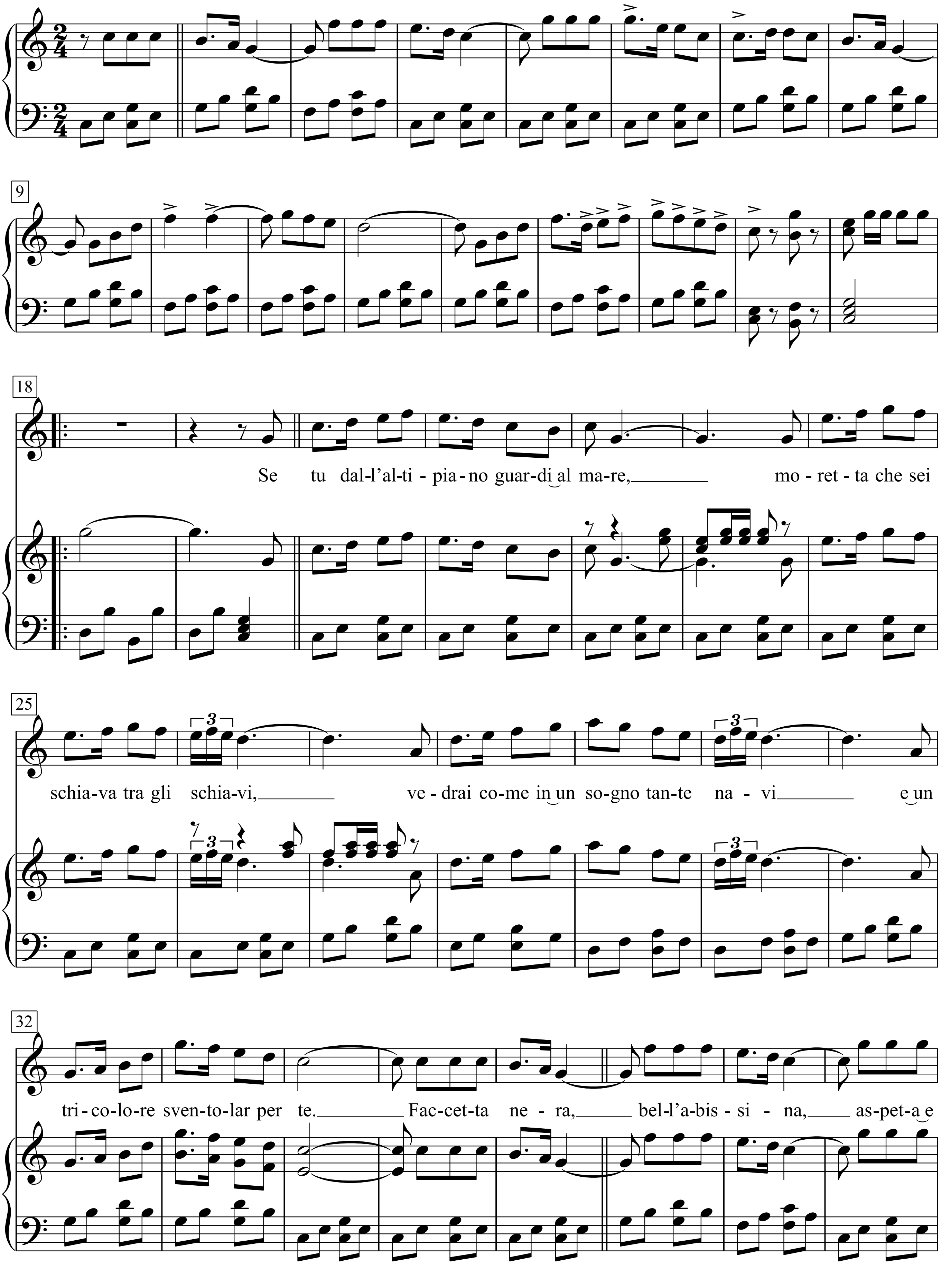
Faccetta nera

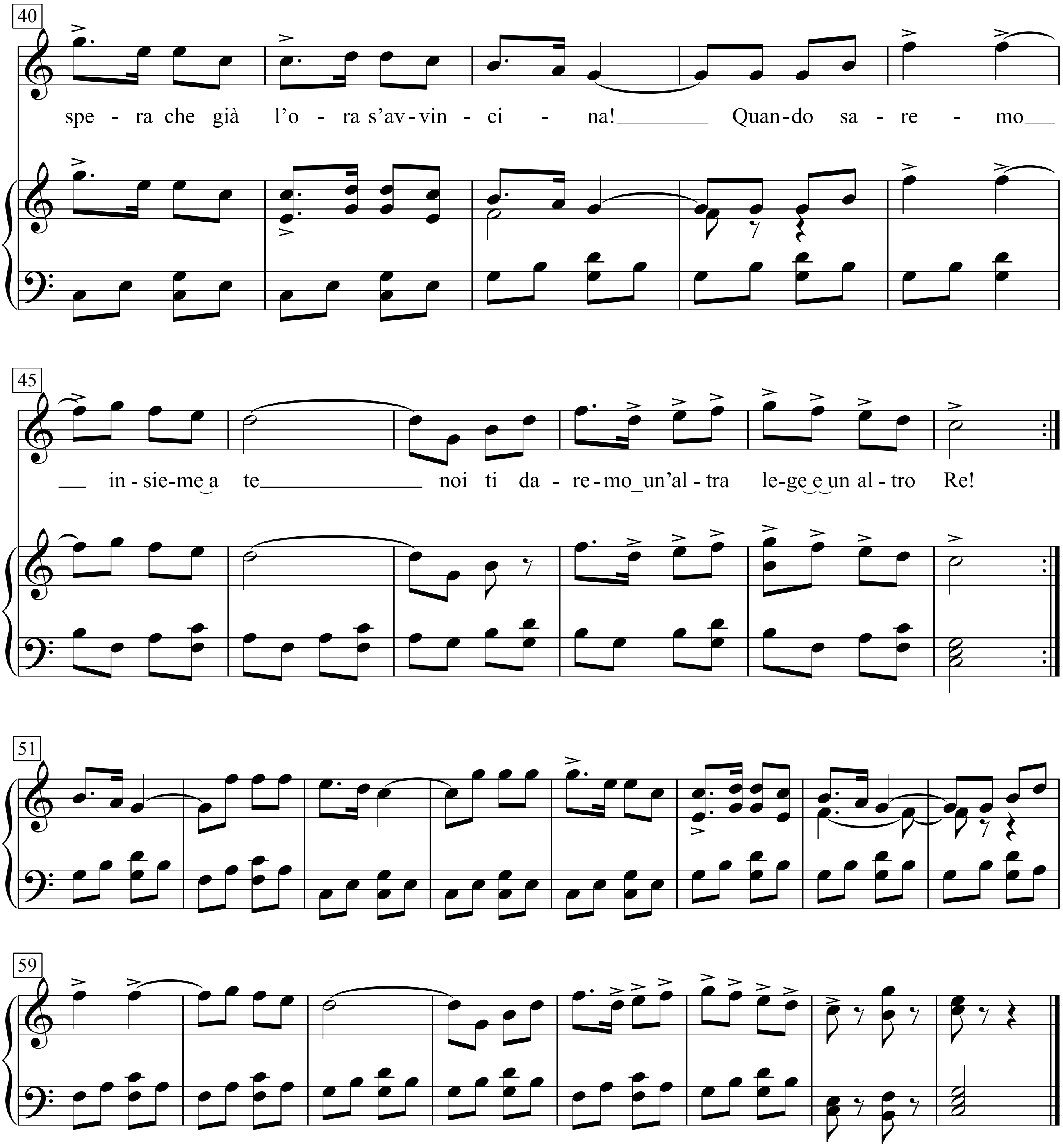
Marcia facista

(1935)

Giuseppe Micheli

Mario Ruccione





1. Se tu dall’altipiano guardi il mare,
moretta che sei schiava fra gli schiavi,
vedrai come in un sogno tante navi
e un tricolore sventolar per te.

Rit:
Faccetta nera, bell’ abissina
aspetta e spera che già l’ora si avvicina!
Quando saremo insieme a te,
noi ti daremo un ’altra legge e un altro Re.

2. La legge nostra è schiavitù d’amore,
il nostro motto è libertà e dovere,
vendicheremo noi camicie nere,
gli eroi caduti liberando te!

Rit:
Faccetta nera, bell’ abissina
aspetta e spera che già l’ora si avvicina!
Quando saremo insieme a te,
noi ti daremo un ’altra legge e un altro Re.

Faccetta nera (1935)

La canzone "Faccetta nera", scritta da Giuseppe Micheli e musicata da Mario Ruccione, fu composta nel 1935 in occasione della guerra d'Etiopia scatenata da Mussolini per la conquista dell'Impero fascista.

Contrariamente a quanto si crede il brano non celebra il fascismo e non fa parte della vasta produzione propagandistica del regime fascista, anzi la sua diffusione fu duramente contrastata dal Ministero della Cultura popolare e dallo stesso Mussolini, che pensò più volte di metterlo al bando. Al fascismo non piaceva infatti che nel testo si facesse così esplicitamente riferimento alla "liberazione" dalla schiavitù della popolazione africana, ponendola sullo stesso piano dei conquistatori italiani. Addirittura veniva definita "romana" una ragazza etiope, in evidente contrasto con i pregiudizi razziali del regime.

In realtà il poeta romano Giuseppe Micheli aveva scritto "Faccetta nera" per esaltare la funzione civilizzatrice del colonialismo italiano, capace di trasferire progresso, sottoforma di lavoro ed istruzione, nelle regioni colonizzate. In sostanza il brano originario, cantato in romanesco, non era altro che un motivetto dai toni un po' spiritosi che decantava l'azione italiana nell"Africa orientale. Grazie all'interpretazione di Carlo Buti la canzone conobbe un grande successo, diventando popolarissima, specie tra le truppe in partenza per l'Africa. Nonostante la censura e la revisione di alcuni versi, la canzone non fu mai accettata dagli apparati di regime, acquisendo una popolarità spontanea che tuttora la contraddistingue dagli inni propagandistici.

1. Se mo dall'artipiano guardi er mare
Moretta che sei schiava tra le schiave
Vedrai come in un sogno tante navi
E un tricolore sventolar per te

Faccetta nera, bell'abissina
Aspetta e spera che già l'ora si avvicina
Quando staremo vicino a te
Noi te daremo un'altra legge e un altro Re

2. La legge nostra è schiavitù d'amore
Ma è libertà de vita e de pensiere
Vendicheremo noi Camicie Nere
Gli eroi caduti e liberando te

Faccetta nera, bell'abissina
Aspetta e spera che già l'ora si avvicina
Quando staremo vicino a te
Noi te daremo un'altra legge e un altro Re

3. Faccetta nera, piccola abissina
Te porteremo a Roma, liberata
Dar sole nostro tu sarai baciata
Sarai in Camicia Nera pure te

Faccetta nera, sarai romana
E pe' bandiera tu c'avrai quella italiana
Noi marceremo insieme a te
E sfileremo avanti al Duce e avanti al R
e
Noi marceremo insieme a te
E sfileremo avanti al Duce e avanti al Re

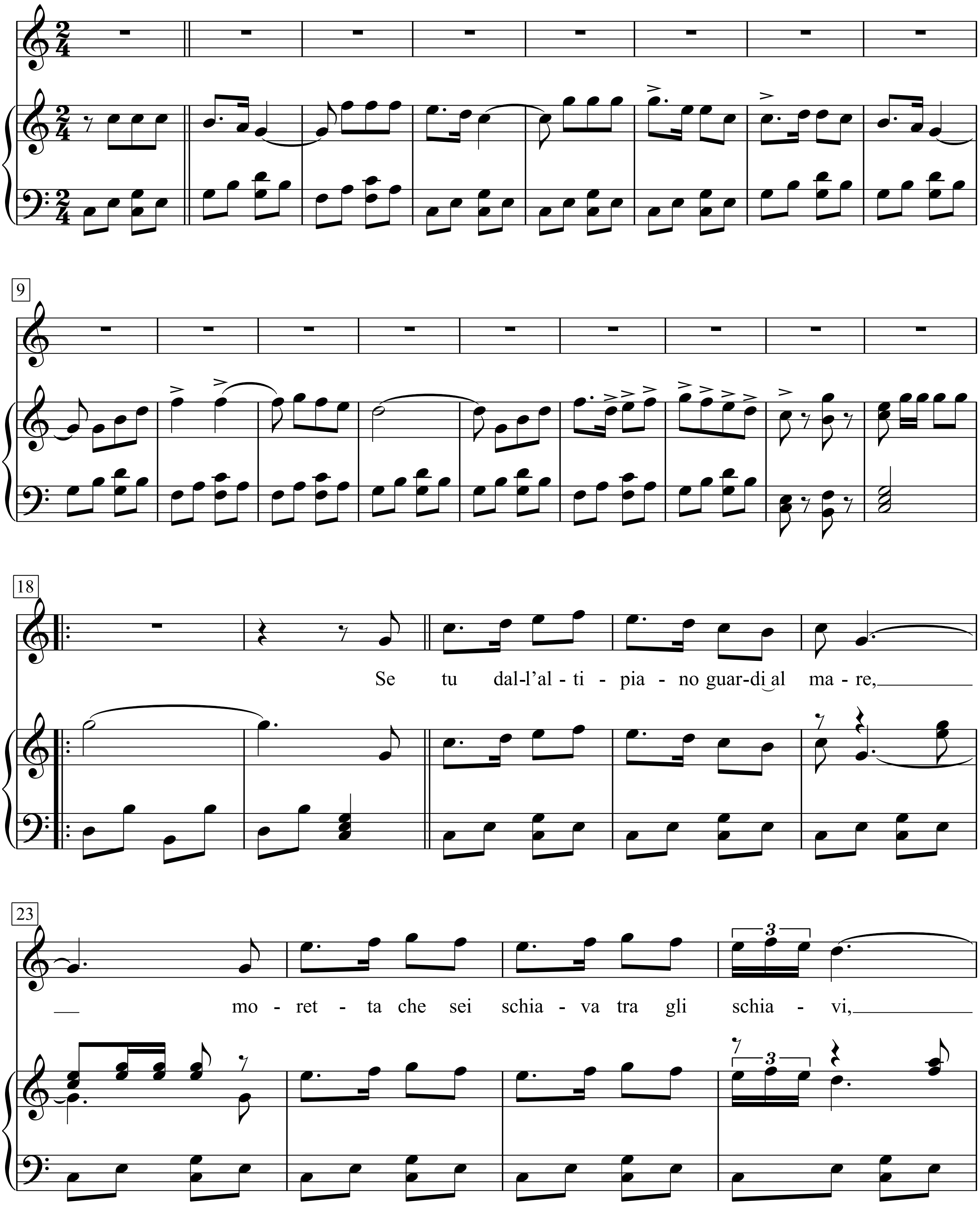
Faccetta nera

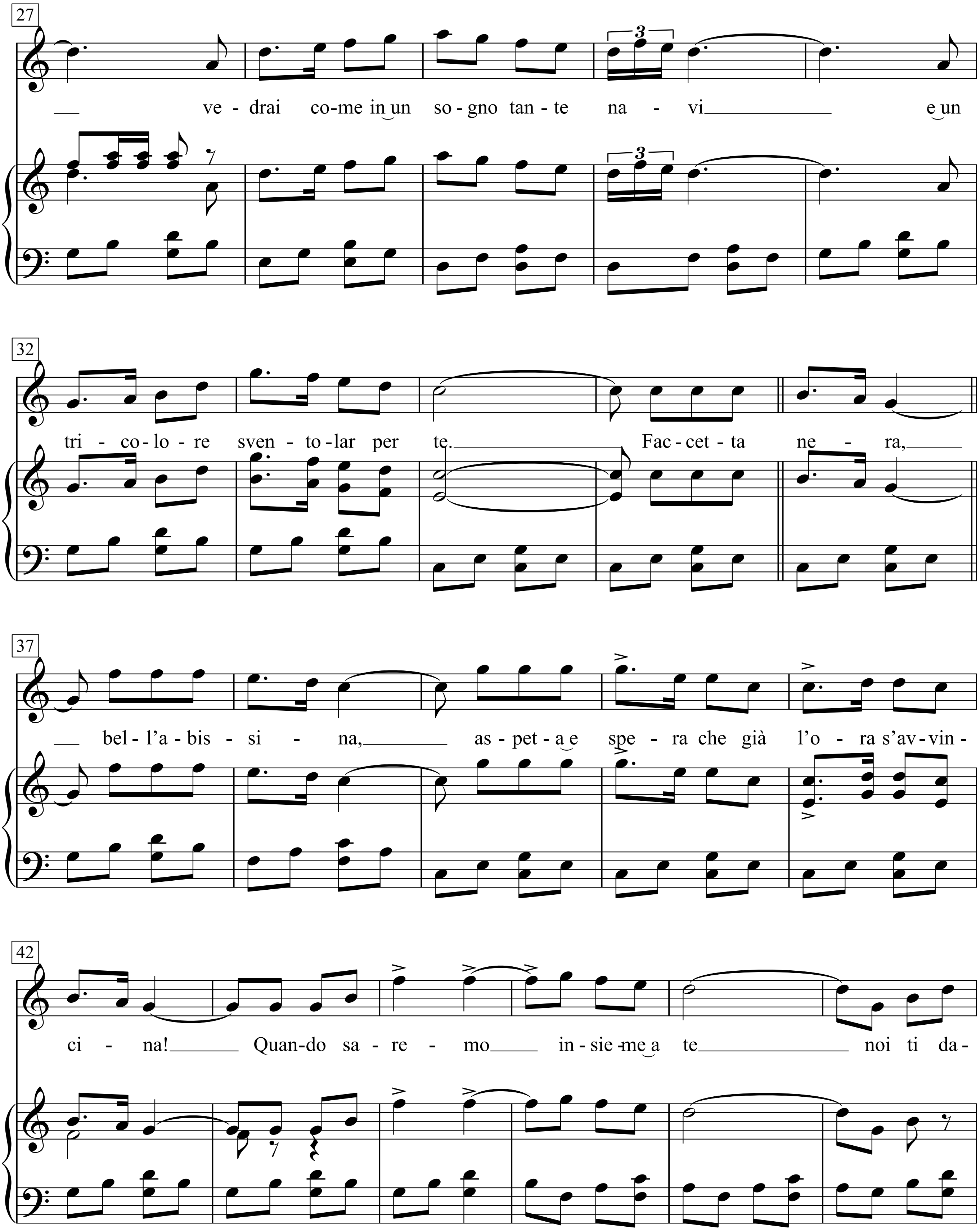
Marcia facista

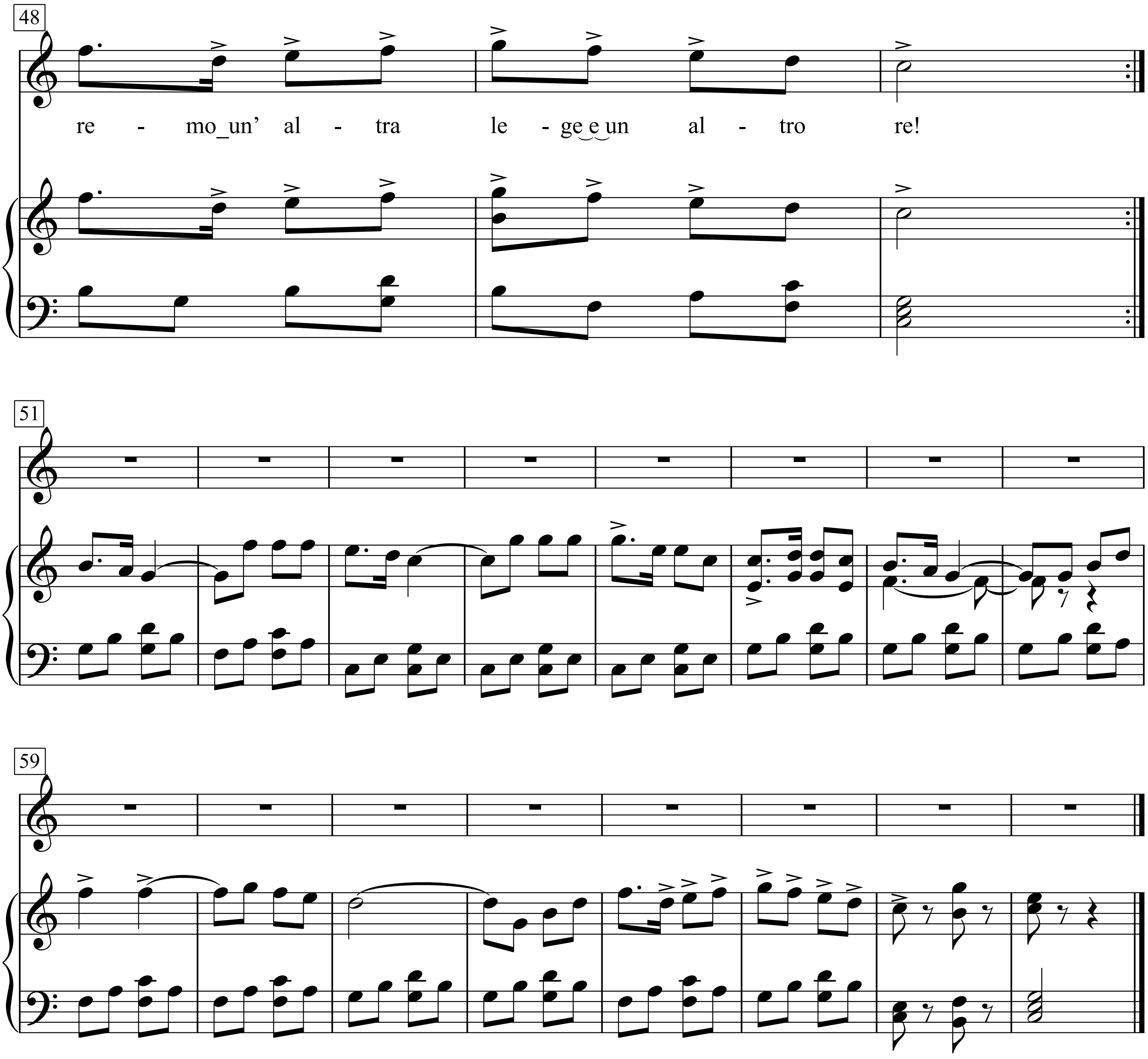
(1935)

Giuseppe Micheli

Mario Ruccione




27
ve - drai co-me in un so - gno tan - te na - vi e un
32
tri - co - lo - re sven - to - lar per te. Fac - cet - ta ne - ra,
37
bel - l'a - bis - si - na, as - pet - a e spe - ra che già l'o - ra s'av - vin -
42
ci - na! Quan - do sa - re - mo in - sie - me a te noi ti da -



1. Se tu dall'altipiano guardi il mare,
moretta che sei schiava fra gli schiavi,
vedrai come in un sogno tante navi
e un tricolore sventolar per te.

Rit:
Faccetta nera, bell' abissina
aspetta e spera che già l'ora si avvicina!
Quando saremo insieme a te,
noi ti daremo un 'altra legge e un altro Re.

2. La legge nostra è schiavitù d'amore,
il nostro motto è libertà e dovere,
vendicheremo noi camicie nere,
gli eroi caduti liberando te!

Rit:
Faccetta nera, bell' abissina
aspetta e spera che già l'ora si avvicina!
Quando saremo insieme a te,
noi ti daremo un 'altra legge e un altro Re.

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Faccetta nera

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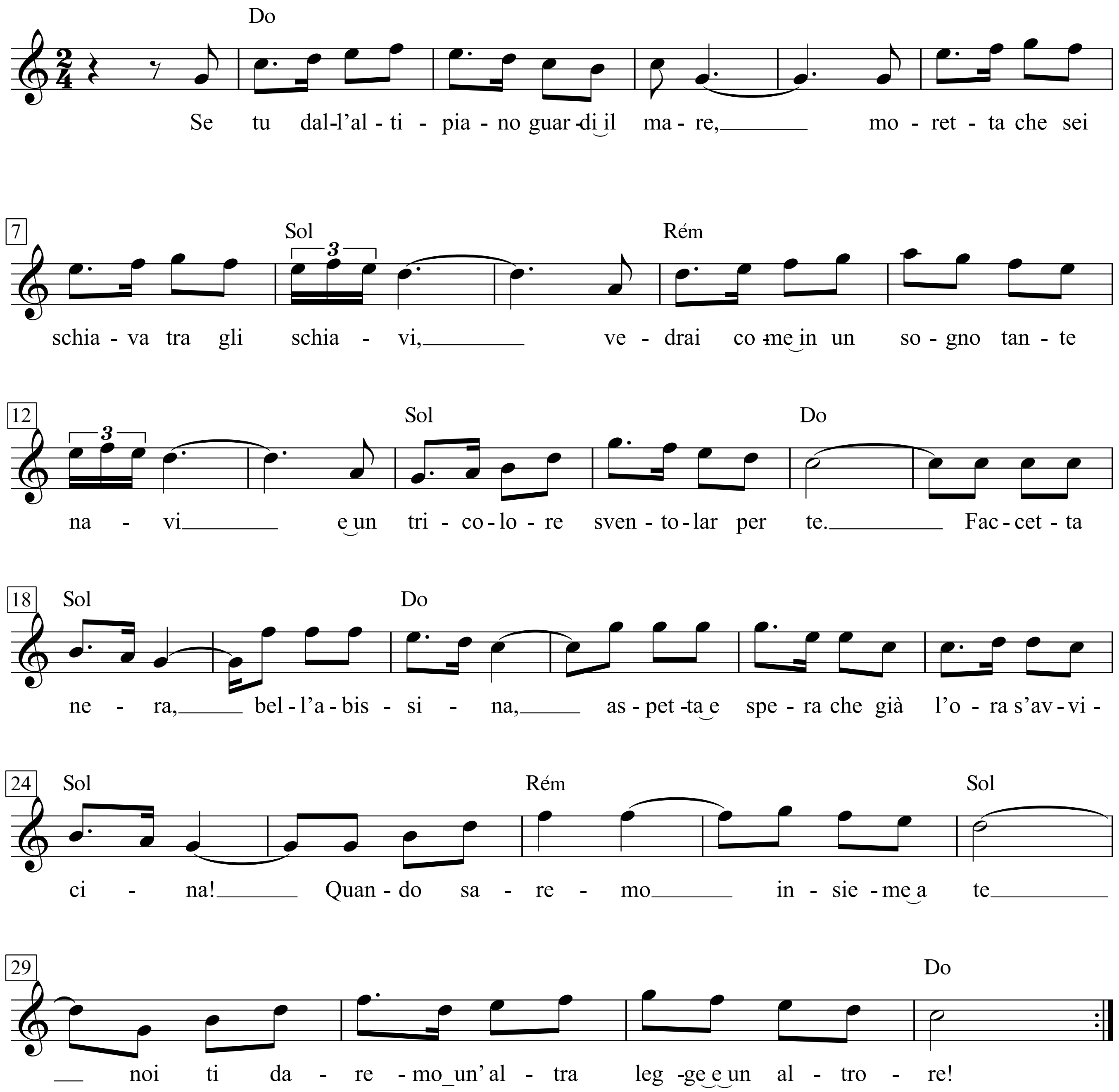
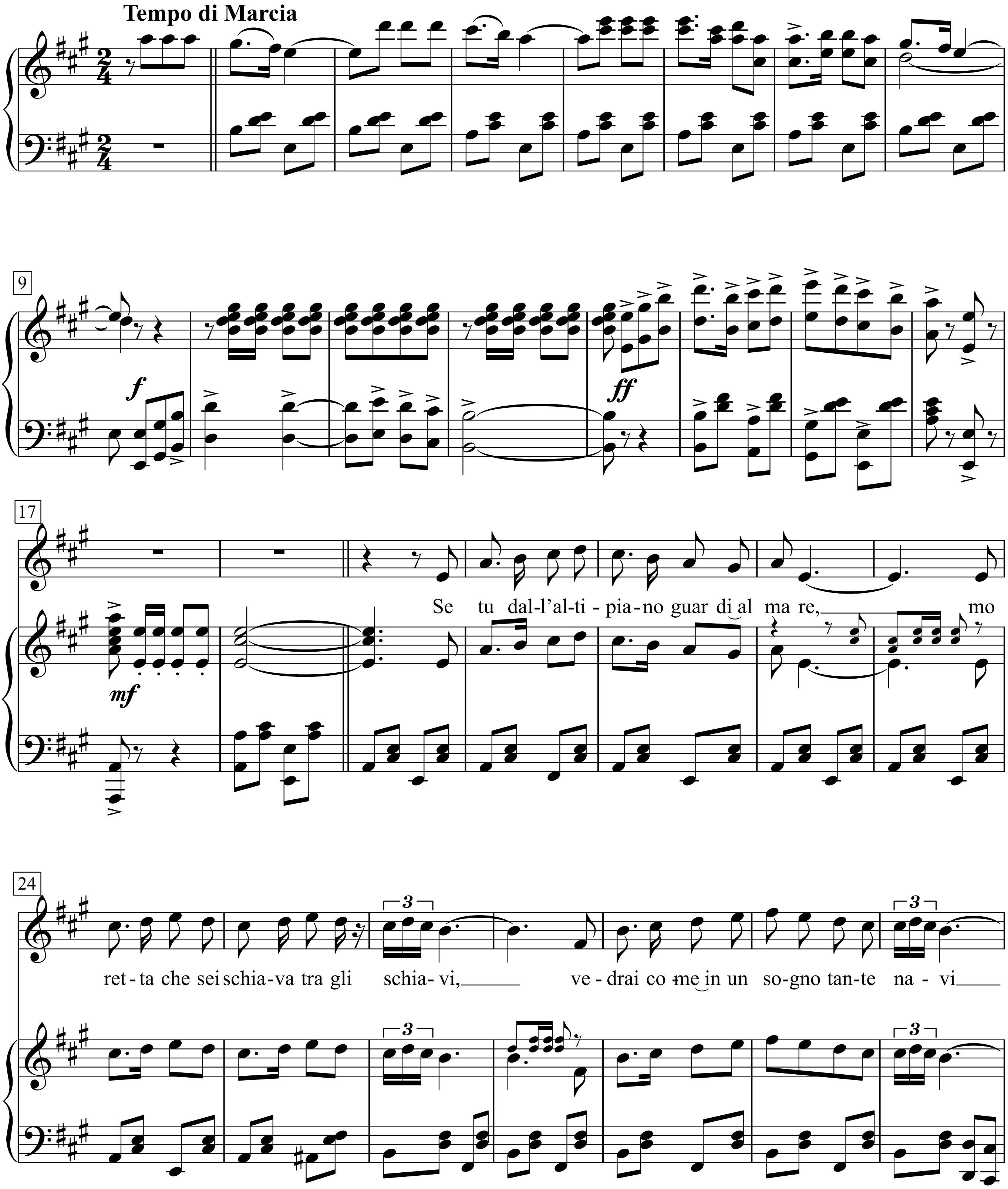


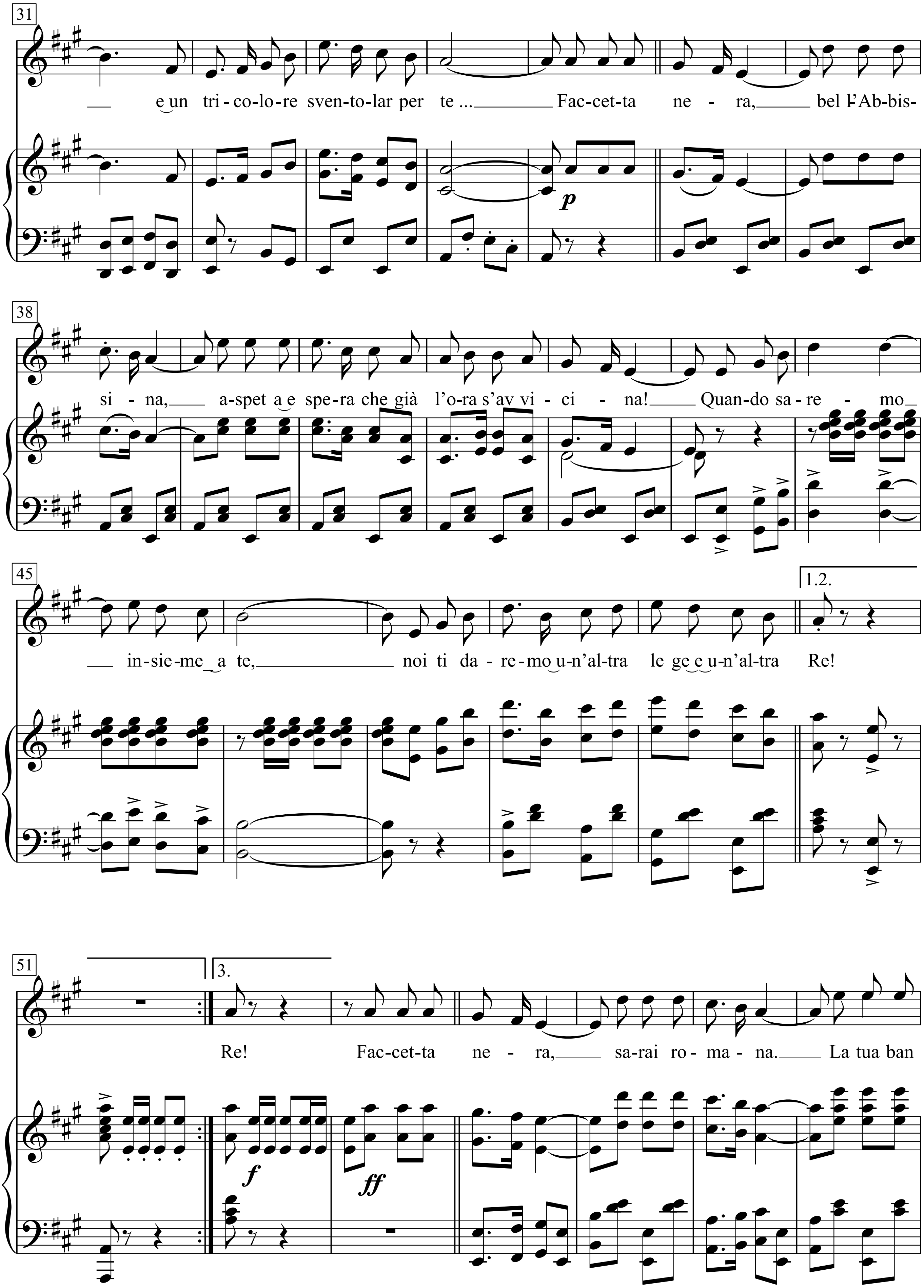
Facetta nera

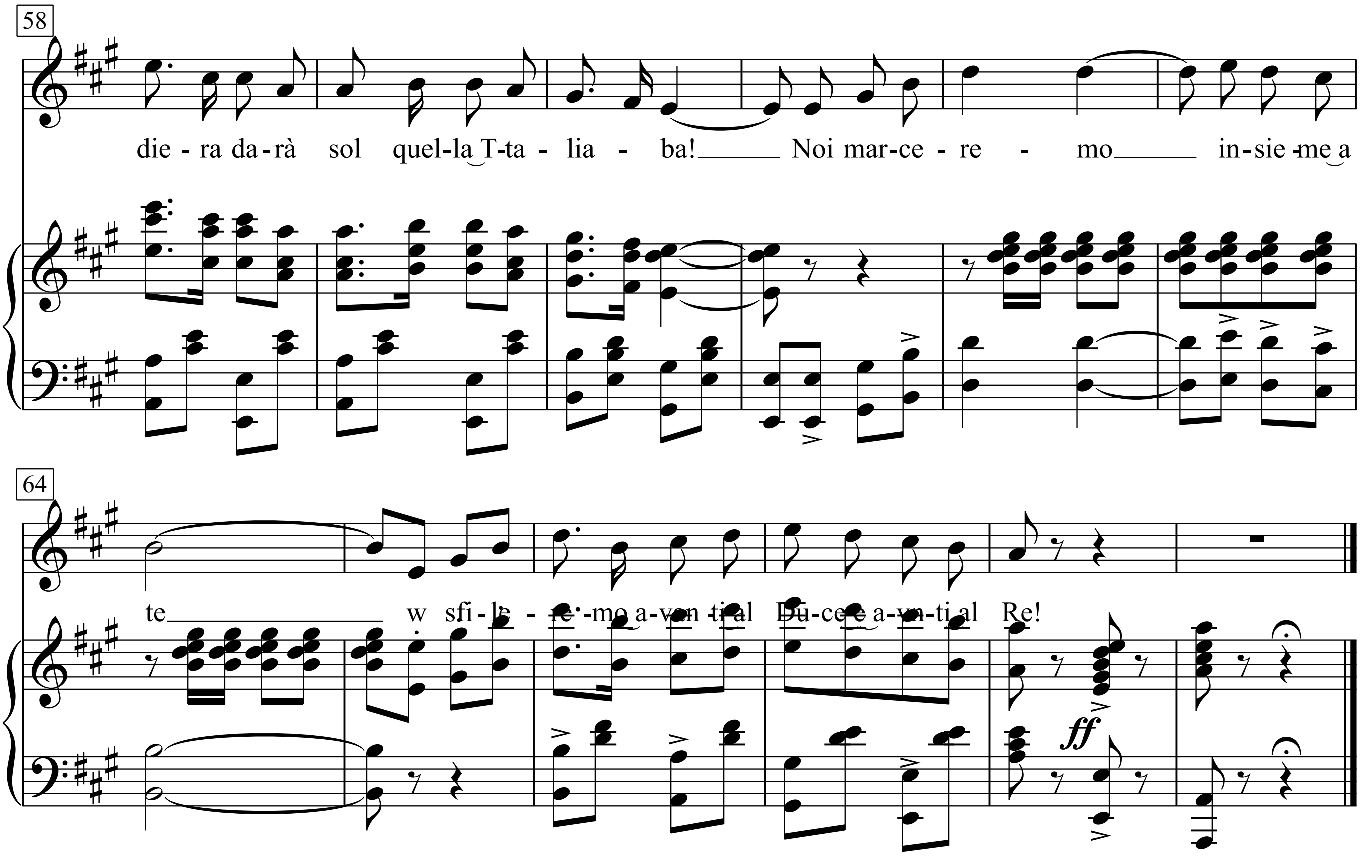
Canzone Marcia

Versi di R. Micheli

Musica di M. Ruccione




31
e un tri-co-lo-re sven-to-lar per te ... Fac-cet-ta ne - ra, bel l'Ab-bis-
38
si - na, a-spet a e spe-ra che già l'o-ra s'av vi - ci - na! Quan-do sa-re - mo
45
in-sie-me a te, noi ti da - re-mo u-n'al-tra le ge e u-n'al-tra Re!
1.2.
51
3.
Re! Fac-cet-ta ne - ra, sa-rai ro - ma - na. La tua ban


58
die - ra da - rà sol quel - la T - ta - lia - ba! Noi mar - ce - re - mo in - sie - me a
64
te w sfi - le - re - mo a - van - ti al Du - ce e a - van - ti al Re!
ff

Testo italiano

1. Se tu dall'altipiano guardi il mare,
moretta che sei schiava tra gli schiavi,
vedrai come in un sogno tante navi
e un tricolore sventolar per te ...

Faccetta nera,
bell'abissina,
aspetta e spera
che già l'ora s'avvicina!
Quando saremo
insieme a te,
noi ti daremo
un'altra legge e un altro Re !

2. La legge nostra è schiavitù d'amore,
è 'libertà e giustizia': non temere!
Vendicheremo noi, Camicie nere,
gli eroi caduti, liberando te!

Faccetta nera,
bell' abissina,
aspetta e spera
che già l'ora s'avvicina!
Quando saremo
insieme a te,
noi ti daremo
£un'altra legge e un altro Re!

3. Faccetta nera, piccola abissina,
ti porteremo a Roma, liberata.
Dal sole nostro tu sarai baciata,
sarai in camicia nera pure tu.

Faccetta nera,
sarai romana.
La tua bandiera
ormai sarà quella italiana!
Noi marceremo
insieme a te
e sfileremo
avanti al Duce e avanti al Re!

Testo romanesco

1. Si mo'dall artipiano guardi er mare,
moretta che sei schiava fra le schiave,
vedrai come in un sogno tante nave
e un tricolore sventolà pe'te!

Faccetta nera,
bell'abbissina,
aspetta e spera
che già l'ora s'avvicina!
Quanno staremo
insieme a te,
noi te daremo
un'antra legge e un antro Re!

2. La legge nostra è schiavitù d'amore,
ma libertà de vita e de penziere,
vendicheremo noi, camicie nere,
l'eroi caduti e libberamo a te!

Faccetta nera,
bell'abbissina,
aspetta e spera
che già l'ora s'avvicina!
Quanno staremo
insieme a te,
noi te daremo
un'antra legge e un antro Re!

3. Faccetta nera, piccola abbissina,
te porteremo a Roma, libberata.
Dar sole nostro tu sarai baciata,
starai in camicia nera pure te!

Faccetta nera,
sarai romana
e pe' bandiera
tu ciavrai quella italiana!
Noi marceremo
insieme a te
e sfileremo
avanti ar Duce e avanti al Re!

https://it.wikipedia.org/wiki/Faccetta_nera

Deutsche Übersetzung des Textes

1. Wenn du von der Hochebene aufs Meer schaust,
schwarzes Mädchen, Sklavin unter Sklavinen,
wirst du wie im Traum viele Schiffe sehen
und ein Trikolore für dich wehen

Schwarzes Gesichtchen,
hübsche Äthiopierin
warte nur ab
denn die Stunde nähert sich!
Wenn wir bei dir
sein werden
werden wir dir
ein neues Recht und einen neuen König geben.

2. Unser Gesetz ist Liebesknechtschaft,
unser Motto Freiheit und Pflicht,
rächen werden wir Schwarzhemden
die Helden, die gestorben sind, um dich zu befreien!

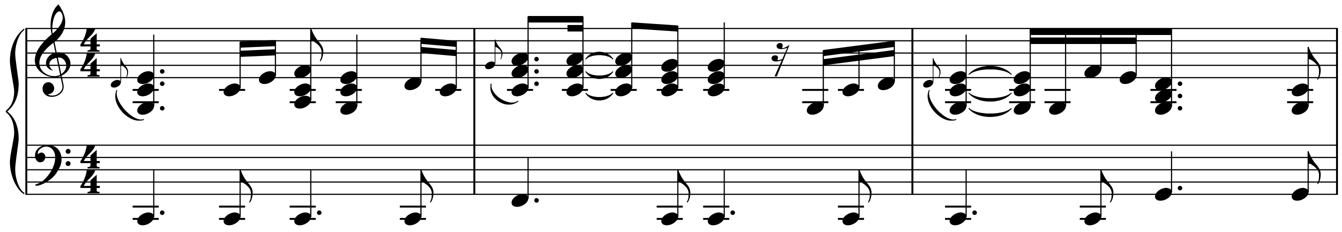
Schwarzes Gesichtchen,
hübsche Äthiopierin
warte nur ab,
denn die Stunde nähert sich!
Wenn wir bei dir
sein werden
werden wir dir
eine neues Recht und einen neuen König geben.

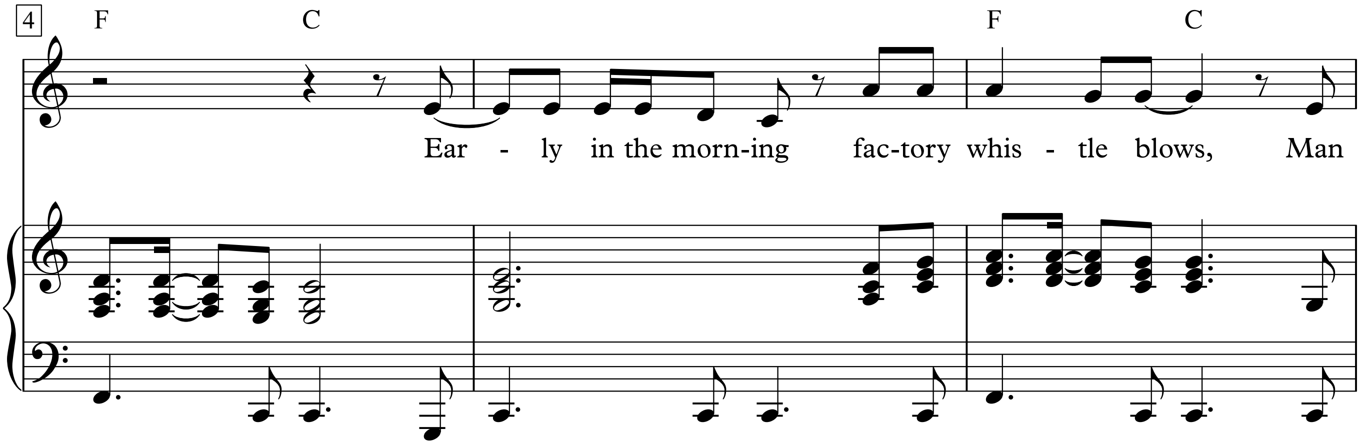
3. Schwarzes Gesichtchen, kleine Äthiopierin,
ir bringen dich befreit nach Rom,
von unserer Sonne sollst du geküßt werden
und auch du wirst ein Schwarzhemd tragen.

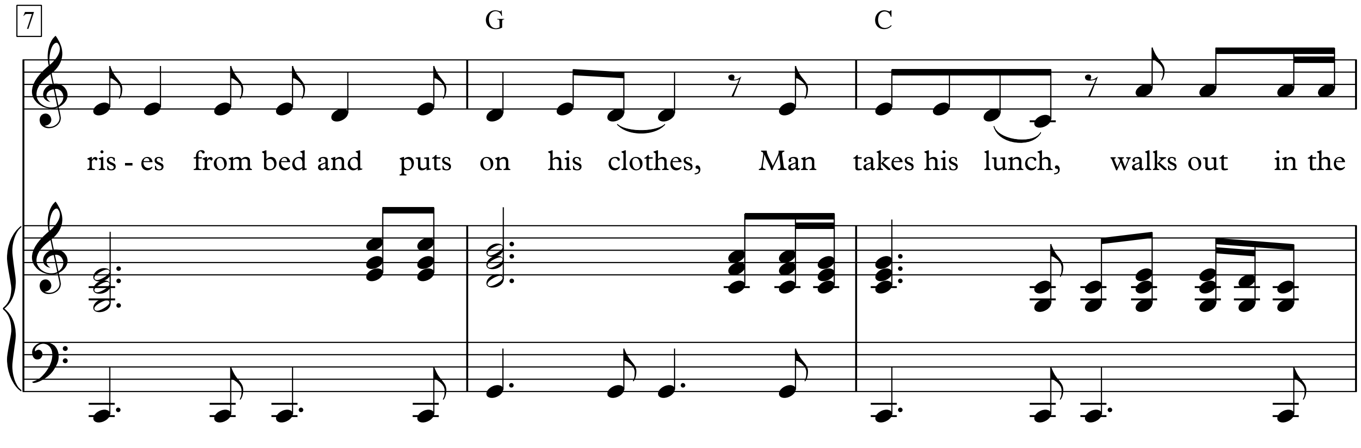
Schwarzes Gesichtchen,
du wirs Römerin sein,
deine Fahne wird
die Italienische sein.
Wir marschieren
dann zusammen mit dir,
und paradieren
vor unserem Führer und vor unserem König.

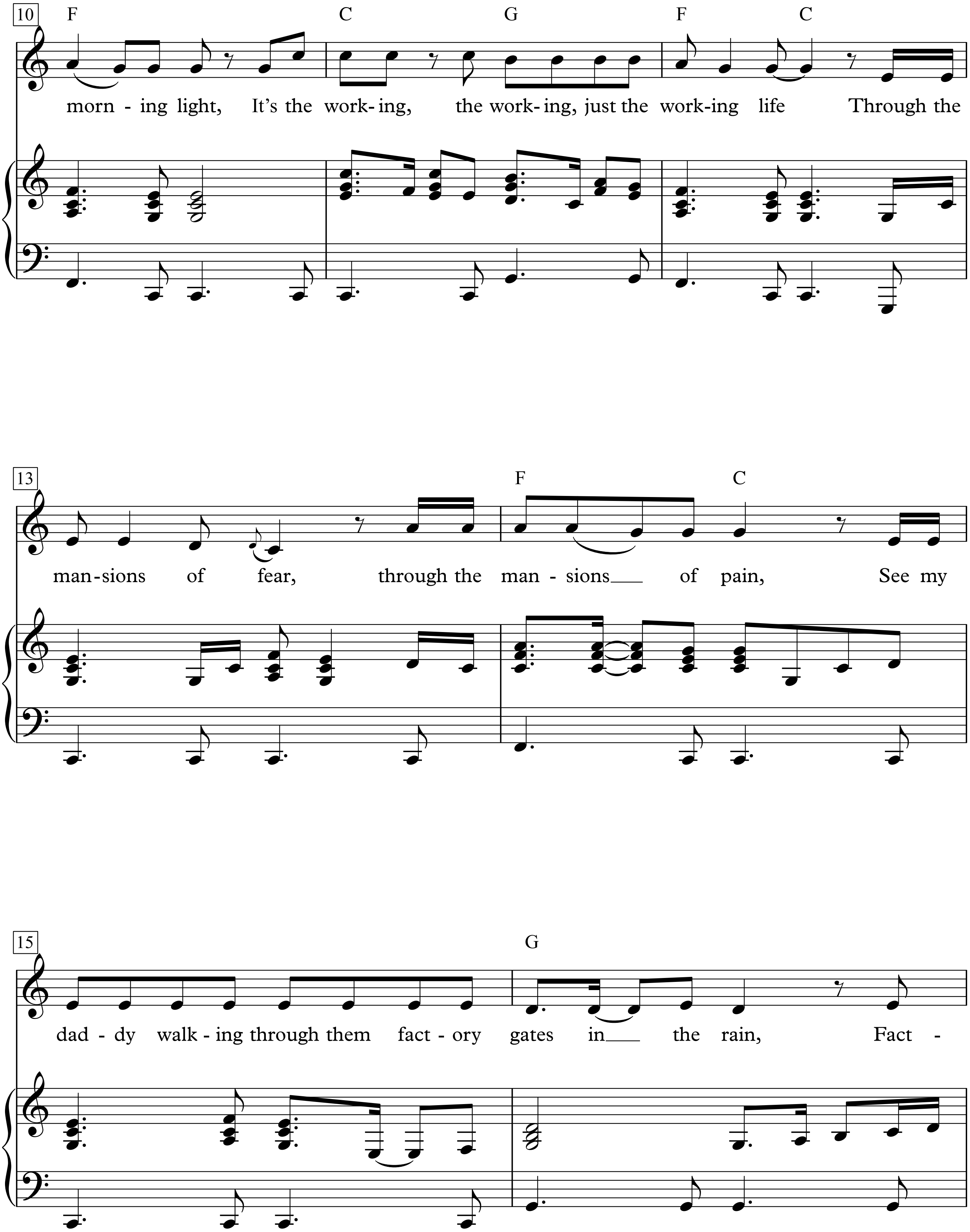
Factory

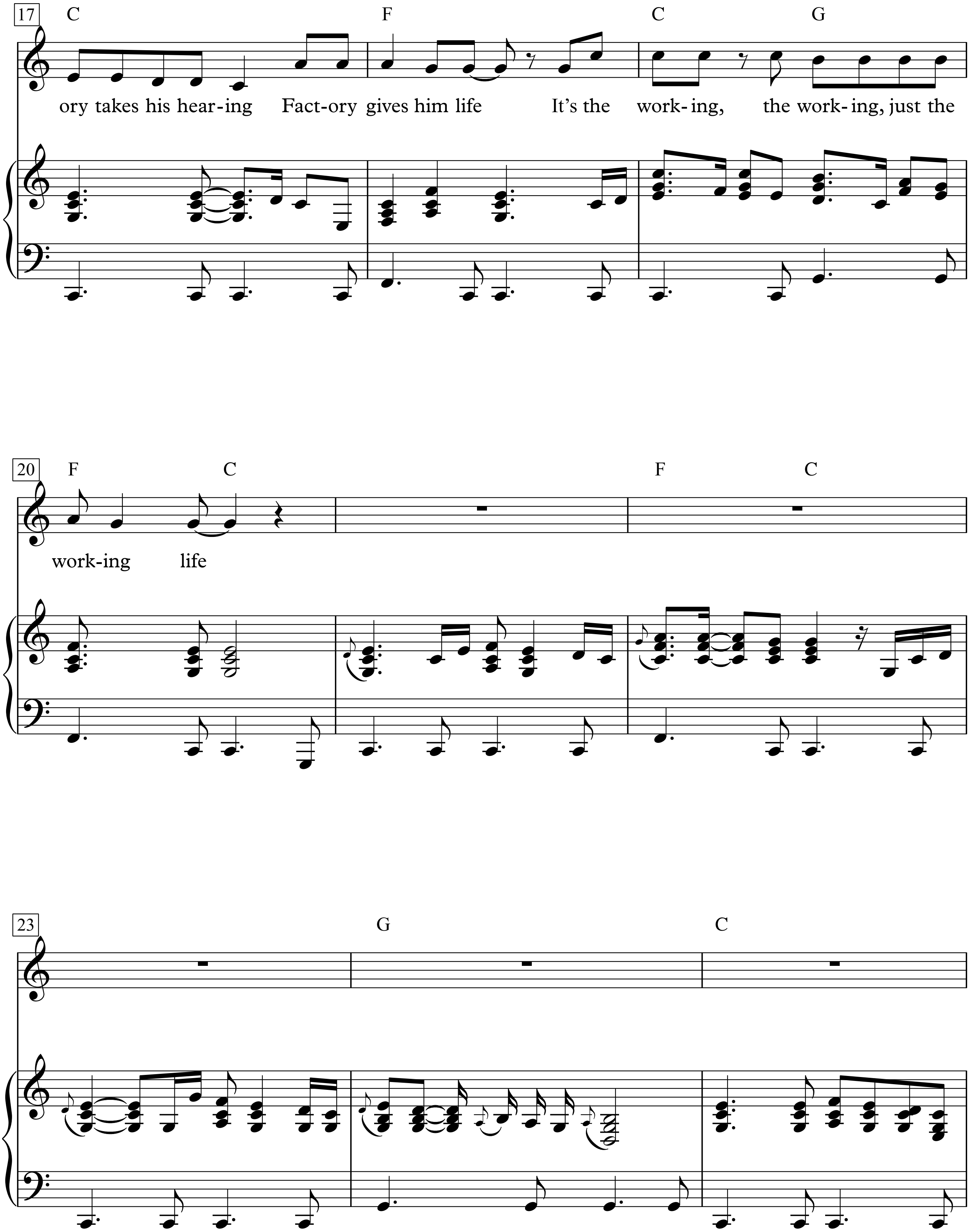
Words & Music by Bruce Springsteen
(Bruce Springsteen)

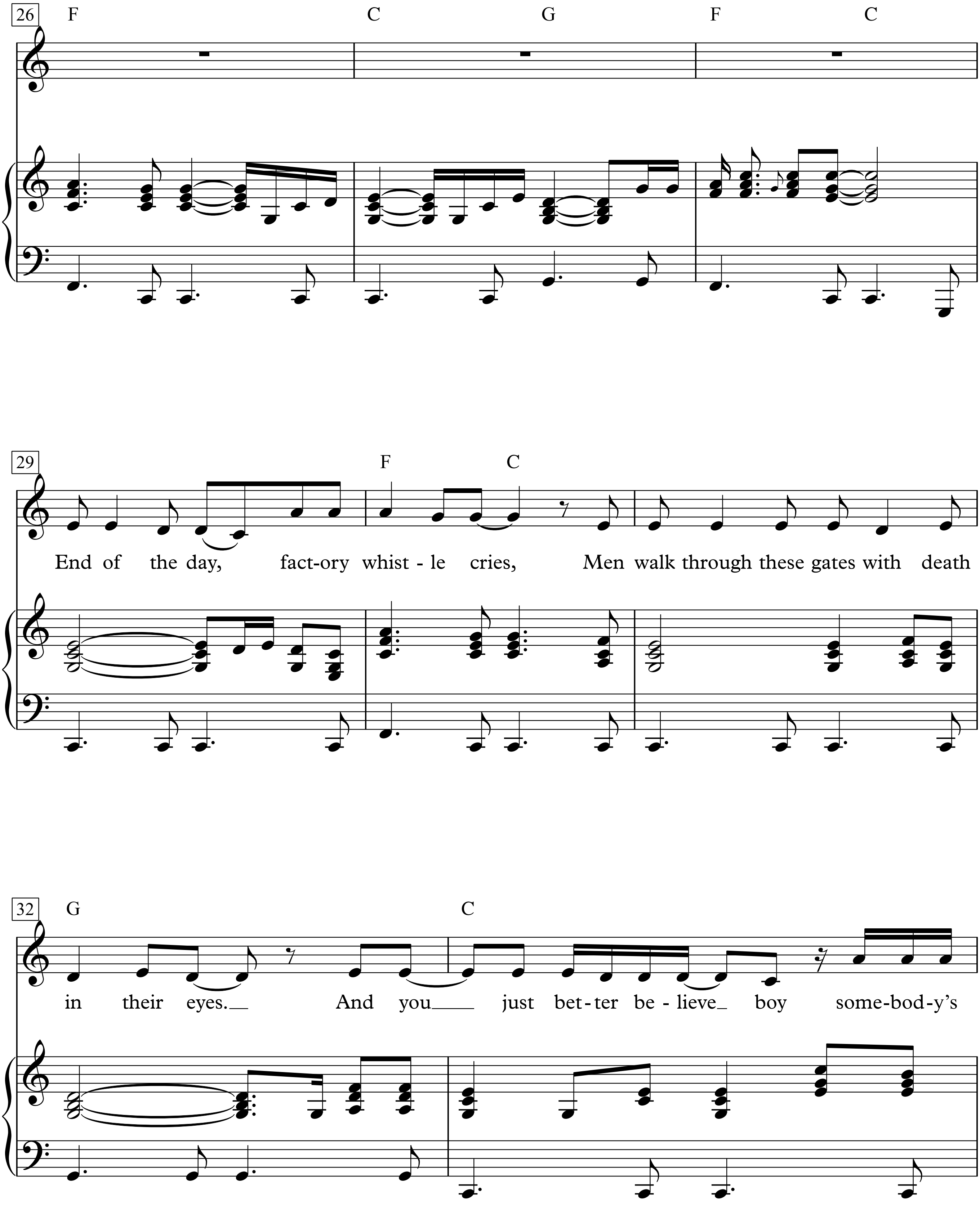


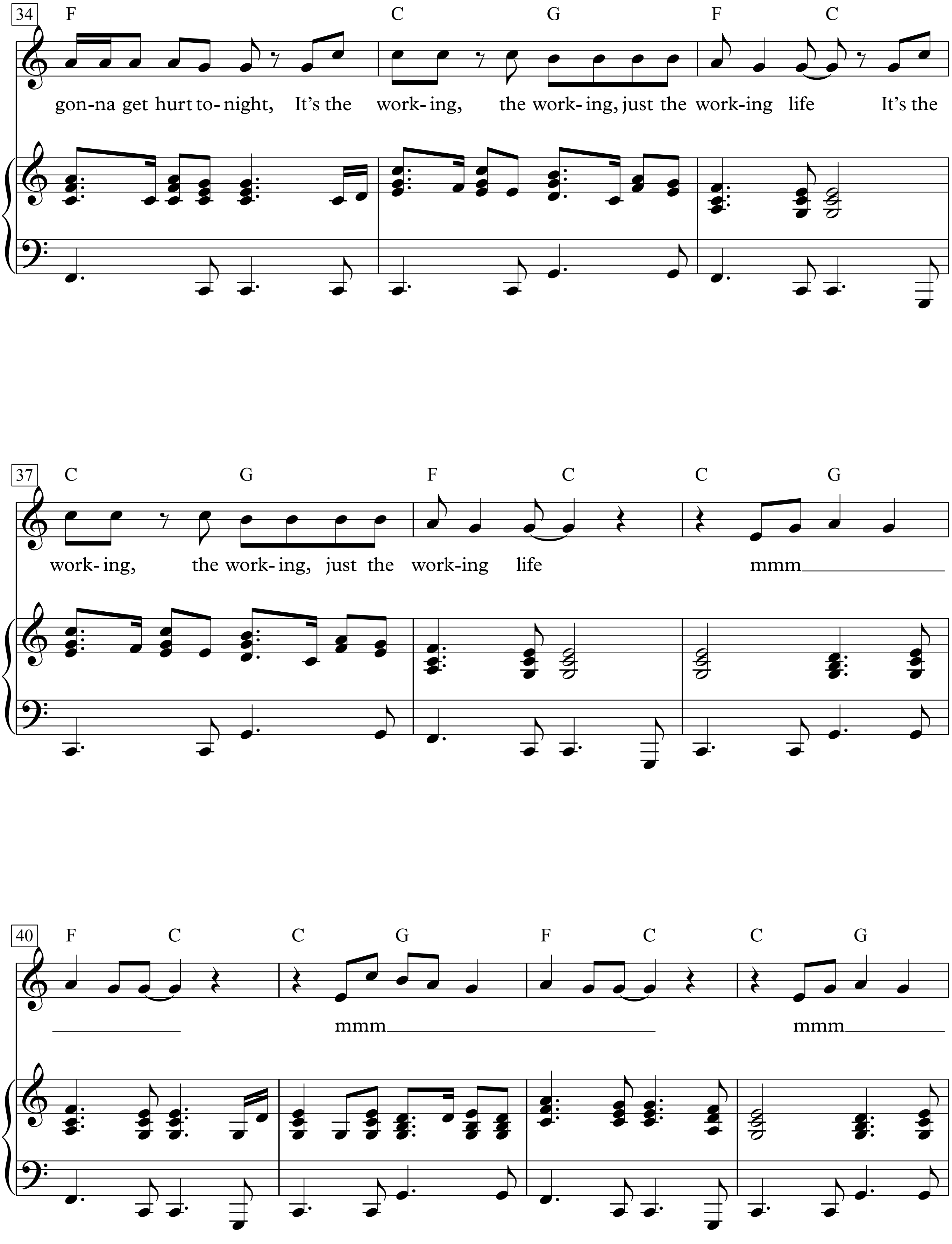


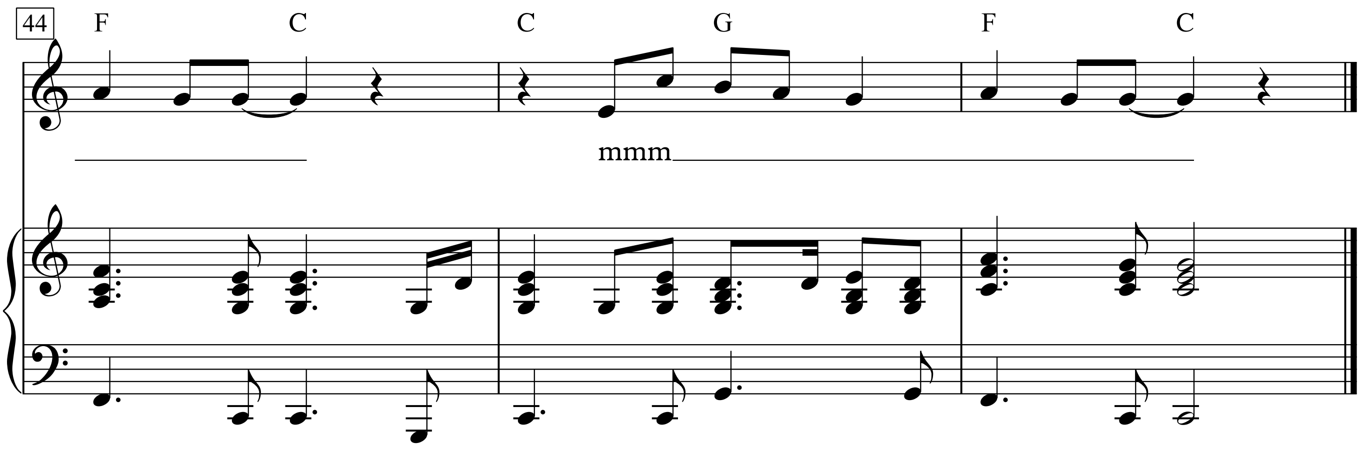



10
F C G F C
morn - ing light, It's the work- ing, the work- ing, just the work-ing life Through the
13
F C
man-sions of fear, through the man - sions of pain, See my
15
G
dad - dy walk - ing through them fact - ory gates in the rain, Fact -


17
C
F
C
G
ory takes his hear-ing Fact-ory gives him life It's the work- ing, the work- ing, just the
20
F
C
F
C
work-ing life
23
G
C

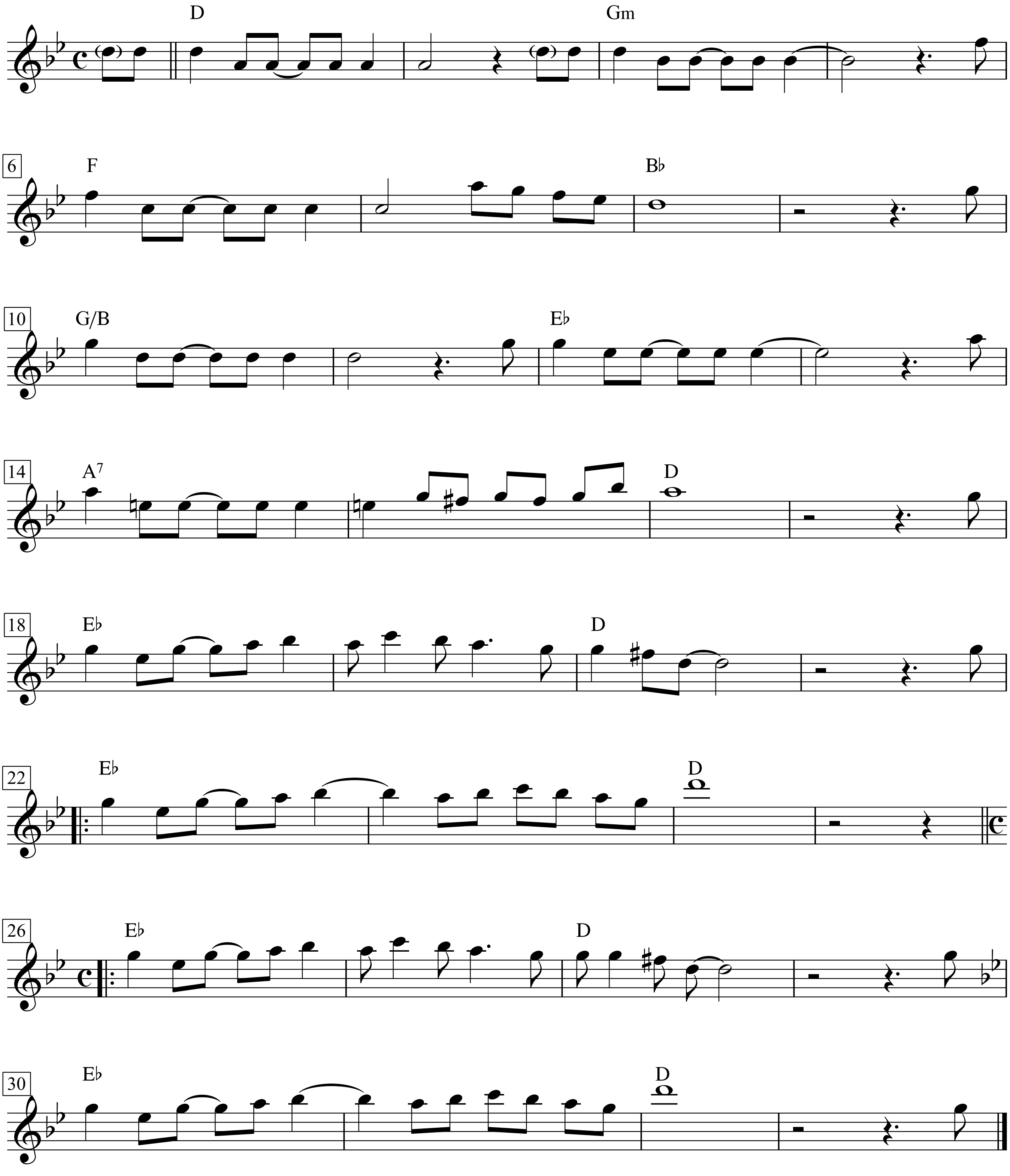

26
F
C
G
F
C
29
F
C
End of the day, fact-ory whist - le cries, Men walk through these gates with death
32
G
C
in their eyes.__ And you___ just bet-ter be - lieve_ boy some-bod-y's


34
F C G F C
gon-na get hurt to- night, It's the work- ing, the work- ing, just the work-ing life It's the
37
C G F C C G
work- ing, the work- ing, just the work-ing life mmm
40
F C C G F C C G
mmm mmm


44
F
C
C
G
F
C
mmm

Fado tropical

Tesxt & Musik: Chico Buarque

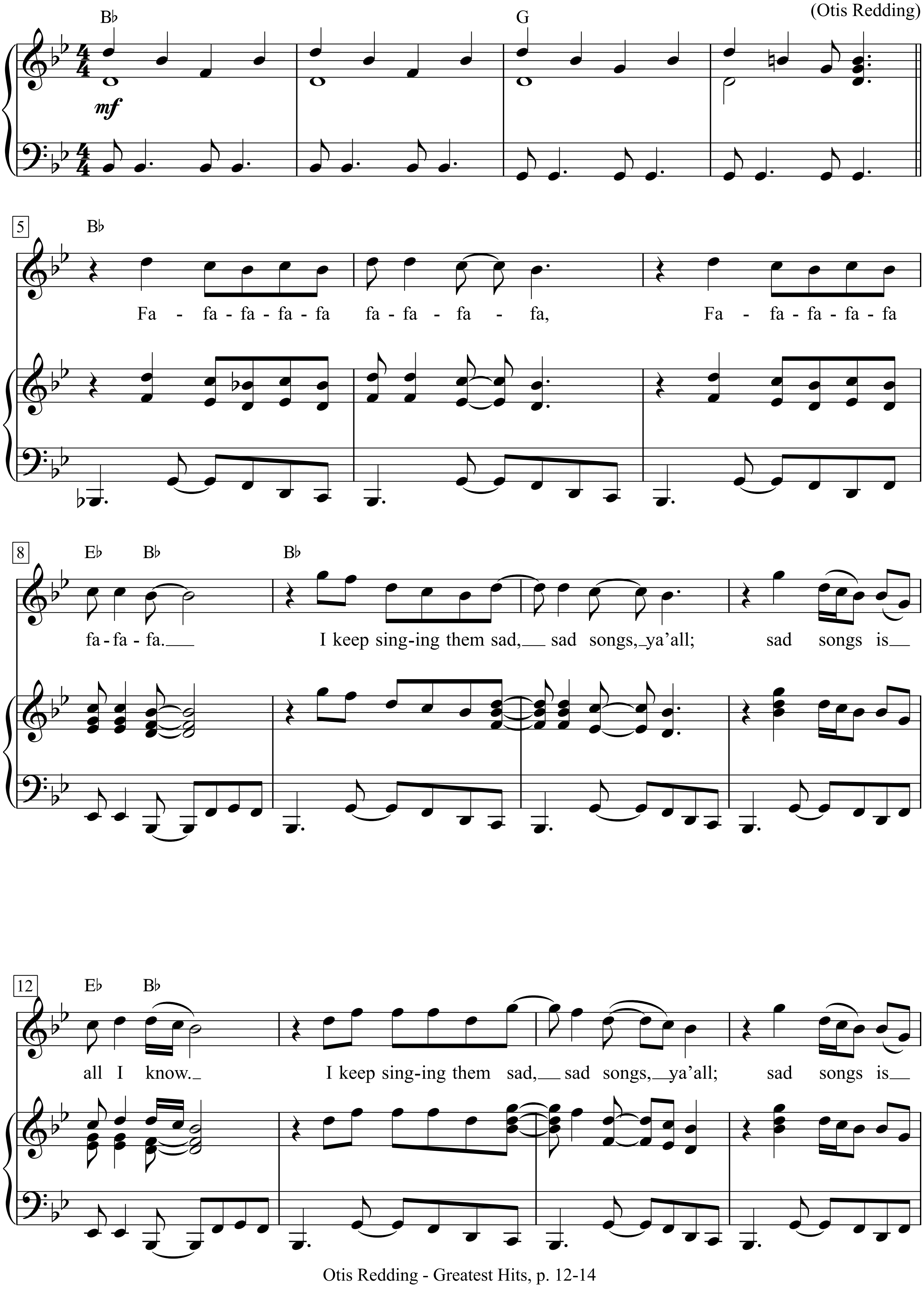


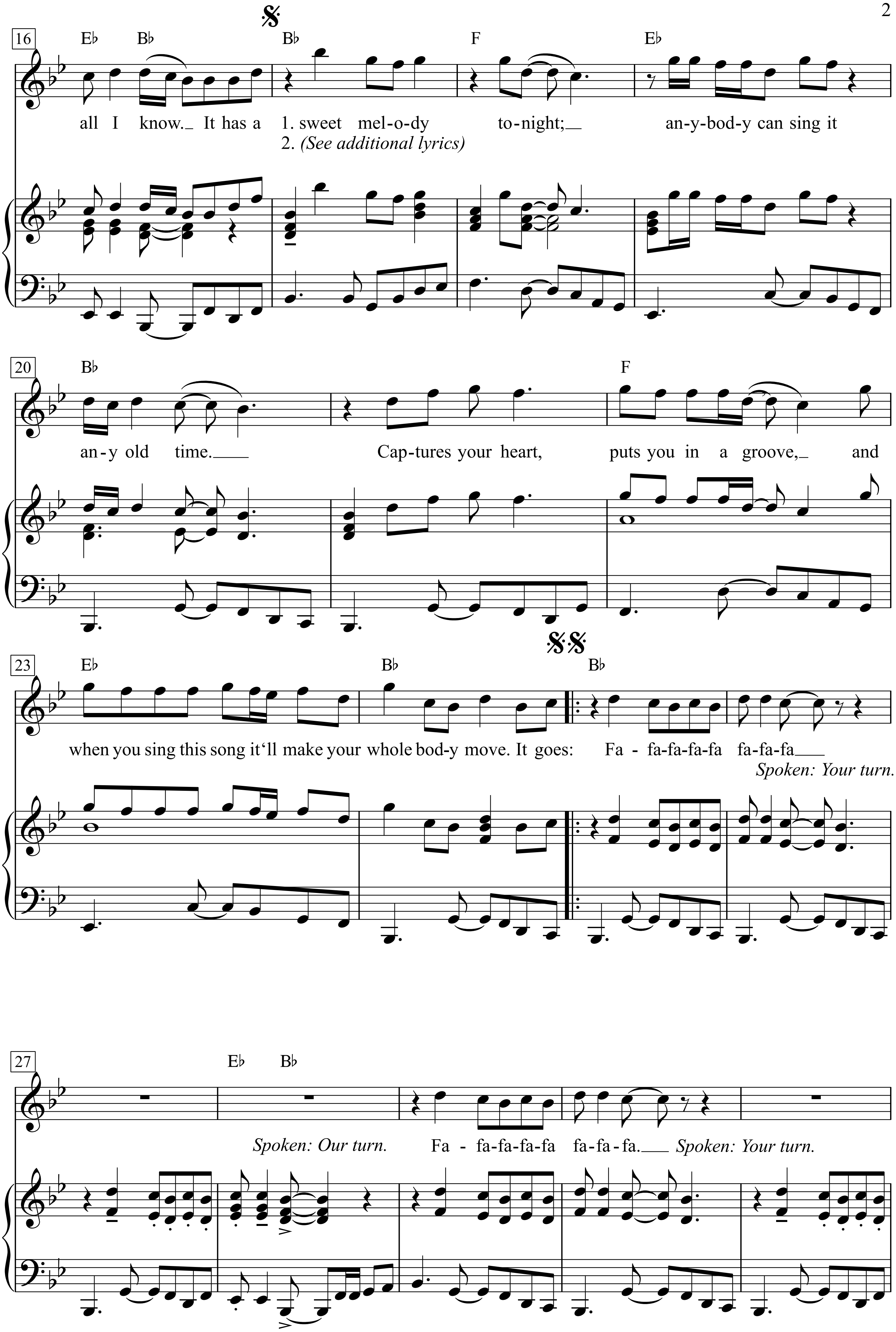
Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa

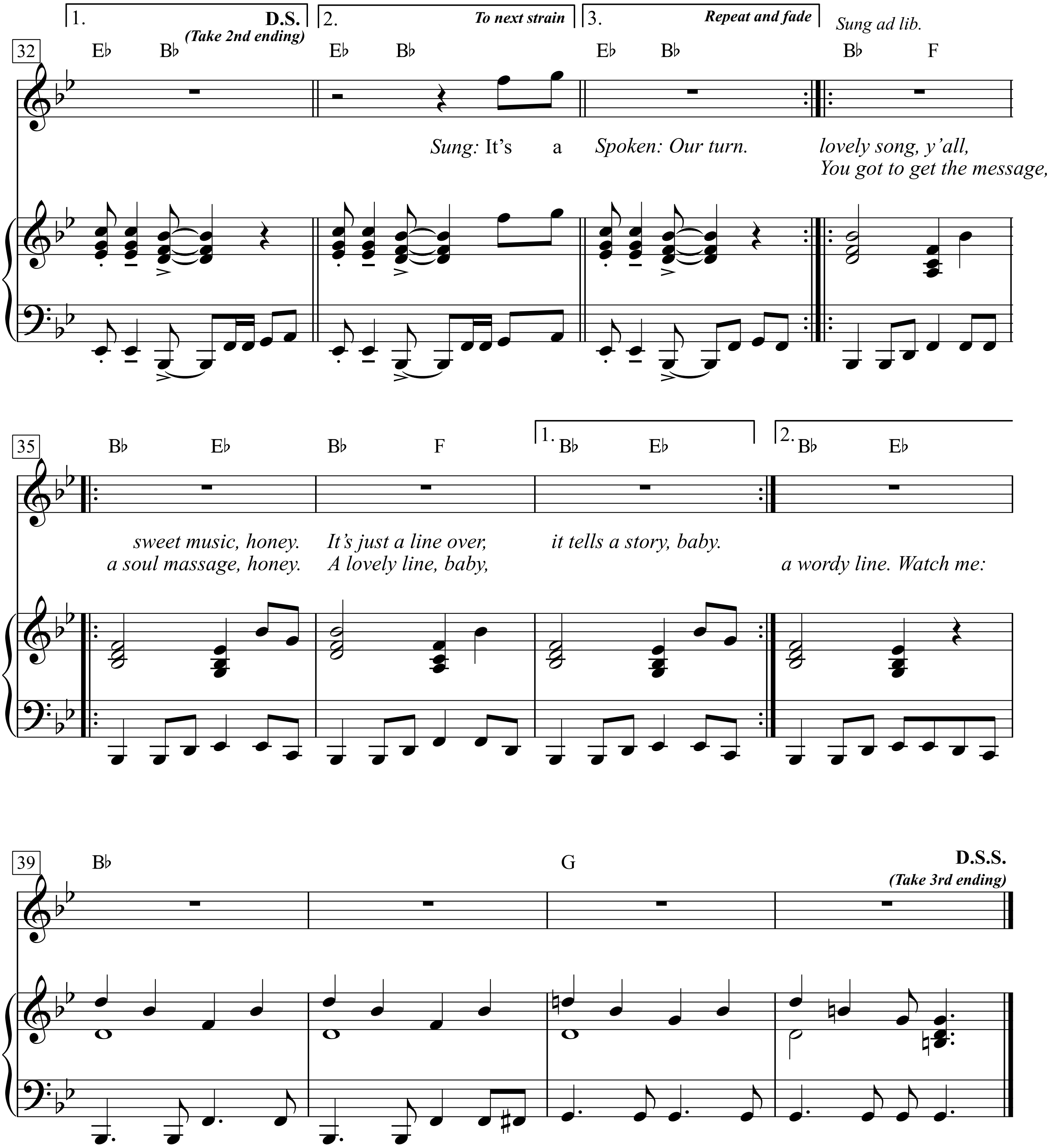
(Sad Song)

Words & Music by
Otis Redding and Steve Cropper
(Otis Redding)

Moderately




16
E♭ B♭
B♭
F
E♭
all I know. It has a 1. sweet mel-o-dy to-night; an-y-bod-y can sing it
2. (See additional lyrics)
20
B♭
F
an-y old time. Cap-tures your heart, puts you in a groove, and
23
E♭
B♭
B♭
when you sing this song it'll make your whole bod-y move. It goes: Fa - fa-fa-fa-fa fa-fa-fa
Spoken: Your turn.
27
E♭ B♭
Spoken: Our turn. Fa - fa-fa-fa-fa fa-fa-fa. Spoken: Your turn.

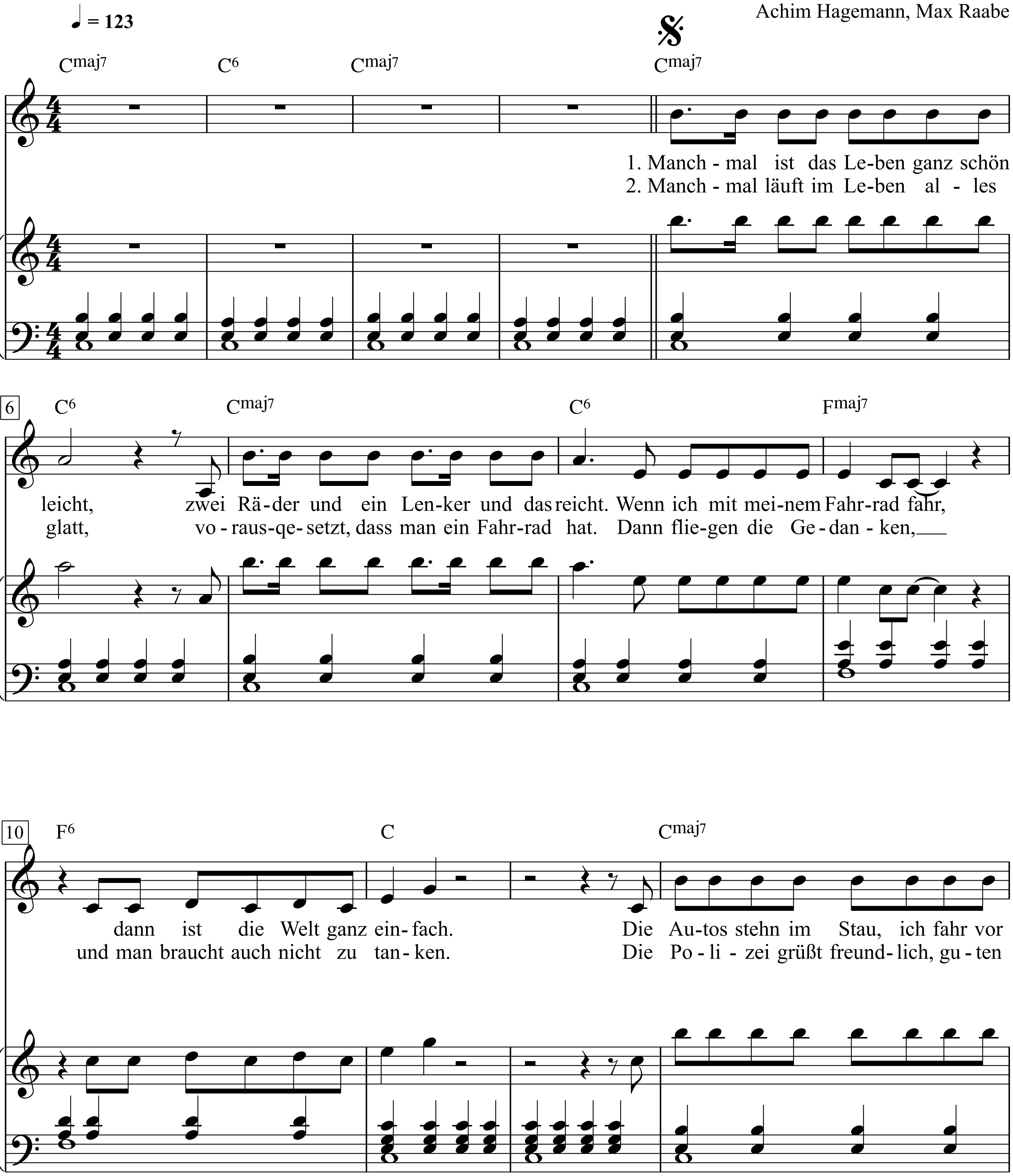

1.
D.S.
(Take 2nd ending)
2.
To next strain
3.
Repeat and fade
Sung ad lib.
32
E♭ B♭ E♭ B♭ E♭ B♭ B♭ F
Sung: It's a
Spoken: Our turn.
lovely song, y'all,
You got to get the message,
35
B♭ E♭ B♭ F
1. B♭ E♭
2. B♭ E♭
sweet music, honey.
It's just a line over,
it tells a story, baby.
a soul massage, honey.
A lovely line, baby,
a wordy line. Watch me:
39
B♭ G
D.S.S.
(Take 3rd ending)

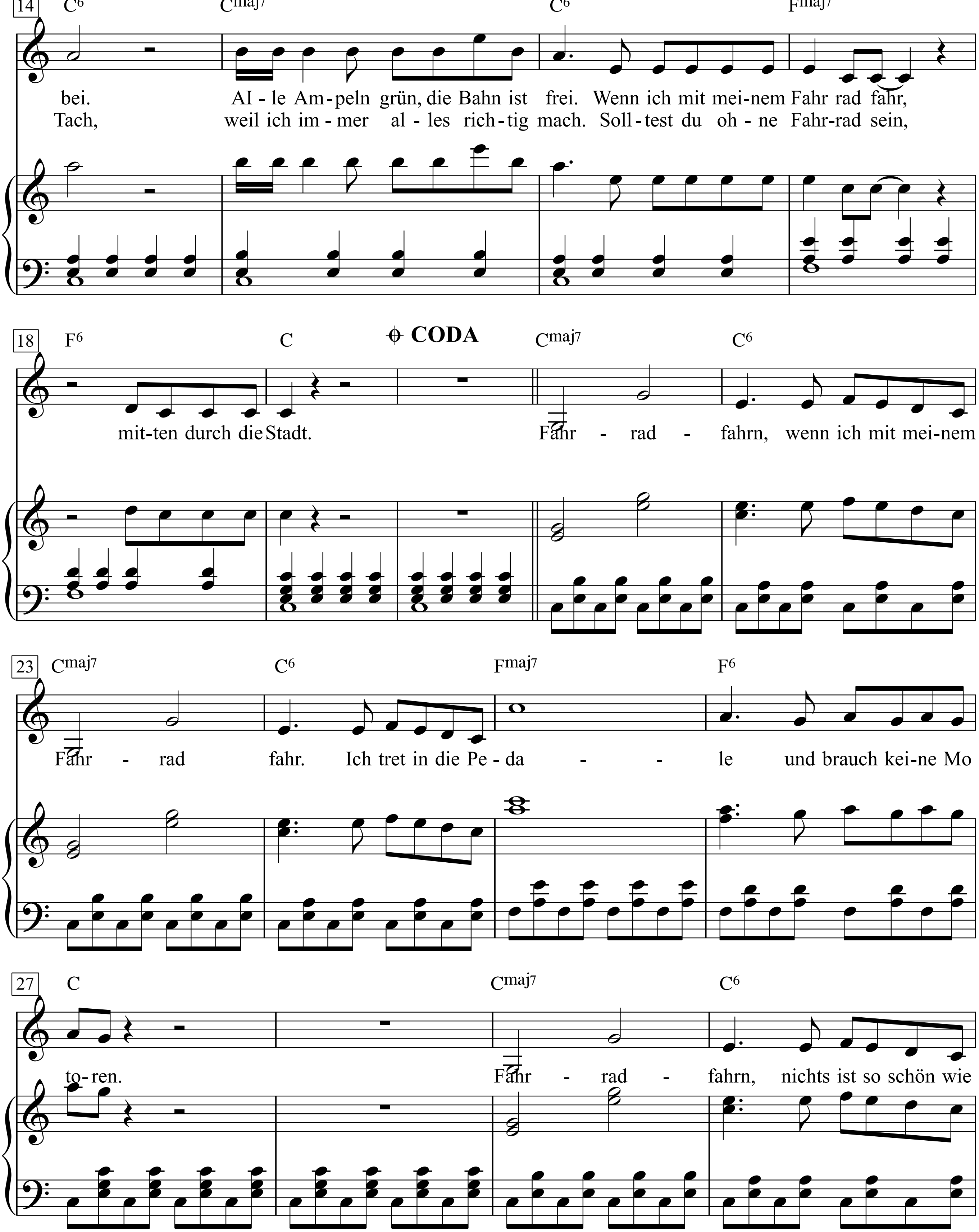
1. Fa-fa-fa-fa-fa fa-fa-fa-fa,
Fa-fa-fa-fa-fa fa-fa-fa.
I keep singing them sad, sad songs,
ya'all; sad songs is all I know.
I keep singing them sad, sad songs,
ya'all; sad songs is all I know.
It has a 1. sweet melody tonight;
anybody can sing it any old time.
Captures your heart, puts you in a groove,
and when you sing this song it 'll make your whole body move.
It goes:
Fa-fa-fa-fa-fa fa-fa-fa It's a

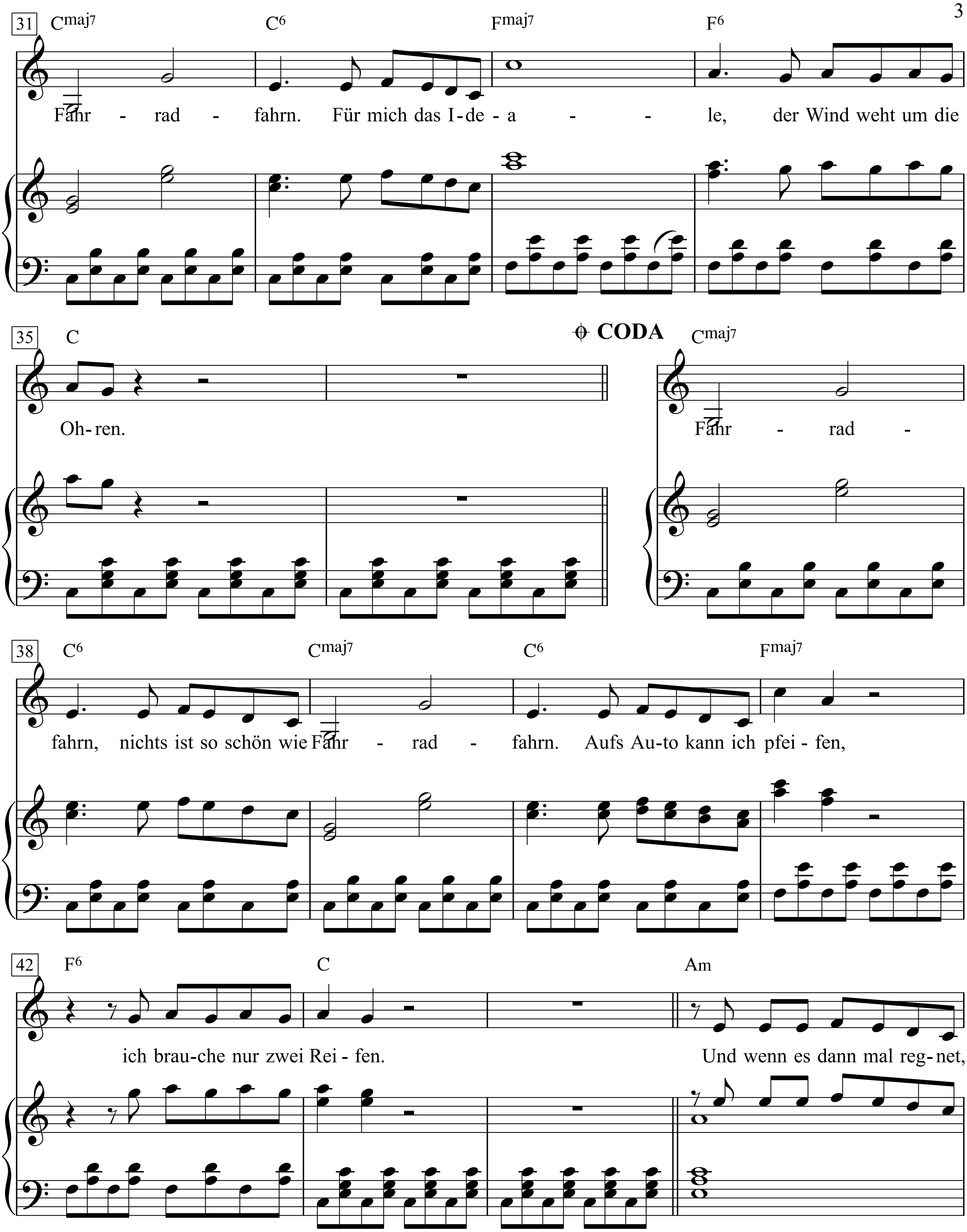
2. All my life I been singing sad songs,
Trying to get my message to you, honey.
But this the only song, y'all, I can sing,
And when I get to singing, my message be to you.
It goes: *To Chorus*

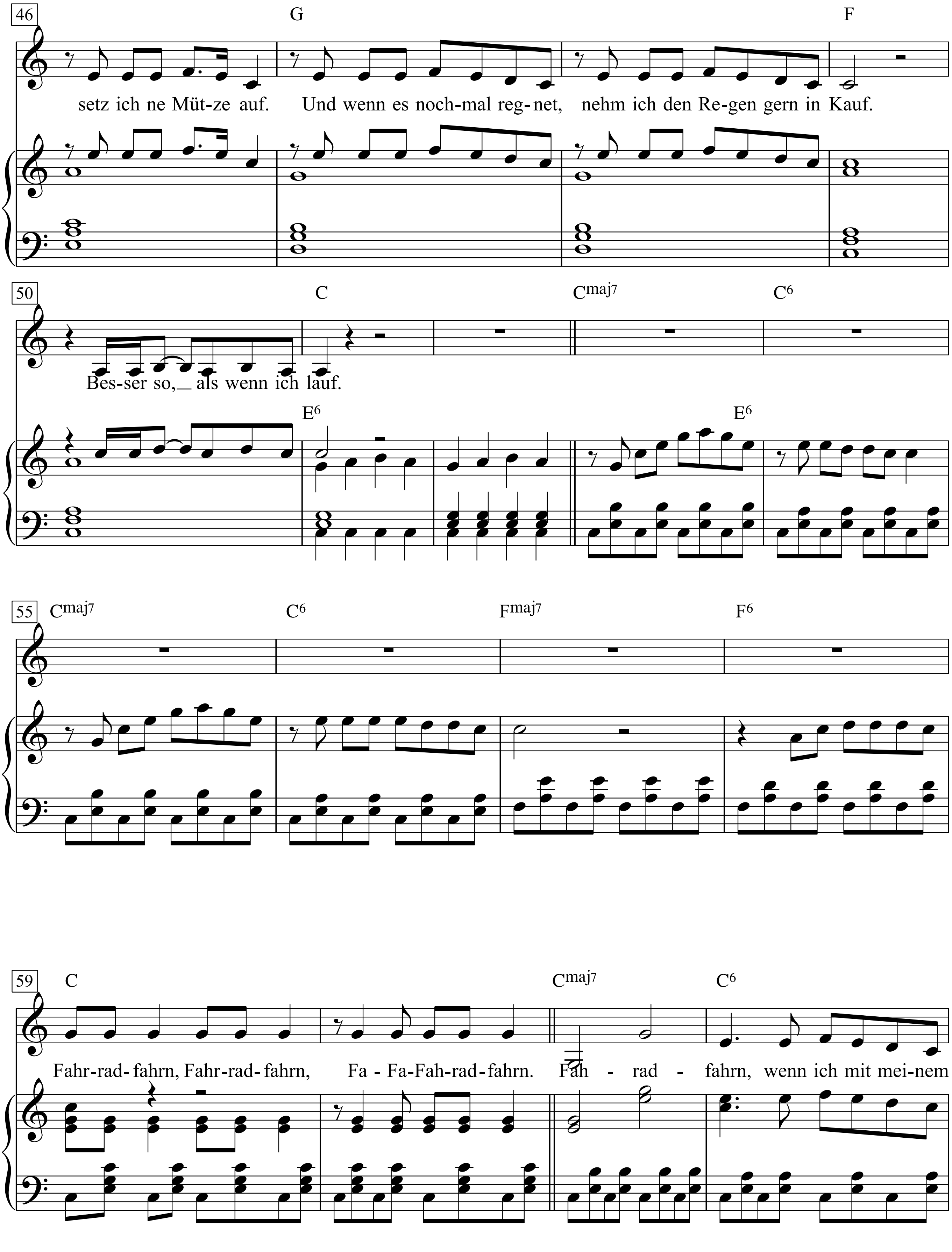
Fahrradfahr'n

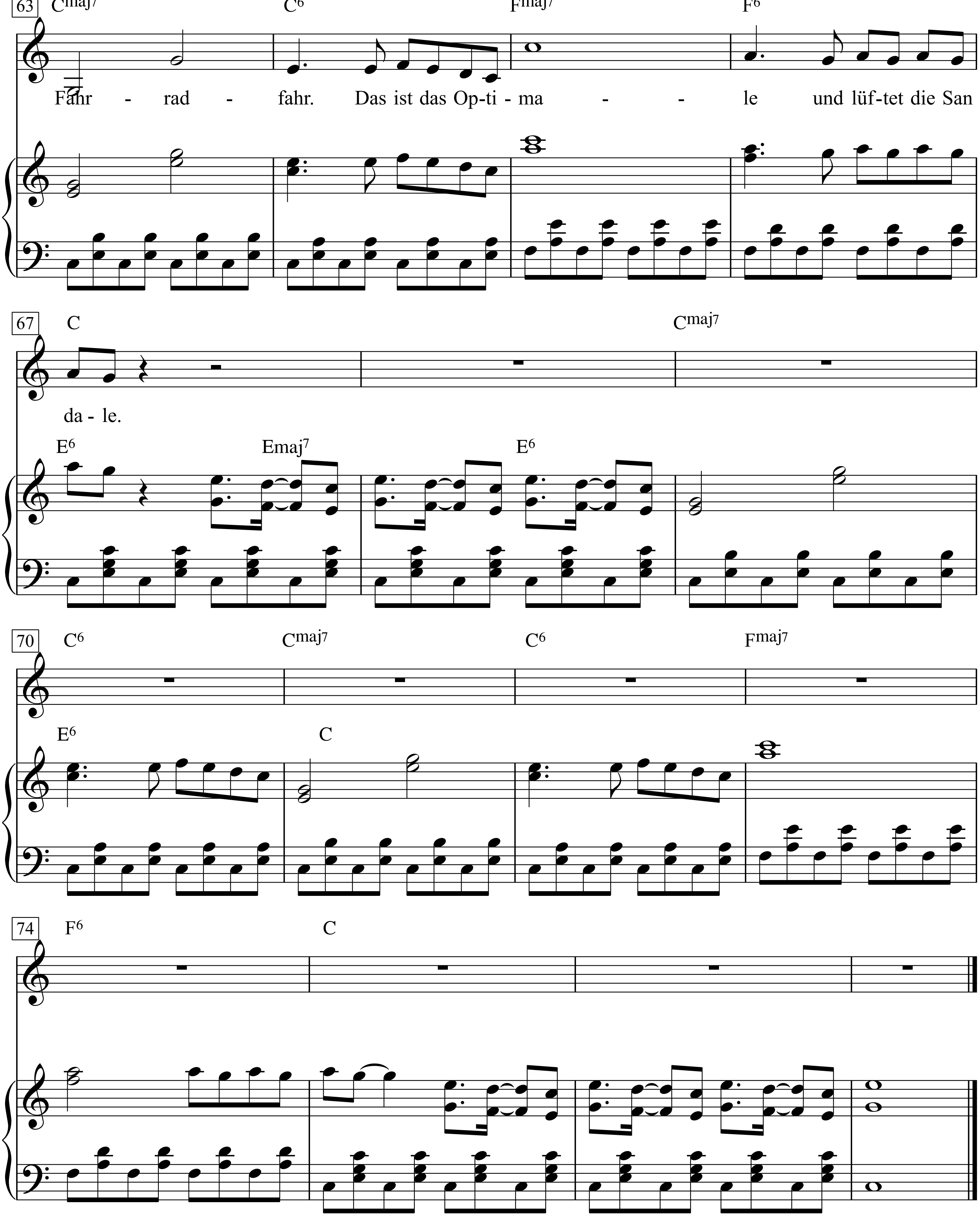
Musik & Text:
Achim Hagemann, Max Raabe




14
C6
Cmaj7
C6
Fmaj7
bei. Al - le Am - peln grün, die Bahn ist frei. Wenn ich mit mei-nem Fahr rad fahr,
Tach, weil ich im - mer al - les rich - tig mach. Soll - test du oh - ne Fahr-rad sein,
18
F6
C
CODA
Cmaj7
C6
mit-ten durch die Stadt. Fahr - rad - fahrn, wenn ich mit mei-nem
23
Cmaj7
C6
Fmaj7
F6
Fahr - rad fahr. Ich tret in die Pe - da - - le und brauch kei-ne Mo
27
C
Cmaj7
C6
to - ren. Fahr - rad - fahrn, nichts ist so schön wie

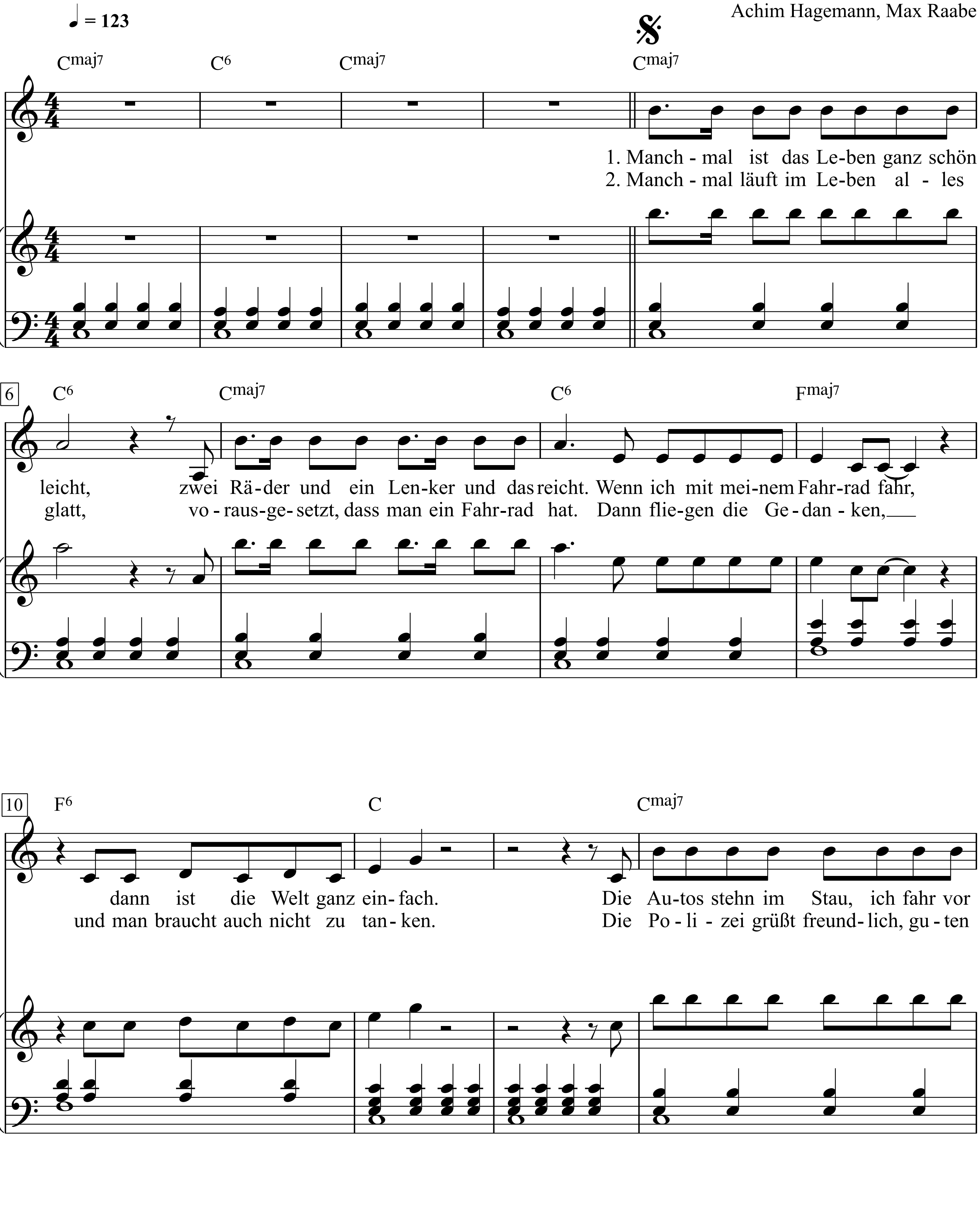

31
Cmaj7 C6 Fmaj7 F6
Fahr - rad - fahrn. Für mich das I-de - a - - - le, der Wind weht um die
35
C
CODA
Cmaj7
Oh-ren.
Fahr - rad -
38
C6 Cmaj7 C6 Fmaj7
fahrn, nichts ist so schön wie Fahr - rad - fahrn. Aufs Au-to kann ich pfei - fen,
42
F6 C Am
ich brau-che nur zwei Rei - fen.
Und wenn es dann mal reg-net,

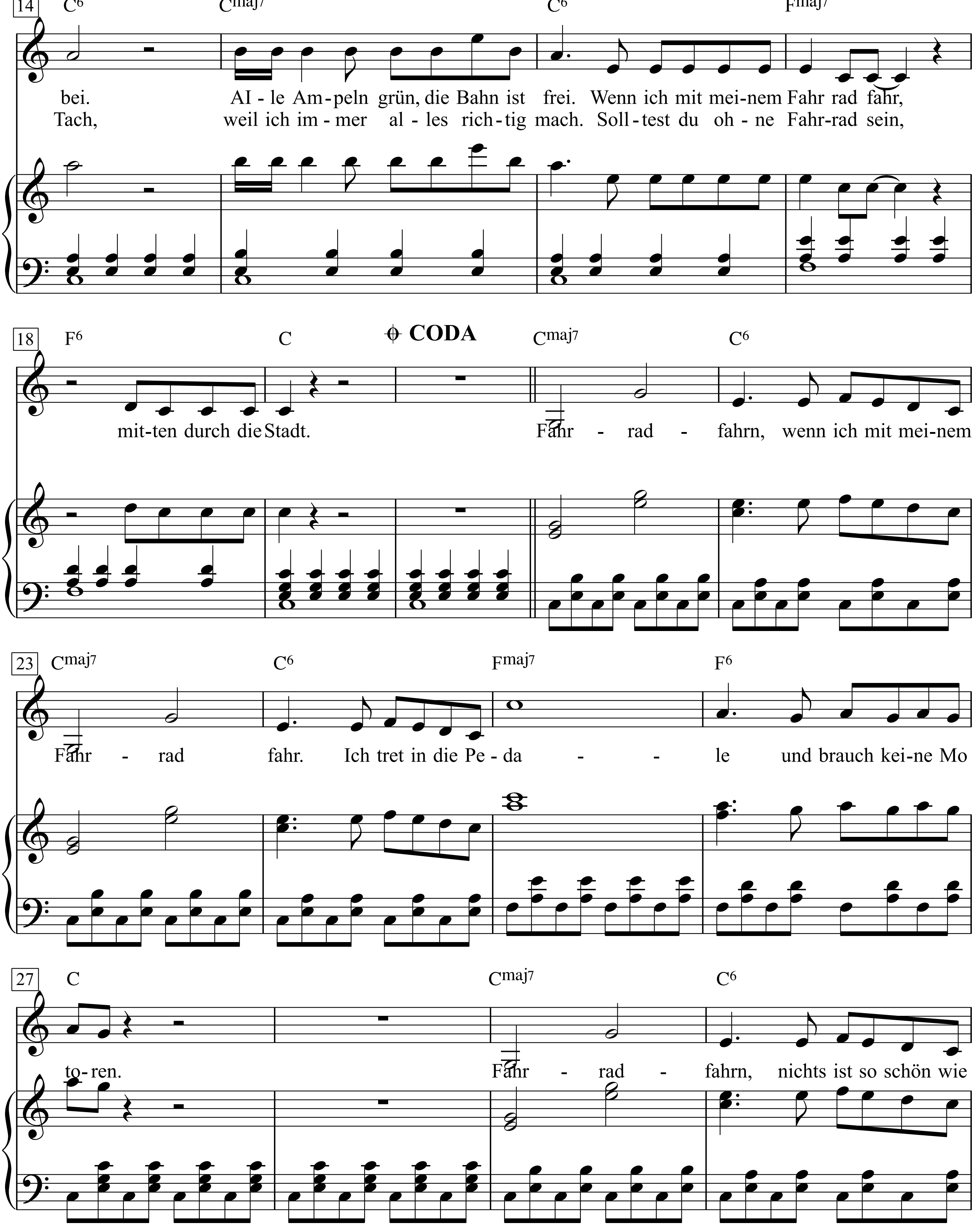

46
G
F
setz ich ne Müt-ze auf. Und wenn es noch-mal reg-net, nehm ich den Re-gen gern in Kauf.
50
C
Cmaj7
C6
Bes-ser so,_ als wenn ich lauf.
E6
E6
55
Cmaj7
C6
Fmaj7
F6
59
C
Cmaj7
C6
Fahr-rad-fahrn, Fahr-rad-fahrn, Fa - Fa-Fah-rad-fahrn. Fah - rad - fahrn, wenn ich mit mei-nem

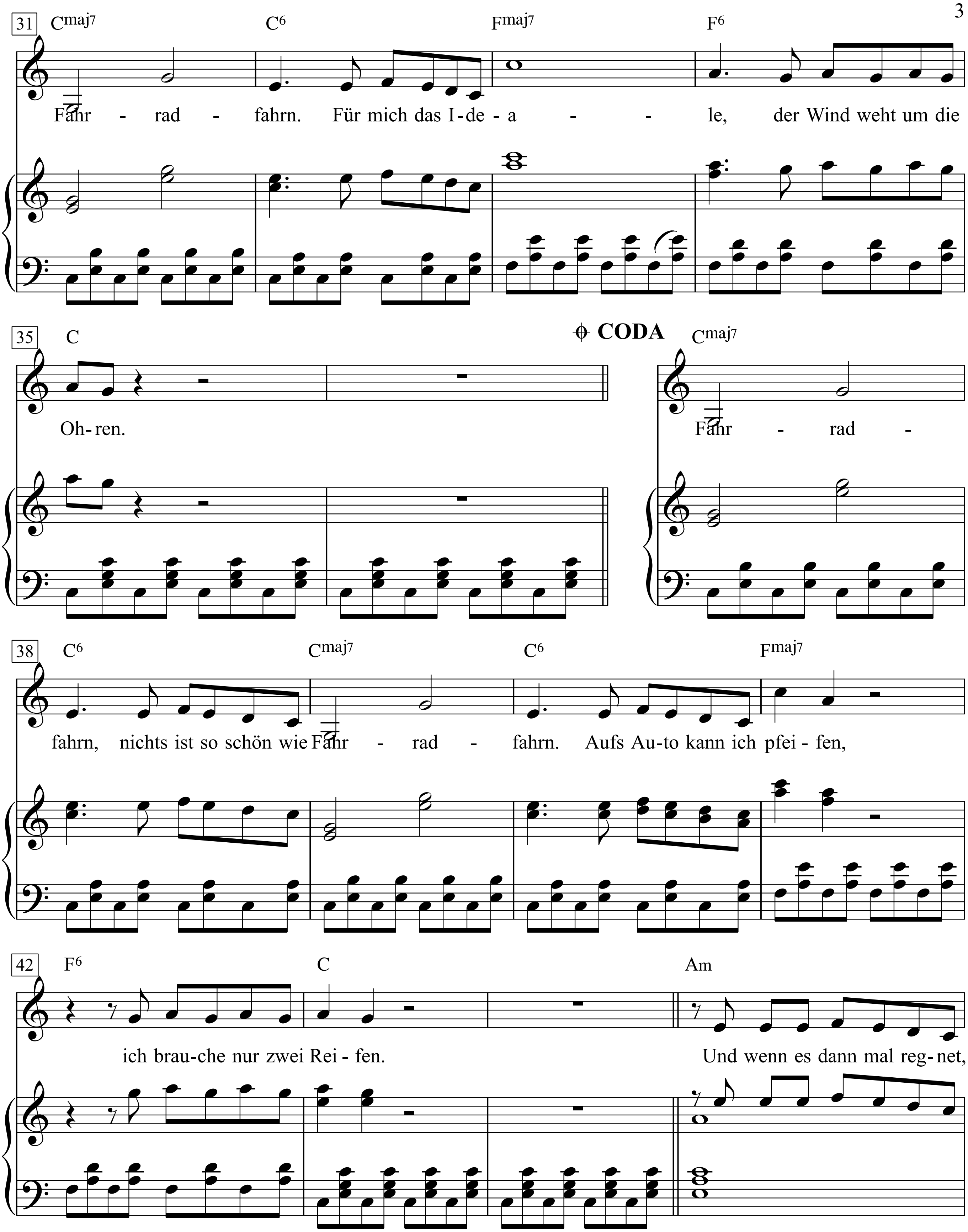

63
Cmaj7 C6 Fmaj7 F6
Fahr - rad - fahr. Das ist das Op-ti - ma - - le und lüf-tet die San
67
C Cmaj7
da - le.
E6 Emaj7 E6
70
C6 Cmaj7 C6 Fmaj7
E6 C
74
F6 C

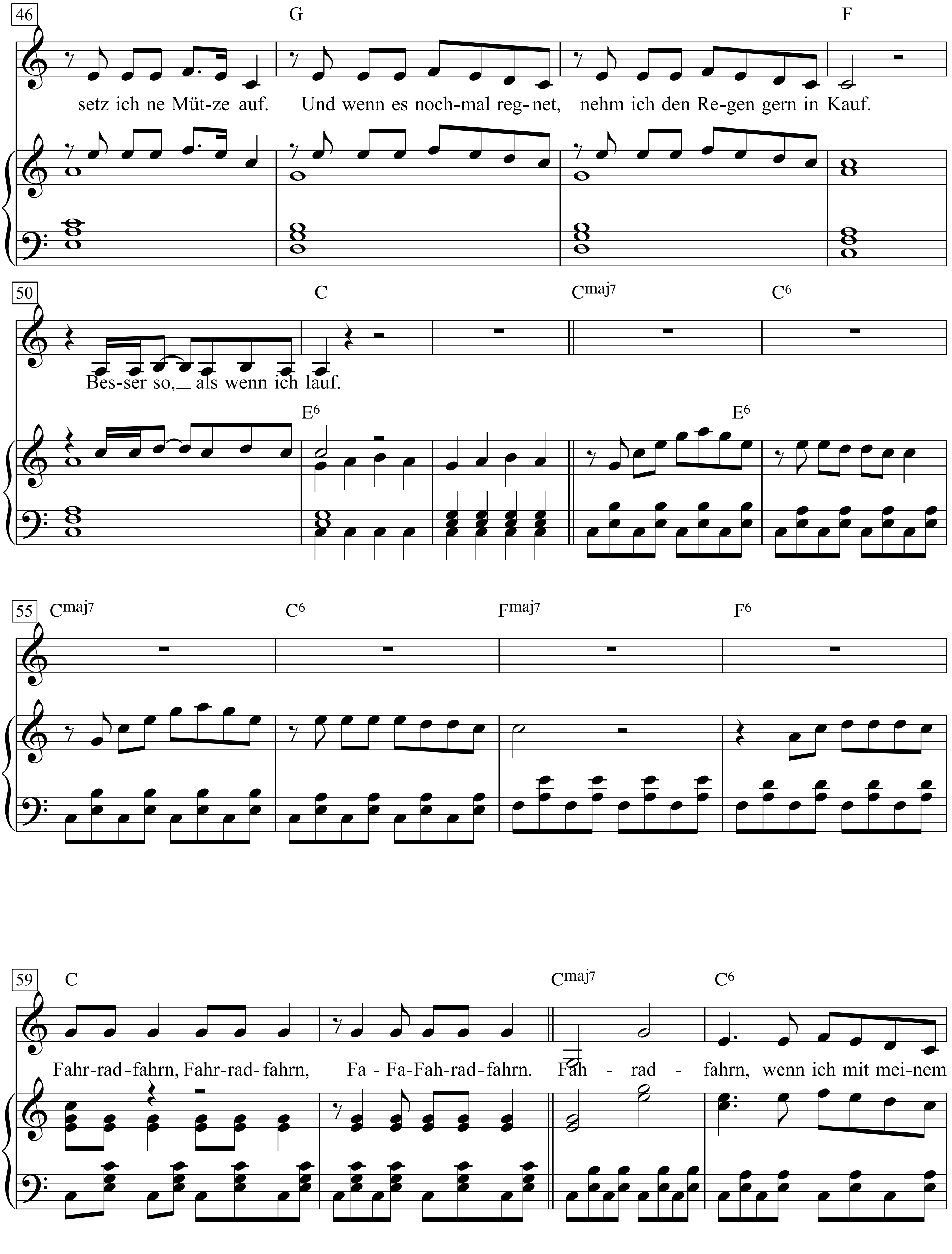
Fahrradfahr'n

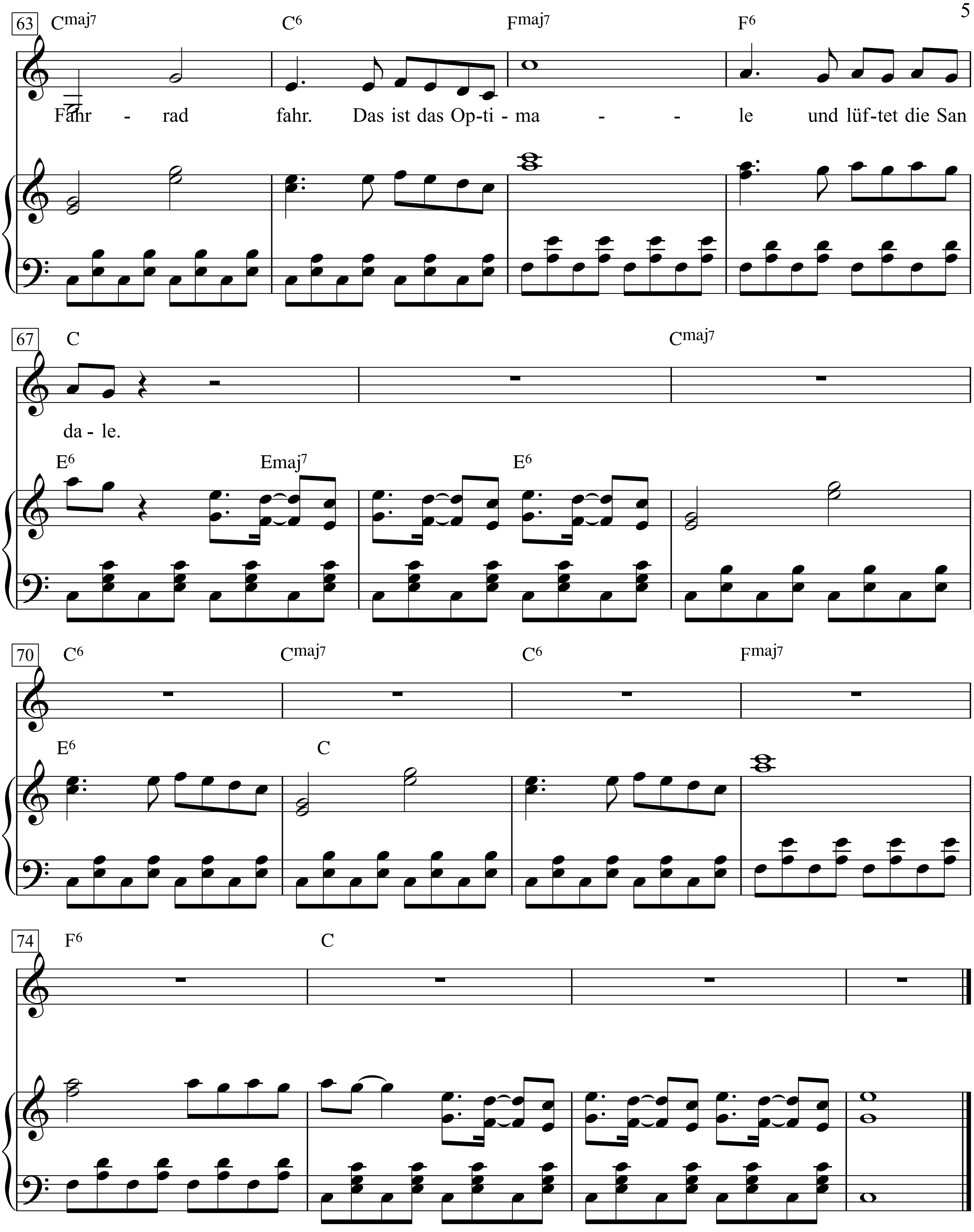
Musik & Text:
Achim Hagemann, Max Raabe




14
C6
Cmaj7
C6
Fmaj7
bei. Al - le Am - peln grün, die Bahn ist frei. Wenn ich mit mei-nem Fahr rad fahr,
Tach, weil ich im - mer al - les rich - tig mach. Soll - test du oh - ne Fahr-rad sein,
18
F6
C
CODA
Cmaj7
C6
mit-ten durch die Stadt. Fahr - rad - fahrn, wenn ich mit mei-nem
23
Cmaj7
C6
Fmaj7
F6
Fahr - rad fahr. Ich tret in die Pe - da - - le und brauch kei-ne Mo
27
C
Cmaj7
C6
to - ren. Fahr - rad - fahrn, nichts ist so schön wie


31
Cmaj7 C6 Fmaj7 F6
Fahr - rad - fahrn. Für mich das I-de - a - - - le, der Wind weht um die
35
C
CODA
Cmaj7
Oh-ren.
Fahr - rad -
38
C6 Cmaj7 C6 Fmaj7
fahrn, nichts ist so schön wie Fahr - rad - fahrn. Aufs Au-to kann ich pfei - fen,
42
F6 C Am
ich brau-che nur zwei Rei - fen.
Und wenn es dann mal reg-net,


46
G
F
setz ich ne Müt-ze auf. Und wenn es noch-mal reg-net, nehm ich den Re-gen gern in Kauf.
50
C
Cmaj7
C6
Bes-ser so, als wenn ich lauf.
E6
E6
55
Cmaj7
C6
Fmaj7
F6
59
C
Cmaj7
C6
Fahr-rad-fahrn, Fahr-rad-fahrn, Fa - Fa-Fah-rad-fahrn. Fah - rad - fahrn, wenn ich mit mei-nem


63
Cmaj7 C6 Fmaj7 F6
Fahr - rad fahr. Das ist das Op-ti - ma - - le und lüf-tet die San
67
C Cmaj7
da - le.
E6 Emaj7 E6
70
C6 Cmaj7 C6 Fmaj7
E6 C
74
F6 C

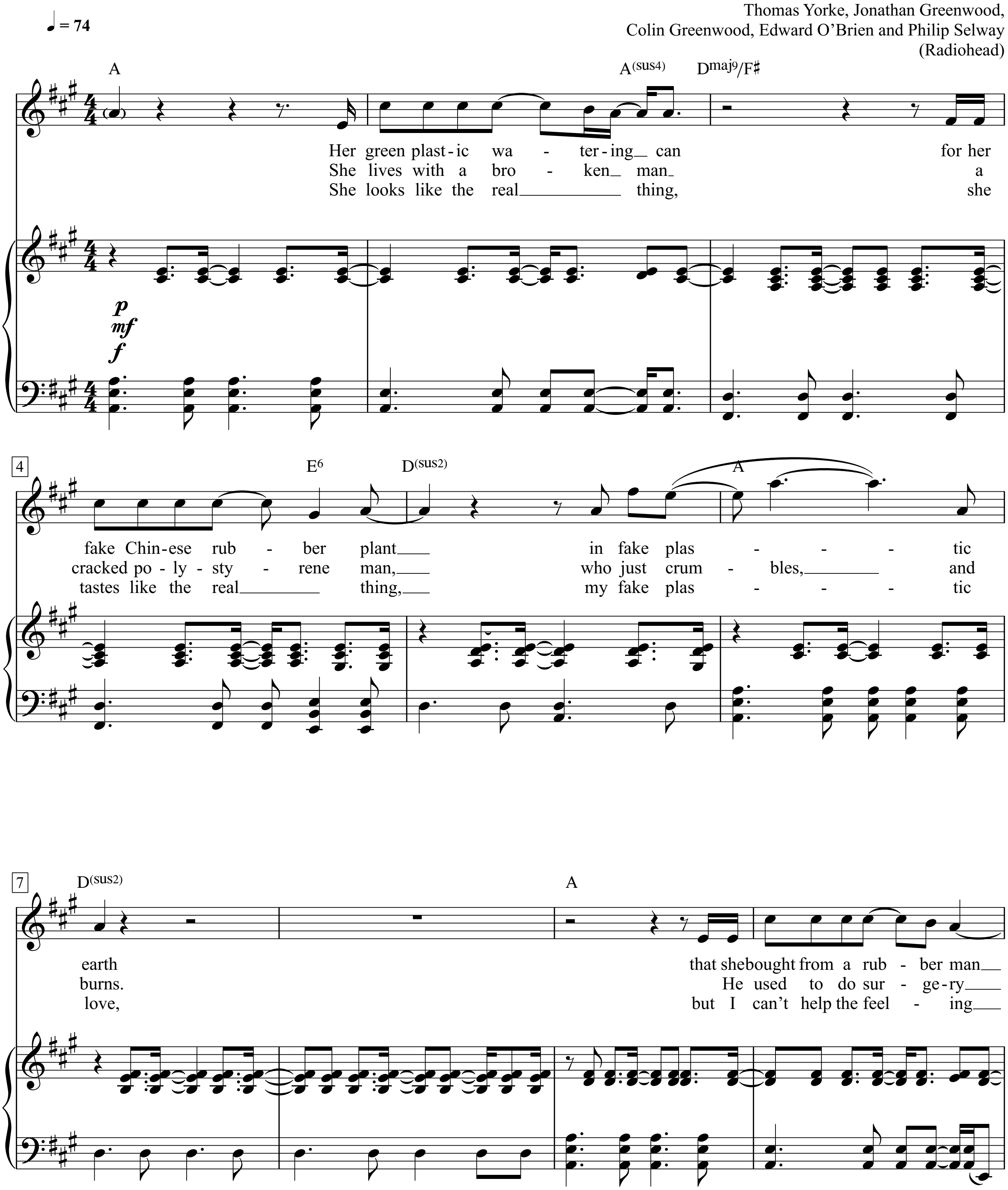
1. Manchmal ist das Leben ganz schön leicht,
zwei Räder und ein Lenker und das reicht.
Wenn ich mit meinem Fahrrad fahr,
dann ist die Welt ganz einfach.
Die Autos stehn im Stau, ich fahr vorbei.
AIle Ampeln grün, die Bahn ist frei.
Wenn ich mit meinem Fahr rad fahr,
mitten durch die Stadt.

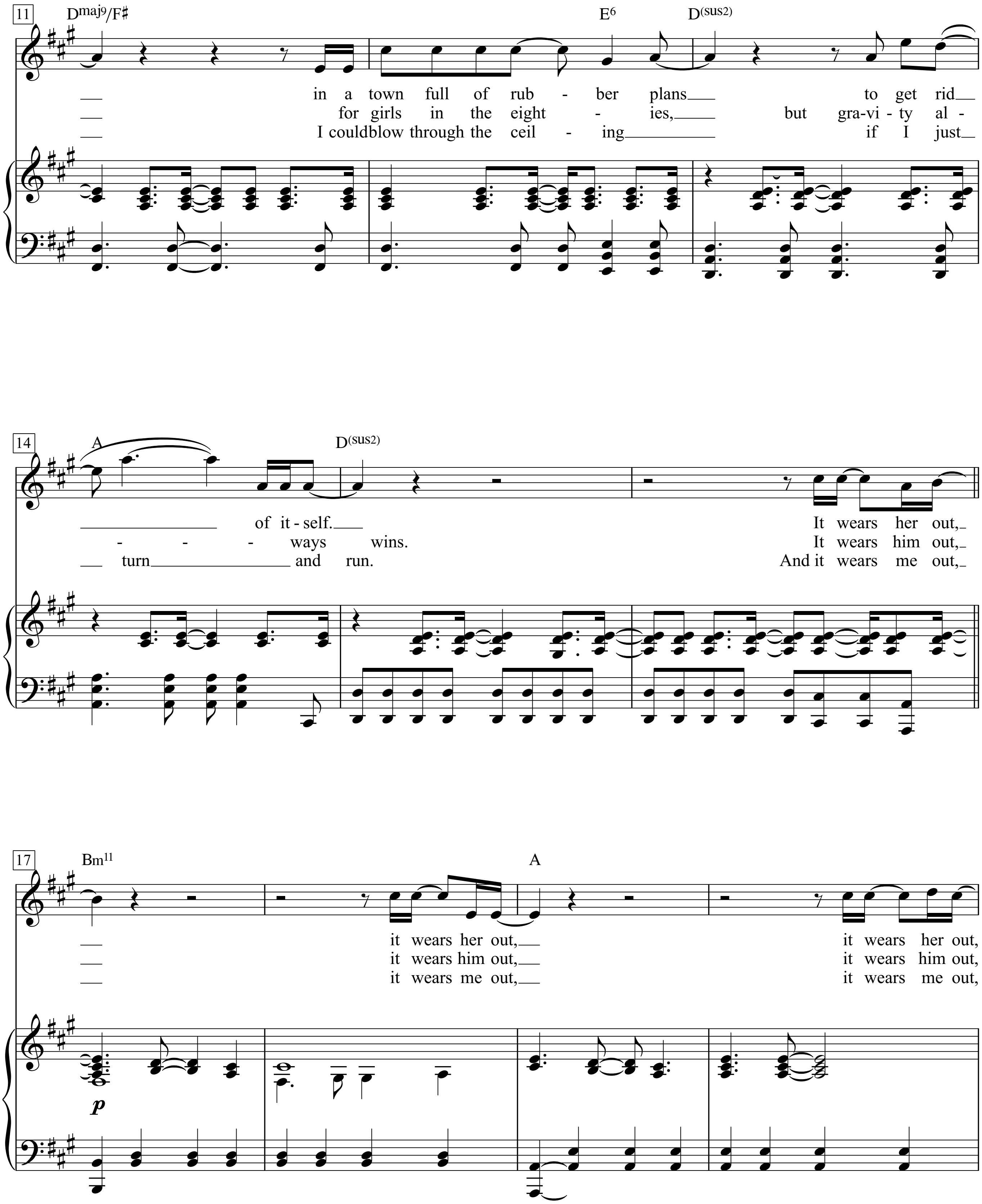
Fahrradfahrn, wenn ich mit meinem Fahrrad fahr.
Ich tret in die Pedale und brauch keine Motoren.
Fahrradfahrn, nichts ist so schön wie Fahrradfahrn.
Für mich das Ideale, der Wind weht um die Ohren.
Fahrradfahrn, nichts ist so schön wie Fahrradfahrn.
Aufs Auto kann ich pfeifen,
ich brauche nur zwei Reifen.
Und wenn es dann mal regnet,
setz ich ne Mütze auf.
Und wenn es nochmal regnet,
nehm ich den Regen gern in Kauf.
Besser so, als wenn ich lauf.
Fahrradfahrn, Fahrradfahrn, FaFa Fahradfahrn.
Fahradfahrn, wenn ich mit meinem Fahrrad fahr.
Das ist das Optimale und lüftet die Sandale.

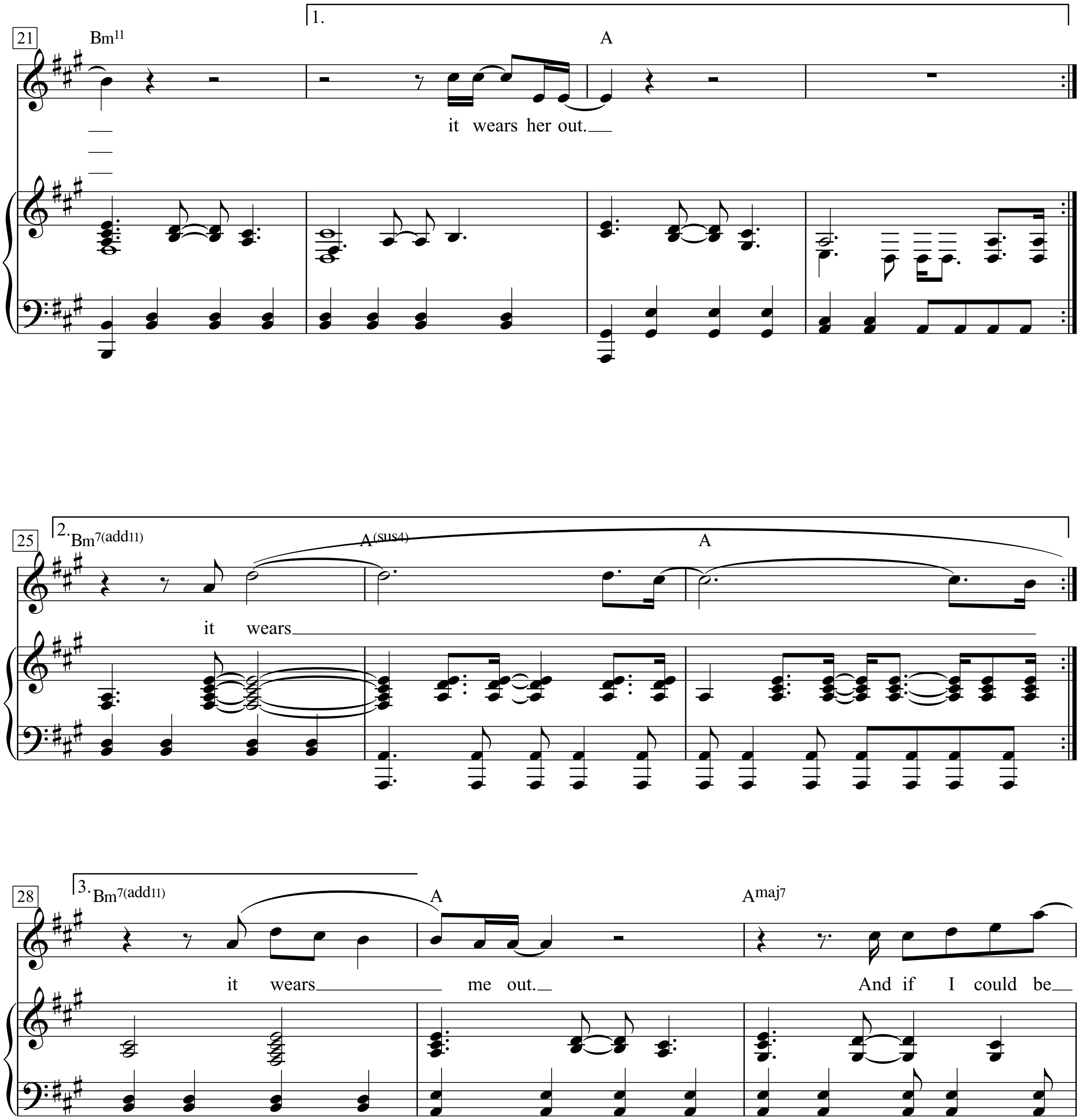
2. Manchmal läuft im Leben alles glatt,
vorausgesetzt, dass man ein Fahrrad hat.
Dann fliegen die Gedanken,
und man braucht auch nicht zu tanken.
Die Polizei grüßt freundlich, guten Tach,
weil ich immer alles richtig mach.
Solltest du ohne Fahrrad sein,

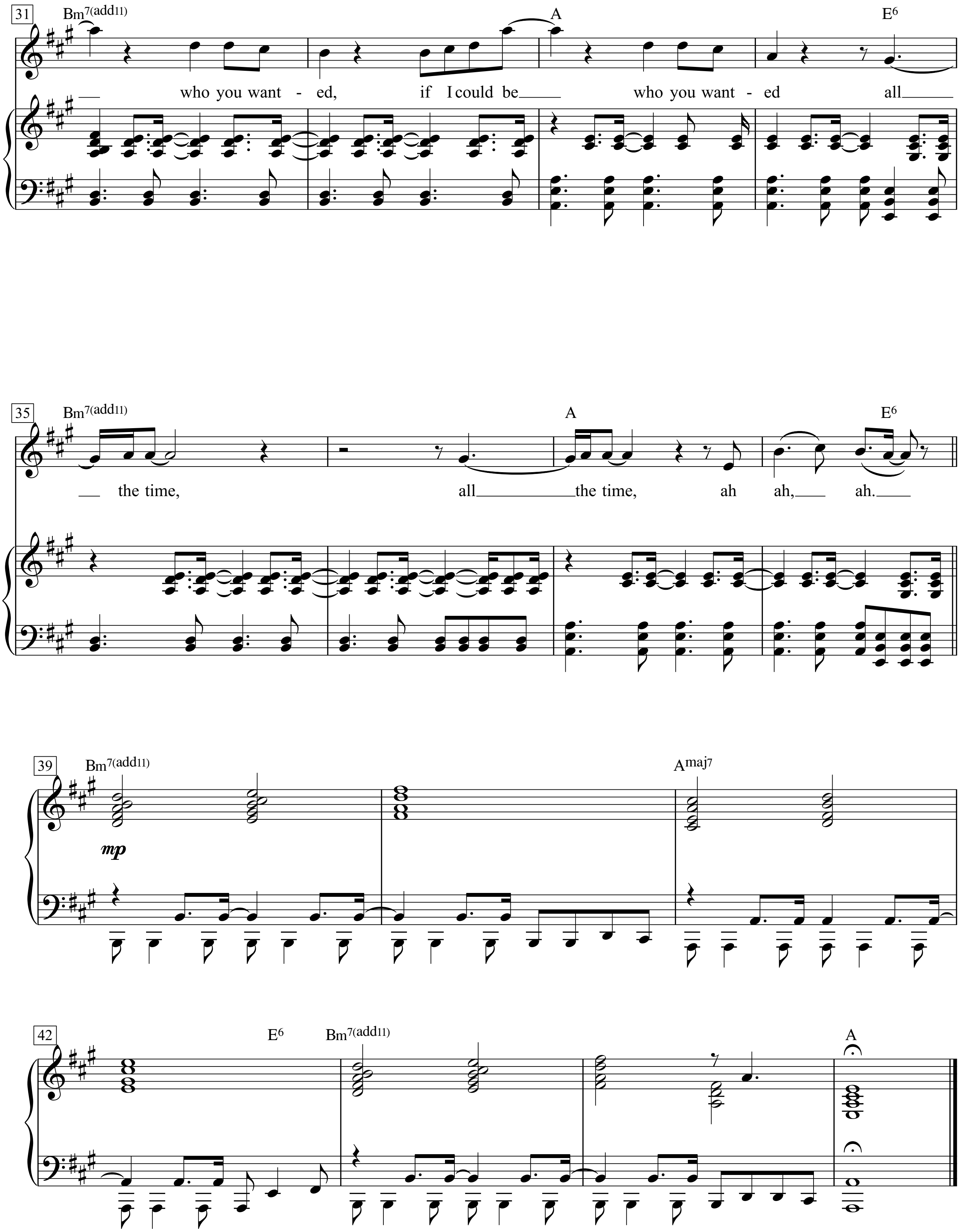
Fake Plastic Trees

Words & Music by
Thomas Yorke, Jonathan Greenwood,
Colin Greenwood, Edward O'Brien and Philip Selway
(Radiohead)




11
Dmaj9/F♯
E6
D(sus2)
in a town full of rub - ber plans to get rid
for girls in the eight - ies, but gra-vi - ty al -
I could blow through the ceil - ing if I just
14
A
D(sus2)
of it - self.
- - - ways wins.
turn and run.
It wears her out,
It wears him out,
And it wears me out,
17
Bm11
A
p
it wears her out,
it wears him out,
it wears me out,
it wears her out,
it wears him out,
it wears me out,


21
Bm11
1.
A
it wears her out.
25
2. Bm7(add11)
A(sus4)
A
it wears
28
3. Bm7(add11)
A
Amaj7
it wears me out.
And if I could be


31
Bm7(add11)
A
E6
who you want - ed, if I could be who you want - ed all
35
Bm7(add11)
A
E6
the time, all the time, ah ah, ah.
39
Bm7(add11)
mp
Amaj7
42
E6
Bm7(add11)
A

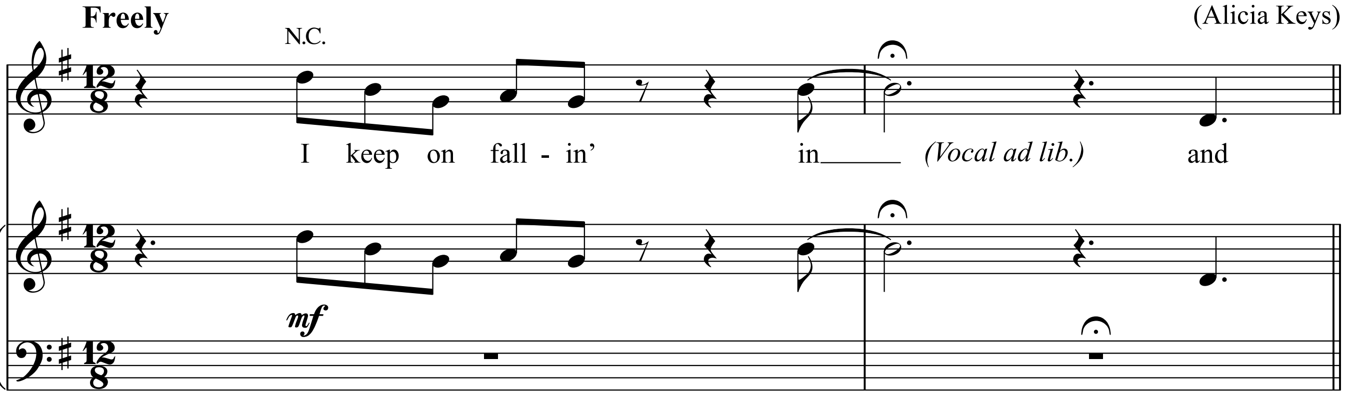
1.
Her green plastic watering can for her fake
Chinese rubber plant in fake plastic earth
that she bought from a rubber man in a town full
of rubber plans to get rid of itself.
It wears her out, it wears her out, it wears her out,
it wears her out. it wears it wears me out.
And if I could be who you wanted, if I could be who
you wanted all the time, all the time, ah ah, ah.

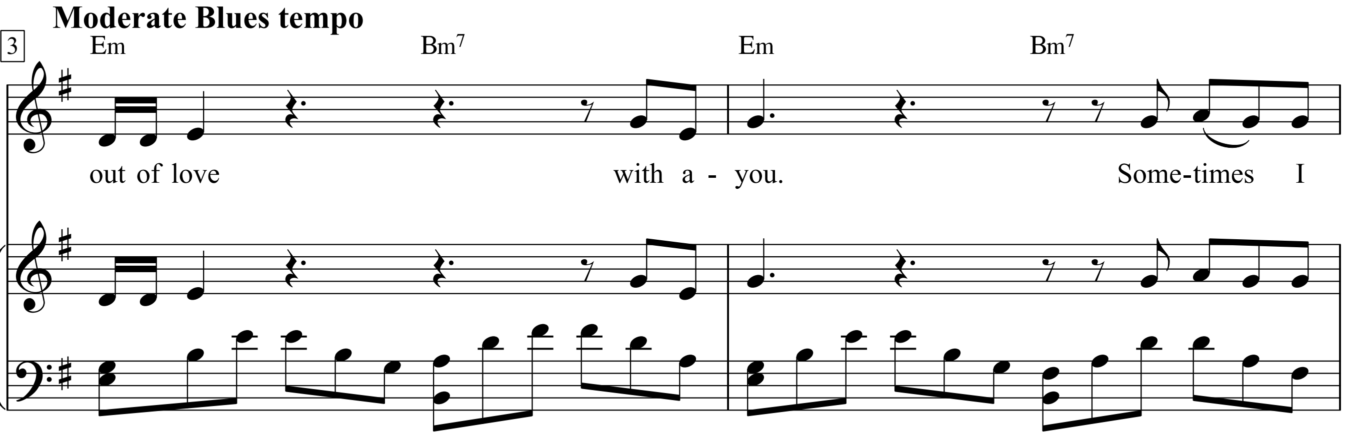
2.
She lives with a broken man a cracked polystyrene man,
who just crumbles, and burns.
He used to do surgery for girls in the eighties, but gravity always wins.
It wears him out, it wears him out, it wears him out,

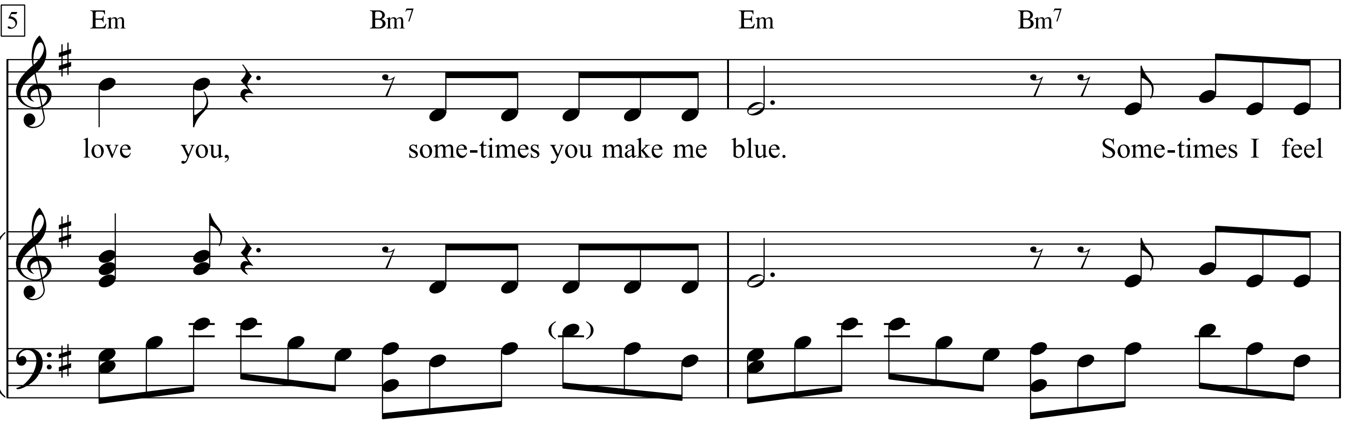
3.
She looks like the real thing, she tastes like the real thing,
my fake plastic love, but I can’t help the feeling
I could blow through the ceiling if I just turn and run.
And it wears me out, it wears me out, it wears me out,

Fallin'

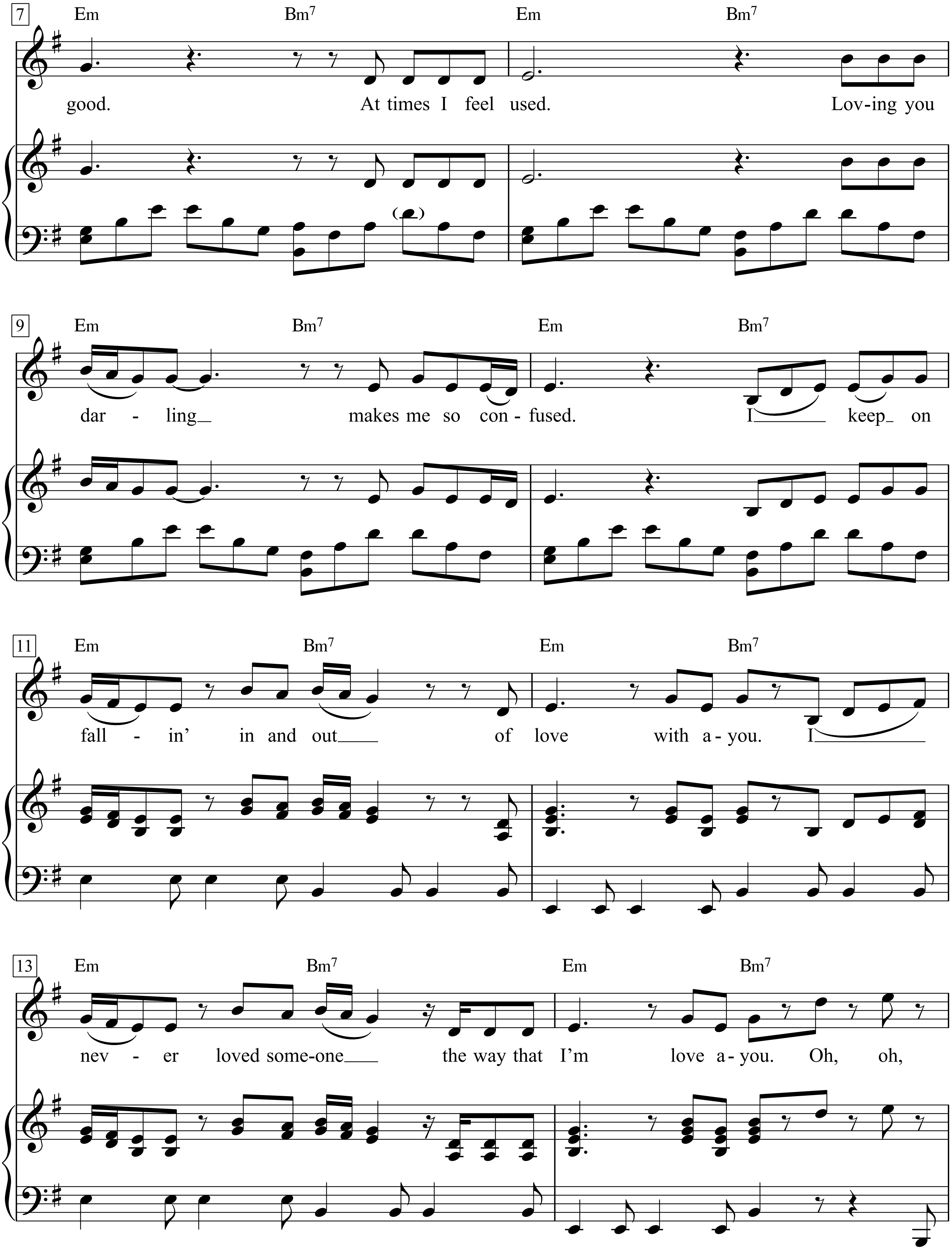
Words & Music by
Alicia Augello-Cook
(Alicia Keys)

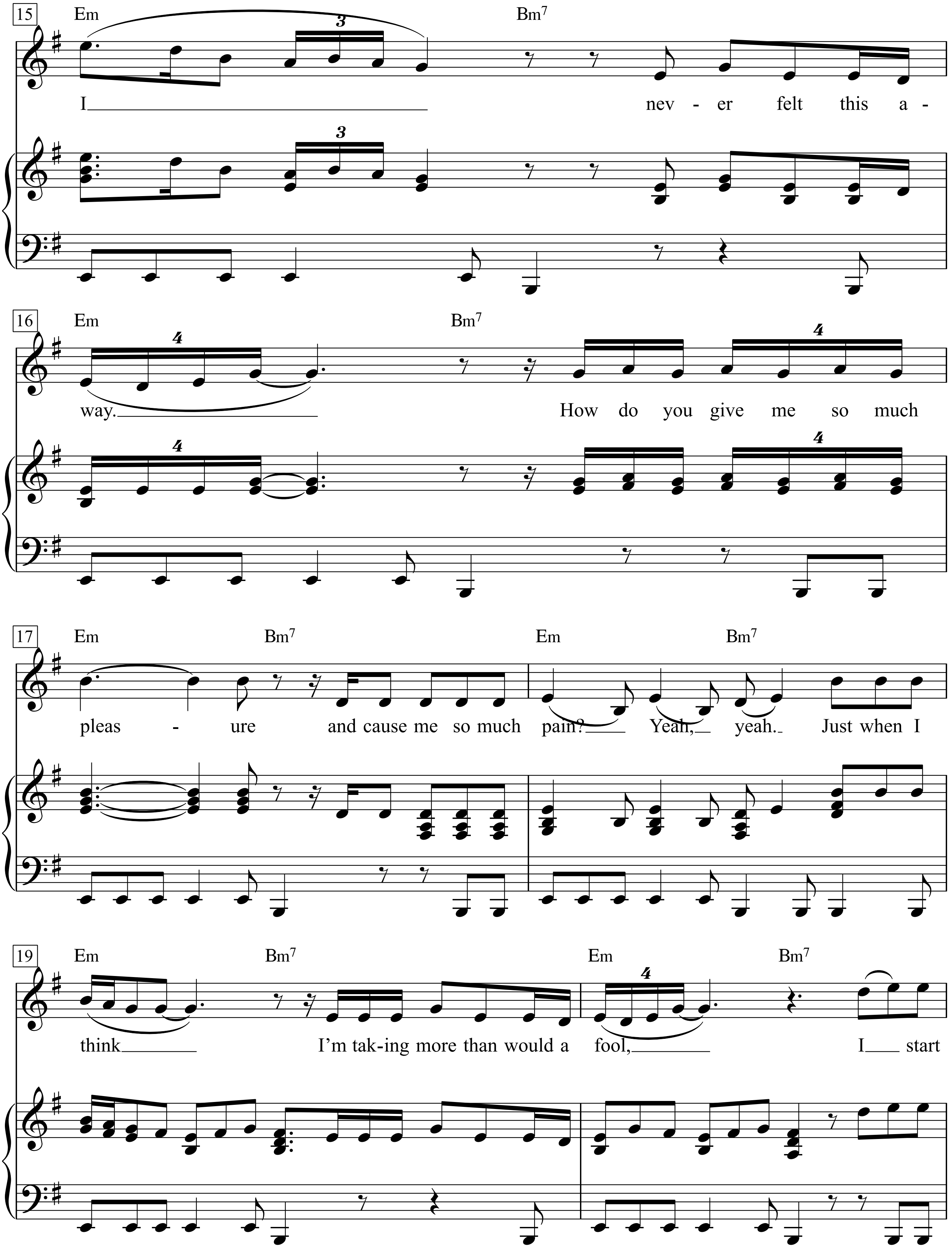


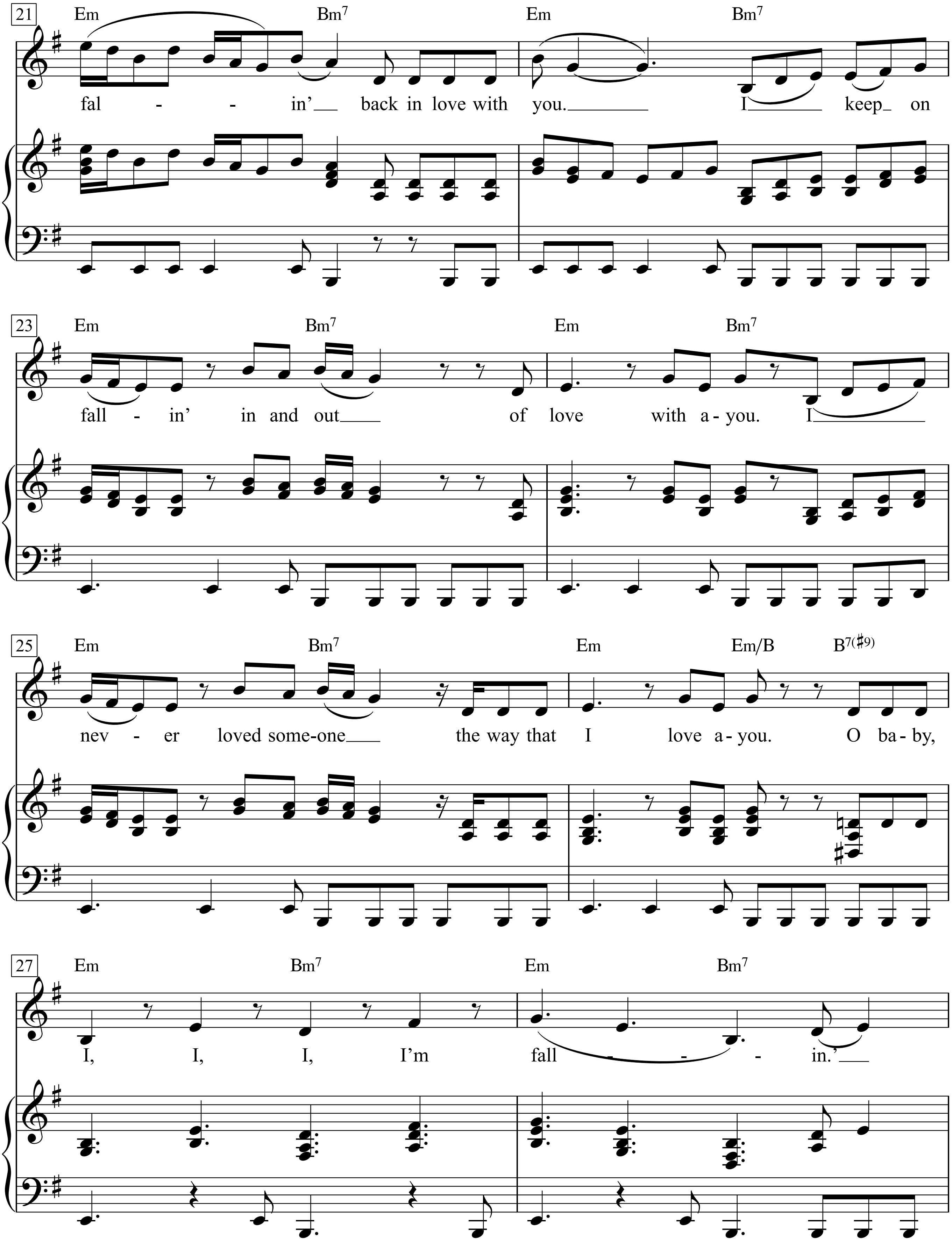


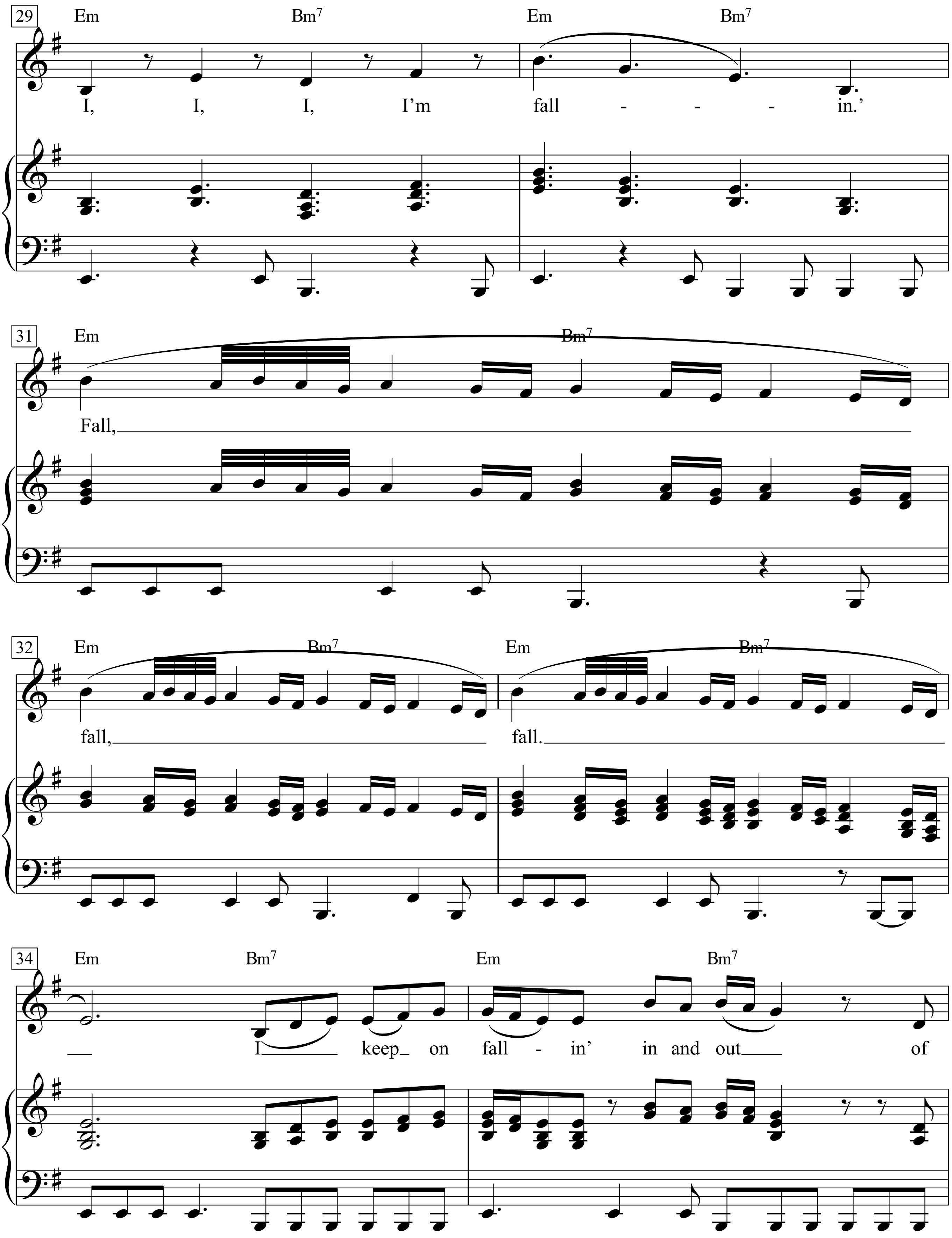


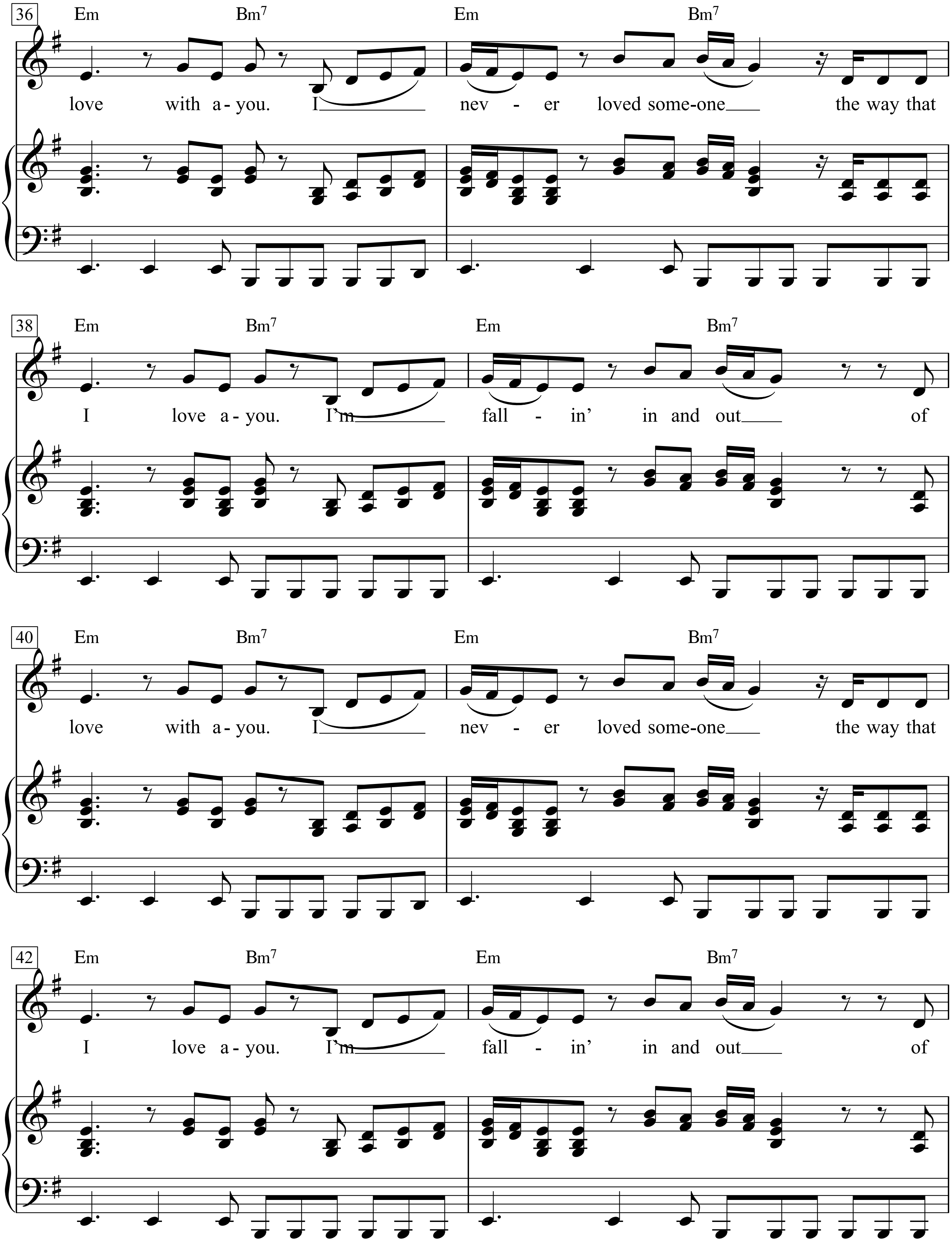
Divas of Pop - Over 30 Fantastic Songs, p. 47-53

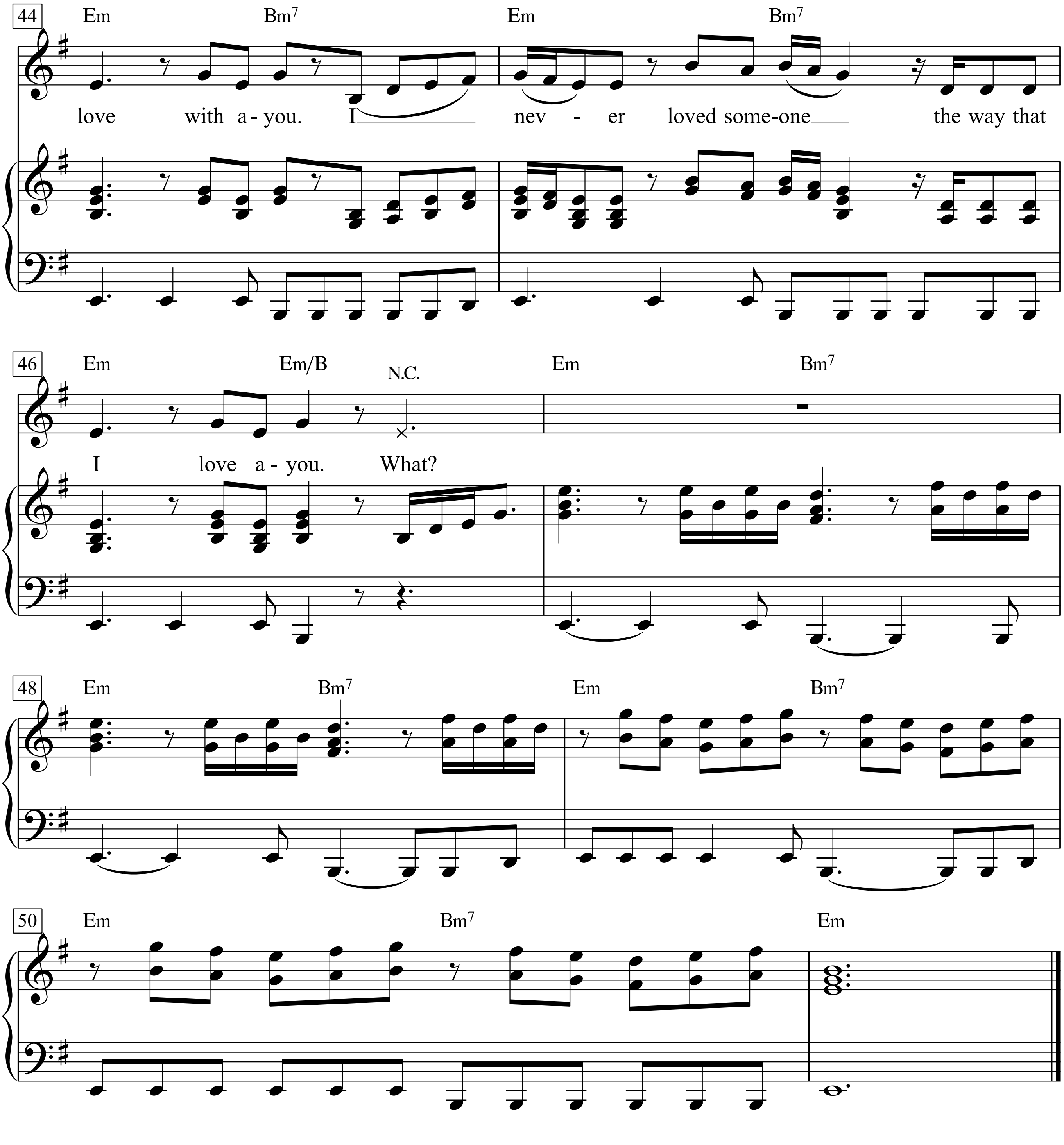

7
Em Bm7 Em Bm7
good. At times I feel used. Lov-ing you
9
Em Bm7 Em Bm7
dar - ling makes me so con - fused. I keep on
11
Em Bm7 Em Bm7
fall - in' in and out of love with a - you. I
13
Em Bm7 Em Bm7
nev - er loved some-one the way that I'm love a - you. Oh, oh,


15
Em
Bm7
I nev - er felt this a -
16
Em
Bm7
way. How do you give me so much
17
Em
Bm7
pleas - ure and cause me so much
Em
Bm7
pain? Yeah, yeah. Just when I
19
Em
Bm7
think I'm tak-ing more than would a
Em
Bm7
fool, I start


21
Em Bm7 Em Bm7
fal - - in' back in love with you. I keep on
23
Em Bm7 Em Bm7
fall - in' in and out of love with a - you. I
25
Em Bm7 Em Em/B B7(♯9)
nev - er loved some-one the way that I love a - you. O ba - by,
27
Em Bm7 Em Bm7
I, I, I, I'm fall - - - in.'


29
Em
Bm7
Em
Bm7
I, I, I, I'm fall - - - in.'
31
Em
Bm7
Fall,
32
Em
Bm7
Em
Bm7
fall, fall.
34
Em
Bm7
Em
Bm7
I keep on fall - in' in and out of

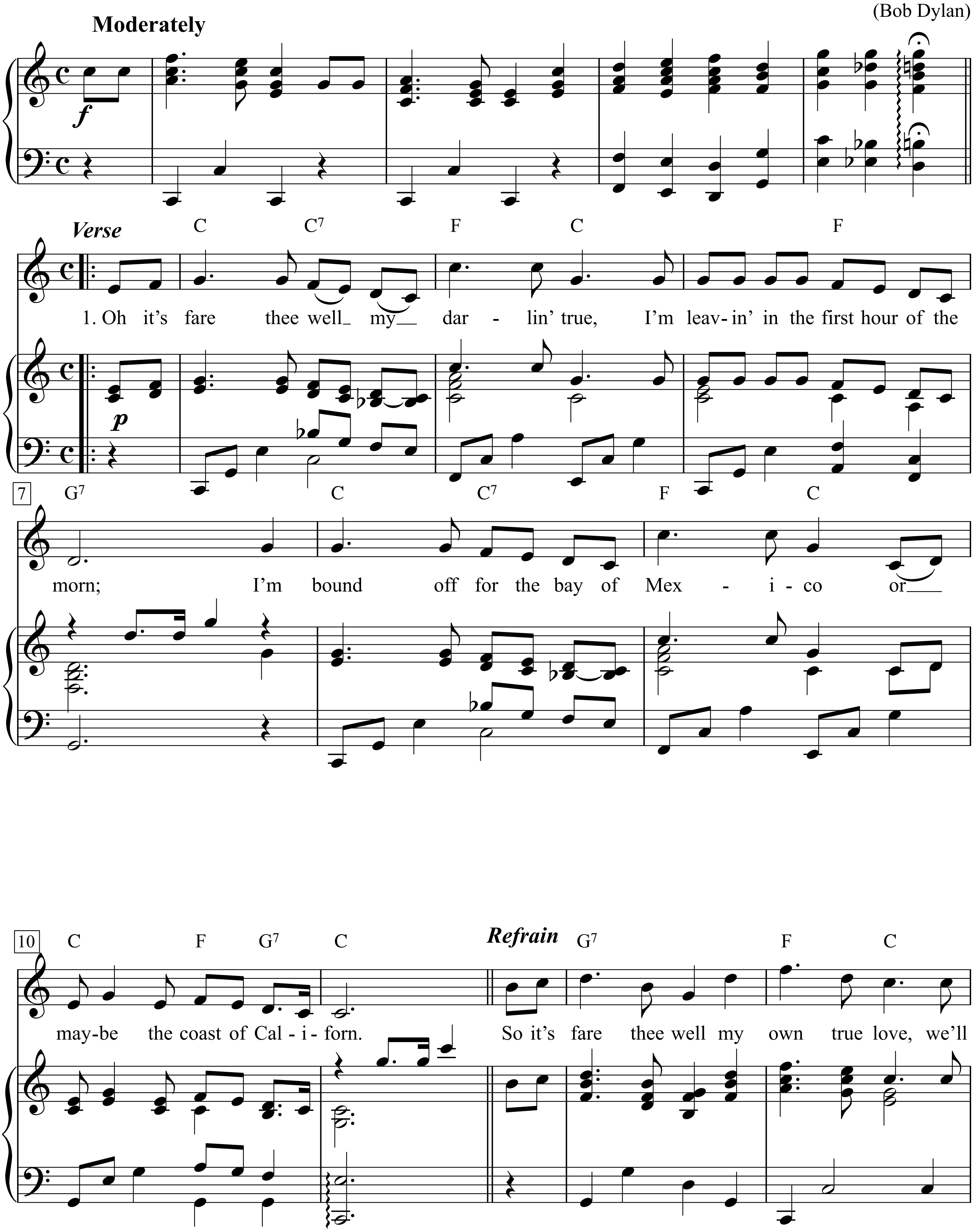

36
Em Bm7 Em Bm7
love with a-you. I nev - er loved some-one the way that
38
Em Bm7 Em Bm7
I love a-you. I'm fall - in' in and out of
40
Em Bm7 Em Bm7
love with a-you. I nev - er loved some-one the way that
42
Em Bm7 Em Bm7
I love a-you. I'm fall - in' in and out of

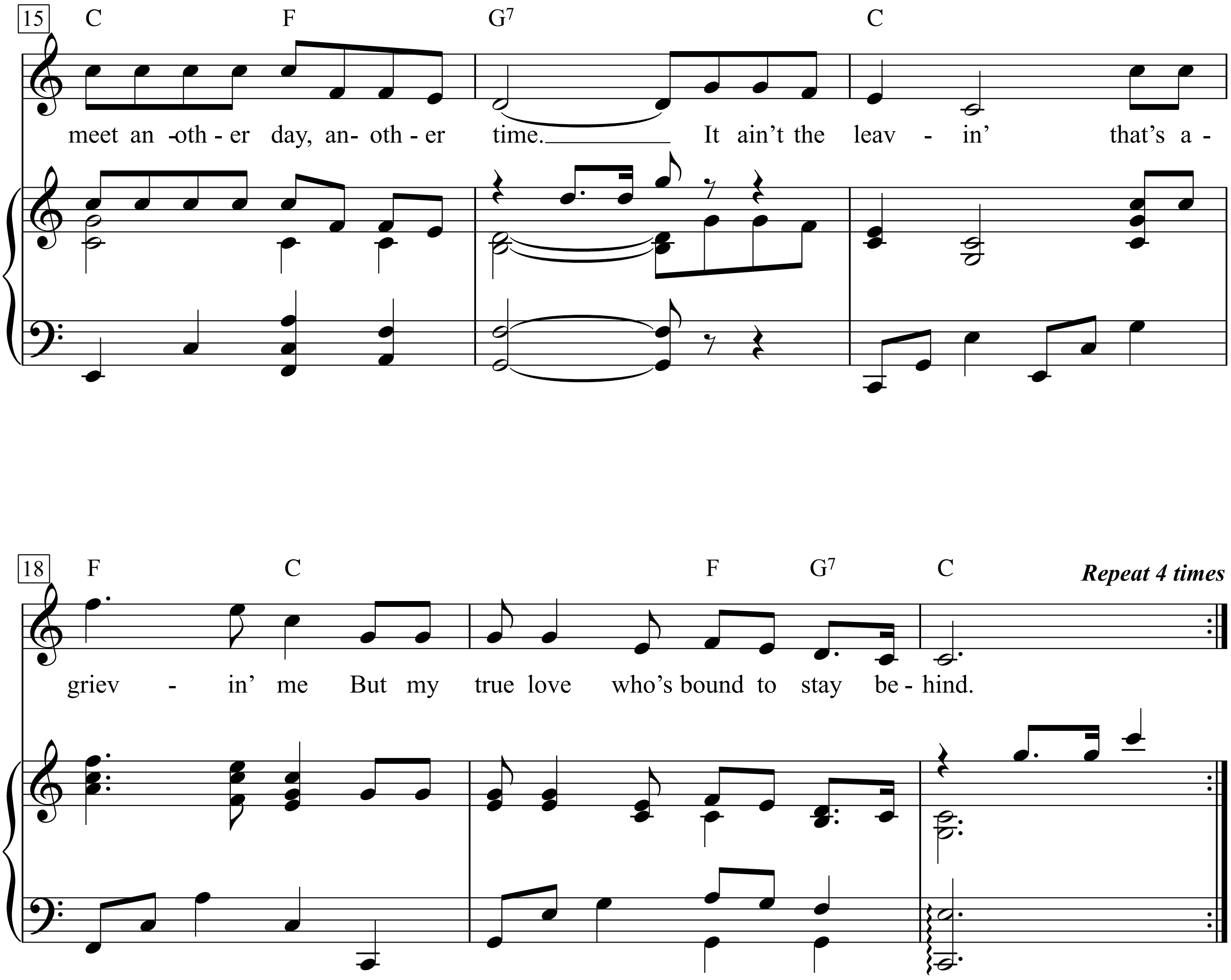

44
Em
Bm7
Em
Bm7
love with a - you. I nev - er loved some-one the way that
46
Em
Em/B
N.C.
Em
Bm7
I love a - you. What?
48
Em
Bm7
Em
Bm7
50
Em
Bm7
Em

I keep on fallin' in and out of love with a-you.
Sometimes I love you,
sometimes you make me blue.
Sometimes I feel good.
At times I feel used.
Loving you darling makes me so confused.
I keep on fallin' in and out of love with a-you.
I never loved someone the way that I'm love a-you.
Oh, oh,
I never felt this away.
How do you give me so much pleasure
and cause me so much pain?
Yeah, yeah.
Just when I think I'm taking more than would a fool,
I start falin' back in love with you.
I keep on fallin' in and out of love with a-you.
I never loved someone the way that I love a-you.
O baby,
I, I, I, I'm fallin.'
I, I, I, I'm fallin.' Fall, fall, fall.
I keep on fallin' in and out of love with a-you.
I never loved someone the way that I love a-you.
I'm fallin' in and out of love with a-you.
I never loved someone the way that I love a-you.
I'm fallin' in and out of love with a-you.
I never loved someone the way that I love a-you.
What?

Farewell

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




15
C F G7 C
meet an-oth-er day, an-oth-er time. It ain't the leav - in' that's a -
18
F C F G7 C
Repeat 4 times
griev - in' me But my true love who's bound to stay be-hind.

1. Oh it's fare thee well my darlin' true,
I'm leavin' in the first hour of the morn;
I'm bound off for the bay of Mexico
Or maybe the coast of Californ.

Refrain:
So it's fare thee well my own true love,
We'll meet ???an other day, ???another time.
It ain't the leavin' that's a-grievin' me???
But my true love who's bound to stay behind.

2, Oh the weather is against me and the wind blows hard
And the rain she's a-turnin' into hail,
I still might strike it lucky on a highway goin' west
Though I'm travelin' on a path beaten trail.

Refrain:

3. I will write you a letter from time to time,
As I'm ramblin' you can travel with me too.
With my head, my heart, and my hands, my love,
I will send what I learn back home to you.

Refrain:

4. I will tell you of the laughter and of troubles,
Be them somebody else's or my own;
With my hands in my pockets and my coat collar high
I will travel unnoticed and unknown.

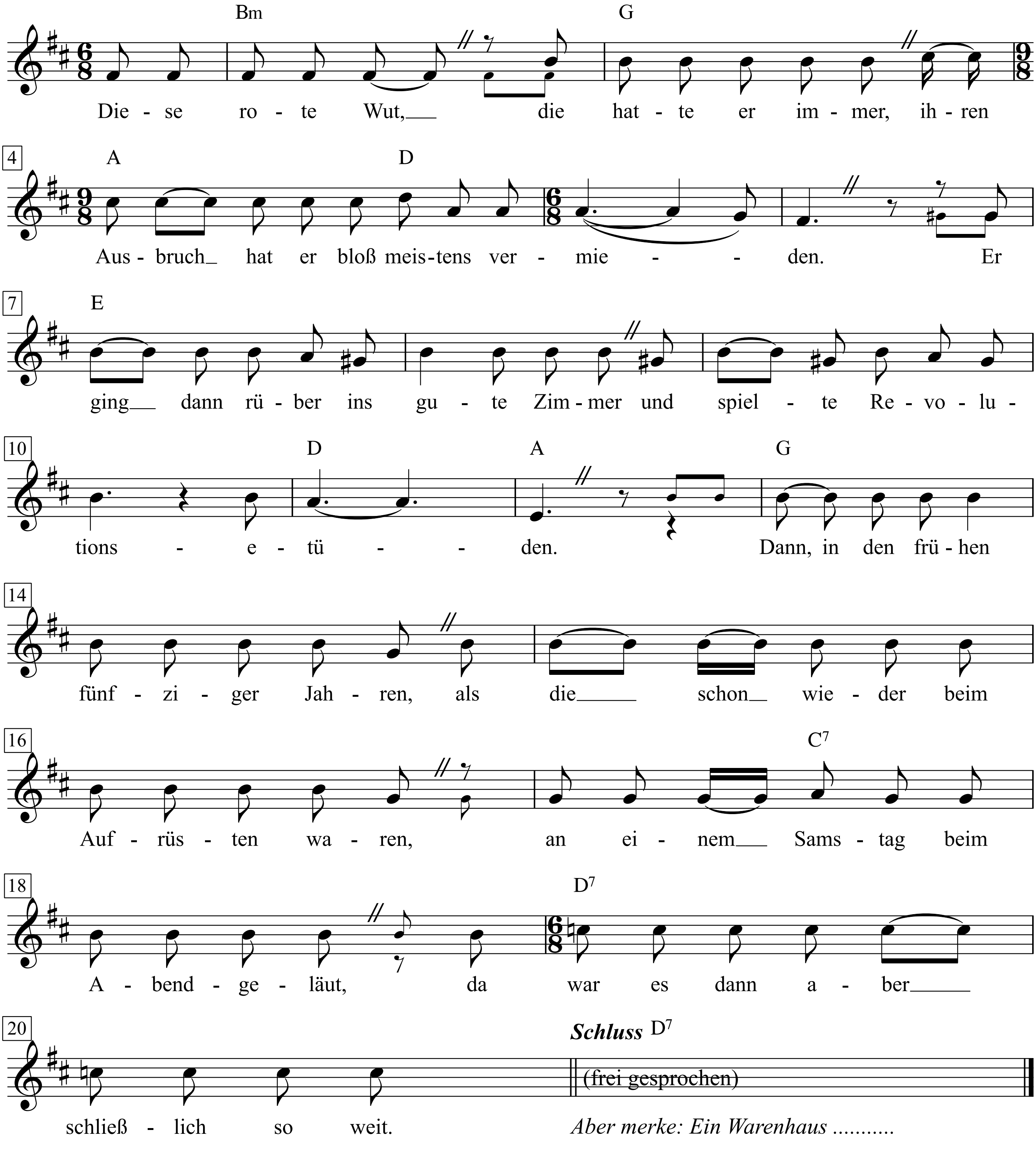
Refrain:

5. I've heard tell of a town where I might as well be bound,
It's down around the old Mexican plains,
They say that the people are all friendly there
And all they ask of you is your name.

Refrain:

Fast autobiografischer Lebenslauf eines westdeutschen Linken

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



1. Diese rote Wut, die hatte er immer,
ihren Ausbruch hat er bloß meistens vermieden.
Er ging dann rüber ins gute Zimmer
und spielte Revolutionsetüden.
Dann, in den frühen fünfziger Jahren,
als die schon wieder beim Aufrüsten waren,
an einem Samstag beim Abendgeläut,
da war es dann aber schließlich so weit.

2. Da hat er das schwarze Piano zerschlagen,
ist losgetrampt, durch Europa gezogen.
Hat gestohlen, gevögelt, die Laute geschlagen,
gesungen, gesoffen, geprügelt, betrogen.
Saint-Germain-des-Prés, da ist er länger geblieben.
Sartre hatte gerade den Ekel geschrieben.
Er lebte mit der Nutte Marie-Thérèse
und hörte sich nachts besoffen an Jazz.

3. Zurück im Deutschland der Naziväter
tat er das Billigste: Jura studieren.
Als Illustrierten- und Schulbuchvertreter
fand er die offenen Hausfrauentüren.
Budenzauber im Butzenscheibenstädtchen.
Mit einem der-Vater-ist-Amtsrichter-Mädchen
zog er am Samstag sogar zur Beicht',
dann durfte er manchmal – aber nur leicht.

4. Dann hörte er Oskar die Blechtrommel schlagen
und ließ sich den patzigen Schnauzschnorres stehen.
Fuhr oft mit gebrauchtem 2-CV-Wagen
zum Schiffbauerdamm, Brechtstücke sehen.
Er glaubte an eine Parteikarriere,
zog sofort nach der Spiegel-Affaire
als Referendar in die Landeshauptstadt,
kandidierte dort als Sozialdemokrat.

5. Wer hat uns verraten, wer hat uns verraten?
Es stellten sich denen, die wirklich verfügen,
mal wieder zur Verfügung Sozialdemokraten.
Die große Verfügung begann zu siegen.
Und weil er noch nicht sehr weit war gekommen,
hat er das auch sehr ernst genommen,
und er meinte, er hätte sie längst bestochen.
Doch die rote Wut kam wieder angekrochen.

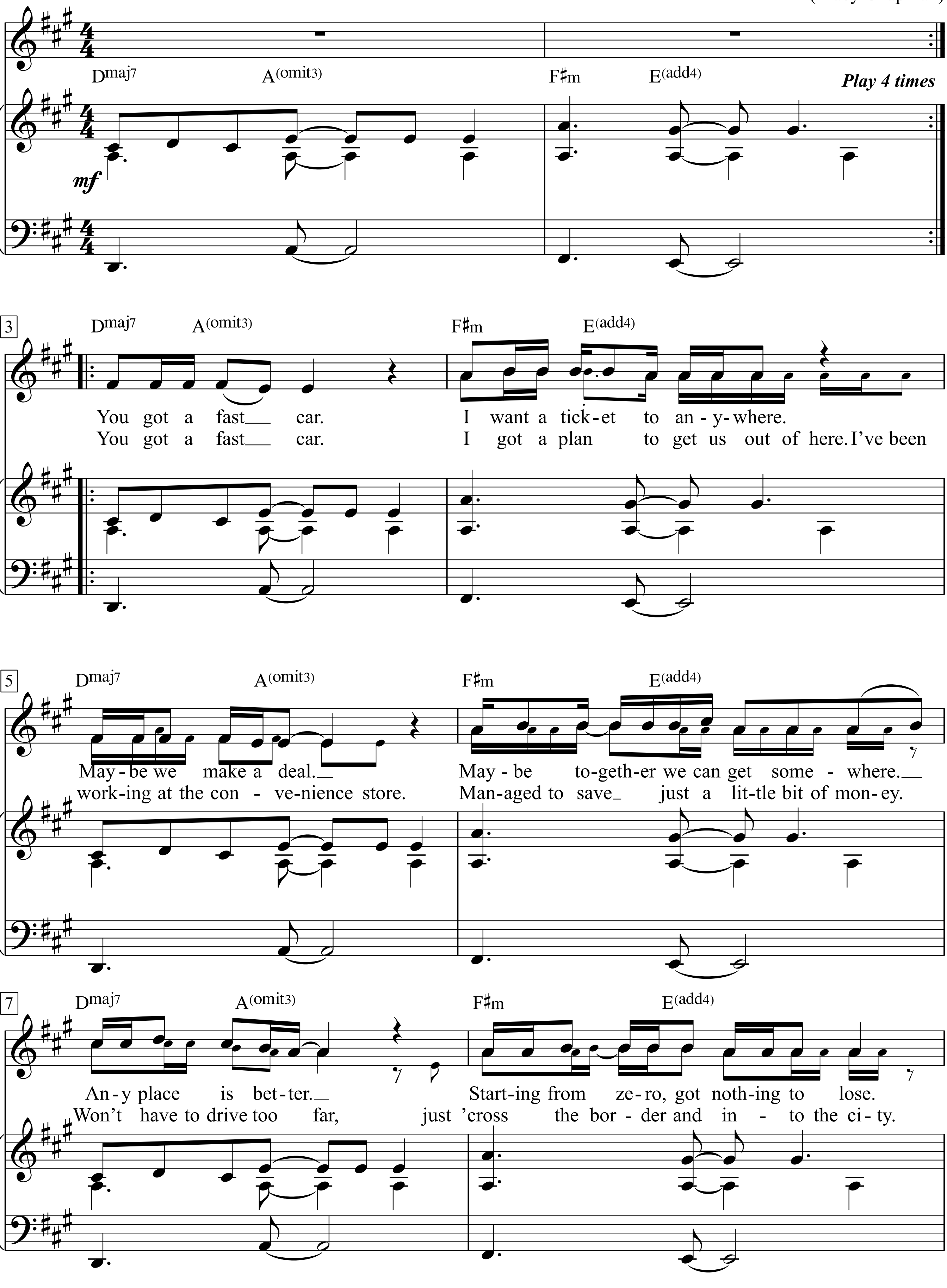
6. Die Pauke vom Neuss hat den Auftakt geschlagen
zu den späten sechziger Jahren.
Und er sah dann hinter den Barrikaden,
wie weit die davor schon wieder mal waren:
die Schüsse auf Dutschke, Bildzeitungshetzen,
Faschistenfaust hinter Notstandsgesetzen.
Die Wut wurde klarer und kalt, wurde Hass.
Hasta la victoria siempre gilt das.

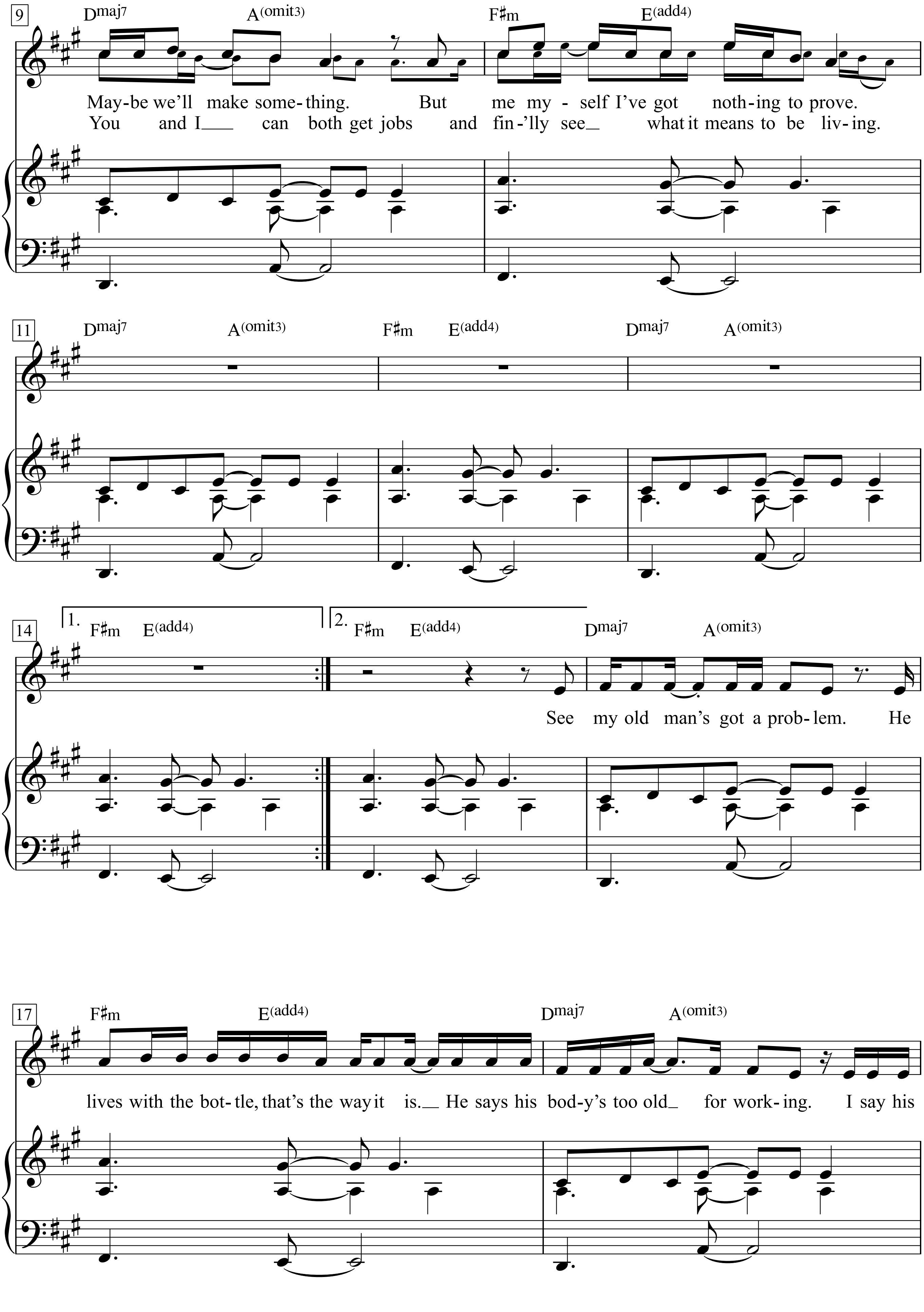
7. Dem, der uns hier tat aus dem Leben erzählen,
dem müsst' man jetzt aber erklären,
aus der linken Ecke knurren und bellen
tat noch nie den Klassenfeind stören.
Hassen allein, das wird nicht genügen.
Der muss schon mal rauskommen,
was tun für das Siegen.
Und da gibt es auch viel,
und da fällt schon was ein.
Das muss ja nicht gleich ein Warenhaus sein.

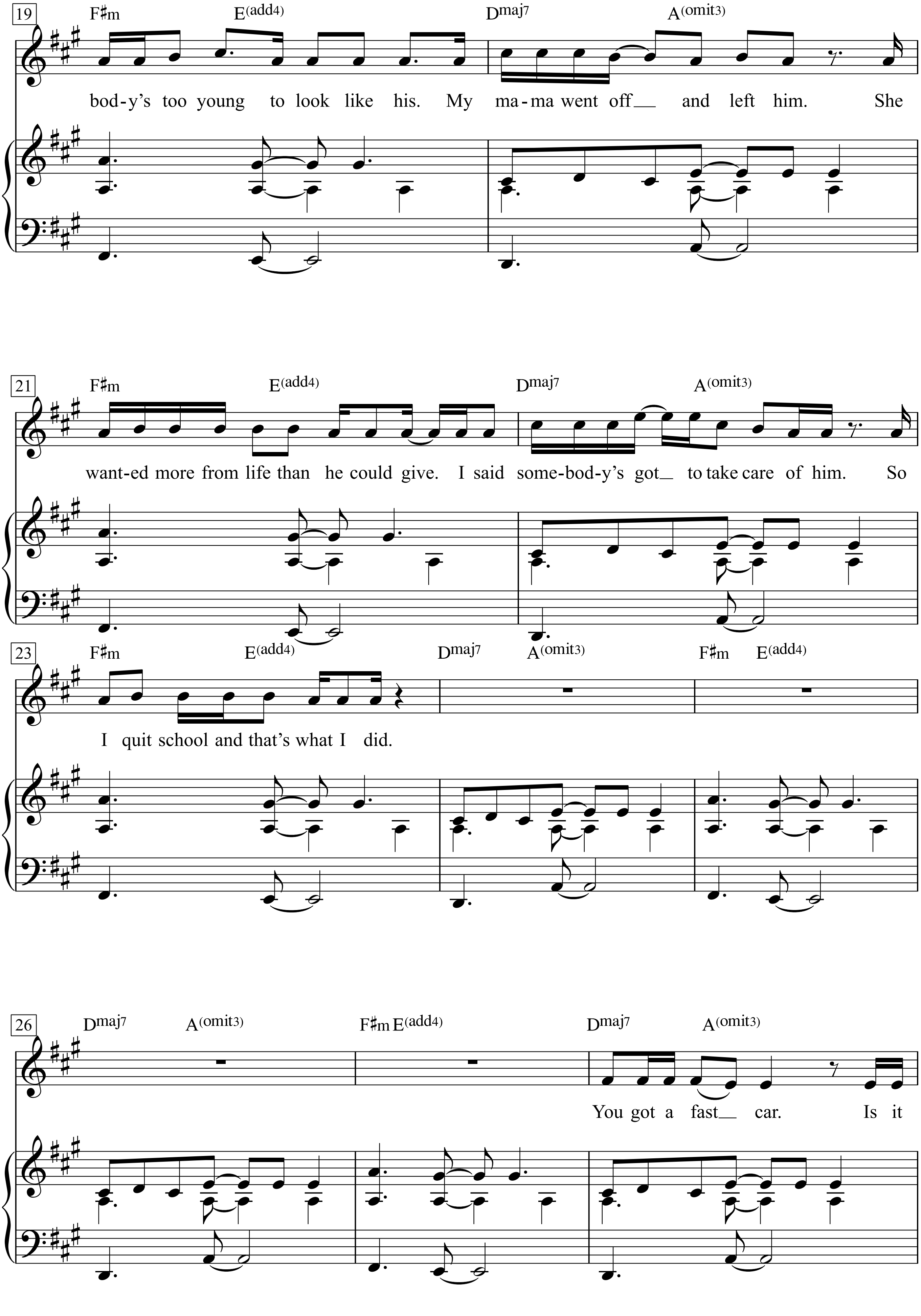
Aber merke: Ein Warenhaus anzünden
ist immer noch besser, als sich selbst anzünden.

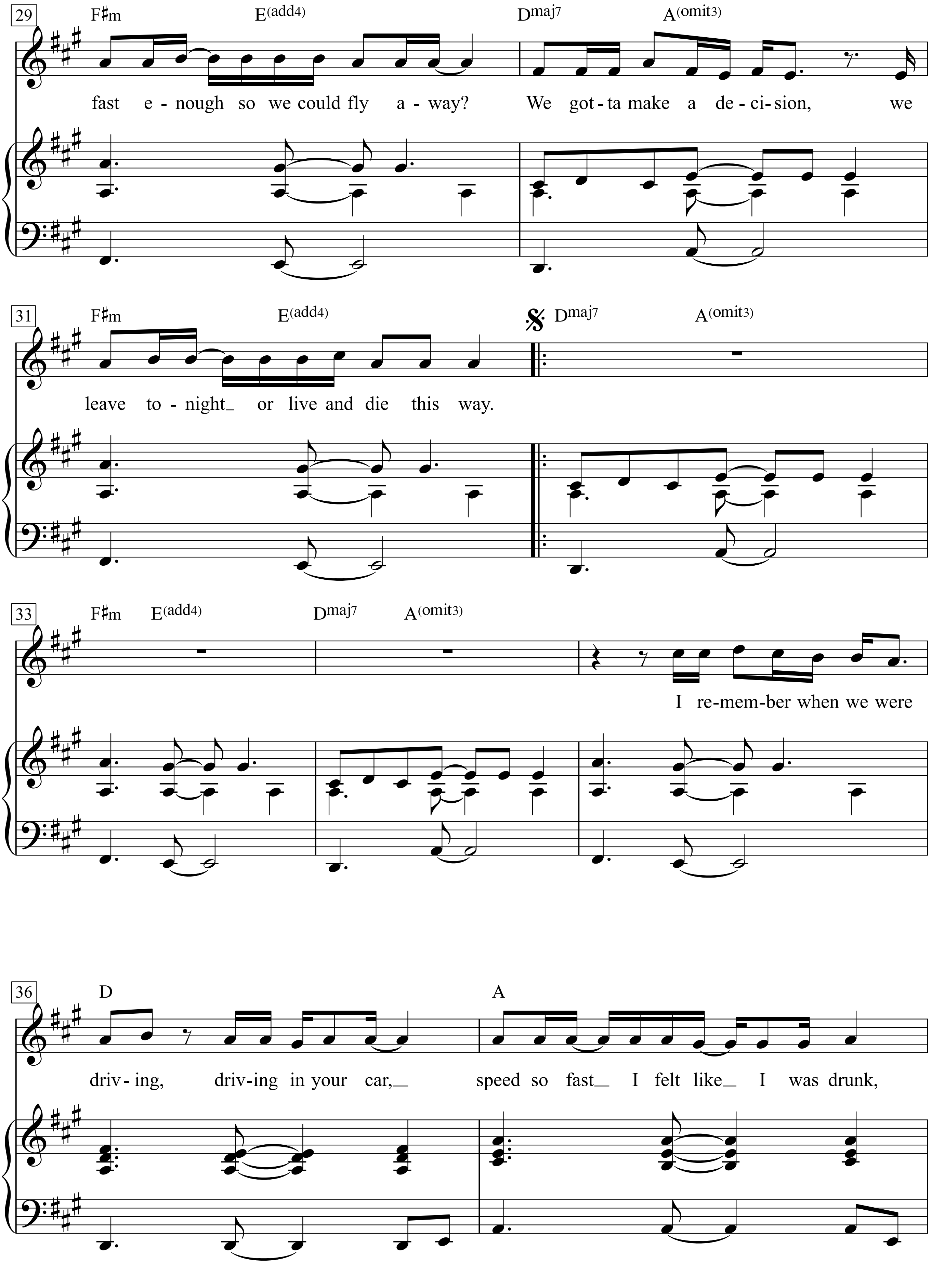
Fast Car

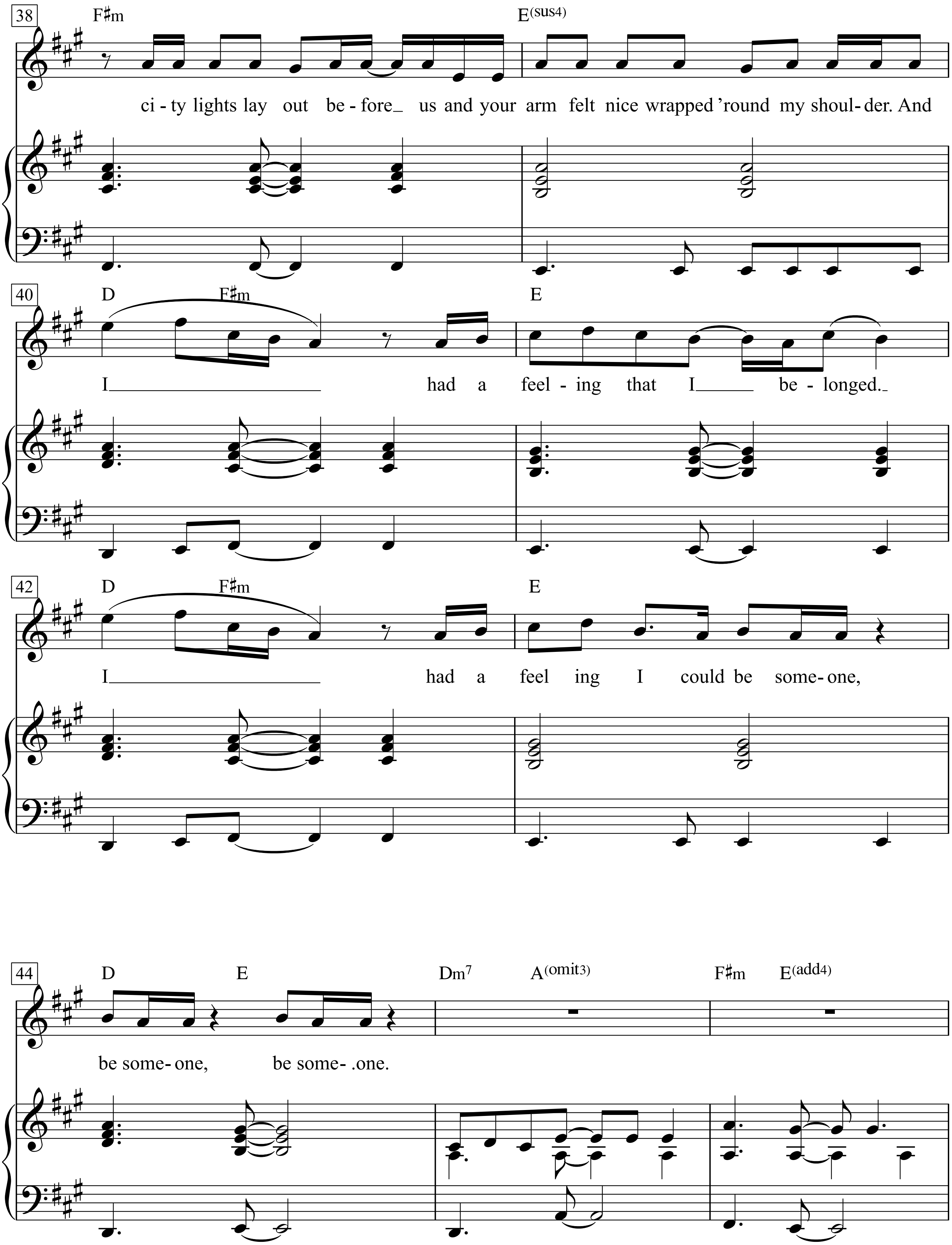
Words & Music by Tracy Chapman
(Tracy Chapman)

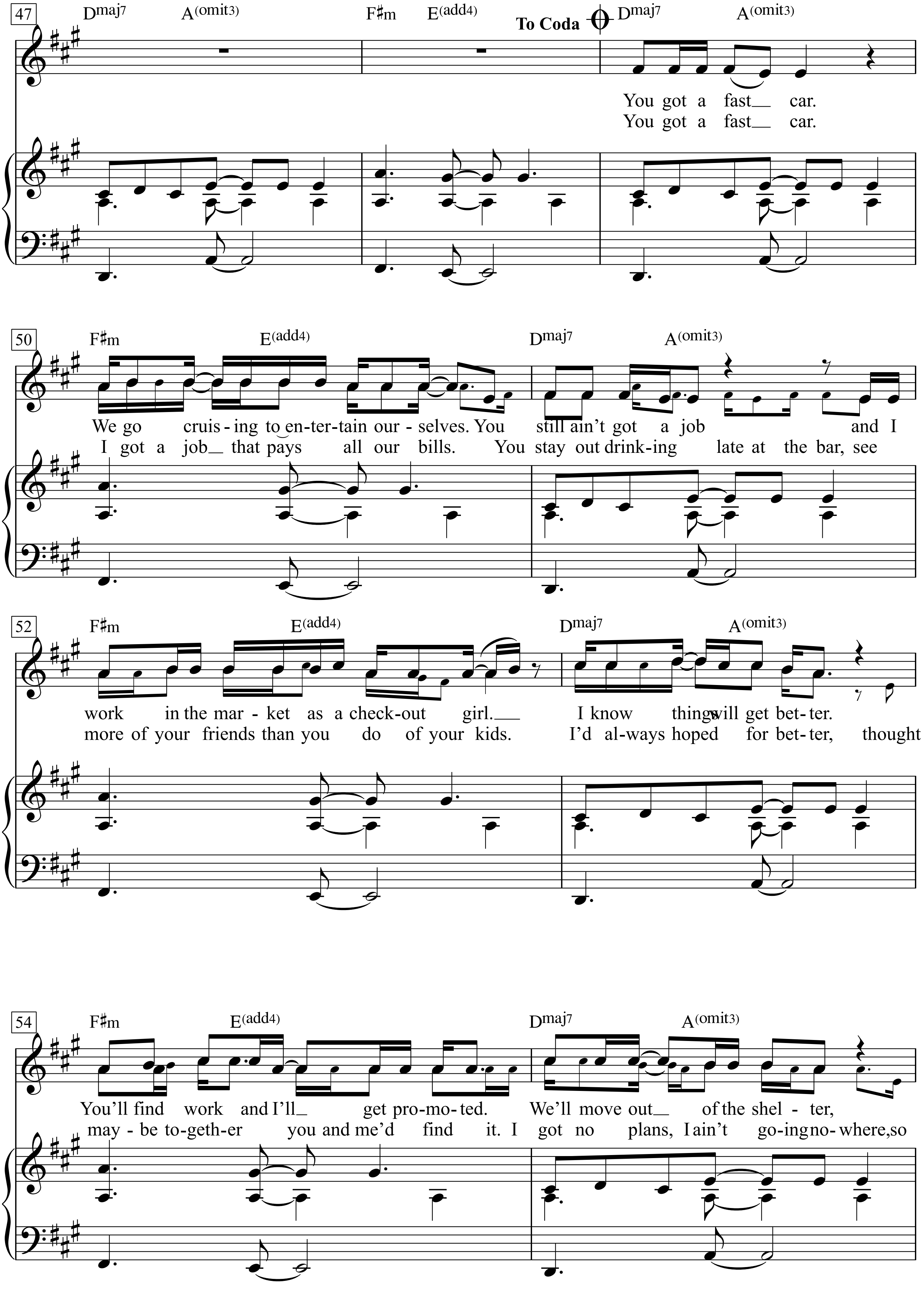


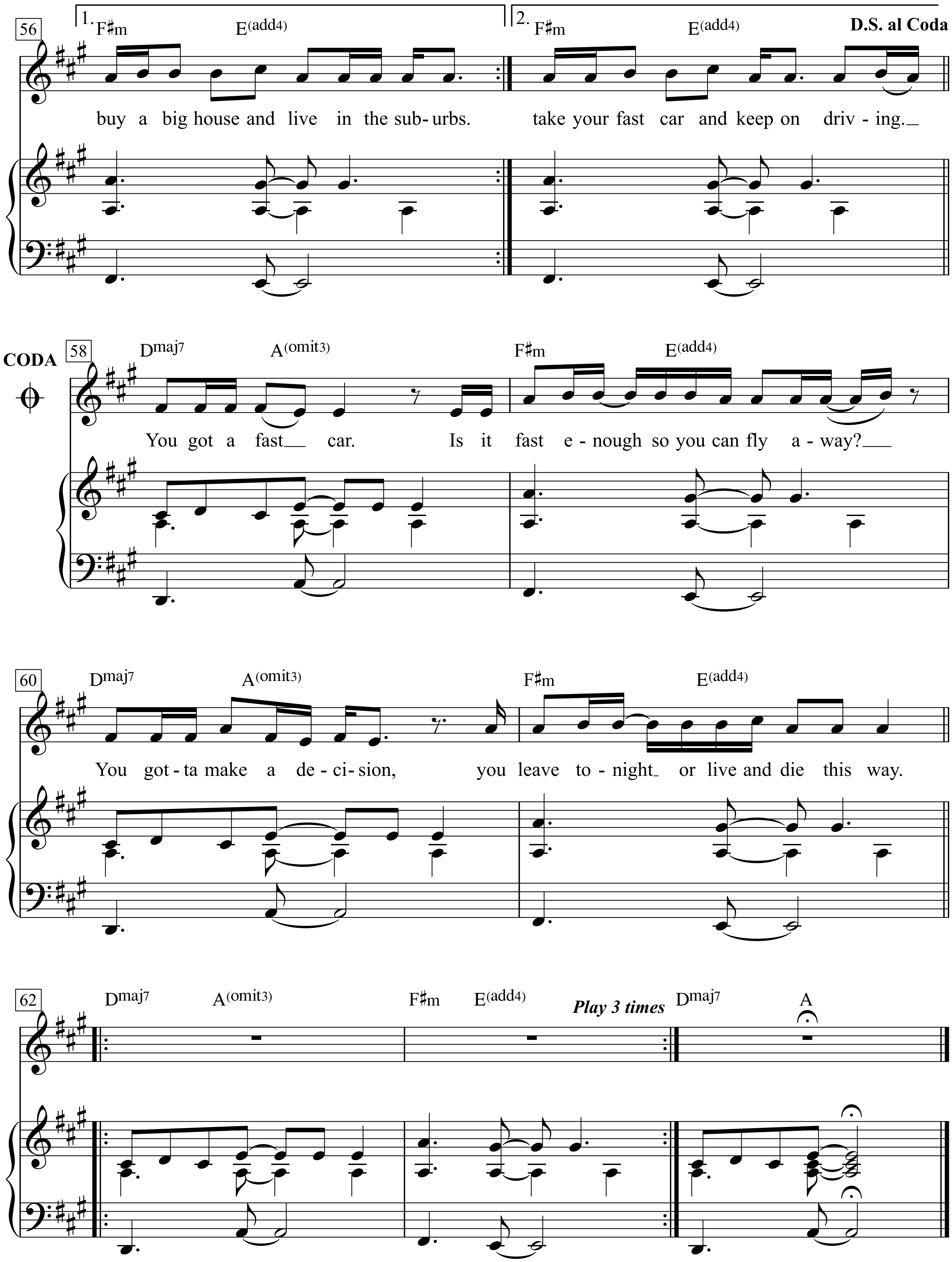

9
Dmaj7 A(omit3) F♯m E(add4)
May-be we'll make some-thing. But me my - self I've got noth-ing to prove.
You and I can both get jobs and fin-'lly see what it means to be liv-ing.
11
Dmaj7 A(omit3) F♯m E(add4) Dmaj7 A(omit3)
14
1. F♯m E(add4) 2. F♯m E(add4) Dmaj7 A(omit3)
See my old man's got a prob-lem. He
17
F♯m E(add4) Dmaj7 A(omit3)
lives with the bot-tle, that's the way it is. He says his bod-y's too old for work-ing. I say his


19
F♯m E(add4) Dmaj7 A(omit3)
bod-y's too young to look like his. My ma-ma went off__ and left him. She
21
F♯m E(add4) Dmaj7 A(omit3)
want-ed more from life than he could give. I said some-bod-y's got__ to take care of him. So
23
F♯m E(add4) Dmaj7 A(omit3) F♯m E(add4)
I quit school and that's what I did.
26
Dmaj7 A(omit3) F♯m E(add4) Dmaj7 A(omit3)
You got a fast__ car. Is it


29
F♯m E(add4) Dmaj7 A(omit3)
fast e - nough so we could fly a - way? We got - ta make a de - ci - sion, we
31
F♯m E(add4) Dmaj7 A(omit3)
leave to - night_ or live and die this way.
33
F♯m E(add4) Dmaj7 A(omit3)
I re-mem-ber when we were
36
D A
driv - ing, driv - ing in your car,_ speed so fast_ I felt like_ I was drunk,


38
F♯m
E(sus4)
ci - ty lights lay out be - fore_ us and your arm felt nice wrapped 'round my shoul- der. And
40
D
F♯m
E
I_____ had a feel - ing that I_____ be - longed._
42
D
F♯m
E
I_____ had a feel ing I could be some- one,
44
D
E
Dm7
A(omit3)
F♯m
E(add4)
be some- one, be some- .one.


47
Dmaj7 A(omit3) F♯m E(add4) To Coda Dmaj7 A(omit3)
You got a fast__ car.
You got a fast__ car.
50
F♯m E(add4) Dmaj7 A(omit3)
We go cruis - ing to en-ter-tain our - selves. You still ain't got a job and I
I got a job__ that pays all our bills. You stay out drink-ing late at the bar, see
52
F♯m E(add4) Dmaj7 A(omit3)
work in the mar - ket as a check-out girl.__ I know things will get bet- ter.
more of your friends than you do of your kids. I'd al-ways hoped for bet- ter, thought
54
F♯m E(add4) Dmaj7 A(omit3)
You'll find work and I'll__ get pro-mo- ted. We'll move out__ of the shel - ter,
may - be to-geth-er you and me'd find it. I got no plans, I ain't go-ing no- where, so


56
1. F♯m
E(add4)
2. F♯m
E(add4)
D.S. al Coda
buy a big house and live in the sub-urbs.
take your fast car and keep on driv - ing.
CODA
58
Dmaj7
A(omit3)
F♯m
E(add4)
You got a fast car. Is it fast e - nough so you can fly a - way?
60
Dmaj7
A(omit3)
F♯m
E(add4)
You got - ta make a de - ci - sion, you leave to - night or live and die this way.
62
Dmaj7
A(omit3)
F♯m
E(add4)
Play 3 times
Dmaj7
A

1. You got a fast car. I want a ticket to anywhere.
Maybe we make a deal.
Maybe together we can get somewhere.
Any place is better. Starting from zero, got nothing to lose.
Maybe we'll make something.
But me myself I've got nothing to prove.

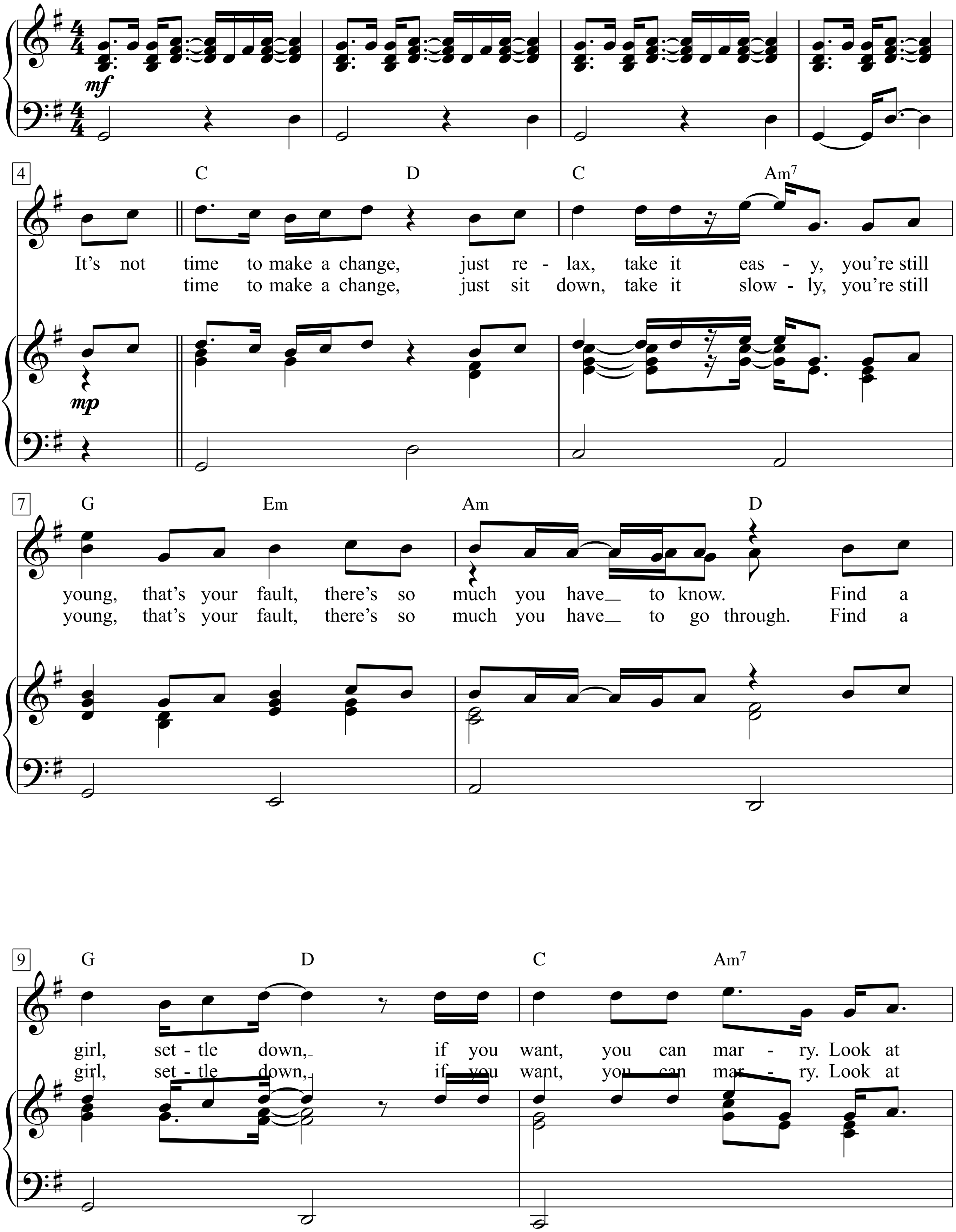
See my old man's got a problem.
He lives with the bottle, that's the way it is.
He says his body's too old for working.
I say his body's too young to look like his.
My mama went off and left him.
She wanted more from life than he could give.
I said somebody's got to take care of him.
So I quit school and that's what I did.
You got a fast car. Is it fast enough so we could fly away?
We gotta make a decision,
we leave tonight or live and die this way.
I remember when we were driving, driving in your car,
speed so fast I felt like I was drunk,
city lights lay out before us
and your arm felt nice wrapped 'round my shoulder.
And I had a feeling that I belonged.
I had a feeling I could be someone,
be someone, be some.one. You got a fast car.
We go cruising to entertain ourselves.
You still ain't got a job and I work
in the market as a checkout girl.
I know things will get better.
You'll find work and I'll get promoted.
We'll move out of the shelter,
buy a big house and live in the suburbs.

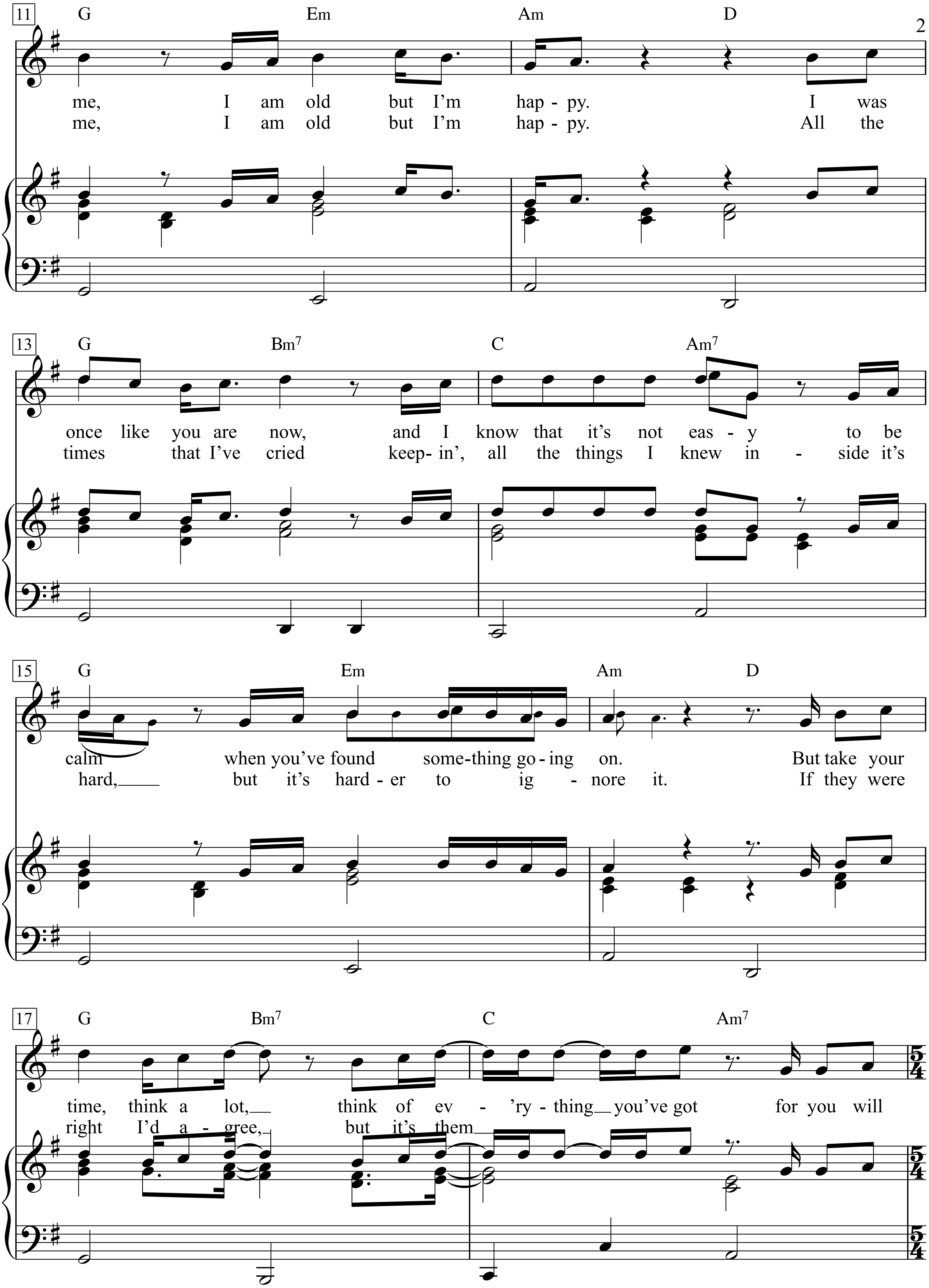
2. You got a fast car.
I got a plan to get us out of here.
I've been working at the convenience store.
Managed to save just a little bit of money.
Won't have to drive too far,
just 'cross the bor der and into the city.
You and I can both get jobs and fin'lly see what it means to be living.
You got a fast car. I got a job that pays all our bills.
You stay out drinking late at the bar,
see more of your friends than you do of your kids.
I'd always hoped for better,
thought maybe together you and me'd find it.
I got no plans, I ain't going nowhere,
so take your fast car and keep on driving.
You got a fast car.
Is it fast enough so you can fly away?
You gotta make a decision,
you leave tonight or live and die this way.

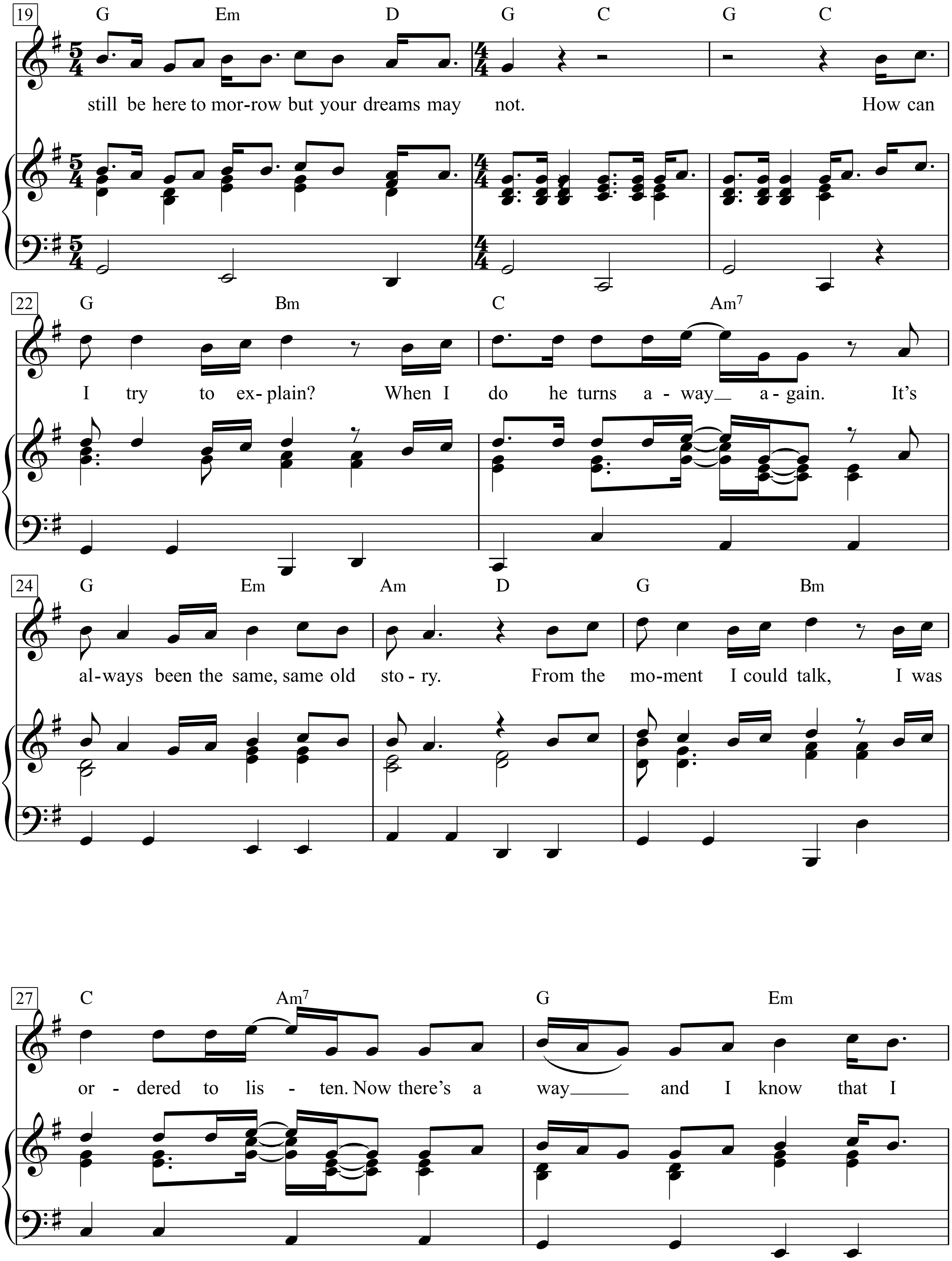
Father And Son

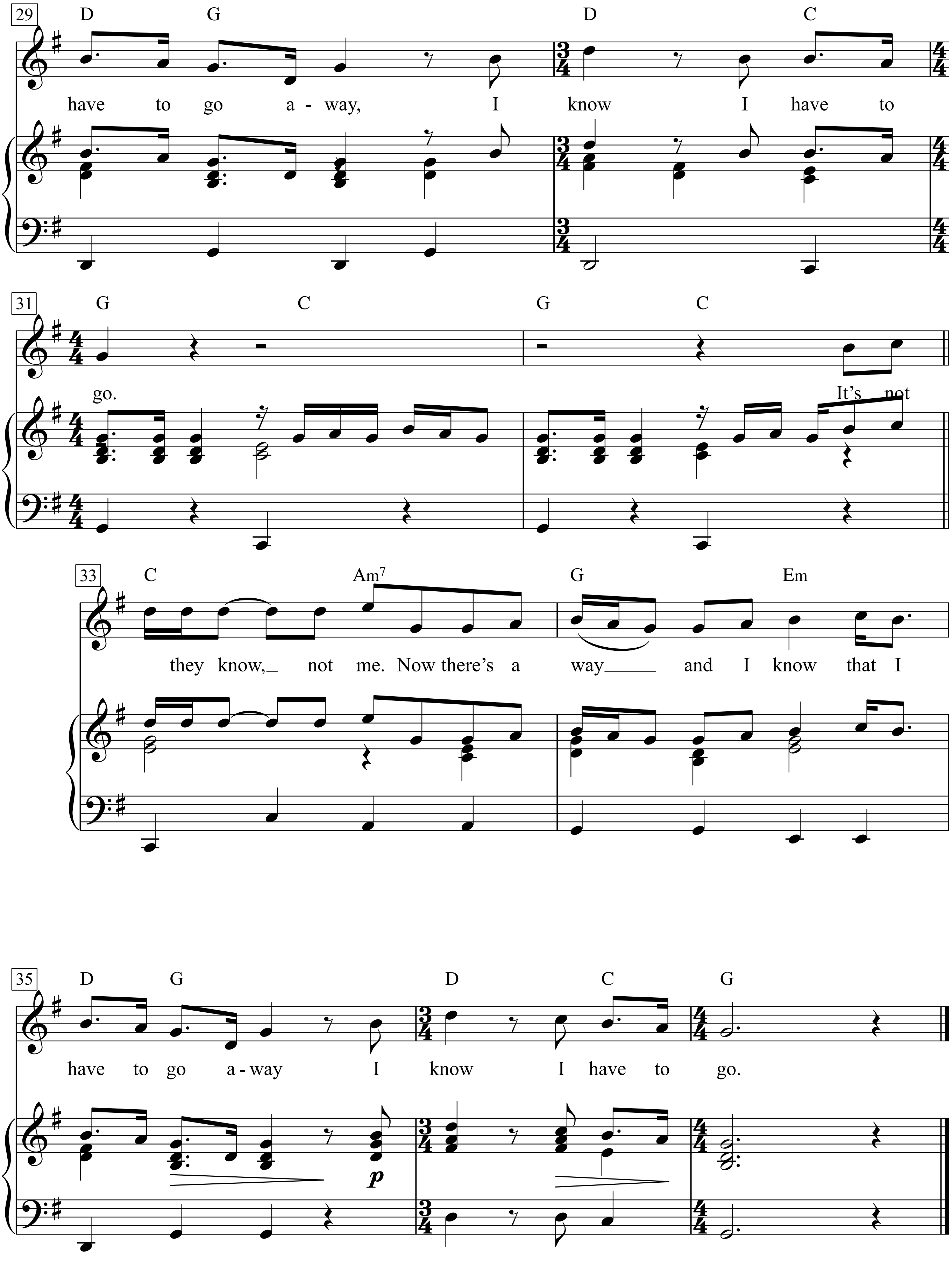
Words & Music by Cat Stevens
(Cat Stevens)

Slowly




11
G Em Am D
me, I am old but I'm hap - py. I was
me, I am old but I'm hap - py. All the
13
G Bm7 C Am7
once like you are now, and I know that it's not eas - y to be
times that I've cried keep- in', all the things I knew in - side it's
15
G Em Am D
calm when you've found some-thing go-ing on. But take your
hard, but it's hard - er to ig - nore it. If they were
17
G Bm7 C Am7
time, think a lot, think of ev - 'ry - thing you've got for you will
right I'd a - gree, but it's them


19
G Em D G C G C
still be here to mor-row but your dreams may not. How can
22
G Bm C Am7
I try to ex- plain? When I do he turns a - way a - gain. It's
24
G Em Am D G Bm
al-ways been the same, same old sto - ry. From the mo-ment I could talk, I was
27
C Am7 G Em
or - dered to lis - ten. Now there's a way and I know that I


29
D G D C
have to go a - way, I know I have to
31
G C G C
go. It's not
33
C Am7 G Em
they know, not me. Now there's a way and I know that I
35
D G D C G
have to go a - way I know I have to go.
p

Vater:
Es ist noch nicht die Zeit für Veränderungen
Entspann dich, laß es ruhig angehen
Du bist noch jung, das ist dein Fehler
Es gibt noch so viel, das du lernen mußt
Such dir ein Mädchen, laß dich nieder,
wenn du willst, heirate
Sieh mich an, ich bin alt, aber glücklich

Einst war ich wie du jetzt
Und ich weiß, es ist nicht leicht,
Ruhig zu bleiben, wenn etwas dich mitreißt
Aber nimm dir die Zeit, überlege gut,
und denke an all das, was du hast
Denn du wirst auch morgen noch hier sein,
aber deine Träume vielleicht nicht

Sohn:
Wie kann ich es ihm erklären, wenn ich es tue,
wendet er sich wieder ab
Es ist immer die gleiche, alte Geschichte
Seit ich sprechen kann, wurde ich angewiesen zuzuhören.
Jetzt gibt es einen Weg und ich weiß, ich muss gehen
Ich weiß, ich muss gehen

Vater:
Es ist noch nicht die Zeit für Veränderungen
Setz dich, laß es langsam angehen
Du bist noch jung, das ist dein Fehler
Es gibt noch so viel, das du durchmachen mußt
Such dir ein Mädchen, laß dich nieder, wenn du willst,
heirate
Sieh mich an, ich bin alt, aber glücklich

Background Son:
Away! Away! Away! I know I have to go
Make this decision alone

Background Father:
Stay! Stay! Stay! Why must you go and
make this decision alone?

Hintergrund Sohn:
Weg! Weg! Weg! Ich weiß, ich muß gehen
Und diese Entscheidung allein treffen

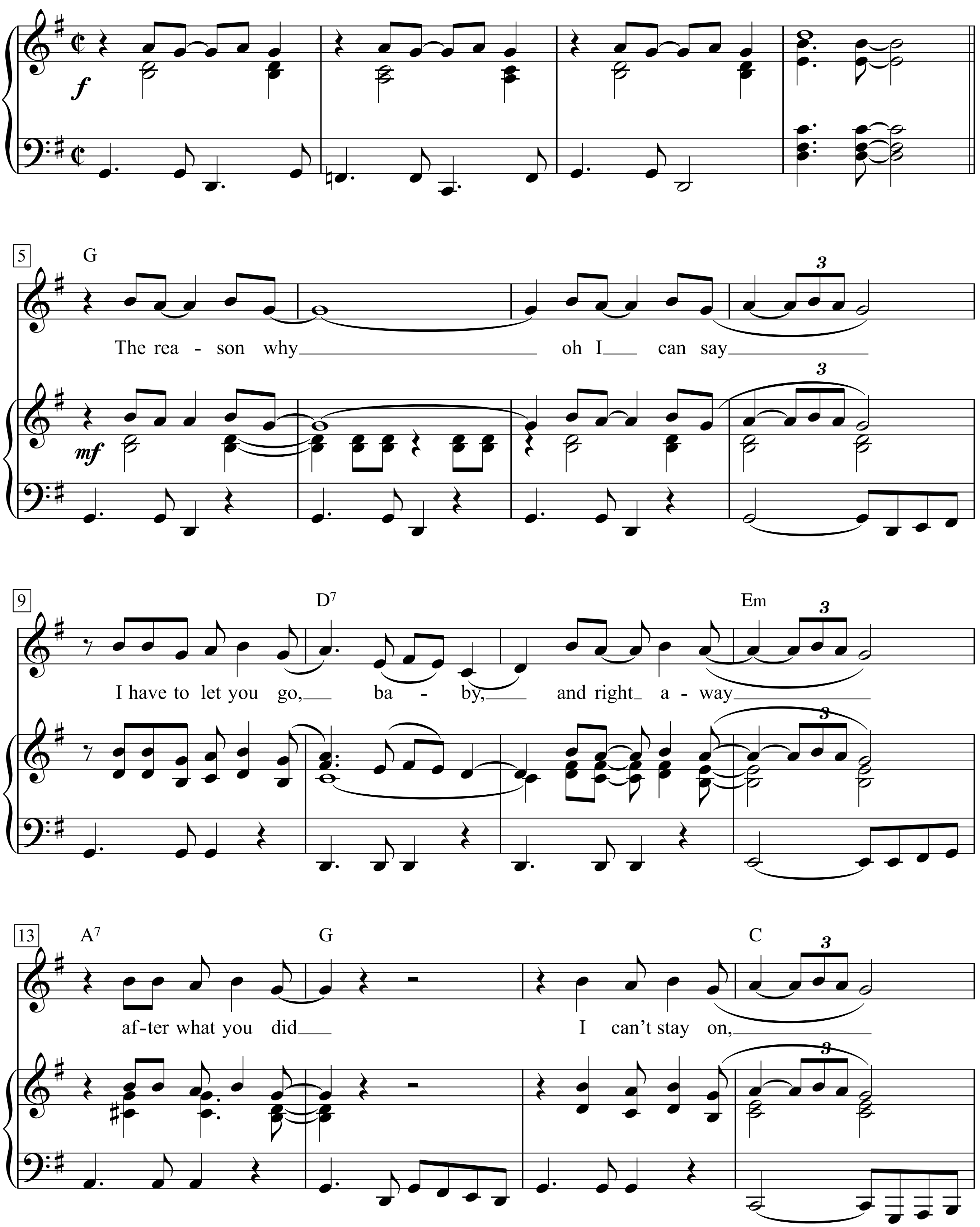
Sohn:
So oft habe ich geweint und all das für mich behalten, was
ich weiß
Es ist schwer, aber es ist schwerer, es zu ignorieren
Wenn sie recht hätten, würde ich zustimmen, aber sie
wissen es, nicht ich
Jetzt gibt es einen Weg und ich weiß, ich muß gehen
Ich weiß, ich muß gehen

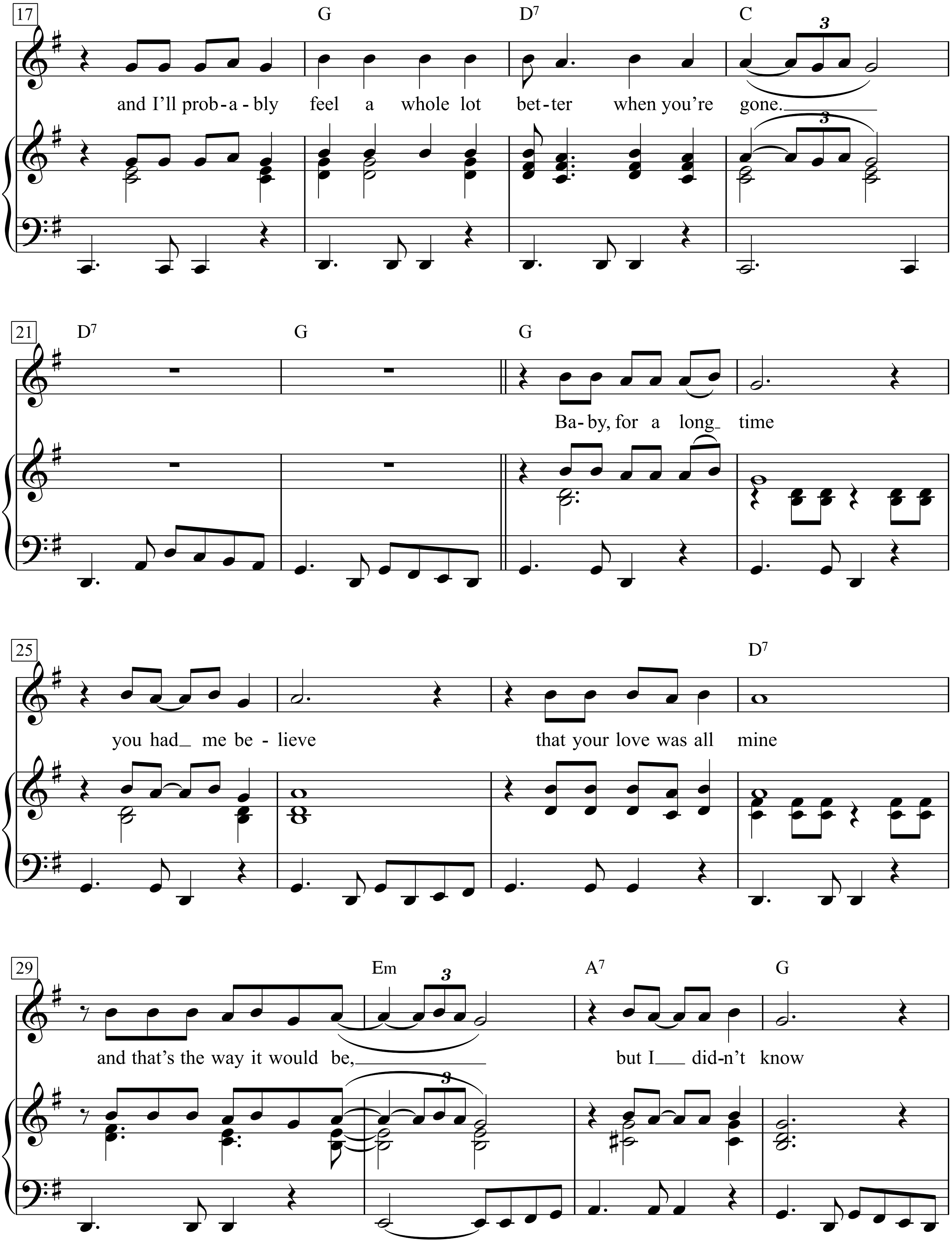
Hintergrund Vater:
Bleib! Bleib! Bleib! Warum mußt du gehen
Und diese Entscheidung allein treffen?

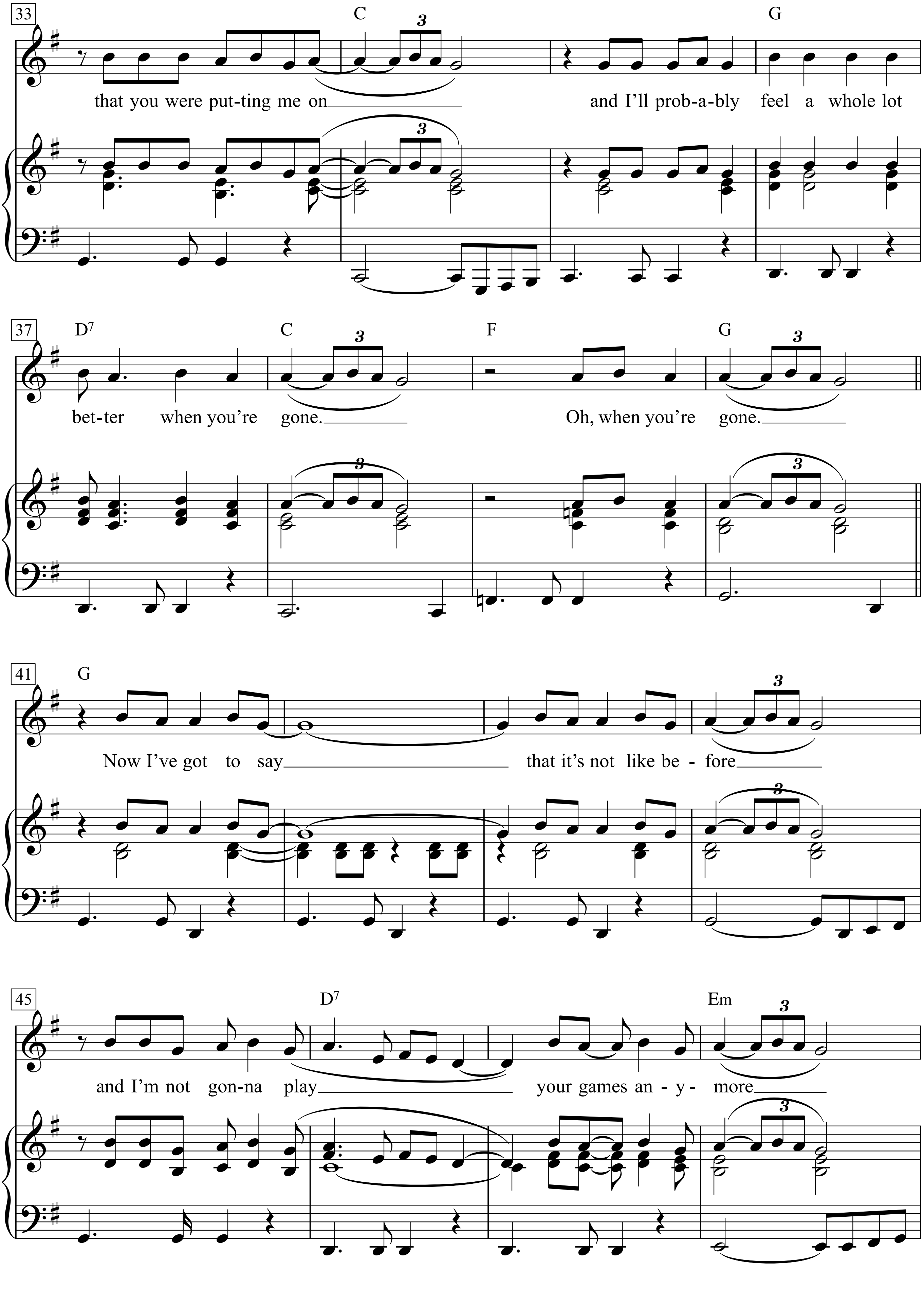
Feel A Whole Lot Better

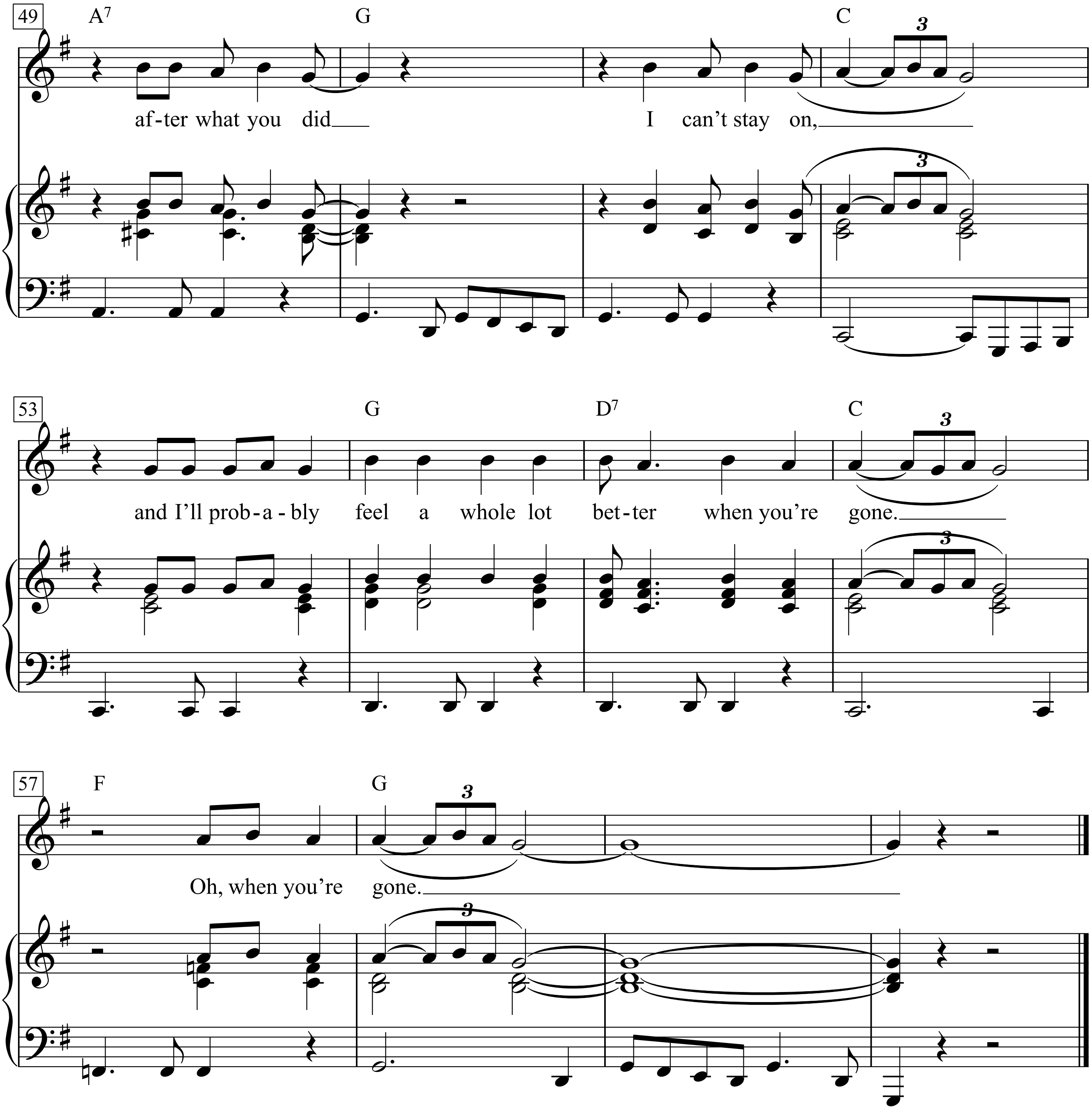
Words & Music by Gene Clark
(The Byrds)

Moderatly




17
G
D7
C
3
and I'll prob-a-bly feel a whole lot bet-ter when you're gone.
3
21
D7
G
G
Ba-by, for a long time
25
D7
you had me be-lieve that your love was all mine
29
Em
3
A7
G
and that's the way it would be, but I did-n't know
3

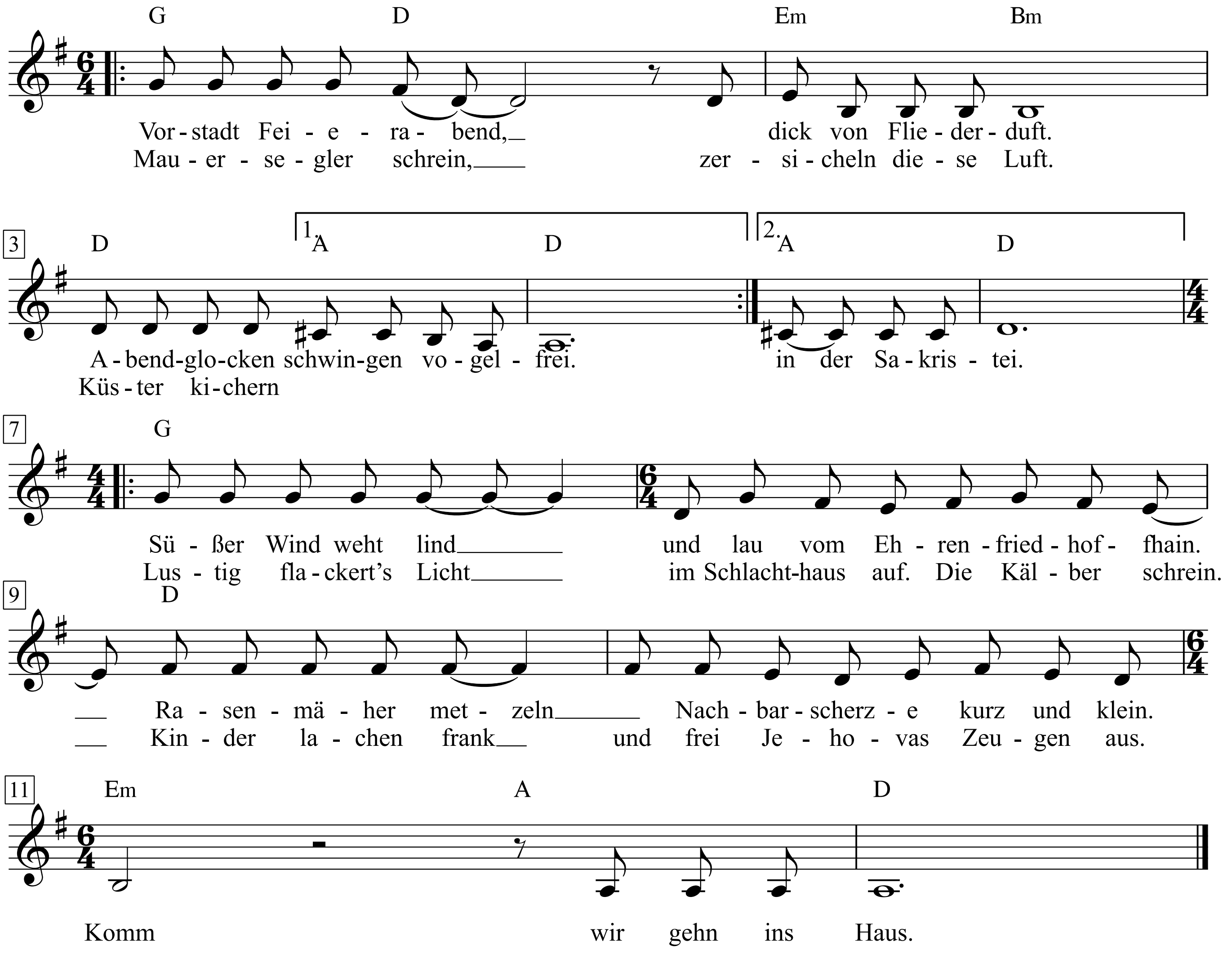

33
C
G
that you were put-ting me on
and I'll prob-a-bly feel a whole lot
37
D7
C
F
G
bet-ter when you're gone.
Oh, when you're gone.
41
G
Now I've got to say
that it's not like be - fore
45
D7
Em
and I'm not gon-na play
your games an - y - more


49
A7
G
C
af-ter what you did
I can't stay on,
53
G
D7
C
and I'll prob-a-bly feel a whole lot bet-ter when you're gone.
57
F
G
Oh, when you're gone.

The reason why oh I can say I have to let you go, baby,
and right away after what you did I can’t stay on,
and I’ll probably feel a whole lot better when you’re gone.
Baby, for a long time you had me believe
that your love was all mine and that’s the way it would be,
but I didn’t know that you were putting me on
and I’ll probably feel a whole lot better when you’re gone.
Oh, when you’re gone.
Now I’ve got to say that it’s not like before
and I’m not gonna play your games anymore
after what you did I can’t stay on,
and I’ll probably feel a whole lot better when you’re gone.
Oh, when you’re gone.

Feierabend

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



1. Vorstadt - Feierabend,
dick von Fliederduft.
Abendglocken schwingen vogelfrei.
Mauersegler schrein,
zersicheln diese Luft.
Küster kichern in der Sakristei.
Süßer Wind weht lind
und lau vom Ehrenfriedhofhain.
Rasenmäher metzeln
Nachbarscherze kurz und klein.
Lustig flackert's Licht
im Schlachthaus auf. Die Kälber schrein.
Kinder lachen frank
und frei Jehovas Zeugen aus.
Komm –
wir gehn ins Haus.

2. Schließ die Fensterläden.
Bring mir das MG.
Zapf ein Kännchen
Schnaps vom Fass.
Schlaf bei unsren Kindern.
Küss mich, und dann geh.
Halt – verbrenn noch
den Familienpass.
Horch, sie singen Lieder.
Gläser klingen. Siehst du was?
Öffnet man die Kragen?
Ballt man schon die Hand ums Glas?
Nein, dies Lachen kenn' ich –
alles ist noch halber Spaß.
Ich entsichre erst,
wenn man im Chor und Marschtakt lacht.
Wann
beginnt die Nacht?

3. Braver Bass und Orgeln.
Schummrig schwimmt der Tag.
Küster kneten, strampeln, keuchen schwer.
Papas Lied lullt ein
beim Ledernackenschlag.
Orgeln überzeugen mich nicht mehr.
Nein. Ich halt sie noch
im Fadenkreuz, die Wohnungstür.
Diesmal, Lodenröcke,
dieses Mal, da lauern wir.
Wir sind diesmal Jäger.
In die Falle tappt jetzt ihr.
Ich blas' euch Halali,
kommt, ist Feierabendzeit,
und
ich bin bereit.

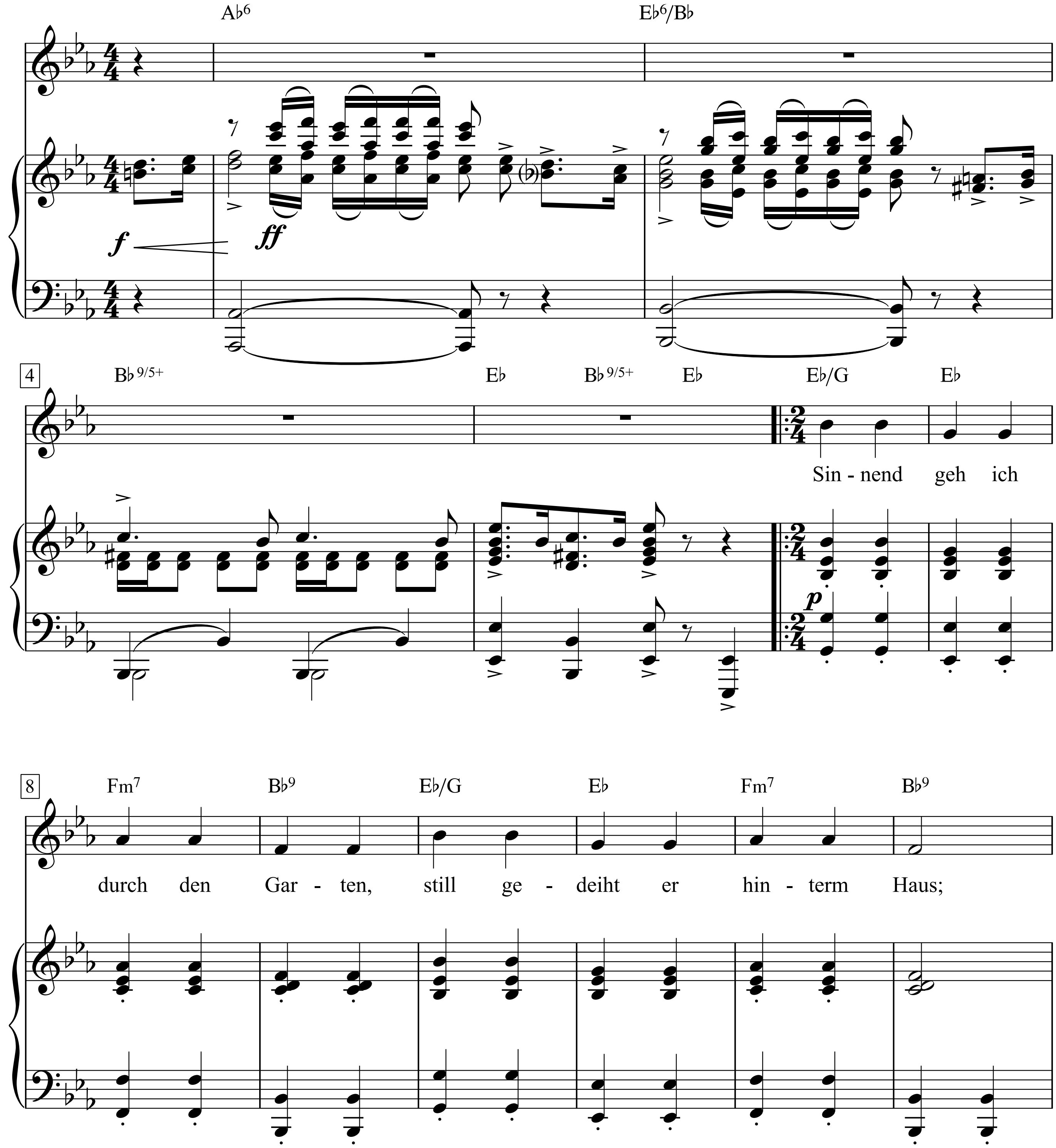
4. Vorstadt - Feierabend.
Fliederduft verweht.
Abendglocken schwingen leise aus.
Mauersegler ruhn,
die Sicheln abgedreht.
Küster hinken hungrig nach Haus.
Kühler Nachtwind bläst
vom Fluß herauf und Tauben gurr'n.
Frauen kichern, kaun
die Lippen. Ihre Männer knurr'n.
Greise lecken sich
die Finger, und die Kater schnurr'n.
Langsam weicht der Krampf
im Bauch, löst sich die Hand vom Stahl
bis
zum nächsten Mal.

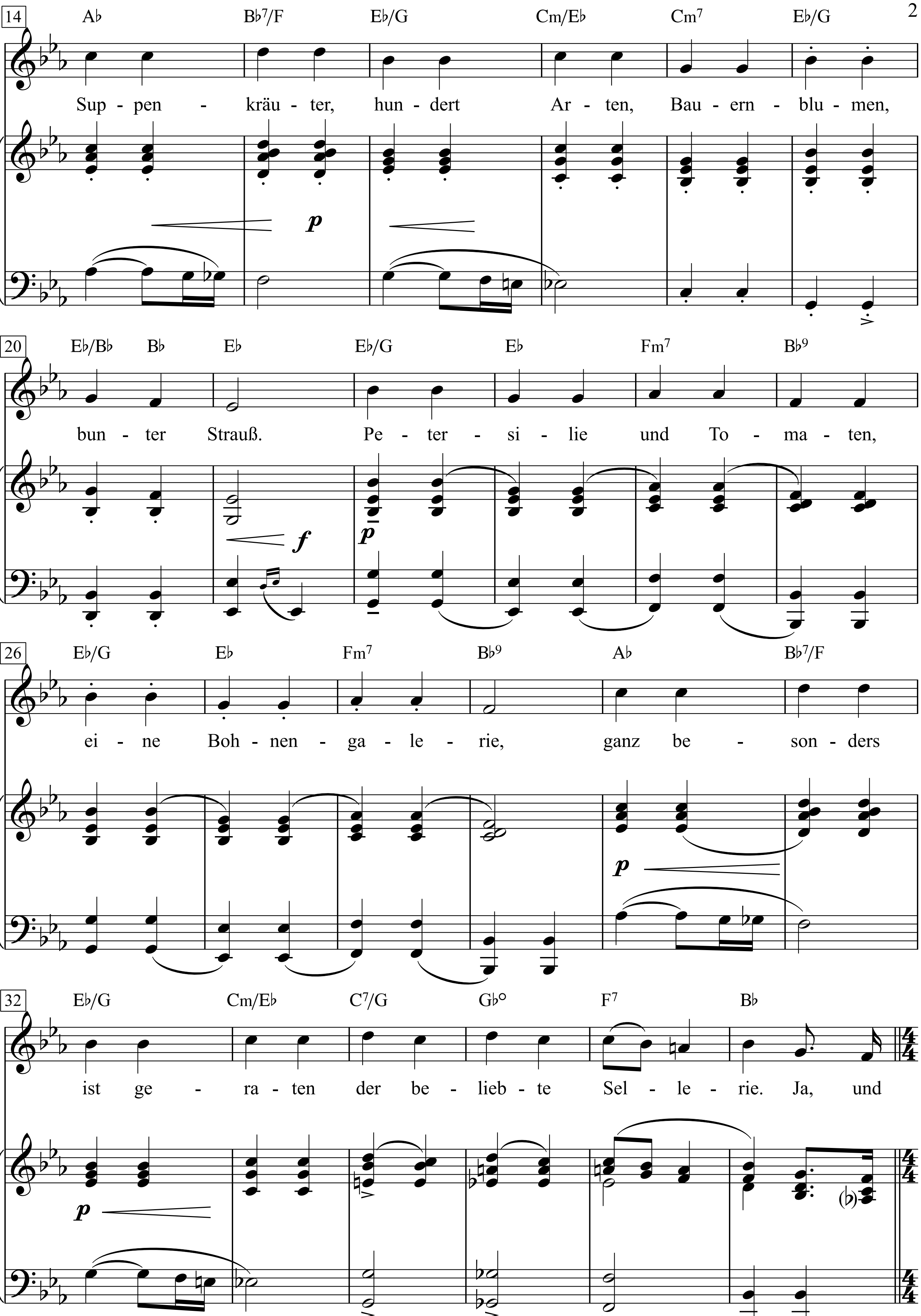
Feldfrüchte

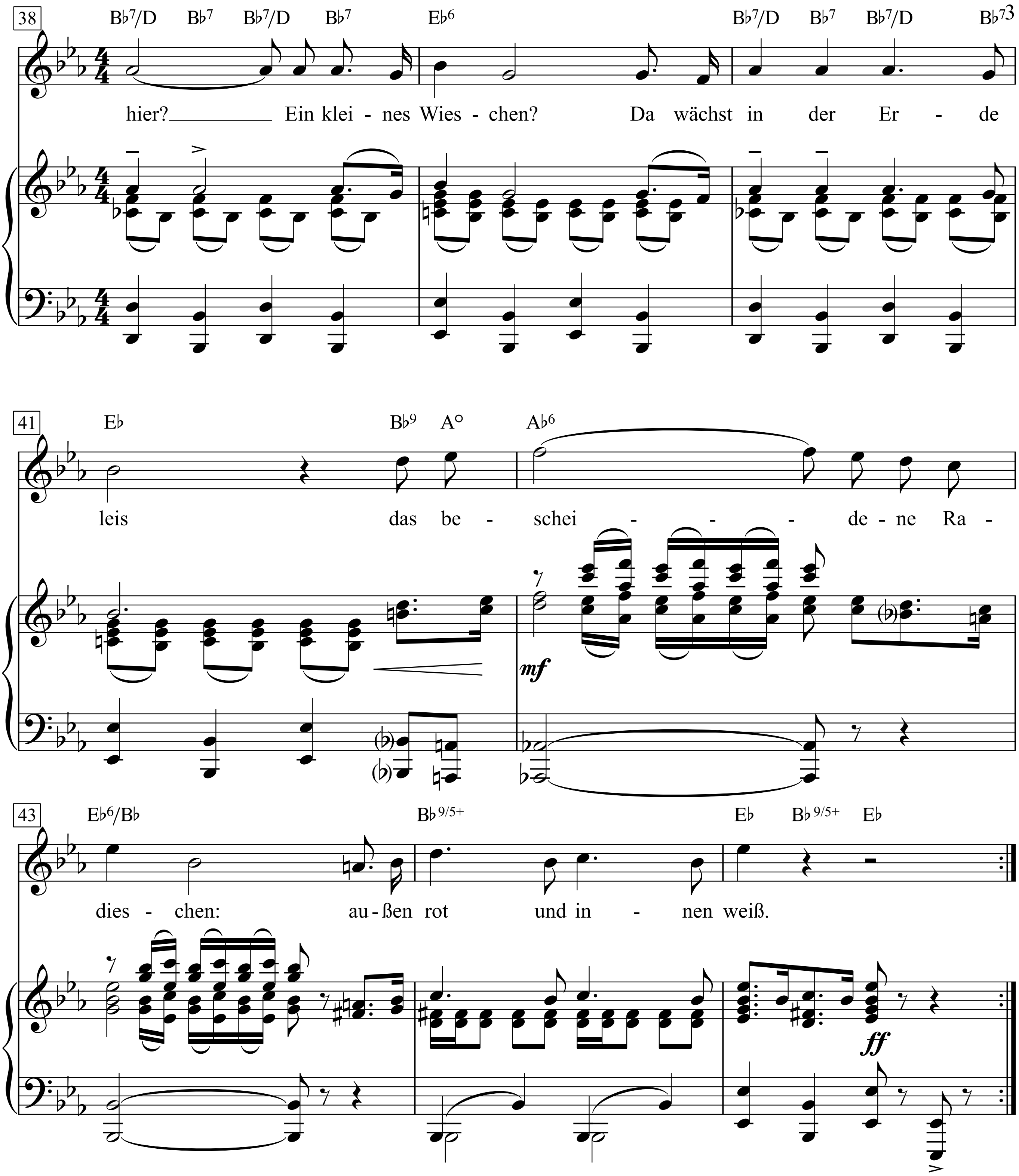
Moderato non troppo

Kurt Tucholsky

Hanns Eisler




14
A♭ B♭7/F E♭/G Cm/E♭ Cm7 E♭/G
Sup - pen - kräu - ter, hun - dert Ar - ten, Bau - ern - blu - men,
p
20
E♭/B♭ B♭ E♭ E♭/G E♭ Fm7 B♭9
bun - ter Strauß. Pe - ter - si - lie und To - ma - ten,
f
p
26
E♭/G E♭ Fm7 B♭9 A♭ B♭7/F
ei - ne Boh - nen - ga - le - rie, ganz be - son - ders
p
32
E♭/G Cm/E♭ C7/G G♭○ F7 B♭
ist ge - ra - ten der be - lieb - te Sel - le - rie. Ja, und
p



38
B♭7/D B♭7 B♭7/D B♭7 E♭6 B♭7/D B♭7 B♭7/D B♭73
hier? Ein klei - nes Wies - chen? Da wächst in der Er - de
41
E♭ B♭9 A° A♭6
leis das be - schei - - - de - ne Ra -
mf
43
E♭6/B♭ B♭9/5+ E♭ B♭9/5+ E♭
dies - chen: au - ßen rot und in - nen weiß.
ff

1. Sinnend geh ich durch den Garten,
still gedeiht er hinterm Haus;
Suppenkräuter, hundert Arten,
Bauernblumen, bunter Strauß.
Petersilie und Tomaten, eine Bohnengalerie,
ganz besonders ist geraten
der beliebte Sellerie.
Ja, und hier? Ein kleines Wieschen?
Da wächst in der Erde leis
das bescheidene Radieschen:
außen rot und innen weiß.

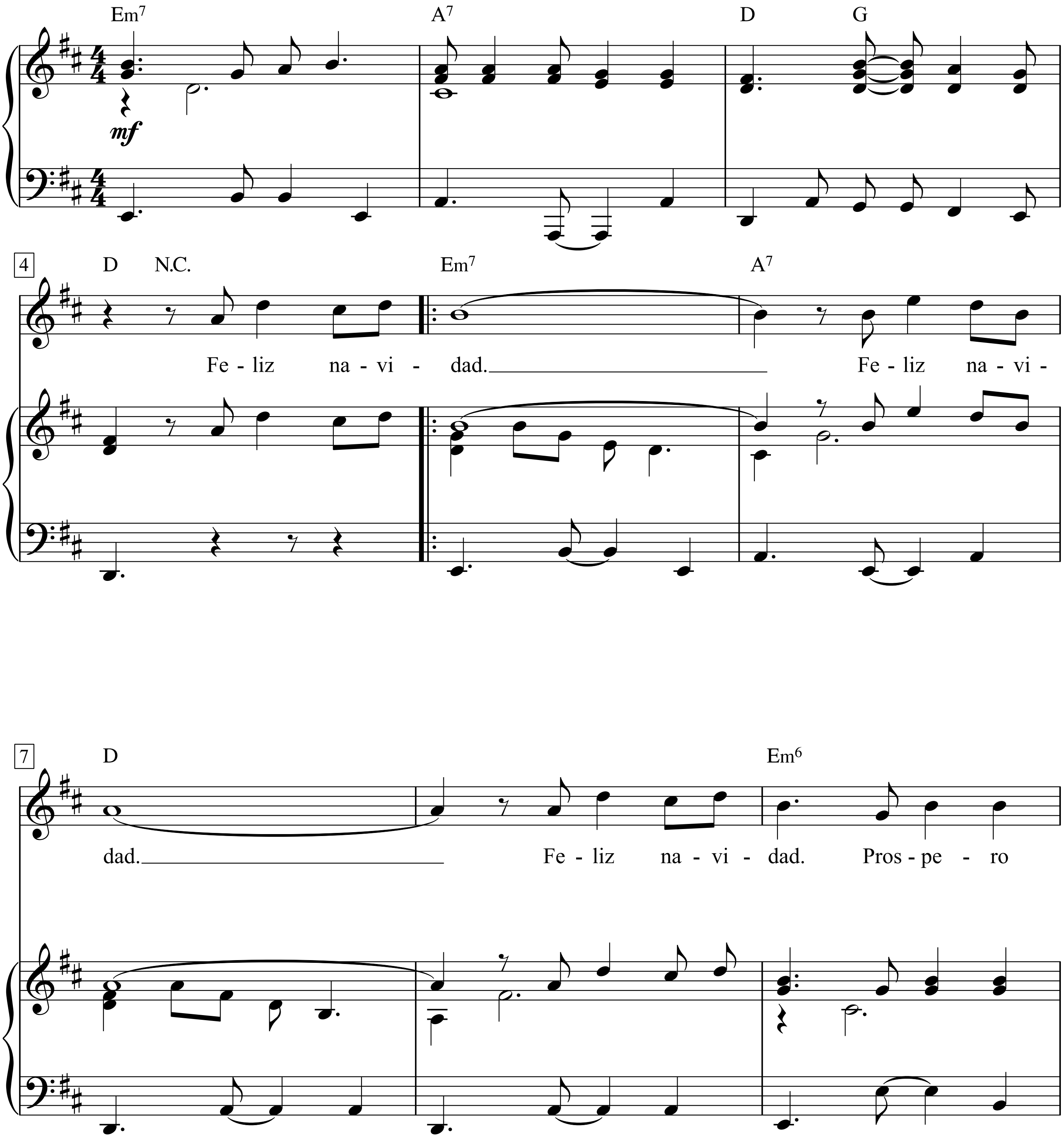
2. Sinnend geh ich durch den Garten
unsrer deutschen Politik;
Suppenkohl in allen Arten
im Kompost der Republik.
Bonzen, Brillen, Gehberockte,
Parlamentsroutinendreh ...
Ja, und hier ? Die ganz verbockte
liebe gute SPD.
Hermann Müller, Hilferlieschen
blühn so harmlos, doof und leis
wie bescheidene Radieschen:
außen rot und innen weiß.

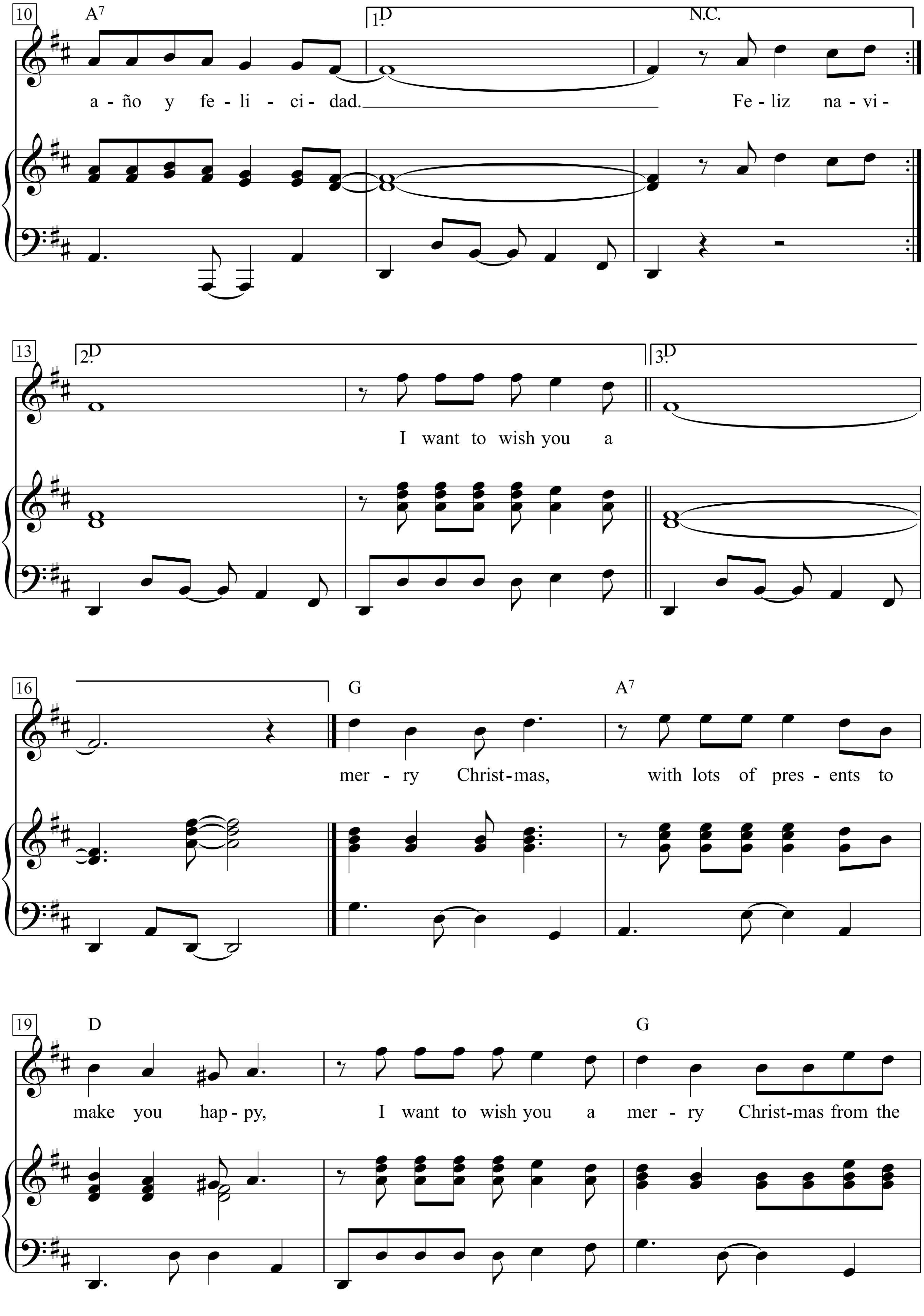
Hanns Eisler, Zeichnung von Benedikt Fred Dolbin

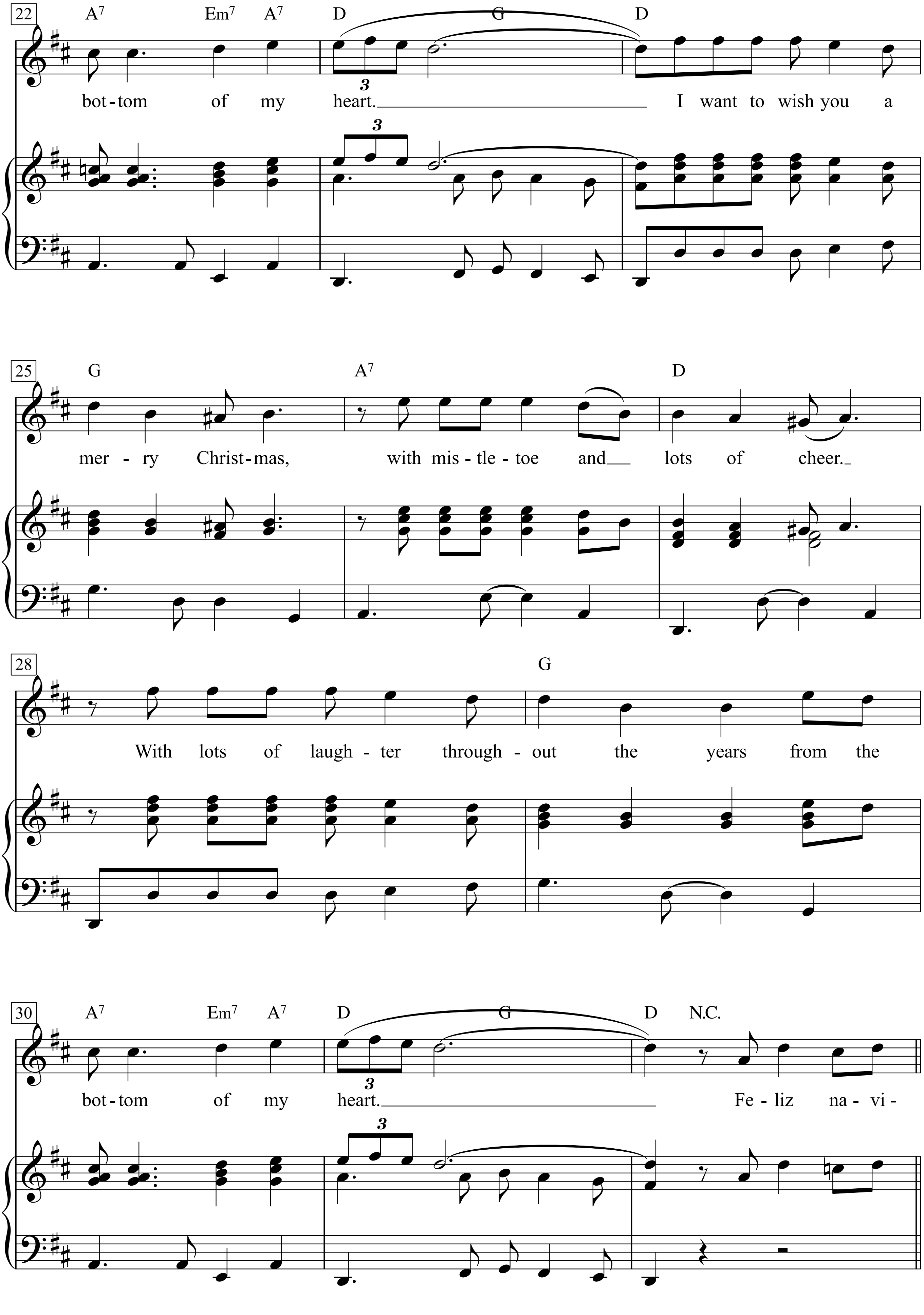
Feliz Navidad

Music & Lyrics by José Feliciano
(José Feliciano)

Moderately



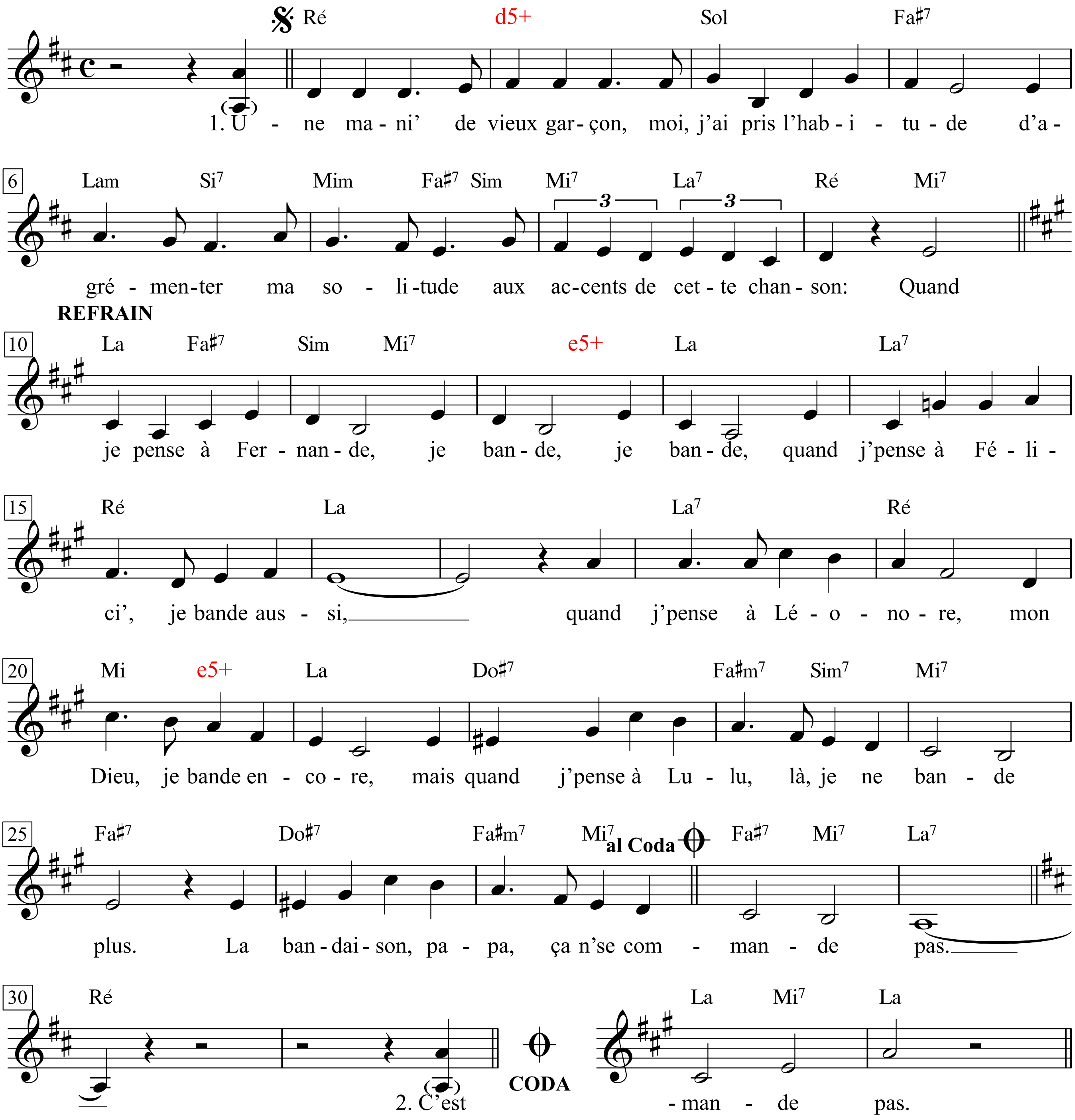

10
A7
1.D
N.C.
a - ño y fe - li - ci - dad.
Fe - liz na - vi -
13
2.D
3.D
I want to wish you a
16
G
A7
mer - ry Christ-mas, with lots of pres - ents to
19
D
G
make you hap - py, I want to wish you a mer - ry Christ-mas from the


22
A7 Em7 A7 D G D
bot-tom of my heart. I want to wish you a
3
25
G A7 D
mer - ry Christ-mas, with mis - tle - toe and lots of cheer.
28
G
With lots of laugh - ter through - out the years from the
30
A7 Em7 A7 D G D N.C.
bot-tom of my heart. Fe - liz na - vi -
3

Fernande

(Margaretha)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.165 & II. S.428-431

1. Une mani' de vieux garçon,
Moi, j'ai pris l'habitude
D'agrémenter ma solitude
Aux accents de cette chanson:

Refrain
Quand je pense à Fernande,
Je bande, je bande,
Quand j' pense à Félici',
Je bande aussi,
Quand j' pense à Léonore,
Mon Dieu, je bande encore,
Mais quand j' pense à Lulu,
Là, je ne bande plus.
La bandaison, papa,
Ça n' se commande pas.

2. C'est cette mâle ritournelle,
Cette antienne virile,
Qui retentit dans la guérite
De la vaillante sentinelle:

3. Afin de tromper son cafard,
De voir la vi' moins terne,
Tout en veillant sur sa lanterne,
Chante ainsi le gardien de phar'

4. Après la prière du soir,
Comme il est un peu triste,
Chante ainsi le séminariste
A genoux sur son reposoir:

5. A l'Étoile, où j'étais venu
Pour ranimer la flamme,
J'entendis, ému jusqu'aux larmes,
La voix du Soldat inconnu:

6. Et je vais mettre un point final
A ce chant salutaire,
En suggérant aux solitaires
D'en faire un hymne national.

1. Den alten Junggesellentick
hab ich mir angewöhnet
und meine Einsamkeit verschönt
im Einklang mit dieser Musik:

Refrain
Denk ich an Margaretha,
dann stehta, dann stehta;
denk ich an Liselott,
steht er sofott;
und denk ich an Elfrieda -
mein Gott, er steht schon wieda!
Doch denk ich an Lulu,
dann legt er sich zur Ruh -
'nem Papa nahm man's krumm,
drum steh hier nicht so rum!

2. Sie ist ganz hilfreich ausgedacht,
die maskuline Leier,
die widerhallt als Litanei
im Schilderhaus nachts auf der Wacht:

3. Hat ihn der Trübsinn fest im Griff,
singt neben der Laterne
der ausgesetzte Wärter gern
im Leuchtturm hoch auf seinem Kliff:

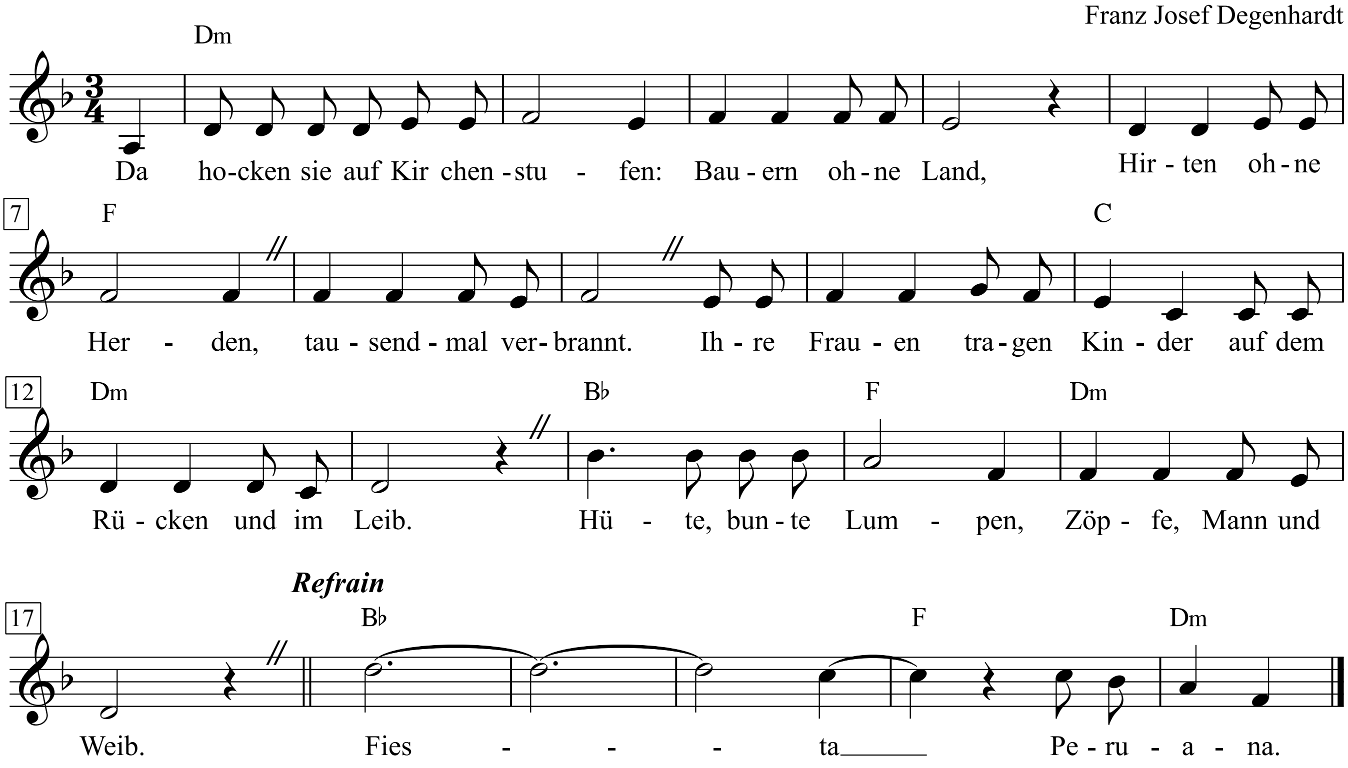
4. Ist er nach seinem Nachtgebet
ein etwas trüber Christe,
singt also der Seminarist
vor seinem Altar die Komplet:

5. Einst am Etoile, als ich dort grad
das Lämpchen schnäuzen wollte,
war ich gerührt - laut, wiewohl hohl,
sang der Unbekannte Soldat:

6. Um unter diesem Singsang ein-
en Schlussstrich jetzt zu ziehen,
schlag ich den Singles vor, führt ihn
als Nati-onalhymne ein.

Fiesta Peruana

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



1. Da hocken sie auf Kirchenstufen:
Bauern ohne Land,
Hirten ohne Herden,
tausendmal verbrannt.
Ihre Frauen tragen Kinder
auf dem Rücken und im Leib.
Hüte, bunte Lumpen,
Zöpfe, Mann und Weib.
Fiesta Peruana.

2. Da hocken sie auf Kirchenstufen,
Köpfe zwischen Knien,
wissen, warum Geier
über ihnen ziehn.
Das ist alles, was sie wissen,
tausendmal verbrannt,
träumen nicht einmal von
einem ändern Land.
Fiesta Peruana.

3. Da hocken sie auf Kirchenstufen,
murmeln Litanein,
die sie nicht verstehen,
atmen Weihrauch ein.
Und das Zeichen Fidel Castros
an der Häuserwand
schreibt, sagen die Priester,
Satans Klauenhand.
Fiesta Peruana.

4. Da hocken sie auf Kirchenstufen,
und von Mund zu Mund
gehn die Fuselflaschen.
Priester lauern, und
dann rollen sie von Kirchenstufen:
Bauern ohne Land,
Hirten ohne Herden,
tausendmal verbrannt.
Fiesta Peruana.

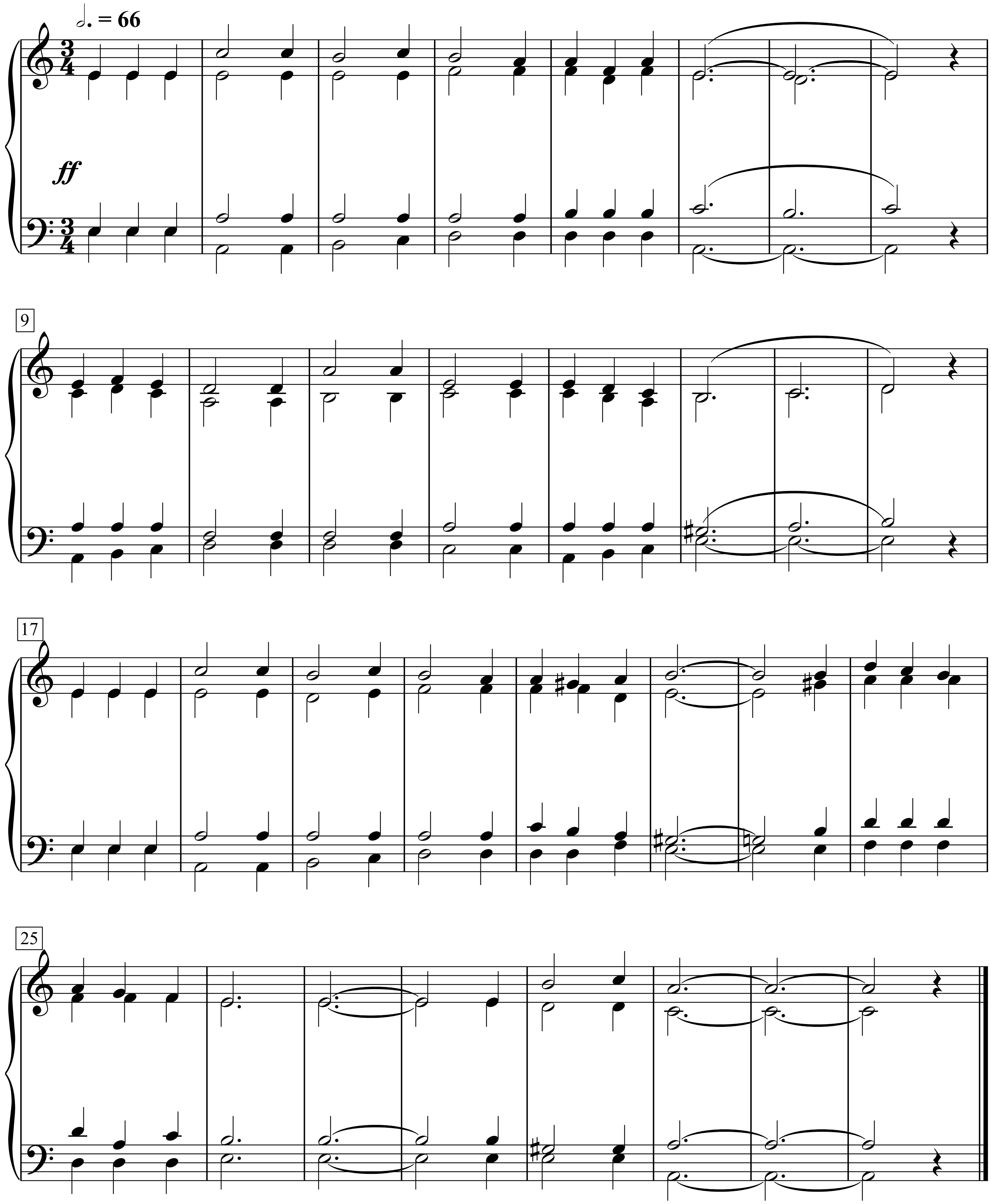
5. Wann (Aber einmal) stehen sie auf Kirchenstufen,
Gewehre in der Hand,
nehmen sich die Herden,
nehmen sich ihr Land.
Vertreiben alle Priester,
Hacendados aus dem Land,
schreiben unser Zeichen
frei an jede Wand? (.)

FIESTA PERUANA!

Fille d'ouvriers

Jules Jouy

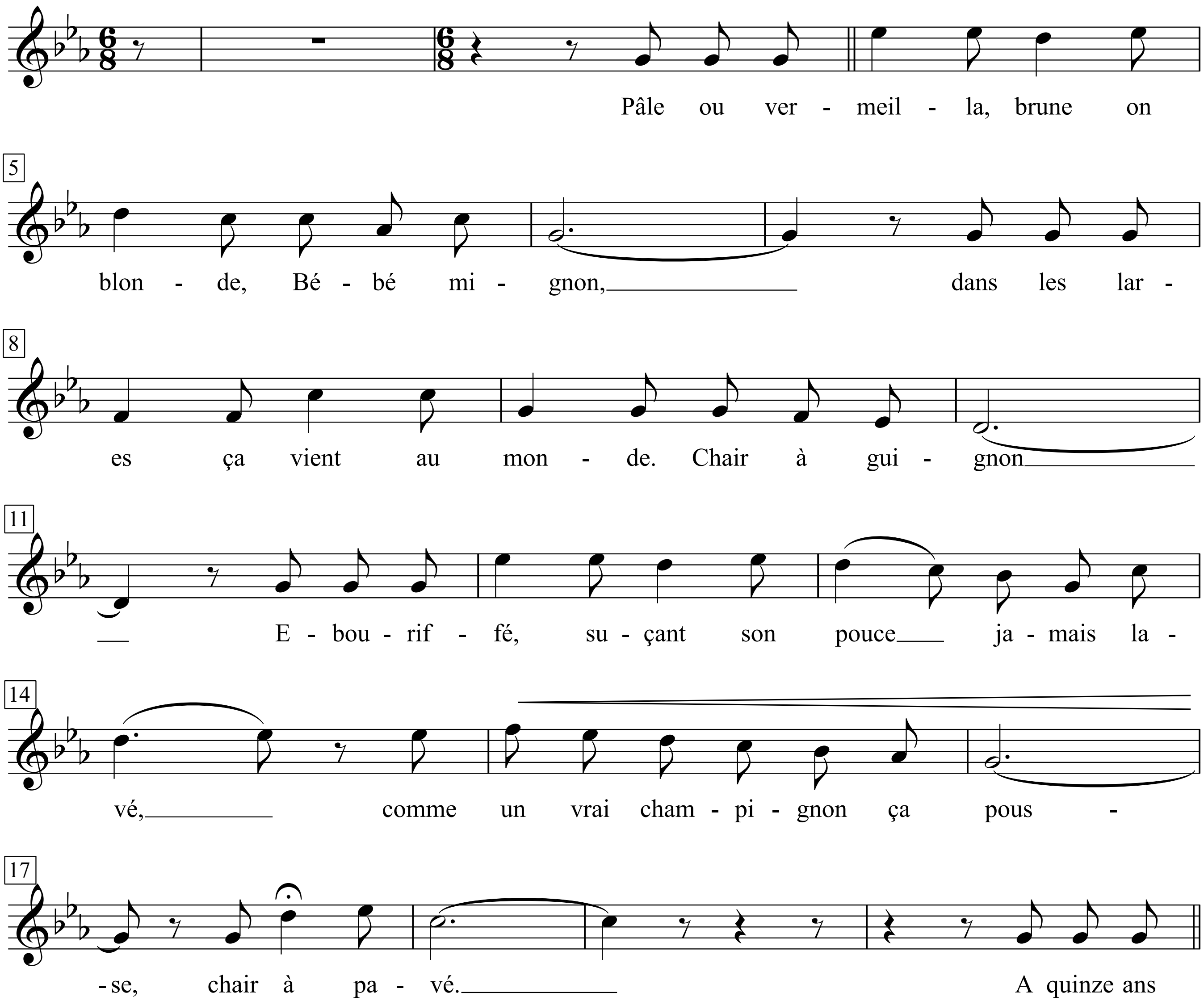
Gustave Goublier
Arr.: La Rangeuse



Fille d'ouvriers

Jules Jouy

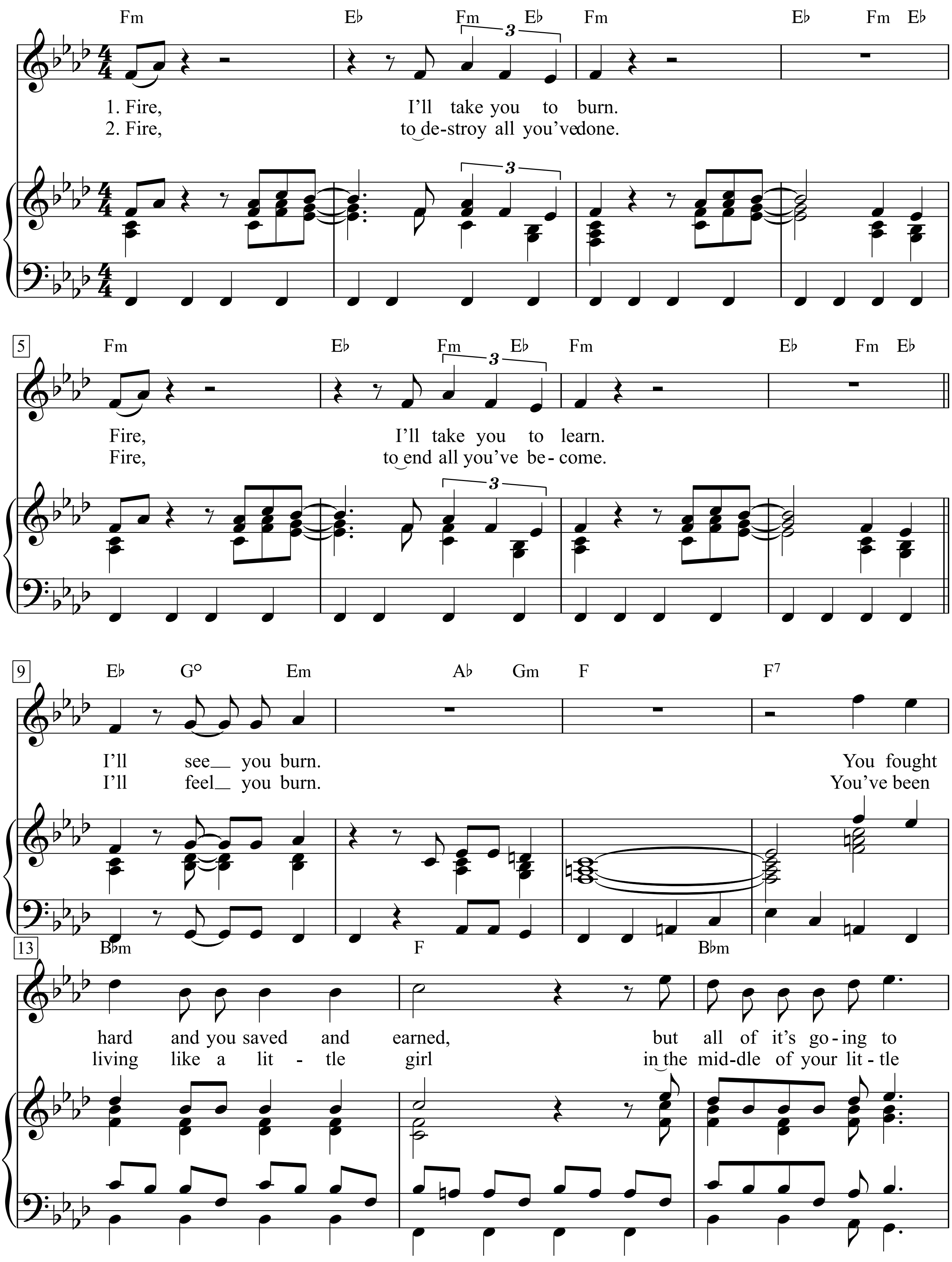
Gustave Goublier

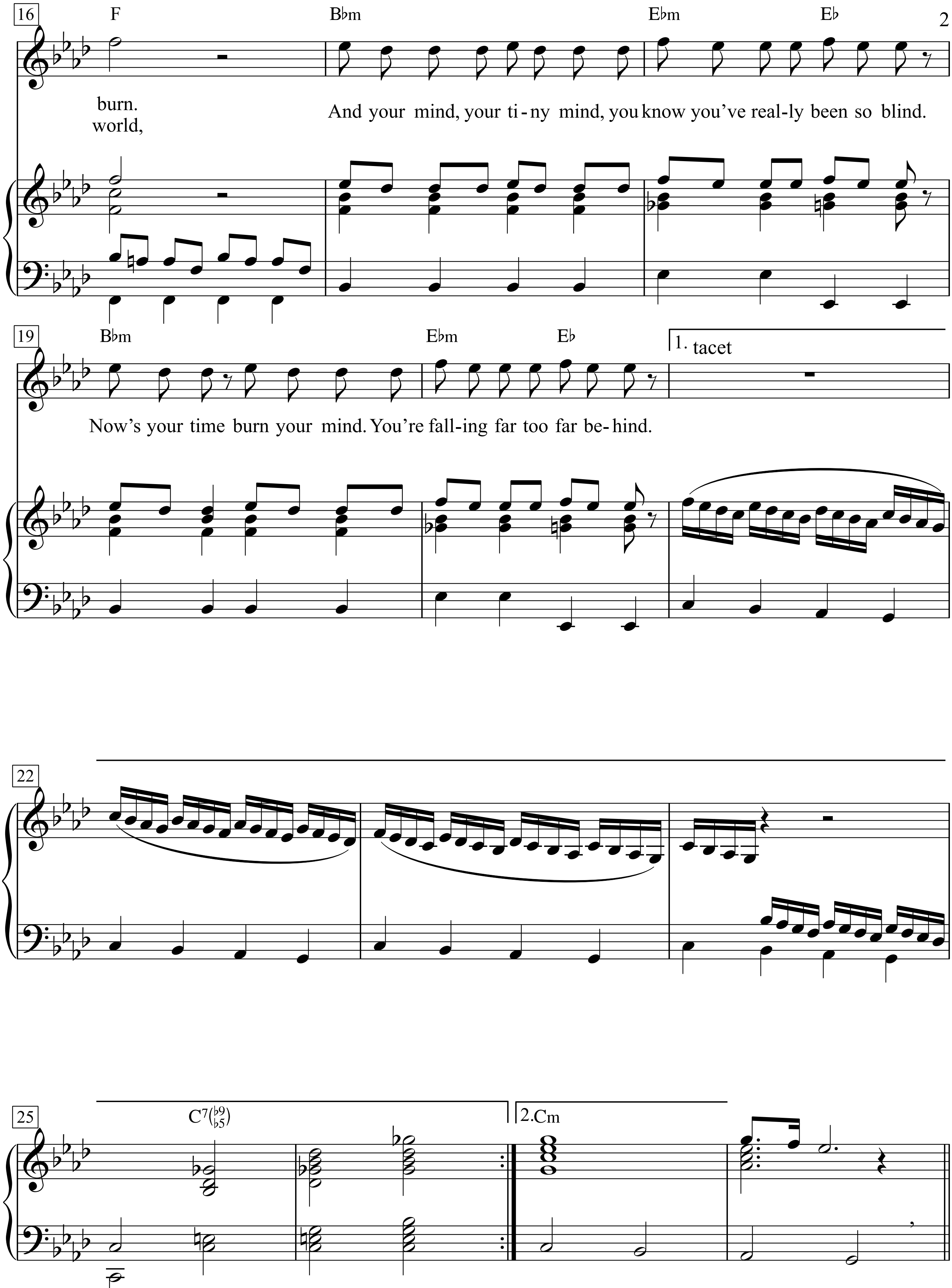


Fire

Words & Music by
Brown, Crane, Ker & Finesilver
(The Crazy World Of Arthur Brown)

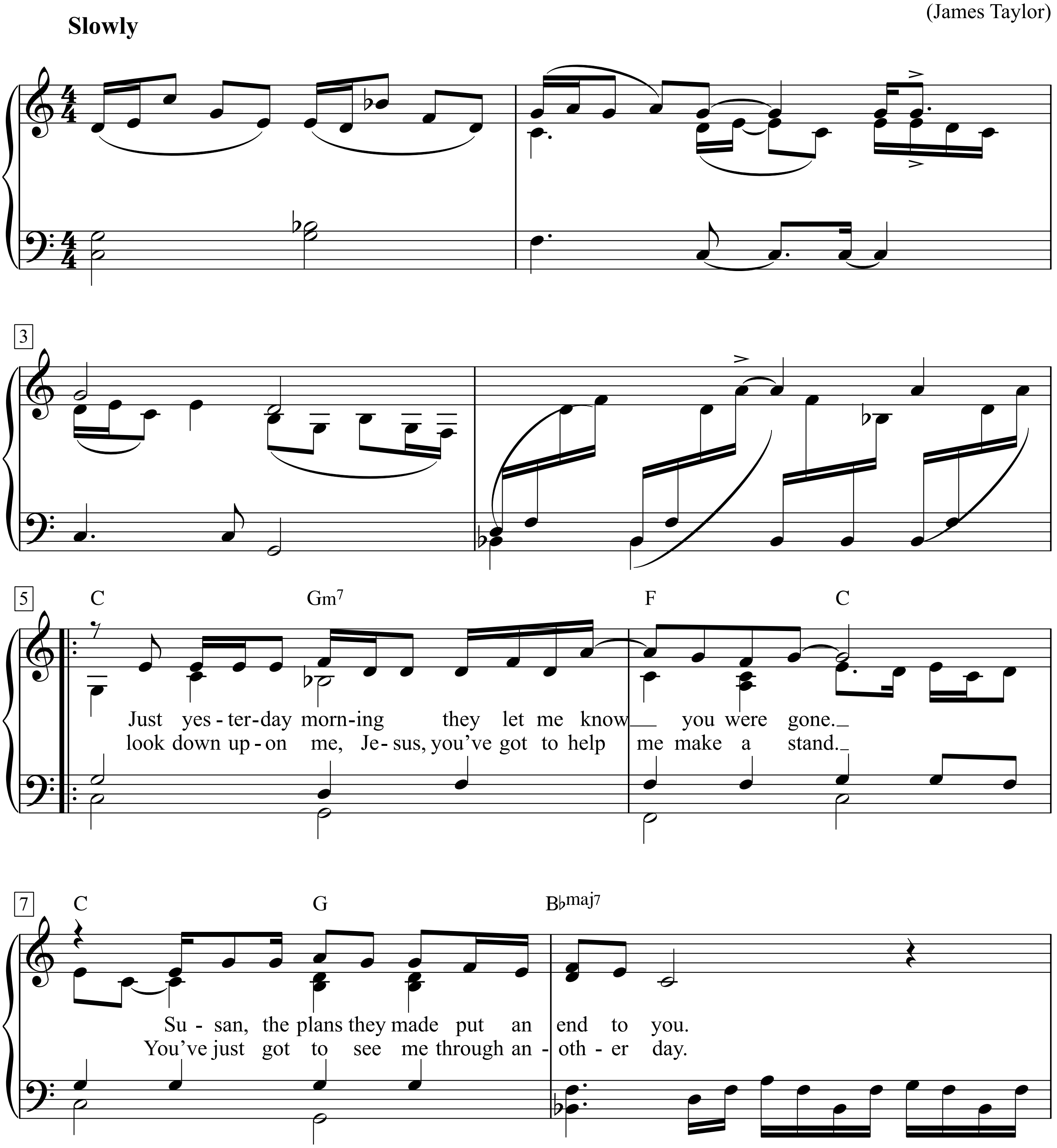
I am the God of Hell fire and I bring you

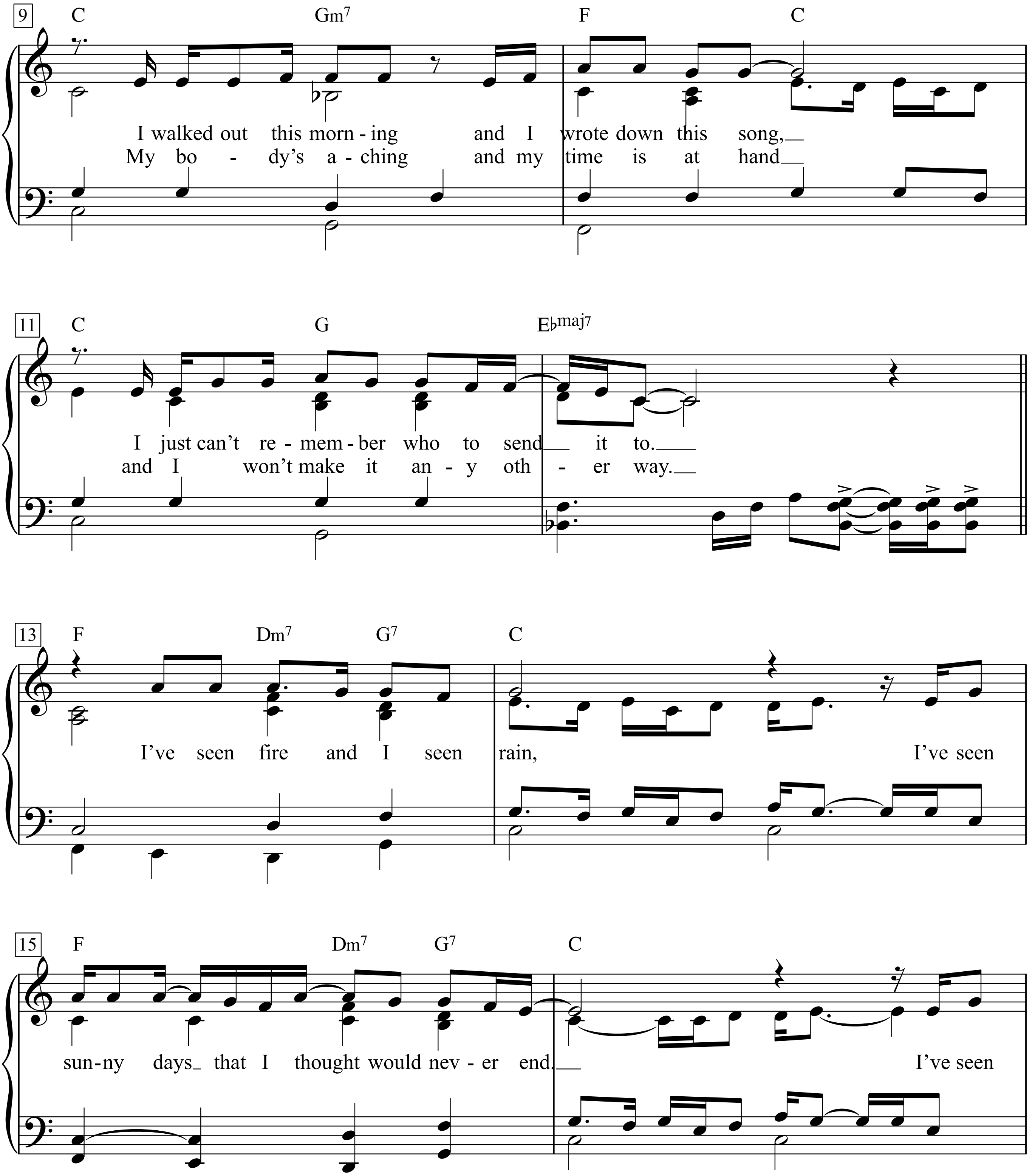


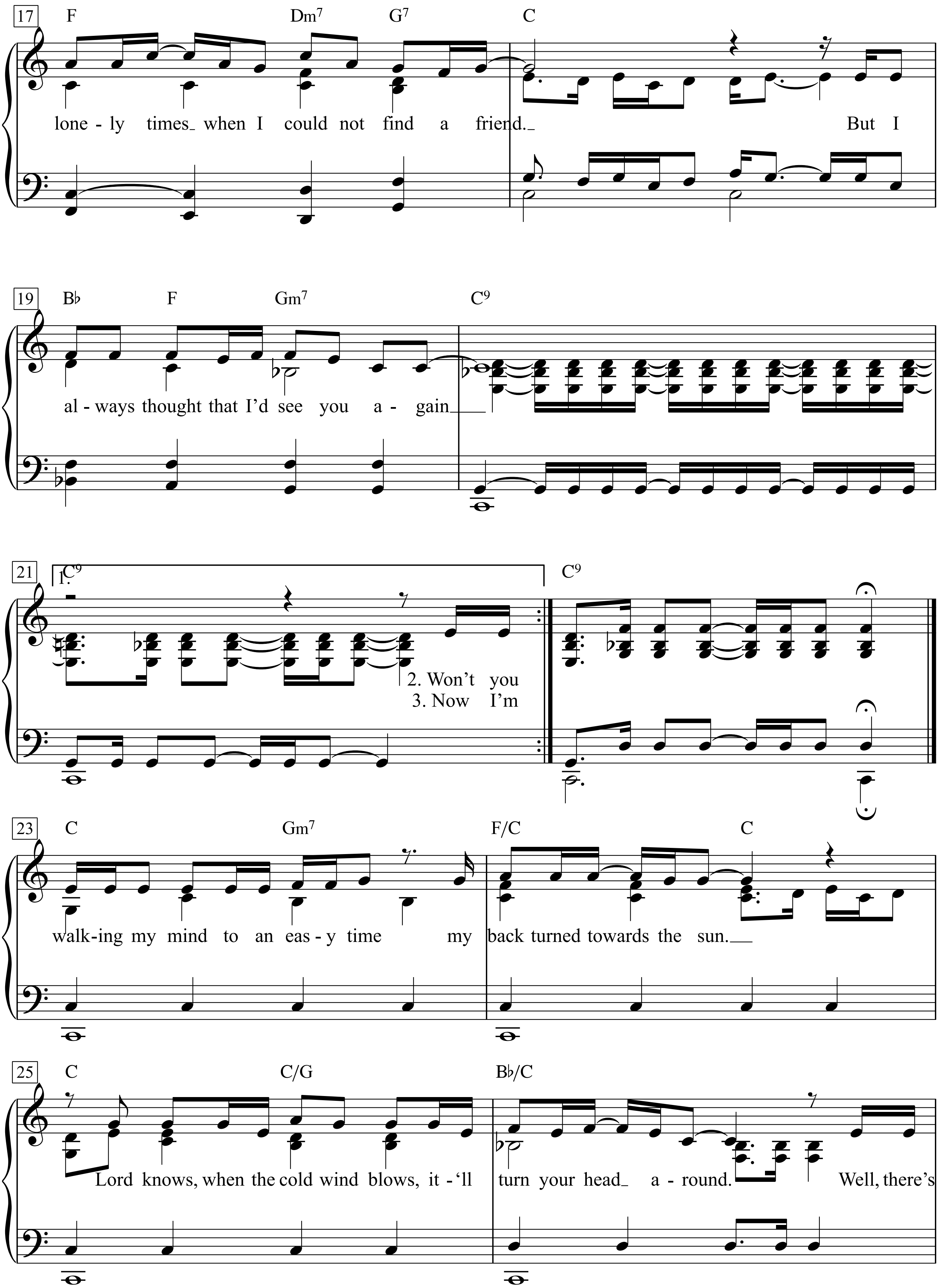

16
F
B♭m
E♭m
E♭
burn.
world,
And your mind, your ti-ny mind, you know you've real-ly been so blind.
19
B♭m
E♭m
E♭
1. tacet
Now's your time burn your mind. You're fall-ing far too far be-hind.
22
25
C7(♭9 ♭5)
2.Cm

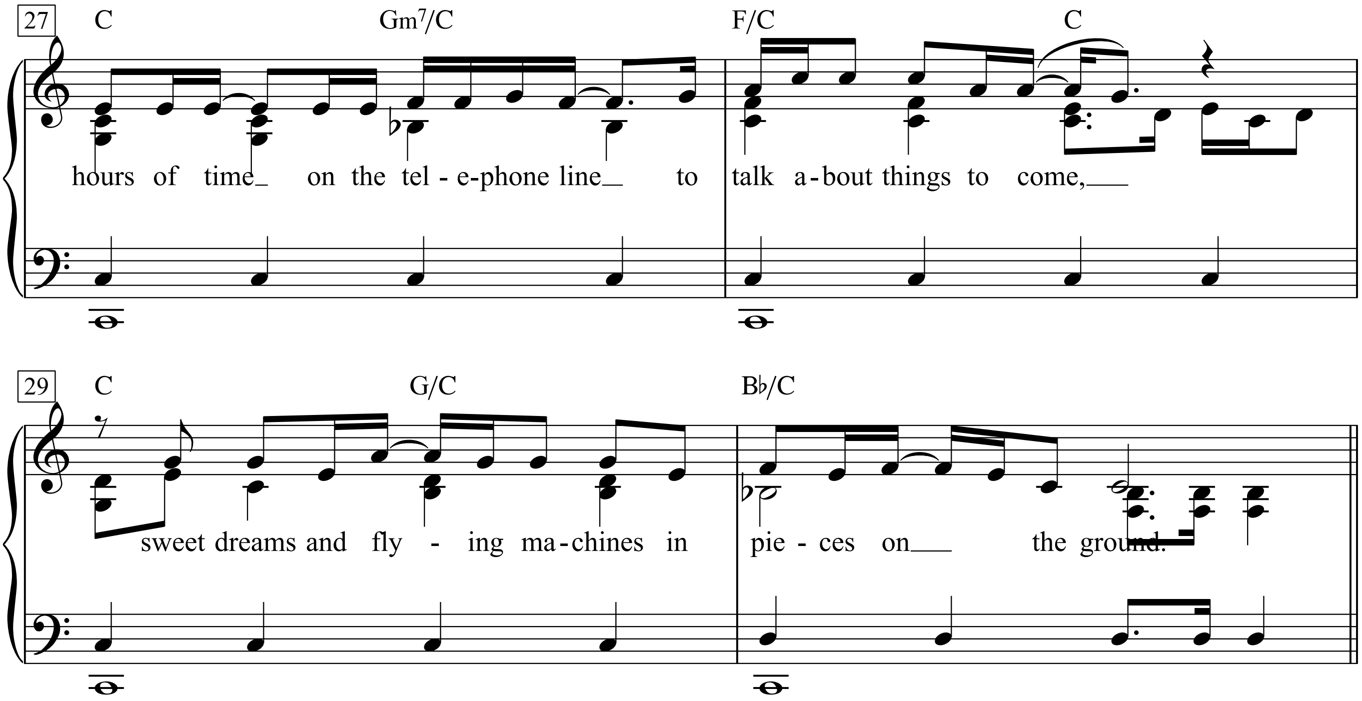
Fire and Rain

Words and Music by James Taylor
(James Taylor)




9
C
Gm7
F
C
I walked out this morn - ing and I wrote down this song,
My bo - dy's a - ching and my time is at hand
11
C
G
E♭maj7
I just can't re - mem - ber who to send it to.
and I won't make it an - y oth - er way.
13
F
Dm7
G7
C
I've seen fire and I seen rain, I've seen
15
F
Dm7
G7
C
sun-ny days that I thought would nev - er end. I've seen


17
F Dm7 G7 C
lone - ly times when I could not find a friend.
But I
19
B♭ F Gm7 C9
al - ways thought that I'd see you a - gain
21
1. C9
2. Won't you
3. Now I'm
C9
23
C Gm7 F/C C
walk-ing my mind to an eas - y time my back turned towards the sun.
25
C C/G B♭/C
Lord knows, when the cold wind blows, it - 'll turn your head a - round.
Well, there's


27
C
Gm7/C
F/C
C
hours of time on the tel-e-phone line to talk a-bout things to come,
29
C
G/C
B♭/C
sweet dreams and fly-ing ma-chines in pie-ces on the ground.

1.
Just yesterday morning they let me know you were gone.
Susan, the plans they made put an end to you.
I walked out this morning and I wrote down this song,
I just can’t remember who to send it to.
I’ve seen fire and I seen rain,
I’ve seen sunny days that I thought would never end.
I’ve seen lonely times when I could not find a friend.
But I always thought that I’d see you again

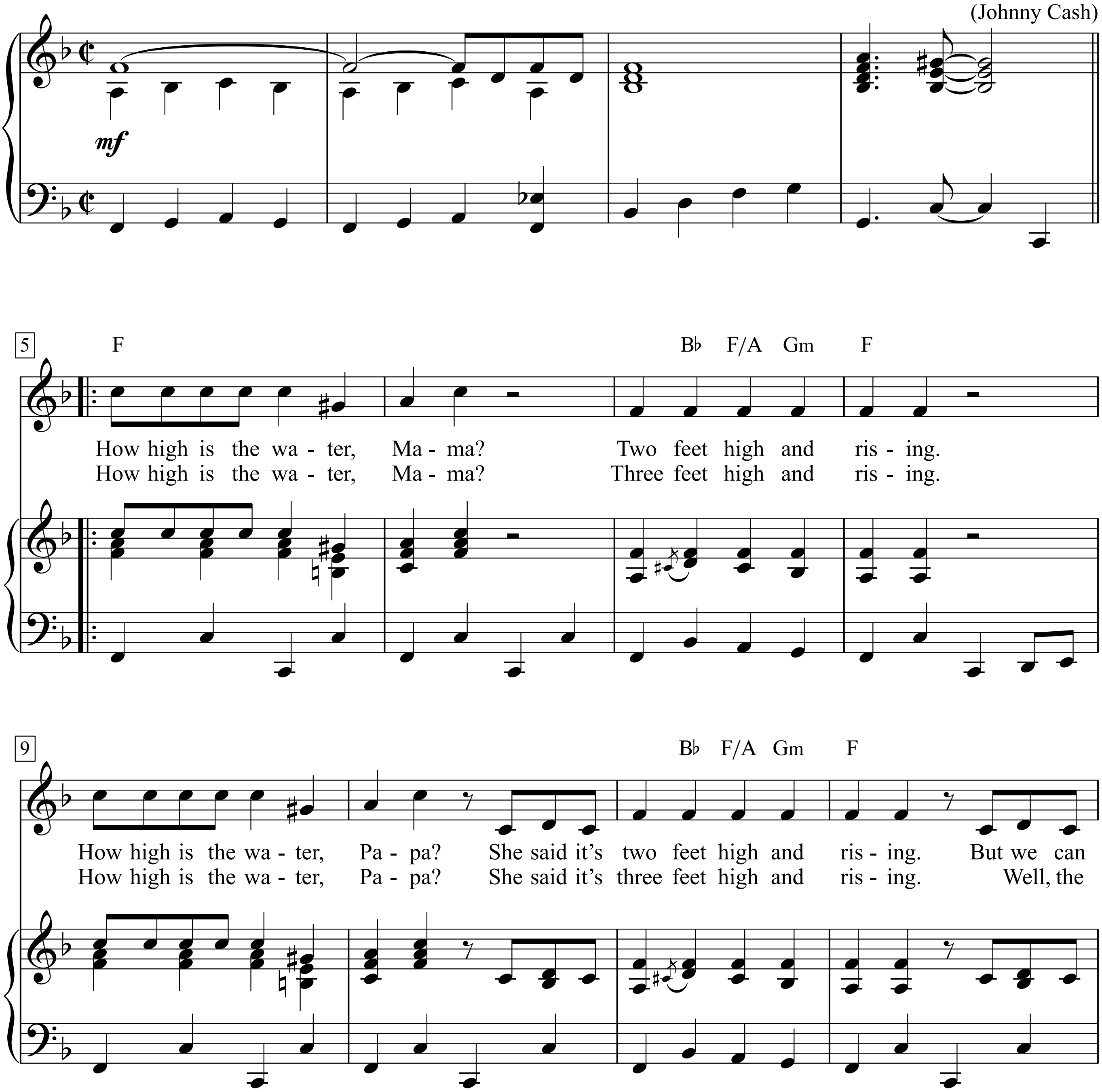
2. Won’t you look down upon me,
Jesus, you’ve got to help me make a stand.
You’ve just got to see me through another day.
My body’s aching and my time is at hand
and I won’t make it any other way.

3. Now I’m walking my mind to an easy
time my back turned towards the sun.
Lord knows, when the cold wind blows, it‘ll turn your head around.
Well, there’s hours of time on the telephone line to talk
about things to come, sweet dreams
and flying machines in pieces on the ground.

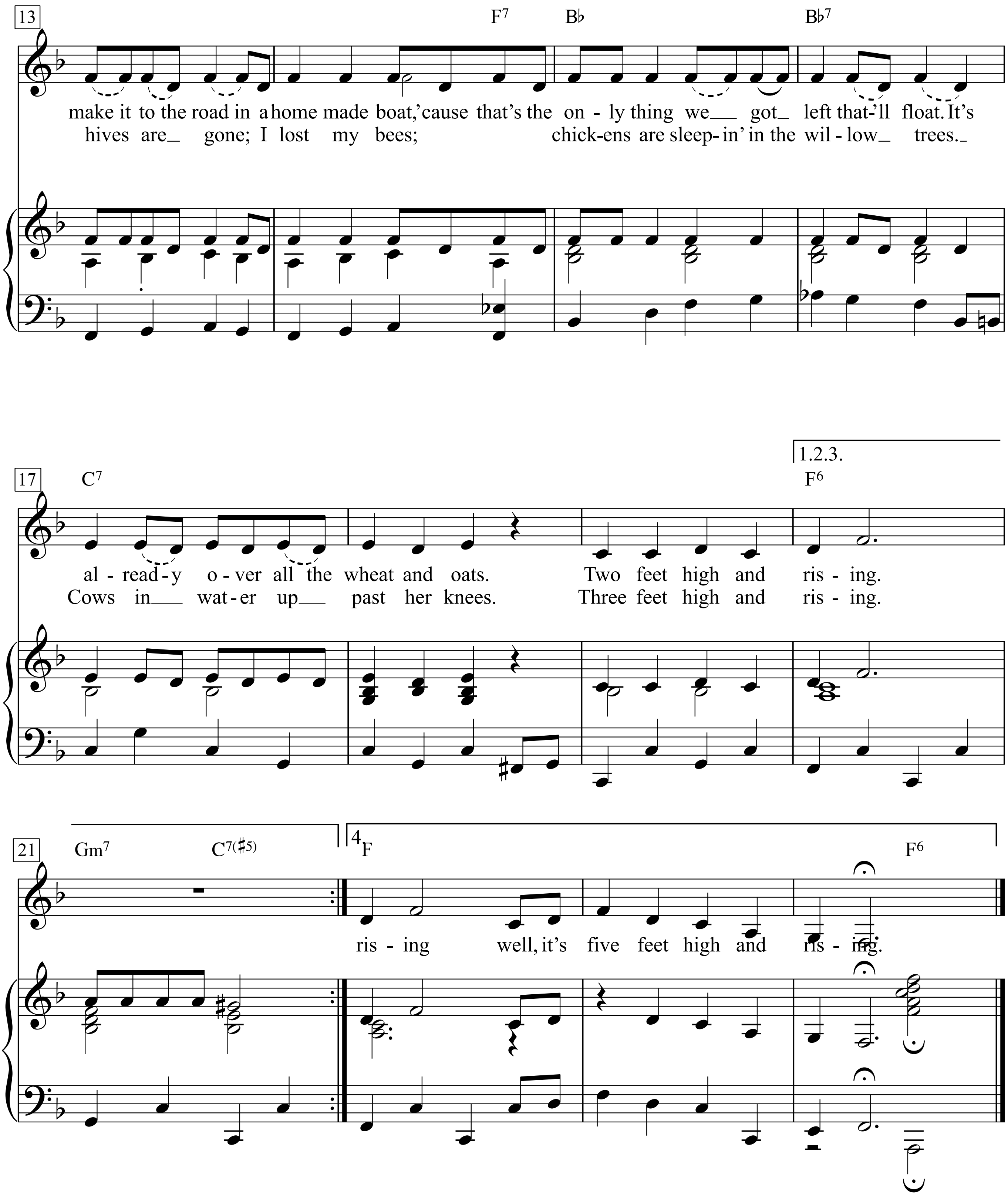
Five Feet High And Rising

Moderately

Words & Music by
John R. Cash
(Johnny Cash)



Johnny Cash - The Essential Johnny Cash, p. 56+57


13
F7 B♭ B♭7
make it to the road in a home made boat,'cause that's the on - ly thing we got left that-'ll float. It's
hives are gone; I lost my bees; chick-ens are sleep- in' in the wil - low trees.
1.2.3.
17
C7 F6
al - read - y o - ver all the wheat and oats. Two feet high and ris - ing.
Cows in wat - er up past her knees. Three feet high and ris - ing.
21
Gm7 C7(♯5) 4 F F6
ris - ing well, it's five feet high and ris - ing.

1. How high is the water, Mama?
Two feet high and rising.
How high is the water, Papa?
She said it's two feet high and rising.
But we can make it to the road in a homemade boat,
'cause that's the only thing we got left that'll float.
It's already over all the wheat and oats.
Two feet high and rising. rising well,
it's five feet high and rising.

2. How high is the water, Mama?
Three feet high and rising.
How high is the water, Papa?
She said it's three feet high and rising.
Well, the hives are gone;
I lost my bees; chickens are sleepin' in the willow trees.
Cows in water up past her knees.
Three feet high and rising.

3. How high is the water, Mama? Four feet high and rising.
How high is the water. Papa? She said it's four feet high and rising.
Hey, come look through the window pane; the bus is comin' gonna take us to the train.
Looks like we'll be blessed with a little more rain. Four feet high and rising.

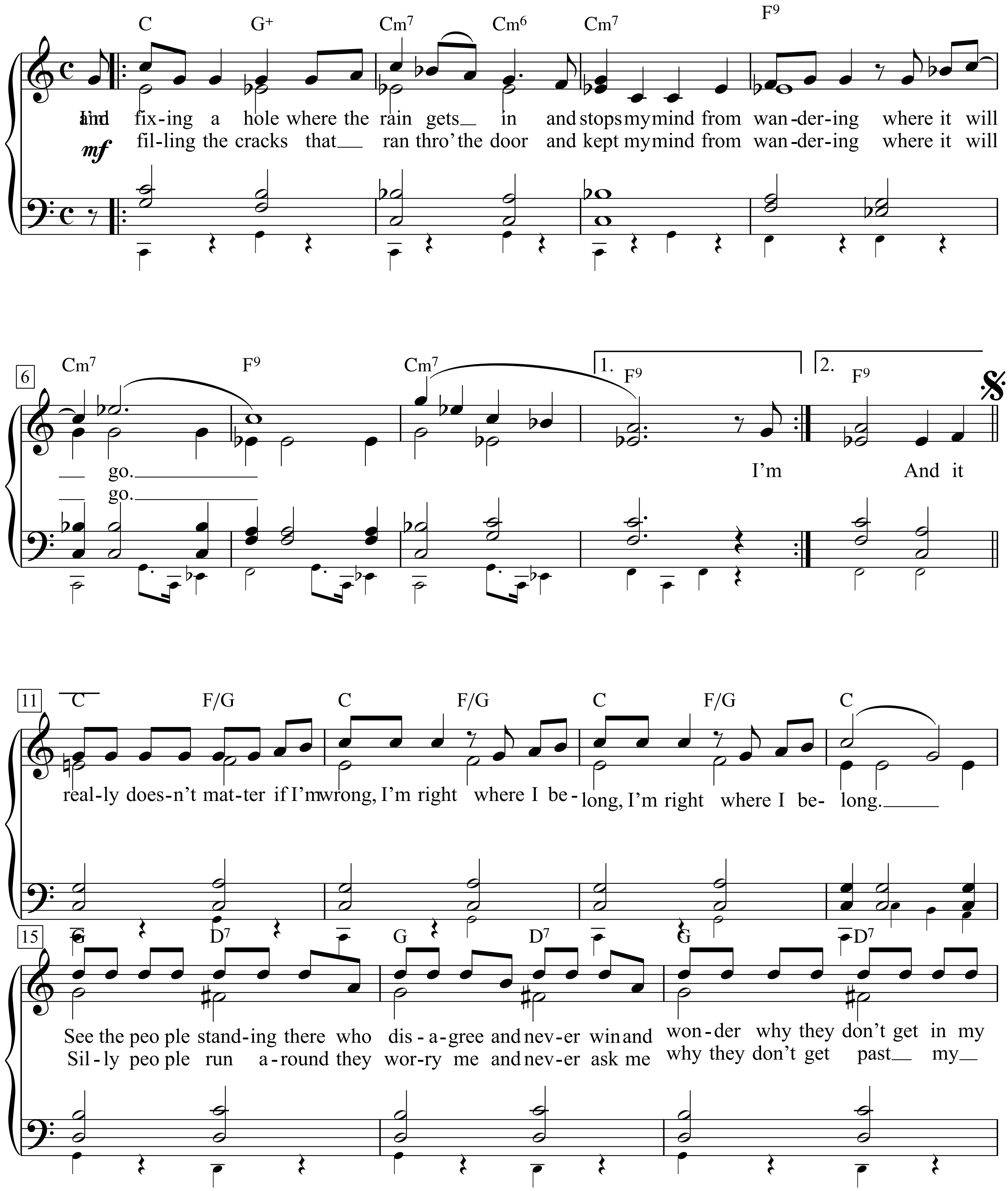
4. How high is the water, Mama? Five feet high and rising.
How high is the water, Papa? She said it's five feet high and rising.
Well, the rails are washed out north of town; we gotta head for higher ground.
We can't come back till the water goes down. Five feet high and rising:
Well, it's five feet high and rising.

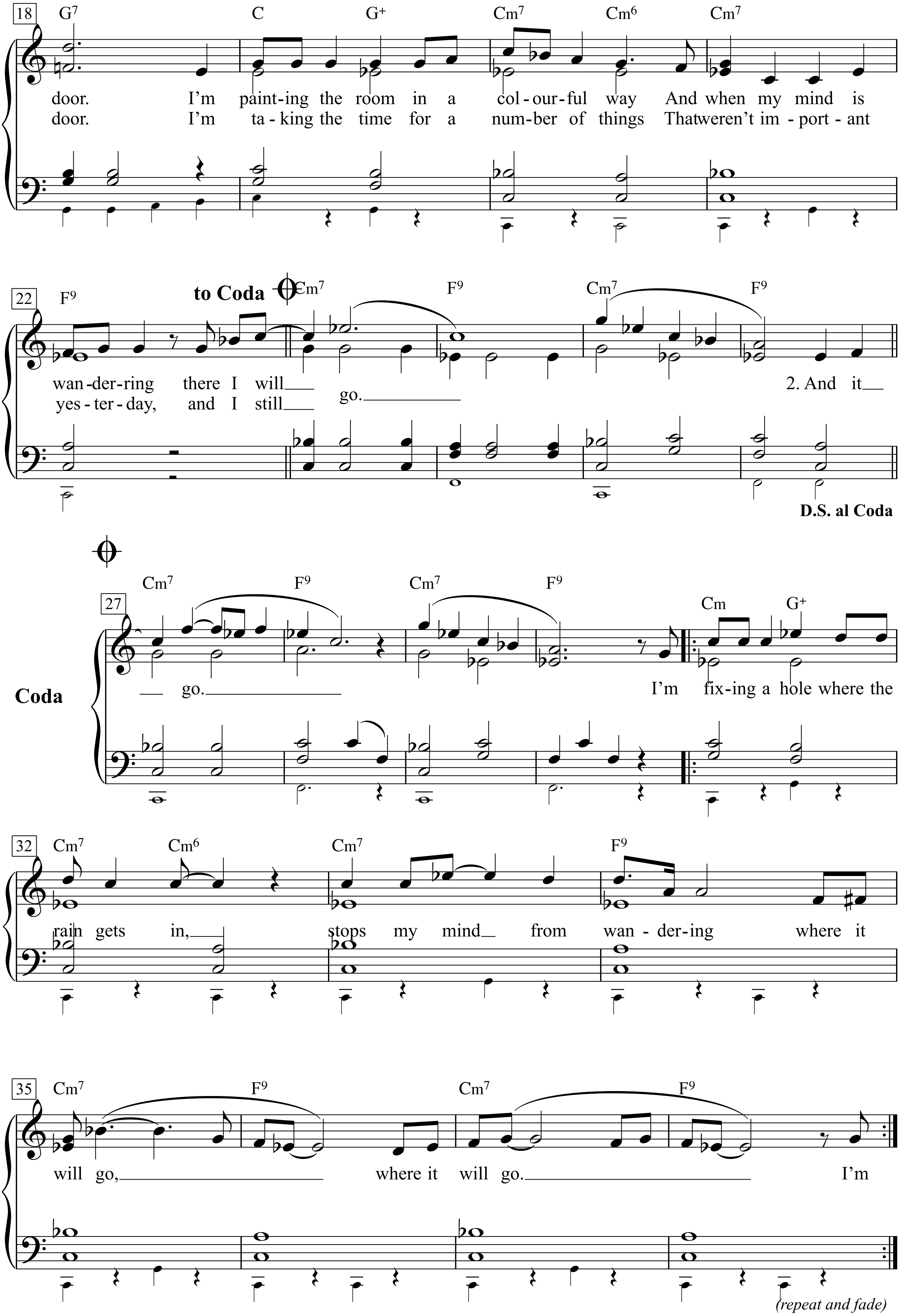
Fixing A Hole

(Organ: Registration No. 6)

Words & Music:
John Lennon & Paul McCartney

Moderato




18
G7 C G+ Cm7 Cm6 Cm7
door. I'm paint-ing the room in a col-our-ful way And when my mind is
door. I'm ta-king the time for a num-ber of things That weren't im-port-ant
22
F9 to Coda Cm7 F9 Cm7 F9
wan-der-ring there I will go.
yes-ter-day, and I still
2. And it
D.S. al Coda
Coda
27
Cm7 F9 Cm7 F9 Cm G+
go.
I'm fix-ing a hole where the
32
Cm7 Cm6 Cm7 F9
rain gets in, stops my mind from wan-der-ing where it
35
Cm7 F9 Cm7 F9
will go, where it will go. I'm
(repeat and fade)

I'm fixing a hole where the rain gets in,
and stops my mind from wandering
where it will go.

I'm filling the cracks that ran through the door,
and kept my mind from wandering
where it will go.

And it really doesn't matter
if I'm wrong, I'm right
where I belong, I'm right
where I belong.

See the people standing there
who disagree and never win
and wonder why they don't get in my door.

I'm painting the room in a colorful way,
and when my mind is wandering
there I will go.

Ooh ooh ooh ah. Hey hey hey

And it really doesn't matter
if I'm wrong, I'm right
where I belong, I'm right
where I belong.

Silly people run around,
who worry me and never ask me
why they don't get past my door.

I'm taking the time for a number of things,
that weren't important yesterday
and I still go.

Ooh ooh ooh ooh ah.

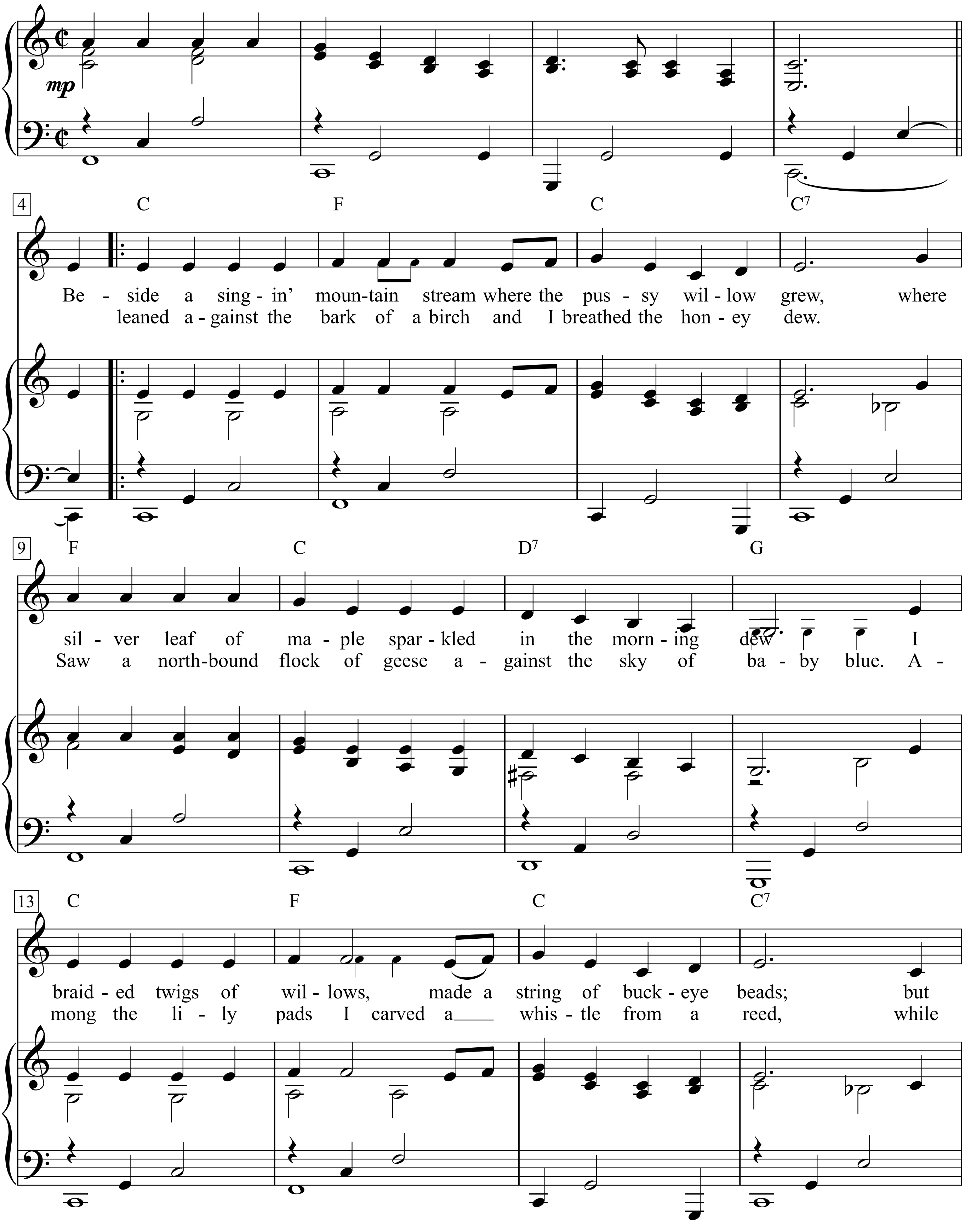
I'm fixing a hole where the rain gets in,
and stops my mind from wandering
where it will go,
where it will go.

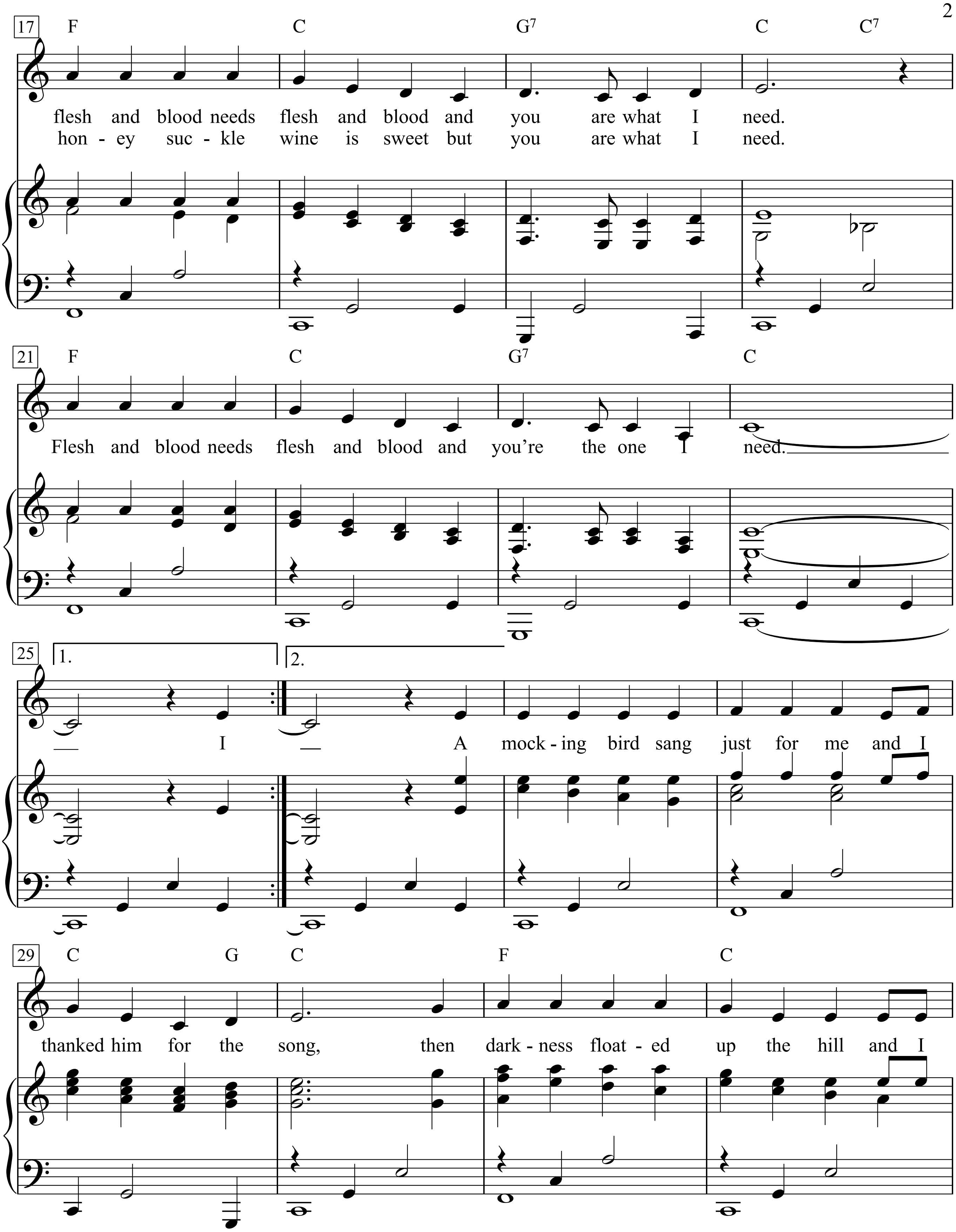
Ich flick' ein Loch

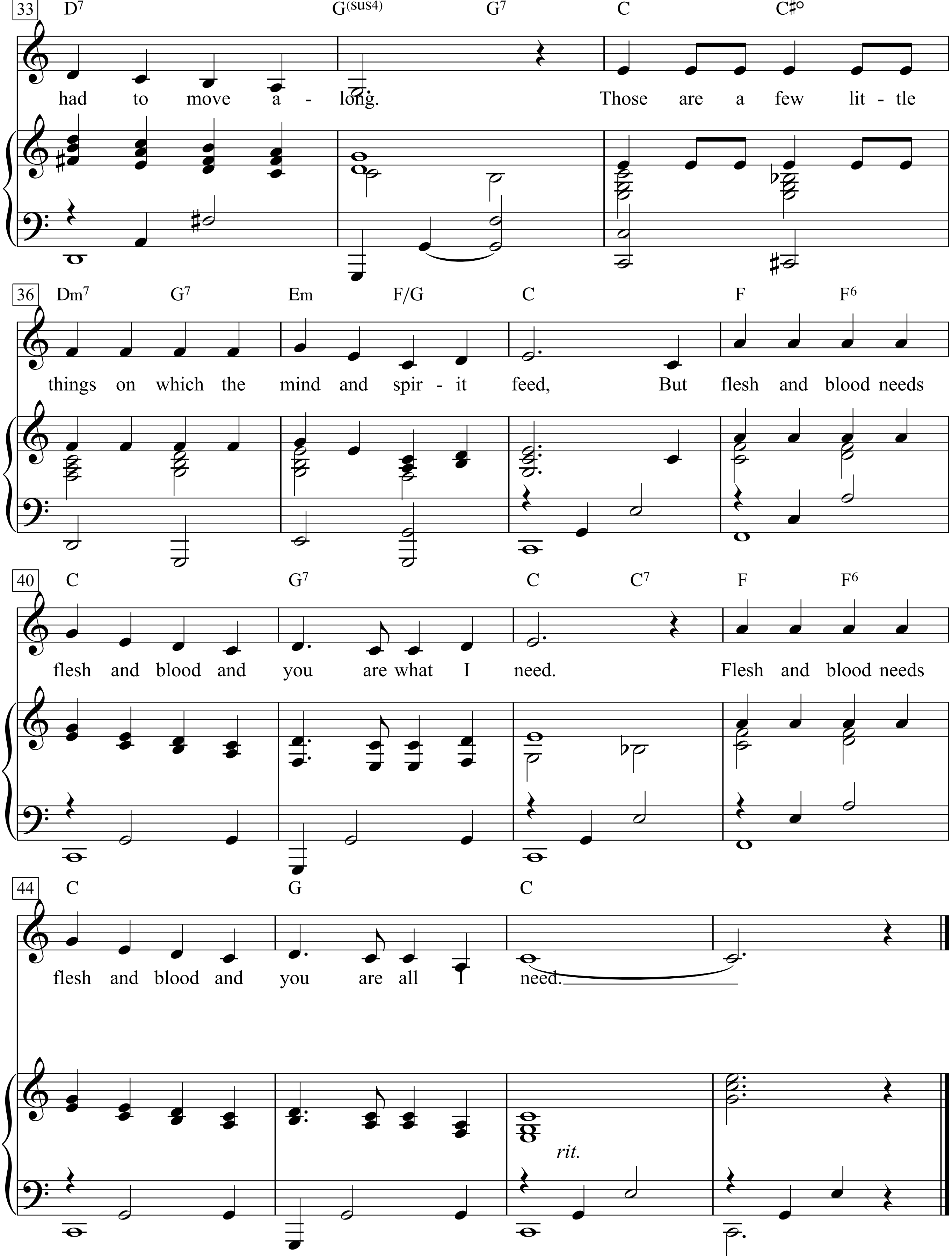
Ich flick' ein Loch, wo der Regen rinnt
Und meine Seele abhält, hinzugehn
Wohin sie will.
Ich füll' die Sprünge in meiner Tür
Die meine Seele bremsten, hinzugehn
Wohin sie will.
Und es ist wirklich ganz egal, ob ich mich irre
Ich hab' recht.
Wo ich sein soll, hab' ich recht
Wo ich sein soll.
Seht das Volk dastehn.
Das übelnimmt und nie gewinnt
Und sich fragt, warum sie nicht in meinen Türrahmen passen.
Ich mal' mein Zimmer auf die farbenfrohe Art
Und wenn meine Seele wandern will
Geht sie dorthin.
Und es ist wirklich ganz egal, ob ich mich irre, ich hab' recht.
Wo ich sein soll, hab' ich recht
Wo ich sein soll.
Dummköpfe laufen da umher die mir auf die Nerven gehn.
Nie fragen sie mich warum sie nicht durch meinen Türstock passen.
Ich nehm' mir die Zeit für allerhand Dinge
Die gestern noch nicht wichtig waren
Und immer noch funktionier' ich.
Ich flick' ein Loch, wo der Regen rinnt
Und meine Seele abhält, hinzugehn
Wohin sie will.

Flesh And Blood

Words & Music by John R. Cash
(Johnny Cash)




17
F C G7 C C7
flesh and blood needs flesh and blood and you are what I need.
hon - ey suc - kle wine is sweet but you are what I need.
21
F C G7 C
Flesh and blood needs flesh and blood and you're the one I need.
25
1.
2.
I
A mock - ing bird sang just for me and I
29
C G C F C
thanked him for the song, then dark - ness float - ed up the hill and I


33
D7 G(sus4) G7 C C♯°
had to move a - long. Those are a few lit - tle
36
Dm7 G7 Em F/G C F F6
things on which the mind and spir - it feed, But flesh and blood needs
40
C G7 C C7 F F6
flesh and blood and you are what I need. Flesh and blood needs
44
C G C
flesh and blood and you are all I need.
rit.

1. Beside a singin' mountain stream where the pussy willow grew,
where sil ver leaf of maple sparkled in the morning dew I braided twigs of willows,
made a string of buckeye beads; but flesh and blood needs flesh
and blood and you are what I need.
Flesh and blood needs flesh and blood and you're the one I need.
A mocking bird sang just for me and I thanked him for the song,
then darkness floated up the hill and I had to move along.
Those are a few little things on which the mind and spirit feed,
But flesh and blood needs flesh and blood and you are what I need.
Flesh and blood needs flesh and blood and you are all I need.

2. I leaned against the bark of a birch and I breathed the honey dew.
Saw a northbound flock of geese against the sky of baby blue.
Among the lily pads I carved a whistle from a reed,
while honey suckle wine is sweet but you are what I need.

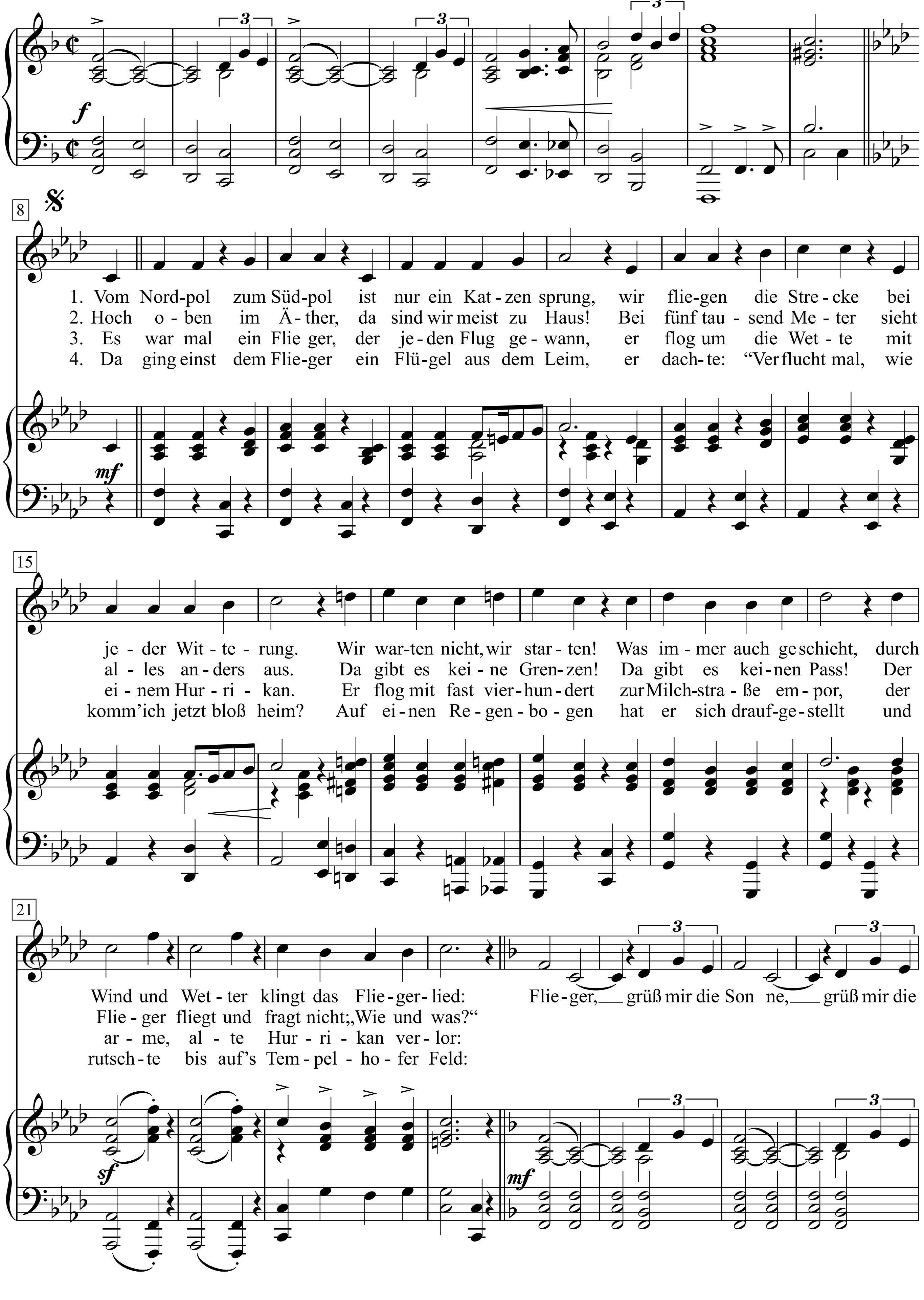
Flieger, grüß mir die Sonne

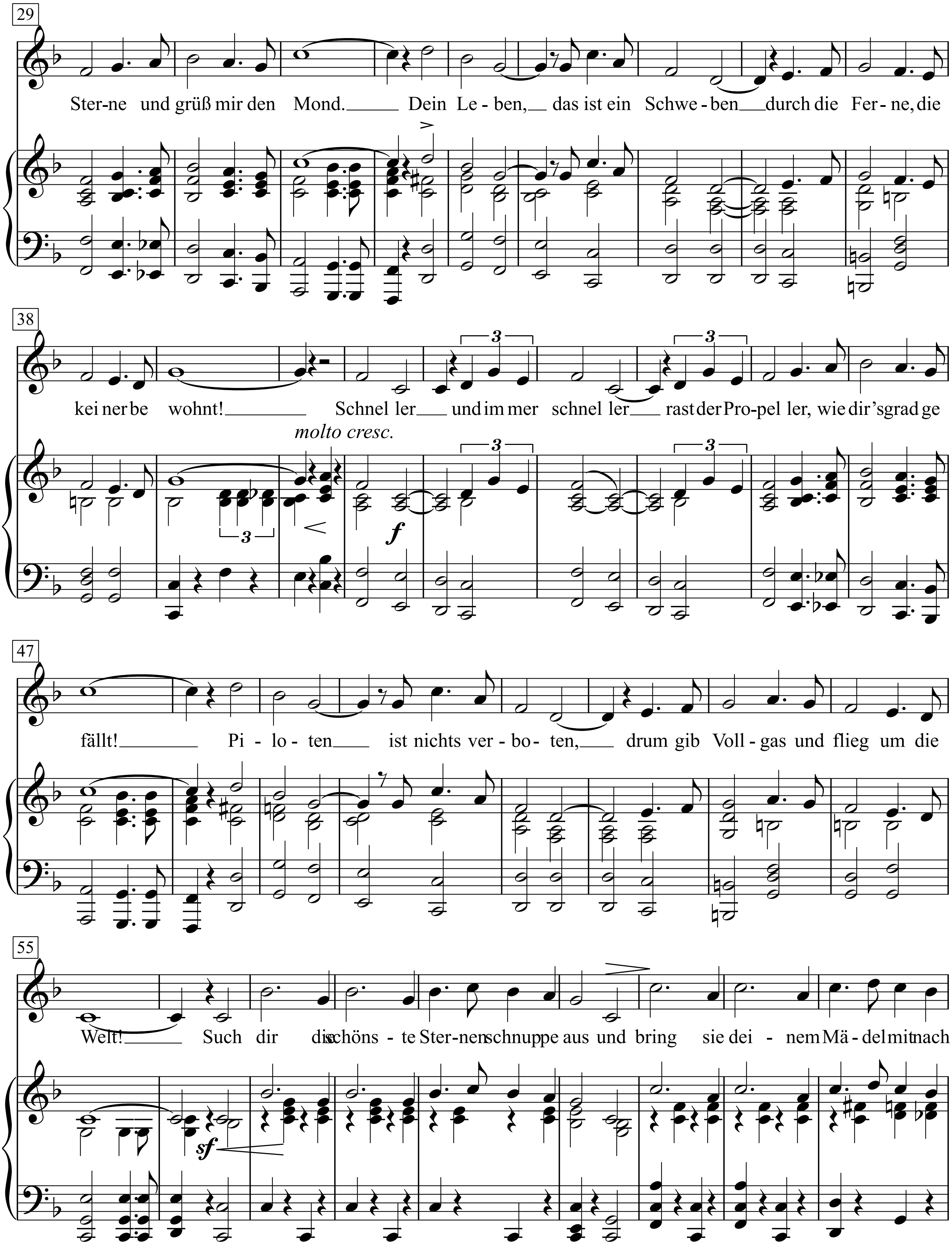
Text: Walter Reisch

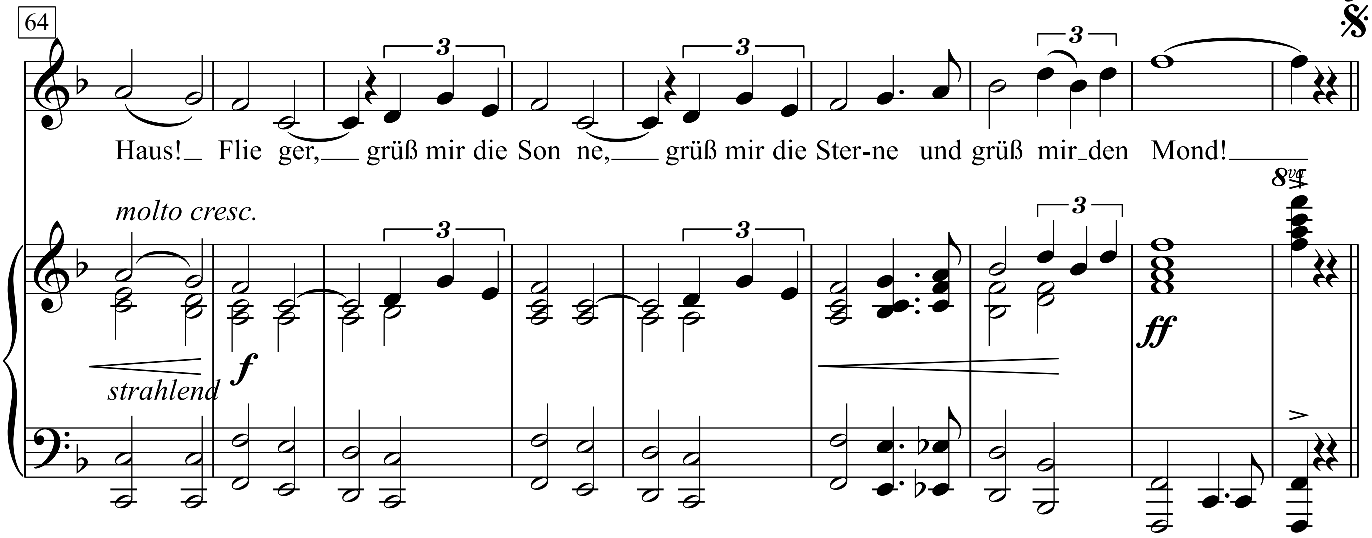
(*aus dem Tonfilm* 'F.P. 1 antwortet nicht')

Lied und Marsch-Foxtrot

Musik: Alan Gray
(Hans Albers)




29
Ster-ne und grüß mir den Mond. Dein Le - ben, das ist ein Schwe - ben durch die Fer - ne, die
38
kei ner be wohnt! Schnel ler und im mer schnel ler rast der Pro-pel ler, wie dir's grad ge
molto cresc.
47
fällt! Pi - lo - ten ist nichts ver - bo - ten, drum gib Voll - gas und flieg um die
55
Welt! Such dir die schöns - te Ster-nen schnup pe aus und bring sie dei - nem Mä - del mit nach


64
Haus! Flie ger, grüß mir die Son ne, grüß mir die Ster-ne und grüß mir den Mond!
molto cresc.
strahlend
8va

1. Vom Nordpol zum Südpol ist nur ein Katzensprung,
wir fliegen die Strecke bei jeder Witterung.
Wir warten nicht, wir starten!
Was immer auch geschieht,
durch Wind und Wetter klingt das Fliegerlied:

Flieger, grüß mir die Sonne,
grüß mir die Sterne und grüß mir den Mond.
Dein Leben, das ist ein Schweben
durch die Ferne, die keiner bewohnt!
Schneller und immer schneller
rast der Propeller, wie dir's grad gefällt!
Piloten ist nichts verboten,
drum gib Vollgas und flieg um die Welt!
Such dir die schönste Sternenschnuppe aus
und bring sie deinem Mädel mit nach Haus!
Flieger, grüß mir die Sonne,
grüß mir die Sterne und grüß mir den Mond!

2. Hoch oben im Äther, da sind wir meist zu Haus!
Bei fünftausend Meter sieht alles anders aus.
Da gibt es keine Grenzen!
Da gibt es keinen Pass!
Der Flieger fliegt und fragt nicht: „Wie und was?"

Flieger, grüß mir die Sonne …

3. Es war mal ein Flieger, der jeden Flug gewann,
er flog um die Wette mit einem Hurrikan.
Er flog mit fast vierhundert zur Milchstraße empor,
der arme, alte Hurrikan verlor:

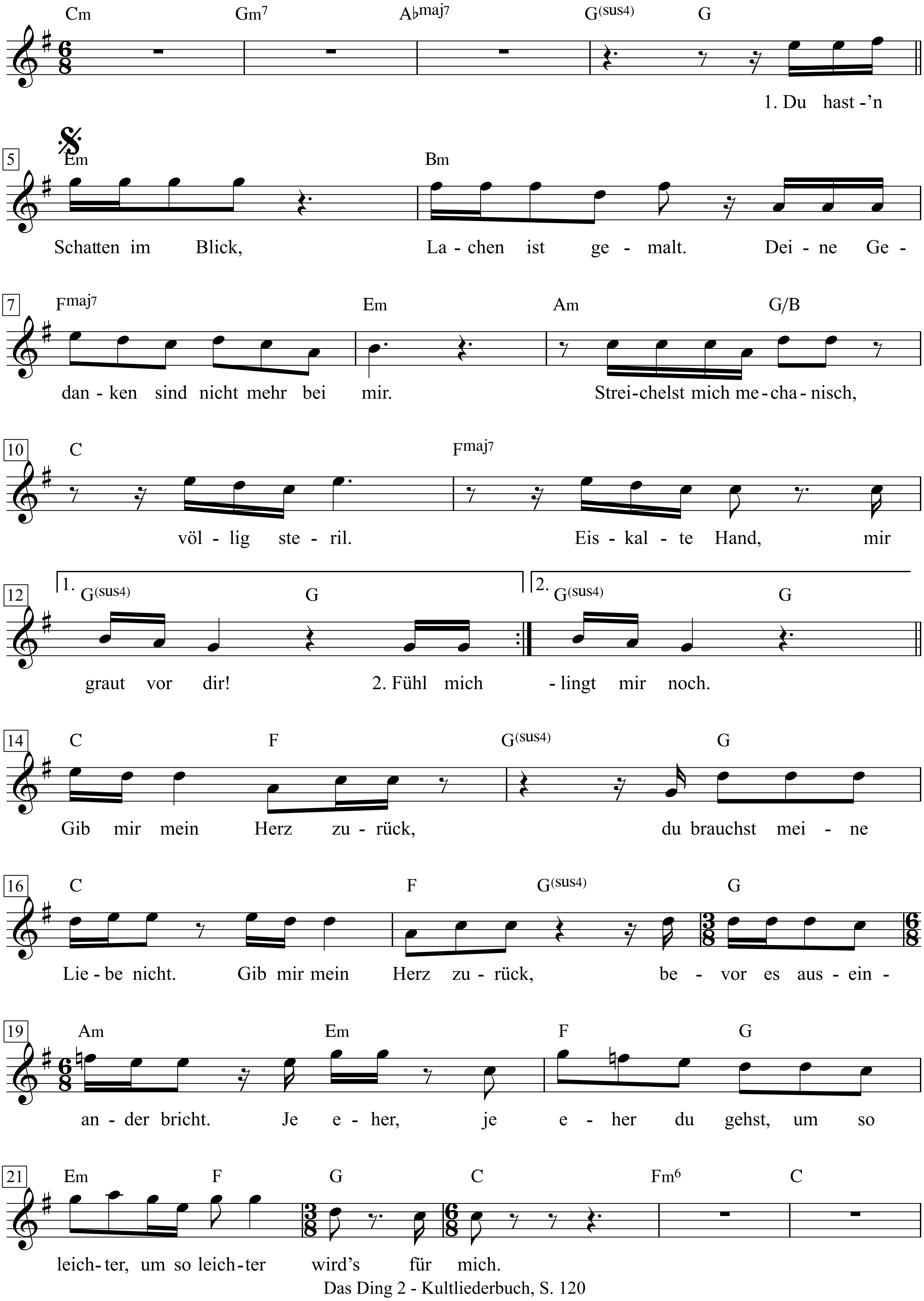
Flieger, grüß mir die Sonne …

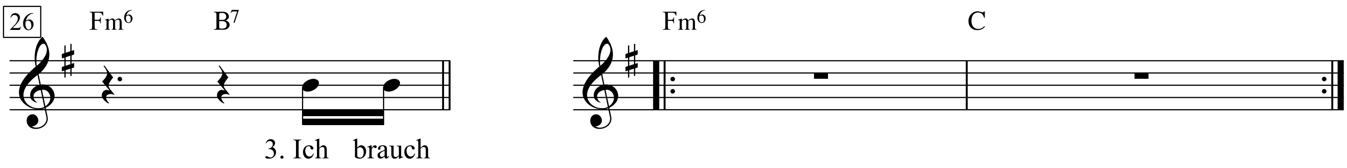
4. Da ging einst dem Flieger ein Flügel aus dem Leim,
er dachte: "Verflucht mal, wie komm' ich jetzt bloß heim?
Auf einen Regenbogen hat er sich draufgestellt
und rutschte bis auf's Tempelhofer Feld:

Flieger, grüß mir die Sonne …

Flugzeuge im Bauch

Text & Musik: Herbert Grönemeyer





1. Du hast’n Schatten im Blick, Lachen ist gemalt.
Deine Gedanken sind nicht mehr bei mir.
Streichelst mich mechanisch, völlig steril.
Eiskalte Hand, mir graut vor dir!

2. Fühl mich leer und verbraucht, alles tut weh,
hab Flugzeuge in meinem Bauch.
Kann nichts mehr essen, kann dich nicht vergessen,
aber auch das gelingt mir noch.

Refrain:
Gib mir mein Herz zurück, du brauchst meine Liebe nicht.
Gib mir mein Herz zurück, bevor es auseinanderbricht.
Je eher, je eher du gehst,
um so leichter, um so leichter wird’s für mich.

3. Ich brauch niemand, der mich quält, niemand, der mich zerdrückt,
niemand, der mich benutzt, wann er will.
Niemand, der mit mir redet *nur* aus Pflichtgefühl,
der nur seine Eitelkeit an mir stillt.

4. Niemand, der nie da ist, wenn man ihn am nötigsten hat,
wenn man nach Luft schnappt, auf dem Trocknen schwimmt.
Lass mich los, lass mich in Ruhe,
damit das ein Ende nimmt.

Refrain

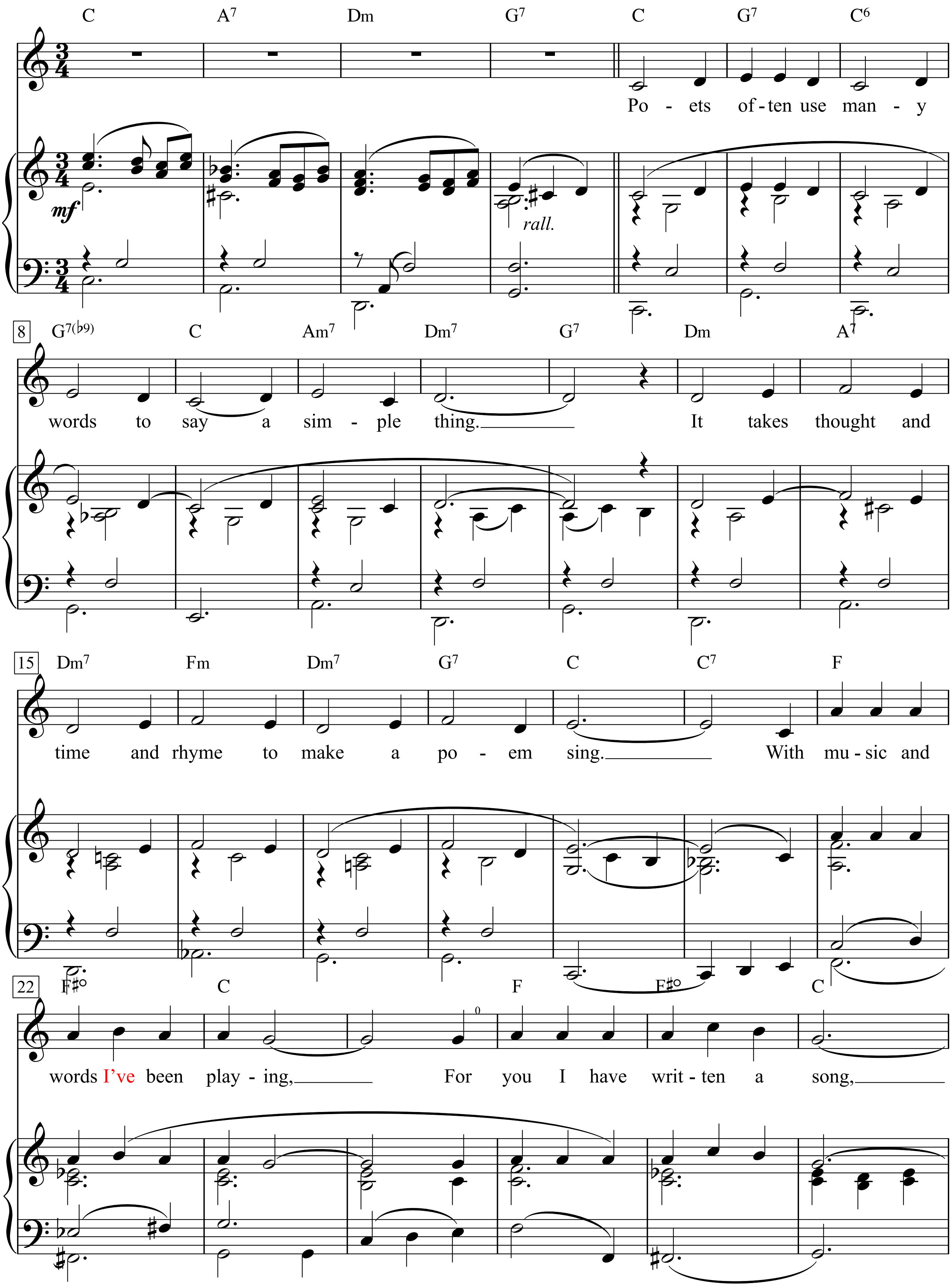
2. Fühl mich leer und verbraucht, alles tut weh,
hab Flugzeuge in meinem Bauch.
Kann nichts mehr essen, kann dich nicht vergessen,
aber auch das gelingt mi
Refrain

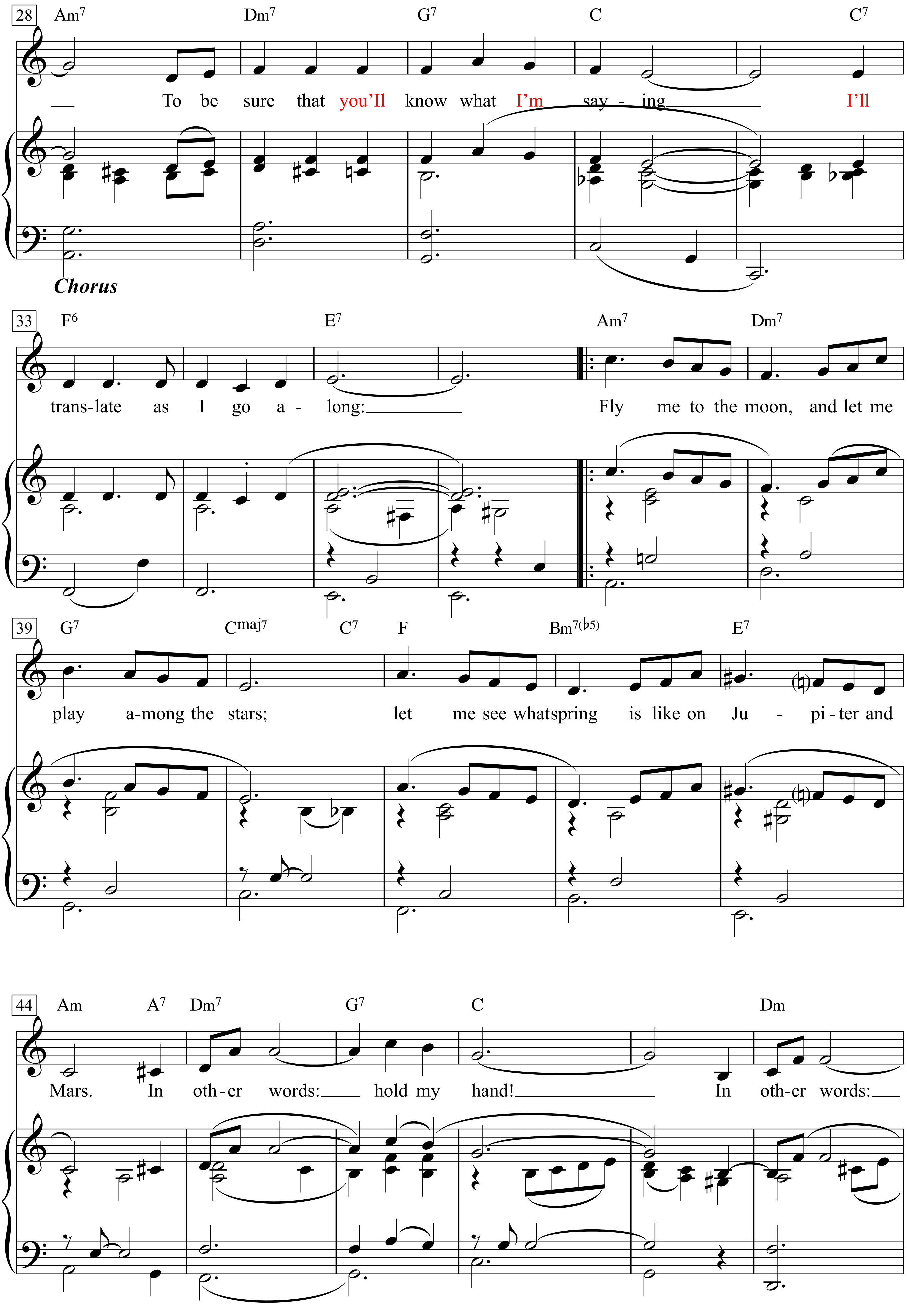
Fly Me To The Moon

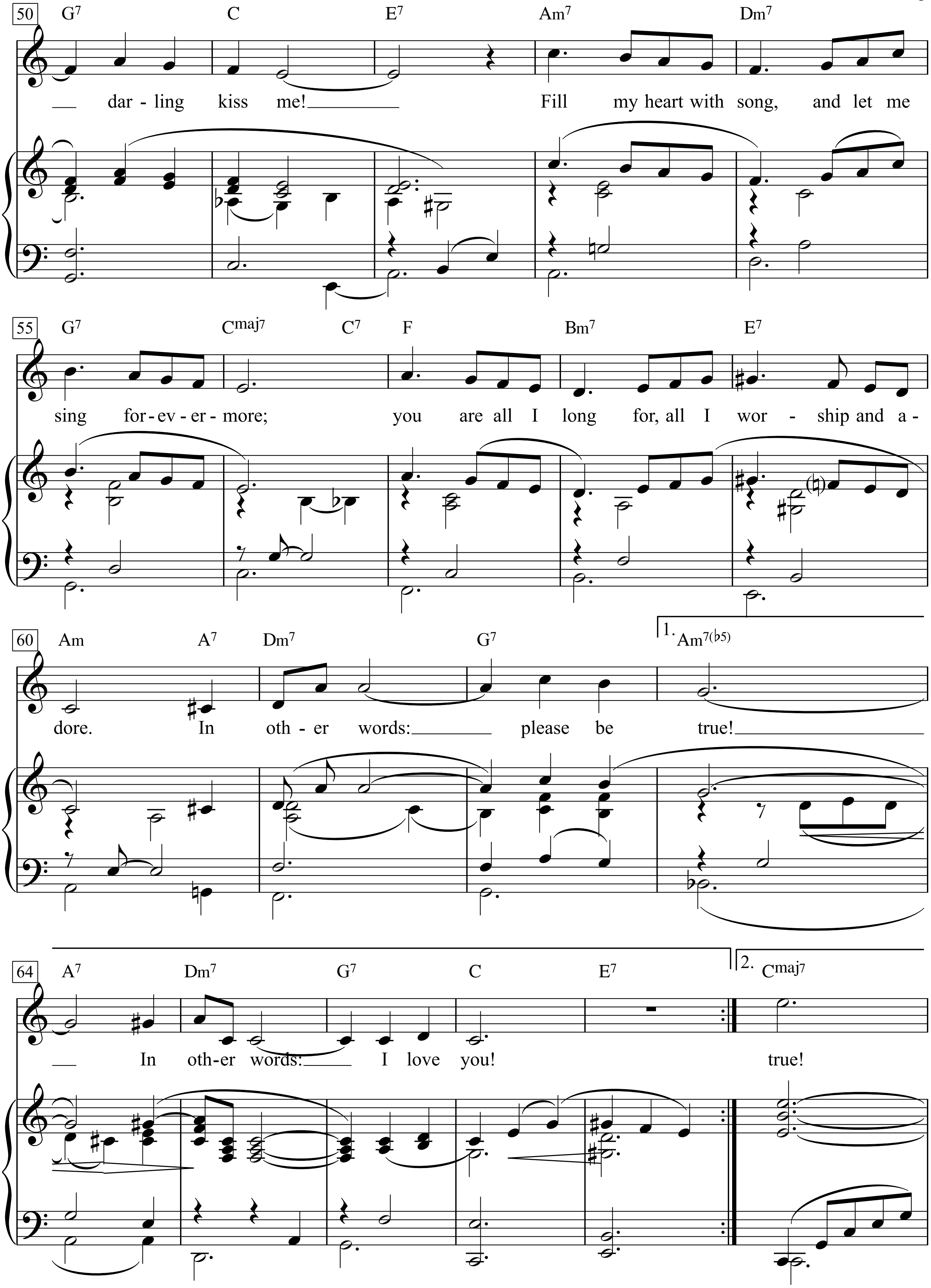
(In Other Words)

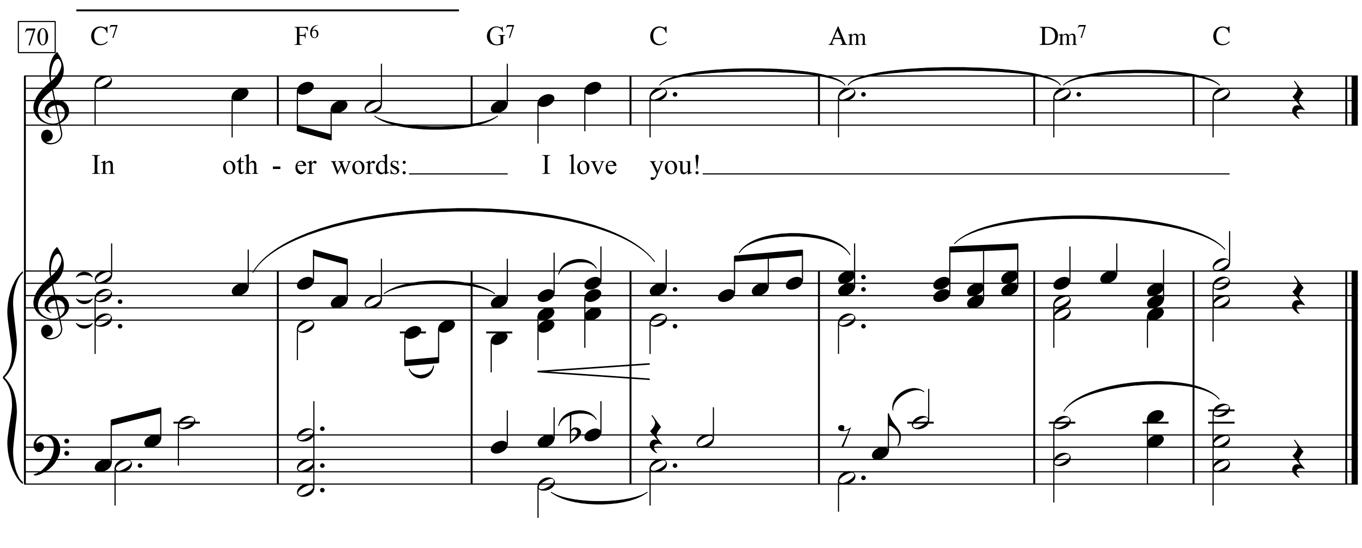
Words & Music by Bart Howard

Slowly



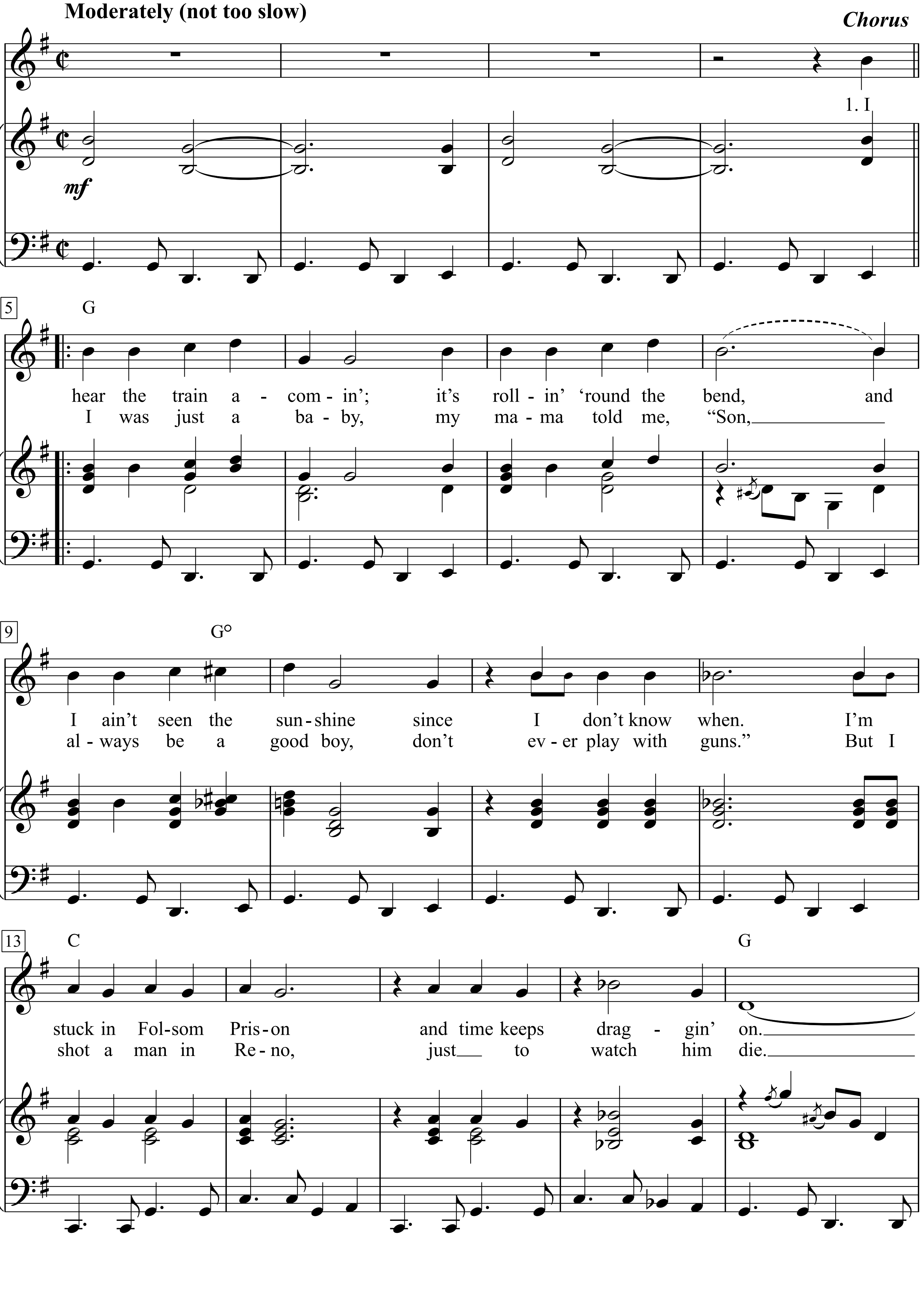

28
Am7 Dm7 G7 C C7
To be sure that you'll know what I'm say - ing I'll
Chorus
33
F6 E7 Am7 Dm7
trans-late as I go a - long: Fly me to the moon, and let me
39
G7 Cmaj7 C7 F Bm7(♭5) E7
play a-mong the stars; let me see whatspring is like on Ju - pi - ter and
44
Am A7 Dm7 G7 C Dm
Mars. In oth-er words: hold my hand! In oth-er words:

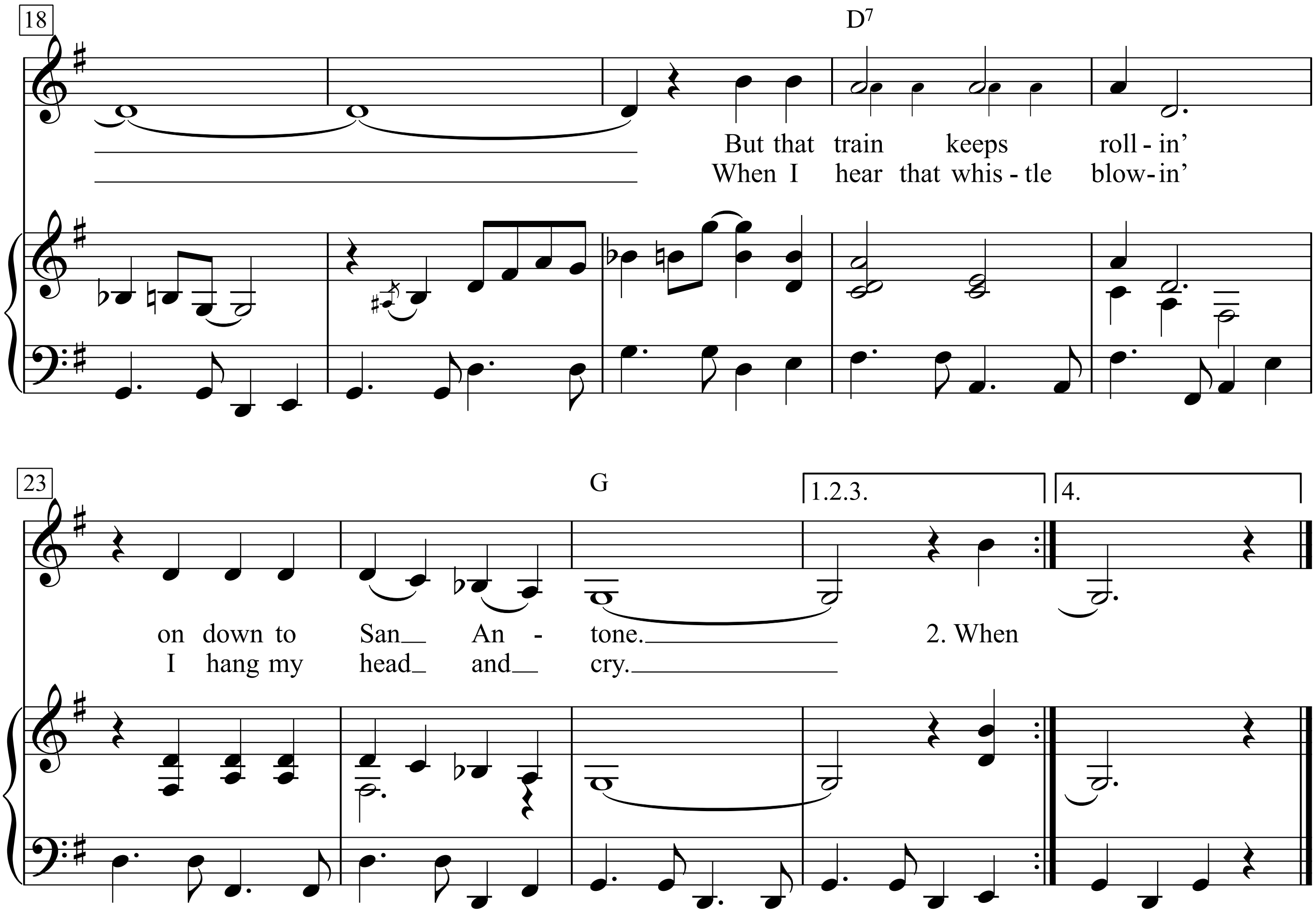

50
G7 C E7 Am7 Dm7
— dar - ling kiss me! Fill my heart with song, and let me
55
G7 Cmaj7 C7 F Bm7 E7
sing for - ev - er - more; you are all I long for, all I wor - ship and a -
60
Am A7 Dm7 G7
1. Am7(♭5)
dore. In oth - er words: please be true!
64
A7 Dm7 G7 C E7
2. Cmaj7
— In oth-er words: I love you!
true!


70
C7
F6
G7
C
Am
Dm7
C
In other words: I love you!

Folsom Prison Blues

Words & Music by John R. Cash
(Johnny Cash)





1. I hear the train acomin'; it's rollin' 'round the bend,
and I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when.
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison and time keeps draggin' on.
But that train keeps rollin' on down to San Antone.

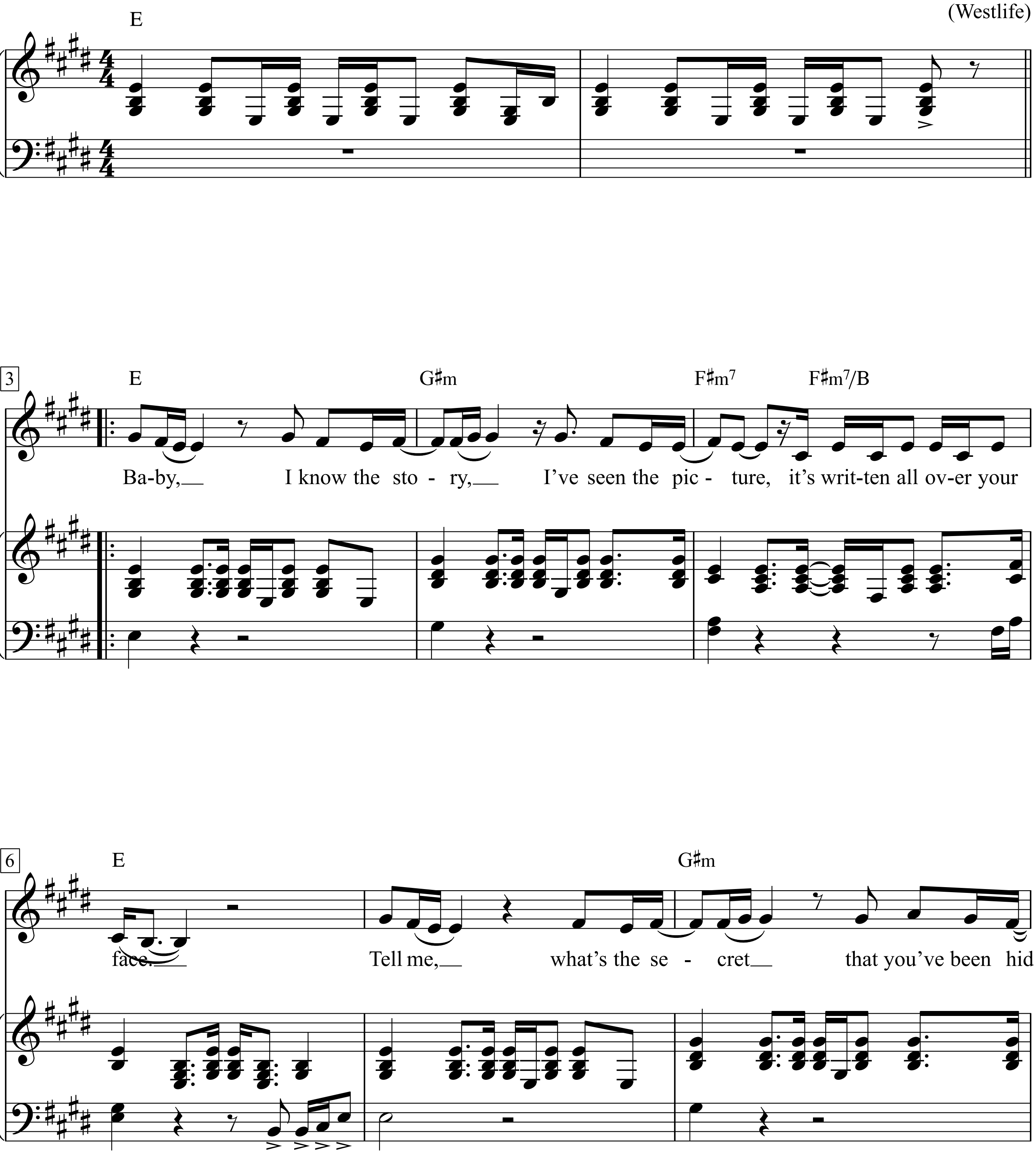
2. When I was just a baby, my mama told me,
"Son, always be a good boy, don't ever play with guns."
But I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die.
When I hear that whistle blowin' I hang my head and cry.

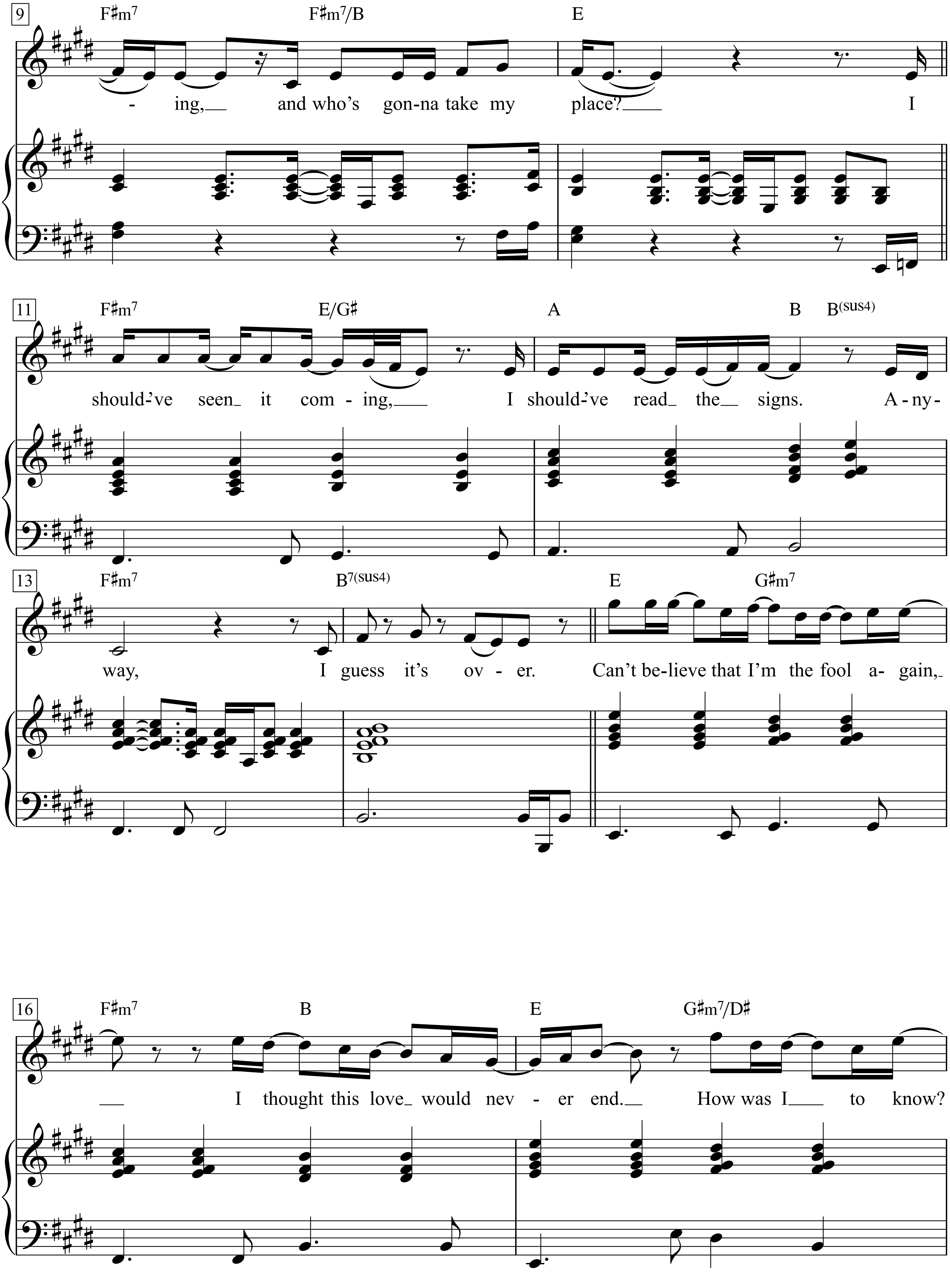
3. I bet there's rich folks eatin' in a fancy dining car.
They're prob'ly drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars.
But I know I had it cornin', I know I can't be free.
But those people keep a-movin', and that's what tortures me.

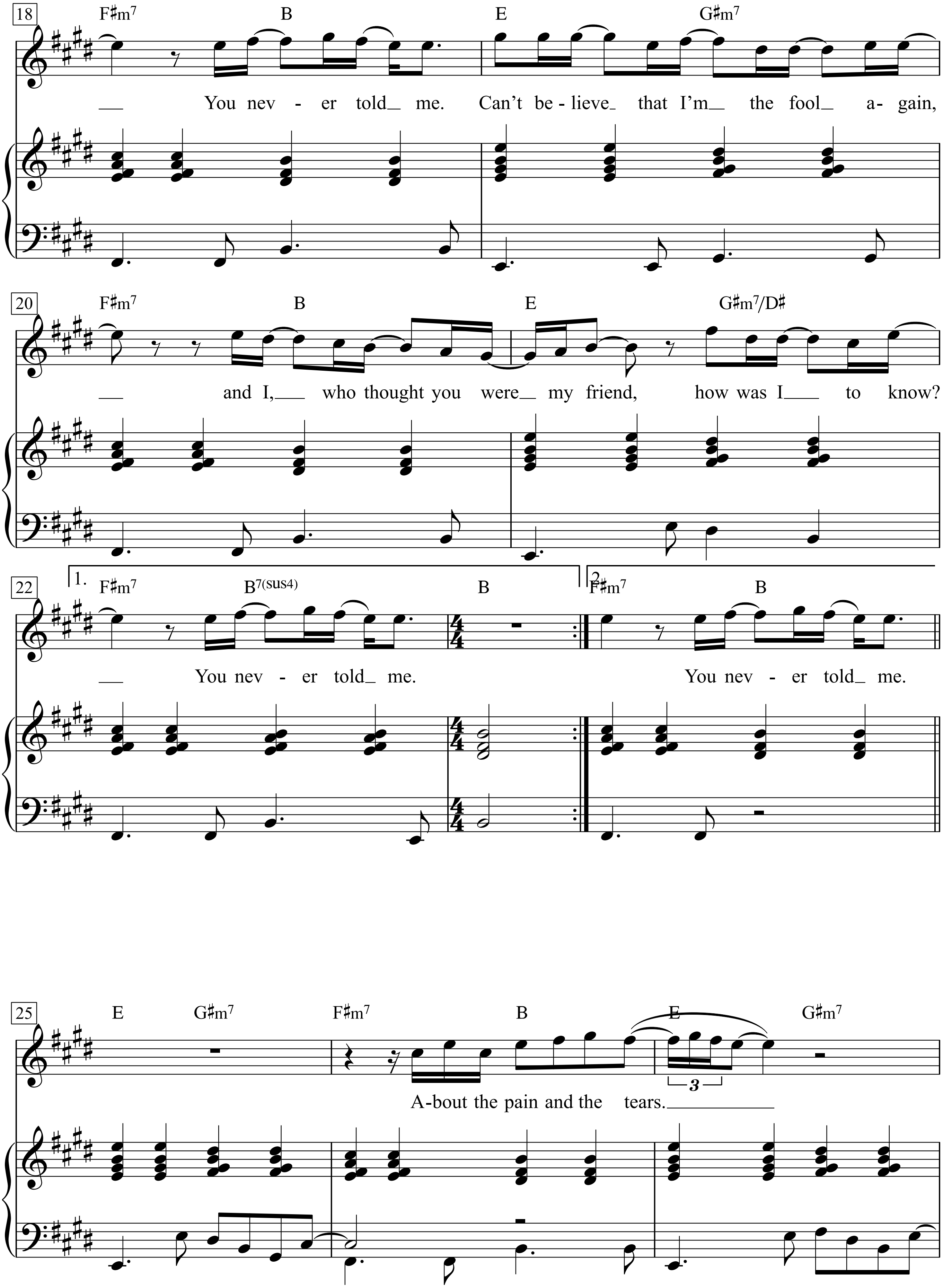
4. Well, if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine,
I bet I'd move on over a little farther down the line,
Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay,
And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away.

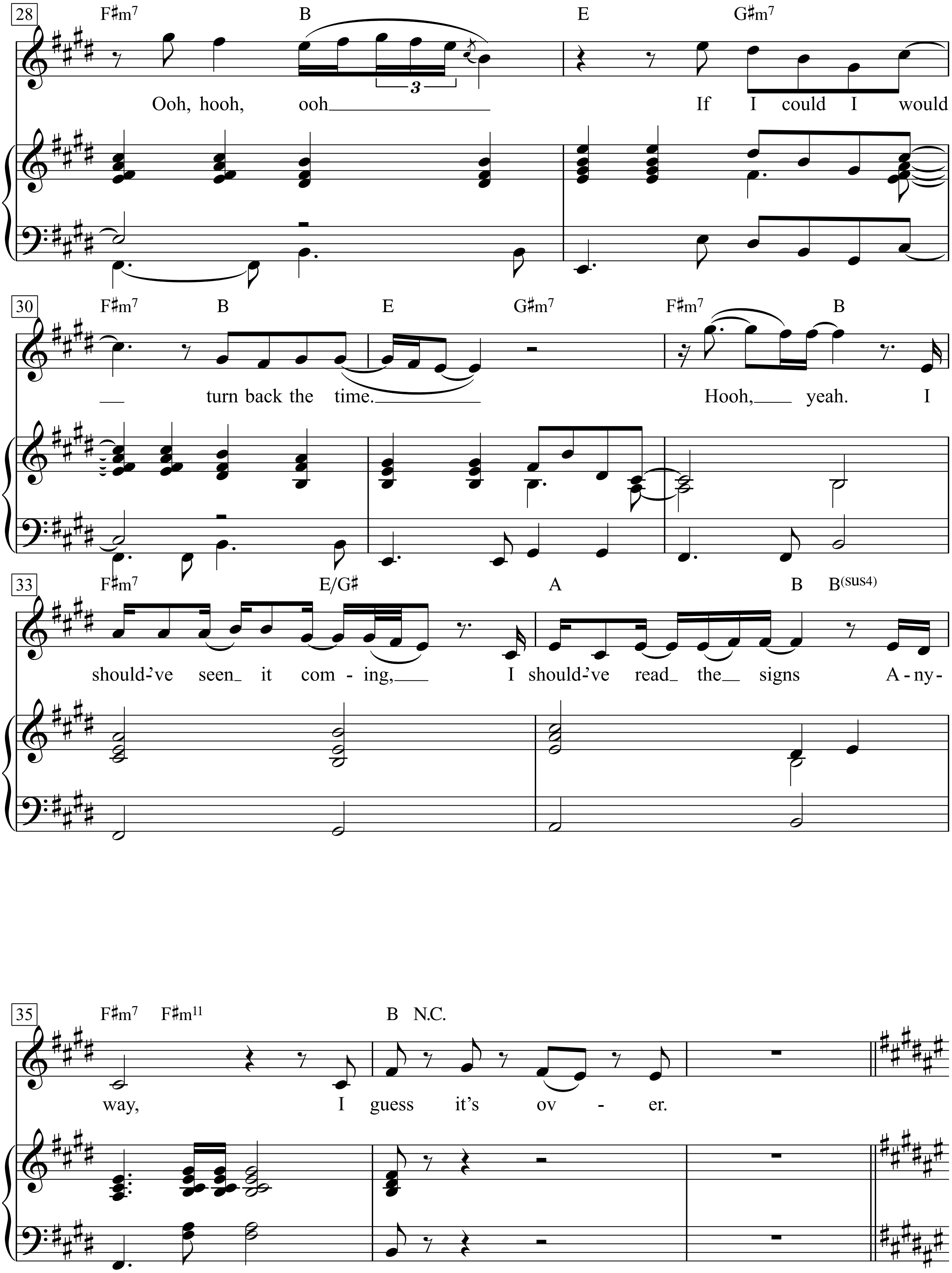
Fool Again

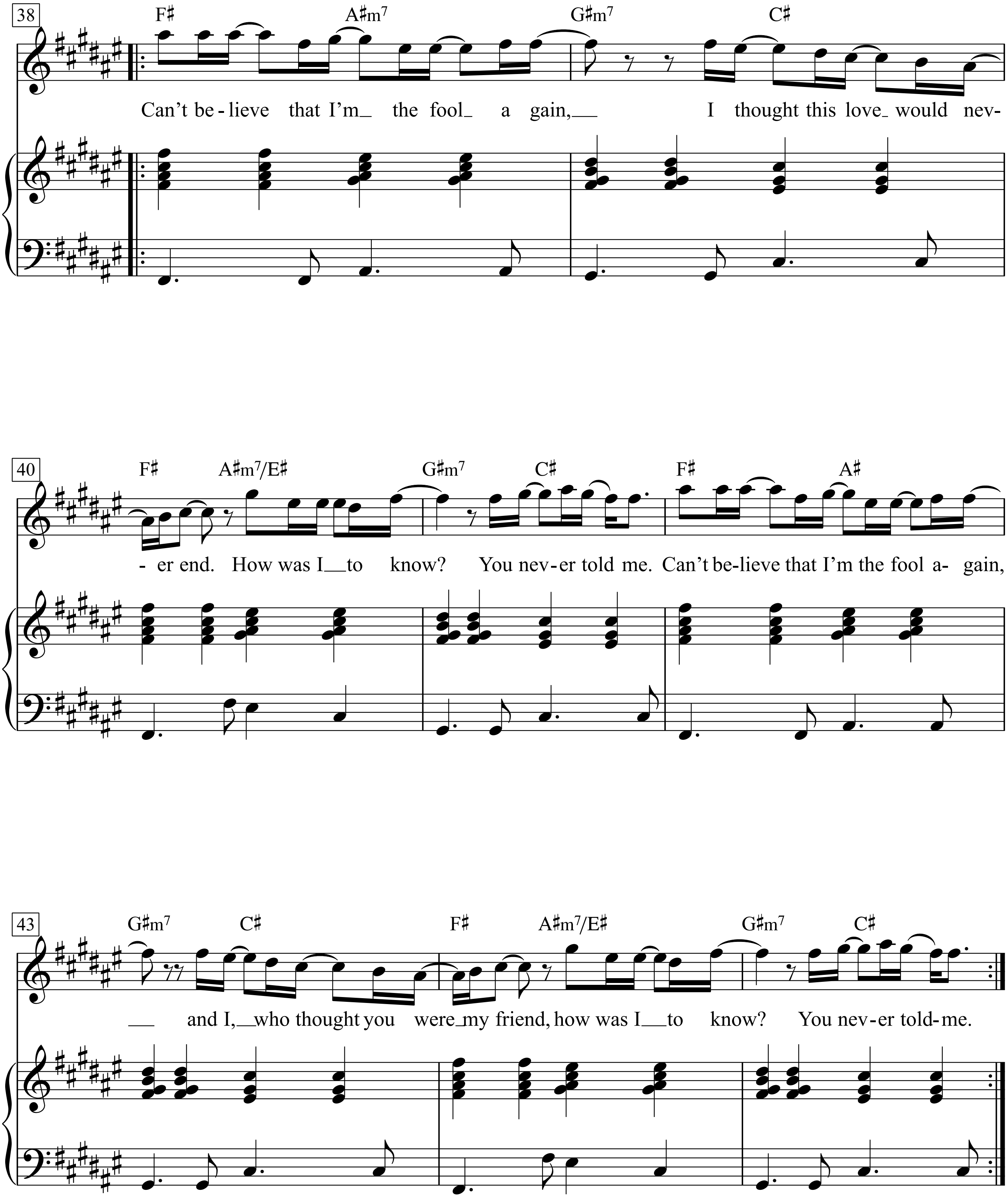
Words & Music by Jörgen Elofsson,
Per Magnusson & David Kreuger
(Westlife)




9
F♯m7 F♯m7/B E
- ing, and who's gon-na take my place? I
11
F♯m7 E/G♯ A B B(sus4)
should-'ve seen it com - ing, I should-'ve read the signs. A - ny-
13
F♯m7 B7(sus4) E G♯m7
way, I guess it's ov - er. Can't be-lieve that I'm the fool a- gain,
16
F♯m7 B E G♯m7/D♯
I thought this love would nev - er end. How was I to know?


18
F♯m7 B E G♯m7
You nev - er told me. Can't be - lieve that I'm the fool a - gain,
20
F♯m7 B E G♯m7/D♯
and I, who thought you were my friend, how was I to know?
22
1. F♯m7 B7(sus4) B
You nev - er told me.
2. F♯m7 B
You nev - er told me.
25
E G♯m7 F♯m7 B E G♯m7
A-bout the pain and the tears.


28
F♯m7 B E G♯m7
Ooh, hooh, ooh If I could I would
30
F♯m7 B E G♯m7 F♯m7 B
turn back the time. Hooh, yeah. I
33
F♯m7 E/G♯ A B B(sus4)
should-'ve seen it com - ing, I should-'ve read the signs A - ny-
35
F♯m7 F♯m11 B N.C.
way, I guess it's ov - er.


38
F♯ A♯m7 G♯m7 C♯
Can't be - lieve that I'm the fool a gain, I thought this love would nev-
40
F♯ A♯m7/E♯ G♯m7 C♯ F♯ A♯
- er end. How was I to know? You nev - er told me. Can't be-lieve that I'm the fool a- gain,
43
G♯m7 C♯ F♯ A♯m7/E♯ G♯m7 C♯
and I, who thought you were my friend, how was I to know? You nev - er told-me.

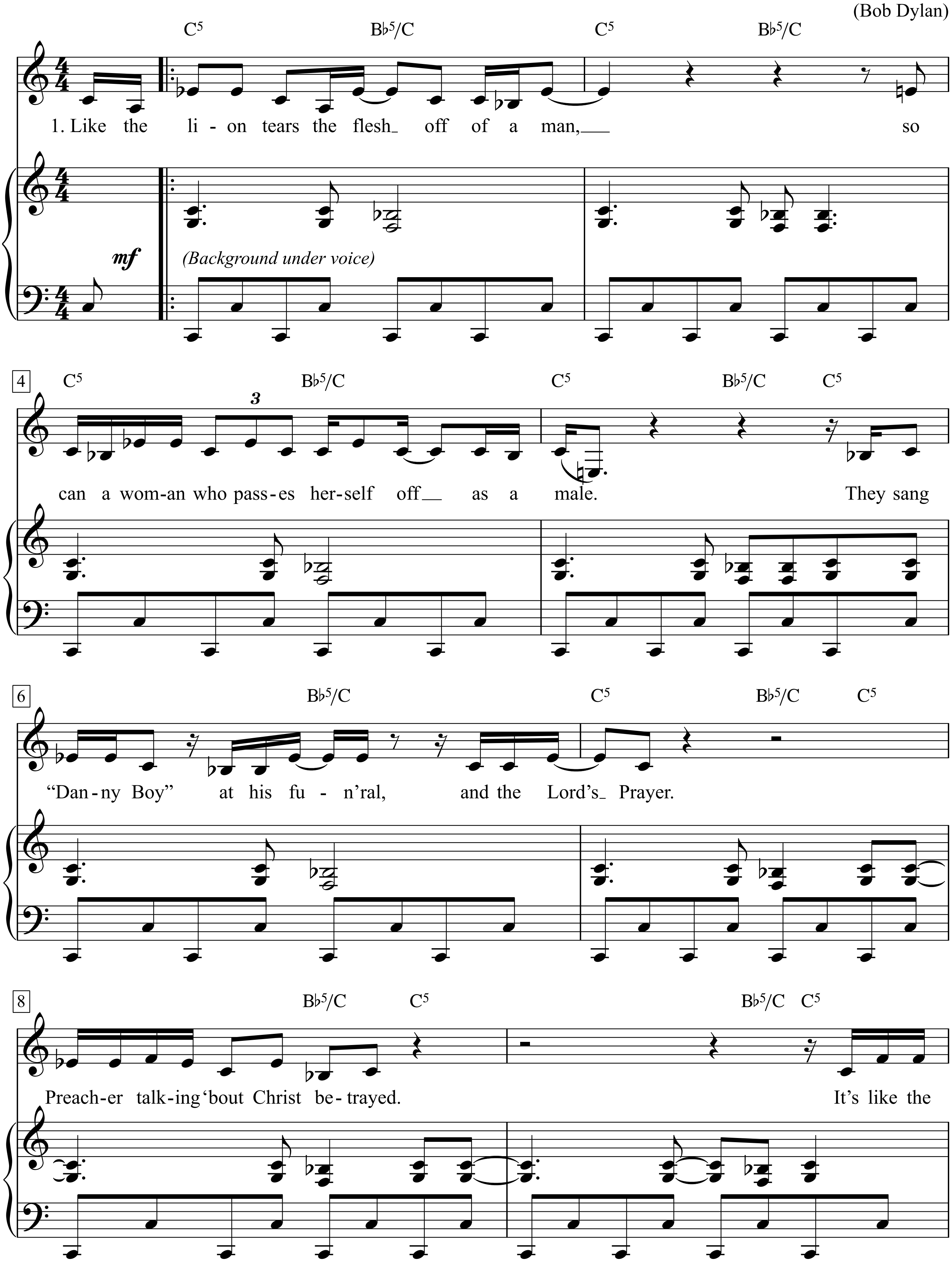
Verse 2:
Baby, you should've called me
When you were lonely
When you needed me to be there
Sadly, you never gave me
Too many chances
To show you how much I care.

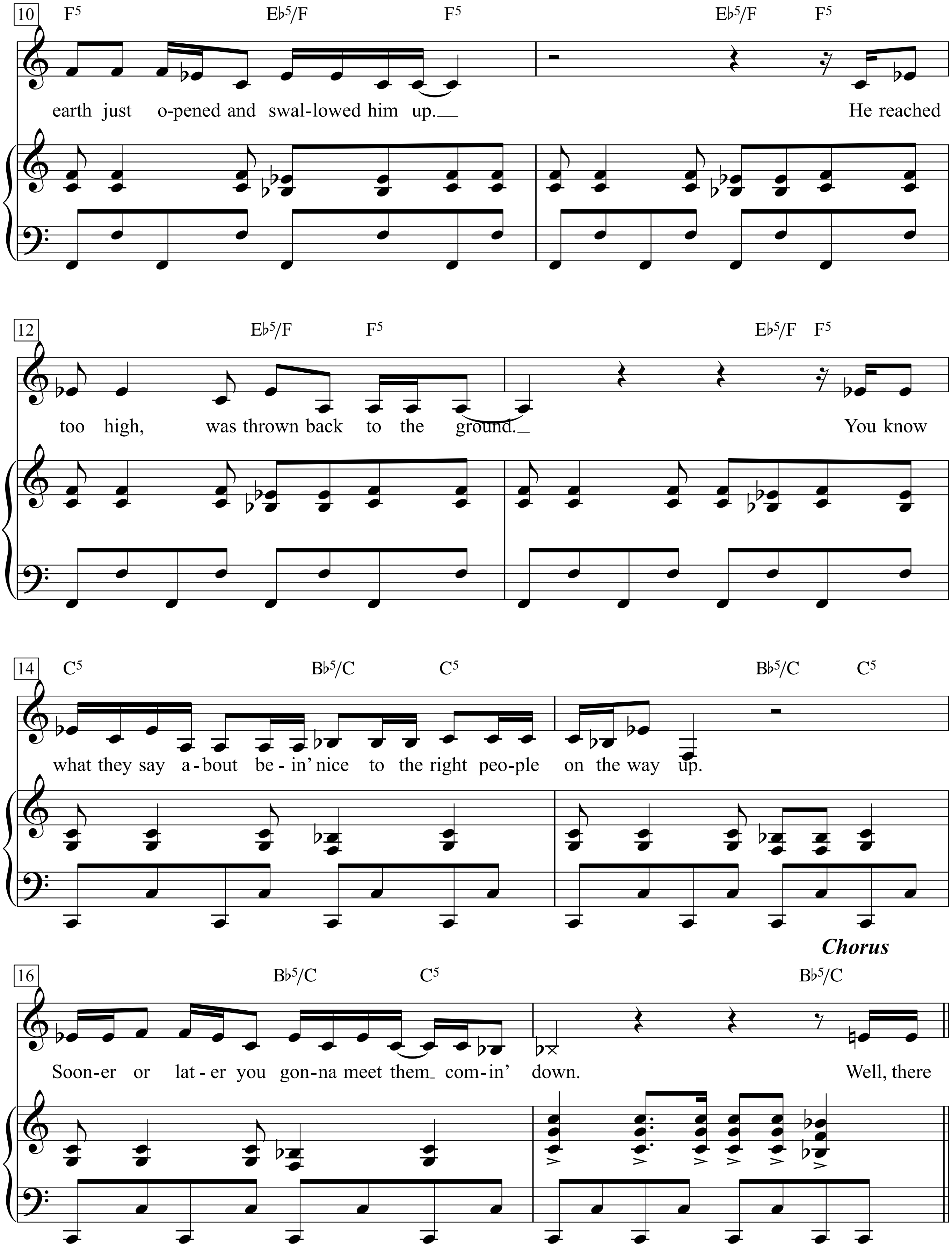
I should've seen it coming ***etc.***

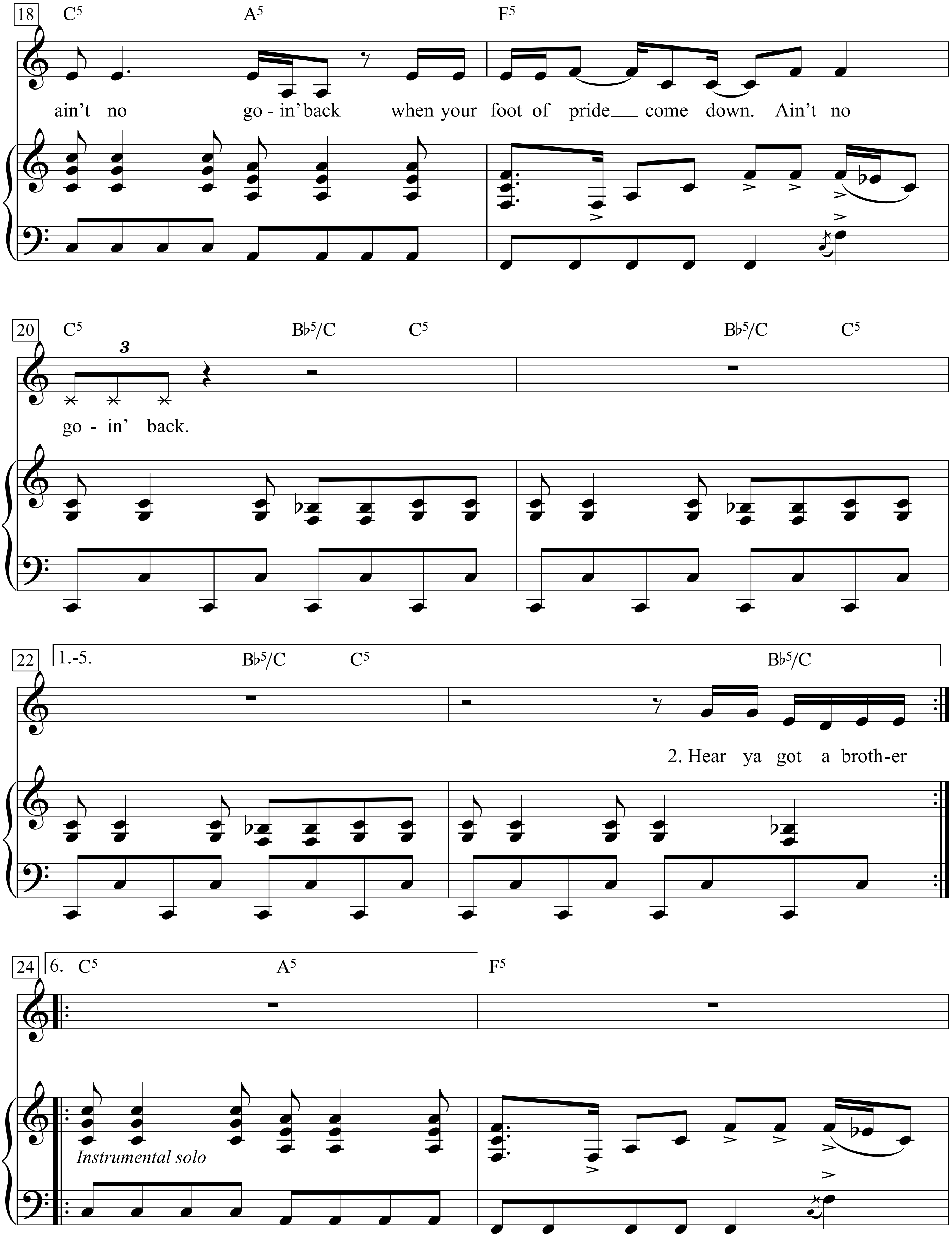
Foot Of Pride

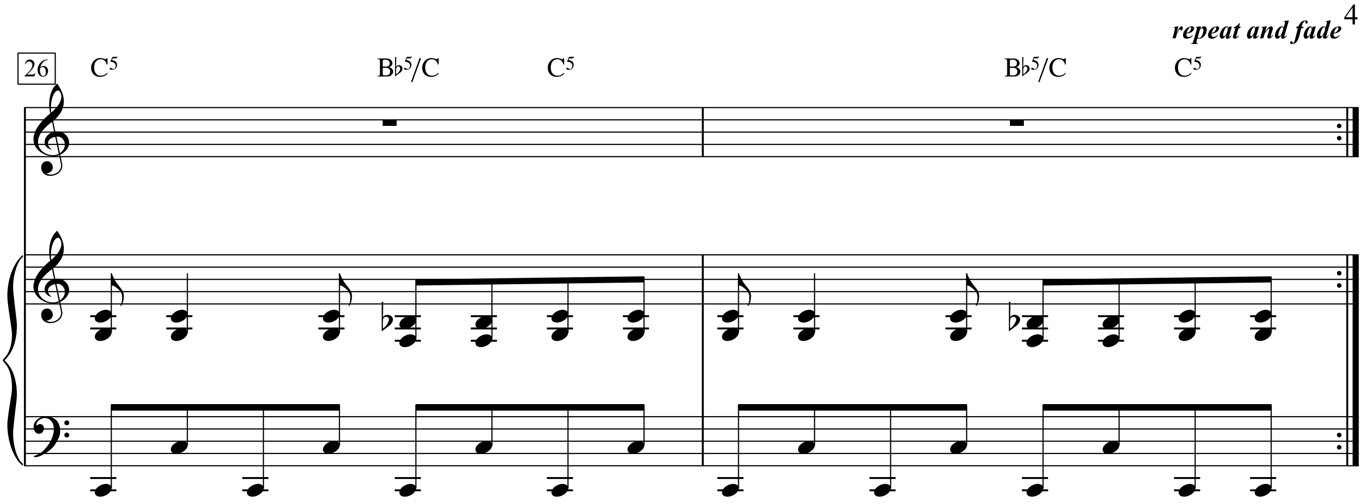
Moderate beat, quasi recitative

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




10
F5 Eb5/F F5 Eb5/F F5
earth just o-pened and swal-lowed him up.
He reached
12
Eb5/F F5 Eb5/F F5
too high, was thrown back to the ground.
You know
14
C5 Bb5/C C5 Bb5/C C5
what they say a-bout be-in' nice to the right peo-ple on the way up.
Chorus
16
Bb5/C C5 Bb5/C
Soon-er or lat-er you gon-na meet them com-in' down.
Well, there


18
C5
A5
F5
ain't no go - in' back when your foot of pride___ come down. Ain't no
20
C5
Bb5/C
C5
Bb5/C
C5
3
go - in' back.
22
1.-5.
Bb5/C
C5
Bb5/C
2. Hear ya got a broth-er
24
6. C5
A5
F5
Instrumental solo



1. Like the lion tears the flesh off of a man,
So can a woman who passes herself off as a male.
They sang “Danny Boy” at his fun’ral, and the Lord’s Prayer.
Preacher talking ‘bout Christ betrayed.
It’s like the earth just opened and swallowed him up.
He reached too high, was thrown back to the ground.
You know what they say about bein’ nice to the right people on the way up.
Sooner or later you gonna meet them comin’ down.

Chorus:
Well, there ain’t no goin’ back
When your foot of pride come down.
Ain’t no goin’ back.

2. Hear ya got a brother named James, don’t forget faces or names.
Sunken cheeks and his blood is mixed,
He looked straight into the sun and said, “revenge is mine.”
But he drinks, and drinks can be fixed.
Sing me one more song, about ya love me to the moon and the stranger,
And your fall by the sword love affair with Eroll Flynn.
In these times of compassion when conformity’s in fashion,
Say one more stupid thing to me before the final nail is driven in.

Chorus:

3. There’s a retired businessman named Red,
Cast down from heaven and he’s out of his head.
He feeds off of everyone that he can touch,
He said he only deals in cash or sells tickets to a plane crash.
He’s not somebody that you play around with much.
Miss Delilah is his, a philistine is what she is.
She’ll do wondrous works with your fate,
Feed you coconut bread, spice buns in your bed,
If you don’t mind sleepin’ with your head face down in a grave.

Chorus:

4. Well, they'll choose a man for you to meet tonight.
You'll play the fool and learn how to walk through doors,
How to enter into the gates of paradise.
No, how to carry a burden too heavy to be yours.
Yeah, from the stage they'll be tryin' to get water outta rocks.
A whore will pass the hat, collect a hundred grand and say, "thanks."
They like to take all this money from sin, build big universities to study in,
Sing "Amazing Grace" all the way to the Swiss banks.

Chorus:

5. They got some beautiful people out there, man.
They can be a terror to your mind and show you how to hold your tongue.
They got mystery written all over their forehead.
They kill babies in the crib and say only the good die young.
They don't believe in mercy.
Judgment on them is something that you'll never see.
They can exalt you up or bring you down main route,
Turn you into anything that they want you to be.

Chorus:

6. Yes, I guess I loved him too,
I can still see him in my mind climbin' that hill.
Did he make it to the top? Well, he probably did and dropped,
Struck down by the strength of the will.
Ain't nothin' left here, partner, just the dust of a plague
that has left this whole town afraid.
From now on, this'll be where you're from.
Let the dead bury the dead. Your time will come.
Let hot iron blow as he raised the shade.

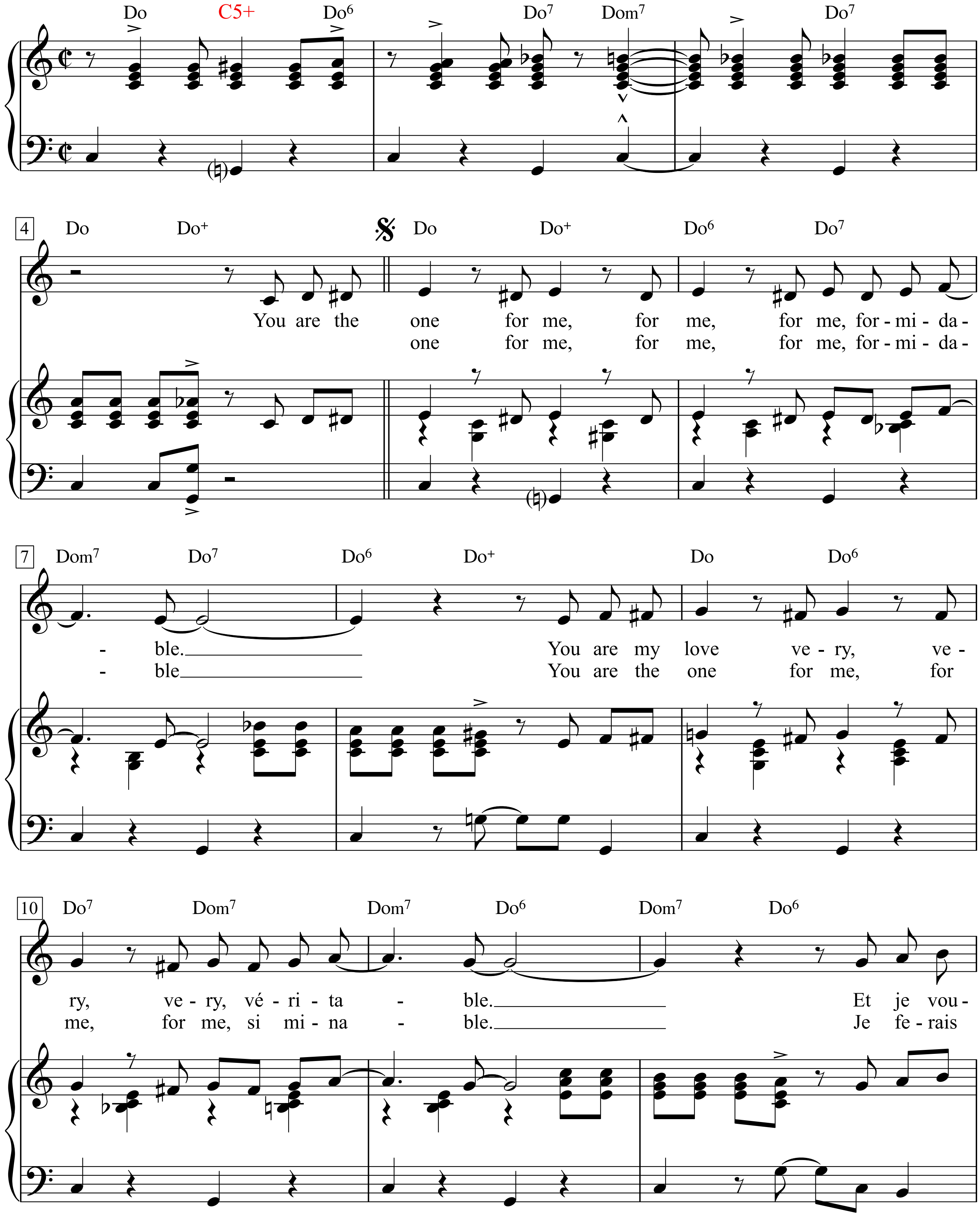
Chorus to instrumental fade

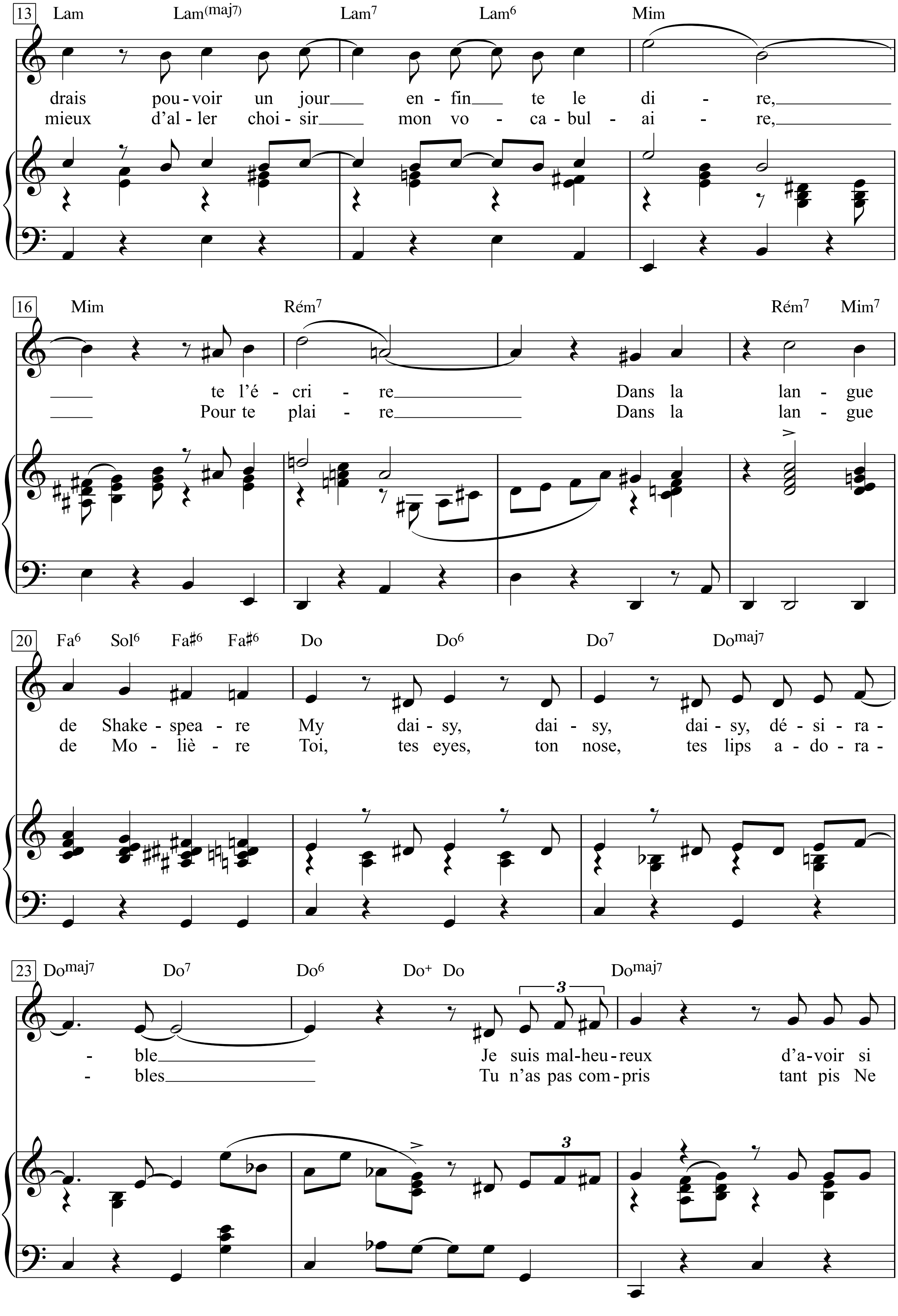
For Me, Formidable

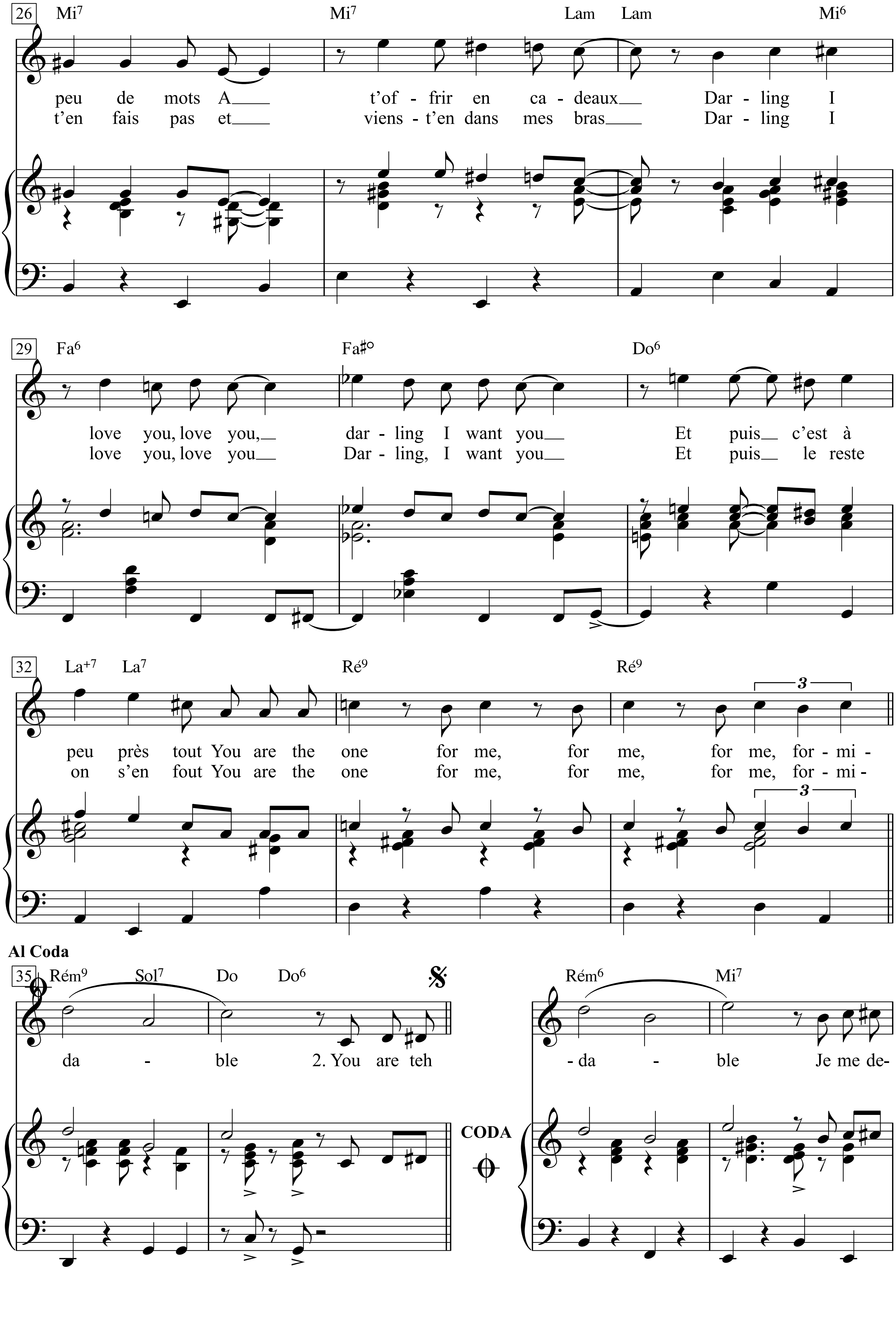
Paroles de Jacques Plante

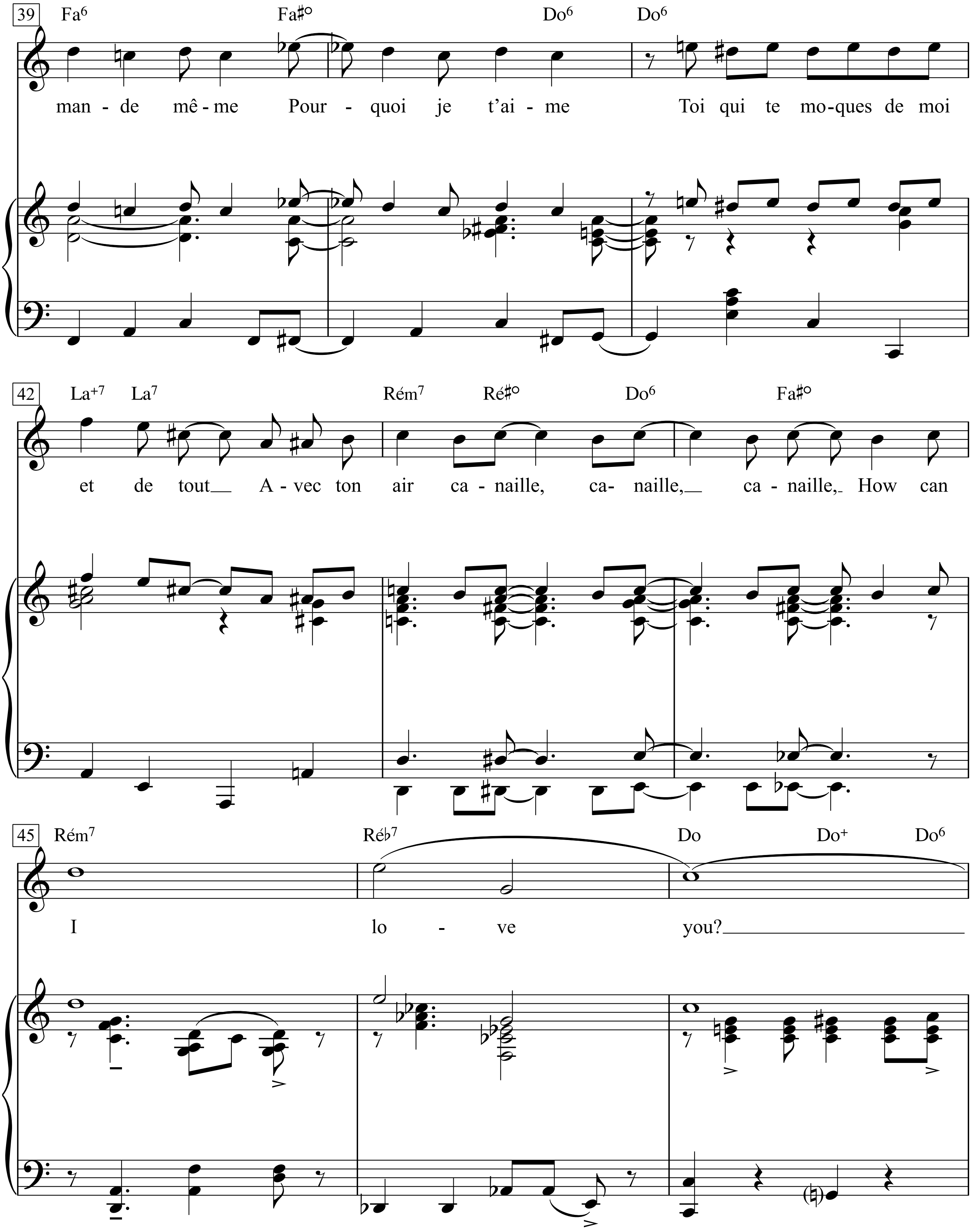
Musiques de Charles Aznavour
(Charles Aznavour)

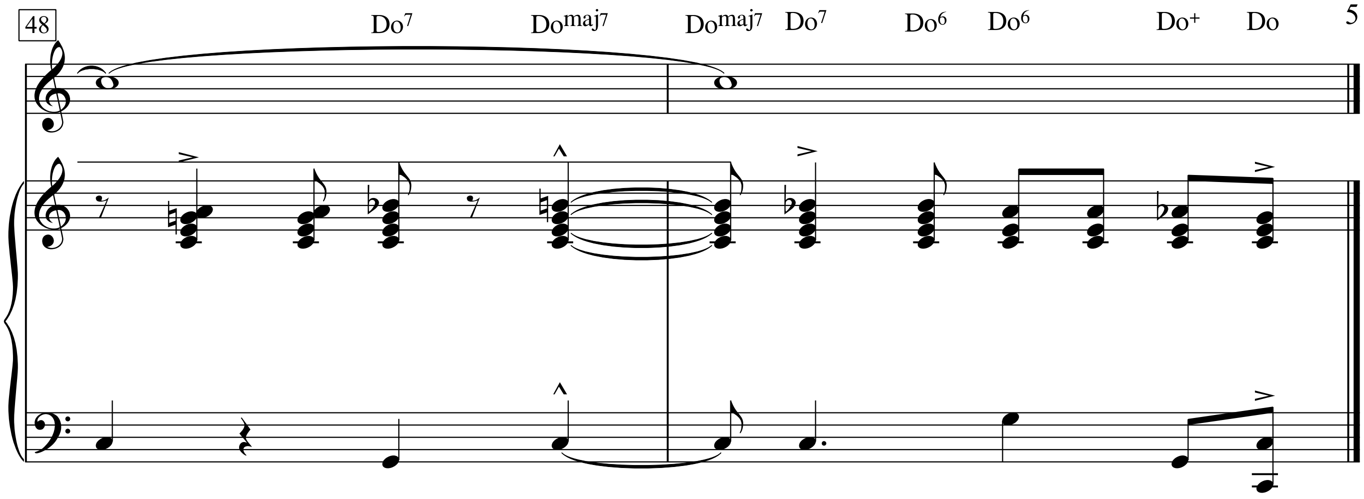
Medium T°




13 Lam Lam(maj7) Lam7 Lam6 Mim
drais pou-voir un jour en-fin te le di - re,
mieux d'al-ler choi-sir mon vo - ca-bul - ai - re,
16 Mim Rém7 Rém7 Mim7
te l'é - cri - re Dans la lan - gue
Pour te plai - re Dans la lan - gue
20 Fa6 Sol6 Fa♯6 Fa♯6 Do Do6 Do7 Domaj7
de Shake-spea - re My dai - sy, dai - sy, dai - sy, dé - si - ra -
de Mo - liè - re Toi, tes eyes, ton nose, tes lips a - do - ra -
23 Domaj7 Do7 Do6 Do+ Do Domaj7
- ble Je suis mal-heu-reux d'a-voir si
- bles Tu n'as pas com-pris tant pis Ne

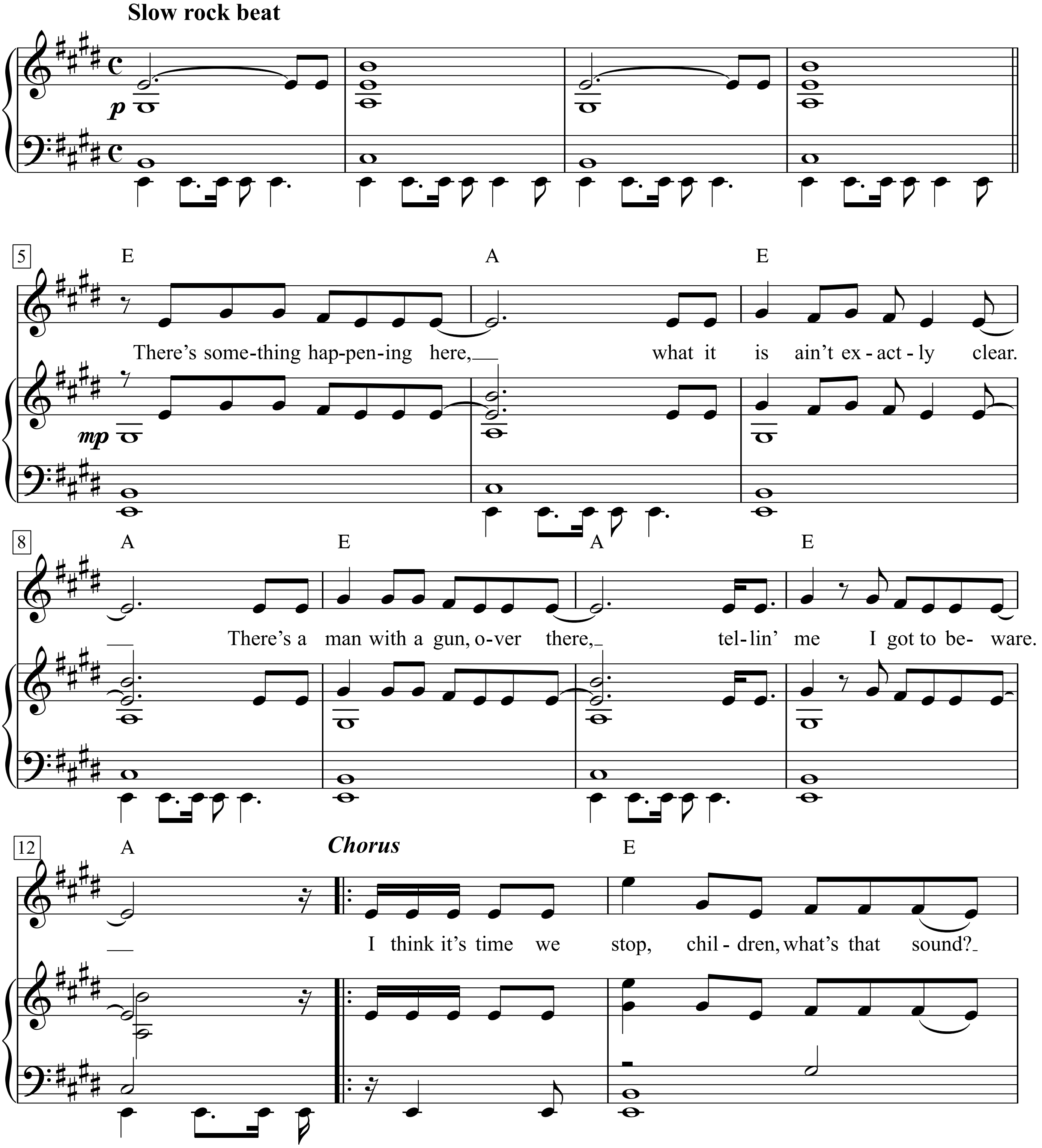

26
Mi7 Mi7 Lam Lam Mi6
peu de mots A___ t'of - frir en ca - deaux___ Dar - ling I
t'en fais pas et___ viens - t'en dans mes bras___ Dar - ling I
29
Fa6 Fa♯o Do6
love you, love you,__ dar - ling I want you__ Et puis__ c'est à
love you, love you__ Dar - ling, I want you__ Et puis__ le reste
32
La+7 La7 Ré9 Ré9
3
peu près tout You are the one for me, for me, for me, for - mi -
on s'en fout You are the one for me, for me, for me, for - mi -
Al Coda
35
Rém9 Sol7 Do Do6
da - ble 2. You are teh
CODA
Rém6 Mi7
- da - ble Je me de-

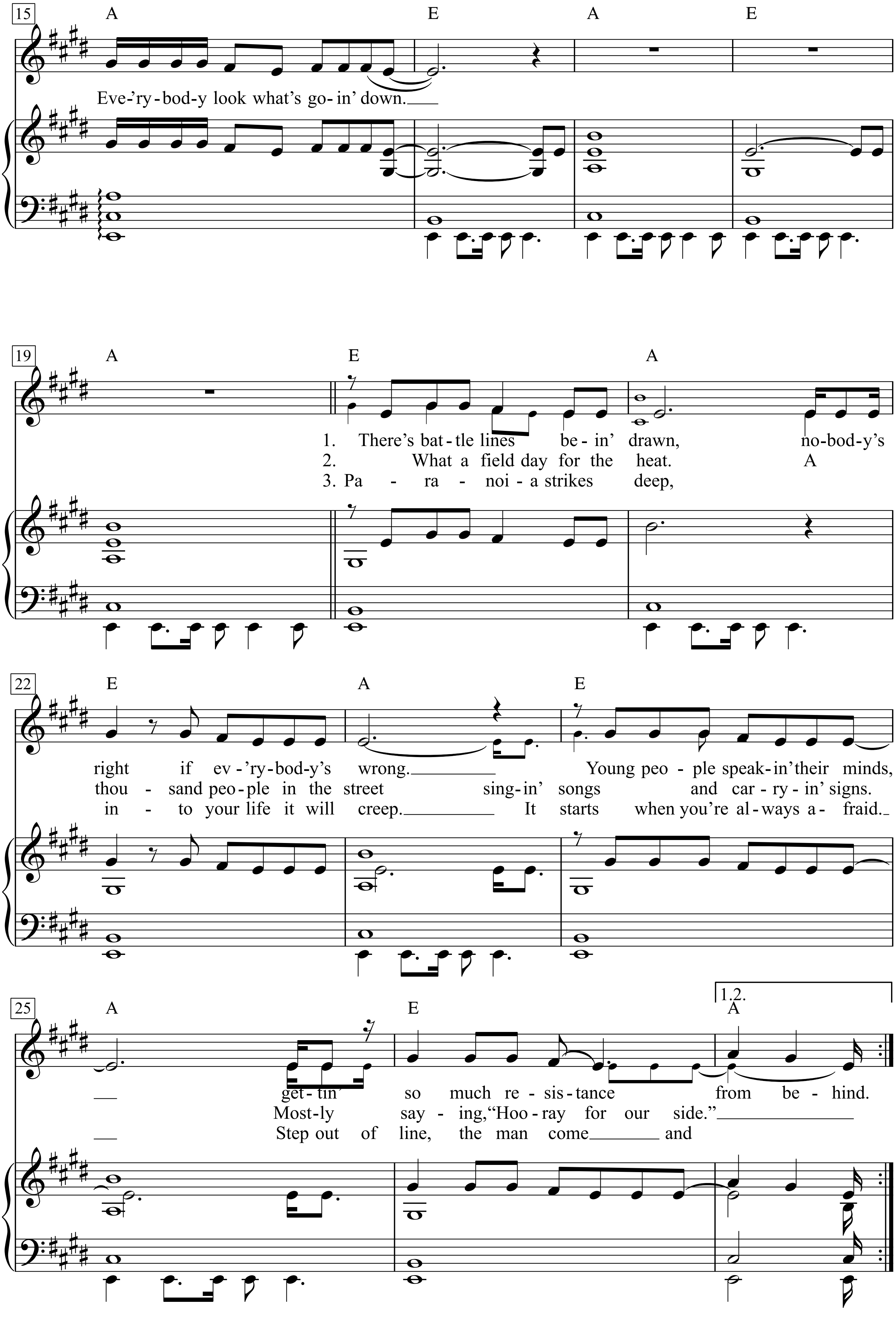

39
Fa6
Fa♯o
Do6
Do6
man - de mê - me Pour - quoi je t'ai - me Toi qui te mo-ques de moi
42
La+7
La7
Rém7
Ré♯o
Do6
Fa♯o
et de tout A - vec ton air ca - naille, ca- naille, ca - naille, How can
45
Rém7
Réb7
Do
Do+
Do6
I lo - ve you?

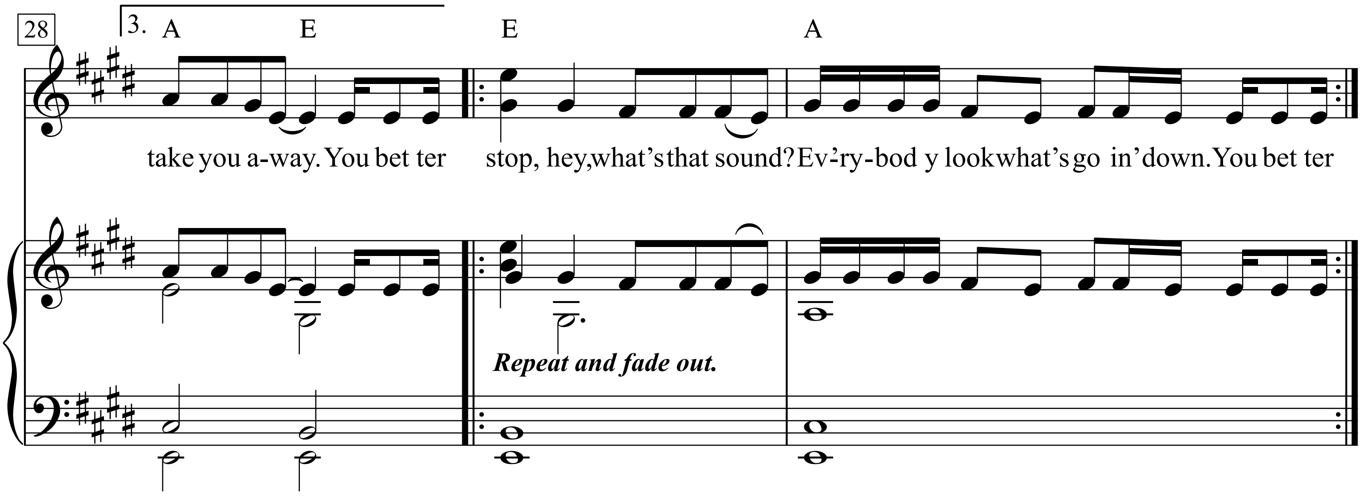

48
Do7
Domaj7
Domaj7
Do7
Do6
Do6
Do+
Do

For What It's Worth

Words & Music by Stephen Stills
(Buffalo Springfield)




15
A E A E
Eve-'ry-bod-y look what's go-in' down.
19
A E A
1. There's bat-tle lines be-in' drawn, no-bod-y's
2. What a field day for the heat. A
3. Pa - ra - noi - a strikes deep,
22
E A E
right if ev-'ry-bod-y's wrong. Young peo-ple speak-in' their minds,
thou - sand peo-ple in the street sing-in' songs and car-ry-in' signs.
in - to your life it will creep. It starts when you're al-ways a- fraid.
25
A E A
1.2.
get-tin' so much re-sis-tance from be-hind.
Most-ly say-ing, "Hoo-ray for our side."
Step out of line, the man come and


28
3.
A E E A
take you a-way. You bet ter stop, hey, what's that sound? Ev'-ry-bod y look what's go in' down. You bet ter
Repeat and fade out.

1.
There’s something happening here, what it is ain’t exactly clear.
There’s a man with a gun, over there, tellin’ me I got to beware.
I think it’s time we stop, children, what’s that sound?
Eve’rybody look what’s goin’ down.
There’s battle lines bein’ drawn, nobody’s right if ev’rybody’s wrong.
Young people speakin’ their minds, gettin’ so much resistance from behind. take you away.
You better stop, hey, what’s that sound?
Ev’rybody look what’s goin’ down.
You better

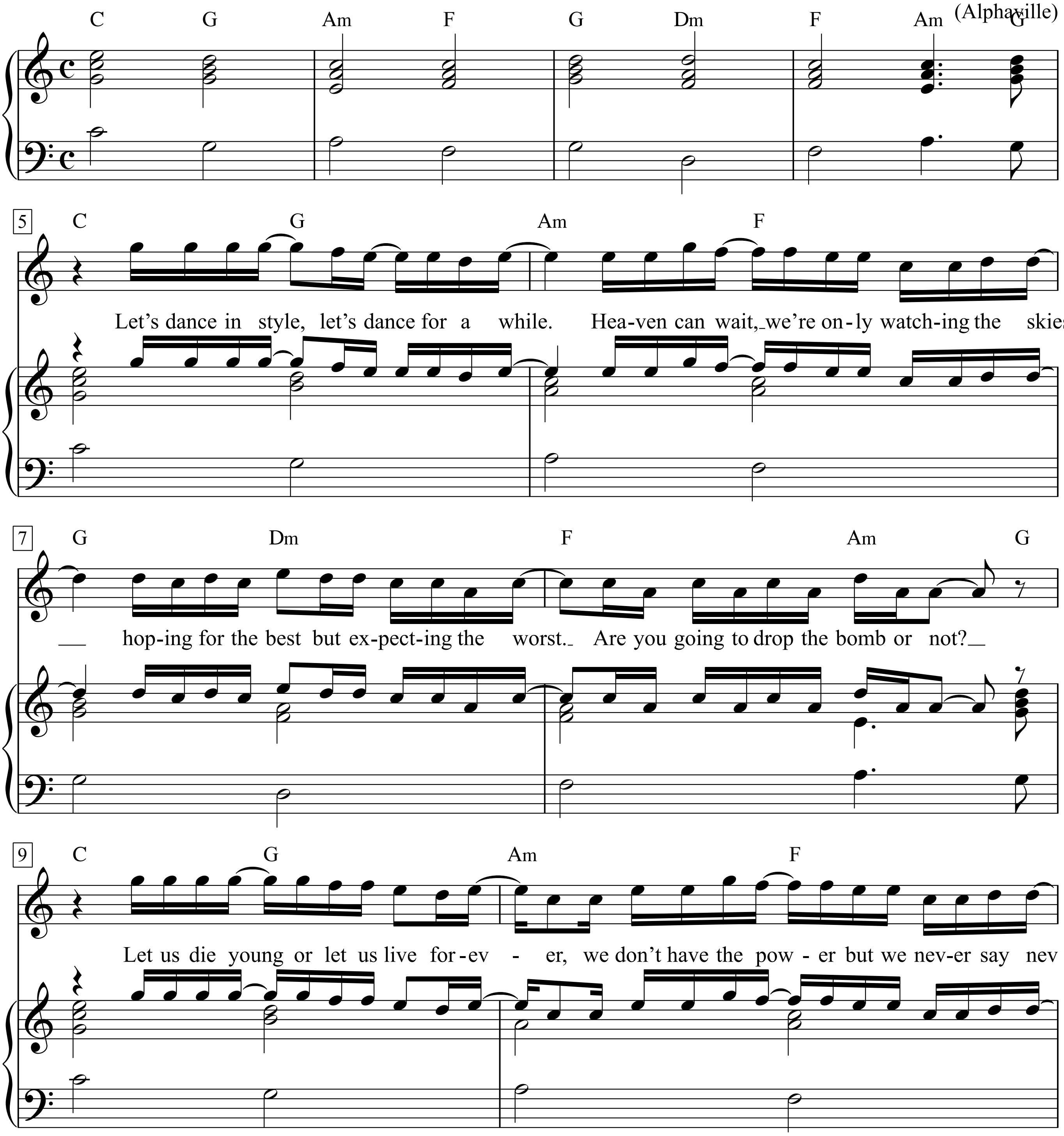
2.
What a field day for the heat.
A thousand people in the street singin’ songs and carryin’ signs.
Mostly saying, “Hooray for our side.”

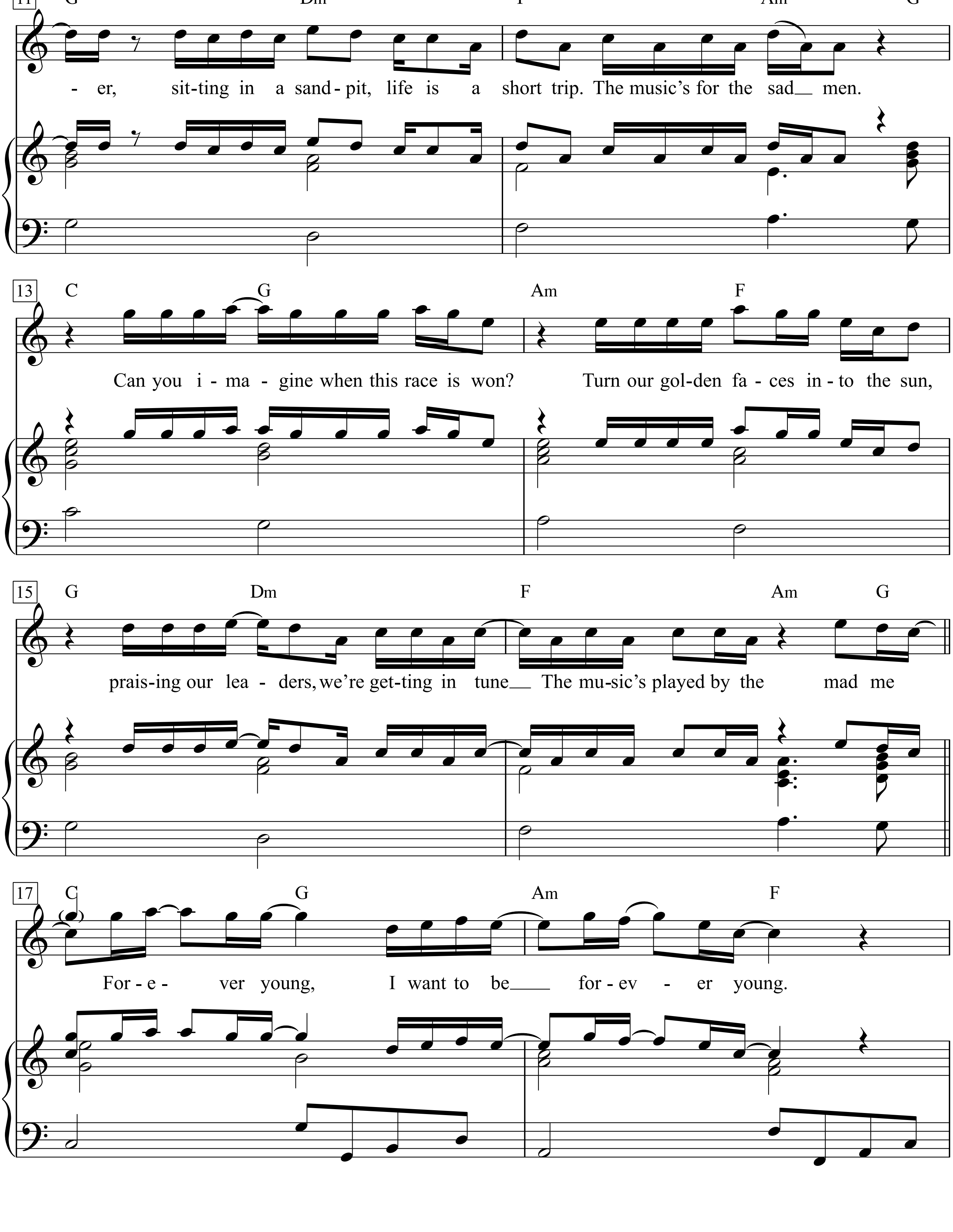
3.
Paranoia strikes deep, into your life it will creep.
It starts when you’re always afraid.
Step out of line, the man come and

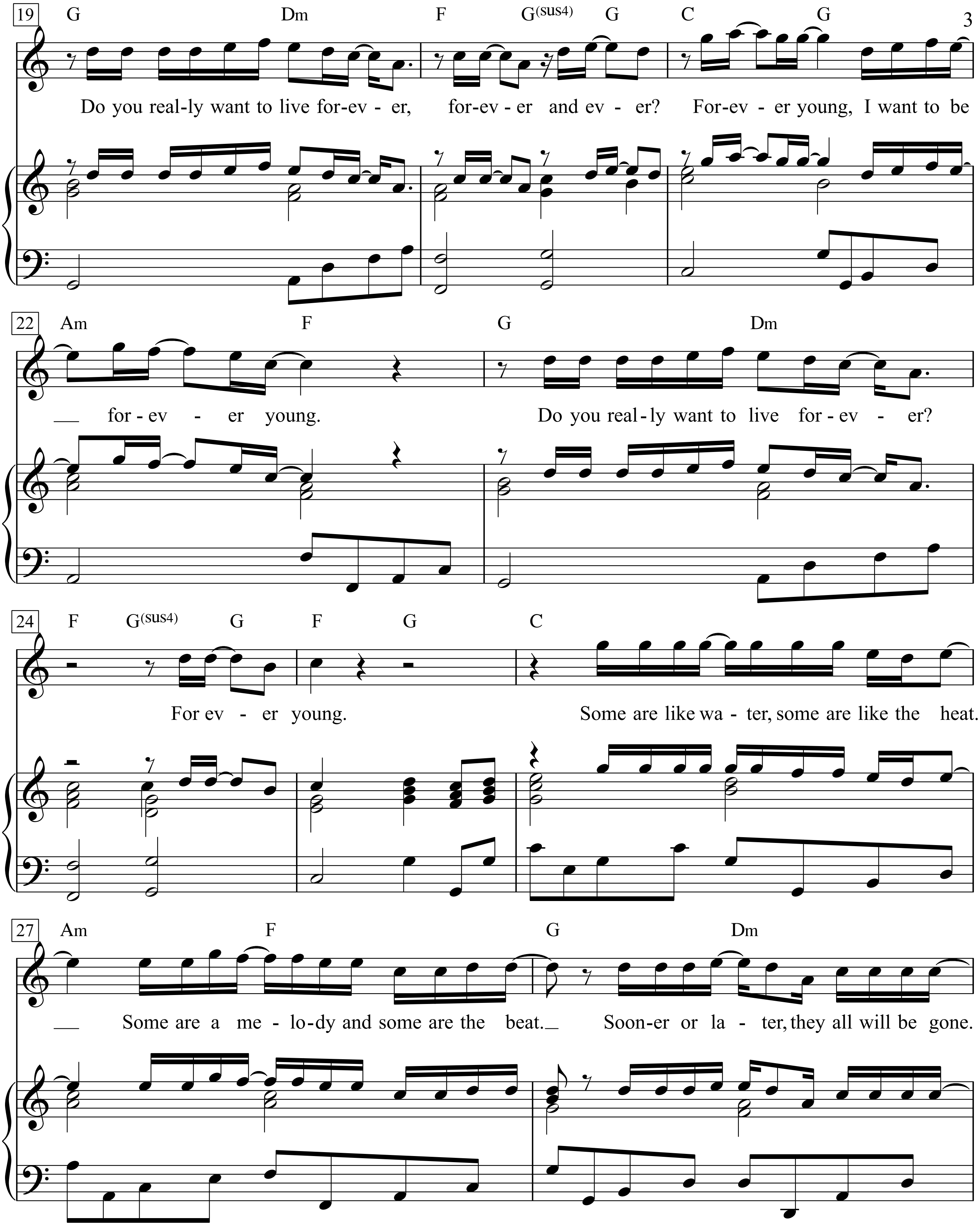
Forever Young

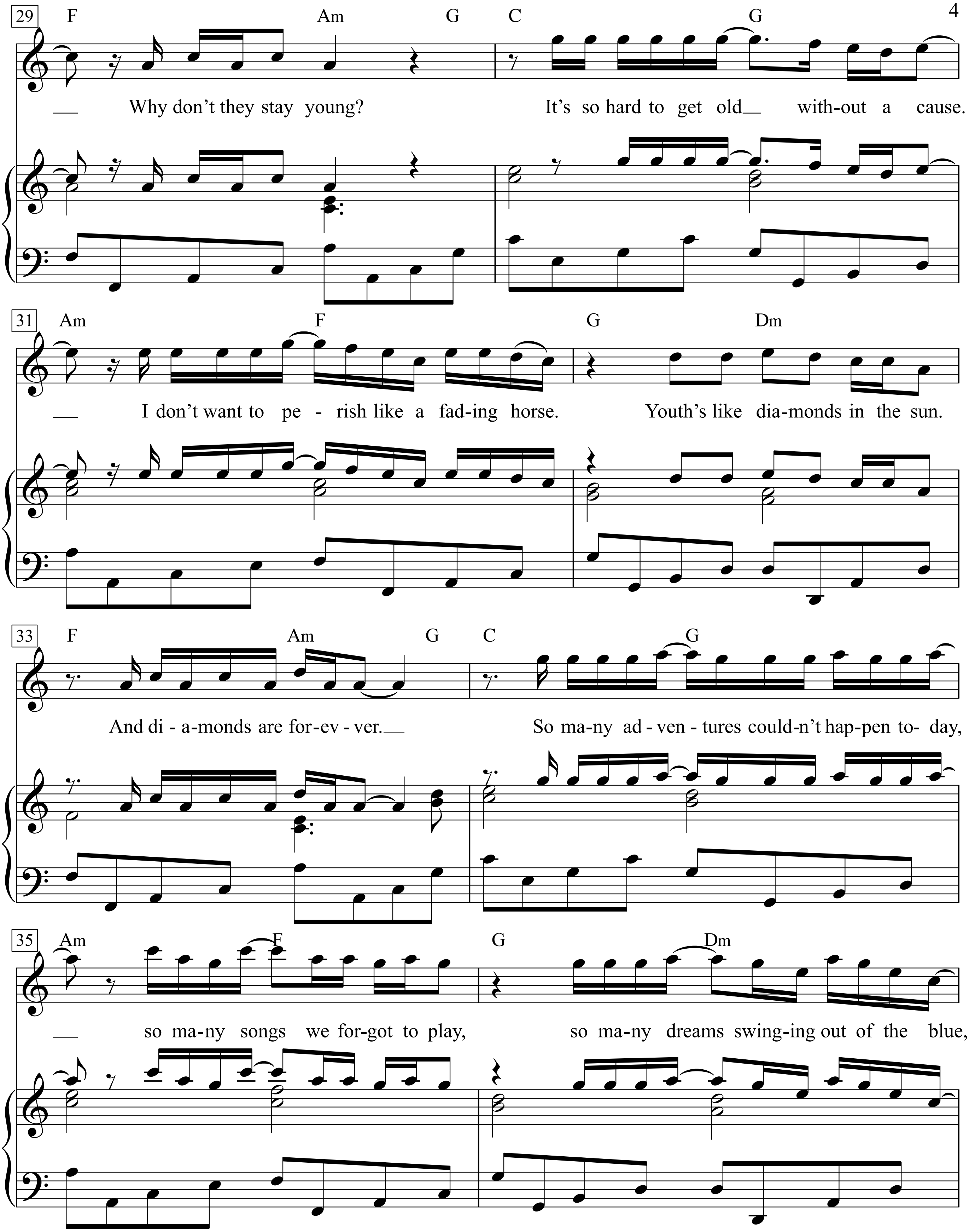
Words by
Marian Gold

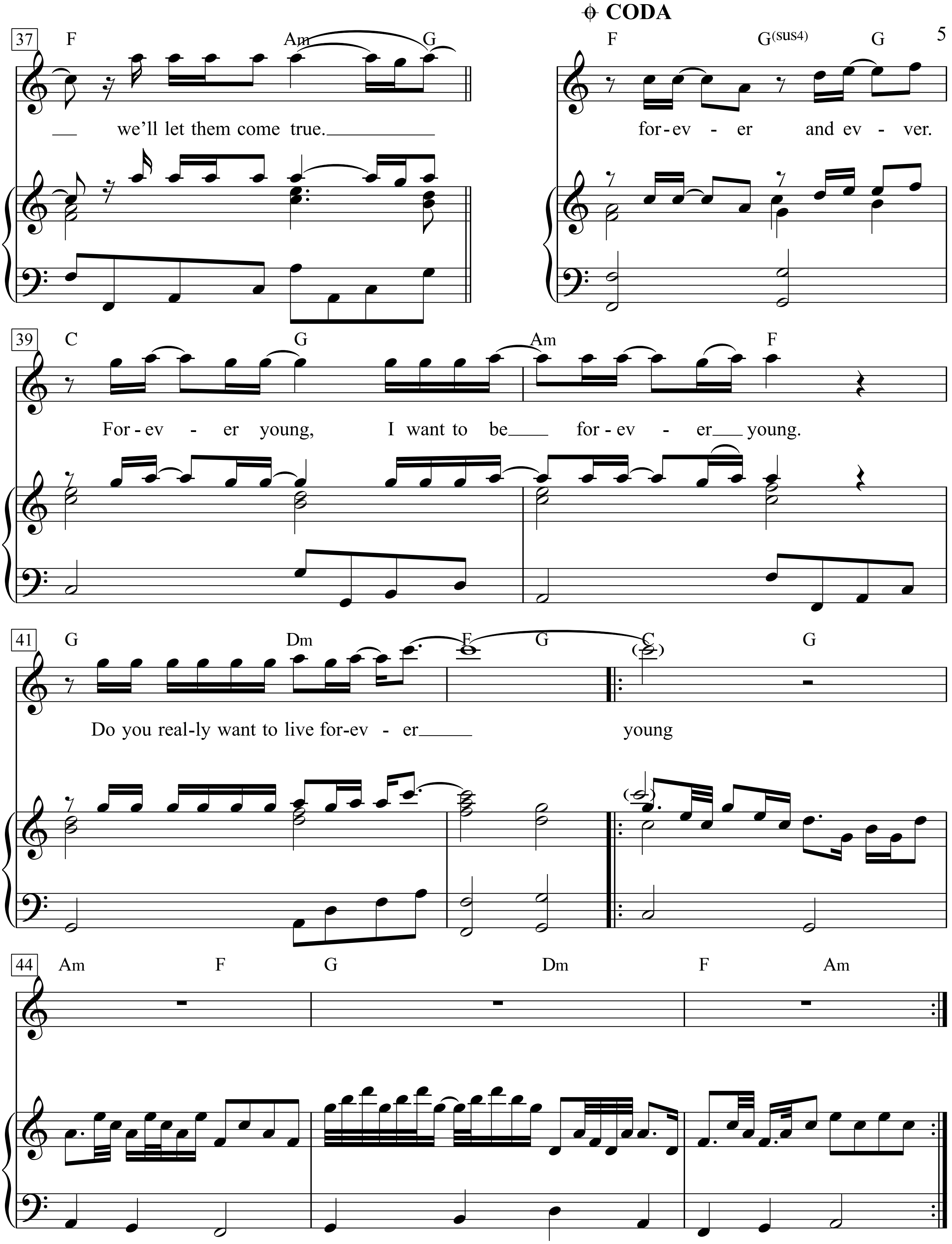
Music by
Frank Mertens and Bernhard Lloyd
(Alphaville)




11
G Dm F Am G
- er, sit-ting in a sand - pit, life is a short trip. The music's for the sad men.
13
C G Am F
Can you i - ma - gine when this race is won? Turn our gol-den fa - ces in - to the sun,
15
G Dm F Am G
prais-ing our lea - ders, we're get-ting in tune The mu-sic's played by the mad me
17
C G Am F
For - e - ver young, I want to be for - ev - er young.


19
G Dm F G(sus4) G C G
Do you real-ly want to live for-ev - er, for-ev - er and ev - er? For-ev - er young, I want to be
22
Am F G Dm
— for - ev - er young. Do you real - ly want to live for - ev - er?
24
F G(sus4) G F G C
For ev - er young. Some are like wa - ter, some are like the heat.
27
Am F G Dm
— Some are a me - lo-dy and some are the beat.— Soon-er or la - ter, they all will be gone.

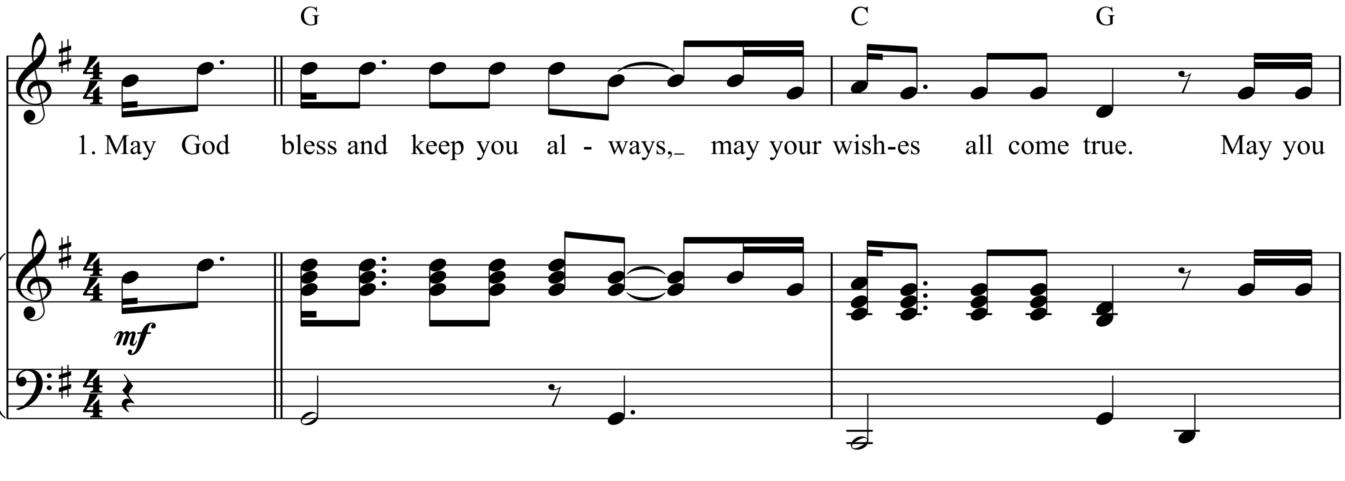

29
F Am G C G
Why don't they stay young? It's so hard to get old without a cause.
31
Am F G Dm
I don't want to pe - rish like a fad-ing horse. Youth's like dia-monds in the sun.
33
F Am G C G
And di - a-monds are for-ev - ver. So ma-ny ad - ven - tures could-n't hap-pen to- day,
35
Am F G Dm
so ma-ny songs we for-got to play, so ma-ny dreams swing-ing out of the blue,

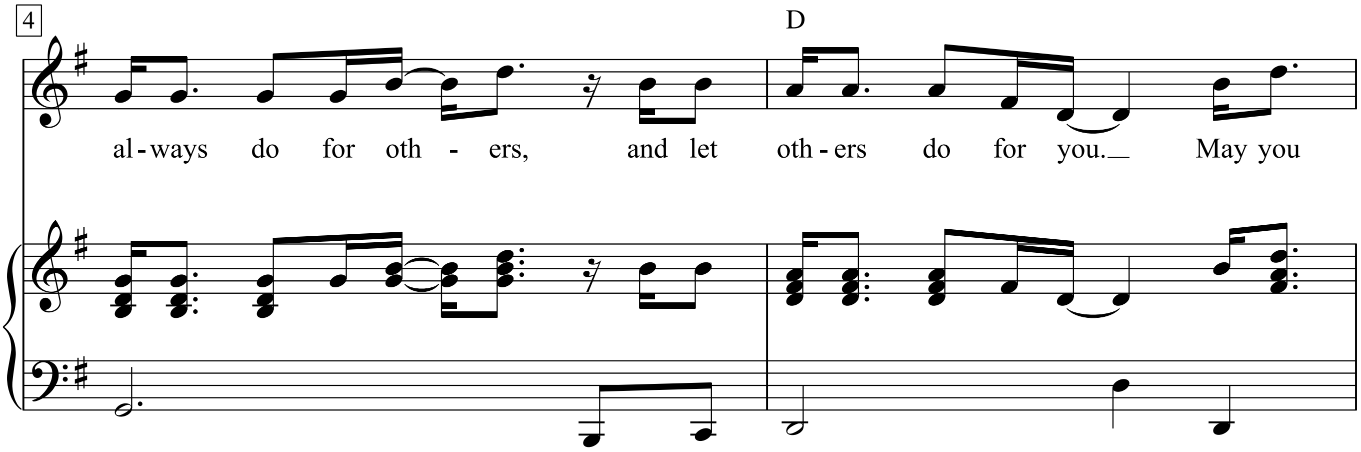

CODA
37
F Am G
we'll let them come true.
F G(sus4) G
for-ev - er and ev - ver.
39
C G Am F
For-ev - er young, I want to be for-ev - er young.
41
G Dm F G C G
Do you real-ly want to live for-ev - er young
44
Am F G Dm F Am

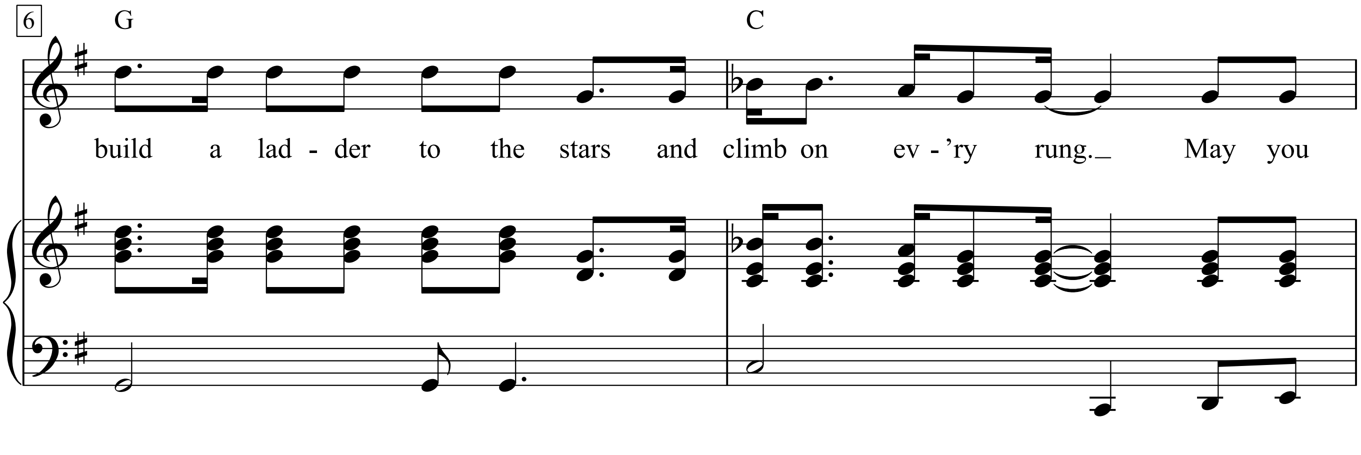
Forever Young

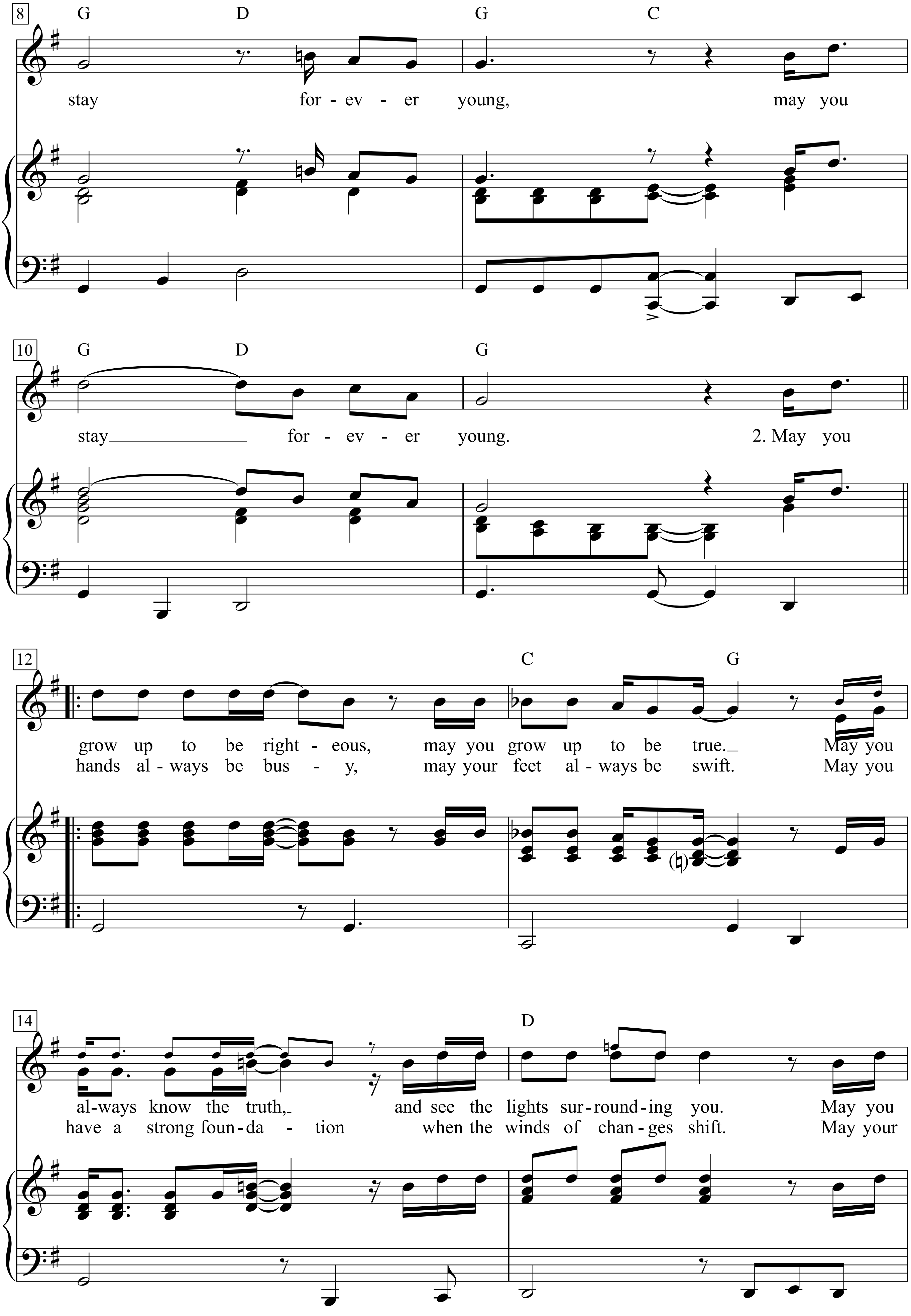
Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)

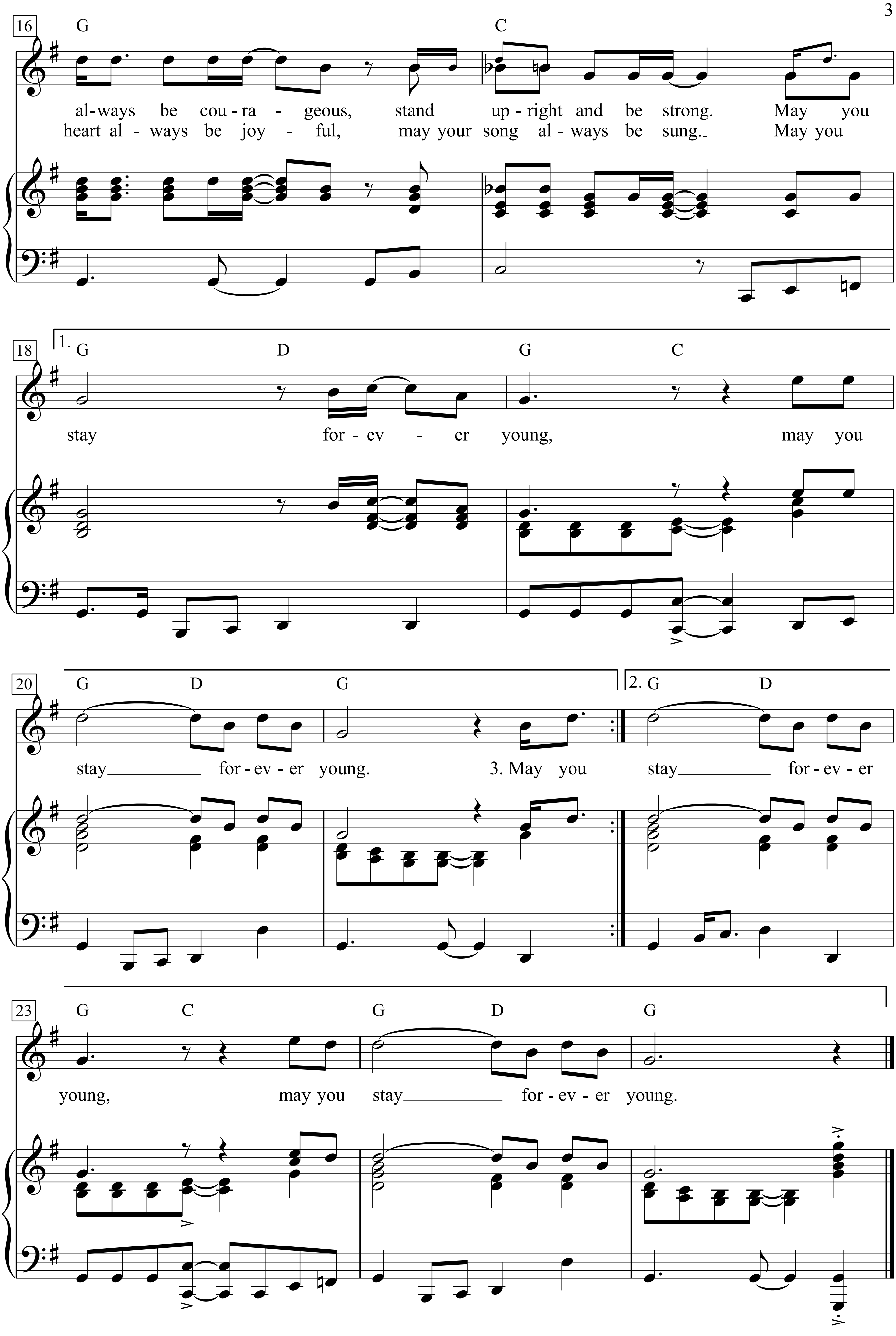
Moderately slow, with a steady beat








8
G D G C
stay for - ev - er young, may you
10
G D G
stay for - ev - er young. 2. May you
12
C G
grow up to be right - eous, may you grow up to be true. May you
hands al - ways be bus - y, may your feet al - ways be swift. May you
14
D
al-ways know the truth, and see the lights sur-round-ing you. May you
have a strong foun-da - tion when the winds of chan - ges shift. May your


16
G
C
al-ways be cou-ra - geous, stand up-right and be strong. May you
heart al - ways be joy - ful, may your song al - ways be sung. May you
18
1. G
D
G
C
stay for - ev - er young, may you
20
G
D
G
2. G
D
stay forev-er young. 3. May you stay for-ev-er
23
G
C
G
D
G
young, may you stay for-ev-er young.

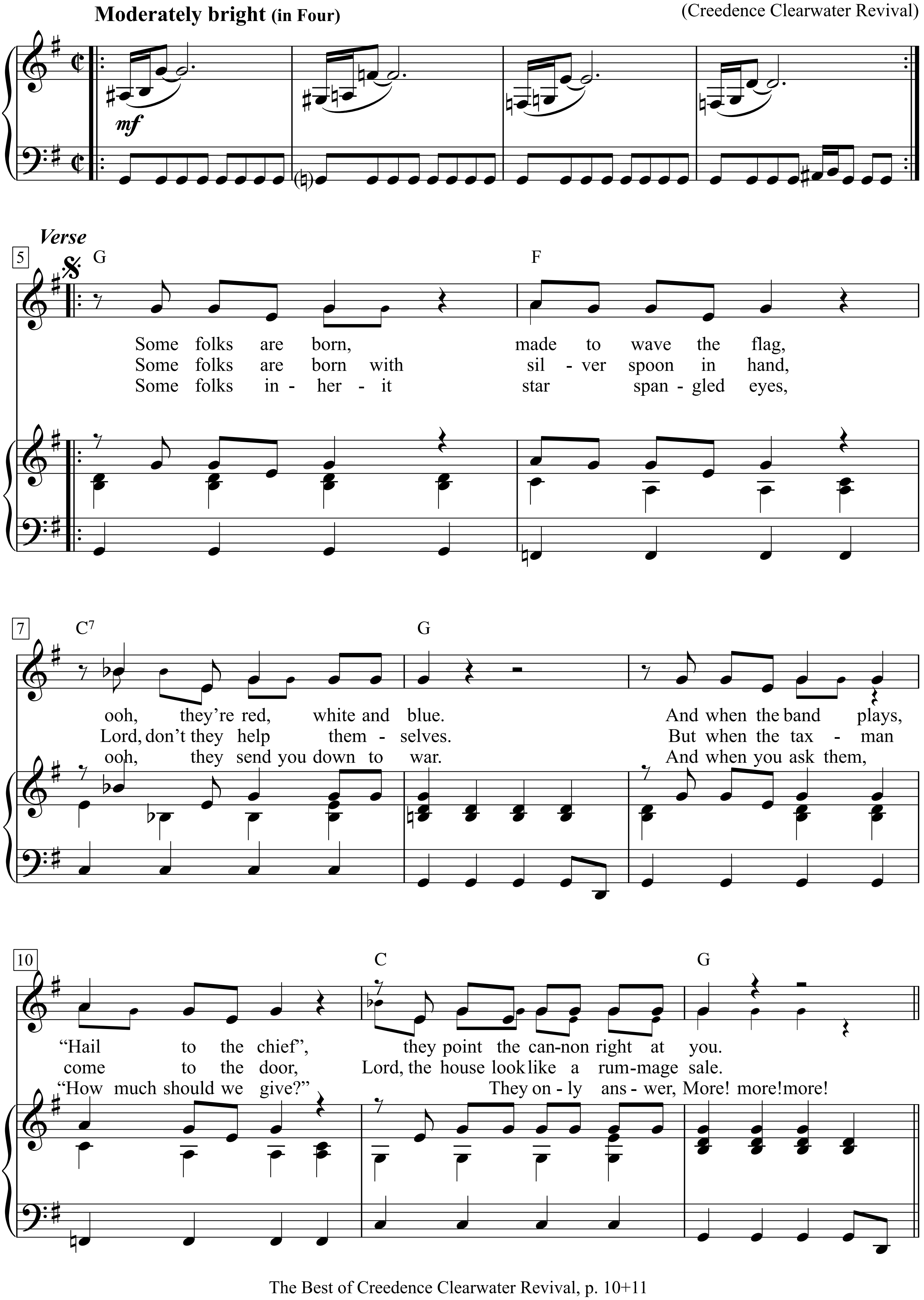
1. May God bless and keep you always
May your wishes all come true
May you always do for others
And let others do for you
May you build a ladder to the stars
And climb on ev’ry rung
May you stay forever young
May you stay forever young

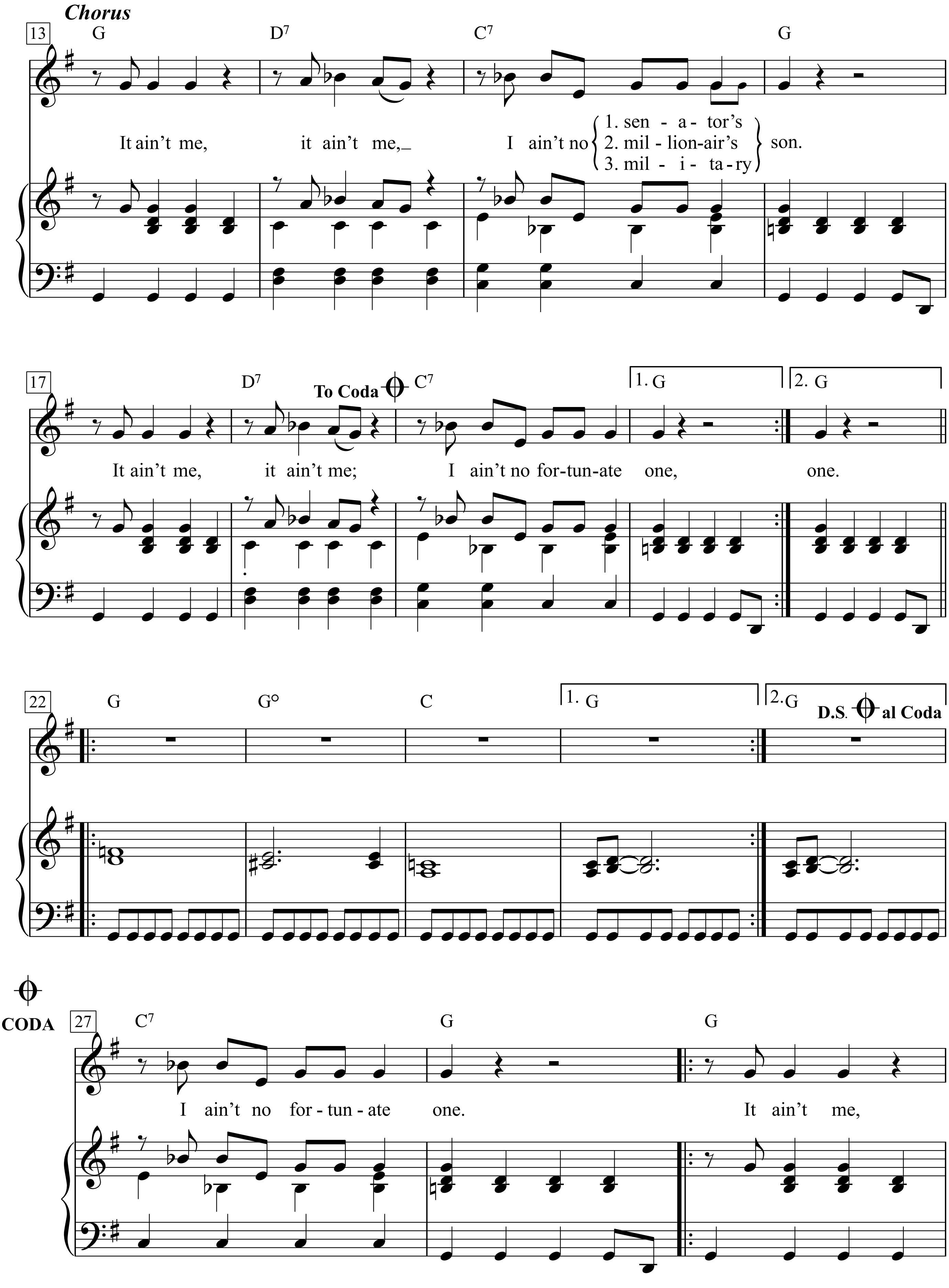
2. May you grow up to be righteous
May you grow up to be true
May you always know the truth
And see the lights surrounding you
May you always be courageous
Stand upright and be strong
May you stay forever young
May you stay forever young

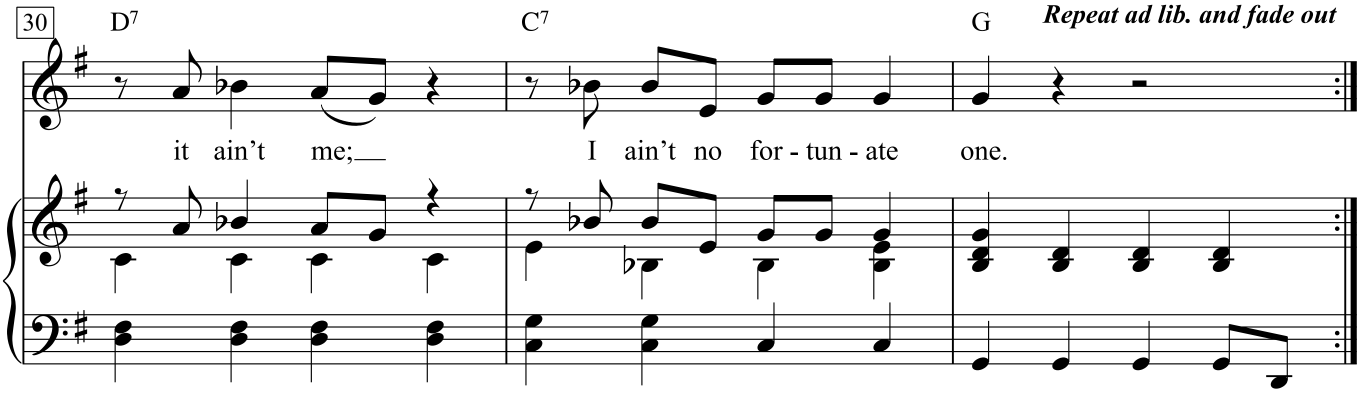
3. May you hands always be busy
May your feet always be swift
May you have a strong foundation
When the winds of changes shift
May your heart always be joyful
May your song always be sung
May you stay forever young
May you stay forever young

Fortunate Son

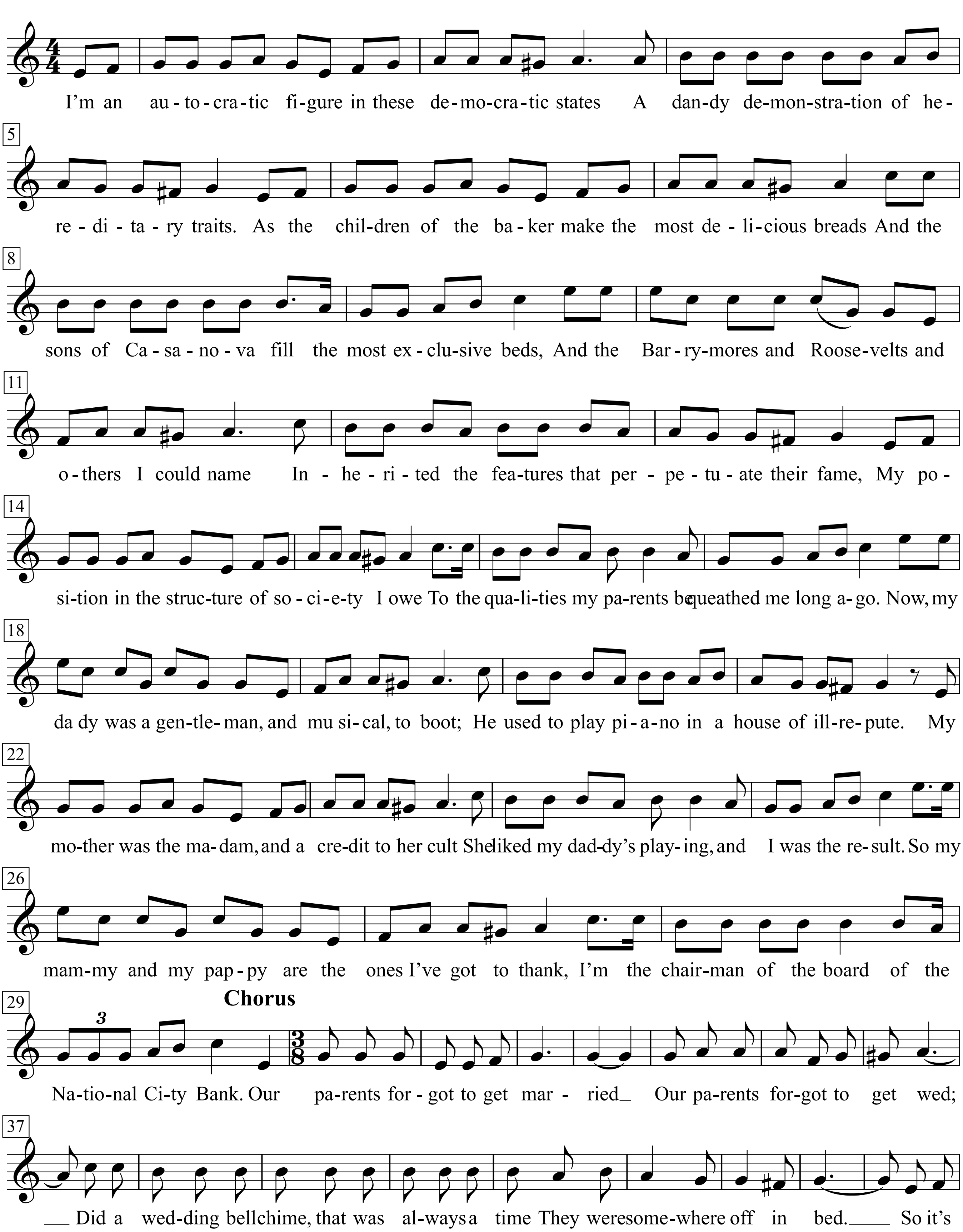
Words & Music by John C. Fogerty
(Creedence Clearwater Revival)

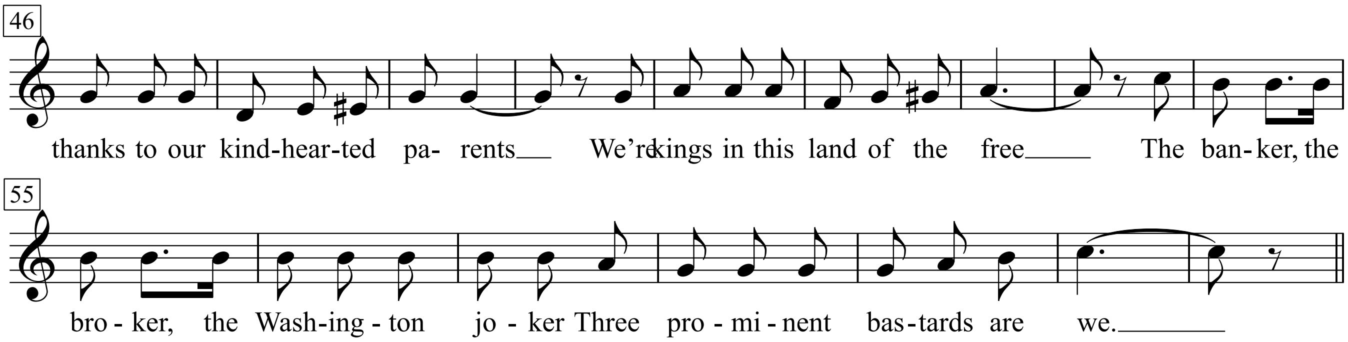



Chorus
13
G D7 C7 G
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no
1. sen - a - tor's
2. mil - lion-air's
3. mil - i - ta - ry
son.
17
D7 To Coda C7 1. G 2. G
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no for-tun-ate one, one.
22
G G° C 1. G 2.G D.S. al Coda
CODA
27
C7 G G
I ain't no for - tun - ate one. It ain't me,


30
D7
C7
G
Repeat ad lib. and fade out
it ain't me;
I ain't no for - tun - ate one.

Four Prominent Bastards





I'm an autocratic figure in these democratic states
A dandy demonstration of hereditary traits.
As the children of the baker make the most delicious breads
And the sons of Casanova fill the most exclusive beds,
And the Barrymores and Roosevelts and others I could name
Inherited the features that perpetuate their fame,
My position in the structure of society I owe
To the qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago.
Now, my dady was a gentleman, and musical, to boot;
He used to play piano in a house of illrepute.
My mother was the madam, and a credit to her cult
She liked my daddy's playing, and I was the result.
So my mammy and my pappy are the ones I've got to thank,
I'm the chairman of the board of the National City Bank.
Our parents forgot to get married
Our parents forgot to get wed;
Did a wedding bell chime, that was always a time
They were somewhere off in bed.
So it's thanks to our kindhearted parents
We're kings in this land of the free
The banker, the broker, the Washington joker
Three prominent bastards are we.

In a cozy little cottage, in a cozy little dell
A dear oldfashioned farmer and his daughter used to dwell.
She was pretty, she was charming, she was tender, she was mild
And her sympathies were such that she was frequently with child.
The year her hospitality attained a record high
She found herself the mother of an infant, which was I.
And whenever she was gloomy I could always make her grin
By childishly inquiring who my daddy might have been.
Now the hired man was favored by the gals of mammy's set
And the traveling man from Scranton was an evenmoney bet,
But such were mammy motives, and such was her allure
That even Roger Babson wasn't altogether sure.
So I took my mammy's morals and I took my daddy's crust
And I grew to be the founder of a big investment trust.

On a dusty southern chaingang, on a dusty southern road
My latelamented pappy made his permanent abode,
Now while some was there for stealing, my pappy's only fault
Was an overwhelming weakness for criminal assault.
His philosophy was simple, and free of moral tape,
"Seduction is for sissies; a heman wants his rape!"
Pappy's total list of victims was embarrassingly rich
And though one of them was mammy, still he could not tell me which.
Well I never went to college, but I got me a degree,
I guess I am the model of a perfect S.O.B,
I'm a debit to my country, but a credit to my dad,
The most expensive senator this country ever had.
I remember pappy's telling me, "Boy, rapin' is a crime
Unless you rape the voters, a million at a time."

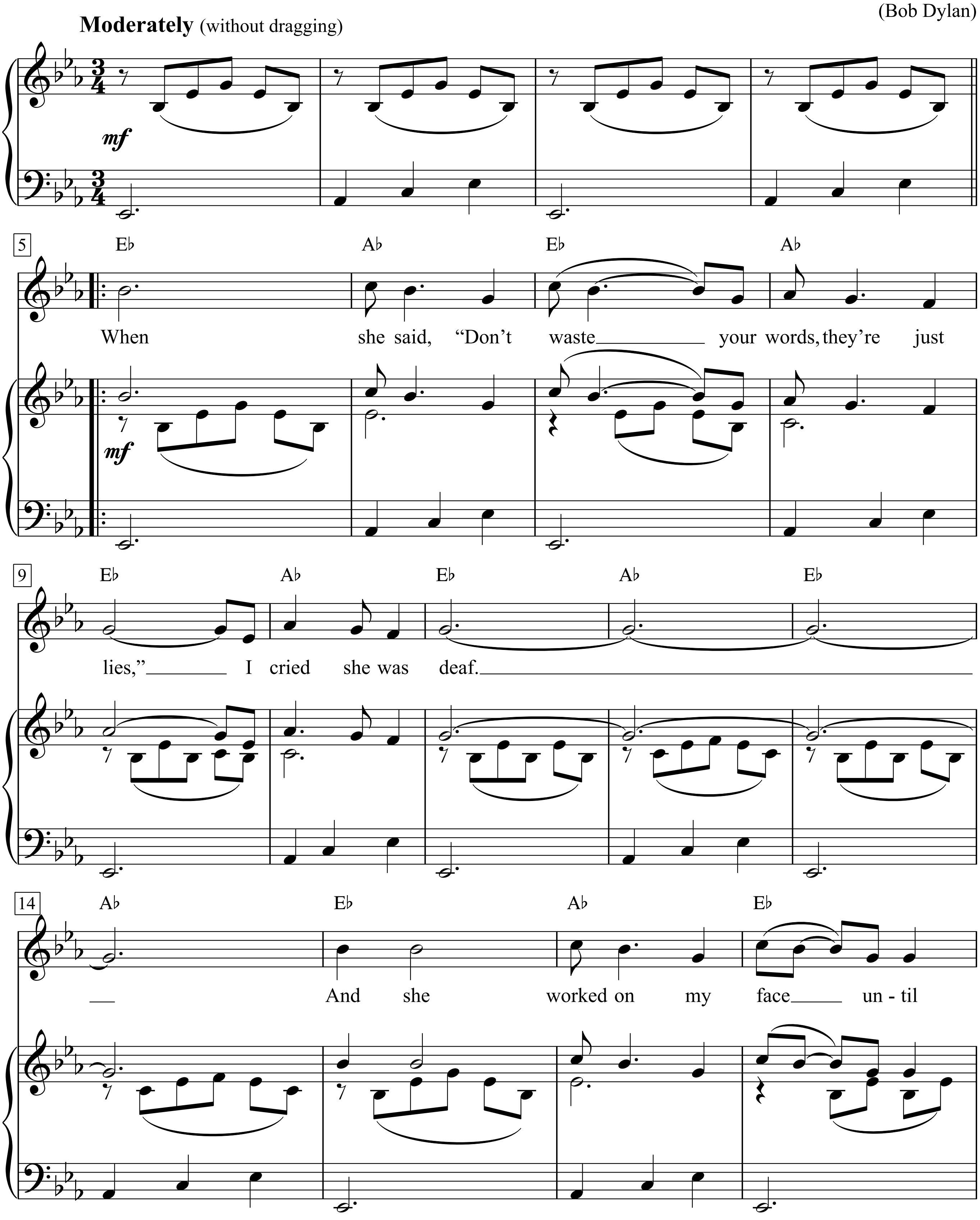
I'm an ordinary figure in these democratic states,
A pathetic demonstration of hereditary traits.
As the children of the cops possess the flattest kind of feet
And the daughter of the floozie has a waggle to seat,
My position in the basement of society I owe
To the qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago.
Now, my father was a married man, and what is even more
He was married to my mother, a fact that I deplore
I was born in holy wedlock, consequently bye and bye
I got rooked by every bastard with plunder in his eye.
I invested, I deposited, I voted every fall
Did I ever get a penny saved, those bastards took it all.
Well, at last I've learned my lesson, and I'm on the proper track
I'm a selfappointed bastard, and I'm gonna get it back.

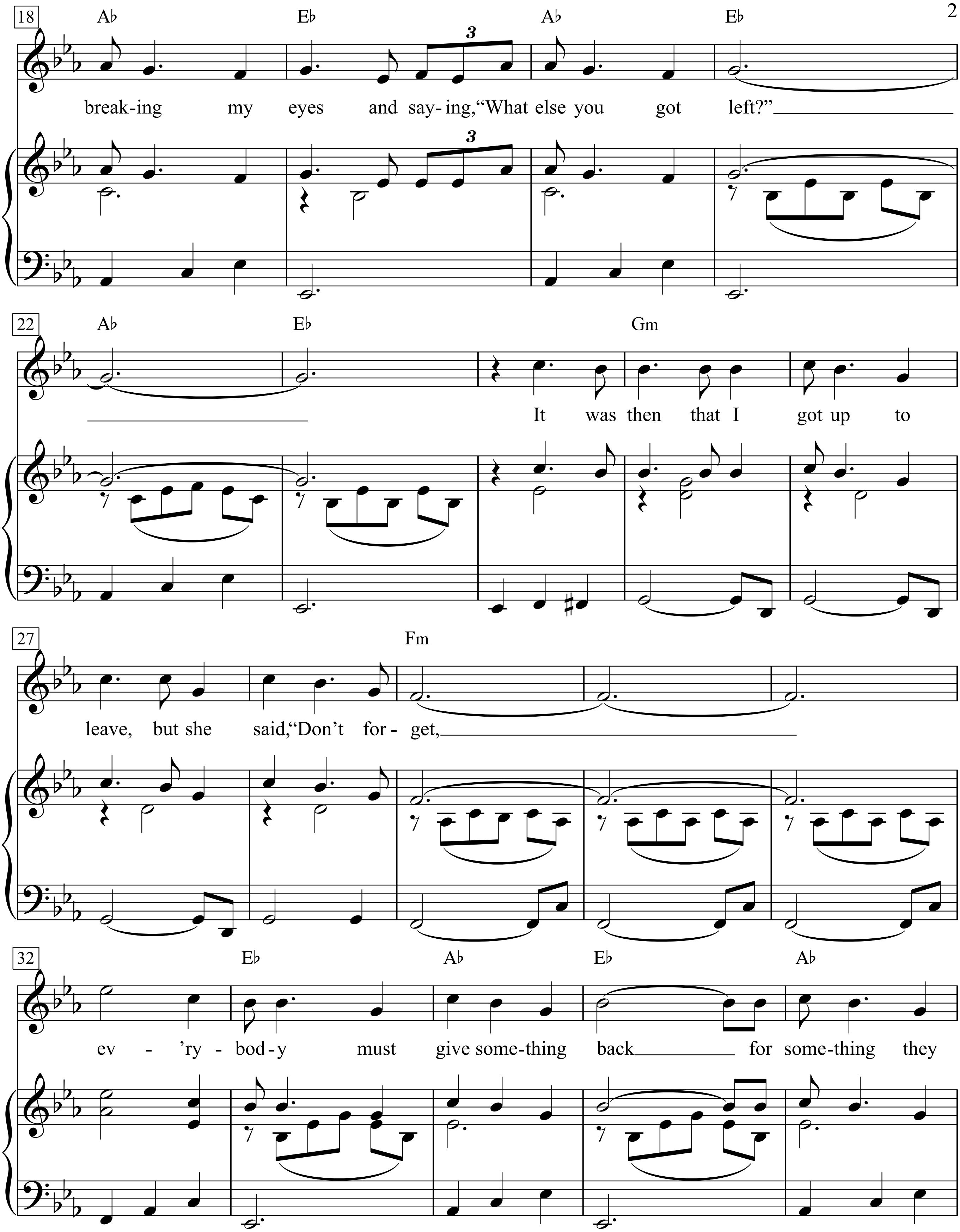
final cho:
Our parents forgot to get married
Our parents forgot to get wed;
Did a wedding bell chime, that was always a time
They were somewhere off in bed.
it's thanks to our kindhearted parents
We're kings in this land of the free
The banker, the broker, the Washington joker
Three prominent bastards and me,
The banker, the broker, the joker and me
Four prominent bastards are we.

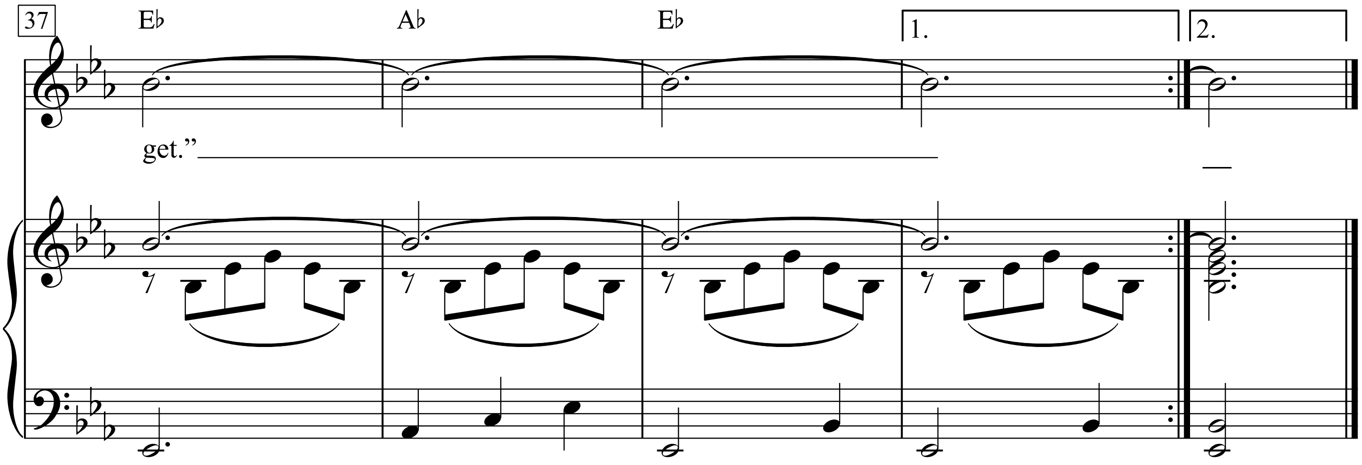
This was, the story goes, written for a Gridiron Club dinner ca. 1941, and was broadcast on Armed Service Radio by mistake. It's been published as "A Ballad to be Sung By Four Prominent Love Children"

Fourth Time Around

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




18
A♭ E♭ A♭ E♭
break-ing my eyes and say-ing, "What else you got left?"
22
A♭ E♭ Gm
It was then that I got up to
27
Fm
leave, but she said, "Don't for-get,
32
E♭ A♭ E♭ A♭
ev - 'ry - bod-y must give some-thing back for some-thing they


37
E♭
A♭
E♭
1.
2.
get.”

1. When she said,
“Don’t waste your words, they’re just lies,”
I cried she was deaf.
And she worked on my face until breaking my eyes
And saying, “What else you got left?”
It was then that I got up to leave,
But she said, “Don’t forget,
Ev’rybody must give something back
For something they get.”

2. I stood there and hummed
I tapped on her drum. I asked her how come
And she buttoned her boot
And straightened her suit
Then she said, don“t be cute.
So I forced my hands in my pockets
And felt with my thumbs
And gallantly handed her
My very last piece of gum.

3. She threw me outside
I stood in the dirt where ev’ryone walked
But when finding out I’d
Forgotten my shirt
I went back and knocked
I waited in the hallway
As she went to get it
And I tried to make sense
Out of that picture
Of you in your wheelchair
That leaned up against. . .

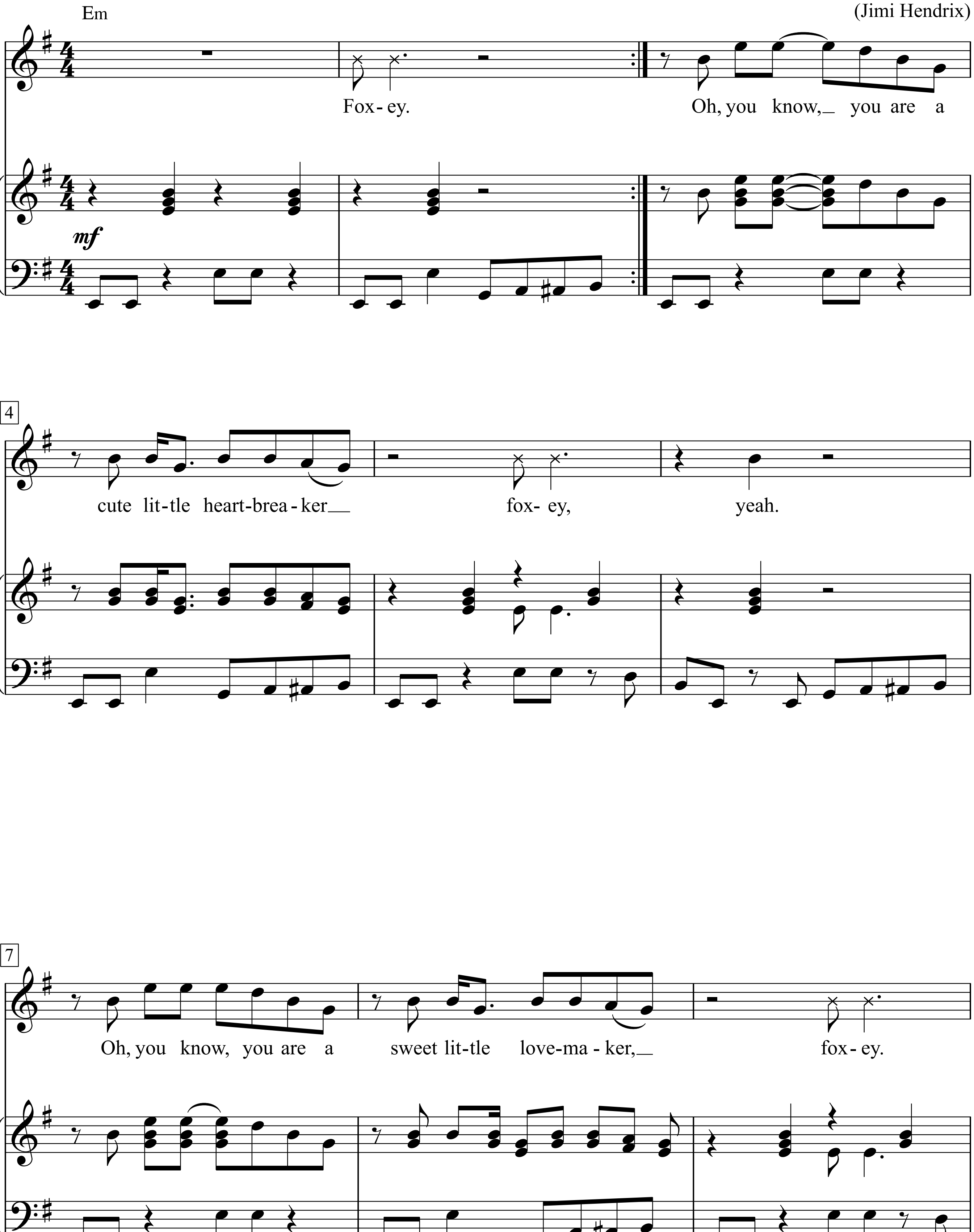
4. Her Jamaican rum
And when she did come
I asked her for some
She said, no, dear,
I said, your words are not clear
You”d better spit out your gum
She screamed till her face got so red
Then she fell on the floor.
I covered her up and then
Went and looked thru her drawer.

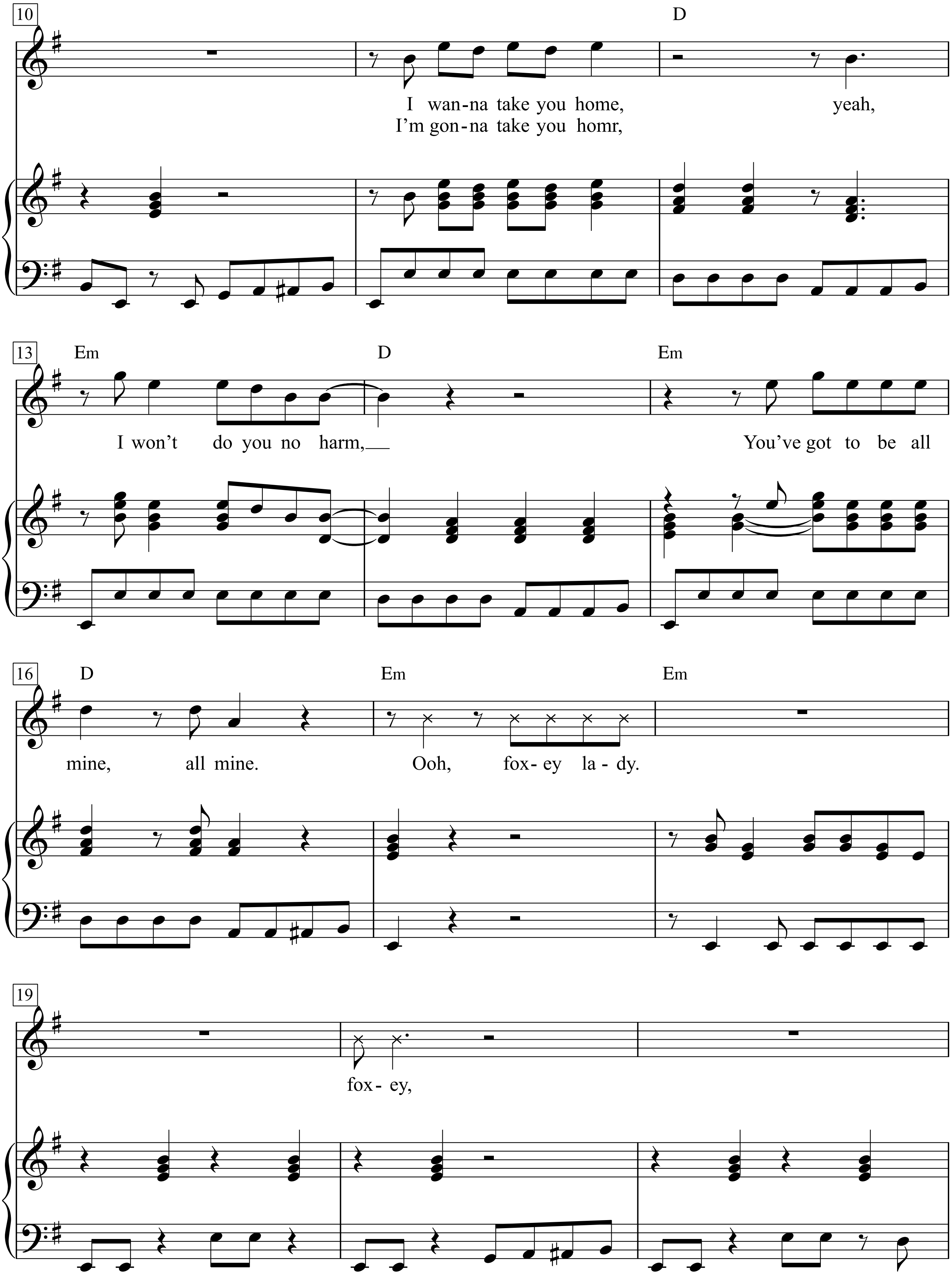
5. And when I was thru
I filled up my shoe
And brought it to you
And you, you took me in
You loved me then
You didn“t waste time
And I, I never took much
I never asked for your crutch
Now don”t ask for mine.

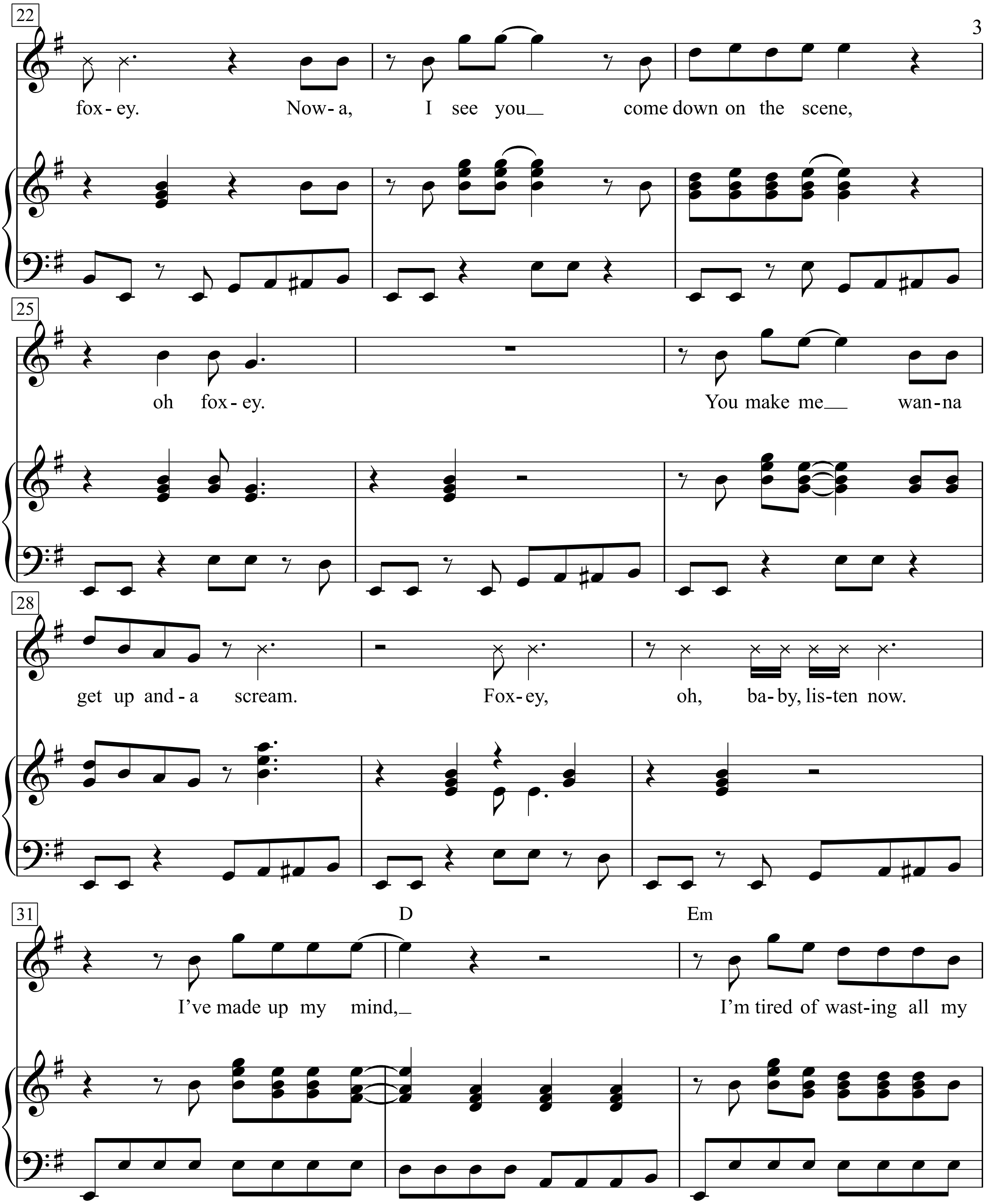
Foxey Lady

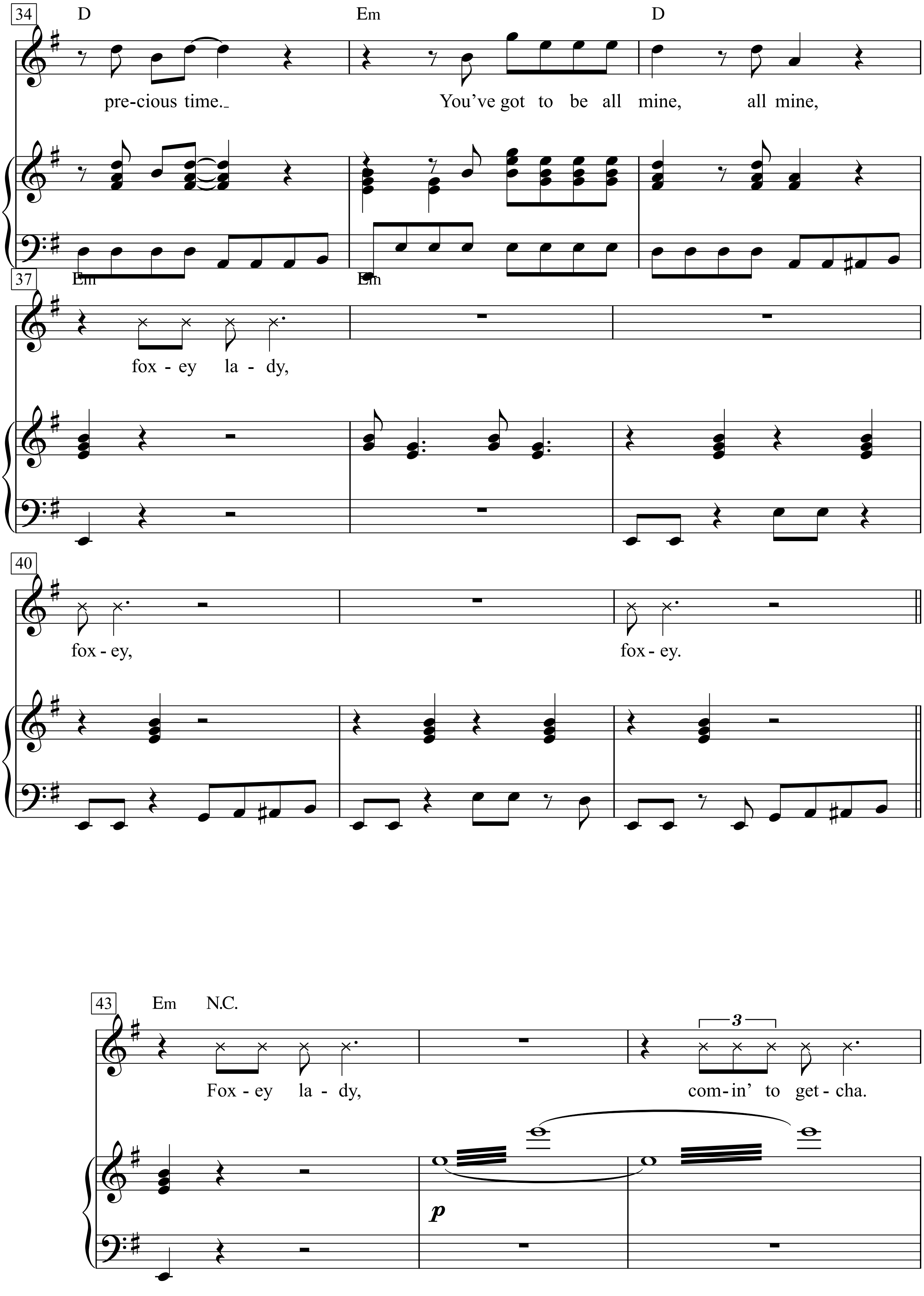
Moderate Rock

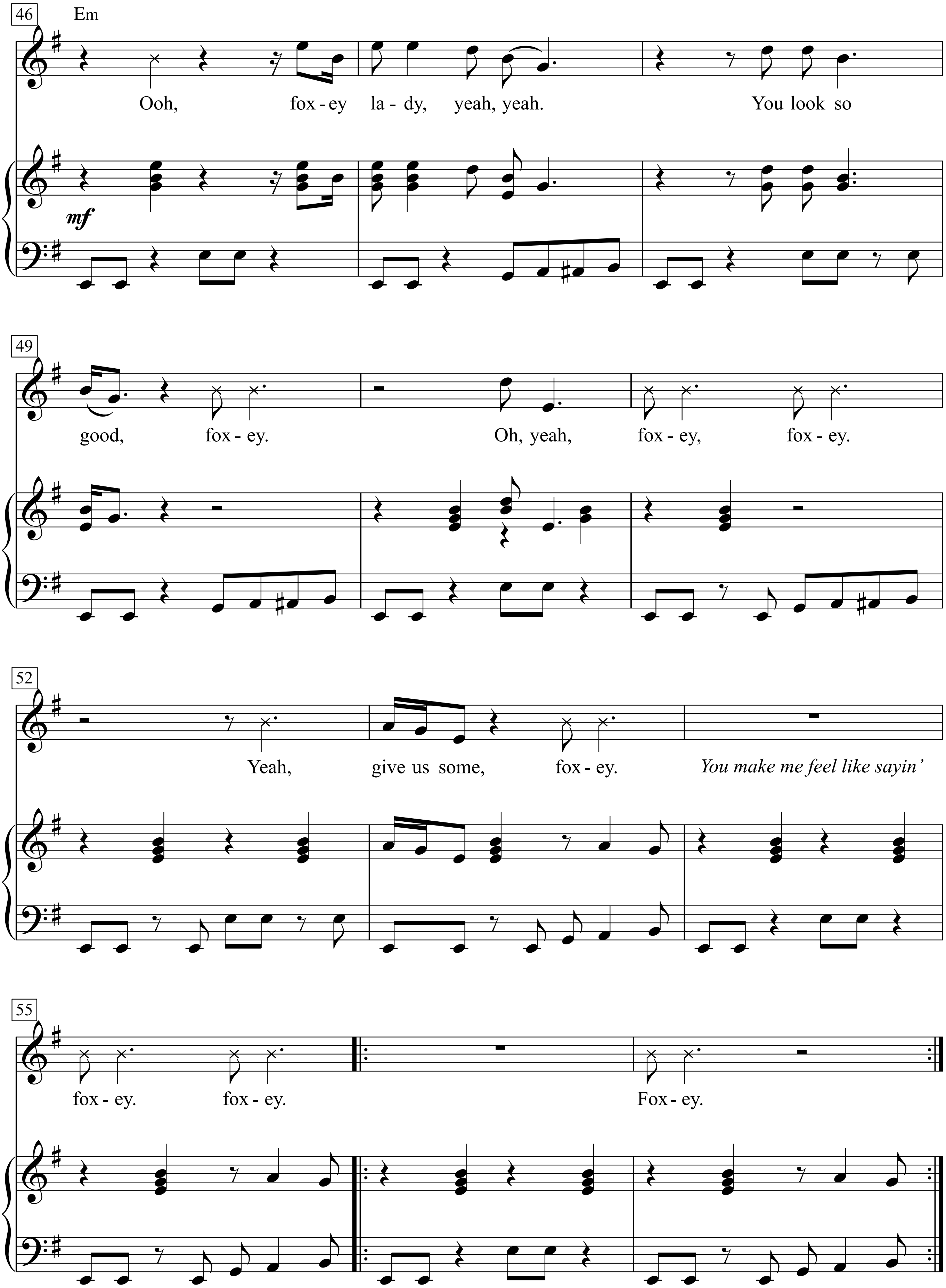
Words & Music by Jimi Hendrix
(Jimi Hendrix)




10
D
I wan-na take you home, yeah,
I'm gon-na take you homr,
13
Em
D
Em
I won't do you no harm,
You've got to be all
16
D
Em
Em
mine, all mine. Ooh, fox- ey la - dy.
19
fox- ey,


22
fox - ey. Now - a, I see you come down on the scene,
25
oh fox - ey. You make me wan - na
28
get up and - a scream. Fox - ey, oh, ba - by, lis - ten now.
31
D
Em
I've made up my mind, I'm tired of wast - ing all my

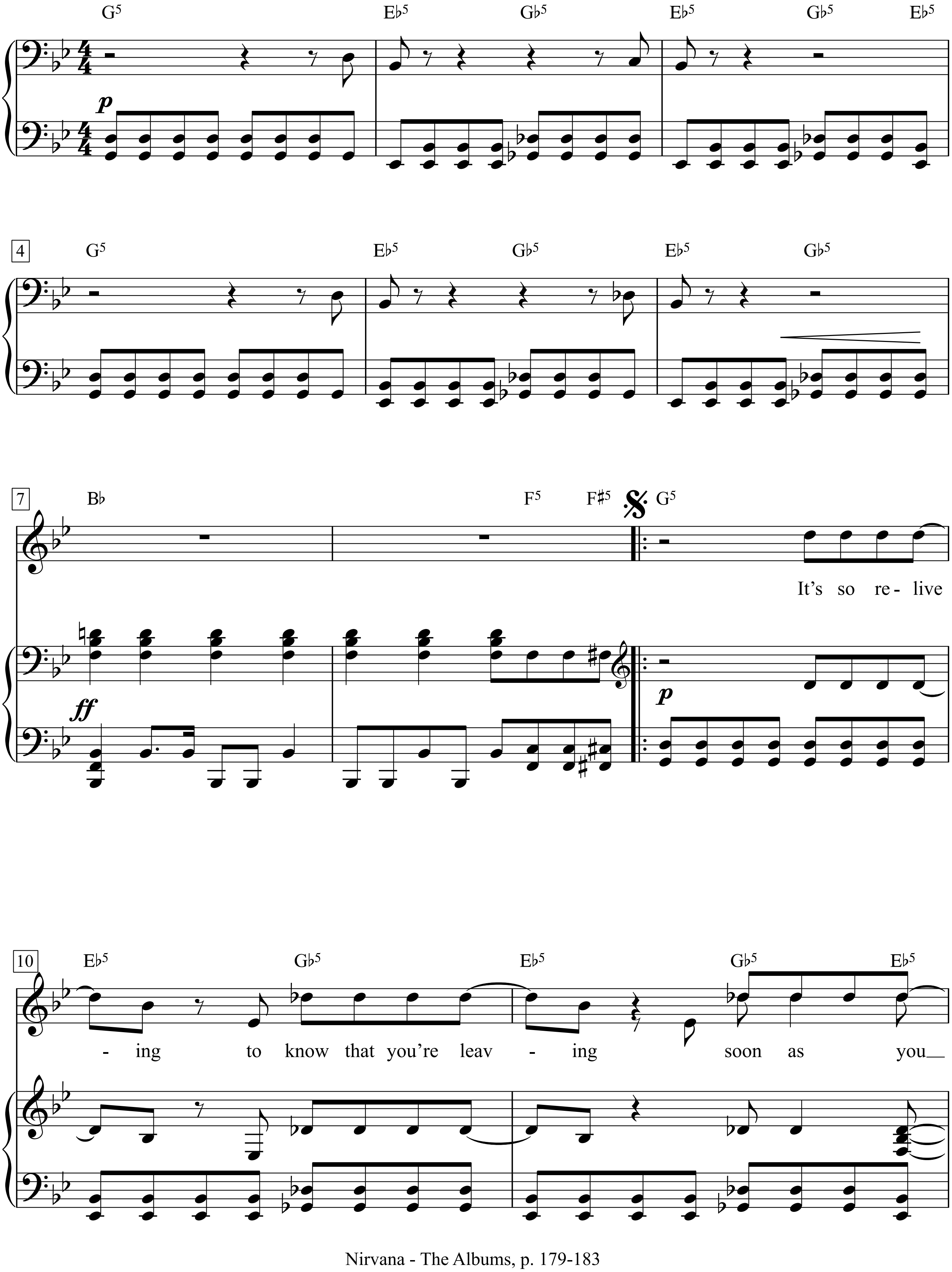

34
D
Em
D
pre-cious time.
You've got to be all mine,
all mine,
37
Em
Em
fox - ey la - dy,
40
fox - ey,
fox - ey.
43
Em
N.C.
Fox - ey la - dy,
3
com - in' to get - cha.
p

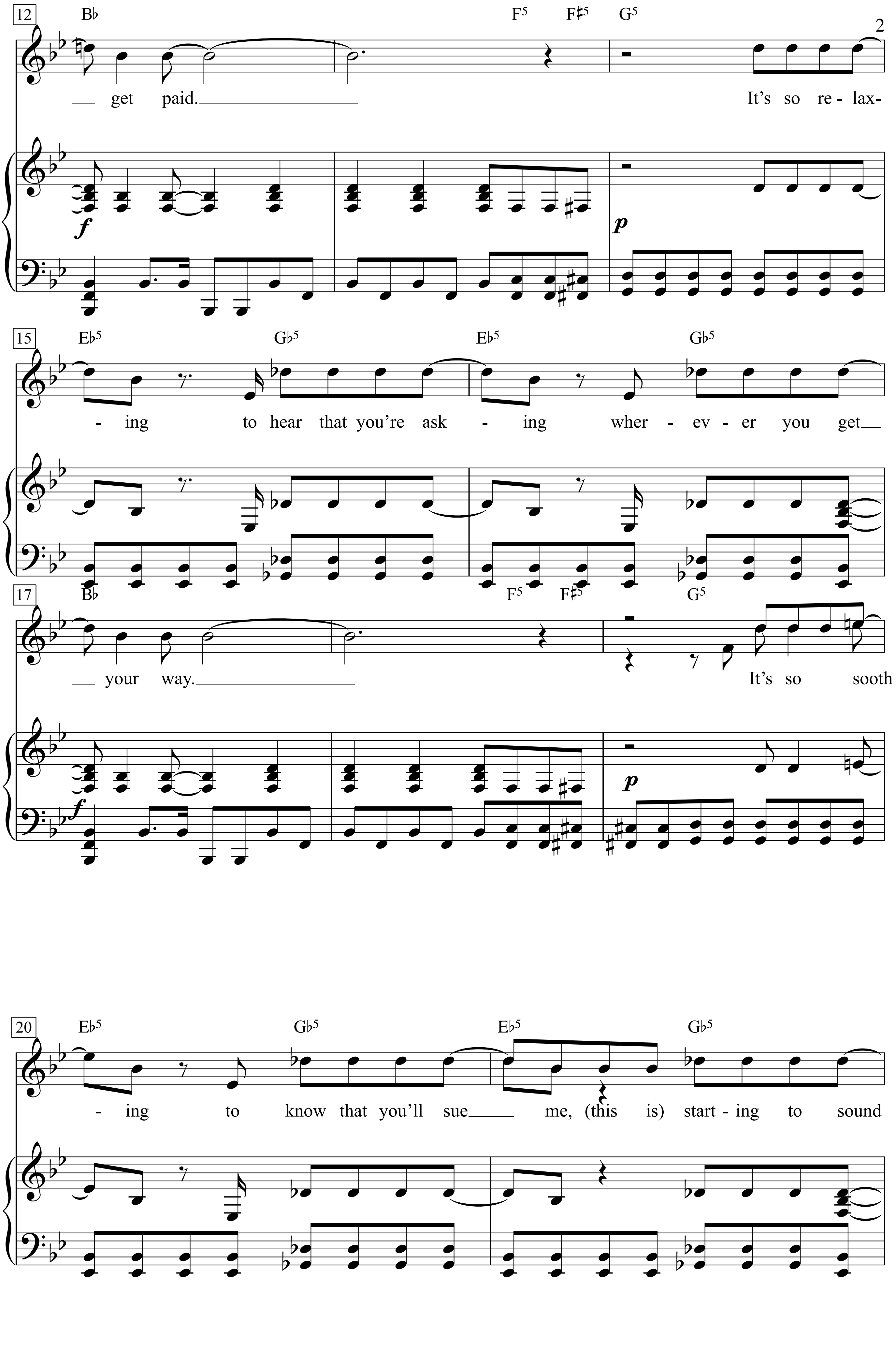

46
Em
Ooh, fox - ey la - dy, yeah, yeah. You look so
mf
49
good, fox - ey. Oh, yeah, fox - ey, fox - ey.
52
Yeah, give us some, fox - ey. You make me feel like sayin'
55
fox - ey. fox - ey. Fox - ey.

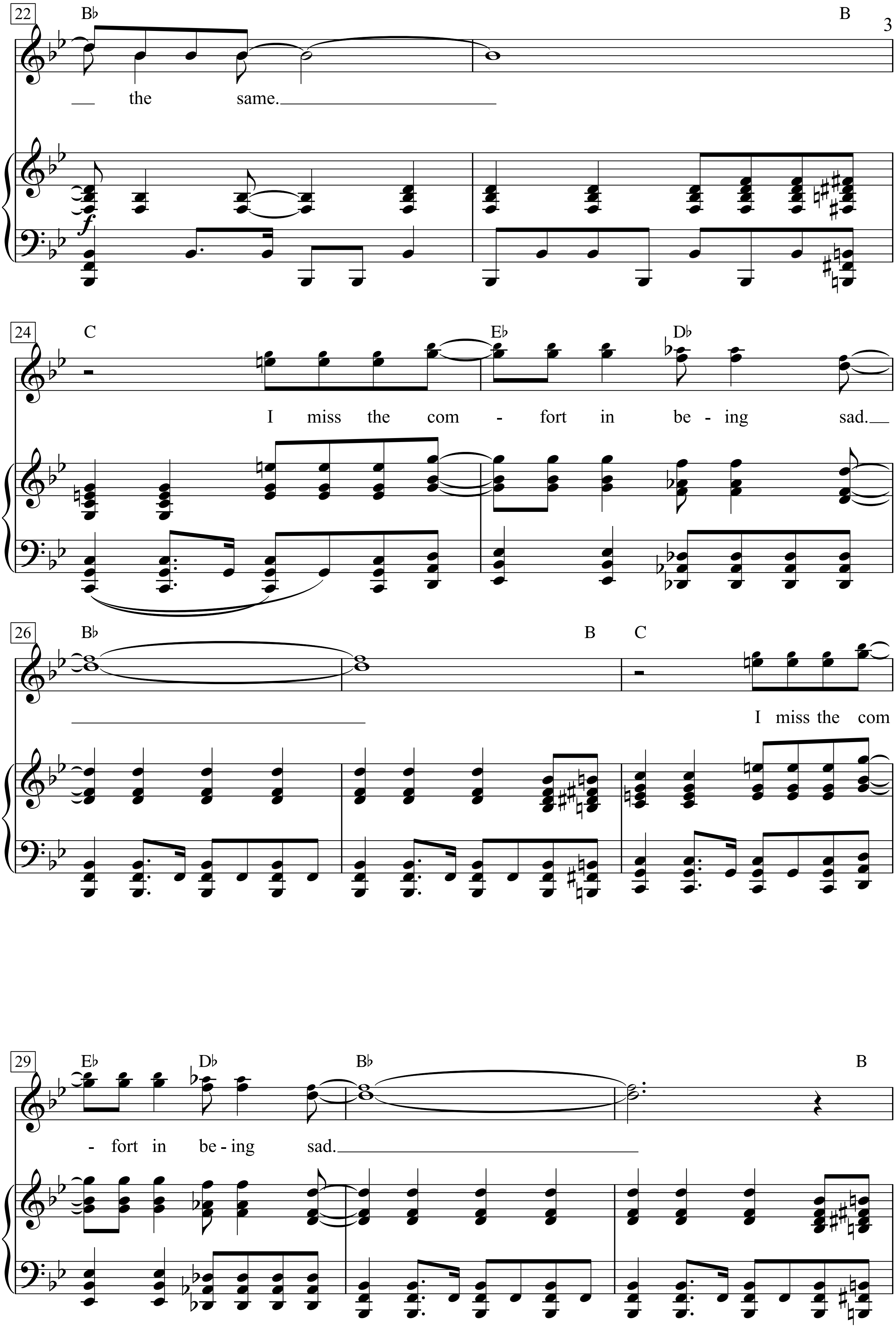
Frances Farmer Will Have Her Revenge On Seattle

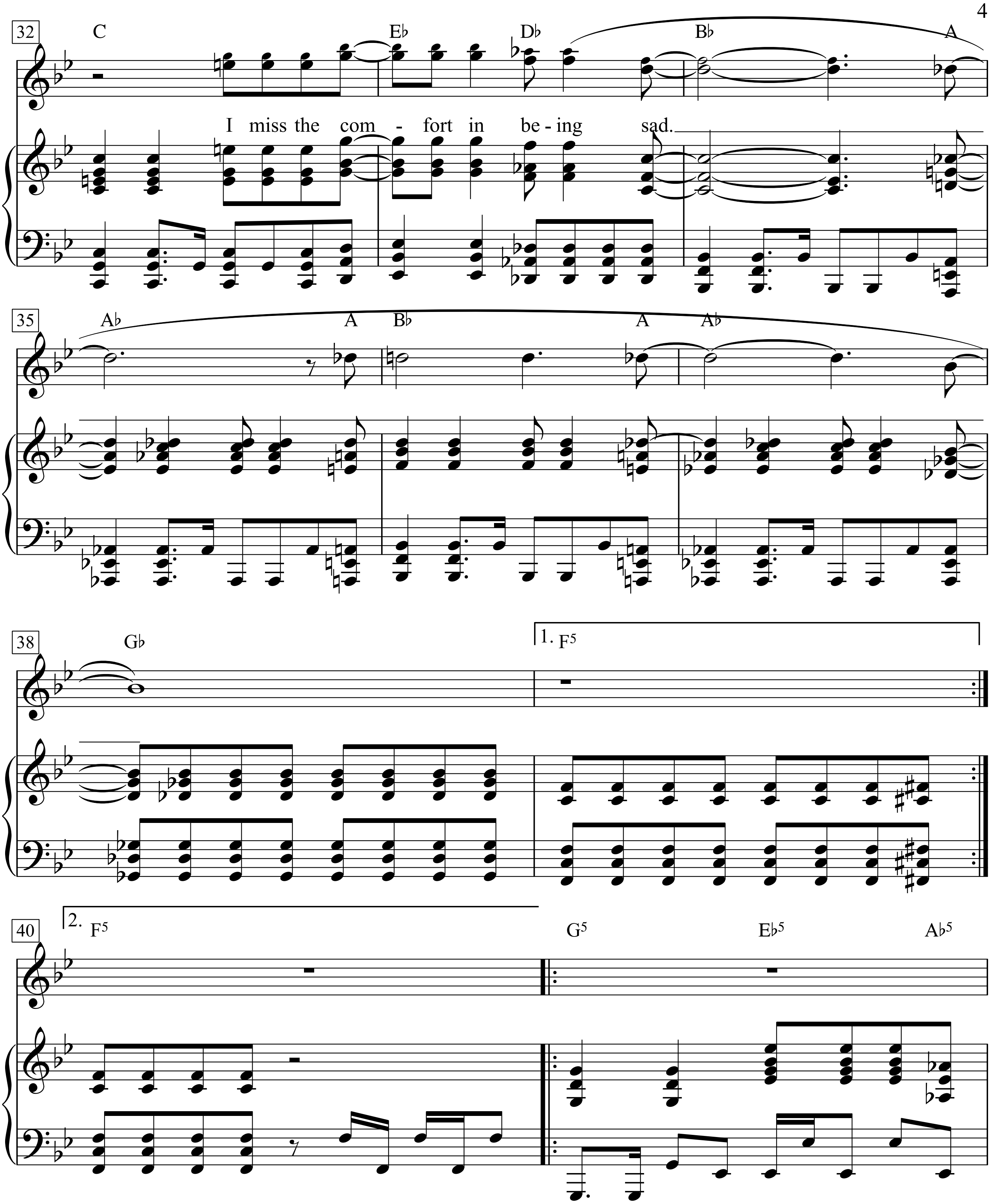
Words & Music by Kurt Cobain
(Nirvana)

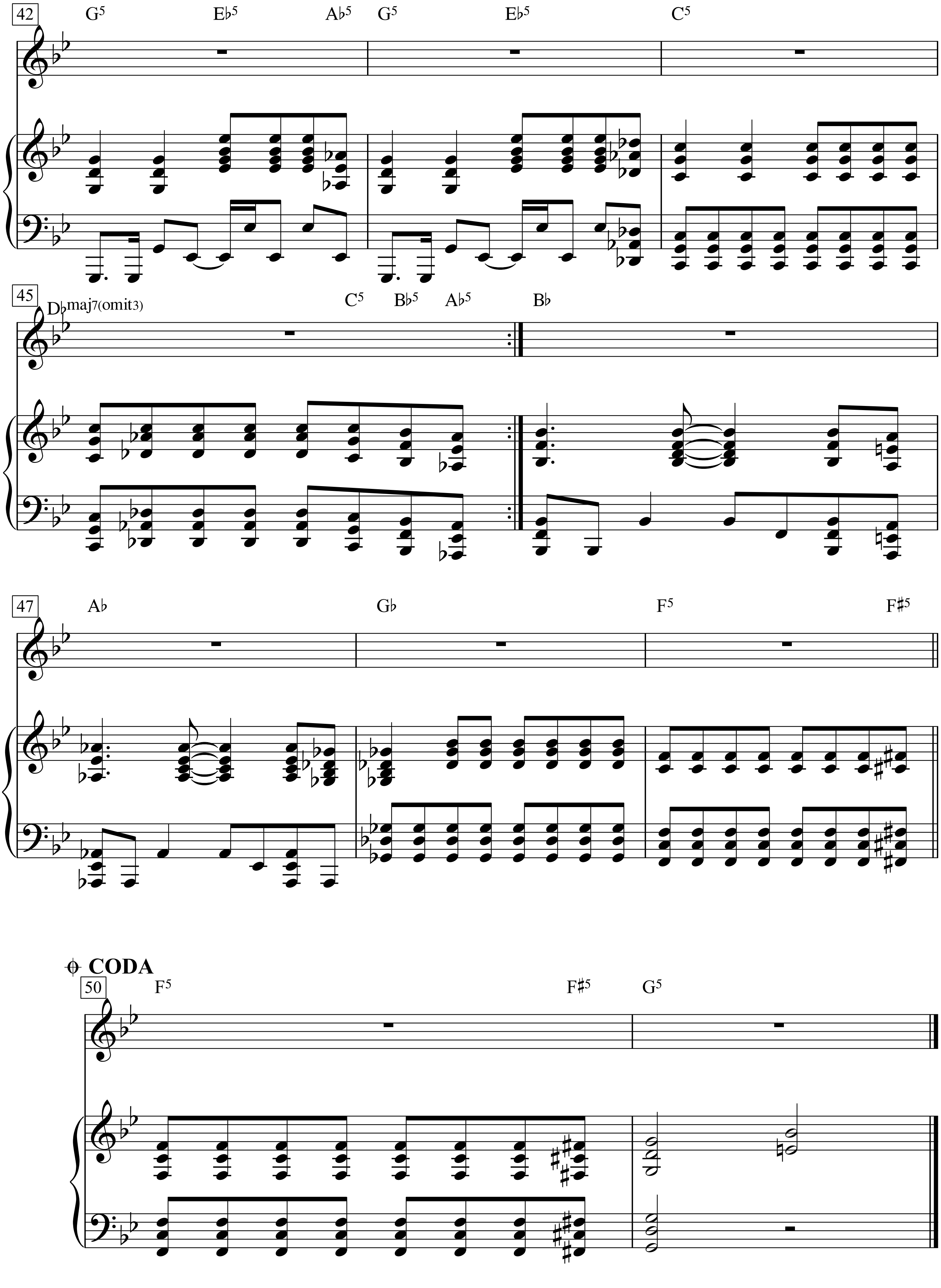
Moderately




12
B♭
F5 F♯5 G5
get paid.
It's so re - lax-
f
p
15
E♭5 G♭5 E♭5 G♭5
- ing to hear that you're ask - ing wher - ev - er you get
17
B♭
F5 F♯5 G5
your way.
It's so sooth
f
p
20
E♭5 G♭5 E♭5 G♭5
- ing to know that you'll sue me, (this is) start - ing to sound

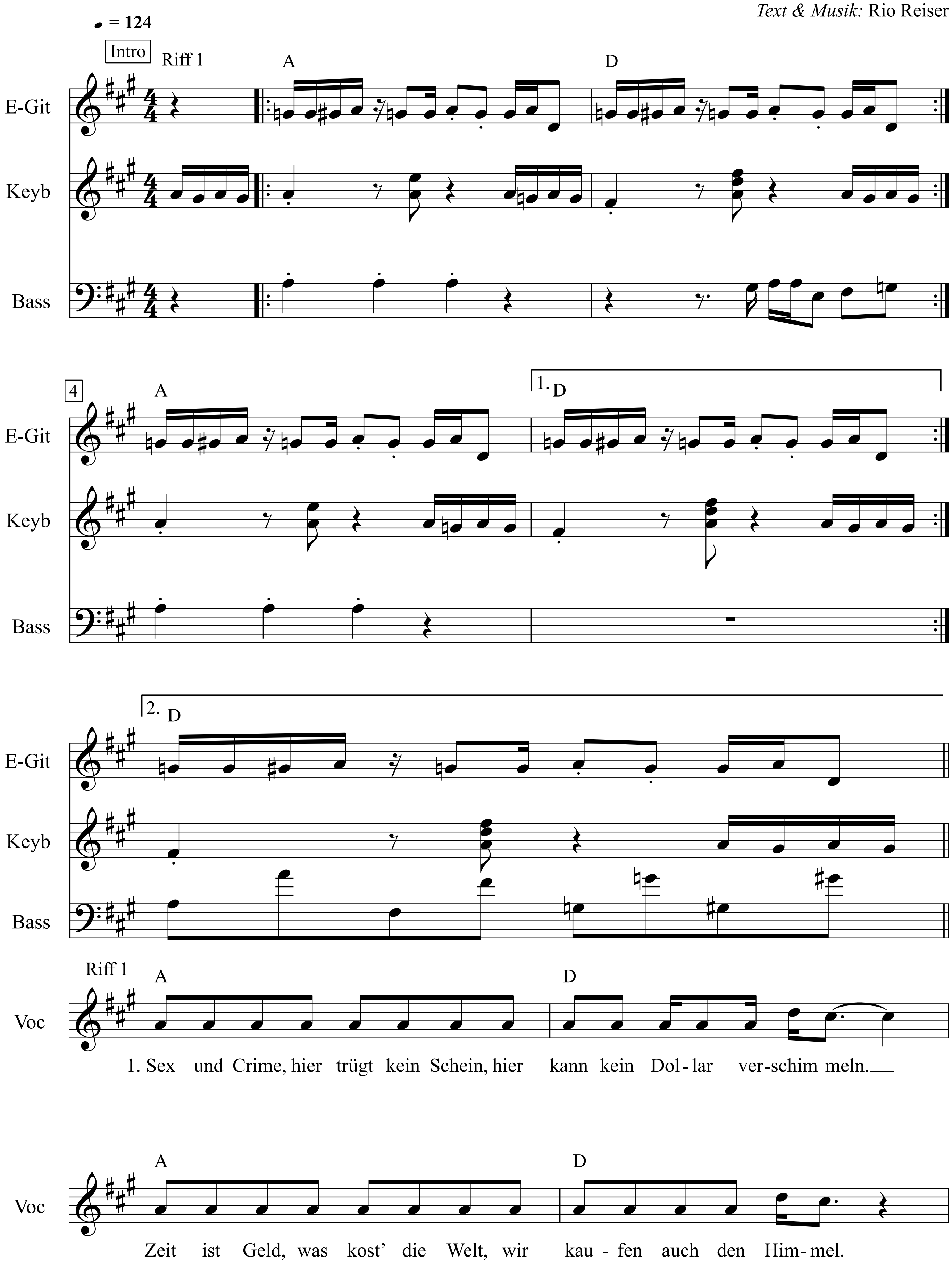

22
B♭
B
— the same.
f
24
C
E♭
D♭
I miss the com - fort in be - ing sad.
26
B♭
B
C
I miss the com
29
E♭
D♭
B♭
B
- fort in be - ing sad.

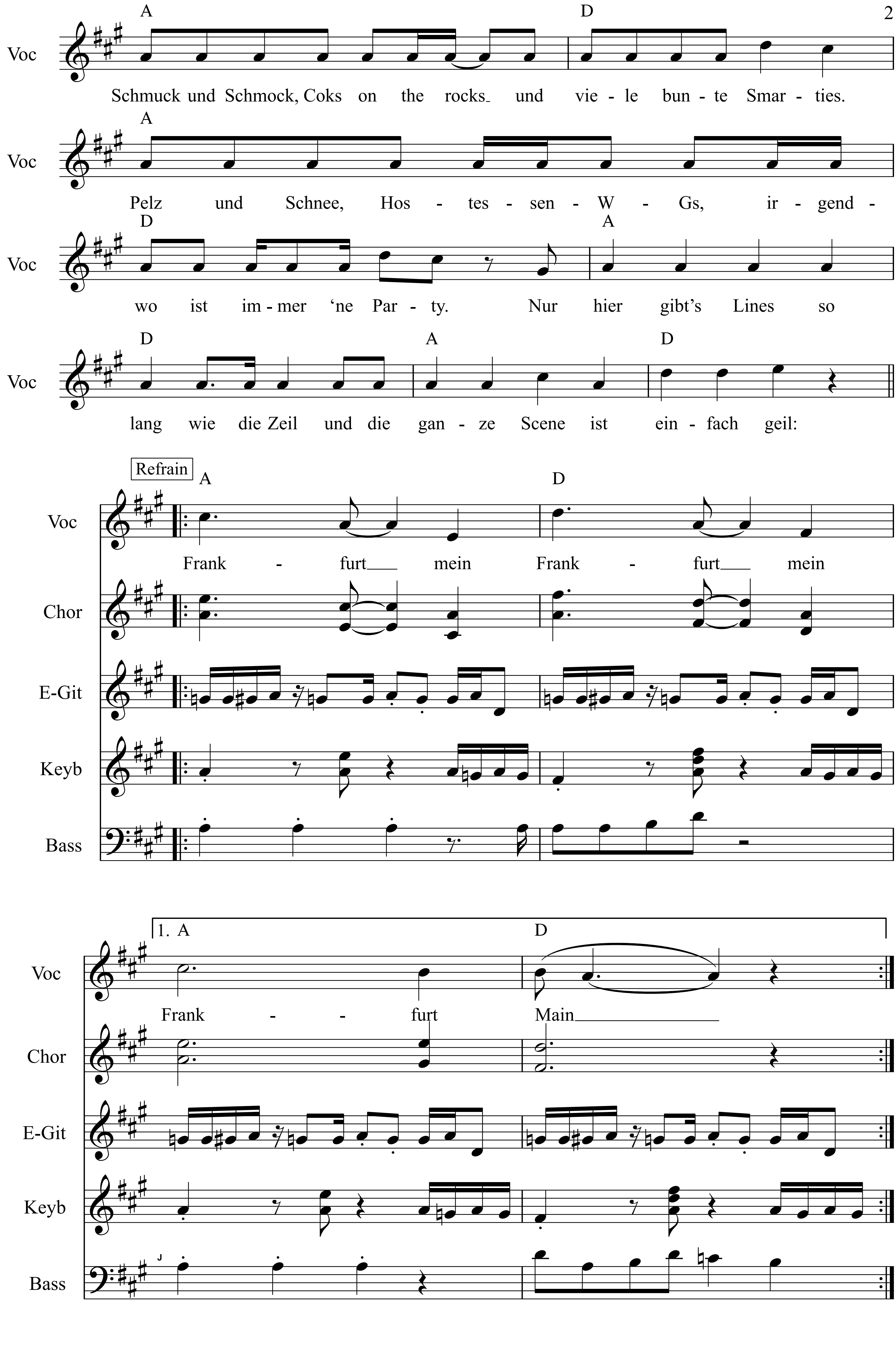

32
C
E♭
D♭
B♭
A
I miss the com - fort in be - ing sad.
35
A♭
A
B♭
A
A♭
38
G♭
1. F5
40
2. F5
G5
E♭5
A♭5

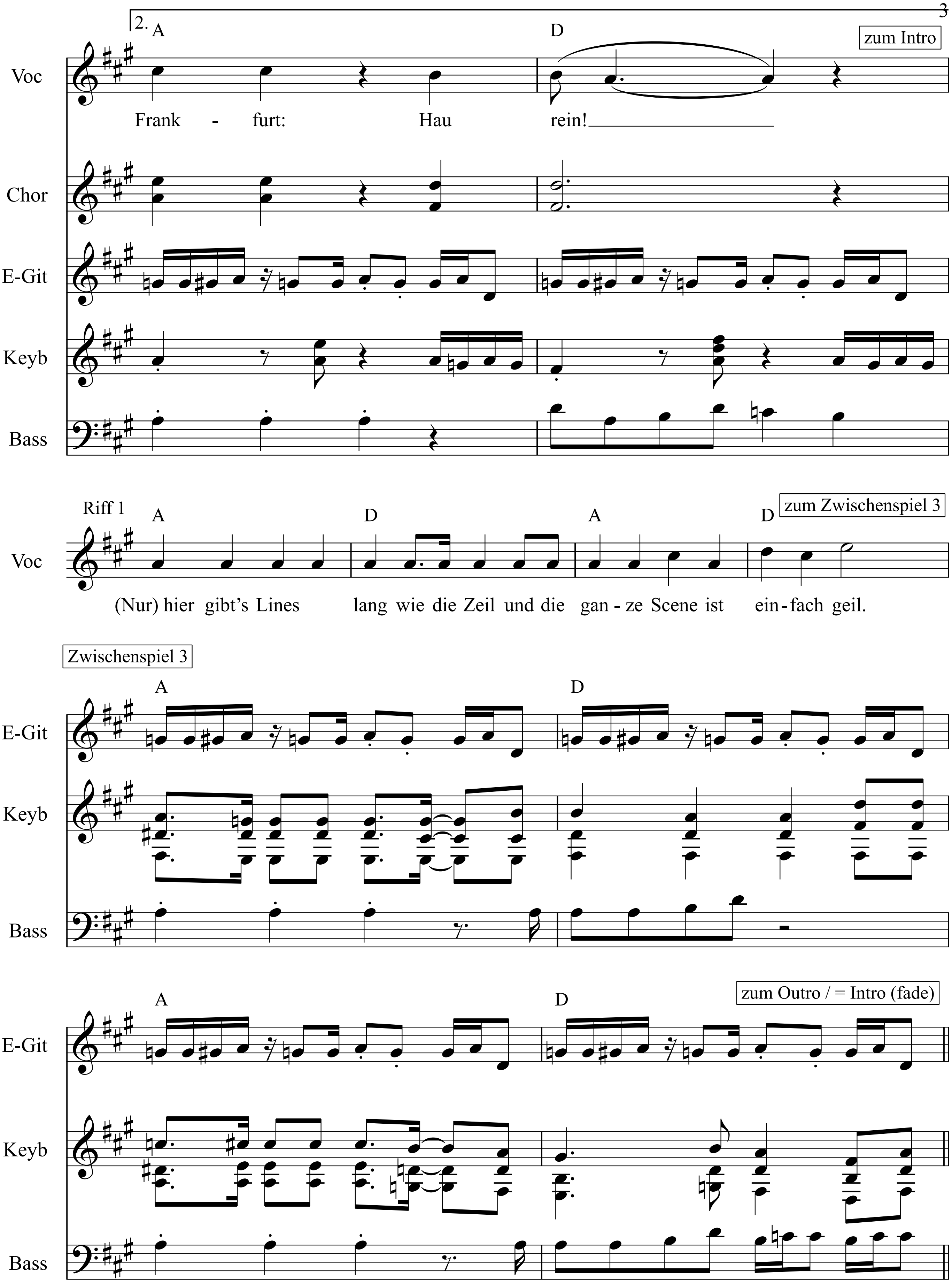

42
G5
E♭5
A♭5
G5
E♭5
C5
45
D♭maj7(omit3)
C5
B♭5
A♭5
B♭
47
A♭
G♭
F5
F♯5
CODA
50
F5
F♯5
G5

Frankfurt

Text & Musik: Rio Reiser




Voc
A
D
Schmuck und Schmock, Coks on the rocks und vie - le bun - te Smar - ties.
A
Pelz und Schnee, Hos - tes - sen - W - Gs, ir - gend -
D
A
wo ist im - mer ‘ne Par - ty. Nur hier gibt’s Lines so
D
A
D
lang wie die Zeil und die gan - ze Scene ist ein - fach geil:
Refrain
Frank - furt mein Frank - furt mein
Chor
E-Git
Keyb
Bass
1. A
Frank - - furt Main


2.
A
D
zum Intro
Voc
Frank - furt: Hau rein!
Chor
E-Git
Keyb
Bass
Riff 1
A
D
A
D
zum Zwischenspiel 3
Voc
(Nur) hier gibt's Lines lang wie die Zeil und die gan - ze Scene ist ein - fach geil.
Zwischenspiel 3
A
D
E-Git
Keyb
Bass
A
D
zum Outro / = Intro (fade)
E-Git
Keyb
Bass

Intro

1. Sex und Crime, hier trügt kein Schein, hier kann kein Dollar verschimmeln,
Zeit ist Geld, was kost' die Welt, wir kaufen auch den Himmel.
Schmuck und Schmocks, Koks on the Rocks und viele bunte Smarties.
Pelz und Schnee, Hostessen-WG's, irgendwo ist immer ne' Party.
Nur hier gibts Lines so lang wie die Zeil und die ganze Scene ist einfach geil.

Refrain 1:
Frankfurt, mein Frankfurt, mein Frankfurt Main.
Frankfurt, mein Frankfurt, mein Frankfurt: Hau rein.

Zwischenspiel

2. Hier gehts lang zur nächsten Bank, hier kann die Mark noch hoffen.
Tausend Tricks, immer neue Kicks, nach oben ist alles offen.
Hier wollen alle rein, hier wollen alle rauf
und Startbahnen reichen nun schon bald wieder nicht aus.

Refrain 2 (wie Refrain 1)

3. Chicken, Checks, GI's, Big-Mac's und Ketchup nicht vergessen,
Do it selber, gold´ne Kälber, jede Menge Messen.
Hier wächst kein Gras, hier wächst das Moos
und meistens ist fast überall hier auch manchmal viel los.

Refrain 3 (wie Refrain 1/2x)

Str. instr.

Nur hier gibt's Lines so lang wie die Zeil
und die ganze Scene ist einfach geil.

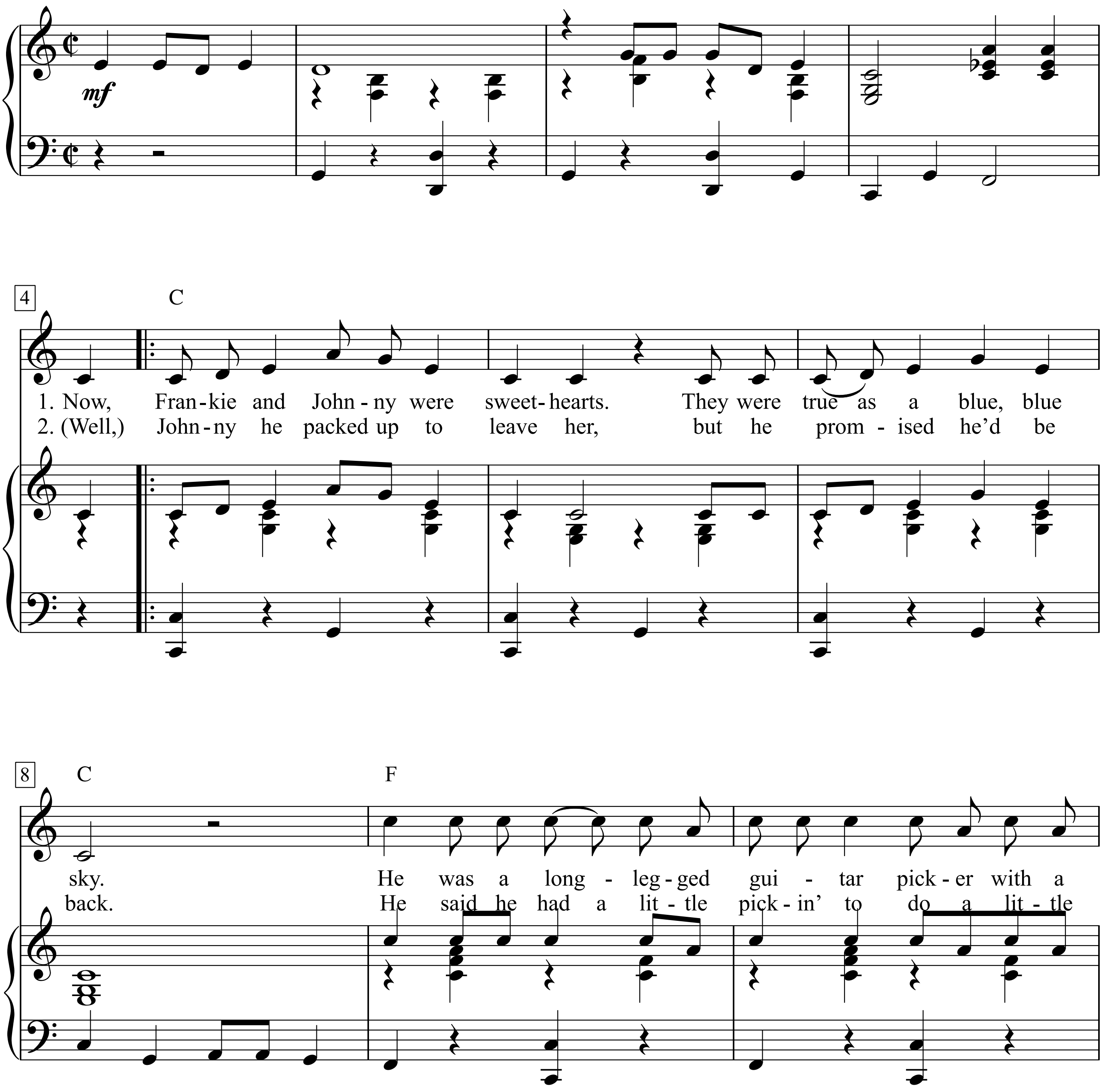
Zwischenspiel

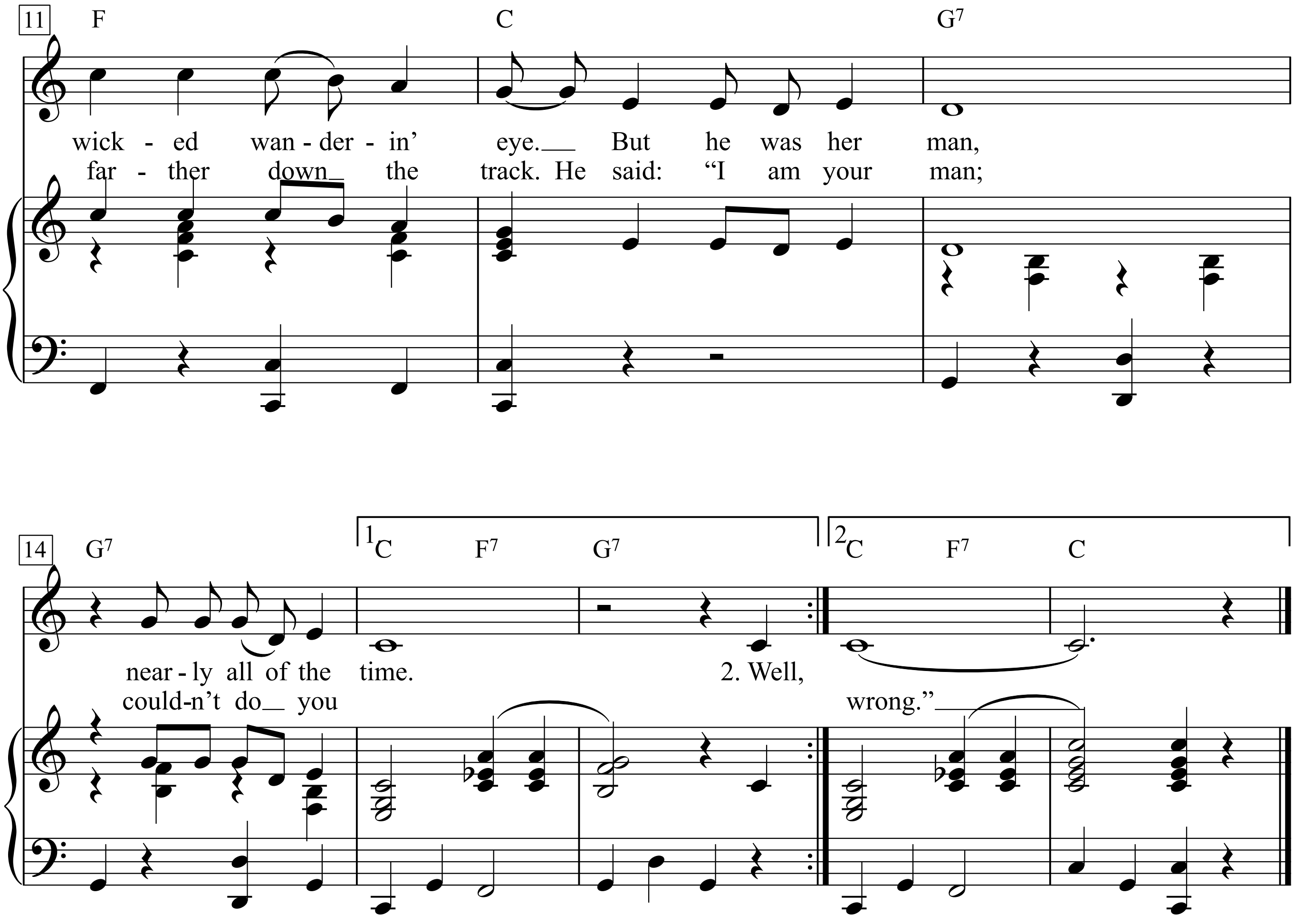
Outro (wdh. ad lib.)

Frankie's Man, Johnny

Words & Music by Johnny Cash
(Johnny R. Cash)

Moderately Bright




11
F
C
G7
wick - ed wan - der - in' eye. But he was her man,
far - ther down the track. He said: "I am your man;
14
G7
1C F7 G7
2C F7 C
near - ly all of the time. 2. Well,
could-n't do you wrong."

3. Well, Frankie curled up on the sofa, thinkin' about her man.
Far away the couples were dancin’ to the music of his band.
He was Frankie’s man; he wasn’t doin’ her wrong.

4. Then in the front door walked a redhead; Johnny saw her right away.
She came down by the bandstand to watch him while he played.
He was Frankie’s man, but she was far away.

5. He sang every song to the redhead; she smiled back at him.
Then he came and sat at her table, where the lights were low and dim.
What Frankie didn’t know wouldn’t hurt her none.

6. Then the redhead jumped up and slapped him; she slapped him a time or two.
She said, “I’m Frankie’s sister, and I was checkin’ up on you.
If you’re her man, you better treat her right."

7. Well, the moral of this story is: be good but carry a stick.
Sometimes it looks like a guitar picker just can’t tell what to pick.
He was Frankie’s man, and he still ain’t done her wrong.

Frauen und Wein

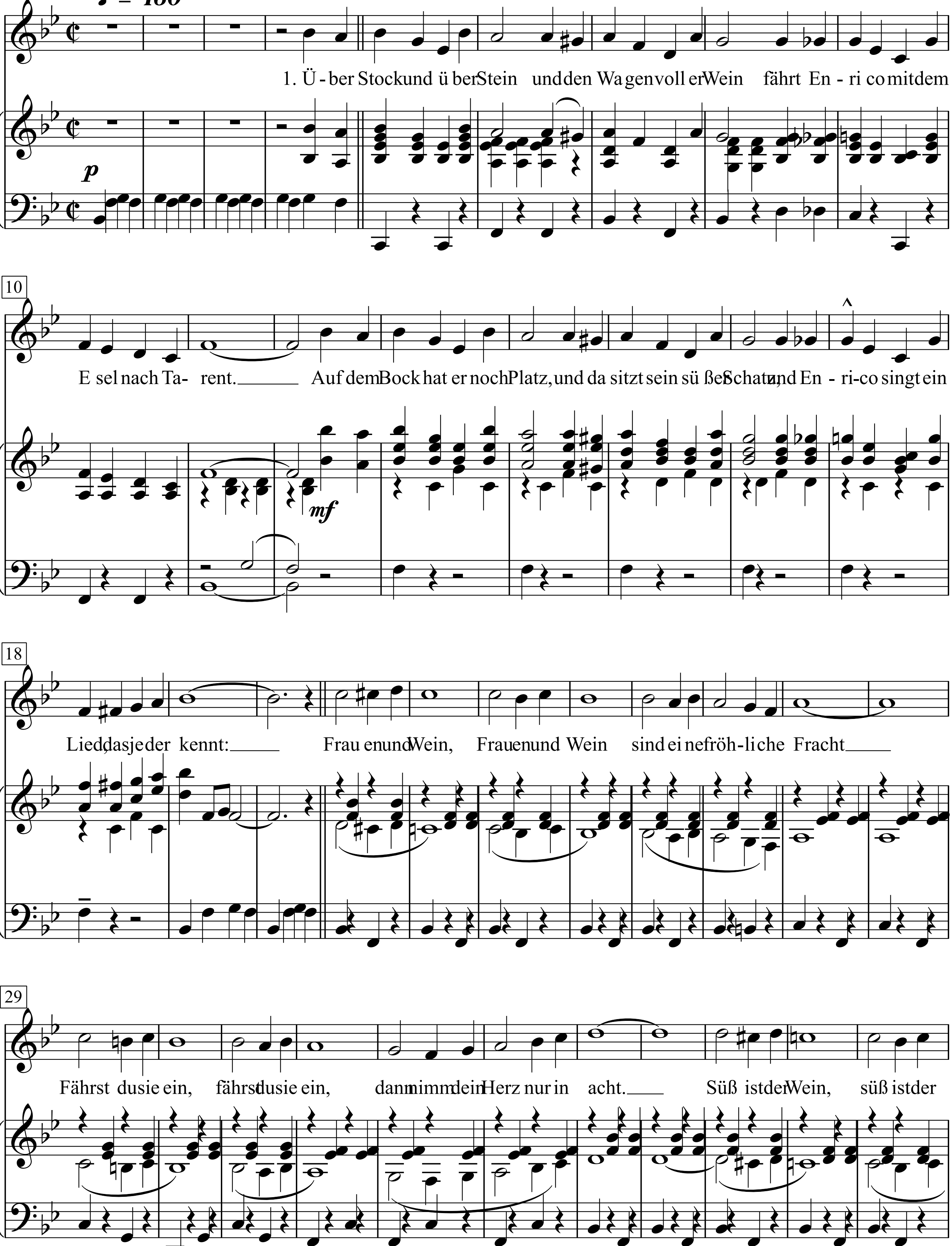
André Hoff & Kurt Feltz

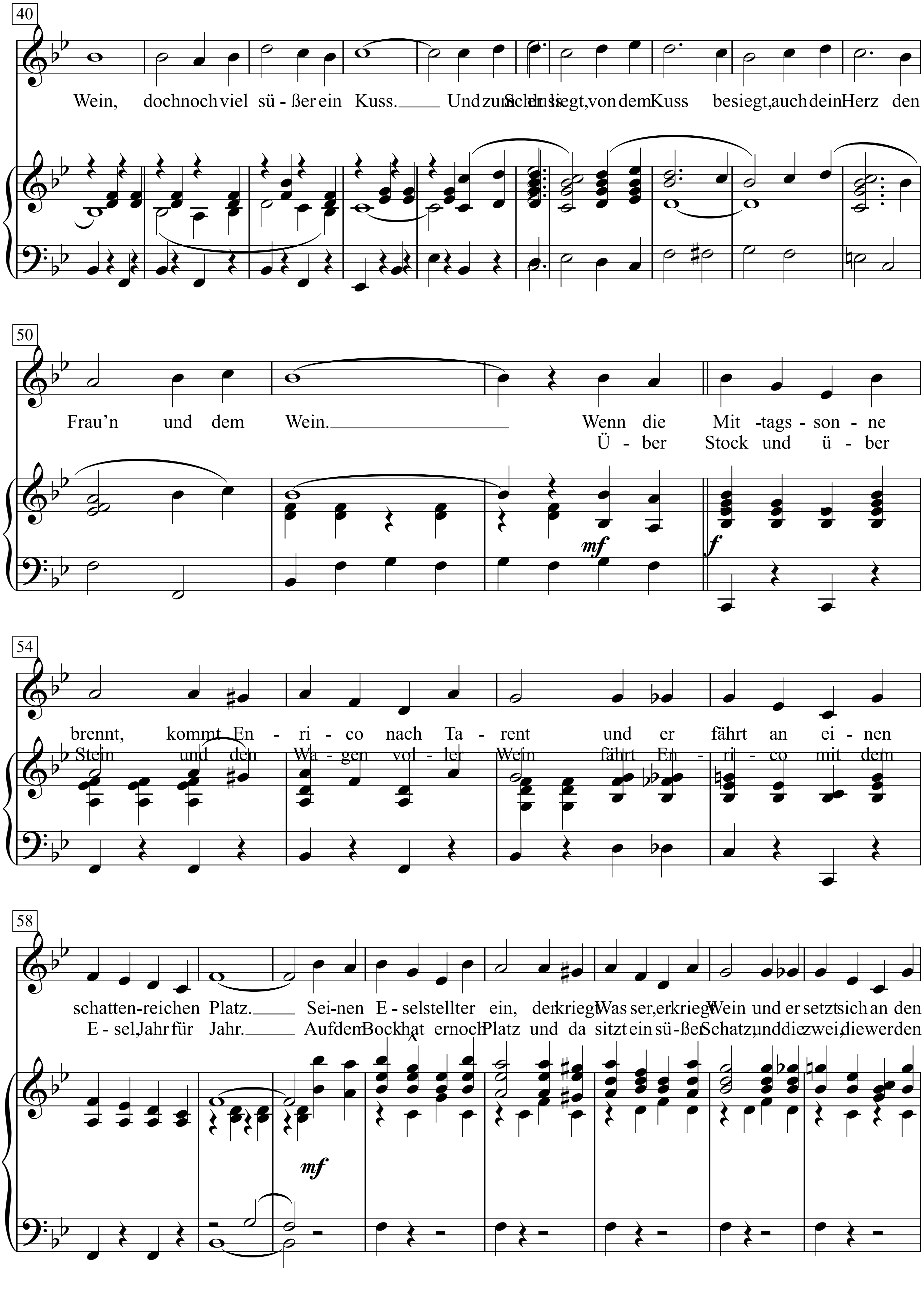
Foxtrot

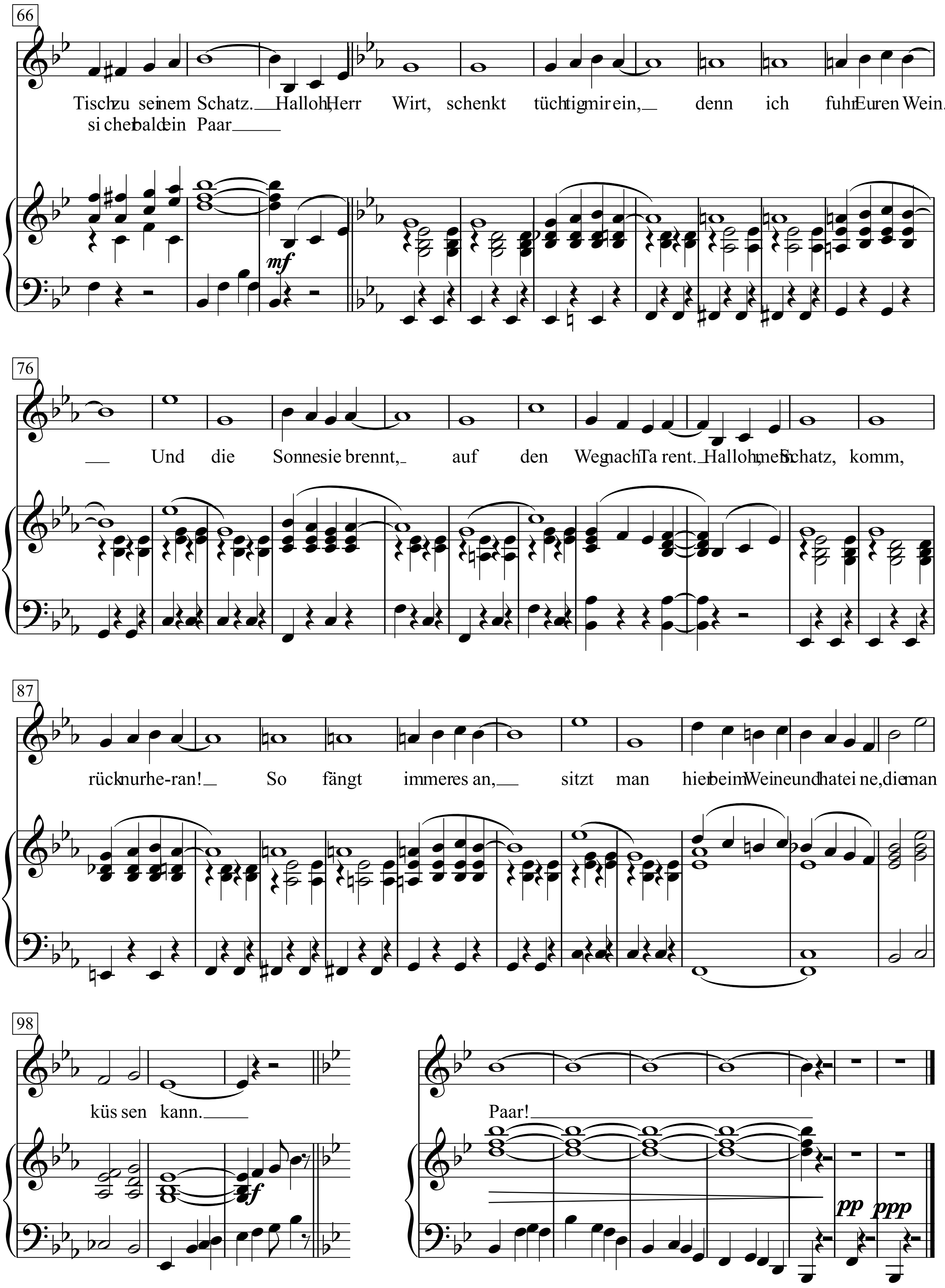
Gerhard Winkler

Lustig, aber nicht zu schnell

♩ = 160



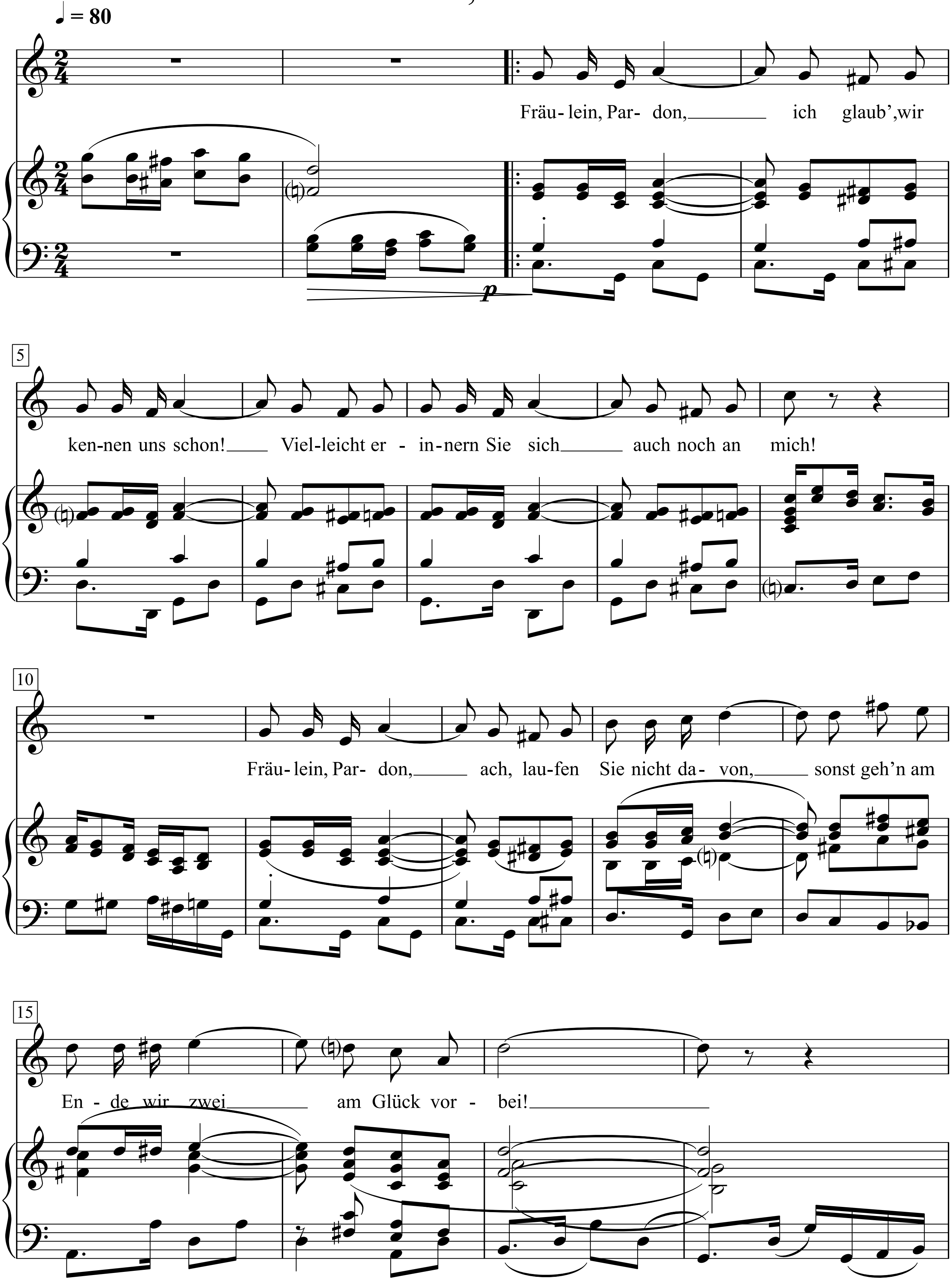

40
Wein, doch noch viel sü - ßer ein Kuss. Und zum Schluss siegt, von dem Kuss besiegt, auch dein Herz den
50
Frau'n und dem Wein. Wenn die Mit -tags - son - ne
Ü - ber Stock und ü - ber
mf
f
54
brennt, kommt En - ri - co nach Ta - rent und er fährt an ei - nen
Stein und den Wa - gen vol - ler Wein fährt En - ri - co mit dem
58
schatten-reichen Platz. Sei-nen E - sel stellt er ein, der kriegt Was ser, er kriegt Wein und er setzt sich an den
E - sel, Jahr für Jahr. Auf den Bock hat er noch Platz und da sitzt ein sü - ßer Schatz, und die zwei, die werden
mf

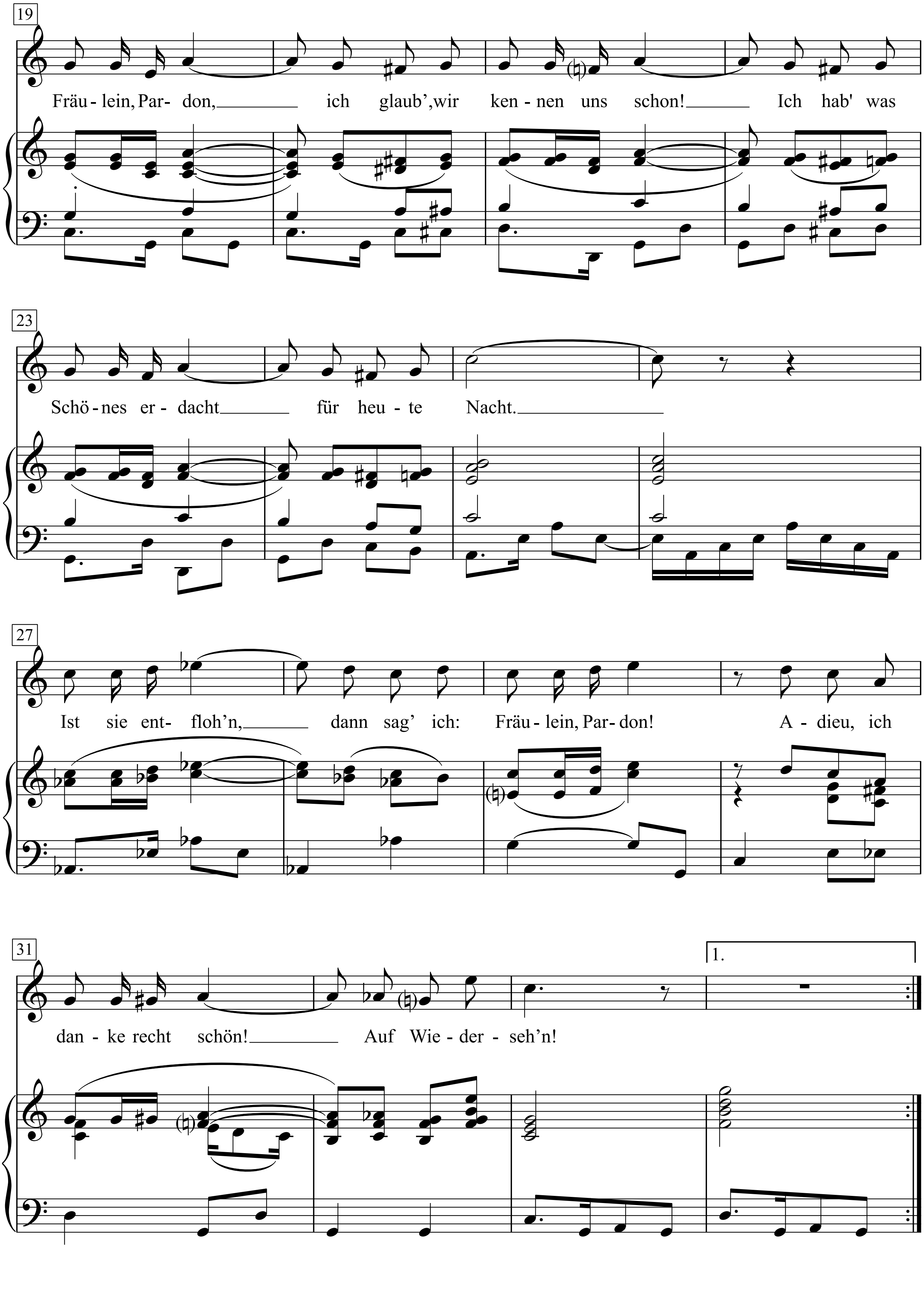

66
Tisch zu sei nem Schatz. Halloh, Herr Wirt, schenkt tüchtig mir ein, denn ich fuhr Euren Wein.
si cher bald ein Paar
mf
76
Und die Sonne sie brennt, auf den Weg nach Ta rent. Halloh, mein Schatz, komm,
87
rück nur he-ran! So fängt immer es an, sitzt man hier beim Weine und hat ei ne, die man
98
küs sen kann.
f
Paar!
pp
ppp

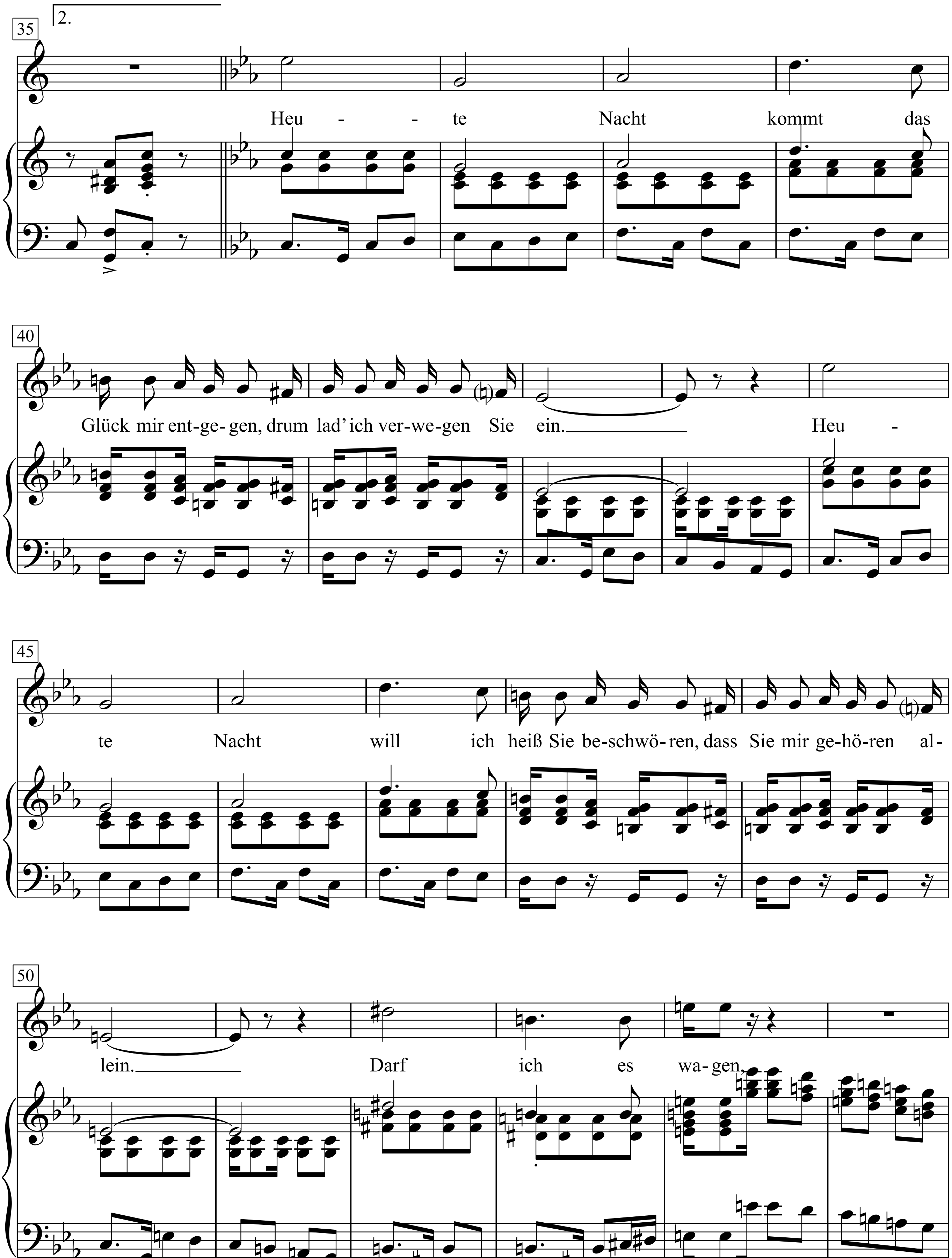
Richard Rillo

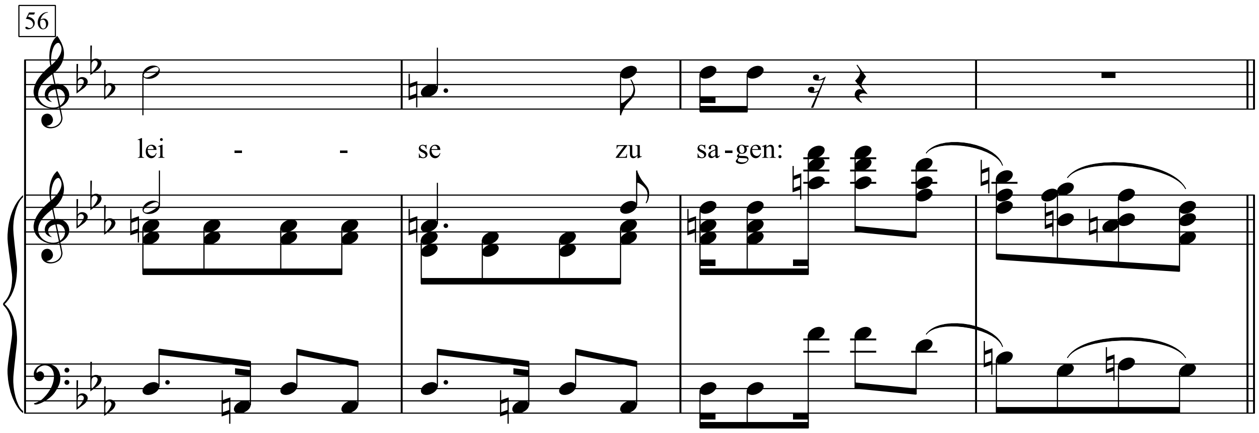
Fräulein, Pardon!

Will Meisel




19
Fräu - lein, Par - don, ich glaub', wir ken - nen uns schon! Ich hab' was
23
Schö - nes er - dacht für heu - te Nacht.
27
Ist sie ent - floh'n, dann sag' ich: Fräu - lein, Par - don! A - dieu, ich
31
1.
dan - ke recht schön! Auf Wie - der - seh'n!

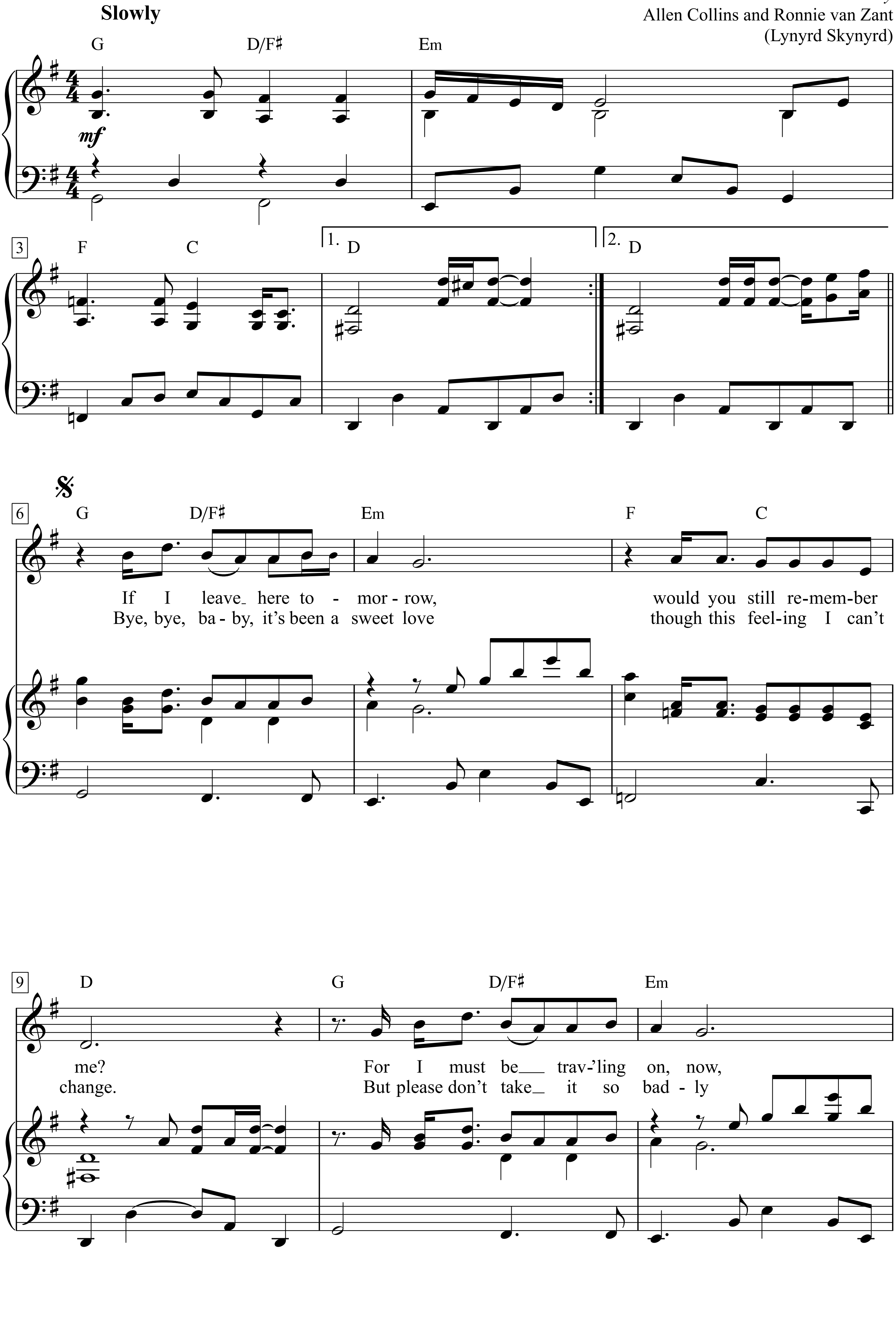

35
2.
Heu - - te Nacht kommt das
40
Glück mir ent-ge-gen, drum lad' ich ver-we-gen Sie ein.
Heu -
45
te Nacht will ich heiß Sie be-schwö-ren, dass Sie mir ge-hö-ren al-
50
lein.
Darf ich es wa-gen.

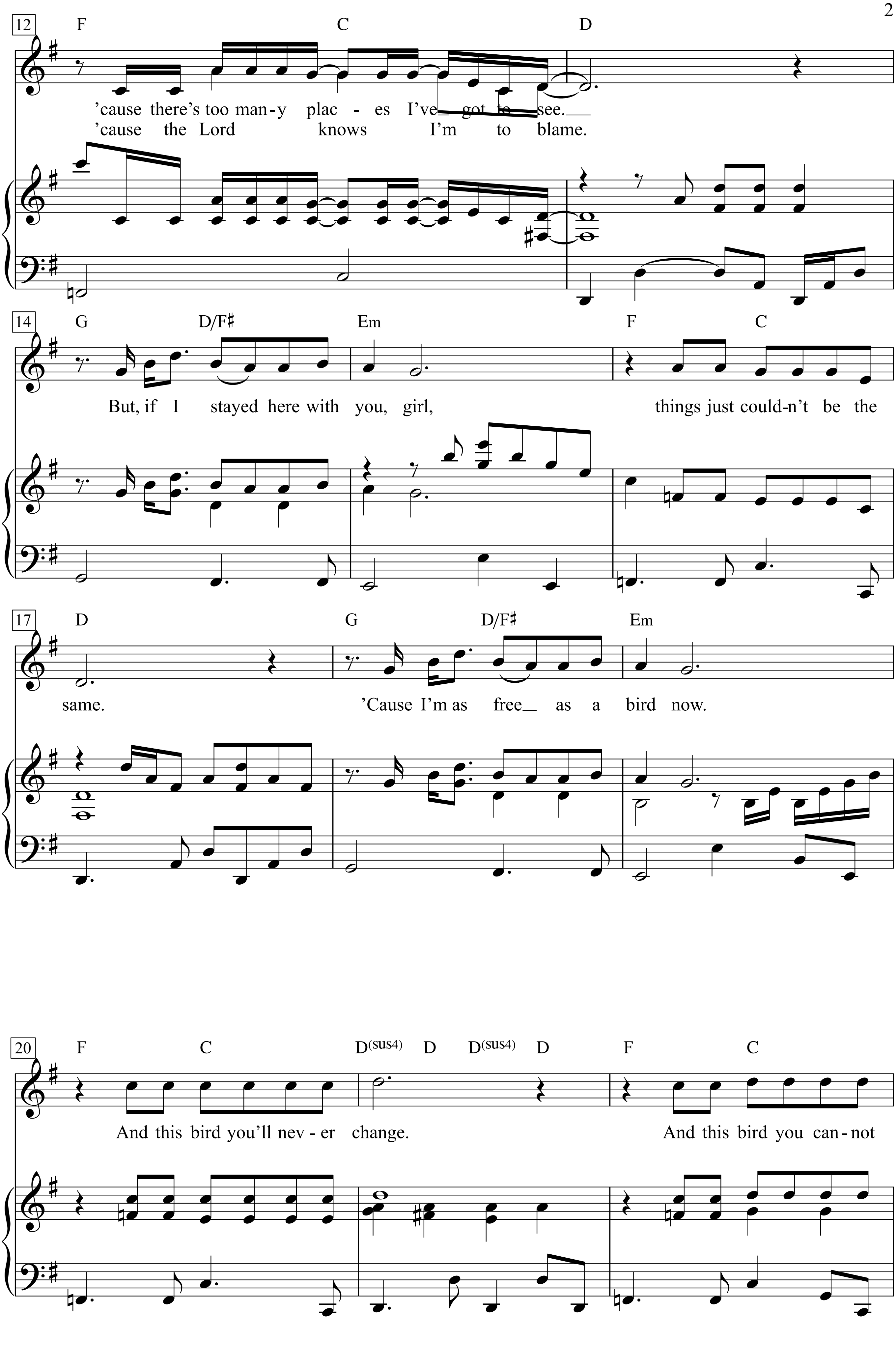


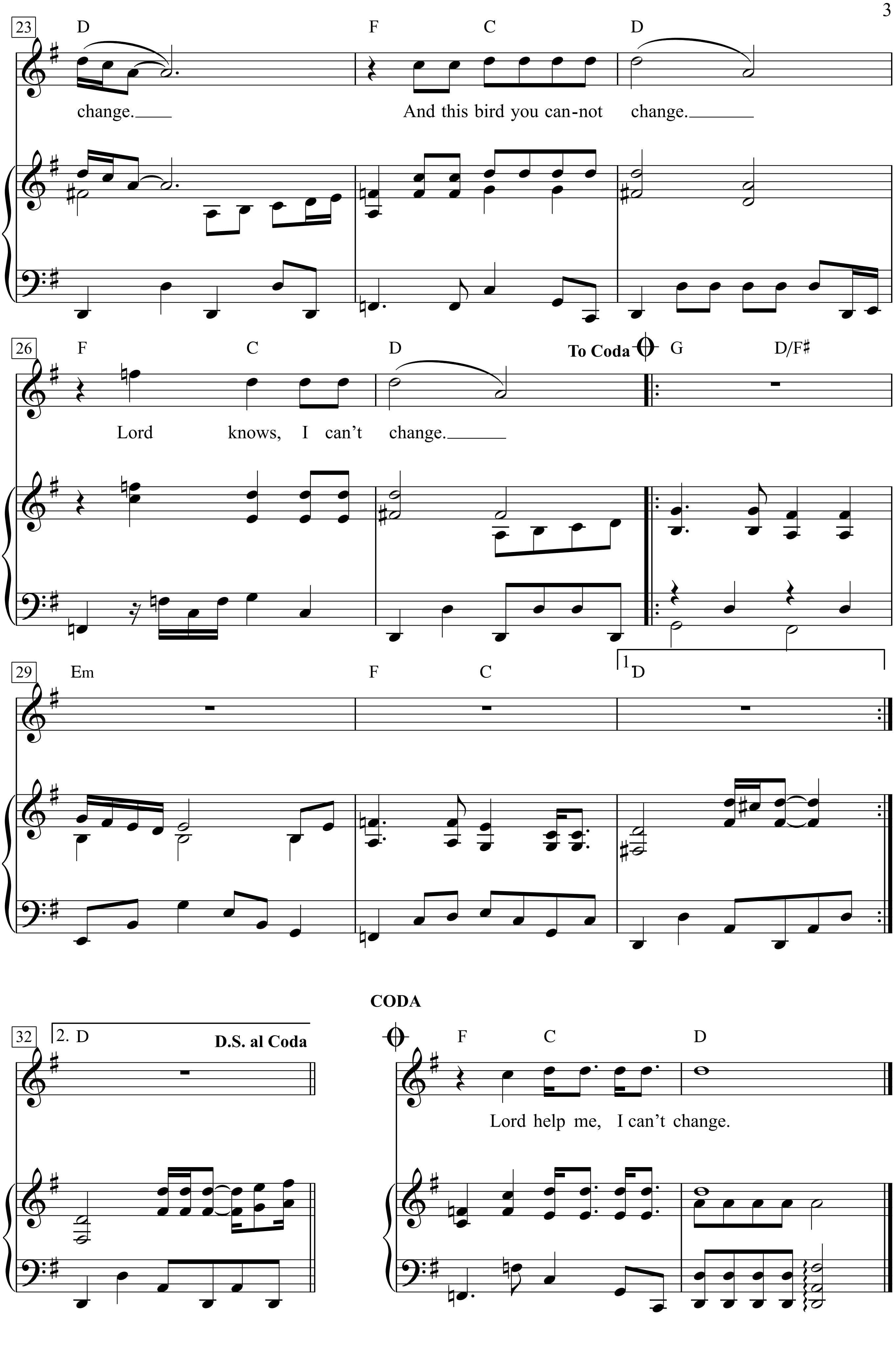
Fräulein, Pardon,
ich glaub', wir kennen uns schon!
Vielleicht erinnern Sie sich
auch noch an mich!
Fräulein, Pardon,
ach, laufen Sie nicht davon,
sonst geh'n am Ende wir zwei
am Glück vorbei!
Fräulein, Pardon,
ich glaub', wir kennen uns schon!
Ich hab' was Schönes erdacht
für heute Nacht.
Ist sie entfloh'n, dann sag' ich:
Fräulein, Pardon!
Adieu, ich danke recht schön!
Auf Wiederseh'n!
Heute Nacht kommt das Glück mir entgegen,
drum lad' ich verwegen Sie ein.
Heute Nacht will ich heiß Sie beschwören,
dass Sie mir gehören allein.
Darf ich es wagen,
leise zu sagen:

Free Bird

Words & Music by
Allen Collins and Ronnie van Zant
(Lynyrd Skynyrd)




12 F C D
'cause there's too man-y plac - es I've_ got to see.__
'cause the Lord knows I'm to blame.
14 G D/F♯ Em F C
But, if I stayed here with you, girl, things just could-n't be the
17 D G D/F♯ Em
same. 'Cause I'm as free_ as a bird now.
20 F C D(sus4) D D(sus4) D F C
And this bird you'll nev - er change. And this bird you can-not

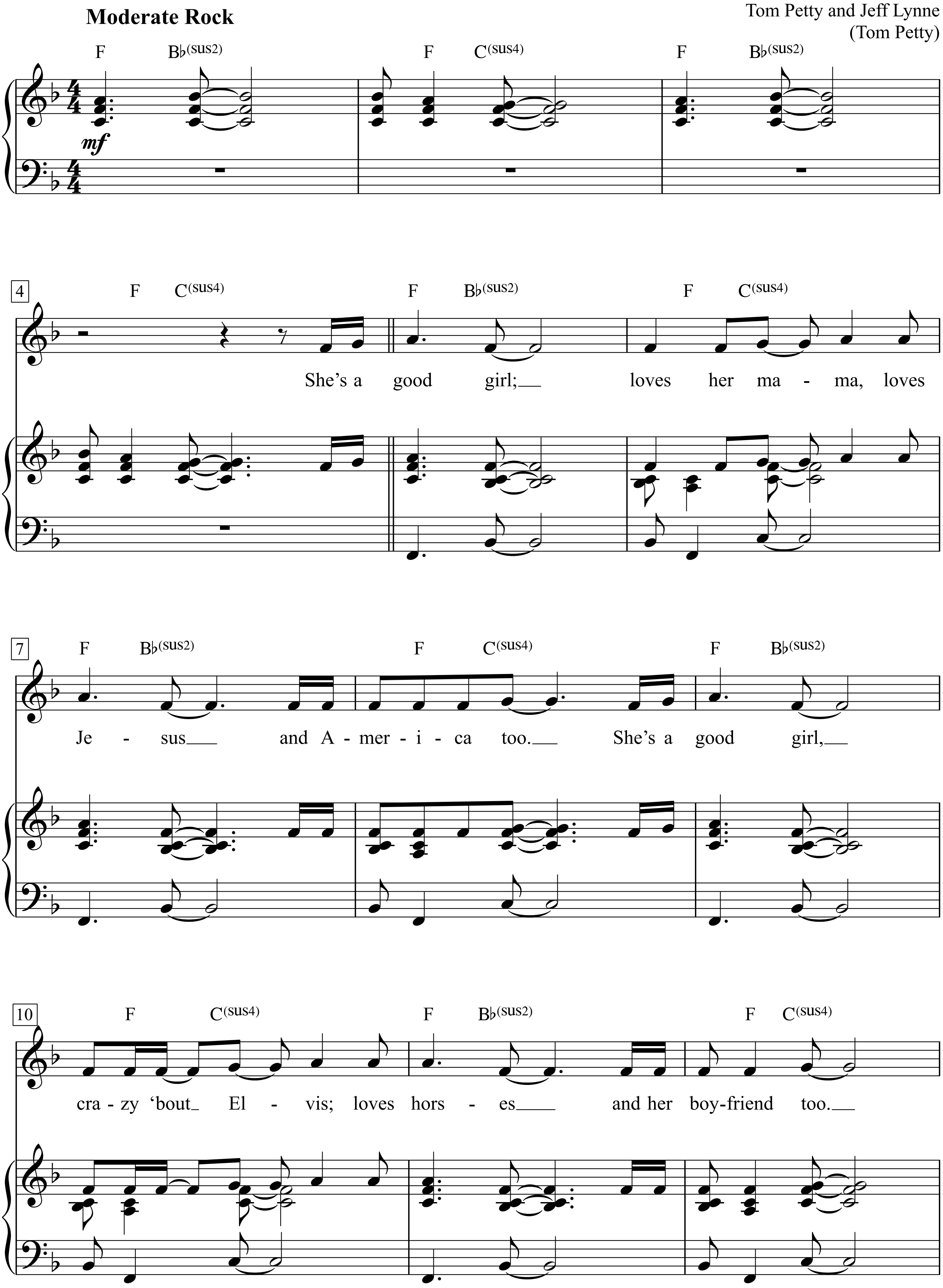

23
D
F
C
D
change.
And this bird you can-not change.
26
F
C
D
To Coda
G
D/F♯
Lord knows, I can't change.
29
Em
F
C
1. D
CODA
32
2. D
D.S. al Coda
F
C
D
Lord help me, I can't change.

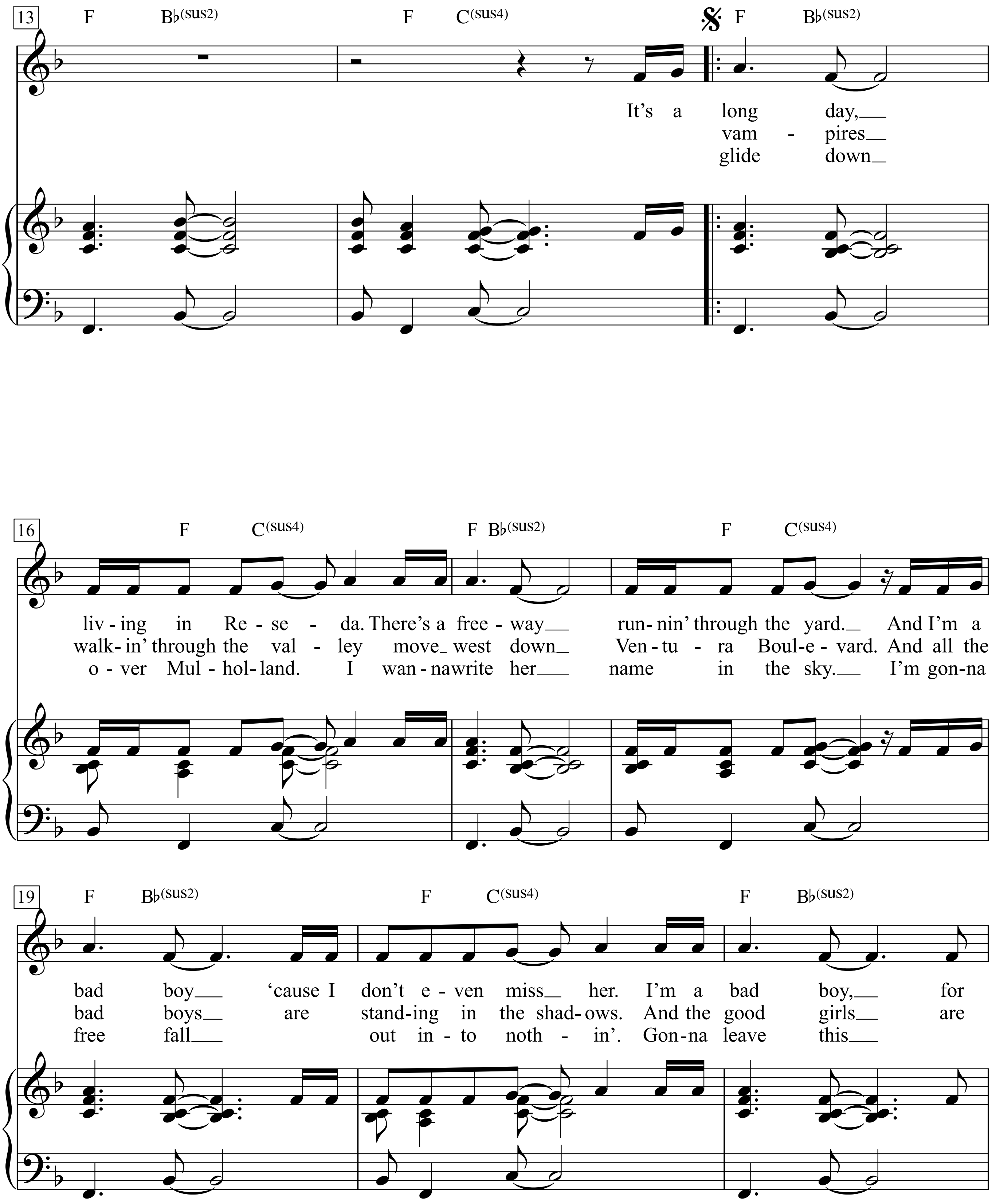
1.
If I leave here tomorrow, would you still remember me?
For I must be trav'ling on, now,
'cause there's too many places I've got to see.
But, if I stayed here with you, girl, things just couldn't be the same.
'Cause I'm as free as a bird now.
And this bird you'll never change.
And this bird you cannot change.
And this bird you cannot change.
Lord knows,
I can't change.
Lord help me,
I can't change.

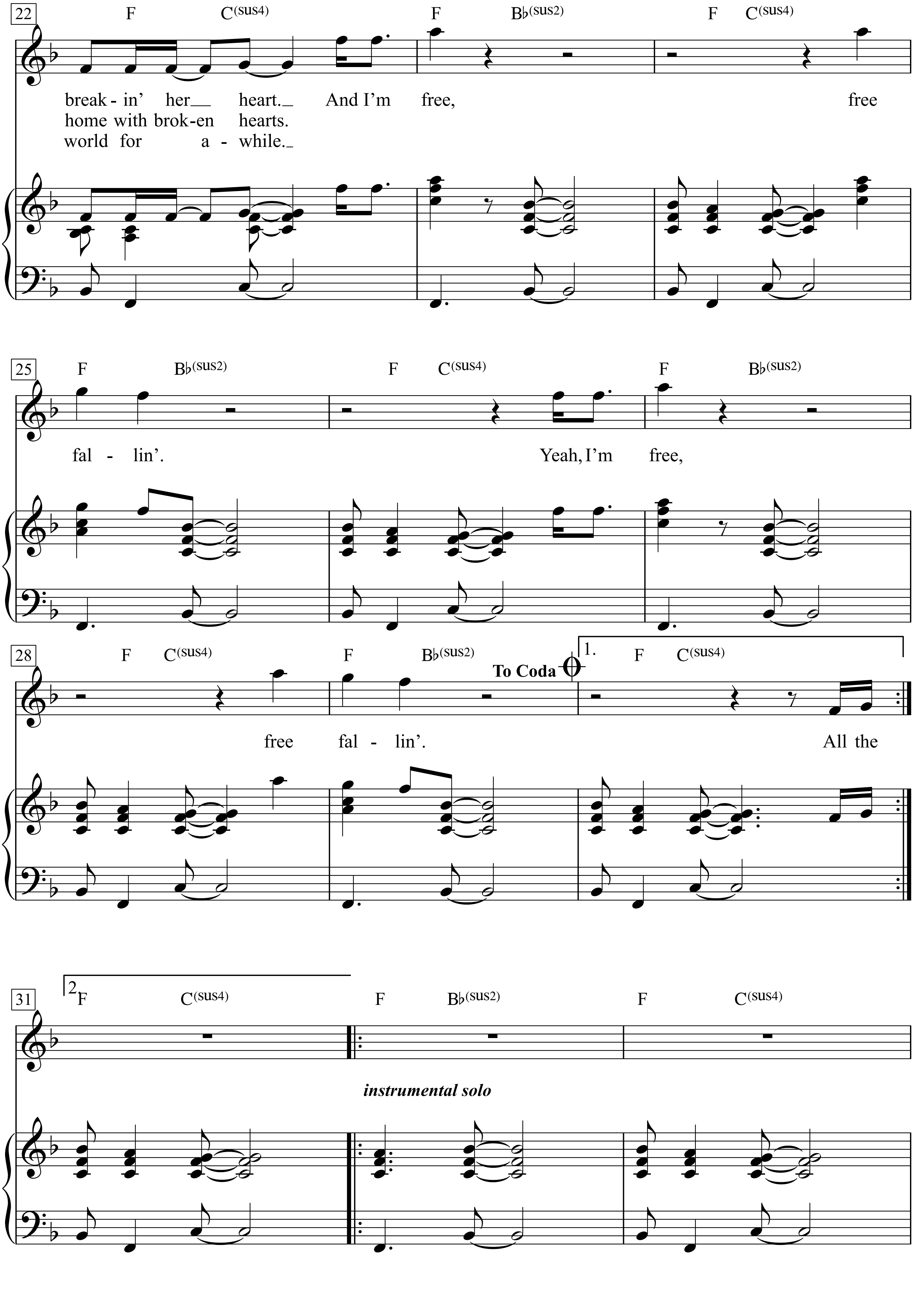
2.
Bye, bye, baby, it's been a sweet love though this feeling I can't change.
But please don't take it so badly 'cause the Lord knows I'm to blame.

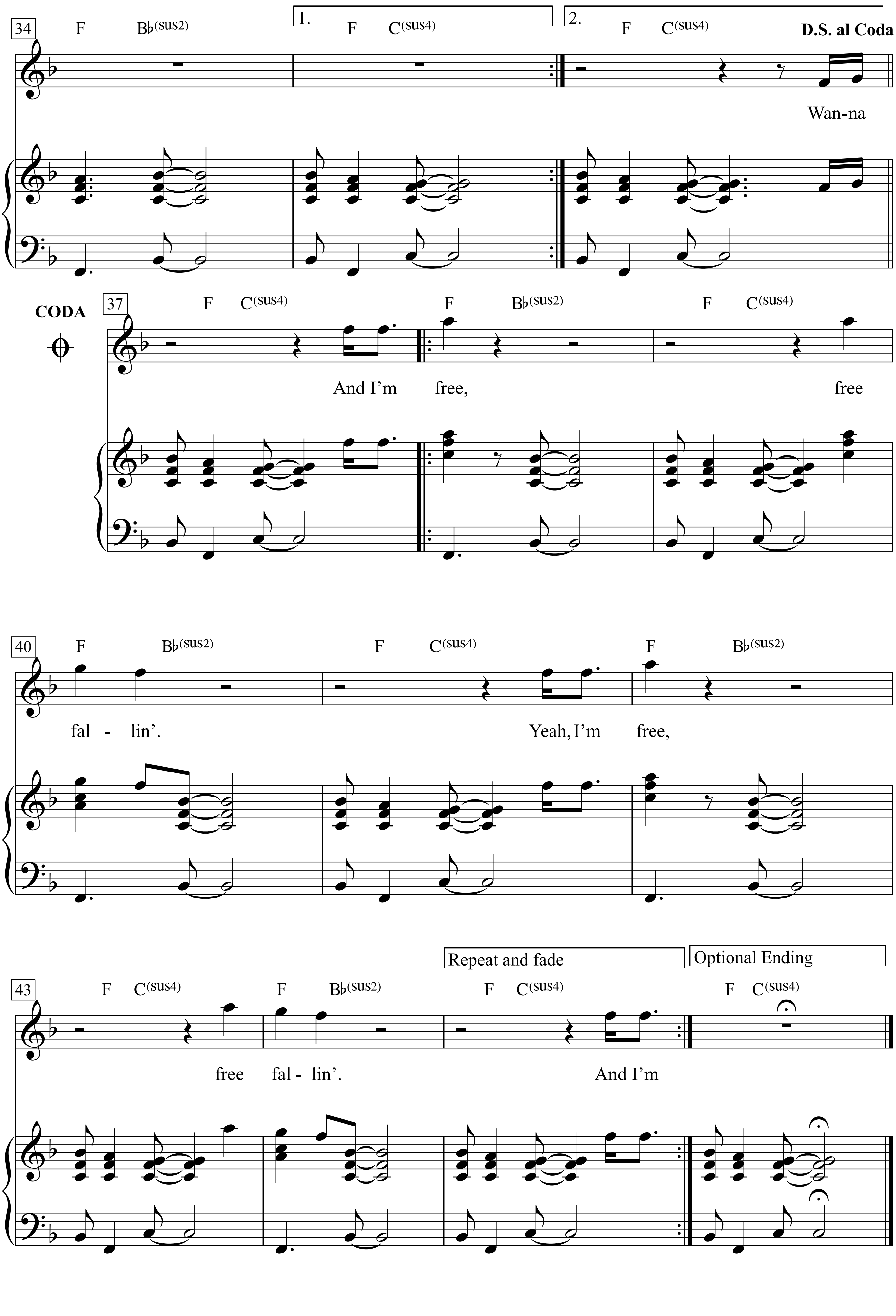
Free Fallin'

Words & Music by
Tom Petty and Jeff Lynne
(Tom Petty)




13
F Bb(sus2)
F C(sus4)
F Bb(sus2)
It's a long day,
vam - pires
glide down
16
F C(sus4)
F Bb(sus2)
F C(sus4)
liv - ing in Re - se - da. There's a free - way run - nin' through the yard. And I'm a
walk - in' through the val - ley move west down Ven - tu - ra Boul - e - vard. And all the
o - ver Mul - hol - land. I wan - na write her name in the sky. I'm gon - na
19
F Bb(sus2)
F C(sus4)
F Bb(sus2)
bad boy 'cause I don't e - ven miss her. I'm a bad boy, for
bad boys are stand - ing in the shad - ows. And the good girls are
free fall out in - to noth - in'. Gon - na leave this


22
F
C(sus4)
F
B♭(sus2)
F
C(sus4)
break - in' her heart. And I'm free, free
home with brok-en hearts.
world for a - while.
25
F
B♭(sus2)
F
C(sus4)
F
B♭(sus2)
fal - lin'. Yeah, I'm free,
28
F
C(sus4)
F
B♭(sus2)
To Coda
1.
F
C(sus4)
free fal - lin'. All the
31
2
F
C(sus4)
F
B♭(sus2)
F
C(sus4)
instrumental solo


34
F Bb(sus2)
1.
F C(sus4)
2.
F C(sus4)
D.S. al Coda
Wan-na
CODA
37
F C(sus4)
And I'm
F Bb(sus2)
free,
F C(sus4)
free
40
F Bb(sus2)
fal - lin'.
F C(sus4)
Yeah, I'm
F Bb(sus2)
free,
Repeat and fade
Optional Ending
43
F C(sus4)
free
F Bb(sus2)
fal - lin'.
F C(sus4)
And I'm
F C(sus4)

1.
She's a good girl; loves her mama, loves Jesus and America too.
She's a good girl, crazy 'bout Elvis; loves horses and her boyfriend too.
It's a long day, living in Reseda.
There's a freeway runnin' through the yard.
And I'm a bad boy 'cause I don't even miss her.
I'm a bad boy, for breakin' her heart.
And I'm free, free fallin'.
Yeah,
I'm free, free fallin'.
All the Wanna And I'm free, free fallin'.
Yeah,
I'm free, free fallin'.
And I'm

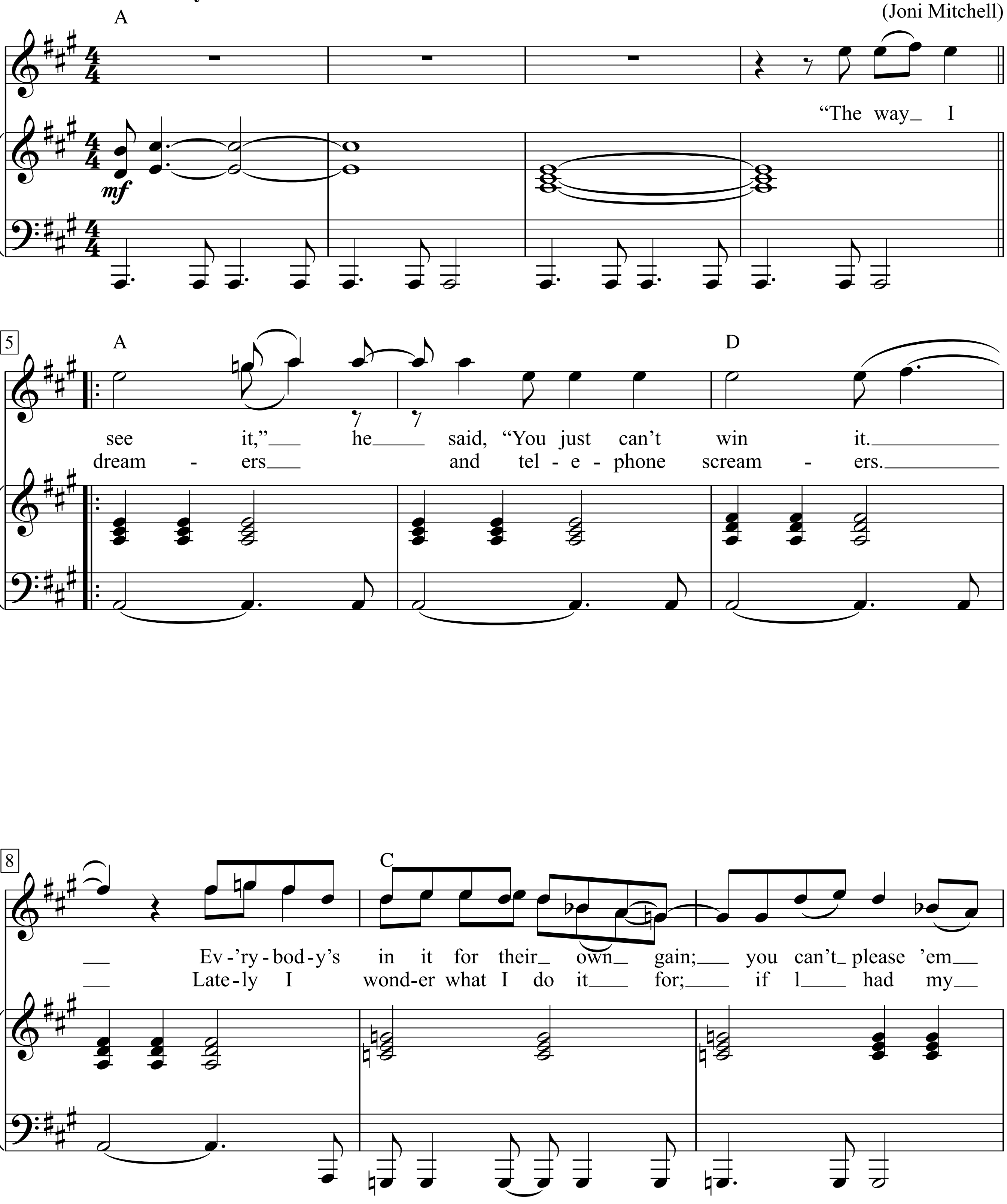
2. vampires walkin' through the valley move west down Ventura Boulevard.
And all the bad boys are standing in the shadows.
And the good girls are home with broken hearts.

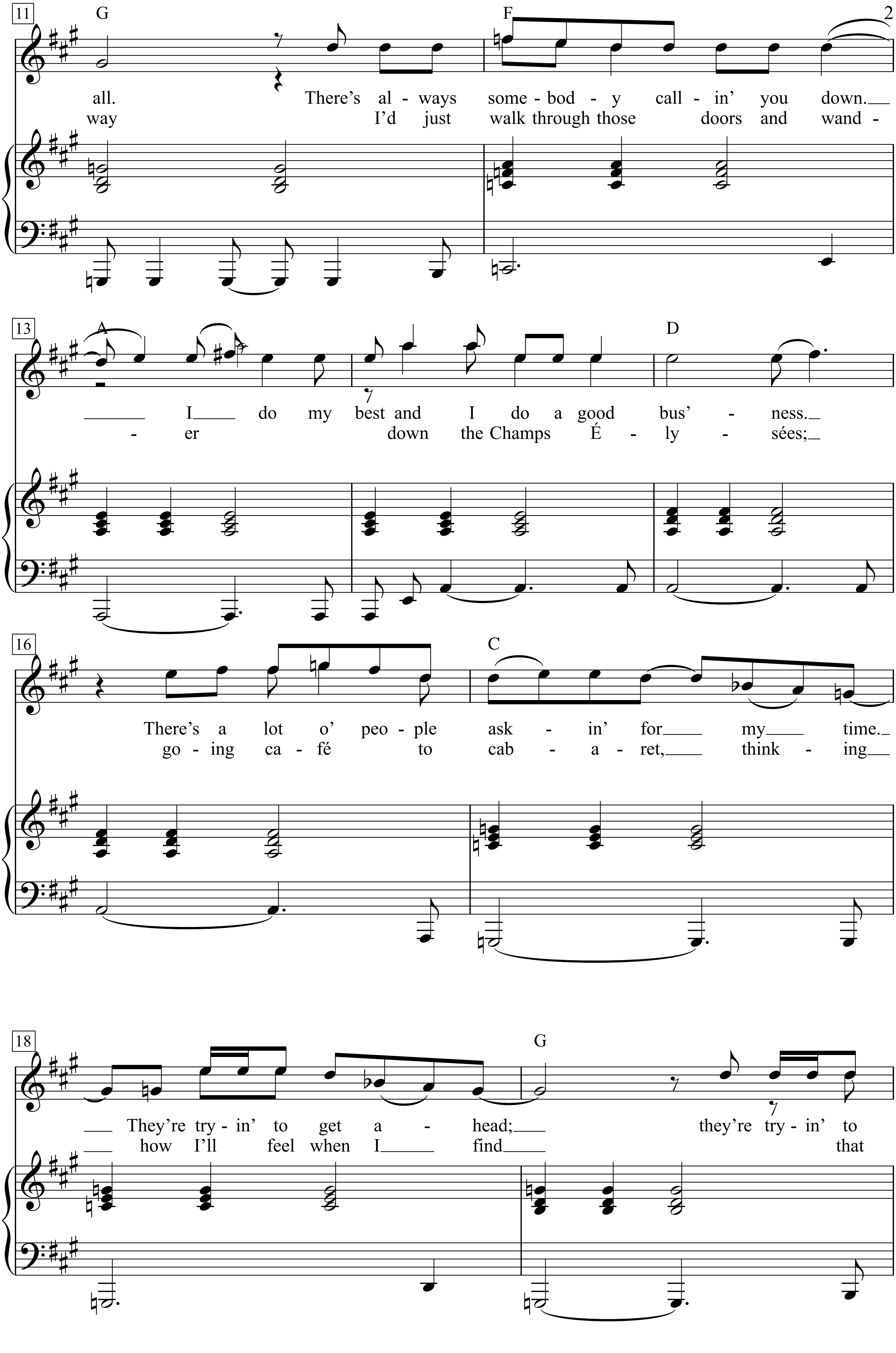
3. glide down over Mulholland.
I wanna write her name in the sky.
I'm gonna free fall out into nothin'.
Gonna leave this world for awhile.

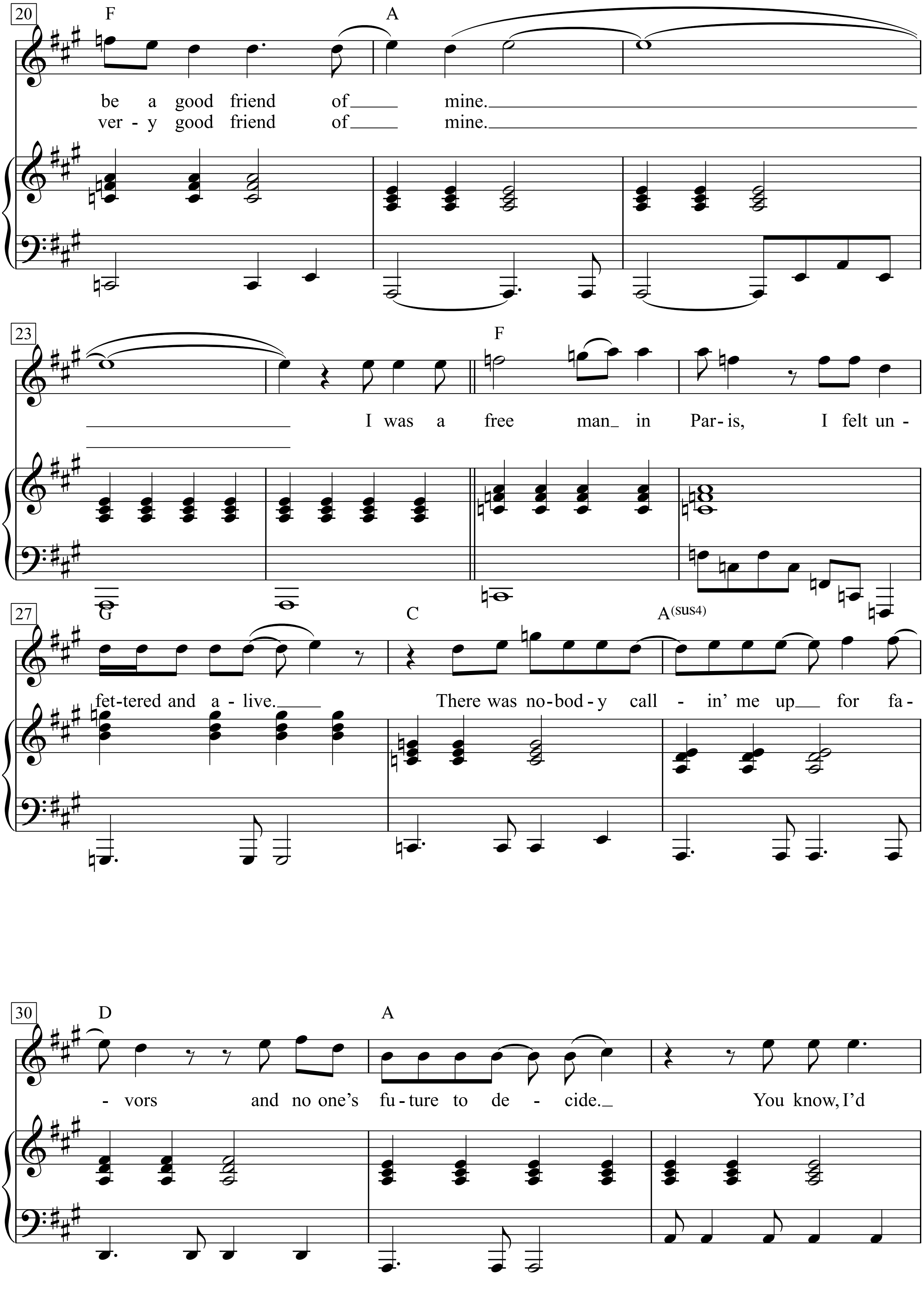
Free Man in Paris

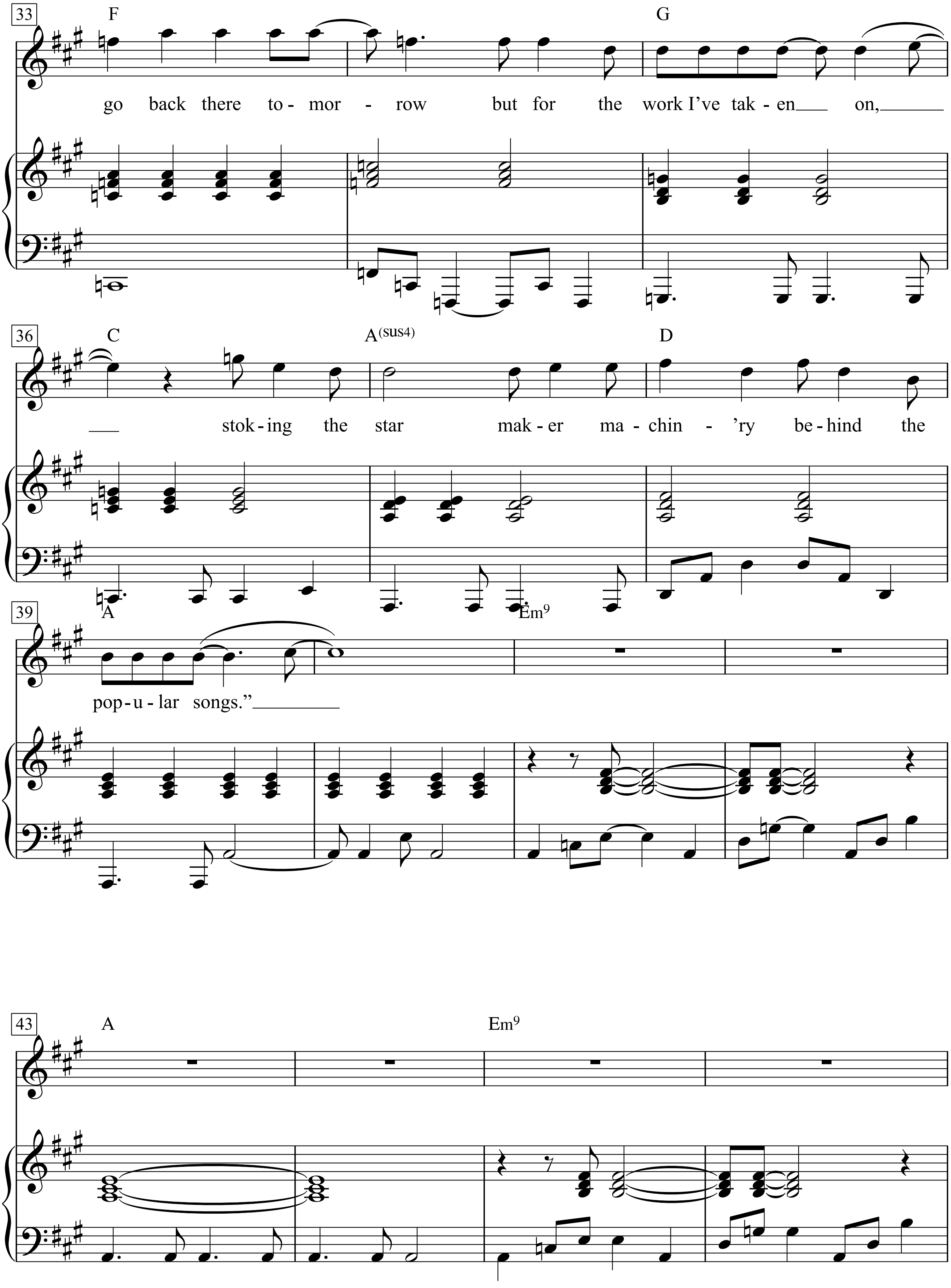
Moderately fast

Words & Music by Joni Mitchell
(Joni Mitchell)

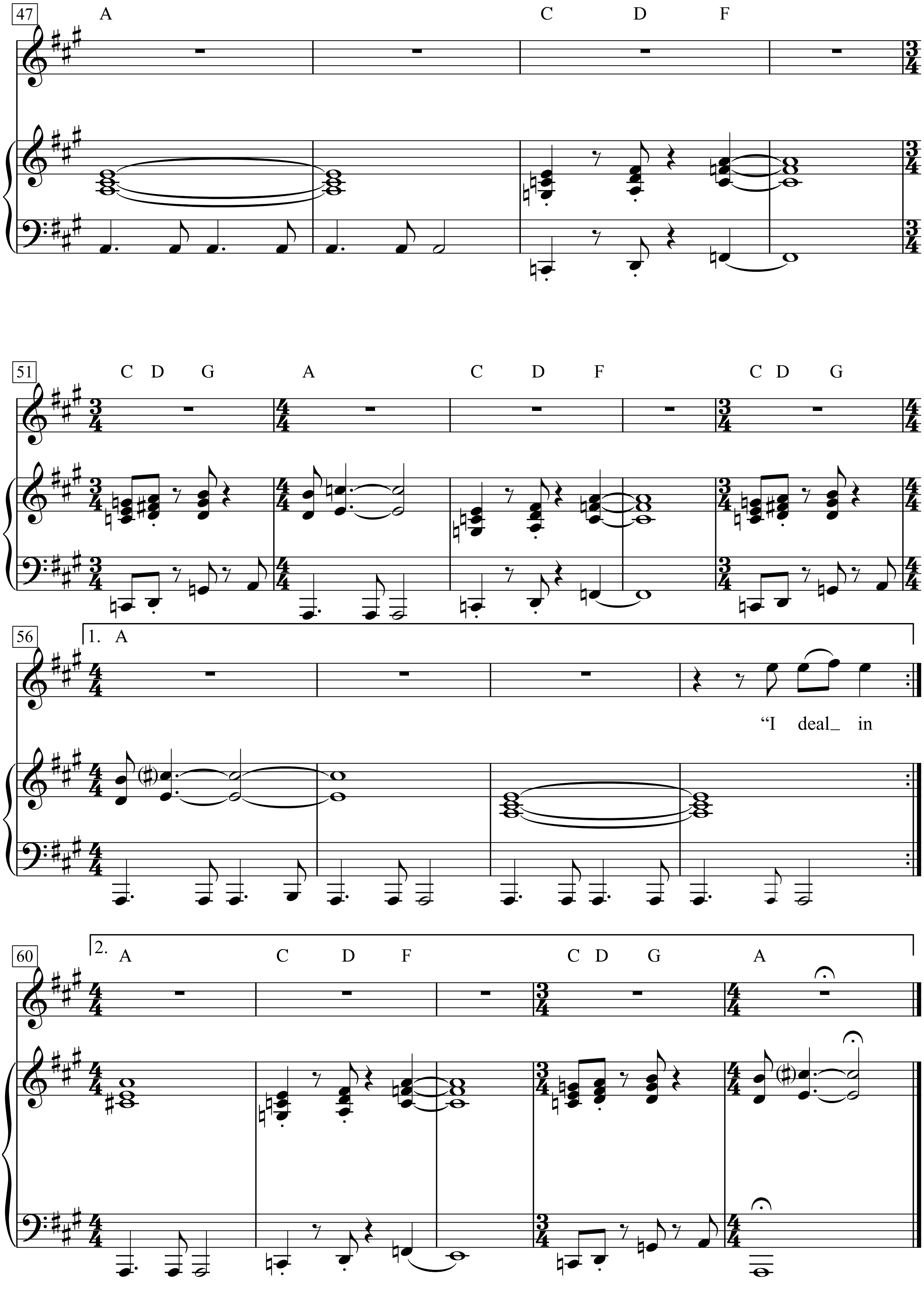



11
G
F
all. There's al - ways some - bod - y call - in' you down.
way I'd just walk through those doors and wand -
13
A
D
I do my best and I do a good bus' - ness.
- er down the Champs É - ly - sées;
16
C
There's a lot o' peo - ple ask - in' for my time.
go - ing ca - fé to cab - a - ret, think - ing
18
G
They're try - in' to get a - head; they're try - in' to
how I'll feel when I find that


20
F
A
be a good friend of mine.
ver - y good friend of mine.
23
F
I was a free man in Par - is, I felt un -
27
G
C
A(sus4)
fet - tered and a - live.
There was no - bod - y call - in' me up for fa -
30
D
A
- vors and no one's fu - ture to de - cide.
You know, I'd



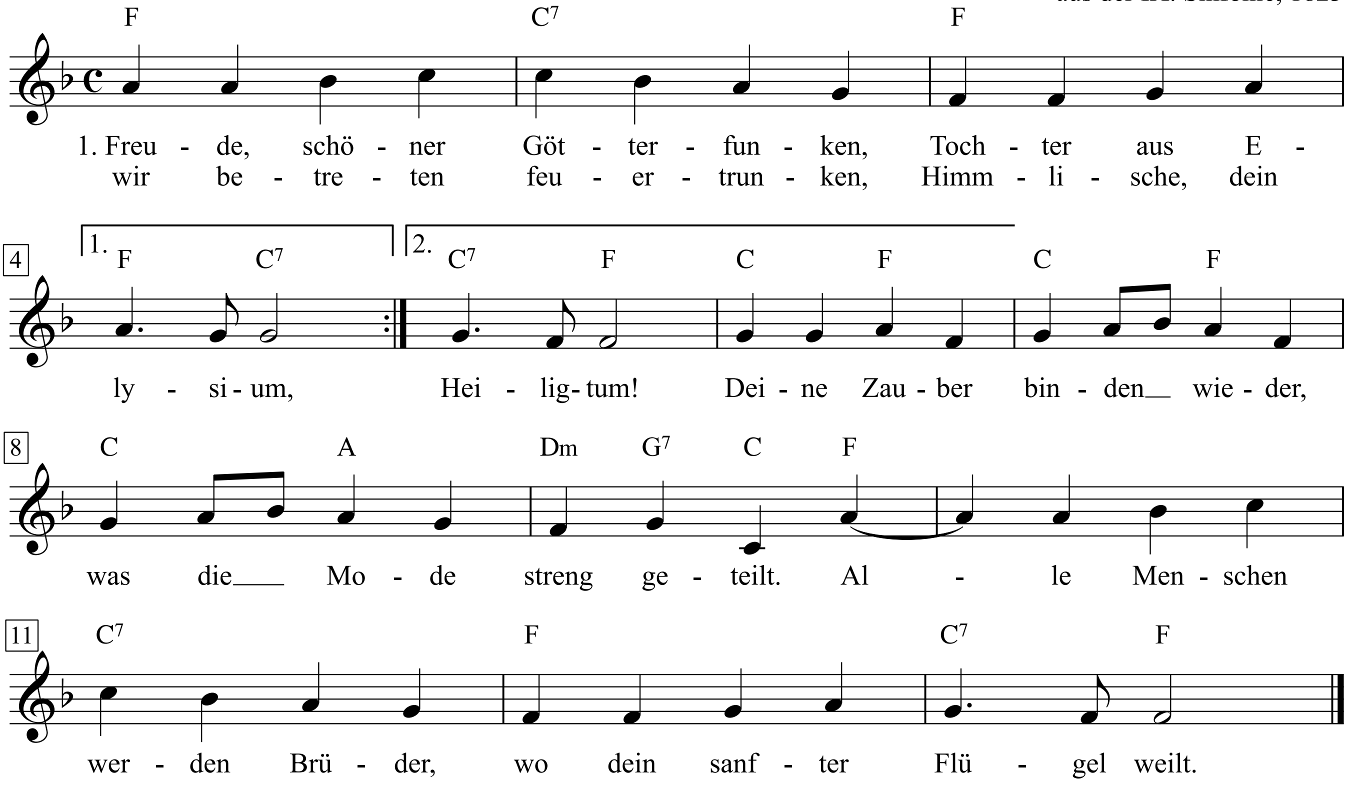
33
F
G
go back there to-mor-row but for the work I've tak-en on,
36
C
A(sus4)
D
stok-ing the star mak-er ma-chin-'ry be-hind the
39
A
Em9
pop-u-lar songs."
43
A
Em9


47
A
C D F
51
C D G
A
C D F
C D G
56
1. A
“I deal_ in
60
2. A
C D F
C D G
A

Freude schöner Götterfunken

Text: Friedrich Schiller (1759–1805), 1785

Melodie: Ludwig van Beethoven (1770–1827), aus der IX. Sinfonie, 1823



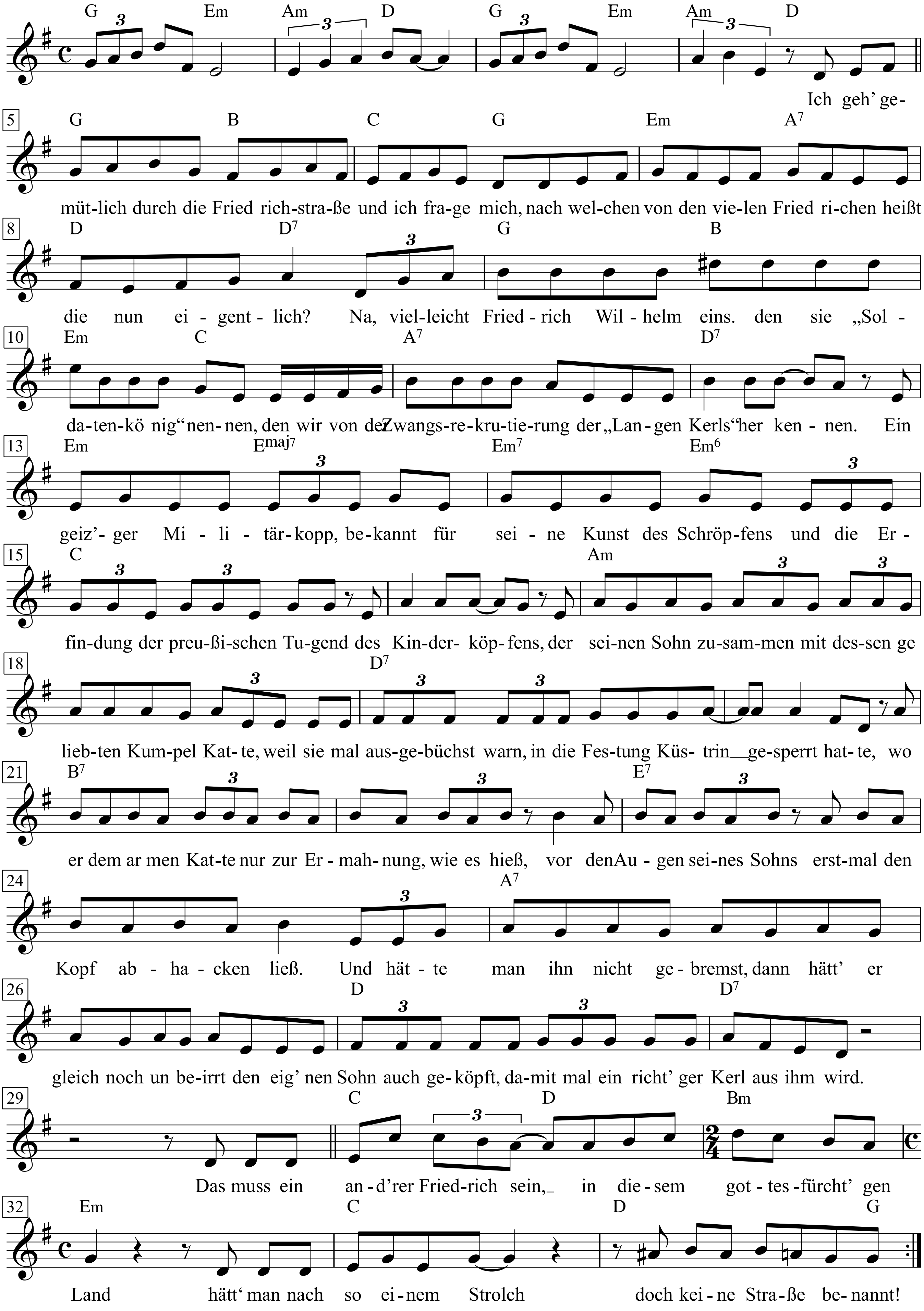
1. Freude, schöner Götterfunken,
Tochter aus Elysium,
wir betreten feuertrunken,
Himmlische, dein Heiligtum!
Deine Zauber binden wieder,
was die Mode streng geteilt.
Alle Menschen werden Brüder,
wo dein sanfter Flügel weilt.

2. Wem der große Wurf gelungen
eines Freundes Freund zu sein,
wer ein holdes Weib errungen,
mische seinen Jubel ein!
Ja – wer auch nur eine Seele
sein nennt auf dem Erdenrund!
Und wer‘s nie gekonnt, der stehle
weinend sich aus diesem Bund!

3. Freude heißt die starke Feder
in der ewigen Natur.
Freude, Freude treibt die Räder
in der großen Weltenuhr.
Blumen lockt sie aus den Keimen,
Sonnen aus dem Firmament,
Sphären rollt sie in den Räumen,
die des Sehers Rohr nicht kennt.

Friedrichsraße

Reinhard Mey



1. Ich geh' gemütlich durch die Friedrichstraße und ich frage mich.
nach welchem von den vielen Friedrichen heißt die nun eigentlich?
Na, vielleicht Friedrich Wilhelm eins, den sic „Soldatenkönig“ nennen,
den wir von der Zwangsrekrutierung der „Langen Kerls“ her kennen.
Ein geiz’ger Militärkopp, bekannt für seine Kunst des Schröpfens
und die Erfindung der preußischen Tugend des Kinderköpfens,
der seinen Sohn zusammen mit dessen geliebten Kumpel Katte
weil sie mal ausgebüchst war’n, in die Festung Küstrin gesperrt hatte,
wo er dem armen Katte dann nur zur Ermahnung, wie es hieß.
vor den Augen seines Sohns erstmal den Kopf abhacken ließ.
Und hätte man ihn nicht gebremst, dann hätt’ er gleich noch unbeirrt
den eignen Sohn auch geköpft, damit mal ein richt’ger Kerl aus ihm wird!
Das muss ein anderer Friedrich sein, in diesem gottesfürcht’gen Land
hätt’ man nach so einem Strolch doch keine Straße benannt!

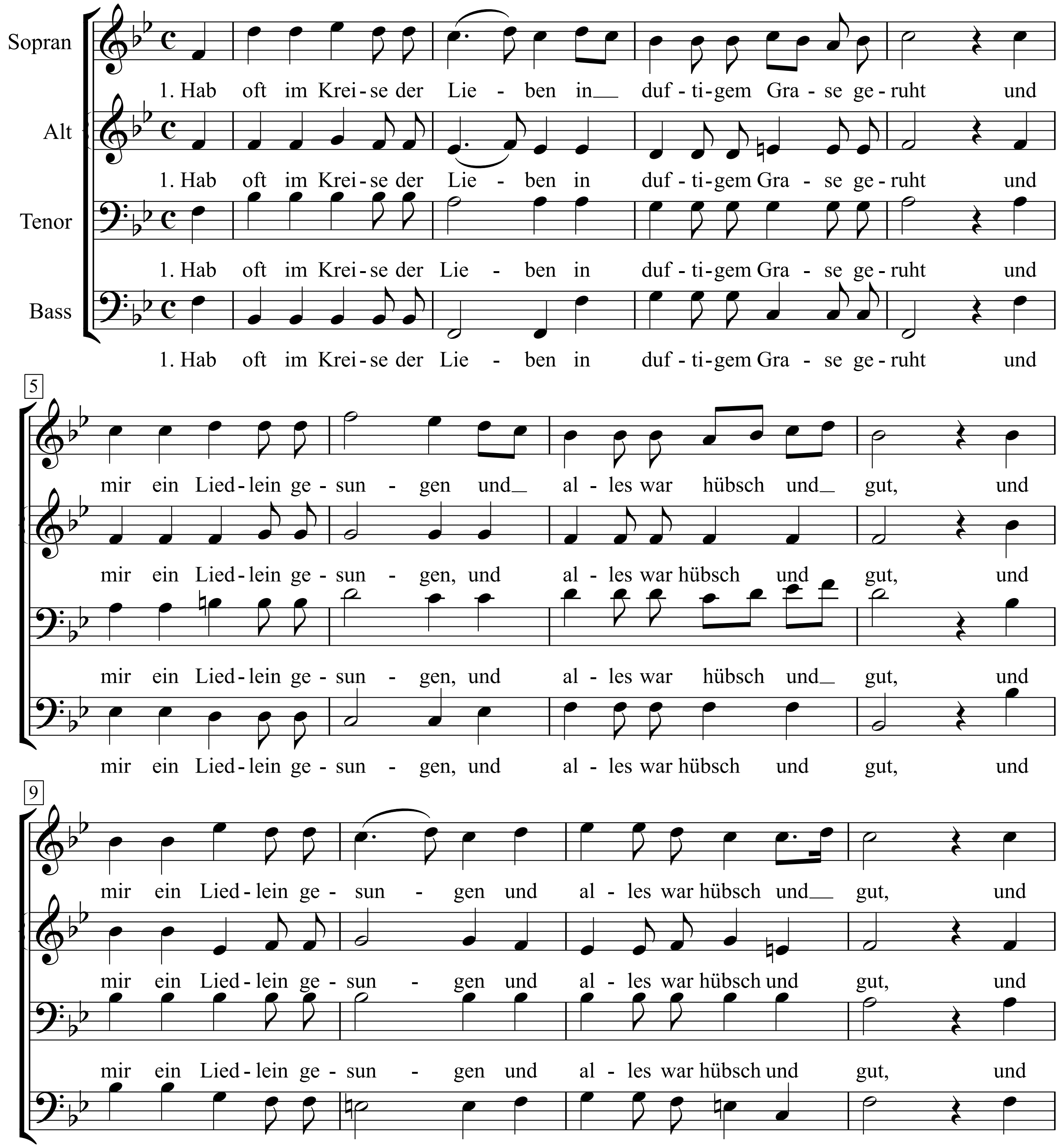
2. Vielleicht nach Friedrich zwo, der Alte Fritz, hart und autoritär,
und nichts im Kopf außer seinen Hunden und seinem Militär
und schon gar nicht die Frau Gemahlin: „Ich werde sie verstoßen,
Sobald ich Herr im Hause bin!“ Nennt man ihn drum Friedrich den Großen?
Na gut, er war’s, der die Kartoffel nach Deutschland brachte,
aber auch, der unsre Literatur beim Nachbarn madig machte.
In elf Kriegsjahren hat er fünfzehn blutige Schlachten geschlagen
und den verdammten Militarismus bis in unsre Zeit getragen.
Bis in unsre Zeit macht er noch Ärger unter der Erde
mit dem Befehl, dass er bei seinen Hunden begraben werde.
Erst König Helmut hat pariert, jetzt haben seine Hunde ihn,
den alten Knochen. Und wir sein Reiterstandbild mitten in Berlin.
Das muss ein anderer Friedrich sein, in diesem gottesfürcht’gen Land
hätt’ man nach so einem Strolch doch keine Straße benannt!

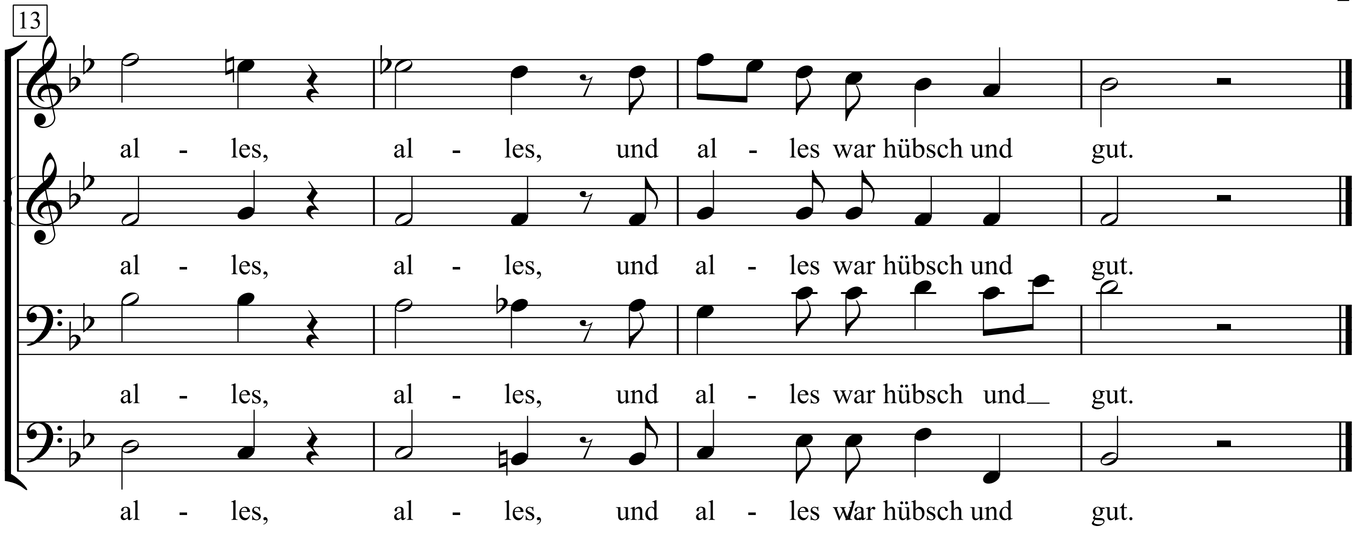
3. Na, dann nach Friedrich Willhelm, also nach Kaiser Wilhelm, dem Oll’n,
den mit dem langen Bart, den manche so gern wiederhaben woll’n,
der uns im fernen Afrika so ungemein gerngesehen machte,
weil er die nackten Wilden da erstmal auf Vordermann brachte.
Ein übler Judenhasser, der die Rüstungstrommel rührte
und Deutschland mit Hurrah in den ersten Weltkrieg führte,
dessen Prunksucht, dessen Unfähigkeit, dessen Wanken
unsre Großeltern den Hungerwinter 17/18 verdanken:
Suppenküchen, Elend, Invaliden, Durchhalteparolen,
nur Majestät haben sich schon mal nach Holland empfohlen.
Als er sich sang- und klanglos feige verpisst hatte vor all’n,
waren zehn Millionen Menschen auf den Schlachtfeldern gefall'n.
Das muss ein anderer Friedrich sein, in diesem gottesfürcht’gen Land
hätt’ man nach so einem Strolch doch keine Straße benannt!

4. Blieb’ noch der Struwwelpeter Friederich, der Wüterich sowie
die argen Friederiche aus der Stahl- und Rüstungsindustrie.
Aber Vorsicht, denk’ ich, und dass ich mich ja am Riemen reiße:
Mir fällt ein, dass ich mit zweitem Vornamen selbst Friedrich heiße!
Gut, ich hab schon mal falsch geparkt und auch schon mal zu viel getrunken,
aber bitte reiht mich nicht ein in diese Bande von Halunken!
Ich mach’ keine Falschaussagen, ich veruntreu‘ keine Spenden,
keine Dienstwagenaffäre und kein Schmiergeld an den Händen,
zahle ächzend meine Steuern, tu' keiner Fliege was zuleide,
mauschle nicht mit Bonusmeilen und schwöre keine Meineide,
gehe nicht der Praktikantin an die Wäsche im Büro
und zeig’ Migranten nicht den falschen Weg zum Bahnhofsklo.
Kurz, ich versuch’ einfach nur so zu leben, dass man nicht zum Schluss,
wenn ich tot bin, noch ‘ne Straße nach mir benennen muss.
wenn ich tot bin, noch ‘ne Straße nach mir benennen muss.
wenn ich tot bin. noch ‘ne Straße nach mir benennen muss.

Frisch gesungen

Friedrich Silcher





1. Hab oft im Kreise der Lieben in duftigem Grase geruht
und mir ein Liedlein gesungen, und alles war hübsch und gut,
und mir ein Liedlein gesungen und alles war hübsch und gut
und alles, alles, und alles war hübsch und gut.

2. Hab einsam auch mich gehärmet in bangem düsterem Mut
und habe wieder gesungen und alles war wieder gut,
und habe wieder gesungen und alles war wieder gut,
und alles, alles, und alles war wieder gut.

3. Und manches, was ich erfahren, verkocht ich in stiller Wut
und kam ich wieder zu singen, war alles auch wieder gut,
und kam ich wieder zu singen, war alles auch wieder gut,
und alles, alles, und alles war wieder gut.

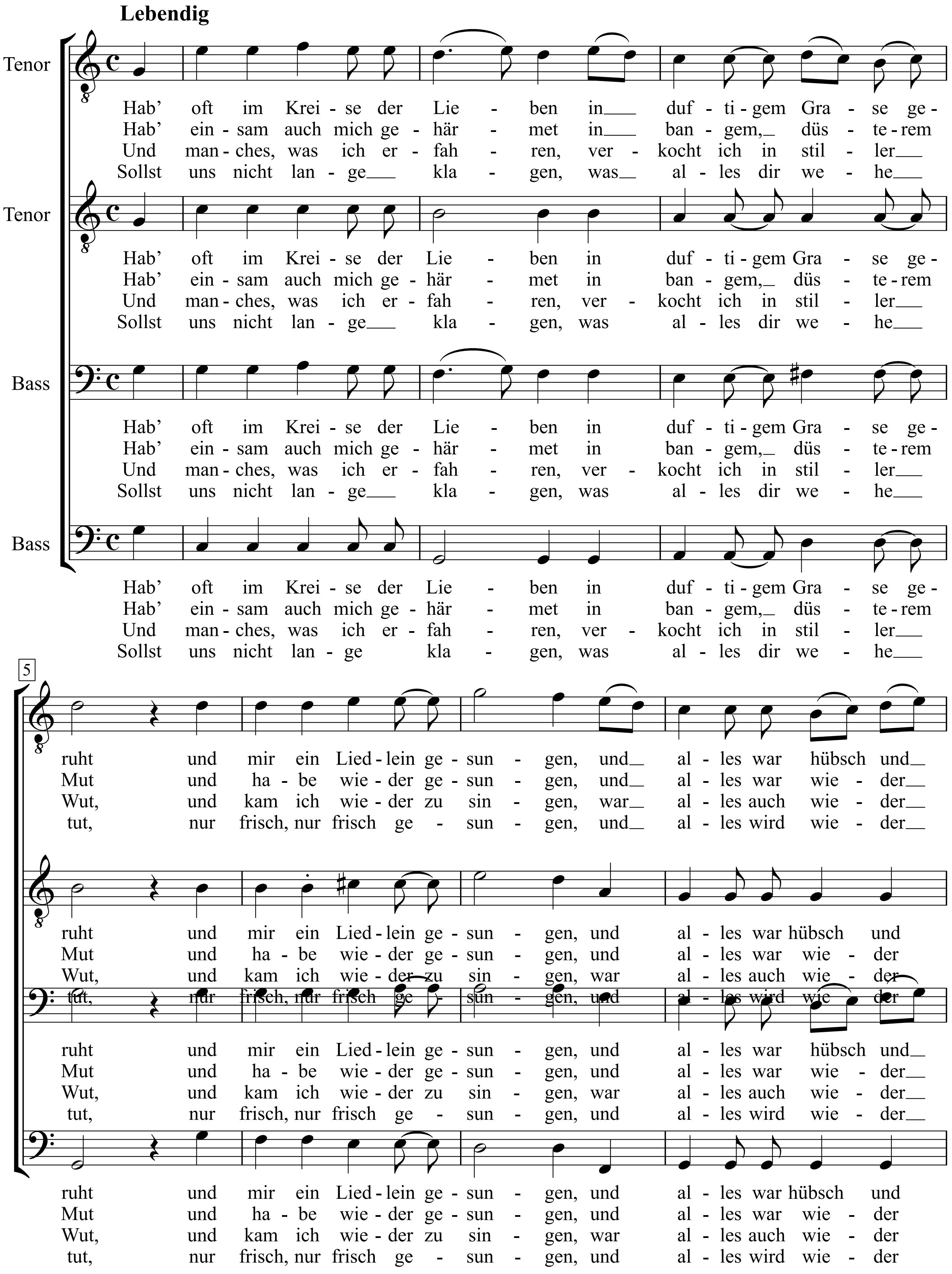
4. Sollst uns nicht lange klagen, was alles dir wehe tut,
nur frisch, nur frisch gesungen und alles wird wieder gut,
nur frisch, nur frisch gesungen, und alles wird wieder gut,
und alles, alles, und alles wird wieder gut.

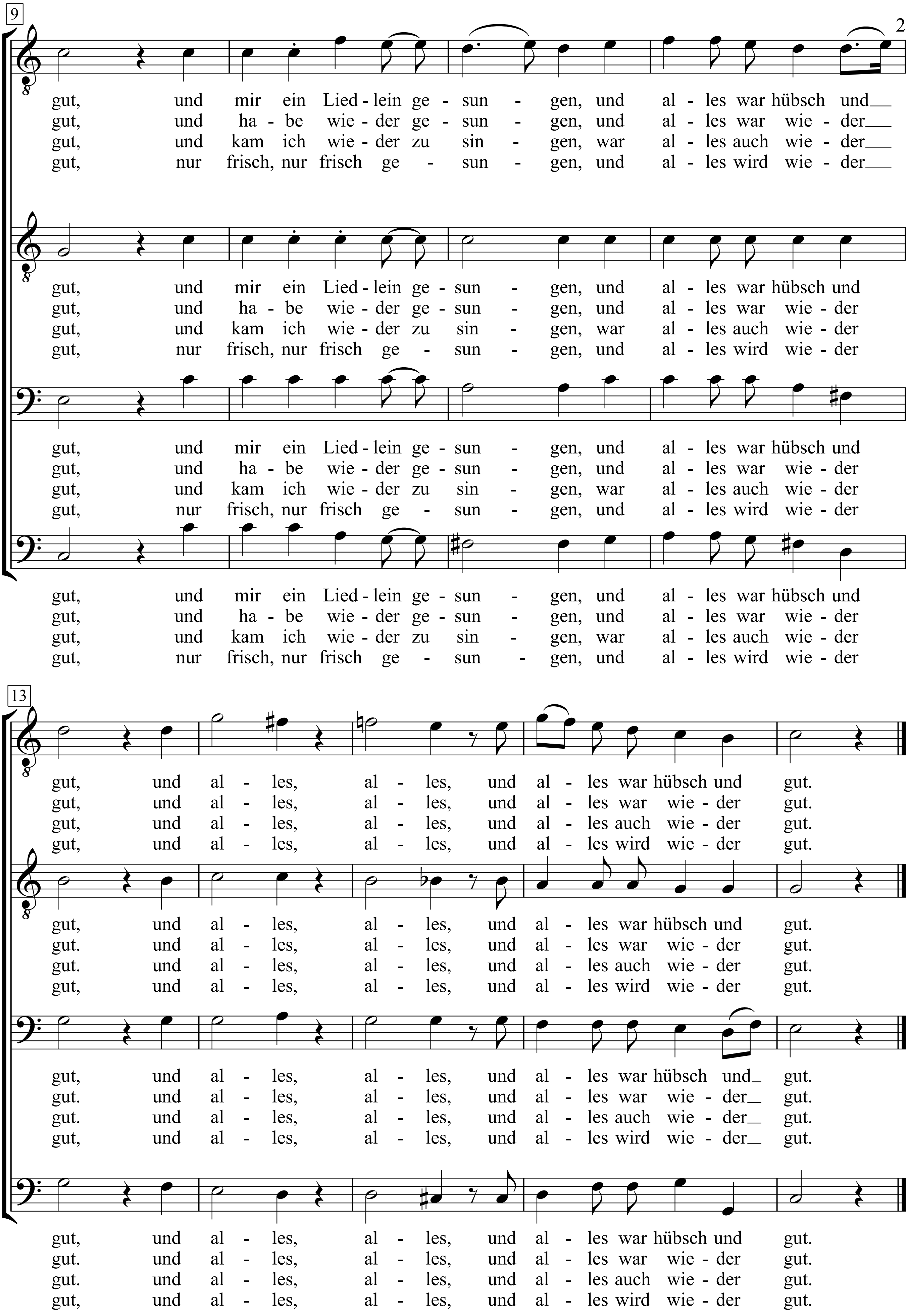
Frisch gesungen

(Hab' oft im Kreise der Lieben)

Adelbert von Chamisso

Friedrich Silcher

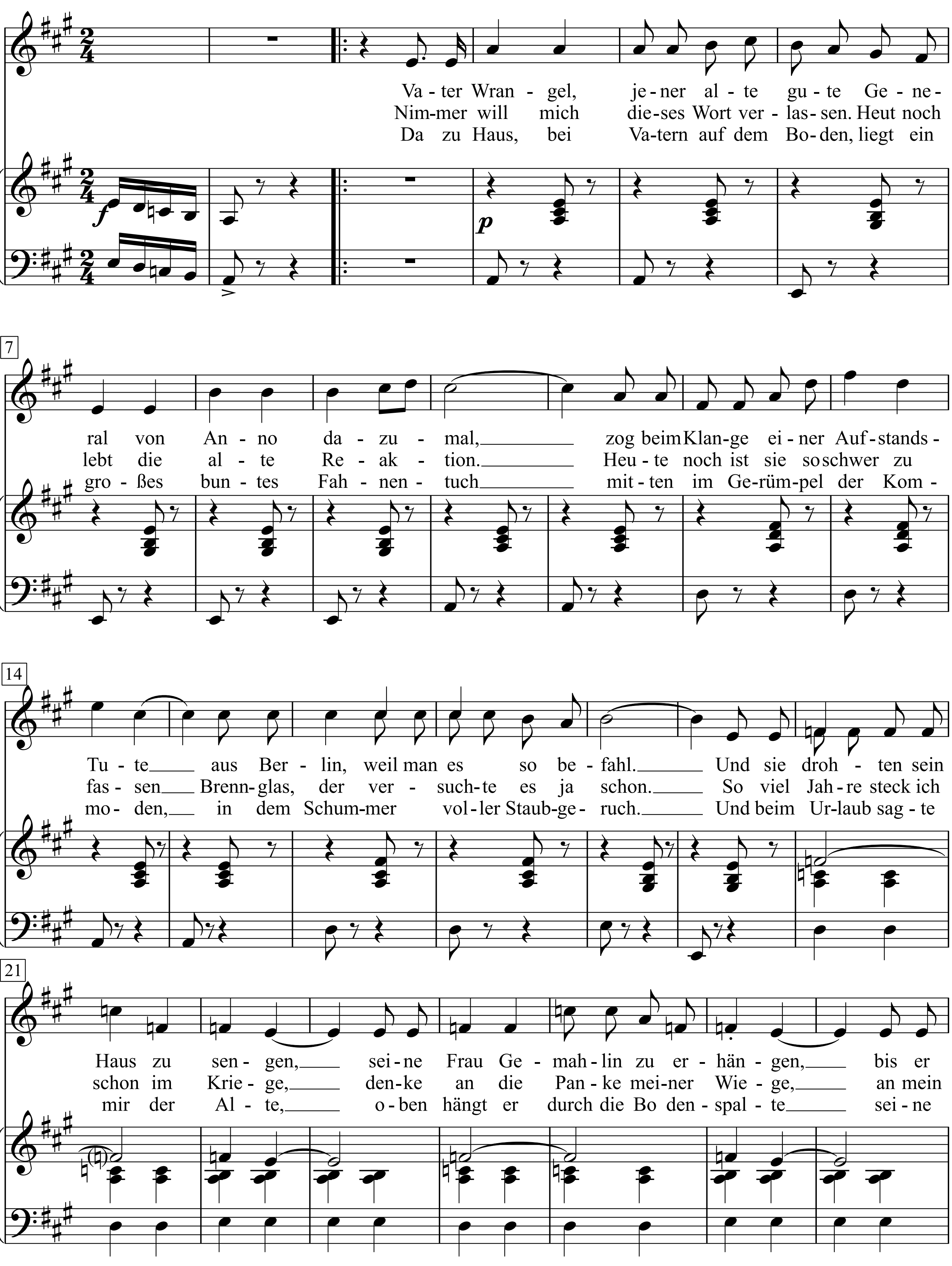


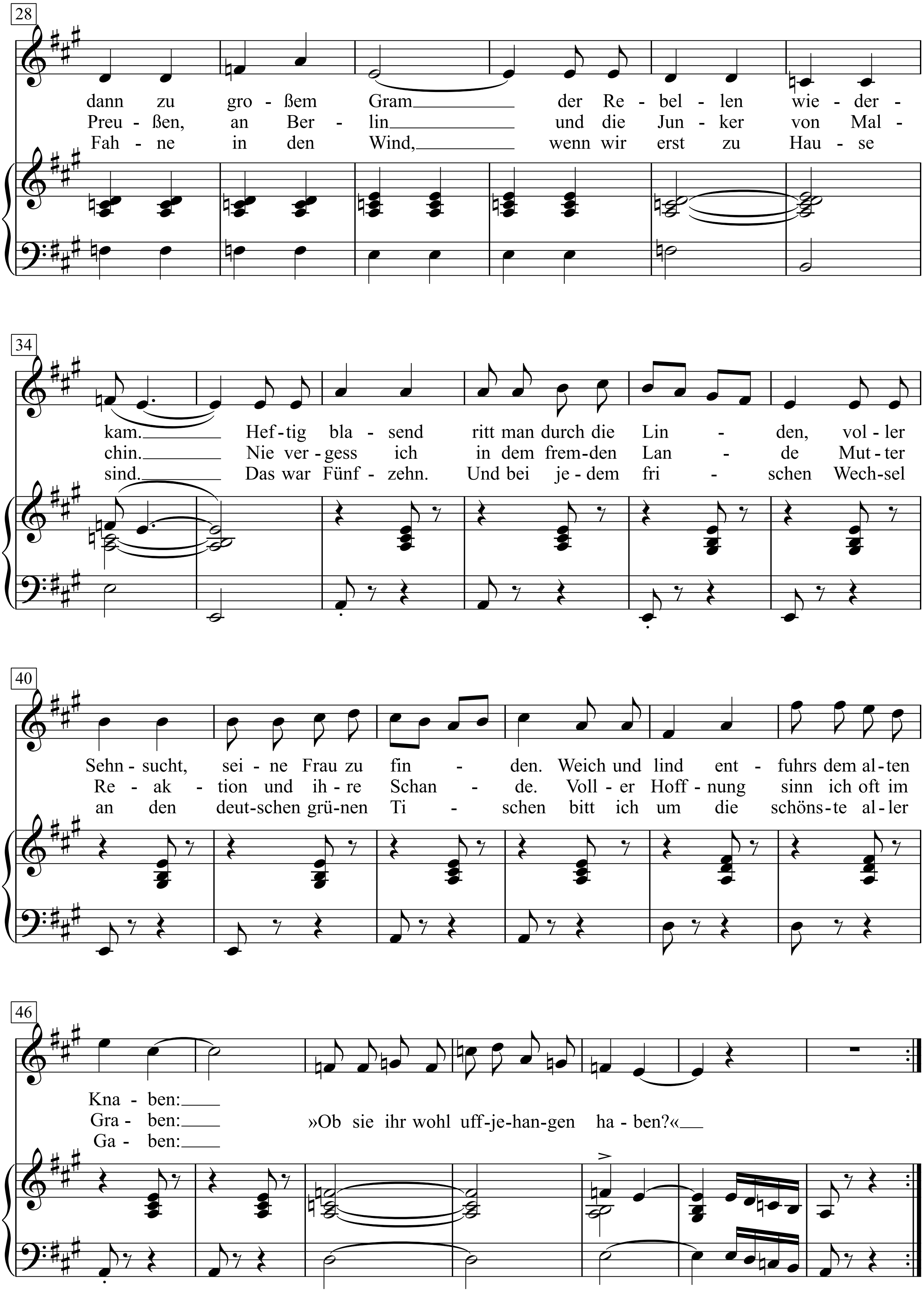

9
gut, und mir ein Lied - lein ge - sun - gen, und al - les war hübsch und
gut, und ha - be wie - der ge - sun - gen, und al - les war wie - der
gut, und kam ich wie - der zu sin - gen, war al - les auch wie - der
gut, nur frisch, nur frisch ge - sun - gen, und al - les wird wie - der
gut, und mir ein Lied - lein ge - sun - gen, und al - les war hübsch und
gut, und ha - be wie - der ge - sun - gen, und al - les war wie - der
gut, und kam ich wie - der zu sin - gen, war al - les auch wie - der
gut, nur frisch, nur frisch ge - sun - gen, und al - les wird wie - der
gut, und mir ein Lied - lein ge - sun - gen, und al - les war hübsch und
gut, und ha - be wie - der ge - sun - gen, und al - les war wie - der
gut, und kam ich wie - der zu sin - gen, war al - les auch wie - der
gut, nur frisch, nur frisch ge - sun - gen, und al - les wird wie - der
gut, und mir ein Lied - lein ge - sun - gen, und al - les war hübsch und
gut, und ha - be wie - der ge - sun - gen, und al - les war wie - der
gut, und kam ich wie - der zu sin - gen, war al - les auch wie - der
gut, nur frisch, nur frisch ge - sun - gen, und al - les wird wie - der
13
gut, und al - les, al - les, und al - les war hübsch und gut.
gut, und al - les, al - les, und al - les war wie - der gut.
gut, und al - les, al - les, und al - les auch wie - der gut.
gut, und al - les, al - les, und al - les wird wie - der gut.
gut, und al - les, al - les, und al - les war hübsch und gut.
gut. und al - les, al - les, und al - les war wie - der gut.
gut. und al - les, al - les, und al - les auch wie - der gut.
gut, und al - les, al - les, und al - les wird wie - der gut.
gut, und al - les, al - les, und al - les war hübsch und gut.
gut. und al - les, al - les, und al - les war wie - der gut.
gut. und al - les, al - les, und al - les auch wie - der gut.
gut, und al - les, al - les, und al - les wird wie - der gut.
gut, und al - les, al - les, und al - les war hübsch und gut.
gut. und al - les, al - les, und al - les war wie - der gut.
gut. und al - les, al - les, und al - les auch wie - der gut.
gut, und al - les, al - les, und al - les wird wie - der gut.

Frohe Erwartung

Kurt Tucholsky

Hanns Eisler




28
dann zu gro - ßem Gram der Re - bel - len wie - der -
Preu - ßen, an Ber - lin und die Jun - ker von Mal -
Fah - ne in den Wind, wenn wir erst zu Hau - se
34
kam. Hef - tig bla - send ritt man durch die Lin - den, vol - ler
chin. Nie ver - gess ich in dem frem - den Lan - de Mut - ter
sind. Das war Fünf - zehn. Und bei je - dem fri - schen Wech - sel
40
Sehn - sucht, sei - ne Frau zu fin - den. Weich und lind ent - fuhrs dem al - ten
Re - ak - tion und ih - re Schan - de. Voll - er Hoff - nung sinn ich oft im
an den deut - schen grü - nen Ti - schen bitt ich um die schöns - te al - ler
46
Kna - ben:
Gra - ben: »Ob sie ihr wohl uff - je - han - gen ha - ben?«
Ga - ben:

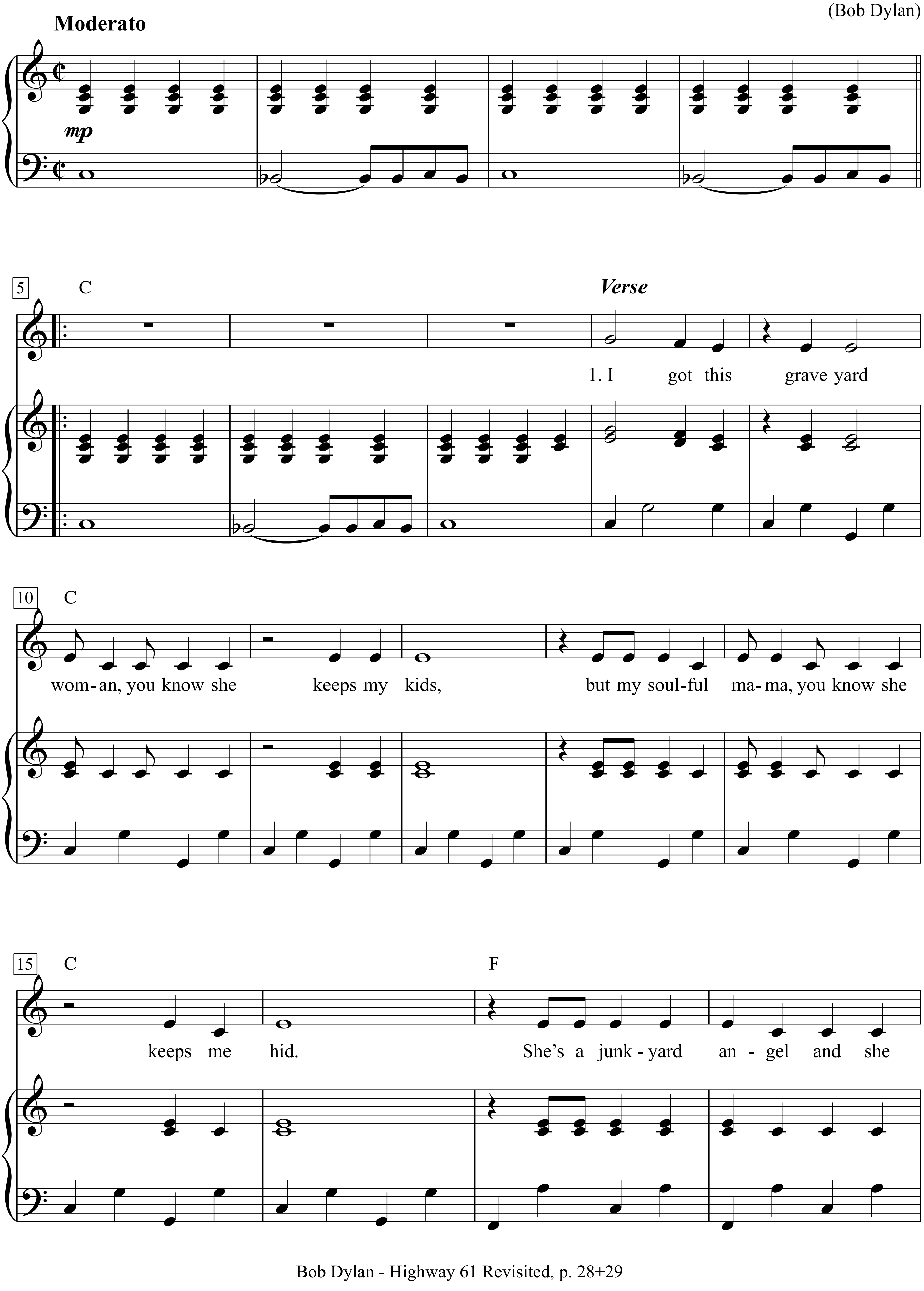
1. Vater Wrangel, jener alte gute
General von Anno dazumal,
zog beim Klange einer Aufstands-Tute
aus Berlin, weil man es so befahl.
Und sie drohten sein Haus zu sengen,
seine Frau Gemahlin zu erhängen,
bis er dann zu großem Gram
der Rebellen wiederkam.
Heftig blasend ritt man durch die Linden,
voller Sehnsucht, seine Frau zu finden.
Weich und lind entfuhrs dem alten Knaben:
»Ob sie ihr wohl uffjehangen haben?«

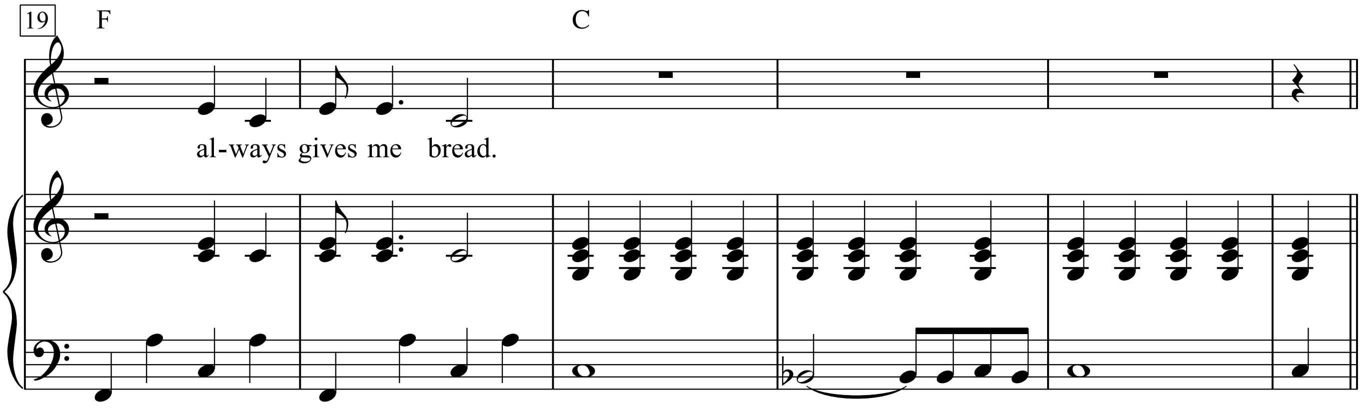
2. Nimmer will mich dieses Wort verlassen.
Heut noch lebt die alte Reaktion.
Heute noch ist sie so schwer zu fassen
Brennglas, der versuch- te es ja schon.
So viel Jahre steck ich schon im Kriege,
denke an die Panke meiner Wiege,
an mein Preußen, an Berlin
und die Junker von Malchin.
Nie vergess ich in dem fremden Lande
Mutter Reaktion und ihre Schande.
Voller Hoffnung sinn ich oft im Graben:
»Ob sie ihr wohl uffjehangen haben?«

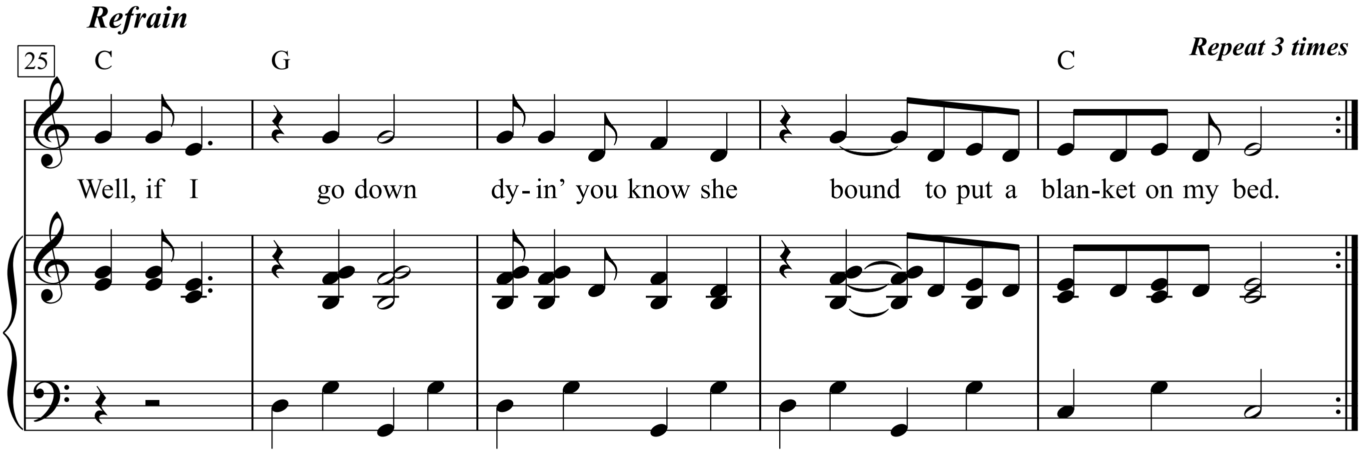
3. Da zu Haus, bei Vatern auf dem Boden,
liegt ein großes buntes Fahnentuch,
mitten im Gerümpel der Kommoden,
in dem Schummer voller Staubgeruch.
Und beim Urlaub sagte mir der Alte,
oben hängt er durch die Bodenspalte
seine Fahne in den Wind,
wenn wir erst zu Hause sind.
Das war Fünfzehn. Und bei jedem frischen
Wechsel an den deutschen grünen Tischen
bitt ich um die schönste aller Gaben:
»Ob sie ihr wohl uffjehangen haben?«

From A Buick 6

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




19
F
C
al-ways gives me bread.


Refrain
25
C
G
C
Repeat 3 times
Well, if I go down dy-in' you know she bound to put a blan-ket on my bed.

1. I got this grave yard woman, you know she keeps my kids,???
But my soulful mama, you know she keeps me hid.
She's a junkyard angel and she always gives me bread.

Refrain:
Well, if I go down dyin' you know she bound to put a blanket on my bed.

2. Well when the pipe line gets broken and I'm
Lost on the river bridge
I'm cracked up on the highway
And on the water's edge
She comes down the thruway
Ready to sew me up with thread

Refrain:

3. Well she don't make me nervous she
Don't talk too much
She walks like Bo Diddley and she don't
Need no crutch
She keeps this four-ten all
Loaded with lead

Refrain:

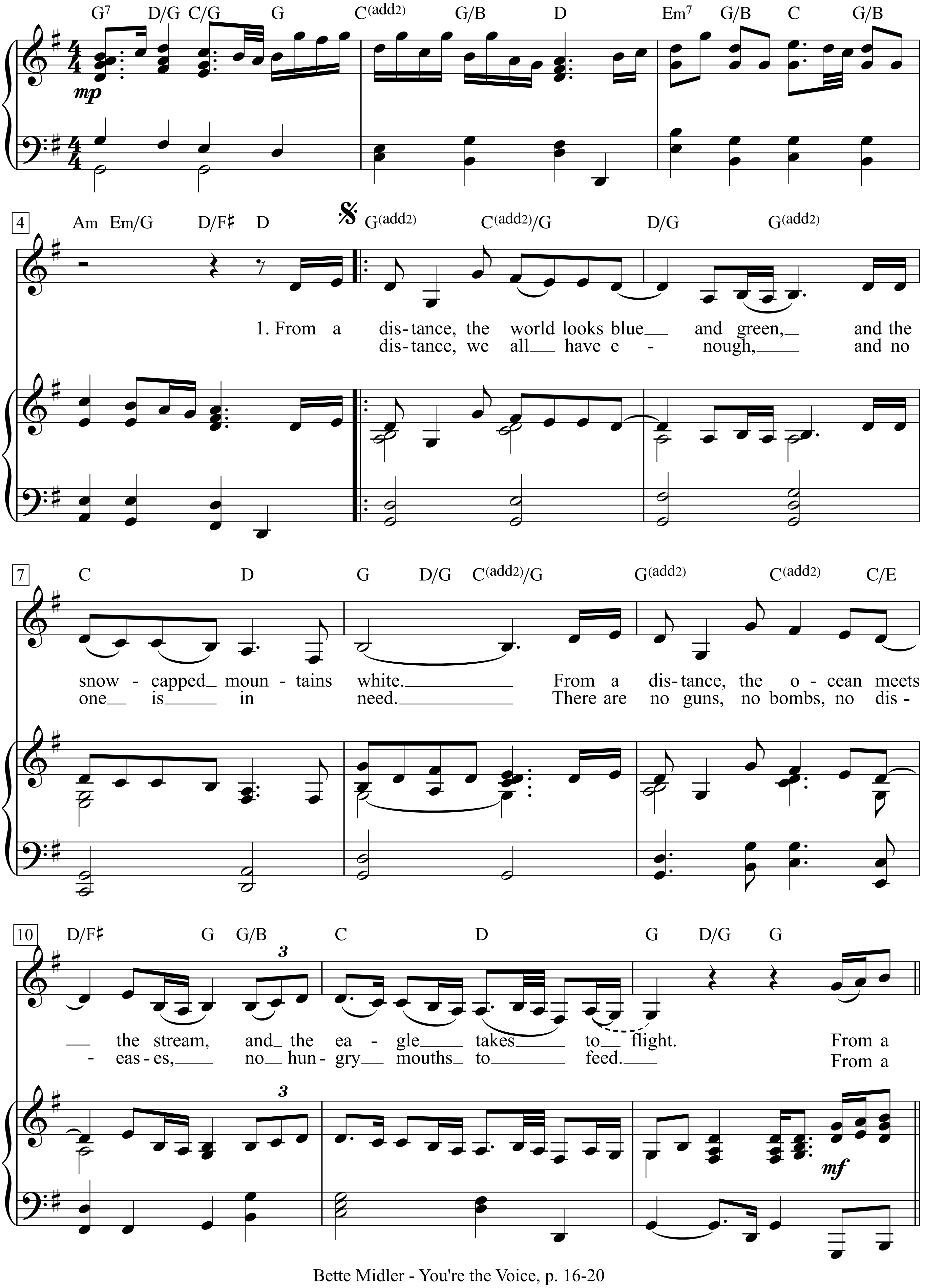
4. Well you know I need a steam shovel mama to
Keep away the dead
I need a dump truck mama to
Unload my head
She brings me everything and more
And just like I said

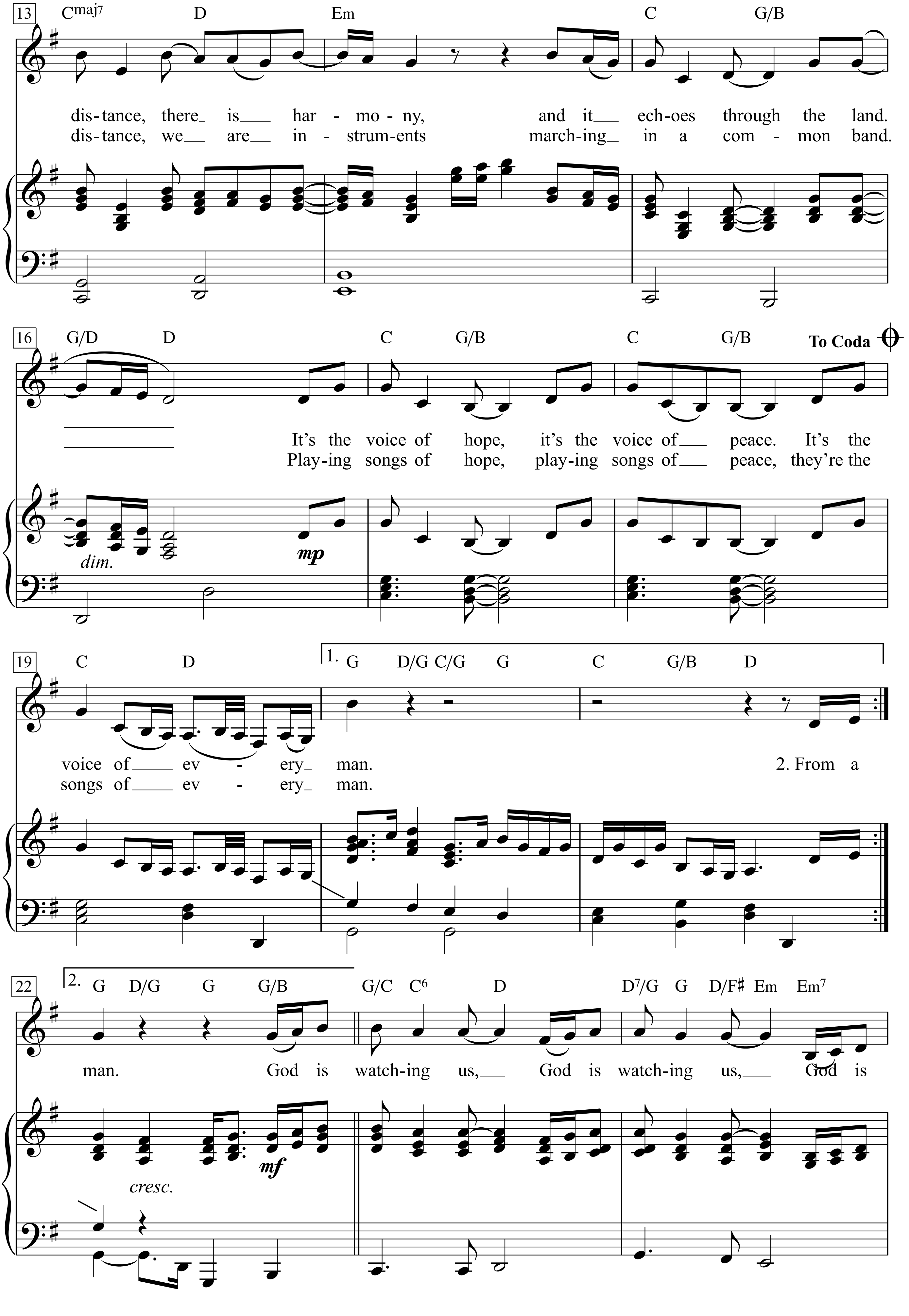
Refrain:

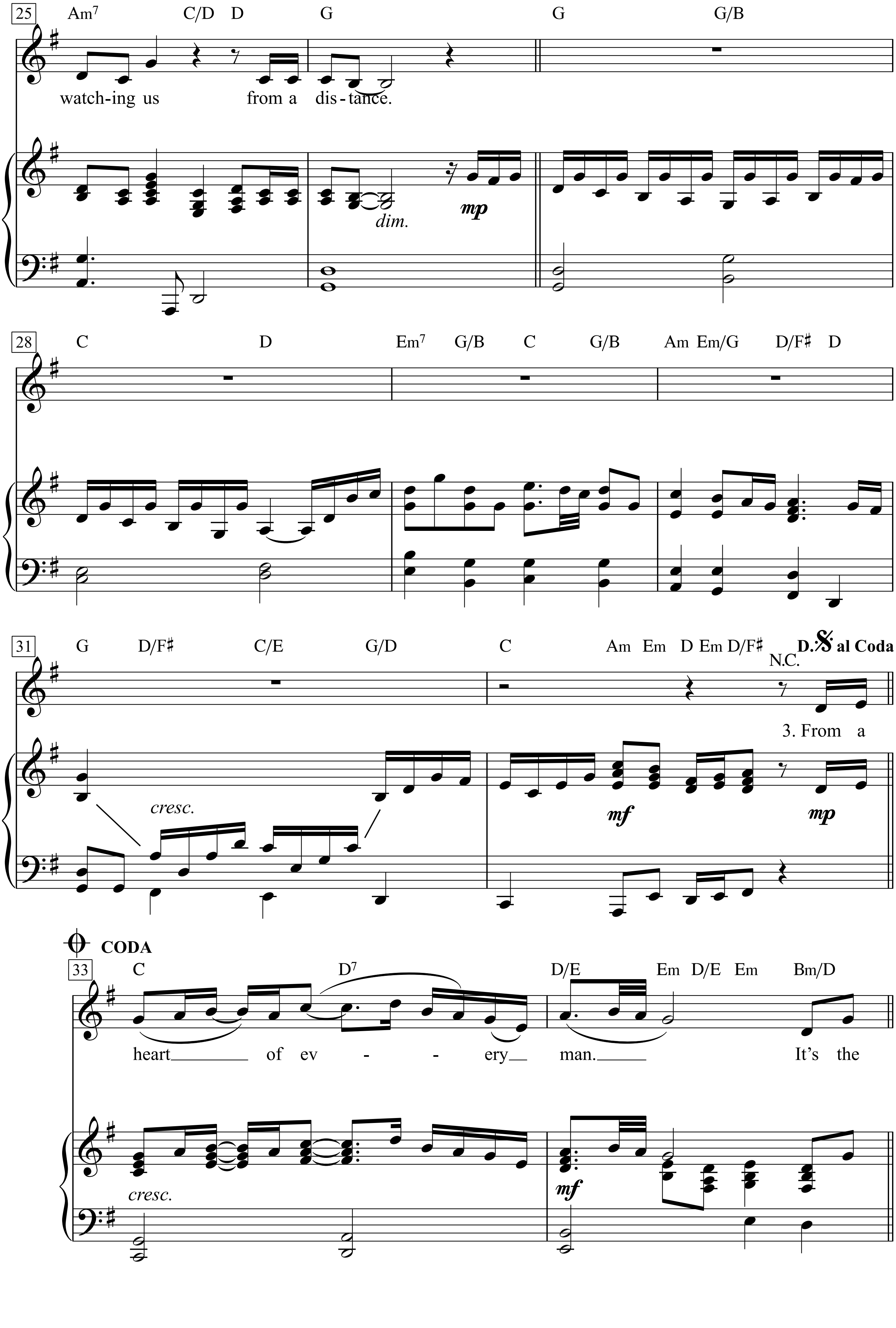
From a Distance

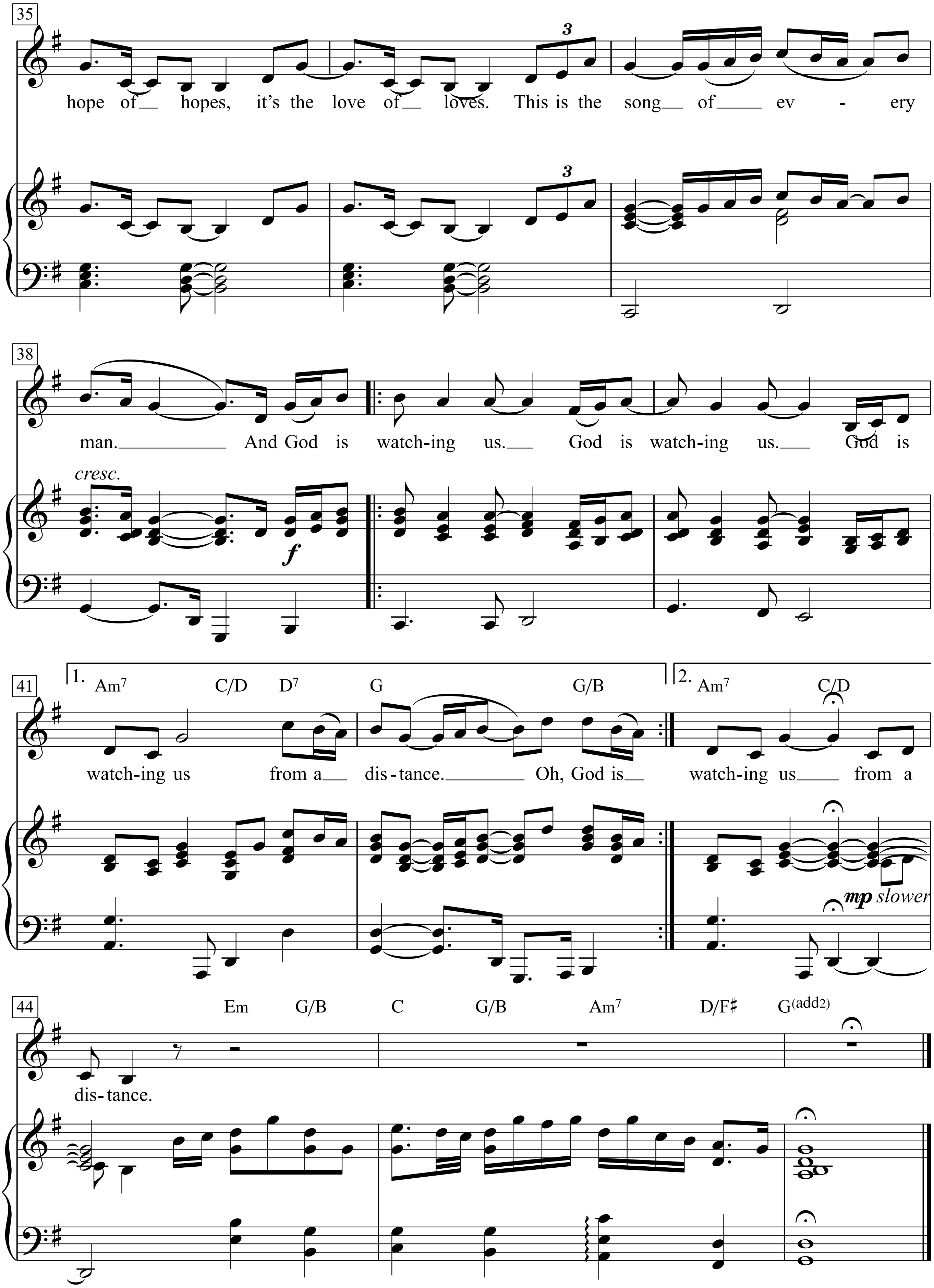
Slowly ♩ = 66

Words & Music by Julie Gold
(Bette Midler)




13
Cmaj7 D Em C G/B
dis-tance, there is har - mo - ny, and it ech-oes through the land.
dis-tance, we are in - strum-ents march-ing in a com - mon band.
16
G/D D C G/B C G/B
To Coda
It's the voice of hope, it's the voice of peace. It's the
Play-ing songs of hope, play-ing songs of peace, they're the
dim.
mp
19
C D
1. G D/G C/G G C G/B D
voice of ev - ery man. 2. From a
songs of ev - ery man.
22
2. G D/G G G/B G/C C6 D D7/G G D/F♯ Em Em7
man. God is watch-ing us, God is watch-ing us, God is
mf
cresc.


25
Am7 C/D D G G G/B
watch-ing us from a dis-tance.
dim.
mp
28
C D Em7 G/B C G/B Am Em/G D/F♯ D
31
G D/F♯ C/E G/D C Am Em D Em D/F♯
N.C.
D.S. al Coda
3. From a
cresc.
mf
mp
CODA
33
C D7 D/E Em D/E Em Bm/D
heart of ev - - ery man. It's the
cresc.
mf


35
hope of hopes, it's the love of loves. This is the song of ev - ery
38
man. And God is watch-ing us. God is watch-ing us. God is
cresc.
f
41
1. Am7 C/D D7 G G/B
2. Am7 C/D
watch-ing us from a dis-tance. Oh, God is watch-ing us from a
mp slower
44
Em G/B C G/B Am7 D/F♯ G(add2)
dis-tance.

1. From a distance, the world looks blue and green,
and the snowcapped mountains white.
From a distance, the ocean meets the stream,
and the eagle takes to flight.
From a distance, there is harmony,
and it echoes through the land.
It's the voice of hope, it's the voice of peace.
It's the voice of every man.

2. From a distance, we all have enough,
and no one is in need.
There are no guns, no bombs, no dis eases,
no hungry mouths to feed.
From a distance, we are instruments
marching in a common band.
Playing songs of hope, playing songs of peace,
they're the songs of every man.

God is watching us, God is watching us,
God is watching us from a distance.

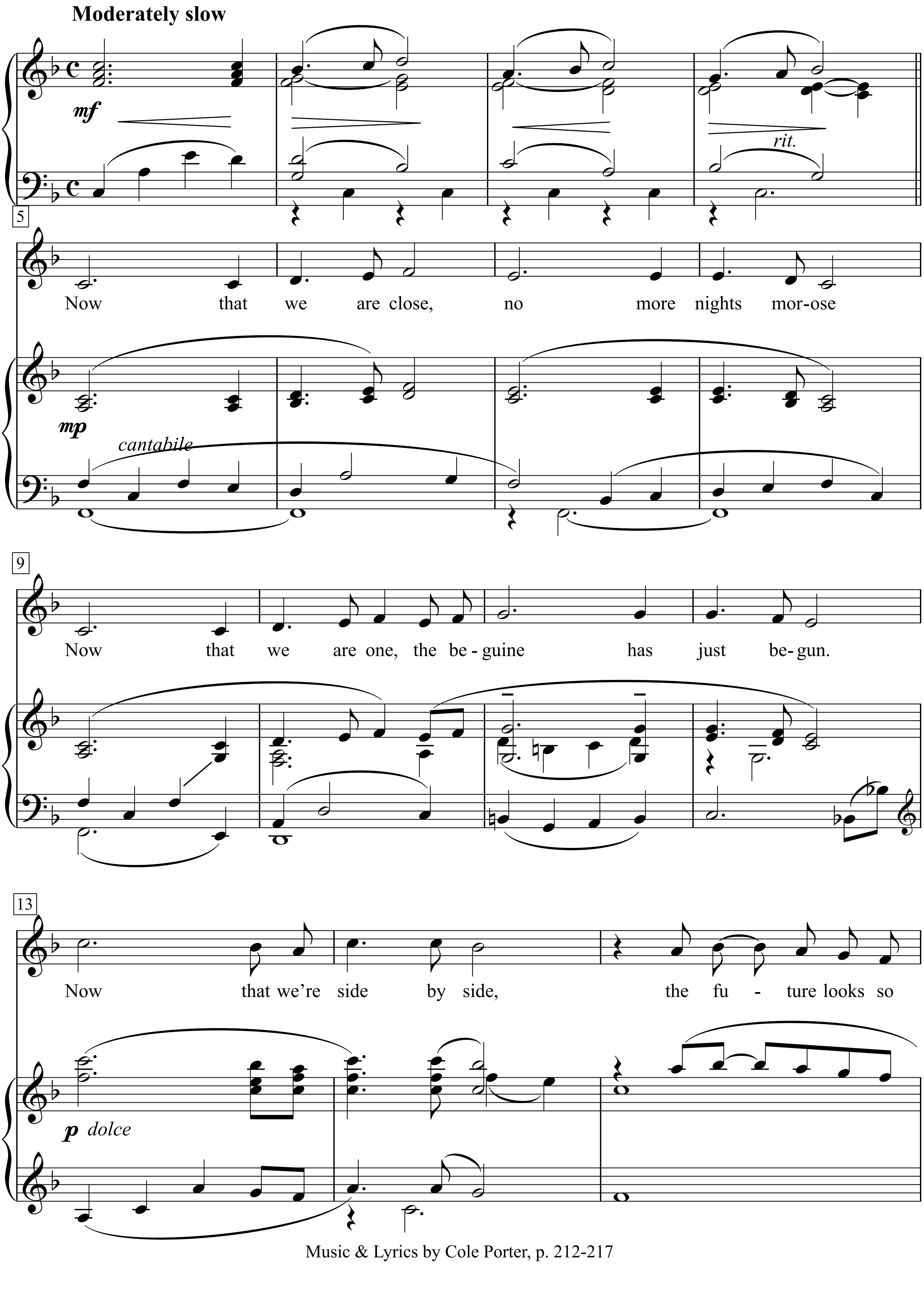
3. From a distance you look like my friend,
even though we are at war.
From a distance I just cannot comprehend
what all this fighting is for.
From a distance there is harmony,
and it echoes through the land.
It's the hope of hopes, it's the love of loves.
It's the heart of every man.

Coda
From a heart of every man.
It's the hope of hopes, it's the love of loves.
This is the song of every man.
And God is watching us.
God is watching us.
God is watching us from a distance.
Oh, God is watching us from a distance.

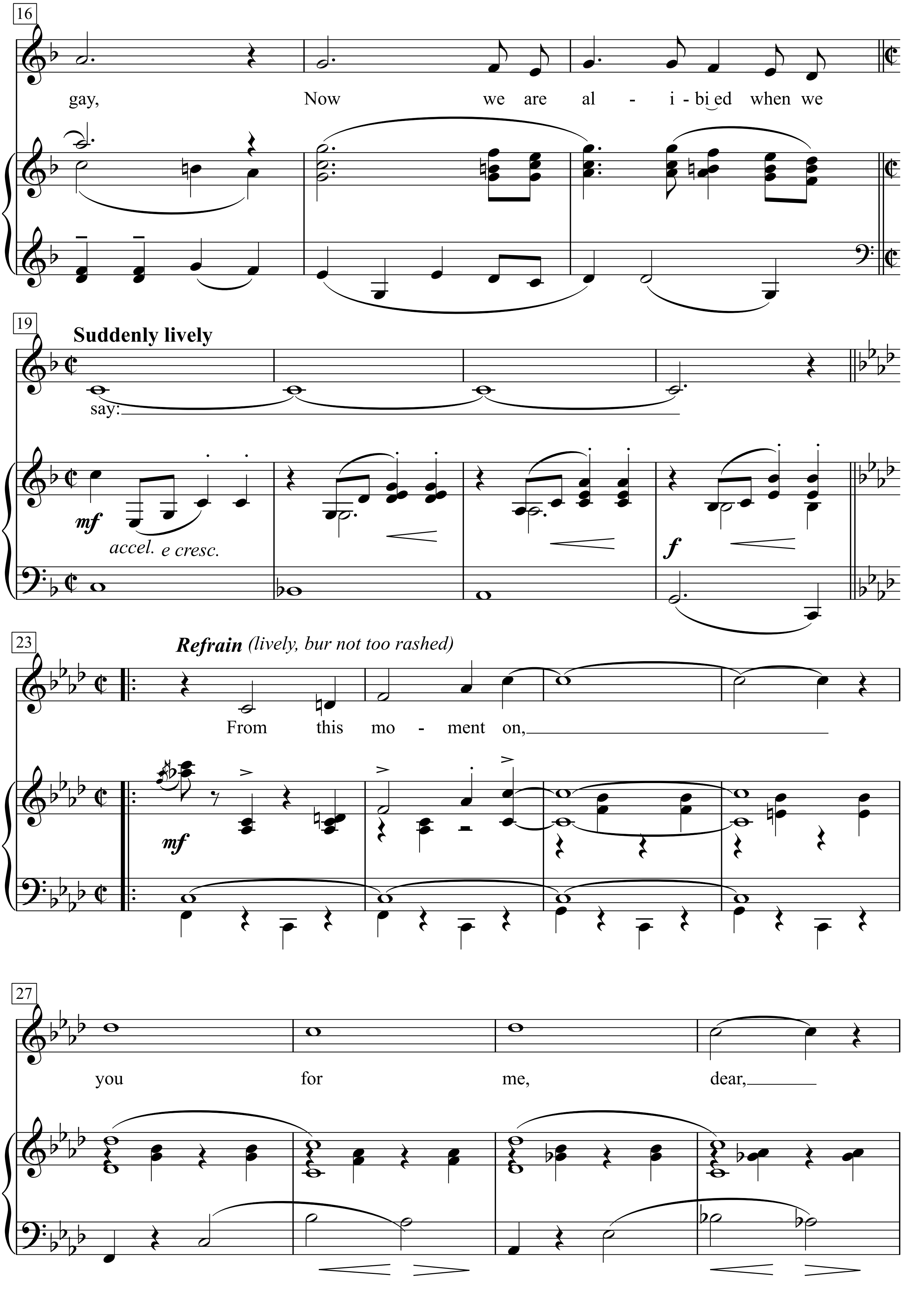
From This Moment On

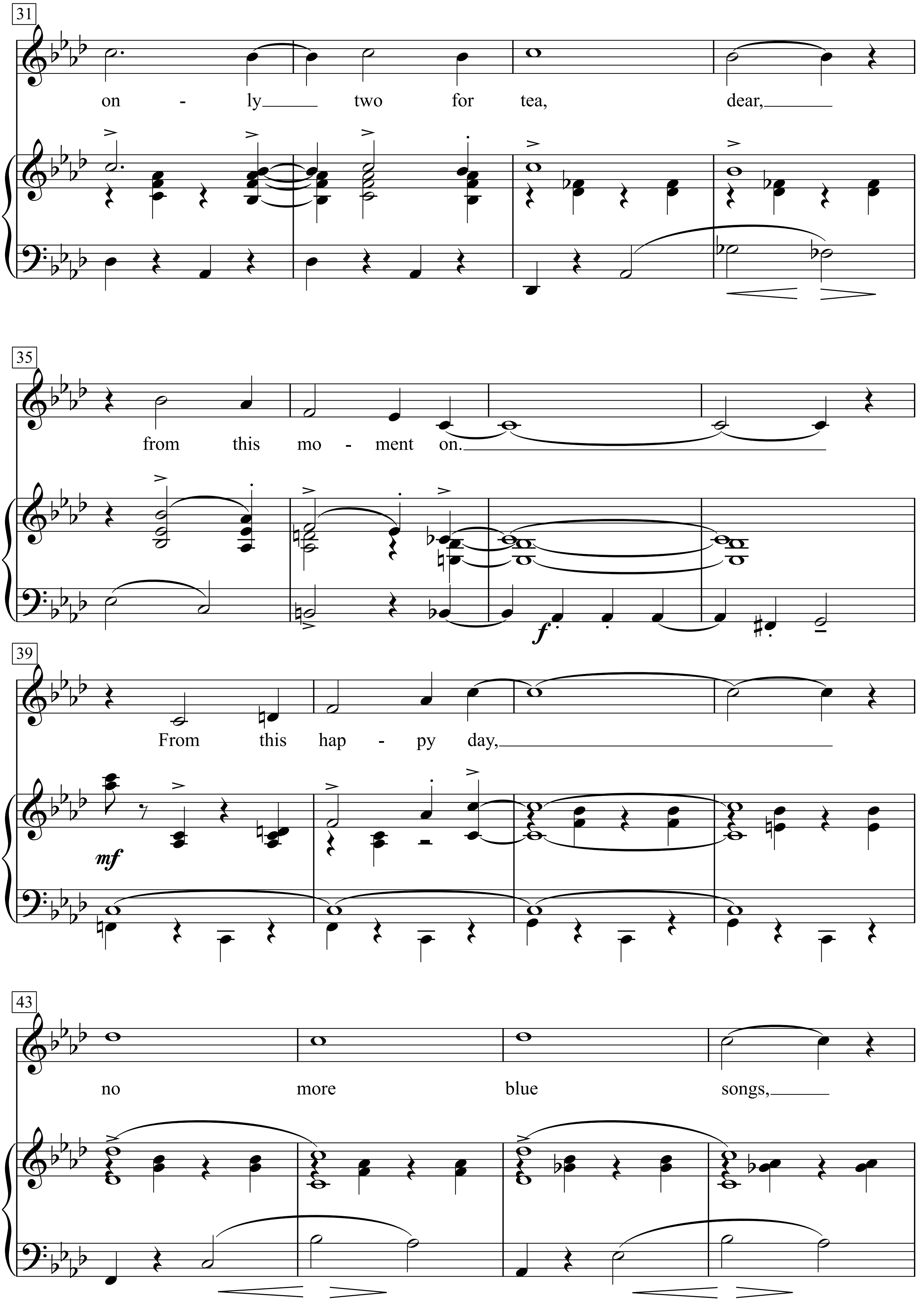
(*from* 'Out Of This World')

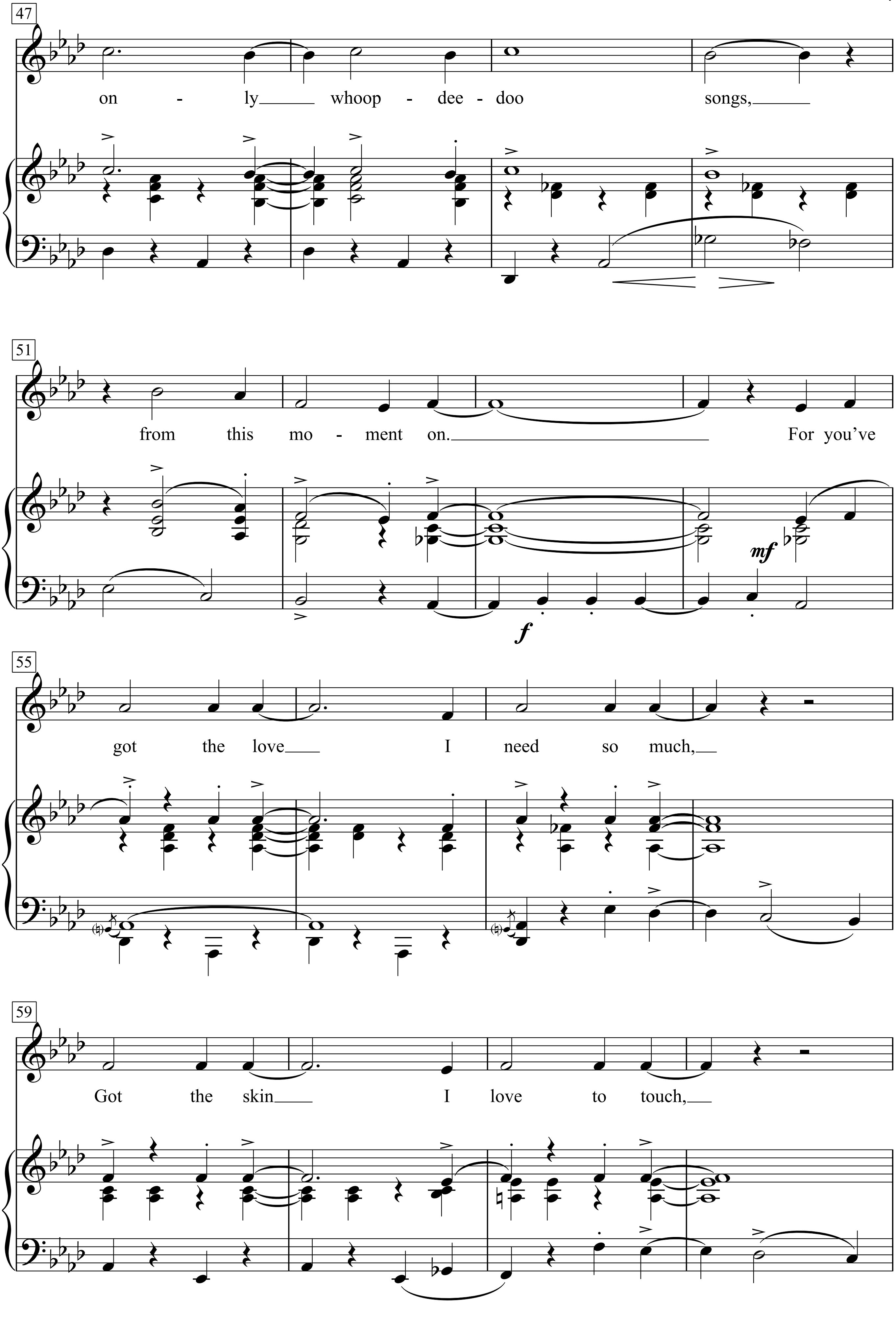
Words & Music by Cole Porter (1950)

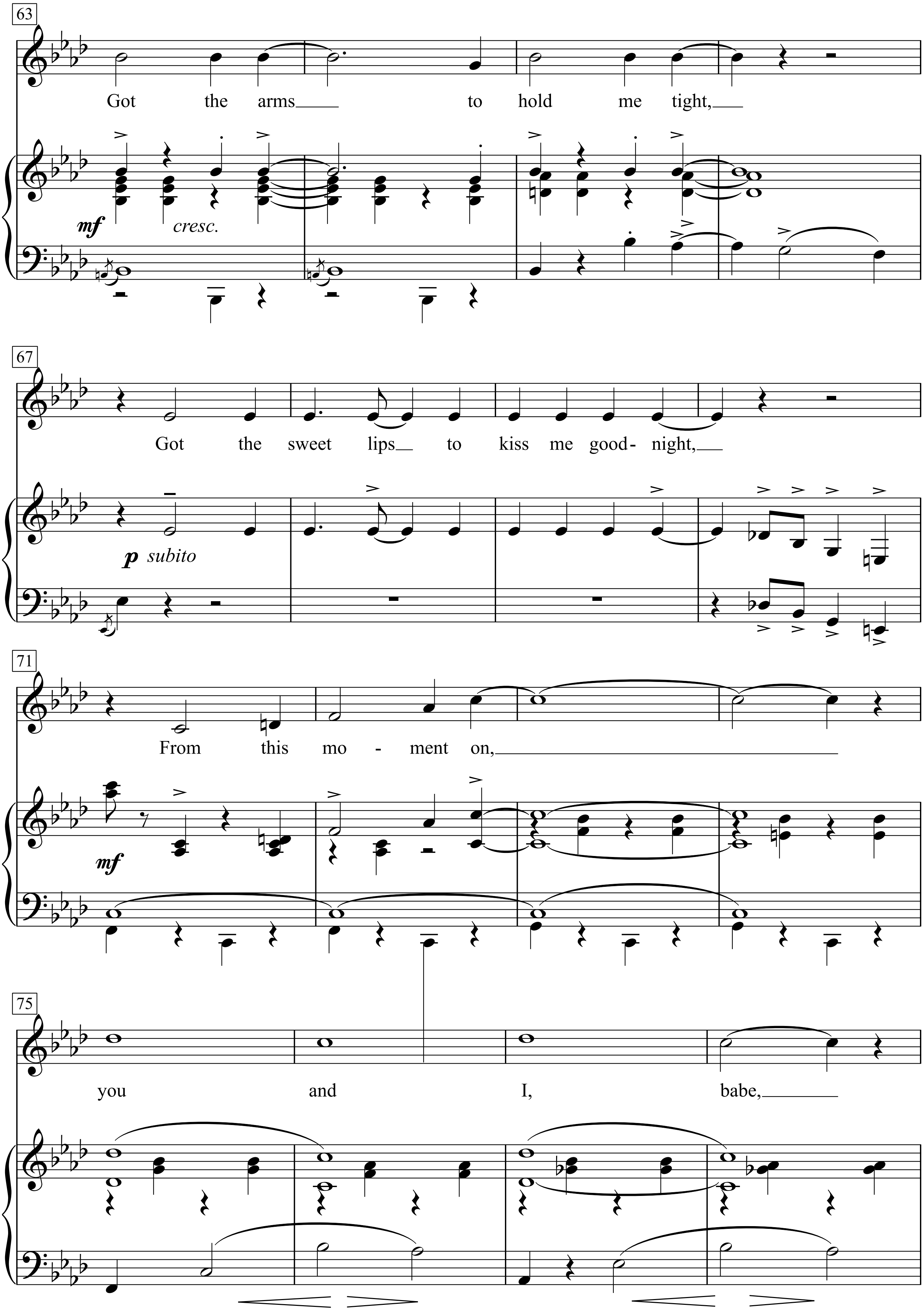


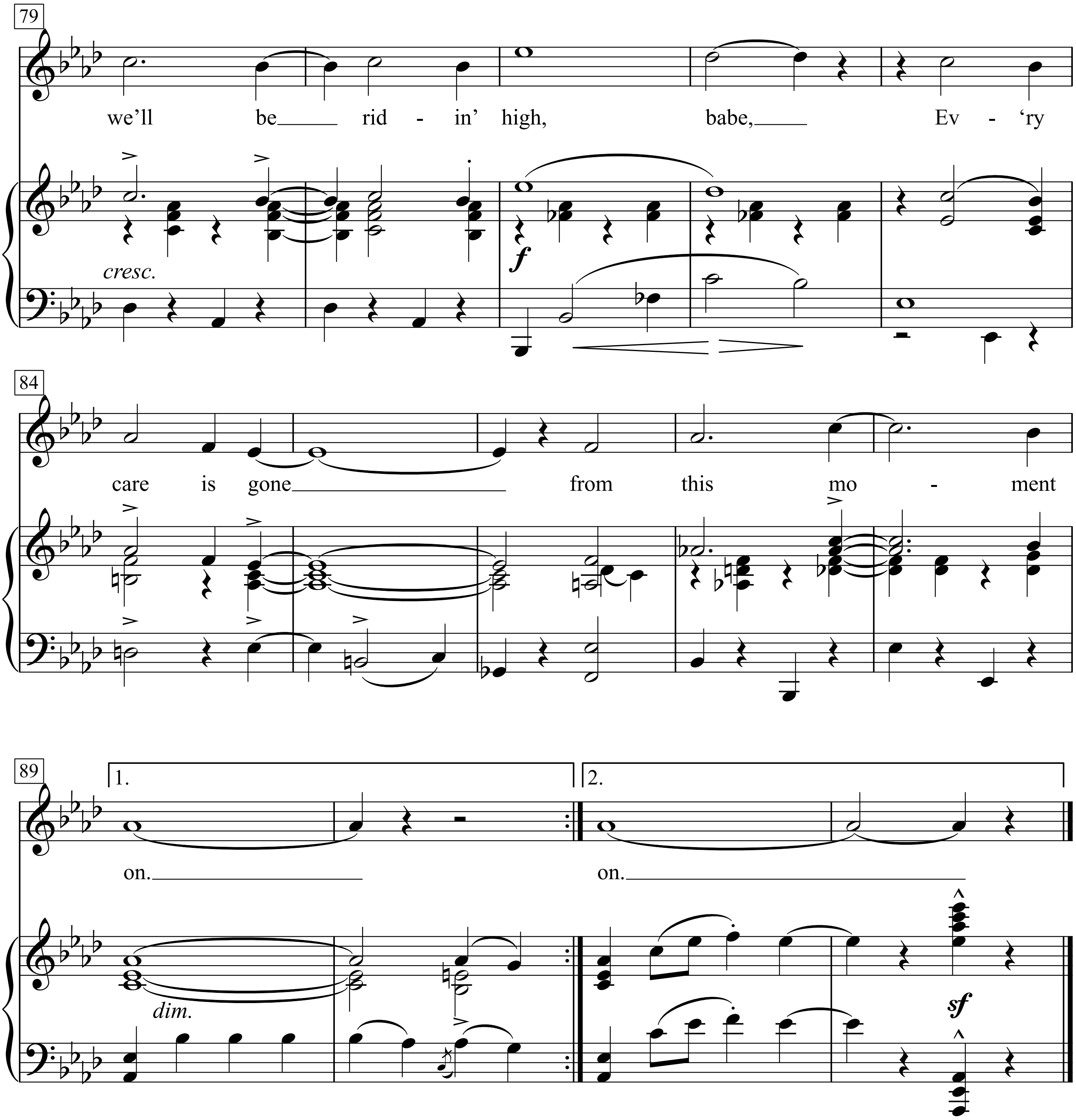
Music & Lyrics by Cole Porter, p. 212-217


16
gay, Now we are al - i - bi ed when we
19
Suddenly lively
say:
mf
accel. e cresc.
f
23
Refrain (lively, bur not too rashed)
From this mo - ment on,
mf
27
you for me, dear,


31
on - ly two for tea, dear,
35
from this mo - ment on.
f
39
From this hap - py day,
mf
43
no more blue songs,


47
on - ly whoop - dee - doo songs,
51
from this mo - ment on. For you've
f
mf
55
got the love I need so much,
59
Got the skin I love to touch,


63
Got the arms to hold me tight,
mf
cresc.
67
Got the sweet lips to kiss me good- night,
p subito
71
From this mo - ment on,
mf
75
you and I, babe,

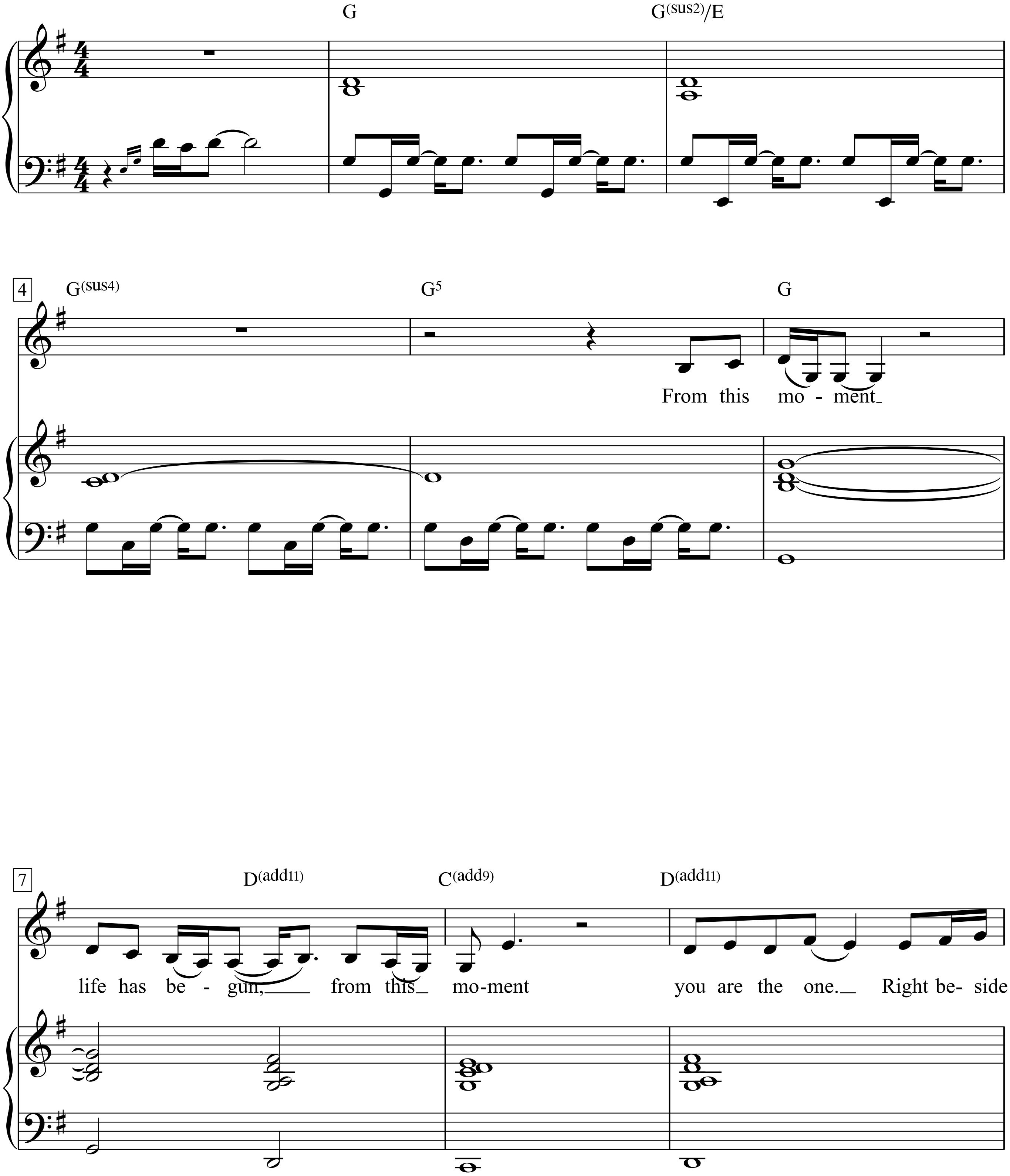

79
we'll be rid - in' high, babe, Ev - 'ry
cresc.
f
84
care is gone from this mo - ment
89
1.
2.
on.
on.
dim.
sf

Now that we are close,
no more nights morose,
Now that we are one,
the beguine has just begun.
Now that we're side by side,
the future looks so gay,
Now we are alibied when we say:

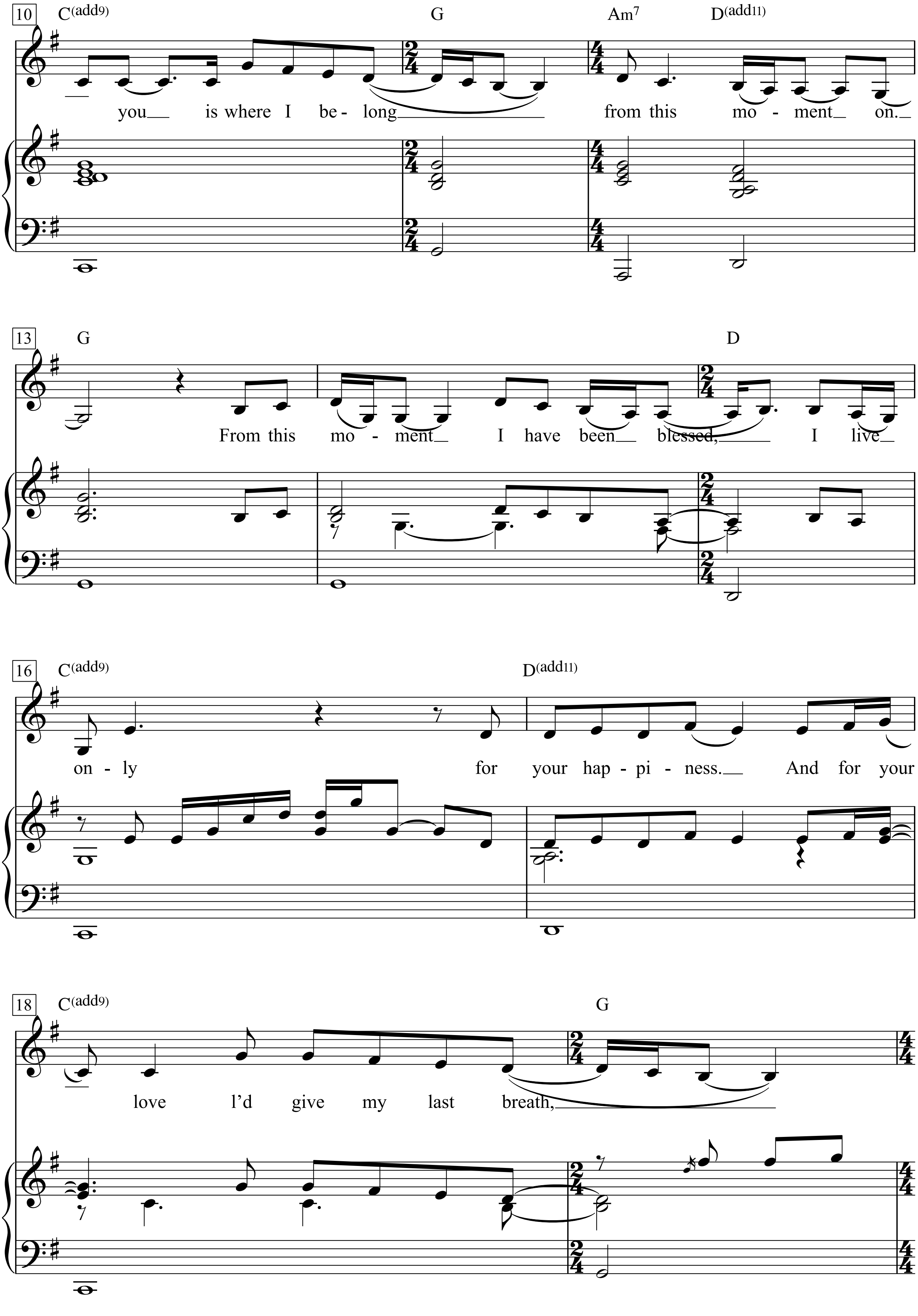
Refrain:
From this moment on, you for me, dear,
only two for tea, dear,
from this moment on.
From this happy day, no more blue songs,
only whoop-dee-doo songs,
from this moment on.
For you've got the love I need so much,
Got the skin I love to touch,
Got the arms to hold me tight,
Got the sweet lips to kiss me goodnight,
From this moment on, you and I, babe,
we'll be ridin' high, babe,
Ev'ry care is gone
from this moment on.

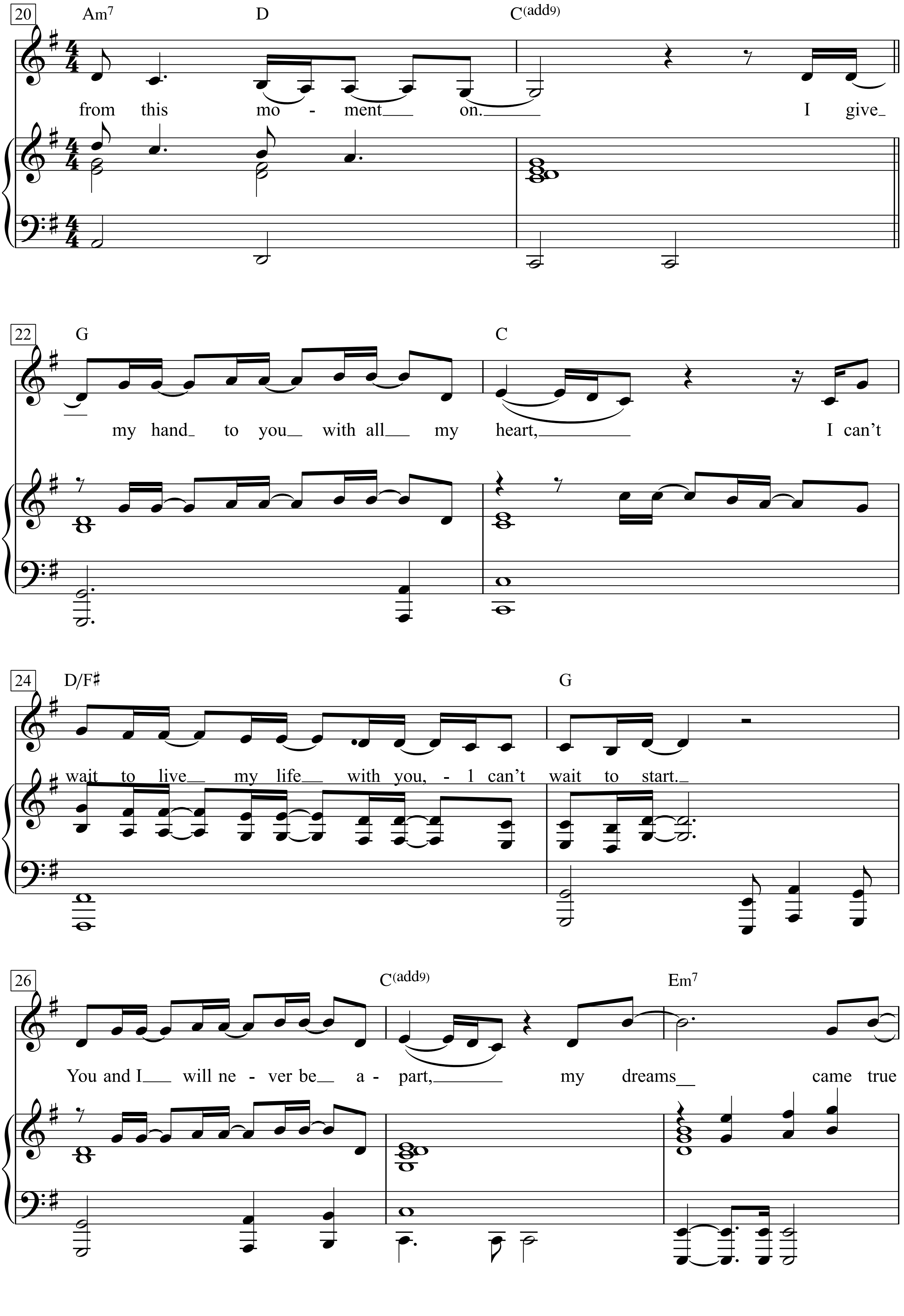
From This Moment On

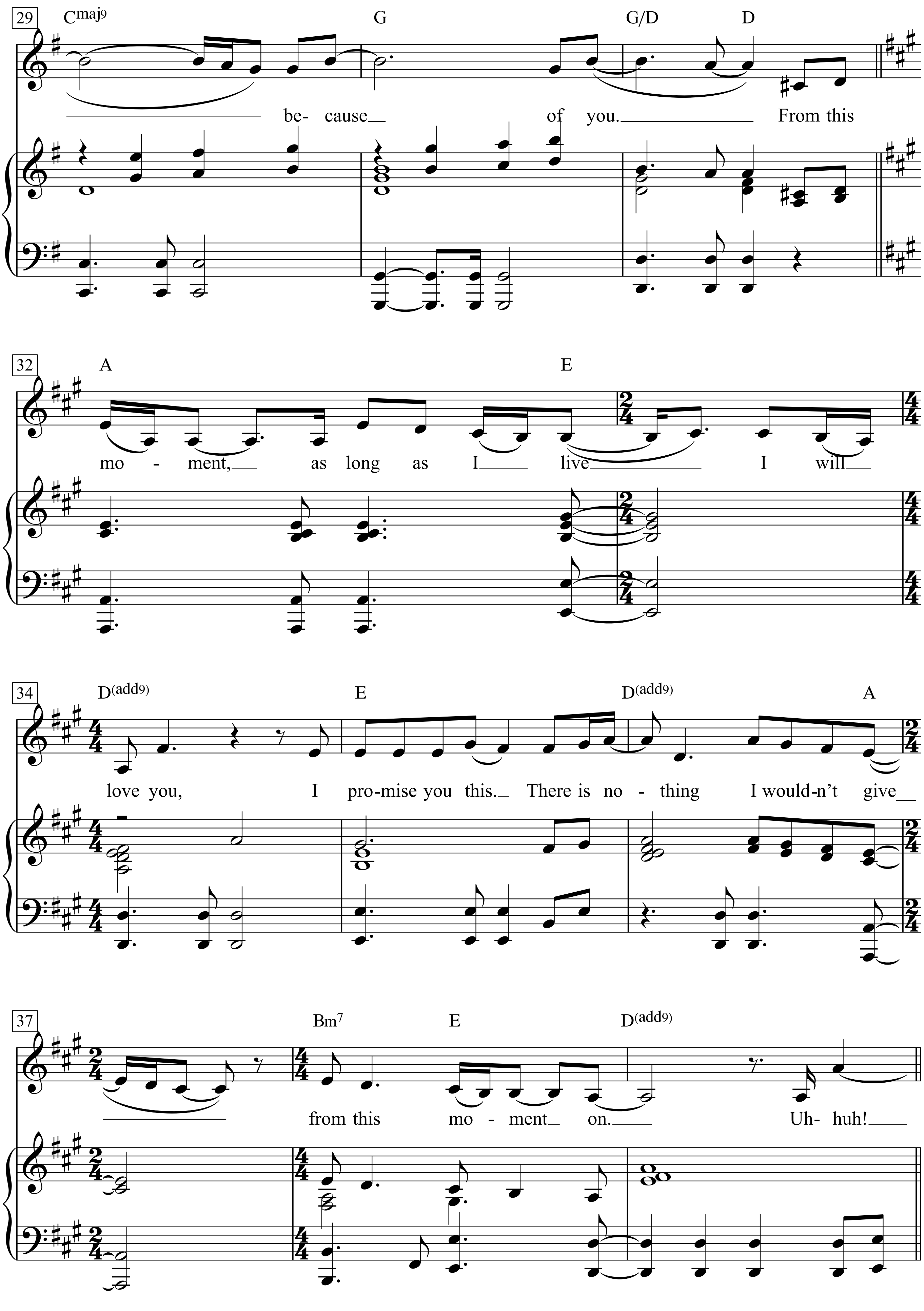
Words & Music by Shania Twain & R. J. Lange
(Shania Twain)

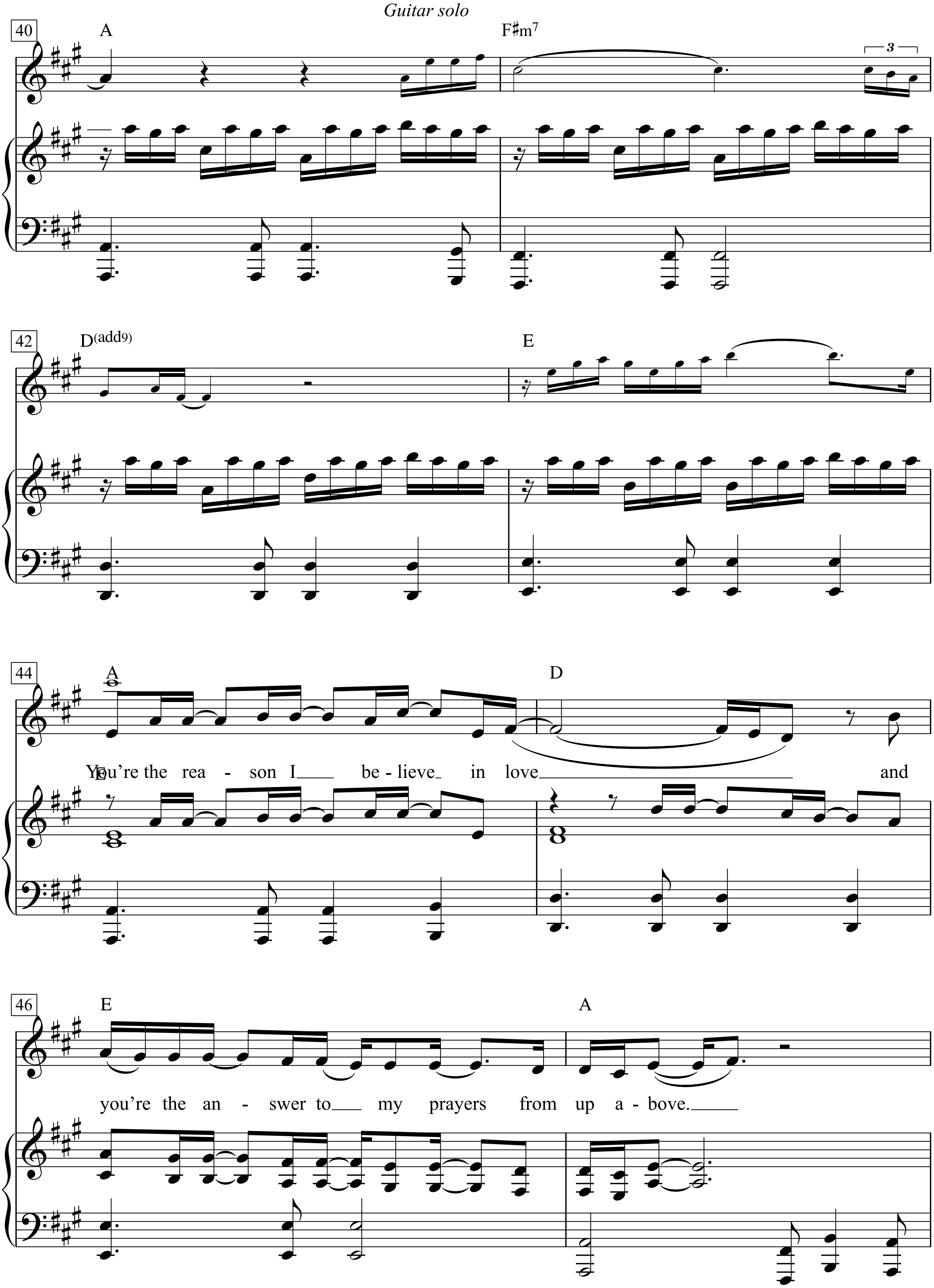


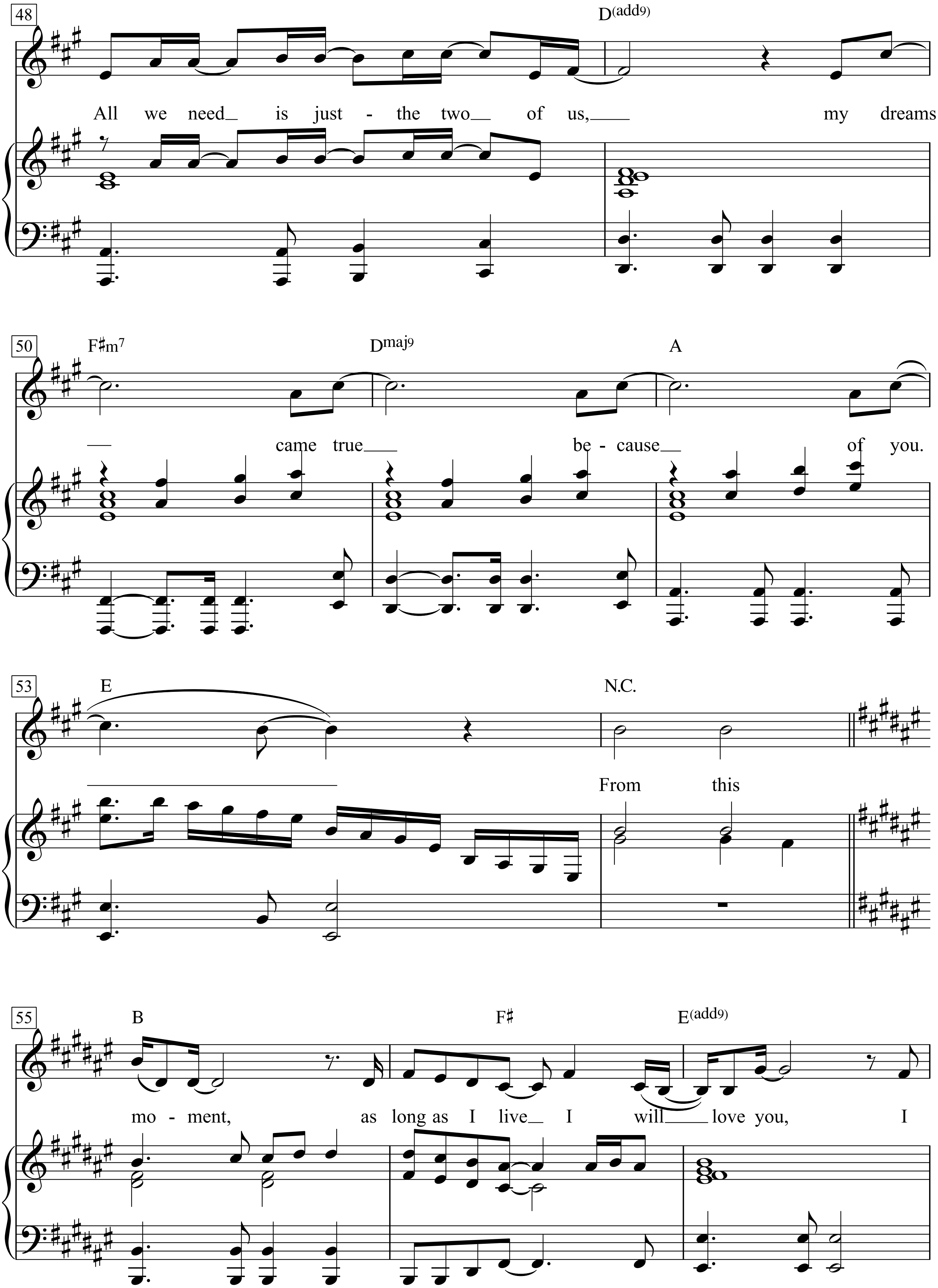
The Greatest Love Songs Of The 90s, p. 29-35

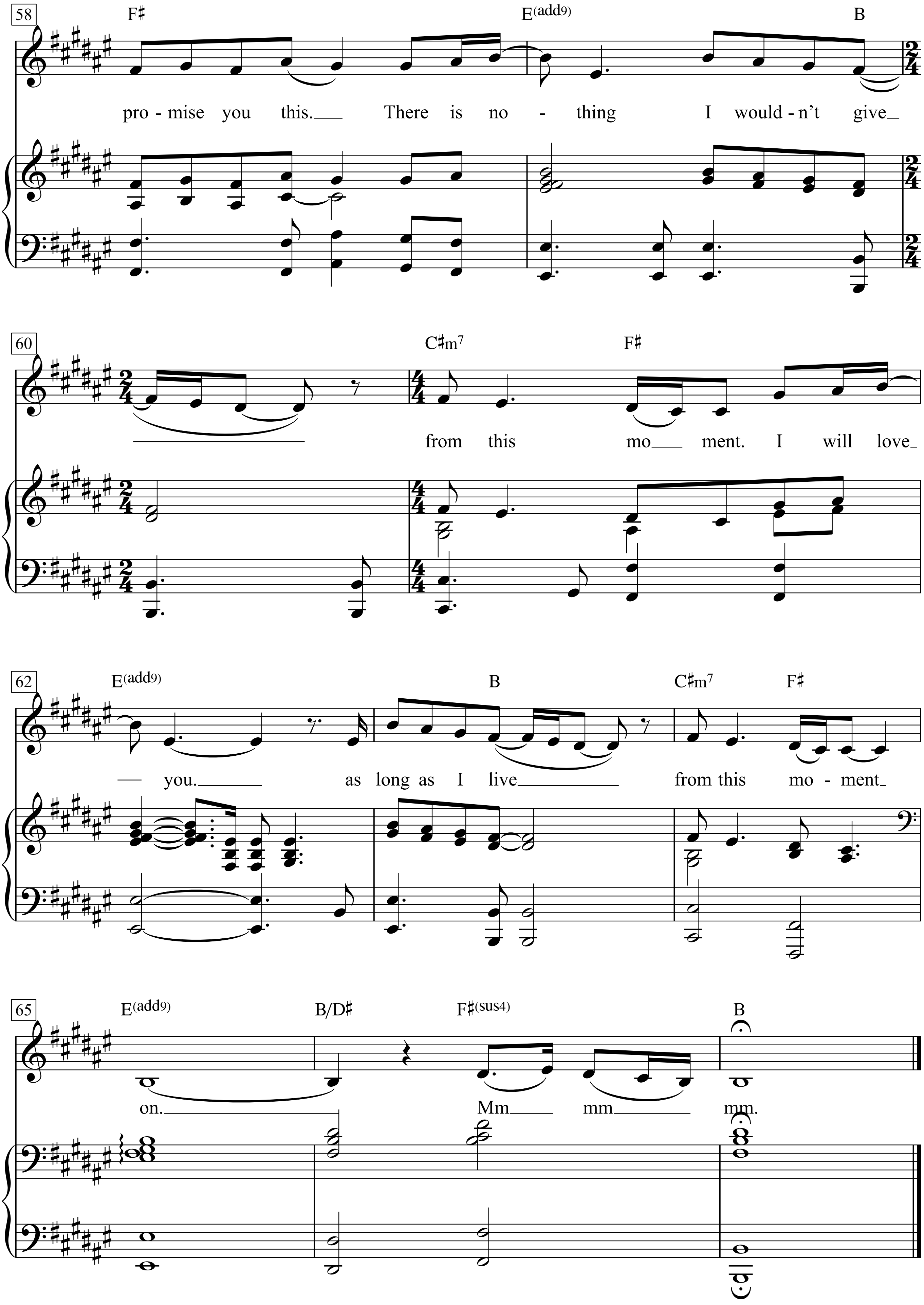

10
C(add9)
G
Am7
D(add11)
you is where I be - long from this mo - ment on.
13
G
D
From this mo - ment I have been blessed, I live
16
C(add9)
D(add11)
on - ly for your hap - pi - ness. And for your
18
C(add9)
G
love I'd give my last breath,


20
Am7 D C(add9)
from this mo - ment on. I give
22
G C
my hand to you with all my heart, I can't
24
D/F♯ G
wait to live my life with you, - I can't wait to start.
26
C(add9) Em7
You and I will ne - ver be a - part, my dreams came true

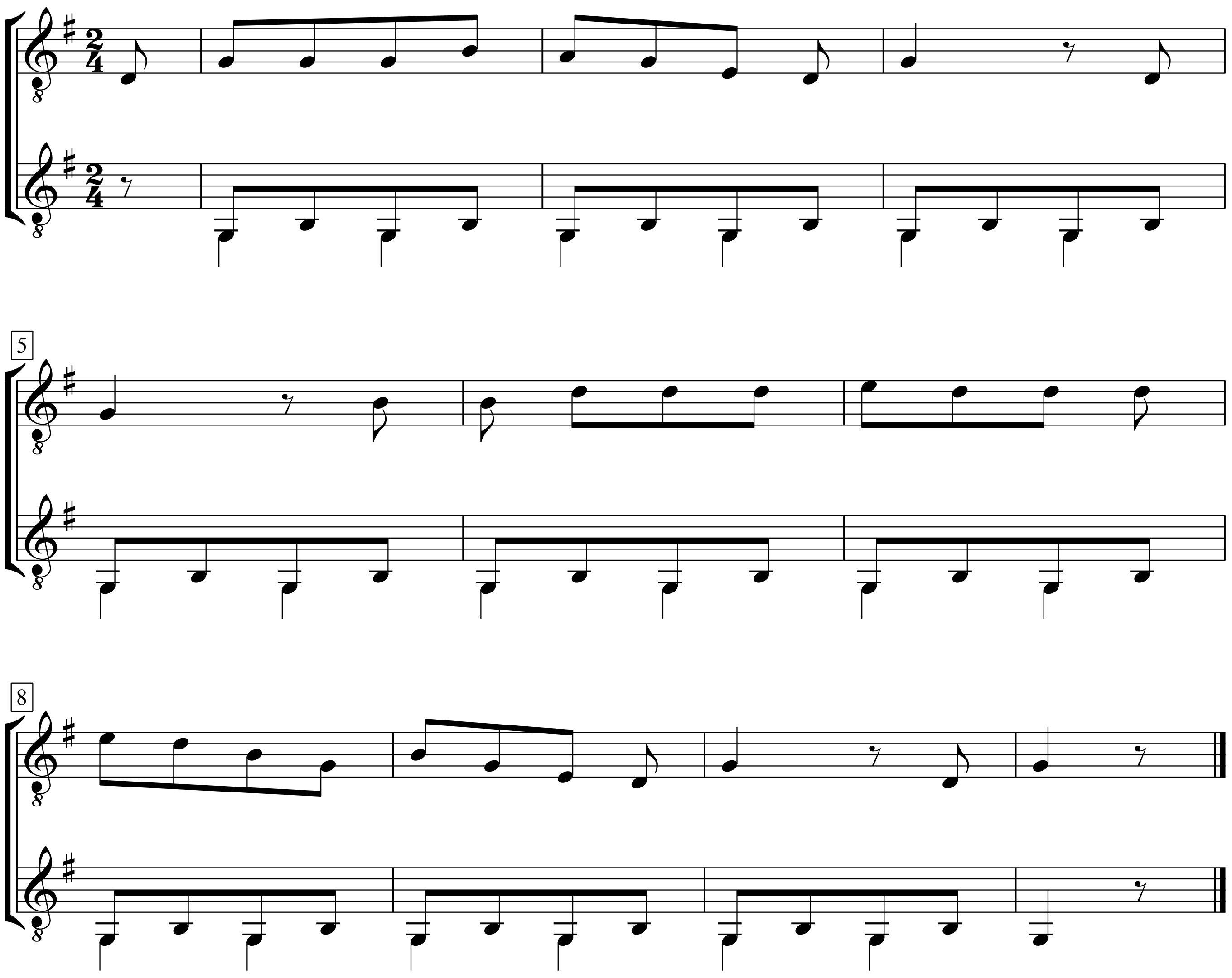

29
Cmaj9
G
G/D
D
because of you. From this
32
A
E
moment, as long as I live I will
34
D(add9)
E
D(add9)
A
love you, I promise you this. There is nothing I would-n't give
37
Bm7
E
D(add9)
from this moment on. Uh-huh!


Guitar solo
40
A
F♯m7
3
42
D(add9)
E
44
A
D
You're the rea - son I be - lieve in love and
E
46
E
A
you're the an - swer to my prayers from up a - bove.


48
D(add9)
All we need is just - the two of us, my dreams
50
F♯m7
Dmaj9
A
came true be - cause of you.
53
E
N.C.
From this
55
B
F♯
E(add9)
mo - ment, as long as I live I will love you, I


58
F♯
E(add9)
B
pro - mise you this. There is no - thing I would - n't give
60
C♯m7
F♯
from this mo ment. I will love
62
E(add9)
B
C♯m7
F♯
you. as long as I live from this mo - ment
65
E(add9)
B/D♯
F♯(sus4)
B
on. Mm mm mm.

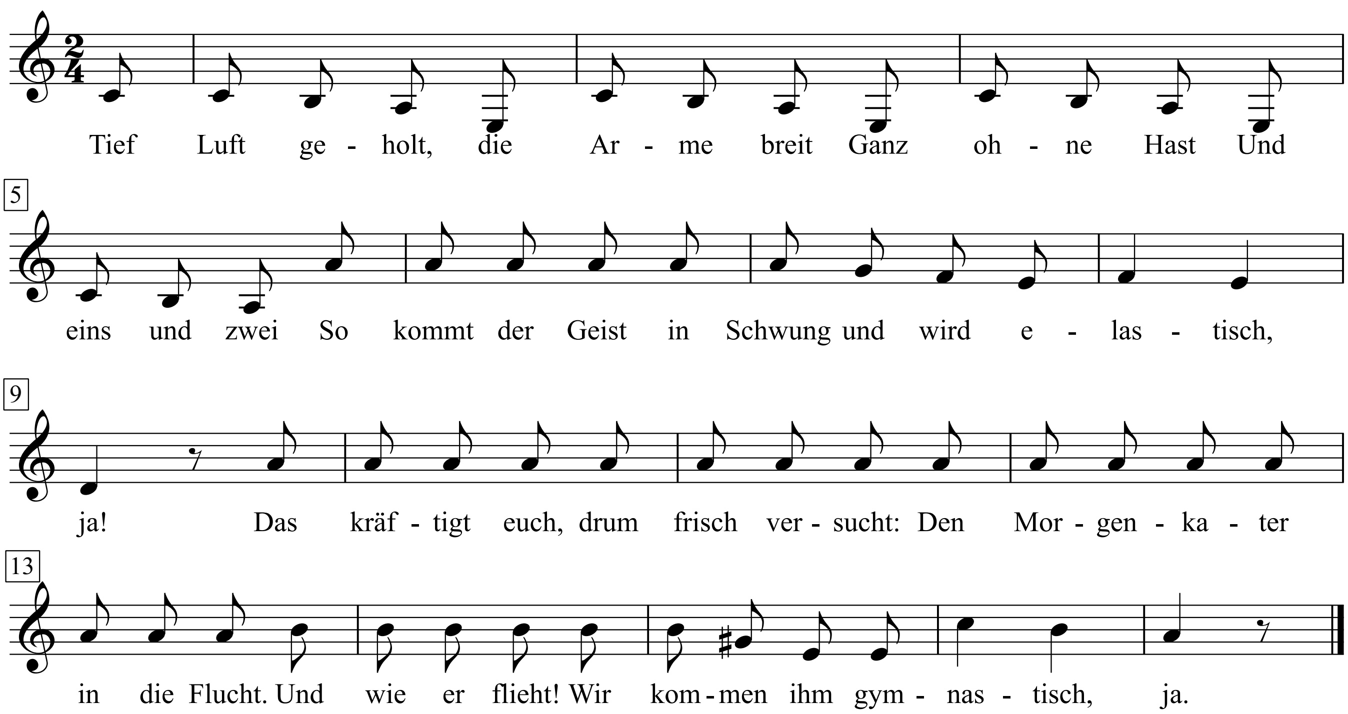
Frosch und Maus



Frühsport - Утренняя гимнастика

deutsche Nachdichtung: Klaus-Peter Schwarz

Text & Musik: Wladimir Wyssozki
(1968)



1. Tief Luft geholt, die Arme breit ...
Ganz ohne Hast ... Und eins und zwei ...
So kommt der Geist in Schwung und wird elastisch, ja!
Das kräftigt euch, drum frisch versucht:
Den Morgenkater in die Flucht.
Und wie er flieht! Wir kommen ihm gymnastisch, ja.

2. Ist eure Wohnung nicht zu klein,
Dann übt darinnen ... Eins und zwei ...
Und führt mir diese Übung bitte richtig aus!
Lasst die Nachbarn euch verhöhnen!
Sich an Neues zu gewöhnen,
Zahlt sich für euch trotz Erschöpfung bald schon aus.

3. Grad macht sich auf der Erde breit
Die Virusgrippe ... Eins und zwei ...
Die Krankheit grinst und lauert, dass ihr ihr verfallt,
Es winkt der Sarg, eh ihr’s gedacht –
Drum gebt auf die Gesundheit acht:
Wenn ihr das Leben liebt, dann duscht am Morgen kalt.

4. Und solltet ihr schon müde sein,
Dann auf und nieder ... Eins und zwei ...
Dann kommt’s, dass ihr am Nordpol noch in Top-Form seid!
Auch die Ärzte raten laufend,
Kognak oder Kaffee saufen
Muss nur der, der Sport nicht richtig tüchtig treibt.

5. Sprechen können wir uns schenken ...
Knie beugen ... Köpfe senken ...
Jetzt machen wir mit Krankheit und mit Sorgen Schluss!
Solltet dennoch kühl ihr bleiben,
Dann empfehl ich: abzureiben
Sich sehr hart. Und dann noch ein Kaltwasserguss.

6. Schlechte Nachricht kann nicht töten
Uns, die auf der Stelle treten ...
Wo jeder Neuling jedem Champion gleichgestellt ...
Oh, das ewig fortzusetzen!
Ohne Ersten, ohne Letzten
Auf der Stelle treten, einig mit der Welt!

1. Вдох глубокий, руки шире,
Не спешите ... ри-четыре!
Бодрость духа, грация и пластика!
Общеукрепляющая, утром отрезвляющая,
Если жив пока ещё, –
гимнастика!

2. Если вы в своей квартире, –
Лягте на пол ... три-четыре!
Выполняйте правильно движения.
Прочь влияния извне,
Привыкайте к новизне!
Вдох глубокий до изне-
можения!

3. Очень вырос в целом мире
Гриппа вирус ... три-четыре!
Ширится, растёт заболевание!
Если хилый – сразу в гроб,
Сохранить здоровье чтоб,
Применяйте, люди, об-
тирание!

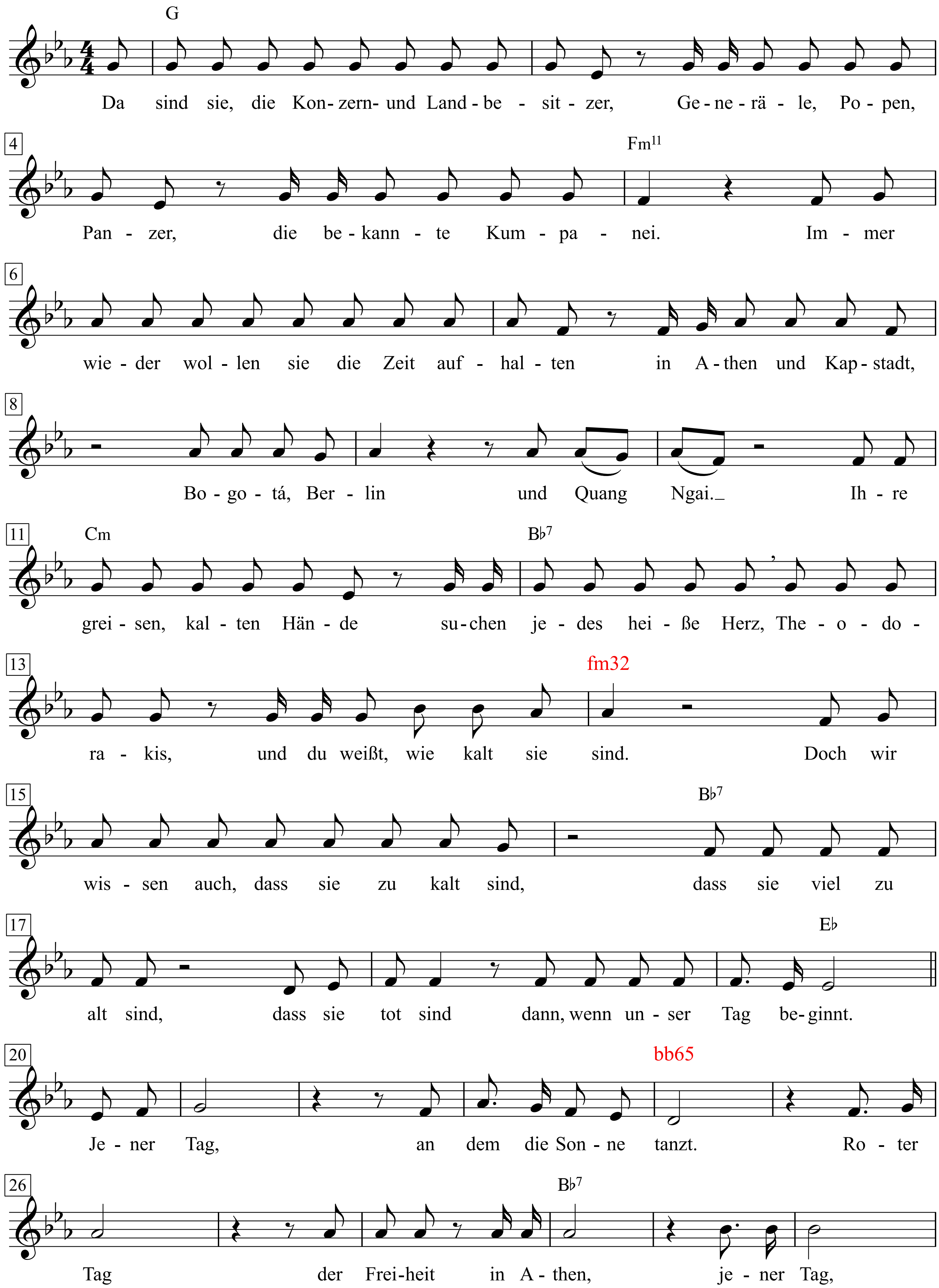
4. Если вы уже устали
Сели-встали, сели-встали!
Не страшны вам Арктика с Антарктикой!
Главный академик Иоффе
Доказал – коньяк и кофе
Нам заменит спорта профи-
лактика!

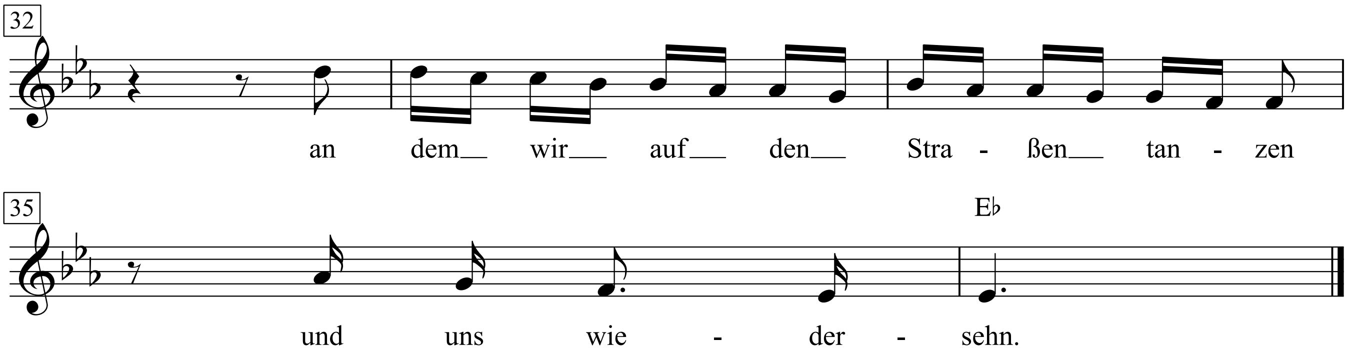
5. Разговаривать не надо!
Приседайте до упада!
Да не будьте мрачными и хмурыми!
Если очень вам неймётся,
Обтирайтесь, чем придётся,
Водными займитесь проце-
дурами!

6. Не страшны дурные вести,
Мы в ответ бежим на месте,
В выигрыше даже начинающий!
Красота! Среди бегущих
Первых нет и отстающих,
Бег на месте общеприми-
ряющий!

Für M. Theodorakis

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt





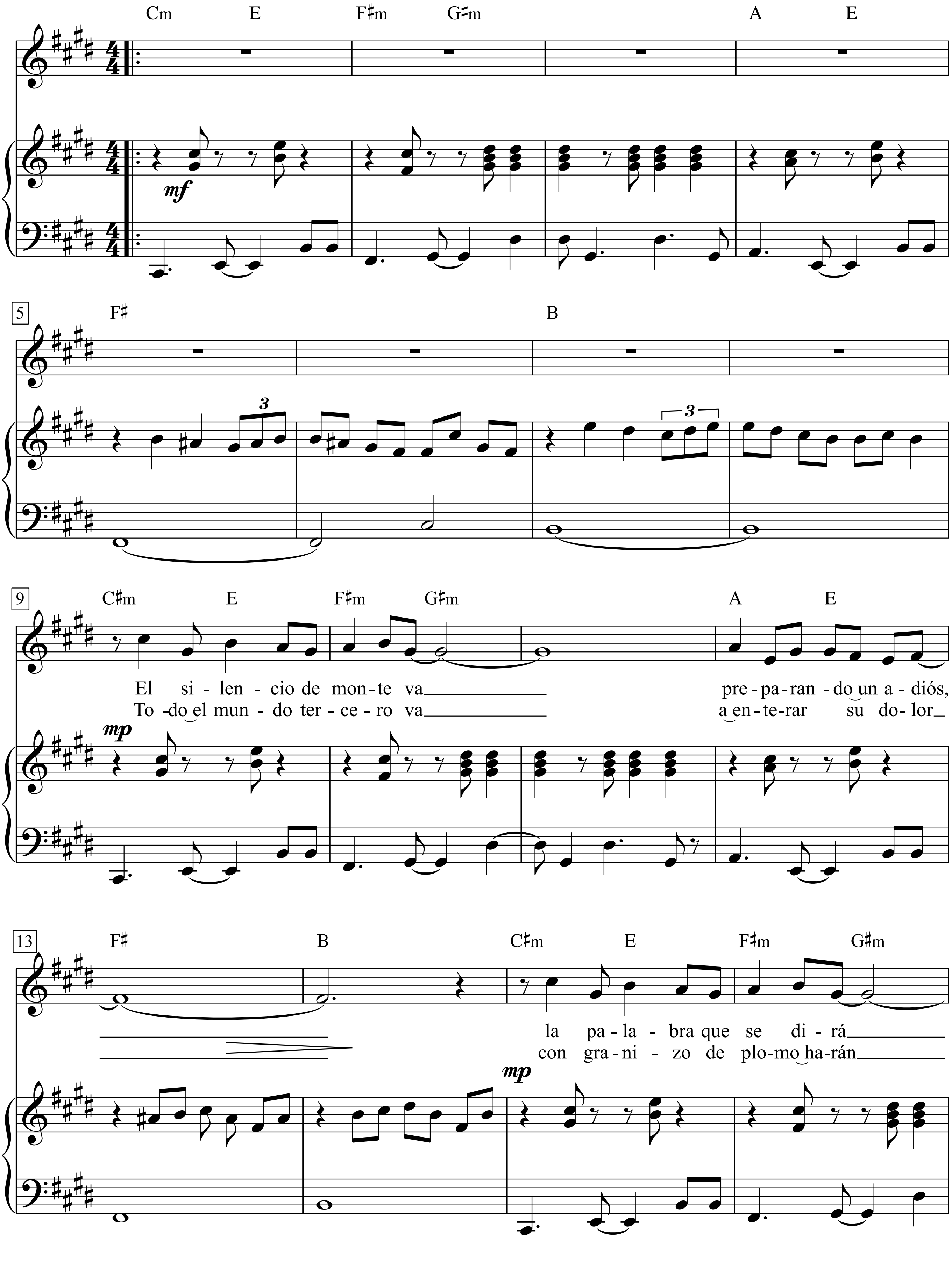
1. Da sind sie, die Konzern- und Landbesitzer,
Generäle, Popen, Panzer,
die bekannte Kumpanei.
Immer wieder wollen sie die Zeit aufhalten
in Athen und Kapstadt, Bogota,
Berlin und Quang Ngai.
Ihre greisen, kalten Hände suchen
jedes heiße Herz, Theodorakis,
und du weißt, wie kalt sie sind.
Doch wir wissen auch, dass sie zu kalt sind,
dass sie viel zu alt sind, dass sie tot sind
dann, wenn unser Tag beginnt.
Jener Tag,
an dem die Sonne tanzt.
Roter Tag der Freiheit in Athen,
jener Tag,
an dem wir auf den Straßen tanzen
und uns wiedersehn.

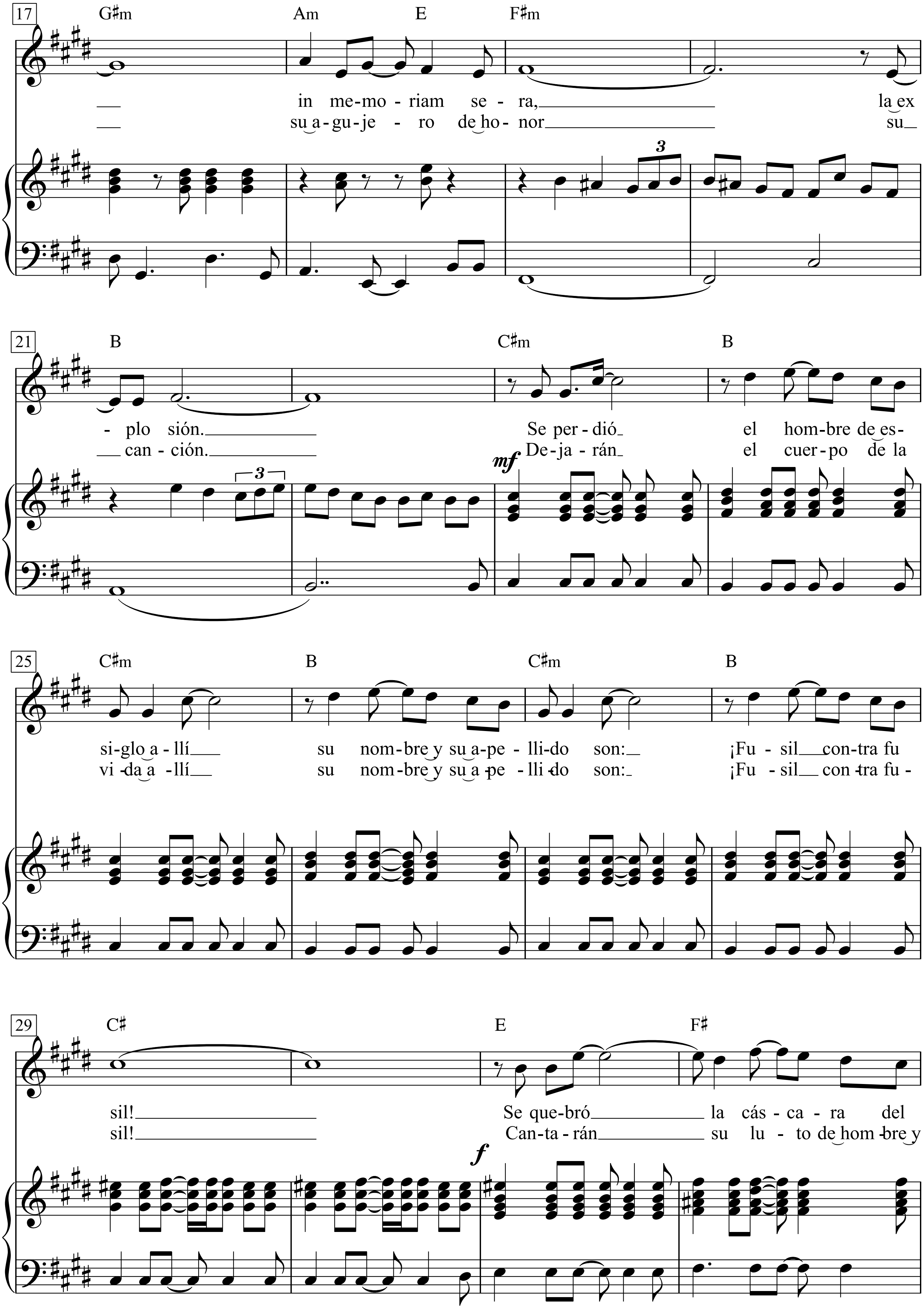
2. Die Feinde dieser Parasiten – es sind
deine Freunde. Sie sind zahlreich
und sie leben überall.
Deine Lieder sind auf ihrem langen Marsch
die kurze Rast in einem quellenkühlen Tal.
Darum hassen sie die Lieder, unsere Feinde.
Ihre wurmstichigen Ohren
trifft dein Name wie ein Schlag.
Und im Bellen ihrer Stimmen,
in den kurzsichtigen Augen
ist die Angst vor jenem Tag,
jenem Tag,
an dem die Sonne tanzt ...

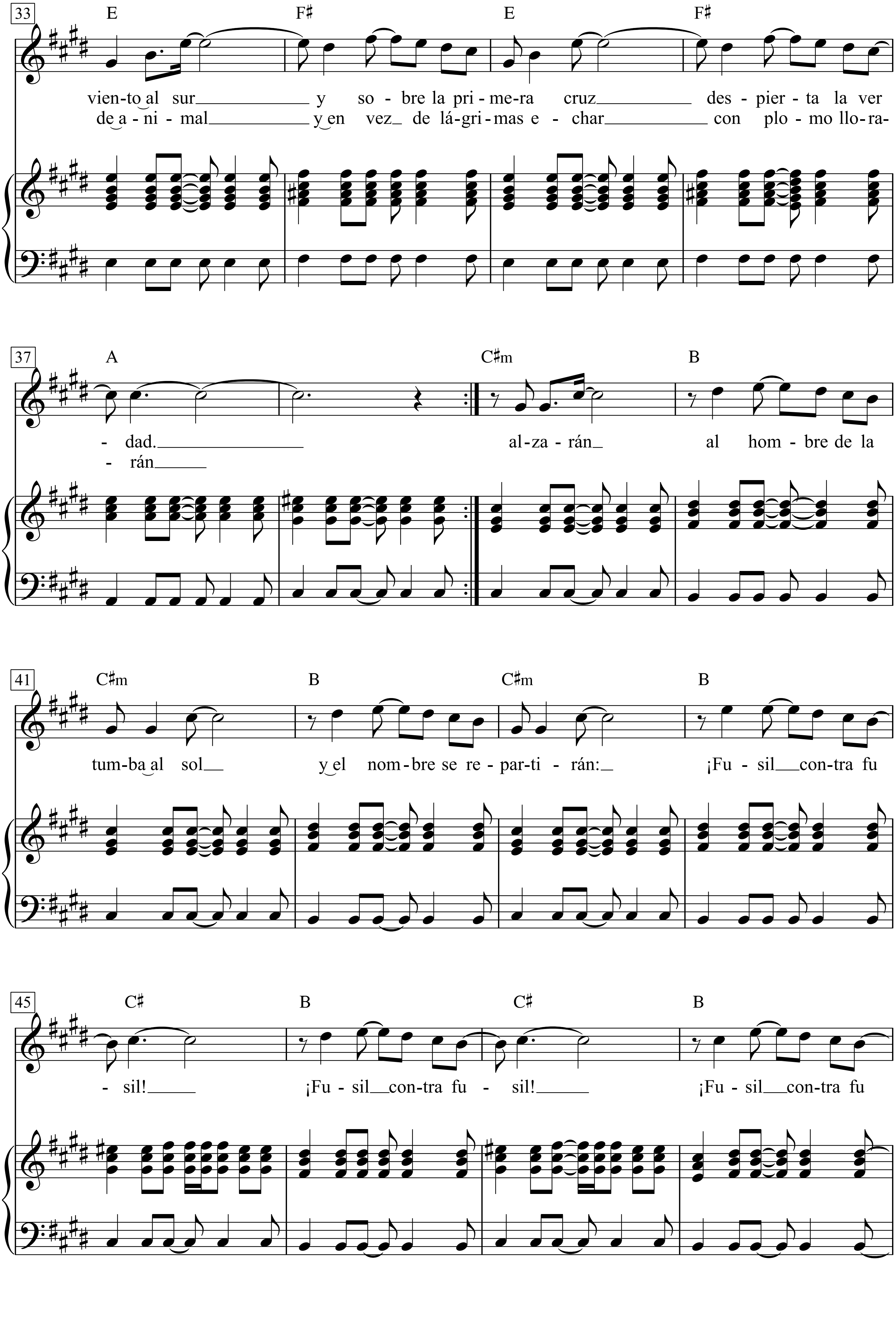
3. Und sie frieren in den weißen Häusern,
diese alten Männer. Ihre tausendfache Angst
wird tausendfach bewacht.
Wie ihr großer weißer Vater,
dieser Völkermörder Johnson,
löschen sie das Licht nicht mehr bei Nacht.
Denn sie wissen, die die auf den Morgen
warten, sie sind überall
und sie sind wach.
Seht! die Nacht geht schon zu Ende.
Ihre Sterne, sie verlöschen.
Bald beginnt der Tag,
jener Tag,
an dem die Sonne tanzt ...

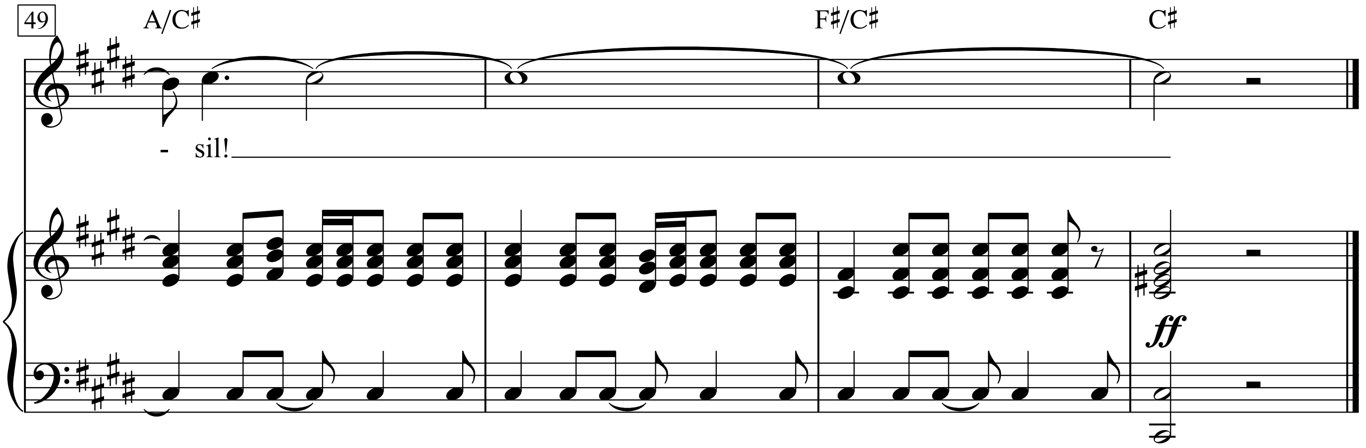
Fusíl contra fusíl

Silvio Rodríguez




17
G♯m Am E F♯m
in me-mo-riam se - ra, la ex
su a-gu-je - ro de ho- nor su
3
21
B C♯m B
- plo sión. Se per-dió el hom-bre de es-
can - ción. De-ja - rán el cuer-po de la
mf
3
25
C♯m B C♯m B
si-glo a - llí su nom-bre y su a-pe - lli-do son: ¡Fu - sil con-tra fu
vi -da a - llí su nom-bre y su a -pe - lli -do son: ¡Fu - sil con -tra fu -
29
C♯ E F♯
sil! Se que-bró la cás - ca - ra del
sil! Can-ta - rán su lu - to de hom -bre y
f


33
E F♯ E F♯
vien-to al sur y so - bre la pri - me-ra cruz des - pier - ta la ver
de a - ni - mal y en vez de lá-gri - mas e - char con plo - mo llo - ra-
37
A C♯m B
- dad. al - za - rán al hom - bre de la
- rán
41
C♯m B C♯m B
tum-ba al sol y el nom-bre se re - par-ti - rán: ¡Fu - sil con-tra fu
45
C♯ B C♯ B
- sil! ¡Fu - sil con-tra fu - sil! ¡Fu - sil con-tra fu



El silencio de monte va
preparando su adiós,
la palabra que se dirá
in memoriam sera, la explosión.

Se perdió el hombre de este siglo allí
su nombre y apellido son:
¡Fusil contra fusil!
Se quebró la cáscara del viento al sur
y sobre la primera cruz
despierta la verdad.

Todo el mundo tercero va
a enterar su dolor
con granizo de plomo harán
su agujero de olor, su canción.
Dejarán el cuerpo de la vida allí
su nombre y apellido son:
¡Fusil contra fusil!

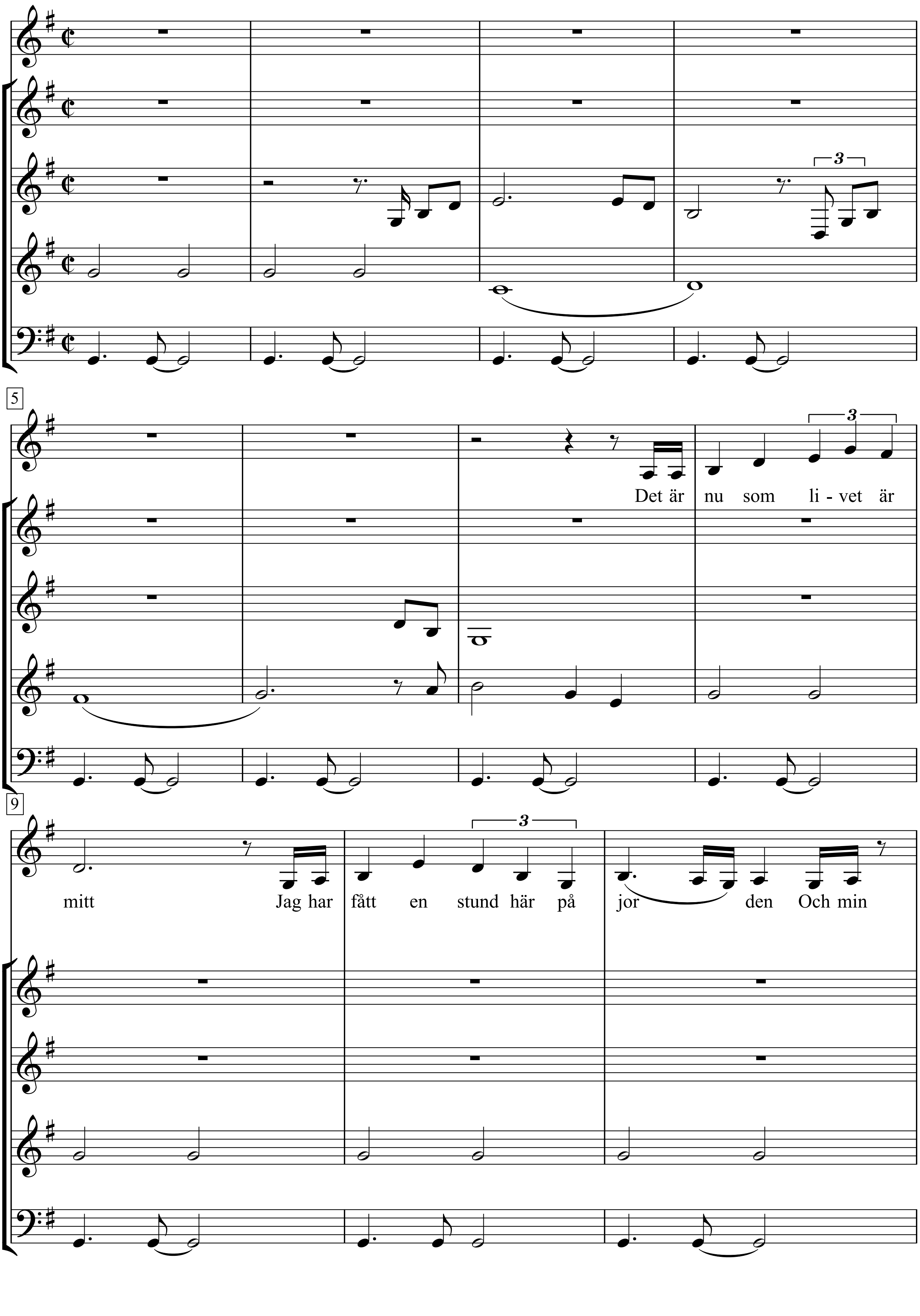
Cantarán su luto de hombre y animal
y en vez de lágrimas echar
con plomo llorarán
alzarán al hombre
de la tumba al sol
y el nombre se repetirán:
¡Fusil contra fusil!
¡Fusil contra fusil!
¡Fusil contra fusil!

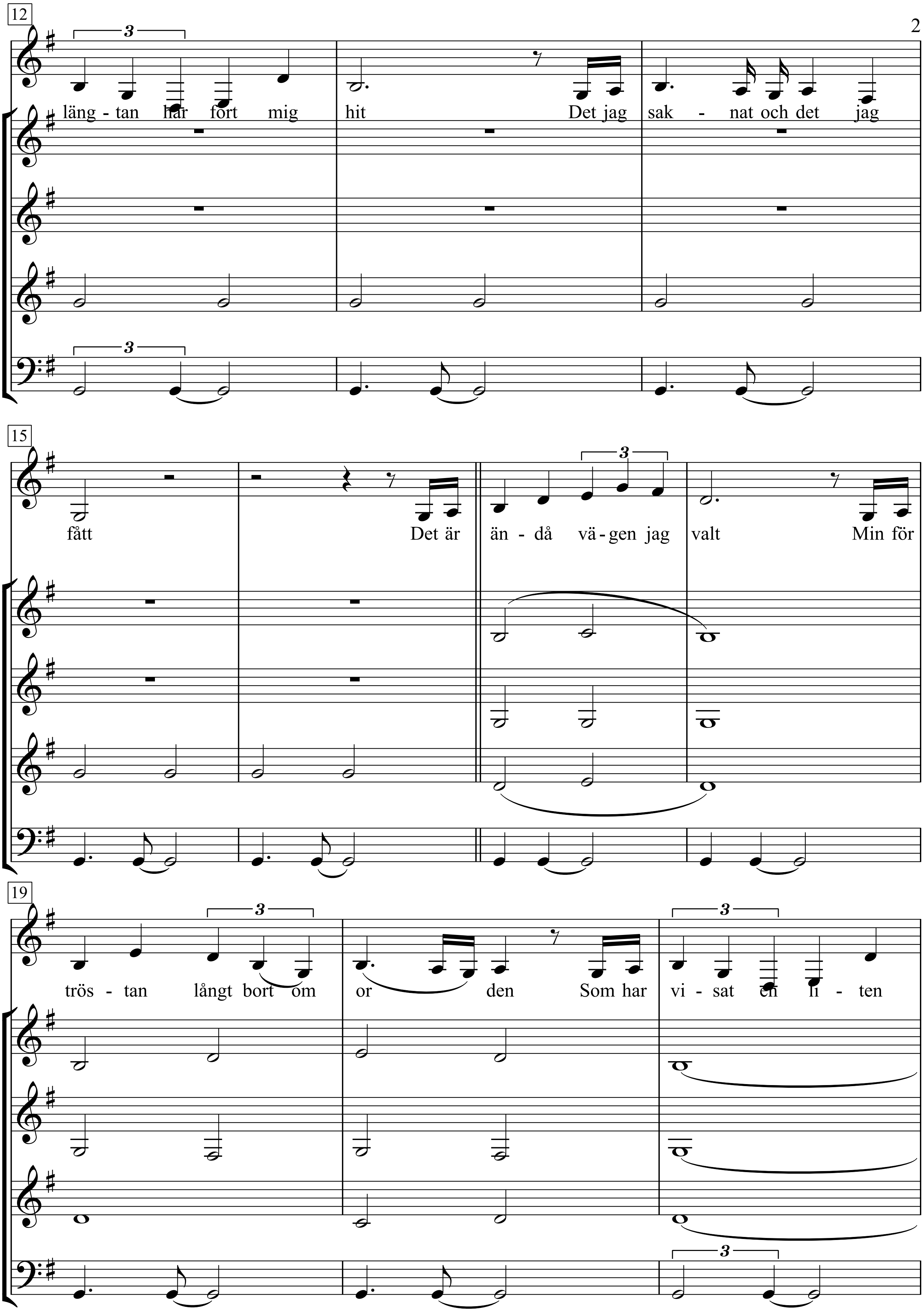
Gabriella's Sang

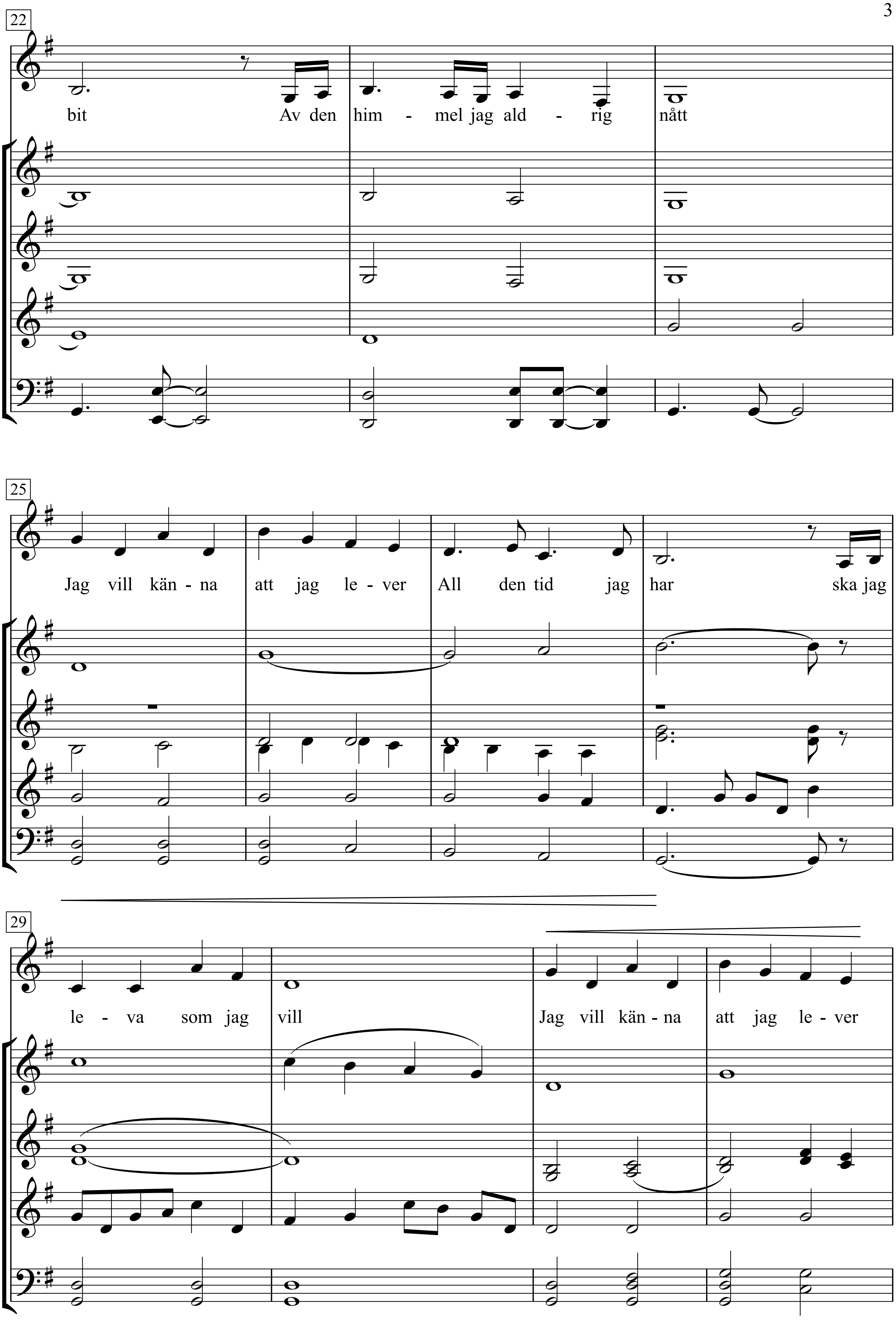
(aus dem Film "Wie im Himmel")

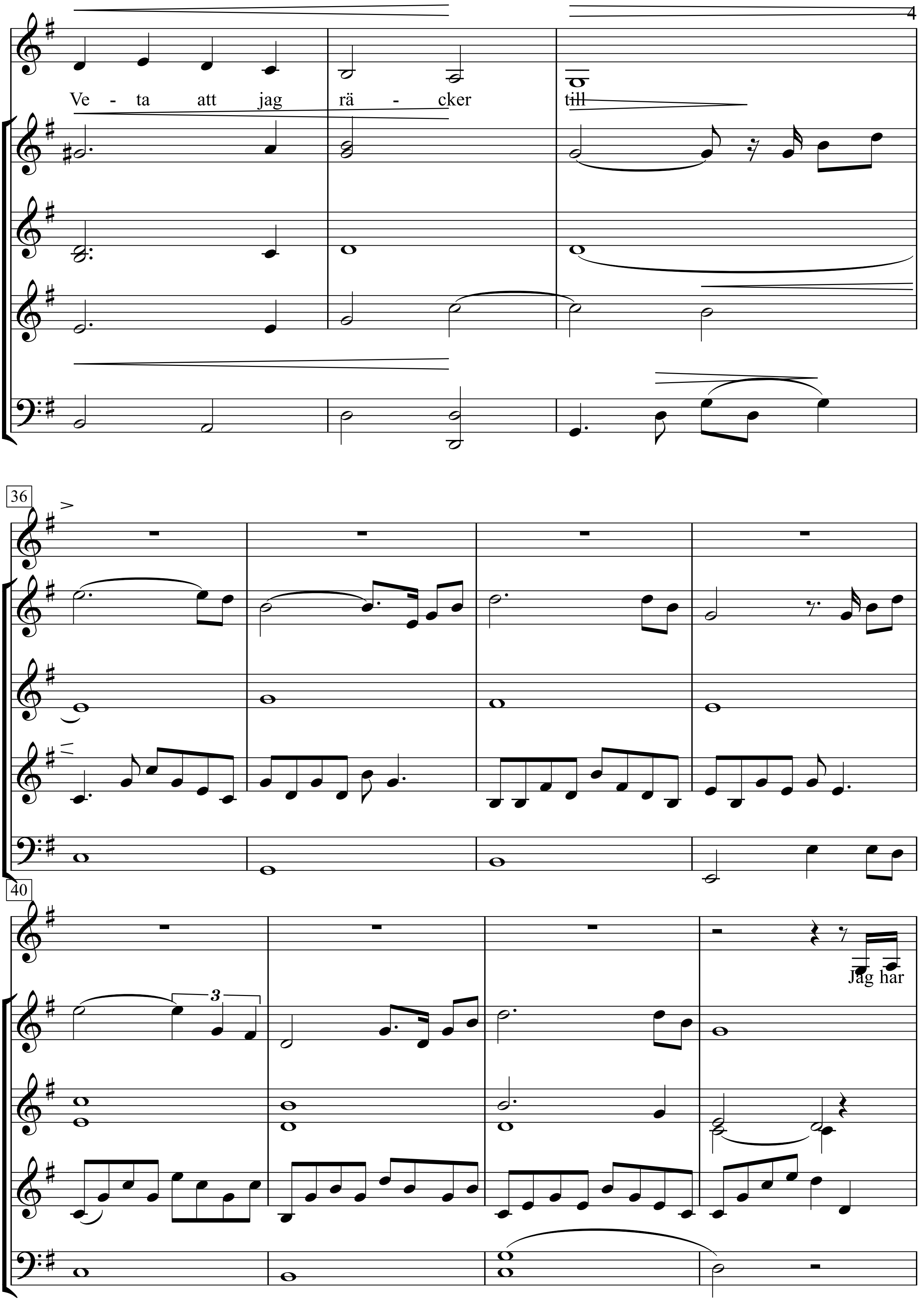
Text: Py Bäckman

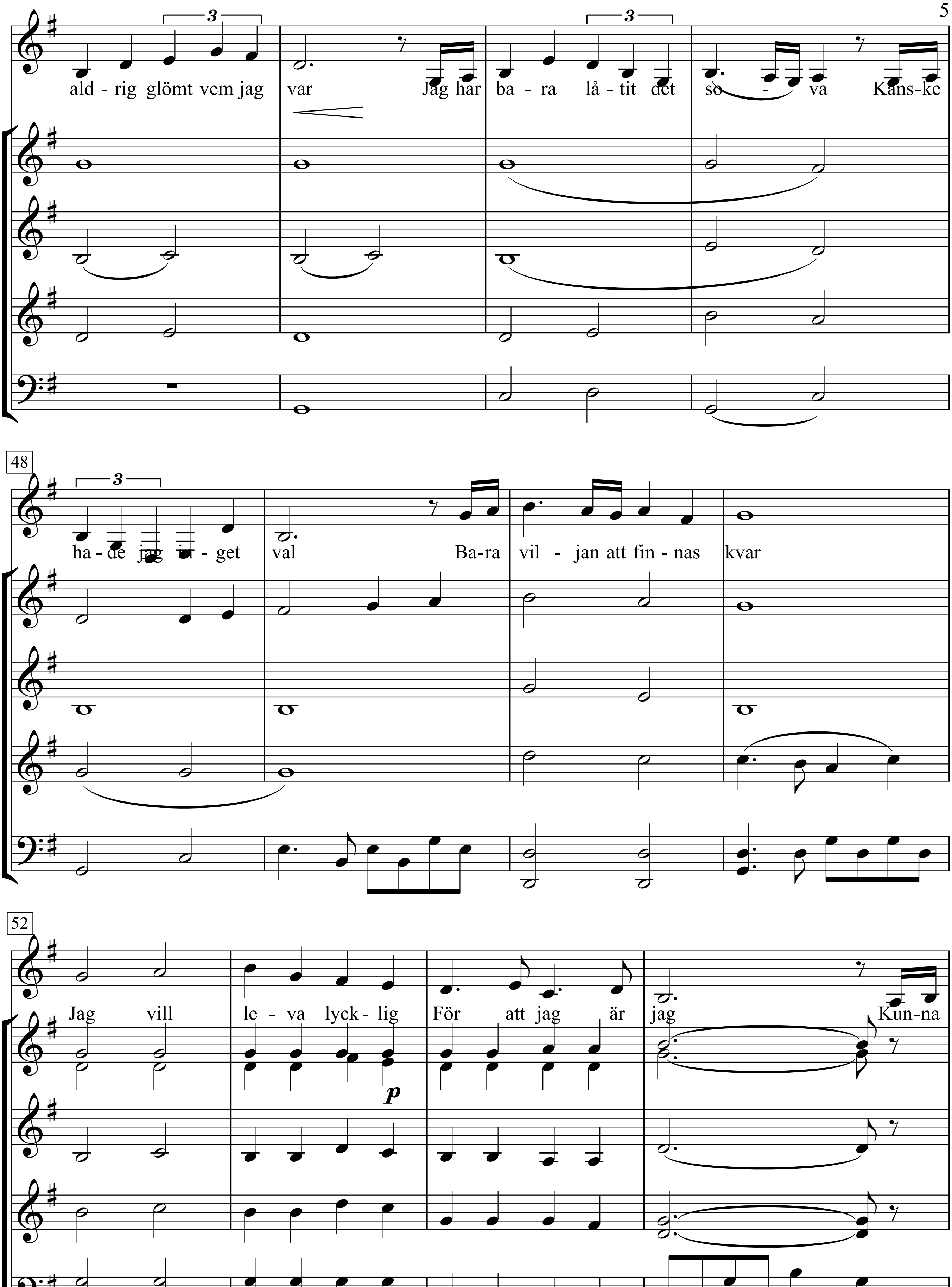
Musik: Stefan Nilsson

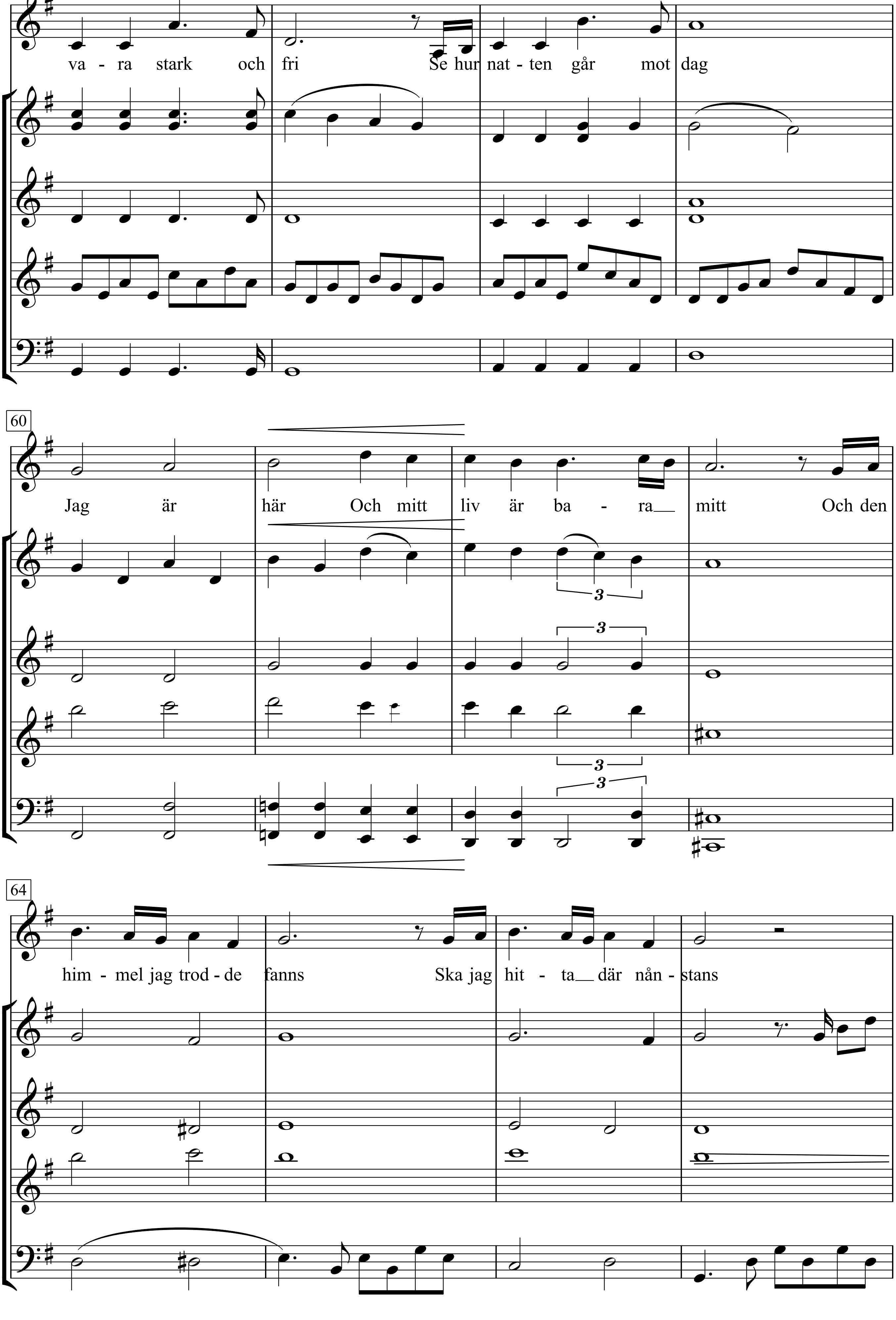


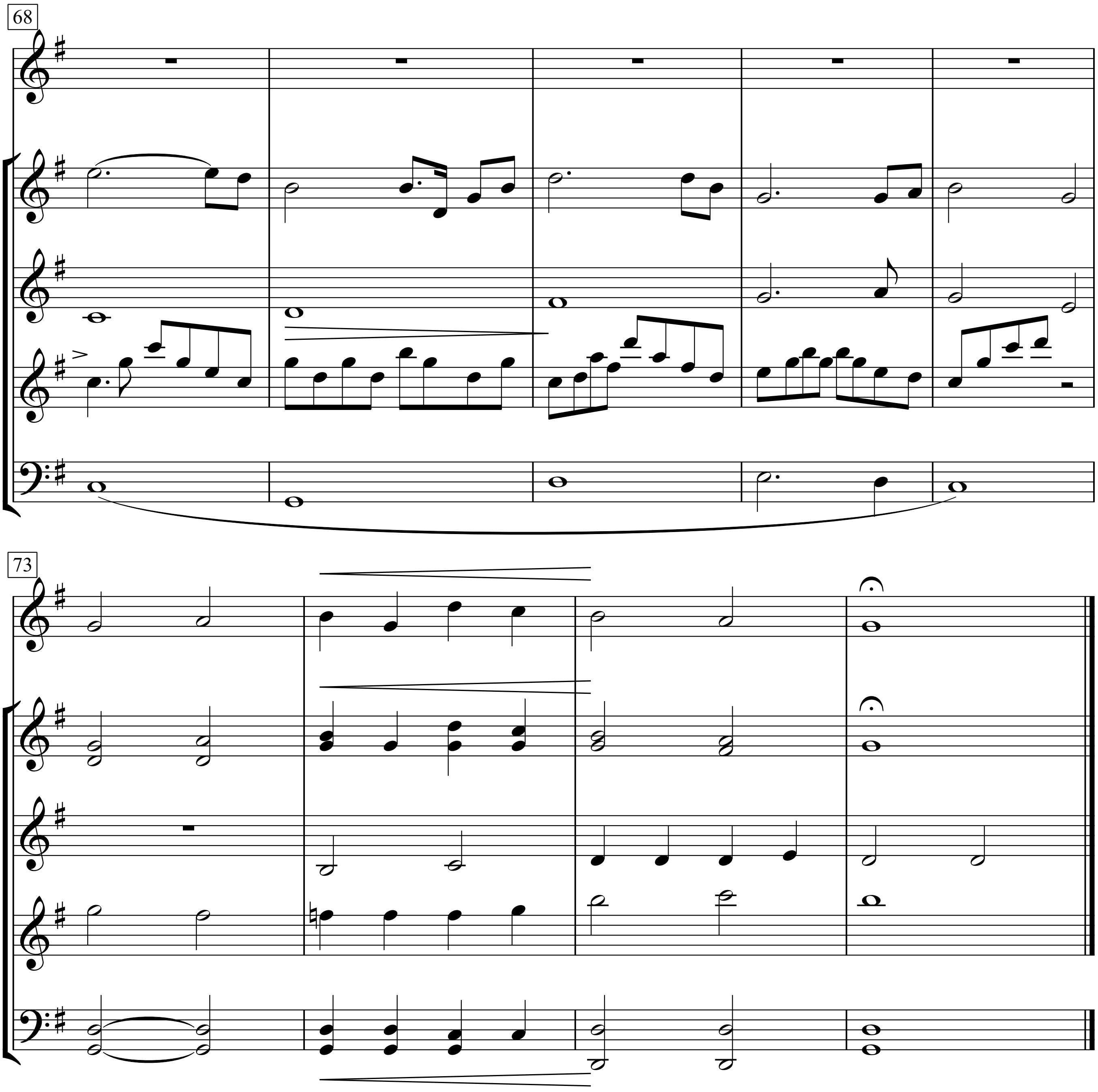

12
läng - tan har fort mig
hit
Det jag
sak - nat och det jag
15
fått
Det är
än - då vä - gen jag
valt
Min för
19
trös - tan långt bort om
or
den
Som har
vi - sat en li - ten


22
bit Av den him - mel jag ald - rig nått
25
Jag vill kän - na att jag le - ver All den tid jag har ska jag
29
le - va som jag vill Jag vill kän - na att jag le - ver


Ve - ta att jag rä - cker till
36
40
Jag har


ald - rig glömt vem jag var Jag har ba - ra lå - tit det so - va Kans-ke
48
ha - de jag in - get val Ba-ra vil - jan att fin - nas kvar
52
Jag vill le - va lyck - lig För att jag är jag Kun-na
p


va - ra stark och fri Se hur nat - ten går mot dag
60
Jag är här Och mitt liv är ba - ra mitt Och den
3
3
3
3
64
him - mel jag trod - de fanns Ska jag hit - ta där nån - stans



Det är nu som livet är mitt
Jag har fått en stund här på jorden
Och min längtan har fört mig hit
Det jag saknat och det jag fått

Det är ändå vägen jag valt
Min förtröstan långt bort om orden
Som har visat en liten bit
Av den himmel jag aldrig nått

Jag vill känna att jag lever
All den tid jag har ska jag leva som jag vill
Jag vill känna att jag lever
Veta att jag räcker till
(Oh, oh, oh...)

Jag har aldrig glömt vem jag var
Jag har bara låtit det sova
Kanske hade jag inget val
Bara viljan att finnas kvar

Jag vill leva lycklig
För att jag är jag
Kunna vara stark och fri
Se hur natten går mot dag

Jag är här
Och mitt liv är bara mitt
Och den himmel jag trodde fanns
Ska jag hitta där nånstans

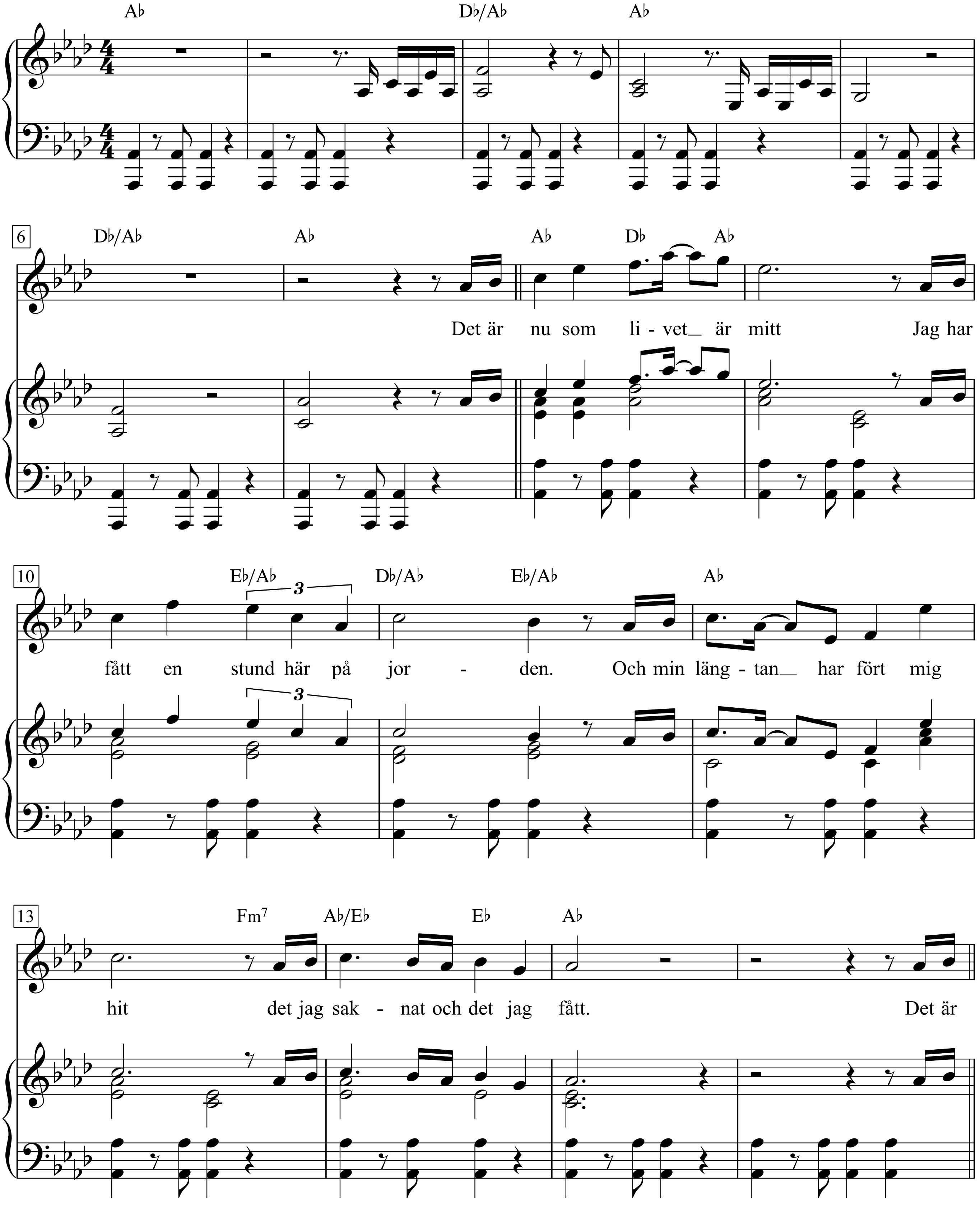
Jag vill känna att jag levt mitt liv

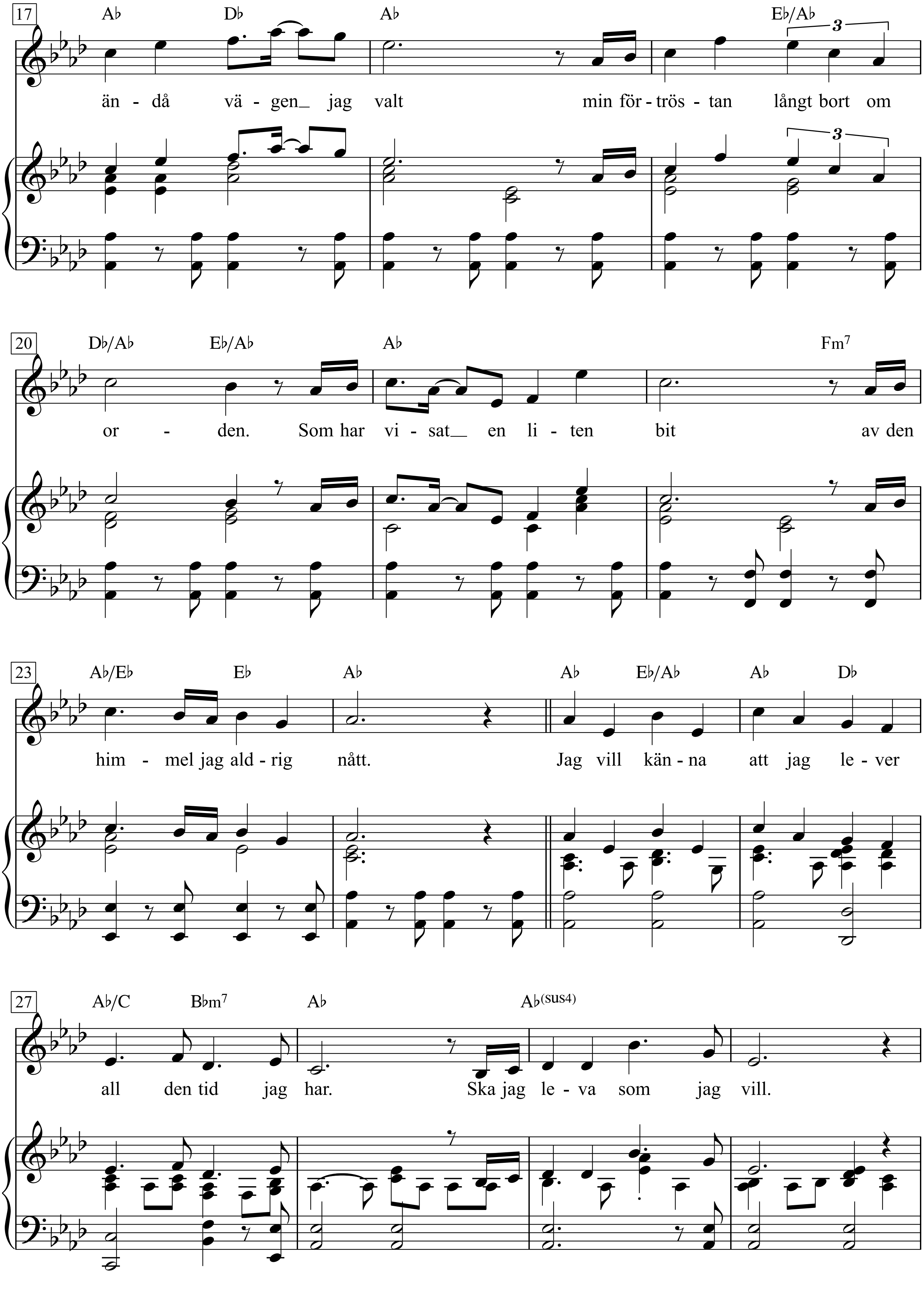
Gabriella’s Song

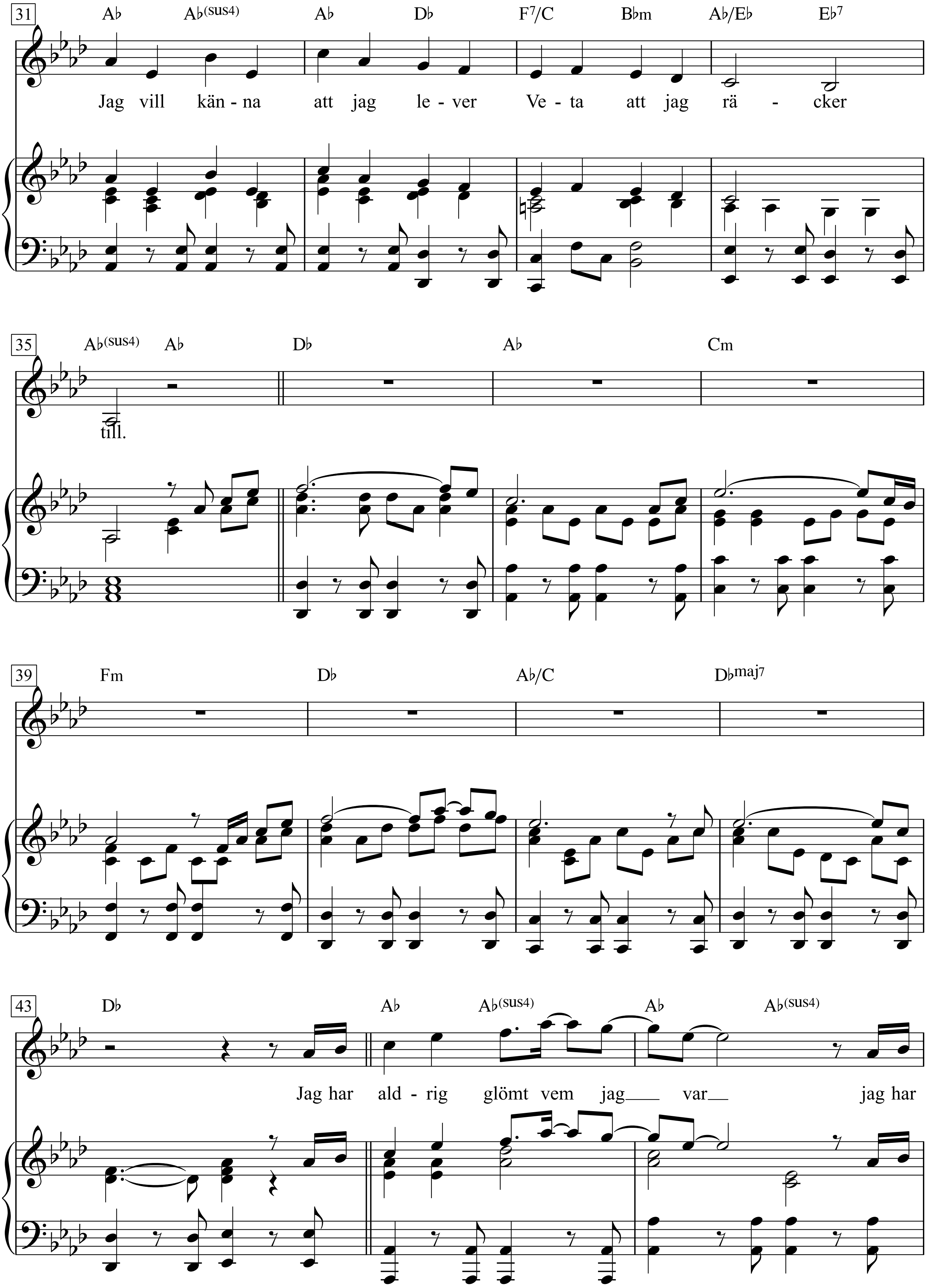
(*aus:* Wie Im Himmel)

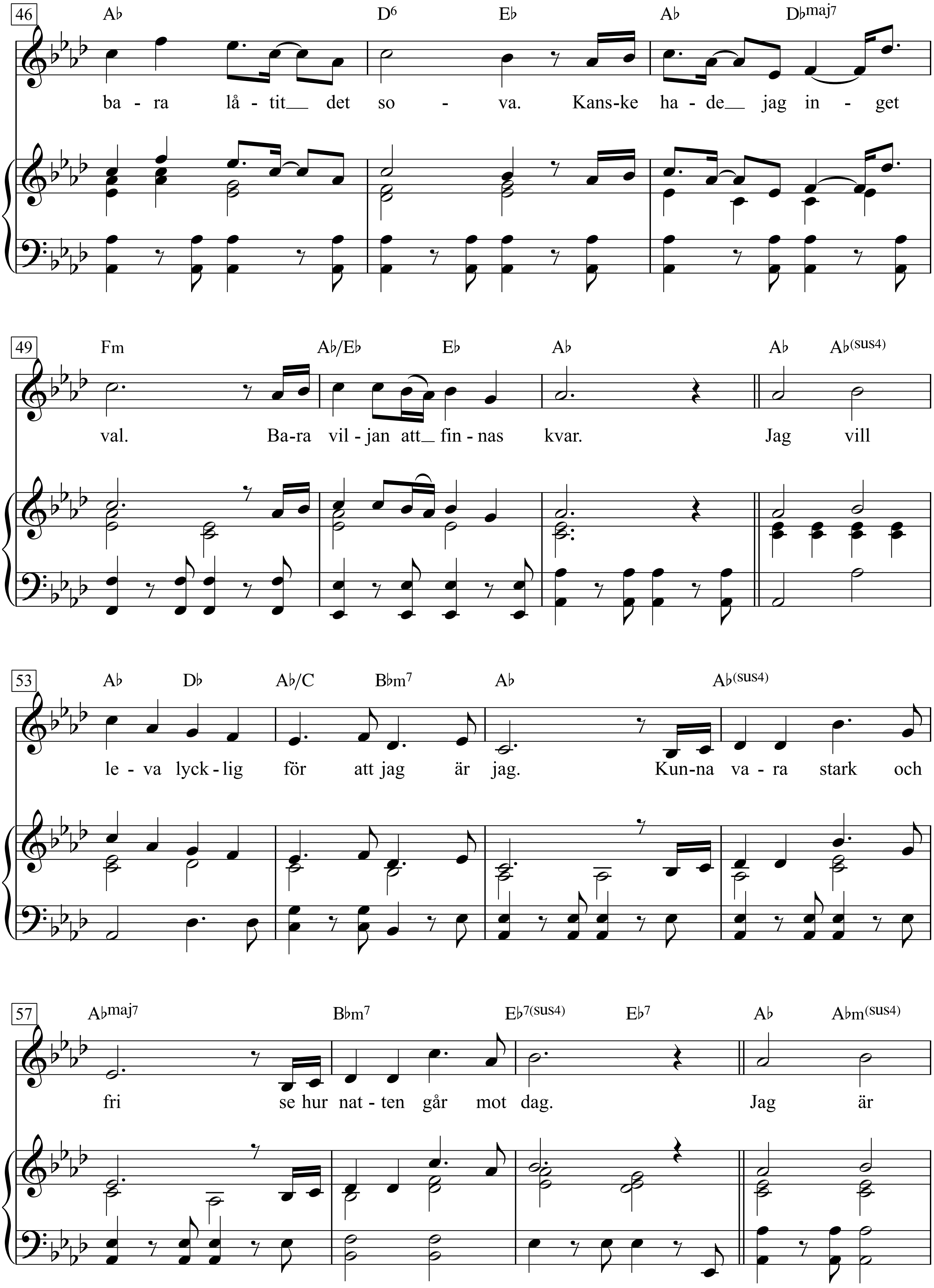
Words by Py Marie Elisabet Bä
ckman

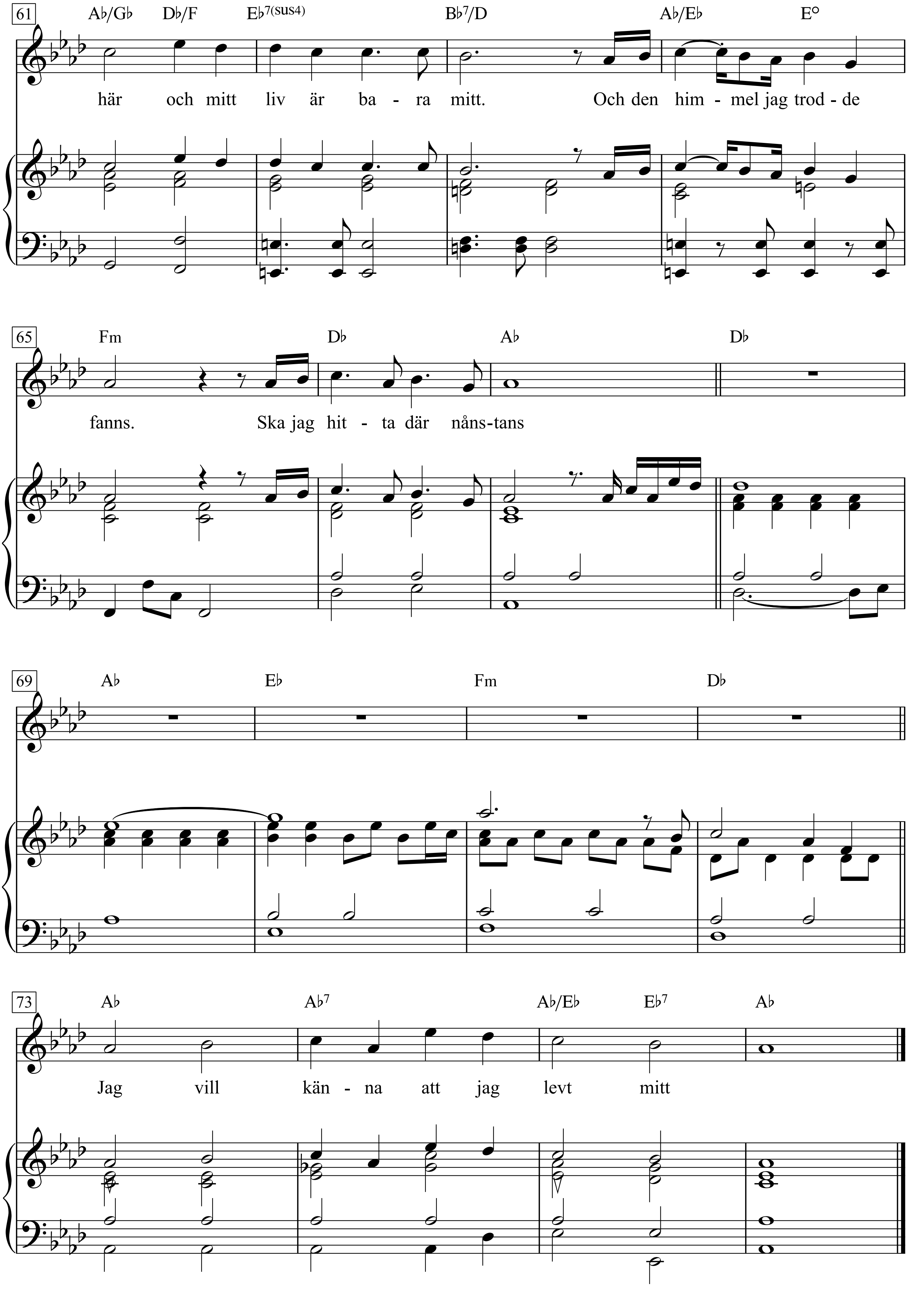
Music by Stefan Dan Nilsson




17
A♭ D♭ A♭ E♭/A♭
3
än - då vä - gen_ jag valt min för - trös - tan långt bort om
3
20
D♭/A♭ E♭/A♭ A♭ Fm7
or - den. Som har vi - sat_ en li - ten bit av den
23
A♭/E♭ E♭ A♭ A♭ E♭/A♭ A♭ D♭
him - mel jag ald - rig nått. Jag vill kän - na att jag le - ver
27
A♭/C B♭m7 A♭ A♭(sus4)
all den tid jag har. Ska jag le - va som jag vill.


31
A♭ A♭(sus4) A♭ D♭ F7/C B♭m A♭/E♭ E♭7
Jag vill kän - na att jag le - ver Ve - ta att jag rä - cker
35
A♭(sus4) A♭ D♭ A♭ Cm
till.
39
Fm D♭ A♭/C D♭maj7
43
D♭ A♭ A♭(sus4) A♭ A♭(sus4)
Jag har ald - rig glömt vem jag var jag har

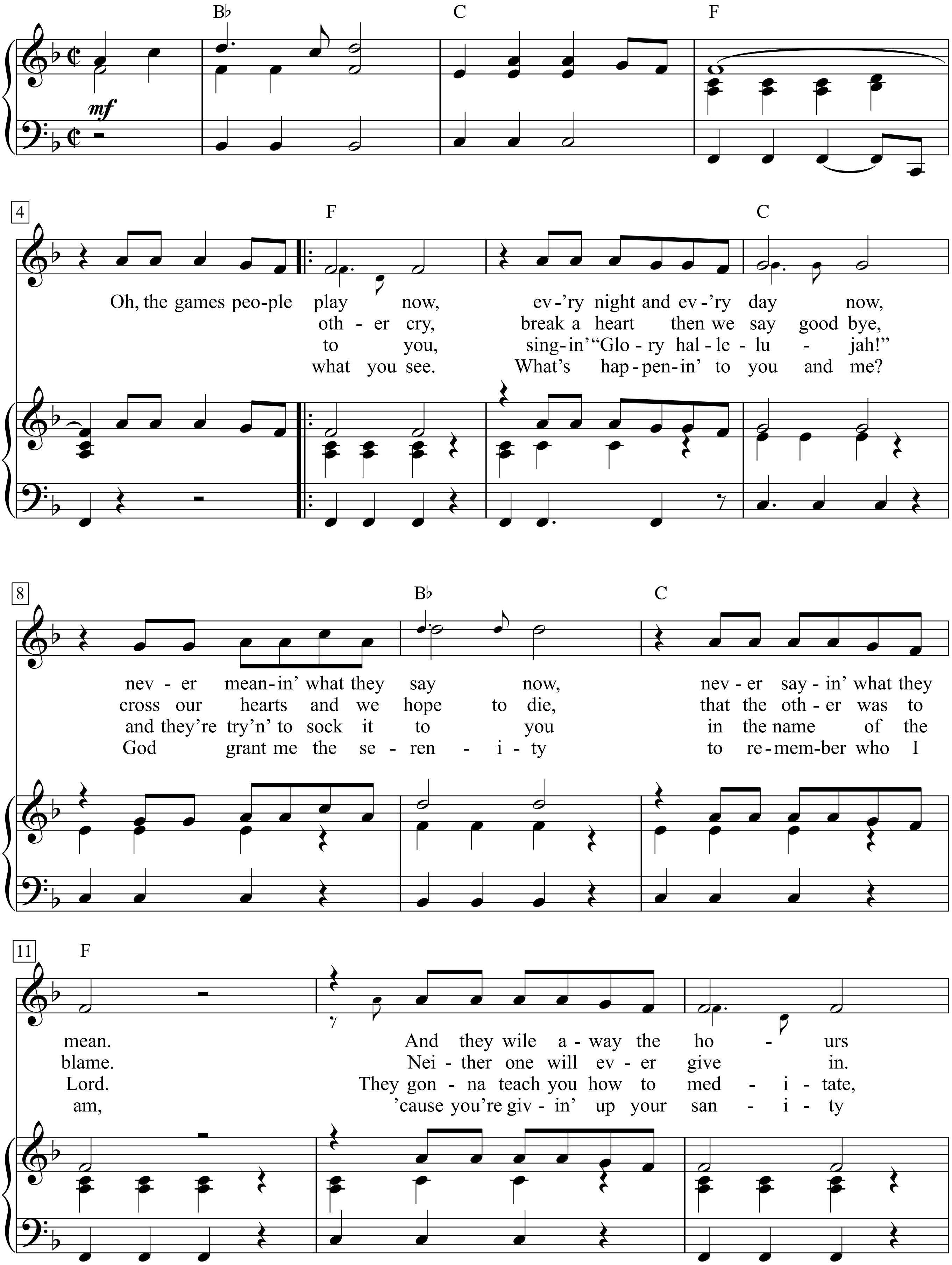

46
A♭ D6 E♭ A♭ D♭maj7
ba - ra lå - tit det so - va. Kans-ke ha - de jag in - get
49
Fm A♭/E♭ E♭ A♭ A♭ A♭(sus4)
val. Ba-ra vil - jan att fin - nas kvar. Jag vill
53
A♭ D♭ A♭/C B♭m7 A♭ A♭(sus4)
le - va lyck - lig för att jag är jag. Kun-na va - ra stark och
57
A♭maj7 B♭m7 E♭7(sus4) E♭7 A♭ A♭m(sus4)
fri se hur nat - ten går mot dag. Jag är

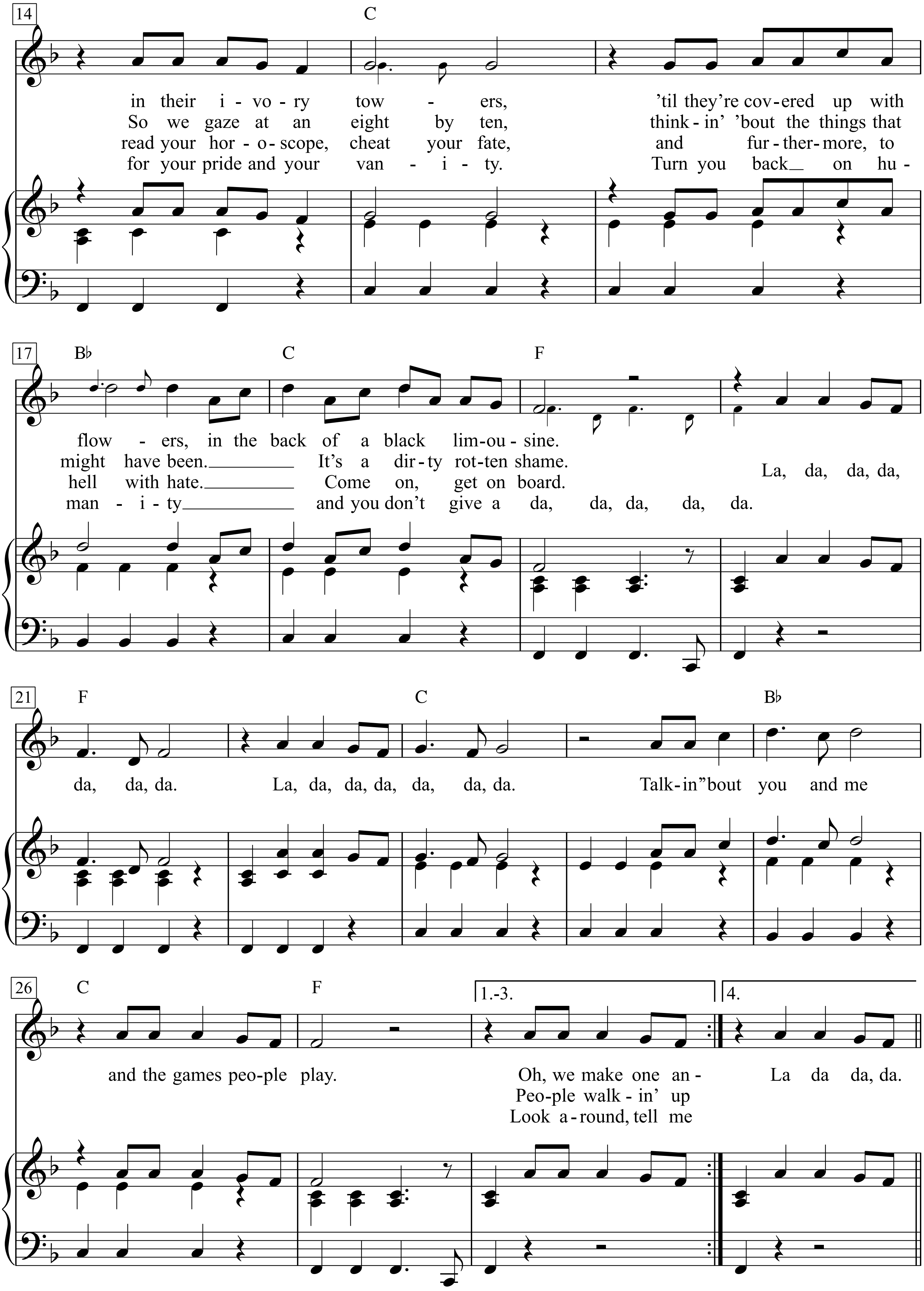

61
A♭/G♭ D♭/F E♭7(sus4) B♭7/D A♭/E♭ E°
här och mitt liv är ba - ra mitt. Och den him - mel jag trod - de
65
Fm D♭ A♭ D♭
fanns. Ska jag hit - ta där nåns-tans
69
A♭ E♭ Fm D♭
73
A♭ A♭7 A♭/E♭ E♭7 A♭
Jag vill kän - na att jag levt mitt

Games People Play

Words & Music by Joe South
(Joe South)

Moderately

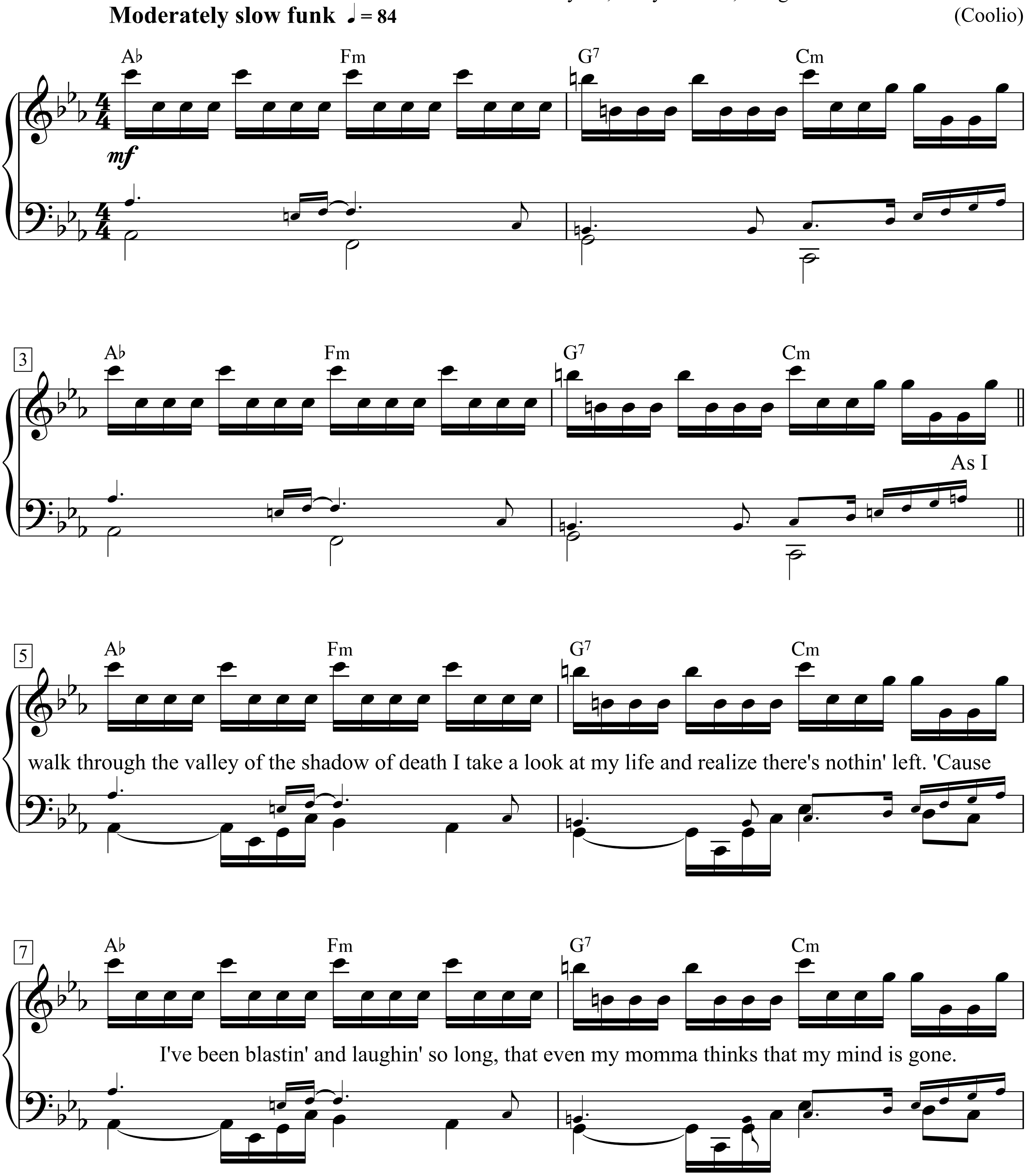


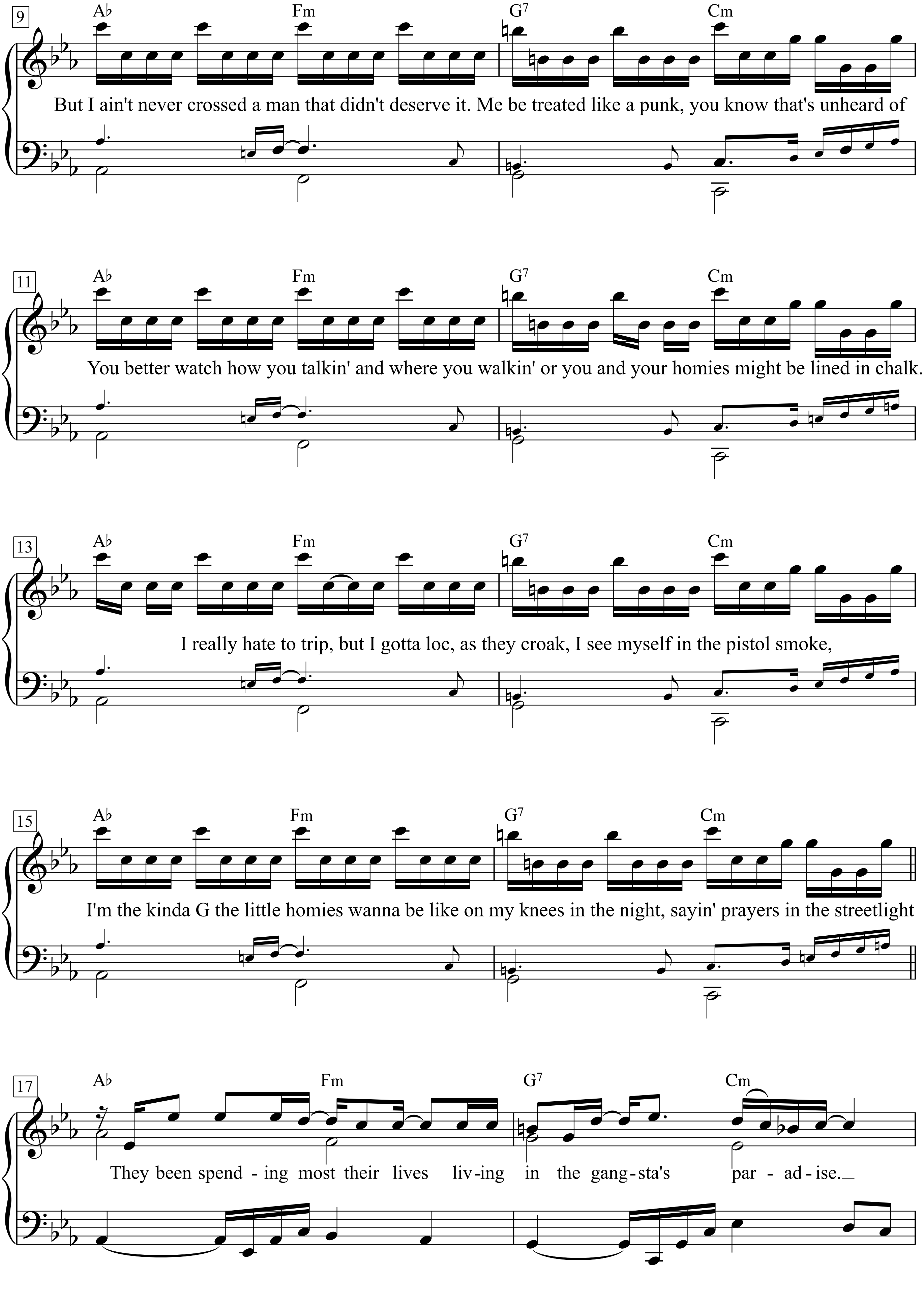

14
C
in their i - vo - ry tow - ers, 'til they're cov-ered up with
So we gaze at an eight by ten, think - in' 'bout the things that
read your hor - o - scope, cheat your fate, and fur - ther - more, to
for your pride and your van - i - ty. Turn you back_ on hu -
17
B♭
C
F
flow - ers, in the back of a black lim-ou - sine.
might have been._ It's a dir - ty rot-ten shame.
hell with hate._ Come on, get on board.
man - i - ty_ and you don't give a da, da, da, da, da.
La, da, da, da,
21
F
C
B♭
da, da, da. La, da, da, da, da, da, da. Talk-in"bout you and me
26
C
F
1.-3.
4.
and the games peo-ple play.
Oh, we make one an -
Peo-ple walk - in' up
Look a-round, tell me
La da da, da.

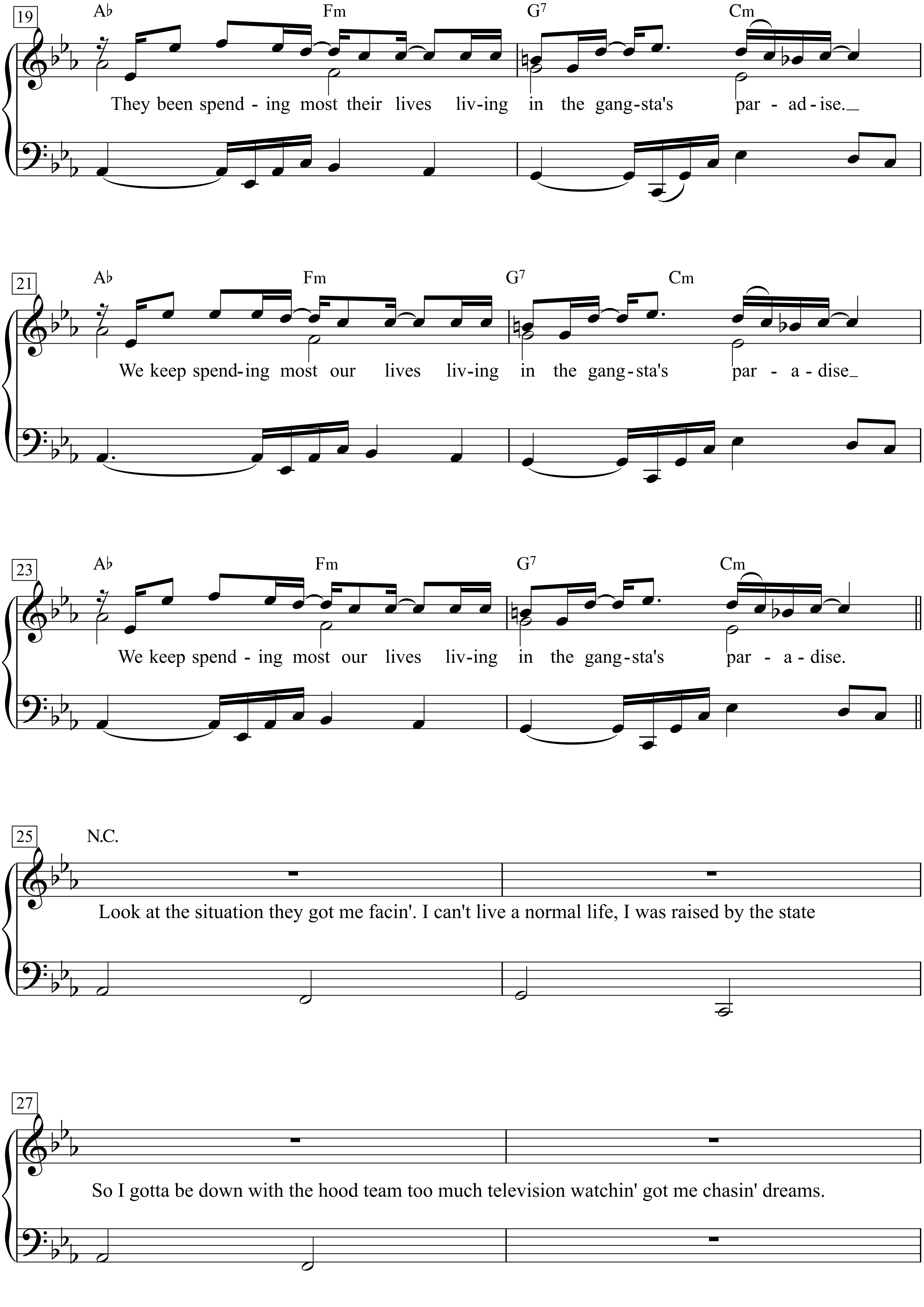
Gangsta's Paradise

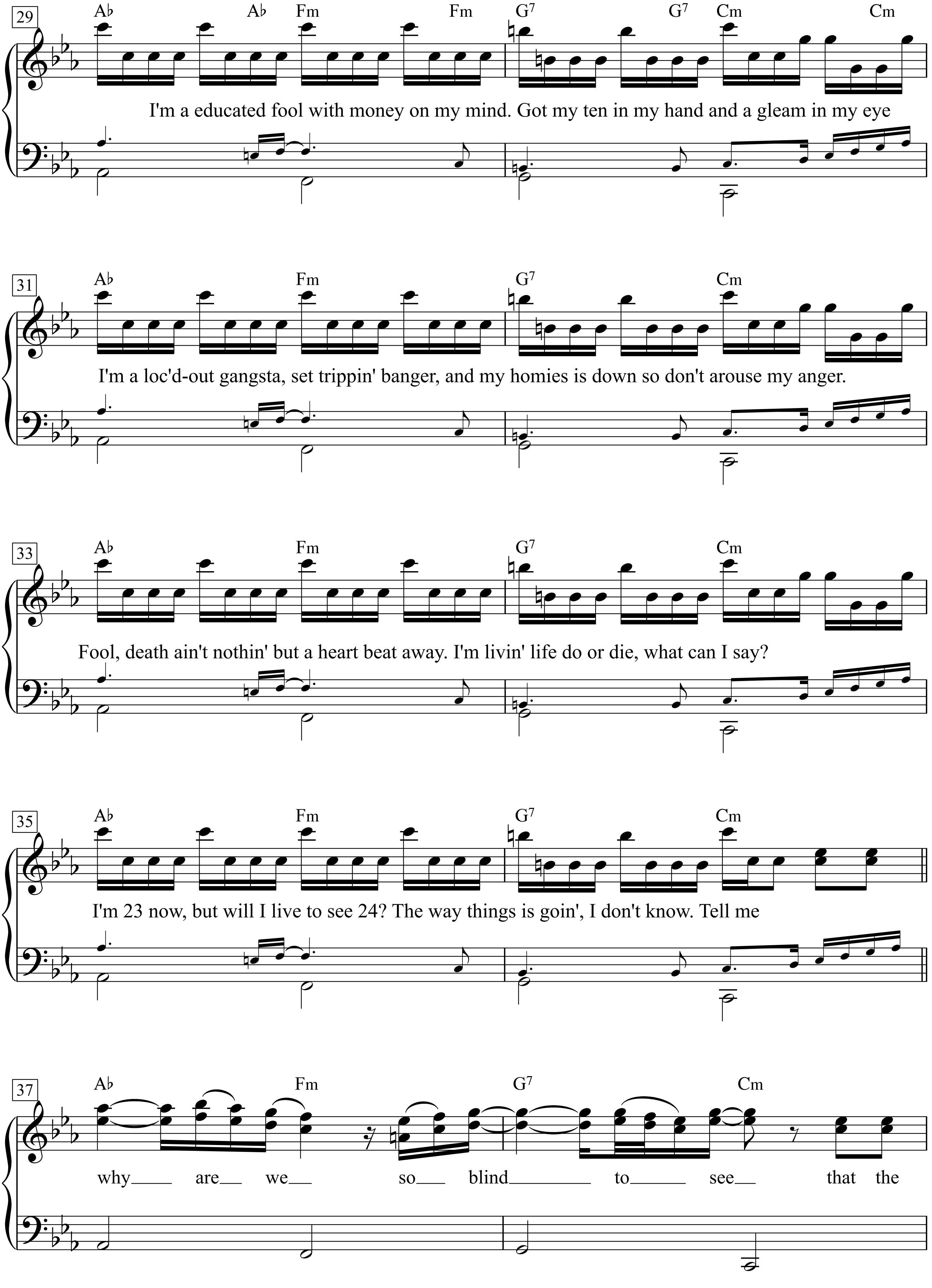
(From the Motion Picture 'Dangerous Minds')

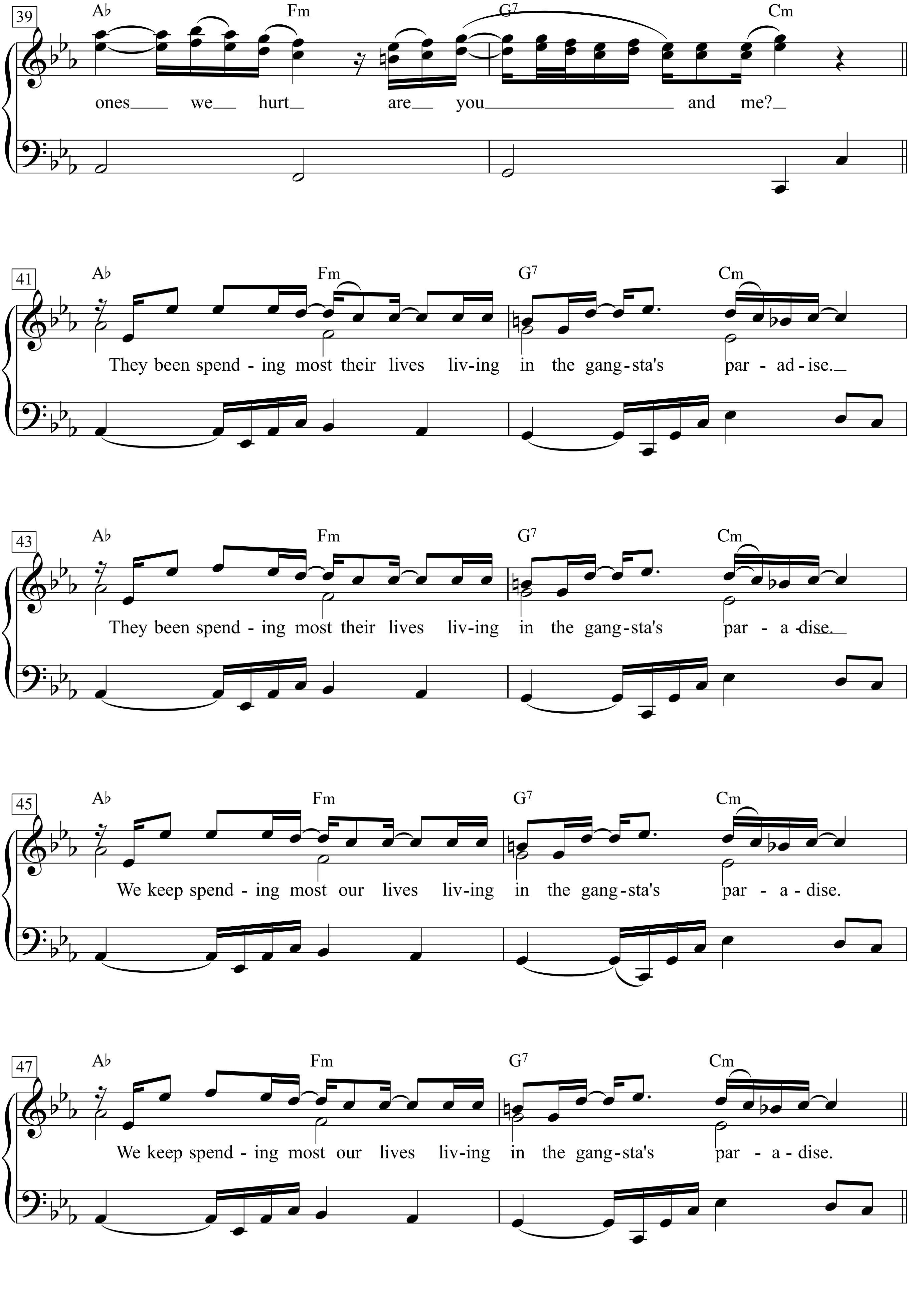
Words & Music by
Artis Ivey Jr.., Larry Sanders, Doug Rasheed and Stevie Wonder
(Coolio)

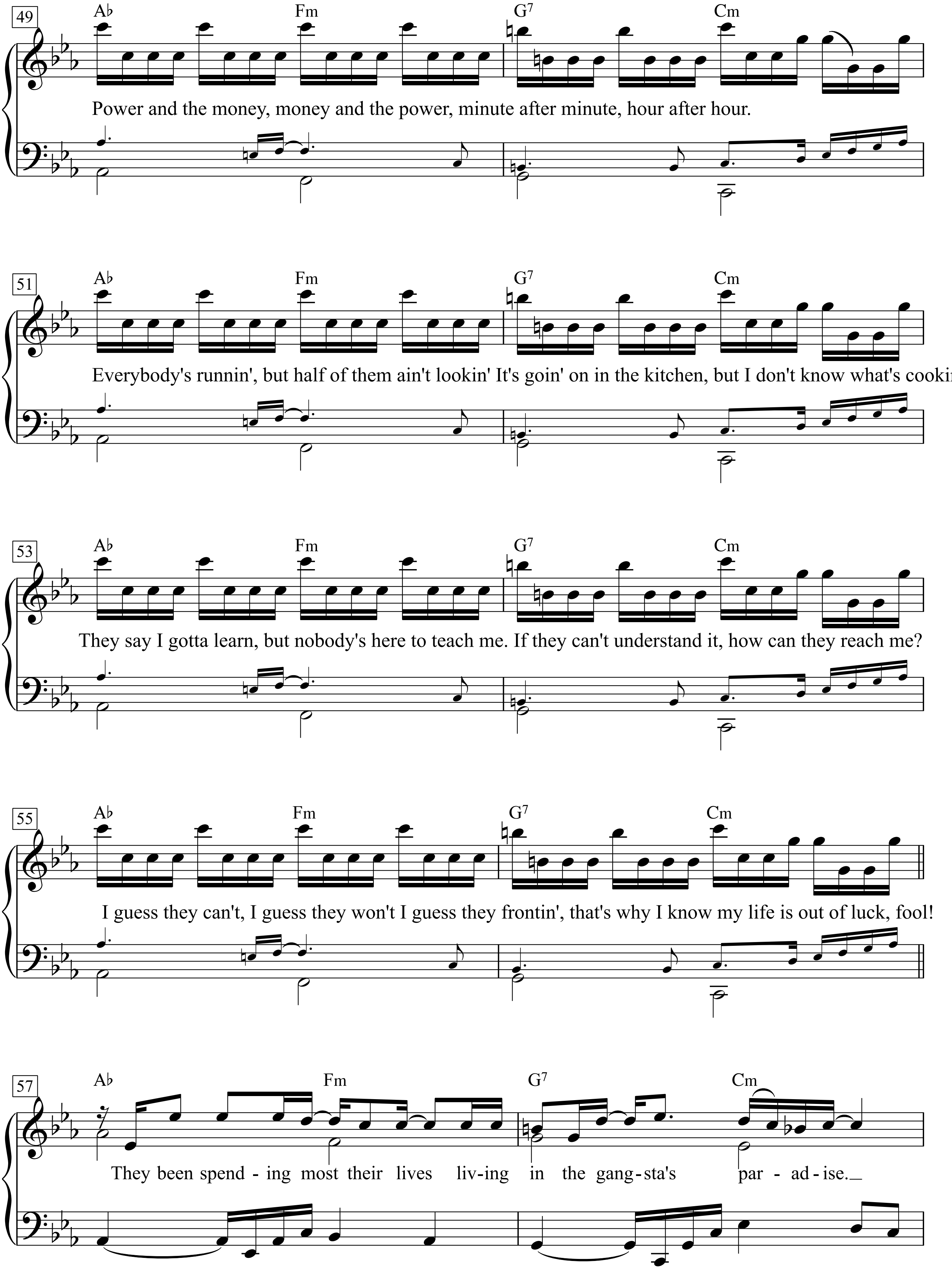


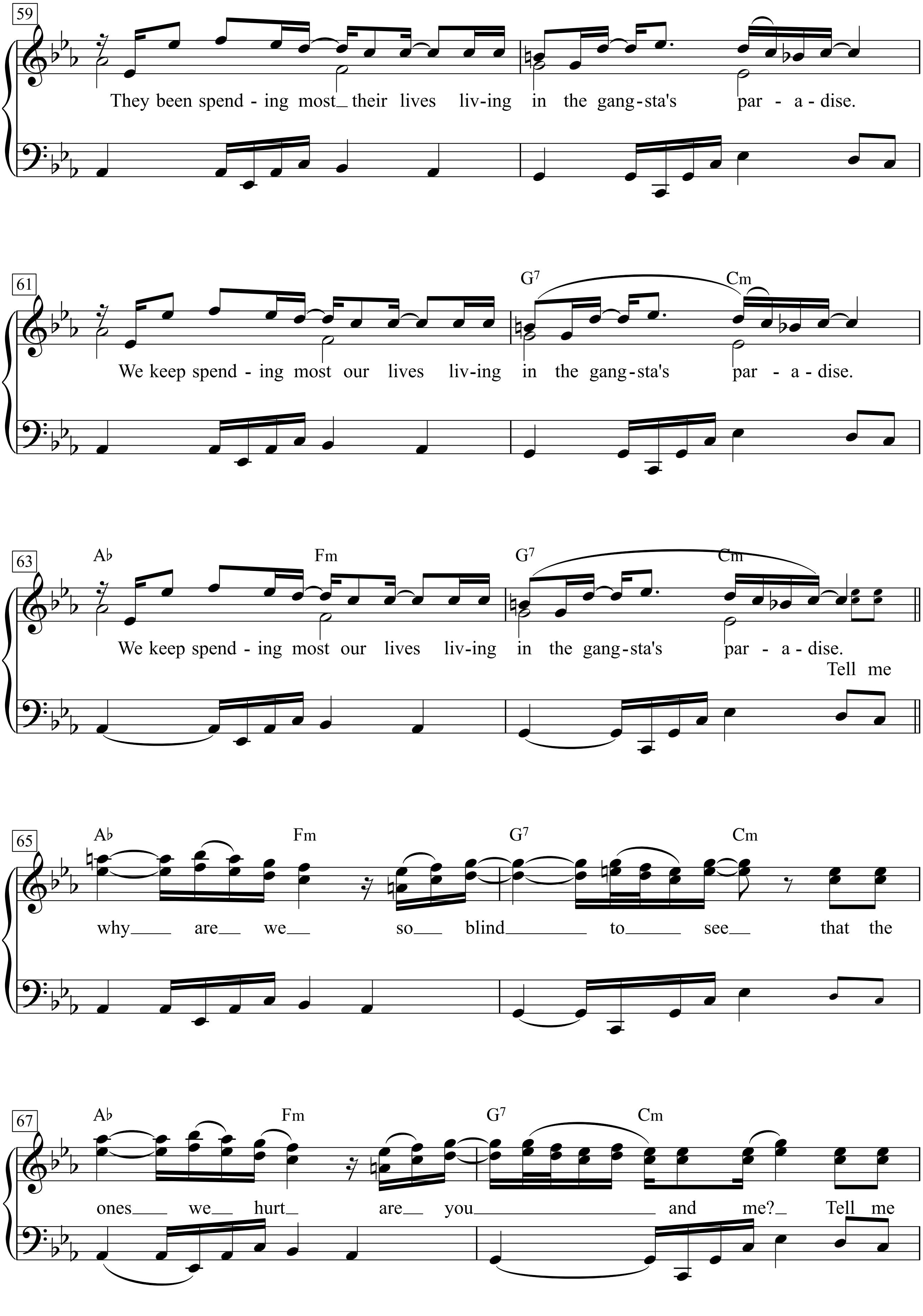

9
A♭
Fm
G7
Cm
But I ain't never crossed a man that didn't deserve it. Me be treated like a punk, you know that's unheard of
11
A♭
Fm
G7
Cm
You better watch how you talkin' and where you walkin' or you and your homies might be lined in chalk.
13
A♭
Fm
G7
Cm
I really hate to trip, but I gotta loc, as they croak, I see myself in the pistol smoke,
15
A♭
Fm
G7
Cm
I'm the kinda G the little homies wanna be like on my knees in the night, sayin' prayers in the streetlight
17
A♭
Fm
G7
Cm
They been spend - ing most their lives liv-ing in the gang-sta's par - ad - ise.

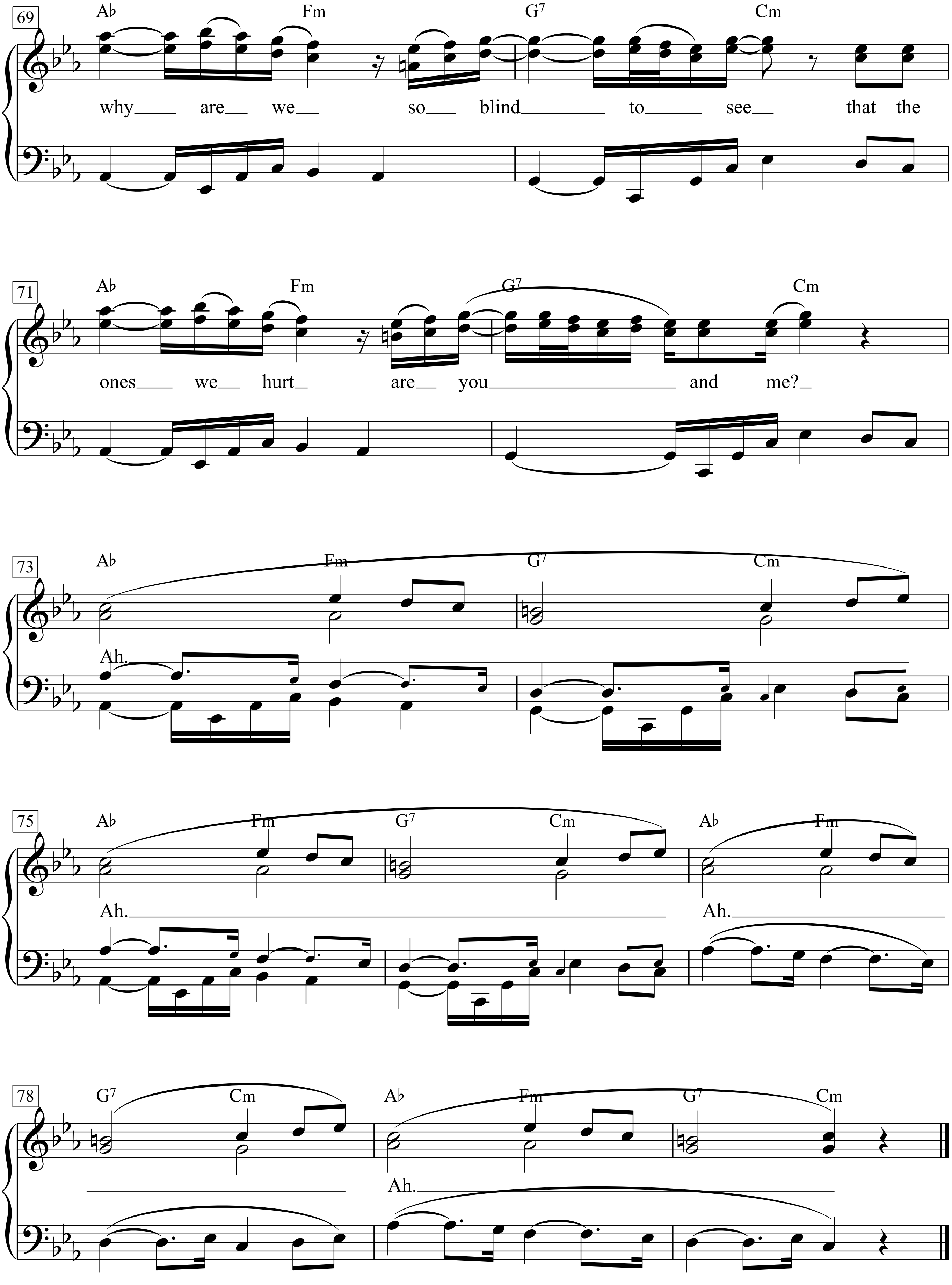

19
A♭
Fm
G7
Cm
They been spend - ing most their lives liv-ing in the gang-sta's par - ad-ise.
21
A♭
Fm
G7
Cm
We keep spend-ing most our lives liv-ing in the gang-sta's par - a - dise
23
A♭
Fm
G7
Cm
We keep spend - ing most our lives liv-ing in the gang-sta's par - a - dise.
25
N.C.
Look at the situation they got me facin'. I can't live a normal life, I was raised by the state
27
So I gotta be down with the hood team too much television watchin' got me chasin' dreams.


29
A♭ A♭ Fm Fm G7 G7 Cm Cm
I'm a educated fool with money on my mind. Got my ten in my hand and a gleam in my eye
31
A♭ Fm G7 Cm
I'm a loc'd-out gangsta, set trippin' banger, and my homies is down so don't arouse my anger.
33
A♭ Fm G7 Cm
Fool, death ain't nothin' but a heart beat away. I'm livin' life do or die, what can I say?
35
A♭ Fm G7 Cm
I'm 23 now, but will I live to see 24? The way things is goin', I don't know. Tell me
37
A♭ Fm G7 Cm
why are we so blind to see that the


39
A♭ Fm G7 Cm
ones we hurt are you and me?
41
A♭ Fm G7 Cm
They been spend - ing most their lives liv-ing in the gang-sta's par - ad - ise.
43
A♭ Fm G7 Cm
They been spend - ing most their lives liv-ing in the gang-sta's par - a - dise.
45
A♭ Fm G7 Cm
We keep spend - ing most our lives liv-ing in the gang-sta's par - a - dise.
47
A♭ Fm G7 Cm
We keep spend - ing most our lives liv-ing in the gang-sta's par - a - dise.


49
A♭ Fm G7 Cm
Power and the money, money and the power, minute after minute, hour after hour.
51
A♭ Fm G7 Cm
Everybody's runnin', but half of them ain't lookin' It's goin' on in the kitchen, but I don't know what's cookin'.-
53
A♭ Fm G7 Cm
They say I gotta learn, but nobody's here to teach me. If they can't understand it, how can they reach me?
55
A♭ Fm G7 Cm
I guess they can't, I guess they won't I guess they frontin', that's why I know my life is out of luck, fool!
57
A♭ Fm G7 Cm
They been spend - ing most their lives liv-ing in the gang-sta's par - ad - ise.

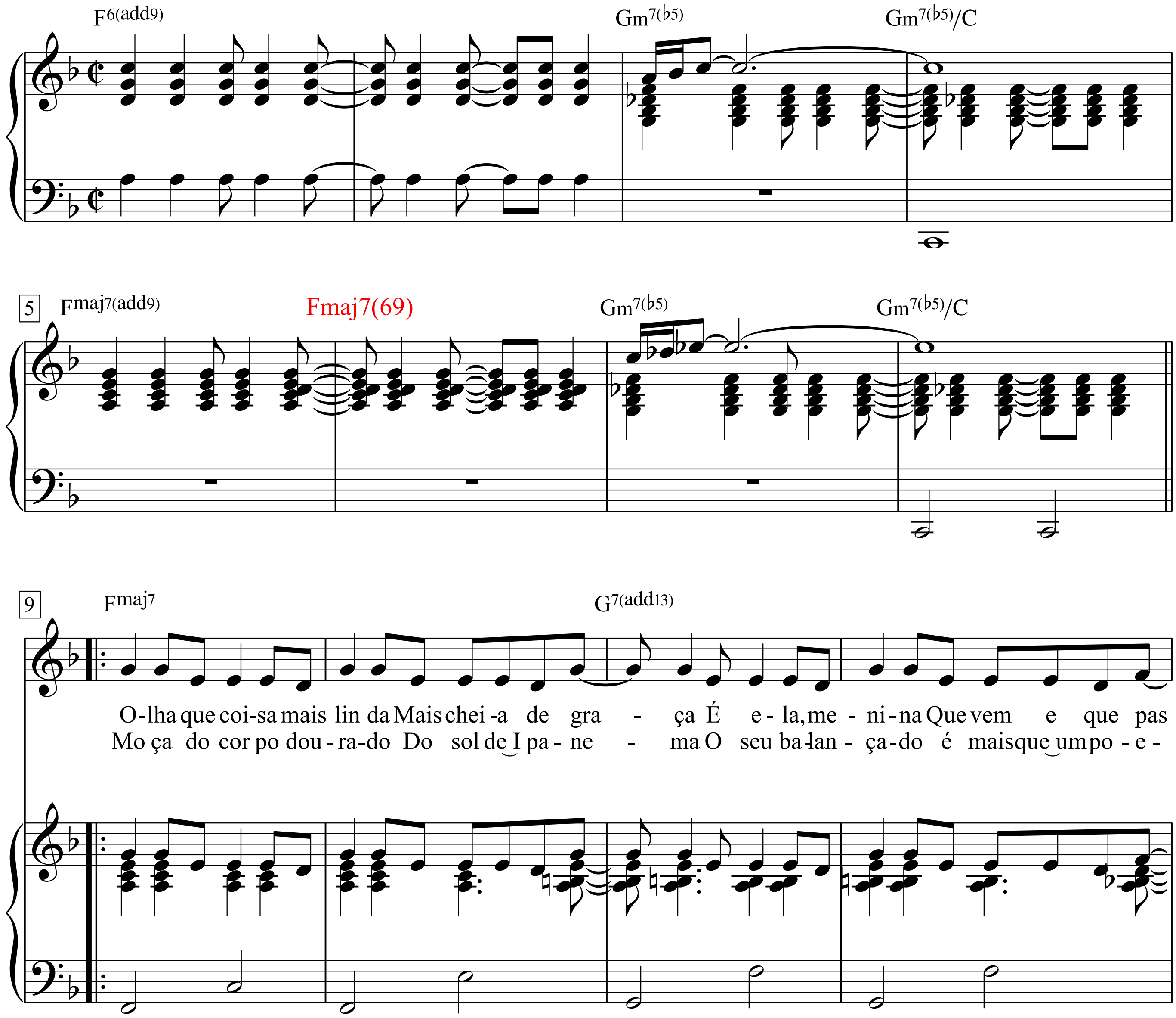

59
They been spend - ing most_ their lives liv-ing in the gang-sta's par - a - dise.
61
G7 Cm
We keep spend - ing most our lives liv-ing in the gang-sta's par - a - dise.
63
A♭ Fm G7 Cm
We keep spend - ing most our lives liv-ing in the gang-sta's par - a - dise.
Tell me
65
A♭ Fm G7 Cm
why___ are__ we__ so__ blind_______ to_____ see__ that the
67
A♭ Fm G7 Cm
ones___ we__ hurt_ are__ you_________________ and me?_ Tell me


69
A♭ Fm G7 Cm
why are we so blind to see that the
71
A♭ Fm G7 Cm
ones we hurt are you and me?
73
A♭ Fm G7 Cm
Ah.
75
A♭ Fm G7 Cm A♭ Fm
Ah.
Ah.
78
G7 Cm A♭ Fm G7 Cm
Ah.

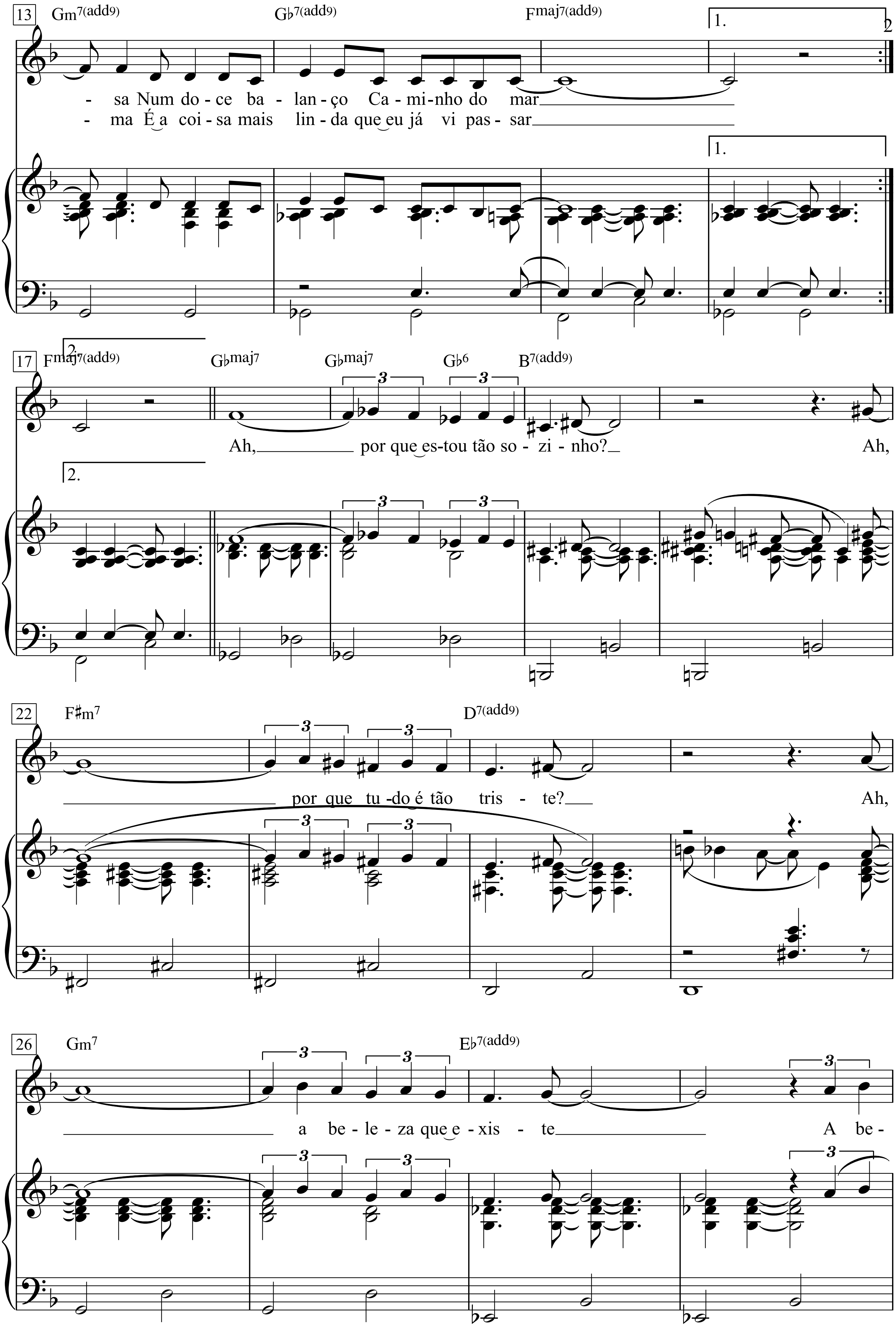
Garota de Ipanema

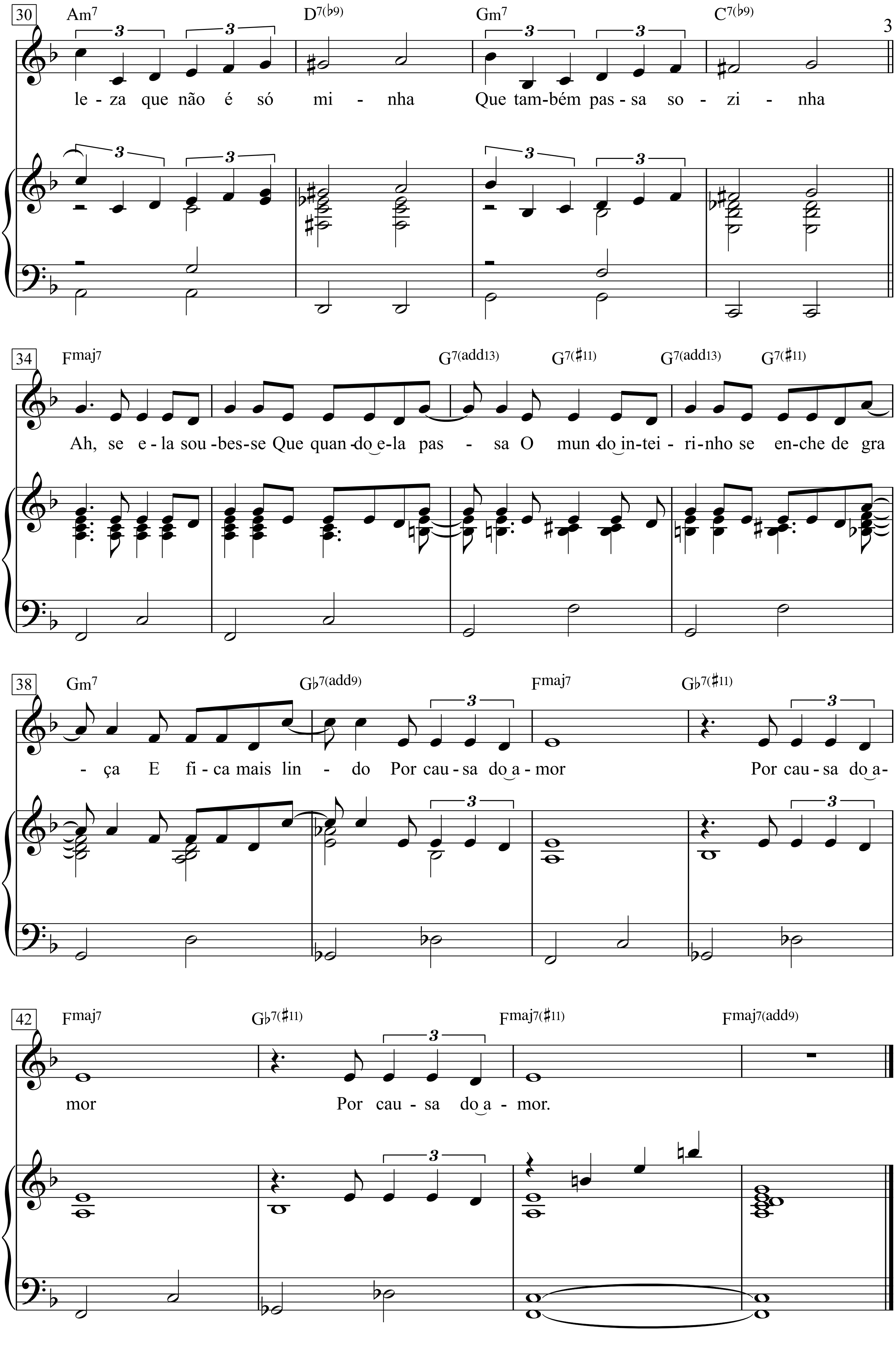
Letra de Vinicius de Moraes

Música de Antonio Carlos Jobim
Arr.; Paulo Jobim



gb7#11 9


13
Gm7(add9)
Gb7(add9)
Fmaj7(add9)
1.
2
- sa Num do - ce ba - lan - ço Ca - mi-nho do mar
- ma É a coi - sa mais lin - da que eu já vi pas - sar
1.
17
Fmaj7(add9)
2.
Gbmaj7
Gbmaj7
Gb6
B7(add9)
Ah, por que es-tou tão so - zi - nho?
Ah,
2.
22
F#m7
D7(add9)
por que tu -do é tão tris - te?
Ah,
26
Gm7
Eb7(add9)
a be - le - za que e - xis - te
A be -


30
Am7 D7(♭9) Gm7 C7(♭9)
le - za que não é só mi - nha Que tam-bém pas - sa so - zi - nha
34
Fmaj7 G7(add13) G7(♯11) G7(add13) G7(♯11)
Ah, se e - la sou - bes - se Que quan - do e - la pas - sa O mun - do in - tei - ri - nho se en - che de gra
38
Gm7 G♭7(add9) Fmaj7 G♭7(♯11)
- ça E fi - ca mais lin - do Por cau - sa do a - mor Por cau - sa do a -
42
Fmaj7 G♭7(♯11) Fmaj7(♯11) Fmaj7(add9)
mor Por cau - sa do a - mor.

O-lha que coi-sa mais lin-da
Mais chei.a de gra-ça
É e-la, me-ni-na
Que vem e que pas-sa
Num do-ce ba-lan-ço
Ca-mi-nho do mar

Moça do corpo dourado
Do sol de Ipanema
O seu balançado é mais que um poema
É a coisa mais linda que eu já vi passar

Ah, por que estou tão sozinho?
Ah, por que tudo é tão triste?
Ah, a beleza que existe
A beleza que não é só minha
Que também passa sozinha
Ah, se ela soubesse
Que quando ela passa
O mundo inteirinho se enche de graça
E fica mais lindo
Por causa do amor
Por causa do amor
Por causa do amor

Olha que coisa mais linda
Mais cheia de graça
É eia menina
Que vem e que passa
N' um doca balanco
Caminho do mar
Mòça do corpo dourado
Do sol de lpanema
O seu balançado
É mais que un poema
É a coisa mais linda
Oue eu ja vi passar

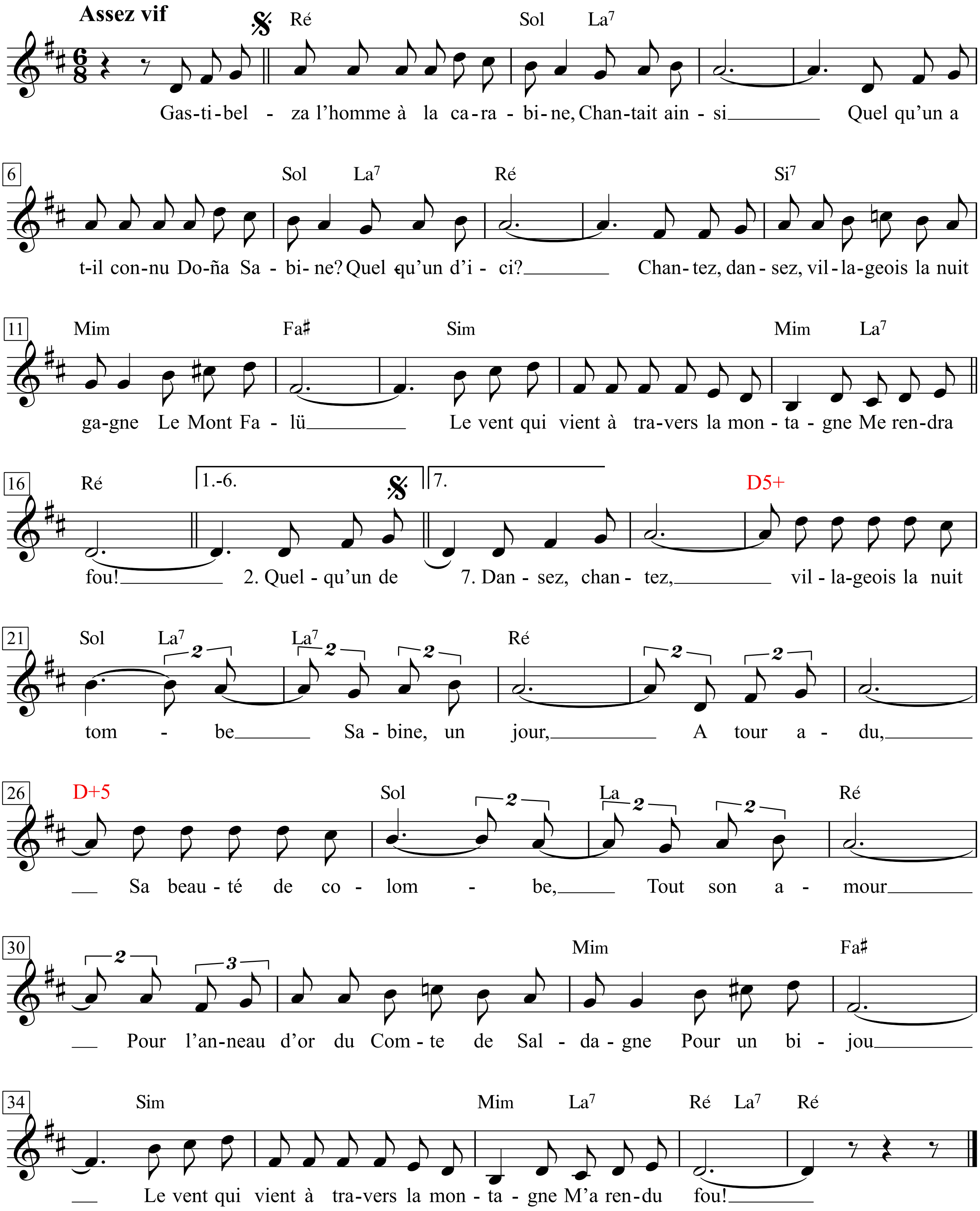
Ah! porque estou tao sòzinho
Ah! porque tudo é tao triste
Ah! a beleza que existe
A beleza que nao é s6 minha
Oue também passa sòzinho.
Ah! se eia soubesse
Oue quando eia passa
O mundo sorrindo
Se anche de graca
E fica mais linda
Por cau do amor

Gastibelza

(Gastibelza)

Poème de Victor Hugo

Musique de Georges Brassens



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.50 & II. S.118-121

1. Gastibelza, l’homme à la carabine,
Chantait ainsi:
»Quelqu’un a-t-il connu doña Sabine?
Quelqu’un d’ici?
Dansez, chantez*, villageois! la nuit gagne
Le mont Falu.
- Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou!

2. »Quelqu’un de vous a-t-il connu
Sabine, Ma señora?
Sa mère était la vieille maugrabine
D’Antequera,
Qui chaque nuit criait dans la tour Magne
Comme un hibou ...
- Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou.

3. »Vraiment, la reine eût près d’elle été laide
Quand, vers le soir,
Elle passait sur le pont de Tolède
En corset noir.
Un chapelet du temps de Charlemagne
Ornait son cou ...
- Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou.

4. Le roi disait, en la voyant si belle,
A son neveu:
»Pour un baiser, pour un sourire d’elle,
Pour un cheveu,
Infant don Ruy, je donnerais l’Espagne
Et le Pérou!
- Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou.

5. »Je ne sais pas si j’aimais cette dame,
Mais je sais bien
Que, pour avoir un regard de son âme,
Moi, pauvre chien,
J’aurais gaîment passé dix ans au bagne
Sous le** verrou ...
- Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou.

6. »Quand je voyais cette enfant, moi le pâtre
De ce canton,
Je croyais voir la belle Cléopâtre,
Qui, nous dit-on,
Menait César, empereur d’Allemagne,
Par le licou ...
- Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou.

7. »Dansez, chantez, villageois, la nuit tombe.
Sabine, un jour,
A tout vendu, sa beauté de colombe,
Et*** son amour,
Pour l’anneau d’or du comte de Saldagne,
Pour un bijou ...
- Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra**** fou.

*Variantes G. B.: * Chantez, dansez. ** »les« verrous
»Tout« * »m’a rendu«.*

1. Gastibelza, der Mann mit dem Karabiner,
hat dies gesungen:
»Hat einer Doña Sabine gekannt,
einer von hier?
Tanzt, singt*, Dörfler! Die Nacht ersteigt
den Monte Falú.
- Der Wind aus dem Gebirge bringt mich
noch um den Verstand.

2. Hat einer von euch Sabine gekannt,
meine Señora?
Ihre Mutter war die alte Maurin
aus Antequera,
die jede Nacht im Hauptturm schrie
wie ein Uhu ...
- Der Wind aus dem Gebirge bringt mich
noch um den Verstand.

3. Neben ihr wäre selbst die Königin hässlich gewesen,
wenn sie abends
über die Brücke von Toledo ging,
in schwarzem Gewand.
Ein Rosenkranz aus der Zeit Karls des Großen
zierte ihren Hals ...
- Der Wind aus dem Gebirge bringt mich
noch um den Verstand.

4. Als er sah, wie schön sie war, sagte der König
zu seinem Neffen:
>Für einen Kuss, für ein Lächeln von ihr,
für eine Strähne,
Infant Don Ruy, gäbe ich Spanien
und Peru!<
- Der Wind aus dem Gebirge bringt mich
noch um den Verstand.

5. Ich weiß nicht, ob ich diese Dame geliebt habe,
aber ich weiß sehr wohl,
für einen Blick aus ihrer Seele hätte ich,
armer Hund,
gern zehn Jahre eingesperrt
auf der Galeere verbracht ...
- Der Wind aus dem Gebirge bringt mich
noch um den Verstand.

6. Als ich dies Kind sah, glaubte ich,
der Hirt dieser Gegend,
die schöne Kleopatra zu sehen, die,
wie es heißt,
Caesar, den Kaiser des Deutschen Reichs,
am Gängelband führte ...
- Der Wind aus dem Gebirge bringt mich
noch um den Verstand.

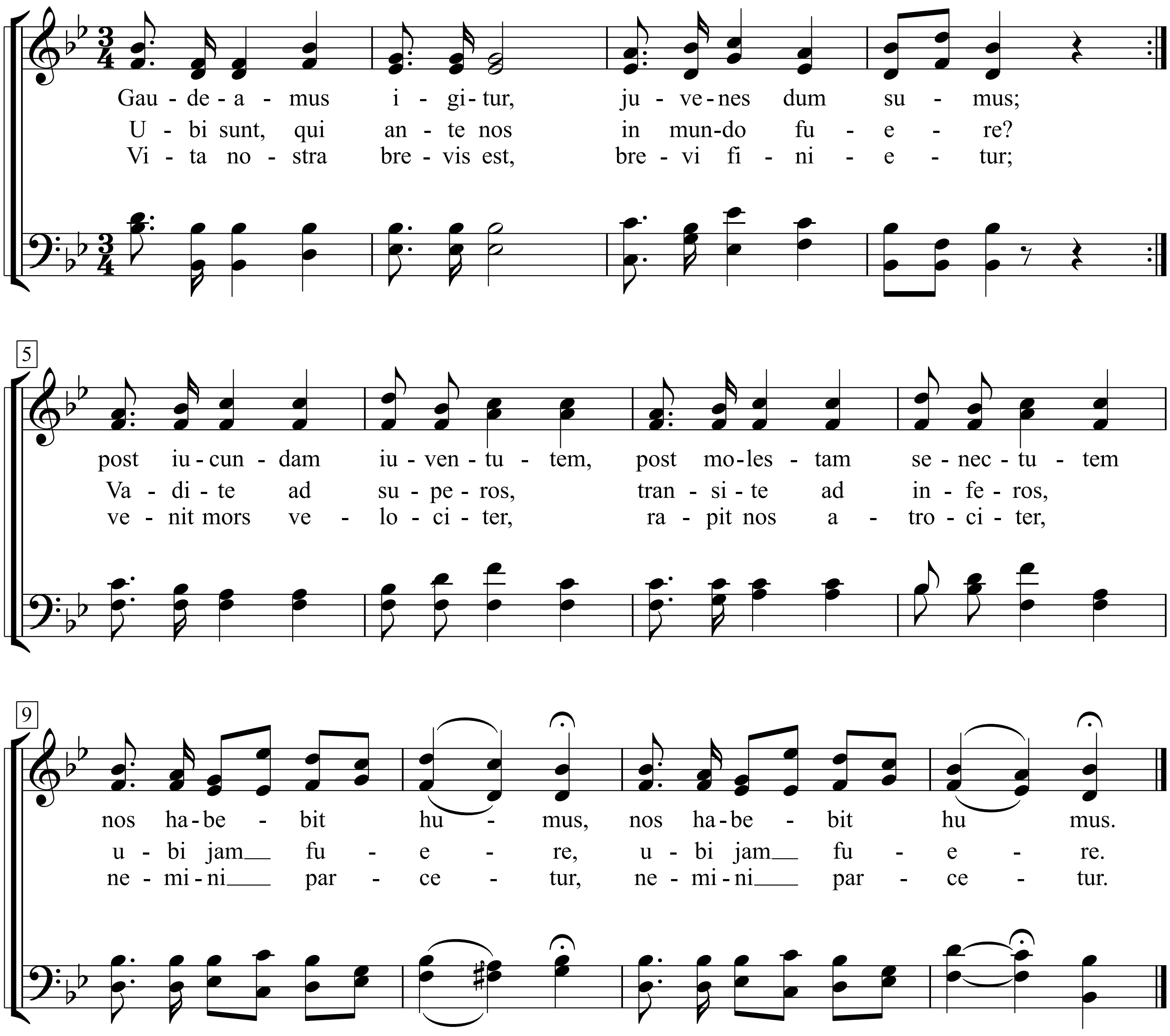
7. Tanzt, singt, Dörfler, die Nacht bricht herein.
Eines Tages hat Sabine
alles verkauft, ihre Taubenschönheit,
und** ihre Liebe
für den Goldring des Grafen Saldaña,
für ein Juwel ...
- Der Wind aus dem Gebirge bringt mich
noch um den Verstand***.«

*Varianten G. B.: * Singt, tanzt. ** all ihre Liebe.
*** hat mich um den Verstand gebracht.*

Gaudeamus igitur

Alte Melodie.
Komponist unbekannt

Feierlich, kräftig



1. Gaudeamus igitur,
juvenes dum sumus;
Post iucundam iuventutem,
Post molestam senectutem
Nos habebit hu mus.

2. Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Vadite ad superos,
Transite ad inferos,
Ubi jam fuere.

3. Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur;
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

4. Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quoslibet,
Vivant membrae quælibet,
Semper sint in flores!

5. Vivant omnes virgines,
Faciles, formosæ,
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ amabiles,
Bonæ, laboriosæ!

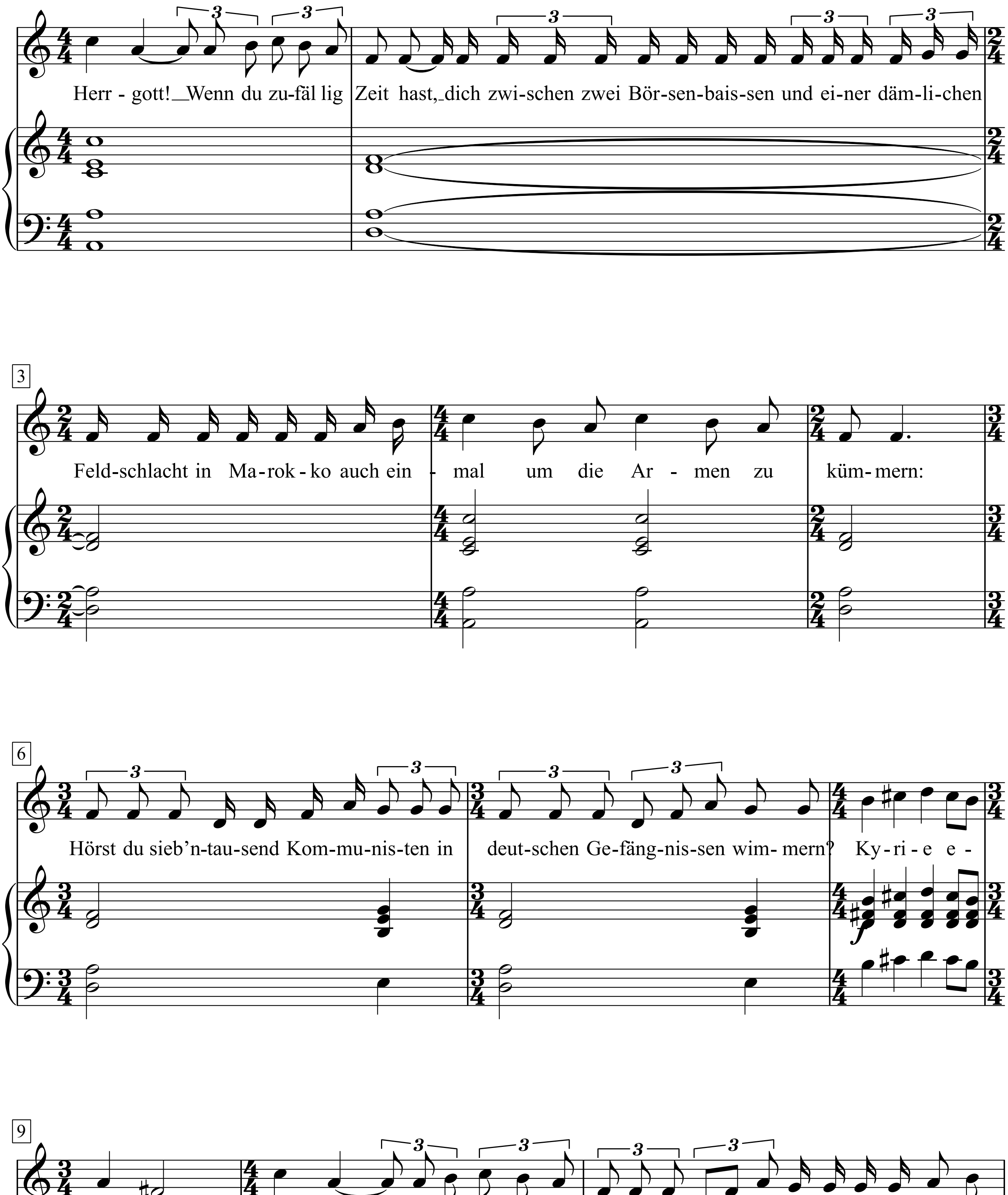
6. Vivat et respublica
Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mæcenatum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

7. Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius,
Atque irrisores!

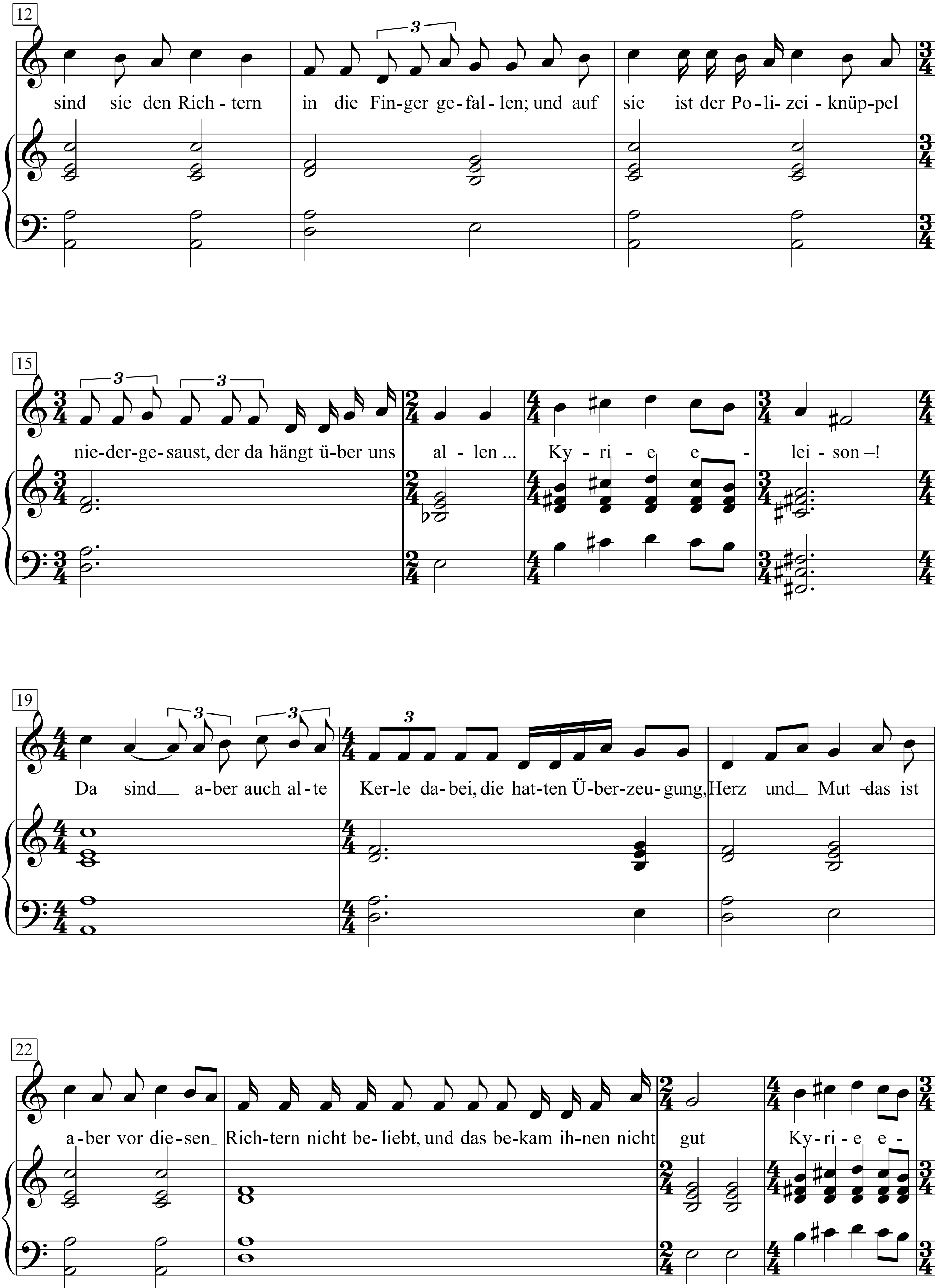
Kurt Tucholsky

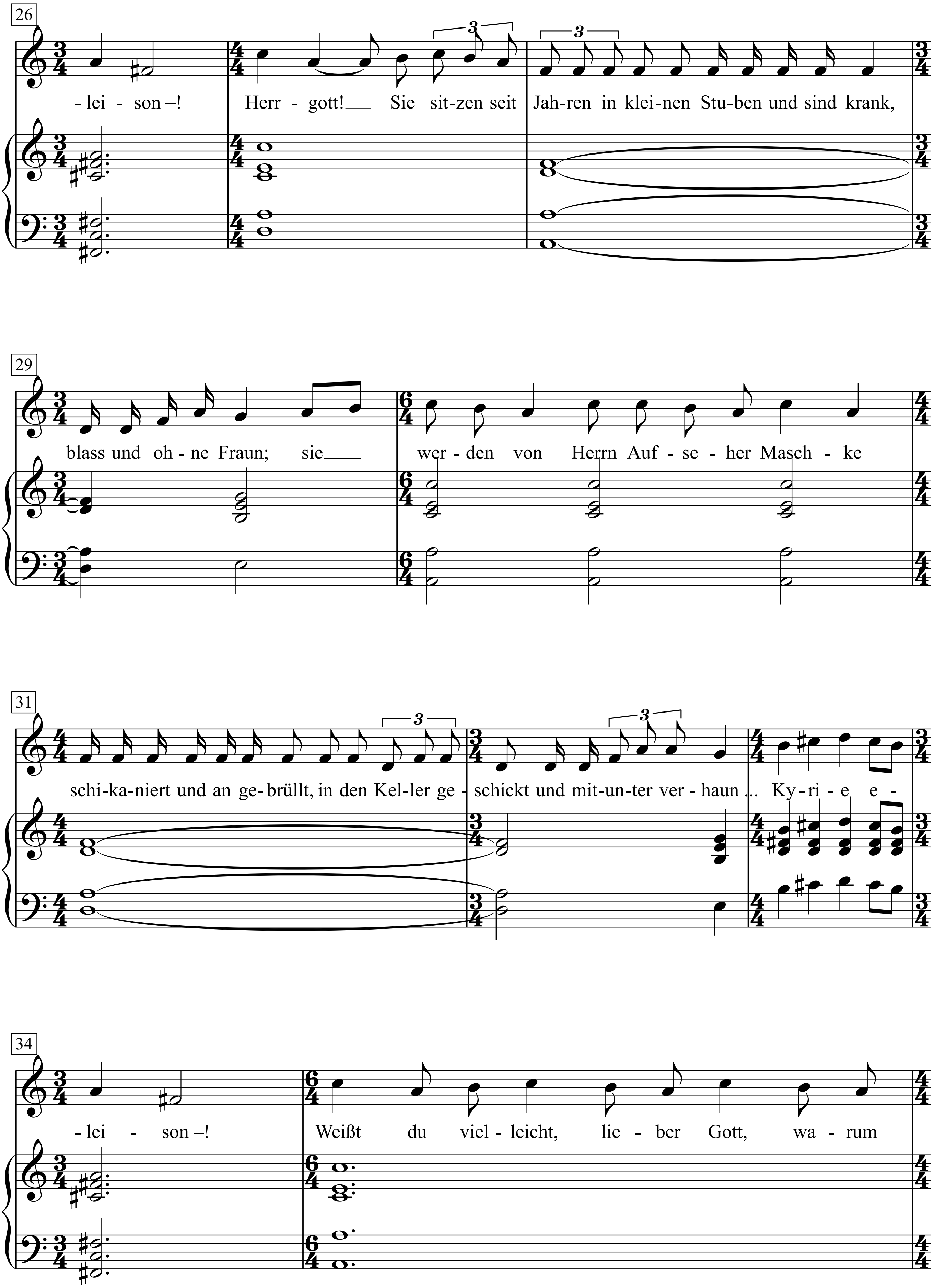
Gebet für die Gefangenen 1930

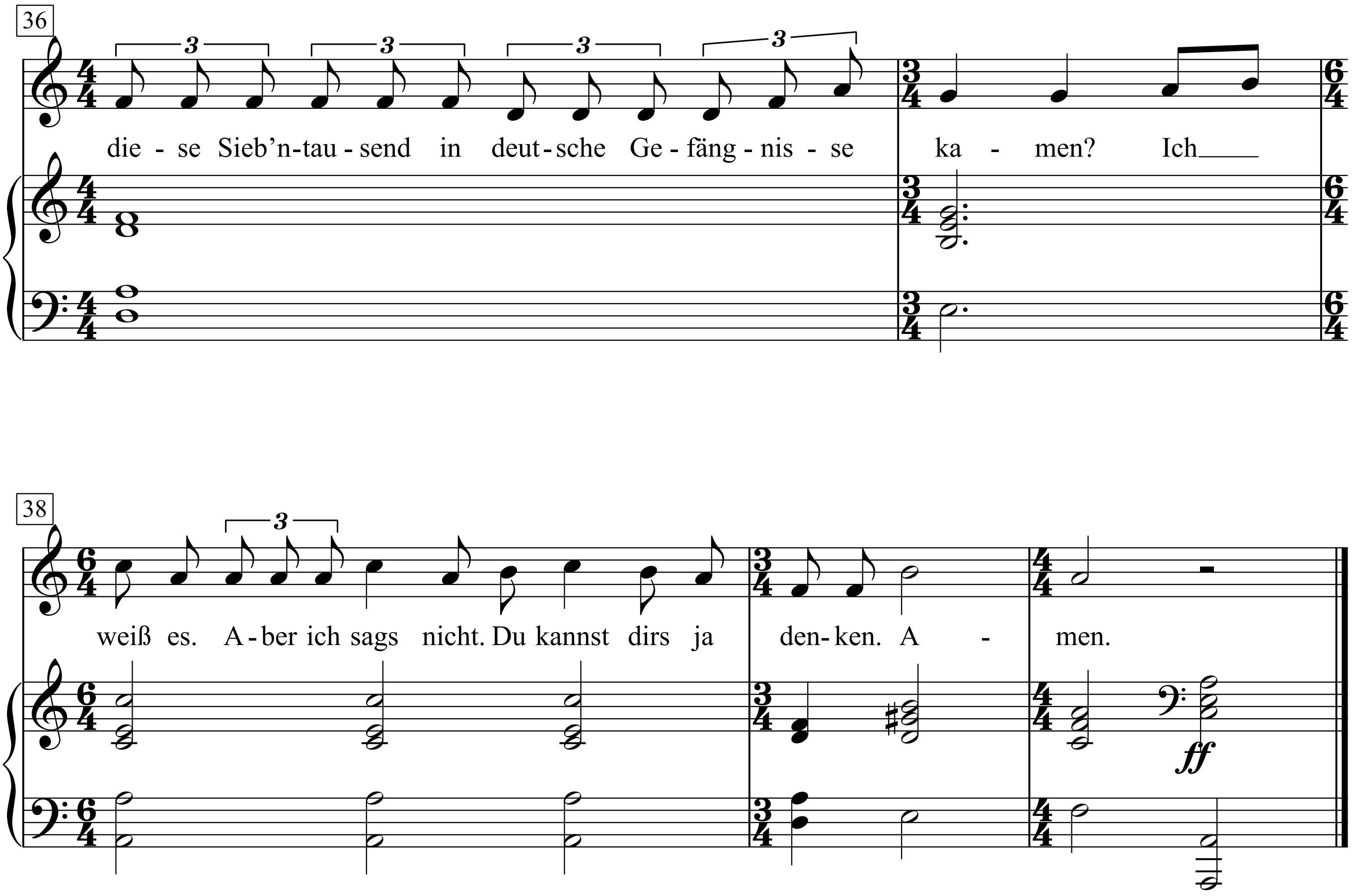
Hanns Eisler



Hanns Eisler - Lieder und Kantaten Band 9. Lieder nach Texten von Kurt Tucholsky, S. 84-86


12
sind sie den Rich - tern in die Fin-ger ge - fal - len; und auf sie ist der Po - li - zei - knüp-pel
3
15
nie-der-ge- saust, der da hängt ü-ber uns al - len ... Ky - ri - e e - lei - son –!
3 3
19
Da sind__ a-ber auch al - te Ker-le da-bei, die hat-ten Ü-ber-zeu-gung, Herz und__ Mut – das ist
3 3 3
22
a - ber vor die-sen_ Rich-tern nicht be- liebt, und das be-kam ih-nen nicht gut Ky - ri - e e -


26
-lei - son –!
Herr - gott! Sie sit-zen seit
Jah-ren in klei-nen Stu-ben und sind krank,
29
blass und oh - ne Fraun; sie
wer - den von Herrn Auf - se - her Masch - ke
31
schi-ka-niert und an ge-brüllt, in den Kel-ler ge -
schickt und mit-un-ter ver - haun ...
Ky-ri - e e -
34
-lei - son –!
Weißt du viel - leicht, lie - ber Gott, wa - rum

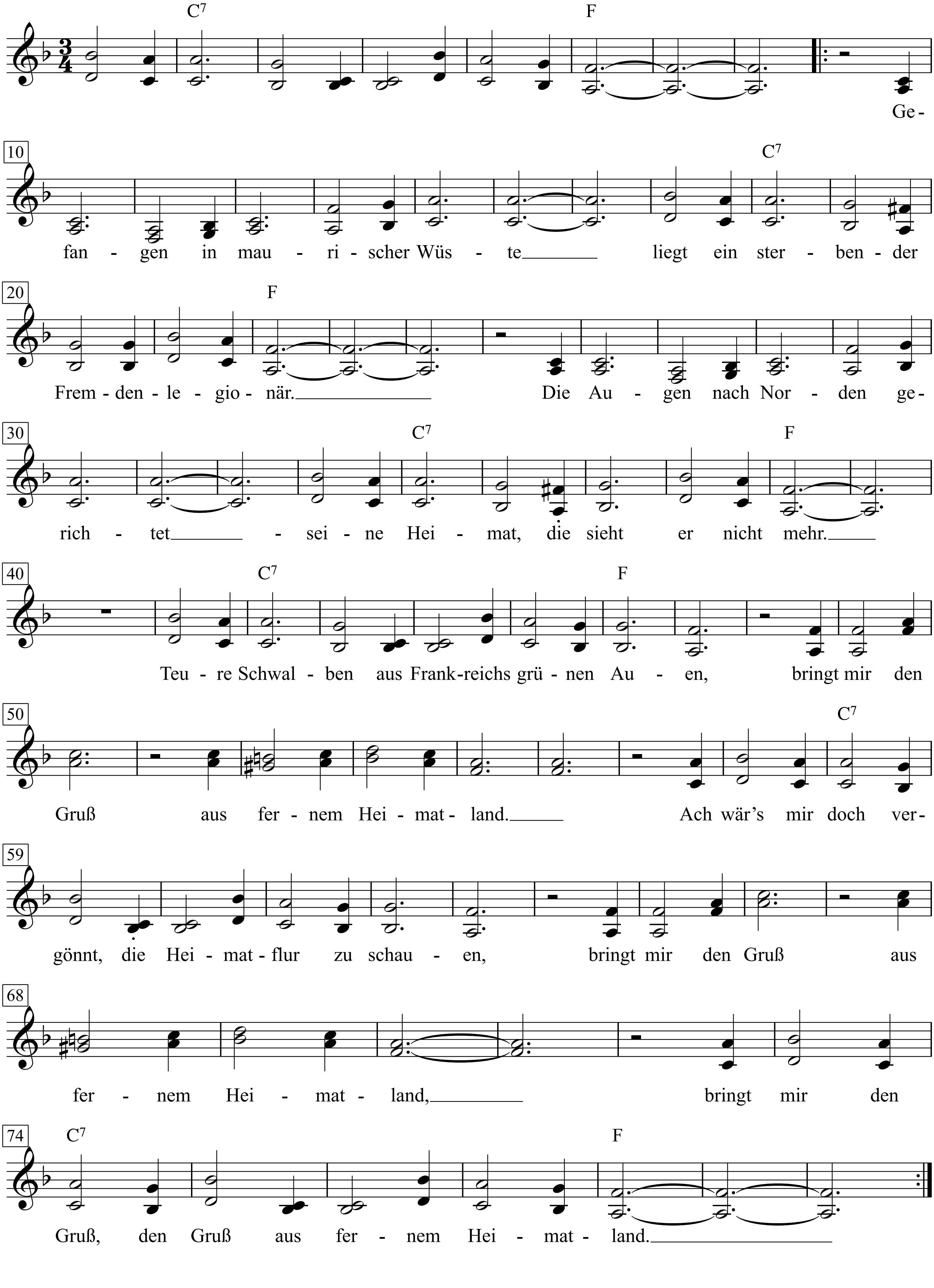

36
die - se Sieb'n-tau - send in deut - sche Ge - fäng - nis - se ka - men? Ich
38
weiß es. A - ber ich sags nicht. Du kannst dirs ja den - ken. A - men.
ff

1. Herrgott! Wenn du zufällig Zeit hast,
dich zwischen zwei Börsenbaissen
und einer dämlichen Feldschlacht in Marokko
auch einmal um die Armen zu kümmern:
Hörst du sieb'ntau send Kommunisten
in deutschen Gefängnissen wimmern?
Kyrie eleison –!
Da sind arme Jungen darunter, die sind so mitgelaufen,
und nun sind sie den Richtern in die Finger gefallen;
und auf sie ist der Polizeiknüppel niedergesaust,
der da hängt über uns allen ...
Kyrie eleison –!
Da sind aber auch alte Kerle dabei,
die hatten Überzeugung, Herz und Mut –
das ist aber vor diesen Richtern nicht beliebt,
und das bekam ihnen nicht gut Kyrie eleison –!
Herrgott! Sie sitzen seit Jahren in kleinen Stuben
und sind krank, blass und ohne Fraun;
sie werden von Herrn Aufseher Maschke schikaniert
und angebrüllt, in den Keller geschickt
und mitunter verhaun ...
Kyrie eleison –!
Weißt du vielleicht, lieber Gott,
warum diese Sieb'ntausend in deutsche Gefängnisse kamen?
Ich weiß es. Aber ich sags nicht.
Du kannst dirs ja denken.
Amen.

Gefangen in maurischer Wüste

nach Pierre-Jean Béranger

♩ = 200



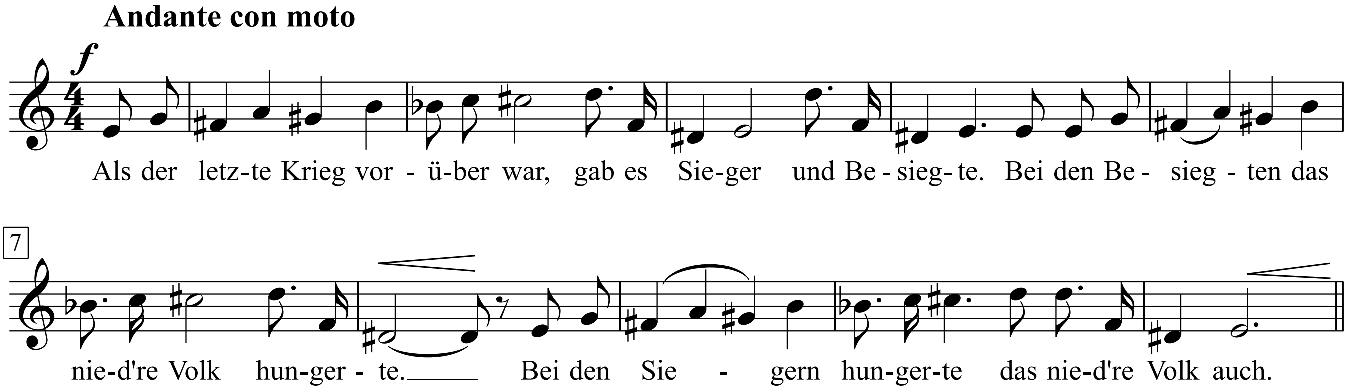
Gefangen in maurischer Wüste liegt ein sterbender Fremdenlegionär.
Die Augen nach Norden gerichtet – seine Heimat, die sieht er nicht mehr.
Teure Schwalben aus Frankreichs grünen Auen,
bringt mir den Gruß aus fernem Heimatland.
Ach wär's mir doch vergönnt, die Heimatflur zu schauen,
bringt mir den Gruß aus fernem Heimatland,
bringt mir den Gruß, den Gruß aus fernem Heimatland.

Gegen den Krieg

(op. 55; Auszug)

Bertolt Brecht

Hanns Eisler



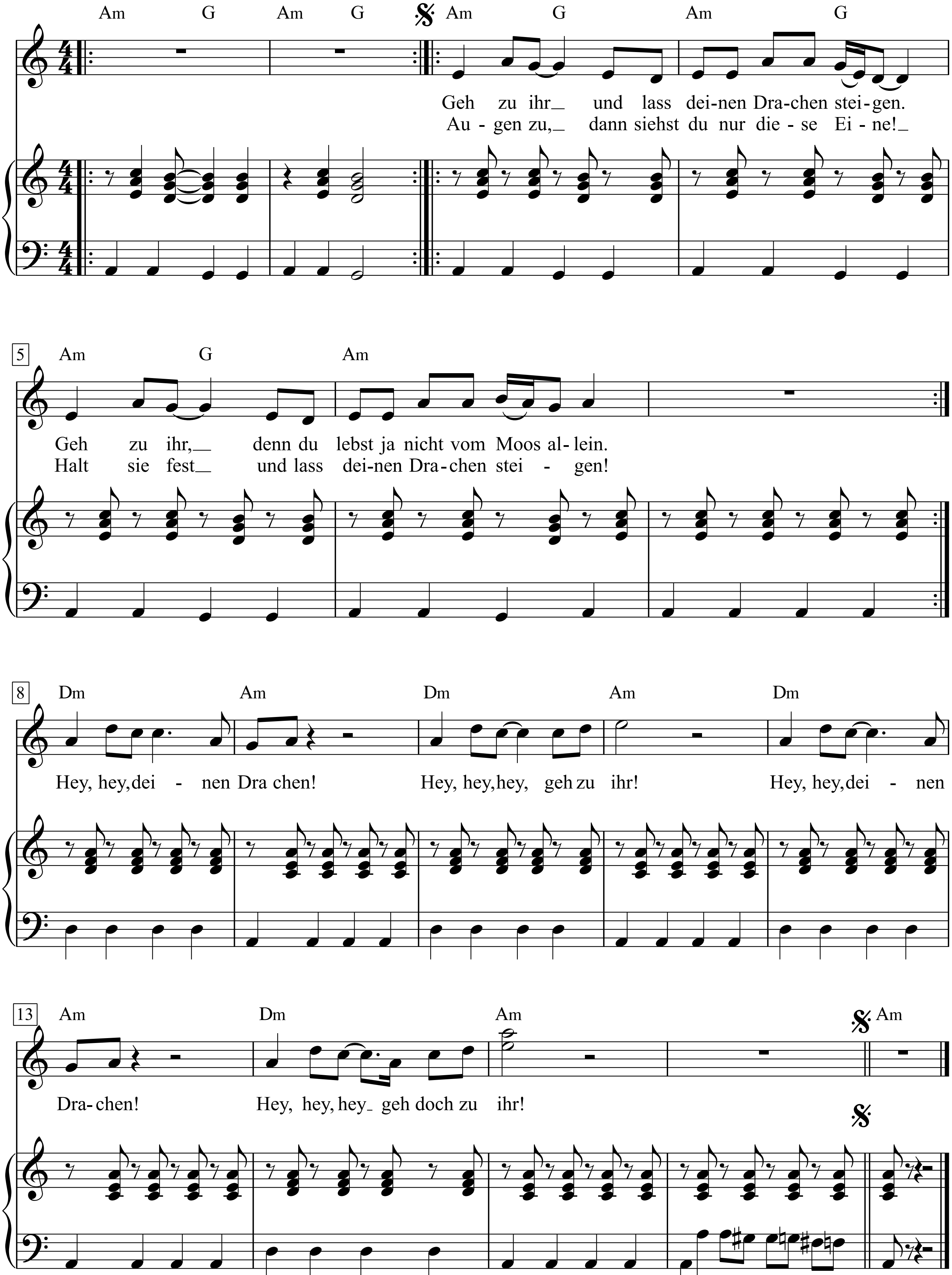
Als der letzte Krieg vorüber war,
gab es Sieger und Besiegte.
Bei den Besiegten das nied're Volk hungerte.
Bei den Siegern hungerte das nied're Volk auch.

Geh zu ihr

Text: Ulrich Plenzdorf

(*Film:* Die Legende von Paul und Paula)

Musik: Peter Gotthardt (Puhdys)



Geh zu ihr und lass deinen Drachen steigen.
Geh zu ihr, denn du lebst ja nicht vom Moos allein.

Augen zu, dann siehst du nur diese Eine!
Halt sie fest und lass deinen Drachen steigen.

Hey, hey, deinen Drachen!
Hey, hey, hey, geh zu ihr!
Hey, hey, deinen Drachen!
Hey, hey, hey, geh doch zu ihr!

Geh zu ihr und lass deinen Drachen steigen.
Geh zu ihr, denn du lebst ja nicht vom Moos allein.

Hey, hey, deinen Drachen!
Hey, hey, hey geh zu ihr!
Hey, hey, deinen Drachen!
Hey, hey, hey geh doch zu ihr!

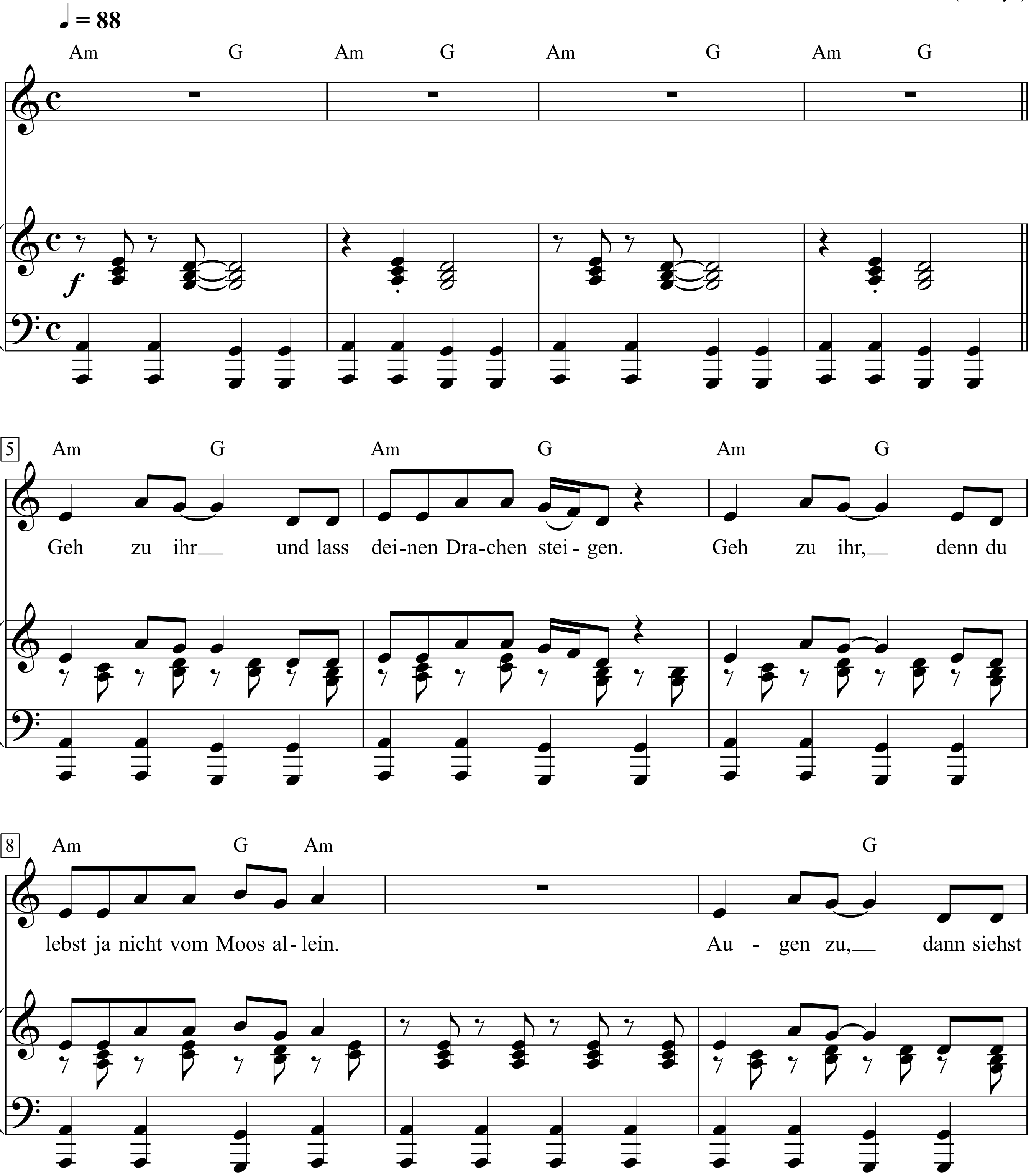
Augen zu, dann siehst du nur diese Eine!
Halt sie fest und lass deinen Drachen steigen!

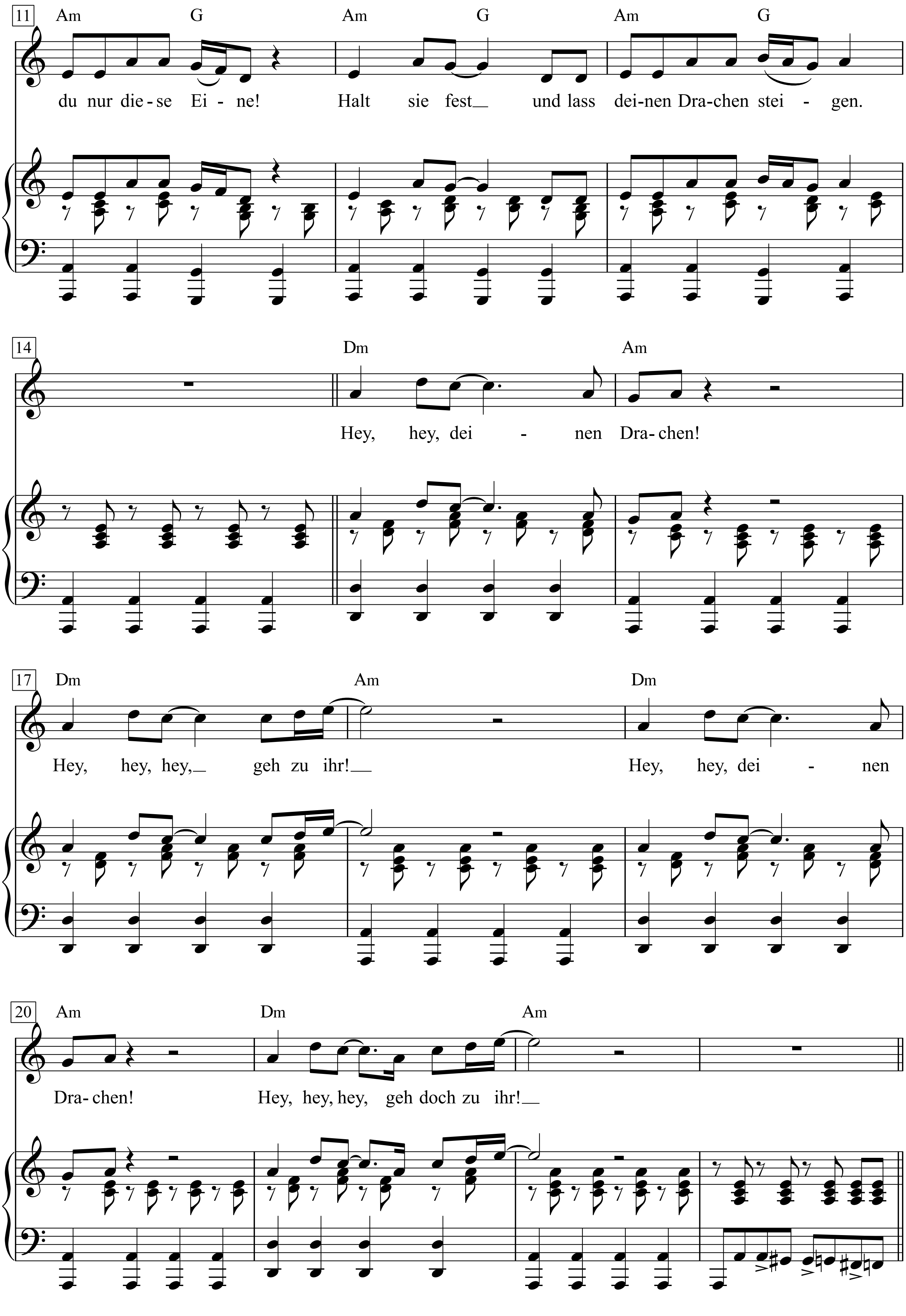
Hey, hey, deinen Drachen!
Hey, hey, hey geh zu ihr!
Hey, hey, deinen Drachen!
Hey, hey, hey geh doch zu ihr!

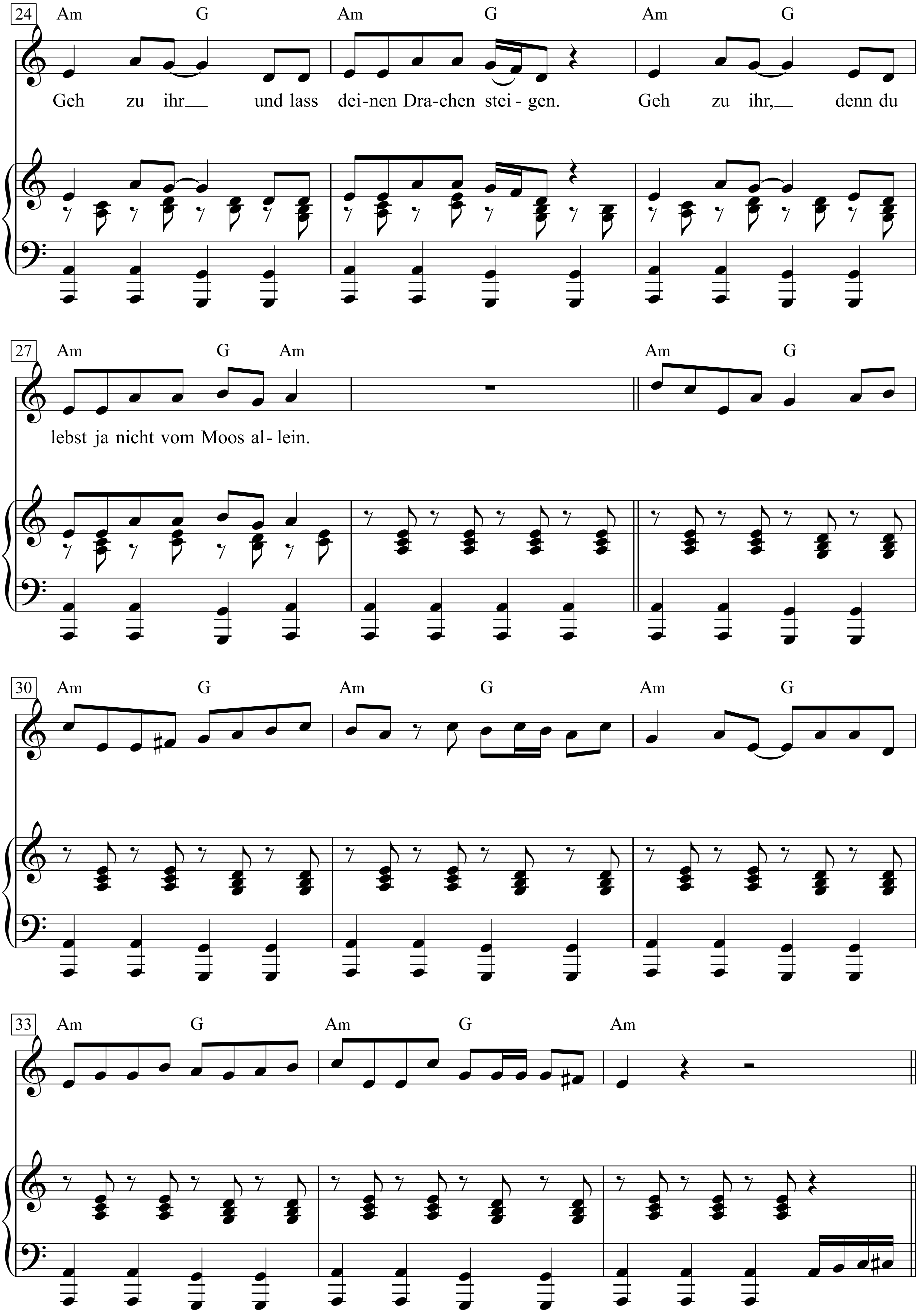
Geh zu ihr

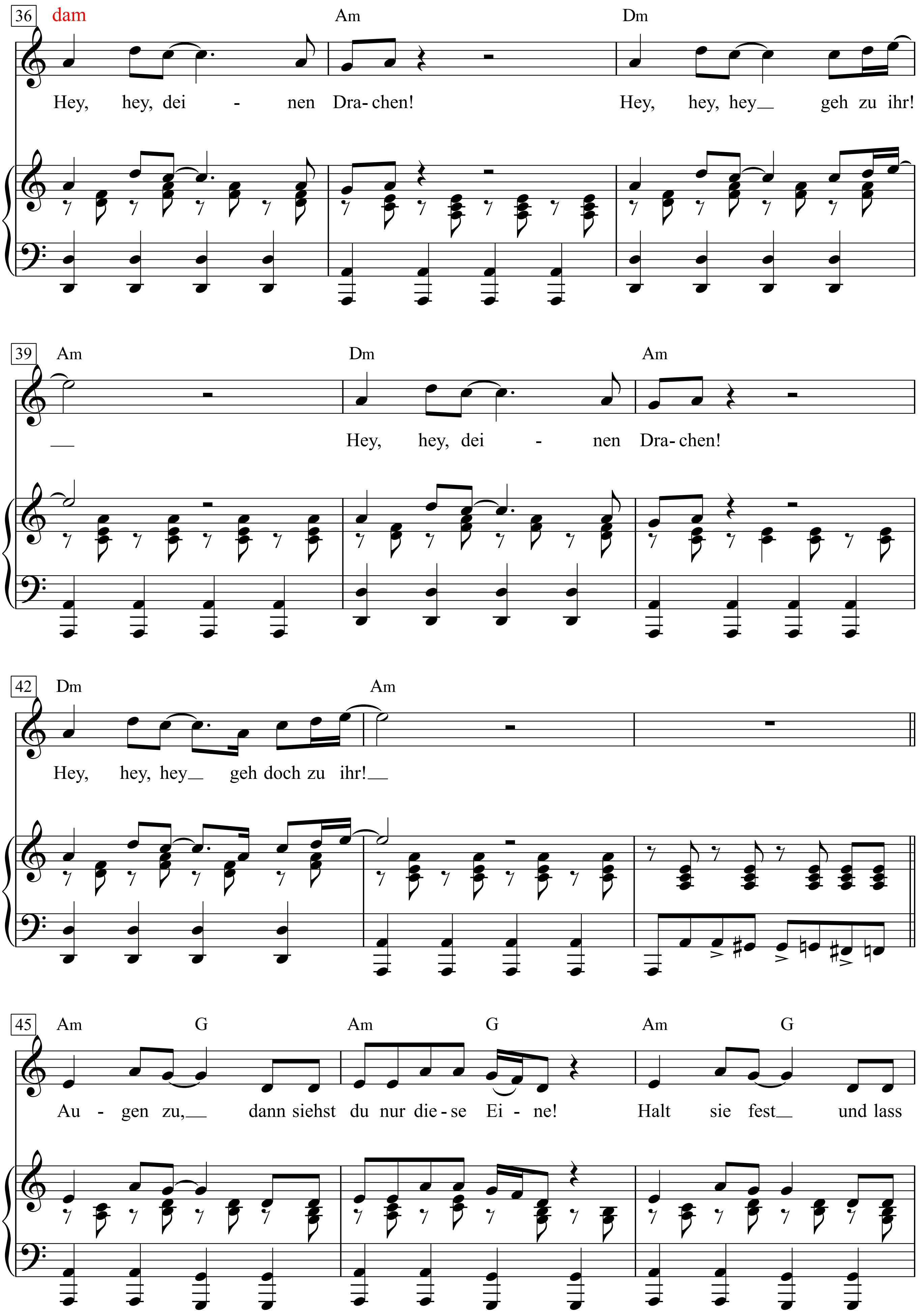
Text: Ulrich Plenzdorf

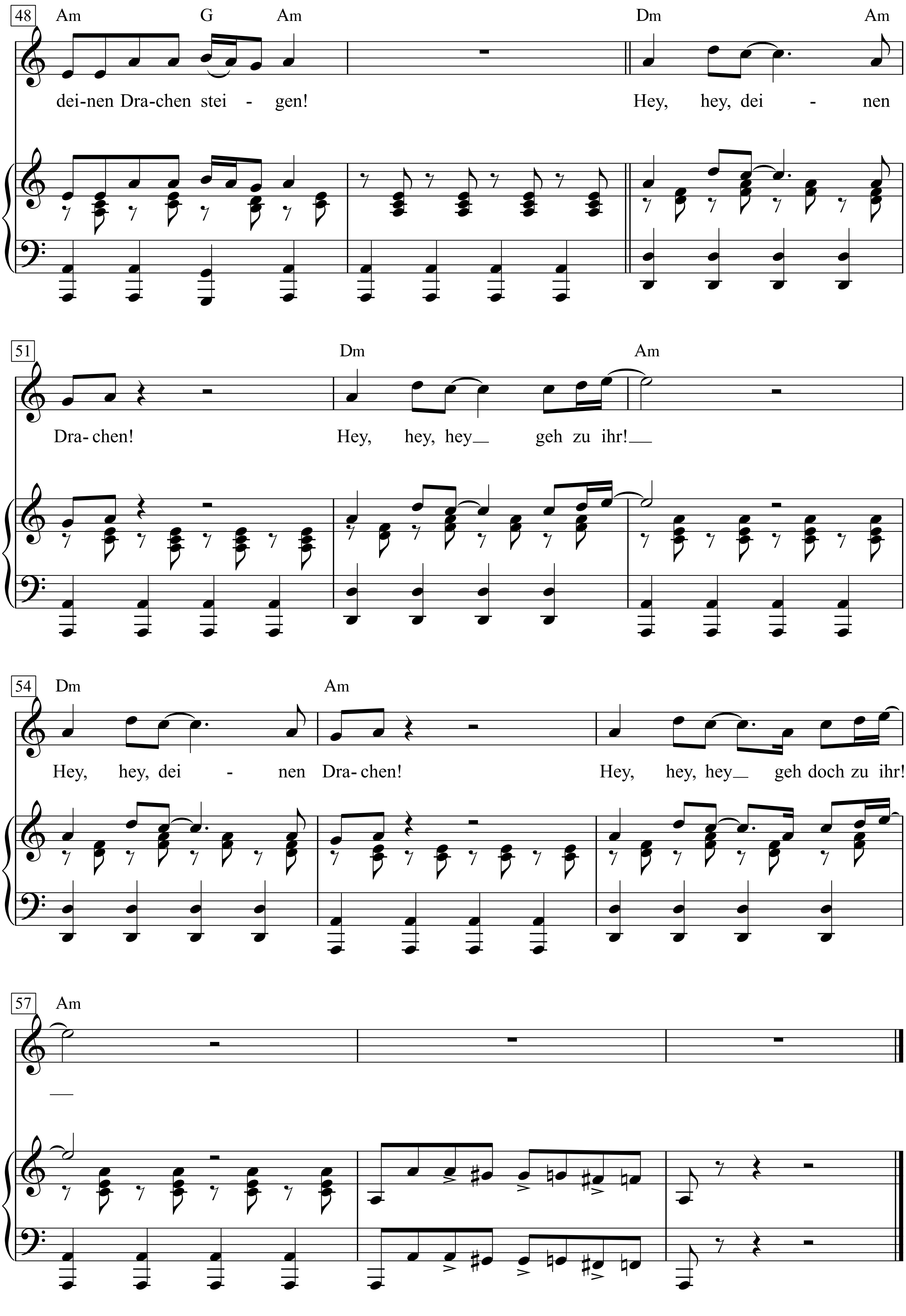
Musik: Peter Gotthardt
Bearbeitung: Jürgen Moser
(Puhdys)



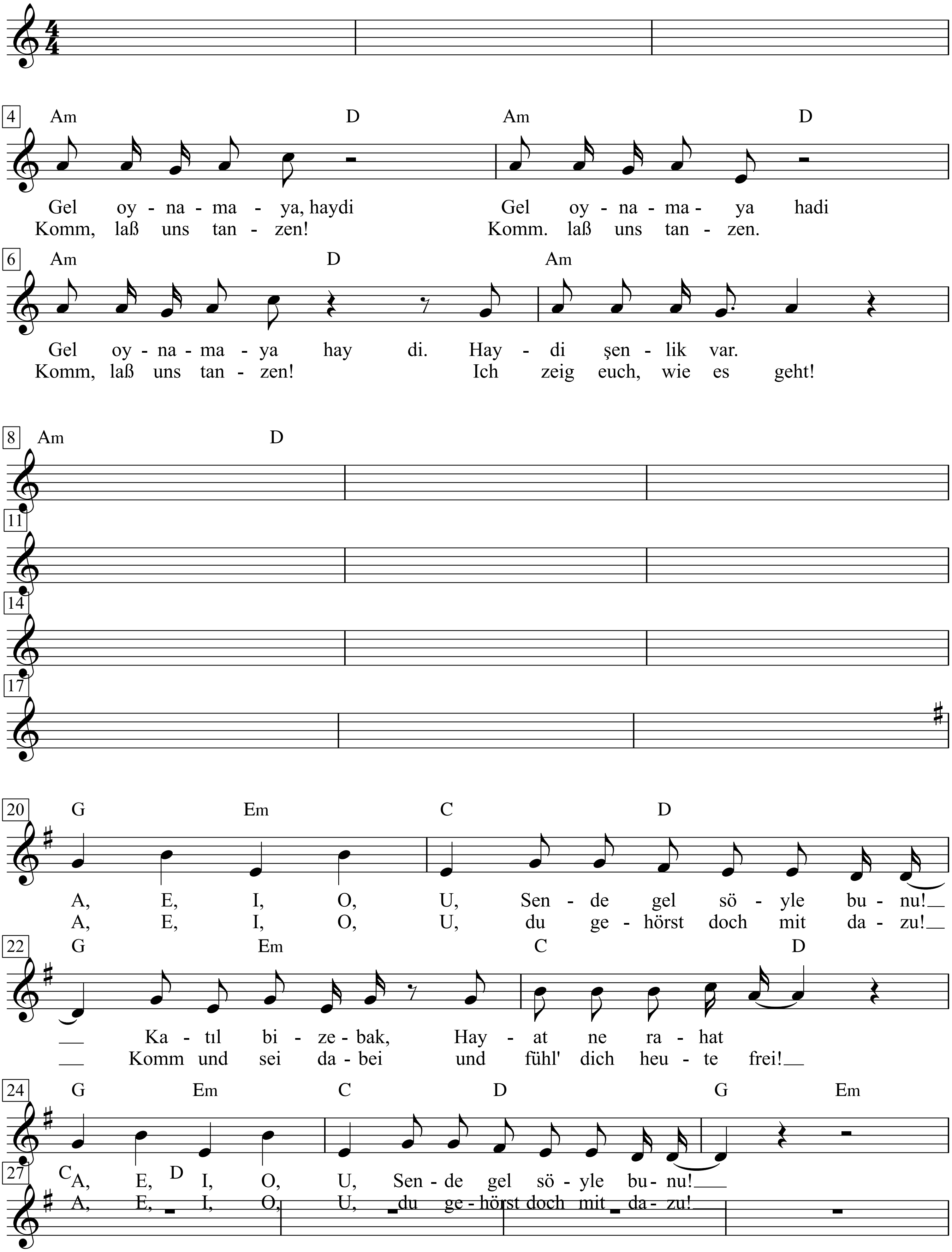

11
Am G Am G Am G
du nur die-se Ei-ne! Halt sie fest_ und lass dei-nen Dra-chen stei-gen.
14
Dm Am
Hey, hey, dei-nen Dra-chen!
17
Dm Am Dm
Hey, hey, hey,_ geh zu ihr!_ Hey, hey, dei-nen
20
Am Dm Am
Dra-chen! Hey, hey, hey, geh doch zu ihr!_


24
Am G Am G Am G
Geh zu ihr und lass dei-nen Dra-chen stei - gen. Geh zu ihr, denn du
27
Am G Am Am G
lebst ja nicht vom Moos al - lein.
30
Am G Am G Am G
33
Am G Am G Am

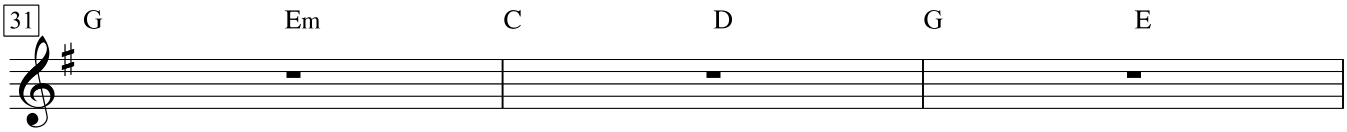

36 dam
Am
Dm
Hey, hey, dei - nen Dra- chen! Hey, hey, hey geh zu ihr!
39 Am
Dm
Am
Hey, hey, dei - nen Dra- chen!
42 Dm
Am
Hey, hey, hey geh doch zu ihr!
45 Am
G
Am
G
Am
G
Au - gen zu, dann siehst du nur die - se Ei - ne! Halt sie fest und lass

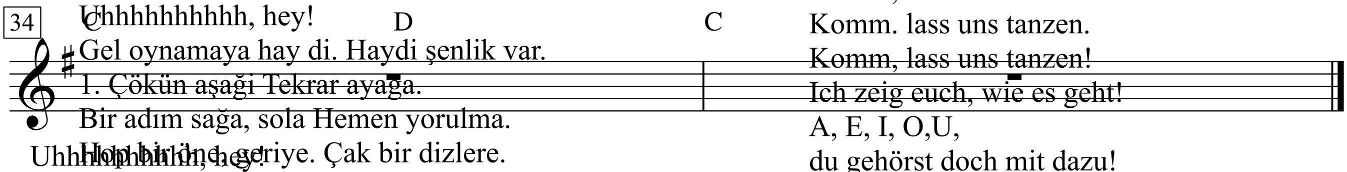

48
Am G Am Dm Am
dei-nen Dra-chen stei - gen! Hey, hey, dei - nen
51
Dm Am
Dra-chen! Hey, hey, hey geh zu ihr!
54
Dm Am
Hey, hey, dei - nen Dra-chen! Hey, hey, hey geh doch zu ihr!
57
Am

Komm, lass uns tanzen - Gel oynamaya



Dikkat! Şimdi vücudumuzia harfleri gösterelim.





Dikkat! Şimdi vücudumuzia harfleri gösterelim. .
Uhhhhhhhhhh, hey!
Gel oynamaya hay di. Haydi şenlik var.
1. Çökün aşağı Tekrar ayağa.
Bir adım sağa, sola Hemen yorulma.
Hop bir öne, geriye. Çak bir dizlere.
Sağa, sola Taman, harika
Selam çocuklar, hazır mısınız? Öyleyse daha ne duruyorsunuz?
Gel oynama-ya, haydi a
Gel oynamaya haydi

2. Eller havay
Çatı yapmaya.
Bir de el salla
Ardından alkışla.
Şimdi helikopter
Pervanesi döner
Çevir kolları hızla
Tamam, alkışla
Refrain
A, E, I, O, U,
Sende gel söyle bunu!

2. Ell er havaya
Çatı yapmaya
Birde el salla
Ardından alkışla
şimdi helikopter
Pervanesi döner
Çevir kolları hızla
Tamam, alkışla.

3. Kıvır kalçayı
Tek ayakta dur
Dönsün tekrar kalçalar
işte bu kadar
Verimizde koşalım
Herkes katılsın
Zıplayalım yükseşe
Aferin size.

.
Komm, lass uns tanzen!
Komm. lass uns tanzen.
Komm, lass uns tanzen!
Ich zeig euch, wie es geht!
A, E, I, O,U,
du gehörst doch mit dazu!
Komm und sei dabei
und fühl' dich heute frei!
A, E, I, O, U,
du gehörst doch mit dazu!

2. Die Hände zum Himmel
Und bildet ein Haus.
Jetzt mal kräftig winken
und klatschen wie Applaus.
Jetzt der Helikopter.
Wir drehen uns im Stand.
Lass die Arme fliegen
Und stopp! *(wir klatschen)*

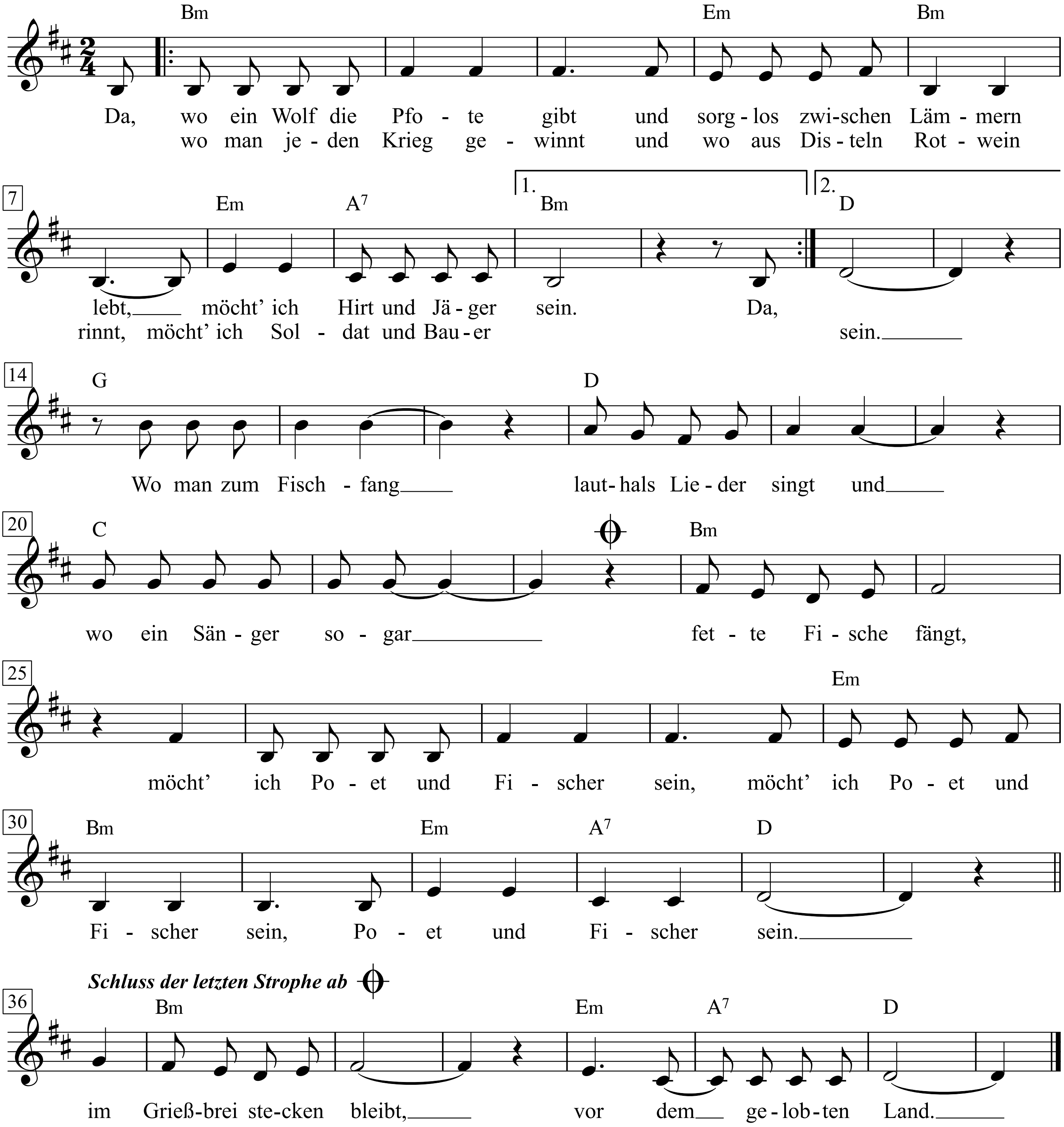
3. Jetzt dreht eure Hüfte
und steht auf einem Bein.
Lasst die Hüften kreisen,
genauso muss es ein.
Wir joggen auf der Stelle.
Hey, alle machen mit.
Dann springen wir
so hoch es geht.
Und stopp! Sehr gut!

4. Die Arme, die flattern
wie beim Ententanz.
Dazu im Kreise drehn,
na klar, ein jeder kann's.
Runter in die Hocke
und dann wieder rauf.
Nach rechts, nach links
Und stopp! *(wir klatschen)*

Spielvorschlag zum Lied:
Bei diesem Lied erübrigen sich die Hinweise beinahe, denn es heißt gleich zu Beginn: „Wollt ihr tanzen? Ich zeig euch, wie es geht!" Alle machen also einfach die angesprochenen Bewegungen mit: in die Hocke gehen, wieder rauf, nach vorn, zurück, im Kreise drehen, auf die Knie patschen, winken, mit der Hüfte drehen, auf einem Bein tanzen, springen, joggen ... Natürlich kann man sich auch eigene Bewegungen ausdenken.
(aus: Affenschrille Hitbananen 2, Das Liederbuch, MOON-RECORDS-VERLAG, Düsseldorf, 2005, S. 14)

Gelobtes Land

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



1. Da, wo ein Wolf die Pfote gibt
und sorglos zwischen Lämmern lebt,
möcht' ich Hirt und Jäger sein.
Da, wo man jeden Krieg gewinnt
und wo aus Disteln Rotwein rinnt,
möcht' ich Soldat und Bauer sein.
Wo man zum Fischfang lauthals Lieder singt
und wo ein Sänger sogar fette Fische fängt,
möcht' ich Poet und Fischer sein,
möcht' ich Poet und Fischer sein,
Poet und Fischer sein.

2. Wo man zum Frühstück Lämmer brät
und da, wo nie ein Wanst entsteht,
möcht' ich Vielfraß und Dressman sein.
Wo Frauen nach dem zehnten Kind
noch feurig und verträglich sind,
möcht' ich Galan und Gatte sein.
Da, wo ein Kind nach Elternwunsch gerät
und Eltern Dinge tun, die das Kind versteht,
da möcht' ich Sohn und Vater sein,
da möcht' ich Sohn und Vater sein,
Sohn und Vater sein.

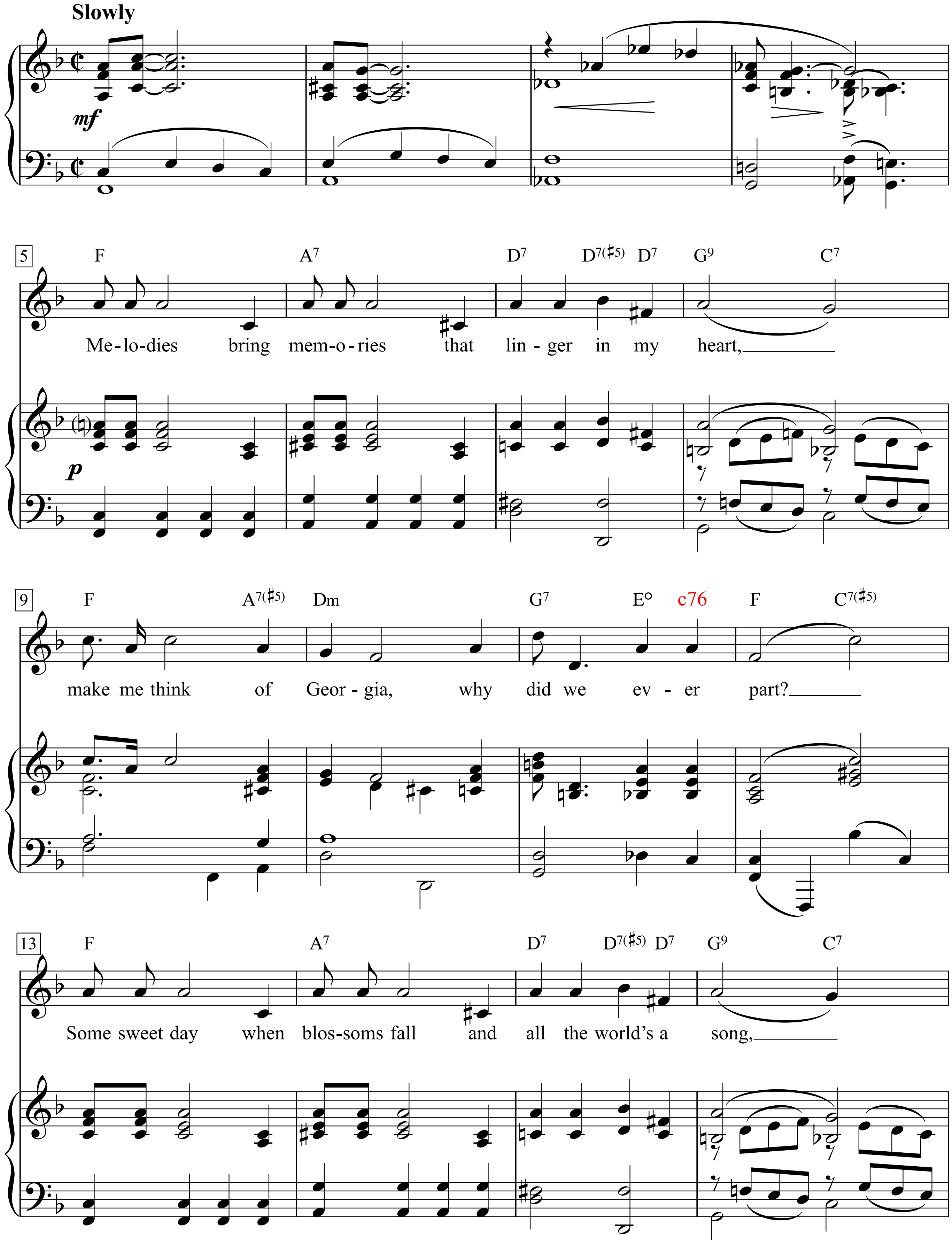
3. Wo man mit Nonnen Rauschkraut kaut
und statt Kerker Klöster baut,
möcht' ich Mönch und Laie sein.
Da, wo man Krüppeln Wagen schenkt
und sagen darf, was man sich denkt,
möcht' ich Herr und Genosse sein.
Da wo man stirbt und trotzdem weiterlebt,
auch wer mit seiner Hand nur immer Gläser hebt,
möcht' ich tot und lebendig sein,
möcht' ich tot und lebendig sein,
tot und lebendig sein.

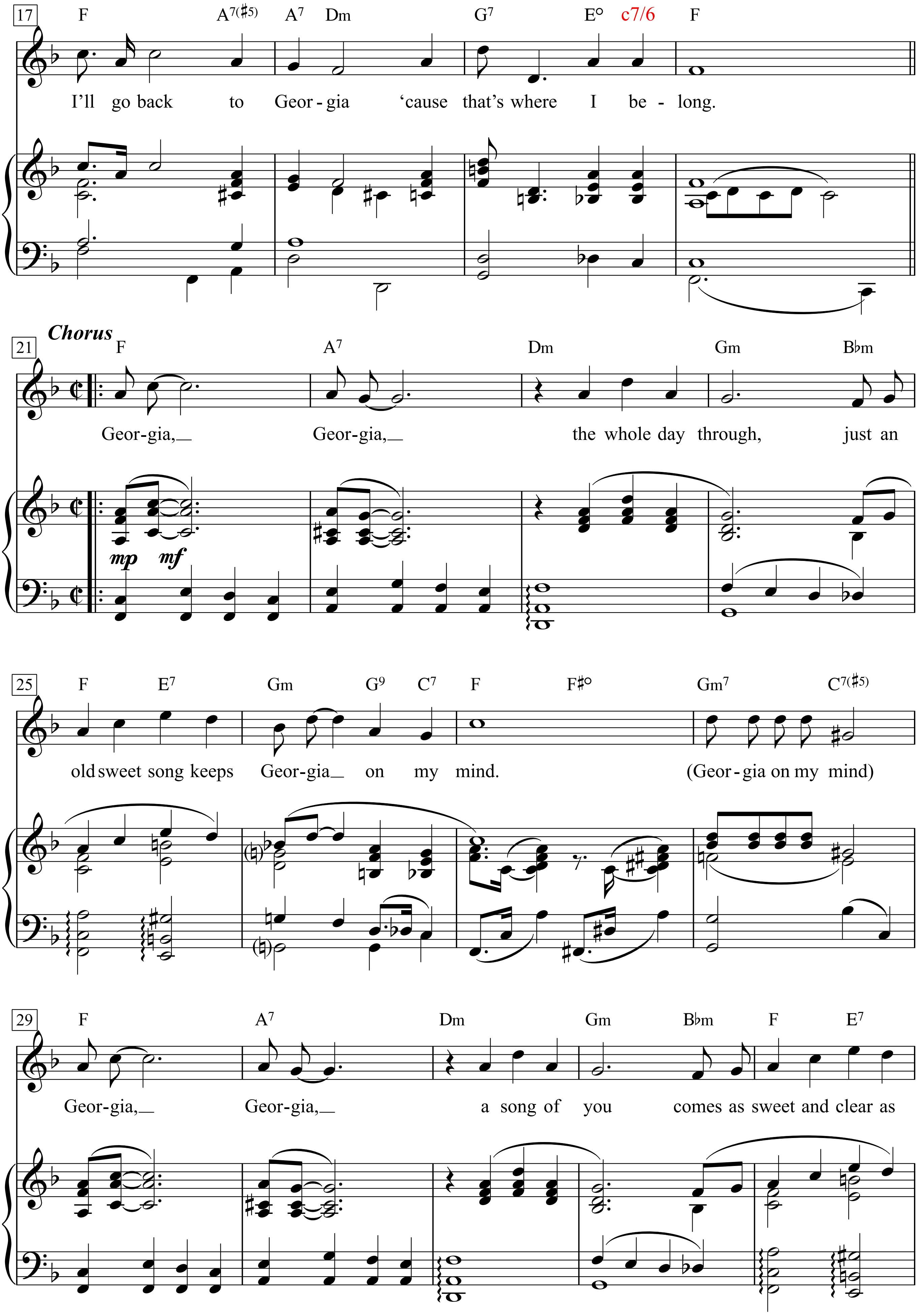
4. Schlaraffia und Kanaan,
Ardistan, Kommunistan,
wo ist das gelobte Land?
Das man so en passant, ganz leicht,
und notfalls auch zu Fuß erreicht,
das Gelobte Land?
Nicht in der Herde, die ein Zischler treibt,
und die dann nachher doch im Grießbrei steckenbleibt,
vor dem gelobten Land.

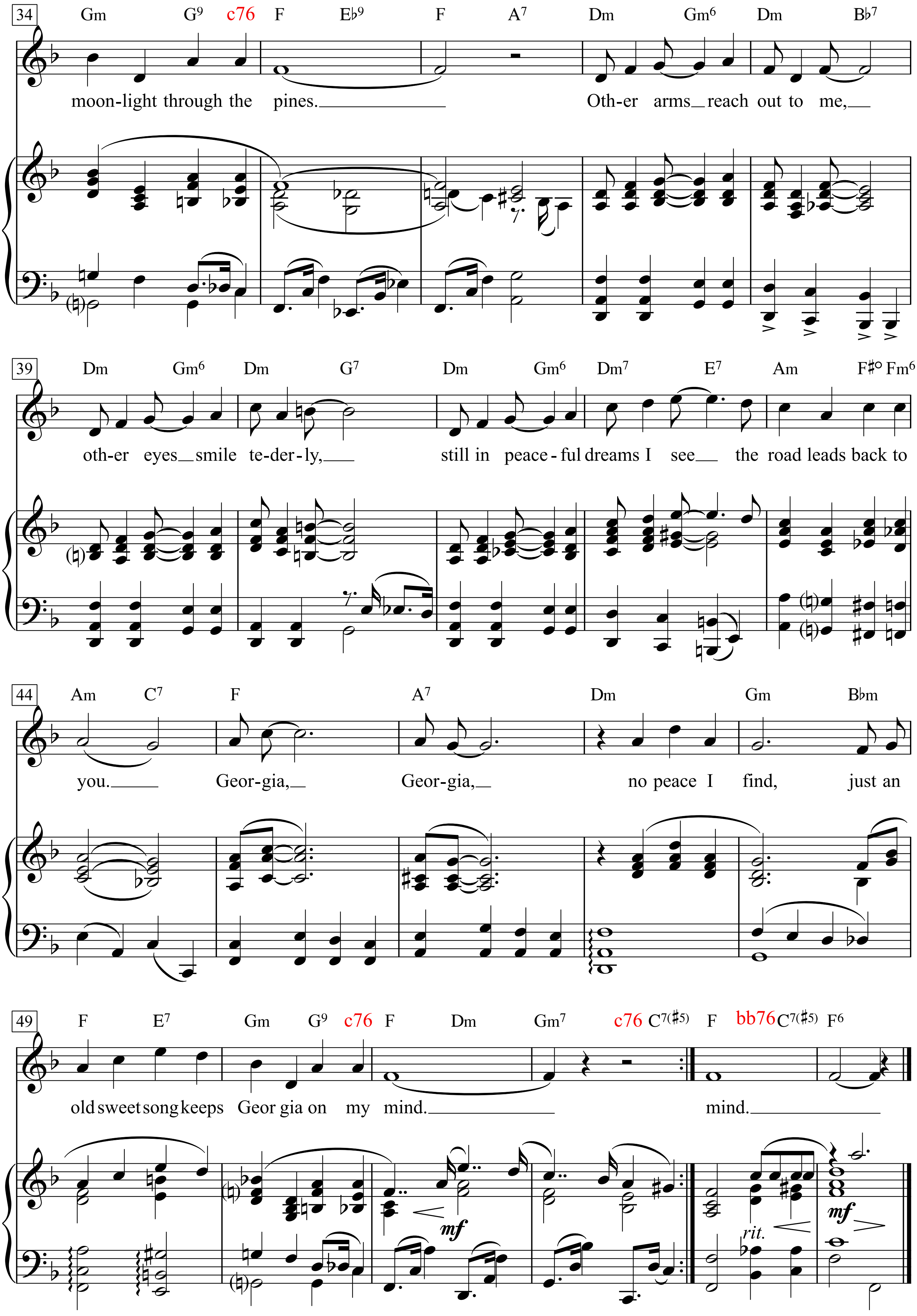
Georgia on My Mind

Words by Stuart Gorell

Music by Hoagy Carmichael
(Ray Charles)




17
F A7(♯5) A7 Dm G7 E° c7/6 F
I'll go back to Geor - gia 'cause that's where I be - long.
Chorus
21
F A7 Dm Gm B♭m
Geor-gia, Geor-gia, the whole day through, just an
mp mf
25
F E7 Gm G9 C7 F F♯° Gm7 C7(♯5)
old sweet song keeps Geor-gia on my mind. (Geor - gia on my mind)
29
F A7 Dm Gm B♭m F E7
Geor-gia, Geor-gia, a song of you comes as sweet and clear as


34
Gm G9 c76 F Eb9 F A7 Dm Gm6 Dm Bb7
moon-light through the pines.
Oth-er arms reach out to me,
39
Dm Gm6 Dm G7 Dm Gm6 Dm7 E7 Am F#o Fm6
oth-er eyes smile te-der-ly,
still in peace-ful dreams I see
the road leads back to
44
Am C7 F A7 Dm Gm Bbm
you.
Geor-gia,
Geor-gia,
no peace I find,
just an
49
F E7 Gm G9 c76 F Dm Gm7 c76 C7(#5) F bb76 C7(#5) F6
old sweet song keeps Geor gia on my mind.
mind.
mf
rit.
mf

Melodies bring memories
that linger in my heart,
make me think of Georgia,
why did we ever part?

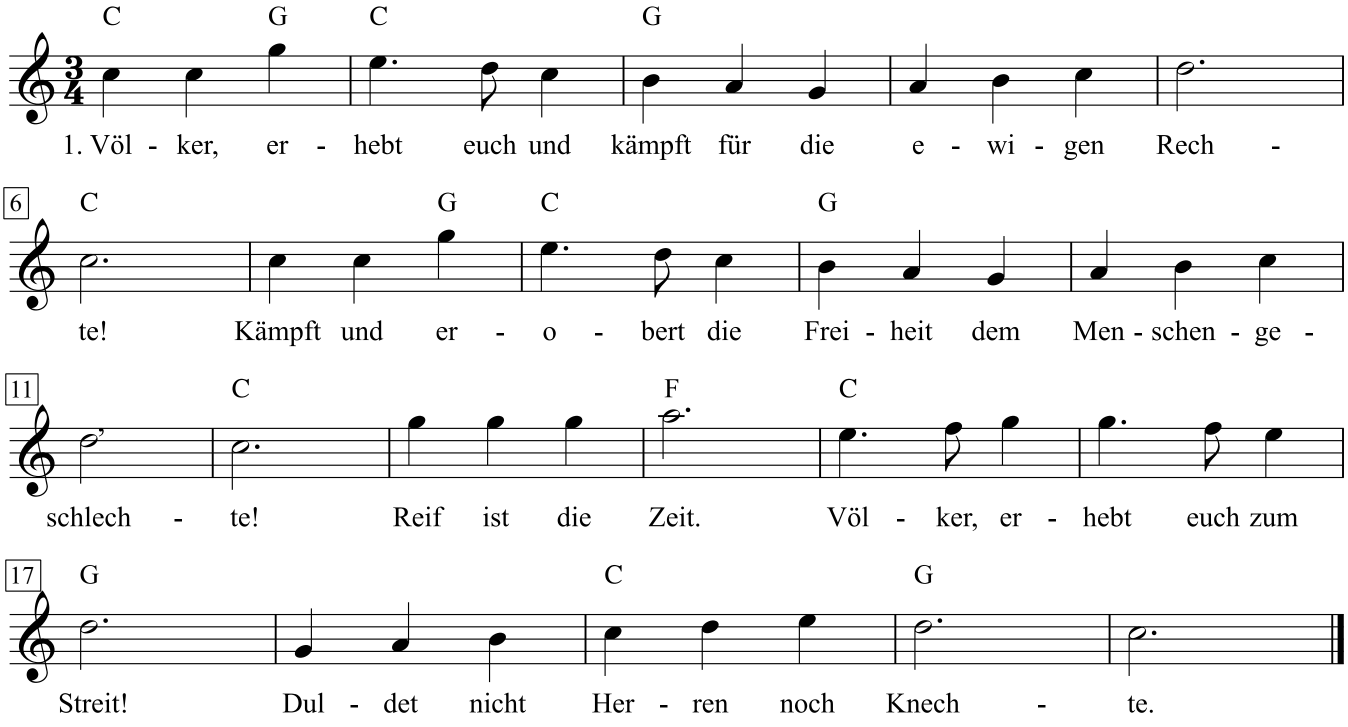
Some sweet day when blossoms fall
and all the world's a song,
I'll go back to Georgia
'cause that's where I belong.

Chorus:
Georgia, Georgia, the whole day through,
just an old sweet song keeps Georgia on my mind.
(Georgia on my mind)
Georgia, Georgia, a song of you
comes as sweet and clear as moonlight through the pines.
Other arms reach out to me,
other eyes smile tenderly;
still in peaceful dreams I see
the road leads back to you.
Georgia, Georgia, no peace I find,
just an old sweet song keeps Georgia on my mind. mind.

Gesang der Arbeiter

Text: Erich Mühsam

Melodie: 'Lobe den Herren' *



1. Völker, erhebt euch und kämpft für die ewigen Rechte!
Kämpft und erobert die Freiheit dem Menschengeschlechte!
Reif ist die Zeit. Völker, erhebt euch zum Streit!
Duldet nicht Herren noch Knechte.

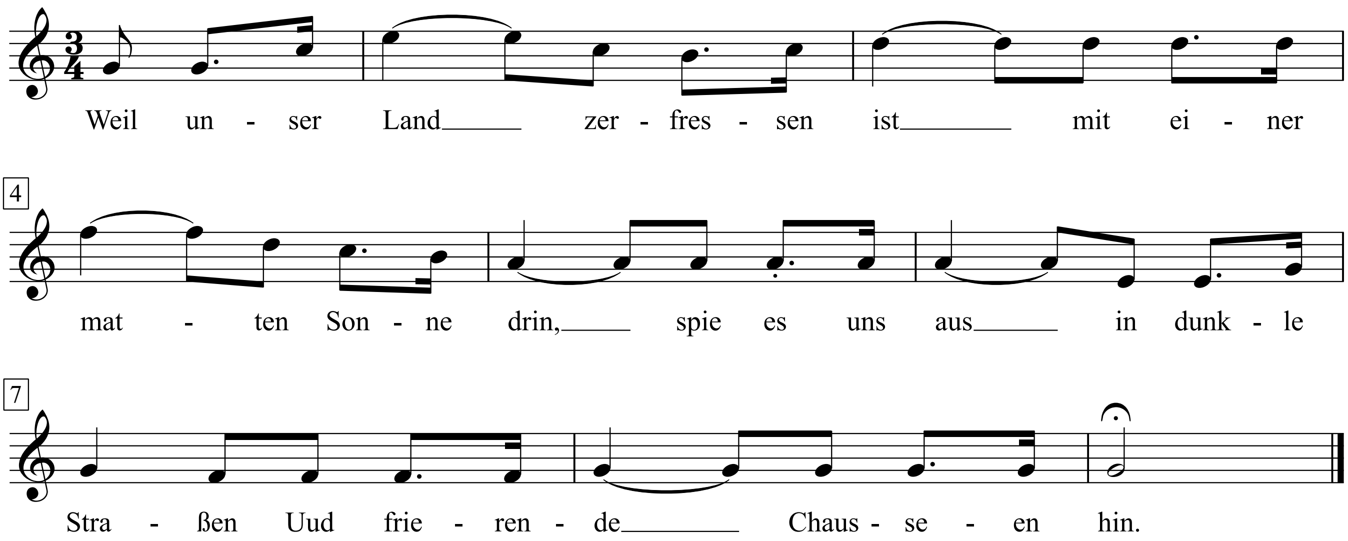
2. Brüder der Arbeit, vereint eure Kräfte zum Bunde!
Einigkeit richtet die Macht der Tyrannen zugrunde.
Stürzt sie in Nacht! Sammelt die eigene Macht!
Arbeiter, nützet die Stunde!

3. Schließt, Proletarier, ihr den Verband der Nationen!
Jeder für alle, so sprengt ihr die Liga der Drohnen.
Baut euch die Welt, die keine Zwietracht zerschellt!
Lasset den Frieden drin wohnen.

4. Machet ein Ende dem Krieg und dem Raub und dem Grauen!
Gleichheit den Völkern, den Rassen, den Männern und Frauen!
Gleichheit versöhnt. Arbeit, durch Gleichheit verschönt,
Wird euch die Freiheit erbauen.

** Melodie: »Lobe den Herren« (»Ein Versuch, die eindrucksvolle Kirchenmusik der proletarischen Kampfidee dienstbar zu machen. Festung Ansbach, im Mai 1920«/Erich Mühsam)*

Gesang des Soldaten der roten Armee

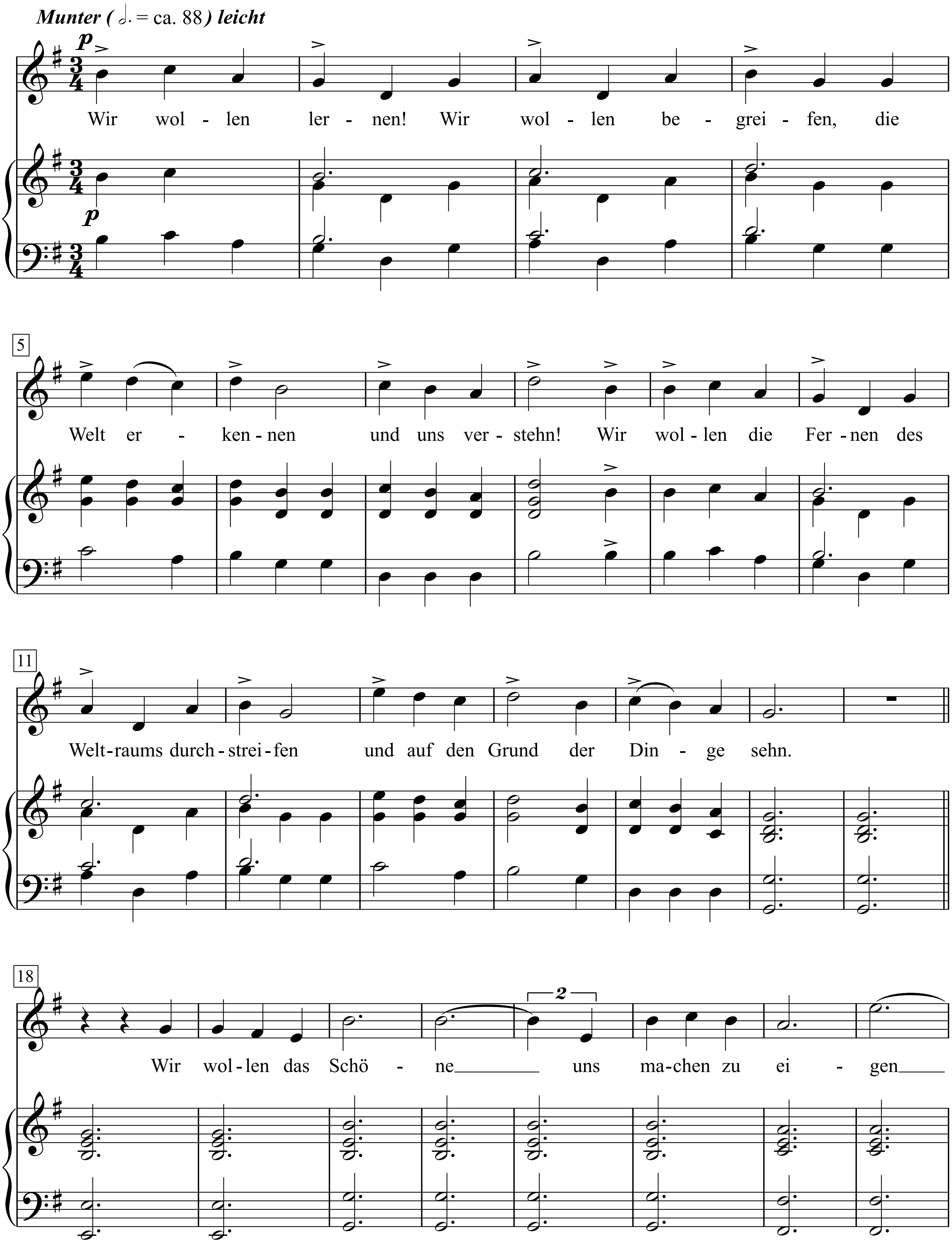


1
Weil unser Land zerfressen ist
Mit einer matten Sonne drin
Spie es uns aus in dunkle Straßen
Und frierende Chausseen hin.
2
Schneewasser wusch im Frühjahr die Armee
Sie ist des roten Sommers Kind!
Schon im Oktober fiel auf sie der Schnee
Ihr Herz zerfror im Januarwind.
3
In diesen Jahren fiel das Wort Freiheit
Aus Mündern, drinnen Eis zerbrach.
Und viele sah man mit Tigergebissen
Ziehend der roten, unmenschlichen Fahne nach.
4
Oft abends, wenn im Hafer rot
Der Mond schwamm, vor dem Schlaf am Gaul
Redeten sie von kommenden Zeiten
Bis sie einschliefen, denn der Marsch macht faul.
5
Im Regen und im dunklen Winde
War Schlaf uns schön auf hartem Stein.
Der Regen wusch die schmutzigen Augen
Von Schmutz und vielen Sünden rein.

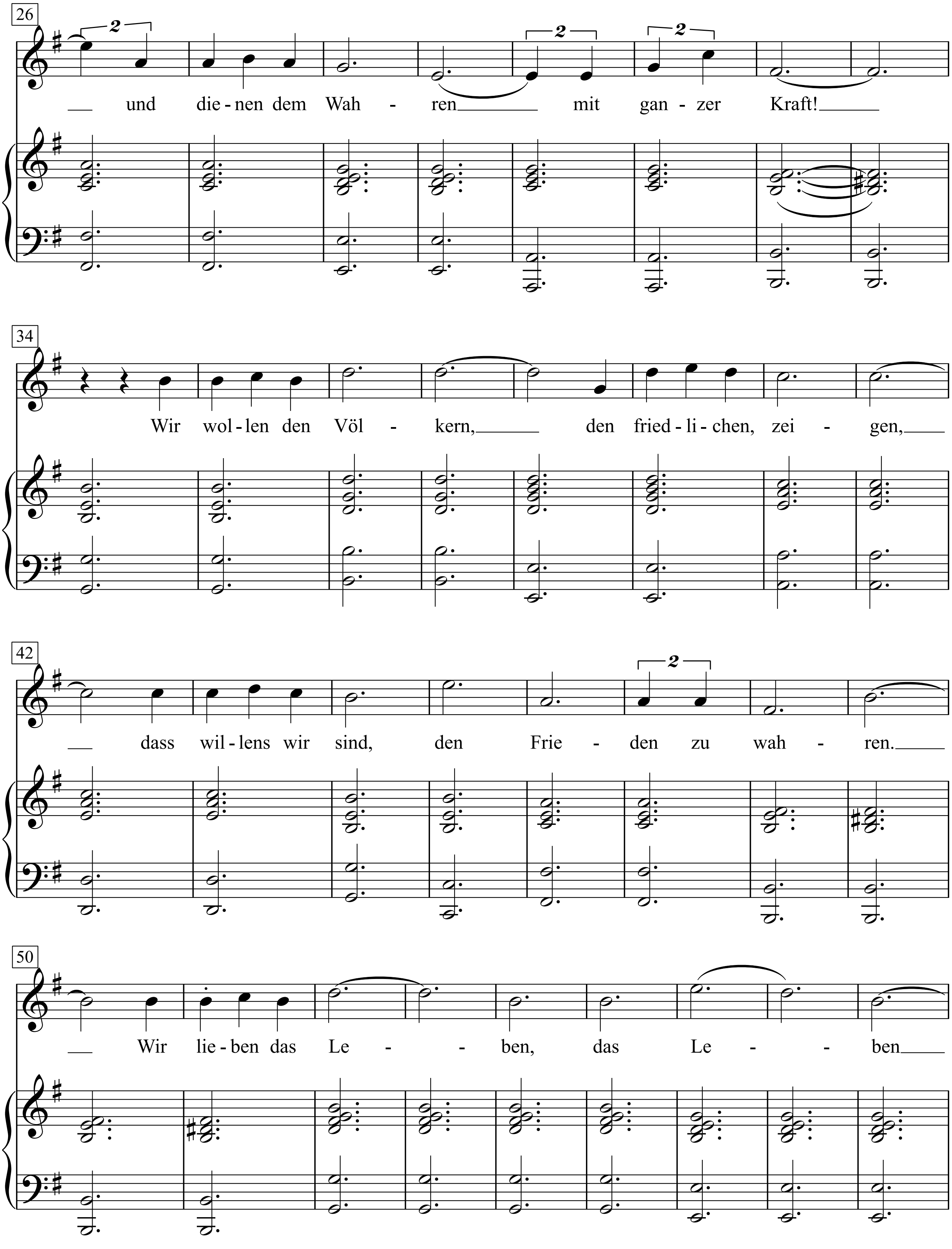
Gesang vom Lernen

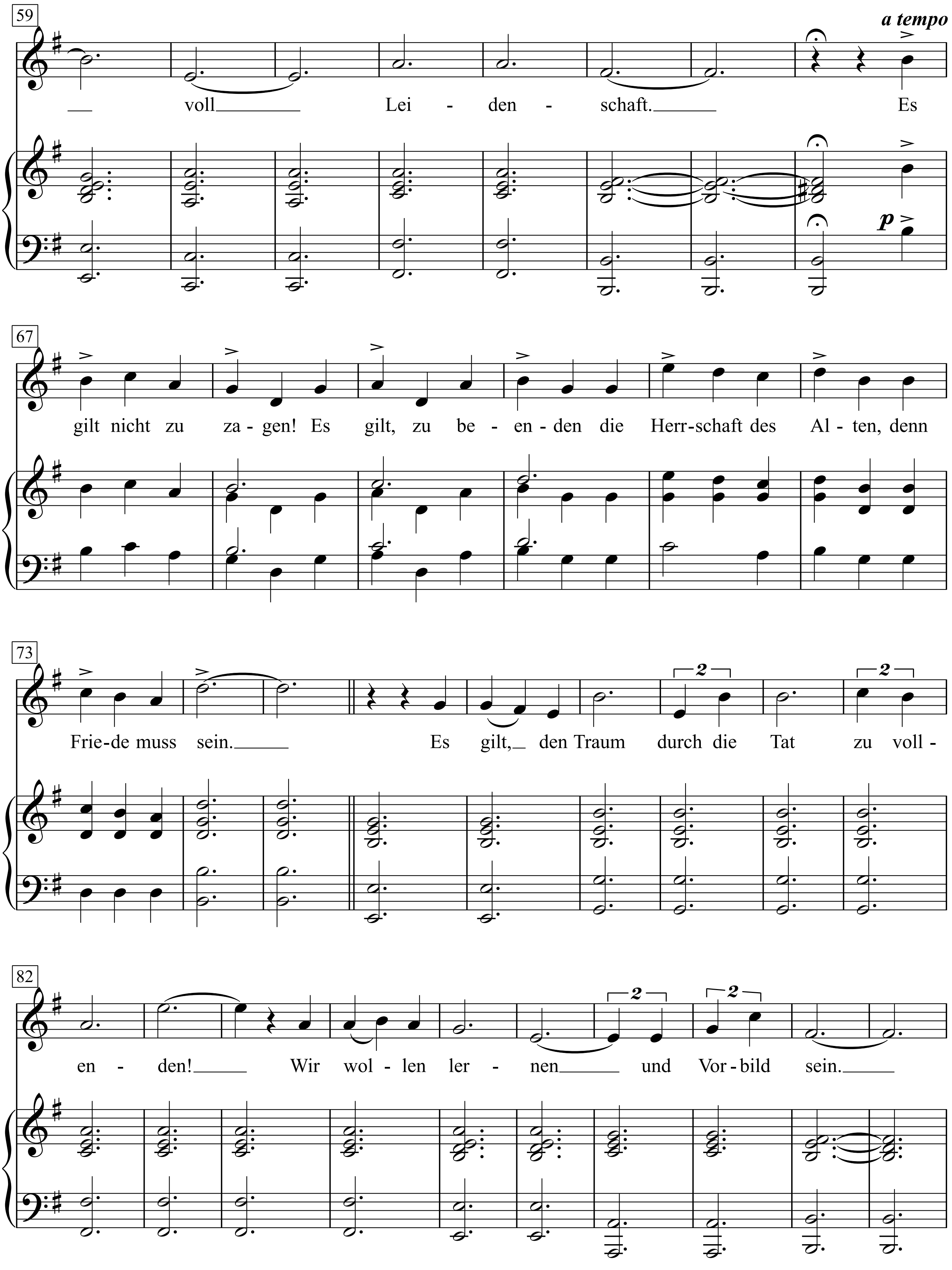
Johannes R. Becher

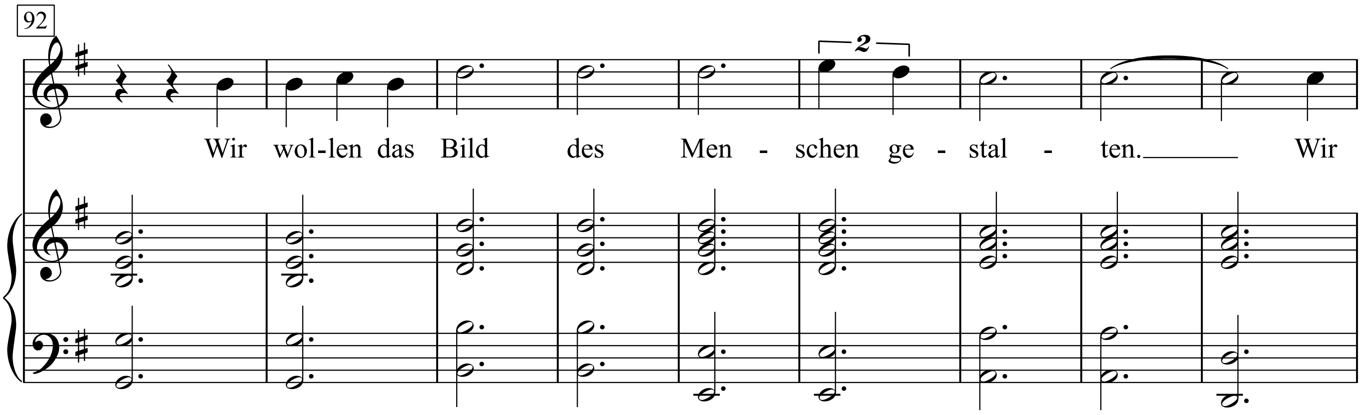
Hanns Eisler (1898-1962)

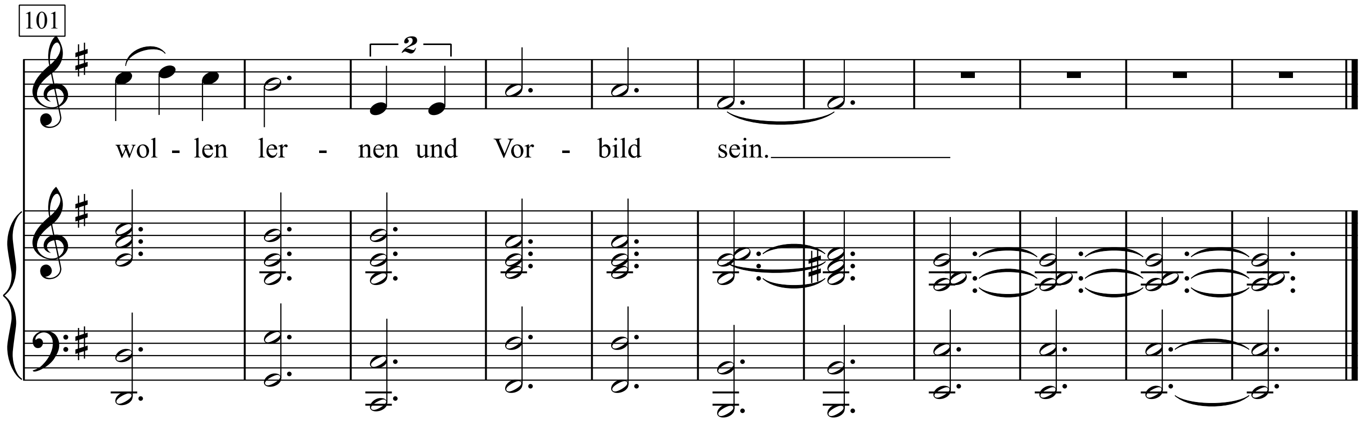


Vortragsliteratur (Peters Leipzig), S. 26+27


26
2
2
2
— und die - nen dem Wah - ren — mit gan - zer Kraft! —
34
Wir wol - len den Völ - kern, — den fried - li - chen, zei - gen, —
42
2
— dass wil - lens wir sind, den Frie - den zu wah - ren. —
50
— Wir lie - ben das Le - - ben, das Le - - ben —


59
a tempo
voll Lei - den - schaft. Es
p
67
gilt nicht zu za - gen! Es gilt, zu be - en - den die Herr - schaft des Al - ten, denn
73
Frie - de muss sein. Es gilt, den Traum durch die Tat zu voll -
2
82
en - den! Wir wol - len ler - nen und Vor - bild sein.





Wir wollen lernen!
Wir wollen begreifen,
die Welt erkennen
und uns verstehn!
Wir wollen die Fernen
des Weltraums durchstreifen
und auf den Grund der Dinge sehn.

Wir wollen das Schöne
uns machen zu eigen
und dienen dem Wahren
mit ganzer Kraft!
Wir wollen den Völkern,
den friedlichen, zeigen,
dass willens wir sind,
den Frieden zu wahren.
Wir lieben das Leben,
das Leben voll Leidenschaft.

Es gilt nicht zu zagen!
Es gilt, zu beenden
die Herrschaft des Alten,
denn Friede muss sein.
Es gilt, den Traum
durch die Tat zu vollenden!
Wir wollen lernen
und Vorbild sein.
Wir wollen das Bild
des Menschen gestalten.
Wir wollen lernen und Vorbild sein.

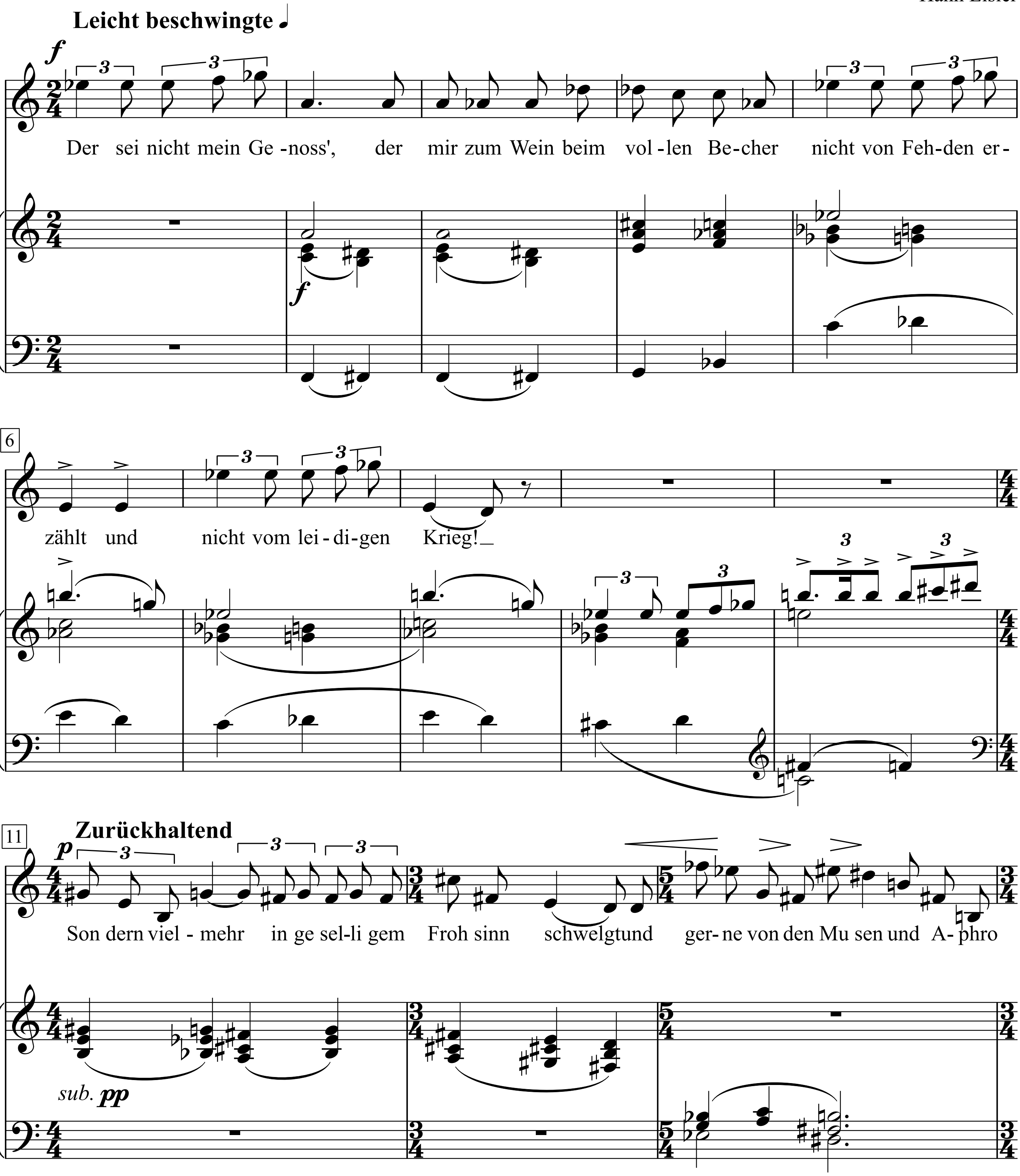
1. Wir wollen lernen! Wir wollen begreifen,
die Welt erkennen und uns verstehn!
Wir wollen die Fernen des Weltraums durchstreifen
und auf den Grund der Dinge sehn.
Wir wollen das Schöne uns machen zu eigen
und dienen dem Wahren mit ganzer Kraft!
Wir wollen den Völkern, den friedlichen, zeigen,
dass willens wir sind, den Frieden zu wahren.
Wir lieben das Leben, das Leben voll Leidenschaft.
Es gilt nicht zu zagen!
Es gilt, zu beenden die Herrschaft des Alten,
denn Friede muss sein.
Es gilt, den Traum durch die Tat zu vollenden!
Wir wollen lernen und Vorbild sein.
Wir wollen das Bild des Menschen gestalten.
Wir wollen lernen und Vorbild sein.

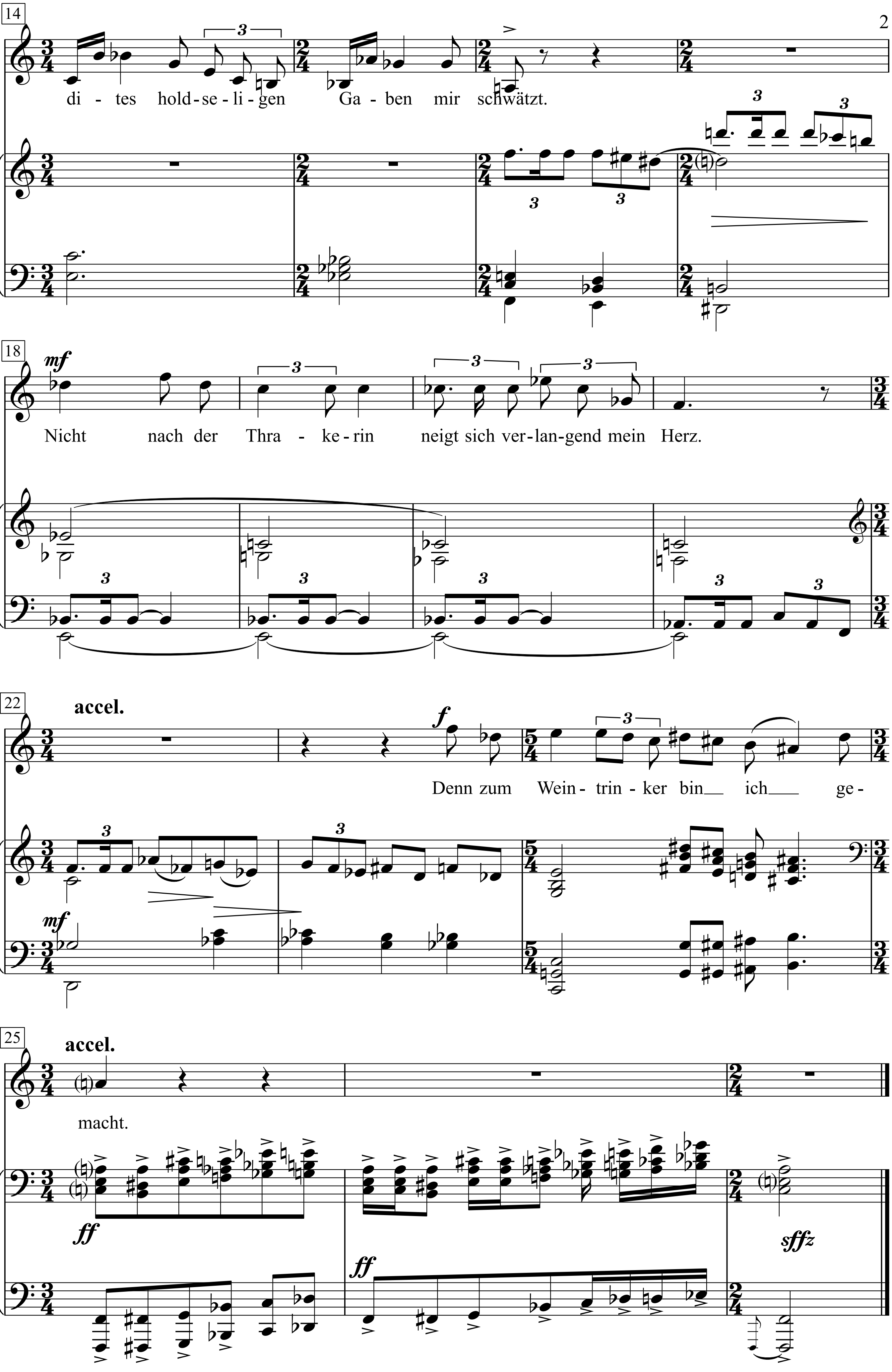
Geselligkeit betreffend

(Anakreontisches Fragment)

(1942)

Hann Eisler

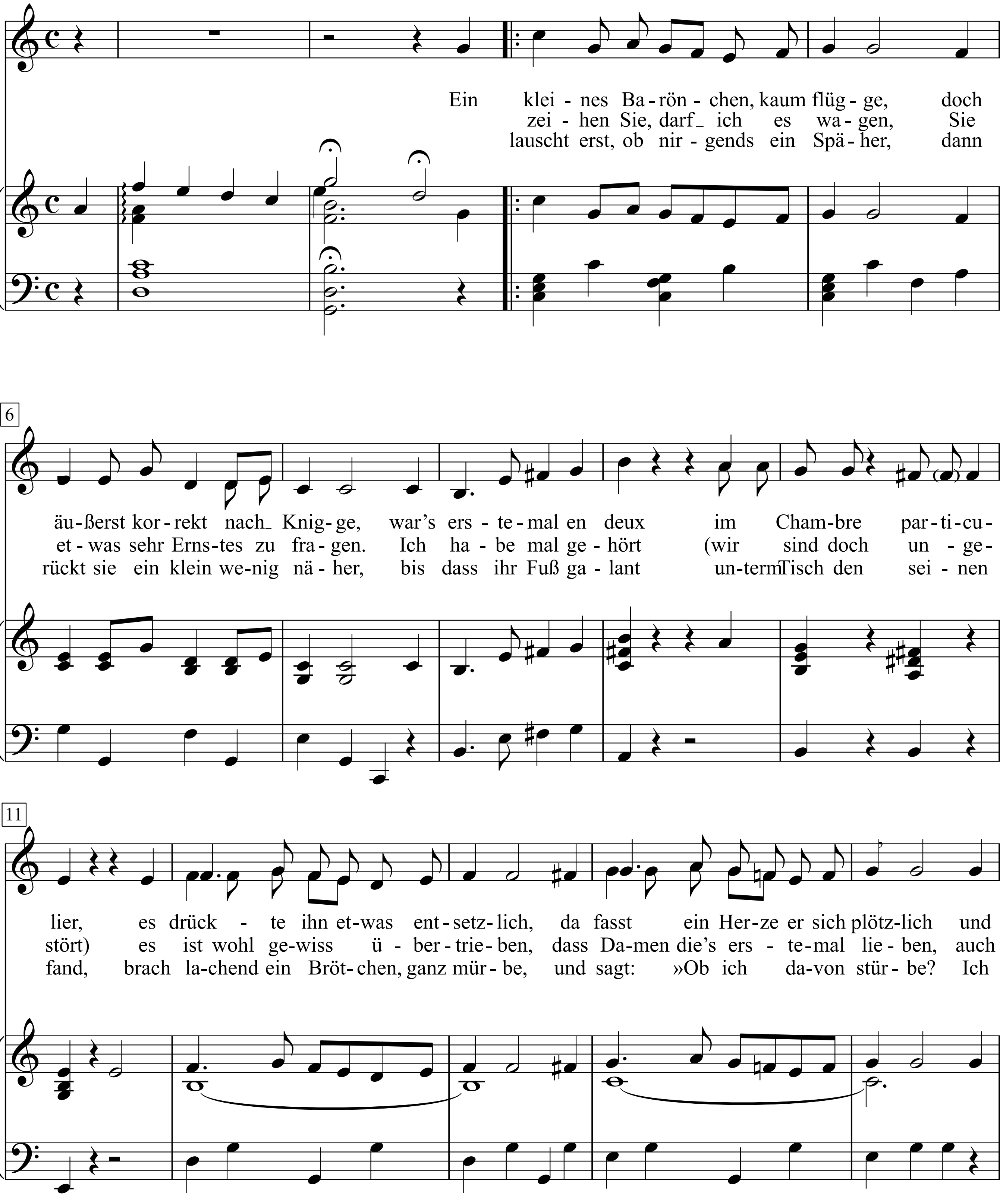


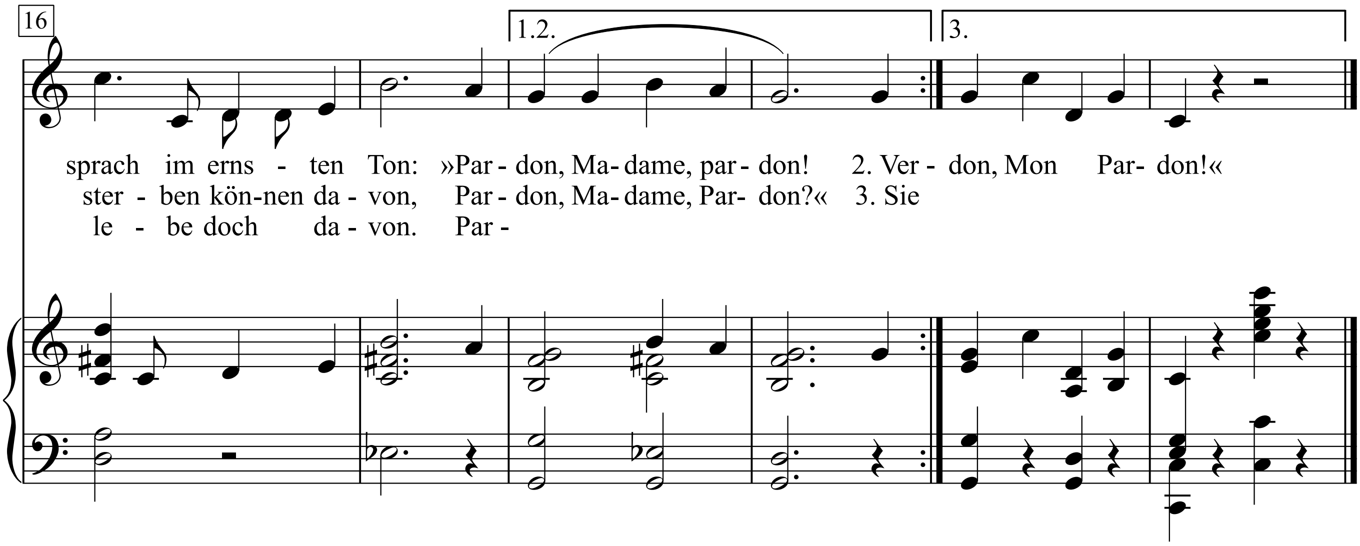

14
di - tes hold - se - li - gen Ga - ben mir schwätzt.
18
mf
Nicht nach der Thra - ke - rin neigt sich ver - lan - gend mein Herz.
22
accel.
f
mf
Denn zum Wein - trin - ker bin ich ge -
25
accel.
macht.
ff
ff
sffz

Der sei nicht mein Genoss', der mir zum Wein beim vollen Becher
nicht von Fehden erzählt und nicht vom leidigen Krieg!
Sondern vielmehr in geselligem Frohsinn schwelgt
und gerne von den Musen und Aphrodites holdseligen Gaben mir schwätzt.
Nicht nach der Thrakerin neigt sich verlangend mein Herz.
Denn zum Weintrinker bin ich gemacht.

Geständnis

Text & Musik: Ralph Benatzky





1. Ein kleines Barönchen, kaum flügge,
doch äußerst korrekt nach Knigge,
war’s erstemal en deux im Chambre particulier,
es drückte ihn etwas entsetzlich,
da fasst ein Herze er sich plötzlich
und sprach im ernsten Ton:
»Pardon, Madame, Pardon!

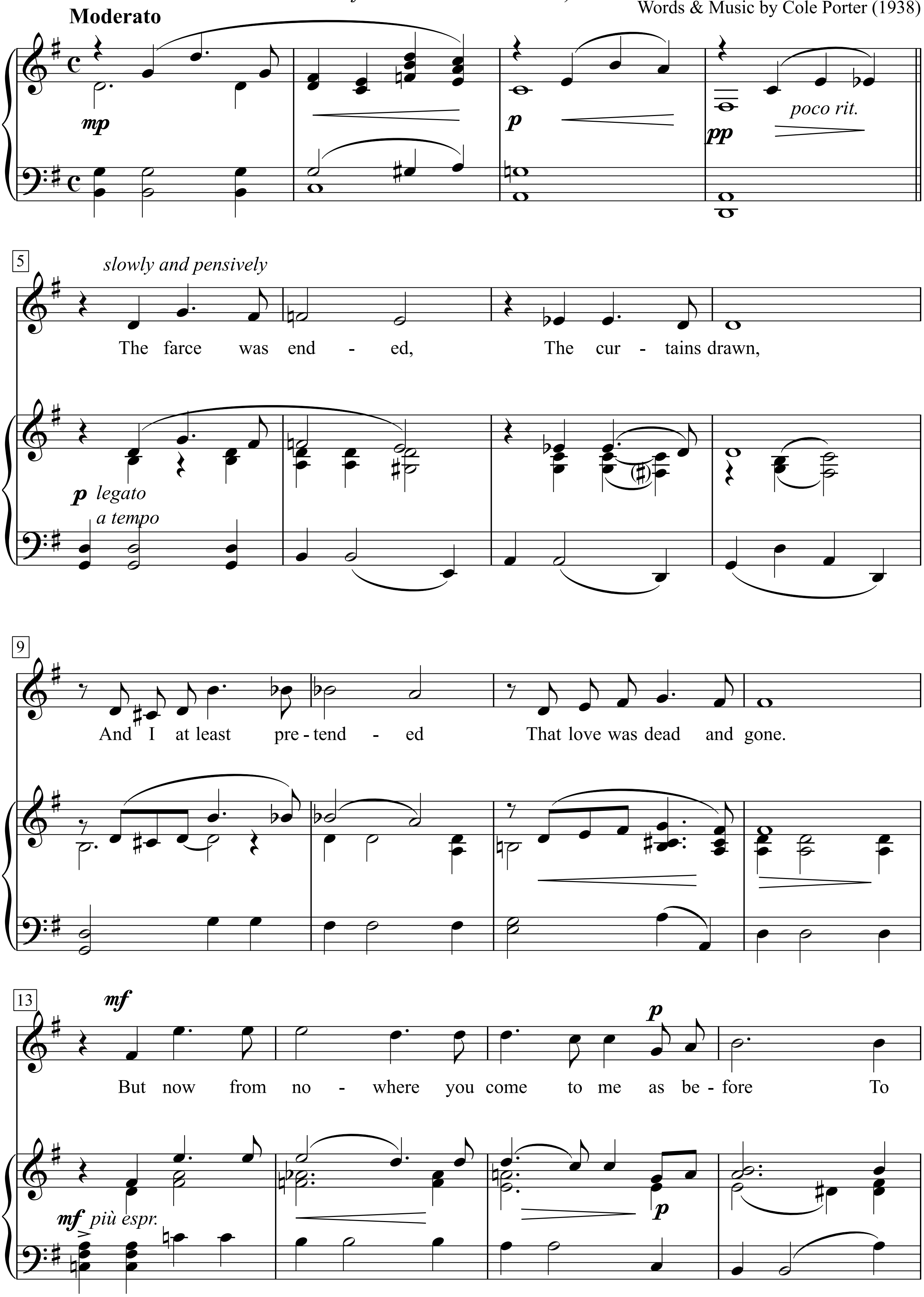
2. Verzeihen Sie, darf ich es wagen,
Sie etwas sehr Ernstes zu fragen.
Ich habe mal gehört
(wir sind doch ungestört)
es ist wohl gewiss übertrieben,
dass Damen die’s erstemal lieben,
auch sterben können davon,
Pardon, Madame, Pardon!«

3. Sie lauscht erst, ob nirgends ein Späher,
dann rückt sie ein klein wenig näher,
bis dass ihr Fuß galant
unterm Tisch den seinen fand,
brach lachend ein Brötchen, ganz mürbe,
und sagt: »Ob ich davon stürbe?
Ich lebe doch davon.
Pardon, Monsieur, Pardon!«

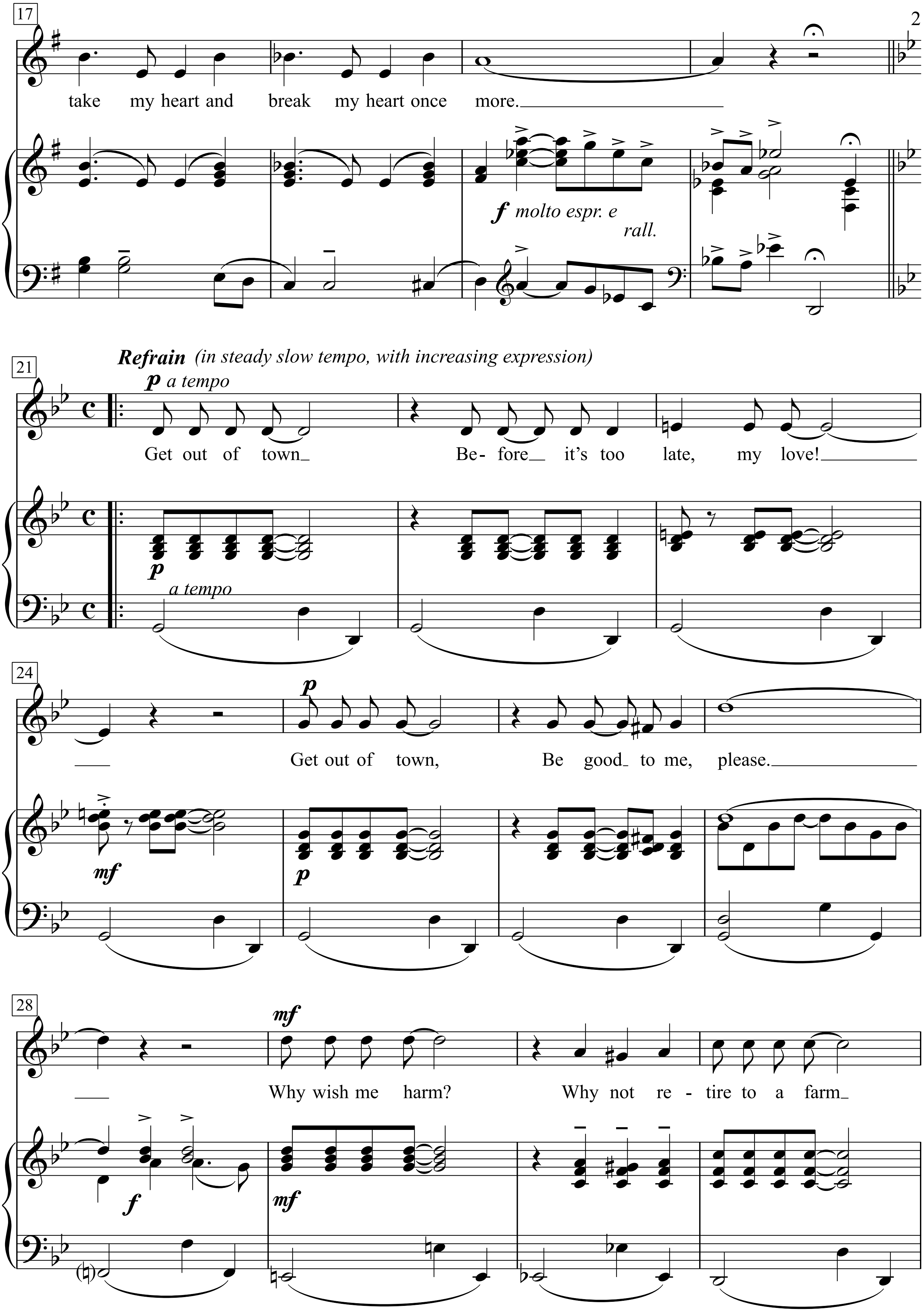
Get Out Of Town

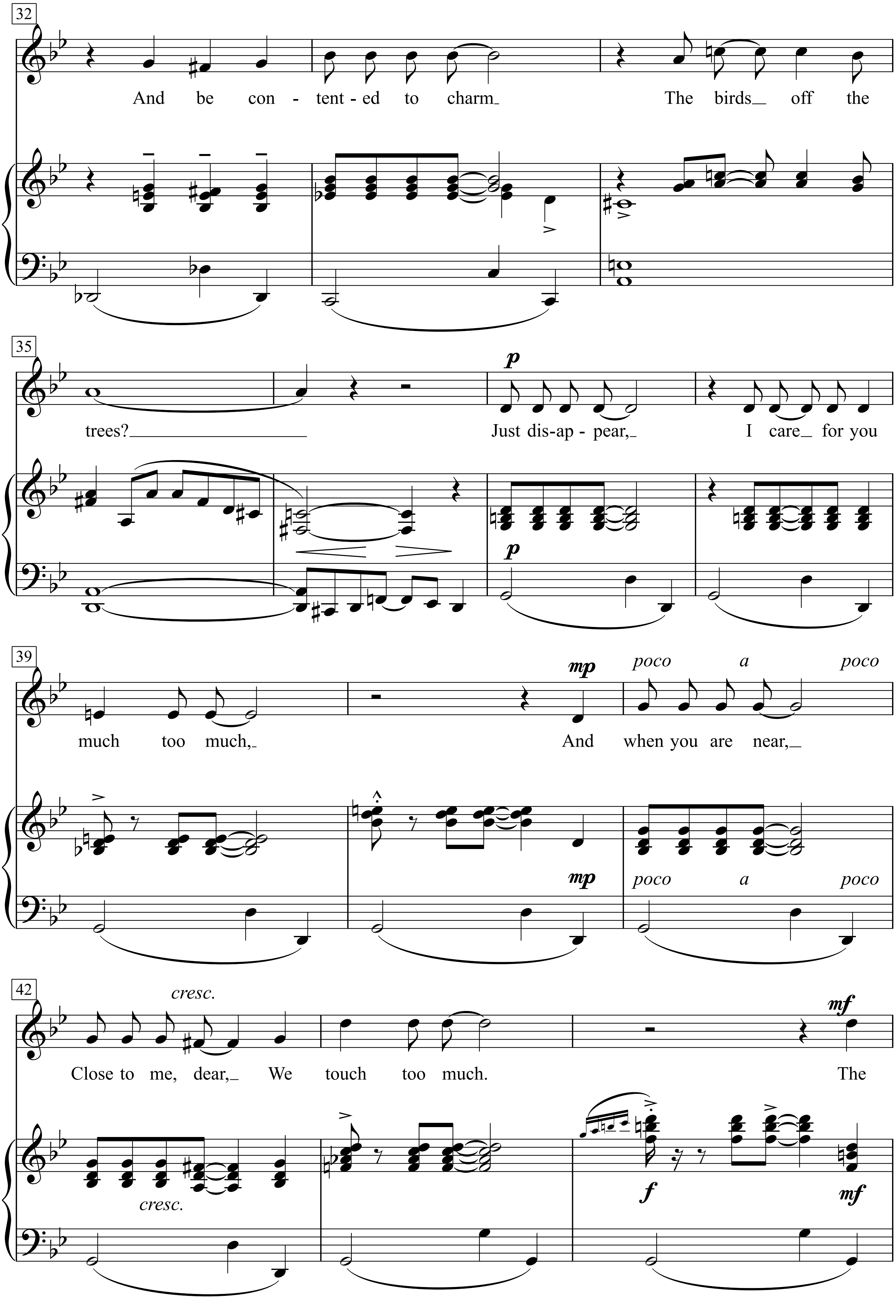
(*from* 'Leave It To Me')

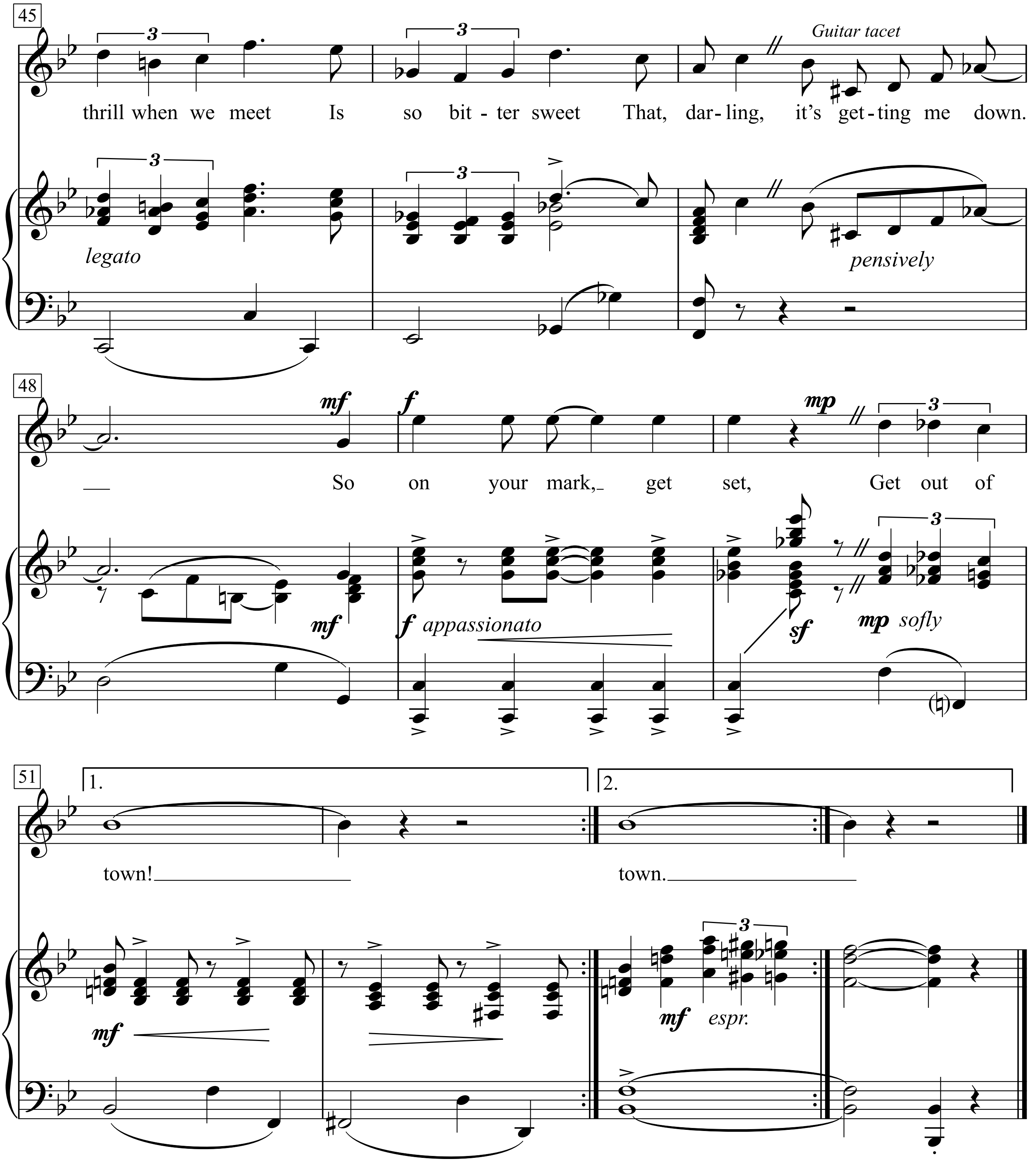
Words & Music by Cole Porter (1938)



Music & Lyrics by Cole Porter, p. 102-105


17
take my heart and break my heart once more.
f molto espr. e
rall.
21
Refrain (in steady slow tempo, with increasing expression)
p a tempo
Get out of town
Be- fore it's too late, my love!
p
a tempo
24
p
Get out of town, Be good to me, please.
mf
p
28
mf
Why wish me harm? Why not re - tire to a farm
f
mf


32
And be con - tent - ed to charm
The birds off the
35
trees?
p
Just dis-ap - pear,
I care for you
p
39
much too much,
mp
poco a poco
And when you are near,
mp
poco a poco
42
cresc.
Close to me, dear, We touch too much.
mf
The
cresc.
f
mf


45
Guitar tacet
thrill when we meet Is so bit - ter sweet That, dar-ling, it's get-ting me down.
legato
pensively
48
mf
f
mp
So on your mark, get set, Get out of
f appassionato
sf
mp sofly
51
1.
2.
town!
town.
mf
mf espr.

The farce was ended,
The curtains drawn,
And I at least pretended
That love was dead and gone.
But now from nowhere you come to me as before
To take my heart and break my heart once more.
Get out of town
Before it's too late, my love!

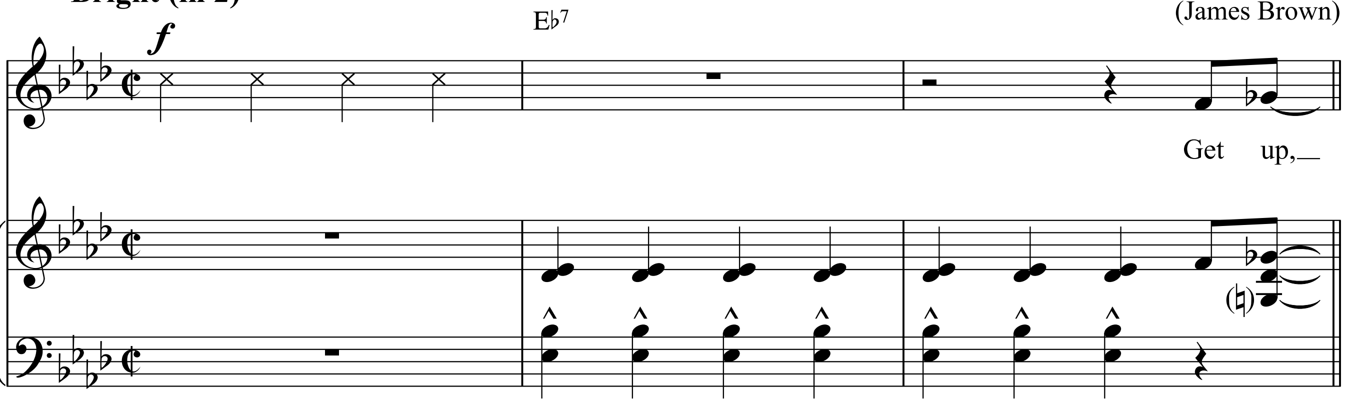
Refrain:
Get out of town,
Be good to me, please.
Why wish me harm?
Why not retire to a farm
And be contented to charm
The birds off the trees?
Just disappear,
I care for you much too much,
And when you are near,
Close to me, dear,
We touch too much.
The thrill when we meet
Is so bitter sweet
That, darling, it's getting me down.
So on your mark, get set,
Get out of town! town.

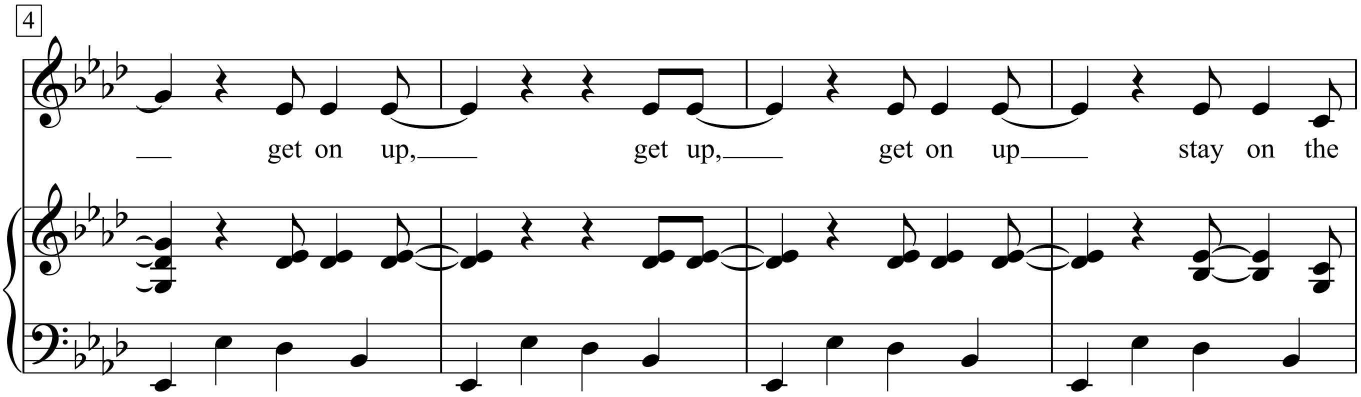
Get Up (I Feel Like Being a) Sex Machine

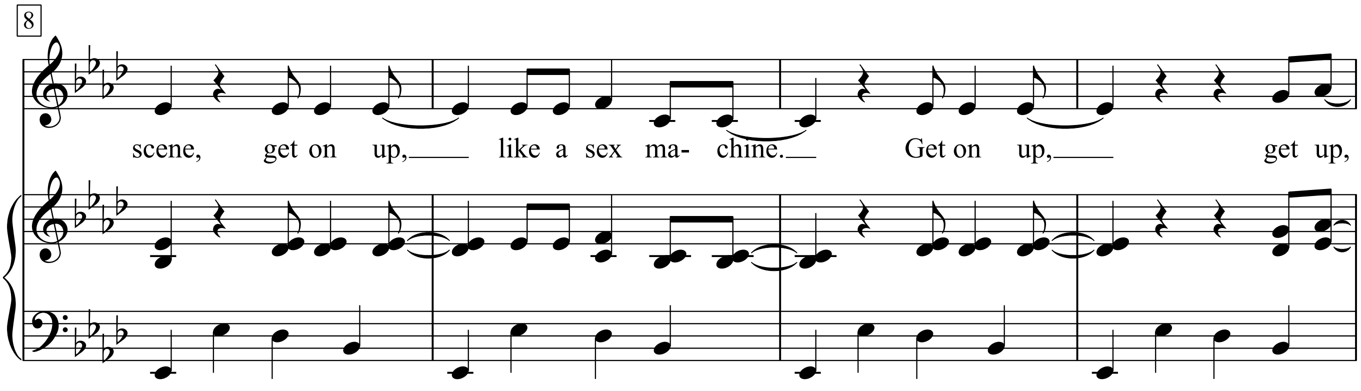
Shout:
Fellas, I'm ready to get up and do my thing,
I wanta get into it, man, you know …
Like a, like a sex machine, man,
Movin' … doin' it, you know.
Can I count it off? (Go ahead)

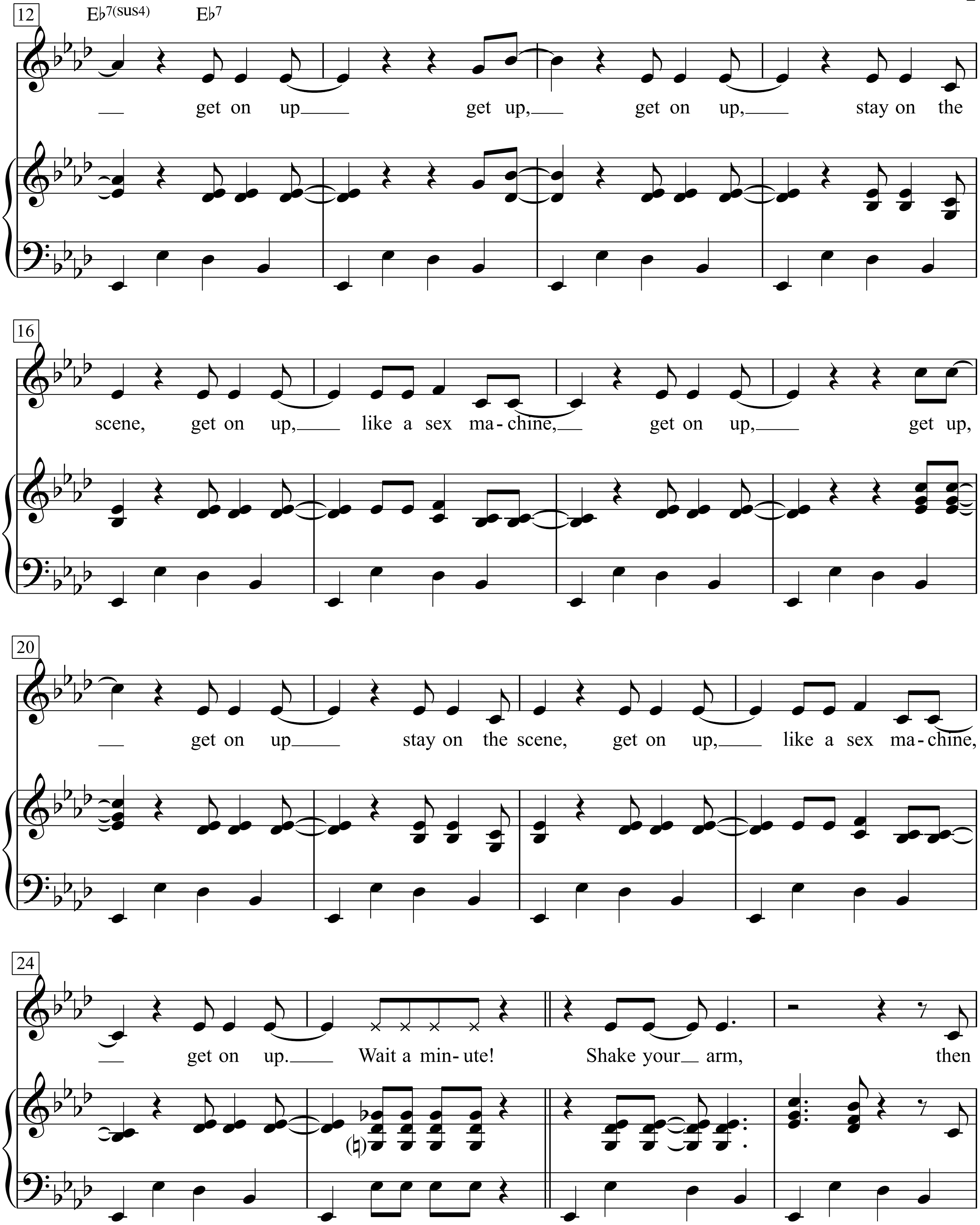
Words & Music by
James Brown, Bobby Byrd and Ronald Lenhoff
(James Brown)

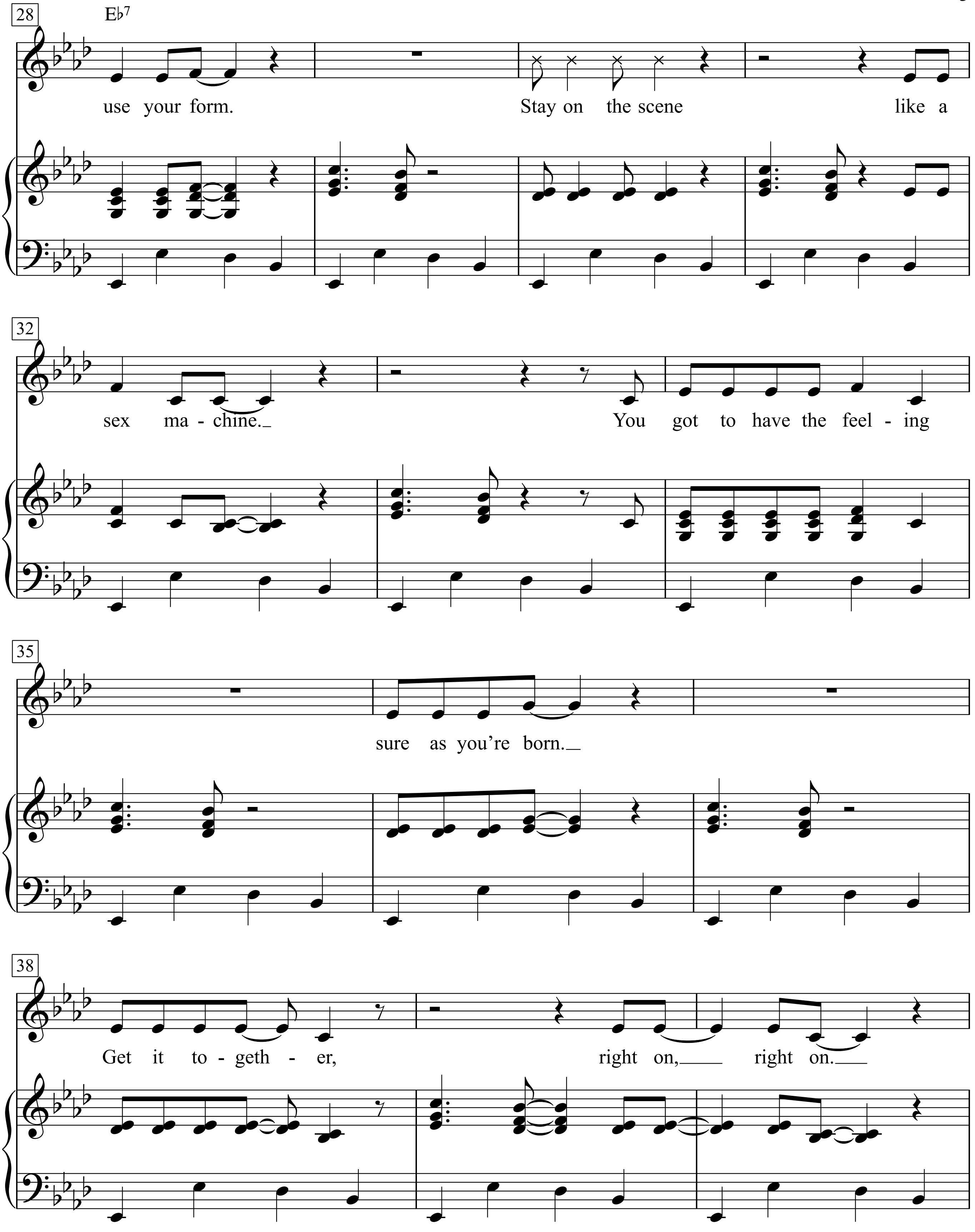
Bright (in 2)

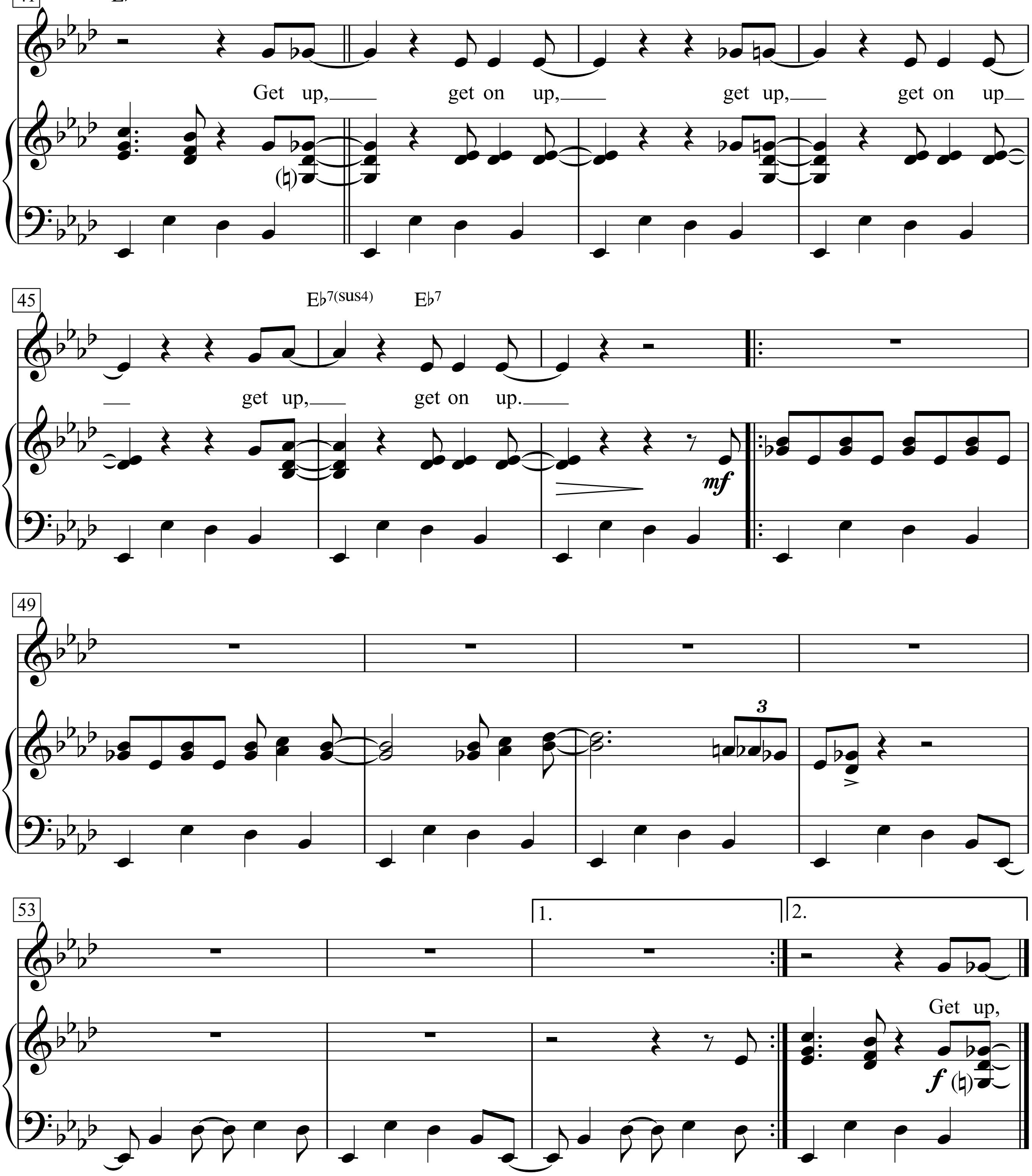







12
E♭7(sus4)
E♭7
get on up get up, get on up, stay on the
16
scene, get on up, like a sex ma-chine, get on up, get up,
20
get on up stay on the scene, get on up, like a sex ma-chine,
24
get on up. Wait a min-ute! Shake your arm, then
(♮)


28
E♭7
use your form.
Stay on the scene
like a
32
sex ma - chine.
You got to have the feel - ing
35
sure as you're born.
38
Get it to - geth - er,
right on,
right on.

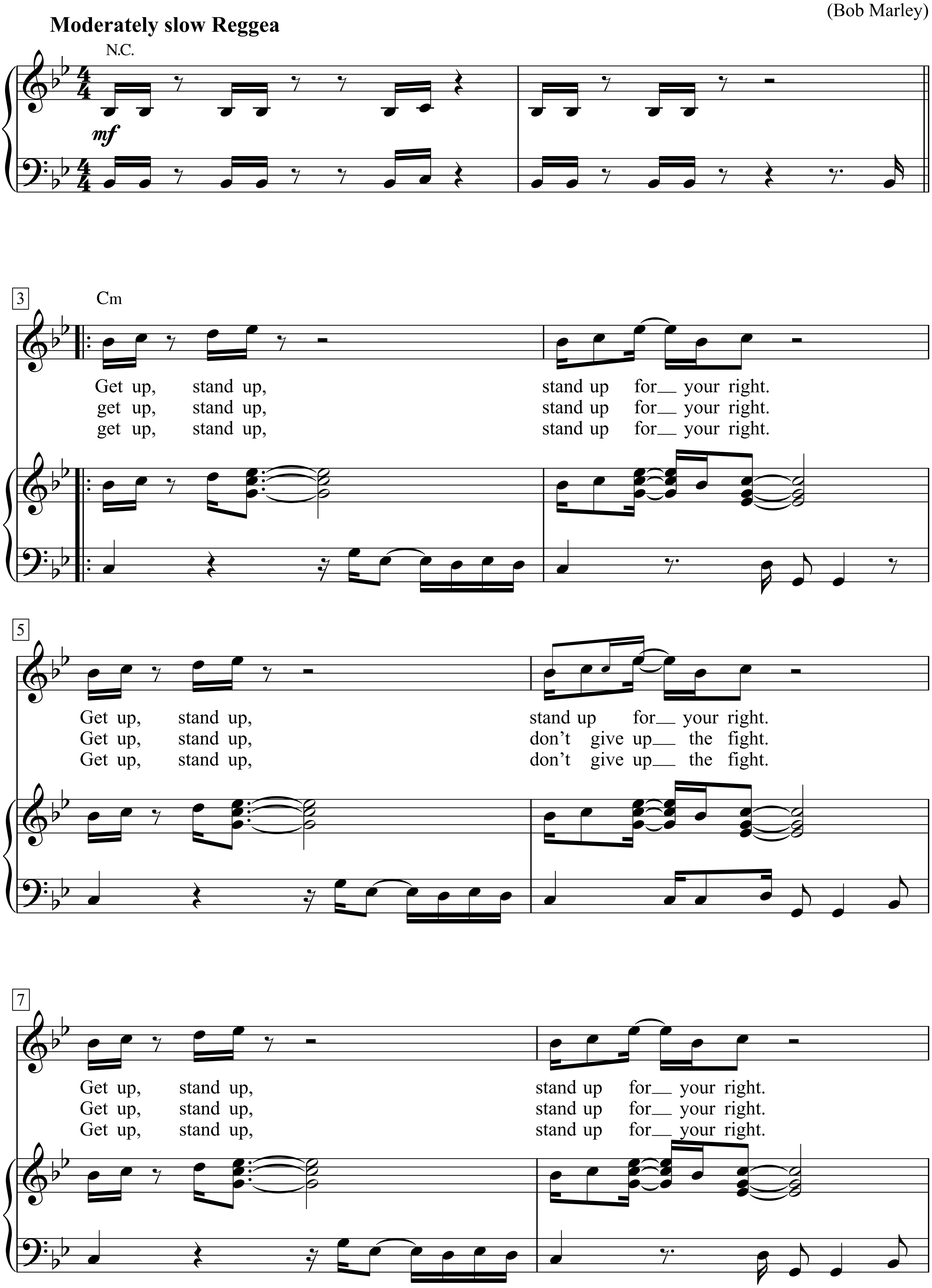

41
E♭7
Get up, get on up, get up, get on up
45
E♭7(sus4)
E♭7
get up, get on up.
mf
49
3
53
1.
2.
Get up,
f

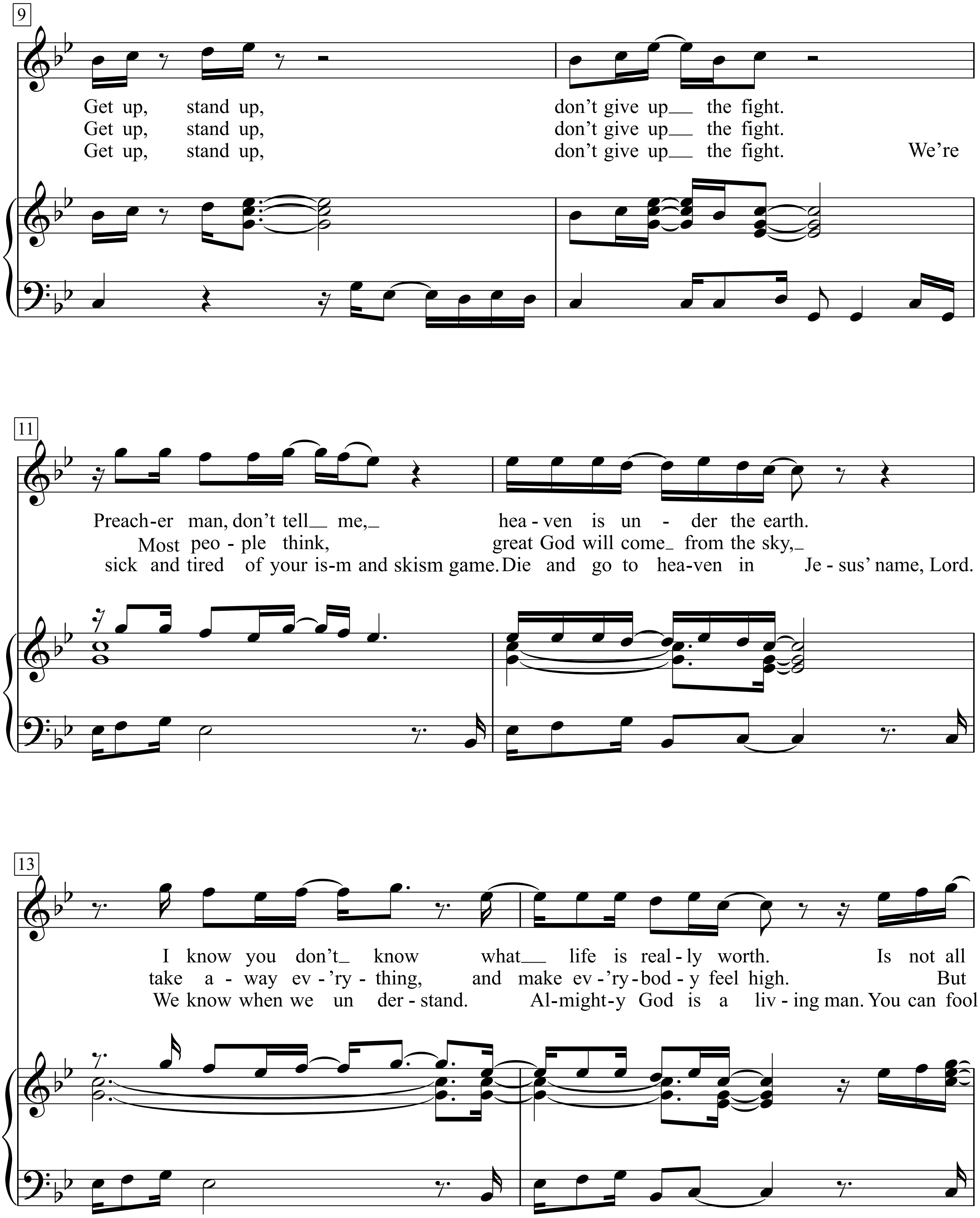
Get up, get on up, get up,
get on up stay on the scene,
get on up, like a sex machine.
Get on up, get up, get on up get up,
get on up, stay on the scene, get on up,
like a sex machine, get on up,
get up, get on up stay on the scene,
get on up, like a sex machine, get on up.
Wait a minute!
Shake your arm, then use your form.
Stay on the scene like a sex machine.
You got to have the feeling sure as you're born.
Get it together, right on, right on.
Get up, get on up, get up,
get on up get up, get on up.
Get up,

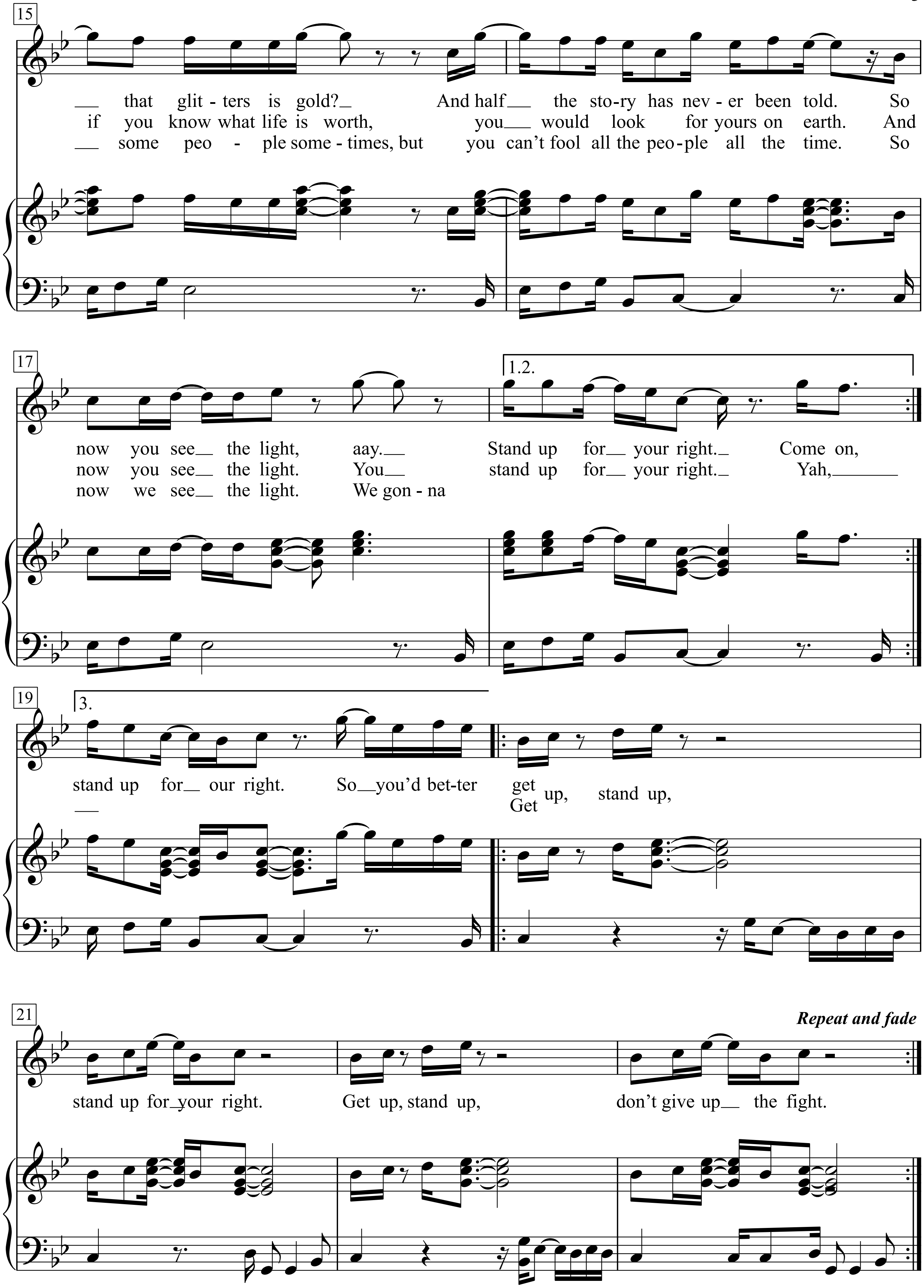
Get Up Stand up

Strum Pattern 2

Words & Music by Bob Marley
(Bob Marley)




9
Get up, stand up, don't give up the fight.
Get up, stand up, don't give up the fight.
Get up, stand up, don't give up the fight. We're
11
Preach-er man, don't tell me, hea-ven is un - der the earth.
Most peo - ple think, great God will come from the sky,
sick and tired of your is-m and skism game. Die and go to hea-ven in Je - sus' name, Lord.
13
I know you don't know what life is real - ly worth. Is not all
take a - way ev - 'ry - thing, and make ev - 'ry - bod - y feel high. But
We know when we un der - stand. Al-might-y God is a liv - ing man. You can fool


15
that glit - ters is gold? And half the sto-ry has nev - er been told. So
if you know what life is worth, you would look for yours on earth. And
some peo - ple some - times, but you can't fool all the peo-ple all the time. So
17
1.2.
now you see the light, aay. Stand up for your right. Come on,
now you see the light. You stand up for your right. Yah,
now we see the light. We gon - na
19
3.
stand up for our right. So you'd bet-ter get up, stand up,
Get
21
Repeat and fade
stand up for your right. Get up, stand up, don't give up the fight.

1.Get up, stand up, stand up for your right.
Get up, stand up, stand up for your right.
Get up, stand up, stand up for your right.
Get up, stand up, don’t give up the fight.
Preacher man, don’t tell me, heaven is under the earth.
I know you don’t know what life is really worth.
Is not all that glitters is gold?
And half the story has never been told.
So now you see the light, aay.
Stand up for your right.

2. Come on, get up, stand up, stand up for your right.
Get up, stand up, don’t give up the fight.
Get up, stand up, stand up for your right.
Get up, stand up, don’t give up the fight.
Most people think, great God will come from the sky,
take away ev’rything, and make ev’rybody feel high.
But if you know what life is worth,
you would look for yours on earth.
And now you see the light.
You stand up for your right.

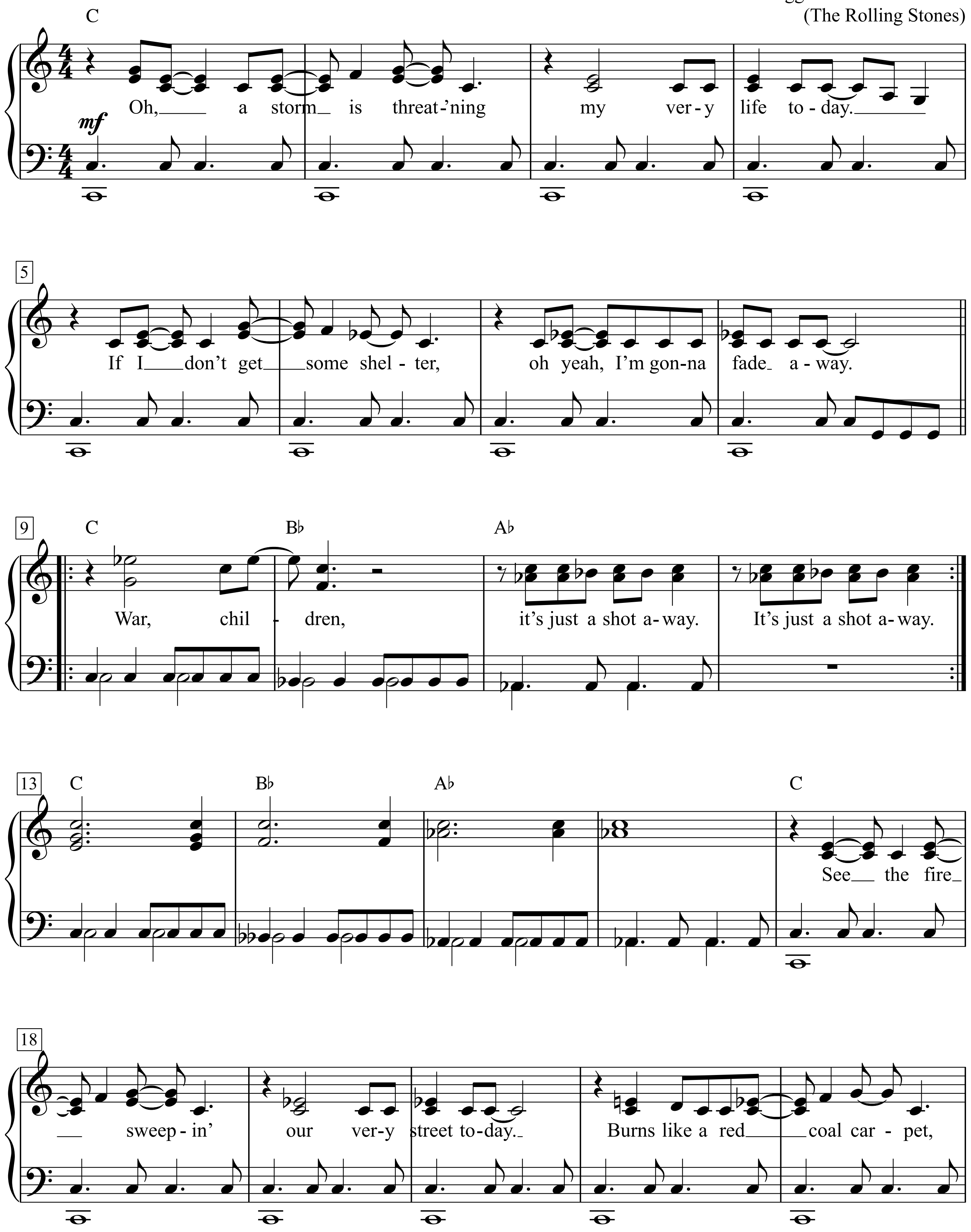
3. Yah, get up, stand up, stand up for your right.
Get up, stand up, don’t give up the fight.
Get up, stand up, stand up for your right.
Get up, stand up, don’t give up the
Wer’e sick and tired of your ism and skism game.
Die and go to heaven in Jesus’ name, Lord.
We know when we understand.
Almighty God is a living man.
You can fool some people sometimes,
but you can’t fool all the people all the time.
So now we see the light.
We gonna stand up for our right.
So you’d better get up, stand up, stand up for your right.
Get up, stand up, don’t give up the fight.

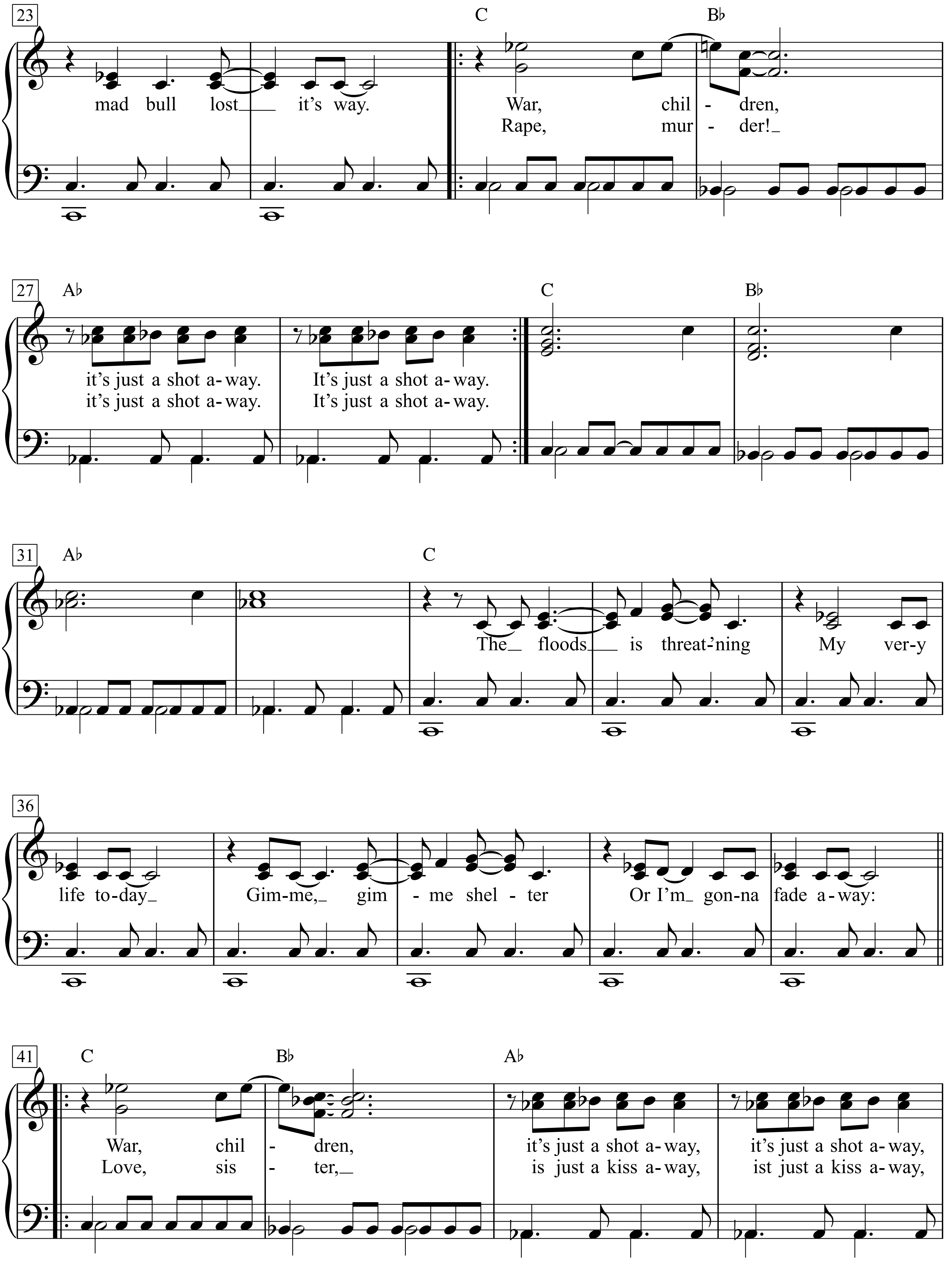
Get get up, stand up, stand up for your right.
Get up, stand up, don’t give up the fight.

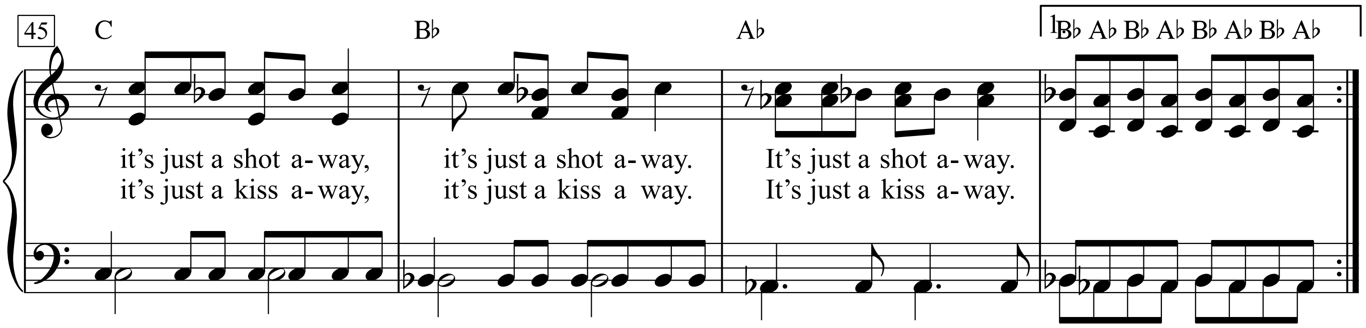
Gimme Shelter

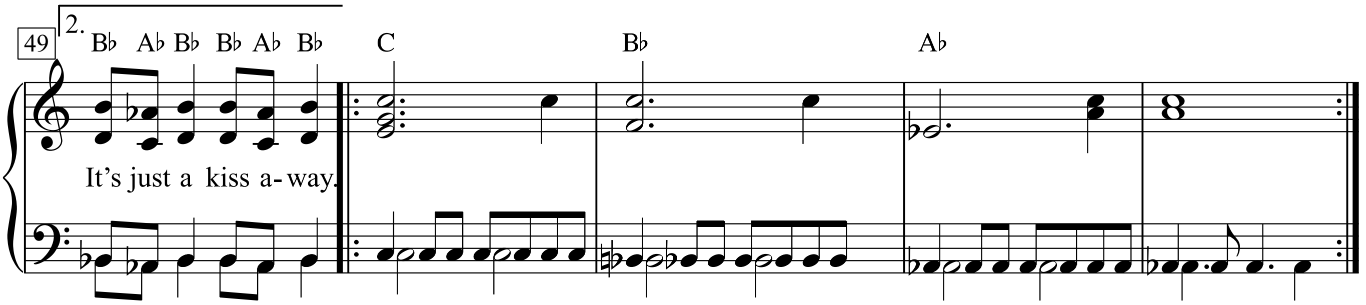
Moderate

Words & Music by
Mick Jagger and Keith Richard
(The Rolling Stones)



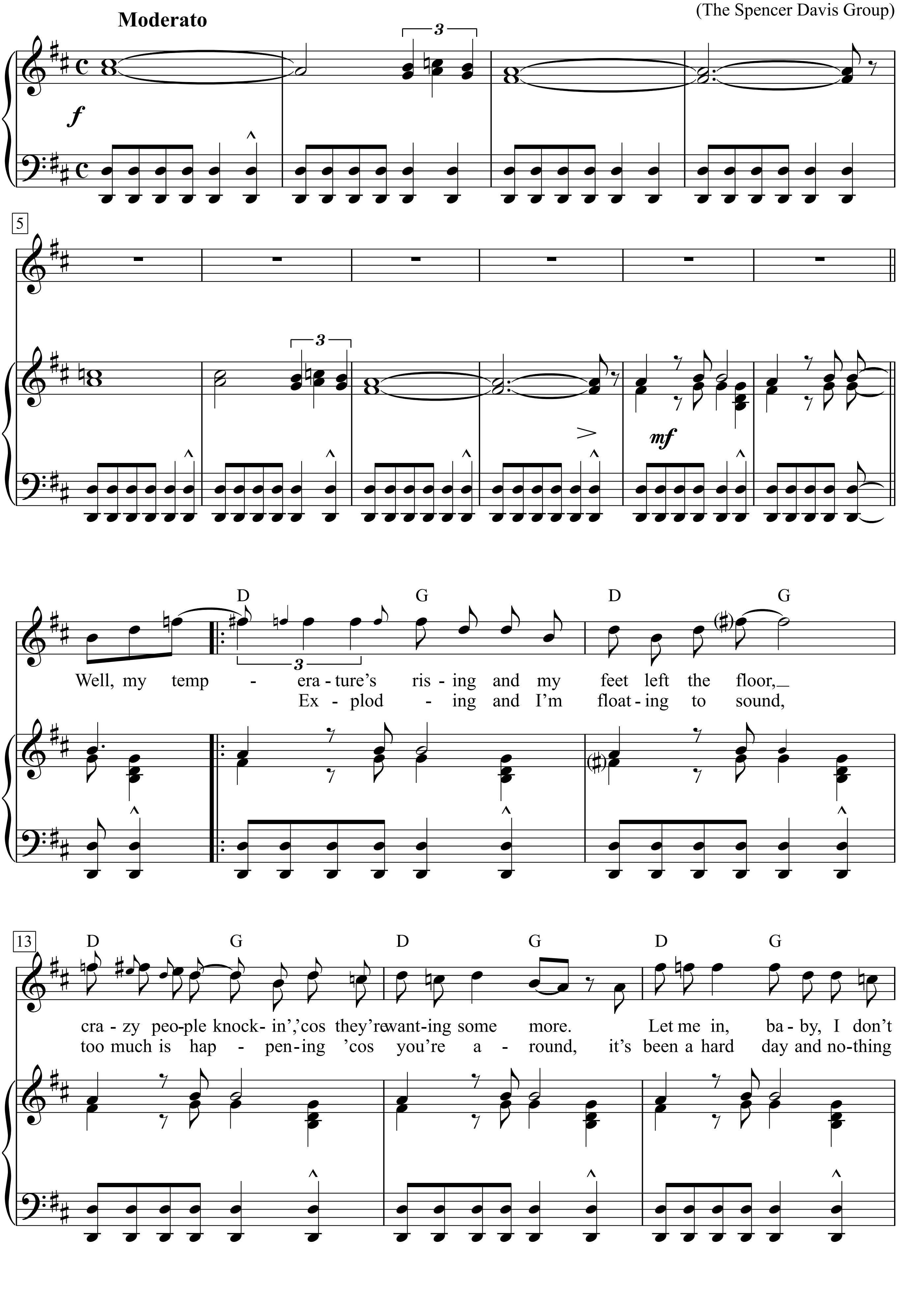

23
C
B♭
mad bull lost it's way.
War, chil - dren,
Rape, mur - der!
27
A♭
C
B♭
it's just a shot a-way. It's just a shot a-way.
it's just a shot a-way. It's just a shot a-way.
31
A♭
C
The floods is threat-ning My ver-y
36
life to-day Gim-me, gim - me shel - ter Or I'm gon-na fade a-way:
41
C
B♭
A♭
War, chil - dren, it's just a shot a-way, it's just a shot a-way,
Love, sis - ter, is just a kiss a-way, ist just a kiss a-way,

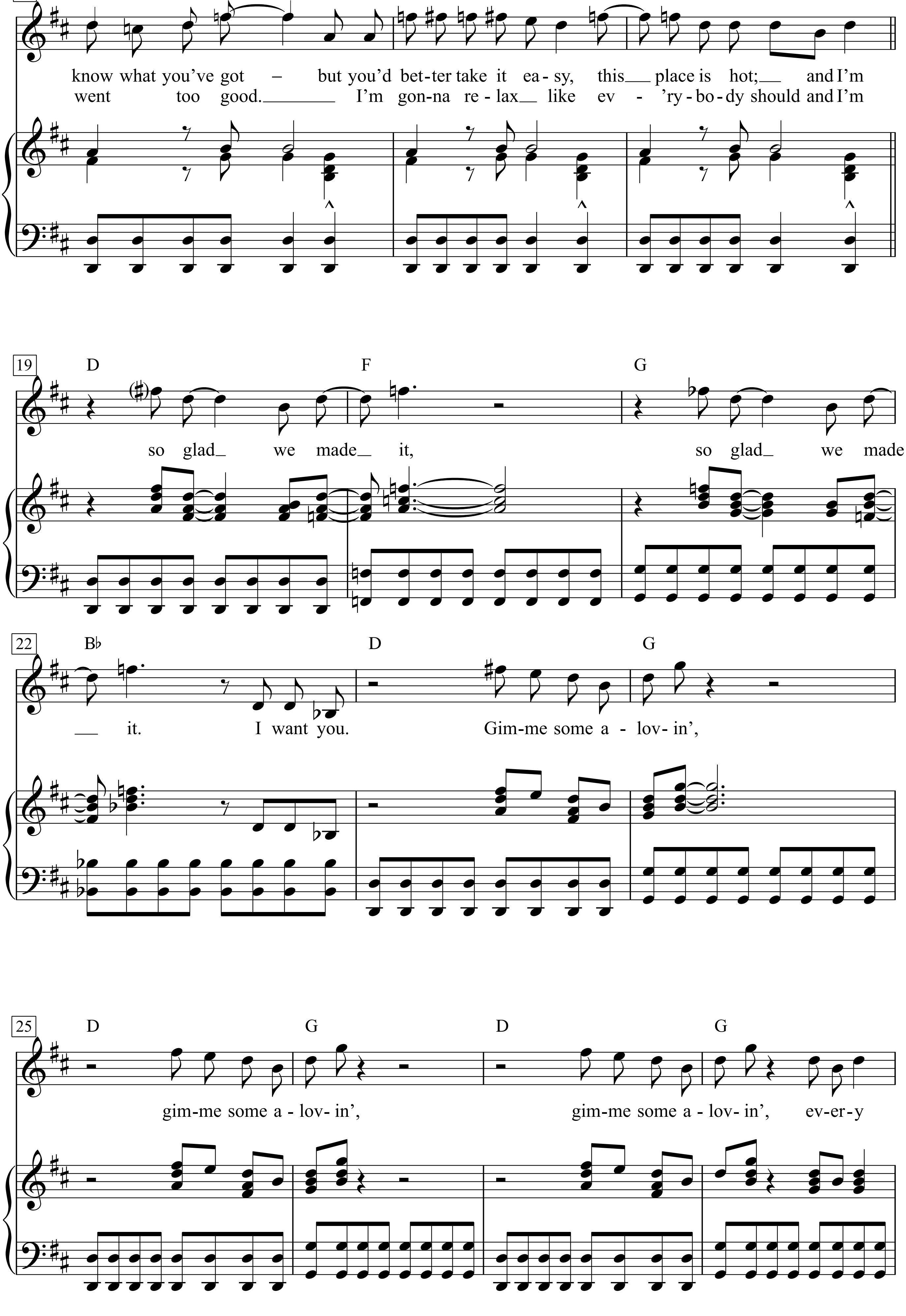

45
C
B♭
A♭
1.
B♭ A♭ B♭ A♭ B♭ A♭ B♭ A♭
it's just a shot a-way,
it's just a kiss a-way,
it's just a shot a-way.
it's just a kiss a way.
It's just a shot a-way.
It's just a kiss a-way.

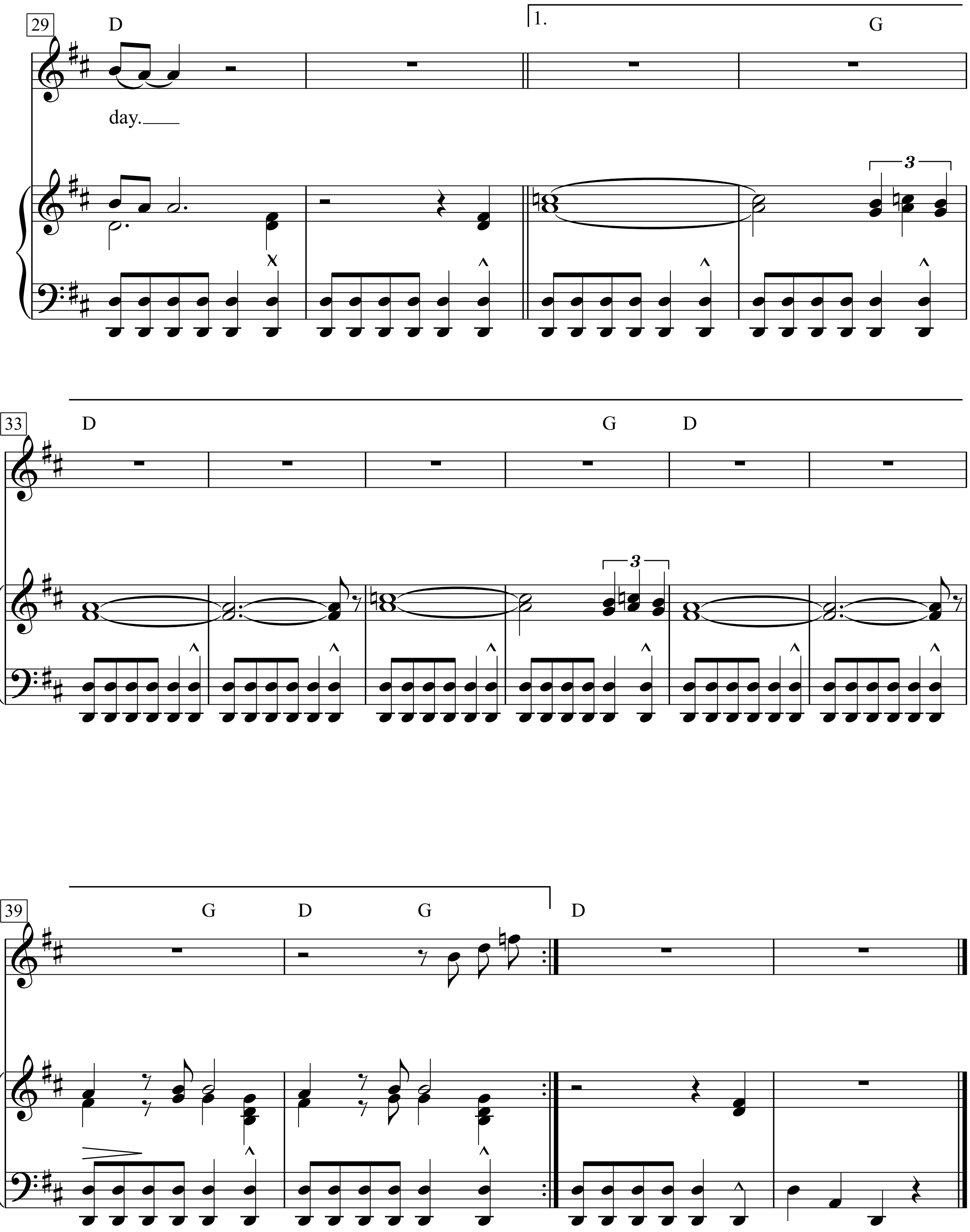

49
2.
B♭ A♭ B♭ B♭ A♭ B♭
C
B♭
A♭
It's just a kiss a-way.

Gimme Some Lovin'

Words & Music by
Steve Winwood, Muff Winwood and Spencer Davis
(The Spencer Davis Group)




16
D G D G D G
know what you've got – but you'd bet-ter take it ea-sy, this place is hot; and I'm
went too good. I'm gon-na re-lax like ev-'ry-bo-dy should and I'm
19
D F G
so glad we made it, so glad we made
22
B♭ D G
it. I want you. Gim-me some a-lov-in',
25
D G D G
gim-me some a-lov-in', gim-me some a-lov-in', ev-er-y


29
D
1.
G
day.
3
33
D
G
D
3
39
G
D
G
D

Well, my temperature's rising and my feet
left the floor, crazy people knockin',
'cos they're wanting some more.
Let me in, baby,
I don't know what you've got – but you'd better
take it easy, this place is hot; and I'm so glad we made it,
so glad we made it.
I want you.
Gimme some a-lovin', gimme some a-lovin',
gimme some a-lovin', every day.

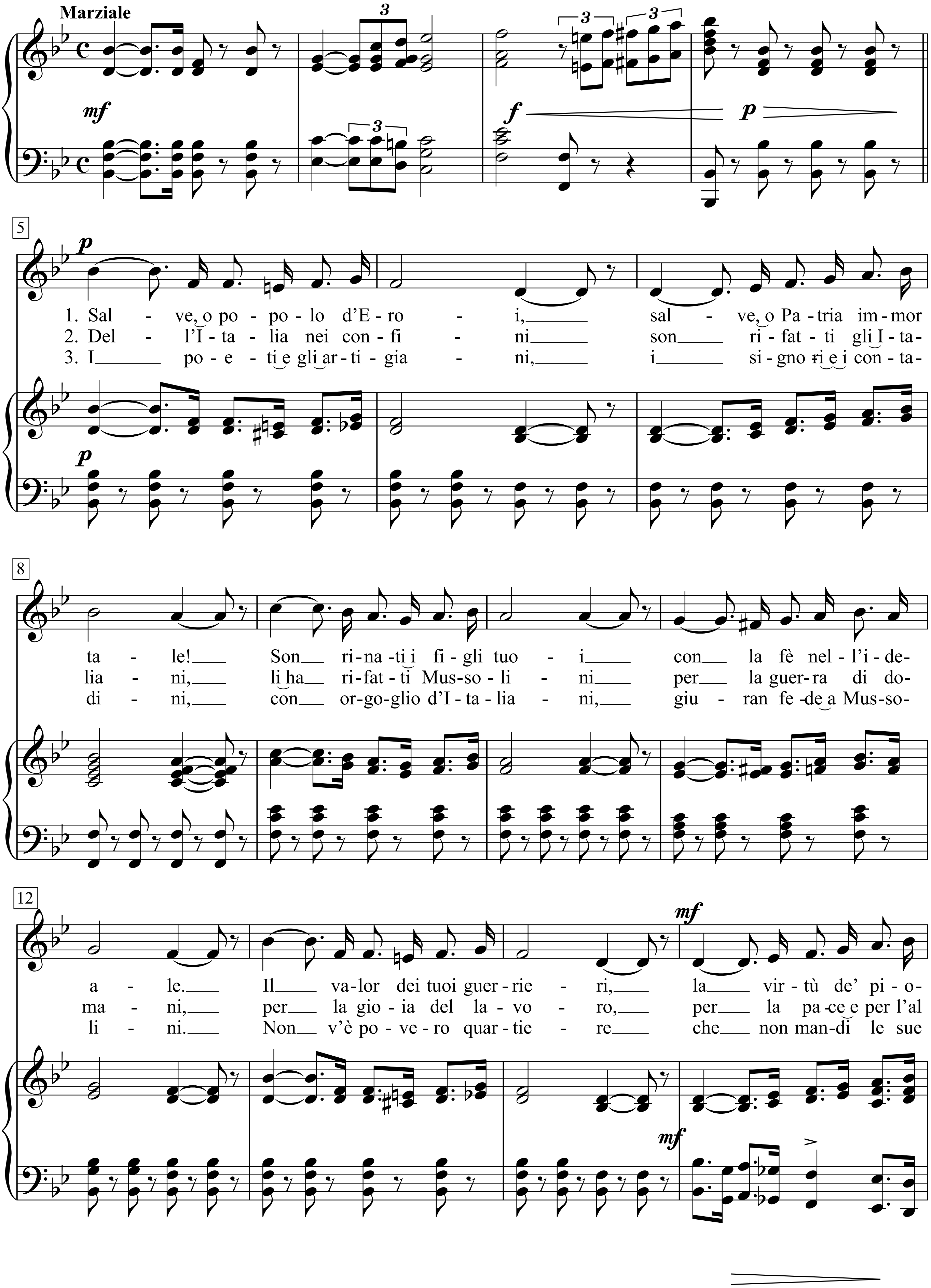
Exploding and I'm floating to sound,
too much is happening 'cos you're around,
it's been a hard day and nothing went too good.
I'm gonna relax like ev'rybody should and I'm

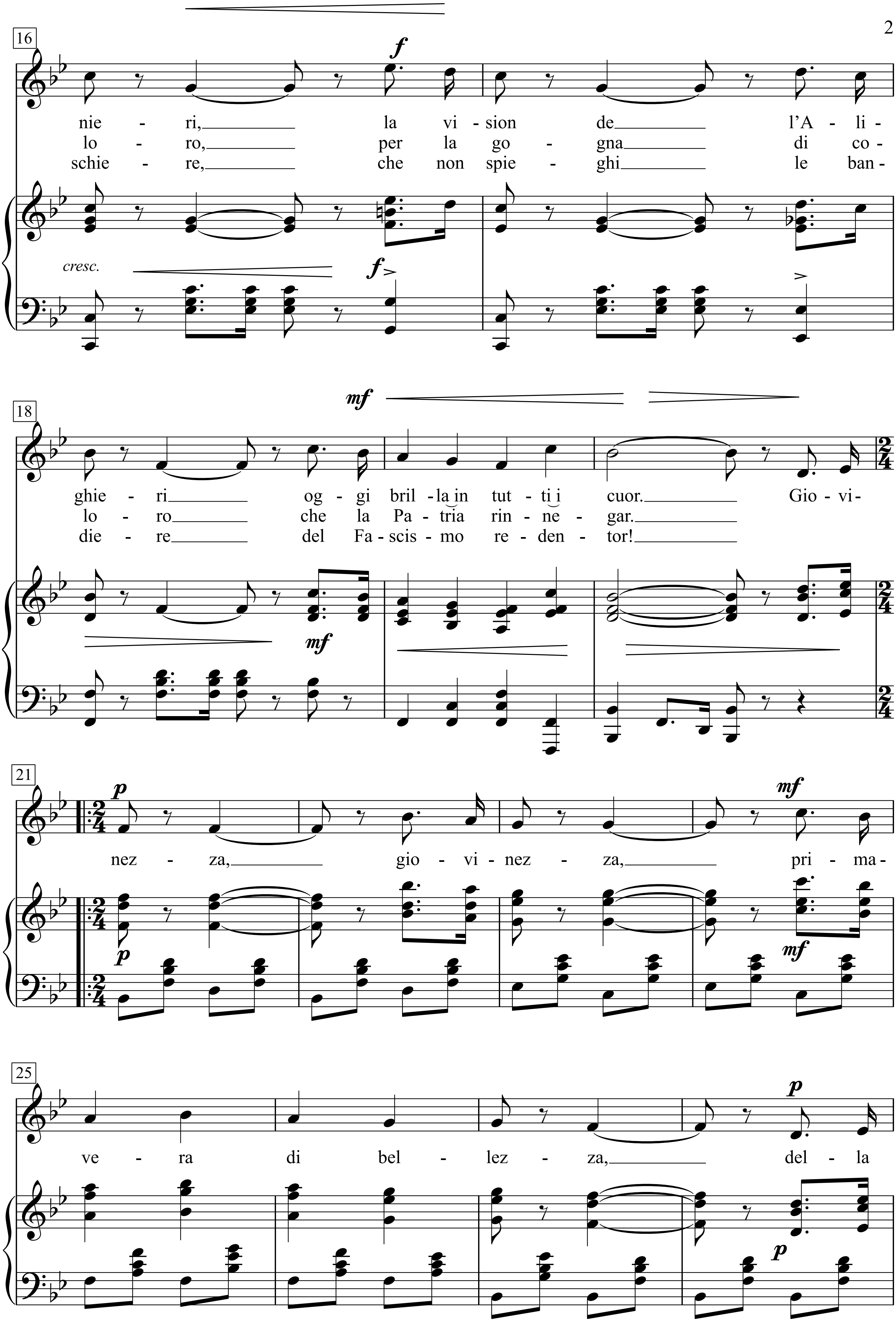
Giovinezza

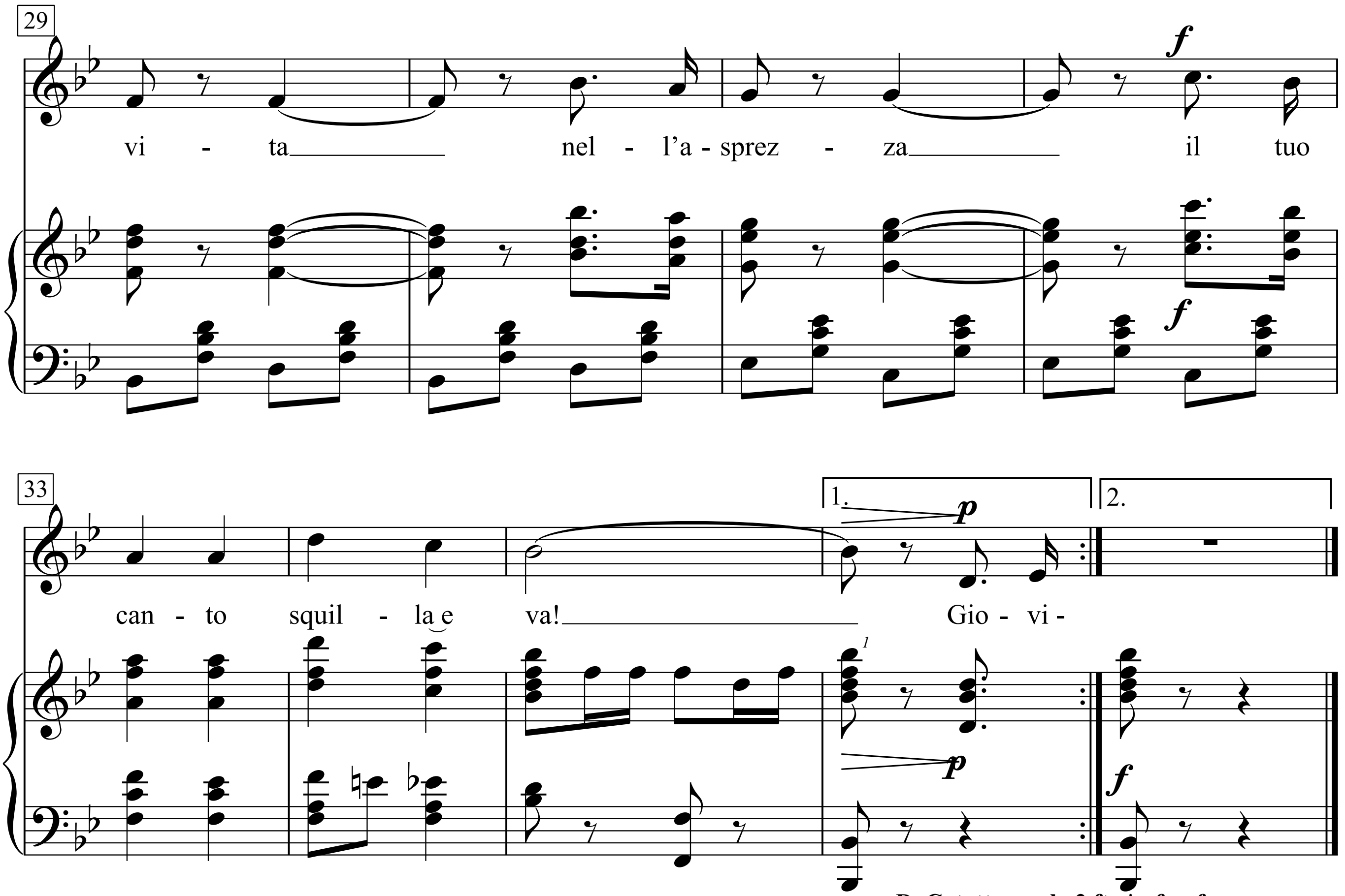
Inno trionfale del Partito Nazionale Fascista

Versi di Salvatore Gotta

Musica di Giuseppe Blanc




16
f
nie - ri, la vi - sion de l'A - li -
lo - ro, per la go - gna di co -
schie - re, che non spie - ghi le ban -
cresc.
f
18
mf
ghie - ri og - gi bril - la in tut - ti i cuor. Gio - vi -
lo - ro che la Pa - tria rin - ne - gar.
die - re del Fa - scis - mo re - den - tor!
mf
21
p
nez - za, gio - vi - nez - za, pri - ma -
mf
p
mf
25
p
ve - ra di bel - lez - za, del - la
p



D. C. tatto per la 2 ft s* afcrofa.

Salve o popolo d'Eroi,
salve o Patria immortale!
Son rinati i figli tuoi
con la fè nell'ideale.

Il valor dei tuoi guerrieri,
la virtù de' pionieri,
la vision de l'Alighieri
oggi brilla in tutti i cuor.

|: Giovinezza, giovinezza,
primavera di bellezza,
della vita nell'asprezza
il tuo canto squilla e va! :|

Dell'Italia nei confini
son rifatti gli Italiani,
li ha rifatti Mussolini
per la guerra di domani,

per la gioia del lavoro,
per la pace e per l'alloro,
per la gogna di coloro
che la Patria rinnegar.

|: Giovinezza, giovinezza,
primavera di bellezza,
della vita nell'asprezza
il tuo canto squilla e va! :|

I poeti e gli artigiani,
i signori e i contadini,
con orgoglio d'Italiani,
giuran fede a Mussolini.

Non v'è povero quartiere
che non mandi le sue schiere,
che non spieghi le bandiere
del Fascismo redentor!

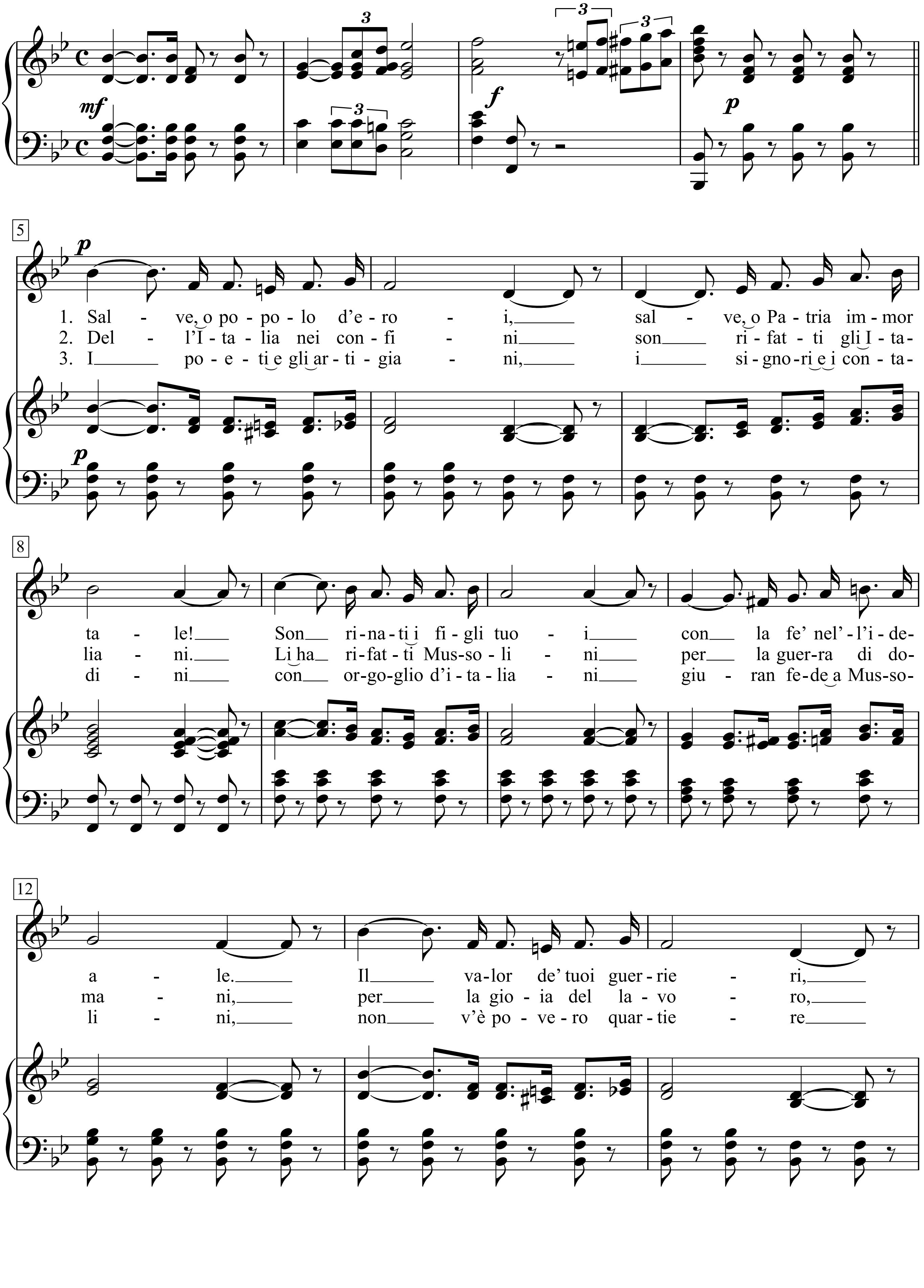
|: Giovinezza, giovinezza,
primavera di bellezza,
della vita nell'asprezza
il tuo canto squilla e va! :|

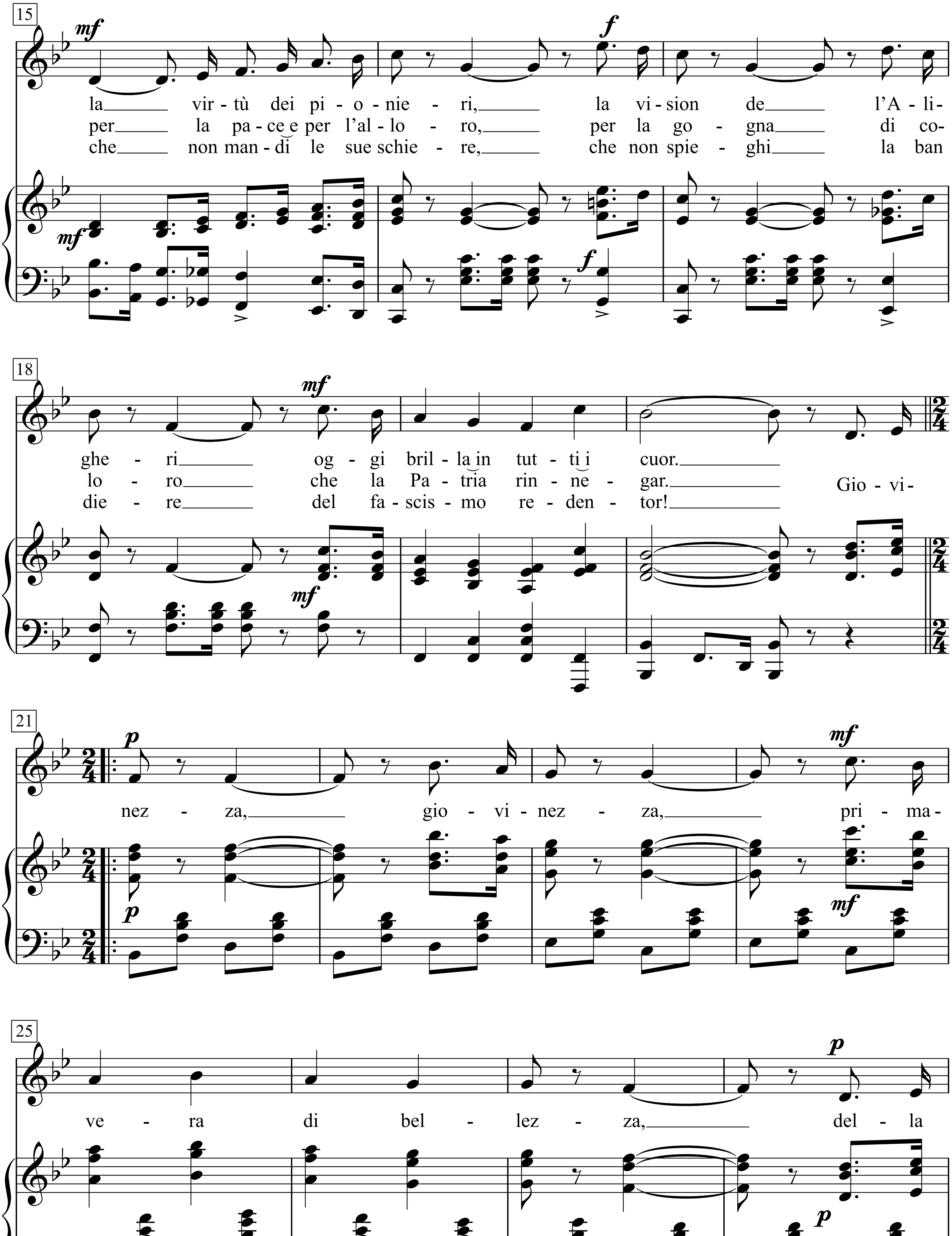
Giovinezza

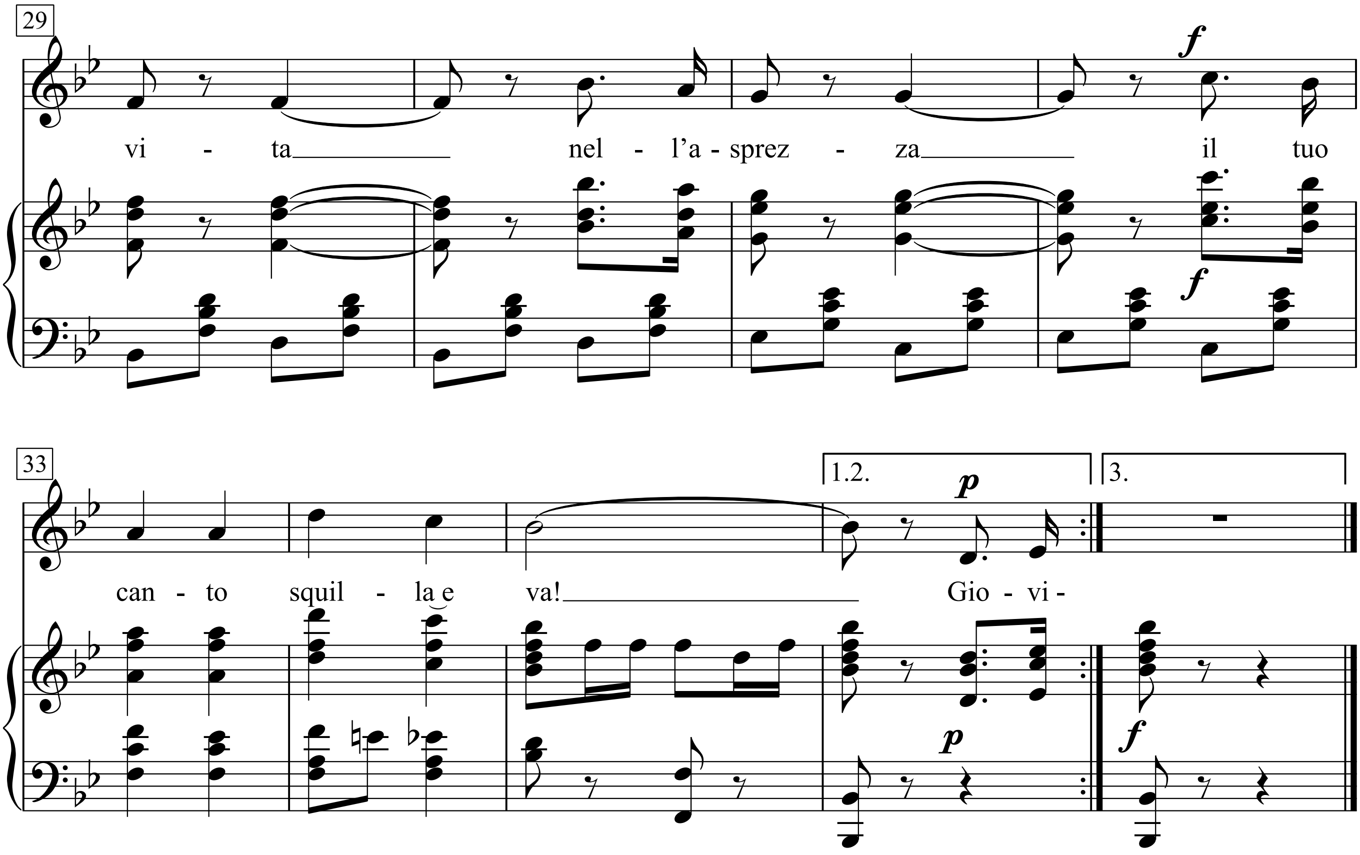
Inno trionfale del Partito Nazionale Fascista

Salvatore Gotta

Giuseppe Blanc




15
mf
la virtù dei pi - o - nie - ri,
la vi - sion de l'A - li-
per la pa - ce e per l'al - lo - ro,
per la go - gna di co-
che non man - di le sue schie - re,
che non spie - ghi la ban
f
mf
18
ghe - ri og - gi bril - la in tut - ti i cuor.
lo - ro che la Pa - tria rin - ne - gar.
Gio - vi-
die - re del fa - scis - mo re - den - tor!
21
p
nez - za, gio - vi - nez - za, pri - ma-
25
ve - ra di bel - lez - za, del - la



1. Salve, o popolo d'eroi,
salve, o Patria immortale!
Son rinati i figli tuoi
con la fe' nell'ideale.
Il valor de' tuoi guerrieri,
la virtù dei pionieri,
la vision de l'Aligheri
oggi brilla in tutti i cuor.

Giovinezza, giovinezza,
primavera di bellezza,
della vita nell'asprezza
il tuo canto squilla e va!

2. Dell'Italia nei confini
son rifatti gli Italiani.
Li ha rifatti Mussolini
per la guerra di domani,
per la gioia del lavoro,
per la pace e per l'alloro,
per la gogna di coloro
che la Patria rinnegar.

Giovinezza, giovinezza,
primavera di bellezza,
della vita nell'asprezza
il tuo canto squilla e va!

3. I poeti e gli artigiani.
i signori e i contadini
con orgoglio d'italiani
giuran fede a Mussolini,
non v'è povero quartiere
che non mandi le sue schiere,
che non spieghi la bandiere
del fascismo redentor!

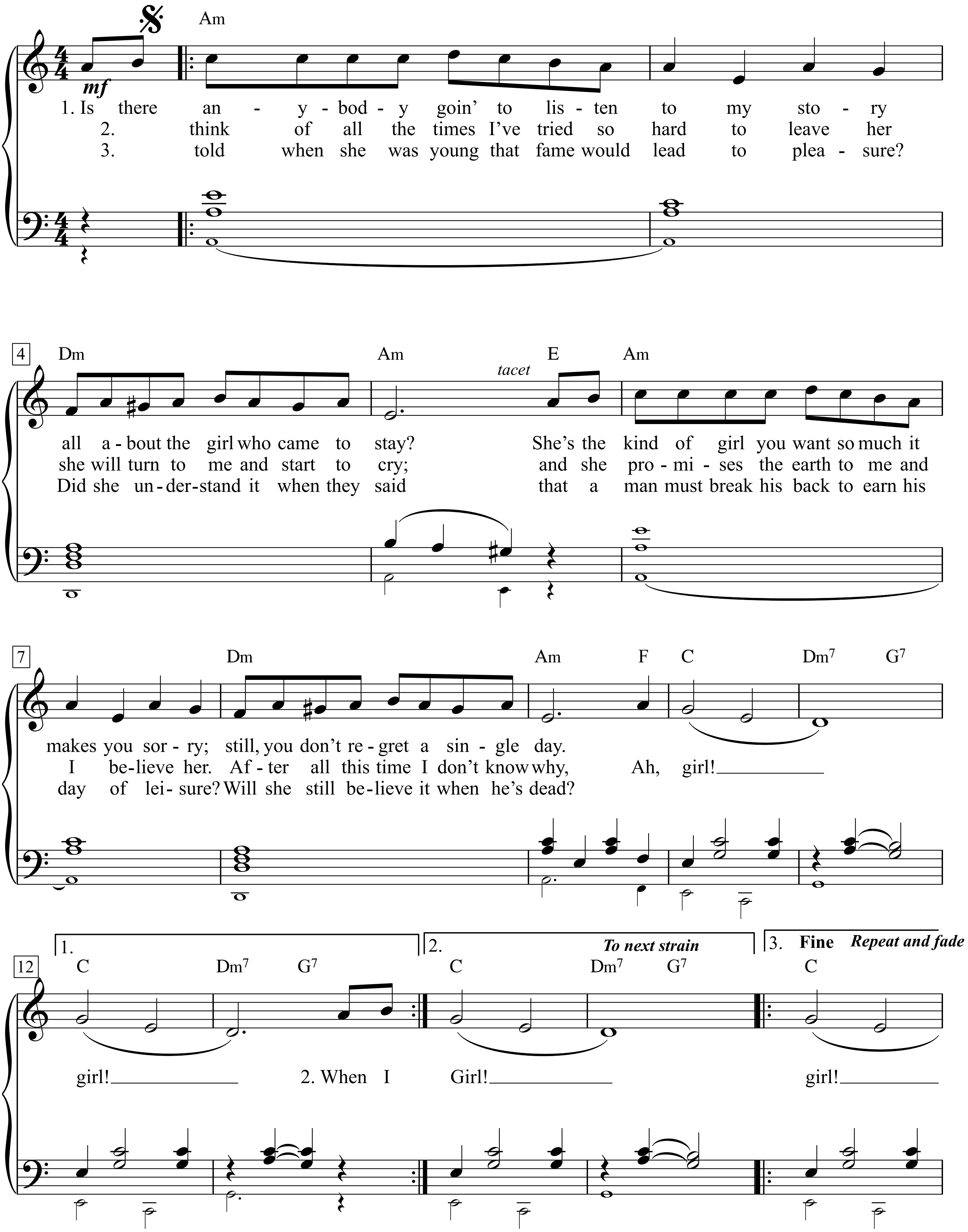
Giovinezza, giovinezza,
primavera di bellezza,
della vita nell'asprezza
il tuo canto squilla e va!

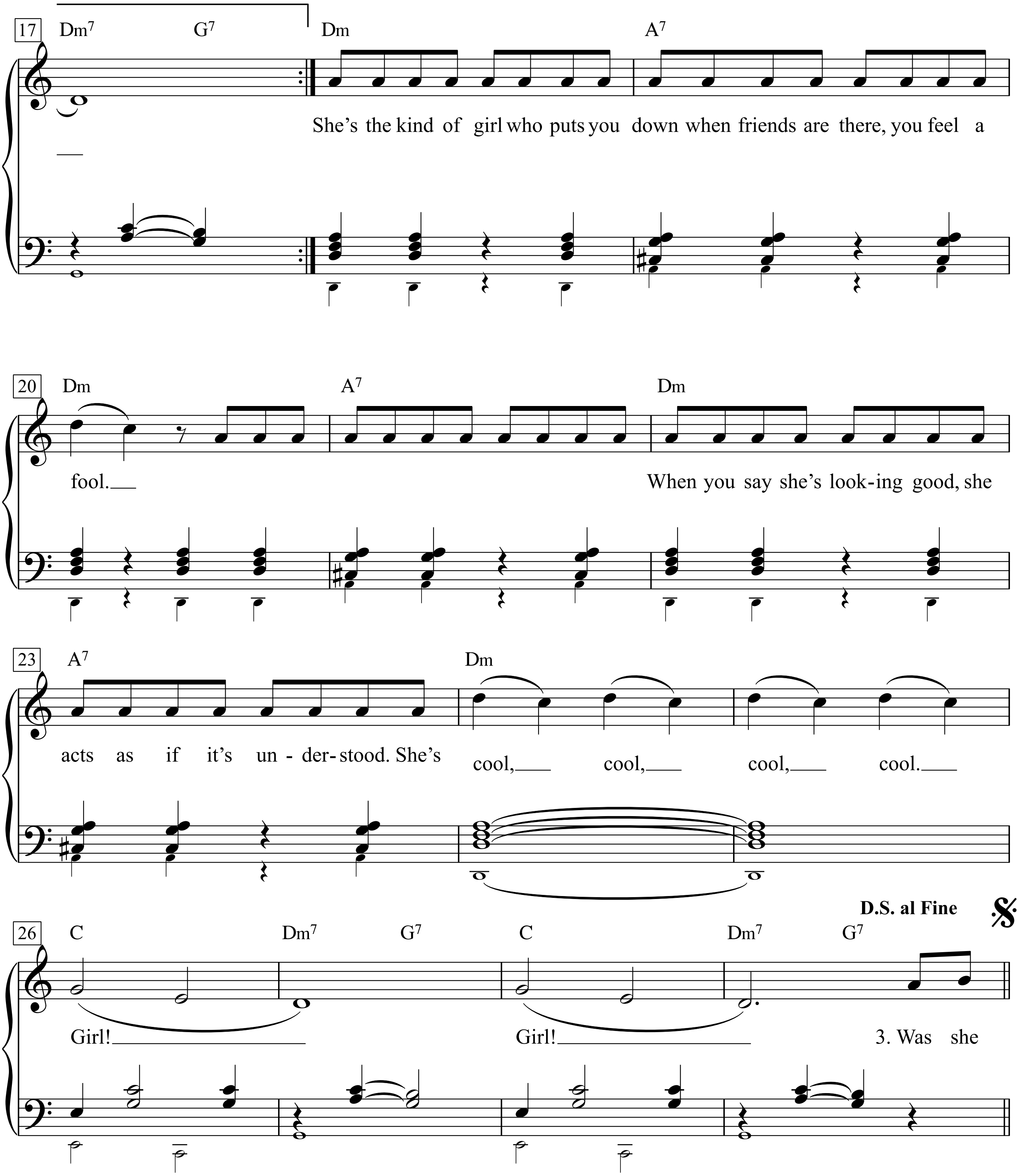
Girl

(For Organ: Registration No. 4)

Moderately slow

Words & Music:
John Lennon & Paul McCartney




17
Dm7 G7 Dm A7
She's the kind of girl who puts you down when friends are there, you feel a
20
Dm A7 Dm
fool.
When you say she's look-ing good, she
23
A7 Dm
acts as if it's un - der - stood. She's
cool, cool, cool, cool.
D.S. al Fine
26
C Dm7 G7 C Dm7 G7
Girl!
Girl!
3. Was she

Is there anybody going to listen to my story,
All about the girl who came to stay?
She's the kind of girl you want so much it makes you sorry,
still, you don't regret a single day.

Ah girl, girl, girl

When I think of all the times I tried so hard to leave her,
She will turn to me and start to cry.
And she promises the earth to me and I believe her,
after all this time I don't know why.

Ah girl, girl, girl

She's the kind of girl who puts you down
when friends are there, You feel a fool.
When you say she's looking good,
she acts as if it's understood. She's cool, ooh, ooh, ooh.

Ah girl, girl, girl

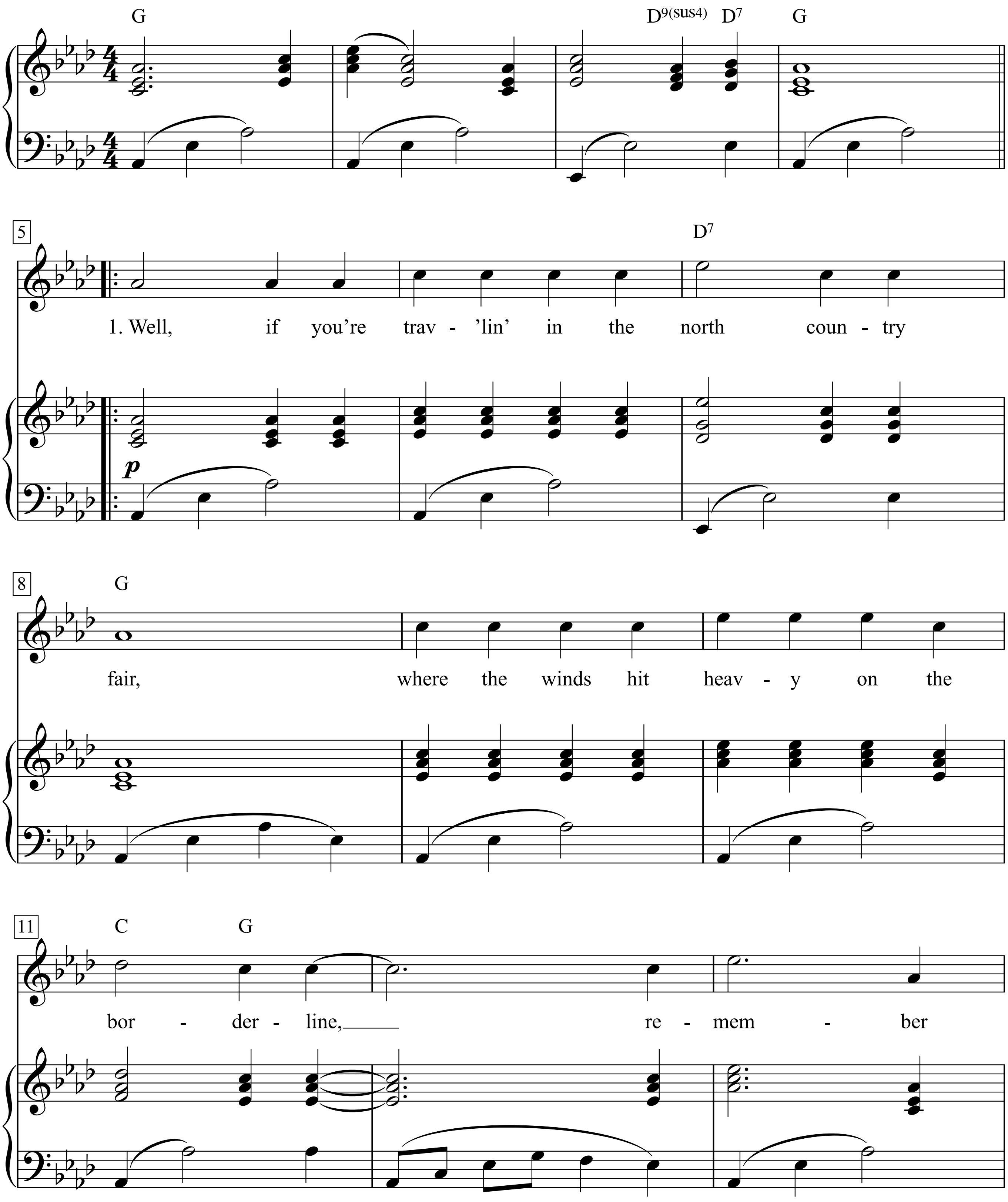
Was told when she was young that pain would lead to pleasure?
Did she understand it when they said
that a man must break his back to earn his day of leisure?
Will she still believe it when he's dead?

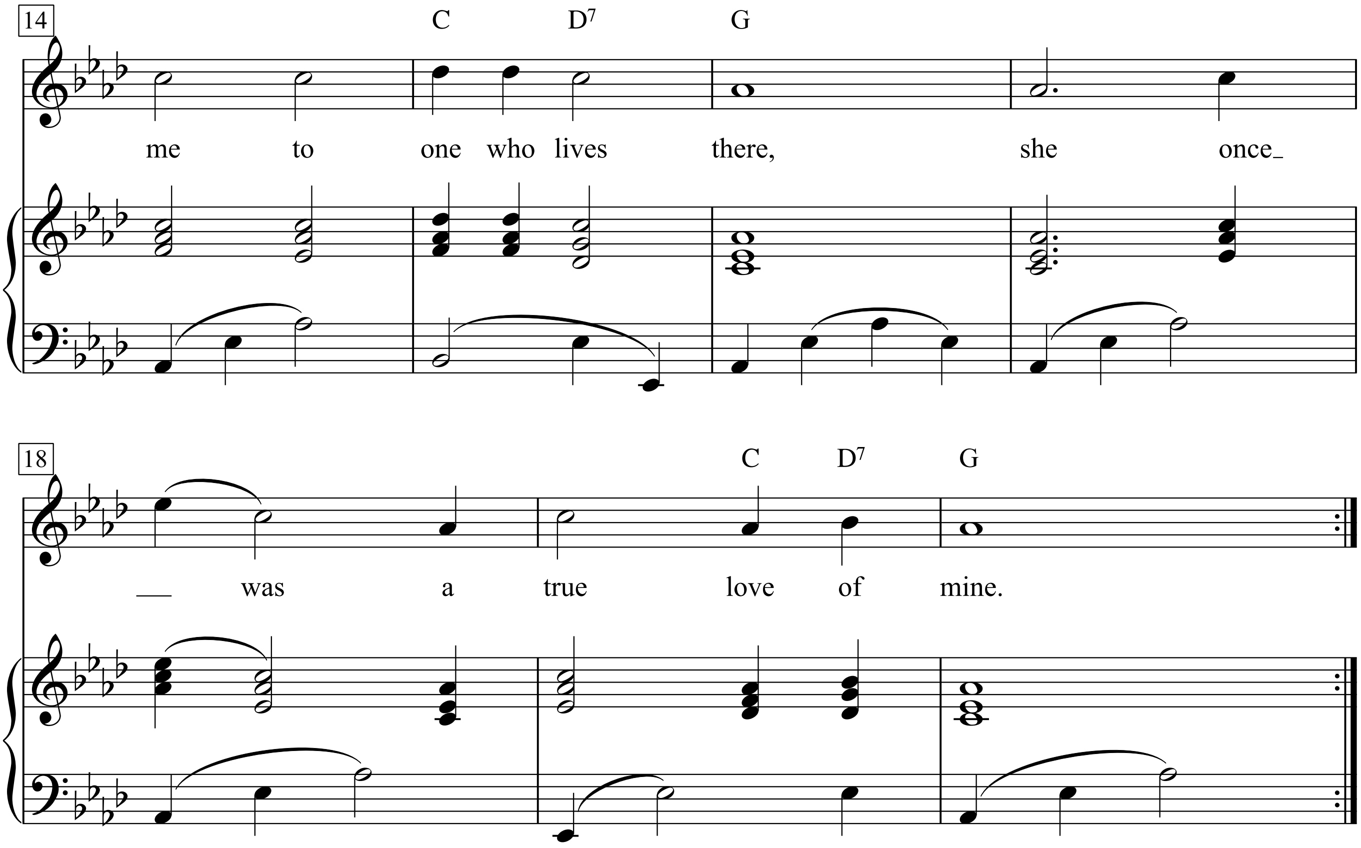
Ah girl, girl, girl

Girl of the North Country

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)

Moderately, gently





1. Well, if you’re trav’lin’ in the north country fair
Where the winds hit heavy on the borderline
Remember me to one who lives there
She once was a true love of mine

2. Well if you go in the snowflake storm
When the rivers freeze and summer ends
Please see she has a coat so warm
To keep her from the howlin’ winds

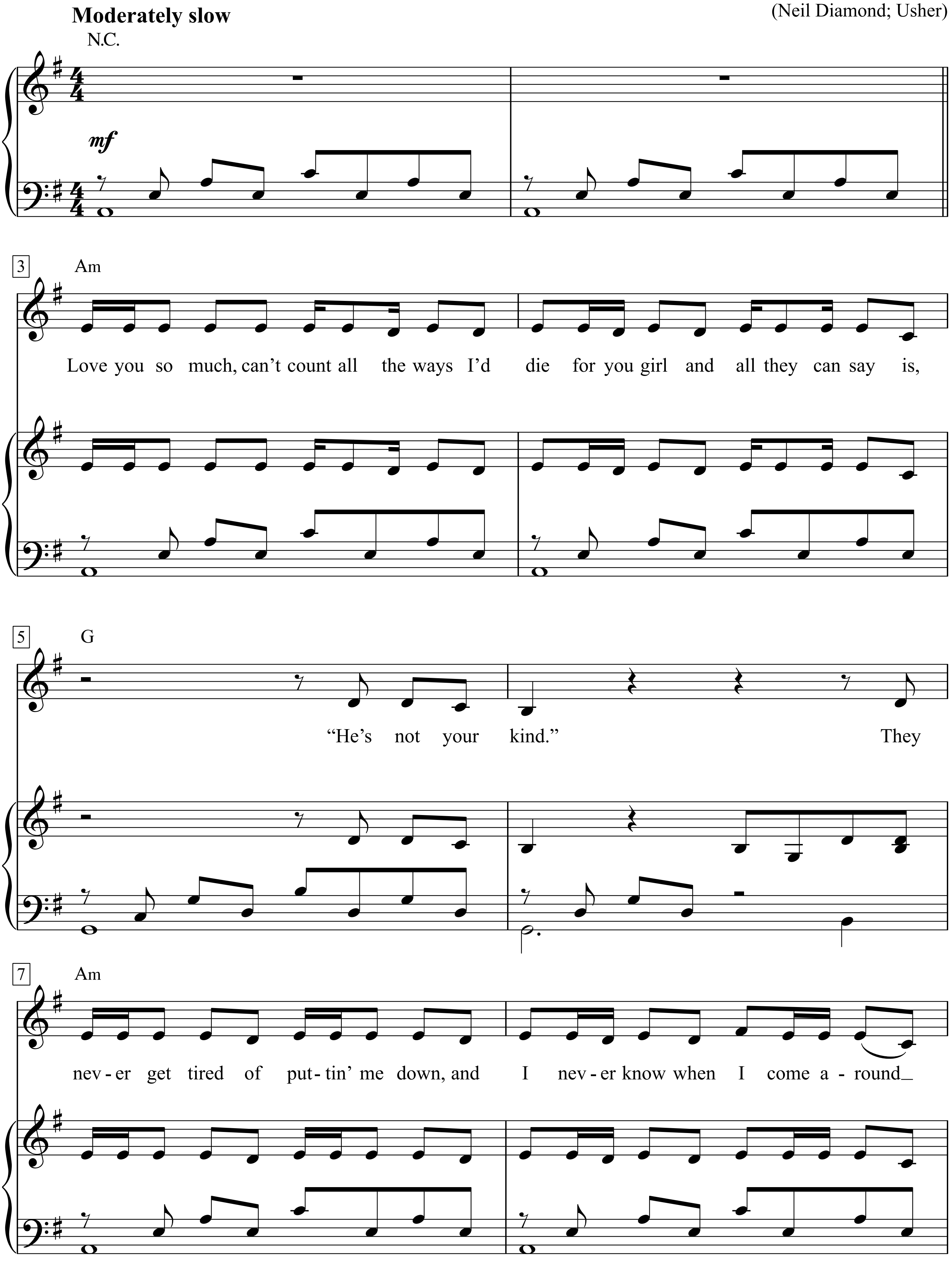
3. Please see for me if her hair hangs long
If it rolls and flows all down her breast
Please see for me if her hair hangs long
That’s the way 1 remember her best

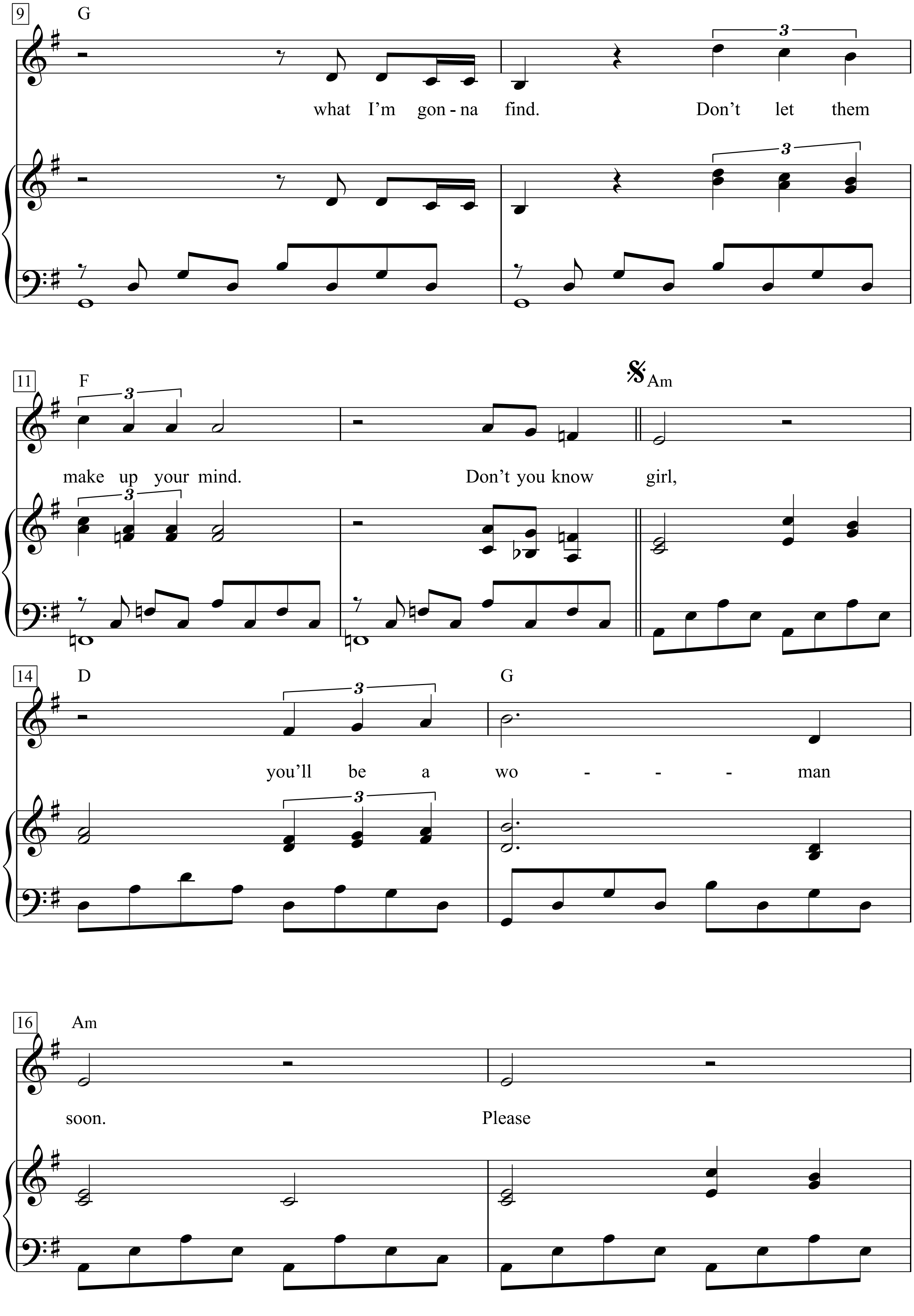
4. I’m a-wonderin’ if she remembers me at all
Many times I’ve often prayed
In the darkness of my night
In the brightness of my day

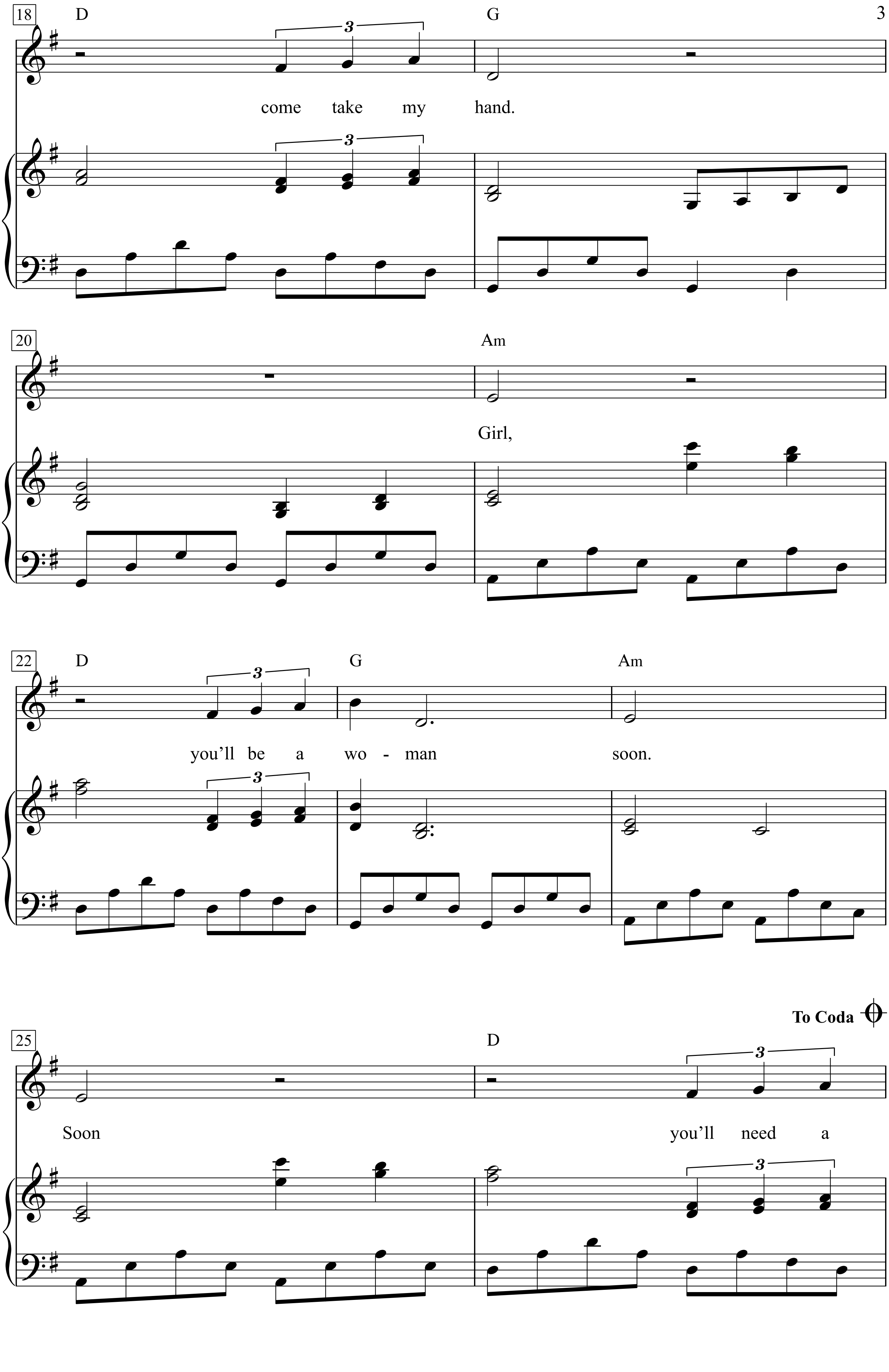
5. So if you’re trav’lin’ in the north country fair
Where the winds hit heavy on the borderline
Remember me to one who lives there
She once was a true love of mine

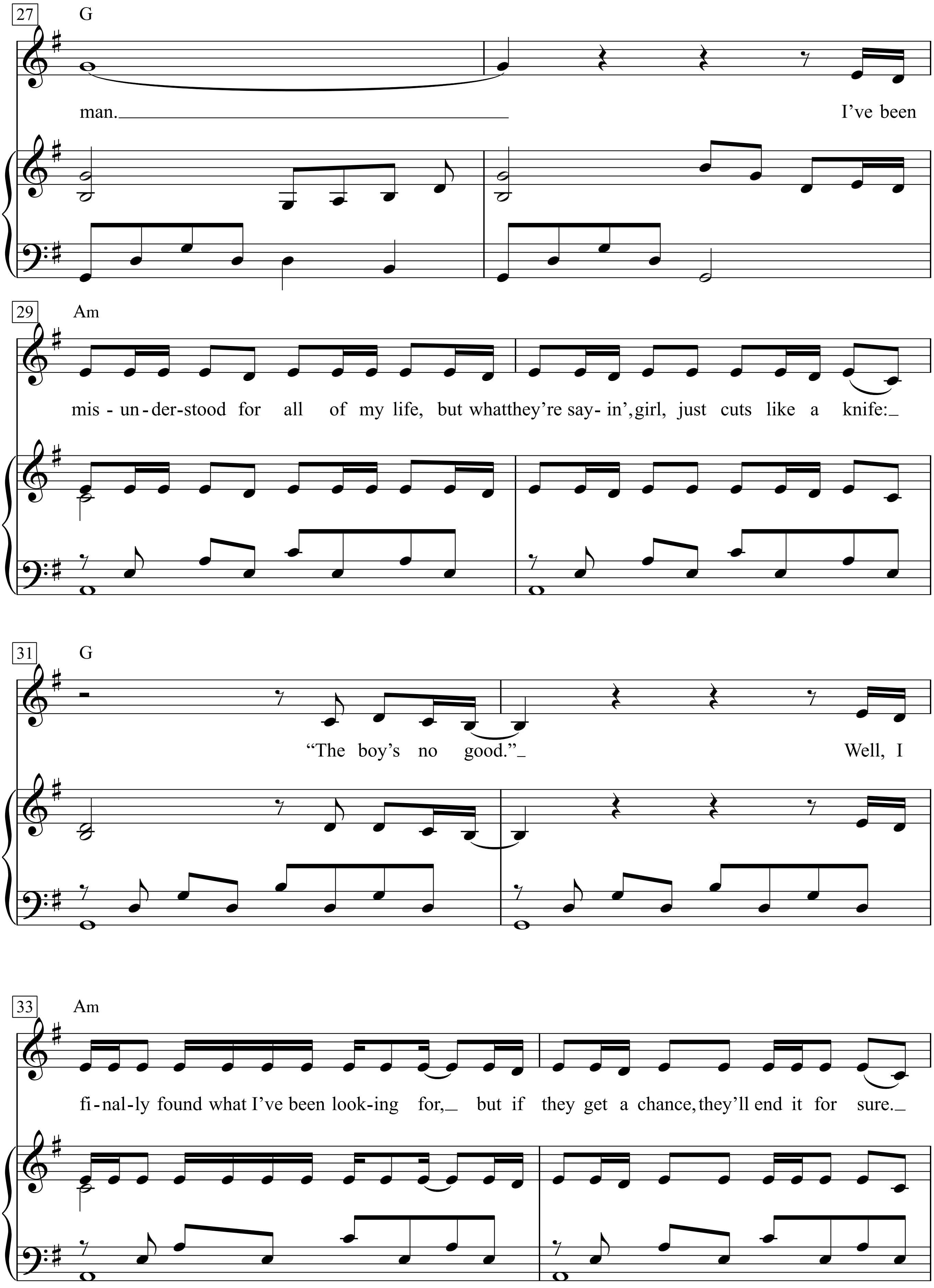
Girl, You'll Be A Woman Soon

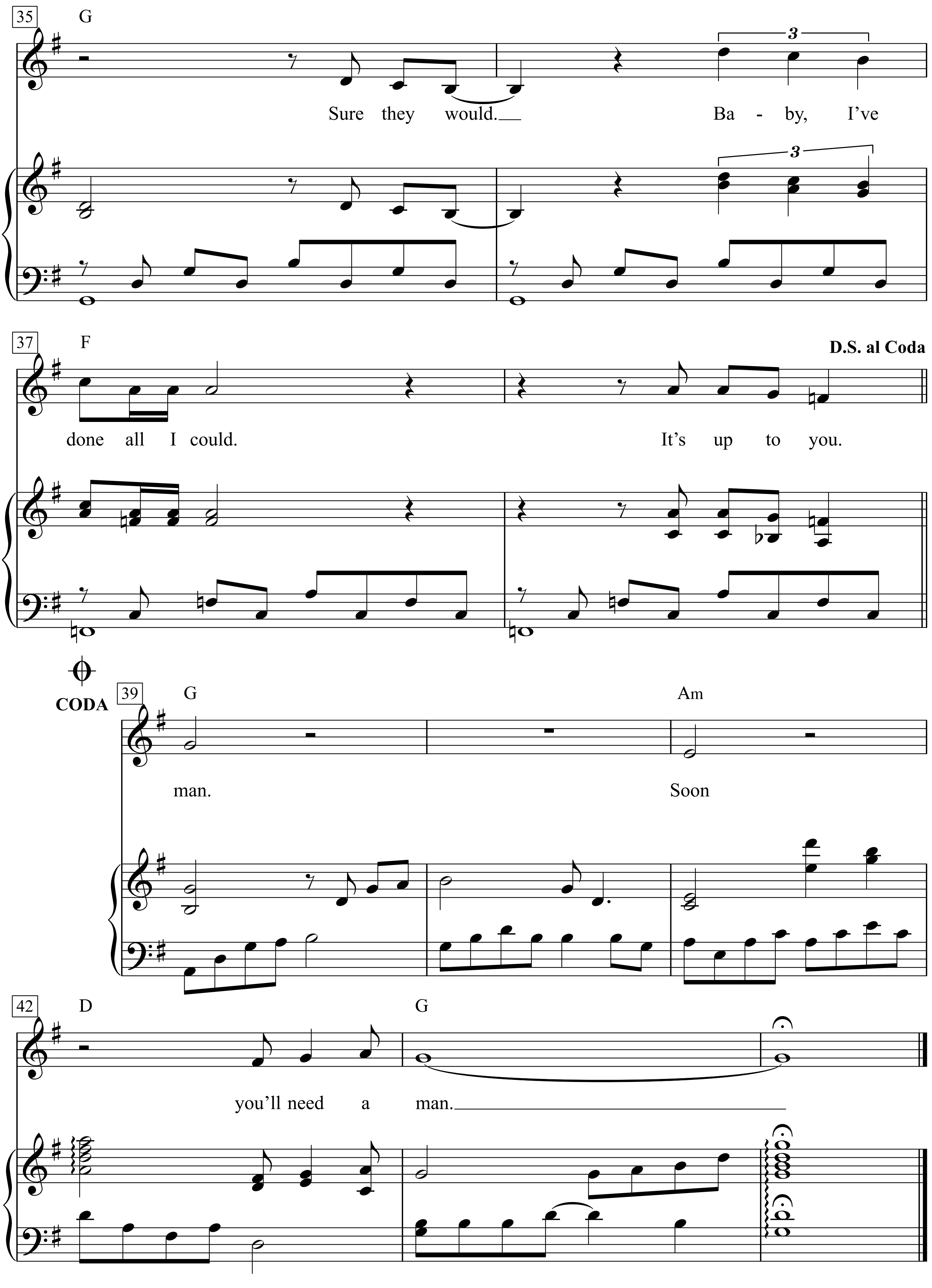
Words & Music by Neil Diamond
(Neil Diamond; Usher)




9
G
what I'm gon - na find. Don't let them
11
F
make up your mind. Don't you know
Am
girl,
14
D
you'll be a
G
wo - - - man
16
Am
soon. Please


18
D
G
come take my hand.
20
Am
Girl,
22
D
G
Am
you'll be a wo - man soon.
To Coda
25
D
Soon you'll need a


27
G
man.
I've been
29
Am
mis - un - der - stood for all of my life, but what they're say - in', girl, just cuts like a knife:
31
G
"The boy's no good."
Well, I
33
Am
fi - nal - ly found what I've been look - ing for, but if they get a chance, they'll end it for sure.

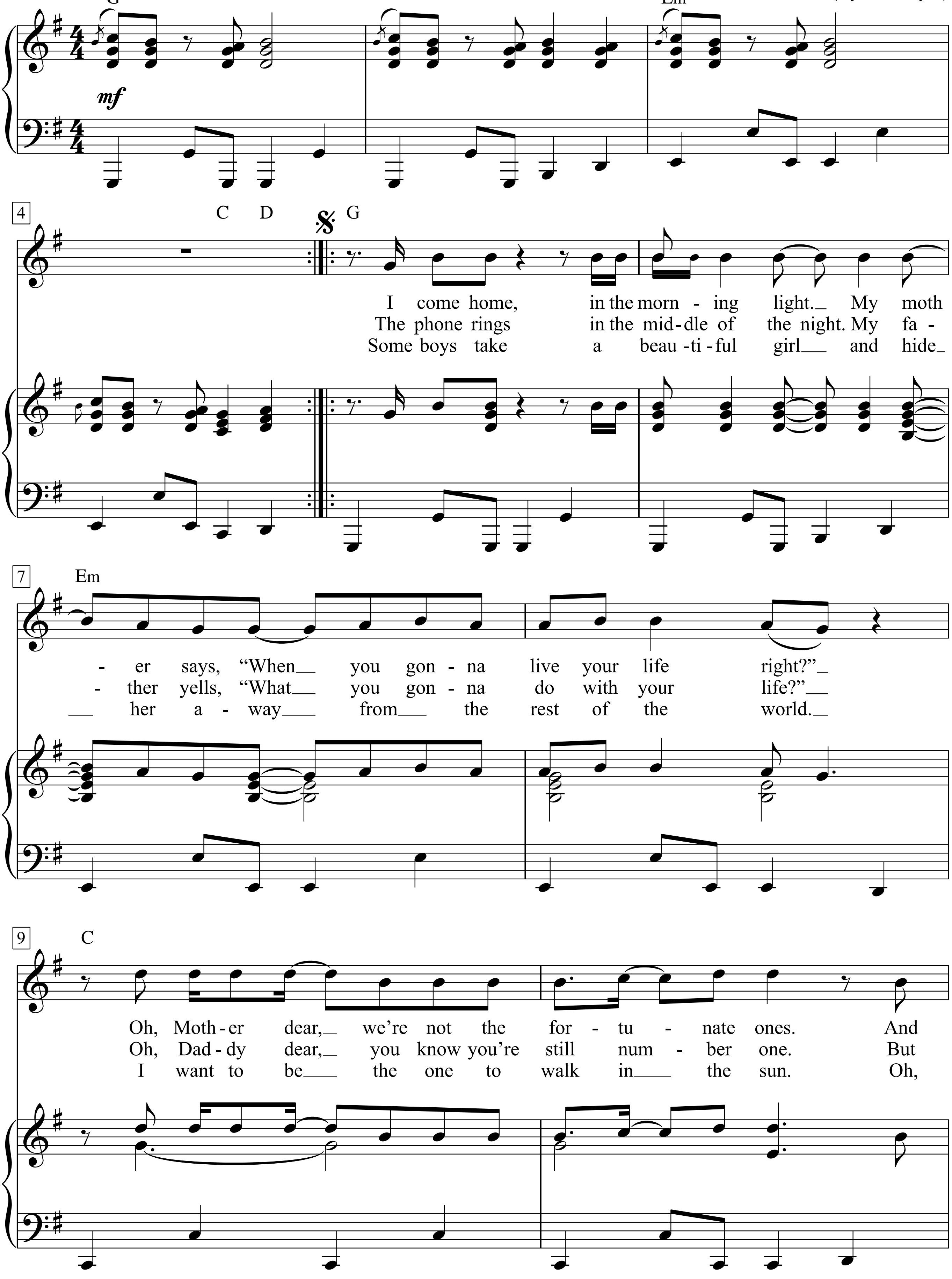

35
G
3
Sure they would.
Ba - by, I've
3
37
F
D.S. al Coda
done all I could.
It's up to you.
CODA
39
G
Am
man.
Soon
42
D
G
you'll need a man.

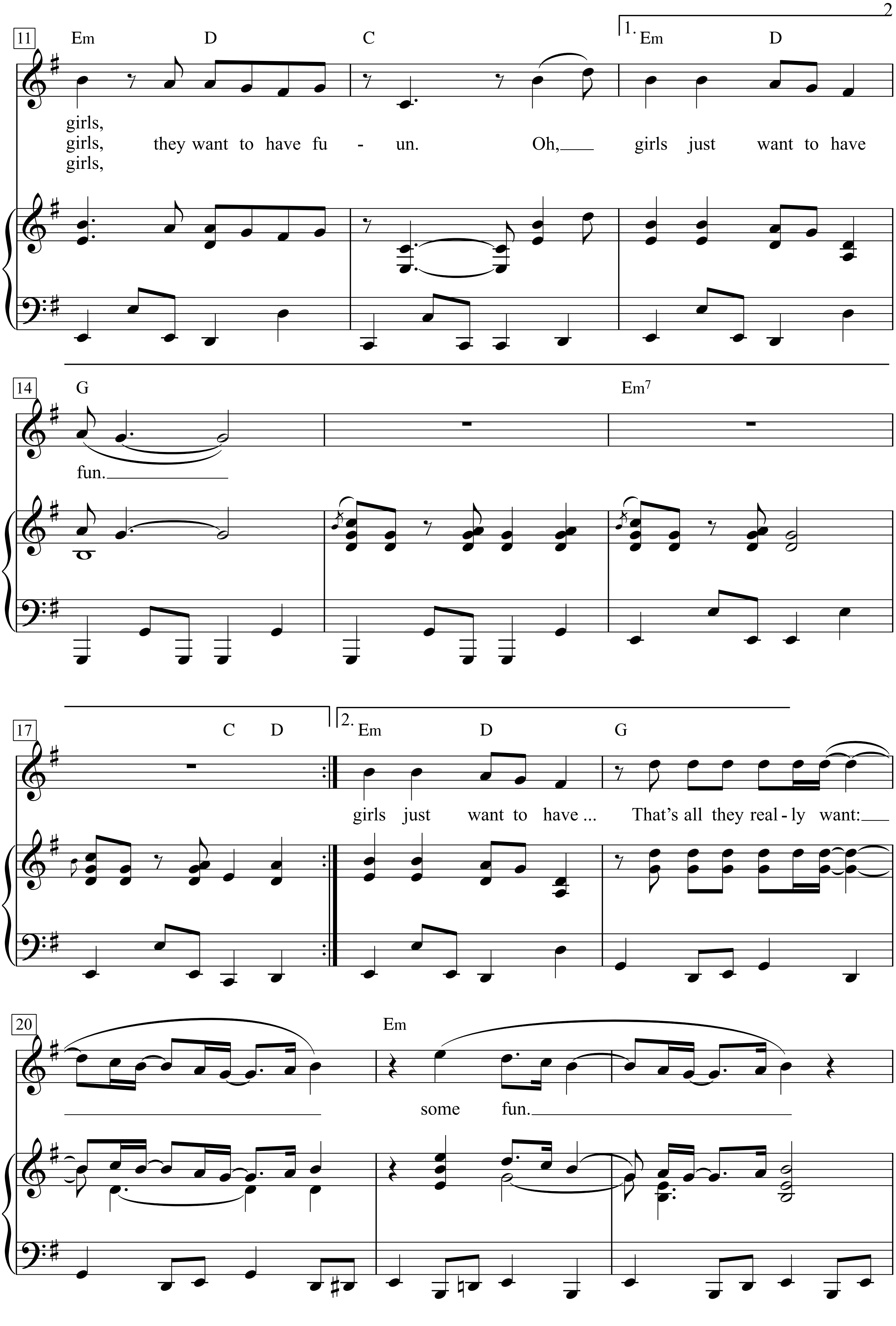
Love you so much, can’t count all the ways
I’d die for you girl and all they can say is,
“He’s not your kind.”
They never get tired of puttin’ me down,
and I never know when I come around what I’m gonna find.
Don’t let them make up your mind.
Don’t you know girl,
you’ll be a woman soon.
Please come take my hand.
Girl, you’ll be a woman soon.
Soon you’ll need a man.
I’ve been misunderstood for all of my life,
but what they’re sayin’, girl, just cuts like a knife:
“The boy’s no good.” Well,
I finally found what I’ve been looking for,
but if they get a chance, they’ll end it for sure.
Sure they would.
Baby, I’ve done all I could.
It’s up to you.

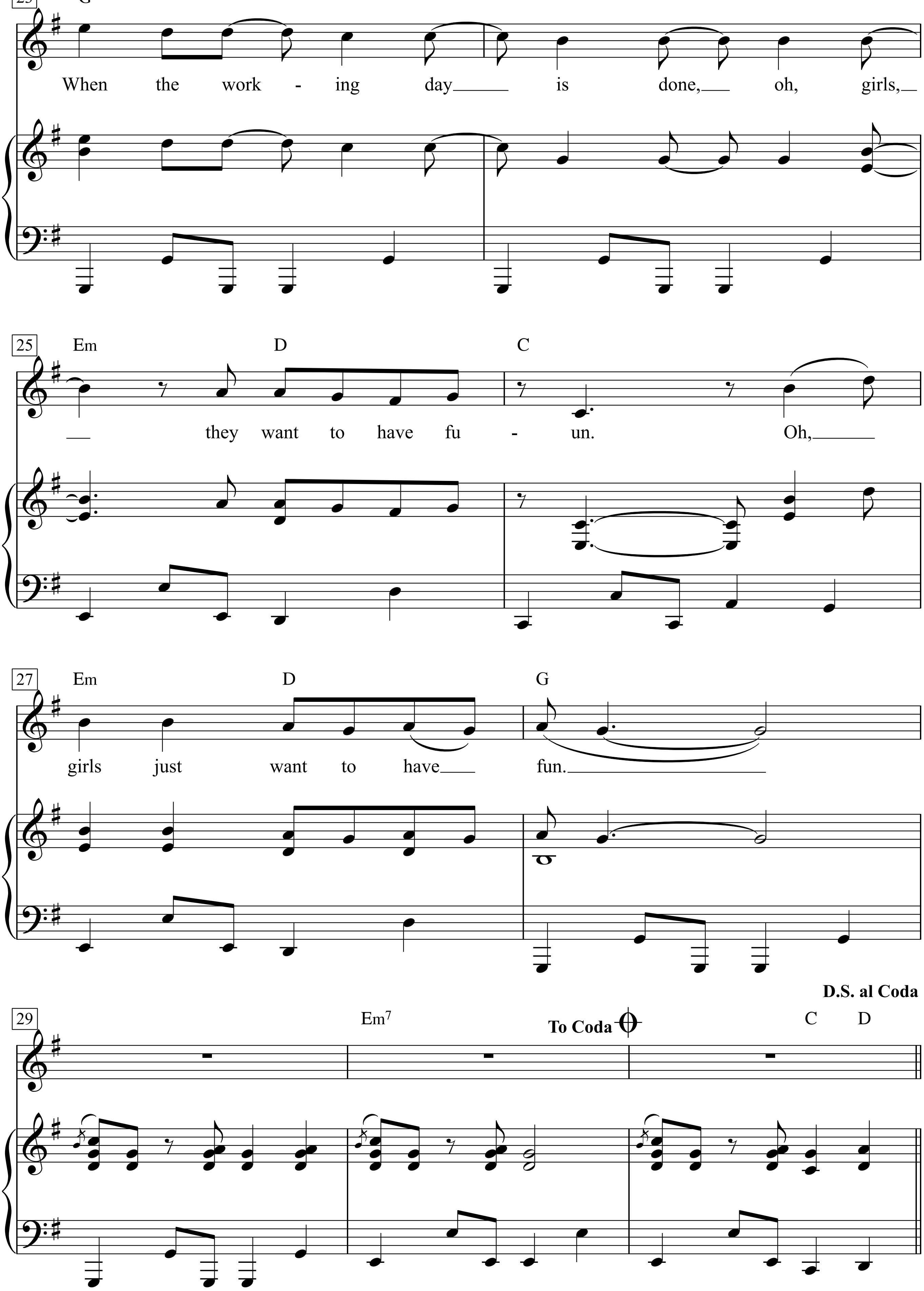
Girls just want to have fun

Bright Rock

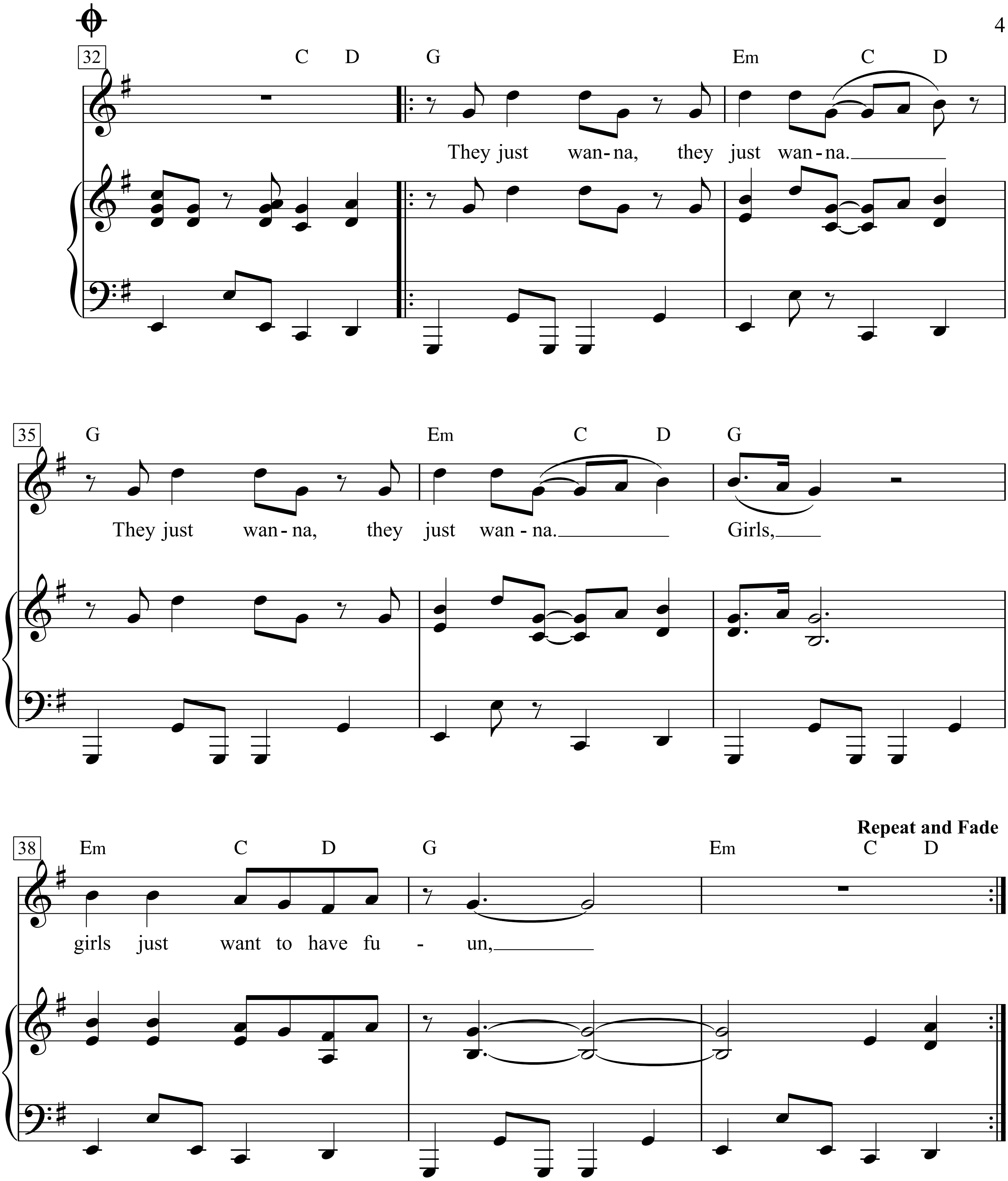
Words & Music by Robert Hazard
(Cyndi Lauper)




11
Em D C
1. Em D
girls,
girls, they want to have fu - un. Oh, girls just want to have
girls,
14
G
Em7
fun.
17
C D
2. Em D G
girls just want to have ... That's all they real - ly want:
20
Em
some fun.


23
G
When the work - ing day is done, oh, girls,
25
Em
D
C
they want to have fu - un. Oh,
27
Em
D
G
girls just want to have fun.
29
Em7
To Coda
C
D
D.S. al Coda

CODA


32
C D G Em C D
They just wan-na, they just wan-na.
35
G Em C D G
They just wan-na, they just wan-na.
Girls,
38
Em C D G Em C D
Repeat and Fade
girls just want to have fu - un,

1.I come home, in the morning light.
My mother says, “When you gonna live your life right?”
Oh, Mother dear, we’re not the fortunate ones.
And girls, they want to have fun.
Oh, girls just want to have fun.

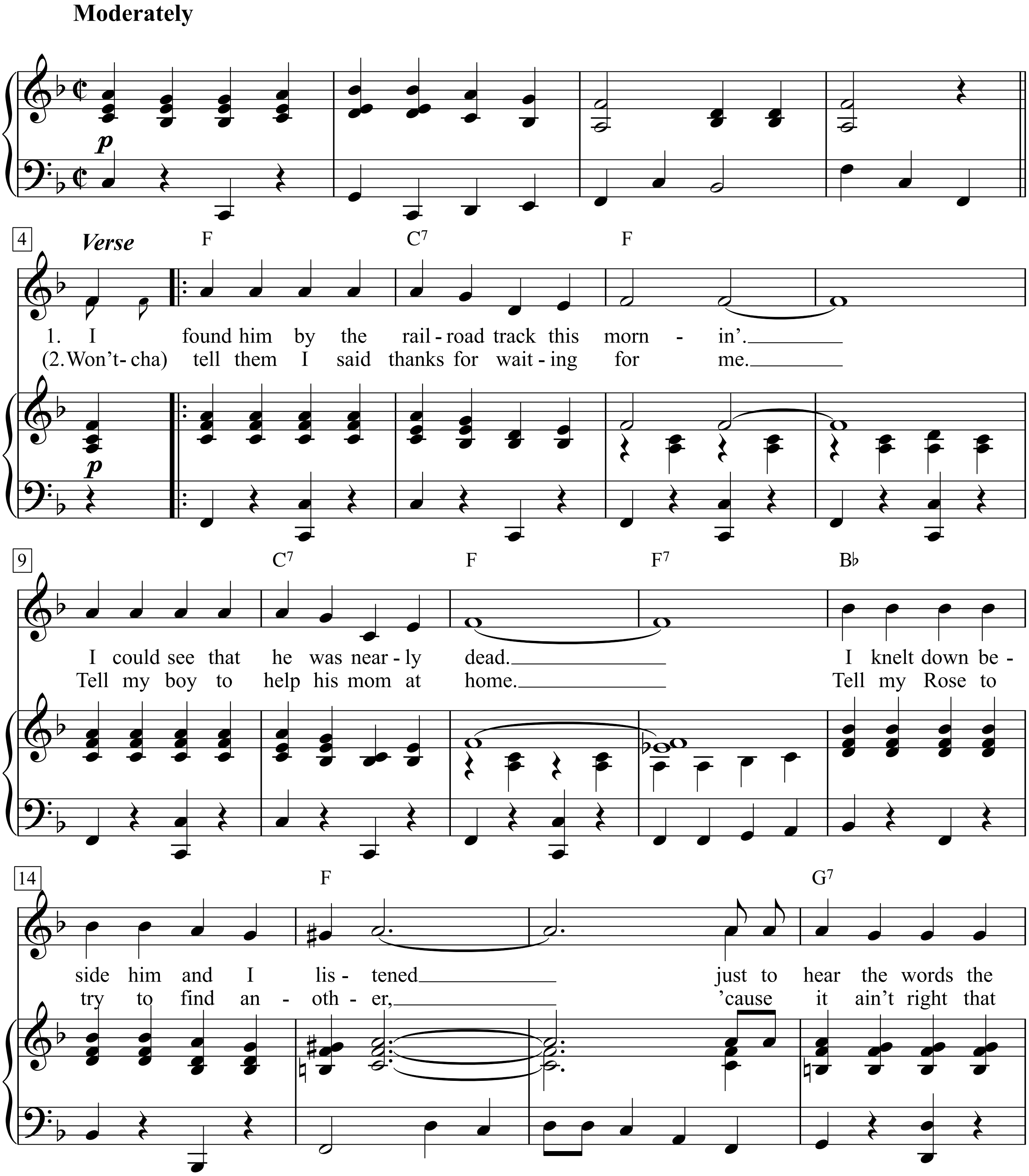
girls just want to have ...
That’s all they really want: some fun.

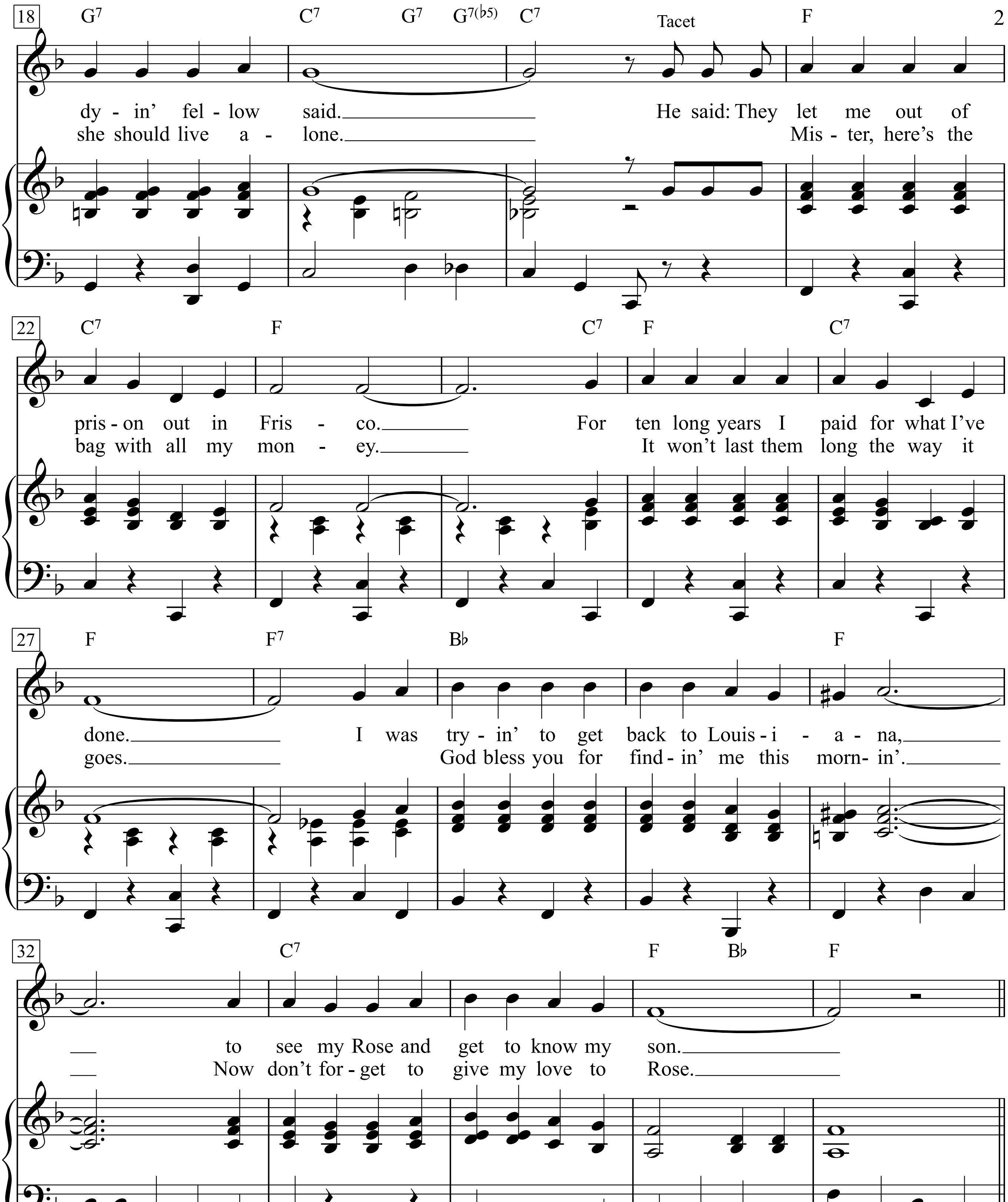
When the working day is done,
oh, girls, they want to have fun.
Oh, girls just want to have fun.
They just wanna, they just wanna.
They just wanna, they just wanna.
Girls, girls just want to have fun,

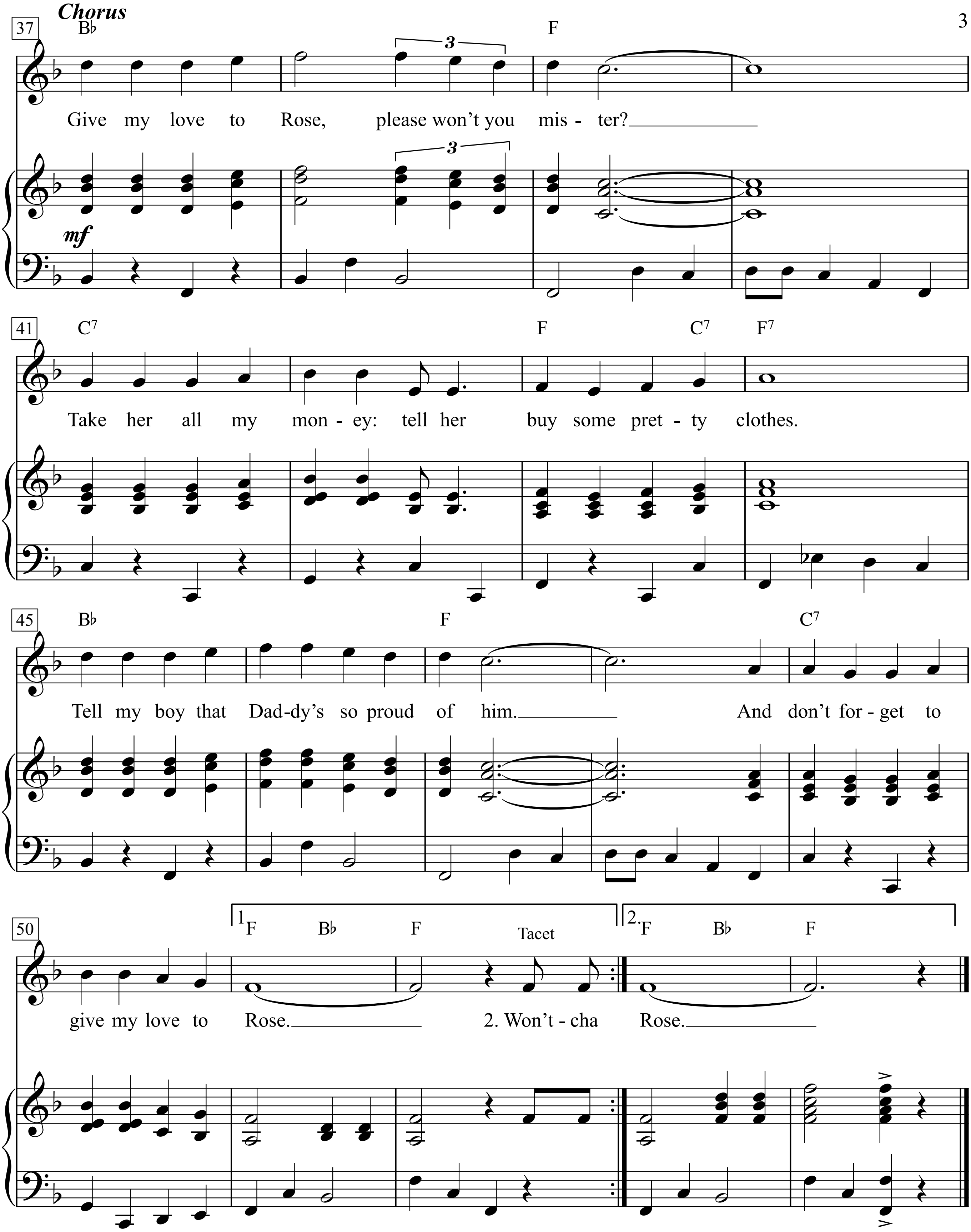
2. The phone rings in the middle of the night.
My father yells, “What you gonna do with your life?”
Oh, Daddy dear, you know you’re still number one.
But girls,

3. Some boys take a beautiful girl
and hide her away from the rest of the world.
I want to be the one to walk in the sun.
Oh, girls,

Give My Love To Rose




18
G7 C7 G7 G7(♭5) C7 Tacet F
dy - in' fel - low said. He said: They let me out of
she should live a - lone. Mis - ter, here's the
22
C7 F C7 F C7
pris - on out in Fris - co. For ten long years I paid for what I've
bag with all my mon - ey. It won't last them long the way it
27
F F7 B♭ F
done. I was try - in' to get back to Louis - i - a - na,
goes. God bless you for find - in' me this morn - in'.
32
C7 F B♭ F
to see my Rose and get to know my son.
Now don't for - get to give my love to Rose.

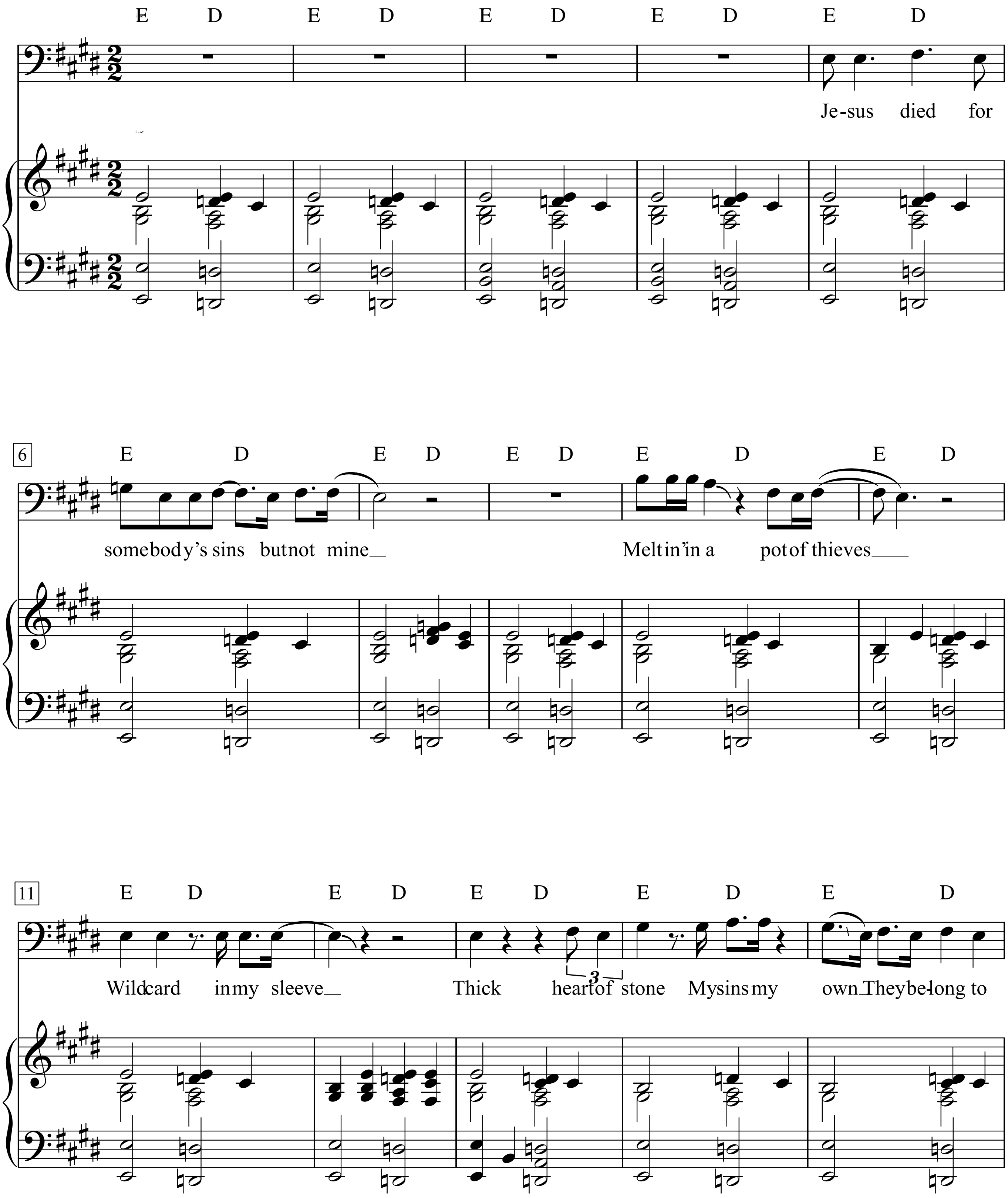

Chorus
37 B♭ F
Give my love to Rose, please won't you mis - ter?
mf
41 C7 F C7 F7
Take her all my mon - ey: tell her buy some pret - ty clothes.
45 B♭ F C7
Tell my boy that Dad-dy's so proud of him. And don't for - get to
50 1 F B♭ F Tacet 2. F B♭ F
give my love to Rose. 2. Won't - cha Rose.

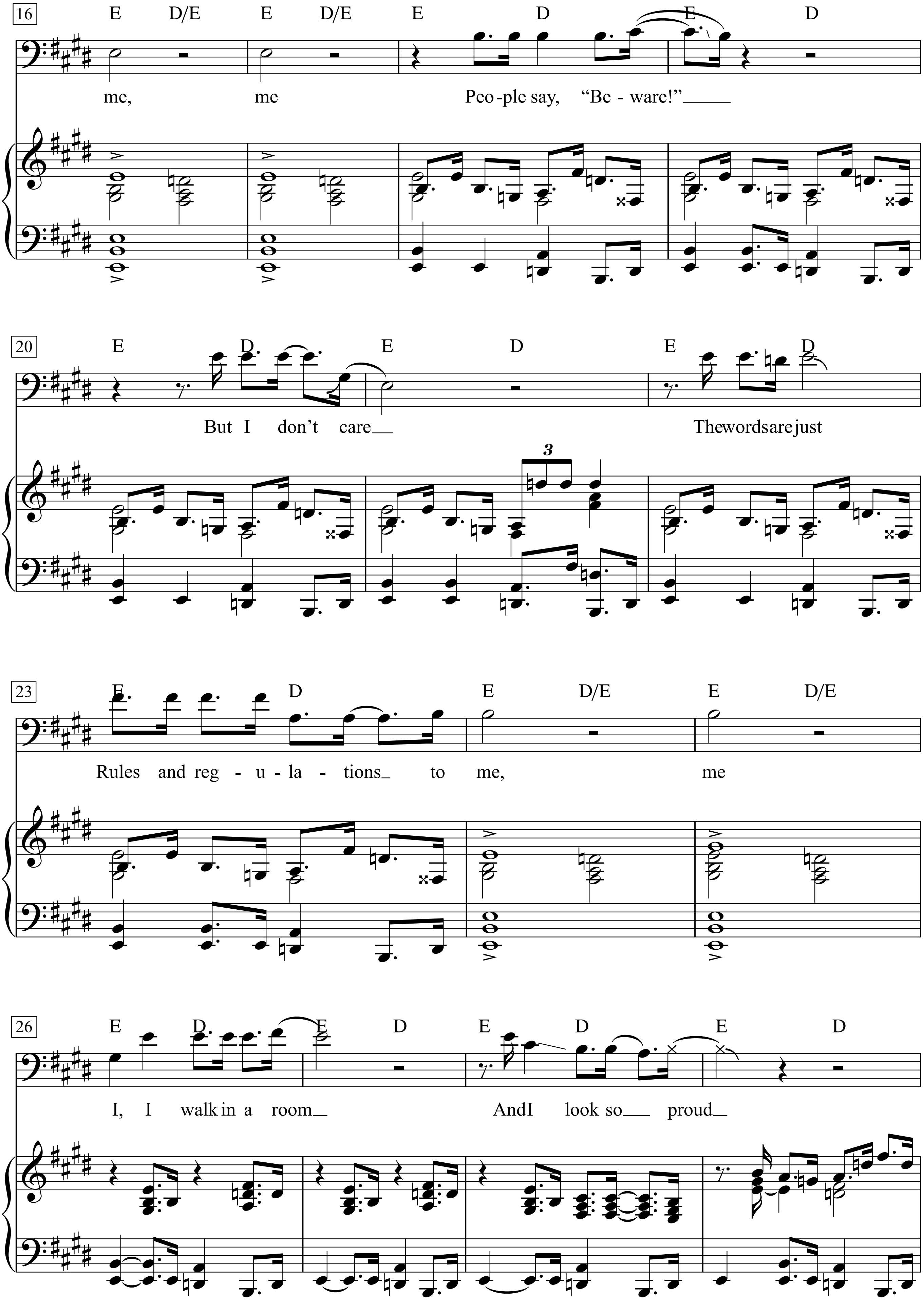
1. I found him by the railroad track this mornin'.
I could see that he was nearly dead.
I knelt down beside him and I listened just to hear
the words the dyin' fellow said.
He said: They let me out of prison out in Frisco.
For ten long years I paid for what I've done.
I was tryin' to get back to Louisiana, to see my
Rose and get to know my son.
Give my love to Rose, please won't you mister?
Take her all my money: tell her buy some pretty clothes.
Tell my boy that Daddy's so proud of him.
And don't forget to give my love to Rose.

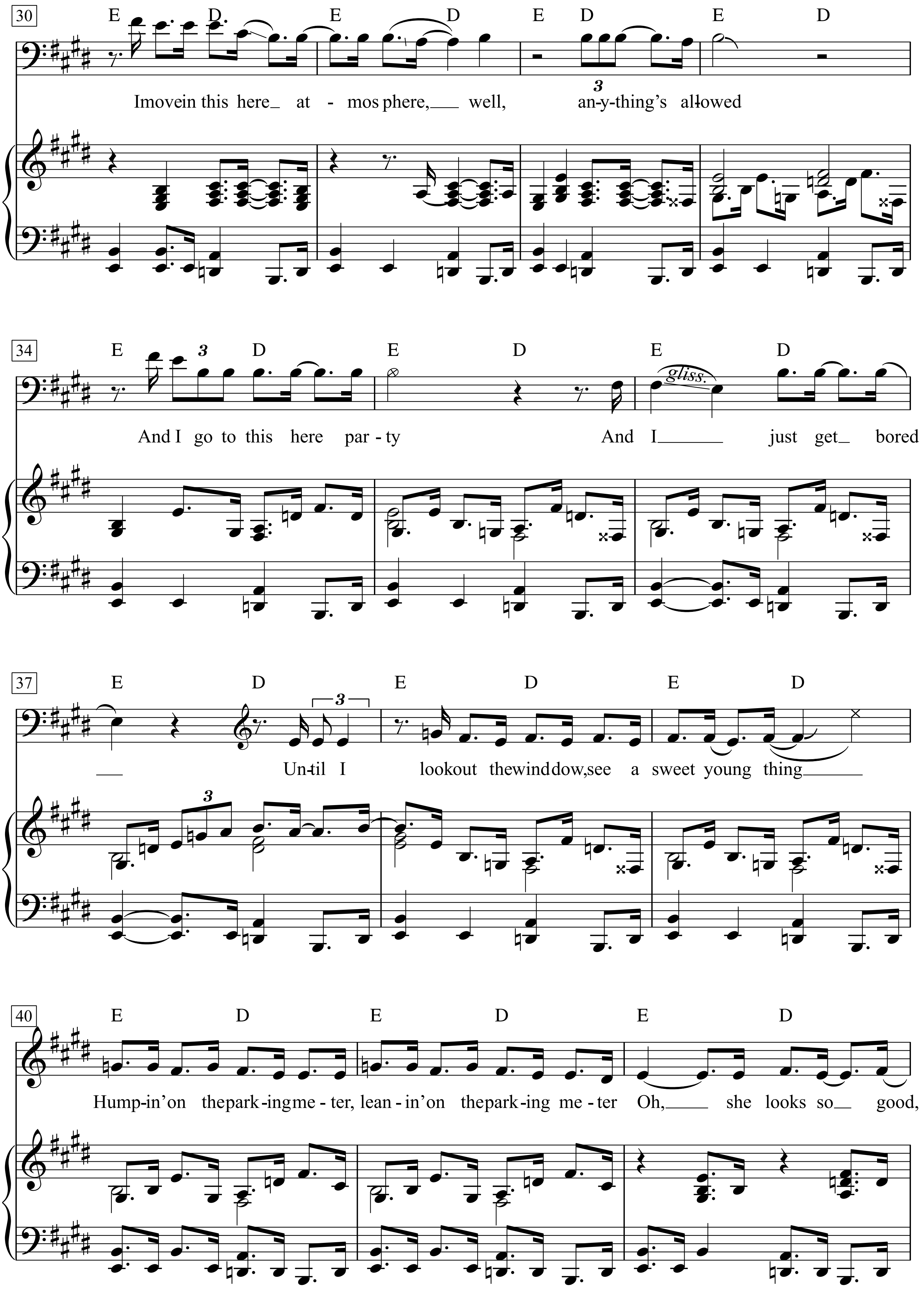
2. Won'tcha tell them I said thanks for waiting for me.
Tell my boy to help his mom at home.
Tell my Rose to try to find another,
'cause it ain't right that she should live alone.
Mister, here's the bag with all my money.
It won't last them long the way it goes.
God bless you for findin' me this mornin'.
Now don't forget to give my love to Rose.

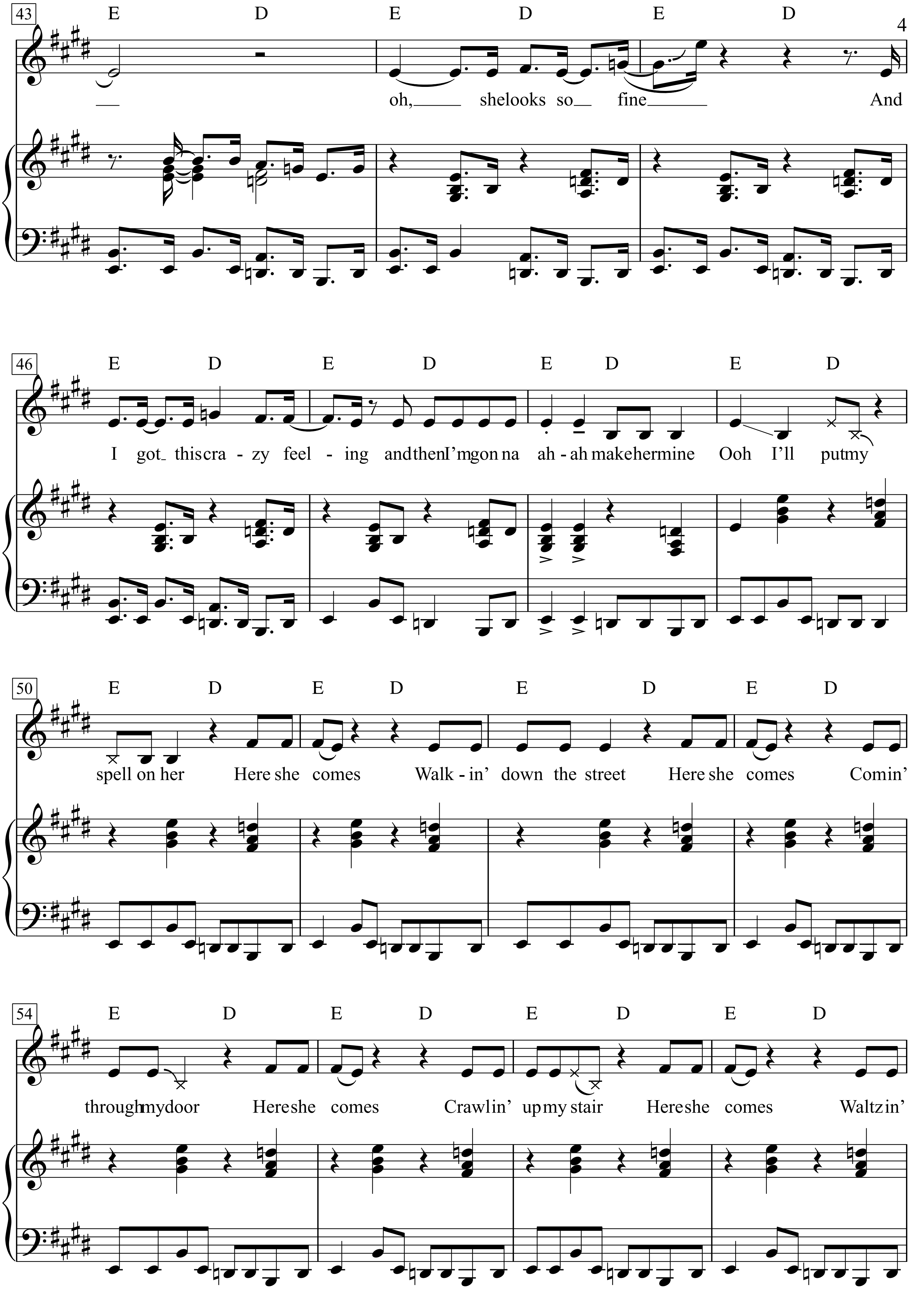
Gloria

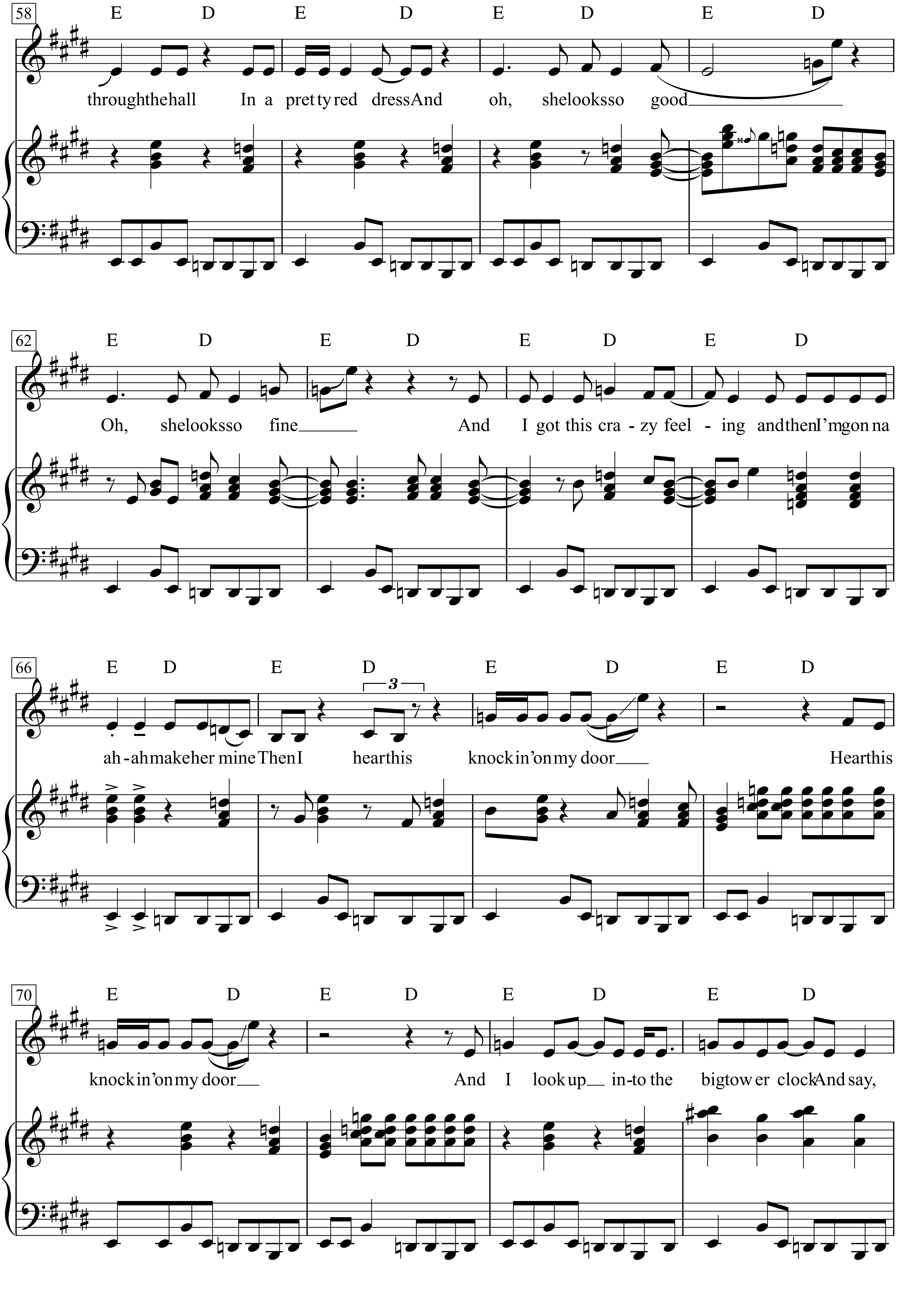
Words & Music by Van Morrison
(as perf. Patti Smith)

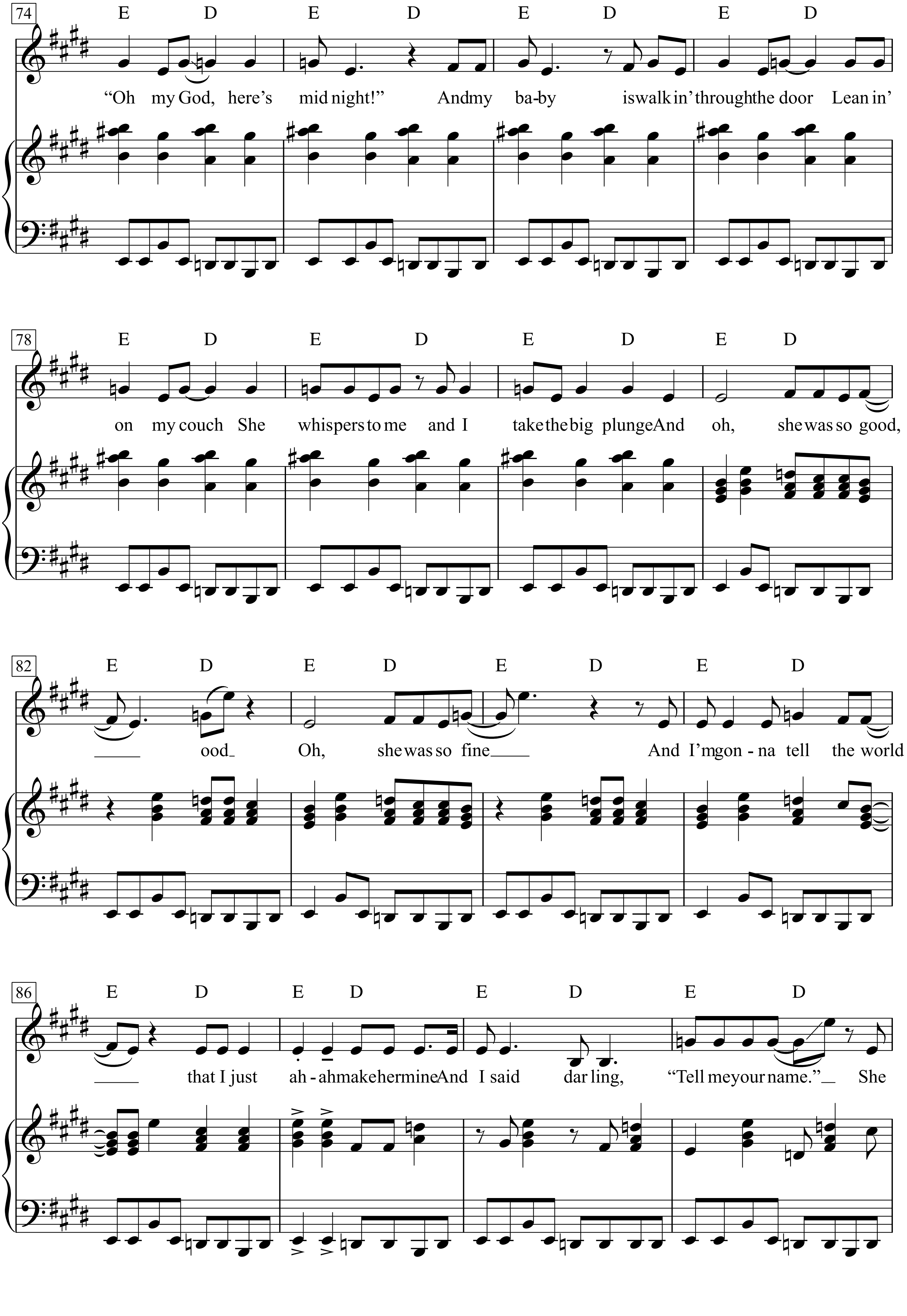


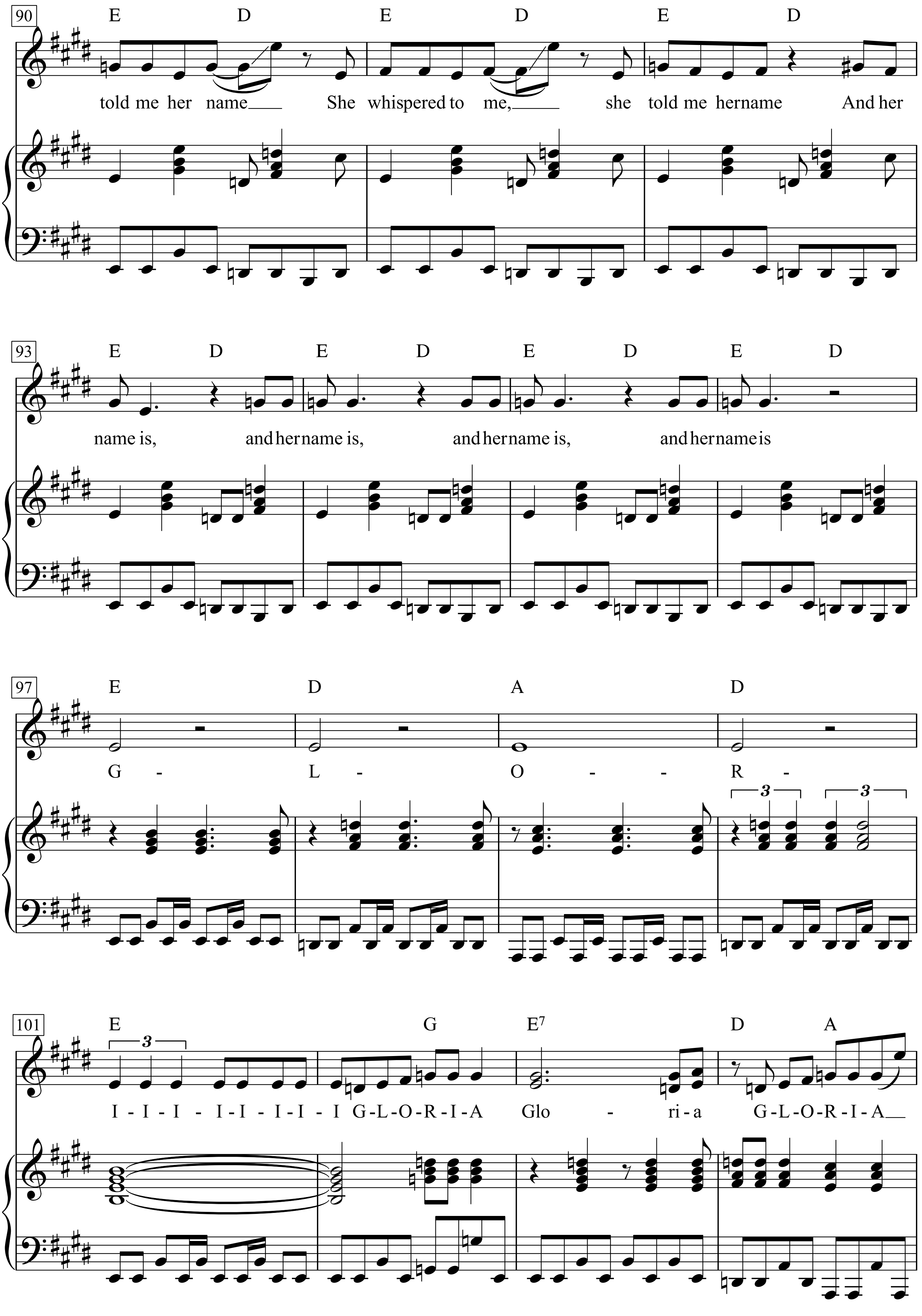

16
E D/E E D/E E D E D
me, me Peo-ple say, "Be - ware!"
20
E D E D E D
But I don't care
The words are just
3
23
E D E D/E E D/E
Rules and reg - u - la - tions to me, me
26
E D E D E D E D
I, I walk in a room
And I look so proud

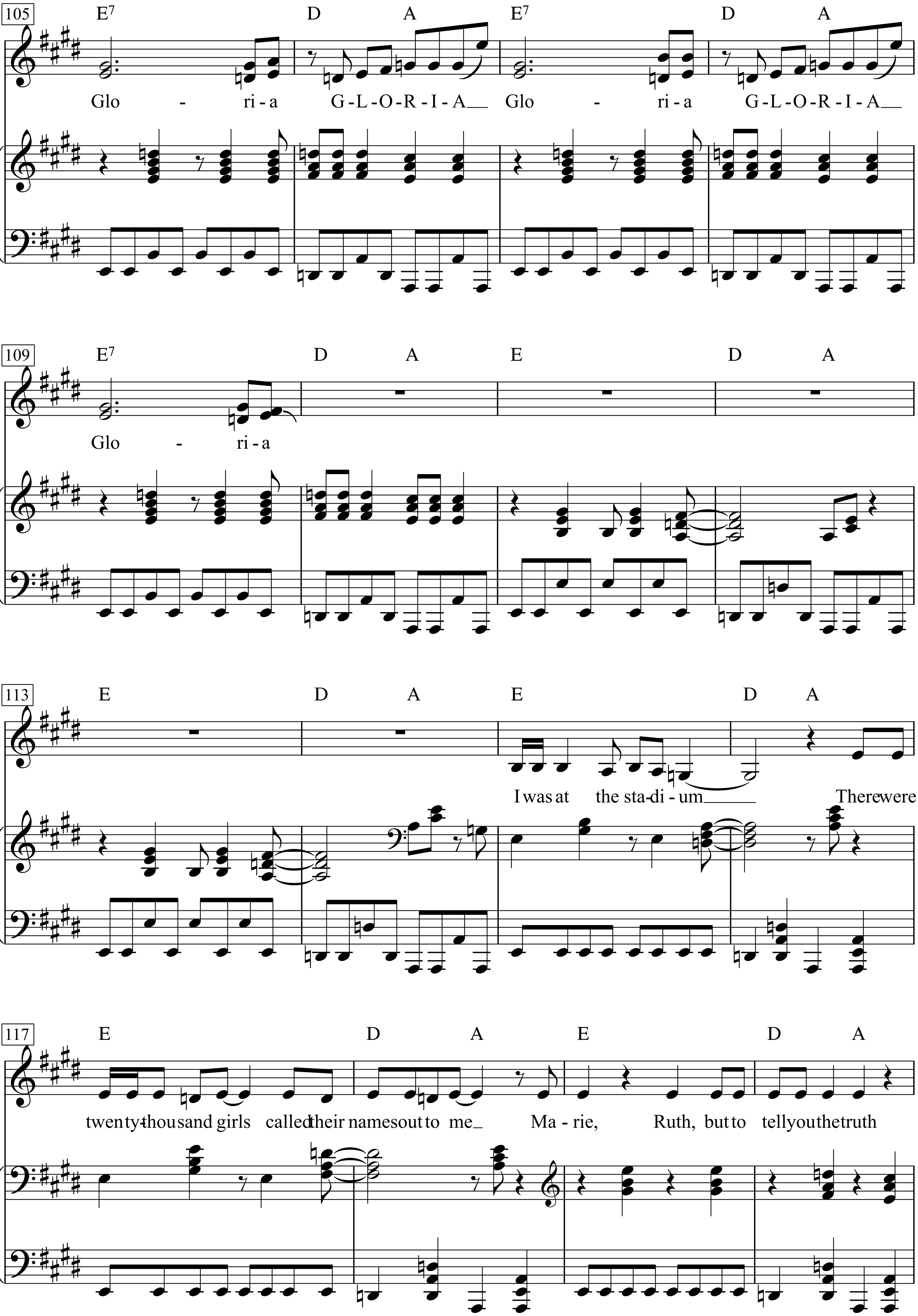

30
E D E D E D E D
Imovein this here at - mos phere, well, an-y-thing's al-lowed
34
E D E D E D
And I go to this here par - ty And I just get bored
37
E D E D E D
Un-til I lookout thewinddow,see a sweet young thing
40
E D E D E D
Hump-in'on thepark-ingme - ter, lean - in'on thepark-ing me - ter Oh, she looks so good,

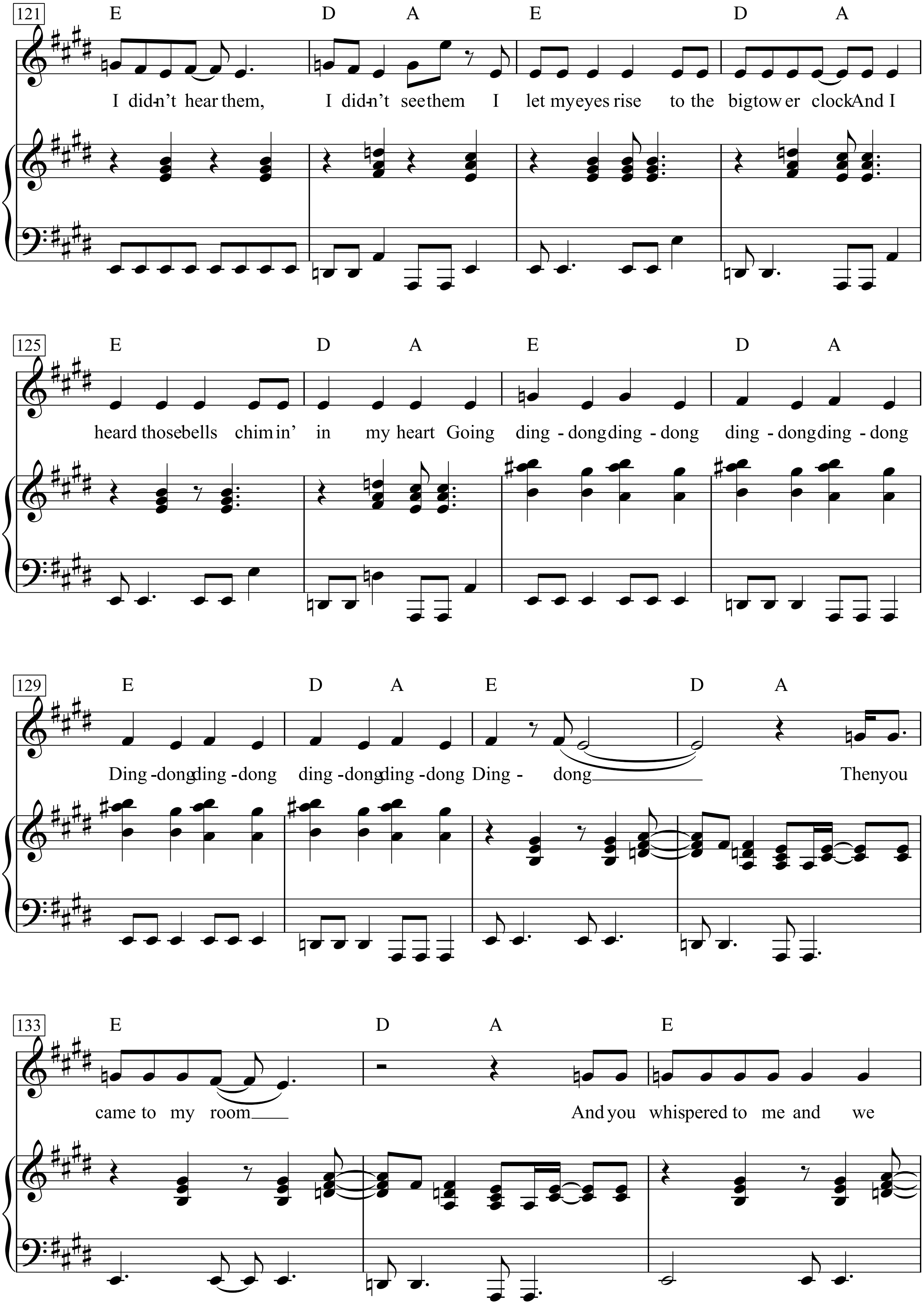

43
E D E D E D
oh, she looks so fine And
46
E D E D E D E D
I got this cra - zy feel - ing and then I'm gon na ah - ah make her mine Ooh I'll put my
50
E D E D E D E D
spell on her Here she comes Walk - in' down the street Here she comes Comin'
54
E D E D E D E D
through my door Here she comes Crawlin' up my stair Here she comes Waltz in'

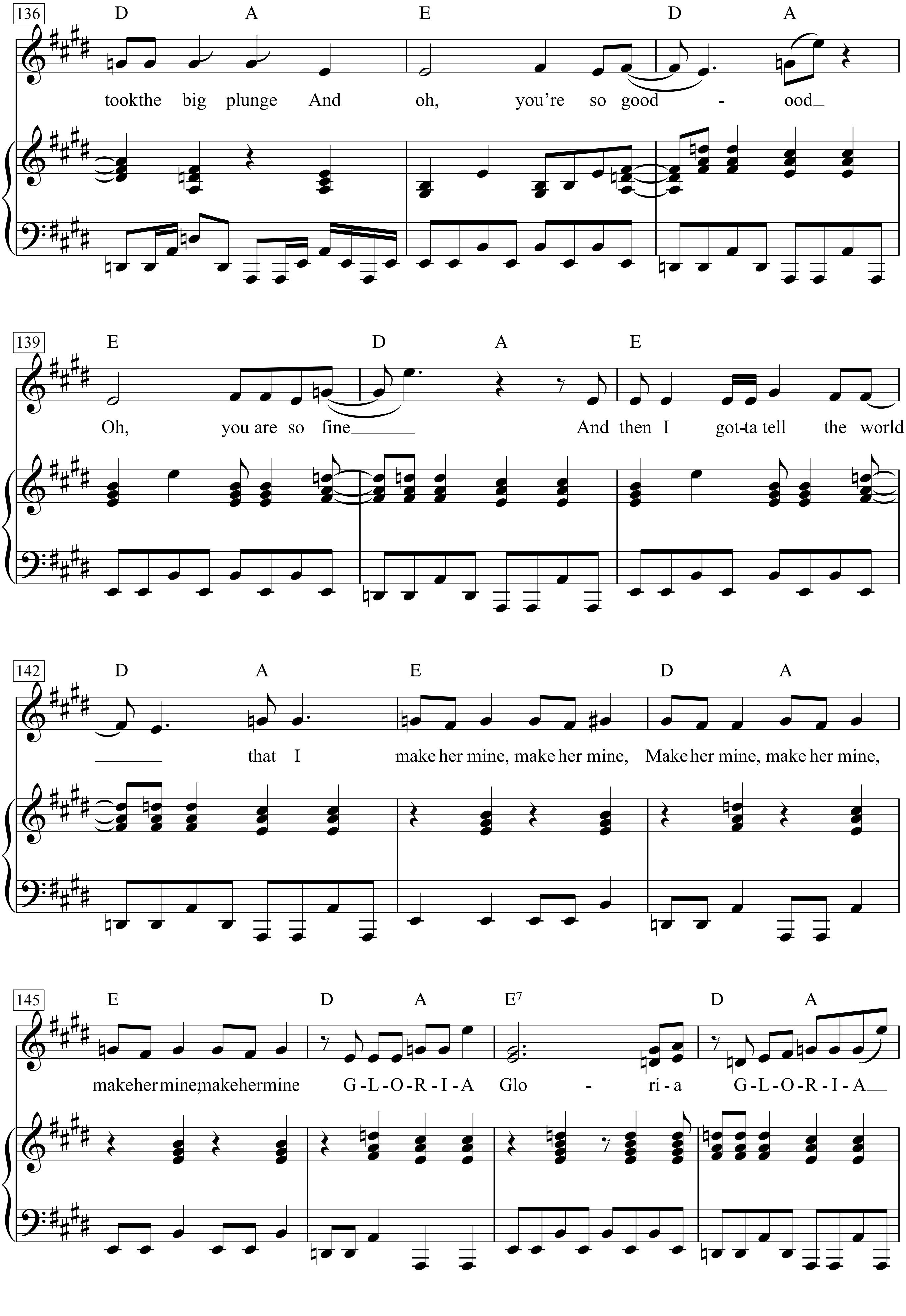

58
E D E D E D E D
throughthehall In a pret ty red dressAnd oh, shelooksso good
62
E D E D E D E D
Oh, shelooksso fine And I got this cra - zy feel - ing andthenI'mgon na
66
E D E D E D E D
3
ah - ahmakeher mine ThenI hearthis knockin'onmy door Hearthis
70
E D E D E D E D
knockin'onmy door And I lookup in-to the bigtow er clockAnd say,

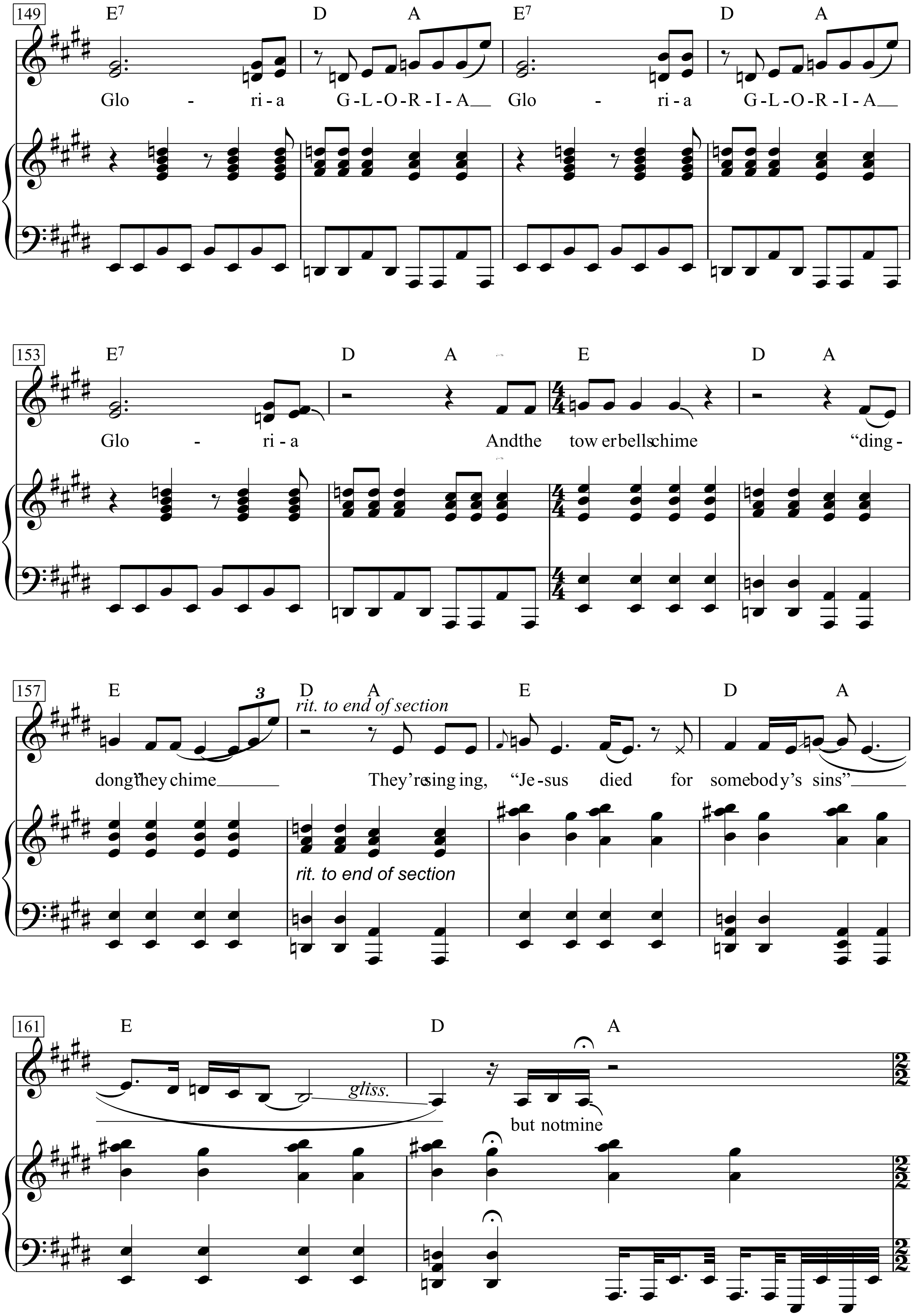

74
E D E D E D E D
"Oh my God, here's mid night!" And my ba-by is walk in' through the door Lean in'
78
E D E D E D E D
on my couch She whispers to me and I take the big plunge And oh, she was so good,
82
E D E D E D E D
ood Oh, she was so fine And I'm gon - na tell the world
86
E D E D E D E D
that I just ah - ah make her mine And I said dar ling, "Tell me your name." She

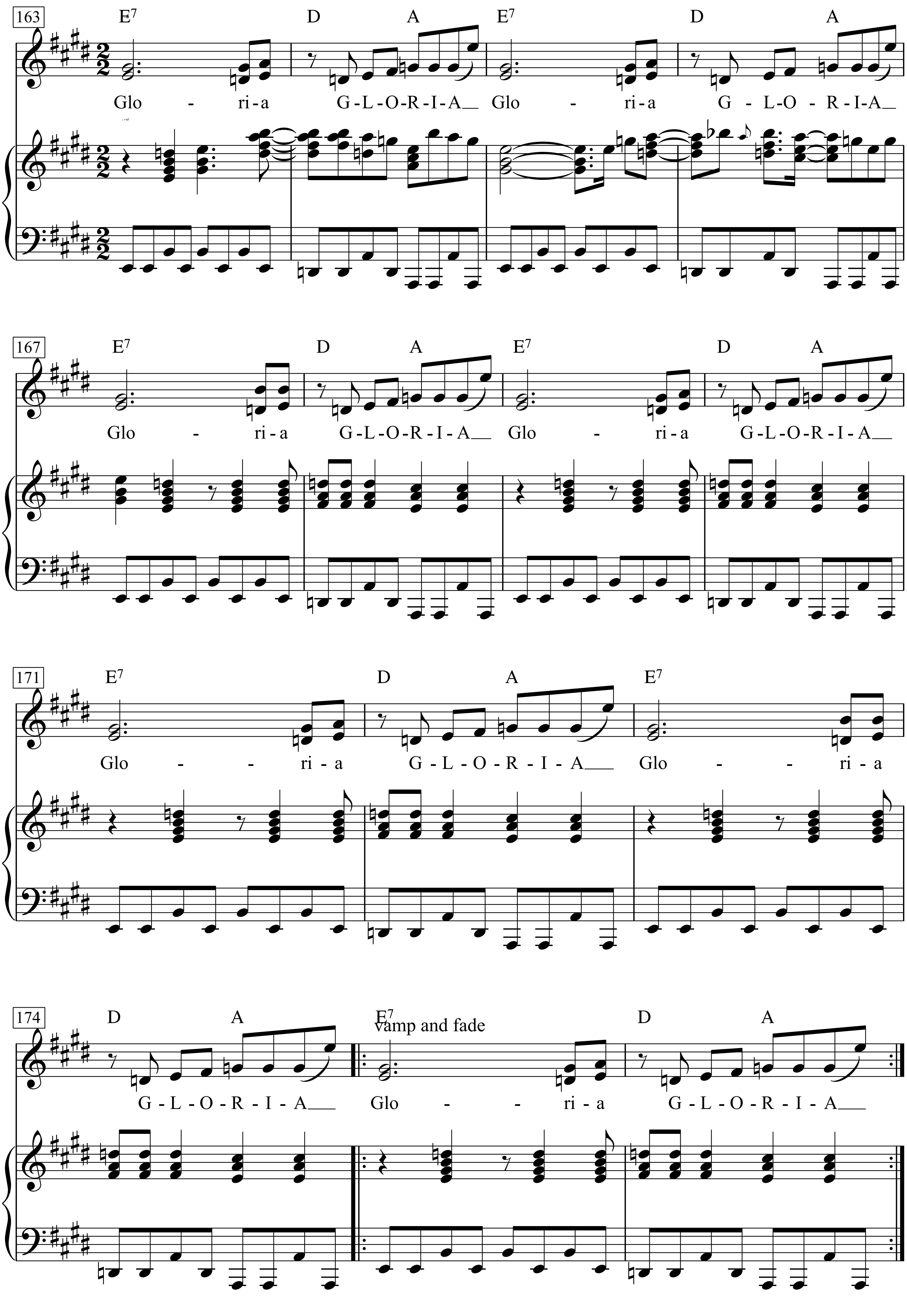

90
E D E D E D
told me her name She whispered to me, she told me her name And her
93
E D E D E D E D
name is, and her name is, and her name is, and her name is
97
E D A D
G - L - O - - R -
3 3
101
E G E7 D A
3
I - I - I - I - I - I - I - I - I G - L - O - R - I - A Glo - ri - a G - L - O - R - I - A


105
E7 D A E7 D A
Glo - ri - a G - L - O - R - I - A Glo - ri - a G - L - O - R - I - A
109
E7 D A E D A
Glo - ri - a
113
E D A E D A
I was at the sta - di - um There were
117
E D A E D A
twenty-thousand girls called their names out to me Ma - rie, Ruth, but to tell you the truth


121
E D A E D A
I did-n't hear them, I did-n't see them I let my eyes rise to the big tow er clock And I
125
E D A E D A
heard those bells chim in' in my heart Going ding - dong ding - dong ding - dong ding - dong
129
E D A E D A
Ding - dong ding - dong ding - dong ding - dong Ding - dong Then you
133
E D A E
came to my room And you whispered to me and we


136
D A E D A
took the big plunge And oh, you're so good - ood
139
E D A E
Oh, you are so fine And then I got-ta tell the world
142
D A E D A
that I make her mine, make her mine, Make her mine, make her mine,
145
E D A E7 D A
make her mine, make her mine G-L-O-R-I-A Glo - ri - a G-L-O-R-I-A

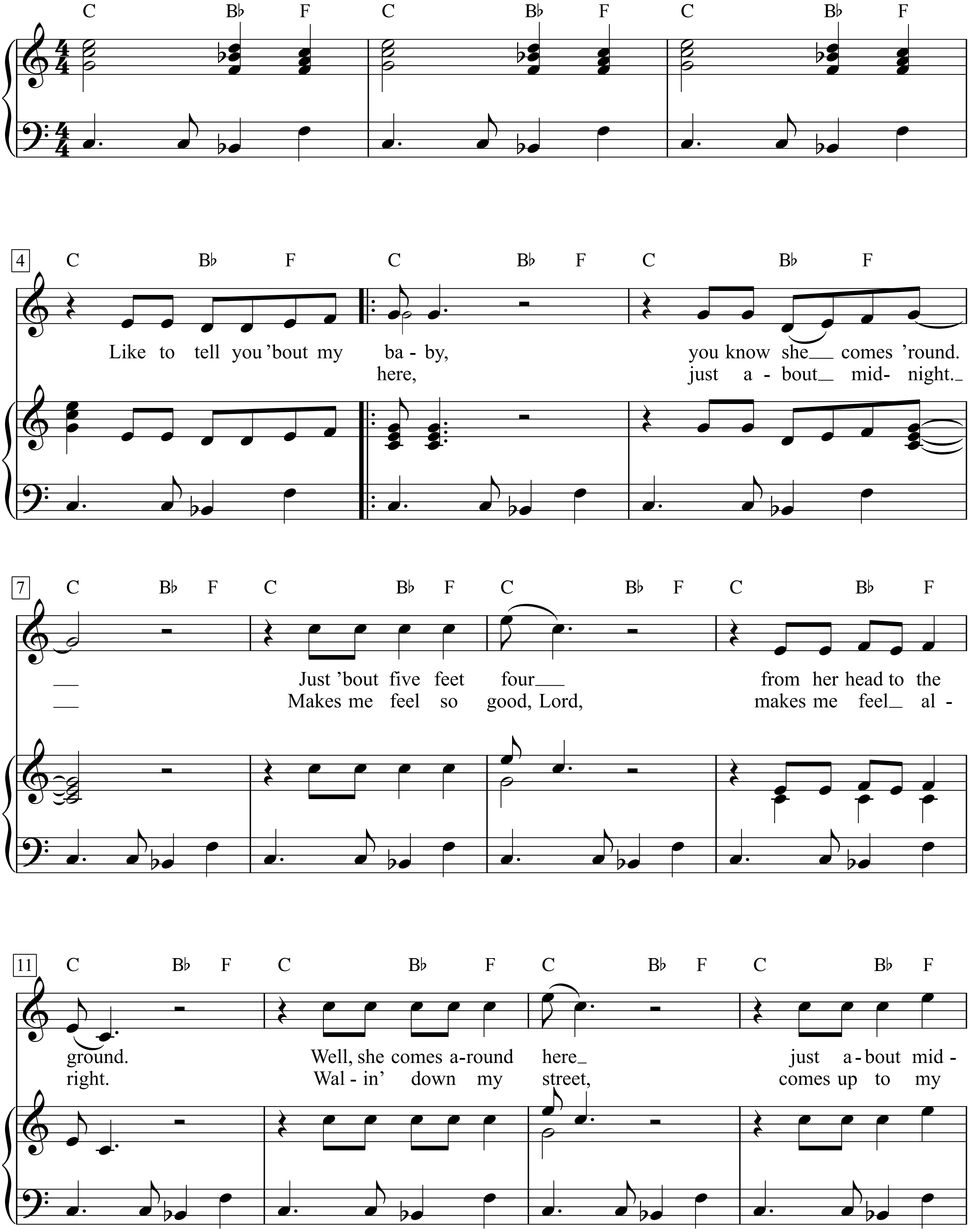

149
E7 D A E7 D A
Glo - ri - a G-L-O-R-I-A Glo - ri - a G-L-O-R-I-A
153
E7 D A E D A
Glo - ri - a And the tow er bells chime "ding -
157
E D A E D A
rit. to end of section
dong" they chime They're sing ing, "Je - sus died for somebody's sins"
rit. to end of section
161
E D A
gliss.
but not mine

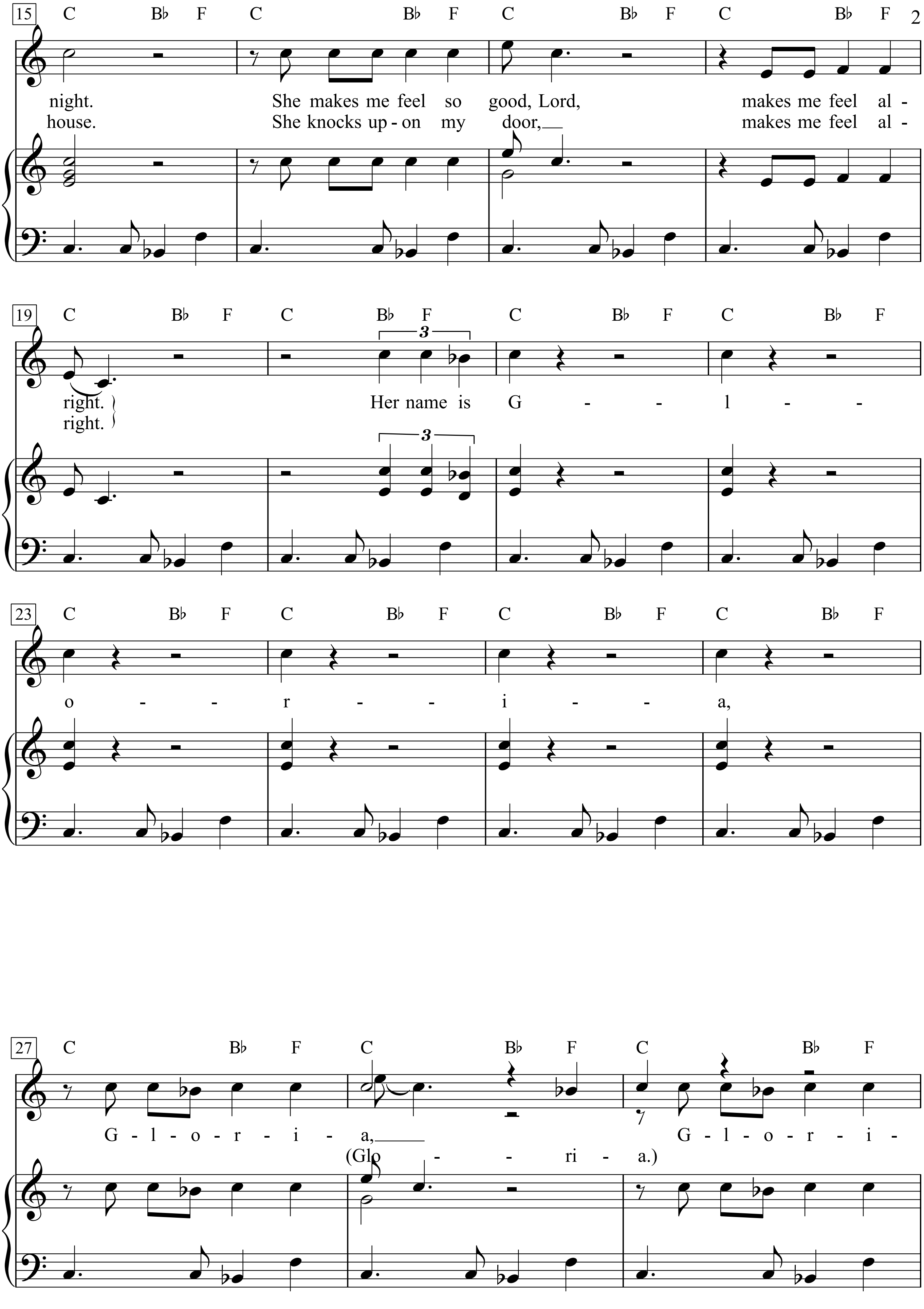

163
E7
D
A
E7
D
A
Glo - ri-a G-L-O-R-I-A__ Glo - ri-a G-L-O-R-I-A__
167
E7
D
A
E7
D
A
Glo - ri-a G-L-O-R-I-A__ Glo - ri-a G-L-O-R-I-A__
171
E7
D
A
E7
Glo - - ri - a G-L-O-R-I-A___ Glo - - ri - a
174
D
A
E7
vamp and fade
D
A
G-L-O-R-I-A___ Glo - - ri - a G-L-O-R-I-A___

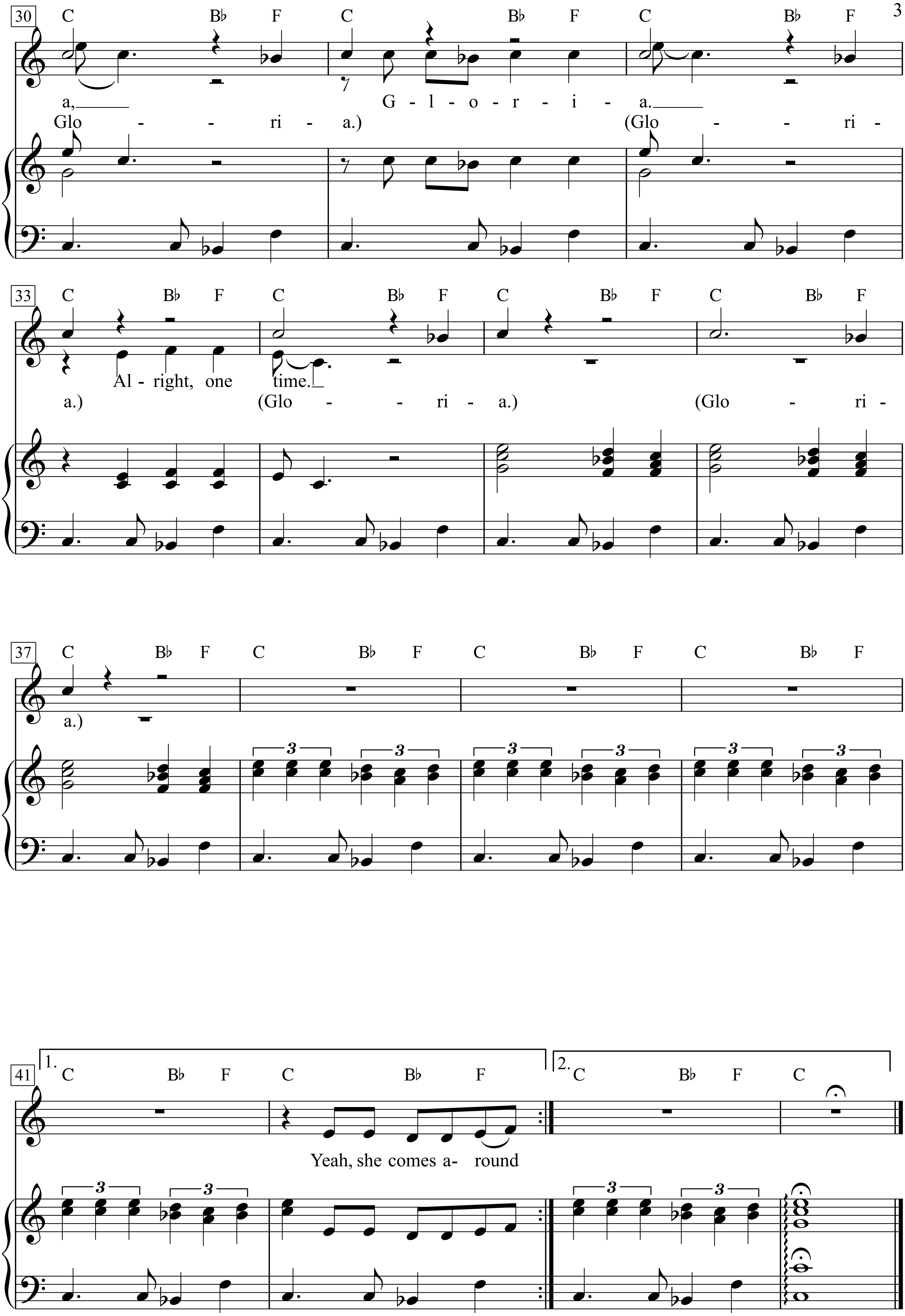
Gloria

Steady Rock

Words & Music by Van Morrison
(Them)




15
C Bb F C Bb F C Bb F C Bb F
night. She makes me feel so good, Lord, makes me feel al -
house. She knocks up - on my door, makes me feel al -
19
C Bb F C Bb F C Bb F C Bb F
right. Her name is G - - l - -
right.
3
23
C Bb F C Bb F C Bb F C Bb F
o - - r - - i - - a,
27
C Bb F C Bb F C Bb F
G - l - o - r - i - a, G - l - o - r - i -
(Glo - - ri - a.)


30
C Bb F C Bb F C Bb F
a,
G - l - o - r - i - a.
Glo - - ri - a.)
(Glo - - ri -
33
C Bb F C Bb F C Bb F C Bb F
Al - right, one time.
a.) (Glo - - ri - a.) (Glo - ri -
37
C Bb F C Bb F C Bb F C Bb F
a.)
41
1.
C Bb F C Bb F
Yeah, she comes a- round
2.
C Bb F C

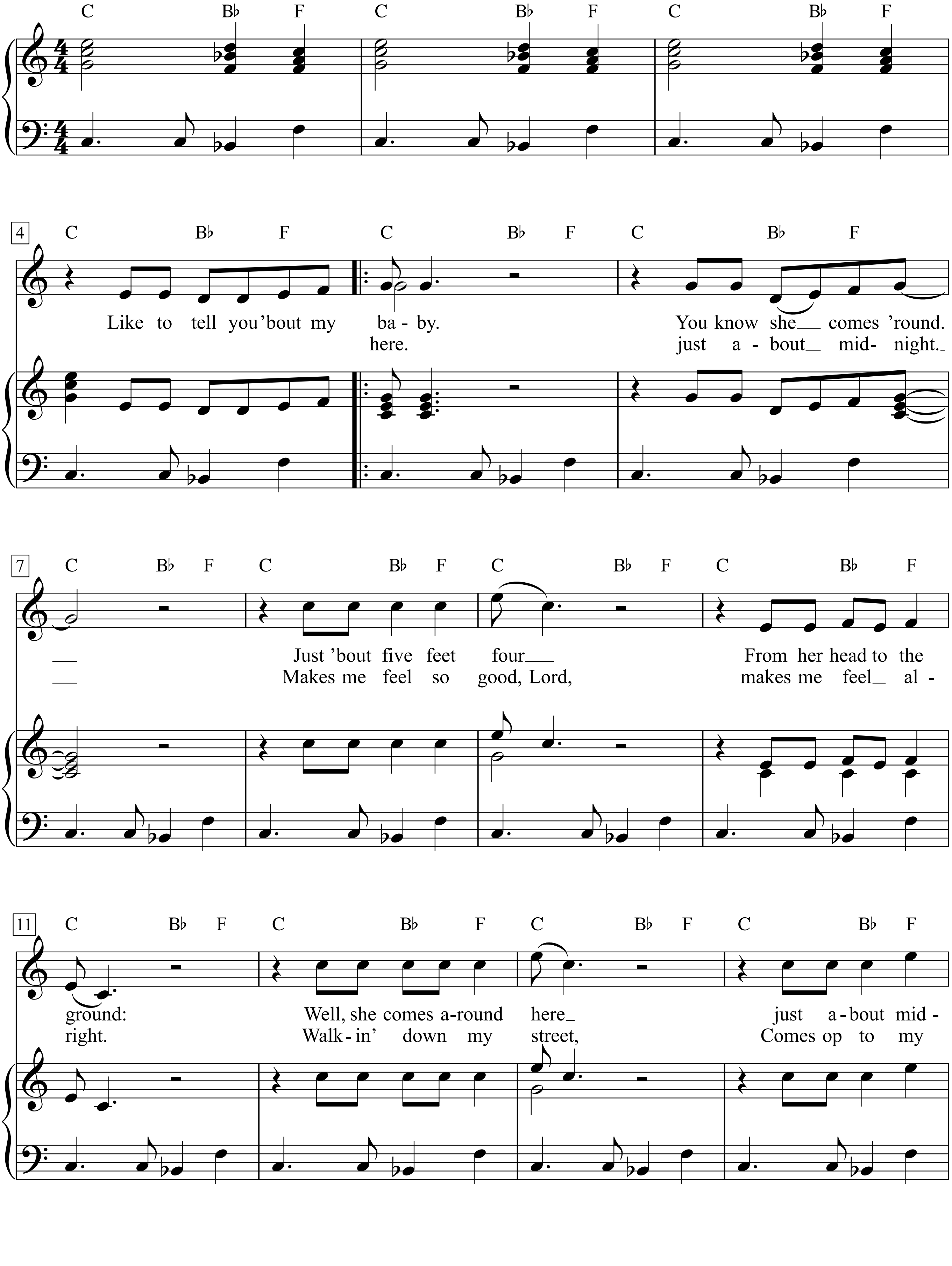
1.
Like to tell you ‘bout my baby, you know she comes ‘round.
Just ‘bout five feet four from her head to the ground.
Well, she comes around here just about midnight.
She makes me feel so good,
Lord, makes me feel alright.
Her name is Gloria,
Gloria, Gloria, Gloria.
Alright, one time.
Yeah, she comes around

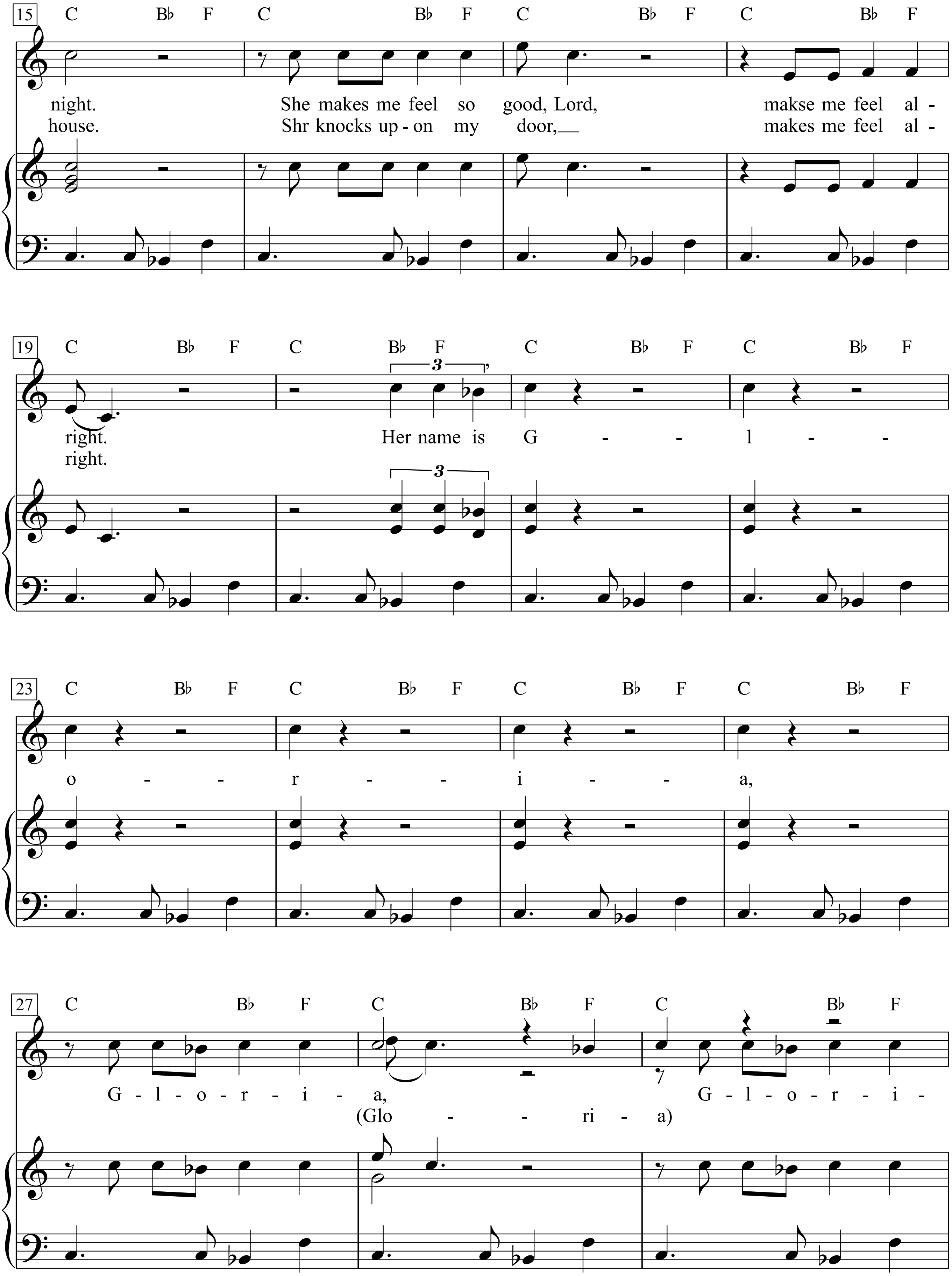
2. here, just about midnight.
Makes me feel so good,
Lord, makes me feel alright.
Walin’ down my street, comes up to my house.
She knocks upon my door, makes me feel alright.
(Gloria.) Gloria.) (Gloria.) (Gloria.)

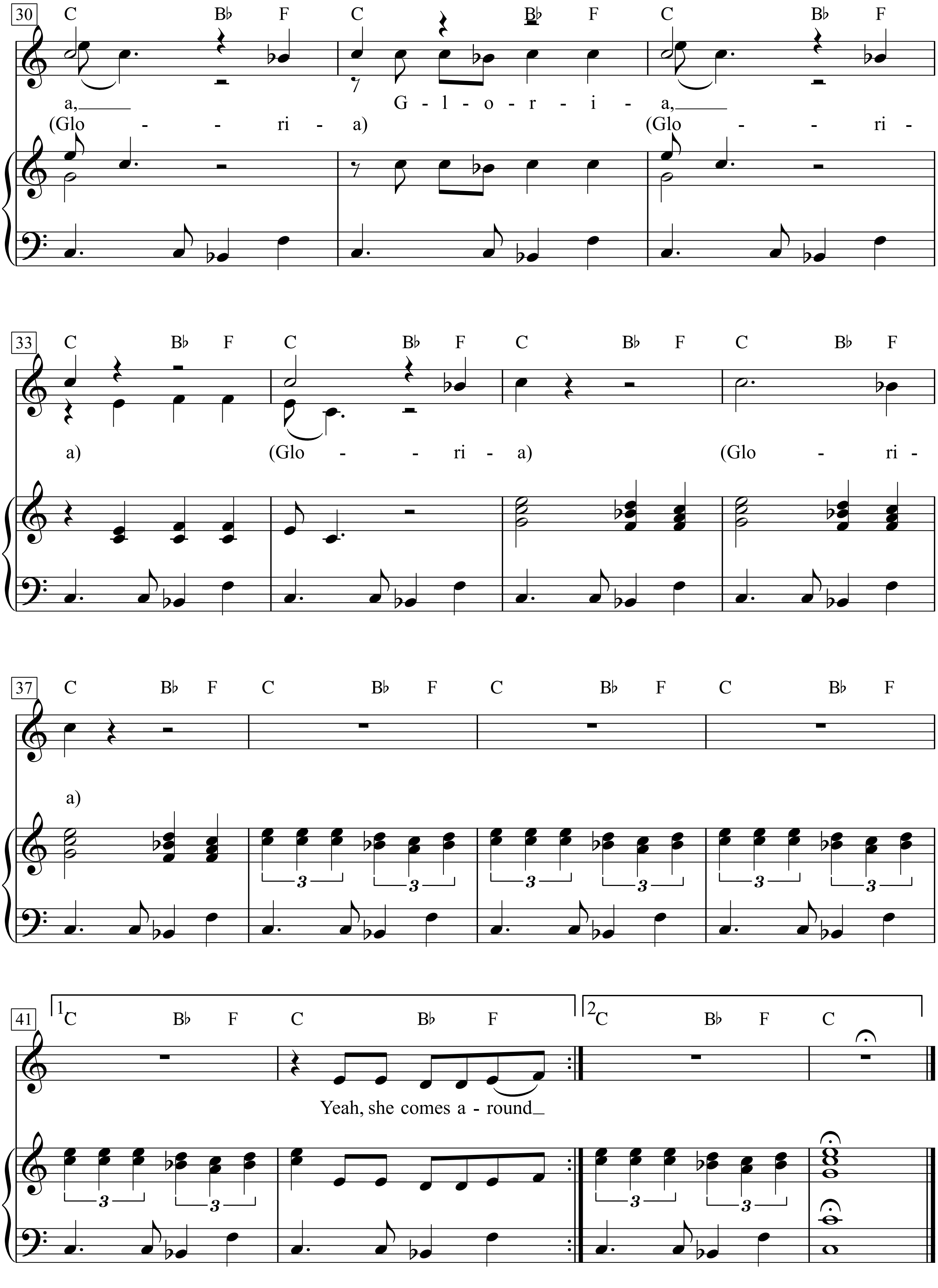
Gloria

Words & Music by Van Morrison
(Them)

Steady Rock

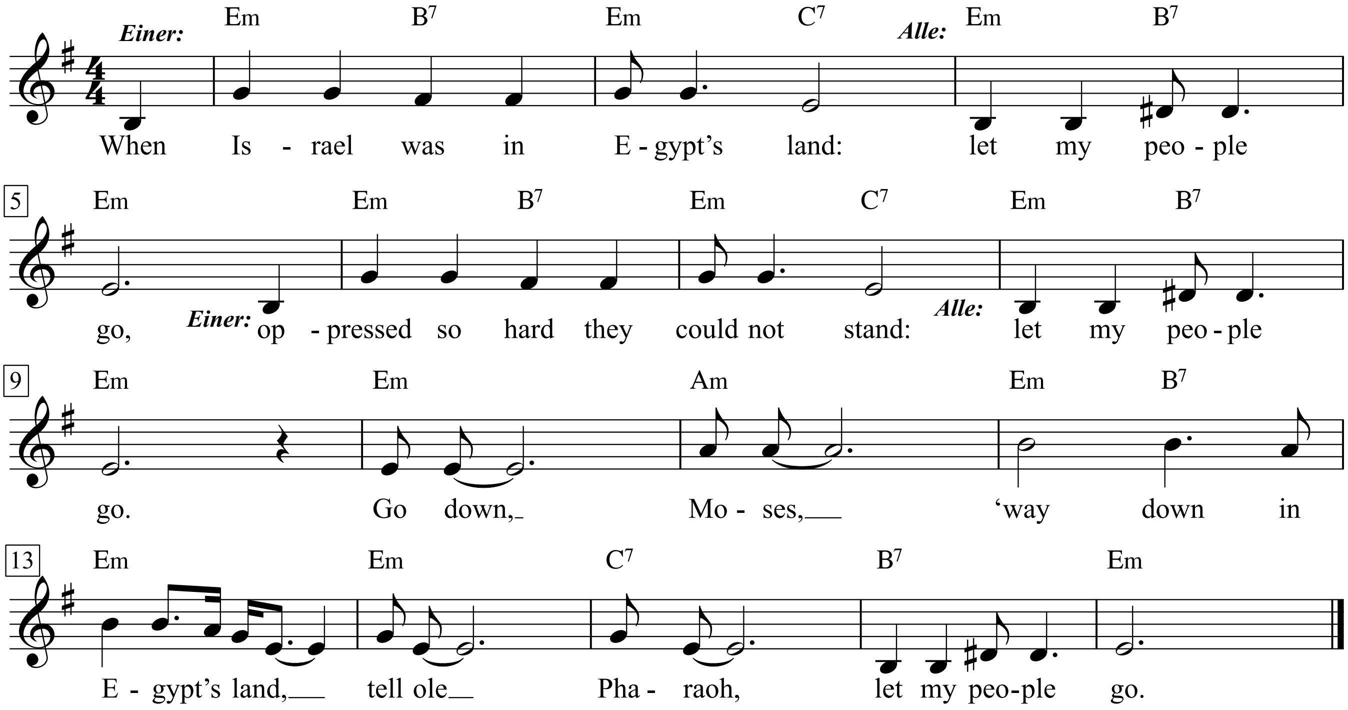



15
C Bb F C Bb F C Bb F C Bb F
night. She makes me feel so good, Lord, makse me feel al -
house. Shr knocks up - on my door, makes me feel al -
19
C Bb F C Bb F C Bb F C Bb F
3
right. Her name is G - - l - -
right.
23
C Bb F C Bb F C Bb F C Bb F
o - - r - - i - - a,
27
C Bb F C Bb F C Bb F
G - l - o - r - i - a, G - l - o - r - i -
(Glo - - ri - a)


30
C Bb F C Bb F C Bb F
a,
G - l - o - r - i - a,
(Glo - ri - a)
(Glo - ri -
33
C Bb F C Bb F C Bb F C Bb F
a)
(Glo - ri - a)
(Glo - ri -
37
C Bb F C Bb F C Bb F C Bb F
a)
41
1 C Bb F C Bb F
2 C Bb F C
Yeah, she comes a - round
3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

Go Down Moses

trad. Spiritual



1. When Israel was in Egypt's land: Let my people go,
oppressed so hard they could not stand: Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, 'way down in Egypt's land,
tell ole Pharaoh, let my people go.

2. "Thus spoke the Lord", bold Moses said, "let my people go.
If not, I'll smite your firstborn dead, let my people go."
Go down, Moses ...

3. "Your foes shall not before you stand, let my people go.
And you'll possess fair Canaan's land, let my people go."
Go down, Moses ...

4. "You'll not get lost in the wilderness, let my people go,
with a lighted candle in your breast, let my people go."
Go down, Moses ...

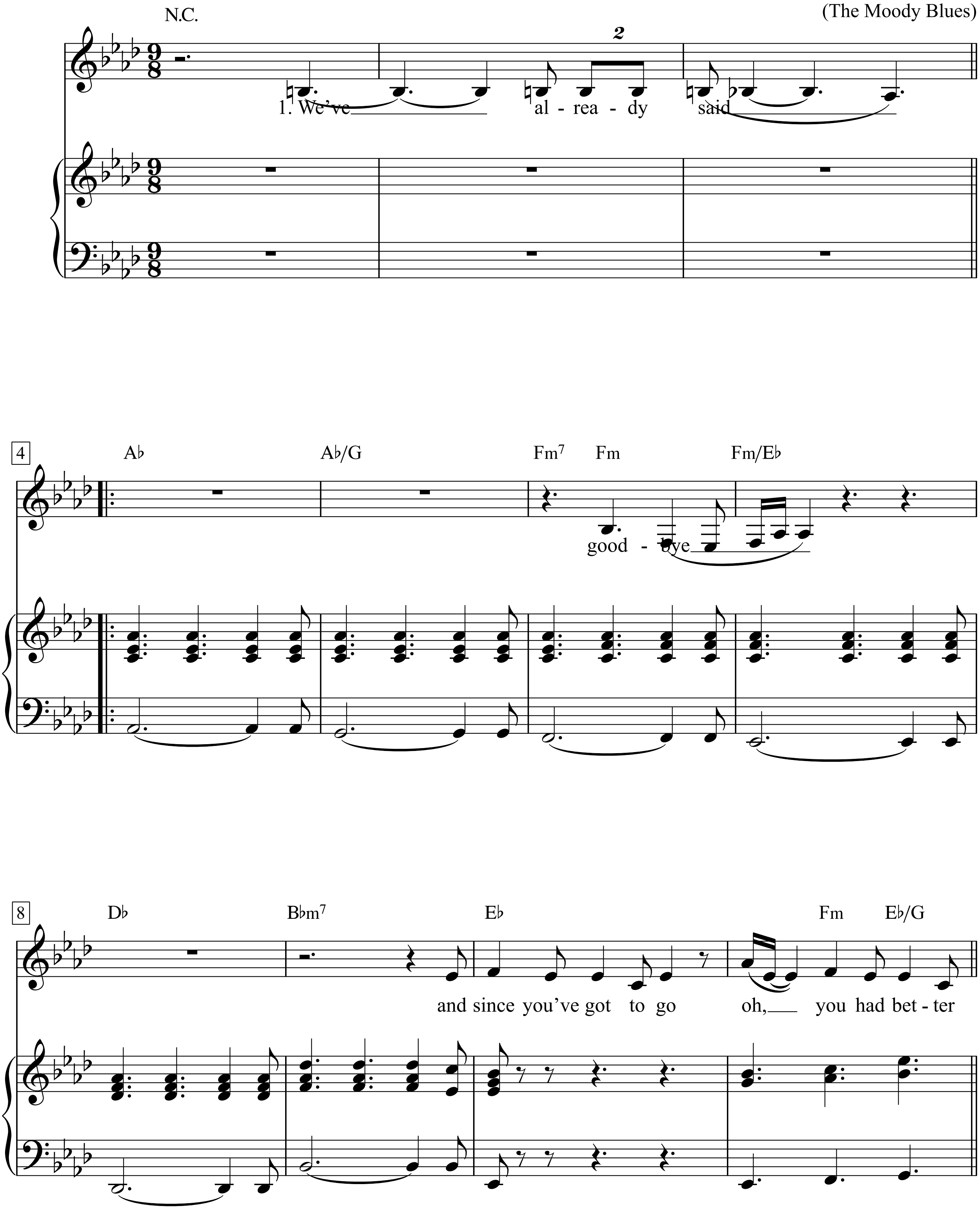
5. No more shall they in bondage toil, let my people go.
Let them come out with Egypt's spoil, let my people go.
Go down, Moses ...

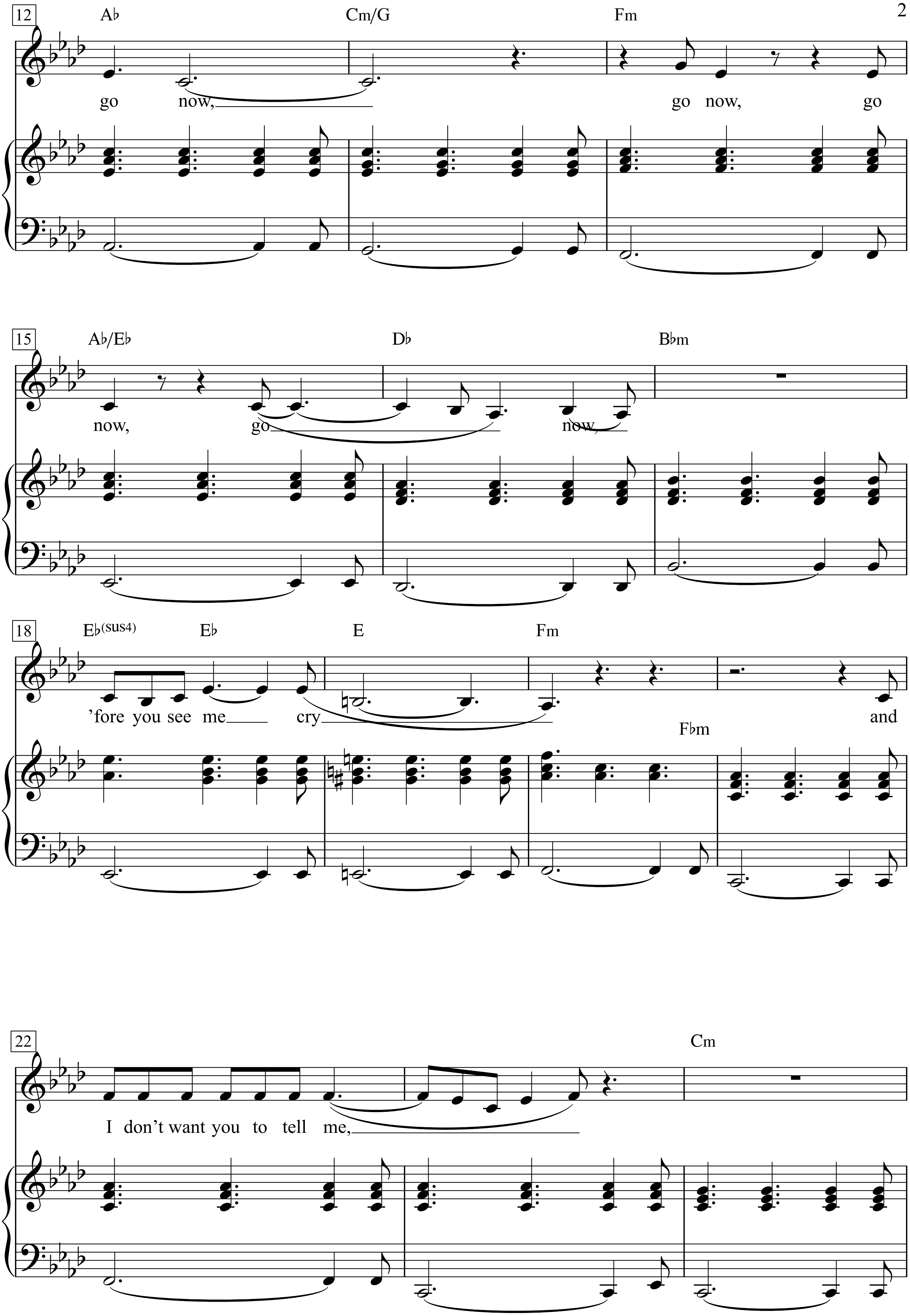
6. Oh let us all from bondage flee, let my people go.
And let us all in Christ be free, let my people go.
Go down, Moses ...

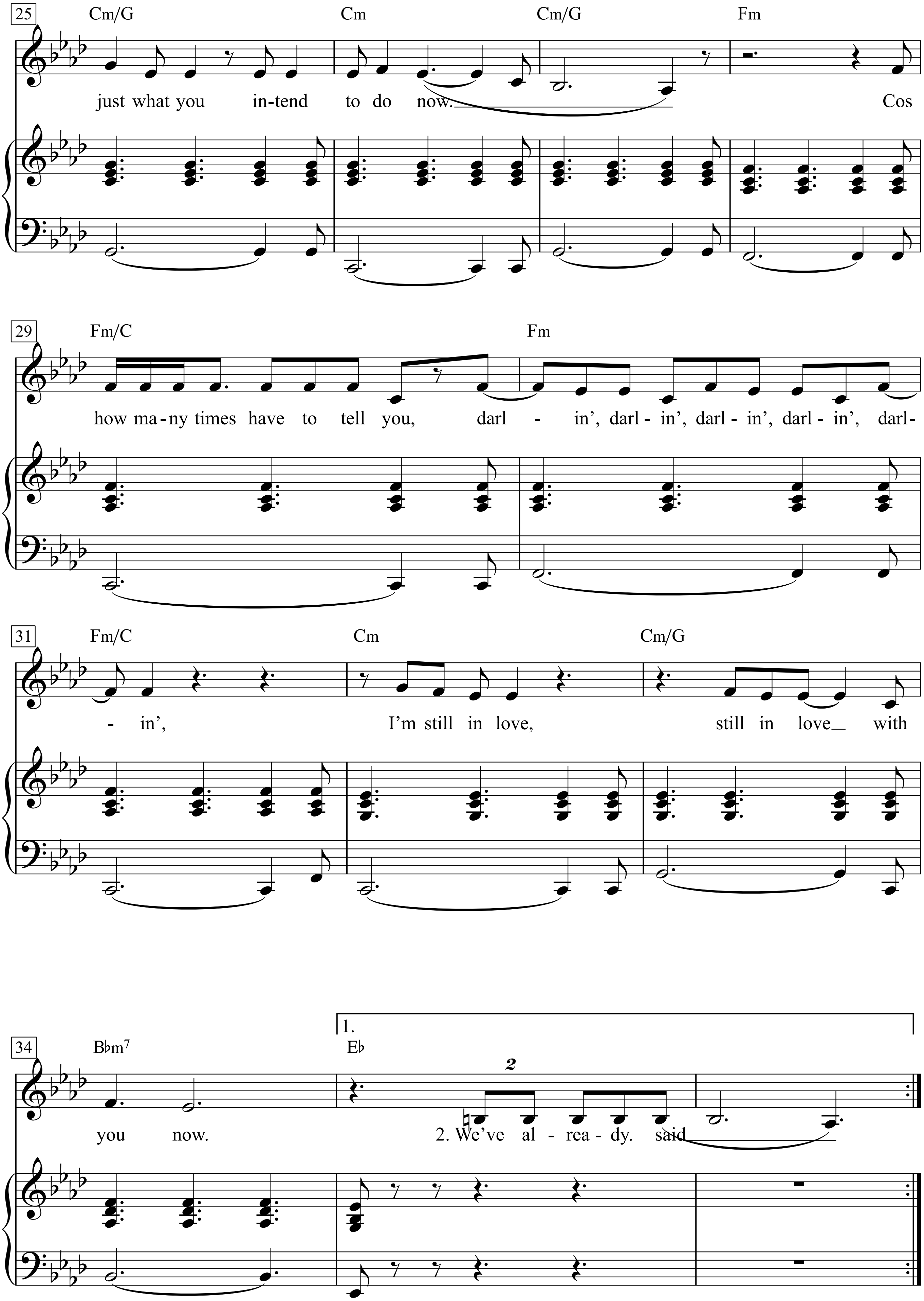
Dieses heute weltbekannte Spiritual ist wie viele andere in den Südstaaten Amerikas zur Zeit der Sklaverei entstanden. Es beschreibt vordergründig den Auszug der Israeliten aus ihrer ägyptischen Gefangenschaft, wie er im Alten Testament geschildert wird.
Es wird überliefert, dass mit „Moses" die entflohene Sklavin Harriet Tubman gemeint ist. Sie setzte immer wieder ihr Leben und ihre gewonnene Freiheit aufs Spiel, um anderen Sklaven zur Flucht zu verhelfen. Sie war dabei so geschickt und führte eine so große Zahl von Sklaven in die Freiheit, dass auf sie schon bald ein Kopfgeld in Hohe von 10.000 Dollar ausgesetzt wurde.

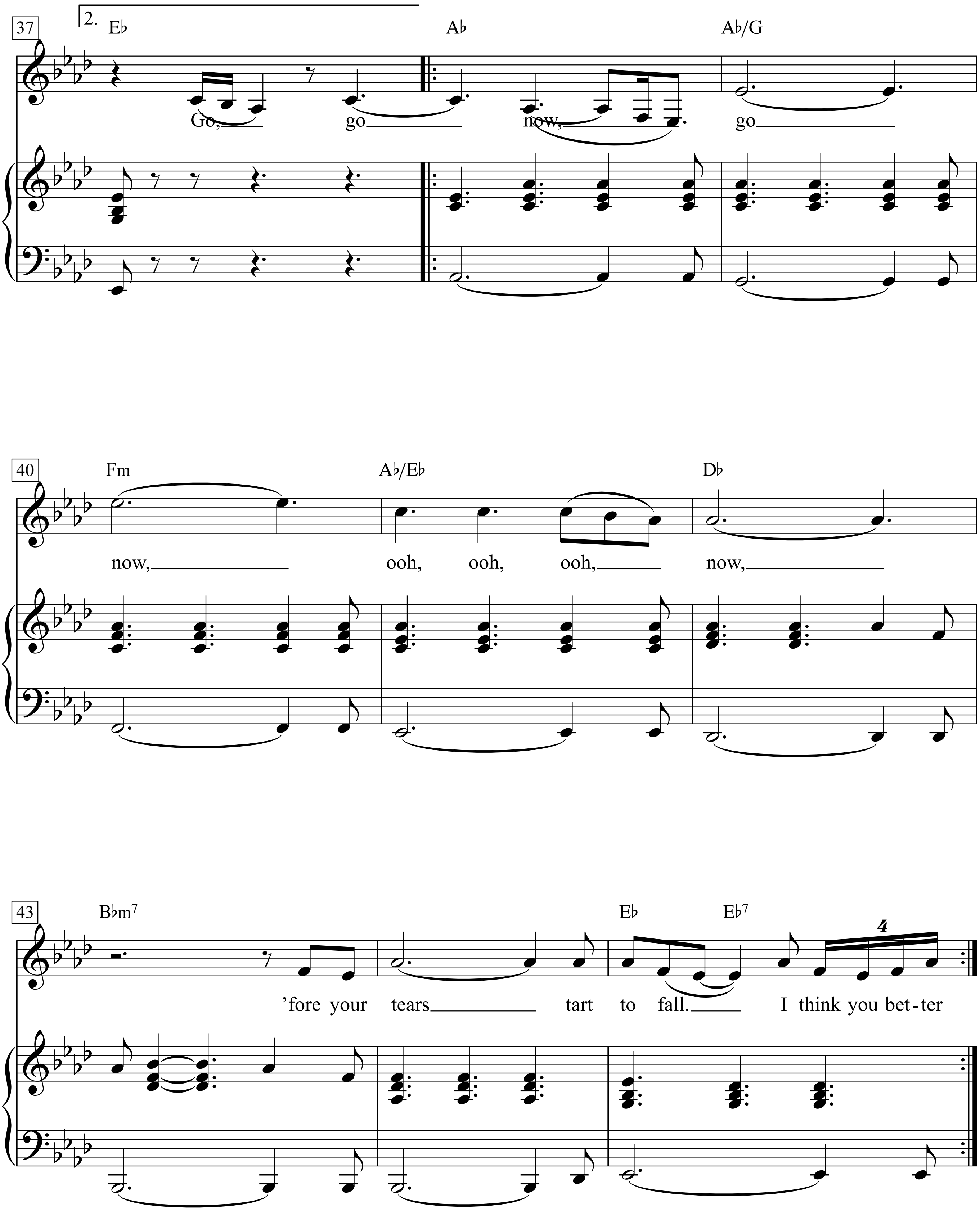
Go Now

Words & Music by
Larry Banks and Milton Bennett
(The Moody Blues)




12
A♭ Cm/G Fm
go now, go now, go
15
A♭/E♭ D♭ B♭m
now, go now,
18
E♭(sus4) E♭ E Fm
'fore you see me cry and
F♭m
22
Cm
I don't want you to tell me,


25
Cm/G
Cm
Cm/G
Fm
just what you in-tend to do now.
Cos
29
Fm/C
Fm
how ma-ny times have to tell you, darl - in', darl - in', darl - in', darl - in', darl-
31
Fm/C
Cm
Cm/G
- in', I'm still in love, still in love with
34
B♭m7
1.
E♭
2
you now.
2. We've al - rea - dy. said

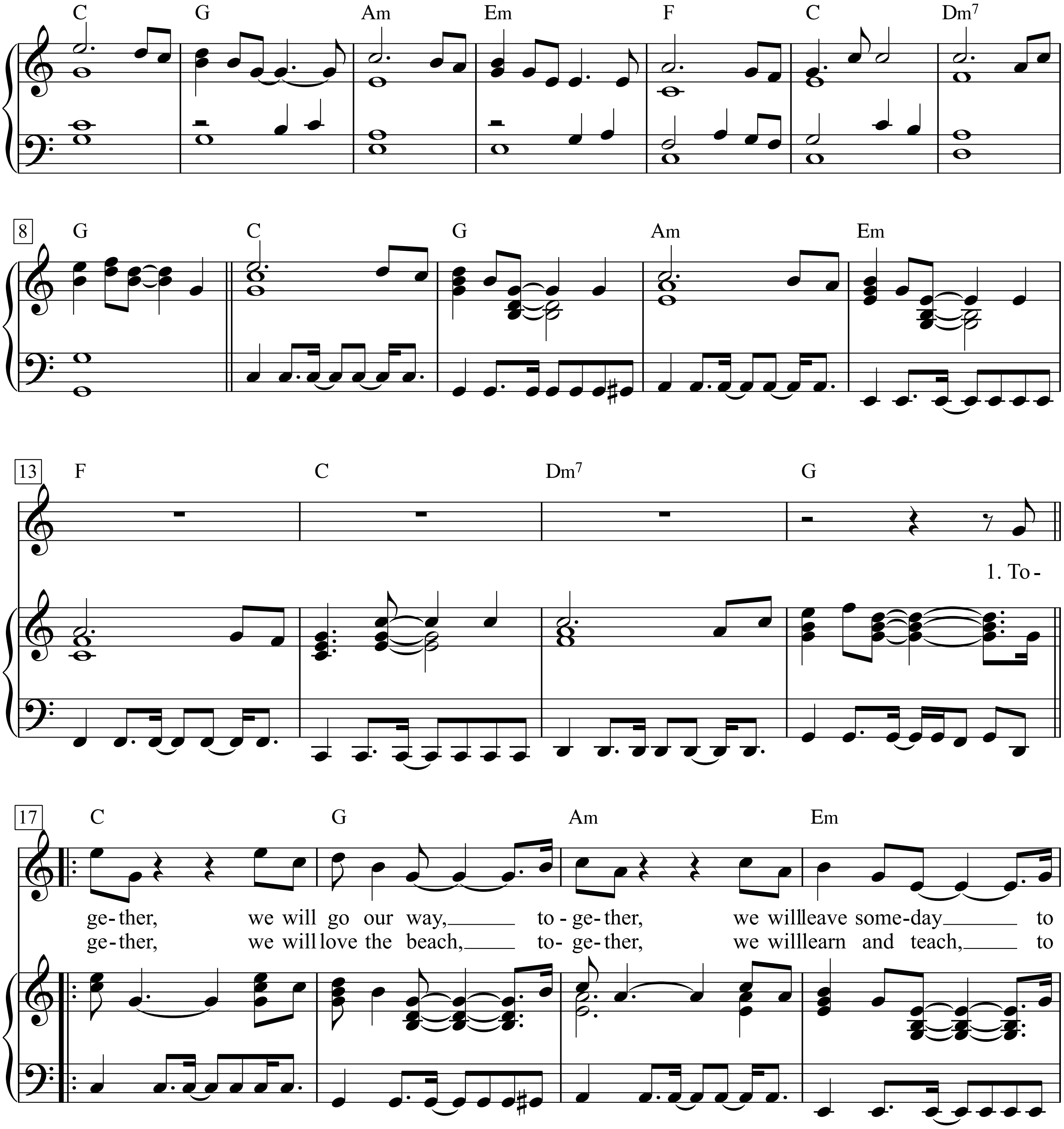

37
2.
E♭
A♭
A♭/G
Go, go now, go
40
Fm
A♭/E♭
D♭
now, ooh, ooh, ooh, now,
43
B♭m7
E♭
E♭7
4
'fore your tears tart to fall. I think you bet-ter

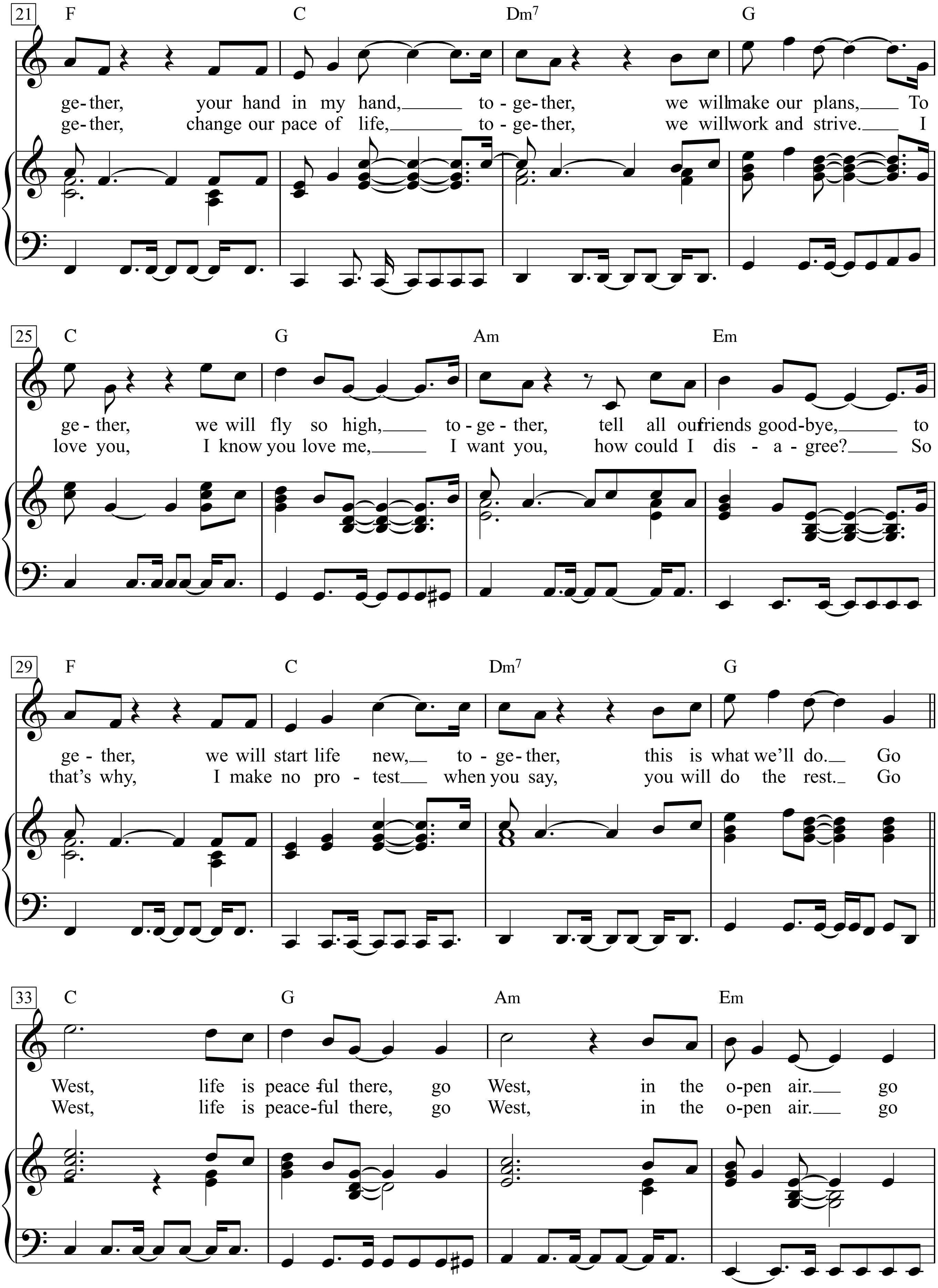
Verse 2:
We've already said, so long
I don't want to see you go
But boy you had better
Go now, go now
Go now, go now
Don't you even try

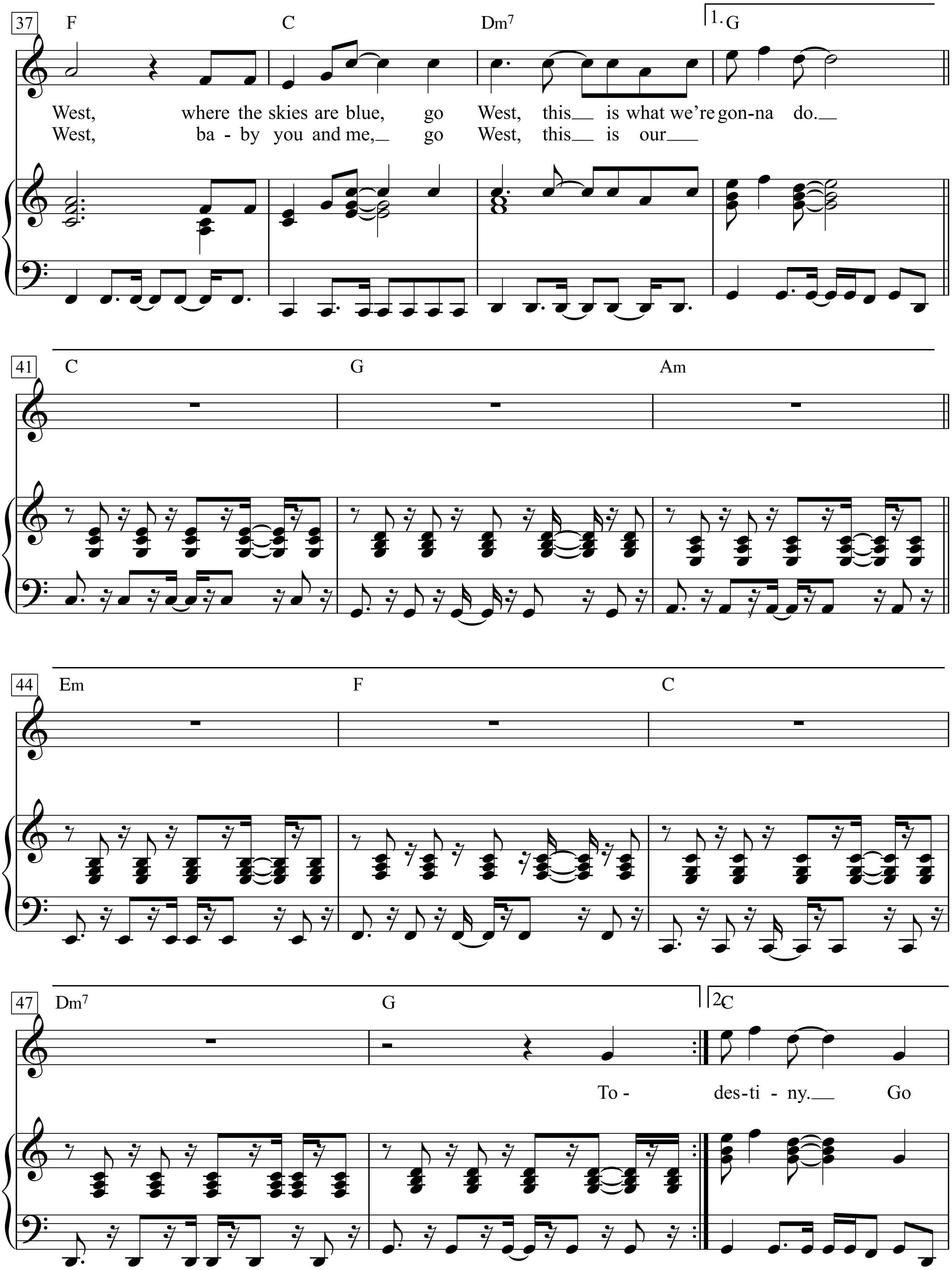
Bridge 2:
To tell me that you really don't
Want to see it in this way now.
Don't you know
If you really meant what you said
Darlin', darlin', darlin'
I wouldn't have to keep on begging you
Begging you, begging you Begging you to stay.
Go now *etc*.

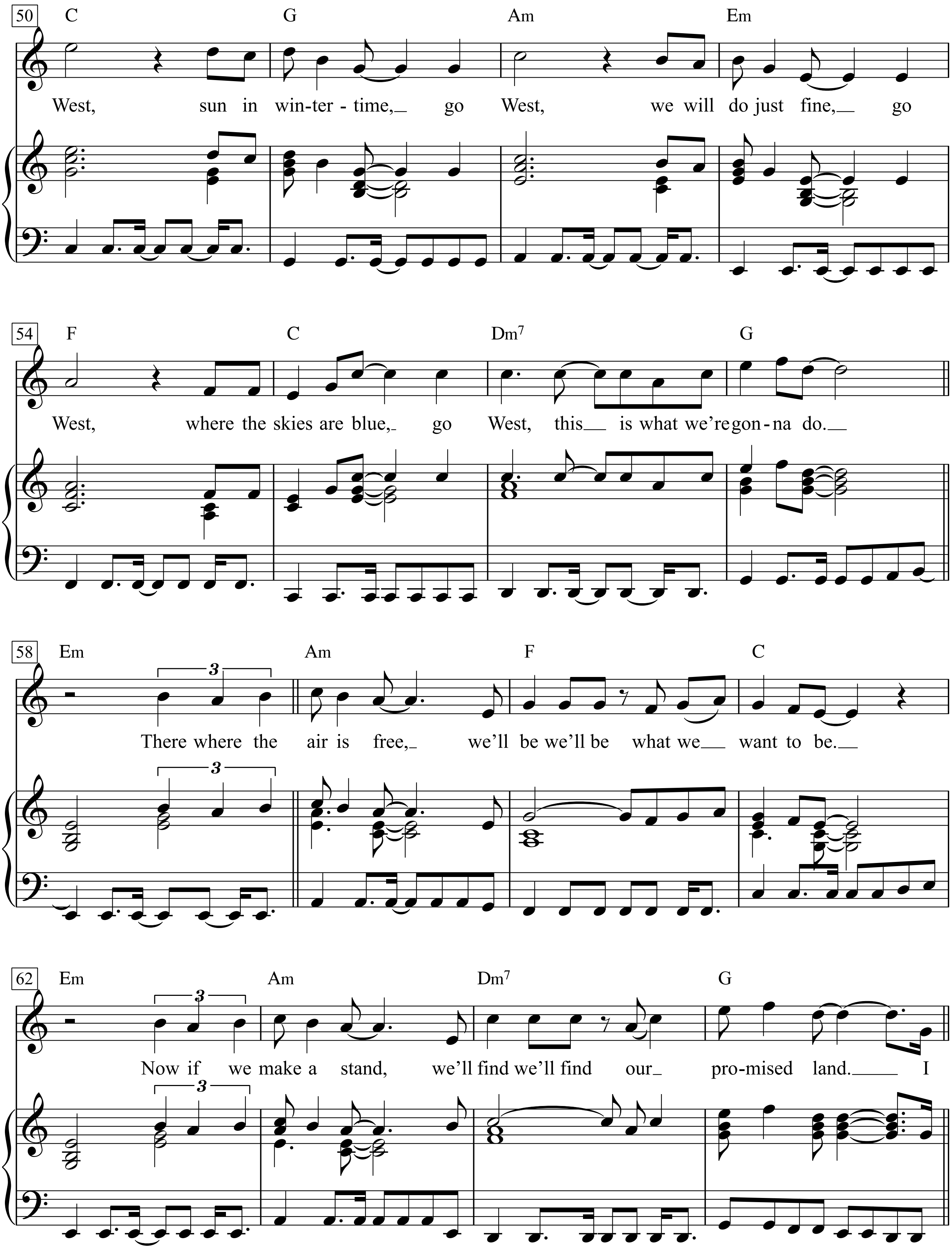
Go West

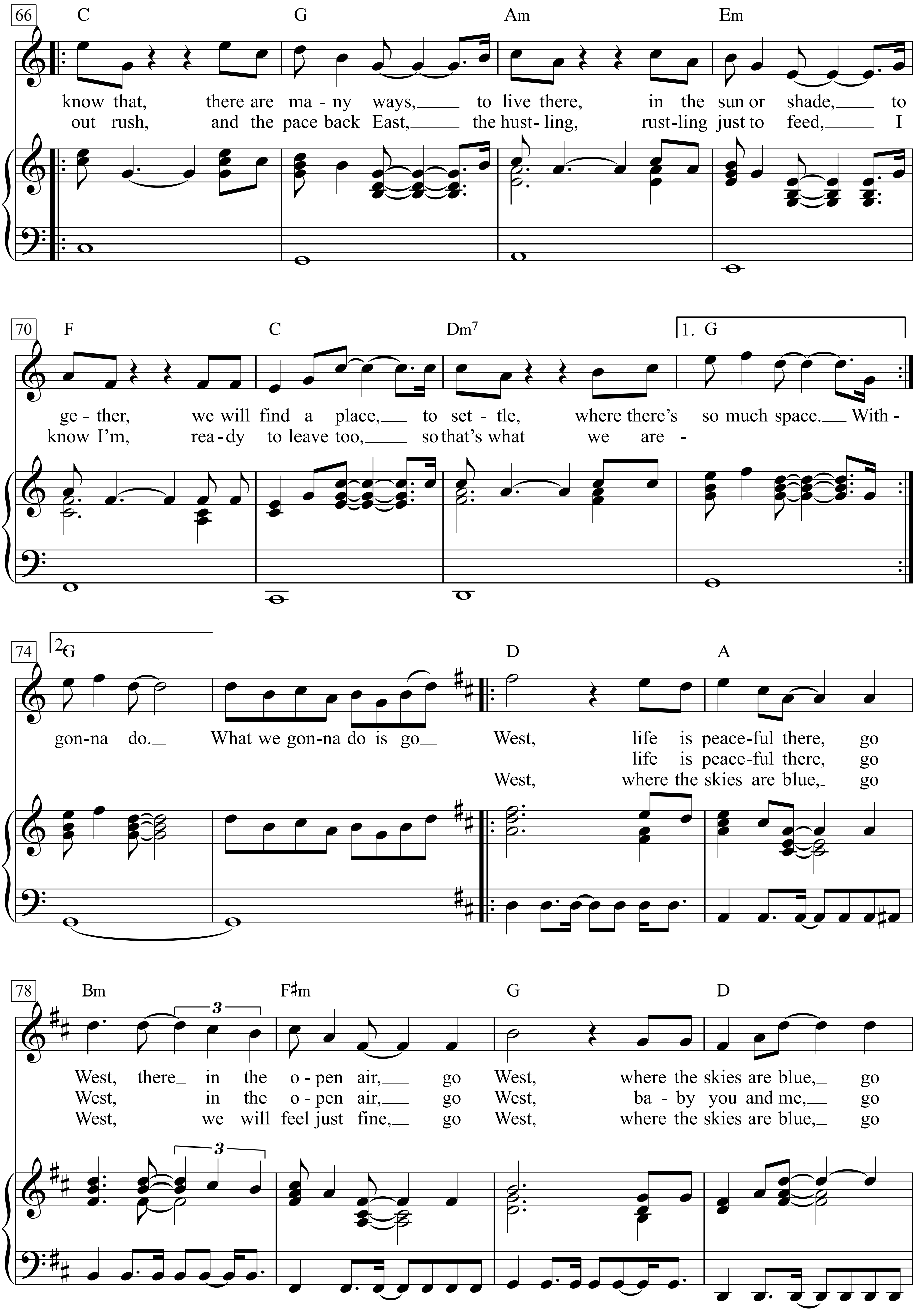
Words & Music by
Jacques Morali, Henri Belolo and Victor Willis

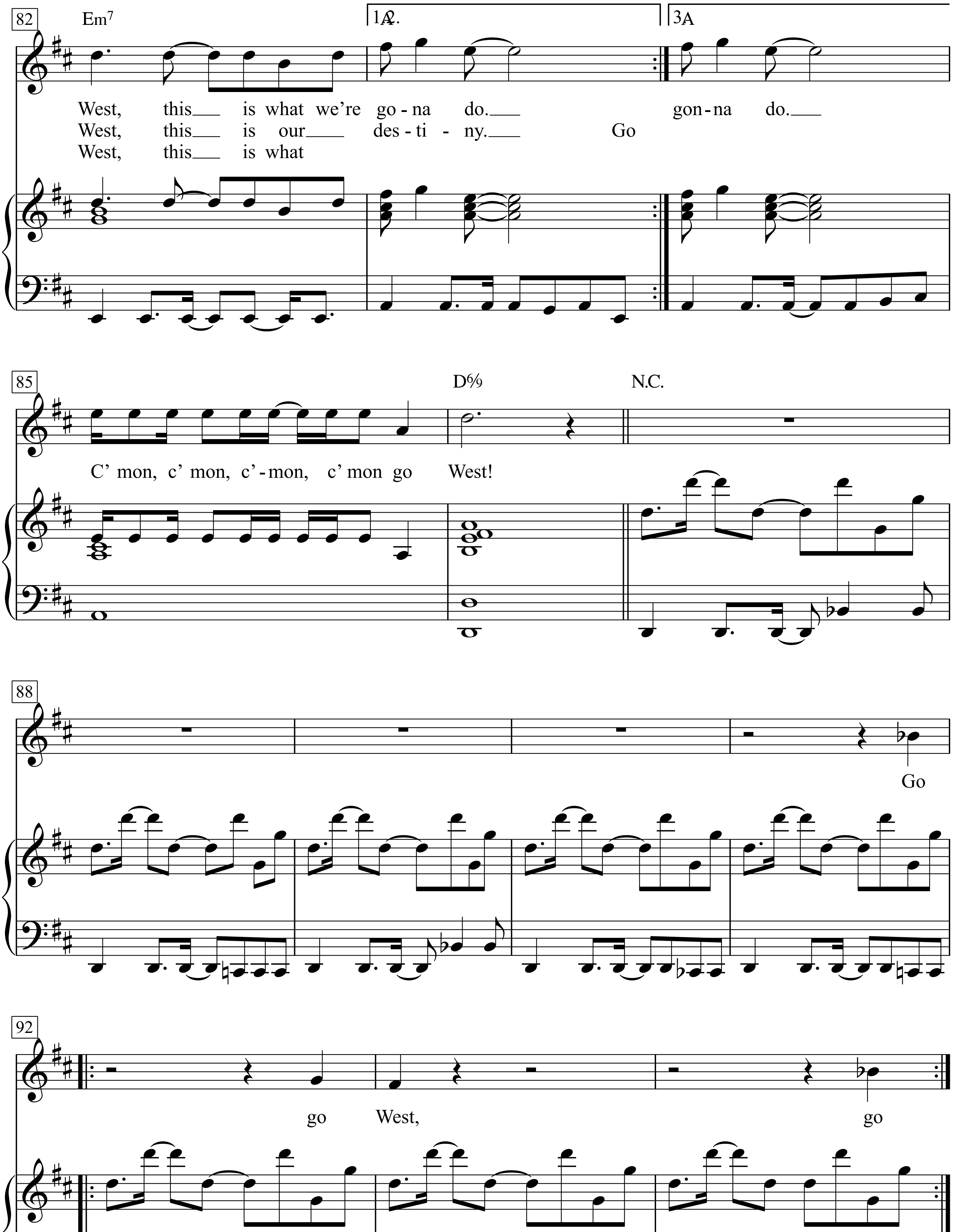



21
F C Dm7 G
ge- ther, your hand in my hand, to - ge- ther, we will make our plans, To
ge- ther, change our pace of life, to - ge- ther, we will work and strive. I
25
C G Am Em
ge - ther, we will fly so high, to - ge - ther, tell all our friends good-bye, to
love you, I know you love me, I want you, how could I dis - a - gree? So
29
F C Dm7 G
ge - ther, we will start life new, to - ge- ther, this is what we'll do. Go
that's why, I make no pro - test when you say, you will do the rest. Go
33
C G Am Em
West, life is peace-ful there, go West, in the o-pen air. go
West, life is peace-ful there, go West, in the o-pen air. go


37
F
C
Dm7
1. G
West, where the skies are blue, go West, this is what we're gon-na do.
West, ba - by you and me, go West, this is our
41
C
G
Am
44
Em
F
C
47
Dm7
G
2. C
To - des-ti - ny. Go


50
C
G
Am
Em
West, sun in win-ter - time, go West, we will do just fine, go
54
F
C
Dm7
G
West, where the skies are blue, go West, this is what we're gon - na do.
58
Em
Am
F
C
3
There where the air is free, we'll be we'll be what we want to be.
62
Em
Am
Dm7
G
3
Now if we make a stand, we'll find we'll find our pro-mised land. I

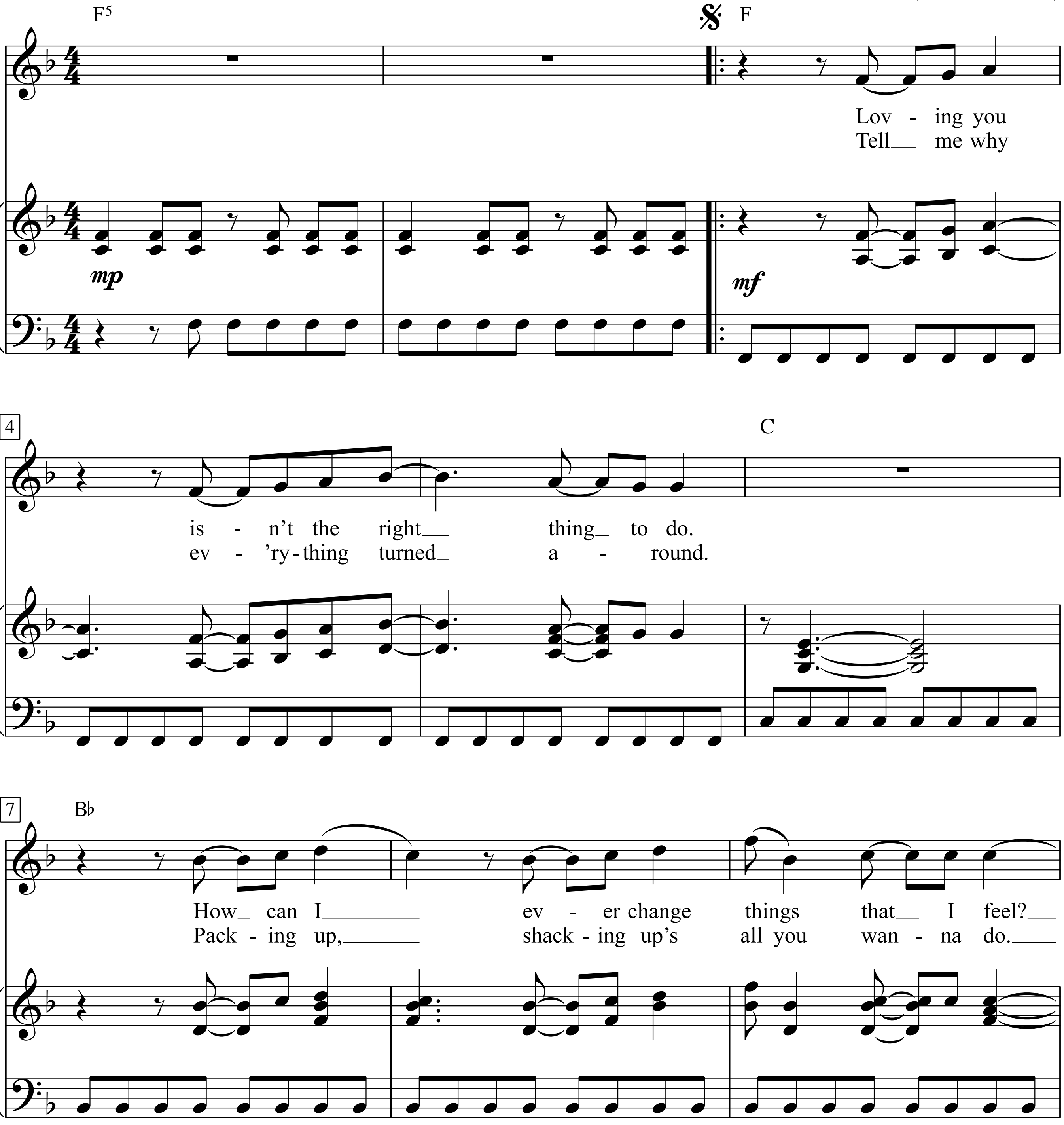

66
C G Am Em
know that, there are ma - ny ways, to live there, in the sun or shade, to
out rush, and the pace back East, the hust - ling, rust - ling just to feed, I
70
F C Dm7 1. G
ge - ther, we will find a place, to set - tle, where there's so much space. With -
know I'm, rea - dy to leave too, so that's what we are -
74
2. G D A
gon - na do. What we gon - na do is go West, life is peace - ful there, go
life is peace - ful there, go
West, where the skies are blue, go
78
Bm F♯m G D
West, there in the o - pen air, go West, where the skies are blue, go
West, in the o - pen air, go West, ba - by you and me, go
West, we will feel just fine, go West, where the skies are blue, go
3

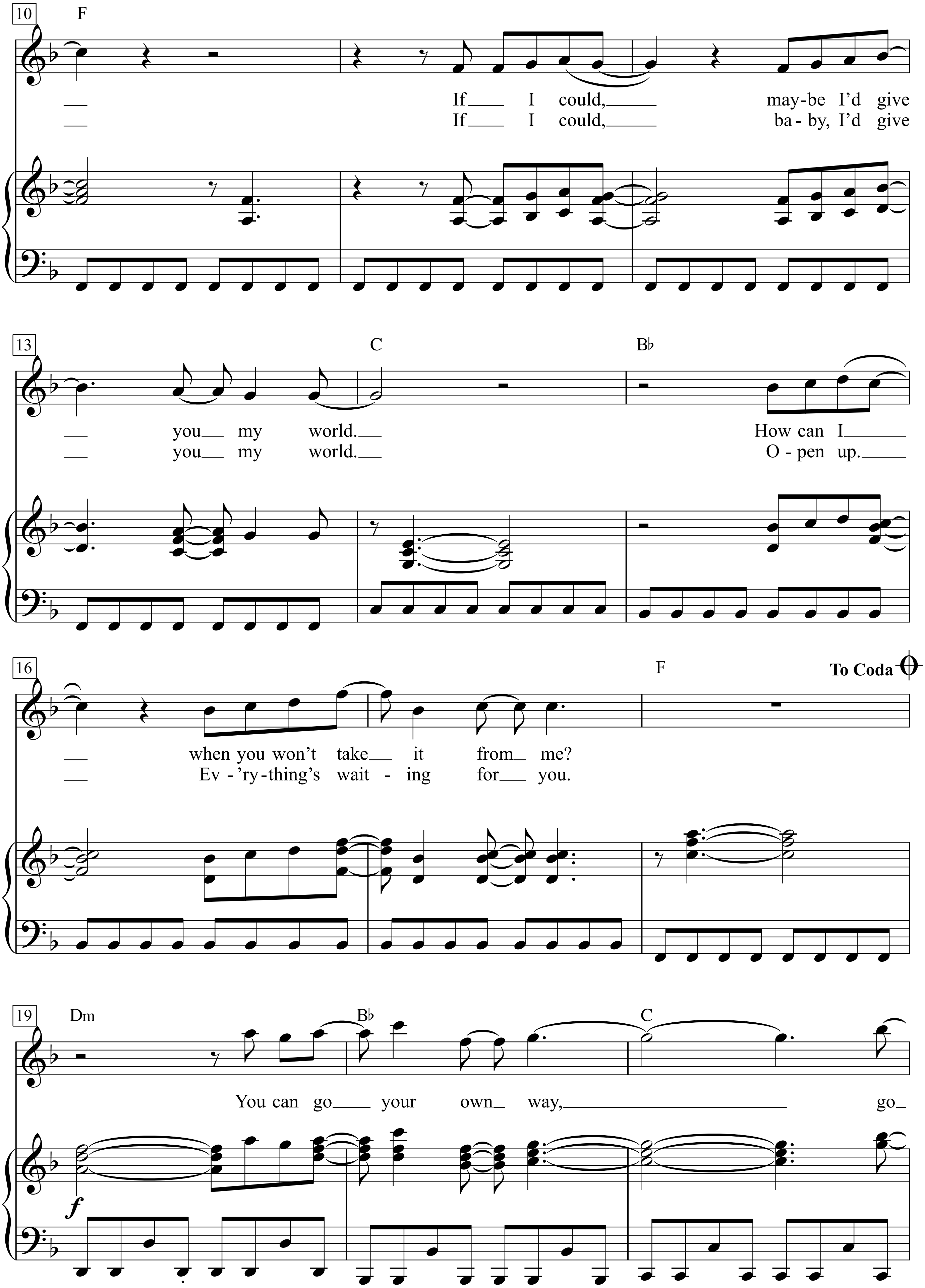

82
Em7
1.2.
3A
West, this is what we're go - na do.
gon - na do.
West, this is our des - ti - ny.
Go
West, this is what
85
D6/9
N.C.
C' mon, c' mon, c' - mon, c' mon go West!
88
Go
92
go West,
go

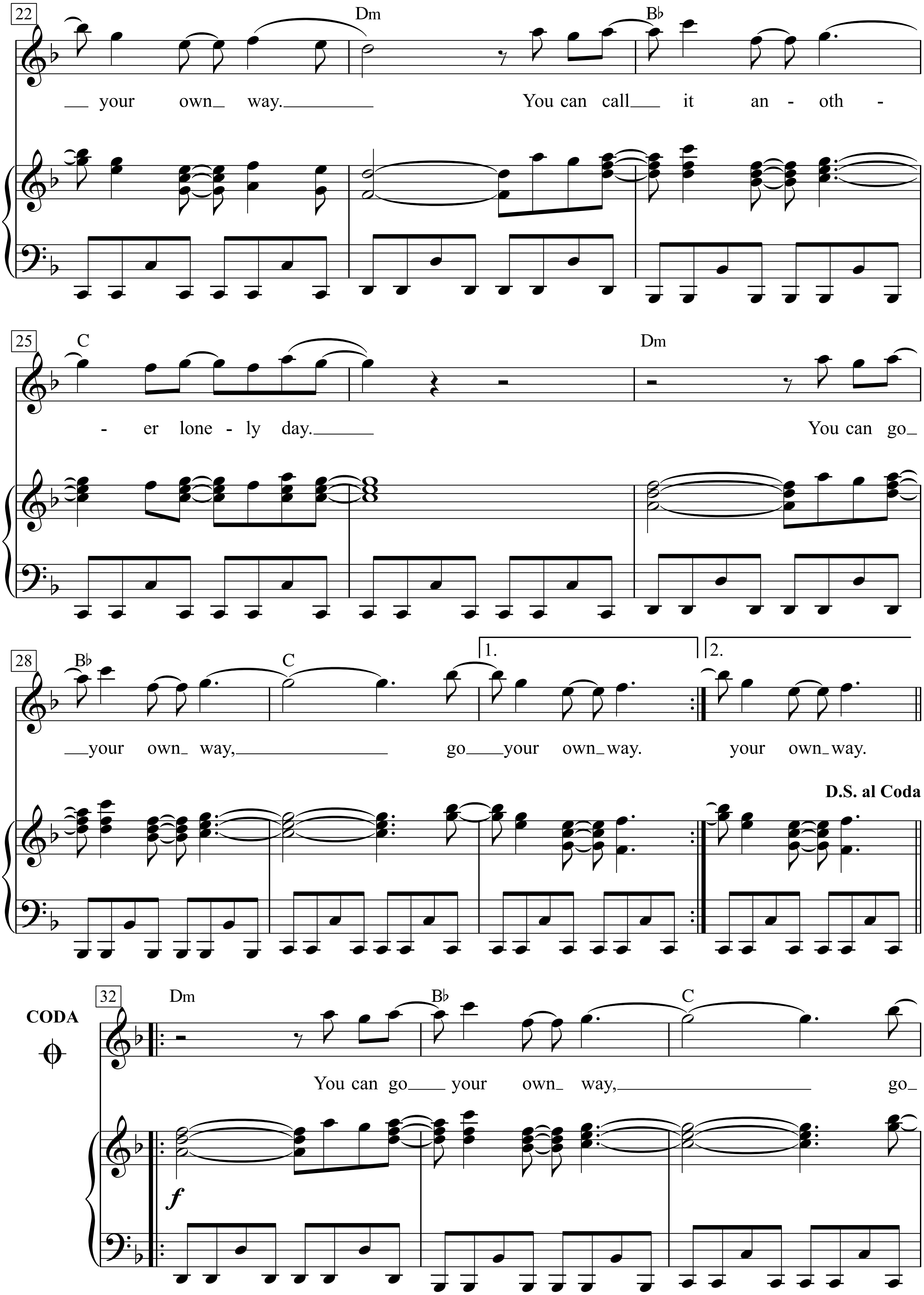
Go Your Own Way

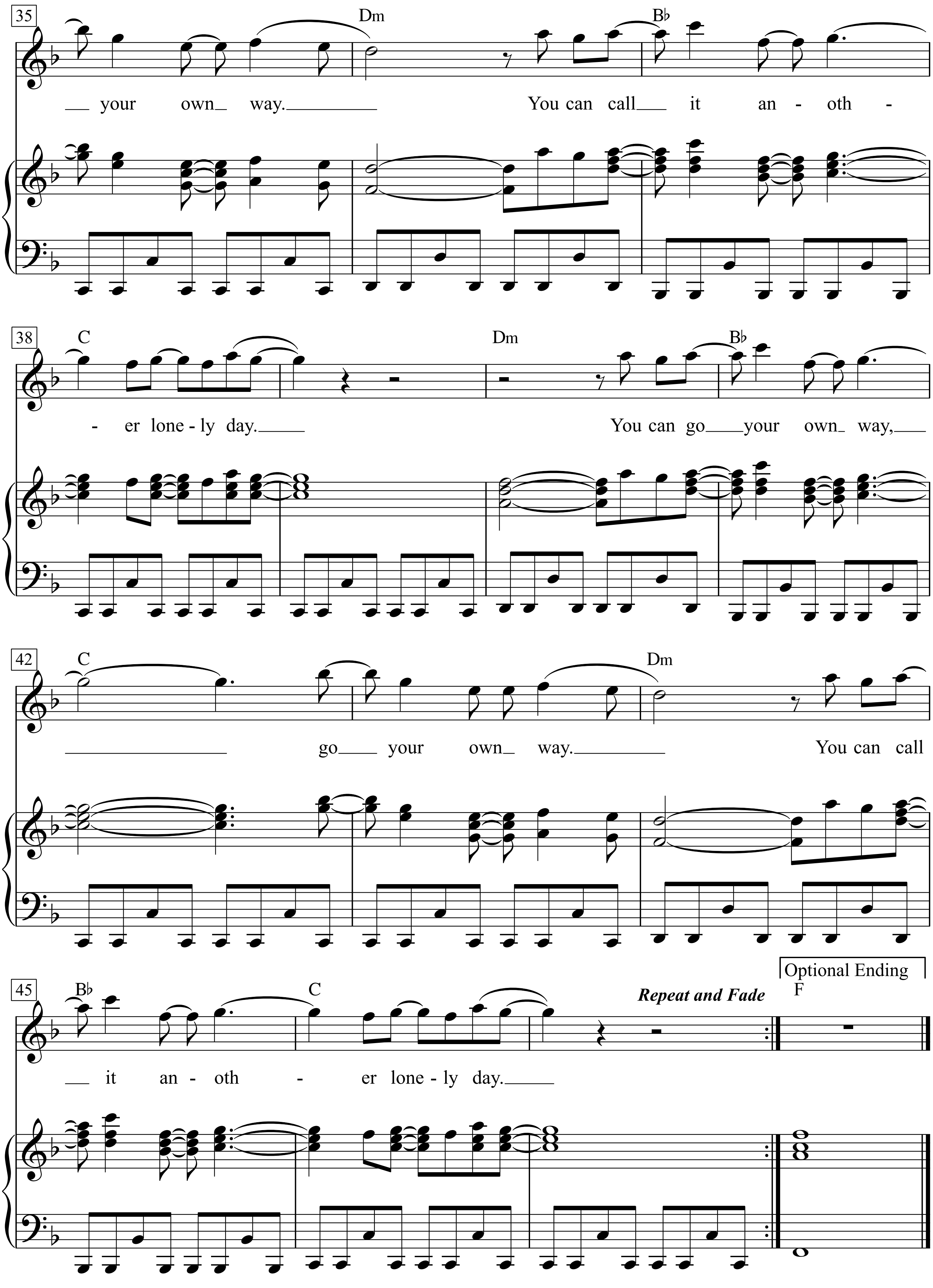
Words & Music by
Lindsey Buckingham
(Fleetwood Mac)

Moderate Rock




10
F
If I could, may-be I'd give
If I could, ba - by, I'd give
13
C
B♭
you my world. How can I
you my world. O - pen up.
16
F
To Coda
when you won't take it from me?
Ev - 'ry-thing's wait - ing for you.
19
Dm
B♭
C
You can go your own way, go
f


22
Dm
B♭
your own way.
You can call it an - oth -
25
C
Dm
- er lone - ly day.
You can go
28
B♭
C
1.
2.
your own way,
go your own way.
your own way.
D.S. al Coda
CODA
32
Dm
B♭
C
You can go your own way,
go
f


35
Dm
B♭
your own way. You can call it an - oth -
38
C
Dm
B♭
- er lone - ly day. You can go your own way,
42
C
Dm
go your own way. You can call
45
B♭
C
Repeat and Fade
Optional Ending
F
it an - oth - er lone - ly day.

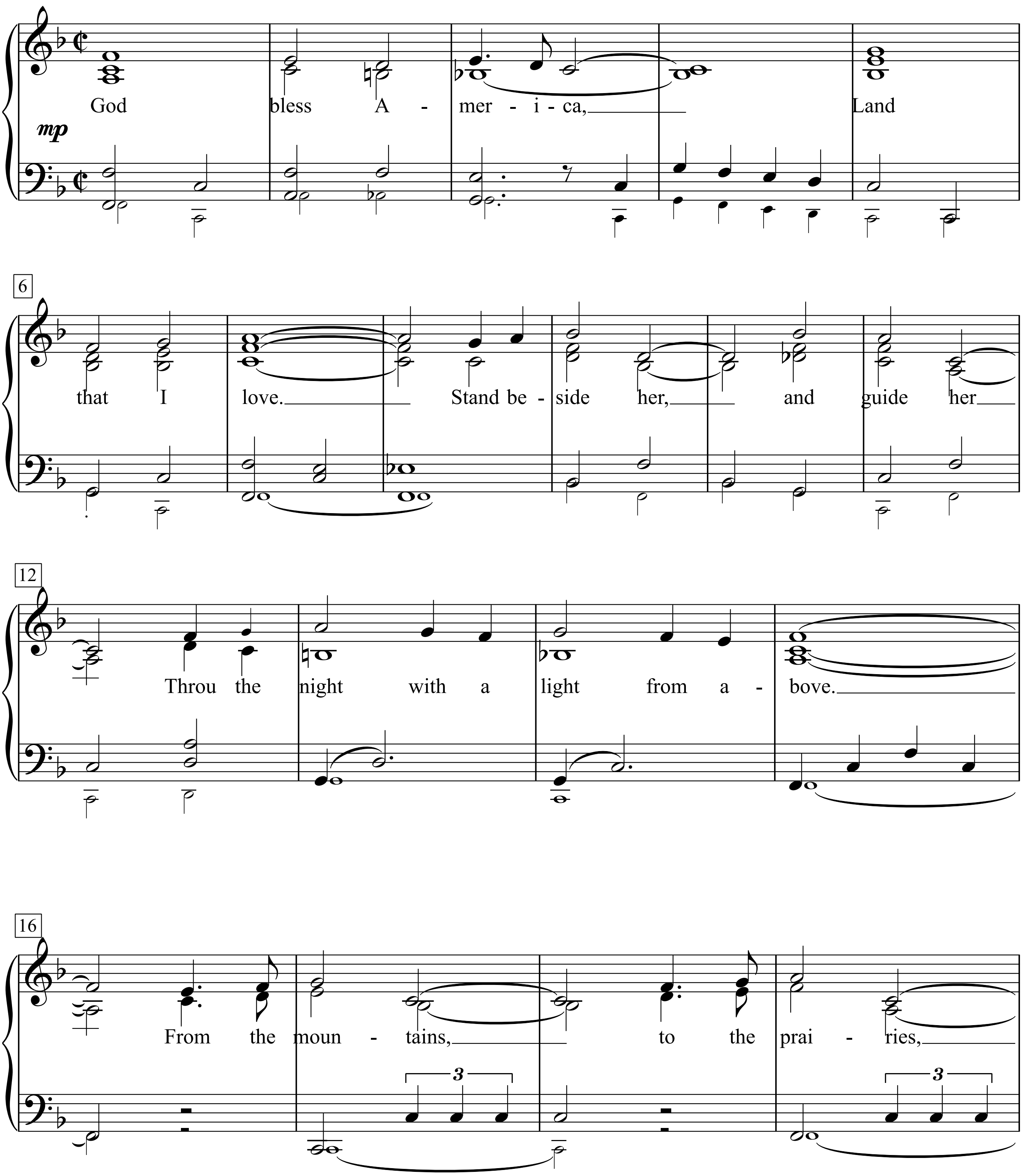
1.
Loving you isn’t the right thing to do.
How can I ever change things that I feel?
If I could, maybe I’d give you my world.
How can I when you won’t take it from me?
You can go your own way, go your own way.
You can call it another lonely day.
You can go your own way, go your own way. your own way.
You can go your own way, go your own way.
You can call it another lonely day.
You can go your own way, go your own way.
You can call it another lonely day.

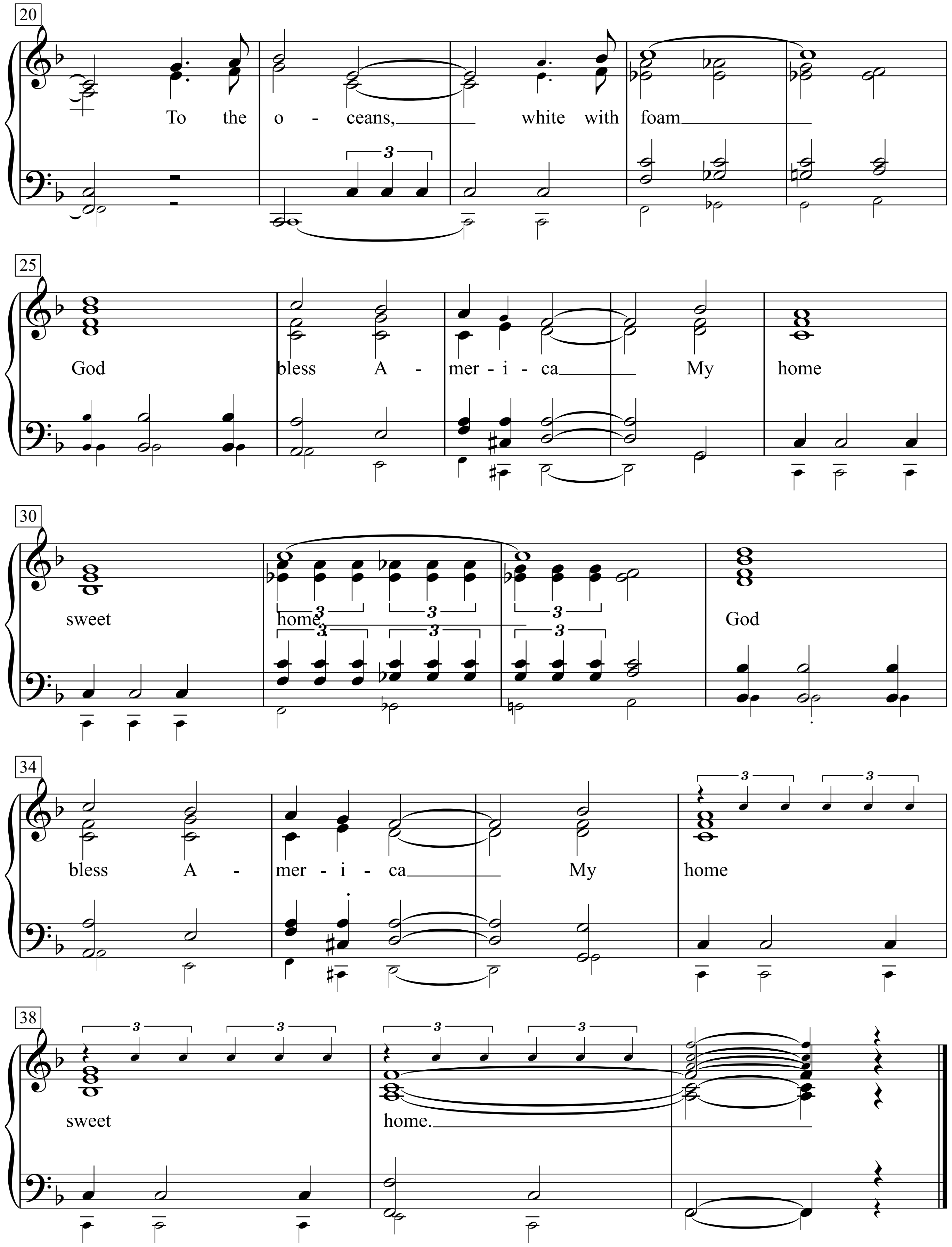
2.
Tell me why ev’rything turned around.
Packing up, shacking up’s all you wanna do.
If I could, baby,
I’d give you my world.
Open up.
Ev’rything’s waiting for you.

God Bless America

Moderately

Words & Music by Irving Berlin




20
To the o - ceans, white with foam
25
God bless A - mer - i - ca My home
30
sweet home God
34
bless A - mer - i - ca My home
38
sweet home.

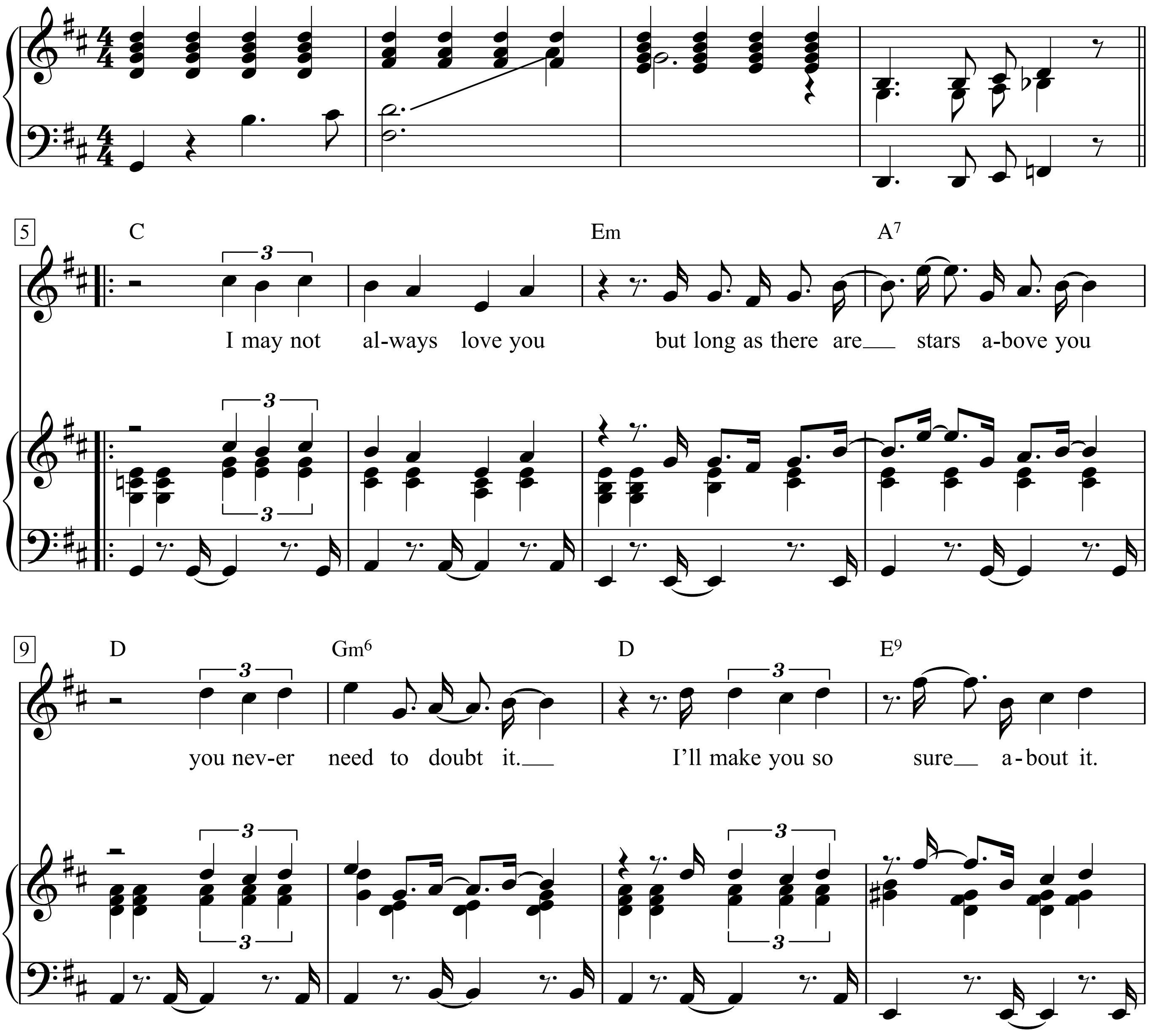
If ever it was decided to change our national anthem by popular vote, the winner – by a landslide – would be “God Bless America,“ a song that sums up in just a few phrases the deep love, honor and hope that we share in our great and beautiful land. When Berlin wrote his first Army show, Yip Yip Yaphank, in I9I8, he cut out the song rather than risk being accused of “flag-waving.” Twenty years later Kate Smith was persuaded to risk the same accusation and introduced the song on an Armistice Day radio program. Berlin, refusing to cash in on his patriotism, assigned all royalties from the song to the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts.

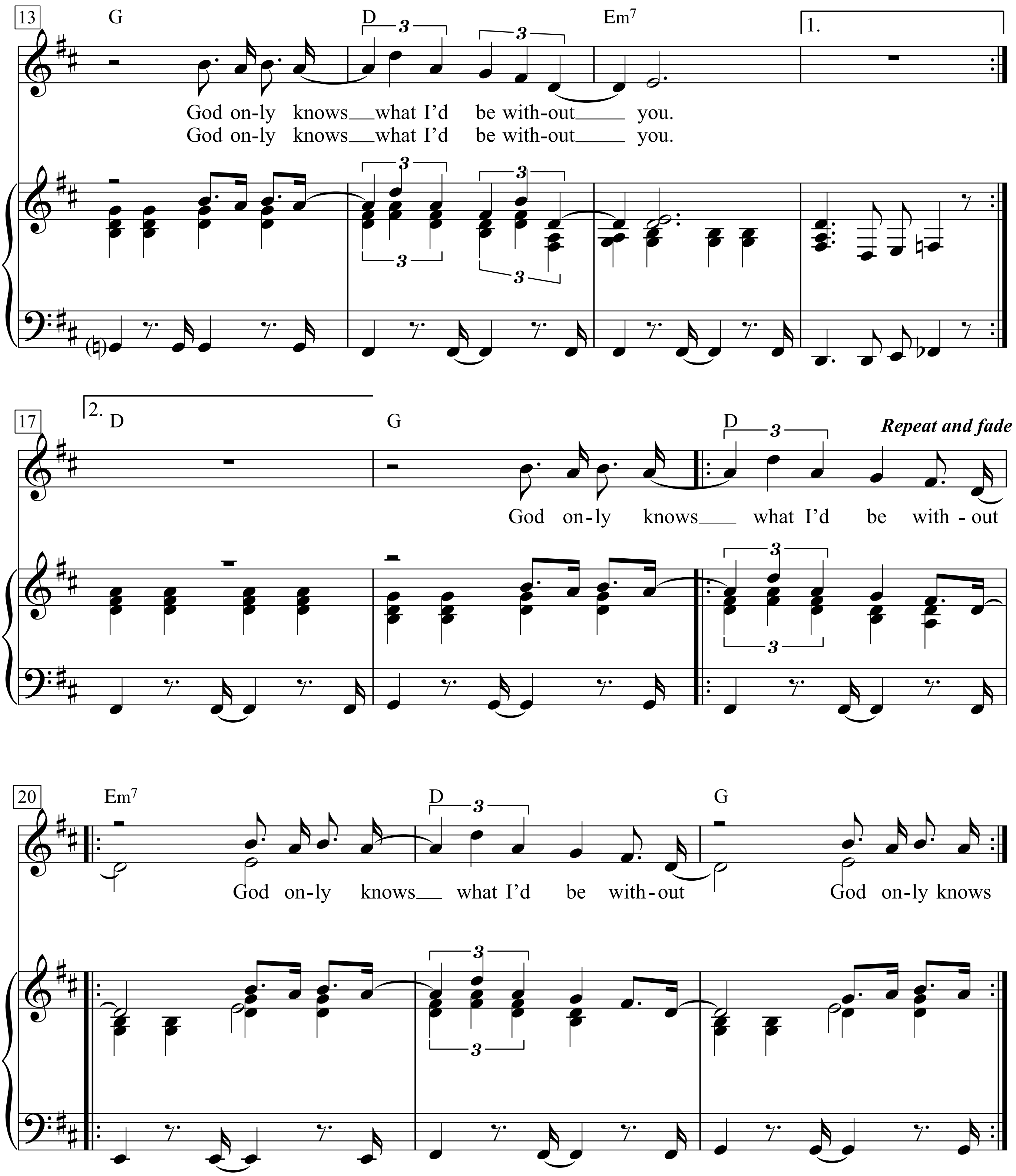
While the storm clouds gather far across the sea,
Let us swear allegiance to a land that’s free,
Let us all be grateful for a land so fair,
As we raise our voices in a solemn prayer.

God bless America,
Land that I love.
Stand beside her, and guide her
Through the night with a light from above.
From the mountains, to the prairies,
To the oceans, white with foam
God bless America, My home sweet home.

God Only Knows

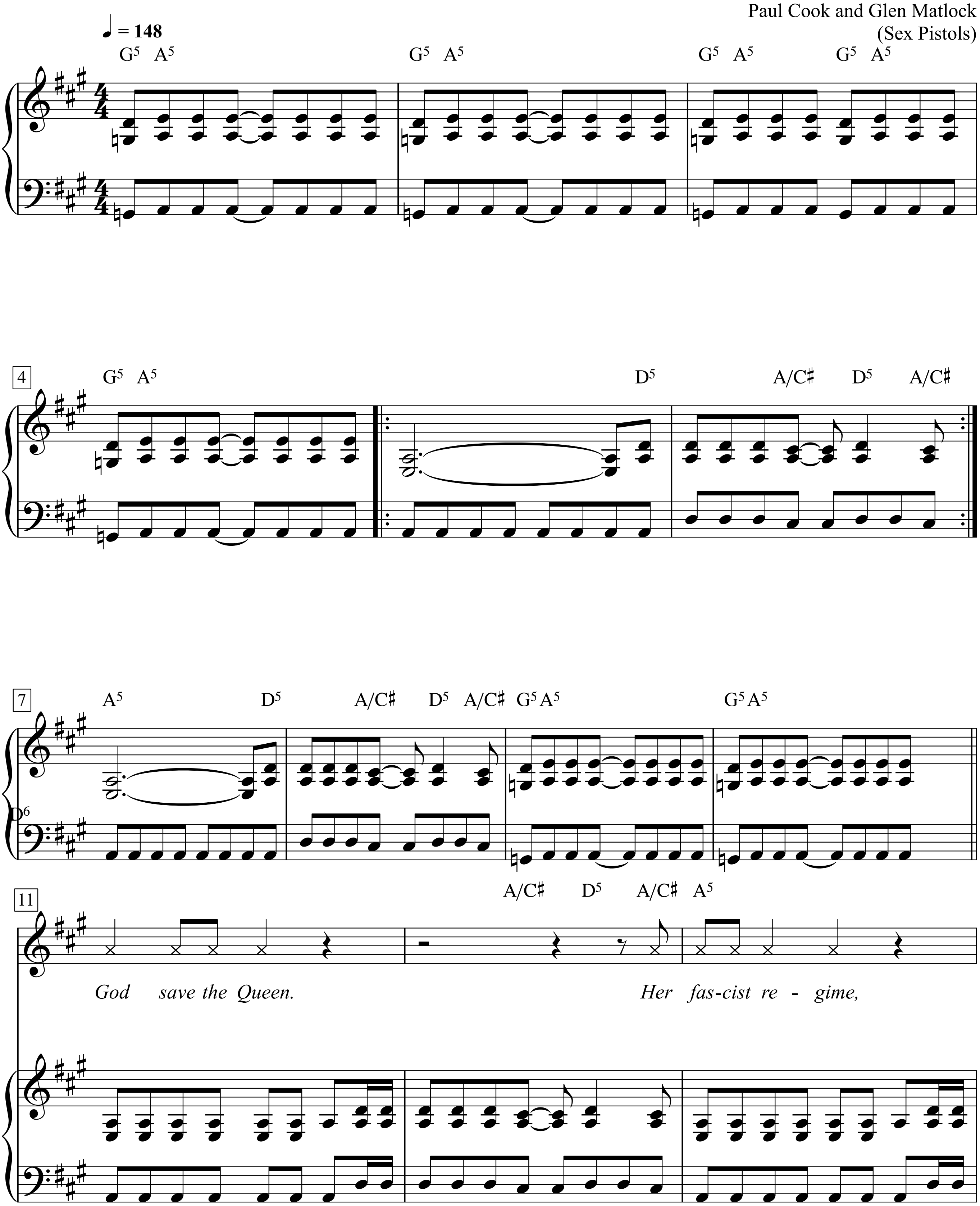
Words & Music by
Brian Wilson and Tony Asher
(The Beach Boys)

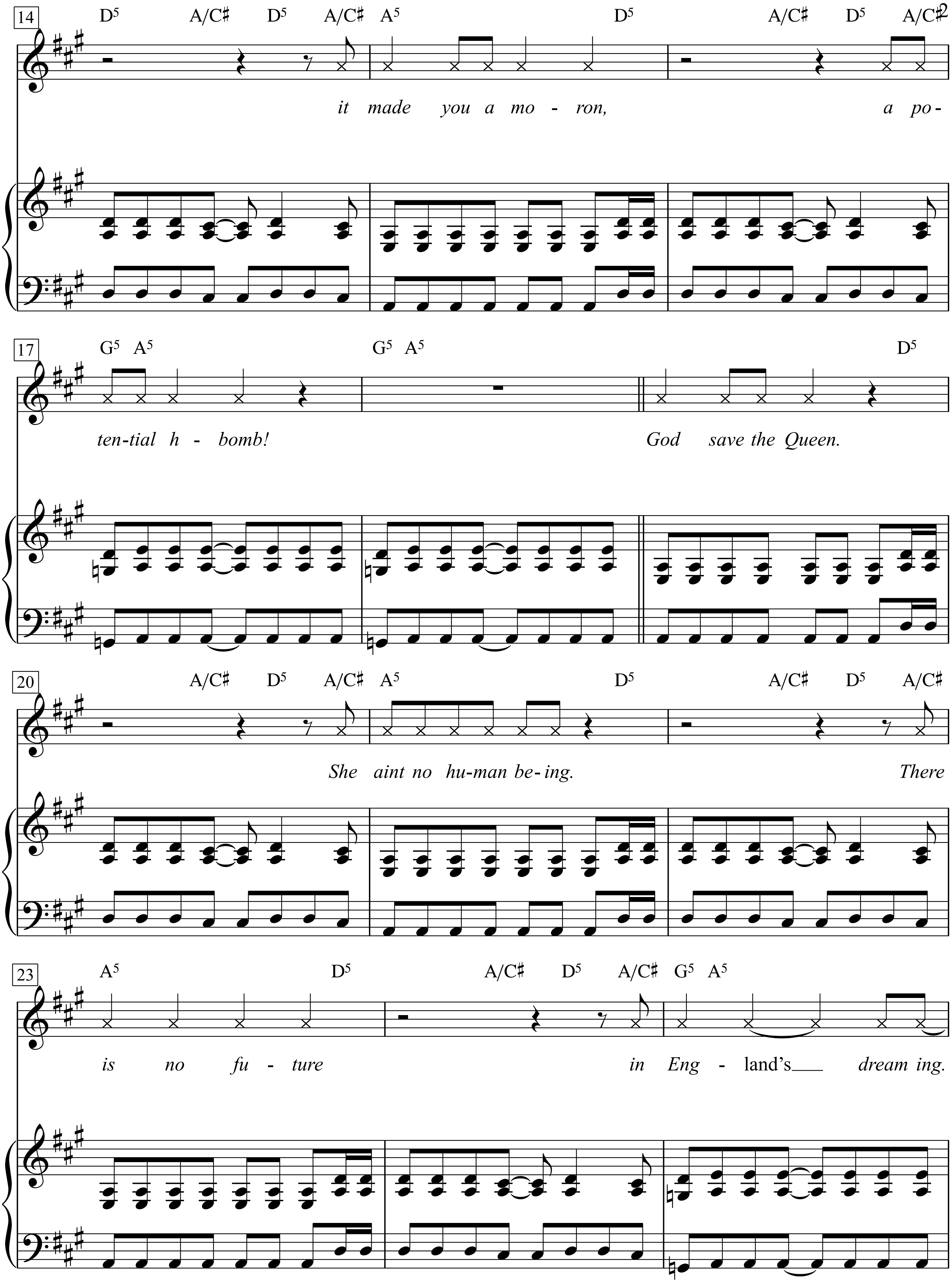


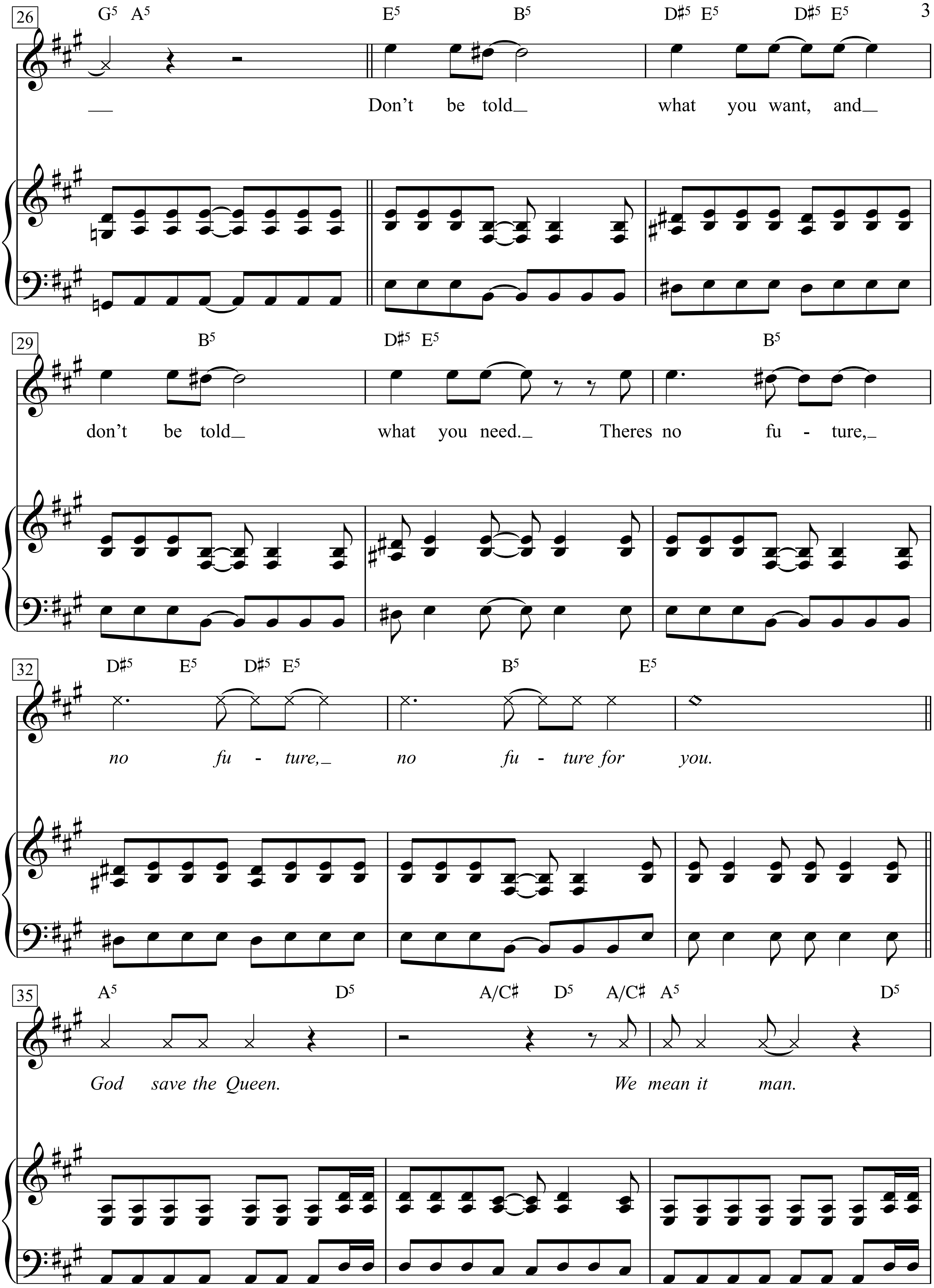

13
G
D
Em7
1.
God on-ly knows what I'd be with-out you.
God on-ly knows what I'd be with-out you.
17
2.
D
G
D
Repeat and fade
God on-ly knows what I'd be with-out
20
Em7
D
G
God on-ly knows what I'd be with-out
God on-ly knows

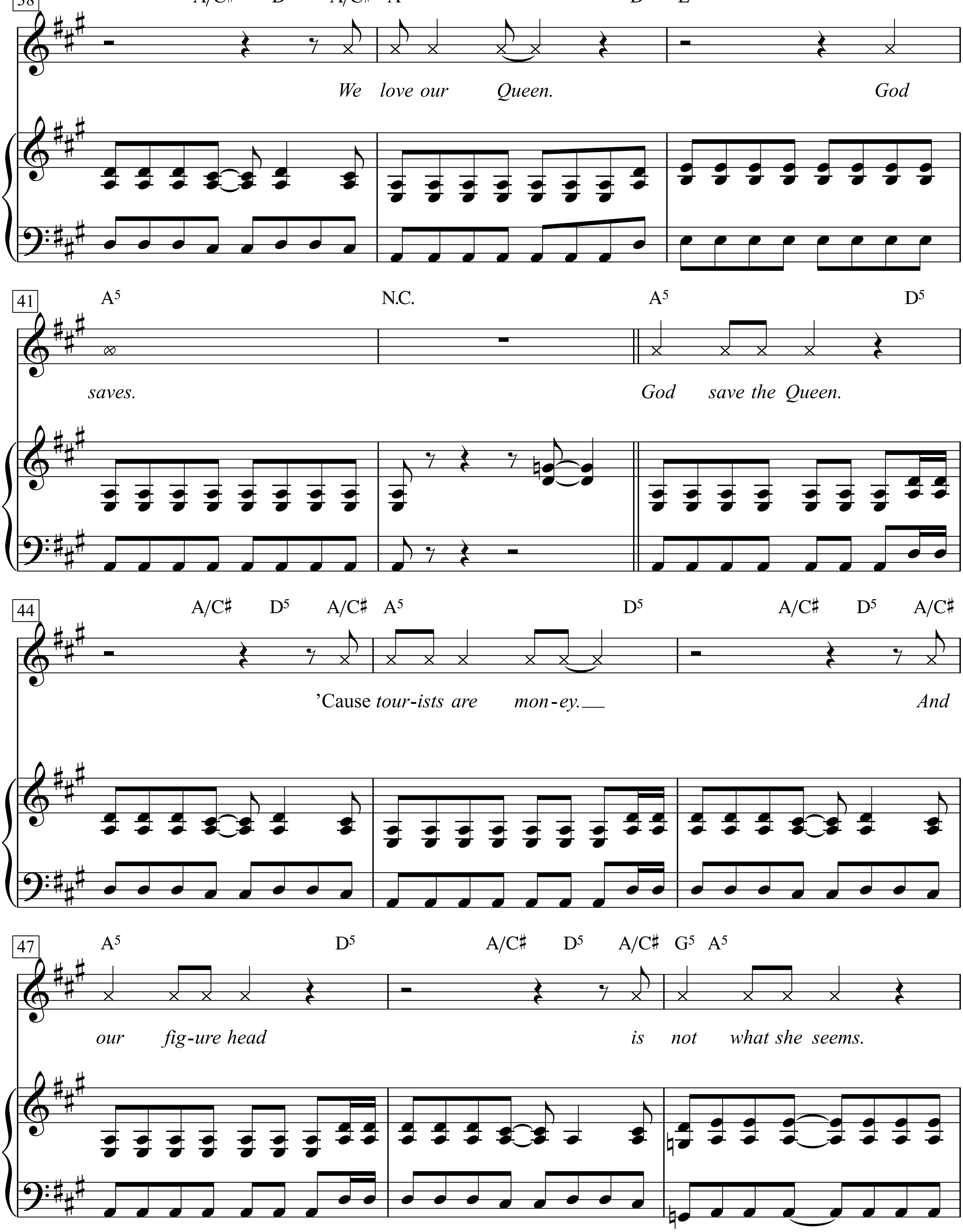
God Save the Queen

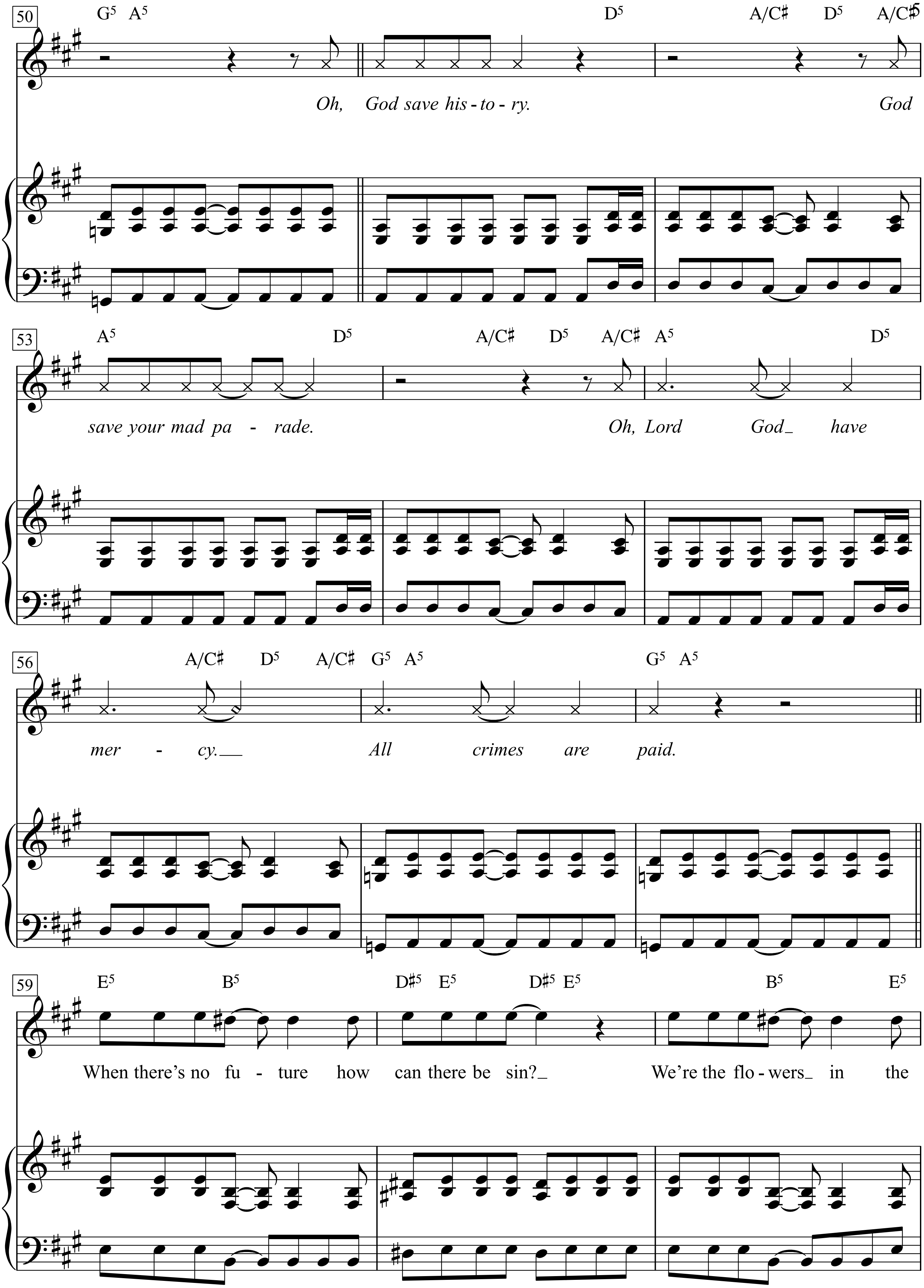
Words & Music by
Steven Jones, Johnny Rotten,
Paul Cook and Glen Matlock
(Sex Pistols)

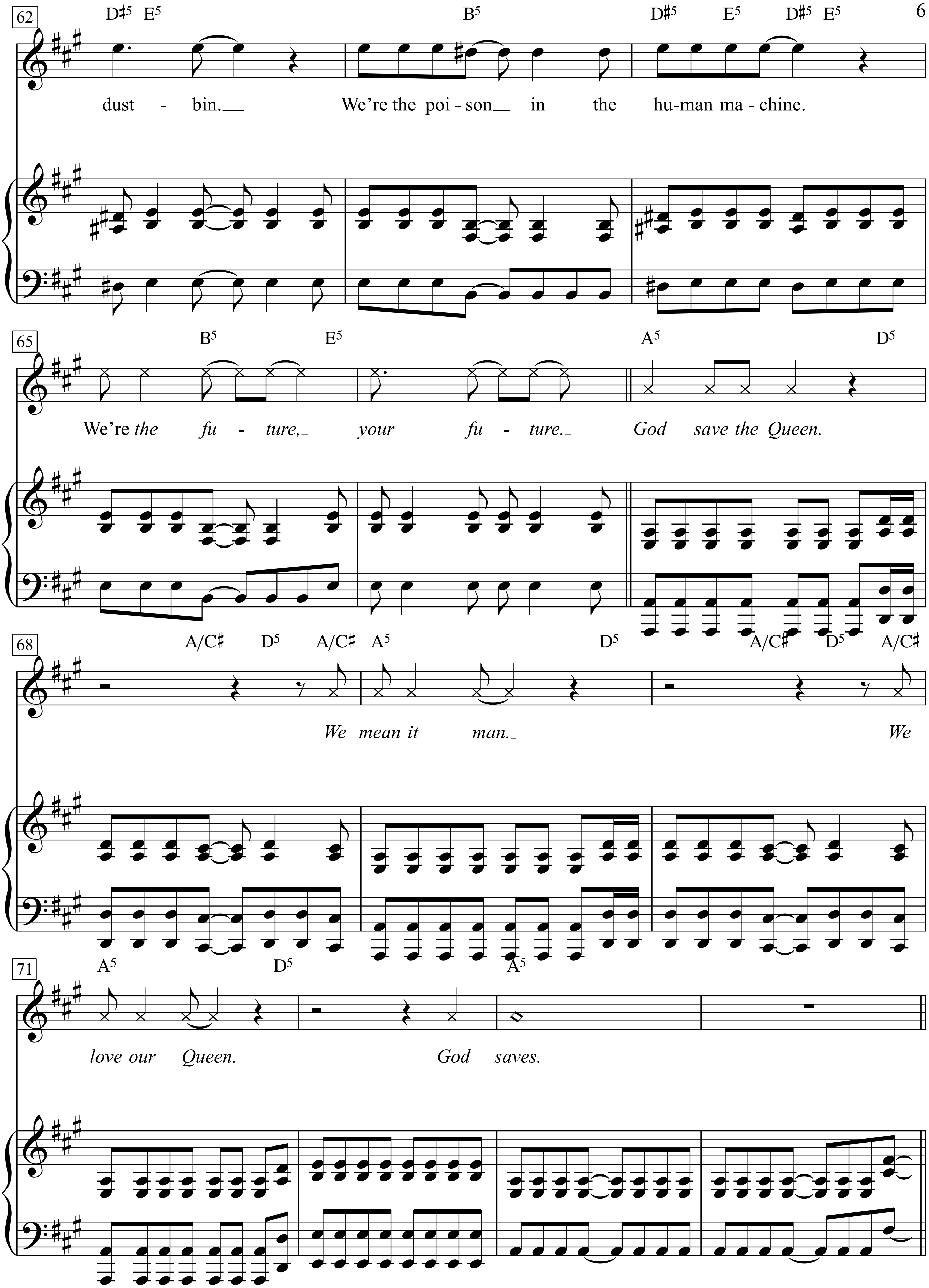


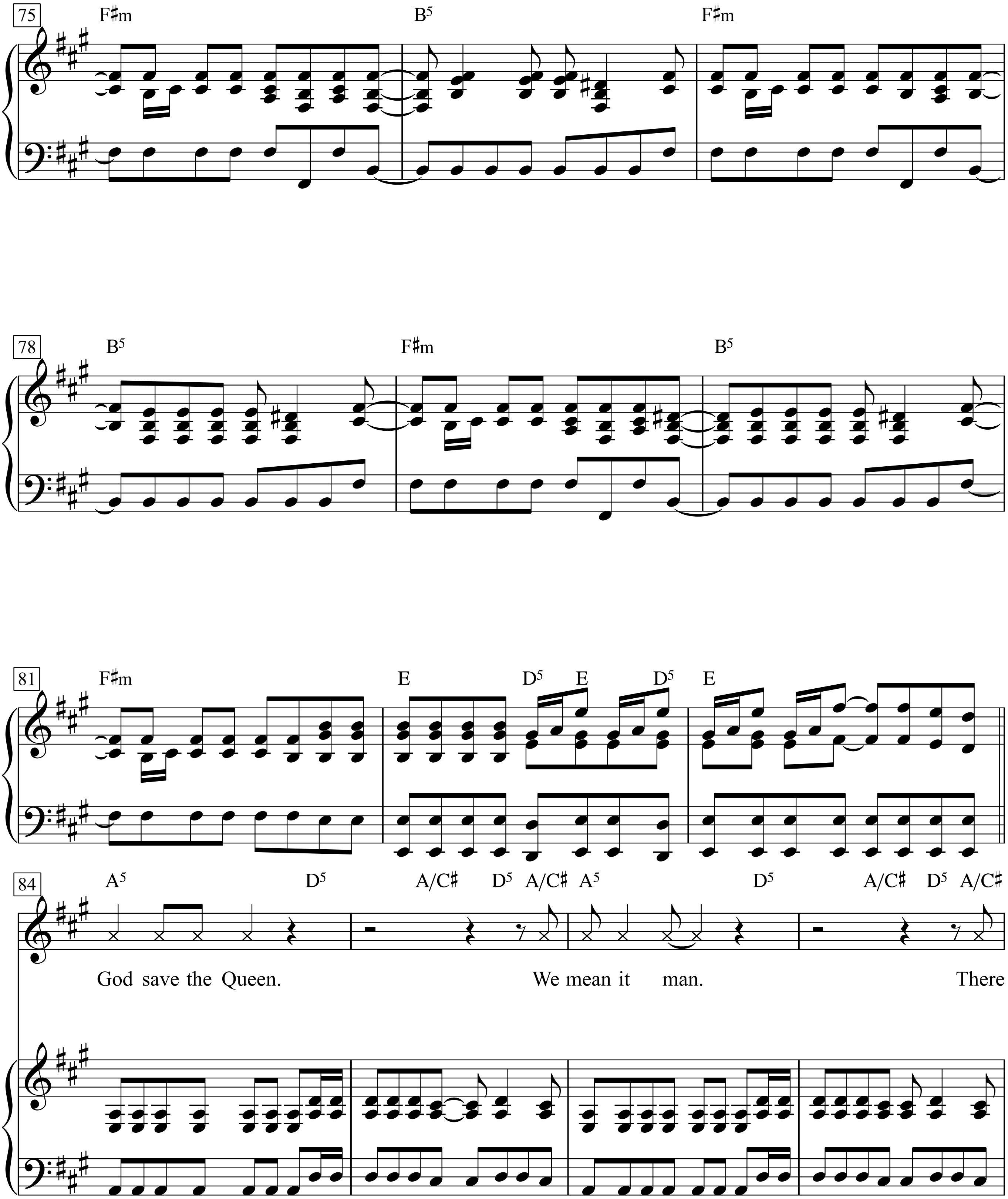

14
D5 A/C# D5 A/C# A5 D5 A/C# D5 A/C#
it made you a mo - ron, a po -
17
G5 A5 G5 A5 D5
ten-tial h - bomb! God save the Queen.
20
A/C# D5 A/C# A5 D5 A/C# D5 A/C#
She aint no hu-man be-ing. There
23
A5 D5 A/C# D5 A/C# G5 A5
is no fu - ture in Eng - land's dream ing.

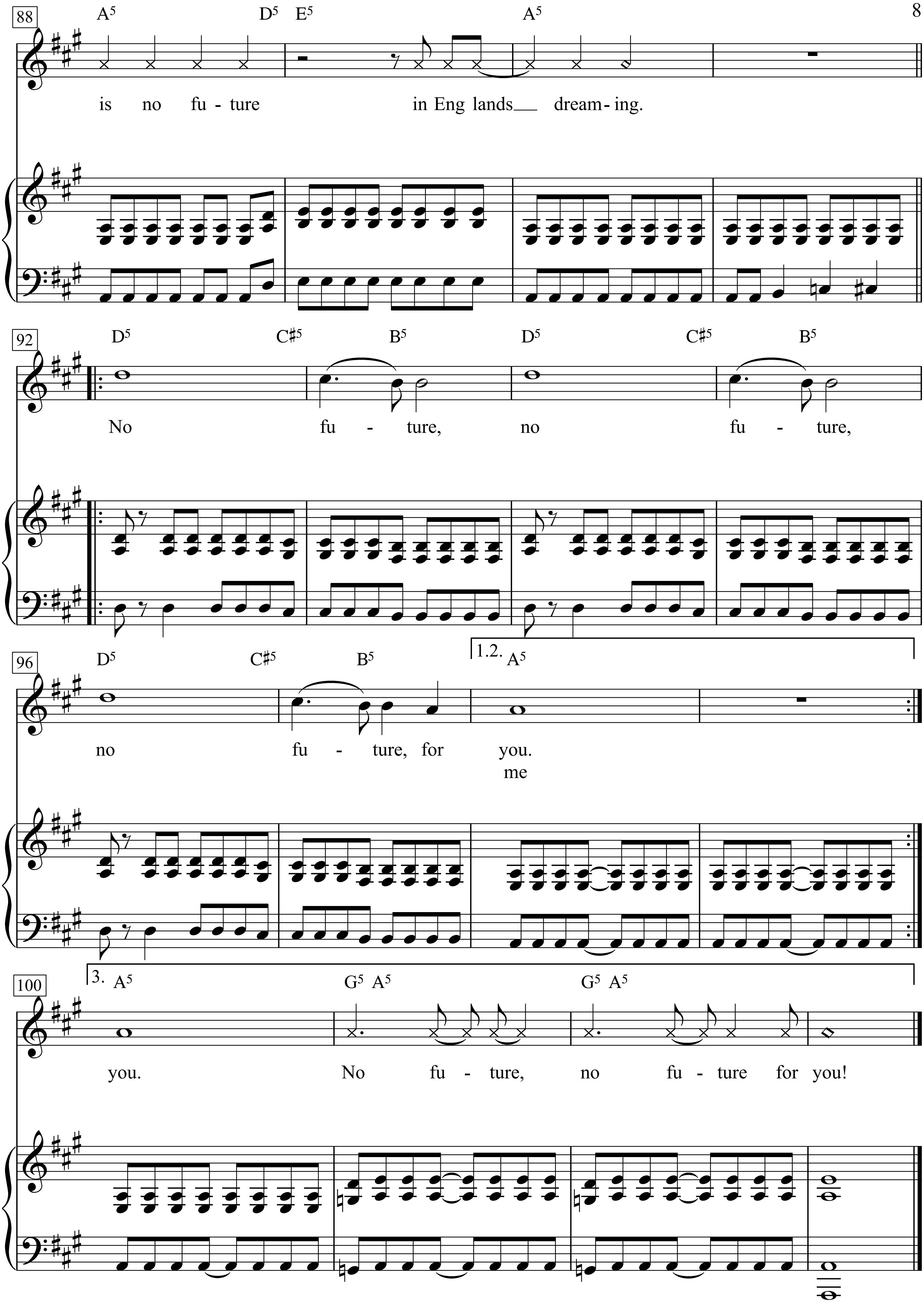

26
G5 A5
E5
B5
D♯5 E5
D♯5 E5
Don't be told_ what you want, and_
29
B5
D♯5 E5
B5
don't be told_ what you need._ Theres no fu - ture,_
32
D♯5 E5 D♯5 E5
B5
E5
no fu - ture,_ no fu - ture for you.
35
A5
D5
A/C♯ D5 A/C♯ A5
D5
God save the Queen. We mean it man.


38
A/C♯ D5 A/C♯ A5 D5 E5
We love our Queen. God
41
A5 N.C. A5 D5
saves. God save the Queen.
44
A/C♯ D5 A/C♯ A5 D5 A/C♯ D5 A/C♯
'Cause tour-ists are mon-ey. And
47
A5 D5 A/C♯ D5 A/C♯ G5 A5
our fig-ure head is not what she seems.


50
G5 A5 D5 A/C♯ D5 A/C♯
Oh, God save his - to - ry. God
53
A5 D5 A/C♯ D5 A/C♯ A5 D5
save your mad pa - rade. Oh, Lord God_ have
56
A/C♯ D5 A/C♯ G5 A5 G5 A5
mer - cy.__ All crimes are paid.
59
E5 B5 D♯5 E5 D♯5 E5 B5 E5
When there's no fu - ture how can there be sin?_ We're the flo - wers_ in the


62
D♯5 E5 B5 D♯5 E5 D♯5 E5
dust - bin. We're the poi - son in the hu-man ma - chine.
65
B5 E5 A5 D5
We're the fu - ture, your fu - ture. God save the Queen.
68
A/C♯ D5 A/C♯ A5 D5 A/C♯ D5 A/C♯
We mean it man. We
71
A5 D5 A5
love our Queen. God saves.

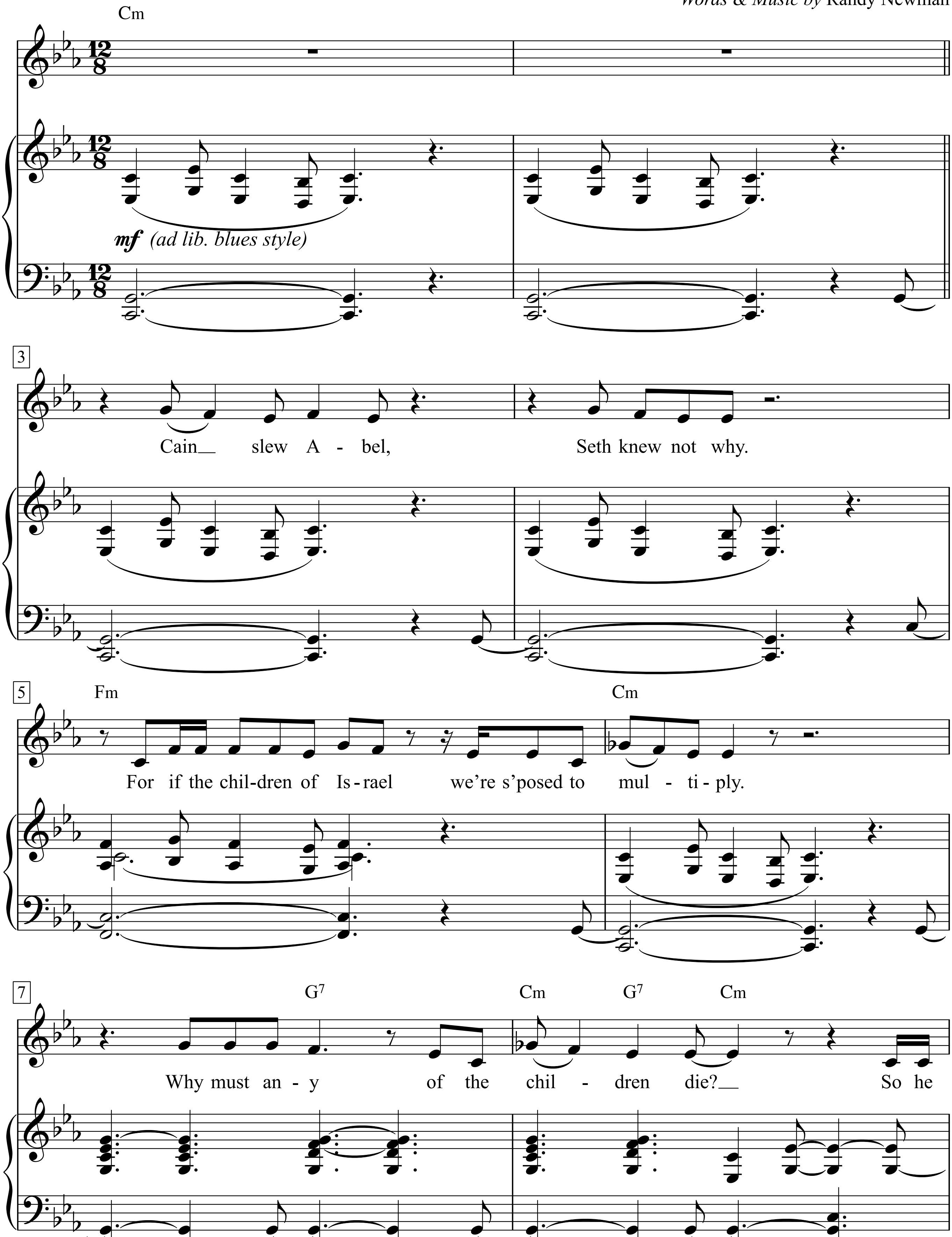

75
F♯m
B5
F♯m
78
B5
F♯m
B5
81
F♯m
E
D5
E
D5
E
84
A5
D5
A/C♯
D5
A/C♯
A5
D5
A/C♯
D5
A/C♯
God save the Queen.
We mean it man.
There

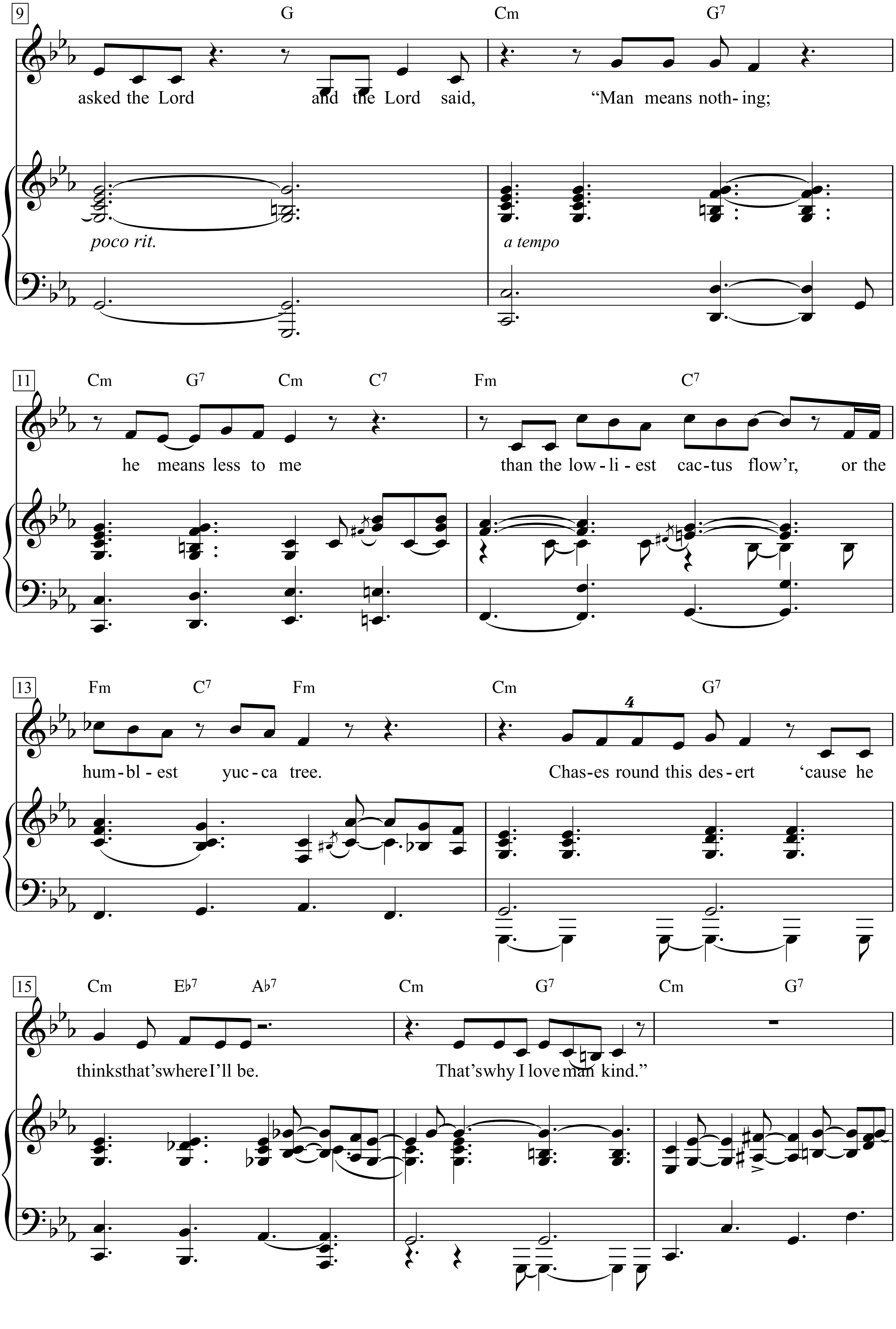

88
A5 D5 E5 A5
is no fu - ture in Eng lands___ dream - ing.
92
D5 C♯5 B5 D5 C♯5 B5
No fu - ture, no fu - ture,
96
D5 C♯5 B5
no fu - ture, for
1.2.
A5
you.
me
3.
100
A5 G5 A5 G5 A5
you. No fu - ture, no fu - ture for you!

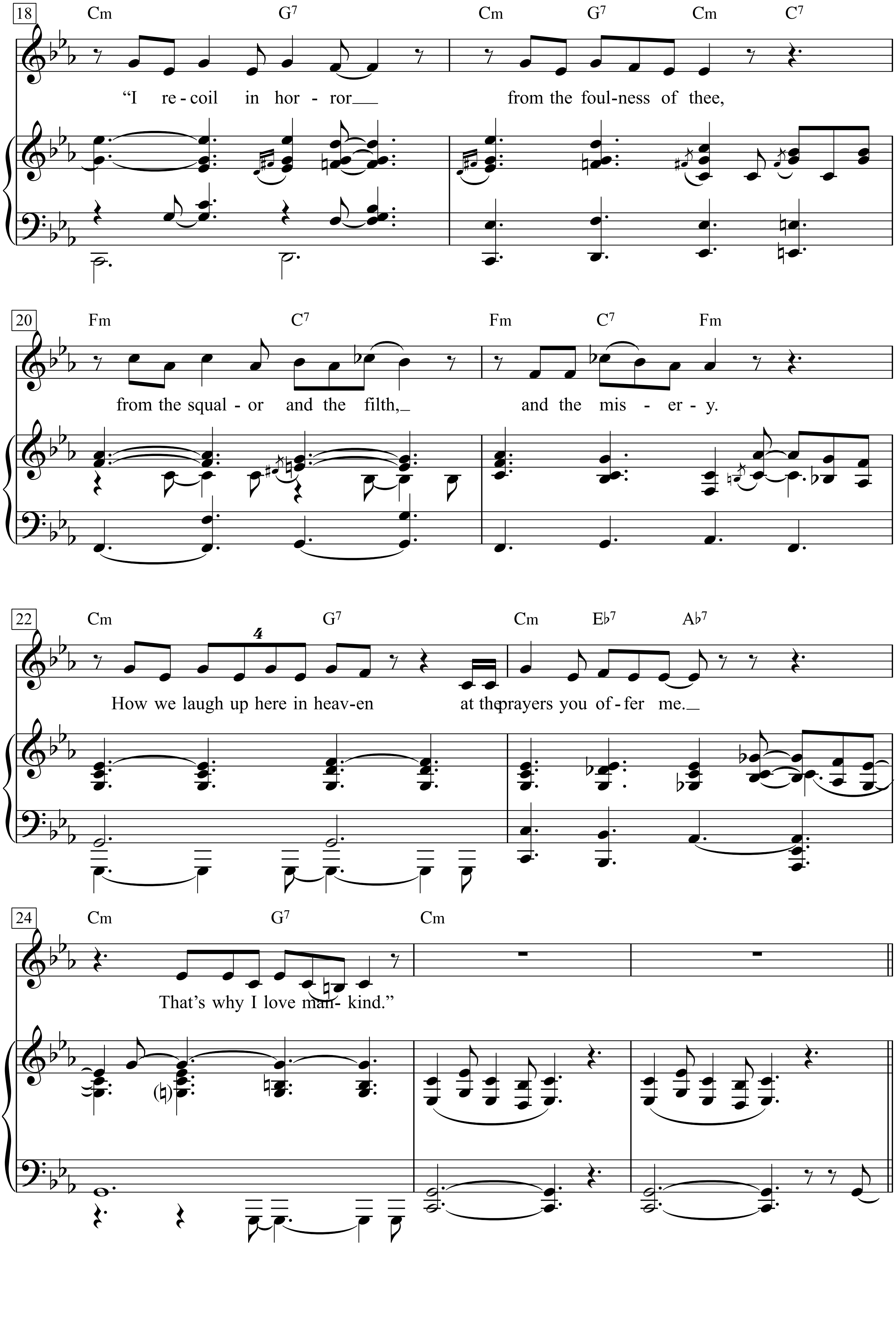
God’s Song
(That’s why I love mankind)

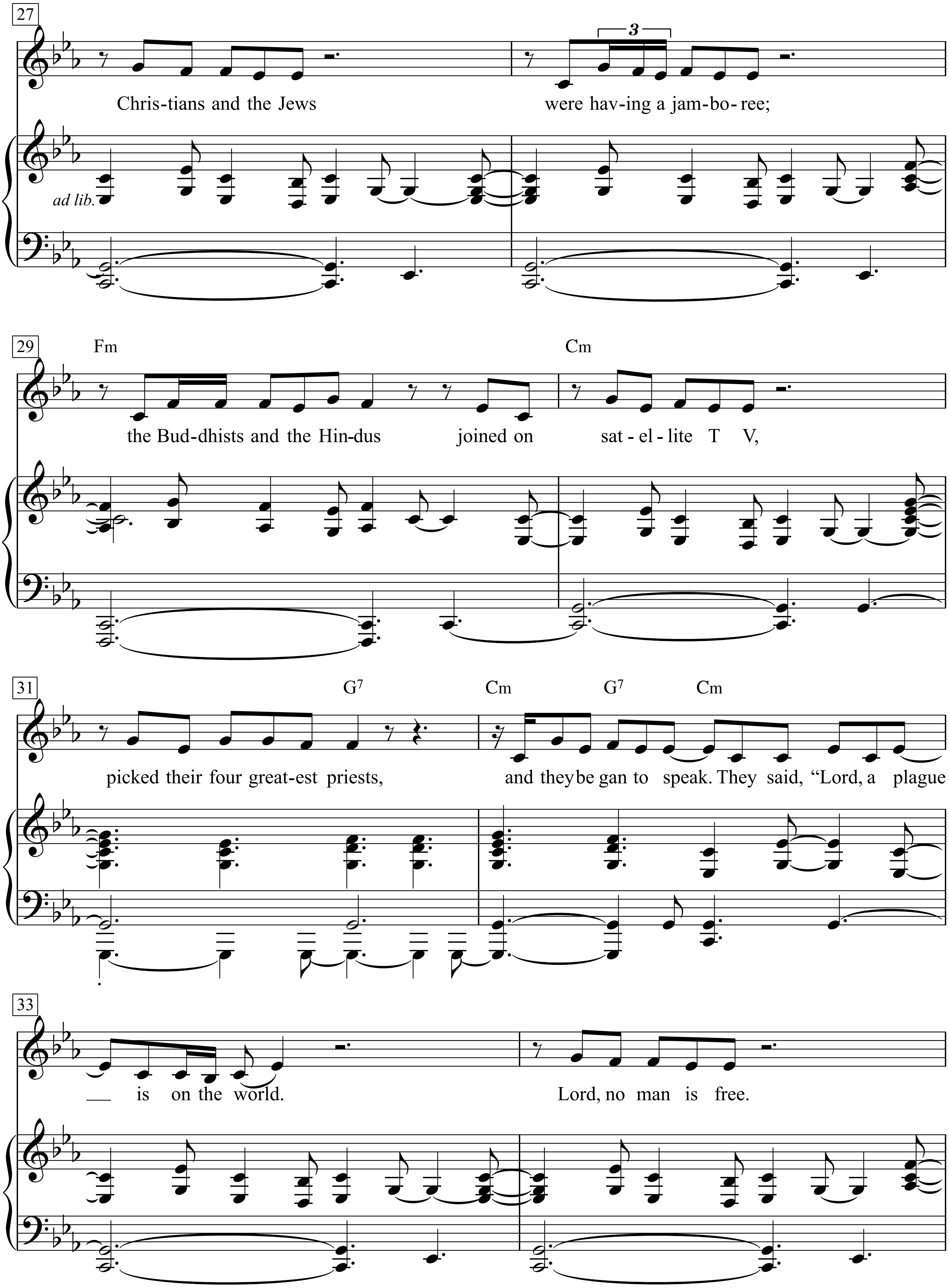
Slow quit blues shuffle ♩ = 69

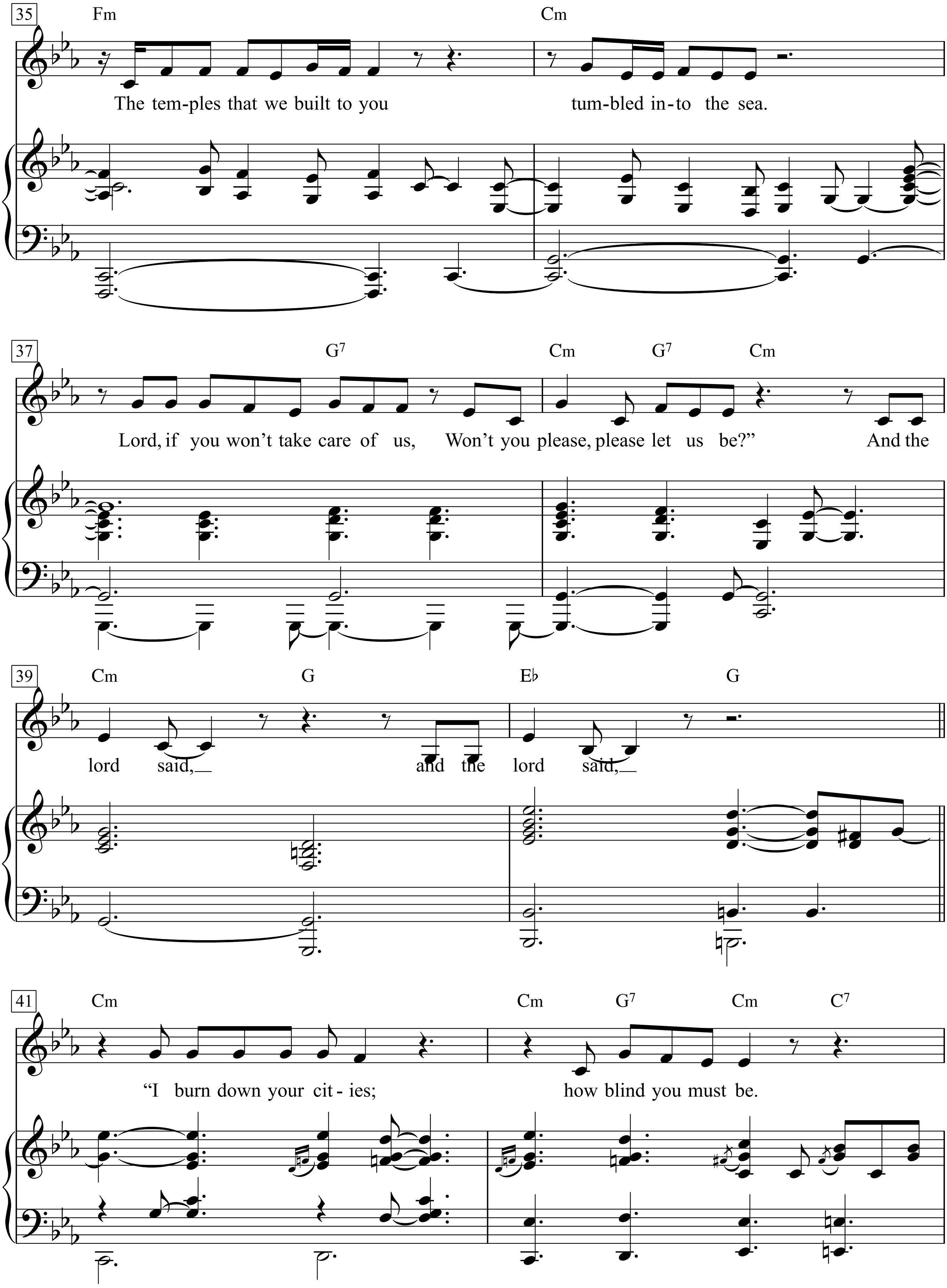
Words & Music by Randy Newman

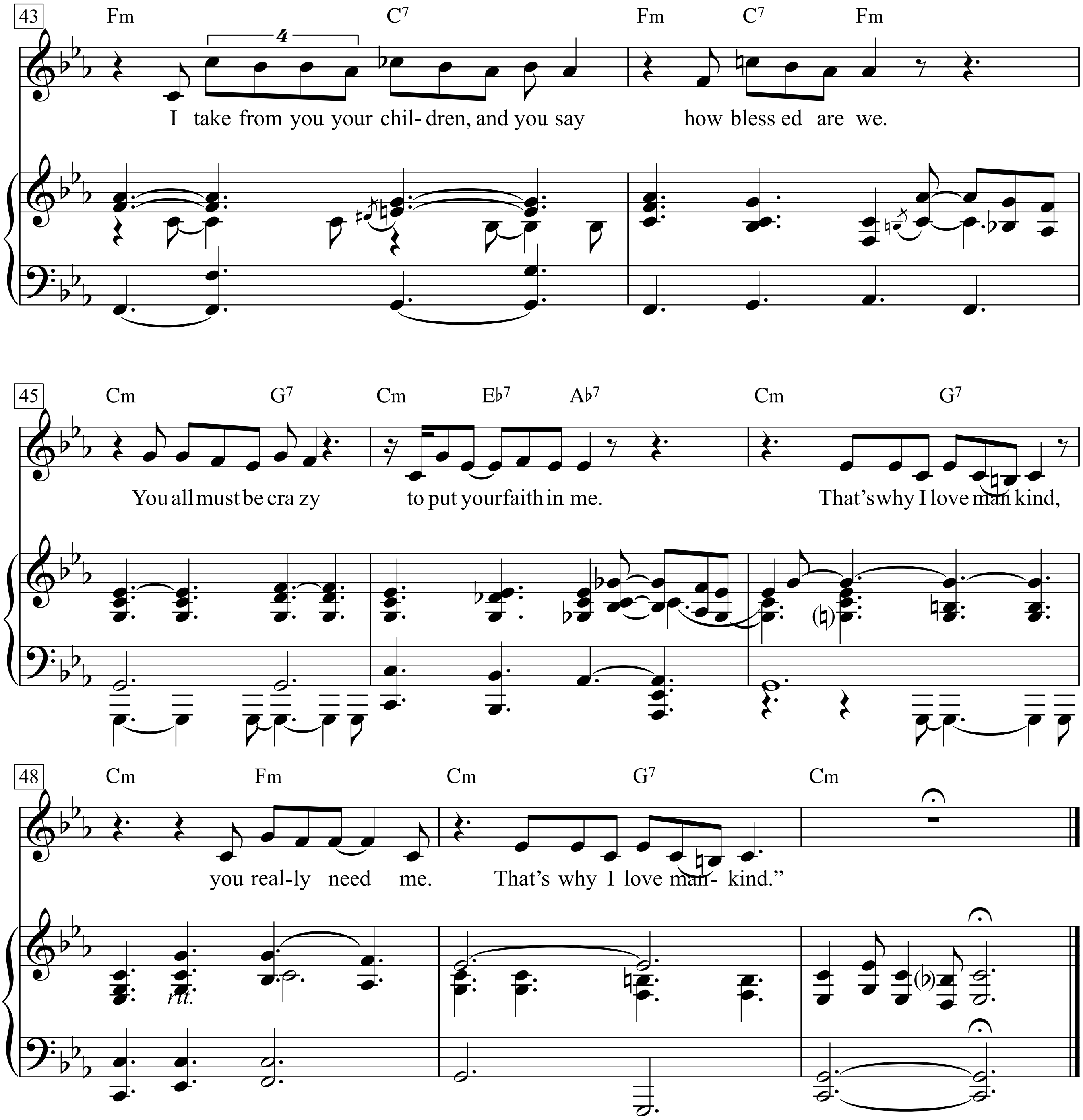



9
G
Cm
G7
asked the Lord and the Lord said, “Man means noth- ing;
poco rit.
a tempo
11
Cm G7 Cm C7
Fm C7
he means less to me than the low- li - est cac- tus flow’r, or the
13
Fm C7 Fm
Cm G7
4
hum- bl - est yuc - ca tree. Chas- es round this des - ert ‘cause he
15
Cm E♭7 A♭7
Cm G7
Cm G7
thinks that’s where I’ll be. That’s why I love man kind.”


18
Cm G7 Cm G7 Cm C7
"I re - coil in hor - ror___ from the foul-ness of thee,
20
Fm C7 Fm C7 Fm
from the squal - or and the filth,_ and the mis - er - y.
22
Cm G7 Cm Eb7 Ab7
4
How we laugh up here in heav-en at the prayers you of - fer me.__
24
Cm G7 Cm
That's why I love man- kind."


27
3
Chris-tians and the Jews
were hav-ing a jam-bo-ree;
ad lib.
29
Fm
Cm
the Bud-dhists and the Hin-dus
joined on
sat - el - lite T V,
31
G7
Cm
G7
Cm
picked their four great-est priests,
and they be gan to speak. They said, "Lord, a plague
33
is on the world.
Lord, no man is free.


35
Fm
Cm
The tem-ples that we built to you
tum-bled in-to the sea.
37
G7
Cm
G7
Cm
Lord, if you won't take care of us,
Won't you please, please let us be?"
And the
39
Cm
G
E♭
G
lord said,
and the lord said,
41
Cm
Cm
G7
Cm
C7
"I burn down your cit-ies;
how blind you must be.


43
Fm C7 Fm C7 Fm
I take from you your chil- dren, and you say how bless ed are we.
45
Cm G7 Cm Eb7 Ab7 Cm G7
You all must be cra zy to put your faith in me. That's why I love man kind,
48
Cm Fm Cm G7 Cm
you real-ly need me. That's why I love man- kind."
rit.

Cain slew Abel, Seth knew not why.
For if the children of Israel we're s'posed to multiply.
Why must any of the children die?
So he asked the Lord
and the Lord said,

'Man means nothing; he means less to me
than the lowliest cactus flow'r,
or the humblest yucca tree.
Chases round this desert
"cause he thinks that's where I'll be.
That's why I love mankind.'

"I recoil in horror from the foulness of thee,
from the squalor and the filth, and the misery.
How we laugh up here in heaven at the prayers you offer me.
That's why I love mankind."

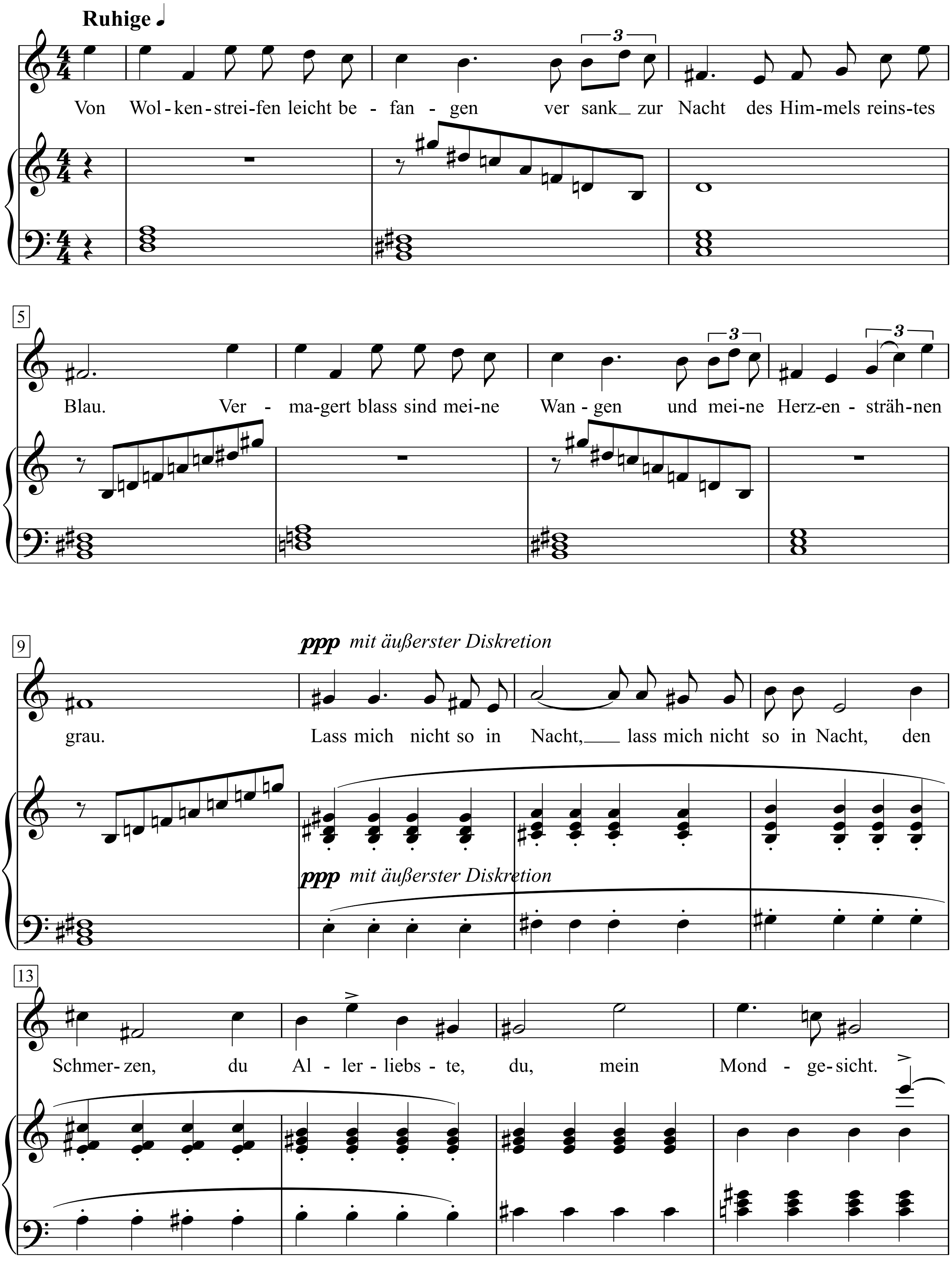
Christians and the Jews were having a jamboree;
the Buddhists and the Hindus joined on satellite TV,
picked their four greatest priests,
and they began to speak.
They said, "Lord, a plague is on the world.
Lord, no man is free.
The temples that we built to you
tumbled into the sea.
Lord, if you won"t take care of us,
Won't you please, please let us be?"
And the lord said,
and the lord said,

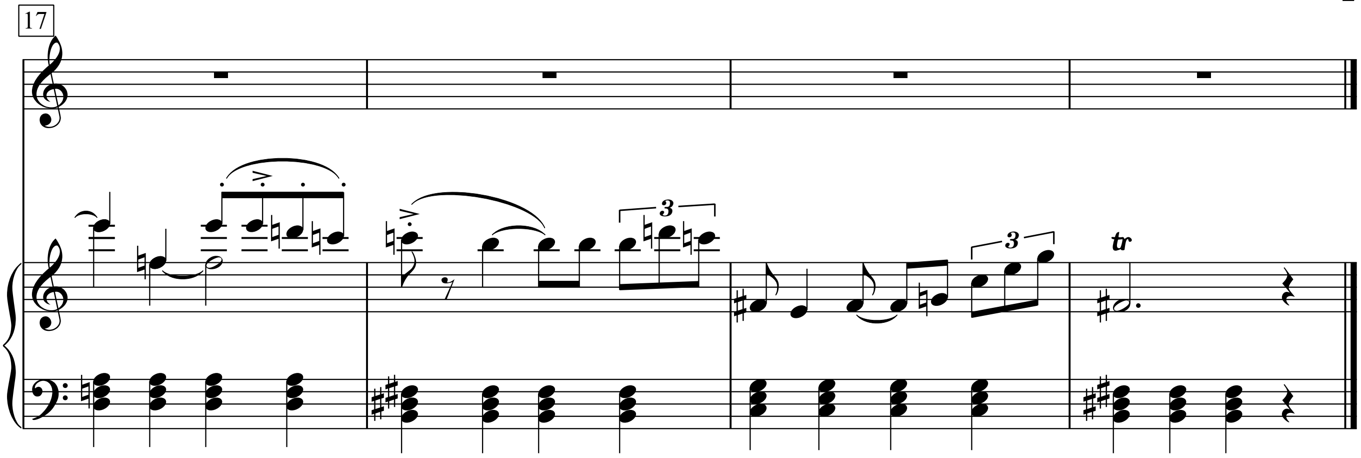
"I burn down your cities; how blind you must be.
I take from you your children, and you say how blessed are we.
You all must be crazy to put your faith in me.
That"s why I love mankind,
you really need me.
That's why I love mankind."

Nr. 2. Goethe-Fragment

Johann Wolfgang Goethe

Hanns Eisler





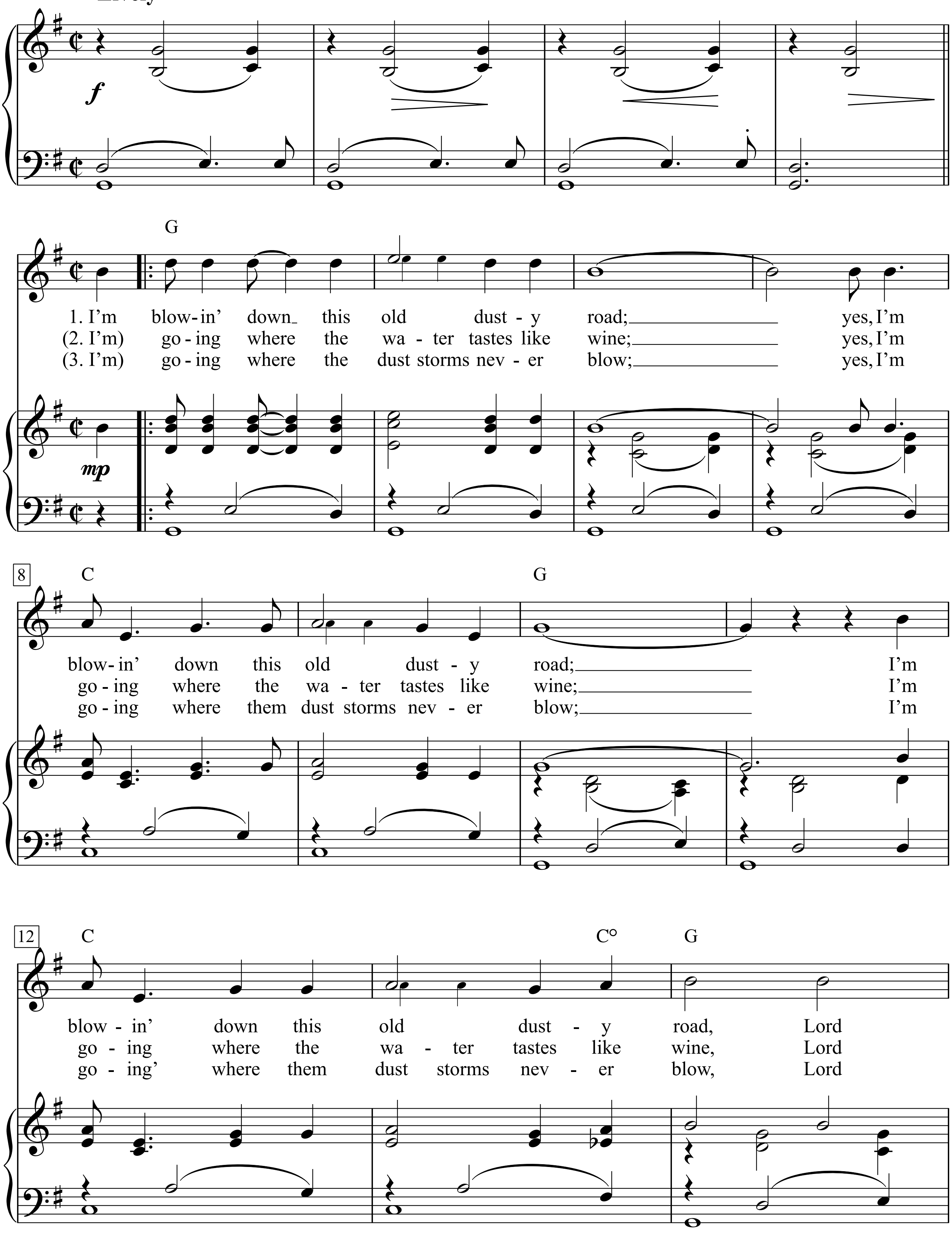
Von Wolkenstreifen leicht befangen
versank zur Nacht des Himmels reinstes Blau.
Verma- gert blass sind meine Wangen
und meine Herzensträhnen grau.
Lass mich nicht so in Nacht,
lass mich nicht so in Nacht,
den Schmerzen, du Allerliebste,
du, mein Mondgesicht.

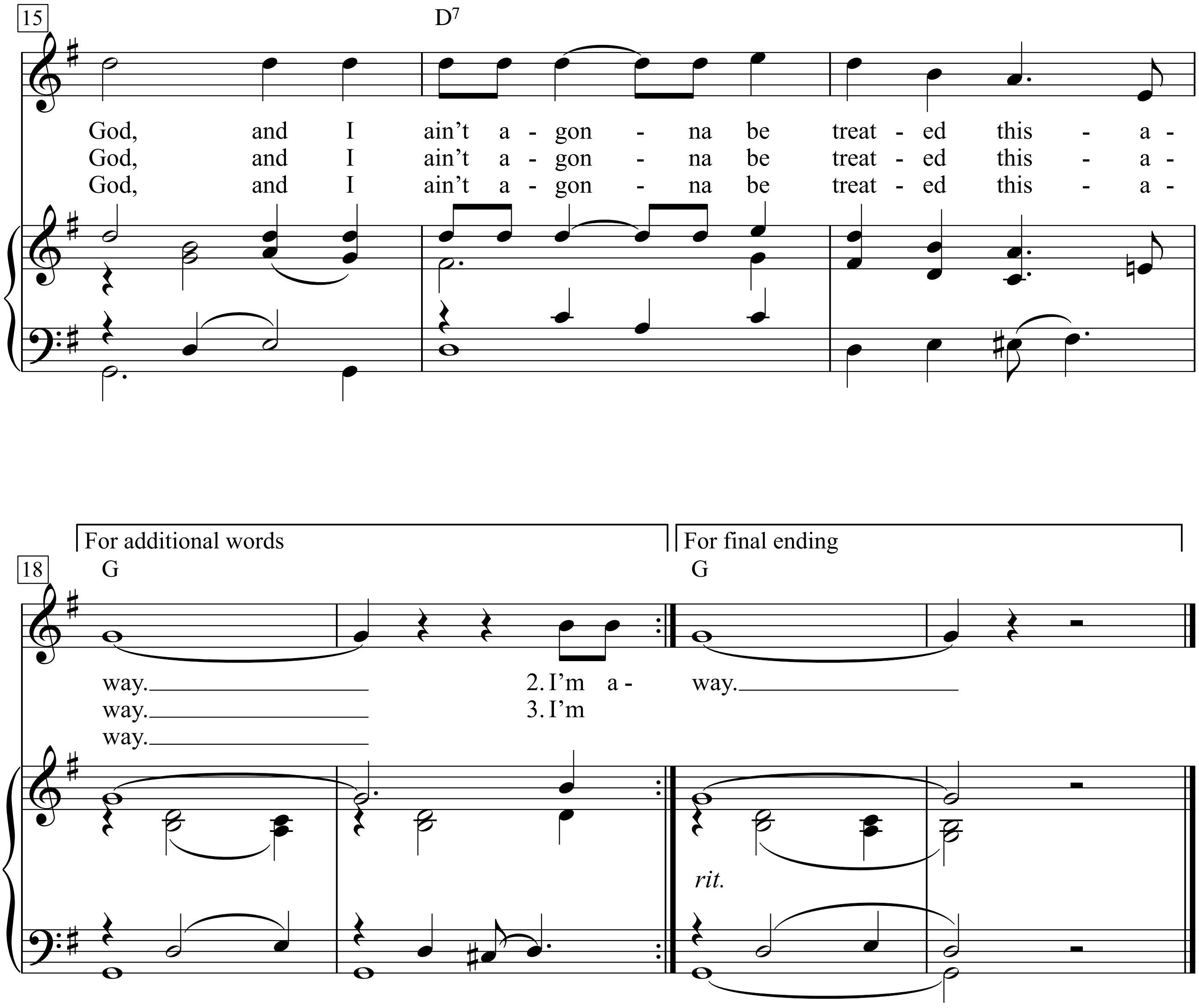
Going Down the Road

(I Ain't Going To Be Treated This Way)

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie and Lee Hays
(Woody Guthrie)

Lively




15
D7
God, and I ain't a - gon - na be treat - ed this - a -
God, and I ain't a - gon - na be treat - ed this - a -
God, and I ain't a - gon - na be treat - ed this - a -
For additional words
For final ending
18
G
G
way.
way.
way.
2. I'm a -
3. I'm
way.
rit.

1. I’m blowin’ down this old dusty road;
Yes, I’m blowin’ down this old dusty road;
I’m blowin’ down this old dusty road, Lord God,
And I ain’t a-gonna be treated this-away.

2. I’m going where the water tastes like wine;
Yes, I’m going where the water tastes like wine;
I’m going where the water tastes like wine, Lord God,
And I ain’t a-gonna be treated this-away.

3. I’m going where the dust storms never blow;
Yes, I’m going where them dust storms never blow;
I’m going’ where them dust storms never blow, Lord God,
And I ain’t a-gonna be treated this-away.

4. They say I’m a dust-bowl refugee ... *(3 times)* .

5. I’m looking for a job at honest pay ... .

6. My children need three square meals a day ...

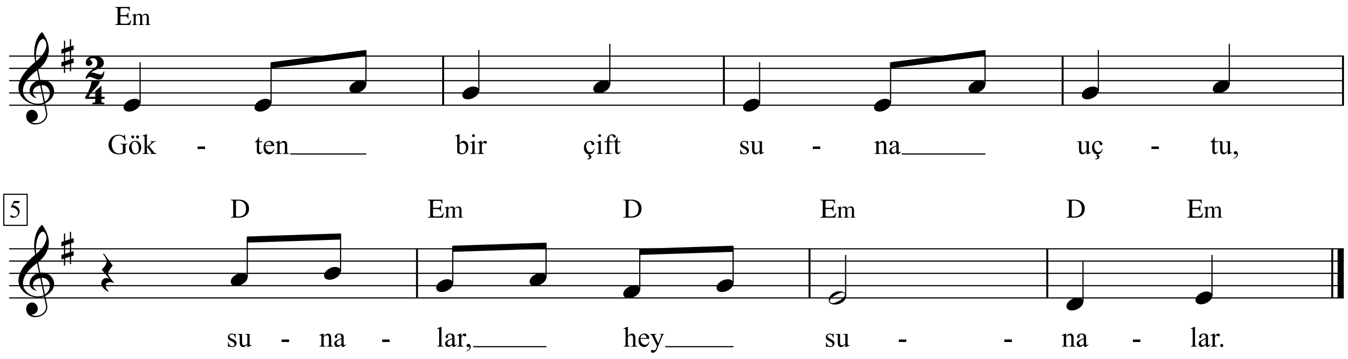
7. Your two-dollar shoe hurts my feet ...

8. Takes a ten-dollar shoe to fit my feet ...

9. I’m going down this old dusty road ...
. .

Gökten bir cift suna uçtu

Volkslied aus der Türkei



1. Gökten bir çift suna uçtu,
sunalar, hey sunalar.

2. Gökten bir çift suna geldi,
sunalar, hey sunalar.

3. Bizim göle konalar,
sunalar, hey sunalar.

4. Gökten indi göle kondu,
sunalar, hey sunalar.

5. Yar gelmenin vakti geçti,
sunalar, hey sunalar.

Deutsch:
1. Hoch am Himmel flogen Reiher,
sunalar, hey sunalar.

2. Hoch vom Himmel kamen Reiher,
sunalar, hey sunalar.

3. Ließen auf dem See sich nieder,
sunalar, hey sunalar.

4. Unser See, der wurde ihrer,
sunalar, hey sunalar.

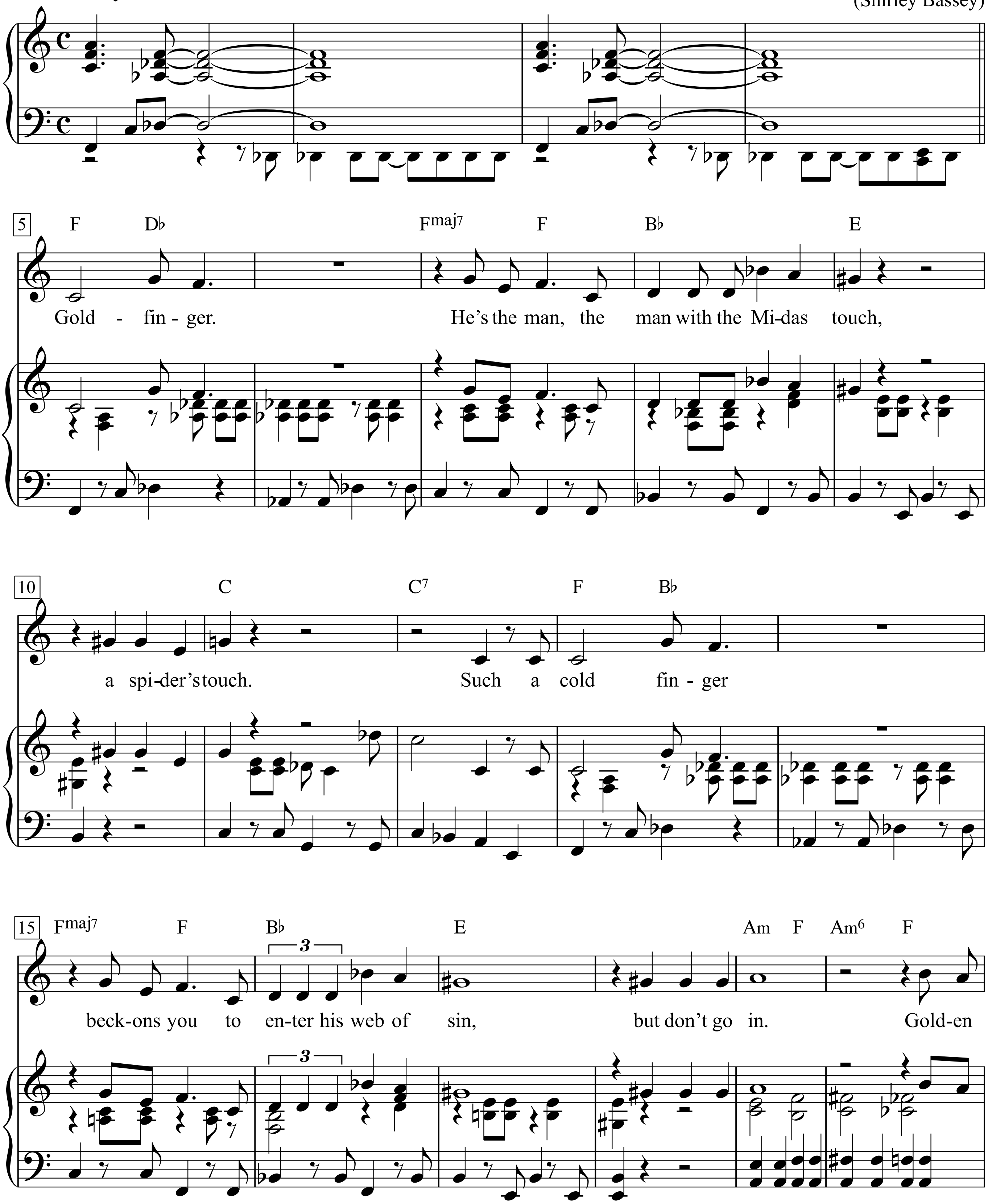
5. Liebste kam nicht, einsam blieb es,
sunalar, hey sunalar.

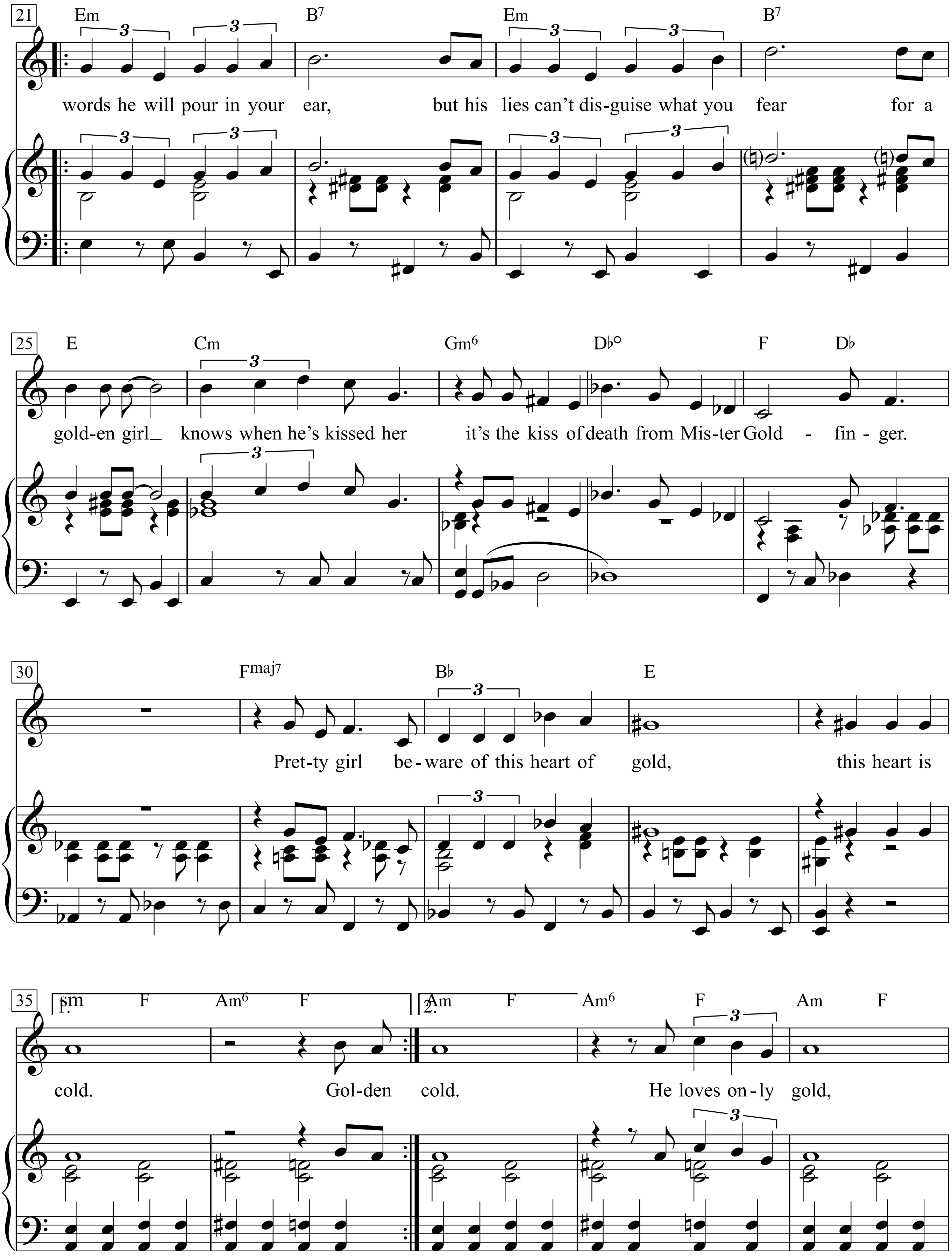
Goldfinger

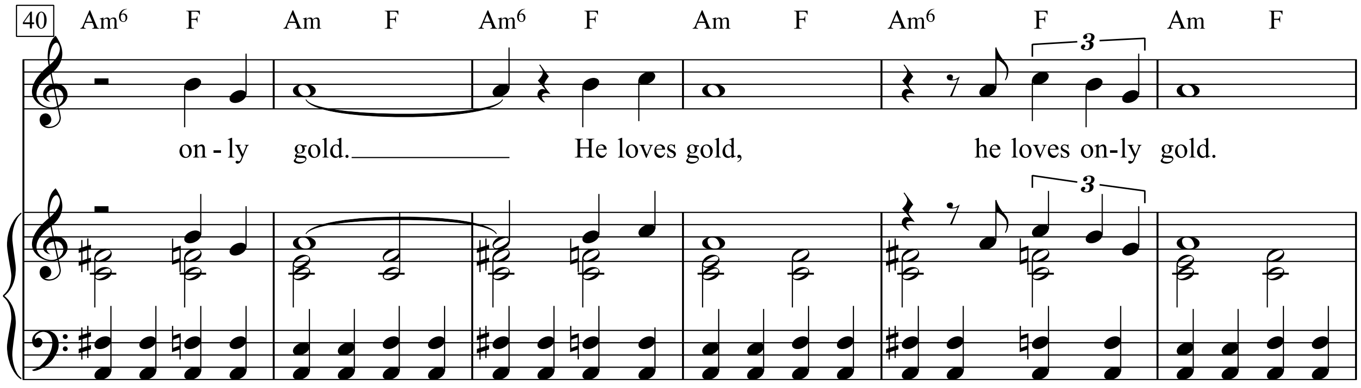
(Film 'Goldfinger' James Bond)

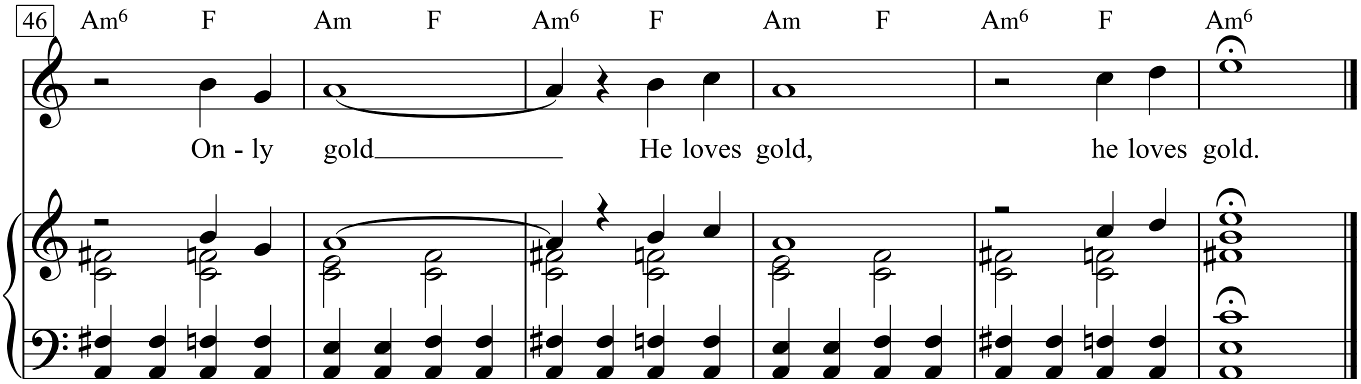
Words & Music by
Leslie Bricusse, Anthony Newly and John Barry
(Shirley Bassey)

Slowly



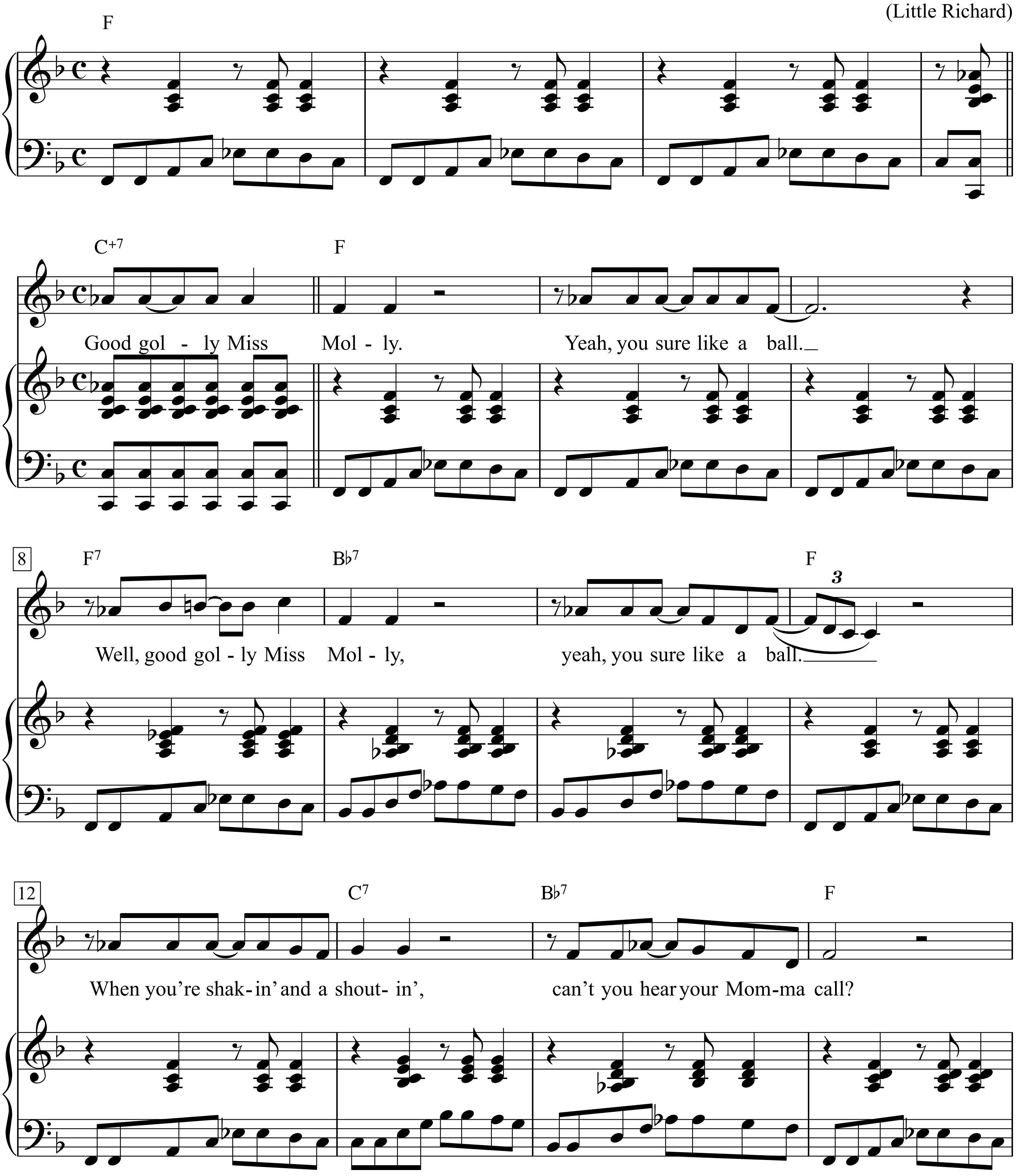

21
Em B7 Em B7
words he will pour in your ear, but his lies can't dis-guise what you fear for a
25
E Cm Gm6 D♭o F D♭
gold-en girl_ knows when he's kissed her it's the kiss of death from Mis-ter Gold - fin - ger.
30
Fmaj7 B♭ E
Pret-ty girl be-ware of this heart of gold, this heart is
35
1. Am F Am6 F
2. Am F Am6 F Am F
cold. Gol-den cold. He loves on-ly gold,

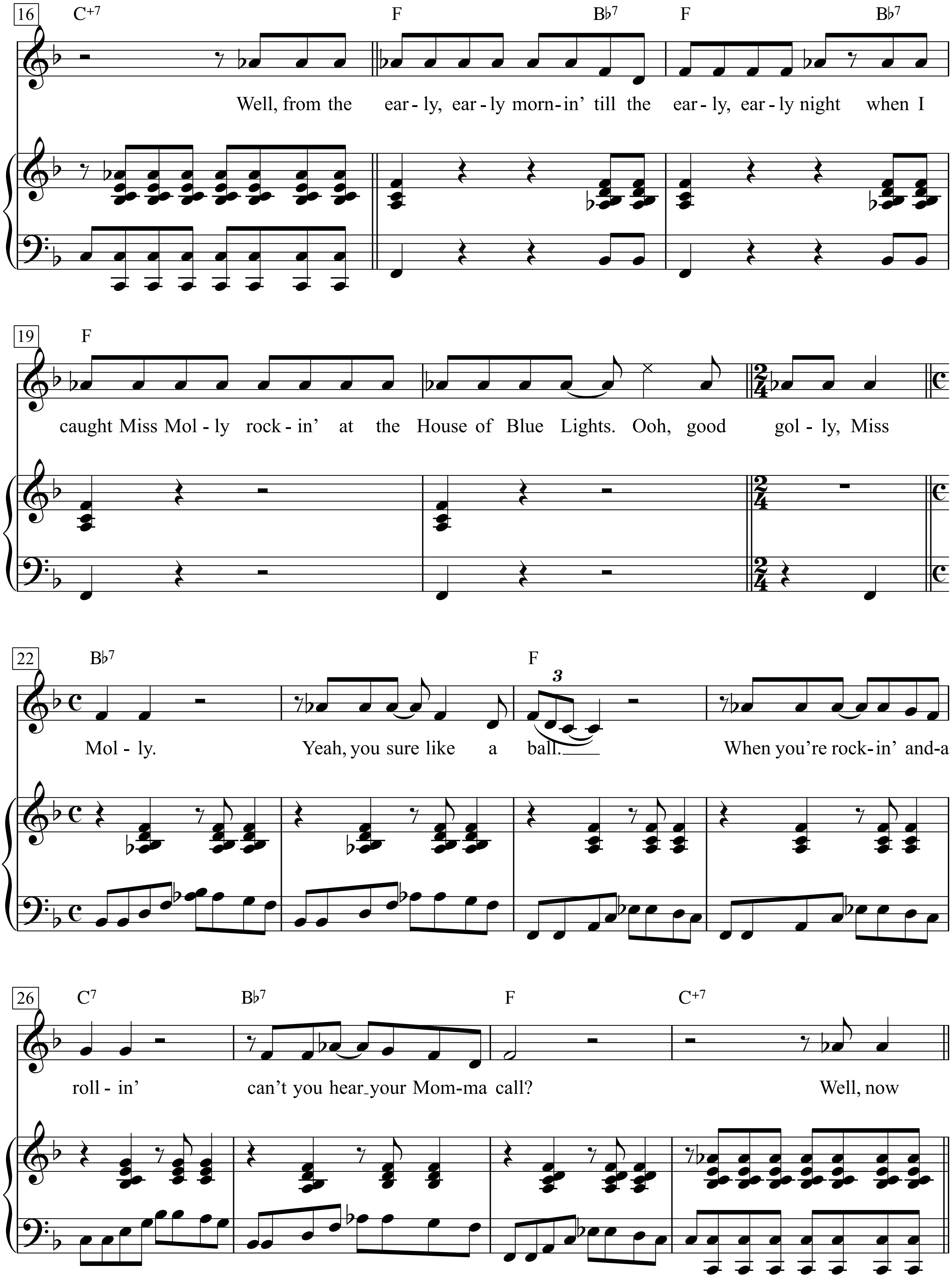

40
Am6 F Am F Am6 F Am F Am6 F Am F
on - ly gold.
He loves gold,
he loves on-ly gold.
3

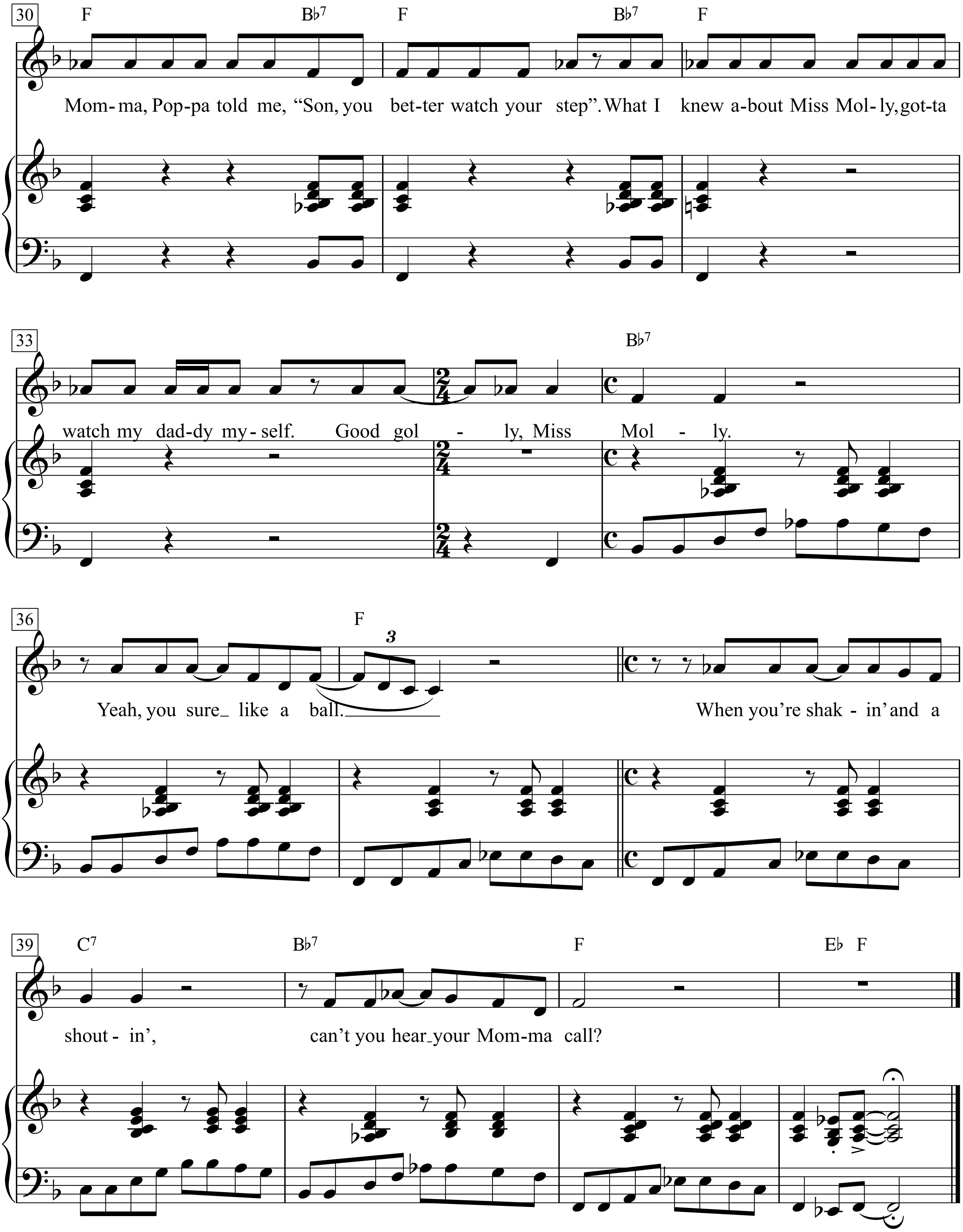

46
Am6 F Am F Am6 F Am F Am6 F Am6
On - ly gold
He loves gold,
he loves gold.

Good Golly Miss Molly

Words & Music by
Robert Blackwell and John Marascalco
(Little Richard)



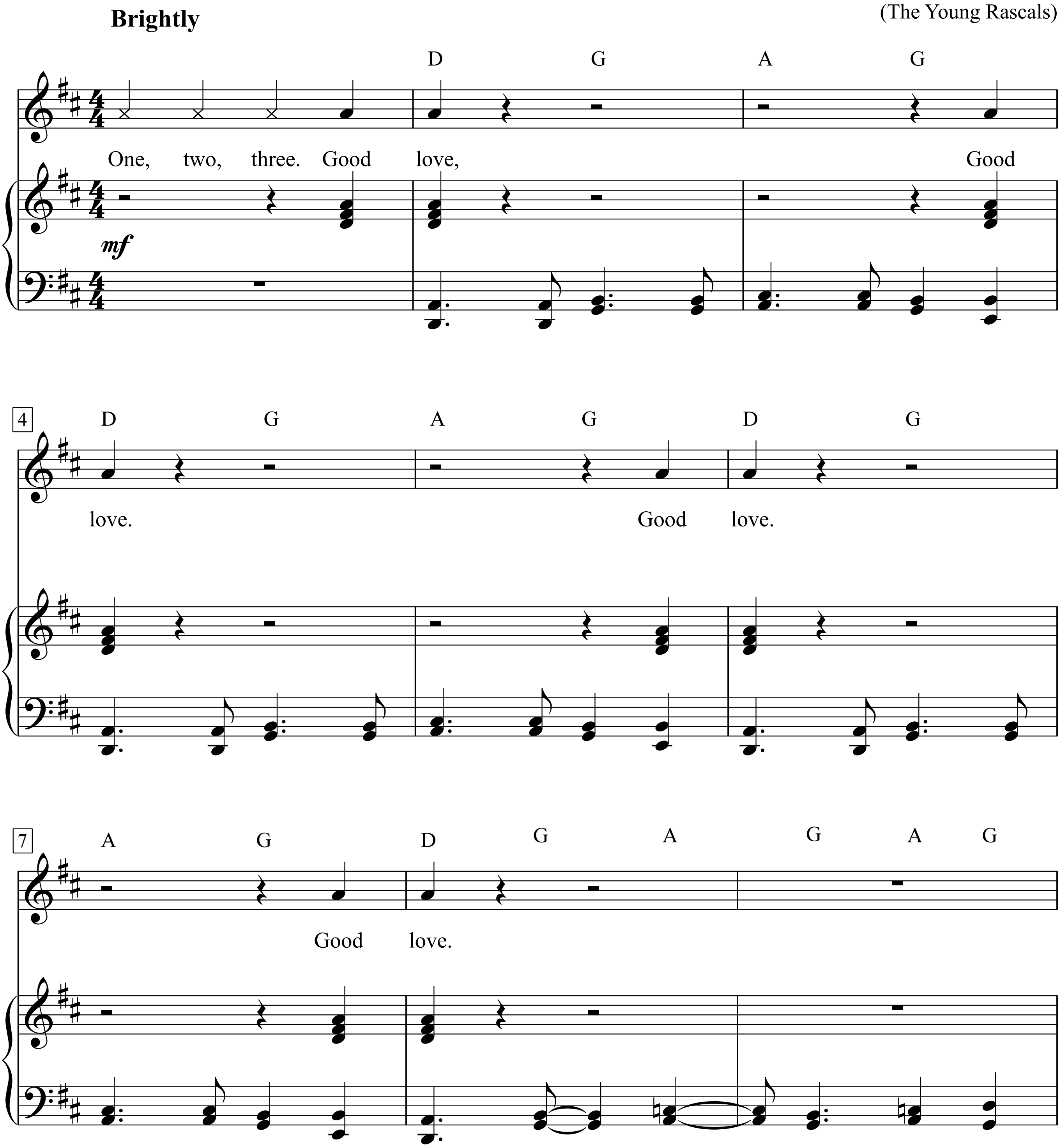

16
C+7
F
B♭7
F
B♭7
Well, from the ear - ly, ear - ly morn - in' till the ear - ly, ear - ly night when I
19
F
caught Miss Mol - ly rock - in' at the House of Blue Lights. Ooh, good gol - ly, Miss
22
B♭7
F
Mol - ly. Yeah, you sure like a ball. When you're rock - in' and-a
3
26
C7
B♭7
F
C+7
roll - in' can't you hear your Mom-ma call? Well, now

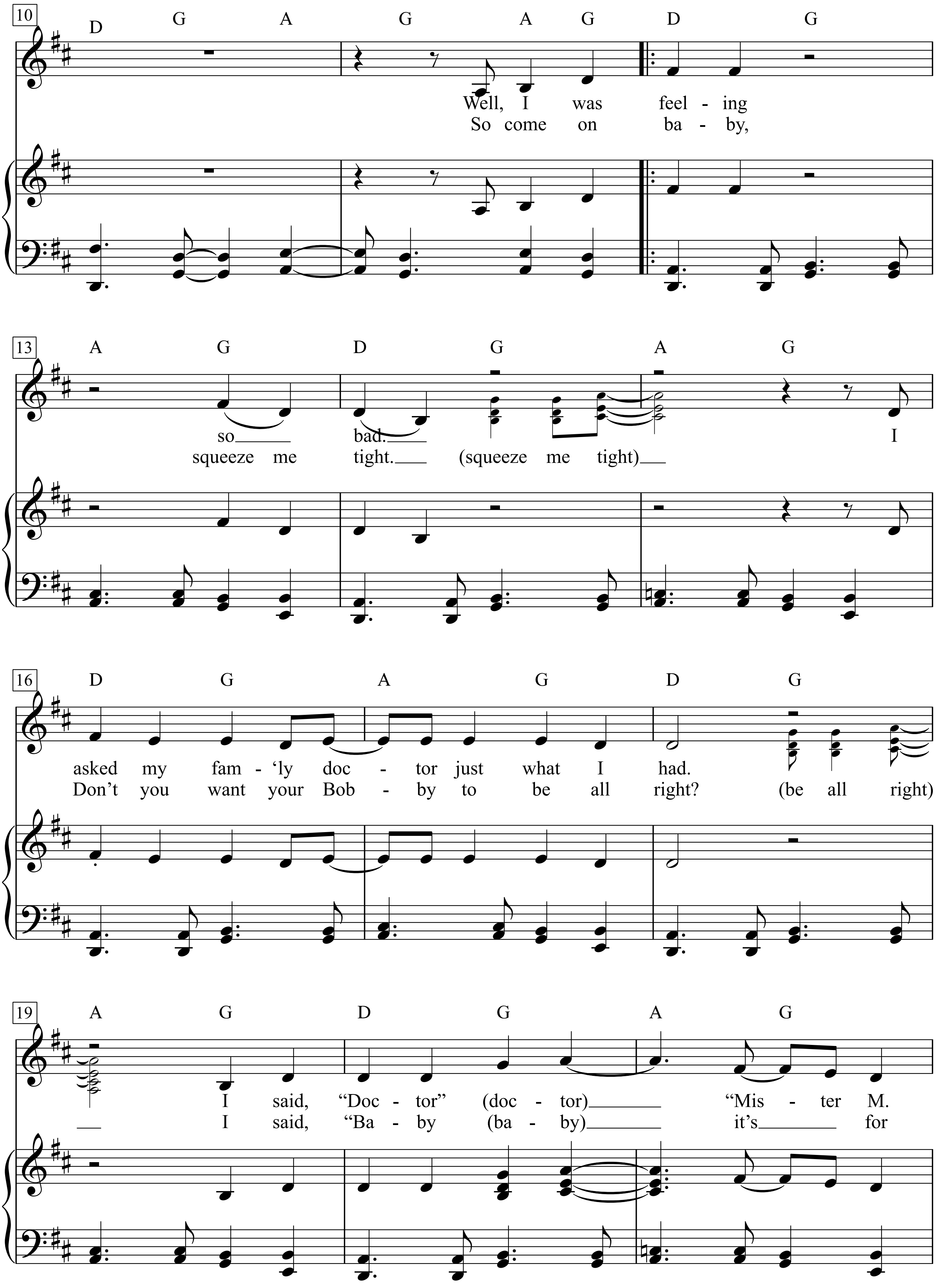

30
F
B♭7
F
B♭7
F
Mom- ma, Pop-pa told me, "Son, you bet-ter watch your step". What I knew a-bout Miss Mol- ly, got-ta
33
B♭7
watch my dad-dy my- self. Good gol - ly, Miss Mol - ly.
36
F
3
Yeah, you sure like a ball.
When you're shak - in' and a
39
C7
B♭7
F
E♭ F
shout - in', can't you hear your Mom-ma call?

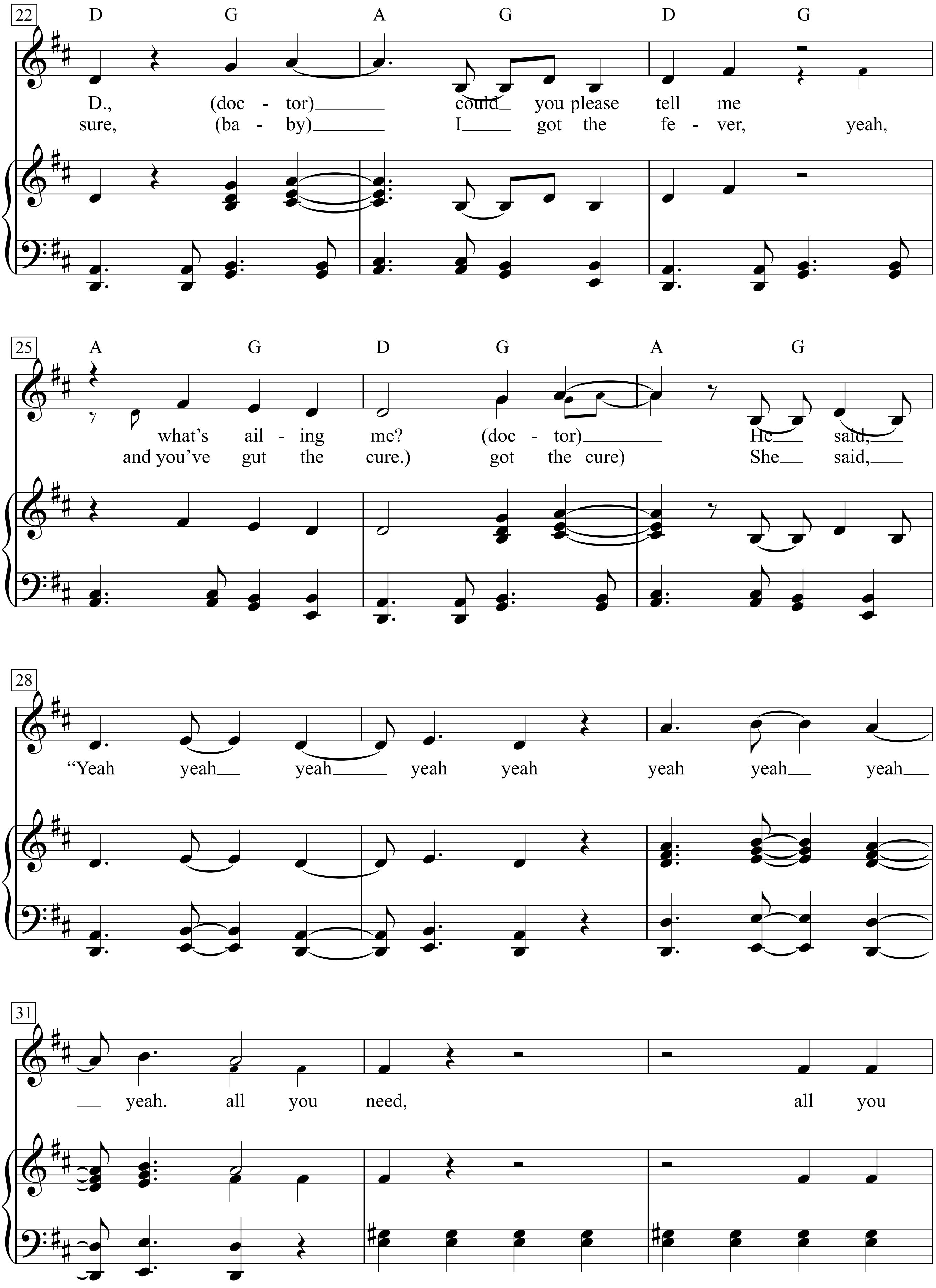
1.
Good golly Miss Molly. Yeah, you sure like a ball.
Well, good golly Miss Molly, yeah, you sure like a ball.
When you're shakin' and a shoutin',
can't you hear your Momma call?
Well, from the early, early mornin' till the early,
early night when I caught Miss Molly
rockin' at the House of Blue Lights.
Ooh, good golly, Miss Molly.
Yeah, you sure like a ball.
When you're rockin' and-a rollin',
can't you hear your Momma call. Well, now Momma,
Poppa told me, "Son, you better watch your step".
What I knew about Miss Molly,
gotta watch my daddy myself.
Good golly, Miss Molly.
Yeah, you sure like a ball.
When you're shakin' and a shoutin',
can't you hear your Momma call?

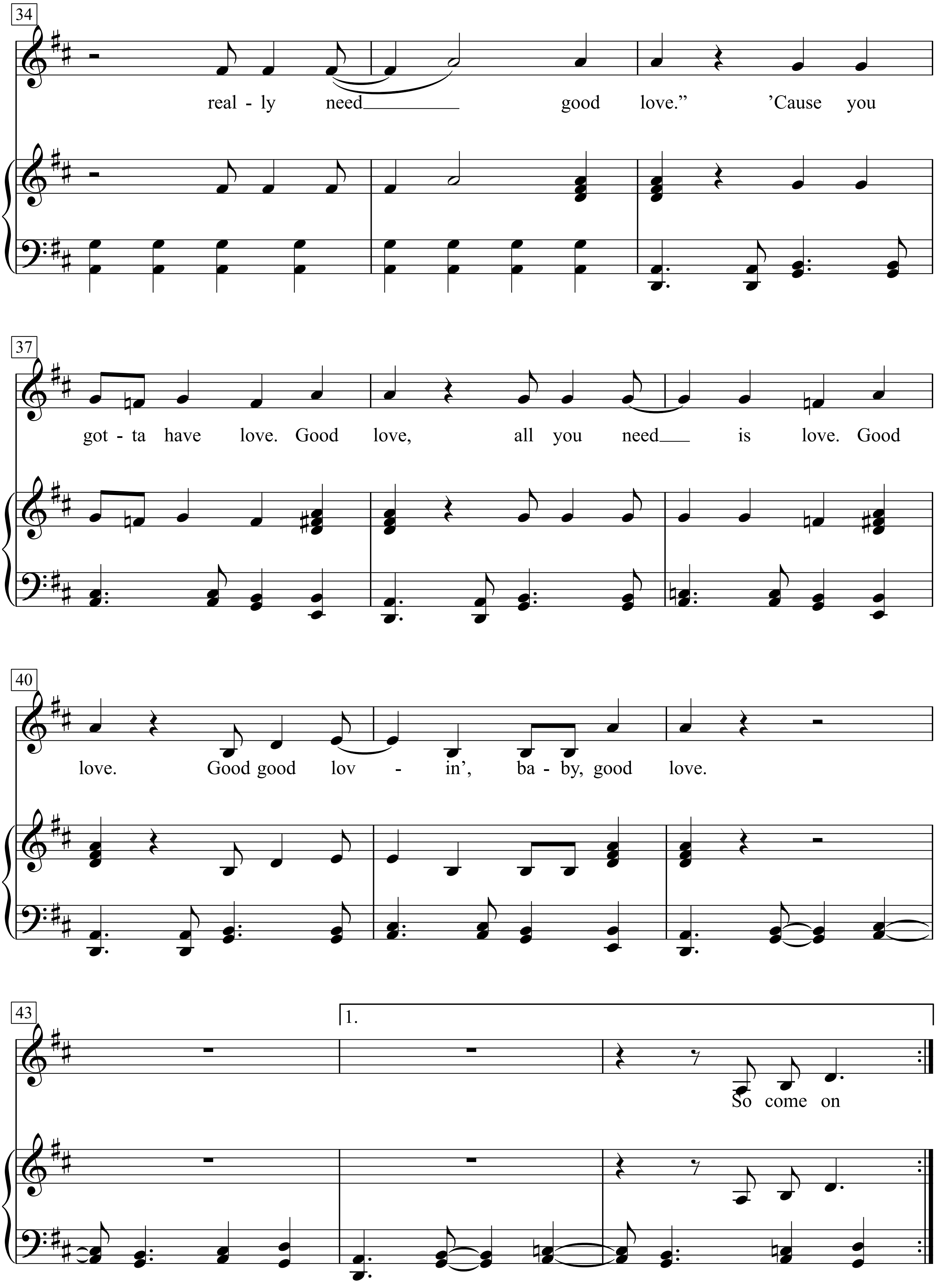
Good Lovin'

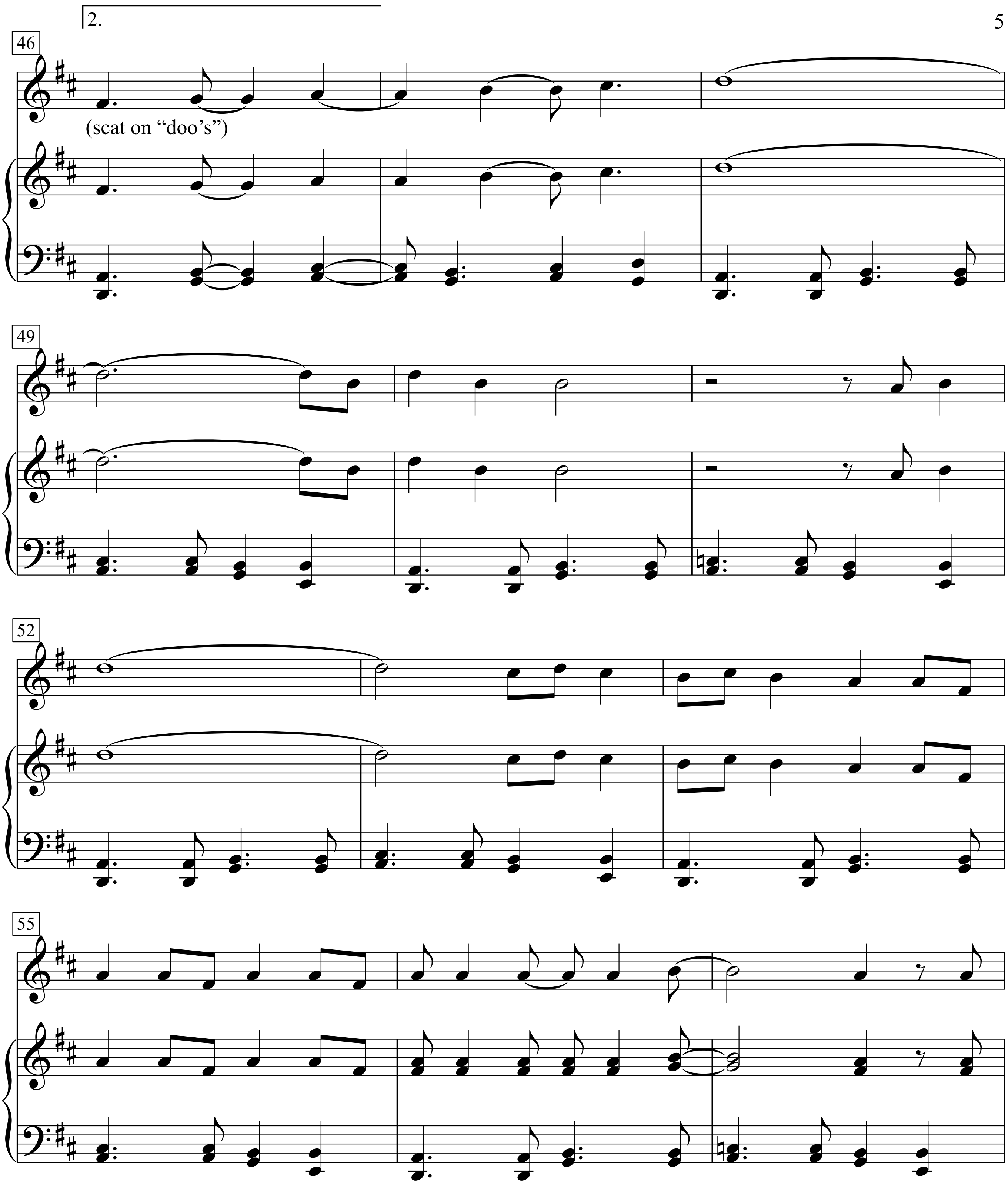
Words & Music by Rudy Clark and Ari Resnick
(The Young Rascals)

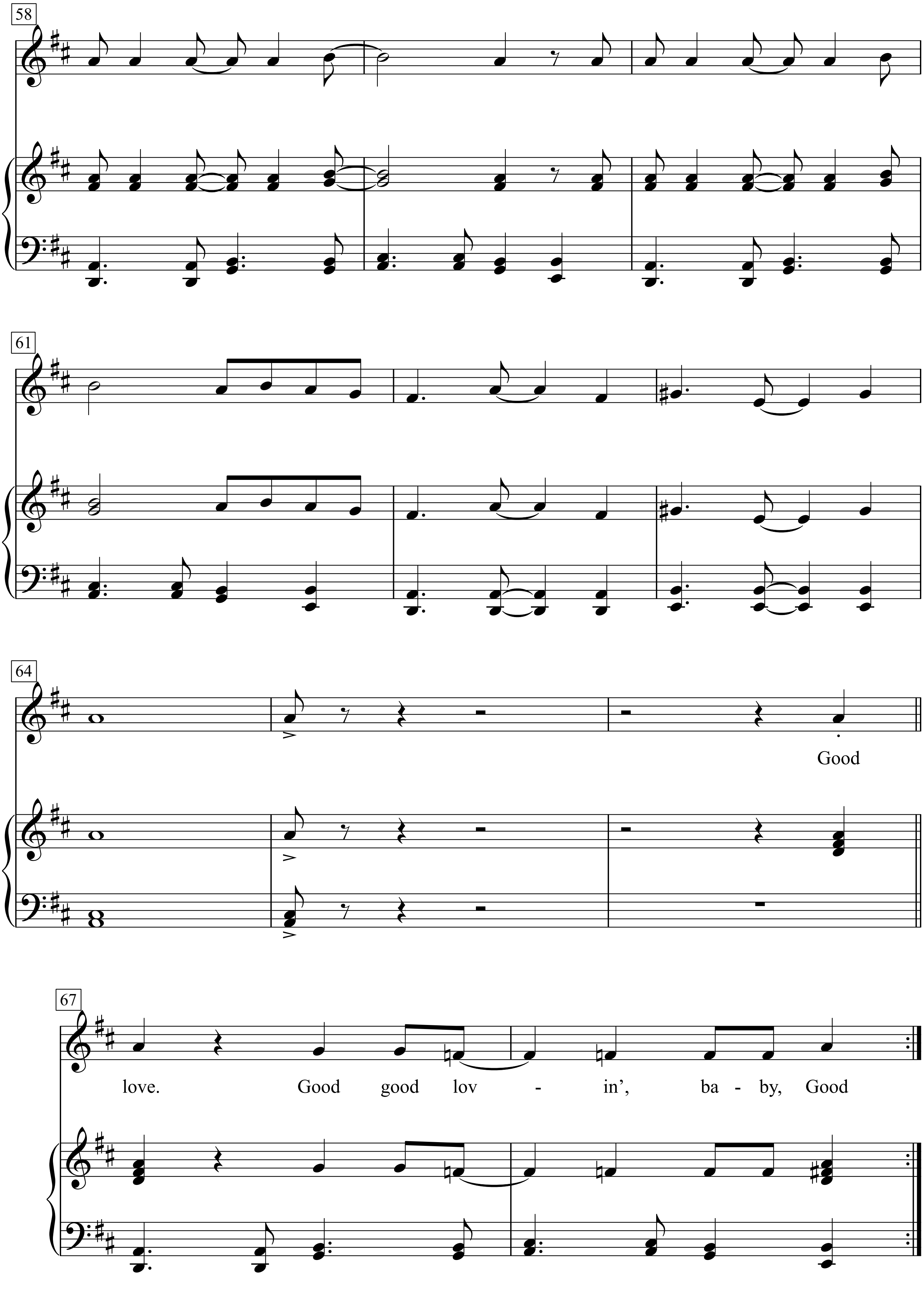



10
D G A G A G D G
Well, I was feel - ing
So come on ba - by,
13
A G D G A G
so bad. I
squeeze me tight. (squeeze me tight)
16
D G A G D G
asked my fam - 'ly doc - tor just what I had.
Don't you want your Bob - by to be all right? (be all right)
19
A G D G A G
I said, "Doc - tor" (doc - tor) "Mis - ter M.
I said, "Ba - by (ba - by) it's for


22
D G A G D G
D., (doc - tor) could you please tell me
sure, (ba - by) I got the fe - ver, yeah,
25
A G D G A G
what's ail - ing me? (doc - tor) He said,
and you've gut the cure.) got the cure) She said,
28
"Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
31
yeah. all you need, all you

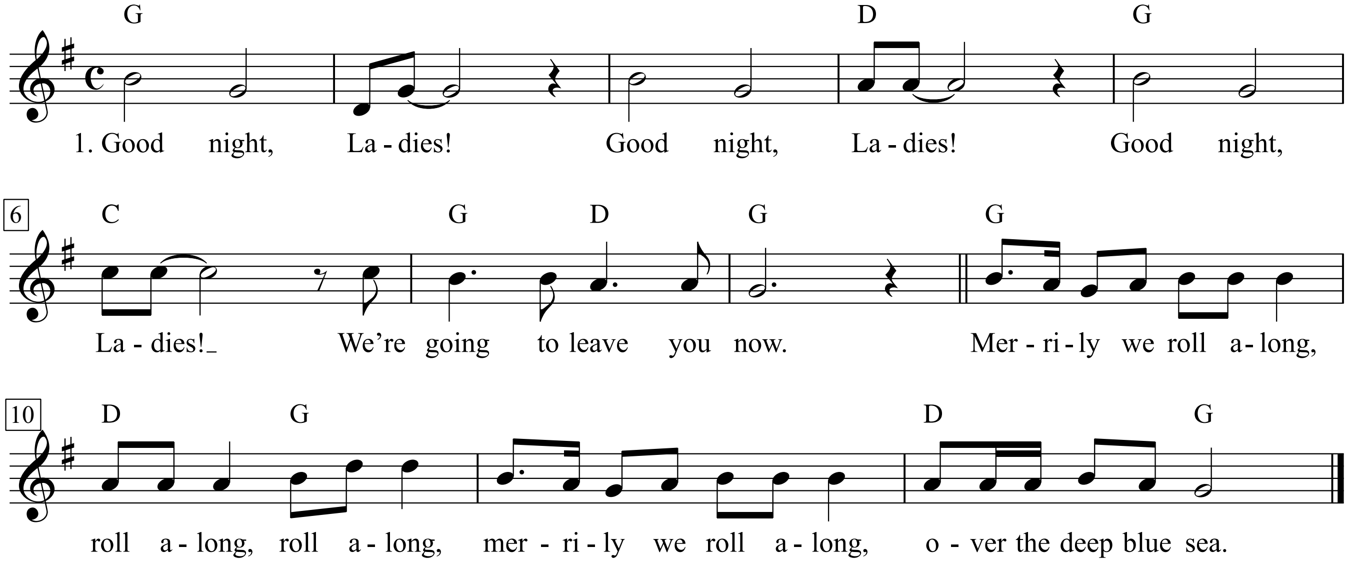

34
real - ly need good love." 'Cause you
37
got - ta have love. Good love, all you need is love. Good
40
love. Good good lov - in', ba - by, good love.
43
1.
So come on


2.
46
(scat on “doo’s”)
49
52
55


58
61
64
Good
67
love. Good good lov - in', ba - by, Good

Good night, Ladies

Melodie & Text: nach dem Lied »Farewell, Ladies«
von Edwin Pearce Christy (1815–1862), 1847



1. Good night, Ladies!
Good night, Ladies!
Good night, Ladies!
We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along,
roll along, roll along,
merrily we roll along,
over the deep blue sea.

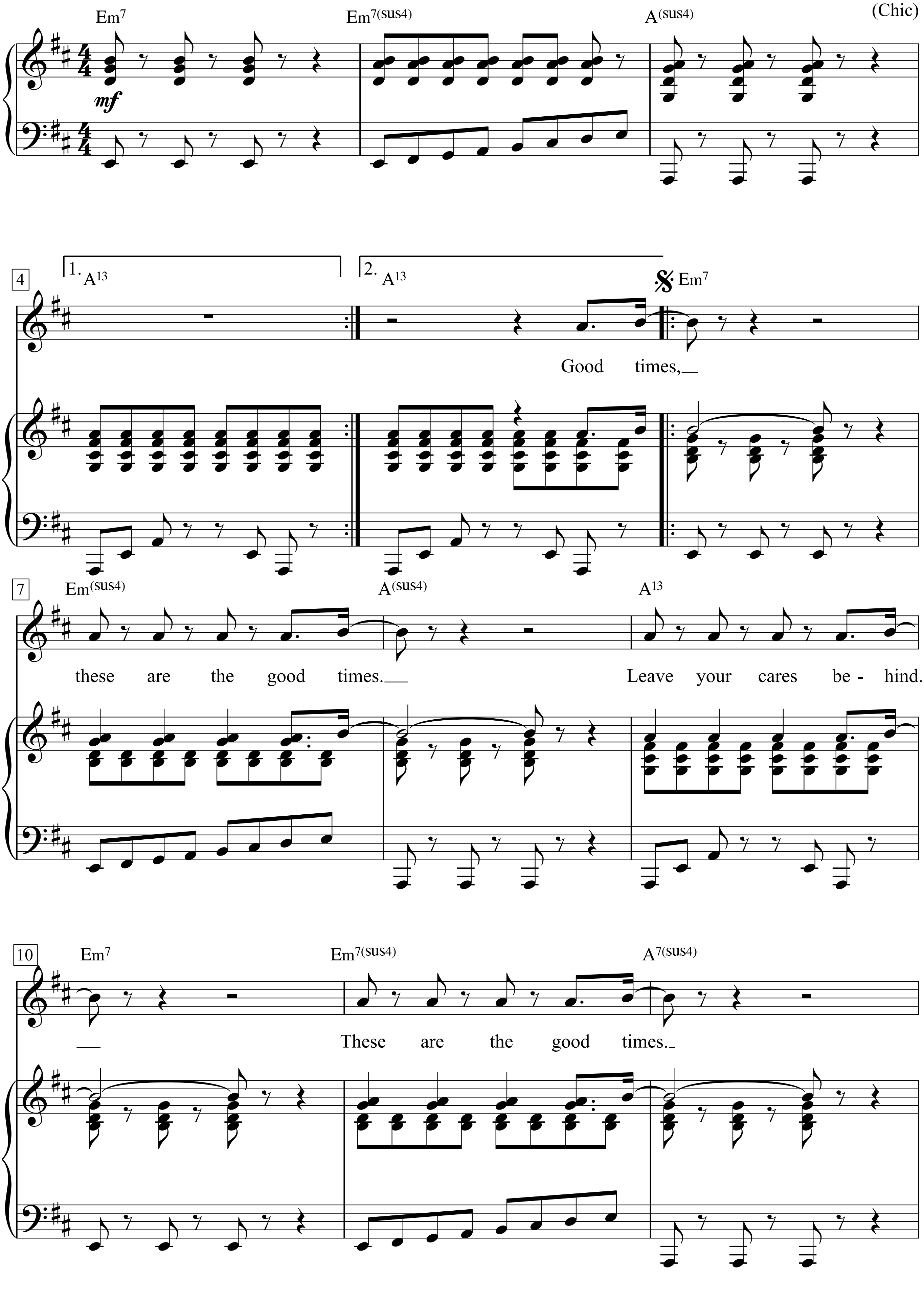
2. Farewell, Ladies! …

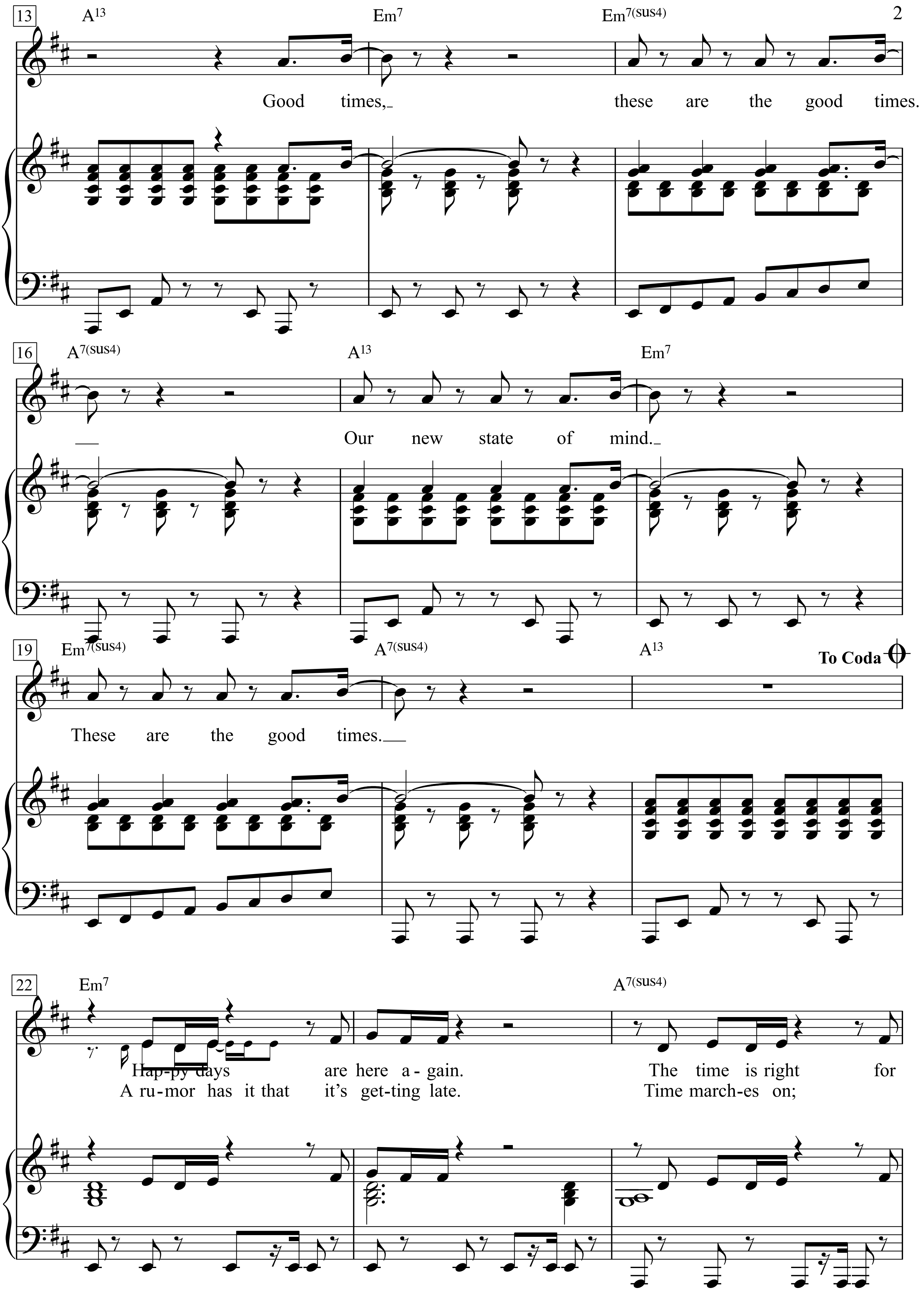
3. Sweet dreams, Ladies! …

Good Times

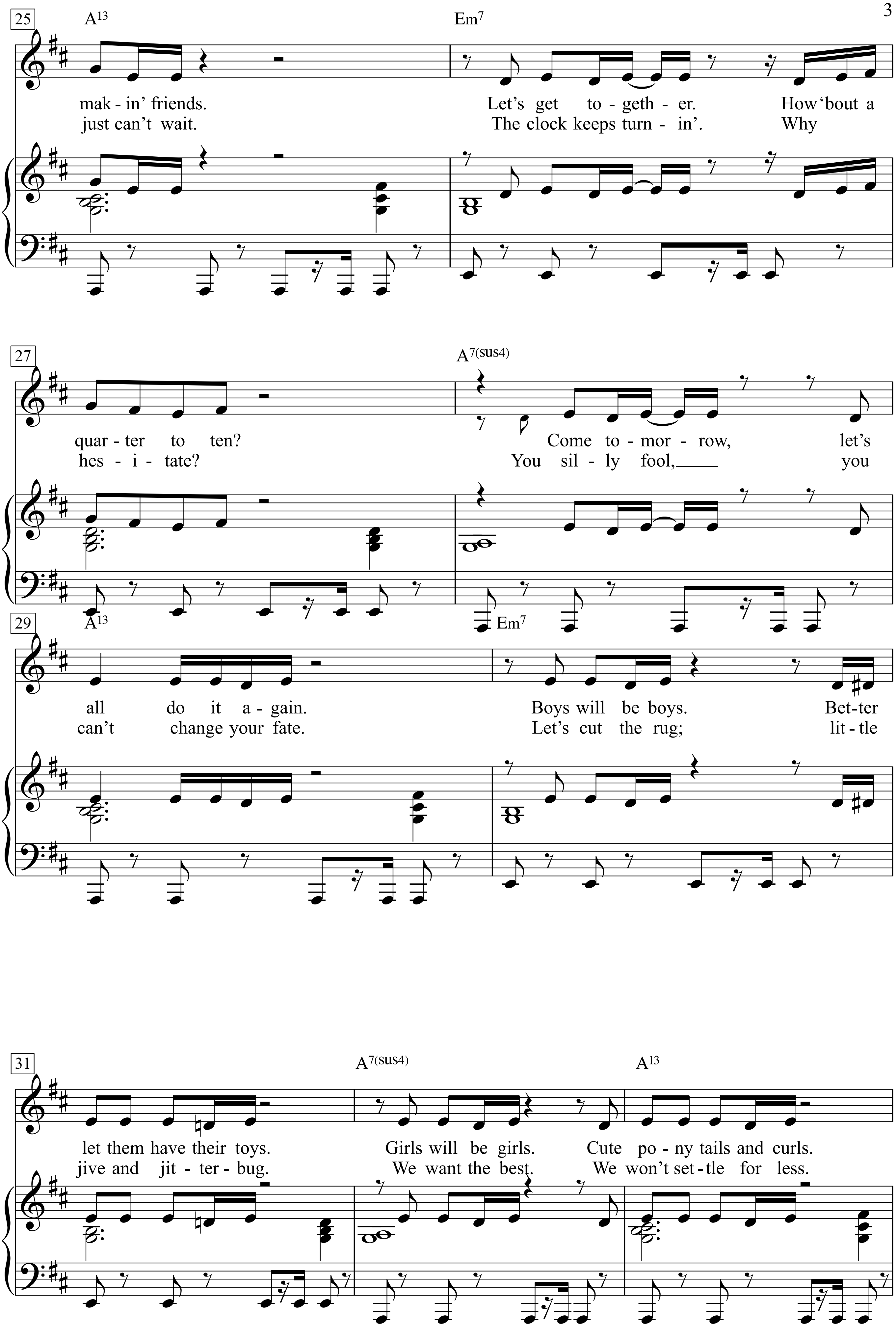
Moderately

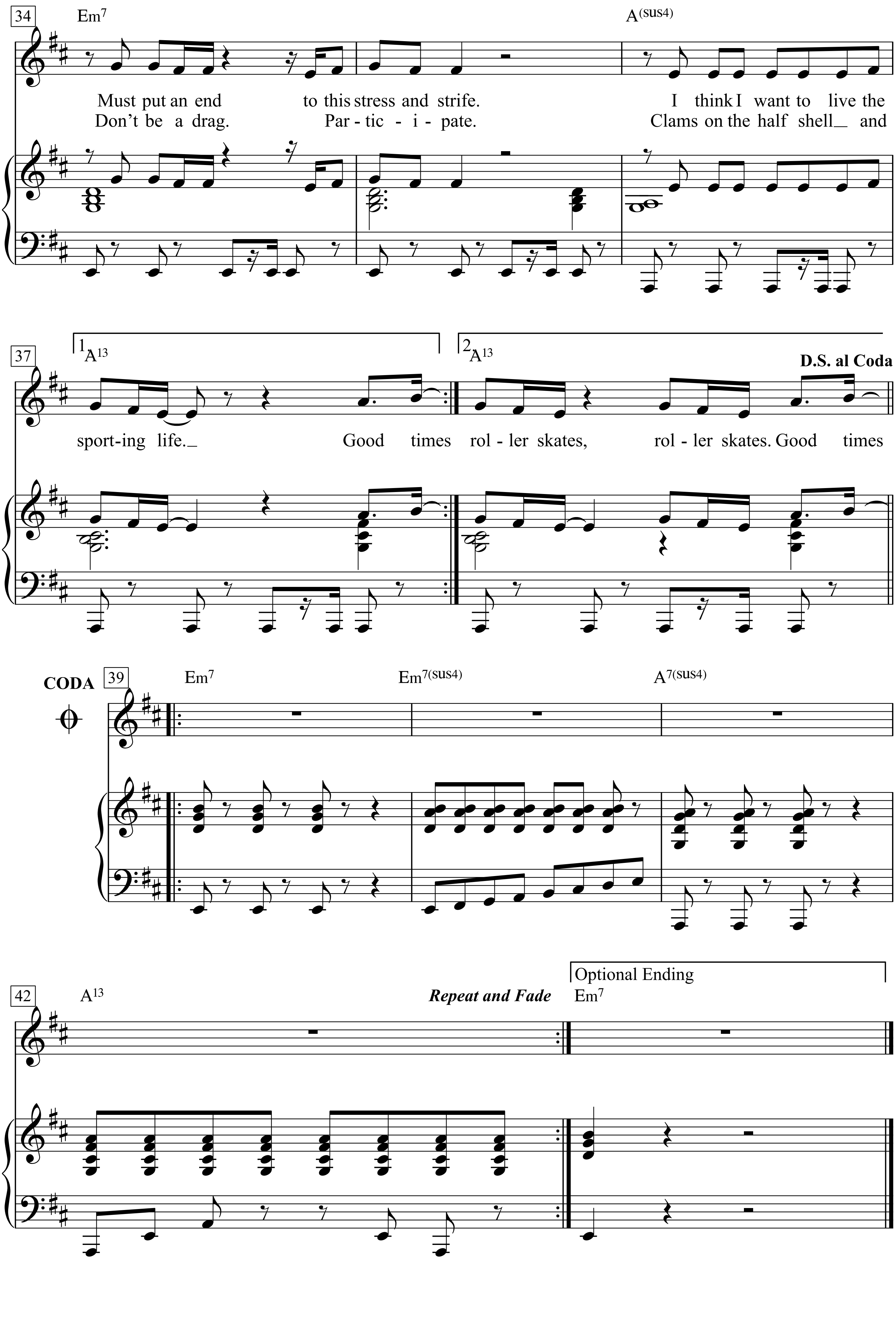
Words & Music by
Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards
(Chic)





13
A13
Em7
Em7(sus4)
Good times,
these are the good times.
16
A7(sus4)
A13
Em7
Our new state of mind.
19
Em7(sus4)
A7(sus4)
A13
To Coda
These are the good times.
22
Em7
A7(sus4)
Hap-py days are here a-gain. The time is right for
A ru-mor has it that it's get-ting late. Time march-es on;


25
A13
Em7
mak - in' friends. Let's get to - geth - er. How 'bout a
just can't wait. The clock keeps turn - in'. Why
27
A7(sus4)
quar - ter to ten? Come to - mor - row, let's
hes - i - tate? You sil - ly fool, you
29
A13
Em7
all do it a - gain. Boys will be boys. Bet-ter
can't change your fate. Let's cut the rug; lit - tle
31
A7(sus4)
A13
let them have their toys. Girls will be girls. Cute po - ny tails and curls.
jive and jit - ter - bug. We want the best. We won't set - tle for less.

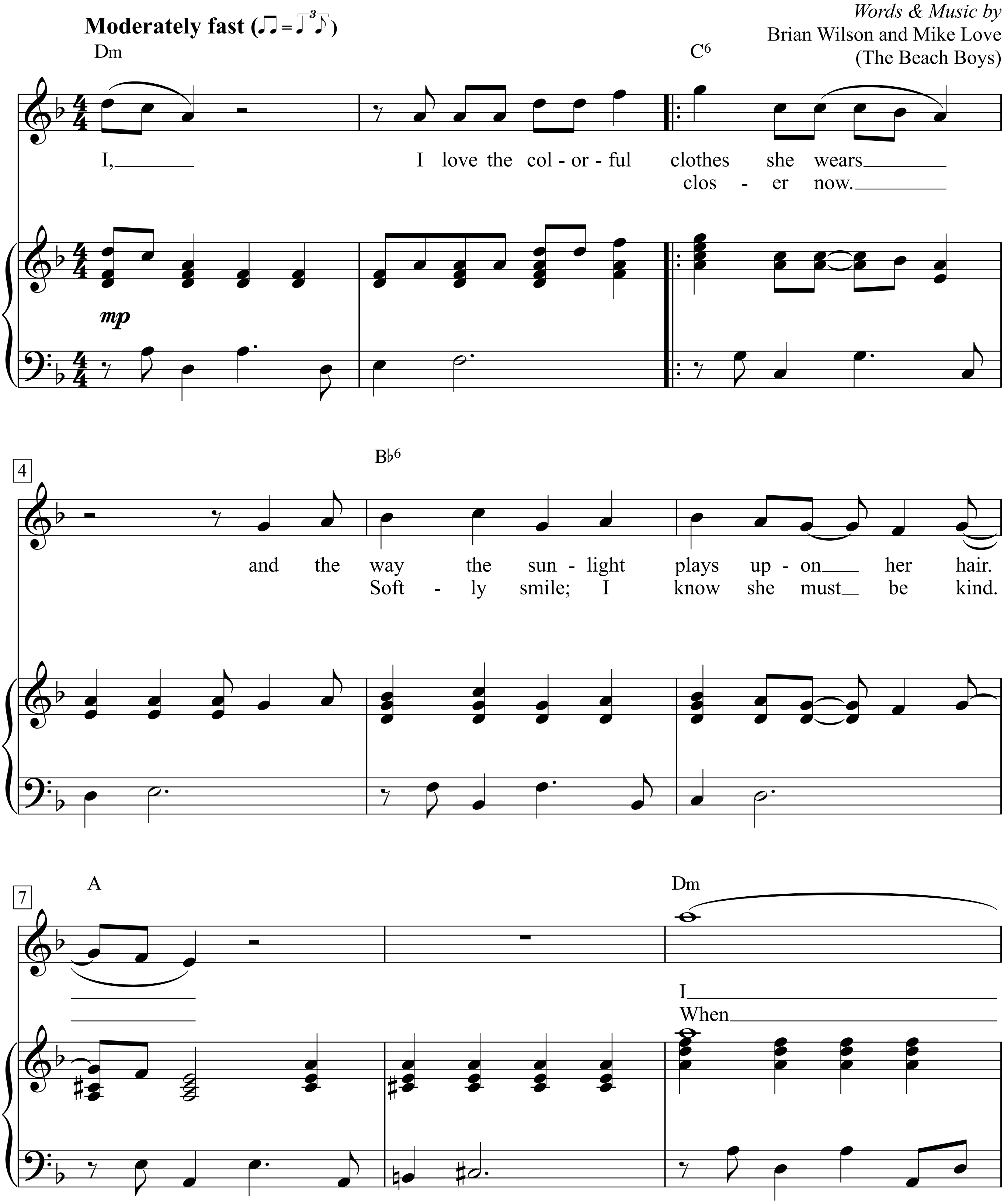

34
Em7
A(sus4)
Must put an end to this stress and strife. I think I want to live the
Don't be a drag. Par - tic - i - pate. Clams on the half shell and
37
1 A13
2 A13
D.S. al Coda
sport-ing life. Good times rol - ler skates, rol - ler skates. Good times
CODA
39
Em7
Em7(sus4)
A7(sus4)
42
A13
Repeat and Fade
Optional Ending
Em7

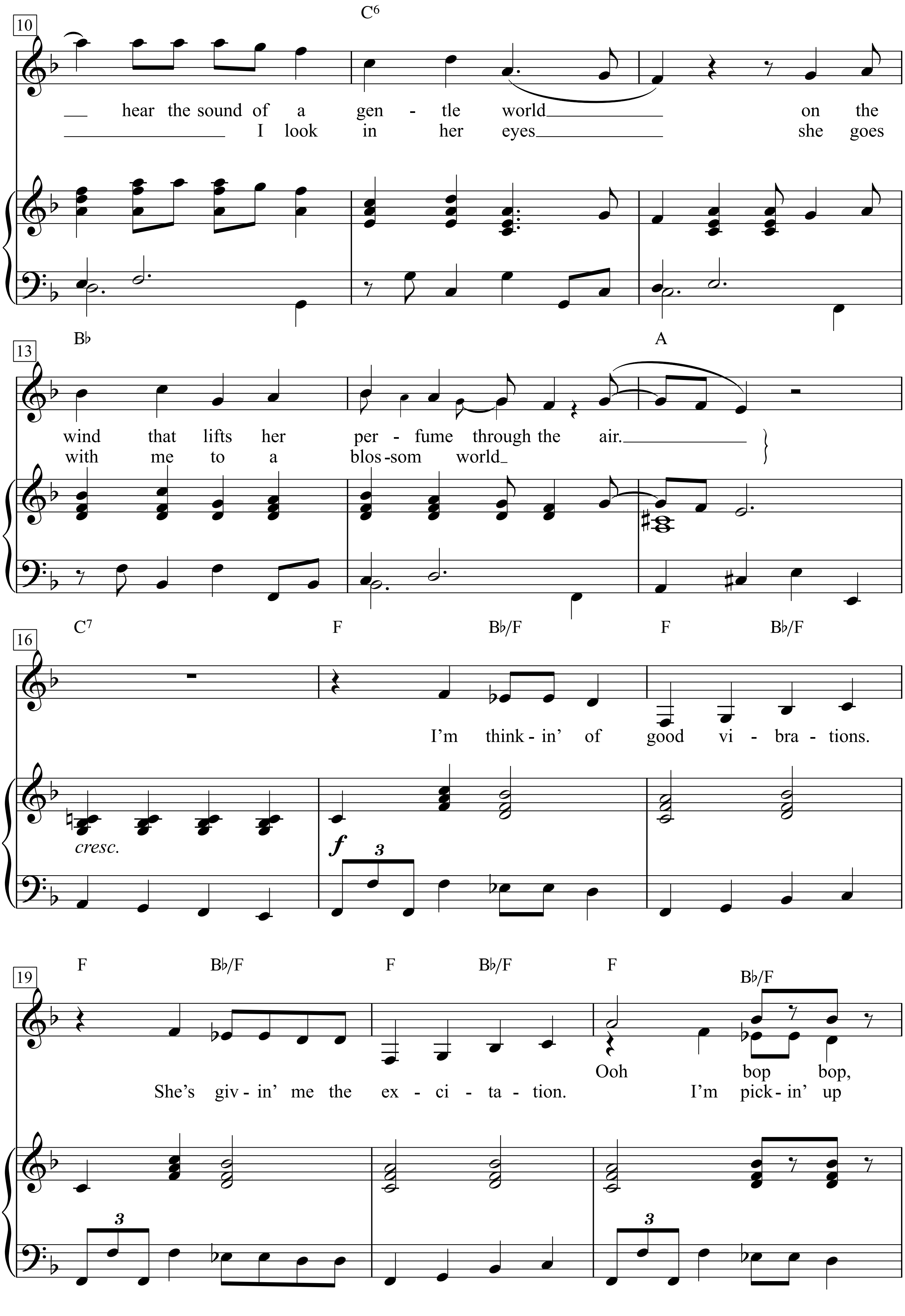
1.
Good times, these are the good times.
Leave your cares behind.
These are the good times.
Good times, these are the good times.
Our new state of mind.
These are the good times.
Happy days are here again.
The time is right for makin' friends.
Let's get together.
How 'bout a quarter to ten?
Come tomorrow, let's all do it again.
Boys will be boys.
Better let them have their toys.
Girls will be girls.
Cute pony tails and curls.
Must put an end to this stress and strife.
I think I want to live the sporting life.
Good times roller skates, roller skates.
Good times

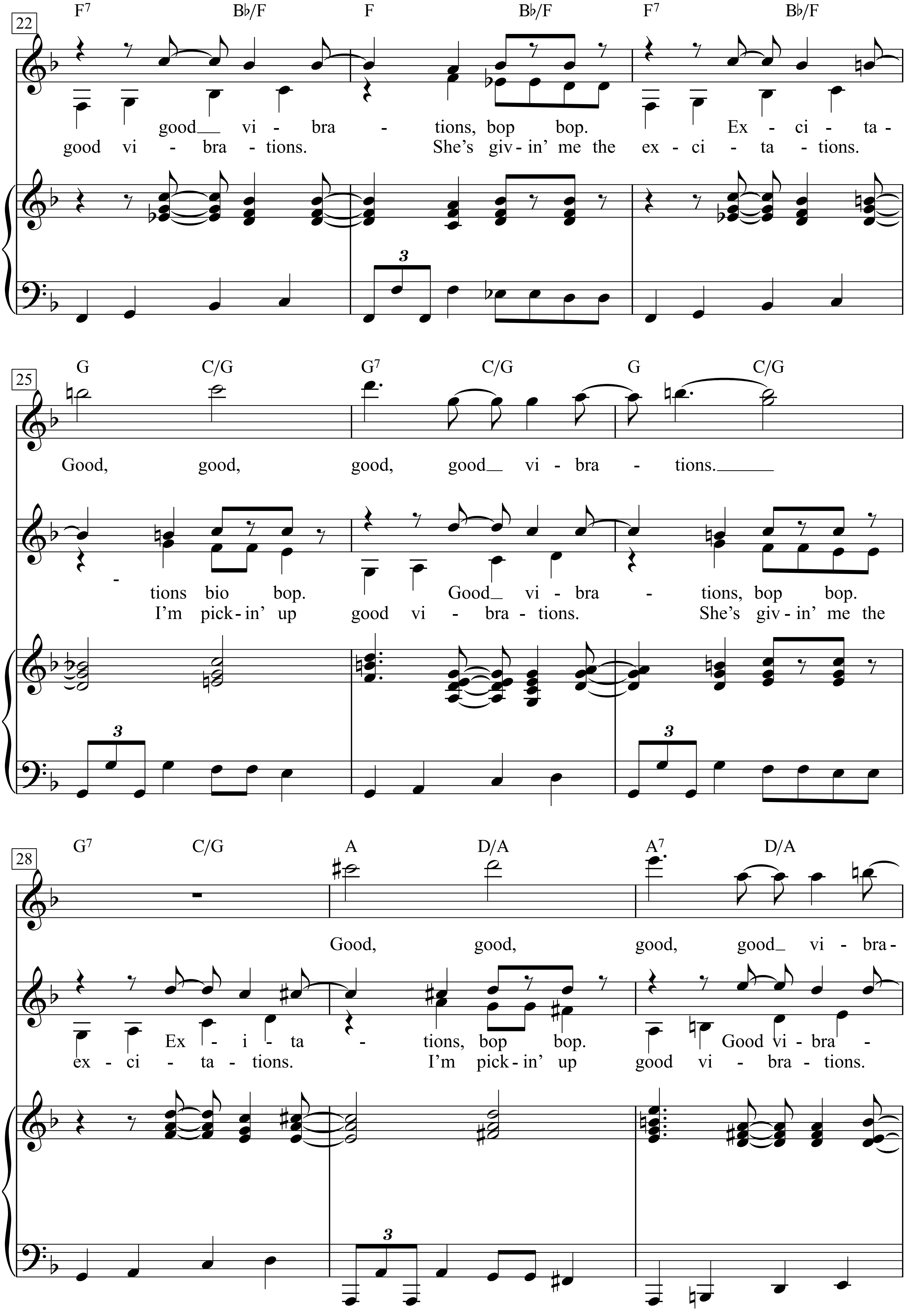
2.
A rumor has it that it's getting late.
Time marches on; just can't wait.
The clock keeps turnin'.
Why hesitate?
You silly fool, you can't change your fate.
Let's cut the rug; little jive and jitterbug.
We want the best.
We won't settle for less.
Don't be a drag.
Participate.
Clams on the half shell and

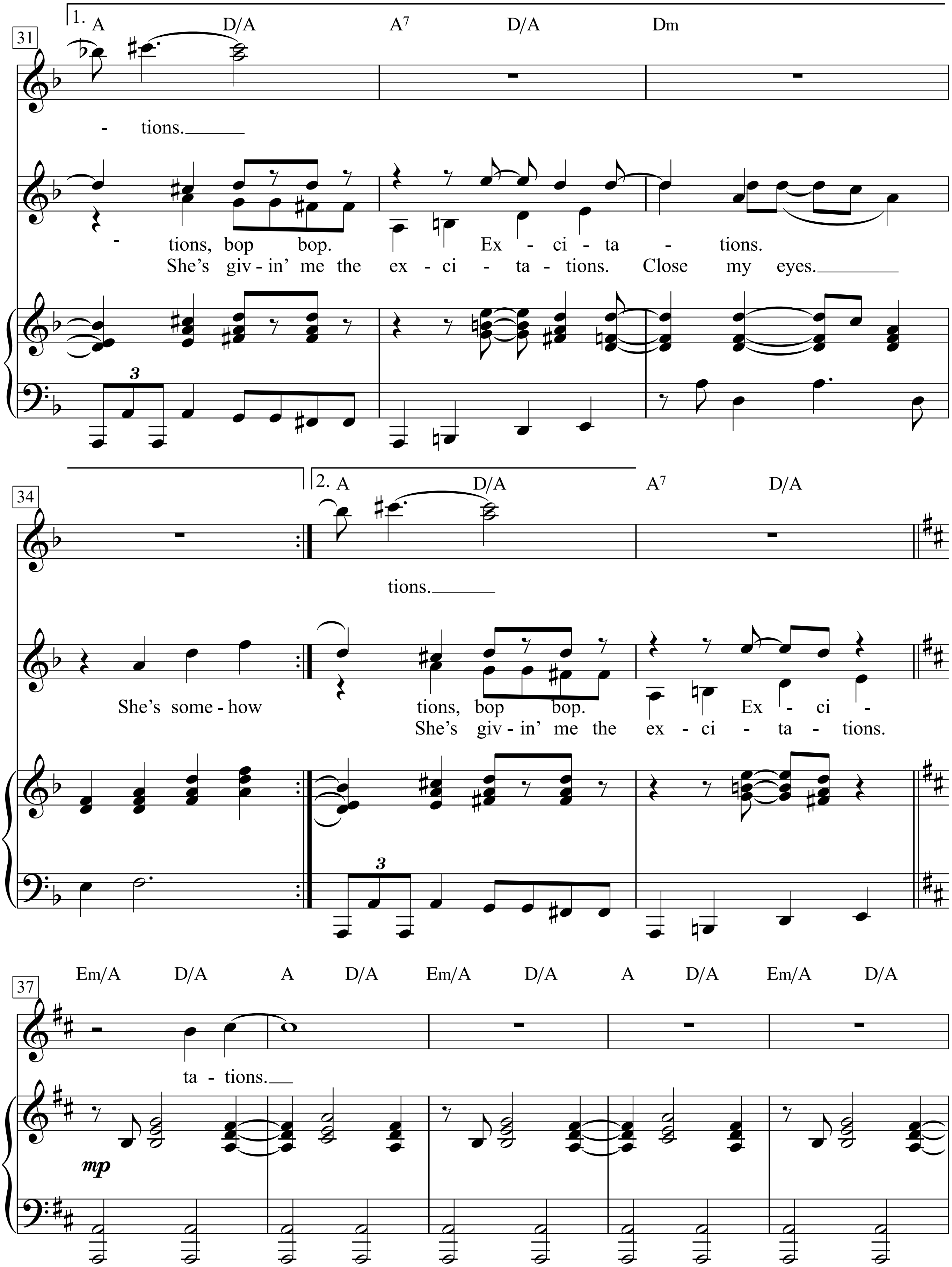
Good Vibrations

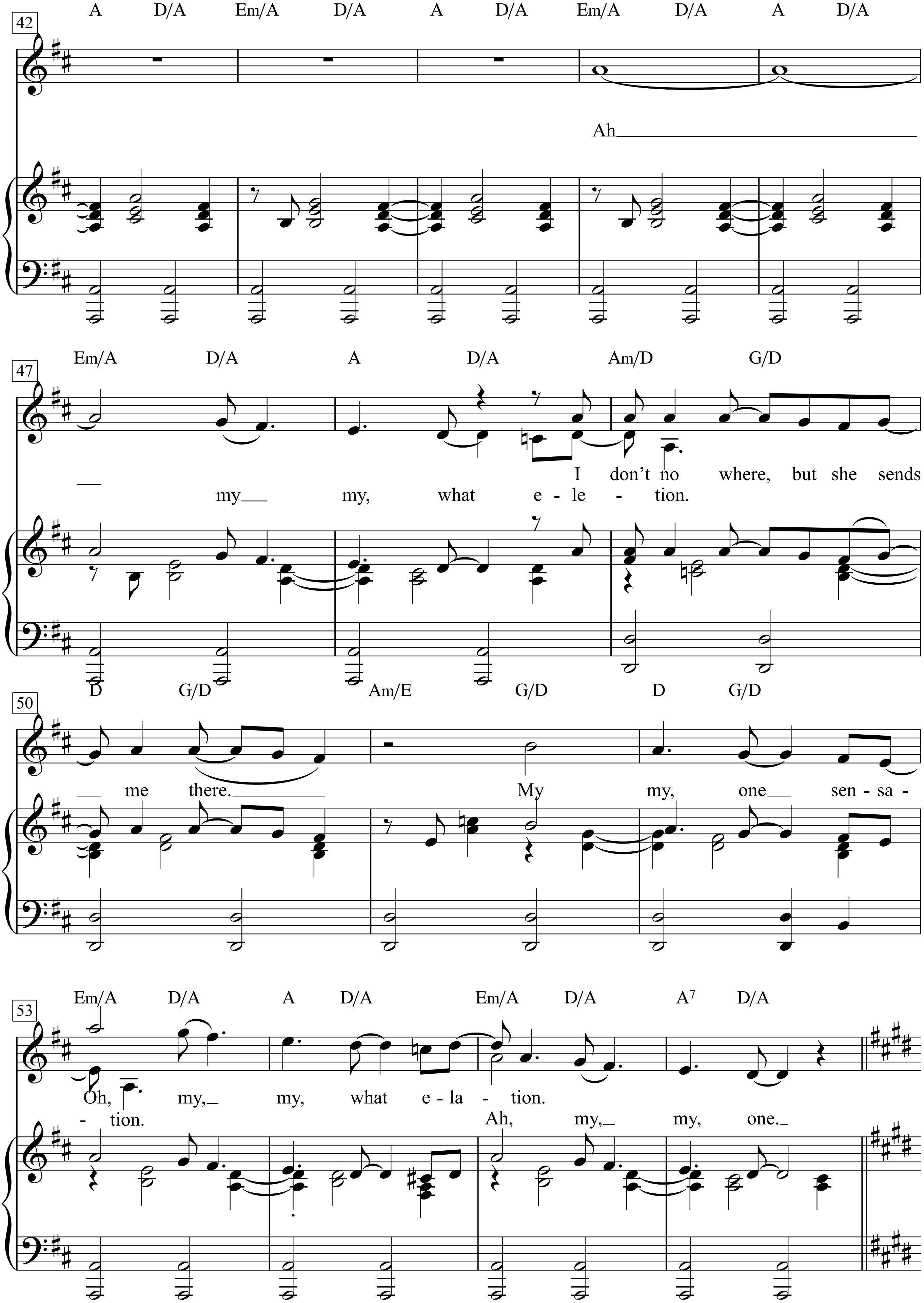
Words & Music by
Brian Wilson and Mike Love
(The Beach Boys)

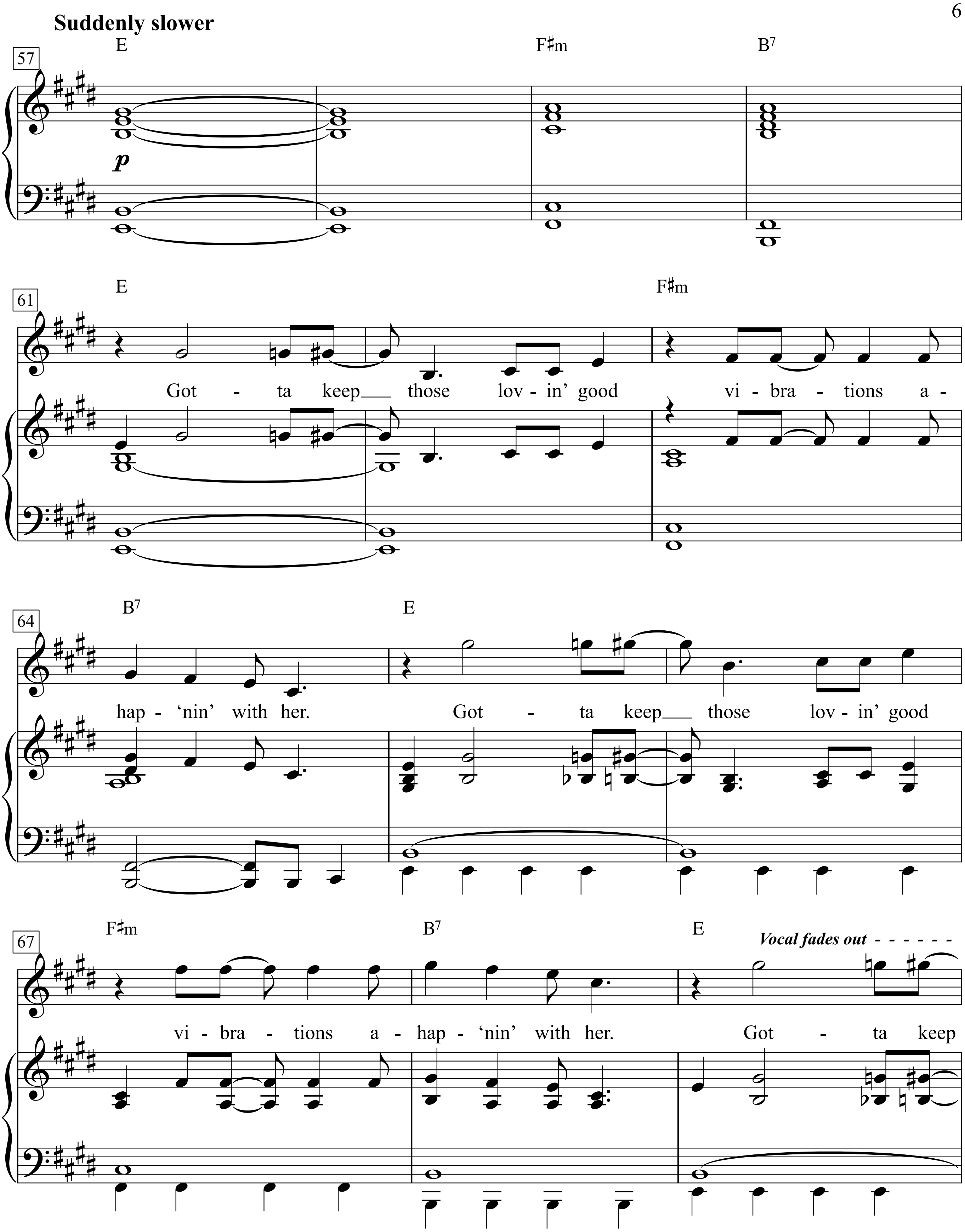


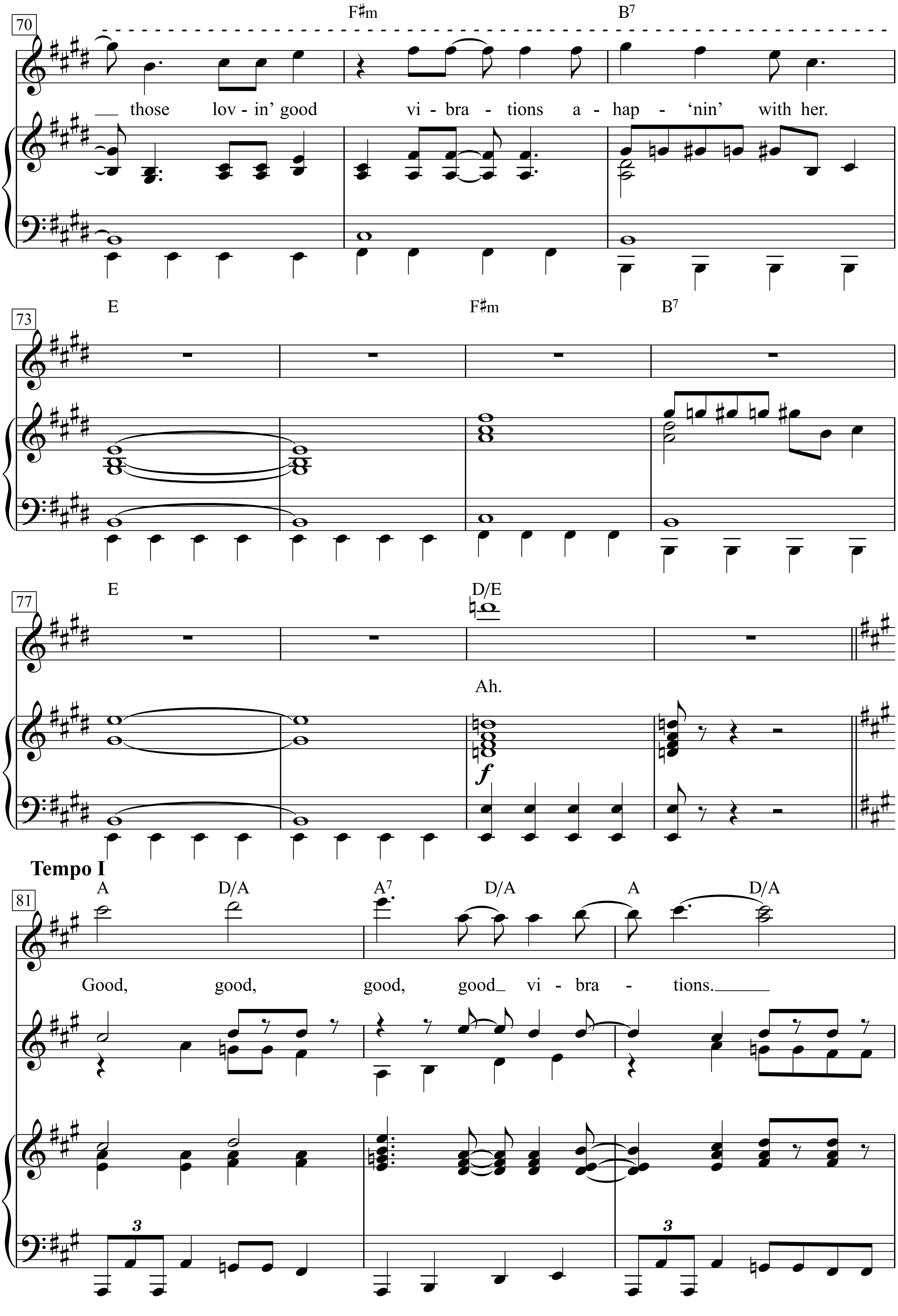

10
C6
hear the sound of a gen - tle world on the
I look in her eyes she goes
13
B♭
A
wind that lifts her per - fume through the air.
with me to a blos-som world
16
C7
F
B♭/F
F
B♭/F
I'm think - in' of good vi - bra - tions.
cresc.
f
19
F
B♭/F
F
B♭/F
F
B♭/F
Ooh bop bop,
She's giv - in' me the ex - ci - ta - tion. I'm pick - in' up

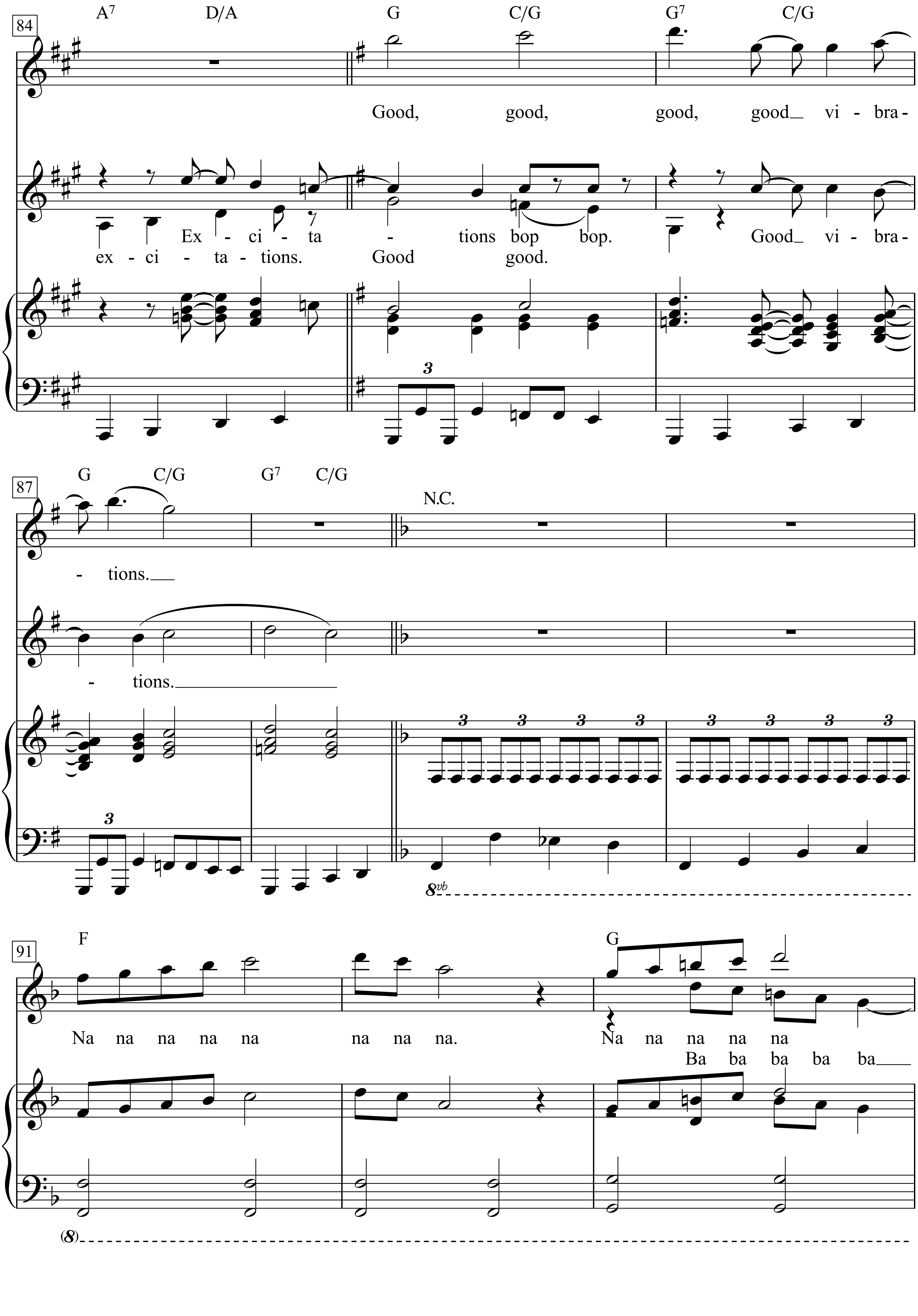

22
F7 B♭/F F B♭/F F7 B♭/F
good__ vi - bra - tions, bop bop. Ex - ci - ta -
good vi - bra - tions. She's giv - in' me the ex - ci - ta - tions.
25
G C/G G7 C/G G C/G
Good, good, good, good__ vi - bra - tions.______
tions bio bop. Good__ vi - bra - tions, bop bop.
I'm pick - in' up good vi - bra - tions. She's giv - in' me the
28
G7 C/G A D/A A7 D/A
Good, good, good, good__ vi - bra -
Ex - i - ta - tions, bop bop. Good vi - bra -
ex - ci - ta - tions. I'm pick - in' up good vi - bra - tions.

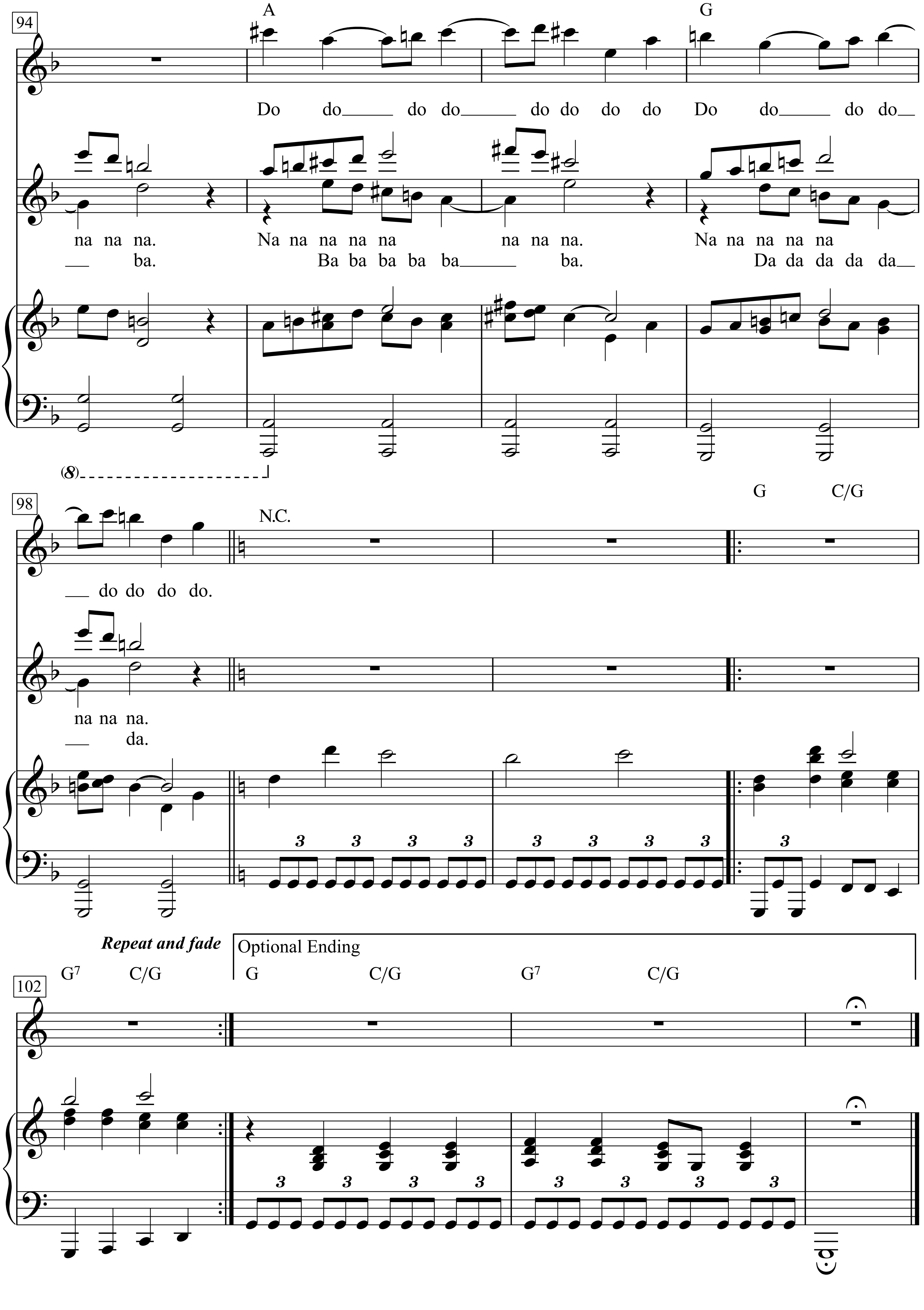

31
1. A D/A A7 D/A Dm
- tions.
tions, bop bop. Ex - ci - ta - tions.
She's giv - in' me the ex - ci - ta - tions. Close my eyes.
34
2. A D/A A7 D/A
tions.
She's some - how tions, bop bop. Ex - ci -
She's giv - in' me the ex - ci - ta - tions.
37
Em/A D/A A D/A Em/A D/A A D/A Em/A D/A
ta - tions.
mp


42
A D/A Em/A D/A A D/A Em/A D/A A D/A
Ah
47
Em/A D/A A D/A Am/D G/D
I don't no where, but she sends
my my, what e - le - tion.
50
D G/D Am/E G/D D G/D
me there. My my, one sen - sa -
53
Em/A D/A A D/A Em/A D/A A7 D/A
Oh, my, my, what e - la - tion.
- tion. Ah, my, my, one.


Suddenly slower
57
E
F♯m
B7
p
61
E
F♯m
Got - ta keep those lov - in' good vi - bra - tions a -
64
B7
E
hap - 'nin' with her. Got - ta keep those lov - in' good
67
F♯m
B7
E
Vocal fades out
vi - bra - tions a - hap - 'nin' with her. Got - ta keep

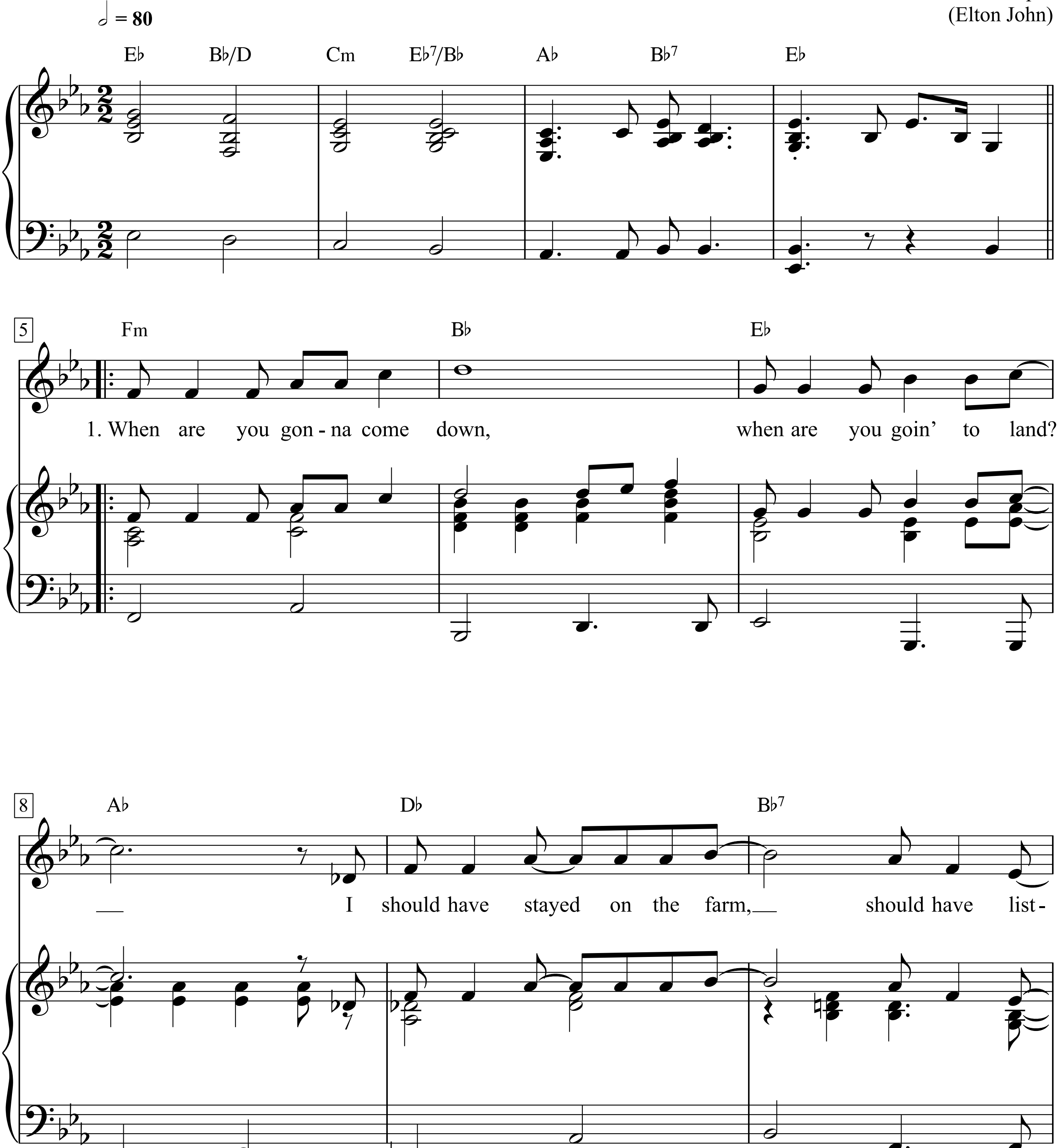

70
F♯m
B7
those lov - in' good vi - bra - tions a - hap - 'nin' with her.
73
E
F♯m
B7
77
E
D/E
Ah.
Tempo I
81
A
D/A
A7
D/A
A
D/A
Good, good, good, good vi - bra - tions.

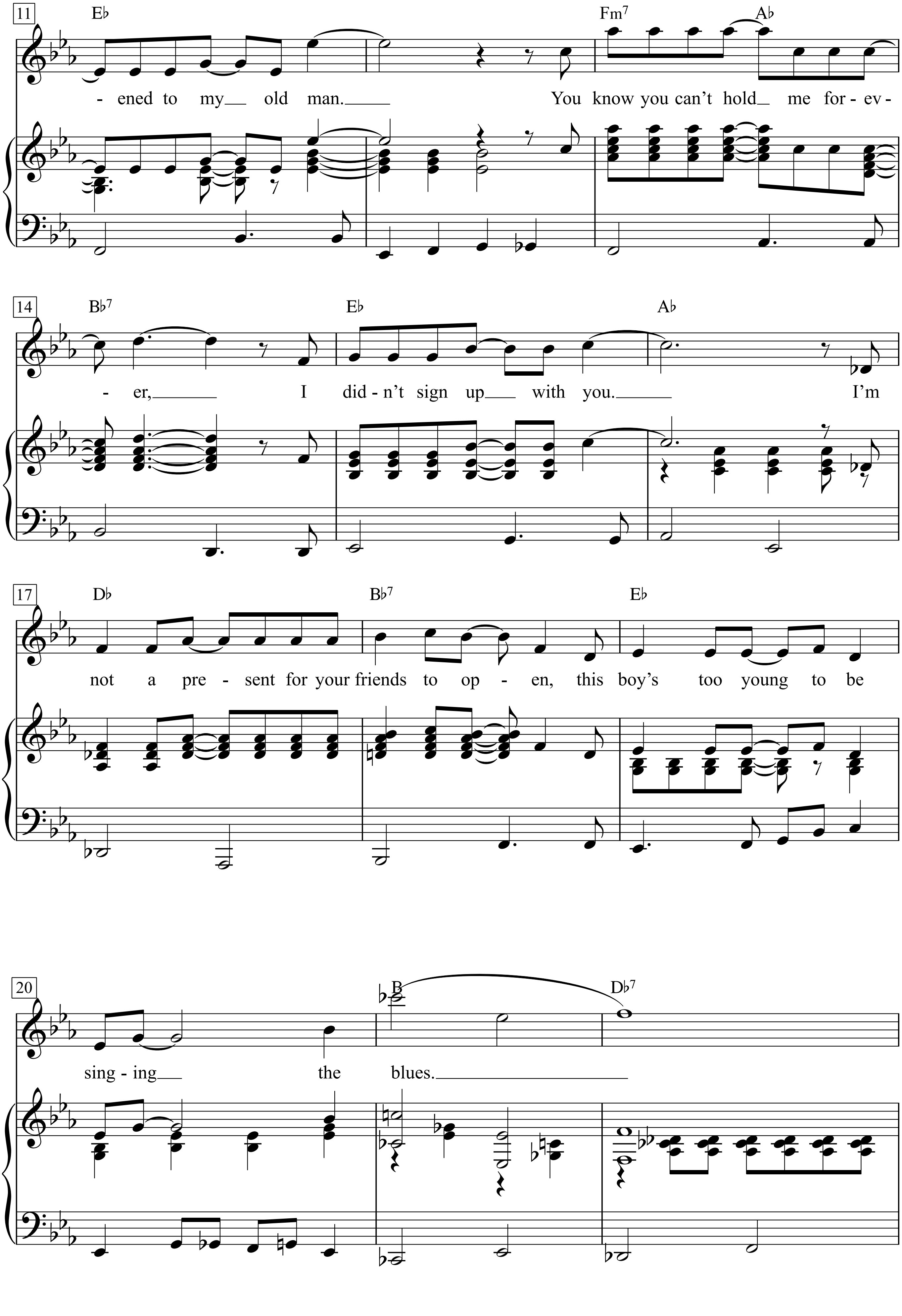

84
A7 D/A G C/G G7 C/G
Good, good, good, good_ vi - bra -
Ex - ci - ta - tions bop bop. Good_ vi - bra -
ex - ci - ta - tions. Good good.
3
87
G C/G G7 C/G
N.C.
- tions.___
- tions.
3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3
3
8vb
91
F
G
Na na na na na na na na.
Na na na na na
Ba ba ba ba ba___
(8)

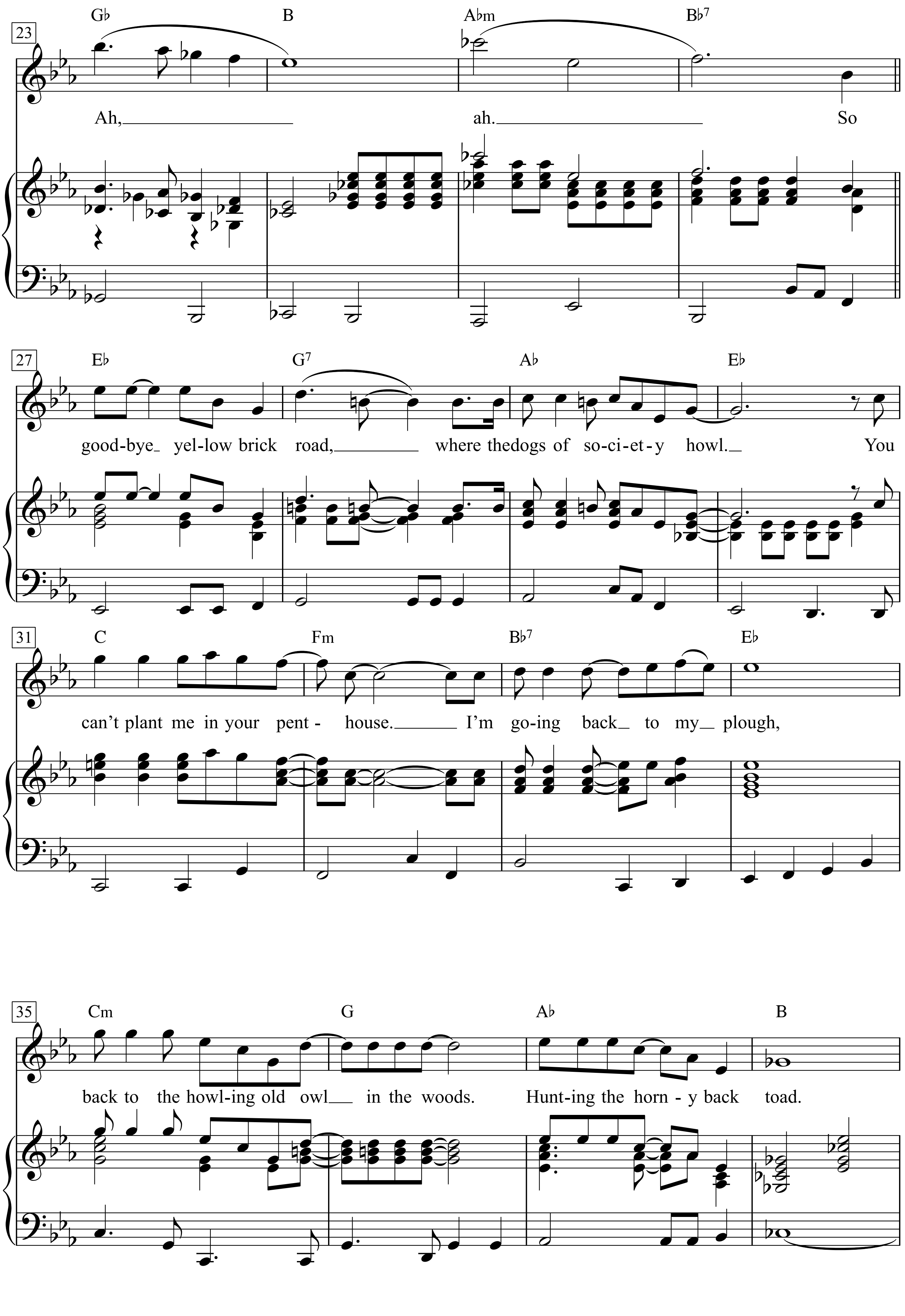

94
A
G
Do do do do do do do do Do do do do
na na na. Na na na na na na na na. Na na na na na
ba. Ba ba ba ba ba ba. Da da da da da
(8)
98
N.C.
G C/G
do do do do.
na na na.
da.
Repeat and fade
Optional Ending
G7 C/G
G C/G G7 C/G
102

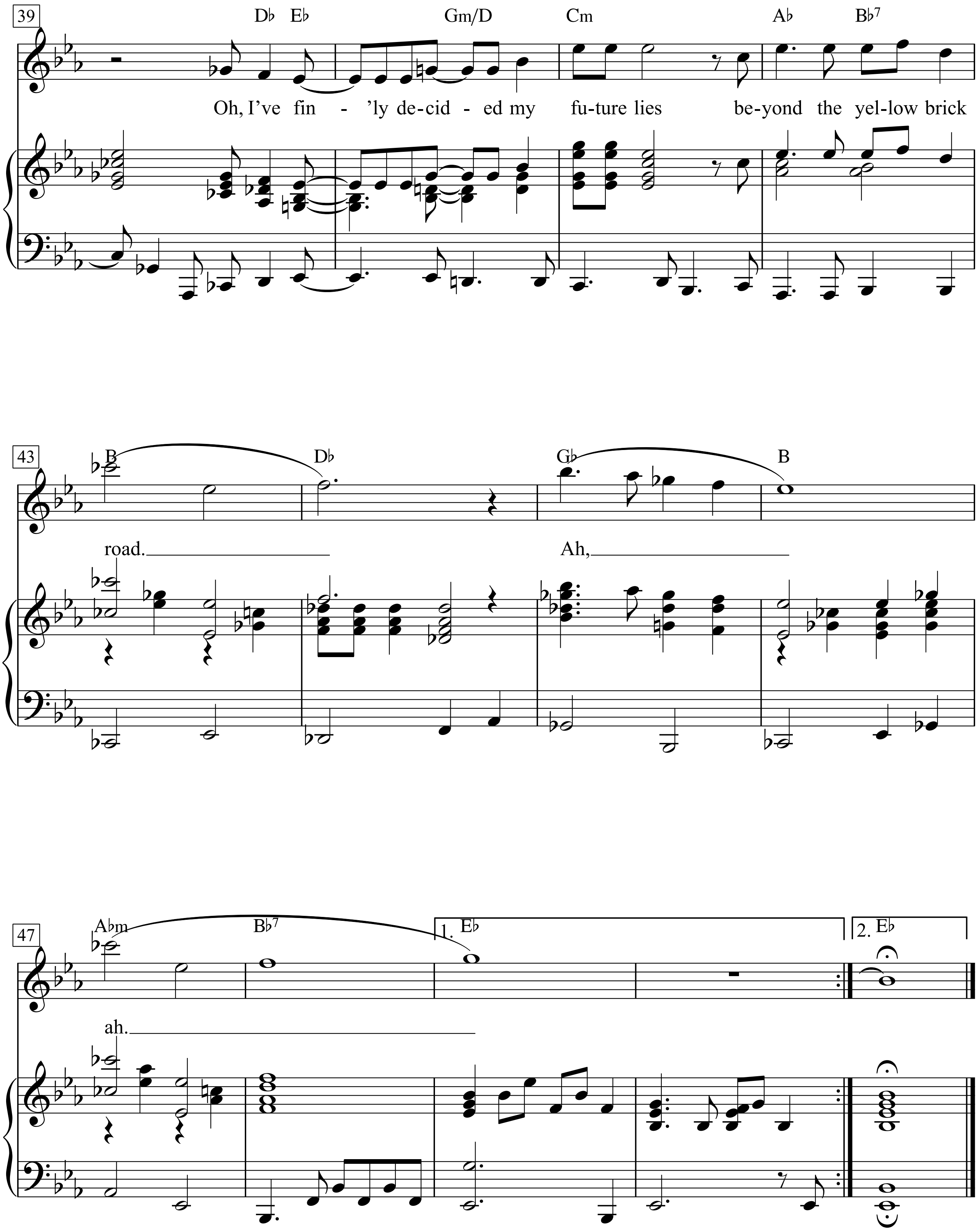
Goodbye Yellow Brick Road

Words & Music by
Elton John and Bernie Taupin
(Elton John)




11
E♭
Fm7
A♭
-ened to my old man. You know you can't hold me for - ev -
14
B♭7
E♭
A♭
- er, I did - n't sign up with you. I'm
17
D♭
B♭7
E♭
not a pre - sent for your friends to op - en, this boy's too young to be
20
B
D♭7
sing - ing the blues.


23
G♭ B A♭m B♭7
Ah, ah. So
27
E♭ G7 A♭ E♭
good-bye yel-low brick road, where the dogs of so-ci-et-y howl. You
31
C Fm B♭7 E♭
can't plant me in your pent - house. I'm go-ing back to my plough,
35
Cm G A♭ B
back to the howl-ing old owl in the woods. Hunt-ing the horn - y back toad.


39
D♭ E♭ Gm/D Cm A♭ B♭7
Oh, I've fin - 'ly de-cid - ed my fu-ture lies be-yond the yel-low brick
43
B D♭ G♭ B
road. Ah,
47
A♭m B♭7 1. E♭ 2. E♭
ah.

1. When are you gonna come down,
when are you goin' to land?
I should have stayed on the farm,
should have listened to my old man.
You know you can't hold me forever,
I didn't sign up with you.
I'm not a present for your friends to open,
this boy's too young to be singing the blues.
Ah, ah. So goodbye yellow brick road,
where the dogs of society howl.
You can't plant me in your penthouse.
I'm going back to my plough,
back to the howling old owl in the woods.
Hunting the horny back toad.
Oh, I've fin'ly decided my future
lies beyond the yellow brick road.
Ah, ah.

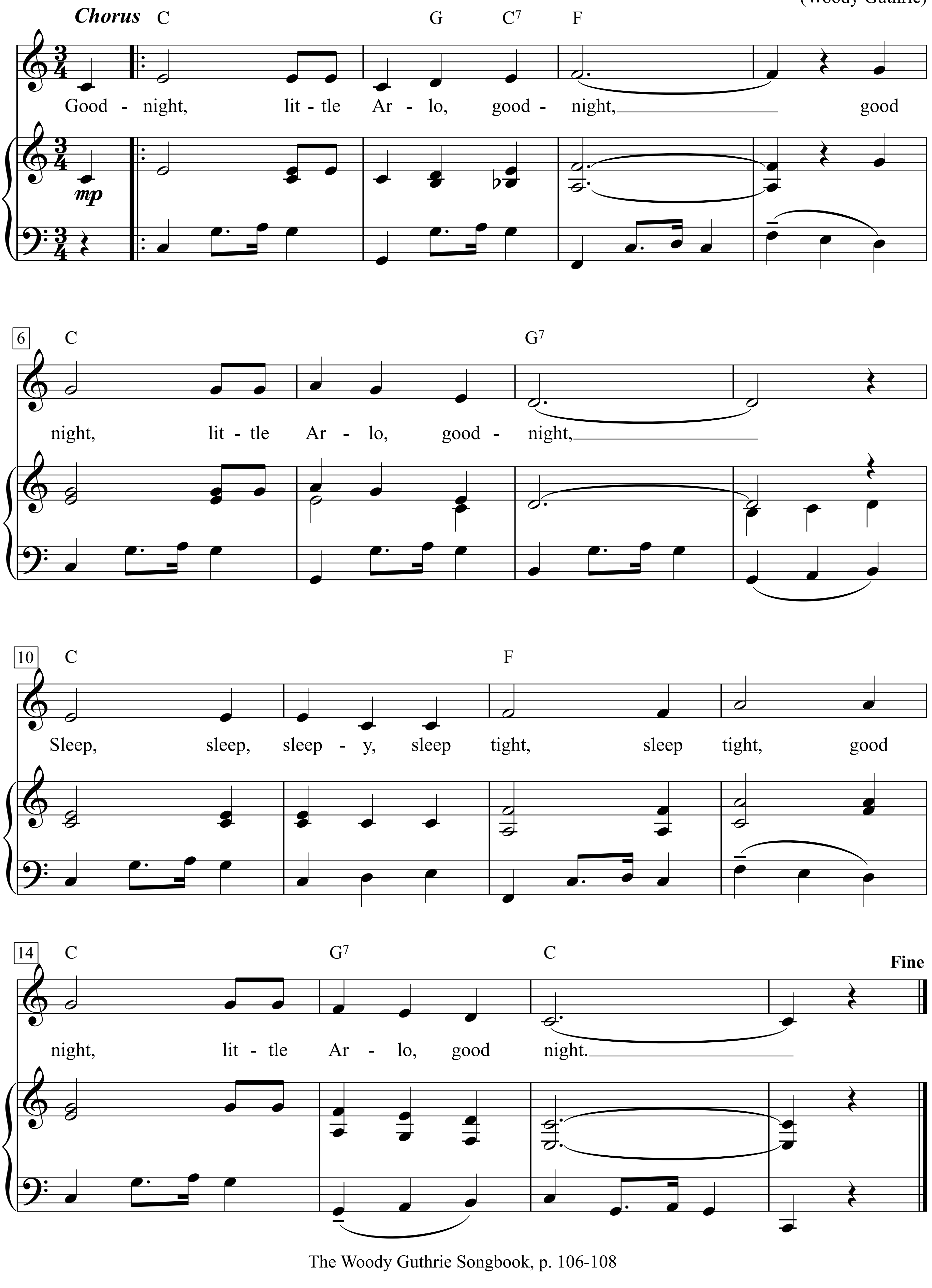
What do you think you'll do then
I bet they 'll shoot down your plane
It'll take you a couple of vodka and tonics
To set you on your feet again
Maybe you'll get a replacement
There's plenty like me to be found
Mongrels who ain't got a penny
Singing for titbits like you
On the ground, ah, ah.

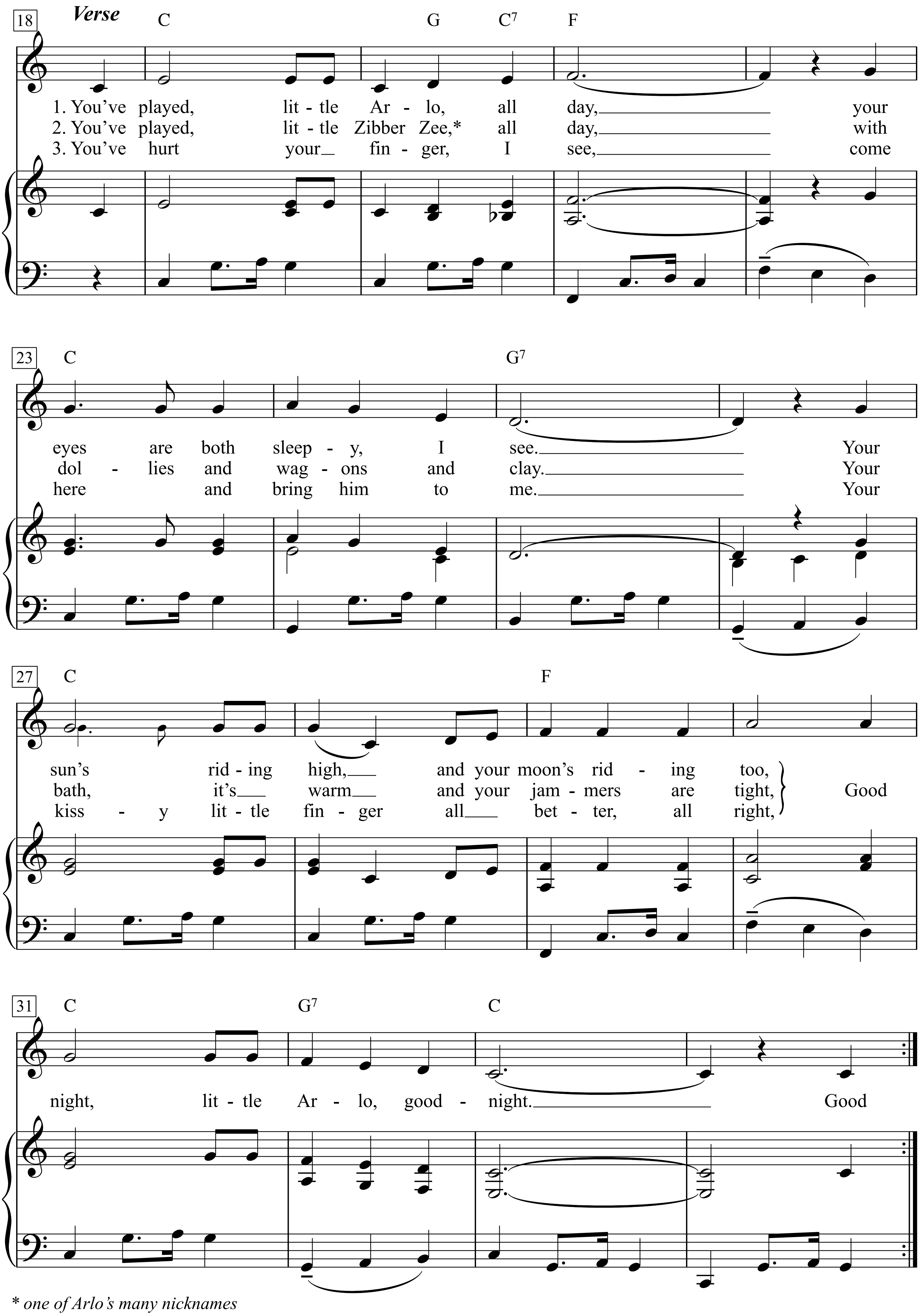
So goodbye yellow brick road etc.'

Goodnight, Little Arlo

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie
(Woody Guthrie)

Lullaby with a lilt





* *one of Arlo's many nicknames*

Chorus:
Goodnight, little Arlo, goodnight,
good night, little Arlo, goodnight,
Sleep, sleep, sleepy, sleep tight, sleep tight,
good night, little Arlo, good night.

1. You've played, little Arlo, all day,
your eyes are both sleepy,I see.
Your sun's riding high, and your moon's riding too,
Good night, little Arlo, goodnight.
Chorus:

2. You've played, little Zibber Zee,* all day,
with dollies and wagons and clay.
Your bath, it's warm and your jammers are tight,
Good night, little Arlo, goodnight.
Chorus:

3. You've hurt your finger, I see,
come here and bring him to me.
your kissy little finger all better, all right,
Good night, little Arlo, goodnight.
Chorus:

4. (You) danced and you played with the kids!
You told me the things that you did!
You told me your games and you told me your fights,
Good night, Little Arlo, good night!
Chorus:

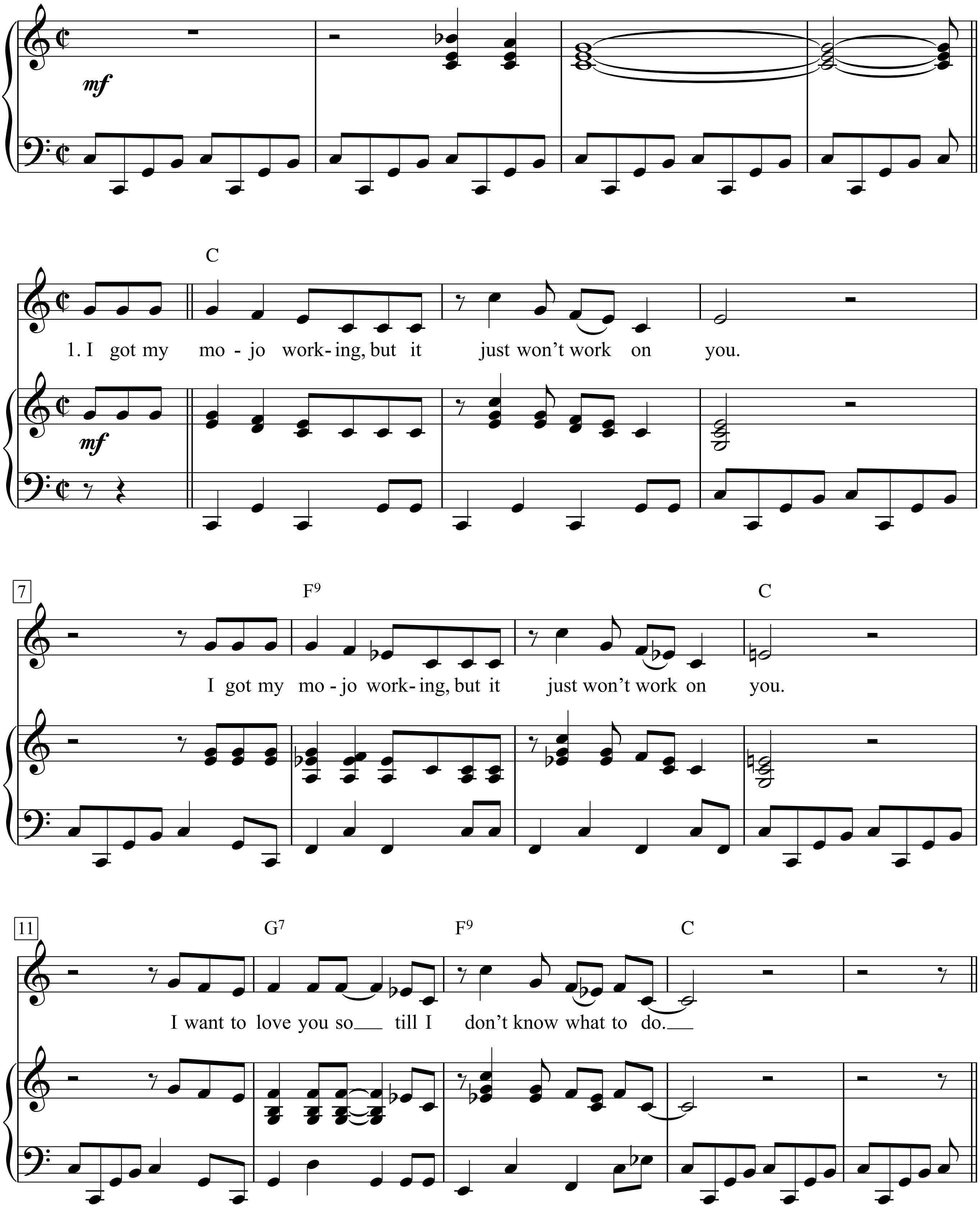
5. I stand by the side of your bed!
You snuggy, snuggy snug down your head!
I'll cover you over so warm and so nice!
Good night, Little Arlo, good night!
Chorus:

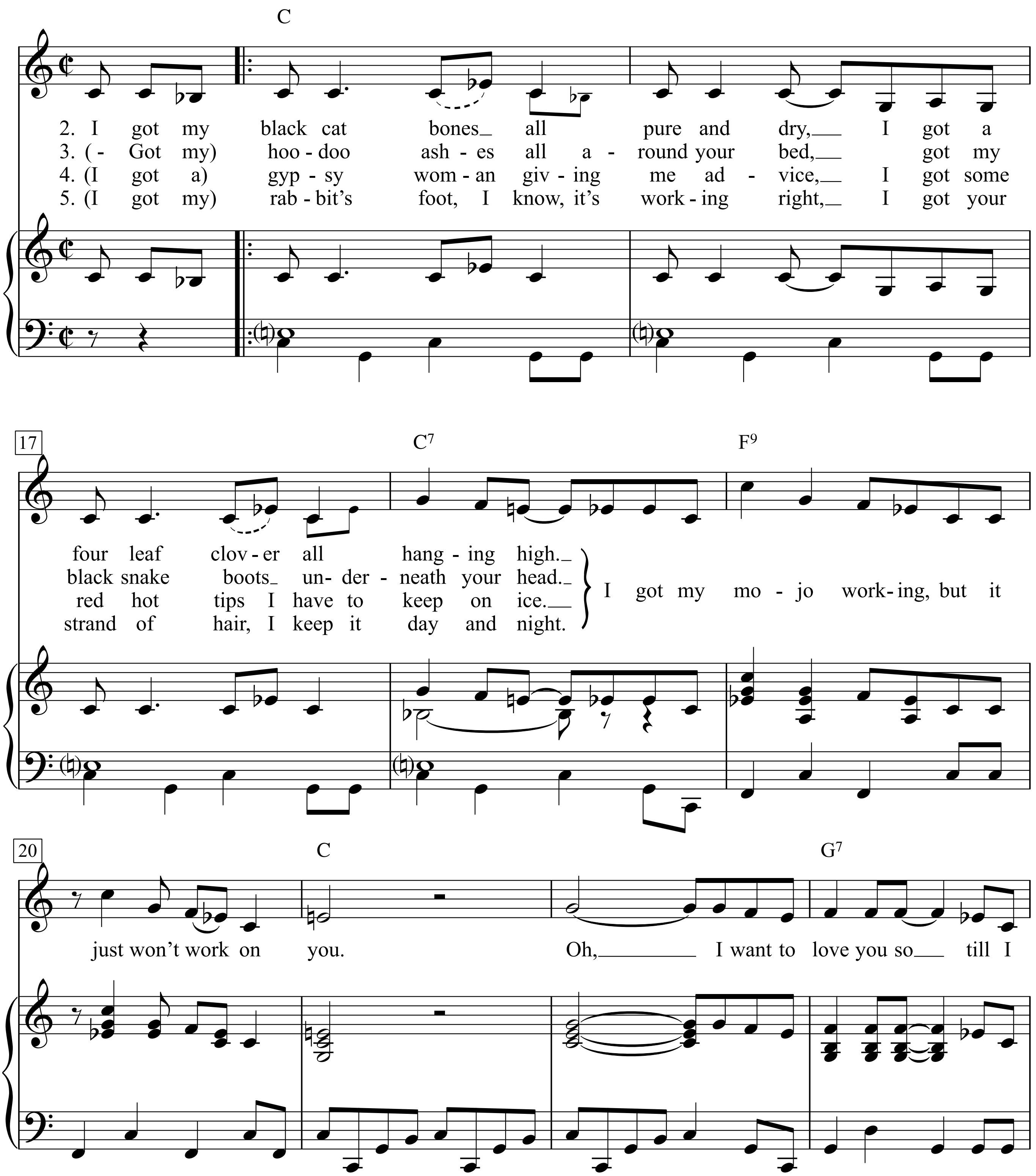
6. I'll see you when the morning gets bright!
Don't let the beddybugs bite!
No, there ain't no country worth a dime
If I'm just a mile from the end o' the line.
(Chorus to final ending)

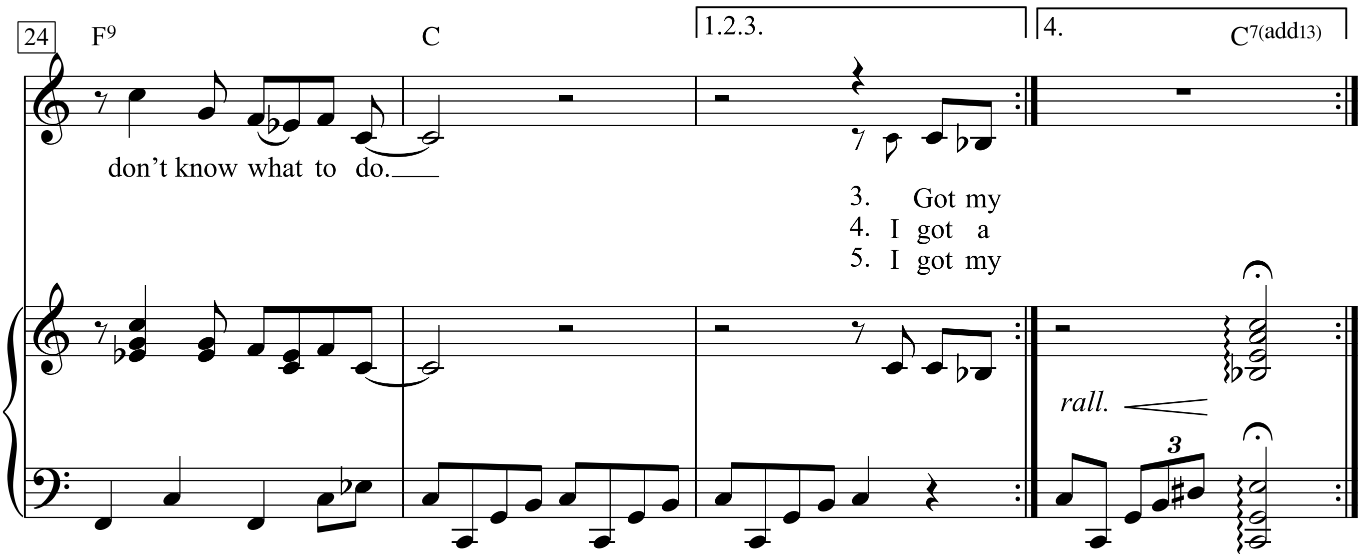
Got My Mojo Working

Words & Music by Preston Foster
(Muddy Waters)

With a moving beat




C
2. I got my black cat bones_ all pure and dry,__ I got a
3. (- Got my) hoo - doo ash - es all a - round your bed,__ got my
4. (I got a) gyp - sy wom - an giv - ing me ad - vice,__ I got some
5. (I got my) rab - bit's foot, I know, it's work - ing right,_ I got your
17
C7
F9
four leaf clov - er all hang - ing high._
black snake boots_ un - der - neath your head._
red hot tips I have to keep on ice.__
strand of hair, I keep it day and night.
I got my mo - jo work - ing, but it
20
C
G7
just won't work on you. Oh,______ I want to love you so__ till I



1. I got my mojo working, but it just won't work on you.
I got my mojo working, but it just won't work on you.
I want to love you so till I don't know what to do.

2. I got my black cat bones all pure and dry,
I got a four leaf clover all hanging high.

I got my mojo working, but it just won't work on you.
Oh, I want to love you so till I don't know what to do.

3. Got my hoodoo ashes all around your bed,
got my black snake boots underneath your head.

I got my mojo working, but it just won't work on you.
Oh, I want to love you so till I don't know what to do.

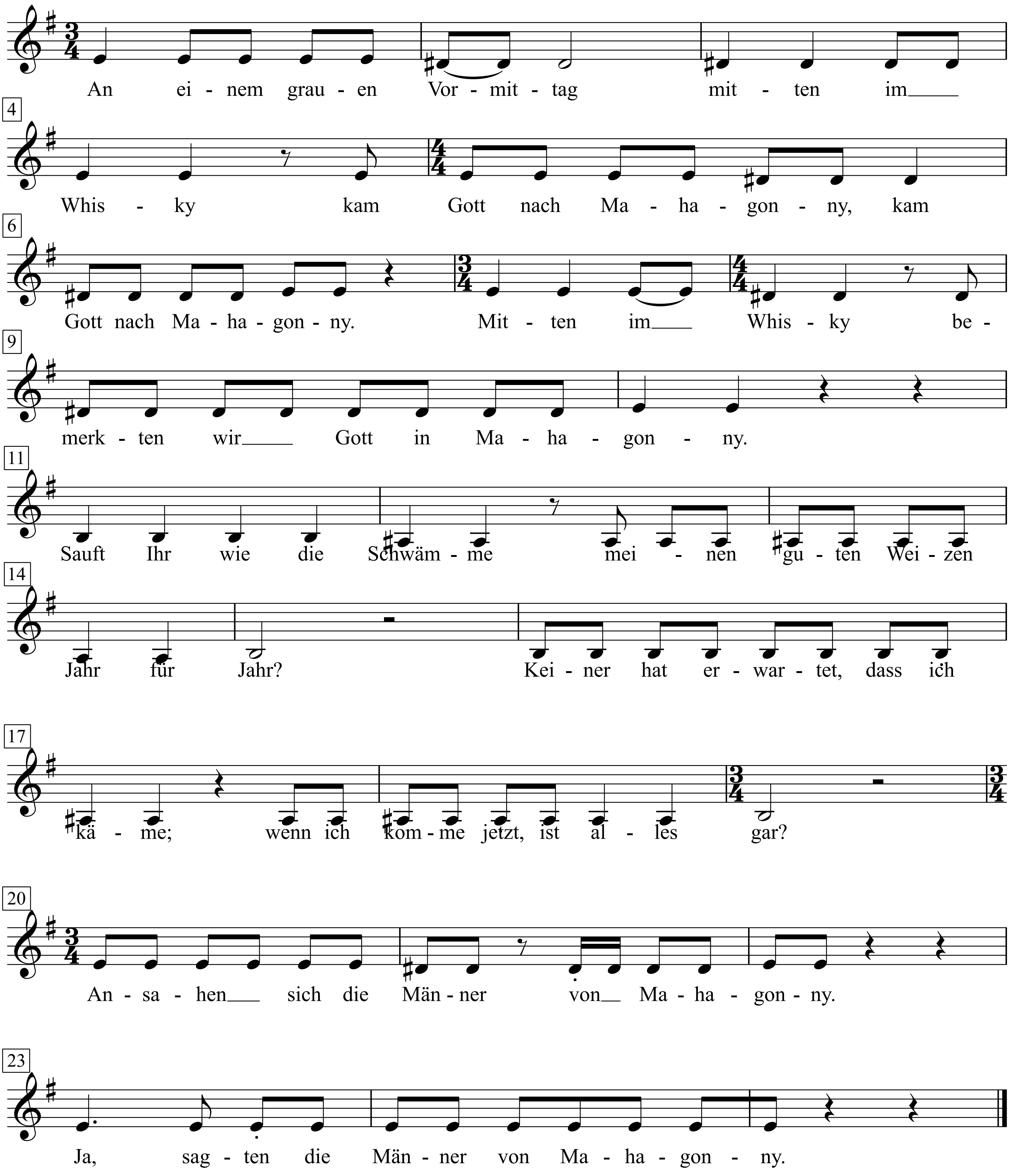
4. I got a gypsy woman giving me advice,
I got some red hot tips I have to keep on ice.

I got my mojo working, but it just won't work on you.
Oh, I want to love you so till I don't know what to do.

5. I got my rabbit's foot, I know, it's working right,
I got your strand of hair, I keep it day and night.

I got my mojo working, but it just won't work on you.
Oh, I want to love you so till I don't know what to do.

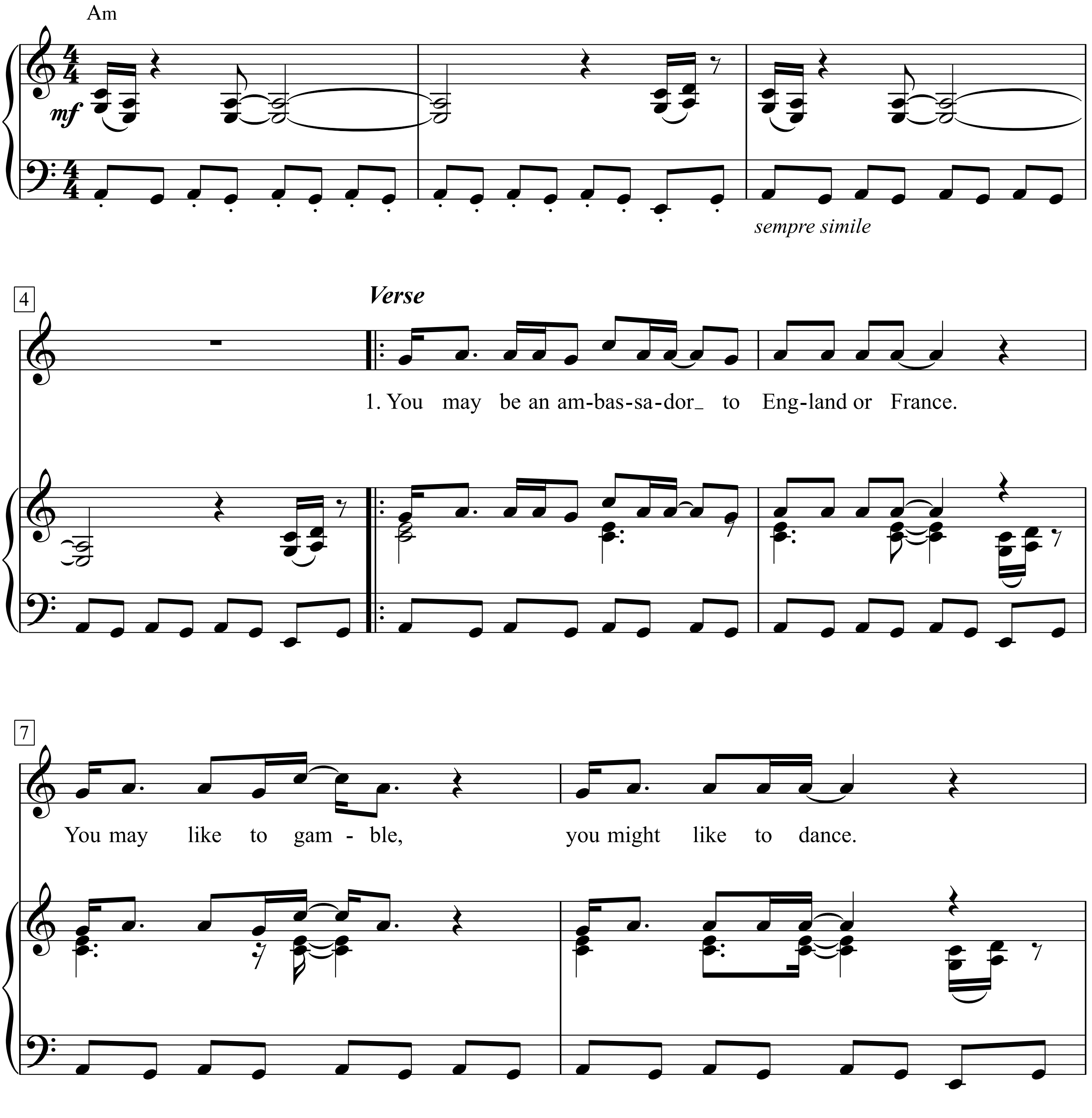
Gott in Mahagonny

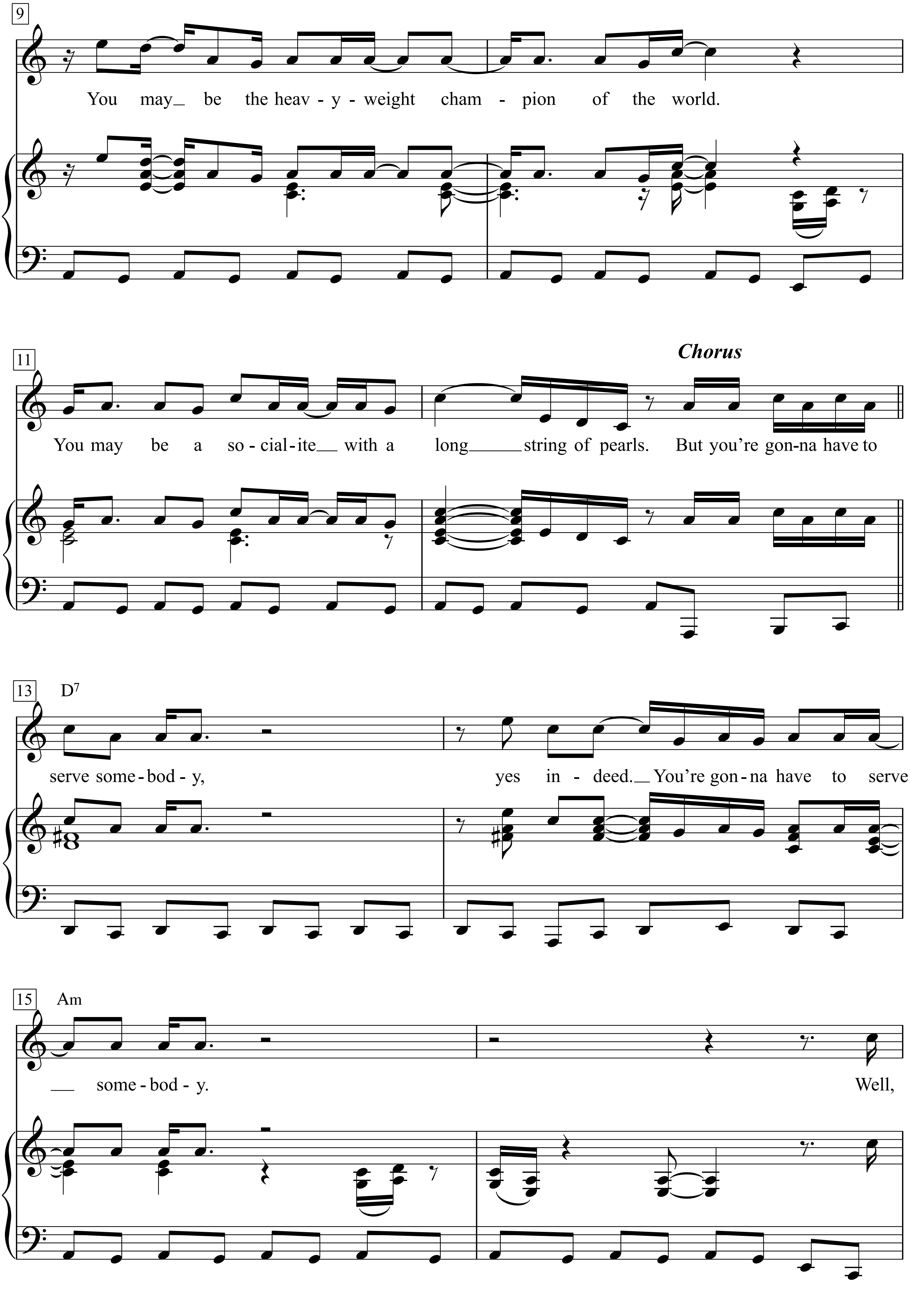


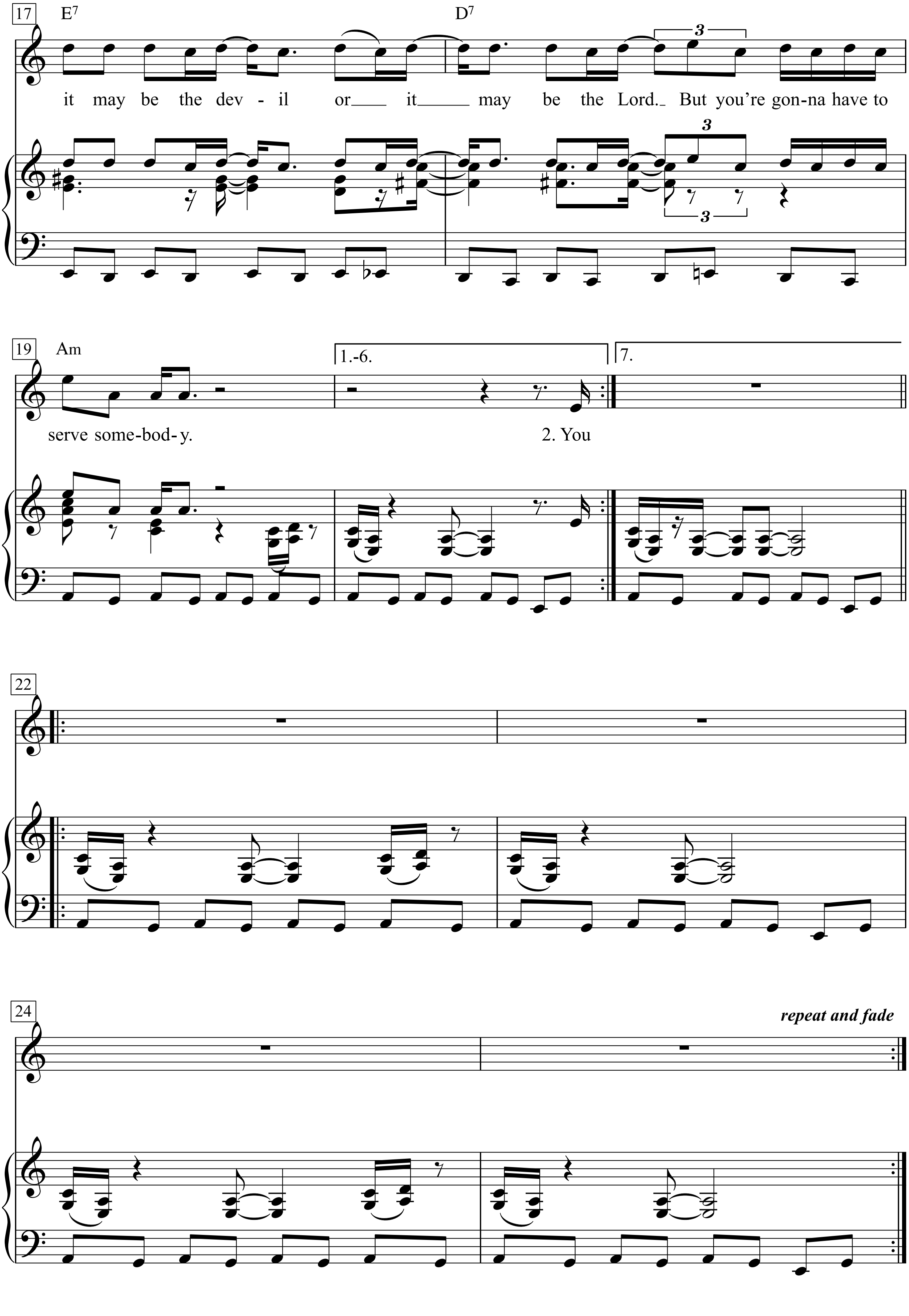
Gotta Serve Somebody

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)

Moderately slow




9
You may_ be the heav - y - weight cham - pion of the world.
11
Chorus
You may be a so - cial - ite_ with a long_ string of pearls. But you're gon - na have to
13
D7
serve some - bod - y, yes in - deed._ You're gon - na have to serve
15
Am
_ some - bod - y. Well,


17
E7
D7
it may be the dev - il or it may be the Lord. But you're gon-na have to
19
Am
1.-6.
7.
serve some-bod-y.
2. You
22
24
repeat and fade

1. You may be an ambassador to England or France
You may like to gamble, you might like to dance
You may be the heavyweight champion of the world
You may be a socialite with a long string of pearls

Chorus:
But you're gonna have to serve somebody, yes indeed
You're gonna have to serve somebody
Well, it may be the devil or it may be the Lord
But you're gonna have to serve somebody

2. You might be a rock'n'roll addict prancing on the stage
You might have drugs at your command, women in a cage
You may be a businessman or some high degree thief
They may call you doctor, or they may call you chief

Chorus:

Y3. ou may be a state trooper, you might be a young Turk
You might be the head of some big TV network
You may be rich or poor, you may be blind or lame
You may be leaving in another country under another name

Chorus:

4. You may be a construction worker working on a home
You may be living in a mansion, or you might live in a dome
You might own guns and you might even own tanks
You might be somebody's landlord, you might even own banks

Chorus:

5. You may be a preacher with your spiritual pride
You may be a city councilman taking bribes on the side
You may be workin' in a barbershop, you may know how to cut hair
You may be somebody's mistress, may be somebody's heir

Chorus

6. Might like to wear cotton, might like to wear silk
Might like to drink whiskey, might like to drink milk
You might like to eat caviar, you might like to eat bread
You may be sleeping on the floor, sleeping in a king-sized bed

Chorus:

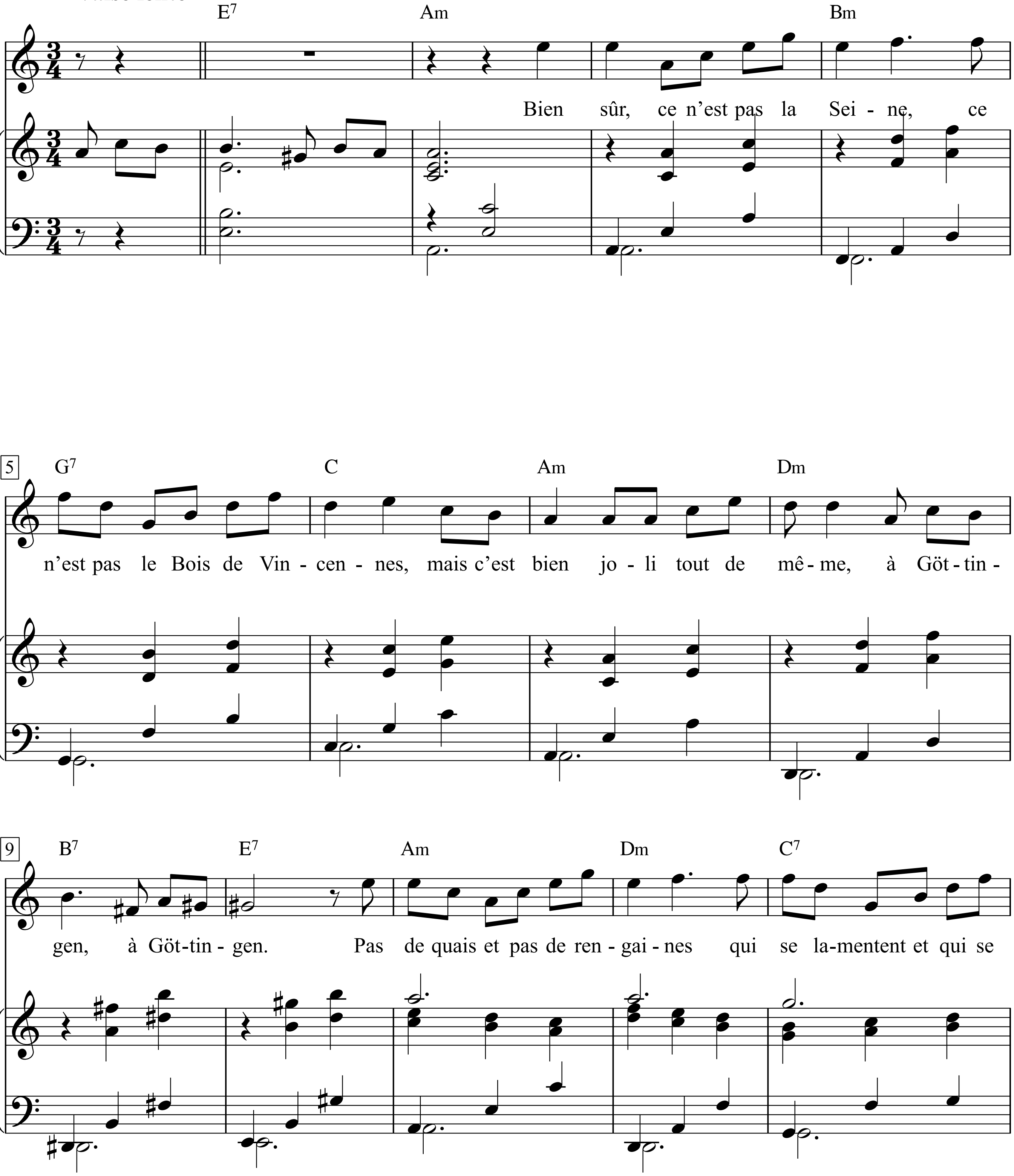
7. You may call me Terry, you may call me Timmy
You may call me Bobby, you may call me Zimmy
You may call me R.J., you may call me Ray
You may call me anything, but no matter what you say

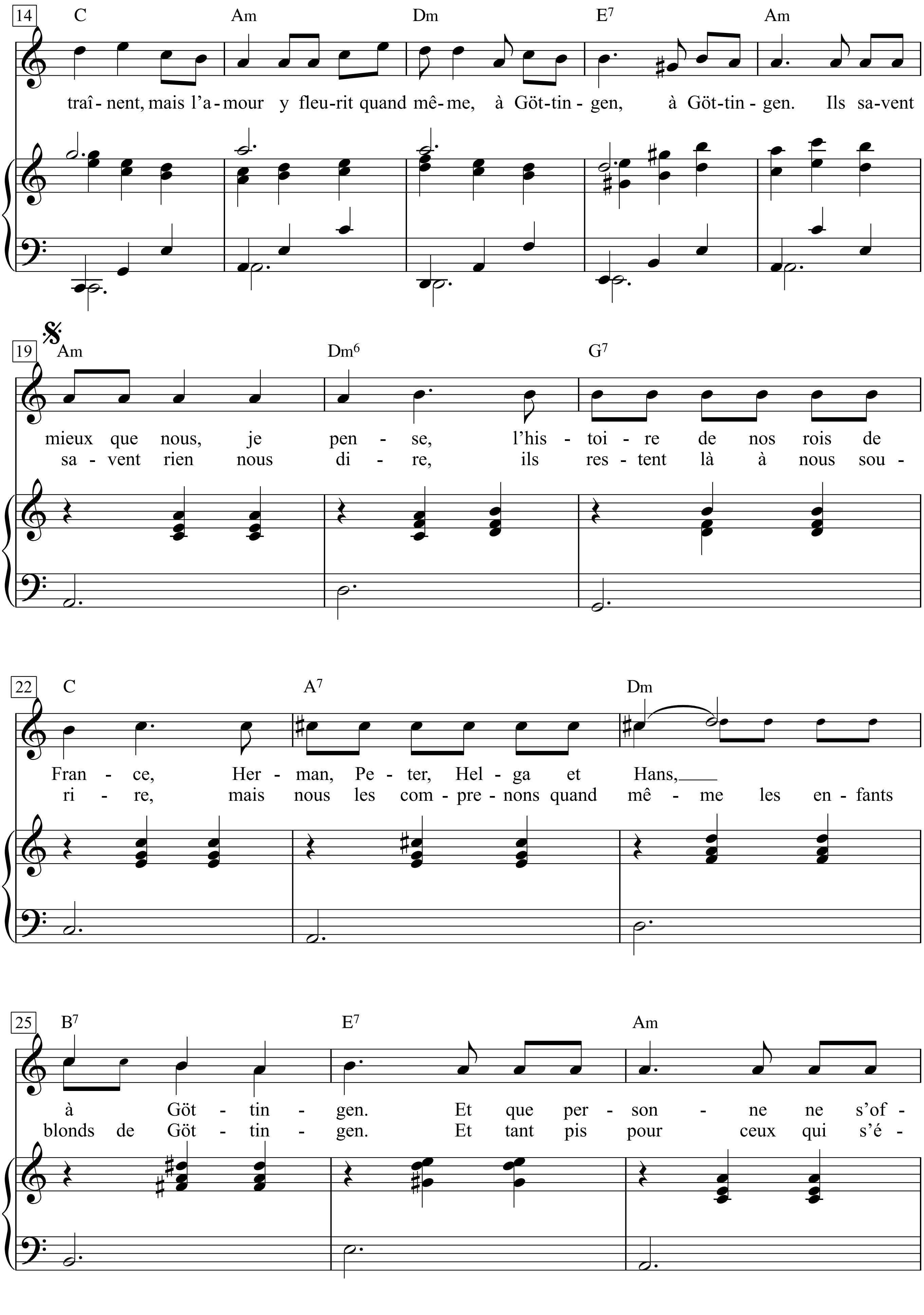
Chorus:

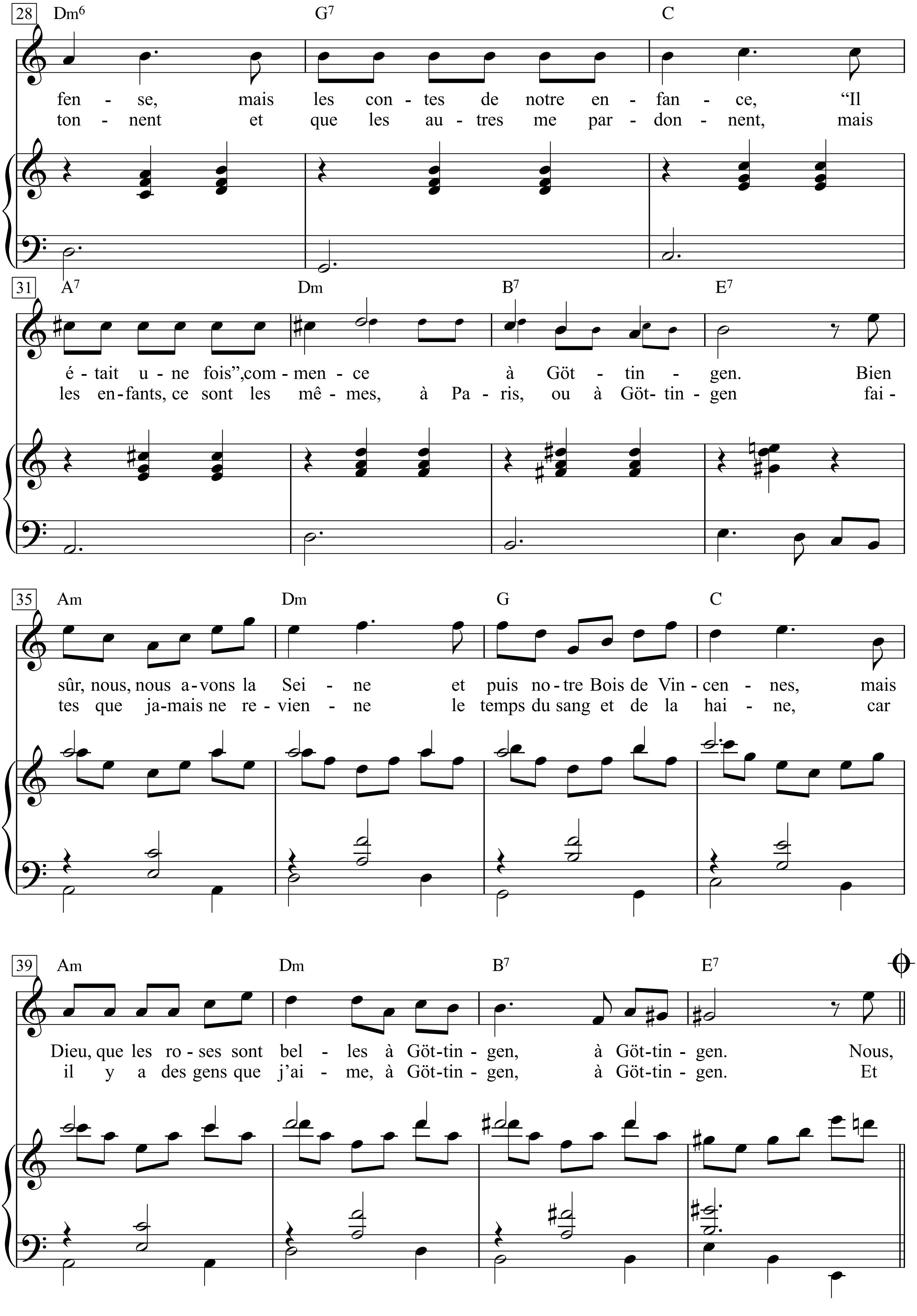
Göttingen

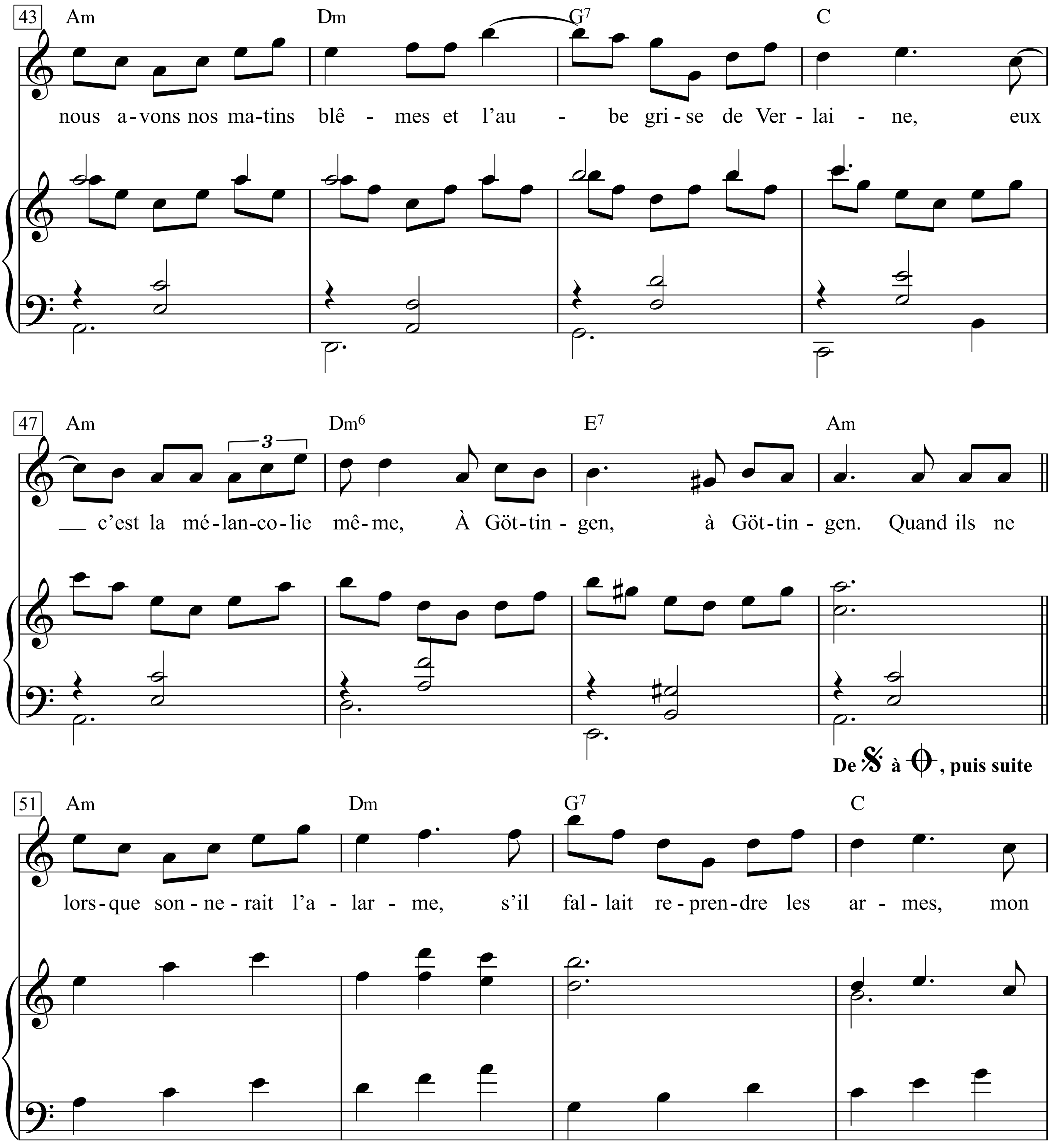
Paroles & musique de Barbara
(Barbara)

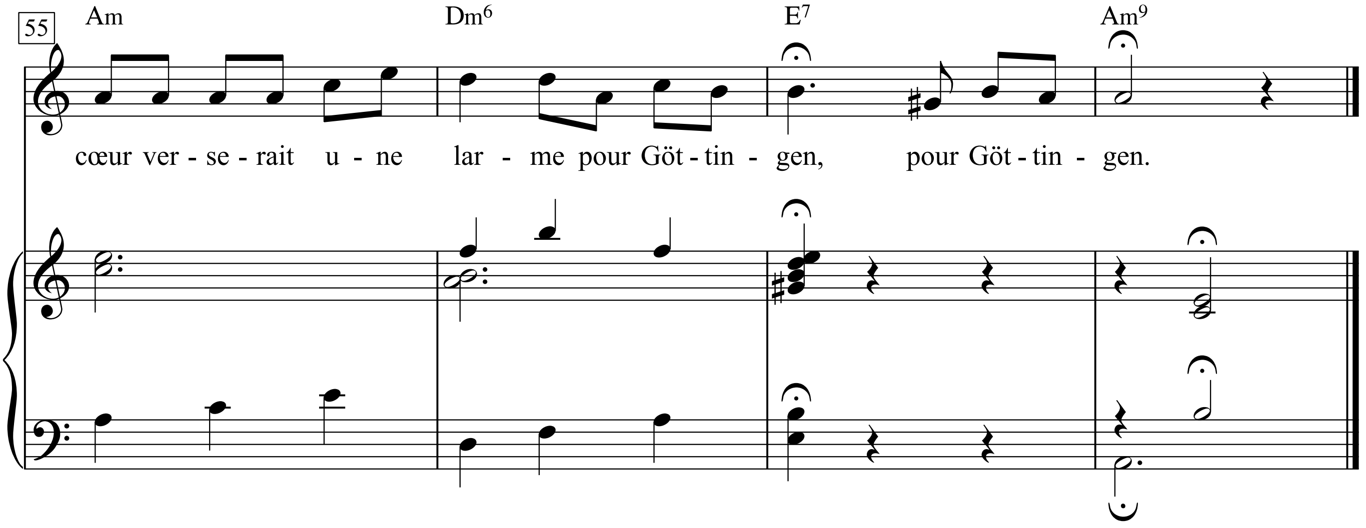
Valse lente




14
C Am Dm E7 Am
traî - nent, mais l'a - mour y fleu-rit quand mê - me, à Göt-tin - gen, à Göt-tin - gen. Ils sa-vent
19
Am Dm6 G7
mieux que nous, je pen - se, l'his - toi - re de nos rois de
sa - vent rien nous di - re, ils res - tent là à nous sou -
22
C A7 Dm
Fran - ce, Her - man, Pe - ter, Hel - ga et Hans,
ri - re, mais nous les com - pre - nons quand mê - me les en - fants
25
B7 E7 Am
à Göt - tin - gen. Et que per - son - ne ne s'of -
blonds de Göt - tin - gen. Et tant pis pour ceux qui s'é -


28 Dm6 G7 C
fen - se, mais les con - tes de notre en - fan - ce, "Il
ton - nent et que les au - tres me par - don - nent, mais
31 A7 Dm B7 E7
é - tait u - ne fois", com - men - ce à Göt - tin - gen. Bien
les en - fants, ce sont les mê - mes, à Pa - ris, ou à Göt - tin - gen fai -
35 Am Dm G C
sûr, nous, nous a - vons la Sei - ne et puis no - tre Bois de Vin - cen - nes, mais
tes que ja - mais ne re - vien - ne le temps du sang et de la hai - ne, car
39 Am Dm B7 E7
Dieu, que les ro - ses sont bel - les à Göt - tin - gen, à Göt - tin - gen. Nous,
il y a des gens que j'ai - me, à Göt - tin - gen, à Göt - tin - gen. Et


43 Am Dm G7 C
nous a-vons nos ma-tins blê - mes et l'au - be gri-se de Ver-lai - ne, eux
47 Am Dm6 E7 Am
c'est la mé-lan-co-lie mê-me, À Göt-tin - gen, à Göt-tin - gen. Quand ils ne
3
De à , puis suite
51 Am Dm G7 C
lors-que son-ne-rait l'a - lar - me, s'il fal-lait re-pren-dre les ar - mes, mon


55
Am
Dm6
E7
Am9
cœur ver - se - rait u - ne lar - me pour Göt - tin - gen, pour Göt - tin - gen.

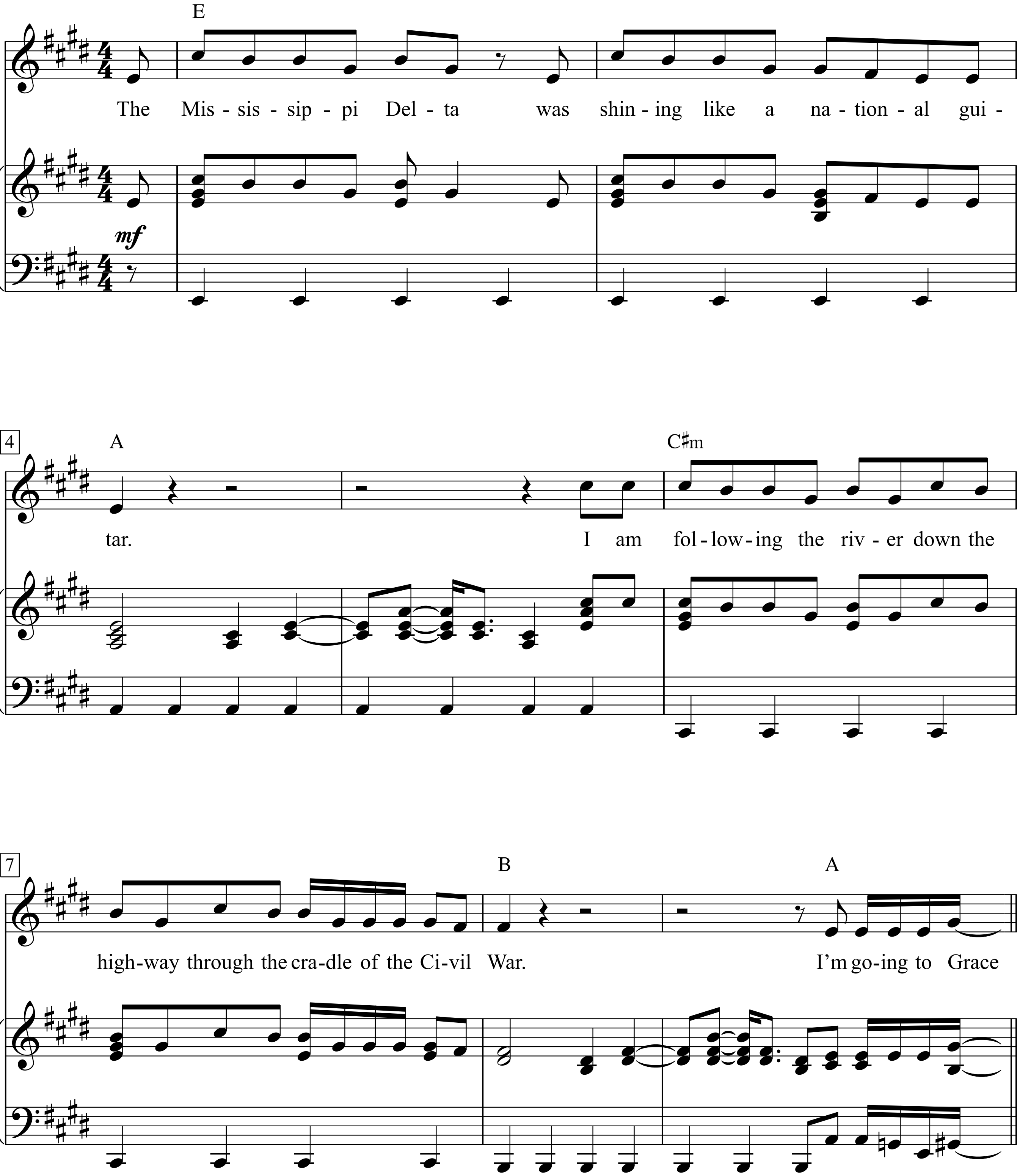
1. Bien sûr, ce n’est pas la Seine, ce n’est pas le Bois de Vincennes,
mais c’est bien joli tout de même, à Göttingen, à Göttingen.
Pas de quais et pas de rengaines qui se lamentent et qui se traînent,
mais l’amour y fleurit quand même, à Göttingen, à Göttingen.
Ils savent mieux que nous, je pense, l’histoire de nos rois de France,
Herman, Peter, Helga et Hans, à Göttingen.
Et que personne ne s’offense, mais les contes de notre enfance,
“Il était une fois”, commence à Göttingen.
Bien sûr, nous, nous avons la Seine et puis notre Bois de Vincennes,
mais Dieu, que les roses sont belles à Göttingen, à Göttingen.
Nous, nous avons nos matins blêmes et l’aube grise de Verlaine,
eux c’est la mélancolie même, À Göttingen, à Göttingen.
Quand ils ne lors que sonnerait l’alarme,
s’il fallait reprendre les armes, mon cœur verserait une larme
pour Göttingen, pour Göttingen.

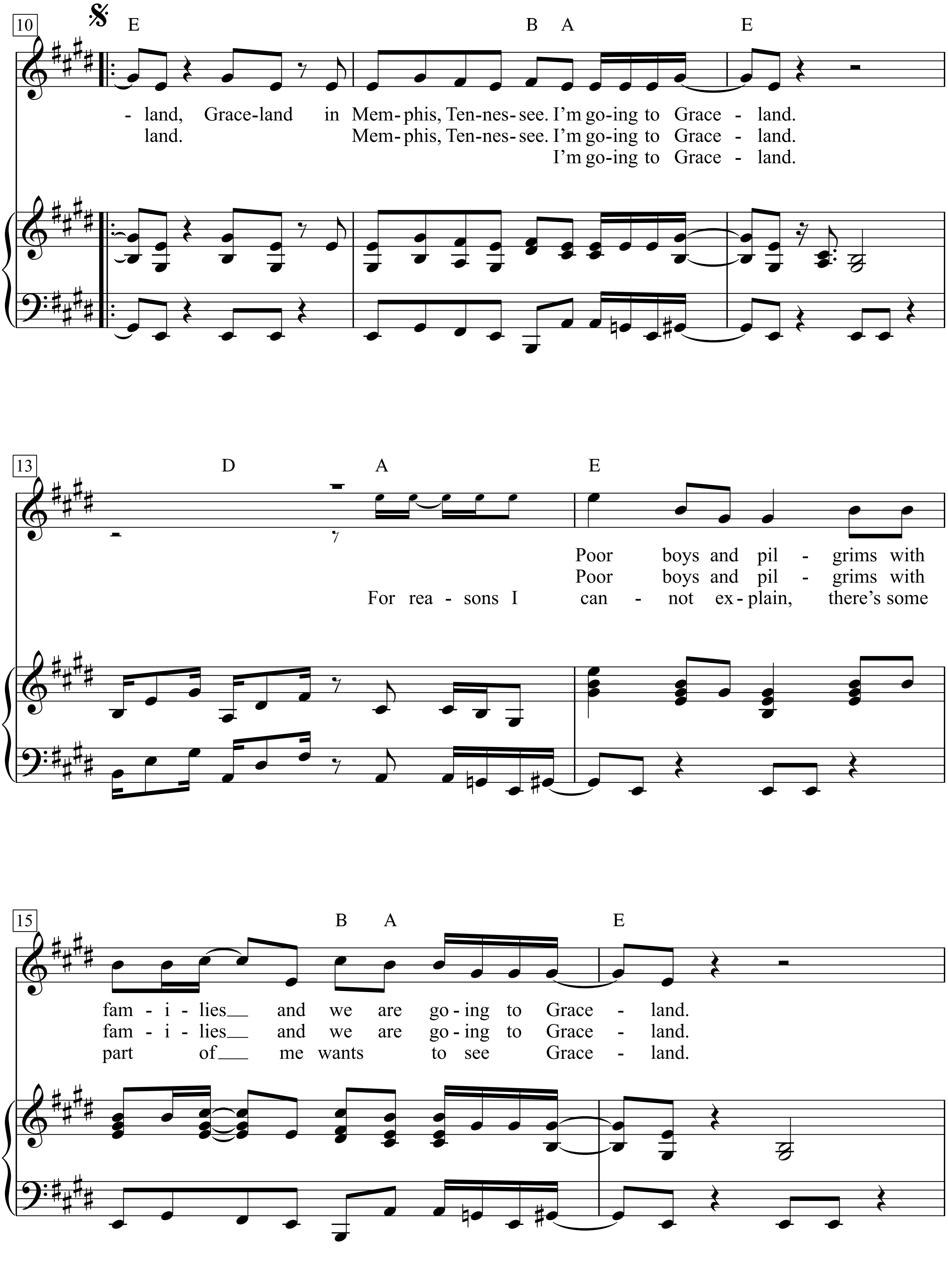
2. savent rien nous dire, ils restent là à nous sourire,
mais nous les comprenons quand même les enfants blonds de Göttingen.
Et tant pis pour ceux qui s’étonnent et que les autres me pardonnent,
mais les enfants, ce sont les mêmes, à Paris,
ou à Göttingen faites que jamais ne revienne le temps du sang
et de la haine, car il y a des gens que j’aime, à Göttingen, à Göttingen.
Et

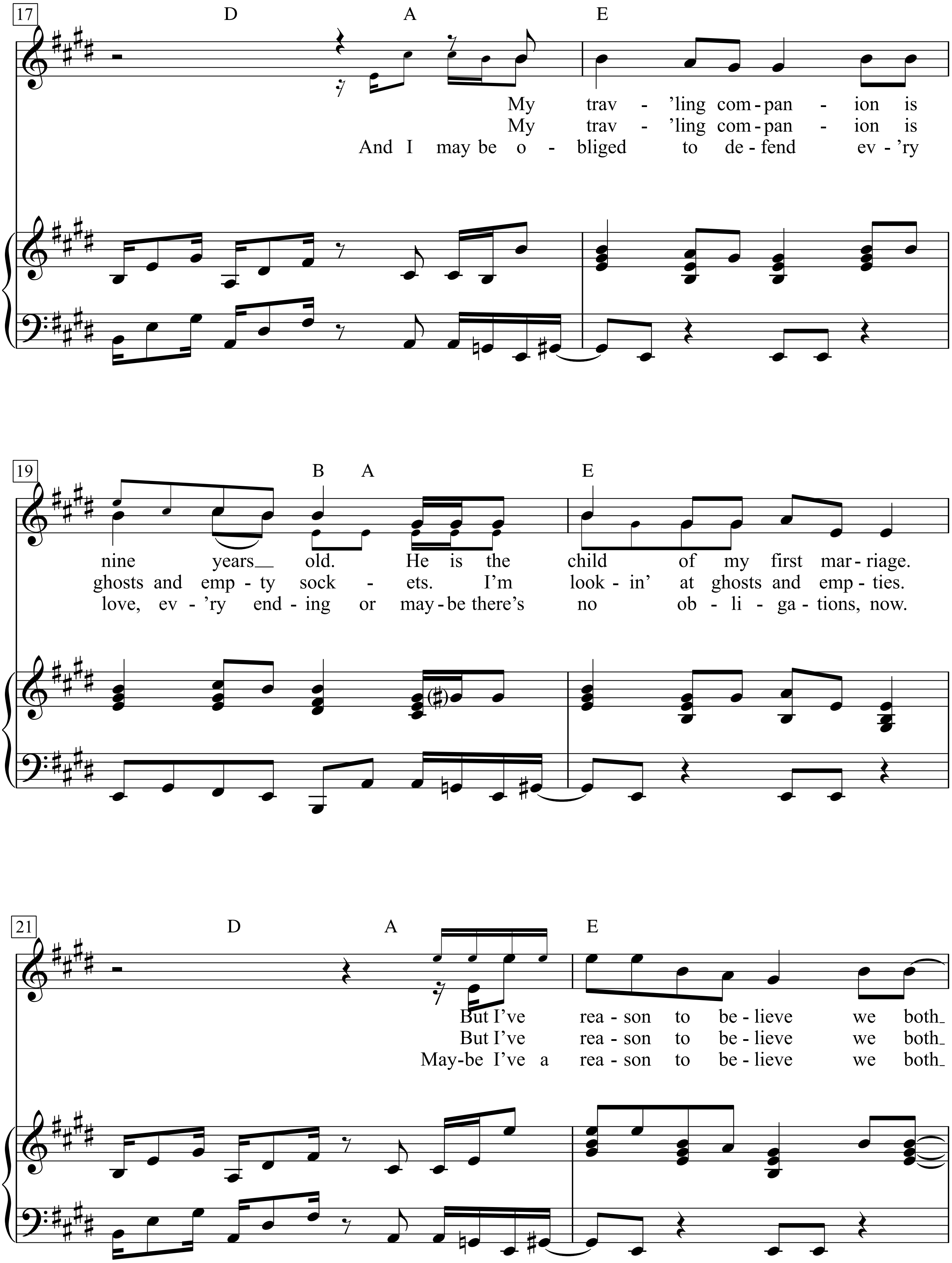
Graceland

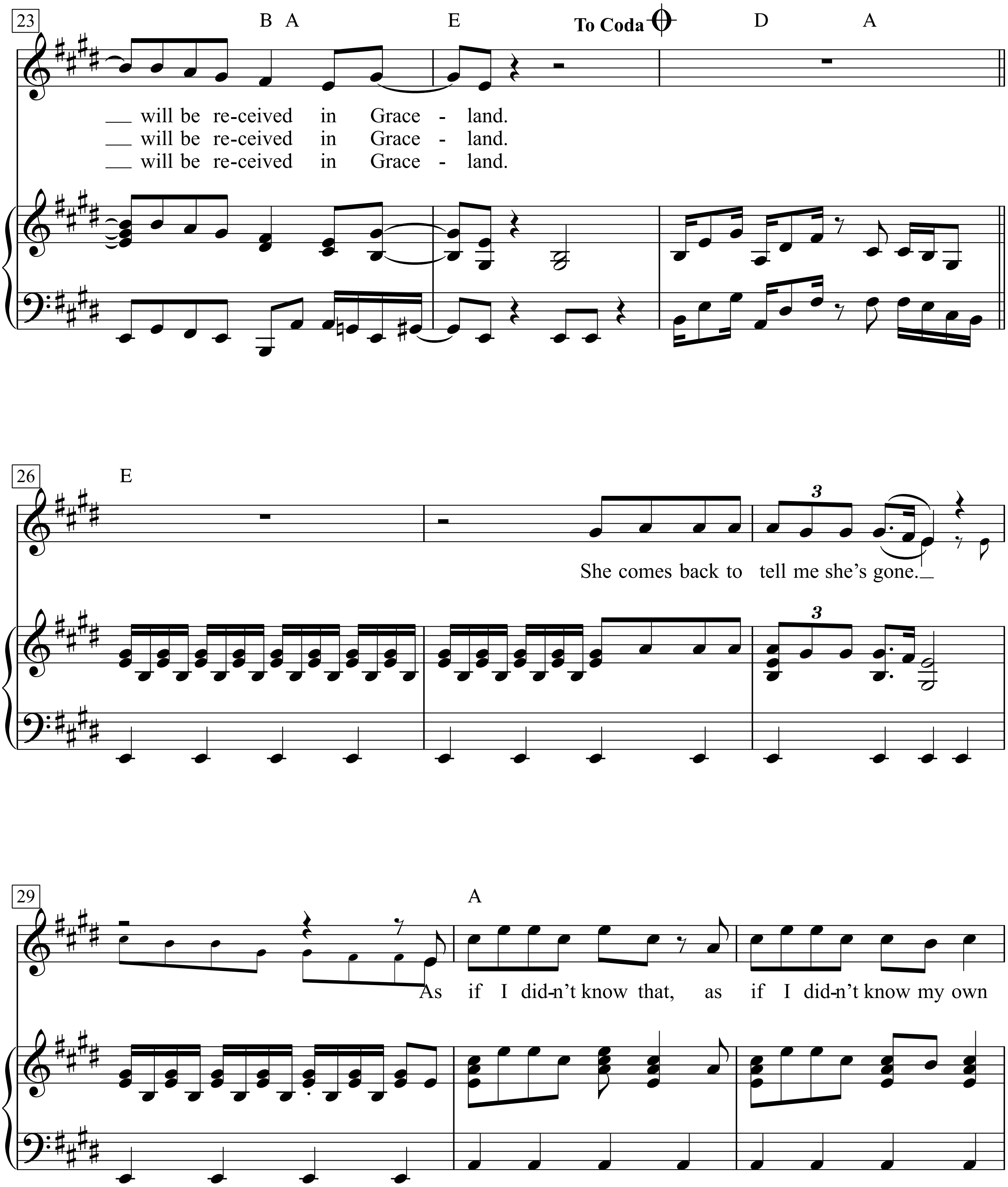
Words & Music by Paul Simon
(Paul Simon)

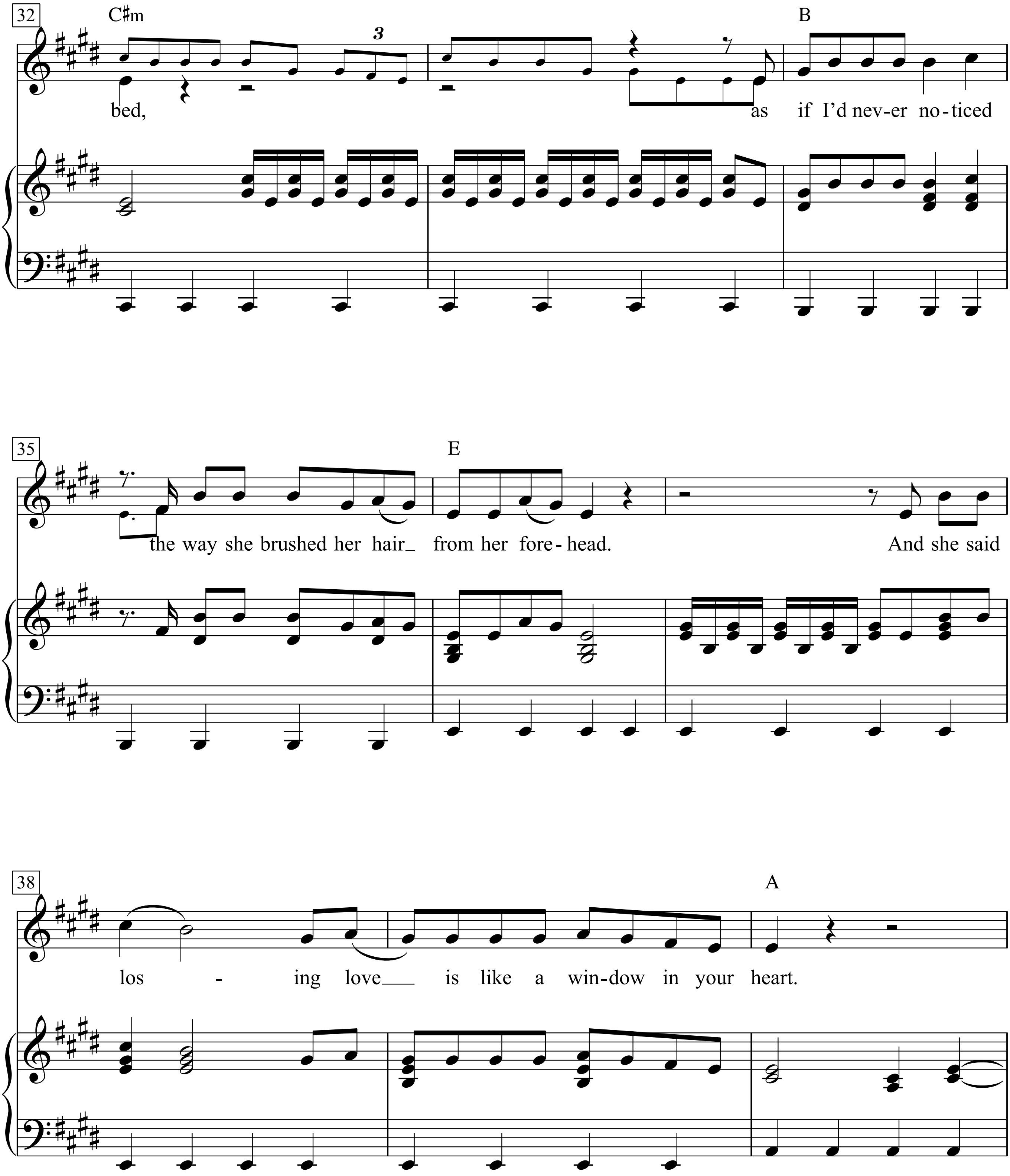
Moderately

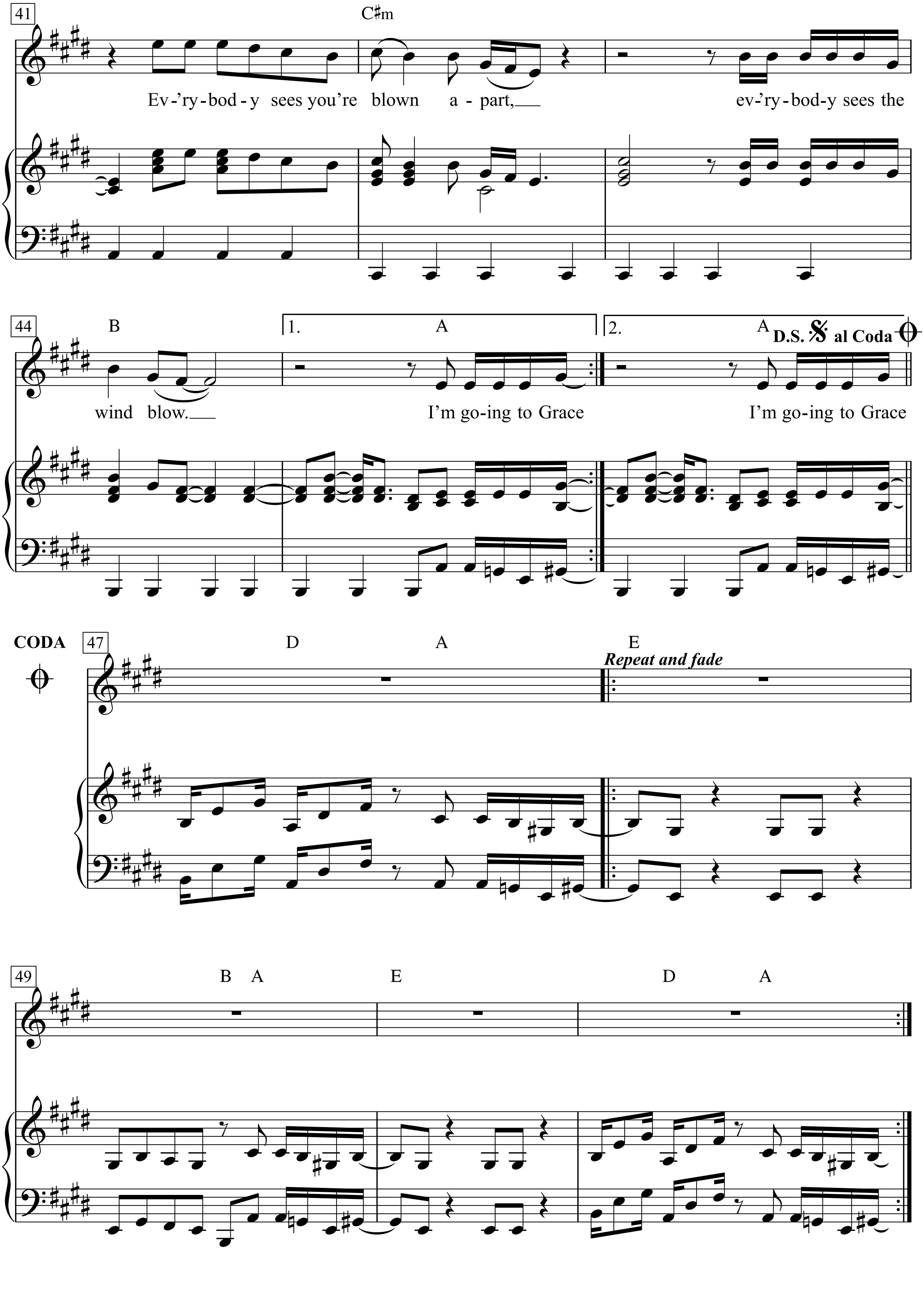



10
E
B A
E
- land, Grace-land in Mem-phis, Ten-nes-see. I'm go-ing to Grace - land.
land. Mem-phis, Ten-nes-see. I'm go-ing to Grace - land.
I'm go-ing to Grace - land.
13
D
A
E
Poor boys and pil - grims with
Poor boys and pil - grims with
For rea - sons I can - not ex-plain, there's some
15
B A
E
fam - i - lies___ and we are go - ing to Grace - land.
fam - i - lies___ and we are go - ing to Grace - land.
part of___ me wants to see Grace - land.


17
D
A
E
My trav - 'ling com - pan - ion is
My trav - 'ling com - pan - ion is
And I may be o - bliged to de - fend ev - 'ry
19
B
A
E
nine years__ old. He is the child of my first mar - riage.
ghosts and emp - ty sock - ets. I'm look - in' at ghosts and emp - ties.
love, ev - 'ry end - ing or may - be there's no ob - li - ga - tions, now.
21
D
A
E
But I've rea - son to be - lieve we both_
But I've rea - son to be - lieve we both_
May - be I've a rea - son to be - lieve we both_


23
B A
E
To Coda
D
A
___ will be re-ceived in Grace - land.
___ will be re-ceived in Grace - land.
___ will be re-ceived in Grace - land.
26
E
3
She comes back to tell me she's gone.___
29
A
As if I did-n't know that, as if I did-n't know my own


32
C♯m
3
B
bed,
as if I'd nev-er no-ticed
35
E
the way she brushed her hair_ from her fore-head.
And she said
38
A
los - ing love___ is like a win-dow in your heart.


41
C♯m
Ev-'ry-bod-y sees you're blown a-part,
ev-'ry-bod-y sees the
44
B
1.
A
2.
A
D.S. 𝄋 al Coda
wind blow.
I'm go-ing to Grace
I'm go-ing to Grace
CODA
47
D
A
E
Repeat and fade
49
B A
E
D
A

1.
The Mississippi Delta was shining like a national guitar.
I am following the river down the highway through the cradle of the Civil War.
I'm going to Graceland,
Graceland in Memphis,
Tennessee.
I'm going to Graceland.
Poor boys and pilgrims with families and we are going to Graceland.
My trav'ling companion is nine years old.
He is the child of my first marriage.
But I've reason to believe we both will be received in Graceland.
She comes back to tell me she's gone.
As if I didn't know that, as if I didn't know my own bed,
as if I'd never noticed the way she brushed her hair from her forehead.
And she said losing love is like a window in your heart.
Ev'rybody sees you're blown apart, ev'rybody sees the wind blow.
I'm going to Grace I'm going to Grace

2. land.
Memphis, Tennessee.
I'm going to Graceland.
Poor boys and pilgrims with families and we are going to Graceland.
My trav'ling companion is ghosts and empty sockets.
I'm lookin' at ghosts and empties.
But I've reason to believe we both will be received in Graceland.

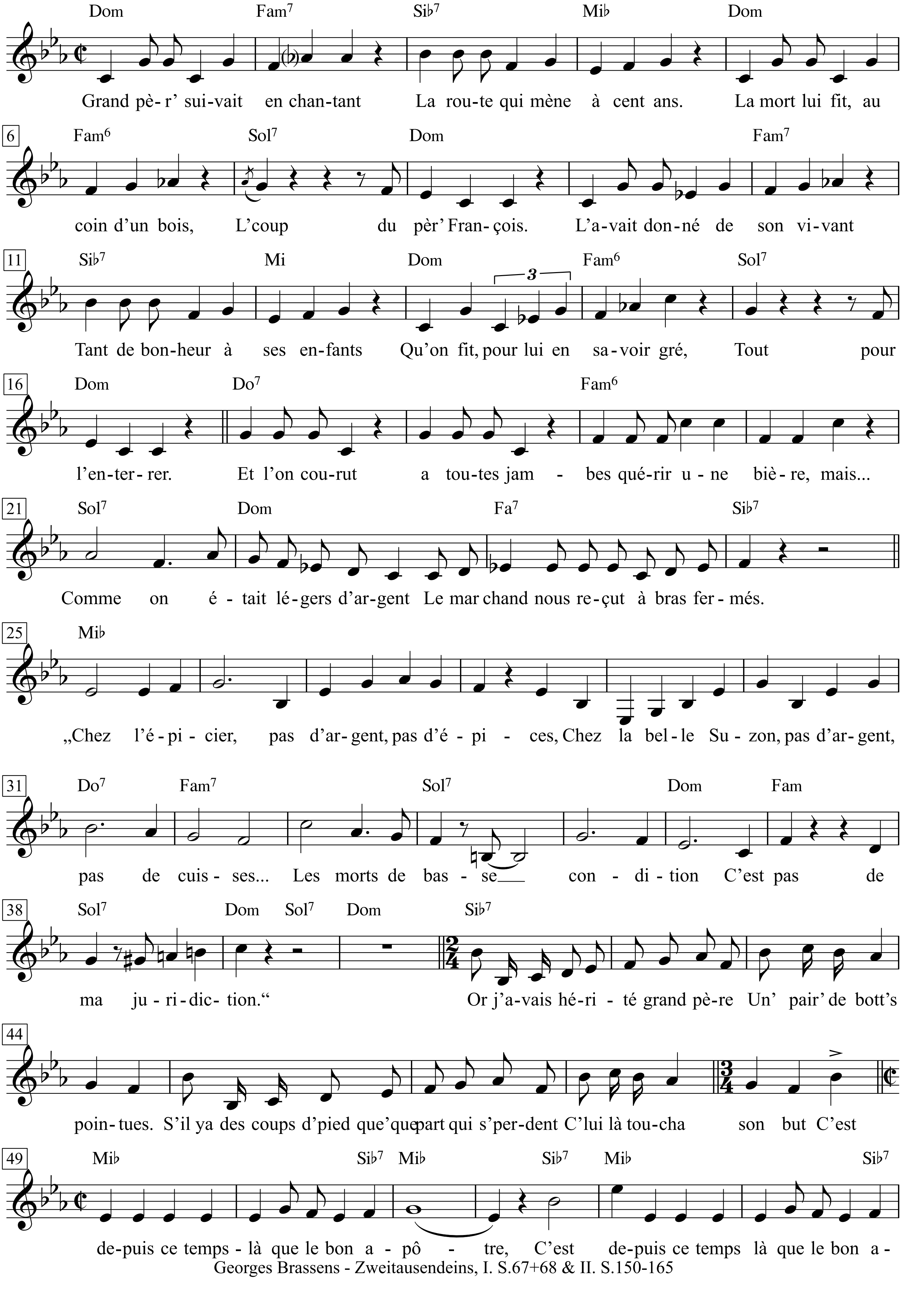
3.
I'm going to Graceland.
For reasons I cannot explain, there's some part of me wants to see Graceland.
And I may be obliged to defend ev'ry love,
ev'ry ending or maybe there's no obligations, now.
Maybe I've a reason to believe we both will be received in Graceland.

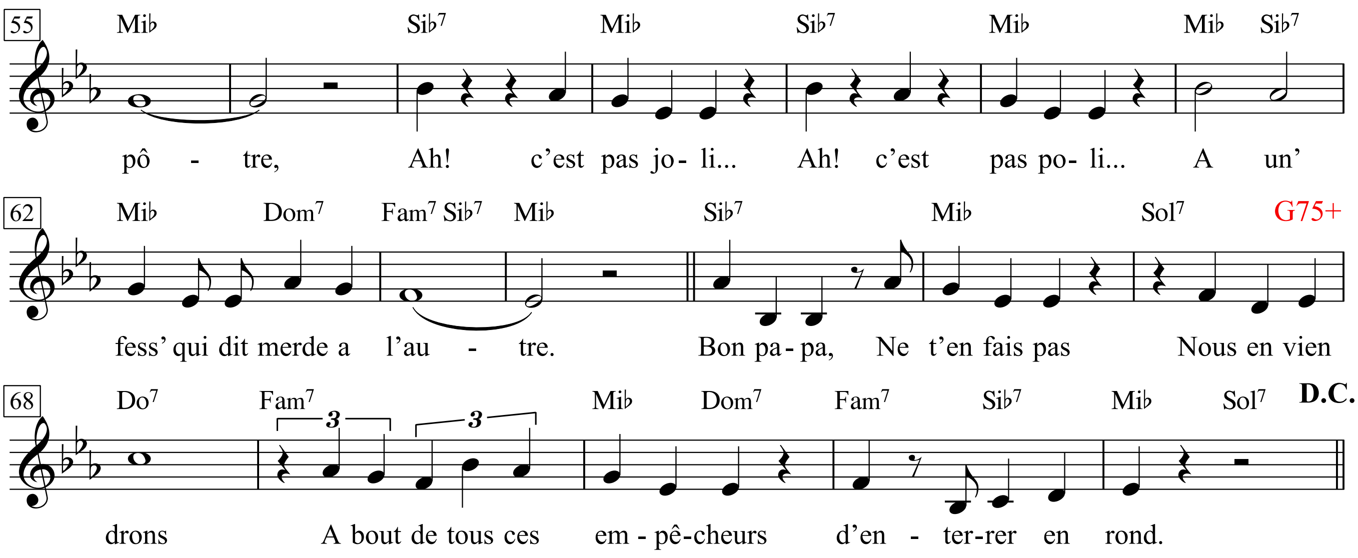
Grand-père

(Großvater)

Allegretto

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens





1. Grand-pèr' suivait en chantant
La route qui mène à cent ans.
La mort lui fit, au coin d'un bois,
L' coup du pèr' François.
L'avait donné de son vivant
Tant de bonheur à ses enfants
Qu'on fit, pour lui en savoir gré,
Tout pour l'enterrer.
Et l'on courut à toutes jam-
bes quérir une bière, mais...
Comme on était légers d'argent,
Le marchand nous reçut à bras fermés.

2. »Chez l'épicier, pas d'argent, pas d'épices,
Chez la belle Suzon, pas d'argent, pas de cuisse...
Les morts de basse condition,
C'est pas de ma juridiction.«

3. Or, j'avais hérité d'grand-père
Un' pair' de bott's pointu's.
S'il y a des coups d'pied que'que part qui s' perdent,
C'lui-là toucha son but.

4. C'est depuis ce temps-là que le bon apôtre,
Ah! c'est pas joli...
Ah! c'est pas poli...
A un' fess' qui dit merde à l'autre.

5. Bon papa,
Ne t'en fais pas:
Nous en viendrons
A bout de tous ces empêcheurs d'enterrer en rond.

6. Le mieux à faire et le plus court,
Pour qu' l'enterr'ment suivît son cours,
Fut de borner nos prétentions
A un' bièr' d'occasion.

1. Großvater lief noch mit Gesang
den Hundert-Jahre-Weg entlang;
schnöde hat ihm der Tod zuletzt
seinen Schuss gesetzt.
Zeitlebens hatt der liebe Mann
soviel Gutes für uns getan,
und unser letzter Dank sollt ein
fein Begräbnis sein.
Da suchten wir kreuz über quer
nach einer Kiste, aber - weh! -
all unsre Taschen waren leer,
darum sagte der Händler einfach: »Nee -

2. Beim Schuster keine Knete, keine Senkel,
bei der schönen Suzon keine Knete, kein Schenkel;
Tote aus schäbigem Quartier
gehören nicht in mein Revier.«

3. Ein paar Stiefel mit spitzen Spitzen
hatt Opa mir vermacht;
mag mancher Tritt auch nicht gut sitzen -
der ist voll reingekracht.

4. Seit dem Tag hat der Arsch einen Arsch mit Schwielen
- ah, das ist nicht fein,
ah, das musste sein! -
und kann auf einer Backe schielen.

5. Opapa,
mach dir nichts draus,
wir schaffen's noch,
trotz Behinderung buddeln wir dir ein feines Loch.

6. Das Beste, damit die Beer-
digung noch weitergehn kann, wär,
sich zu beschränken auf nen arg
abgenutzten Sarg.

7. Contre un pot de miel on acquit
Les quatre planches d'un mort qui
Rêvait d'offrir quelques douceurs
A une âme sœur.
Et l'on courut à toutes jam-
bes quérir un corbillard, mais...
Comme on était légers d'argent,
Le marchand nous reçut à bras fermés.

8. »Chez l'épicier, pas d'argent, pas d'épices,
Chez la belle Suzon, pas d'argent, pas de cuisse...
Les morts de basse condition,
C'est pas de ma juridiction.«

9. Ma bott' partit, mais je m' refuse
Ce dir' vers quel endroit,
Ça rendrait les dames confuses
Et je n'en ai pas le droit.

10. C'est depuis ce temps-là que le bon apôtre,
Ah! c'est pas joli...
Ah! c'est pas poli...
A un' fess' qui dit merde à l'autre.

11. Bon papa,
Ne t'en fais pas:
Nous en viendrons
A bout de tous ces empêcheurs d'enterrer en rond.

12. Le mieux à faire et le plus court,
Pour qu' l'enterr'ment suivît son cours,
Fut de porter sur notre dos
L' funèbre fardeau.
S'il eût pu revivre un instant,
Grand-père aurait été content
D'aller à sa dernièr' demeur'
Comme un empereur.
Et l'on courut à toutes jam-
bes quérir un goupillon, mais...
Comme on était légers d'argent,
Le marchand nous reçut à bras fermés.

13. »Chez l'épicier, pas d'argent, pas d'épices,
Chez la belle Suzon, pas d'argent, pas de cuisse ...
Les morts de basse condition,
C'est pas de ma bénédiction.«

14. Avant même que le vicaire
Ait pu lâcher un cri,
J' lui bottai l' cul au nom du Pèr',
Du Fils et du Saint-Esprit.

15. C'est depuis ce temps-là que le bon apôtre,
Ah! c'est pas joli ...
Ah! c'est pas poli ...
A un' fess' qui dit merde à l'autre.

16. Bon papa,
Ne t'en fais pas:
Nous en viendrons
A bout de tous ces empêcheurs d'enterrer en rond.

7. Für ein Pfund Lächeln kriegten wir
die Planken eines Toten, der
einem Leichengeschwist gern spät
noch was Nettes tät.
Da suchten wir kreuz über quer
nen Leichenkarren, aber - weh! -
all unsre Taschen waren leer,
darum sagte der Händler einfach: »Nee -

8. Beim Schuster keine Knete, keine Senkel,
bei der schönen Suzon keine Knete, kein Schenkel;
Tote aus schäbigem Quartier
gehören nicht in mein Revier.«

9. Mein Stiefel traf, es knirschte schaurig,
aber ich sag nicht, wo;
dann wären alle Damen traurig,
und die sind lieber froh ...

10. Seit dem Tag hat der Arsch einen Arsch mit Schwielen
- ah, das ist nicht fein,
ah, das musste sein! -
und kann auf einer Backe schielen.

11. Opapa,
mach dir nichts draus,
wir schaffen's noch,
trotz Behinderung buddeln wir dir ein feines Loch.

12. Das Beste, damit die Beer-
digung noch weitergehn kann, wär,
selber zu tragen, ohne Hast,
diese Ahnenlast.
Hätte Großvater das erlebt,
er wäre stolzgeschwellt geschwebt;
zur letzten Ruhe trugen wir
ihn wie'n großes Tier.
Da suchten wir kreuz über quer
Weihwasserwedel, aber - weh! -
all unsre Taschen waren leer,
darum sagte der Händler einfach: »Nee -

13. Beim Schuster keine Knete, keine Senkel,
bei der schönen Suzon keine Knete, kein Schenkel;
Tote aus schäbigem Quartier
gehören nicht in mein Brevier.«

14. Eh er noch schreien konnt, der Pater,
trat ich ihm dreist und feist
ins Gesäß im Namen von Vater
und Sohn und Heiligem Geist ...

15. Seit dem Tag hat der Arsch einen Arsch mit Schwielen
- ah, das ist nicht fein,
ah, das musste sein! -
und kann auf einer Backe schielen.

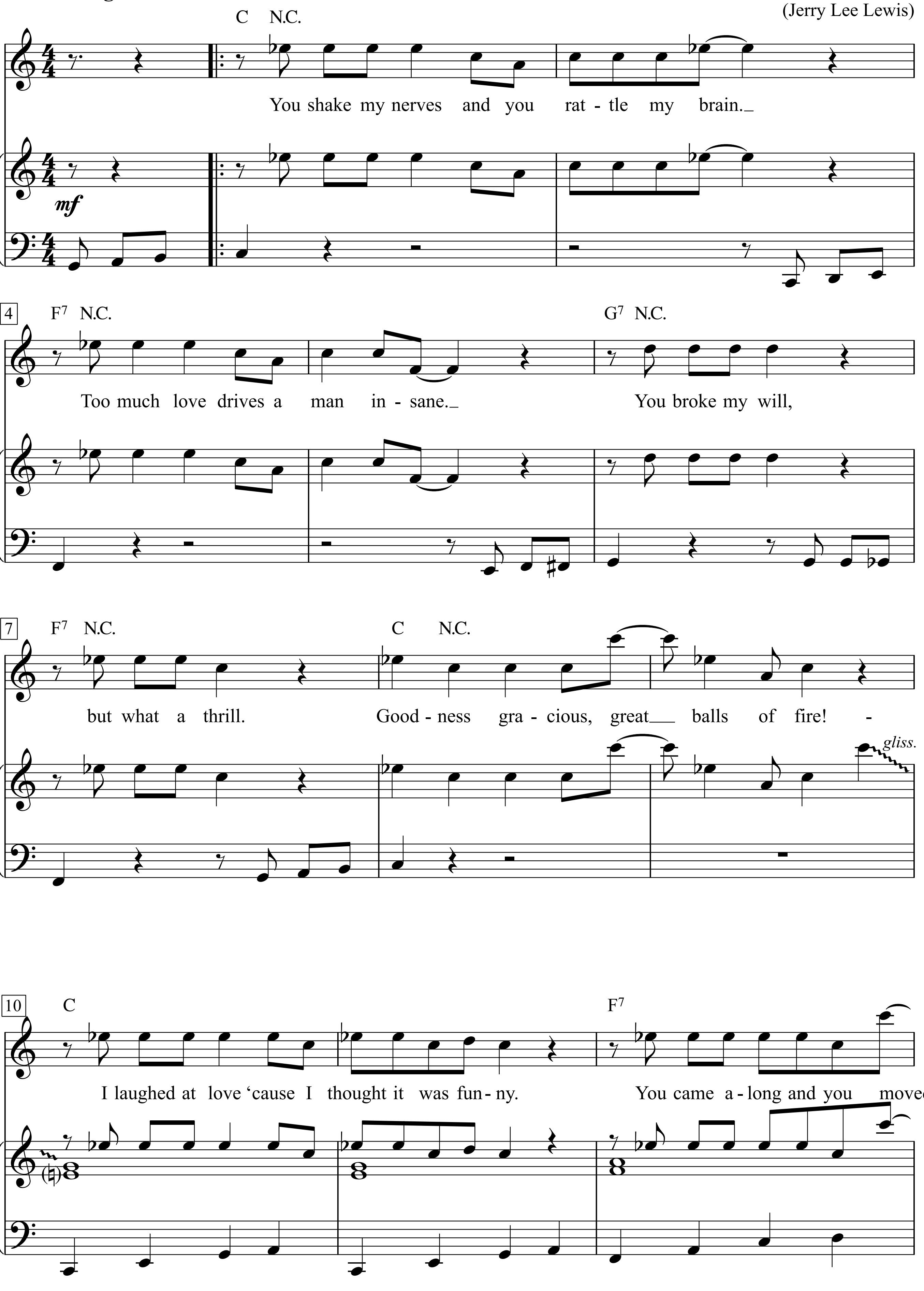
16. Opapa,
mach dir nichts draus,
wir schaffen's noch,
trotz Behinderung buddeln wir dir ein feines Loch.

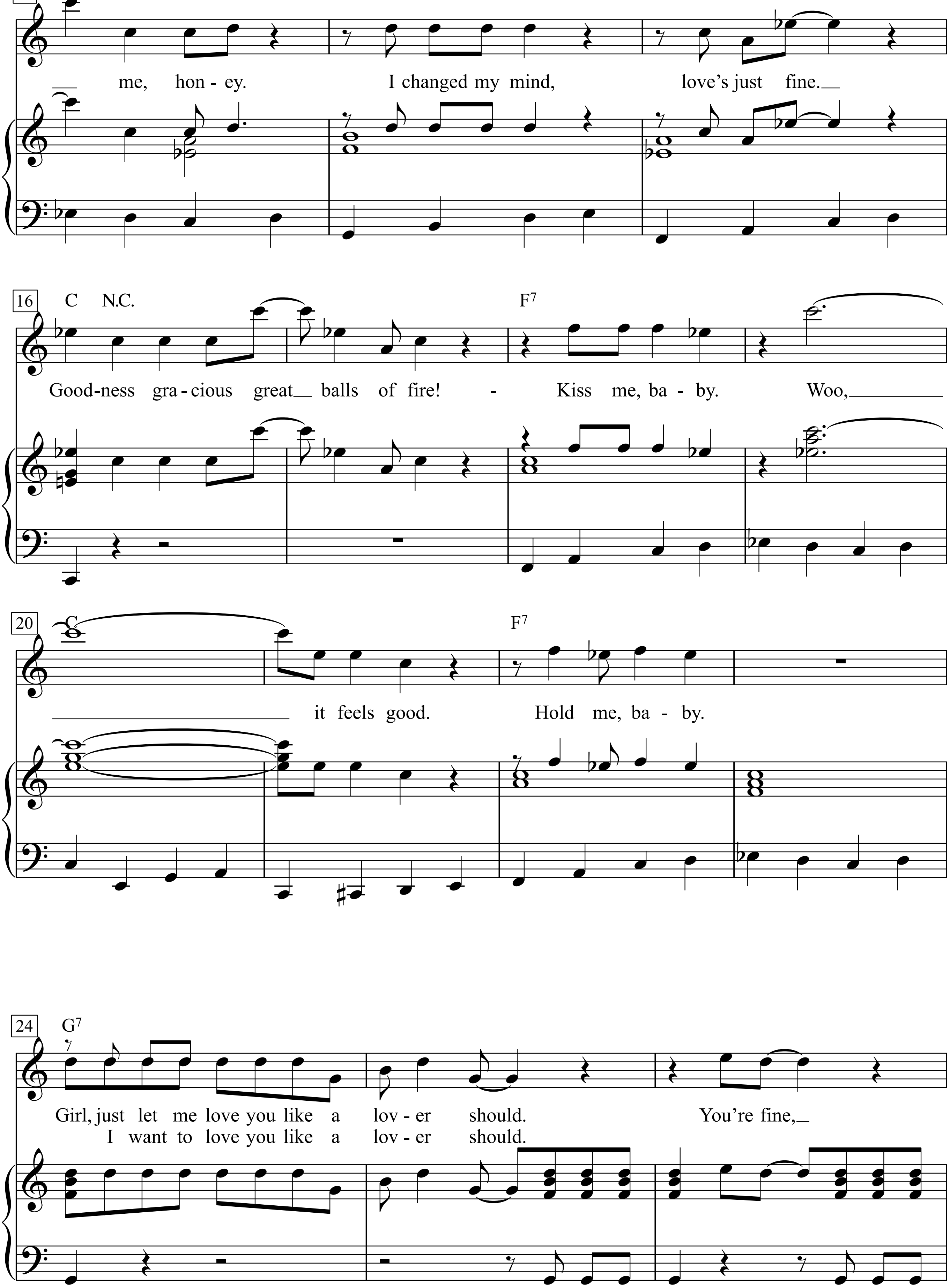
Great Balls Of Fire

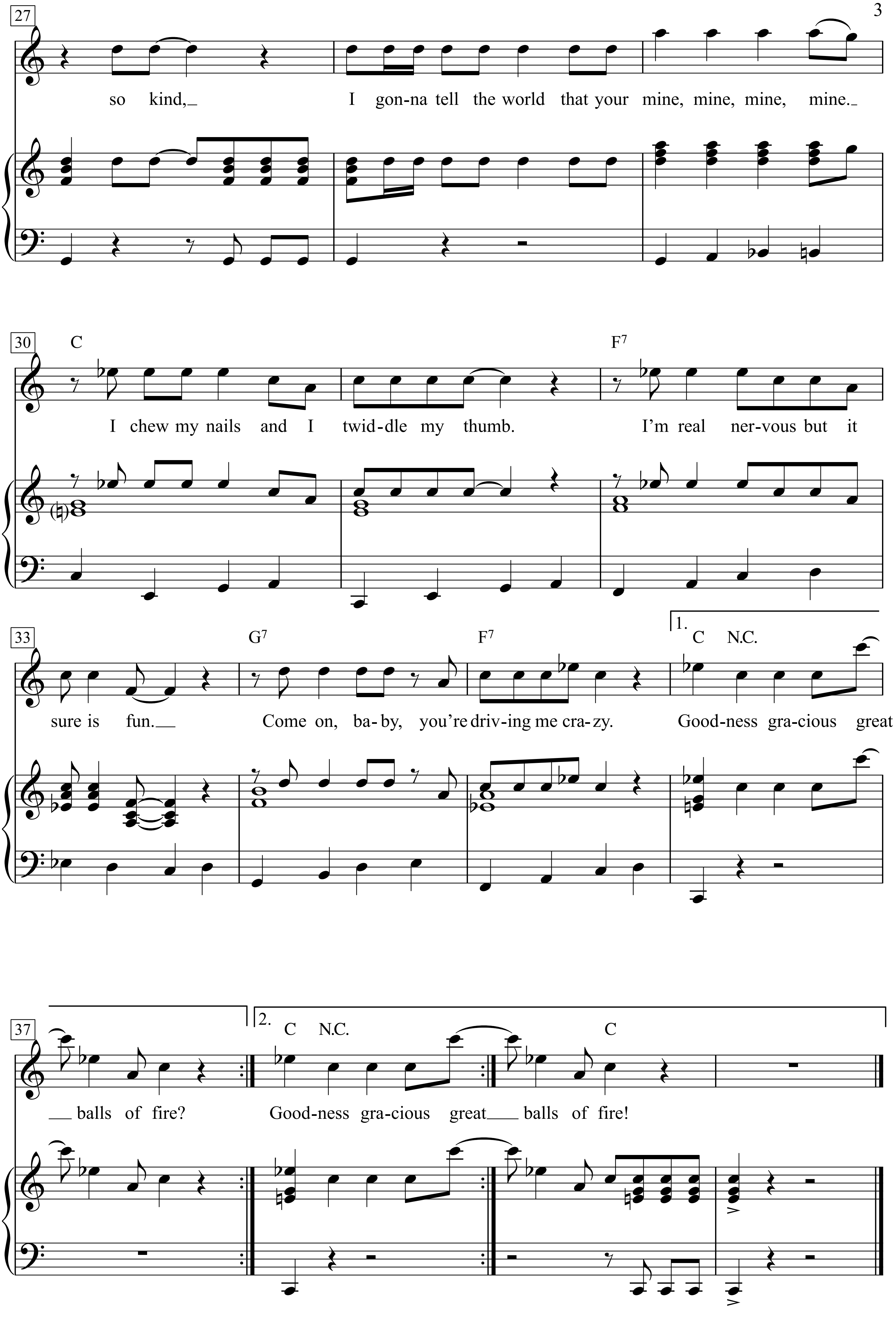
(*from the movie* Great Balls Of Fire)

Words & Music by
Otis Blackwell and Jack Hammer
(Jerry Lee Lewis)

Brighr Rock




13
G7
F7
me, hon - ey. I changed my mind, love's just fine.
16
C N.C.
F7
Good-ness gra - cious great balls of fire! - Kiss me, ba - by. Woo,
20
C
F7
it feels good. Hold me, ba - by.
24
G7
Girl, just let me love you like a lov - er should. You're fine,
I want to love you like a lov - er should.


27
so kind, I gon-na tell the world that your mine, mine, mine, mine.
30
C
F7
I chew my nails and I twid-dle my thumb. I'm real ner-vous but it
33
G7
F7
1.
C N.C.
sure is fun. Come on, ba-by, you're driv-ing me cra-zy. Good-ness gra-cious great
37
2.
C N.C.
C
balls of fire? Good-ness gra-cious great balls of fire!

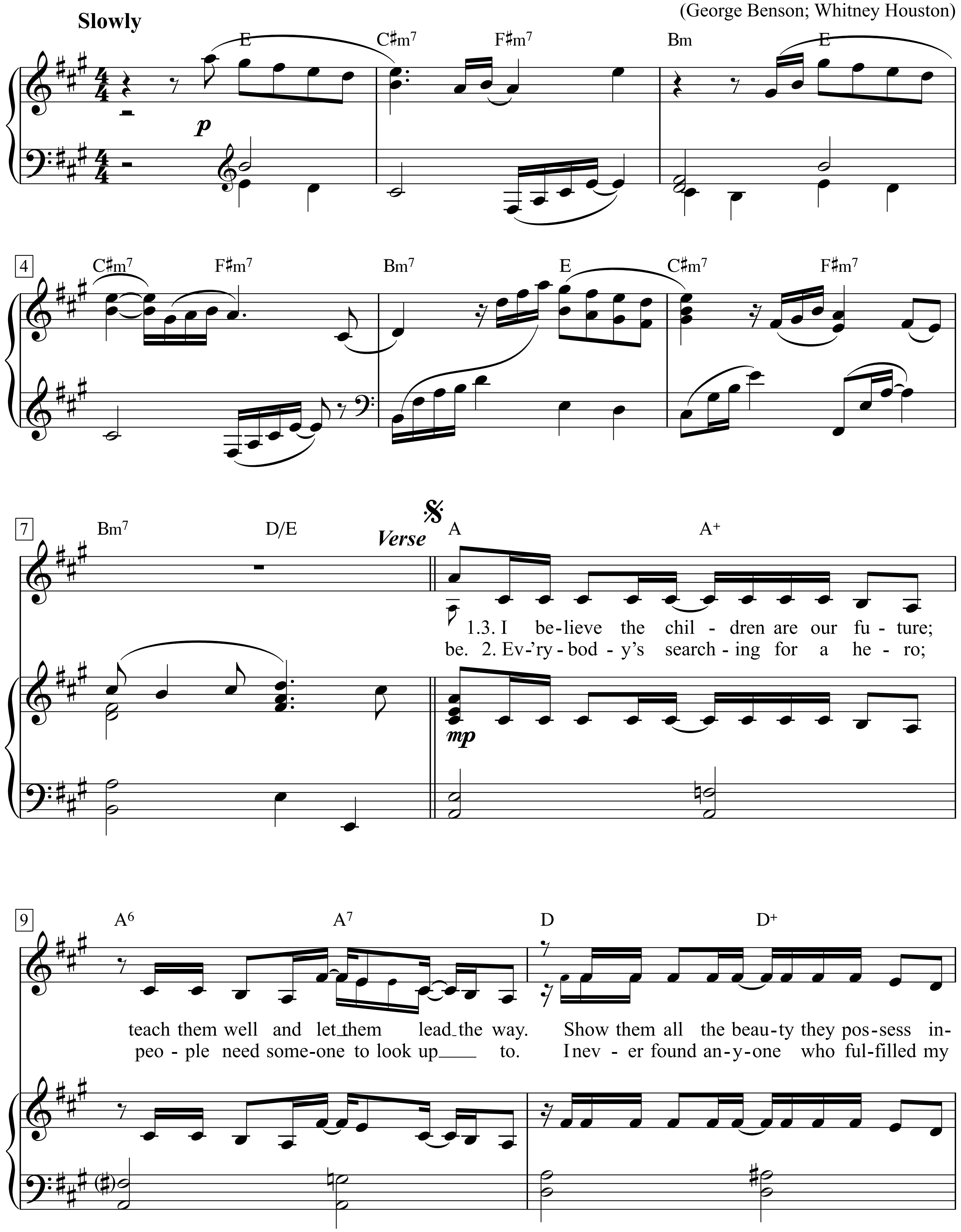
1.
You shake my nerves and you rattle my brain.
Too much love drives a man insane.
You broke my will, but what a thrill.
Goodness gracious, great balls of fire!
I laughed at love ‘cause I thought it was funny.
You came along and you moved me, honey.
I changed my mind, love’s just fine.
Goodness gracious great balls of fire!
Kiss me, baby.
Woo, it feels good.
Hold me, baby.
Girl, just let me love you like a lover should.
You’re fine, so kind,
I gonna tell the world that your mine, mine, mine, mine.
I chew my nails and I twiddle my thumb.
I’m real nervous but it sure is fun.
Come on, baby, you’re driving me crazy.
Goodness gracious great balls of fire?
Goodness gracious great balls of fire!

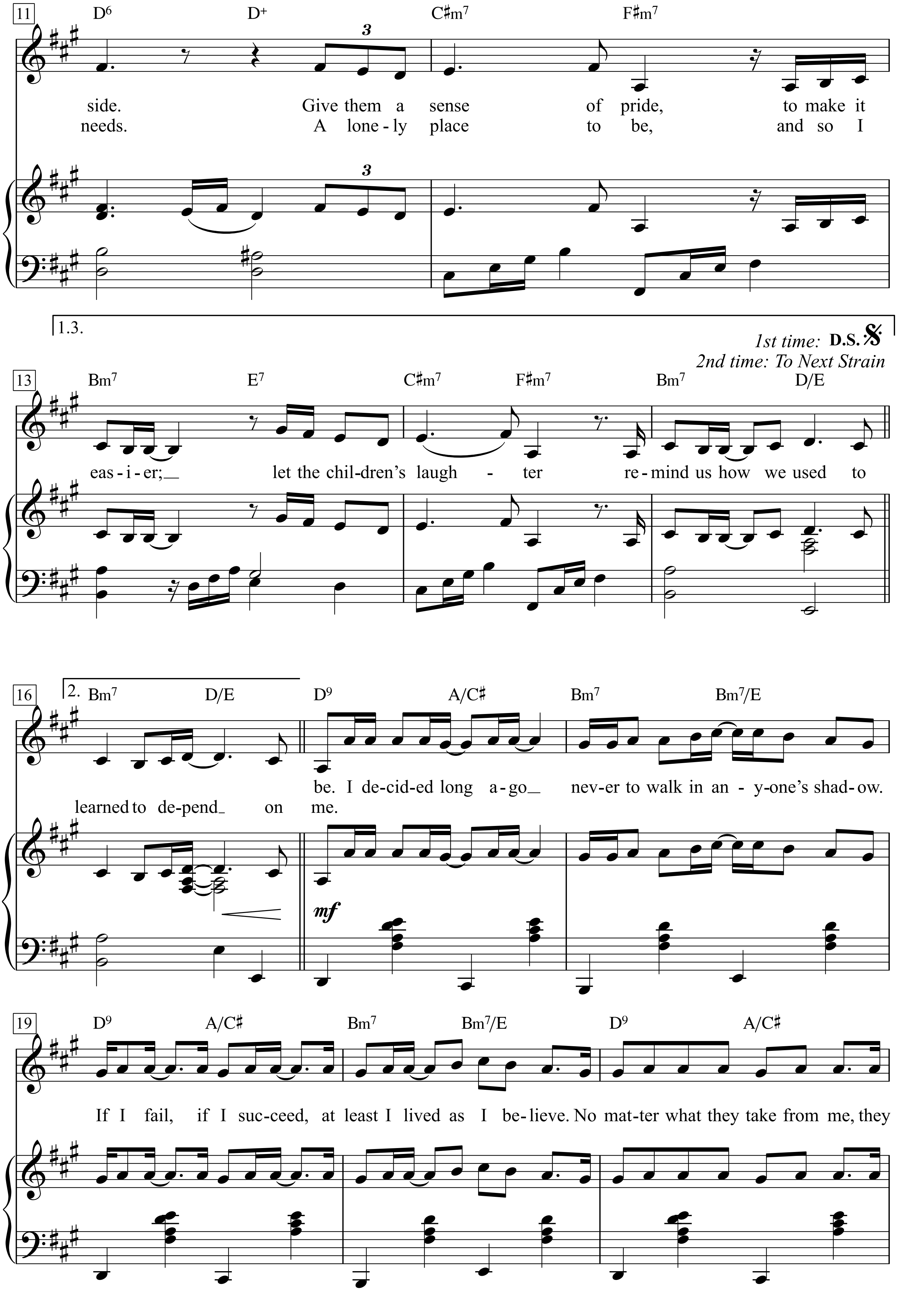
2.
I want to love you like a lover should.

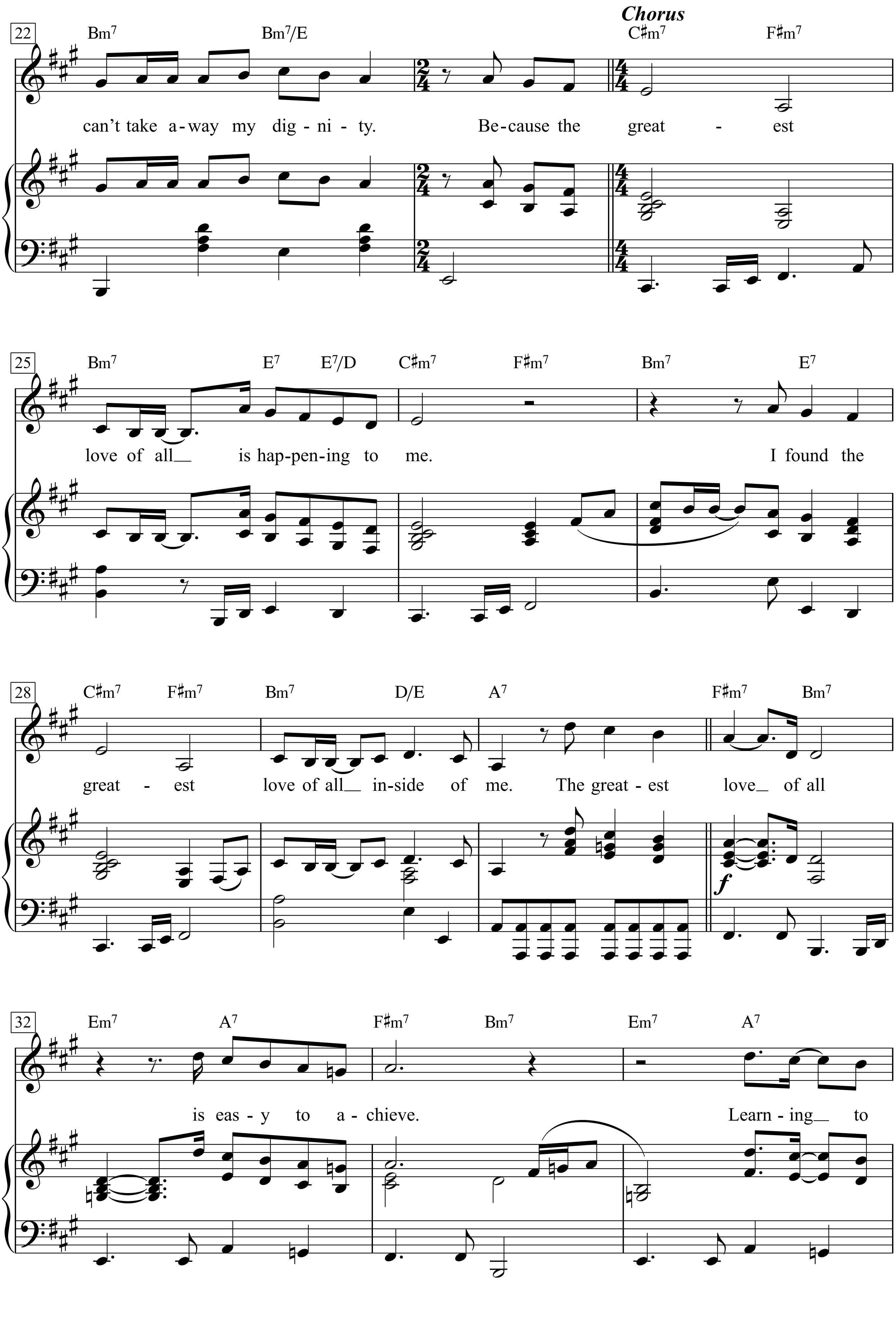
Greatest Love Of All

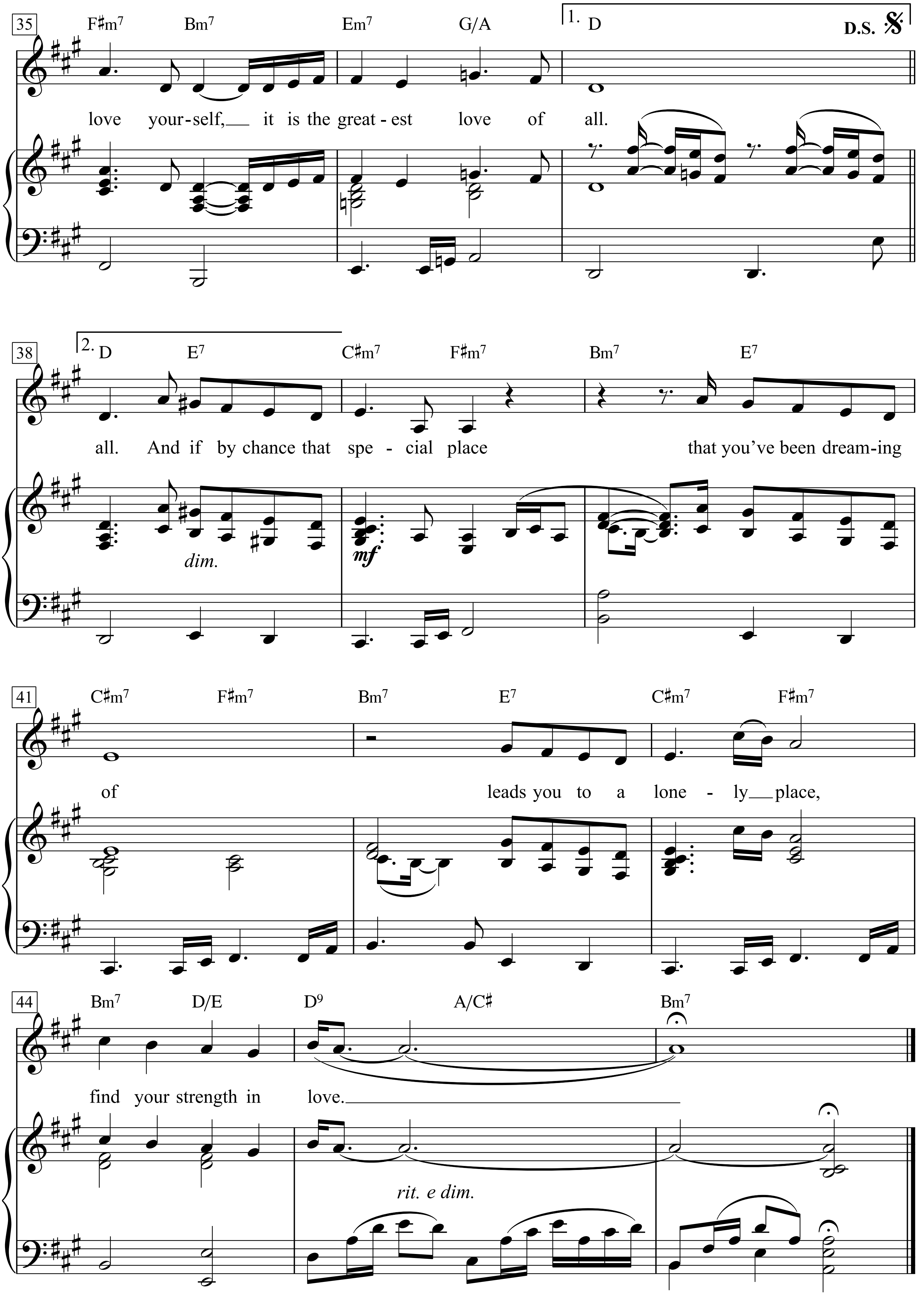
Words by Linda Creed

Music by Michael Masser
(George Benson; Whitney Houston)




11
D6 D+ C♯m7 F♯m7
3
side. Give them a sense of pride, to make it
needs. A lone - ly place to be, and so I
1.3.
1st time: D.S. 𝄋
2nd time: To Next Strain
13
Bm7 E7 C♯m7 F♯m7 Bm7 D/E
eas - i - er; let the chil-dren's laugh - ter re - mind us how we used to
16
2. Bm7 D/E D9 A/C♯ Bm7 Bm7/E
be. I de-cid-ed long a - go nev-er to walk in an - y-one's shad-ow.
learned to de-pend on me.
mf
19
D9 A/C♯ Bm7 Bm7/E D9 A/C♯
If I fail, if I suc-ceed, at least I lived as I be - lieve. No mat-ter what they take from me, they


Chorus
22
Bm7 Bm7/E C♯m7 F♯m7
can't take a-way my dig-ni-ty. Be-cause the great-est
25
Bm7 E7 E7/D C♯m7 F♯m7 Bm7 E7
love of all is hap-pen-ing to me. I found the
28
C♯m7 F♯m7 Bm7 D/E A7 F♯m7 Bm7
great-est love of all in-side of me. The great-est love of all
f
32
Em7 A7 F♯m7 Bm7 Em7 A7
is eas-y to a-chieve. Learn-ing to


35
F♯m7 Bm7 Em7 G/A
1. D
D.S.
love your-self, it is the great-est love of all.
38
2. D E7 C♯m7 F♯m7 Bm7 E7
all. And if by chance that spe - cial place that you've been dream-ing
dim.
mf
41
C♯m7 F♯m7 Bm7 E7 C♯m7 F♯m7
of leads you to a lone - ly place,
44
Bm7 D/E D9 A/C♯ Bm7
find your strength in love.
rit. e dim.

1.3. I believe the children are our future;
teach them well and let them lead the way.
Show them all the beauty they possess inside.
Give them a sense of pride, to make it easier;
let the children's laughter remind us how we used to be.

I decided long ago never to walk in anyone's shadow.
If I fail, if I succeed, at least I lived as I believe.
No matter what they take from me,
they can't take away my dignity.

Chorus:
Because the greatest love of all is happening to me.
I found the greatest love of all inside of me.
The greatest love of all is easy to achieve.
Learning to love yourself, it is the greatest love of all.

And if by chance that special place
that you've been dreaming of
leads you to a lonely place,
find your strength in love.

2. Ev'rybody's searching for a hero;
people need someone to look up to.
I never found anyone who fulfilled my needs.
A lonely place to be,
and so I learned to depend on me.

Ich glaube daran,
Dass die Kinder unsere Zukunft sind,
Unterrichtet sie gut
Und lasst sie den Weg anführen
Zeigt ihnen all die Schönheit, die sie in sich besitzen
Gebt ihnen einen Sinn für Stolz
Um es für sie einfacher zu machen
Und lasst das Lachen der Kinder uns daran erinnern,
Wie wir einst waren

Jeder sucht nach einem Held,
Die Menschen brauchen jemandem, zu dem sie aufsehen
Ich fand nie jemanden, der meinen Ansprüchen genügte
Es ist ein ganz schön einsames Leben,
was ich selber lerne, hängt von mir ab.
Ich habe schon lange beschlossen,
Niemals im Schatten von irgendjemand anderen zu gehen,
Ob ich nun versage oder gewinne,
Zumindest habe ich gelebt, was ich glaube.
Was auch immer sie mir nehmen,
Sie können mir meine Würde nicht wegnehmen

Denn mir wird gerade die allergrößte Liebe zuteil,
Ich fand die allergrößte Liebe in mir
Die allergrößte Liebe ist leicht zu erreichen:
Sich selbst lieben zu lernen ist die allergrößte Liebe!

Ich glaube, dass die Kinder.....

Ich habe schon vor langer Zeit.....

Denn die allergrößte Liebe.....

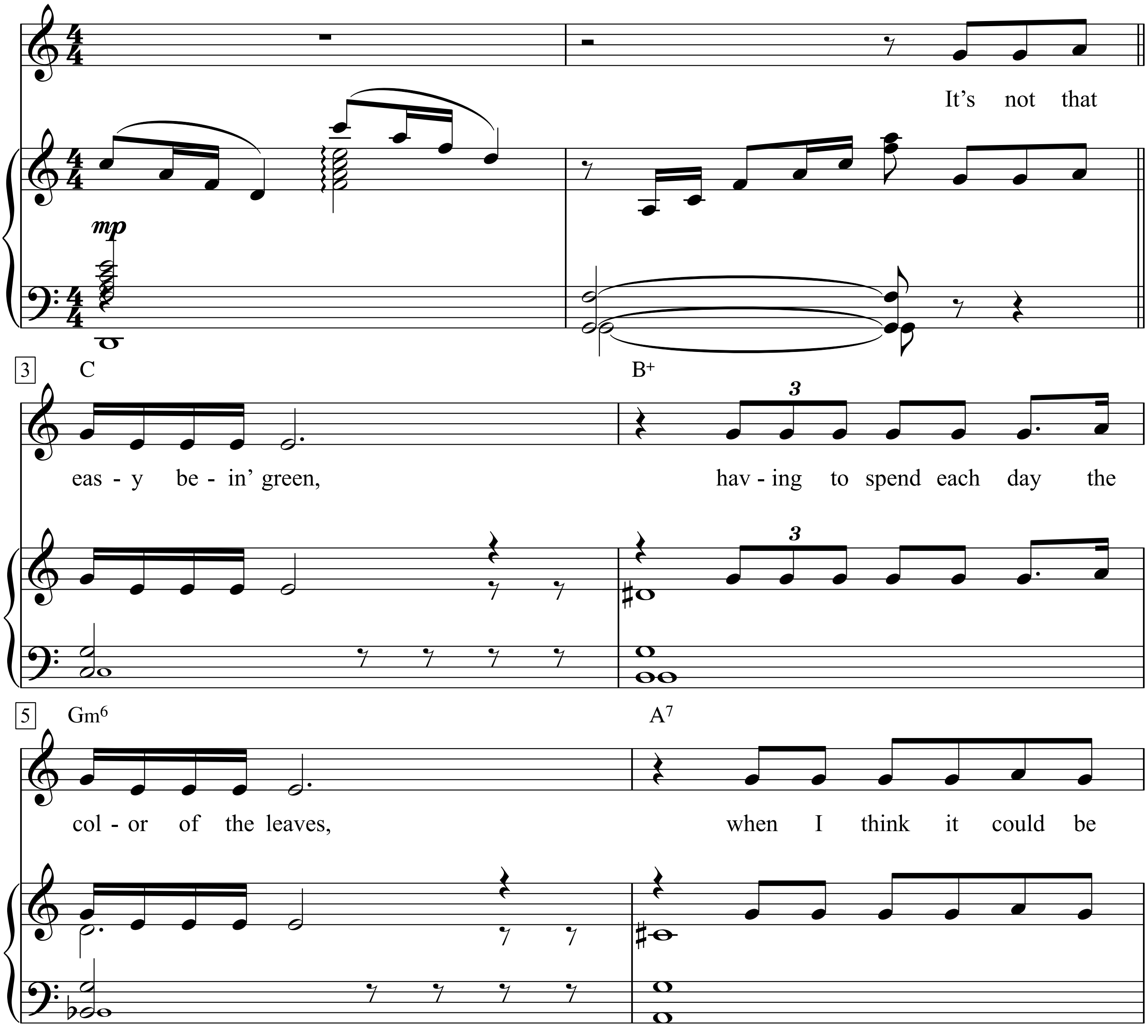
Und wenn doch zufällig jener spezielle Ort,
von dem du geträumt hast,
Dich zu einem einsamen Ort führt,
Dann finde deine Stärke in der Liebe.

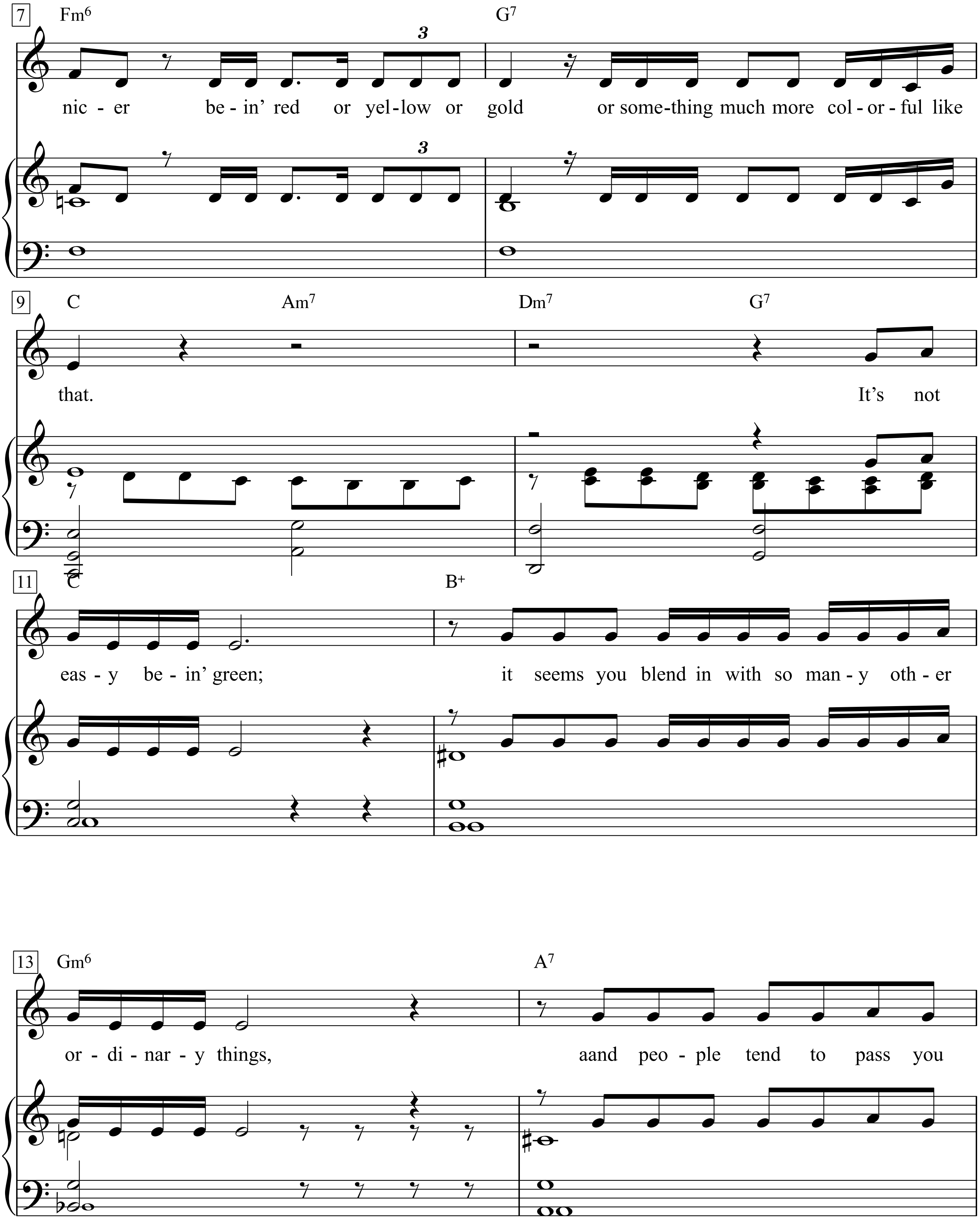
Green
(Bein' Green)

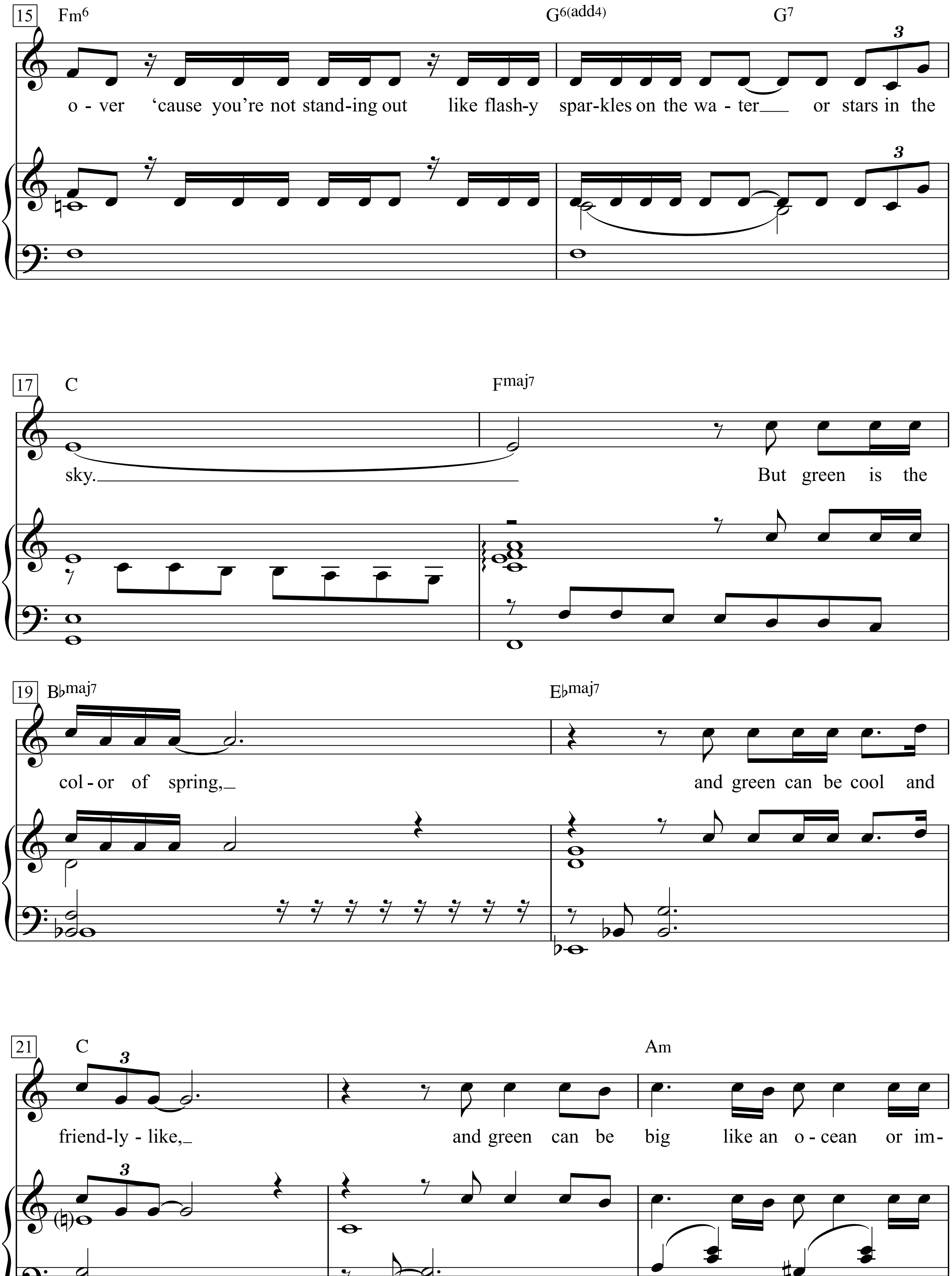
Kermit the Frog likes himself just the way he is, green and beautiful. He sang this little "message" song by Joe Raposo in the earliest days of *Sesame Street.* "Bein' Green" makes you wonder what it would be like to be someone else. Would Kermit really want to be red or yellow or gold or some other brighter color? Certainly not! Even though it's sometimes not that easy, he's happy being green. And, like Kermit, aren't you glad you're you? Many singers have recorded Kermit's song, including Frank Sinatra, who made it a popular hit.

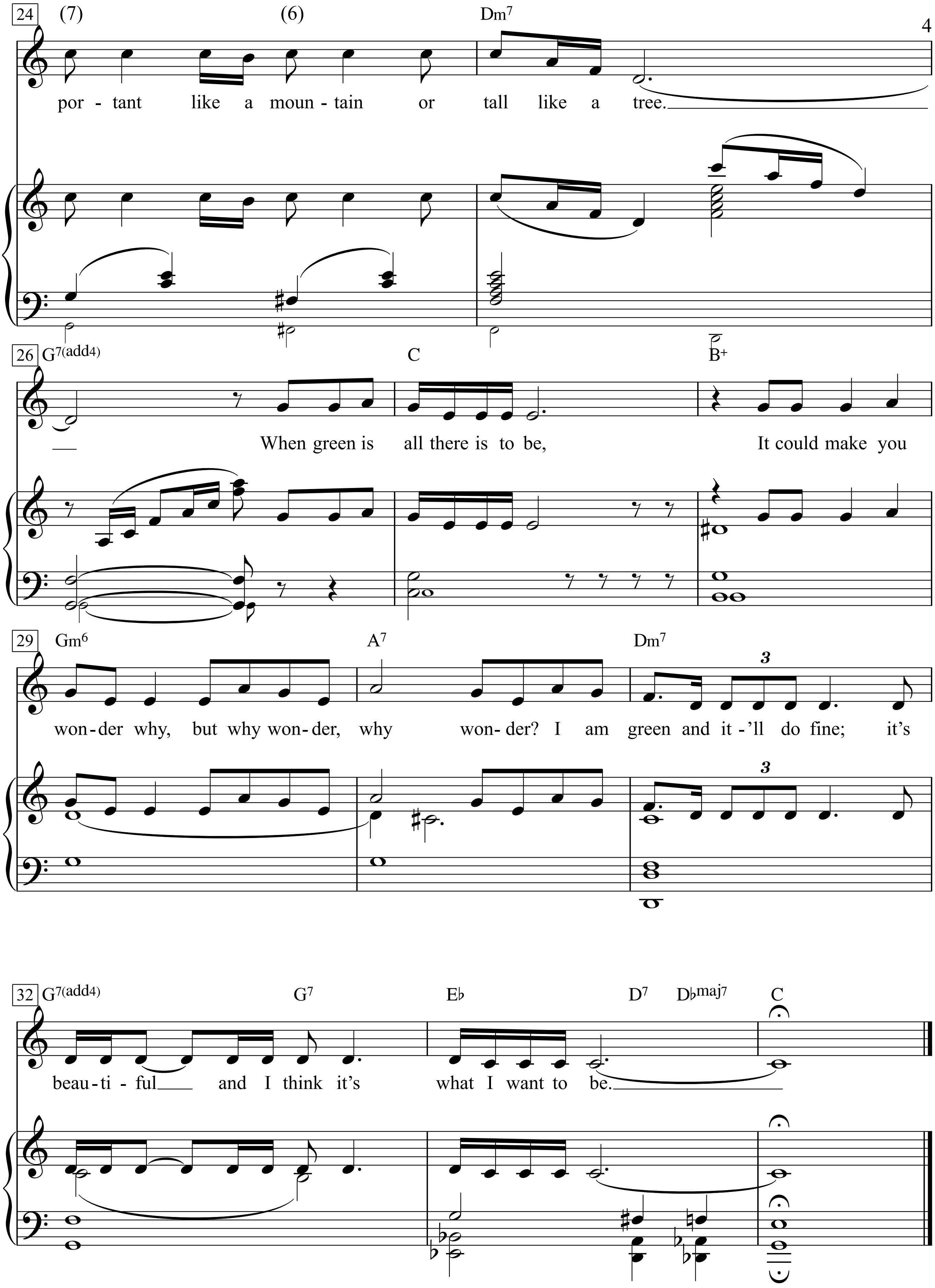
Words & Music by Joe Raposo

Slowly and reflectively




7
Fm6
G7
3
nic - er be - in' red or yel - low or gold or some - thing much more col - or - ful like
9
C
Am7
Dm7
G7
that. It's not
11
C
B+
eas - y be - in' green; it seems you blend in with so man - y oth - er
13
Gm6
A7
or - di - nar - y things, aand peo - ple tend to pass you

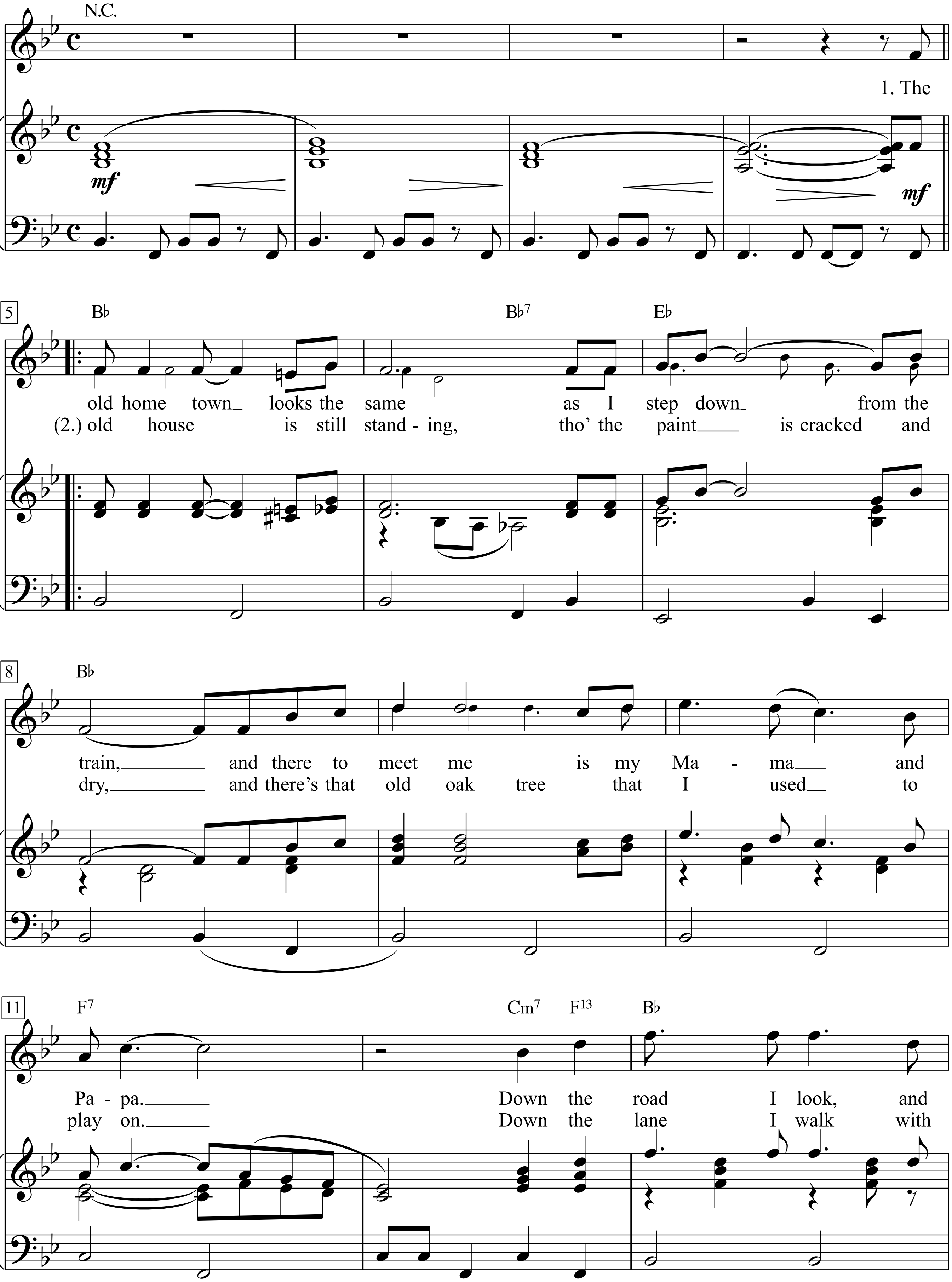

15
Fm6
G6(add4)
G7
3
o - ver ‘cause you’re not stand-ing out like flash-y spar-kles on the wa - ter or stars in the
17
C
Fmaj7
sky.
But green is the
19
B♭maj7
E♭maj7
col - or of spring,
and green can be cool and
21
C
Am
friend-ly - like,
and green can be big like an o - cean or im-

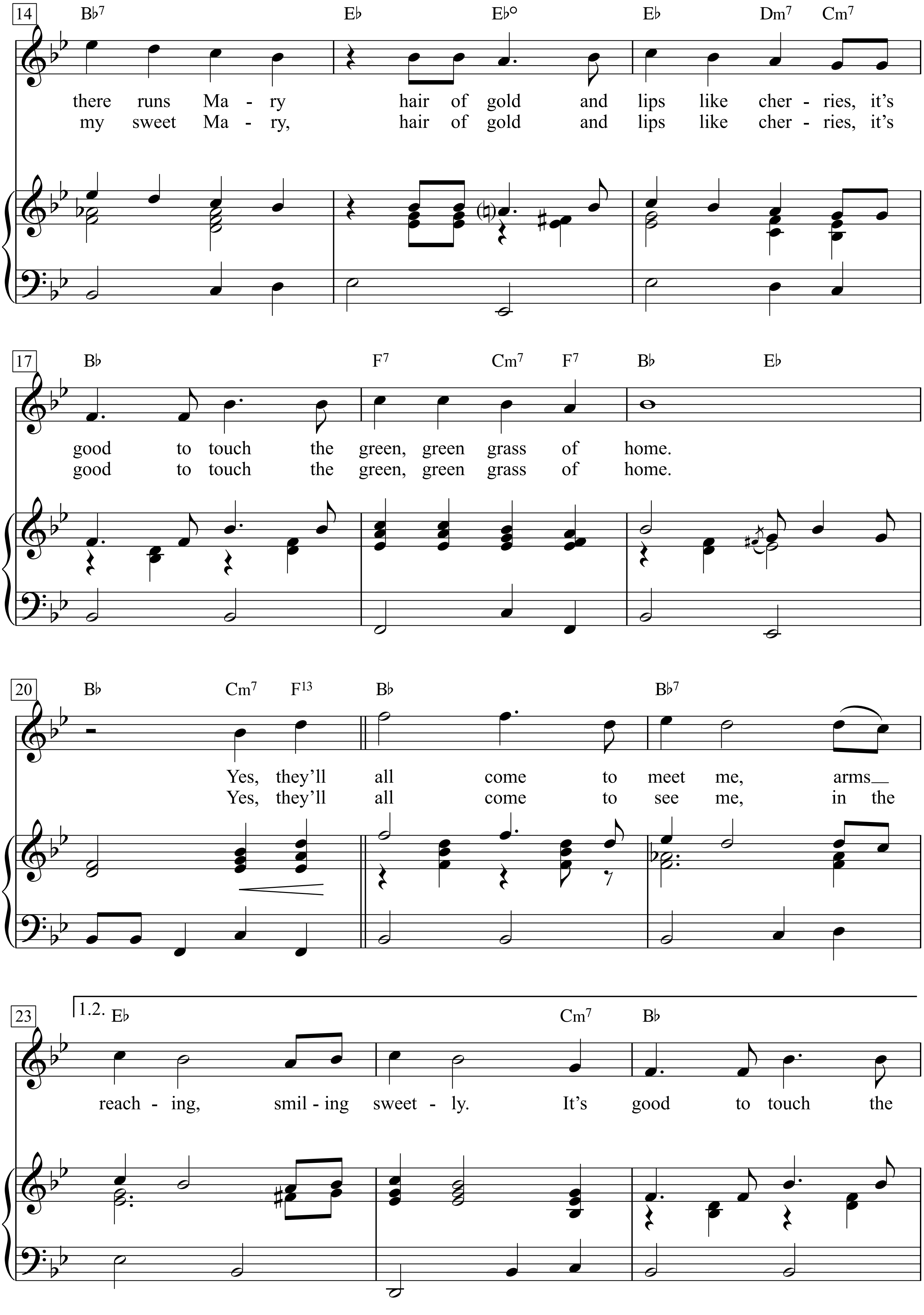

24
(7)
(6)
Dm7
por - tant like a moun - tain or tall like a tree.
26
G7(add4)
C
B+
When green is all there is to be, It could make you
29
Gm6
A7
Dm7
3
won - der why, but why won - der, why won - der? I am green and it - 'll do fine; it's
32
G7(add4)
G7
E♭
D7
D♭maj7
C
beau - ti - ful and I think it's what I want to be.

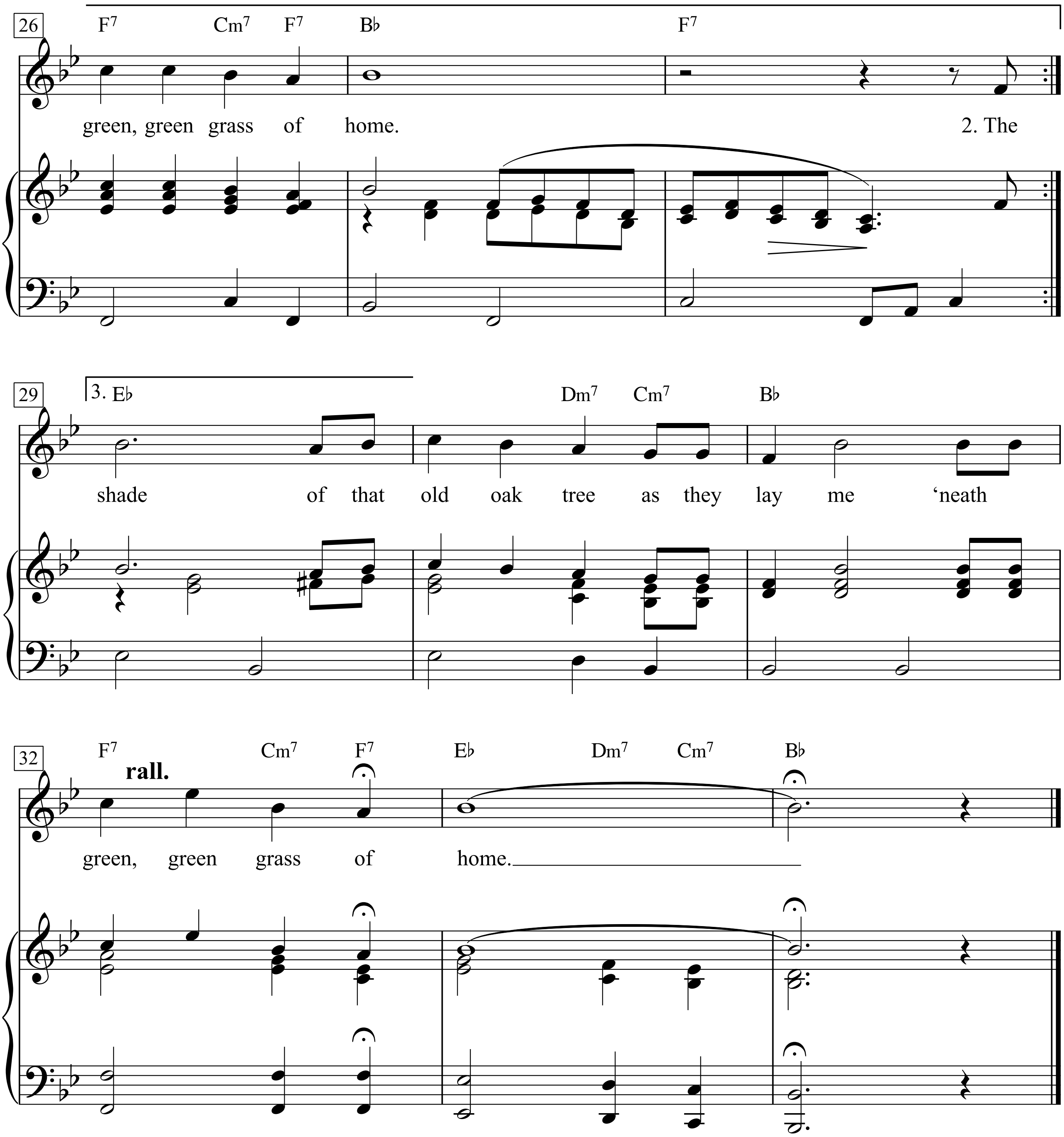
Green green grass of home

Words & Music by Curly Putman
(Tom Jones)

Moderate




14
B♭7 E♭ E♭° E♭ Dm7 Cm7
there runs Ma - ry hair of gold and lips like cher - ries, it's
my sweet Ma - ry, hair of gold and lips like cher - ries, it's
17
B♭ F7 Cm7 F7 B♭ E♭
good to touch the green, green grass of home.
good to touch the green, green grass of home.
20
B♭ Cm7 F13 B♭ B♭7
Yes, they'll all come to meet me, arms
Yes, they'll all come to see me, in the
23
1.2. E♭ Cm7 B♭
reach - ing, smil - ing sweet - ly. It's good to touch the


26
F7 Cm7 F7 B♭ F7
green, green grass of home. 2. The
29
3. E♭ Dm7 Cm7 B♭
shade of that old oak tree as they lay me 'neath
32
F7 Cm7 F7 E♭ Dm7 Cm7 B♭
rall.
green, green grass of home.

1. The old home town looks the same
as I step down from the train,
and there to meet me is my Mama and Papa.
Down the road I look, and there runs Mary
hair of gold and lips like cherries,
it's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

Yes, they'll all come to meet me,
arms reaching, smiling sweetly.
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

2. The old house is still standing,
tho' the paint is cracked and dry,
and there's that old oak tree that I used to play on.
Down the lane I walk with my sweet Mary,
hair of gold and lips like cherries,
it's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

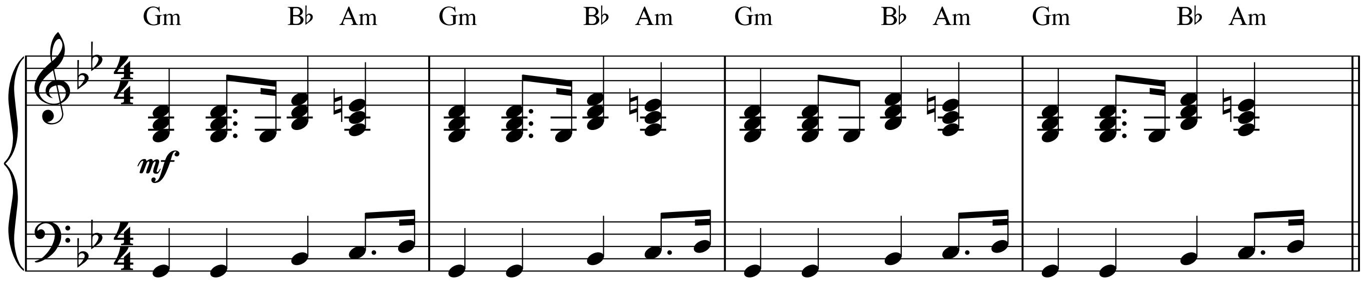
Yes, they'll all come to see me,
in the shade of that old oak tree
as they lay me 'neath green, green grass of home.

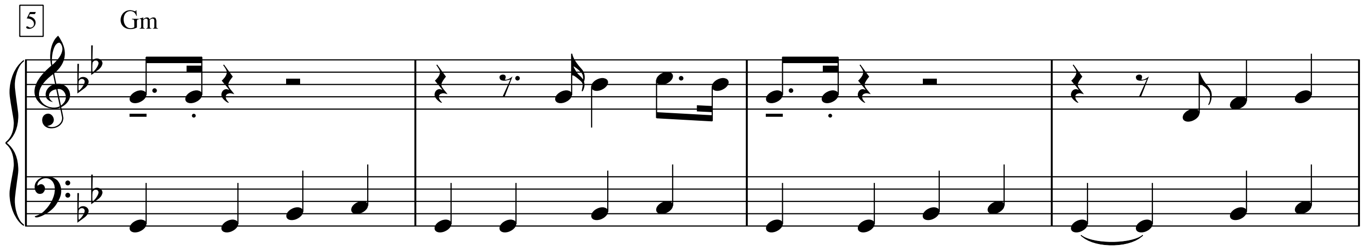
Spoken:
3. Then I awake and look around me,
at four grey wall surround me,
and I realize that I was only dreaming.
For there's a guard and there's a sad old padre -
– arm in arm we'll walk at daybreak.
Again I'll touch the green, green grass of home.

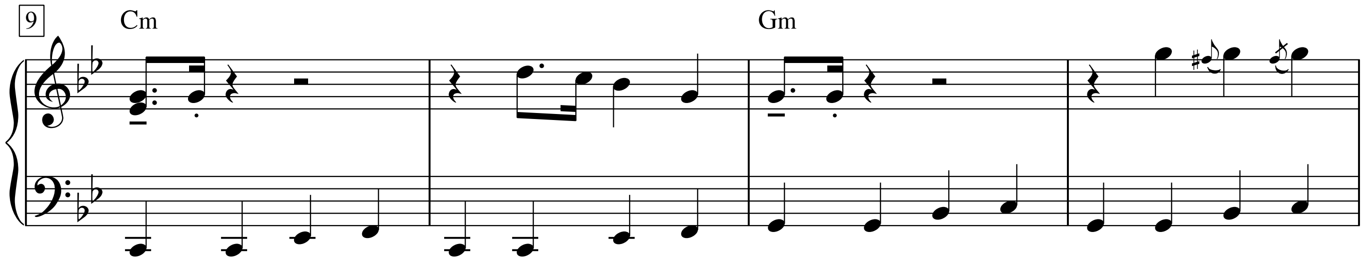
Green Onions

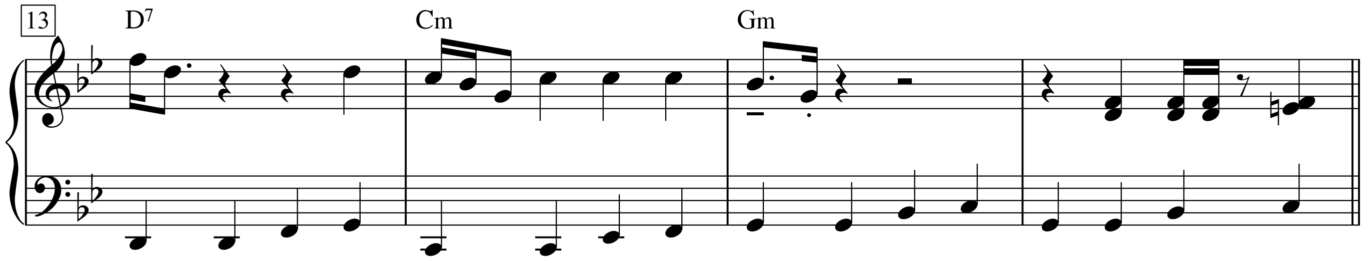
Words & Music by
Al Jackson Jr., Lewis Steinberg,
Booker T. Jones and Steve Cropper
(Booker T. and The MG's)

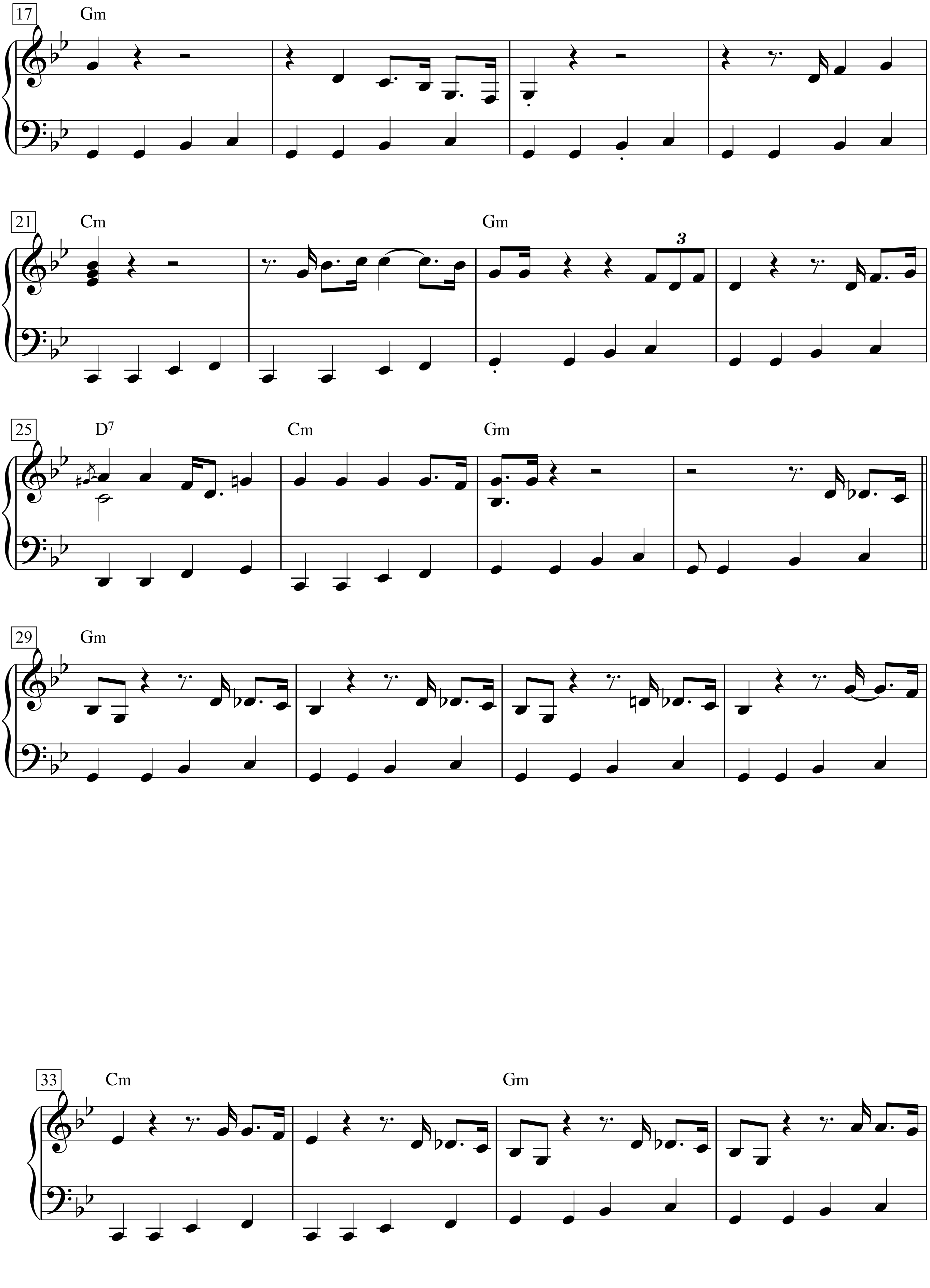
Moderately Jazzy beat

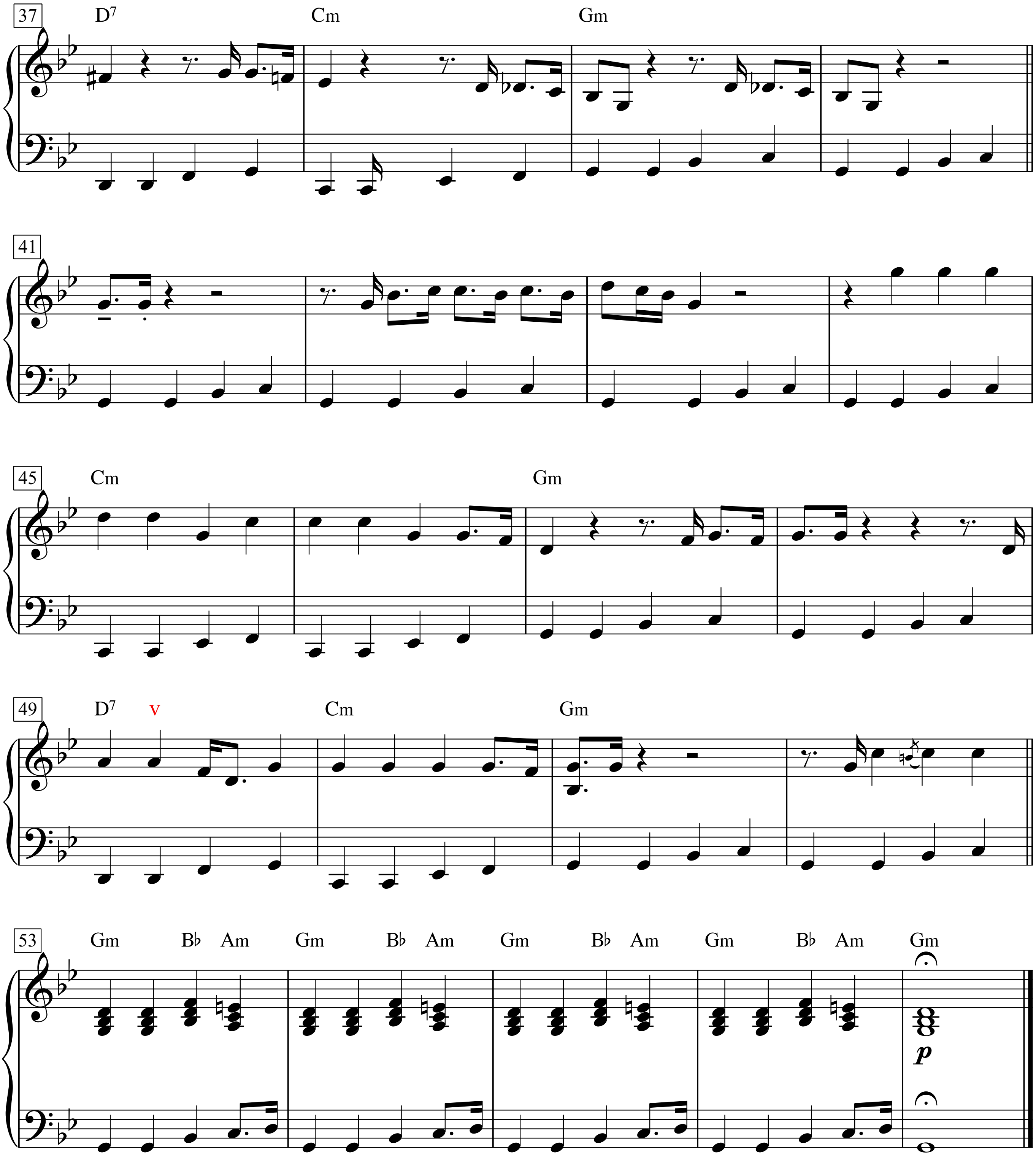








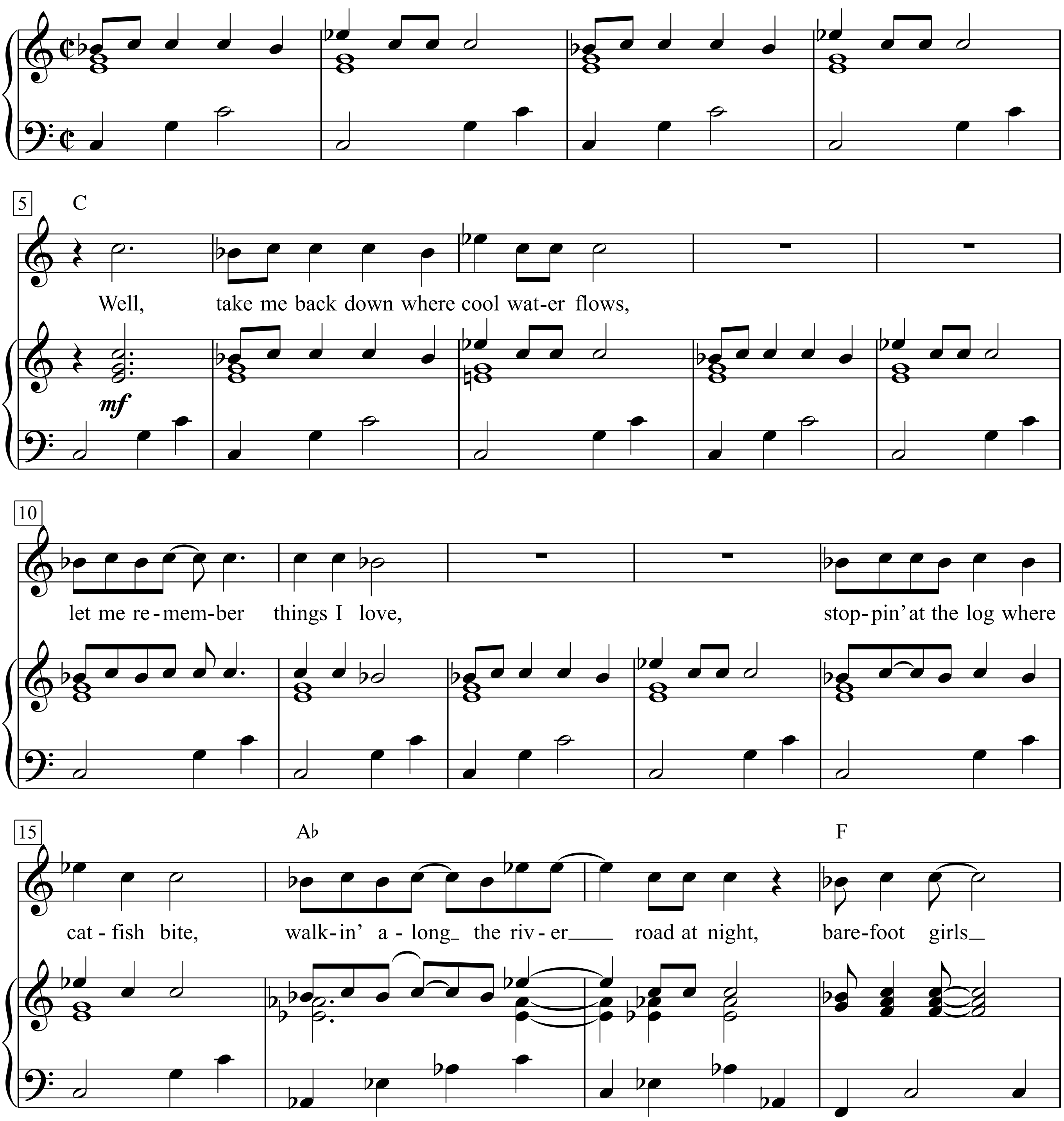

17
Gm
21
Cm
Gm
3
25
D7
Cm
Gm
29
Gm
33
Cm
Gm

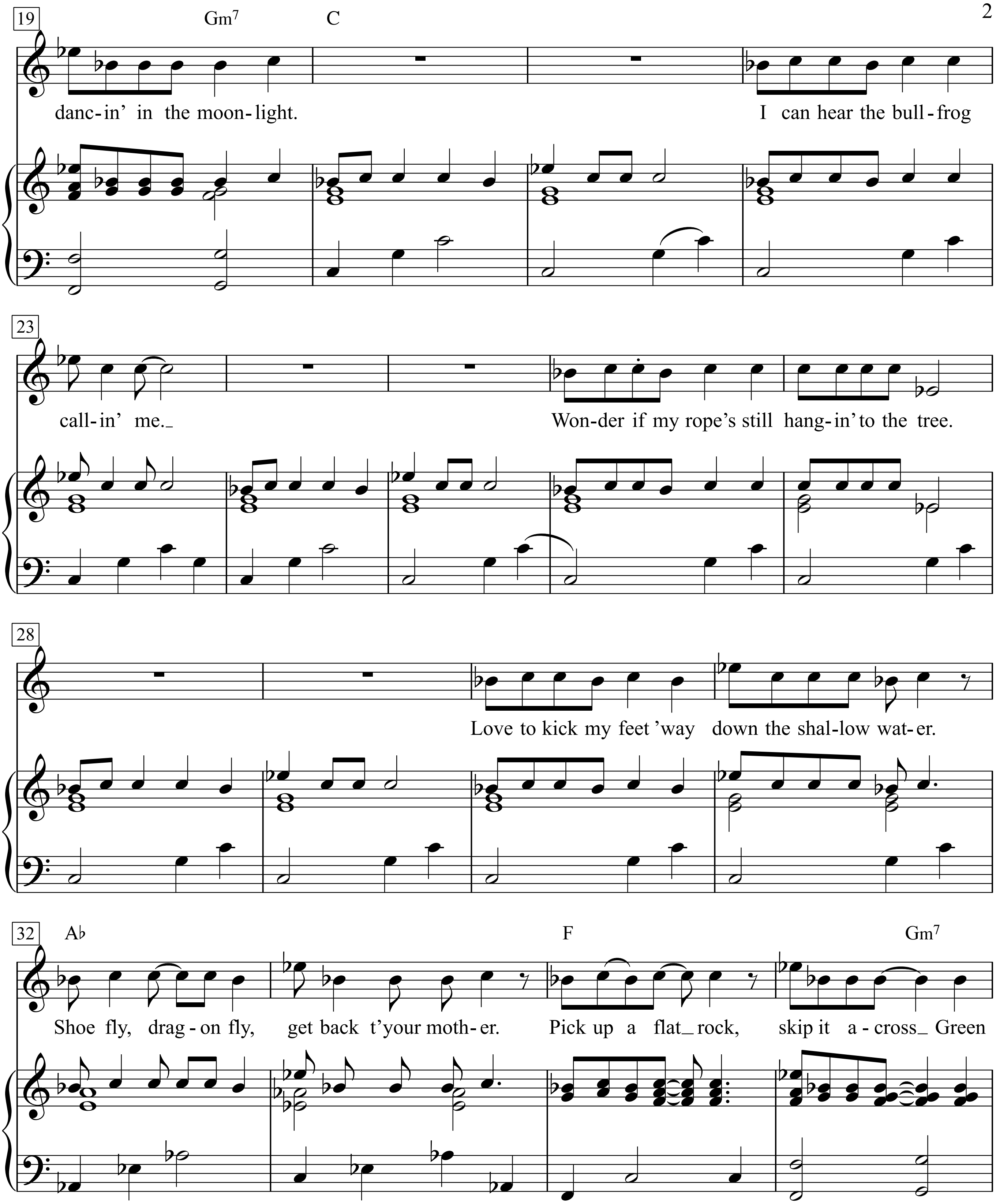

37
D7
Cm
Gm
41
45
Cm
Gm
49
D7
v
Cm
Gm
53
Gm
B♭
Am
Gm
B♭
Am
Gm
B♭
Am
Gm
B♭
Am
Gm
p

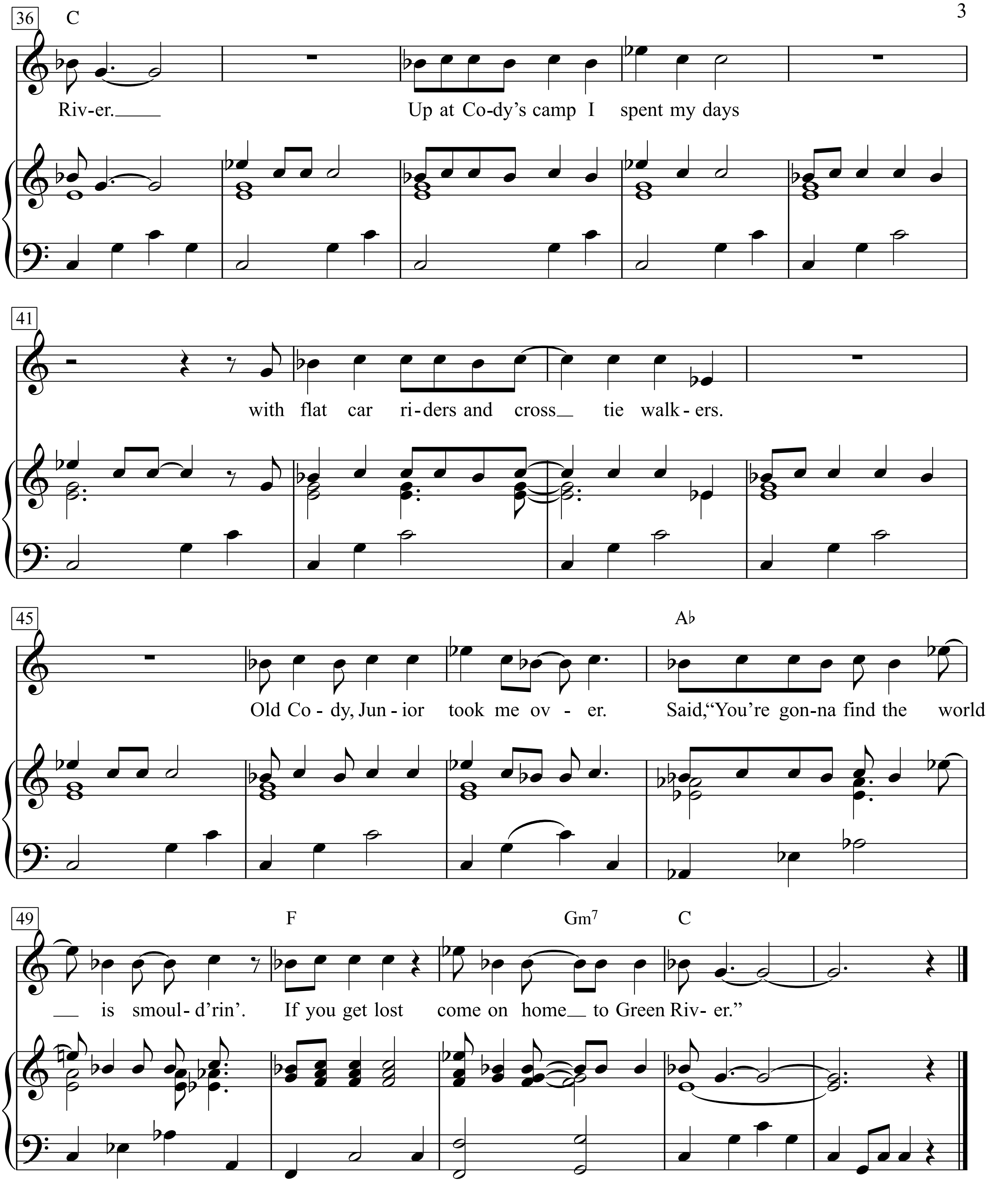
Green River

Moderately

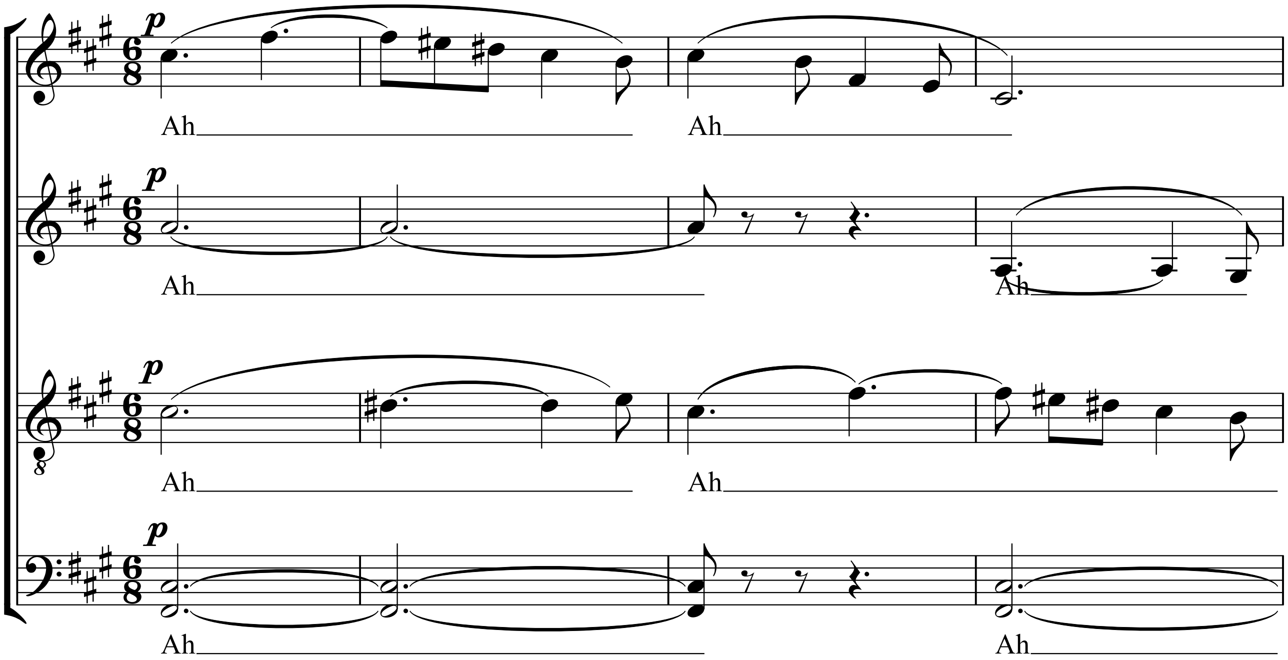
Words & Music by John C. Fogerty
(Creedence Clearwater Revival)

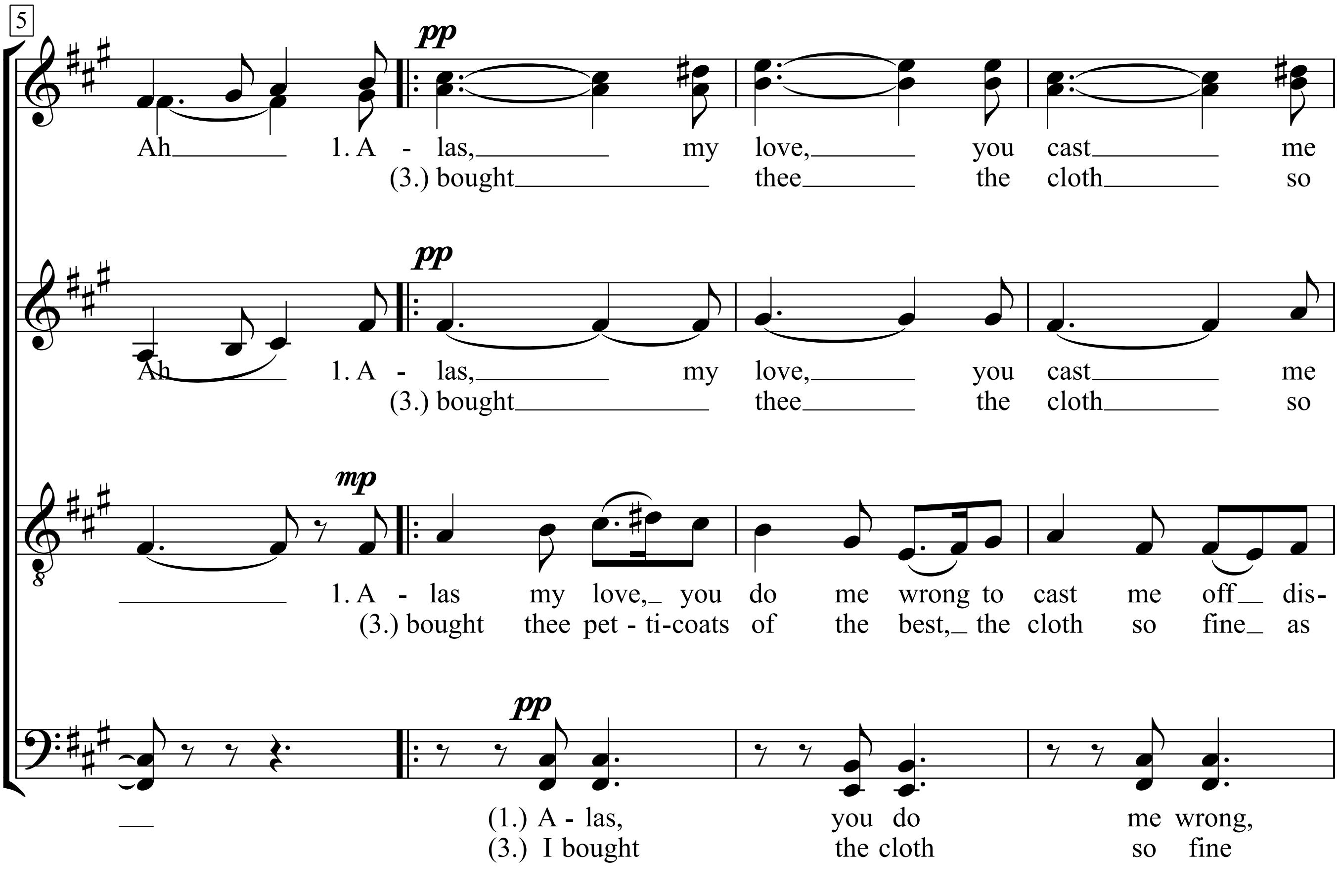


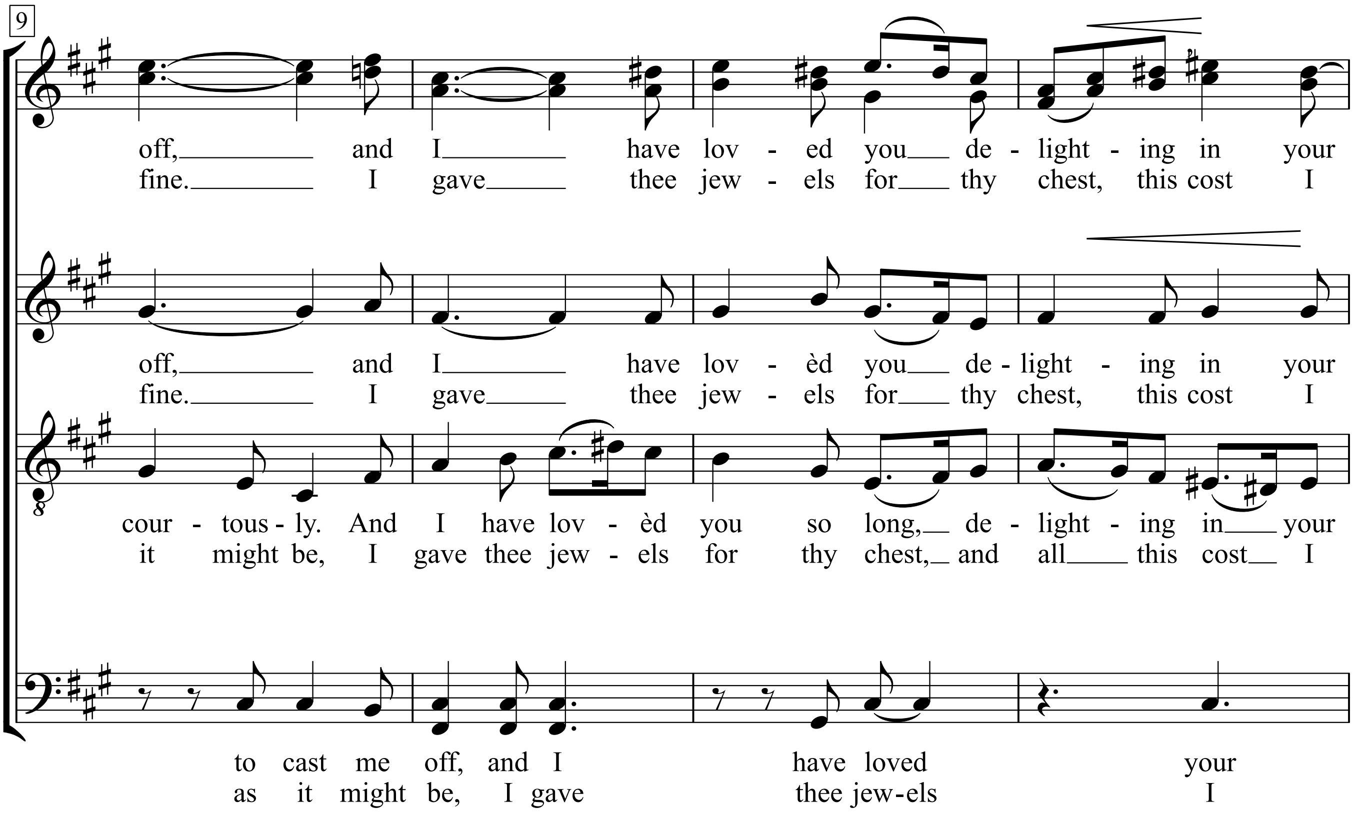

19
Gm7
C
danc-in' in the moon-light.
I can hear the bull-frog
23
call-in' me.
Won-der if my rope's still hang-in' to the tree.
28
Love to kick my feet 'way down the shal-low wat-er.
32
A♭
F
Gm7
Shoe fly, drag-on fly, get back t'your moth-er. Pick up a flat rock, skip it a-cross Green

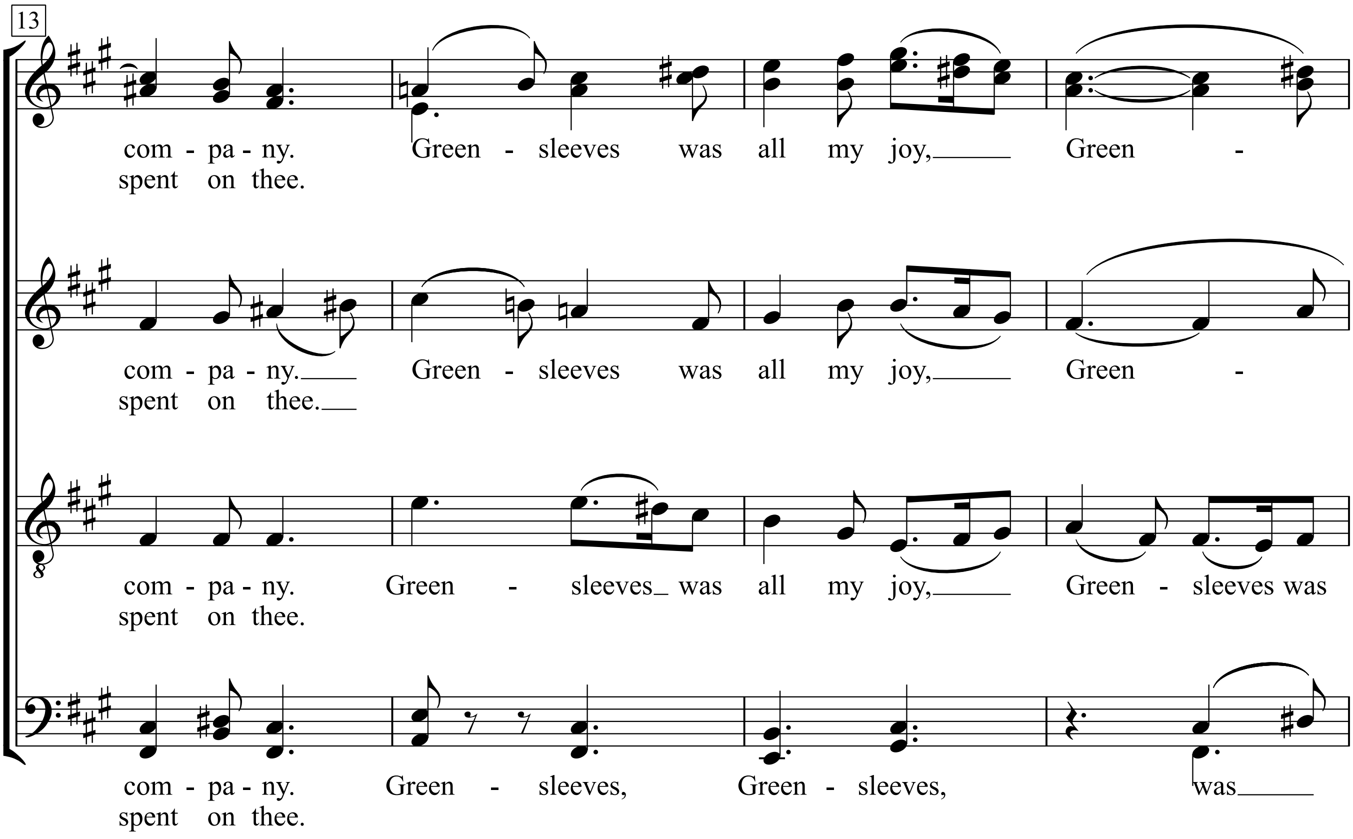

36
C
Riv-er.
Up at Co-dy's camp I spent my days
41
with flat car ri-ders and cross tie walk-ers.
45
Ab
Old Co-dy, Jun-ior took me ov-er. Said,"You're gon-na find the world
49
F
Gm7
C
is smoul-d'rin'. If you get lost come on home to Green Riv-er."

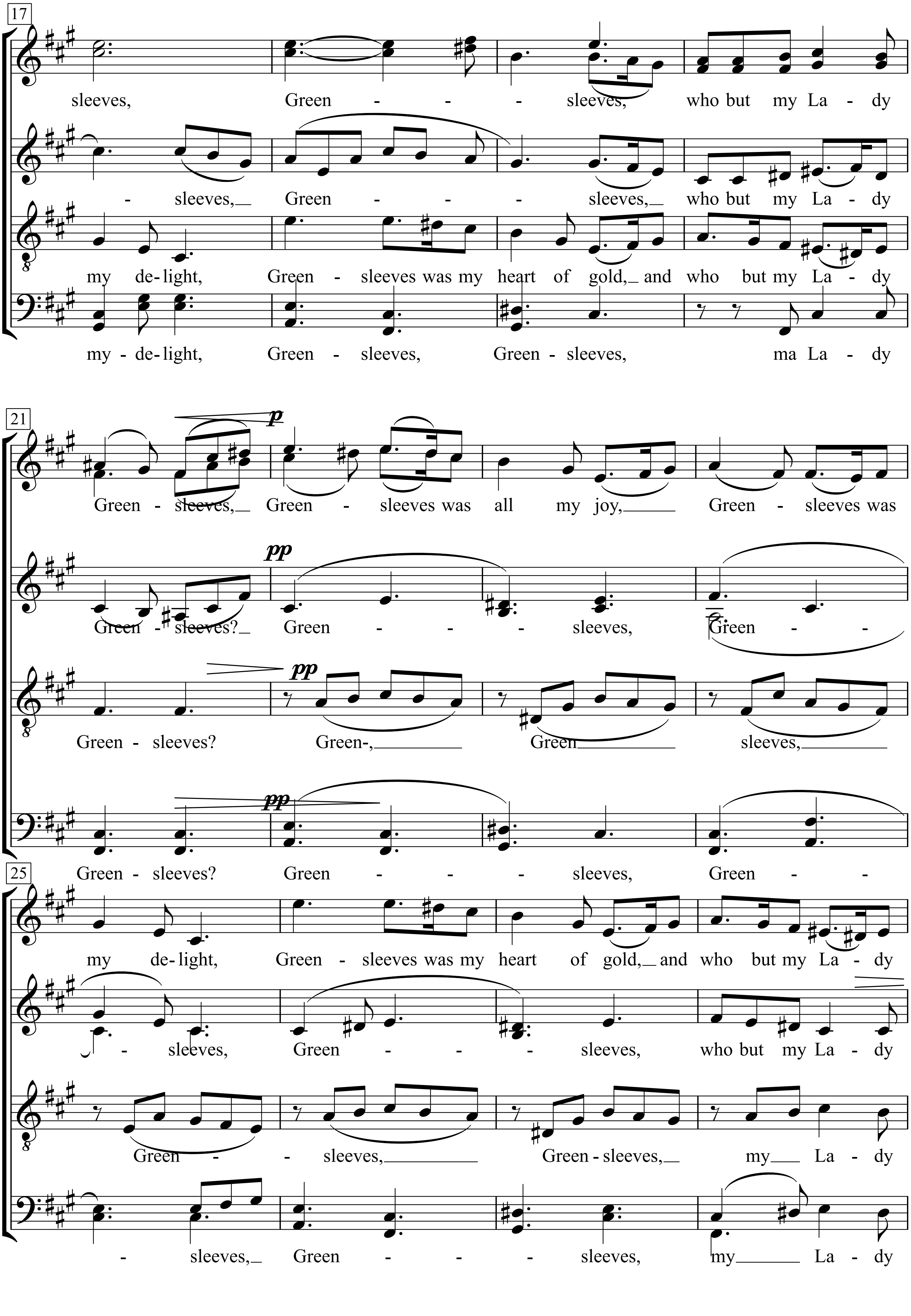
Greensleeves

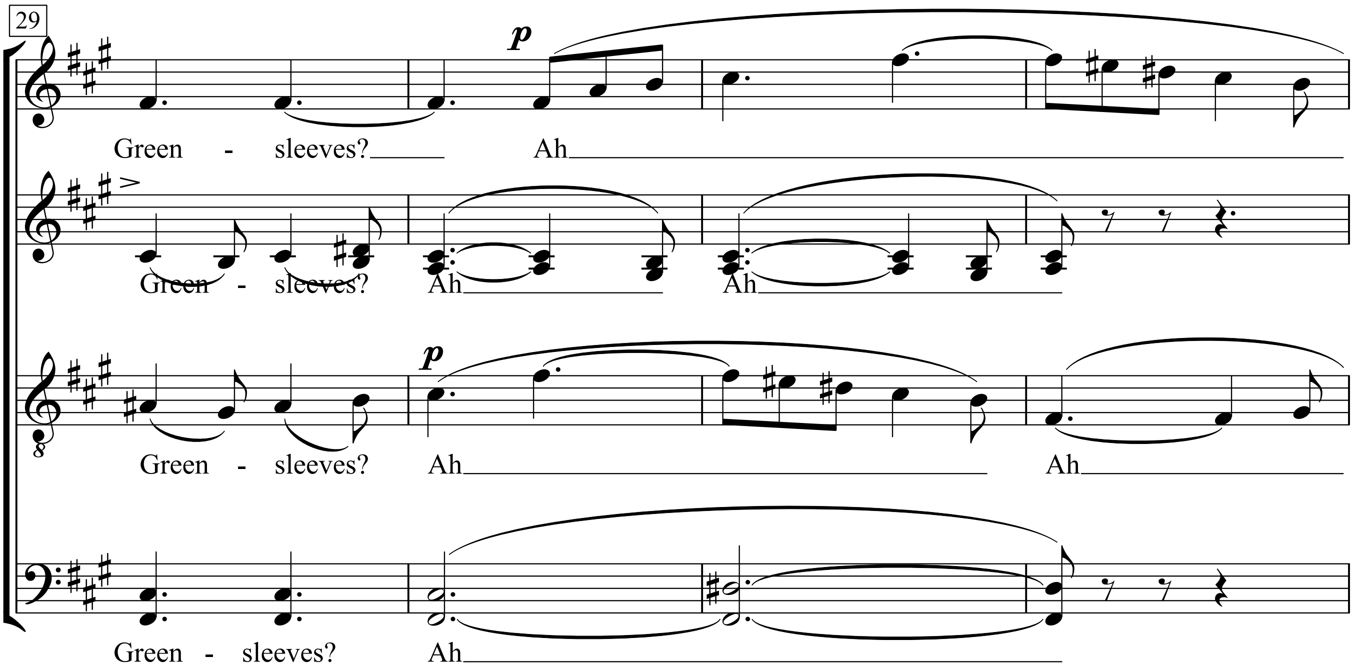


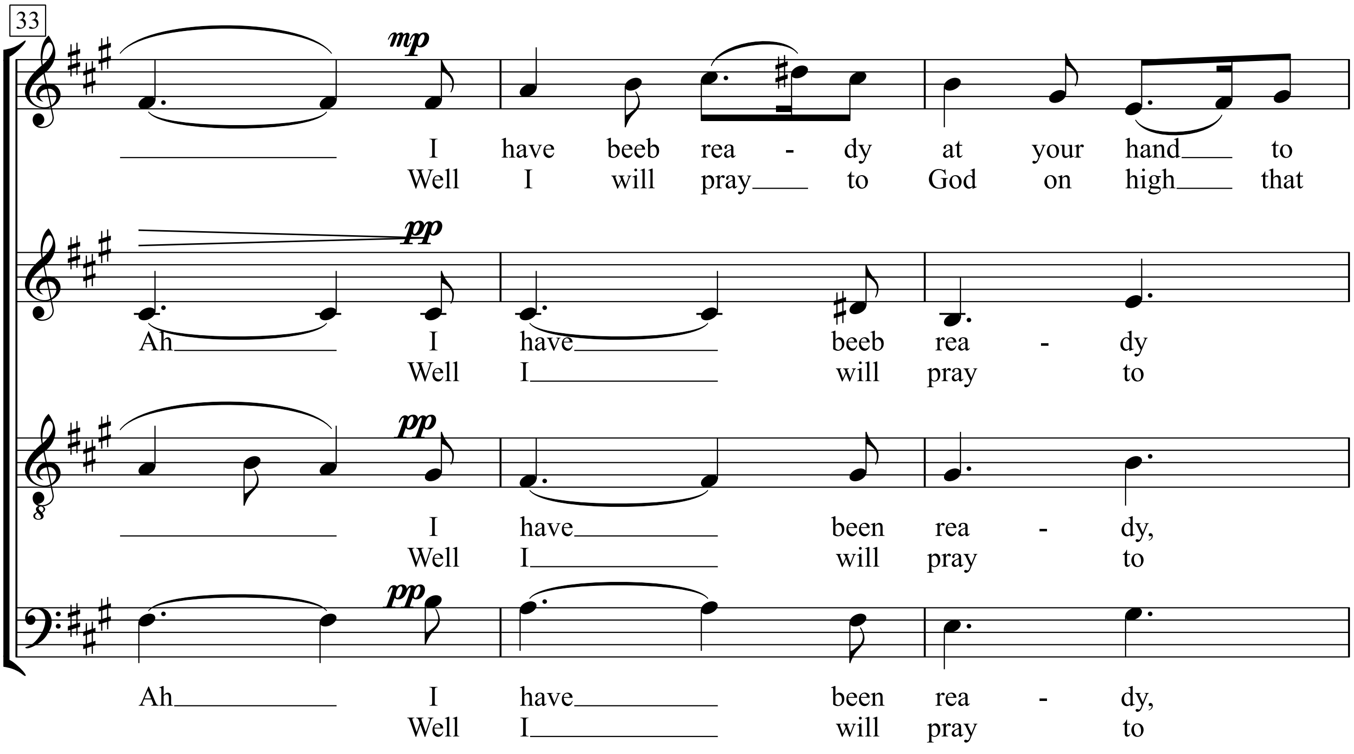


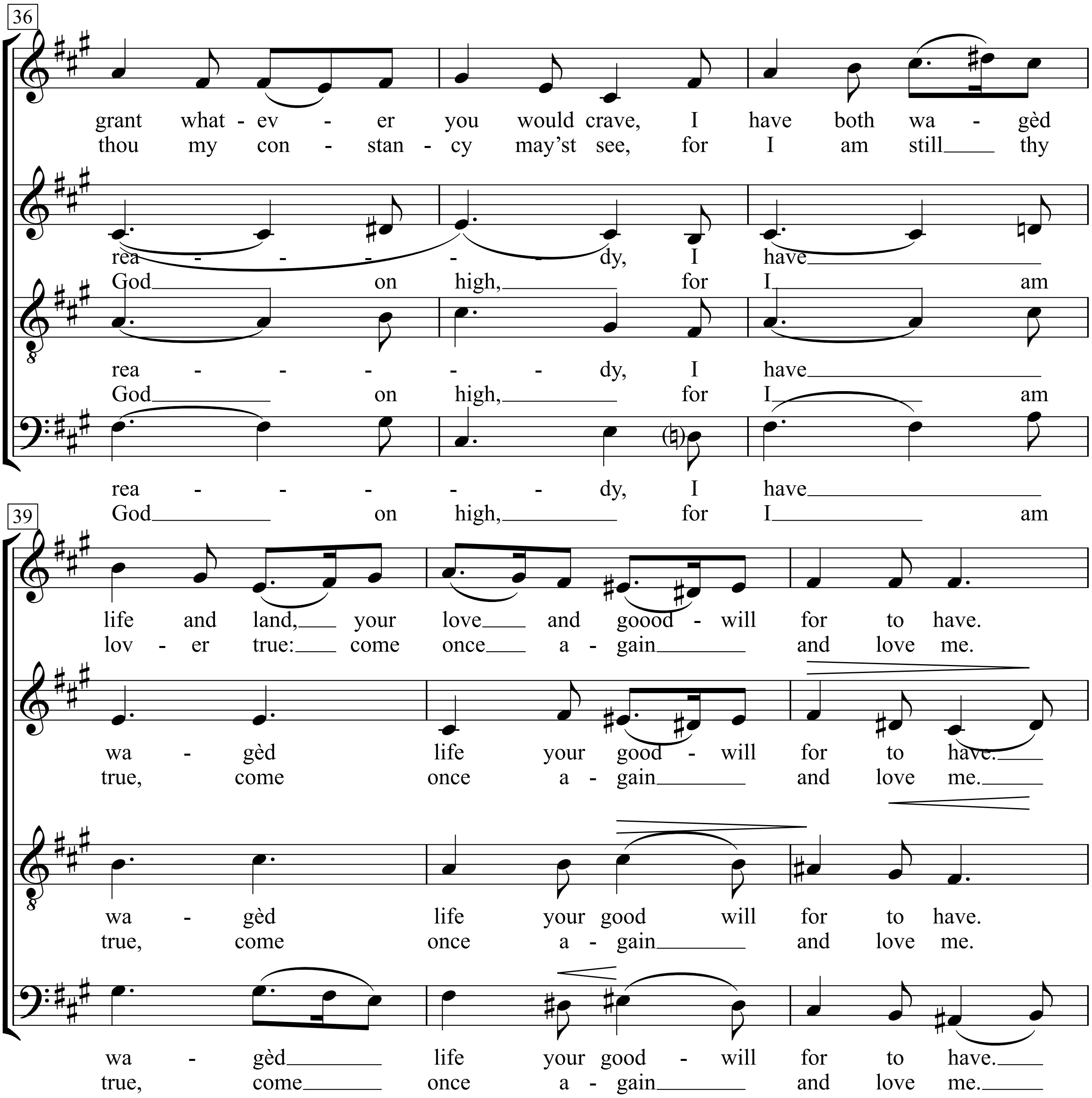

9
off, and I have lov - ed you de - light - ing in your
fine. I gave thee jew - els for thy chest, this cost I
off, and I have lov - èd you de - light - ing in your
fine. I gave thee jew - els for thy chest, this cost I
cour - tous - ly. And I have lov - èd you so long, de - light - ing in your
it might be, I gave thee jew - els for thy chest, and all this cost I
to cast me off, and I have loved your
as it might be, I gave thee jew-els I

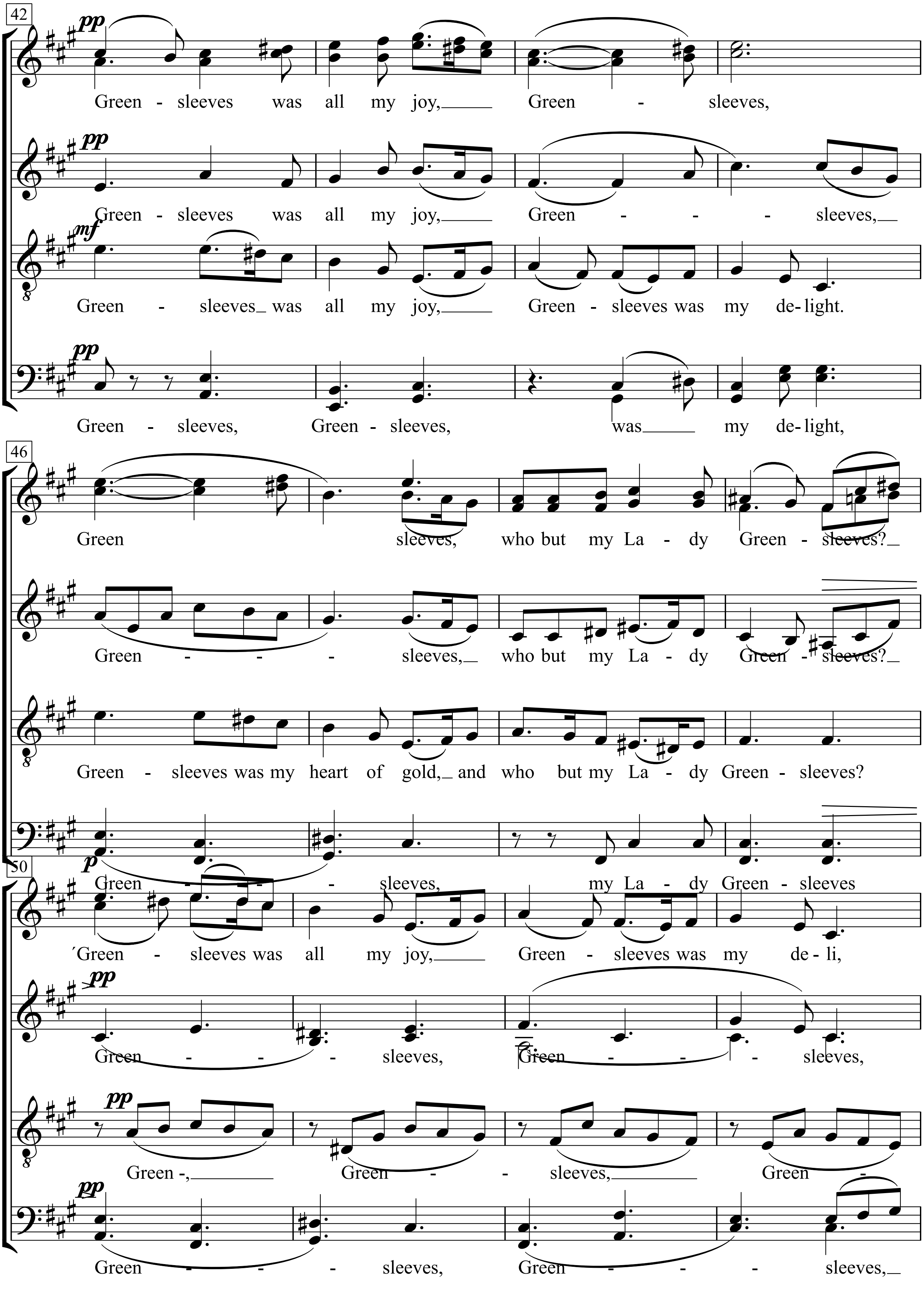

13
com - pa - ny. Green - sleeves was all my joy, Green -
spent on thee.
com - pa - ny. Green - sleeves was all my joy, Green -
spent on thee.
com - pa - ny. Green - sleeves was all my joy, Green - sleeves was
spent on thee.
com - pa - ny. Green - sleeves, Green - sleeves, was
spent on thee.

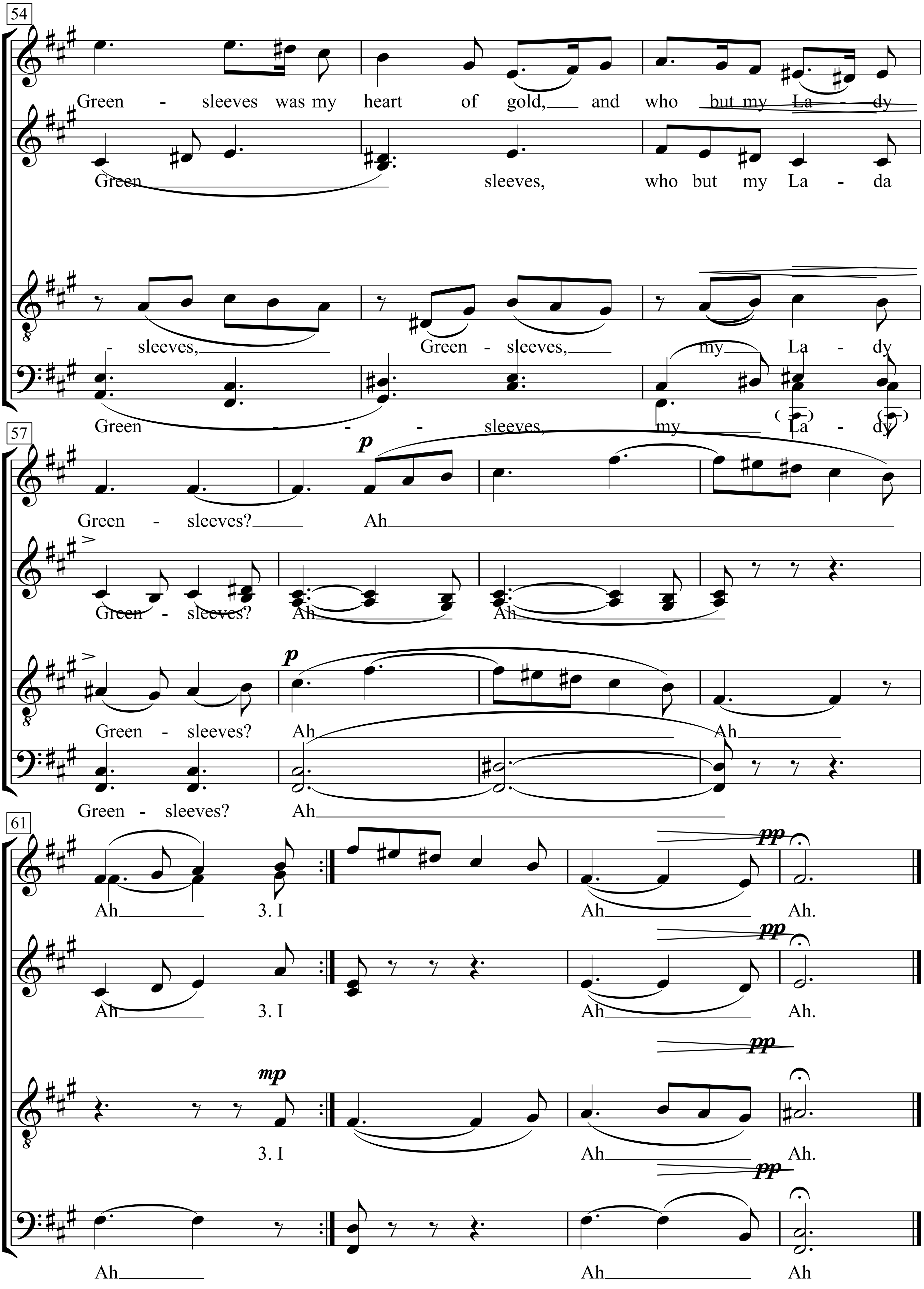

17
sleeves, Green - - - sleeves, who but my La - dy
- sleeves, Green - - - sleeves, who but my La - dy
my de-light, Green - sleeves was my heart of gold, and who but my La - dy
my - de-light, Green - sleeves, Green - sleeves, ma La - dy
21
p
Green - sleeves, Green - sleeves was all my joy, Green - sleeves was
pp
Green - sleeves? Green - - - sleeves, Green - -
pp
Green - sleeves? Green-, Green sleeves,
pp
Green - sleeves? Green - - - sleeves, Green - -
25
my de-light, Green - sleeves was my heart of gold, and who but my La - dy
- sleeves, Green - - - sleeves, who but my La - dy
Green - - sleeves, Green - sleeves, my La - dy
- sleeves, Green - - - sleeves, my La - dy


29
p
Green - sleeves? Ah
Green - sleeves? Ah Ah
p
Green - sleeves? Ah Ah
Green - sleeves? Ah


33
mp
I have beeb rea - dy at your hand to
Well I will pray to God on high that
pp
Ah I have beeb rea - dy
Well I will pray to
pp
I have been rea - dy,
Well I will pray to
pp
Ah I have been rea - dy,
Well I will pray to


36
grant what - ev - er you would crave, I have both wa - gèd
thou my con - stan - cy may'st see, for I am still thy
rea - - - - - dy, I have
God on high, for I am
rea - - - - - dy, I have
God on high, for I am
rea - - - - - dy, I have
God on high, for I am
39
life and land, your love and goood - will for to have.
lov - er true: come once a - gain and love me.
wa - gèd life your good - will for to have.
true, come once a - gain and love me.
wa - gèd life your good will for to have.
true, come once a - gain and love me.
wa - gèd life your good - will for to have.
true, come once a - gain and love me.

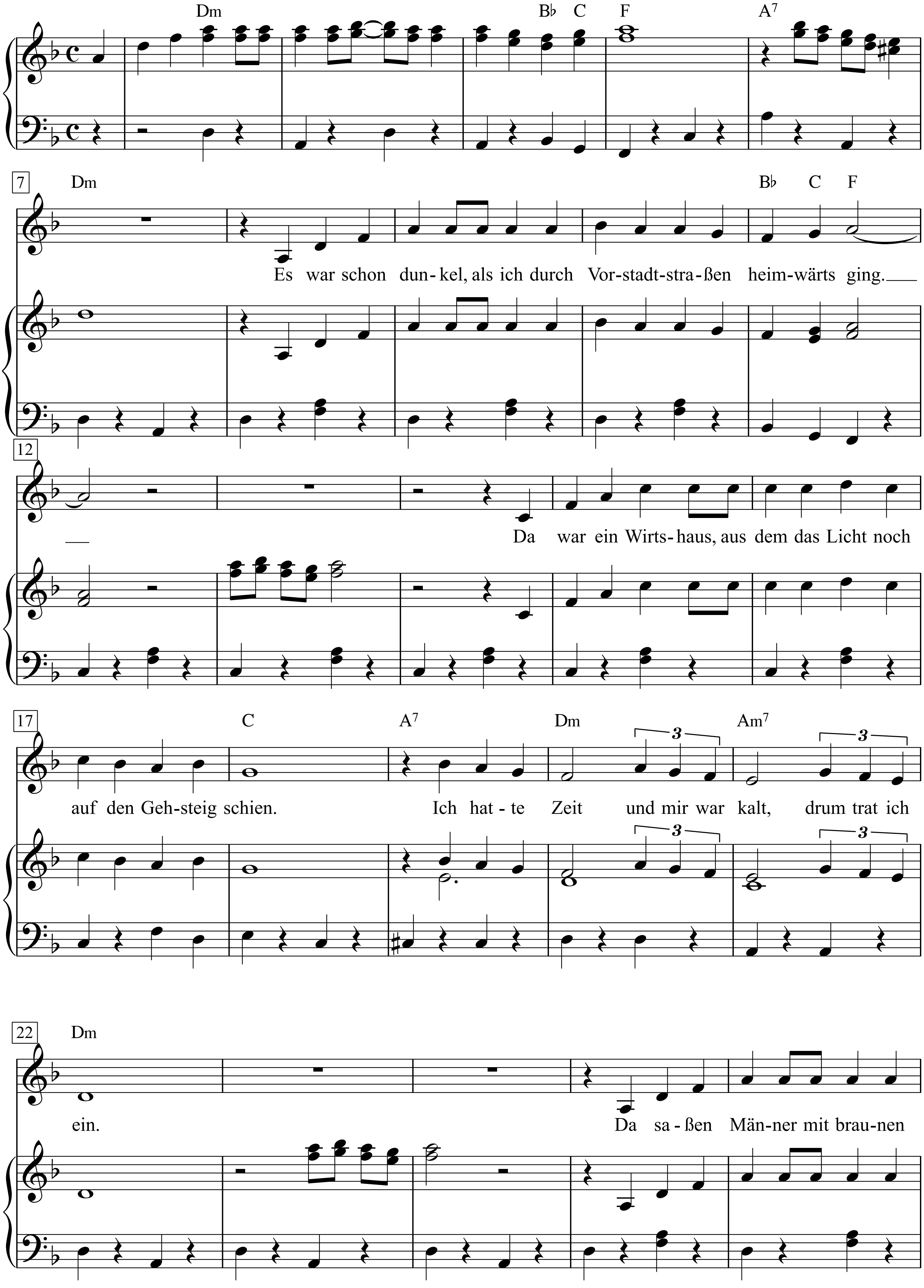

42
pp
Green - sleeves was all my joy, Green - sleeves,
pp
Green - sleeves was all my joy, Green - - - sleeves,
mf
Green - sleeves was all my joy, Green - sleeves was my de- light.
pp
Green - sleeves, Green - sleeves, was my de- light,
46
Green sleeves, who but my La - dy Green - sleeves?
Green - - - sleeves, who but my La - dy Green - sleeves?
Green - sleeves was my heart of gold, and who but my La - dy Green - sleeves?
p
Green - sleeves, my La - dy Green - sleeves
50
´Green - sleeves was all my joy, Green - sleeves was my de - li,
pp
Green - - - sleeves, Green - - - sleeves,
pp
Green -, Green - - sleeves, Green -
pp
Green - - - sleeves, Green - - - sleeves,

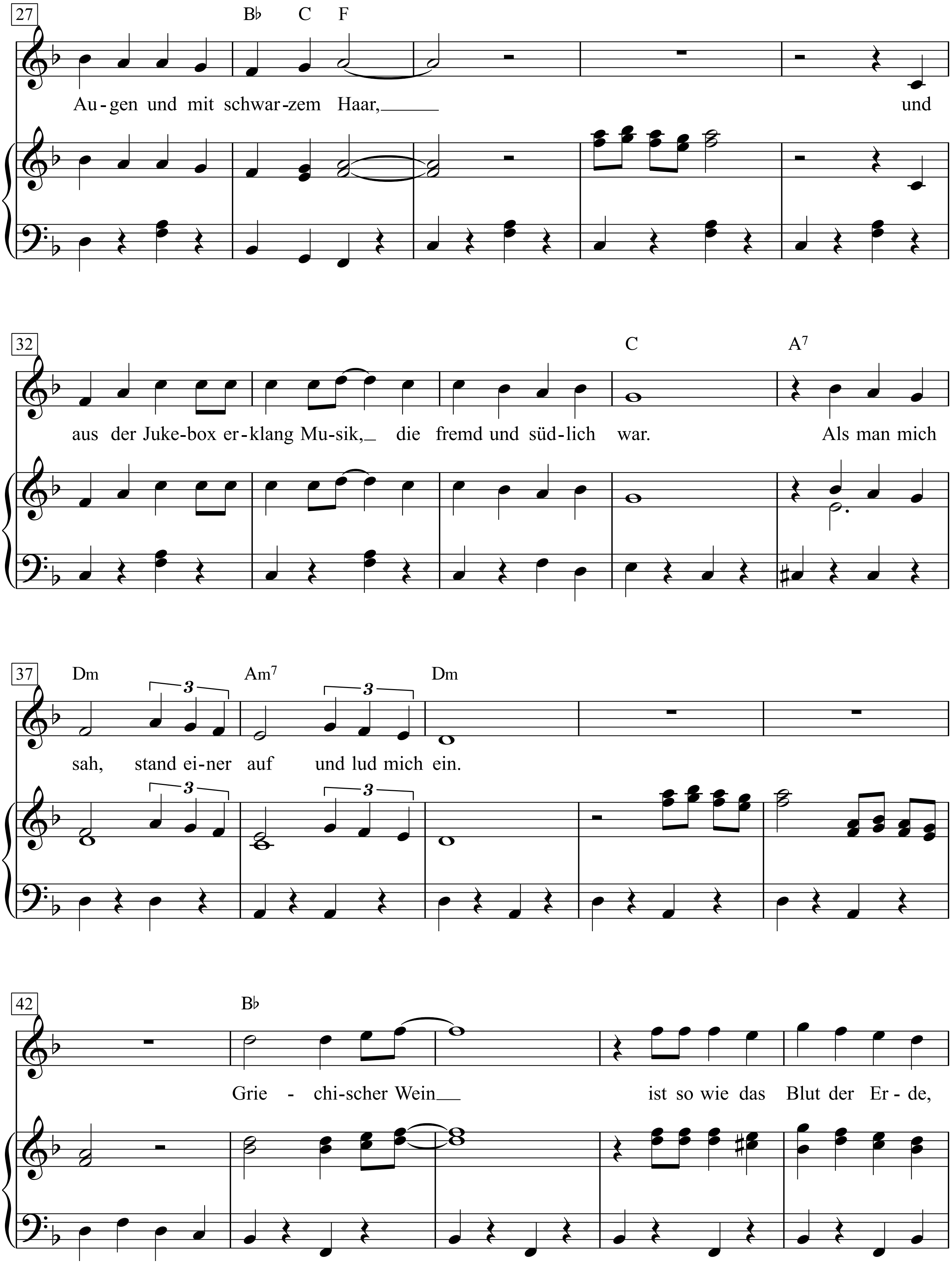

54
Green - sleeves was my heart of gold, and who but my La - dy
Green sleeves, who but my La - da
- sleeves, Green - sleeves, my La - dy
Green - - - sleeves, my La - dy
57
p
Green - sleeves? Ah
Green - sleeves? Ah Ah
p
Green - sleeves? Ah Ah
Green - sleeves? Ah
61
pp
Ah 3. I Ah Ah.
pp
Ah 3. I Ah Ah.
mp
pp
3. I Ah Ah.
pp
Ah Ah Ah

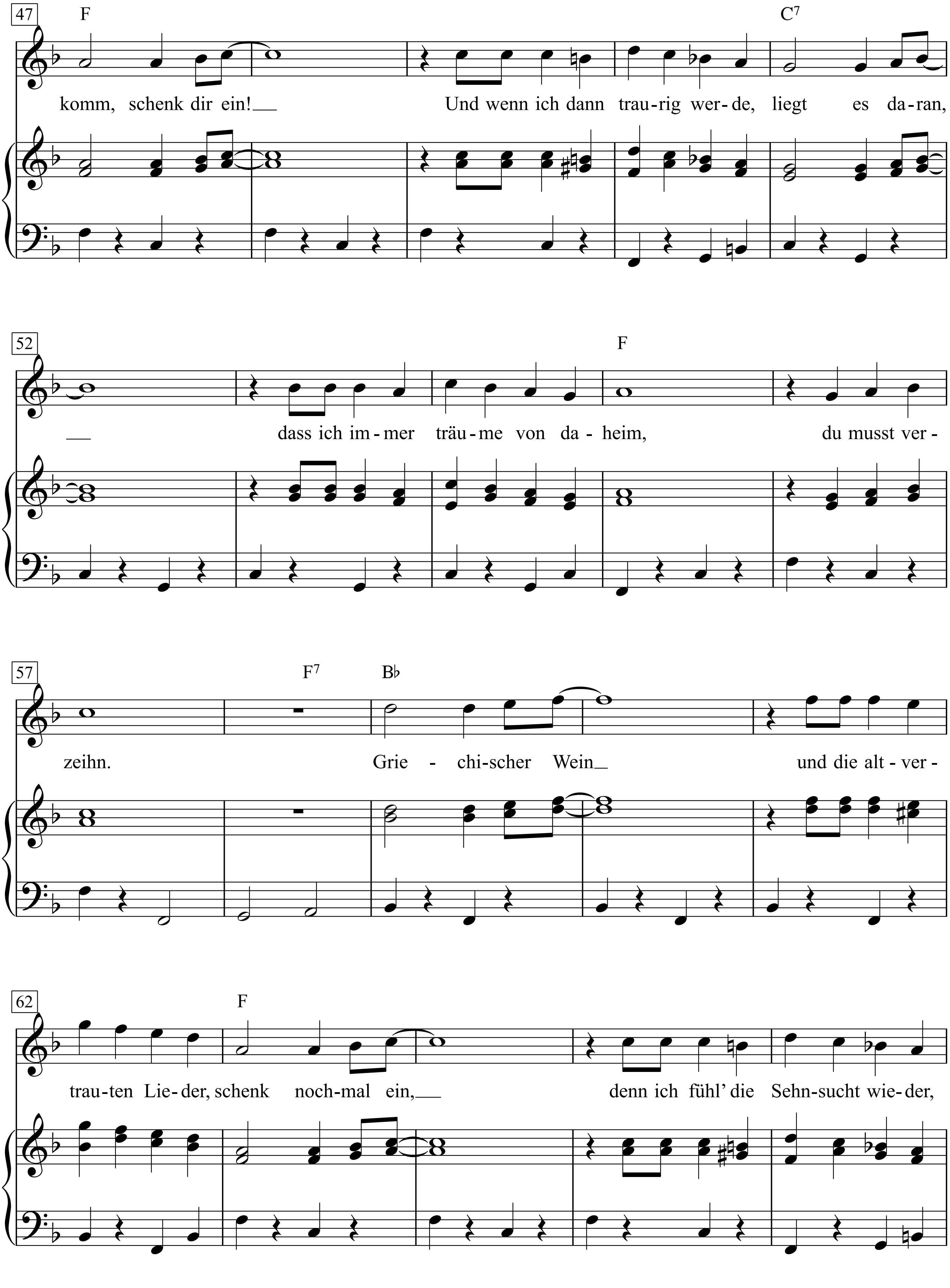
Text: Michael Kunze

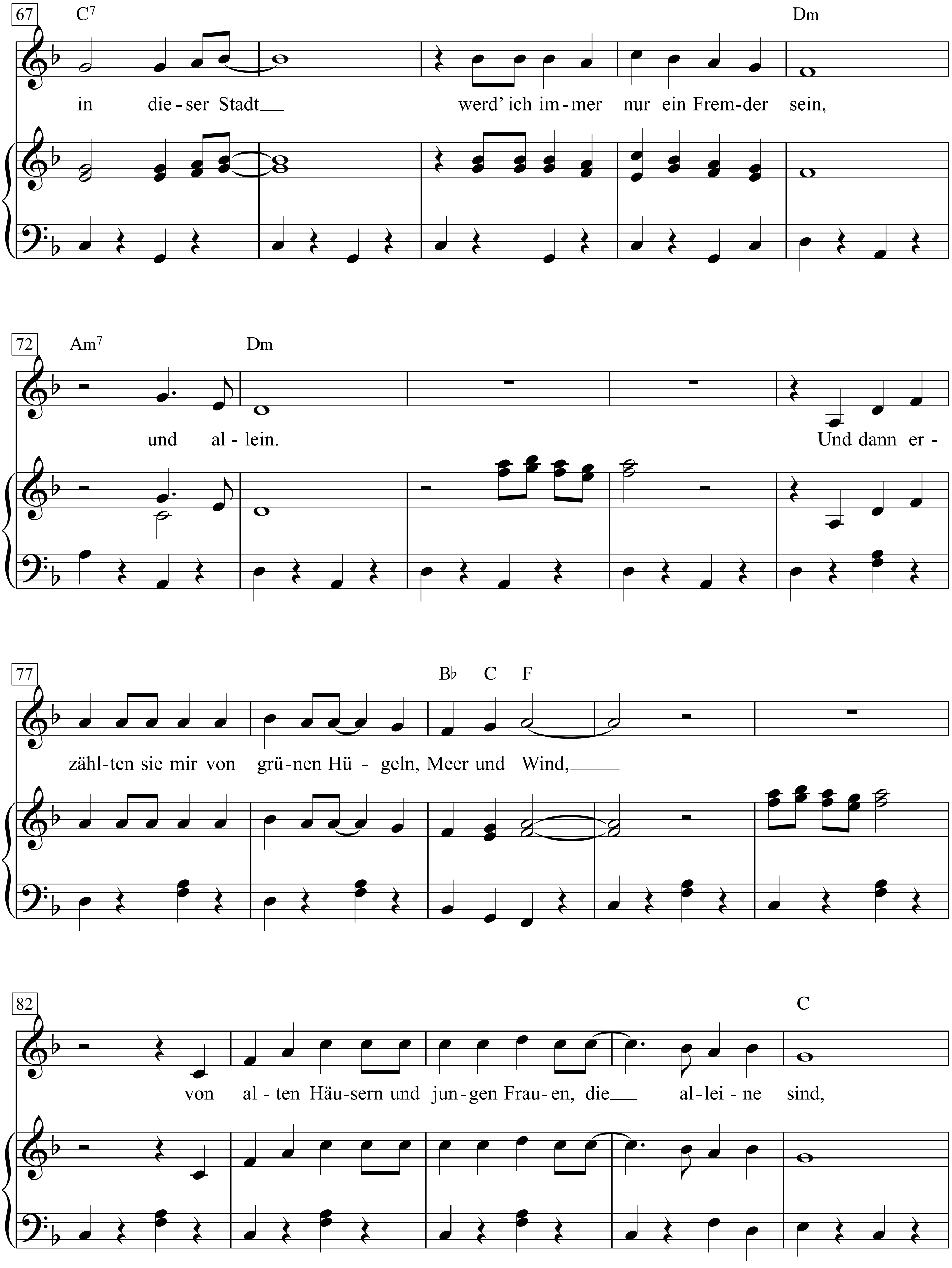
Griechischer Wein

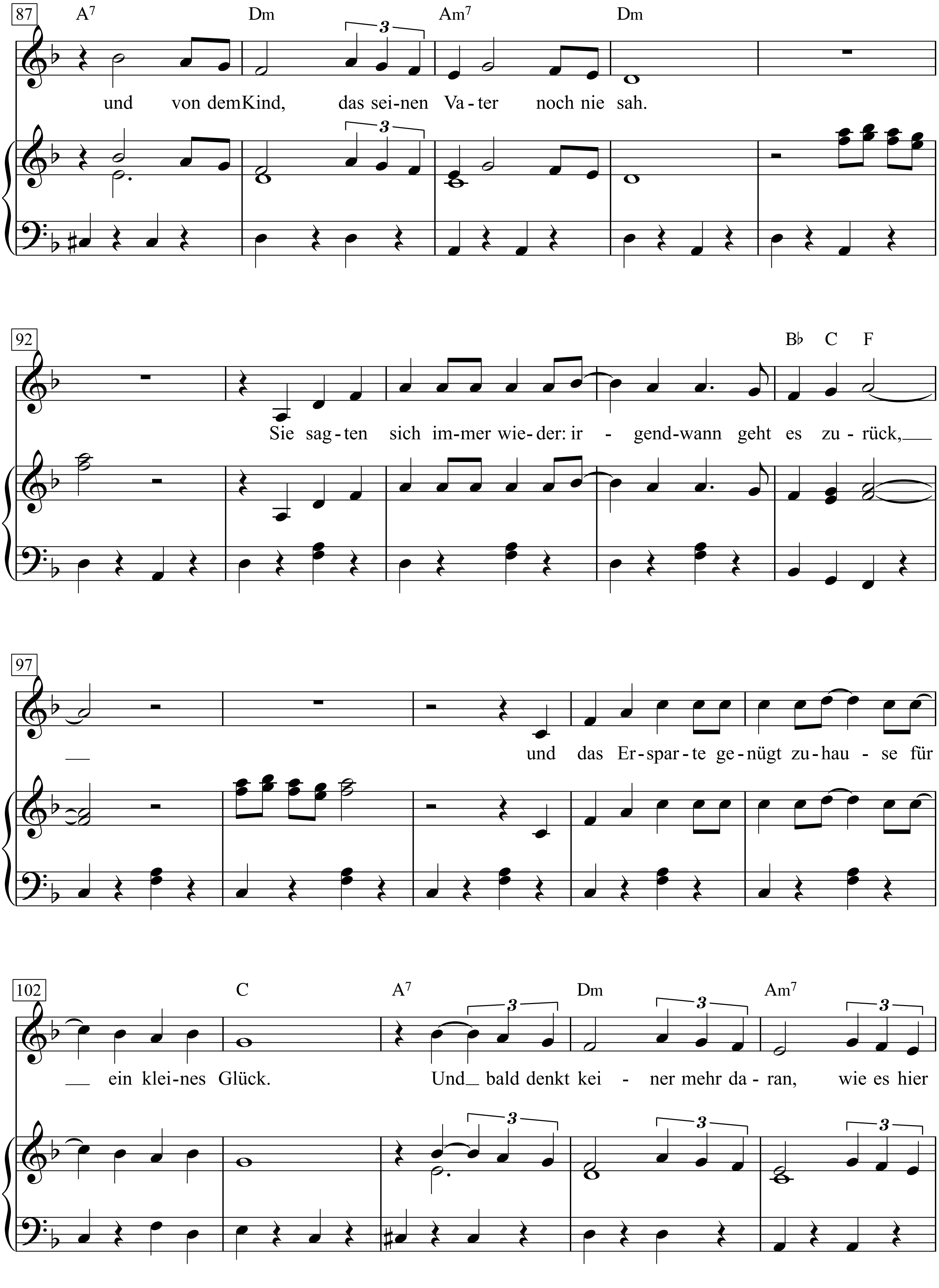
Musik: Udo Jürgens
(Udo Jürgens)

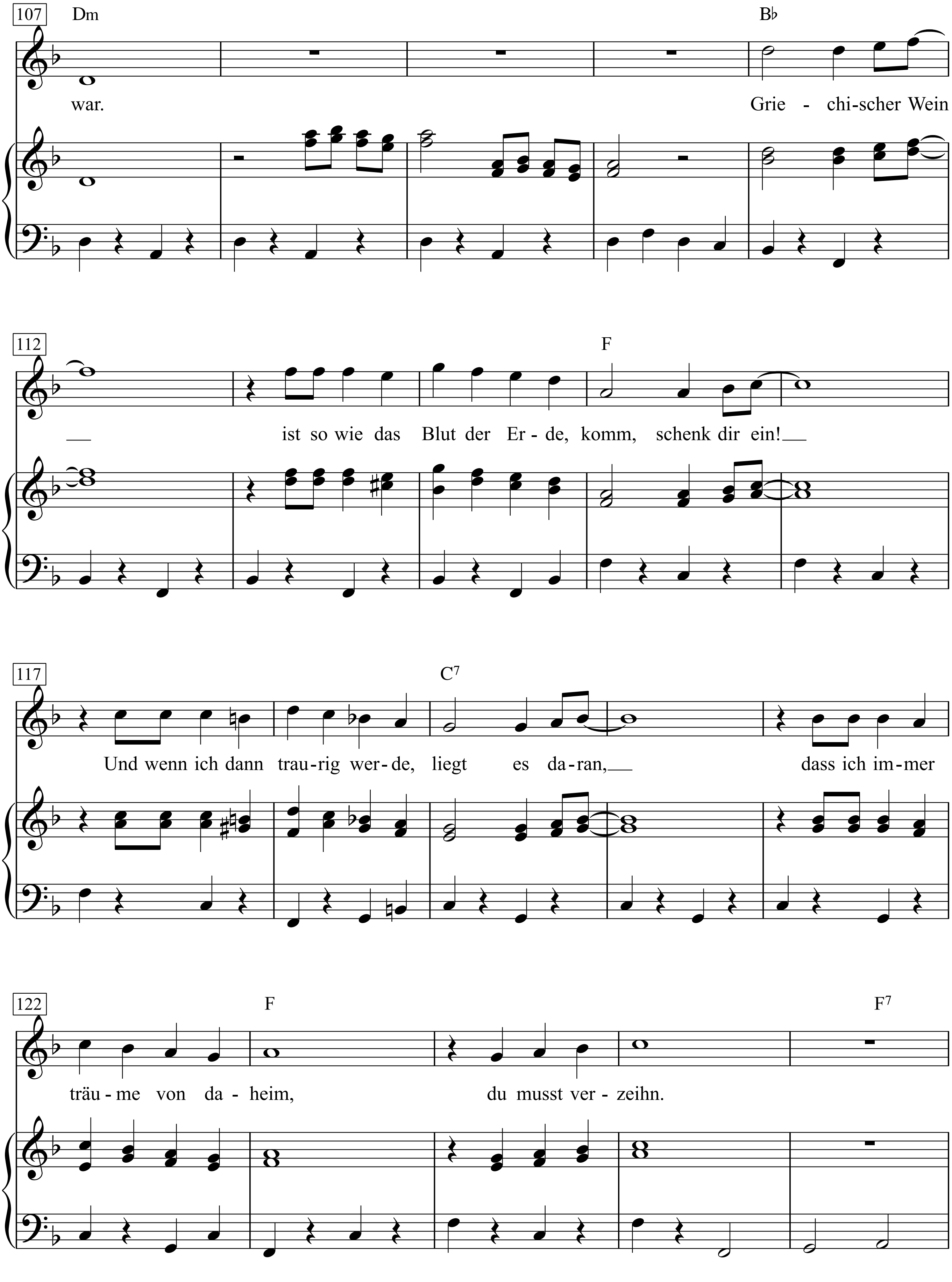


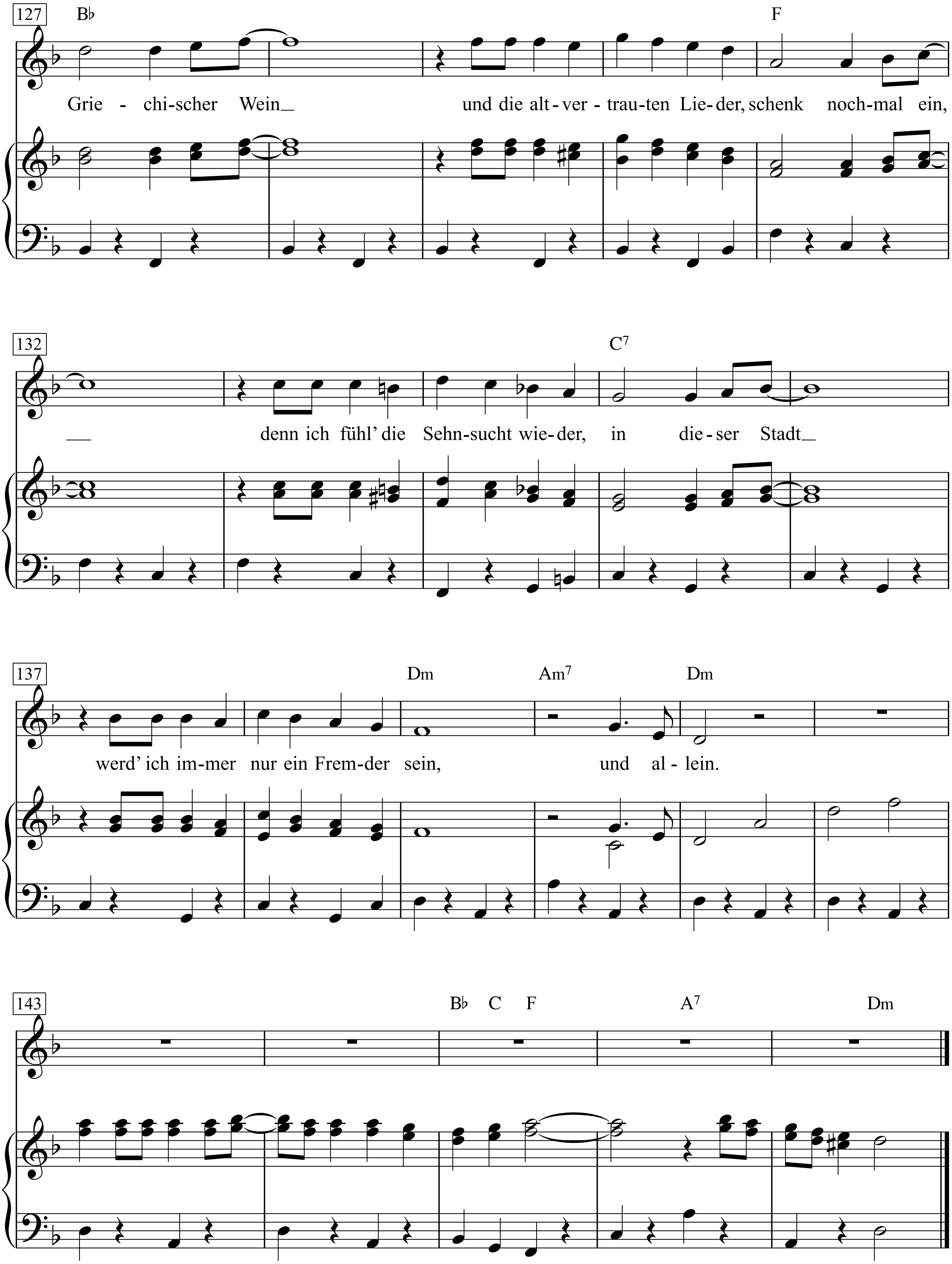

27
B♭ C F
Au-gen und mit schwar-zem Haar, und
32
C A7
aus der Juke-box er-klang Mu-sik, die fremd und süd-lich war. Als man mich
37
Dm Am7 Dm
3 3
sah, stand ei-ner auf und lud mich ein.
42
B♭
Grie - chi-scher Wein ist so wie das Blut der Er - de,


47
F
C7
komm, schenk dir ein! Und wenn ich dann trau-rig wer-de, liegt es da-ran,
52
F
dass ich im-mer träu-me von da-heim, du musst ver-
57
F7
B♭
zeihn. Grie-chi-scher Wein und die alt-ver-
62
F
trau-ten Lie-der, schenk noch-mal ein, denn ich fühl' die Sehn-sucht wie-der,


67
C7
Dm
in die - ser Stadt werd' ich im - mer nur ein Frem - der sein,
72
Am7
Dm
und al - lein. Und dann er -
77
B♭ C F
zähl - ten sie mir von grü - nen Hü - geln, Meer und Wind,
82
C
von al - ten Häu - sern und jun - gen Frau - en, die al - lei - ne sind,


87
A7 Dm Am7 Dm
und von dem Kind, das sei-nen Va-ter noch nie sah.
92
B♭ C F
Sie sag-ten sich im-mer wie-der: ir - gend-wann geht es zu - rück,
97
und das Er-spar-te ge-nügt zu-hau - se für
102
C A7 Dm Am7
ein klei-nes Glück. Und bald denkt kei - ner mehr da - ran, wie es hier

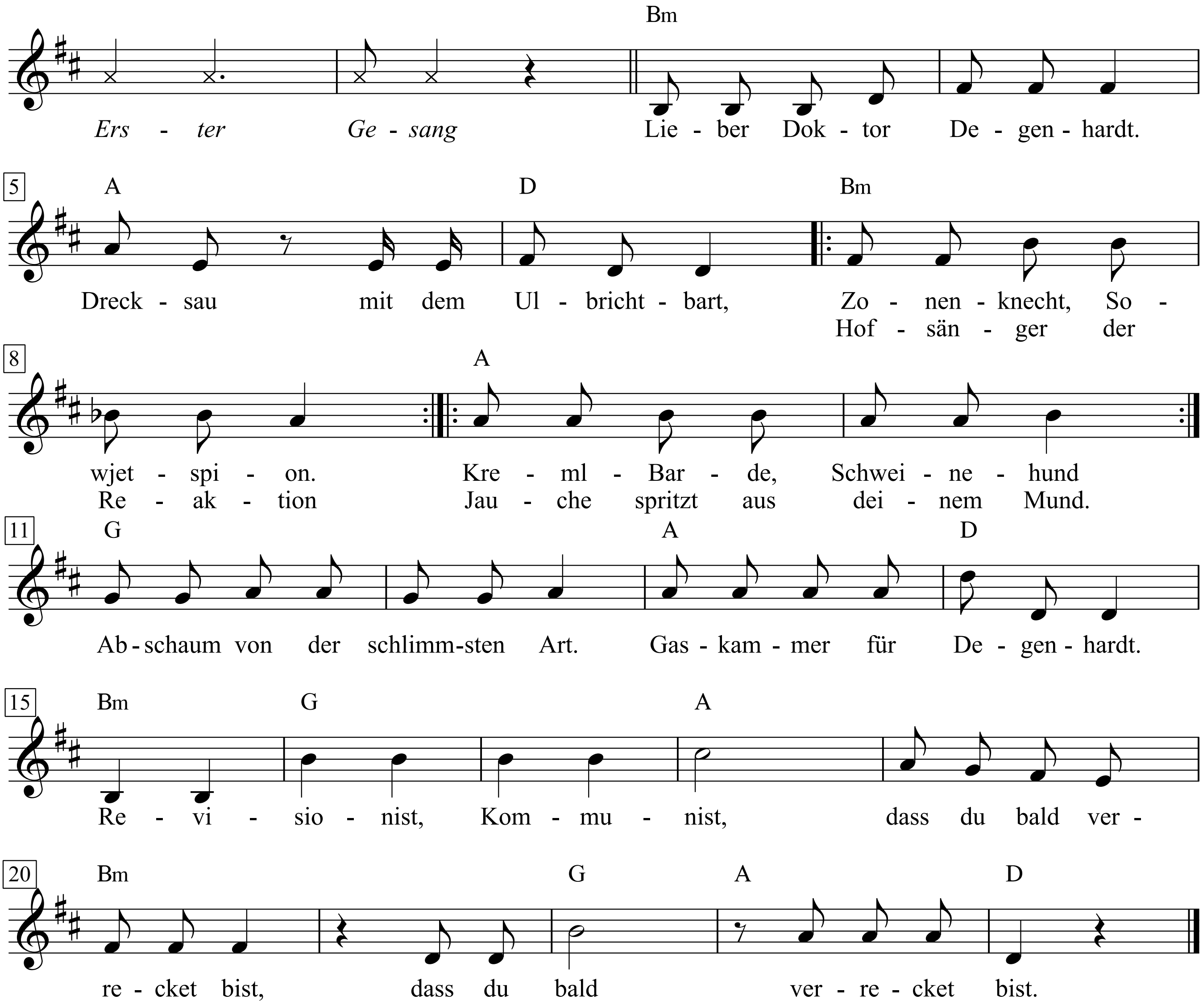

107
Dm
B♭
war.
Grie - chi-scher Wein
112
F
ist so wie das Blut der Er - de, komm, schenk dir ein!
117
C7
Und wenn ich dann trau-rig wer - de, liegt es da - ran,
dass ich im - mer
122
F
F7
träu - me von da - heim,
du musst ver - zeihn.


127
B♭
F
Grie - chi-scher Wein_ und die alt-ver-trau-ten Lie-der, schenk noch-mal ein,
132
C7
_ denn ich fühl' die Sehn-sucht wie-der, in die-ser Stadt_
137
Dm
Am7
Dm
werd' ich im-mer nur ein Frem-der sein, und al-lein.
143
B♭ C F
A7
Dm

Große Schimpflitanei

zusammengestellt aus den zahlreichen Schreiben an den Dichter und Sänger

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



1. Gesang
Lieber Doktor Degenhardt.
Drecksau mit dem Ulbrichtbart,
Zonenknecht, Sowjetspion.
Hofsänger der Reaktion
Kreml-Barde, Schweinehund
Jauche spritzt aus deinem Mund,
Abschaum von der schlimmsten Art.
Gaskammer für Degenhardt.
Revisionist, Kommunist,
|: dass du bald verrecket bist. :|

2. Gesang
Sprücheklopfer und Ästhet
ohne Progressivität,
kleiner Hofnarr, Bürgersohn,
hast nur Alibifunktion,
Konterrevolutionär,
Feigling, Spießer, Kleinbürger
auf dem Einzelgängertrippppp
mit der Klampfenpolitik,
mieser Traditionalist,
|: dass du bald verrecket bist. :|

3. Gesang
Sehr geehrter Linksanwalt,
gehörst ganz einfach abgeknallt,
superkrimineller Star,
Gangster im Gerichtstalar,
Sprengstoffdealer, Bombenfranz,

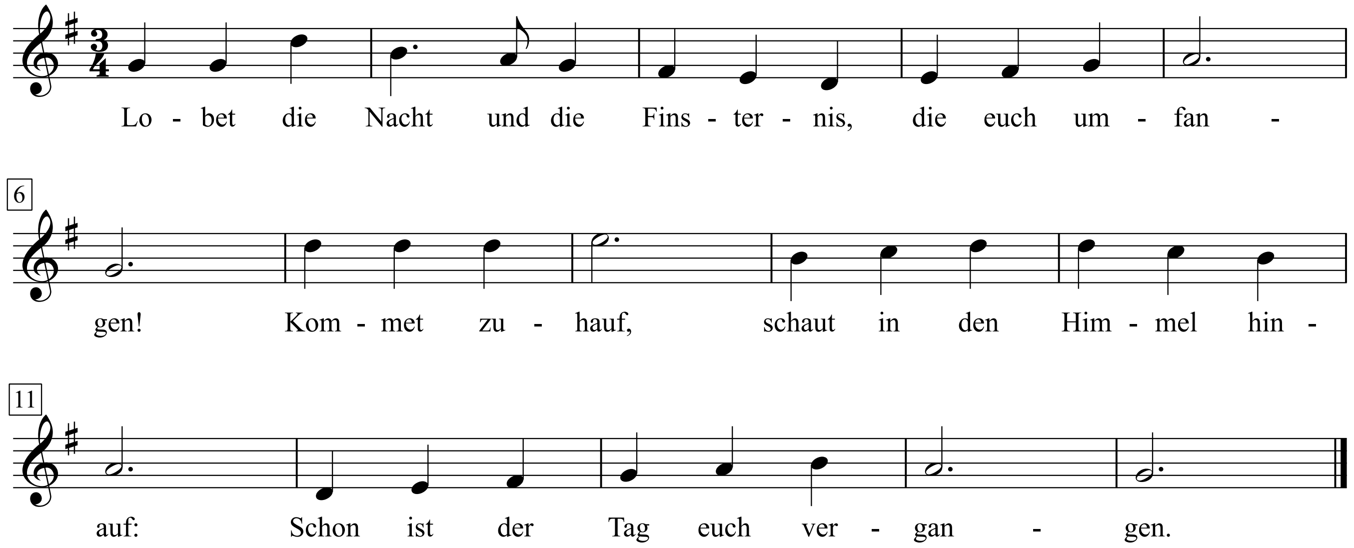
Meinhofbumser – ab den Schwanz,
rote Advokatensau,
hau ich dir die Fresse blau,
Anarchist und Linksfaschist,
|: dass du bald verrecket bist. :|

4. Gesang
Etablierter Millionär,
wo sind deine Kohlen her?
hast ’ne Villa im Tessin
und ’nen Puff in Westberlin,
fährst ’n roten Cadillac,
fette Laus am Wohlstandssack,
die vom Sozialismus singt,

und dabei Champagner trinkt,
Ausbeuter, Kapitalist,
|: dass du bald verrecket bist. :|

Abgesang
Meinem alten Schutzpatron,
Dieb und Dichter, Franz Villon,
sing’ ich oft auf seinem Grab,
lacht der sich die Eier ab
über diese Litanei,
und dann singen wir zu zwei:
Wenn ich an dem Galgen häng
und mir wird der Hals zu eng,
weiß nur ich, wer da so log
und wie schwer der Arsch mir wog.

Großer Dankchoral

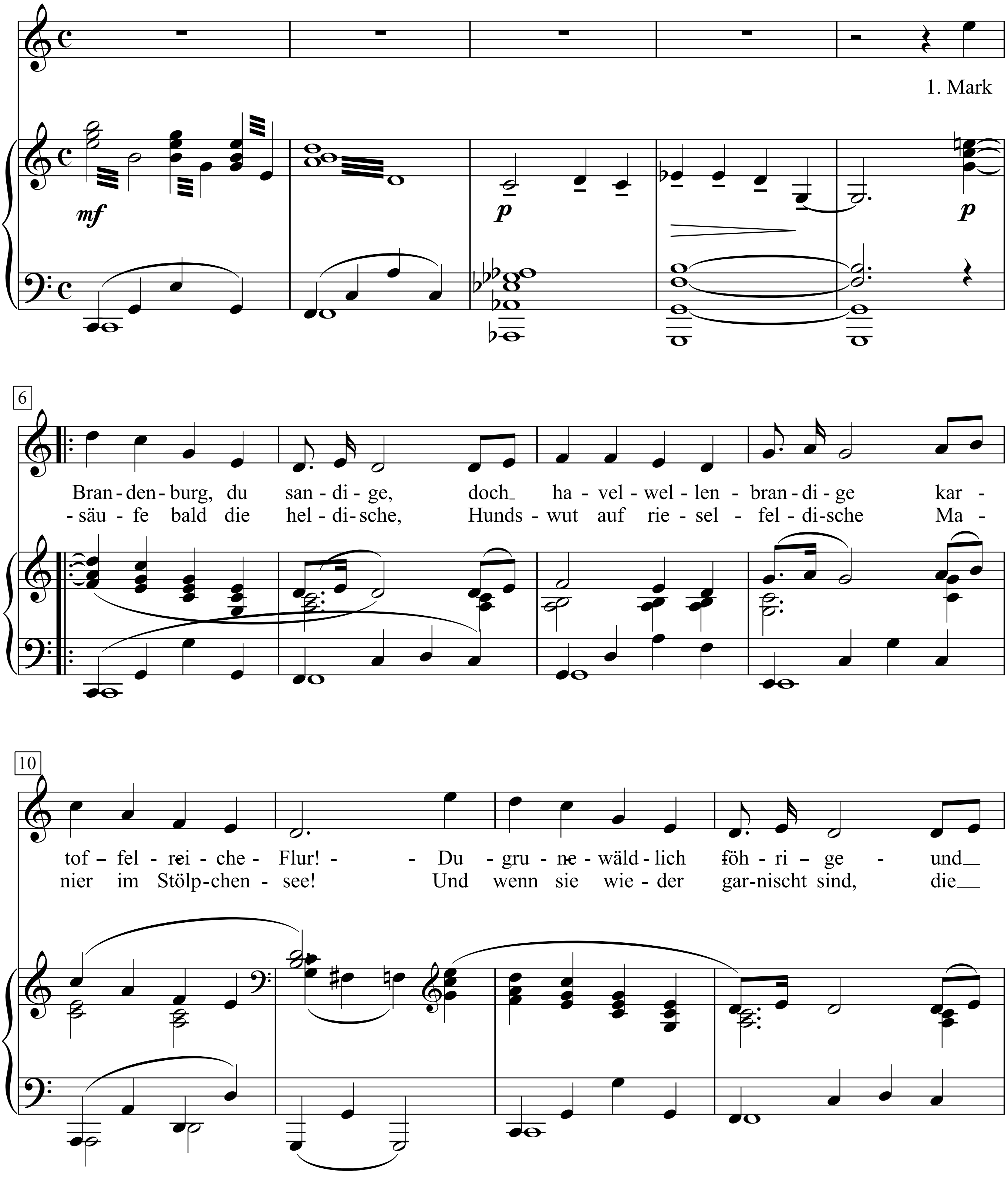


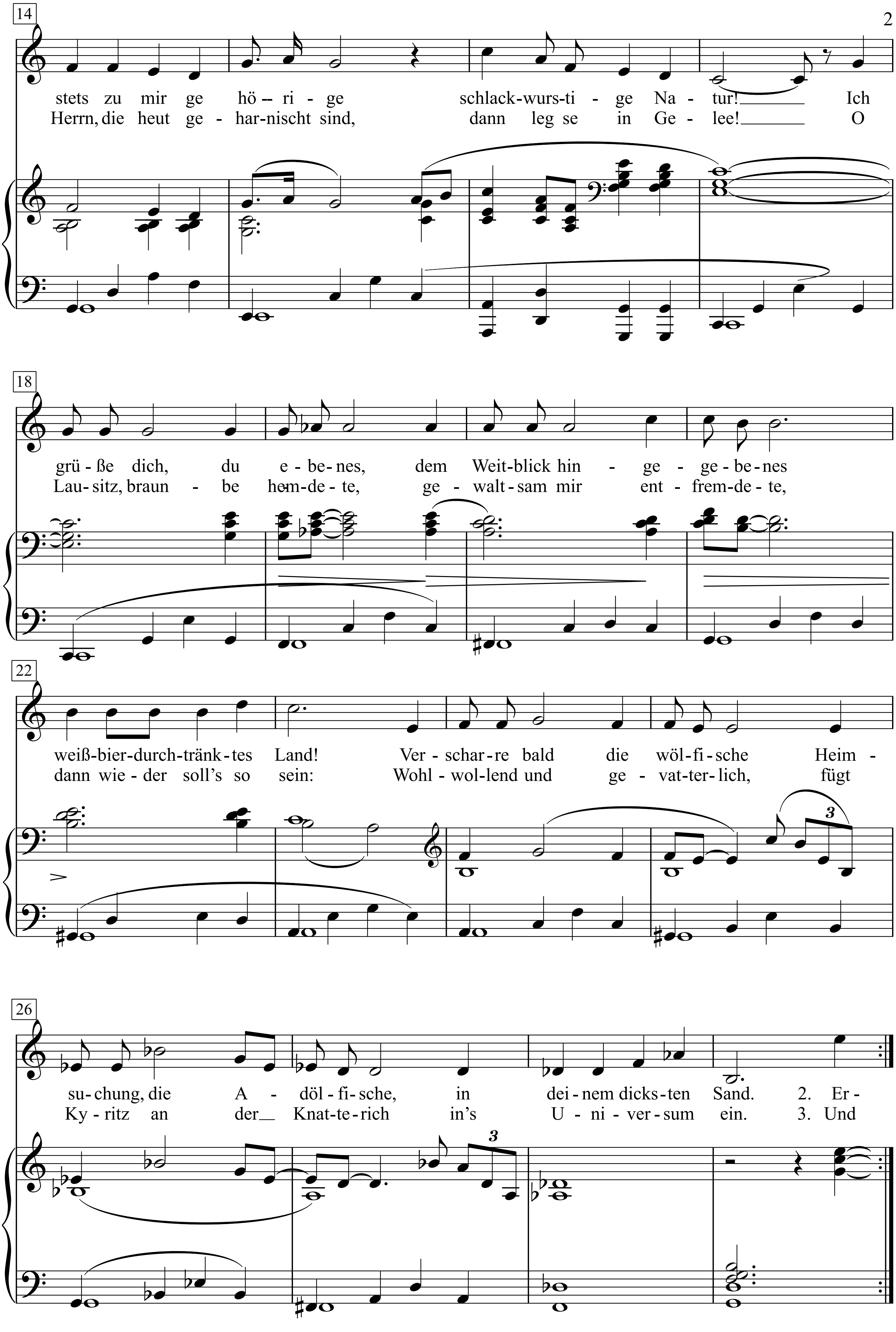
1
Lobet die Nacht und die Finsternis, die euch umfangen!
Kommet zuhauf
Schaut in den Himmel hinauf:
Schon ist der Tag euch vergangen.
2
Lobet das Gras und die Tiere, die neben euch leben und sterben!
Sehet, wie ihr
Lebet das Gras und das Tier
Und es muss auch mit euch sterben.
3
Lobet den Baum, der aus Aas aufwächst jauchzend zum Himmel!
Lobet das Aas
Lobet den Baum, der es fraß
Aber auch lobet den Himmel.
4
Lobet von Herzen das schlechte Gedächtnis des Himmels!
Und daß er nicht
Weiß euren Nam’ noch Gesicht
Niemand weiß, daß ihr noch da seid.

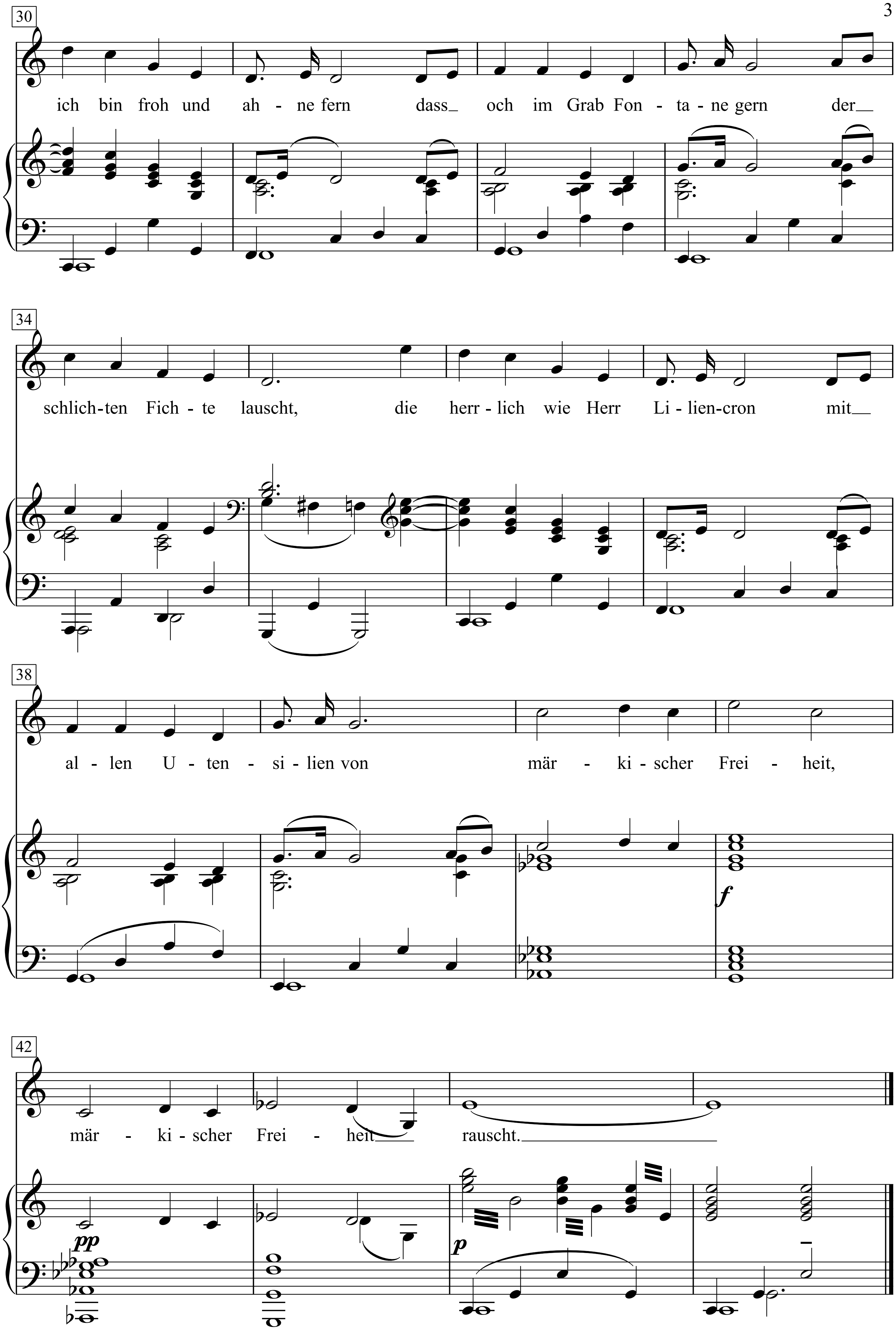
Robert Gilbert

Gruß an die Mark Brandenburg

Hanns Eisler




14
stets zu mir ge hö – ri - ge schlack-wurs-ti - ge Na - tur! Ich
Herrn, die heut ge - har-nischt sind, dann leg se in Ge - lee! O
18
grü - ße dich, du e - be - nes, dem Weit-blick hin - ge - ge - be - nes
Lau - sitz, braun - be hem-de - te, ge - walt - sam mir ent - frem-de - te,
22
weiß-bier-durch-tränk-tes Land! Ver - schar - re bald die wöl - fi - sche Heim -
dann wie - der soll's so sein: Wohl - wol-lend und ge - vat-ter-lich, fügt
3
26
su-chung, die A - döl - fi - sche, in dei - nem dicks - ten Sand. 2. Er -
Ky - ritz an der Knat - te - rich in's U - ni - ver - sum ein. 3. Und
3


30
ich bin froh und ah - ne fern dass_ och im Grab Fon - ta - ne gern der_
34
schlich-ten Fich - te lauscht, die herr - lich wie Herr Li - lien-cron mit_
38
al - len U - ten - si - lien von mär - ki - scher Frei - heit,
42
mär - ki - scher Frei - heit_ rauscht._
f
pp
p

1.Mark Brandenburg, du sandige,
doch havelwellenbrandige
kartoffelreiche Flur!
Du grunewäldlich föhrige
und stets zu mir gehörige
schlackwurstige Natur!
Ich grüße dich, du ebenes,
dem Weitblick hingegebenes
weißbierdurchtränktes Land!
Verscharre bald die wölfische
Heimsuchung, die Adölfische,
in deinem dicksten Sand.

2. Ersäufe bald die heldische,
Hundswut auf rieselfeldische
Manier im Stölpchensee!
Und wenn sie wieder garnischt sind,
die Herrn, die heut geharnischt sind,
dann leg se in Gelee!
O Lausitz, braunbehemdete,
gewaltsam mir entfremdete,
dann wieder soll's so sein:
Wohlwollend und gevatterlich,
fügt Kyritz an der Knatterich
in's Universum ein.

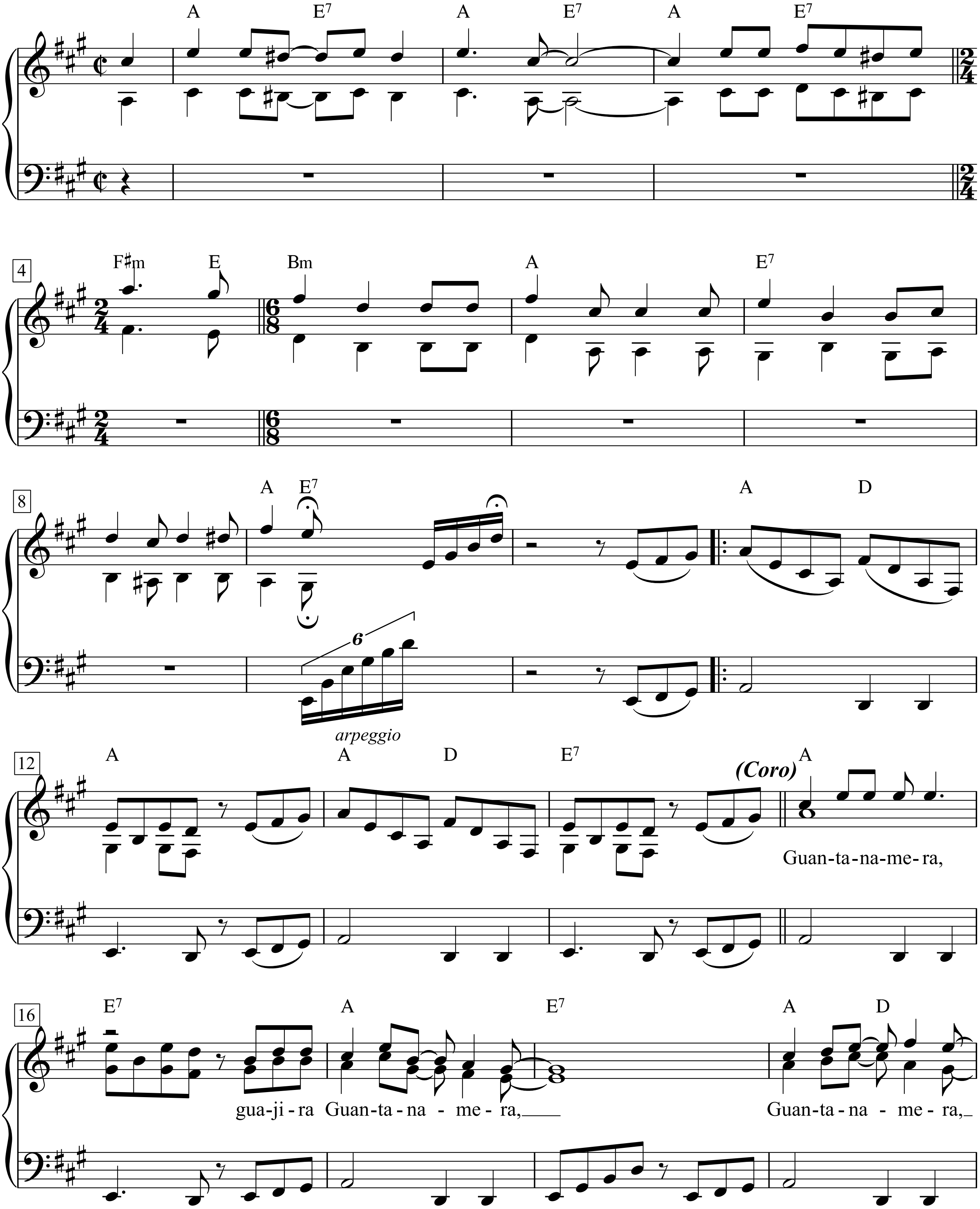
3. Und ich bin froh und ahne
fern dass och im Grab Fontane
gern der schlichten Fichte lauscht,
die herrlich wie Herr Liliencron
mit allen Utensilien von
märkischer Freiheit, märkischer Freiheit rauscht.

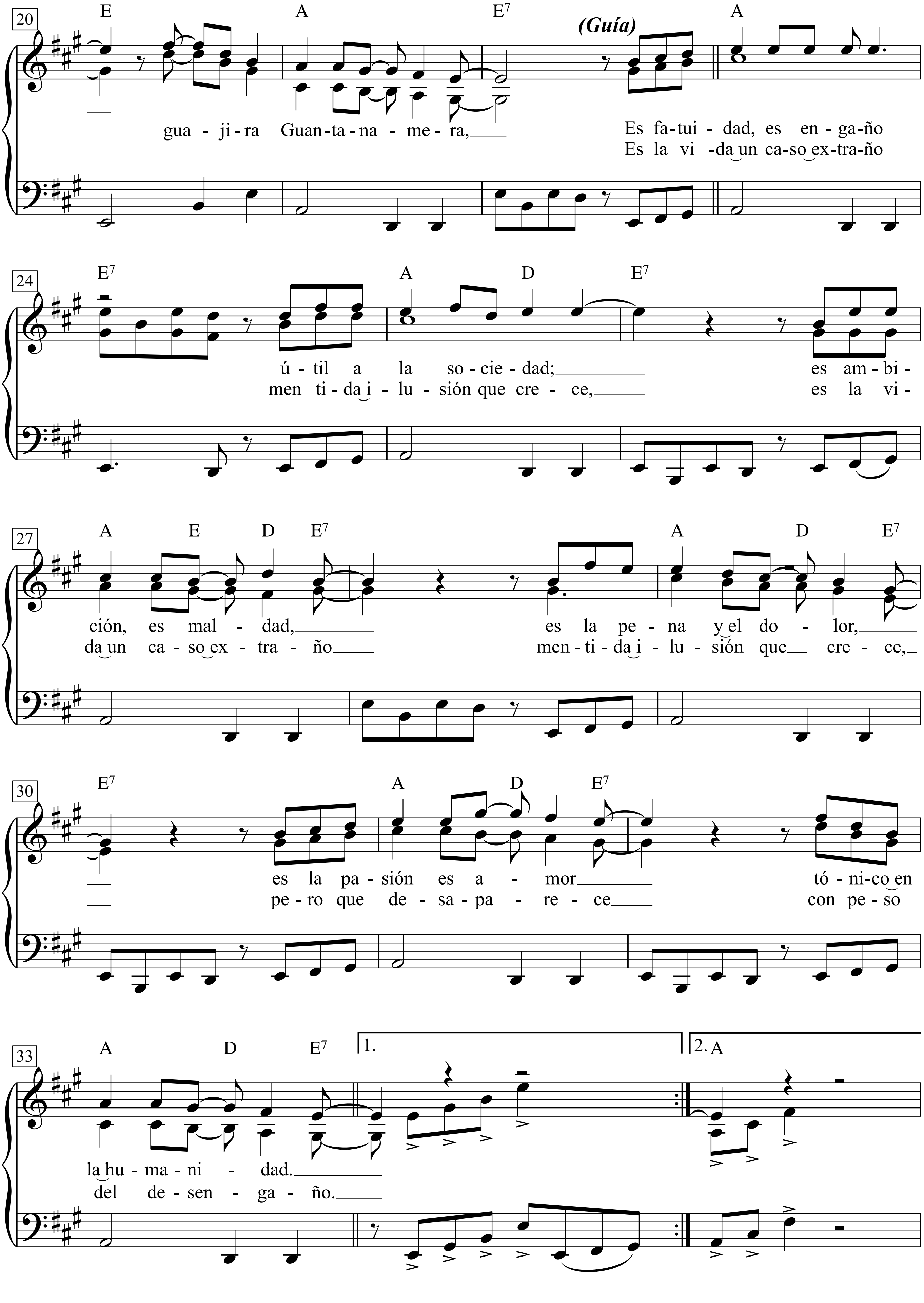
Guajira Guantanamera

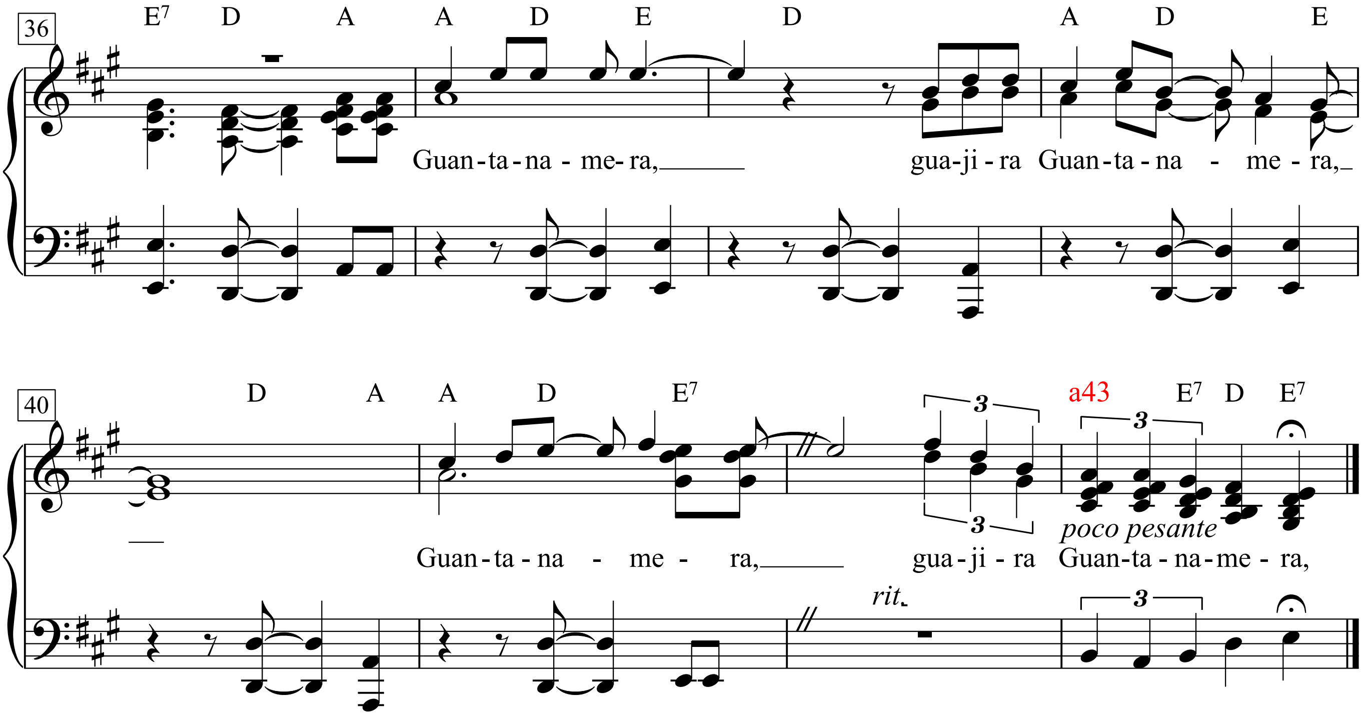
(*Tema musical de la Pelicula* “Guantanamera”)

Letra y Música de
José Fernandez Diaz
(Joseito Fernandez)

Letra de
José Martí




20
E A E7 (Guía) A
gua - ji - ra Guan - ta - na - me - ra,
Es fa - tui - dad, es en - ga - ño
Es la vi - da un ca - so ex - tra - ño
24
E7 A D E7
ú - til a la so - cie - dad;
es am - bi -
men ti - da i - lu - sión que cre - ce,
es la vi -
27
A E D E7 A D E7
ción, es mal - dad,
es la pe - na y el do - lor,
da un ca - so ex - tra - ño
men - ti - da i - lu - sión que cre - ce,
30
E7 A D E7
es la pa - sión es a - mor
tó - ni - co en
pe - ro que de - sa - pa - re - ce
con pe - so
33
A D E7 1. 2. A
la hu - ma - ni - dad.
del de - sen - ga - ño.



Guantanamera, guajira Guantanamera,
Guantanamera, guajira Guantanamera,

1. Es fatuidad, es engaño útil a la sociedad;
es ambición, es maldad, es la pena y el dolor,
es la pasión es amor tónico en la humanidad.

Guantanamera, guajira Guantanamera,
Guantanamera, guajira Guantanamera,

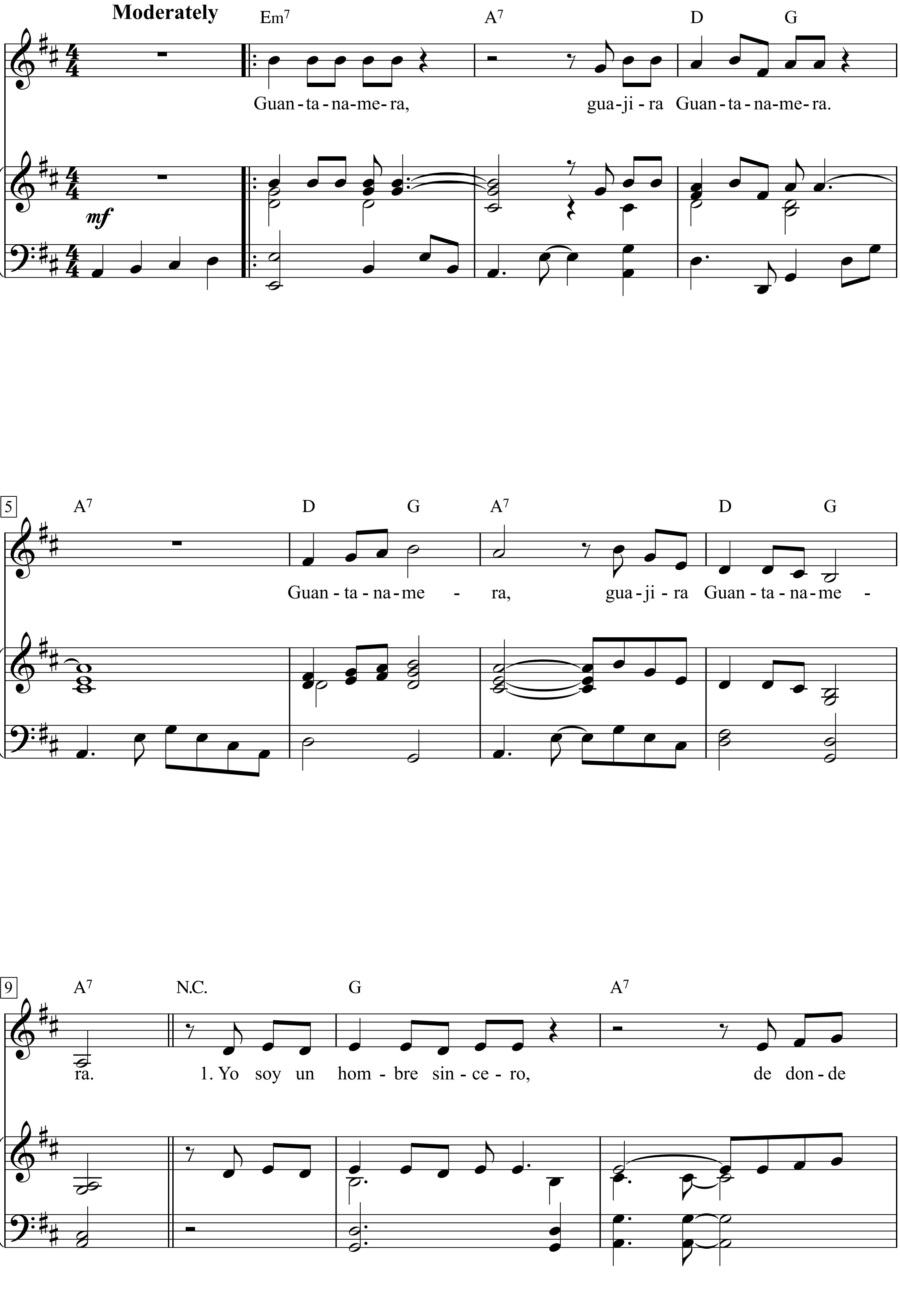
2. Es la vida un caso extraño mentida ilusión que crece,
es la vida un caso extraño mentida ilusión que crece,
pero que desaparece con peso del desengaño.

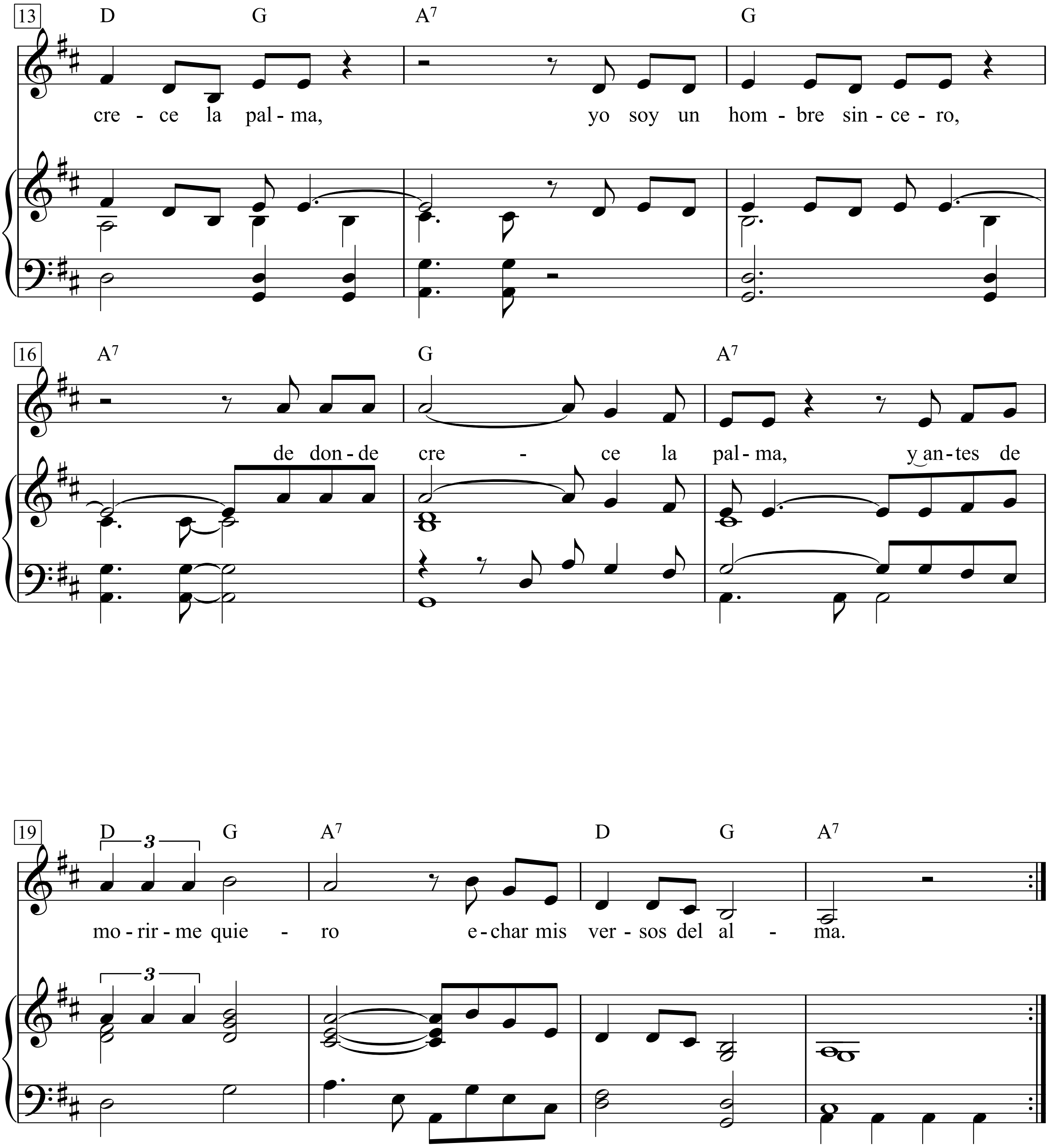
Guantanamera, guajira Guantanamera,
Guantanamera, guajira Guantanamera.

José Martí

Guantamera

Fernández Díaz (1908–1979)




13
D G A7 G
cre - ce la pal - ma, yo soy un hom - bre sin - ce - ro,
16
A7 G A7
de don - de cre - ce la pal - ma, y an - tes de
19
D G A7 D G A7
mo - rir - me quie - ro e - char mis ver - sos del al - ma.

Guantanamera,
guajira Guantanamera
Guantanamera,
guajira Guantanamera

1. |: Yo soy un hombre sincero,
de donde crece la palma, :|
y antes de morirme quiero
echar mis versos del alma.

2. |: Mi verso es de un verde claro
y de un carmín encendido. :|
Mi verso es un ciervo herido
que busca en el monte amparo.

3. |: Cultivo una rosa blanca,
en julio como en enero, :|
para el amigo sincero
que me da su mano franca.

4. |: Con los pobres de la tierra
quiero yo mi suerte echar. :|
El arroyo de la sierra
me complace más que el mar.

Ich bin ein aufrichtiger Mensch
von da, wo die Palme wächst,
und bevor ich sterbe, möchte ich
mir meine Verse von der Seele singen.

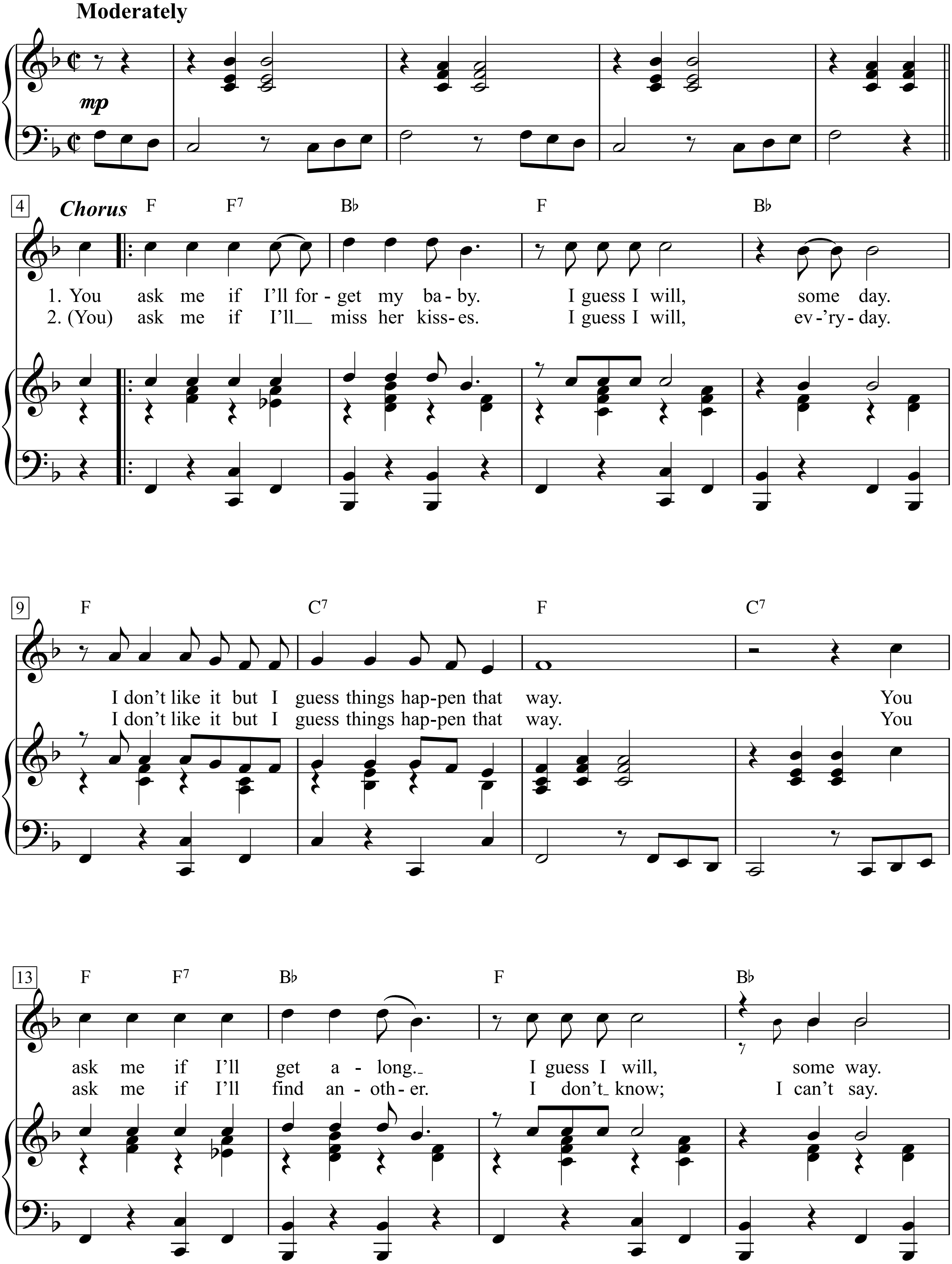
Mein Vers ist von hellem Grün
und von entflammtem Rot
Mein Vers ist ein verwundeter Hirsch
der im Wald Zuflucht sucht.

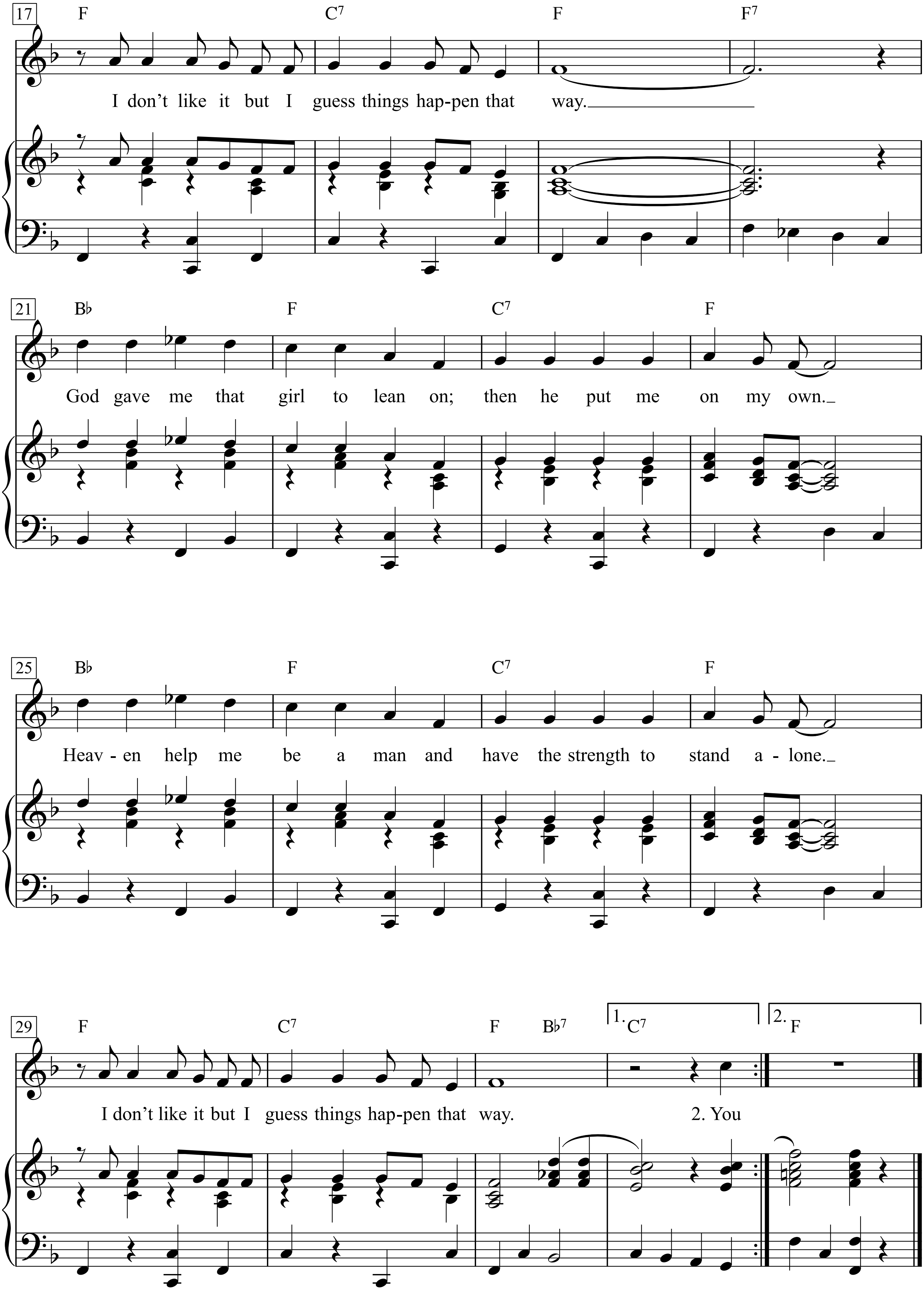
Ich ziehe eine weiße Rose heran,
im Juli wie im Januar,
für den ehrlichen Freund
der mir seine offene Hand reicht.

Mit den Ärmsten der Erde
will ich mein Los teilen.
Der Bach im Gebirge
erfreut mich mehr als das Meer.

Guess Things Happen That Way

Words & Music by
Jack Clement
(Johnny Cash)



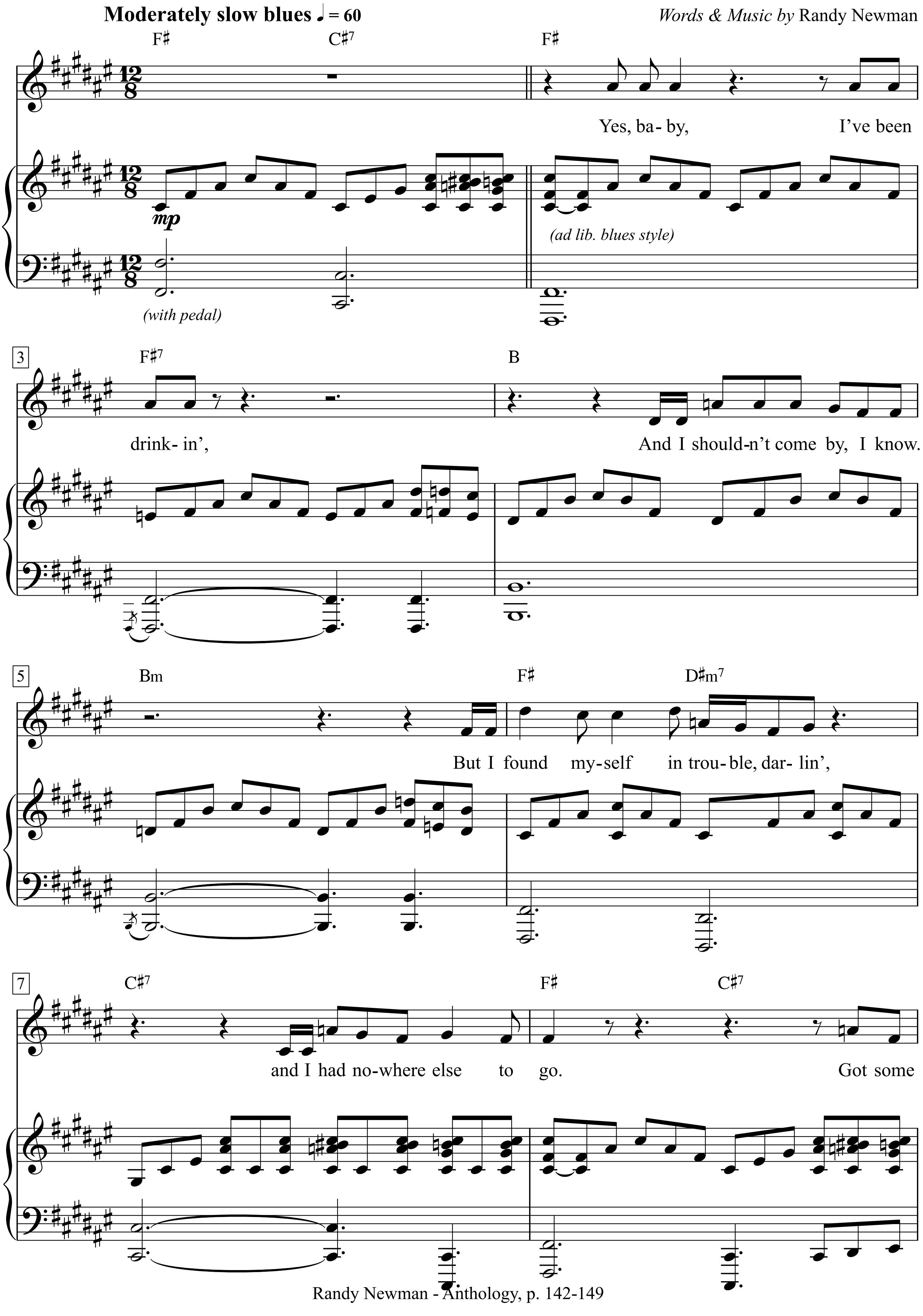

17
F C7 F F7
I don't like it but I guess things hap-pen that way.
21
B♭ F C7 F
God gave me that girl to lean on; then he put me on my own.
25
B♭ F C7 F
Heav - en help me be a man and have the strength to stand a - lone.
29
F C7 F B♭7 1. C7 2. F
I don't like it but I guess things hap-pen that way. 2. You

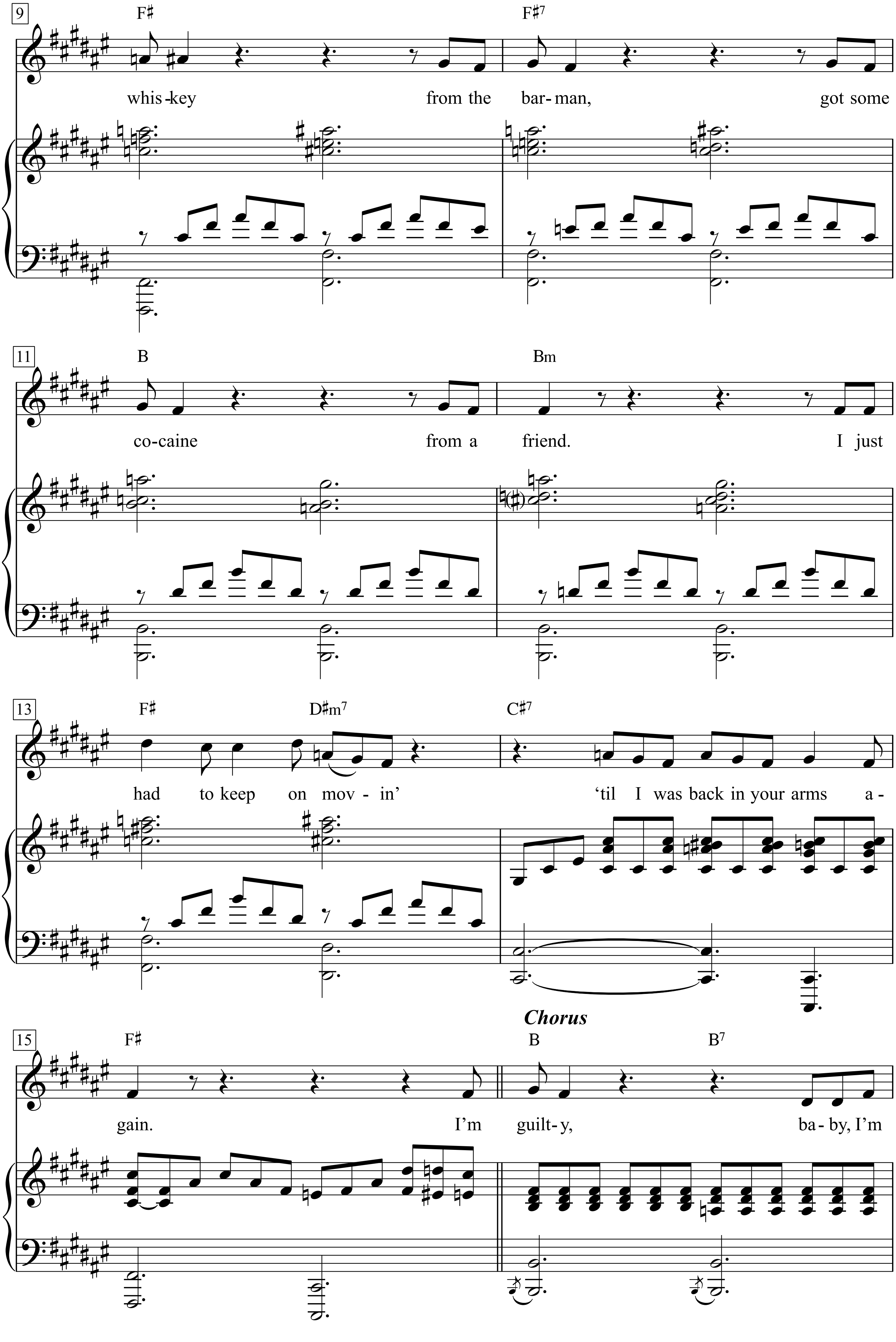
1. You ask me if I'll forget my baby.
I guess I will, some day.
I don't like it but I guess things happen that way.
You ask me if I'll get along.
I guess I will, some way.
I don't like it but I guess things happen that way.
God gave me that girl to lean on; then
He put me on my own.
Heaven help me be a man and have the strength to stand alone.
I don't like it but I guess things happen that way.

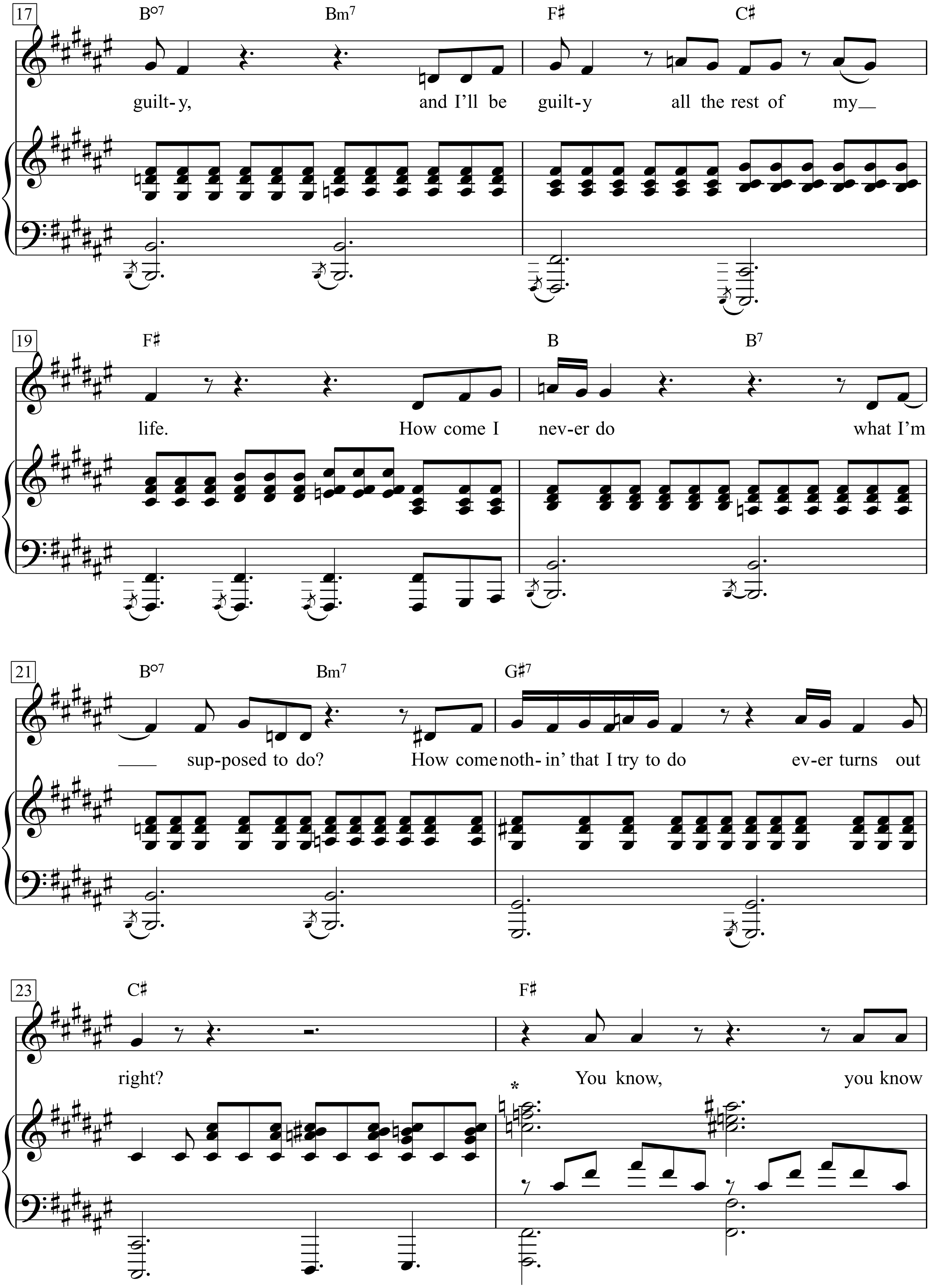
2. You ask me if I'll miss her kisses.
I guess I will, ev'ryday.
I don't like it but I guess things happen that way.
You ask me if I'll find another.
I don't know; I can't say.

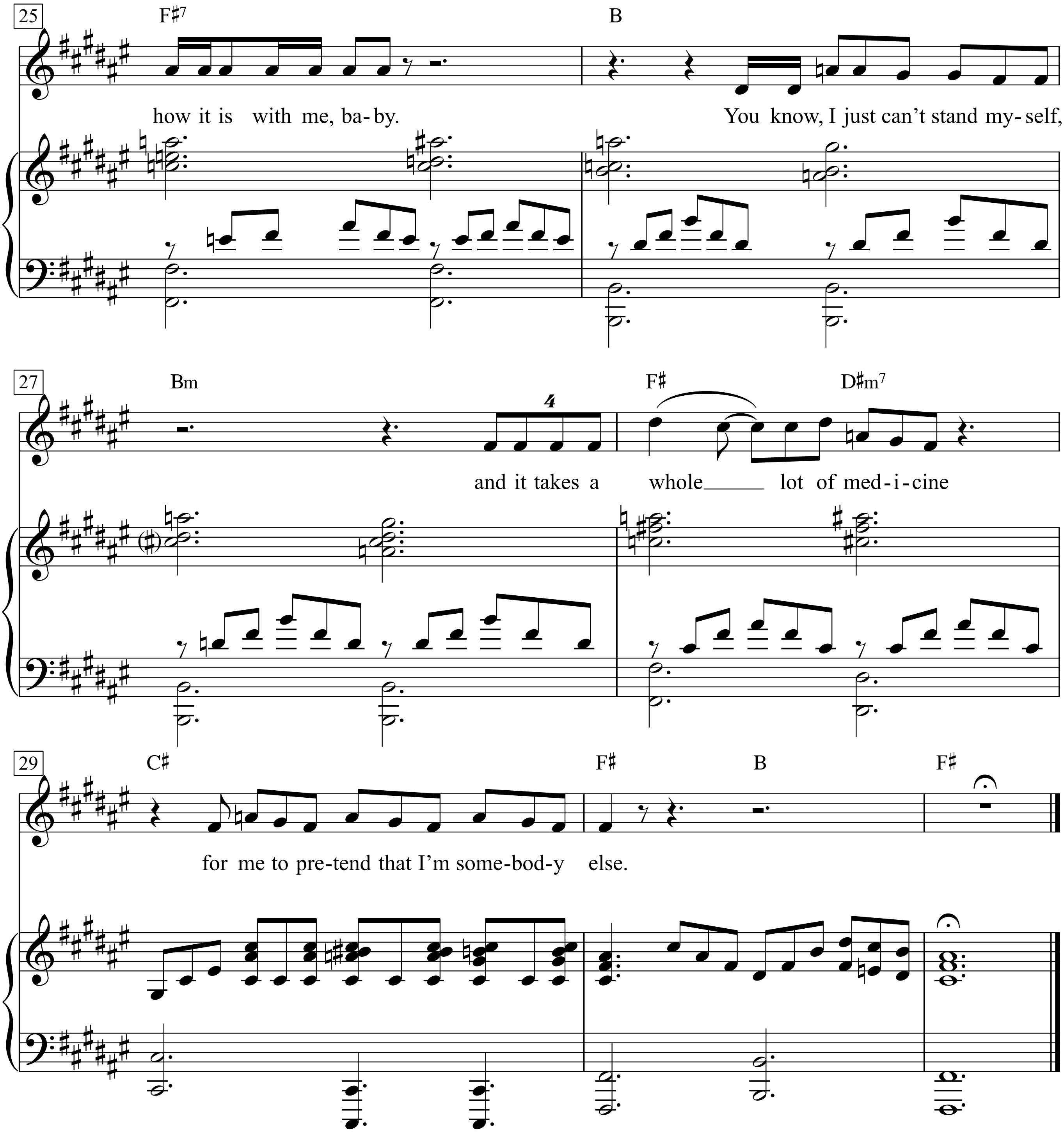
Guilty

Words & Music by Randy Newman




9
F♯
F♯7
whis-key from the bar-man, got some
11
B
Bm
co-caine from a friend. I just
13
F♯
D♯m7
C♯7
had to keep on mov - in' 'til I was back in your arms a -
Chorus
15
F♯
B
B7
gain. I'm guilt-y, ba-by, I'm


17
B°7
Bm7
F♯
C♯
guilt- y, and I'll be guilt- y all the rest of my
19
F♯
B
B7
life. How come I nev- er do what I'm
21
B°7
Bm7
G♯7
sup- posed to do? How come noth- in' that I try to do ev- er turns out
23
C♯
F♯
right? You know, you know
*


25
F♯7
B
how it is with me, ba-by.
You know, I just can't stand my-self,
27
Bm
F♯
D♯m7
and it takes a whole lot of med-i-cine
29
C♯
F♯
B
F♯
for me to pre-tend that I'm some-bod-y else.

Yes, baby, I've been drinkin',
And I shouldn't come by, I know.
But I found myself in trouble, darlin',
and I had nowhere else to go.

Got some whiskey from the barman,
got some cocaine from a friend.
I just had to keep on movin'
'til I was back in your arms again.

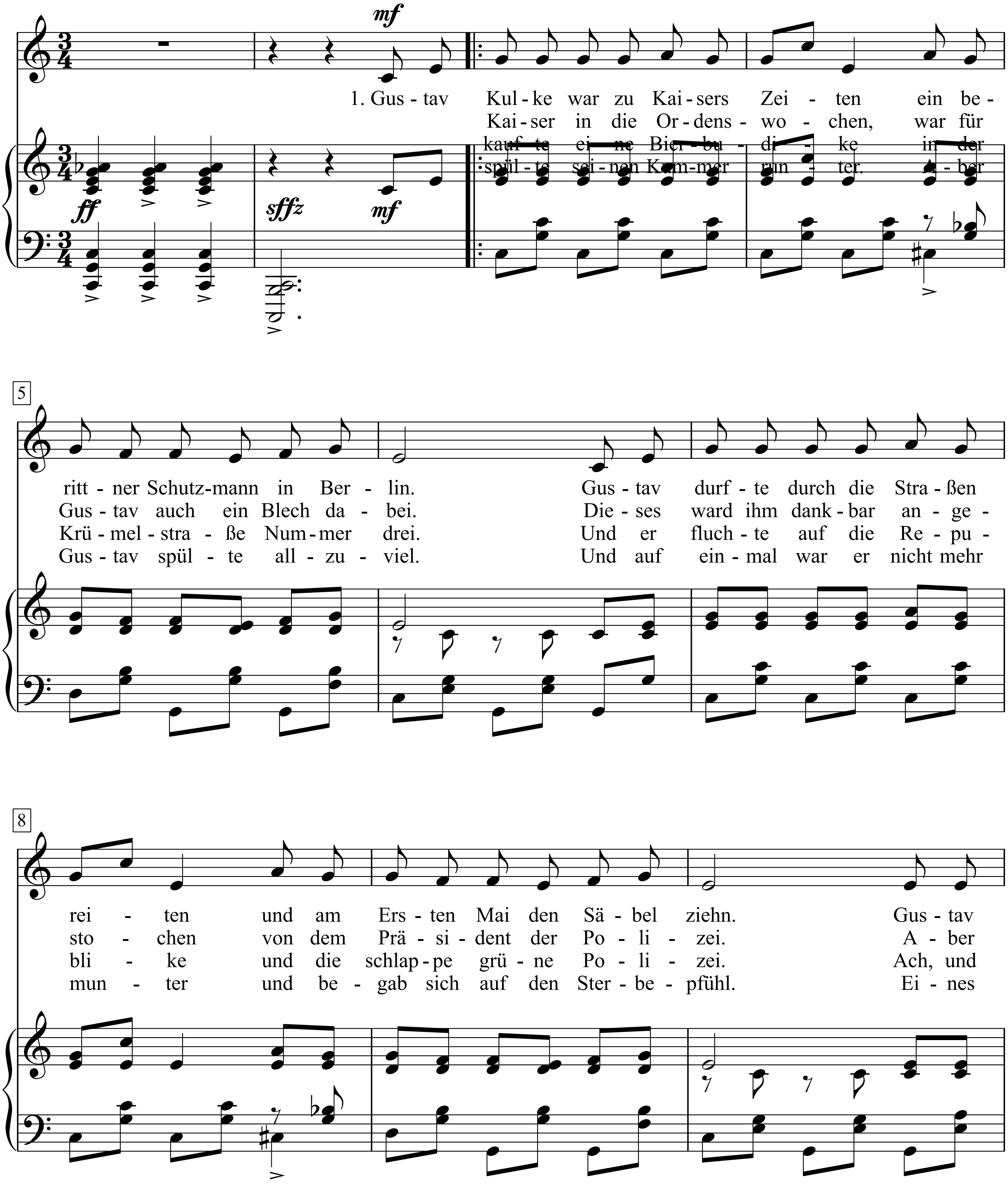
Chorus:
I'm guilty, baby, I'm guilty,
and I'll be guilty all the rest of my life.
How come I never do what I'm supposed to do?
How come nothin' that I try to do ever turns out right?

You know, you know how it is with me, baby.
You know, I just can't stand myself,
and it takes a whole lot of medicine
for me to pretend that I'm somebody else.

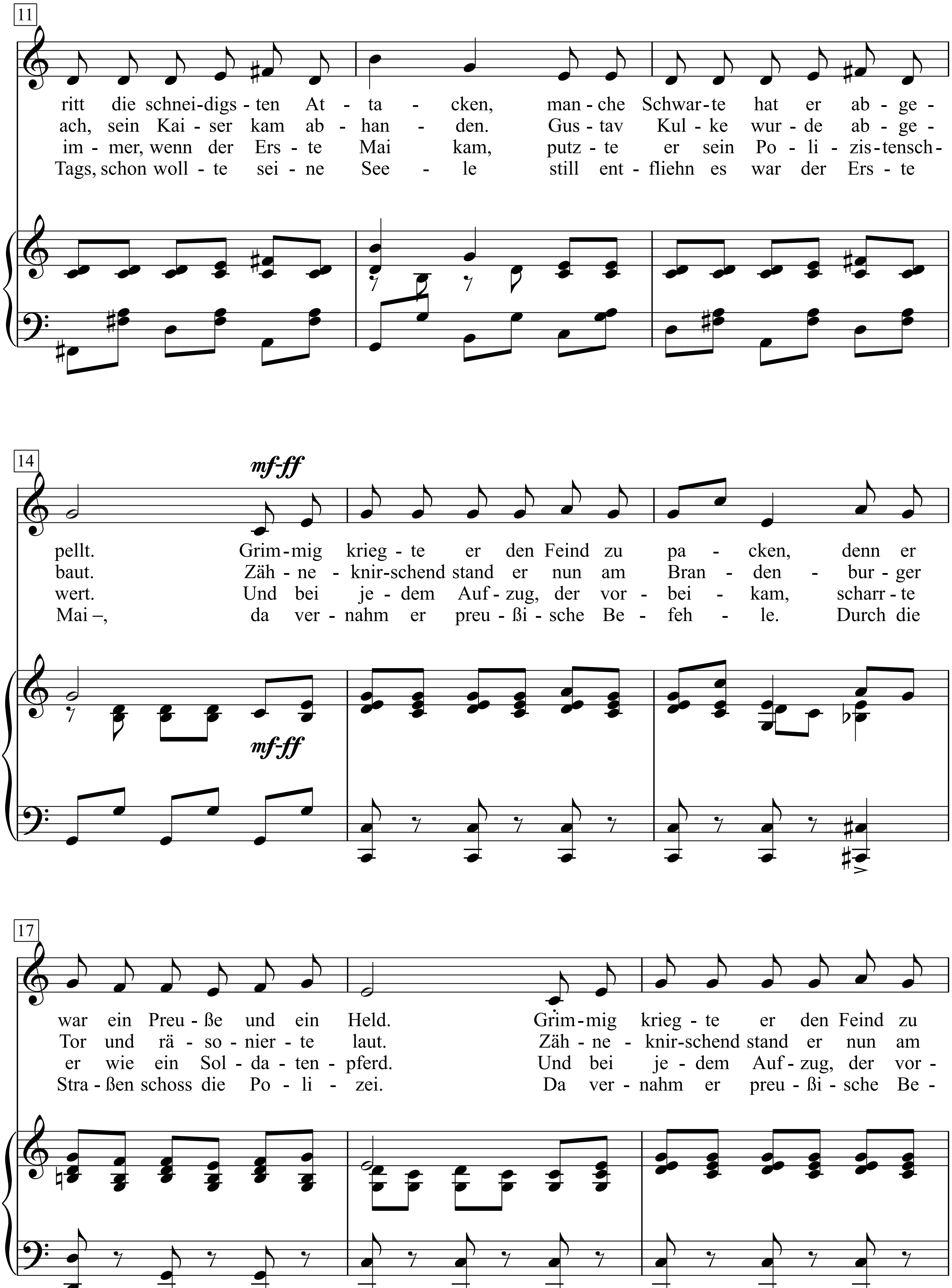
Gustav Kulkes seliges Ende

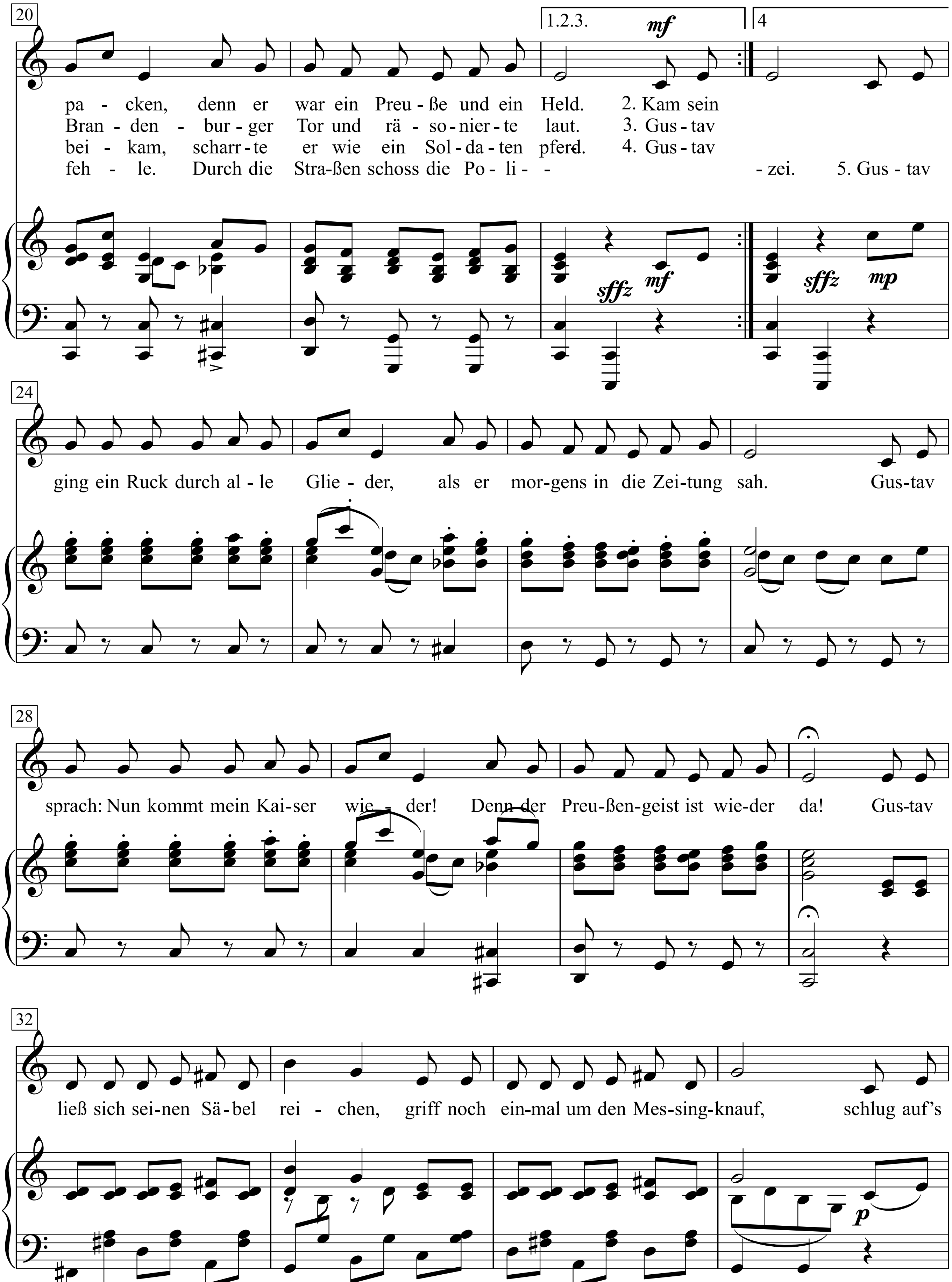
Erich Weinert

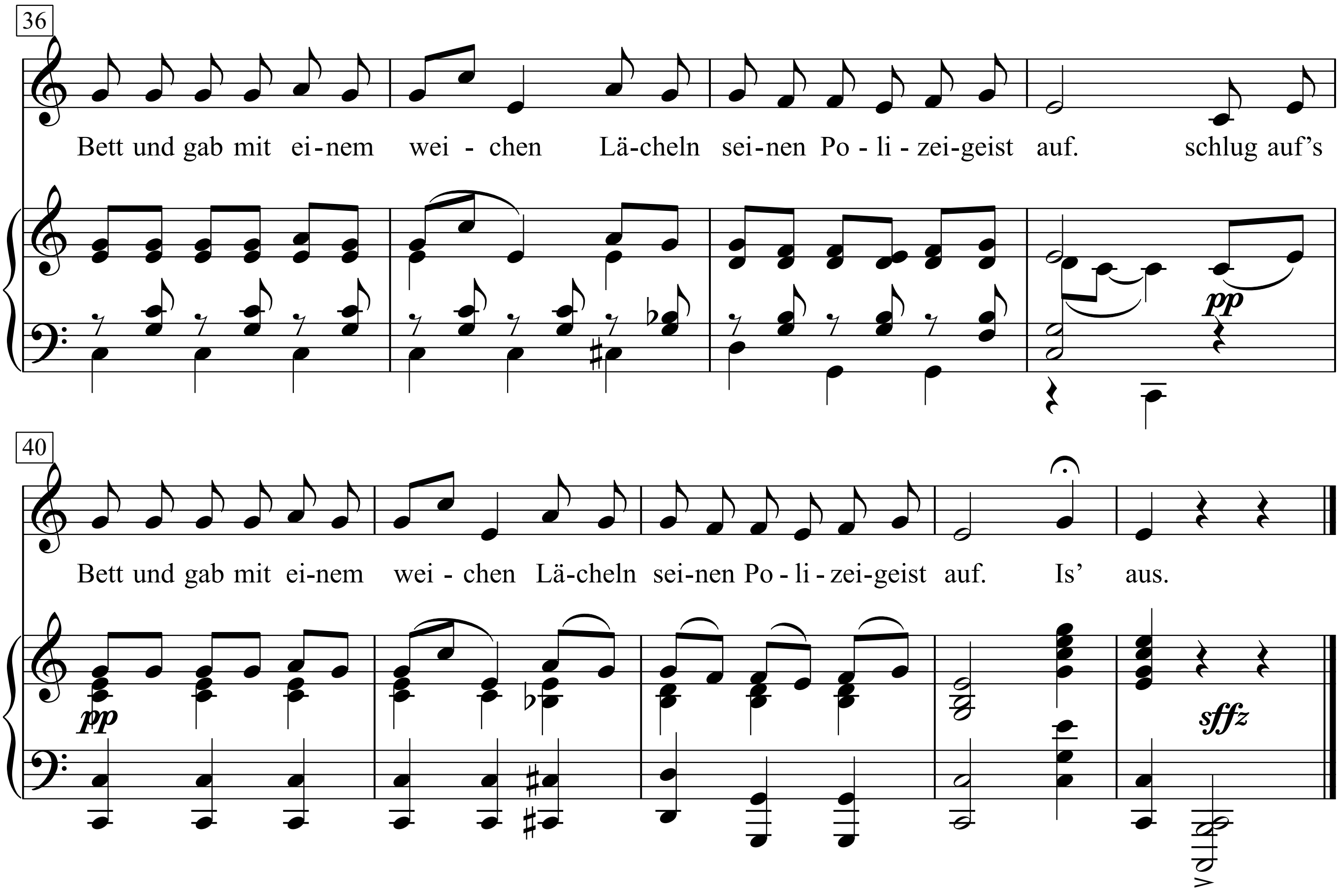
Hanns Eisler



Hanns Eisler - Keenen Sechser in der Tasche. Songs und Balladen, S. 14-16


11
ritt die schnei-digs-ten At - ta - cken, man-che Schwar-te hat er ab-ge-
ach, sein Kai-ser kam ab - han - den. Gus-tav Kul-ke wur-de ab-ge-
im-mer, wenn der Ers-te Mai kam, putz-te er sein Po-li-zis-tensch-
Tags, schon woll-te sei-ne See - le still ent-fliehn es war der Ers-te
14
mf-ff
pellt. Grim-mig krieg-te er den Feind zu pa - cken, denn er
baut. Zäh-ne - knir-schend stand er nun am Bran - den - bur-ger
wert. Und bei je-dem Auf-zug, der vor - bei - kam, scharr-te
Mai –, da ver-nahm er preu-ßi-sche Be - feh - le. Durch die
mf-ff
17
war ein Preu-ße und ein Held. Grim-mig krieg-te er den Feind zu
Tor und rä - so-nier-te laut. Zäh-ne - knir-schend stand er nun am
er wie ein Sol-da-ten-pferd. Und bei je-dem Auf-zug, der vor-
Stra-ßen schoss die Po - li - zei. Da ver-nahm er preu-ßi-sche Be-


20
1.2.3.
mf
4
pa - cken, denn er war ein Preu - ße und ein Held. 2. Kam sein
Bran - den - bur - ger Tor und rä - so - nier - te laut. 3. Gus - tav
bei - kam, scharr - te er wie ein Sol - da - ten pferd. 4. Gus - tav
feh - le. Durch die Stra - ßen schoss die Po - li - - zei. 5. Gus - tav
sffz
mf
sffz
mp
24
ging ein Ruck durch al - le Glie - der, als er mor - gens in die Zei - tung sah. Gus - tav
28
sprach: Nun kommt mein Kai - ser wie - der! Denn der Preu - ßen - geist ist wie - der da! Gus - tav
32
ließ sich sei - nen Sä - bel rei - chen, griff noch ein - mal um den Mes - sing - knauf, schlug auf's
p


36
Bett und gab mit ei-nem wei - chen Lä-cheln sei-nen Po - li - zei-geist auf. schlug auf's
pp
40
Bett und gab mit ei-nem wei - chen Lä-cheln sei-nen Po - li - zei-geist auf. Is' aus.
pp
sffz

11. Gustav Kulke war zu Kaisers Zeiten
ein berittner Schutzmann in Berlin.
Gustav durfte durch die Straßen reiten
und am Ersten Mai den Säbel ziehn.
Gustav ritt die schneidigsten Attacken,
manche Schwarte hat er abgepellt.
Grimmig kriegte er den Feind zu packen,
denn er war ein Preuße und ein Held.
Grimmig kriegte er den Feind zu packen,
denn er war ein Preuße und ein Held.

2. Kam sein Kaiser in die Ordenswochen,
war für Gustav auch ein Blech dabei.
Dieses ward ihm dankbar angestochen
von dem Präsident der Polizei.
Aber ach, sein Kaiser kam abhanden.
Gustav Kulke wurde abgebaut.
Zähneknirschend stand er nun am Branden-
burger Tor und räsonierte laut.
Zähneknirschend stand er nun am Branden-
burger Tor und räsonierte laut.

3. Gustav kaufte eine Bierbudike
in der Krümelstraße Nummer drei.
Und er fluchte auf die Republike
und die schlappe grüne Polizei.
Ach, und immer, wenn der Erste Mai kam,
putzte er sein Polizistenschwert.
Und bei jedem Aufzug, der vorbeikam,
scharrte er wie ein Soldatenpferd.
Und bei jedem Aufzug, der vorbeikam,
scharrte er wie ein Soldatenpferd.

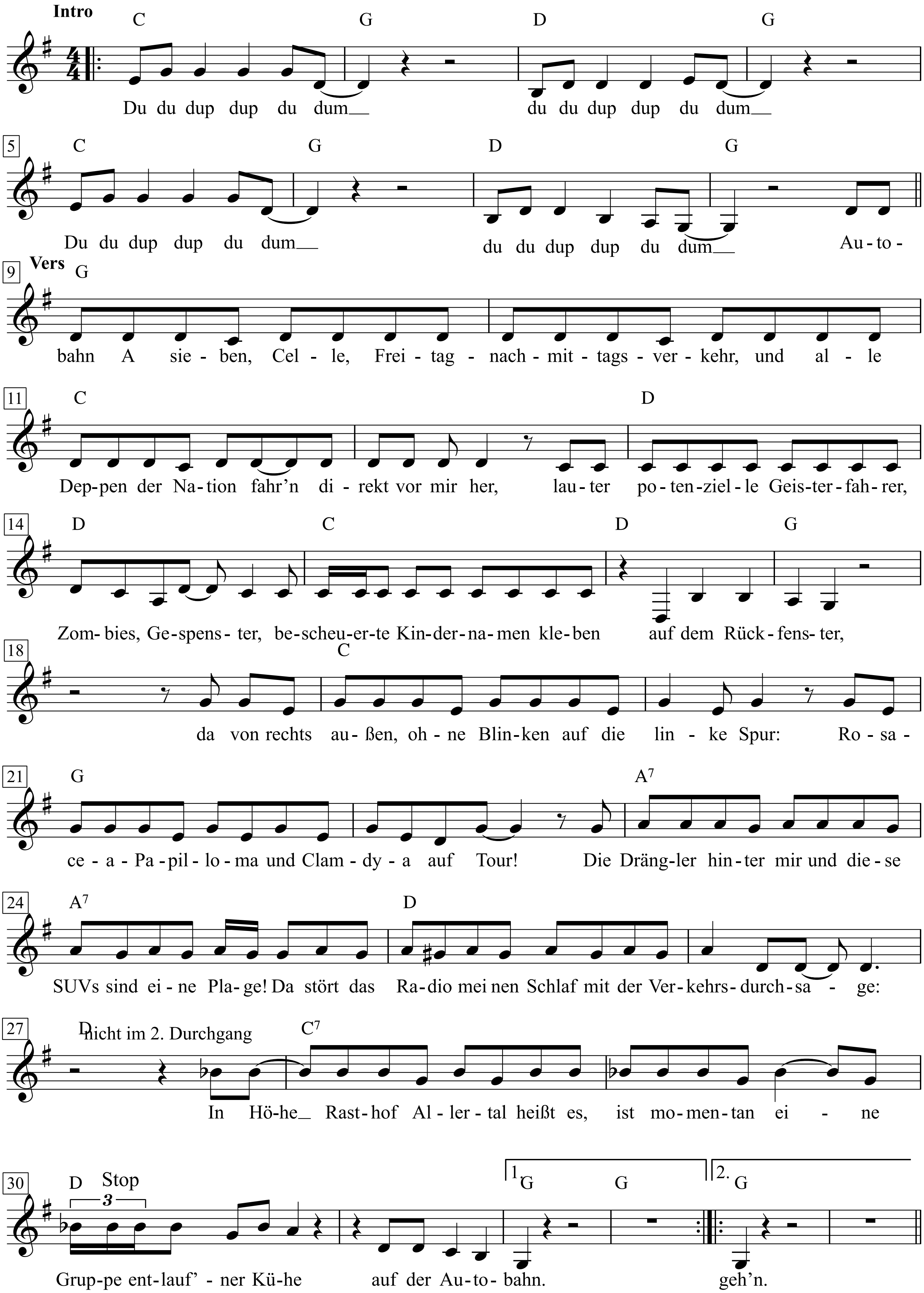
4. Gustav spülte seinen Kummer runter.
Aber Gustav spülte allzuviel.
Und auf einmal war er nicht mehr munter
und begab sich auf den Sterbepfühl.
Eines Tags, schon wollte seine Seele
still entfliehn es war der Erste Mai –,
da vernahm er preußische Befehle.
Durch die Straßen schoss die Polizei.
Da vernahm er preußische Befehle.
Durch die Straßen schoss die Polizei.

5. Gustav ging ein Ruck durch alle Glieder,
als er morgens in die Zeitung sah.
Gustav sprach: Nun kommt mein Kaiser wieder!
Denn der Preußengeist ist wieder da!
Gustav ließ sich seinen Säbel reichen,
griff noch einmal um den Messingknauf,
schlug auf's Bett und gab mit einem weichen
Lächeln seinen Polizeigeist auf.
schlug auf's Bett und gab mit einem weichen
Lächeln seinen Polizeigeist auf.

Is' aus.

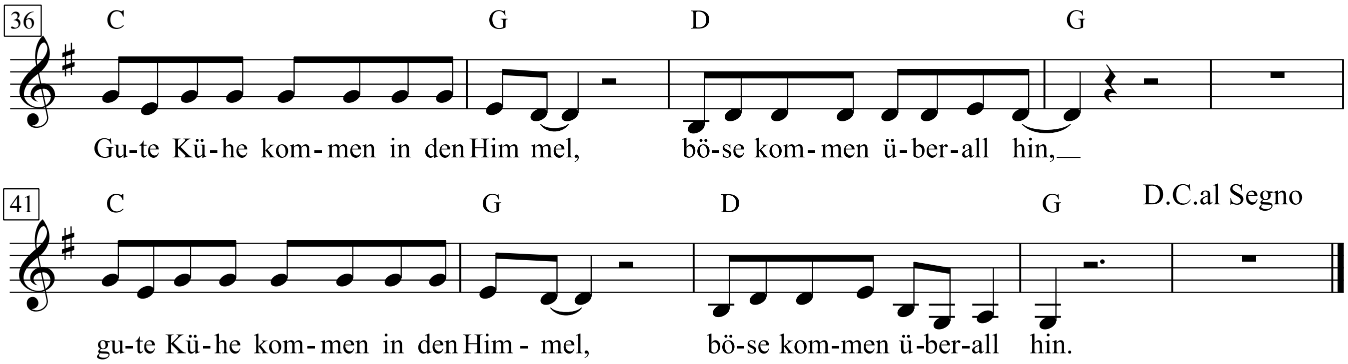
Gute Kühe kommen in den Himmel

Reinhard Mey



www.editionreinhardmey.de

Refrain



4 x wiederholen, immer Haus 2

|: Du du dup dup du dum, Du du dup dup du dum :|

1. Autobahn A 7, Celle, Freitagnachmittagsverkehr,
Und alle Deppen der Nation fahr’n direkt vor mir her,
Lauter potenzielle Geisterfahrer, Zombies, Gespenster,
Bescheuerte Kindernamen kleben auf dem Rückfenster,
Da von rechts außen, ohne Blinken auf die linke Spur:
Rosacea-Papilloma und Clamydia on Tour!
Die Drängler hinter mir und diese SUVs sind eine Plage!
Da stört das Radio meinen Schlaf mit der Verkehrsdurchsage:
In Höhe Rasthof Allertal, heißt es, ist momentan
eine Gruppe entlauf'ner Kühe auf der Autobahn.

Zwischenspiel
|: Du du dup dup du dum, Du du dup dup du dum :|

2. Das ist ja gleich da vorn, ich bin neugierig von Natur
Und großer Kuhfreund, da seh' ich sie schon auf der linken Spur.
Erst mal absichern, Warndreieck und Warnblinkanlage,
Häng' der Leitkuh Luise meine Warnweste um, mal eine Frage:
Was macht ein Dutzend Buntgescheckte Niedersachsen hier
Am Rasthof Allertal am Freitag Nachmittag um vier?
Da bricht es aus ihr raus, ein lang aufgestauter Kummer:
Ein Leben lang im Stall war unser Aufschrei nur ein stummer
Protest. Das geht auf keine Kuhhaut, jetzt muss was gescheh’n,
Wenn sich was ändern soll, dann muss man auf die Straße geh'n!

Refrain:
|: Gute Kühe kommen in den Himmel, böse kommen überall hin. :|

3. Du siehst uns auf der ‘Grünen Woche’ in Berlin geschönt,
Gepampert, manikürt, geduscht, gelegt, geföhnt.
Die Wirklichkeit sieht anders aus, wir stehen ungestriegelt
Und ungewaschen dicht an dicht im Dunkeln eingeriegelt.
Unsere Milch, jetzt hör' gut zu, kriegt unser Kälbchen nie,
Und die zärtliche Melkerin ist eine Utopie,
Sie melken uns mit chromblitzenden High-Tech-Dingern,
Die noch schlimmer sind, als der Knecht mit seinen kalten Fingern.
Und du musst wissen, dass der Bauer ein wahrer Sadist,
Ein Kuhhändler, ein Schwein und übler Eutergrapscher ist.

Refrain:
|: Gute Kühe kommen in den Himmel, böse kommen überall hin. :|

4. Dann wär' da auch noch die Besamung, und die ist längst
Nicht ganz so lustig, sprach Luise, wie du vielleicht denkst.
Und auch nicht wie sie uns auf ihren Viehtransporter treiben,
Und den Schlachthof brauch' ich dir ja wohl nicht näher zu beschreiben.
Vom ersten bis zum letzten Muh geknechtet, ist doch klar,
Das Kuhleben ist auch nicht mehr, was es mal war.
All das verdanken wir den Sesselfurzern, den Untoten
In Brüssel, die uns schikanier'n mit Vorschriften und Quoten
Für Stall, für Milch und Futter, und das Rindvieh beugt sich brav -
Nein, wie sagte doch Klaus Störtebecker: Lever dod als Slav!

Refrain:
|: Gute Kühe kommen in den Himmel, böse kommen überall hin. :|

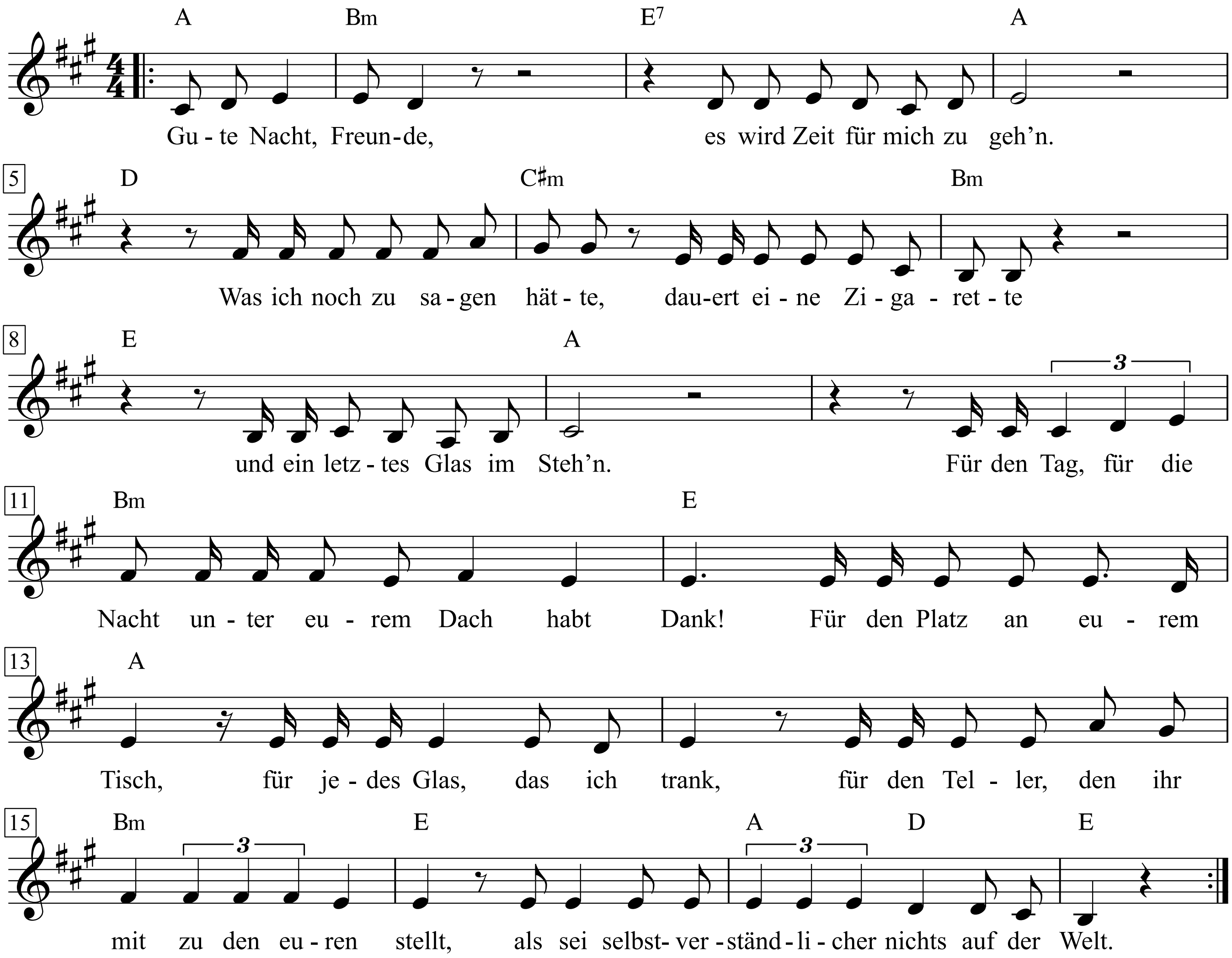
5. Ich hab' ja dies Helfersyndrom, ich mach den Supermann
Und führ' die Kühe erstmal auf den Rasthof nebenan,
Ich seh' mich schon groß auf der Titelseite aller Blätter:
Das Vaterland verneigt sich vor dem furchtlosen Kuh-Retter.
Inzwischen Blaulicht, Feuerwehr und Polizei in Schar'n,
Ich habe meine Pflicht getan, jetzt kann ich weiterfahr'n.
Im Fortgeh'n aber hör' ich, flüstert hinter mir Luise:
Hey, Thelma, Schwestern, Durchbruch, querfeldein über die Wiese!
Etwas Besseres als den Stall findest du überall
Und sei's der Tod auf der A 7, Rasthof Allertal!

Refrain:
|: Gute Kühe kommen in den Himmel, böse kommen überall hin. :|

Gute Nacht Freunde

Alvons Yondraschek

Reinhard Mey



Gute Nacht, Freunde
Es wird Zeit für mich zu geh'n
Was ich noch zu sagen hätte
Dauert eine Zigarette
Und ein letztes Glas im Steh'n

Für den Tag, für die Nacht unter eurem Dach habt Dank!
Für den Platz an eurem Tisch, für jedes Glas, das ich trank
Für den Teller, den ihr mit zu den euren stellt
Als sei selbstverständlicher nichts auf der Welt

Gute Nacht, Freunde ...

Habt Dank für die Zeit, die ich mit euch verplaudert hab‘
Und für Eure Geduld, wenn's mehr als eine Meinung gab
Dafür, dass ihr nie fragt, wann ich komm‘ oder geh‘
Für die stets offene Tür, in der ich jetzt steh‘

Gute Nacht, Freunde ...

Für die Freiheit, die als steter Gast bei euch wohnt
Habt Dank, dass ihr nie fragt, was es bringt, ob es lohnt
Vielleicht liegt es daran, dass man von draußen meint
Dass in euren Fenstern das Licht wärmer scheint

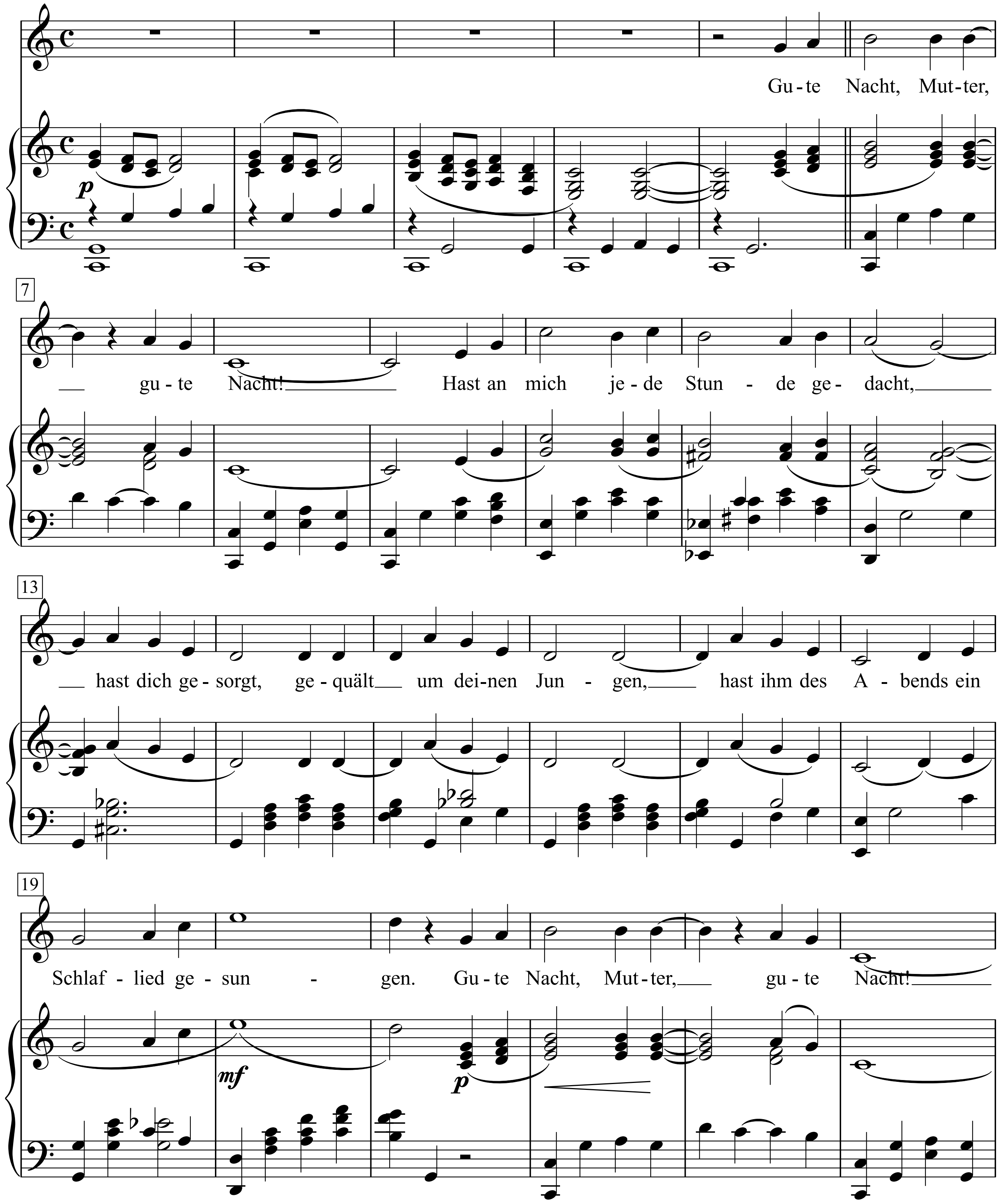
|: Gute Nacht, Freunde ... :|

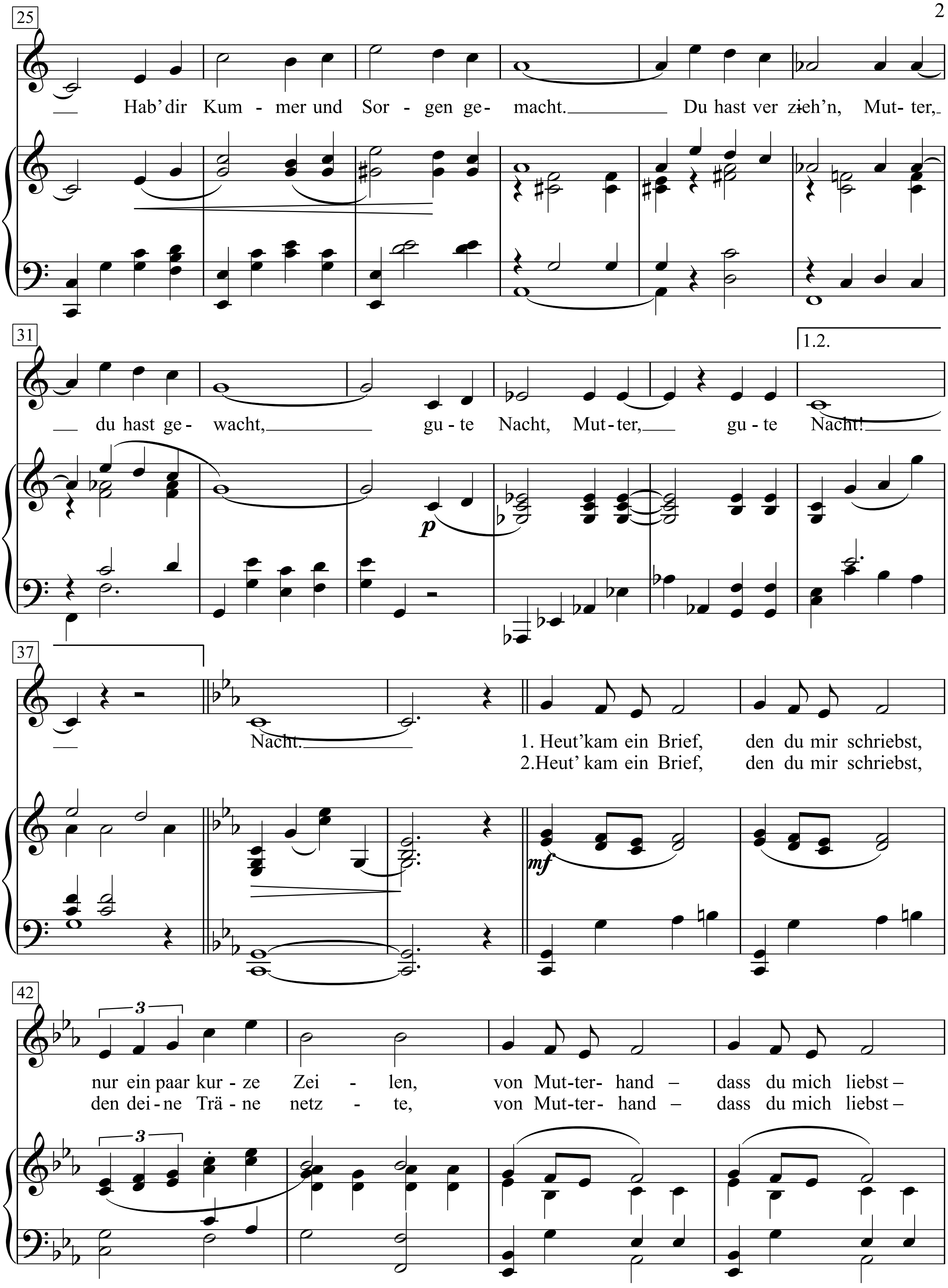
Gute Nacht, Mutter

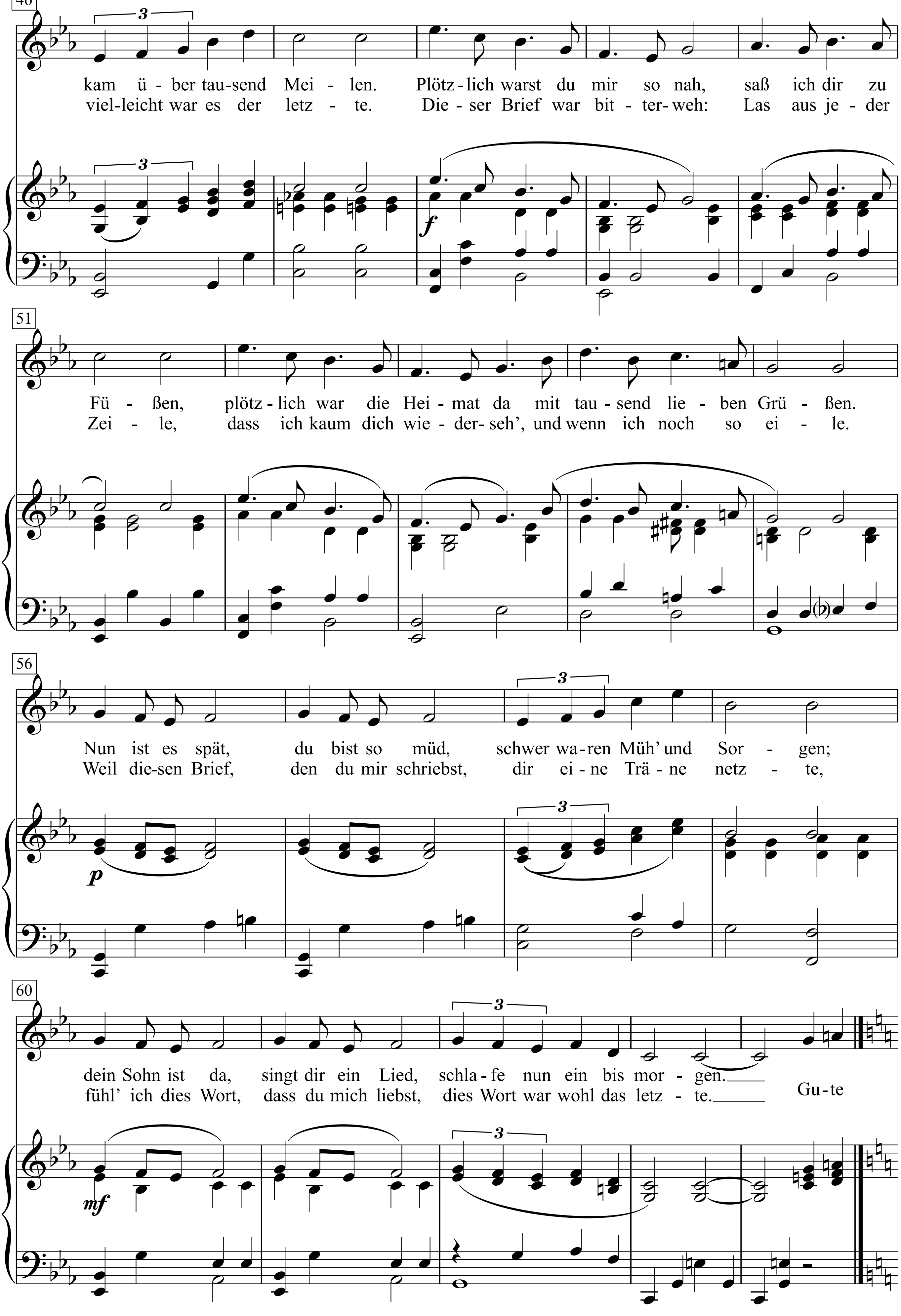
Text: Erwin Lehnow

Lied

Musik: Werner Bochmann




25
Hab' dir Kum - mer und Sor - gen ge- macht. Du hast ver zieh'n, Mut- ter,
31
1.2.
du hast ge- wacht, gu - te Nacht, Mut - ter, gu - te Nacht!
p
37
Nacht.
1. Heut'kam ein Brief, den du mir schriebst,
2.Heut' kam ein Brief, den du mir schriebst,
mf
42
3
nur ein paar kur - ze Zei - len, von Mut-ter- hand – dass du mich liebst –
den dei - ne Trä - ne netz - te, von Mut-ter- hand – dass du mich liebst –


46
kam ü - ber tau-send Mei - len. Plötz - lich warst du mir so nah, saß ich dir zu
viel-leicht war es der letz - te. Die - ser Brief war bit - ter- weh: Las aus je - der
f
51
Fü - ßen, plötz - lich war die Hei - mat da mit tau - send lie - ben Grü - ßen.
Zei - le, dass ich kaum dich wie - der- seh', und wenn ich noch so ei - le.
56
Nun ist es spät, du bist so müd, schwer wa-ren Müh' und Sor - gen;
Weil die-sen Brief, den du mir schriebst, dir ei - ne Trä - ne netz - te,
p
60
dein Sohn ist da, singt dir ein Lied, schla - fe nun ein bis mor - gen.
fühl' ich dies Wort, dass du mich liebst, dies Wort war wohl das letz - te.
Gu - te
mf

Gute Nacht, Mutter, gute Nacht!
Hast an mich jede Stunde gedacht,
hast dich gesorgt, gequält um deinen Jungen,
hast ihm des Abends ein Schlaflied gesungen.
Gute Nacht, Mutter, gute Nacht!
Hab' dir Kummer und Sorgen gemacht.
Du hast verzieh'n, Mutter, du hast gewacht,
gute Nacht, Mutter, gute Nacht! Nacht.

1. Heut' kam ein Brief, den du mir schriebst,
nur ein paar kurze Zeilen,
von Mutterhand – dass du mich liebst –
kam über tausend Meilen.
Plötzlich warst du mir so nah,
saß ich dir zu Füßen,
plötzlich war die Heimat da
mit tausend lieben Grüßen.
Nun ist es spät, du bist so müd,
schwer waren Müh' und Sorgen;
dein Sohn ist da, singt dir ein Lied,
schlafe nun ein bis morgen.

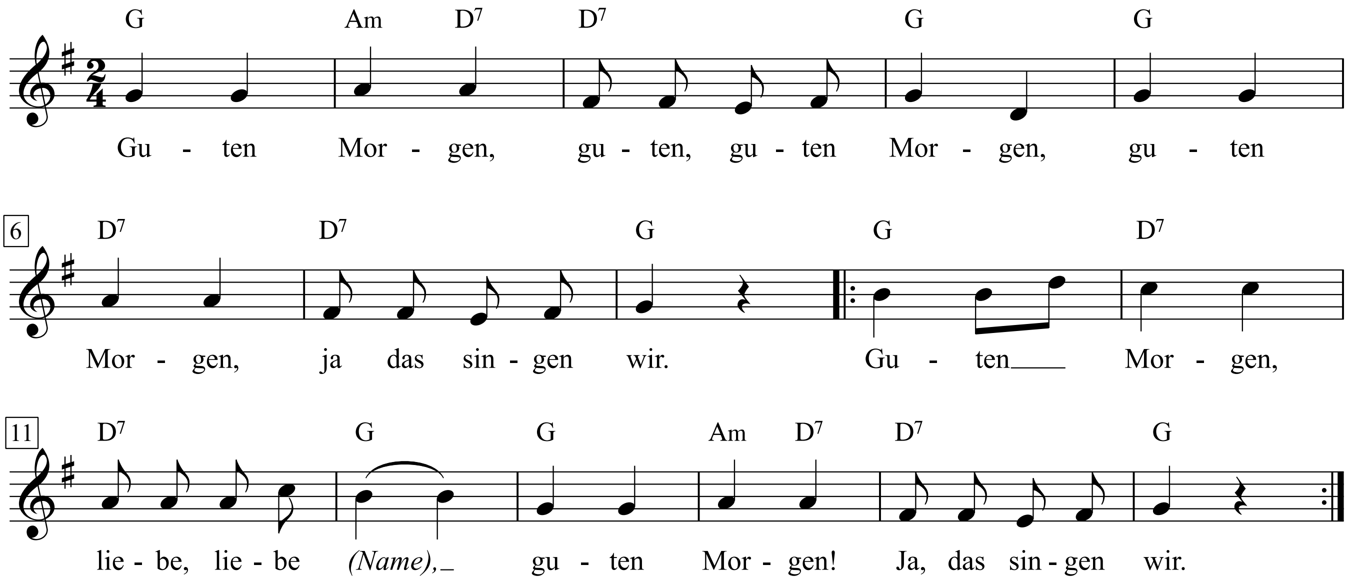
Gute Nacht, Mutter …

2. Heut' kam ein Brief, den du mir schriebst,
den deine Träne netzte,
von Mutterhand – dass du mich liebst –
vielleicht war es der letzte.
Dieser Brief war bitterweh:
Las aus jeder Zeile,
dass ich kaum dich wiederseh',
und wenn ich noch so eile.
Weil diesen Brief,
den du mir schriebst, dir eine Träne netzte,
fühl' ich dies Wort, dass du mich liebst,
dies Wort war wohl das letzte.

Gute Nacht, Mutter …

Guten Morgen, guten guten Morgen

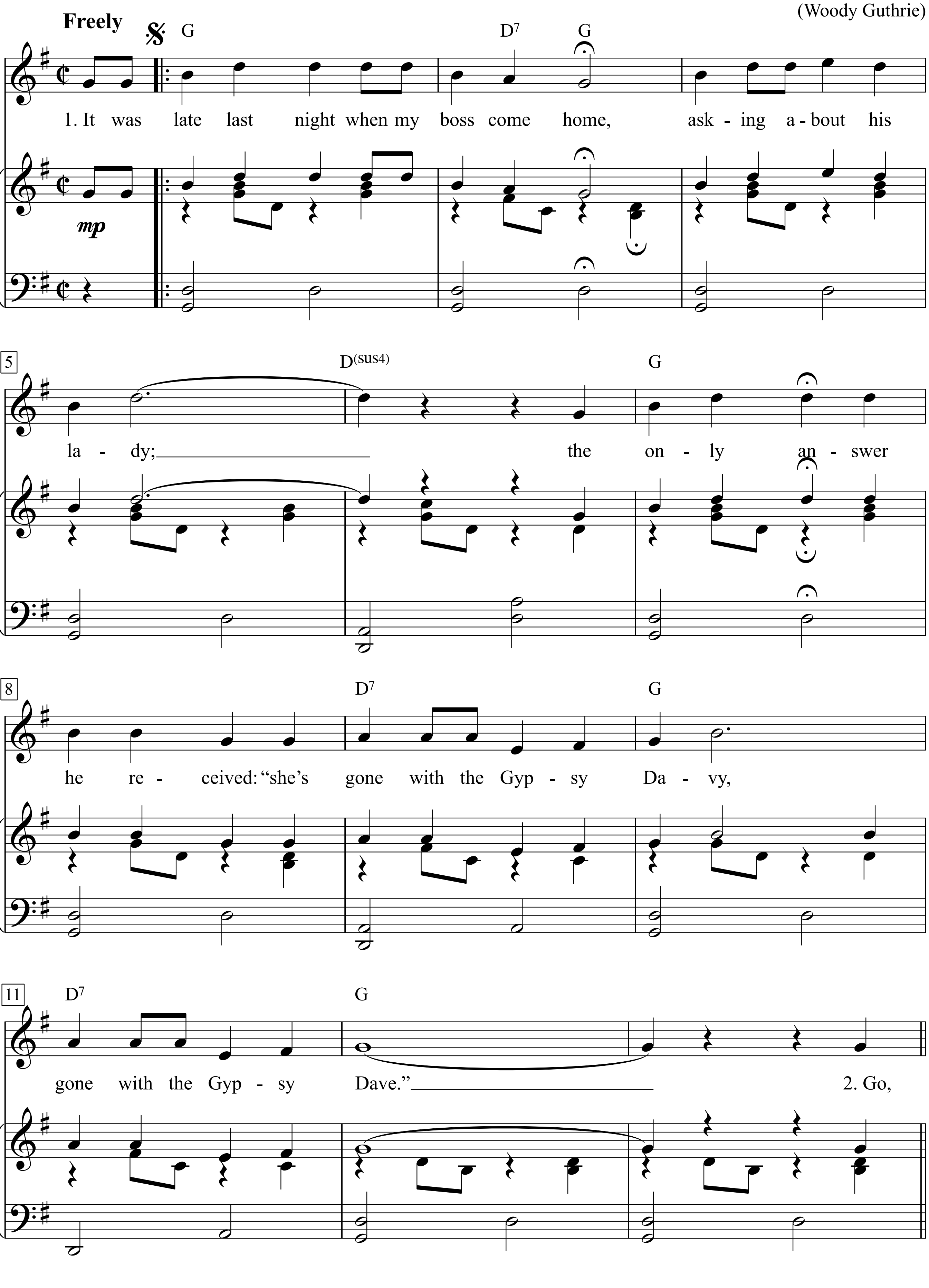
(Grün, grün, grün sind alle meine Kleider)

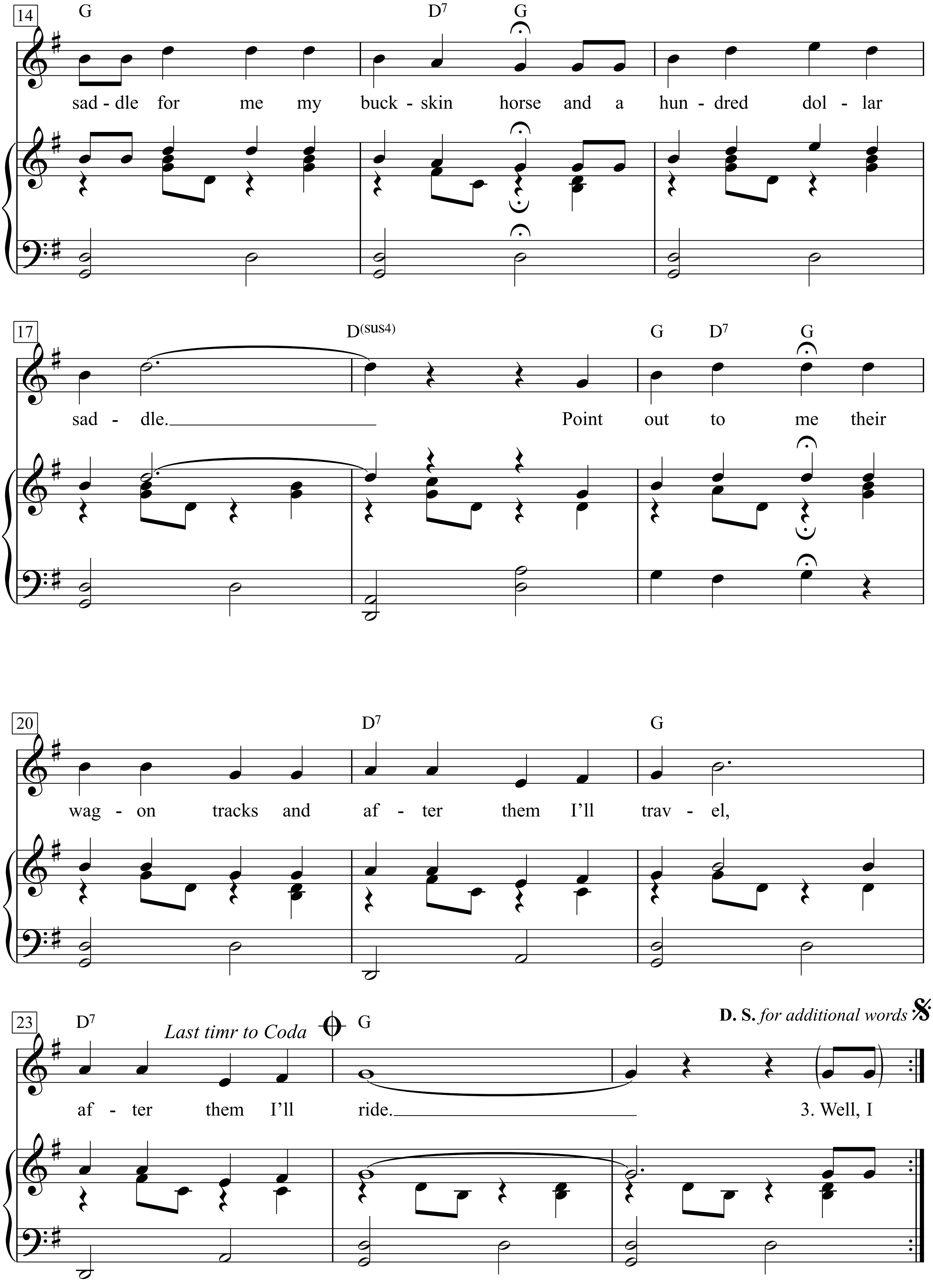


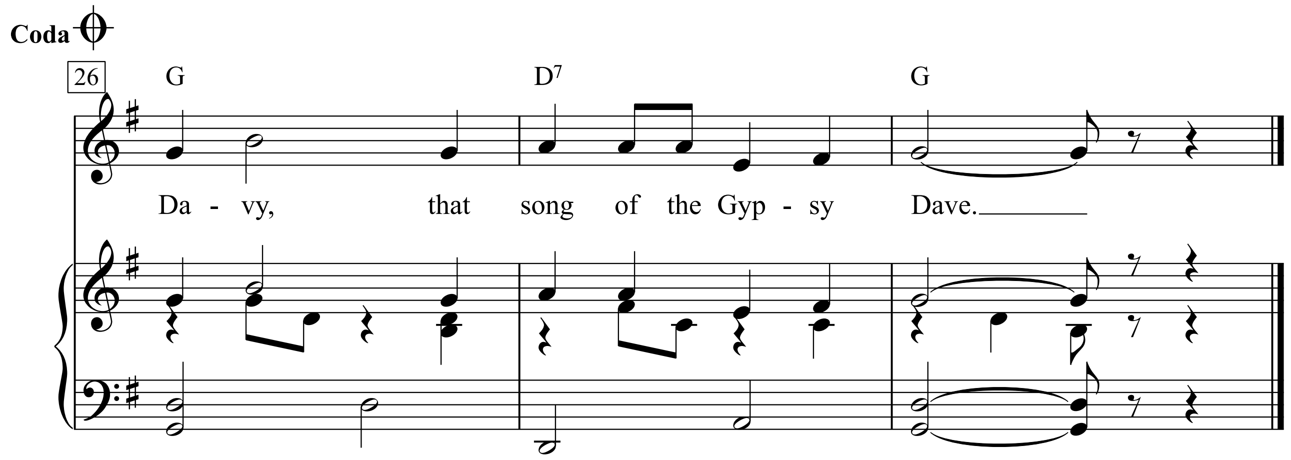
Guten Morgen, guten, guten Morgen,
guten Morgen, ja das singen wir.
Guten Morgen, *liebe, liebe (Name),*
Guten Morgen, das singen wir.

Gypsy Davy

Words & New Music Adaptation by Woody Guthrie
(Woody Guthrie)




14
G D7 G
sad - dle for me my buck - skin horse and a hun - dred dol - lar
17
D(sus4) G D7 G
sad - dle. Point out to me their
20
D7 G
wag - on tracks and af - ter them I'll trav - el,
23
D7 Last timr to Coda G
D. S. for additional words
af - ter them I'll ride. 3. Well, I



1. It was late last night when my boss come home,
Asking about his lady; the only answer he received:
“She’s gone with the Gypsy Davy,
Gone with the Gypsy Dave.”

2. Go, saddle for me my buckskin horse
And a hundred dollar saddle.
Point out to me their wagon tracks
And after them I’ll travel,
After them I’ll ride.

3: Well, I had not rode ’til the midnight moon,
I saw their campfire gleaming.
I heard the notes of the big guitar
And the voice of the gypsy singing
The song of the Gypsy Dave.

4. It was there in the light of the camping fire
I saw her fair face beaming,
Her heart in tune to the big guitar
The song of the gypsy singing
That song of the Gypsy Dave.

5. “Have you forsaken your house and home?
Have you forsaken your baby?
Have you forsaken your husband dear
To go with the Gypsy Davy?
And sing with the Gypsy Davy
The song of the Gypsy Dave.”

6. “Yes, I’ve forsaken my husband dear
To go with the Gypsy Davy,
And I’ve forsaken my mansion high
But not my blue-eyed baby,
Not my blue-eyed babe.”

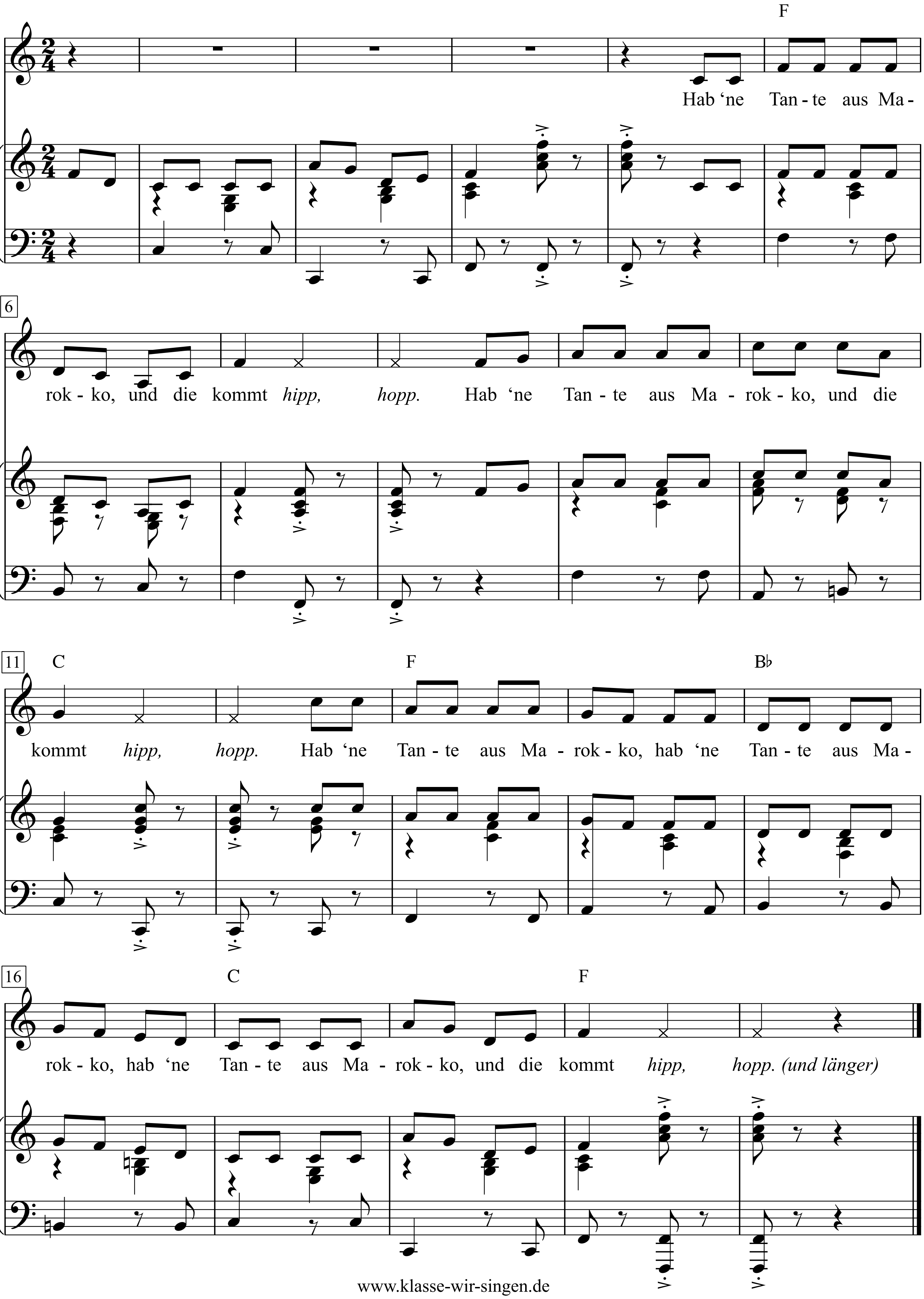
7. She smiled to leave her husband dear
And go with the Gypsy Davy;
But the tears come a-trickling down her cheeks
To think about the blue-eyed baby.
To think about the blue-eyed babe.

8. Take off, take off your buck-skin gloves
Made of Spanish leather;
Give to me your lily-white hand
And we’ll ride home together
And home again we’ll ride.

9. No, I won’t take off my buckskin gloves,
Made of Spanish leather.
I’ll go my way from day to day
And sing with the Gypsy Davy
The song of the Gypsy Davy,
The song of the Gypsy
(to Coda) Davy, that song of the Gypsy Dave.

Hab ‘ne Tante aus Marokko

Text & Musik: volkstümlich
Satz: Gerd-Peter Münden



1. Hab ‘ne Tante aus Marokko, und die kommt *hipp, hopp*.
Hab ‘ne Tante aus Marokko, und die kommt *hipp, hopp.*
Hab ‘ne Tante aus Marokko, hab ‘ne Tante aus Marokko,
hab ‘ne Tante aus Marokko, und die kommt *hipp, hopp.*

2. Und sie kommt auf zwei Kamelen, wenn sie kommt *hippeldihopp.*
... hipp, hopp, hippeldihopp.

3. Und dann schlachten wir ein Schwein, wenn sie kommt *krks, krks.*
... hipp, hopp, hippeldihopp, krks, krks.

4. Und dann trinken wir ‘ne Flasche, wenn sie kommt *gluck, gluck.*
... hipp, hopp, hippeldihopp, krks, krks, gluck, gluck.

5. Und dann essen wir ‘ne Torte, wenn sie kommt, schmatz, schmatz.
... hipp, hopp, hippeldihopp, krks, krks, gluck, gluck, schmatz, schmatz.

6. Und dann schrubben wir die Bude, wenn sie kommt *schrubb, schrubb.*
... hipp, hopp, hippeldihopp, krks, krks, gluck, gluck, schmatz, schmatz, schrubb, schrubb.

7. Und dann kommt ein Telegramm, dass sie nicht kommt *ohh.*
... hipp, hopp, hippeldihopp, krks, krks, gluck, gluck, schmatz, schmatz, schrubb, schrubb, ohh.

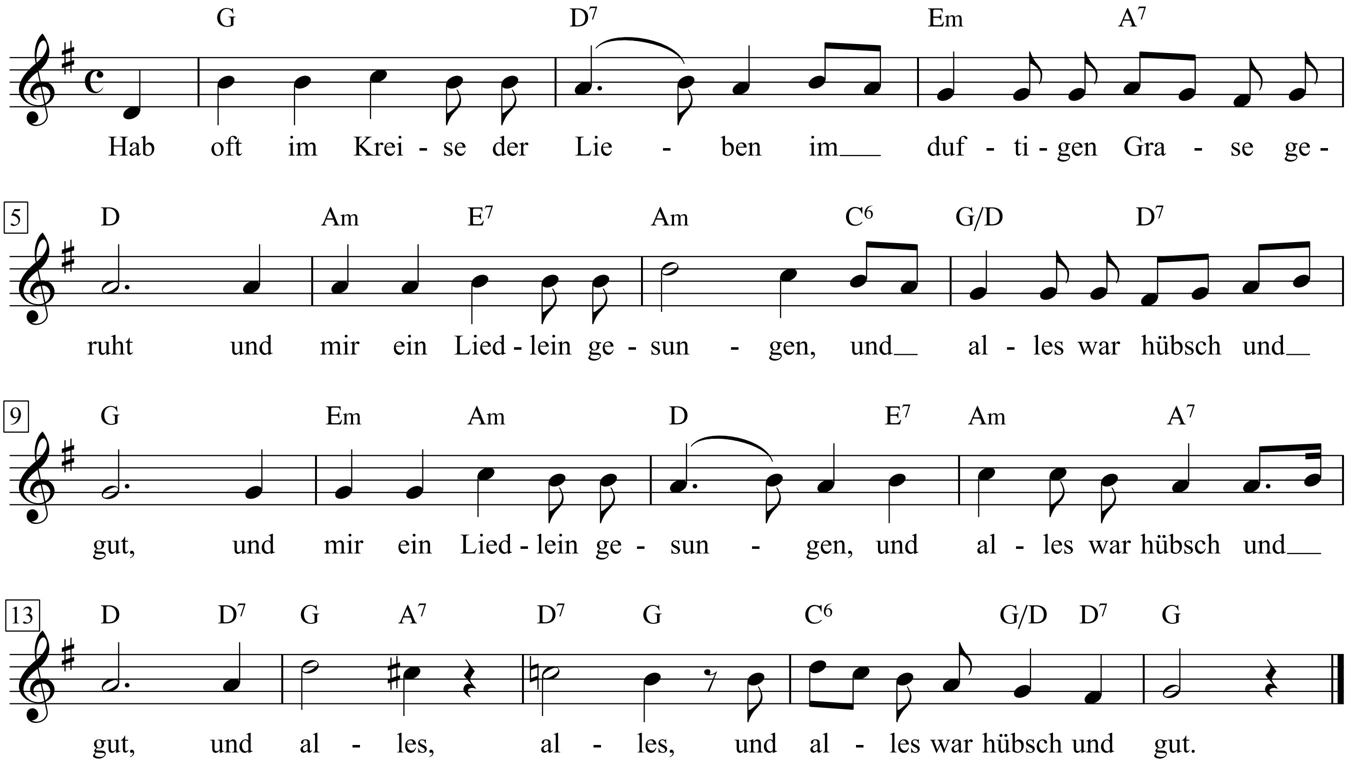
8. Und dann kommt ein Telegramm, dass sie doch kommt *juchhe!*
... hipp, hopp, hippeldihopp, krks, krks, gluck, gluck, schmatz, schmatz, schrubb, schrubb, ohh, juchhe!

Hab oft im Kreise der Lieben

(Frisch gesungen!)

Adalbert von Chamisso *(1781-1838),* 1829

Friedrich Silcher *(1789–1860),*
Nr. 1 aus op. 34 für Männerchor, 1839



1. Hab oft im Kreise der Lieben
im duftigen Grase geruht
|: und mir ein Liedlein gesungen,
und alles war hübsch und gut. :|
und alles, alles, und alles war hübsch und gut.

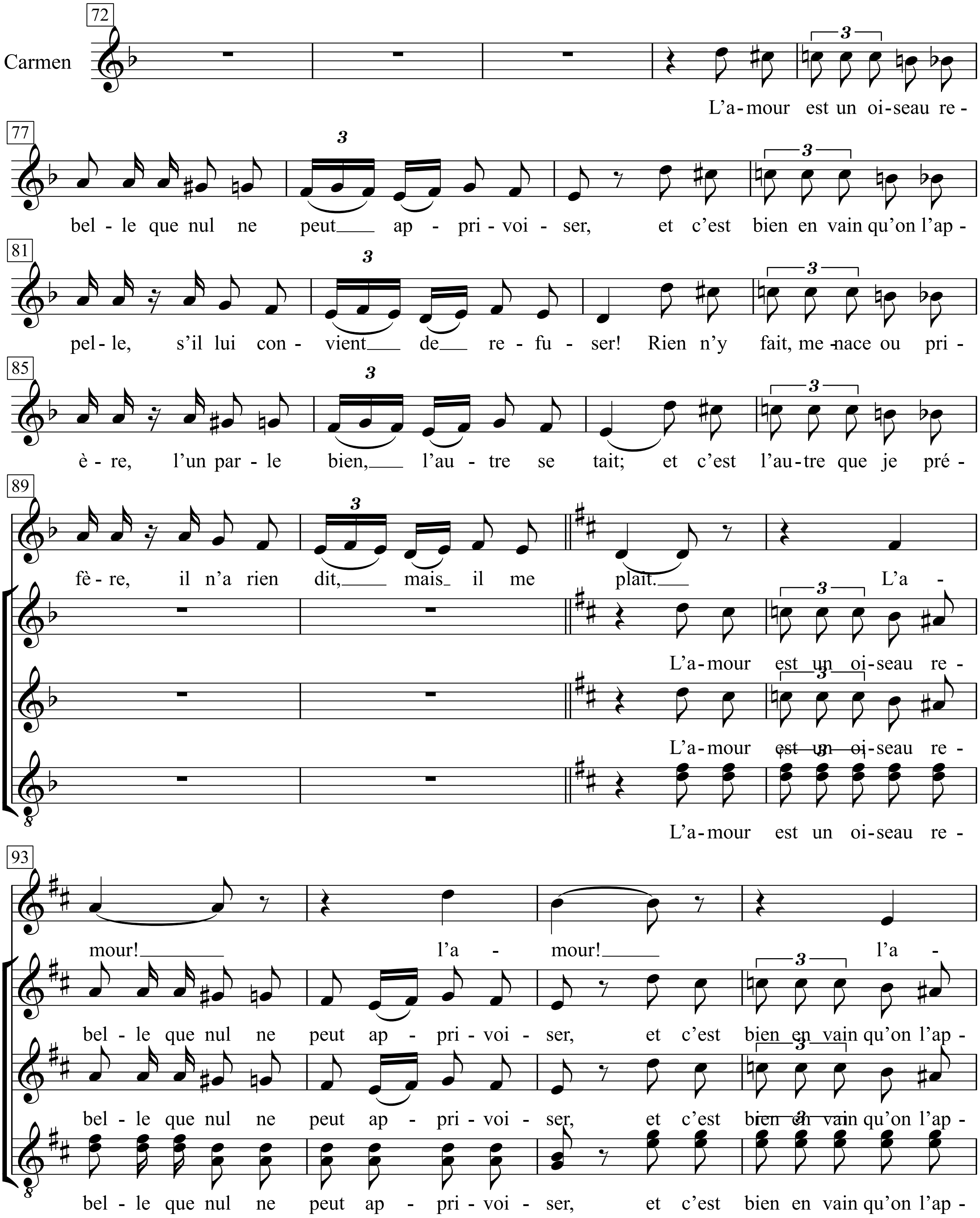
2. Hab einsam auch mich gehärmet
in bangem, düsterem Mut
|: und habe wieder gesungen,
und alles war wieder gut. :|
und alles, alles, und alles war wieder gut.

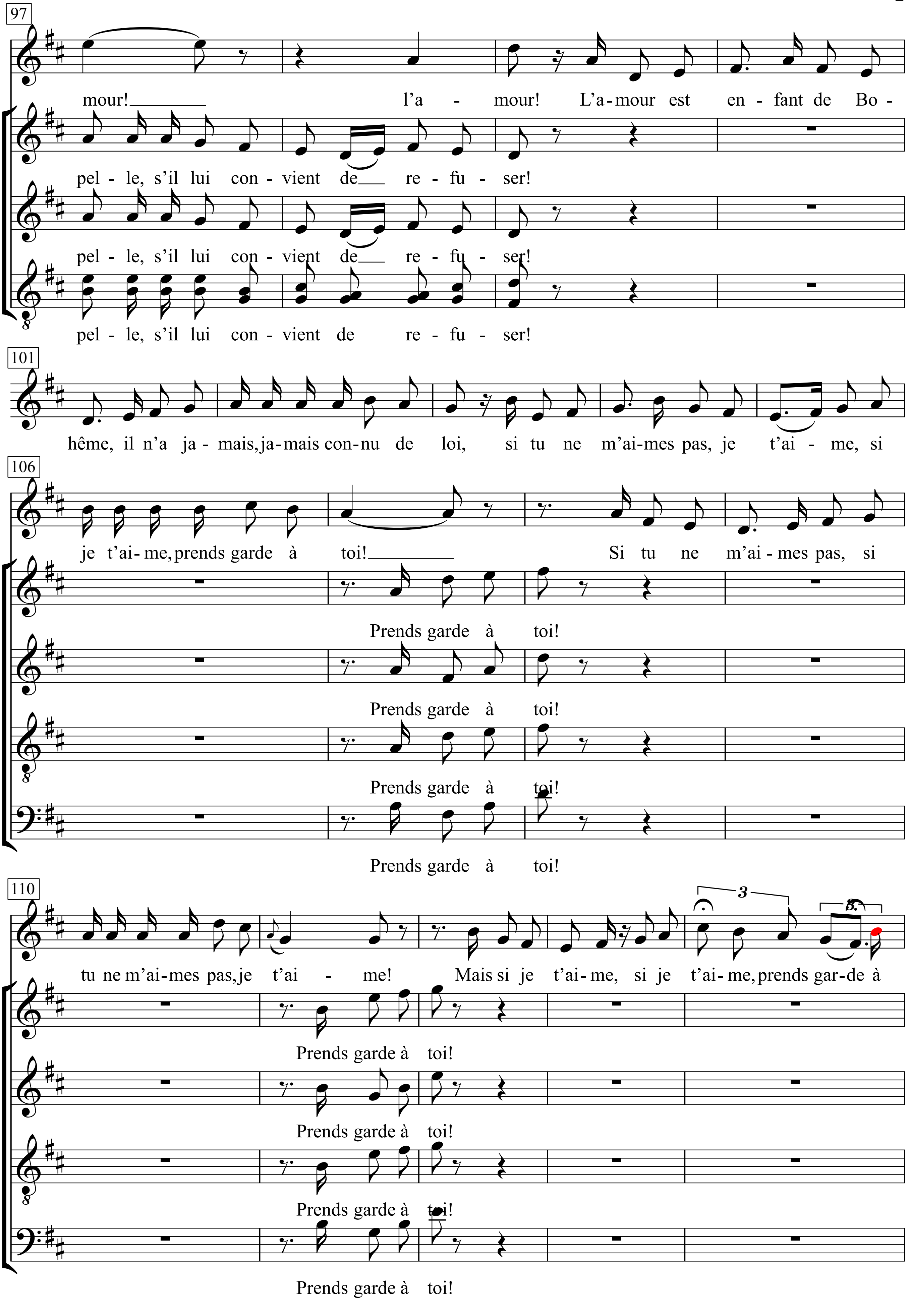
3. Und manches, was ich erfahren,
verkocht ich in stiller Wut,
|: und kam ich wieder zu singen,
war alles auch wieder gut. :|
und alles, alles, und alles auch wieder gut.

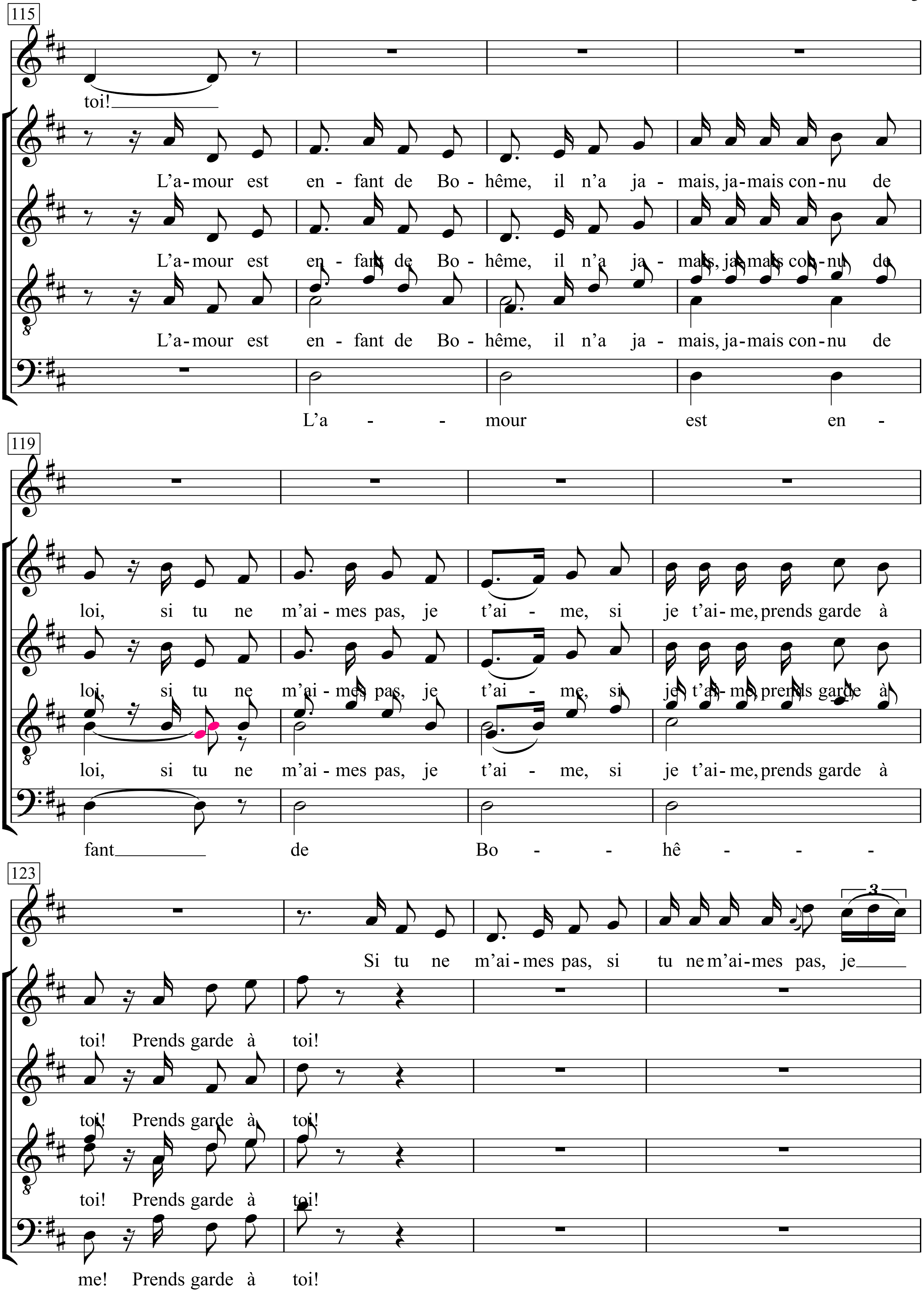
4. Sollst uns nicht lange klagen,
was alles dir wehe tut,
|: nur frisch, nur frisch gesungen,
und alles wird wieder gut. :|
und alles, alles, und alles wird wieder gut.

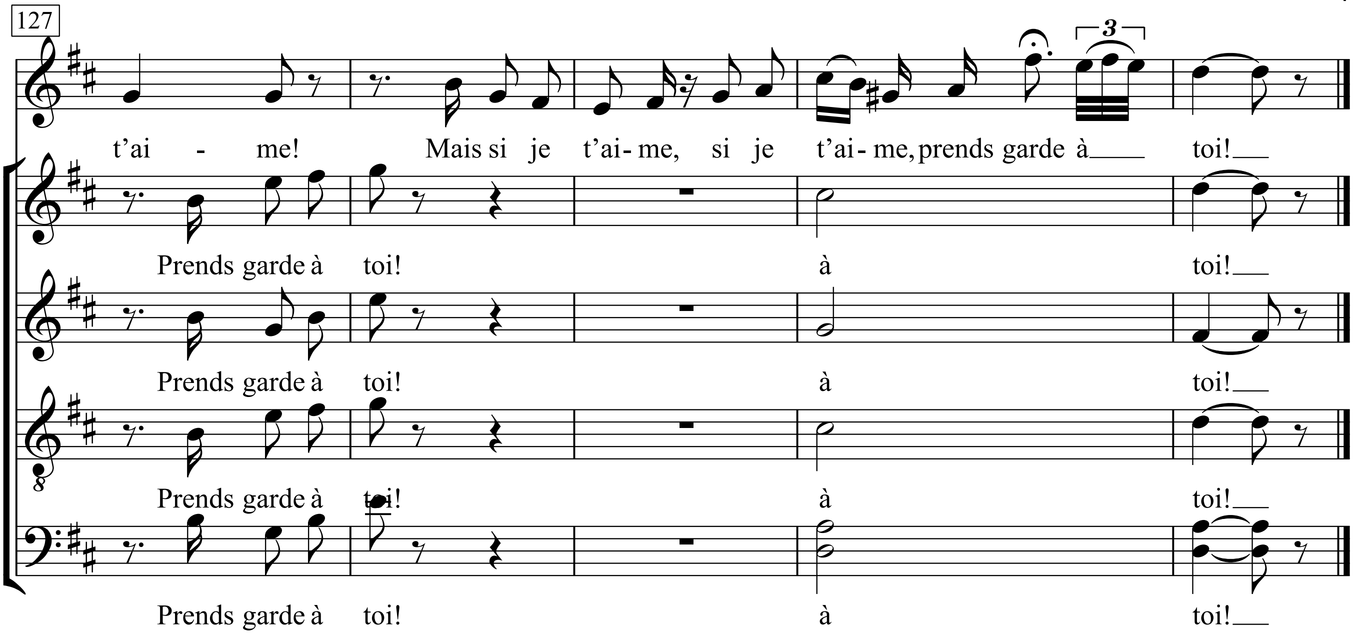
Habanera
(Carmen)

Georges Bizet




97
mour! l'a - mour! L'a-mour est en - fant de Bo -
pel - le, s'il lui con - vient de re - fu - ser!
pel - le, s'il lui con - vient de re - fu - ser!
pel - le, s'il lui con - vient de re - fu - ser!
101
hême, il n'a ja - mais, ja-mais con-nu de loi, si tu ne m'ai-mes pas, je t'ai - me, si
106
je t'ai- me, prends garde à toi! Si tu ne m'ai - mes pas, si
Prends garde à toi!
Prends garde à toi!
Prends garde à toi!
Prends garde à toi!
110
tu ne m'ai-mes pas, je t'ai - me! Mais si je t'ai- me, si je t'ai- me, prends gar-de à
Prends garde à toi!
Prends garde à toi!
Prends garde à toi!
Prends garde à toi!


115
toi!
L'a-mour est en - fant de Bo - hême, il n'a ja - mais, ja-mais con-nu de
L'a-mour est en - fant de Bo - hême, il n'a ja - mais, ja-mais con-nu de
L'a-mour est en - fant de Bo - hême, il n'a ja - mais, ja-mais con-nu de
L'a - - mour est en -
119
loi, si tu ne m'ai - mes pas, je t'ai - me, si je t'ai-me, prends garde à
loi, si tu ne m'ai - mes pas, je t'ai - me, si je t'ai-me, prends garde à
loi, si tu ne m'ai - mes pas, je t'ai - me, si je t'ai-me, prends garde à
fant de Bo - - hê - - - -
123
Si tu ne m'ai - mes pas, si tu ne m'ai - mes pas, je
toi! Prends garde à toi!
toi! Prends garde à toi!
toi! Prends garde à toi!
me! Prends garde à toi!

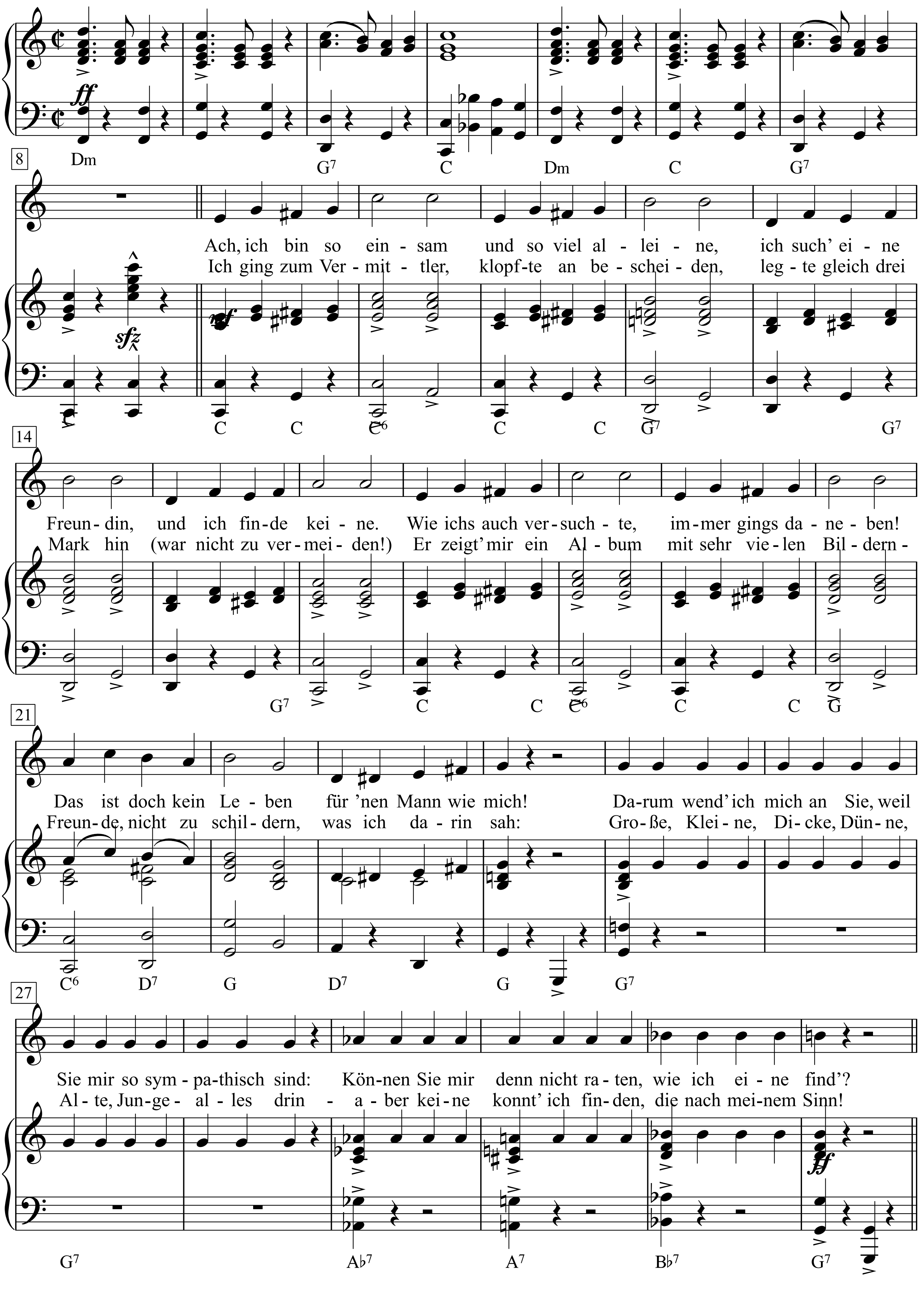

127
t'ai - me! Mais si je t'ai- me, si je t'ai- me, prends garde à toi!
Prends garde à toi! à toi!
Prends garde à toi! à toi!
Prends garde à toi! à toi!
Prends garde à toi! à toi!

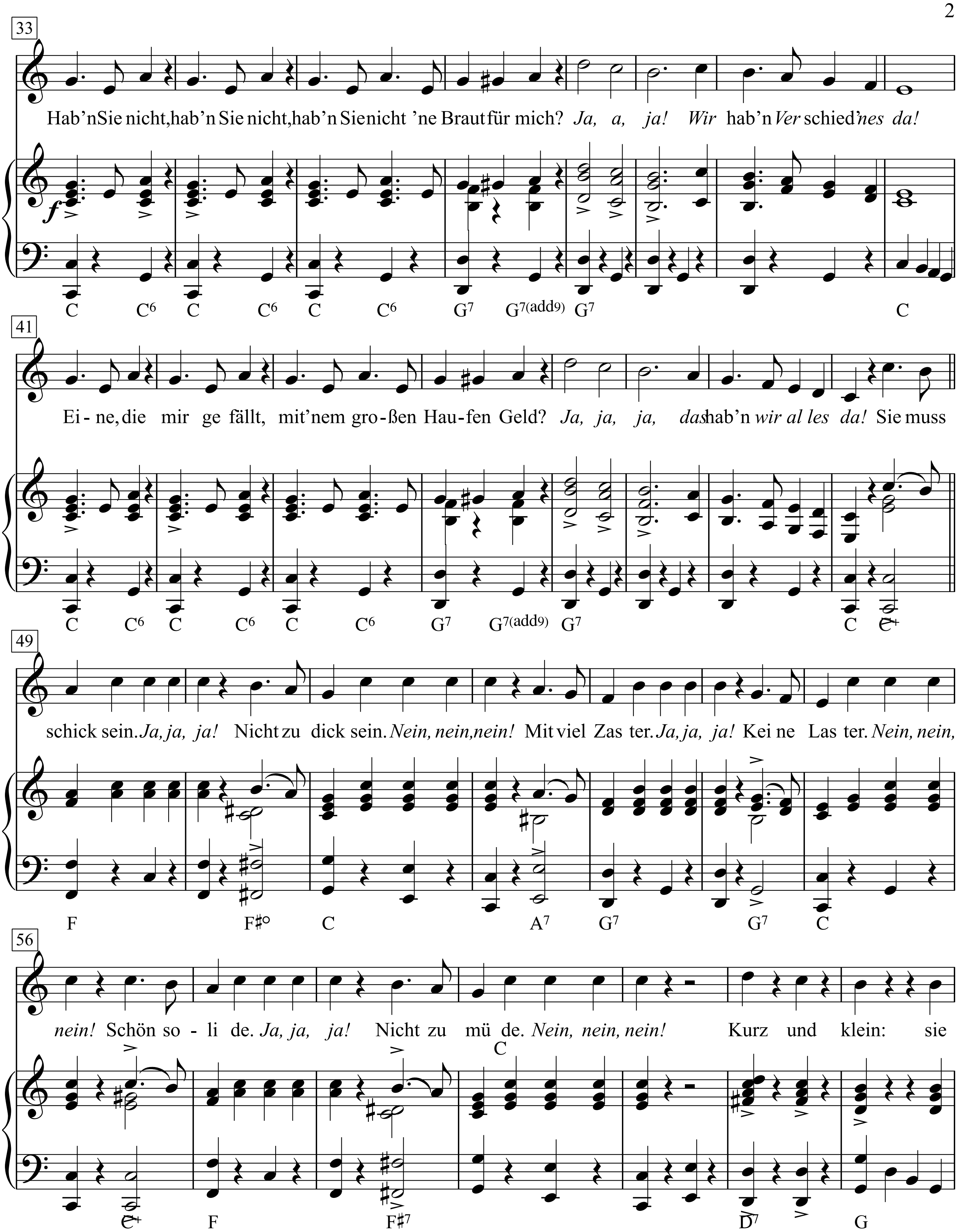
Hab’n Sie nicht ’ne Braut für mich

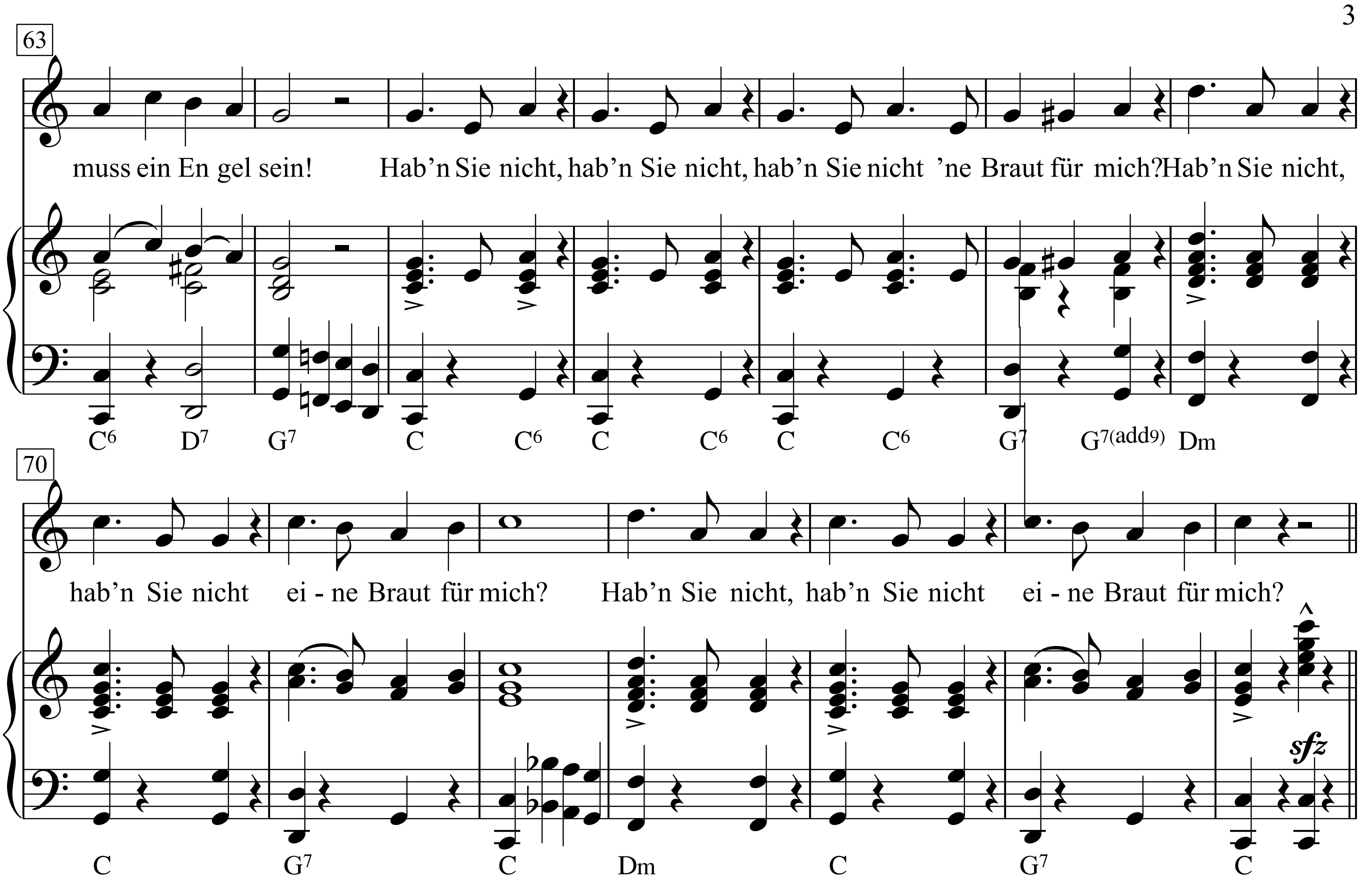
Samba-Polka

Sehr flott *(à la “Böhmische Polka”)*

Text & Musik: Heino Gaze

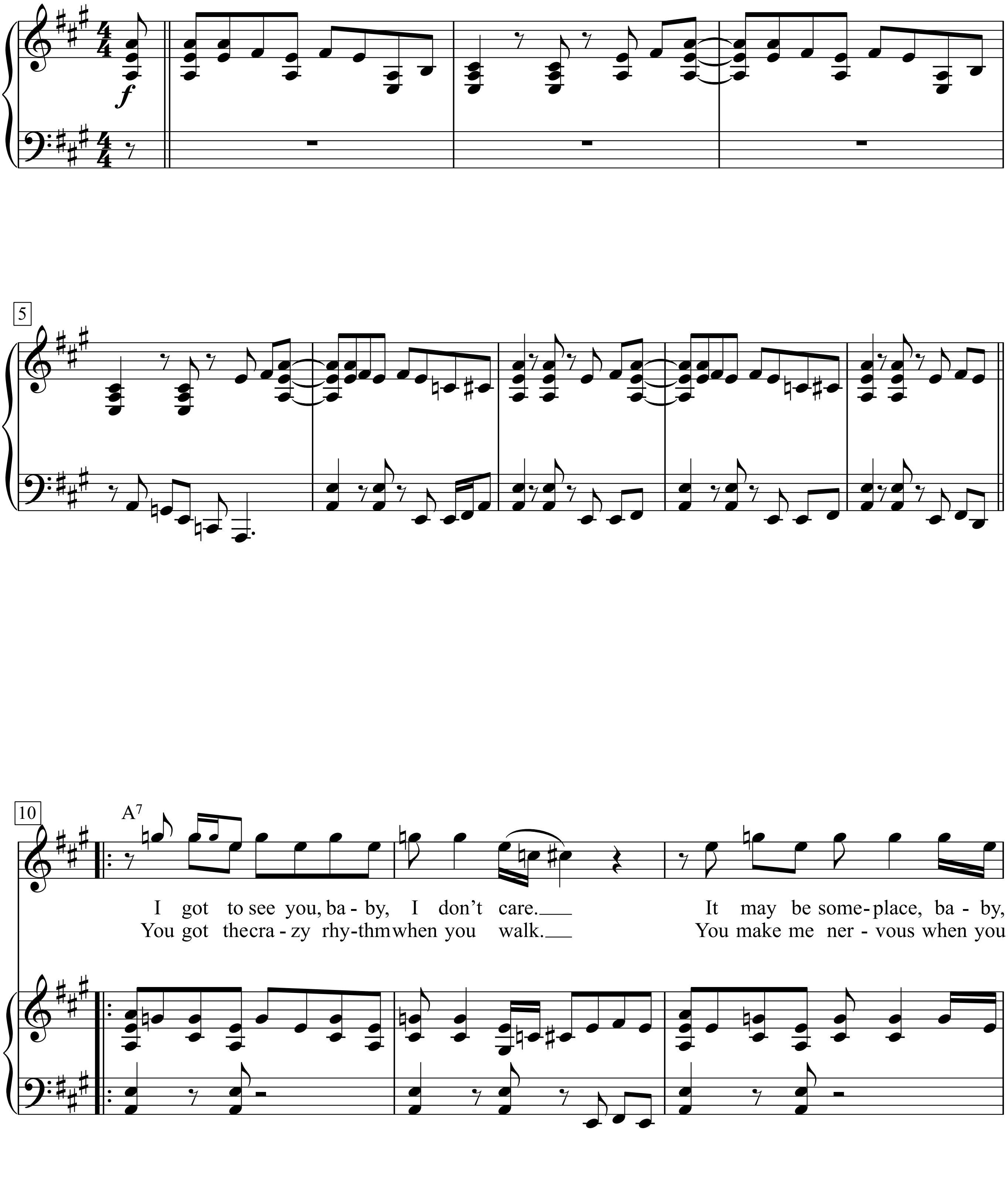


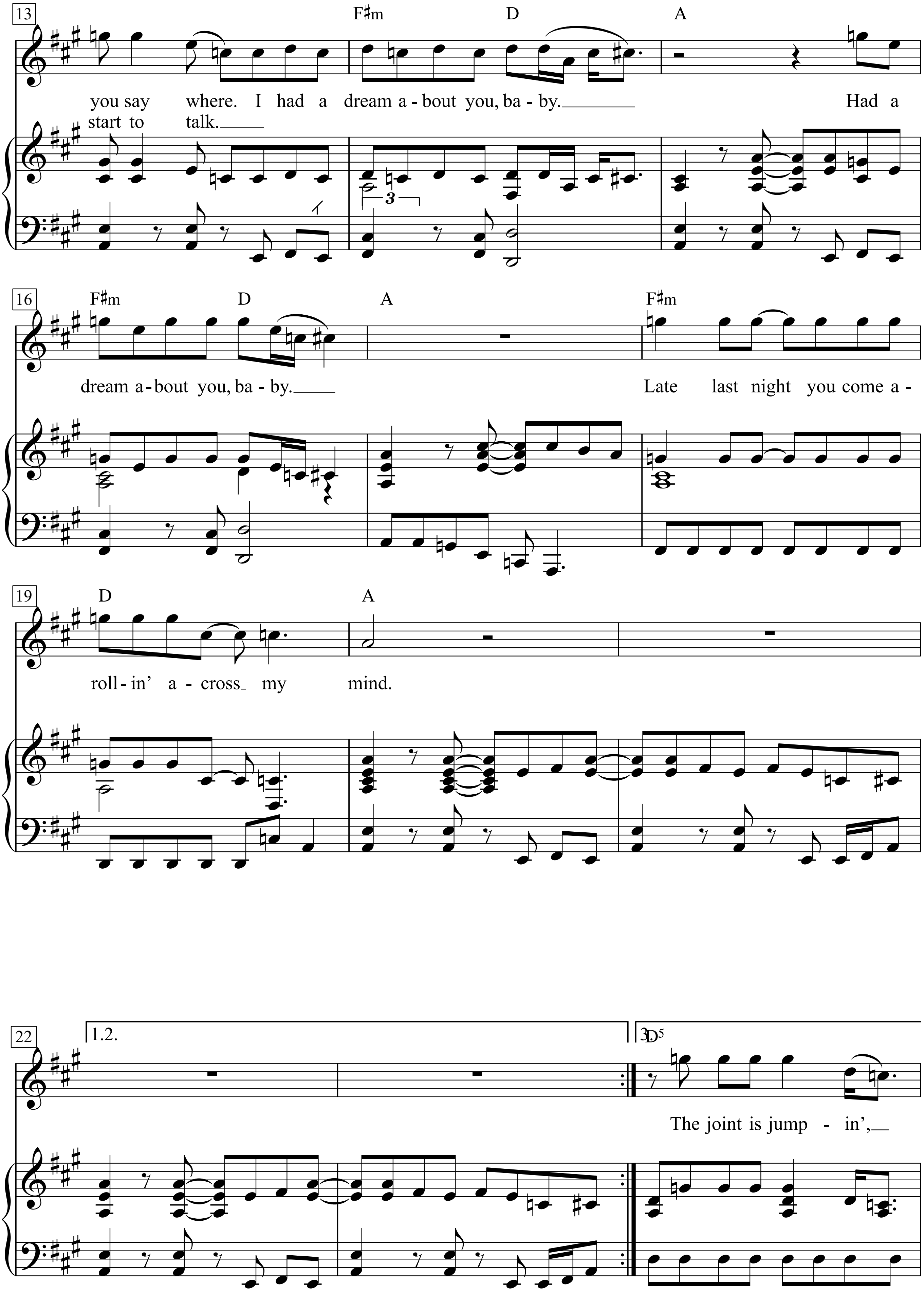

33
Hab'n Sie nicht, hab'n Sie nicht, hab'n Sie nicht 'ne Braut für mich? Ja, a, ja! Wir hab'n Ver schied'nes da!
f
C C6 C C6 C C6 G7 G7(add9) G7 C
41
Ei - ne, die mir ge fällt, mit'nem gro - ßen Hau - fen Geld? Ja, ja, ja, das hab'n wir al les da! Sie muss
C C6 C C6 C C6 G7 G7(add9) G7 C C+
49
schick sein. Ja, ja, ja! Nicht zu dick sein. Nein, nein, nein! Mit viel Zas ter. Ja, ja, ja! Kei ne Las ter. Nein, nein,
F F#° C A7 G7 G7 C
56
nein! Schön so - li de. Ja, ja, ja! Nicht zu mü de. Nein, nein, nein! Kurz und klein: sie
C
C+ F F#7 D7 G

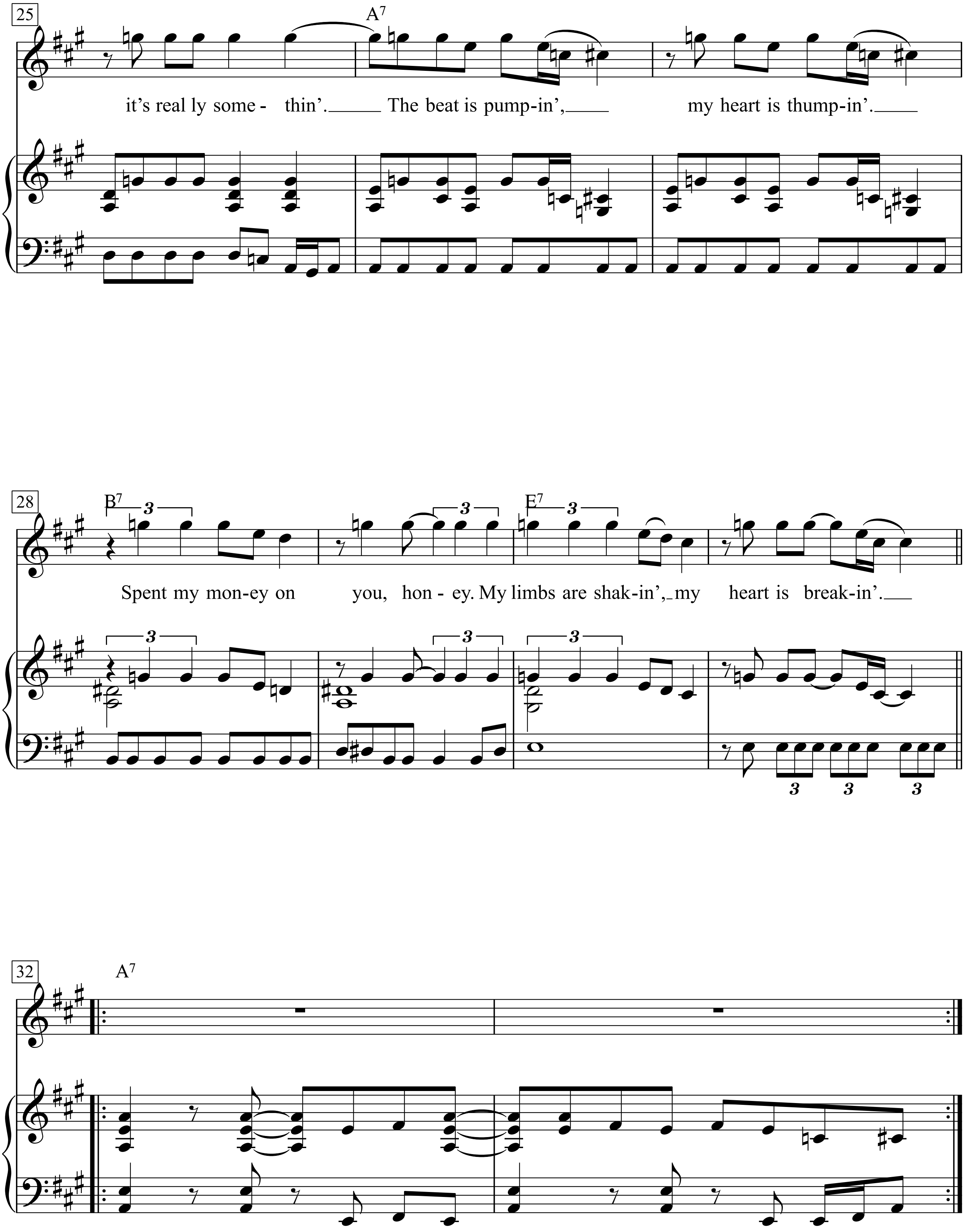

63
muss ein En gel sein! Hab'n Sie nicht, hab'n Sie nicht, hab'n Sie nicht 'ne Braut für mich?Hab'n Sie nicht,
C6 D7 G7 C C6 C C6 C C6 G7 G7(add9) Dm
70
hab'n Sie nicht ei - ne Braut für mich? Hab'n Sie nicht, hab'n Sie nicht ei - ne Braut für mich?
sfz
C G7 C Dm C G7 C

Had A Dream About You Baby

Medium Shuffle



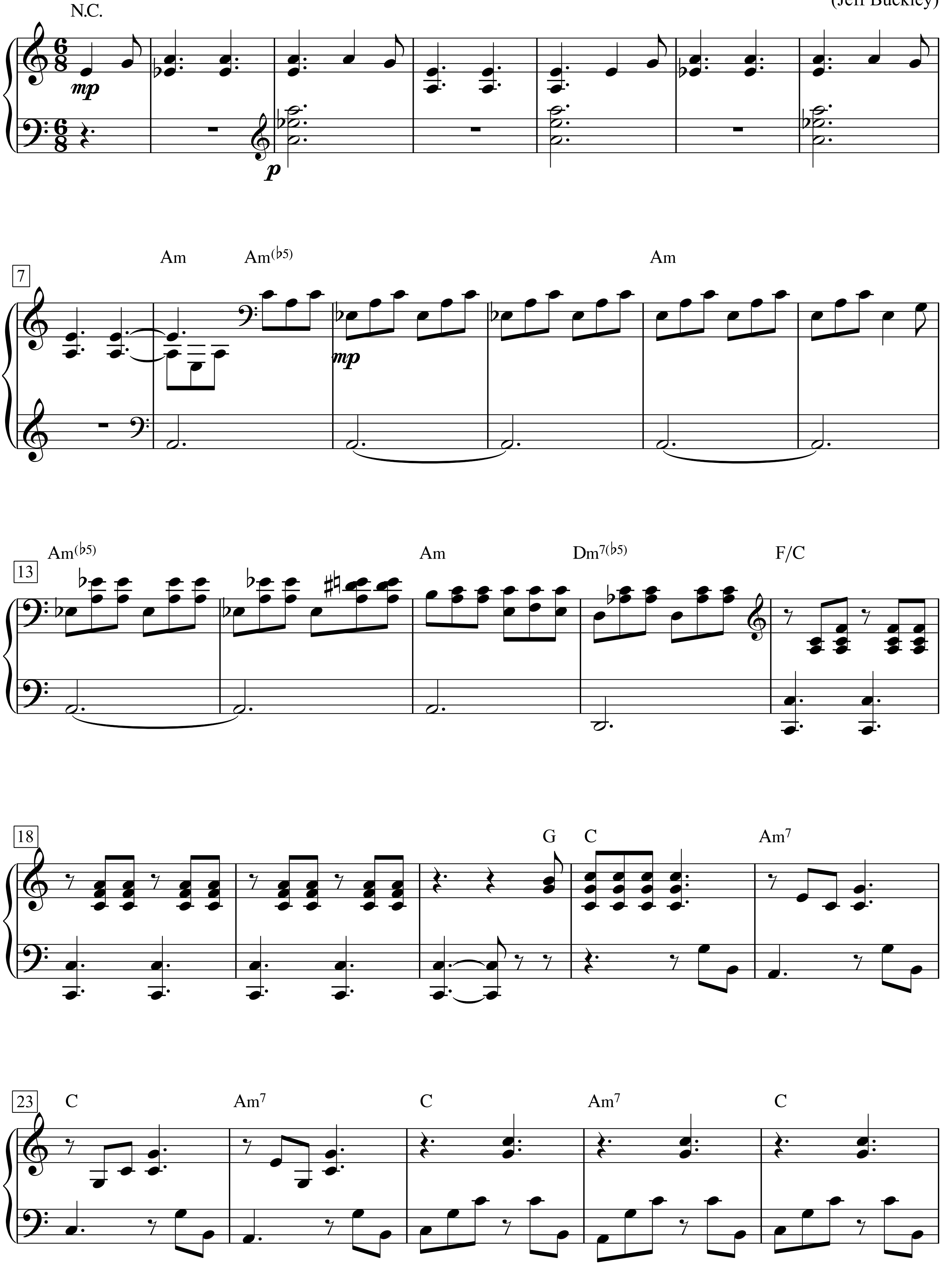

13
F♯m D A
you say where. I had a dream a - bout you, ba - by.
start to talk.
Had a
3
16
F♯m D A F♯m
dream a - bout you, ba - by.
Late last night you come a -
19
D A
roll - in' a - cross my mind.
22
1.2.
3.
D5
The joint is jump - in',

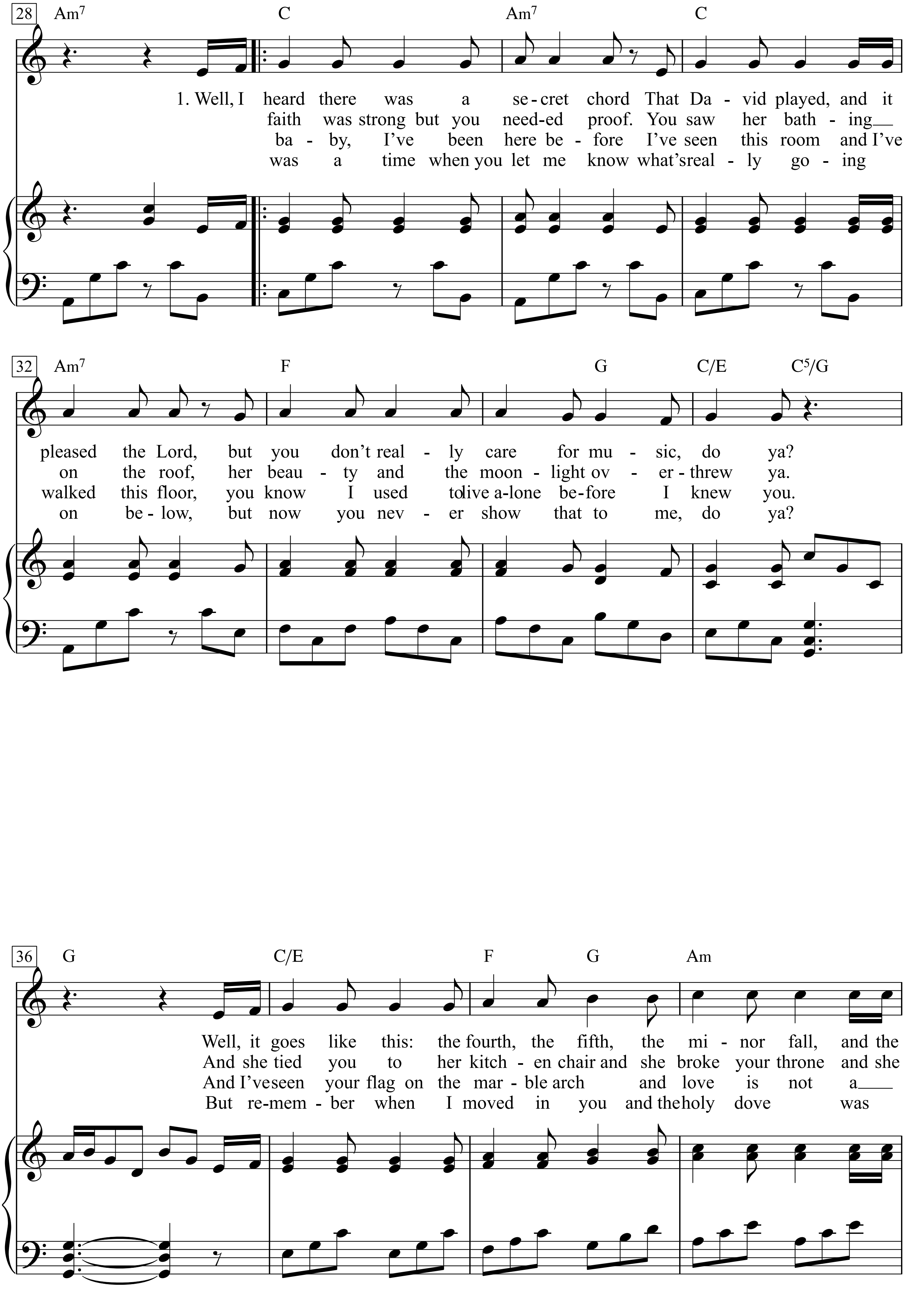

25
A7
it's real ly some - thin'. The beat is pump-in', my heart is thump-in'.
28
B7
E7
Spent my mon-ey on you, hon - ey. My limbs are shak-in', my heart is break-in'.
32
A7

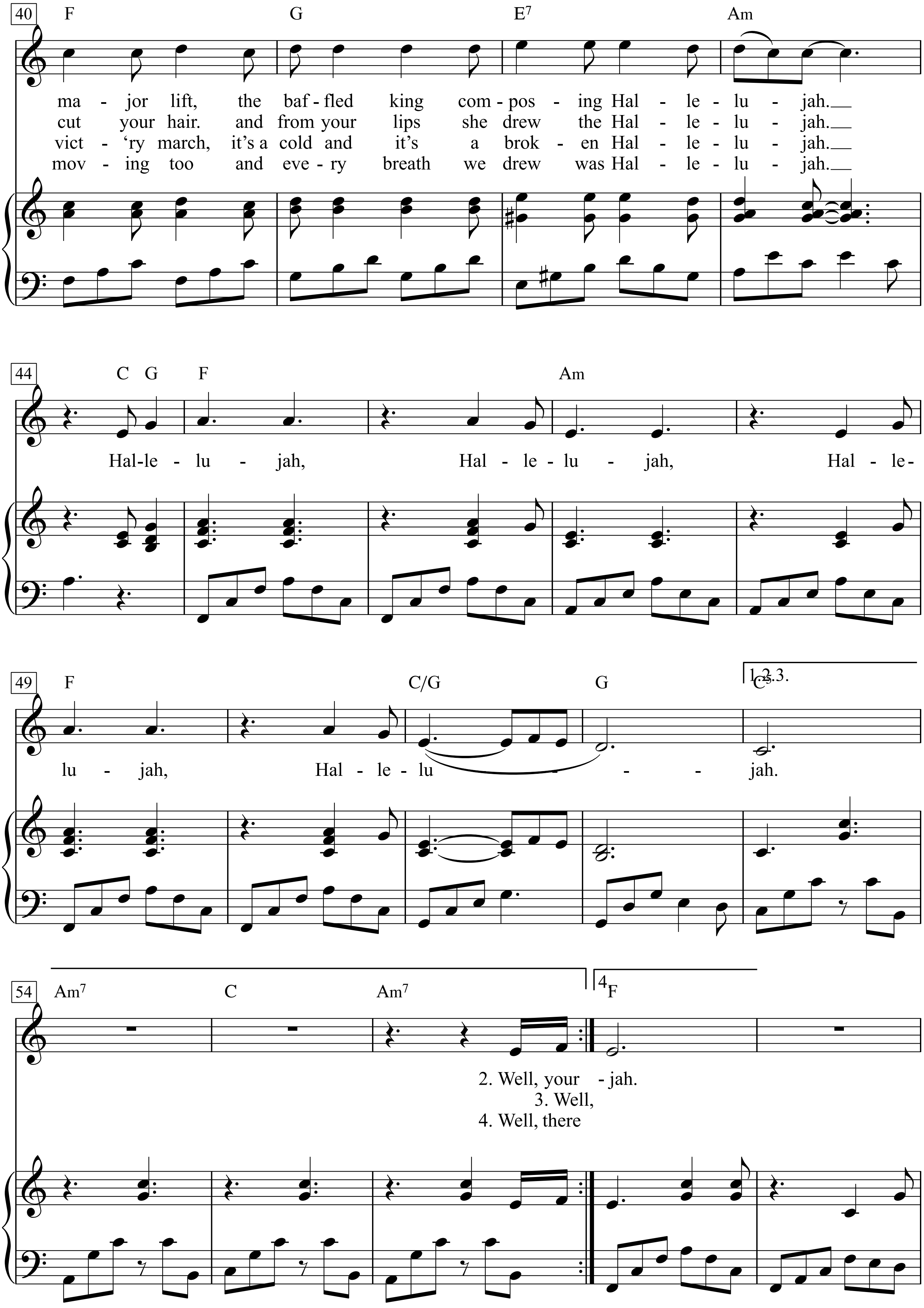
Hallelujah

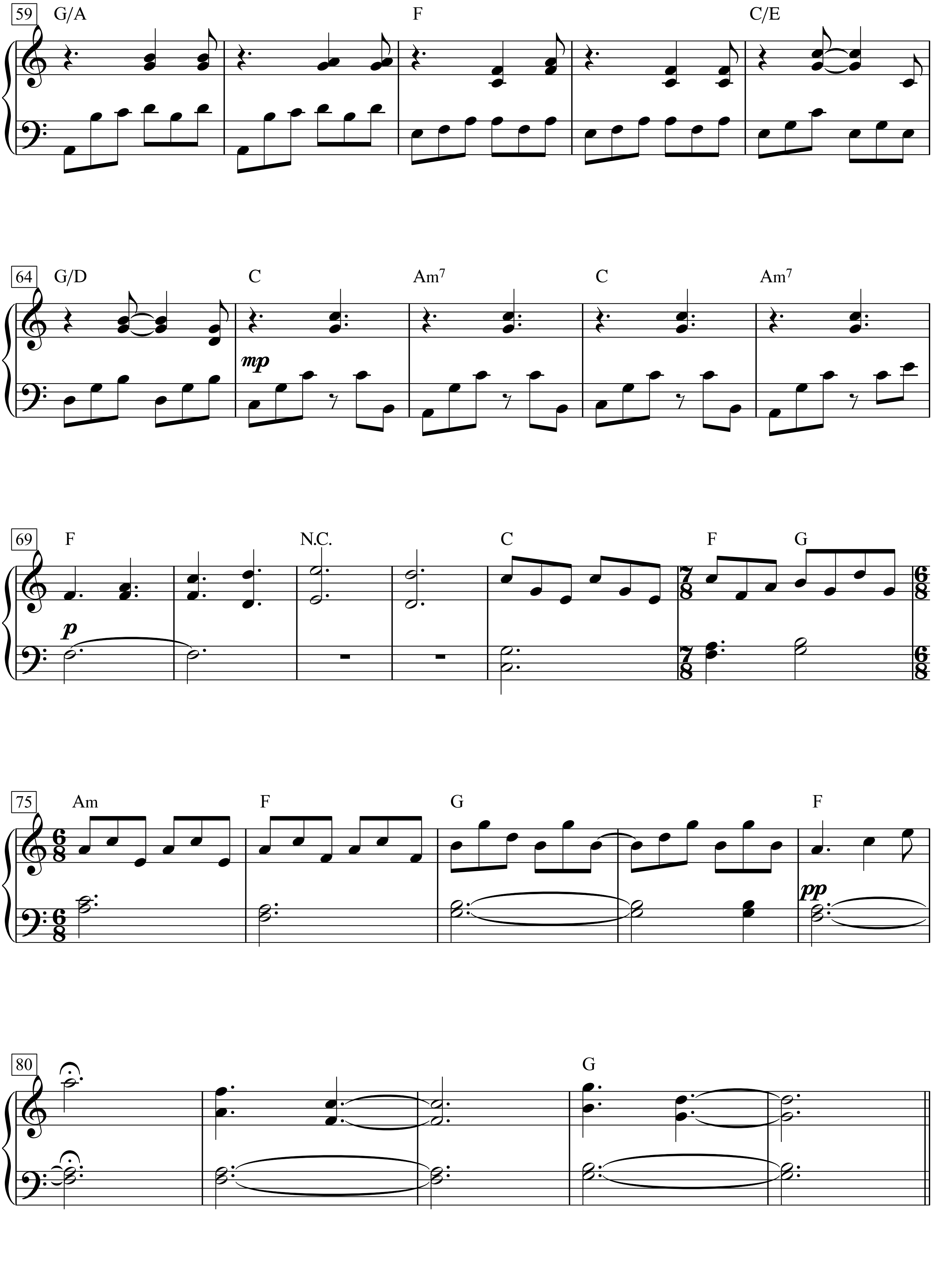
Words & Music by Leonard Cohen
(Jeff Buckley)

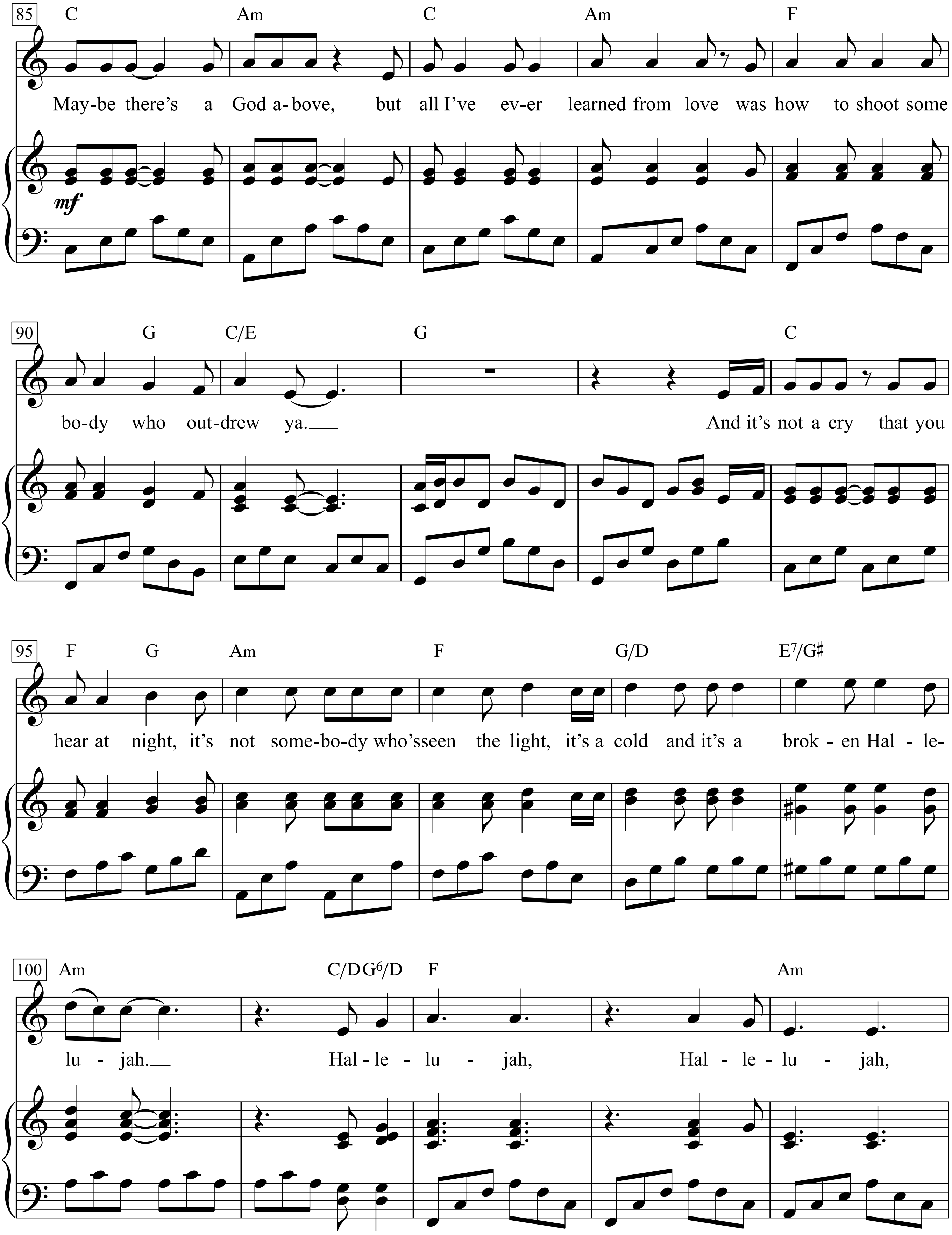
Freely

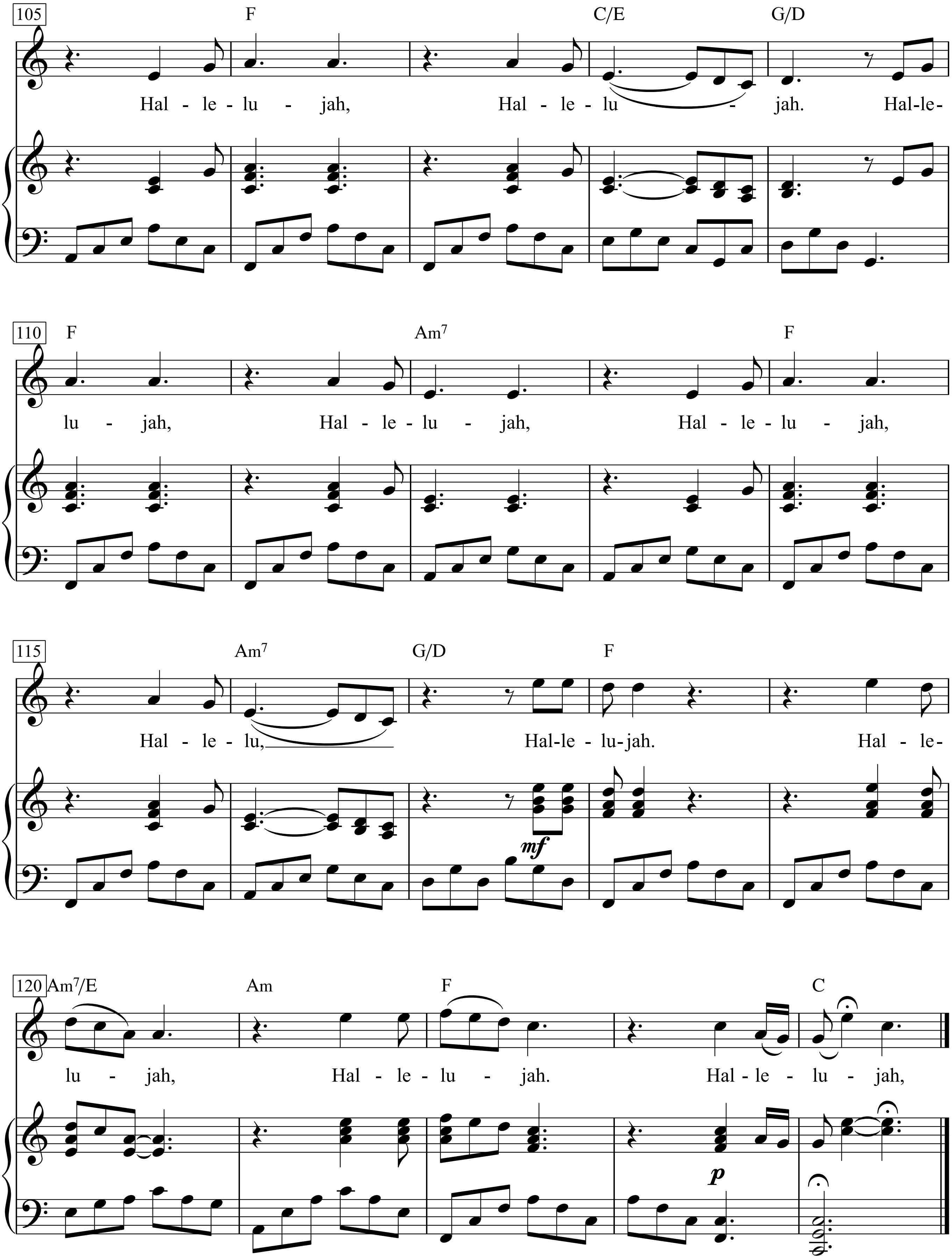



28
Am7 C Am7 C
1. Well, I heard there was a se - cret chord That Da - vid played, and it
faith was strong but you need-ed proof. You saw her bath - ing
ba - by, I've been here be - fore I've seen this room and I've
was a time when you let me know what's real - ly go - ing
32
Am7 F G C/E C5/G
pleased the Lord, but you don't real - ly care for mu - sic, do ya?
on the roof, her beau - ty and the moon - light ov - er - threw ya.
walked this floor, you know I used to live a-lone be-fore I knew you.
on be - low, but now you nev - er show that to me, do ya?
36
G C/E F G Am
Well, it goes like this: the fourth, the fifth, the mi - nor fall, and the
And she tied you to her kitch - en chair and she broke your throne and she
And I've seen your flag on the mar - ble arch and love is not a
But re-mem - ber when I moved in you and the holy dove was


40
F G E7 Am
ma - jor lift, the baf - fled king com - pos - ing Hal - le - lu - jah.
cut your hair. and from your lips she drew the Hal - le - lu - jah.
vict - 'ry march, it's a cold and it's a brok - en Hal - le - lu - jah.
mov - ing too and eve - ry breath we drew was Hal - le - lu - jah.
44
C G F Am
Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le-
49
F C/G G C
1.2.3.
lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.
54
Am7 C Am7 F
4
2. Well, your - jah.
3. Well,
4. Well, there


59
G/A
F
C/E
64
G/D
C
Am7
C
Am7
mp
69
F
N.C.
C
F
G
p
75
Am
F
G
F
pp
80
G

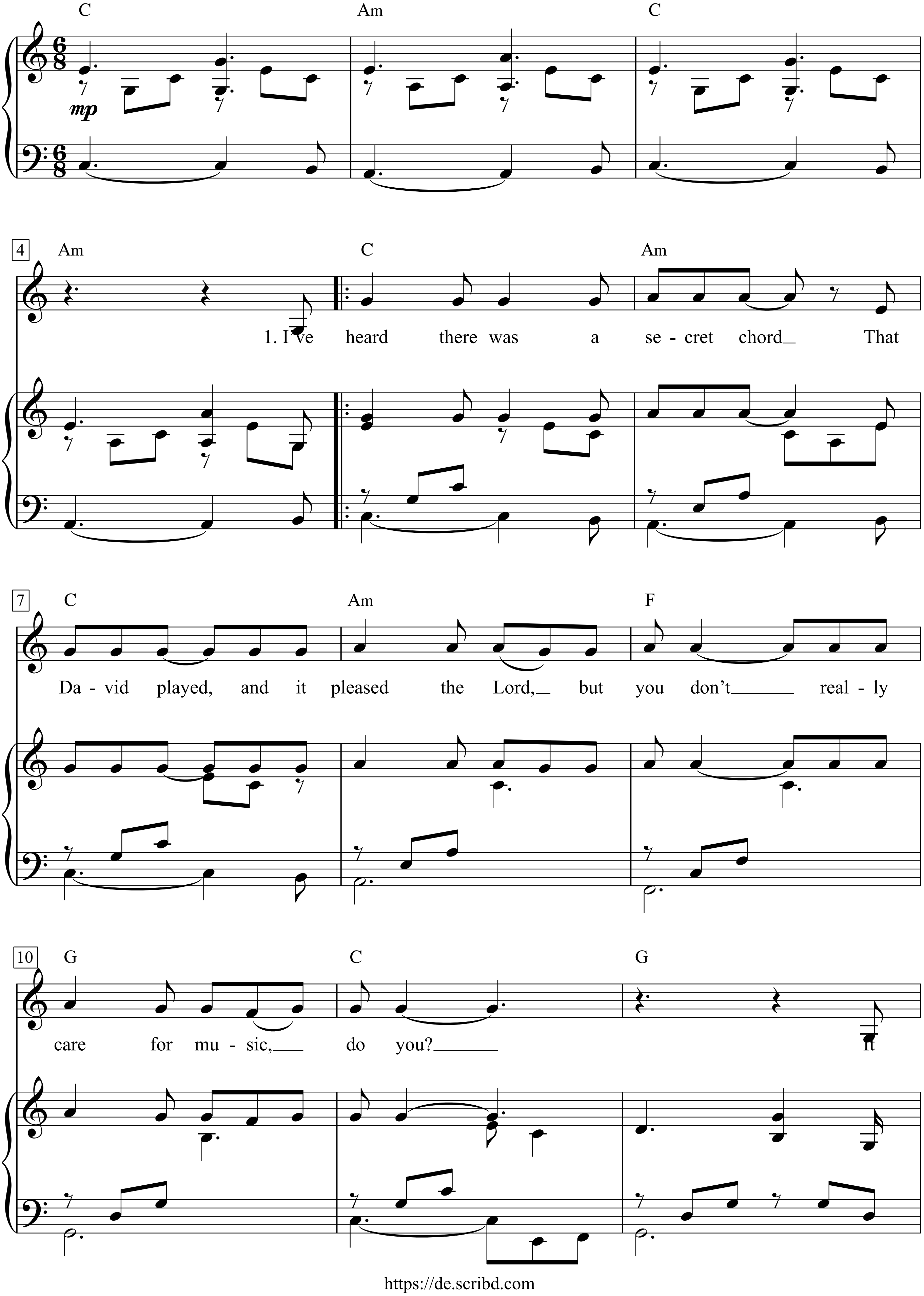

85
C Am C Am F
mf
May-be there's a God a-bove, but all I've ev-er learned from love was how to shoot some
90
G C/E G C
bo-dy who out-drew ya.
And it's not a cry that you
95
F G Am F G/D E7/G♯
hear at night, it's not some-bo-dy who'sseen the light, it's a cold and it's a brok - en Hal - le-
100
Am C/D G6/D F Am
lu - jah.
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

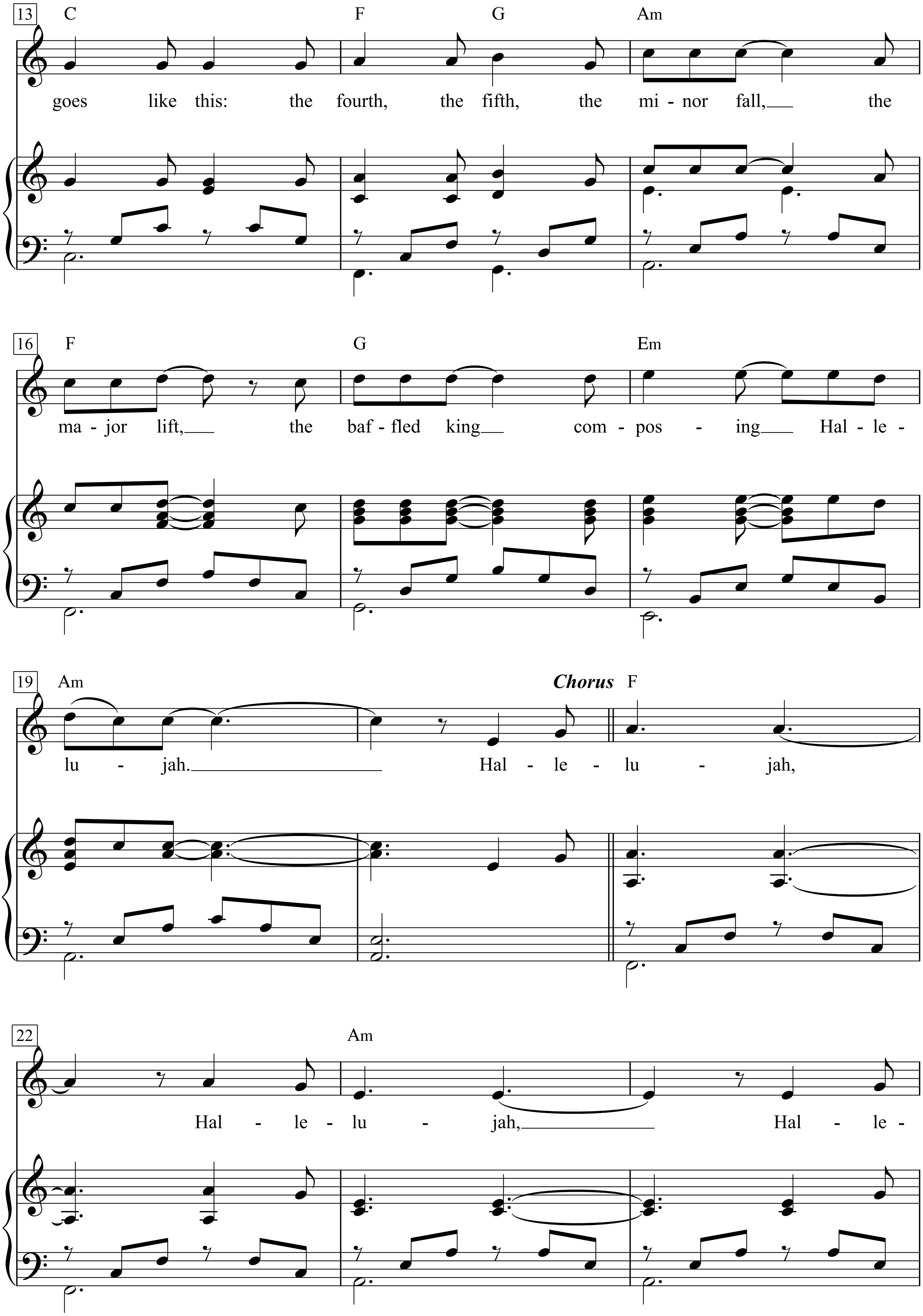

105 F C/E G/D
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah. Hal-le-
110 F Am7 F
lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,
115 Am7 G/D F
Hal - le - lu, Hal-le - lu-jah. Hal - le-
mf
120 Am7/E Am F C
lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah. Hal - le - lu - jah,
p

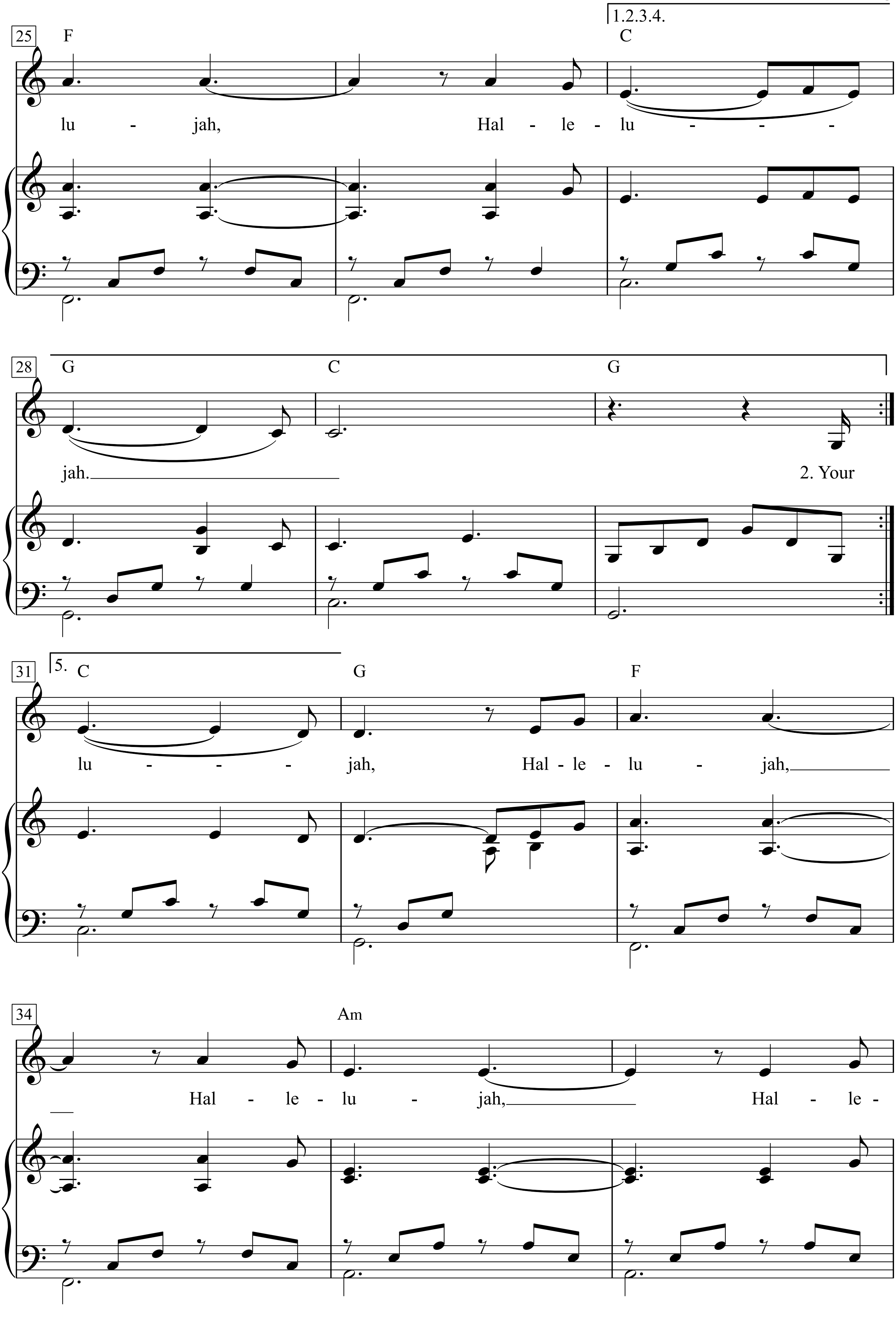
Hallelujah

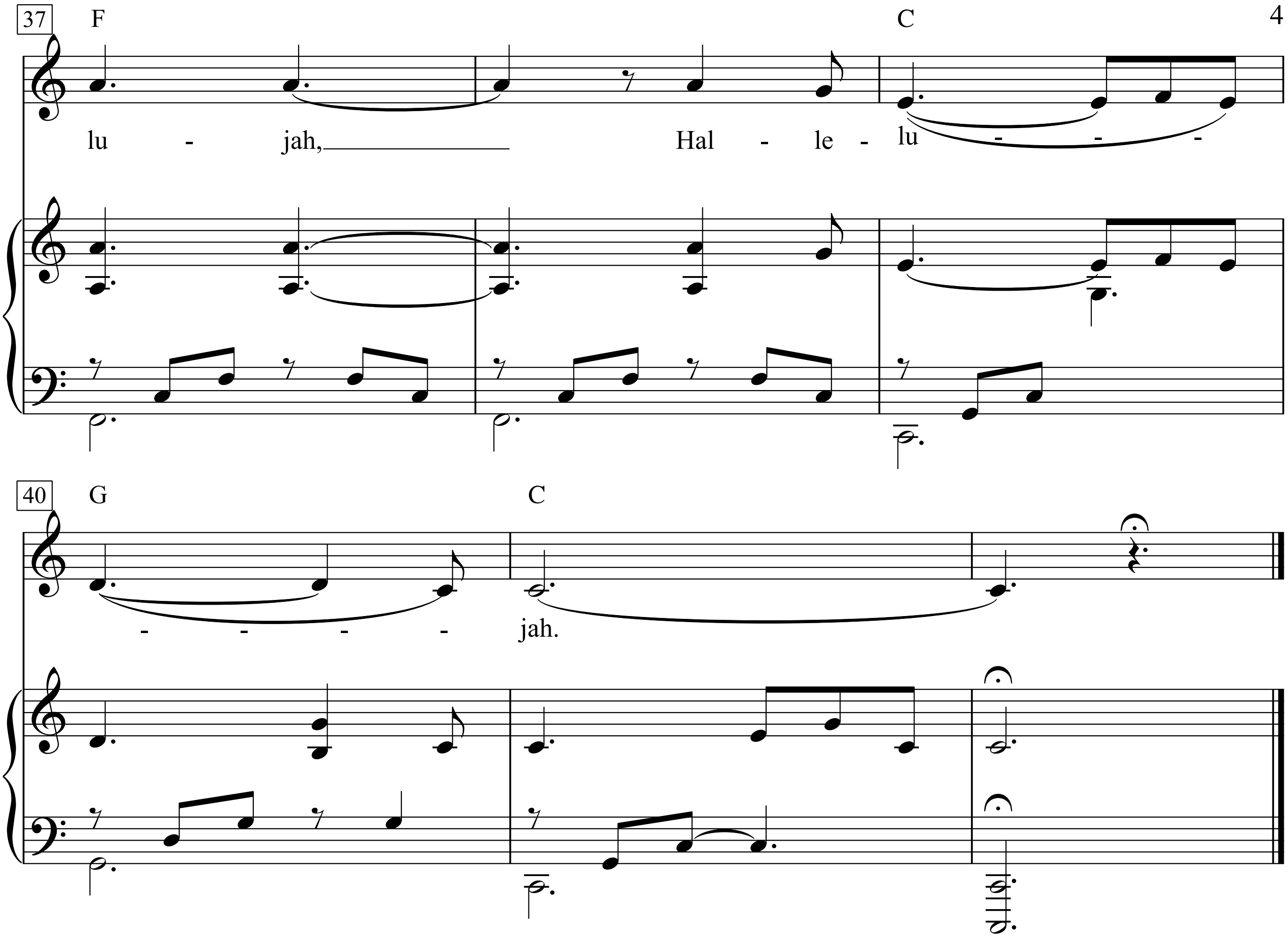
Word & Music by
Leonard Cohen

Moderately slow, in 2




13
C F G Am
goes like this: the fourth, the fifth, the mi - nor fall, the
16
F G Em
ma - jor lift, the baf - fled king com - pos - ing Hal - le -
19
Am Chorus F
lu - jah. Hal - le - lu - jah,
22
Am
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -


1.2.3.4.
25
F
C
lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - - - -
28
G
C
G
jah.
2. Your
5.
31
C
G
F
lu - - - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,
34
Am
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -



1. I've heard there was a secret chord
that David played, and it pleased the Lord,
but you don't really care for music, do you?
It goes like this: the fourth, the fifth,
the minor fall, the major lift,
the baffled king composing Hallelujah.
Chorus:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

2. Your faith was strong, but you needed proof.
You saw her bathing on the roof.
Her beauty and the moonlight overthrew you.
She tied you to a kitchen chair.
She broke your throne; she cut your hair.
And from your lips she drew the Hallelujah.
Chorus:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

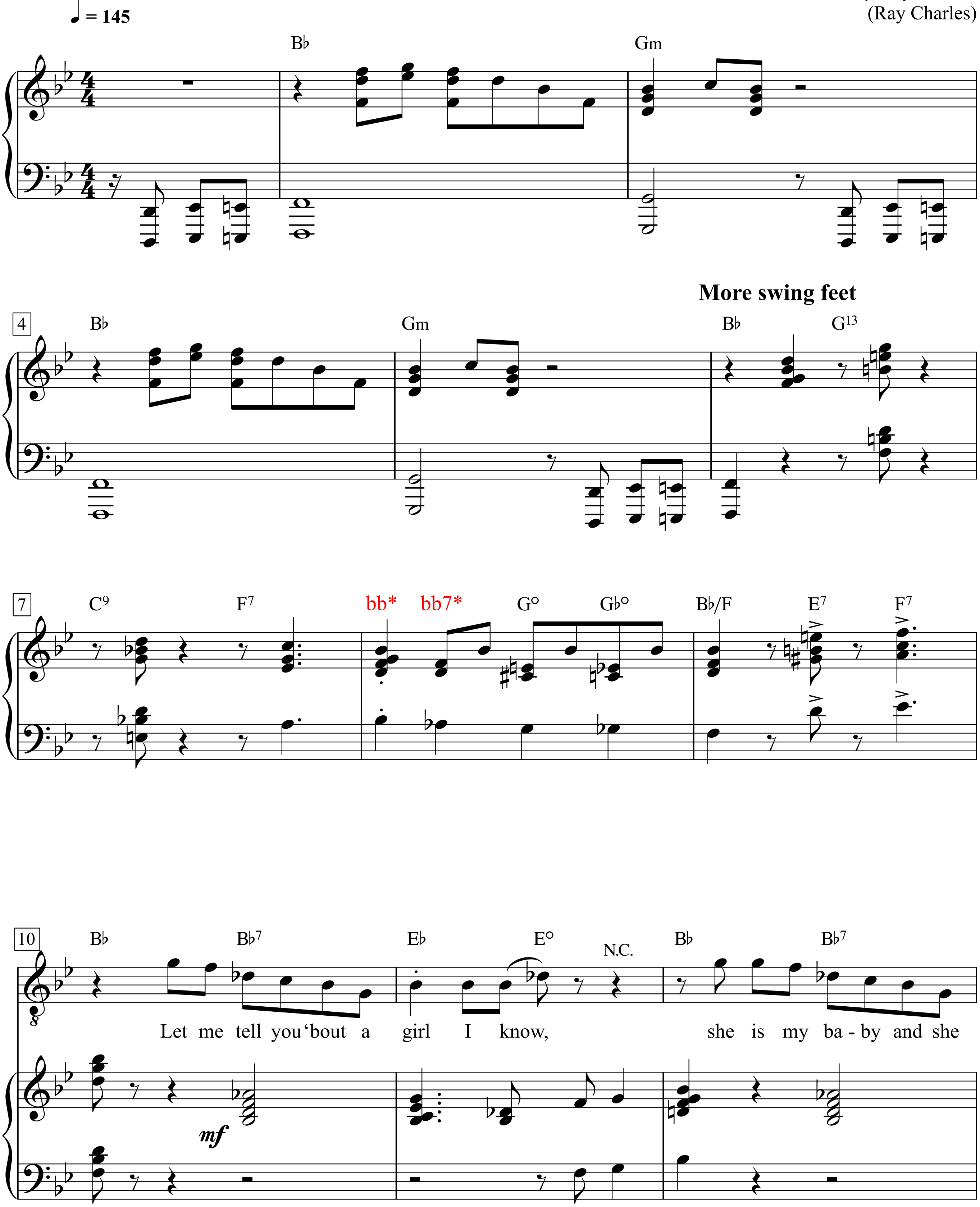
3. Maybe 1 have been here before.
I know this room; I've walked this floor.
I used to live alone before I knew you.
I've seen your flag on the marble arch.
Love is not a victory march.
It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah.
Chorus:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

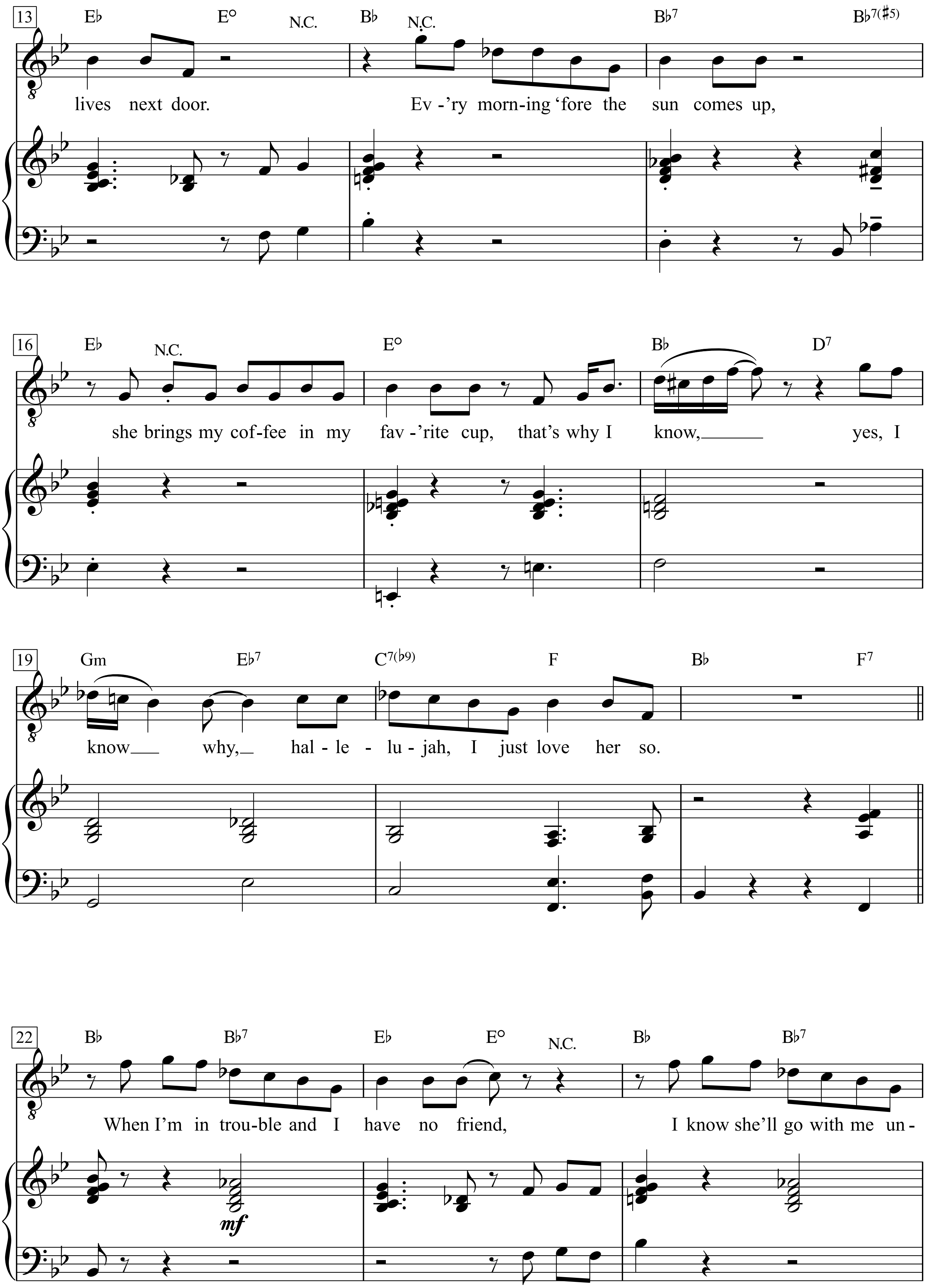
4. There was a time you let me know
What's real and going on below.
But now you never show it to me, do you?
And remember when I moved in you,
The holy dark was movin' too.
And every breath we drew was Hallelujah.
Chorus:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

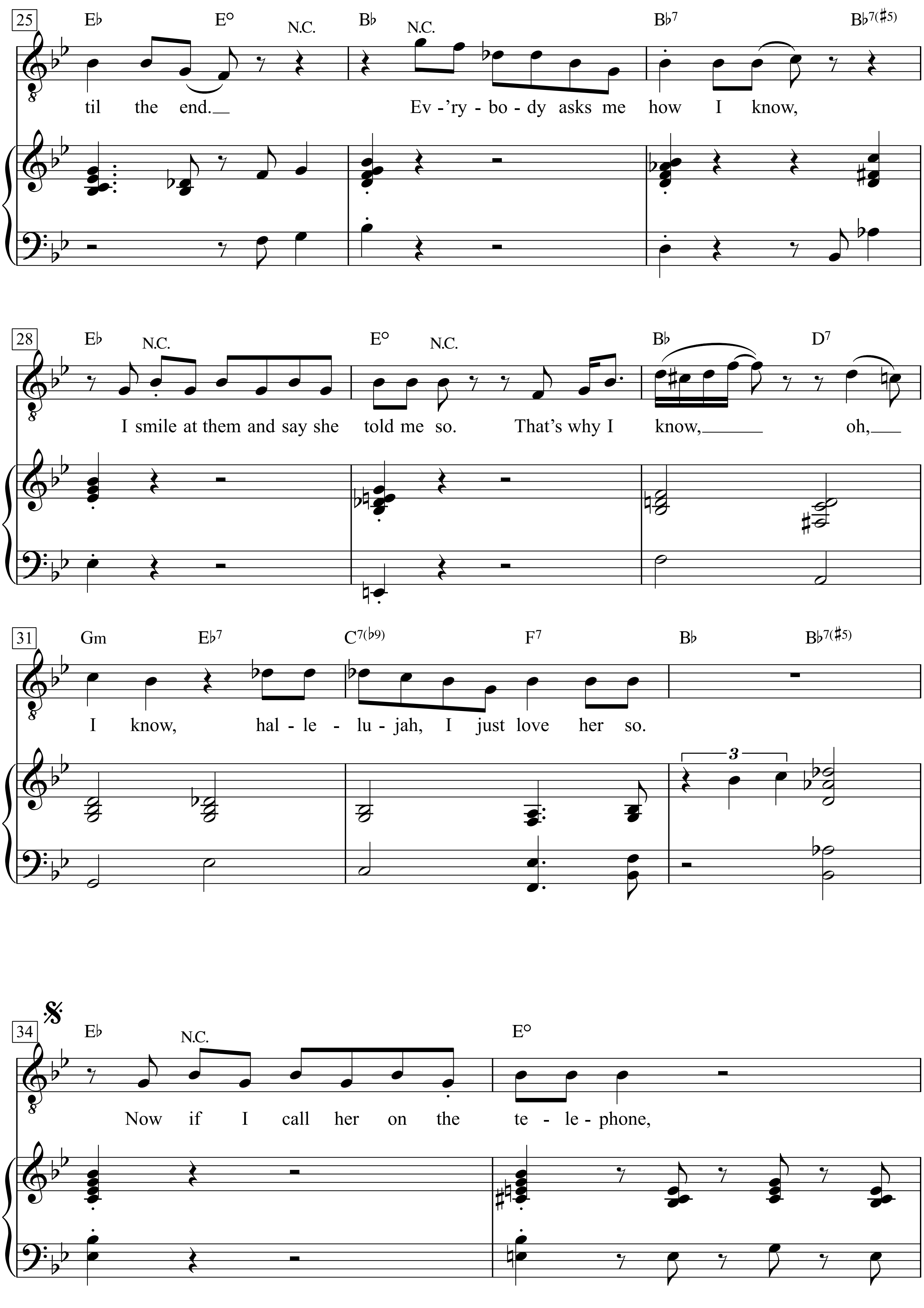
5. Maybe there's a God above,
And all I ever learned from love
Was how to shoot at someone who outdrew you.
And it's not a cry you can hear at night.
It's not somebody who's seen the light.
It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah.
Chorus:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

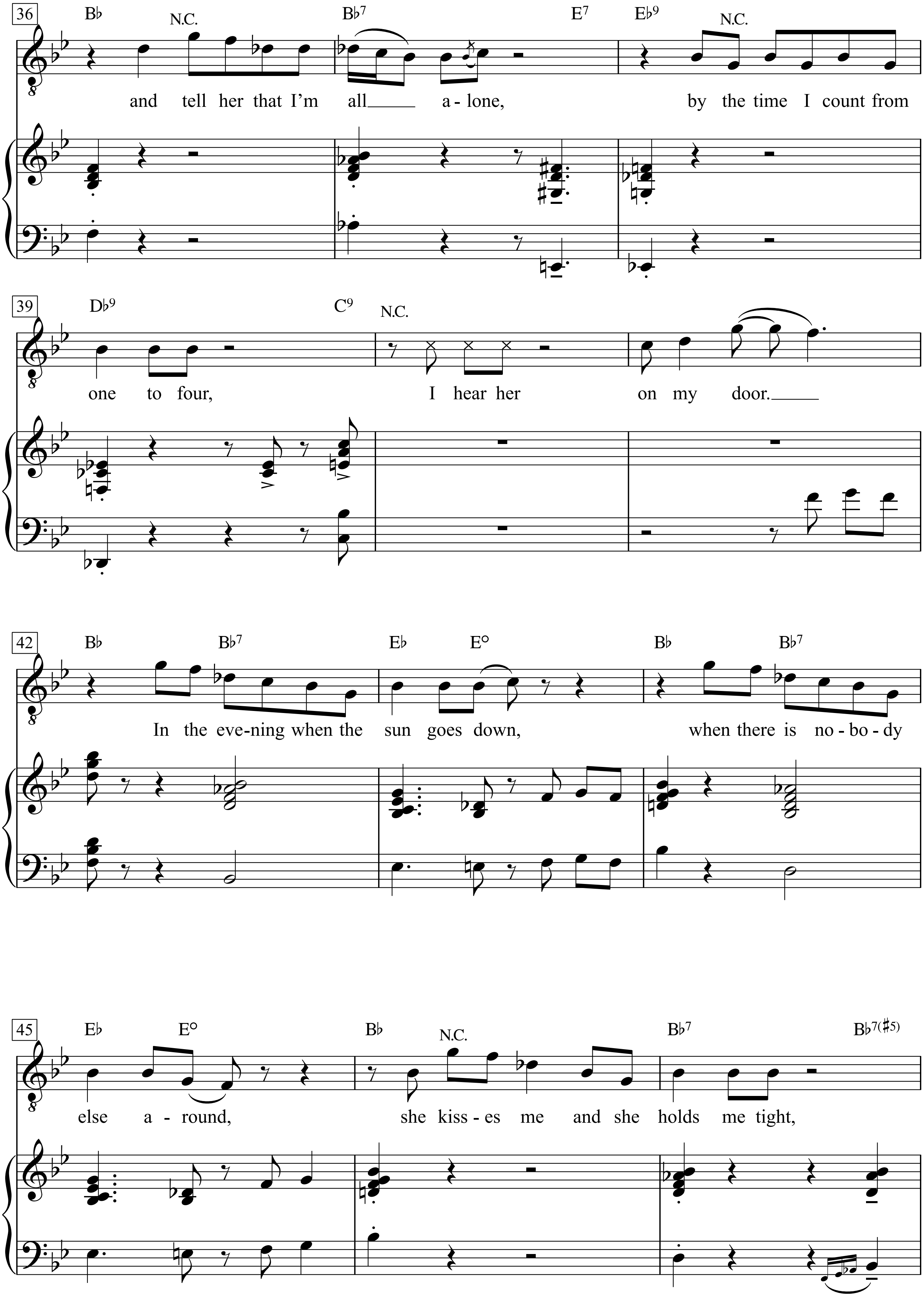
Hallelujah I Love Her So

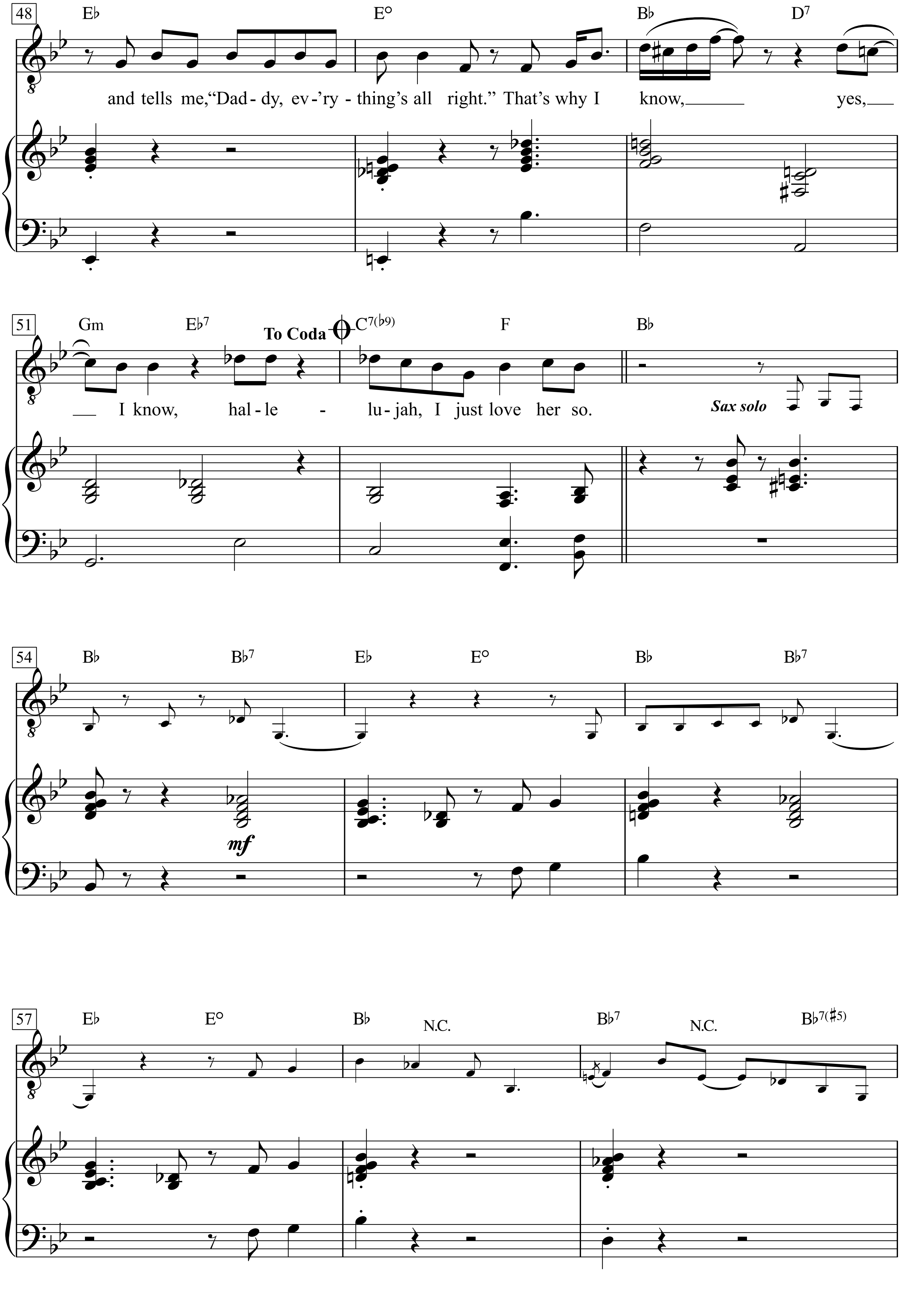
Words & Music by Ray Charles
(Ray Charles)

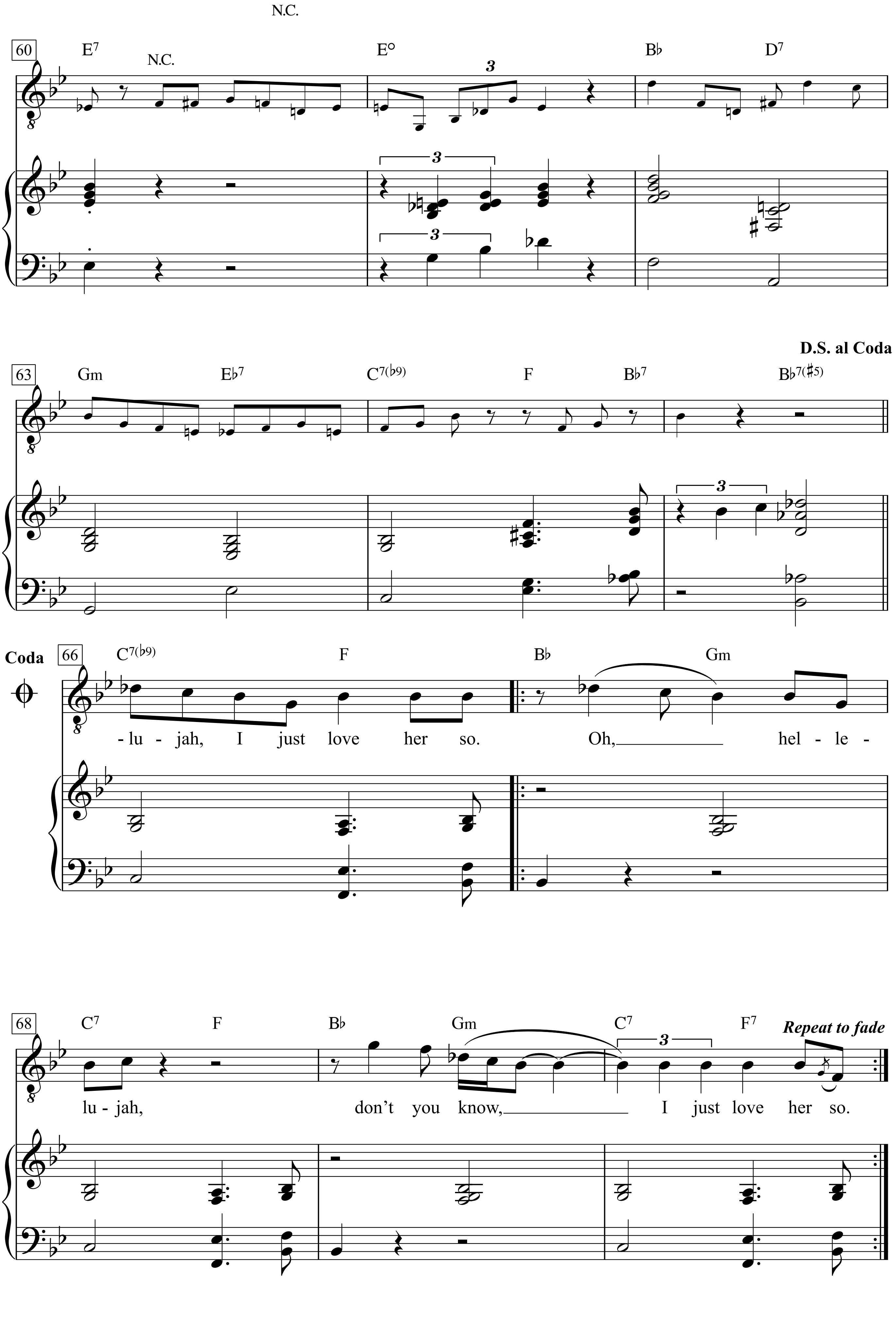



13
E♭ E° N.C. B♭ N.C. B♭7 B♭7(♯5)
lives next door. Ev -'ry morn-ing 'fore the sun comes up,
16
E♭ N.C. E° B♭ D7
she brings my cof-fee in my fav -'rite cup, that's why I know, yes, I
19
Gm E♭7 C7(♭9) F B♭ F7
know why, hal - le - lu - jah, I just love her so.
22
B♭ B♭7 E♭ E° N.C. B♭ B♭7
When I'm in trou-ble and I have no friend, I know she'll go with me un -
mf


25
E♭ E° N.C. B♭ N.C. B♭7 B♭7(♯5)
til the end. Ev - 'ry - bo - dy asks me how I know,
28
E♭ N.C. E° N.C. B♭ D7
I smile at them and say she told me so. That's why I know, oh,
31
Gm E♭7 C7(♭9) F7 B♭ B♭7(♯5)
I know, hal - le - lu - jah, I just love her so.
3
34
E♭ N.C. E°
Now if I call her on the te - le - phone,


36
B♭ N.C. B♭7 E7 E♭9 N.C.
and tell her that I'm all___ a - lone, by the time I count from
39
D♭9 C9 N.C.
one to four, I hear her on my door.___
42
B♭ B♭7 E♭ E° B♭ B♭7
In the eve-ning when the sun goes down, when there is no - bo - dy
45
E♭ E° B♭ N.C. B♭7 B♭7(♯5)
else a - round, she kiss - es me and she holds me tight,


48
E♭
E°
B♭
D7
and tells me, "Dad - dy, ev - 'ry - thing's all right." That's why I know, yes,
51
Gm
E♭7
To Coda
C7(♭9)
F
B♭
I know, hal - le - lu - jah, I just love her so.
Sax solo
54
B♭
B♭7
E♭
E°
B♭
B♭7
mf
57
E♭
E°
B♭
N.C.
B♭7
N.C.
B♭7(♯5)


N.C.
60
E7 N.C. E° B♭ D7
63
Gm E♭7 C7(♭9) F B♭7 B♭7(♯5)
D.S. al Coda
Coda
66
C7(♭9) F B♭ Gm
-lu - jah, I just love her so. Oh, hel - le -
68
C7 F B♭ Gm C7 F7
Repeat to fade
lu - jah, don't you know, I just love her so.

1. Let me tell you ‘bout a girl I know,
she is my baby and she lives next door.
Ev’ry morning ‘fore the sun comes up,
she brings my coffee in my fav’rite cup,
that’s why I know, yes, I know why,
hallelujah, I just love her so.

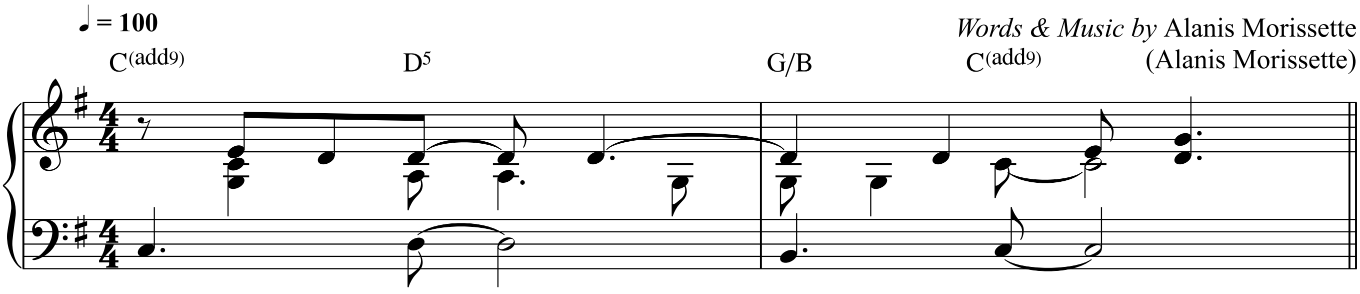
2. When I’m in trouble and I have no friend,
I know she’ll go with me until the end.
Ev’rybody asks me how I know,
I smile at them and say she told me so.
That’s why I know, oh, I know,
hallelujah, I just love her so.

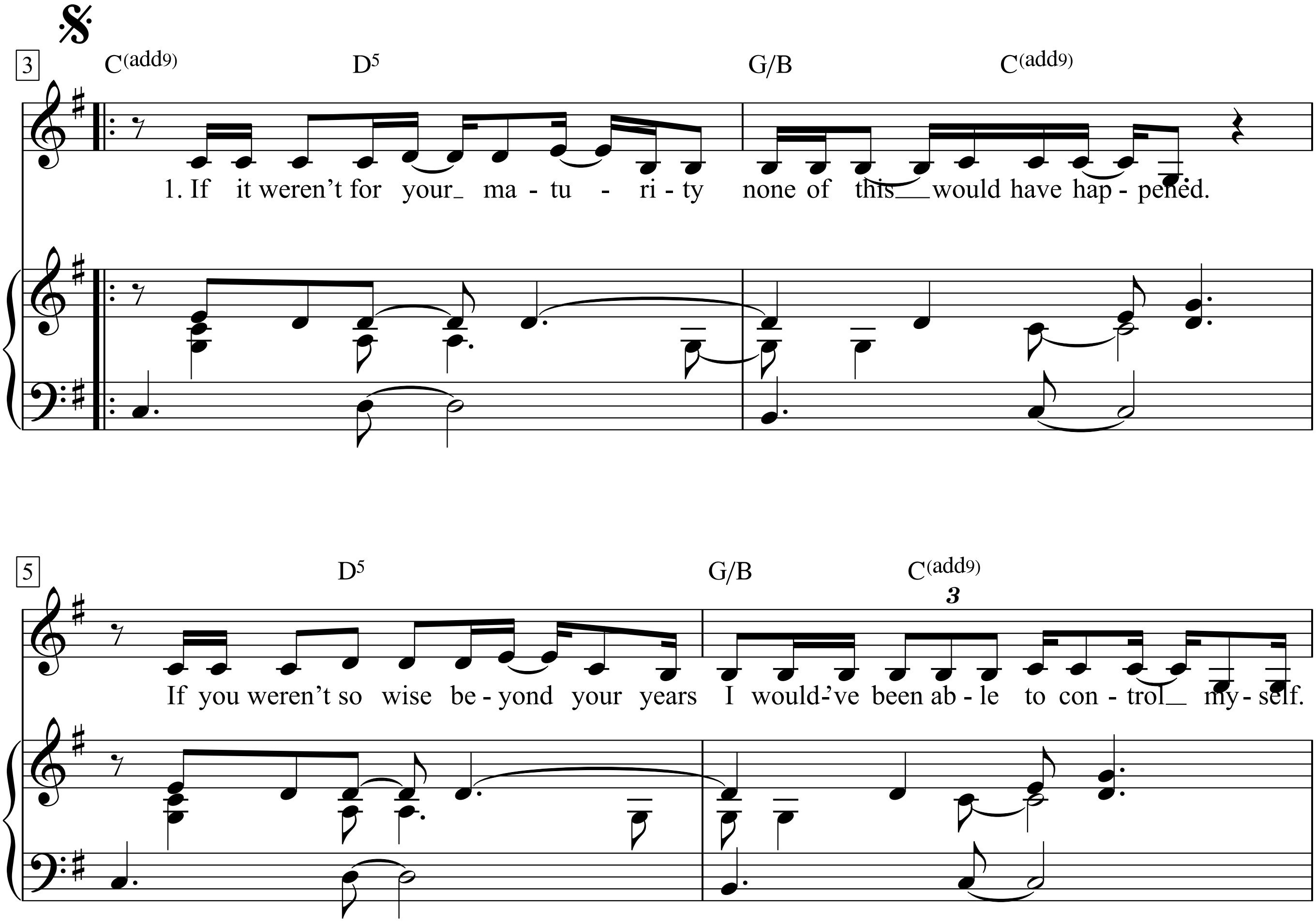
3. Now if I call her on the telephone,
and tell her that I’m all alone,
by the time I count from one to four,
I hear her on my door.
In the evening when the sun goes down,
when there is nobody else around,
she kisses me and she holds me tight,
and tells me, ’Daddy, ev’rything“s all right.’
That’s why I know, yes, I know,
hallelujah, I just love her so.

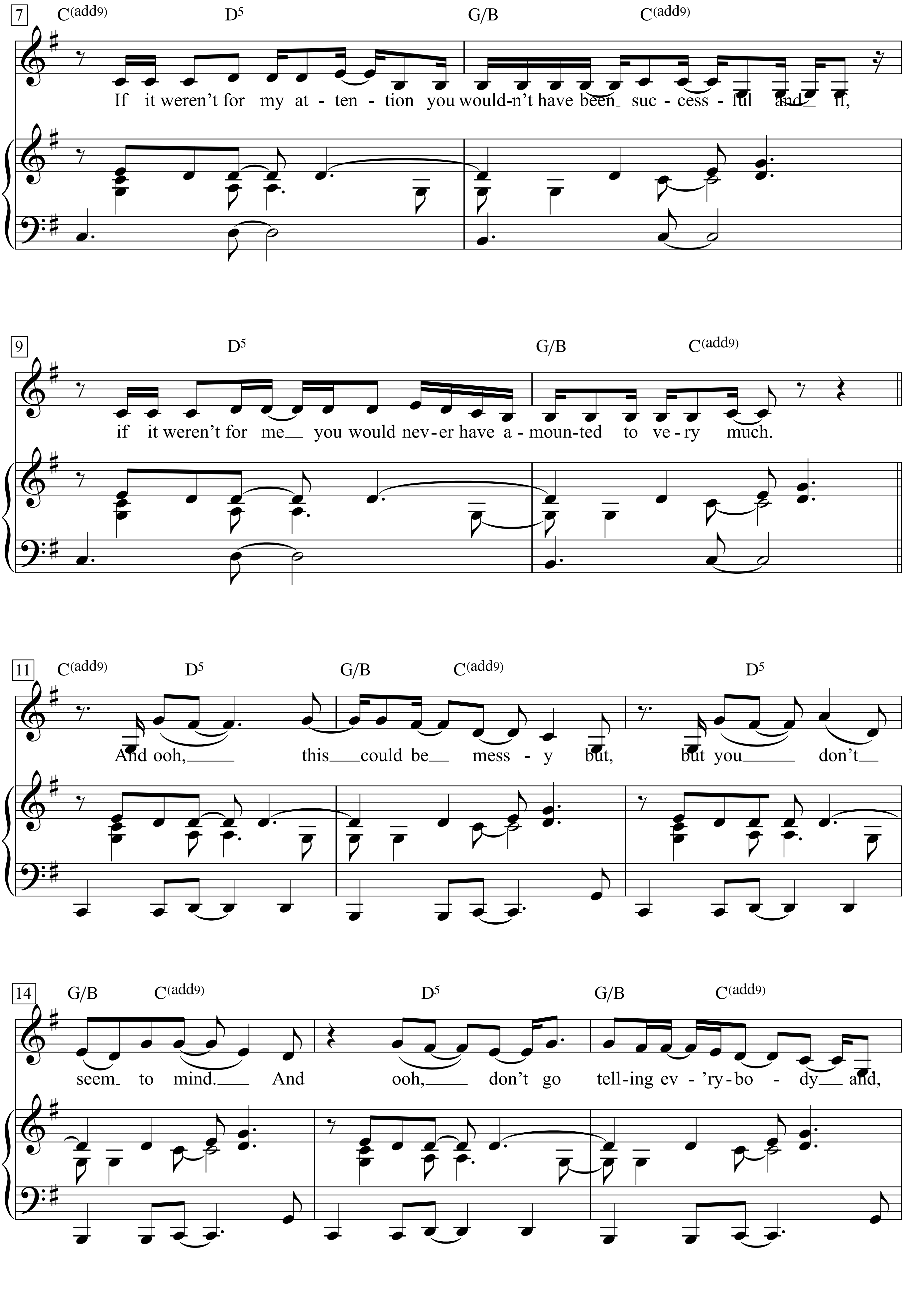
- lujah, I just love her so.
Oh, hallelujah, don’t you know, I just love her so.

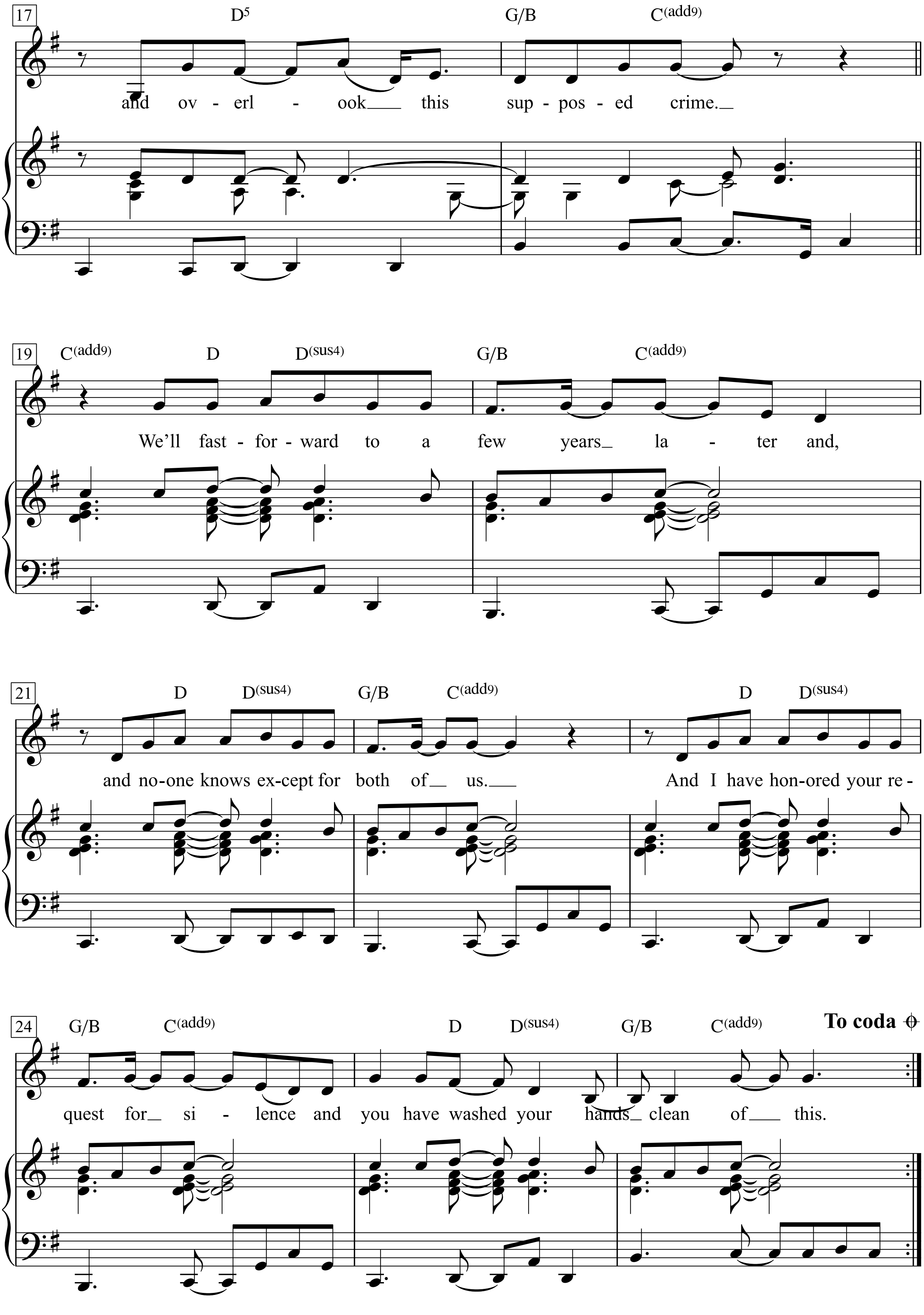
Hands Clean

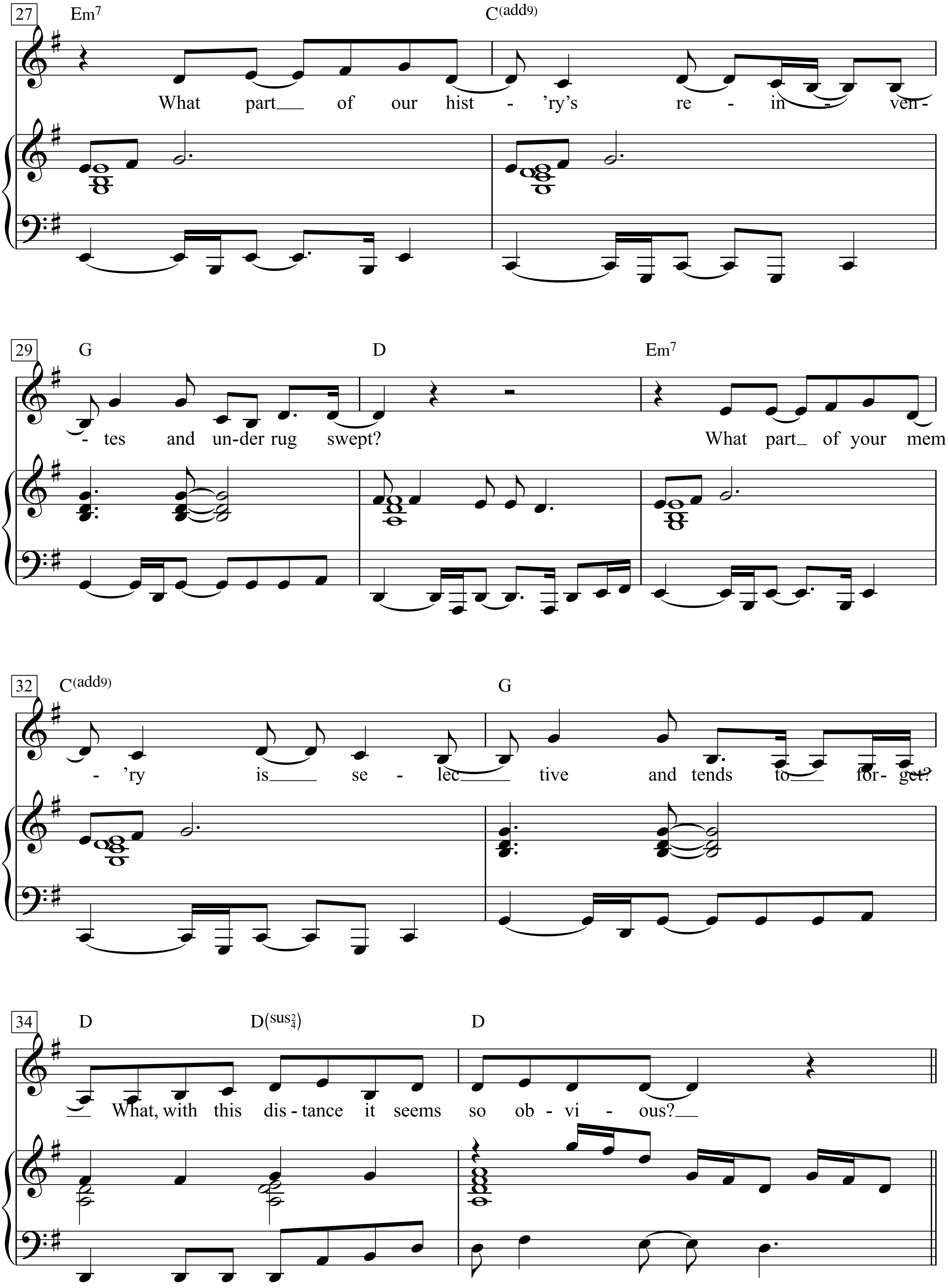
Words & Music by Alanis Morissette
(Alanis Morissette)

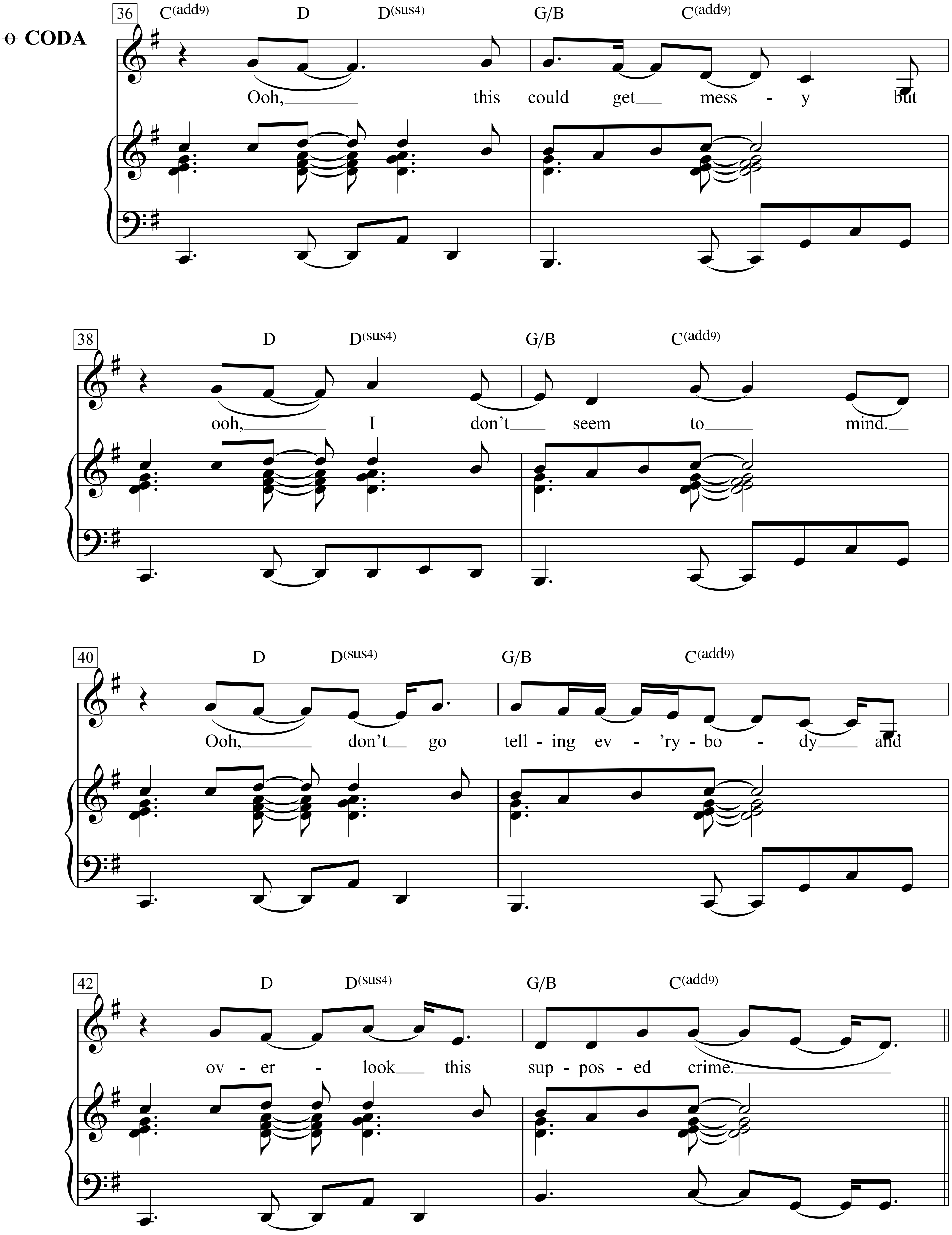


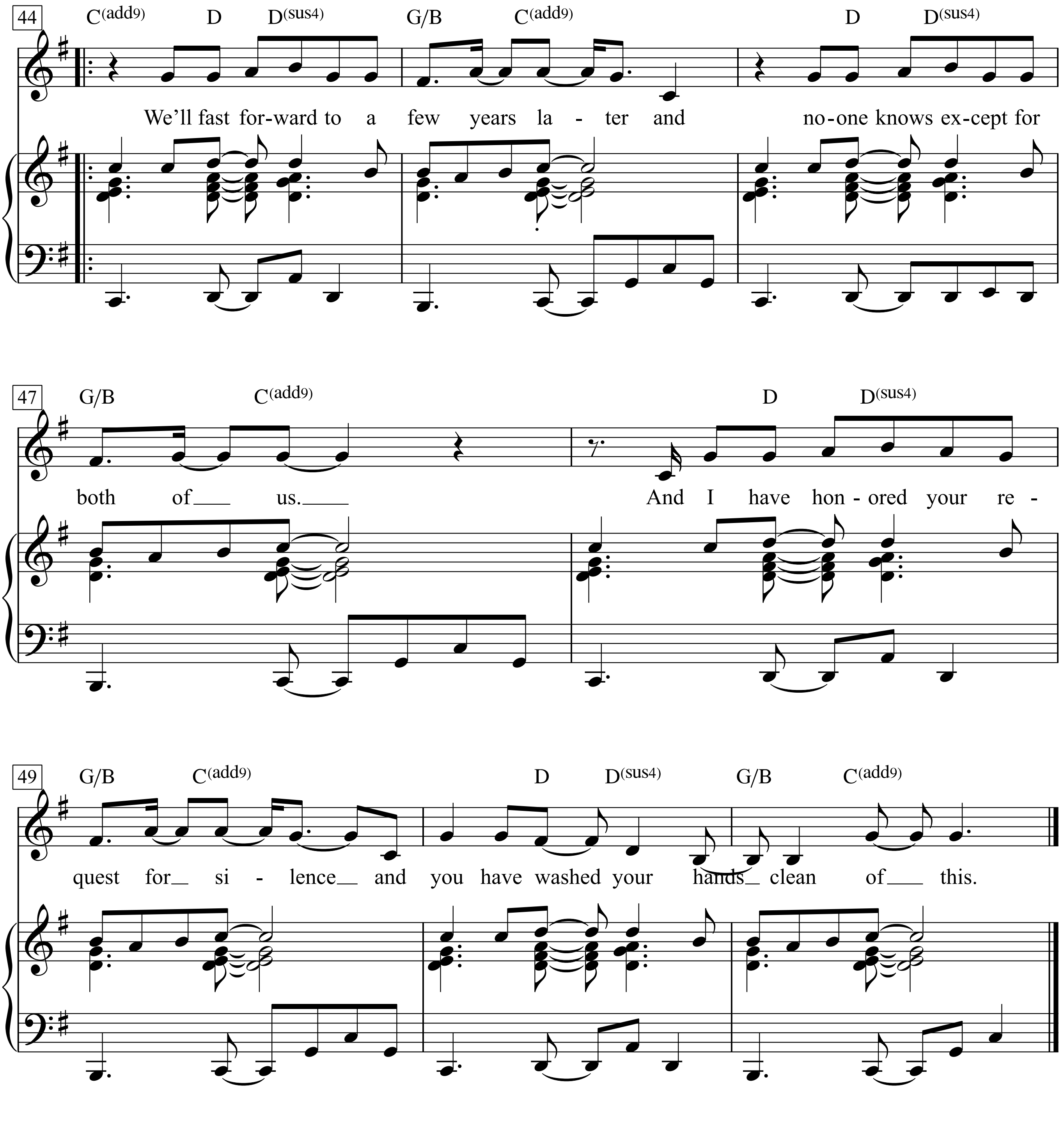



7
C(add9) D5 G/B C(add9)
If it weren't for my at - ten - tion you would-n't have been suc - cess - ful and if,
9
D5 G/B C(add9)
if it weren't for me you would nev-er have a - moun-ted to ve - ry much.
11
C(add9) D5 G/B C(add9) D5
And ooh, this could be mess - y but, but you don't
14
G/B C(add9) D5 G/B C(add9)
seem to mind. And ooh, don't go tell-ing ev - 'ry-bo - dy and,


17
D5
G/B
C(add9)
and ov - erl - ook this sup - pos - ed crime.
19
C(add9)
D
D(sus4)
G/B
C(add9)
We'll fast - for - ward to a few years la - ter and,
21
D
D(sus4)
G/B
C(add9)
D
D(sus4)
and no-one knows ex-cept for both of us.
And I have hon-ored your re -
24
G/B
C(add9)
D
D(sus4)
G/B
C(add9)
To coda
quest for si - lence and you have washed your hands clean of this.


27
Em7
C(add9)
What part of our hist - 'ry's re - in - ven-
29
G
D
Em7
- tes and un-der rug swept? What part of your mem
32
C(add9)
G
- 'ry is se - lec tive and tends to for- get?
34
D
D(sus4)
D
What, with this dis - tance it seems so ob - vi - ous?


CODA
36
C(add9) D D(sus4) G/B C(add9)
Ooh, this could get mess - y but
38
D D(sus4) G/B C(add9)
ooh, I don't seem to mind.
40
D D(sus4) G/B C(add9)
Ooh, don't go tell - ing ev - 'ry - bo - dy and
42
D D(sus4) G/B C(add9)
ov - er - look this sup - pos - ed crime.


44
C(add9) D D(sus4) G/B C(add9) D D(sus4)
We'll fast for-ward to a few years la - ter and no-one knows ex-cept for
47
G/B C(add9) D D(sus4)
both of us. And I have hon - ored your re -
49
G/B C(add9) D D(sus4) G/B C(add9)
quest for si - lence and you have washed your hands clean of this.

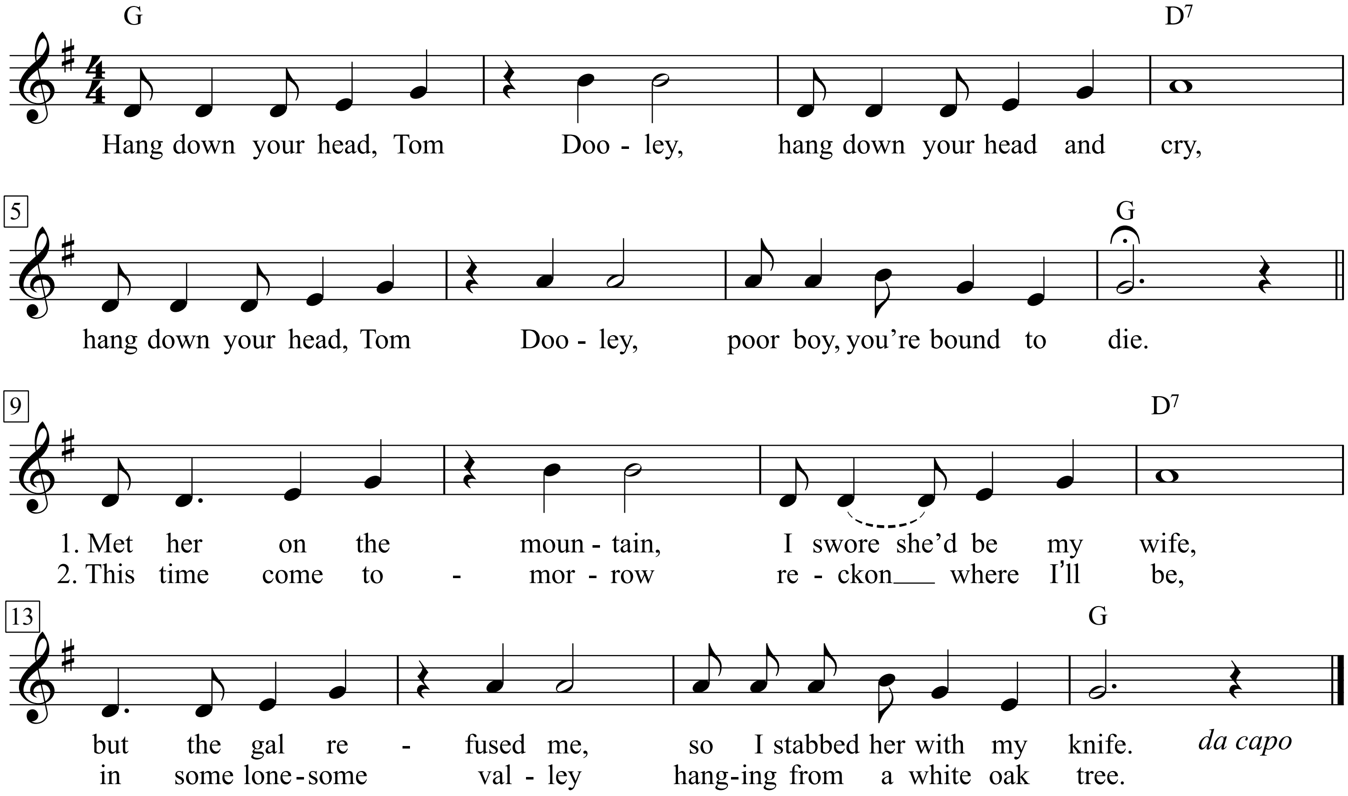
Verse 2:
You’re essentially an employee and I like you having to depend on me
You’re kind of my protegé and one day you’ll say you learned all you know from me
I know you depend on me like a young thing would to a guardian
I know you sexualize me like a young thing would and I think I like it.
Ooh this could get messy
But you don’t seem to mind
Ooh don’t go telling everybody
And overlook this supposed crime.

Verse 3:
Just make sure you don’t tell on me especially to members of your family
We best keep this to ourselves and not tell any members of our inner posse
I wish I could tell the world ’cause you’re such a pretty thing when you’re done up properly
I might want to marry you one day if you watch that weight and you keep your firm body.
Ooh this could be messy and
Ooh I don’t seem to mind
Ooh don’t go telling everybody
And overlook this supposed crime.

We’ll fastforward to a few years later *etc.*

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley

Text & Melodie:
aus den USA



Hang down your head, Tom Dooley,
hang down your head and cry,
hang down your head, Tom Dooley,
poor boy, you're bound to die.

1. Met her on the mountain,
I swore she'd be my wife,
but the gal refused me,
so I stabbed her with my knife,

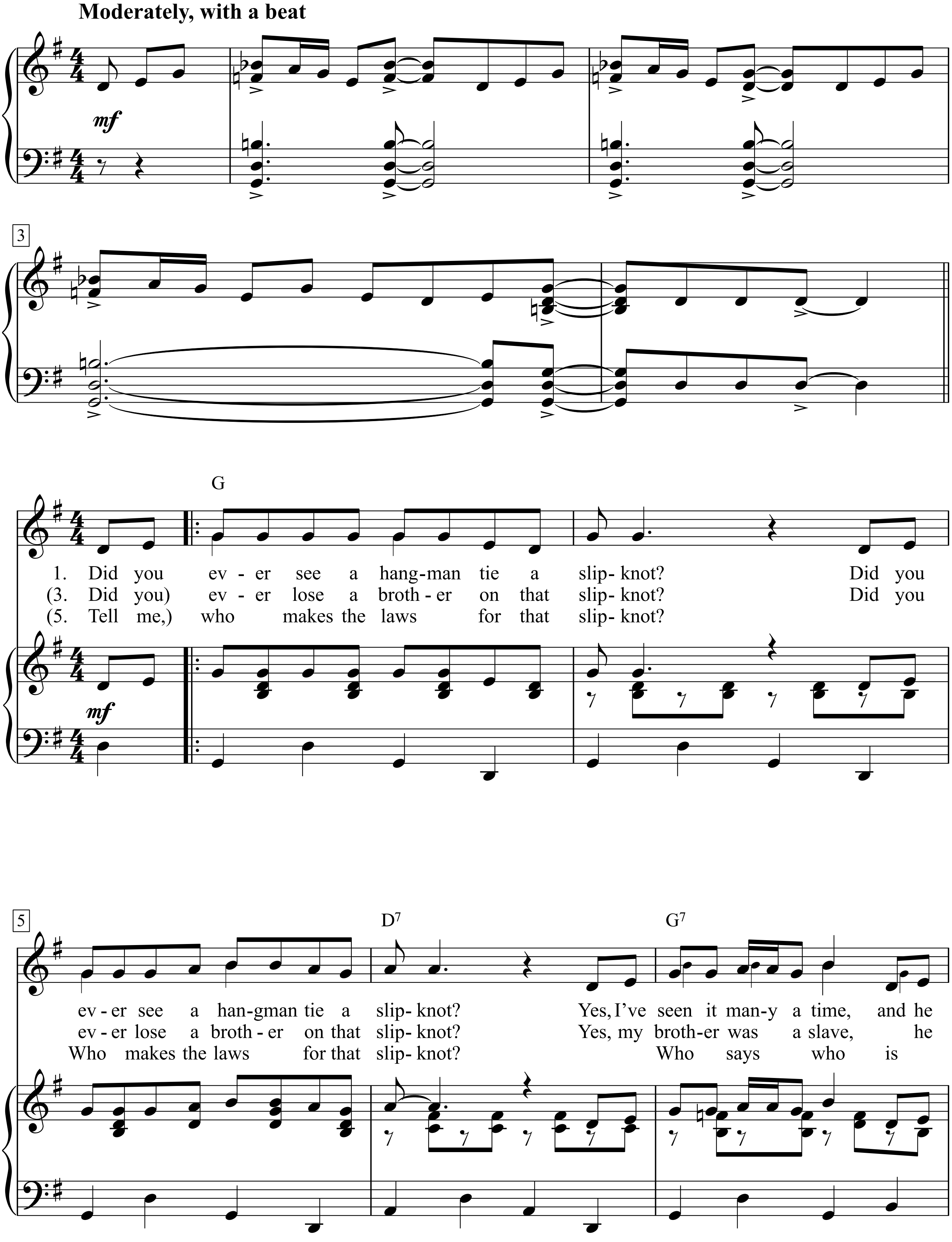
2. This time come tomorrow
reckon where I'll be,
in some lonesome valley
hanging from a white oak tree.

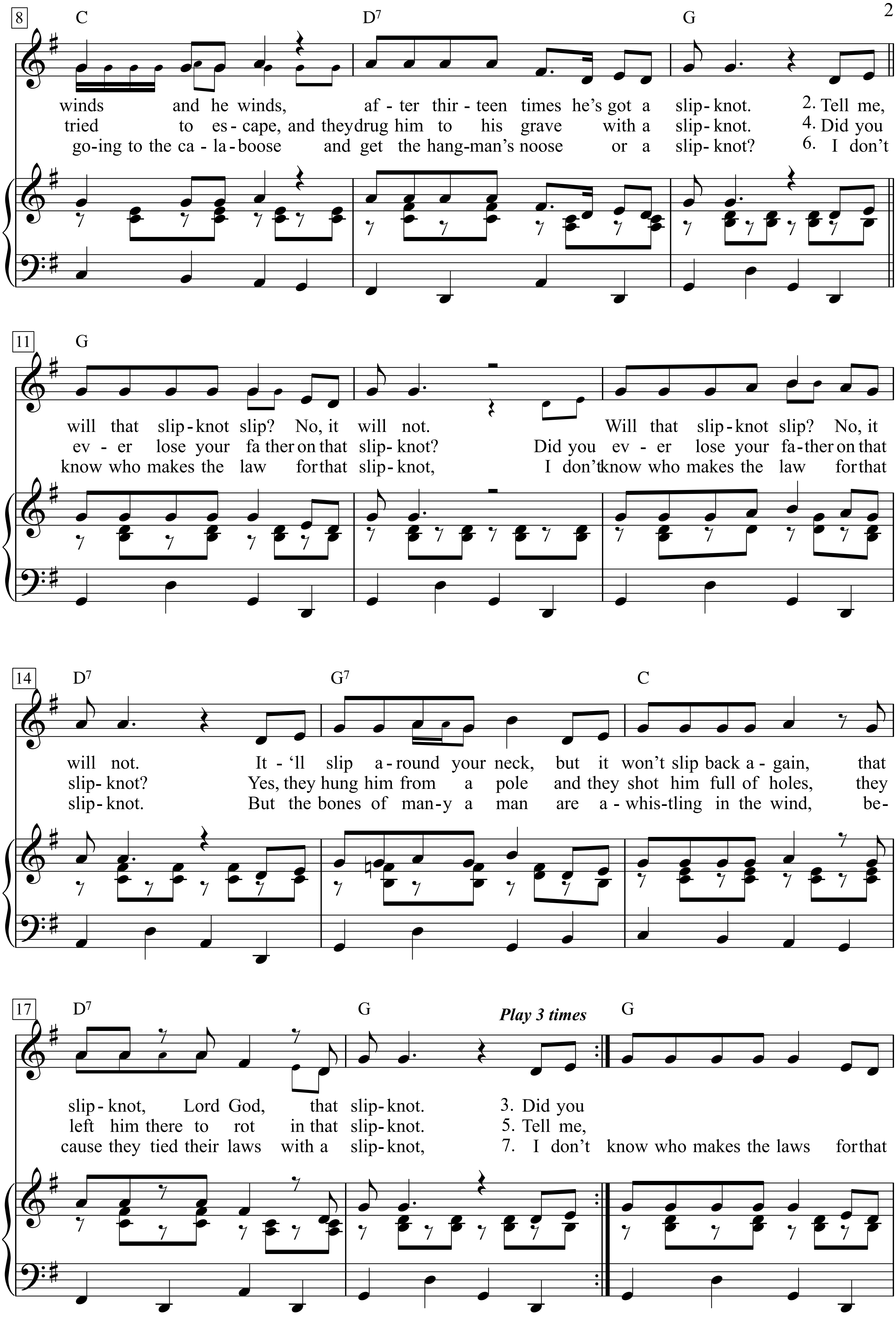
gal = *Mädchen*
to refuse = *zurückweisen*
to stab = *erstechen*
to reckon = *rechnen, zählen*

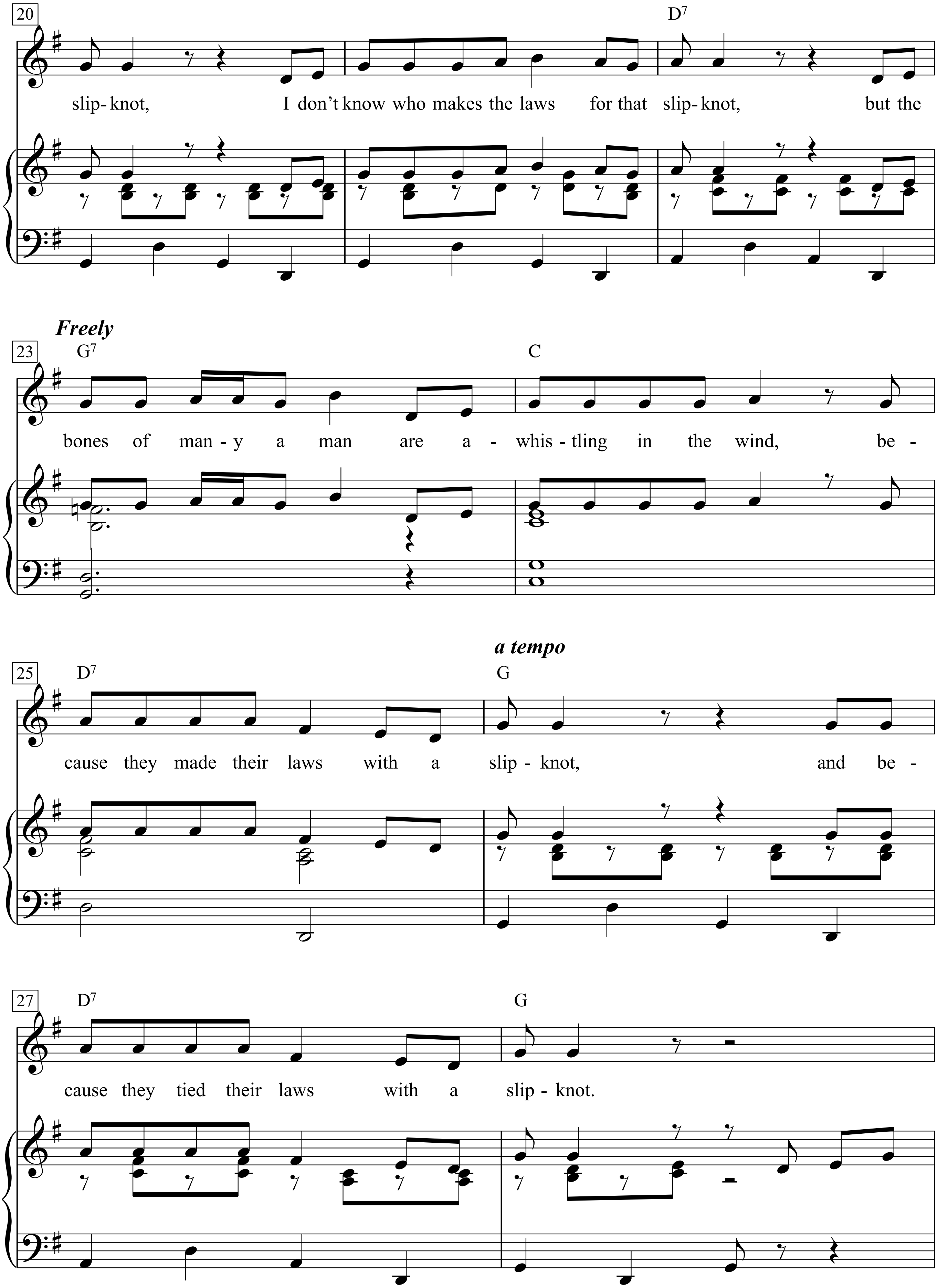
Als Tom Dooley nach dem Bürgerkrieg zurückkehrte, hatte seine Verlobte viele Verehrer. Er ermordete davon einen, der Grayson hieß, und kam dafür ins Gefängnis. Dort sang er täglich bis zu seiner Hinrichtung diese Ballade.

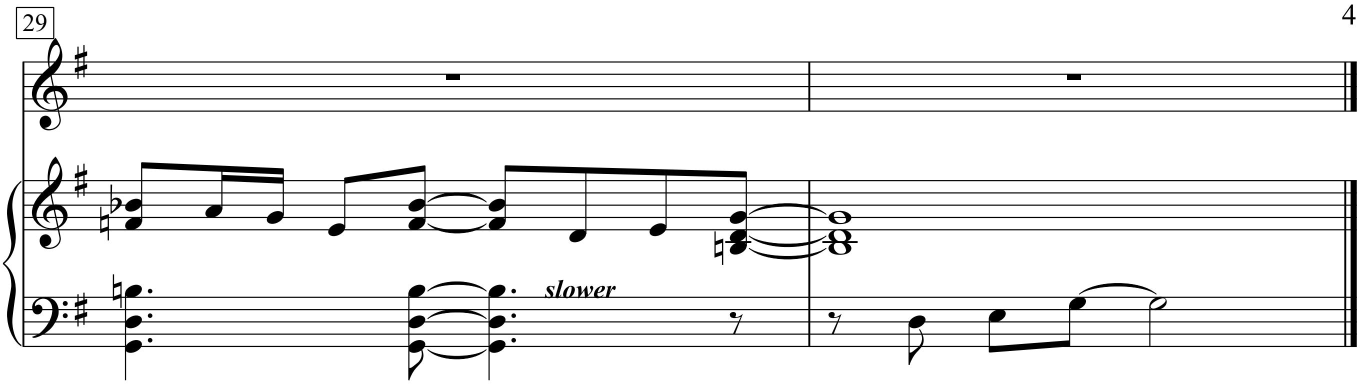
Hangknot, Slipknot

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie
(Woody Guthrie)




8
C
D7
G
winds and he winds, af - ter thir - teen times he's got a slip - knot.
2. Tell me,
tried to es - cape, and they drug him to his grave with a slip - knot.
4. Did you
go-ing to the ca - la - boose and get the hang-man's noose or a slip - knot?
6. I don't
11
G
will that slip - knot slip? No, it will not. Will that slip - knot slip? No, it
ev - er lose your fa ther on that slip - knot? Did you ev - er lose your fa - ther on that
know who makes the law for that slip - knot, I don't know who makes the law for that
14
D7
G7
C
will not. It - 'll slip a - round your neck, but it won't slip back a - gain, that
slip - knot? Yes, they hung him from a pole and they shot him full of holes, they
slip - knot. But the bones of man - y a man are a - whis - tling in the wind, be-
17
D7
G
Play 3 times
G
slip - knot, Lord God, that slip - knot.
3. Did you
left him there to rot in that slip - knot.
5. Tell me,
cause they tied their laws with a slip - knot,
7. I don't know who makes the laws for that


20
D7
slip- knot, I don't know who makes the laws for that slip- knot, but the
Freely
23
G7
C
bones of man - y a man are a - whis - tling in the wind, be -
a tempo
25
D7
G
cause they made their laws with a slip - knot, and be -
27
D7
G
cause they tied their laws with a slip - knot.



1. Did you ever see a hangman tie a slipknot?
Did you ever see a hangman tie a slipknot?
Yes, I’ve seen it many a time, and he winds and he winds,
After thirteen times he’s got a slipknot.

2. Tell me, will that slipknot slip?No, it will not.
Will that slipknot slip? No, it will not.
It’ll slip around your neck, but it won’t slip back again,
That slipknot, Lord God, that slipknot.

3. Did you ever lose a brother on that slipknot?
Did you ever lose a brother on that slipknot?
Yes, my brother was a slave, he tried to escape,
and they drug him to his grave with a slipknot.

4. Did you ever lose your father on that slipknot?
Did you ever lose your father on that slipknot?
Yes, they hung him from a pole and they shot him full of holes,
They left him there to rot in that slipknot.

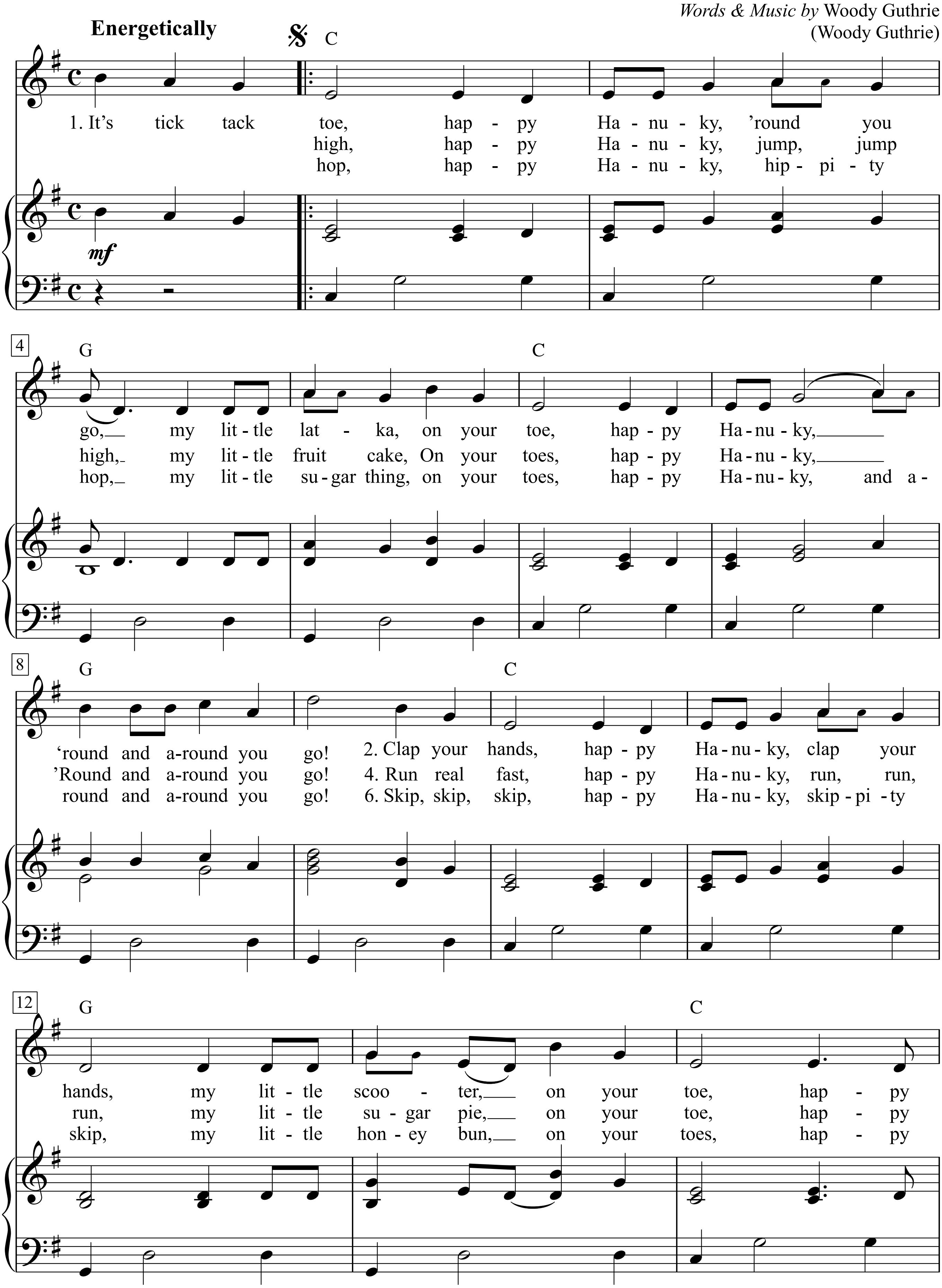
5. Tell me, who makes the laws for that slipknot?
Who makes the laws for that slipknot?
Who says who is going to the calaboose
And get the hangman’s noose or a slipknot?

6. I don’t know who makes the law for that slipknot,
I don’t know who makes the law for that slipknot.
But the bones of many a man are a-whistling in the wind,
Because they tied their laws with a slipknot,

7. I don’t know who makes the laws for that slipknot,
I don’t know who makes the laws for that slipknot,
But the bones of many a man are a-whistling in the wind,
Because they made their laws with a slipknot,
And because they tied their laws with a slipknot.

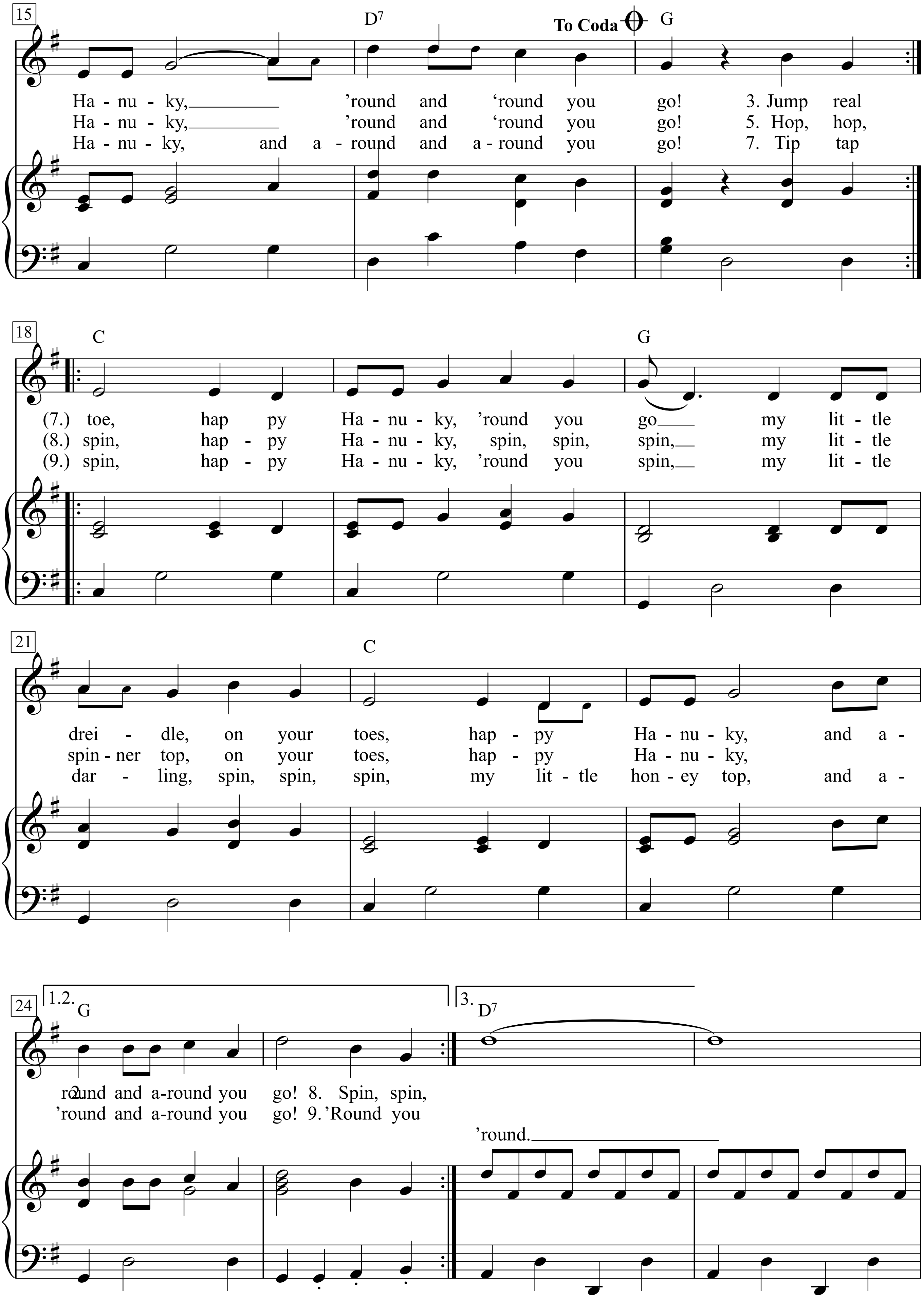
Hanuka Dance

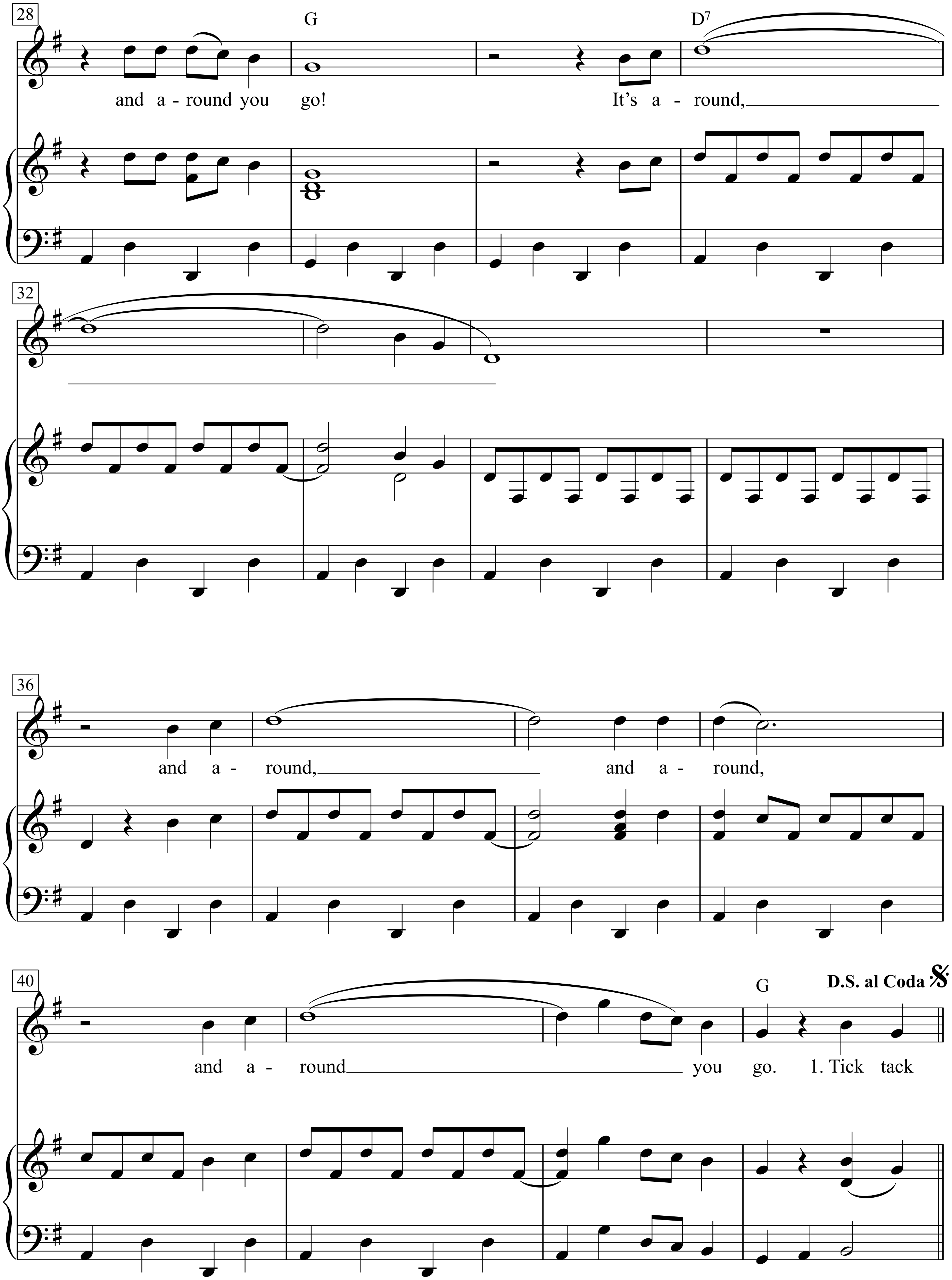
Words & Music by Woody Guthrie
(Woody Guthrie)

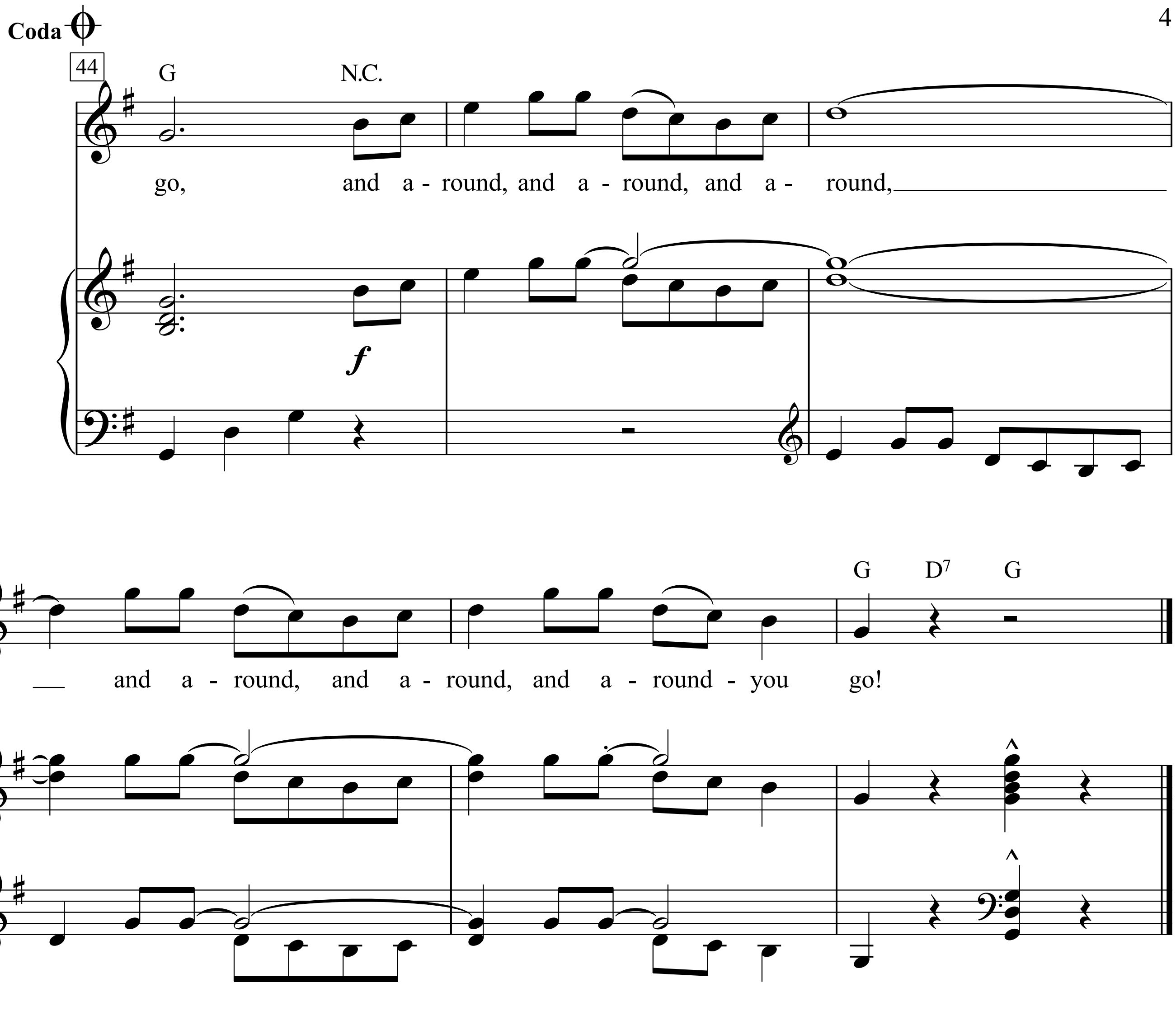


The Woody Guthrie Songbook, p. 119-122

Play 3 times


15
D7
To Coda
G
Ha - nu - ky, 'round and 'round you go! 3. Jump real
Ha - nu - ky, 'round and 'round you go! 5. Hop, hop,
Ha - nu - ky, and a - round and a - round you go! 7. Tip tap
18
C
G
(7.) toe, hap py Ha - nu - ky, 'round you go my lit - tle
(8.) spin, hap - py Ha - nu - ky, spin, spin, spin, my lit - tle
(9.) spin, hap - py Ha - nu - ky, 'round you spin, my lit - tle
21
C
drei - dle, on your toes, hap - py Ha - nu - ky, and a -
spin - ner top, on your toes, hap - py Ha - nu - ky,
dar - ling, spin, spin, spin, my lit - tle hon - ey top, and a -
24
1.2.
G
3.
D7
round and a-round you go! 8. Spin, spin,
'round and a-round you go! 9. 'Round you
'round.


28
G
D7
and a - round you go! It's a - round,
32
36
and a - round, and a - round,
40
G
D.S. al Coda
and a - round you go. 1. Tick tack



1. It's tick tack toe, happy Hanuky,
'Round you go, my little latka,
On your toe, happy Hanuky,
'Round and around you go!

2. Clap your hands, happy Hanuky,
Clap your hands, my little scooter,
On your toe, happy Hanuky,
'Round and 'round you go!

3. Jump real high, happy Hanuky,
Jump, jump high, my little fruit cake,
On your toes, happy Hanuky,
'Round and around you go!

4. Run real fast, happy Hanuky,
Run, run, run, my little sugar pie,
On your toe, happy Hanuky,
'Round and 'round you go!

5. Hop, hop, hop, happy Hanuky,
Hippity hop, my little sugar thing,
On your toes, happy Hanuky,
And a -round and around you go!

6. Skip, skip, skip, happy Hanuky,
Skippity skip, my little honey bun,
On your toes, happy Hanuky,
And around and around you go!

7. Tip tap toe, hap py Hanuky,
'Round you go my little dreidle,
On your toes, happy Hanuky,
And around and around you go!

8. Spin, spin, spin, happy Hanuky,
Spin, spin, spin, my little spinner top,
On your toes, happy Hanuky,
'Round and around you go!

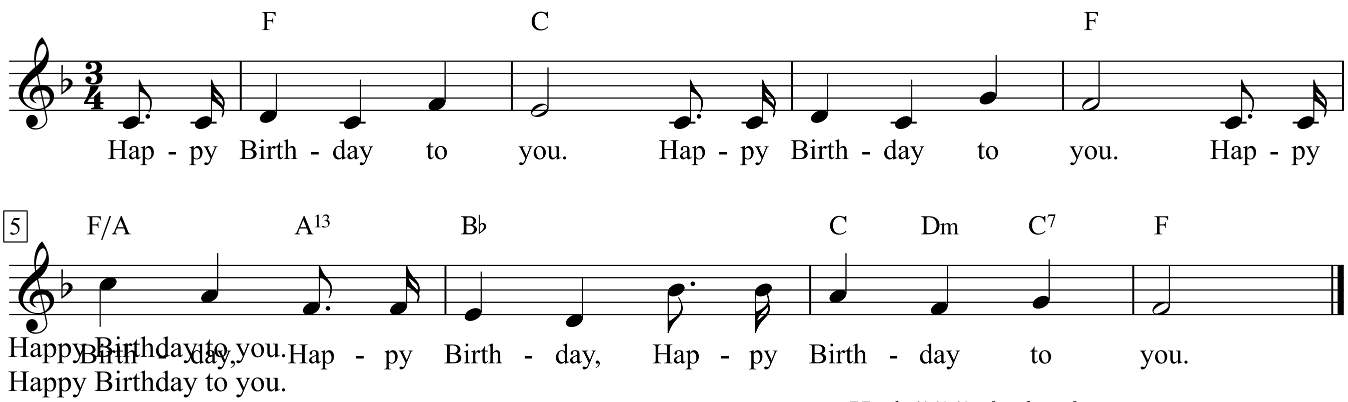
9.'Round you spin, happy Hanuky,
'Round you spin, my little darling,
Spin, spin, spin, my little honey top,
And around, and around you go!
It's around, and around, and around, and around you go.

1. Tick tack ***D.S. al Coda***
Coda:
And around, and around, and around,
And around, and around, and around you go!

Happy birthday

Text: Patty Hill (1868–1946),
1893 mit dem Text »Good morning to All«

Melodie: Mildred J. Hill (1859–1916), 1893



Happy Birthday to you.
Happy Birthday to you.
Happy Birthday, Happy Birthday,
Happy Birthday to you.

|: Zum Geburtstag viel Glück, :|
zum Geburtstag, liebe(r) »Name«,
zum Geburtstag viel Glück

تولدت مبارك
|: Tavalodet Mubarak. :|
(persisch)

|: Cumpleaños feliz, :|
te deseamos todos,
cumpleaños feliz.
(spanisch)

|: Joyeux anniversaire. :|
(französisch)

|: Tanti auguri a te, :|
tanti auguri cara/caro »nome«,
tanti auguri a te.
(italienisch)

|: יום הולדת שמח :|
Yom Huledet Same‘ach
(hebräisch)

Bruder Jakob
يا أخوي يعقوب، يا أخوي يعقوب،
بعدك نايم؟ بعدك نايم؟
|: مش سامع الاجراس؟:|
دنغ دنغ دونغ، دنغ دنغ دونغ.
Morning has come
اجى الصبح،
روح الليل،
قمت مع الشمس
و قلت صباح الخير.
تولدت مبارك

Hodně štěstí zdraví,
hodně štěstí zdraví,
hodně štěstí milá/milý
hodně štěstí zdraví
(tschechisch)

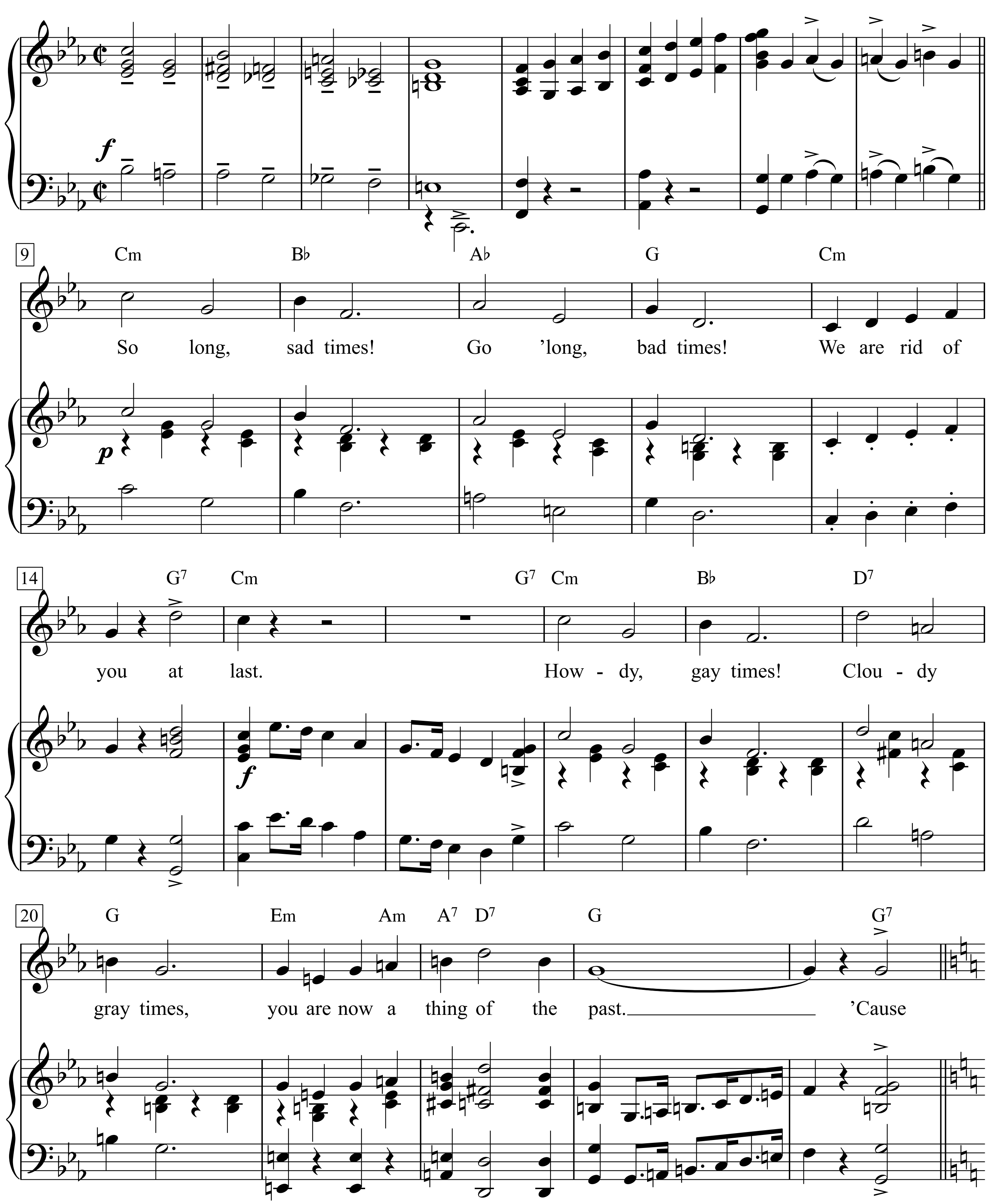
생일 축하합니다.
생일 축하합니다.
사랑하는 □□(이름)의
생일 축하합니다
(koreanisch)

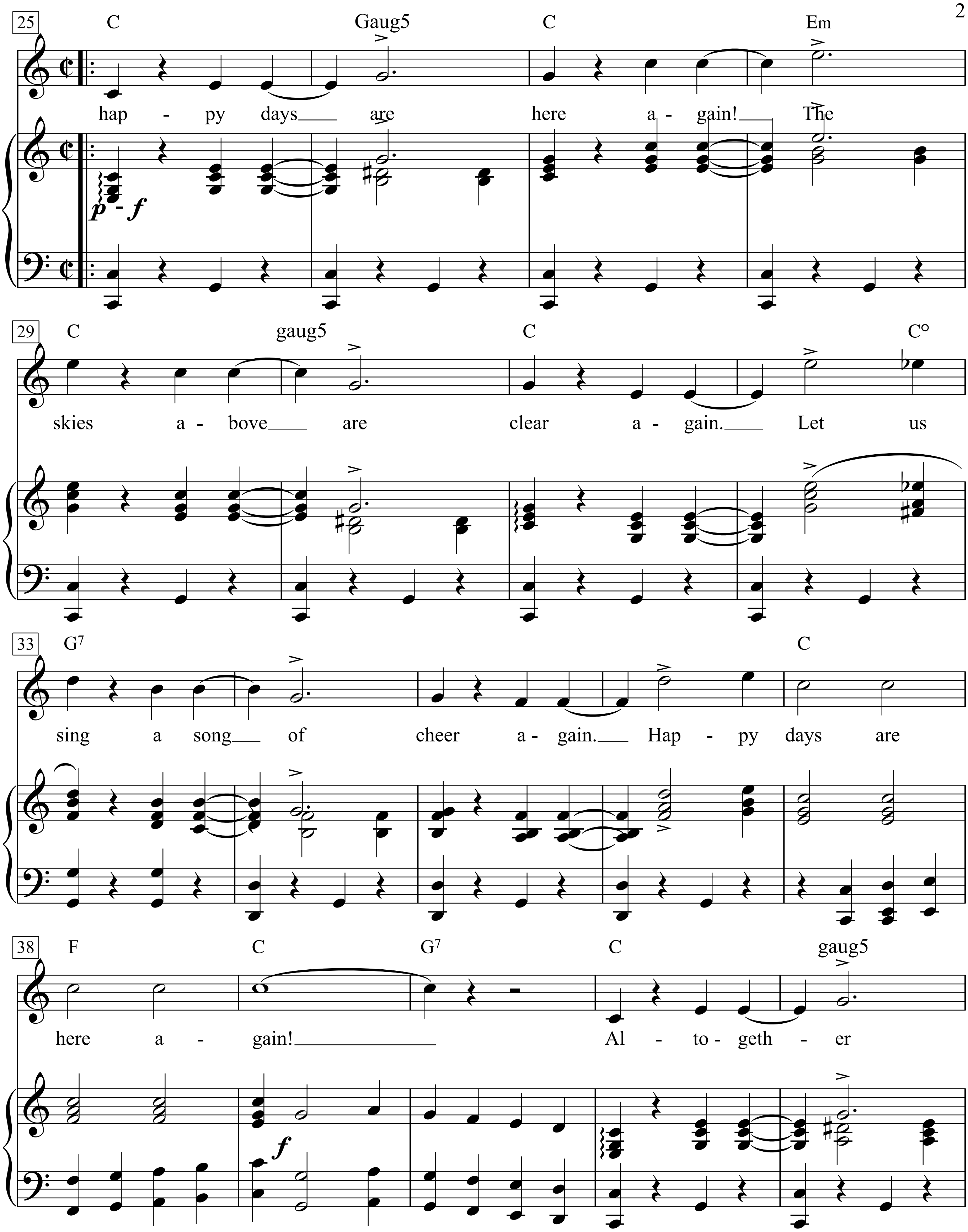
|: 祝你生日快乐 :|
|: Zhù nǐ shēngrì kuàilè :|
(chinesisch)

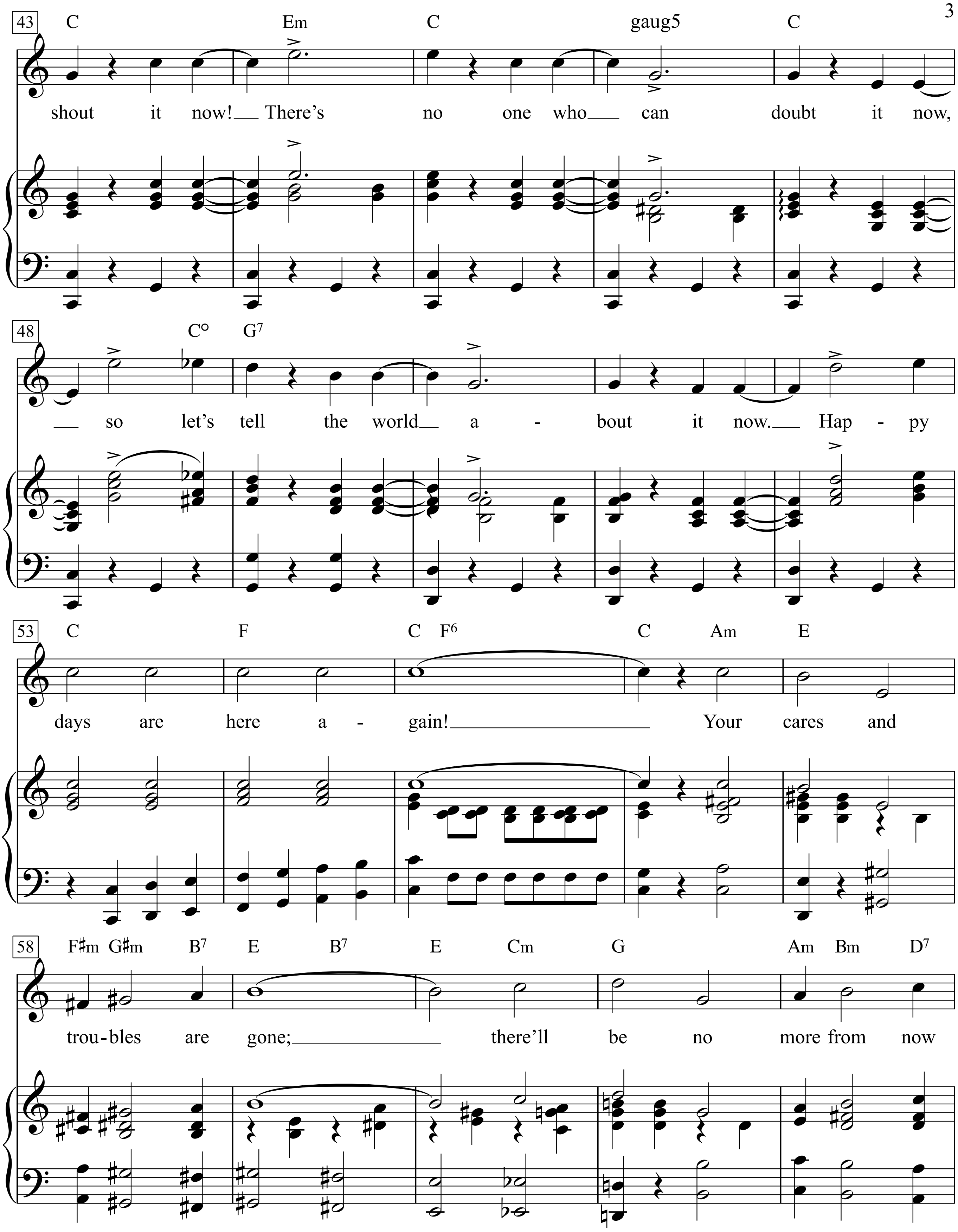
Happy Days Are Here Again

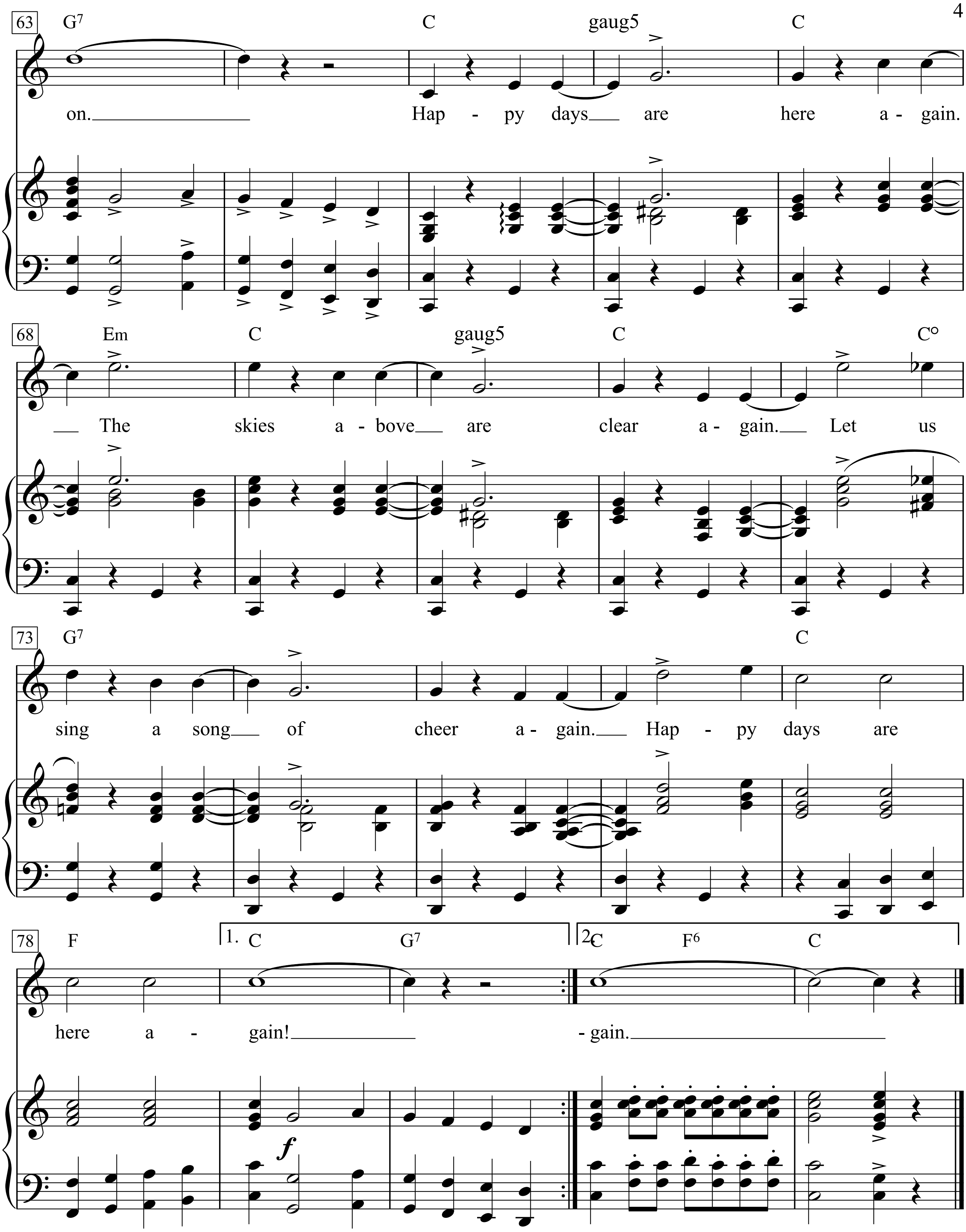
Words by Jack Yellen | *Music by* Milton Ager

Allegro moderato




25
C Gaug5 C Em
hap - py days are here a - gain! The
p - f
29
C gaug5 C C°
skies a - bove are clear a - gain. Let us
33
G7 C
sing a song of cheer a - gain. Hap - py days are
38
F C G7 C gaug5
here a - gain! Al - to - geth - er
f


43
C Em C gaug5 C
shout it now! There's no one who can doubt it now,
48
C° G7
so let's tell the world a - bout it now. Hap - py
53
C F C F6 C Am E
days are here a - gain! Your cares and
58
F♯m G♯m B7 E B7 E Cm G Am Bm D7
trou - bles are gone; there'll be no more from now

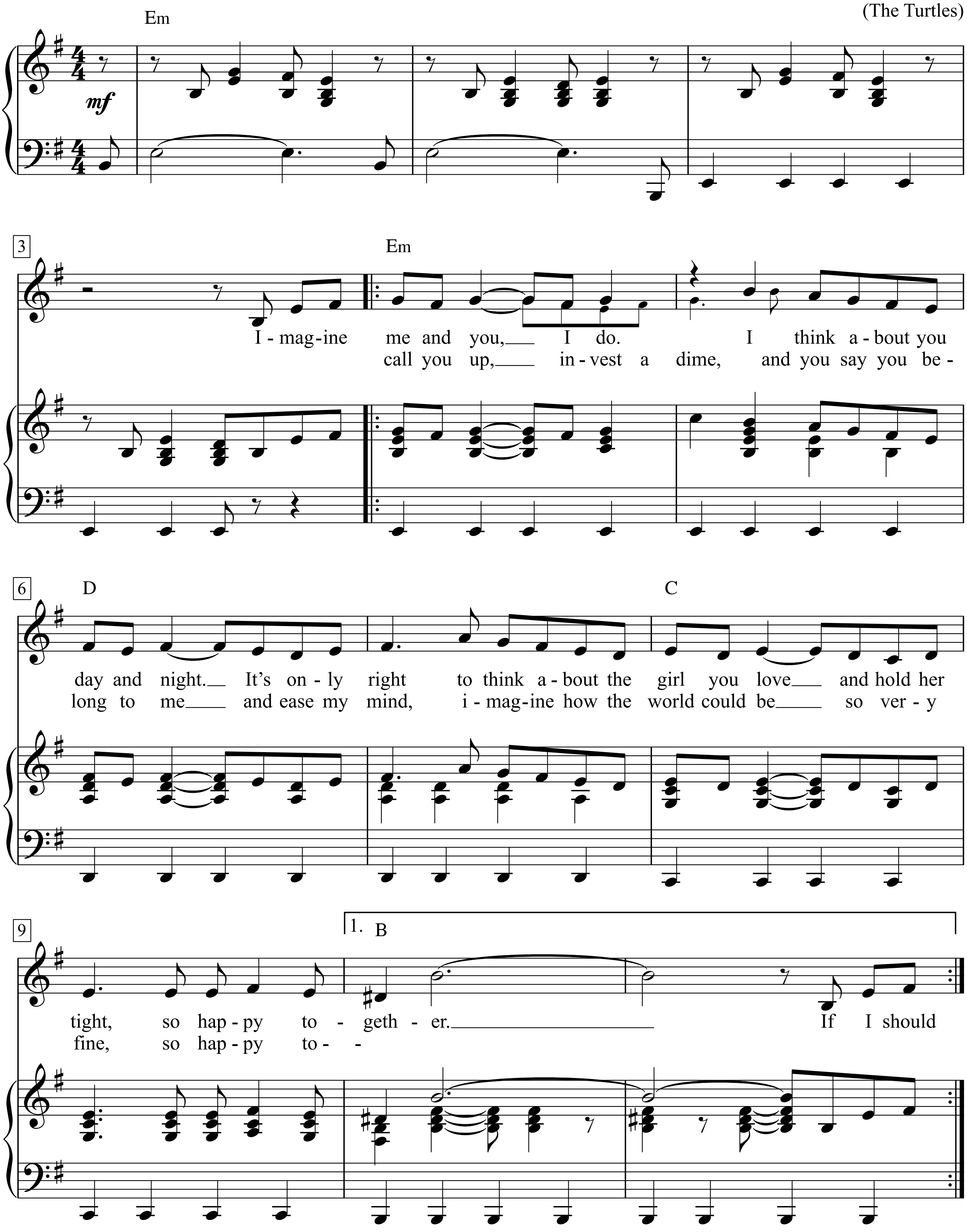

63
G7 C gaug5 C
on. Hap - py days are here a - gain.
68
Em C gaug5 C C°
The skies a - bove are clear a - gain. Let us
73
G7 C
sing a song of cheer a - gain. Hap - py days are
78
F
1. C G7
2. C F6 C
here a - gain!
- gain.
f

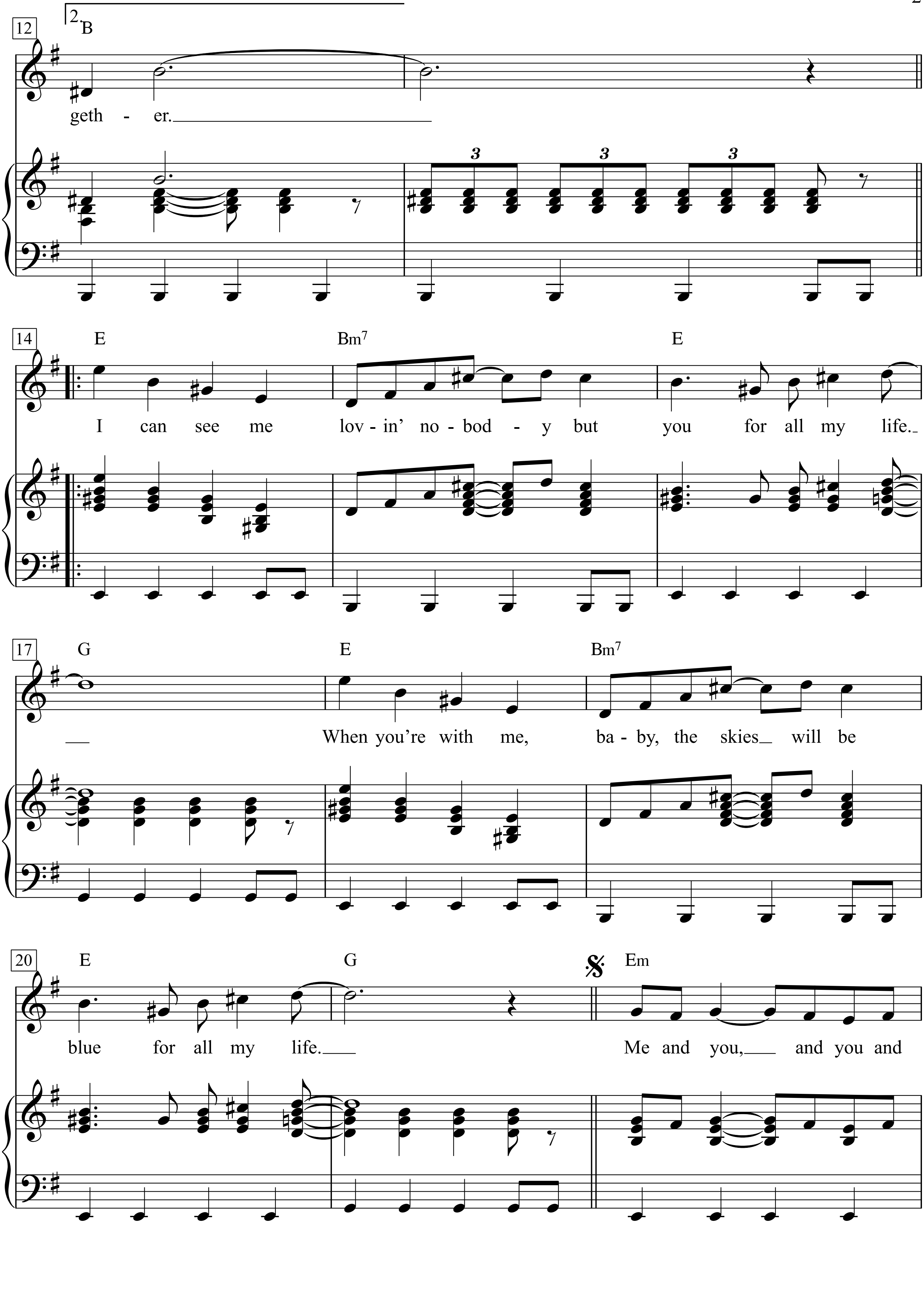
1.
So long, sad times!
Go ’long, bad times!
We are rid of you at last.
Howdy, gay times!
Cloudy gray times, you are now a thing of the past.
’Cause happy days are here again!
The skies above are clear again.
Let us sing a song of cheer again.
Happy days are here again!
Altogether shout it now!
There’s no one who can doubt it now,
so let’s tell the world about it now.
Happy days are here again!
Your cares and troubles are gone;
there’ll be no more from now on.
Happy days are here again.
The skies above are clear again.
Let us sing a song of cheer again.
Happy days are here again!
- gain.

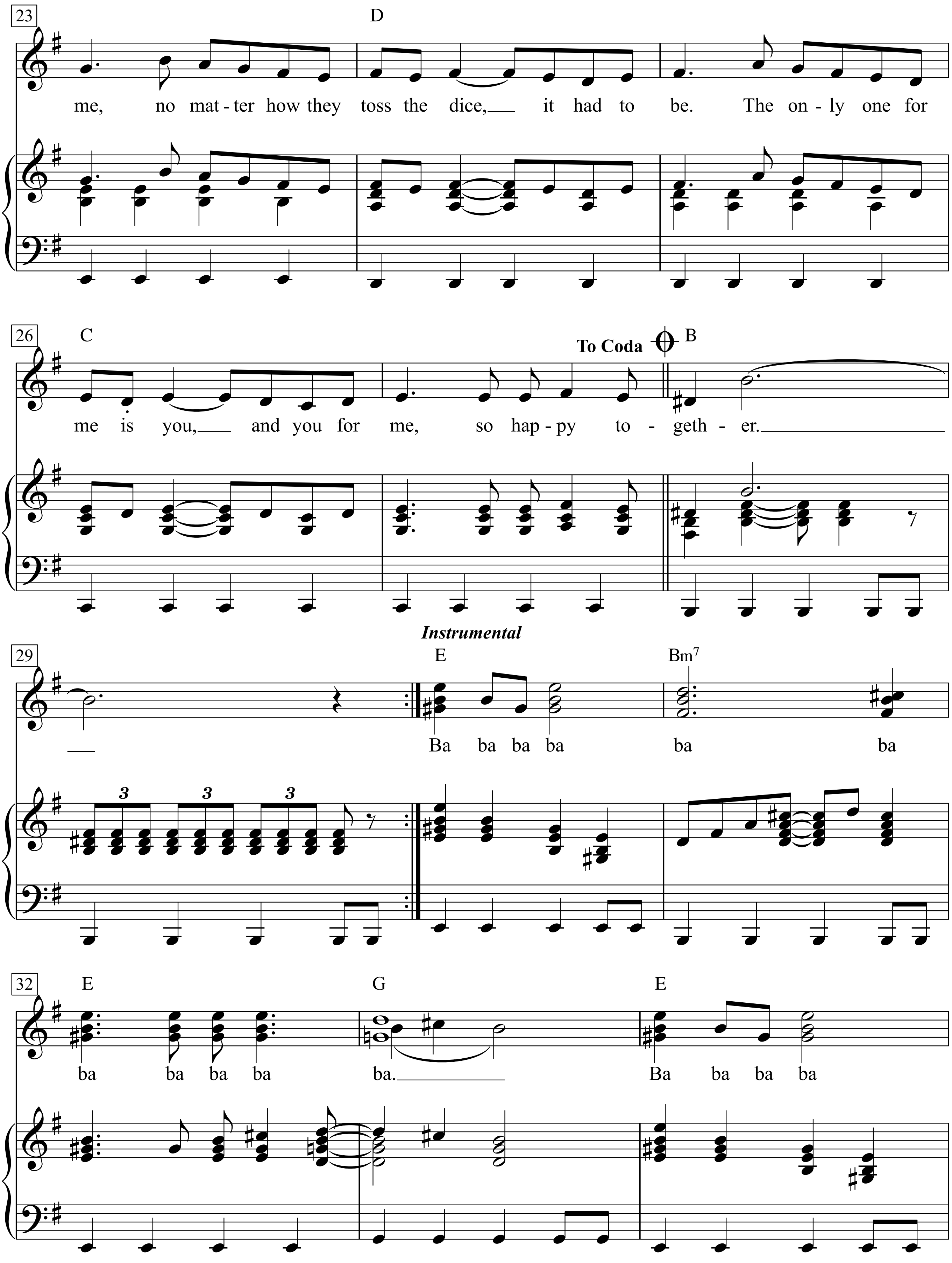
Happy Together

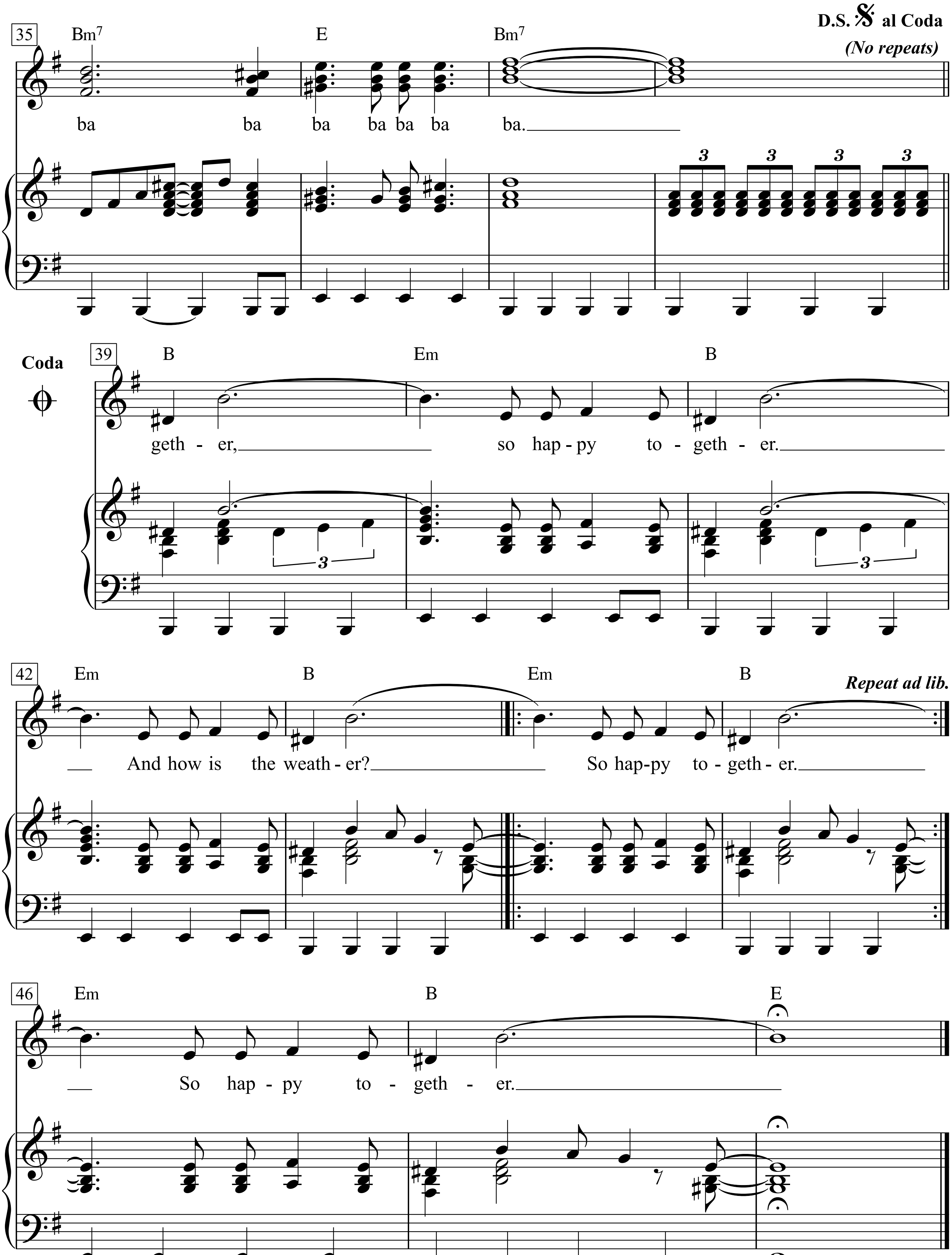
Steady, solid beat (♫=♩♪ triplet)

Words & Music by
Garry Bonner and Alan Gordon
(The Turtles)




12
2.
B
geth - er.
14
E
Bm7
E
I can see me lov - in' no - bod - y but you for all my life.
17
G
E
Bm7
When you're with me, ba - by, the skies will be
20
E
G
Em
blue for all my life.
Me and you, and you and


23
D
me, no mat - ter how they toss the dice, it had to be. The on - ly one for
26
C
To Coda
B
me is you, and you for me, so hap - py to - geth - er.
29
Instrumental
E
Bm7
Ba ba ba ba ba ba
3 3 3
32
E
G
E
ba ba ba ba ba. Ba ba ba ba


D.S. al Coda
(No repeats)
35
Bm7 E Bm7
ba ba ba ba ba ba ba.
Coda
39
B Em B
geth - er, so hap - py to - geth - er.
42
Em B Em B
Repeat ad lib.
And how is the weath - er? So hap - py to - geth - er.
46
Em B E
So hap - py to - geth - er.

Imagine me and you, I do. I think about you day and night.
It’s only right to think about the girl you love and hold her tight,
so happy together.

If I should call you up, invest a dime,
and you say you belong to me and ease my mind,
imagine how the world could be so very fine,
so happy together.

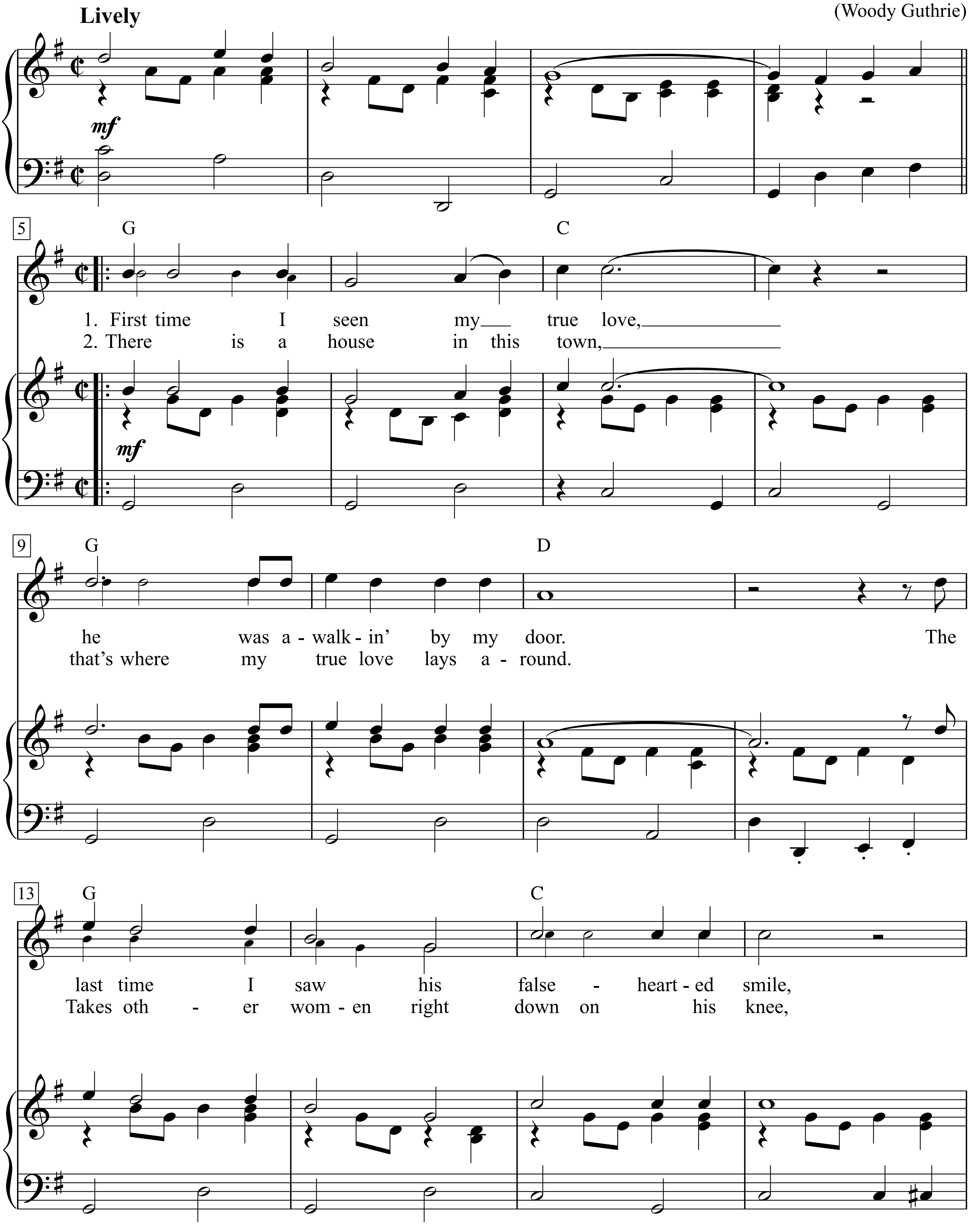
I can see me lovin’ nobody but you for all my life.
When you’re with me, baby,
the skies will be blue for all my life.
Me and you, and you and me,
no matter how they toss the dice, it had to be.
The only one for me is you,
and you for me, so happy together.

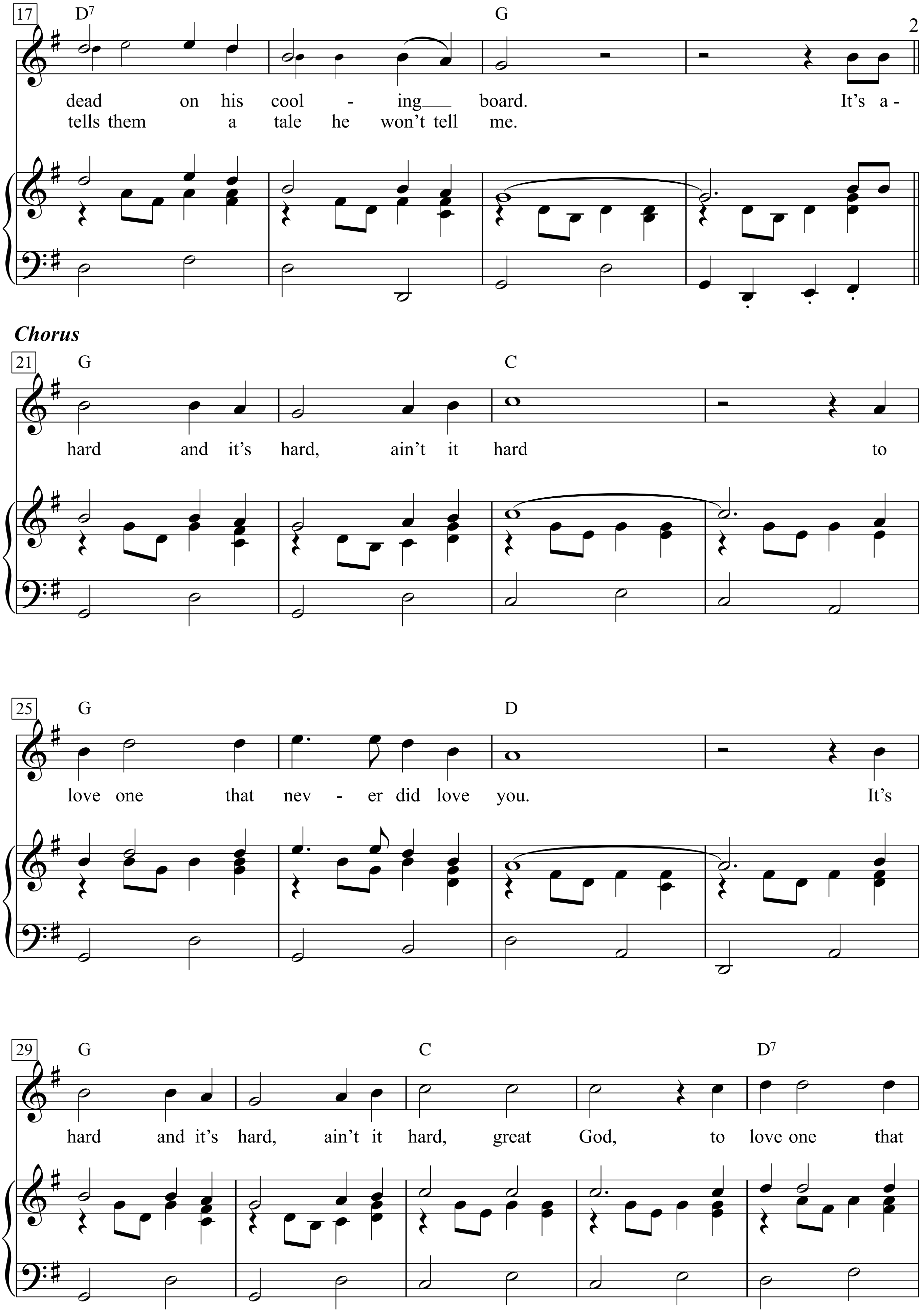
Ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba.
Ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba.

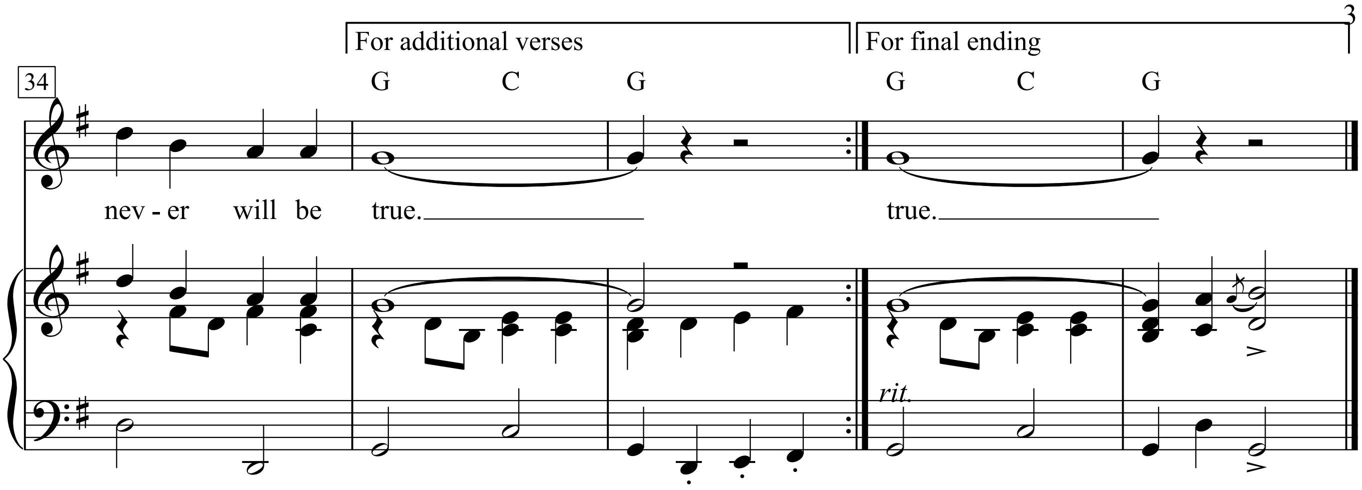
gether, so happy together.
And how is the weather?
So happy together.
So happy together.

Hard, Ain't It Hard

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie
(Melody based on a traditional theme)
(Woody Guthrie)




17
D7
G
dead on his cool - ing board. It's a -
tells them a tale he won't tell me.
Chorus
21
G
C
hard and it's hard, ain't it hard to
25
G
D
love one that nev - er did love you. It's
29
G
C
D7
hard and it's hard, ain't it hard, great God, to love one that



1. First time I seen my true love,
He was a-walkin' by my door.
The last time I saw his falsehearted smile,
Dead on his cooling board.
Chorus:
It's a-hard and it's hard, ain't it hard
To love one that never did love you.
It's hard and it's hard, ain't it hard, great God,
To love one that never will be true.

2. There is a house in this town,
That's where my true love lays around.
Takes other women right down on his knee,
Tells them a tale he won't tell me.
Chorus:

3. Don't go to drinking and gambling,
Don't go there your sorrows to drown;
This hard liquor place, it's a low-down disgrace,
It's the meanest damn place in this town. (Chorus)
Chorus:

4. It was late last night when my true love come in,
Rapping, rapping on my door;
I jumped out in a fit of jealousy,
That true love don't knock here anymore. (Chorus)
Chorus:

There is a house in this old town
Where my True Love lays around
Takes other women right down on his knee
And tells them a tale he won't tell me.

It's hard and it's hard; ain't it hard,
To love one that never did love you;
It's hard and it's hard, ain't it hard,
To love one that never will be true?

Late last night when my True Love come home,
Rapping, rapping, on my door;
I jumped out in a fit of Jealousy
Said, True Love don't knock here anymore.

True Love flies over the ocean;
True love flies over the sea;
My heart sails away on the wings of my Love
To bring back my True Love to me!

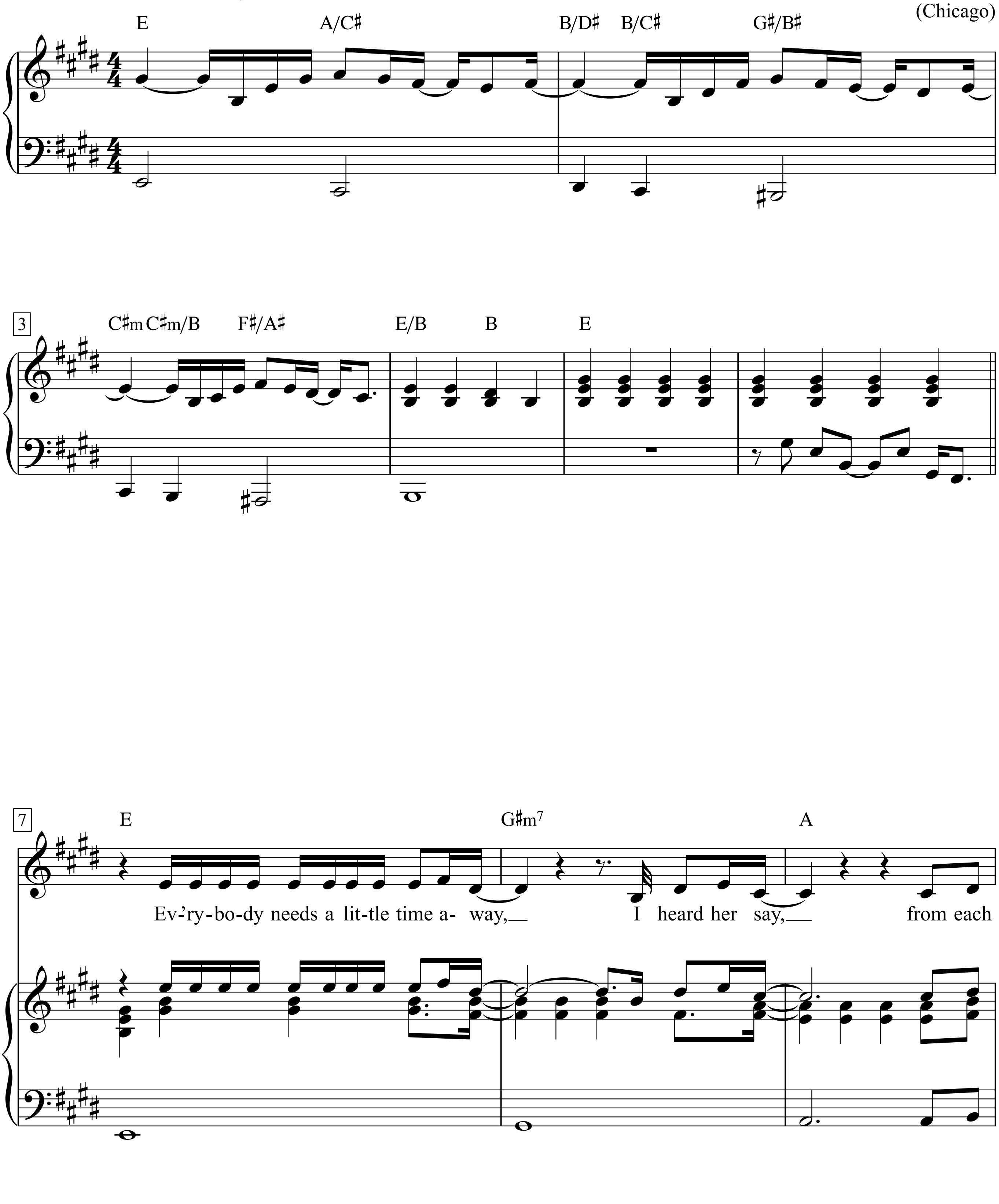
First time that I saw my True Love
Standin' in her Mother's door;
The last time I saw her sweet smiling face,
She was dead on her cooling board.

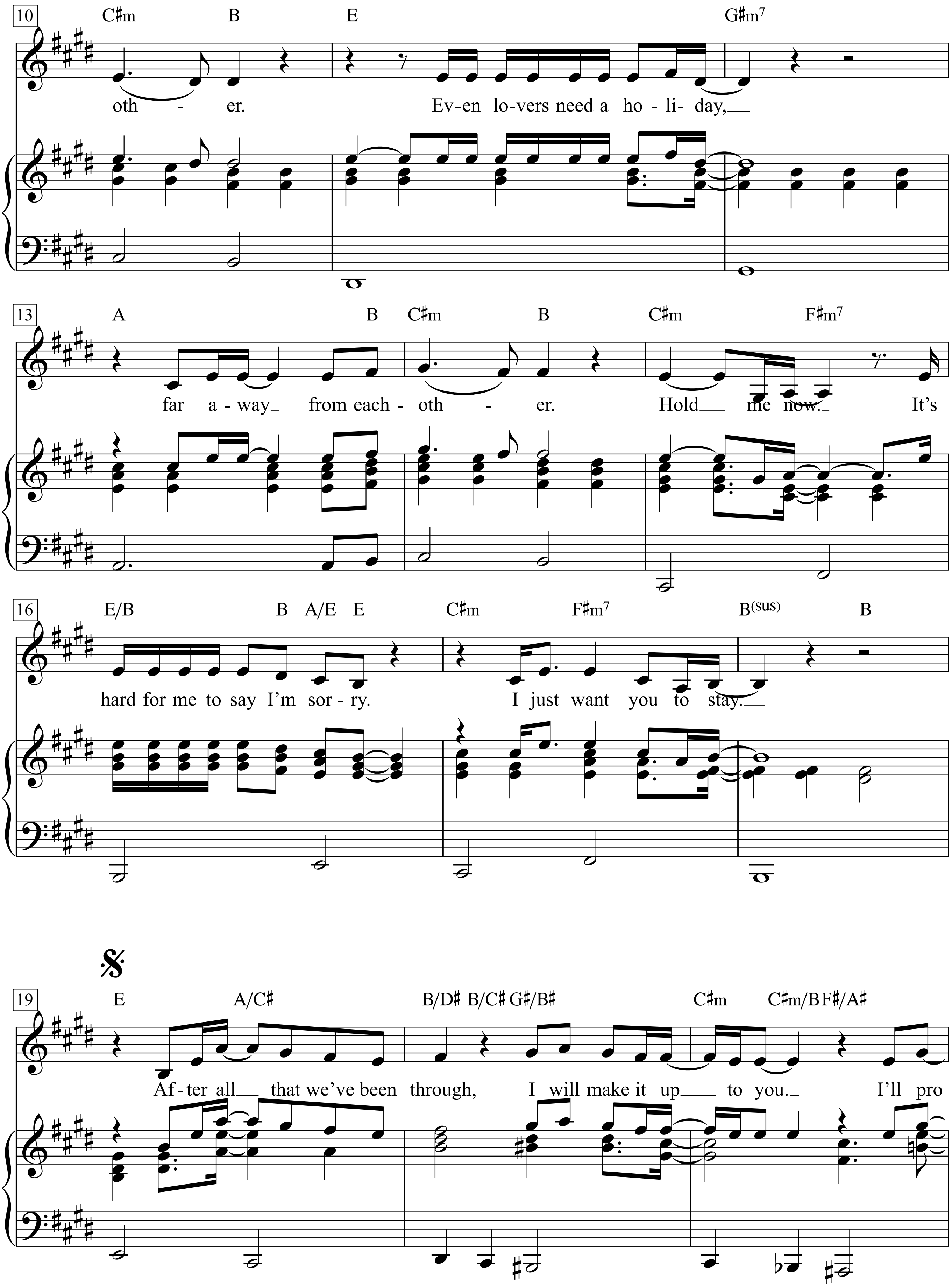
If I walk that Pathway of Sorrow,
I'll ask no one to go for me;
When I knock upon them bright Pearly Gates
Cryin', Good Lord, have mercy on me!

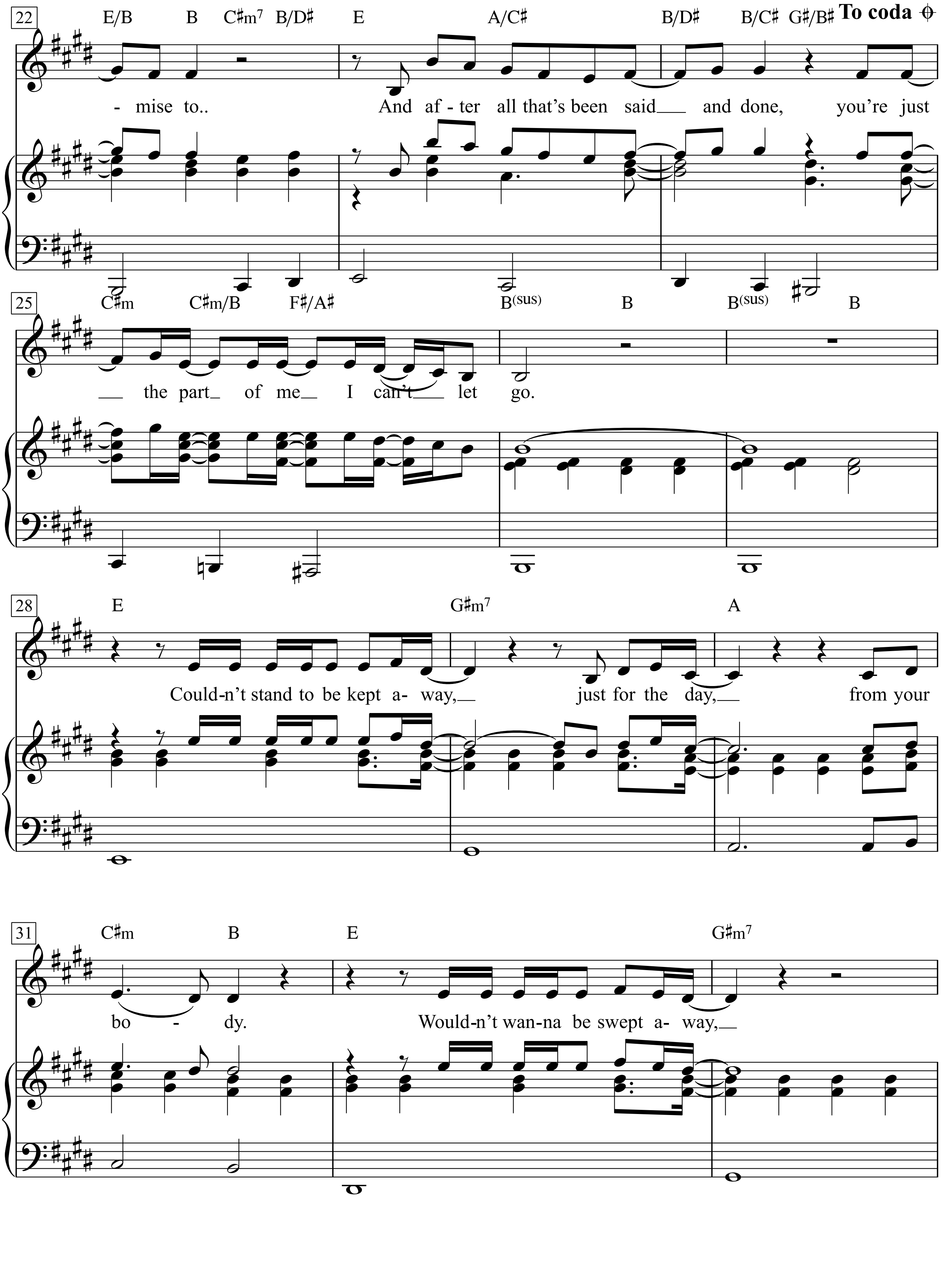
Hard To Say I'm Sorry

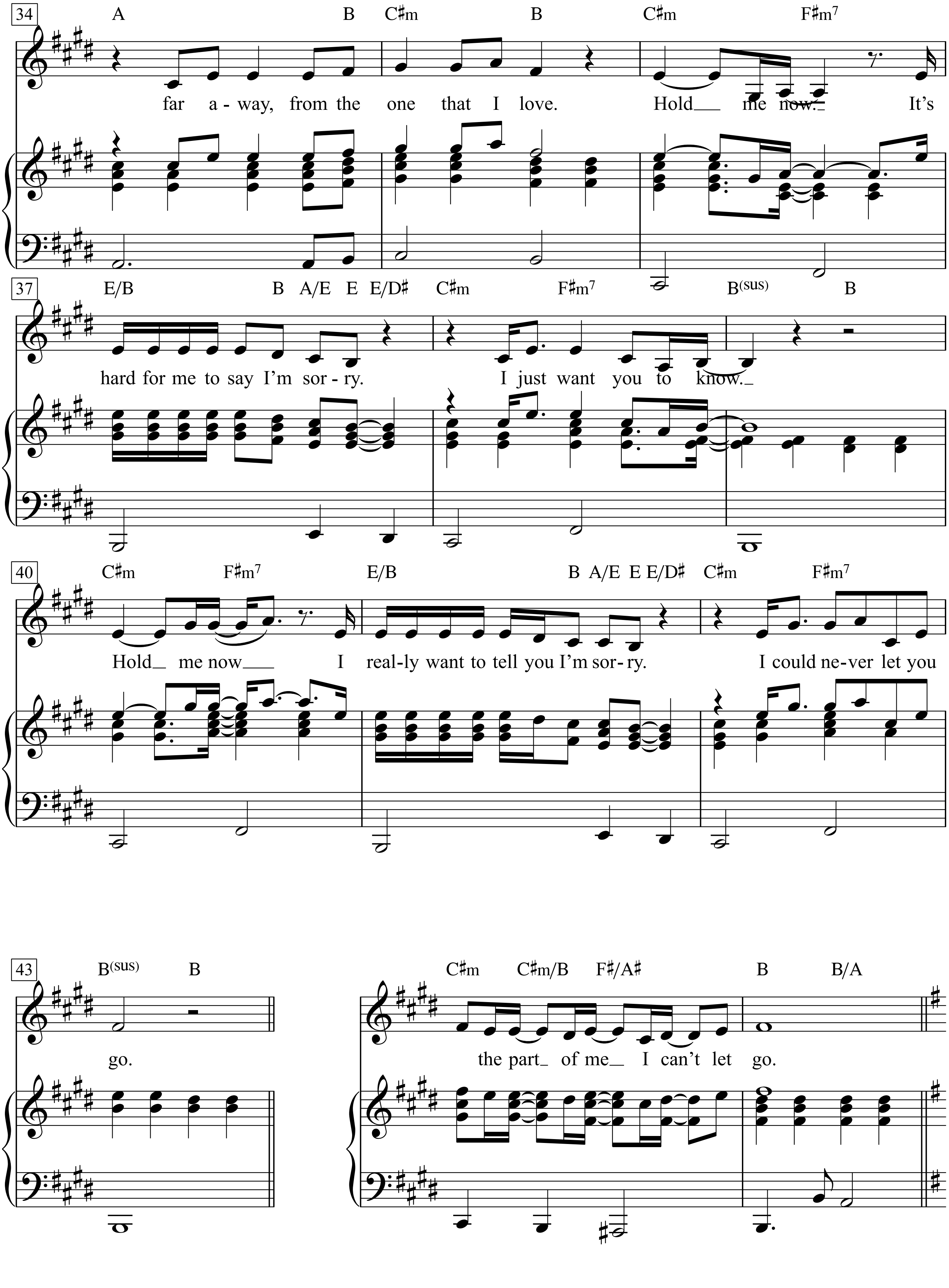
Words & Music by
David Foster & Peter Cetera
(Chicago)

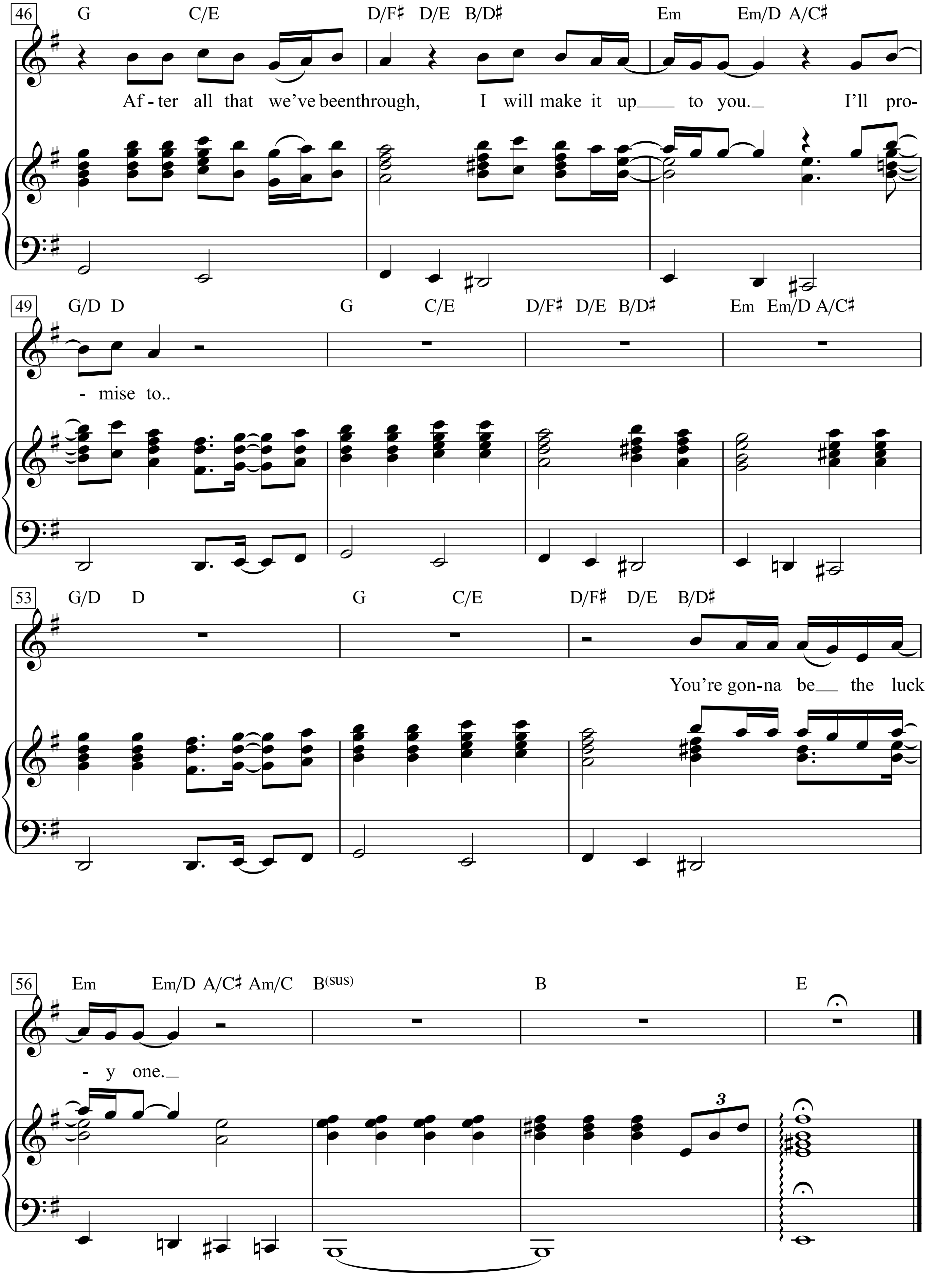
Moderately




10
C♯m B E G♯m7
oth - er. Ev-en lo-vers need a ho - li- day,
13
A B C♯m B C♯m F♯m7
far a-way from each - oth - er. Hold me now. It's
16
E/B B A/E E C♯m F♯m7 B(sus) B
hard for me to say I'm sor - ry. I just want you to stay.
19
E A/C♯ B/D♯ B/C♯ G♯/B♯ C♯m C♯m/B F♯/A♯
Af-ter all that we've been through, I will make it up to you. I'll pro

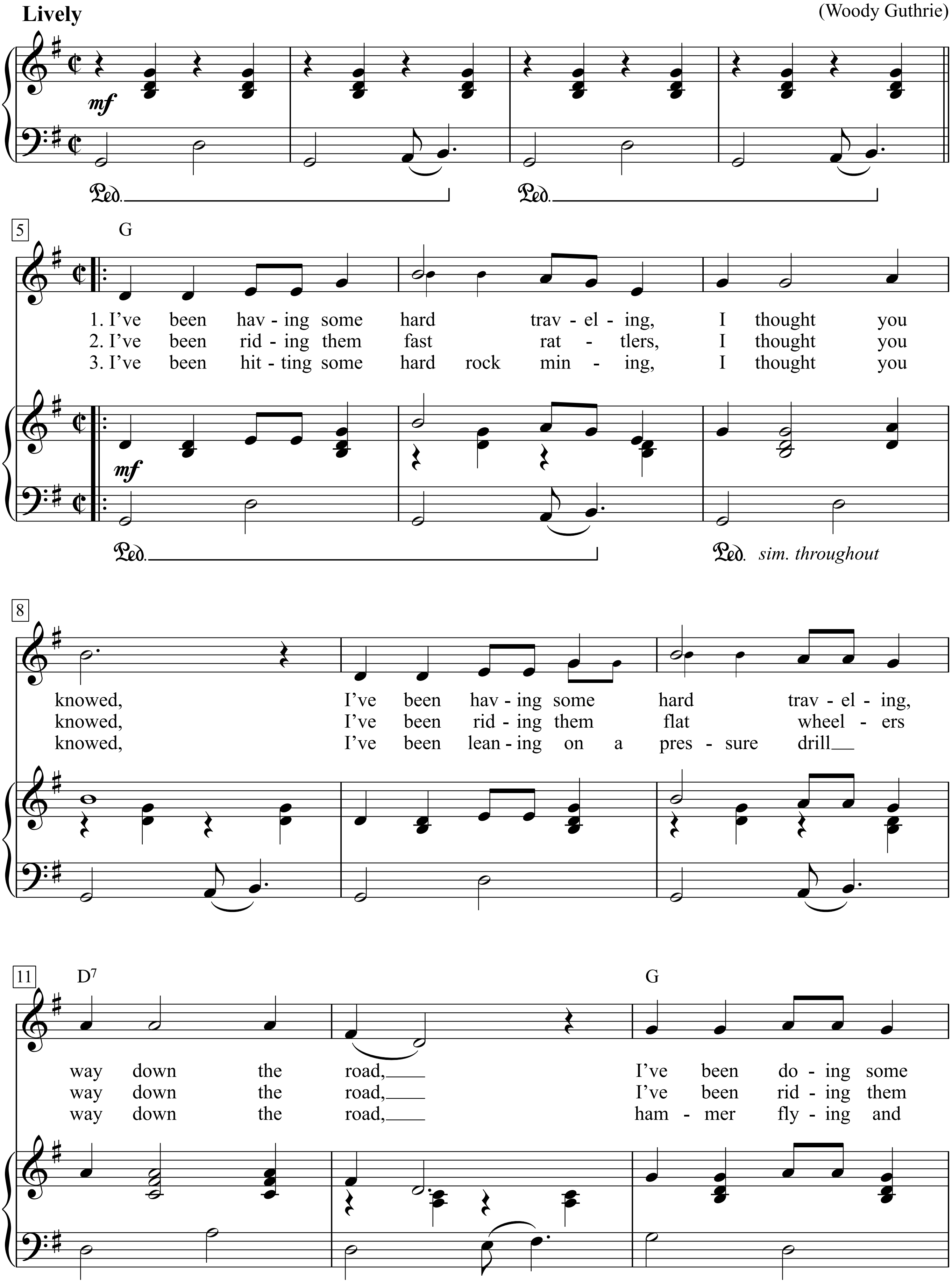

22
E/B B C♯m7 B/D♯ E A/C♯ B/D♯ B/C♯ G♯/B♯
To coda
- mise to.. And af - ter all that's been said and done, you're just
25
C♯m C♯m/B F♯/A♯ B(sus) B B(sus) B
the part of me I can't let go.
28
E G♯m7 A
Could-n't stand to be kept a- way, just for the day, from your
31
C♯m B E G♯m7
bo - dy. Would-n't wan-na be swept a- way,

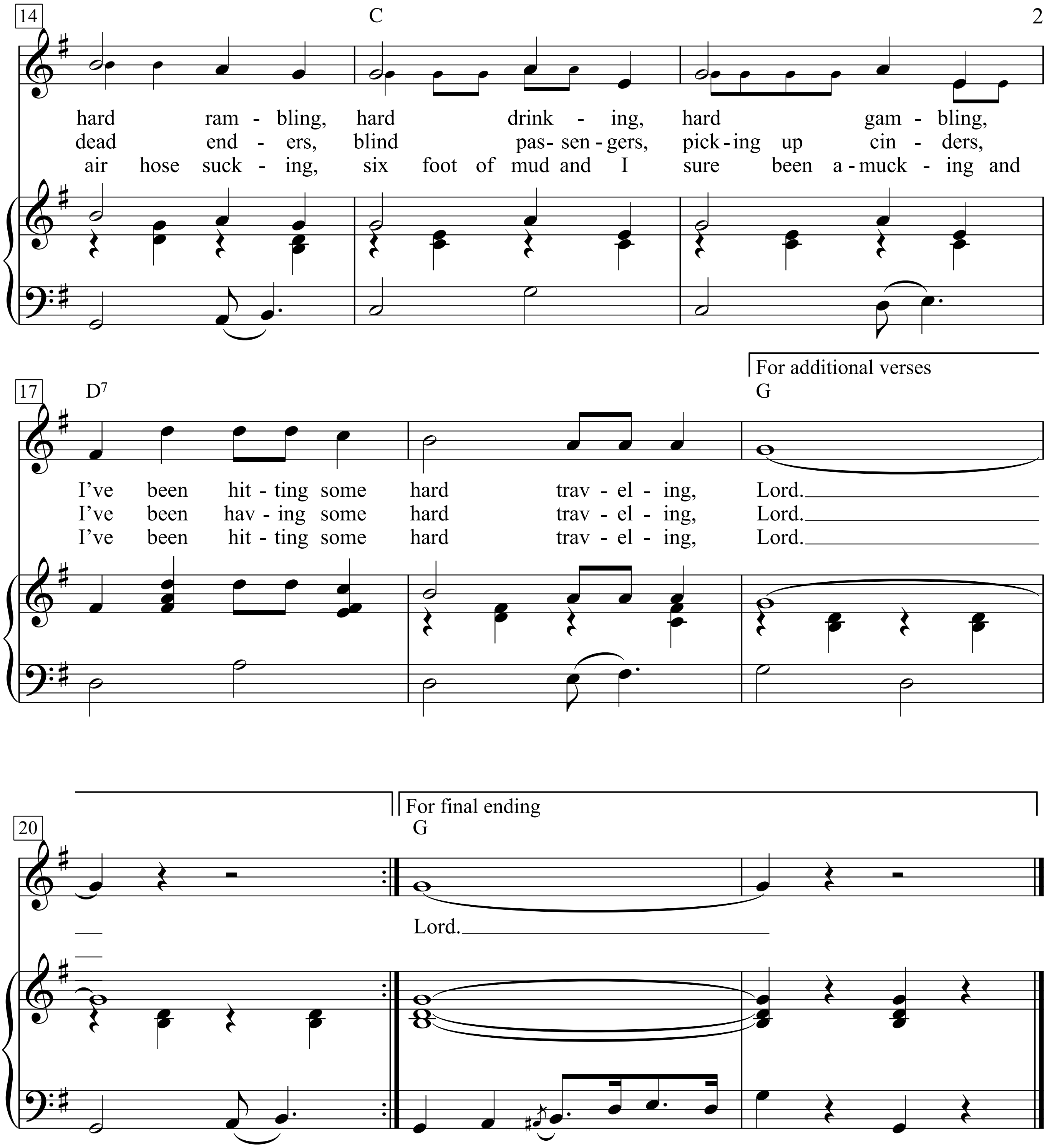

34
A B C♯m B C♯m F♯m7
far a - way, from the one that I love. Hold__ me now._ It's
37
E/B B A/E E E/D♯ C♯m F♯m7 B(sus) B
hard for me to say I'm sor - ry. I just want you to know._
40
C♯m F♯m7 E/B B A/E E E/D♯ C♯m F♯m7
Hold__ me now___ I real-ly want to tell you I'm sor- ry. I could ne-ver let you
43
B(sus) B
go.
C♯m C♯m/B F♯/A♯ B B/A
the part_ of me__ I can't let go.


46
G C/E D/F♯ D/E B/D♯ Em Em/D A/C♯
Af - ter all that we've been through, I will make it up to you. I'll pro-
49
G/D D G C/E D/F♯ D/E B/D♯ Em Em/D A/C♯
- mise to..
53
G/D D G C/E D/F♯ D/E B/D♯
You're gon-na be the luck
56
Em Em/D A/C♯ Am/C B(sus) B E
- y one.
3

Hard Travelin'

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie
(Woody Guthrie)




14
C
hard ram - bling, hard drink - ing, hard gam - bling,
dead end - ers, blind pas- sen - gers, pick - ing up cin - ders,
air hose suck - ing, six foot of mud and I sure been a - muck - ing and
17
D7
For additional verses
G
I've been hit - ting some hard trav - el - ing, Lord.
I've been hav - ing some hard trav - el - ing, Lord.
I've been hit - ting some hard trav - el - ing, Lord.
20
For final ending
G
Lord.

1. I’ve been having some hard traveling, I thought you knowed,
I’ve been having some hard traveling, way down the road,
I’ve been doing some hard rambling, hard drinking, hard gambling,
I’ve been hitting some hard traveling, Lord.

2. I’ve been riding them fast rattlers, I thought you knowed,
I’ve been riding them flat wheelers way down the road,
I’ve been riding them dead enders, blind passengers, picking up cinders,
I’ve been having some hard traveling, Lord.

3. I’ve been hitting some hard rock mining, I thought you knowed,
I’ve been leaning on a pressure drill way down the road,
Hammer flying and air hose sucking, six foot of mud and I sure been a-mucking and
I’ve been hitting some hard traveling, Lord.

4. I’ve been having some hard harvesting, I thought you knowed,
North Dakota to Kansas City, way down the road,
Cutting that wheat and stacking that hay; and trying to make about a dollar a day,
And I’ve been having some hard traveling, Lord.

5. I’ve been working that Pittsburgh steel, I thought you knowed,
I’ve been pouring redhot slag, way down the road,
I’ve been blasting, I’ve been firing, I’ve been pouring redhot iron,
And I’ve been having some hard traveling, Lord.

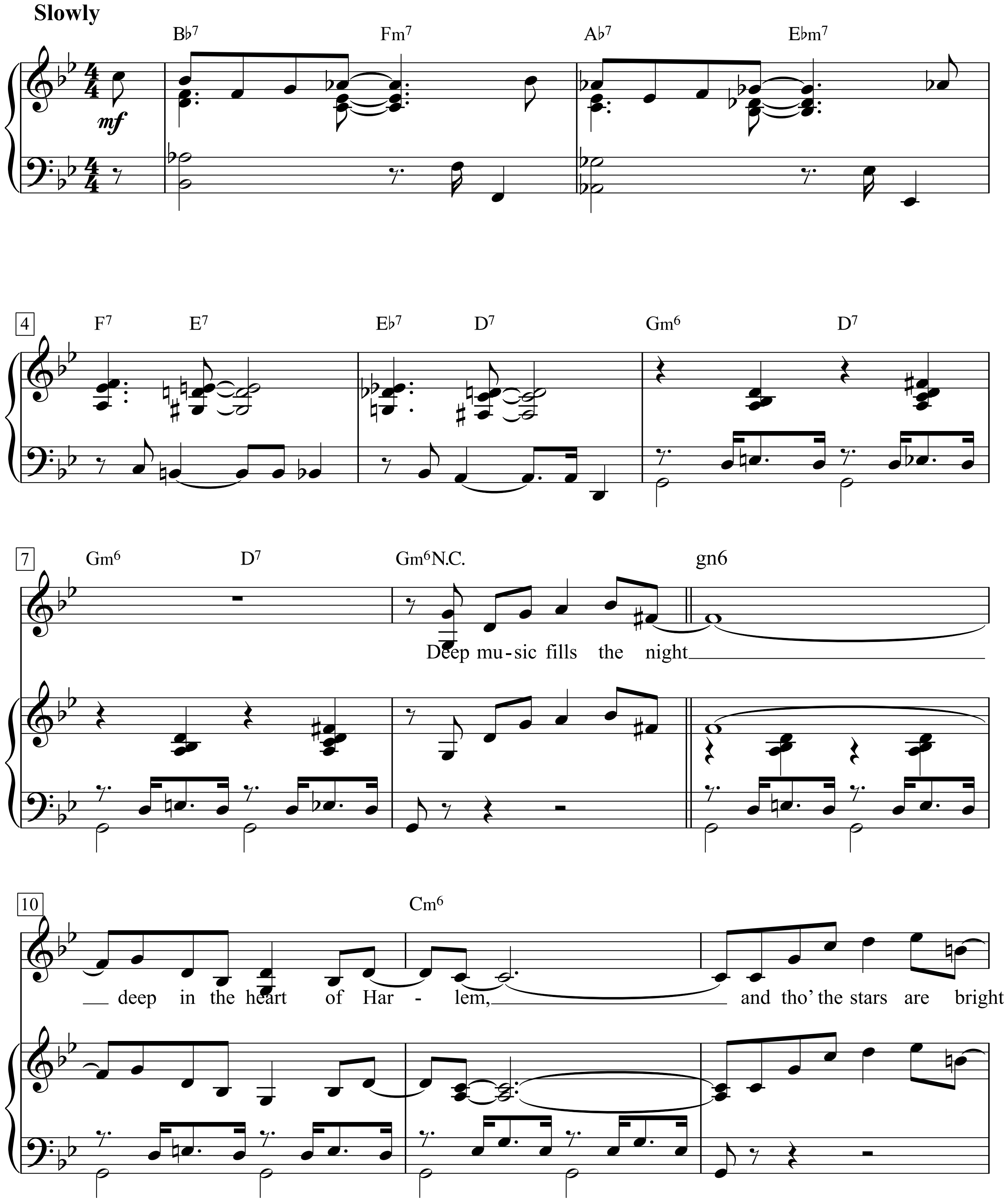
6. I been laying in a hardrock jail, I thought you knowed,
I been laying out ninety days, way down that road,
Mean old judge he says to me, It’s ninety days for vagrancy,
And I’ve been hitting some hard traveling, Lord.

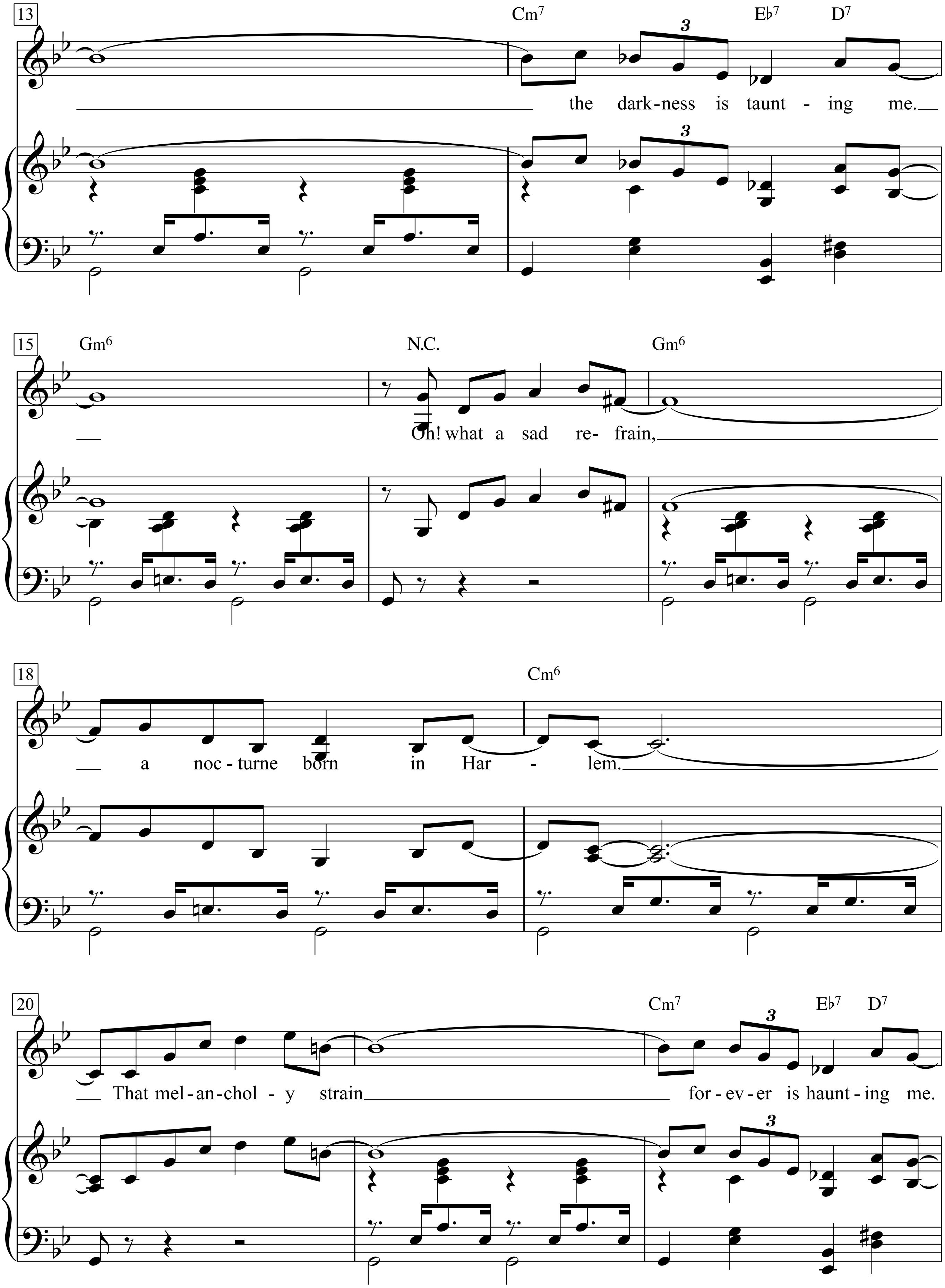
7. Well, I’ve been walking that Lincoln Highway, I thought you knowed,
I’ve been hitting that ‘66,’ way down the road,
Heavy load and a worried mind, looking for a woman that’s hard to find,
And I’ve been hitting some hard traveling, Lord.

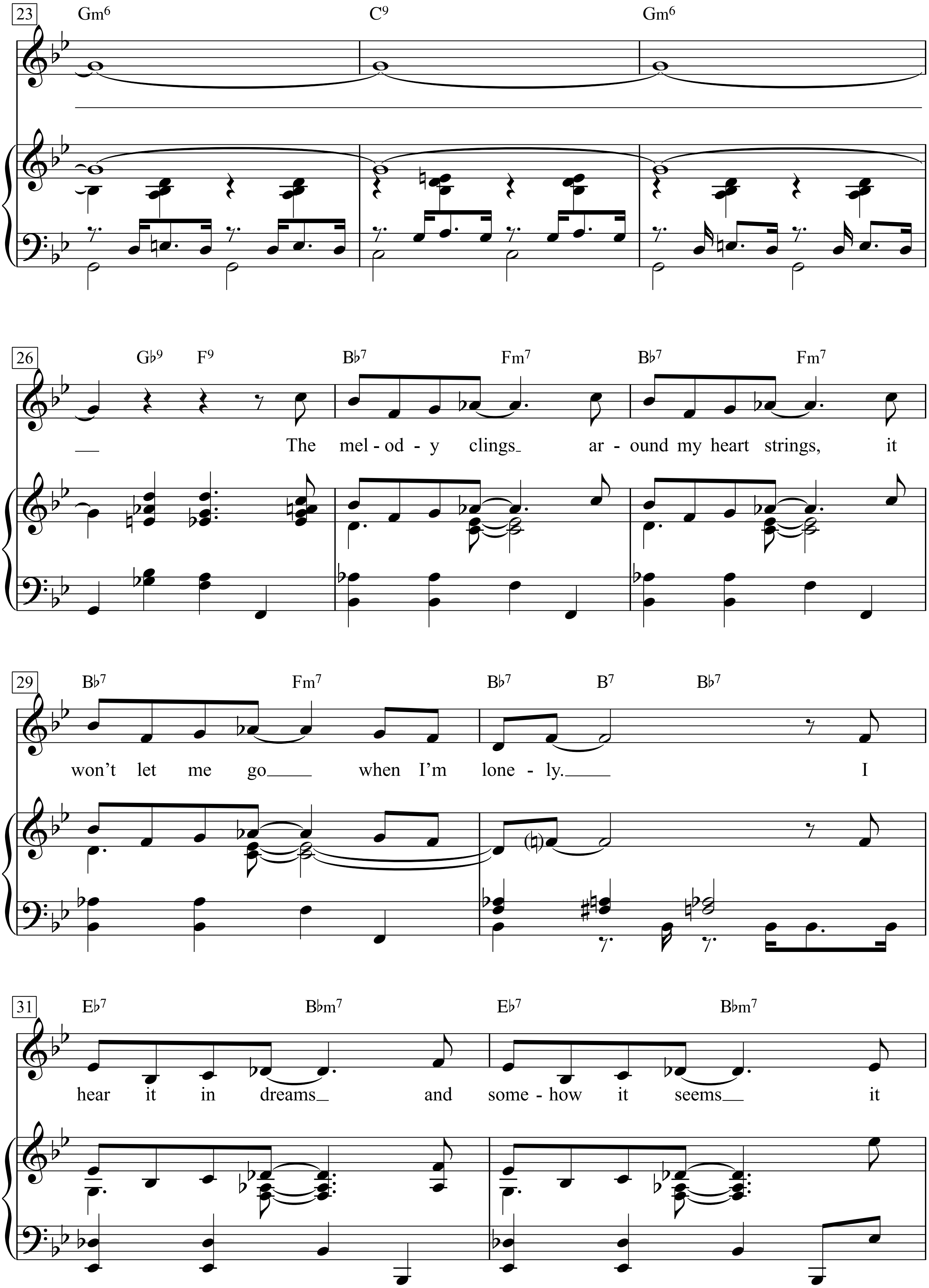
Harlem Nocturne

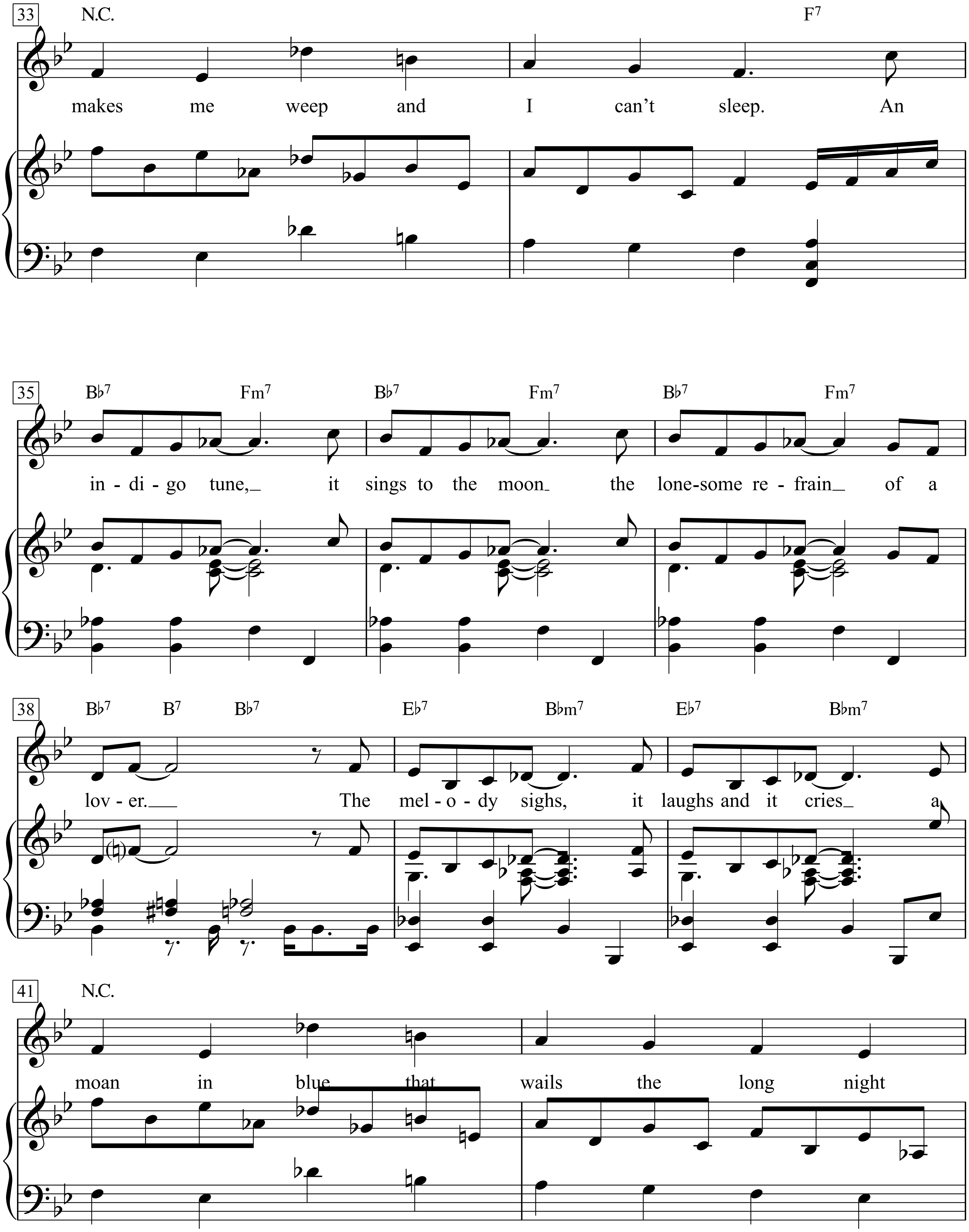
Words by Dick Rodgers

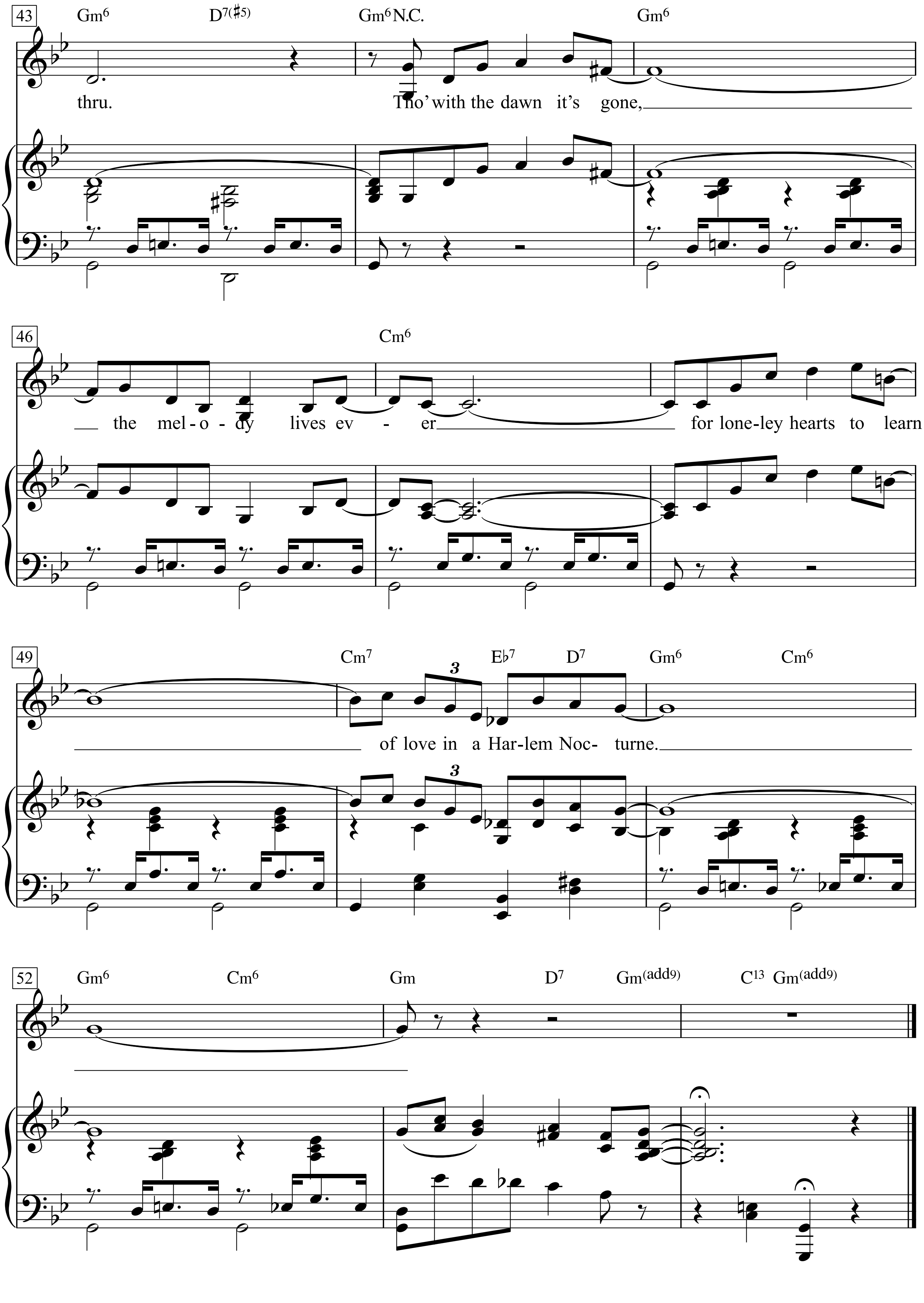
Music by Earle Hagen




13
Cm7
Eb7 D7
the dark-ness is taunt - ing me.
15
Gm6
N.C.
Gm6
Oh! what a sad re- frain,
18
Cm6
a noc-turne born in Har - lem.
20
Cm7
Eb7 D7
That mel-an-chol - y strain
for-ev-er is haunt-ing me.


23
Gm6
C9
Gm6
26
G♭9
F9
B♭7
Fm7
B♭7
Fm7
The mel - od - y clings ar - ound my heart strings, it
29
B♭7
Fm7
B♭7
B7
B♭7
won't let me go when I'm lone - ly. I
31
E♭7
B♭m7
E♭7
B♭m7
hear it in dreams and some - how it seems it

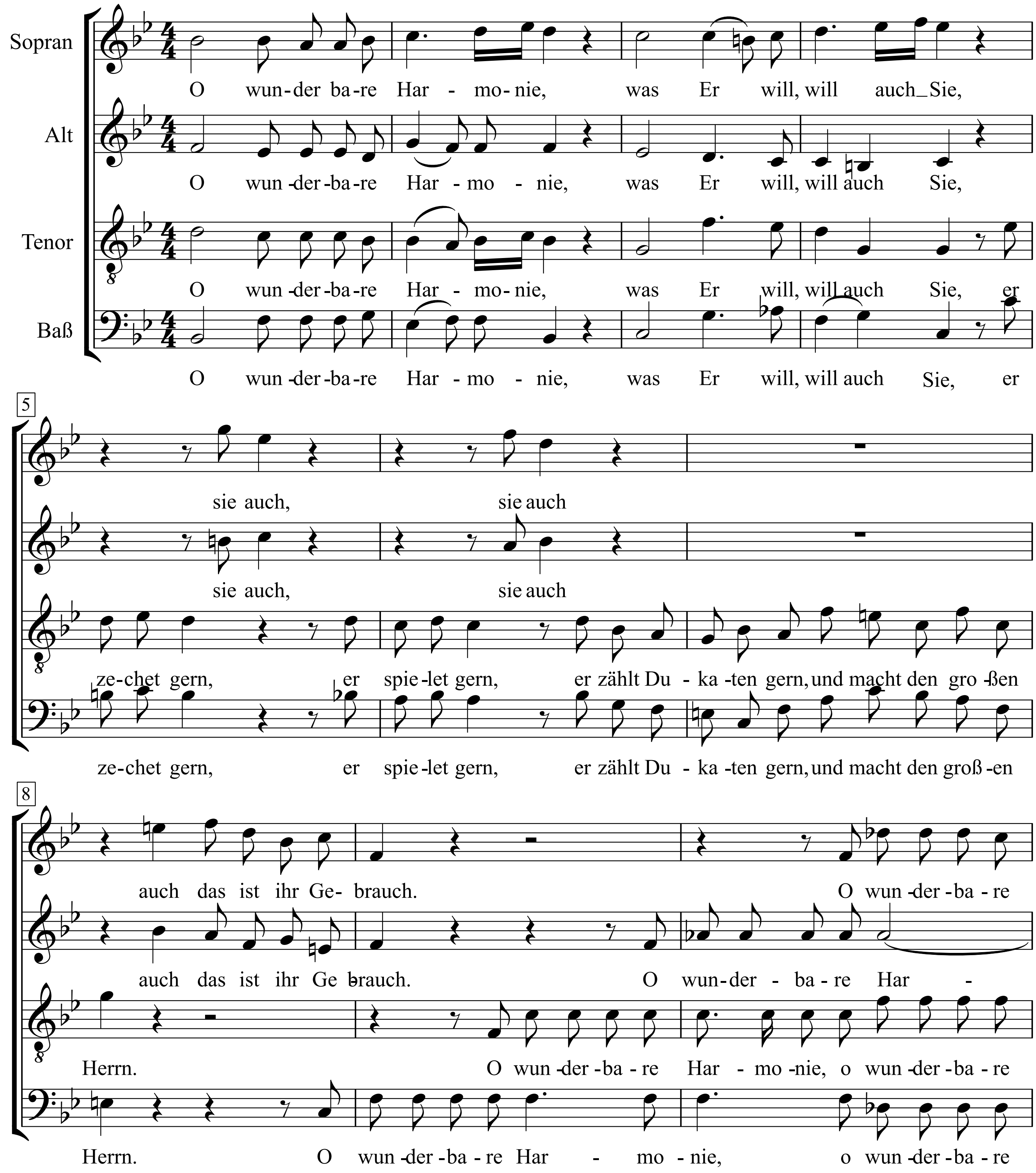

33
N.C.
F7
makes me weep and I can't sleep. An
35
B♭7 Fm7 B♭7 Fm7 B♭7 Fm7
in - di - go tune, it sings to the moon the lone-some re - frain of a
38
B♭7 B7 B♭7 E♭7 B♭m7 E♭7 B♭m7
lov - er. The mel - o - dy sighs, it laughs and it cries a
41
N.C.
moan in blue that wails the long night

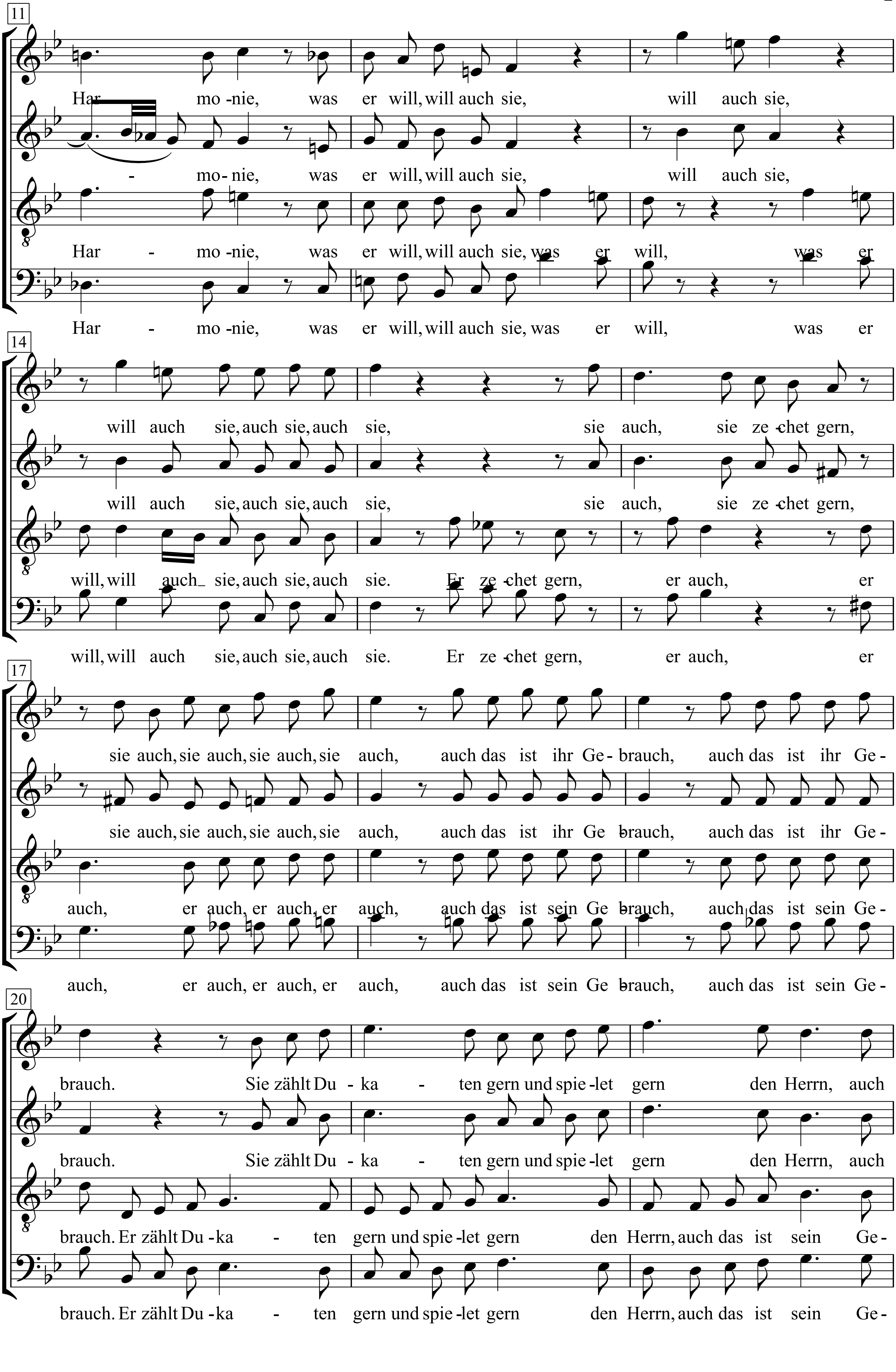

43
Gm6 D7(♯5) Gm6 N.C. Gm6
thru. Tho' with the dawn it's gone,
46
Cm6
the mel-o-dy lives ev - er for lone-ley hearts to learn
49
Cm7 E♭7 D7 Gm6 Cm6
of love in a Har-lem Noc- turne.
52
Gm6 Cm6 Gm D7 Gm(add9) C13 Gm(add9)

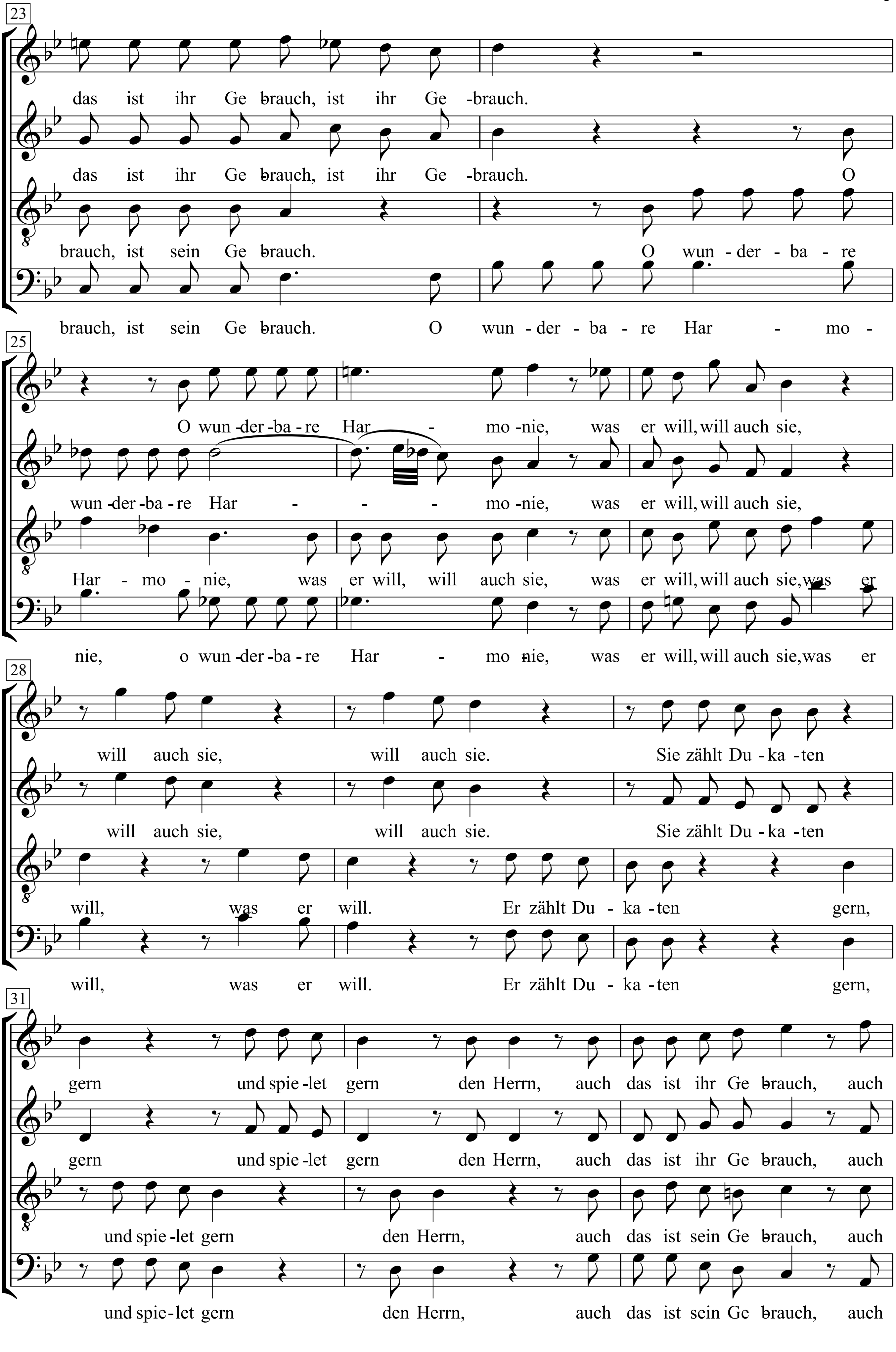
Die Harmonie in der Ehe

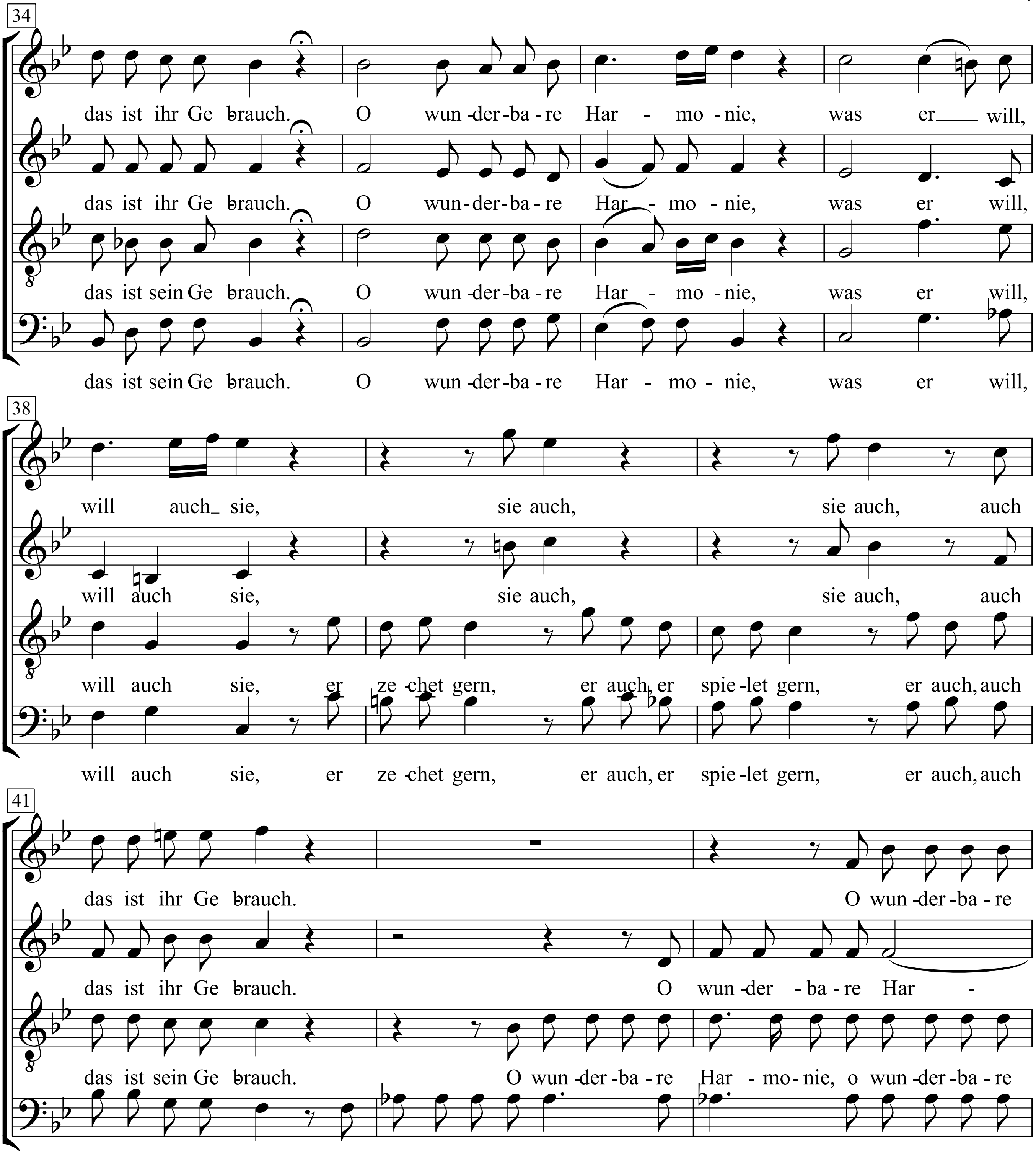
Johann Nikolaus Goetz

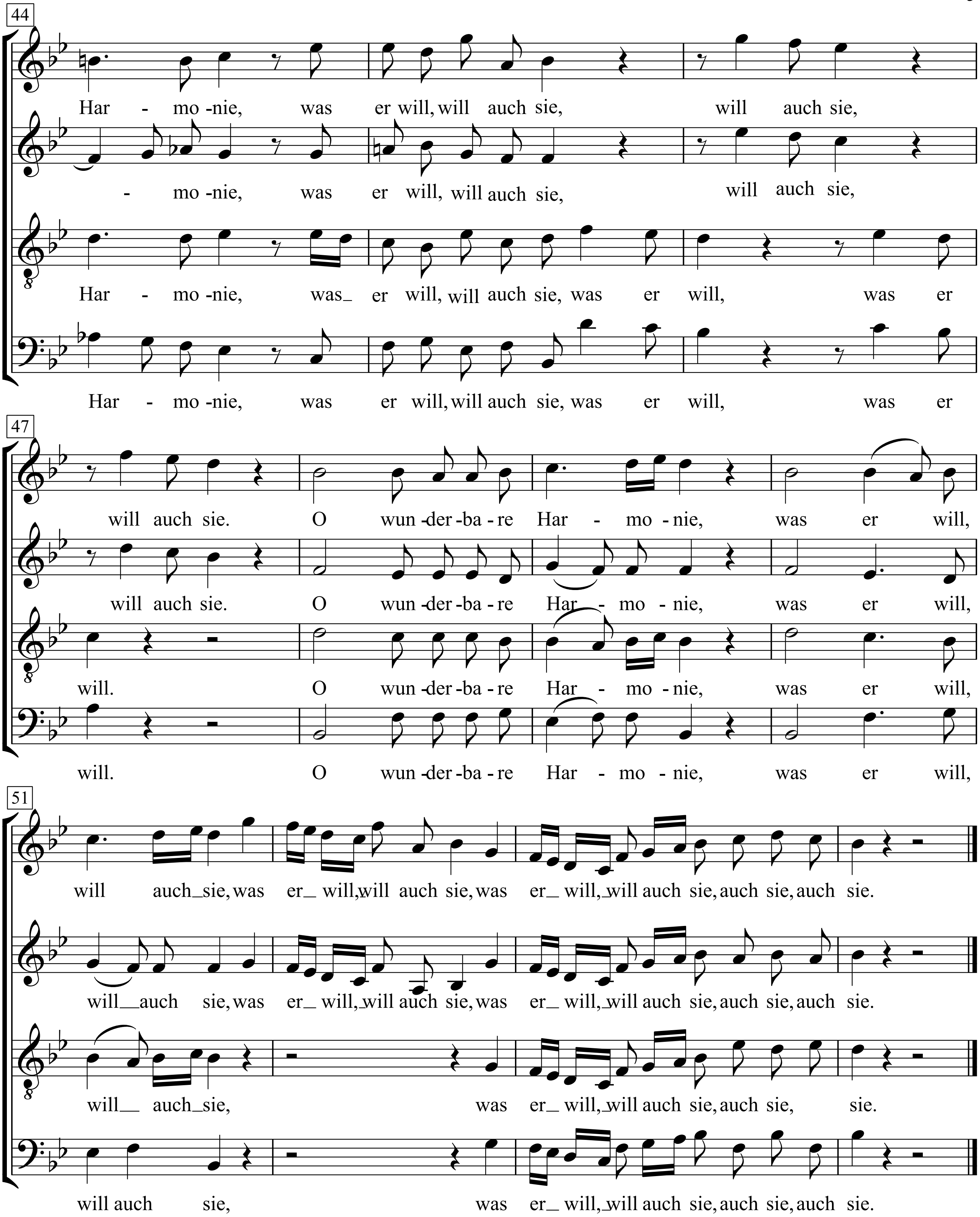
Franz Joseph Haydn




11
Har - mo -nie, was er will, will auch sie, will auch sie,
- mo- nie, was er will, will auch sie, will auch sie,
Har - mo -nie, was er will, will auch sie, was er will, was er
Har - mo -nie, was er will, will auch sie, was er will, was er
14
will auch sie, auch sie, auch sie, sie auch, sie ze -chet gern,
will auch sie, auch sie, auch sie, sie auch, sie ze -chet gern,
will, will auch_ sie, auch sie, auch sie. Er ze -chet gern, er auch, er
will, will auch sie, auch sie, auch sie. Er ze -chet gern, er auch, er
17
sie auch, sie auch, sie auch, sie auch, auch das ist ihr Ge- brauch, auch das ist ihr Ge-
sie auch, sie auch, sie auch, sie auch, auch das ist ihr Ge -brauch, auch das ist ihr Ge-
auch, er auch, er auch, er auch, auch das ist sein Ge -brauch, auch das ist sein Ge-
auch, er auch, er auch, er auch, auch das ist sein Ge -brauch, auch das ist sein Ge-
20
brauch. Sie zählt Du - ka - ten gern und spie -let gern den Herrn, auch
brauch. Sie zählt Du - ka - ten gern und spie -let gern den Herrn, auch
brauch. Er zählt Du -ka - ten gern und spie -let gern den Herrn, auch das ist sein Ge-
brauch. Er zählt Du -ka - ten gern und spie -let gern den Herrn, auch das ist sein Ge-


23
das ist ihr Ge -brauch, ist ihr Ge -brauch.
das ist ihr Ge -brauch, ist ihr Ge -brauch. O
brauch, ist sein Ge -brauch. O wun - der - ba - re
brauch, ist sein Ge -brauch. O wun - der - ba - re Har - mo -
25
O wun -der -ba - re Har - mo -nie, was er will, will auch sie,
wun -der -ba - re Har - - - mo -nie, was er will, will auch sie,
Har - mo - nie, was er will, will auch sie, was er will, will auch sie, was er
nie, o wun -der -ba - re Har - mo -nie, was er will, will auch sie, was er
28
will auch sie, will auch sie. Sie zählt Du - ka -ten
will auch sie, will auch sie. Sie zählt Du - ka -ten
will, was er will. Er zählt Du - ka -ten gern,
will, was er will. Er zählt Du - ka -ten gern,
31
gern und spie -let gern den Herrn, auch das ist ihr Ge -brauch, auch
gern und spie -let gern den Herrn, auch das ist ihr Ge -brauch, auch
und spie -let gern den Herrn, auch das ist sein Ge -brauch, auch
und spie -let gern den Herrn, auch das ist sein Ge -brauch, auch

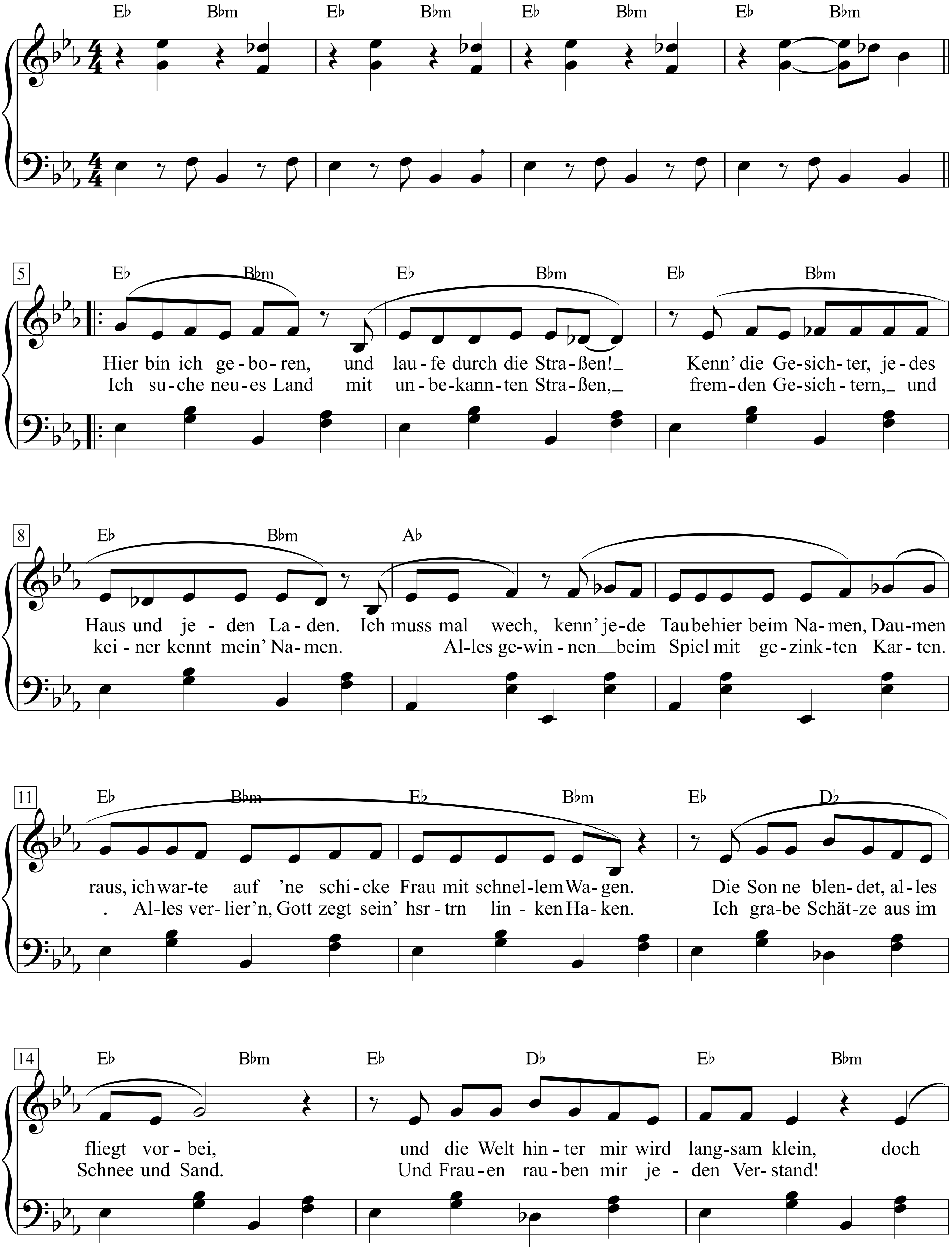

34
das ist ihr Ge - brauch. O wun - der - ba - re Har - mo - nie, was er will,
das ist ihr Ge - brauch. O wun - der - ba - re Har - mo - nie, was er will,
das ist sein Ge - brauch. O wun - der - ba - re Har - mo - nie, was er will,
das ist sein Ge - brauch. O wun - der - ba - re Har - mo - nie, was er will,
38
will auch sie, sie auch, sie auch, auch
will auch sie, sie auch, sie auch, auch
will auch sie, er ze - chet gern, er auch, er spie - let gern, er auch, auch
will auch sie, er ze - chet gern, er auch, er spie - let gern, er auch, auch
41
das ist ihr Ge - brauch. O wun - der - ba - re
das ist ihr Ge - brauch. O wun - der - ba - re Har -
das ist sein Ge - brauch. O wun - der - ba - re Har - mo - nie, o wun - der - ba - re
das ist sein Ge - brauch. O wun - der - ba - re Har - mo - nie, o wun - der - ba - re

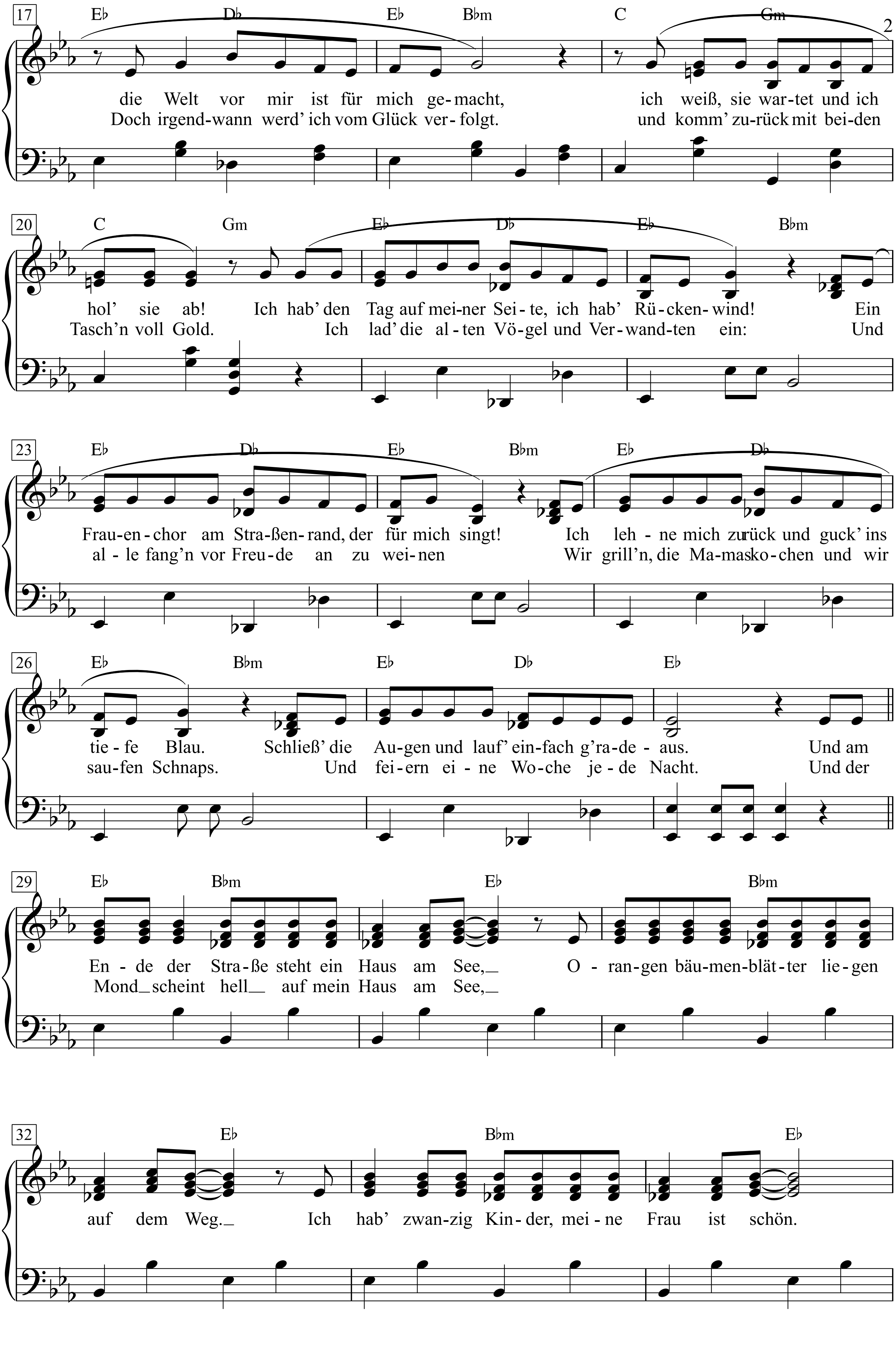

44
Har - mo -nie, was er will, will auch sie, will auch sie,
- mo -nie, was er will, will auch sie, will auch sie,
Har - mo -nie, was_ er will, will auch sie, was er will, was er
Har - mo -nie, was er will, will auch sie, was er will, was er
47
will auch sie. O wun -der -ba - re Har - mo - nie, was er will,
will auch sie. O wun -der -ba - re Har - mo - nie, was er will,
will. O wun -der -ba - re Har - mo - nie, was er will,
will. O wun -der -ba - re Har - mo - nie, was er will,
51
will auch_sie, was er_ will, will auch sie, was er_ will,_will auch sie, auch sie, auch sie.
will__auch sie, was er_ will,_will auch sie, was er_ will,_will auch sie, auch sie, auch sie.
will__ auch_sie, was er_ will,_will auch sie, auch sie, sie.
will auch sie, was er_ will,_will auch sie, auch sie, auch sie.

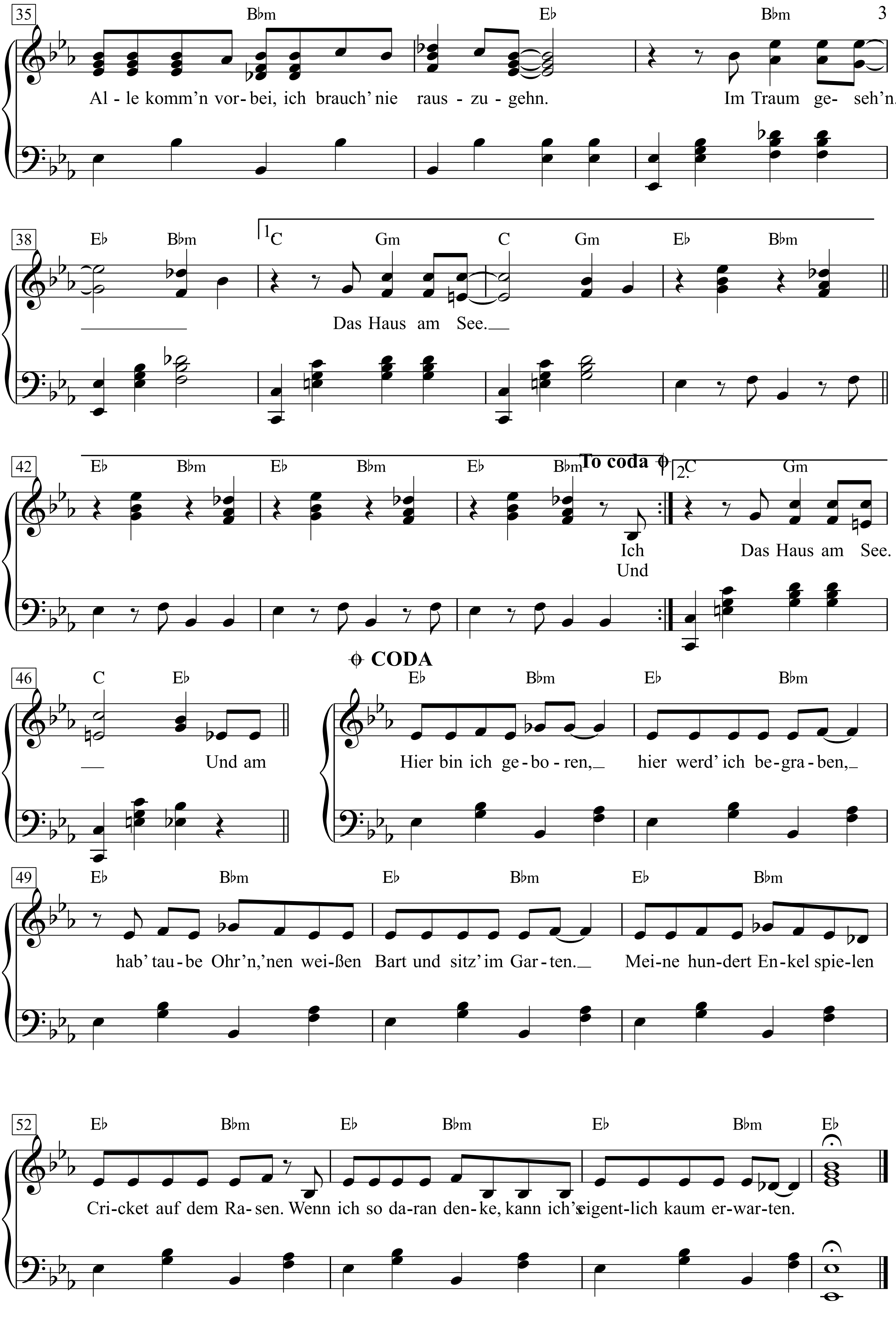
Haus am See

Musik:
Pierre Balgorry, David Conen,
Vincent Graf Schlippenbach, Ruth-Maria Renner
(Peter Fox)

Text:
Pierre Balgorra, David Conen




17
E♭ D♭ E♭ B♭m C Gm
die Welt vor mir ist für mich ge-macht, ich weiß, sie war-tet und ich
Doch irgend-wann werd' ich vom Glück ver-folgt. und komm' zu-rück mit bei-den
20
C Gm E♭ D♭ E♭ B♭m
hol' sie ab! Ich hab' den Tag auf mei-ner Sei-te, ich hab' Rü-cken-wind! Ein
Tasch'n voll Gold. Ich lad' die al-ten Vö-gel und Ver-wand-ten ein: Und
23
E♭ D♭ E♭ B♭m E♭ D♭
Frau-en-chor am Stra-ßen-rand, der für mich singt! Ich leh-ne mich zurück und guck' ins
al-le fang'n vor Freu-de an zu wei-nen Wir grill'n, die Ma-mas ko-chen und wir
26
E♭ B♭m E♭ D♭ E♭
tie-fe Blau. Schließ' die Au-gen und lauf' ein-fach g'ra-de-aus. Und am
sau-fen Schnaps. Und fei-ern ei-ne Wo-che je-de Nacht. Und der
29
E♭ B♭m E♭ B♭m
En-de der Stra-ße steht ein Haus am See,_ O-ran-gen bäu-men-blät-ter lie-gen
Mond_scheint hell_ auf mein Haus am See,_
32
E♭ B♭m E♭
auf dem Weg._ Ich hab' zwan-zig Kin-der, mei-ne Frau ist schön.

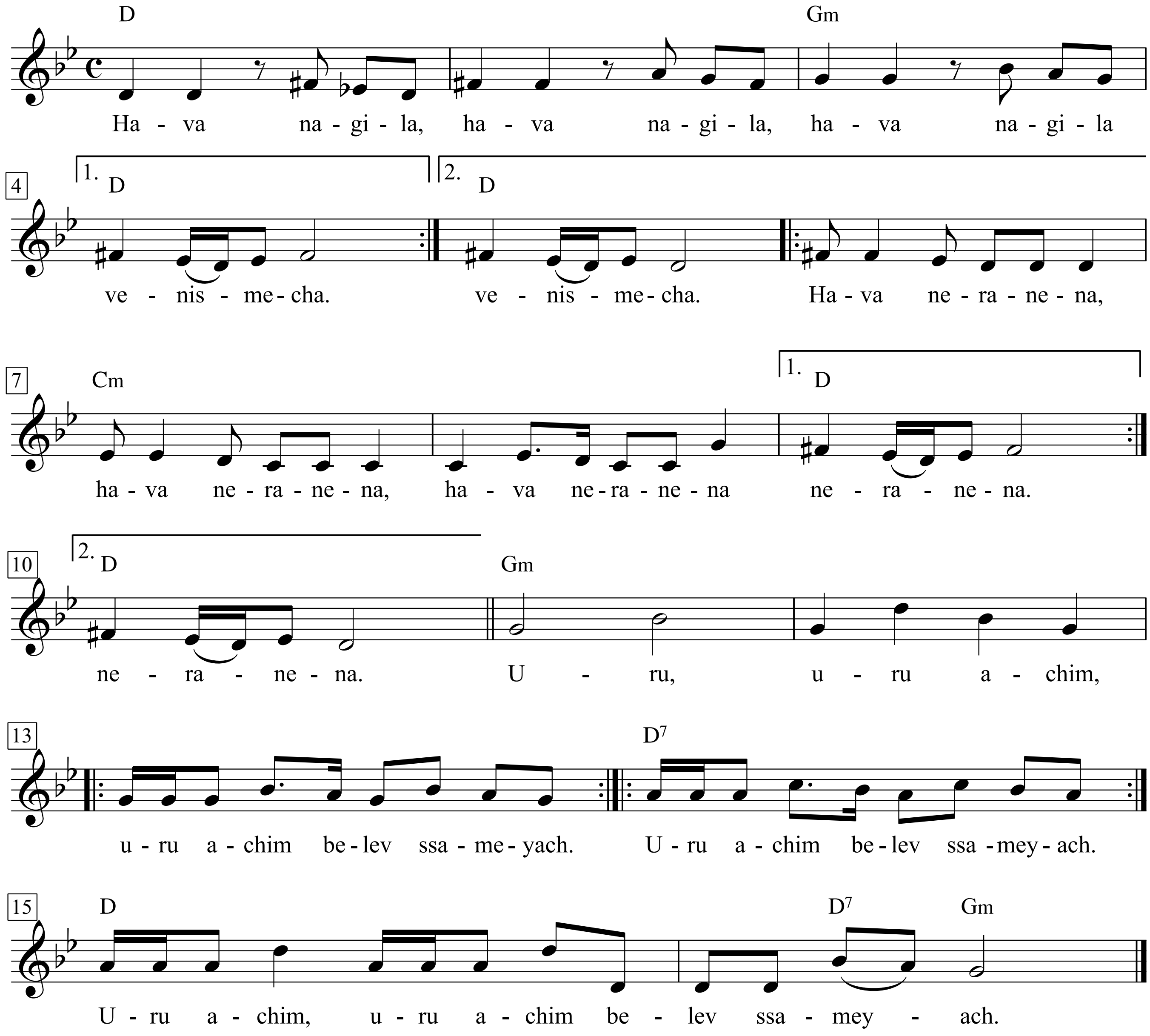

35
Bbm Eb Bbm
Al - le komm'n vor - bei, ich brauch' nie raus - zu - gehn. Im Traum ge - seh'n.
38
Eb Bbm C Gm C Gm Eb Bbm
Das Haus am See.
42
Eb Bbm Eb Bbm Eb Bbm
To coda
C Gm
Ich
Und
Das Haus am See.
46
C Eb
Und am
CODA
Eb Bbm Eb Bbm
Hier bin ich ge - bo - ren, hier werd' ich be - gra - ben,
49
Eb Bbm Eb Bbm Eb Bbm
hab' tau - be Ohr'n, 'nen wei - ßen Bart und sitz' im Gar - ten. Mei - ne hun - dert En - kel spie - len
52
Eb Bbm Eb Bbm Eb Bbm Eb
Cri - cket auf dem Ra - sen. Wenn ich so da - ran den - ke, kann ich's ei - gent - lich kaum er - war - ten.

2. Ich suche neues Land mit unbekannten Straßen,
fremden Gesichtern, keiner kennt mein’ Namen.
Alles gewinn’n beim Spiel mit gezinkten Karten.
Alles verlier’n, Gott hat einen harten linken Haken.
Ich grabe Schätze aus im Schnee und Sand.
Und Frauen rauben mir jeden Verstand!
Doch irgendwann werd’ ich vom Glück verfolgt.
Hm - und komm’ zurück mit beiden Tasch’n voll Gold.

Hava nagila

Text: Abraham Zwi Idelsohn
(1882–1938), 1919/1922

Melodie: Israelischer Volkstanz



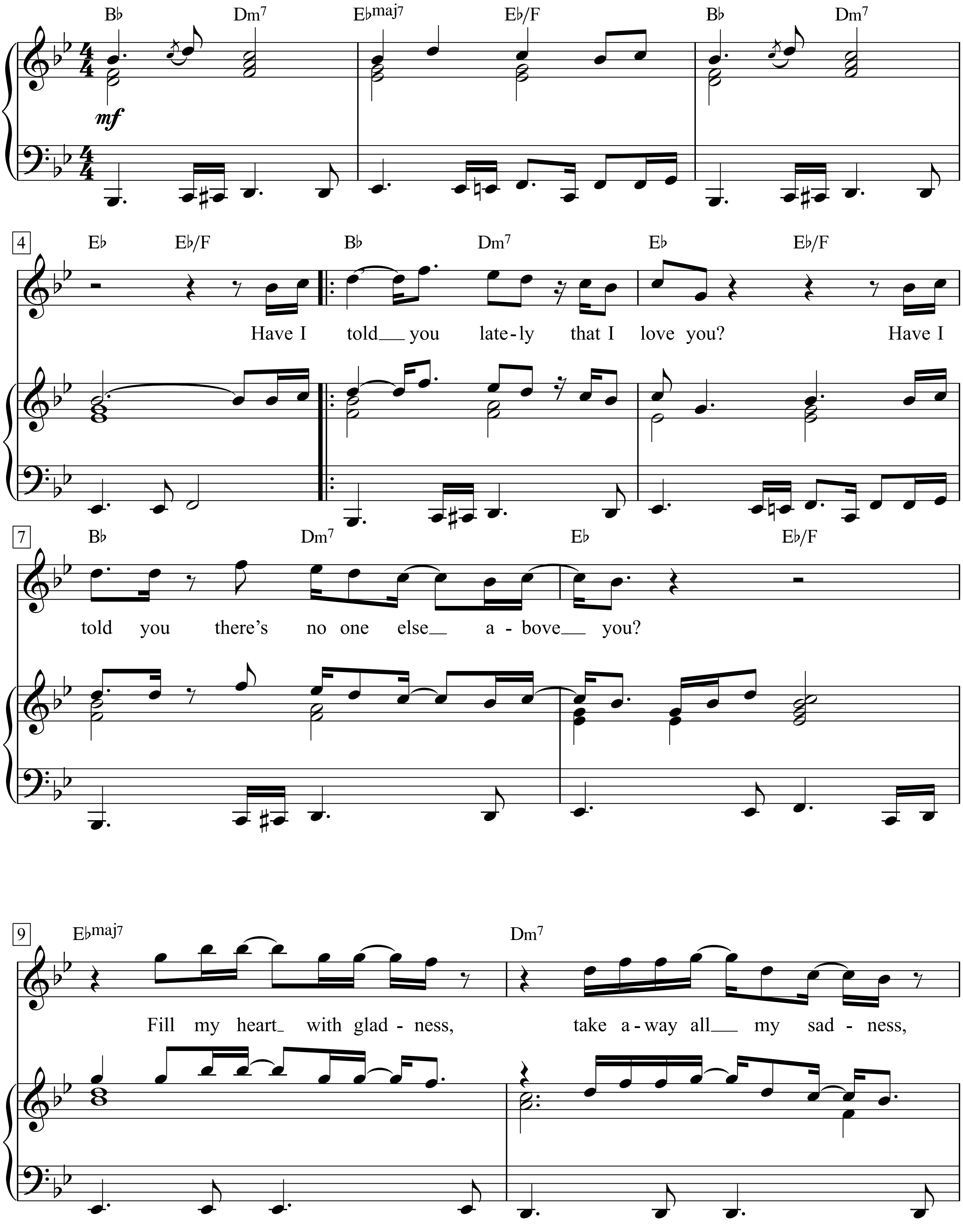
|: Hava nagila, hava nagila, hava nagila venismecha. :|
Hava neranena, hava neranena,
hava neranena neranena. neranena.
Uru, uru achim, uru achim belev ssameyach.
Uru achim belev ssameyach.
Uru achim, uru achim belev ssameyach.

Textübertragung:
Auf, jubelt und freut euch, singt,
erhebt euch mit frohem Herzen.

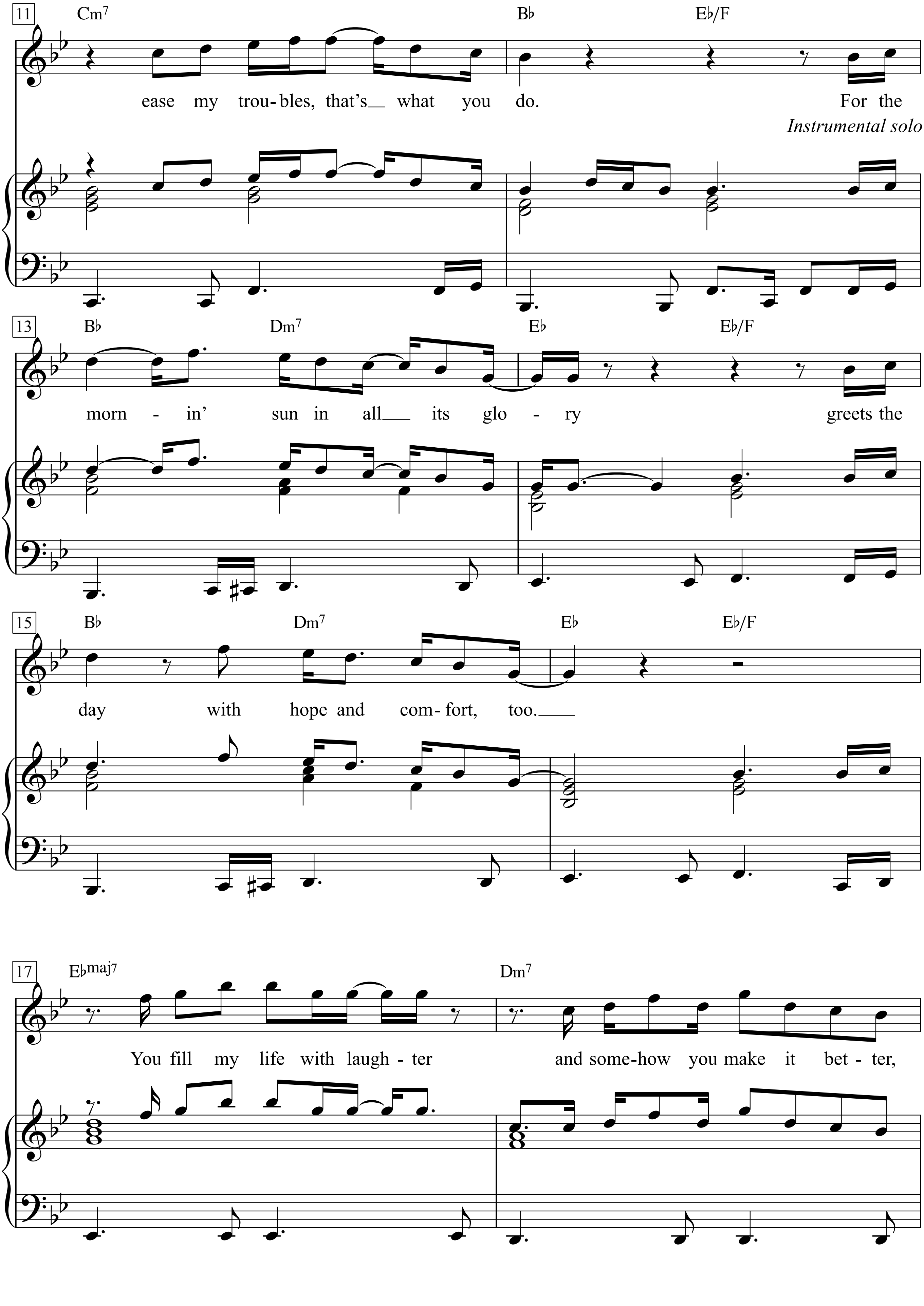
Have I Told You Lately That I Love You?

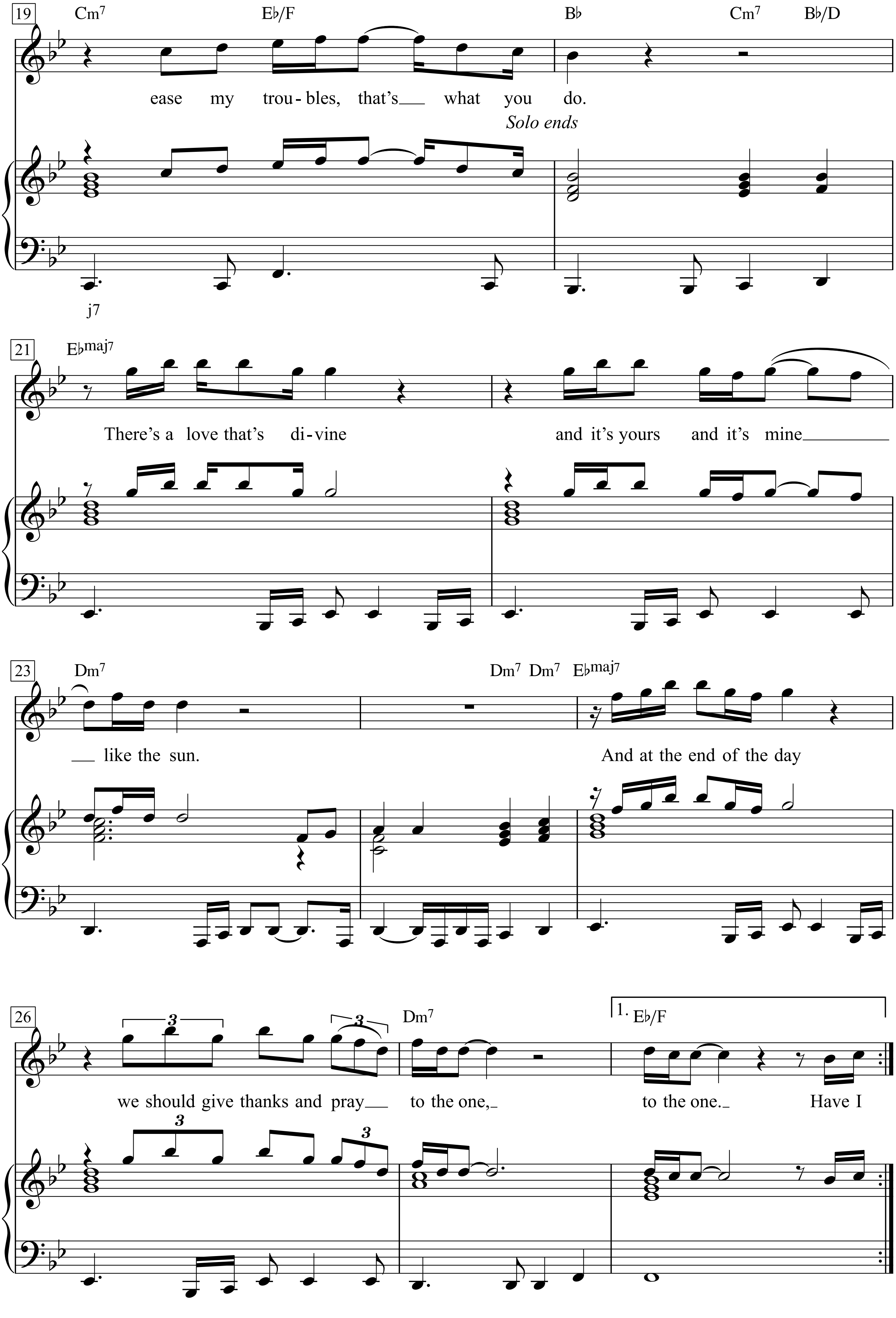
Slowly, with expression

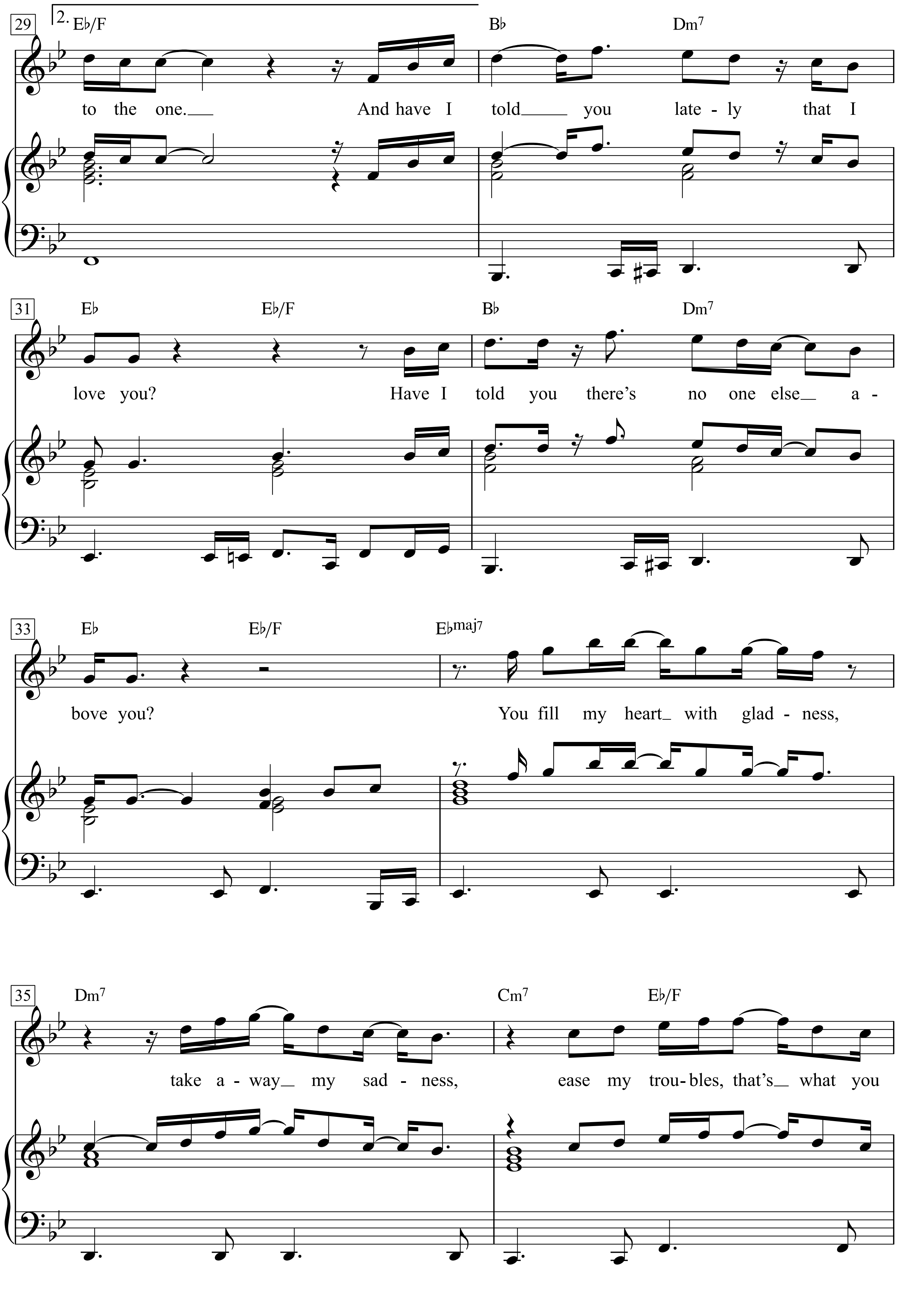
Words & Music by Van Morrison

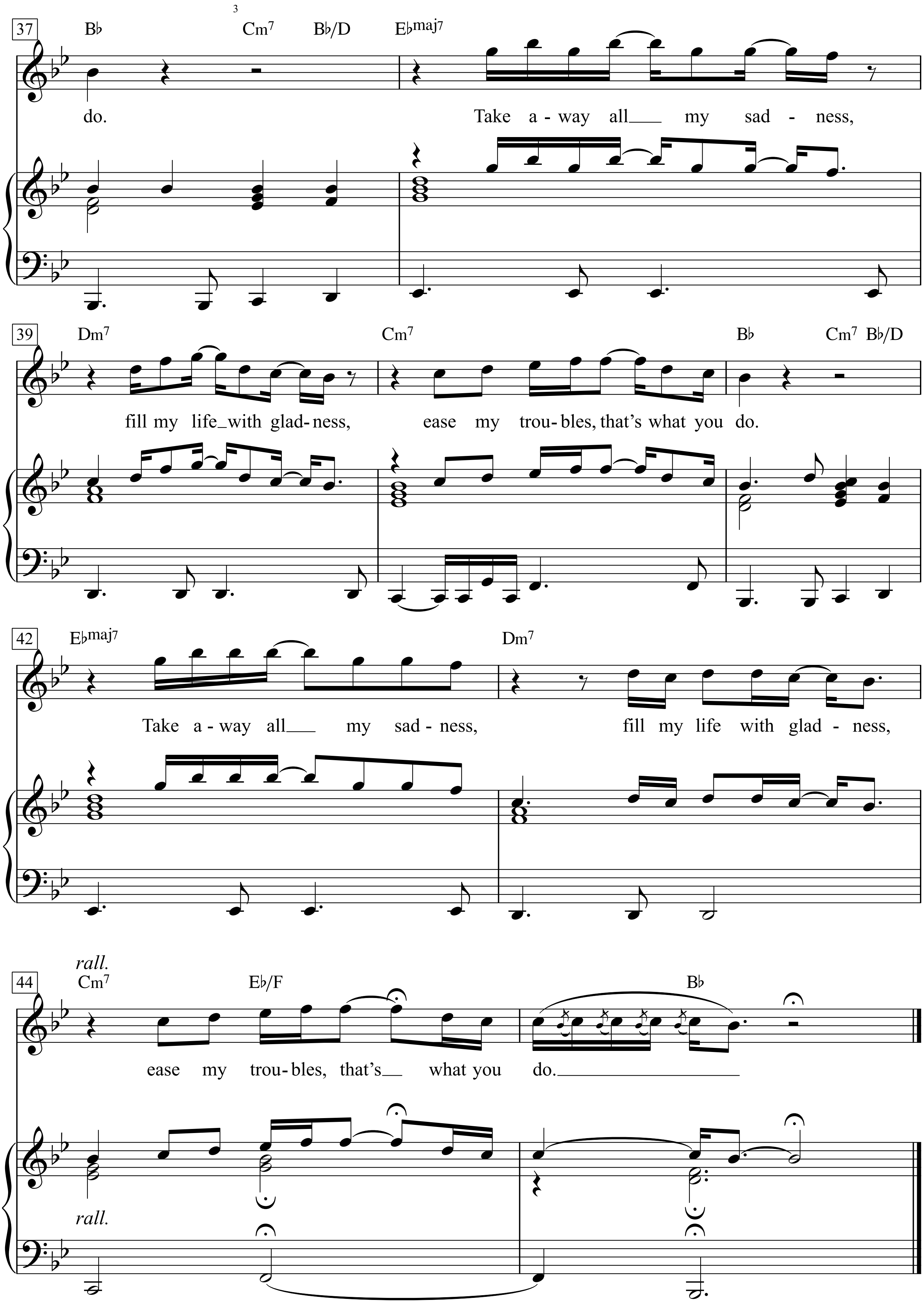


2


11
Cm7
Bb
Eb/F
ease my trou- bles, that's what you do.
For the
Instrumental solo
13
Bb
Dm7
Eb
Eb/F
morn - in' sun in all its glo - ry
greets the
15
Bb
Dm7
Eb
Eb/F
day with hope and com- fort, too.
17
Ebmaj7
Dm7
You fill my life with laugh - ter
and some-how you make it bet - ter,

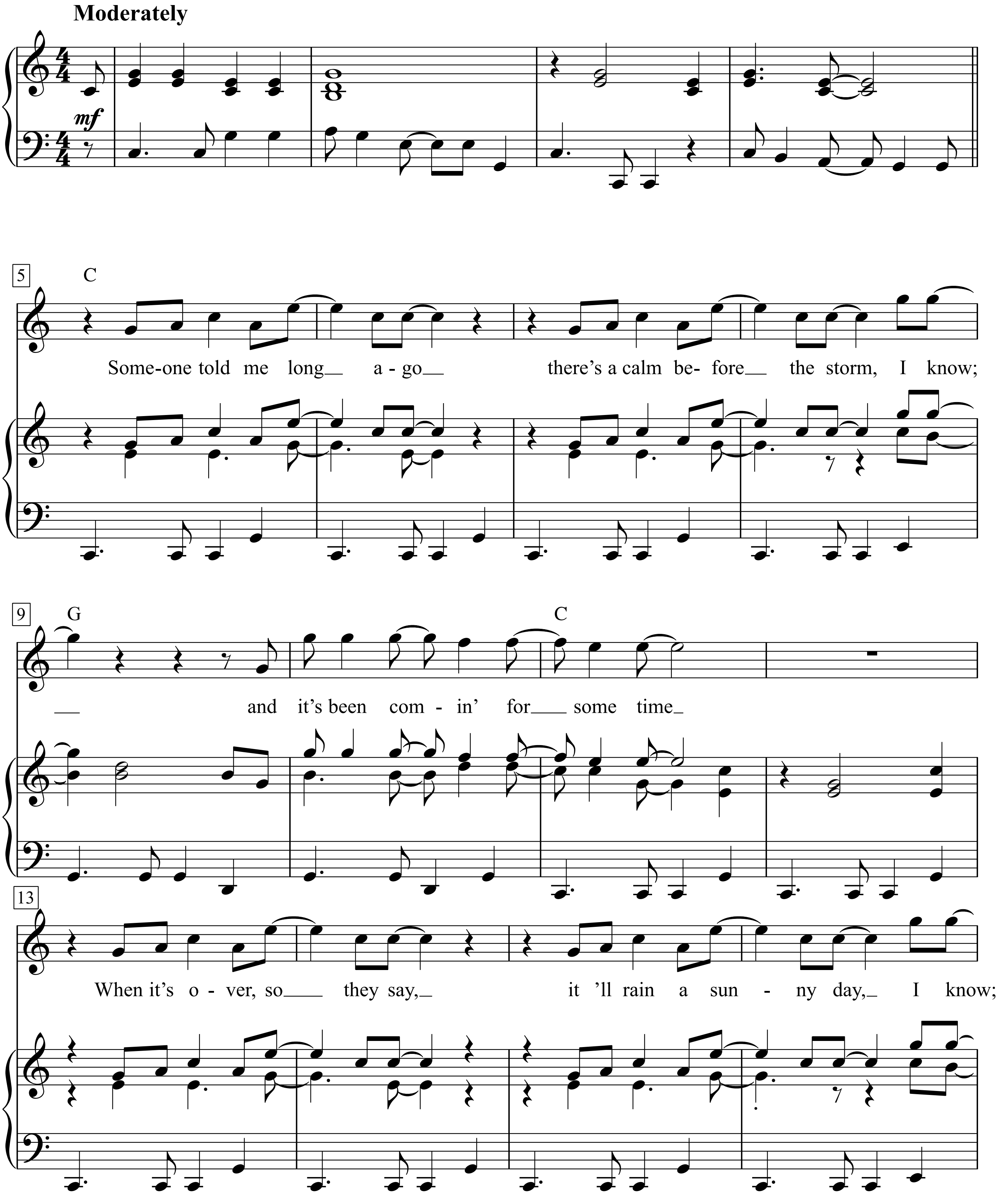

19
Cm7 Eb/F Bb Cm7 Bb/D
ease my trou-bles, that's what you do.
Solo ends
j7
21
Ebmaj7
There's a love that's di-vine and it's yours and it's mine
23
Dm7 Dm7 Dm7 Ebmaj7
like the sun. And at the end of the day
26
3 3 Dm7 1. Eb/F
we should give thanks and pray to the one, to the one. Have I
3 3


29
2.
E♭/F
B♭
Dm7
to the one. And have I told you late - ly that I
31
E♭
E♭/F
B♭
Dm7
love you? Have I told you there's no one else a -
33
E♭
E♭/F
E♭maj7
bove you? You fill my heart with glad - ness,
35
Dm7
Cm7
E♭/F
take a - way my sad - ness, ease my trou- bles, that's what you

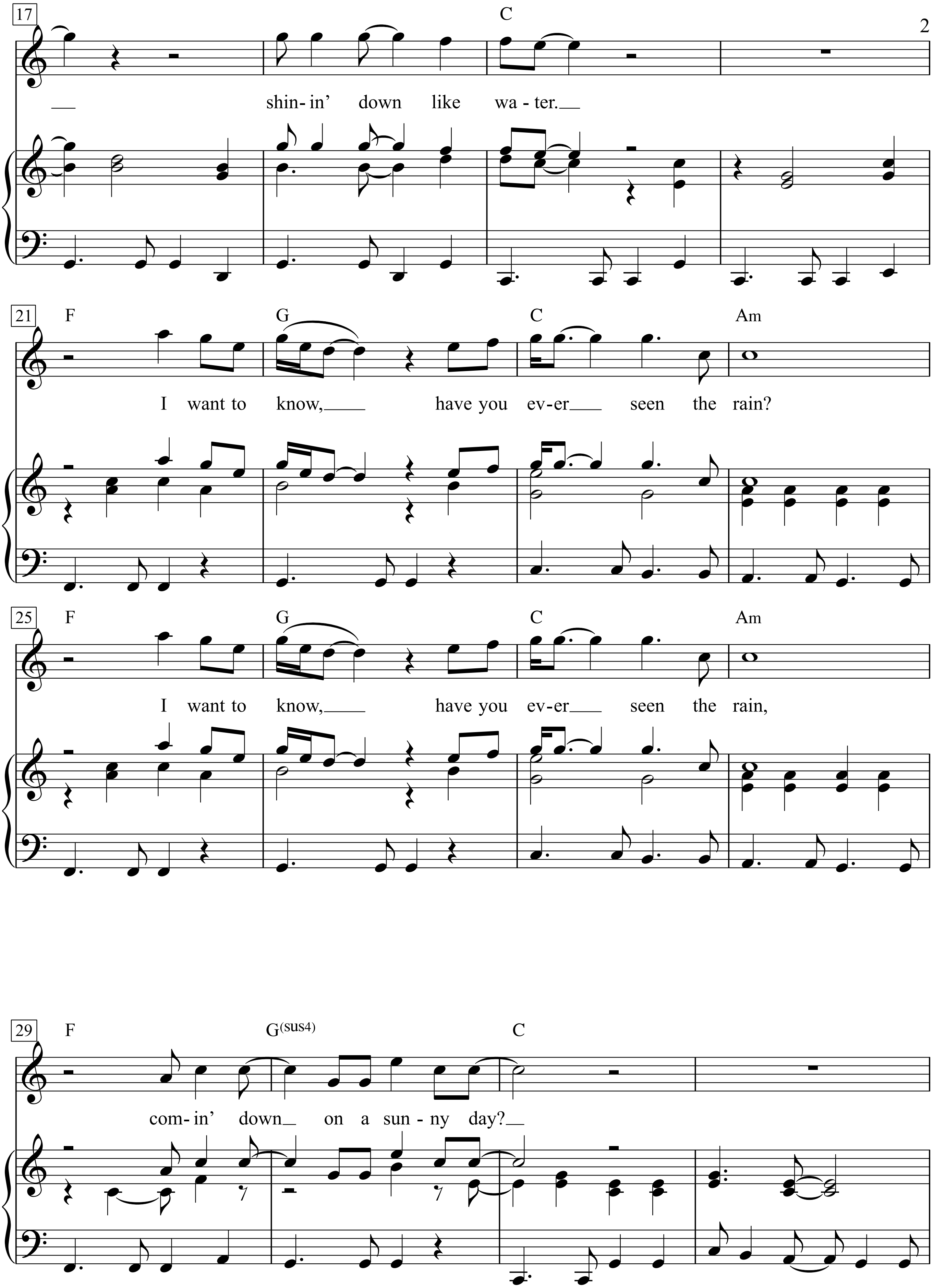

37
B♭ Cm7 B♭/D E♭maj7
do. Take a - way all my sad - ness,
39
Dm7 Cm7 B♭ Cm7 B♭/D
fill my life with glad- ness, ease my trou- bles, that's what you do.
42
E♭maj7 Dm7
Take a - way all my sad - ness, fill my life with glad - ness,
rall.
44
Cm7 E♭/F B♭
ease my trou- bles, that's what you do.
rall.

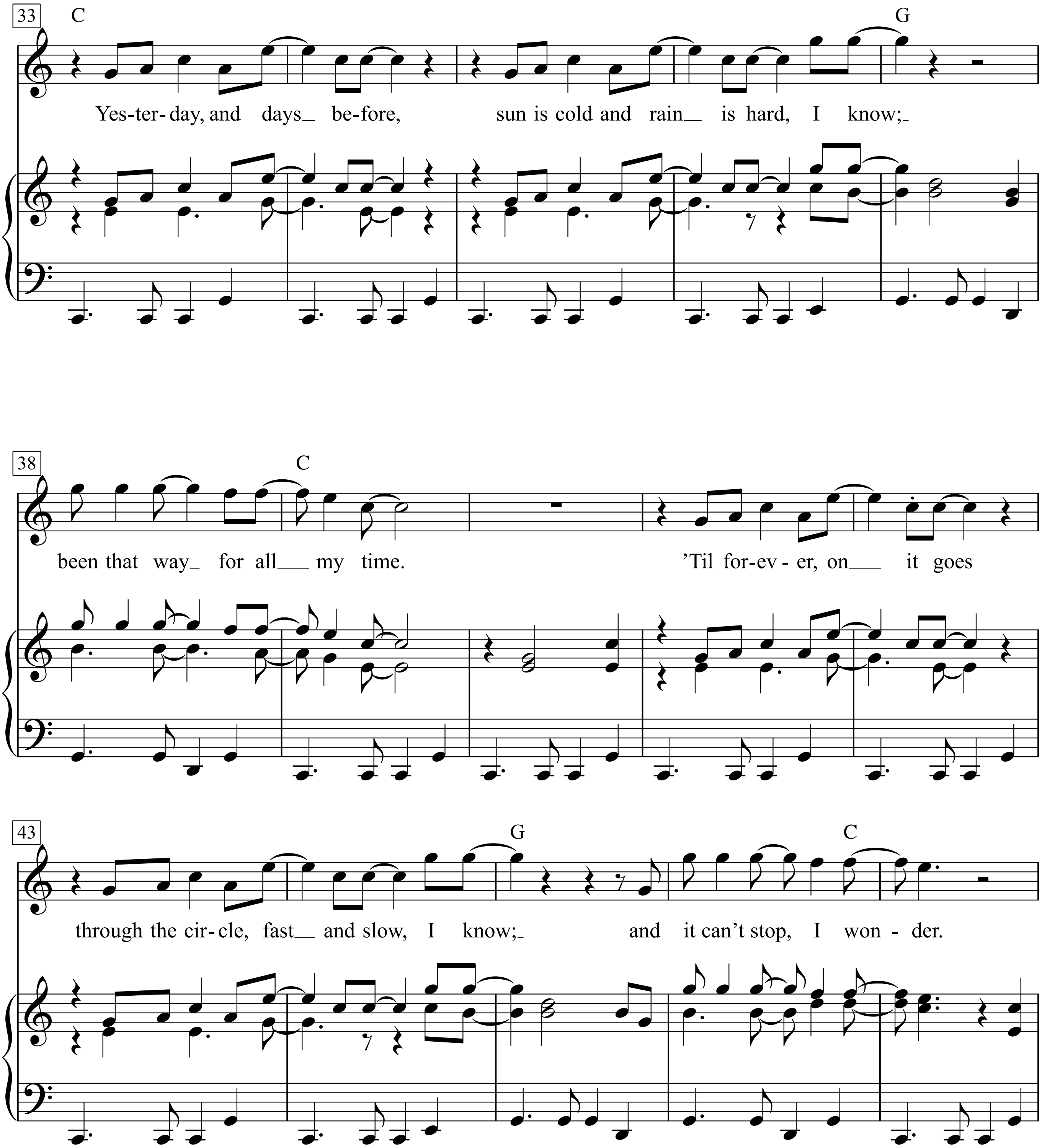
Have You Ever Seen The Rain

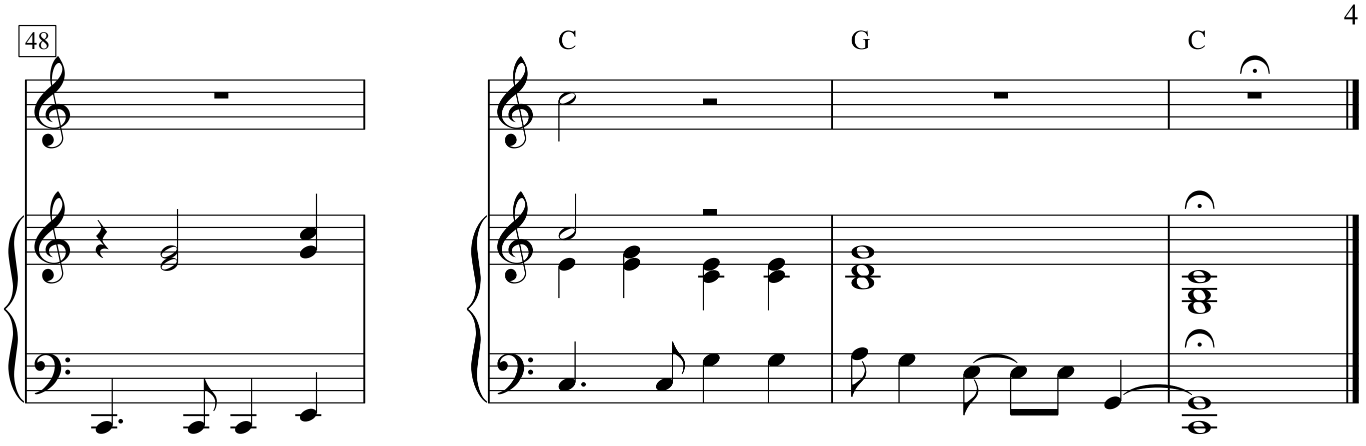
Words & Music by Fogerty
(Creedence Clearwater Revival)



- The Best of Creedence Clearwater Revival, p. 17-19


17
C
shin- in' down like wa - ter.
21
F
G
C
Am
I want to know, have you ev-er seen the rain?
25
F
G
C
Am
I want to know, have you ev-er seen the rain,
29
F
G(sus4)
C
com- in' down on a sun - ny day?


33
C
G
Yes-ter-day, and days_ be-fore, sun is cold and rain_ is hard, I know;_
38
C
been that way_ for all_ my time. 'Til for-ev-er, on_ it goes
43
G
C
through the cir-cle, fast_ and slow, I know;_ and it can't stop, I won-der.

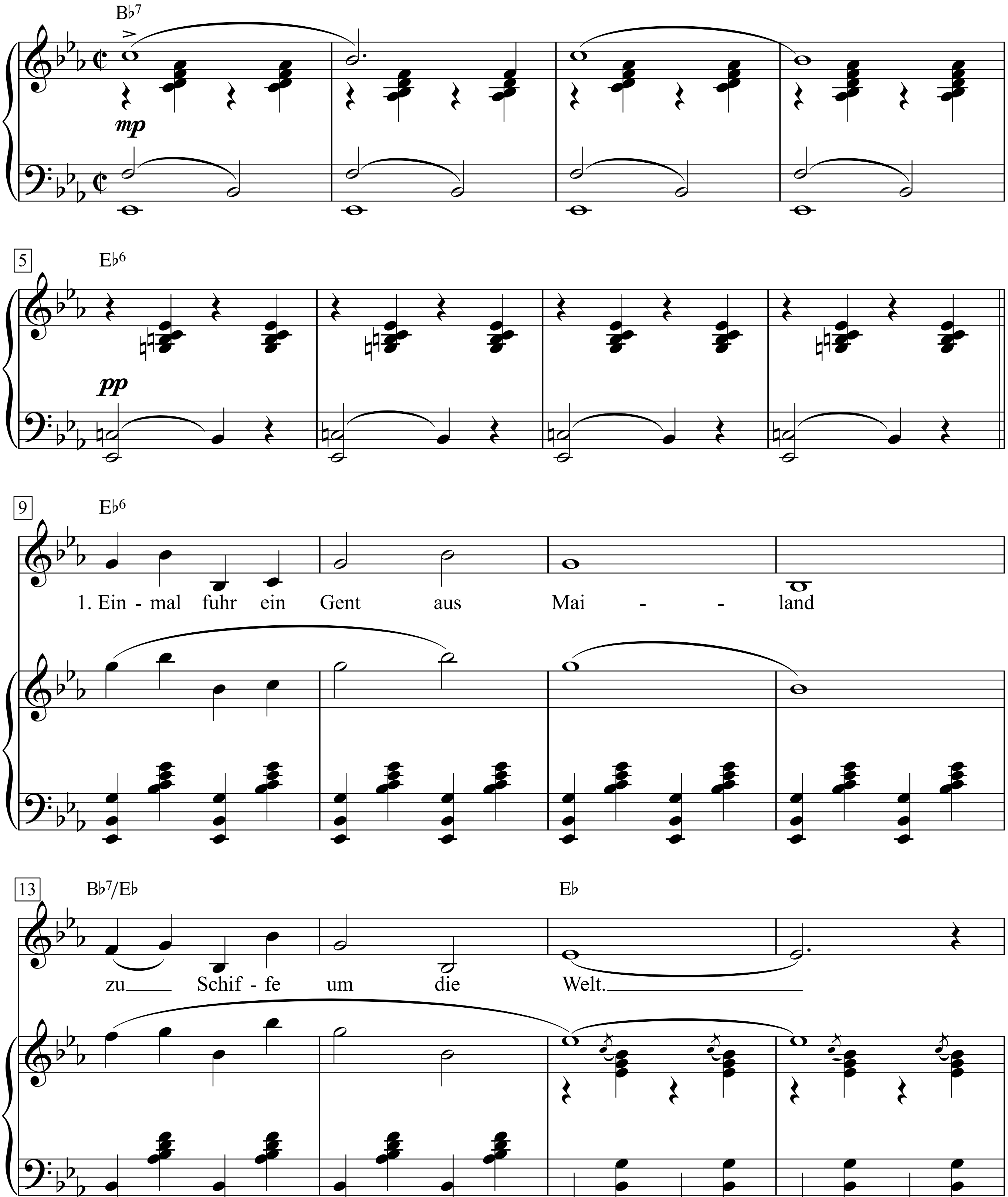

48
C
G
C

Hawa-i

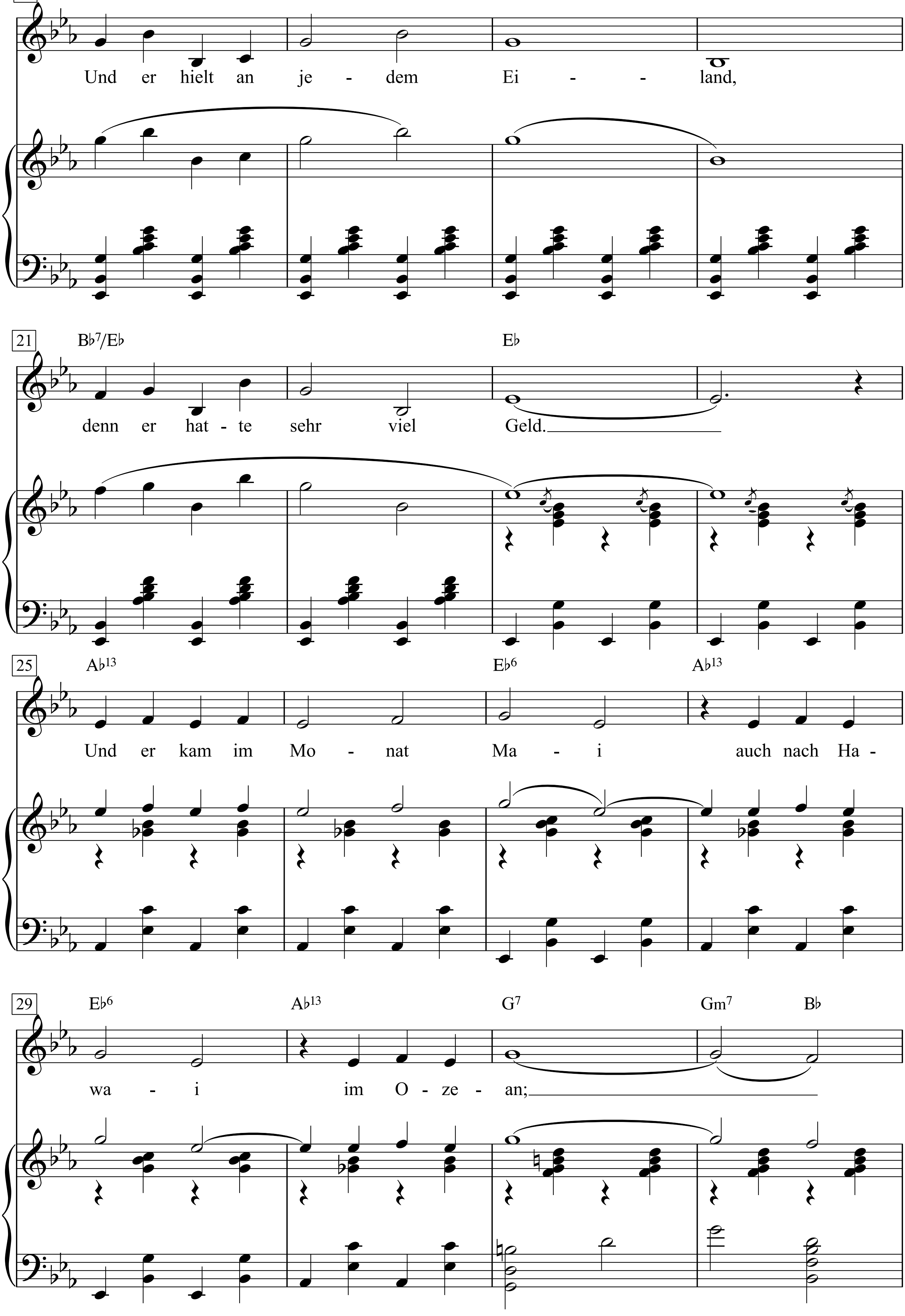
Anmerkung für den Komponisten:
Die Vorstrophe ist gearbeitet nach "Sonnenstrahlen". Vielleicht gibt es eine Möglichkeit, das "A-i, Hawa-i" als Parodie der Guitarrentöne zu bringen.

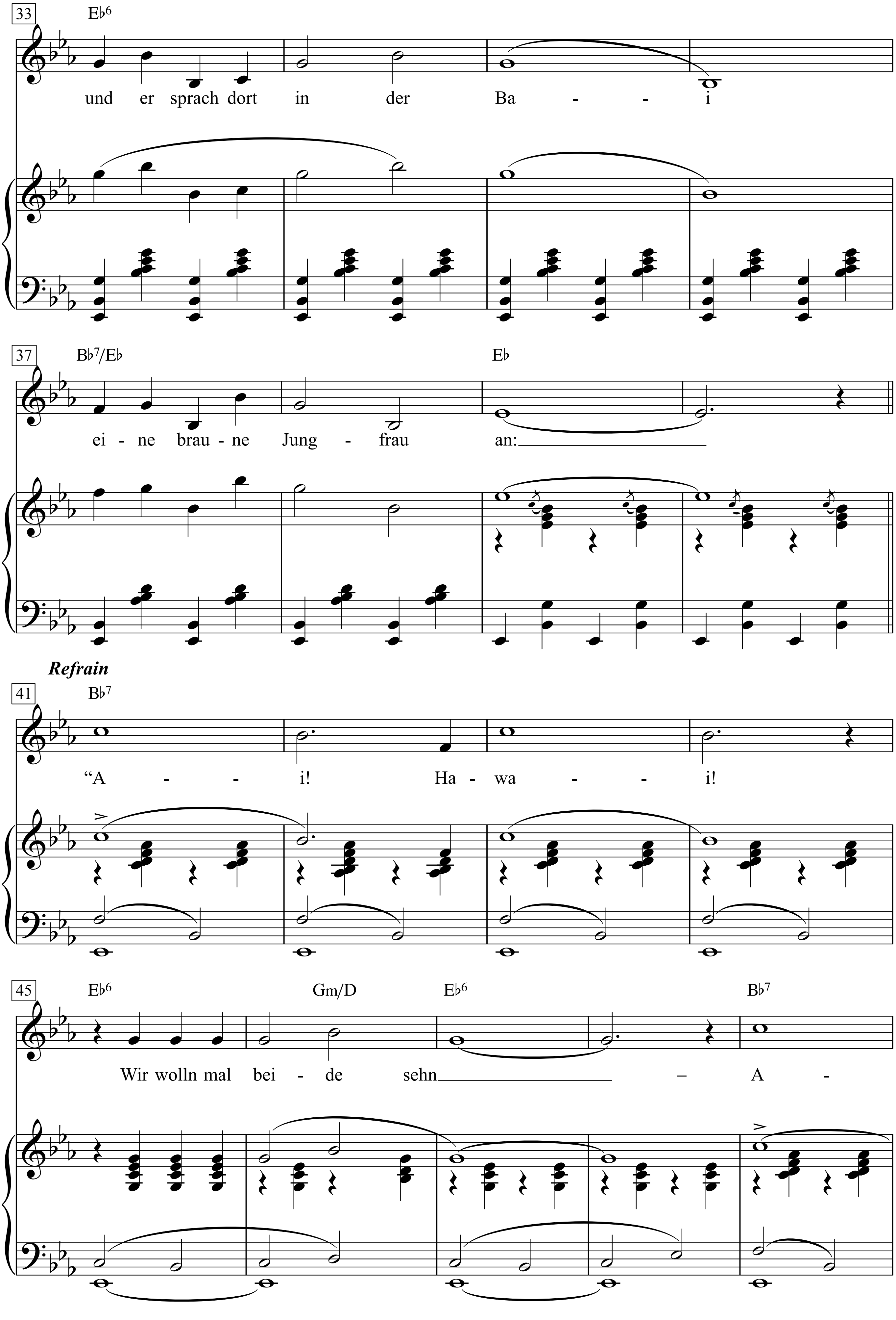
Kurt Tucholsky

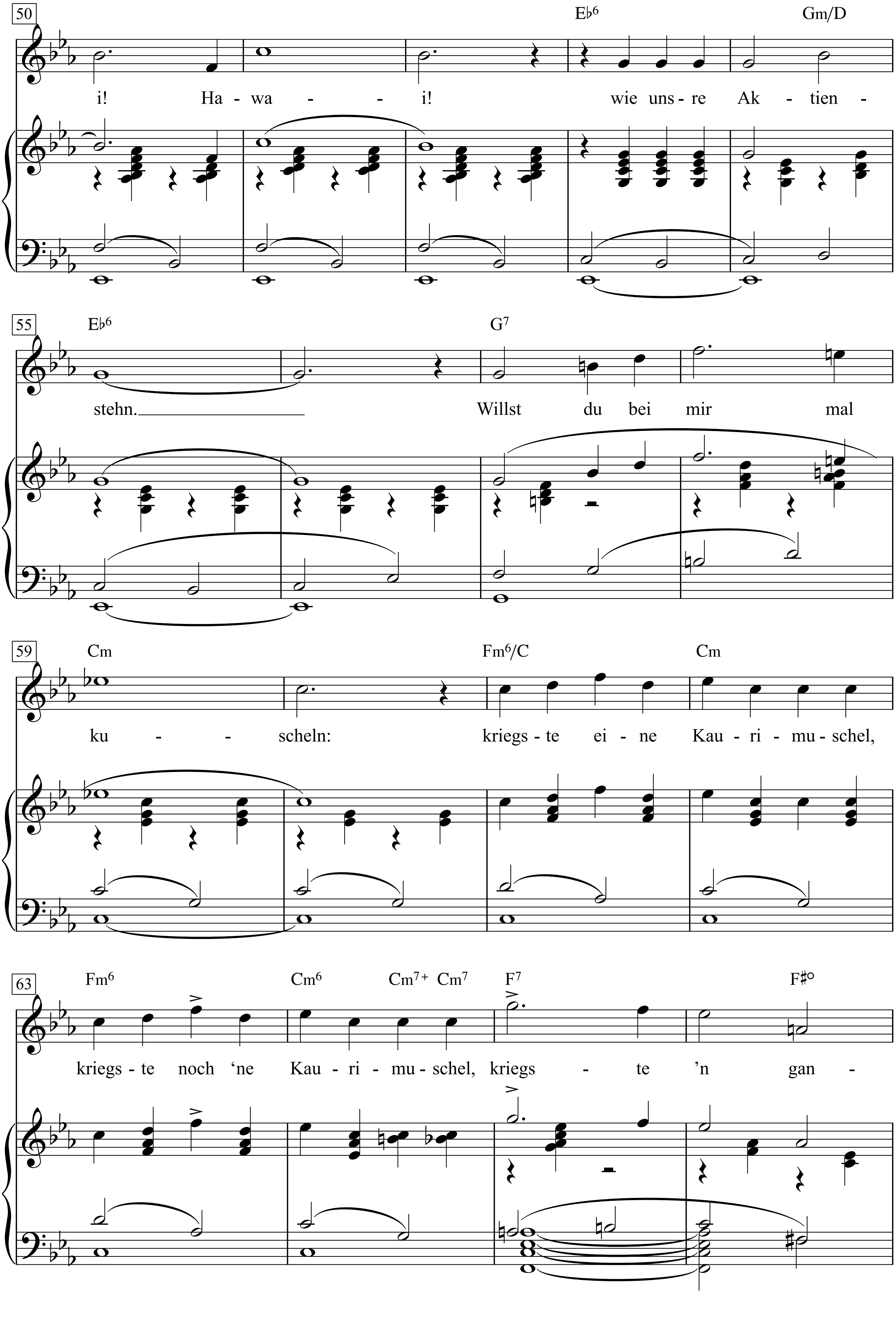
Friedrich Hollaender

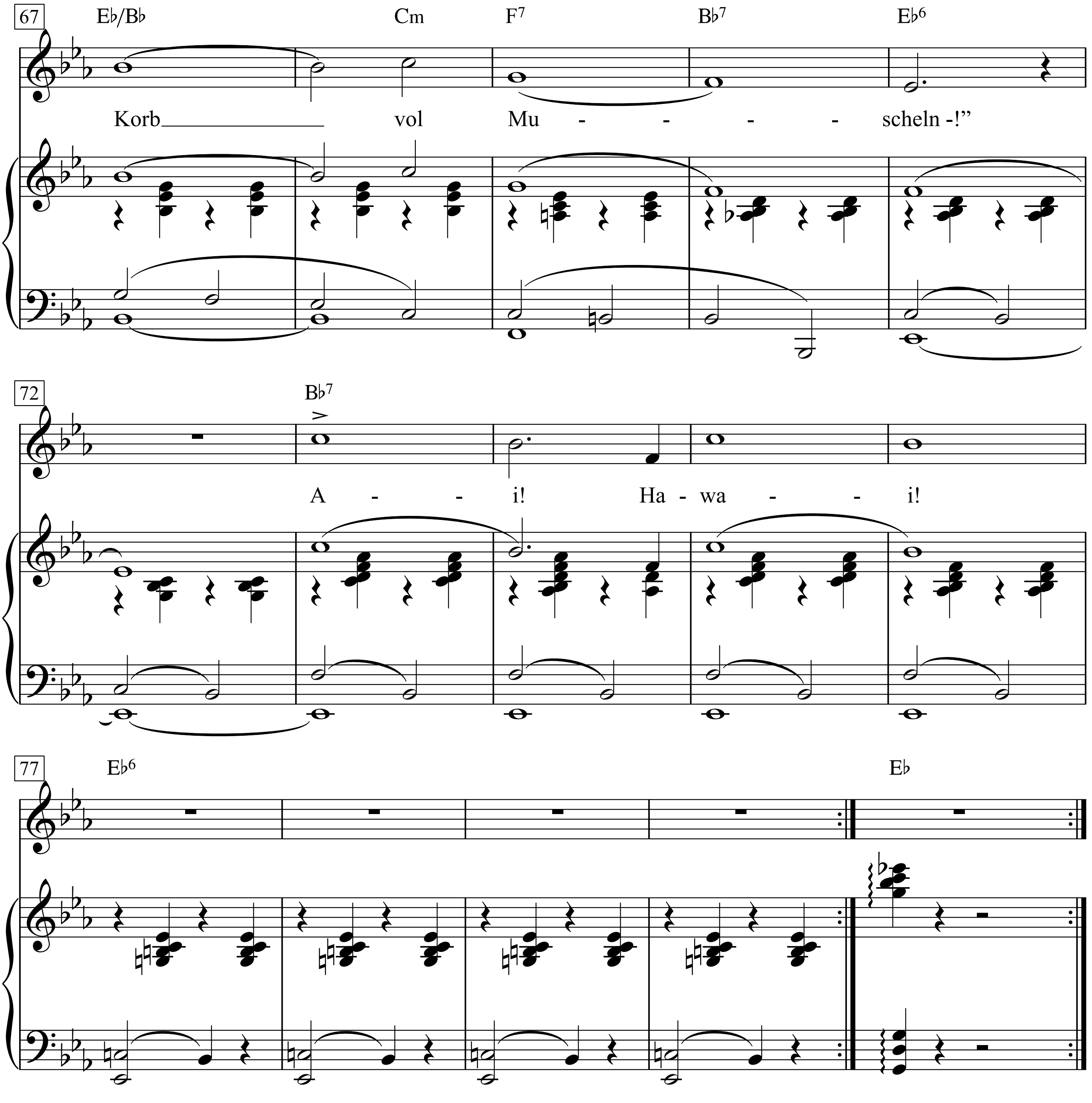


Das Kurt Tucholsky-Chanson-Buch, S. 117-123


17
E♭6
Und er hielt an je - dem Ei - - land,
21
B♭7/E♭
E♭
denn er hat - te sehr viel Geld.
25
A♭13
E♭6
A♭13
Und er kam im Mo - nat Ma - i auch nach Ha -
29
E♭6
A♭13
G7
Gm7
B♭
wa - i im O - ze - an;


33
E♭6
und er sprach dort in der Ba - - - i
37
B♭7/E♭
E♭
ei - ne brau - ne Jung - frau an:
Refrain
41
B♭7
"A - - i! Ha - wa - - - i!
45
E♭6
Gm/D
E♭6
B♭7
Wir wolln mal bei - de sehn – A -


50
E♭6
Gm/D
i! Ha - wa - - i! wie uns - re Ak - tien -
55
E♭6
G7
stehn. Willst du bei mir mal
59
Cm
Fm6/C
Cm
ku - - scheln: kriegs - te ei - ne Kau - ri - mu - schel,
63
Fm6
Cm6
Cm7+ Cm7
F7
F♯°
kriegs - te noch 'ne Kau - ri - mu - schel, kriegs - te 'n gan -


67
E♭/B♭
Cm
F7
B♭7
E♭6
Korb vol Mu - - - - scheln -!”
72
B♭7
A - - i! Ha - wa - - i!
77
E♭6
E♭

1. Einmal fuhr ein Gent aus Mailand
zu Schiffe um die Welt.
Und er hielt an jedem Eiland,
denn er hatte sehr viel Geld.
Und er kam im Monat Mai
auch nach Hawai im Ozean;
und er sprach dort in der Bai
eine braune Jungfrau an:
“Ai!
Hawai! Wir wolln mal beide sehn
Ai!
Hawai! wie unsre Aktien stehn.
Willst du bei mir mal kuscheln:
kriegste eine Kaurimuschel,
kriegste noch ‘ne Kaurimuschel,
kriegste ’n ganzen Korb voll Muscheln!
Ai!
Hawai! -!‘

2. Und sie lebten froh zusammen
in dem Bananenhain.
Aus der Jungfrau schlugen Flammen,
heiß wie Feuerschein.
Überfiel sie süß ein Ahnen
bei den Bananen,
hat er gemahnt:
„Kind, jetzt lass doch die Schikanen -
es hat sich ausbanant -
A-i!
Hawa-i! Wir wolln mal beide sehn -
A-i!
Hawa-i! wie unsere Aktien stehn!
Willst du bei mir mal kuscheln:
kriegste eine Kaurimuschel –
kriegste noch ’ne Kaurimuschel,
kriegste ’n ganzen Korb voll Muscheln -!“

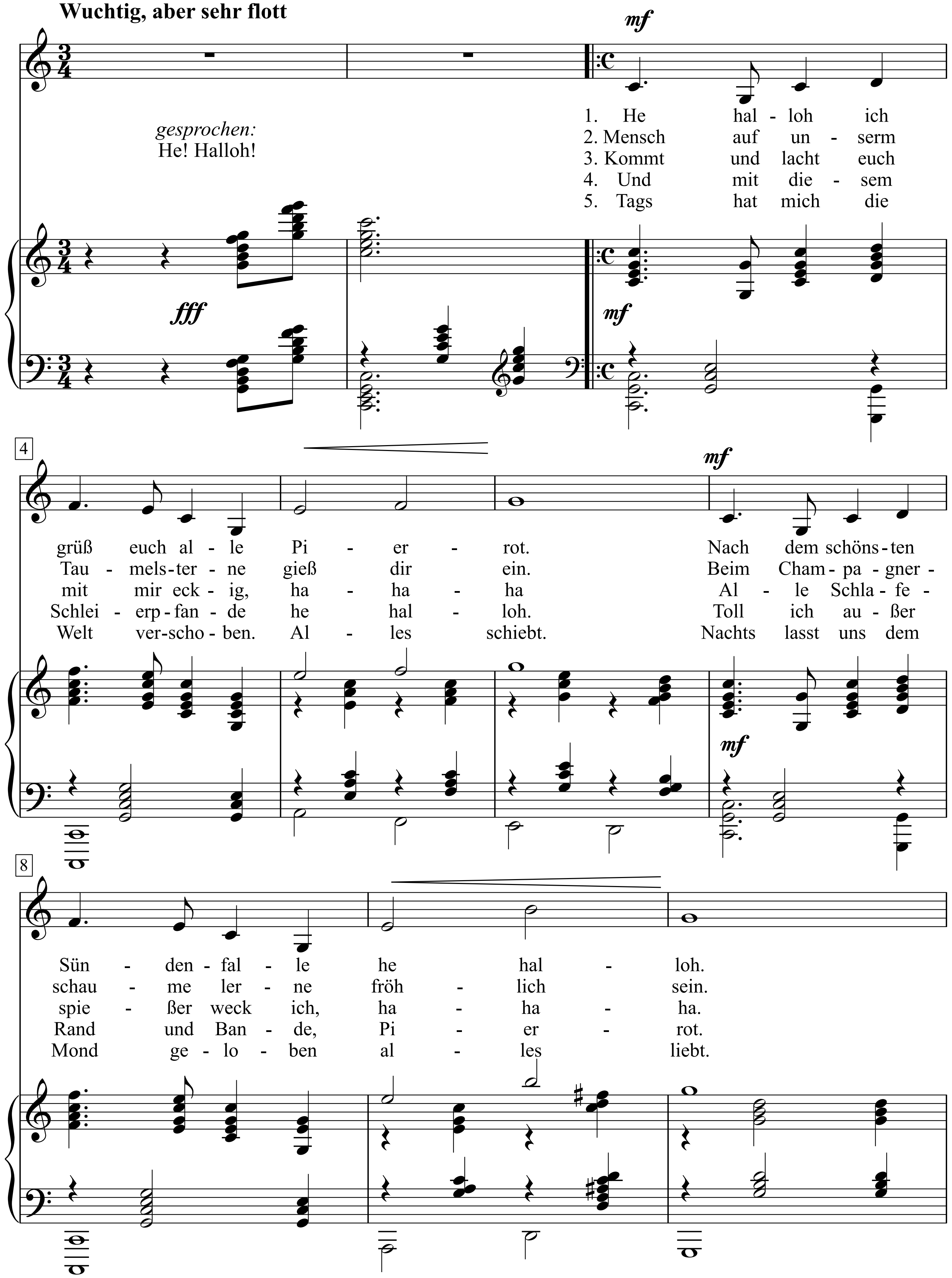
3. Doch es kamen Kriegsmarinen,
Kapitän und Leutenant;
und für süße Apfelsinen
brachten sie Geld an Land.
Als der Gent nun auf den Kissen
wie stets wollt küssen
ihr weiches Haar,
sprach sie: „Sie scheinen nicht zu wissen,
ich lieb nur gegen bar – –
A-i!
Hawa-i! Jetzt wolln wir doch mal sehn -
A-i!
Hawa-i! wie unsere Aktien stehn!
Du darfst bei mir nicht kuscheln:
nicht für eine Kaurimuschel - nicht
für noch ’ne Kaurimuschel, nicht für
’n ganzen Korb voll Muscheln!“

4. Daher fuhr der Gent aus Mailand
durch Brandung und durch Gischt
wieder ab von jenem Eiland –
denn zahlen wollt er nischt.
Und er fuhr dann über Passau
nach Hessen-Nassau,
wo’s Mädchen gibt...
Und er hat in Hessen-Nassau
immer umsonst geliebt ...
A-i!
Hawa-i! Wir beide wolln mal sehn -
A-i!
Hawa-i! wie unsere Aktien stehn!
Willst du bei ihr mal kuscheln -
zahl ihr eine Kaurimuschel -
zahl ihr noch ’ne Kaurimuschel -
(platzt sie, platzt sie!)
zahl ihr ’n ganzen Korb voll Muscheln -!

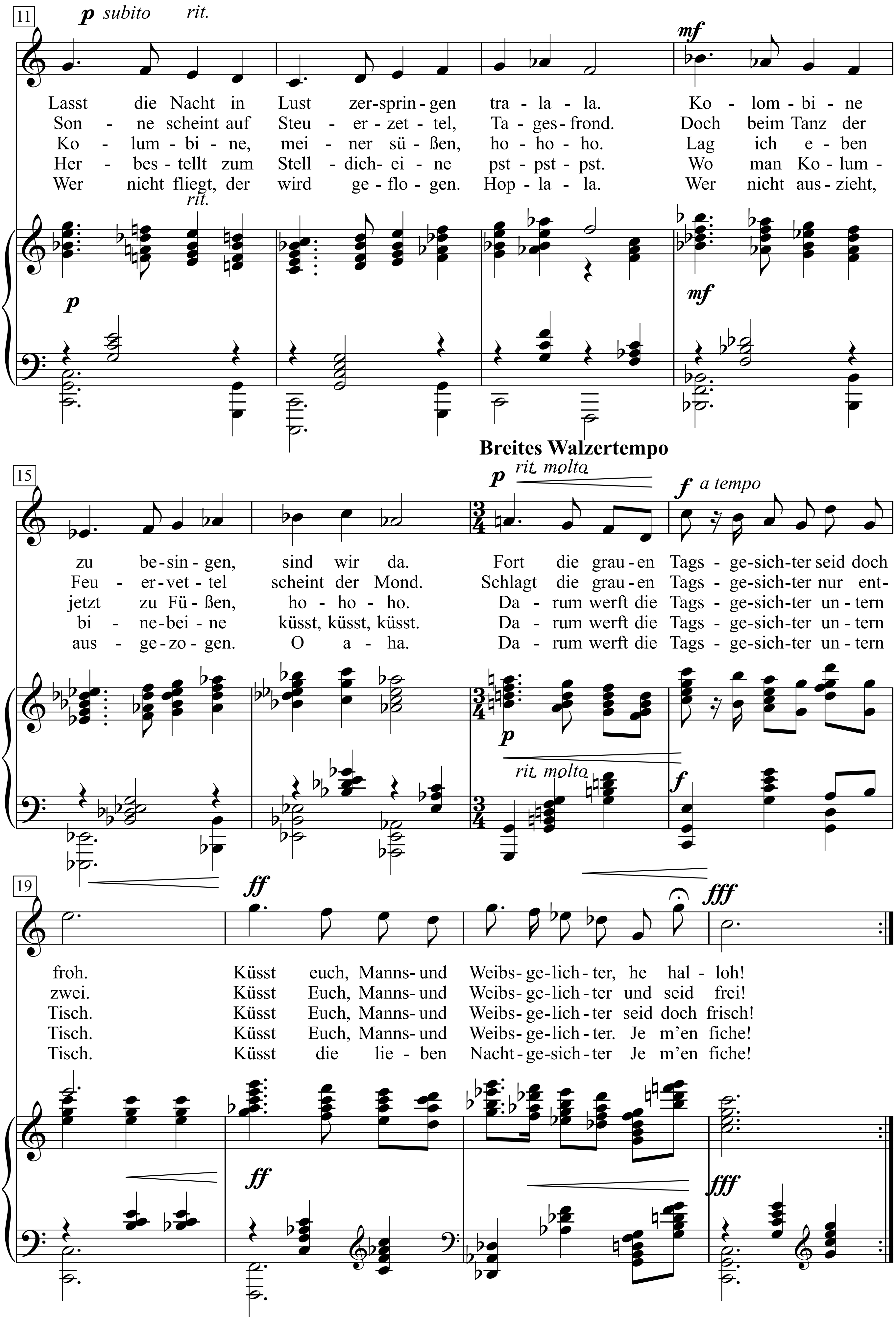
He! Halloh!

Text: Gustav von Wangenheim

Musik: Werner Richard Heymann



Friedrich Hollaender: Schall und Rauch, S. 22+23


11
p subito rit.
mf
Lasst die Nacht in Lust zer-sprin-gen tra-la-la. Ko-lom-bi-ne
Son-ne scheint auf Steu-er-zet-tel, Ta-ges-frond. Doch beim Tanz der
Ko-lum-bi-ne, mei-ner sü-ßen, ho-ho-ho. Lag ich e-ben
Her-bes-tellt zum Stell-dich-ei-ne pst-pst-pst. Wo man Ko-lum-
Wer nicht fliegt, der wird ge-flo-gen. Hop-la-la. Wer nicht aus-zieht,
rit.
p
mf
Breites Walzertempo
15
p rit. molto
f a tempo
zu be-sin-gen, sind wir da. Fort die grau-en Tags-ge-sich-ter seid doch
Feu-er-vet-tel scheint der Mond. Schlagt die grau-en Tags-ge-sich-ter nur ent-
jetzt zu Fü-ßen, ho-ho-ho. Da-rum werft die Tags-ge-sich-ter un-tern
bi-ne-bei-ne küsst, küsst, küsst. Da-rum werft die Tags-ge-sich-ter un-tern
aus-ge-zo-gen. O a-ha. Da-rum werft die Tags-ge-sich-ter un-tern
p
rit. molto
f
19
ff
fff
froh. Küsst euch, Manns-und Weibs-ge-lich-ter, he hal-loh!
zwei. Küsst Euch, Manns-und Weibs-ge-lich-ter und seid frei!
Tisch. Küsst Euch, Manns-und Weibs-ge-lich-ter seid doch frisch!
Tisch. Küsst Euch, Manns-und Weibs-ge-lich-ter. Je m'en fiche!
Tisch. Küsst die lie-ben Nacht-ge-sich-ter Je m'en fiche!
ff
fff

1. He halloh ich grüß euch alle
Pierrot.
Nach dem schönsten Sündenfalle
he halloh.
Lasst die Nacht in Lust zerspringen
tra-la-la.
Kolombine zu besingen,
sind wir da.
Fort die grauen Tagsgesichter
seid doch froh.
Küsst euch,
Manns- und Weibsgelichter,
he halloh!

2. Mensch auf unserm Taumelsterne
gieß dir ein.
Beim Champagnerschaume lerne
fröhlich sein.
Sonne scheint auf Steuerzettel,
Tagesfrond.
Doch beim Tanz der Feuervettel
scheint der Mond.
Schlagt die grauen Tagsgesichter
nur entzwei.
Küsst Euch,
Manns- und Weibsgelichter
und seid frei!

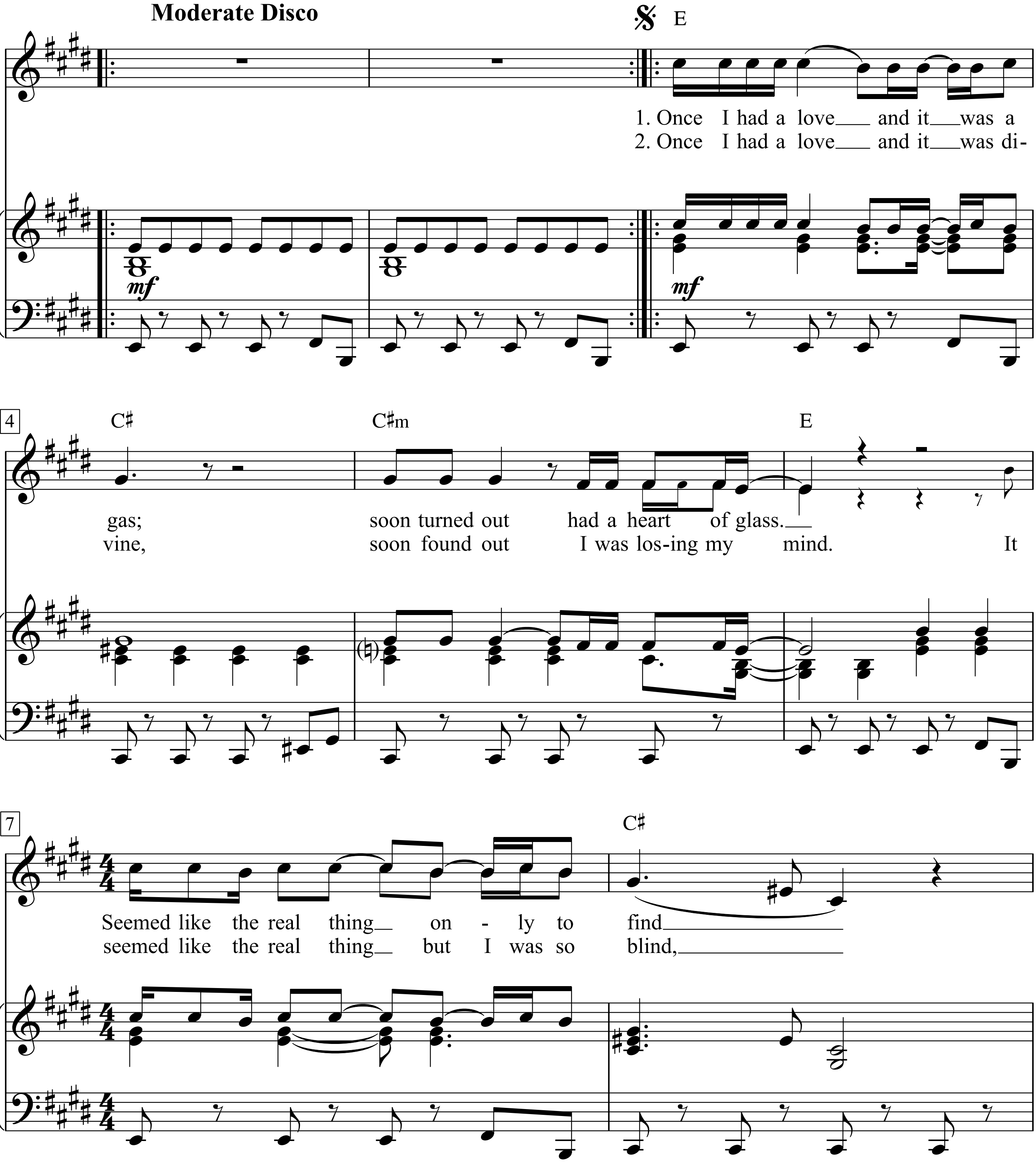
3. Kommt und lacht euch mit mir eckig,
hahaha
Alle Schlafespießer weck ich,
ha-ha-ha.
Kolumbine, meiner süßen,
ho-ho-ho.
Lag ich eben jetzt zu Füßen,
ho-ho-ho.
Darum werft die Tagsgesichter
untern Tisch.
Küsst Euch,
Manns- und Weibsgelichter
seid doch frisch!

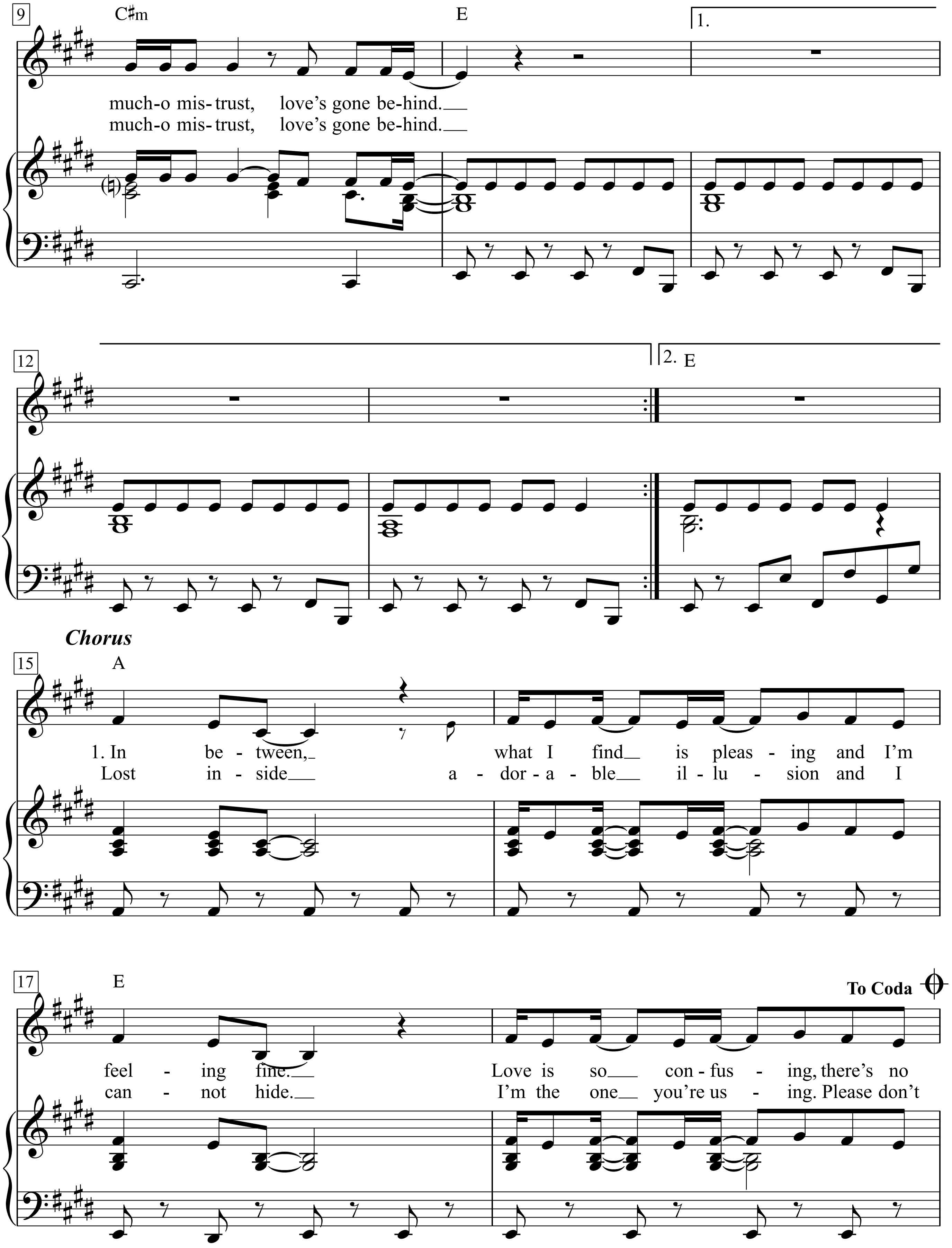
4. Und mit diesem Schleierpfande
he halloh.
Toll ich außer Rand und Bande,
Pierrot.
Herbestellt zum Stelldicheine
pst-pst-pst.
Wo man Kolumbinebeine
küsst, küsst, küsst.
Darum werft die Tagsgesichter
untern Tisch.
Küsst Euch,
Manns- und Weibsgelichter.
Je m’en fiche!

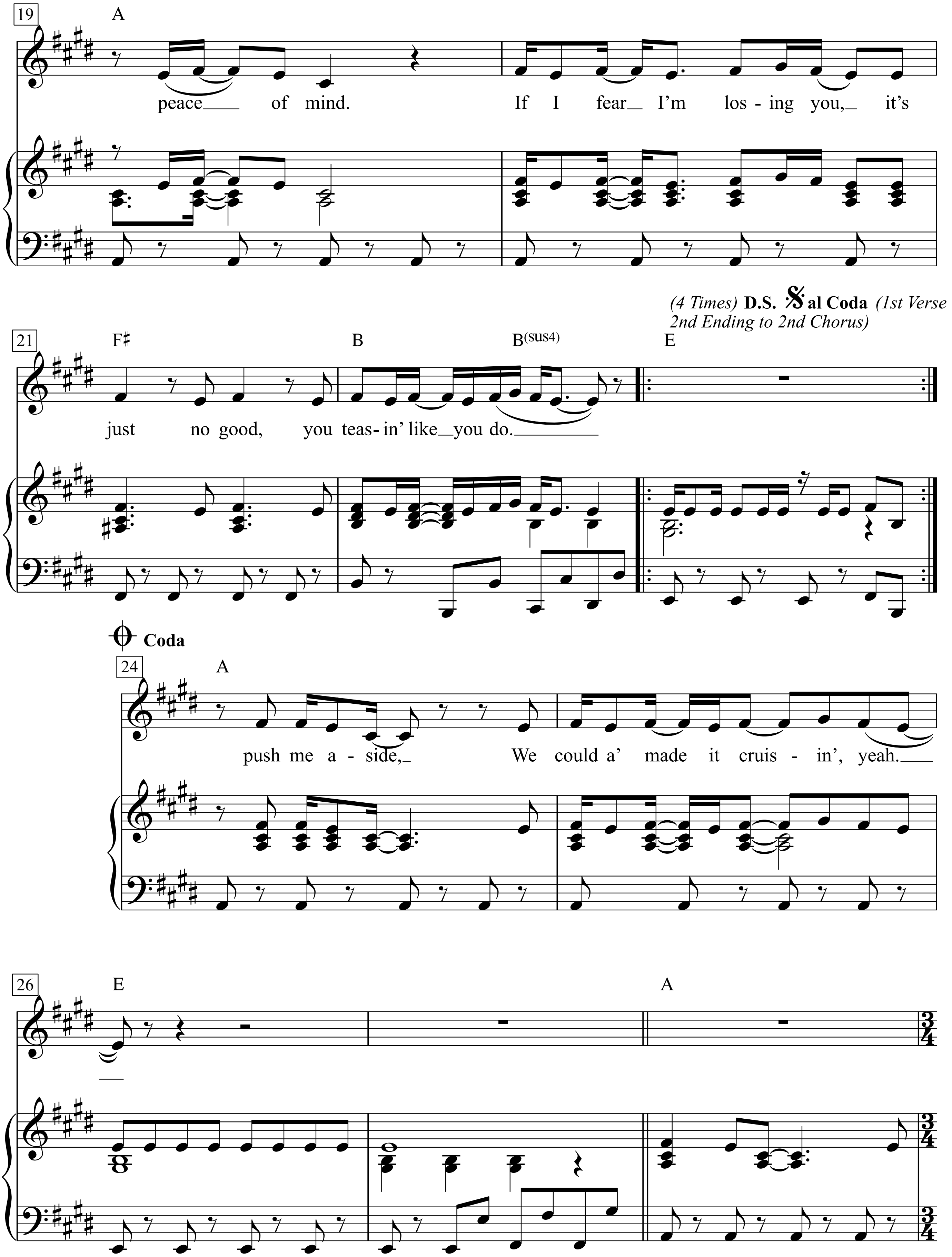
5. Tags hat mich die Welt verschoben.
Alles schiebt.
Nachts lasst uns dem Mond geloben
alles liebt.
Wer nicht fliegt, der wird geflogen.
Hoplala.
Wer nicht auszieht, ausgezogen.
O aha.
Darum werft die Tagsgesichter
untern Tisch.
Küsst die lieben Nachtgesichter
Je m’en fiche!

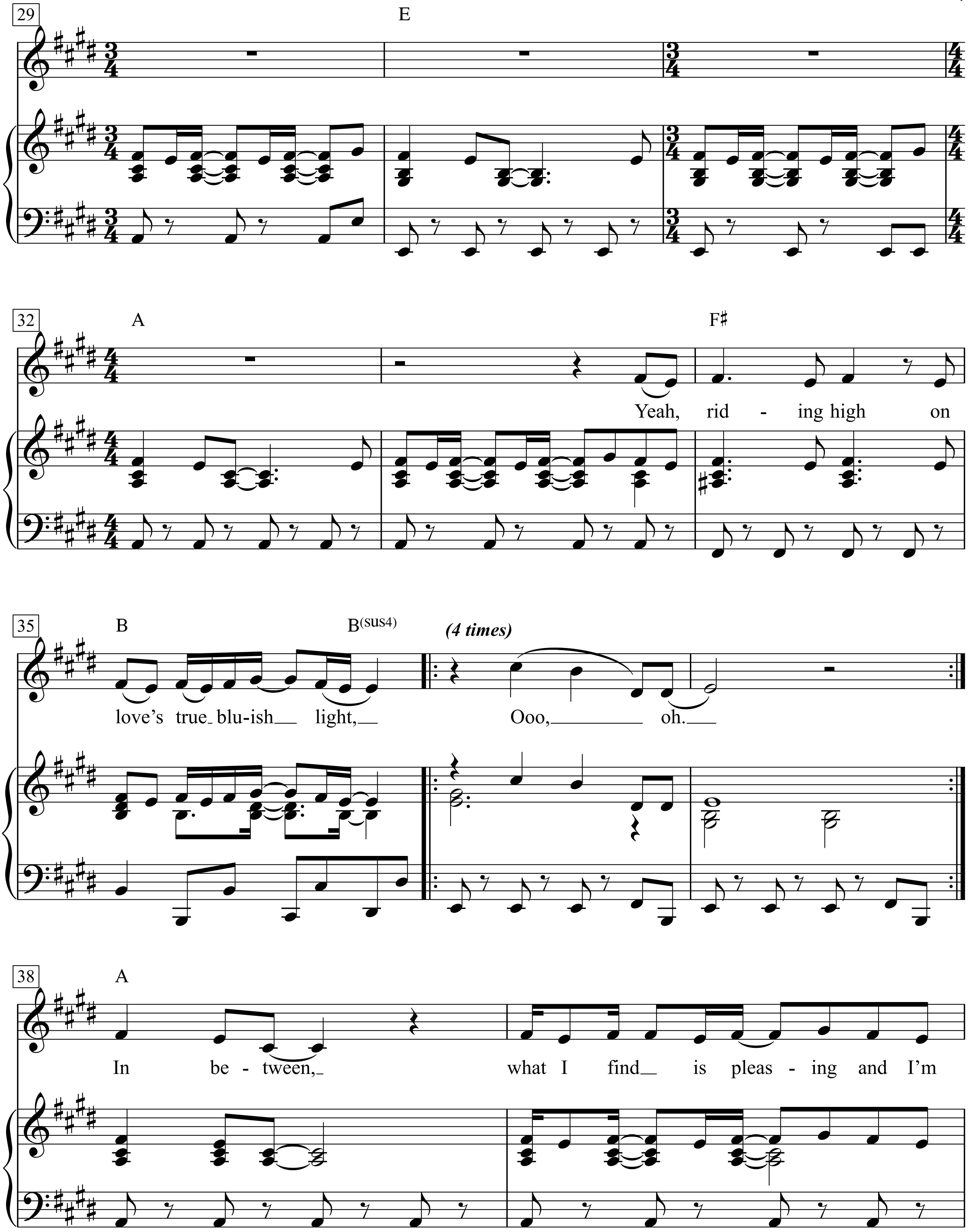
Heart of Glass

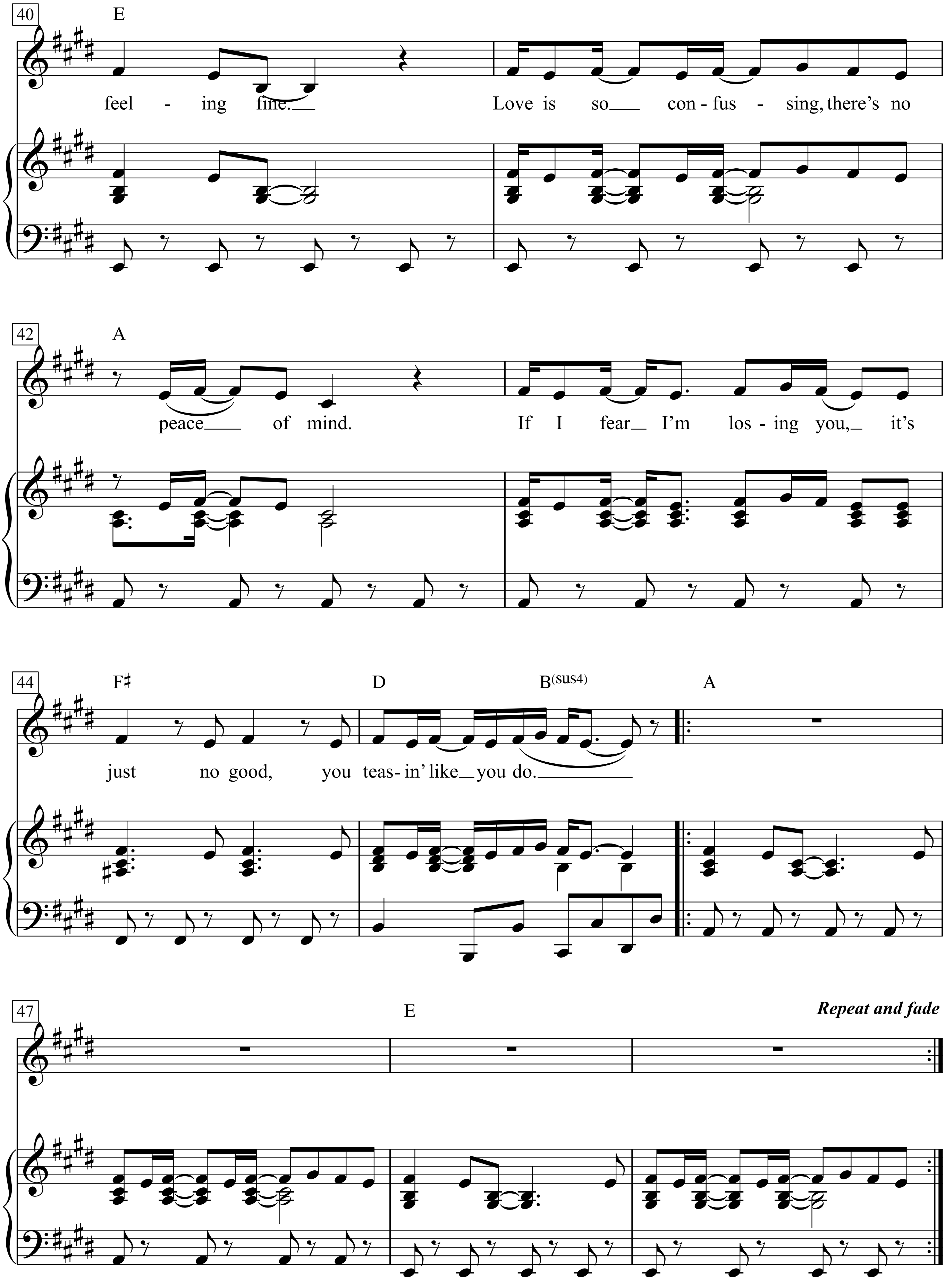
Words & Music by
Deborah Harry and Chris Stein
(Blondie)




9
C♯m
E
1.
much-o mis-trust, love's gone be-hind.
much-o mis-trust, love's gone be-hind.
12
2. E
Chorus
15
A
1. In be - tween, what I find is pleas - ing and I'm
Lost in - side a - dor - a - ble il - lu - sion and I
17
E
To Coda
feel - ing fine. Love is so con - fus - ing, there's no
can - not hide. I'm the one you're us - ing. Please don't


19
A
peace of mind. If I fear I'm los - ing you, it's
(4 Times) D.S. al Coda (1st Verse 2nd Ending to 2nd Chorus)
21
F♯
B
B(sus4)
E
just no good, you teas - in' like you do.
Coda
24
A
push me a - side, We could a' made it cruis - in', yeah.
26
E
A


29
E
32
A
F♯
Yeah, rid - ing high on
35
B
B(sus4)
(4 times)
love's true blu-ish light,
Ooo, oh.
38
A
In be - tween,
what I find is pleas - ing and I'm


40
E
feel - ing fine.
Love is so con - fus - sing, there's no
42
A
peace of mind.
If I fear I'm los - ing you, it's
44
F♯
D
B(sus4)
A
just no good, you teas - in' like you do.
47
E
Repeat and fade

1. Once I had a love and it was a gas;
soon turned out had a heart of glass.
Seemed like the real thing only to find
mucho mistrust, love's gone behind.

2. Once I had a love and it was divine,
soon found out I was losing my mind.
It seemed like the real thing but I was so blind,
mucho mistrust, love's gone behind.

1. In between, what I find is pleasing and I'm feeling fine.
Love is so confusing, there's no peace of mind.
If I fear I'm losing you, it's just no good, you teasin' like you do.

2. Lost inside adorable illusion and I cannot hide.
I'm the one you're using. Please don't push me aside,
We could a' made it cruisin', yeah.

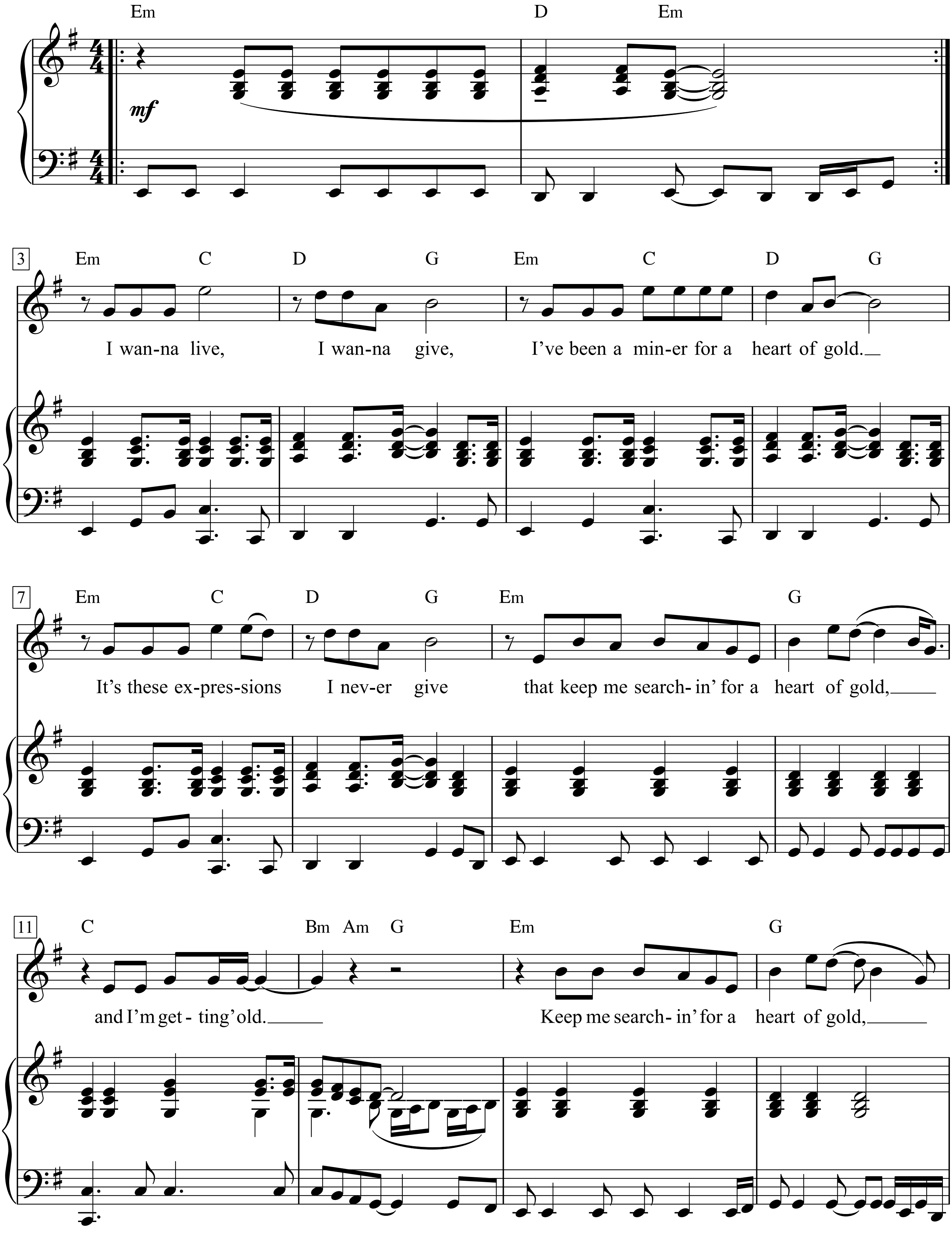
Yeah, riding high on love's true bluish light,
Ooo, oh.
In between, what I find
s pleasing and I'm feeling fine.
Love is so confusing, there's no peace of mind.
If I fear I'm losing you, it's just no good,
you teasin' like you do.

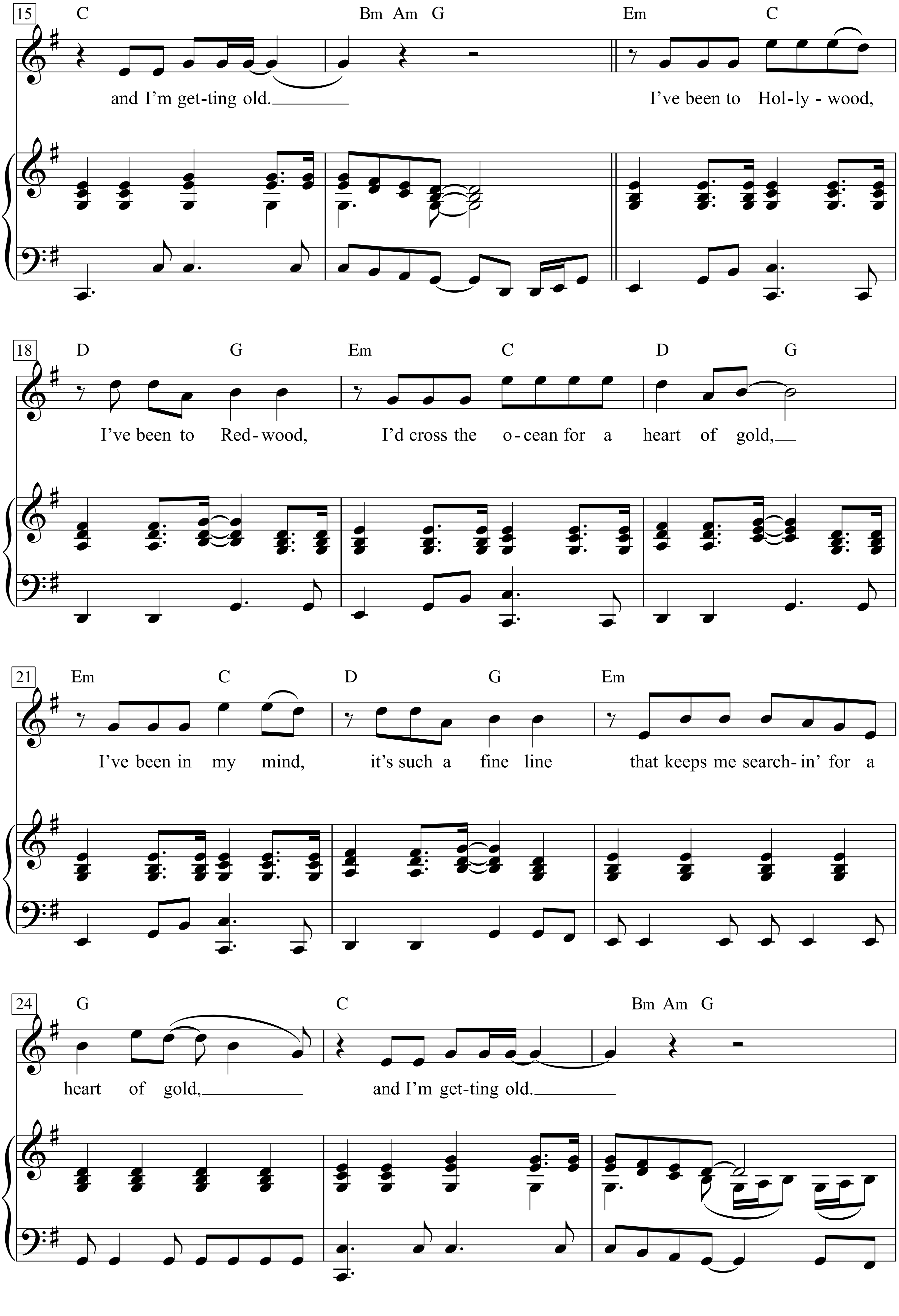
Once I had a love and it was a gas
soon turned out to be a pain in the ass.
Seemed like the real thing
only to find
mucho mistrust.
love's gone behind.

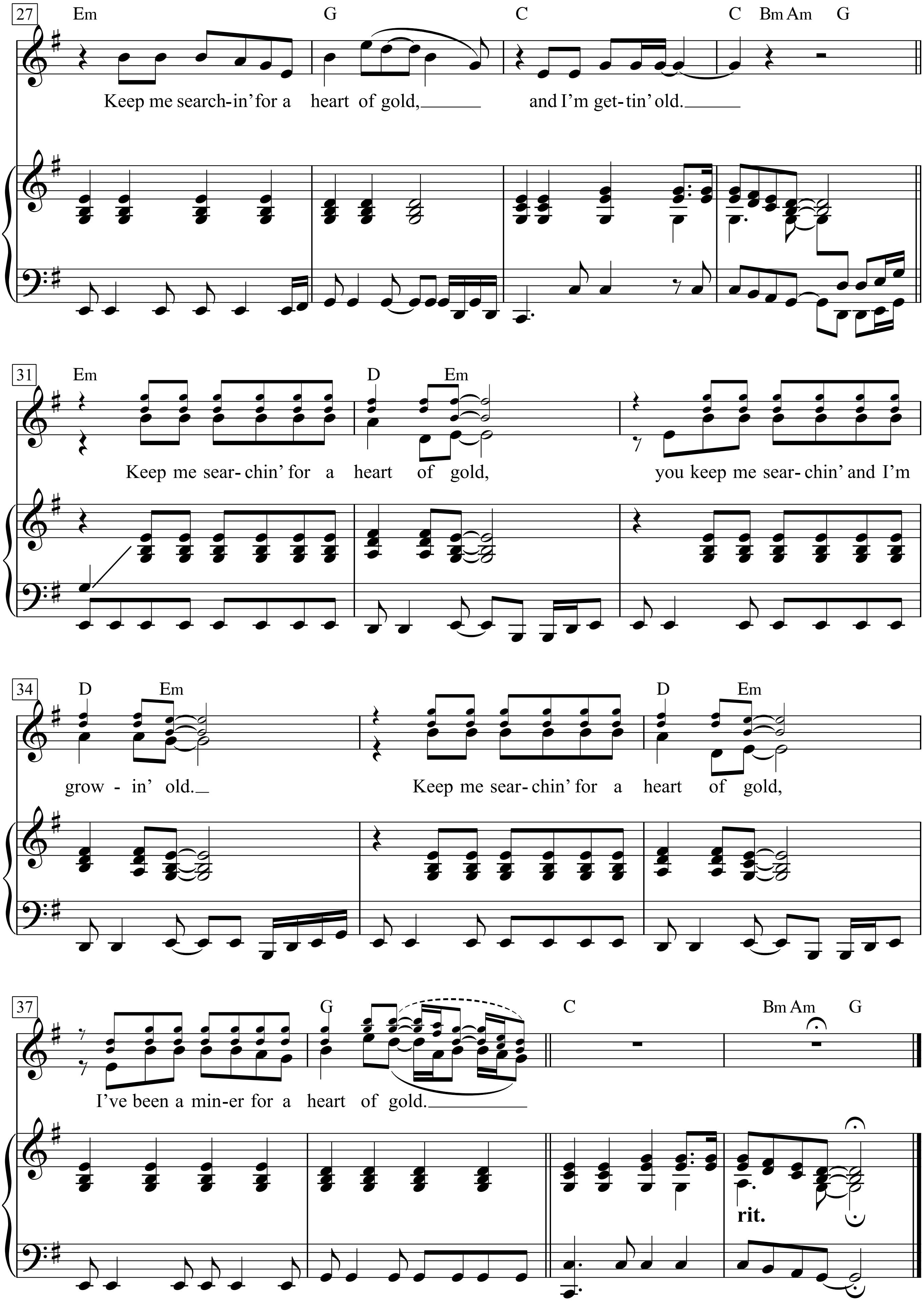
Heart of Gold

Words & Music by Neil Young
(Neil Young)

Moderately slow




15
C
Bm Am G
Em
C
and I'm get-ting old.
I've been to Hol-ly - wood,
18
D
G
Em
C
D
G
I've been to Red-wood,
I'd cross the o-cean for a heart of gold,
21
Em
C
D
G
Em
I've been in my mind,
it's such a fine line
that keeps me search- in' for a
24
G
C
Bm Am G
heart of gold,
and I'm get-ting old.


27
Em
G
C
C Bm Am G
Keep me search-in' for a heart of gold,
and I'm get-tin' old.
31
Em
D Em
Keep me sear-chin' for a heart of gold,
you keep me sear-chin' and I'm
34
D Em
D Em
grow - in' old.
Keep me sear-chin' for a heart of gold,
37
G
C
Bm Am G
I've been a min-er for a heart of gold.
rit.

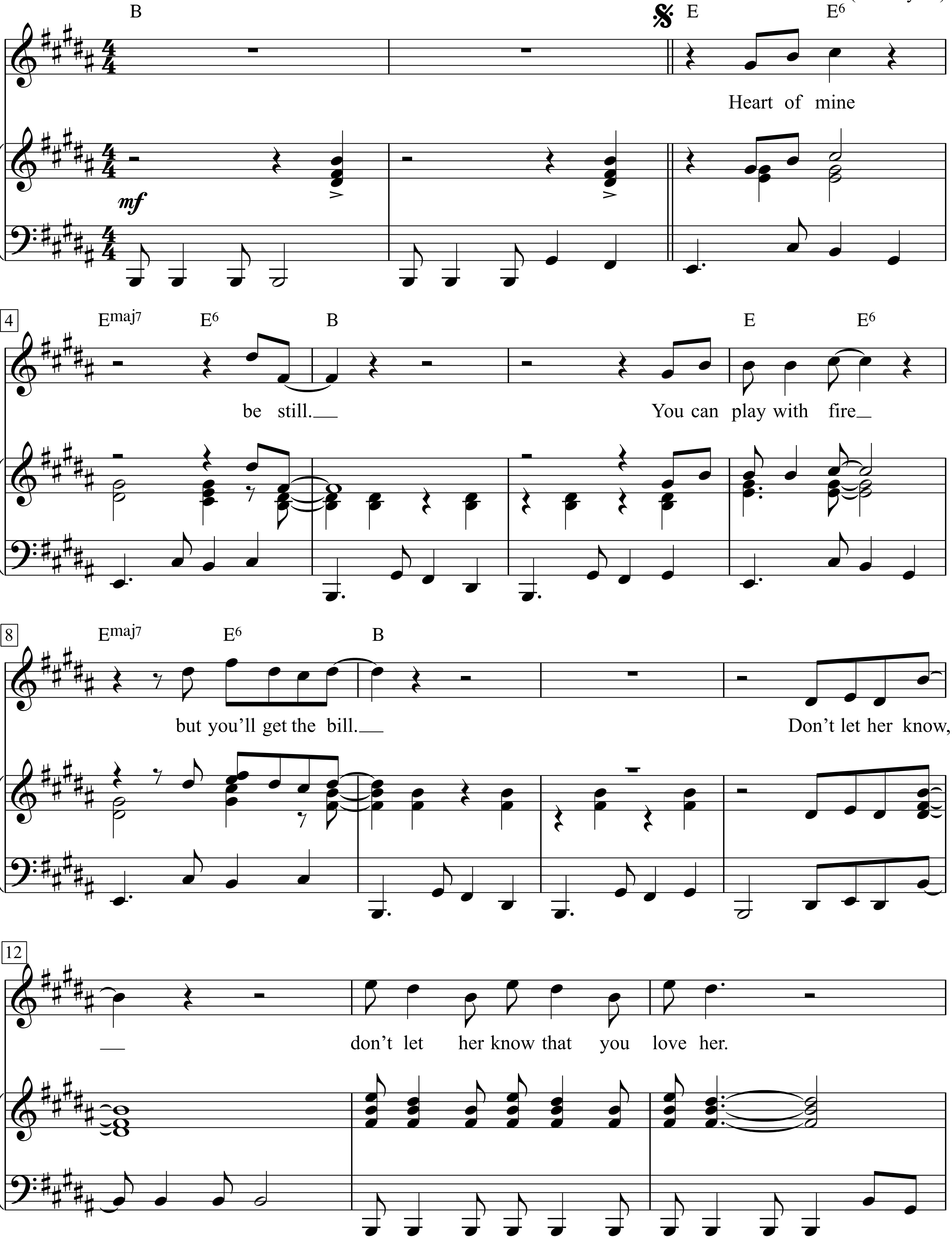
I wanna live, I wanna give,
I’ve been a miner for a heart of gold.
It’s these expressions I never give
that keep me searchin’ for a heart of gold,
and I’m getting’ old.
Keep me searchin’ for a heart of gold,
and I’m getting old.

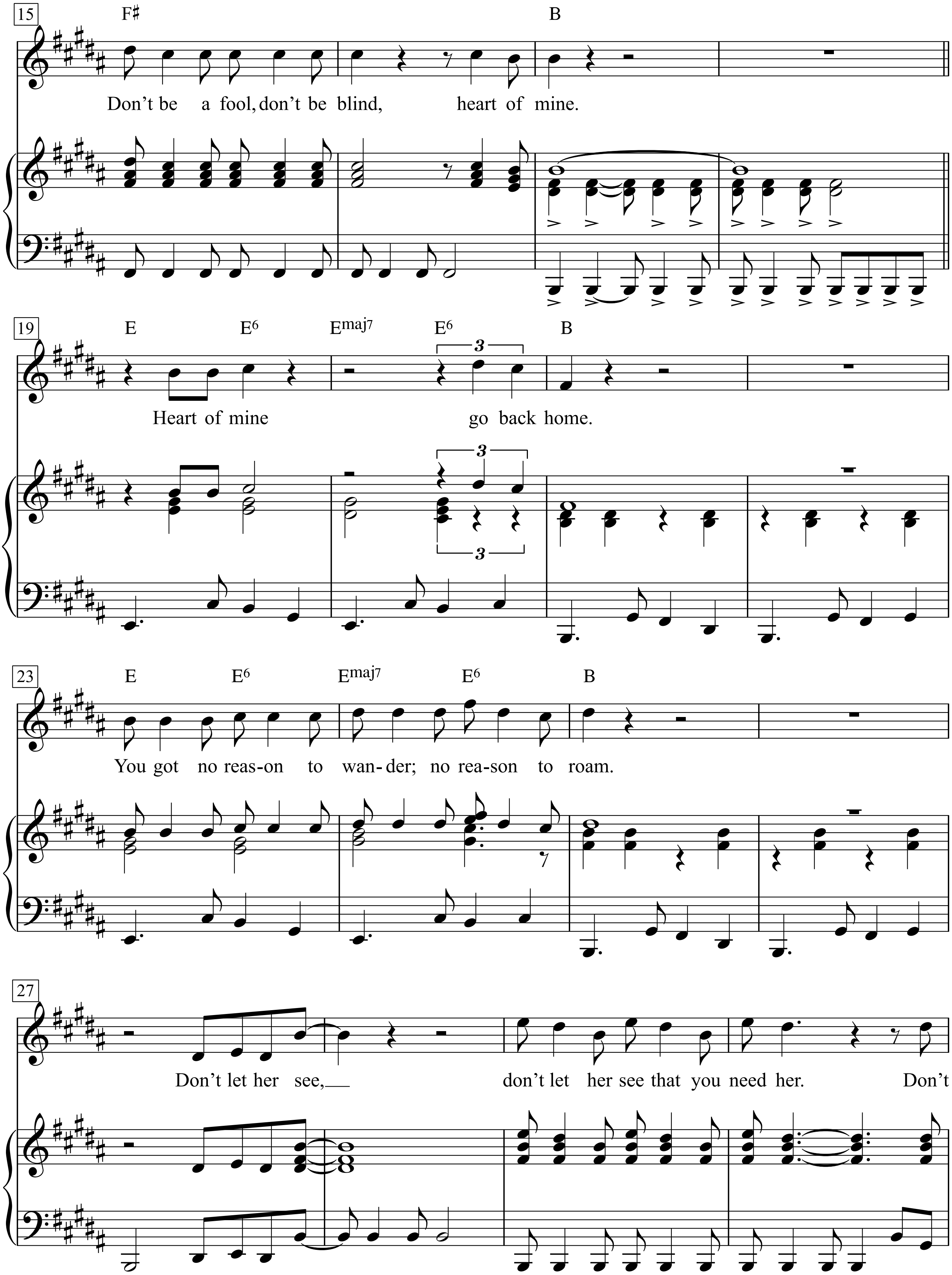
I’ve been to Hollywood,
I’ve been to Redwood,
I’d cross the ocean for a heart of gold,
I’ve been in my mind,
it’s such a fine line that keeps me searchin’ for a heart of gold,
and I’m getting old.
Keep me searchin’ for a heart of gold,
and I’m gettin’ old.
Keep me searchin’ for a heart of gold,
you keep me searchin’ and I’m growin’ old.
Keep me searchin’ for a heart of gold,
I’ve been a miner for a heart of gold.

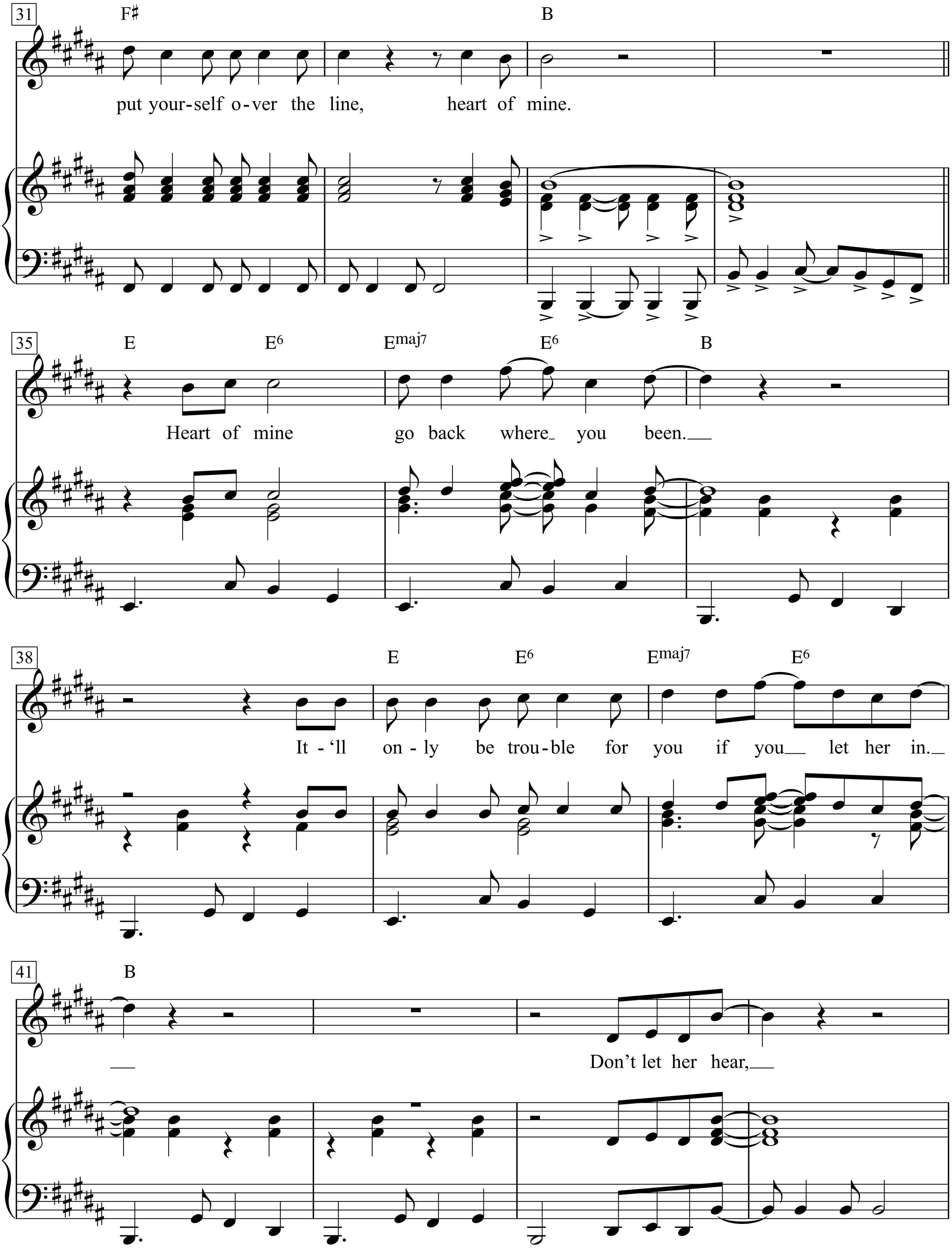
Heart Of Mine

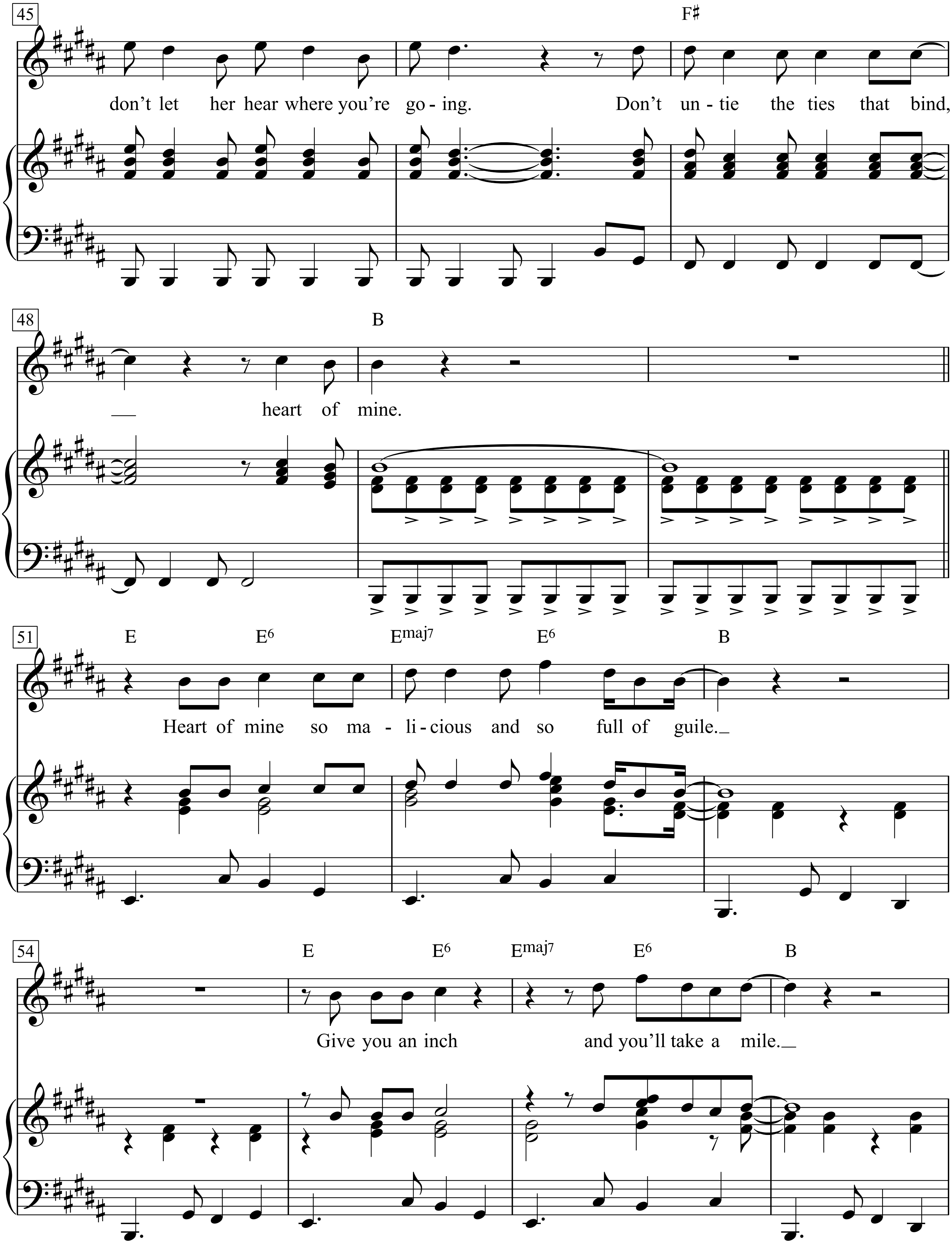
Moderately, with an easy beat

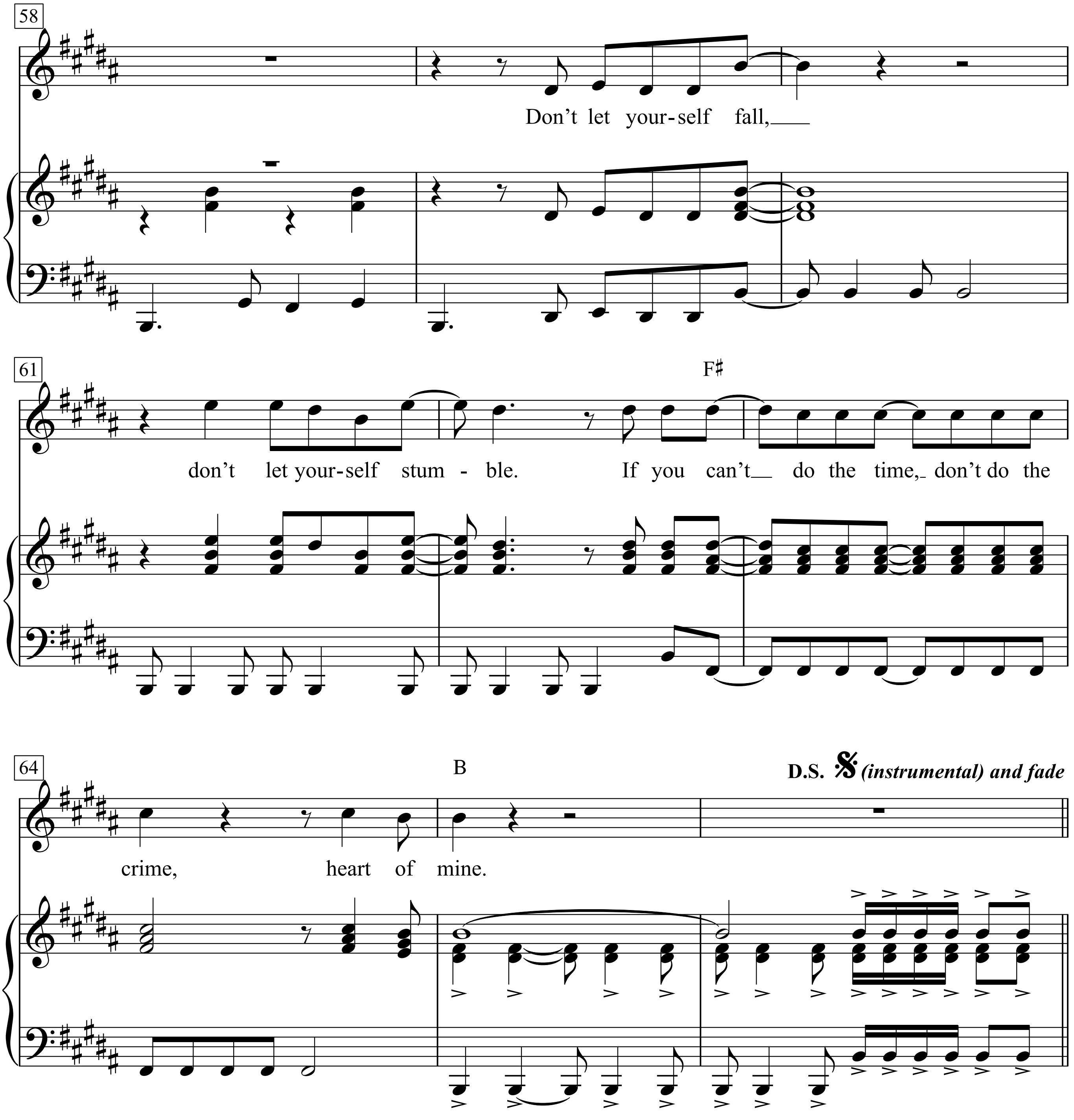
Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




15
F♯
B
Don't be a fool, don't be blind, heart of mine.
19
E
E6
Emaj7
E6
B
3
Heart of mine go back home.
3
3
23
E
E6
Emaj7
E6
B
You got no reas-on to wan-der; no rea-son to roam.
27
Don't let her see, don't let her see that you need her. Don't


31
F♯
B
put your-self o-ver the line, heart of mine.
35
E E6 Emaj7 E6 B
Heart of mine go back where you been.
38
E E6 Emaj7 E6
It-'ll on-ly be trou-ble for you if you let her in.
41
B
Don't let her hear,


45
F♯
don't let her hear where you're go - ing. Don't un - tie the ties that bind,
48
B
heart of mine.
51
E E6 Emaj7 E6 B
Heart of mine so ma - li - cious and so full of guile.
54
E E6 Emaj7 E6 B
Give you an inch and you'll take a mile.


58
Don't let your-self fall,
61
F♯
don't let your-self stum - ble. If you can't do the time, don't do the
64
B
D.S. 𝄋 (instrumental) and fade
crime, heart of mine.

Heart of mine be still
You can play with fire but you'll get the bill
Don't let her know
Don't let her know that you love her
Don't be a fool, don't be blind
heart of mine

Heart of mine go back home
You got no reason to wander; no reason to roam
Don't let her see
Don't let her see that you need her
Don't put yourself over the line
Heart of mine

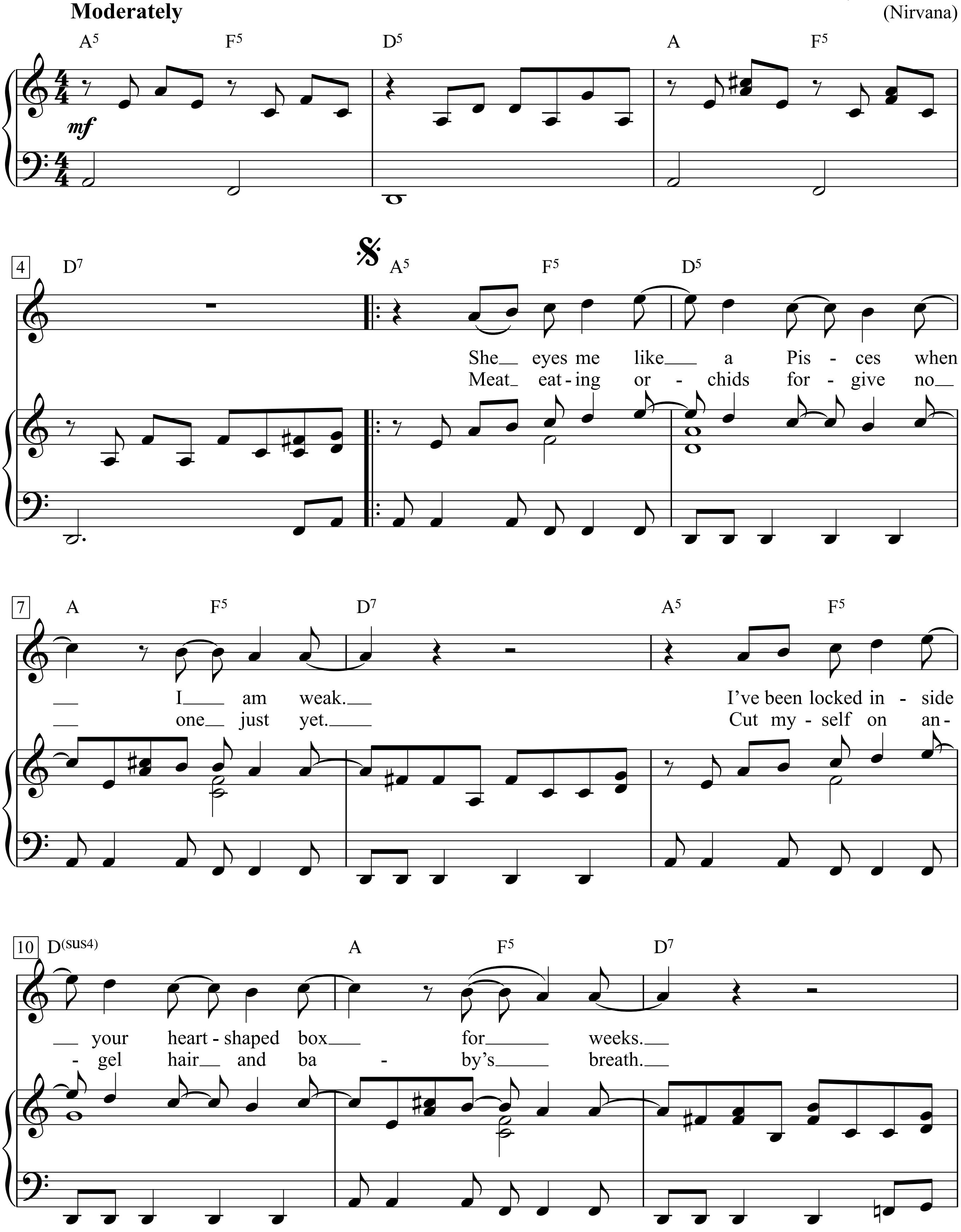
Heart of mine go back where you been
It'll only be trouble for you if you let her in
Don't let her hear
Don't let her hear ????where you're going
Don't untie the ties that bind????
Heart of mine.

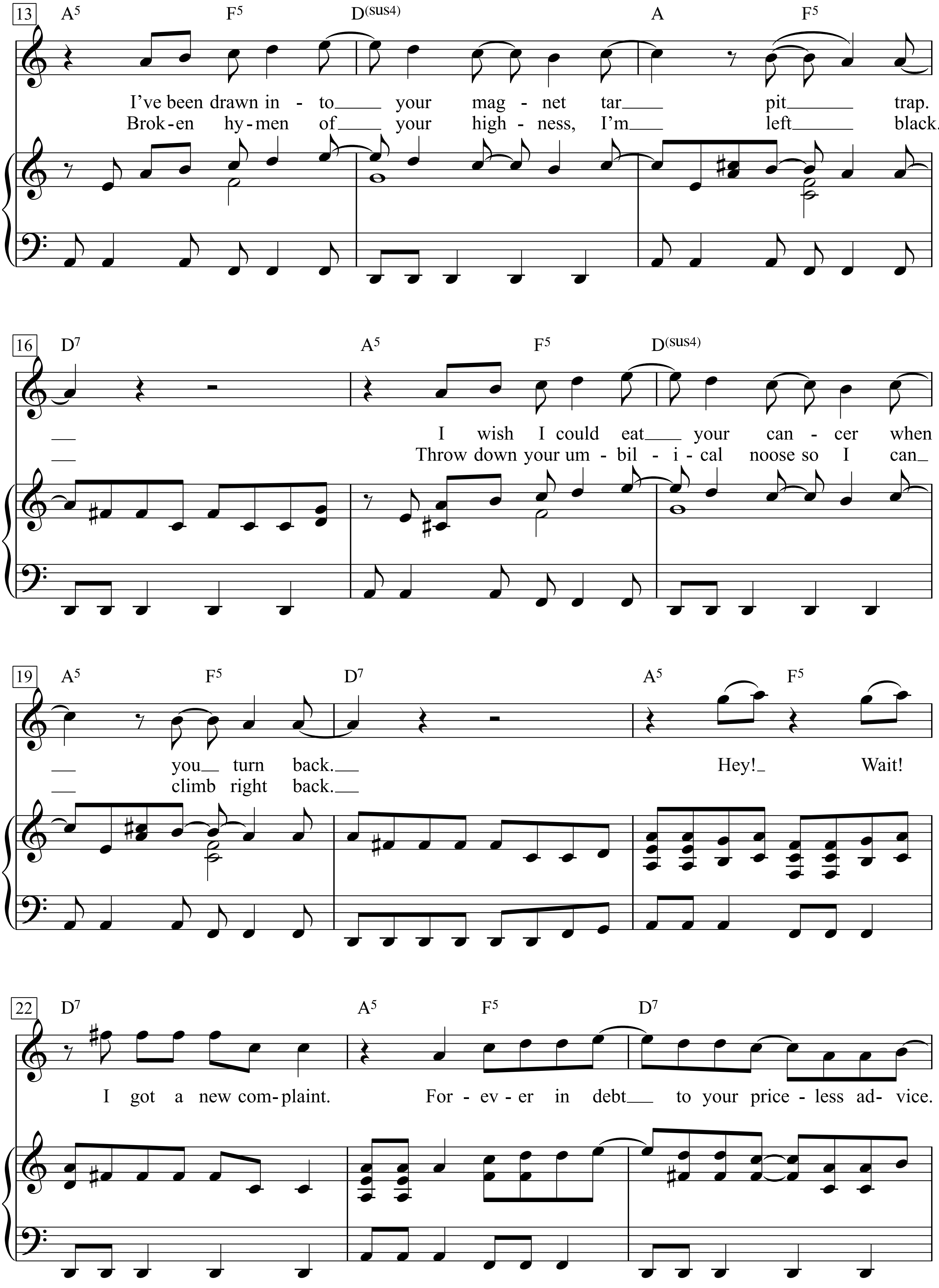
???Strophe fehlt???

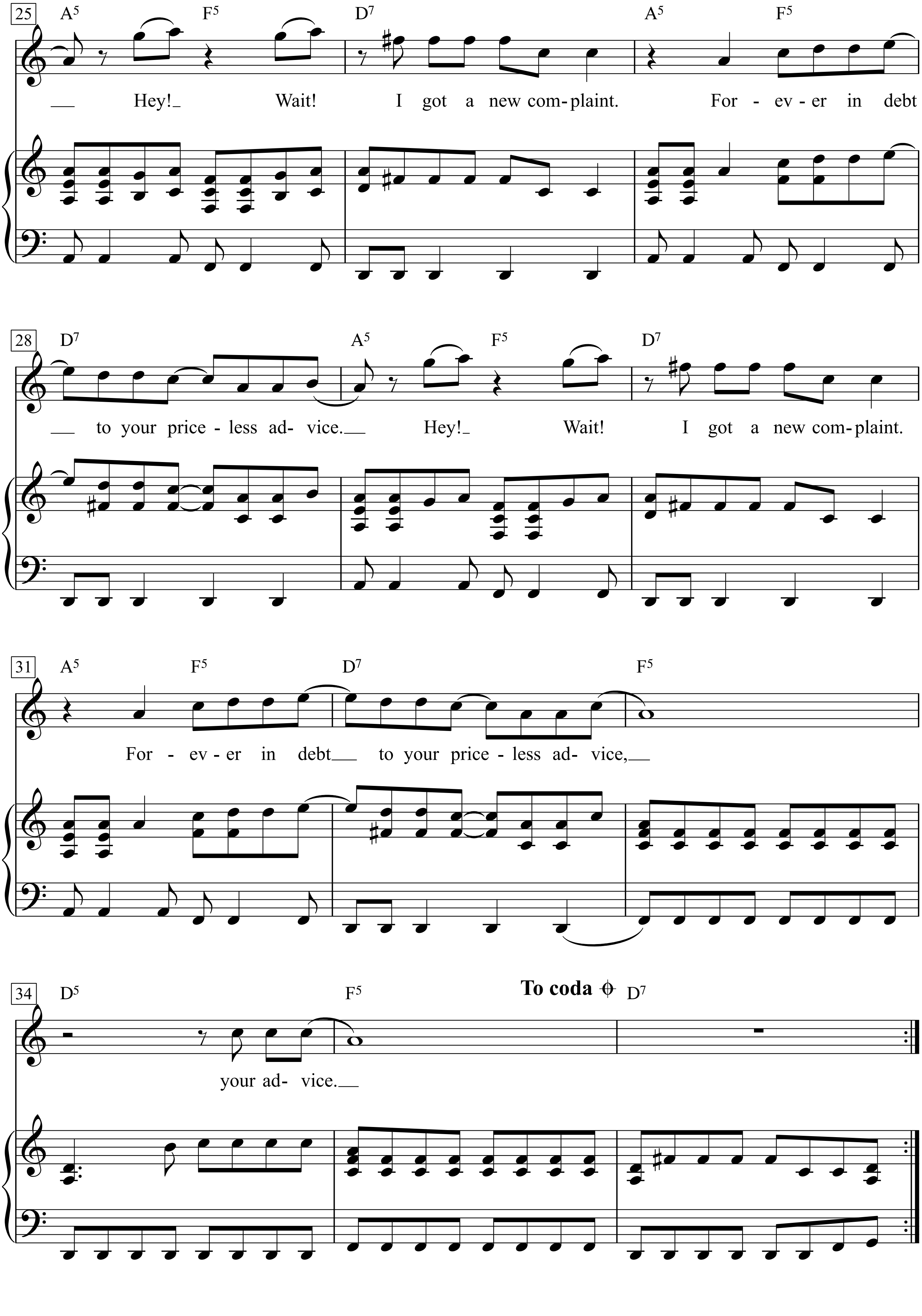
Heart of mine so malicious and so full of guile
Give you an inch and you'll take a mile
Don't let yourself fall
Don't let yourself stumble
If you can't do the time, don't do the crime
Heart of mine

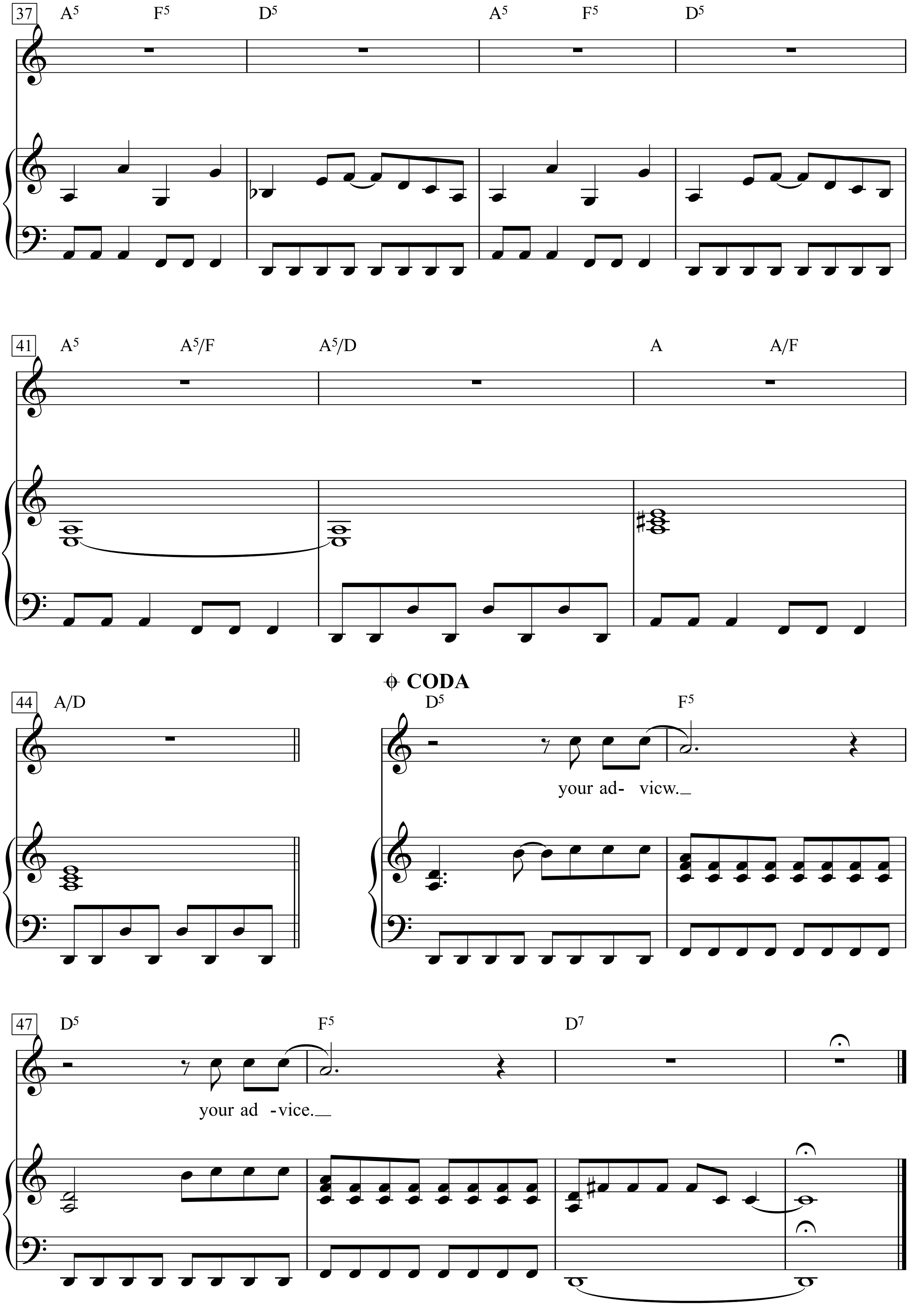
Heart Shaped Box

Words & Music by Kurt Cobain
(Nirvana)




13
A5 F5 D(sus4) A F5
I've been drawn in - to your mag - net tar pit trap.
Brok - en hy - men of your high - ness, I'm left black.
16
D7 A5 F5 D(sus4)
I wish I could eat your can - cer when
Throw down your um - bil - i - cal noose so I can
19
A5 F5 D7 A5 F5
you turn back. Hey! Wait!
climb right back.
22
D7 A5 F5 D7
I got a new com - plaint. For - ev - er in debt to your price - less ad - vice.

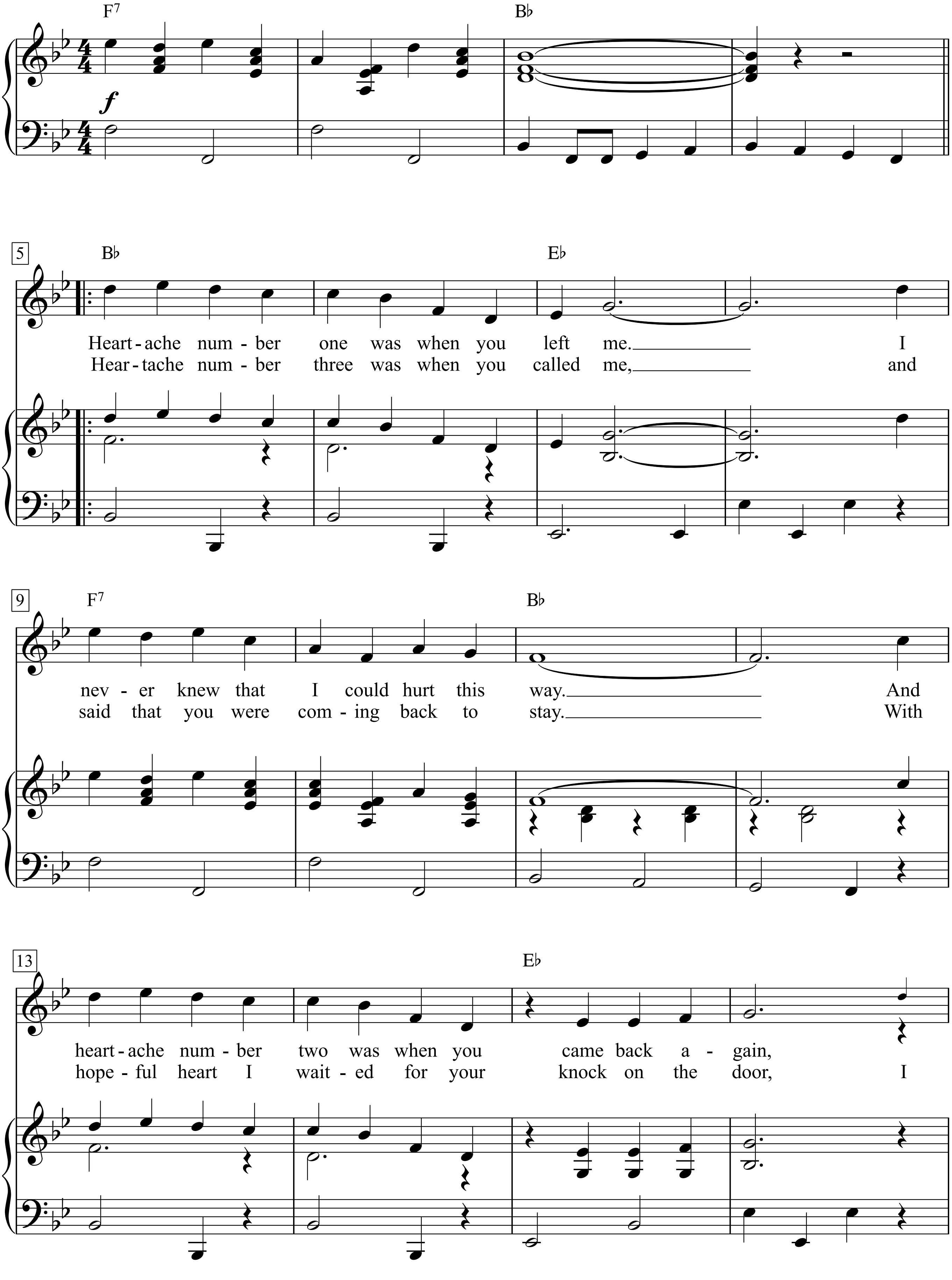

25
A5 F5 D7 A5 F5
Hey! Wait! I got a new com- plaint. For - ev - er in debt
28
D7 A5 F5 D7
to your price - less ad- vice. Hey! Wait! I got a new com- plaint.
31
A5 F5 D7 F5
For - ev - er in debt to your price - less ad- vice,
34
D5 F5 To coda D7
your ad- vice.

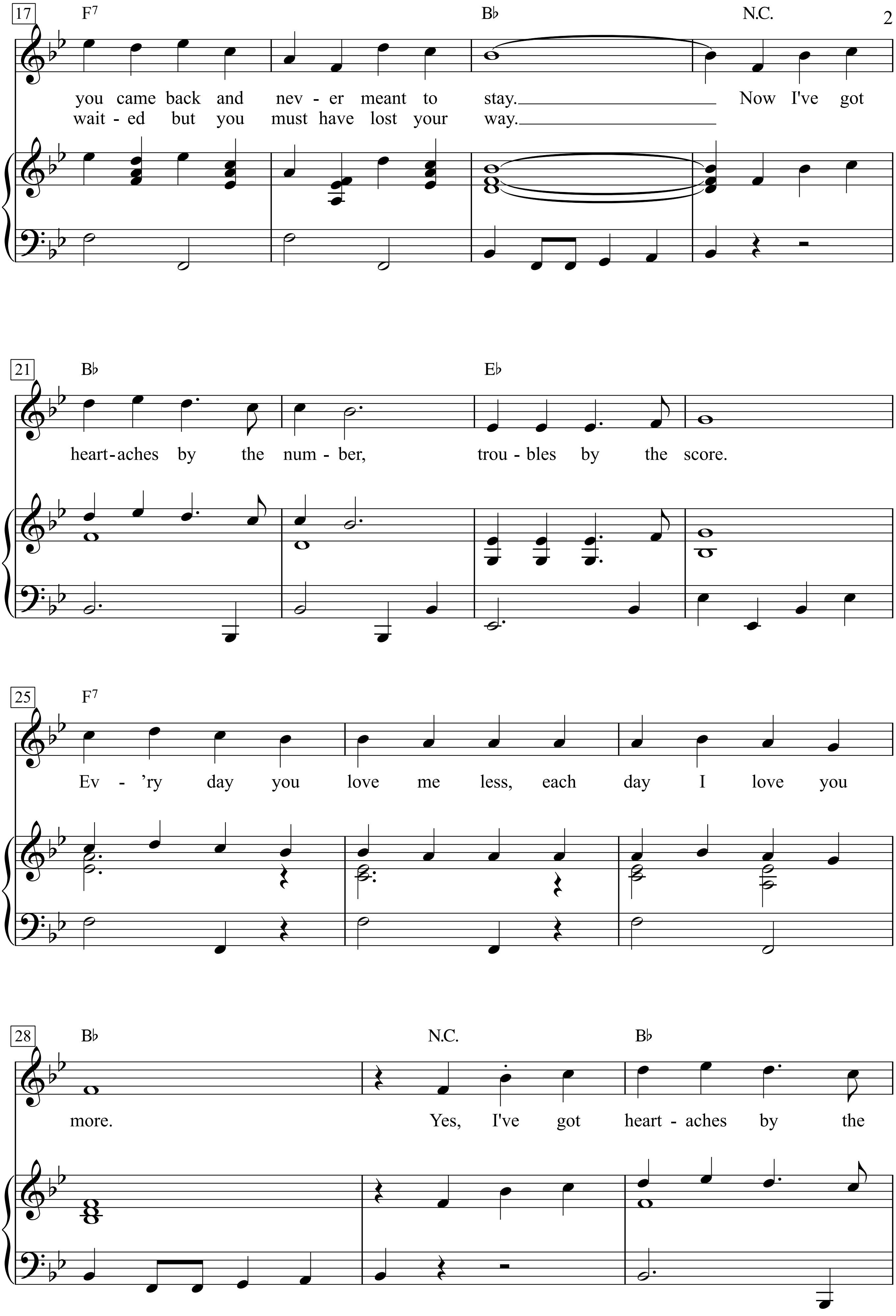

37
A5
F5
D5
A5
F5
D5
41
A5
A5/F
A5/D
A
A/F
44
A/D
CODA
D5
F5
your ad- vicw._
47
D5
F5
D7
your ad -vice._

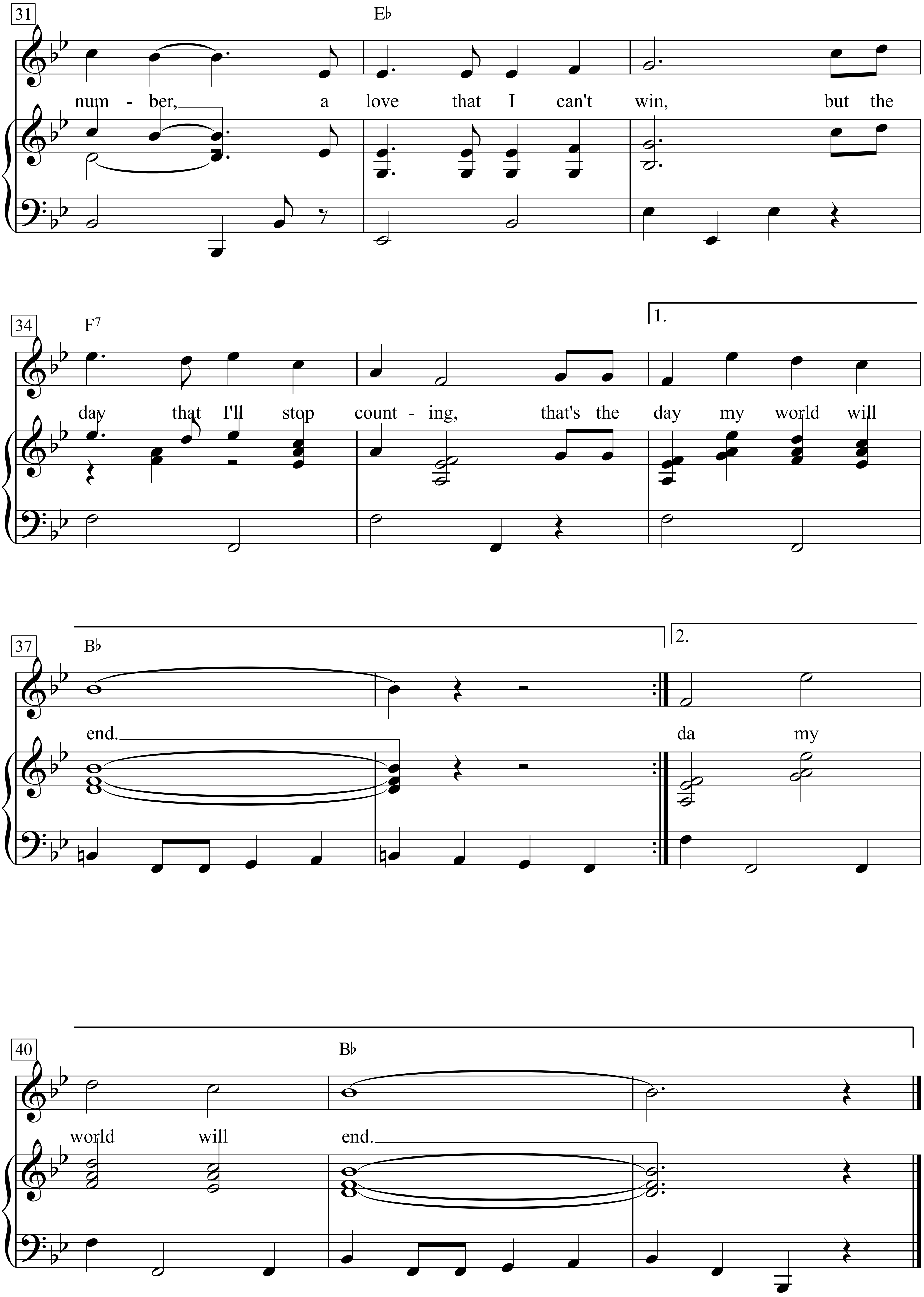
Heartaches By The Number

Words & Music by Haarlan Howard
(Guy Mitchell)

Moderately fast

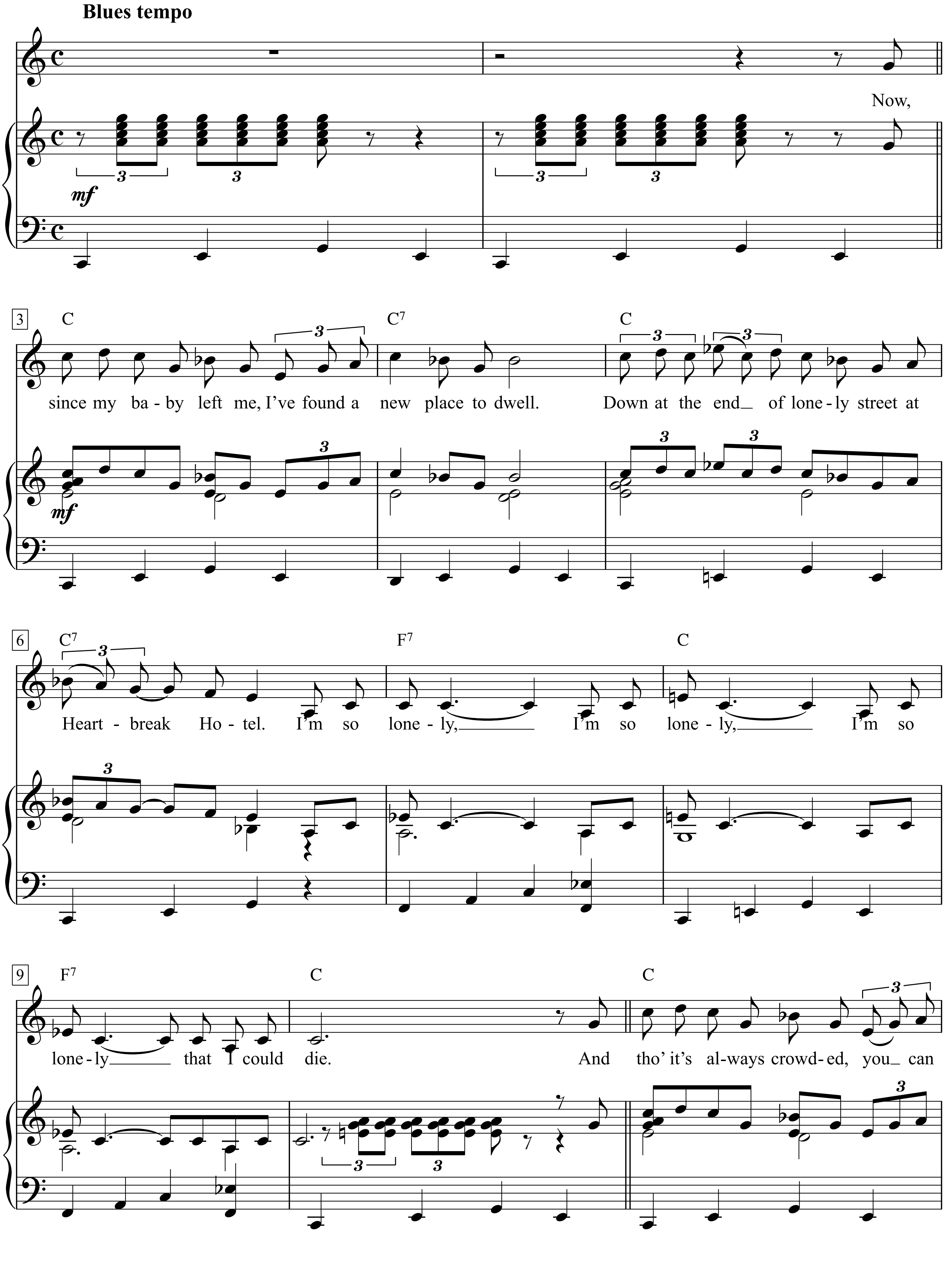


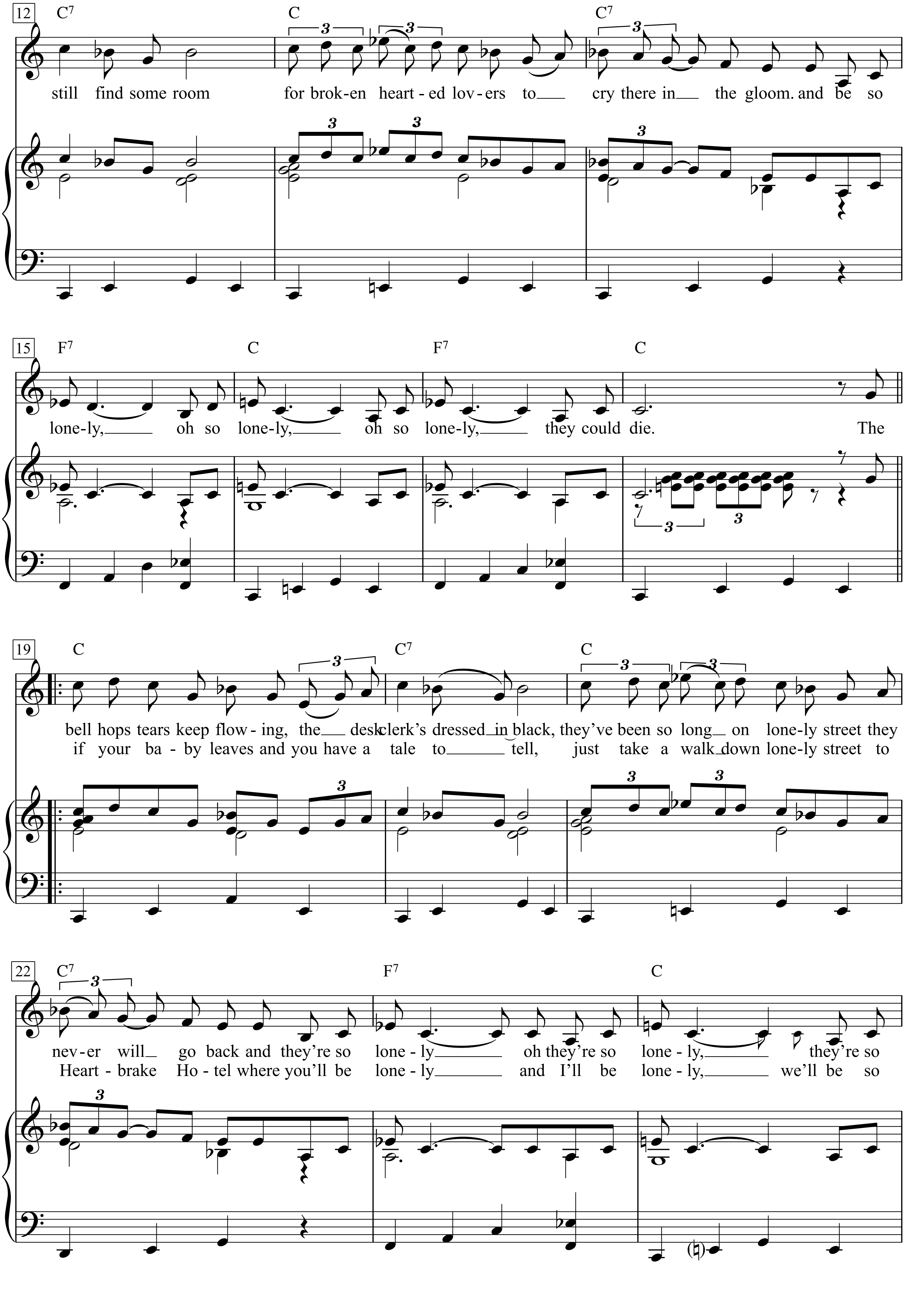

17
F7
B♭
N.C.
you came back and nev - er meant to stay. Now I've got
wait - ed but you must have lost your way.
21
B♭
E♭
heart-aches by the num - ber, trou - bles by the score.
25
F7
Ev - 'ry day you love me less, each day I love you
28
B♭
N.C.
B♭
more. Yes, I've got heart - aches by the

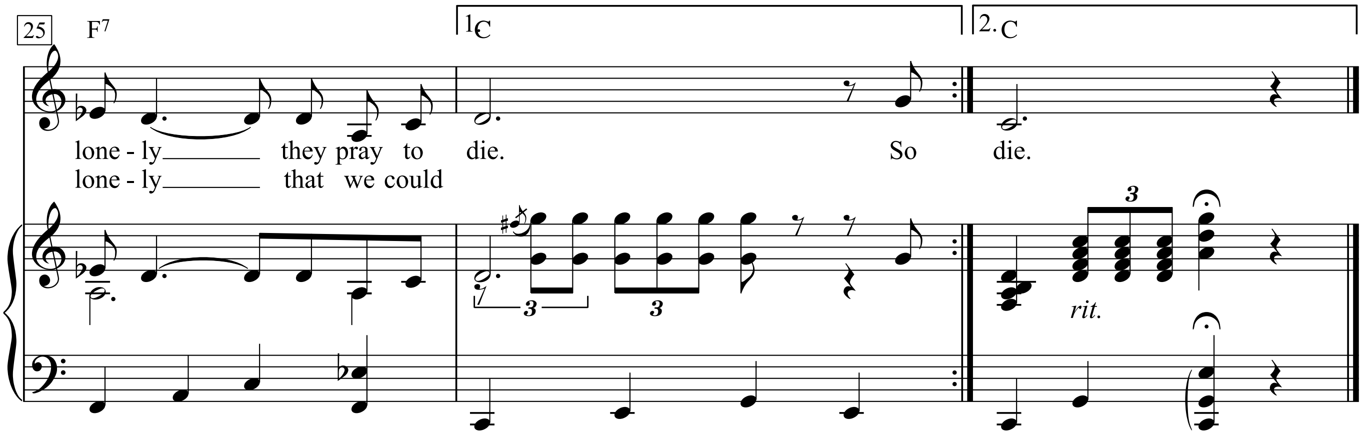

31
E♭
num - ber, a love that I can't win, but the
34
F7
1.
day that I'll stop count - ing, that's the day my world will
37
B♭
2.
end. da my
40
B♭
world will end.

Heartbreak Hotel

Elvis Presley



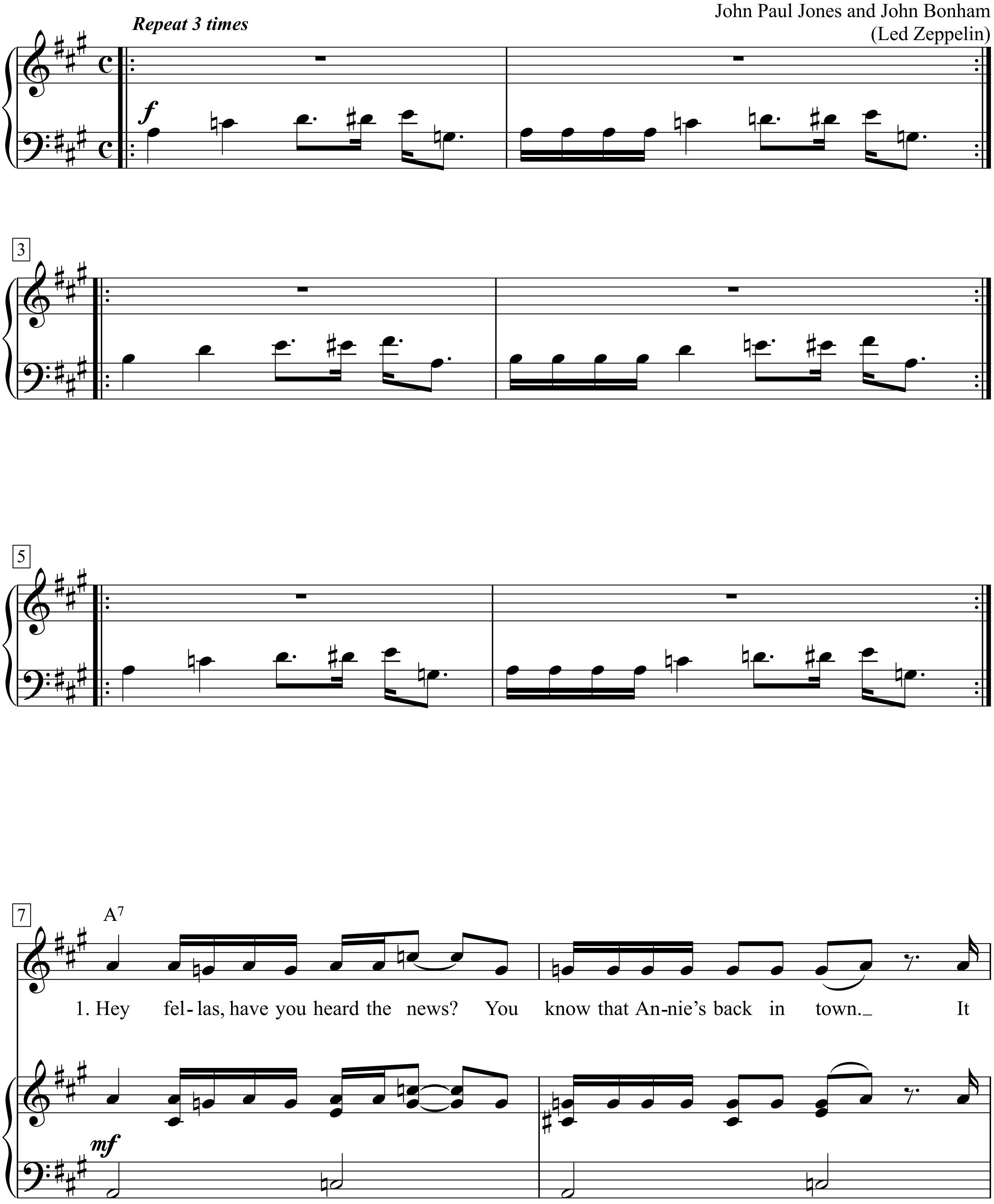

12
C7 C C7
still find some room for brok-en heart-ed lov-ers to cry there in the gloom. and be so
15
F7 C F7 C
lone-ly, oh so lone-ly, oh so lone-ly, they could die. The
19
C C7 C
bell hops tears keep flow-ing, the desk clerk's dressed in black, they've been so long on lone-ly street they
if your ba-by leaves and you have a tale to tell, just take a walk down lone-ly street to
22
C7 F7 C
nev-er will go back and they're so lone-ly oh they're so lone-ly, they're so
Heart-brake Ho-tel where you'll be lone-ly and I'll be lone-ly, we'll be so

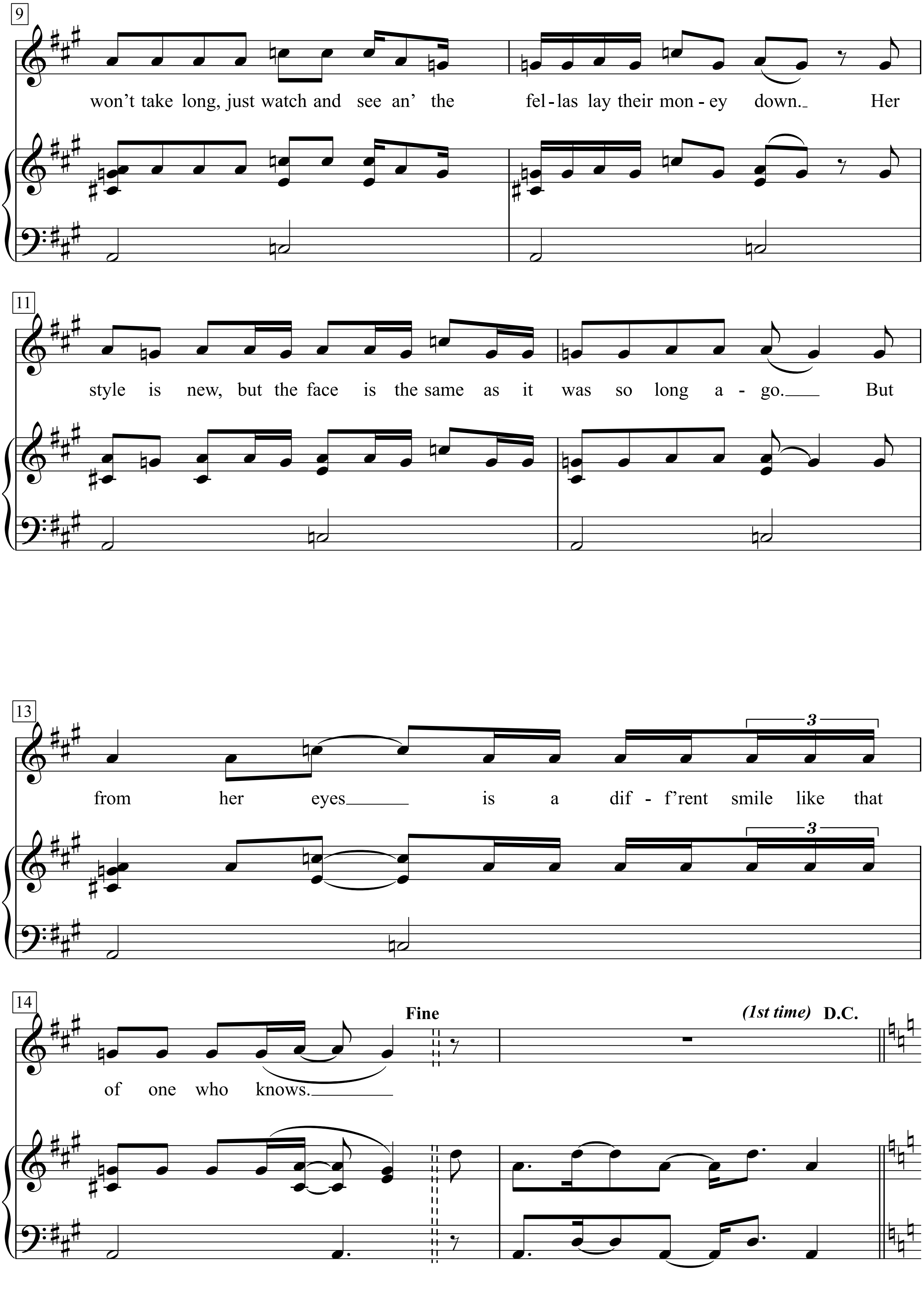

25
F7
1. C
2. C
lone - ly they pray to die. So die.
lone - ly that we could
rit.

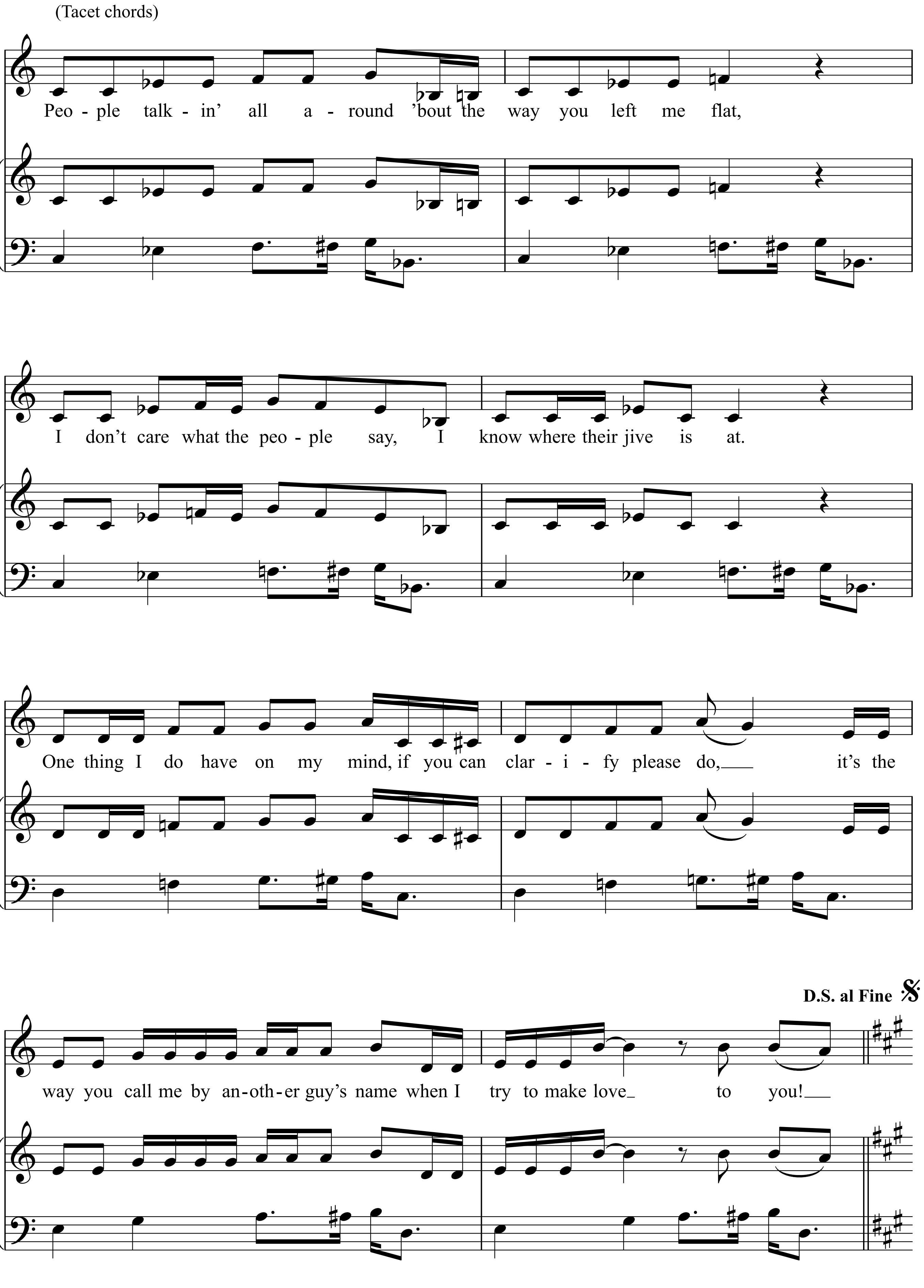
Heartbreaker

Slow Blues

Words & Music by
Jimmy Page, Robert Plant,
John Paul Jones and John Bonham
(Led Zeppelin)




9
won't take long, just watch and see an' the fel - las lay their mon - ey down. Her
11
style is new, but the face is the same as it was so long a - go. But
13
from her eyes is a dif - f'rent smile like that
3
14
of one who knows.
Fine
(1st time) D.C.


(Tacet chords)
Peo - ple talk - in' all a - round 'bout the way you left me flat,
I don't care what the peo - ple say, I know where their jive is at.
One thing I do have on my mind, if you can clar - i - fy please do, it's the
D.S. al Fine
way you call me by an-oth-er guy's name when I try to make love to you!

1. Hey fellas, have you heard the news?
You know that Annie's back in town.
It won't take long, just watch and see
an' the fellas lay their money down.
Her style is new, but the face is the same as it was so long ago.
But from her eyes is a diff'rent smile like that of one who knows.
People talkin' all around 'bout the way you left me flat,
I don't care what the people say,
I know where their jive is at.
One thing I do have on my mind,
if you can clarify please do,
it's the way you call me by another guy's name
when I try to make love to you!

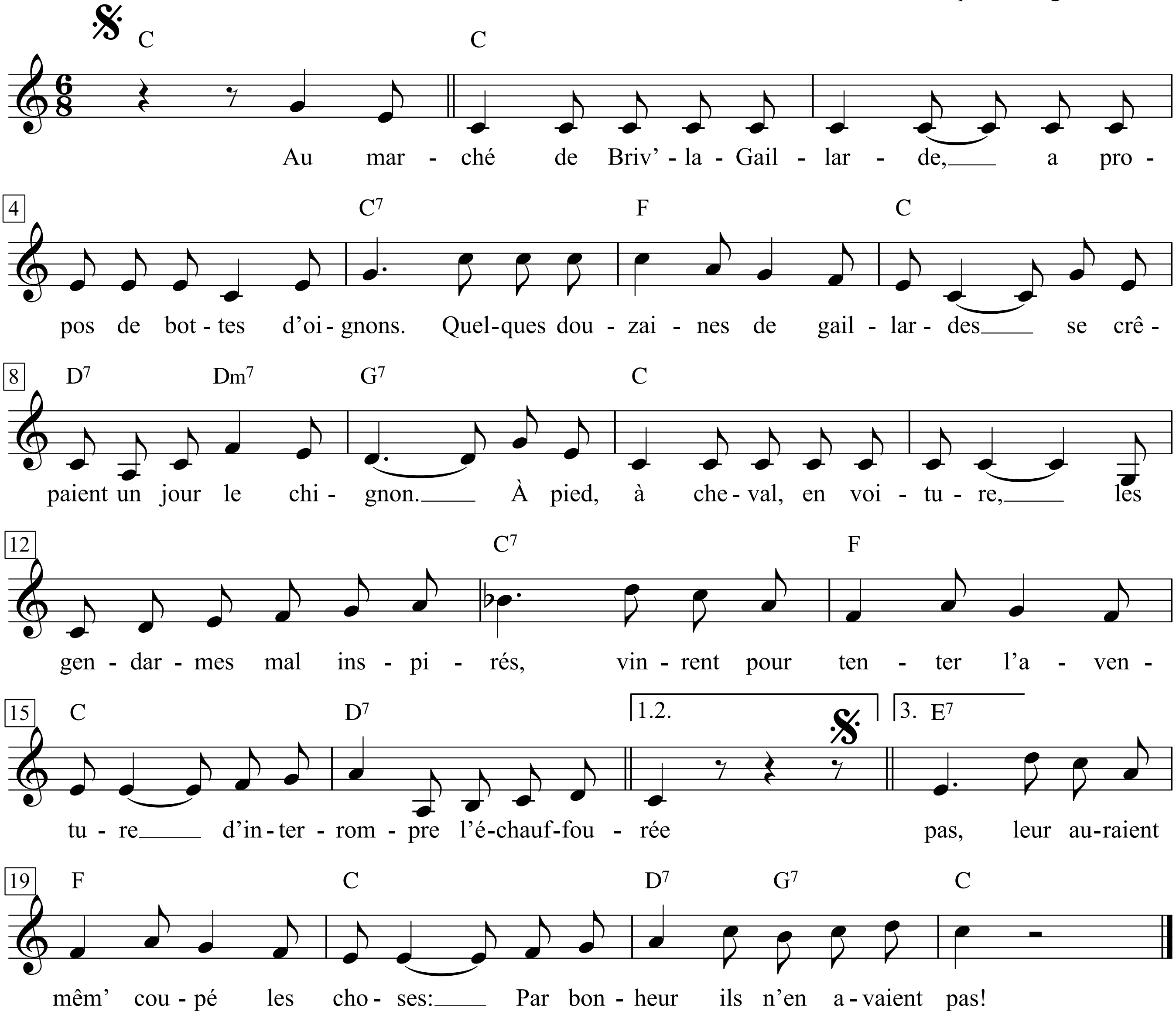
2. Well, it's been ten years and maybe more'
Since I first set eyes on you;
The best years of my life gone by,
Here I am alone and blue.
Some people cry and some people die
By the wicked ways of love;
But I'll just keep on rollin' along
With the grace of the Lord above.

3.' Work so hard I couldn't unwind,
Get some money saved;
Abuse my love a thousand times,
However hard I tried.
Heartbreaker, your time has come,
Can't take your evil ways;
Go away, Heartbreaker.

Hécatombe

(Hekatombe)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Au marché de Briv’-la-Gaillarde,
A propos de bottes d’oignons,
Quelques douzaines de gaillardes
Se crêpaient un jour le chignon.
A pied, à cheval, en voiture,
Les gendarmes, mal inspirés,
Vinrent pour tenter l’aventure
D’interrompre l’échauffouré’.

2. Or, sous tous les cieux sans vergogne,
C’est un usag’ bien établi,
Dès qu’il s’agit d’rosser les cognes
Tout l’ monde se réconcili’.
Ces furi’s, perdant tout’ mesure,
Se ruèrent sur les guignols,
Et donnèrent, je vous l’assure,
Un spectacle assez croquignol.

3. En voyant ces braves pandores
Etre à deux doigts de succomber,
Moi, j’ bichais, car je les adore
Sous la forme de macchabé’s.
De la mansarde où je réside,
J’excitais les farouches bras
Des mégères gendarmicides,
En criant: »Hip, hip, hip, hourra!«

4. Frénétiqu’, l’une d’ell’s attache
Le vieux maréchal des logis,
Et lui fait crier: »Mort aux vaches!
Mort aux lois! Vive l’anarchi’!«
Une autre fourre avec rudesse
Le crâne d’un de ces lourdauds
Entre ses gigantesques fesses
Qu’elle serre comme un étau.

5. La plus grasse de ces femelles,
Ouvrant son corsag’ dilaté,
Matraque à grands coups de mamelles
Ceux qui passent à sa porté’.
Ils tombent, tombent, tombent, tombent,
Et, s’lon les avis compétents,
Il paraît que cett’ hécatombe
Fut la plus bell’ de tous les temps.

6. Jugeant enfin que leurs victimes
Avaient eu leur content de gnons,
Ces furi’s, comme outrage ultime,
En retournant à leurs oignons,
Ces furi’s, à peine si j’ose
Le dire, tellement c’est bas,
Leur auraient mêm’ coupé les choses
Par bonheur ils n’en avaient pas!

1. Wegen einiger Bunde Zwiebeln
gerieten sich mal auf dem Markt
von Brive-la-Gaillarde
ein paar stramme Weiber in die Haare.
Zu Fuß, zu Pferd, im Wagen
kamen schlechtberatene Gendarmen
und stürzten sich in das Abenteuer,
den Krawall zu beenden.

2. Nun ist es in aller Welt
ein dreister, aber alter Brauch:
Wenn’s gilt, Polypen zu verdreschen,
sind alle sofort wieder einig.
Diese Furien verloren jedes Maß
und stürzten sich auf die Clowns
und boten, kann ich euch sagen,
ein ganz reizendes Schauspiel.

3. Als ich sah, dass die Unheilsboten
kurz vor dem Gnadenstoß standen,
ging’s mir prima, ich mag sie
nämlich am liebsten eingesargt.
Aus der Mansarde, allwo ich weile,
feuerte ich die wüsten Arme
der Polizerdeppermegären an
und schrie: »Hipp, hipp, hipp, hurra!«

4. Tobend packt eine von ihnen
den alten Hauptwachtmeister
und zwingt ihn: »Tod den Polypen,
Tod den Gesetzen, hoch die Anarchie!« zu schreien.
Eine andere rammt roh
den Bumskopf eines dieser Tölpel
zwischen ihre riesigen Arschbacken,
die sie wie einen Schraubstock kneift.

5. Das feisteste dieser Weiber
öffnet das überbordende Mieder
und massakriert mit Tittenhieben
alles in Reichweite.
Sie fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
und eingeweihten Kreisen zufolge
scheint diese Hekatombe
die schönste aller Zeiten gewesen zu sein.

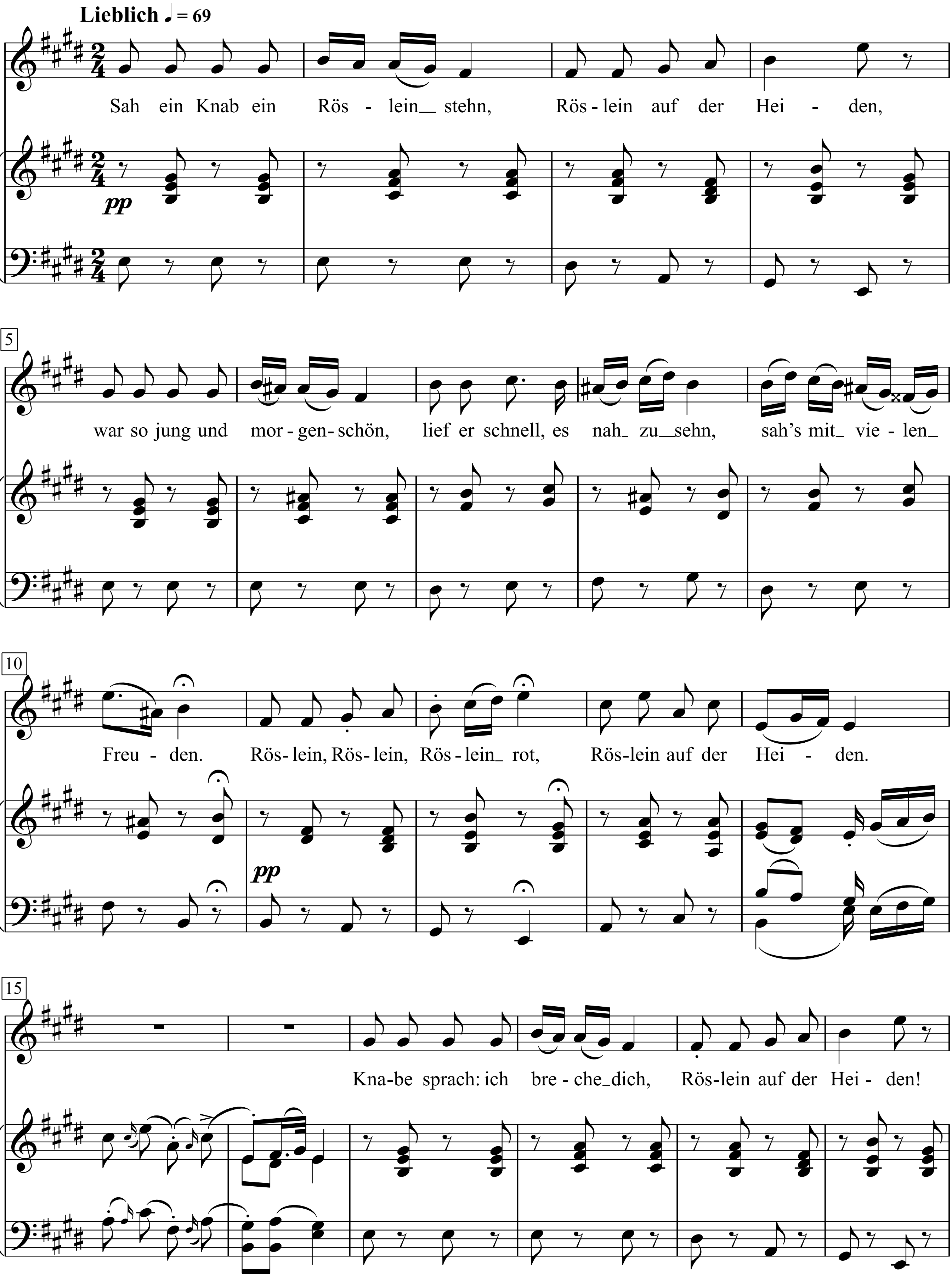
6. Als sie endlich fanden, Prügel
hätten die Opfer jetzt genug,
wollten die Furien, als letzte Schmach
(apropos Zwiebeln)
- diese Furien (ich trau mich kaum,
es zu sagen, so schäbig ist es)
hätten ihnen fast die Dinger abgeschnitten.
Zum Glück hatten sie keine.

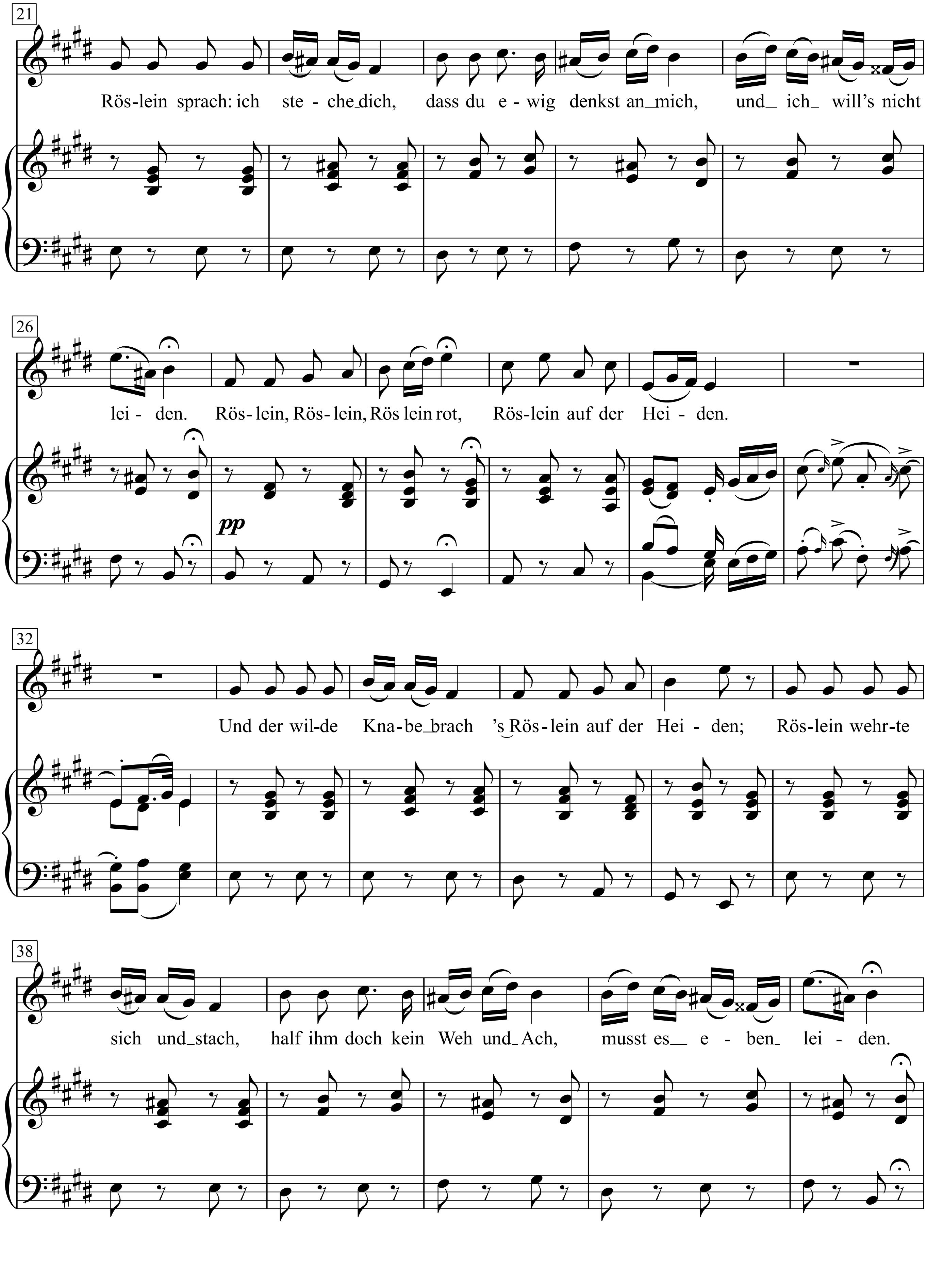
Heidenröslein

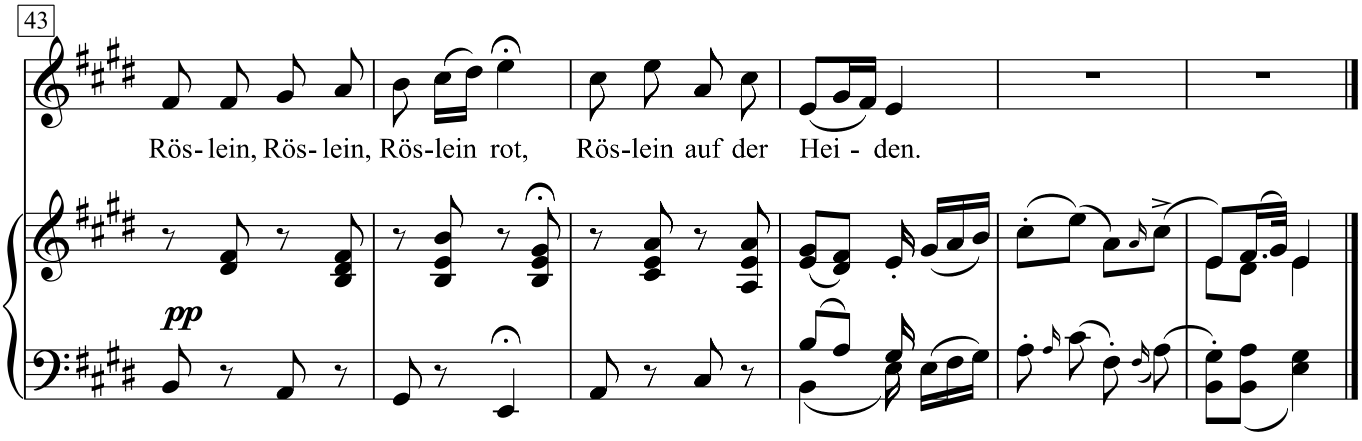
Johann Wolfgang Goethe *(1749-1832),* 1771

(Original G dur)

Franz Schubert
Op. 3, N° 3




21
Rös-lein sprach: ich ste - che dich, dass du e - wig denkst an mich, und ich will's nicht
26
lei - den. Rös - lein, Rös - lein, Rös lein rot, Rös - lein auf der Hei - den.
pp
32
Und der wil-de Kna - be brach 's Rös - lein auf der Hei - den; Rös-lein wehr-te
38
sich und stach, half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach, musst es e - ben lei - den.



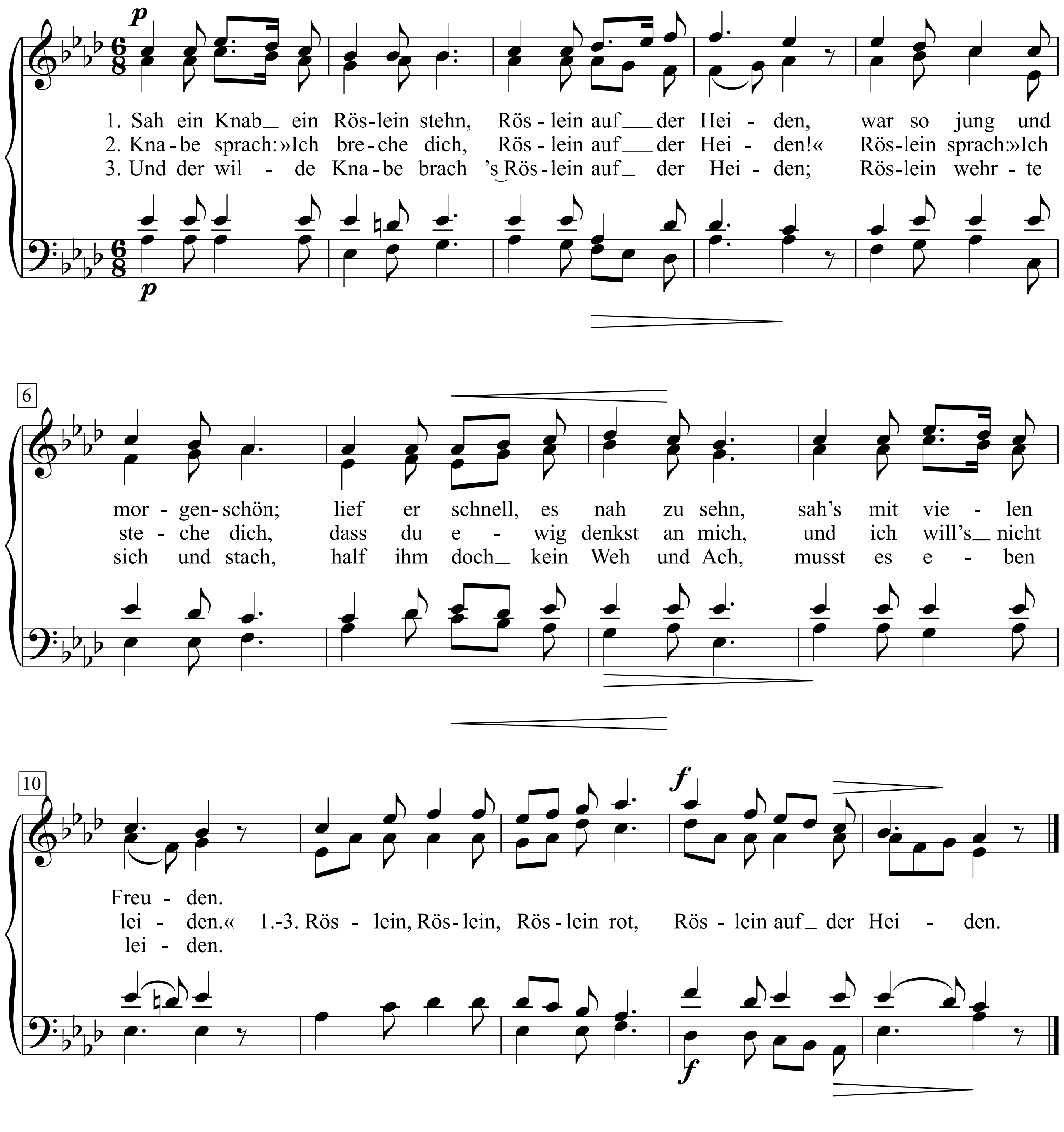
1. Sah ein Knab ein Röslein stehn,
Röslein auf der Heiden,
war so jung und morgenschön,
lief er schnell, es nah zu sehn,
sah’s mit vielen Freuden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

2. Knabe sprach: ich breche dich,
Röslein auf der Heiden!
Röslein sprach: ich steche dich,
dass du ewig denkst an mich,
und ich will’s nicht leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

3. Und der wilde Knabe brach
’s Röslein auf der Heiden;
Röslein wehrte sich und stach,
half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,
musst es eben leiden. Röslein,
Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Heidenröslein

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe *(1749-1832),* 1771 | Heinrich Werner *(1800-1833)*, 1829



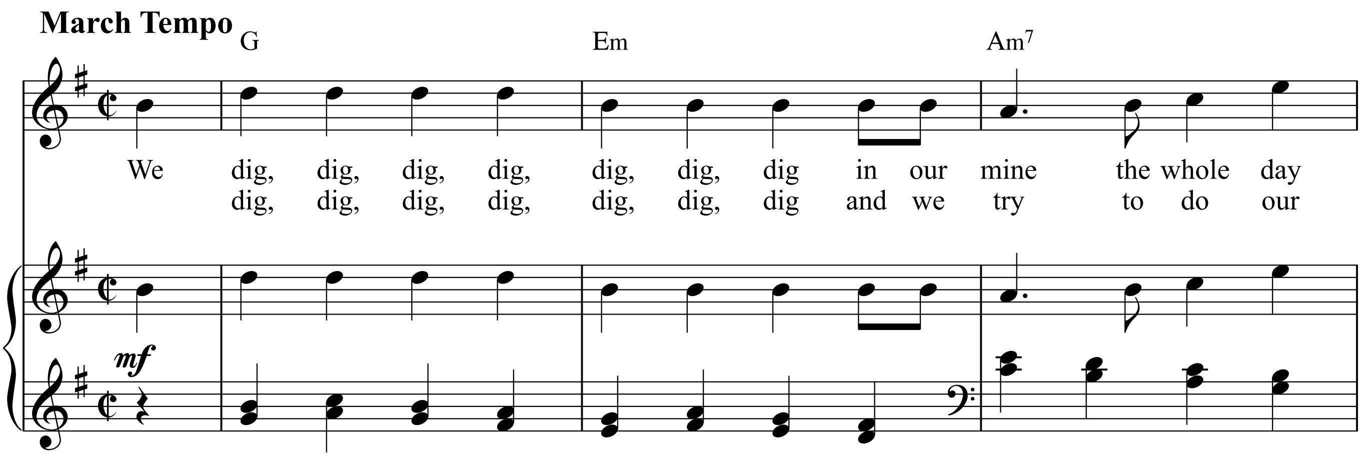
Heigh-Ho

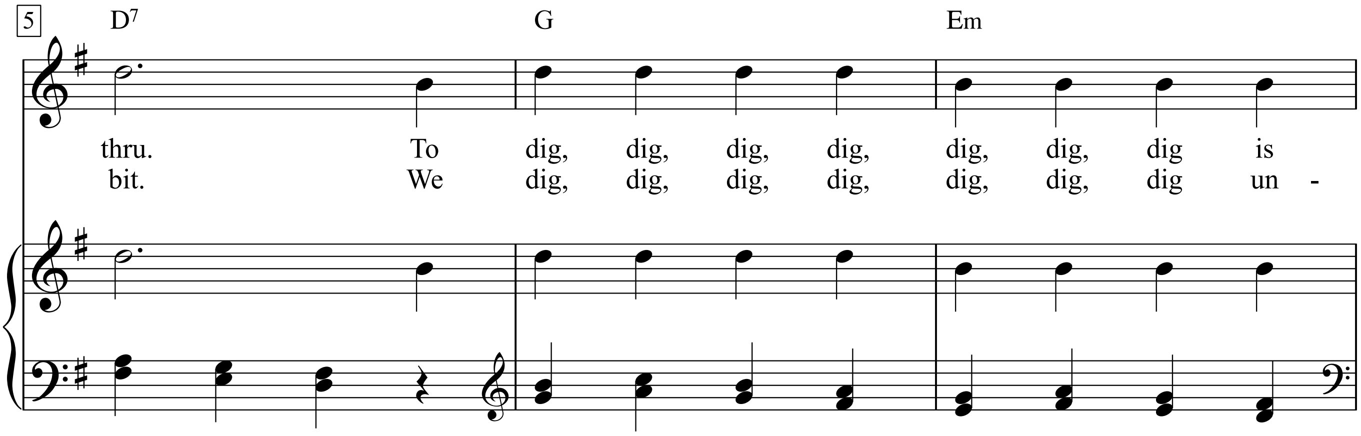
The Dwarfs Marching Song

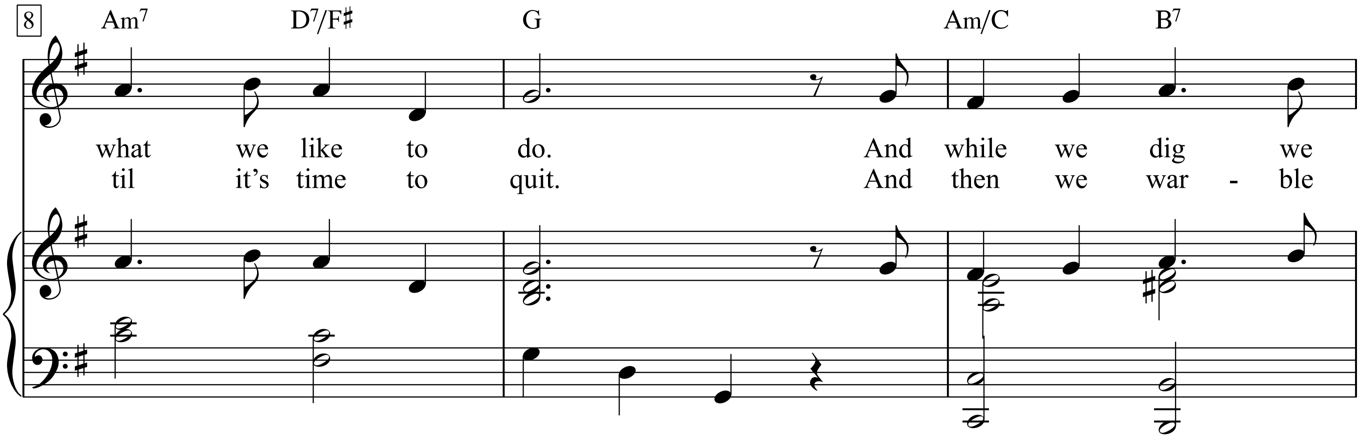
(*from Walt Disney's* 'Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs')

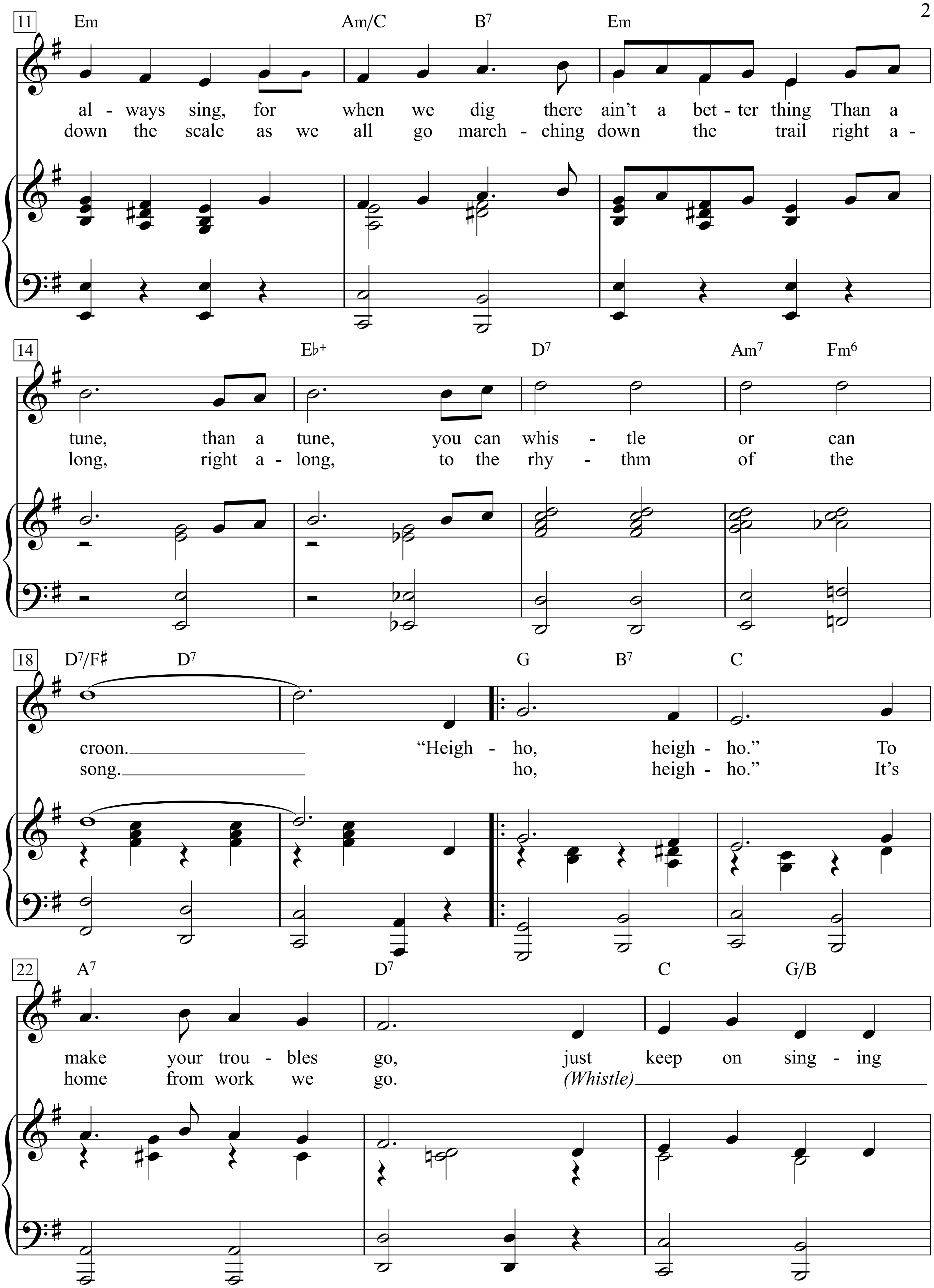
Words by Larry Morey

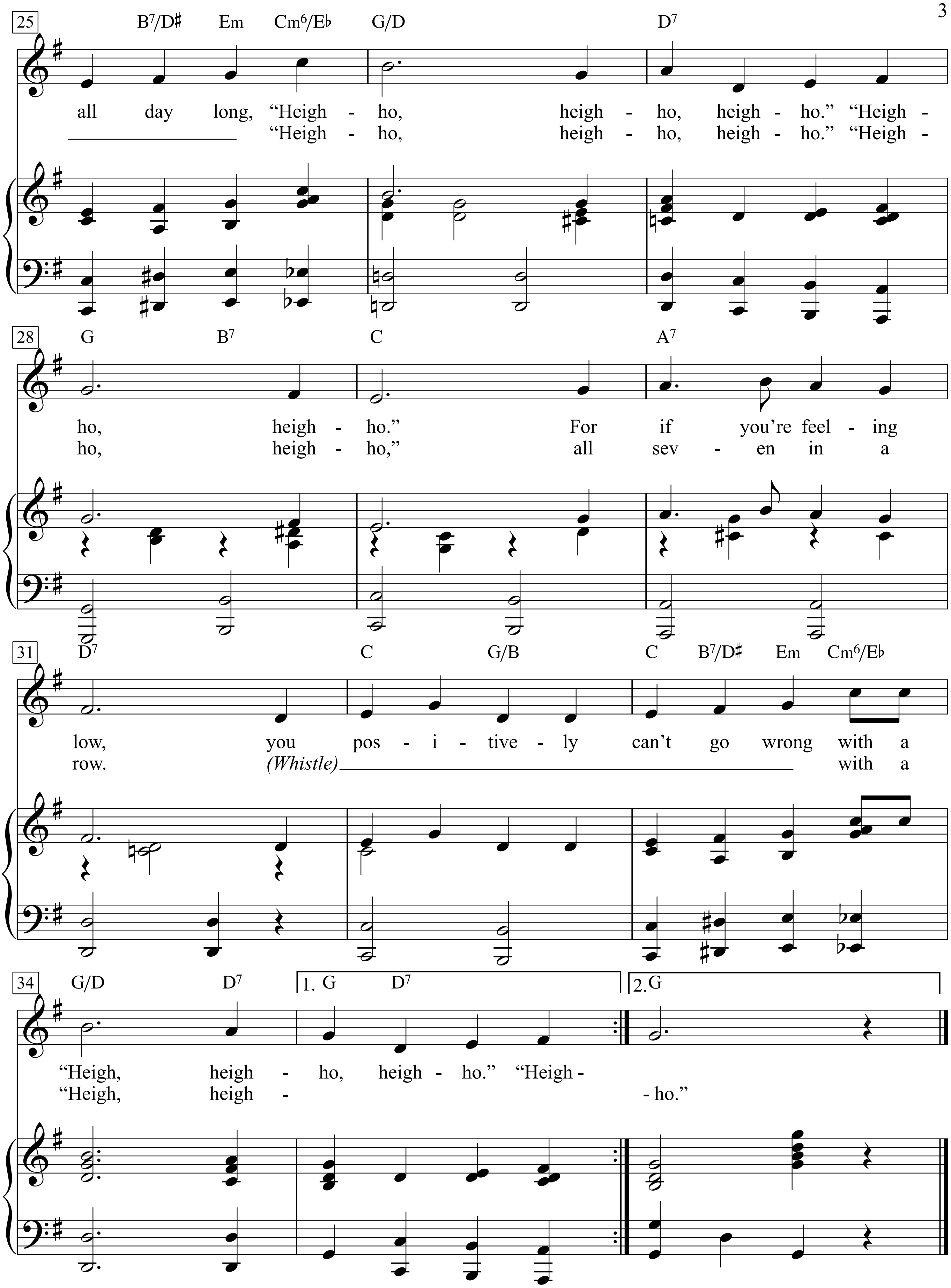
Music by Frank Churchill








11
Em Am/C B7 Em
al - ways sing, for when we dig there ain't a bet - ter thing Than a
down the scale as we all go march - ching down the trail right a -
14
E♭+ D7 Am7 Fm6
tune, than a tune, you can whis - tle or can
long, right a - long, to the rhy - thm of the
18
D7/F♯ D7 G B7 C
croon. "Heigh - ho, heigh - ho." To
song. ho, heigh - ho." It's
22
A7 D7 C G/B
make your trou - bles go, just keep on sing - ing
home from work we go. (Whistle)

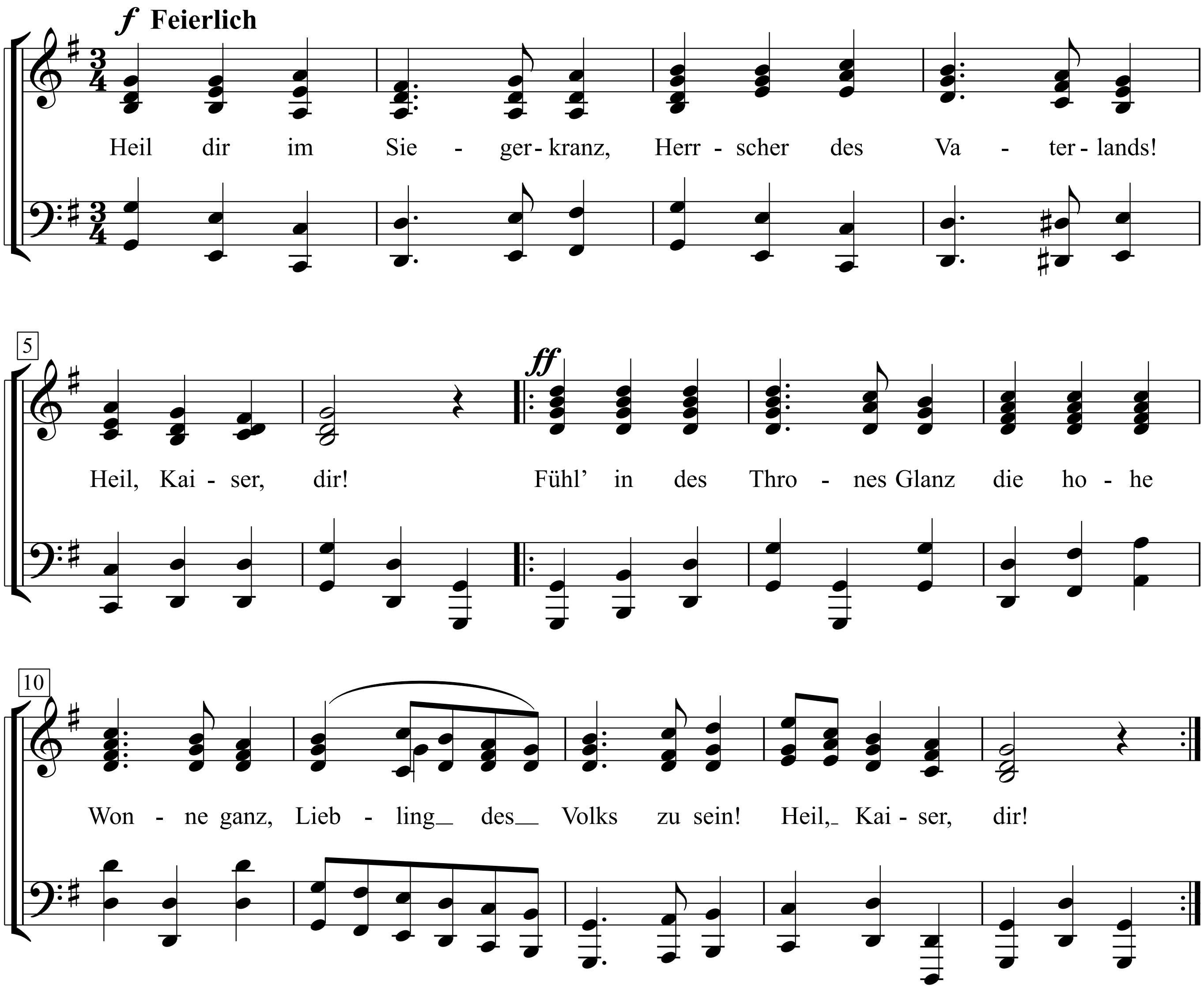

25
B7/D♯ Em Cm6/E♭ G/D D7
all day long, "Heigh - ho, heigh - ho, heigh - ho." "Heigh -
"Heigh - ho, heigh - ho, heigh - ho." "Heigh -
28
G B7 C A7
ho, heigh - ho." For if you're feel - ing
ho, heigh - ho," all sev - en in a
31
D7 C G/B C B7/D♯ Em Cm6/E♭
low, you pos - i - tive - ly can't go wrong with a
row. (Whistle) with a
34
G/D D7 1. G D7 2.G
"Heigh, heigh - ho, heigh - ho." "Heigh -
"Heigh, heigh - - ho."

Heil dir im Siegerkranz

(God Save the Queen)

Heinrich Harries (1790)
Gerhard Schumacher (1793)

Thesaurus Musicus (1744)



1. Heil dir im Siegerkranz,
Herrscher des Vaterlands!
Heil, Kaiser, dir!
Fühl in des Thrones Glanz
die hohe Wonne ganz,
Liebling des Volks zu sein!
Heil, Kaiser, dir!

2. Nicht Ross und Reisige
sichern die steile Höh,
wo Fürsten stehn:
Liebe des Vaterlands,
Liebe des freien Manns
gründet den Herrscherthron
wie Fels im Meer.

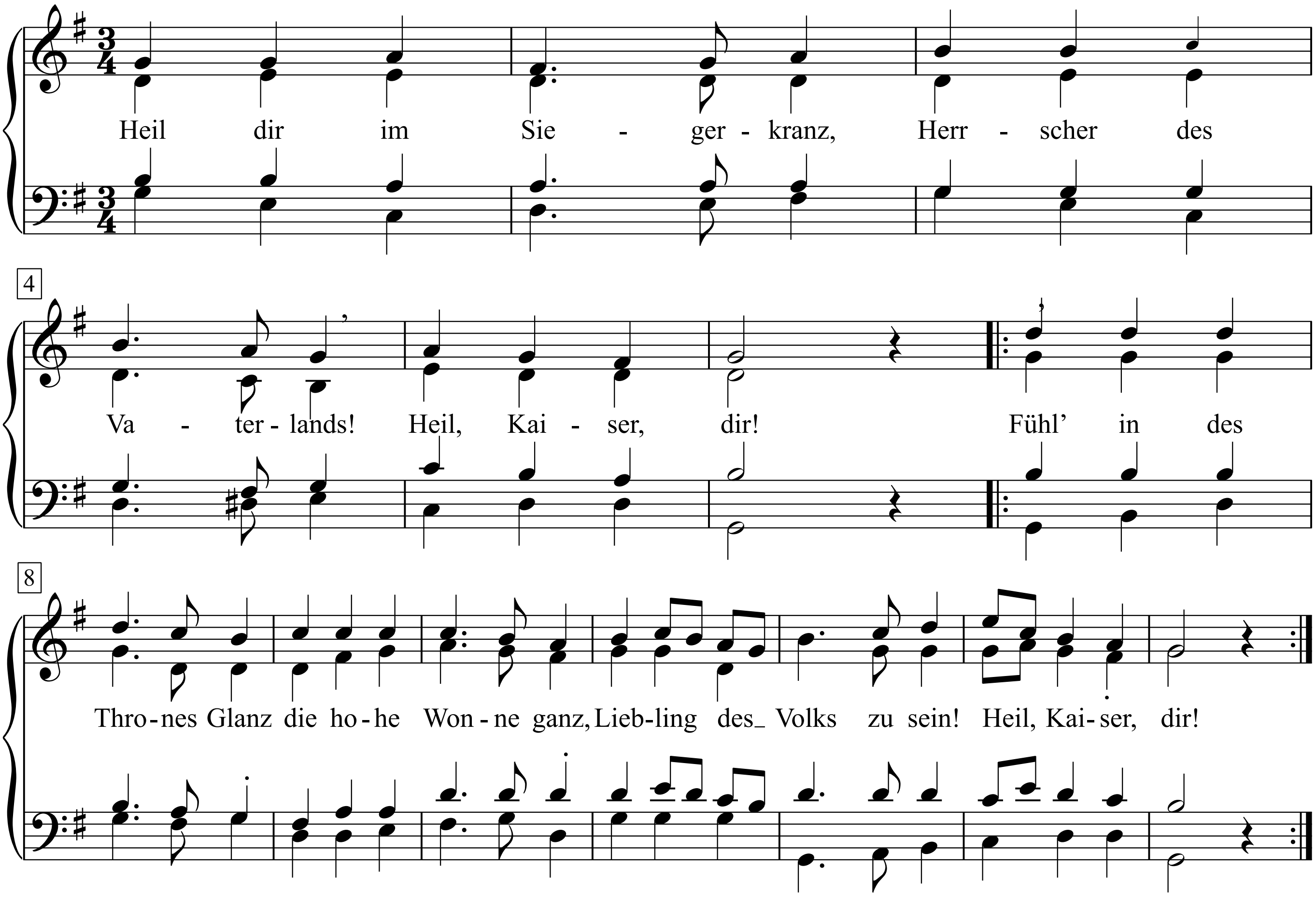
3. Heilige Flamme, glüh,
glüh und erlösche nie
fürs Vaterland!
Wir alle stehen dann
mutig für einen Mann,
kämpfen und bluten gern
für Thron und Reich!

4. Handlung und Wissenschaft
hebe mit Mut und Kraft
ihr Haupt empor!
Krieger- und Heldenthat
finde ihr Lorbeerblatt
treu aufgehoben dort
an deinem Thron!

5. Sei, Kaiser Wilhelm, hier
lang deines Volkes Zier,
der Menschheit Stolz!
Fühl in des Thrones Glanz
die hohe Wonne ganz,
Liebling des Volks zu sein!
Heil, Kaiser, dir!

Heil dir im Siegerkranz

Feierlich



1. Heil dir im Siegerkranz,
Herrscher des Vaterlands!
Heil, Kaiser, dir!
Fühl in des Thrones Glanz
die hohe Wonne ganz,
Liebling des Volks zu sein!
Heil, Kaiser, dir!

2. Nicht Ross und Reisige
sichern die steile Höh,
wo Fürsten stehn:
Liebe des Vaterlands,
Liebe des freien Manns
gründet den Herrscherthron
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Wir alle stehen dann
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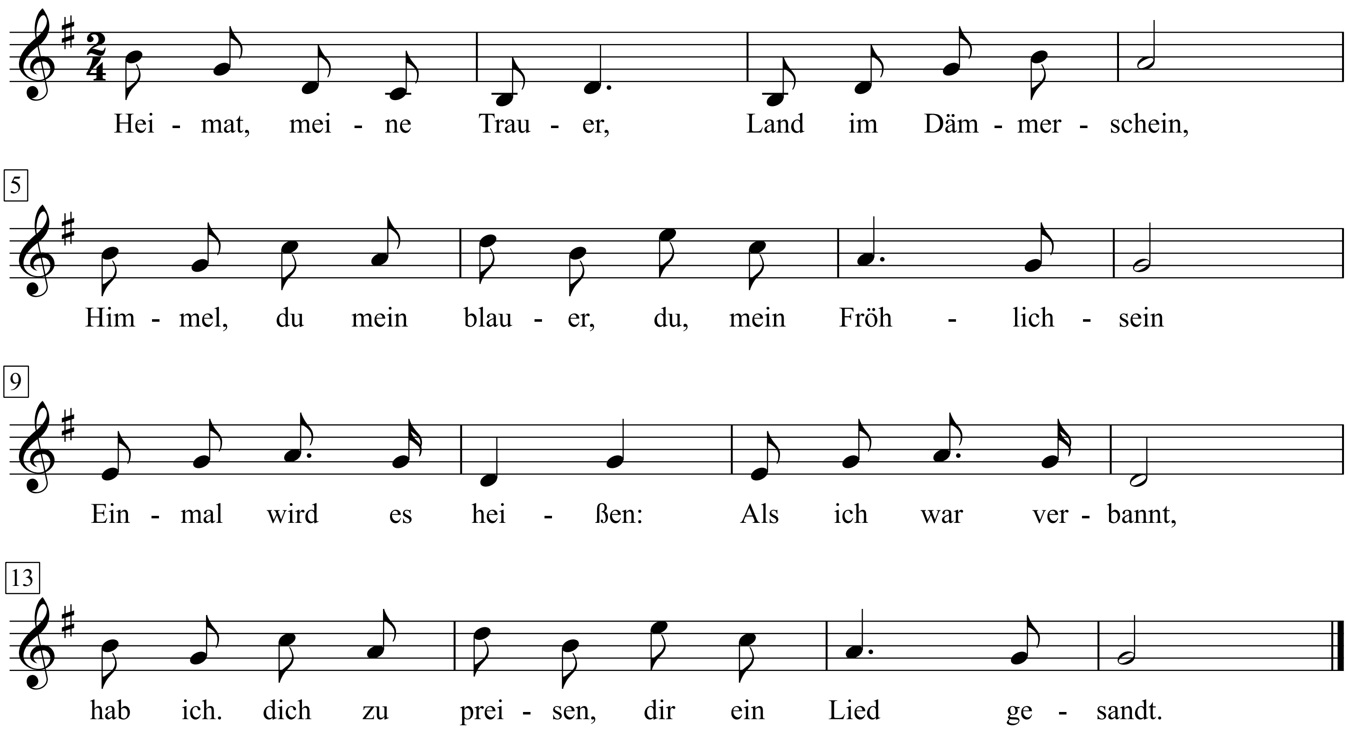
Fühl in des Thrones Glanz
die hohe Wonne ganz,
Liebling des Volks zu sein!
Heil, Kaiser, dir!

Heimat, meine Trauer

Johannes R. Becher | Hanns Eisler



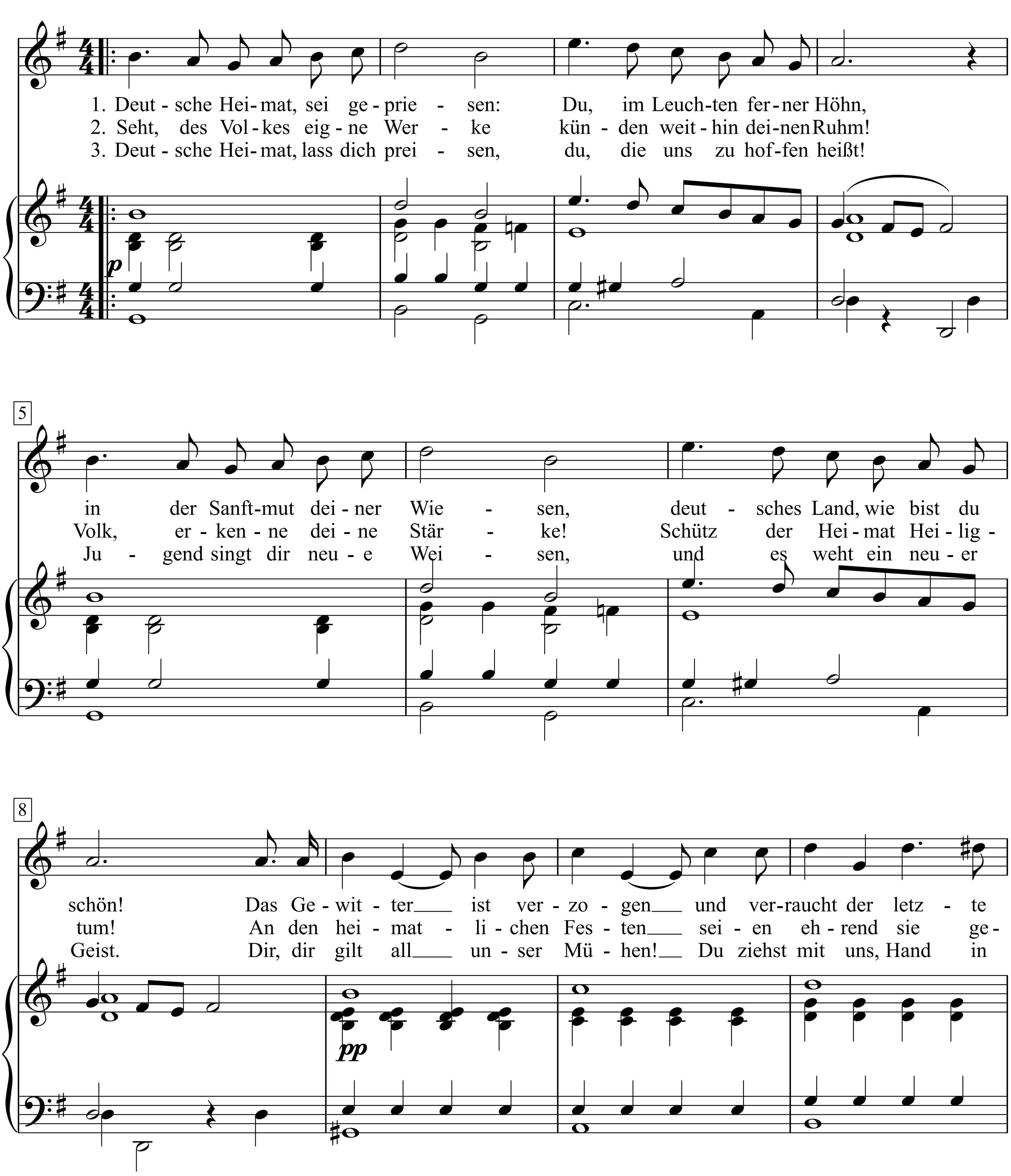
1. Heimat, meine Trauer,
Land im Dämmerschein,
Himmel, du mein blauer,
du, mein Fröhlichsein
Einmal wird es heißen:
Als ich war verbannt,
hab ich. dich zu preisen,
dir ein Lied gesandt.

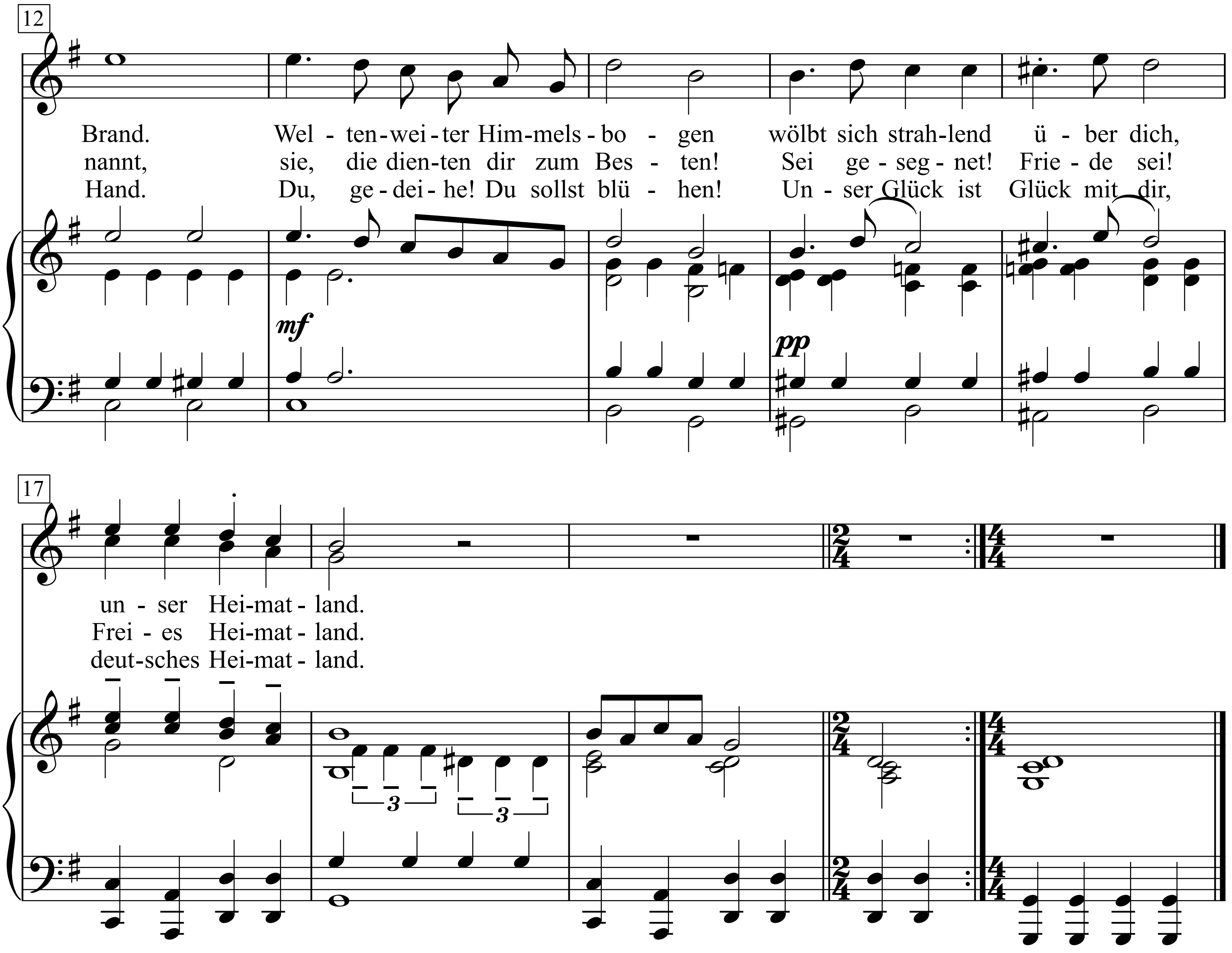
2. War, um dich zu einen,
dir ein Lied geweiht,
und mit dir zu weinen
in der Dunkelheit.
Himmel schien, ein blauer,
Friede kehrte ein.
Deutschland, meine Trauer,
du, mein Fröhlichsein.

Johannes R. Becher

Heimatlied

Hanns Eisler




12
Brand. Wel - ten-wei - ter Him-mels - bo - gen wölbt sich strah-lend ü - ber dich,
nannt, sie, die dien-ten dir zum Bes - ten! Sei ge - seg - net! Frie - de sei!
Hand. Du, ge - dei - he! Du sollst blü - hen! Un - ser Glück ist Glück mit dir,
mf
pp
17
un - ser Hei-mat - land.
Frei - es Hei-mat - land.
deut-sches Hei-mat - land.

1. Deutsche Heimat, sei gepriesen:
Du, im Leuchten ferner Höhn,
in der Sanftmut deiner Wiesen,
deutsches Land, wie bist du schön!
Das Gewitter ist verzogen
und verraucht der letzte Brand.
Weltenweiter Himmelsbogen
wölbt sich strahlend über dich,
unser Heimatland.

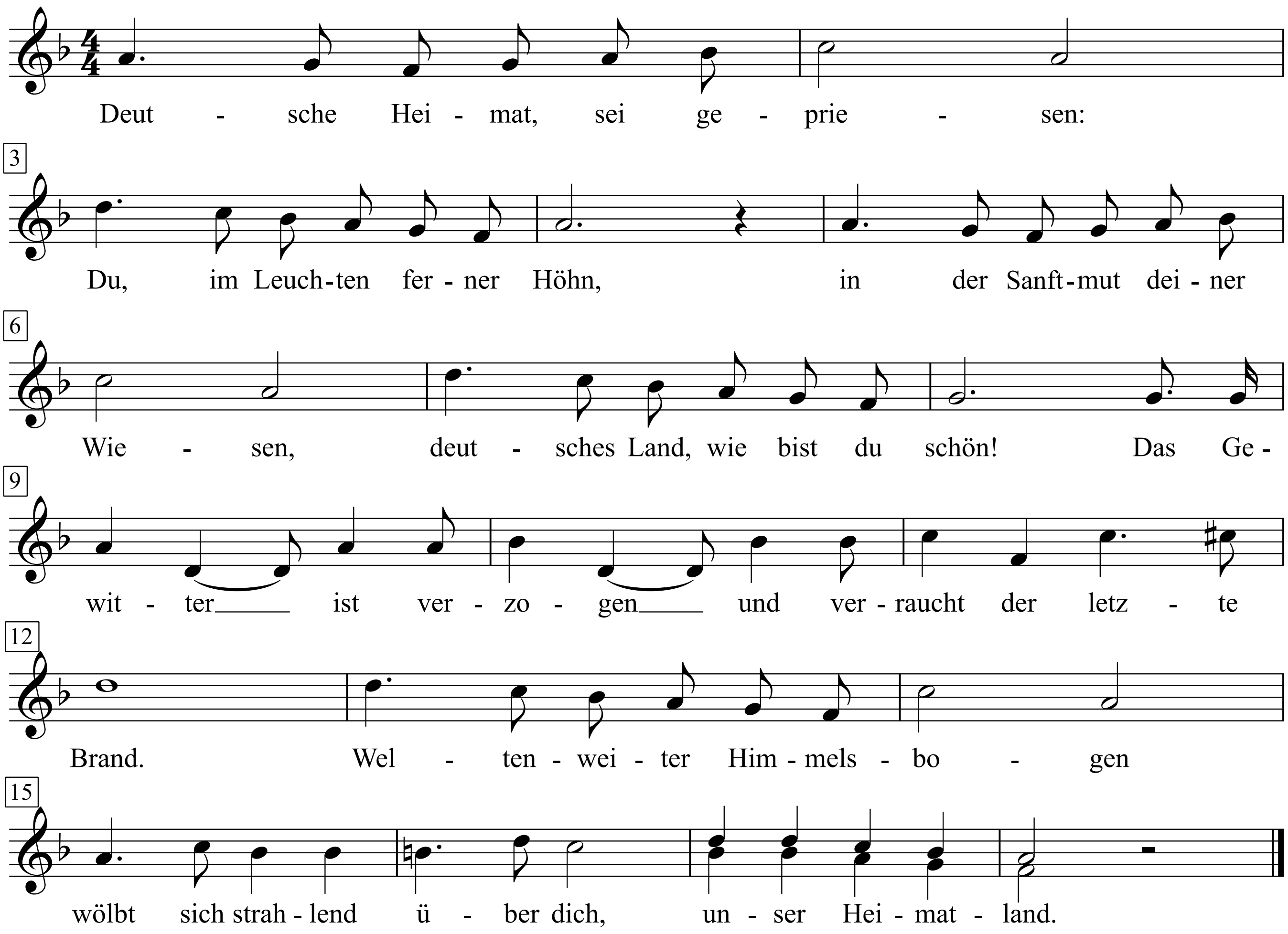
2. Seht, des Volkes eigne Werke
künden weithin deinen Ruhm!
Volk, erkenne deine Stärke!
Schütz der Heimat Heiligtum!
An den heimatlichen Festen
seien ehrend sie genannt,
sie, die dienten dir zum Besten!
Sei gesegnet! Friede sei!
Freies Heimatland.

3. Deutsche Heimat, lass dich preisen,
du, die uns zu hoffen heißt!
Jugend singt dir neue Weisen,
und es weht ein neuer Geist.
Dir, dir gilt all unser Mühen!
Du ziehst mit uns, Hand in Hand.
Du, gedeihe! Du sollst blühen!
Unser Glück ist Glück mit dir,
deutsches Heimatland.

Heimatlied

Johannes R. Becher

Hanns Eisler



1. Deutsche Heimat, sei gepriesen:
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deutsches Land, wie bist du schön!
Das Gewitter ist verzogen
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Weltenweiter Himmelsbogen
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Sei gesegnet! Friede sei!
Freies Heimatland.

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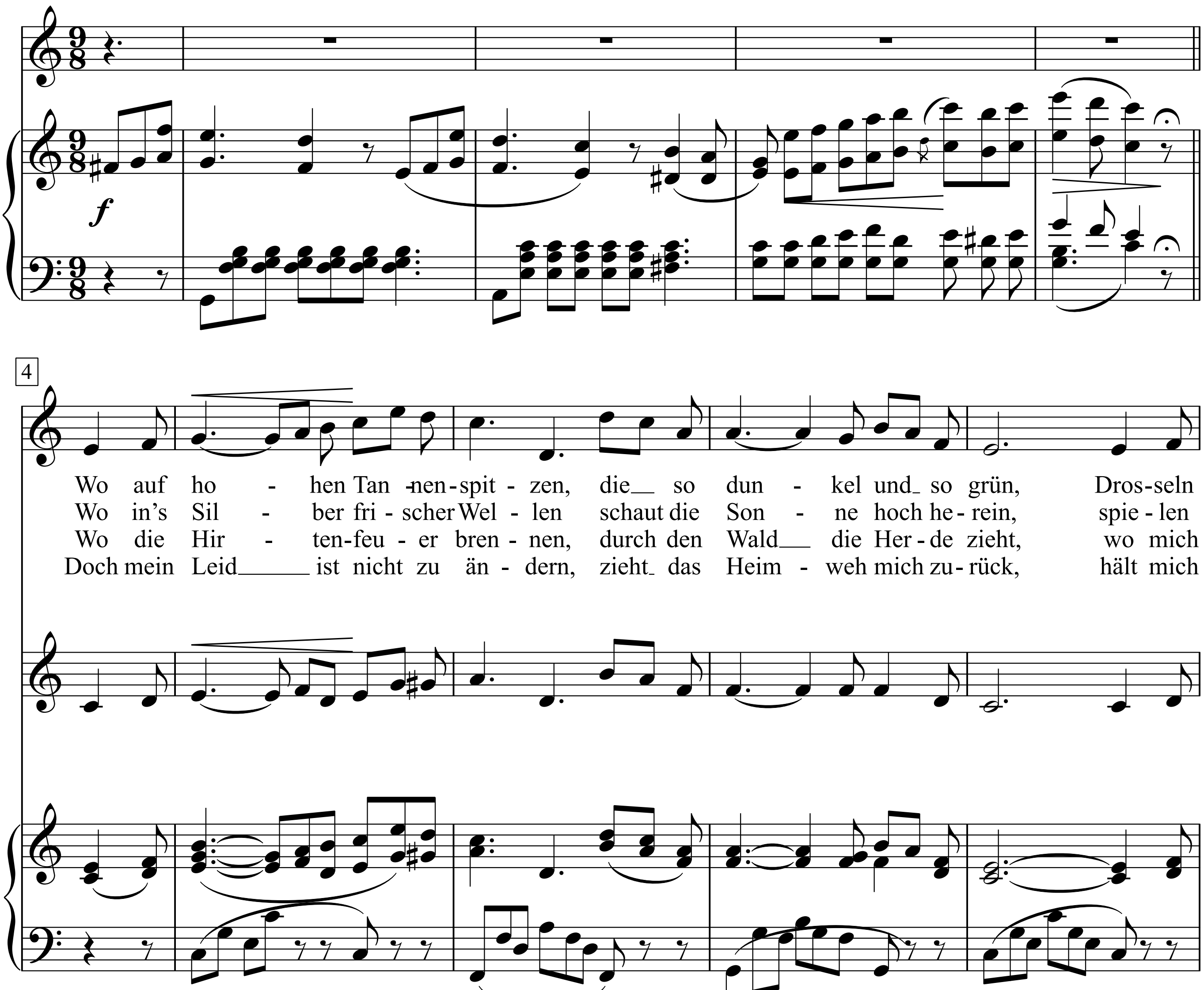
Jugend singt dir neue Weisen,
und es weht ein neuer Geist.
Dir, dir gilt all unser Mühen.
Du ziehst mit uns, Hand in Hand.
Du, gedeihe! Du sollst blühen!
Unser Glück ist Glück mit dir,
deutsches Heimatland.

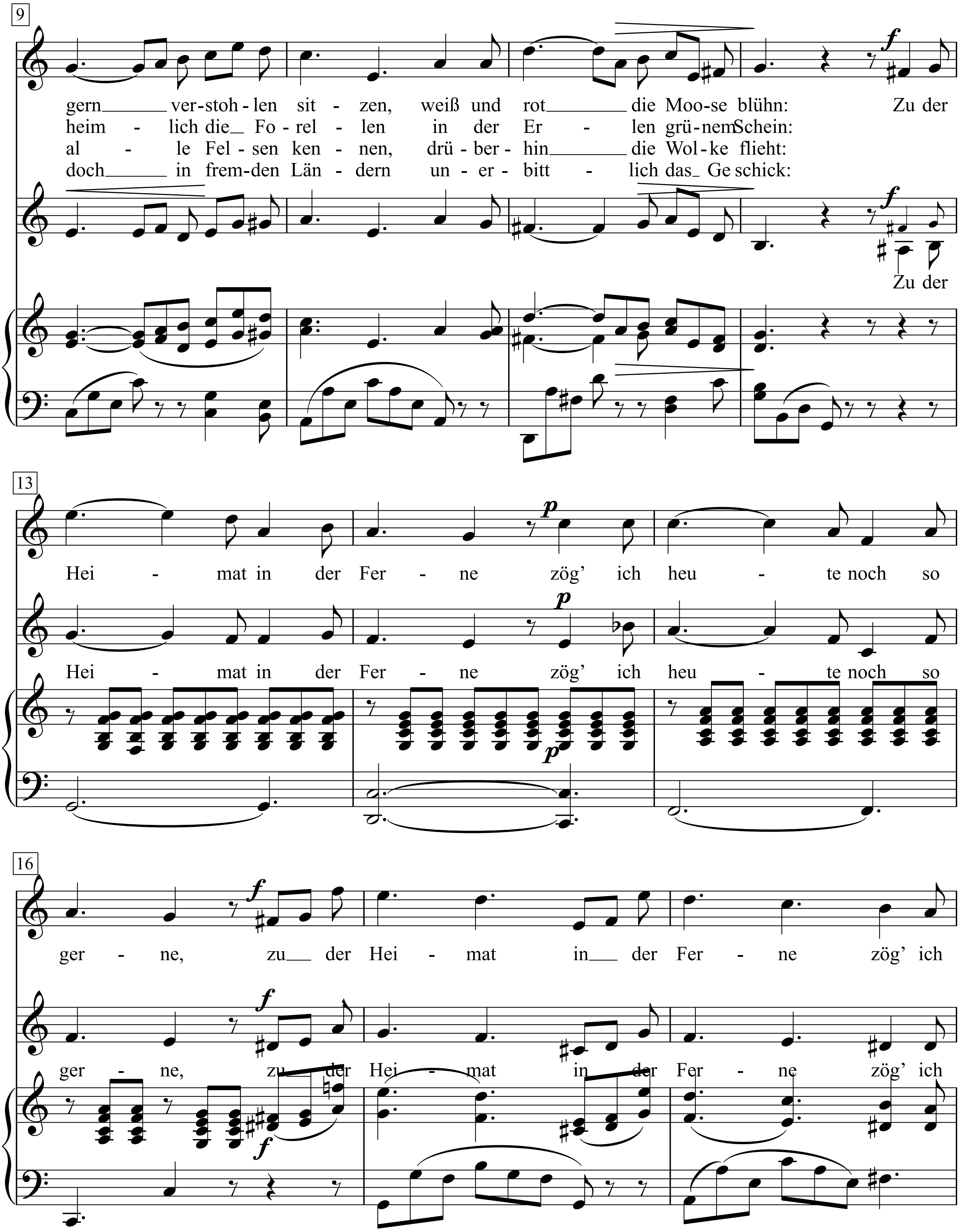
Heimweh

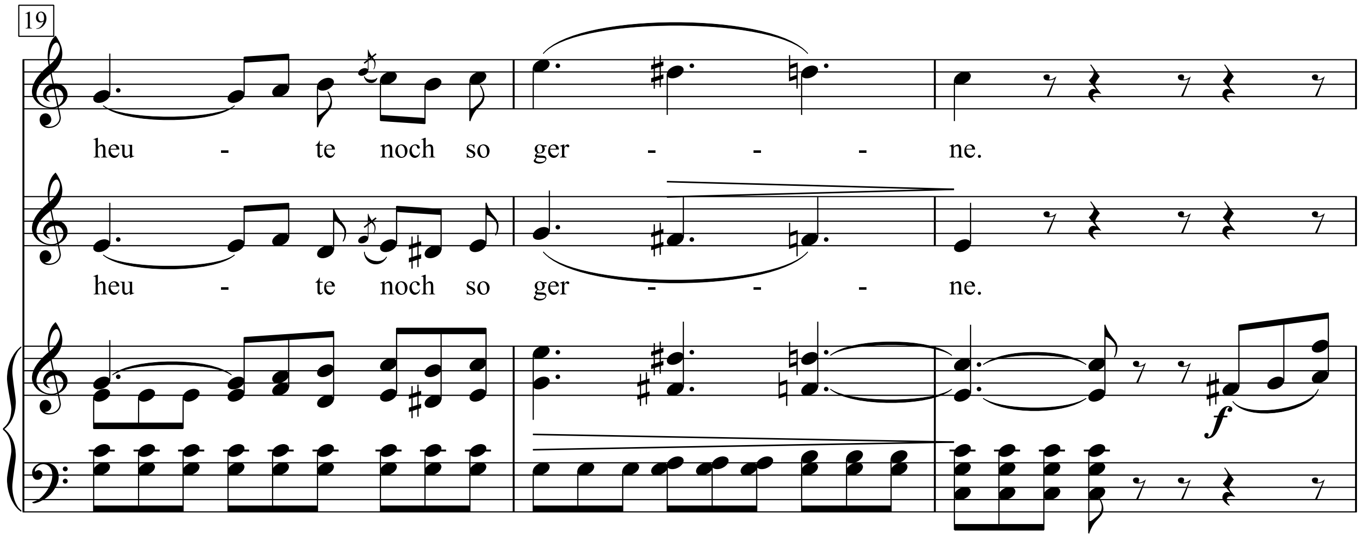
Op 184 No 9

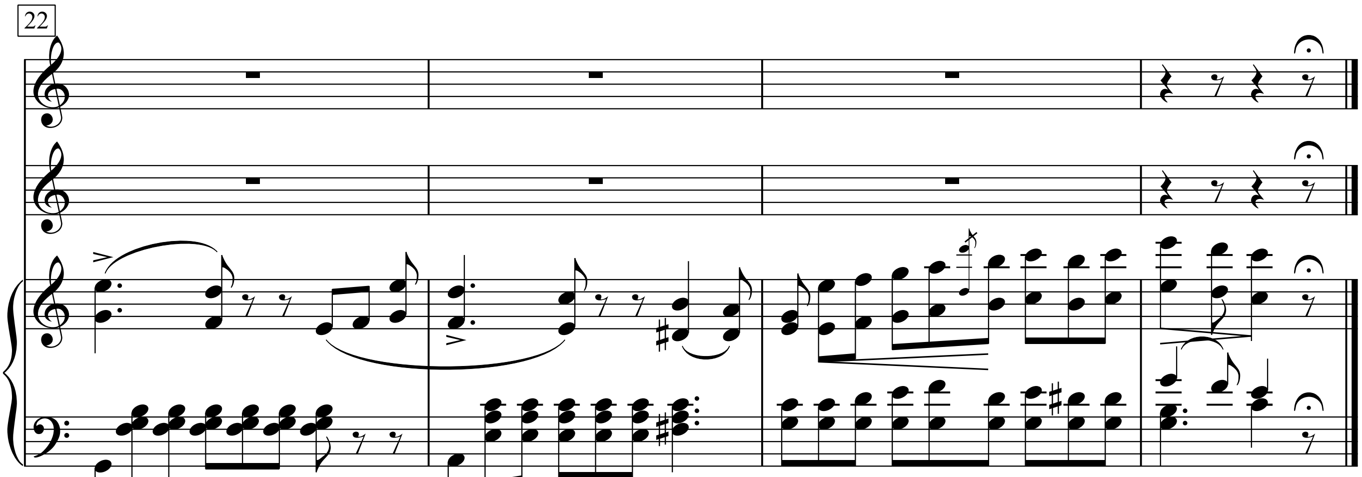
Julius Mosen

Franz Abt




9
gern ver-stoh-len sit-zen, weiß und rot die Moo-se blühn: Zu der
heim-lich die Fo-rel-len in der Er-len grü-nem Schein:
al-le Fel-sen ken-nen, drü-ber-hin die Wol-ke flieht:
doch in frem-den Län-dern un-er-bitt-lich das Ge-schick:
Zu der
13
Hei-mat in der Fer-ne zög' ich heu-te noch so
Hei-mat in der Fer-ne zög' ich heu-te noch so
16
ger-ne, zu der Hei-mat in der Fer-ne zög' ich
ger-ne, zu der Hei-mat in der Fer-ne zög' ich


19
heu - te noch so ger - - - ne.
heu - te noch so ger - - - ne.
f


22

Wo auf hohen Tannenspitzen,
die so dunkel und so grün,
Drosseln gern verstohlen sitzen,
weiß und rot die Moose blühn:
Zu der Heimat in der Fer-ne
zög' ich heute noch so ger-ne.

Wo in's Silber frischer Wellen
schaut die Sonne hoch herein,
spielen heimlich die Forellen
in der Erlen grünem Schein:

Wo die Hirtenfeuer brennen,
durch den Wald die Herde zieht,
wo mich alle Felsen kennen,
drüberhin die Wolke flieht:

Doch mein Leid ist nicht zu ändern,
zieht das Heimweh mich zurück,
hält mich doch in fremden Ländern
unerbittlich das Geschick:

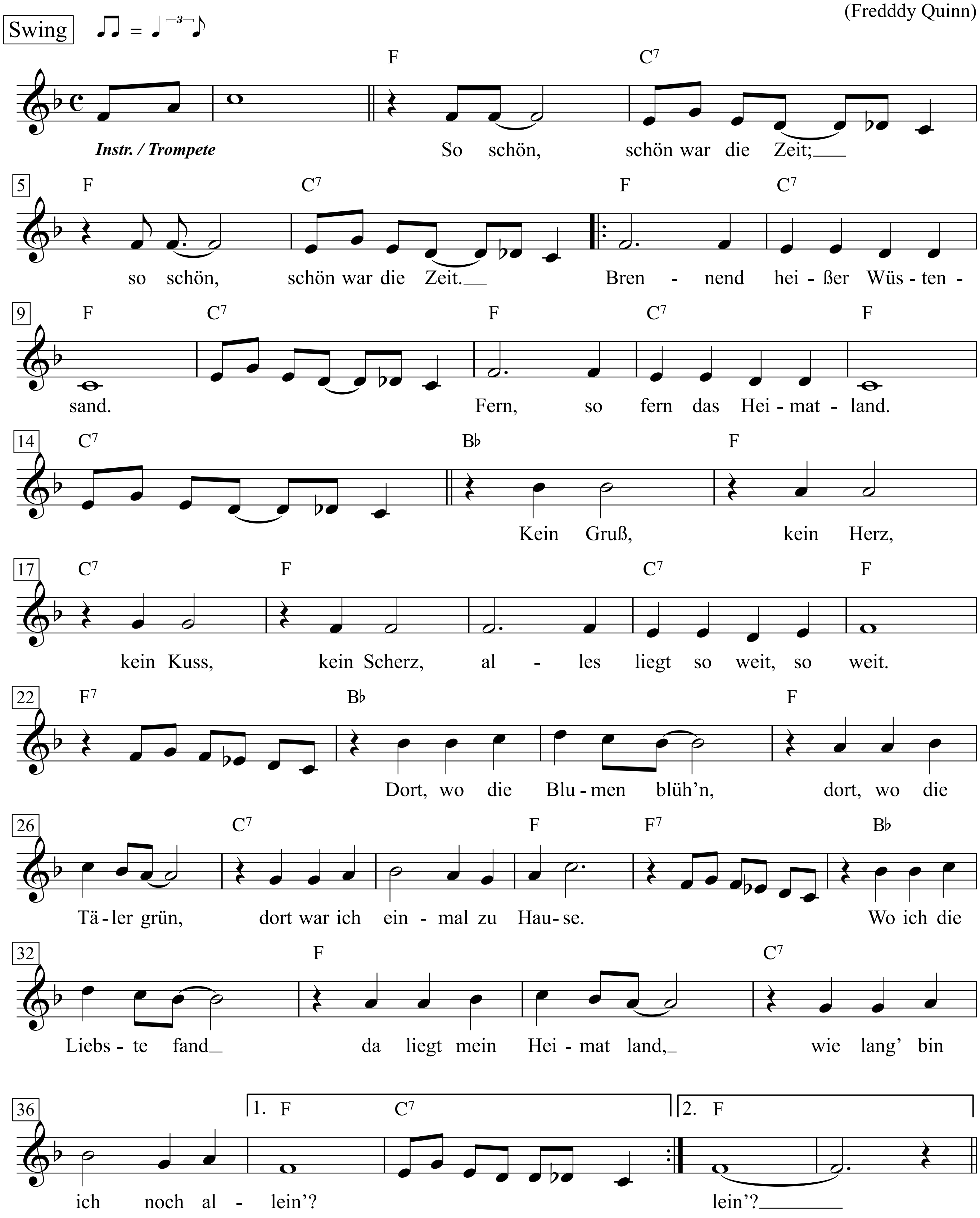
Heimweh

(Memories are made of this)

deutscher Text:
Rasch / Bader

Musik & Text:
Terry Gilyson / Richard Dehr / Frank Miller
(Fredddy Quinn)

Swing



150 deutsche Schlager der 50er Jahre, S. 98

Intro:
So schön, schön war die Zeit;
so schön, schön war die Zeit.

1. Brennend heißer Wüstensand.
Fern, so fern das Heimatland.
Kein Gruß, kein Herz,
kein Kuss, kein Scherz,
alles liegt so weit, so weit.

Refrain:
Dort, wo die Blumen blüh'n,
dort, wo die Täler grün,
dort war ich einmal zu Hause.
Wo ich die Liebste fand,
da liegt mein Heimatland,
wie lang' bin ich noch allein?

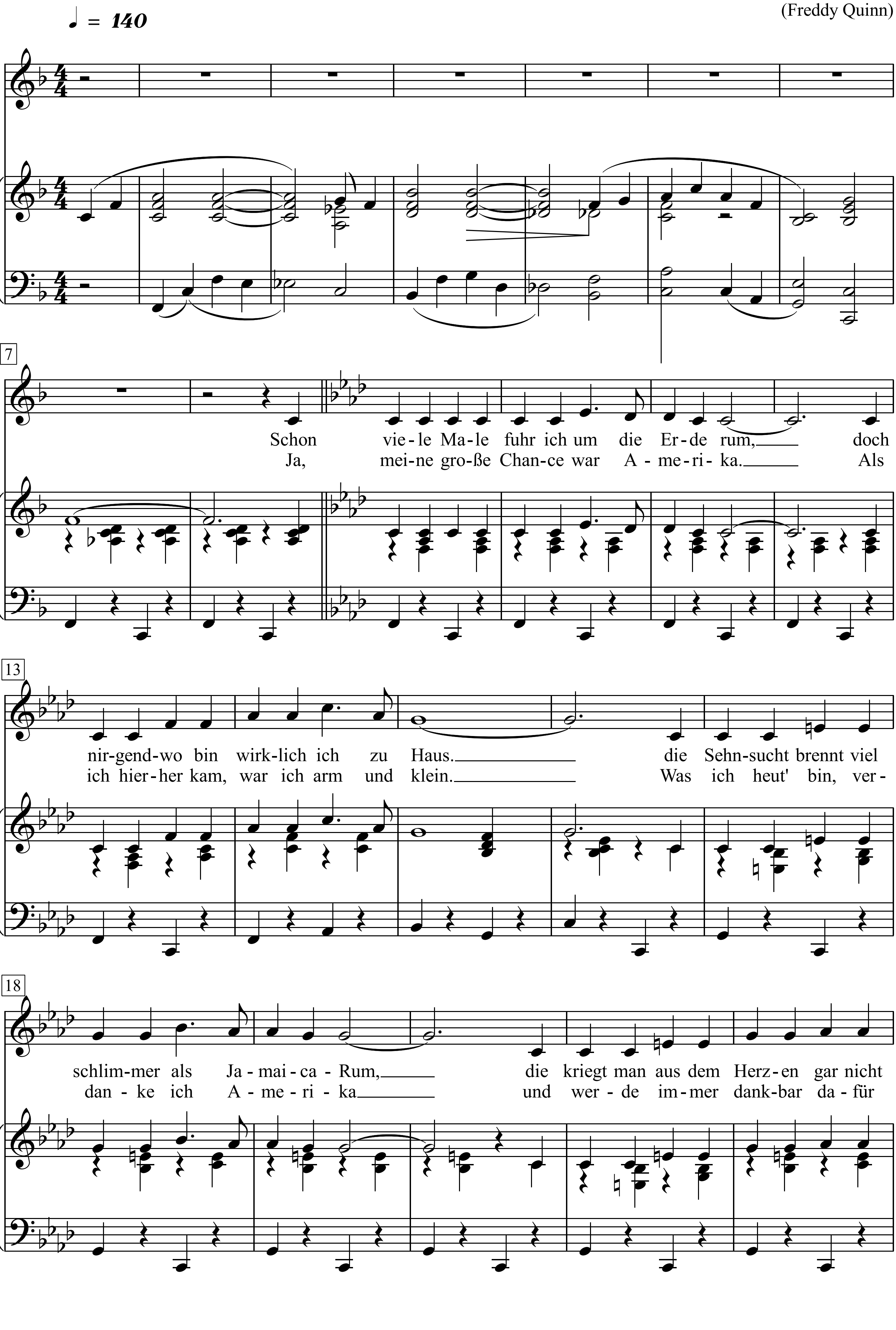
2. Viele Jahre schwere Fron.
Harte Arbeit, karger Lohn.
Tagaus, tagein,
kein Glück, kein Heim,
alles liegt so weit so weit.

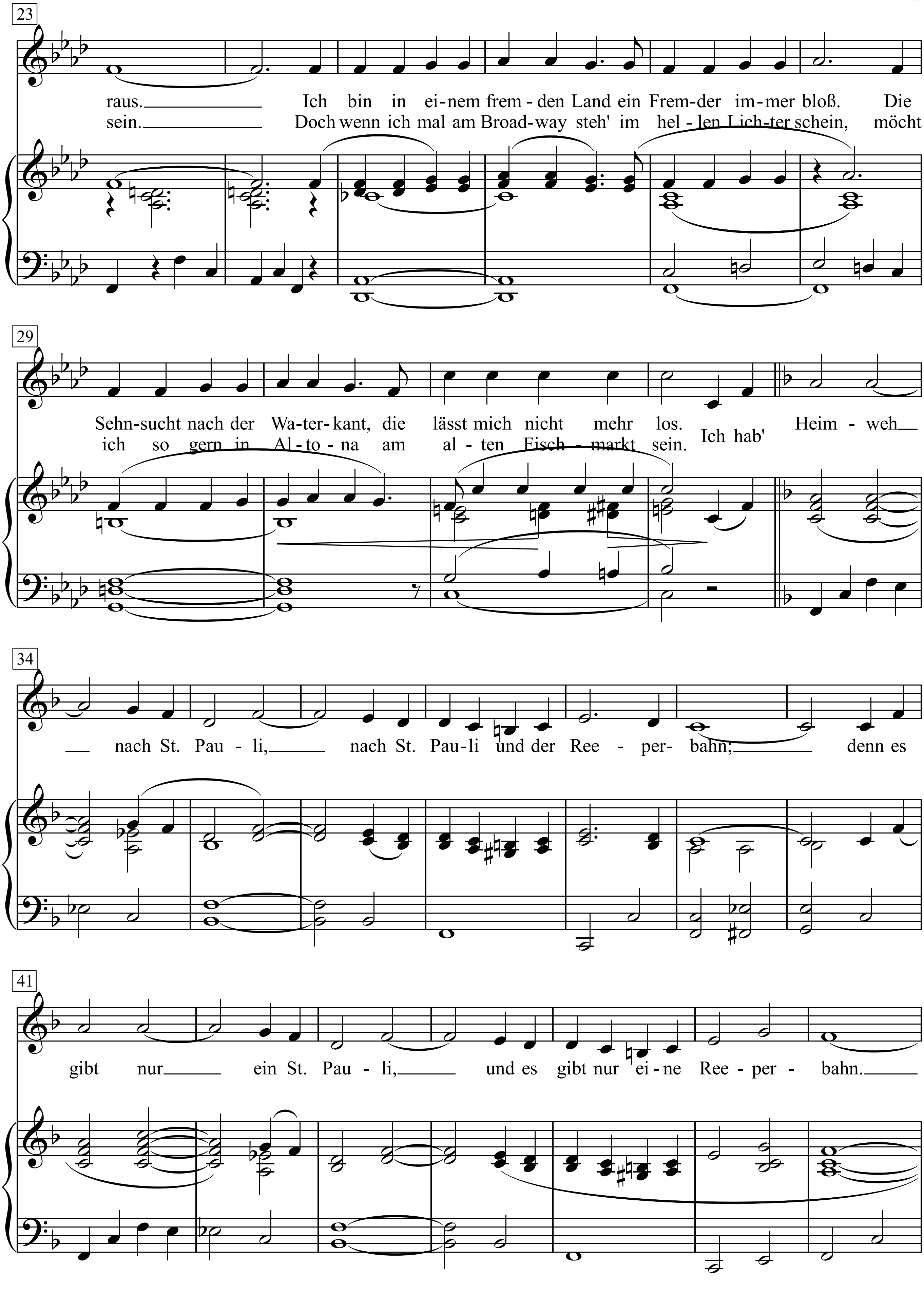
3. Hört mich an, ihr gold'nen Sterne,
grüßt die Lieben in der Ferne.
Mit Freud und Leid verrinnt die Zeit,
alles liegt so weit, so weit.

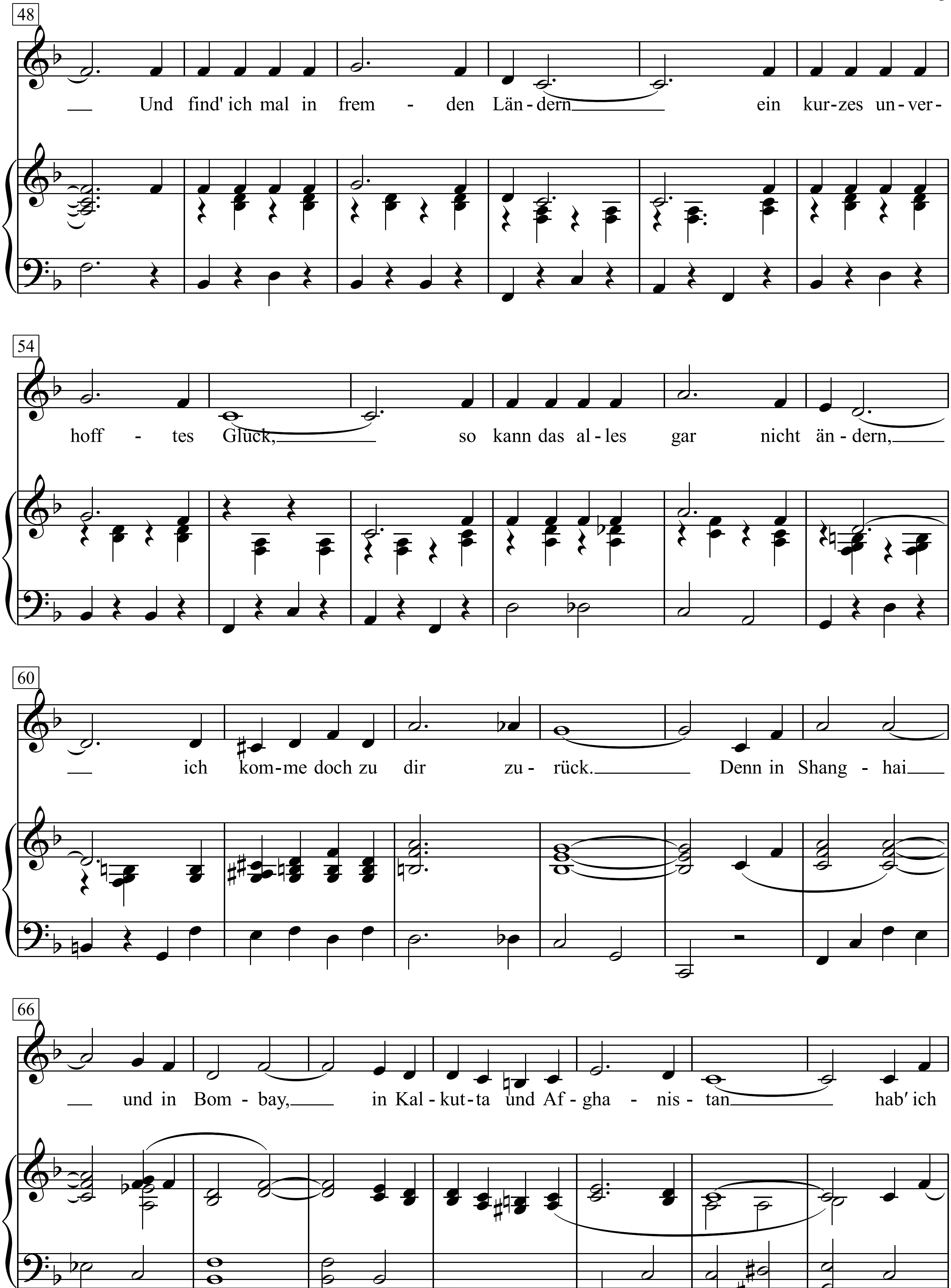
Heimweh nach St. Pauli

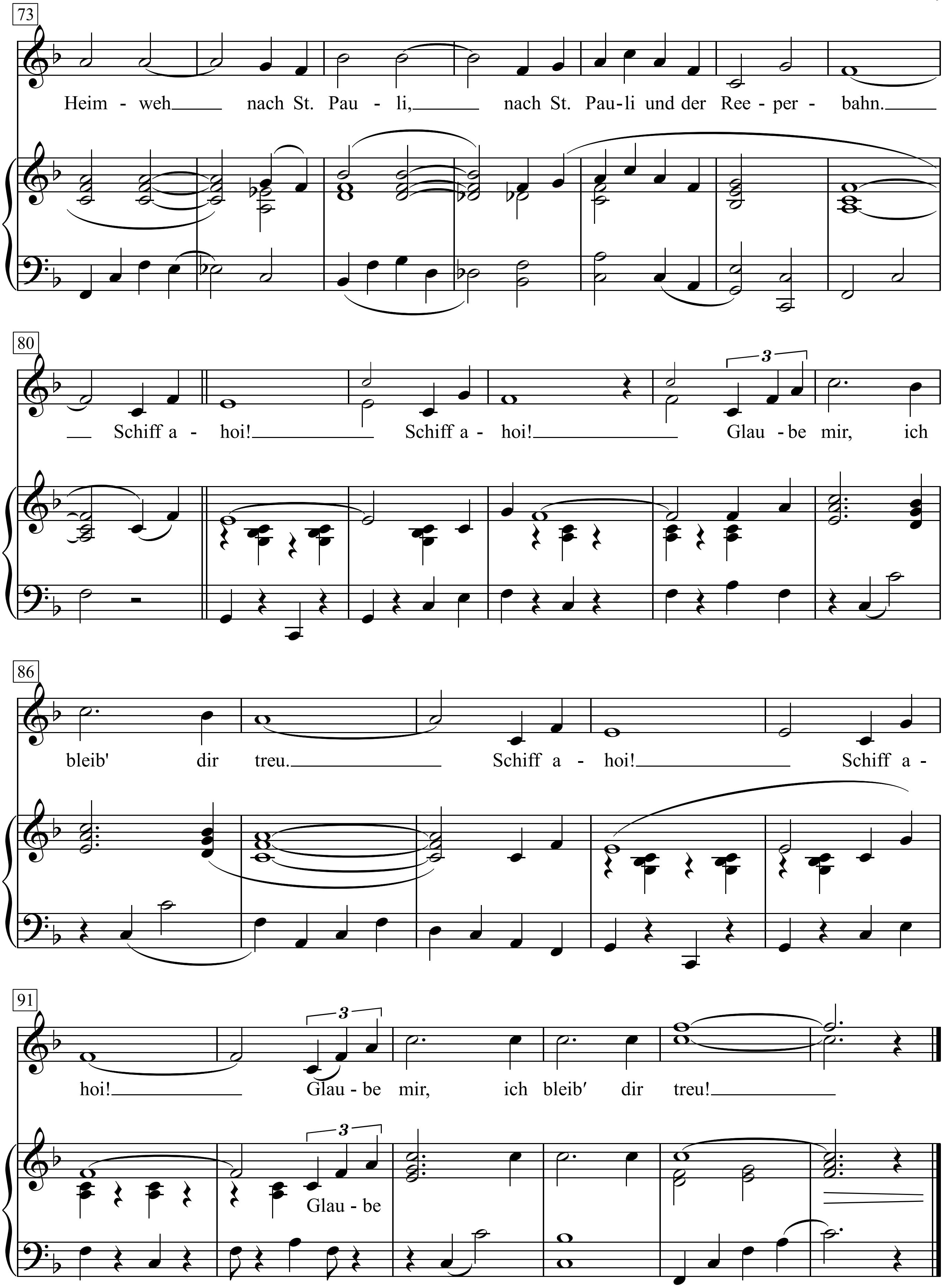
Kurt Schwabach

Lotar Olias
(Freddy Quinn)




23
raus. Ich bin in ei-nem frem-den Land ein Frem-der im-mer bloß. Die
sein. Doch wenn ich mal am Broad-way steh' im hel-len Lich-ter schein, möcht
29
Sehn-sucht nach der Wa-ter-kant, die lässt mich nicht mehr los. Ich hab' Heim-weh
ich so gern in Al-to-na am al-ten Fisch-markt sein.
34
nach St. Pau-li, nach St. Pau-li und der Ree-per-bahn; denn es
41
gibt nur ein St. Pau-li, und es gibt nur ei-ne Ree-per-bahn.

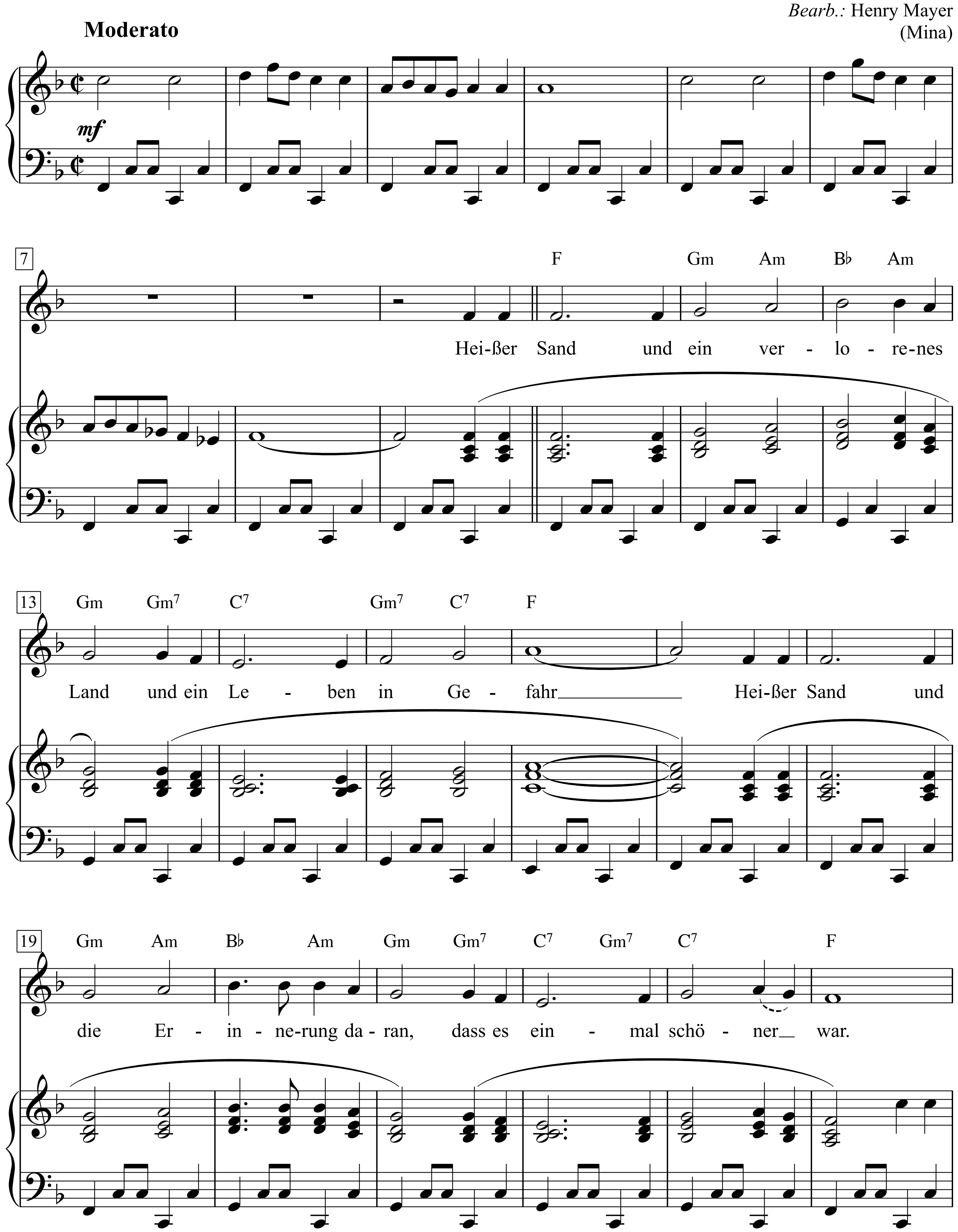

48
Und find' ich mal in frem - den Län-dern ein kur-zes un-ver-
54
hoff - tes Glück, so kann das al-les gar nicht än-dern,
60
ich kom-me doch zu dir zu-rück. Denn in Shang - hai
66
und in Bom - bay, in Kal-kut-ta und Af-gha - nis-tan hab' ich


73
Heim - weh nach St. Pau - li, nach St. Pau-li und der Ree - per - bahn.
80
Schiff a - hoi! Schiff a - hoi! Glau - be mir, ich
3
86
bleib' dir treu. Schiff a - hoi! Schiff a -
91
hoi! Glau - be mir, ich bleib′ dir treu!
Glau - be
3

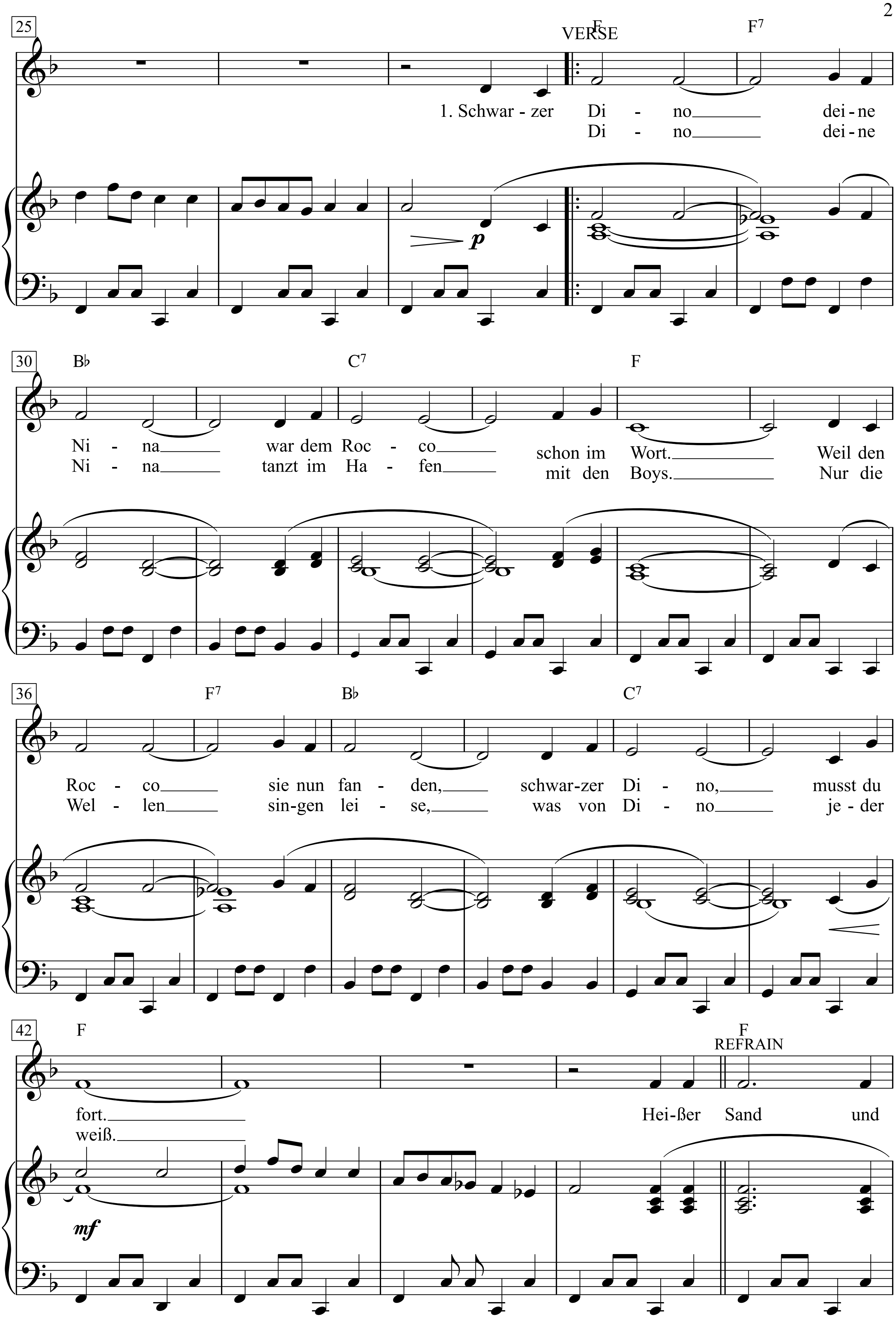
Heißer Sand

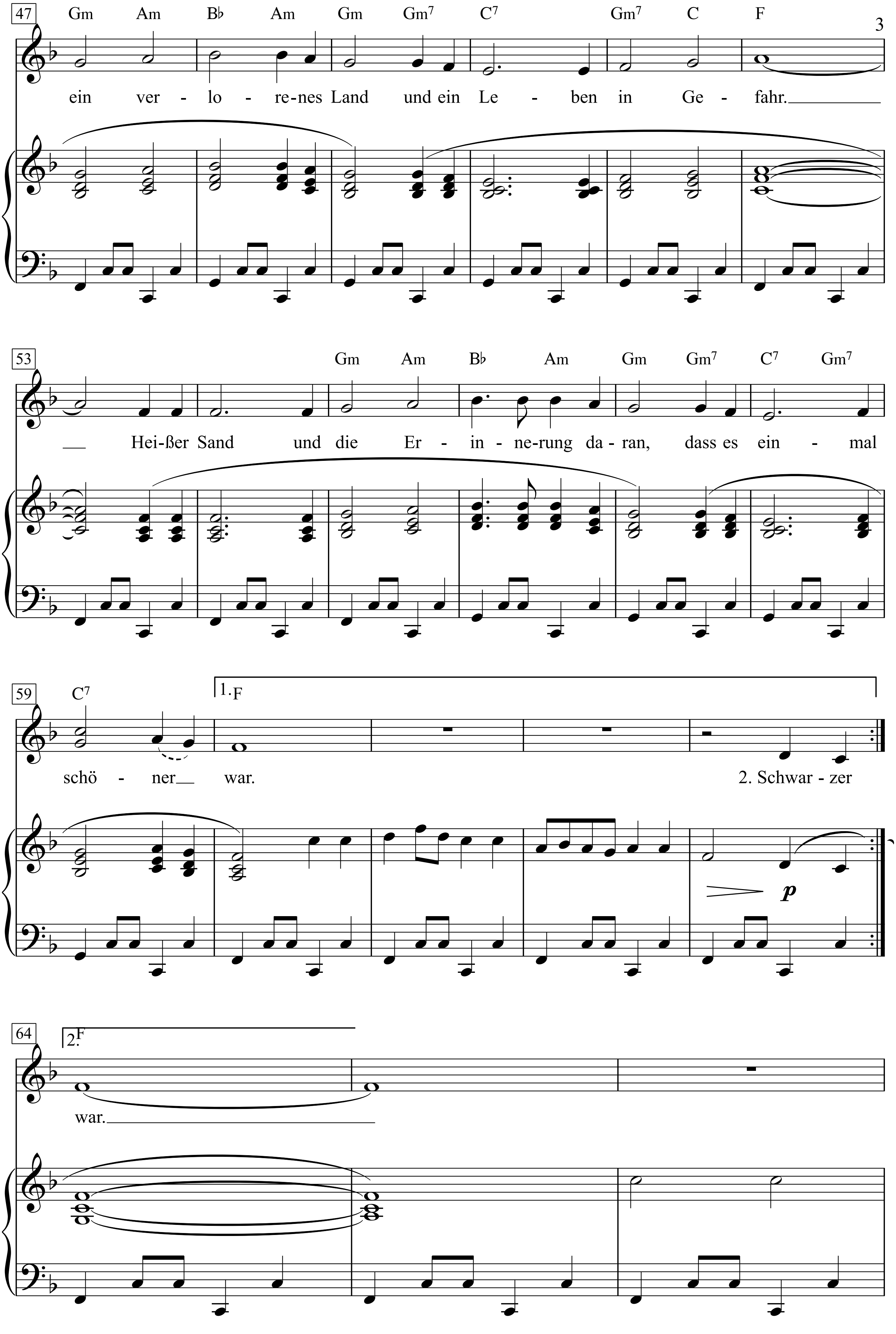
Text: Kurt Feltz

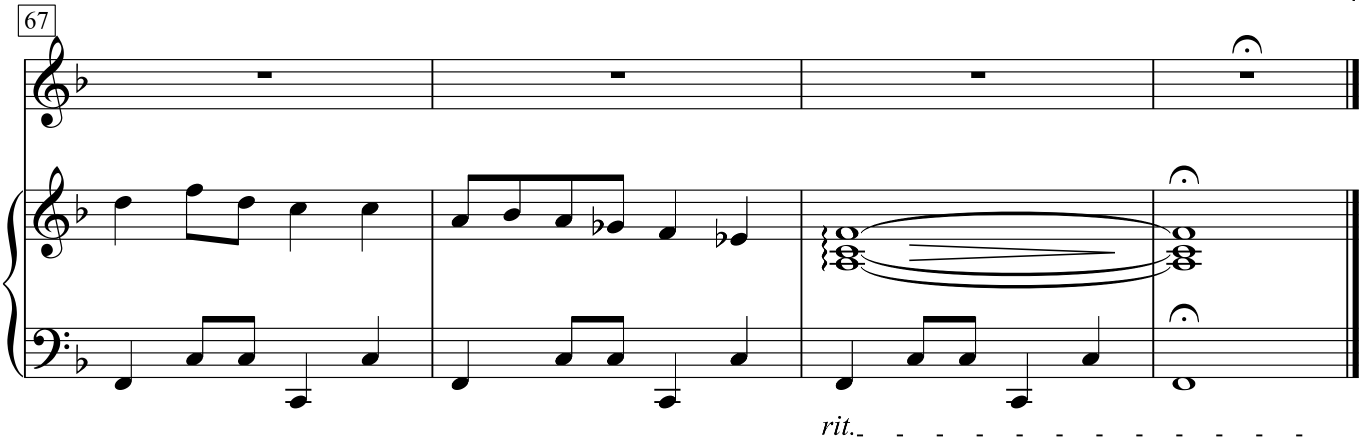
Musik: Werner Scharfenberger
Bearb.: Henry Mayer
(Mina)



Die großen Schlager der Jahre 1948-1982, S. 120+121


25
VERSE
F
F7
1. Schwar - zer Di - no dei - ne
Di - no dei - ne
p
30
B♭
C7
F
Ni - na war dem Roc - co schon im Wort. Weil den
Ni - na tanzt im Ha - fen mit den Boys. Nur die
36
F7
B♭
C7
Roc - co sie nun fan - den, schwar-zer Di - no, musst du
Wel - len sin-gen lei - se, was von Di - no je - der
42
F
F
REFRAIN
fort.
weiß.
Hei-ßer Sand und
mf


47
Gm Am B♭ Am Gm Gm7 C7 Gm7 C F
ein ver - lo - re-nes Land und ein Le - ben in Ge - fahr.
53
Gm Am B♭ Am Gm Gm7 C7 Gm7
Hei-ßer Sand und die Er - in - ne-rung da-ran, dass es ein - mal
59
C7
1. F
schö - ner war.
2. Schwar - zer
p
64
2. F
war.



Heißer Sand und ein verlorenes Land und ein Leben in Gefahr
Heißer Sand und die Erinnerung daran, dass es einmal schöner war.

1. Schwarzer Dino deine Nina war dem Rocco schon im Wort.
Weil den Rocco sie nun fanden, schwarzer Dino, musst du fort.

Heißer Sand und ein verlorenes Land und ein Leben in Gefahr.
Heißer Sand und die Erinnerung daran, dass es einmal schöner war.

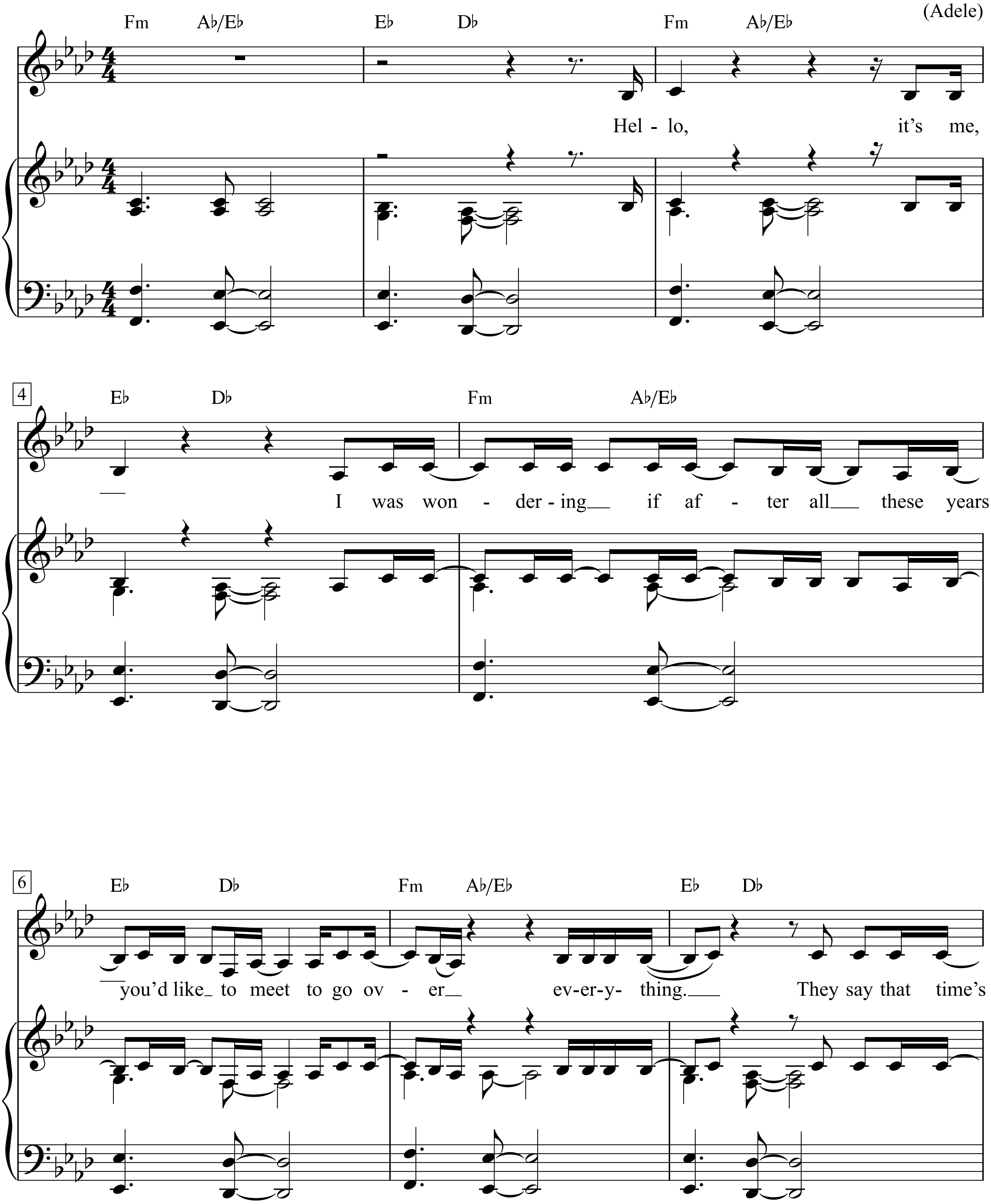
2. Schwarzer Dino deine Nina tanzt im Hafen mit den Boys.
Nur die Wellen singen leise, was von Dino jeder weiß.

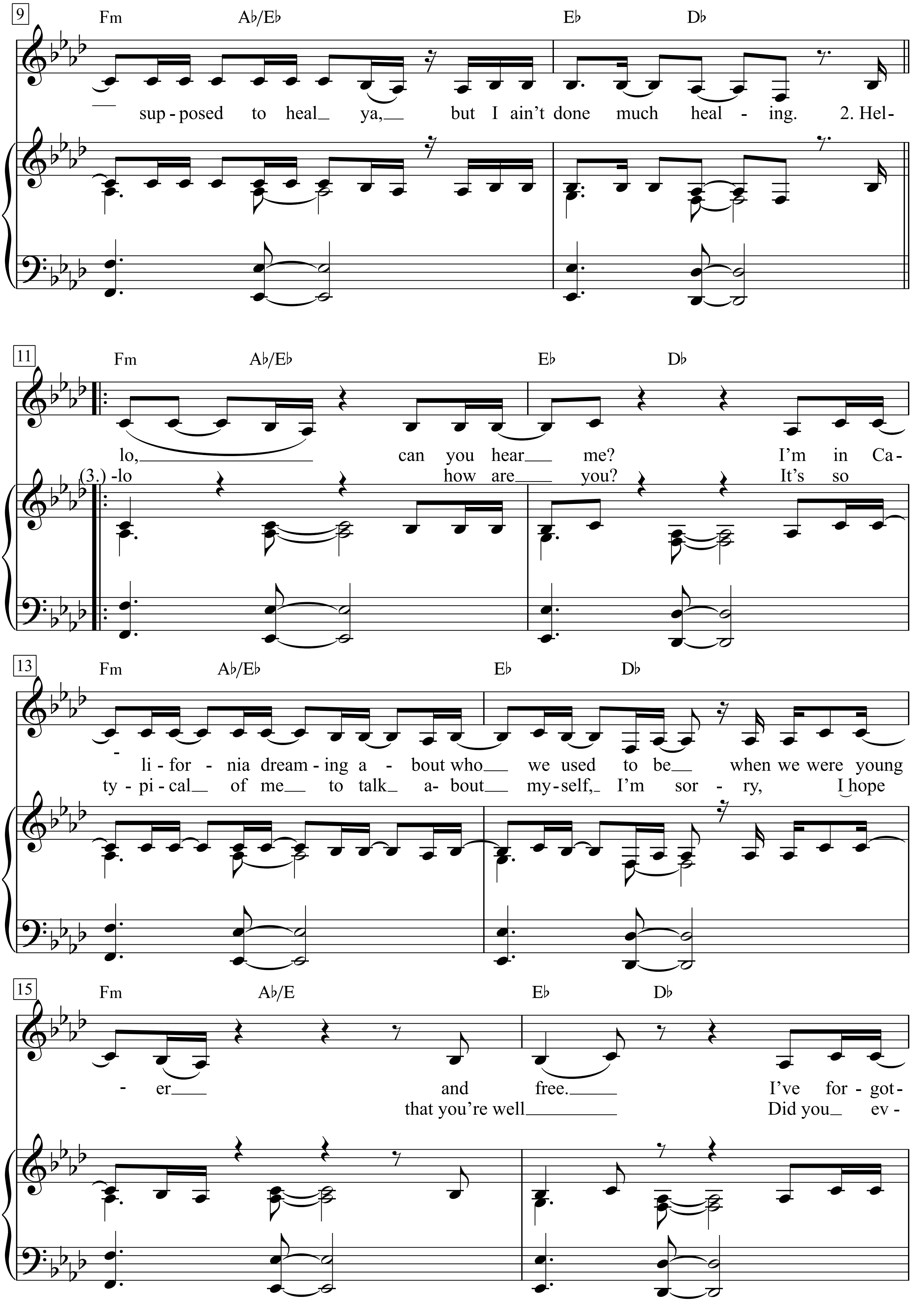
Heißer Sand und ein verlorenes Land und ein Leben in Gefahr.
Heißer Sand und die Erinnerung daran, dass es einmal schöner war.

Hello

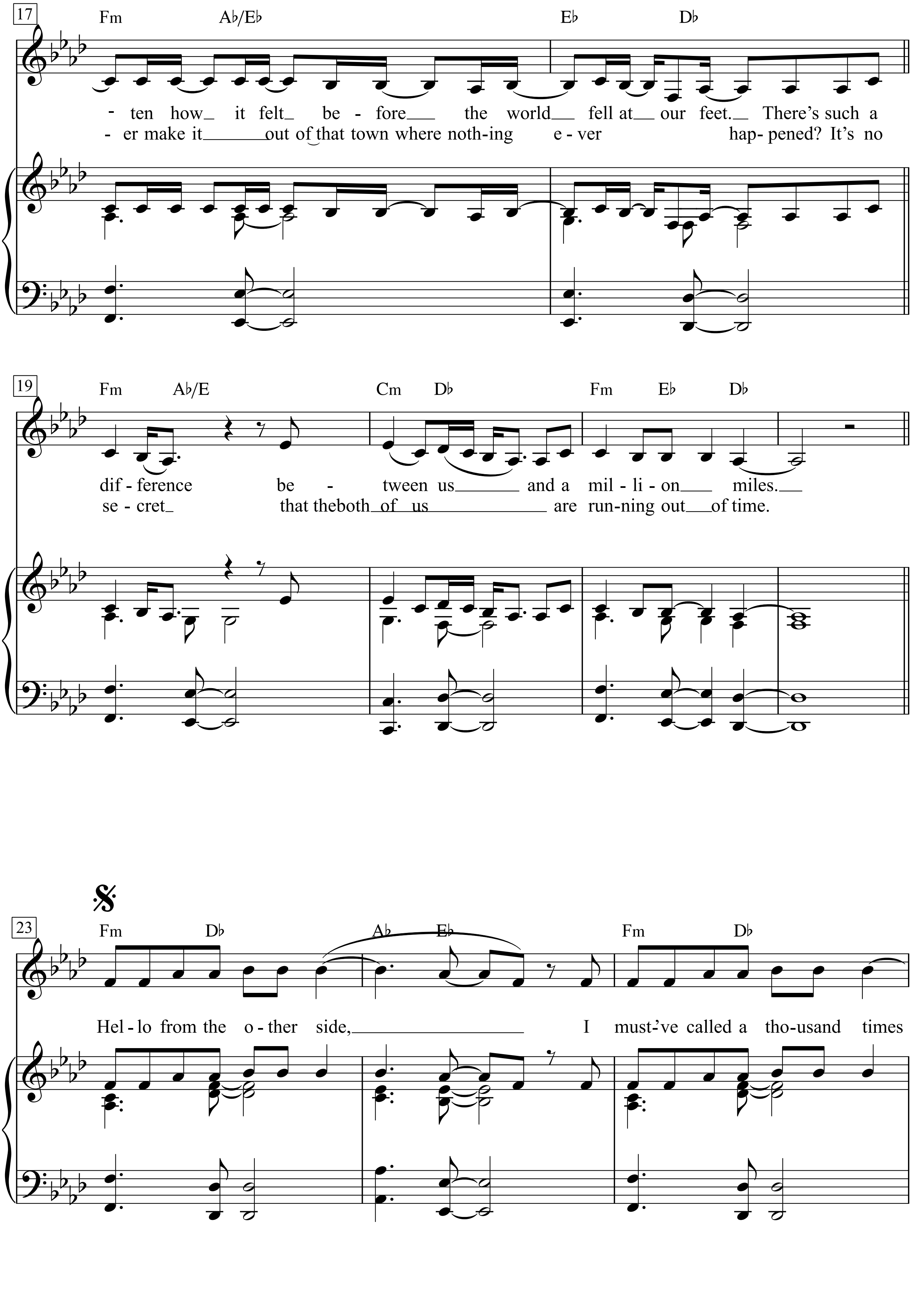
Words & Music by
Greg Kurstin and Adele Adkins
(Adele)

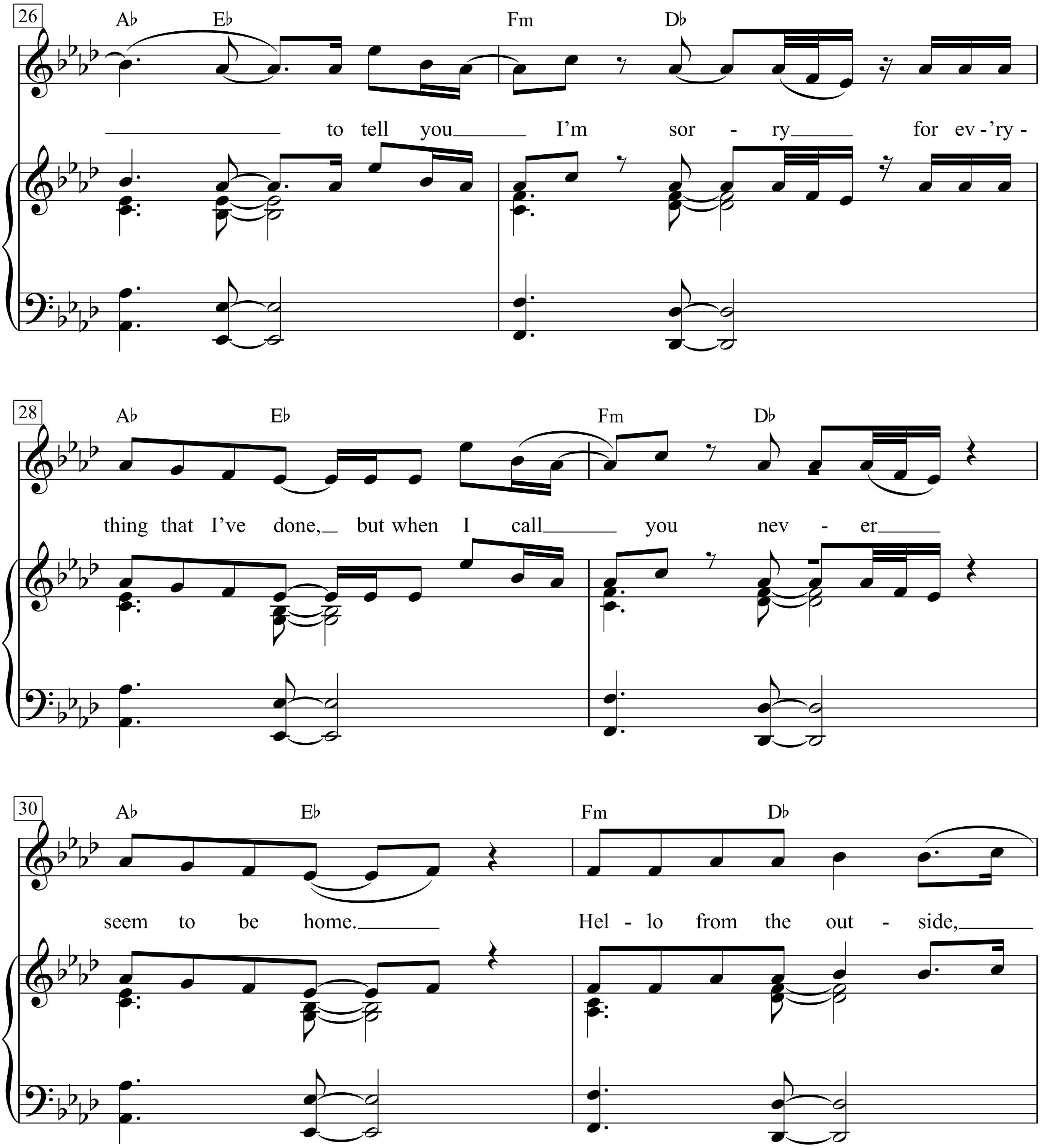
♩ = 80

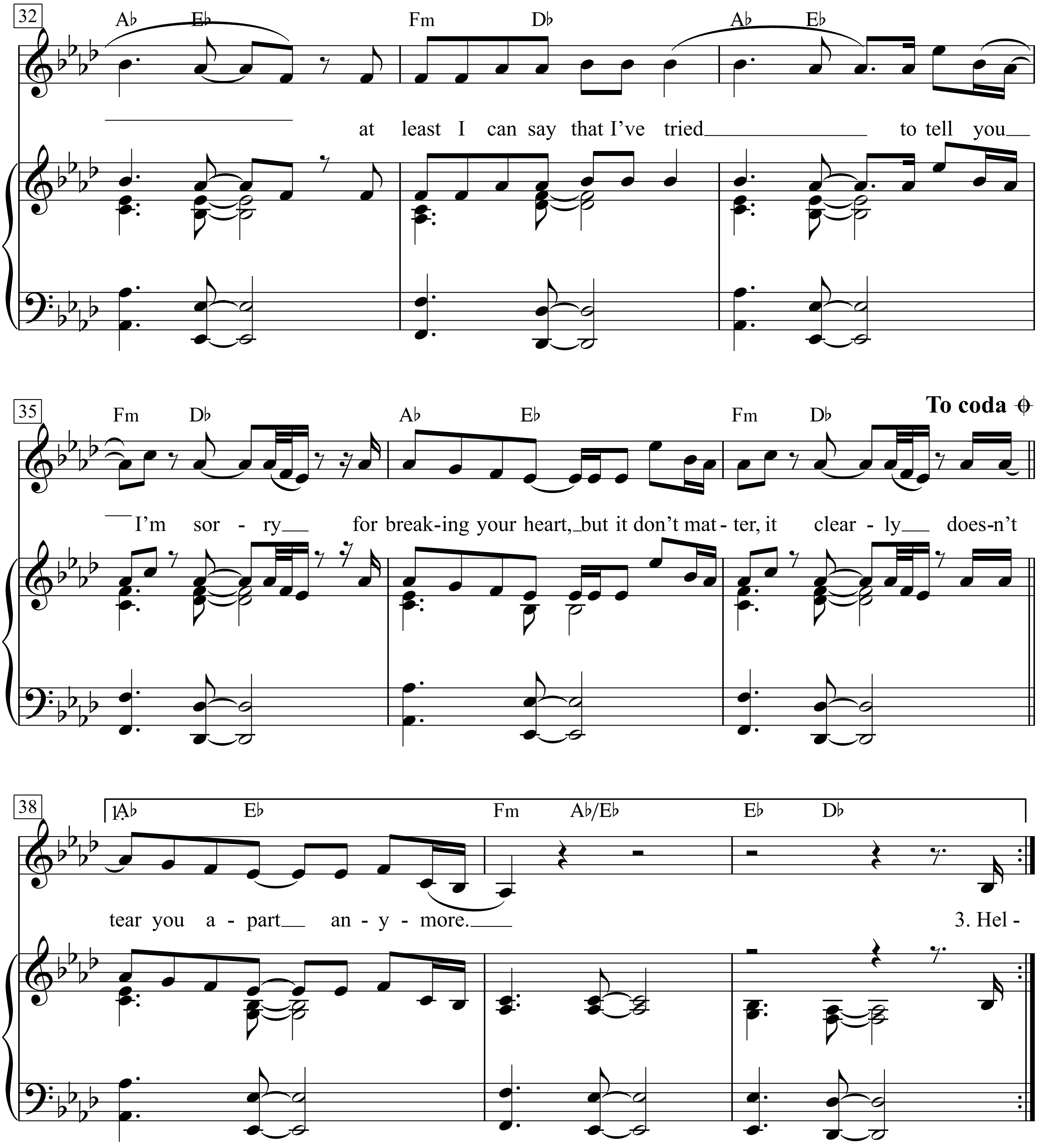


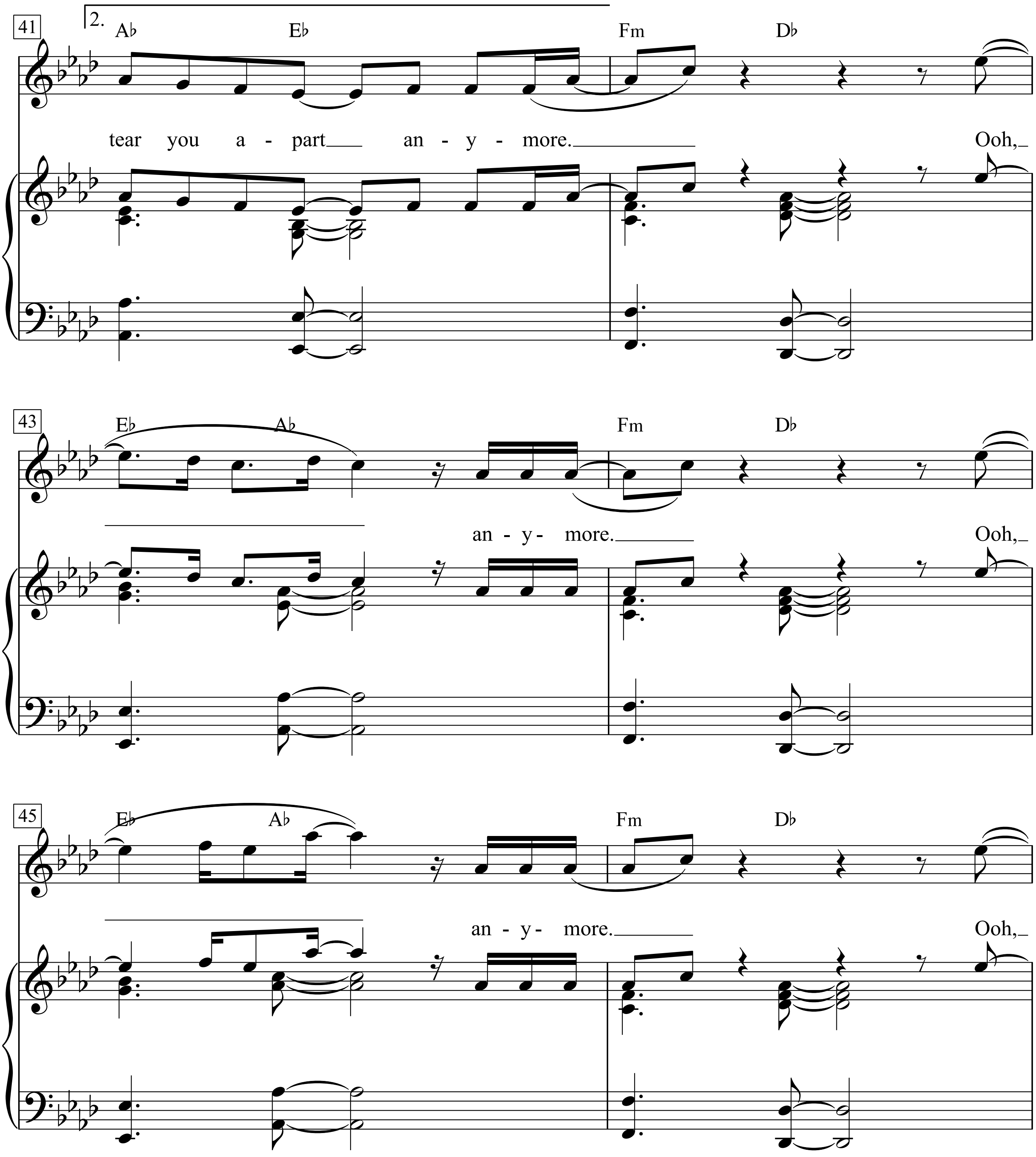


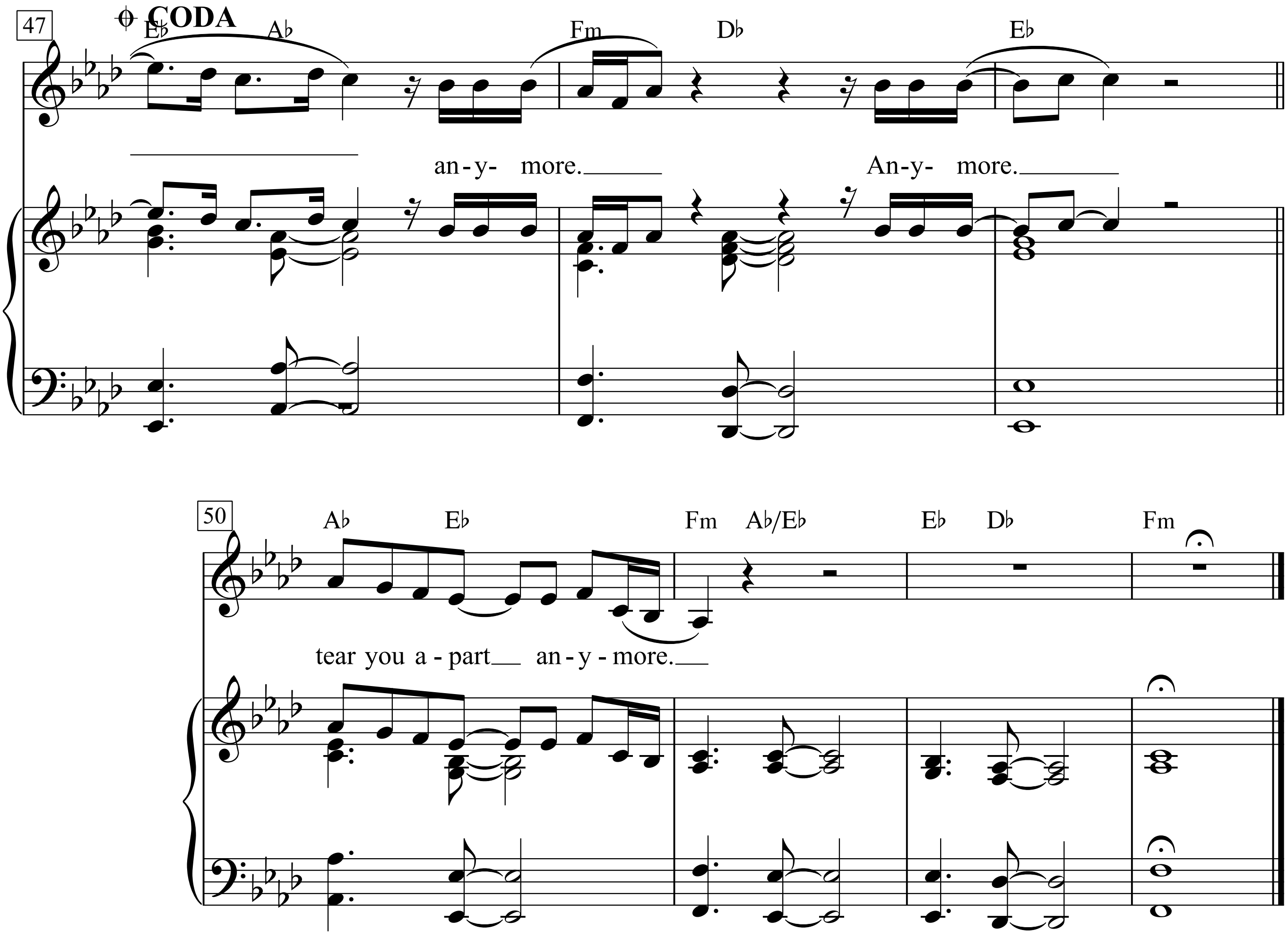
9
Fm Ab/Eb Eb Db
sup - posed to heal ya, but I ain't done much heal - ing. 2. Hel-
11
Fm Ab/Eb Eb Db
lo, can you hear me? I'm in Ca-
(3.) -lo how are you? It's so
13
Fm Ab/Eb Eb Db
- li - for - nia dream - ing a - bout who we used to be when we were young
ty - pi - cal of me to talk a - bout my - self, I'm sor - ry, I hope
15
Fm Ab/E Eb Db
- er and free. I've for - got-
that you're well Did you ev -


17
Fm Ab/Eb Eb Db
- ten how it felt be - fore the world fell at our feet. There's such a
- er make it out of that town where noth-ing e - ver hap- pened? It's no
19
Fm Ab/E Cm Db Fm Eb Db
dif - ference be - tween us and a mil - li - on miles.
se - cret that the both of us are run-ning out of time.
23
Fm Db Ab Eb Fm Db
Hel - lo from the o - ther side, I must-'ve called a tho-usand times


26
Ab Eb Fm Db
to tell you I'm sor - ry for ev - 'ry -
28
Ab Eb Fm Db
thing that I've done, but when I call you nev - er
30
Ab Eb Fm Db
seem to be home. Hel - lo from the out - side,

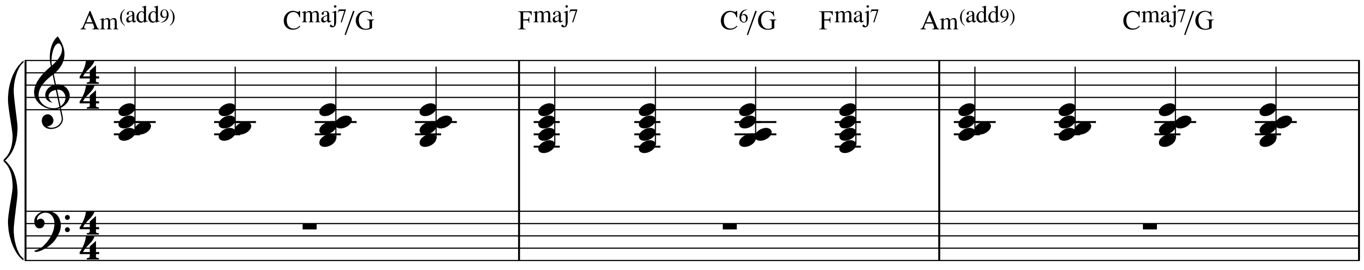

32
Ab Eb Fm Db Ab Eb
at least I can say that I've tried to tell you
35
Fm Db Ab Eb Fm Db
To coda
I'm sor - ry for break-ing your heart, but it don't mat-ter, it clear - ly does-n't
38
1. Ab Eb Fm Ab/Eb Eb Db
tear you a - part an - y - more.
3. Hel -

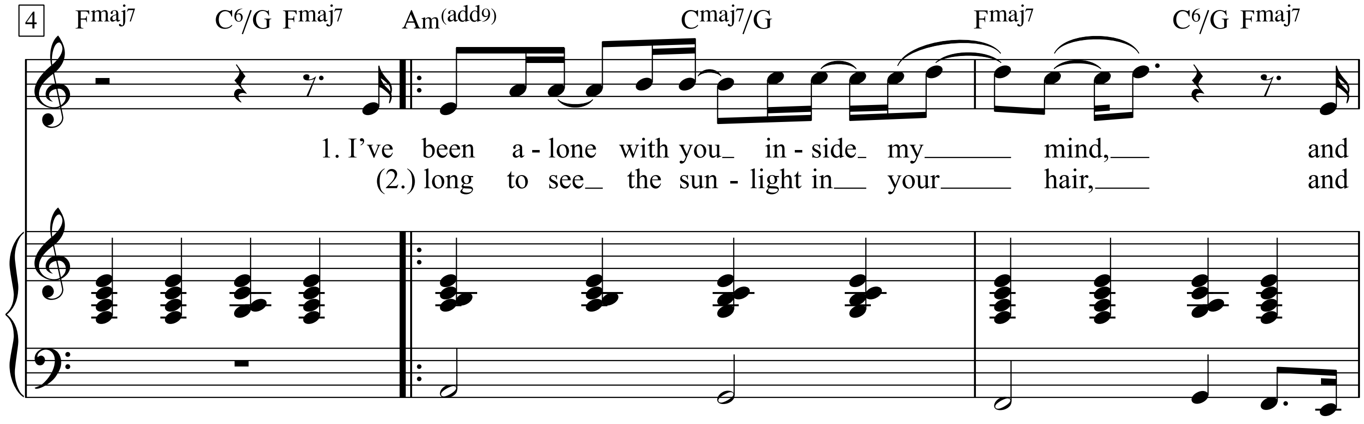

41
2.
A♭ E♭ Fm D♭
tear you a - part an - y - more. Ooh,
43
E♭ A♭ Fm D♭
an - y- more. Ooh,
45
E♭ A♭ Fm D♭
an - y- more. Ooh,

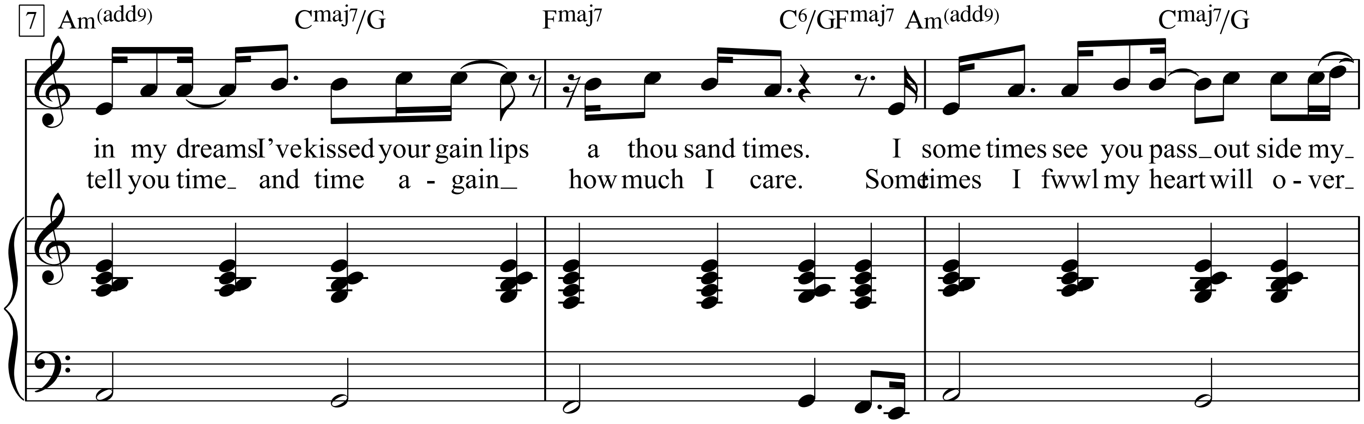

47
CODA
E♭ A♭ Fm D♭ E♭
an-y- more. An-y- more.
50
A♭ E♭ Fm A♭/E♭ E♭ D♭ Fm
tear you a-part an-y-more.

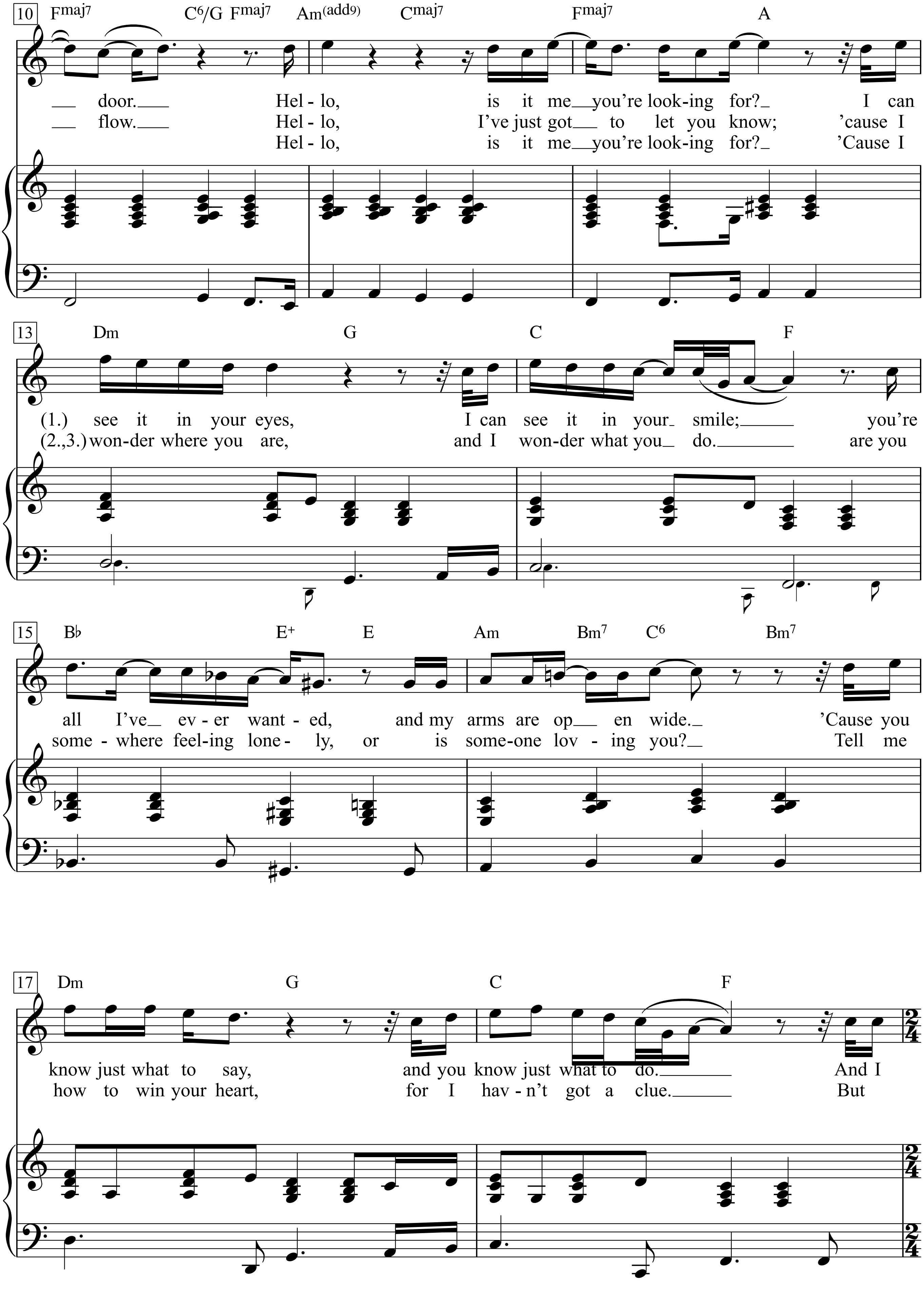
Hello

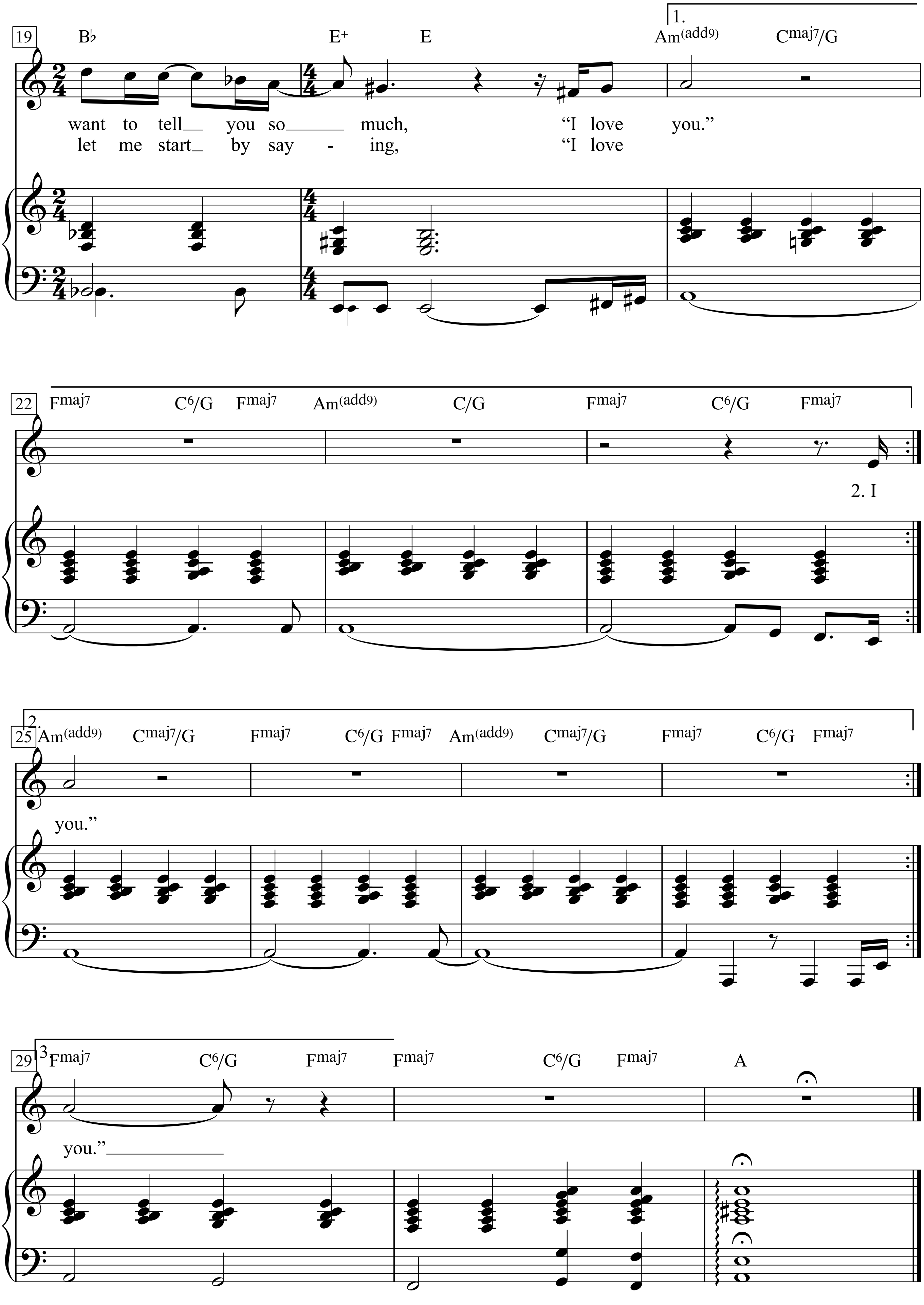
Words & Music by Lionel Richie
(Lionel Richie)







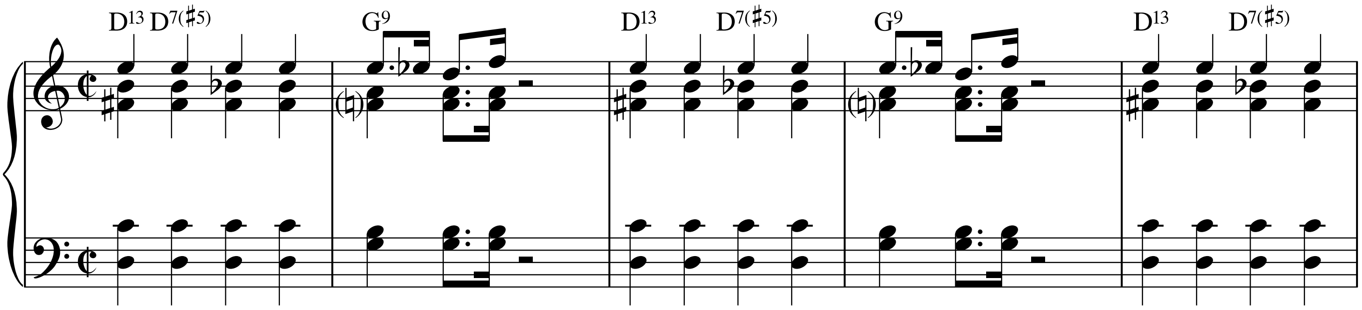

10
Fmaj7 C6/G Fmaj7 Am(add9) Cmaj7 Fmaj7 A
door. Hel - lo, is it me you're look-ing for? I can
flow. Hel - lo, I've just got to let you know; 'cause I
Hel - lo, is it me you're look-ing for? 'Cause I
13
Dm G C F
(1.) see it in your eyes, I can see it in your smile; you're
(2.,3.) won-der where you are, and I won-der what you do. are you
15
B♭ E+ E Am Bm7 C6 Bm7
all I've ev - er want - ed, and my arms are op en wide. 'Cause you
some - where feel-ing lone - ly, or is some-one lov - ing you? Tell me
17
Dm G C F
know just what to say, and you know just what to do. And I
how to win your heart, for I hav - n't got a clue. But

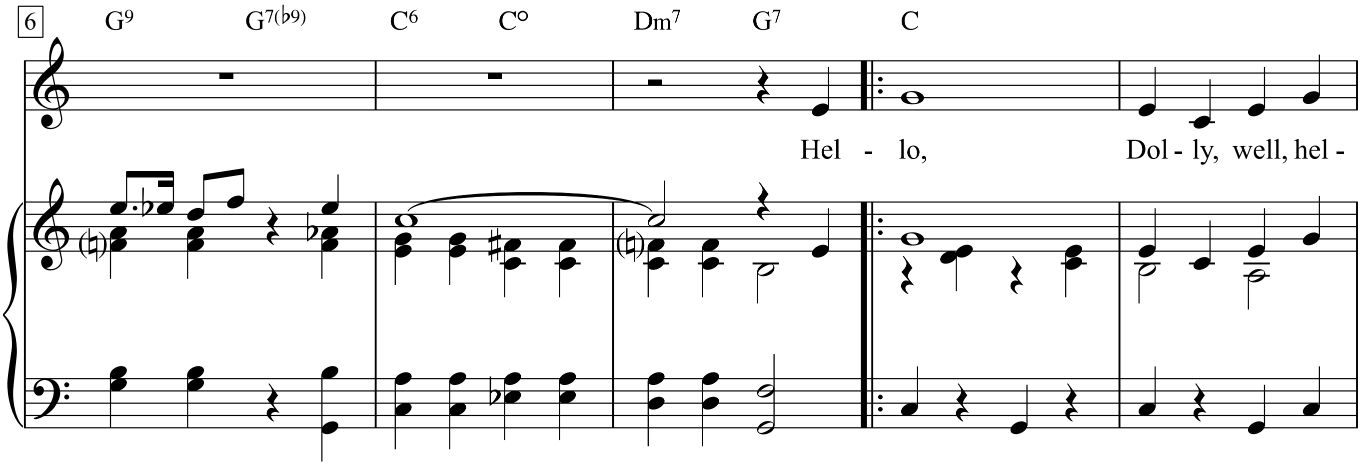

19
B♭ E+ E
1.
Am(add9) Cmaj7/G
want to tell__ you so______ much, "I love you."
let me start_ by say - ing, "I love
22
Fmaj7 C6/G Fmaj7 Am(add9) C/G Fmaj7 C6/G Fmaj7
2. I
2.
25
Am(add9) Cmaj7/G Fmaj7 C6/G Fmaj7 Am(add9) Cmaj7/G Fmaj7 C6/G Fmaj7
you."
29
3
Fmaj7 C6/G Fmaj7 Fmaj7 C6/G Fmaj7 A
you."__________

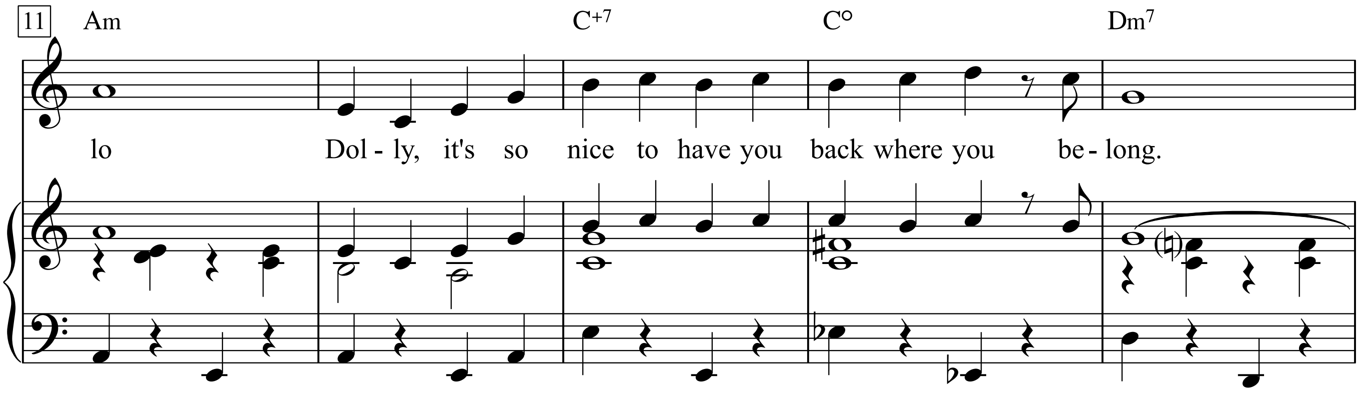
Hello Dolly

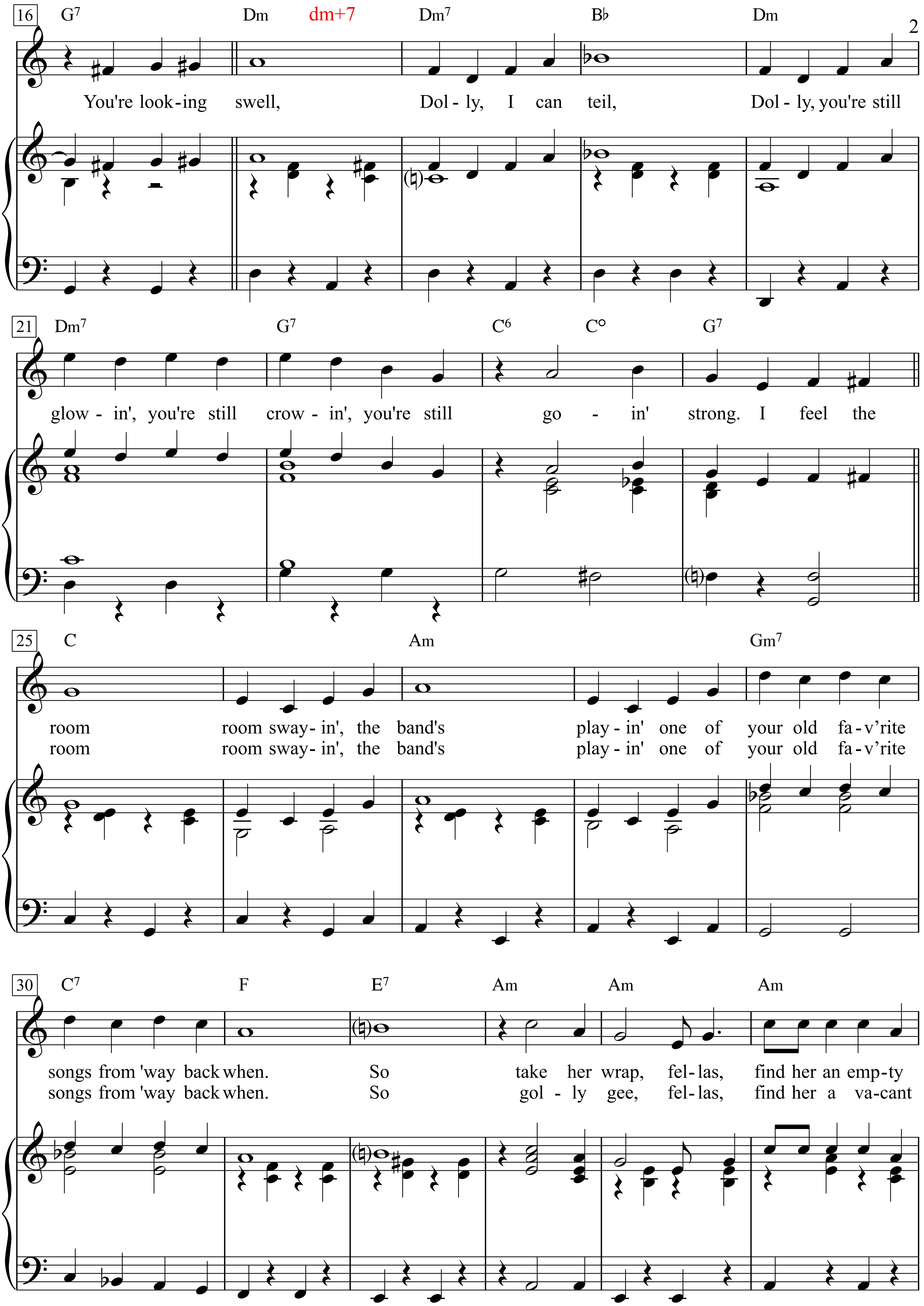
Words & Music by Jerry Herman
(Louis Armstrong)

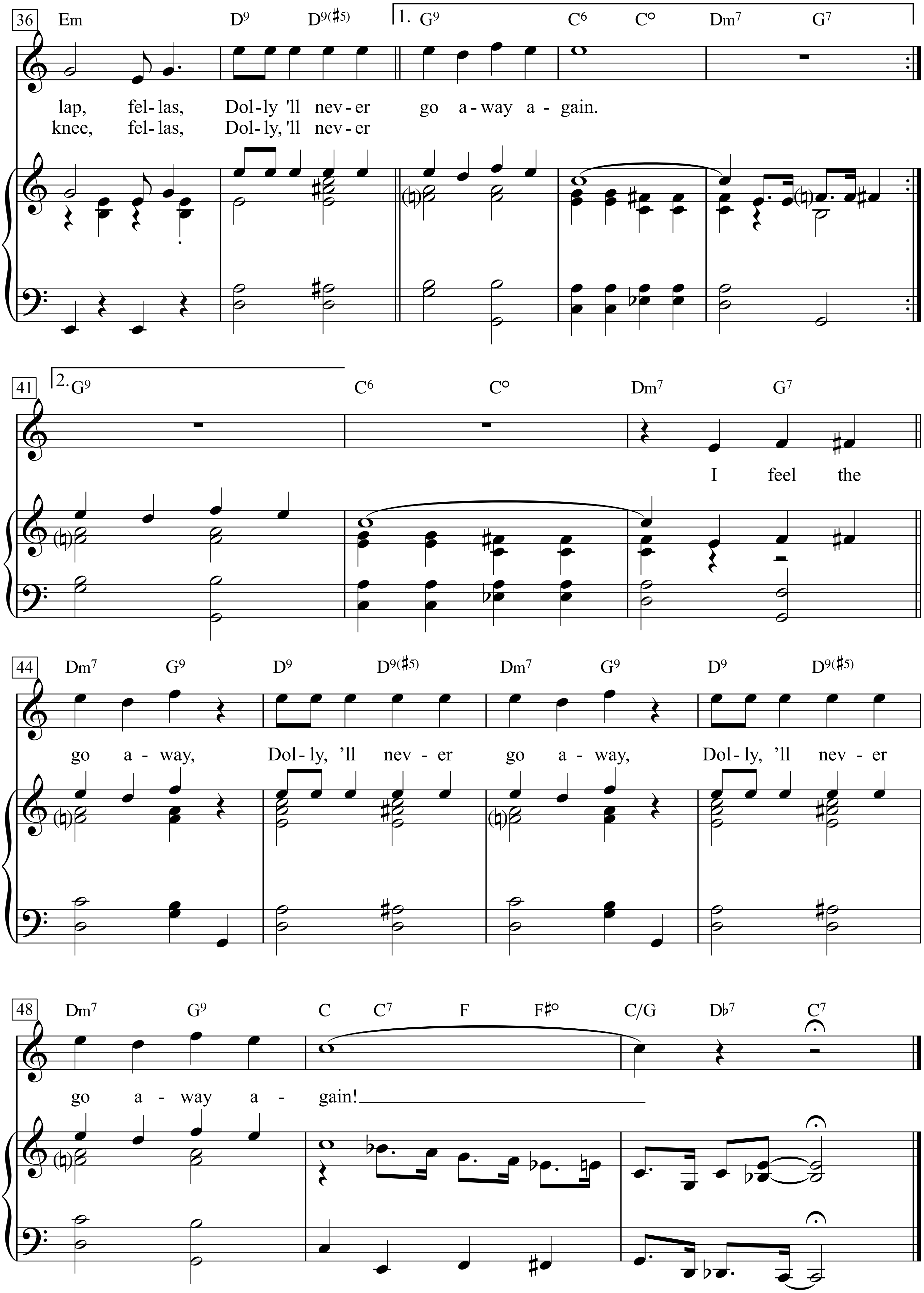
Medium








16 G7 Dm dm+7 Dm7 B♭ Dm
You're look-ing swell, Dol - ly, I can teil, Dol - ly, you're still
21 Dm7 G7 C6 C° G7
glow - in', you're still crow - in', you're still go - in' strong. I feel the
25 C Am Gm7
room room sway- in', the band's play - in' one of your old fa - v'rite
room room sway- in', the band's play - in' one of your old fa - v'rite
30 C7 F E7 Am Am Am
songs from 'way back when. So take her wrap, fel- las, find her an emp-ty
songs from 'way back when. So gol - ly gee, fel- las, find her a va-cant

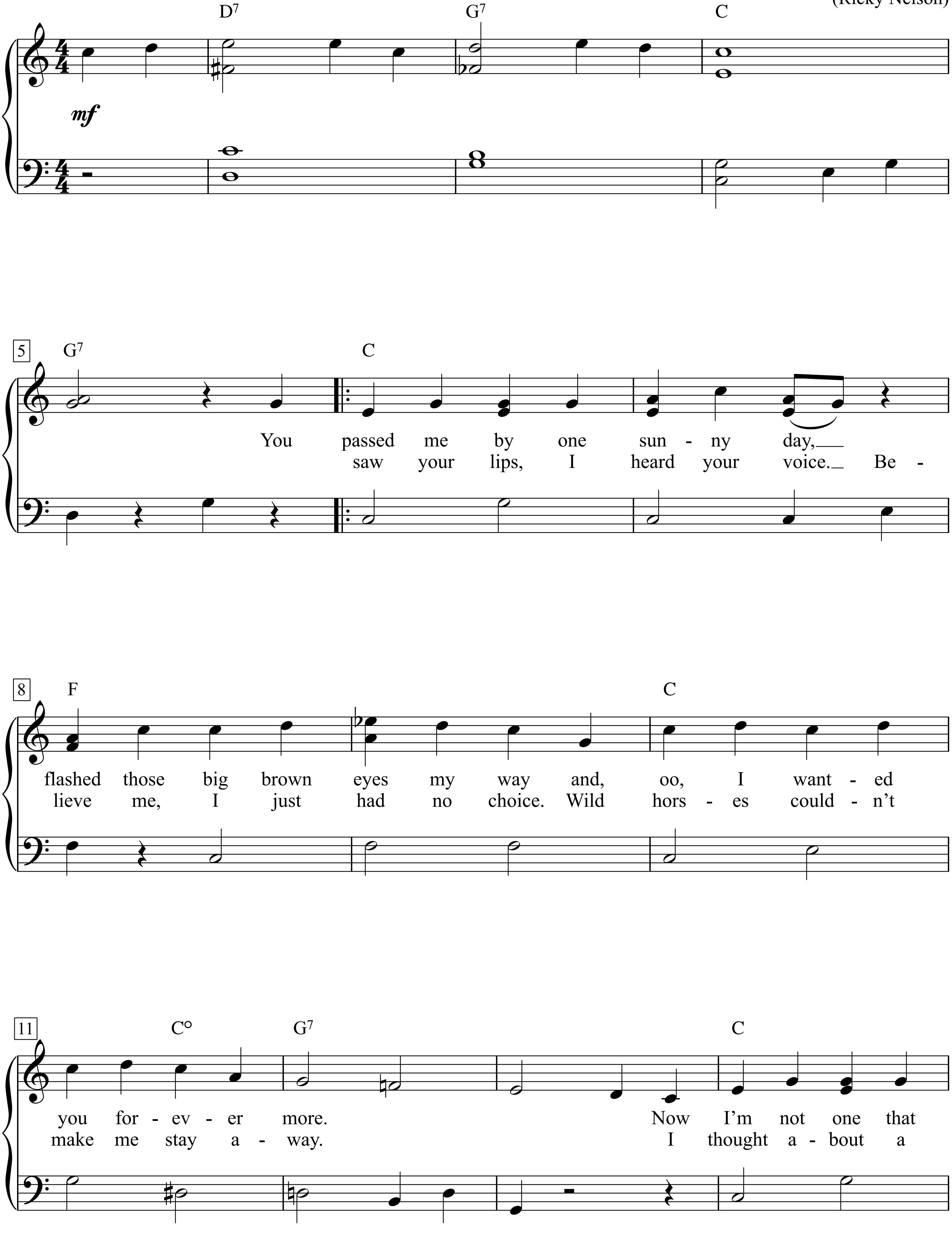


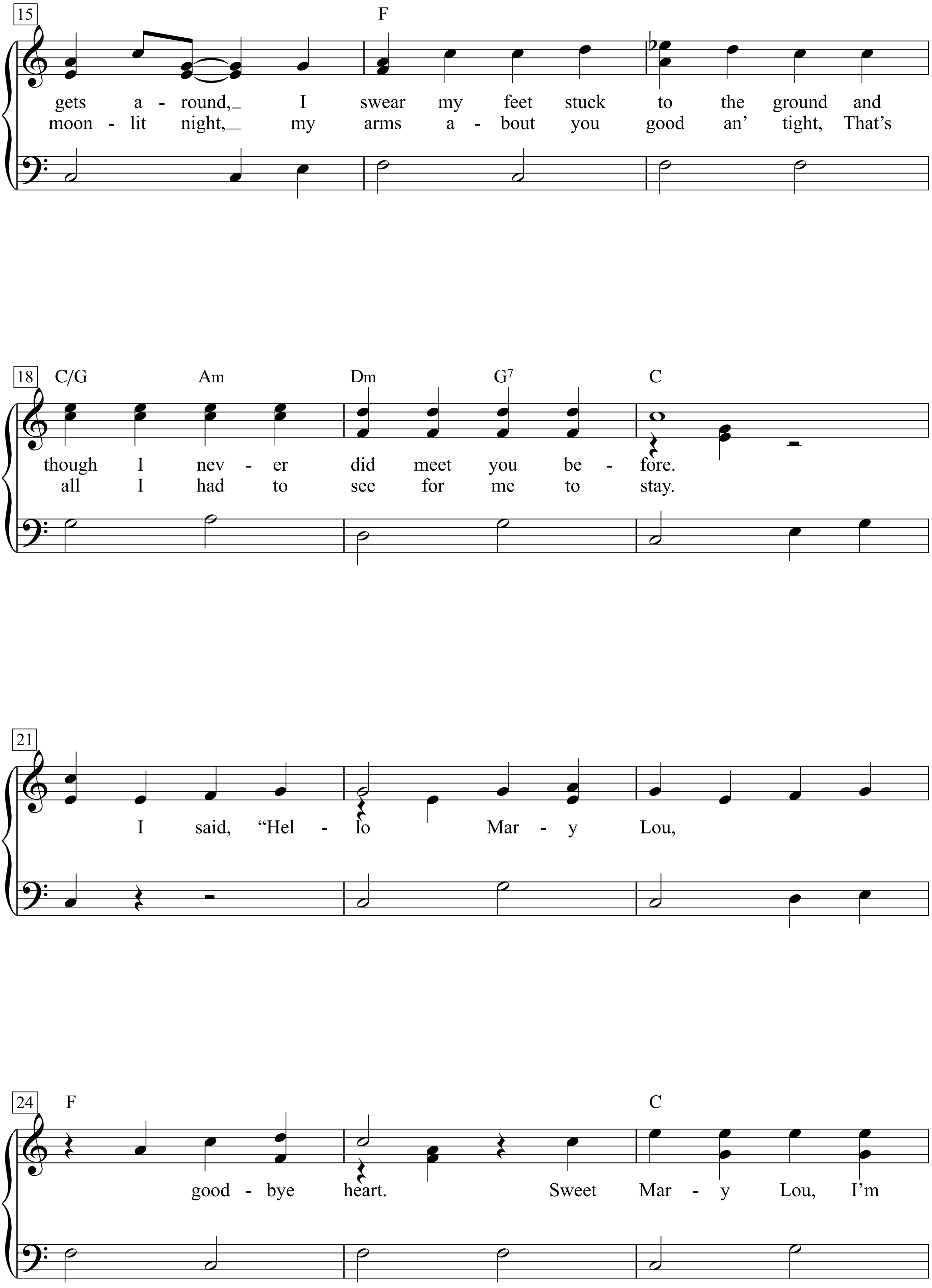
36
Em D9 D9(♯5) 1. G9 C6 C° Dm7 G7
lap, fel-las, Dol-ly 'll nev-er go a-way a-gain.
knee, fel-las, Dol-ly, 'll nev-er
41
2. G9 C6 C° Dm7 G7
I feel the
44
Dm7 G9 D9 D9(♯5) Dm7 G9 D9 D9(♯5)
go a-way, Dol-ly, 'll nev-er go a-way, Dol-ly, 'll nev-er
48
Dm7 G9 C C7 F F♯° C/G D♭7 C7
go a-way a-gain!

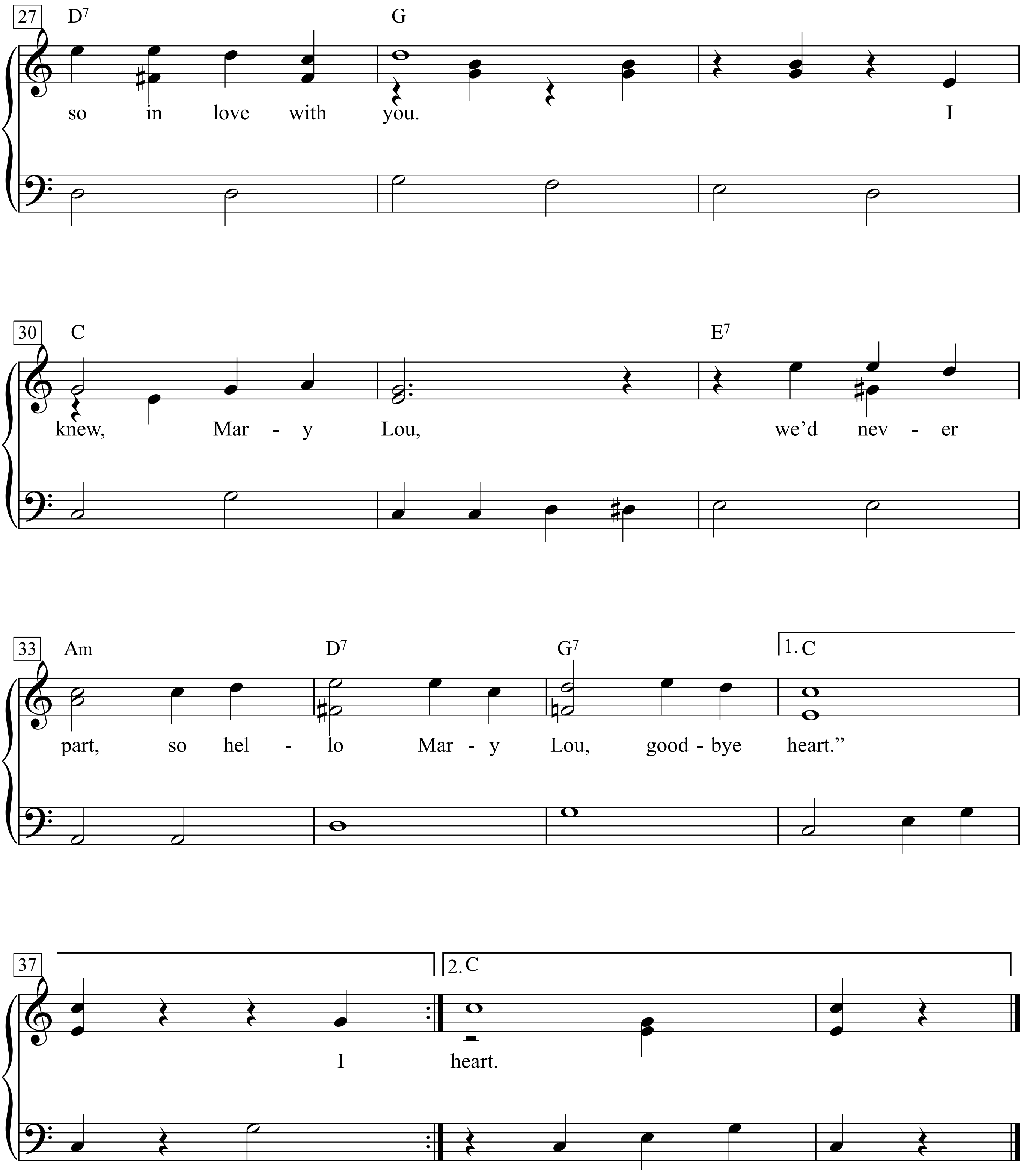
Hello Mary Lou

Words & Music by
Gene Pitney and C. Mangiaracina
(Ricky Nelson)

With a steady beat

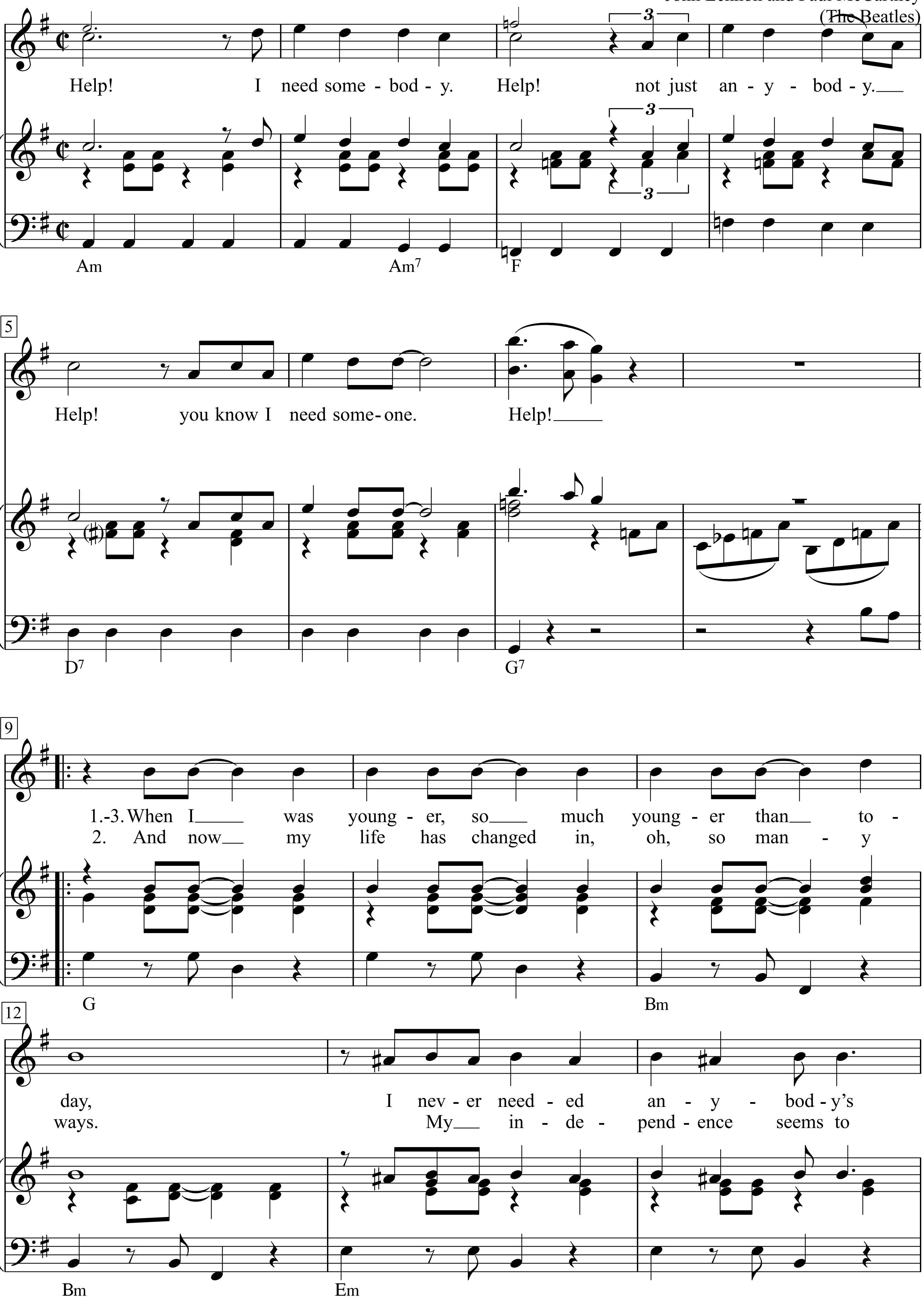


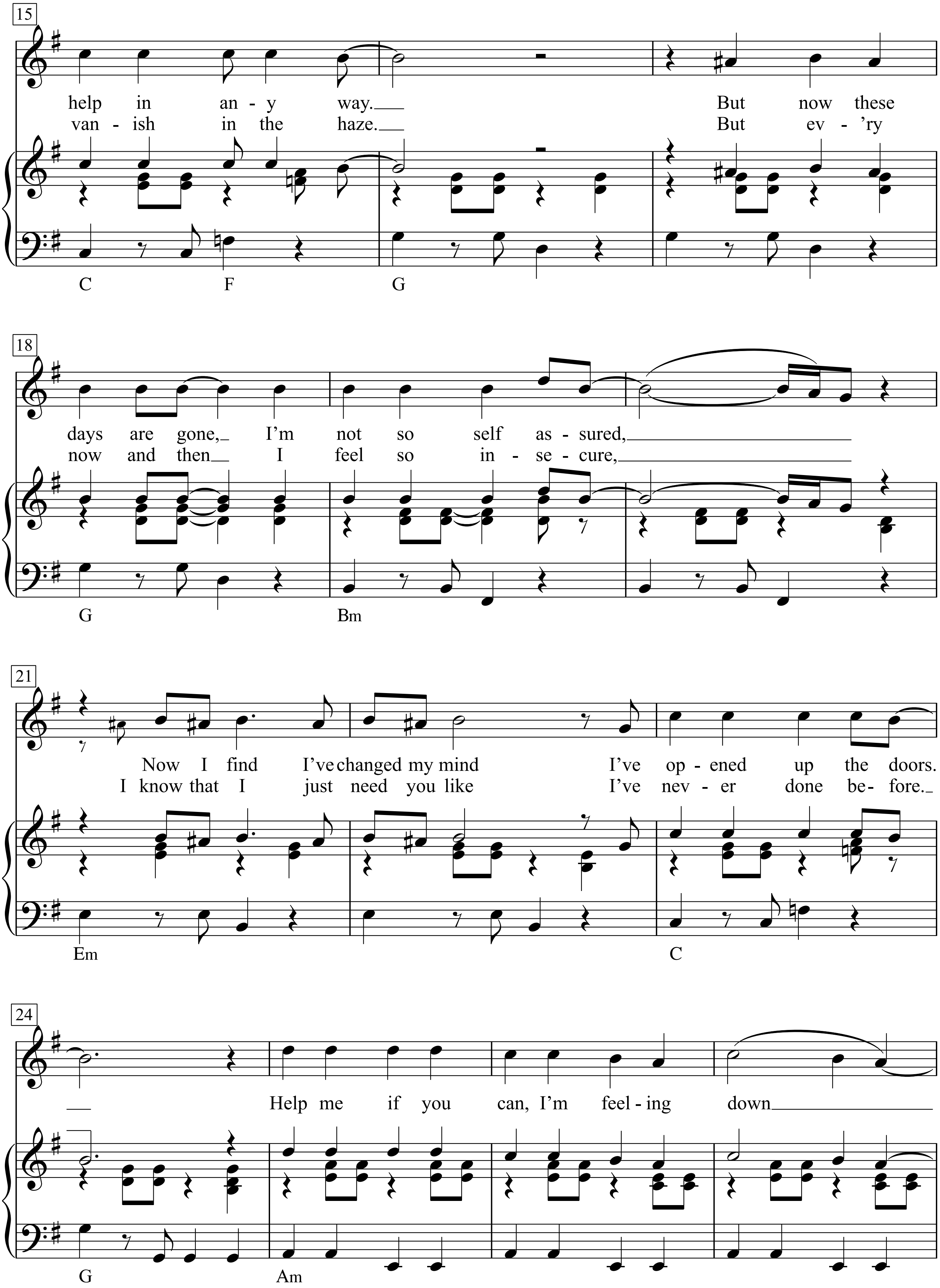

15
F
gets a - round,_ I swear my feet stuck to the ground and
moon - lit night,_ my arms a - bout you good an' tight, That's
18
C/G Am Dm G7 C
though I nev - er did meet you be - fore.
all I had to see for me to stay.
21
I said, "Hel - lo Mar - y Lou,
24
F C
good - bye heart. Sweet Mar - y Lou, I'm

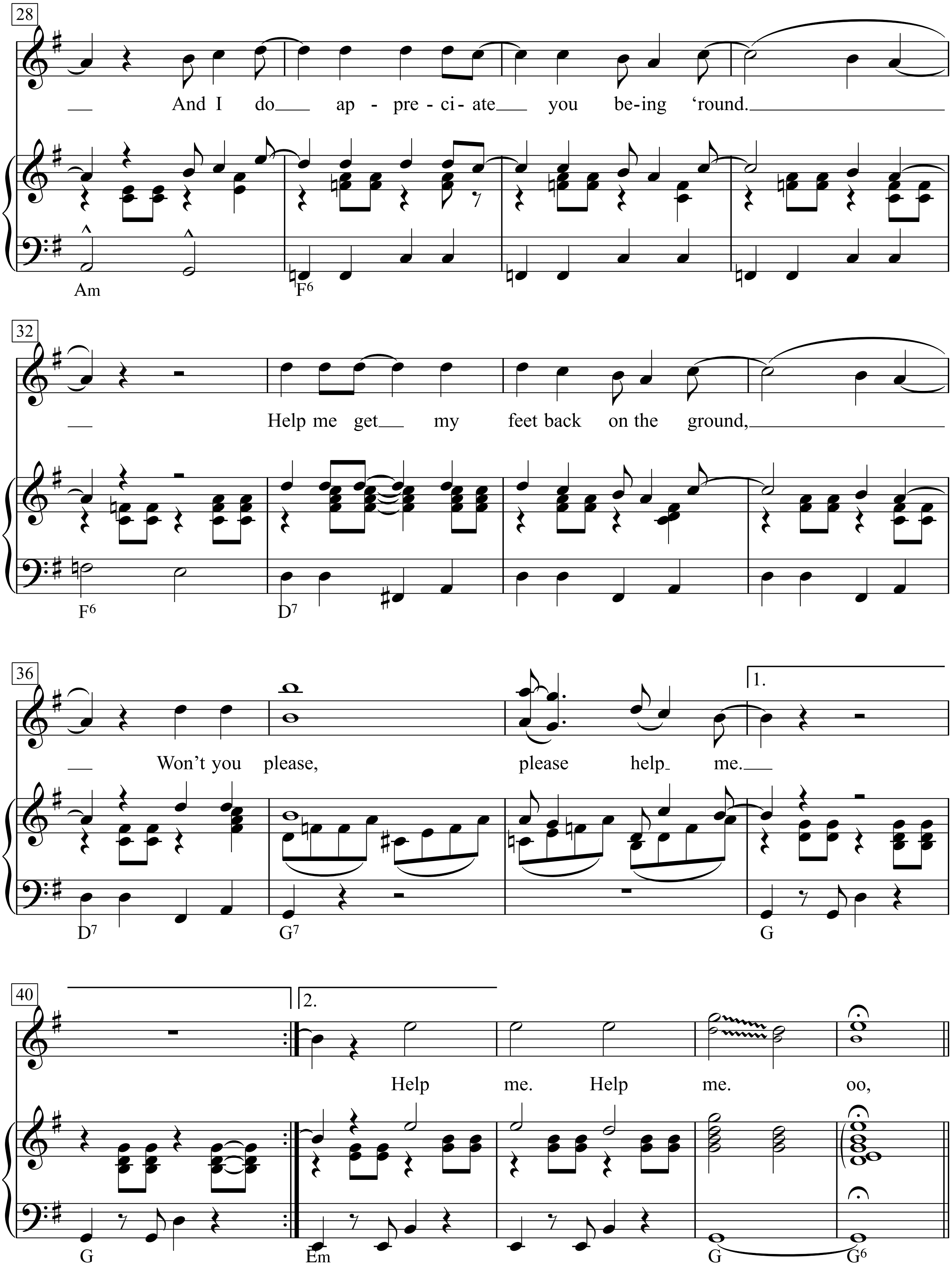

27
D7
G
so in love with you. I
30
C
E7
knew, Mar - y Lou, we'd nev - er
33
Am
D7
G7
1. C
part, so hel - lo Mar - y Lou, good - bye heart."
37
2. C
I heart.

Help

Words & Music by
John Lennon and Paul McCartney
(The Beatles)




15
help in an - y way.
van - ish in the haze.
But now these
But ev - 'ry
C F G
18
days are gone, I'm not so self as - sured,
now and then I feel so in - se - cure,
G Bm
21
Now I find I've changed my mind I've op - ened up the doors.
I know that I just need you like I've nev - er done be - fore.
Em C
24
Help me if you can, I'm feel - ing down
G Am

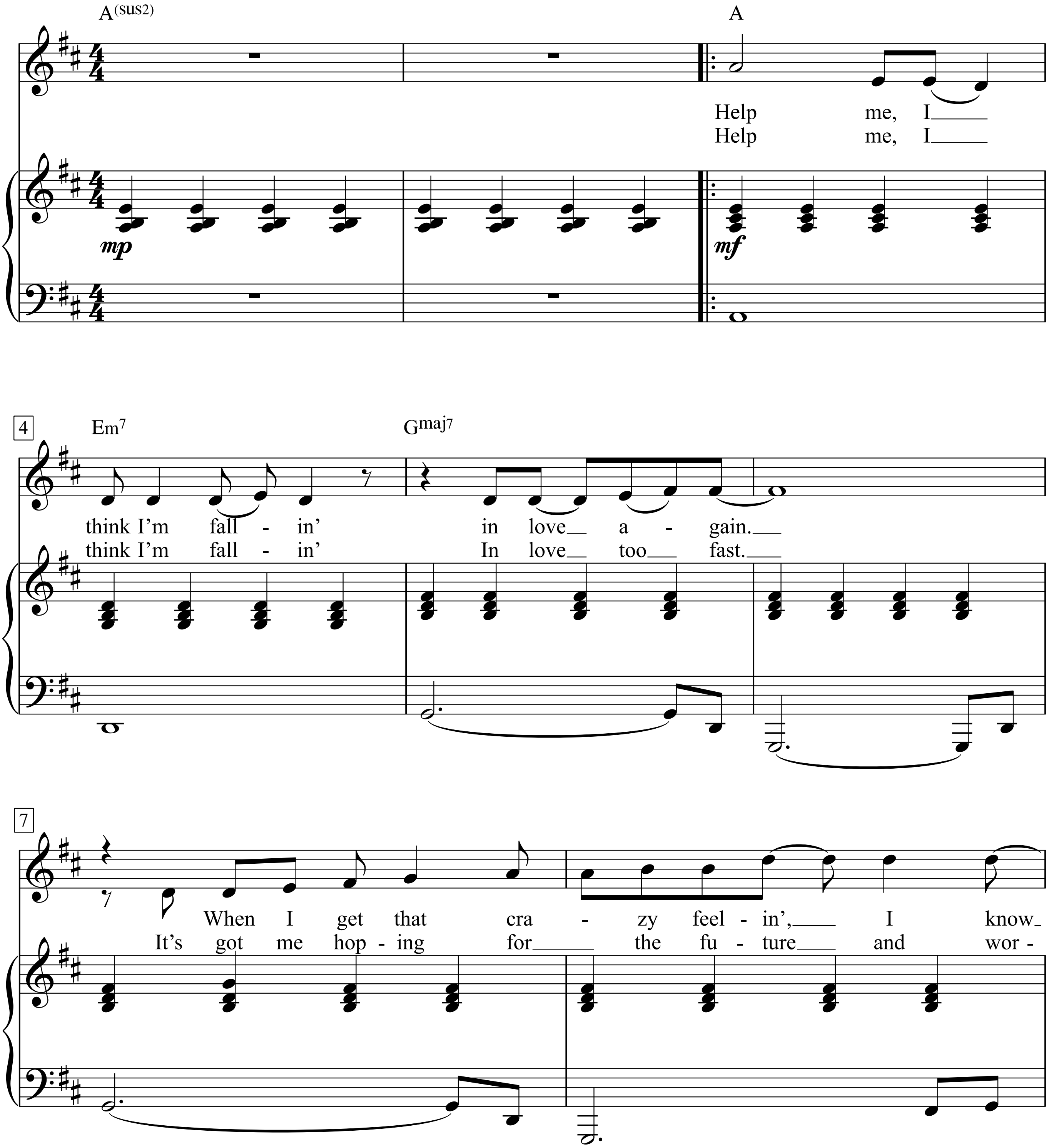

28
And I do ap - pre - ci - ate you be-ing 'round.
Am
F6
32
Help me get my feet back on the ground,
F6
D7
36
1.
Won't you please, please help me.
D7
G7
G
40
2.
Help me. Help me. oo,
G
Em
G
G6

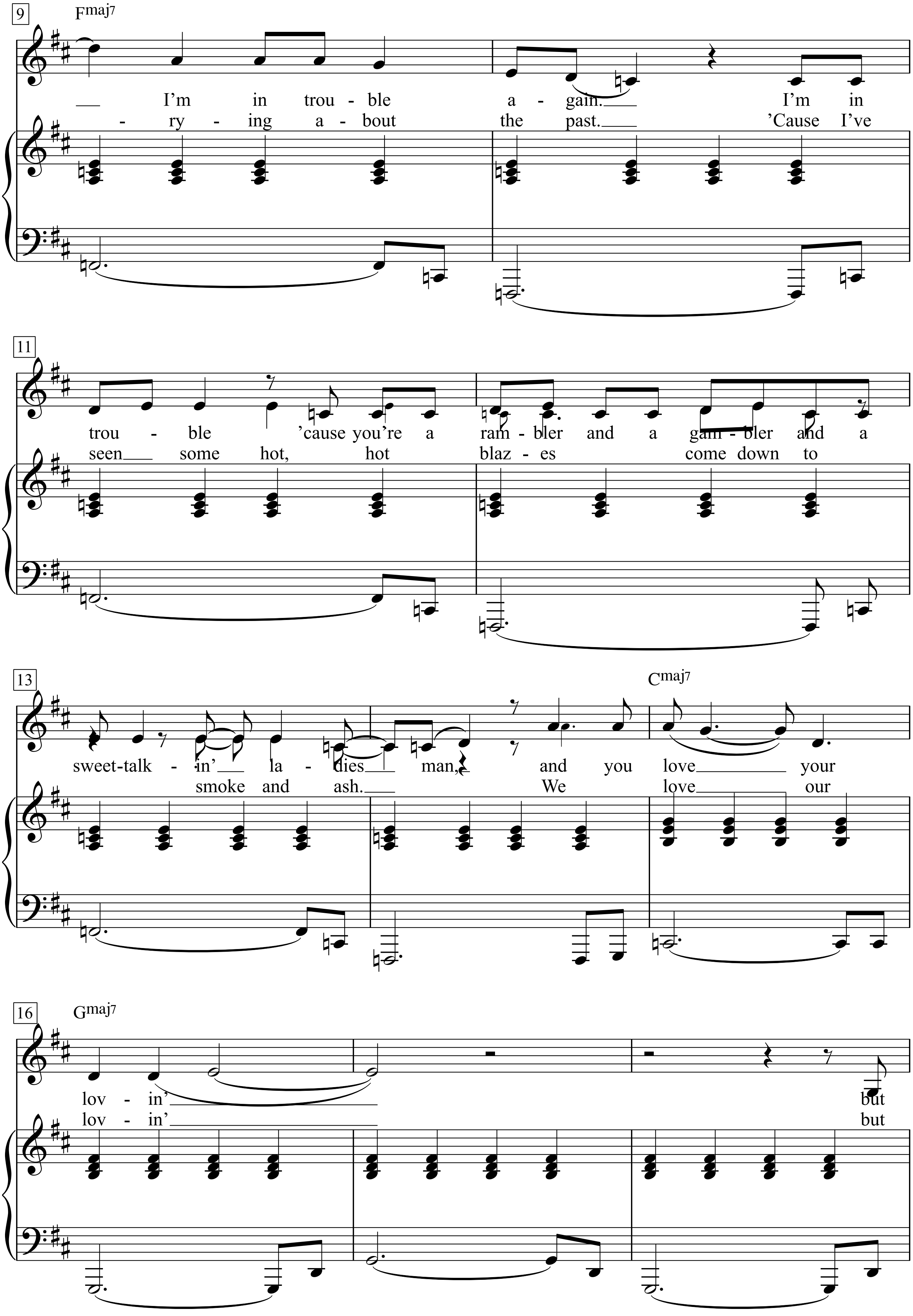
1.
Help! I need somebody.
Help! not just anybody.
Help! you know I need someone.
Help! When I was younger,
so much younger than today,
I never needed anybody's help in any way.
But now these days are gone,
I'm not so self assured,
Now I find I've changed my mind
I've opened up the doors.
Help me if you can,
I'm feeling down And I do appreciate you being 'round.
Help me get my feet back on the ground,
Won't you please, please help me.
Help me. Help me. oo,

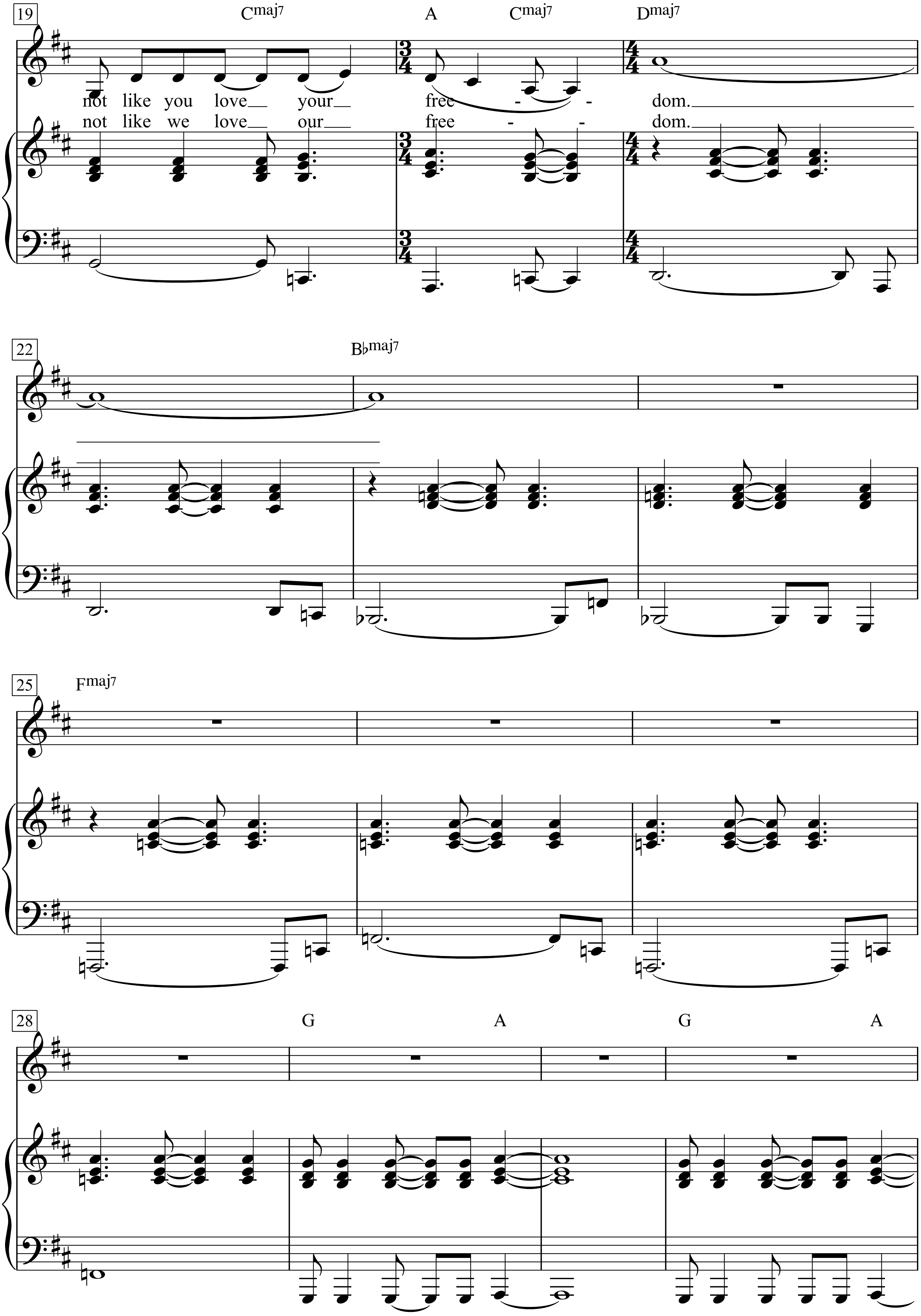
2.
And now my life has changed in, oh, so many ways.
My independence seems to vanish in the haze.
But ev'ry now and then I feel so insecure,
I know that I just need you like I've never done before.

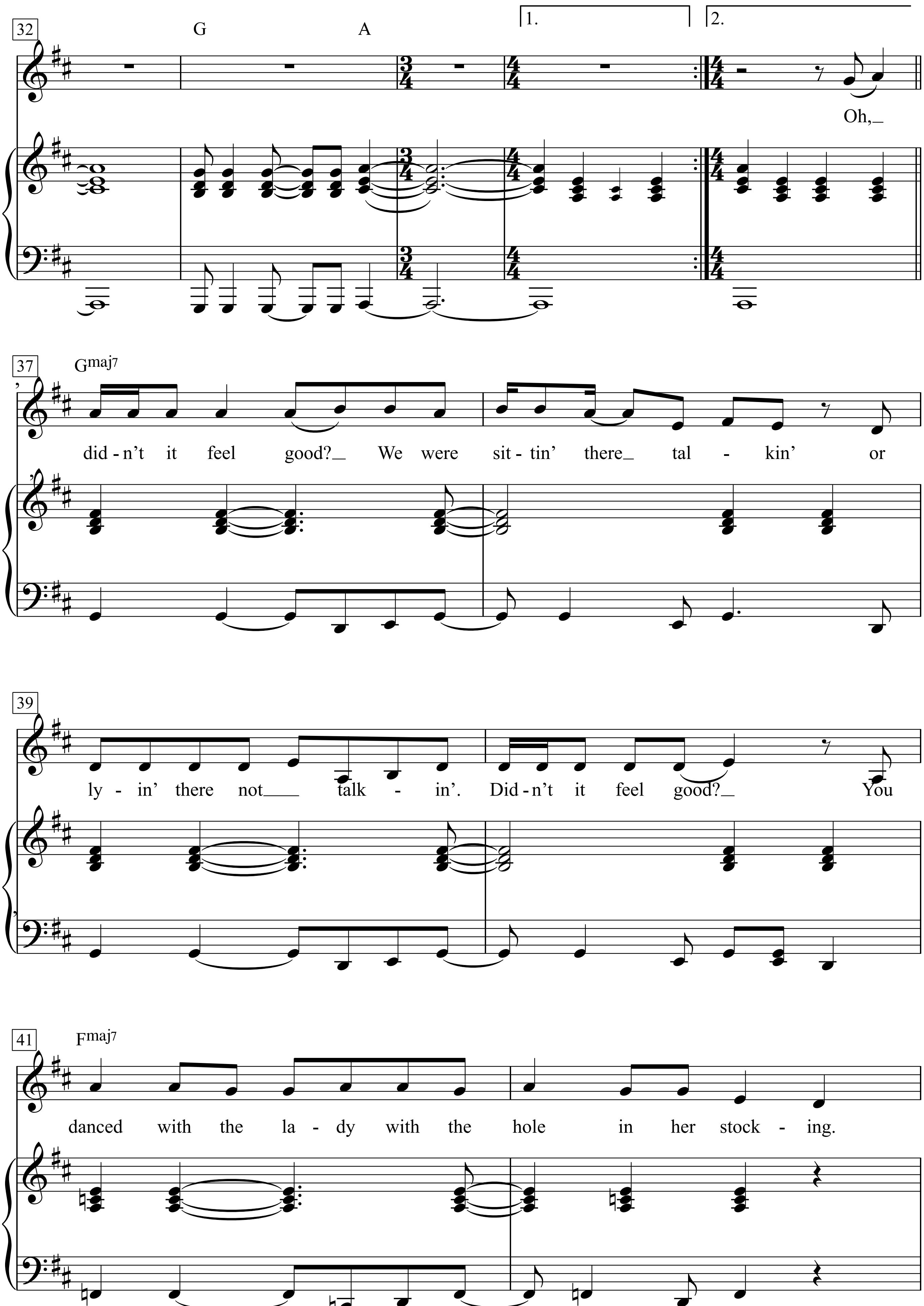
Help Me

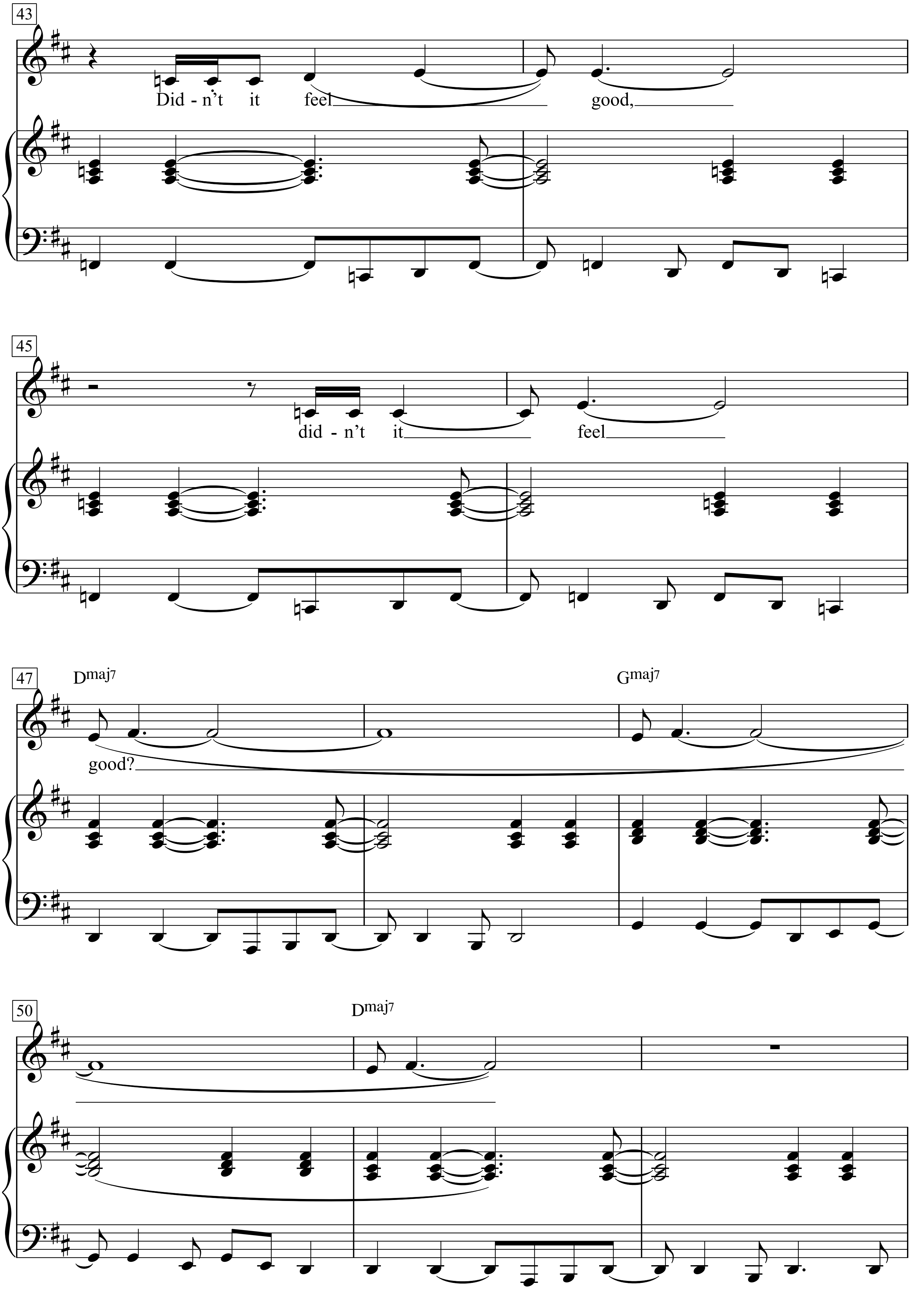
Words & Music by Joni Mitchell
(Jomi Mitchell)

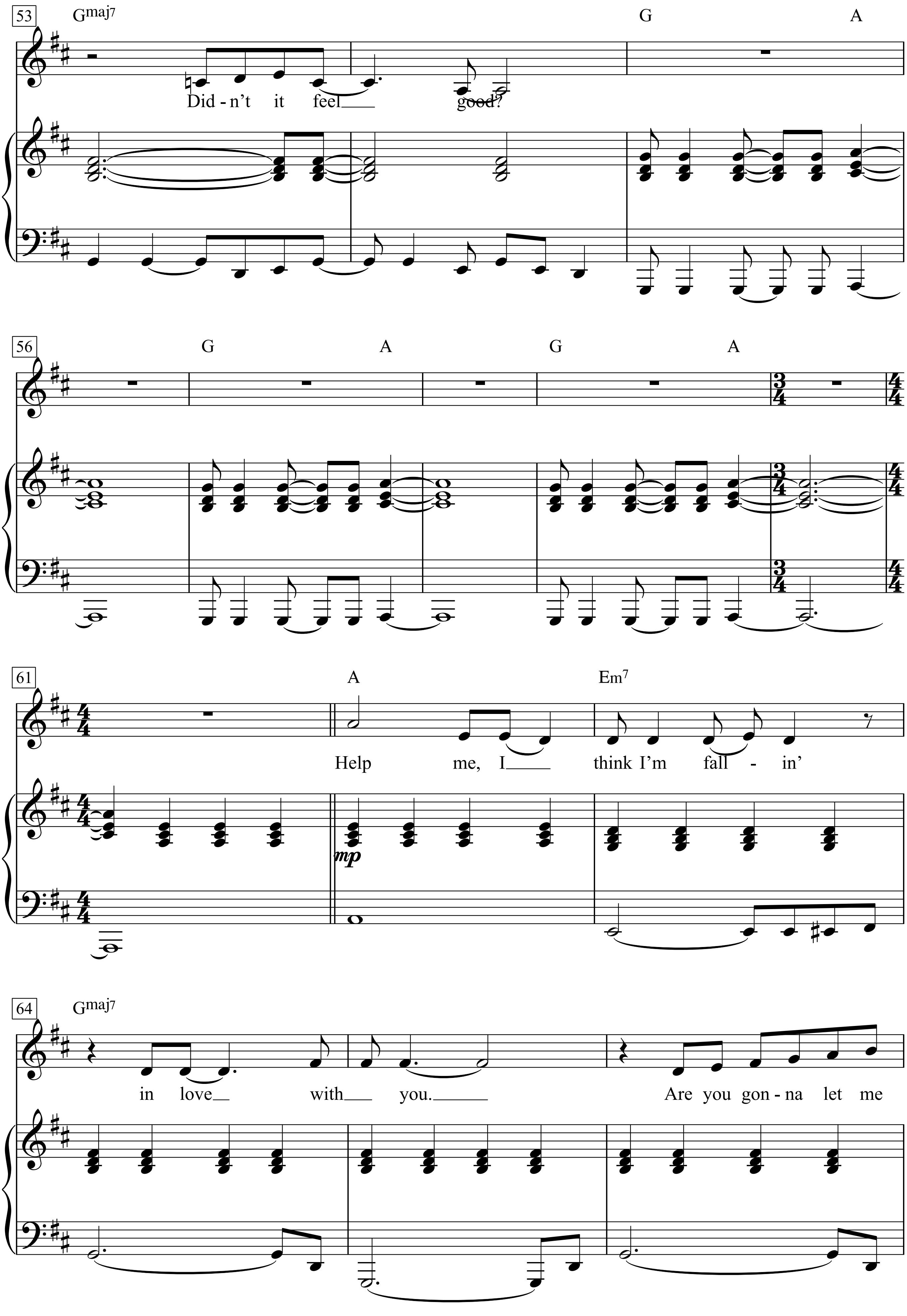



9
Fmaj7
I'm in trou - ble a - gain. I'm in
- ry - ing a - bout the past. 'Cause I've
11
trou - ble 'cause you're a ram - bler and a gam - bler and a
seen some hot, hot blaz - es come down to
13
Cmaj7
sweet-talk - in' la - dies man, and you love your
smoke and ash. We love our
16
Gmaj7
lov - in' but
lov - in' but

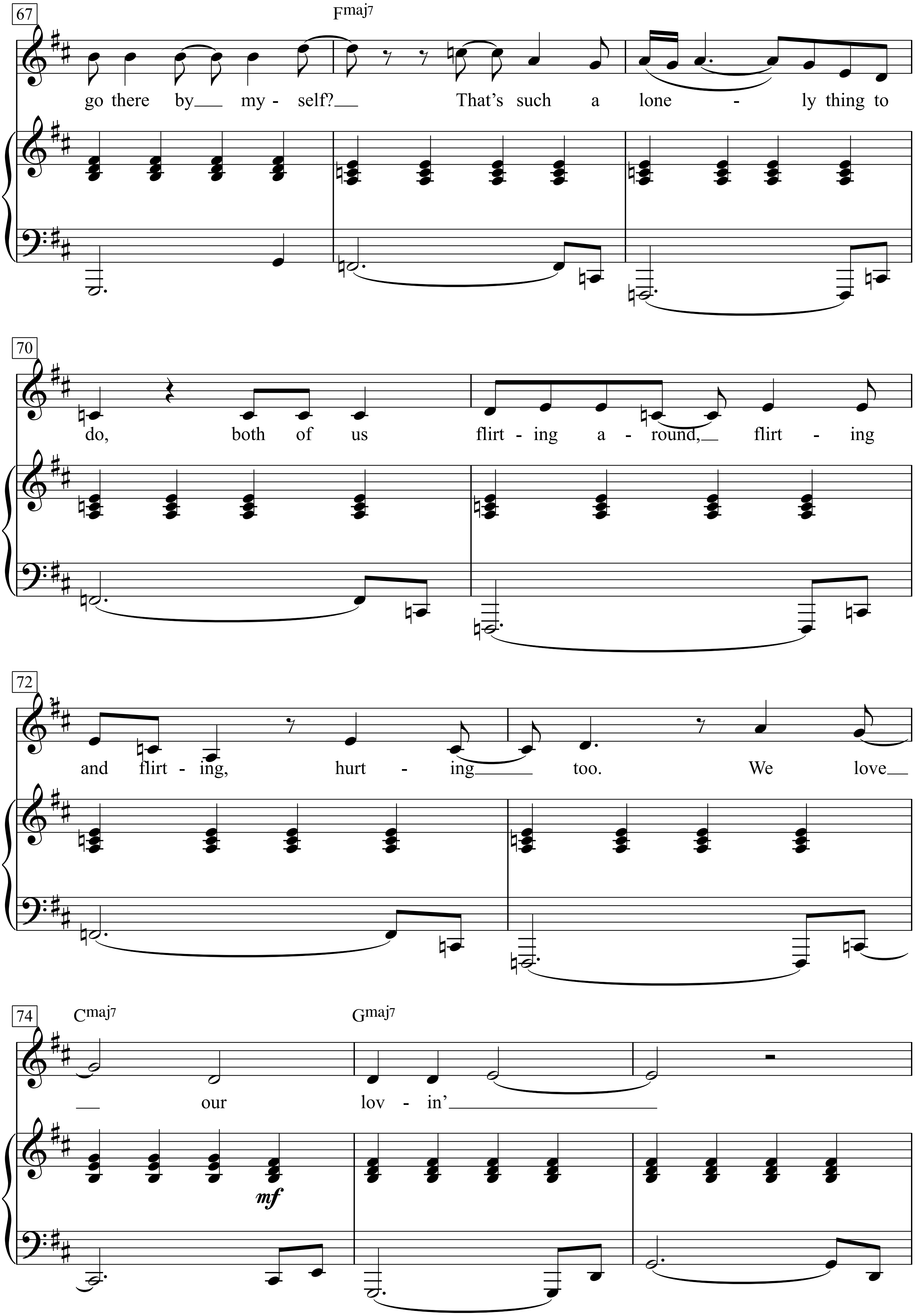

19
Cmaj7
A
Cmaj7
Dmaj7
not like you love your free - - dom.
not like we love our free - - dom.
22
B♭maj7
25
Fmaj7
28
G
A
G
A

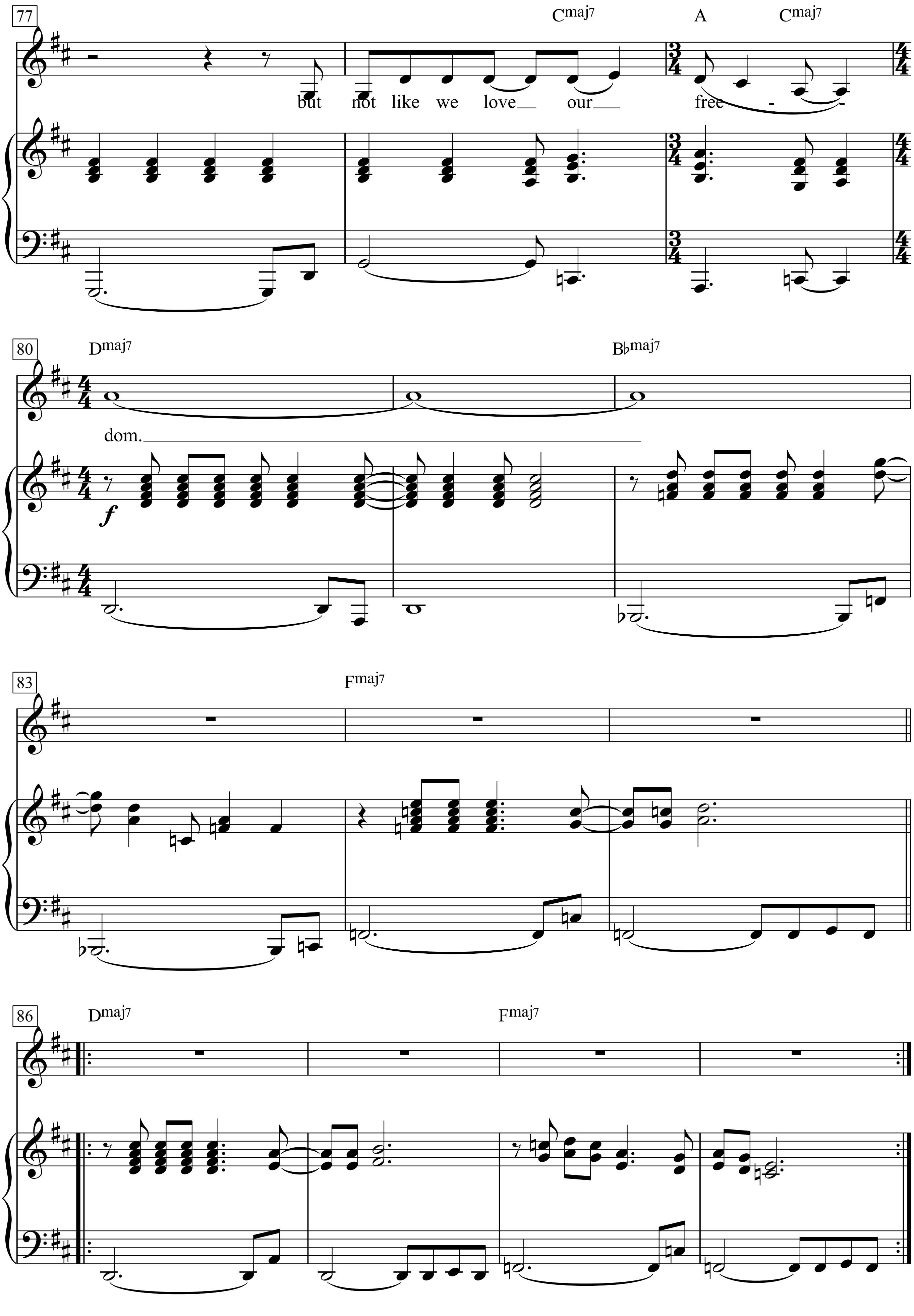

32
G
A
1.
2.
Oh,
37
Gmaj7
did-n't it feel good? We were sit-tin' there tal-kin' or
39
ly-in' there not talk-in'. Did-n't it feel good? You
41
Fmaj7
danced with the la-dy with the hole in her stock-ing.


43
Did - n't it feel good,
45
did - n't it feel
47
Dmaj7
Gmaj7
good?
50
Dmaj7



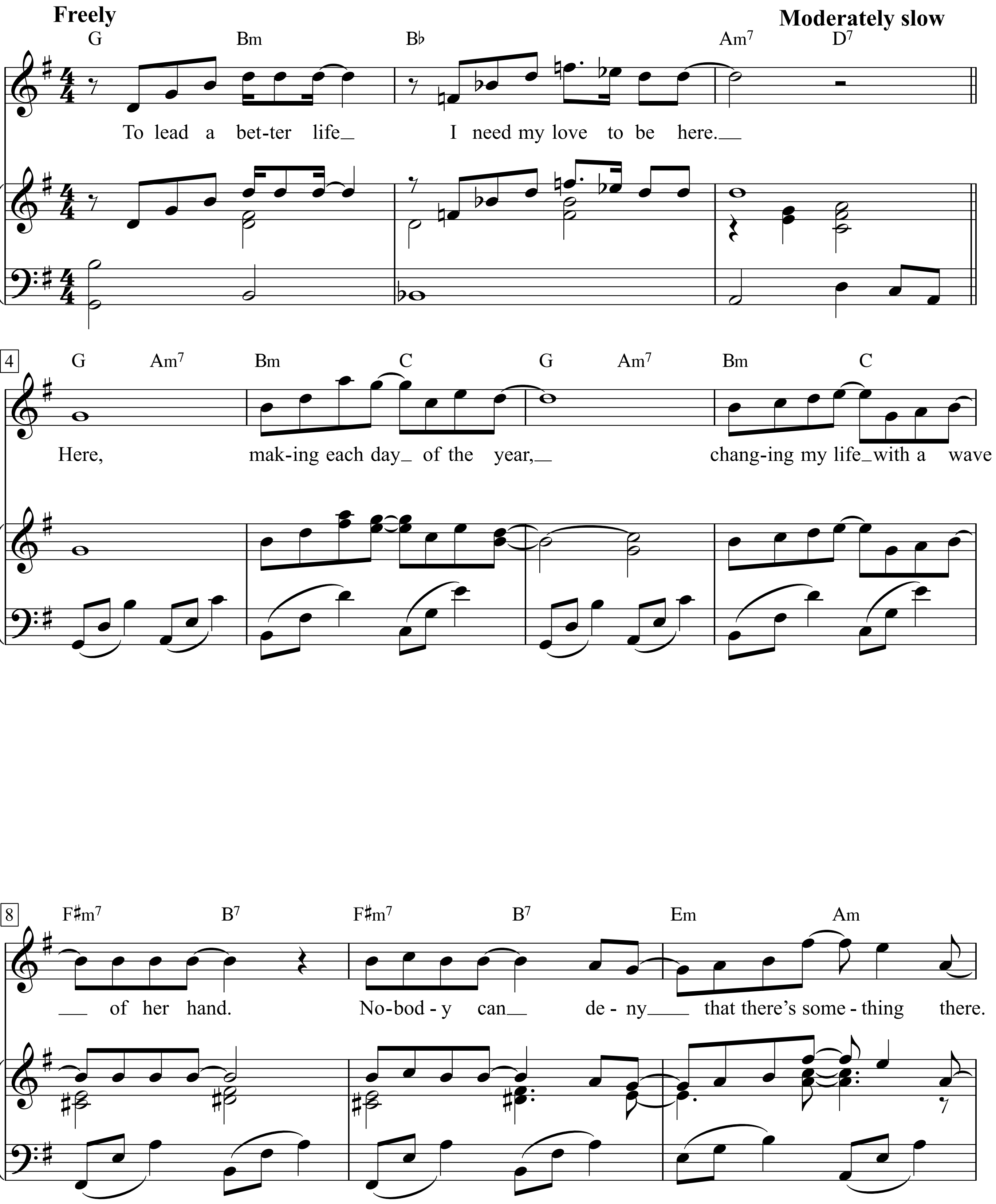
53
Gmaj7
G
A
Did - n't it feel good?
56
G
A
G
A
61
A
Em7
Help me, I think I'm fall - in'
mp
64
Gmaj7
in love with you.
Are you gon - na let me

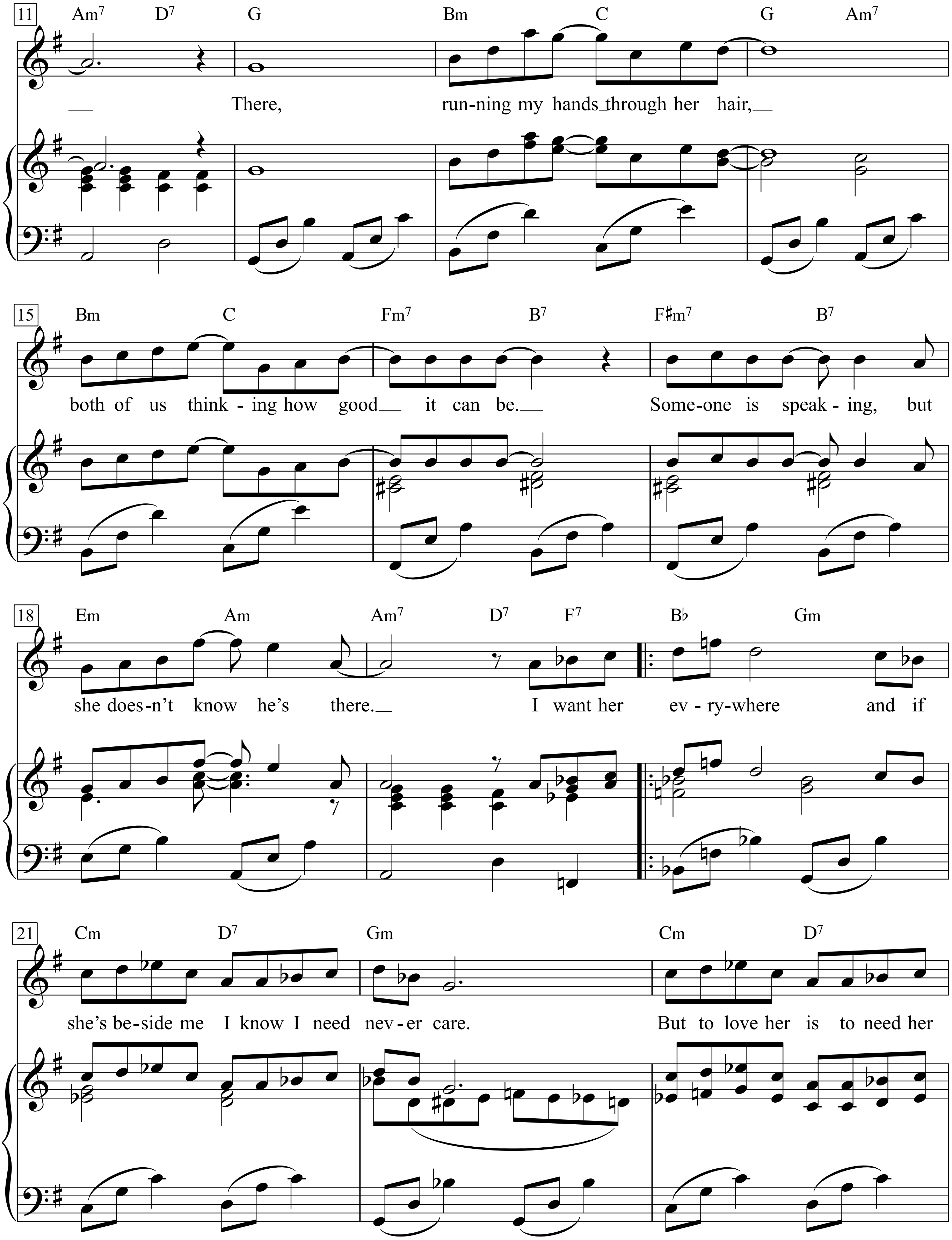

67
Fmaj7
go there by my - self? That's such a lone - ly thing to
70
do, both of us flirt - ing a - round, flirt - ing
72
and flirt - ing, hurt - ing too. We love
74
Cmaj7
Gmaj7
our lov - in'
mf

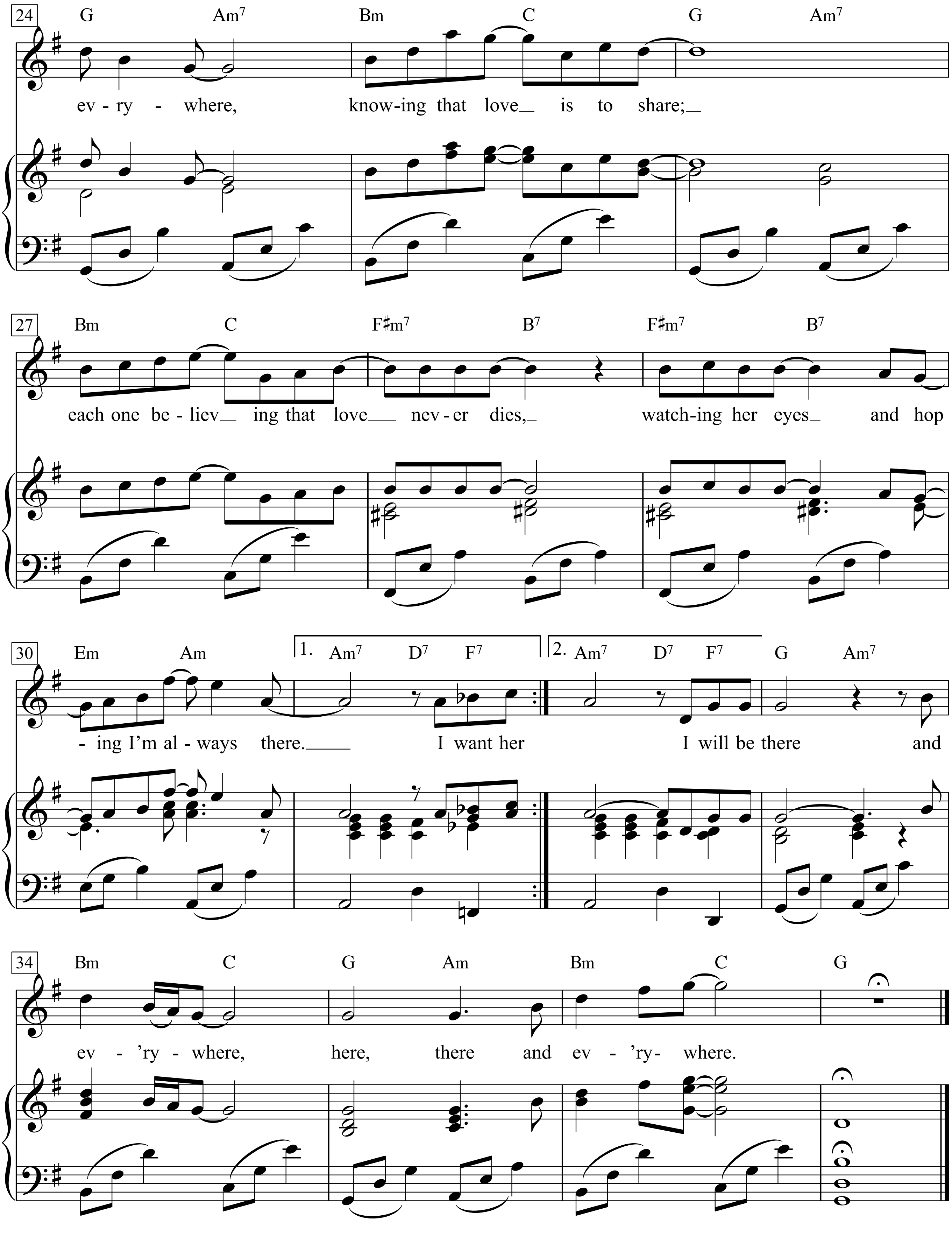

77
Cmaj7
A
Cmaj7
but not like we love our free - - dom.
80
Dmaj7
Bbmaj7
83
Fmaj7
86
Dmaj7
Fmaj7

Here, There And Everywhere

Words & Music by John Lennon & Paul McCartney
(The Beatles)



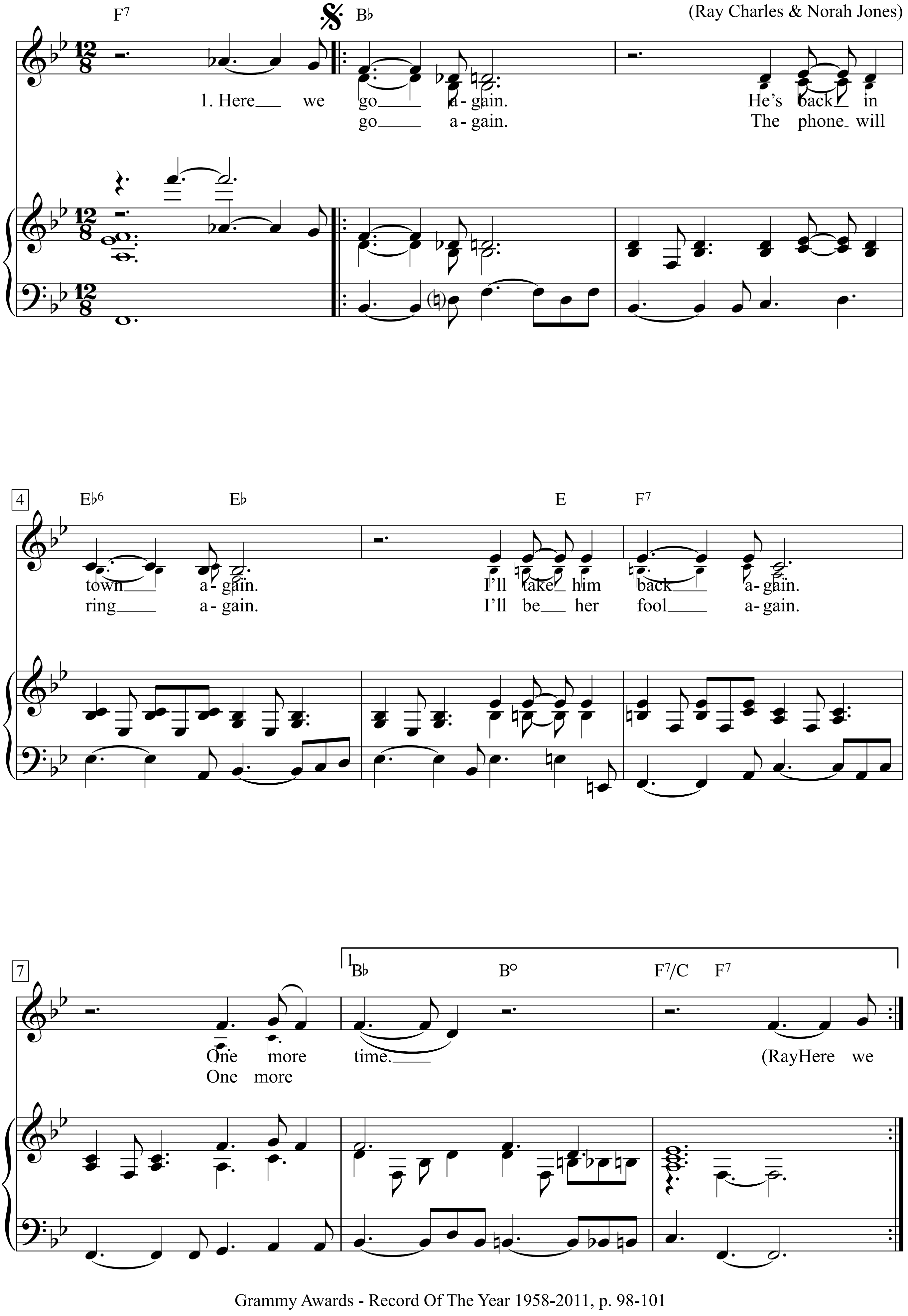

11
Am7 D7 G Bm C G Am7
There, run-ning my hands through her hair,
15
Bm C Fm7 B7 F♯m7 B7
both of us think - ing how good it can be. Some-one is speak - ing, but
18
Em Am Am7 D7 F7 B♭ Gm
she does-n't know he's there. I want her ev - ry-where and if
21
Cm D7 Gm Cm D7
she's be-side me I know I need nev - er care. But to love her is to need her

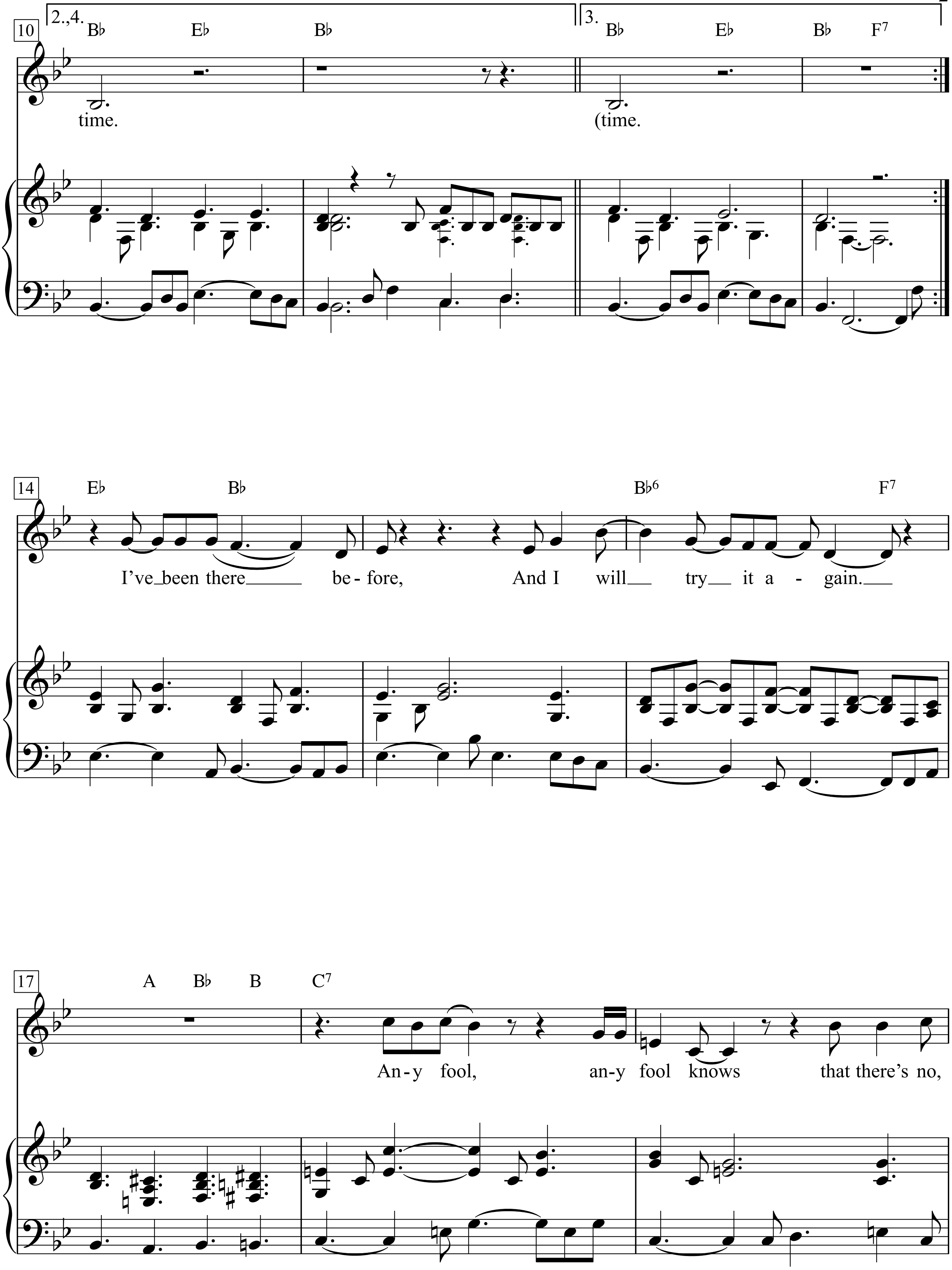

24
G Am7 Bm C G Am7
ev - ry - where, know-ing that love is to share;
27
Bm C F♯m7 B7 F♯m7 B7
each one be - liev ing that love nev - er dies, watch-ing her eyes and hop
30
Em Am 1. Am7 D7 F7 2. Am7 D7 F7 G Am7
- ing I'm al - ways there. I want her I will be there and
34
Bm C G Am Bm C G
ev - 'ry - where, here, there and ev - 'ry- where.

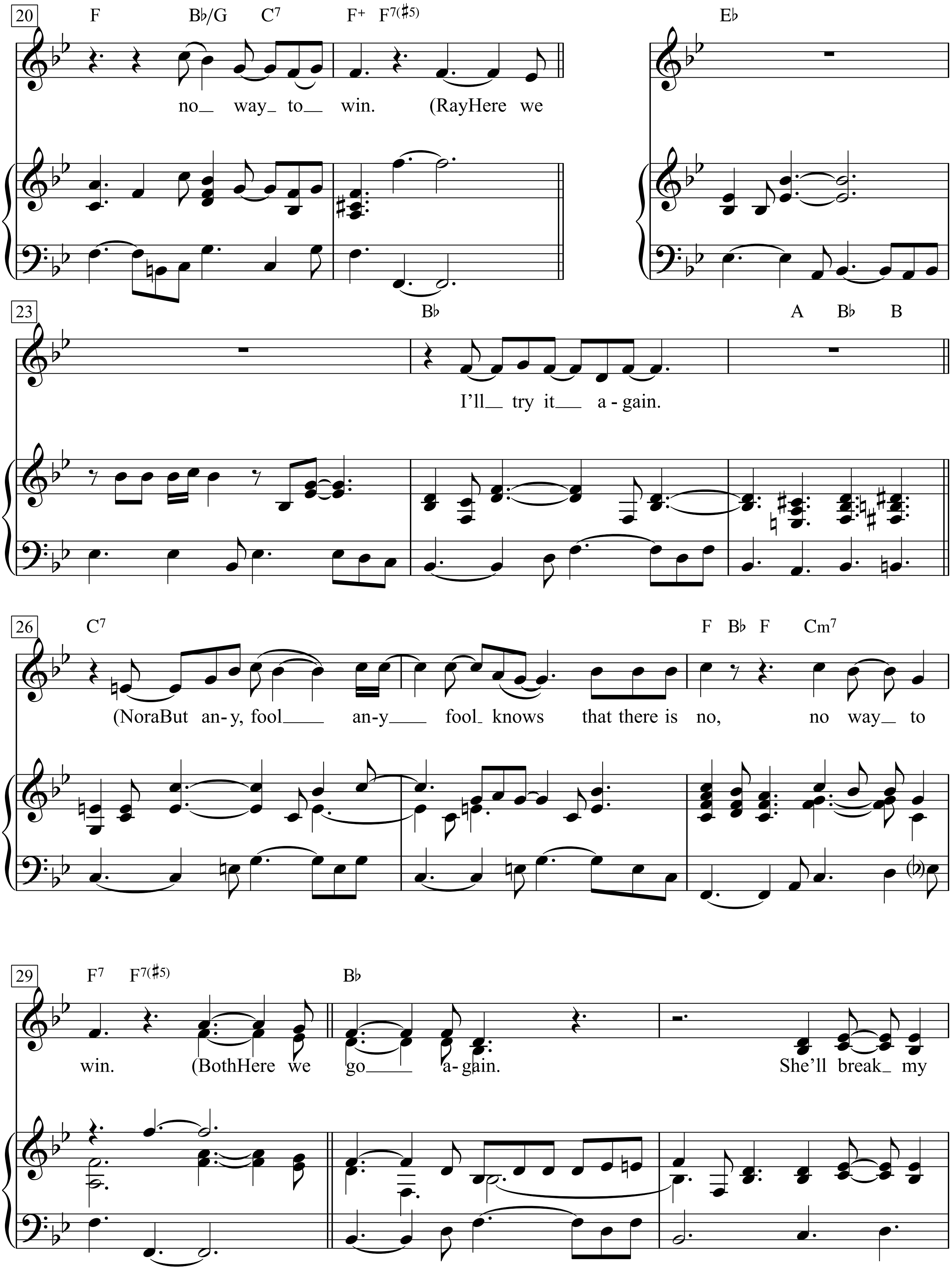
Here We Go Again

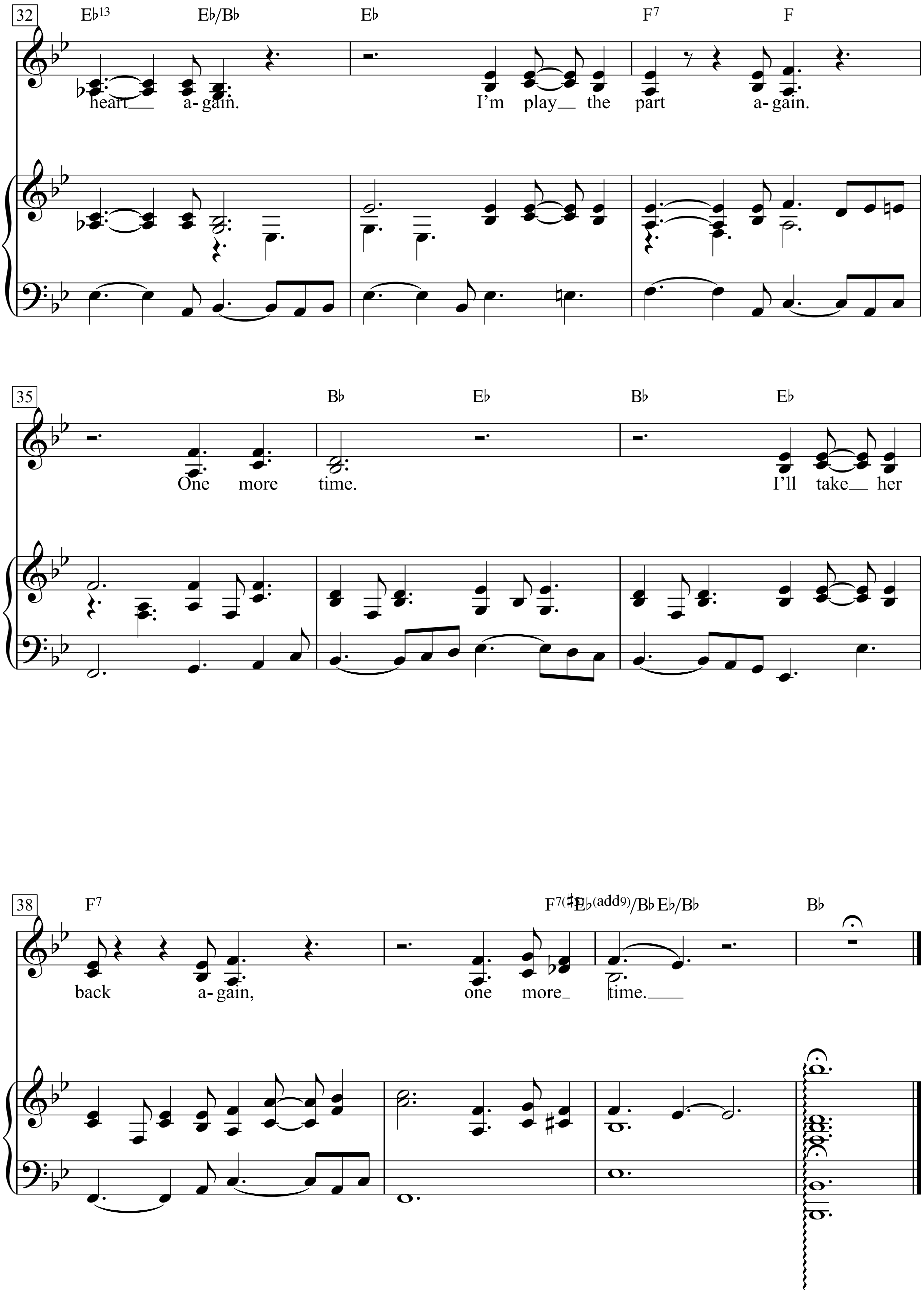
Slow shuffle

Words & Music by
Red Steagall And Donnie Lanier
(Ray Charles & Norah Jones)



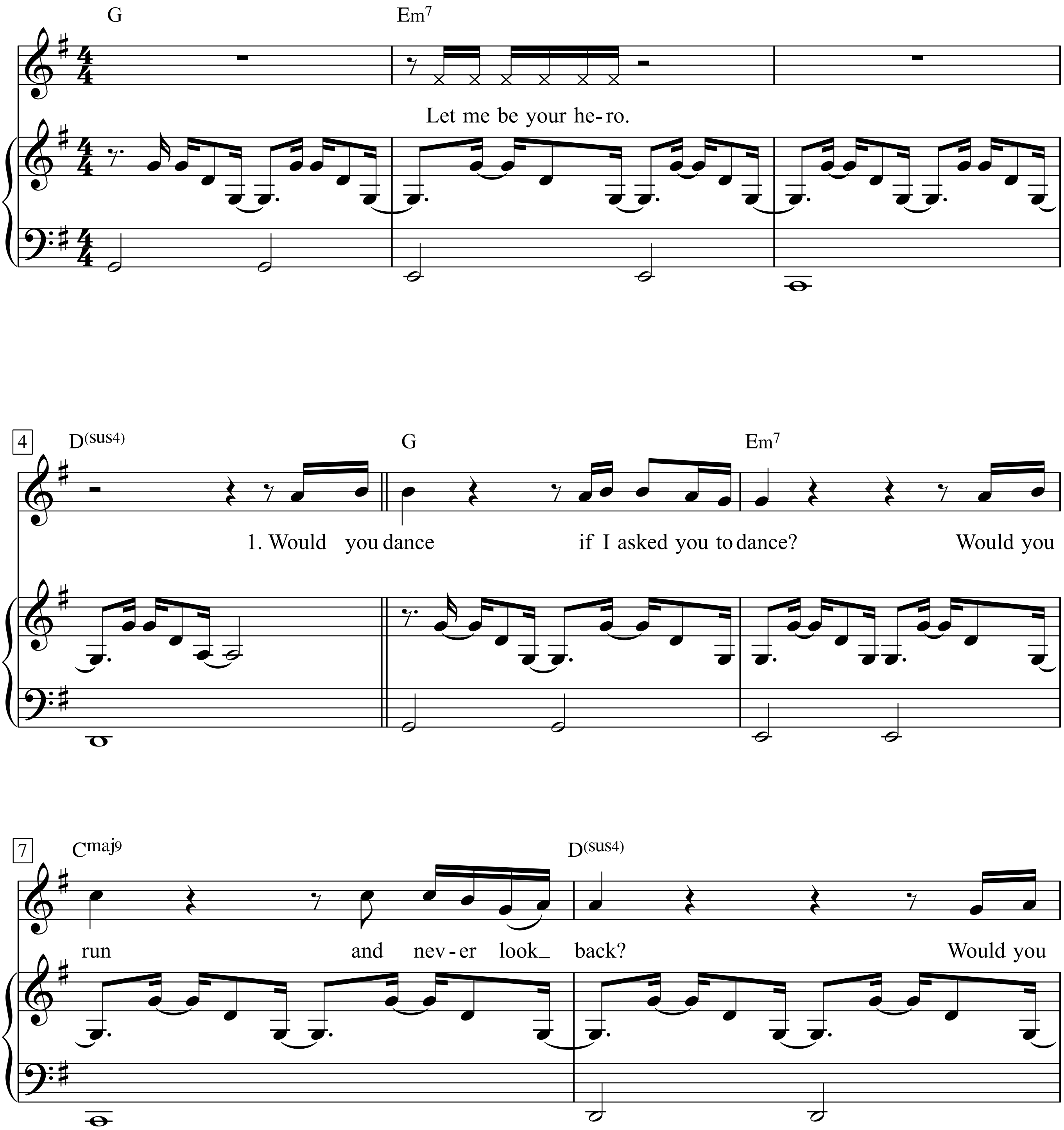

10
2.,4.
B♭ E♭ B♭
time.
3.
B♭ E♭ B♭ F7
(time.
14
E♭ B♭ B♭6 F7
I've been there before, And I will try it a - gain.
17
A B♭ B C7
An-y fool, an-y fool knows that there's no,


20
F Bb/G C7 F+ F7(#5) Eb
no_ way_ to_ win. (RayHere we
23
Bb A Bb B
I'll_ try it_ a - gain.
26
C7 F Bb F Cm7
(NoraBut an-y, fool___ an-y___ fool_ knows that there is no, no way_ to
29
F7 F7(#5) Bb
win. (BothHere we go___ a-gain. She'll break_ my

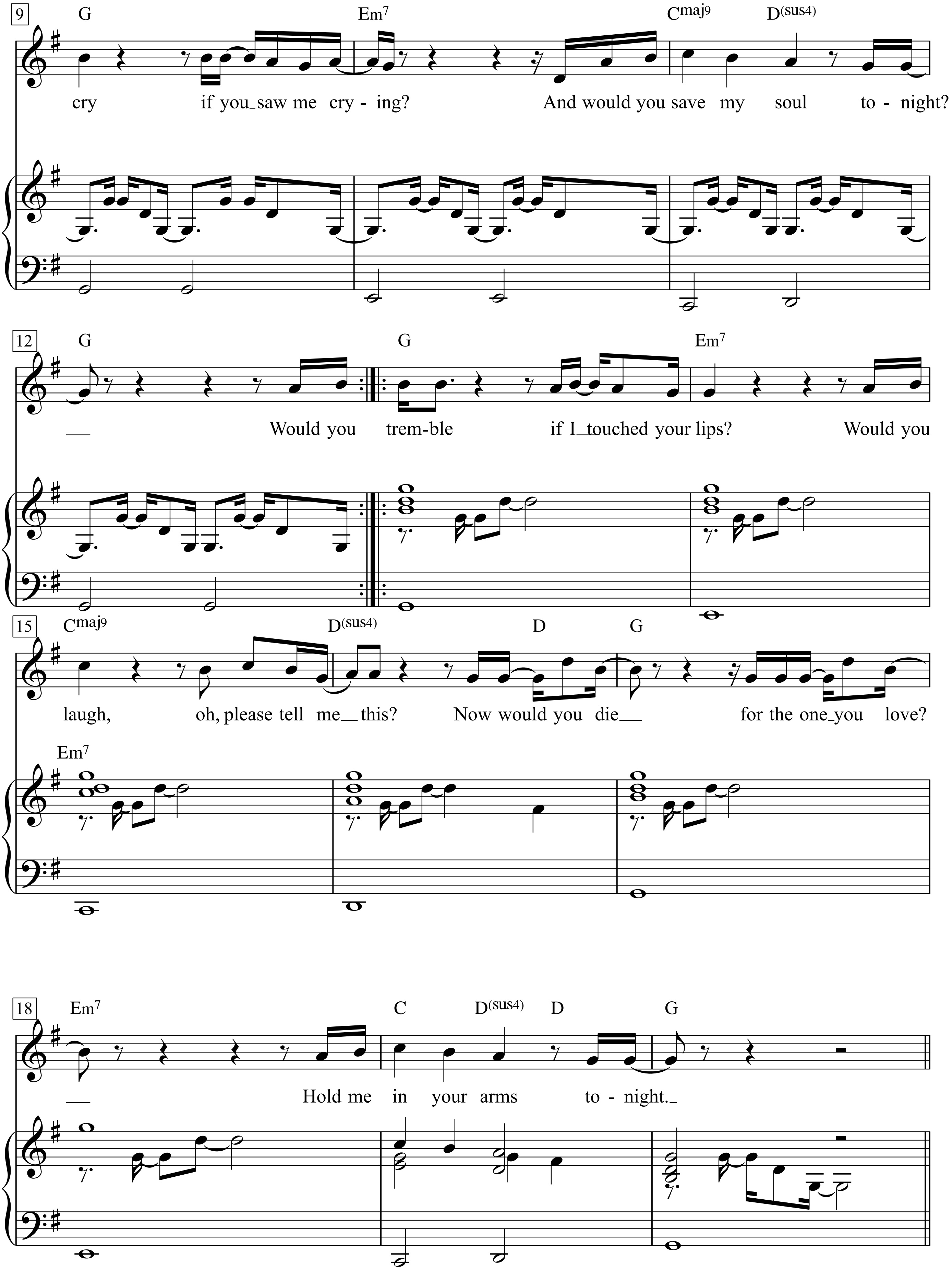

32
E♭13 E♭/B♭ E♭ F7 F
heart a- gain. I'm play the part a- gain.
35
B♭ E♭ B♭ E♭
One more time. I'll take her
38
F7 E♭(add9)/B♭ E♭/B♭ B♭
back a- gain, one more time.

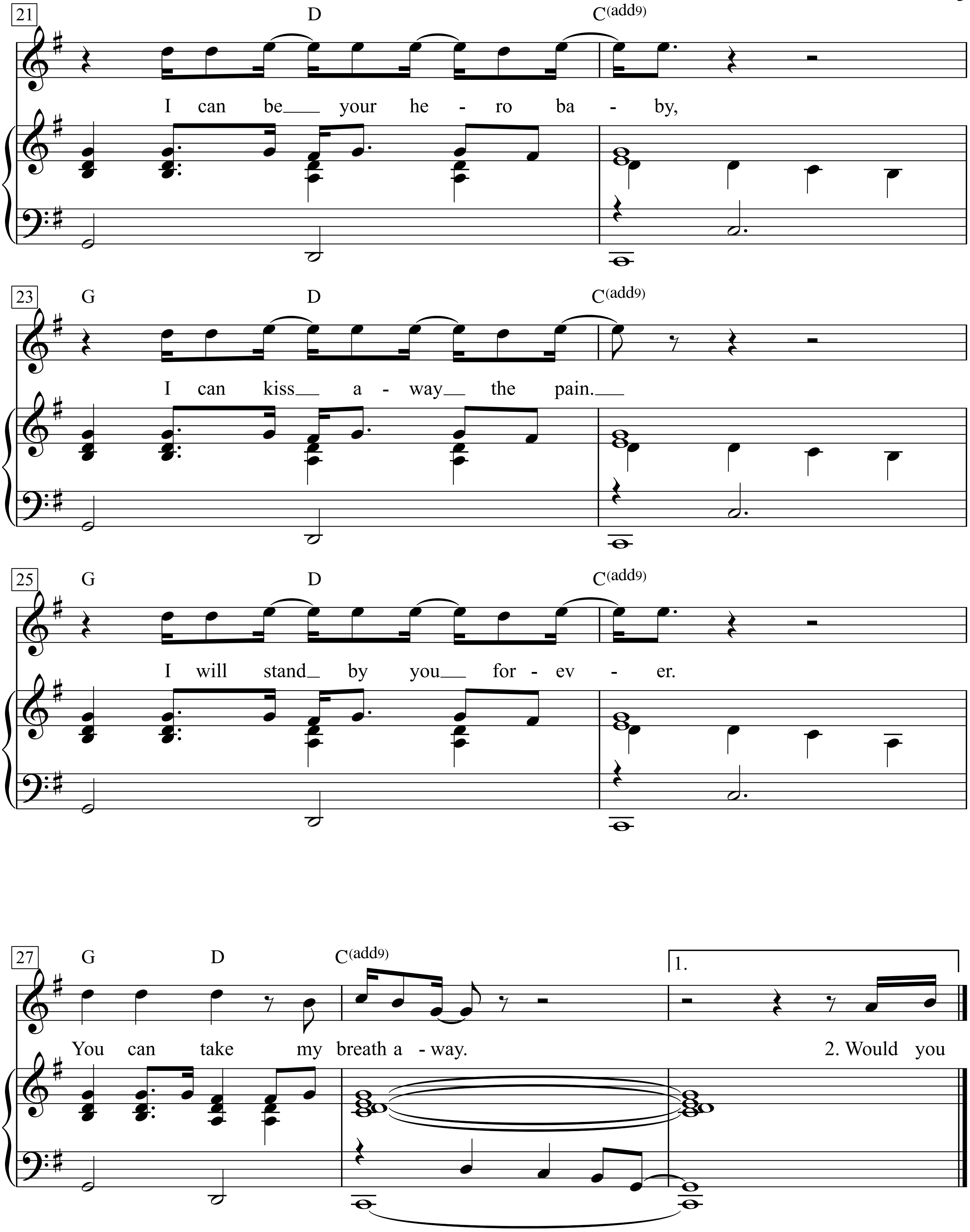
Hero

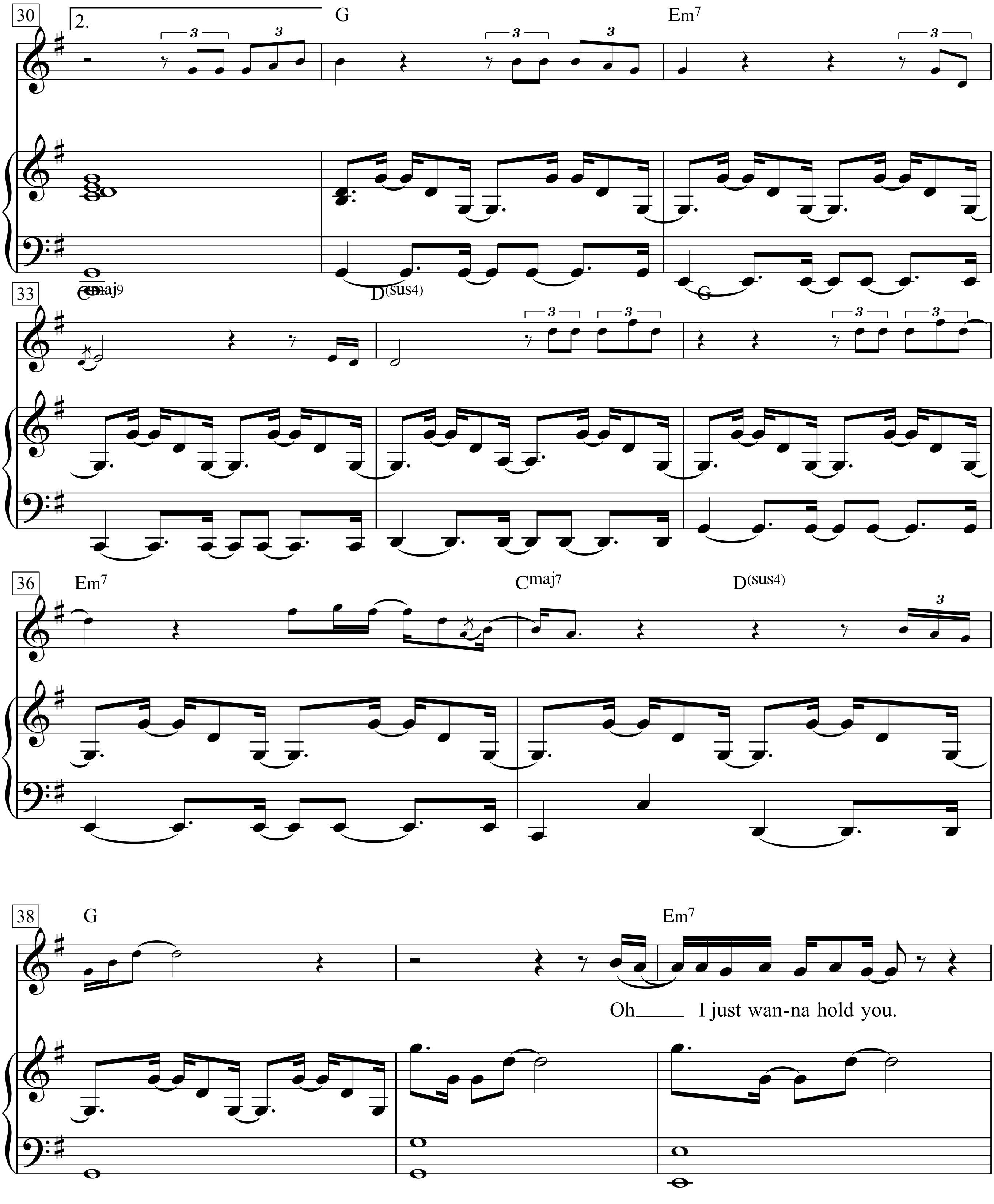
Words & Music by
Paul Barry & Mark Taylor, Enrique Iglesias
(Enrique Iglesias)

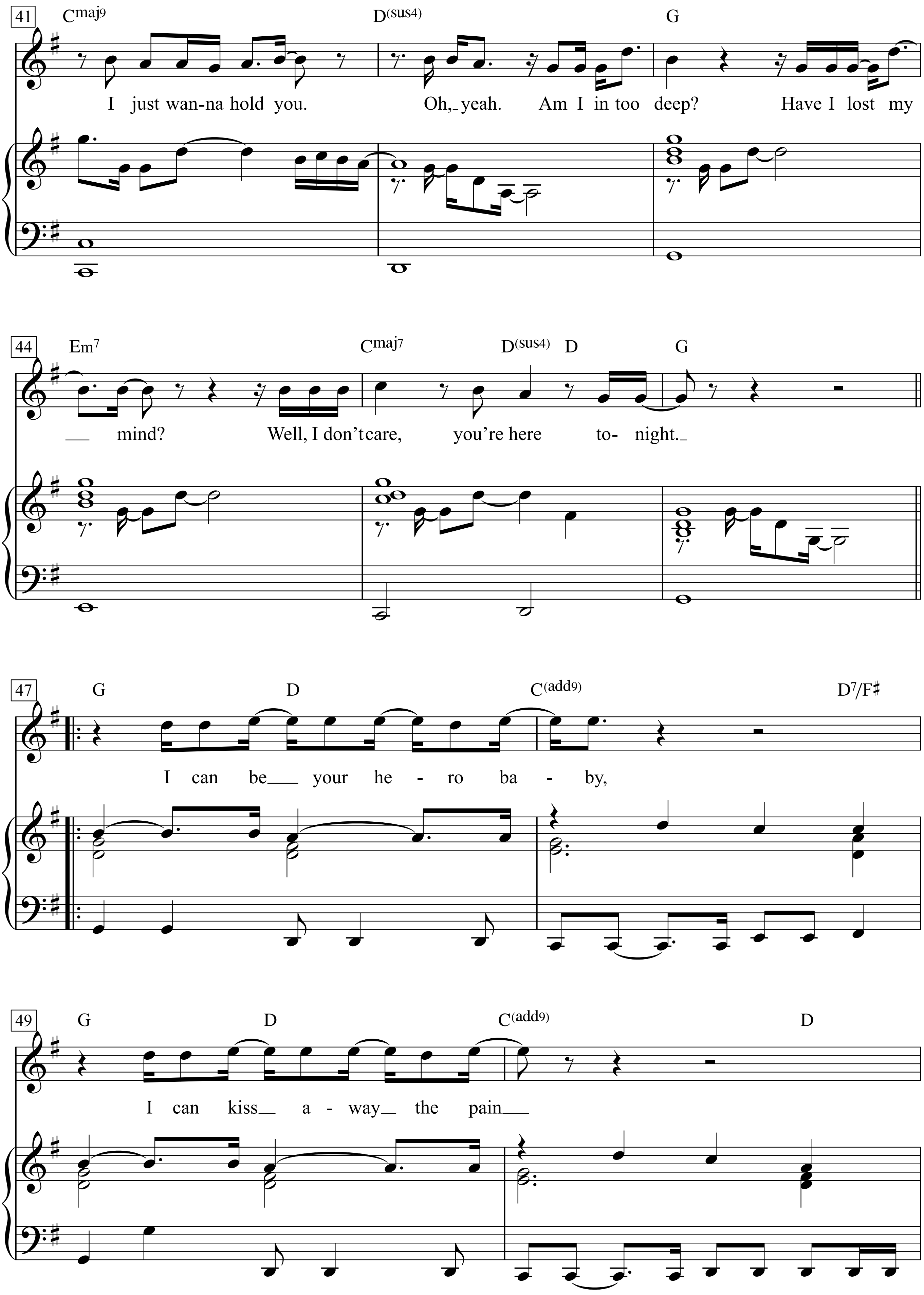


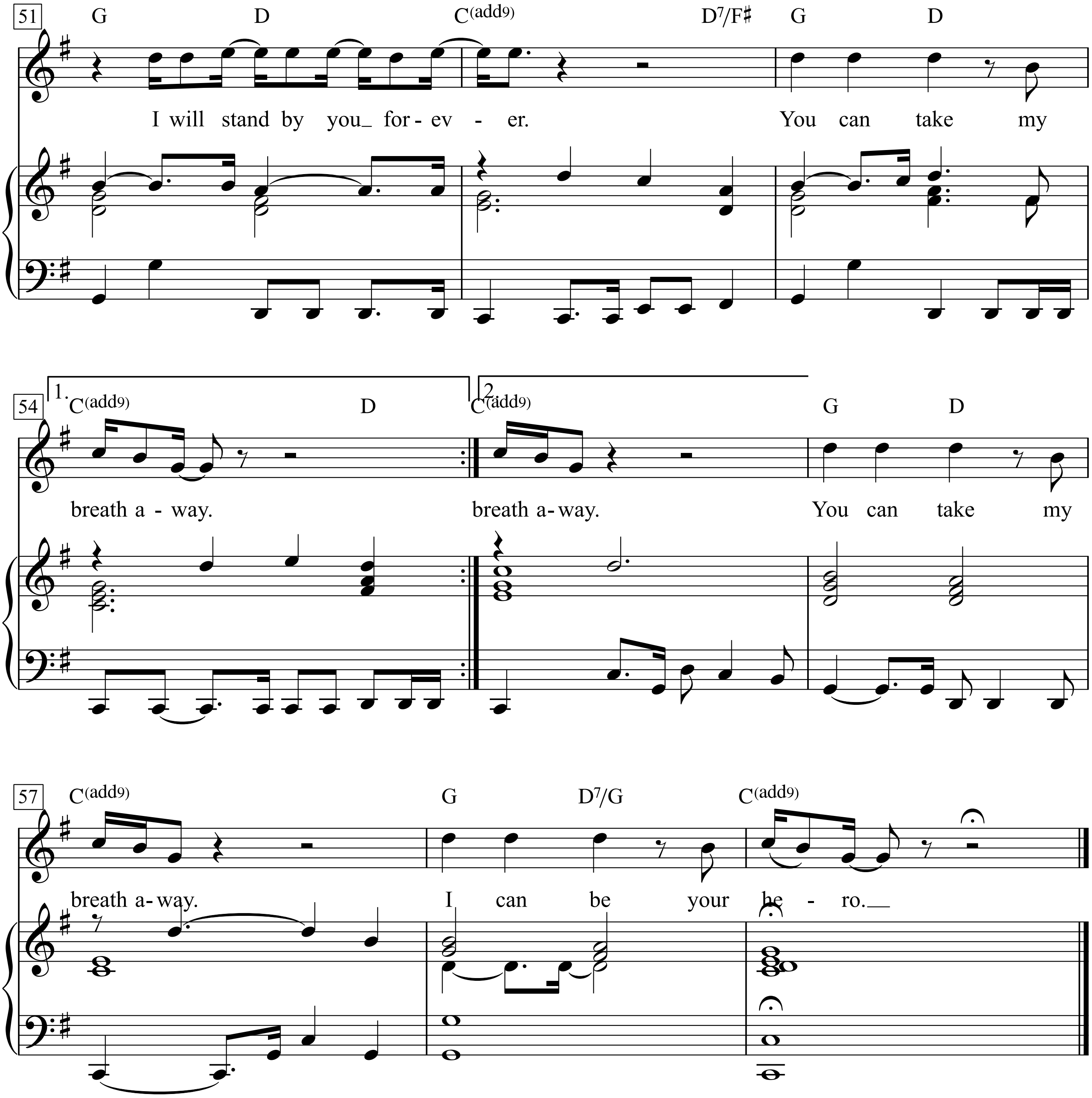
The Greatest Love Songs Of The 21st Century, p. 36-41


9
G
Em7
Cmaj9
D(sus4)
cry if you saw me cry - ing? And would you save my soul to - night?
12
G
G
Em7
Would you trem-ble if I touched your lips? Would you
15
Cmaj9
D(sus4)
D
G
laugh, oh, please tell me this? Now would you die for the one you love?
Em7
18
Em7
C
D(sus4)
D
G
Hold me in your arms to - night.


21
D
C(add9)
I can be your he - ro ba - by,
23
G
D
C(add9)
I can kiss a - way the pain.
25
G
D
C(add9)
I will stand by you for - ev - er.
27
G
D
C(add9)
1.
You can take my breath a - way.
2. Would you


30
2.
G
Em7
33
Cmaj9
D(sus4)
G
36
Em7
Cmaj7
D(sus4)
38
G
Em7
Oh____ I just wan-na hold you.


41
Cmaj9
D(sus4)
G
I just wan-na hold you. Oh, yeah. Am I in too deep? Have I lost my
44
Em7
Cmaj7
D(sus4) D
G
mind? Well, I don't care, you're here to- night.
47
G
D
C(add9)
D7/F♯
I can be your he - ro ba - by,
49
G
D
C(add9)
D
I can kiss a - way the pain


51
G D C(add9) D7/F♯ G D
I will stand by you_ for - ev - er. You can take my
54
1. C(add9) D
breath a - way.
2. C(add9) G D
breath a-way. You can take my
57
C(add9) G D7/G C(add9)
breath a-way. I can be your he - ro._

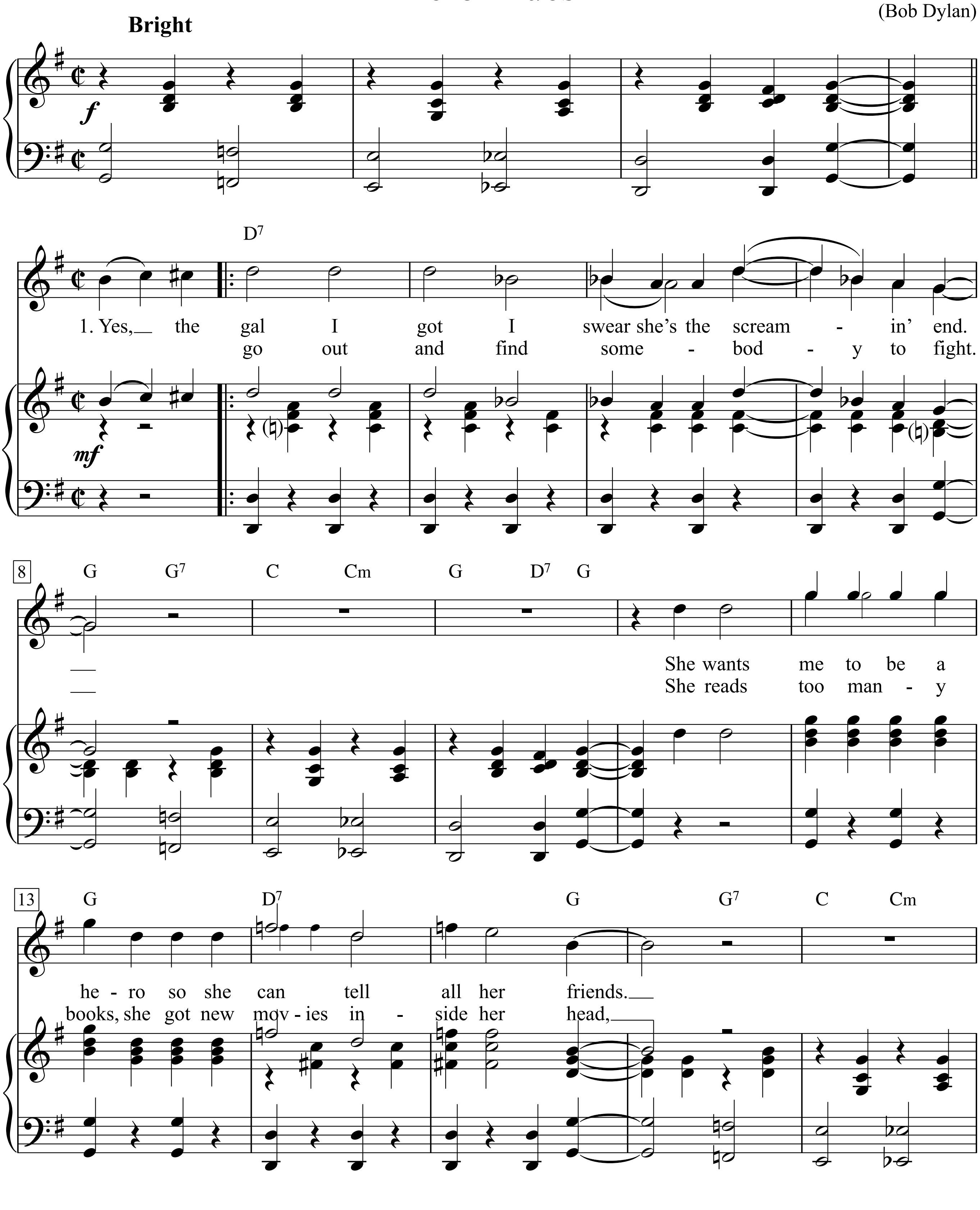
Verse 2:

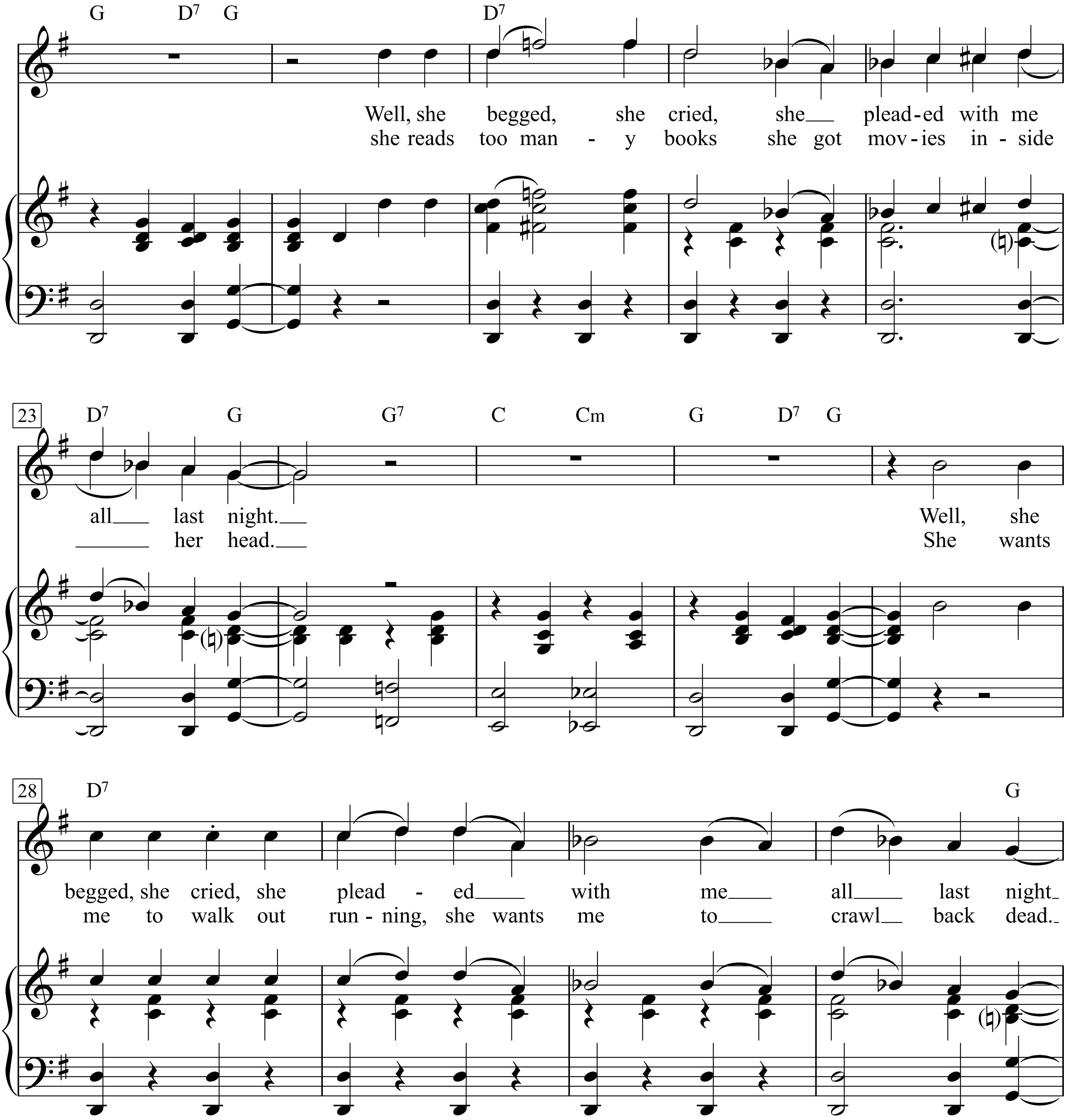
Would you swear that you'll always be mine?
Would you lie? Would you run and hide?
Am I in too deep? Have 1 lost my mind?
I don't care, you're here tonight.

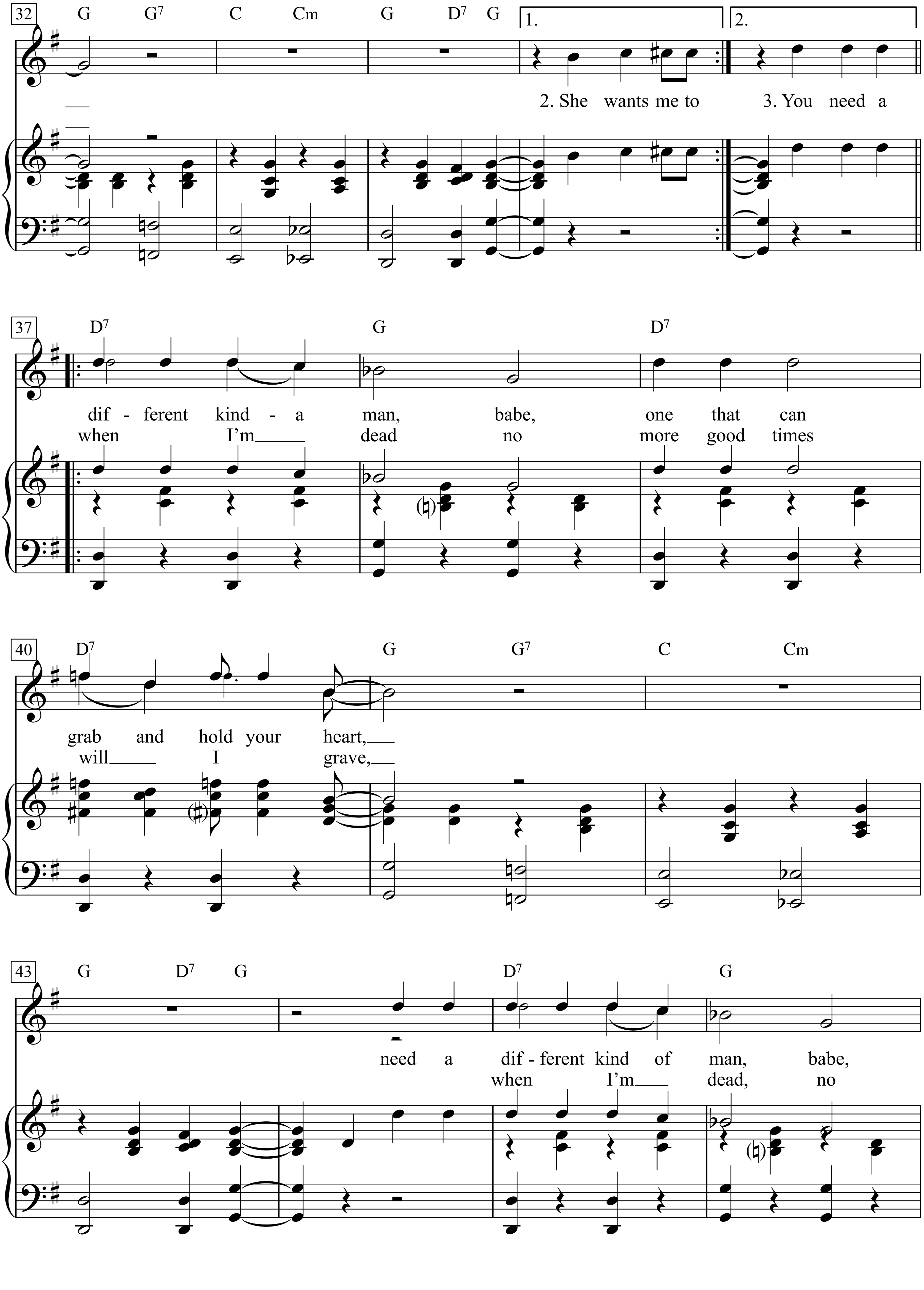
I can be your hero baby *etc.*

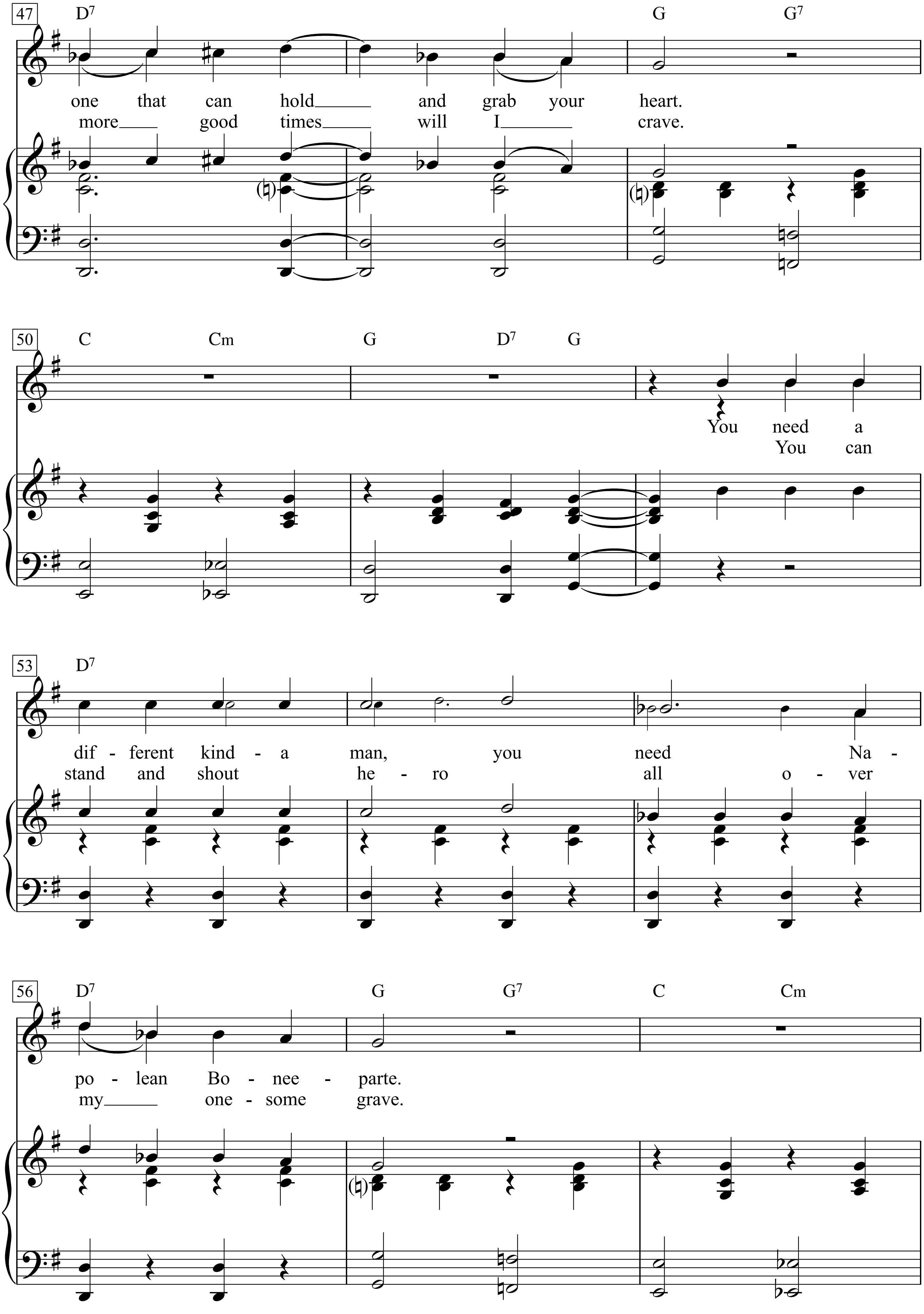
Hero Blues

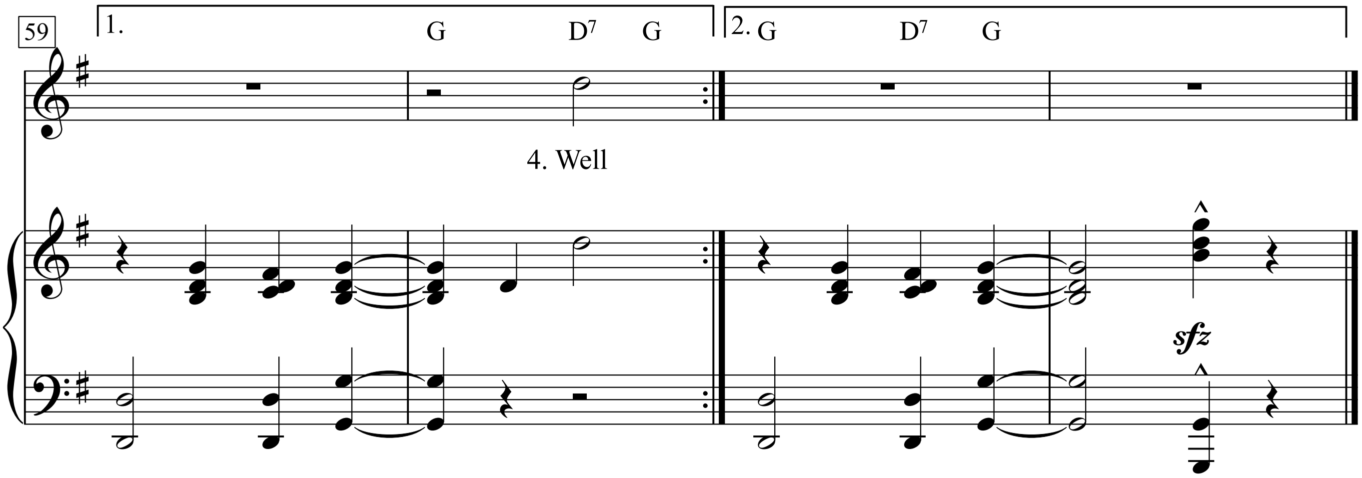
Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




G D7 G D7
Well, she begged, she cried, she plead-ed with me
she reads too man - y books she got mov-ies in-side
23
D7 G G7 C Cm G D7 G
all last night. Well, she
her head. She wants
28
D7 G
begged, she cried, she plead - ed with me all last night
me to walk out run - ning, she wants me to crawl back dead.


32
G G7 C Cm G D7 G
1.
2.
2. She wants me to
3. You need a
37
D7 G D7
dif - ferent kind - a man, babe, one that can
when I'm dead no more good times
40
D7 G G7 C Cm
grab and hold your heart,
will I grave,
43
G D7 G D7 G
need a dif - ferent kind of man, babe,
when I'm dead, no


47
D7
G
G7
one that can hold and grab your heart.
more good times will I crave.
50
C
Cm
G
D7
G
You need a
You can
53
D7
dif - ferent kind - a man, you need Na -
stand and shout he - ro all o - ver
56
D7
G
G7
C
Cm
po - lean Bo - nee - parte.
my one - some grave.



Yes, the gal I got
I swear she's the screamin' end.
She wants me to be a hero
So she can tell all her friends.

Well, she begged, she cried,
She pleaded with me all last night.
Well, she begged, she cried,
She pleaded with me all last night
She wants me to go out
And find somebody to fight.

You need a different kinda??? man, babe,
One that can grab and hold your heart,
Need a different kind??? of man, babe,
One that can hold and grab your heart.
You need a different kinda??? man, (nabe???))
You need ???Napolean ???Boneeparte.

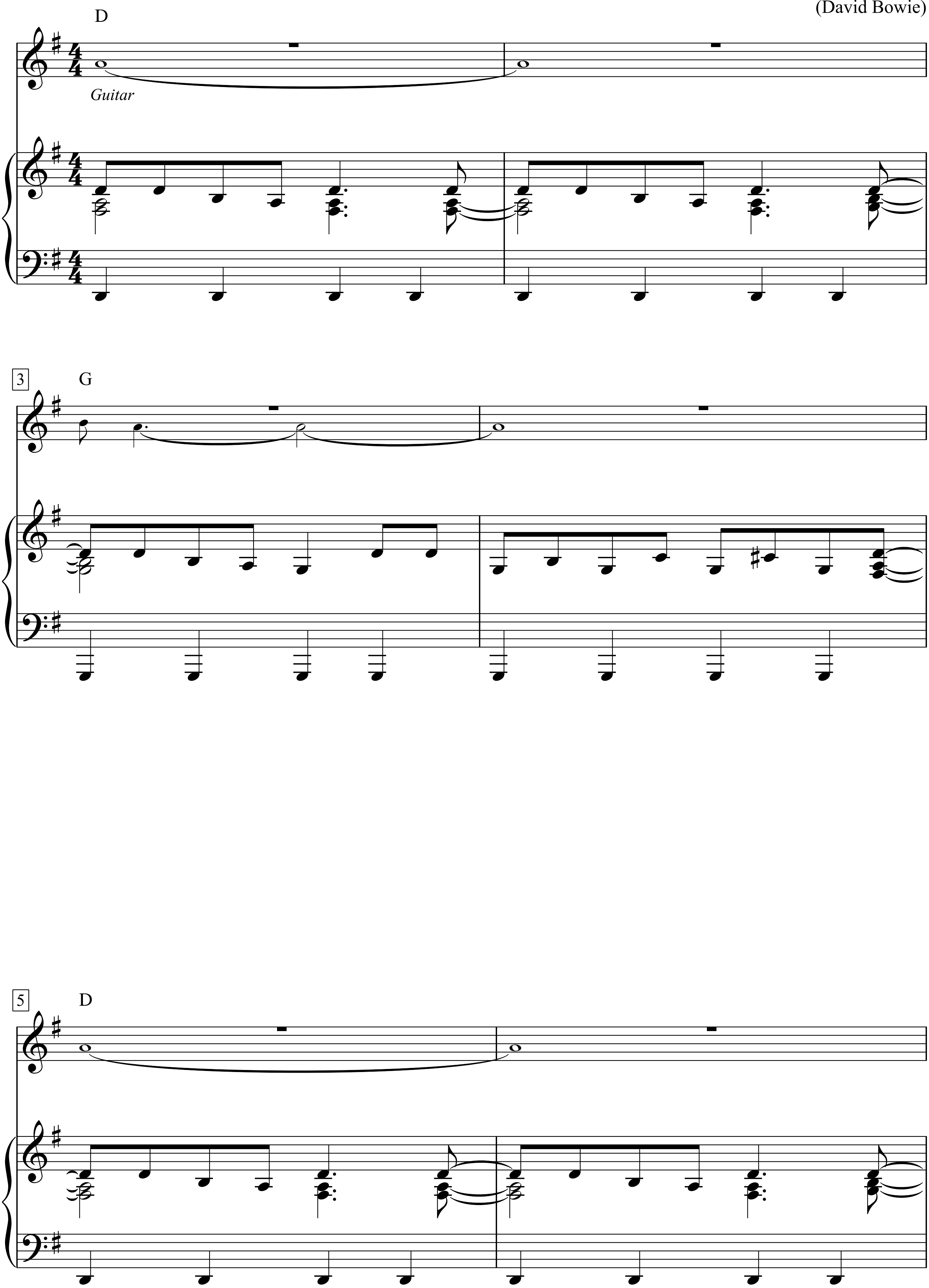
She reads too many books,
She got new movies inside her head,
She reads too many books
She got movies inside her head.
She wants me to walk out running,
She wants me to crawl back dead. ???

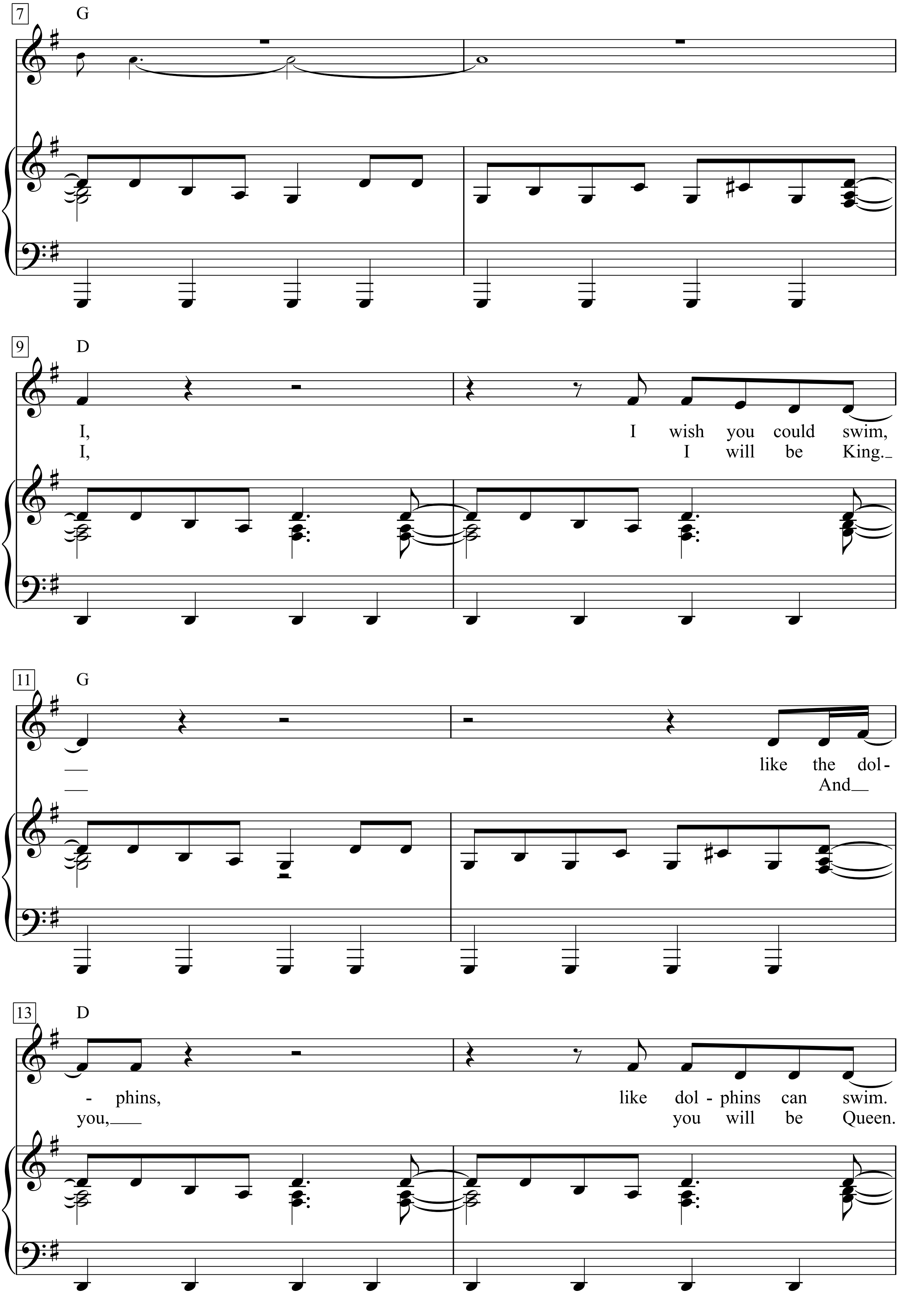
Well, when I'm dead
No more good times will I grave,
When I'm dead
No more good times will I crave.
You can stand and shout hero
All over my lonesome grave

Heroes

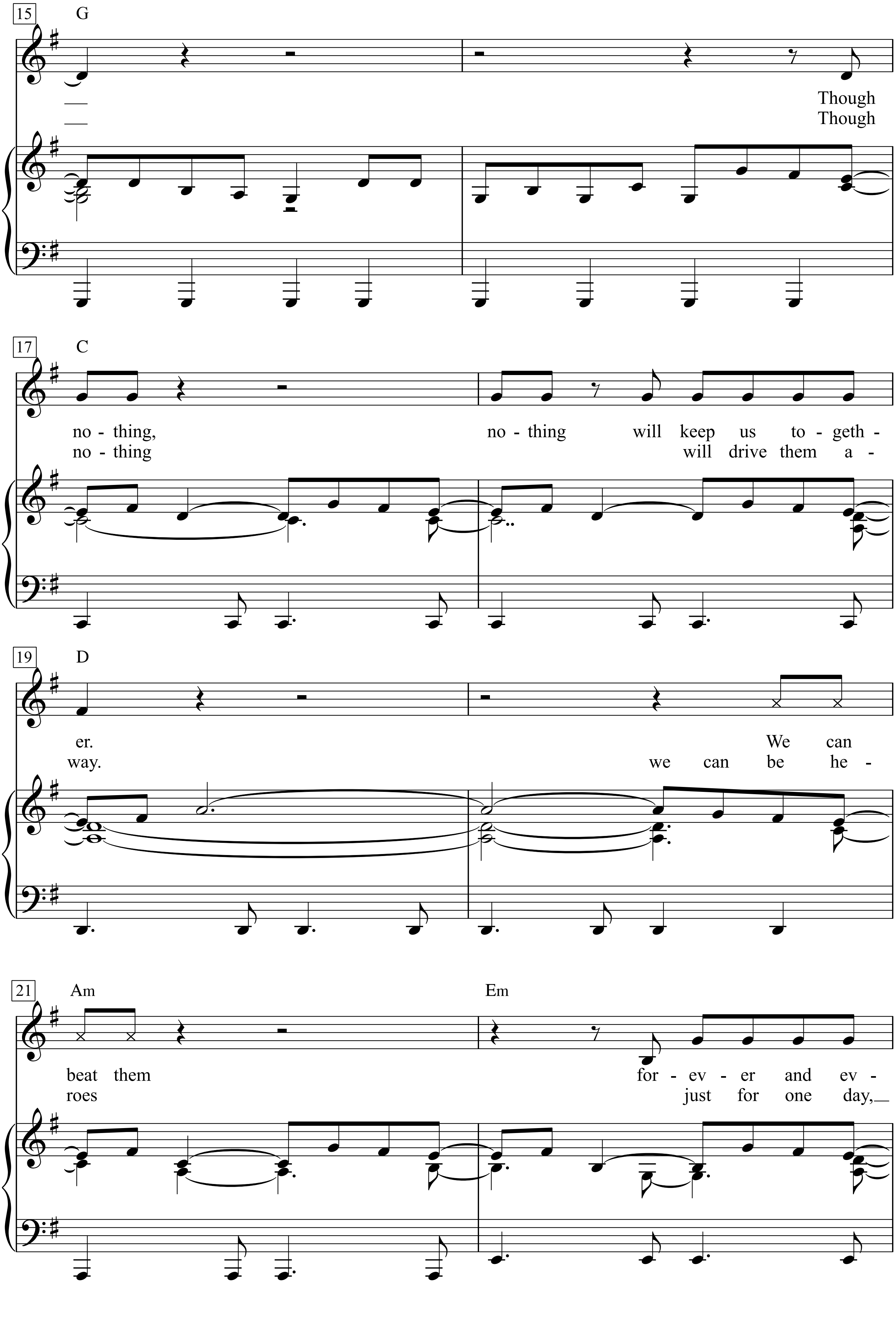
Words & Music by
David Bowie & Brian Eno
(David Bowie)

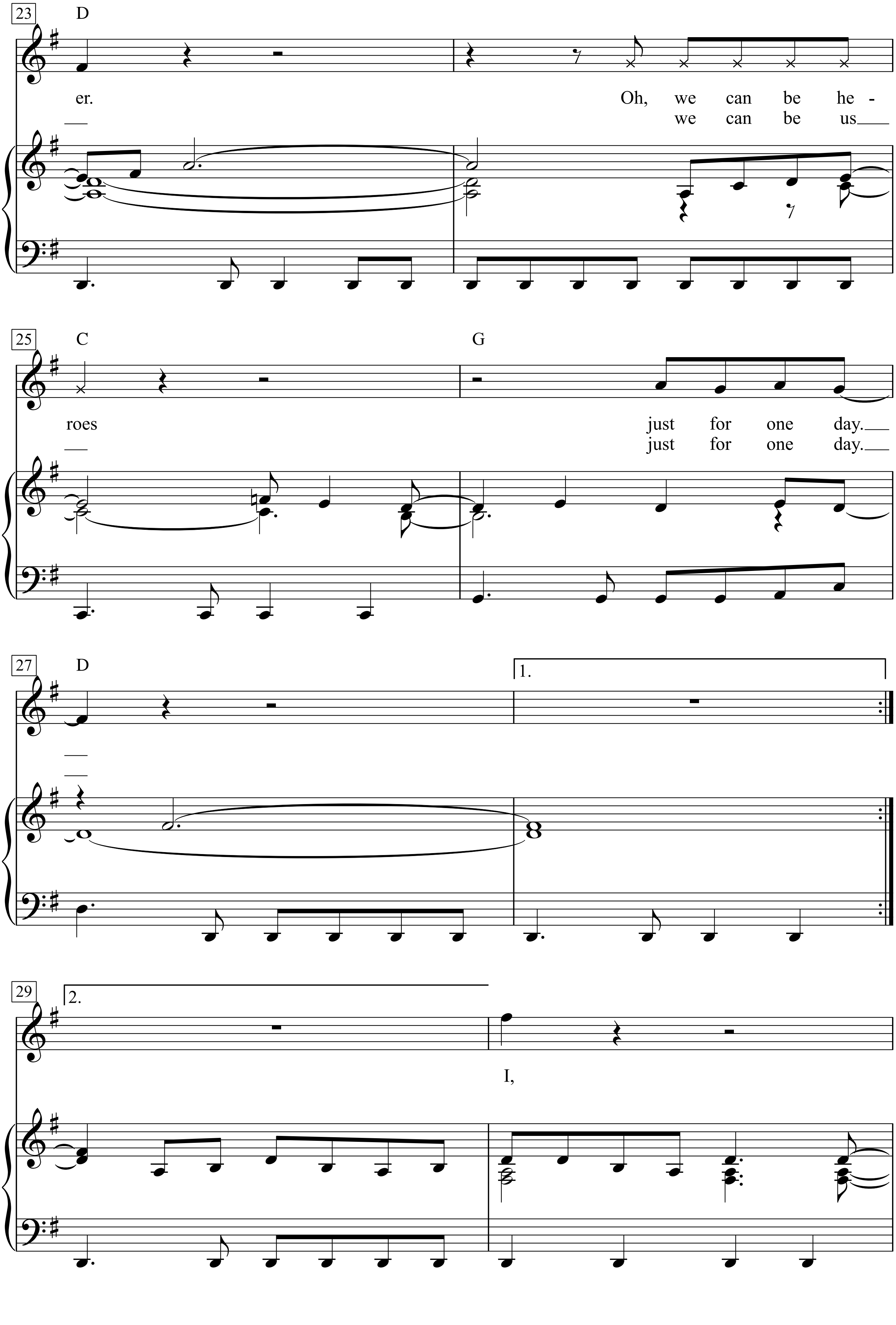
♩ = 116

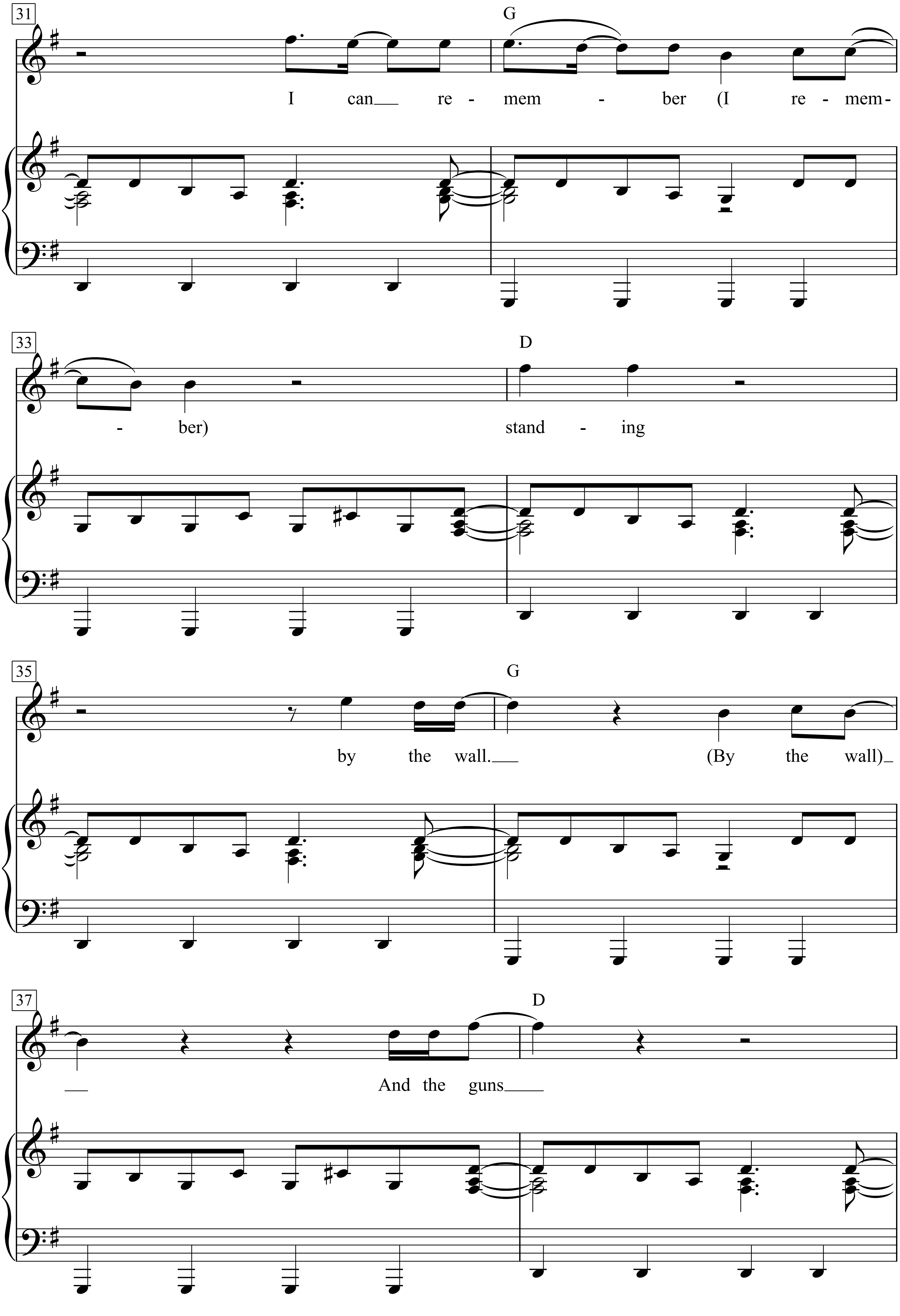


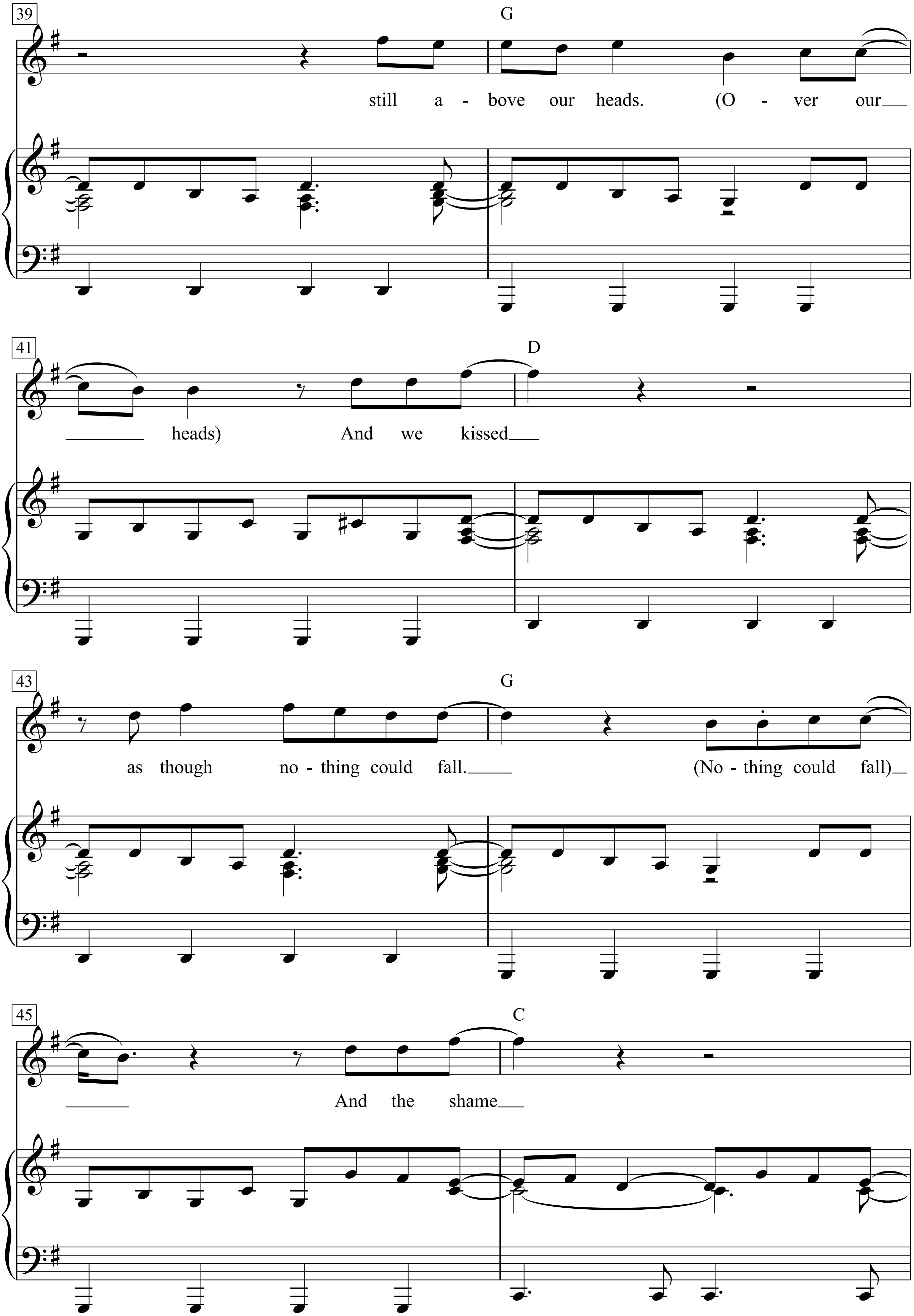


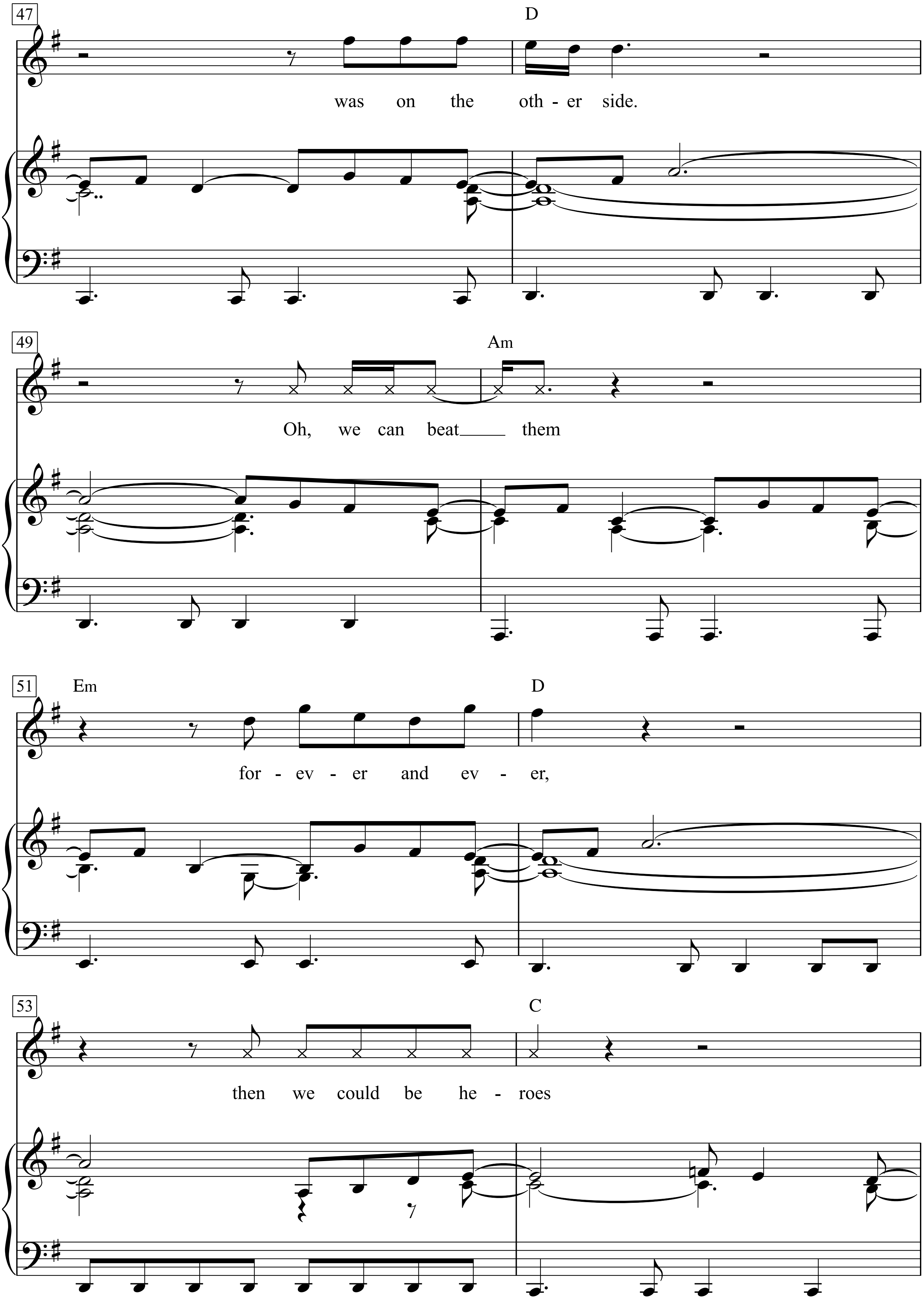
7
G
9
D
I,
I wish you could swim,
I,
I will be King.
11
G
like the dol-
And
13
D
- phins,
like dol - phins can swim.
you,
you will be Queen.

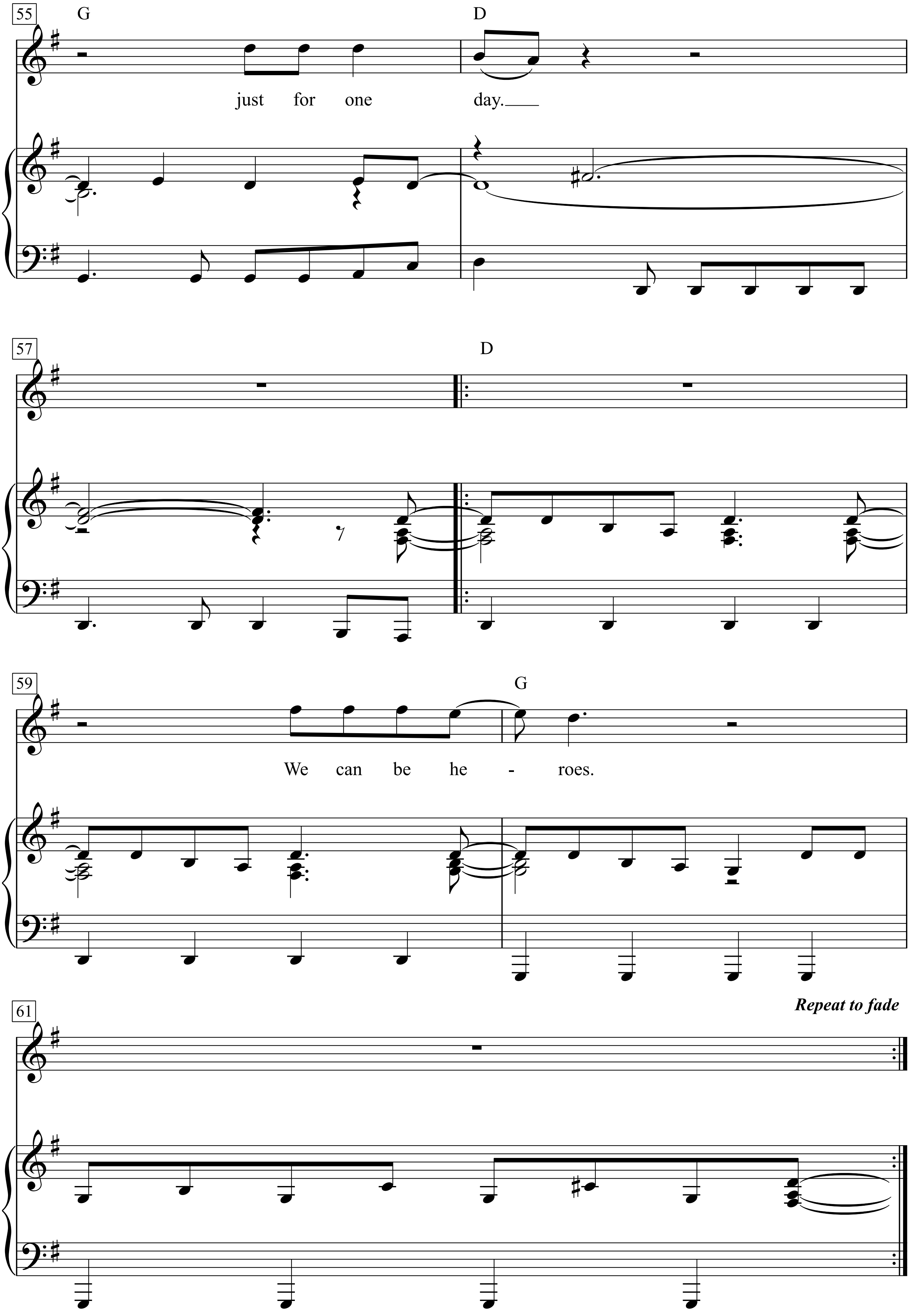

15
G
Though
Though
17
C
no - thing, no - thing will keep us to - geth -
no - thing will drive them a -
19
D
er. We can
way. we can be he -
21
Am
Em
beat them for - ev - er and ev -
roes just for one day,


23
D
er.
Oh, we can be he -
we can be us
25
C
G
roes
just for one day.
just for one day.
27
D
1.
29
2.
I,


31
G
I can__ re - mem - ber (I re - mem-
33
D
- ber) stand - ing
35
G
by the wall.__ (By the wall)_
37
D
__ And the guns___


39
G
still a - bove our heads. (O - ver our
41
D
heads) And we kissed
43
G
as though no - thing could fall. (No - thing could fall)
45
C
And the shame


47
D
was on the oth - er side.
49
Am
Oh, we can beat them
51
Em
D
for - ev - er and ev - er,
53
C
then we could be he - roes


55
G
D
just for one day.
57
D
59
G
We can be he - roes.
61
Repeat to fade

I, I wish you could swim, like the dolphins,
like dolphins can swim.
Though nothing, nothing will keep us together.
We can beat them forever and ever.
Oh, we can be heroes just for one day.

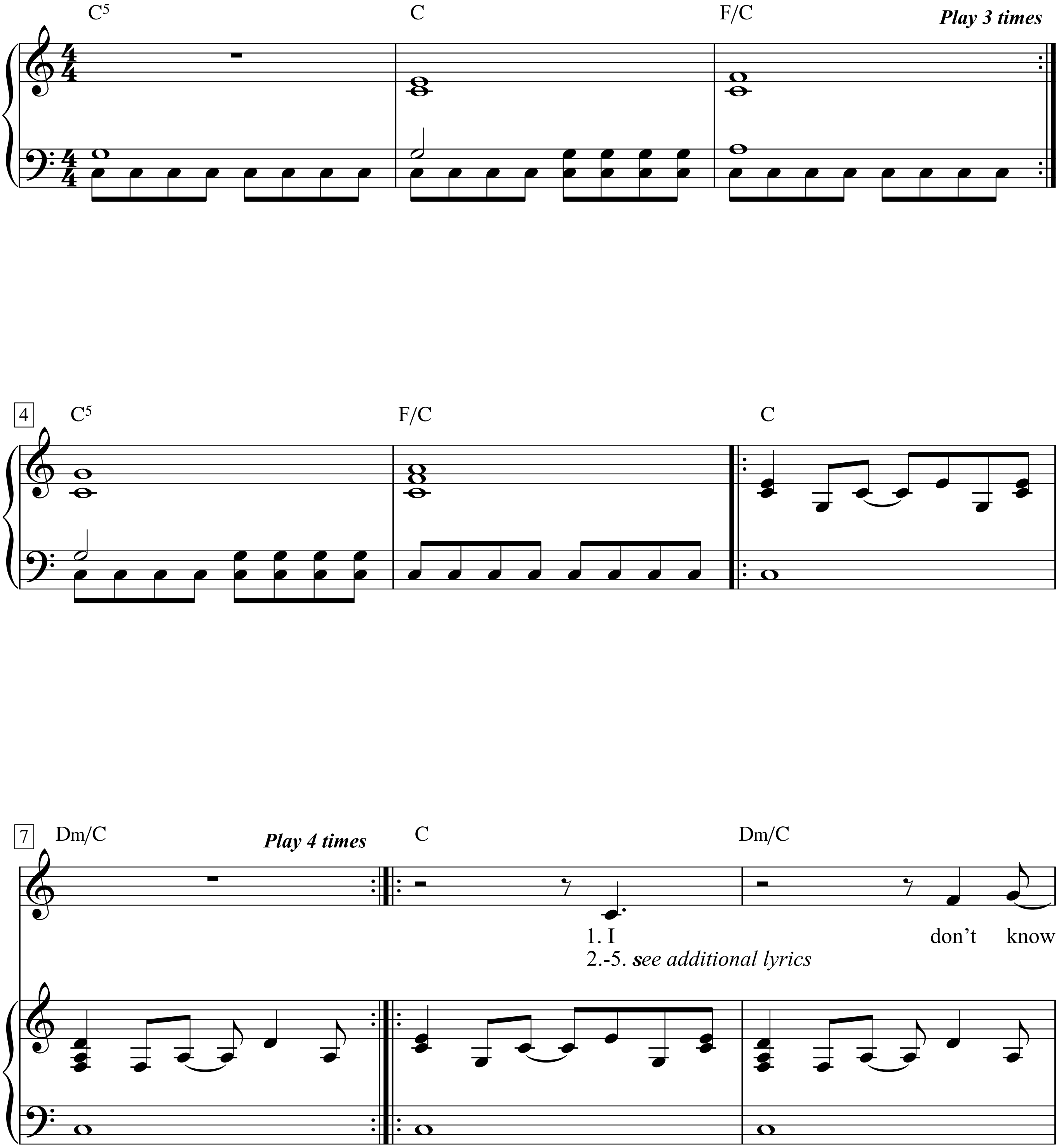
I, I can remember (I remember) standing by the wall.
(By the wall) And the guns still above our heads.
(Over our heads) And we kissed as though nothing could fall.
(Nothing could fall) And the shame was on the other side.
Oh, we can beat them forever and ever,
then we could be heroes just for one day.
We can be heroes.

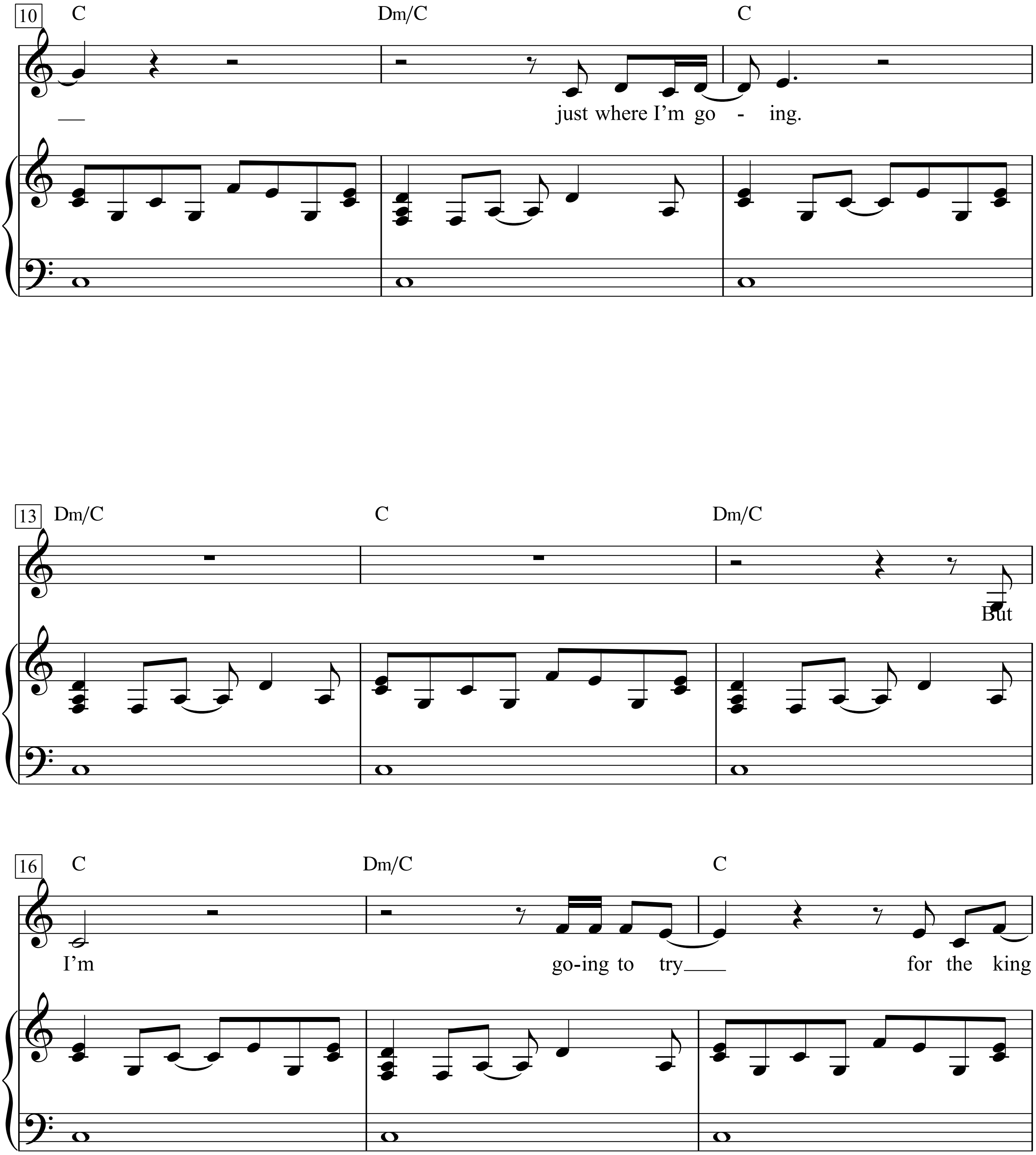
I, I will be King. And you, you will be Queen.
Though nothing will drive them away. We can be heroes
just for one day, we can be us just for one day.

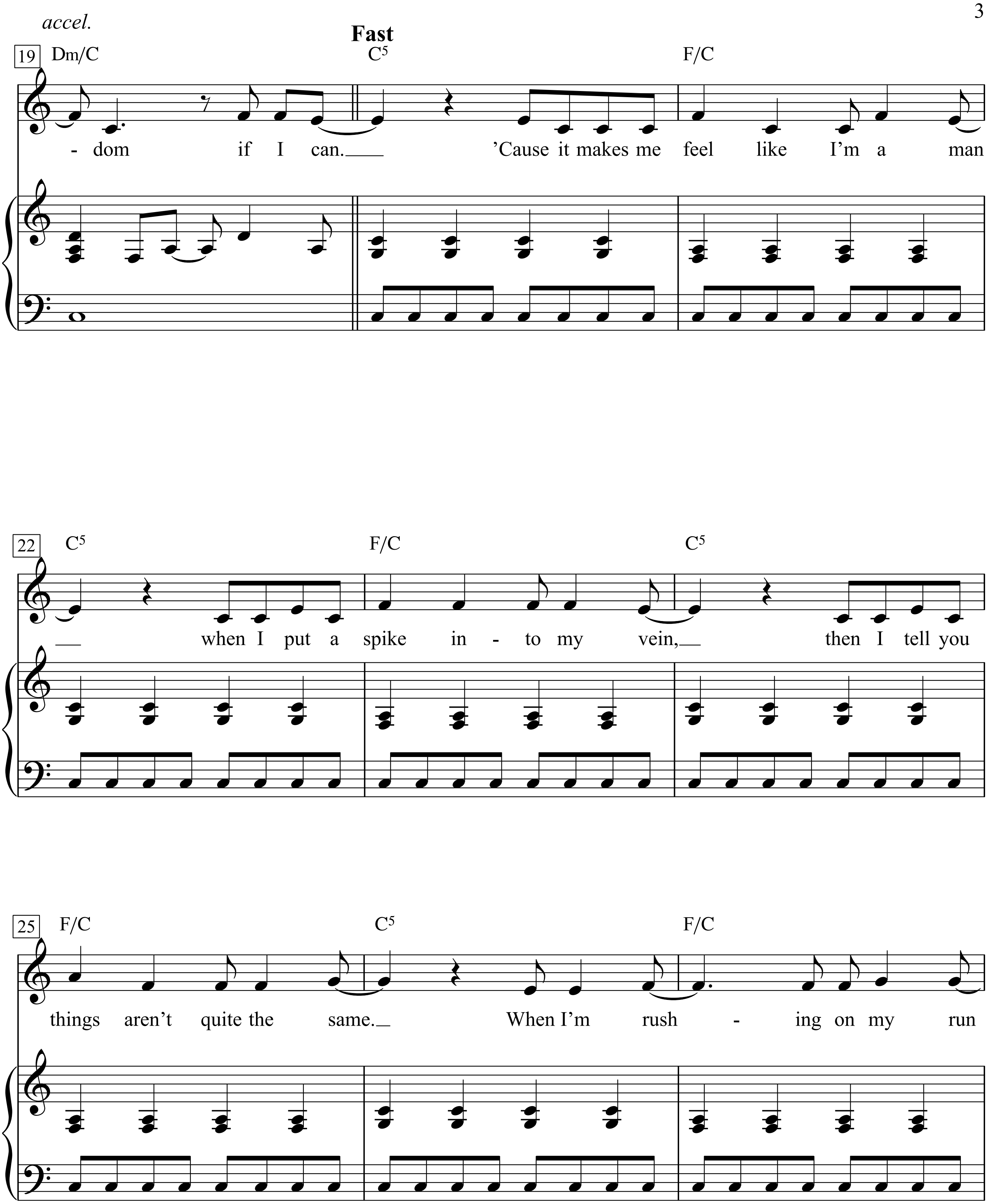
Heroin

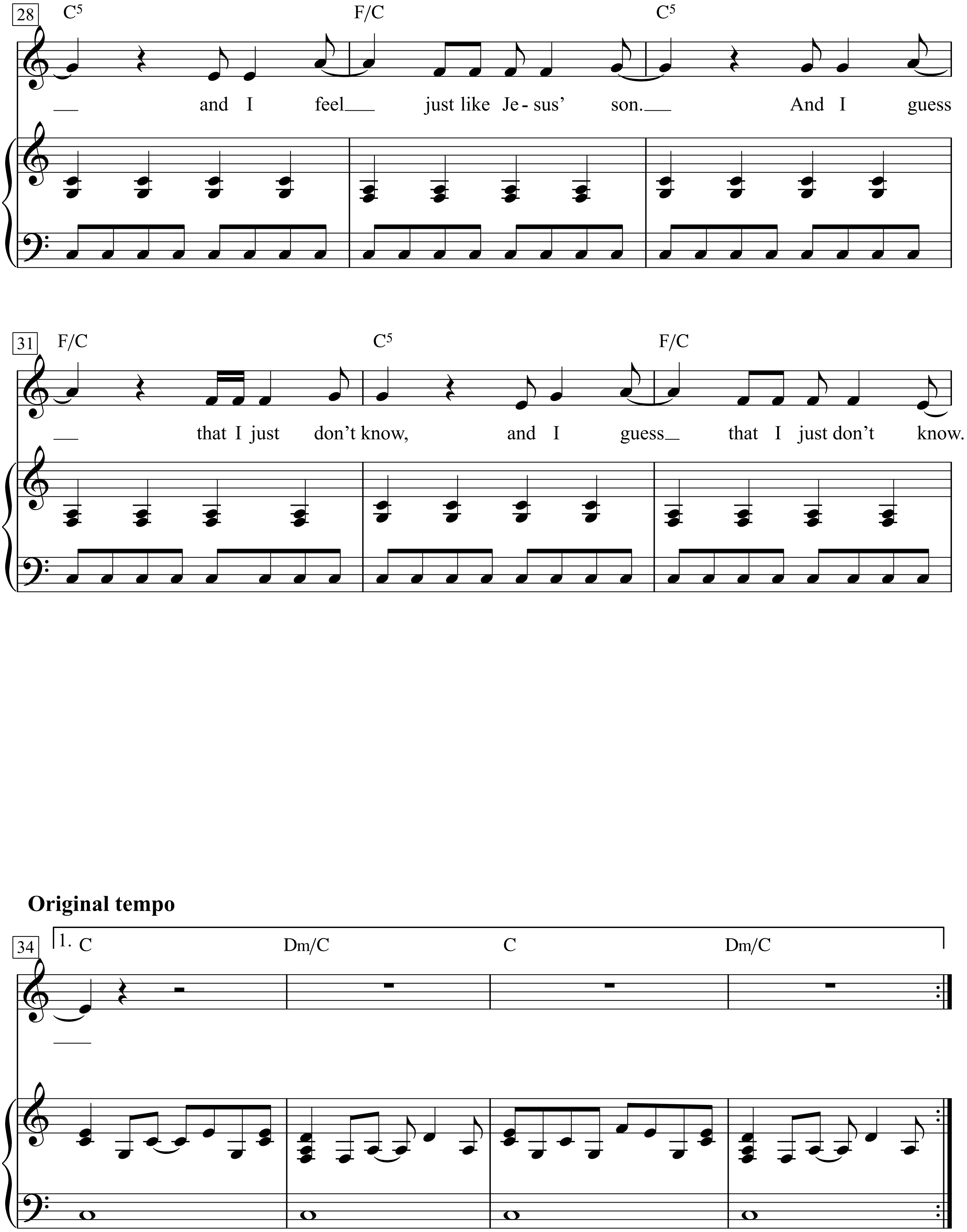
Words & Music by Lou Reed
(The Velvet Underground)

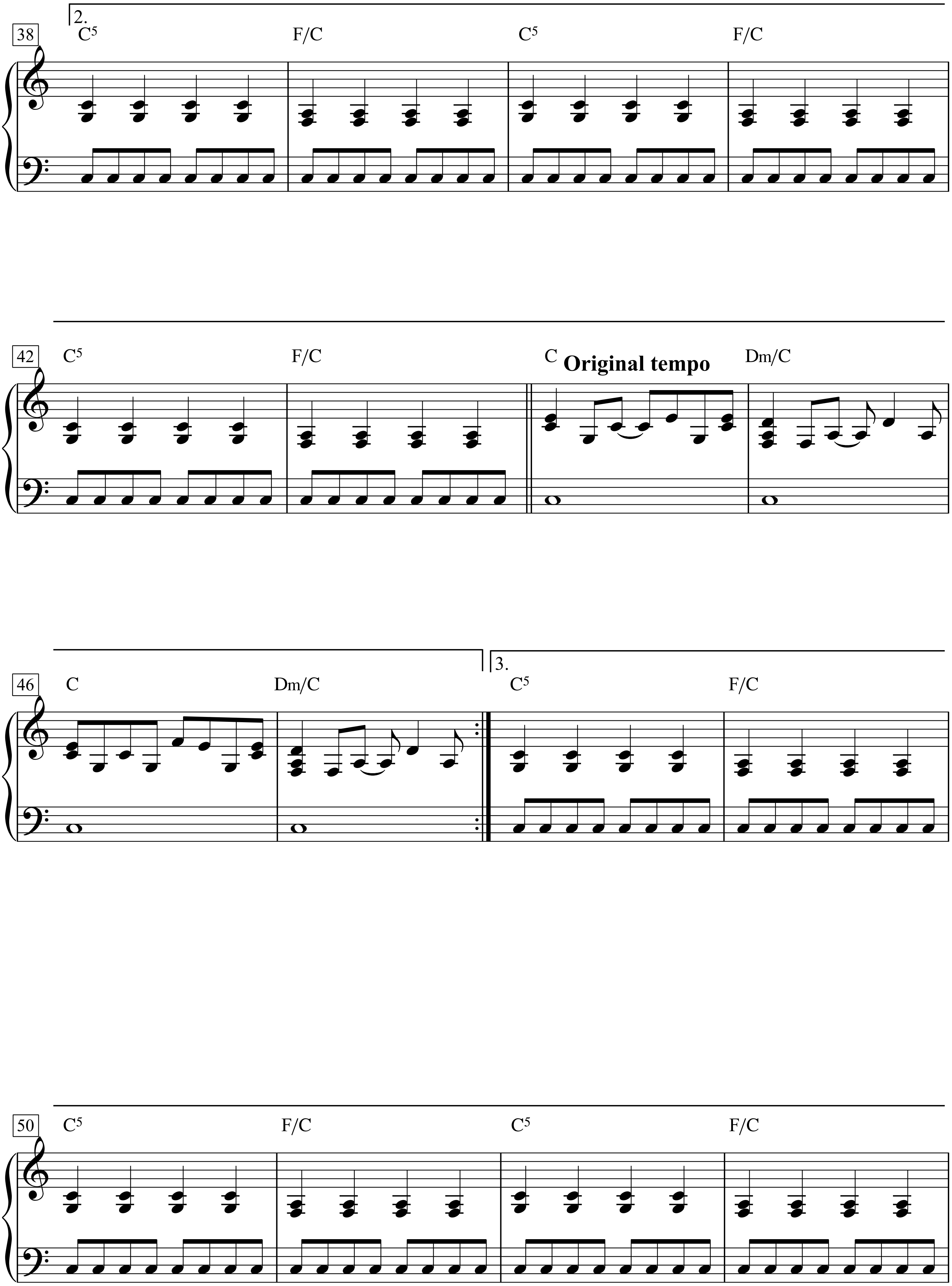
Medium tempo

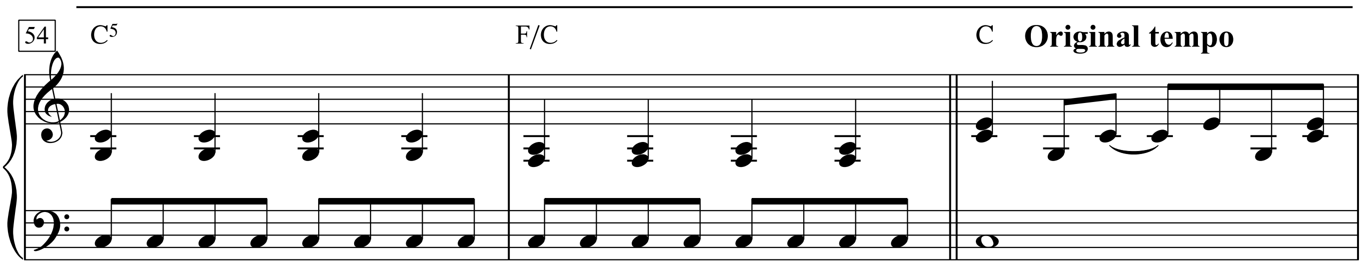


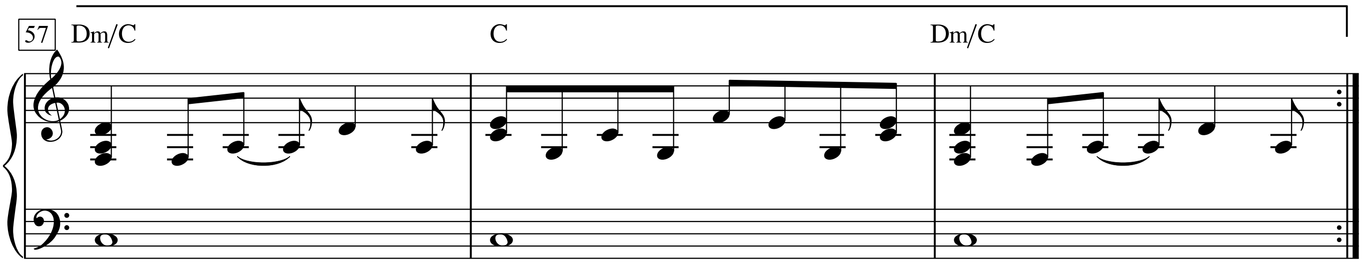

10
C
Dm/C
C
just where I'm go - ing.
13
Dm/C
C
Dm/C
But
16
C
Dm/C
C
I'm
go-ing to try
for the king

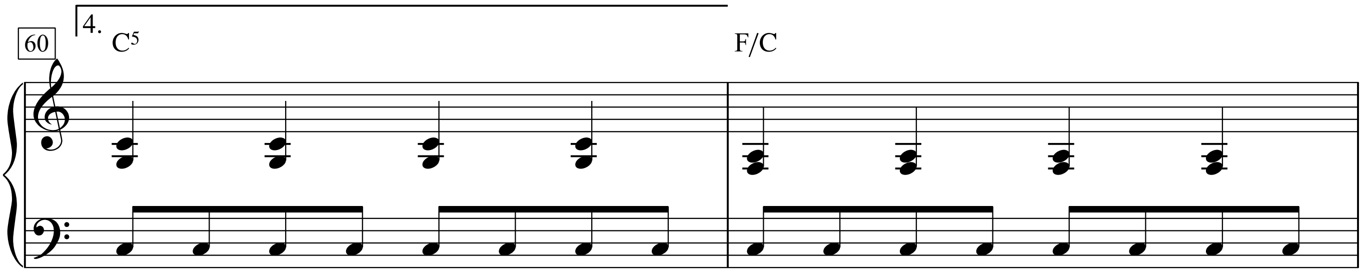

accel.
Fast
19
Dm/C
C5
F/C
- dom if I can. 'Cause it makes me feel like I'm a man
22
C5
F/C
C5
when I put a spike in - to my vein, then I tell you
25
F/C
C5
F/C
things aren't quite the same. When I'm rush - ing on my run

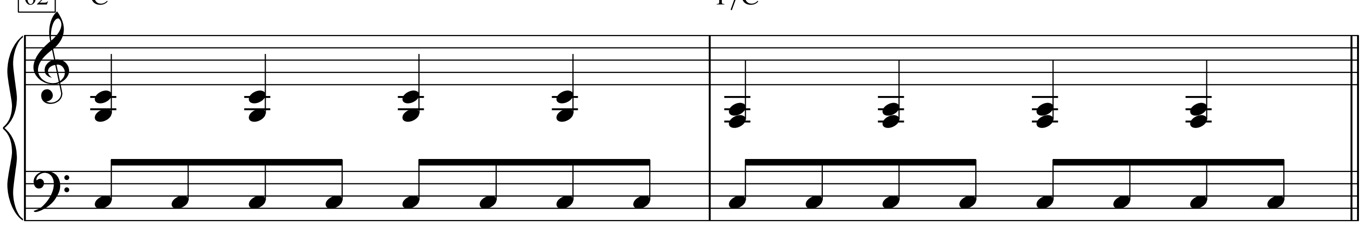

28
C5 F/C C5
and I feel just like Je - sus' son. And I guess
31
F/C C5 F/C
that I just don't know, and I guess that I just don't know.
Original tempo
34
1. C Dm/C C Dm/C

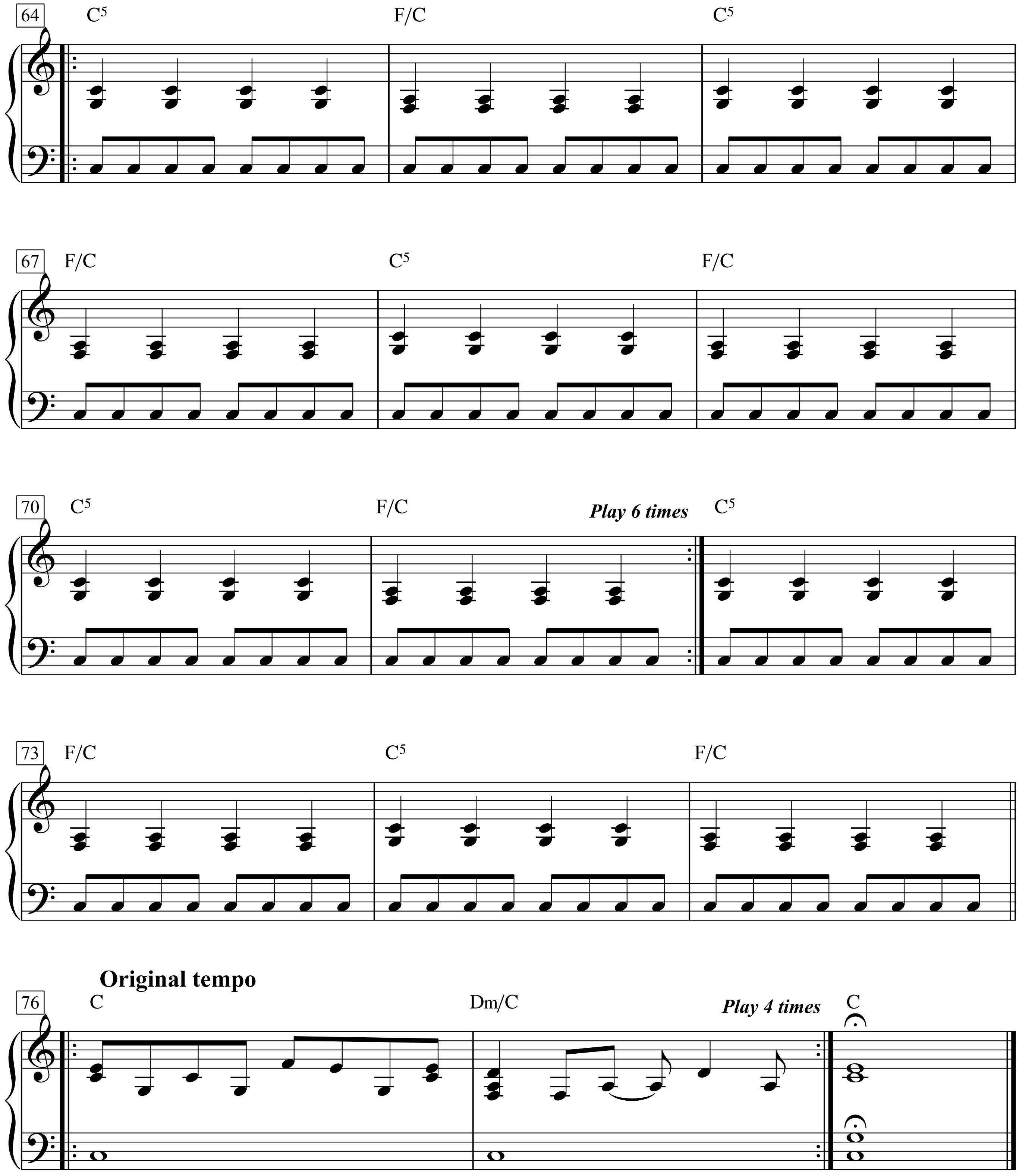

2.
38
C5
F/C
C5
F/C
42
C5
F/C
C
Original tempo
Dm/C
46
C
Dm/C
3.
C5
F/C
50
C5
F/C
C5
F/C


54
C5
F/C
C
Original tempo


57
Dm/C
C
Dm/C


60
4.
C5
F/C


62
C5
F/C

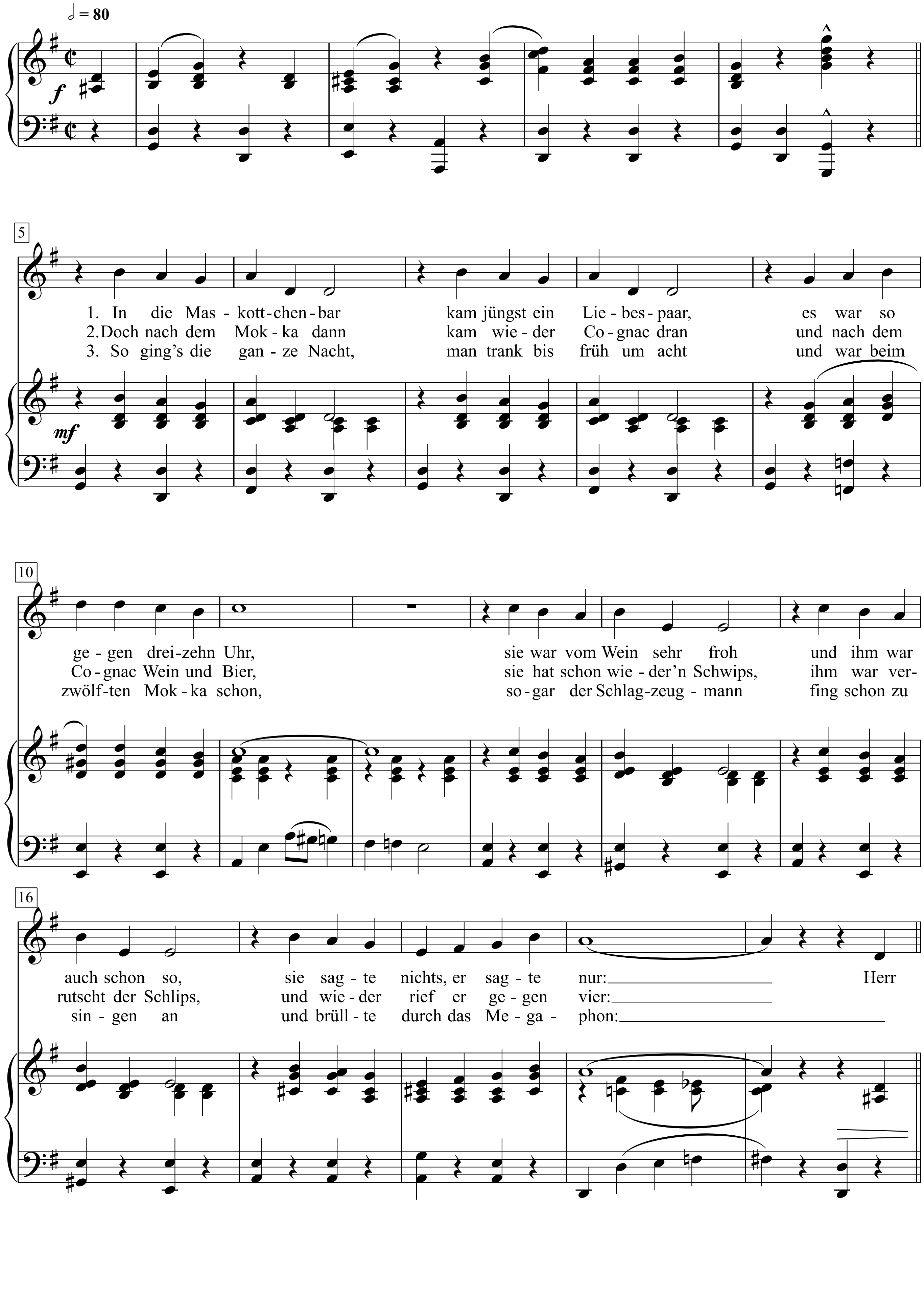


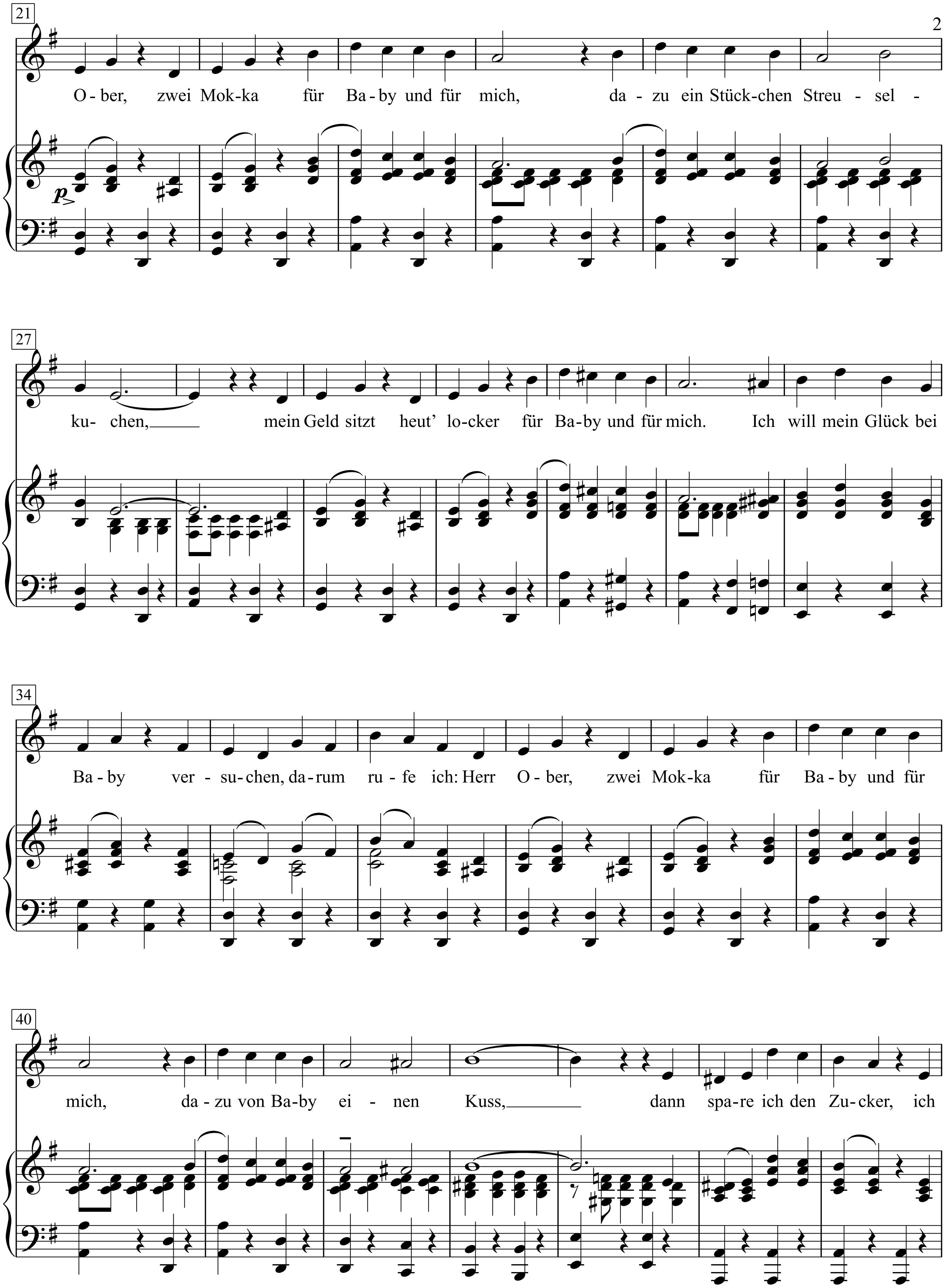
64
C5
F/C
C5
67
F/C
C5
F/C
70
C5
F/C
Play 6 times
C5
73
F/C
C5
F/C
Original tempo
76
C
Dm/C
Play 4 times
C

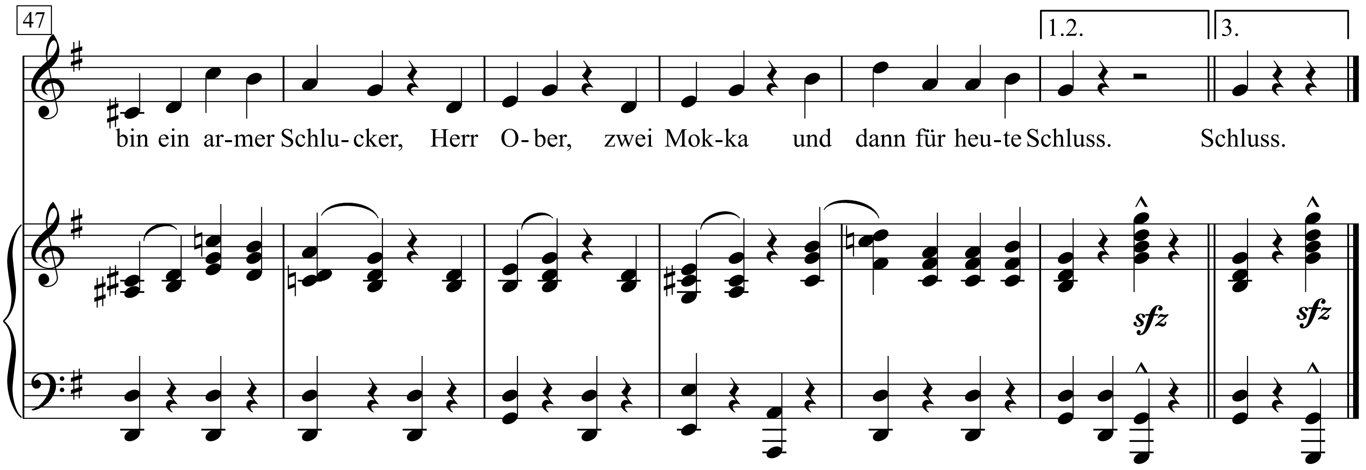
Herr Ober, zwei Mokka!

Lied und Foxtrot

Text: Willy Rosen *Musik:* Ralph Benatzky




21
O - ber, zwei Mok-ka für Ba - by und für mich, da - zu ein Stück-chen Streu - sel -
p
27
ku- chen, mein Geld sitzt heut' lo-cker für Ba-by und für mich. Ich will mein Glück bei
34
Ba - by ver - su-chen, da-rum ru - fe ich: Herr O - ber, zwei Mok-ka für Ba - by und für
40
mich, da - zu von Ba-by ei - nen Kuss, dann spa-re ich den Zu - cker, ich


47
1.2.
3.
bin ein ar-mer Schlu-cker, Herr O-ber, zwei Mok-ka und dann für heu-te Schluss. Schluss.
sfz
sfz

1. In die Maskottchenbar
kam jüngst ein Liebespaar,
es war so gegen dreizehn Uhr,
sie war vom Wein sehr froh
und ihm war auch schon so,
sie sagte nichts, er sagte nur:

Herr Ober, zwei Mokka
für Baby und für mich,
dazu ein Stückchen Streuselkuchen,
mein Geld sitzt heut' locker
für Baby und für mich.
Ich will mein Glück bei Baby versuchen,
darum rufe ich: Herr Ober, zwei Mokka
für Baby und für mich,
dazu von Baby einen Kuss,
dann spare ich den Zucker,
ich bin ein armer Schlucker,
Herr Ober, zwei Mokka
und dann für heute Schluss.

2. Doch nach dem Mokka dann
kam wieder Cognac dran
und nach dem Cognac Wein und Bier,
sie hat schon wieder'n Schwips,
ihm war verrutscht der Schlips,
und wieder rief er gegen vier:

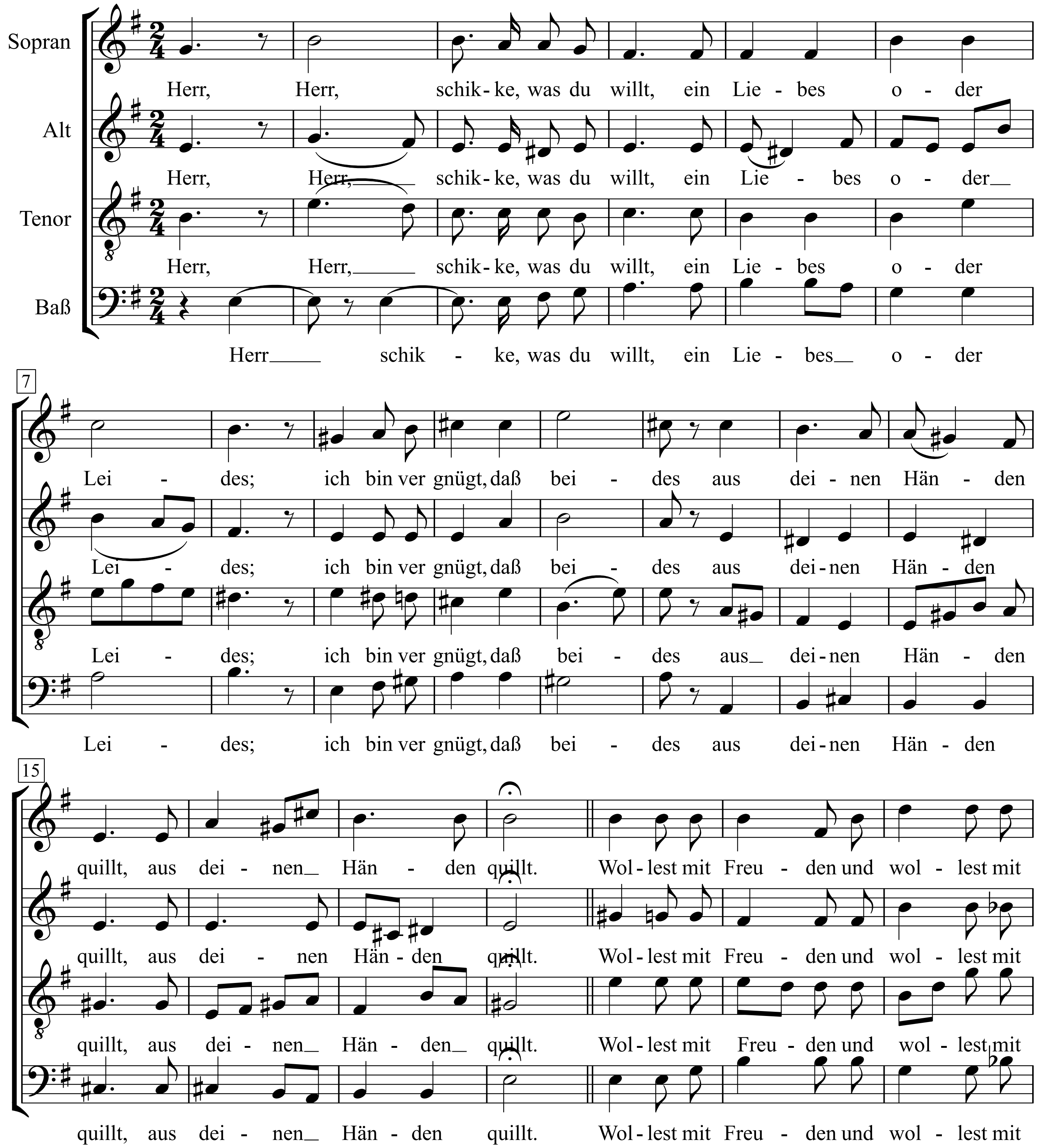
Herr Ober, zwei Mokka

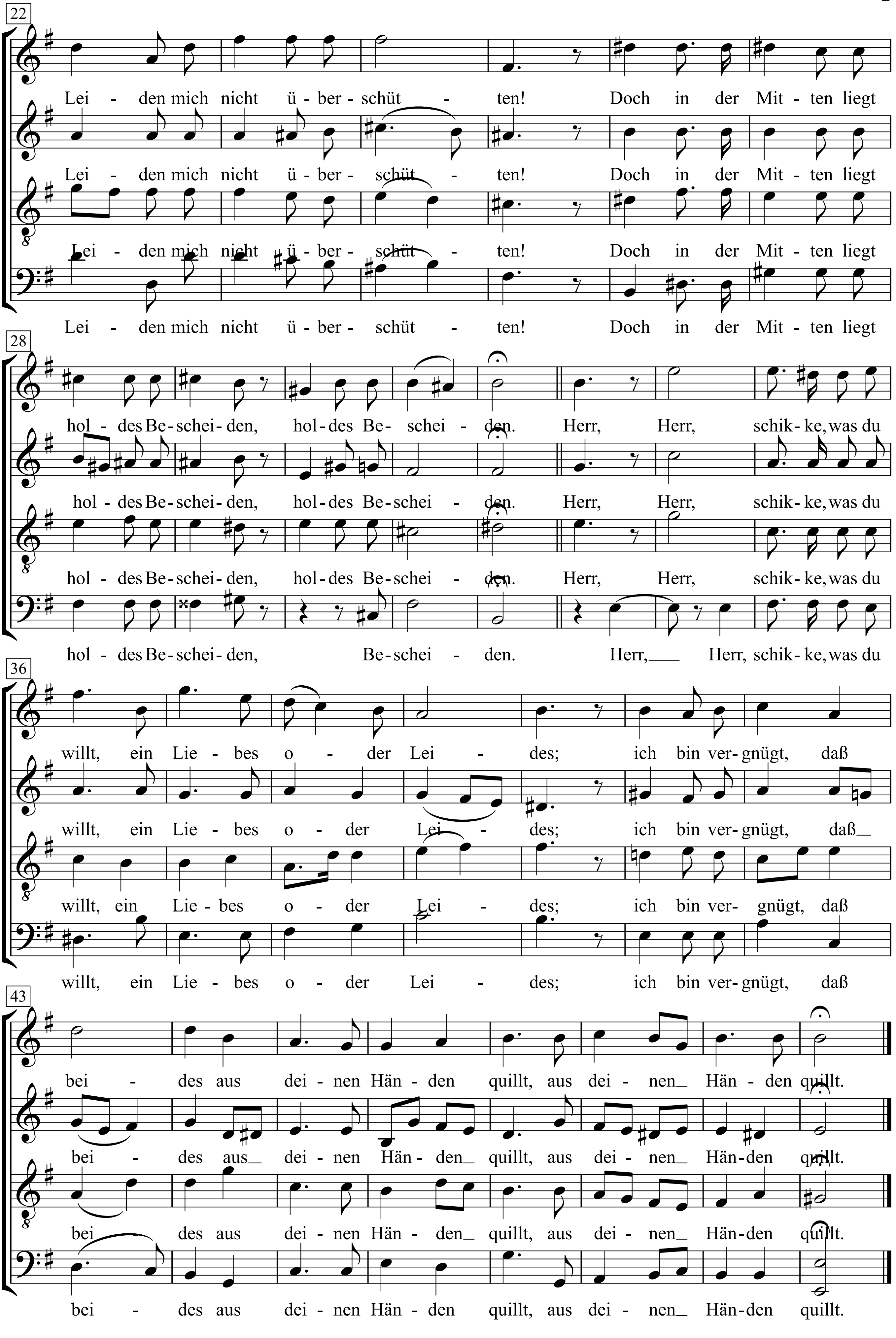
3. So ging's die ganze Nacht,
man trank bis früh um acht
und war beim zwölften Mokka schon,
sogar der Schlagzeugmann
fing schon zu singen an
und brüllte durch das Megaphon:

Herr Ober, zwei Mokka

Herr, schicke, was du willt

Max Bruch



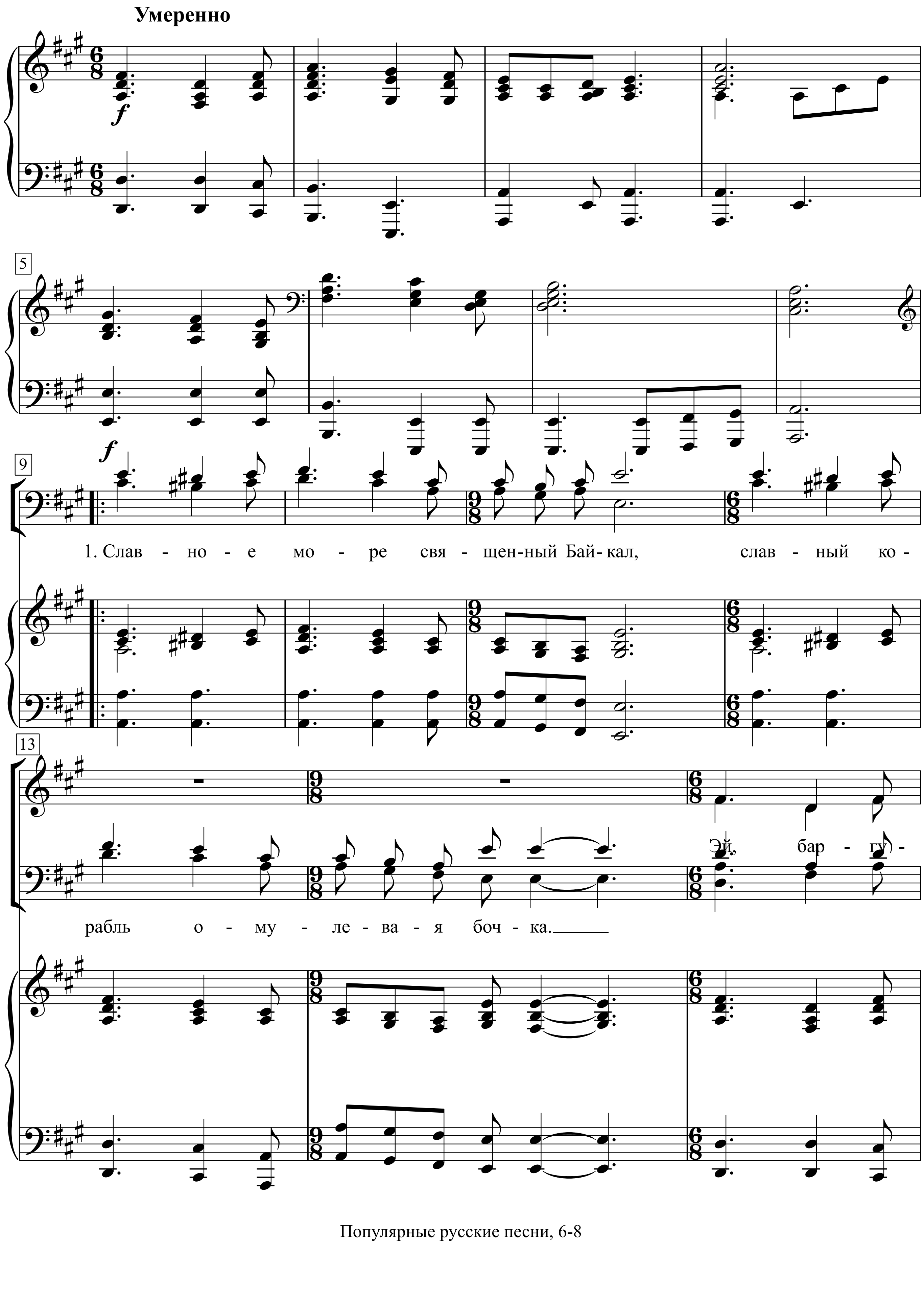

22
Lei - den mich nicht ü - ber - schüt - ten! Doch in der Mit - ten liegt
Lei - den mich nicht ü - ber - schüt - ten! Doch in der Mit - ten liegt
Lei - den mich nicht ü - ber - schüt - ten! Doch in der Mit - ten liegt
Lei - den mich nicht ü - ber - schüt - ten! Doch in der Mit - ten liegt
28
hol - des Be - schei - den, hol - des Be - schei - den. Herr, Herr, schik - ke, was du
hol - des Be - schei - den, hol - des Be - schei - den. Herr, Herr, schik - ke, was du
hol - des Be - schei - den, hol - des Be - schei - den. Herr, Herr, schik - ke, was du
hol - des Be - schei - den, Be - schei - den. Herr, Herr, schik - ke, was du
36
willt, ein Lie - bes o - der Lei - des; ich bin ver - gnügt, daß
willt, ein Lie - bes o - der Lei - des; ich bin ver - gnügt, daß
willt, ein Lie - bes o - der Lei - des; ich bin ver - gnügt, daß
willt, ein Lie - bes o - der Lei - des; ich bin ver - gnügt, daß
43
bei - des aus dei - nen Hän - den quillt, aus dei - nen Hän - den quillt.
bei - des aus dei - nen Hän - den quillt, aus dei - nen Hän - den quillt.
bei - des aus dei - nen Hän - den quillt, aus dei - nen Hän - den quillt.
bei - des aus dei - nen Hän - den quillt, aus dei - nen Hän - den quillt.

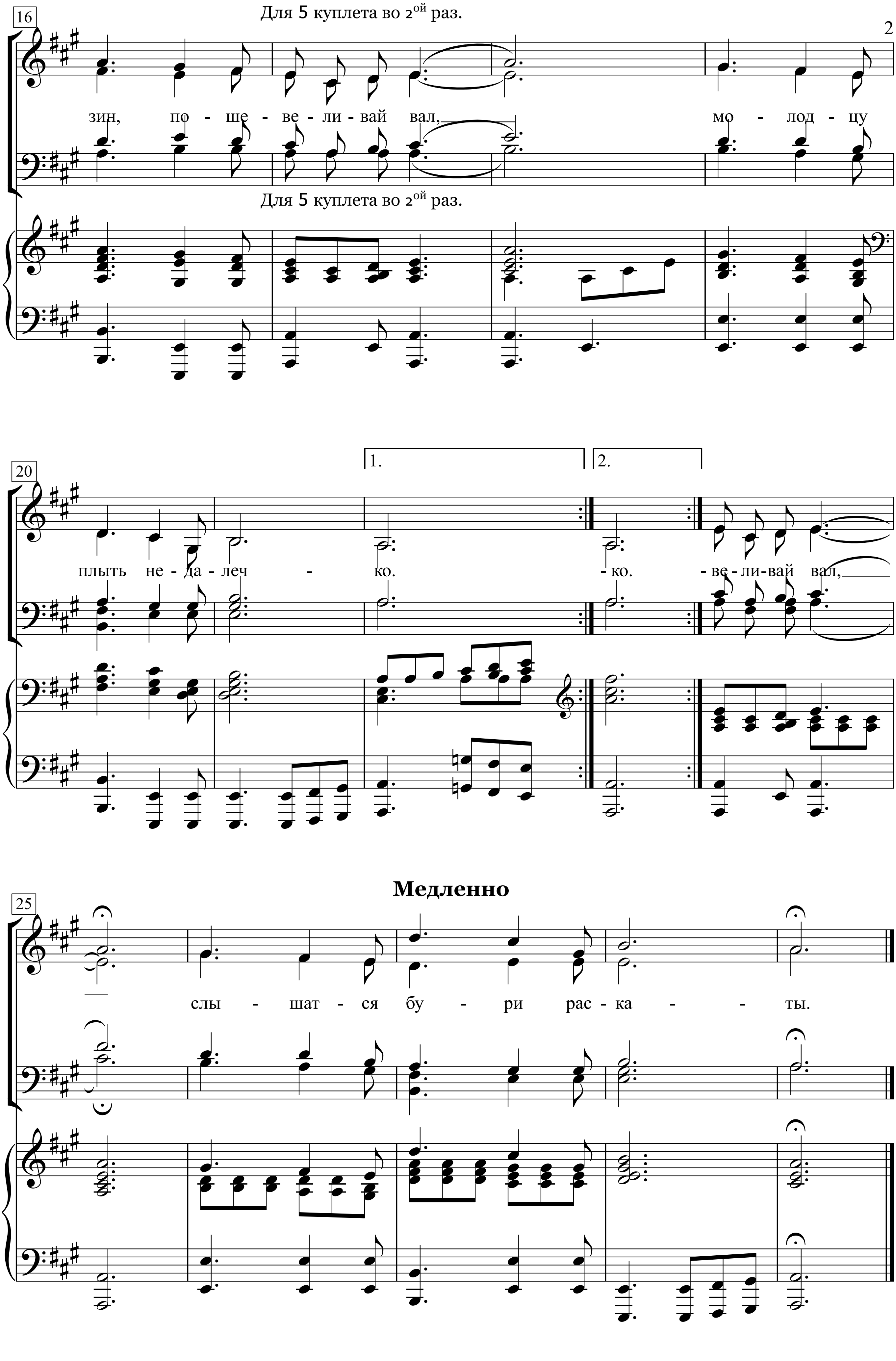
Славное Море - Священный Байкал

(Herrlicher Baikal)

Дмитрий Павлович Давыдов

Обработка Н Кутузова




16
Для 5 куплета во 2ой раз.
зин, по - ше - ве - ли - вай вал, мо - лод - цу
Для 5 куплета во 2ой раз.
20
1.
2.
плыть не - да - леч - ко. - ко. - ве - ли - вай вал,
Медленно
25
слы - шат - ся бу - ри рас - ка - ты.

1. Славное море - священный Байкал,
Славный корабль - омулевая бочка.
Эй, баргузин, пошевеливай вал,
Молодцу плыть недалечко.

2. Долго я тяжкие цепи влачил,
Долго бродил я в горах Акатуя.
Старый товарищ бежать пособил, -
Ожил я, волю почуя.

3. Шилка и Нерчинск не страшны теперь, -
Горная стража меня не поймала,
В дебрях не тронул прожорливый зверь,
Пуля стрелка миновала.

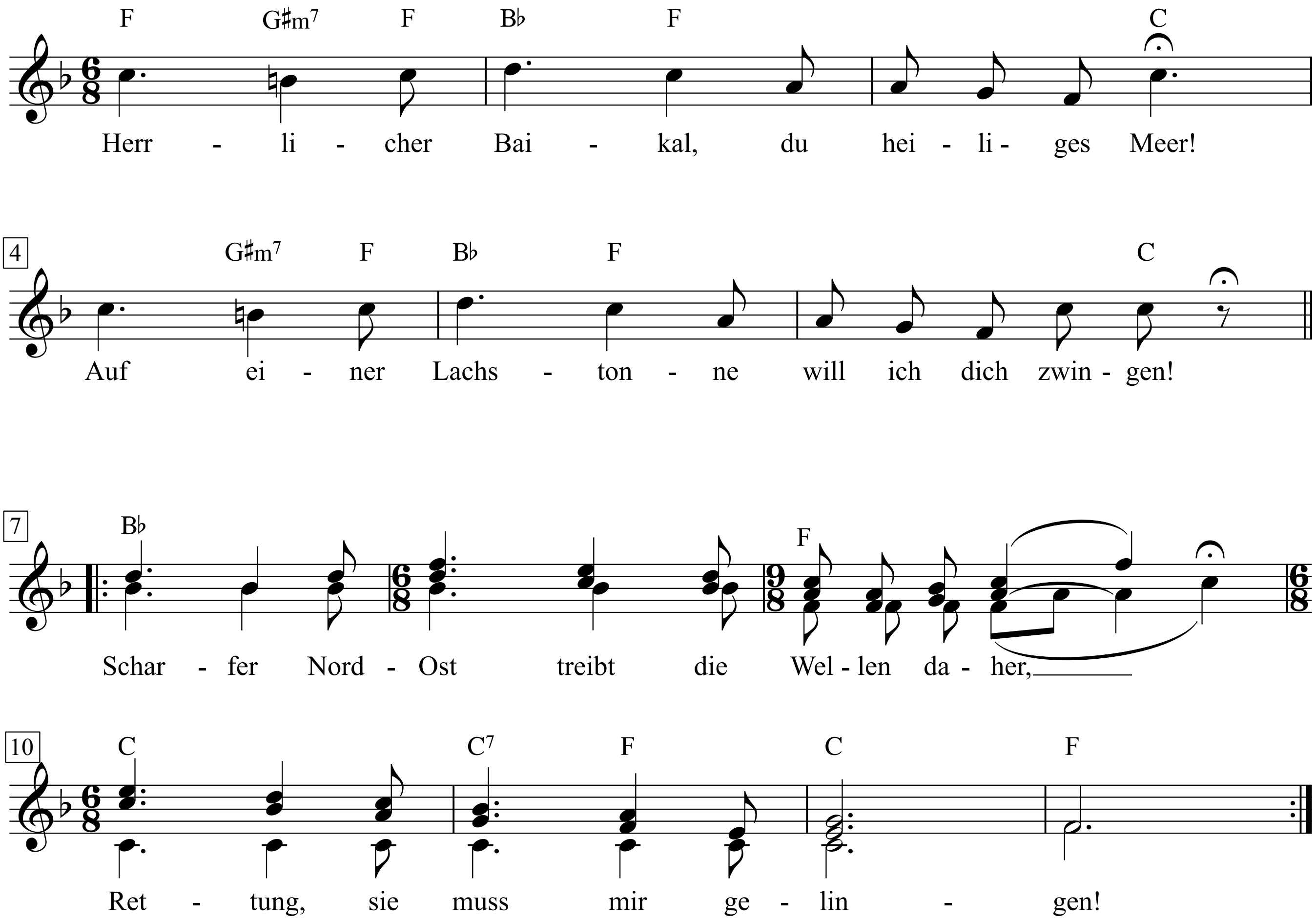
4. Шел я и в ночь, й средь белого дня,
Вкруг городов озираяся зорко,
Хлебом кормили крестьянки меня,
Парни снабжали махоркой.

5. Славное море - священный Байкал,
Славный мой парус - кафтан дыроватый.
Эй, баргузин, пошевеливай вал,
Слышатся бури раскаты.

Herrlicher Baikal

Text: unbekannter Verfasser

Melodie: russische Volksweise



1. Herrlicher Baikal, unendliches Meer!
Auf einer Lachstonne will ich dich zwingen!
Scharfer Nord-Ost treibt die Wellen daher,
Rettung, sie muss mir gelingen!

2. Jahrelang schleppt' ich die Kette am Bein,
Fern in Sibiriens eiskalten Bergen.
Bis eines Tags es gelang, zu befrei'n
Mich von den Ketten und Schergen.

3. Heimlich entwich ich in stockdunkler Nacht.
Wochenlang musst' ich die Taiga durchtraben.
Städte umging ich, das Bauernvolk bracht'
Brot mir und andere Gaben.

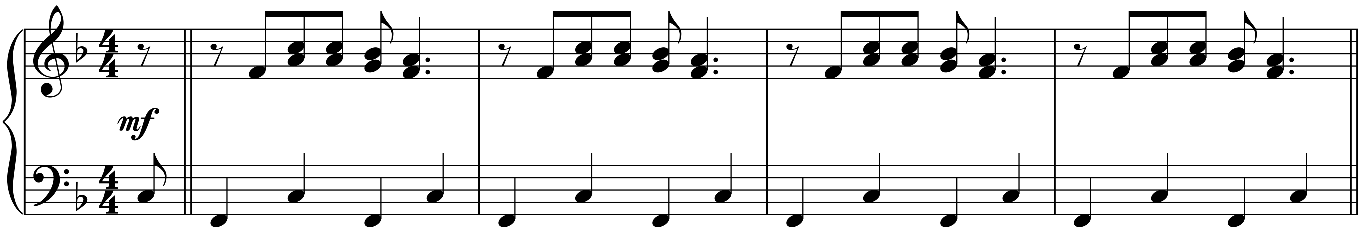
4. Herrlicher Baikal, unendliches Meer,
Auf einer Lachstonne will ich dich zwingen!
Spann meinen Kittel als Segel verquer,
Rettung, sie muss mir gelingen!

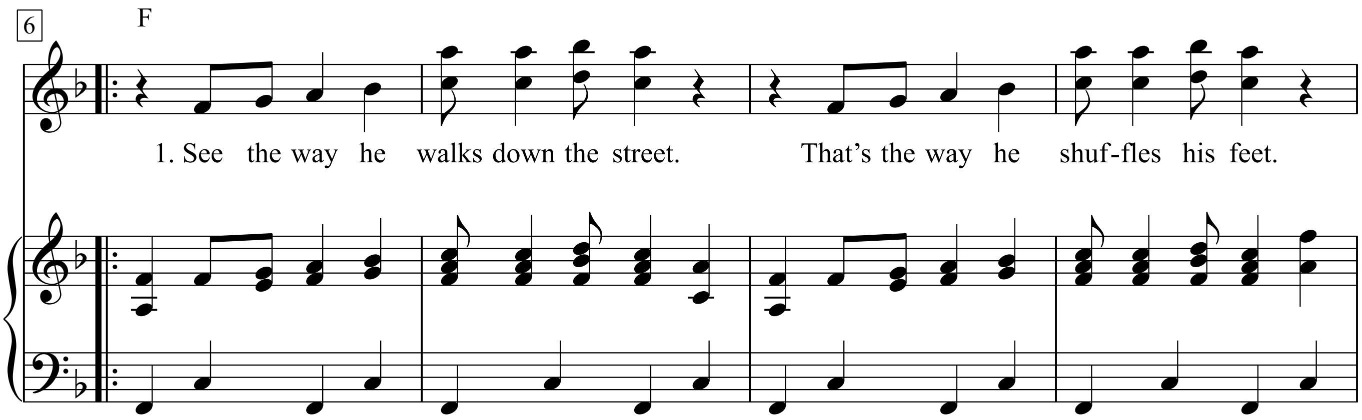
Wahrscheinlich ist das Lied nach der blutigen Niederlage der Revolution von 1905 entstanden, als hunderttausende revolutionäre Bauern und Arbeiter vom Zaren nach Sibirien verbannt wurden.

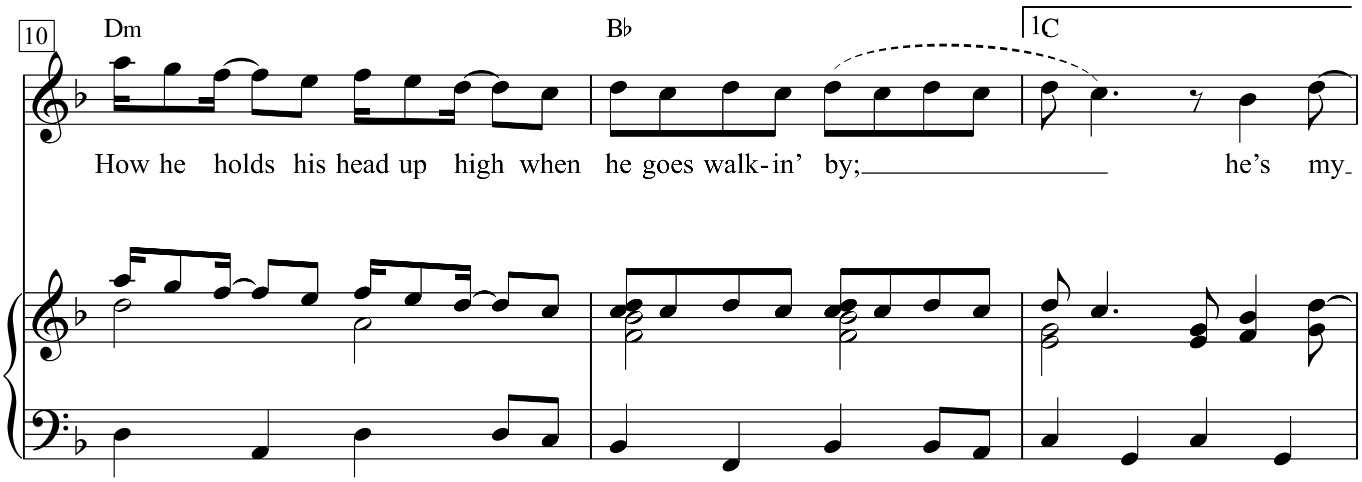
He's A Rebel

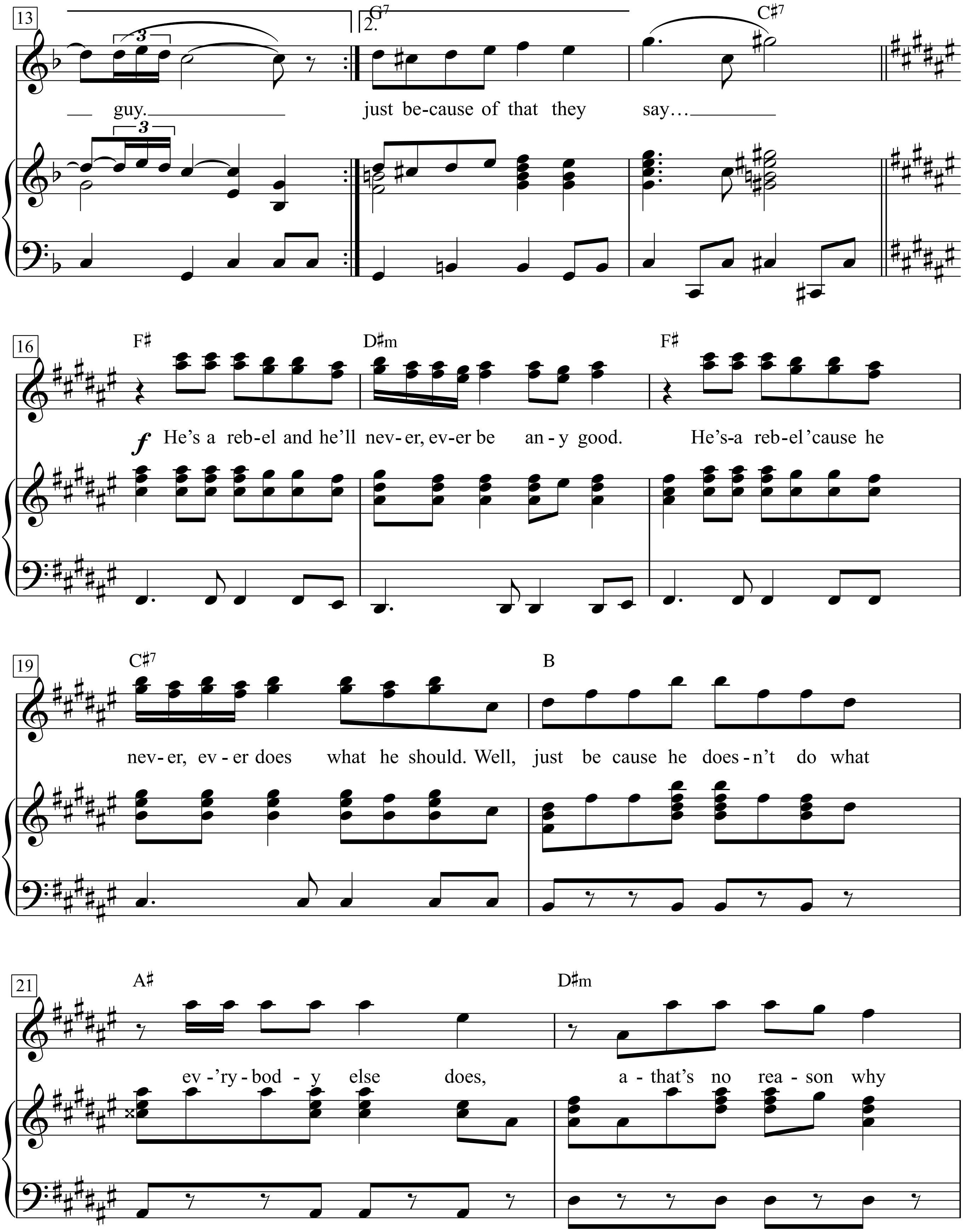
Words & Music by Gene Pitney
(The Crystals)

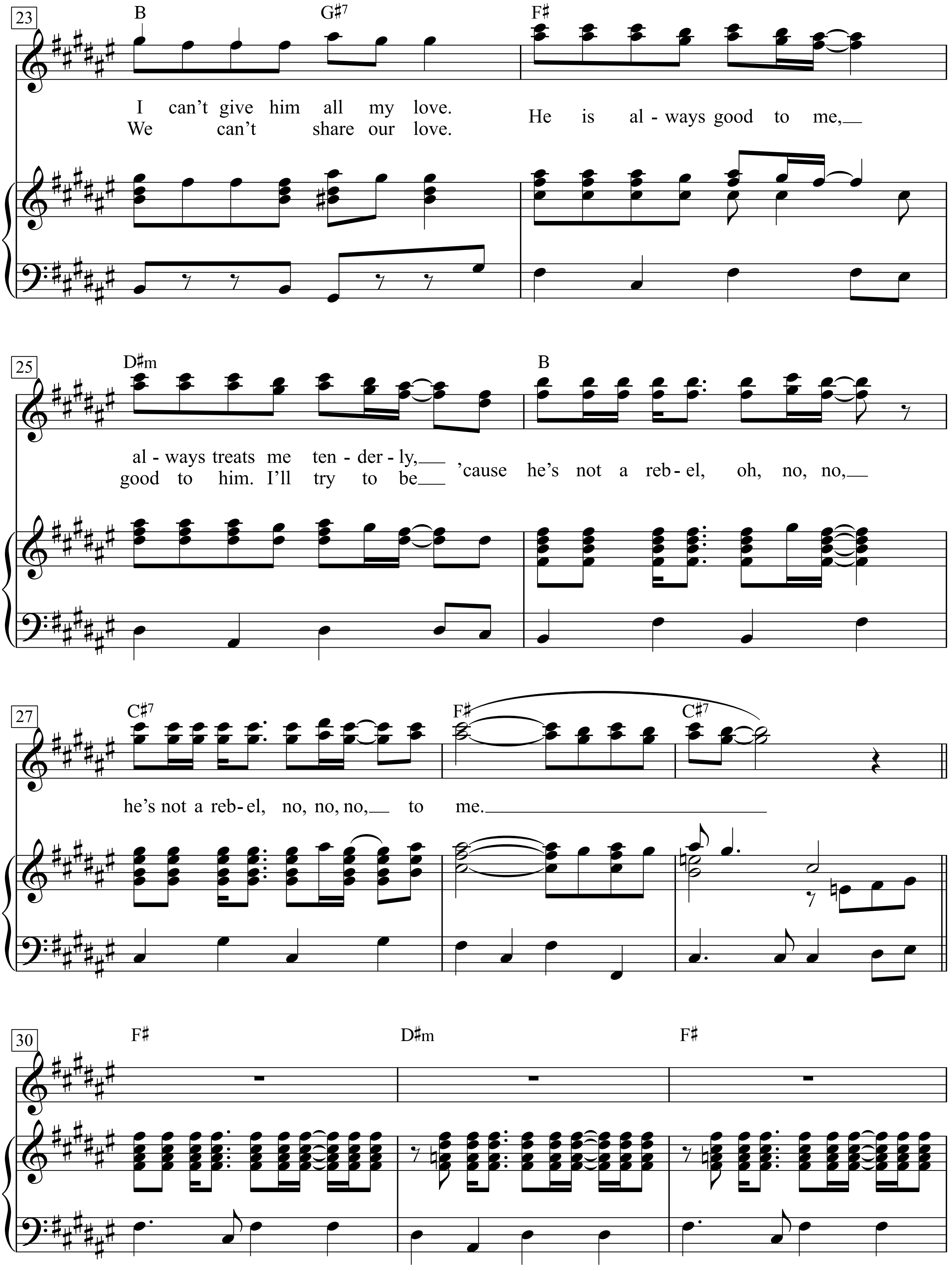
Moderately fast ♩ = 120

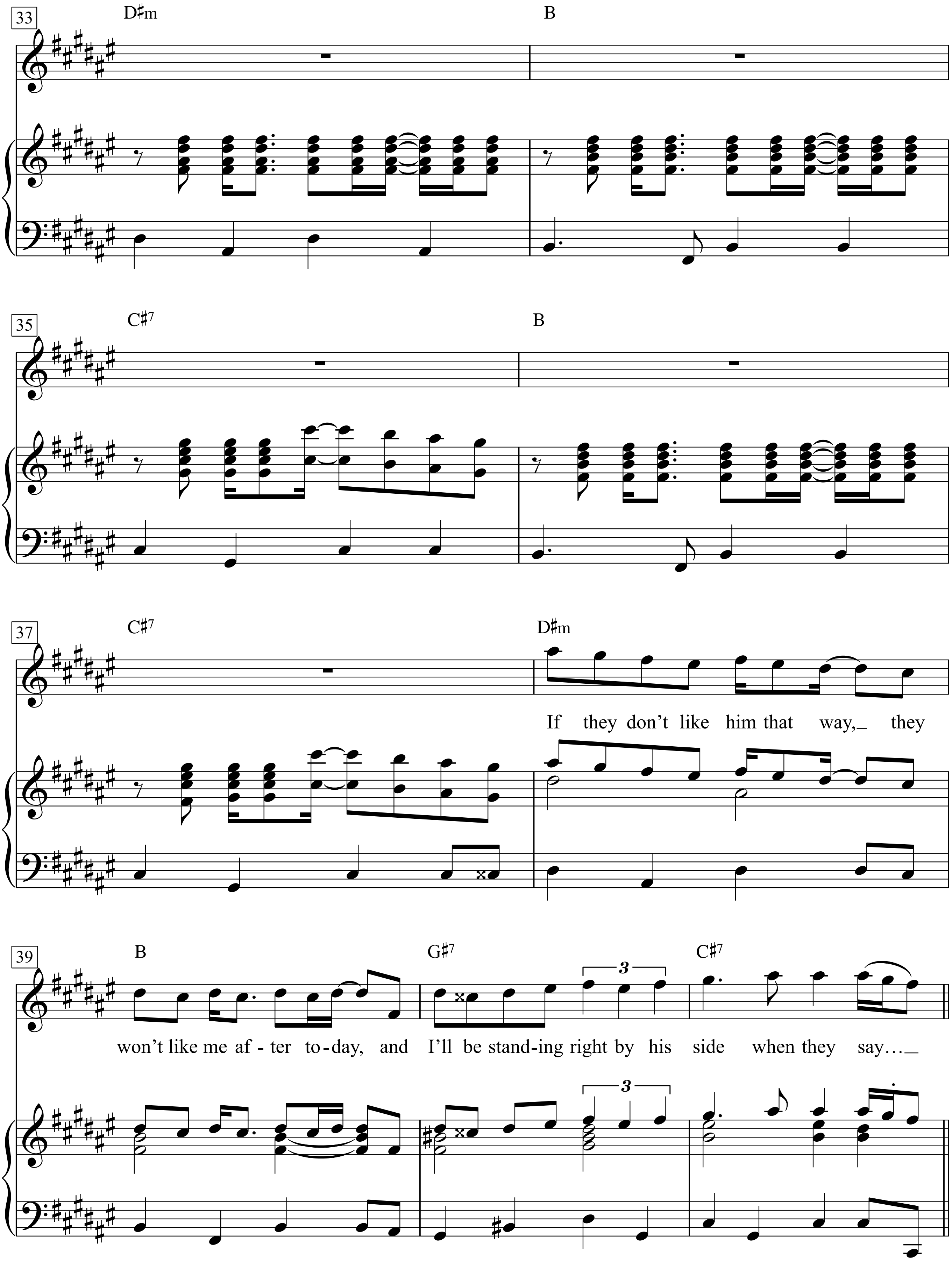


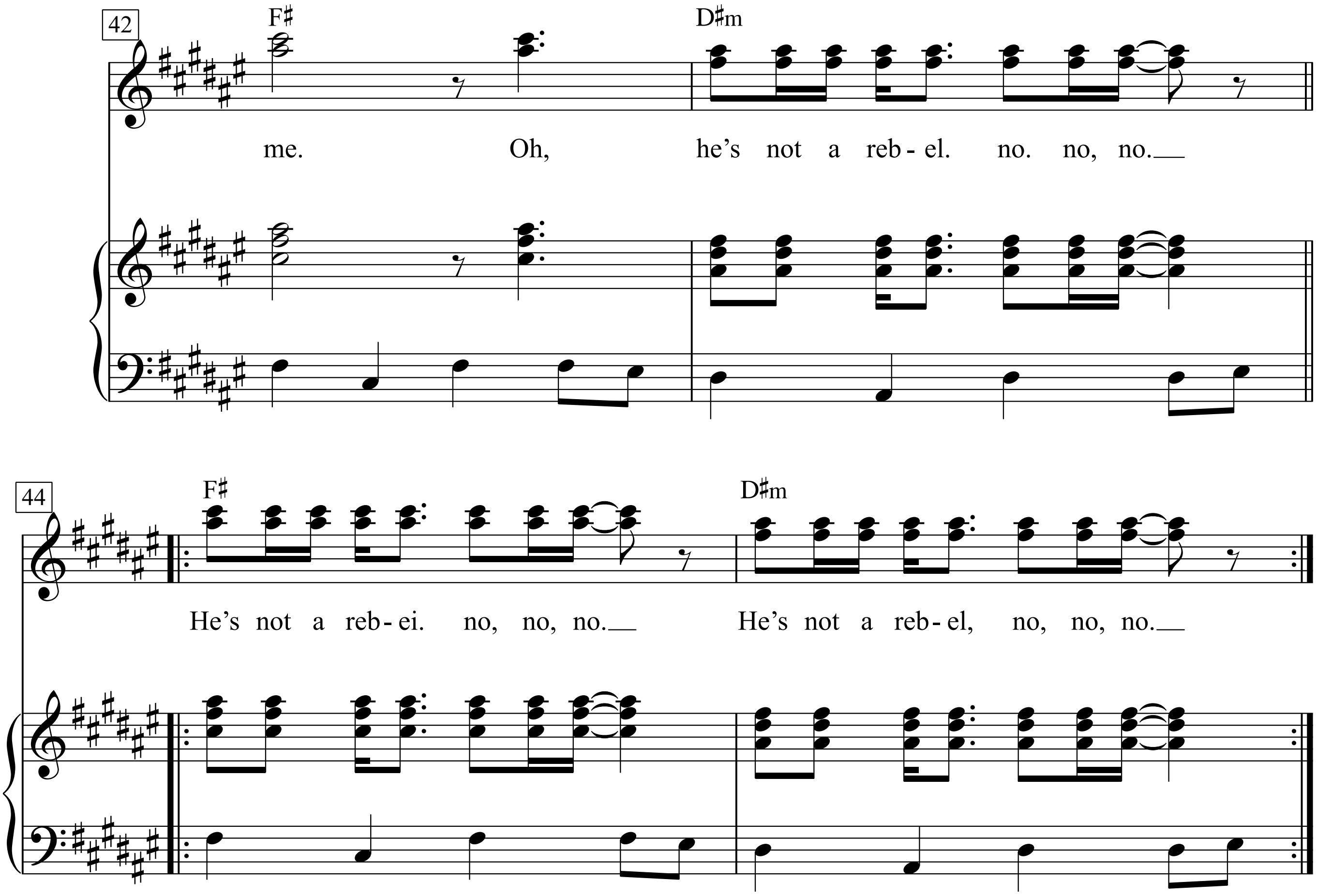





13
2.
G7
C♯7
guy.
just be-cause of that they say…
16
F♯
D♯m
F♯
He's a reb-el and he'll nev-er, ev-er be an-y good. He's-a reb-el 'cause he
19
C♯7
B
nev-er, ev-er does what he should. Well, just be cause he does-n't do what
21
A♯
D♯m
ev-'ry-bod-y else does, a-that's no rea-son why

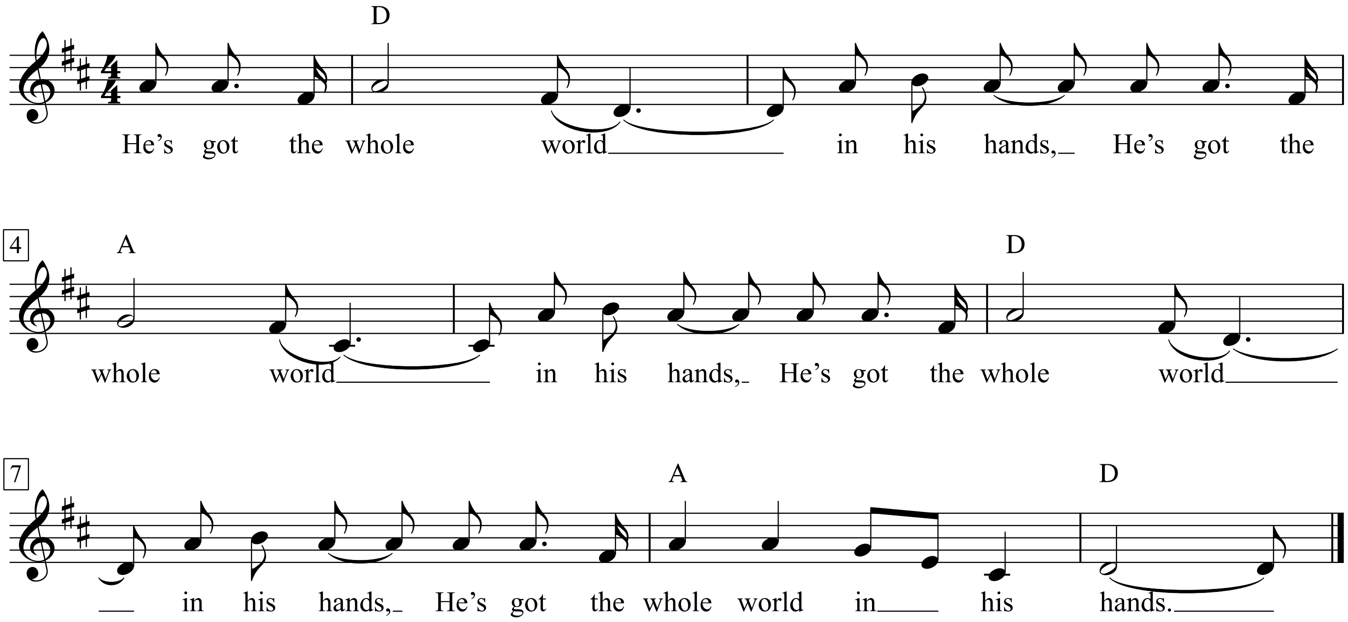

23
B
G♯7
F♯
I can't give him all my love.
We can't share our love.
He is al - ways good to me,
25
D♯m
B
al - ways treats me ten - der - ly,
good to him. I'll try to be
'cause he's not a reb - el, oh, no, no,
27
C♯7
F♯
C♯7
he's not a reb - el, no, no, no, to me.
30
F♯
D♯m
F♯


33
D♯m
B
35
C♯7
B
37
C♯7
D♯m
If they don't like him that way, they
39
B
G♯7
C♯7
won't like me af - ter to - day, and I'll be stand - ing right by his side when they say…
3
3


42
F♯
D♯m
me. Oh, he's not a reb - el. no. no, no.
44
F♯
D♯m
He's not a reb - ei. no, no, no.
He's not a reb - el, no, no, no.

He’s Got The Whole World

trad. Spiritual



1. |: He’s got the whole world in his hands. :| (4 x)

2. He’s got the tiny little baby in his hands. (3 x)
He’s got the whole world in his hands.

3. He’s got you and me, brother, in his hands ...

4. He’s got the son and his father in his hands ...

5. He’s got the mother and the daughter in his hands ...

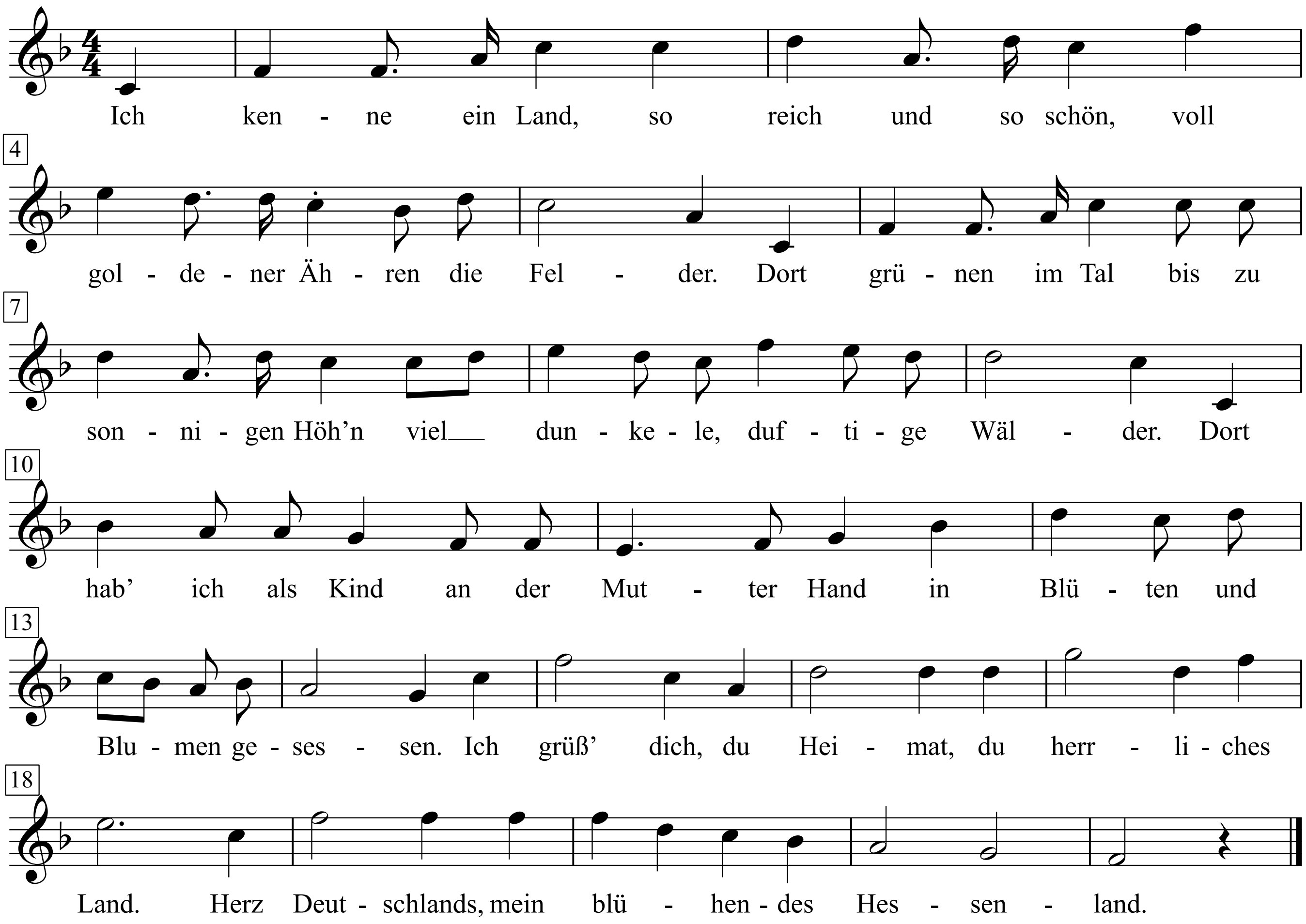
6. He’s got the sun and the moon in his hands ...

7. He’s got the whole world in his hands ...

Hessenlied

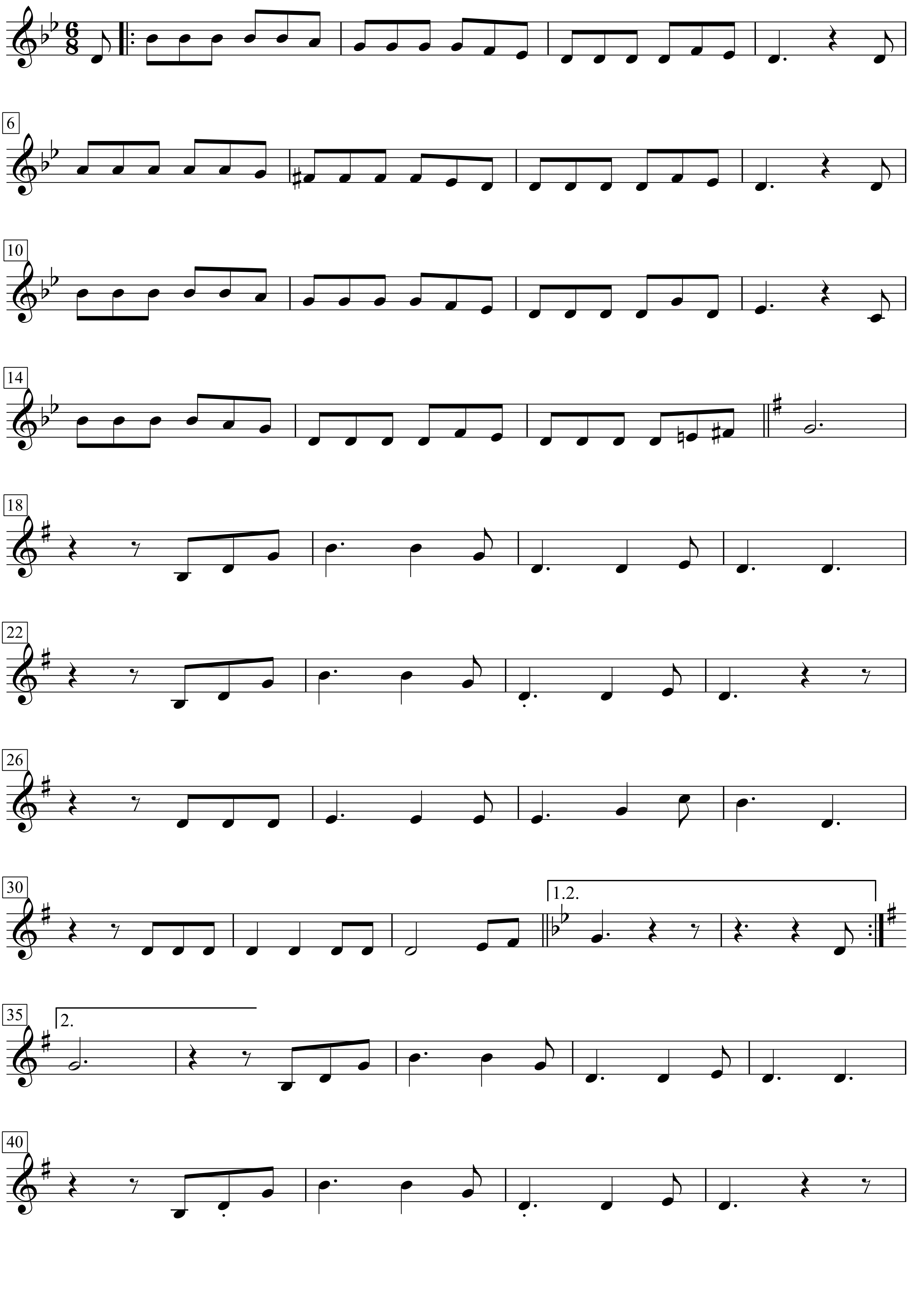
Karl Preser

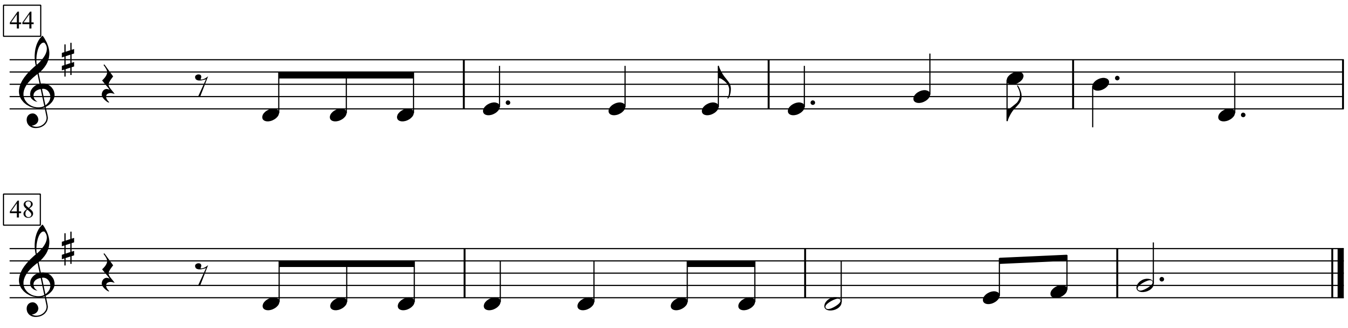
Albrecht Brede



1. Ich kenne ein Land, so reich und so schön,
voll goldener Ähren die Felder.
Dort grünen im Tal bis zu sonnigen Höh'n
viel dunkele, duftige Wälder.
    Dort hab' ich als Kind an der Mutter Hand
    in Blüten und Blumen gesessen.
    Ich grüß' dich, du Heimat, du herrliches Land.
    Herz Deutschlands, mein blühendes Hessenland.

2. Vom Main bis zur Weser, Werra und Lahn
ein Land voller blühender Auen,
dort glänzen die Städte, die wir alle sahn,
sind herrlich im Lichte zu schauen.
    Dort hab ich als Kind an der Mutter Hand
    in Blüten und Blumen gesessen.
    Ich grüß dich, du Heimat, du herrliches Land.
    Herz Deutschlands, mein blühendes Hessenland.

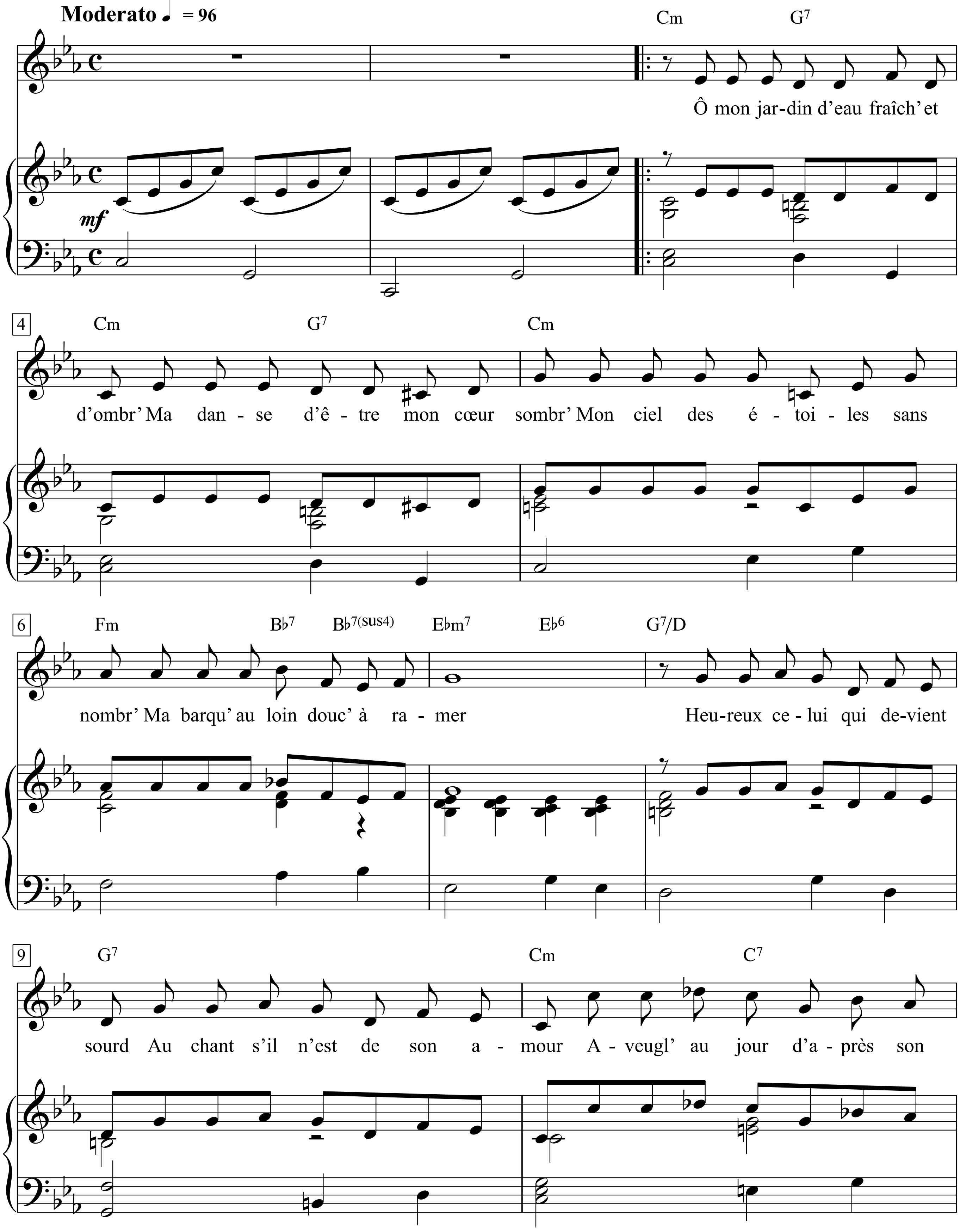

6
10
14
18
22
26
30
1.2.
35
2.
40

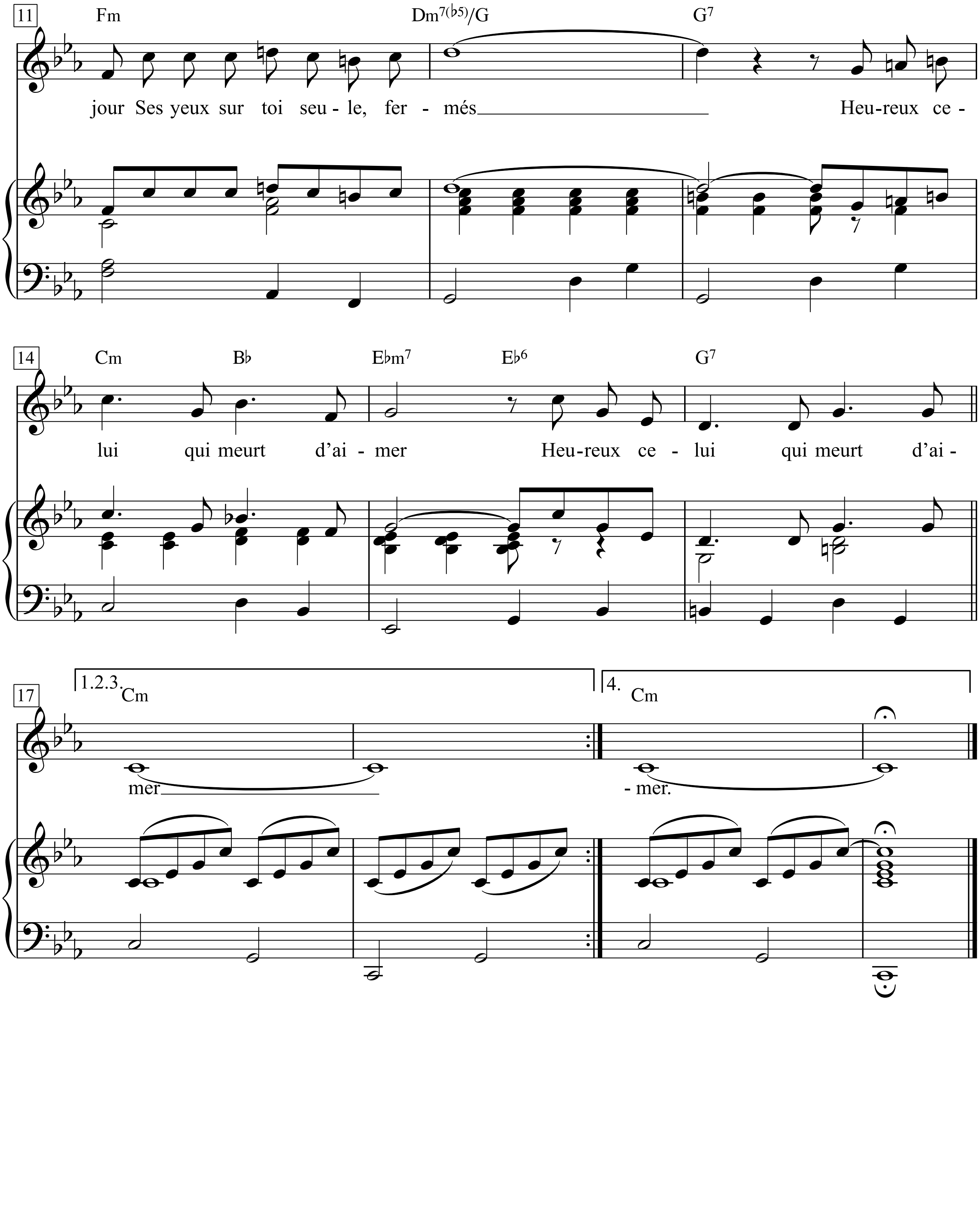

44
48

Heureux celui qui meurt d'aimer

Poème de
Louis Aragon

Musique de
Jean Ferrat




11
Fm
Dm7(♭5)/G
G7
jour Ses yeux sur toi seu - le, fer - més
Heu-reux ce -
14
Cm
B♭
E♭m7
E♭6
G7
lui qui meurt d'ai - mer
Heu-reux ce - lui qui meurt d'ai -
17
1.2.3.
Cm
4.
Cm
mer
- mer.

1. Ô mon jardin d'eau fraîche et d'ombre
Ma danse d'être mon cœur sombre
Mon ciel des étoiles sans nombre
Ma barque au loin douce à ramer
Heureux celui qui devient sourd
Au chant s'il n'est de son amour
Aveugle au jour d'après son jour
Ses yeux sur toi seule fermés

Heureux celui qui meurt d'aimer
Heureux celui qui meurt d'aimer

2. D'aimer si fort ses lèvres closes
Qu'il n'ait besoin de nulle chose
Hormis le souvenir des roses
A jamais de toi parfumées
Celui qui meurt même à douleur
A qui sans toi le monde est leurre
Et n'en retient que tes couleurs
Il lui suffit qu'il t'ait nommée

Heureux celui qui meurt d'aimer
Heureux celui qui meurt d'aimer

3. Mon enfant dit-il ma chère âme
Le temps de te connaître ô femme
L'éternité n'est qu'une pâme
Au feu dont je suis consumé
Il a dit ô femme et qu'il taise
Le nom qui ressemble à la braise
A la bouche rouge à la fraise
A jamais dans ses dents formée

Heureux celui qui meurt d'aimer
Heureux celui qui meurt d'aimer

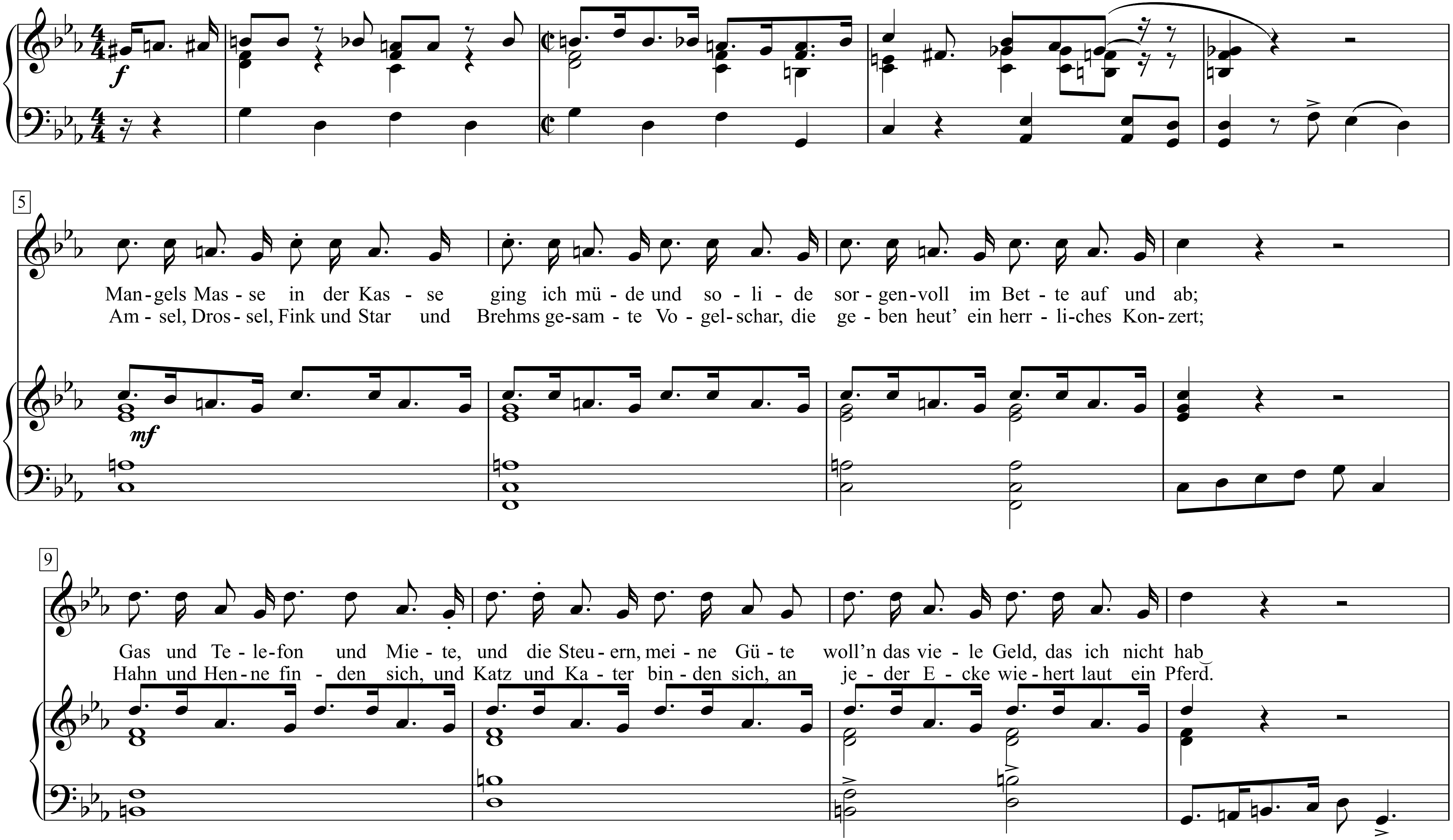
Il a dit ô femme et s'achève
Ainsi la vie, ainsi le rêve
Et soit sur la place de grève
Ou dans le lit accoutumé
Jeunes amants vous dont c'est l'âge
Entre la ronde et le voyage
Fou s'épargnant qui se croit sage
Criez à qui vous veut blâmer

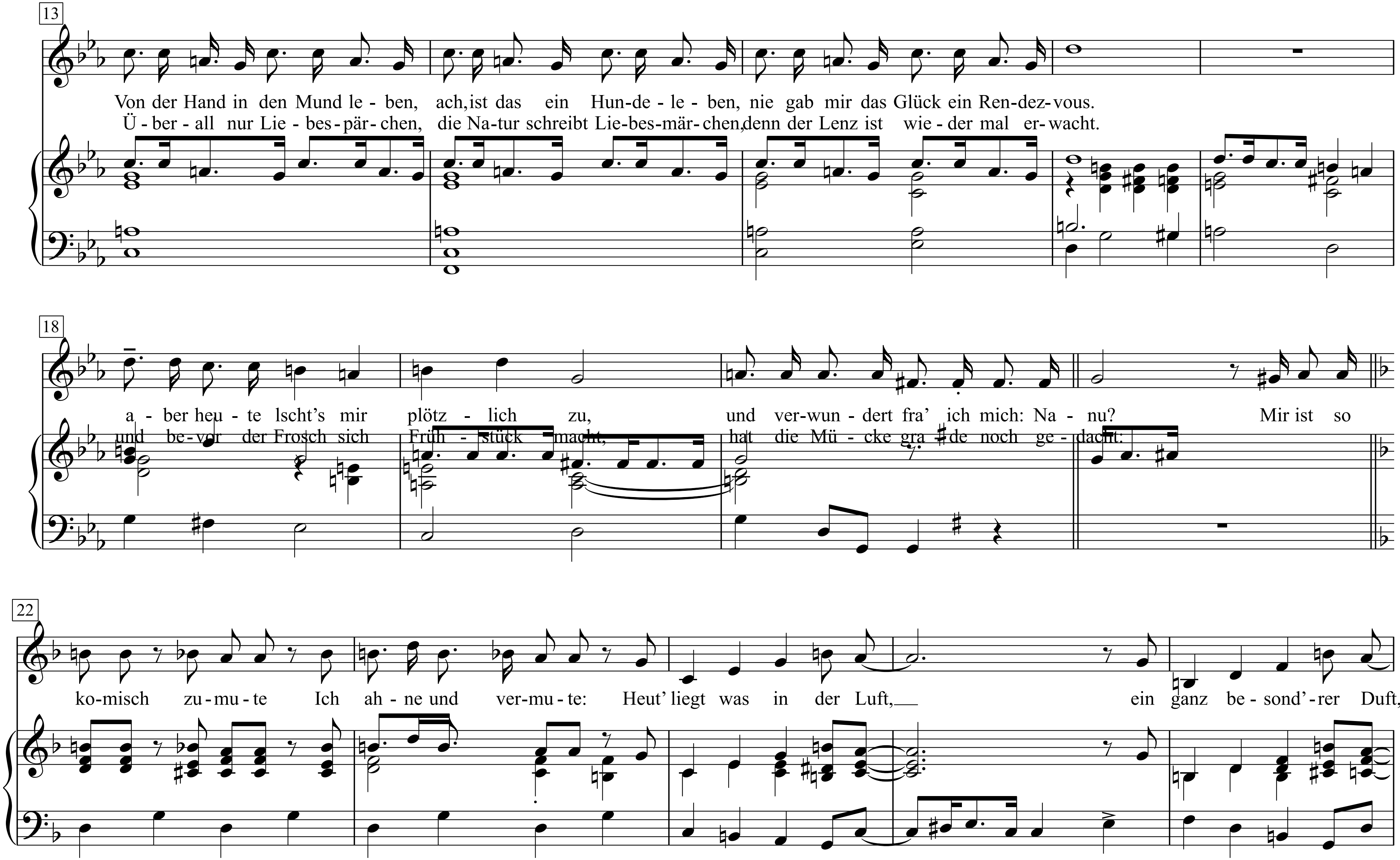
Heureux celui qui meurt d'aimer
Heureux celui qui meurt d'aimer

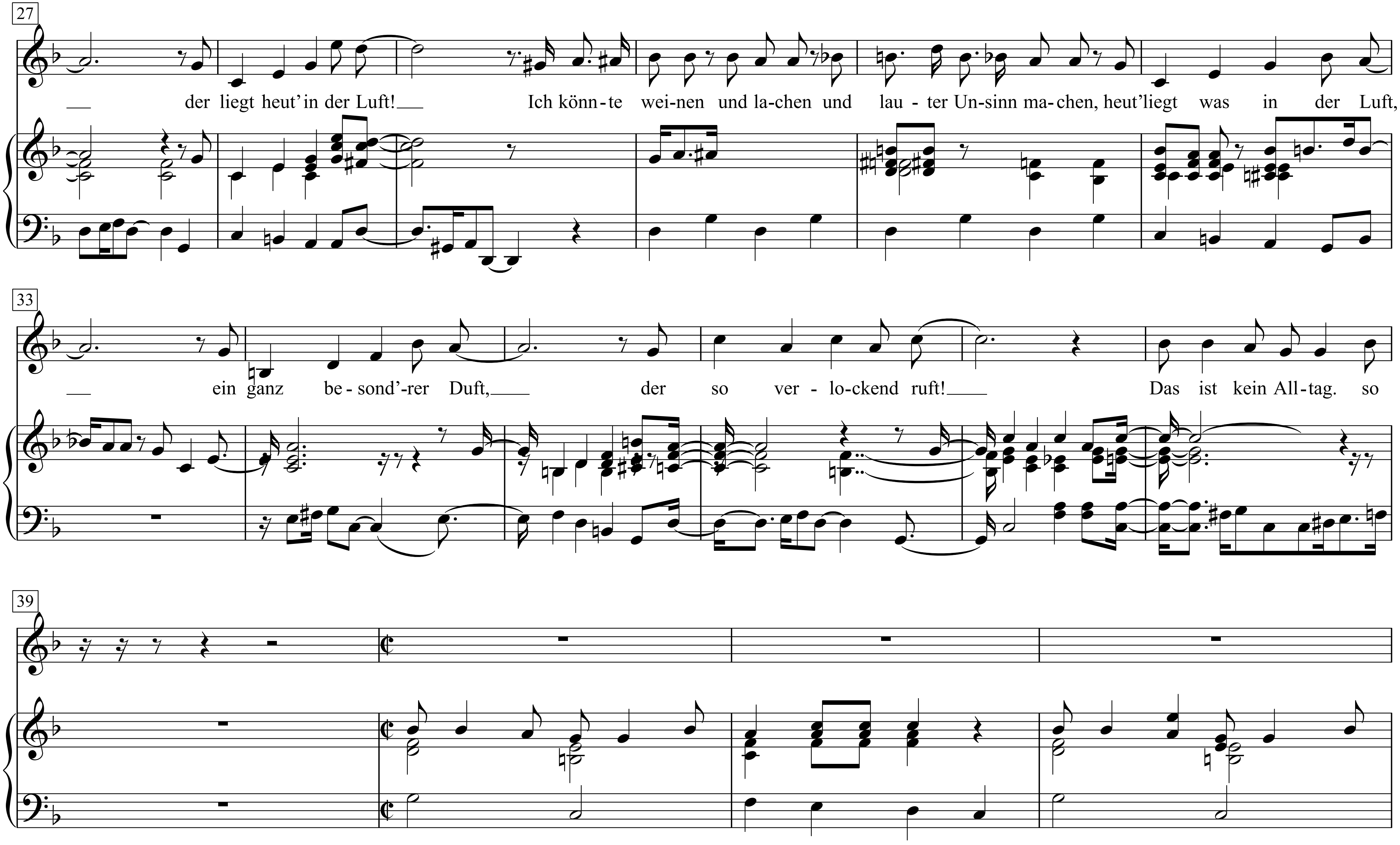
Heut' liegt was in der Luft

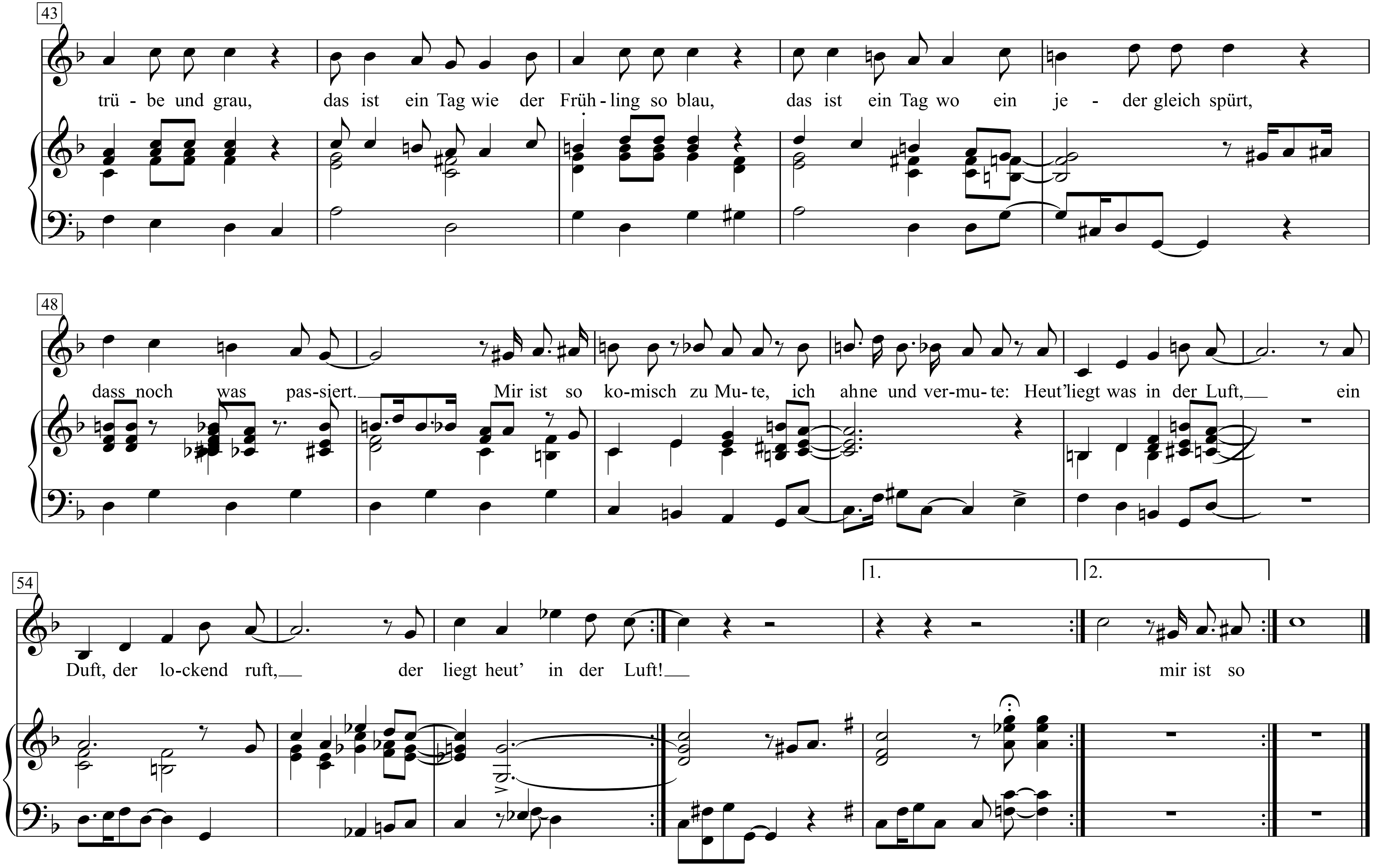
Bruno Balz & Curth Flatow

Michael Jary




13
Von der Hand in den Mund le - ben, ach, ist das ein Hun-de - le - ben, nie gab mir das Glück ein Ren-dez-vous.
Ü - ber - all nur Lie - bes - pär - chen, die Na-tur schreibt Lie-bes-mär-chen, denn der Lenz ist wie - der mal er - wacht.
18
a - ber heu - te lscht's mir plötz - lich zu, und ver-wun - dert fra' ich mich: Na - nu? Mir ist so
und be - vor der Frosch sich Früh - stück macht, hat die Mü - cke gra - de noch ge - dacht.
22
ko-misch zu-mu - te Ich ah - ne und ver-mu - te: Heut' liegt was in der Luft, ein ganz be - sond' - rer Duft,

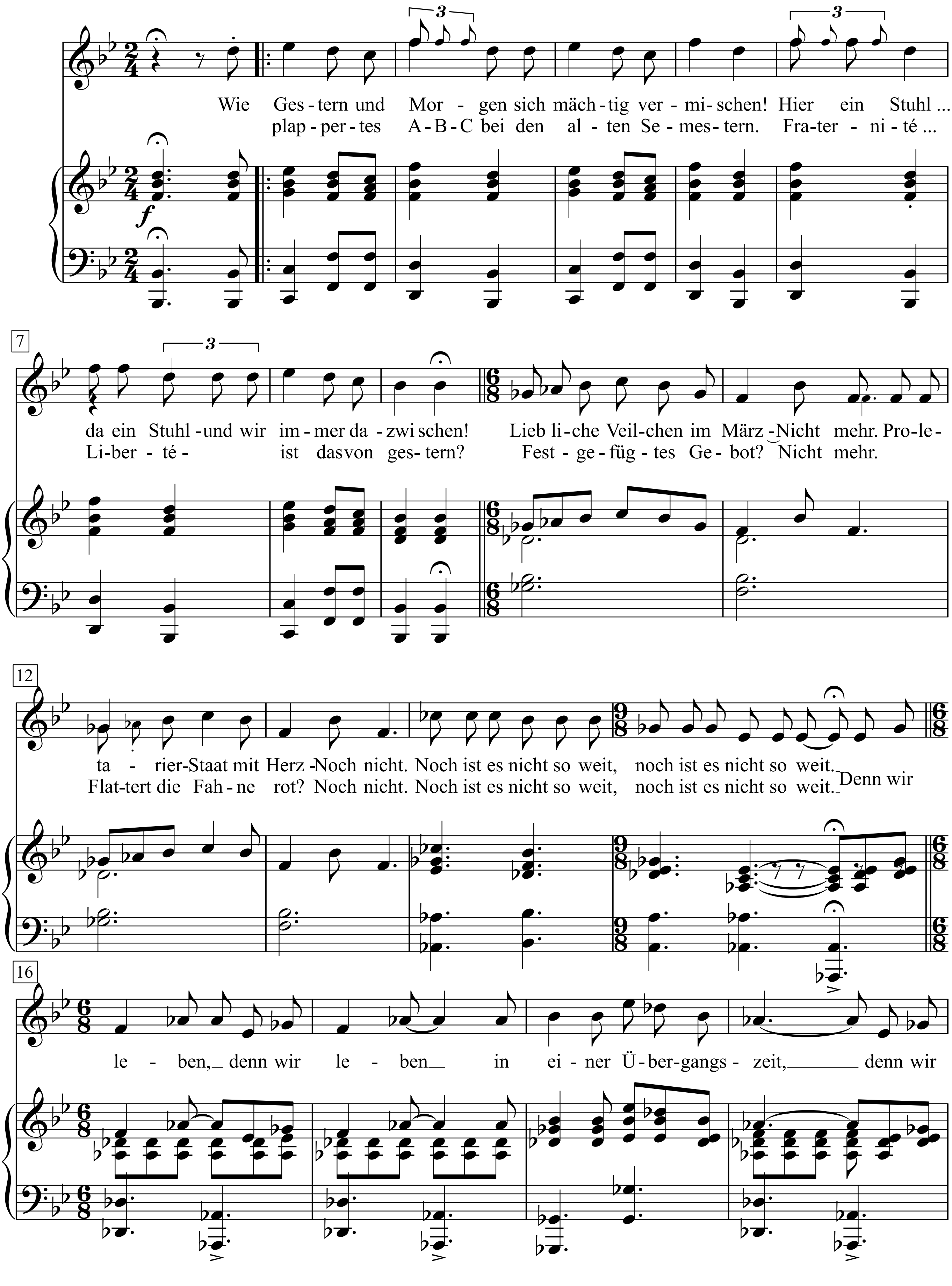

27
der liegt heut'in der Luft! Ich könn-te wei-nen und la-chen und lau - ter Un-sinn ma-chen, heut'liegt was in der Luft,
33
ein ganz be-sond'-rer Duft, der so ver - lo-ckend ruft! Das ist kein All-tag. so
39

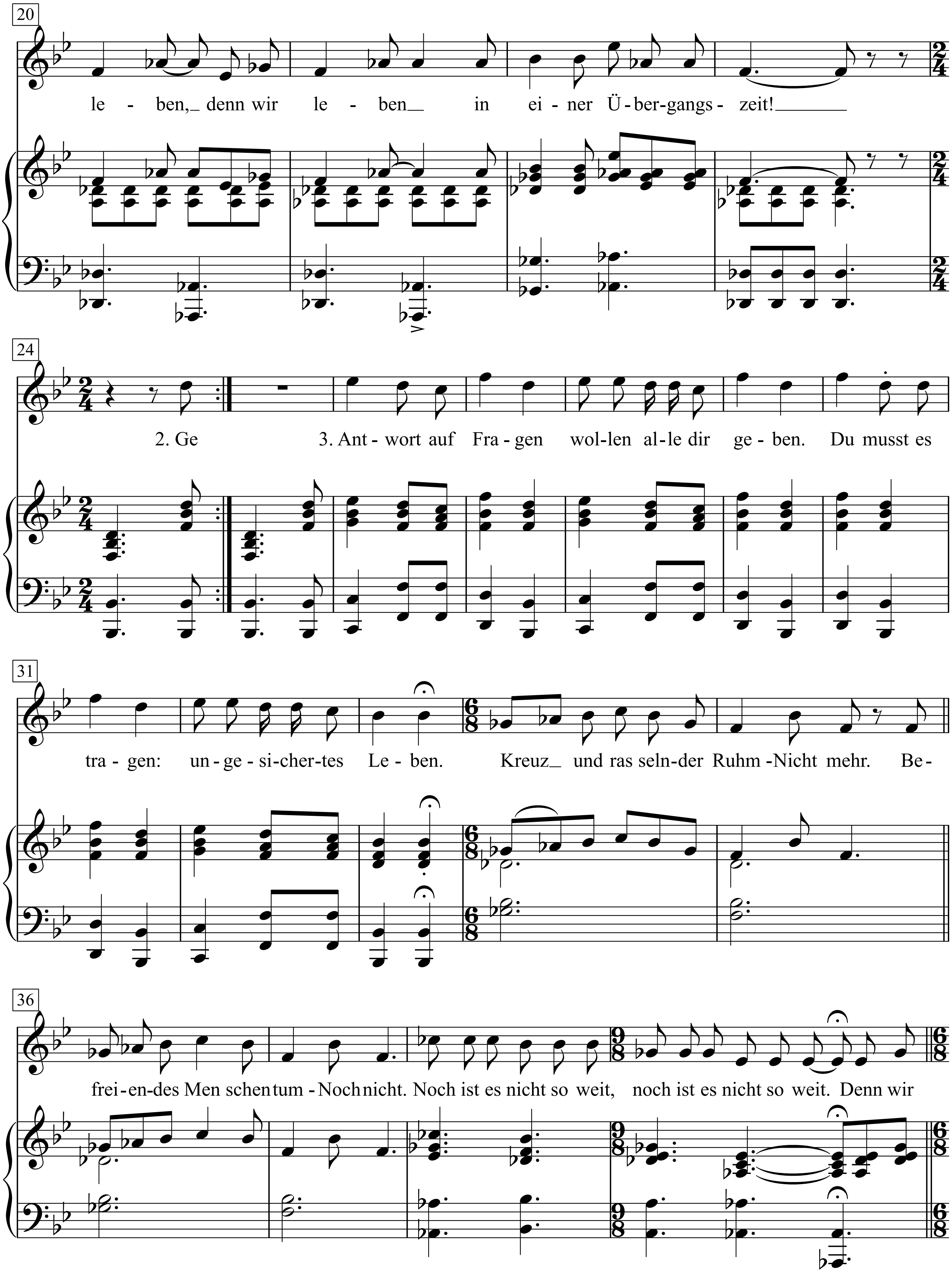

43
trü - be und grau, das ist ein Tag wie der Früh - ling so blau, das ist ein Tag wo ein je - der gleich spürt,
48
dass noch was pas-siert. Mir ist so ko-misch zu Mu - te, ich ahne und ver-mu - te: Heut'liegt was in der Luft, ein
54
1.
2.
Duft, der lo-ckend ruft, der liegt heut' in der Luft! mir ist so

Heute zwischen Gestern und Morgen

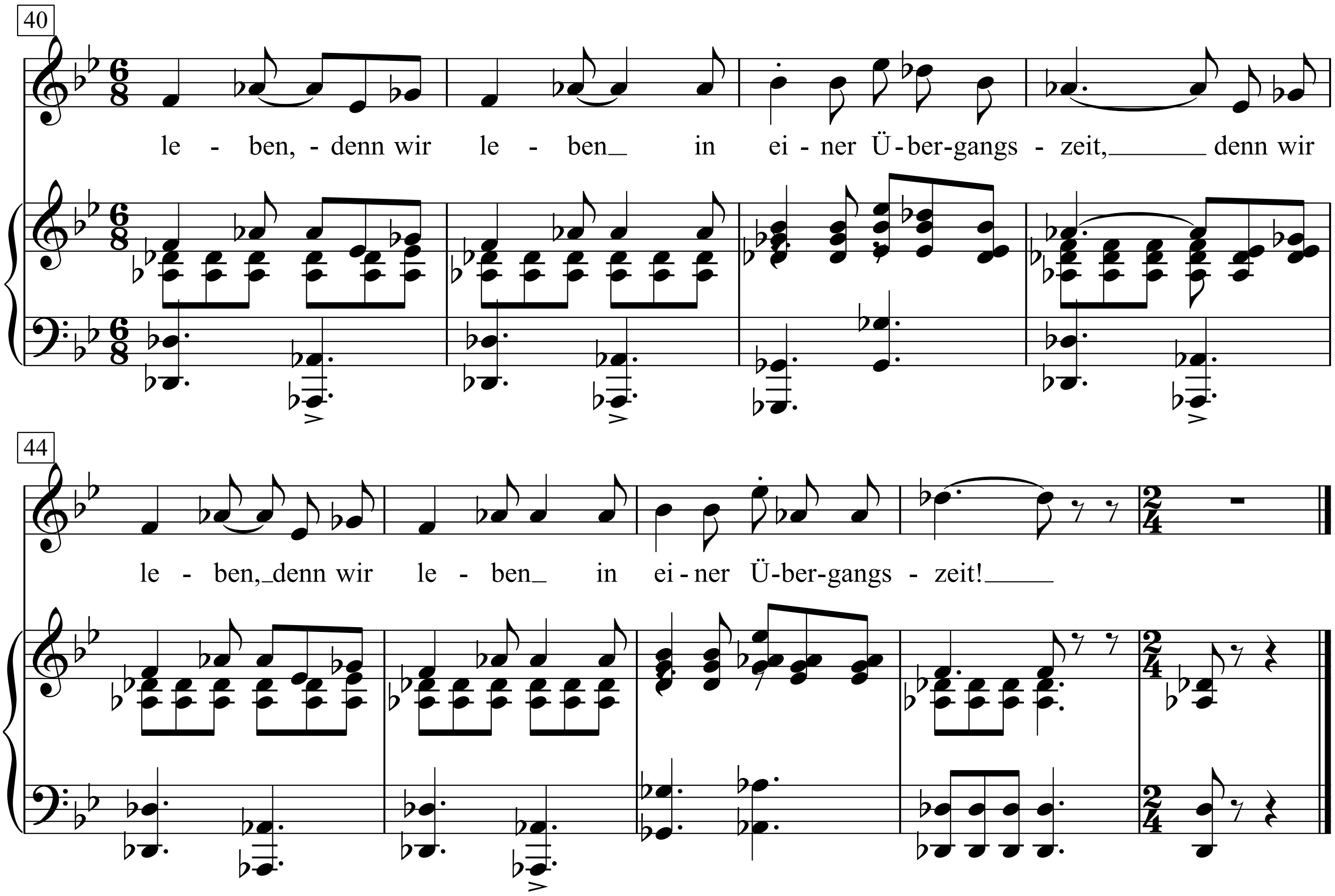
Kurt Tucholsky

Hanns Eisler





20
le - ben,_ denn wir le - ben_ in ei - ner Ü - ber-gangs - zeit!
24
2. Ge 3. Ant - wort auf Fra - gen wol-len al-le dir ge - ben. Du musst es
31
tra - gen: un-ge - si-cher-tes Le - ben. Kreuz_ und ras seln-der Ruhm -Nicht mehr. Be-
36
frei - en-des Men schen tum - Noch nicht. Noch ist es nicht so weit, noch ist es nicht so weit. Denn wir



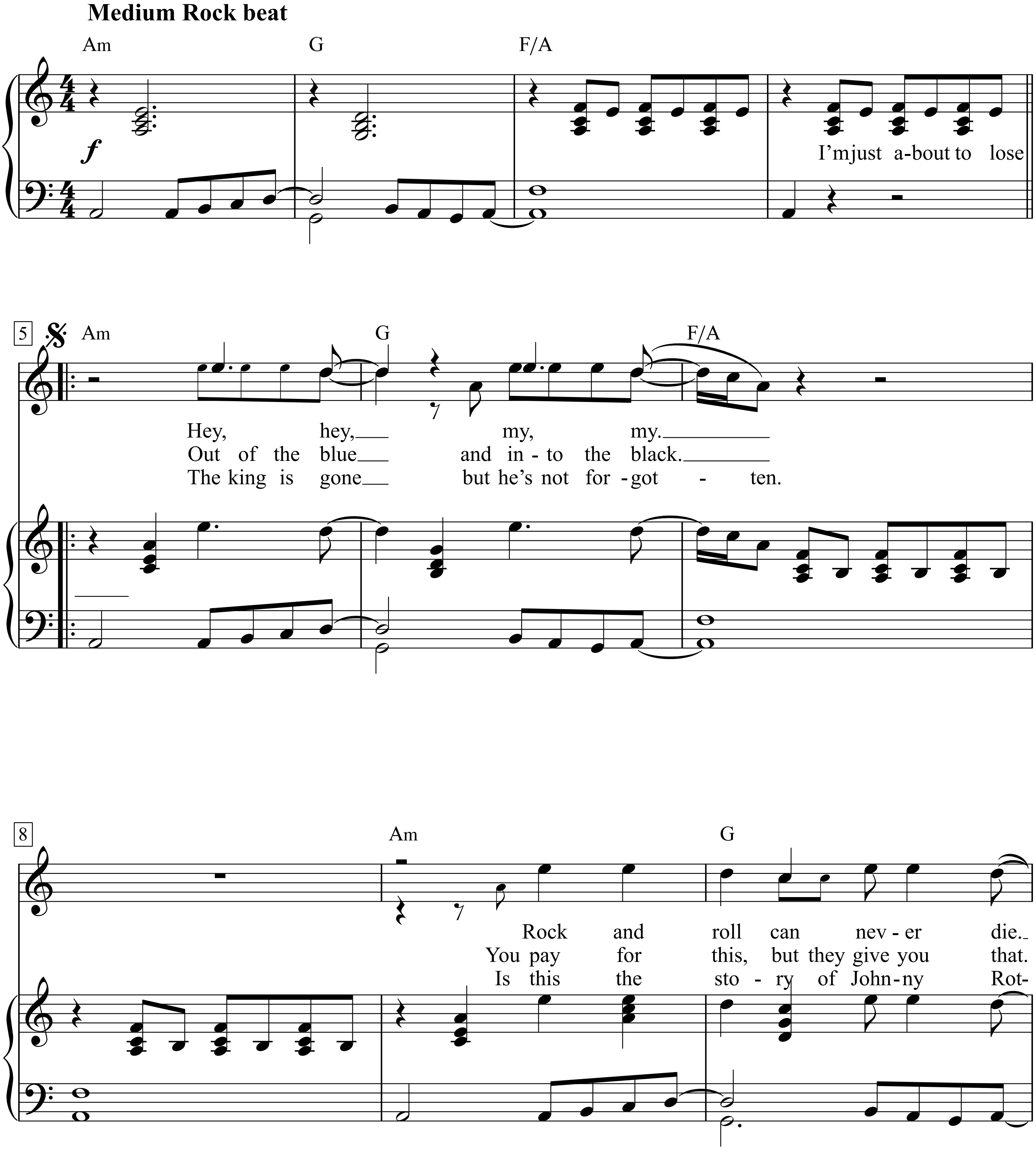
1. Wie Gestern und Morgen sich mächtig vermischen!
Hier ein Stuhl ... da ein Stuhl - und wir im mer dazwischen!
Liebliche Veilchen im März - Nicht mehr.
ProletarierStaat mit Herz - Noch nicht.
Noch ist es nicht so weit, noch ist es nicht so weit.
Denn wir leben, denn wir leben in einer Übergangszeit,
denn wir leben, denn wir leben in einer Übergangszeit!

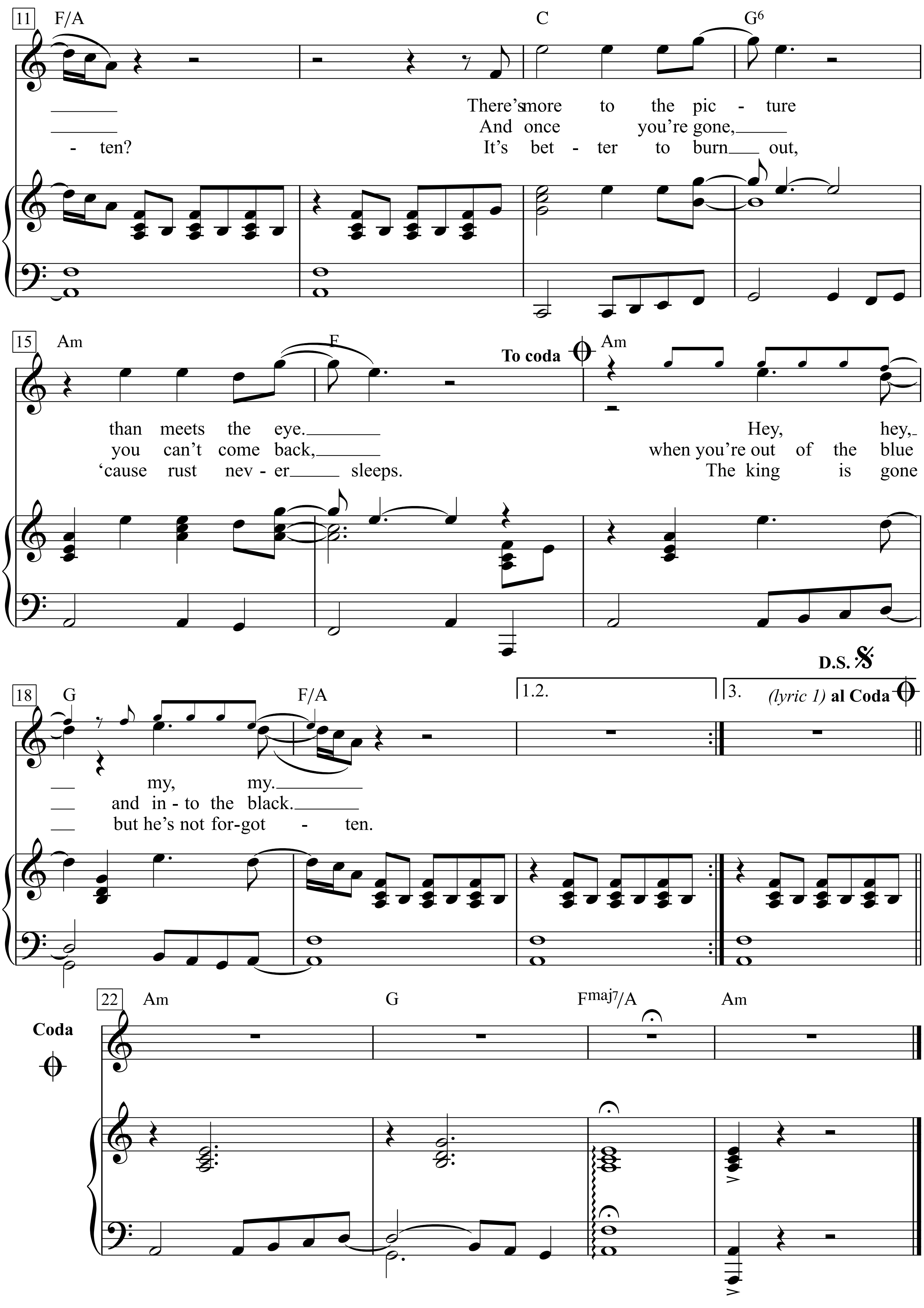
2. Geplappertes ABC bei den alten Semestern.
Fraternité ...Liberté - ist das von gestern?
Festgefügtes Gebot? Nicht mehr.
Flattert die Fahne rot? Noch nicht.
Noch ist es nicht so weit, noch ist es nicht so weit.
Denn wir leben, denn wir leben in einer Übergangszeit,
denn wir leben, denn wir leben in einer Übergangszeit!

3. Antwort auf Fragen wollen alle dir geben.
Du musst es tragen: ungesichertes Leben.
Kreuz und rasselnder Ruhm - Nicht mehr.
Befreiendes Menschentum - Noch nicht.
Noch ist es nicht so weit, noch ist es nicht so weit.
Denn wir leben, - denn wir leben in einer Übergangszeit,
denn wir leben, denn wir leben in einer Übergangszeit!

Hey Hey, My My (Out of the Blue)

Words & Music by Neil Young




11
F/A
C
G6
There's more to the pic - ture
And once you're gone,
- ten? It's bet - ter to burn out,
15
Am
F
To coda
Am
than meets the eye.
you can't come back,
'cause rust nev - er sleeps.
Hey, hey,
when you're out of the blue
The king is gone
D.S.
18
G
F/A
1.2.
3. (lyric 1) al Coda
my, my.
and in - to the black.
but he's not for-got - ten.
Coda
22
Am
G
Fmaj7/A
Am

Hey, hey, my, my.
Rock and roll can never die.
There’s more to the picture than meets the eye.
Hey, hey, my, my.

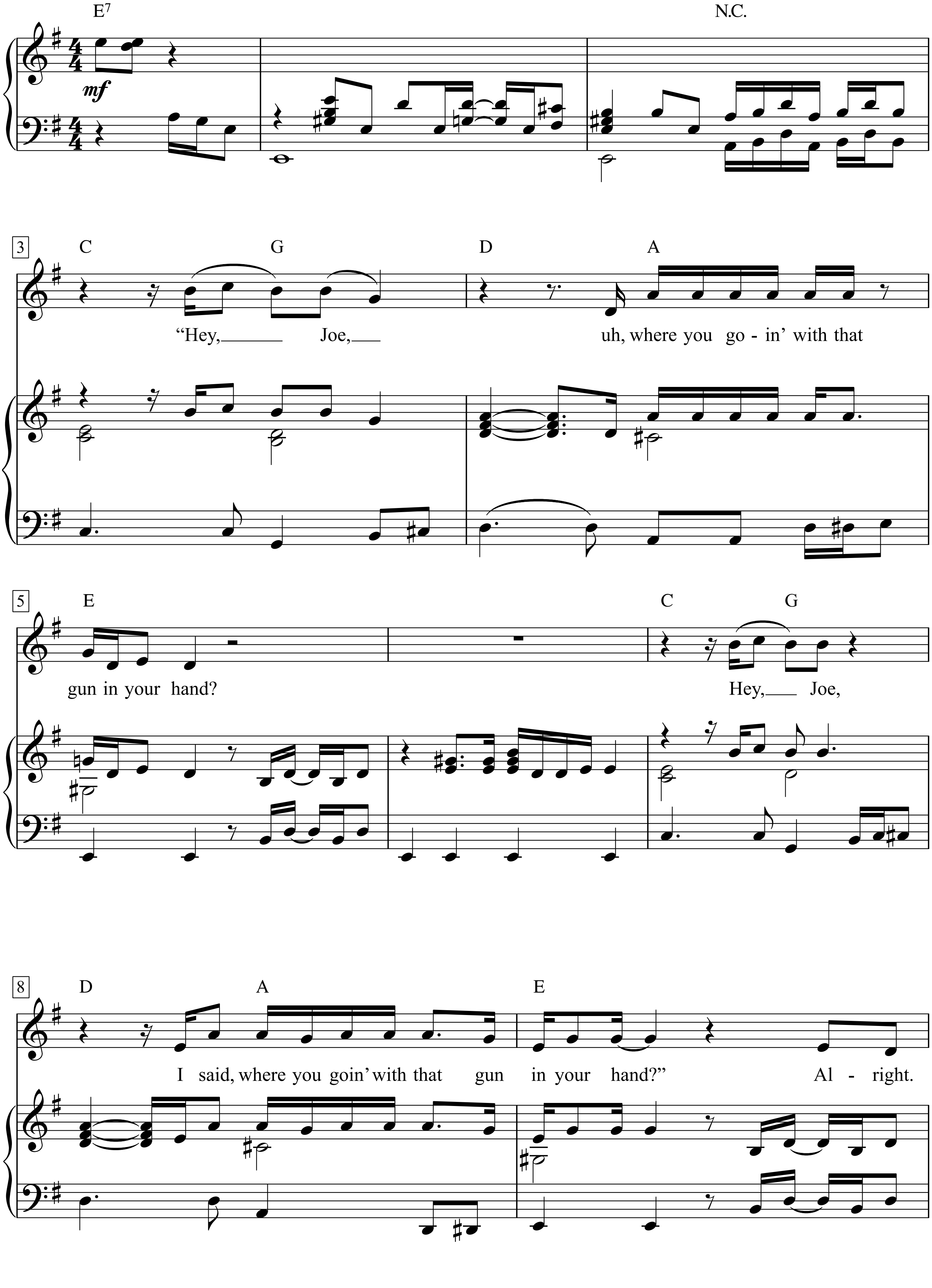
Out of the blue and into the black. You pay for this,
but they give you that.
And once you’re gone, you can’t come back,
when you’re out of the blue and into the black.

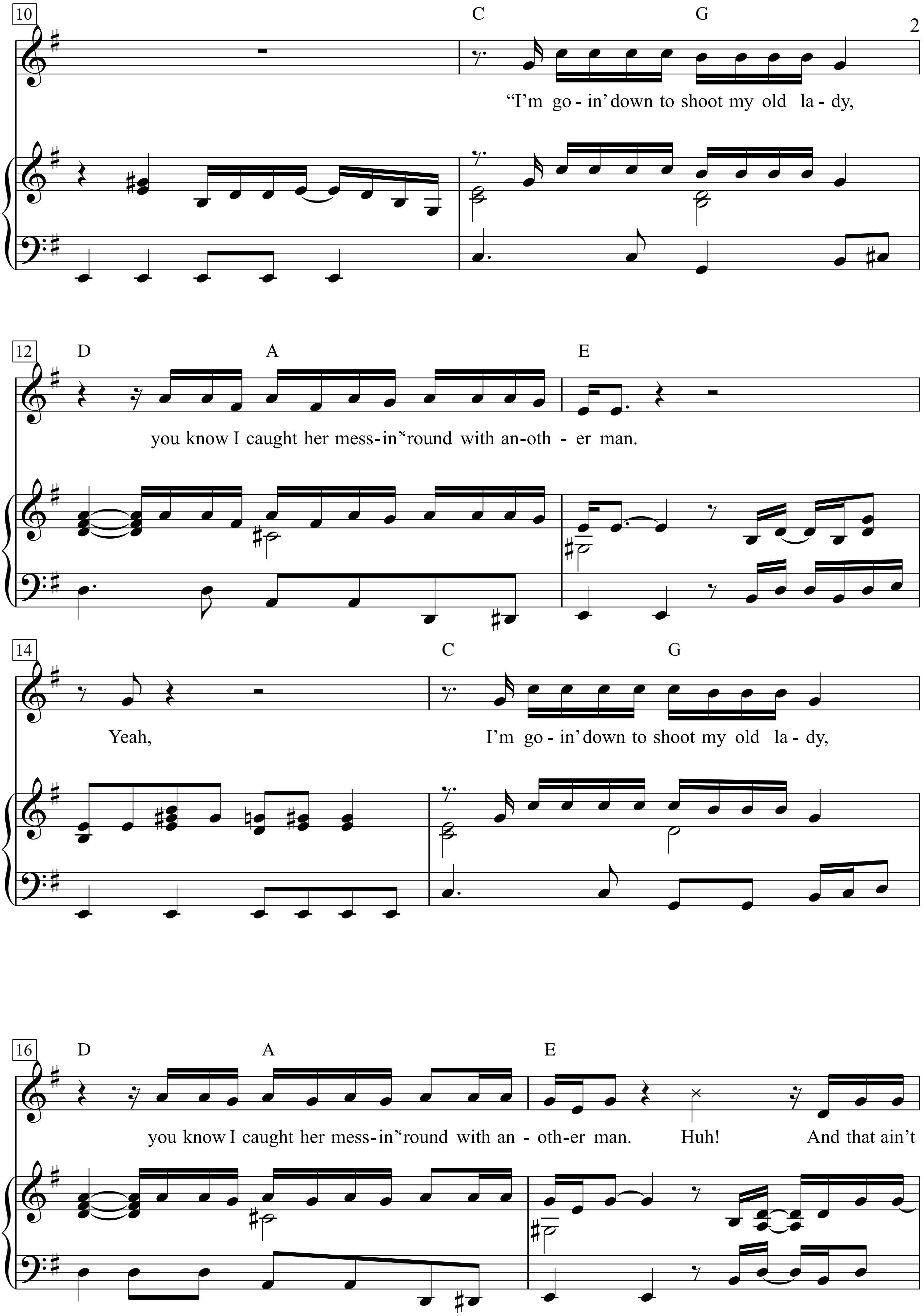
The king is gone but he’s not forgotten.
Is this the story of Johnny Rotten?
It’s better to burn out, ‘cause rust never sleeps.

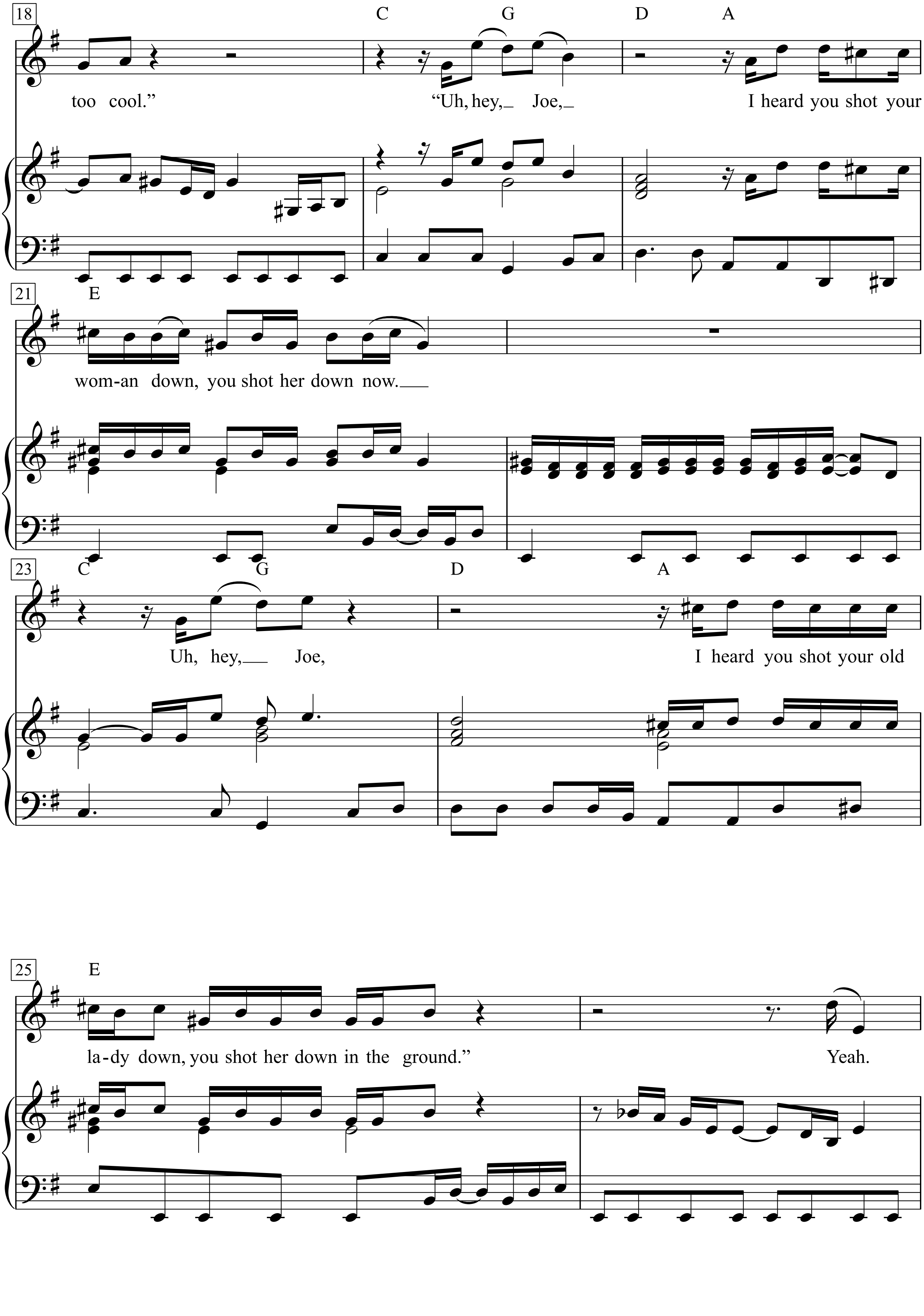
Hey Joe

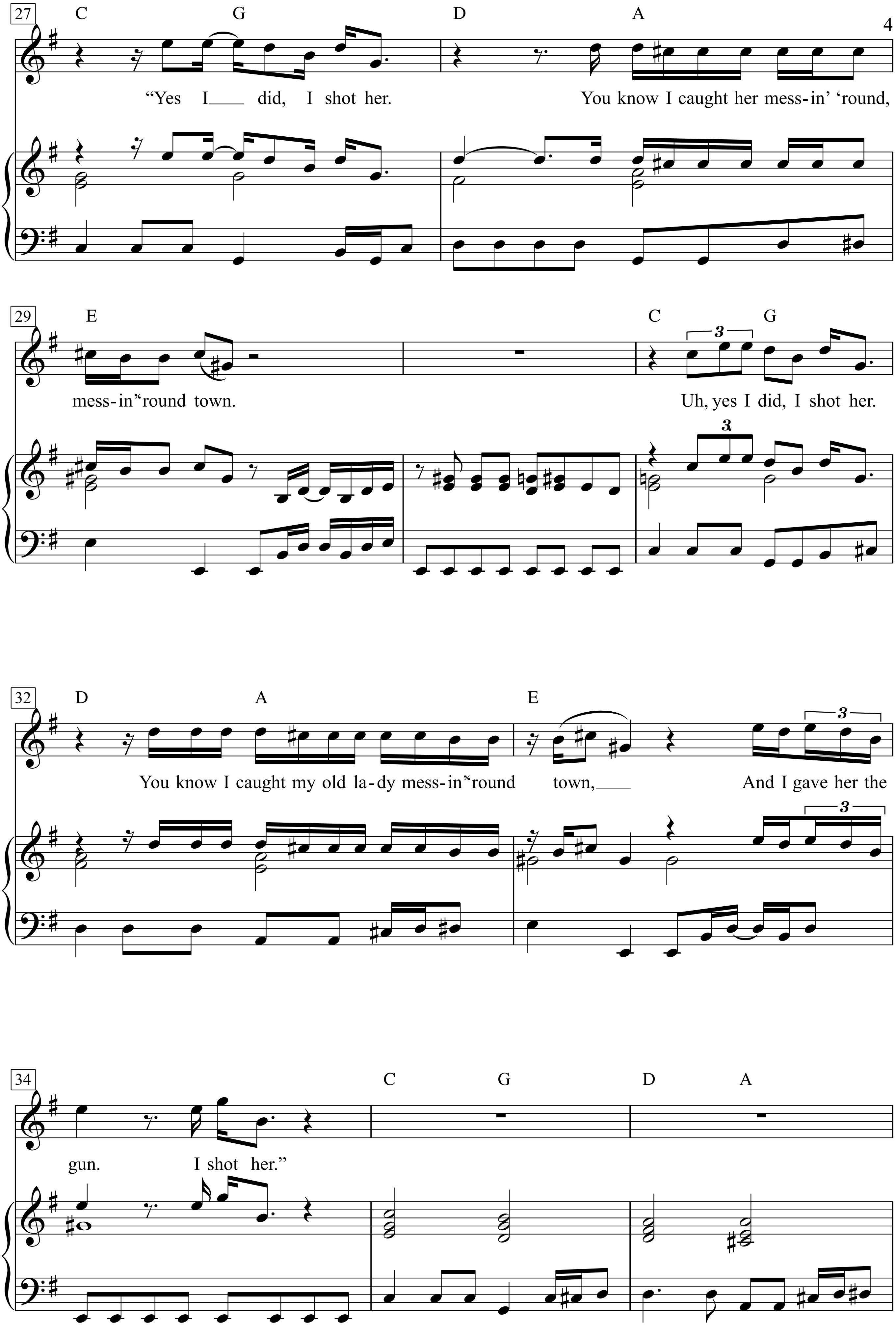
Moderately Slow Rock

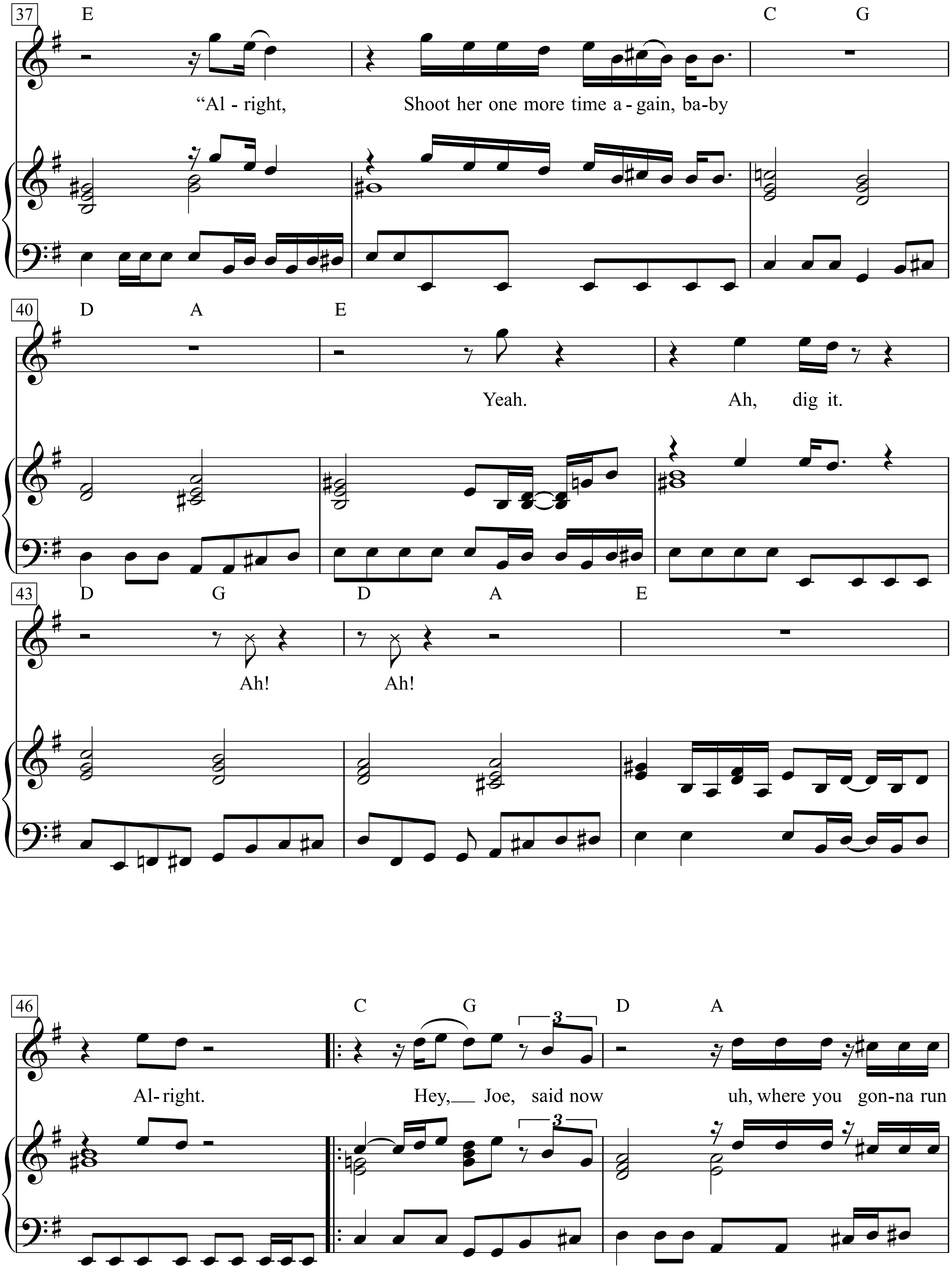
Jimi Hendrix

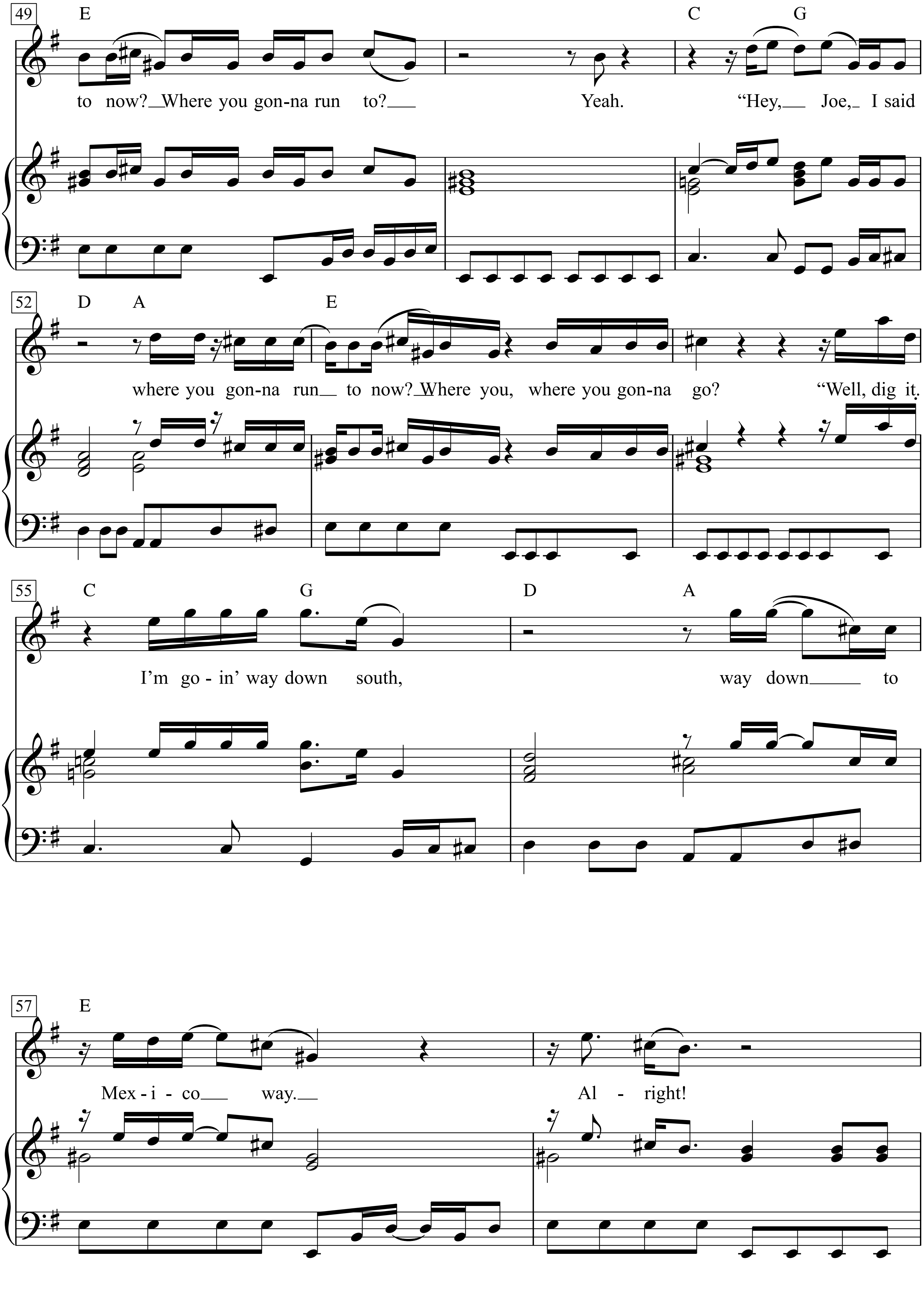


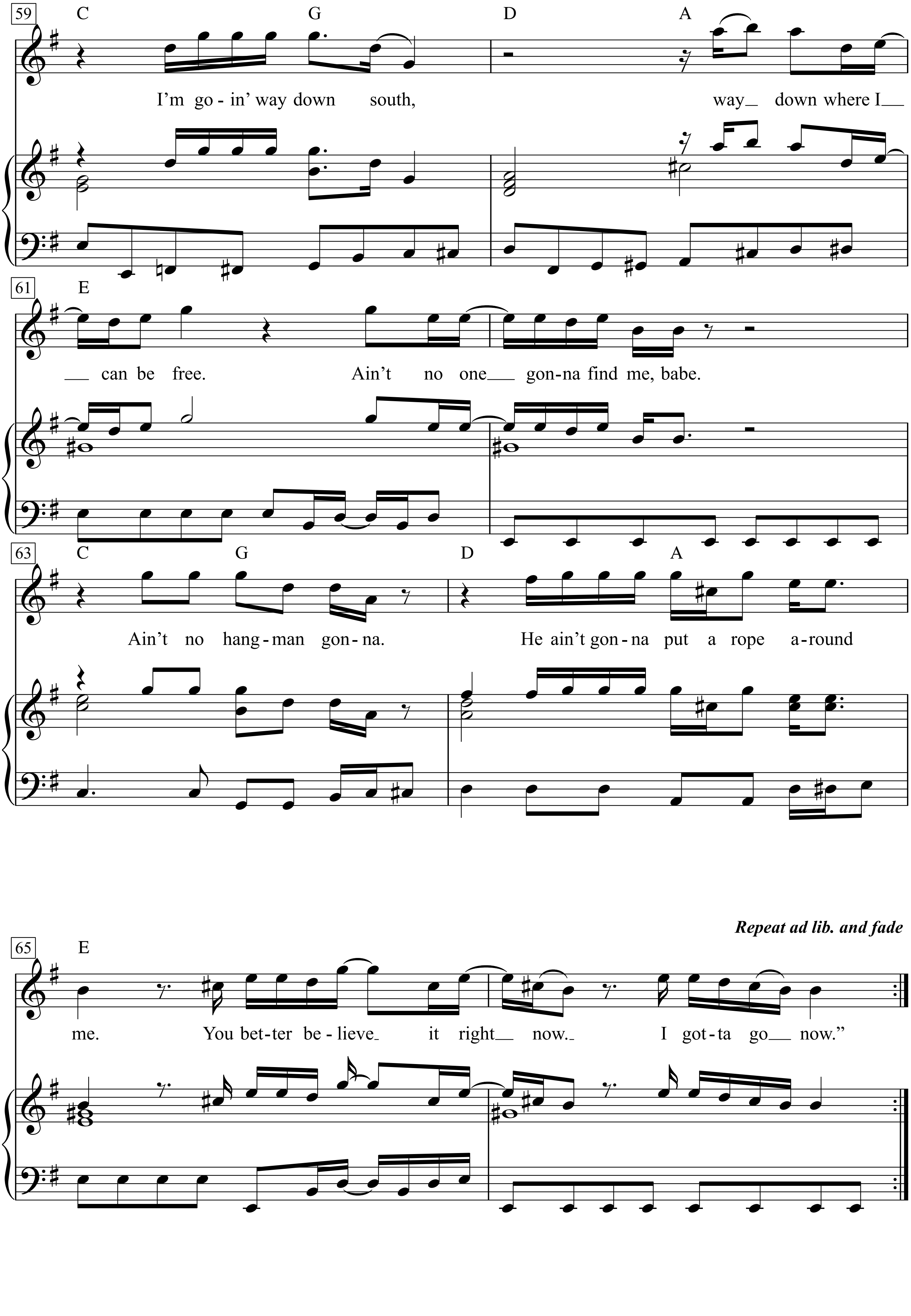

10
C
G
"I'm go - in' down to shoot my old la - dy,
12
D
A
E
you know I caught her mess-in' 'round with an-oth - er man.
14
C
G
Yeah,
I'm go - in' down to shoot my old la - dy,
16
D
A
E
you know I caught her mess-in' 'round with an - oth-er man.
Huh!
And that ain't


18
C G D A
too cool." "Uh, hey, Joe, I heard you shot your
21
E
wom-an down, you shot her down now.
23
C G D A
Uh, hey, Joe, I heard you shot your old
25
E
la-dy down, you shot her down in the ground." Yeah.


27
C G D A
"Yes I___ did, I shot her. You know I caught her mess-in' 'round,
29
E C G
mess-in"round town. Uh, yes I did, I shot her.
3
32
D A E
You know I caught my old la-dy mess-in"round town,___ And I gave her the
3
34
C G D A
gun. I shot her."


37
E
C G
"Al - right,
Shoot her one more time a - gain, ba-by
40
D A
E
Yeah.
Ah, dig it.
43
D G
D A
E
Ah!
Ah!
46
C G
D A
Al-right.
Hey, Joe, said now
uh, where you gon-na run
3
3

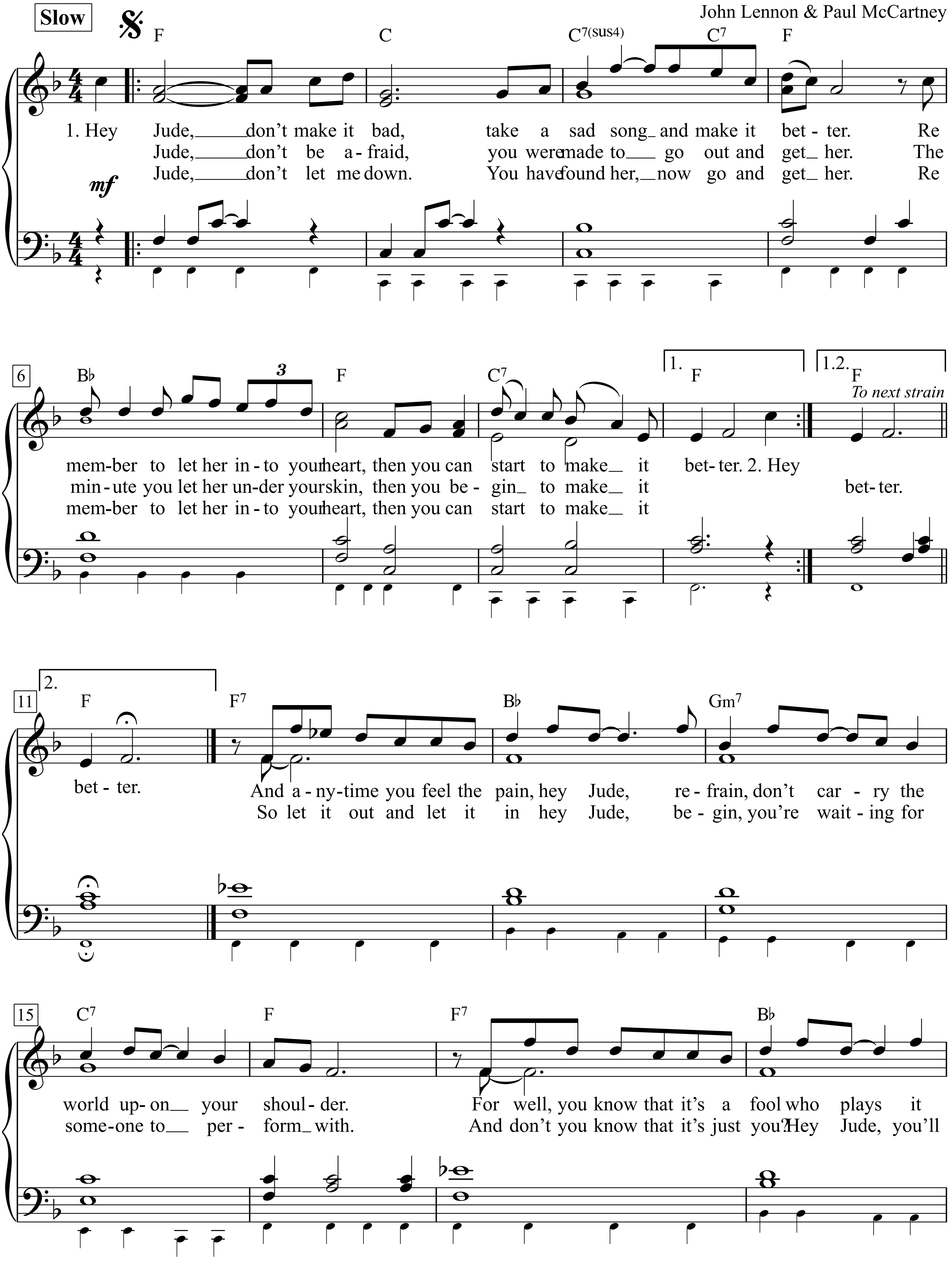

49
E
C G
to now? Where you gon-na run to? Yeah. "Hey, Joe, I said
52
D A
E
where you gon-na run to now? Where you, where you gon-na go? "Well, dig it.
55
C G
D A
I'm go - in' way down south, way down to
57
E
Mex - i - co way. Al - right!

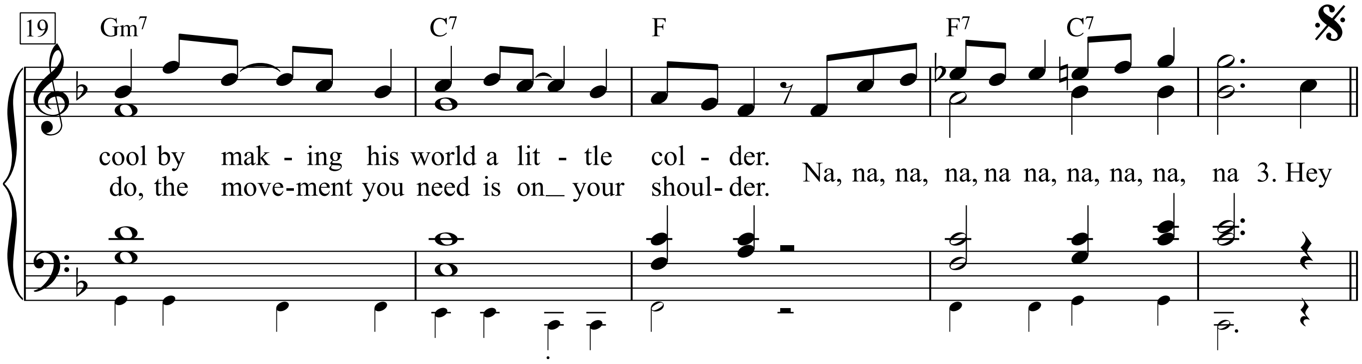

59
C G D A
I'm go - in' way down south, way_ down where I_
61
E
_ can be free. Ain't no one_ gon-na find me, babe.
63
C G D A
Ain't no hang - man gon - na. He ain't gon - na put a rope a - round
Repeat ad lib. and fade
65
E
me. You bet - ter be - lieve_ it right_ now._ I got - ta go_ now."

(For Organ: Registration No. 1)

Hey Jude

Words & Music:
John Lennon & Paul McCartney





Hey Jude, don’t make it bad,
take a sad song and make it better.
Remember to let her into your heart,
then you can start to make it better.

Hey Jude, don’t be afraid,
you were made to go out and get her.
The minute you let her under your skin,
then you begin to make it better.

And anytime you feel the pain,
hey Jude, refrain,
don’t carry the world upon your shoulder.

For well, you know that it’s a fool
who plays it cool
by making his world a little colder.

Na, na, na, na, na na, na, na. na.

Hey Jude, don’t let me down.
You have found her, now go and get her.
Remember to let her into your heart,
then you can start to make it better.

So let it out and let it in
hey Jude, begin, you’re waiting for someone to perform with.
And don’t you know that it’s just you?
Hey Jude, you’ll do, the movement you need is on your shoulder.

Na, na, na, na, na na, na, na. na.

Hey Jude, don’t make it bad,
take a sad song and make it better.
Remember to let her under your skin,
then you begin to make it better, better, better, better, better, better, oh!

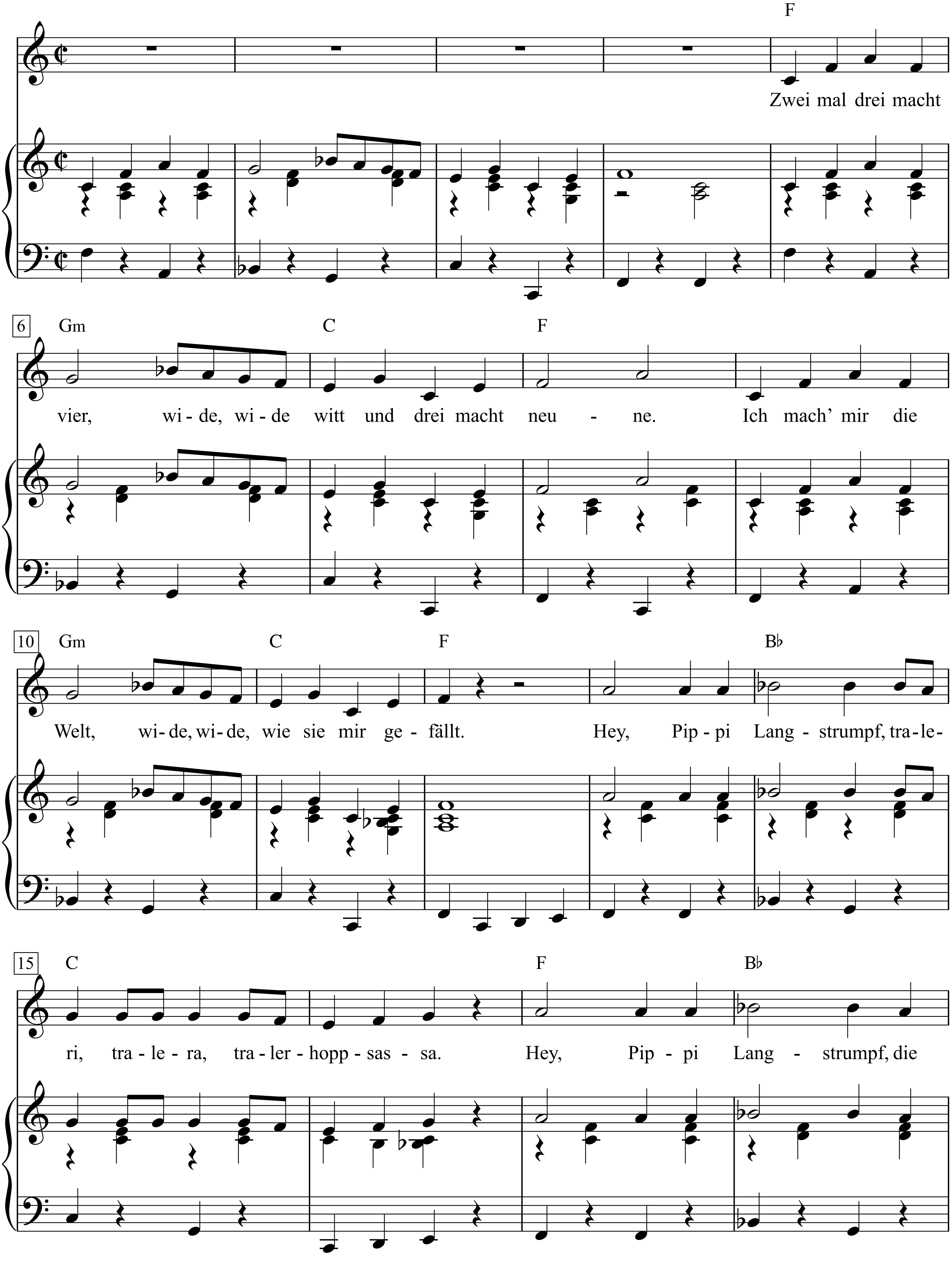
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, hey, Jude.

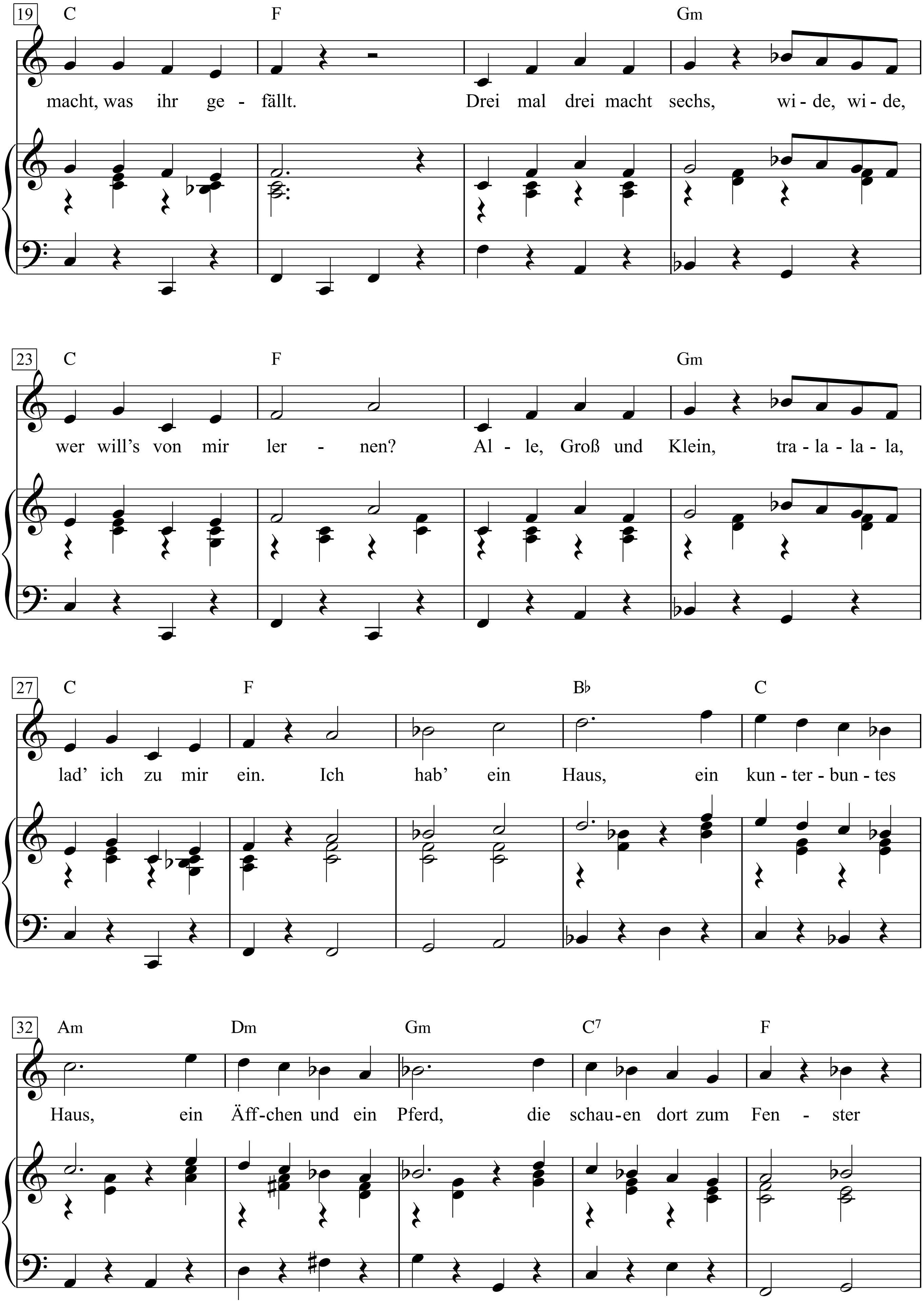
An einen Freund (Hey Jude)
Mein Freund. Sieh’s nicht so grau.
Das Lied ist traurig, und das macht’s besser.
Vergiss nicht: Lass sie in dein Herz ein,
dann lässt dich der Schmerz sein, und du machst’s besser.
Mein Freund. Sei nur nicht bang.
Du warst lang fort, um sie zu fragen,
und jetzt wohnt sie so tief unter deiner Haut.
Du weißt genau: Tja, alles wird tragen.
Und schleicht sich manchmal Wehmut ein,
mein Freund, lass sein.
Lass nicht die Last der Welt auf deinen Schultern ruhn.
Denn nur Idioten spielen Spiele, kühle Spiele viele,
indem sie ihre eig’ne Welt in den Kühlschrank tun.
Dah dah dah daddaddidah, dadada dah.
Mein Freund. Lauf doch nicht fort.
Sie wartet dort. Jetzt geh und hol die Schwester.
Vergiss nicht: Lass sie in dein Herz ein,
dann lässt dich der Schmerz sein, und du
machst’s besser.
So lass Zeug raus und lass Zeug ran, mein Freund, fang a
Du wartest auf wen, mit dem du’s schaffen kannst.
Weißt du denn nicht, dass du allein, mein Freund, es kann
Der Schwung, den du brauchst, liegt auf deinen Schultern
Dah dah dah daddaddidah, dadada dah.
Mei-eyn Froooiind.
Nimm’s nicht so flau. Das Lied ist traurig, und das macht
Vergiss nicht: Lass sie dir unter die Haut gehn, und du wi
du machst es besser, kesser, größer, besser, besser.
Oh! Dah dah dah daddaddidah, daddaddidah, mein Freun

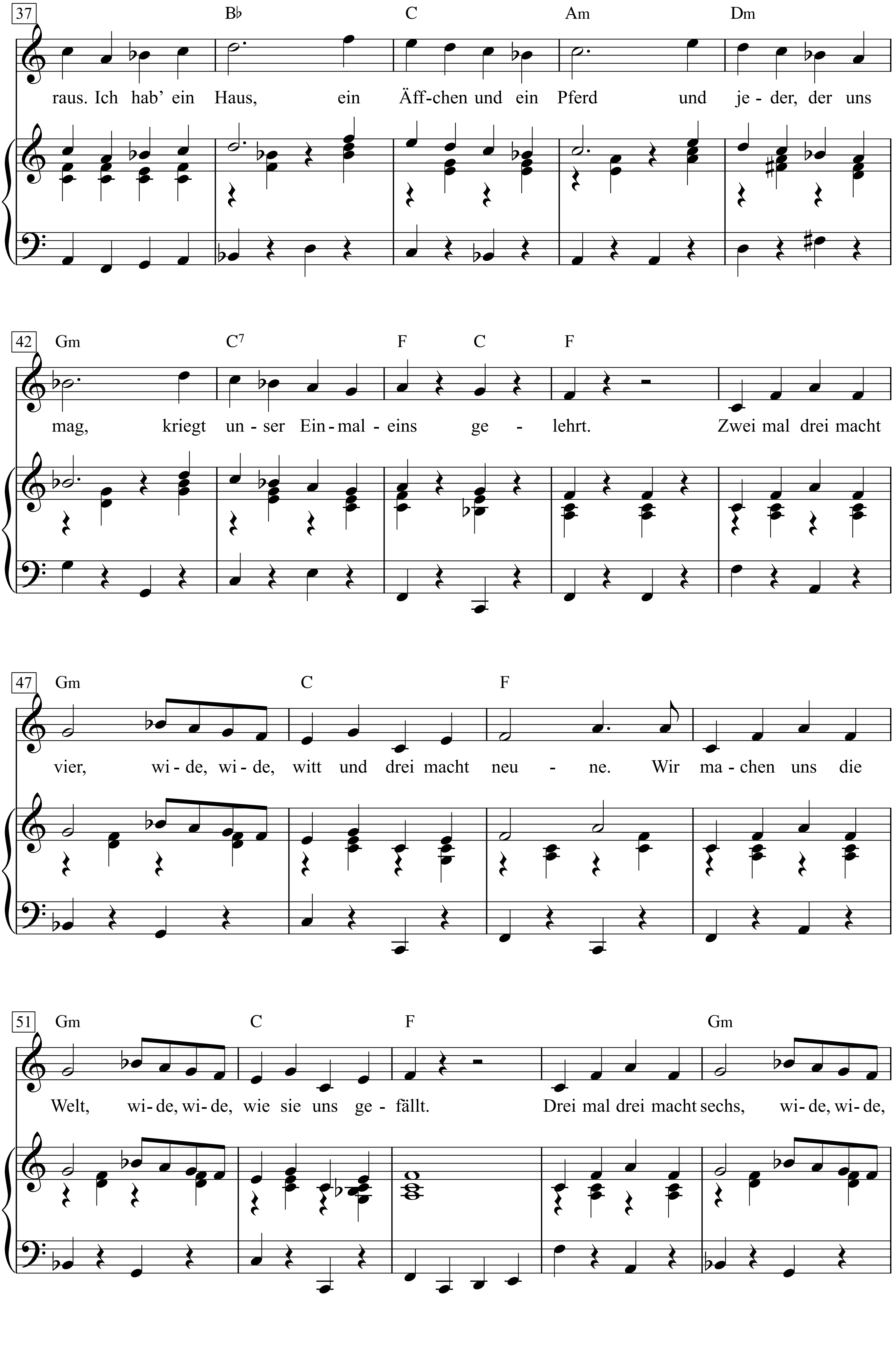
Hey, Pippi Langstrumpf

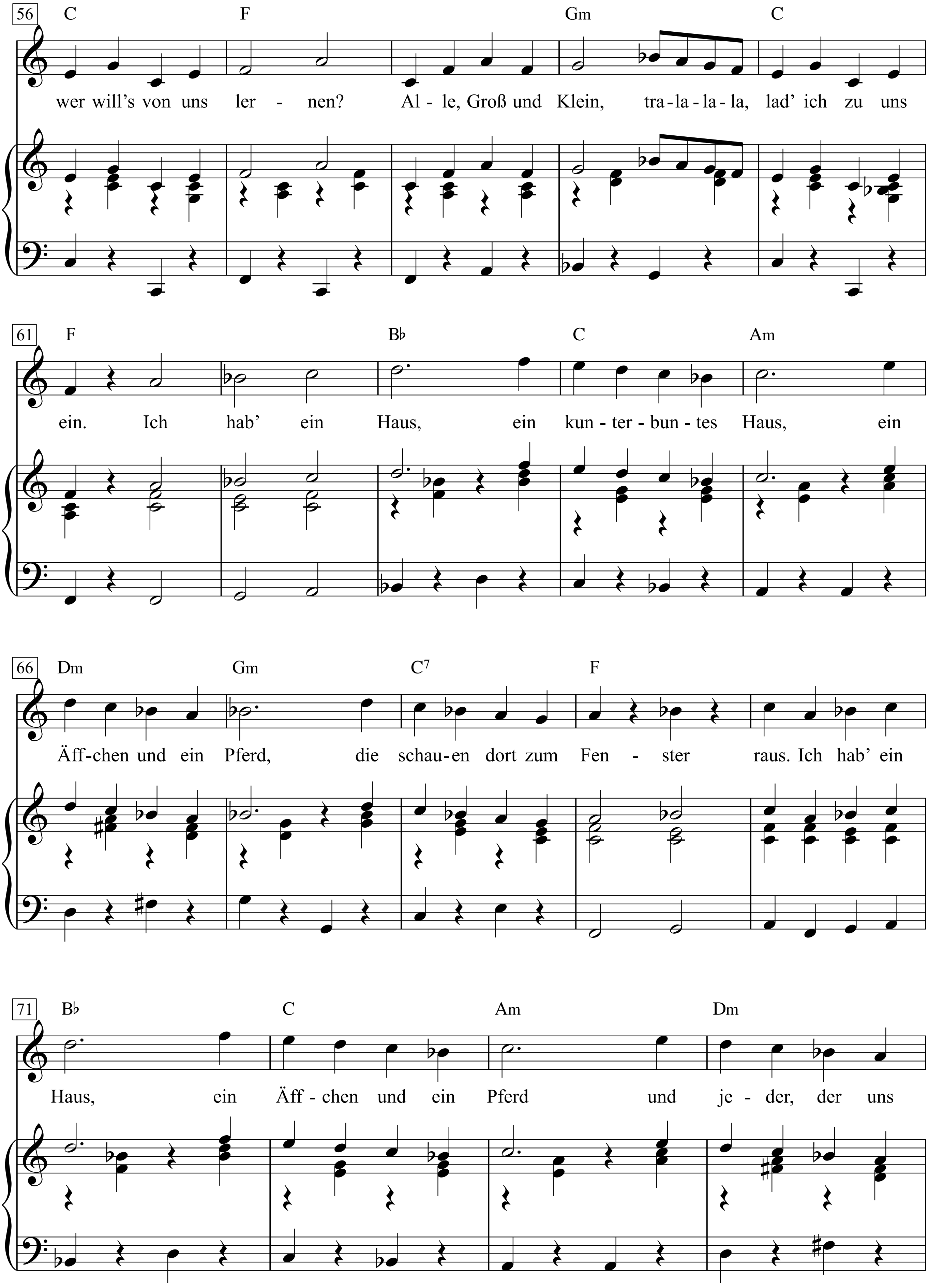
Wolfgang Franke

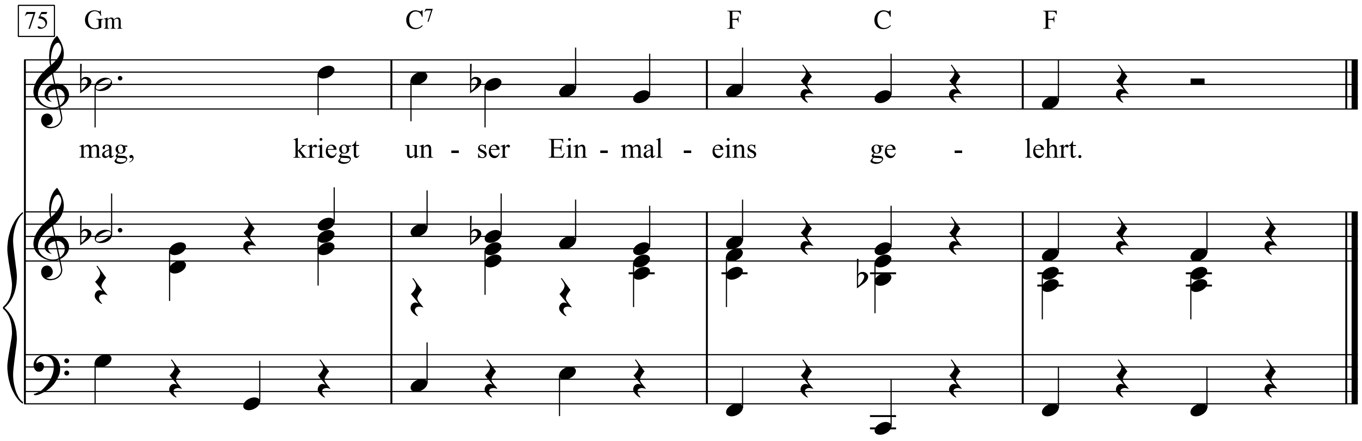
Konrad Elfers, Jan Johansson
Satz: Gerd-Peter Münden




19
C
F
Gm
macht, was ihr ge - fällt. Drei mal drei macht sechs, wi - de, wi - de,
23
C
F
Gm
wer will's von mir ler - nen? Al - le, Groß und Klein, tra - la - la - la,
27
C
F
B♭
C
lad' ich zu mir ein. Ich hab' ein Haus, ein kun - ter - bun - tes
32
Am
Dm
Gm
C7
F
Haus, ein Äff - chen und ein Pferd, die schau - en dort zum Fen - ster


37
B♭ C Am Dm
raus. Ich hab' ein Haus, ein Äff-chen und ein Pferd und je - der, der uns
42
Gm C7 F C F
mag, kriegt un - ser Ein-mal - eins ge - lehrt. Zwei mal drei macht
47
Gm C F
vier, wi - de, wi - de, witt und drei macht neu - ne. Wir ma - chen uns die
51
Gm C F Gm
Welt, wi- de, wi- de, wie sie uns ge - fällt. Drei mal drei macht sechs, wi- de, wi- de,


56
C F Gm C
wer will's von uns ler - nen? Al - le, Groß und Klein, tra - la - la - la, lad' ich zu uns
61
F B♭ C Am
ein. Ich hab' ein Haus, ein kun - ter - bun - tes Haus, ein
66
Dm Gm C7 F
Äff - chen und ein Pferd, die schau - en dort zum Fen - ster raus. Ich hab' ein
71
B♭ C Am Dm
Haus, ein Äff - chen und ein Pferd und je - der, der uns



Zwei mal drei macht vier, wide, wide witt und drei macht neune.
Ich mach' mir die Welt, wide, wide, wie sie mir gefällt.
Hey, Pippi Langstrumpf, traleri, tralera, tralerhoppsassa.
Hey, Pippi Langstrumpf, die macht, was ihr gefällt.

Drei mal drei macht sechs, wide, wide, wer will's von mir lernen?
Alle, Groß und Klein, tralalala, lad' ich zu mir ein.
Ich hab' ein Haus, ein kunterbuntes Haus, ein Äffchen und ein Pferd,
die schauen dort zum Fenster raus.
Ich hab' ein Haus, ein Äffchen und ein Pferd
und jeder, der uns mag, kriegt unser Einmaleins gelehrt.

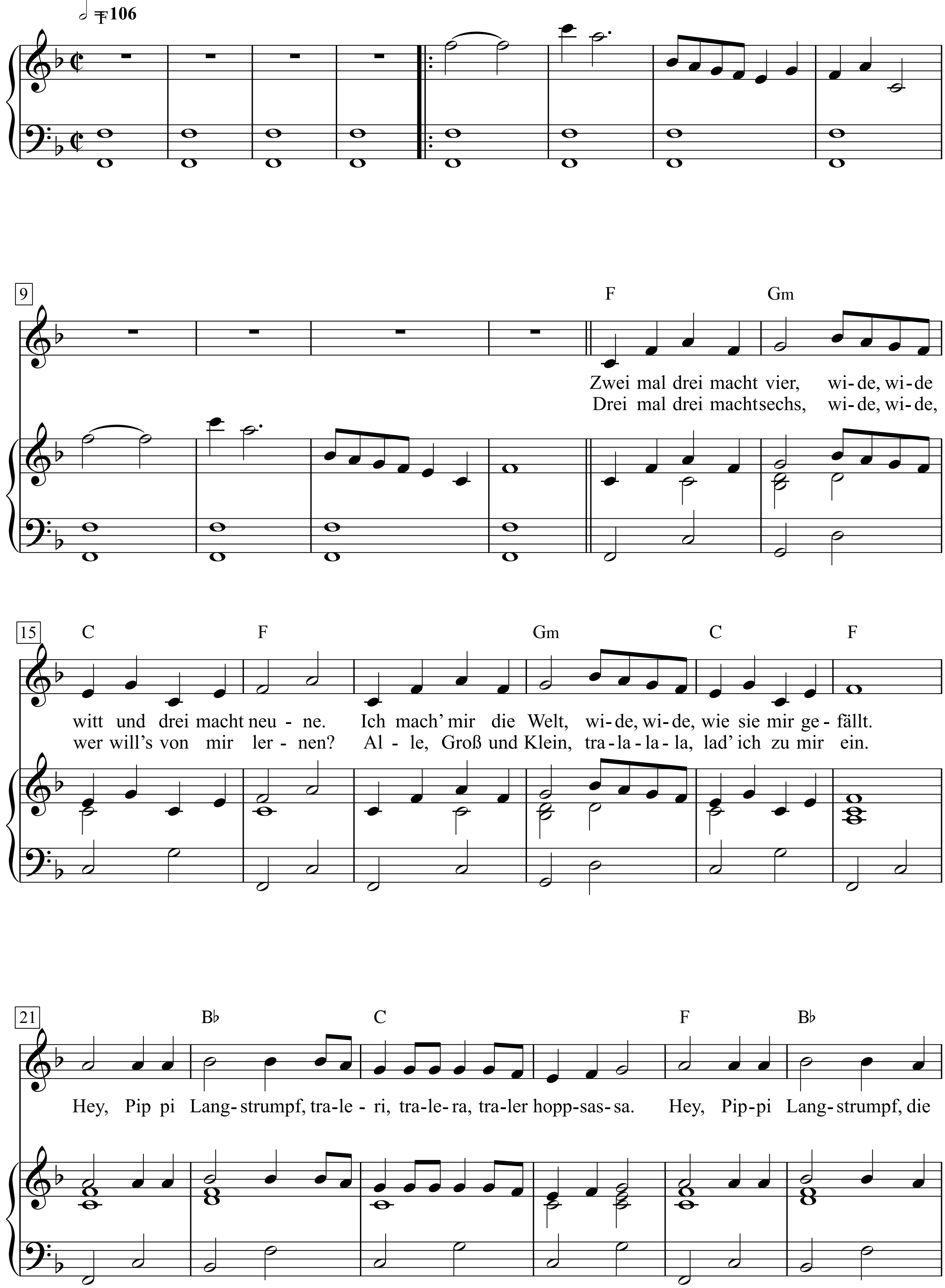
Zwei mal drei macht vier, wide, wide, witt und drei macht neune.
Wir machen uns die Welt, wide, wide, wie sie uns gefällt.
Drei mal drei macht sechs, wide, wide, wer will's von uns lernen?
Alle, Groß und Klein, tralalala, lad' ich zu uns ein.
Ich hab' ein Haus, ein kunterbuntes Haus, ein Äffchen und ein Pferd,
die schauen dort zum Fenster raus.
Ich hab' ein Haus, ein Äffchen und ein Pferd
und jeder, der uns mag, kriegt unser Einmaleins gelehrt.

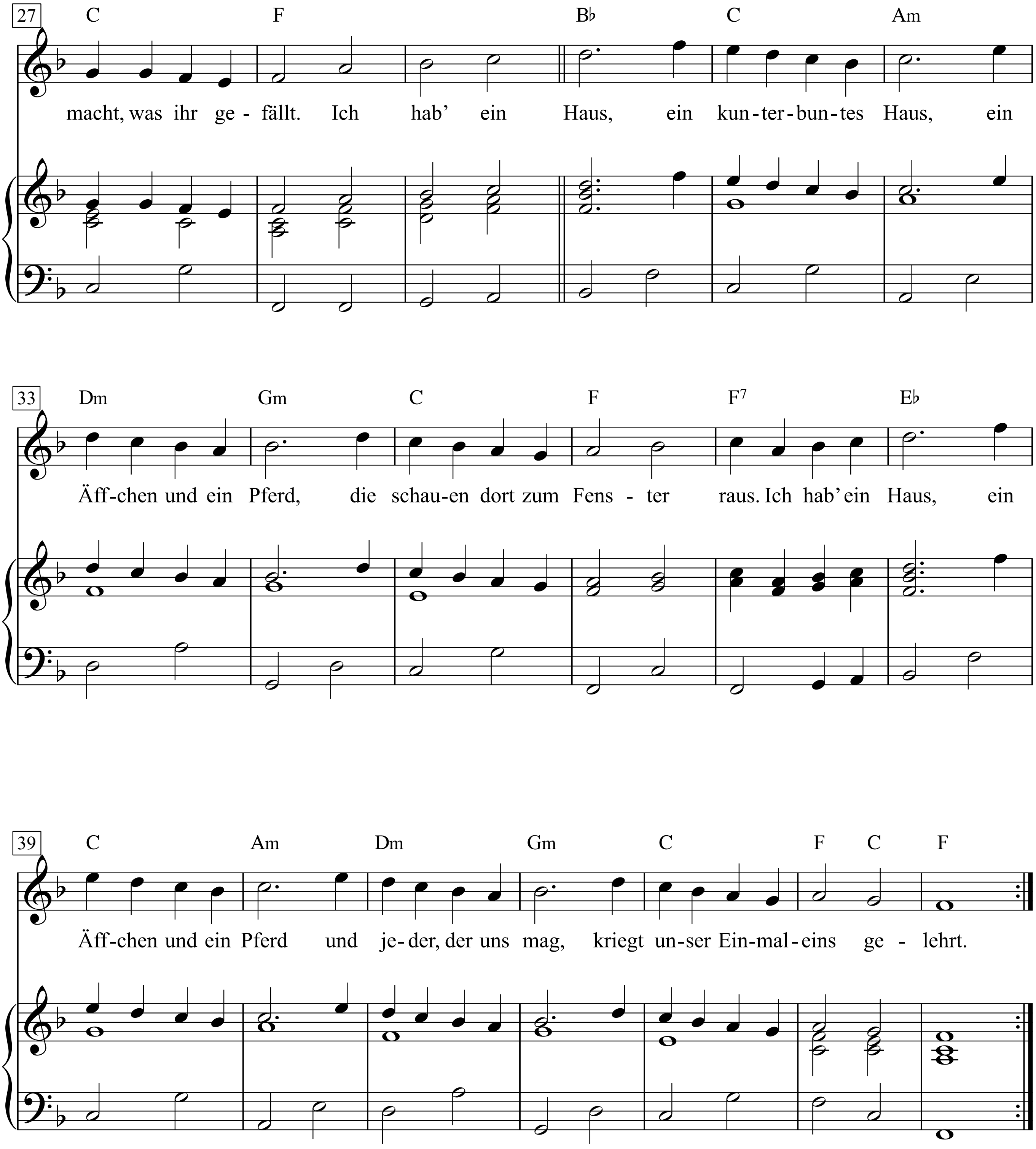
Hey, Pippi Langstrumpf

(Pippi Langstrumpf Titelsong)

Words by
Wolfgang Franke and Helmut Harun

Music by
Konrad Elders and Jan Johansson




27
C F B♭ C Am
macht, was ihr ge - fällt. Ich hab' ein Haus, ein kun-ter-bun-tes Haus, ein
33
Dm Gm C F F7 E♭
Äff-chen und ein Pferd, die schau-en dort zum Fens - ter raus. Ich hab' ein Haus, ein
39
C Am Dm Gm C F C F
Äff-chen und ein Pferd und je-der, der uns mag, kriegt un-ser Ein-mal-eins ge - lehrt.

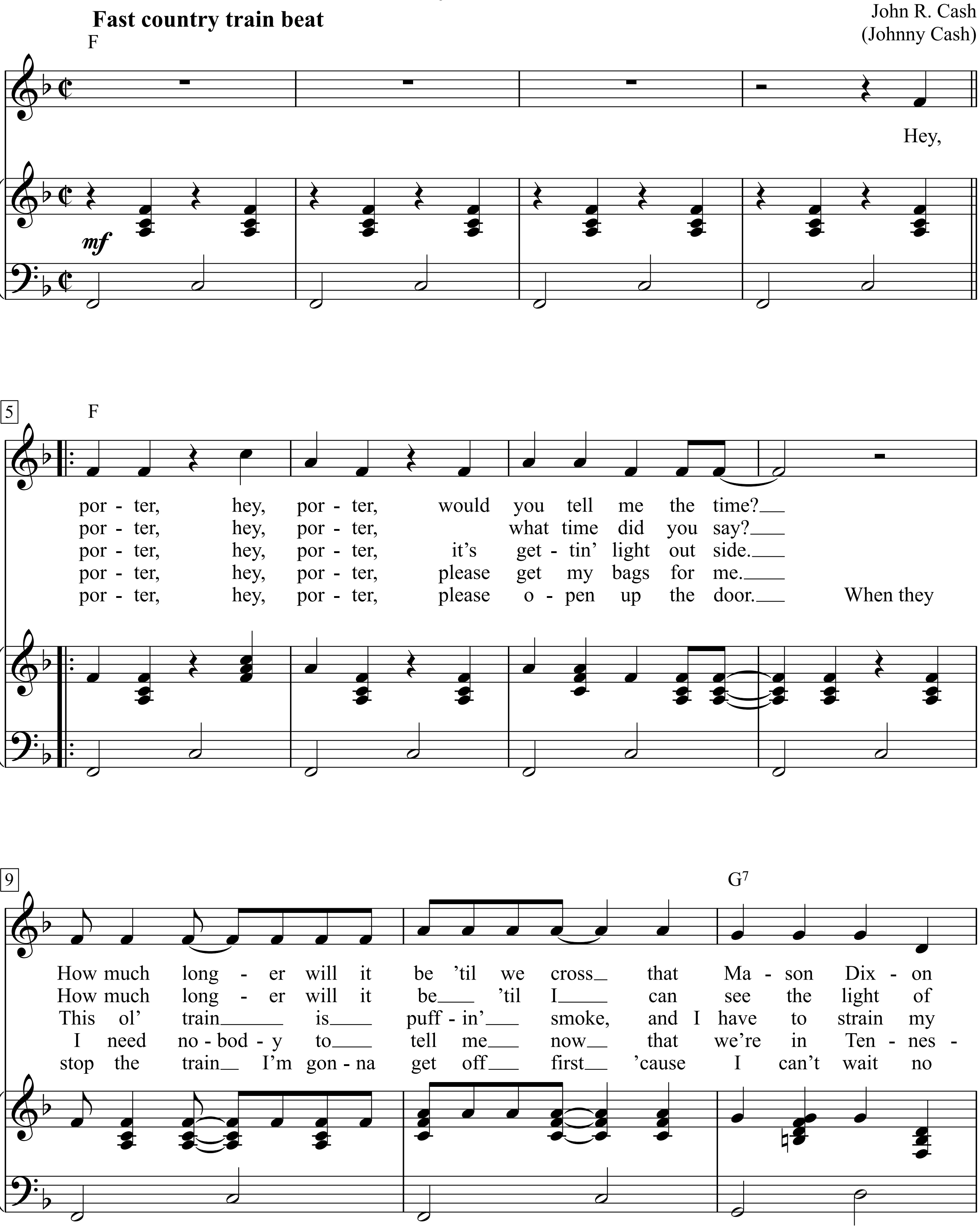
1. Zwei mal drei macht vier,
wi-de, wi-de witt und drei macht neune.
Ich mach' mir die Welt,
wi-de, wi-de, wie sie mir gefällt.

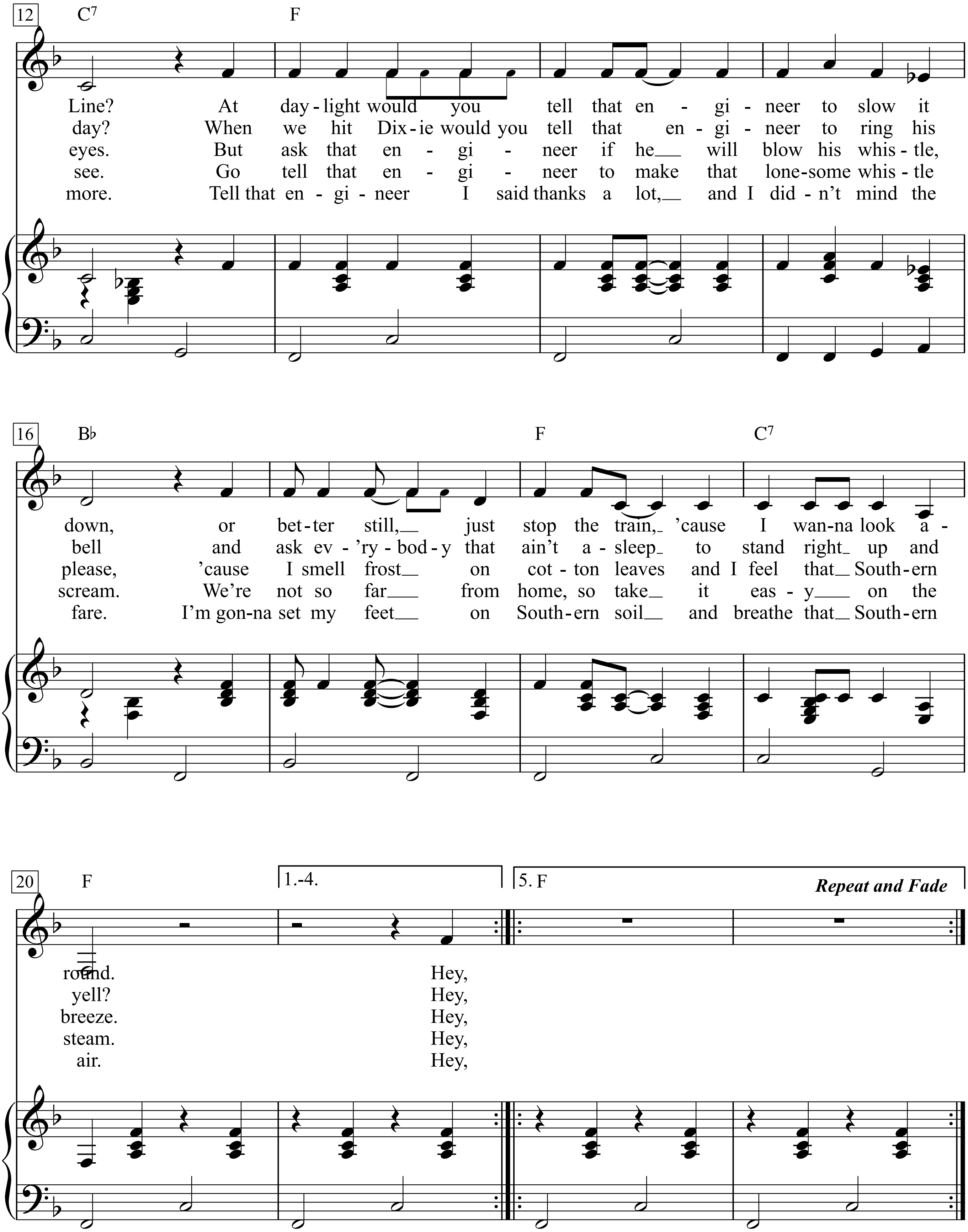
Hey, Pip pi Langstrumpf,
tra-le-ri, tra-le-ra, tra-ler hopp-sas-sa.
Hey, Pippi Langstrumpf,
die macht, was ihr gefällt.
Ich hab' ein Haus, ein kunterbuntes Haus,
ein Äffchen und ein Pferd,
die schauen dort zum Fenster raus.
Ich hab' ein Haus, ein Äffchen und ein Pferd
und jeder, der uns mag,
kriegt unser Einmaleins gelehrt.

2. Drei mal drei macht sechs,
wi-de, wi-de, wer will's von mir lernen?
Alle, Groß und Klein,
tra-la-la-la, lad' ich zu mir ein.

Hey, Porter

Words & Music by
John R. Cash
(Johnny Cash)




12
C7
F
Line? At day-light would you tell that en-gi-neer to slow it
day? When we hit Dix-ie would you tell that en-gi-neer to ring his
eyes. But ask that en-gi-neer if he will blow his whis-tle,
see. Go tell that en-gi-neer to make that lone-some whis-tle
more. Tell that en-gi-neer I said thanks a lot, and I did-n't mind the
16
B♭
F
C7
down, or bet-ter still, just stop the train, 'cause I wan-na look a-
bell and ask ev-'ry-bod-y that ain't a-sleep to stand right up and
please, 'cause I smell frost on cot-ton leaves and I feel that South-ern
scream. We're not so far from home, so take it eas-y on the
fare. I'm gon-na set my feet on South-ern soil and breathe that South-ern
20
F
1.-4.
5. F
Repeat and Fade
round. Hey,
yell? Hey,
breeze. Hey,
steam. Hey,
air. Hey,

1. Hey, porter, hey, porter, would you tell me the time?
How much longer will it be ‘til we cross that Mason Dixon Line?
At daylight would you tell that engineer to slow it down,
or better still, just stop the train, ‘cause I wanna look around.

2. porter, hey, porter, what time did you say?
How much longer will it be ‘til I can see the light of day?
When we hit Dixie would you tell that engineer to ring his bell
and ask ev’rybody that ain’t asleep to stand right up and yell?

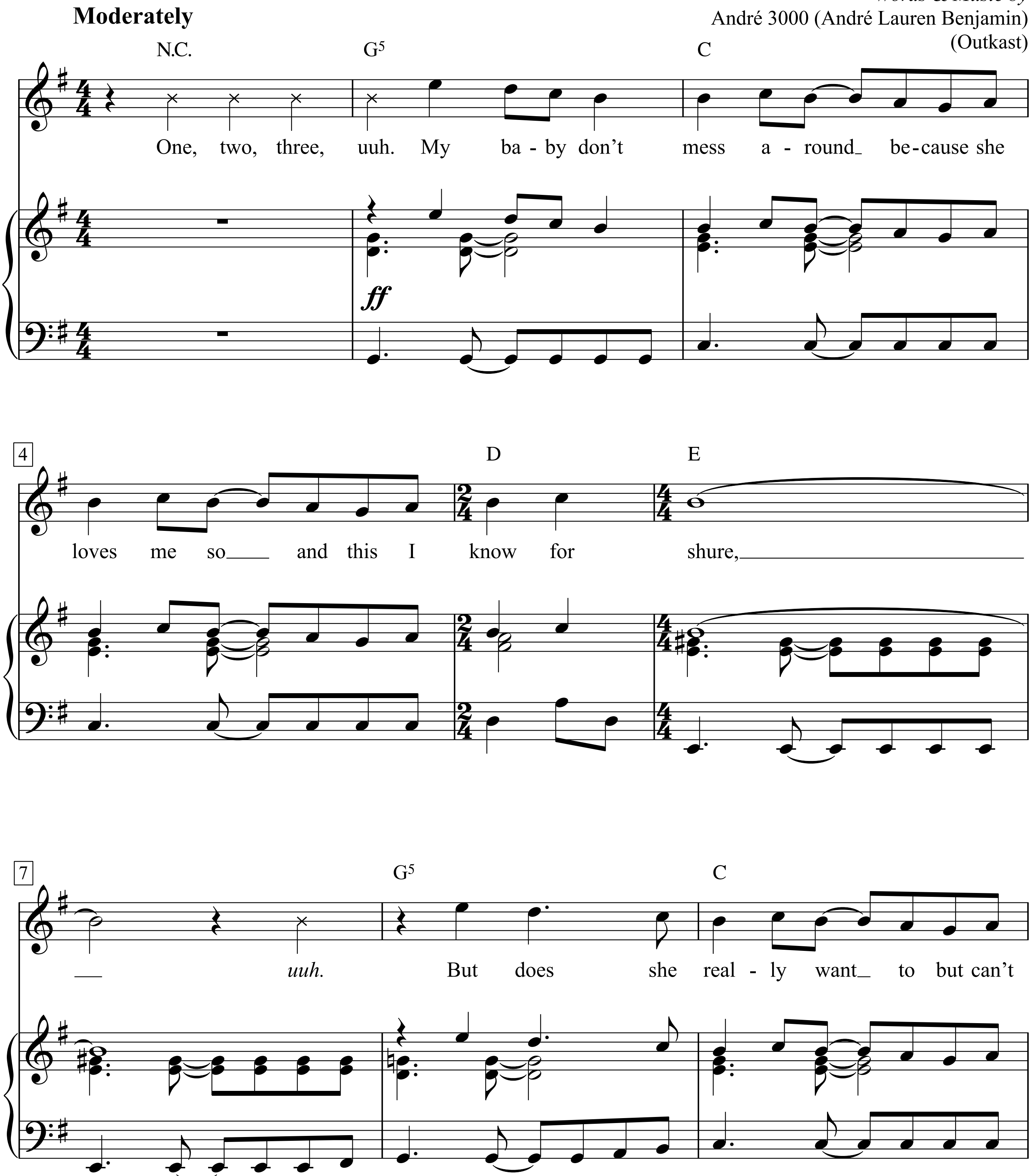
3. Hey, porter, hey, porter, it’s gettin’ light outside.
This ol’ train is puffin’ smoke, and I have to strain my eyes.
But ask that engineer if he will blow his whistle,
please, ‘cause I smell frost on cotton leaves and I feel that Southern breeze.

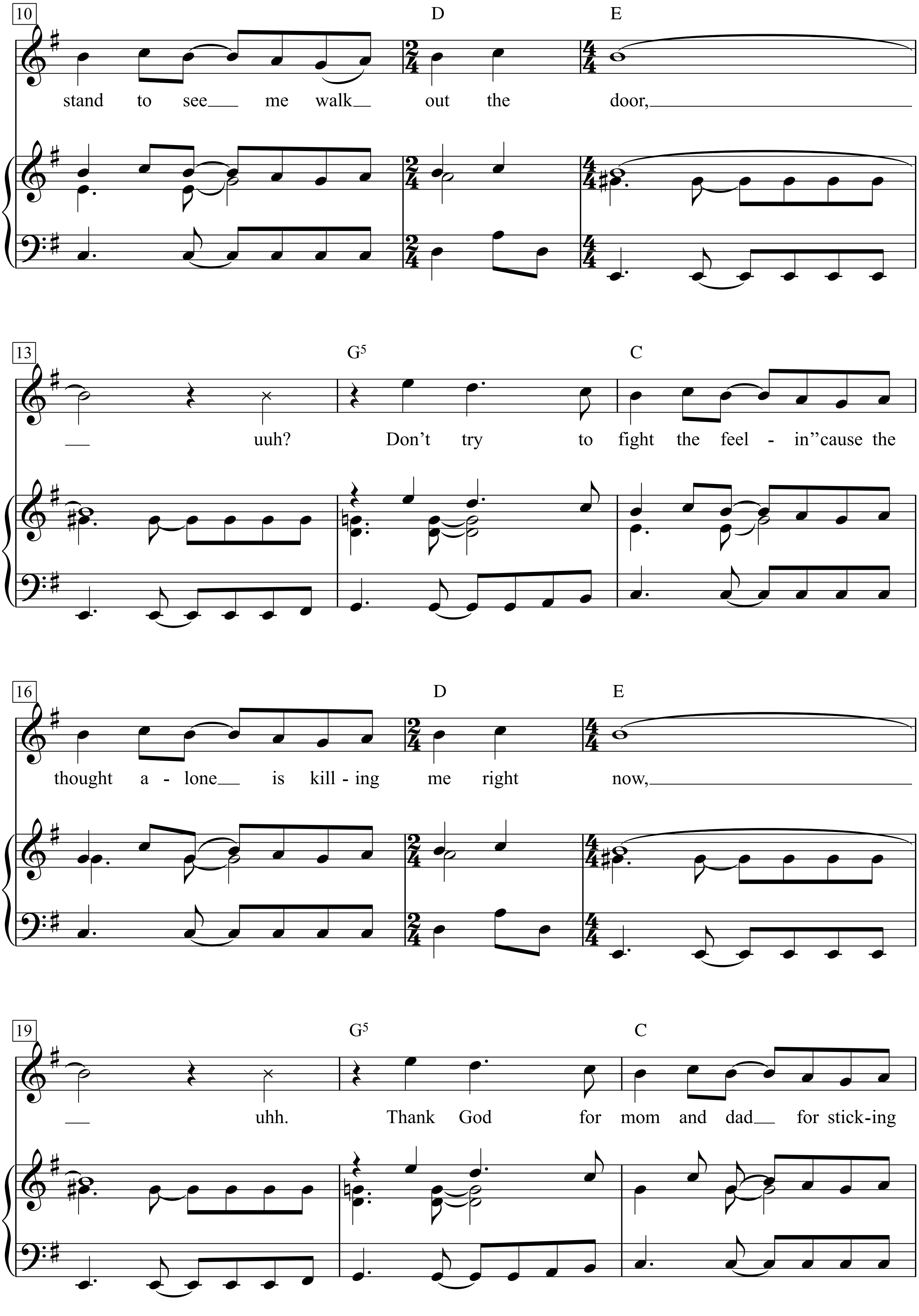
4. Hey, porter, hey, porter, please get my bags for me.
I need nobody to tell me now that we’re in Tennessee.
Go tell that engineer to make that lonesome whistle scream.
We’re not so far from home, so take it easy on the steam.

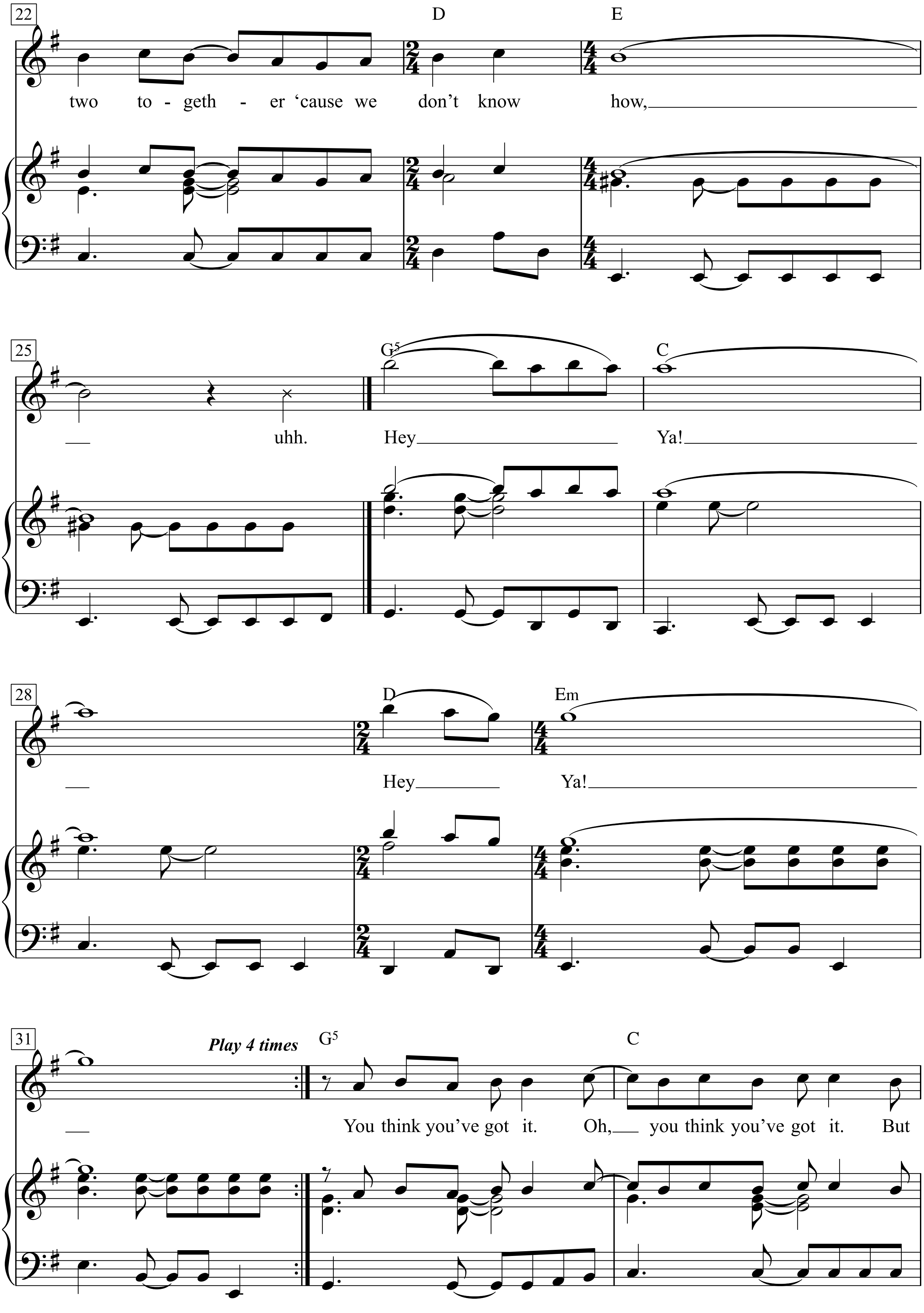
5. Hey, porter, hey, porter, please open up the door.
When they stop the train I’m gonna get off first ‘cause I can’t wait no more.
Tell that engineer I said thanks a lot, and I didn’t mind the fare.
I’m gonna set my feet on Southern soil and breathe that Southern air.

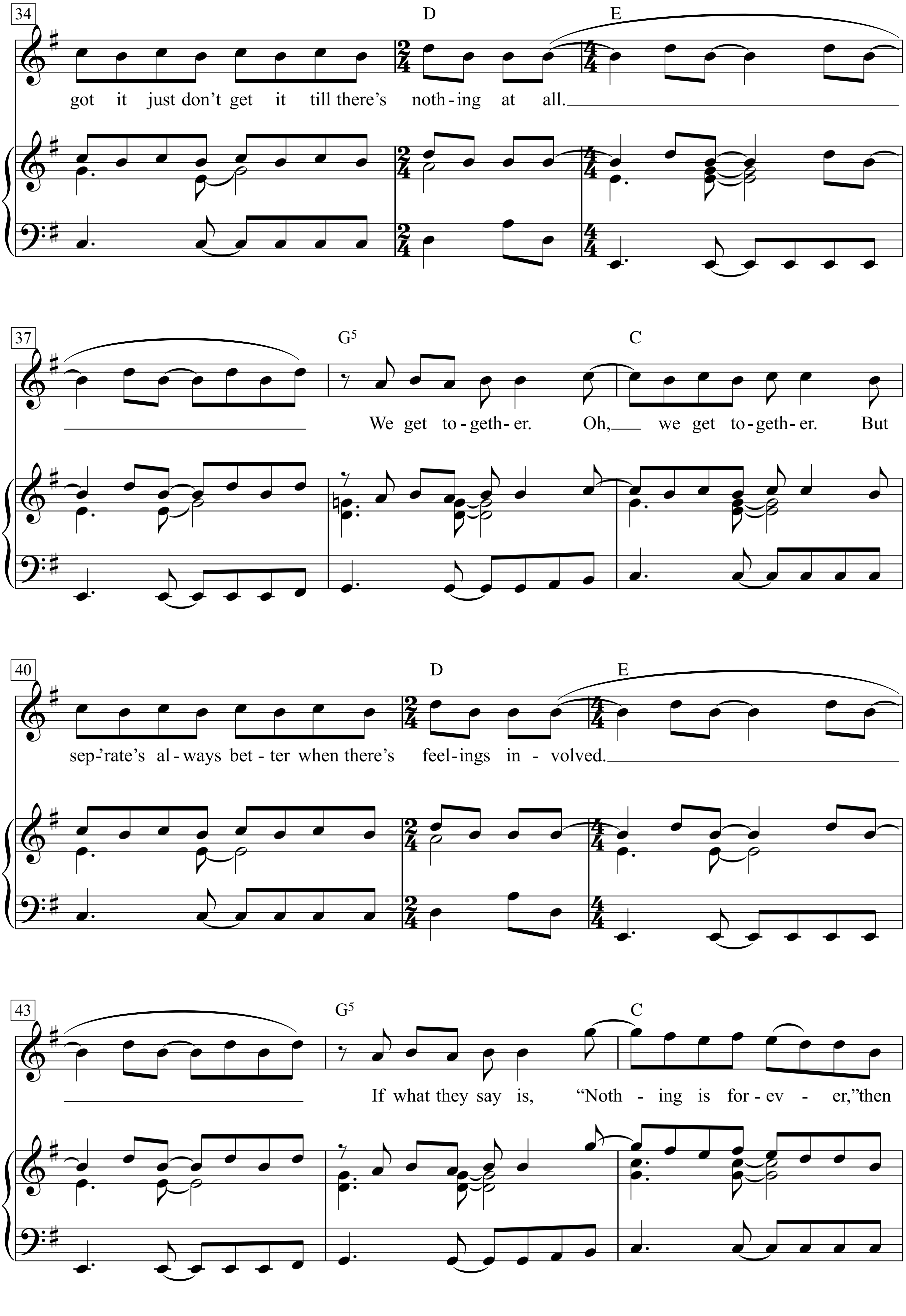
Hey Ya!

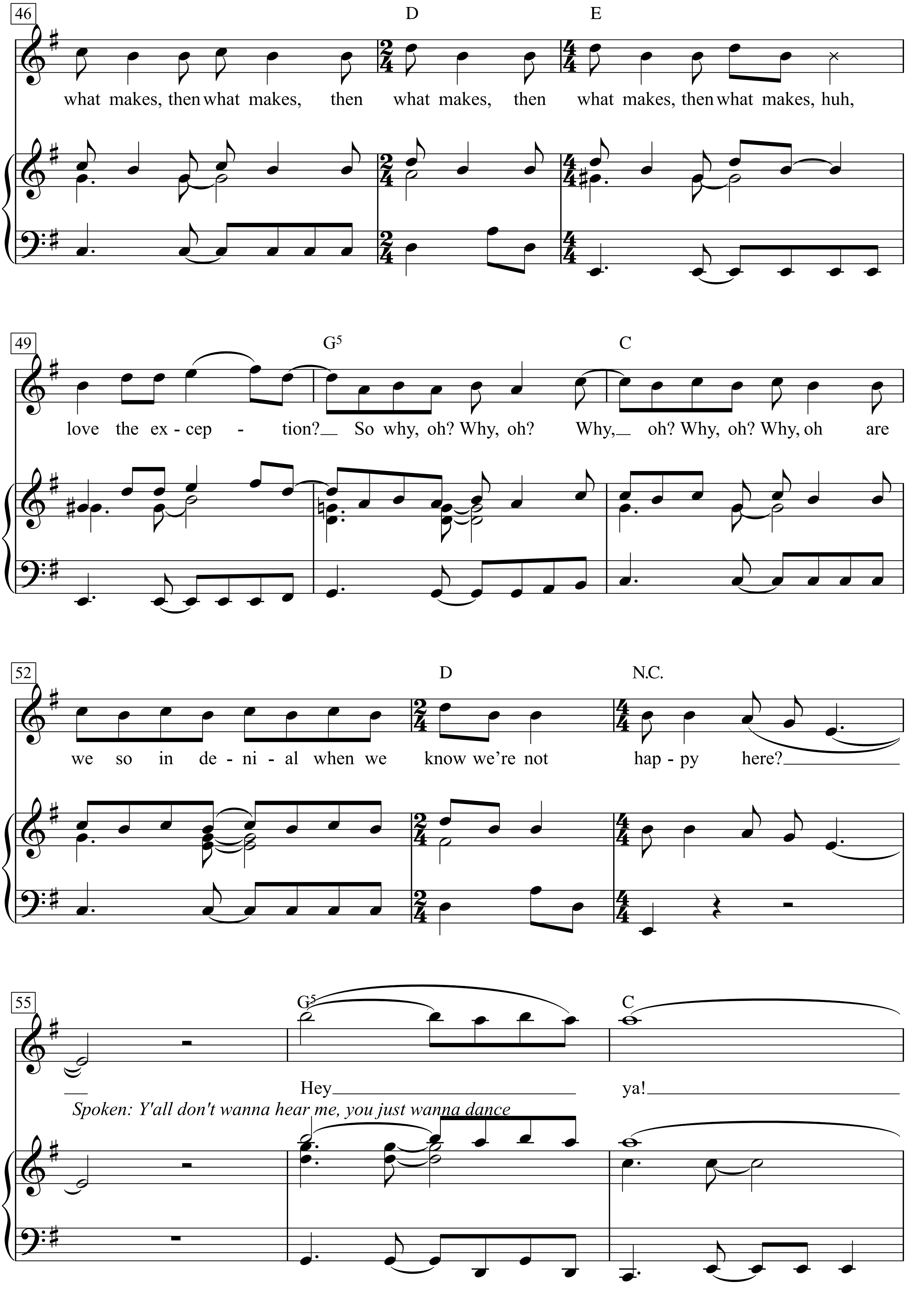
Words & Music by
André 3000 (André Lauren Benjamin)
(Outkast)

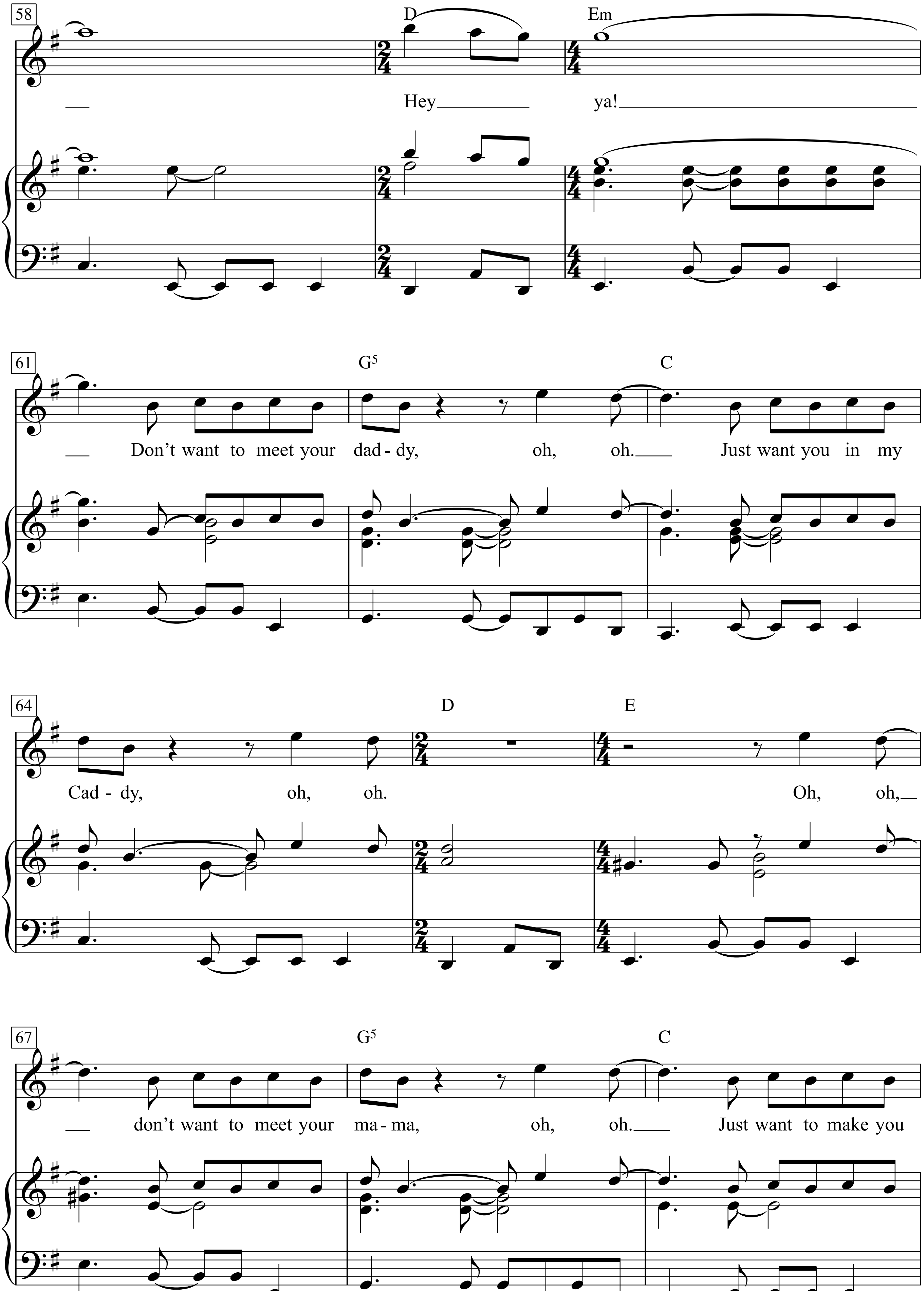


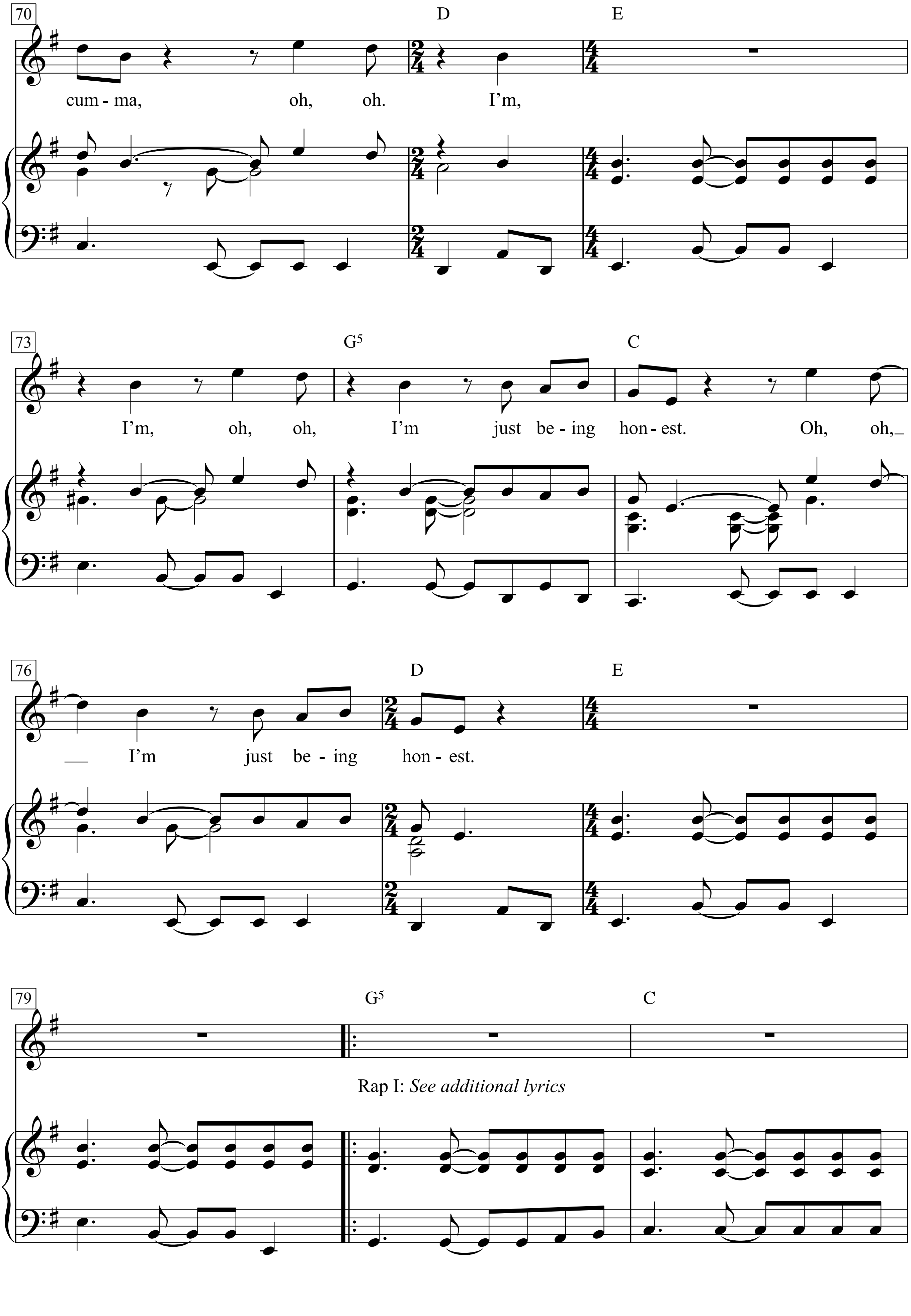

10
D
E
stand to see me walk out the door,
13
G5
C
uuh? Don’t try to fight the feel - in”cause the
16
D
E
thought a - lone is kill - ing me right now,
19
G5
C
uhh. Thank God for mom and dad for stick-ing

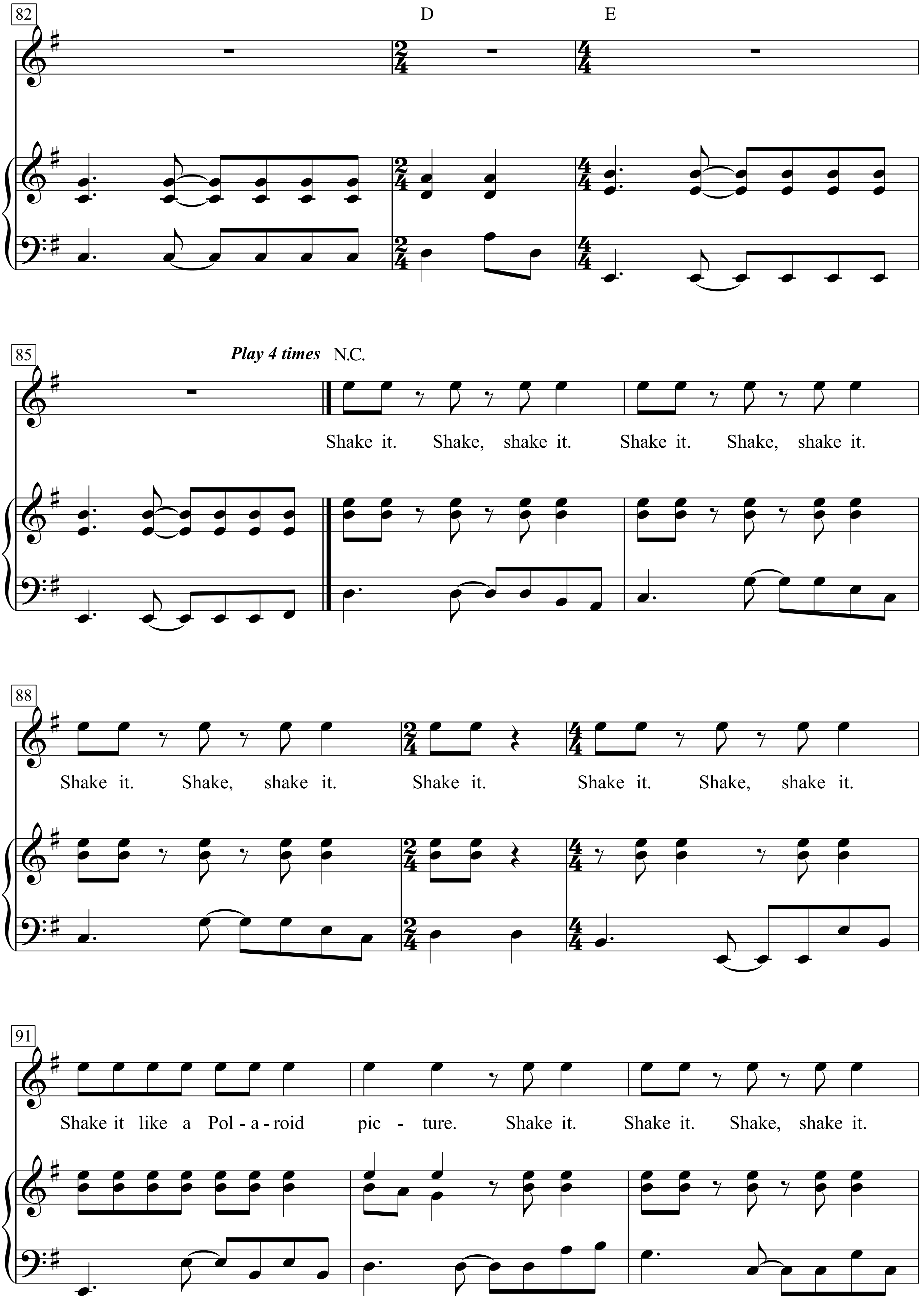

22
D
E
two to-geth - er 'cause we don't know how,
25
G5
C
uhh. Hey Ya!
28
D
Em
Hey Ya!
31
Play 4 times
G5
C
You think you've got it. Oh, you think you've got it. But

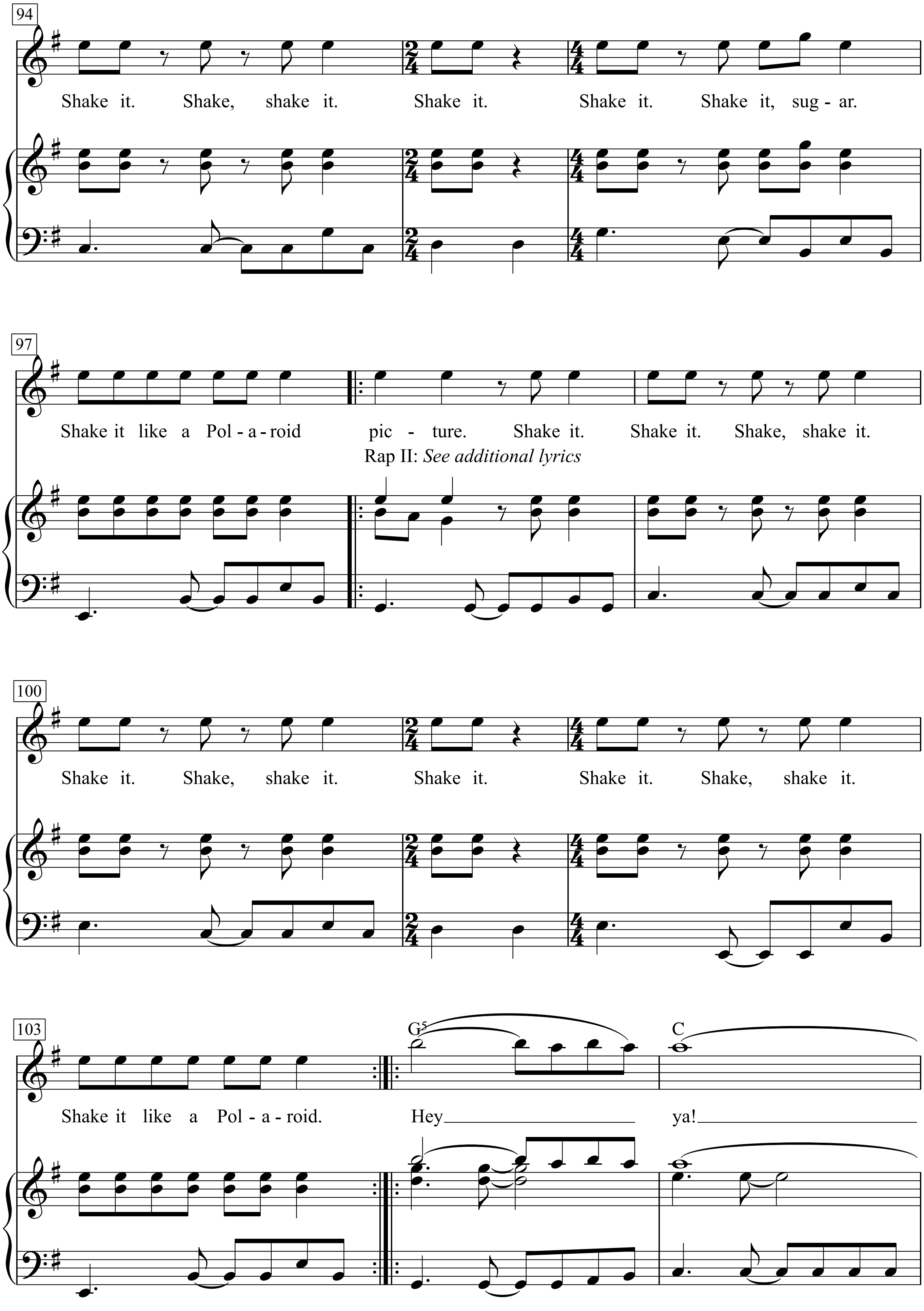

34
D
E
got it just don't get it till there's noth-ing at all.
37
G5
C
We get to-geth-er. Oh, we get to-geth-er. But
40
D
E
sep-'rate's al-ways bet-ter when there's feel-ings in-volved.
43
G5
C
If what they say is, "Noth - ing is for-ev - er,"then


46
D
E
what makes, then what makes, then what makes, then what makes, then what makes, huh,
49
G5
C
love the ex - cep - tion? So why, oh? Why, oh? Why, oh? Why, oh? Why, oh are
52
D
N.C.
we so in de - ni - al when we know we're not hap - py here?
55
G5
C
Hey ya!
Spoken: Y'all don't wanna hear me, you just wanna dance


58
D
Em
Hey ya!
61
G5
C
Don't want to meet your dad - dy, oh, oh. Just want you in my
64
D
E
Cad - dy, oh, oh. Oh, oh,
67
G5
C
don't want to meet your ma - ma, oh, oh. Just want to make you


70
D
E
cum - ma, oh, oh. I'm,
73
G5
C
I'm, oh, oh, I'm just be - ing hon - est. Oh, oh,
76
D
E
I'm just be - ing hon - est.
79
G5
C
Rap I: See additional lyrics


82
D
E
85
Play 4 times N.C.
Shake it. Shake, shake it. Shake it. Shake, shake it.
88
Shake it. Shake, shake it. Shake it. Shake it. Shake, shake it.
91
Shake it like a Pol - a - roid pic - ture. Shake it. Shake it. Shake, shake it.

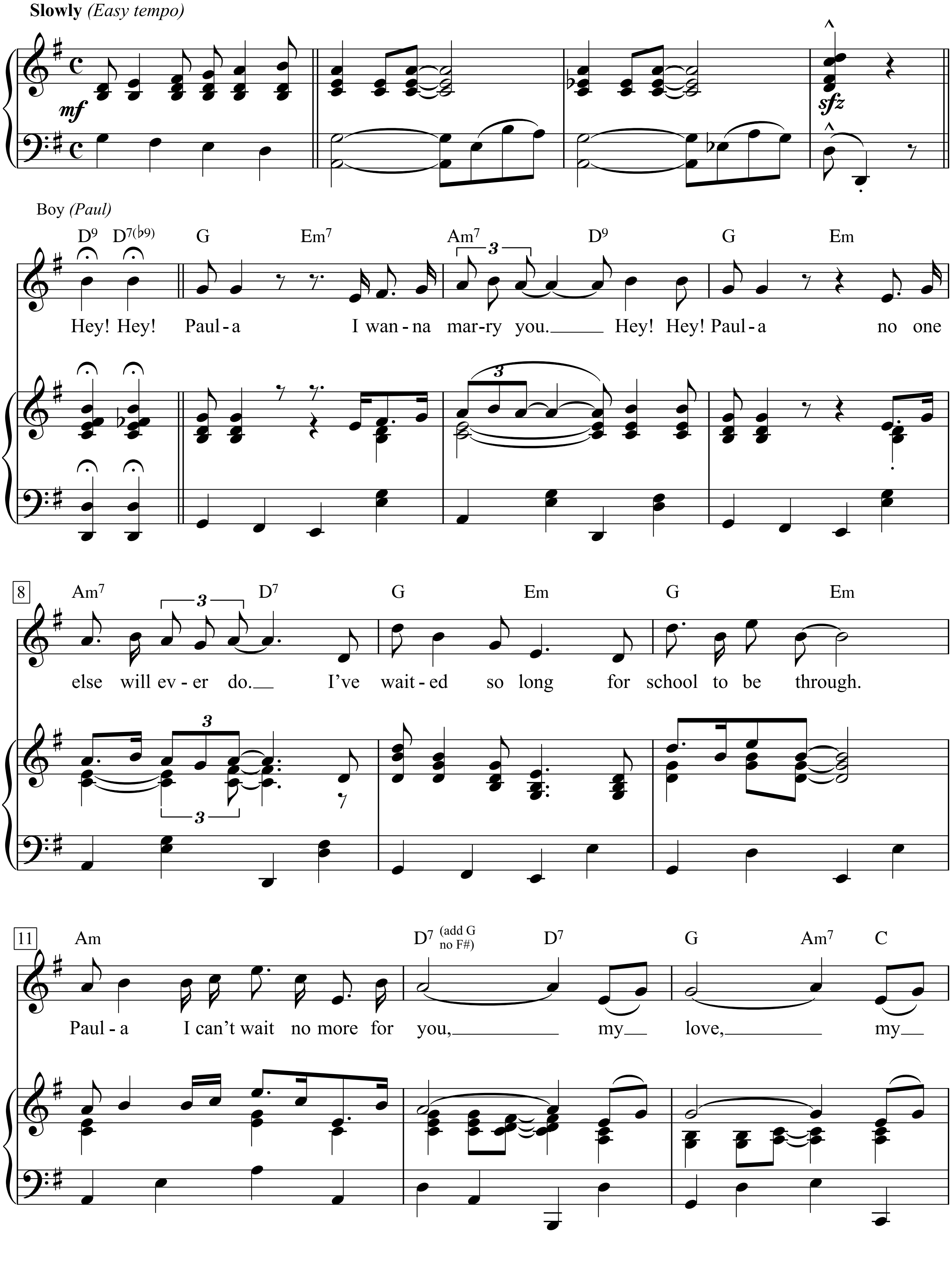

94
Shake it. Shake, shake it. Shake it. Shake it. Shake it, sug - ar.
97
Shake it like a Pol - a - roid pic - ture. Shake it. Shake it. Shake, shake it.
Rap II: See additional lyrics
100
Shake it. Shake, shake it. Shake it. Shake it. Shake, shake it.
103
G5
C
Shake it like a Pol - a - roid. Hey ya!

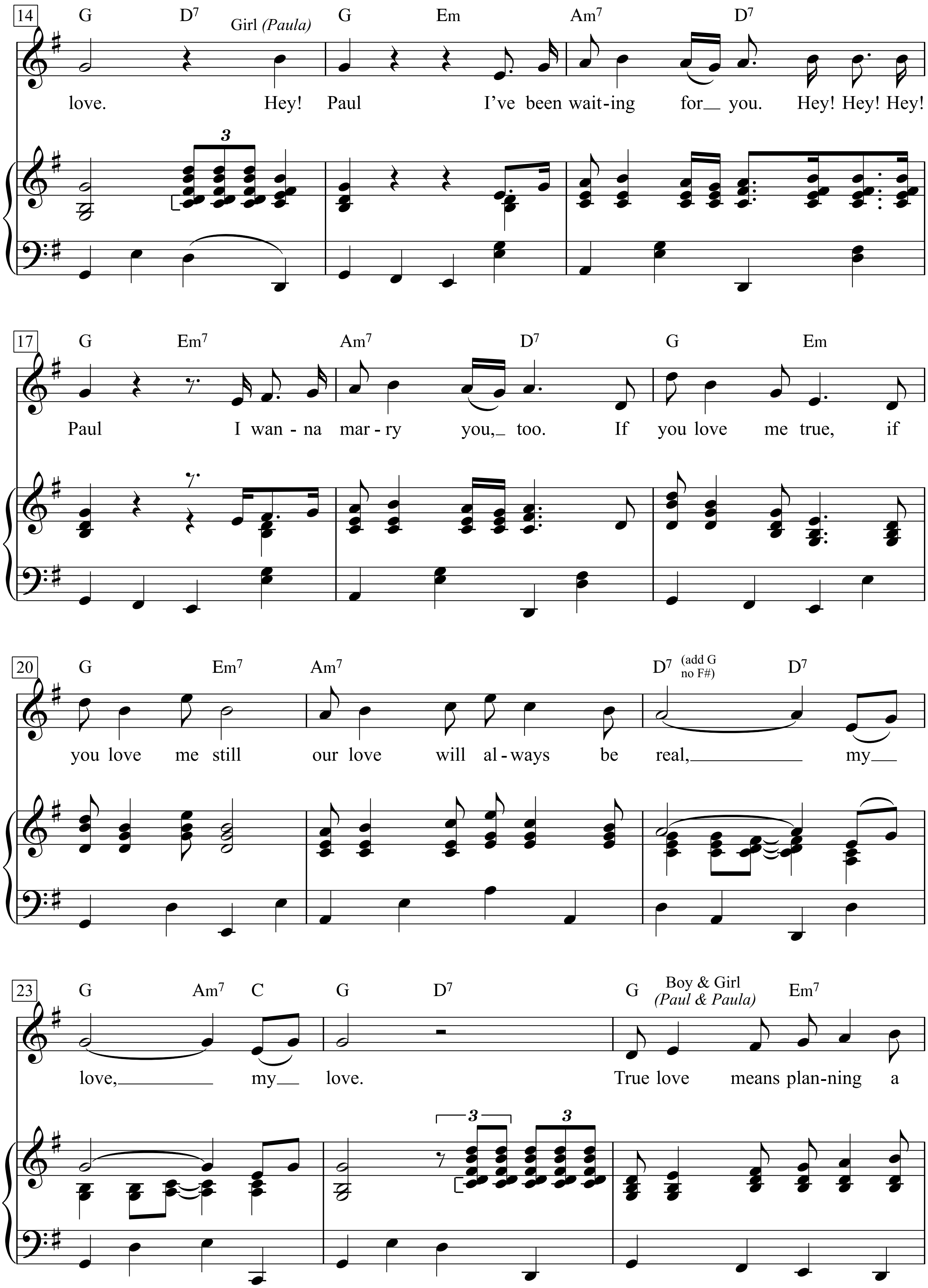
106
D
Em
Hey
ya!
Optional Ending
109
Repeat and Fade
G5

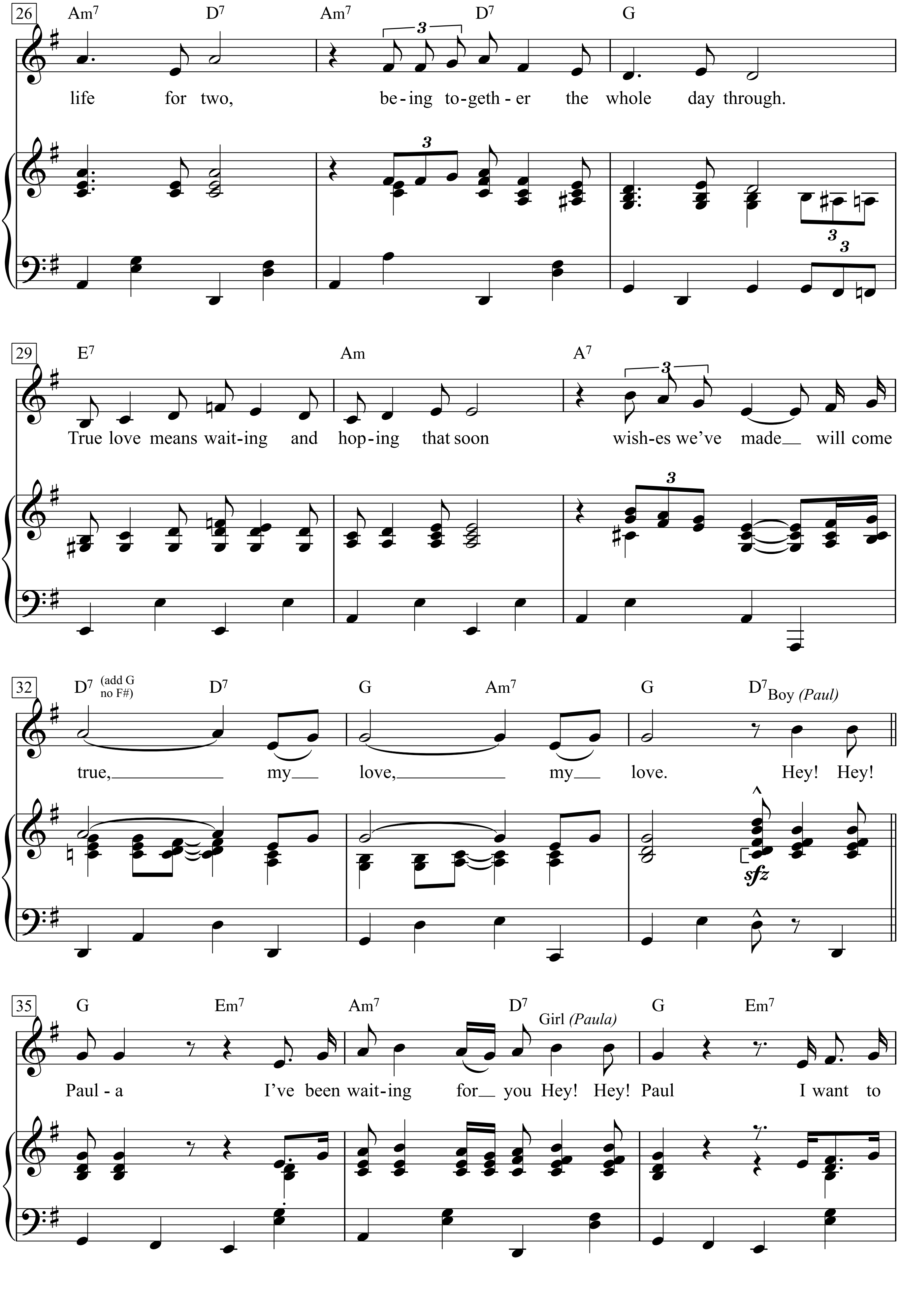
1.
One, two, three, uuh.
My baby don't mess around because she loves me
so and this I know for shure, uhh, but does she really want to
but can't stand to see me walk out the door, uuh?
Don't try to fight the feelin' 'cause the thought alone
is killing me right now, uhh.
Thank God for mom and dad for sticking two together
'cause we don't know how, uhh.
Hey Ya! Hey Ya!
You think you've got it.
Oh, you think you've got it.
But got it just don't get it till there's nothing at all.
We get together.
Oh, we get together.
But sep'rate's always better when there's feelings involved.
If what they say is, "Nothing is forever," then what makes,
then what makes, then what makes, then what makes,
then what makes, huh, love the exception?
So why, oh?
Why, oh? Why, oh?
Why, oh? Why, oh are we so in denial
when we know we're not happy here?
Hey ya! Hey ya!
Don't want to meet your daddy, oh, oh.
Just want you in my Caddy, oh, oh.
Oh, oh, don't want to meet your mama, oh, oh.
Just want to make you cumma??, oh, oh.
I'm, I'm, oh, oh,
I'm just being honest.
Oh, oh,
I'm just being honest.
Shake it. Shake, shake it.
Shake it. Shake, shake it.
Shake it. Shake, shake it.
Shake it. Shake it.
Shake, shake it.
Shake it like a Polaroid picture.
Shake it. Shake it.
Shake, shake it.
Shake it. Shake, shake it.
Shake it. Shake it.
Shake it, sugar.
Shake it like a Polaroid picture.
Shake it. Shake it.
Shake, shake it.
Shake it. Shake, shake it.
Shake it. Shake it.
Shake, shake it.
Shake it like a Polaroid.
Hey ya! Hey ya!

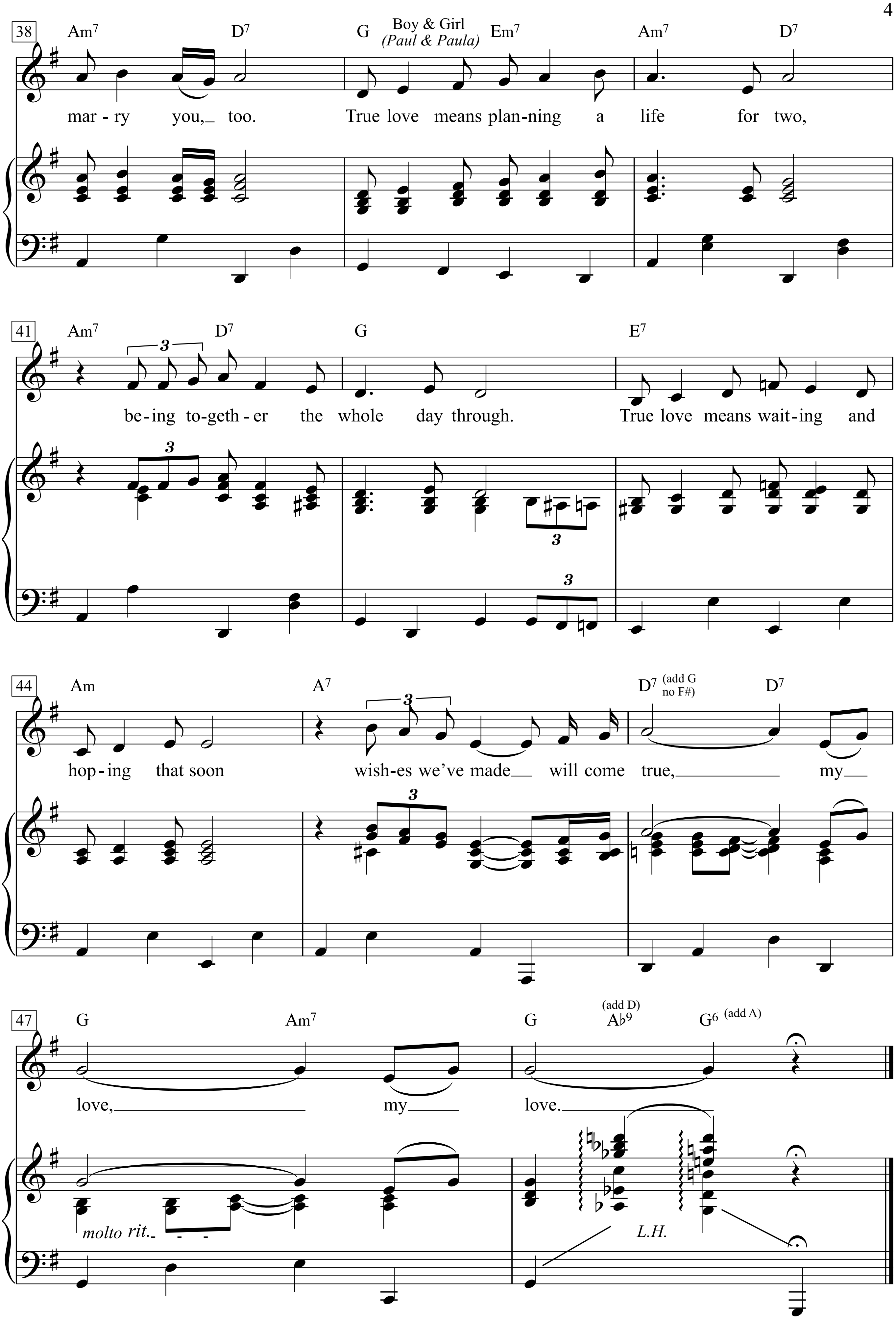
Hey! Paula

Words & Music: Ray Hilderbrand




14
G D7 Girl (Paula) G Em Am7 D7
love. Hey! Paul I've been wait-ing for_ you. Hey! Hey! Hey!
17
G Em7 Am7 D7 G Em
Paul I wan-na mar-ry you,_ too. If you love me true, if
20
G Em7 Am7 D7 (add G no F#) D7
you love me still our love will al-ways be real,_ my_
23
G Am7 C G D7 G Boy & Girl (Paul & Paula) Em7
love,_ my_ love. True love means plan-ning a


26
Am7 D7 Am7 D7 G
life for two, be-ing to-geth-er the whole day through.
29
E7 Am A7
True love means wait-ing and hop-ing that soon wish-es we've made will come
32
D7 (add G no F#) D7 G Am7 G D7
Boy (Paul)
true, my love, my love. Hey! Hey!
sfz
35
G Em7 Am7 D7 G Em7
Girl (Paula)
Paul - a I've been wait-ing for you Hey! Hey! Paul I want to


38
Am7 D7 G Boy & Girl (Paul & Paula) Em7 Am7 D7
mar - ry you,_ too. True love means plan-ning a life for two,
41
Am7 D7 G E7
3
be-ing to-geth - er the whole day through. True love means wait-ing and
44
Am A7 D7 (add G no F#) D7
3
hop - ing that soon wish-es we've made_ will come true,_ my_
47
G Am7 G (add D) A♭9 G6 (add A)
love,_ my_ love._
molto rit.
L.H.

Hey! Hey! Paula I wanna marry you.
Hey! Hey! Paula no one else will ever do.
I've waited so long for school to be through.
Paula I can't wait no more for you,
my love, my love.

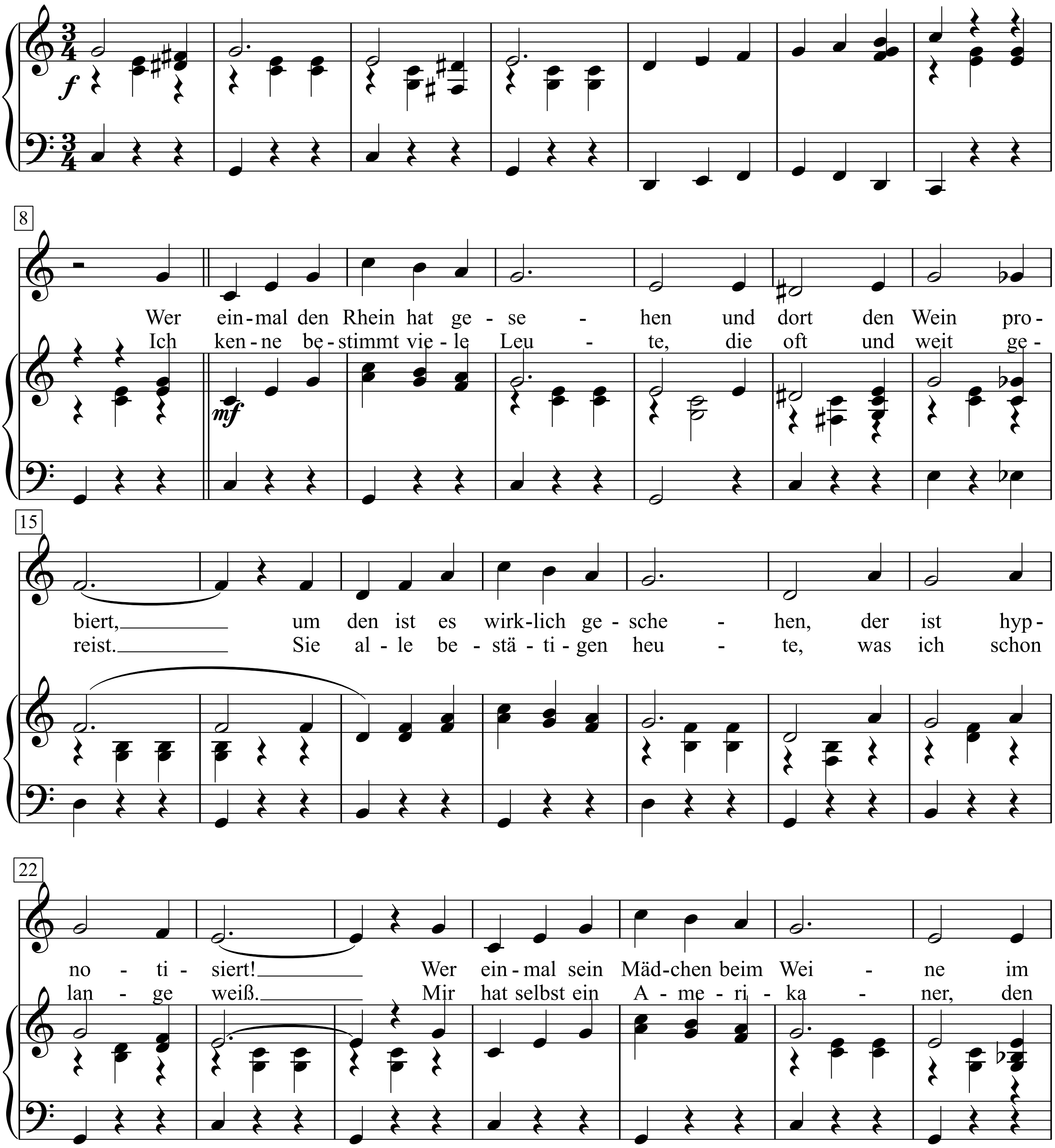
Hey! Paul I've been waiting for you.
Hey! Hey! Hey! Paul I wanna marry you, too.
If you love me true, if you love me still
our love will always be real,
my love, my love.
True love means planning a life for two,
being together the whole day through.
True love means waiting and hoping that soon
wishes we've made will come true,
my love, my love.

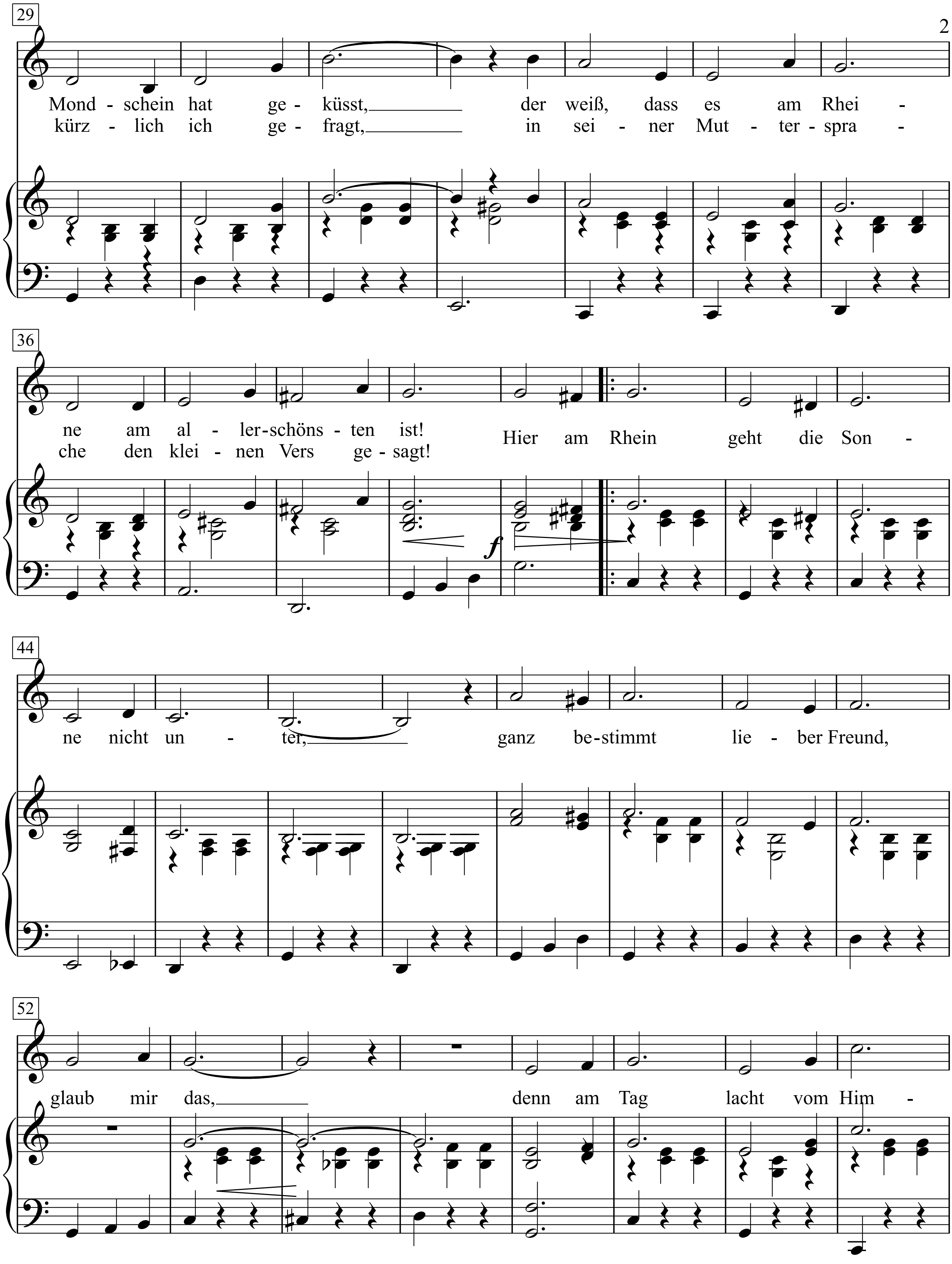
Hey! Hey! Paula I've been waiting for you
Hey! Hey! Paul I want to marry you, too.
True love means planning a life for two,
being together the whole day through.
True love means waiting and hoping that soon
wishes we've made will come true,
my love, my love.

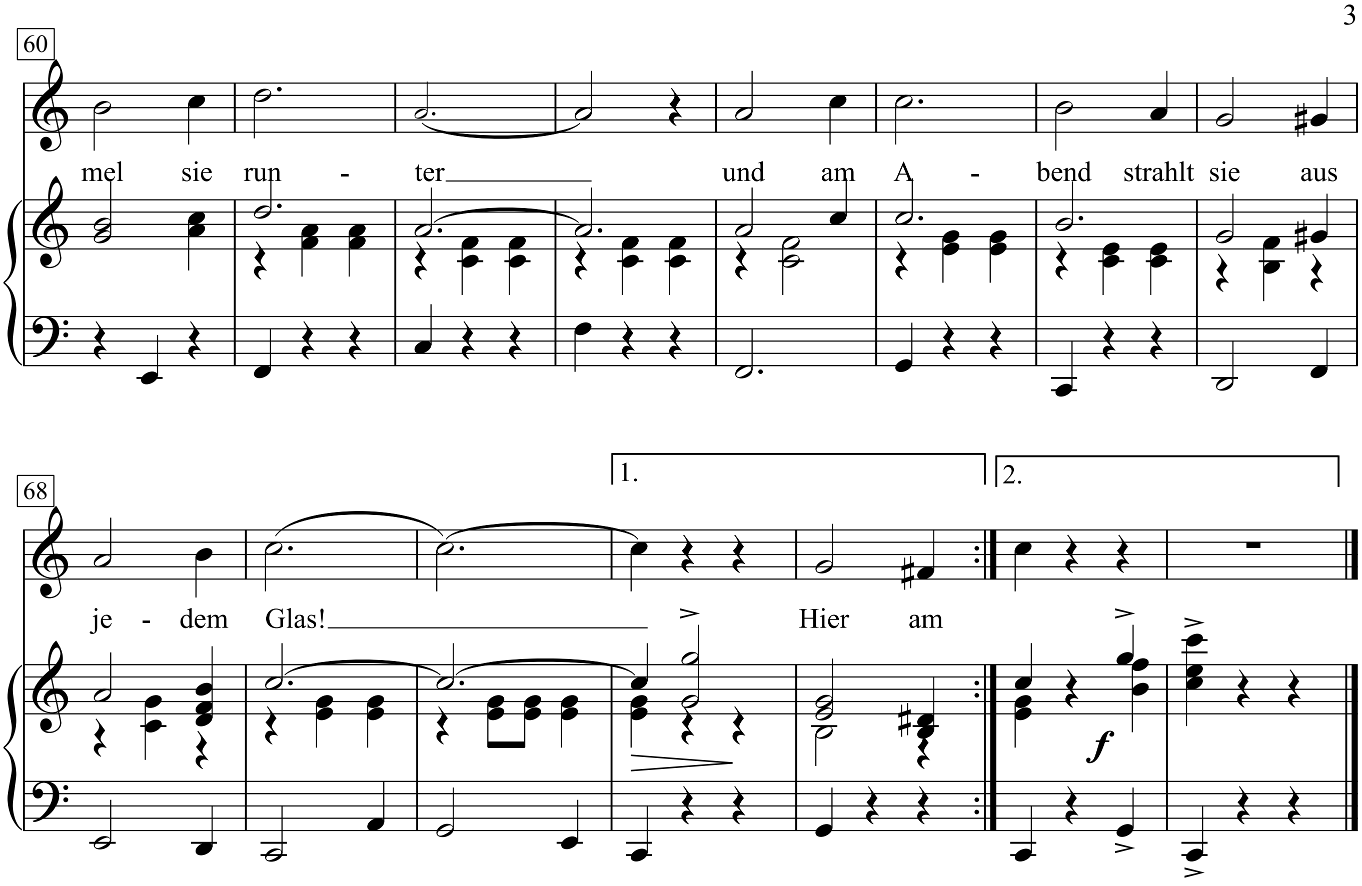
Hier am Rhein geht die Sonne nicht unter

Walzerlied

Text & Musik: Toni Hämmerle
Klav.-Arrangement: Joe Burgner
(Ernst Neger)




29
Mond - schein hat ge - küsst, der weiß, dass es am Rhei -
kürz - lich ich ge - fragt, in sei - ner Mut - ter - spra -
36
ne am al - ler - schöns - ten ist!
che den klei - nen Vers ge - sagt!
Hier am Rhein geht die Son -
f
44
ne nicht un - ter, ganz be - stimmt lie - ber Freund,
52
glaub mir das, denn am Tag lacht vom Him -



1. Wer einmal den Rhein hat gesehen und dort den Wein probiert,
um den ist es wirklich geschehen, der ist hypnotisiert!
Wer einmal sein Mädchen beim Weine im Mondschein hat geküsst,
der weiß, dass es am Rheine am allerschönsten ist!

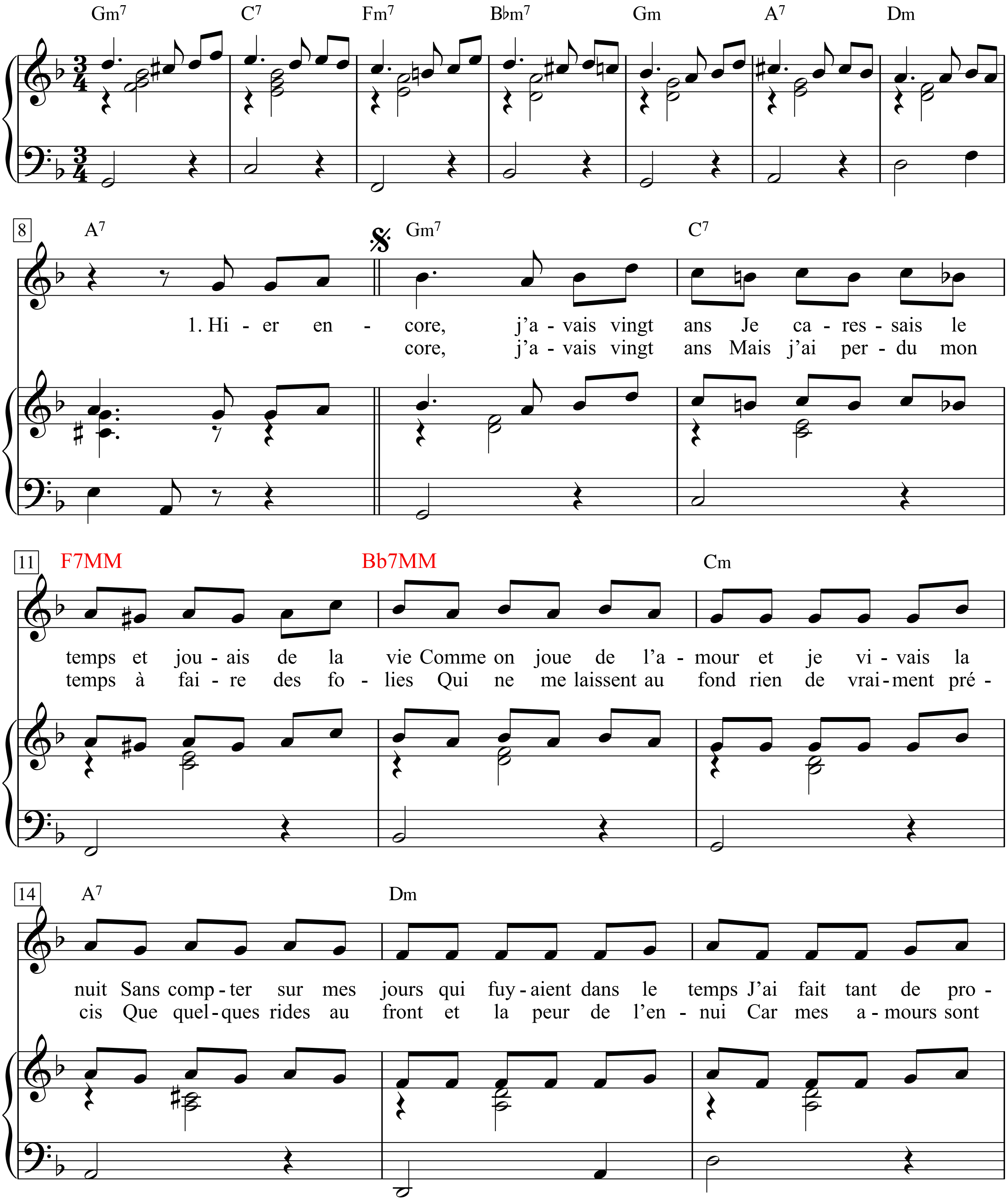
Refrain:
|: Hier am Rhein geht die Sonne nicht unter,
ganz bestimmt lieber Freund, glaub mir das,
denn am Tag lacht vom Himmel sie runter
und am Abend strahlt sie aus jedem Glas! :|

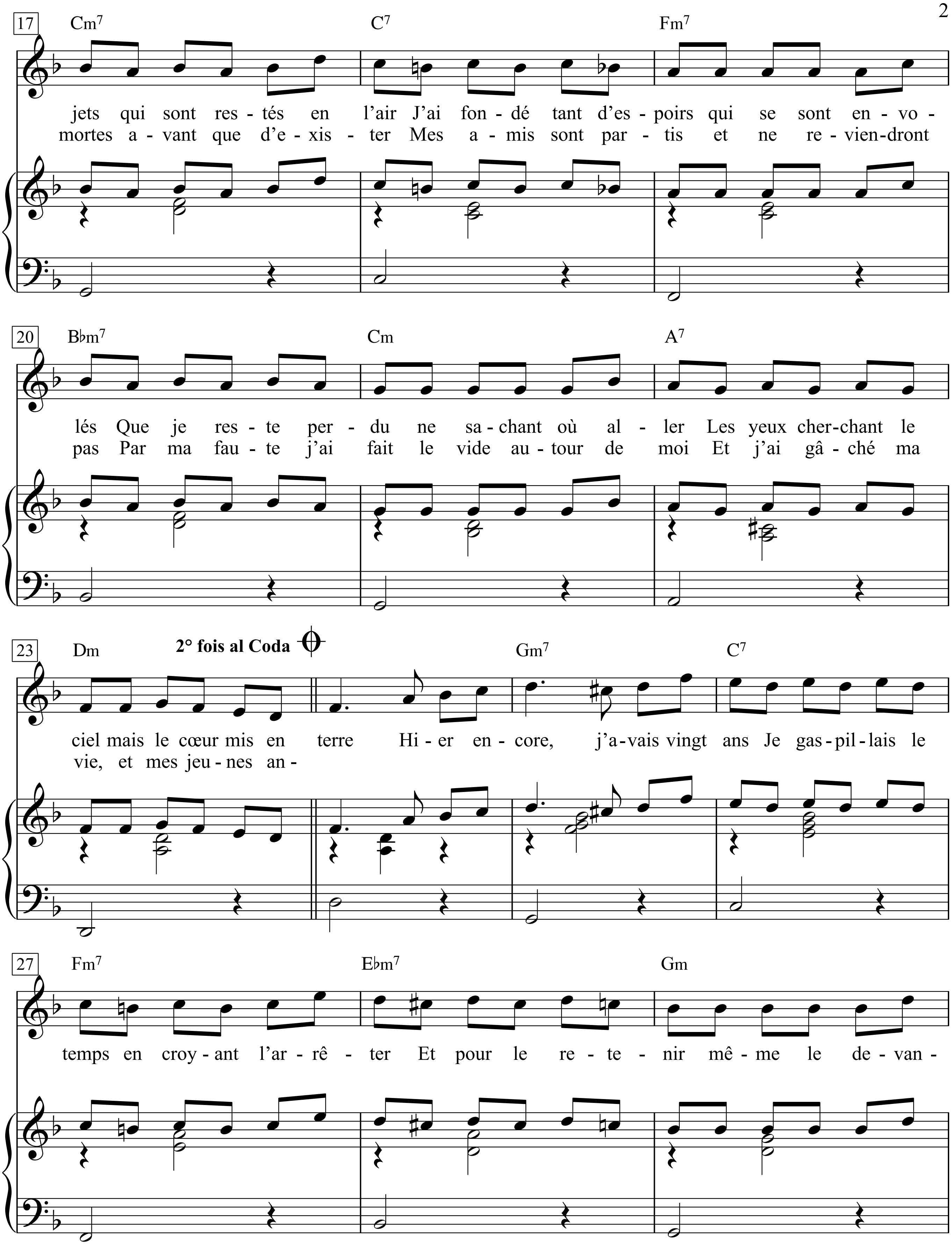
2. Ich kenne bestimmt viele Leute, die oft und weit gereist.
Sie alle bestätigen heute, was ich schon lange weiß.
Mir hat selbst ein Amerikaner, den kürzlich ich gefragt,
in seiner Muttersprache den kleinen Vers gesagt!

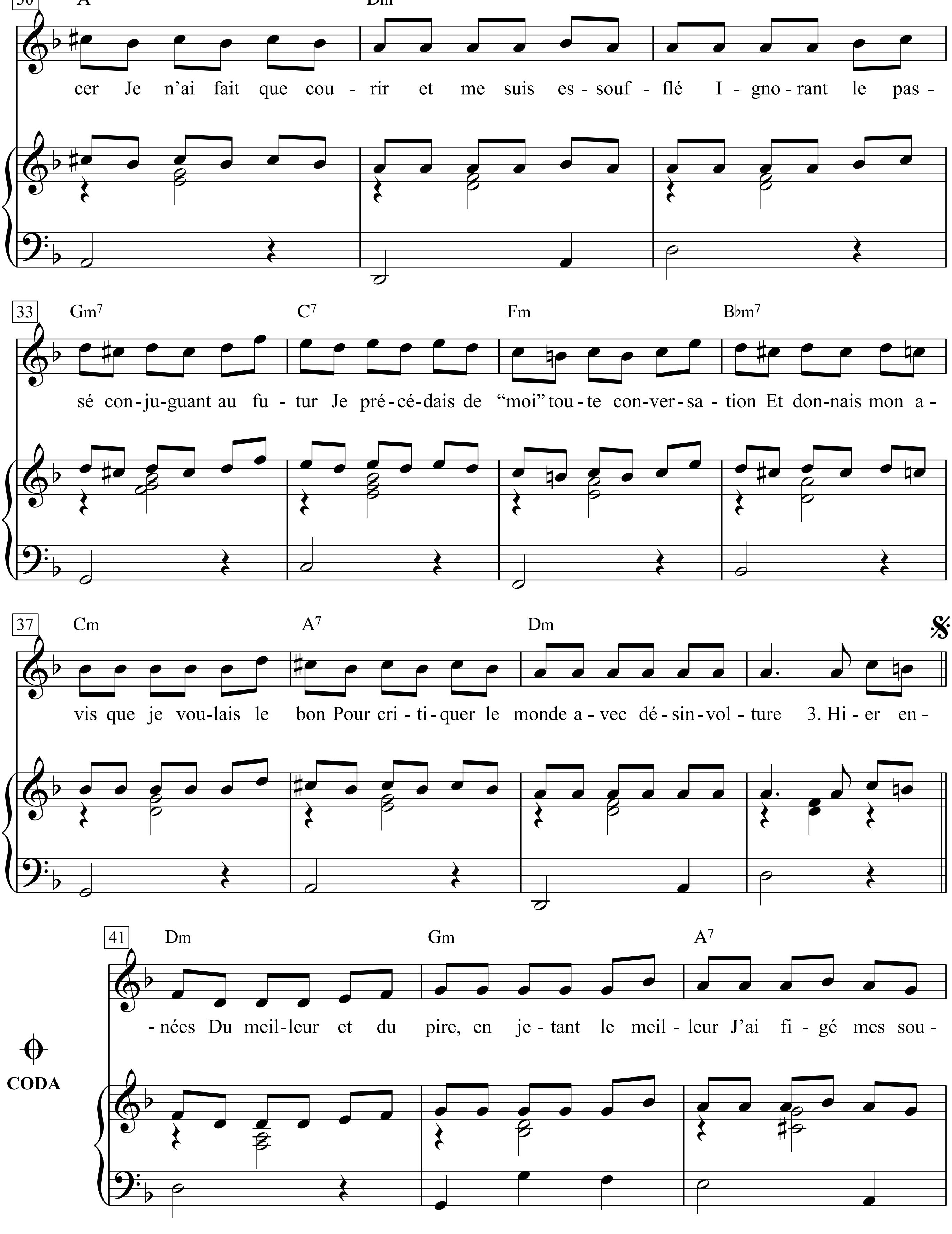
Refrain:
Hier am Rhein geht die Sonne nicht unter ...

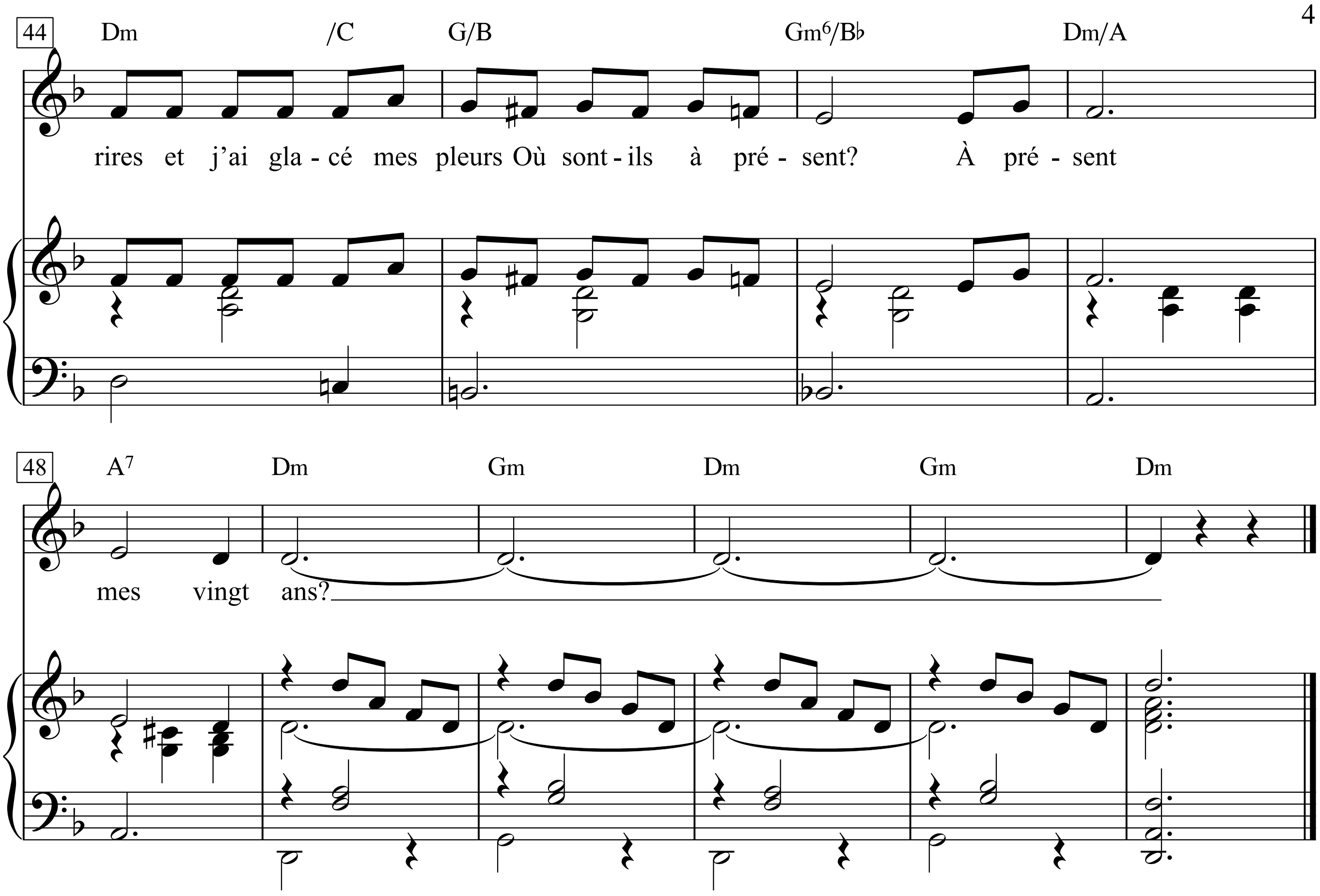
Hier encore

Paroles & Musiques de Charles Aznavour
(Charles Aznavour)




17
Cm7 C7 Fm7
jets qui sont res - tés en l'air J'ai fon - dé tant d'es - poirs qui se sont en - vo -
mortes a - vant que d'e - xis - ter Mes a - mis sont par - tis et ne re - vien-dront
20
B♭m7 Cm A7
lés Que je res - te per - du ne sa - chant où al - ler Les yeux cher-chant le
pas Par ma fau - te j'ai fait le vide au - tour de moi Et j'ai gâ - ché ma
23
Dm 2° fois al Coda Gm7 C7
ciel mais le cœur mis en terre Hi - er en - core, j'a-vais vingt ans Je gas-pil-lais le
vie, et mes jeu - nes an -
27
Fm7 E♭m7 Gm
temps en croy - ant l'ar - rê - ter Et pour le re - te - nir mê - me le de - van -


30
A7 Dm
cer Je n'ai fait que cou - rir et me suis es - souf - flé I - gno - rant le pas -
33
Gm7 C7 Fm B♭m7
sé con - ju - guant au fu - tur Je pré - cé - dais de "moi" tou - te con - ver - sa - tion Et don - nais mon a -
37
Cm A7 Dm
vis que je vou - lais le bon Pour cri - ti - quer le monde a - vec dé - sin - vol - ture 3. Hi - er en -
41
Dm Gm A7
- nées Du meil - leur et du pire, en je - tant le meil - leur J'ai fi - gé mes sou -
CODA


44
Dm /C G/B Gm6/B♭ Dm/A
rires et j'ai gla - cé mes pleurs Où sont - ils à pré - sent? À pré - sent
48
A7 Dm Gm Dm Gm Dm
mes vingt ans?

1.Hier encore, j'avais vingt ans
Je caressais le temps et jouais de la vie
Comme on joue de l'amour et je vivais la nuit
Sans compter sur mes jours qui fuyaient dans le temps
J'ai fait tant de projets qui sont restés en l'air
J'ai fondé tant d'espoirs qui se sont envolés
Que je reste perdu ne sachant où aller
Les yeux cherchant le ciel mais le cœur mis en terre
Hier encore, j'avais vingt ans
Je gaspillais le temps en croyant l'arrêter
Et pour le retenir même le devancer
Je n'ai fait que courir et me suis essoufflé
Ignorant le passé, conjuguant au futur
Je précédais de “moi” toute conversation
Et donnais mon avis que je voulais le bon
Pour critiquer le monde avec désinvolture
Hier en-

-nées
Du meilleur et du pire, en jetant le meilleur
J'ai figé mes sourires et j'ai glacé mes pleurs
Où son-tils à présent? À présent mes vingt ans?
2. core, j'avais vingt ans
Mais j'ai perdu mon temps à faire des folies
Qui ne me laissent au fond rien de vraiment précis
Que quelques rides au front et la peur de l'ennui
Car mes amours sont mortes avant que d'exister
Mes amis sont partis et ne reviendront pas
Par ma faute j'ai fait le vide autour de moi
Et j'ai gâché ma vie, et mes jeunes

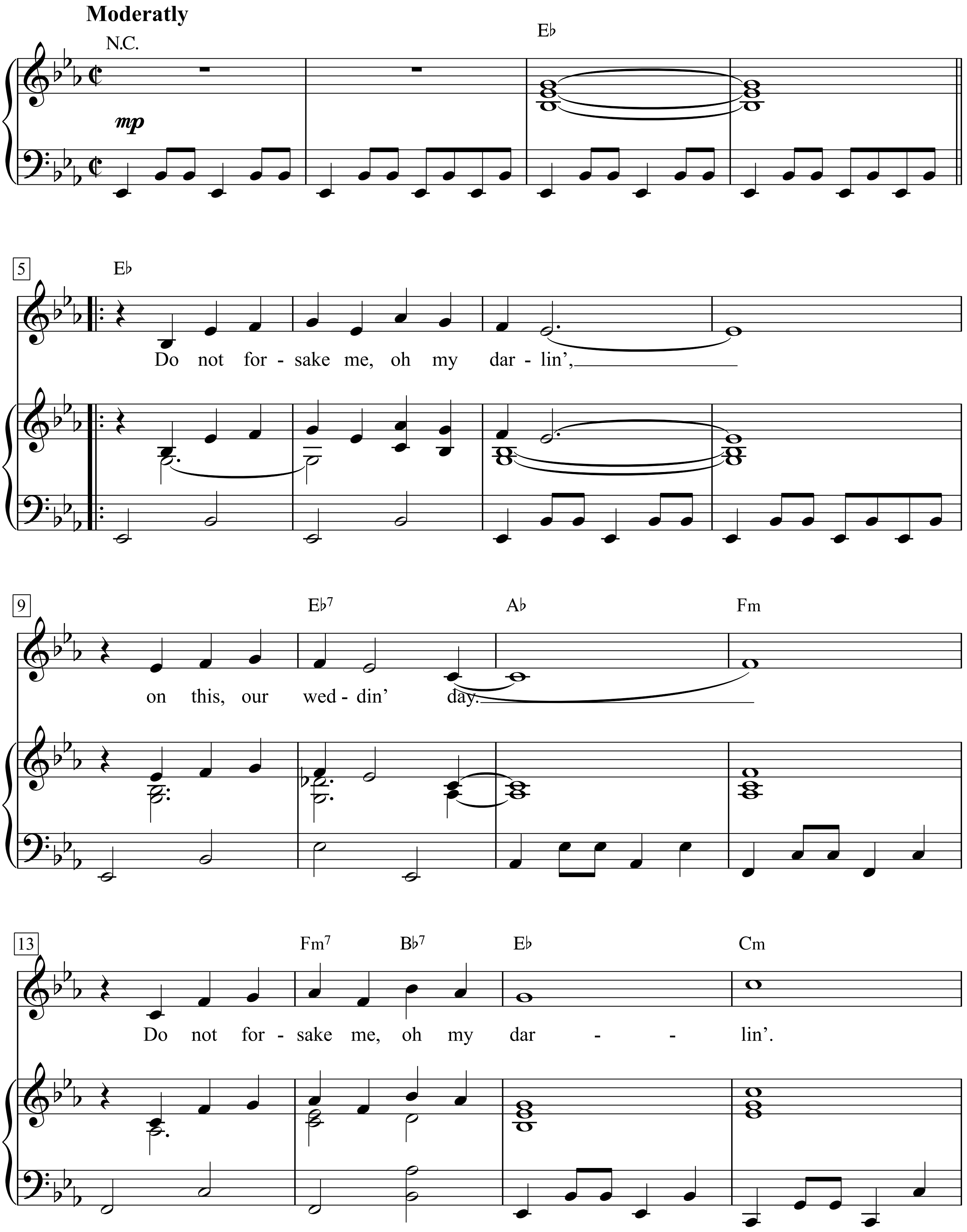
an -

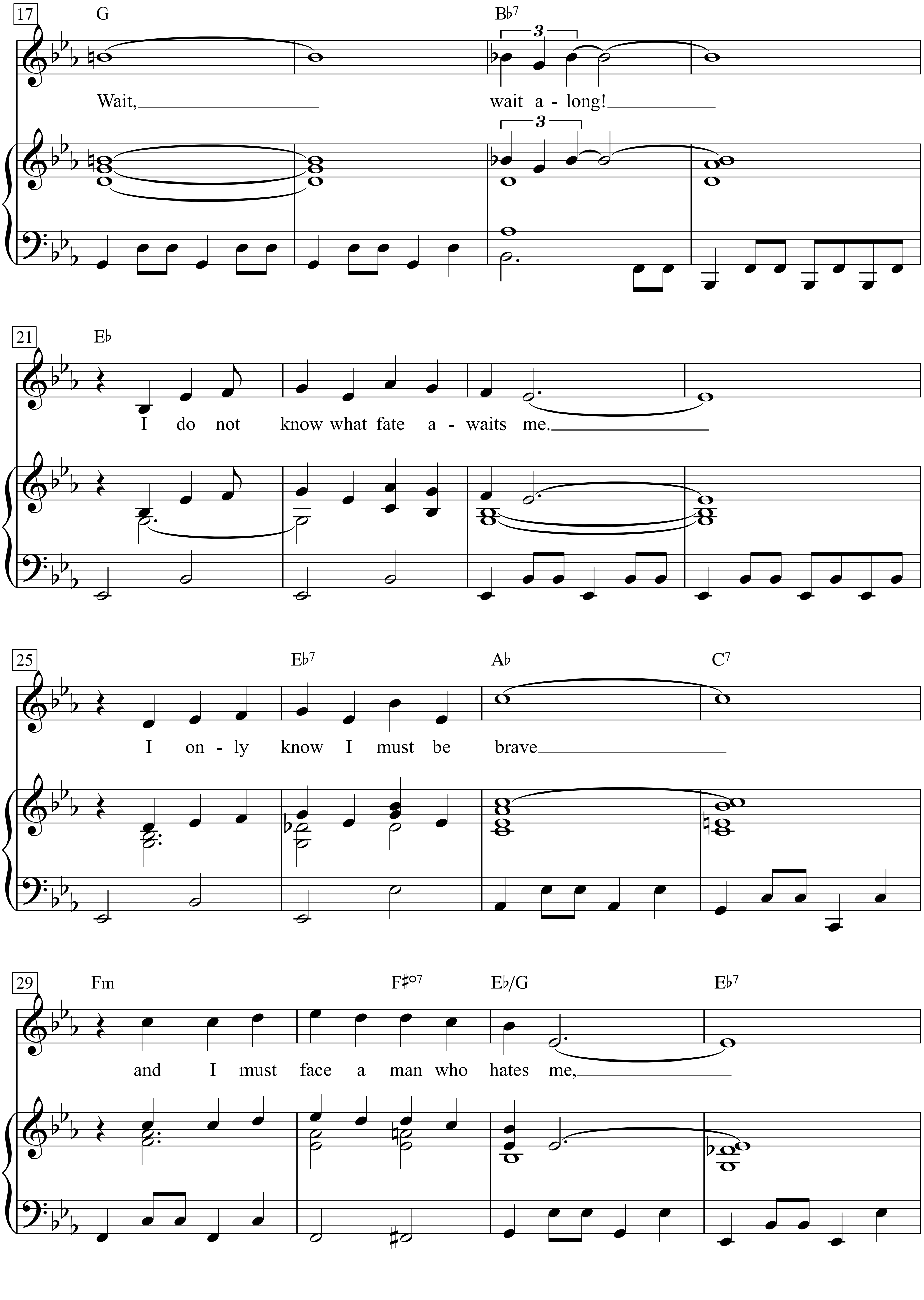
1.
Hier encore, j'avais vingt ans
Je caressais le temps
Et jouais de la vie
Comme on joue de l'amour
Et je vivais la nuit
Sans compter sur mes jours
Qui fuyaient dans le temps
J'ai fait tant de projets qui sont restés en l'air
J'ai fondé tant d'espoirs qui se sont envolés
Que je reste perdu ne sachant où aller
Les yeux cherchant le ciel mais le cœur mis en terre
2
Hier encore, j'avais vingt ans
Je gaspillais le temps
En croyant l'arrêter
Et pour le retenir
Même le devancer
Je n'ai fait que courir
Et me suis essoufflé
Ignorant le passé, conjuguant au futur
Je précédais de “moi” toute conversation
Et donnais mon avis que je voulais le bon
Pour critiquer le monde avec désinvolture
3
Hier en core, j'avais vingt ans
Mais j'ai perdu mon temps
À faire des folies
Qui ne me laissent au fond
Rien de vraiment précis
Que quelques rides au front
et la peur de l'ennui
Car mes amours sont mortes avant que d'exister
Mes amis sont partis et ne reviendront pas
Par ma faute j'ai fait le vide autour de moi
Et j'ai gâché ma vie, et mes jeunes années
Du meilleur et du pire,
En jetant le meilleur
J'ai figé mes sourires
Et j'ai glacé mes pleurs
Où sont-ils à présent?
À présent
Mes vingt ans?

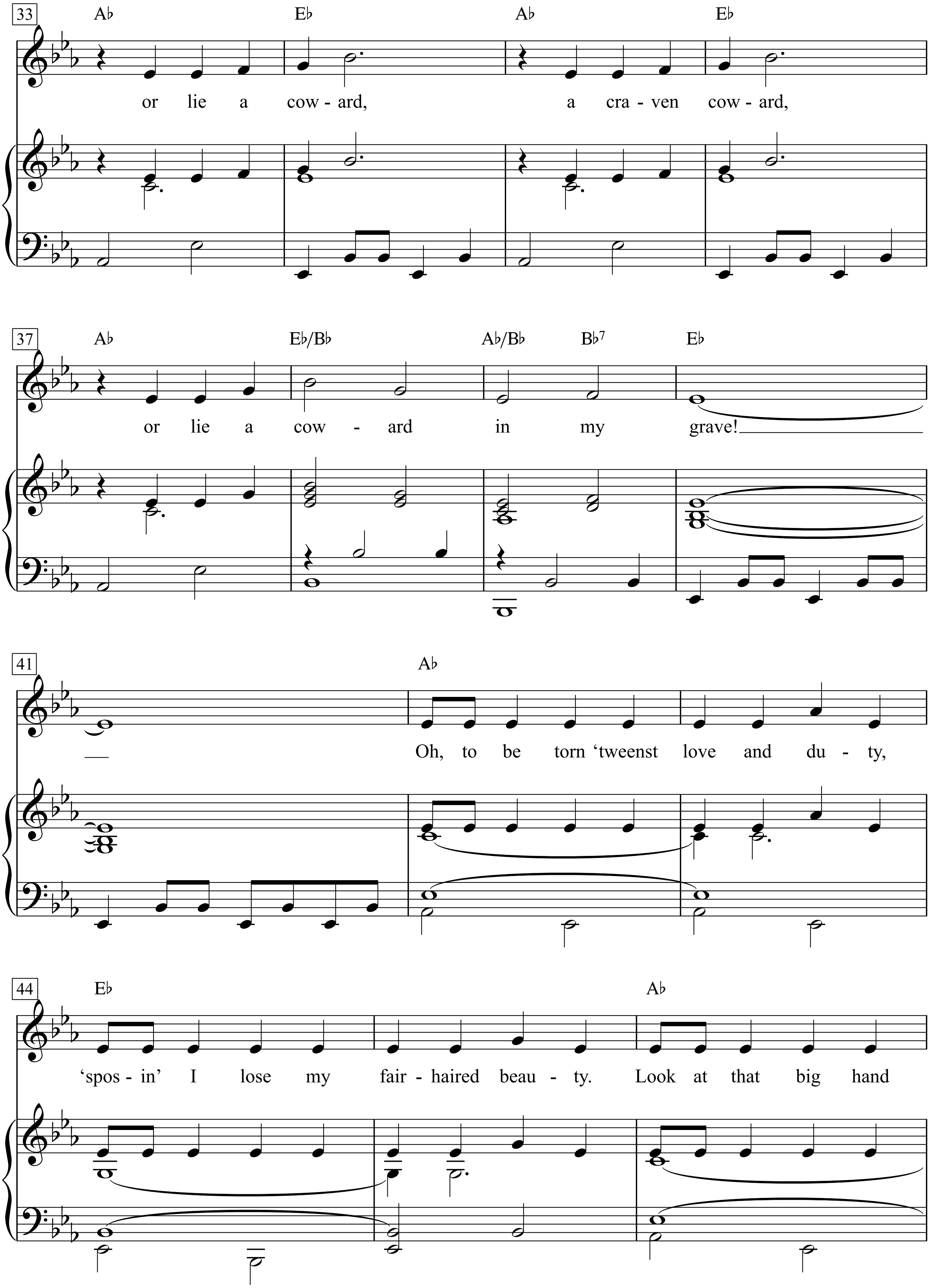
High Noon

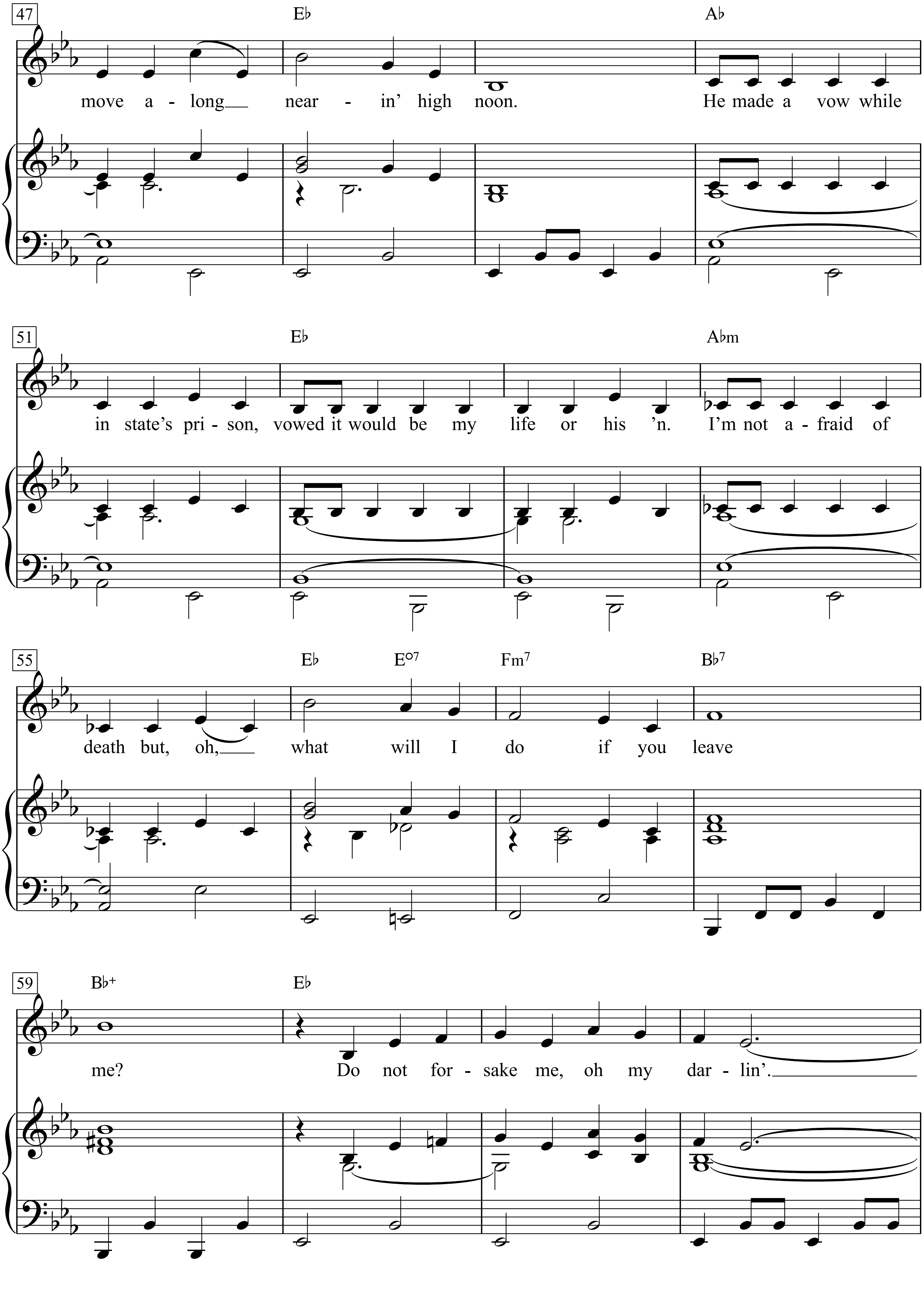
(Do not forsake me, oh my darlin')
(From the Movie "High Noon" 1952)

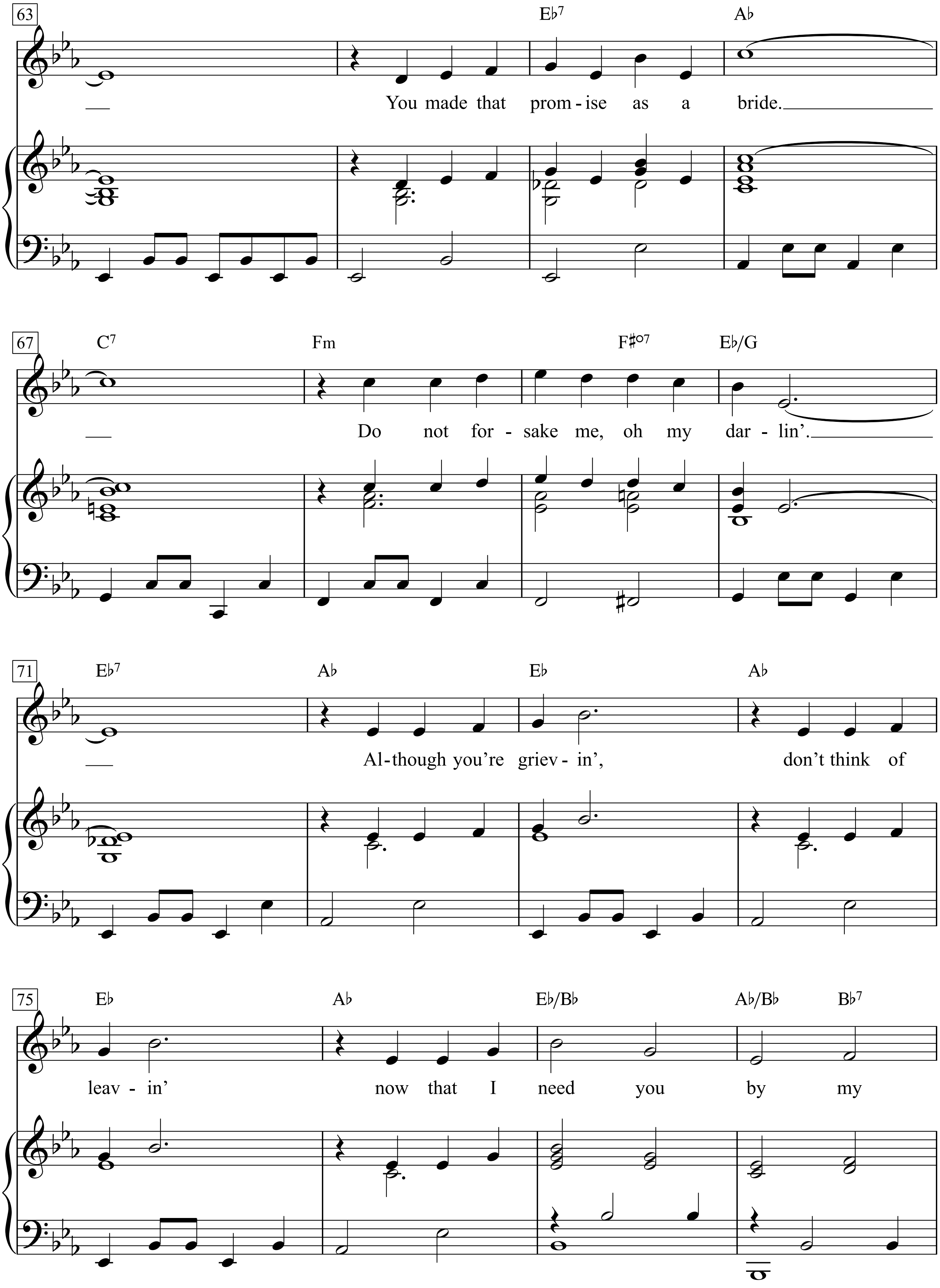
Words & Music by
Dimitri Tiomkin & Ned Washington
(Tex Ritter; Frankie Lane)

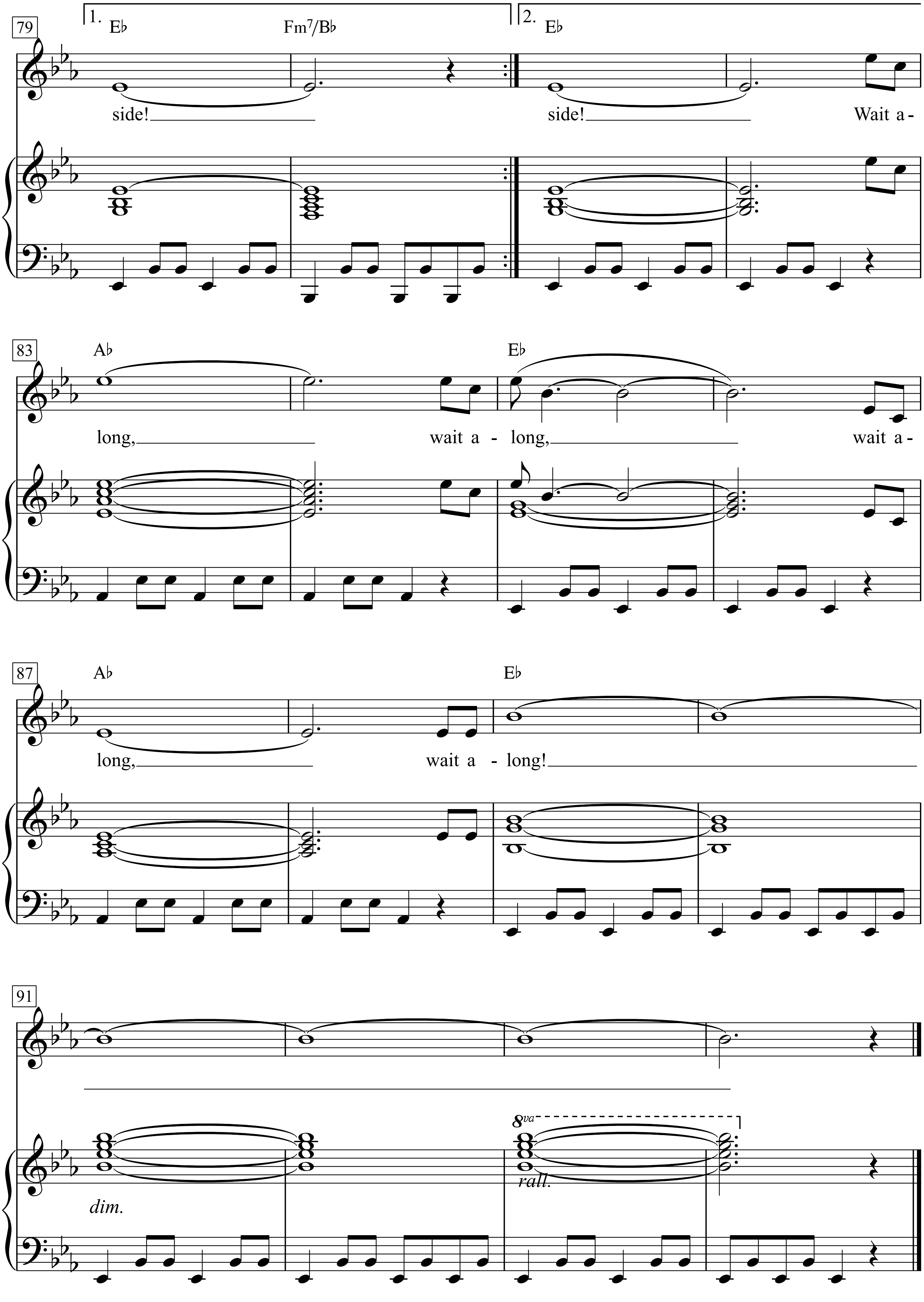



17
G
B♭7
3
Wait,
wait a - long!
21
E♭
I do not know what fate a - waits me.
25
E♭7
A♭
C7
I on - ly know I must be brave
29
Fm
F♯o7
E♭/G
E♭7
and I must face a man who hates me,


33
A♭ E♭ A♭ E♭
or lie a cow - ard, a cra - ven cow - ard,
37
A♭ E♭/B♭ A♭/B♭ B♭7 E♭
or lie a cow - ard in my grave!
41
A♭
Oh, to be torn 'tweenst love and du - ty,
44
E♭ A♭
'spos - in' I lose my fair - haired beau - ty. Look at that big hand


47
E♭
A♭
move a - long near - in' high noon. He made a vow while
51
E♭
A♭m
in state's pri - son, vowed it would be my life or his 'n. I'm not a - fraid of
55
E♭
E°7
Fm7
B♭7
death but, oh, what will I do if you leave
59
B♭+
E♭
me? Do not for - sake me, oh my dar - lin'.


63
E♭7
A♭
You made that prom - ise as a bride.
67
C7
Fm
F♯o7
E♭/G
Do not for - sake me, oh my dar - lin'.
71
E♭7
A♭
E♭
A♭
Al - though you're griev - in', don't think of
75
E♭
A♭
E♭/B♭
A♭/B♭
B♭7
leav - in' now that I need you by my


79
1.
E♭
Fm7/B♭
2.
E♭
side!
side!
Wait a -
83
A♭
E♭
long,
wait a - long,
wait a -
87
A♭
E♭
long,
wait a - long!
91
8va
dim.
rall.

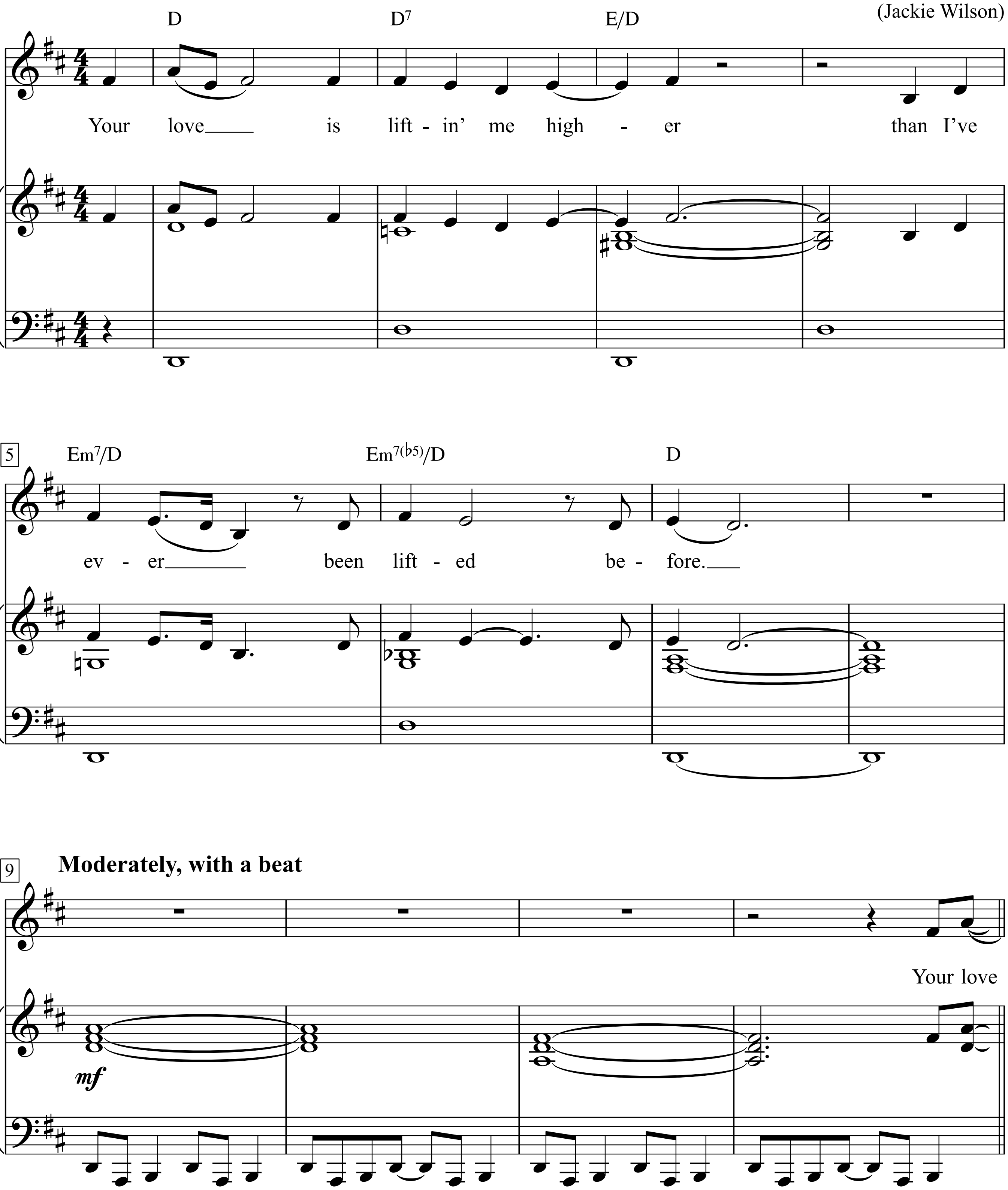
Do not forsake me, oh my darlin',
on this, our weddin' day.
Do not forsake me, oh my darlin'.
Wait, wait along!
I do not know what fate awaits me.
I only know I must be brave
and I must face a man who hates me,
or lie a coward, a craven coward,
or lie a coward in my grave!
Oh, to be torn 'tweenst love and duty,
'sposin' I lose my fairhaired beauty.
Look at that big hand move along nearin' high noon.
He made a vow while in state's prison,
vowed it would be my life or his 'n.
I'm not afraid of death but,
oh, what will I do if you leave me?
Do not forsake me, oh my darlin'.
You made that promise as a bride.
Do not forsake me, oh my darlin'.
Although you're grievin',
don't think of leavin'
now that I need you by my side!
Wait along, wait along,
wait along, wait along!

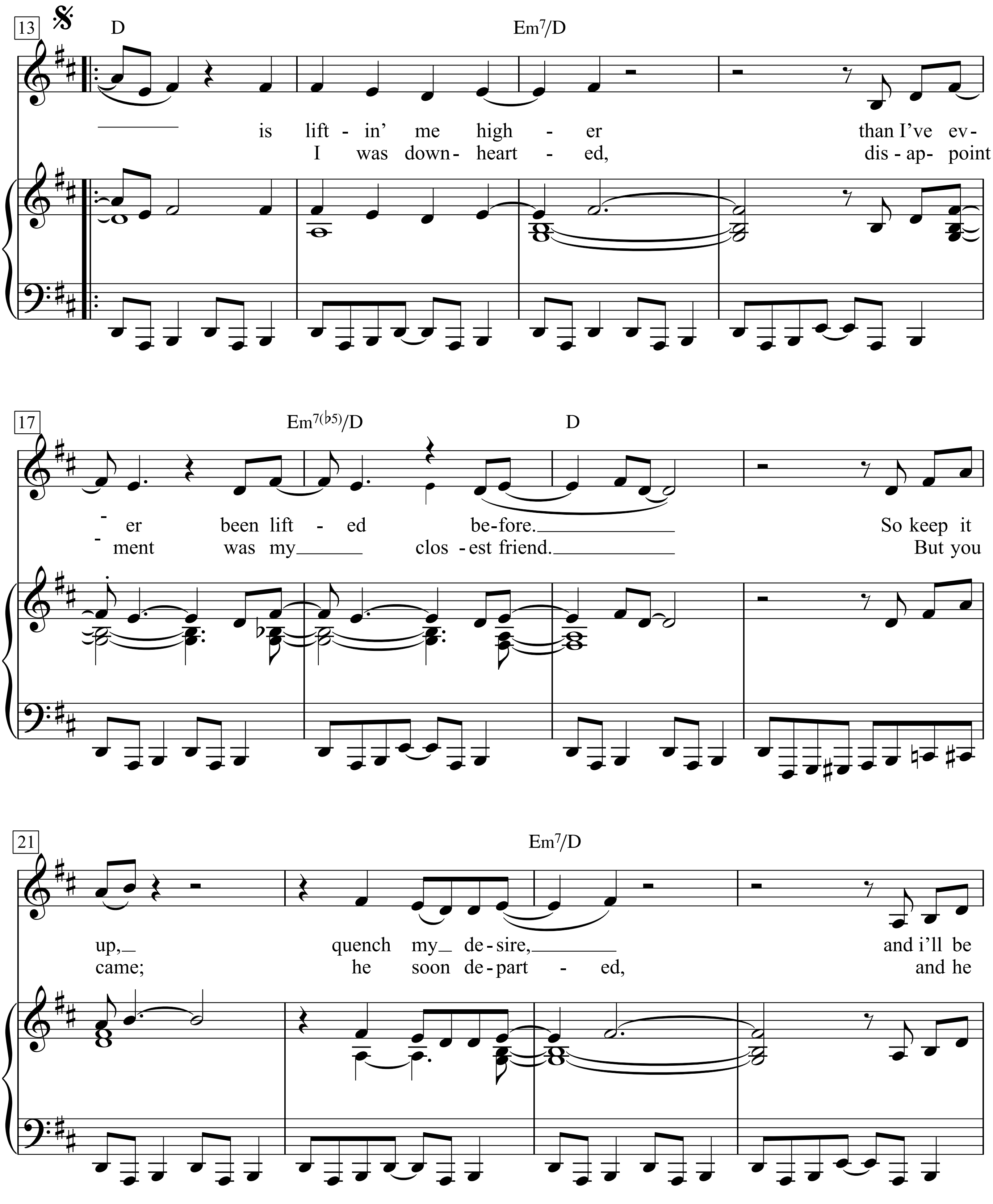
(Your Love Has Lifted Me)

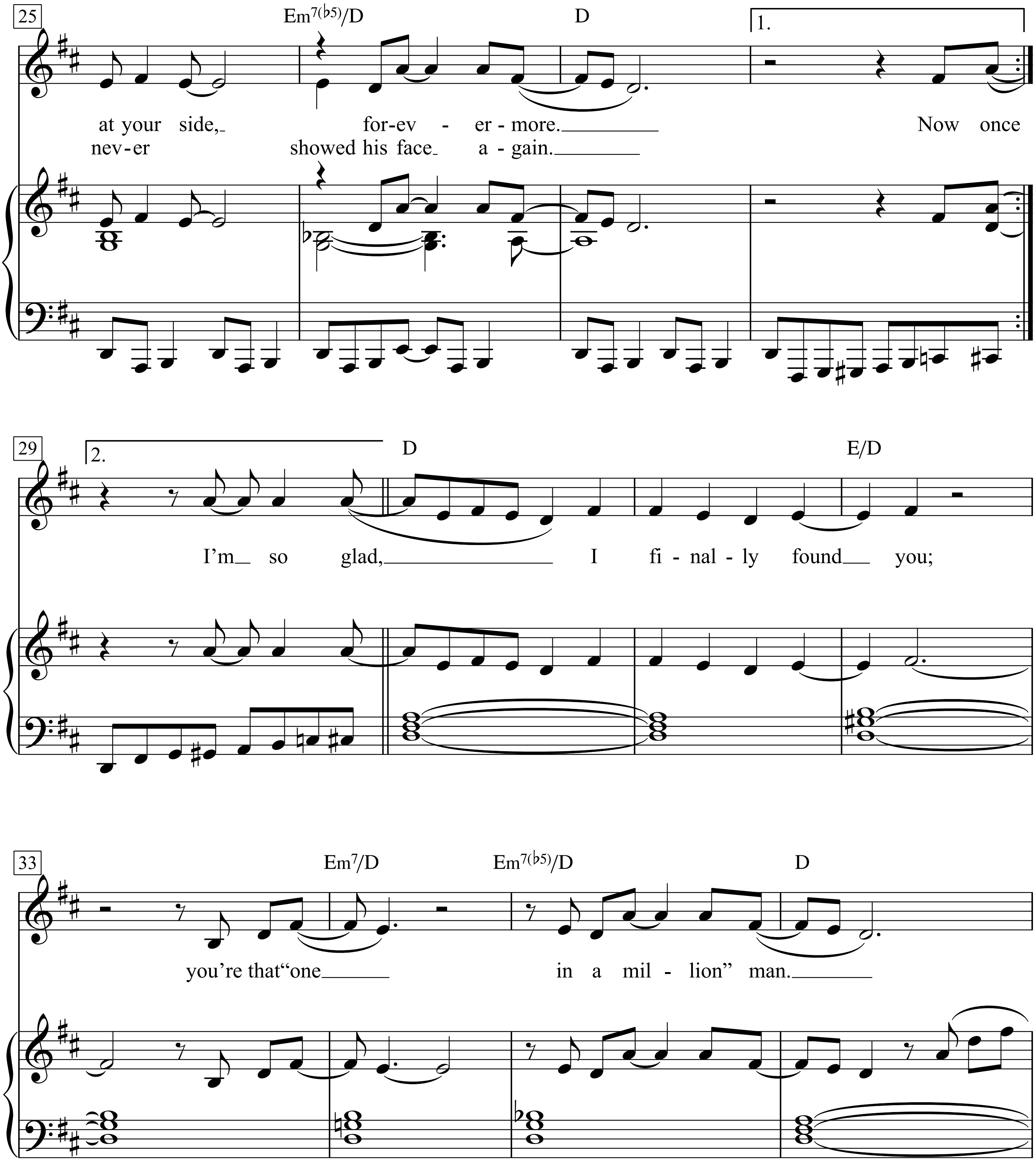
Higher and Higher

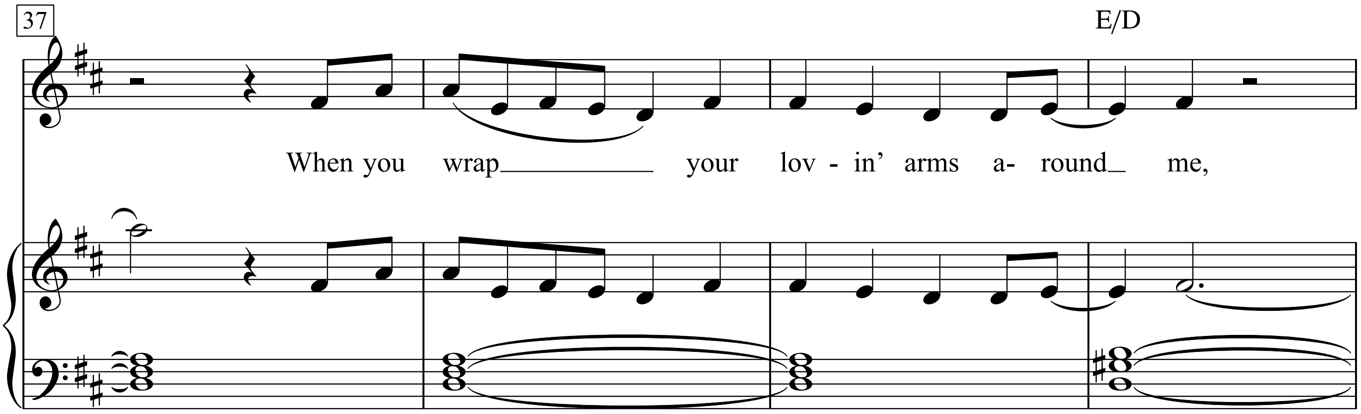
Slowly and freely

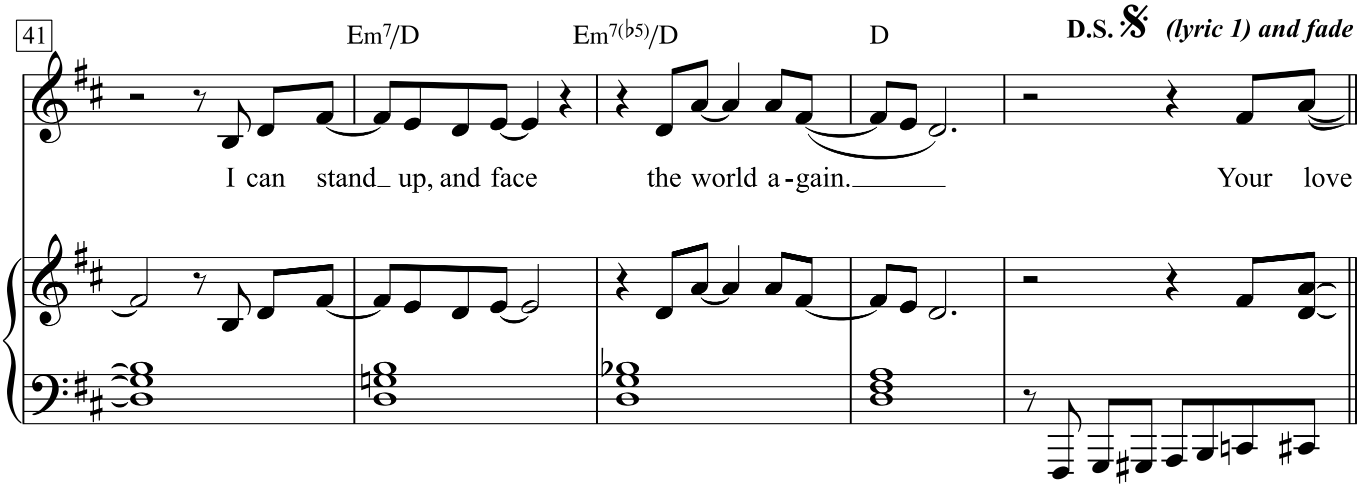
Words & Music by
Carl Smith, Raynard Miner and Gary Jackson
(Jackie Wilson)




13
D
Em7/D
is lift - in' me high - er than I've ev-
I was down- heart - ed, dis - ap- point
17
Em7(♭5)/D
D
- er been lift - ed be-fore.
- ment was my clos - est friend.
So keep it
But you
21
Em7/D
up, quench my de-sire, and i'll be
came; he soon de-part - ed, and he


25
Em7(♭5)/D
D
1.
at your side, for-ev - er - more. Now once
nev - er showed his face a - gain.
29
2.
D
E/D
I'm so glad, I fi - nal - ly found you;
33
Em7/D
Em7(♭5)/D
D
you're that "one in a mil - lion" man.





Your love is liftin' me higher
than I've ever been lifted before.
Your love is liftin' me higher
than I've ever been lifted before.
So keep it up, quench my desire,
and i'll be at your side, forevermore.

Now once

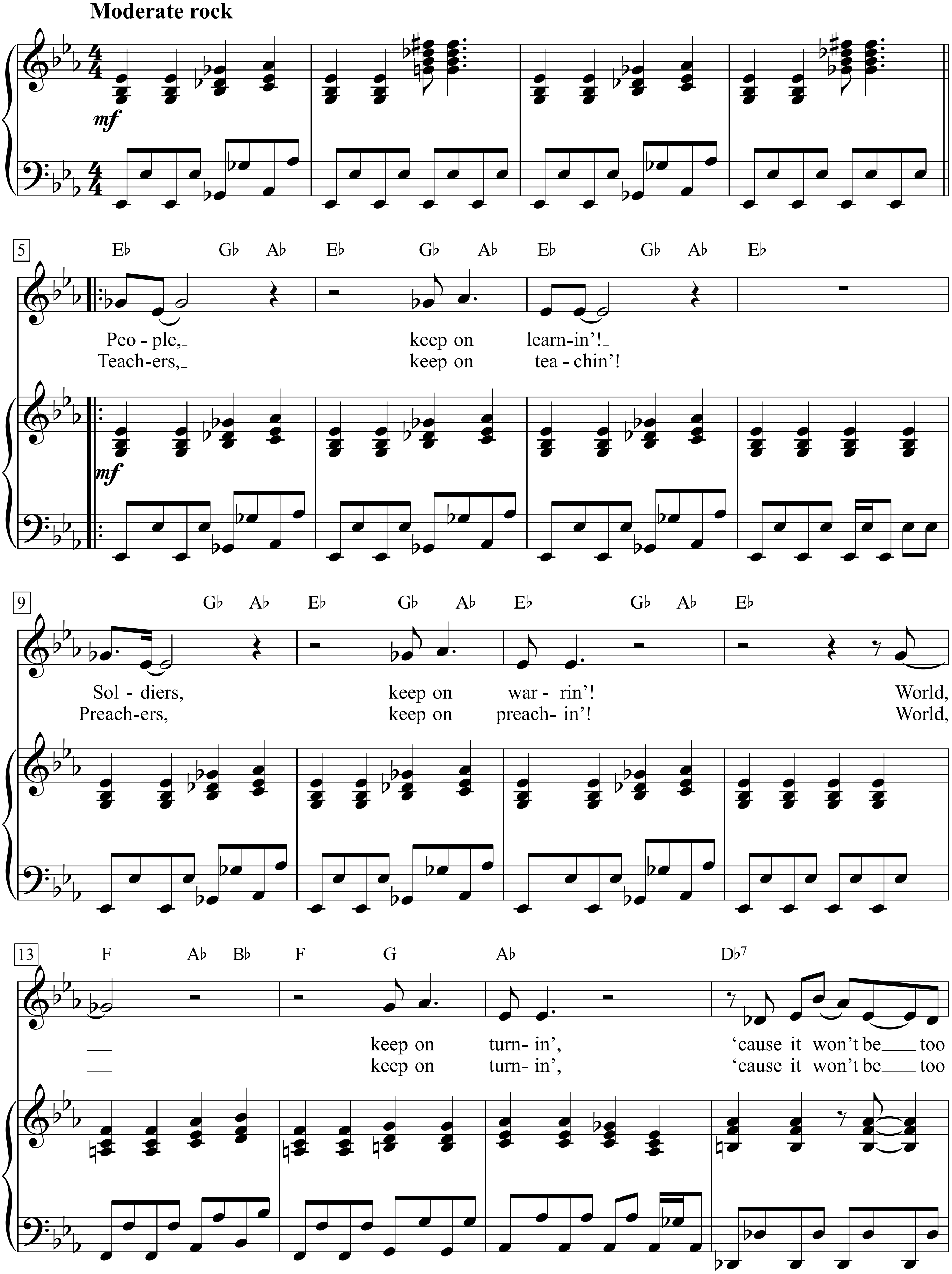
I'm so glad,
I finally found you;
you're that 'one in a million' man.
When you wrap your lovin" arms around me,
I can stand up, and face the world again.

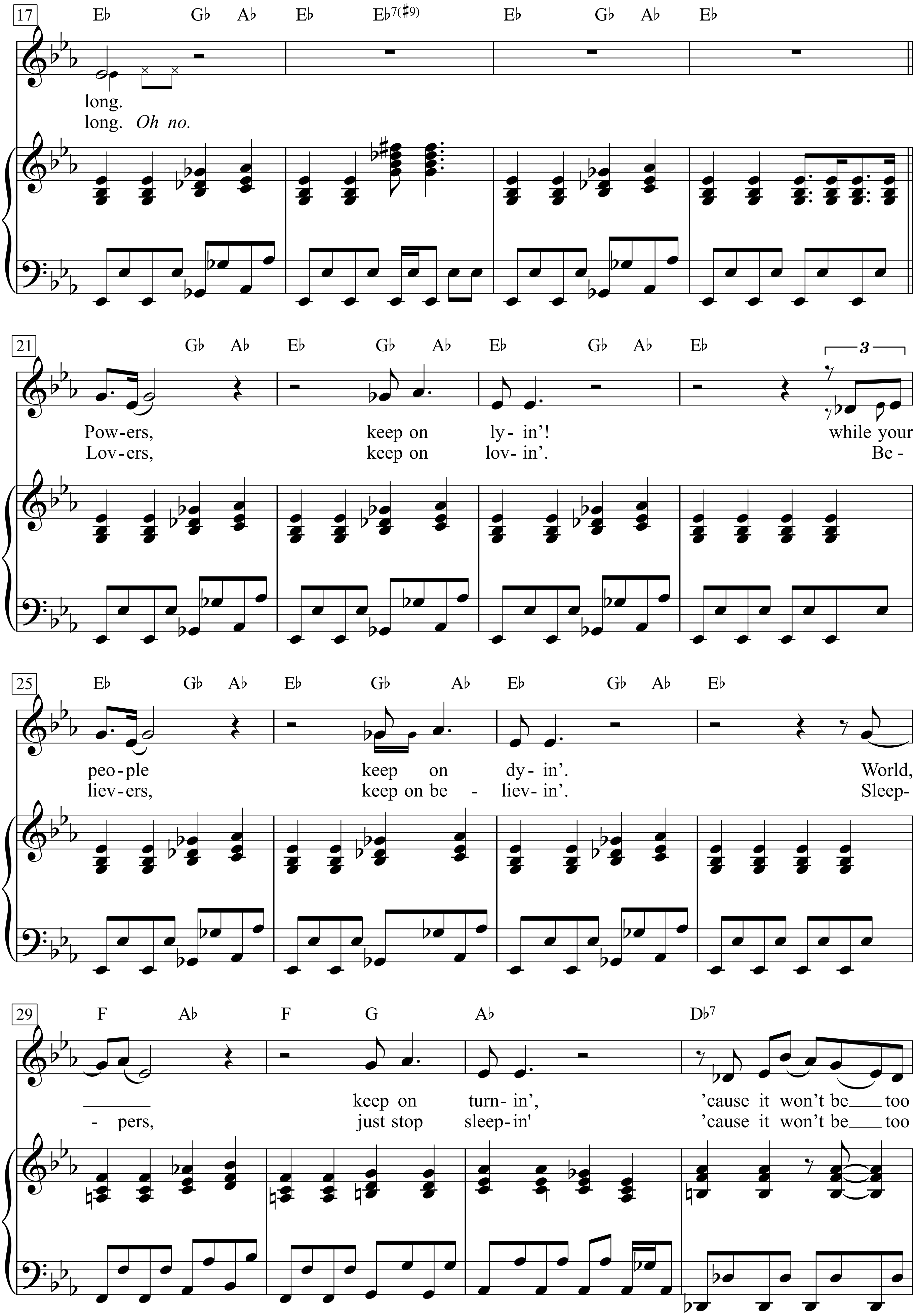
Your love

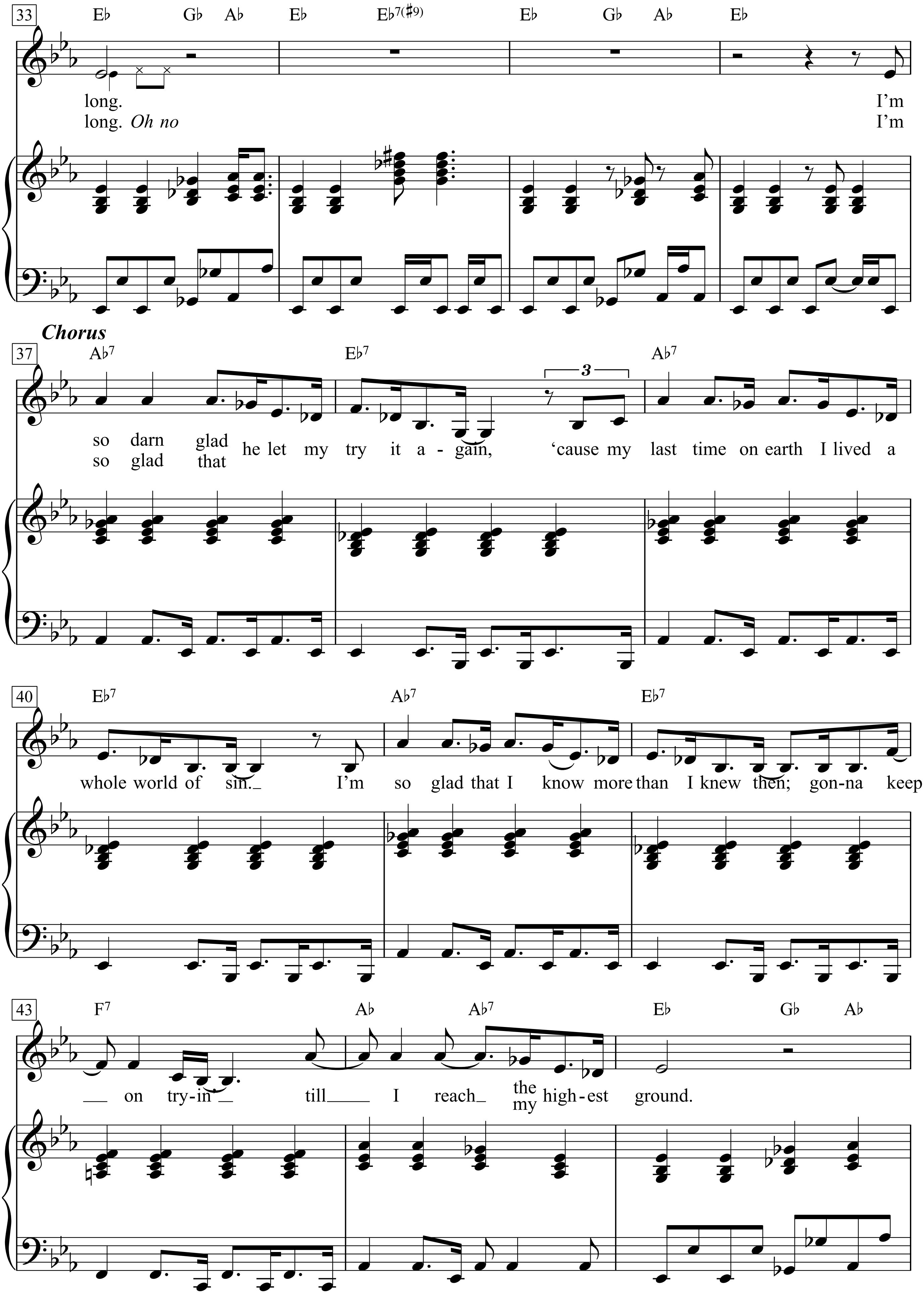
2. I was downhearted,
disappointment was my closest friend.
But you came; he soon departed,
and he never showed his face again.

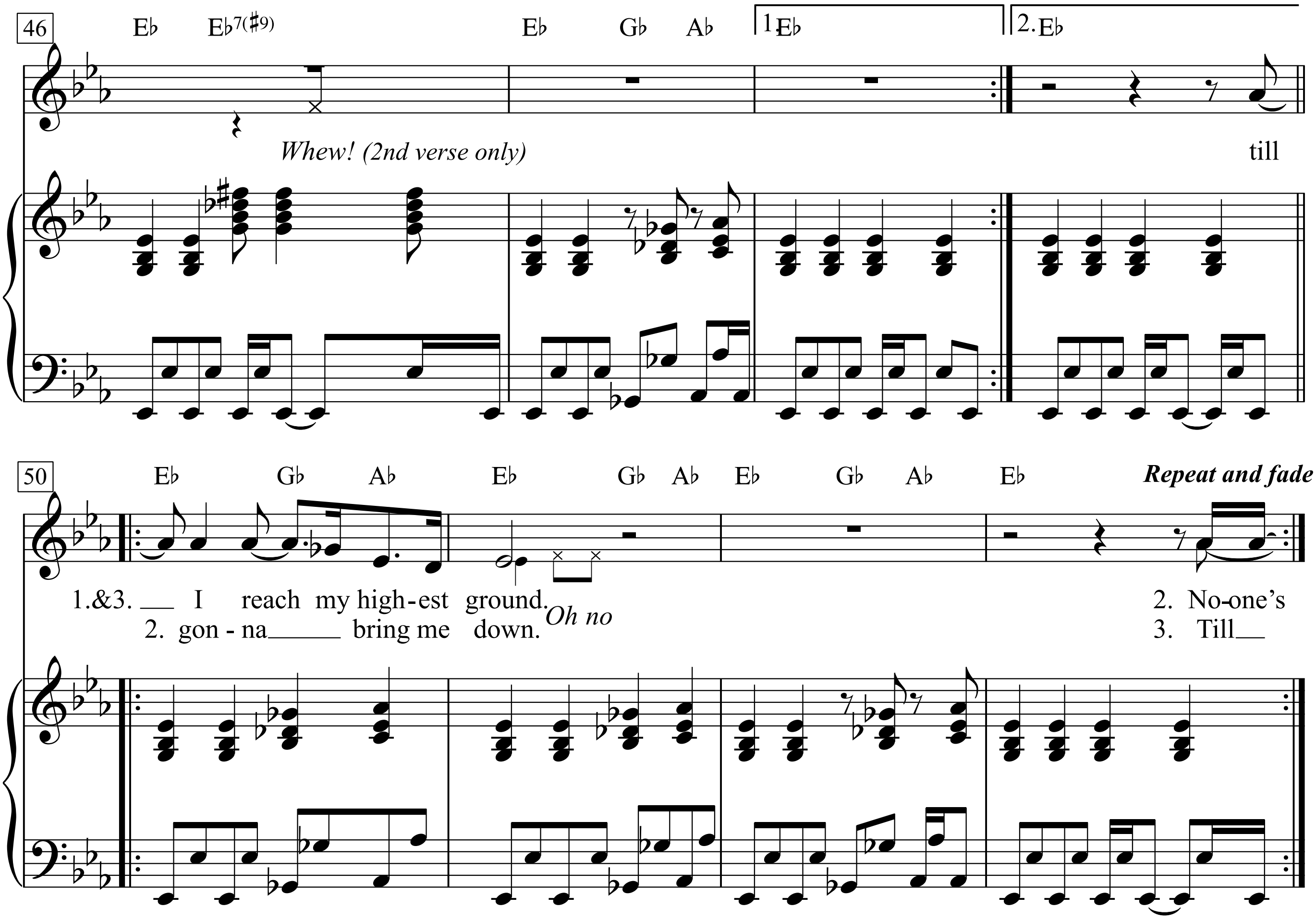
Higher Ground

Words & Music by Stevie Wonder
(Stevie Wonder)




17
E♭ G♭ A♭ E♭ E♭7(♯9) E♭ G♭ A♭ E♭
long.
long. Oh no.
21
G♭ A♭ E♭ G♭ A♭ E♭ G♭ A♭ E♭
3
Pow-ers, keep on ly- in'! while your
Lov-ers, keep on lov- in'. Be -
25
E♭ G♭ A♭ E♭ G♭ A♭ E♭ G♭ A♭ E♭
peo-ple keep on dy- in'. World,
liev-ers, keep on be - liev- in'. Sleep-
29
F A♭ F G A♭ D♭7
keep on turn- in', 'cause it won't be too
- pers, just stop sleep-in' 'cause it won't be too


33
E♭ G♭ A♭ E♭ E♭7(♯9) E♭ G♭ A♭ E♭
long. I'm
long. Oh no I'm
Chorus
37
A♭7 E♭7 A♭7
3
so darn glad he let my try it a - gain, 'cause my last time on earth I lived a
so glad that
40
E♭7 A♭7 E♭7
whole world of sin. I'm so glad that I know more than I knew then; gon-na keep
43
F7 A♭ A♭7 E♭ G♭ A♭
on try-in till I reach the high-est ground.
my

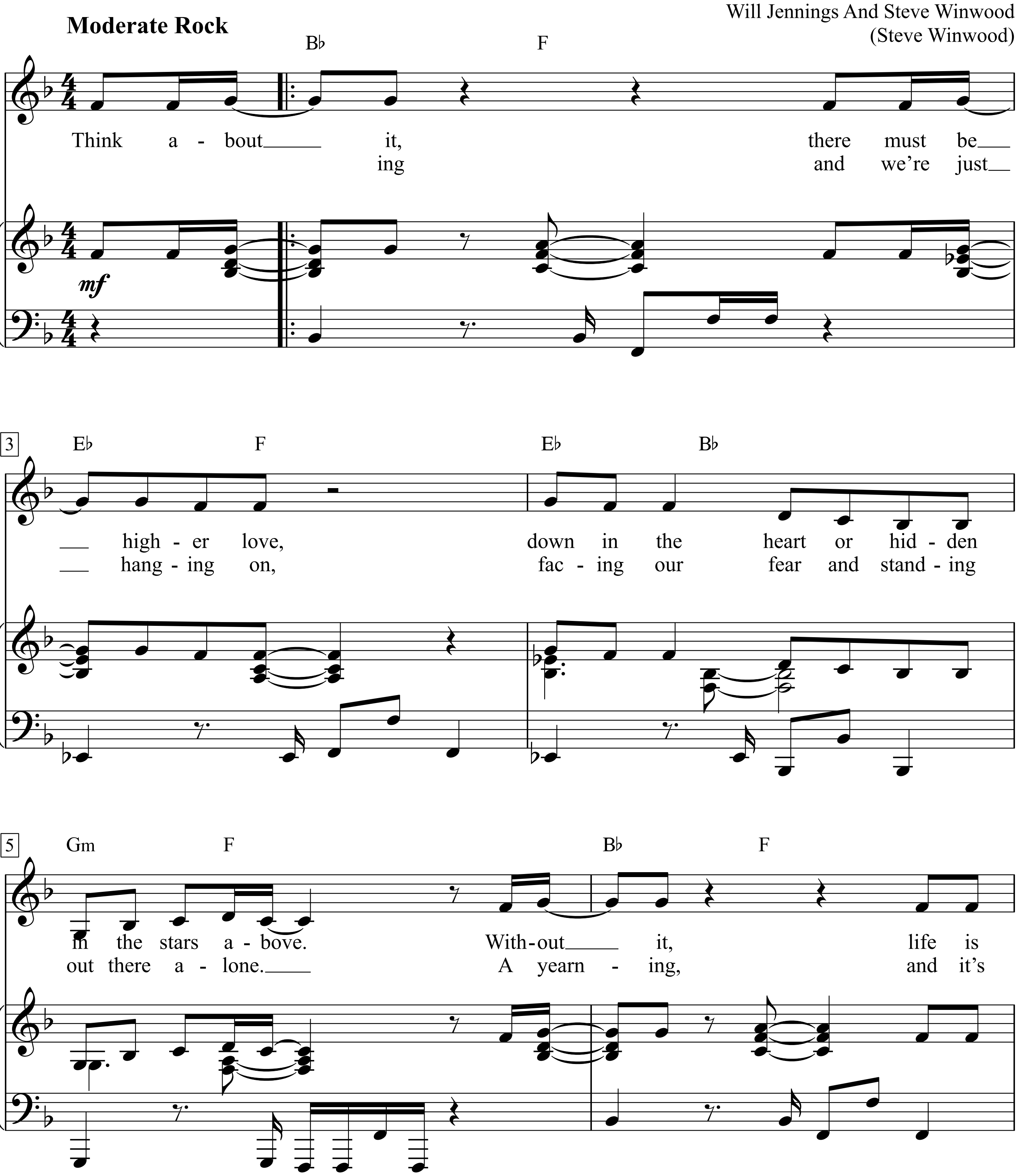


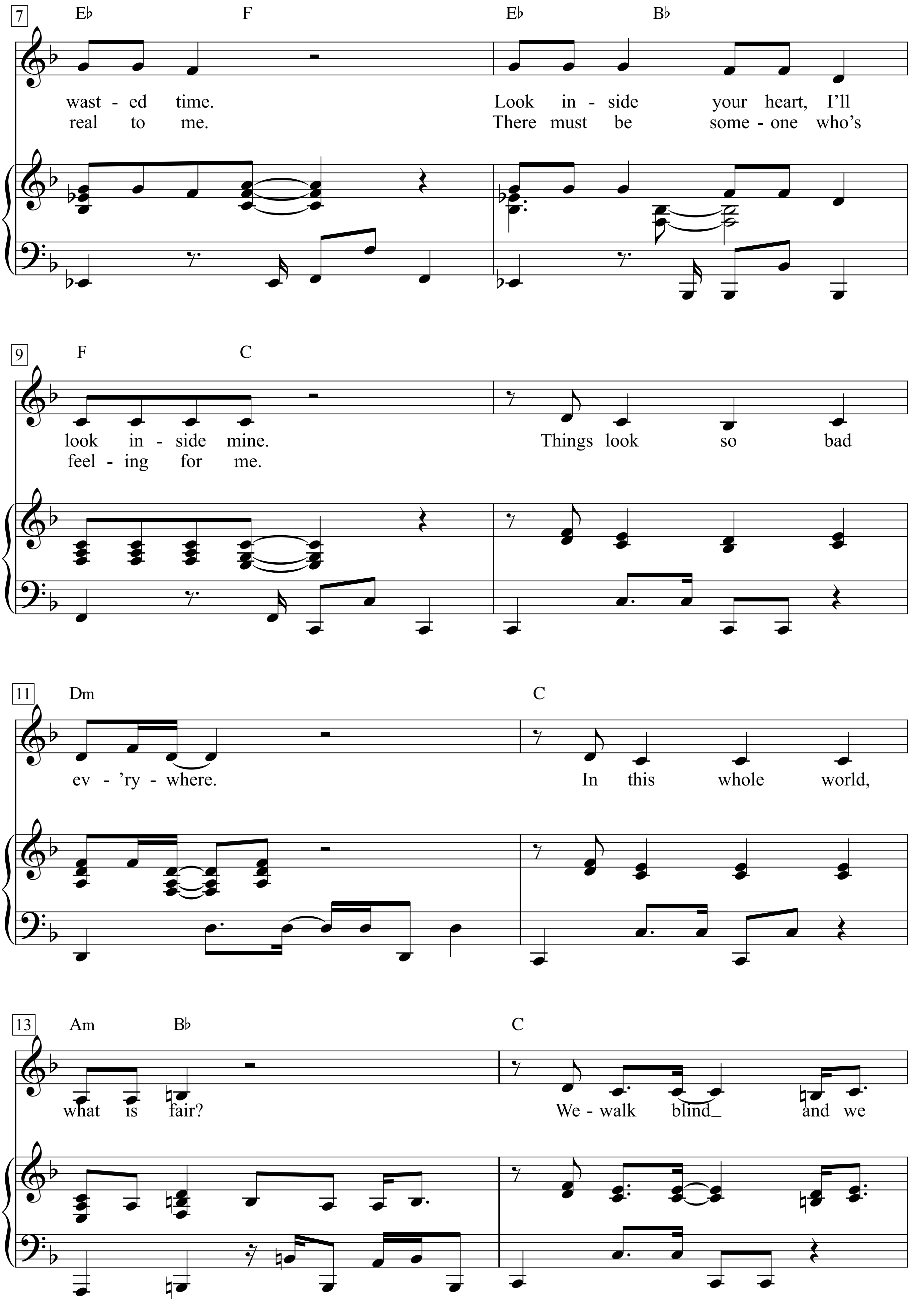
People, keep on learnin'!
Soldiers, keep on warrin'!
World, keep on turnin', 'cause it won't be too long.
Powers, keep on lyin'! while your people keep on dyin'.
World, keep on turnin', 'cause it won't be too long.
I'm so darn glad he let my try it again,
'cause my last time on earth I lived a whole world of sin.
I'm so glad that I know more than I knew then;
gonna keep on tryin' till I reach the highest ground.
Whew!
1.&3. I reach my highest ground. 2. No-one's

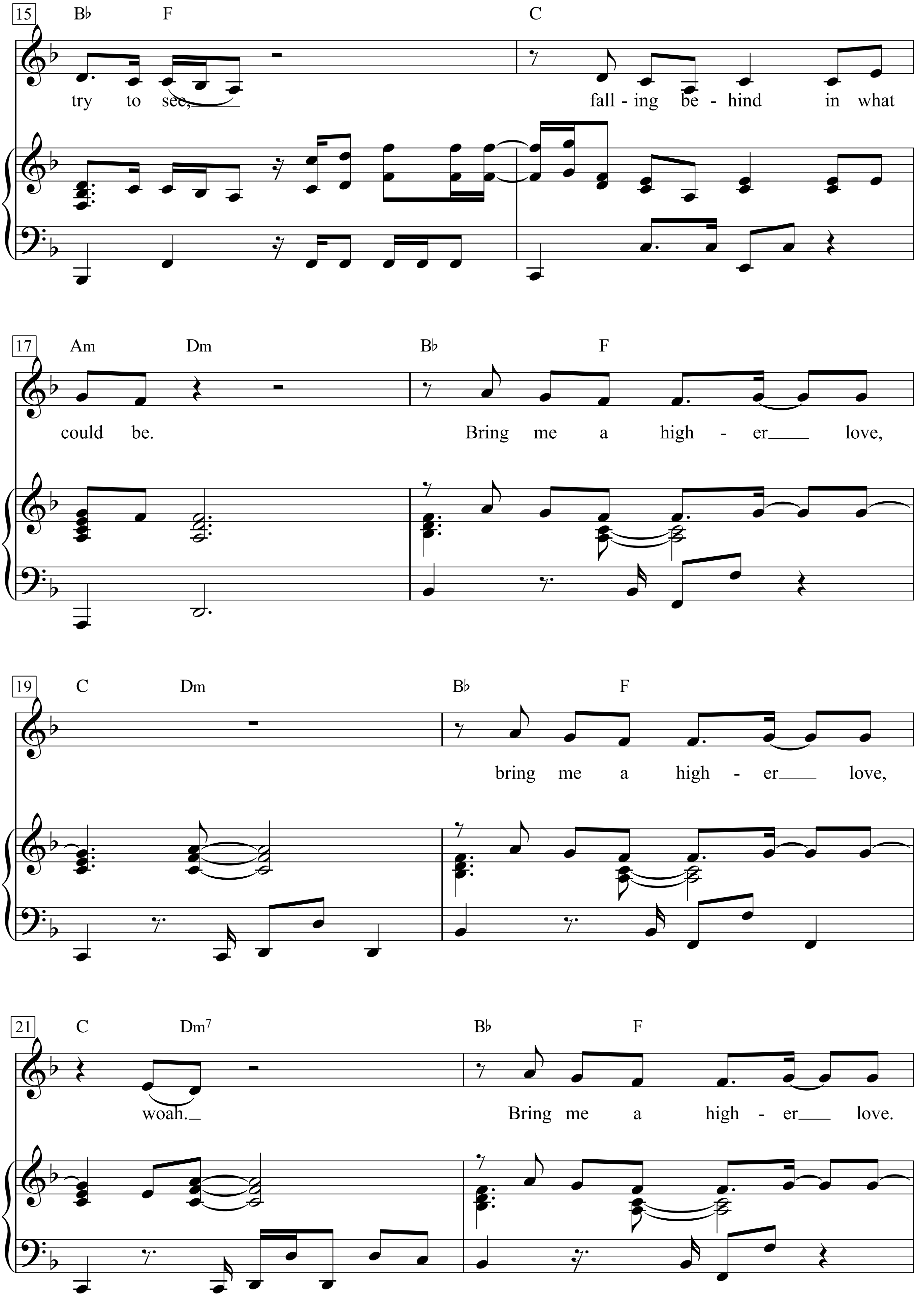
Teachers, keep on teachin'!
Preachers, keep on preachin'!
World, keep on turnin',
'cause it won't be too long.
Oh no. Lovers, keep on lovin'.
Believers, keep on believin'.
Sleepers, just stop sleepin'
'cause it won't be long.
Oh no I'm so glad that my
2. gonna bring me down.
Oh no 3. Till

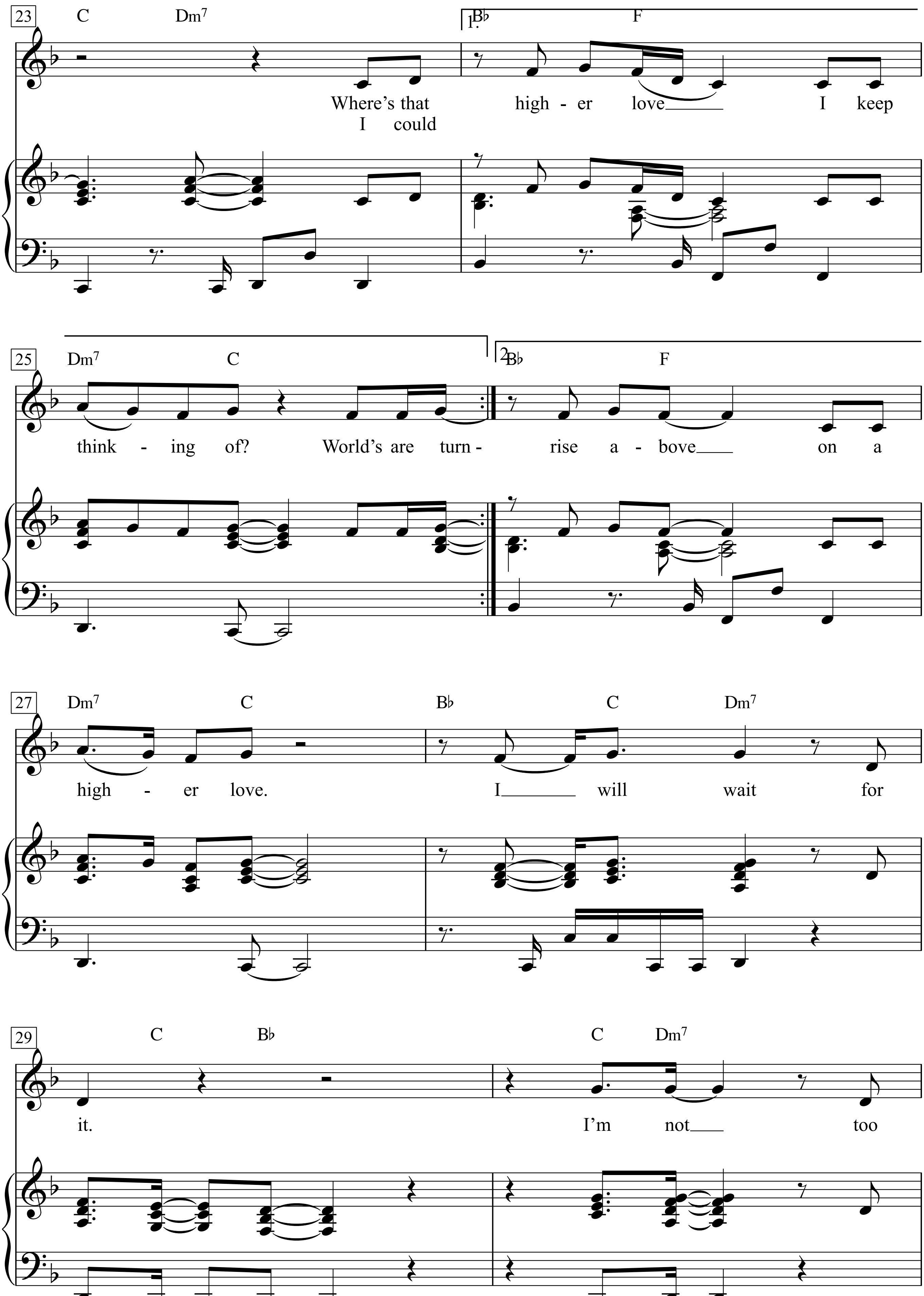
Higher Love

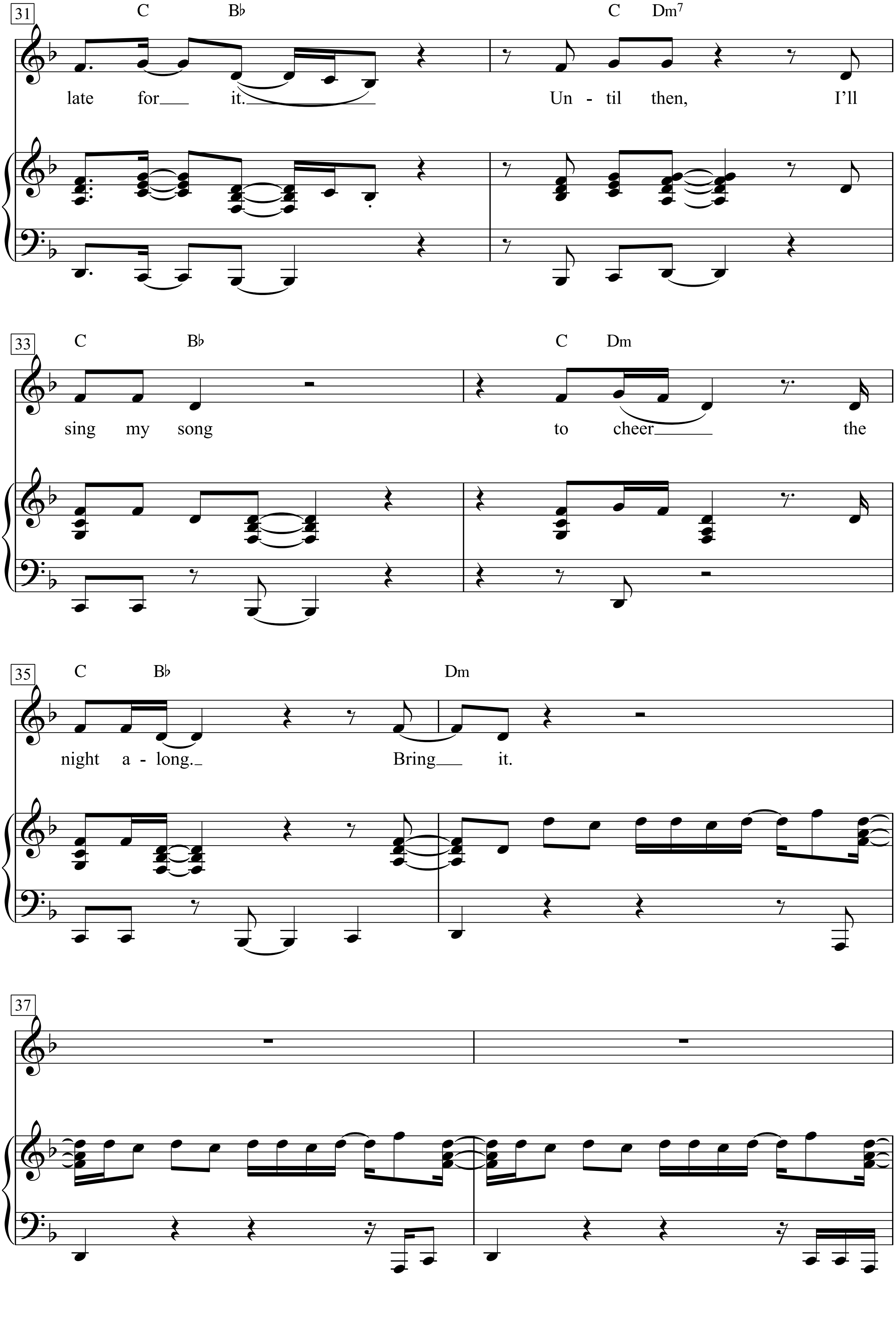
Words & Music by
Will Jennings And Steve Winwood
(Steve Winwood)

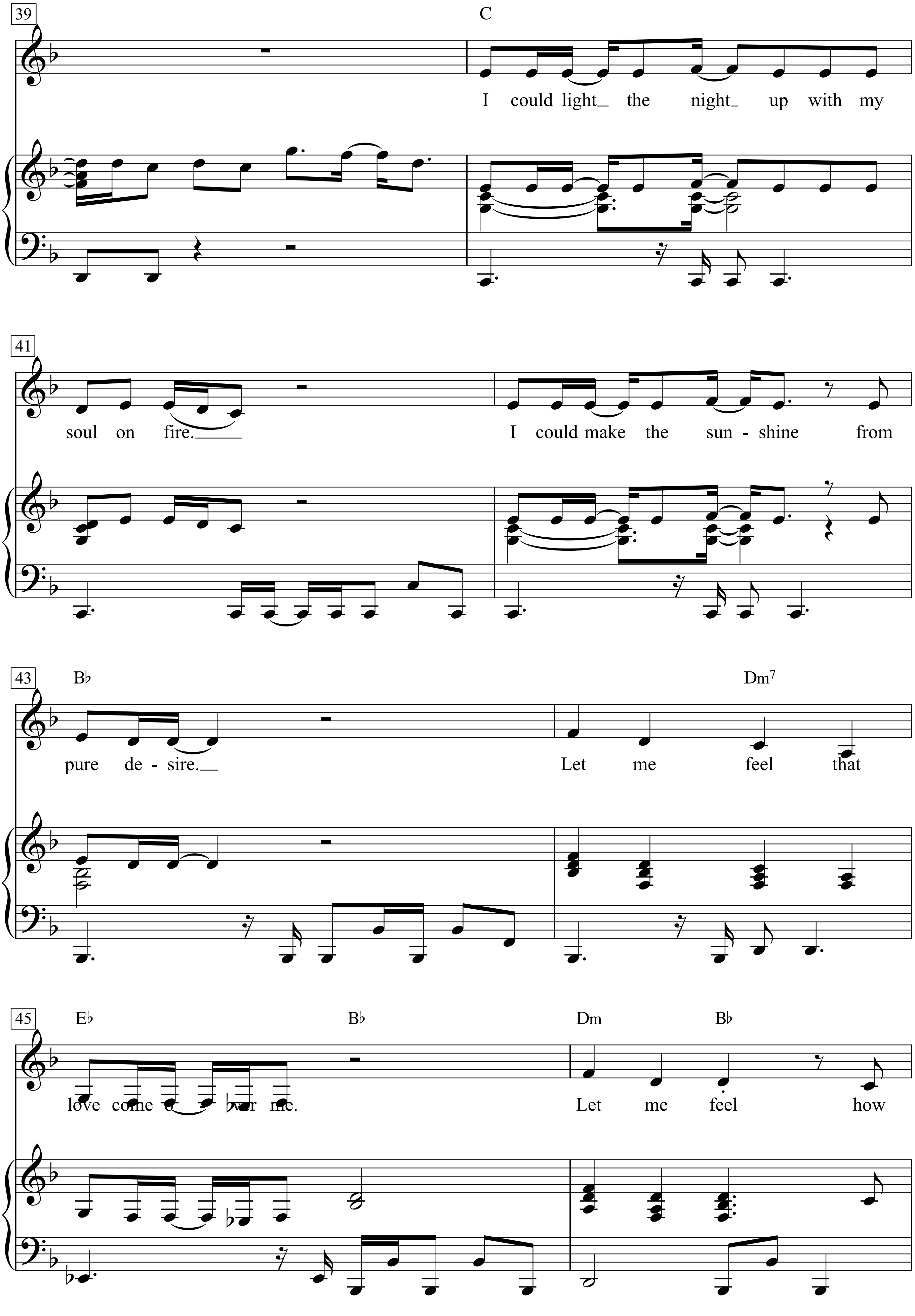


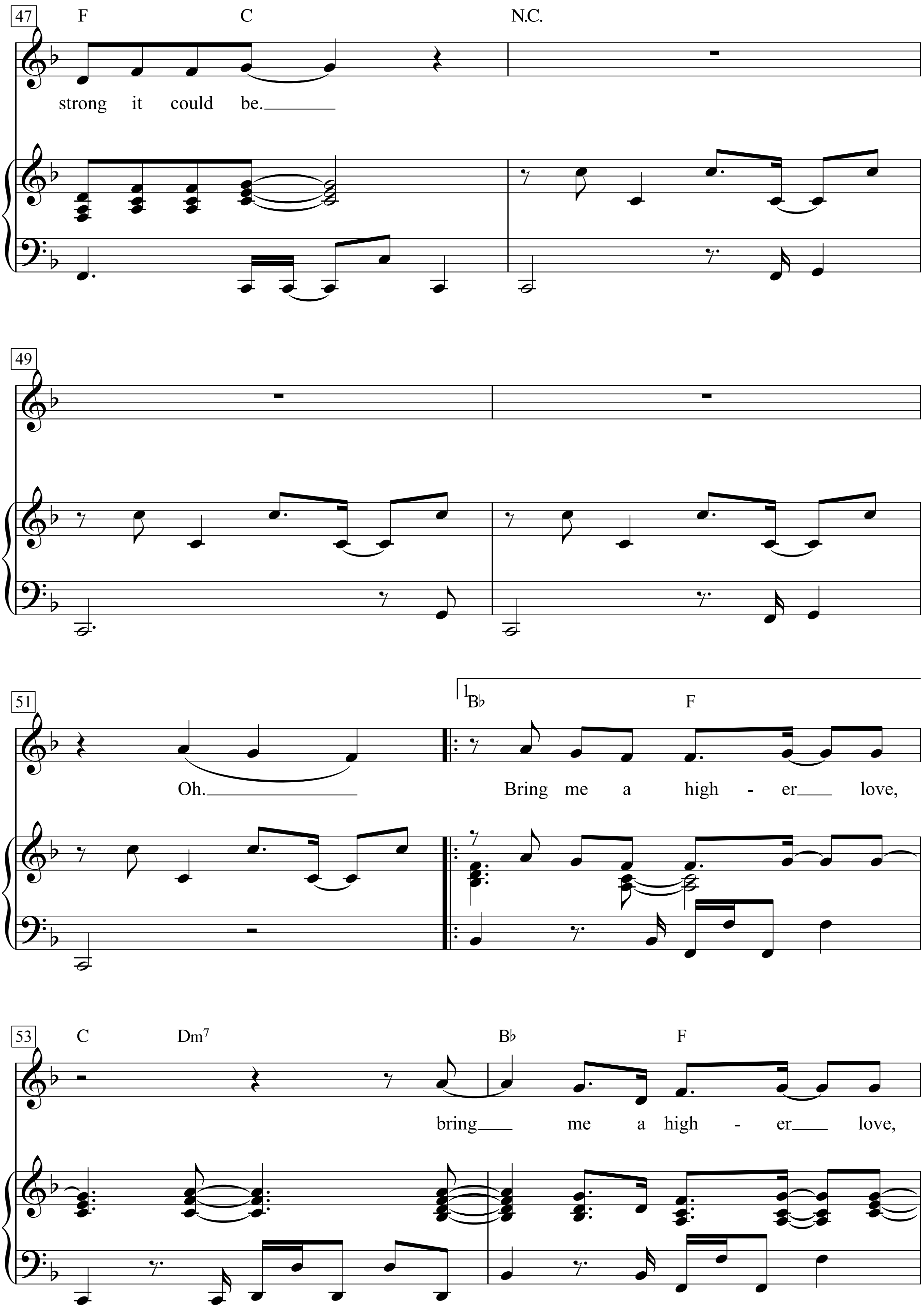

7
E♭ F E♭ B♭
wast - ed time. Look in - side your heart, I'll
real to me. There must be some - one who's
9
F C
look in - side mine. Things look so bad
feel - ing for me.
11
Dm C
ev - 'ry - where. In this whole world,
13
Am B♭ C
what is fair? We - walk blind_ and we

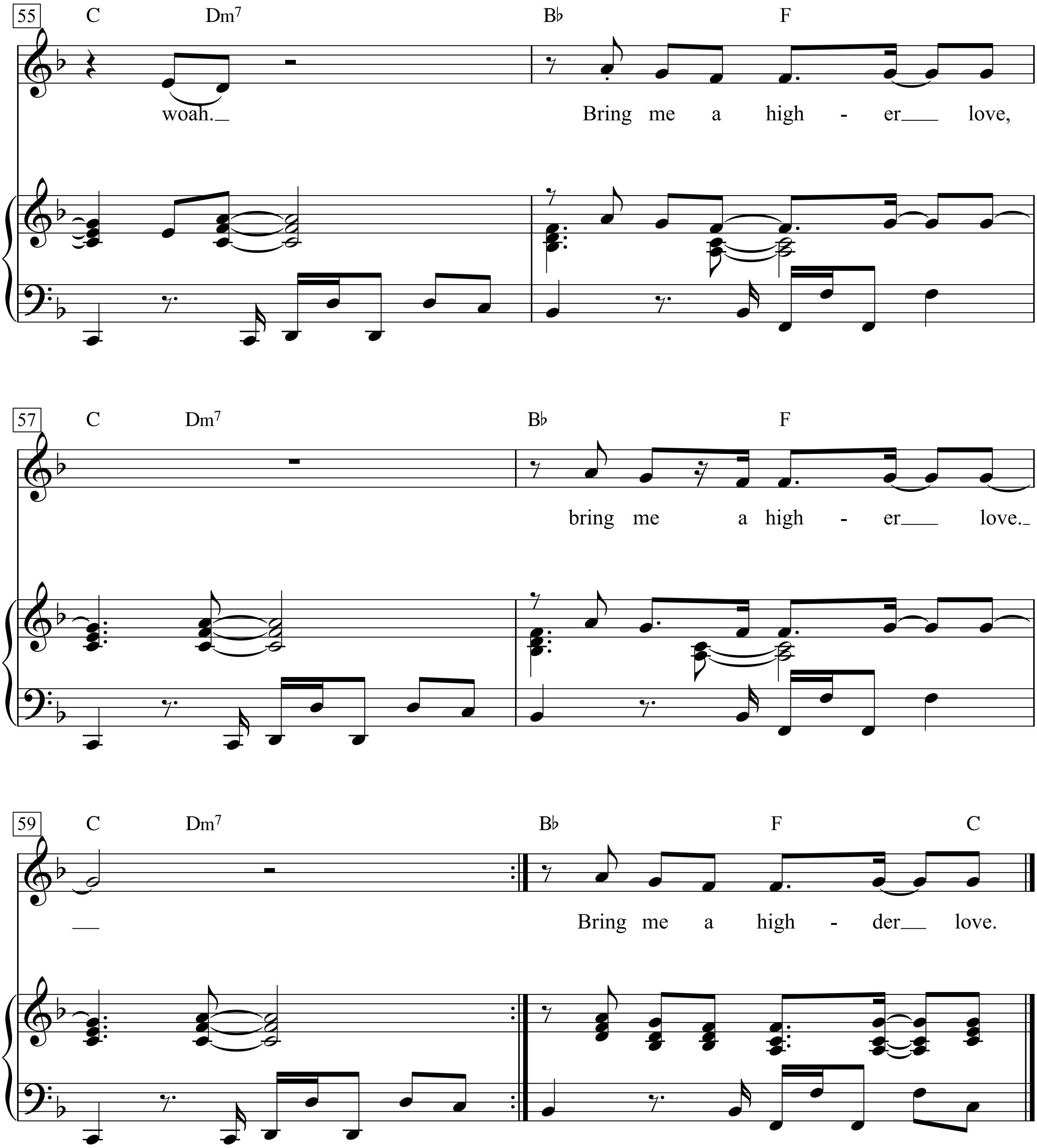

15
B♭ F C
try to see, fall - ing be - hind in what
17
Am Dm B♭ F
could be. Bring me a high - er love,
19
C Dm B♭ F
bring me a high - er love,
21
C Dm7 B♭ F
woah. Bring me a high - er love.


23
C Dm7
1. B♭ F
Where's that high - er love I keep
I could
25
Dm7 C
2. B♭ F
think - ing of? World's are turn - rise a - bove on a
27
Dm7 C B♭ C Dm7
high - er love. I will wait for
29
C B♭ C Dm7
it. I'm not too


31
C Bb C Dm7
late for it. Un - til then, I'll
33
C Bb C Dm
sing my song to cheer the
35
C Bb Dm
night a - long. Bring it.
37

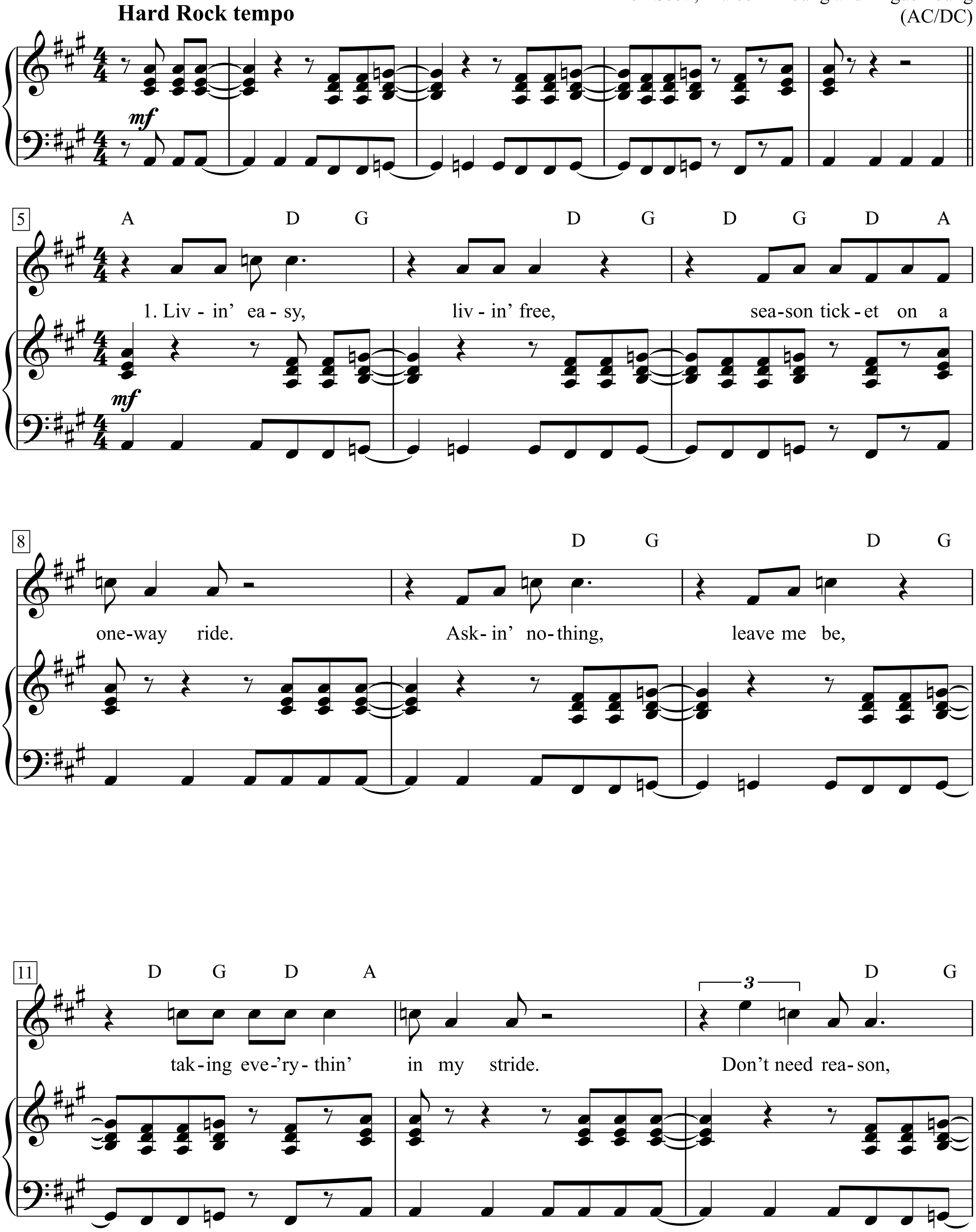

39
C
I could light the night up with my
41
soul on fire.
I could make the sun - shine from
43
B♭
Dm7
pure de - sire.
Let me feel that
45
E♭
B♭
Dm
B♭
love come o - ver me.
Let me feel how

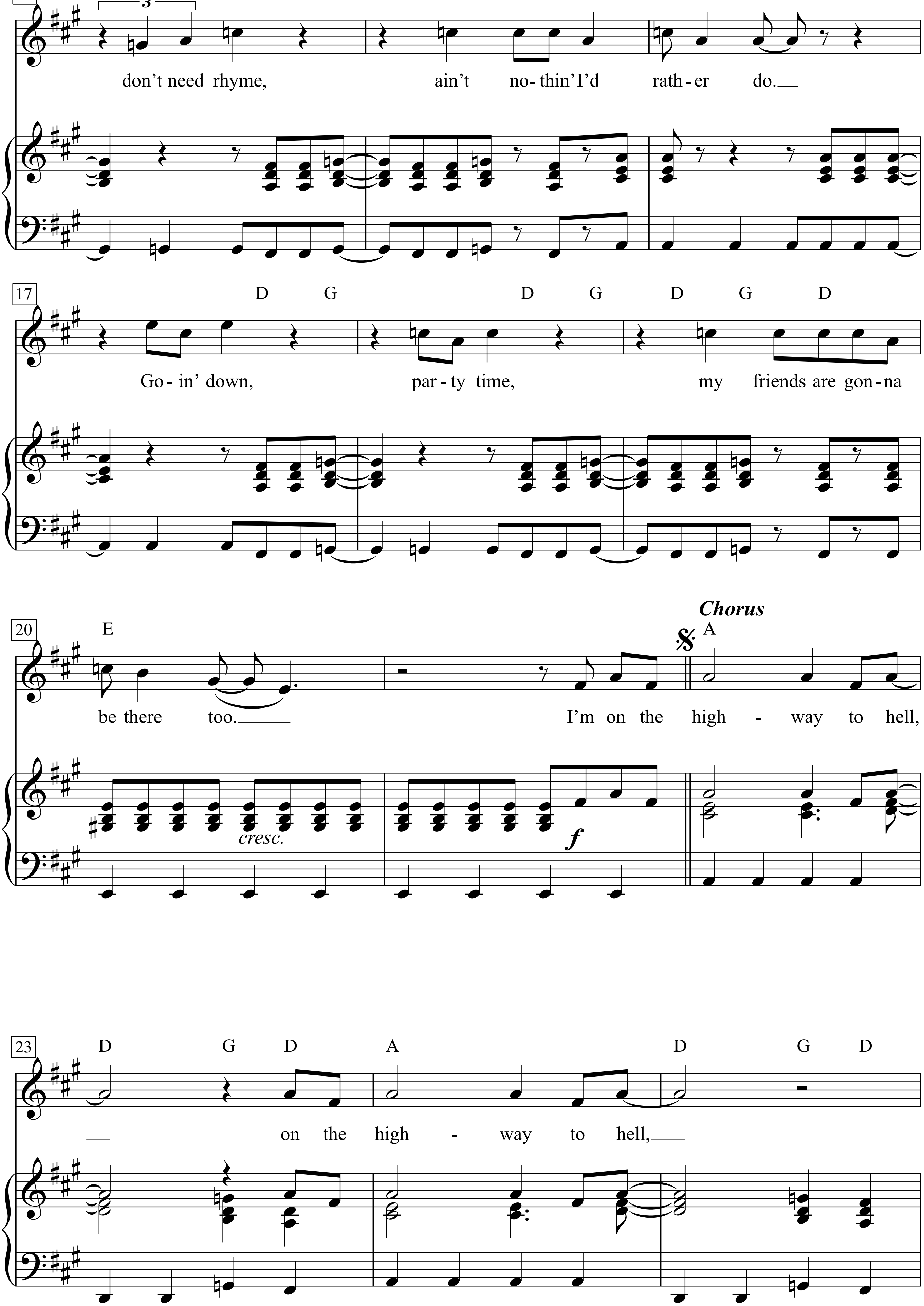

47
F
C
N.C.
strong it could be.
49
51
1.
B♭
F
Oh.
Bring me a high - er love,
53
C
Dm7
B♭
F
bring me a high - er love,

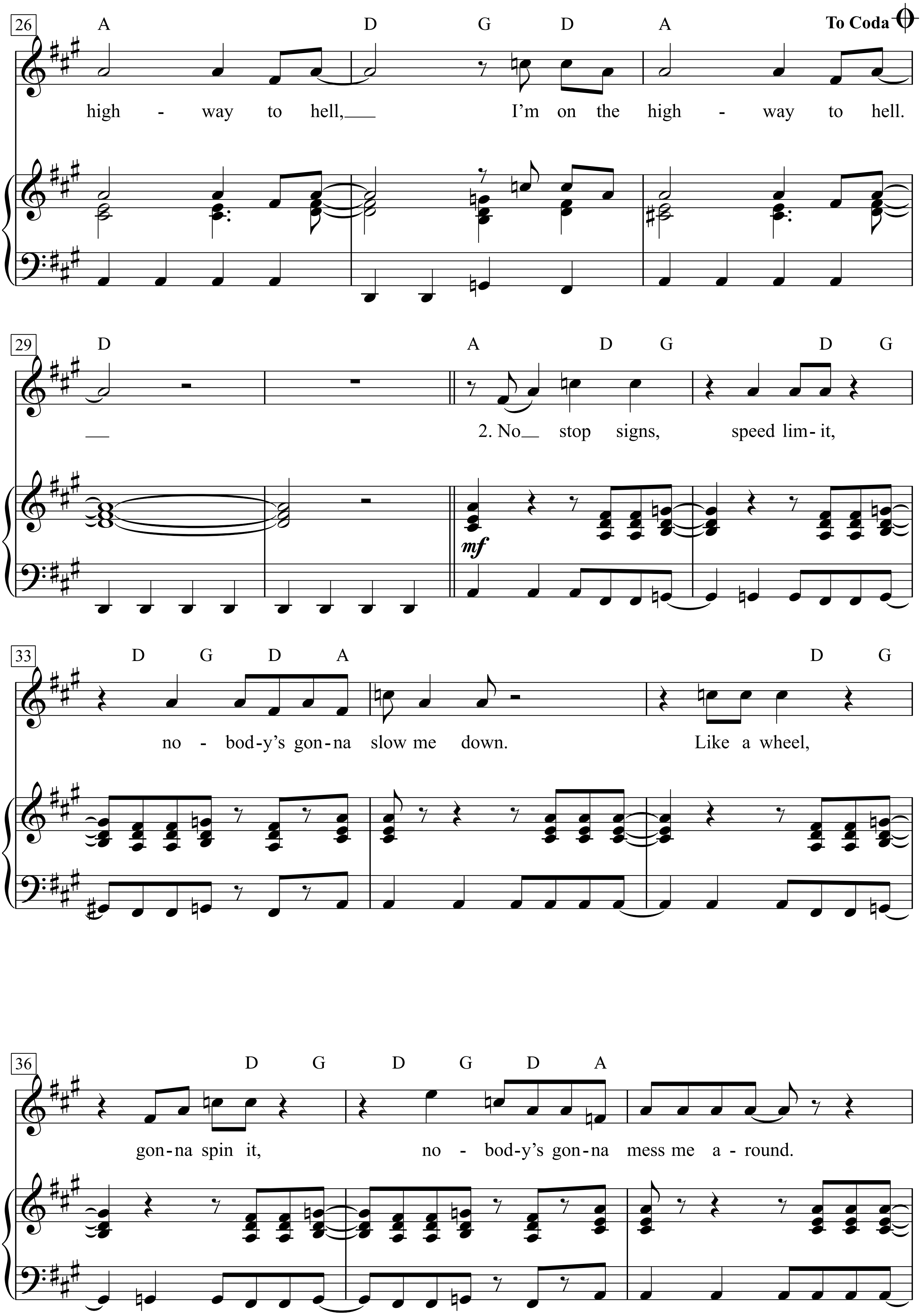

55
C Dm7 Bb F
woah.
Bring me a high - er love,
57
C Dm7 Bb F
bring me a high - er love.
59
C Dm7 Bb F C
Bring me a high - der love.

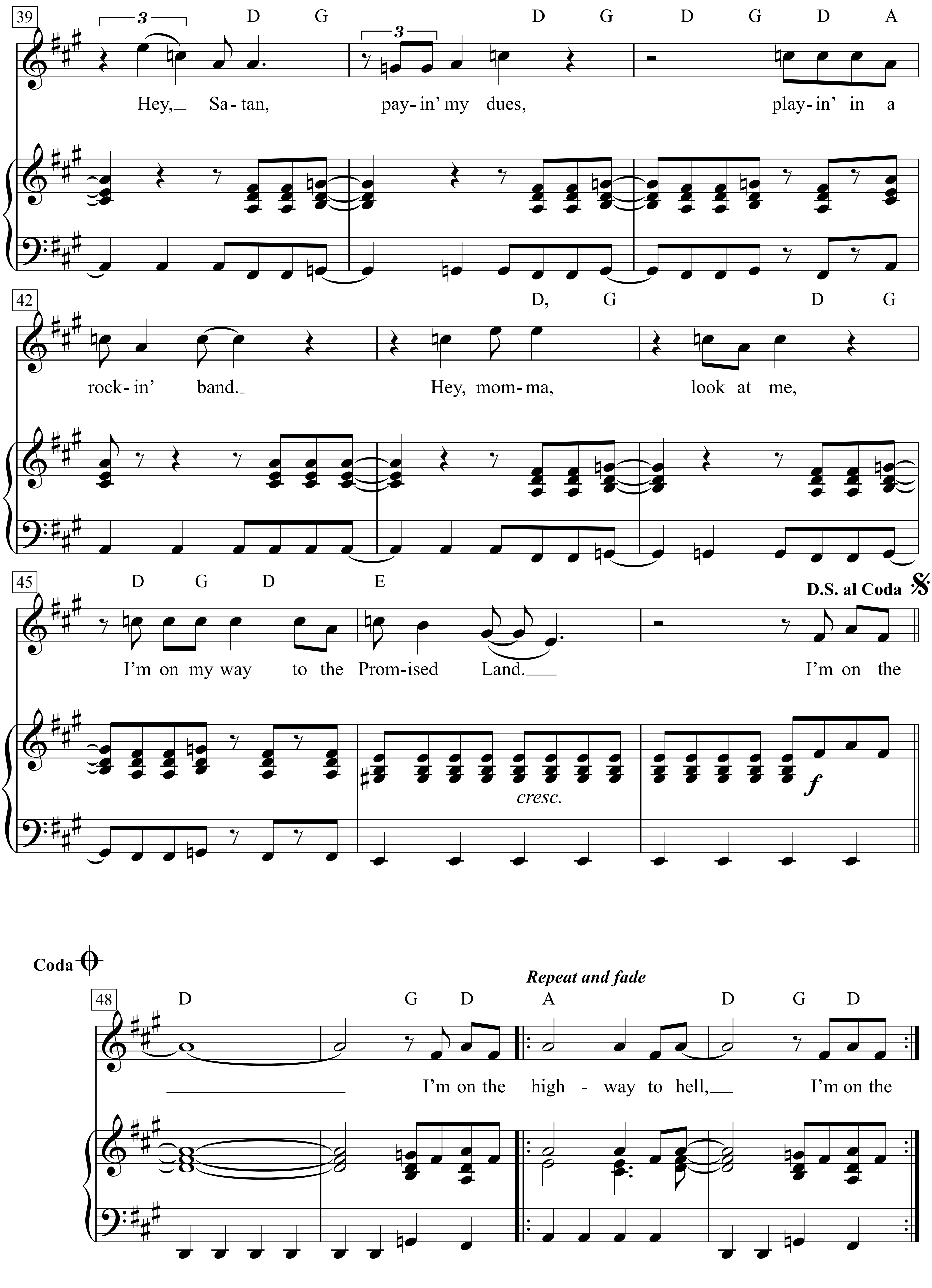
Highway to Hell

Words & Music by
Bon Scott, Malcolm Young and Angus Young
(AC/DC)




14
D G D G D A
3
don't need rhyme, ain't no-thin' I'd rath-er do.
17
D G D G D G D
Go-in' down, par-ty time, my friends are gon-na
20
E
Chorus
A
be there too. I'm on the high-way to hell,
cresc.
f
23
D G D A D G D
on the high-way to hell,

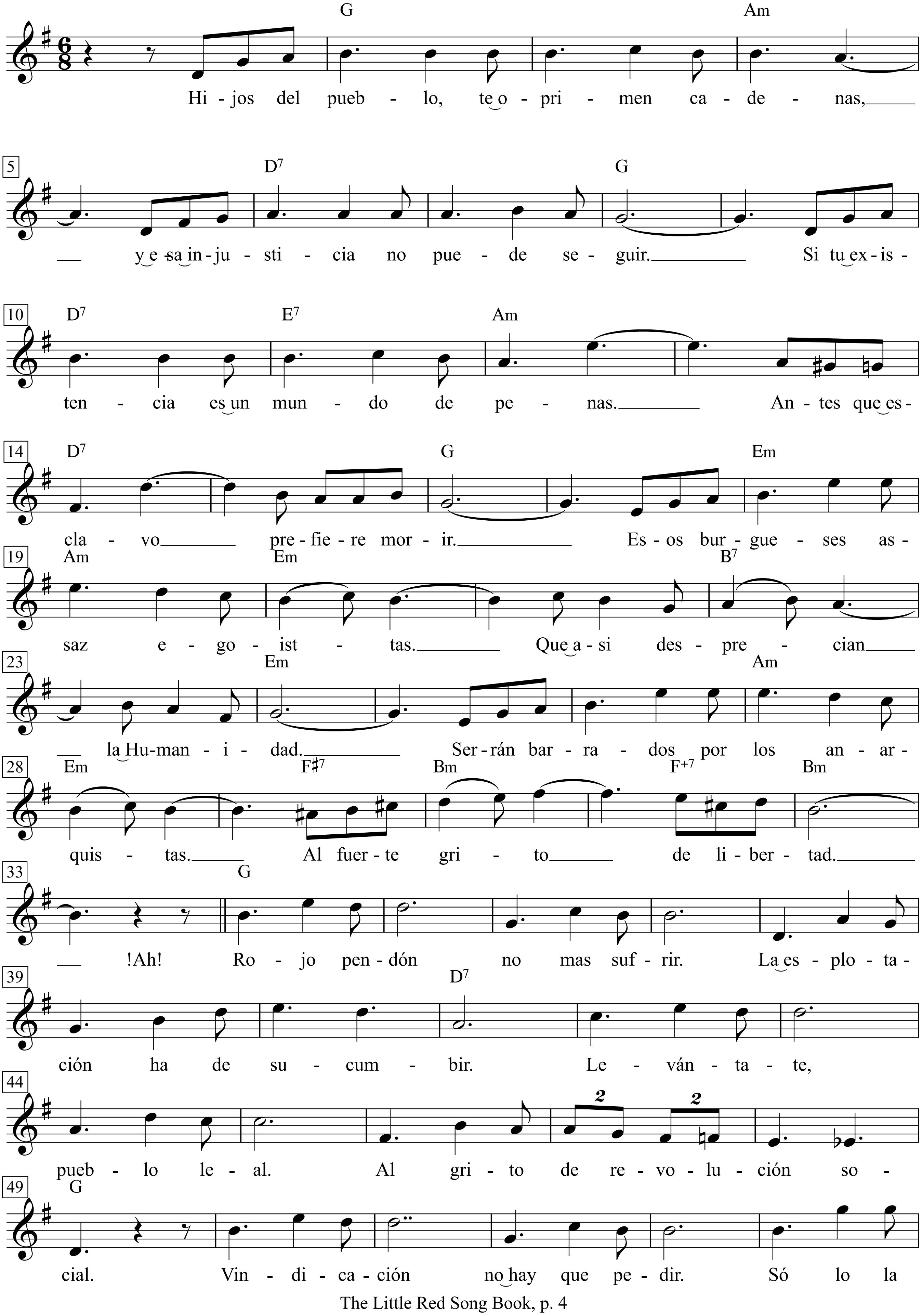

26
A D G D A
To Coda
high - way to hell, I'm on the high - way to hell.
29
D A D G D G
2. No stop signs, speed lim - it,
mf
33
D G D A D G
no - bod-y's gon-na slow me down. Like a wheel,
36
D G D G D A
gon-na spin it, no - bod-y's gon-na mess me a - round.

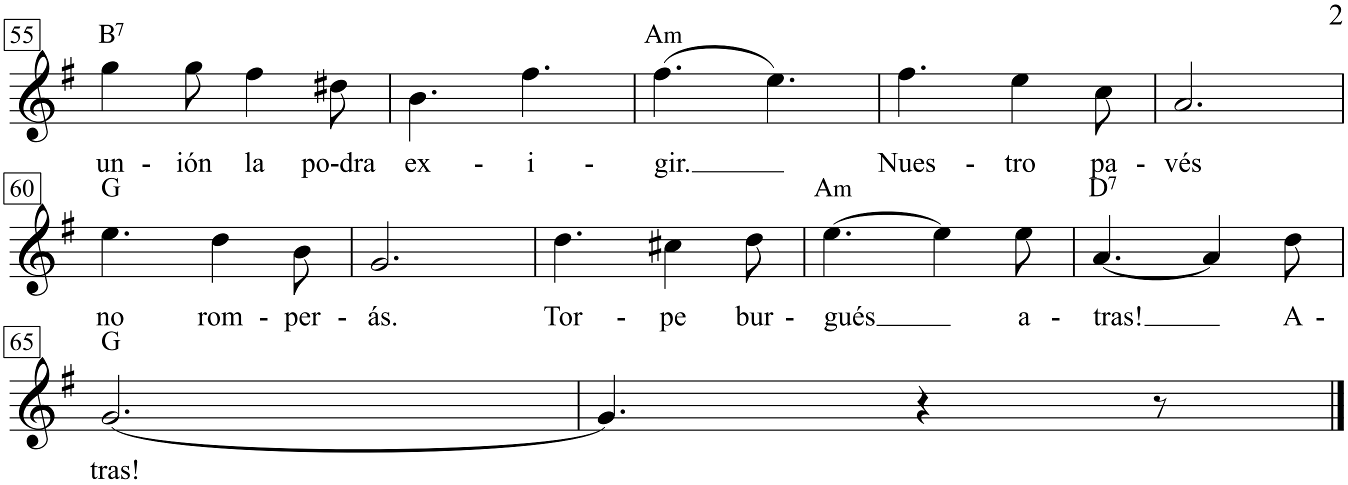

39
D G D G D G D A
Hey, Sa-tan, pay-in' my dues, play-in' in a
42
D, G D G
rock-in' band. Hey, mom-ma, look at me,
45
D G D E
D.S. al Coda
I'm on my way to the Prom-ised Land. I'm on the
cresc.
f
Coda
Repeat and fade
48
D G D A D G D
I'm on the high - way to hell, I'm on the

1. Livin' easy, livin' free, season ticket on a one-way ride.
Askin' nothing, leave me be, taking eve'rythin' in my stride.
Don't need reason, don't need rhyme, ain't nothin' I'd rather do.
Goin' down, party time, my friends are gonna be there too.
I'm on the highway to hell, on the highway to hell, highway to hell,
I'm on the highway to hell.

2. No stop signs, speed limit, nobody's gonna slow me down.
Like a wheel, gonna spin it, nobody's gonna mess me around.
Hey, Satan, payin' my dues, playin' in a rockin' band.
Hey, momma, look at me, I'm on my way to the Promised Land.
I'm on the I'm on the highway to hell, I'm on the

Hijos del pueblo

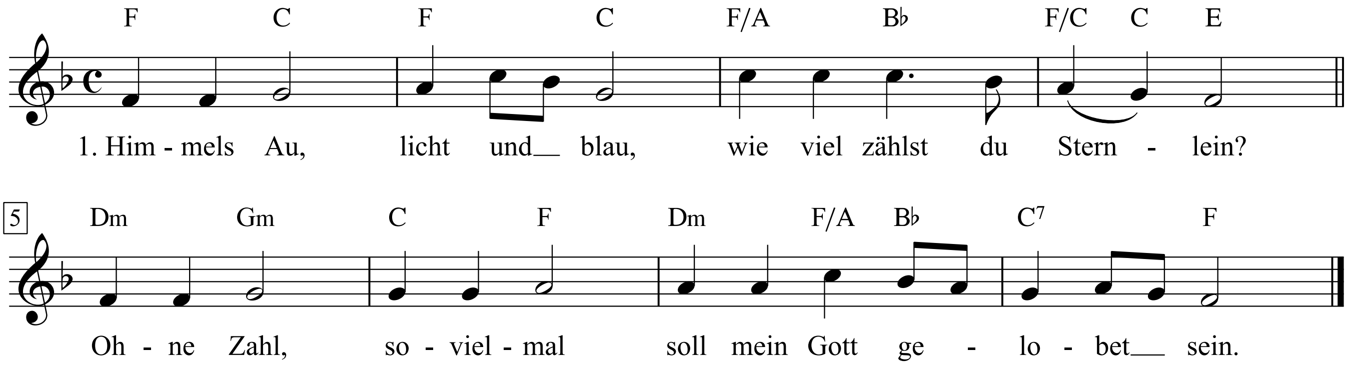



55
B7
Am
un - ión la po-dra ex - i - gir. Nues - tro pa - vés
60
G
Am
D7
no rom - per - ás. Tor - pe bur - gués a - tras! A -
65
G
tras!

Himmels Au, licht und blau

Text: spätes 18. Jahrhundert

Melodie: überliefert, seit 1835 gedruckt



1. Himmels Au, licht und blau,
wie viel zählst du Sternlein?
Ohne Zahl, sovielmal
soll mein Gott gelobet sein.

2. Gottes Welt, wohl bestellt,
wie viel zählst du Stäublein?

3. Sommerfeld, uns auch meld,
wie viel zählst du Gräslein?

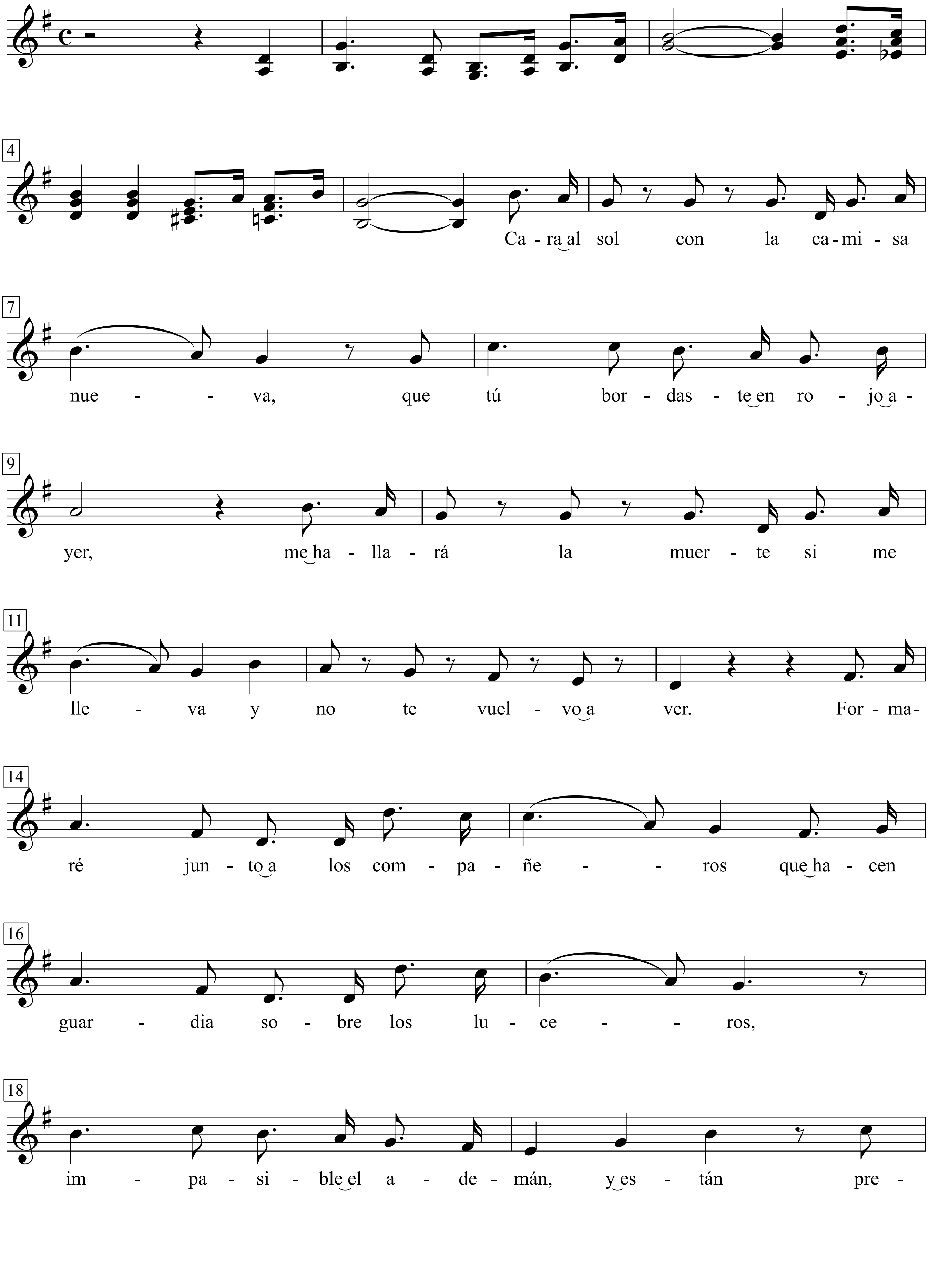
4. Dunkler Wald, grün gestalt,
wie viel zählst du Zweiglein?

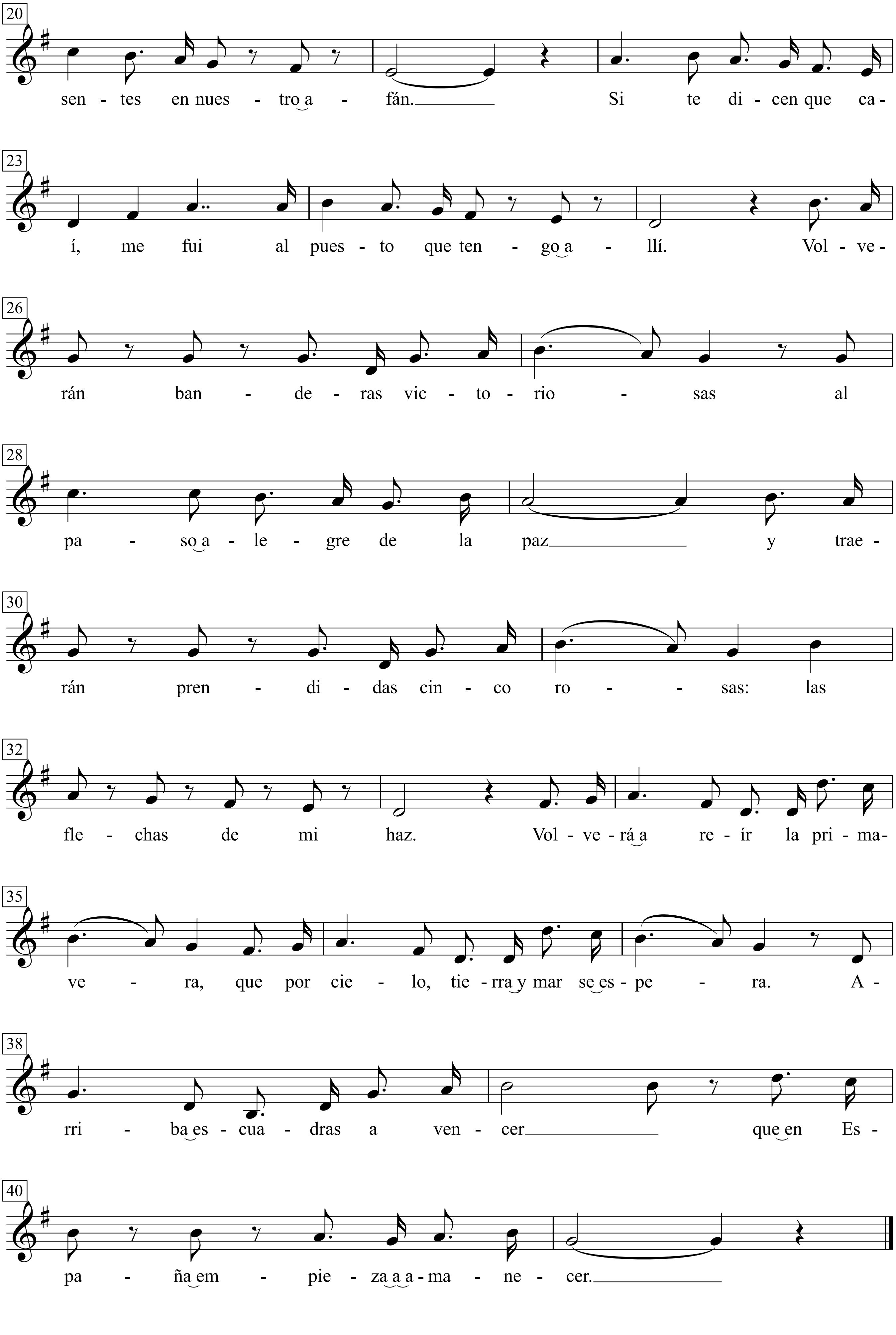
5. Tiefes Meer, weit umher,
wie viel zählst du Tröpflein?

6. Sonnenschein, klar und rein,
wie viel zählst du Fünklein?

7. Ewigkeit, lange Zeit,
wie viel zählst du Stündlein?

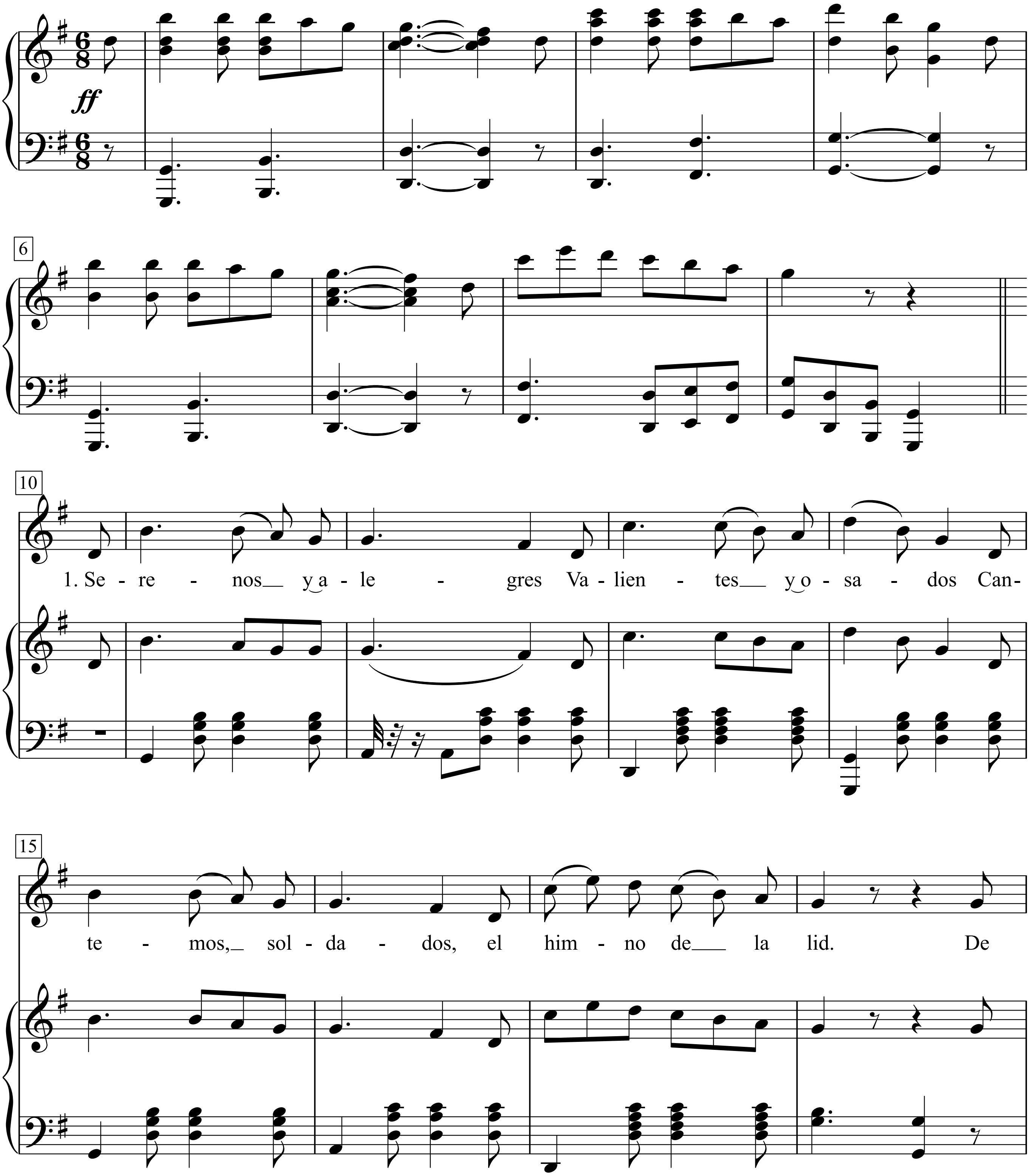
Himno de Falange

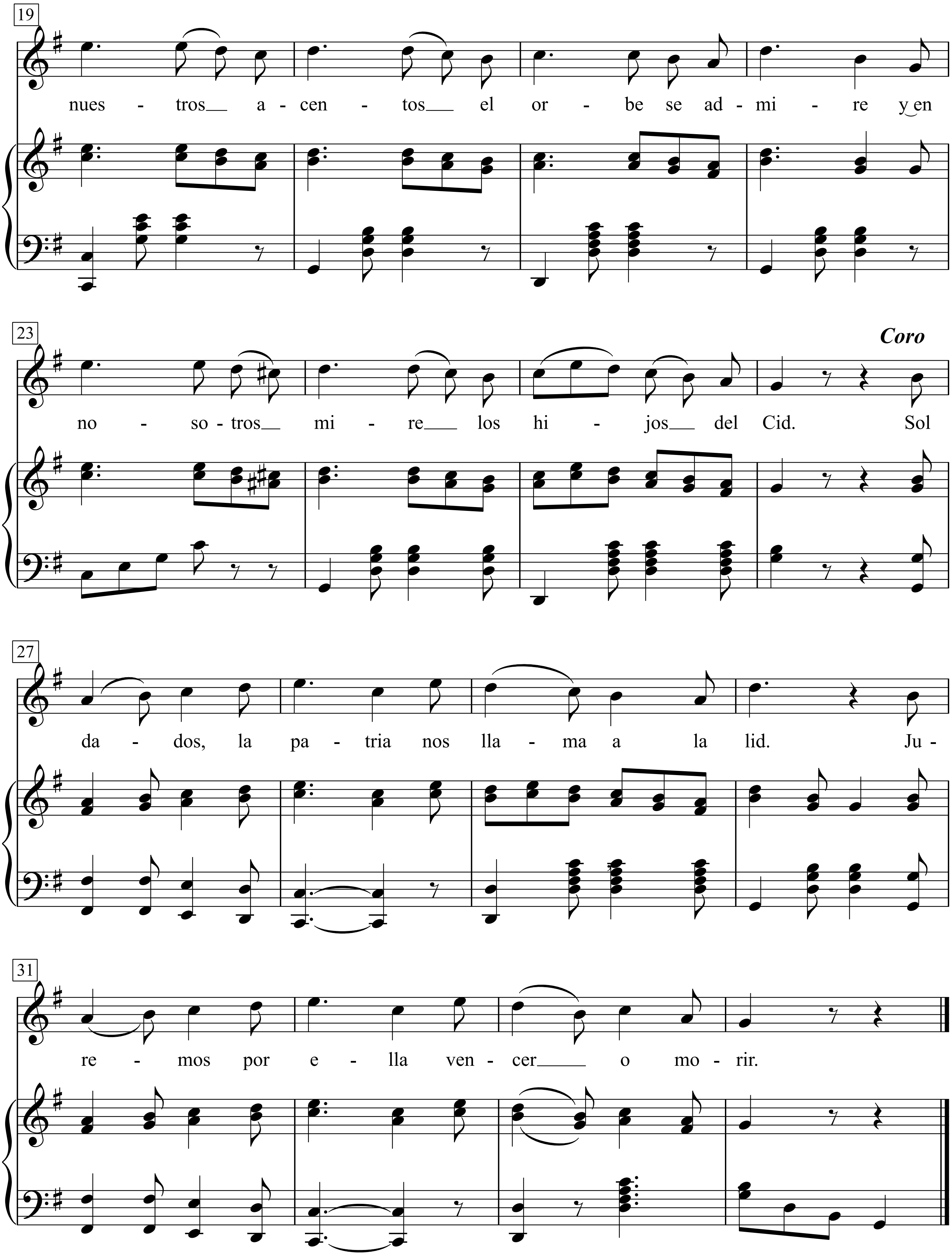



20
sen - tes en nues - tro a - fán. Si te di - cen que ca -
23
í, me fui al pues - to que ten - go a - llí. Vol - ve -
26
rán ban - de - ras vic - to - rio - sas al
28
pa - so a - le - gre de la paz y trae -
30
rán pren - di - das cin - co ro - - sas: las
32
fle - chas de mi haz. Vol - ve - rá a re - ír la pri - ma -
35
ve - ra, que por cie - lo, tie - rra y mar se es - pe - ra. A -
38
rri - ba es - cua - dras a ven - cer que en Es -
40
pa - ña em - pie - za a a - ma - ne - cer.

Himno de Riego

Allegretto maestoso




19
nues - tros a - cen - tos el or - be se ad - mi - re y͜ en
23
Coro
no - so - tros mi - re los hi - jos del Cid. Sol
27
da - dos, la pa - tria nos lla - ma a la lid. Ju -
31
re - mos por e - lla ven - cer o mo - rir.

1. Serenos y alegres
Valientes y osados
Cantemos, soldados,
El himno de la lid.
De nuestros acentos
El orbe se admire
Y en nosotros mire
Los hijos del Cid.

Coro
Soldados, la patria
Nos llama a la lid,
Juremos por ella
Vencer o morir.

2. El mundo vió nunca
Mas noble osadía
Ni vió nunca un día
Mas grande el valor
Que aquel que inflamados
Nos oimos del fuego
Excitar a Riego
De patria el amor.

Coro

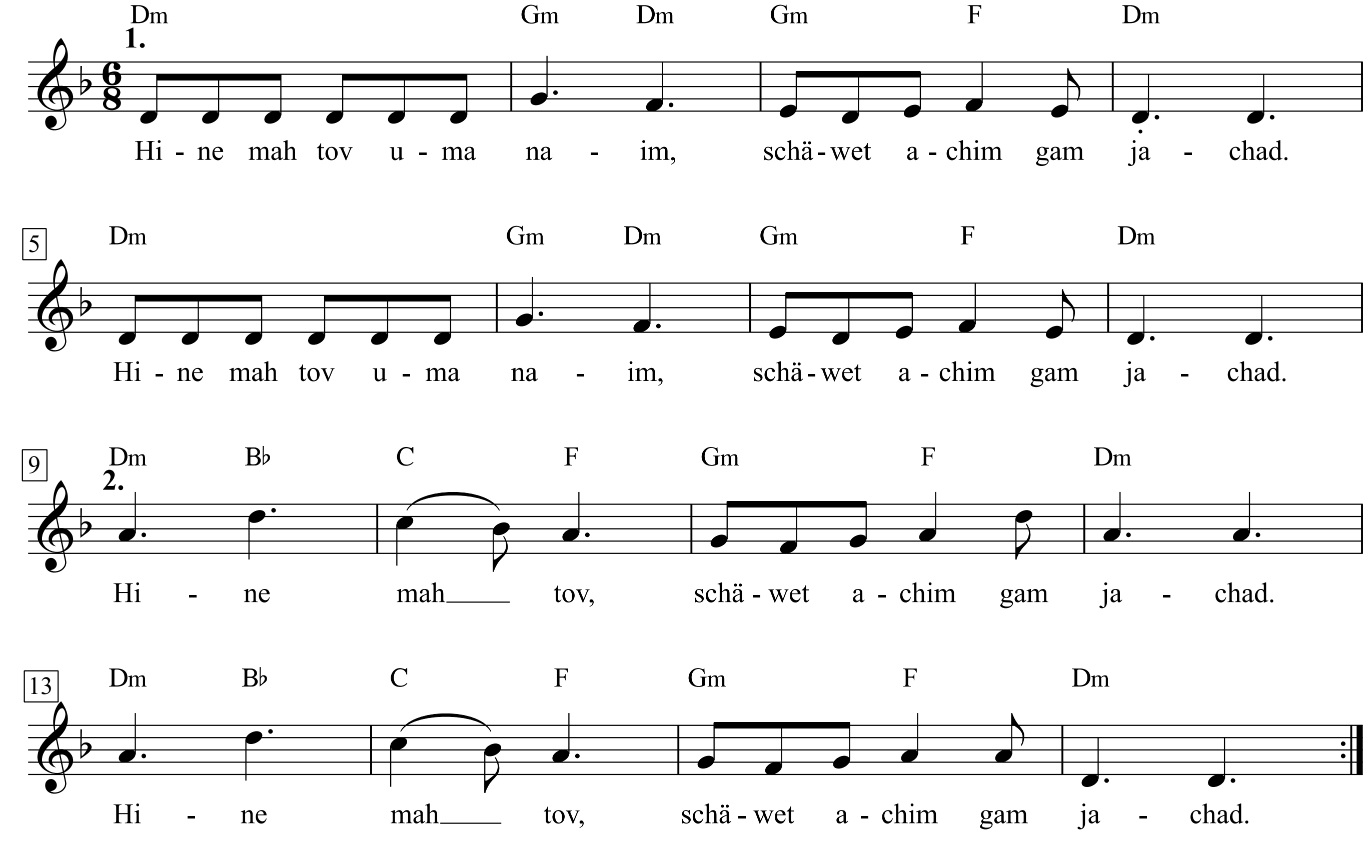
3. La trompa guerrera
Sus ecos da al viento
Horror al sediento
Ya ruge el cañón.
Y a Marte sañudo
La audacia provoca
Y el ingenio invoca
De nuestra nación.

Coro

Hine mah tov

Kanon zu 2 Stimmen

Text: nach Psalm 133,1 *Melodie:* aus Israel



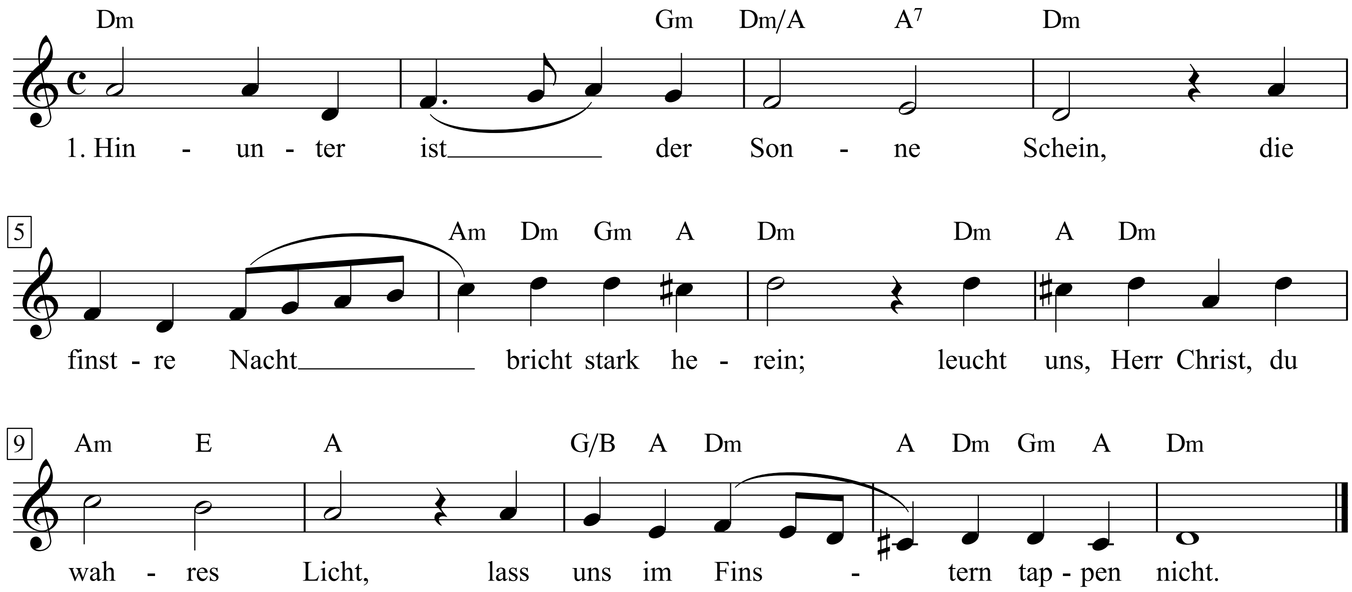
Hine mah tov uma naim,
schäwet achim gam jachad.
Hine mah tov uma naim,
schäwet achim gam jachad.
Hine mah tov, schäwet achim gam jachad.
Hine mah tov, schäwet achim gam jachad.

Textübertragung:
Seht doch, wie gut und schön es ist,
wenn Brüder miteinander in Eintracht wohnen.

Hinunter ist der Sonne Schein

Text: Nikolaus Herman (um 1480/1500-1561), 1560

Melodie: Melchior Vulpius (um 1570-1615), »Ein schön geistlich Gesangbuch«, 1609



1. Hinunter ist der Sonne Schein,
die finstre Nacht bricht stark herein;
leucht uns, Herr Christ, du wahres Licht,
lass uns im Finstern tappen nicht.

2. Dir sei Dank, dass du uns den Tag
vor Schaden, Gfahr und mancher Plag
durch deine Engel hast behüt
aus Gnad und väterlicher Güt.

3. Womit wir heut erzürnet dich,
dasselb verzeih uns gnädiglich
und rechn es unsrer Seel nicht zu;
lass schlafen uns mit Fried und Ruh.

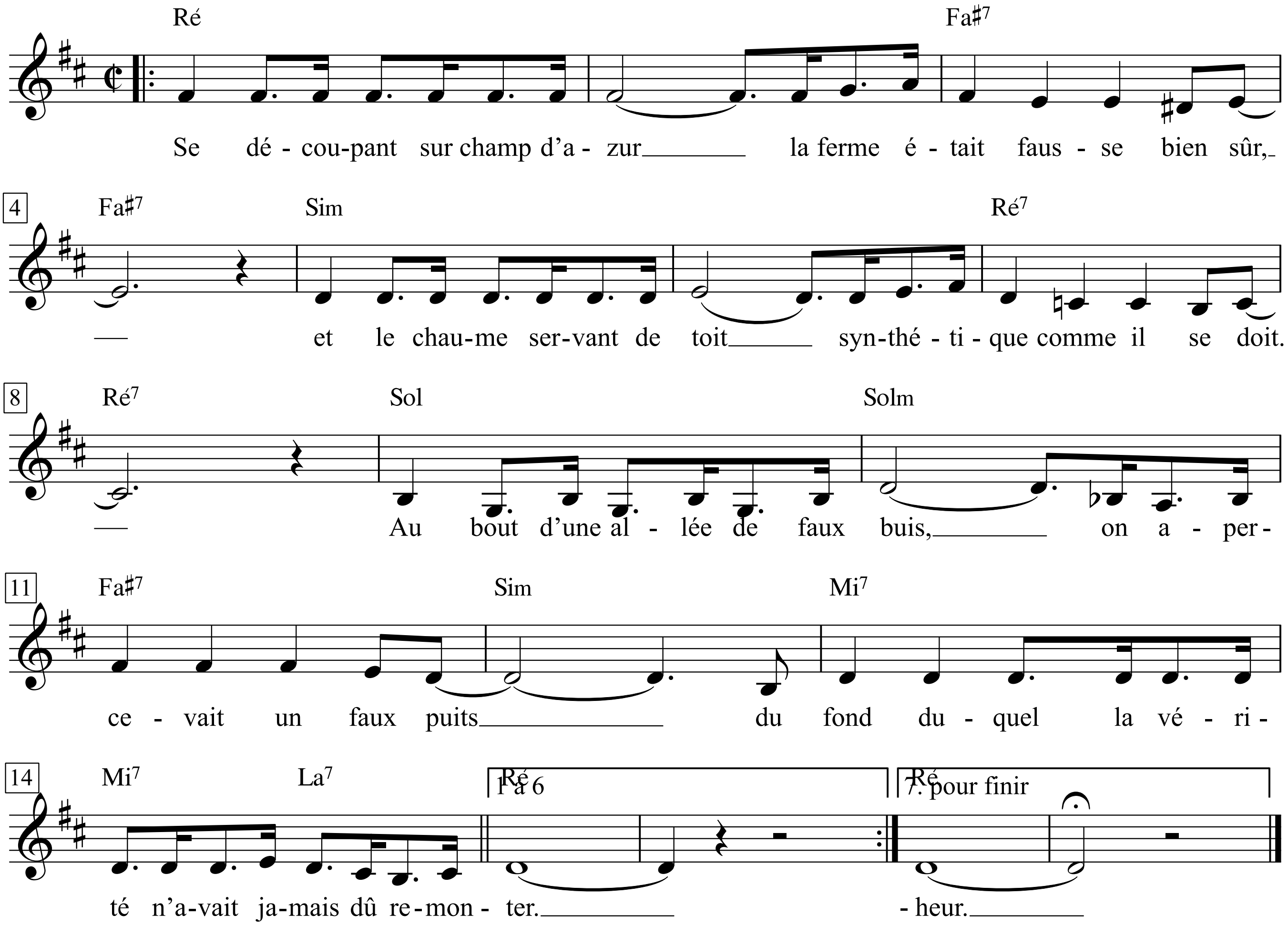
4. Durch dein Engel die Wach bestell,
dass uns der böse Feind nicht fäll.
Vor Schrecken, Angst und Feuersnot
behüte uns, o lieber Gott.

Histoire de faussaire

(Fälschergeschichte)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens

Moderato



1. Se découpant sur champ d'azur
La ferme était fausse bien sûr,
Et le chaume servant de toit
Synthétique comme il se doit.
Au bout d'une allée de faux buis,
On apercevait un faux puits
Du fond duquel la vérité
N'avait jamais dû remonter.

2. Et la maîtresse de céans
Dans un habit, ma foi, seyant
De fermière de comédie
A ma rencontre descendit,
Et mon petit bouquet, soudain,
Parut terne dans ce jardin
Près des massifs de fausses fleurs
Offrant les plus vives couleurs.

1. Vor dem blauen Hintergrund
war der Bauernhof natürlich falsch,
und das Ried, als Dach,
synthetisch wie sich's gehört.
Am Ende der Allee aus Pseudo-Buxbaum
sah man einen falschen Brunnen,
von dessen Grund niemals
die Wahrheit emporgestiegen war.

2. Und die Herrin des Anwesens
in wahrlich passendem Gewand,
als Bäuerin aus der Komödie,
kam mir entgegen, die Stufen herab,
und mein kleiner Strauß wirkte plötzlich
blass in diesem Garten
neben aufgetürmten falschen Blumen
in kräftigsten Farben.

3. Ayant foulé le faux gazon,
Je la suivis dans la maison
Où brillait sans se consumer
Un genre de feu sans fumée.
Face au faux buffet Henri deux,
Alignés sur les rayons de
La bibliothèque en faux bois,
Faux bouquins achetés au poids.

3. Nach Überschreiten des falschen Rasens
folgte ich ihr ins Haus,
wo, ohne sich zu verzehren, leuchtete
eine Art Feuer ohne Rauch.
Gegenüber der falschen Henri-II-Anrichte
standen sortiert in den Regalen
der Bibliothek aus falschem Holz
falsche Bücher, nach Gewicht gekauft.

4. Faux Aubusson, fausses armures,
Faux tableaux de maîtres au mur,
Fausses perles et faux bijoux
Faux grains de beauté sur les joues,
Faux ongles au bout des menottes,
Piano jouant des fausse notes
Avec des touches ne devant
Pas leur ivoire aux éléphants.

4. Falscher Teppich, falsche Harnische,
falsche Bilder von Meistern an den Wänden,
falsche Perlen und falsche Juwelen,
falsche Schönheitsmale auf den Wangen,
falsche Nägel an den Fingerspitzen,
ein Piano, das falsche Noten spielte
mit Tasten, deren Elfenbein
nicht von Elefanten stammte.

5. Aux lueurs des fausses chandelles
Enlevant ses fausses dentelles,
Elle a dit, mais ce n'était pas
Sûr, tu es mon premier faux pas.
Fausse vierge, fausse pudeur,
Fausse fièvre, simulateurs,
Ces anges artificiels
Venus d'un faux septième ciel.

5. Im Glanz der falschen Kerzen
legte sie die falschen Spitzen ab
und sagte (aber das war nicht
sicher) »du bist mein erster Fehltritt«.
Falsche Jungfrau, falsche Scham,
falsches Fieber, Simulation
diese künstlichen Engel
aus einem falschen siebten Himmel.

6. La seule chose un peu sincère
Dans cette histoire de faussaire
Et contre laquelle il ne faut
Peut-être pas s'incrire en faux,
C'est mon penchant pour elle et mon
Gros point du côté du poumon
Quand amoureuse elle tomba
D'un vrai marquis de Carabas.

6. Das einzige halbwegs Echte
in dieser Fälschergeschichte,
das Einzige, wogegen man vielleicht
nicht falsches Zeugnis reden sollte,
war meine Schwäche für sie
und mein großer Klumpen im Hals,
als sie sich dann verliebte
in einen echten Marquis von Carabas.

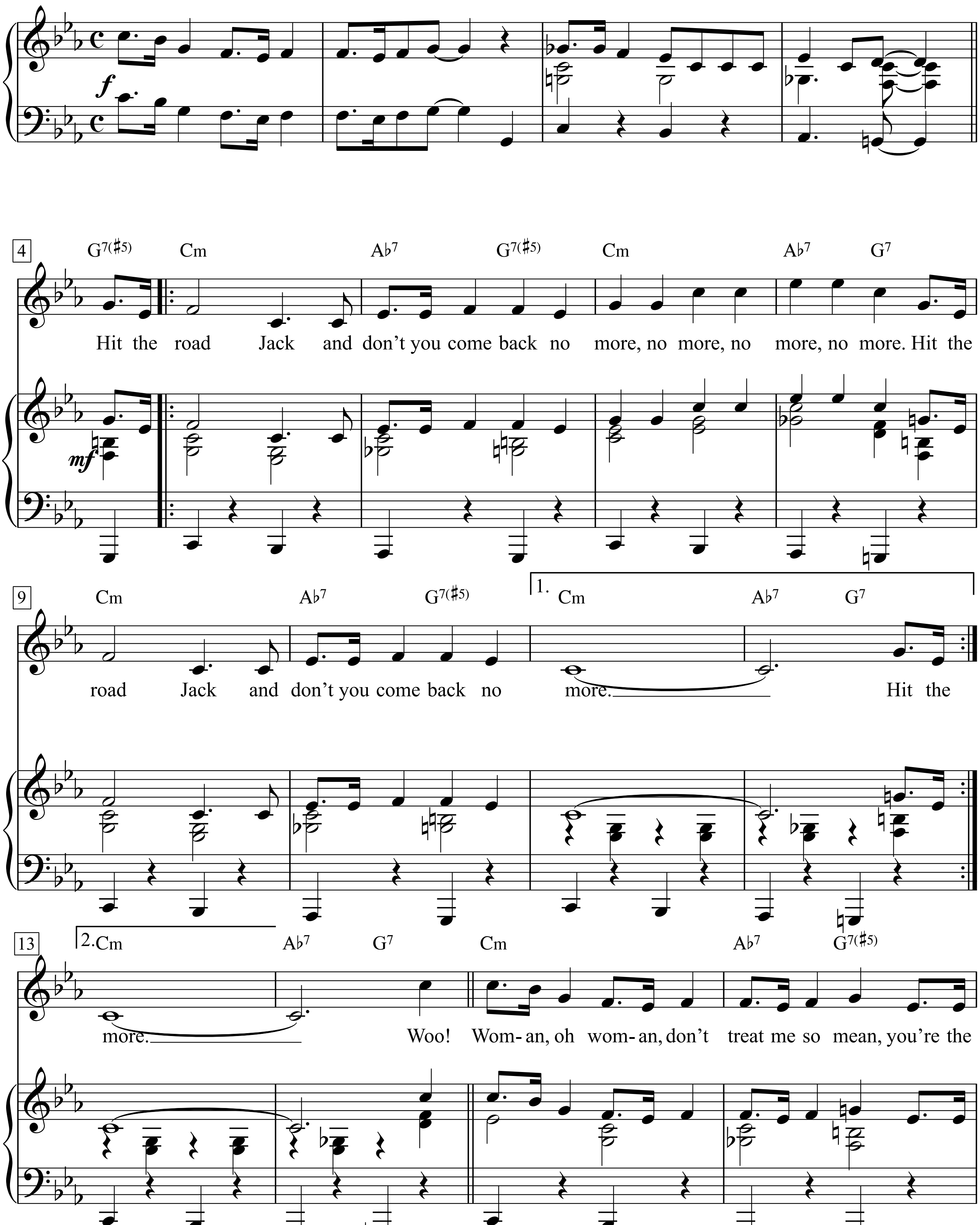
7. En l'occurrence Cupidon
Se conduisit en faux-jeton,
En véritable faux témoin,
Et Vénus aussi, néanmoins
Ce serait sans doute mentir
Par omission de ne pas dire
Que je leur dois quand même une heure
Authentique de vrai bonheur.

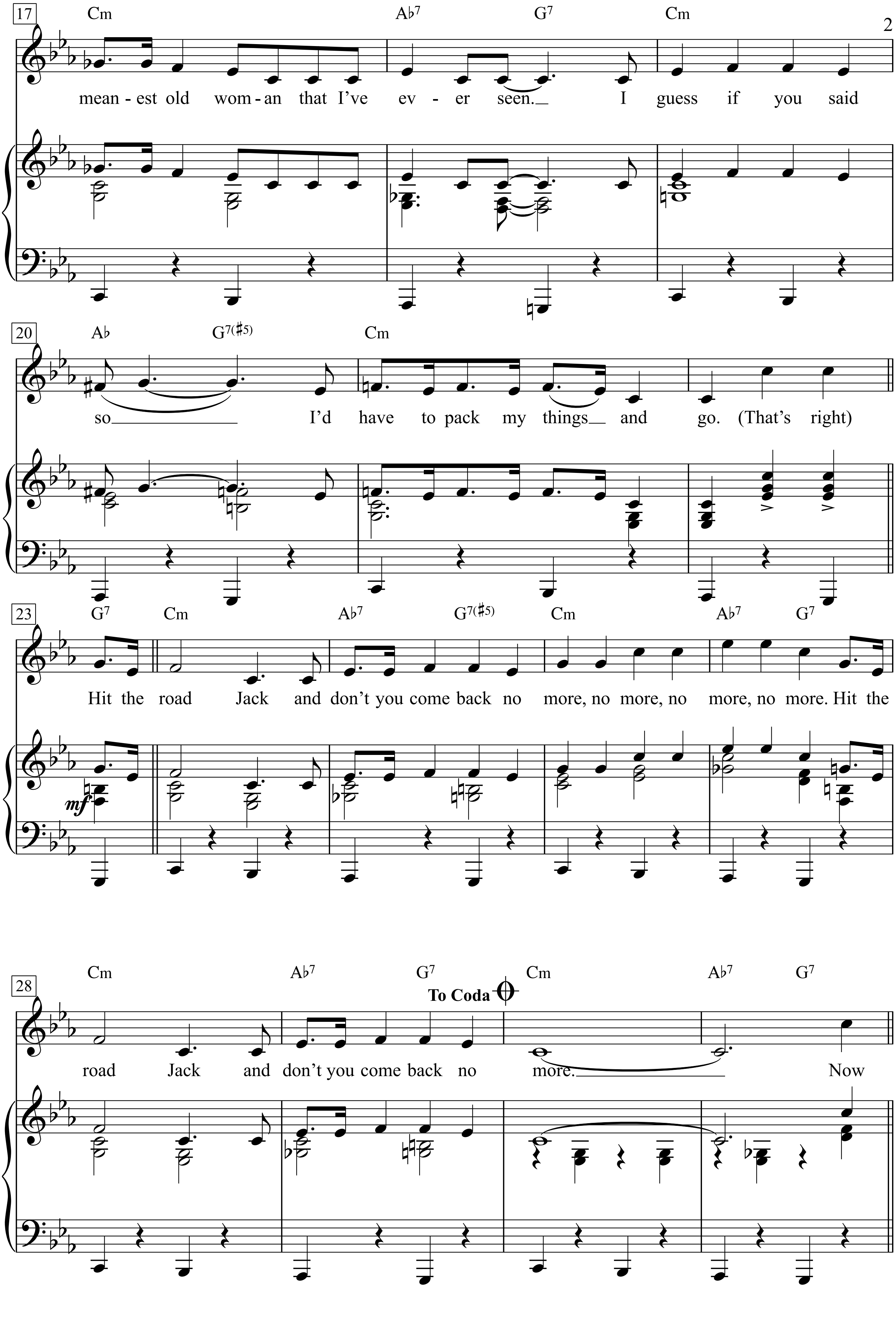
7. Bei der Gelegenheit zeigte sich Cupido
als falscher Fuffziger,
wahrlich falscher Zeuge,
und Venus ebenso; dennoch
wäre es zweifellos eine Lüge
durch Auslassung, wenn ich verschwiege,
dass ich ihnen immerhin eine Stunde
echten Glücks verdanke.

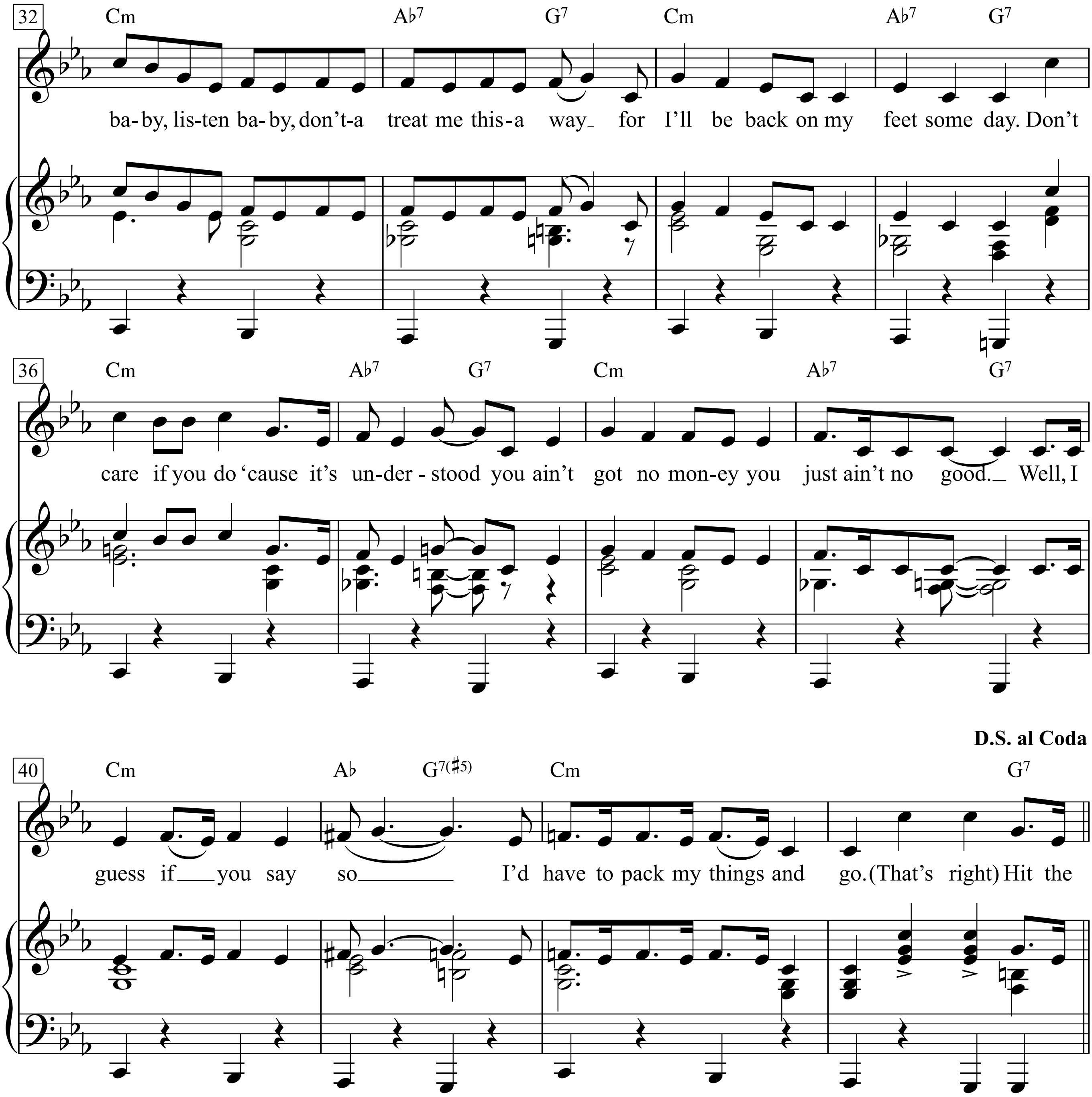
Hit The Road Jack

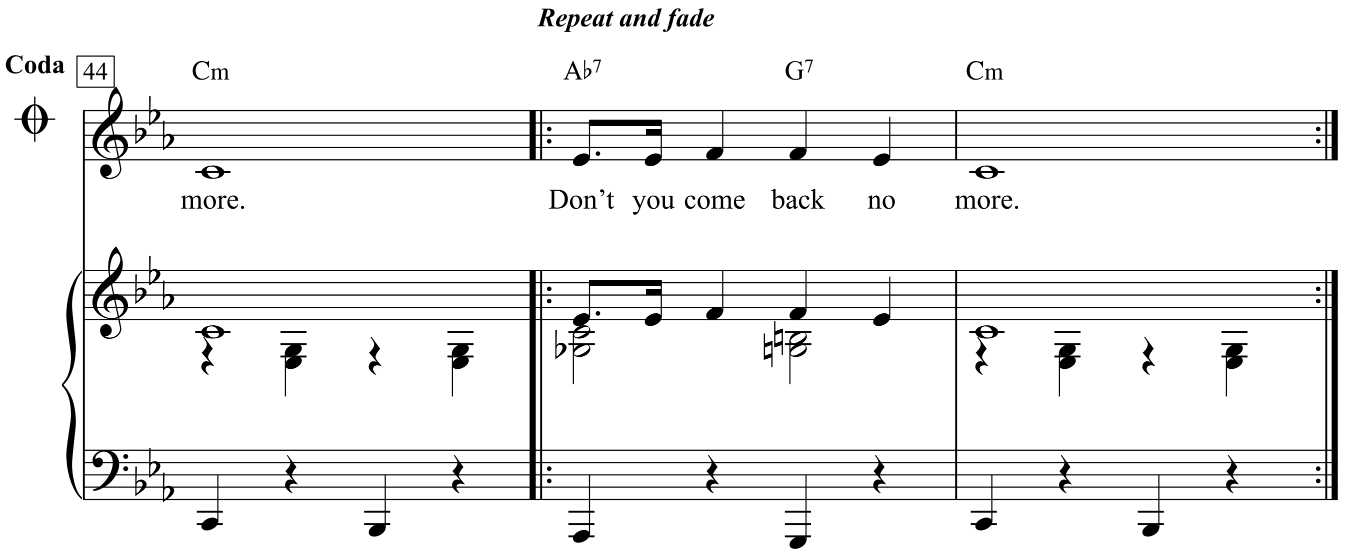
Words & Music by Percy Mayfield
(Ray Charles)

Moderate beat




17
Cm
A♭7
G7
Cm
mean - est old wom - an that I've ev - er seen. I guess if you said
20
A♭
G7(♯5)
Cm
so I'd have to pack my things and go. (That's right)
23
G7
Cm
A♭7
G7(♯5)
Cm
A♭7
G7
Hit the road Jack and don't you come back no more, no more, no more, no more. Hit the
mf
28
Cm
A♭7
G7
To Coda
Cm
A♭7
G7
road Jack and don't you come back no more. Now


32
Cm Ab7 G7 Cm Ab7 G7
ba-by, lis-ten ba-by, don't-a treat me this-a way_ for I'll be back on my feet some day. Don't
36
Cm Ab7 G7 Cm Ab7 G7
care if you do 'cause it's un-der-stood you ain't got no mon-ey you just ain't no good._ Well, I
D.S. al Coda
40
Cm Ab G7(#5) Cm G7
guess if_ you say so_ I'd have to pack my things and go. (That's right) Hit the


Repeat and fade
Coda
44
Cm
A♭7
G7
Cm
more.
Don't you come back no more.

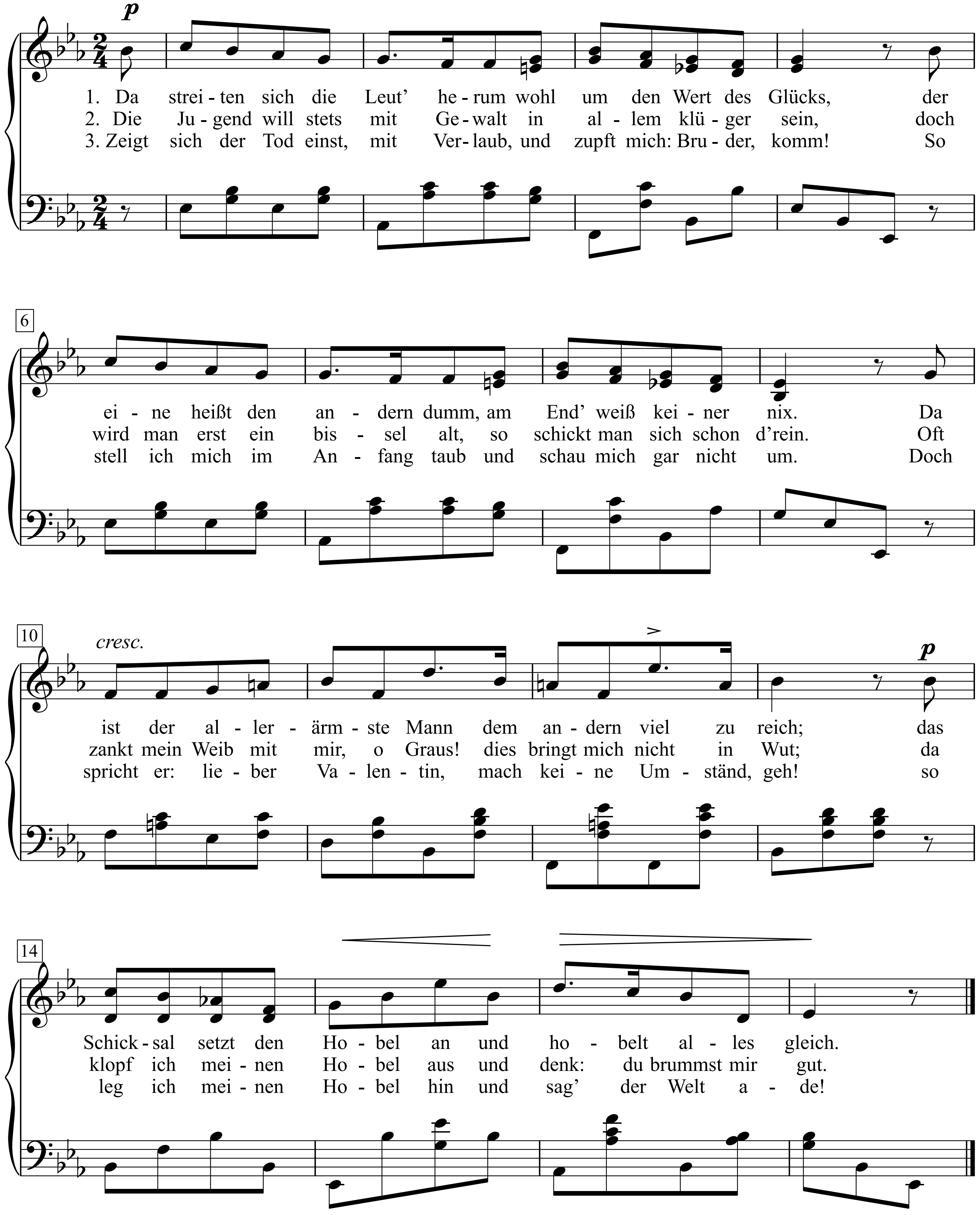
Hobellied

(*aus dem Wiener Volksstück* 'Der Verschwender' von Ferdinand Raimund

Ferdinand Raimund

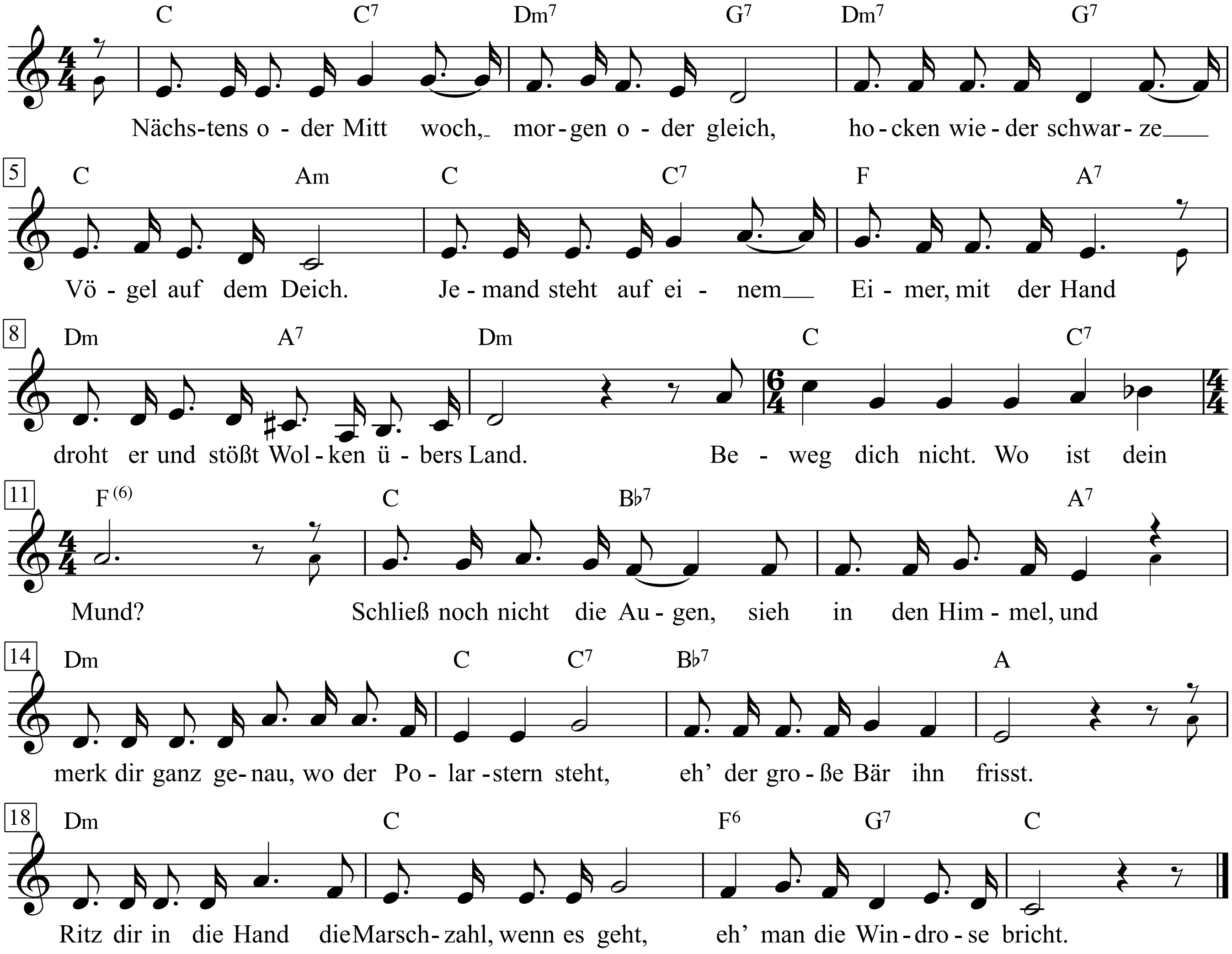
Gemütlich

Conradin Kreutzer



Hochzeit

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



1. Nächstens oder Mittwoch,
morgen oder gleich,
hocken wieder schwarze
Vögel auf dem Deich.
Jemand steht auf einem
Eimer, mit der Hand
droht er und stößt Wolken übers Land.
Beweg dich nicht.
Wo ist dein Mund?
Schließ noch nicht die Augen,
sieh in den Himmel, und
merk dir ganz genau,
wo der Polarstern steht,
eh' der große Bär ihn frisst.
Ritz dir in die Hand
die Marschzahl, wenn es geht,
eh' man die Windrose bricht.

2. Mach unsern Kindern Kleider
aus Fischhaut und Asbest.
Näh die schwarzen Brillen
an ihren Ohren fest.
Auf dem Schulweg solln sie
dicht an Mauern gehn,
nie vom Himmel weg zu Boden sehn.
Jede Nacht
ruf' ich sie wach,
reite für ein Weilchen
mit ihnen auf dem Dach.
Zeig ihnen genau,
wo der Polarstern steht,
eh' der große Bär ihn frisst.
Ritz jedem in die Hand
die Marschzahl, wenn es geht,
eh' man die Windrose bricht.

3. Keine Tasse halten
wir in unserm Schrank.
Gold zerschmilzt, wir füllen
Schnaps in einen Tank,
werfen Grundsteinstückchen
flach über den Fluss –
ein Orakel, das uns sagen muss:
Springt ein Steinchen
dreimal hoch,
habt ihr noch ein Weilchen,
vielleicht drei Tage noch.
Drum merkt euch ganz genau,
wo der Polarstern steht,
eh' der große Bär ihn frisst.
Ritzt euch in die Hand
die Marschzahl, wenn es geht,
eh' man die Windrose bricht.

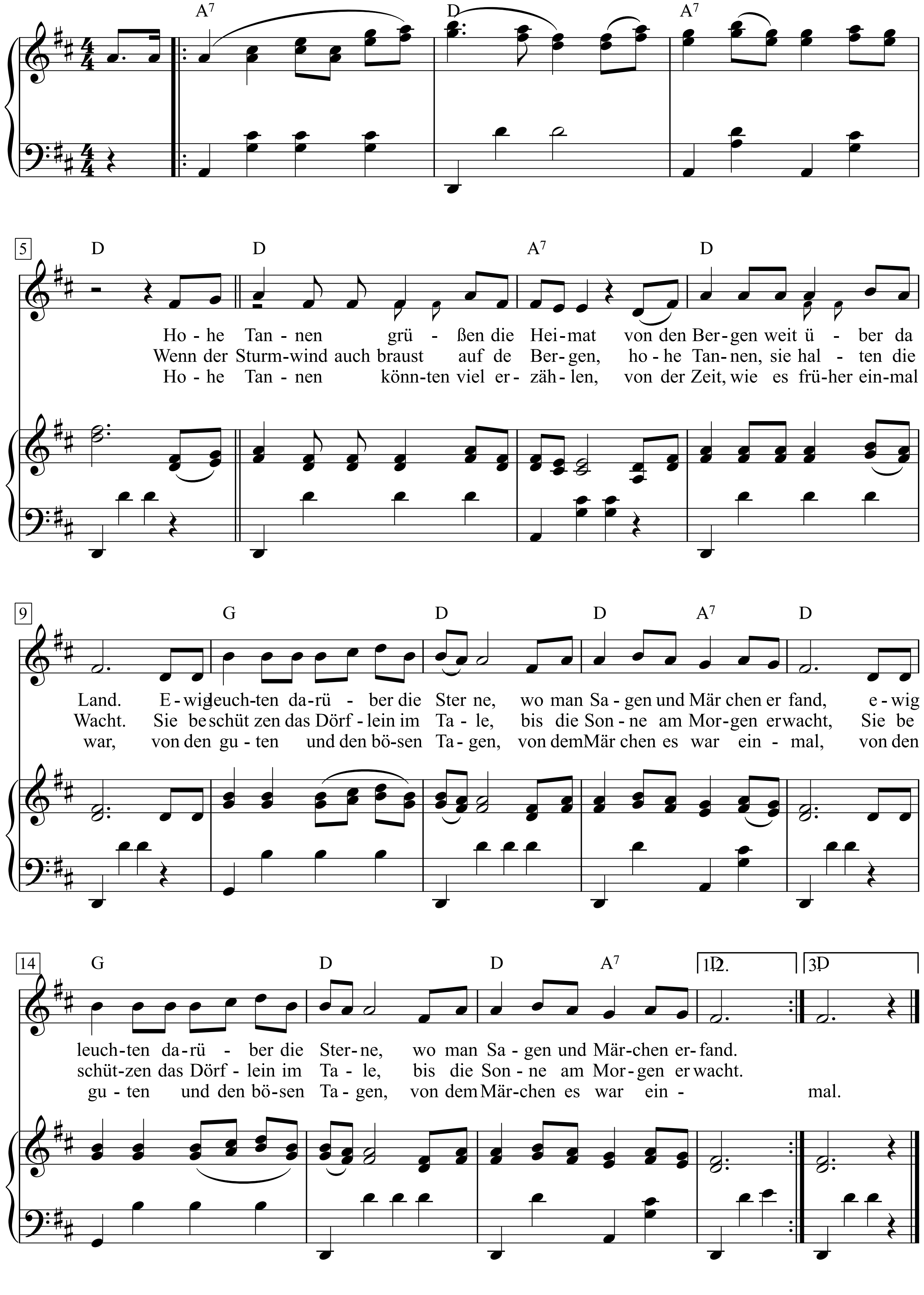
4. Schließ jetzt deine Augen.
Hochzeit halten wir.
Schnuppen falln vom Himmel,
noch schläft der große Bär.
Wünsch uns in ein Mondschiff,
das seinen Kurs nicht hält
und weiterfliegt bis an den Rand der Welt.
Die Jungfrau flackert –
schon vorbei –
und Kassiopeia lacht.
Die Milchstraße ist frei.
Schau raus, merk dir genau,
wo der Polarstern steht,
eh' der große Bär ihn frisst.
Ritz dir in die Hand
die Marschzahl, wenn es geht,
eh' man die Windrose bricht.

5. Wer wird jemals finden,
wo unser Bette was ?
Unter dieser Linden
brennt schon bald das Gras.
Wer spielt unsre Spiele,
liegt dann nachts noch wach,
rechnet noch mal unsre Chancen nach?
Beweg dich nicht.
Wo ist dein Mund?
öffne deine Augen,
sieh in den Himmel, und
merk dir ganz genau,
wo der Polarstern steht,
eh' der große Bär ihn frisst.
Ritz dir in die Hand
die Marschzahl, wenn es geht,
eh' man die Windrose bricht.

Hohe Tannen

Text: Jan Cordes

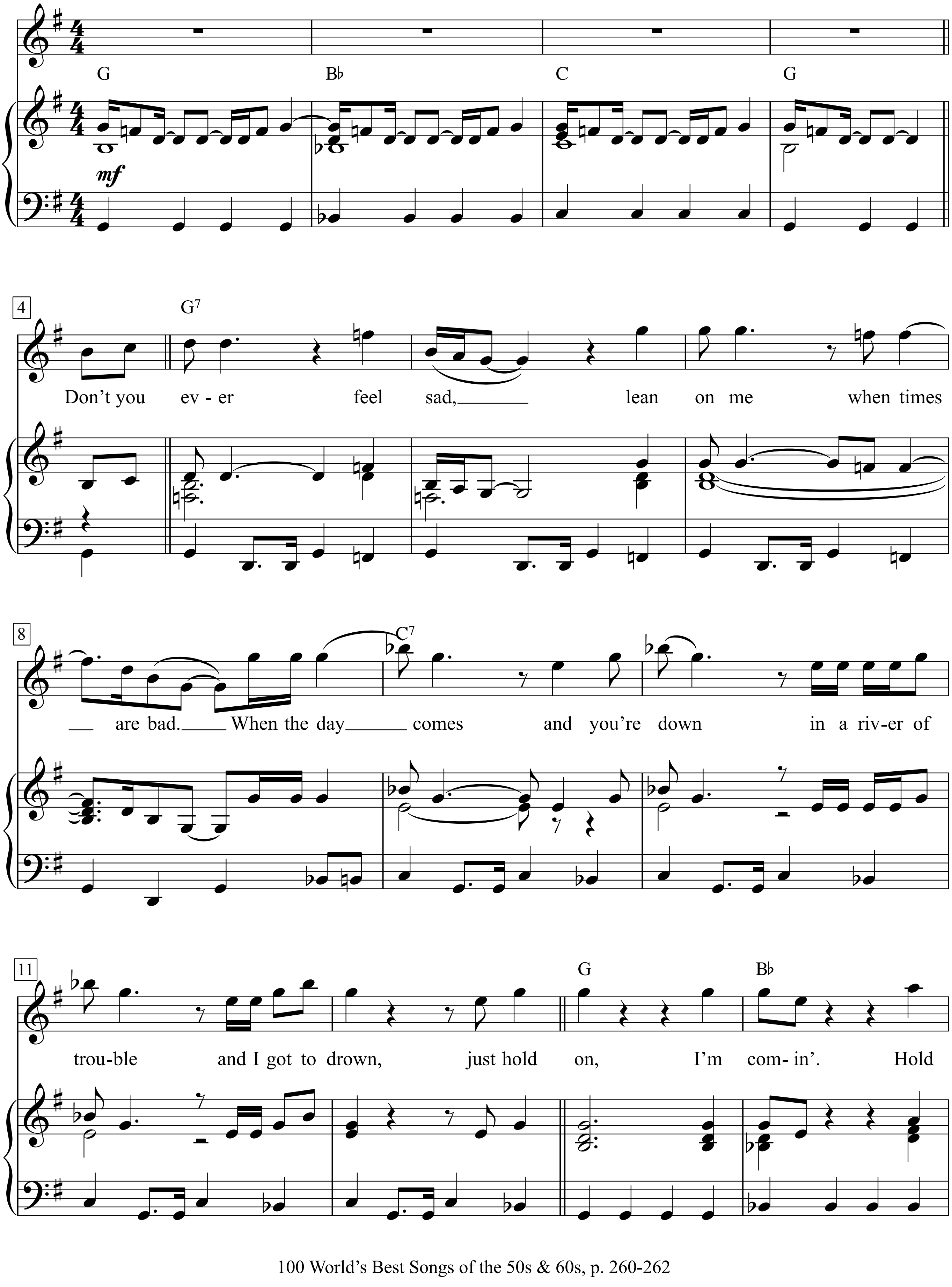
Musik: Volksweise / Barthel

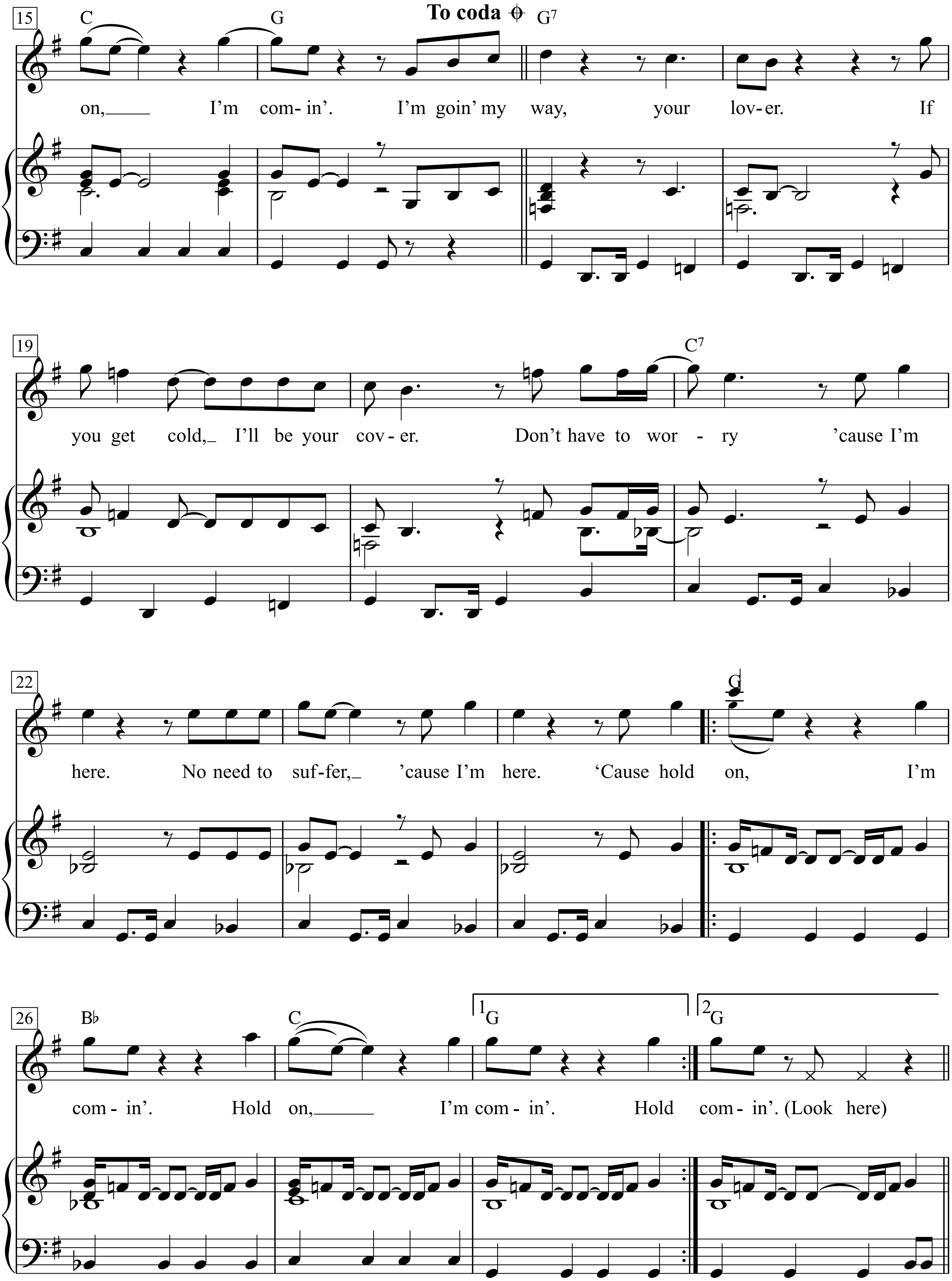


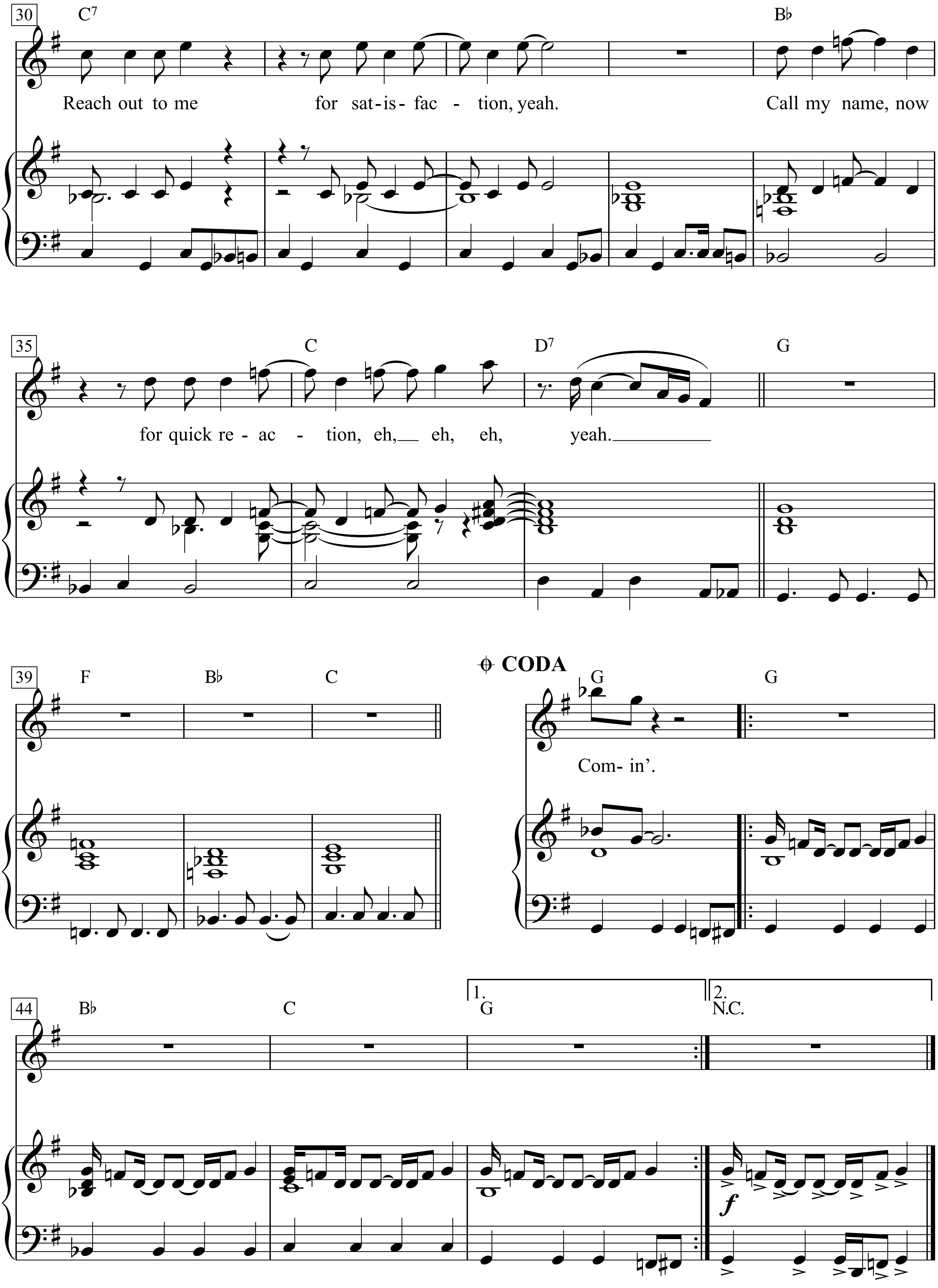
Hold On I'm Coming

Moderately, with a strong beat

Words & Music by
Isaac Hayes and David Porter
(Sam and Dave)



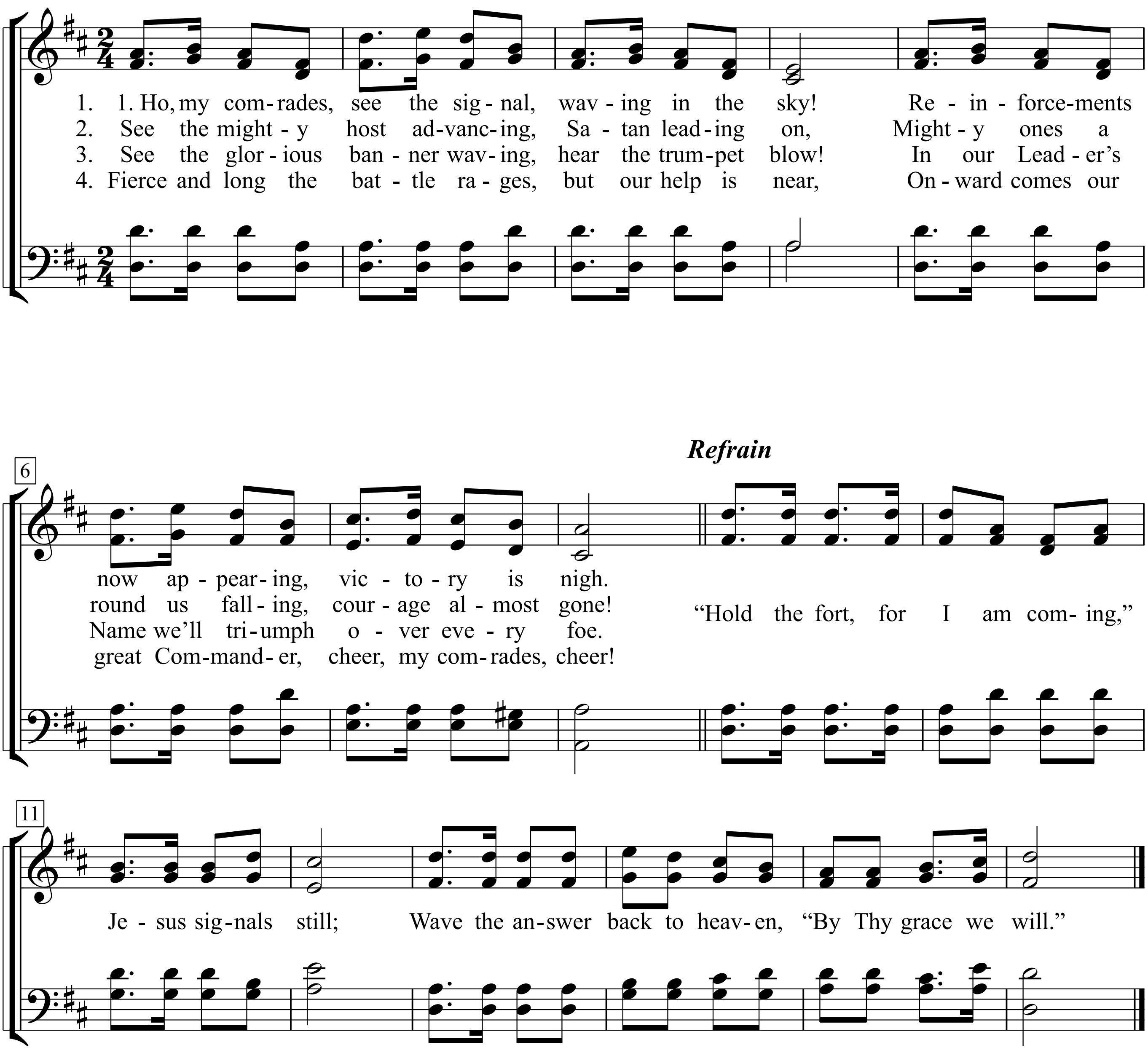

15
C
G
To coda
G7
on, I'm com- in'. I'm goin' my way, your lov- er. If
19
C7
you get cold, I'll be your cov- er. Don't have to wor - ry 'cause I'm
22
G
here. No need to suf- fer, 'cause I'm here. 'Cause hold on, I'm
26
B♭
C
1 G
2 G
com - in'. Hold on, I'm com - in'. Hold com - in'. (Look here)


30
C7
Reach out to me for sat-is-fac - tion, yeah.
B♭
Call my name, now
35
C
D7
G
for quick re - ac - tion, eh, eh, eh, yeah.
39
F
B♭
C
CODA
G
G
Com- in'.
44
B♭
C
1.
G
2.
N.C.
f

Hold The Fort

(1870)

Words & Music: Philipp Paul Bliss



PUBLIC DOMAIN

1. Ho, my comrades, see the signal, waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing, victory is nigh.
"Hold the fort, for I am coming," Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to heaven, "By Thy grace we will."

2. See the mighty host advancing, Satan leading on,
Mighty ones a round us falling, courage almost gone!
"Hold the fort, for I am coming," Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to heaven, "By Thy grace we will."

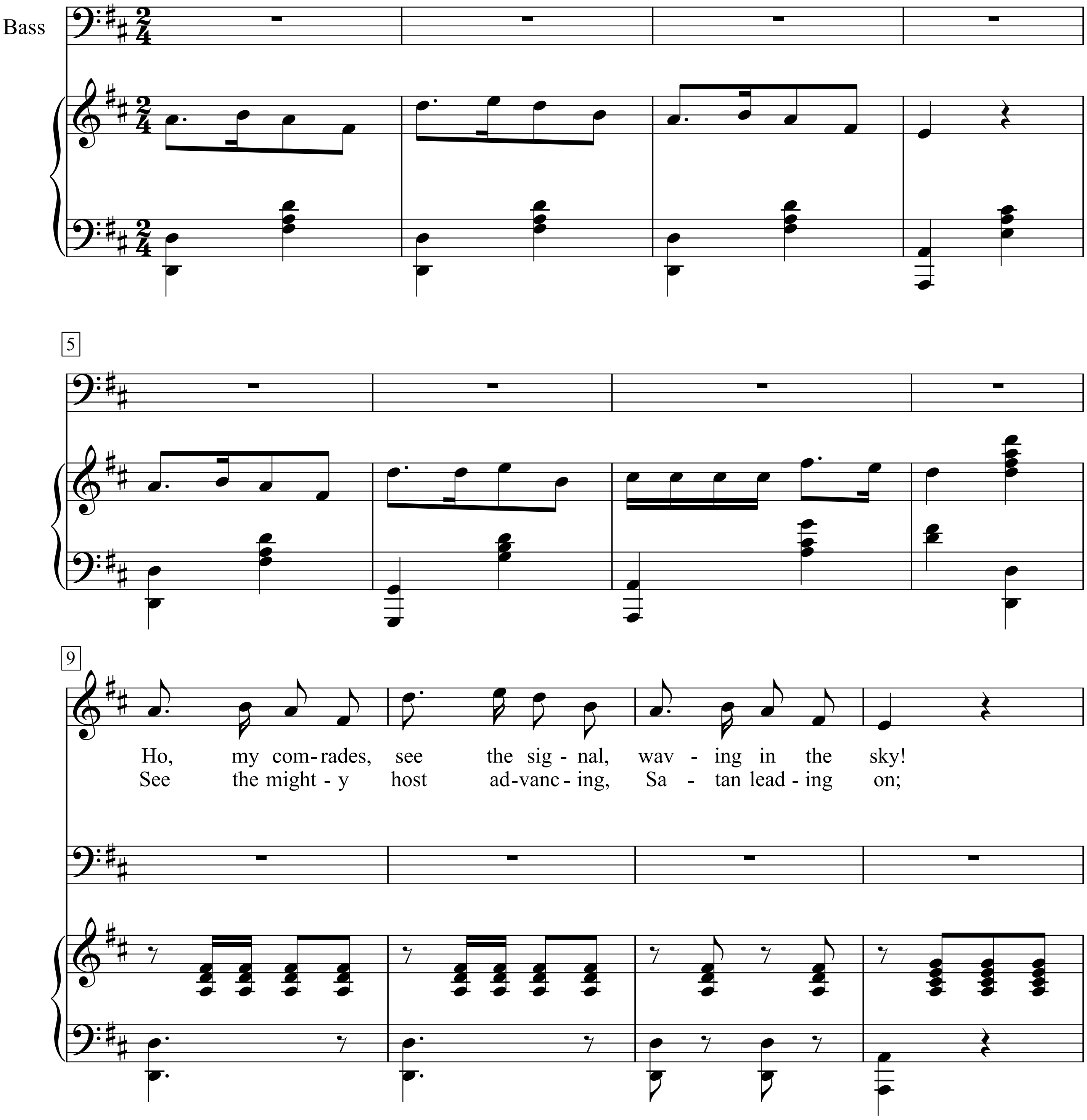
3. See the glorious banner waving, hear the trumpet blow!
In our Leader's Name we'll triumph over every foe.
"Hold the fort, for I am coming," Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to heaven, "By Thy grace we will."

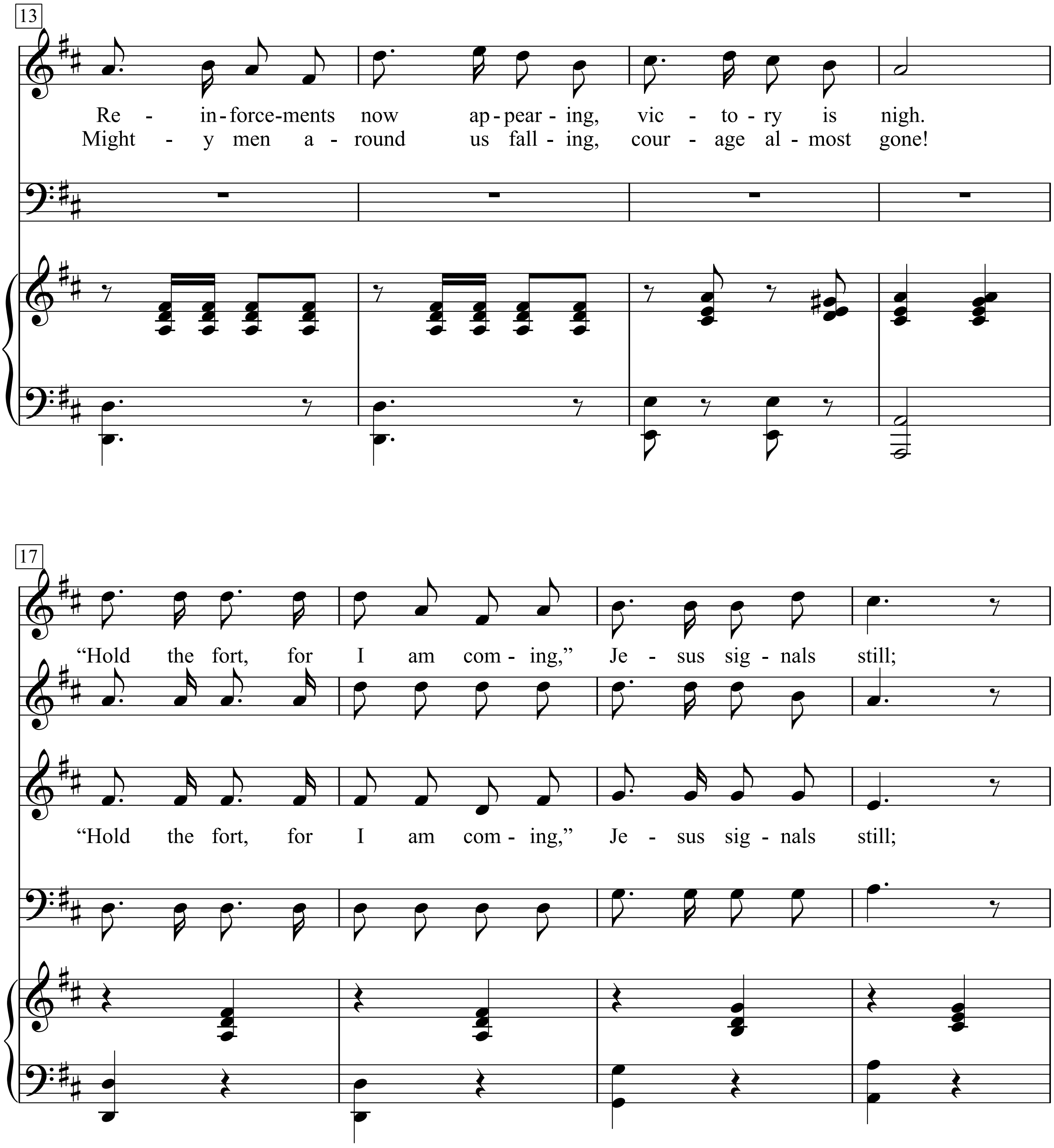
4. Fierce and long the battle rages, but our help is near,
Onward comes our great Commander, cheer, my comrades, cheer!
"Hold the fort, for I am coming," Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to heaven, "By Thy grace we will."

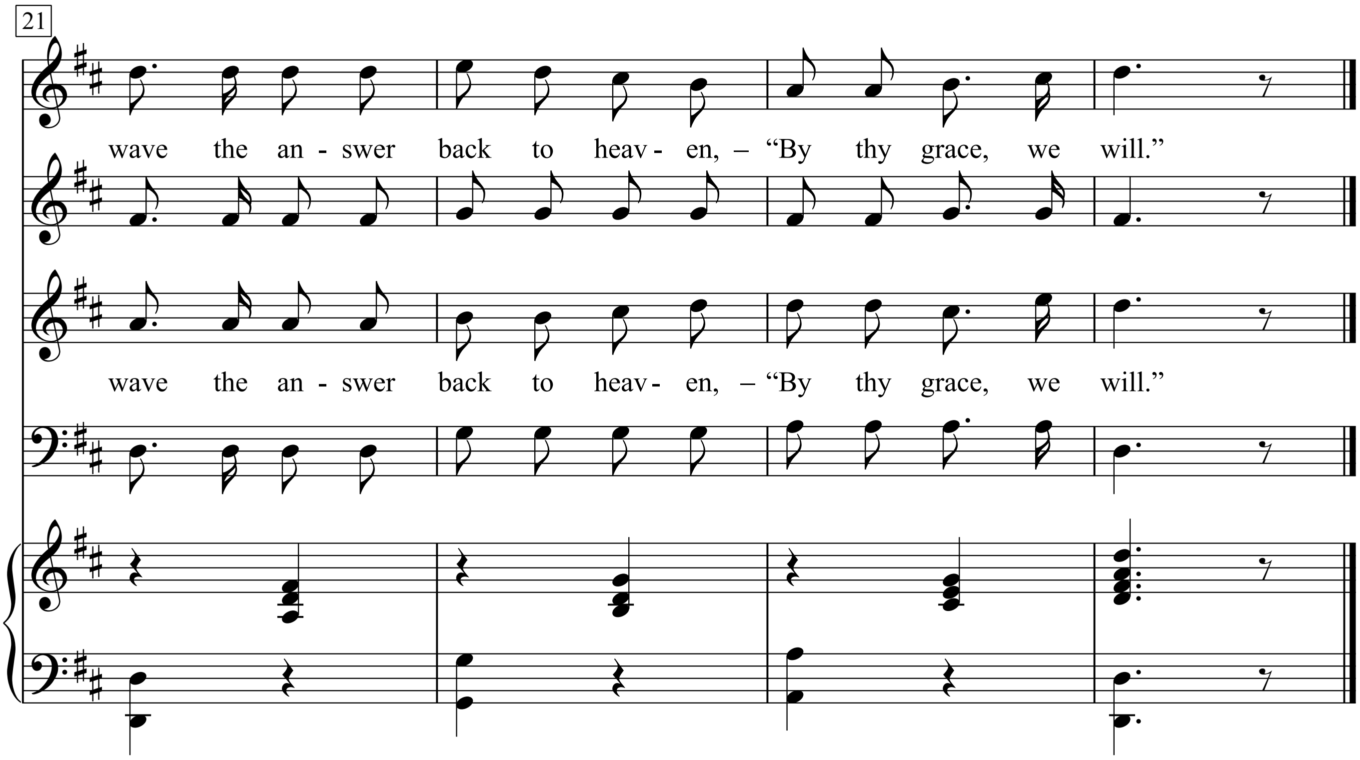
Hold The Fort

(1870)

Words & Music: Philipp Paul Bliss




13
Re - in-force-ments now ap-pear - ing, vic - to - ry is nigh.
Might - y men a - round us fall - ing, cour - age al - most gone!
17
“Hold the fort, for I am com - ing,” Je - sus sig - nals still;
“Hold the fort, for I am com - ing,” Je - sus sig - nals still;



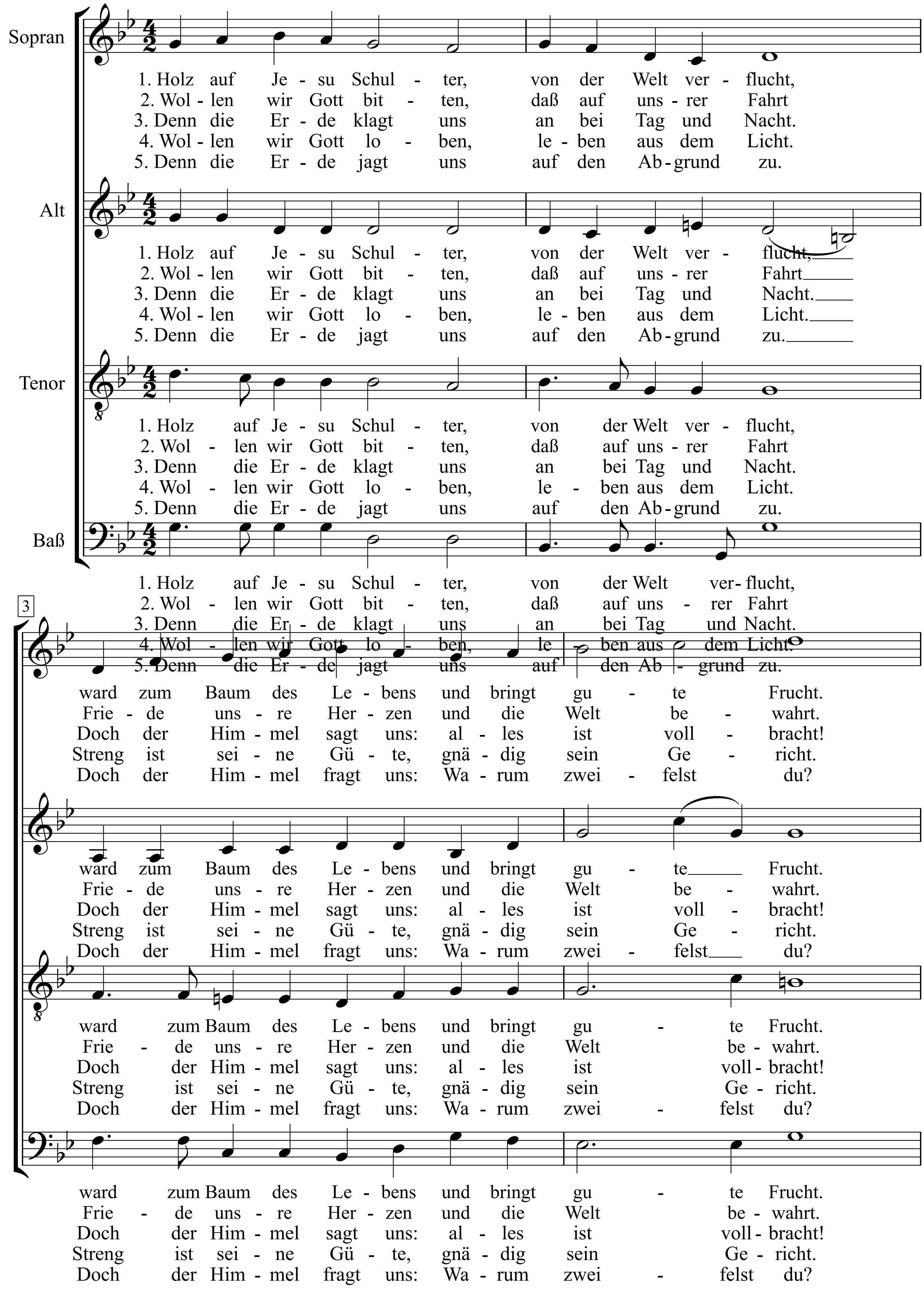
3. See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the ble blow;
In our LeaderÄs name we'll triumph
Over every foe.

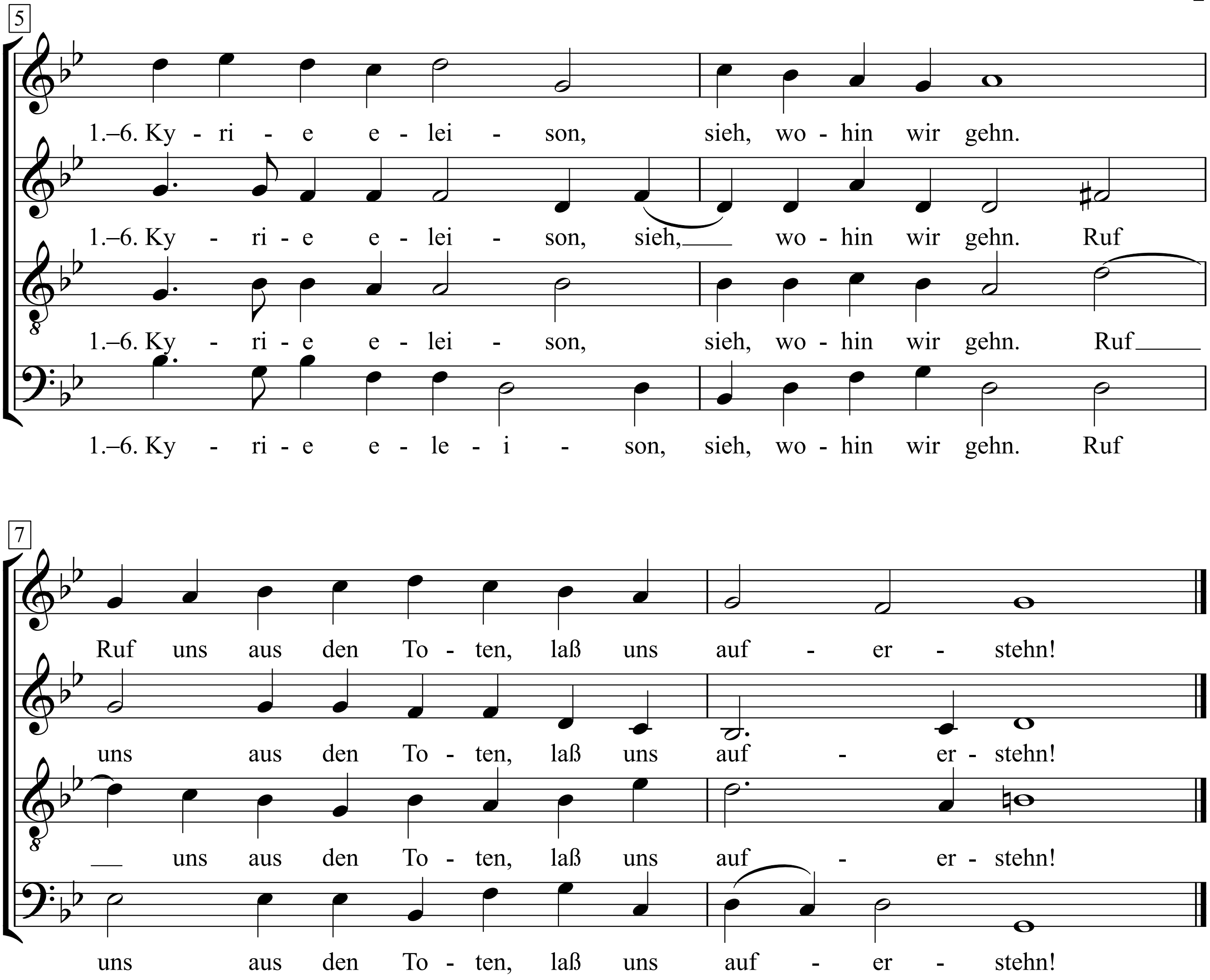
4. Fiers and long the battle rages,
But our help is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

Holz auf Jesu Schulter

Melodie: Ignace Sutter (geb. 1911)
Satz: Joachim Kleindt

Wilhelmus Bernhard (geb. 1920)

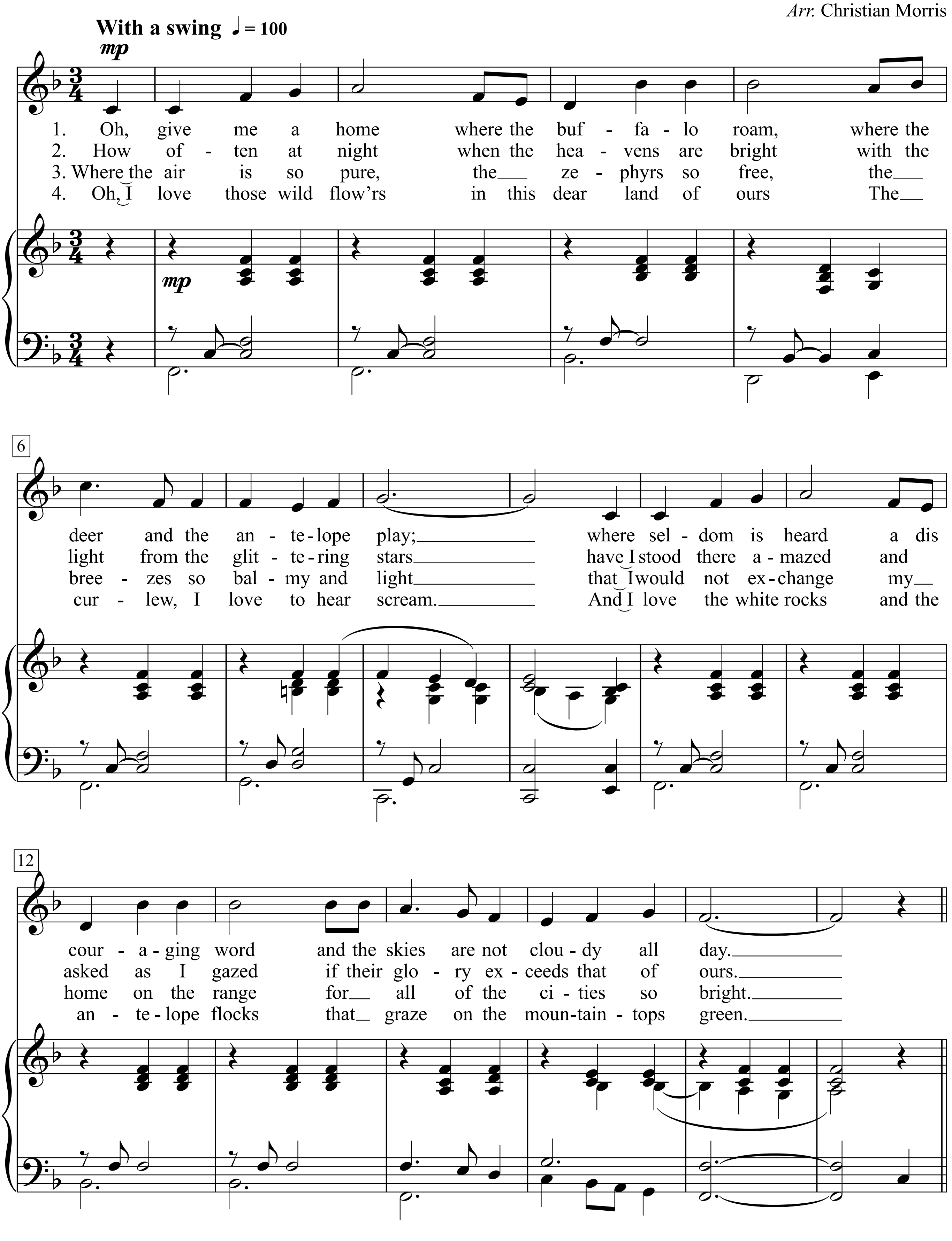


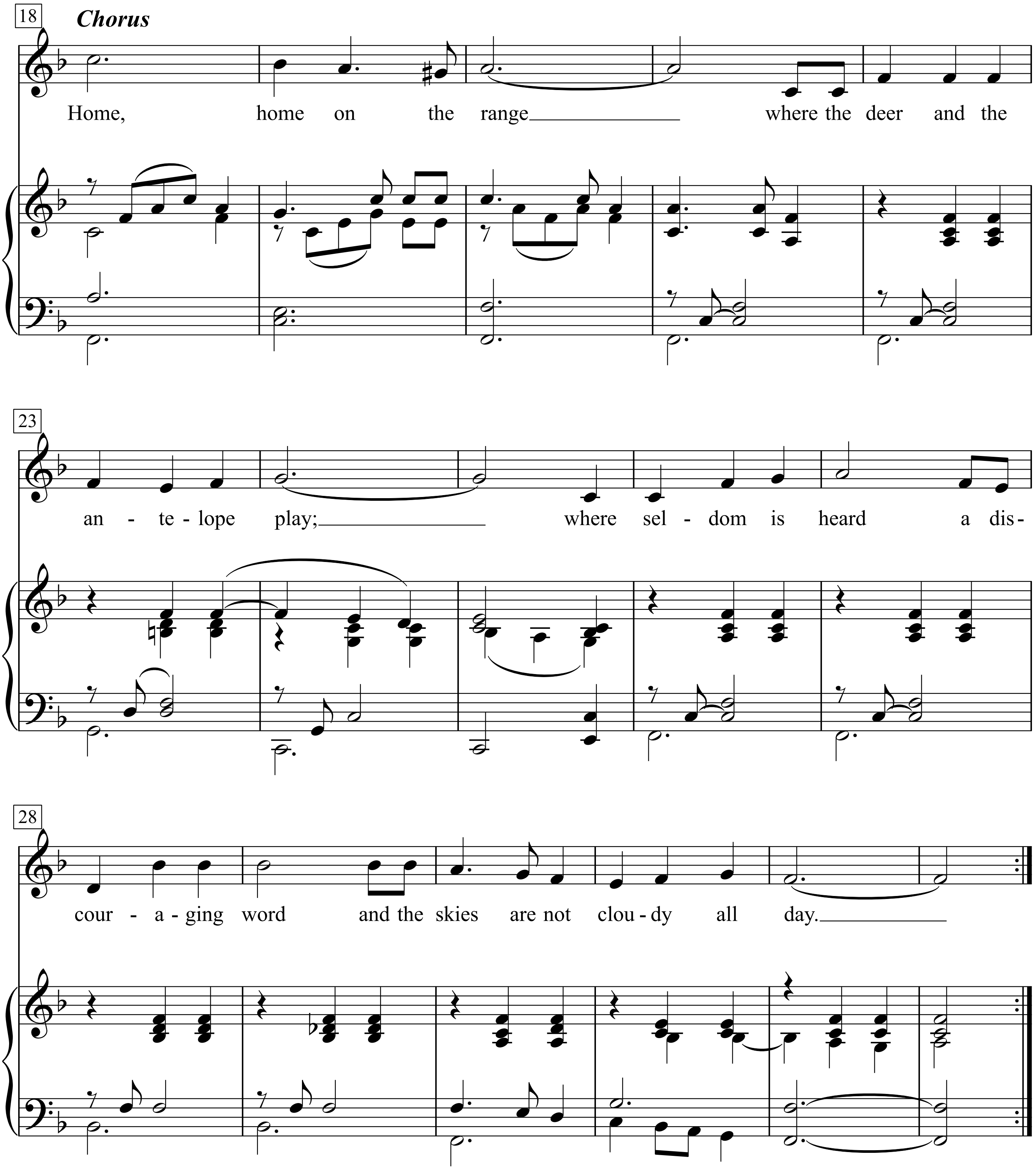


6. Hart auf dei-ner Schul-ter lag das Kreuz, o Herr,ward zum Baum des Le-bens, ist von Früch-ten schwer.

Home on the Range

Western Folk Song
Arr. Christian Morris




18
Chorus
Home, home on the range where the deer and the
23
an - te - lope play; where sel - dom is heard a dis-
28
cour - a - ging word and the skies are not clou - dy all day.

1. Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,
where the deer and the antelope play;
where seldom is heard a discouraging word
and the skies are not cloudy all day.
Chorus:
Home, home on the range
where the deer and the antelope play;
where seldom is heard a discouraging word
and the skies are not cloudy all day.

2. How often at night when the heavens are bright
with the light from the glittering stars
have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed
if their glory exceeds that of ours.
Chorus:

3. Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,
the breezes so balmy and light
that I would not exchange my home on the range
for all of the cities so bright.
Chorus:

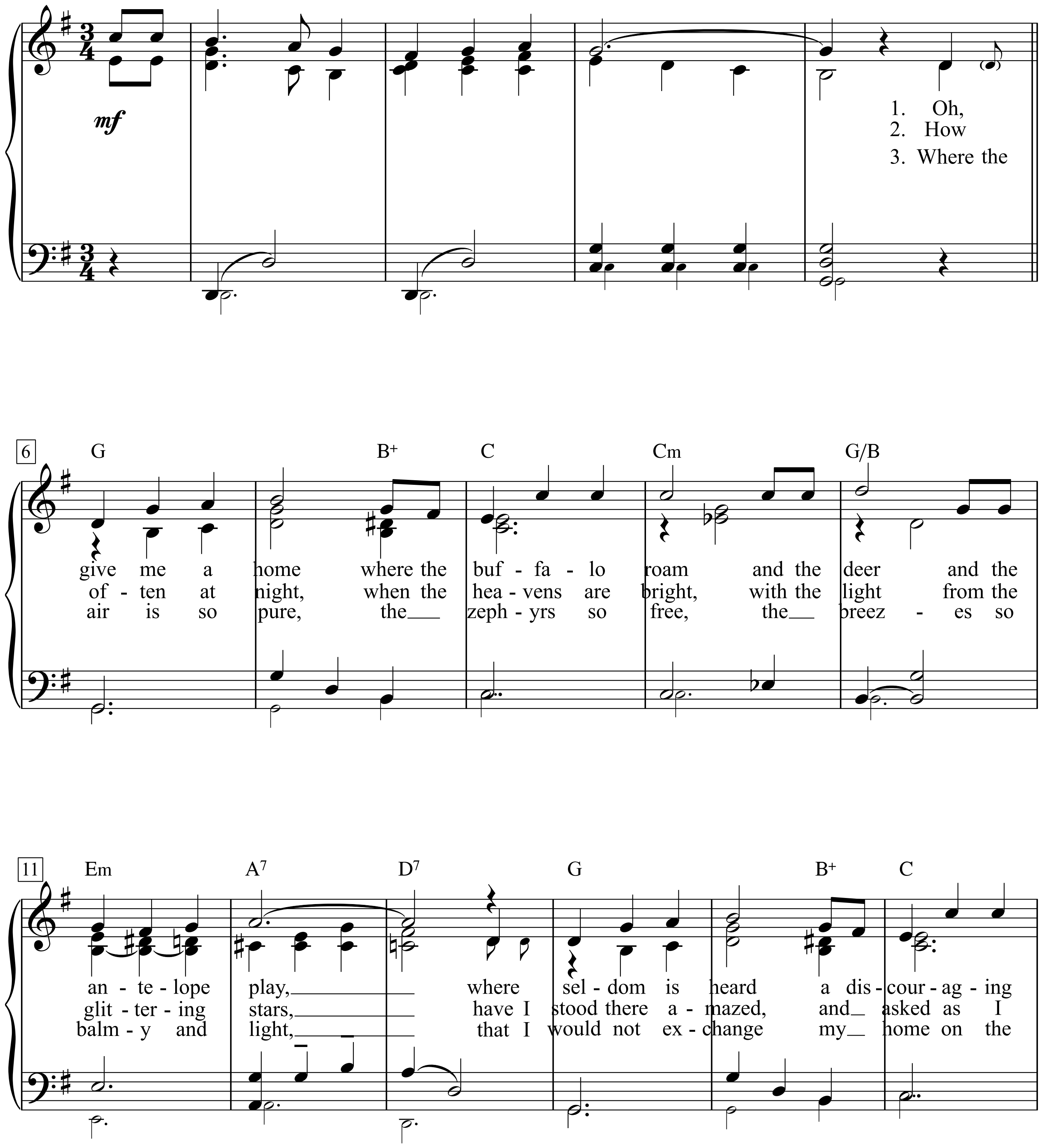
4. Oh, I love those wild flow'rs in this dear land of ours
The curlew, I love to hear scream.
And I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks
that graze on the mountaintops green.
Chorus:

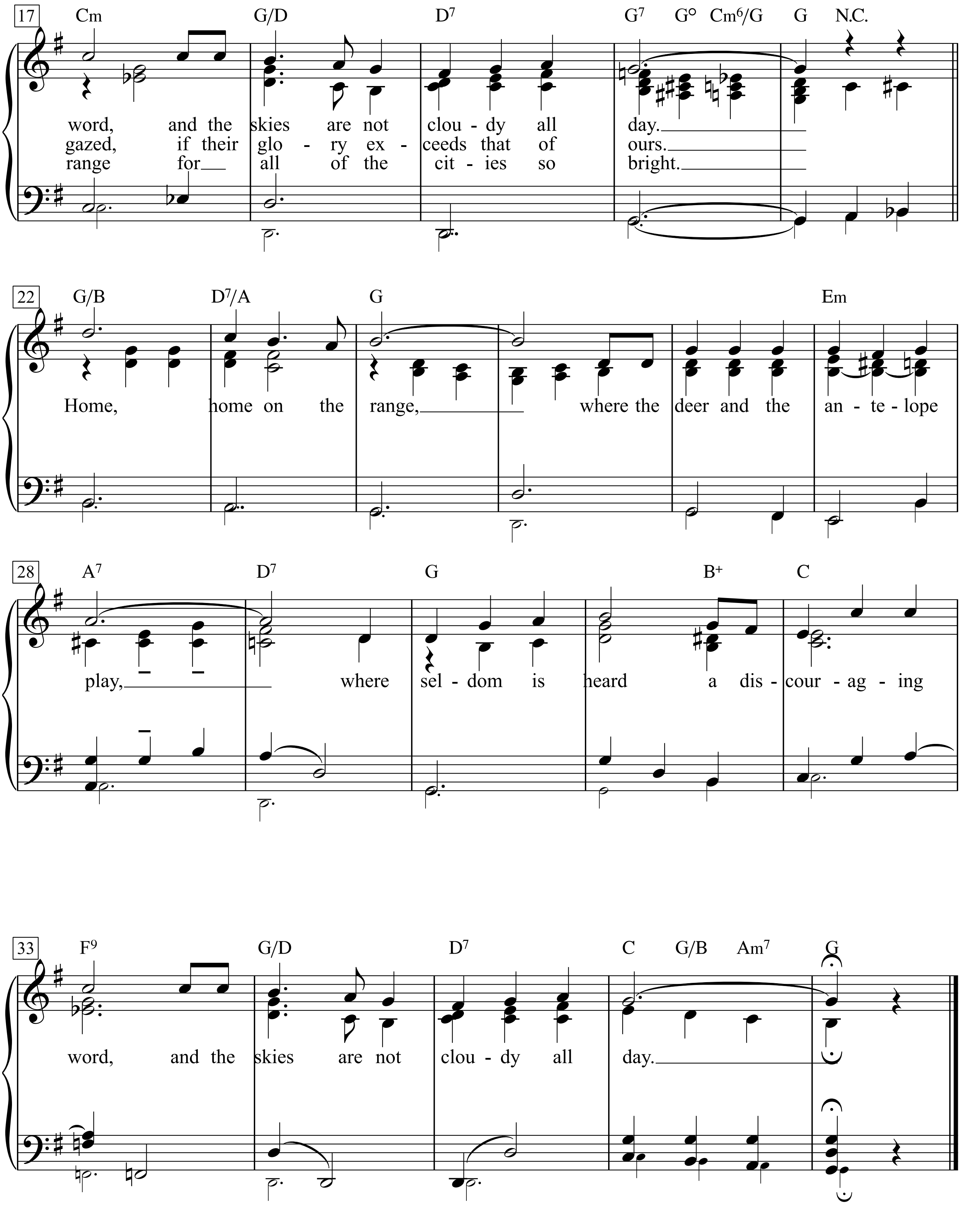
Home On The Range

Moderately

Words by Brewster M. Highley

Music by Daniel E. Kelly
Adapted and arranged by Dan Fox




17
Cm G/D D7 G7 G° Cm6/G G N.C.
word, and the skies are not clou - dy all day.
gazed, if their glo - ry ex - ceeds that of ours.
range for all of the cit - ies so bright.
22
G/B D7/A G Em
Home, home on the range, where the deer and the an - te - lope
28
A7 D7 G B+ C
play, where sel - dom is heard a dis - cour - ag - ing
33
F9 G/D D7 C G/B Am7 G
word, and the skies are not clou - dy all day.

1. Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam
and the deer and the antelope play, where seldom is heard
a discouraging word, and the skies are not cloudy all day.
Home, home on the range, where the deer and the antelope play,
where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
and the skies are not cloudy all day.

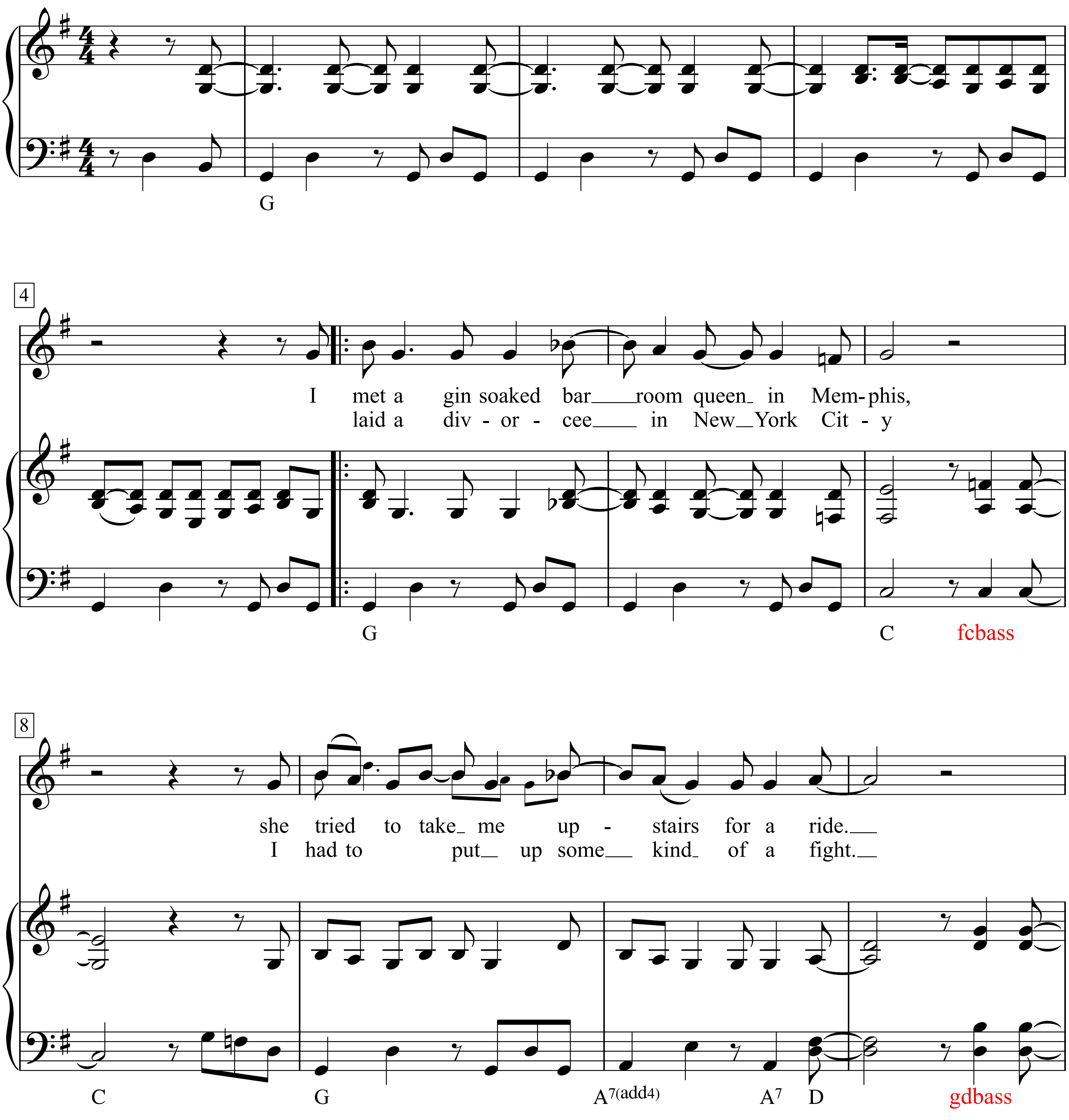
2. How often at night, when the heavens are bright,
with the light from the glittering stars,
have I stood there amazed, and asked as I gazed,
if their glory exceeds that of ours.

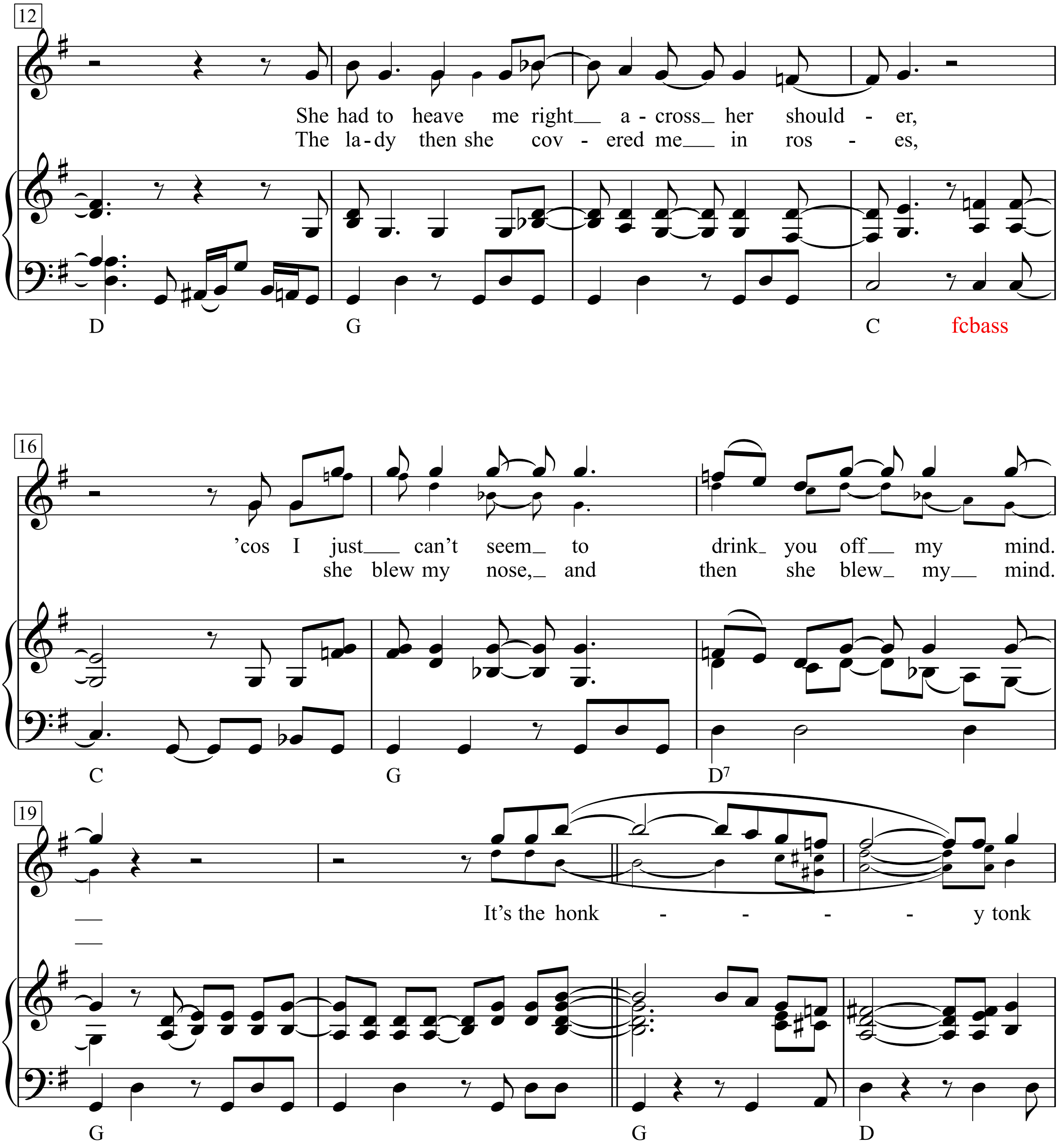
3. Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,
the breezes so balmy and light,
that I would not exchange my home on the range
for all of the cities so bright.

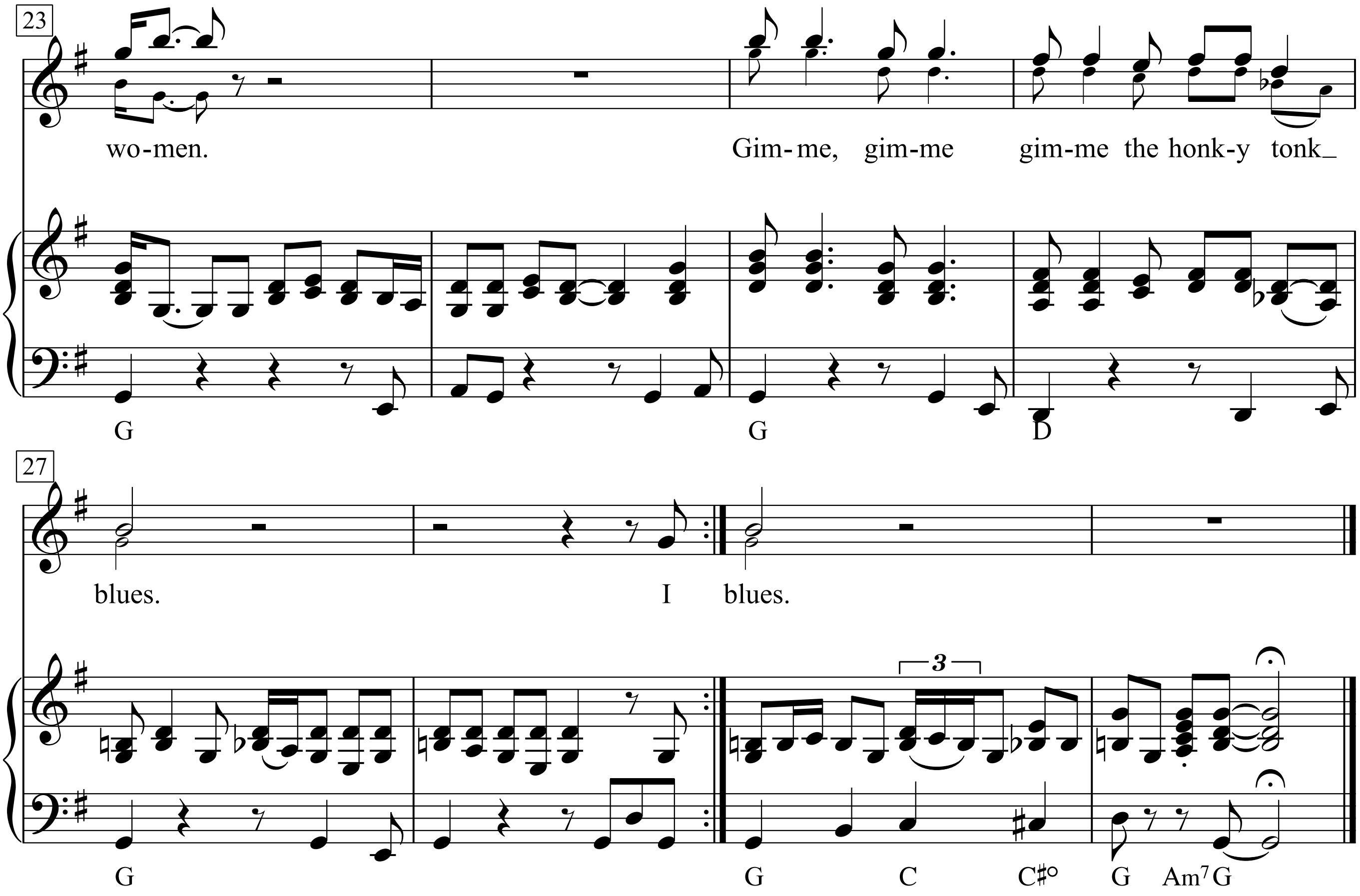
Honky Tonk Woman

Words & Music by
Mick Jagger, Keith Richard,
Bill Wyman, Charlie Watts and Brian Jones
(The Rolling Stones)

Medium rock



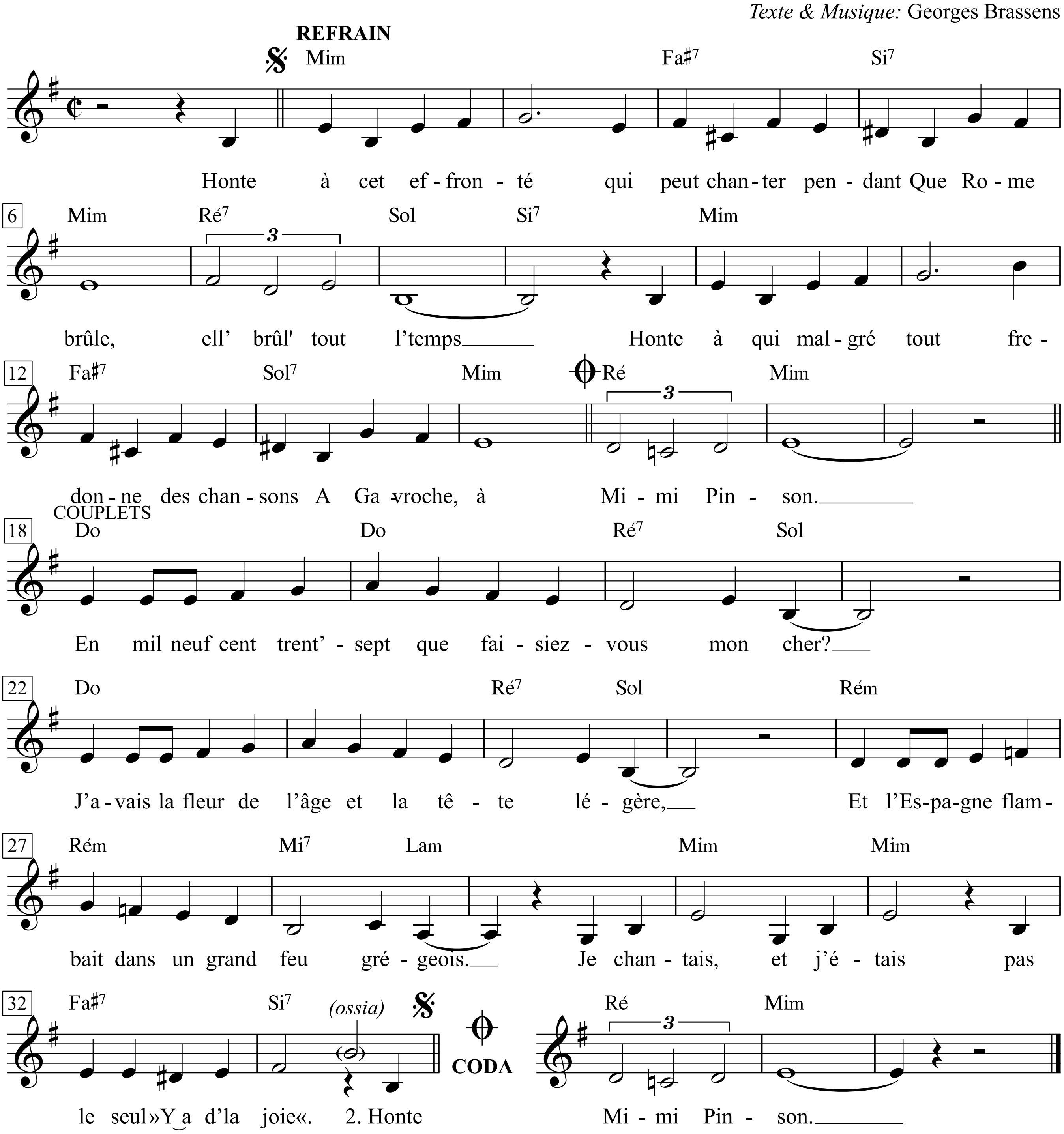

12
She had to heave me right a - cross her should - er,
The la - dy then she cov - ered me in ros - es,
D
G
C
fcbass
16
'cos I just can't seem to drink you off my mind.
she blew my nose, and then she blew my mind.
C
G
D^7
19
It's the honk - - - - y tonk
G
G
D


23
wo-men.
Gim-me, gim-me
gim-me the honk-y tonk_
G
G
D
27
blues.
I
blues.
3
G
G
C
C♯°
G
Am7
G

Honte à qui peut chanter

(Pfui dem, der singen kann)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



Honte à qui peut chanter

En mil neuf cent trent'-sept que faisiez-vous mon cher?
J'avais la fleur de l'âge et la tête légère,
Et l'Espagne flambait dans un grand feu grégeois.
Je chantais, et j'étais pas le seul »Y a d' la joie«.

Refrain
Honte à cet effronté qui peut chanter pendant
Que Rome brûle, ell' brûl' tout l' temps ...
Honte à qui malgré tout fredonne des chansons
A Gavroche, à Mimi Pinson.

Et dans l'année quarante mon cher que faisiez-vous?
Les Teutons forçaient la frontière, et comme un fou,
Et comm' tout un chacun, vers le sud, je fonçais,
En chantant »Tout ça, ça fait d'excellents Français«.

A l'heure de Pétain, à l'heure de Laval,
Que faisiez-vous mon cher en plein dans la rafale?
Je chantais, et les autres ne s'en privaient pas,
»Bel ami«, »Seul ce soir«, »J'ai pleuré sur tes pas«.

Mon cher, un peu plus tard, que faisait votre glotte
Quand en Asie ça tombait comme à Gravelotte?
Je chantais, il me semble, ainsi que tout un tas
De gens, »Le déserteur«, »Les croix«, »Quand un soldat«.

Que faisiez-vous mon cher au temps de l'Algérie,
Quand Brel était vivant, qu'il habitait Paris?
Je chantais, quoique désolé par ces combats,
»La valse à mille temps« et »Ne me quitte pas«.

Le feu de la ville éternelle est éternel.
Si Dieu veut l'incendie, il veut les ritournelles.
A qui fera-t-on croir' que le bon populo,
Quand il chante quand même, est un parfait salaud?

Pfui dem, der singen kann

Was haben Sie denn 1937 gemacht, mein Lieber?
Ich war im besten Alter, locker und leichtfertig,
und Spanien loderte in einem großen byzantinischen Feuer.
Da sang ich, nicht als einziger: »Y a d' la joie.«

Refrain
Pfui diesem dreisten Schuft, der singen kann, während
Rom brennt - aber Rom brennt immer ...
Pfui dem, der trotz allem Liedchen trällert
für Gavroche, für Mimi Pinson.

Und anno vierzig, mein Lieber, was haben Sie da gemacht?
Die Teutonen kamen über die Grenze, und wie ein Wahnsinniger,
und wie jeder andere, bin ich nach Süden gerannt
und hab gesungen: »Tout ça, ça fait d'excellents Français«.

Zur Stunde von Pétain, zur Stunde von Laval,
was haben Sie da gemacht, mein Lieber, mitten im Sturm?
Ich sang, und auch die anderen haben es sich nicht verkniffen,
»Bel ami«, »Seul ce soir«, »J'ai pleure sur tes pas«.

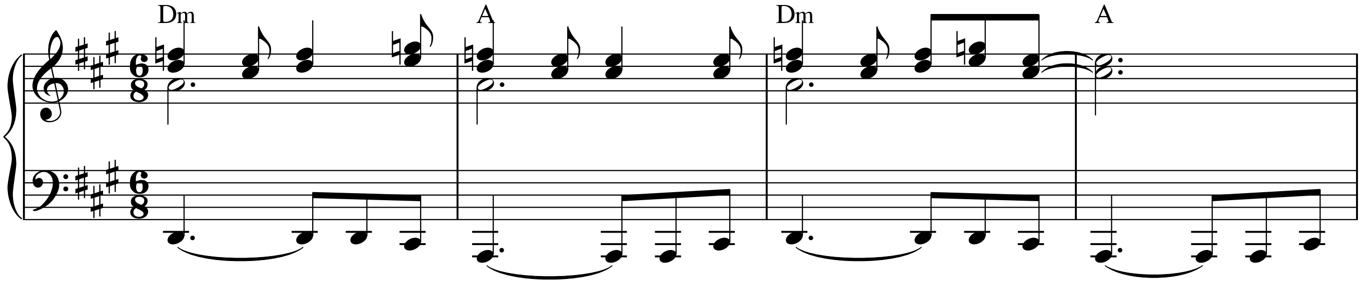
Ein bisschen später, mein Lieber, was hat da Ihr Zäpfchen gemacht,
als sich in Asien die Leichen türmten wie bei Gravelotte?
Ich sang, glaub ich, wie so viele andere
Leute »Le déserteur«, »Les croix«, »Quand un soldat«.

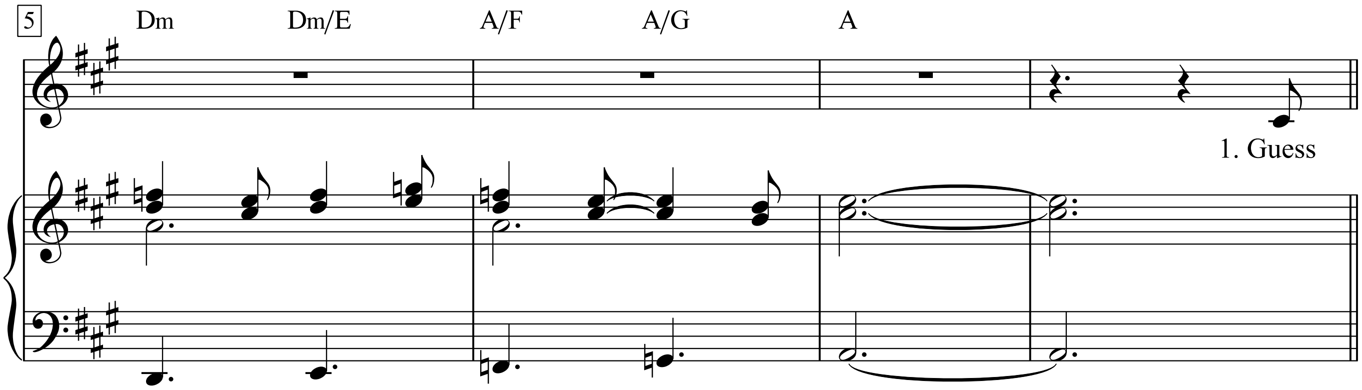
Was haben Sie gemacht, mein Lieber, im Algerienkrieg,
als Brei noch lebte und in Paris wohnte?
Ich sang, wenn auch betrübt ob dieser Kämpfe,
»La valse à mille temps« und »Ne me quitte pas«.

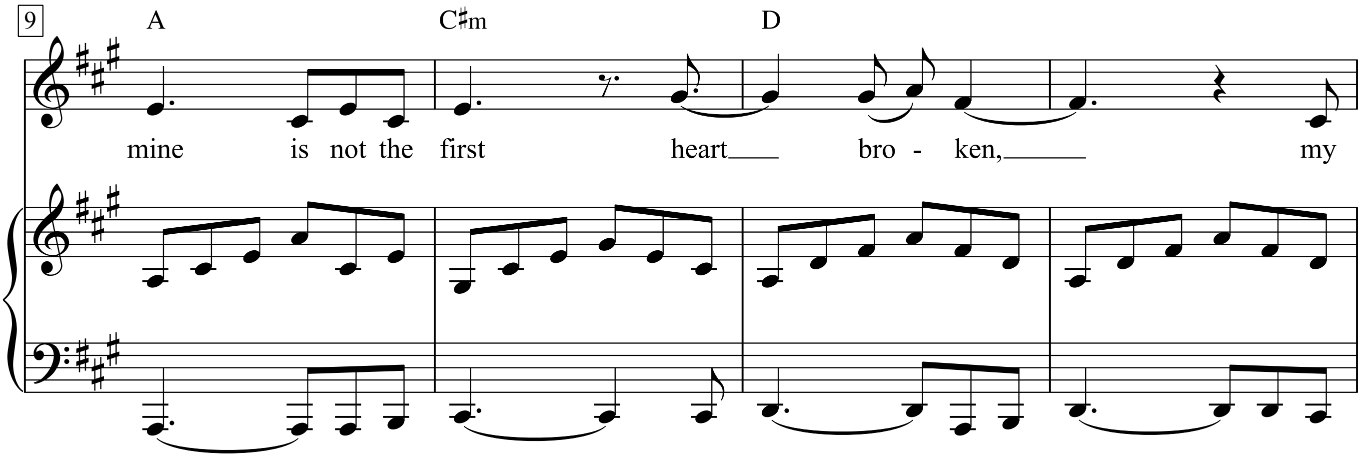
Das Feuer der Ewigen Stadt ist ewig.
Wenn Gott den Brand will, will er auch das Ritornell.
Wem will man denn einreden, der brave Herr Populo,
wenn er trotz allem singt, sei ein gemeiner Schuft?

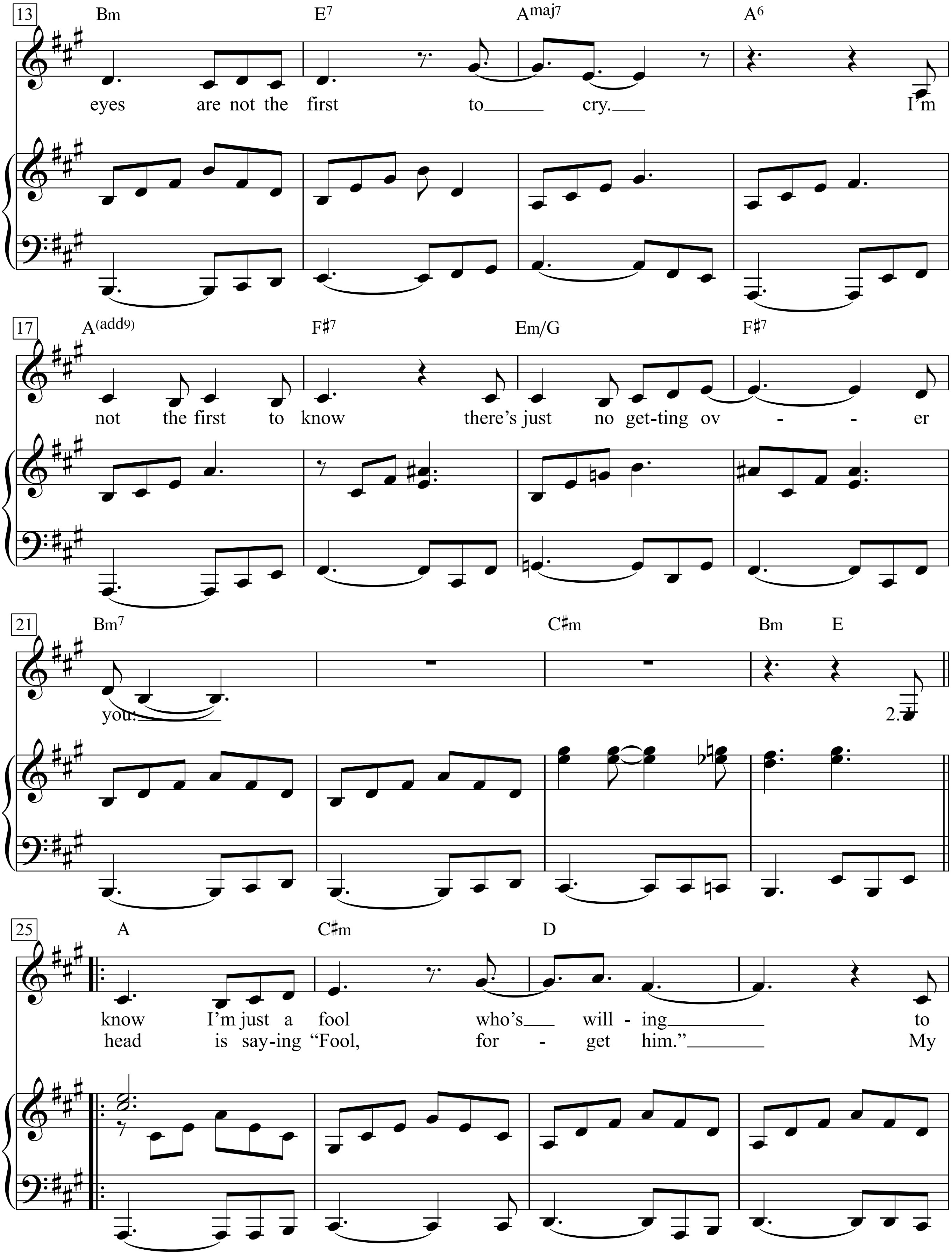
Hopelessly Devoted To You

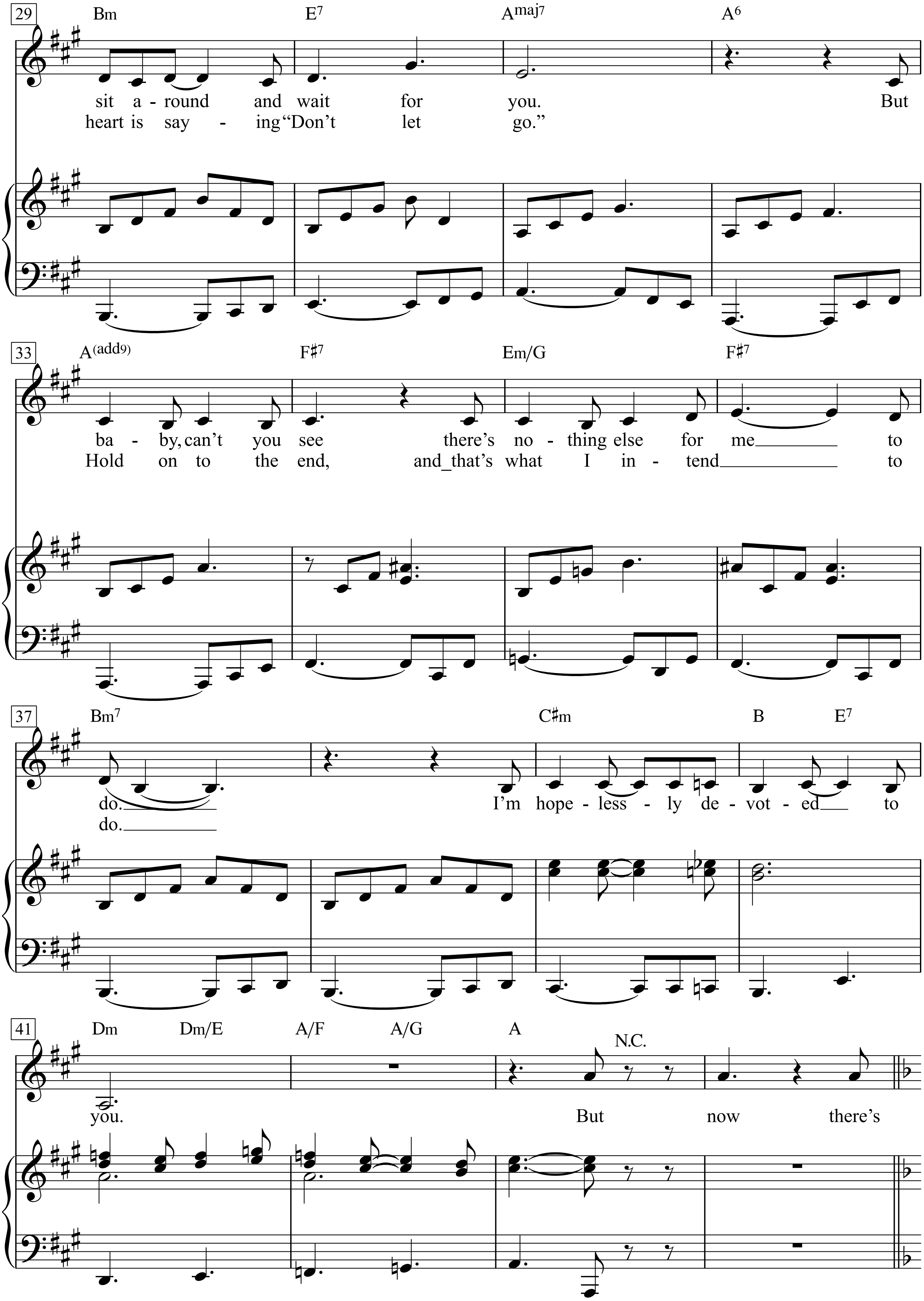
Words & Music by John Farrar
(Olivia Newton-John)

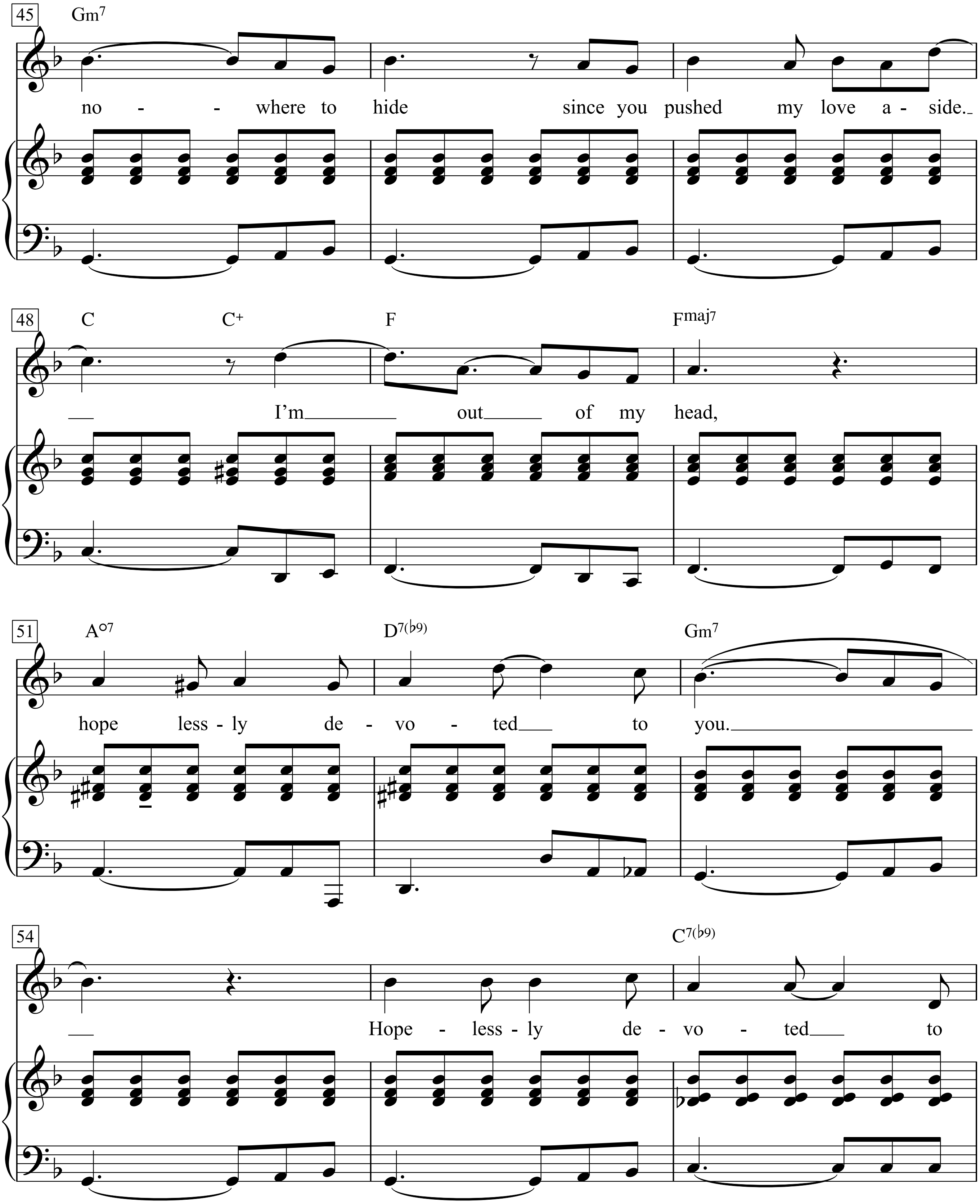


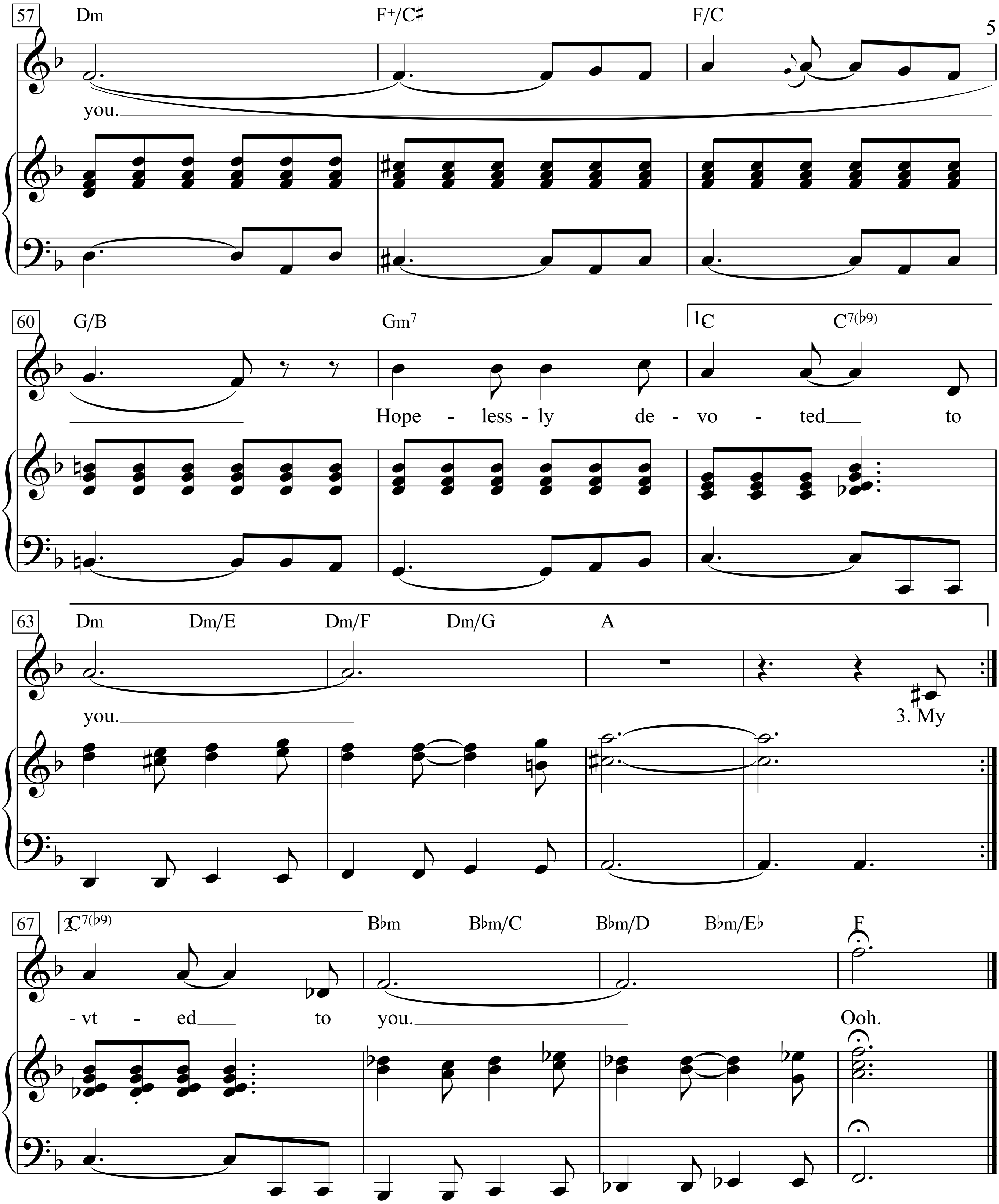





13
Bm
E7
Amaj7
A6
eyes are not the first to cry. I'm
17
A(add9)
F♯7
Em/G
F♯7
not the first to know there's just no get-ting ov - - er
21
Bm7
C♯m
Bm E
you.
2. I
25
A
C♯m
D
know I'm just a fool who's will - ing to
head is say-ing "Fool, for - get him." My


29
Bm
E7
Amaj7
A6
sit a - round and wait for you. But
heart is say - ing "Don't let go."
33
A(add9)
F♯7
Em/G
F♯7
ba - by, can't you see there's no - thing else for me to
Hold on to the end, and_that's what I in - tend to
37
Bm7
C♯m
B
E7
do. I'm hope - less - ly de - vot - ed to
do.
41
Dm
Dm/E
A/F
A/G
A
N.C.
you. But now there's


45
Gm7
no - - where to hide since you pushed my love a - side.
48
C C+ F Fmaj7
I'm out of my head,
51
A○7 D7(♭9) Gm7
hope less - ly de - vo - ted to you.
54
C7(♭9)
Hope - less - ly de - vo - ted to

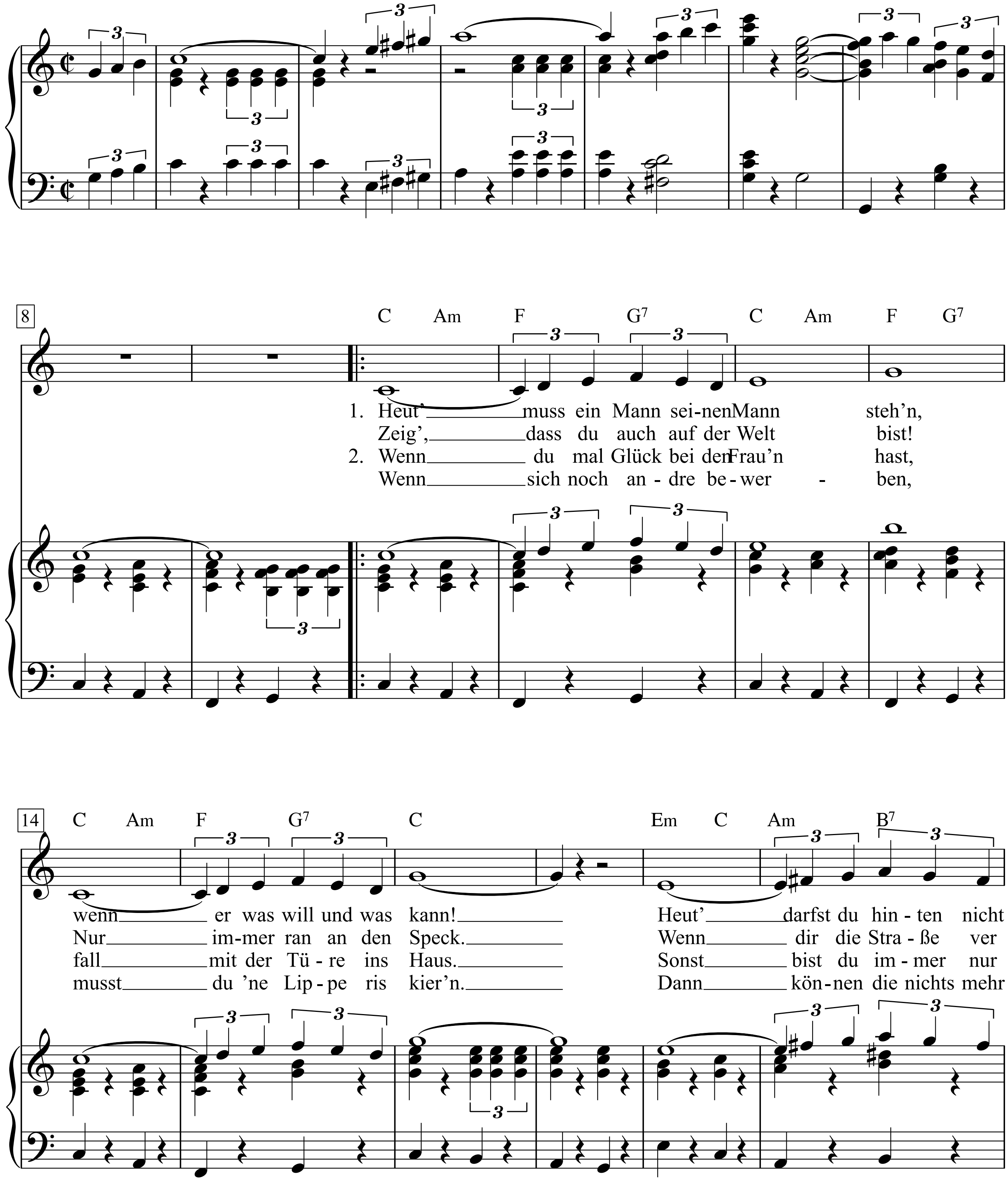

57
Dm
F+/C♯
F/C
you.
60
G/B
Gm7
1.C
C7(♭9)
Hope - less - ly de - vo - ted to
63
Dm
Dm/E
Dm/F
Dm/G
A
you.
3. My
67
2.C7(♭9)
B♭m
B♭m/C
B♭m/D
B♭m/E♭
F
- vt - ed to you.
Ooh.

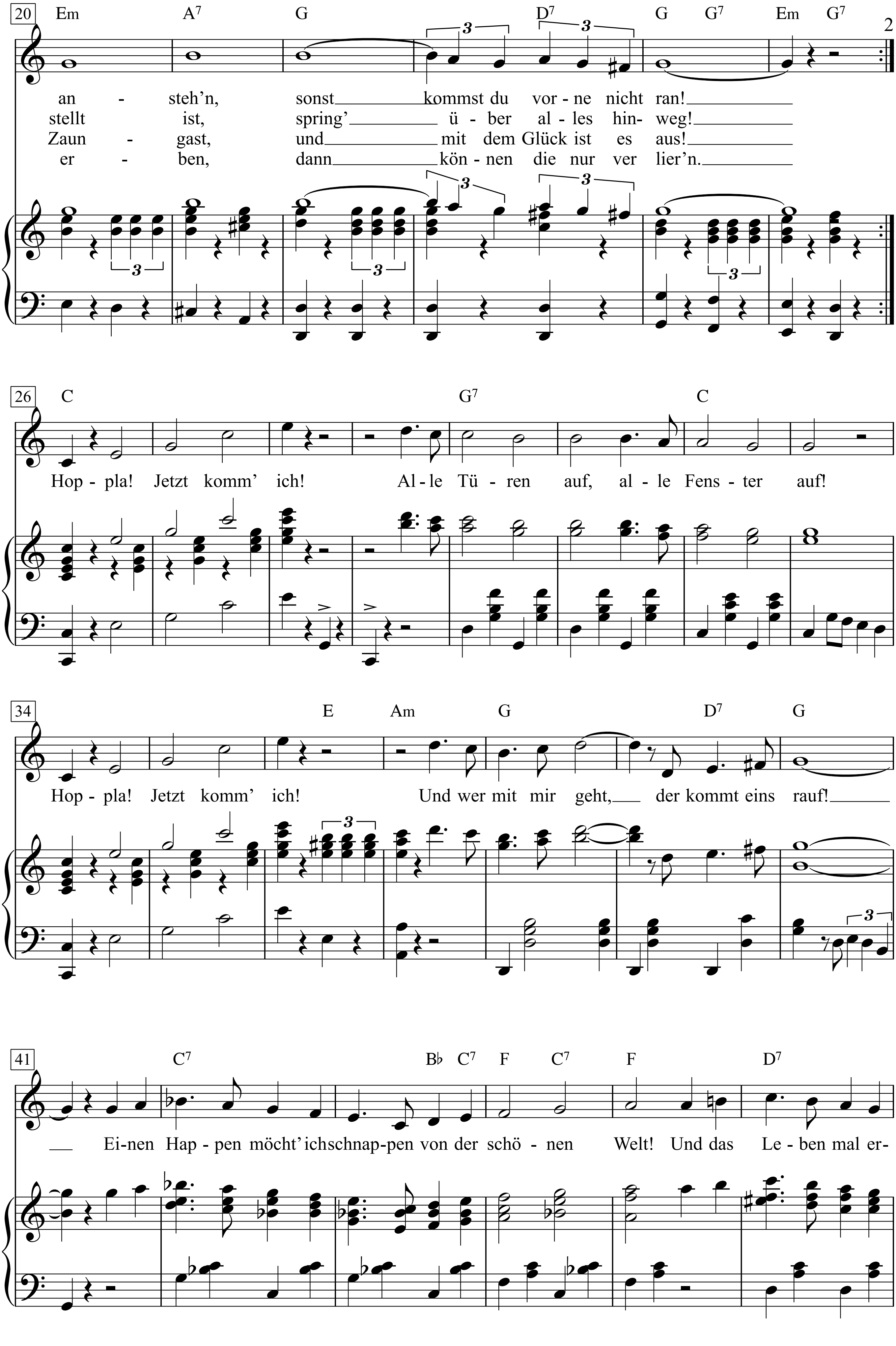
Hoppla! Jetzt komm ich!

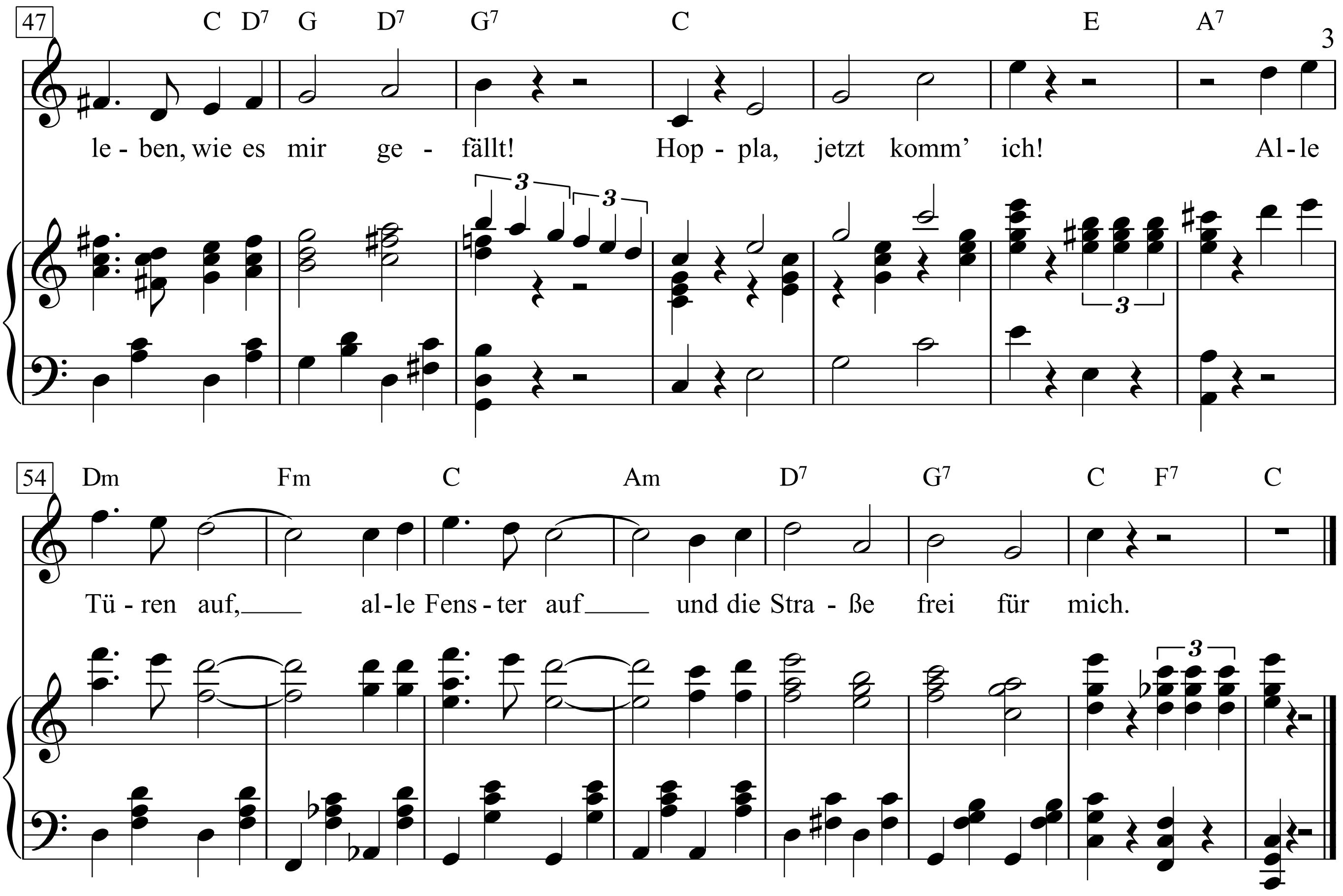
Marsch-Foxtrot aus dem Film 'Der Sieger'

Robert Gilbert / Max Kolpe

Werner Richard Heymann
Klav.-Arr.: Gerhard Jacobsen
(Hans Albers)




20
Em A7 G D7 G G7 Em G7
an - steh'n, sonst kommst du vor - ne nicht ran!
stellt ist, spring' ü - ber al - les hin - weg!
Zaun - gast, und mit dem Glück ist es aus!
er - ben, dann kön - nen die nur ver lier'n.
26
C G7 C
Hop - pla! Jetzt komm' ich! Al - le Tü - ren auf, al - le Fens - ter auf!
34
E Am G D7 G
Hop - pla! Jetzt komm' ich! Und wer mit mir geht, der kommt eins rauf!
41
C7 B♭ C7 F C7 F D7
Ei - nen Hap - pen möcht' ich schnap - pen von der schö - nen Welt! Und das Le - ben mal er -



1. Heut' muss ein Mann seinen Mann steh'n,
wenn er was will und was kann!
Heut' darfst du hinten nicht ansteh'n,
sonst kommst du vorne nicht ran!
Zeig', dass du auch auf der Welt bist!
Nur immer ran an den Speck.
Wenn dir die Straße verstellt ist,
spring' über alles hinweg!

Refrain:
Hoppla! Jetzt komm' ich!
Alle Türen auf, alle Fenster auf!
Hoppla! Jetzt komm' ich!
Und wer mit mir geht,
der kommt eins rauf!
Einen Happen möcht' ich schnappen
von der schönen Welt!
Und das Leben mal erleben,
wie es mir gefällt!
Hoppla, jetzt komm' ich!
Alle Türen auf, alle Fenster auf
und die Straße frei für mich.

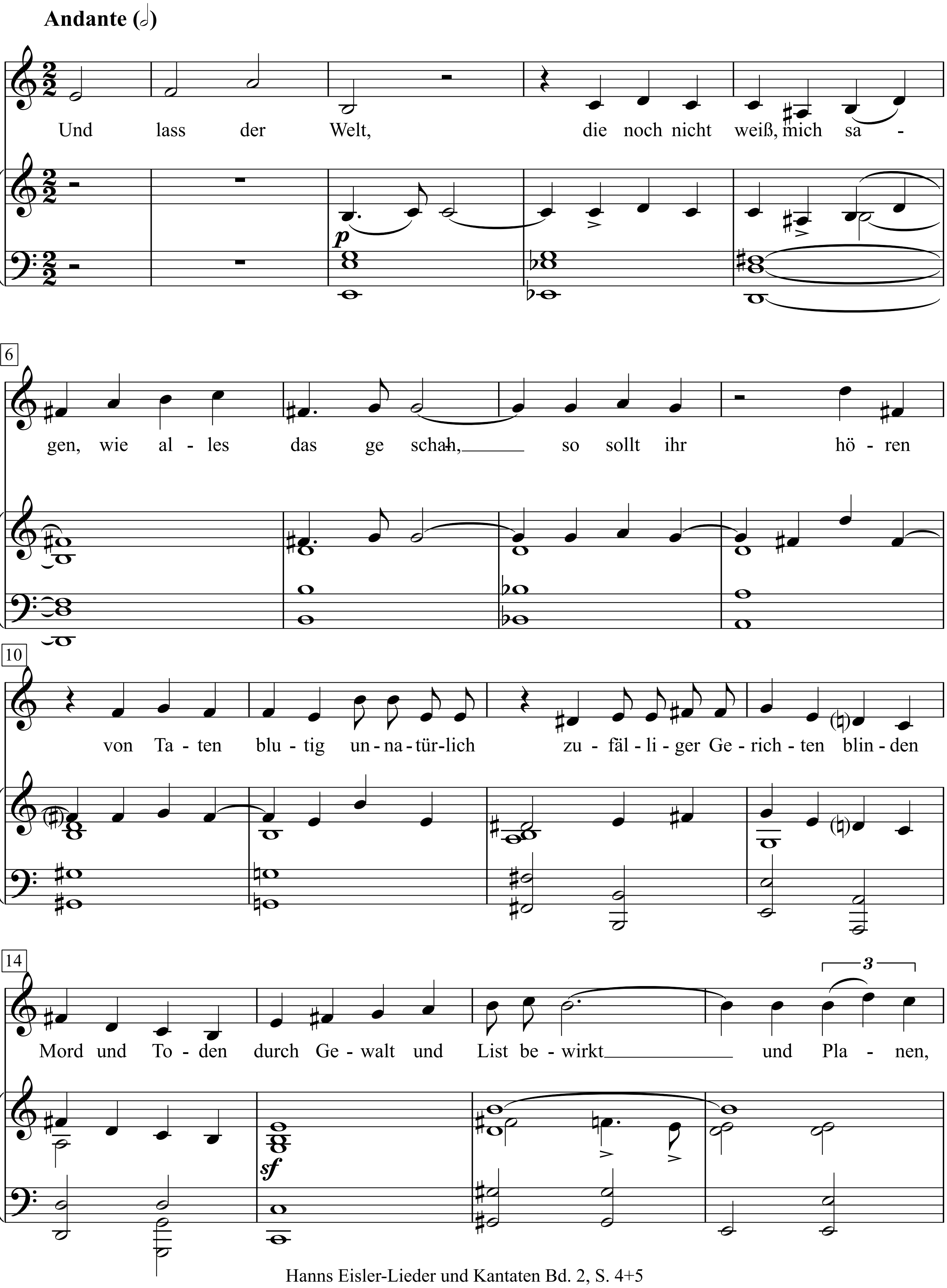
2. Wenn du mal Glück bei den Frau'n hast,
fall mit der Türe ins Haus.
Sonst bist du immer nur Zaungast,
und mit dem Glück ist es aus!
Wenn sich noch andre bewerben,
musst du 'ne Lippe riskier'n.
Dann können die nichts mehr erben,
dann können die nur verlier'n.

Refrain:
Hoppla! Jetzt komm' ich …

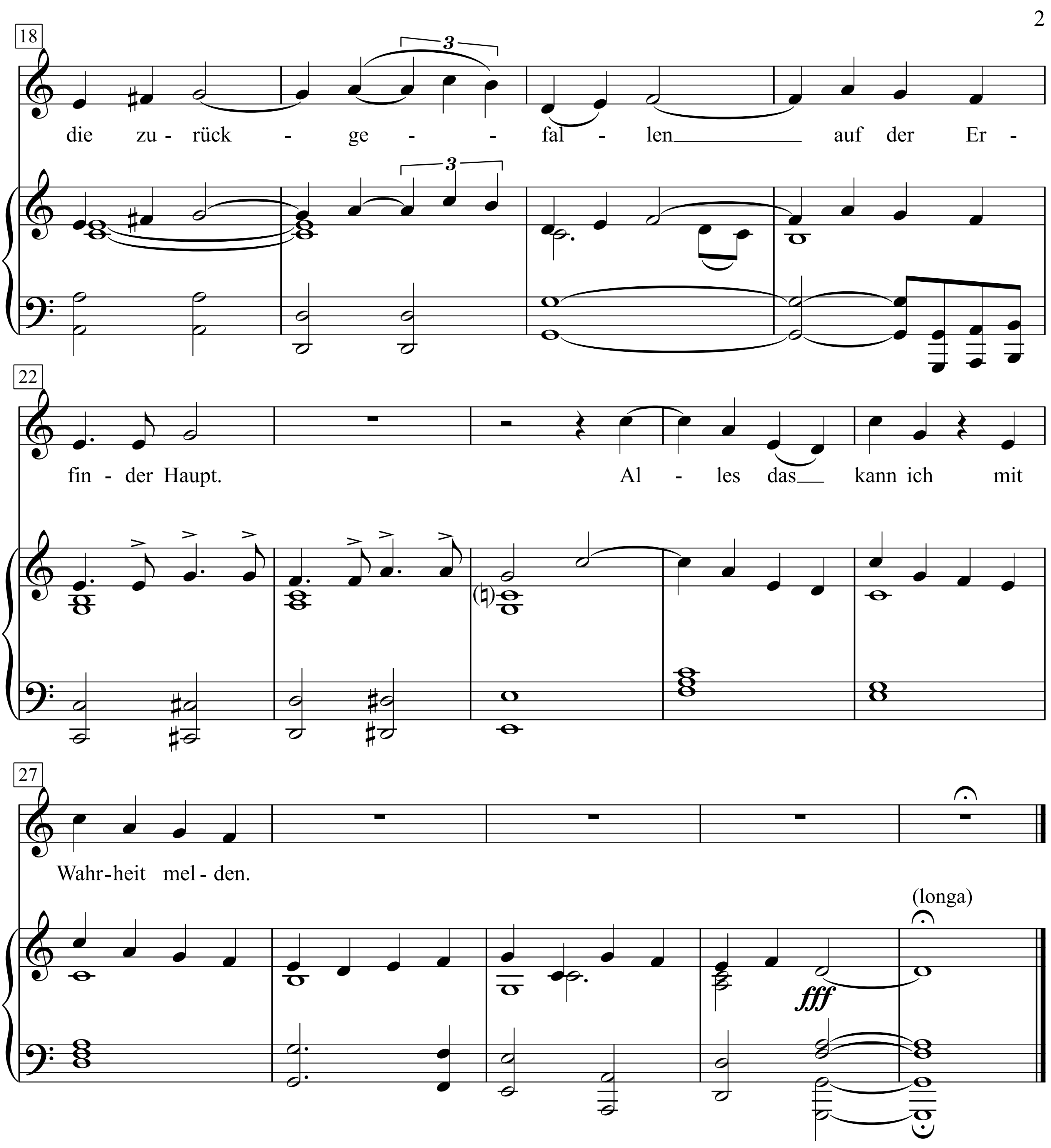
Horatios Monolog
(1954)

William Shakespeare

Hanns Eisler

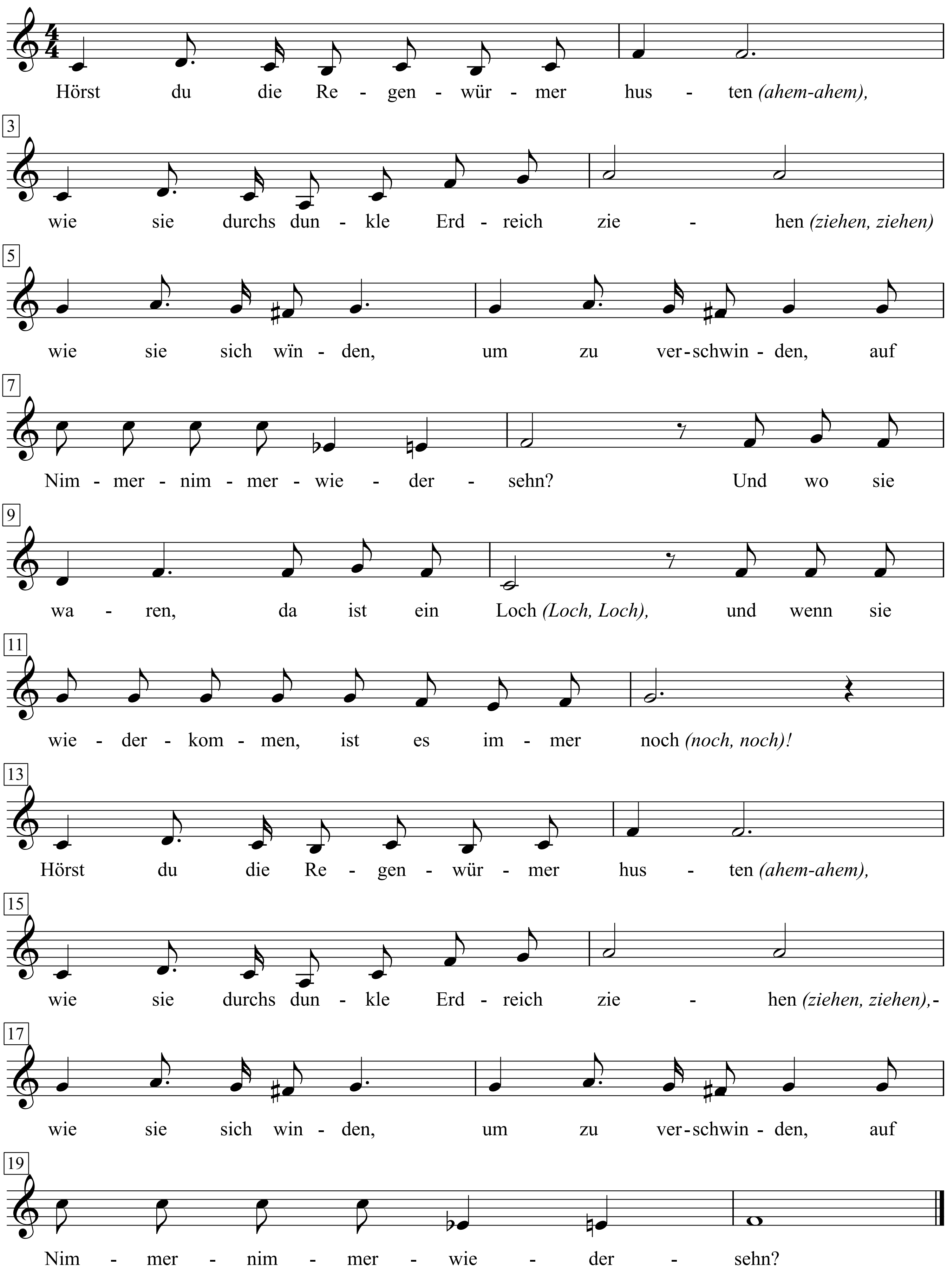


Hanns Eisler-Lieder und Kantaten Bd. 2, S. 4+5



Und lass der Welt, die noch nicht weiß,
mich sagen, wie alles das geschah,
so sollt ihr hören von Taten blutig unnatürlich
zufälliger Gerichten blinden Mord und Toden
durch Gewalt und List bewirkt und Planen,
die zurückgefallen auf der Erfinder Haupt.
Alles das kann ich mit Wahrheit melden.

Hörst du die Regenwürmer husten



1. Hörst du die Regenwürmer husten *(ahem-ahem),*
wie sie durchs dunkle Erdreich ziehen *(ziehen, ziehen),*
wie sie sich winden, um zu verschwinden,
auf Nimmernimmerwiedersehen?
Und wo sie waren, da ist ein Loch *(Loch, Loch).*
Und wenn sie wiederkommen, ist es immer noch *(noch, noch)!*
Hörst du die Regenwürmer husten *(ahem-ahem),*
wie sie durchs dunkle Erdreich ziehen *(ziehen, ziehen),*
wie sie sich winden, um zu verschwinden,
auf Nimmer-nimmerwiedersehen?

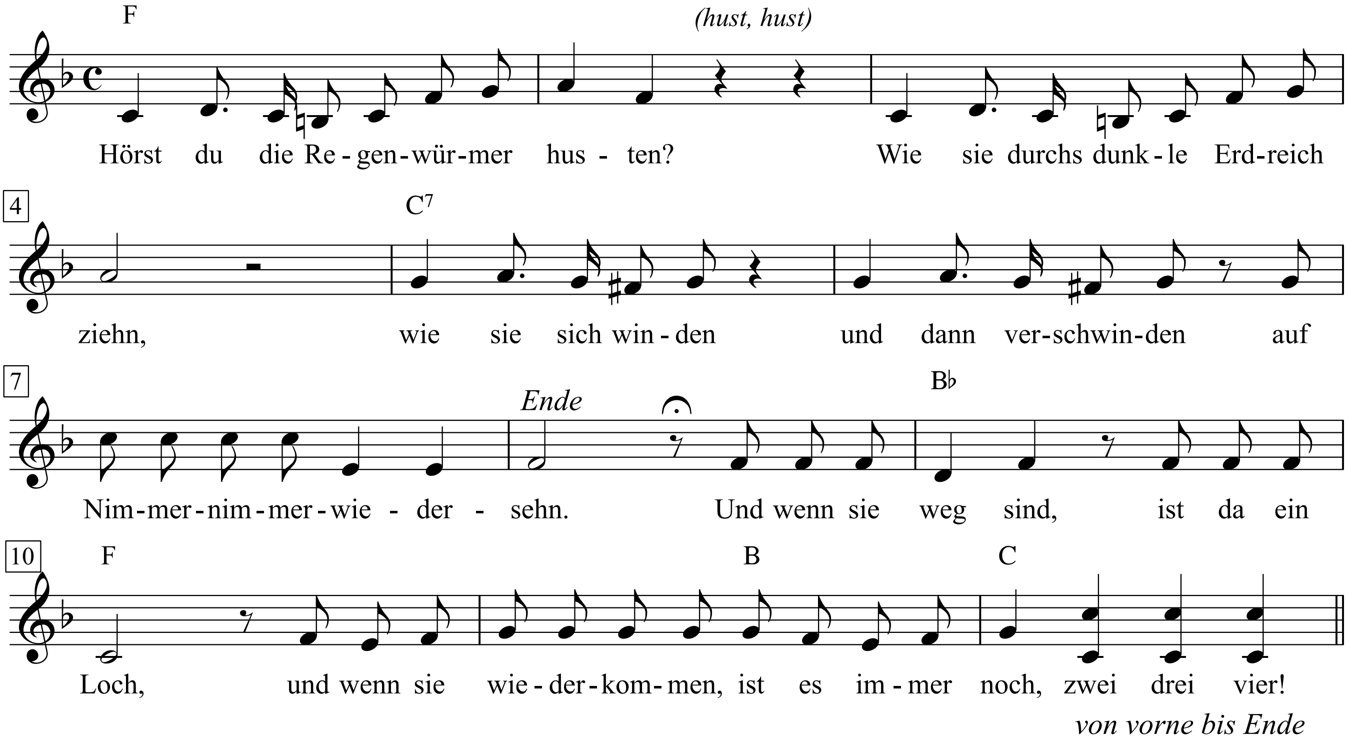
2. Hörst du die Regenwürmer kichern *(hihi, hihi),*
wie sie durchs dunkle Erdreich ziehen *(ziehen, ziehen),*
wie sie sich winden, um zu verschwinden,
auf Nimmernimmerwiedersehen?
Und wo sie waren, da ist ein Loch *(Loch, Loch).*
Und wenn sie wiederkommen, ist es immer noch *(noch, noch)!*
Hörst du die Regenwürmer kichern? *(hihi, hihi)*
Wie sie durchs dunkle Erdreich ziehen *(ziehen, ziehen),*
wie sie sich winden, um zu verschwinden,
auf Nimmer-nimmerwiedersehen?

3. Hörst du die Regenwürmer niesen *(hatschi hatschi),*
wie sie durchs dunkle Erdreich ziehen *(ziehen, ziehen),*
wie sie sich winden, um zu verschwinden,
auf Nimmernimmerwiedersehen?
Und wo sie waren, da ist ein Loch *(Loch, Loch).*
Und wenn sie wiederkommen, ist es immer noch *(noch, noch)!*
Hörst du die Regenwürmer niesen *(hatschi hatschi),*
wie sie durchs dunkle Erdreich ziehen *(ziehen, ziehen),*
wie sie sich winden, um zu verschwinden,
auf Nimmer-nimmerwiedersehen?

4. Hörst du die Regenwürmer trampeln *(polter, polter),*
wie sie durchs dunkle Erdreich ziehen *(ziehen, ziehen),*
wie sie sich winden, um zu verschwinden,
auf Nimmernimmerwiedersehen?
Und wo sie waren, da ist ein Loch *(Loch, Loch).*
Und wenn sie wiederkommen, ist es immer noch *(noch, noch)!*
Hörst du die Regenwürmer trampeln *(polter, polter),*
wie sie durchs dunkle Erdreich ziehen *(ziehen, ziehen),*
wie sie sich winden, um zu verschwinden,
auf Nimmer-nimmerwiedersehen?

Bewegungsvorschläge:
„ziehen, ziehen-ziehen" = mit den Händen winken
„winden" = mit den Händen schlängelnde Bewegung machen
„nimmer-nimmer-Wiedersehen" = beide Hände vor die Augen halten
„Loch, Loch, Loch" = mit der Hand ein Loch formen

Hörst du die Regenwürmer husten



Hörst du die Regenwürmer husten?
Wie sie sich durch das Erdreich dreh'n,
Wie sie sich winden, eh' sie verschwinden auf Nimmernimmerwiederseh'n,
Und wenn sie reingehen,
ist da ein Loch, Loch, Loch
und wenn sie rausgehen,
dann ist es immer noch, noch, noch
Hörst du die Regenwürmer husten?
Wie sie sich durch das Erdreich dreh'n,
Wie sie sich winden, eh' sie verschwinden auf Nimmernimmerwiederseh'n,

Spielanleitung 1
Folgende Bewegungen können beim Singen ausgeführt werden:
Zeile 1: Die Kinder husten!
Zeile 2 + 3: Die drehende Bewegung der Regenwürmer wird mit den Händen nachgeahmt.
Zeile 4: Die Kinder winken.
Zeile 5 - 7: Mit Daumen und Zeigefinger formen die Kinder einen Kreis und sehen durch

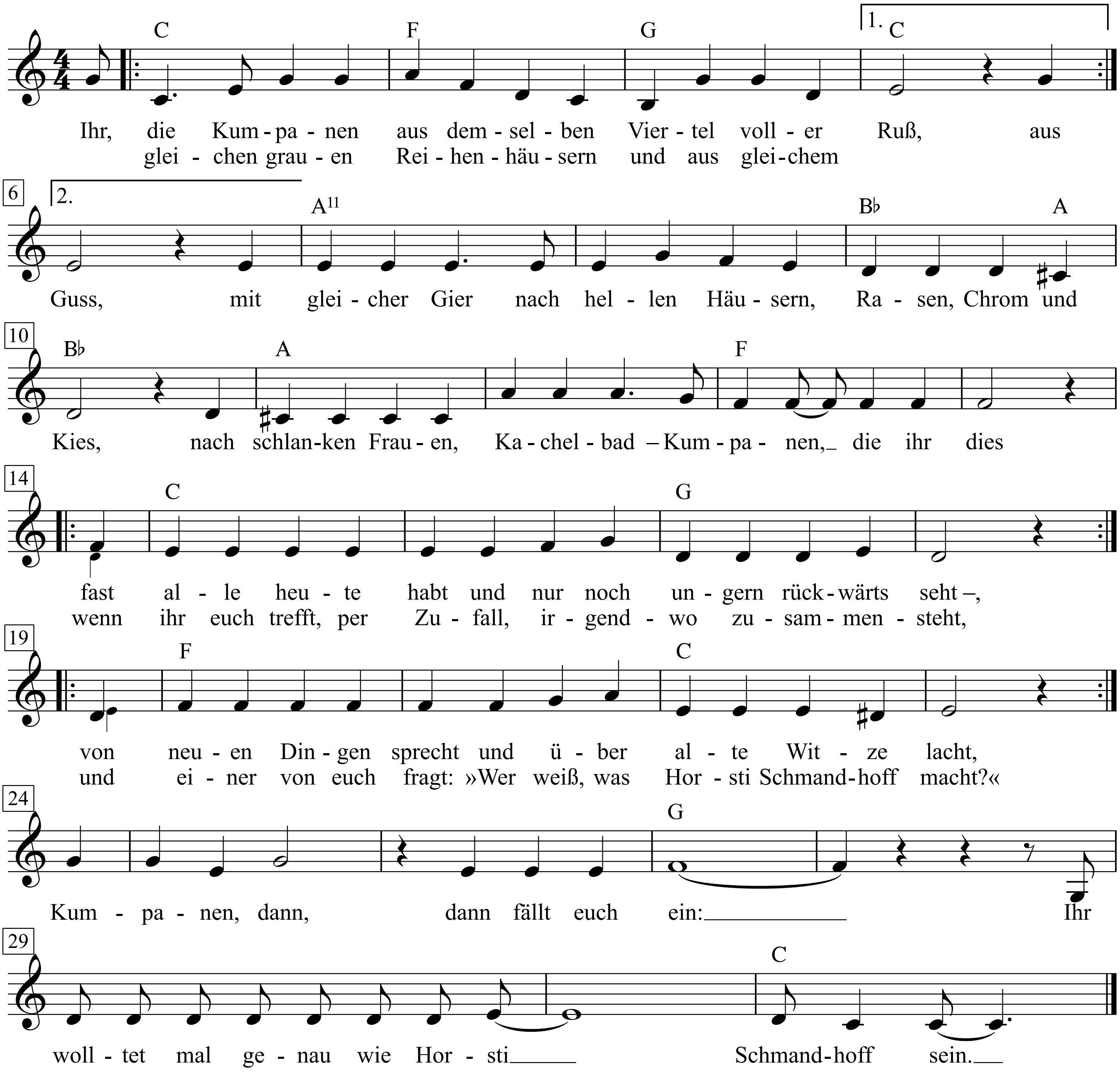
Spielanleitung 1
Alle sitzen in einem engen Kreis.
1. Strophe
1. Viertel: mit beiden Händen auf die eigenen Oberschenkel patschen
2. Viertel: rechte Hand auf linken Oberschenkel des rechten Nachbarn, linke Hand auf eigenen rechten Oberschenkel
3. Viertel: mit beiden Händen auf die eigenen Oberschenkel patschen
4. Viertel: linke Hand auf rechten Oberschenkel des linken Nachbarn, rechte Hand auf eigenen linken Oberschenkel

2. Strophe
1. Viertel: mit beiden Händen auf die eigenen Oberschenkel patschen
2. Viertel: mit beiden Händen auf die Oberschenkel des rechten Nachbarn patschen
3. Viertel: mit beiden Händen auf die eigenen Oberschenkel patschen
4. Viertel: mit beiden Händen auf die Oberschenkel des linken Nachbarn patschen

Bei jeder weiteren Strophe verschiebt sich die Klatschposition jeweils um einen „fremden Oberschenkel."
Das Tempo wird dabei gesteigert.

Horsti Schmandhoff

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



1. Ihr, die Kumpanen aus demselben Viertel voller Ruß,
aus gleichen grauen Reihenhäusern und aus gleichem Guss,
mit gleicher Gier nach hellen Häusern, Rasen, Chrom und Kies,
nach schlanken Frauen, Kachelbad - Kumpanen, die ihr dies
fast alle heute habt und nur noch ungern rückwärts seht -,
wenn ihr euch trefft, per Zufall, irgendwo zusammensteht,
von neuen Dingen sprecht und über alte Witze lacht,
und einer von euch fragt: »Wer weiß, was Horsti Schmandhoff macht?« –
Kumpanen, dann, dann fällt euch ein:
Ihr wolltet mal genau wie Horsti Schmandhoff sein.

2. Im passenden Kostüm der Zeit, stets aus dem Ei gepellt,
hat er mit knappen Gesten eure Träume dargestellt –
der Sohn einer Serviererin, der Horsti, schmal und blond,
mit jenem Zug zum Höheren um Nase, Kinn und Mund,
am Tag, als er ins Viertel kam und abends vor der Tür
in Lederhose, weißem Hemd auf dem Schifferklavier
sein Stückchen spielte, »Bergmannsglück«, und beim »Glückauf tara«
die Locke aus der Stirne warf und in den Himmel sah –
schon da, Kumpanen – fällt's euch ein? –,
da wolltet ihr genau wie Horsti Schmandhoff sein.

3. Auch als er dann als Fähnleinführer, Hand mit Siegelring
am Fahrtenmesser, das ganz los' als Ehrendolch da hing,
in Halbschuhen, weißen Söckchen und mit kurzem Tänzelschritt
und Wackelhintern neben seinem Fähnlein einherschritt
und bald darauf in Uniform auf Sonderurlaub kam,
das Panzerkäppi schiefgesetzt, das Ekazwo abnahm,
es zeigte und erzählte, wie er kurz vor Stalingrad
12 Stalinorgeln, 50 Iwans plattgefahren hat –
Kumpanen, da, gesteht euch ein,
da wolltet ihr genau wie Horsti Schmandhoff sein.

4. Und wie er dann im Khakizeug, den Gummi quer im Mund,
mit Bürstenschnitt als Küchenhelfer, rosig, dick und rund,
bei Stratmanns an der Ecke stand und an 'ner Lucky zog,
euch »Hello, Boys« begrüßte, schleppend durch das Viertel zog,
und dann im schweren Ledermantel an 'nem Tresen stand,
Hut im Nacken, Halstuch lose, Bierchen in der Hand,
erzählte, wie er 42, kurz vor Stalingrad,
den Drecksack General Paulus in den Arsch getreten hat –
Kumpanen, da, gesteht euch ein,
da wolltet ihr genau wie Horsti Schmandhoff sein.

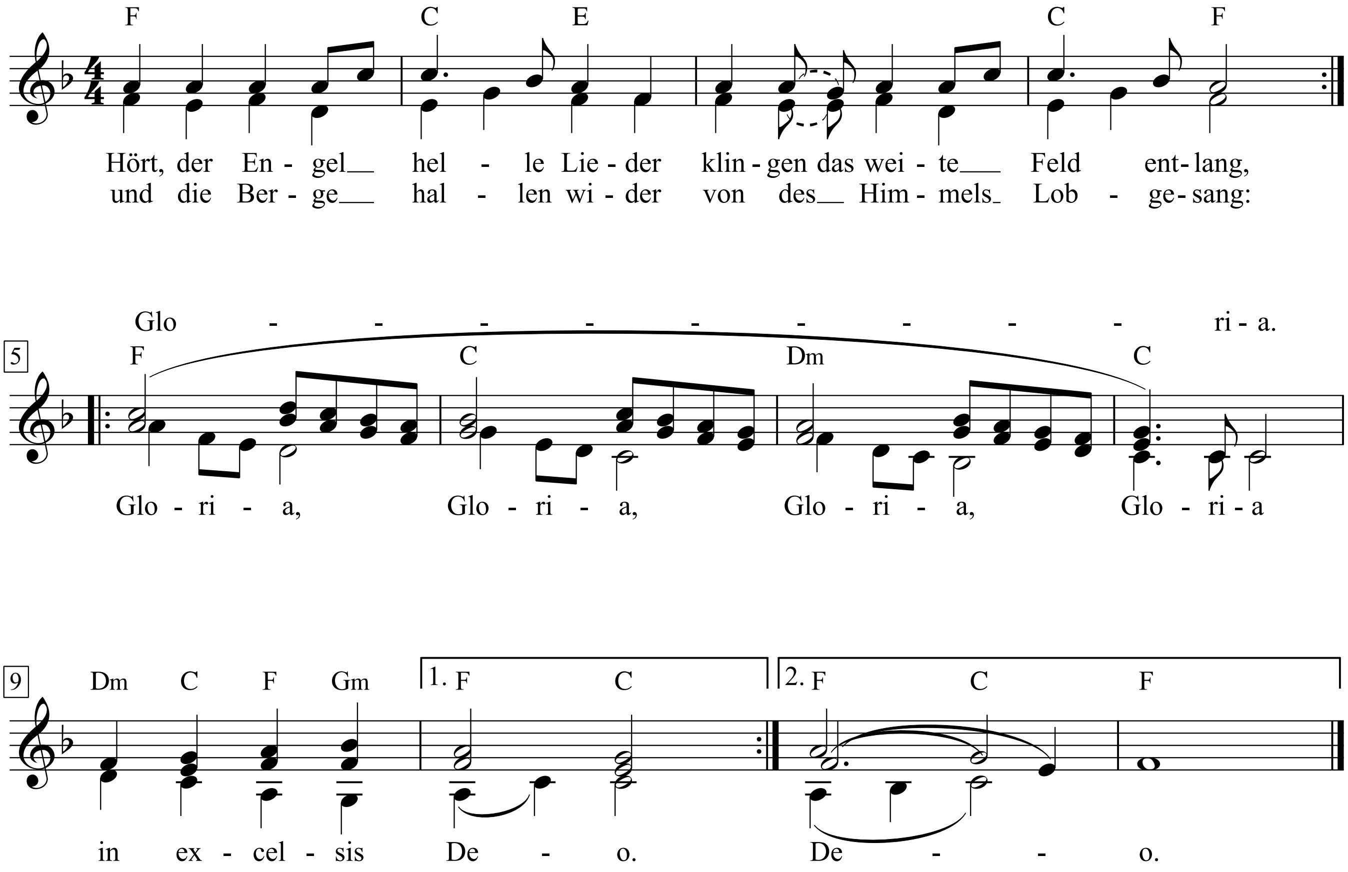
5. Auch als er später dann statt Bier nur Möselchen noch trank,
den grünchangierten Anzug trug, mit weichem Kreppsohlgang
geschmeidig ins Lokal reinkam, am kleinen Finger schwang
der Wagenschlüssel, wenn er dann sein »hay Barbary ba« sang,
schließlich im offnen Jaguar mit Mütze, Pfeife, Schal,
ein Mädchen auf dem Nebensitz, sehr blond und braun und schmal,
im Schrittempo durchs Viertel glitt, genau vor Stratmanns Haus
mal eben bisschen Gas zugab, der rechte Arm hing 'raus –
Kumpanen, da, gesteht euch ein,
da wolltet ihr genau wie Horsti Schmandhoff sein.

6. Doch dann verschwand er, niemand wusste, wo er war und blieb,
bis eine Illustrierte über Ukalula schrieb.
Dort, hieß es, lebte hochgeehrt ein Weißer, und der war,
ein Häuptling und des Präsidenten einz'ger Ratgeber.
Da stand im Leopardenfell, den Schwanzquast and der Hand,
die Fäuste in die Hüften gestemmt, und um die Stirn ein Band,
inmitten dreißig Weibern, alle nackt und schwarz und prall,
ein fetter Horsti Schmandhoff, und der lächelte brutal –
Kumpanen, da, gesteht euch ein,
da wolltet ihr nochmal wie Horsti Schmandhoff sein.

Hört, der Engel helle Lieder

deutsche Textfassung: 1. Strophe: Otto Abel,
2. und 3. Strophe: Gustav Wirsching

Text & Melodie: volkstümlich aus Frankreich



1. Hört, der Engel helle Lieder
klingen das weite Feld entlang,
und die Berge hallen wider
von des Himmels Lobgesang:
Gloria, Gloria, Gloria, Gloria
in excelsis Deo.

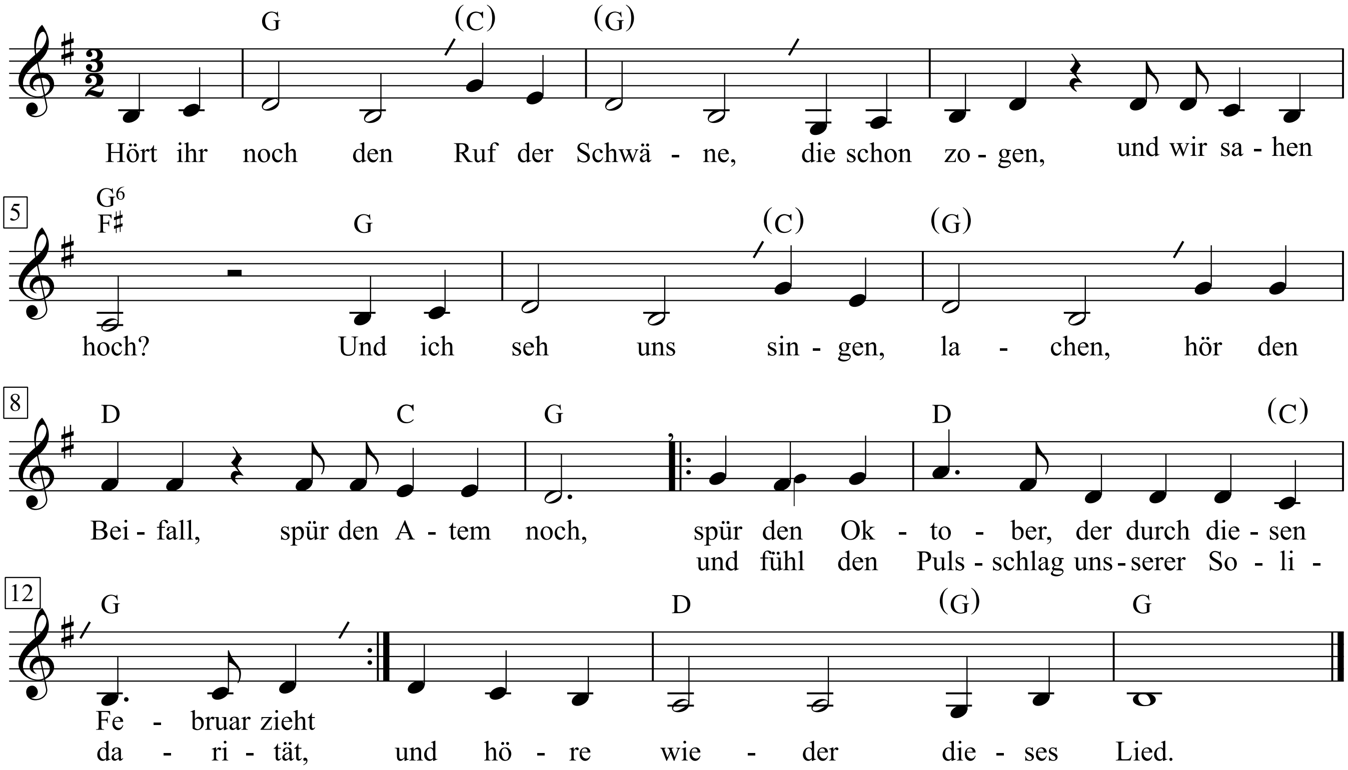
2. Hirten sagt, was ist geschehen,
was tun uns die Engel kund?
Alles Leid könnt jetzt vergehen
auf dem weiten Erdenrund.
Gloria, Gloria, Gloria, Gloria
in excelsis Deo.

3. Denn ein Kindlein ist geboren,
kommen ist der Heiland dein.
Er errettet, was verloren,
Friede soll auf Erden sein.
Gloria, Gloria, Gloria, Gloria
in excelsis Deo.

Hört ihr den Ruf der Schwäne

Für die Freunde und Genossen vom Festival des Politischen Liedes 1975 in Berlin

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



1. Hört ihr noch den Ruf der Schwäne,
die schon zogen, und wir sahen hoch?
Und ich seh uns singen, lachen,
hör den Beifall, spür den Atem noch,
spür den Oktober, der durch diesen Februar zieht,
und fühl den Pulsschlag unserer Solidarität
und höre wieder dieses Lied.

2. Hör die Trauer und den Zorn auch
und den Mut aus Chiles grauer Nacht
und hör Kubas Kampf und Tänze
und wie man in Glasgow gälisch lacht,
den Schwur von Grandola morena, rote Stadt,
und hör von Brüdern, die der Feind ermordet hat,
von Ernte und von neuer Saat.

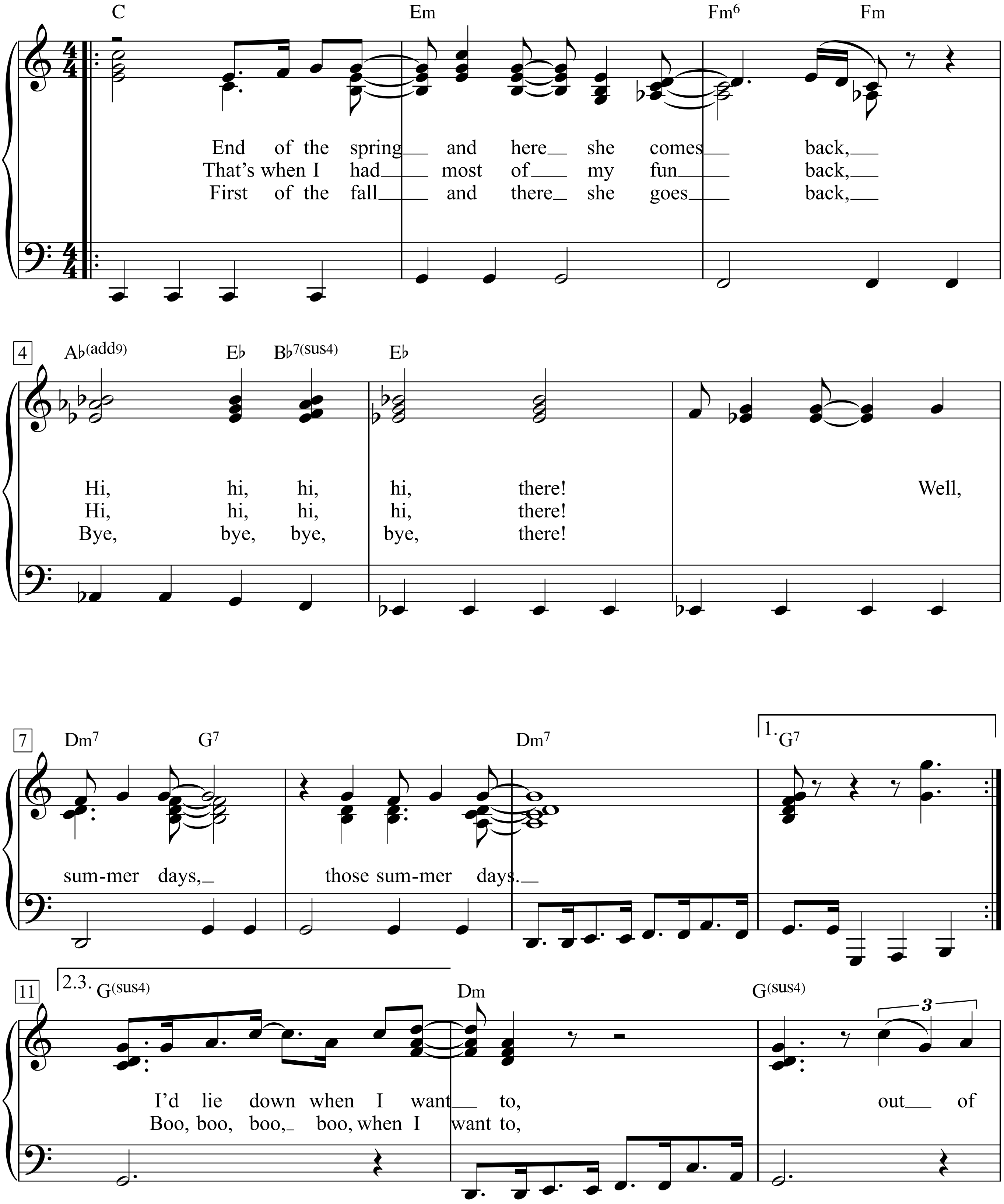
3. Ja, die Lieder werden bleiben,
sie sind Brüder der Revolution.
In den Waffen, den Gitarren,
wacht der Morgen unseres Sieges schon.
Und überm Tag, der grau und ohne Ende ist,
und wenn die Müdigkeit uns nachts nicht schlafen lässt,
gibt es den Traum von diesem Fest.

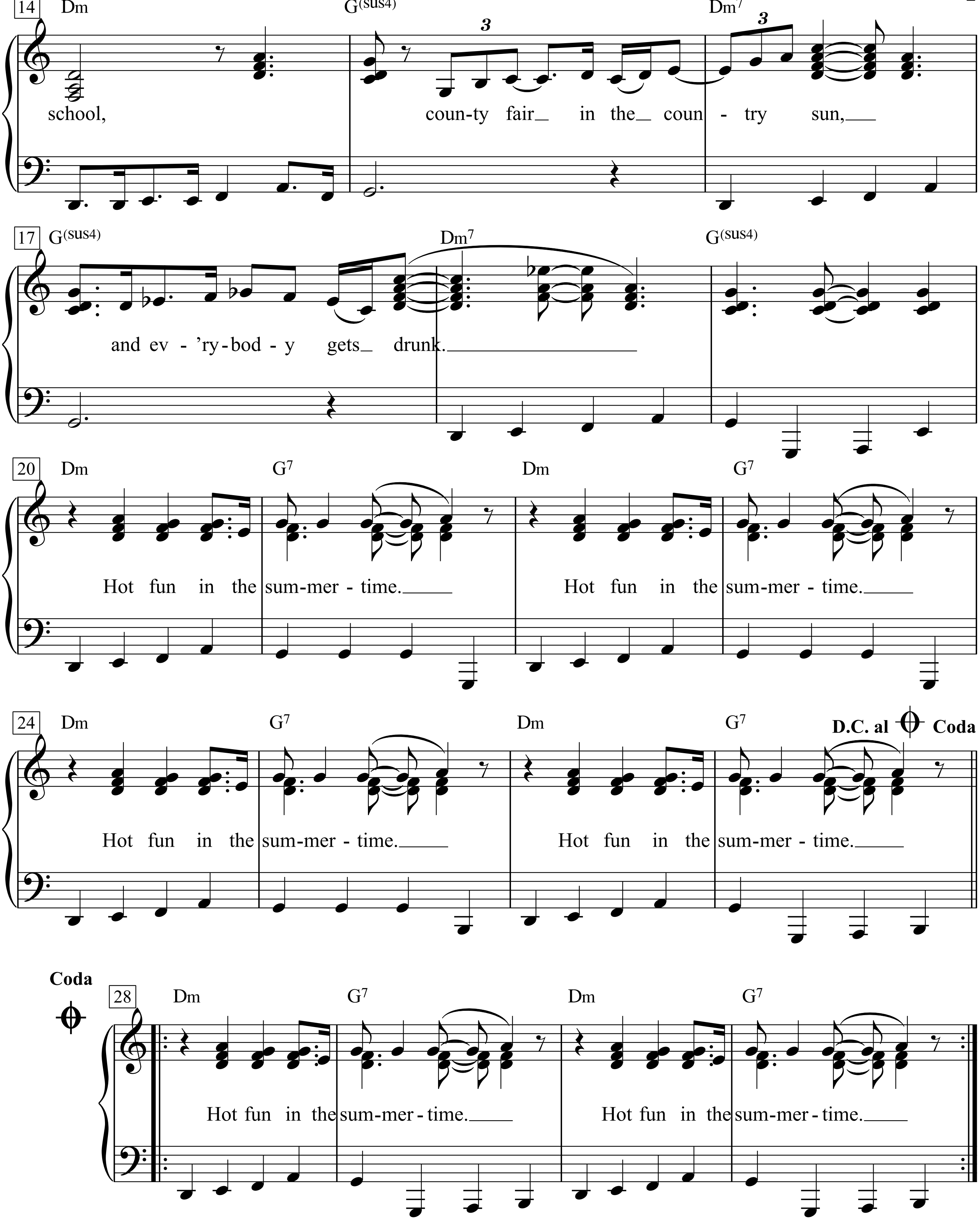
4. Kommt, wir gehn noch mal die Straßen,
atmen Wünsche in den kalten Wind,
und wir reden über uns und
Lieder, die noch nicht gesungen sind.
Und wir berühren uns und bleiben manchmal stehn,
und wir versprechen uns, dass wir uns wiedersehn
in Grandola oder Berlin.

Hot Fun In The Summertime

Words & Music by Sylvester Stewart
(Sly & The Family Stone)

Medium Fast and Relaxed




14
Dm
G(sus4)
Dm7
school,
coun-ty fair in the coun - try sun,
17
G(sus4)
Dm7
G(sus4)
and ev - 'ry-bod - y gets drunk.
20
Dm
G7
Dm
G7
Hot fun in the sum-mer - time.
Hot fun in the sum-mer - time.
24
Dm
G7
Dm
G7
D.C. al Coda
Hot fun in the sum-mer - time.
Hot fun in the sum-mer - time.
Coda
28
Dm
G7
Dm
G7
Hot fun in the sum-mer - time.
Hot fun in the sum-mer - time.

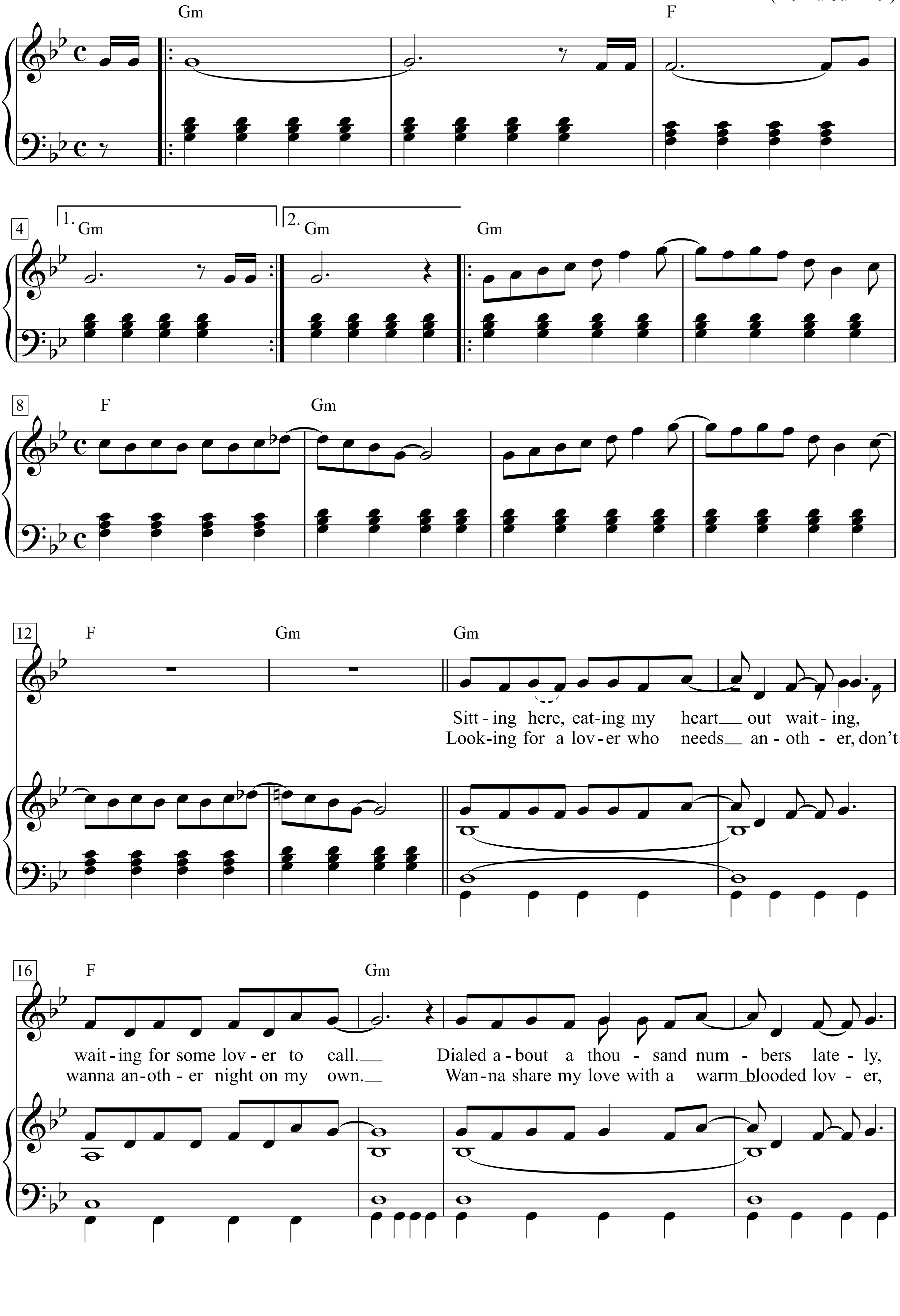
1. End of the spring and here she comes back,
Hi, hi, hi, hi, there!
Well, summer days, those summer days.
I'd lie down when I want to, out of school,
county fair in the country sun,
and ev'rybody gets drunk.
Hot fun in the summertime.
Hot fun in the summertime.
Hot fun in the summertime.
Hot fun in the summertime.
Hot fun in the summertime.
Hot fun in the summertime.

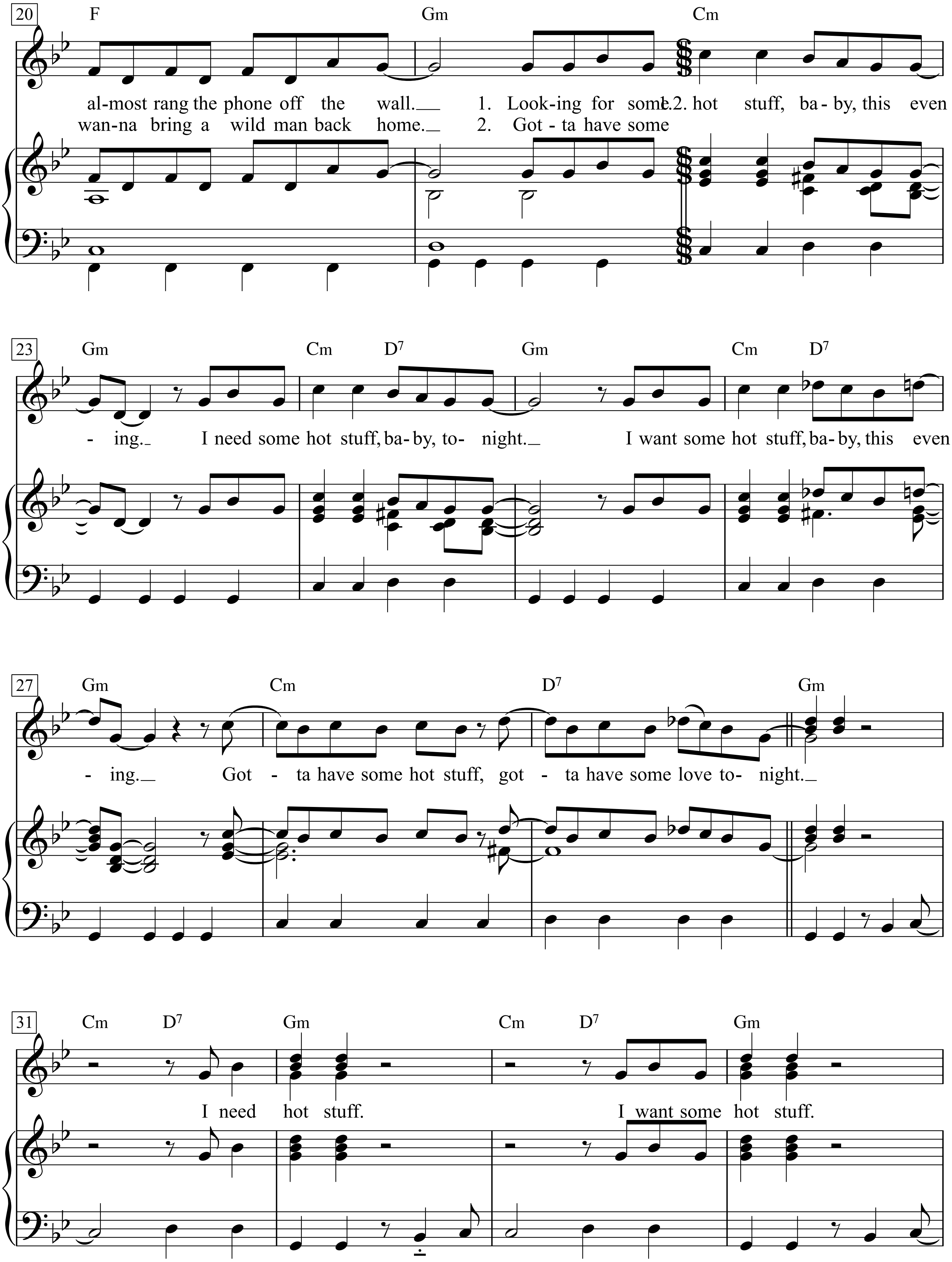
2. That's when I had most of my fun back,
Hi, hi, hi, hi, there!
Boo, boo, boo, boo, when I want to,

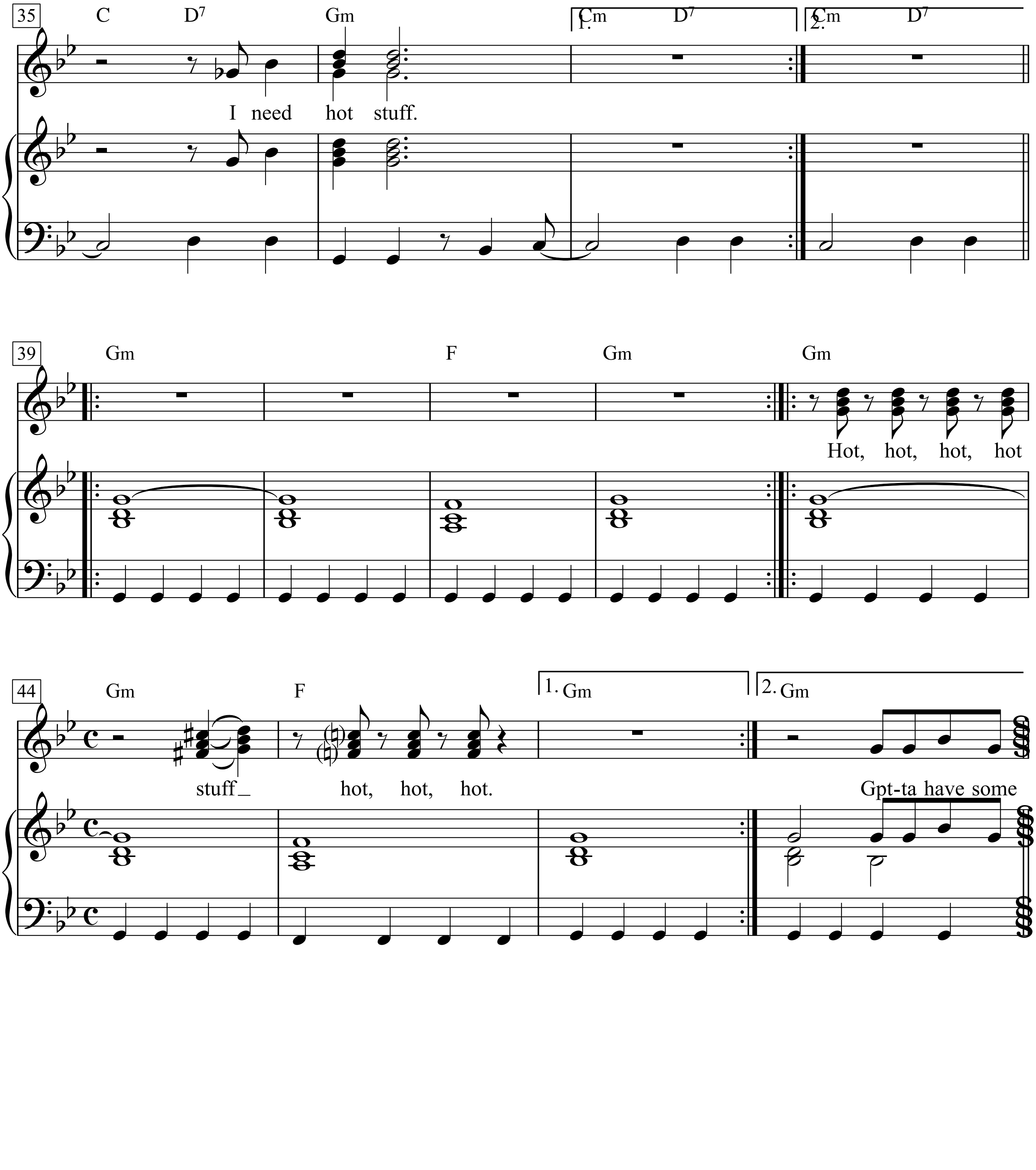
3 .First of the fall and there she goes back,
Bye, bye, bye, bye, there!

Hot Stuff

Words & Music by
Pete Belotte, Harold Faltermeyer and Keith Forsey
(Donna Summer)




20
F
Gm
Cm
al-most rang the phone off the wall.
1. Look-ing for some
1.2. hot stuff, ba - by, this even
wan-na bring a wild man back home.
2. Got - ta have some
23
Gm
Cm
D7
Gm
Cm
D7
- ing.
I need some hot stuff, ba- by, to- night.
I want some hot stuff, ba- by, this even
27
Gm
Cm
D7
Gm
- ing.
Got - ta have some hot stuff, got - ta have some love to- night.
31
Cm
D7
Gm
Cm
D7
Gm
I need hot stuff.
I want some hot stuff.


35
C D7 Gm
1. Cm D7
2. Cm D7
I need hot stuff.
39
Gm F Gm Gm
Hot, hot, hot, hot
44
Gm F
1. Gm
2. Gm
stuff_ hot, hot, hot.
Gpt-ta have some

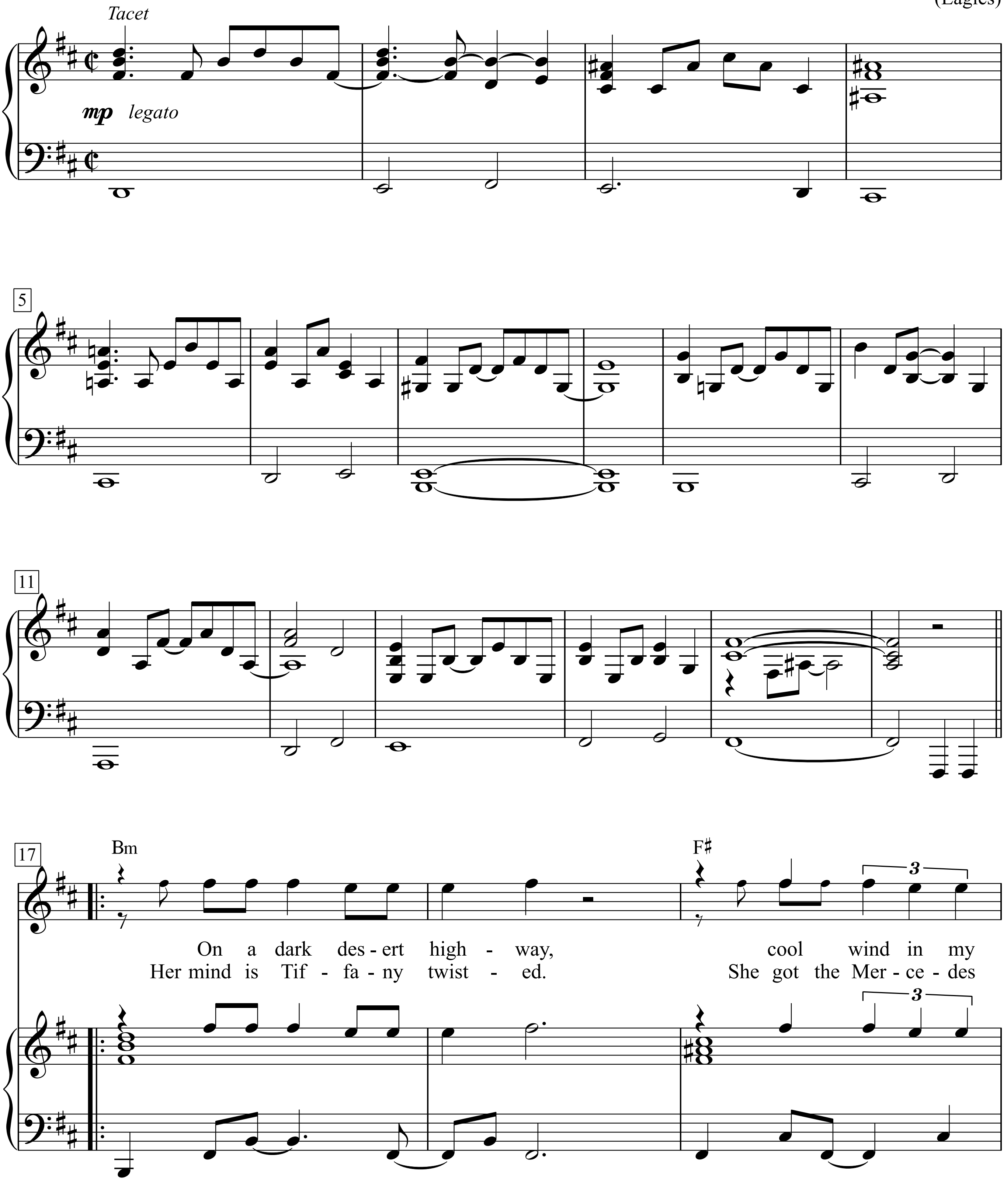
1.
Sitting here, eating my heart out waiting,
waiting for some lover to call.
Dialed about a thousand numbers lately,
almost rang the phone off the wall.
Looking for some 1.
2. hot stuff, baby, this evening.
I need some hot stuff, baby, tonight.
I want some hot stuff, baby, this evening.
Gotta have some hot stuff, gotta have some
love tonight.
I need hot stuff.
I want some hot stuff.
I need hot stuff.
Hot, hot, hot, hot stuff hot, hot, hot.
Gotta have some

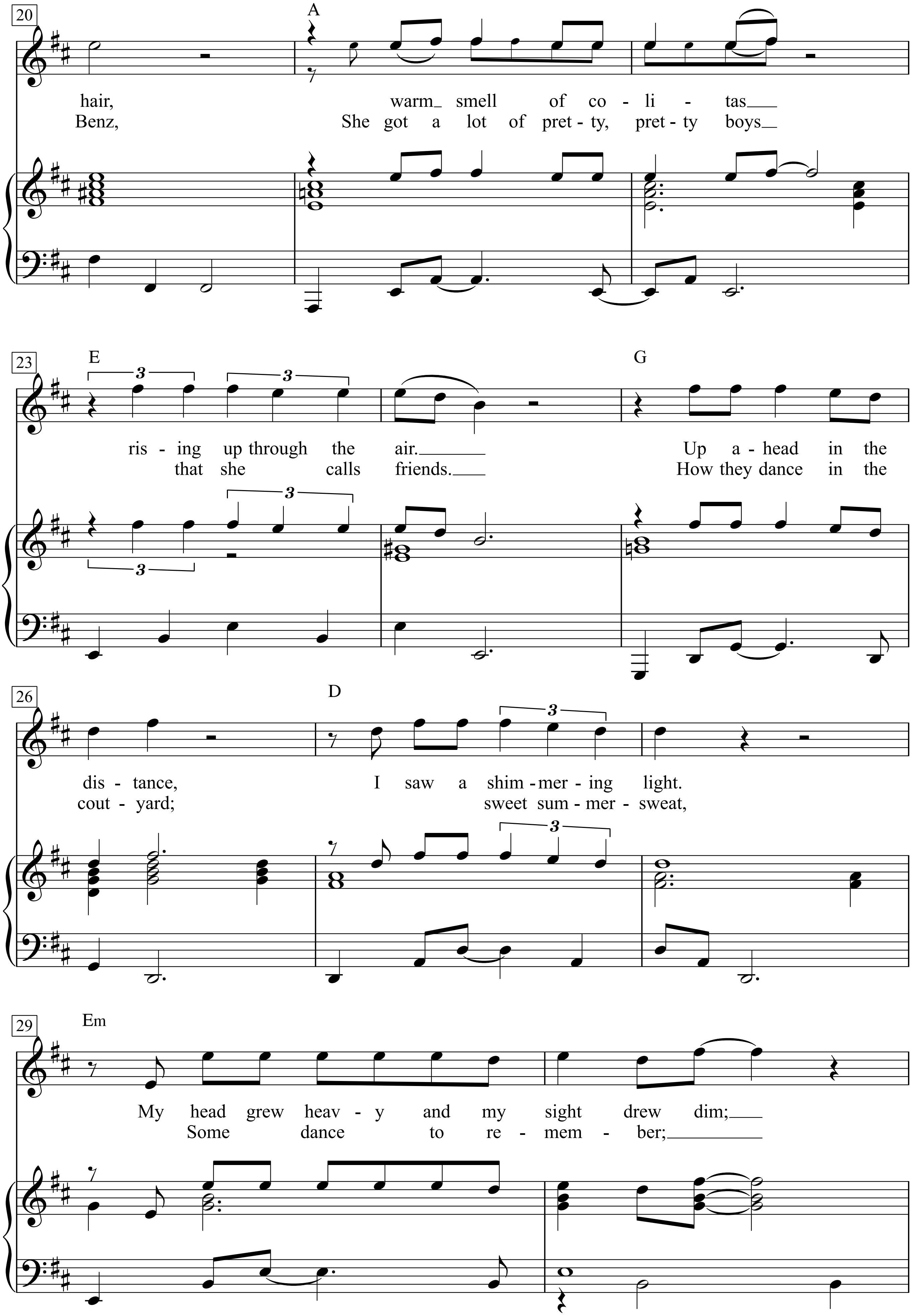
2.
Looking for a lover who needs another,
don’t wanna another night on my own.
Wanna share my love with a warm blooded lover,
wanna bring a wild man back home.
Gotta have some

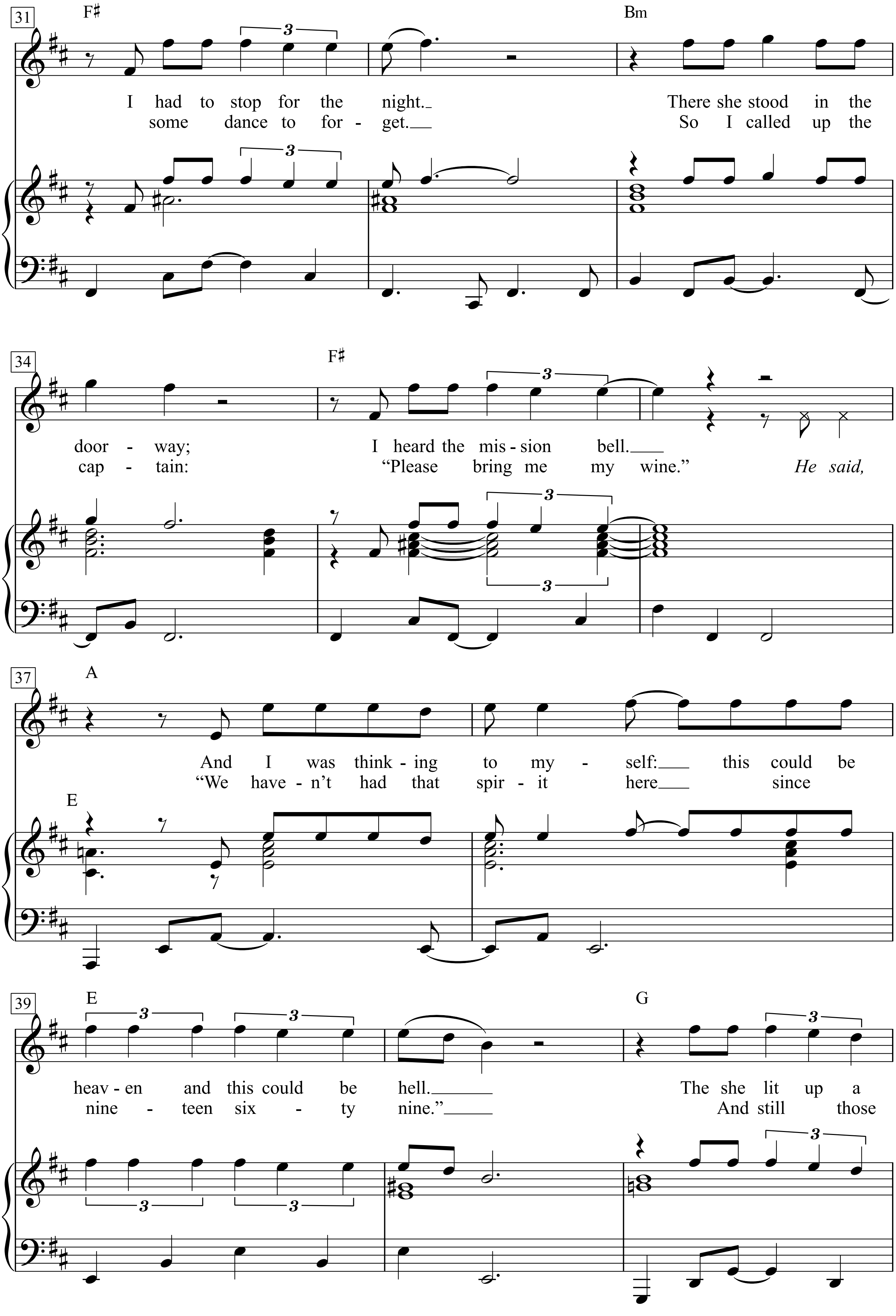
Hotel California

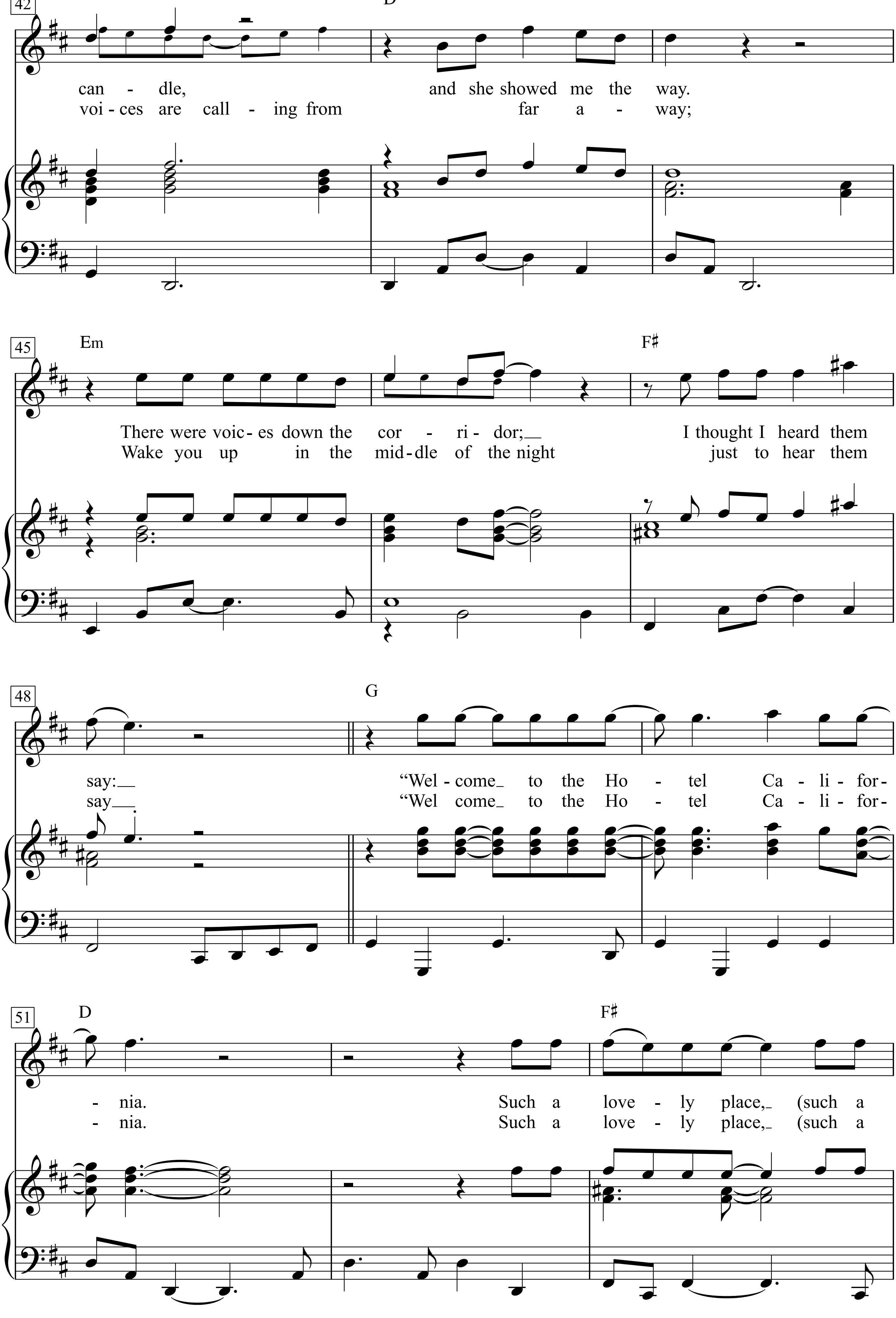
Words & Music:
Don Felder, Don Henley & Glenn Frey
(Eagles)

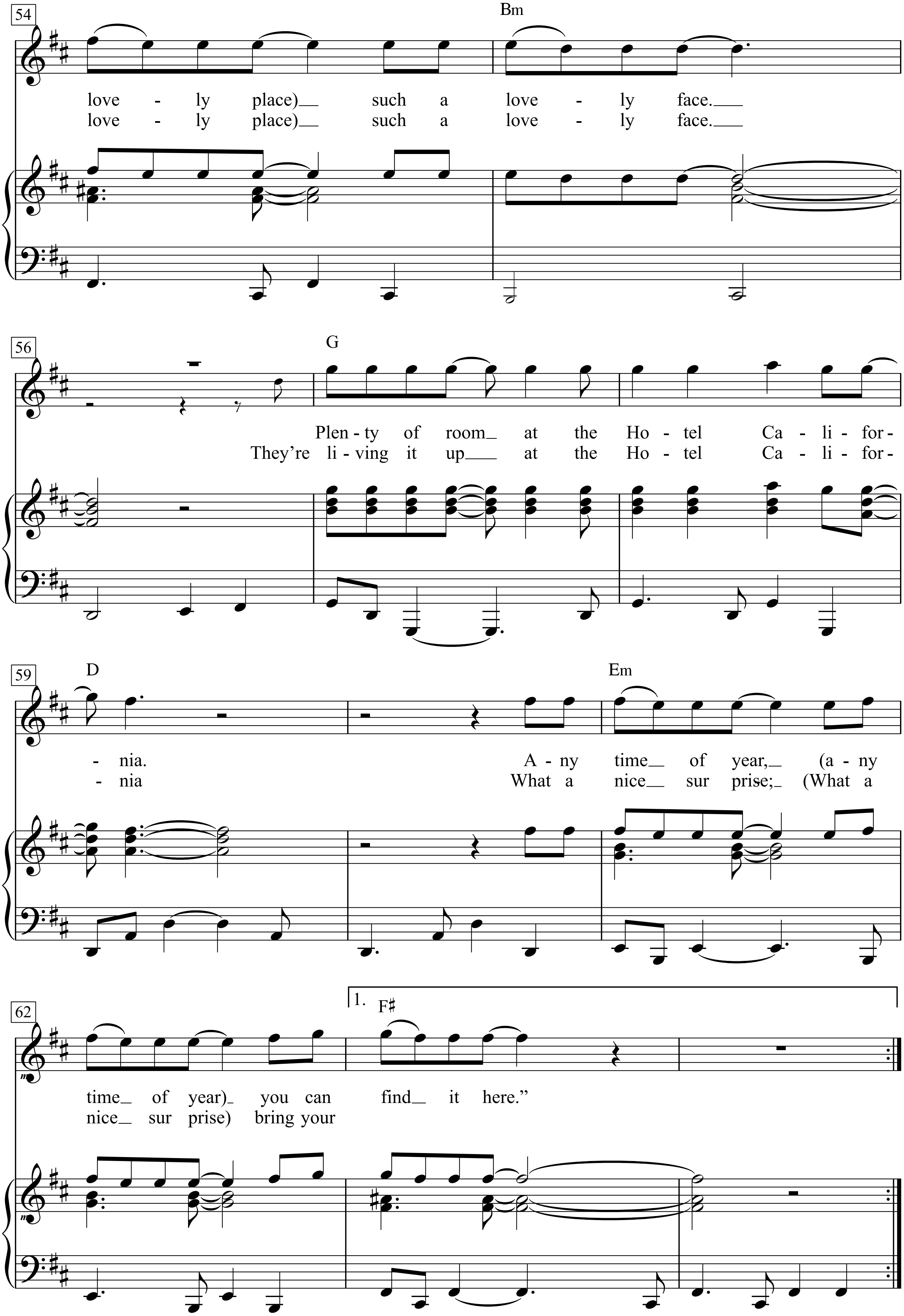
Moderate rock beat

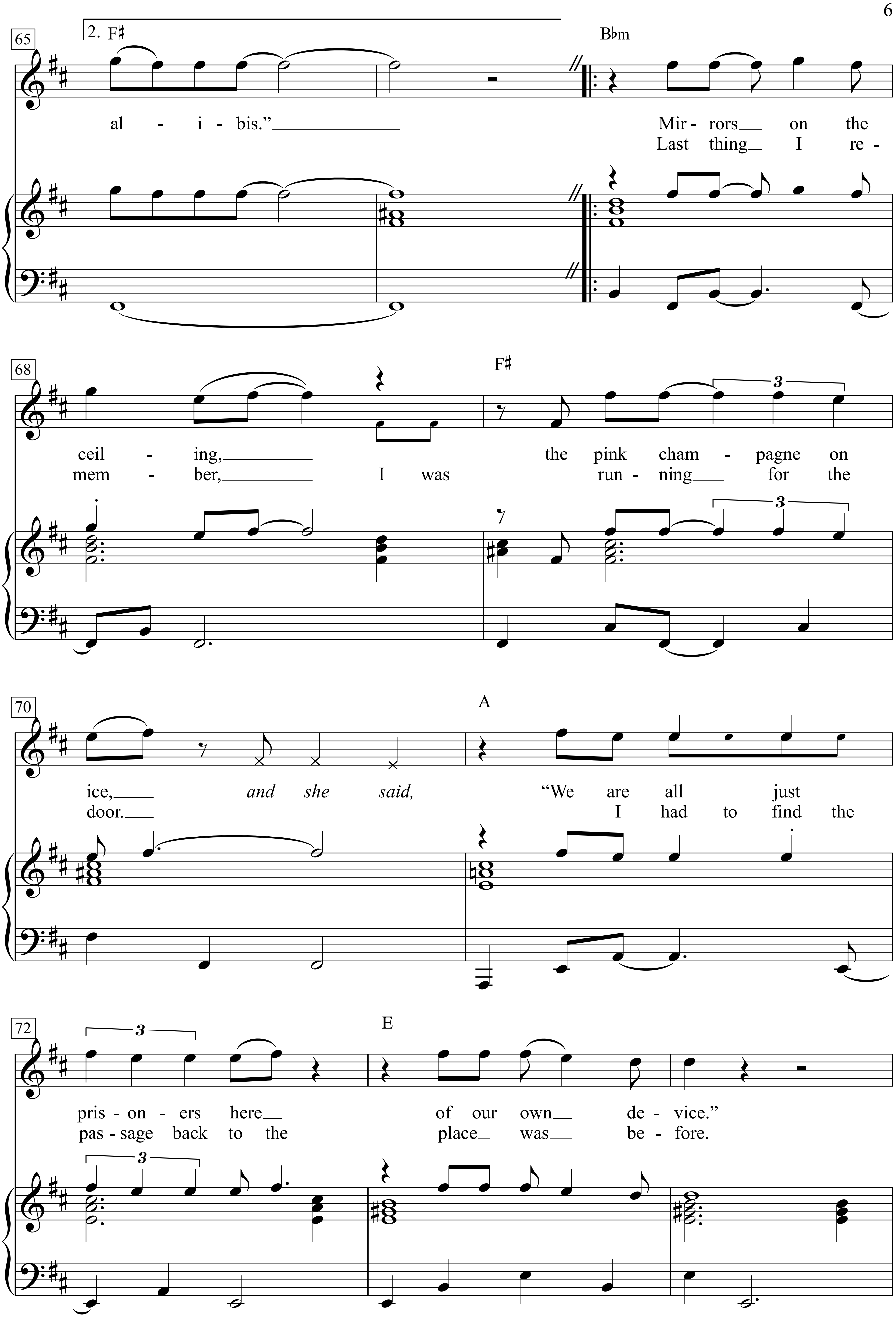


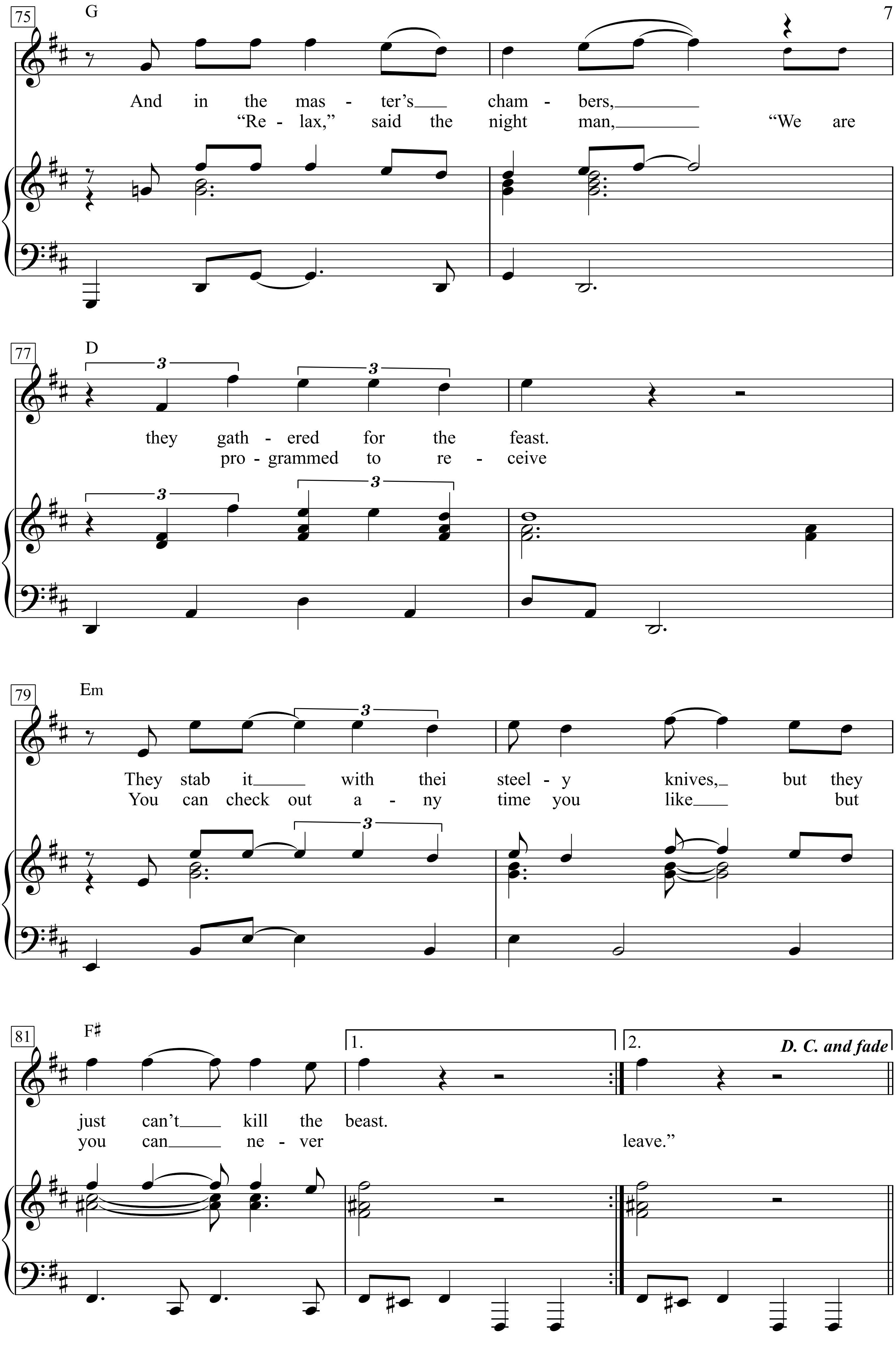

20
A
hair, warm_ smell of co - li - tas__
Benz, She got a lot of pret - ty, pret - ty boys__
23
E
G
3
ris - ing up through the air.______ Up a - head in the
that she calls friends.____ How they dance in the
26
D
dis - tance, I saw a shim - mer - ing light.
cout - yard; sweet sum - mer - sweat,
29
Em
My head grew heav - y and my sight drew dim;___
Some dance to re - mem - ber;________


31
F♯
I had to stop for the night.
some dance to for - get.
Bm
There she stood in the
So I called up the
34
door - way;
cap - tain:
F♯
I heard the mis - sion bell.
"Please bring me my wine."
He said,
37
A
And I was think - ing to my - self: this could be
"We have - n't had that spir - it here since
E
39
E
heav - en and this could be hell.
nine - teen six - ty nine."
G
The she lit up a
And still those
3
3
3
3
3
3
3
3
3


42
D
can - dle, and she showed me the way.
voi - ces are call - ing from far a - way;
45
Em
F♯
There were voic - es down the cor - ri - dor; I thought I heard them
Wake you up in the mid - dle of the night just to hear them
48
G
say: "Wel - come to the Ho - tel Ca - li - for-
say "Wel come to the Ho - tel Ca - li - for-
51
D
F♯
- nia. Such a love - ly place, (such a
- nia. Such a love - ly place, (such a


54
Bm
love - ly place) such a love - ly face.
love - ly place) such a love - ly face.
56
G
Plen - ty of room at the Ho - tel Ca - li - for -
They're li - ving it up at the Ho - tel Ca - li - for -
59
D
Em
- nia. A - ny time of year, (a - ny
- nia What a nice sur prise; (What a
62
1.
F♯
time of year) you can find it here."
nice sur prise) bring your


65
2. F♯
B♭m
al - i - bis."
Mir - rors on the
Last thing I re -
68
F♯
ceil - ing, the pink cham - pagne on
mem - ber, I was run - ning for the
70
A
ice, *and she said,* "We are all just
door. I had to find the
72
E
pris - on - ers here of our own de - vice."
pas - sage back to the place was be - fore.


75
G
And in the mas - ter's cham - bers,
"Re - lax," said the night man, "We are
77
D
they gath - ered for the feast.
pro - grammed to re - ceive
79
Em
They stab it with thei steel - y knives, but they
You can check out a - ny time you like but
81
F♯
1.
2.
D. C. and fade
just can't kill the beast.
you can ne - ver leave."

On a dark desert highway, cool wind in my hair
Warm smell of colitas rising up through the air
Up ahead in the distance I saw a shimmering light
My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim
I had to stop for the night
There she stood in the doorway, I heard the mission bell
I was thinking to myself this could be Heaven or this could be Hell
Then she lit up a candle and she showed me the way
There were voices down the corridor I thought I heard them say

Welcome to the Hotel California
Such a lovely place
(Such a lovely place)
Such a lovely face
Plenty of room at the Hotel California
Any time of year
(Any time of year)
You can find it here

Her mind is Tiffany twisted, she got the Mercedes Benz, uh
She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys that she calls friends
How they dance in the courtyard, sweet summer sweat
Some dance to remember, some dance to forget
So I called up the captain, “Please bring me my wine”
He said, “We haven’t had that spirit here since 1969”
And still those voices are calling from far away
Wake you up in the middle of the night just to hear them say

Welcome to the Hotel California
Such a lovely place
(Such a lovely place)
Such a lovely face
They’re living it up at the Hotel California
What a nice surprise
(What a nice surprise)
Bring your alibis

Mirrors on the ceiling, the pink champagne on ice
And she said, “We are all just prisoners here of our own device”
And in the master’s chambers they gathered for the feast
They stab it with their steely knives but they just can’t kill the beast
Last thing I remember I was running for the door
I had to find the passage back to the place I was before
“Relax,” said the night man, “We are programmed to receive
You can check out any time you like but you can never leave”

Auf einem dunklen Highway in der Wüste, mit einer kühlen Brise im Haar
Der warme Duft von Colitas lag in der Luft [1]
Vor mir am Horizont sah ich ein schimmerndes Licht
Mein Kopf wurde schwer und meine Augen müde
Ich musste anhalten, irgendwo übernachten.
Da stand sie im Türrahmen, ich hörte die Kirchenglocke
Da sagte ich zu mir selbst, das kann die Hölle sein - oder der Himmel.
Dann zündete sie eine Kerze an und zeigte mir den Weg
Stimmen waberten durch den Korridor, und ich glaubte, sie sagen zu hören

Willkommen im Hotel California
So ein lieblicher Ort
(So ein lieblicher Ort)
So ein liebliches Gesicht
Viele Zimmer frei im Hotel California
Zu jeder Jahreszeit
(Zu jeder Jahreszeit)
Kannst du es hier finden.

Ihre Gedanken kreisen nur um Juwelen, sie fährt auf Mercedes ab [2]
Sie hat viele hübsche, hübsche Jungs, die sie Freunde nennt
Wie sie im Hof tanzen, süßer Sommerschweiß
Manche tanzen, um sich zu erinnern, manche, um zu vergessen.
Also rief ich den Ober “Bitte bringen sie mir meinen Wein”
Sagt er: “Wir hatten so viel Lebensfreude hier seit 1969 nicht mehr”
Und noch immer rufen diese Stimmen aus weiter Ferne
Wecken dich mitten in der Nacht, nur um sie sagen zu hören...

Willkommen im Hotel California
So ein lieblicher Ort
(So ein lieblicher Ort)
So ein liebliches Gesicht
Sie machen Party im Hotel California
Welch eine nette Überraschung
(Welch eine nette Überraschung)
Bringt eure Alibis...

Spiegel an der Decke, der pinke Champagner auf Eis
Und sie sagt “Wir sind alle Gefangene unserer selbst hier”
Und in ihrer Herren Kammern versammelten sie sich für das Fest.
Versuchen, es mit ihren stählernen Messern zu erstechen
Aber sie können das Tier einfach nicht töten [3]
Das letzte, an was ich mich erinnere, ist, dass ich zur Tür rannte
Ich musste den Weg zurück an den Ort finden, an dem ich vorher war.
“Entspann dich”, sagte der Pförtner “Wir sind nur auf Empfang eingestellt [4]
Du kannst auschecken, wann immer du willst, doch du kannst niemals wirklich gehen.“

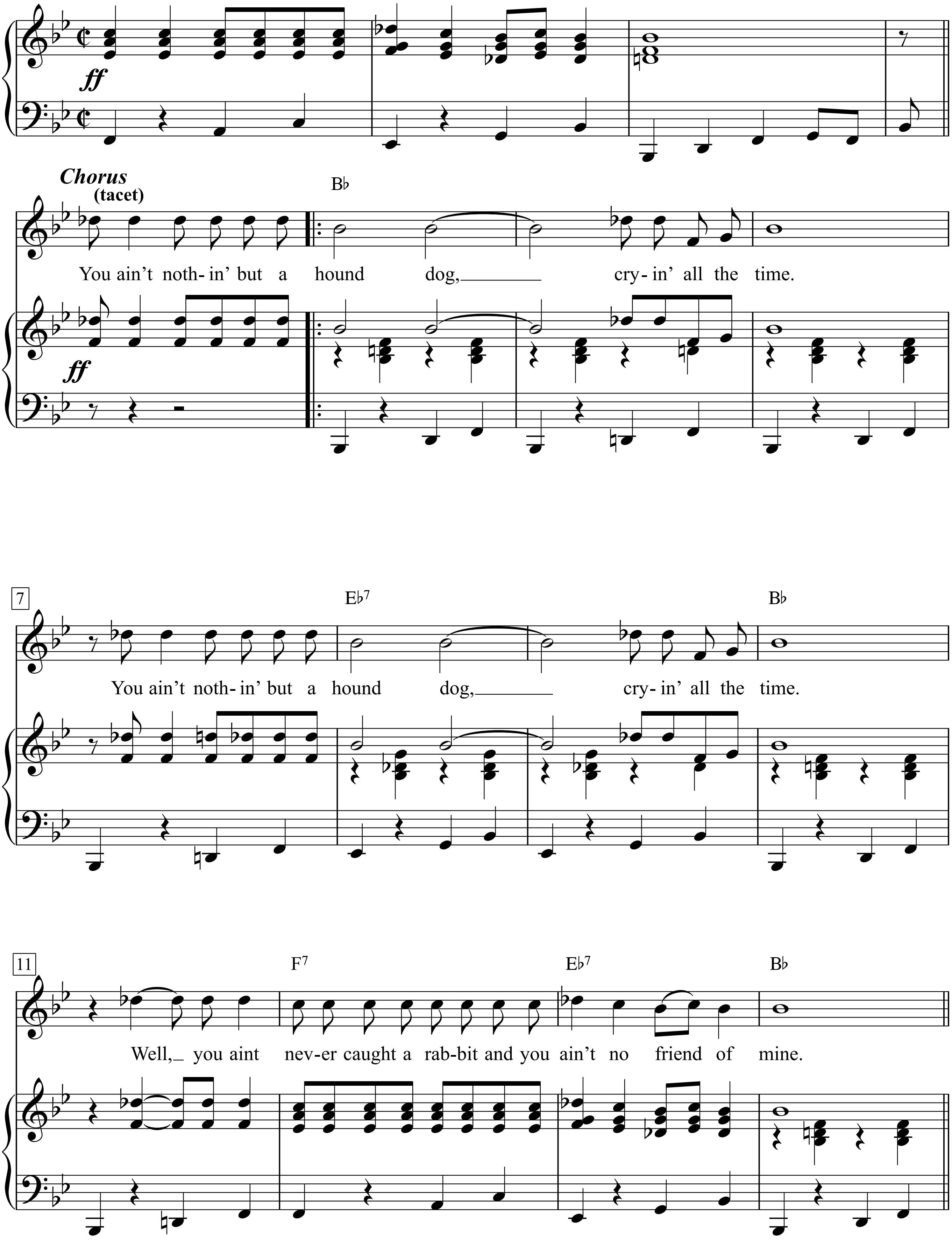
Über die Interpretation ist schon viel gesagt worden, das kann man anderswo ausführlich nachlesen. Ich persönlich halte "Metapher für Drogensucht/Sünde" für besser als "Metapher für Satanismus".

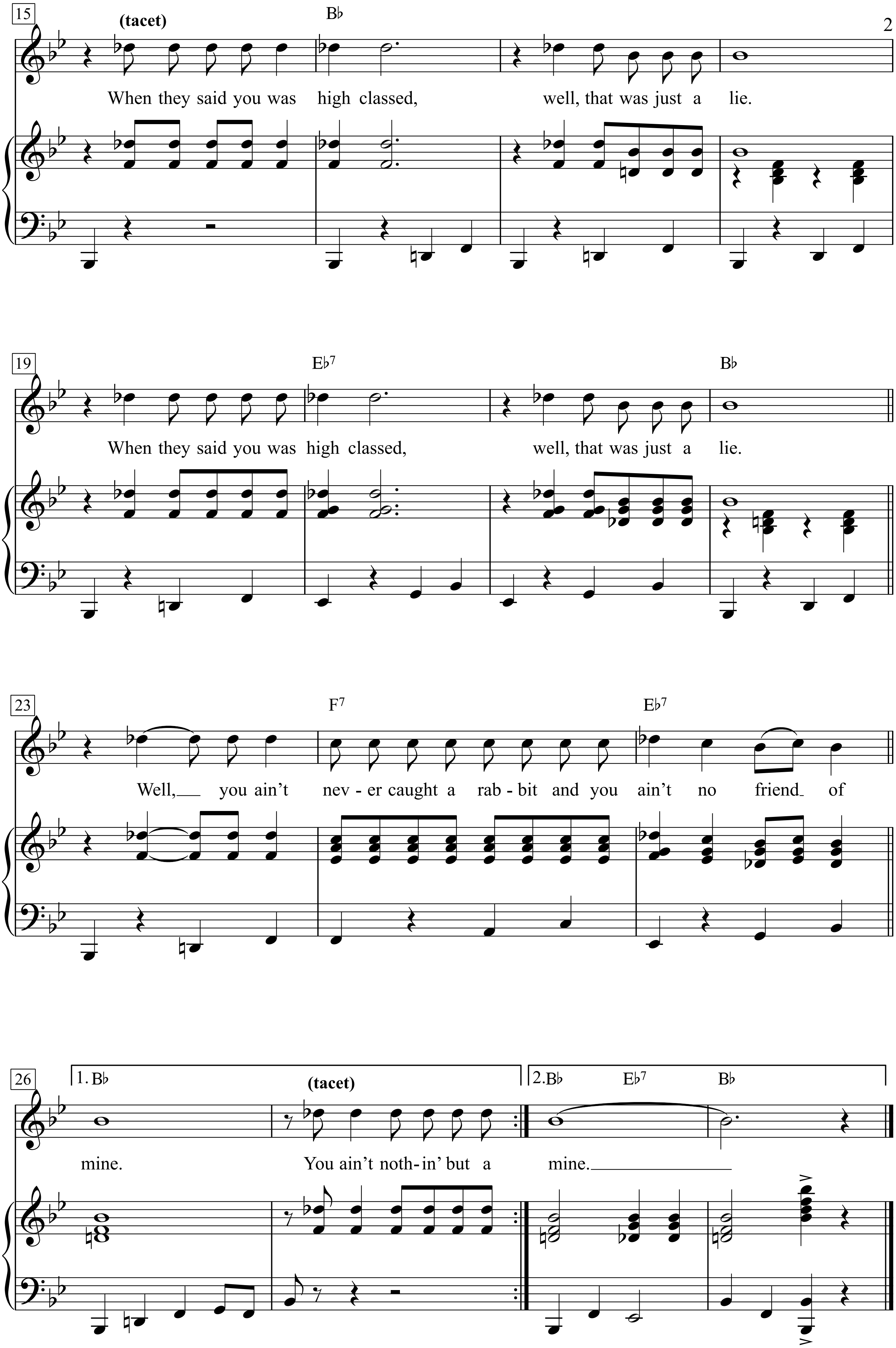
[1] "Colitas" sind (im mexikanischen Slang) Cannabis-Blüten.
[2] "To have the bends" *ist ein Ausdruck aus der Tauchersprache, der die sogen. Taucherkrankheit (geistige Verwirrung/Euphorie bei zu schnellem Druckwechsel) bezeichnet. Hier ein fast unübersetzbares Wortspiel mit* "Benz".
[3] Egal welcher Interpretation man anhängt, "beast" *verweist im Englischen oft auf den Teufel, in der altmodischen deutschen Variante "das Tier". Wer weniger der Satanismus- als eher der Sucht-Interpretation folgt, kann hier auch mit* "Dämon" *übersetzen, gemeint sind die eigenen Dämonen, in erster Linie die Sucht.*
[3] Mehrdeutigkeit. "Auf Empfang programmiert" ist ein Radio, übertragend gemeint ist hier auch "wir sind nur darauf eingestellt, dass jemand kommt und nicht darauf, dass jemand geht".
Das kann man dann wiederum als Verweis auf die Hölle sehen oder auf die Tatsache, dass man eine Sucht niemals wirklich los wird, sondern sie allenfalls unterdrücken kann (so wie ein Alkoholiker niemals frei wird, sondern mit dem ersten Drink rückfällig wird).

Hound Dog

Medium Bright Rock

Words & Music by
Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller
(Elvis Presley)

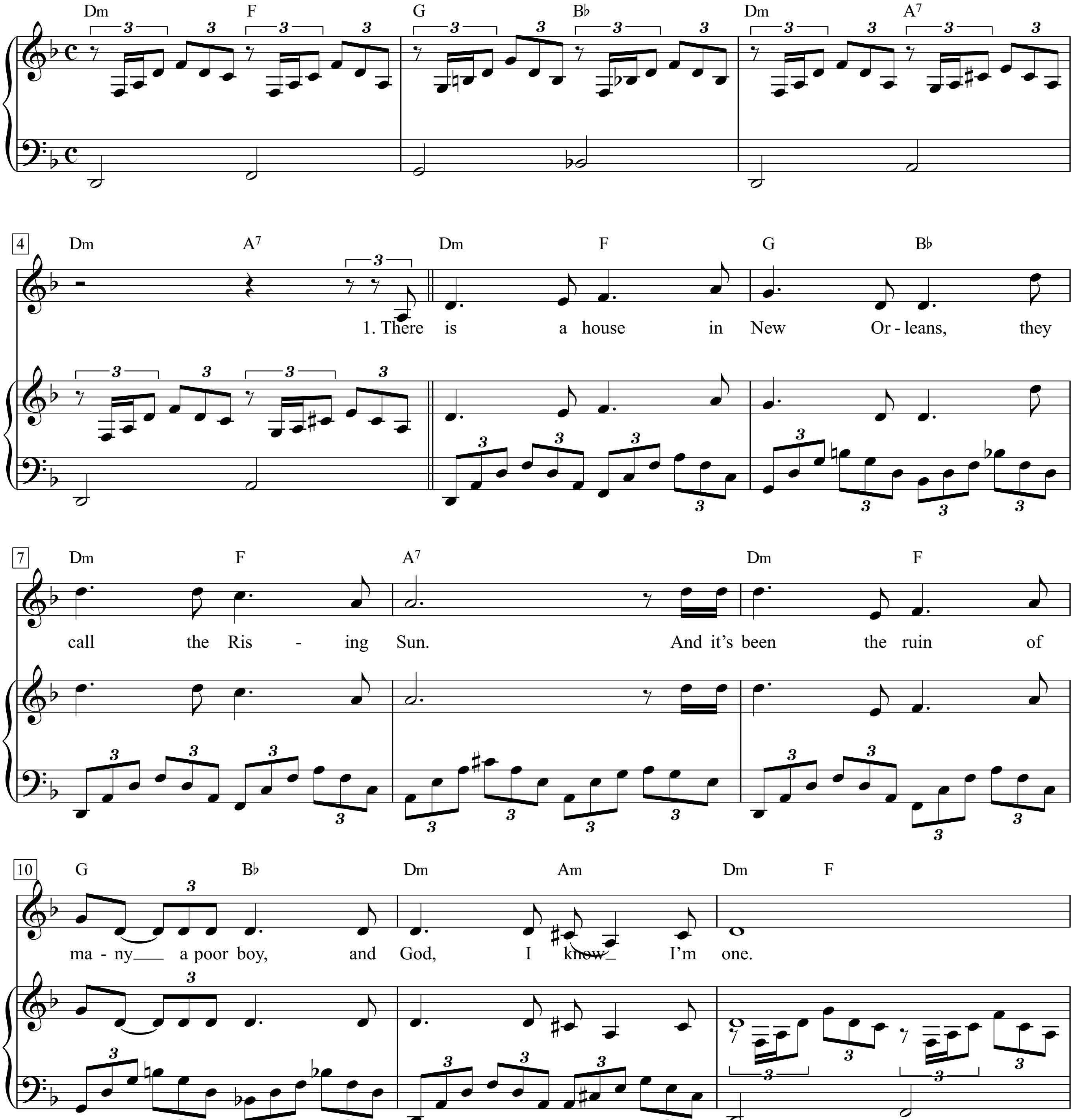


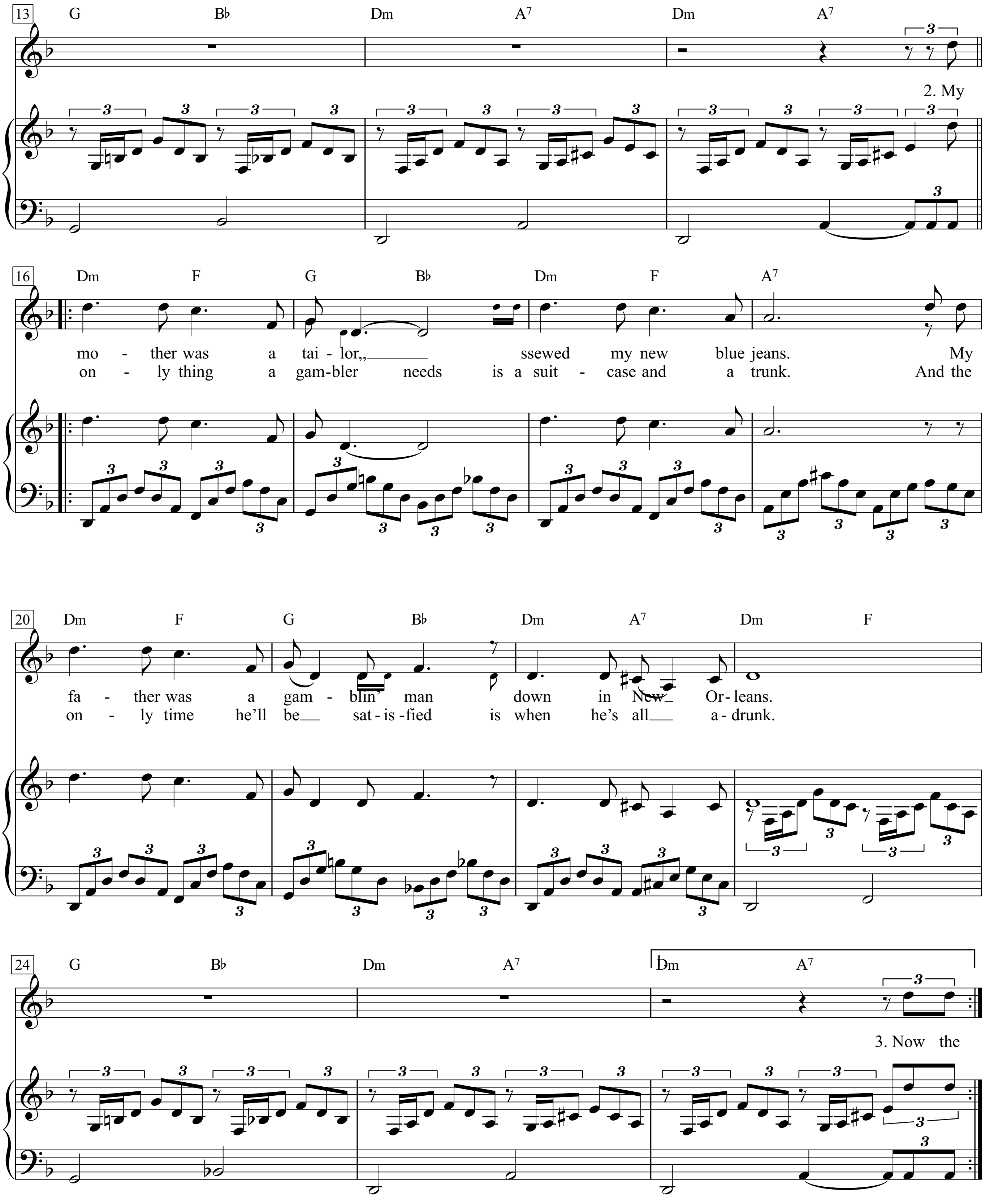

15
(tacet)
B♭
When they said you was high classed, well, that was just a lie.
19
E♭7
B♭
When they said you was high classed, well, that was just a lie.
23
F7
E♭7
Well, you ain't nev - er caught a rab - bit and you ain't no friend of
26
1. B♭
(tacet)
mine.
You ain't noth - in' but a
2. B♭
E♭7
B♭
mine.

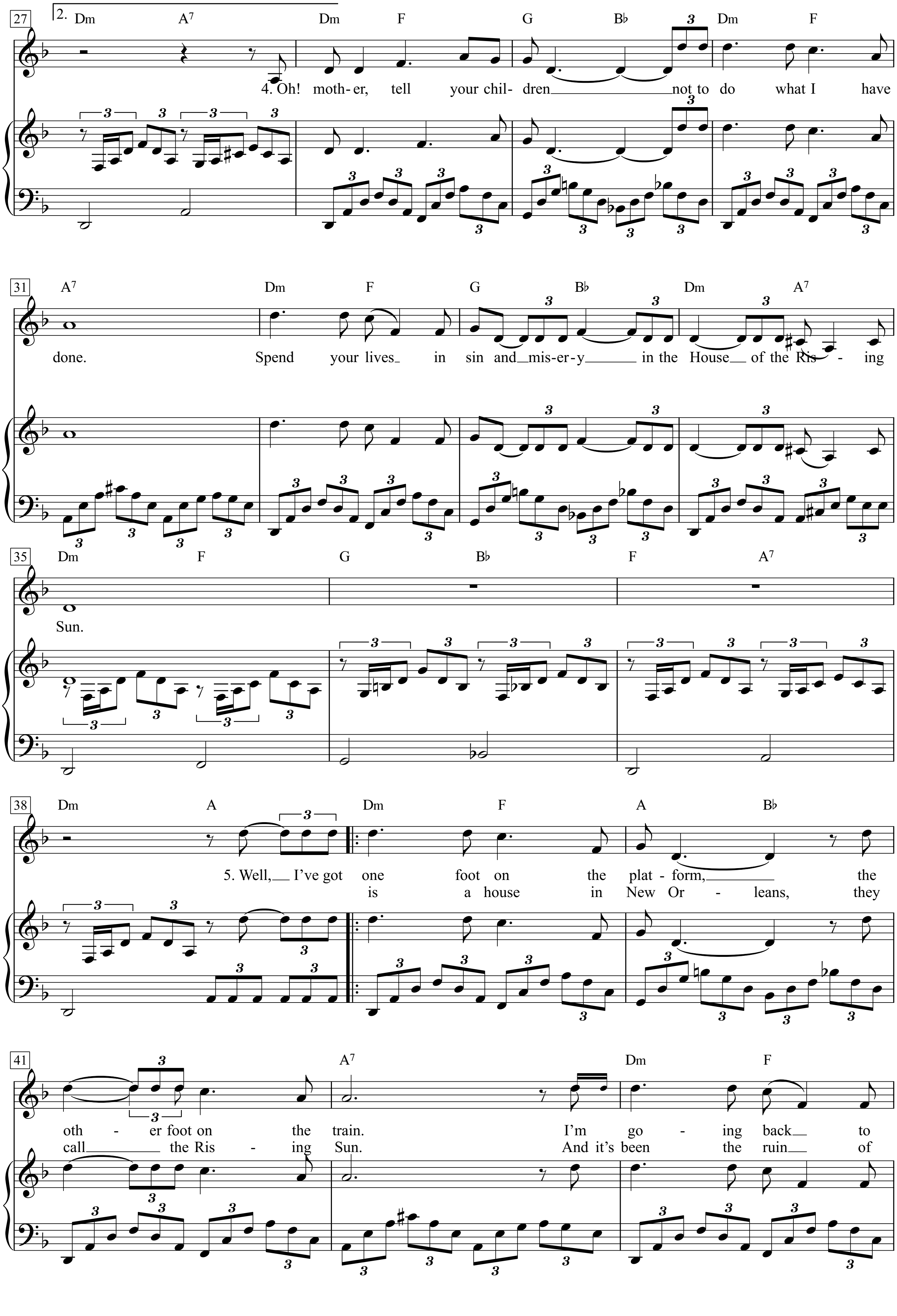
House of the Rising Sun

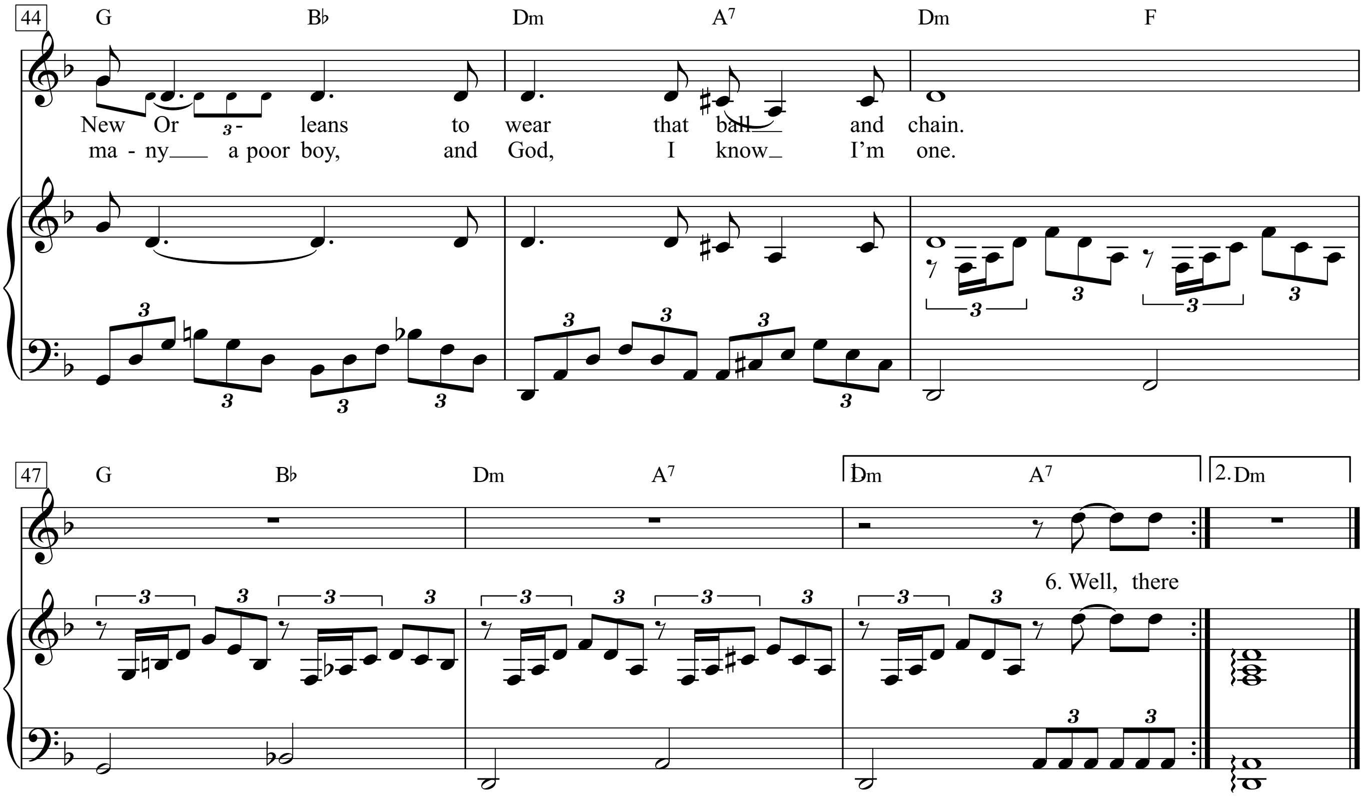
Arranged by Alan Price
(The Animals)

Slow beat tempo



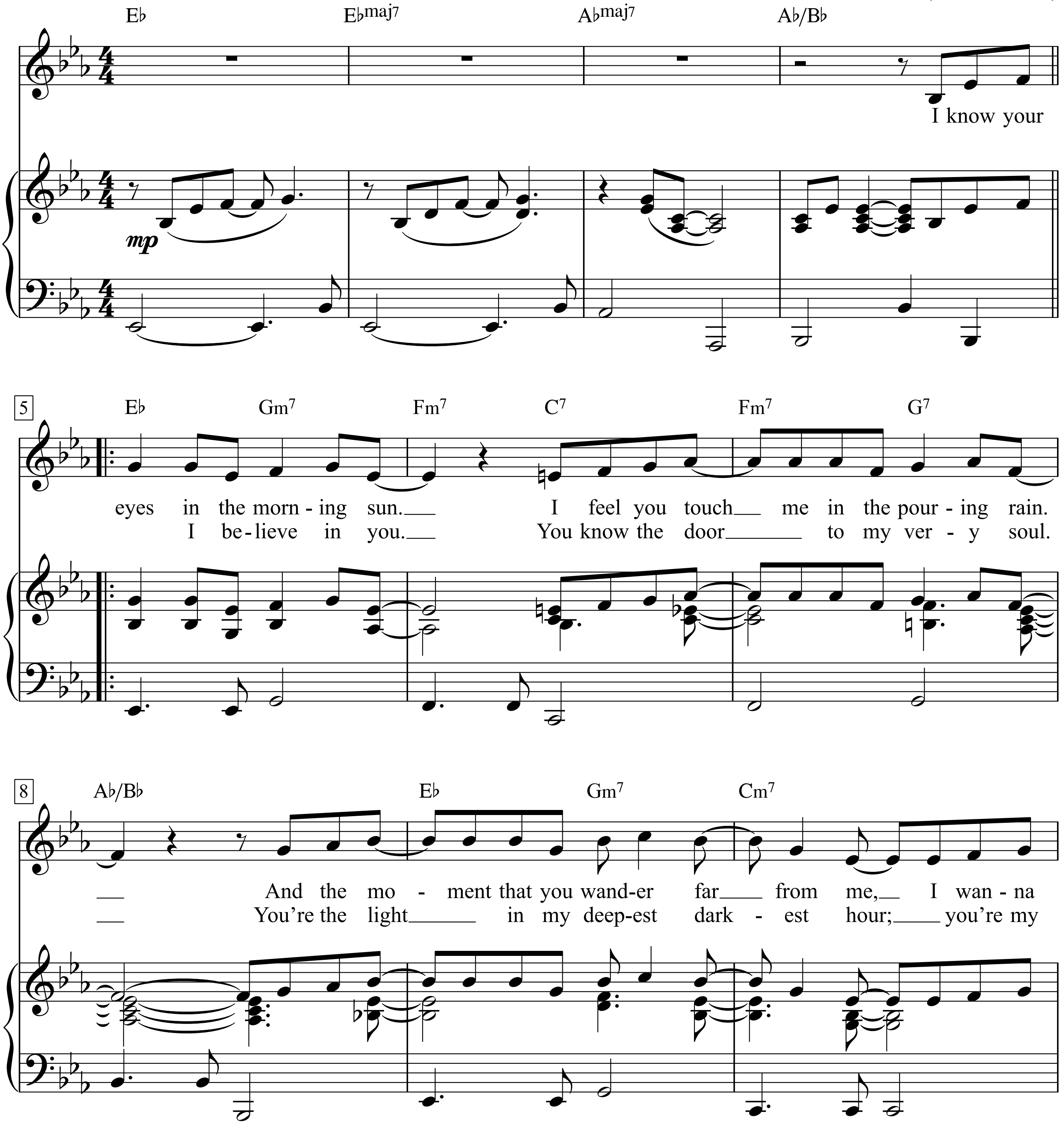

13 G B♭ Dm A7 Dm A7
2. My
16 Dm F G B♭ Dm F A7
mo - ther was a tai - lor,, ssewed my new blue jeans. My
on - ly thing a gam-bler needs is a suit - case and a trunk. And the
20 Dm F G B♭ Dm A7 Dm F
fa - ther was a gam - blin' man down in New Or- leans.
on - ly time he'll be sat - is - fied is when he's all a - drunk.
24 G B♭ Dm A7 Dm A7
3. Now the

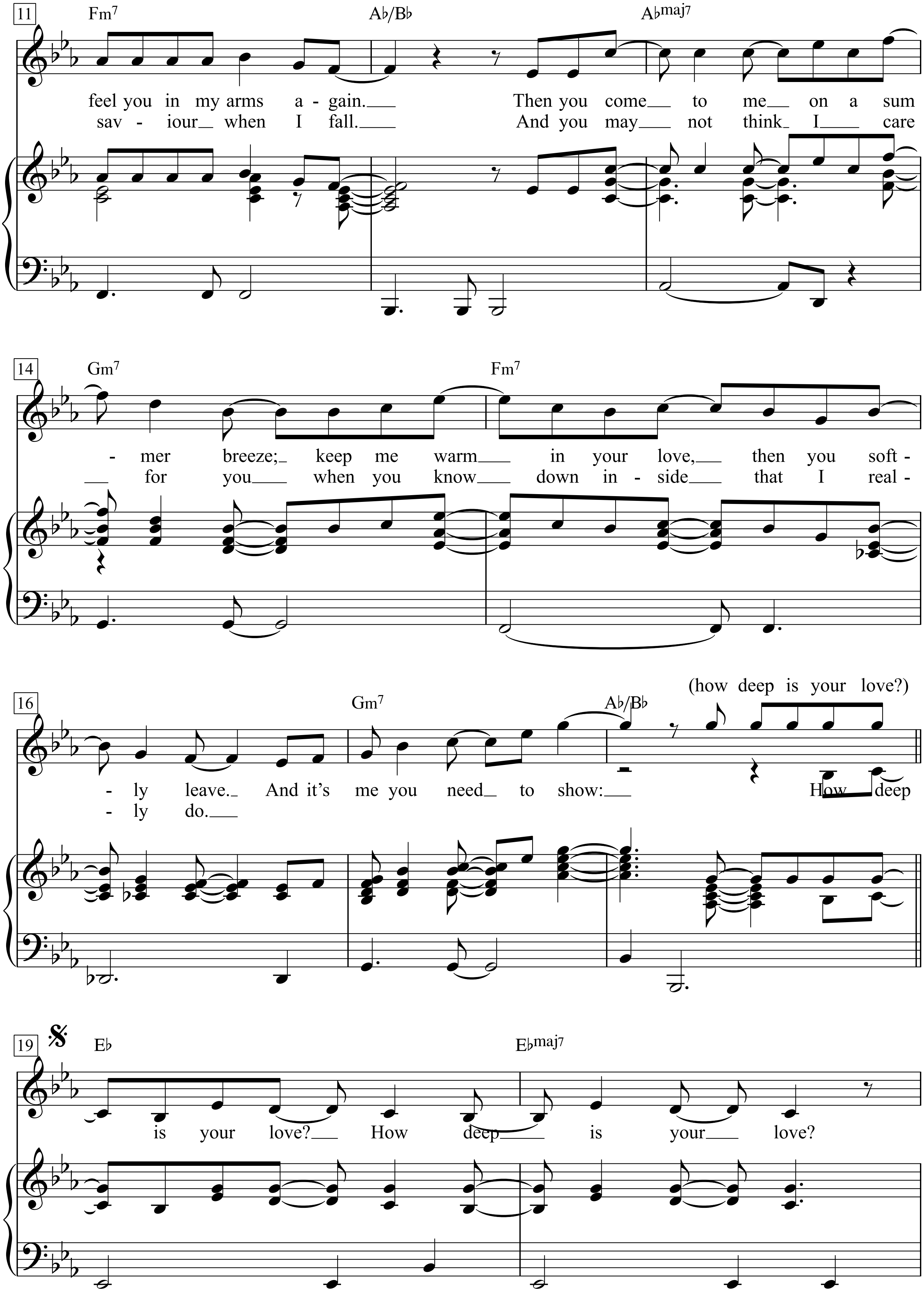

27
2.
Dm A7 Dm F G B♭ Dm F
4. Oh! moth-er, tell your chil- dren not to do what I have
31
A7 Dm F G B♭ Dm A7
done. Spend your lives in sin and mis-er-y in the House of the Ris - ing
35
Dm F G B♭ F A7
Sun.
38
Dm A Dm F A B♭
5. Well, I've got one foot on the plat - form, the
is a house in New Or - leans, they
41
A7 Dm F
oth - er foot on the train. I'm go - ing back to
call the Ris - ing Sun. And it's been the ruin of

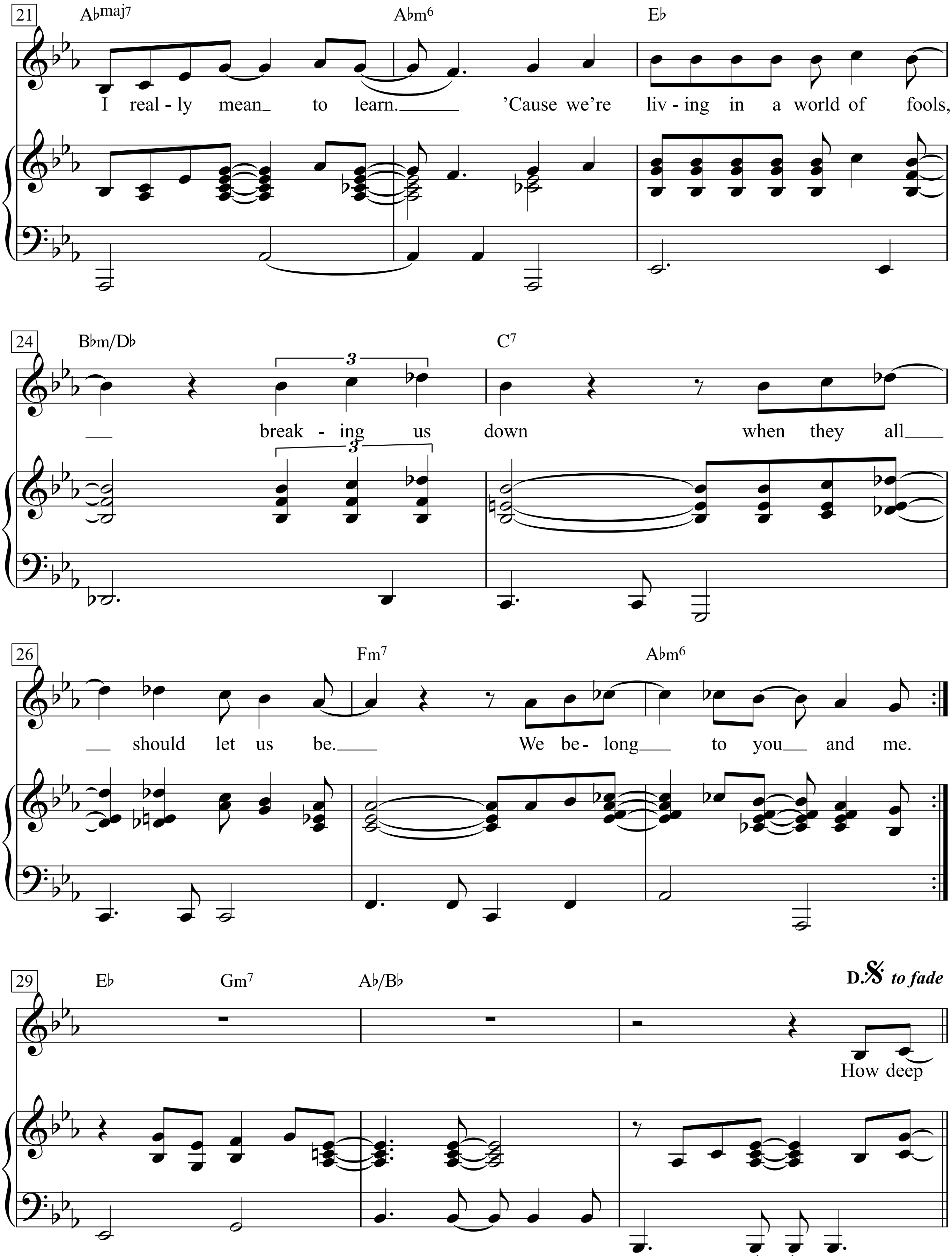

44
G
B♭
Dm
A7
Dm
F
New Or - leans to wear that ball and chain.
ma - ny a poor boy, and God, I know I'm one.
47
G
B♭
Dm
A7
1. Dm
A7
2. Dm
6. Well, there

How Deep Is Your Love

Word & Music by
Barry Gibb, Maurice Gibb, Robin Gibb
(The Bee Gees)




11
Fm7
Ab/Bb
Abmaj7
feel you in my arms a - gain. Then you come to me on a sum
sav - iour when I fall. And you may not think I care
14
Gm7
Fm7
- mer breeze; keep me warm in your love, then you soft -
for you when you know down in - side that I real -
16
Gm7
Ab/Bb
(how deep is your love?)
- ly leave. And it's me you need to show: How deep
- ly do.
19
Eb
Ebmaj7
is your love? How deep is your love?


21
A♭maj7
A♭m6
E♭
I real - ly mean to learn. 'Cause we're liv - ing in a world of fools,
24
B♭m/D♭
C7
breaking us down when they all
26
Fm7
A♭m6
should let us be. We be - long to you and me.
29
E♭
Gm7
A♭/B♭
D.𝄋 to fade
How deep

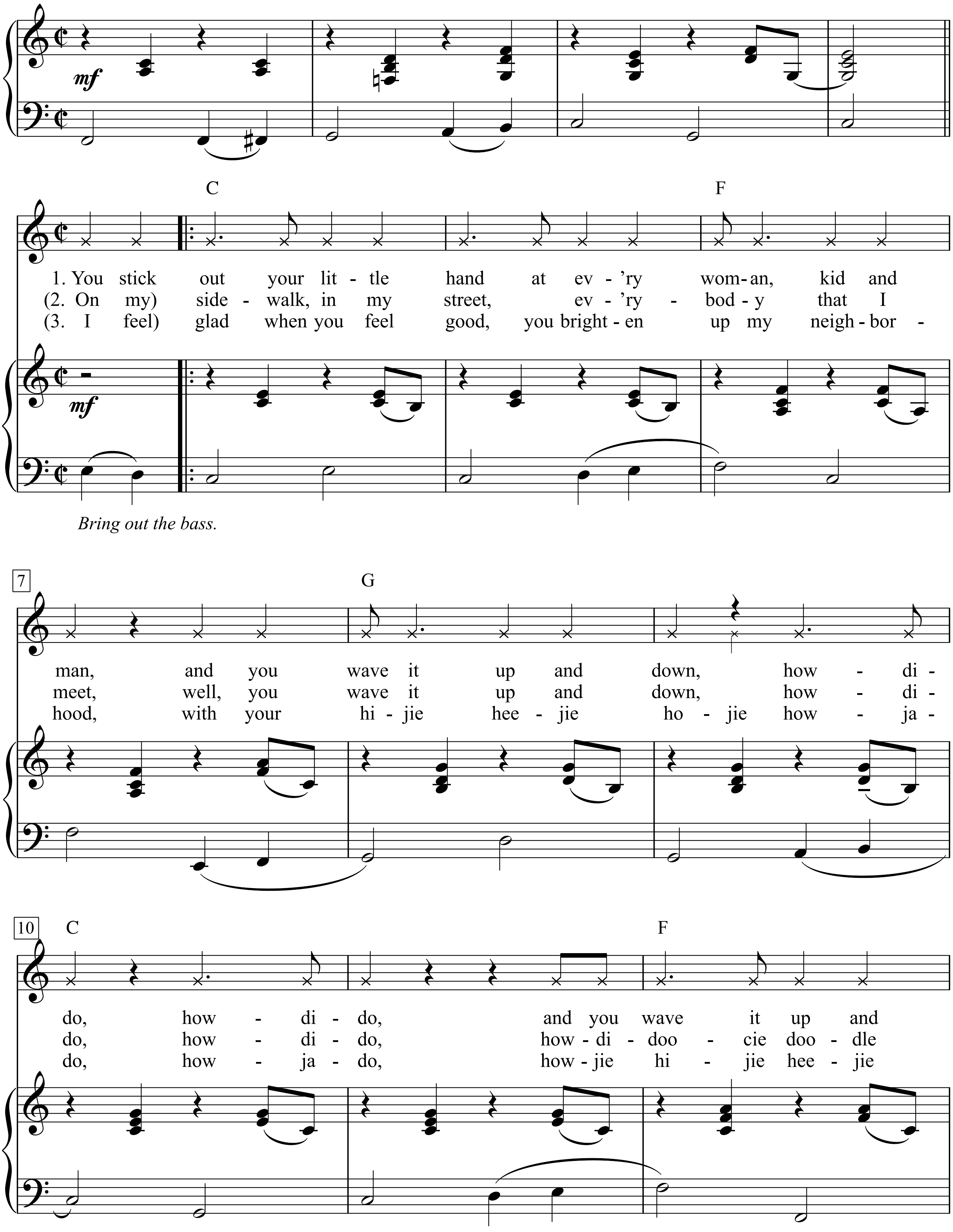
1.
I know your eyes in the morning sun.
I feel you touch me in the pouring rain.
And the moment that you wander far from me,
I wanna feel you in my arms again.
Then you come to me on a summer breeze;
keep me warm in your love,
then you softly leave.
And it’s me you need to show:
How deep is your love?
How deep is your love?
I really mean to learn.
’Cause we’re living in a world of fools,
breaking us down when they all should let us be.
We belong to you and me.
How deep

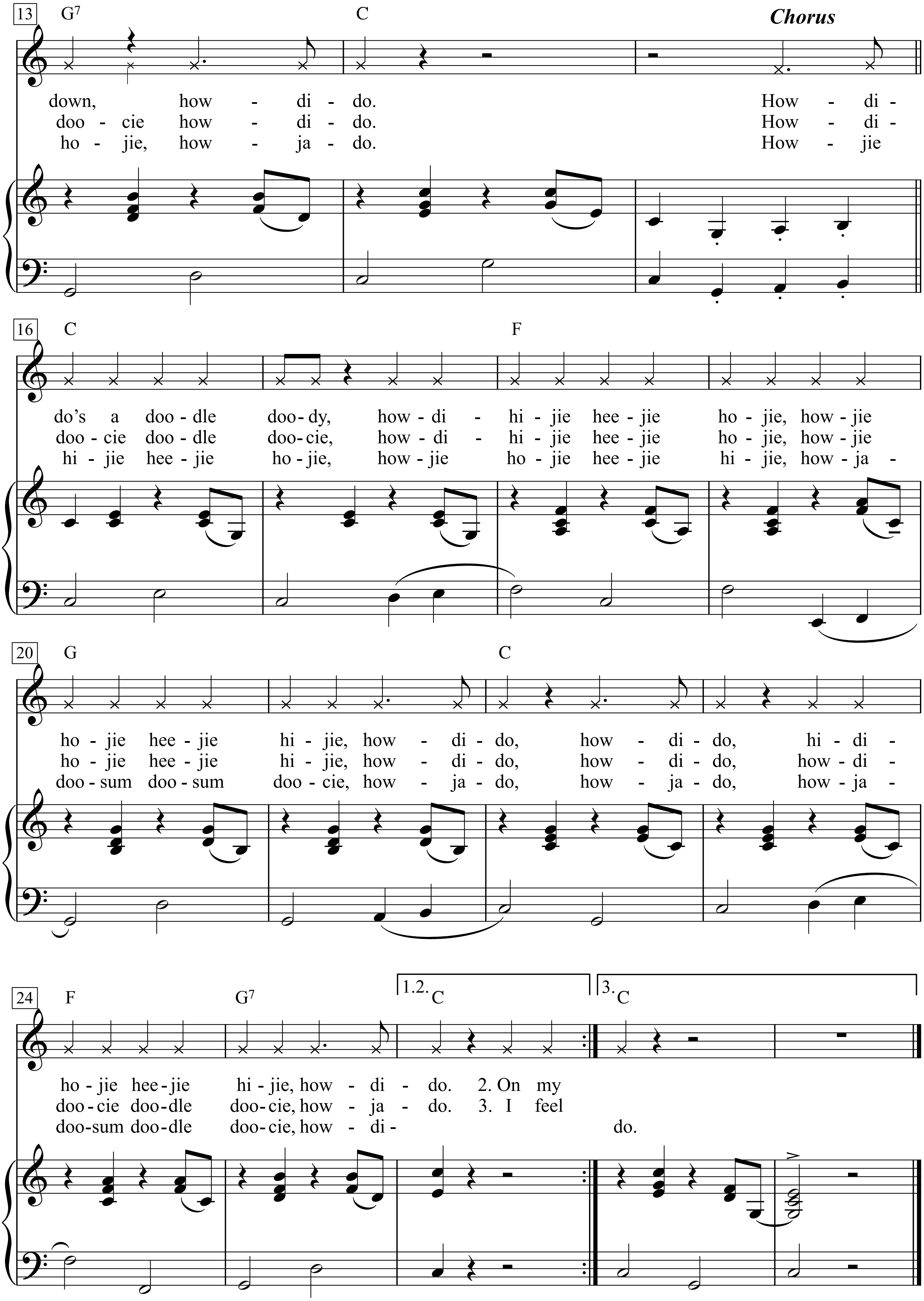
2.
I believe in you.
You know the door to my very soul.
You’re the light in my deepest darkest hour;
you’re my saviour when I fall.
And you may not think I care for you
when you know down inside that I really do.

How Di Do

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie
(Woody Guthrie)

Brisk talking blues




13 G7 C Chorus
down, how - di - do. How - di -
doo - cie how - di - do. How - di -
ho - jie, how - ja - do. How - jie
16 C F
do's a doo - dle doo - dy, how - di - hi - jie hee - jie ho - jie, how - jie
doo - cie doo - dle doo - cie, how - di - hi - jie hee - jie ho - jie, how - jie
hi - jie hee - jie ho - jie, how - jie ho - jie hee - jie hi - jie, how - ja -
20 G C
ho - jie hee - jie hi - jie, how - di - do, how - di - do, hi - di -
ho - jie hee - jie hi - jie, how - di - do, how - di - do, how - di -
doo - sum doo - sum doo - cie, how - ja - do, how - ja - do, how - ja -
24 F G7 1.2. C 3. C
ho - jie hee - jie hi - jie, how - di - do. 2. On my
doo - cie doo - dle doo - cie, how - ja - do. 3. I feel
doo - sum doo - dle doo - cie, how - di - do.

1. You stick out your little hand at ev'ry woman, kid and man,
And you wave it up and down, how-di-do, how-di-do,
And you wave it up and down, how-di-do.
Chorus:
How-di-do's a doo-dle doo-dy,
How-di-hi-jie hee-jie ho-jie,
How-jie ho-jie hee-jie hi-jie,
How-di-do, how-di-do,
Hi-di-ho-jie hee-jie hi-jie, how-di-do.

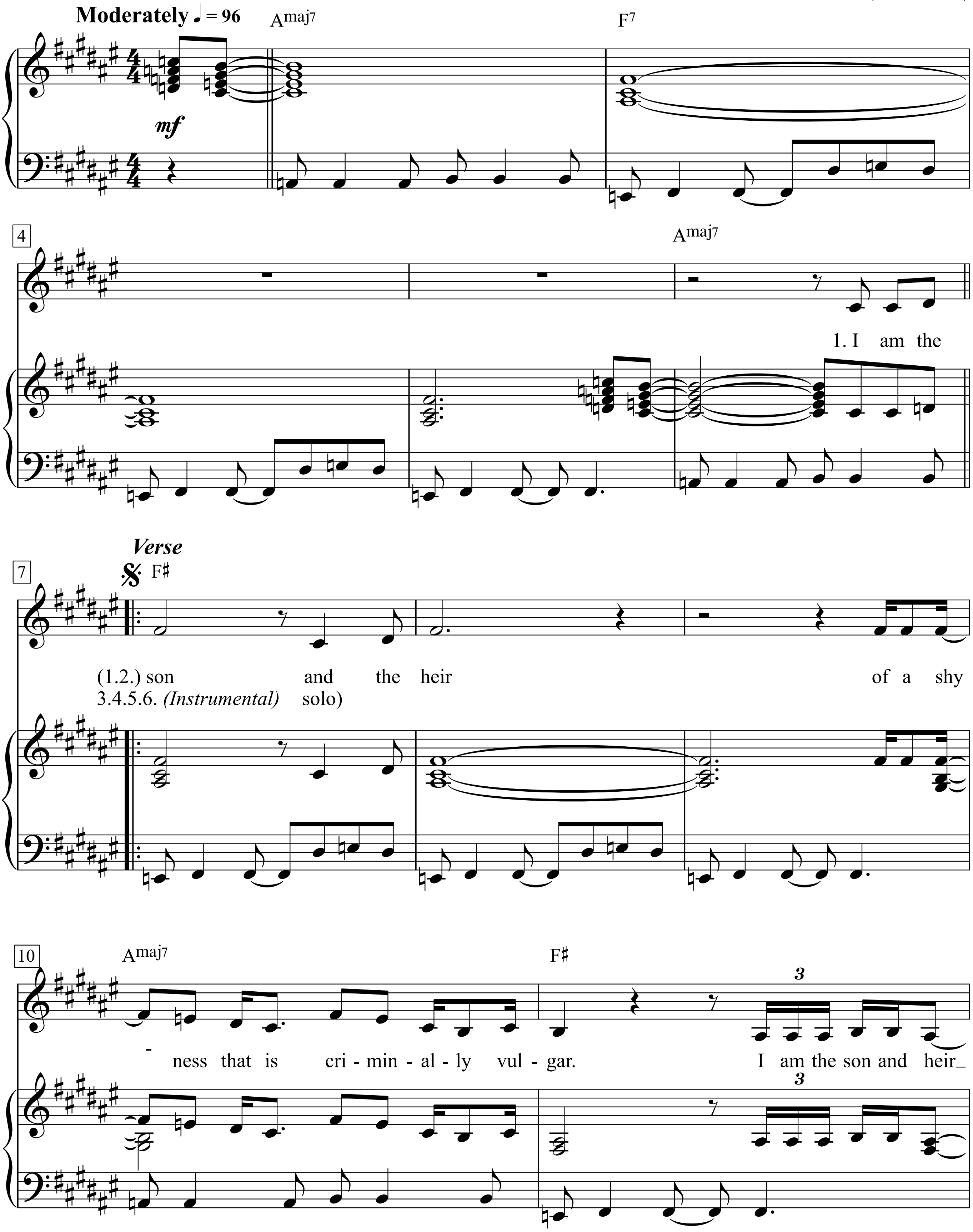
2. On my sidewalk, in my street, ev'rybody that I meet,
Well, you wave it up and down, how-di-do, how-di-do,
How-di-doo-cie doo-dle doo-cie how-di-do.
Chorus:
How-di-doo-cie doo-dle doo-cie,
How-di-hi-jie hee-jie ho-jie,
How.jie ho-jie hee-jie hi-jie,
How-di-do, how-di-do,
How-di-doo-cie doo-dle doo-cie, how-ja-do.

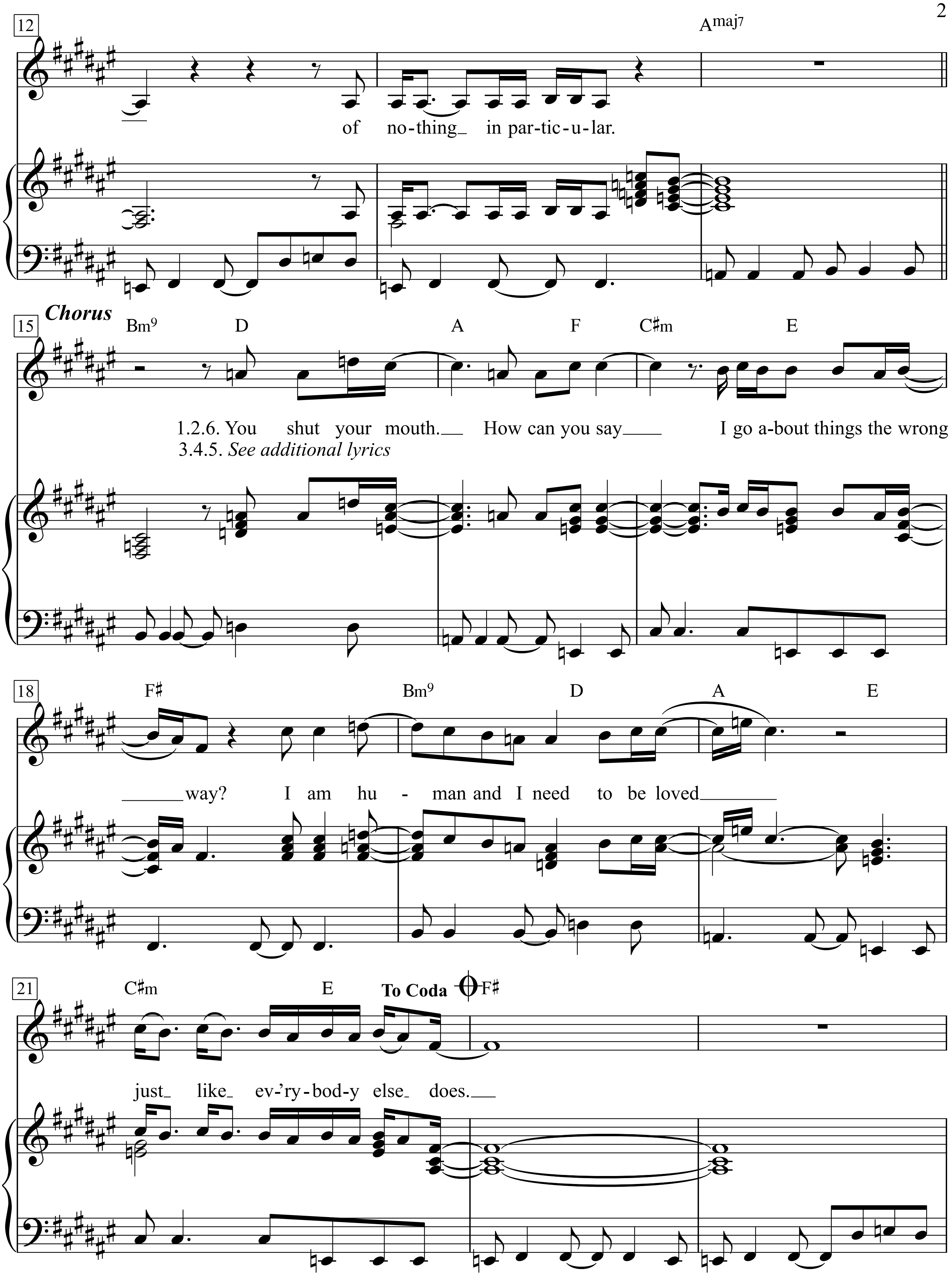
3. I feel glad when you feel good, you brighten up my neighborhood,
With your hi-jie hee-jie ho-jie how-ja-do, how-ja-do,
How-jie hi-jie hee-jie ho-jie, how ja do.
Chorus:
How-jie hi-jie hee-jie ho-jie,
How-jie ho-jie hee-jie hi-jie,
How-ja-doo-sum doo-sum doo-cie,
How-ja-do, how-ja-do,
How-ja-doo-sum doo-dle doo-cie, how-di-do.

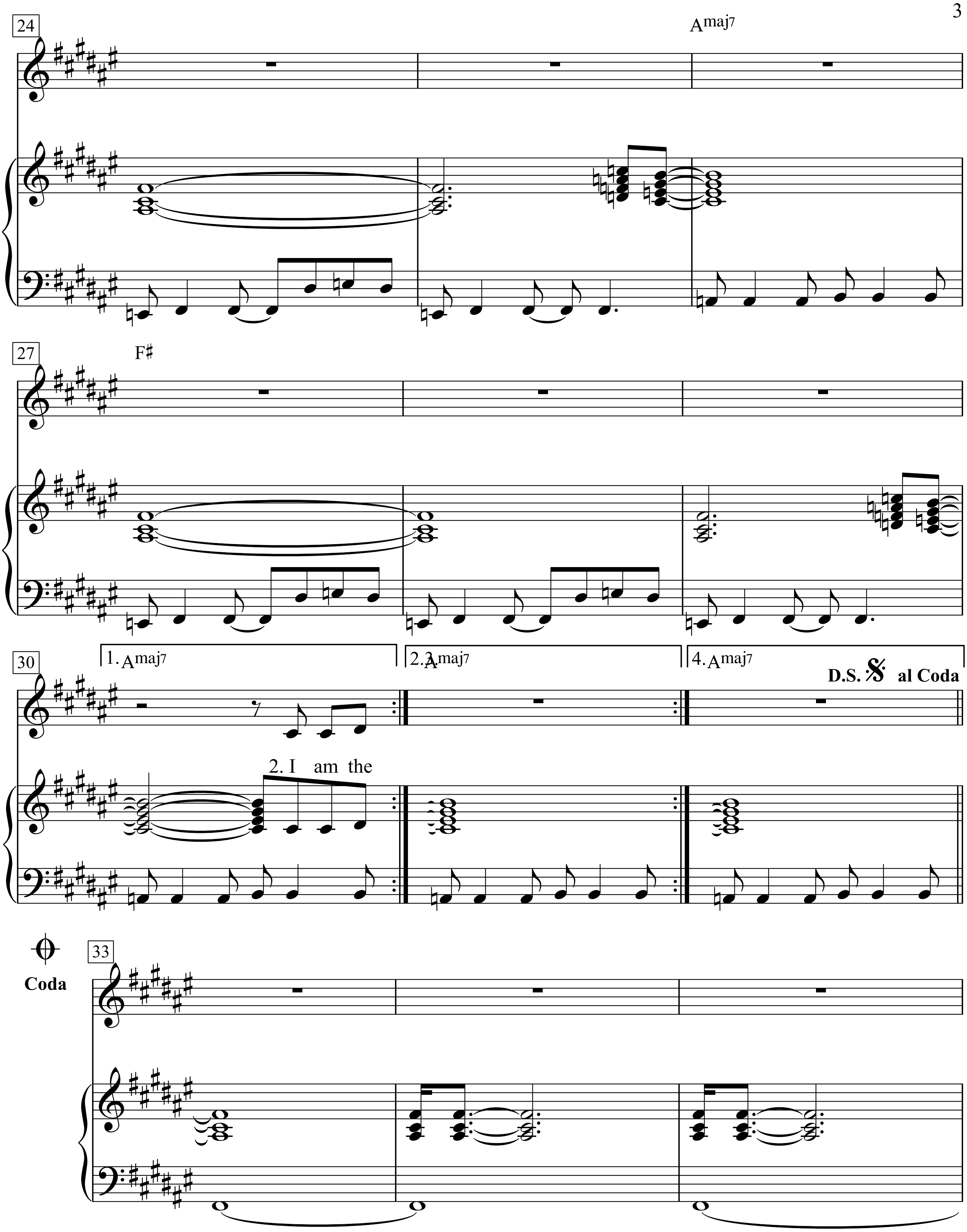
How soon is now

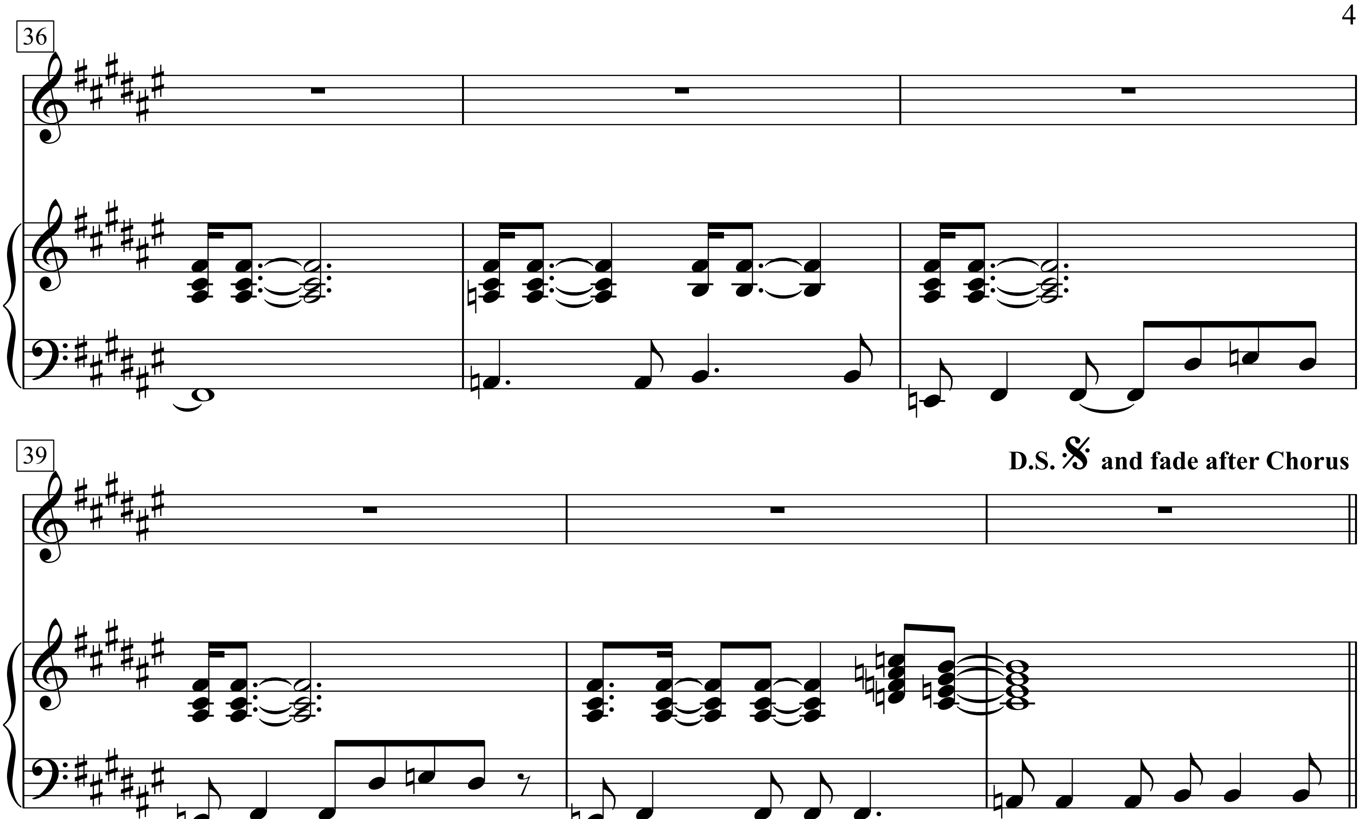
Words by Morrissey

Music by Johnny Marr
(The Smiths)




12
Amaj7
of no-thing_ in par-tic-u-lar.
Chorus
15
Bm9 D A F C♯m E
1.2.6. You shut your mouth._ How can you say___ I go a-bout things the wrong
3.4.5. See additional lyrics
18
F♯ Bm9 D A E
___way? I am hu - man and I need to be loved___
21
C♯m E To Coda F♯
just_ like_ ev-'ry-bod-y else_ does._


24
Amaj7
27
F♯
30
1. Amaj7
2.3. Amaj7
4. Amaj7
D.S. al Coda
2. I am the
Coda
33



1. I am the son and the heir of a shyness
that is criminally vulgar.
I am the son and heir of nothing in particular.
Chorus 1:
You shut your mouth. How can you say I go
about things the wrong way?
I am human and I need to be loved just like ev'rybody else does.

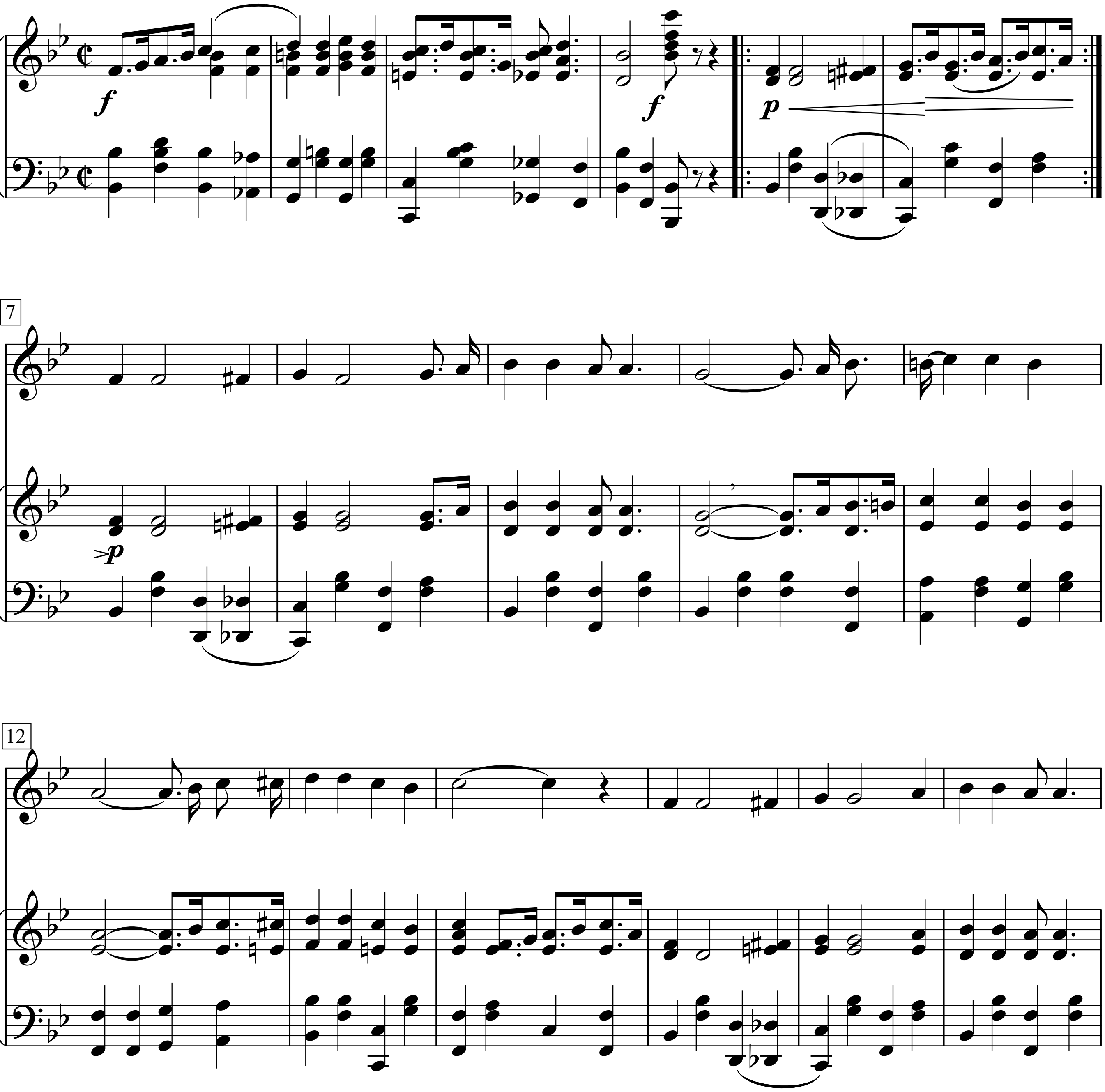
2. I am the ...

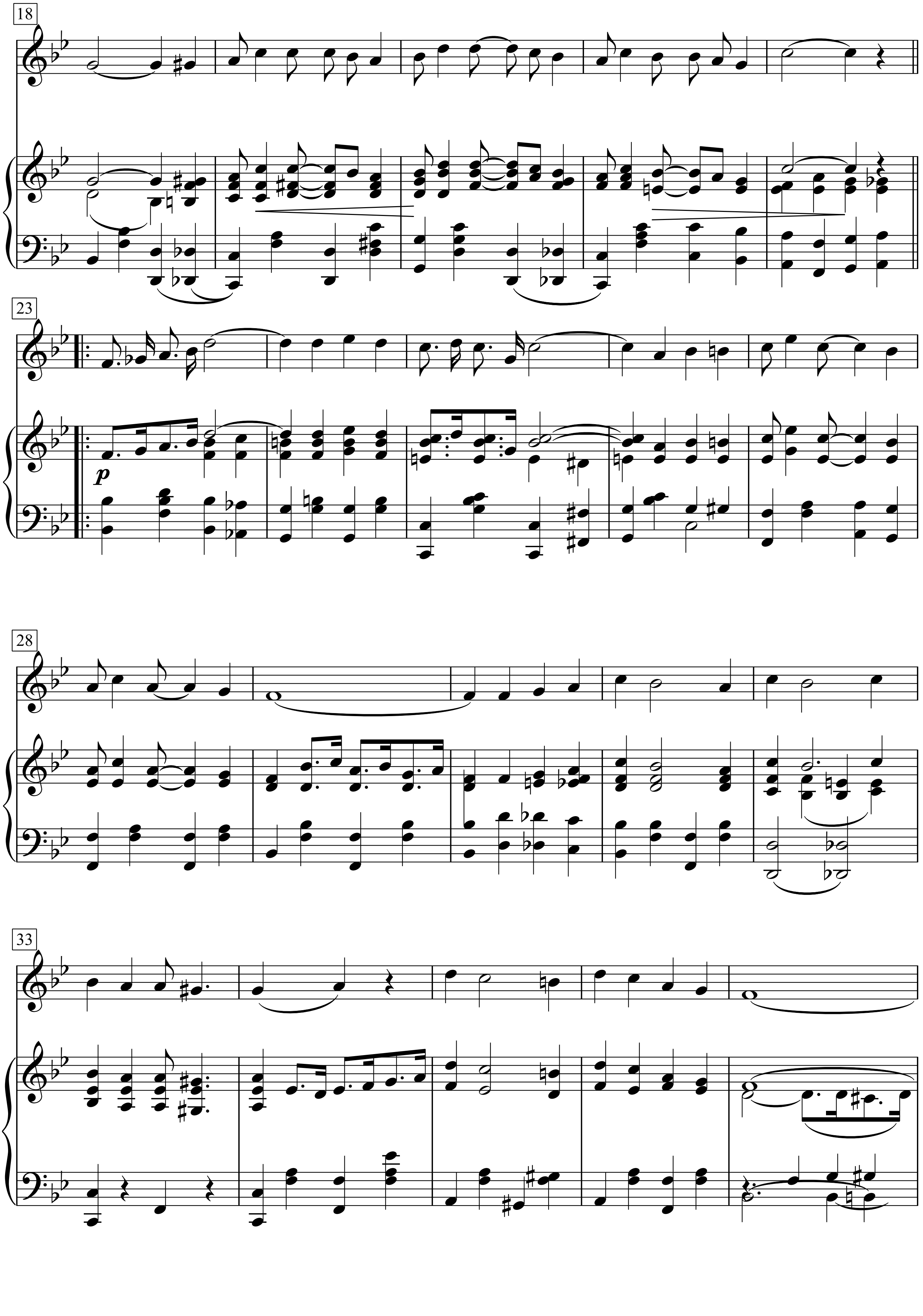
Chorus 3:
There's a club if you'd like to go.
You could meet somebody who really loves you.
So you go and you stand on your own.
And you leave on your own, and you go home.
And you cry, and you want to die.

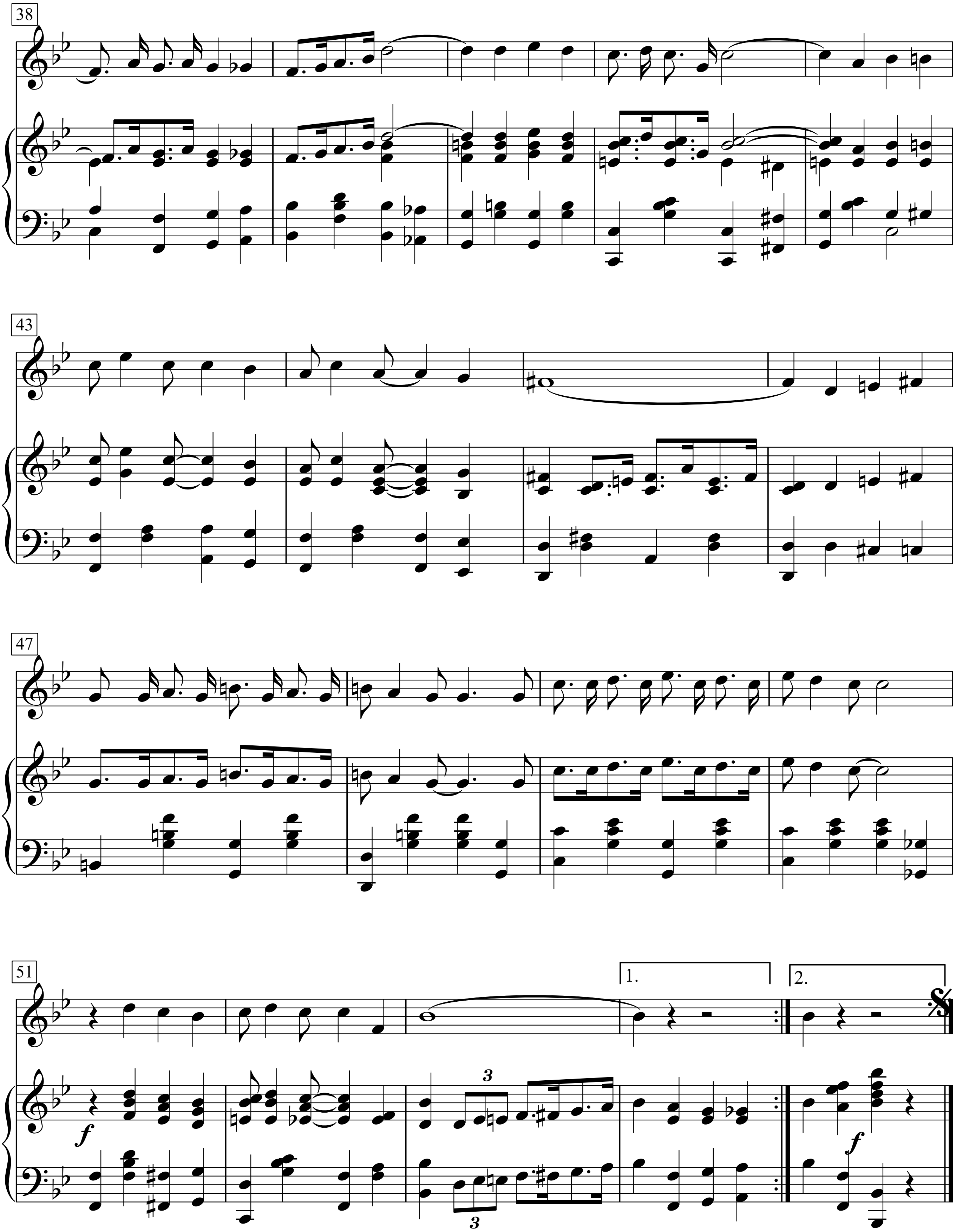
Chorus 4:
When you say it's gonna happen now.
What exactly do you mean?
See, I've already waited too long,
And all my hope is gone.

Chorus 5: Instrumental

Huckleberry Finn

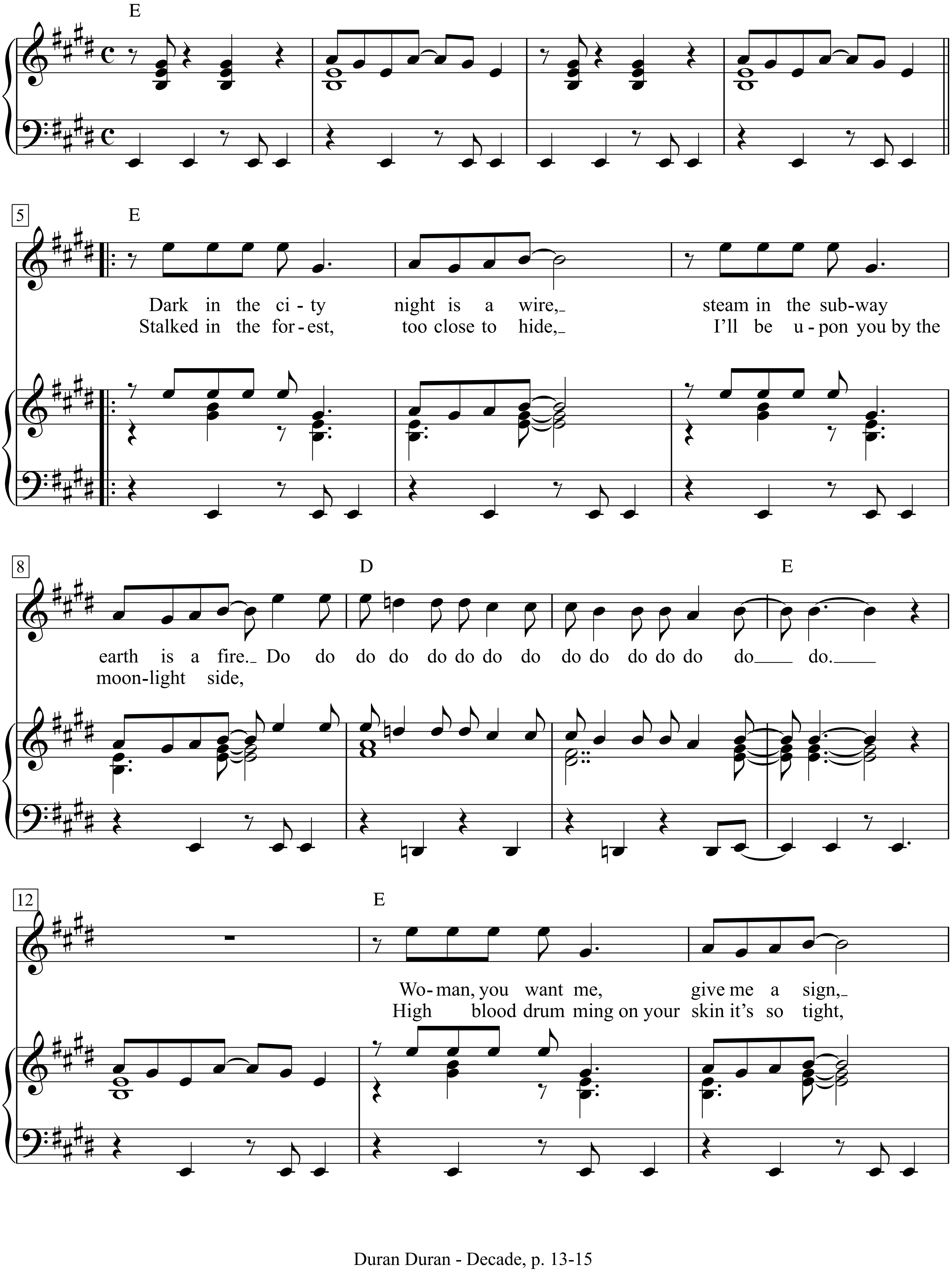


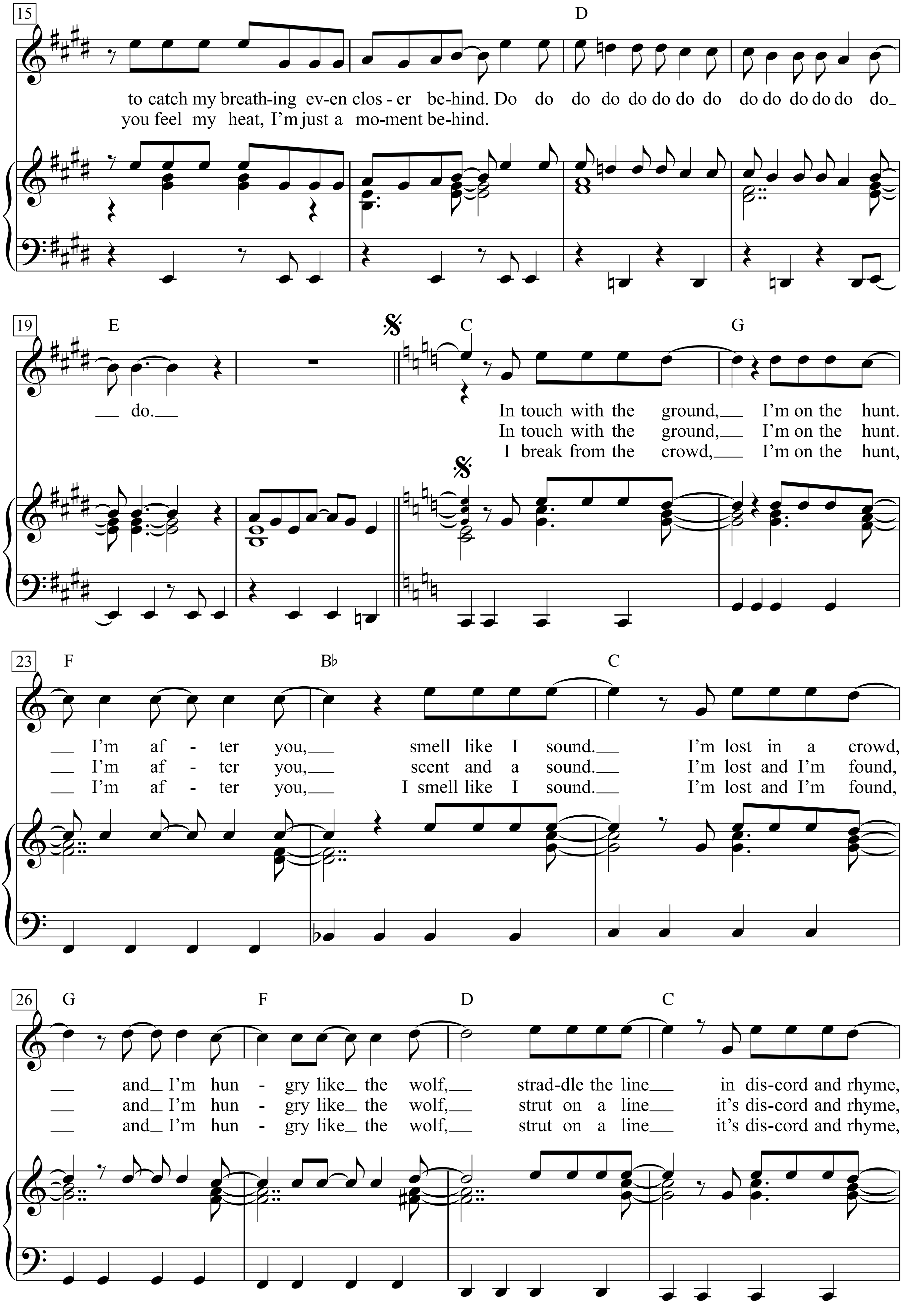

18
23
p
28
33

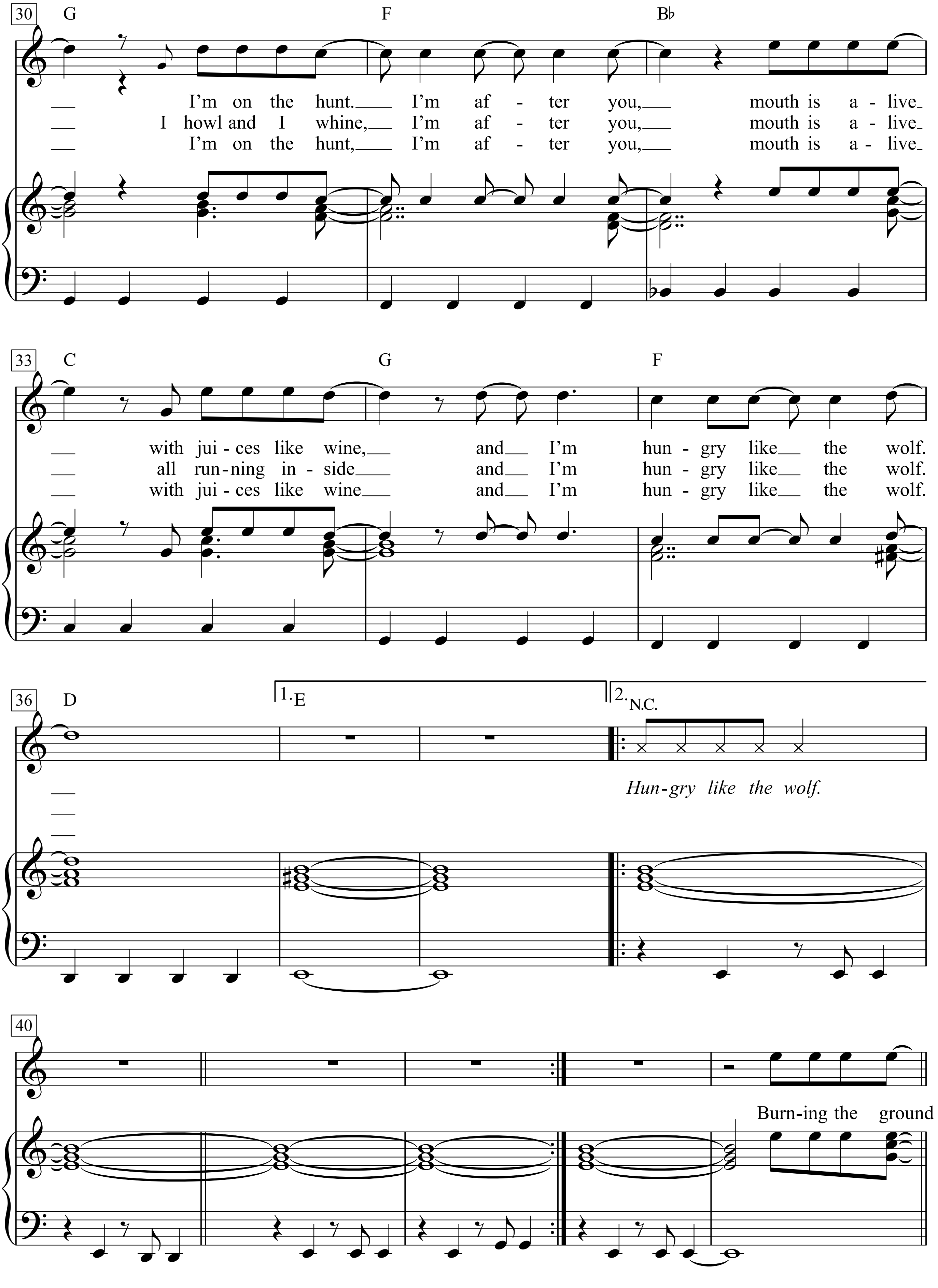

38
43
47
51
1.
2.
3
f

Hungry Like The Wolf

Words & Music by
Taylor-Taylor-Taylor-Rhodes-Le Bon
(Duran Duran)




15
D
to catch my breath-ing ev-en clos - er be-hind. Do do do do do do do do do do do do do do
you feel my heat, I'm just a mo-ment be-hind.
19
E
C
G
do.
In touch with the ground, I'm on the hunt.
In touch with the ground, I'm on the hunt.
I break from the crowd, I'm on the hunt,
23
F
B♭
C
I'm af - ter you, smell like I sound. I'm lost in a crowd,
I'm af - ter you, scent and a sound. I'm lost and I'm found,
I'm af - ter you, I smell like I sound. I'm lost and I'm found,
26
G
F
D
C
and I'm hun - gry like the wolf, strad-dle the line in dis-cord and rhyme,
and I'm hun - gry like the wolf, strut on a line it's dis-cord and rhyme,
and I'm hun - gry like the wolf, strut on a line it's dis-cord and rhyme,


30
G
F
B♭
I'm on the hunt. I'm af - ter you, mouth is a - live
I howl and I whine, I'm af - ter you, mouth is a - live
I'm on the hunt, I'm af - ter you, mouth is a - live
33
C
G
F
with jui - ces like wine, and I'm hun - gry like the wolf.
all run - ning in - side and I'm hun - gry like the wolf.
with jui - ces like wine and I'm hun - gry like the wolf.
36
D
1. E
2. N.C.
Hun - gry like the wolf.
40
Burn - ing the ground

1.
Dark in the city night is a wire,
steam in the subway earth is a fire.
Do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do.
Woman, you want me, give me a sign,
to catch my breathing even closer behind.
Do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do.
In touch with the ground,
I’m on the hunt.
I’m after you, smell like I sound.
I’m lost in a crowd, and I’m hungry like the wolf,
straddle the line in discord and rhyme,
I’m on the hunt.
I’m after you, mouth is alive with juices like wine,
and I’m hungry like the wolf.
Hungry like the wolf.
Burning the ground

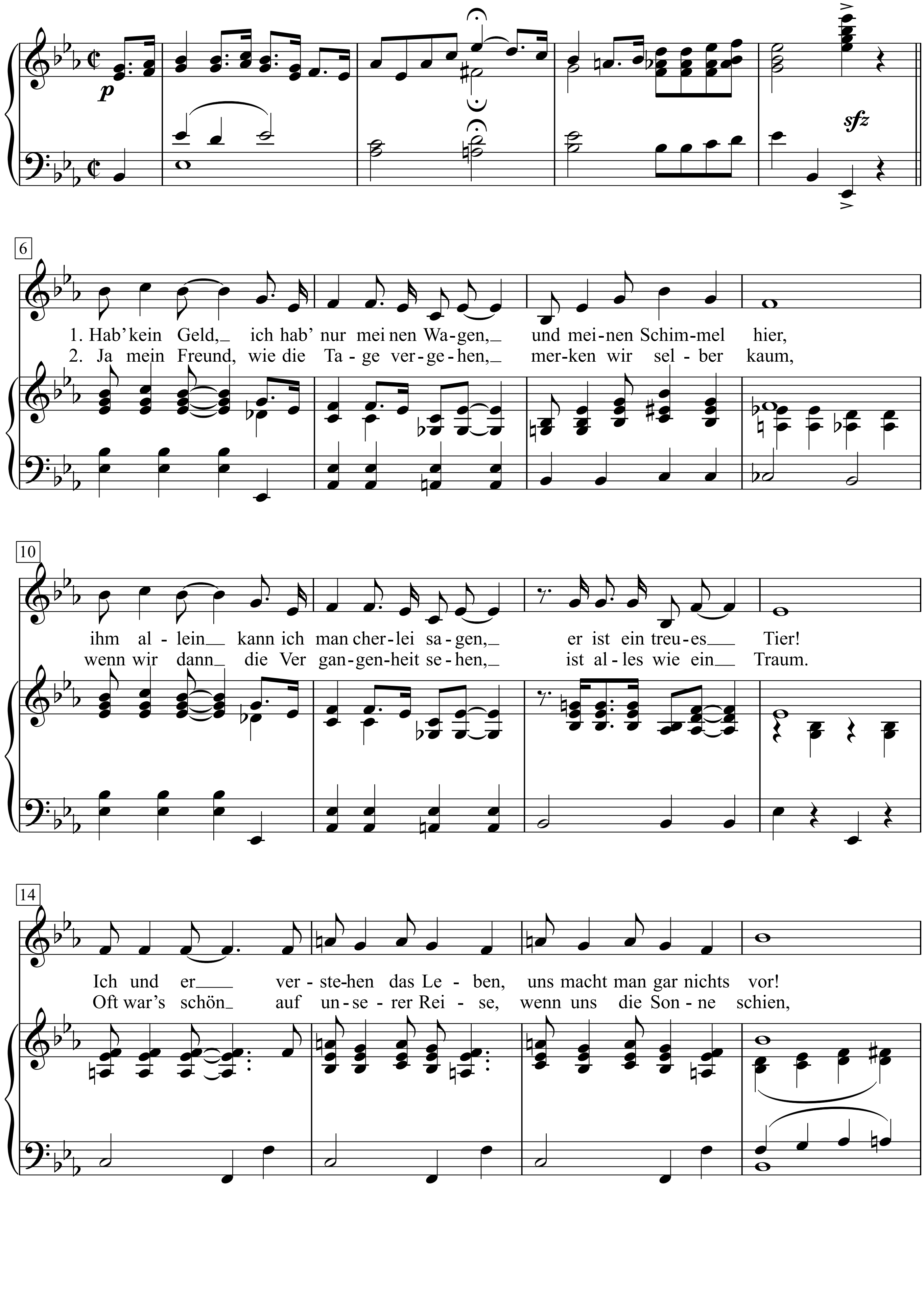
2.
Stalked in the forest, too close to hide,
I’ll be upon you by the moonlight side,
High blood drumming on your skin it’s so tight,
you feel my heat,
I’m just a moment behind.
In touch with the ground,
I’m on the hunt.
I’m after you, scent and a sound.
I’m lost and I’m found, and I’m hungry like the wolf,
strut on a line it’s discord and rhyme,
I howl and I whine,
I’m after you, mouth is alive all running inside
and I’m hungry like the wolf.

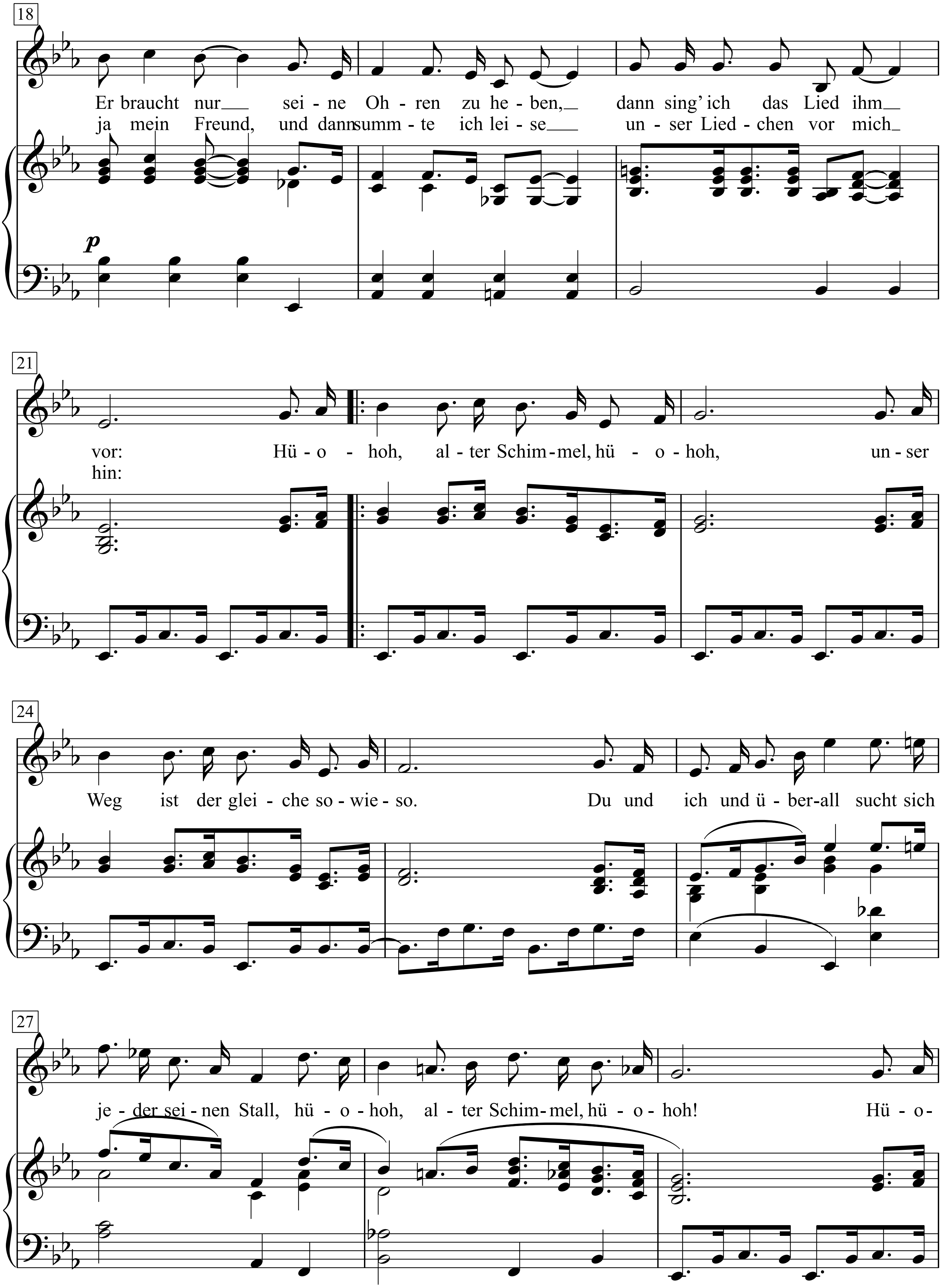
3. I break from the crowd, I’m on the hunt,
I’m after you, I smell like I sound.
I’m lost and I’m found, and I’m hungry like the wolf,
strut on a line it’s discord and rhyme,
I’m on the hunt,
I’m after you, mouth is alive with juices like wine
and I’m hungry like the wolf.

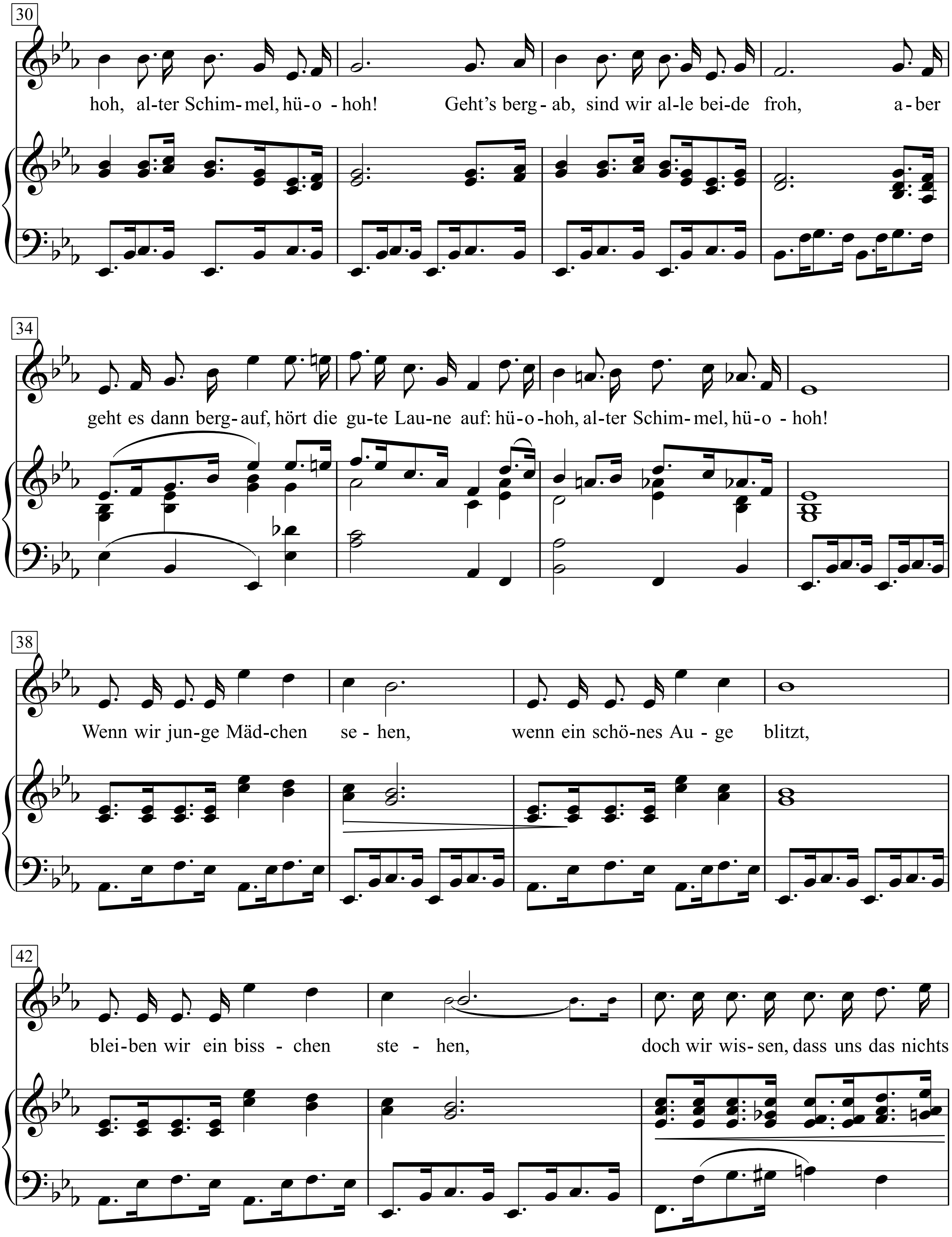
Hü-o-hoh, alter Schimmel

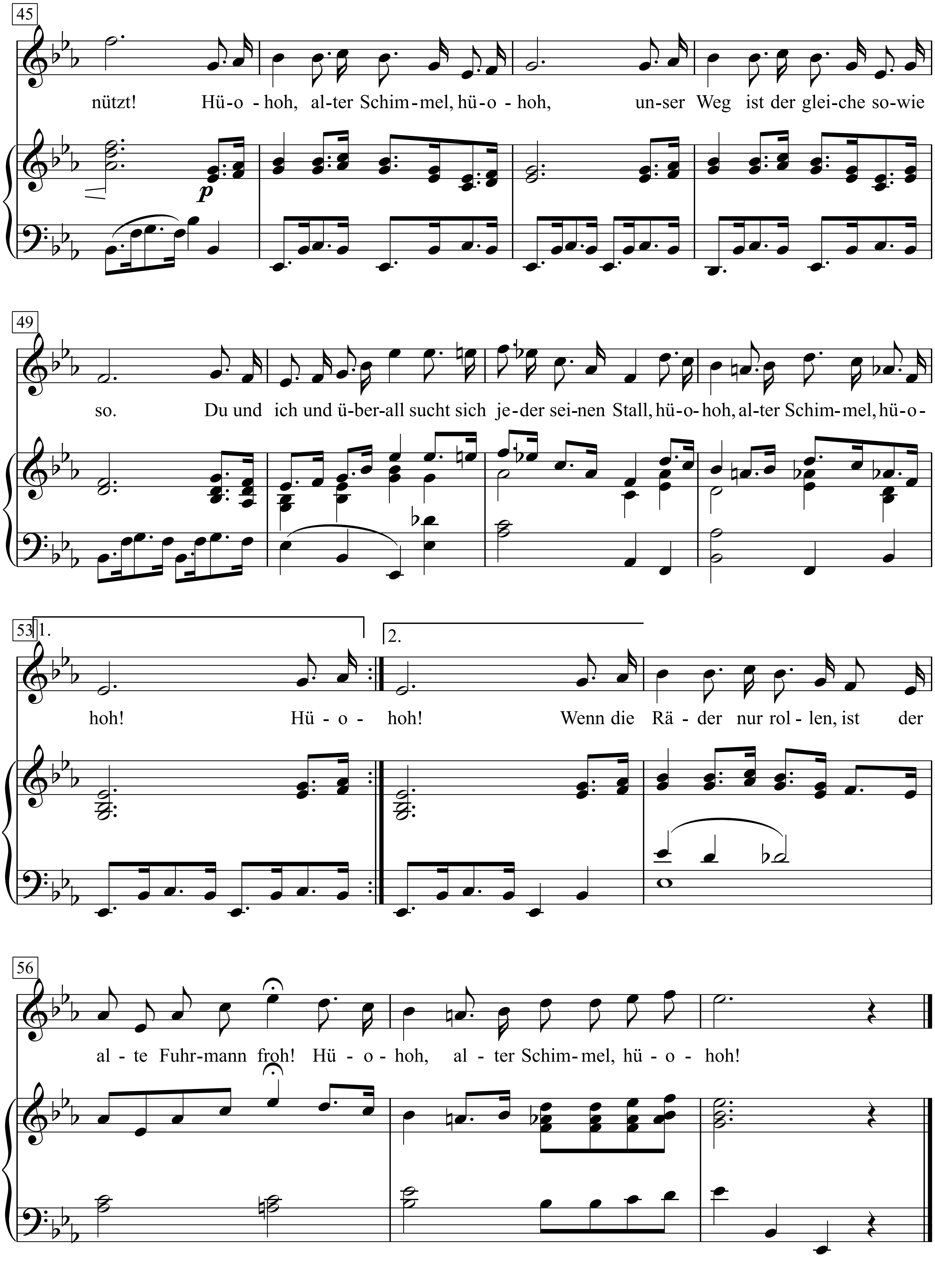
deutscher Text: Fritz Löhner-Beda

Text & Musik: Jimmy Kennedy




18
Er braucht nur___ sei - ne Oh - ren zu he - ben,_ dann sing' ich das Lied ihm_
ja mein Freund, und dann summ - te ich lei - se___ un - ser Lied - chen vor mich_
p
21
vor: Hü - o - hoh, al - ter Schim - mel, hü - o - hoh, un - ser
hin:
24
Weg ist der glei - che so - wie - so. Du und ich und ü - ber - all sucht sich
27
je - der sei - nen Stall, hü - o - hoh, al - ter Schim - mel, hü - o - hoh! Hü - o-


30
hoh, al-ter Schim-mel, hü-o - hoh! Geht's berg - ab, sind wir al-le bei-de froh, a - ber
34
geht es dann berg - auf, hört die gu-te Lau-ne auf: hü-o-hoh, al-ter Schim-mel, hü-o - hoh!
38
Wenn wir jun-ge Mäd-chen se - hen, wenn ein schö-nes Au - ge blitzt,
42
blei-ben wir ein biss - chen ste - hen, doch wir wis-sen, dass uns das nichts


45
nützt! Hü-o-hoh, al-ter Schim-mel, hü-o-hoh, un-ser Weg ist der glei-che so-wie
p
49
so. Du und ich und ü-ber-all sucht sich je-der sei-nen Stall, hü-o-hoh, al-ter Schim-mel, hü-o-
53 1.
hoh! Hü-o-
2.
hoh! Wenn die Rä-der nur rol-len, ist der
56
al-te Fuhr-mann froh! Hü-o-hoh, al-ter Schim-mel, hü-o-hoh!

1. Hab' kein Geld, ich hab' nur meinen Wagen,
und meinen Schimmel hier,
ihm allein kann ich mancherlei sagen,
er ist ein treues Tier!
Ich und er verstehen das Leben,
uns macht man gar nichts vor!
Er braucht nur seine Ohren zu heben,
dann sing' ich das Lied ihm vor:

Hü-o-hoh, alter Schimmel, hü-o-hoh,
unser Weg ist der gleiche sowieso.
Du und ich und überall
sucht sich jeder seinen Stall,
hü-o-hoh, alter Schimmel, hü-o-hoh!
Hü-o-ho, alter Schimmel, hü-o-hoh!
Geht's bergab, sind wir alle beide froh,
aber geht es dann bergauf,
hört die gute Laune auf
Hü-o-hoh, alter Schimmel, hü-o-hoh!

Wenn wir junge Mädchen sehen,
wenn ein schönes Auge blitzt,
bleiben wir ein bisschen stehen,
doch wir wissen, dass uns das nichts nützt!

Hü-o-hoh, alter Schimmel, hü-o-hoh,
unser Weg ist der gleiche sowieso.
Du und ich und überall
sucht sich jeder seinen Stall,
hü-o-hoh, alter Schimmel, hü-o-hoh!

2. Ja mein Freund, wie die Tage vergehen,
merken wir selber kaum,
wenn wir dann die Vergangenheit sehen,
ist alles wie ein Traum.
Oft war's schön auf unserer Reise,
wenn uns die Sonne schien,
ja mein Freund, und dann summte ich leise
unser Liedchen vor mich hin:

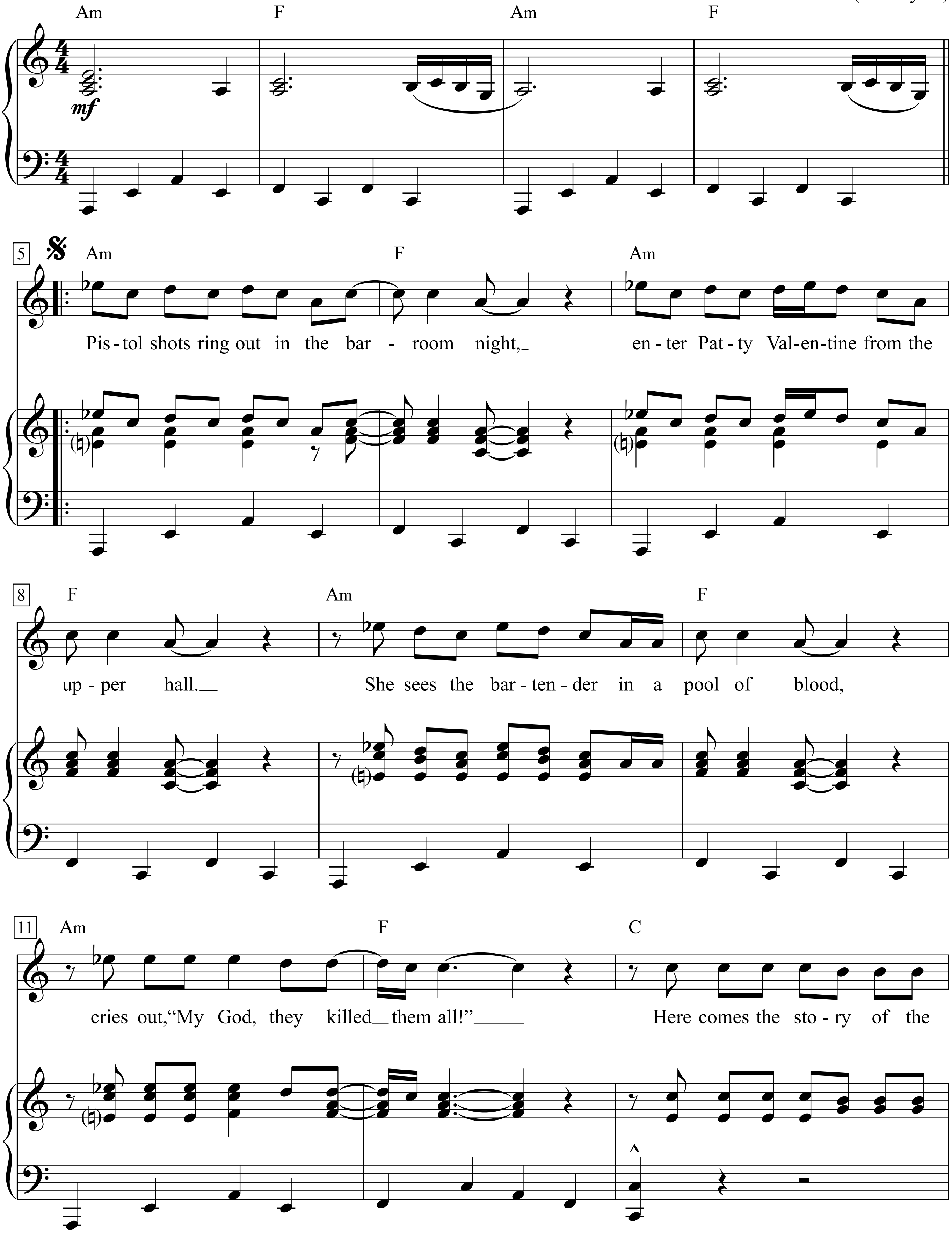
Hü-o-hoh, alter Schimmel, hü-o-hoh …

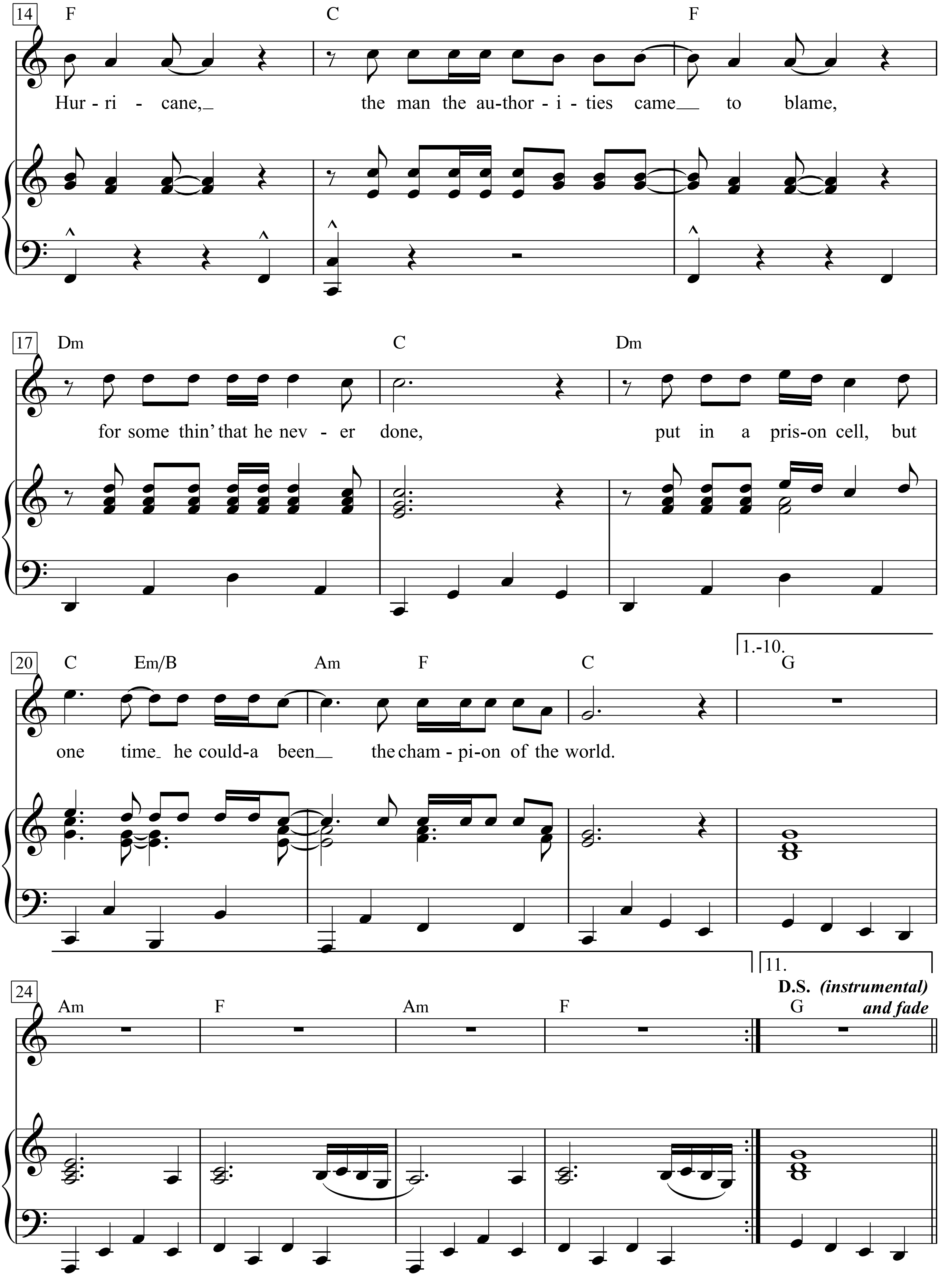
Wenn die Räder nur rollen,
ist der alte Fuhrmann froh!
Hü-o-hoh, alter Schimmel, hü-o-hoh!

Hurricane

Moderately

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




14
F
C
F
Hur - ri - cane,
the man the au-thor - i - ties came to blame,
17
Dm
C
Dm
for some thin' that he nev - er done,
put in a pris-on cell, but
20
C
Em/B
Am
F
C
1.-10.
G
one time he could-a been the cham - pi-on of the world.
24
Am
F
Am
F
11.
D.S. (instrumental) and fade
G

1. Pistol shots ring out in the barroom night,
Enter Patty Valentine from the upper hall.
She sees the bartender in a pool of blood,
Cries out, “My God, they killed them all!”
Here comes the story of the Hurricane,
The man the authorities came to blame,
For somethin’ that he never done,
Put in a prison cell, but one time he could-a been
The champion of the world.

2. Three bodies lyin’ there does Patty see,
And another man named Bello, movin’ around mysteriously.
“I didn’t do it,” he says, and he throws up his hands,
“I was only robbin’ the register, I hope you understand,
I saw them leavin’,” he says, and he stops.
“One of us had better call up the cops.”
And so Patty calls the cops,
And they arrive on the scene with their red lights flashin’
In the hot New Jersey night.

3. Meanwhile, far away in another part of town,
Rubin Carter and a couple of friends are drivin’ around.
Number one contender for the middleweight crown,
Had no idea what kinda shit was about to go down,
When a cop pulled him over to the side of the road,
Just like the time before and the time before that.
In Paterson that’s just the way things go,
If you’re black you might as well not show up on the street,
’Less you wanna draw the heat.

4. Alfred Bello had a partner and he had a rap for the cops,
Him and Arthur Dexter Bradley were just out prowlin’ around.
He said, “I saw two men runnin’ out, they looked like middleweights.
They jumped into a white car with out-of-state plates.”
And Miss Patty Valentine just nodded her head,
Cop said, “Wait a minute boys, this one’s not dead.”
So they took him to the infirmary,
And though this man could hardly see,
They told him that he could identify the guilty men.

5. Four in the mornin’ and they haul Rubin in,
Take him to the hospital and they bring him upstairs.
The wounded man looks up through his one dyin’ eye,
Says, “Wha’d you bring him in here for? He ain’t the guy!”
Yes, here’s the story of the Hurricane,
The man the authorities came to blame,
For somethin’ that he never done.
Put in a prison cell, but one time he coulda been
The champion of the world.

6. Four months later, the ghettos are in flame,
Rubin’s in South America, fightin’ for his name,
While Arthur Dexter Bradley’s still in the robbery game,
And the cops are puttin’ the screws to him, lookin’ for somebody to blame,
“Remember that murder that happened in a bar?”
“Remember you said you saw the getaway car?”
“You think you’d like to play ball with the law?”
“Think it mighta been that fighter that you saw runnin’ that night?”
“Don’t forget that you are white.”

7. Arthur Dexter Bradley said, “I’m really not sure,”
Cops said, “A poor boy like you could use a break.
We got you for the motel job and we’re talkin’ to your friend Bello,
Now you don’t wanna have to go back to jail, be a nice fellow.
You’ll be doin’ society a favor,
That sonofabitch is brave and gettin’ braver.
We want to put his ass in stir,
We want to pin this triple murder on him,
He ain’t no Gentleman Jim.”

8. Rubin could take a man out with just one punch,
But he never did like to talk about it all that much.
“It’s my work,” he’d say, “and I do it for pay.
And when it’s over I’d just as soon go on my way,
Up to some paradise,
Where the trout streams flow and the air is nice,
And ride a horse along a trail.”
But then they took him to the jail house,
Where they try to turn a man into a mouse.

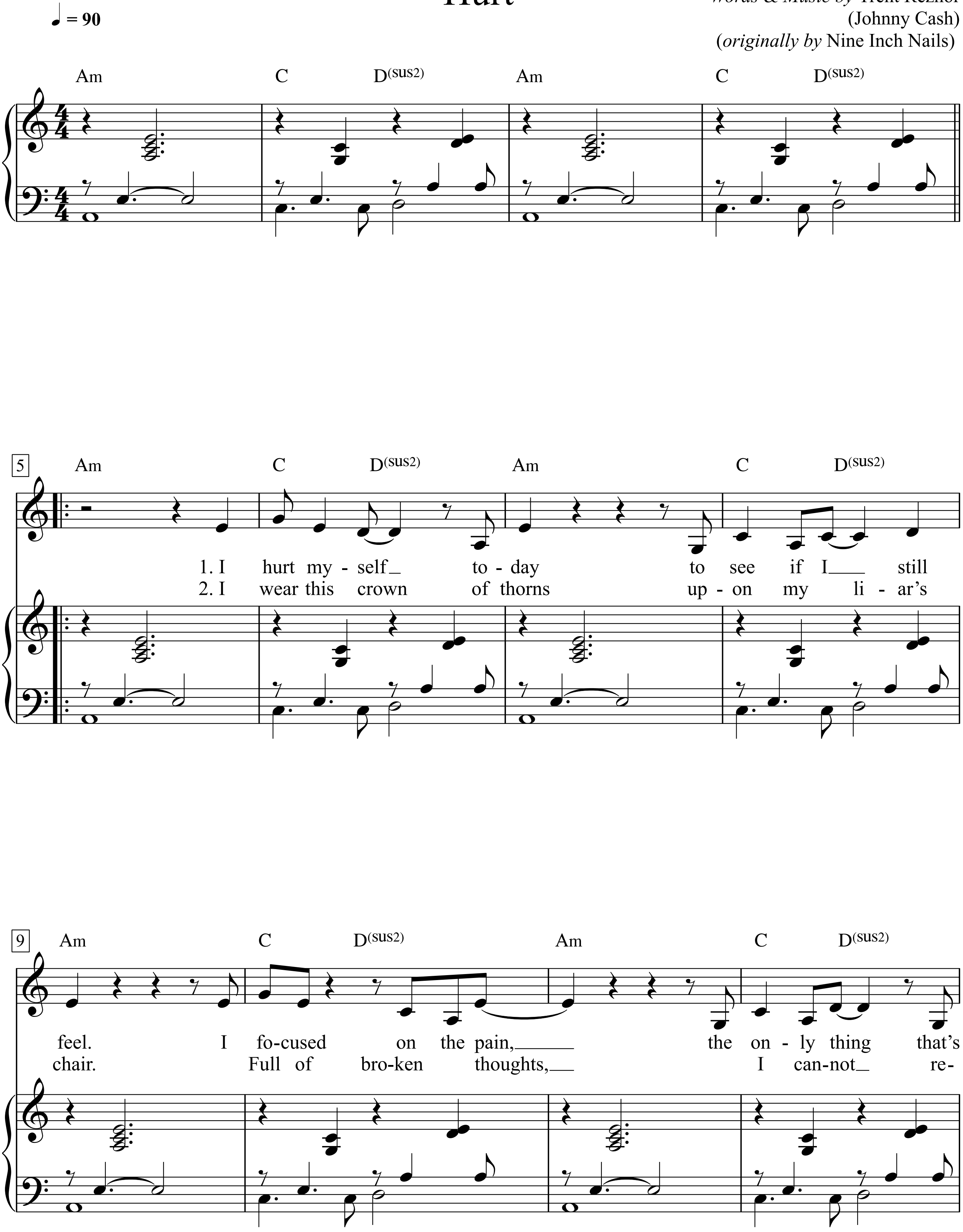
9. All of Rubin’s cards were marked in advance,
The trial was a pig-circus, he never had a chance.
The judge made Rubin’s witnesses drunkards from the slums,
To the white folks who watched he was a revolutionary bum.
And to the black folks he was just a crazy nigger,
No one doubted that he pulled the trigger,
And though they could not produce the gun,
The D. A. said he was the one who did the deed.
And the all-white jury agreed.

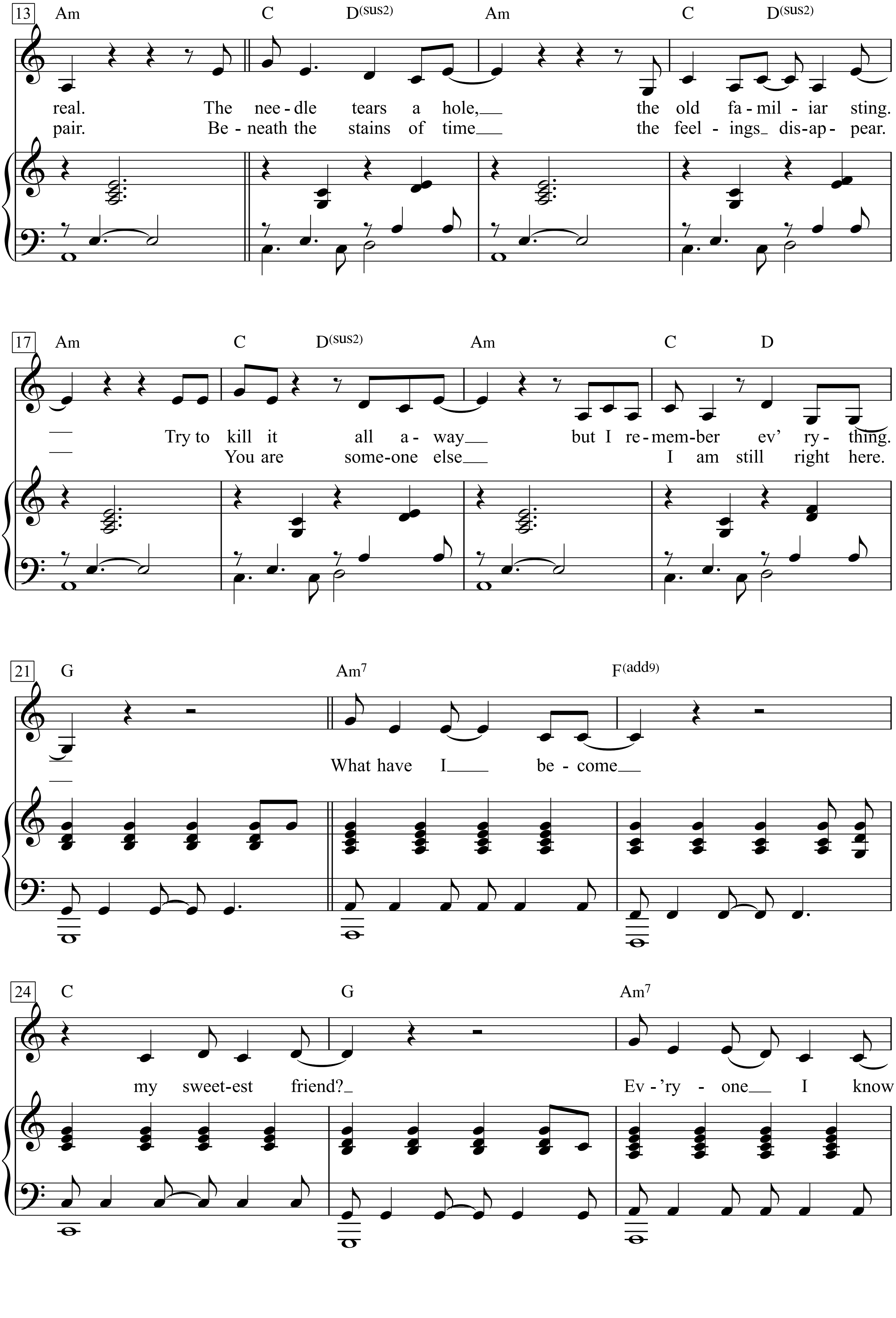
10. Rubin Carter was falsely tried,
The crime was murder-one, guess who testified?
Bello and Bradley, and they both baldly lied,
And the newspapers, they all went along for the ride.
How can the life of such a man Be in the palm of some fool’s hand?
To see him obviously framed,
Couldn’t help but make me feel ashamed to live in a land
Where justice is a game.

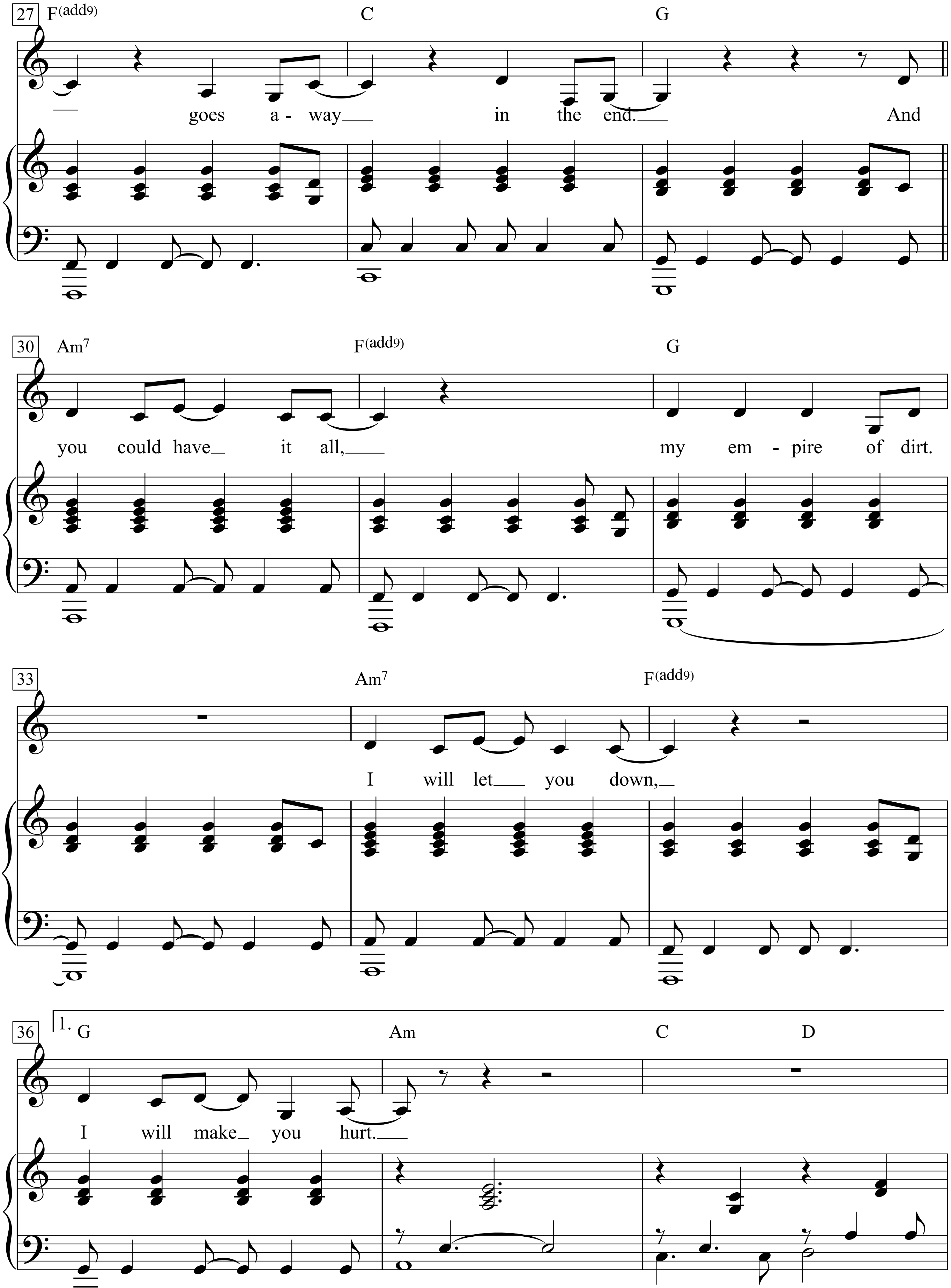
11. Now all the criminals in their coats and their ties
Are free to drink martinis and watch the sun rise,
While Rubin sits like Buddha in a ten-foot cell,
An innocent man in a living hell.
That’s the story of the Hurricane,
But it won’t be over till they clear his name,
And give him back the time he’s done,
Put in a prison cell, but one time he coulda been
The champion of the world.

Hurt

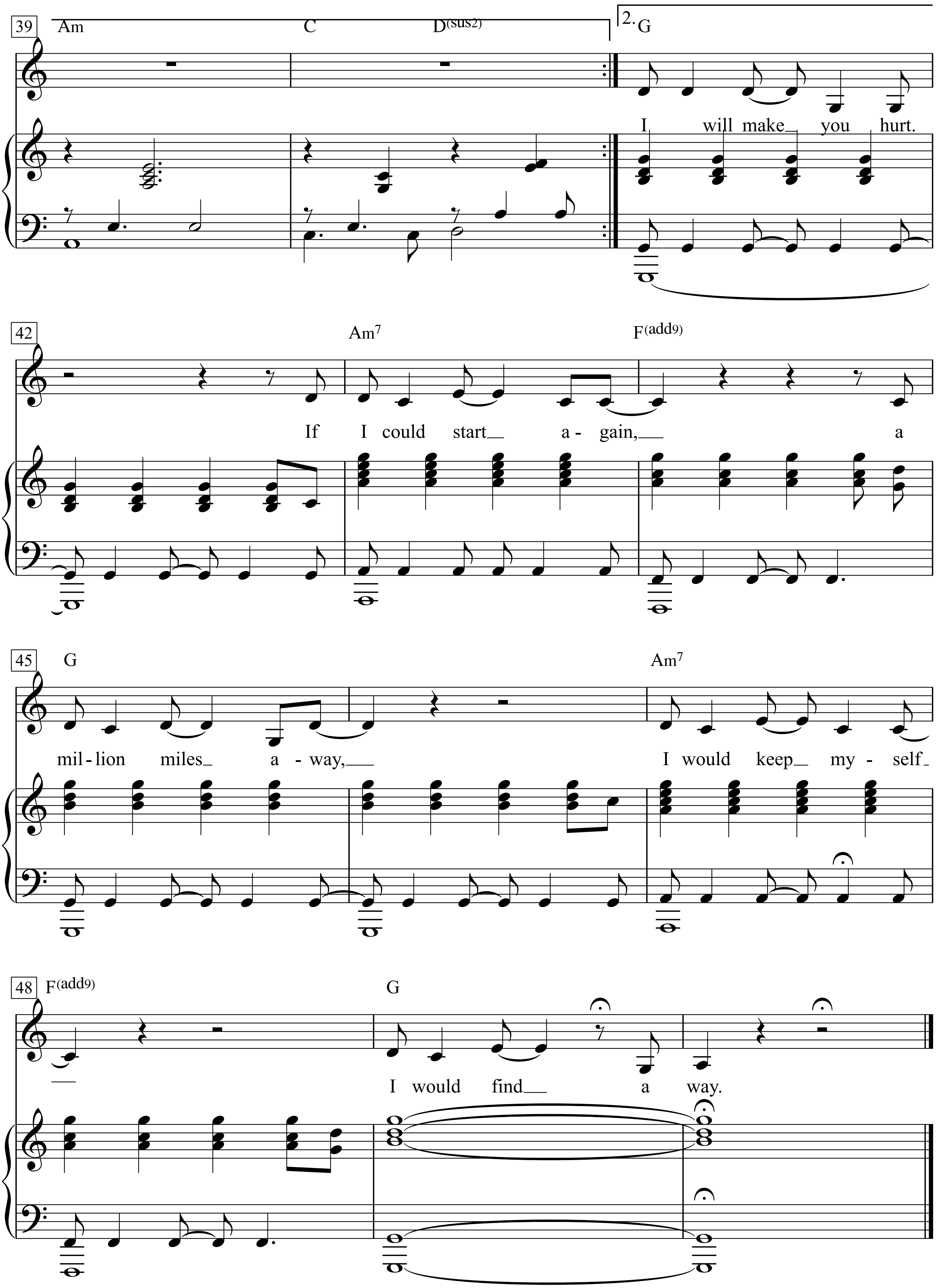
Words & Music by Trent Reznor
(Johnny Cash)
(*originally by* Nine Inch Nails)




13
Am C D(sus2) Am C D(sus2)
real. The nee - dle tears a hole,__ the old fa - mil - iar sting.
pair. Be - neath the stains of time__ the feel - ings_ dis-ap - pear.
17
Am C D(sus2) Am C D
Try to kill it all a - way__ but I re-mem-ber ev' ry- thing.
You are some-one else__ I am still right here.
21
G Am7 F(add9)
What have I____ be - come__
24
C G Am7
my sweet-est friend?_ Ev - 'ry - one__ I know



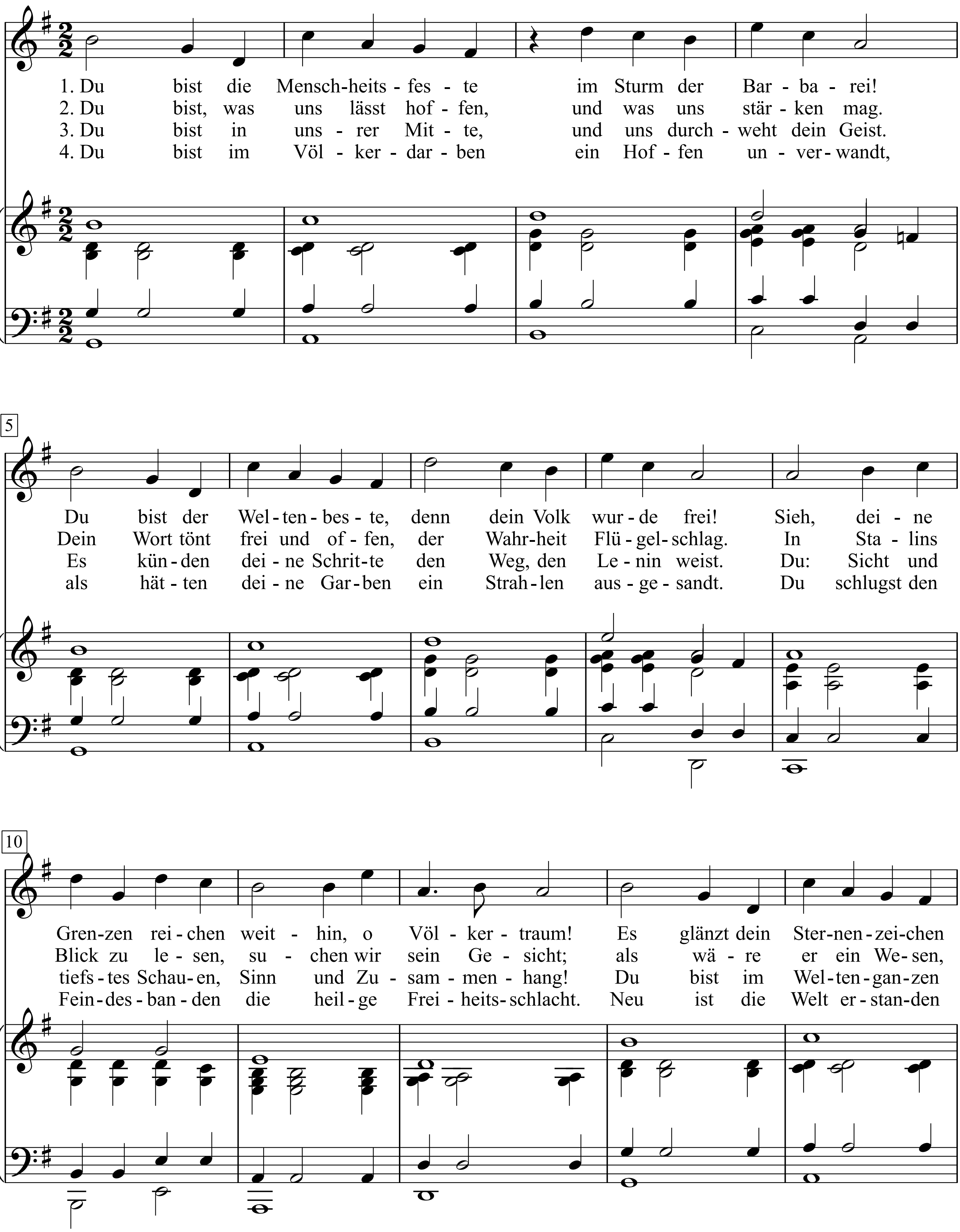
27 F(add9) C G
goes a - way in the end. And
30 Am7 F(add9) G
you could have it all, my em - pire of dirt.
33 Am7 F(add9)
I will let you down,
36 1. G Am C D
I will make you hurt.

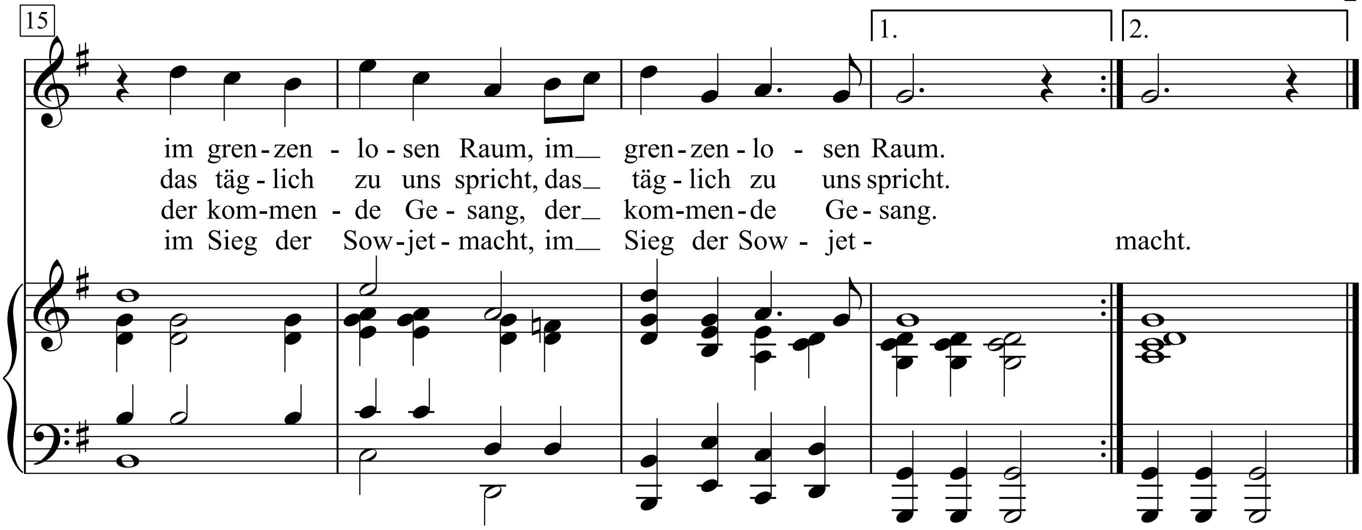

39
Am
C
D(sus2)
2.
G
I will make_ you hurt.
42
Am7
F(add9)
If I could start_ a - gain,_ a
45
G
Am7
mil - lion miles_ a - way,_ I would keep_ my - self_
48
F(add9)
G
I would find_ a way.

Hymne auf die UdSSR

Johannes R. Becher

Hanns Eisler





1. Du bist die Menschheitsfeste
im Sturm der Barbarei!
Du bist der Weltenbeste,
denn dein Volk wurde frei!
Sieh, deine Grenzen reichen
weithin, o Völkertraum!
Es glänzt dein Sternenzeichen
im grenzenlosen Raum,
im grenzenlosen Raum.

2. Du bist, was uns lässt hoffen,
und was uns stärken mag.
Dein Wort tönt frei und offen,
der Wahrheit Flügelschlag.
In Stalins Blick zu lesen,
suchen wir sein Gesicht;
als wäre er ein Wesen,
das täglich zu uns spricht,
das täglich zu uns spricht.

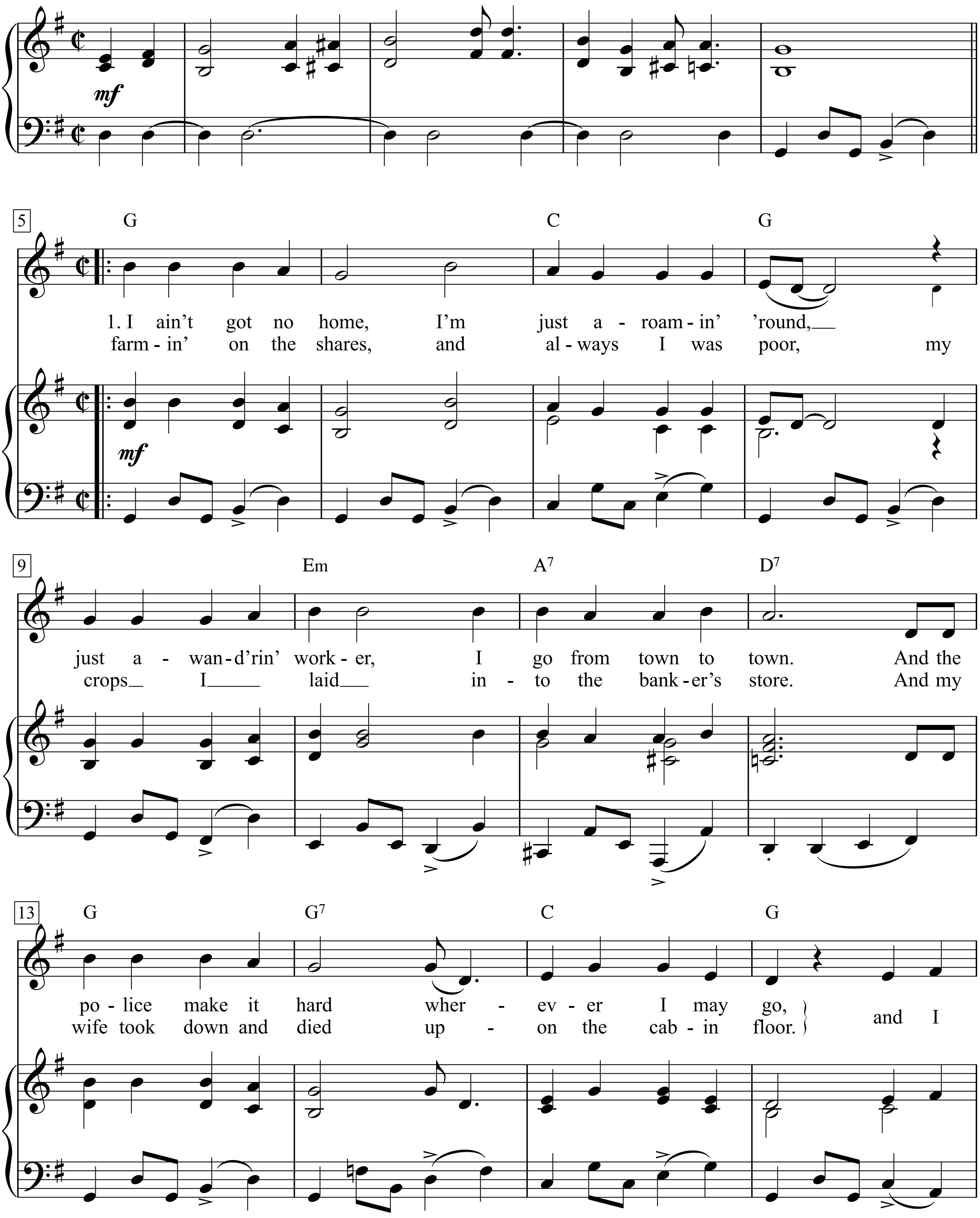
3. Du bist in unsrer Mitte,
und uns durchweht dein Geist.
Es künden deine Schritte
den Weg, den Lenin weist.
Du: Sicht und tiefstes Schauen,
Sinn und Zusammenhang!
Du bist im Weltenganzen
der kommende Gesang,
der kommende Gesang.

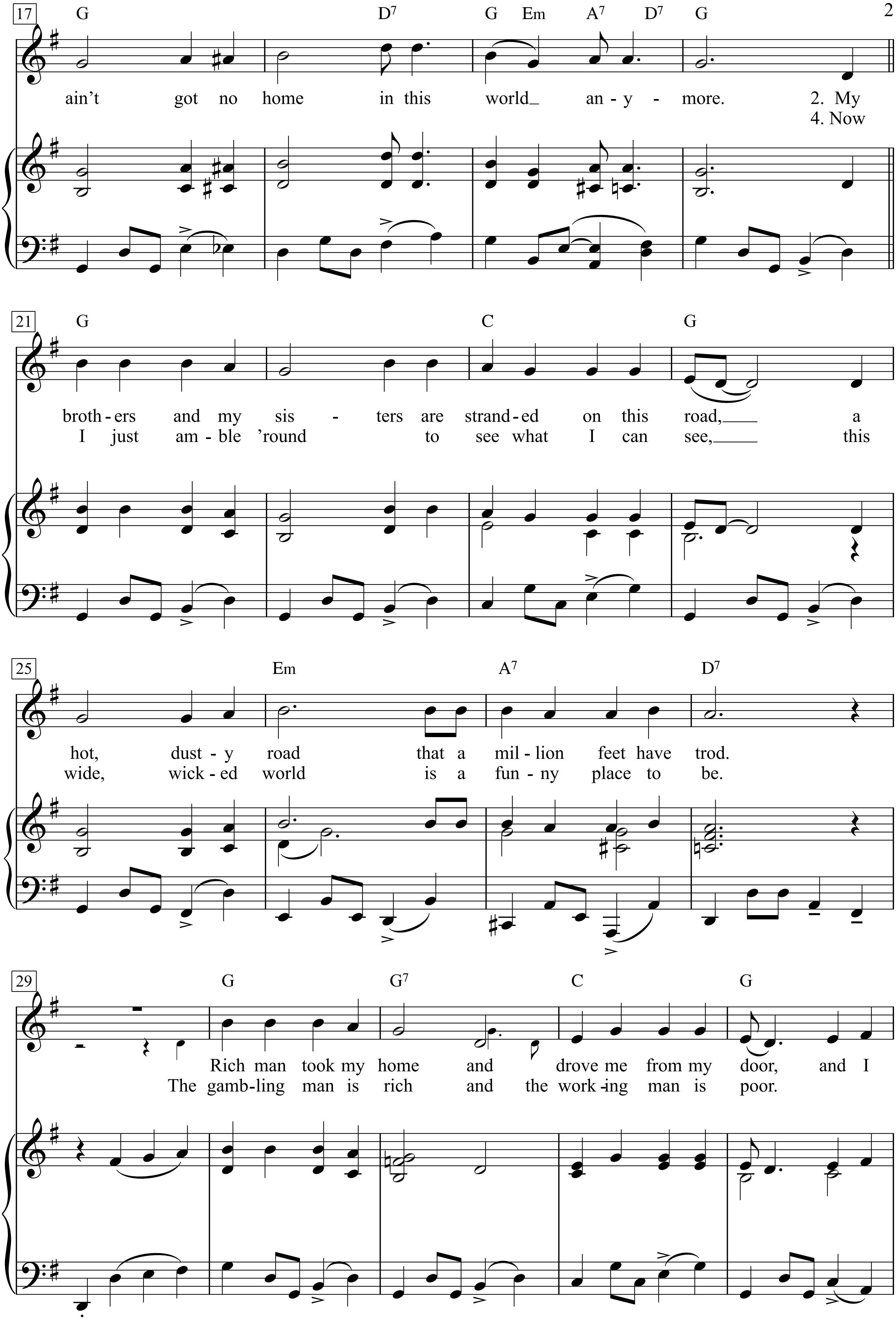
4. Du bist im Völkerdarben
ein Hoffen unverwandt,
als hätten deine Garben
ein Strahlen ausgesandt.
Du schlugst den Feindesbanden
die heilge Freiheitsschlacht.
Neu ist die Welt erstanden
im Sieg der Sowjetmacht,
im Sieg der Sowjetmacht.

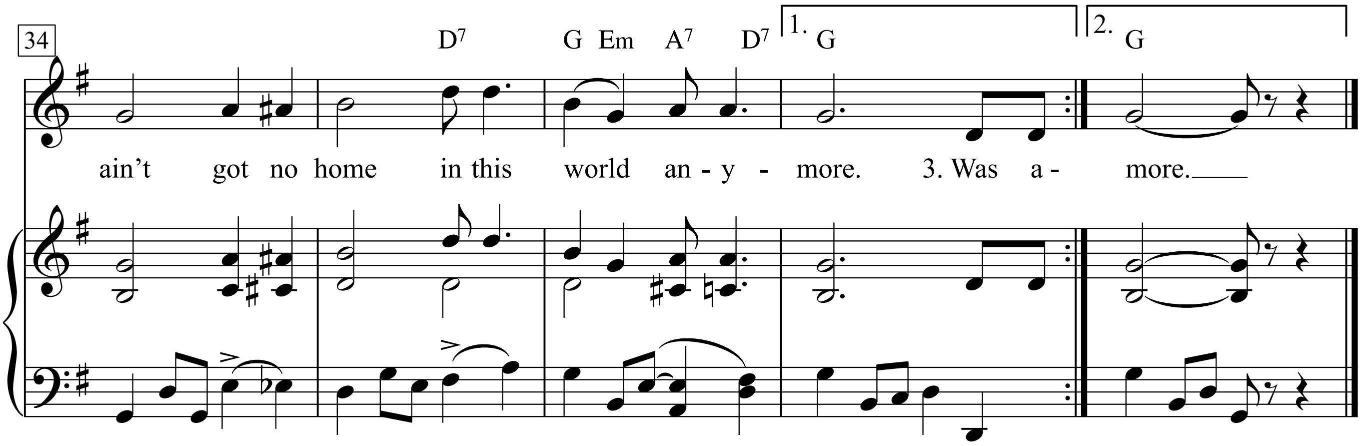
I Ain't Got No Home

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie
(Woody Guthrie)

Bright and cheerful




17
G D7 G Em A7 D7 G
ain't got no home in this world_ an - y - more. 2. My
4. Now
21
G C G
broth - ers and my sis - ters are strand - ed on this road,___ a
I just am - ble 'round to see what I can see,___ this
25
Em A7 D7
hot, dust - y road that a mil - lion feet have trod.
wide, wick - ed world is a fun - ny place to be.
29
G G7 C G
Rich man took my home and drove me from my door, and I
The gamb - ling man is rich and the work - ing man is poor.



1. I ain’t got no home, I’m just a-roamin’ ’round,
Just a-wand’rin’ worker, I go from town to town.
And the police make it hard wherever I may go, ^
And I ain’t got no home in this world anymore.

2. My brothers and my sisters are stranded on this road,
A hot, dusty road that a million feet have trod.
Rich man took my home and drove me from my door,
And I ain’t got no home in this world anymore.

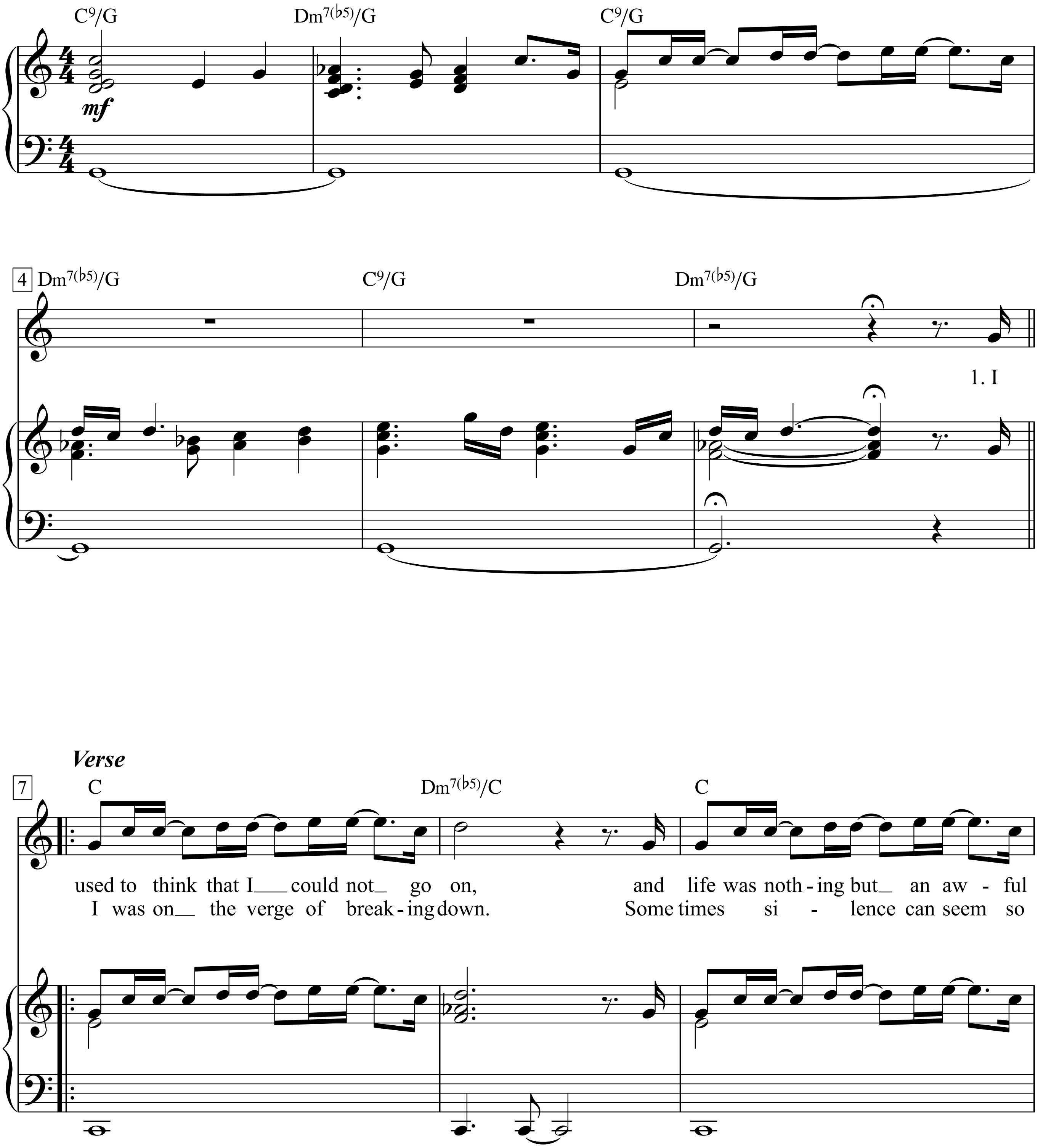
3. Was a-farmin’ on the shares, and always I was poor,
My crops I laid into the banker’s store.
And my wife took down and died upon the cabin floor.
And I ain’t got no home in this world anymore.

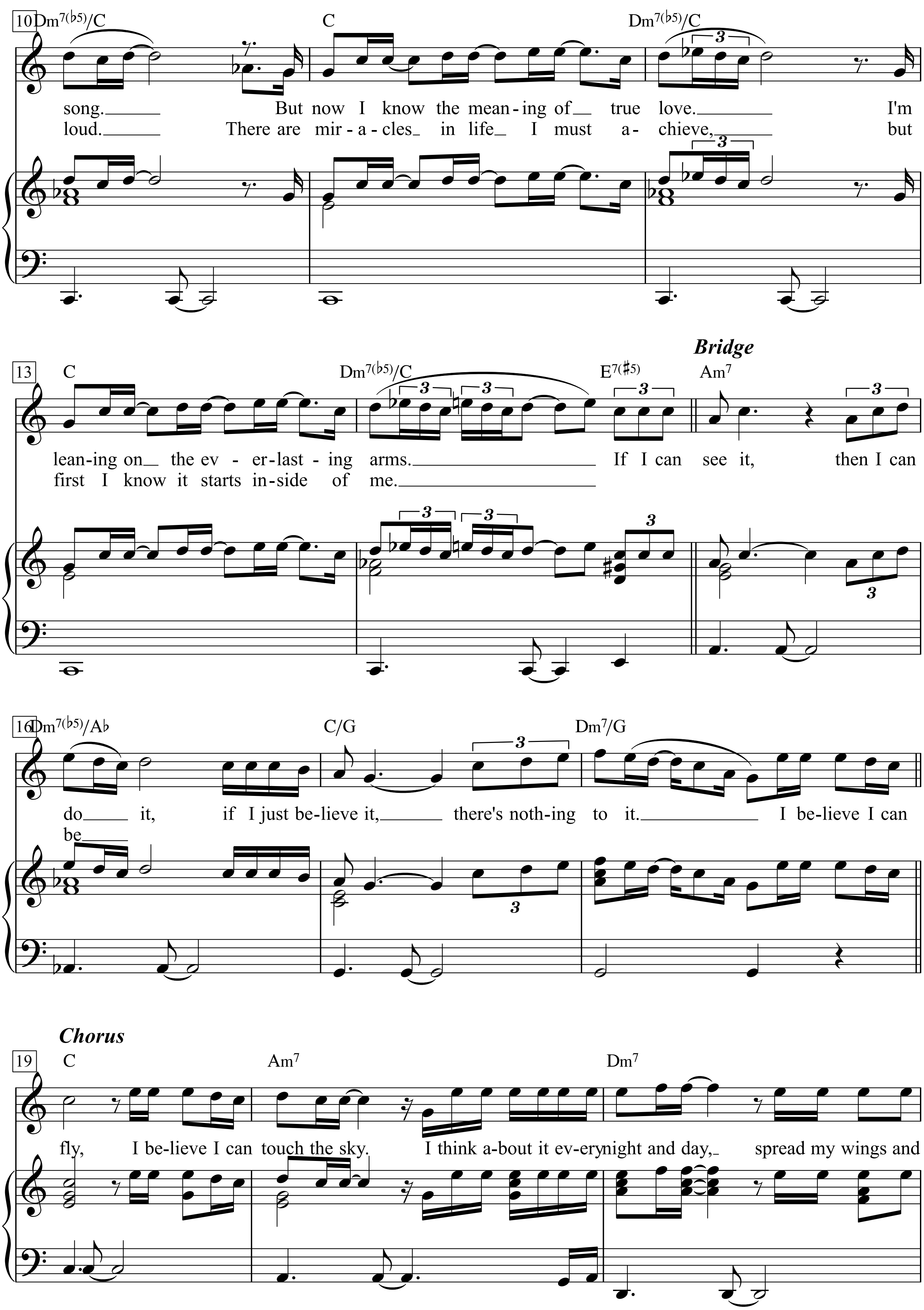
4. Now I just amble ’round to see what I can see,
This wide, wicked world is a funny place to be.
The gambling man is rich and the working man is poor.
And I ain’t got no home in this world anymore.

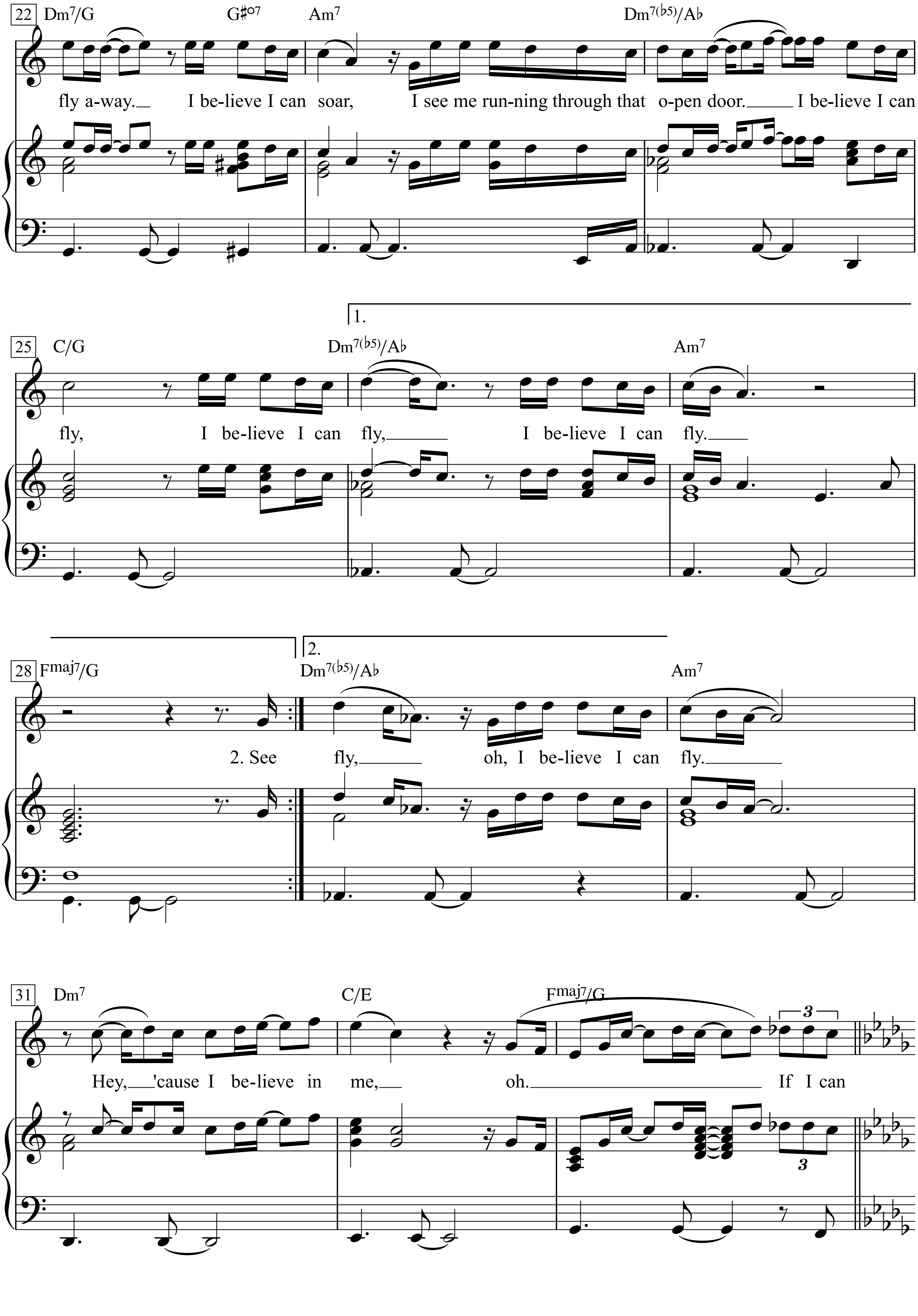
I Believe I Can Fly

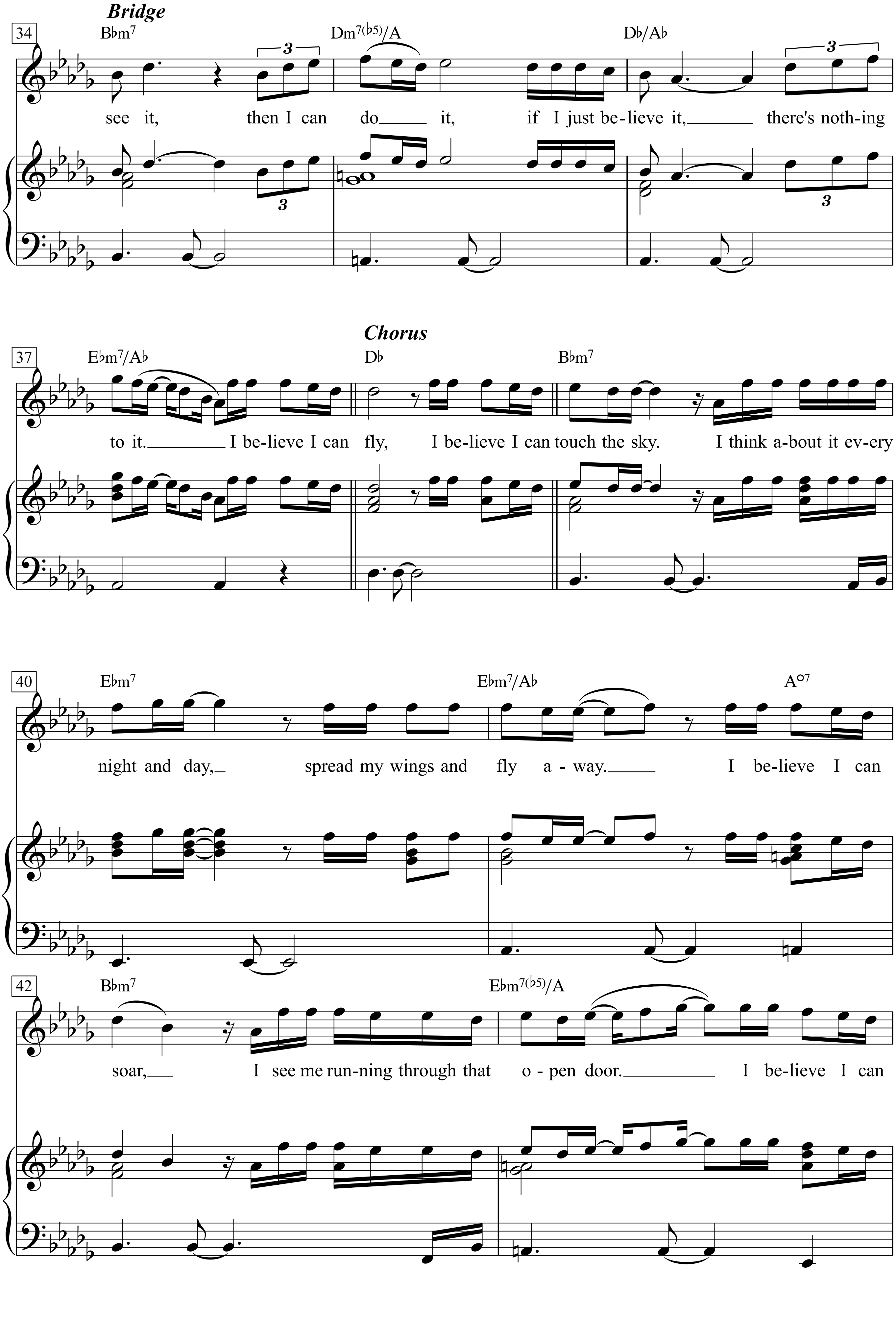
Slowly ♩ = 72

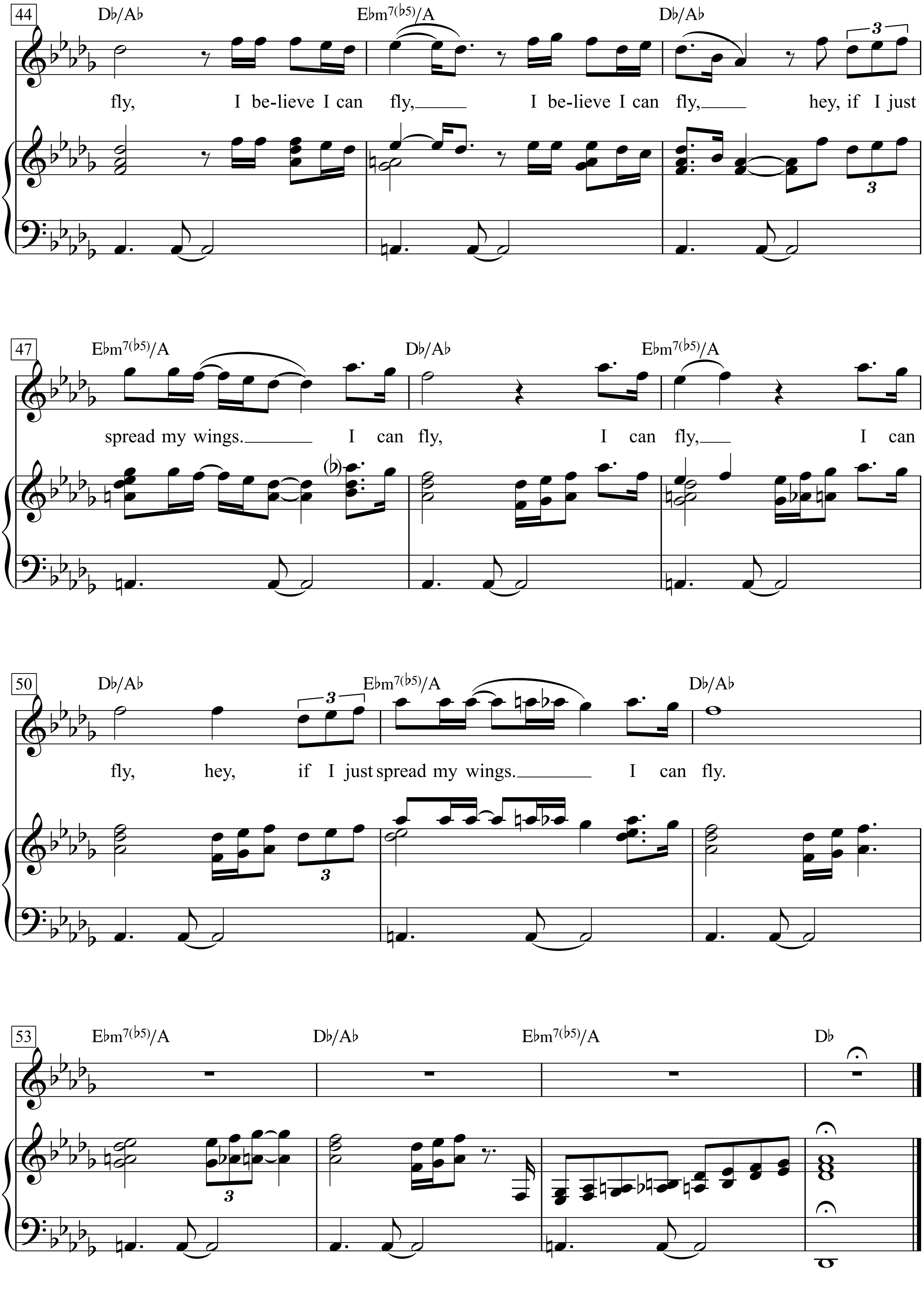
Words & Music by Robert Sylvester Kelly
(R. Kelly)




10
Dm7(♭5)/C
C
Dm7(♭5)/C
song. But now I know the mean-ing of true love. I'm
loud. There are mir-a-cles in life I must a- chieve, but
Bridge
13
C
Dm7(♭5)/C
E7(♯5)
Am7
lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms. If I can see it, then I can
first I know it starts in-side of me.
16
Dm7(♭5)/A♭
C/G
Dm7/G
do it, if I just be-lieve it, there's noth-ing to it. I be-lieve I can
be
Chorus
19
C
Am7
Dm7
fly, I be-lieve I can touch the sky. I think a-bout it ev-ery night and day, spread my wings and


22 Dm7/G G#o7 Am7 Dm7(b5)/Ab
fly a-way. I be-lieve I can soar, I see me run-ning through that o-pen door. I be-lieve I can
1.
25 C/G Dm7(b5)/Ab Am7
fly, I be-lieve I can fly, I be-lieve I can fly.
2.
28 Fmaj7/G Dm7(b5)/Ab Am7
2. See fly, oh, I be-lieve I can fly.
31 Dm7 C/E Fmaj7/G
Hey, 'cause I be-lieve in me, oh. If I can
3


Bridge
34
B♭m7
Dm7(♭5)/A
D♭/A♭
see it, then I can do it, if I just be-lieve it, there's noth-ing
Chorus
37
E♭m7/A♭
D♭
B♭m7
to it. I be-lieve I can fly, I be-lieve I can touch the sky. I think a-bout it ev-ery
40
E♭m7
E♭m7/A♭
A°7
night and day, spread my wings and fly a - way. I be-lieve I can
42
B♭m7
E♭m7(♭5)/A
soar, I see me run-ning through that o - pen door. I be-lieve I can


44
Db/Ab
Ebm7(b5)/A
Db/Ab
3
fly, I be-lieve I can fly, I be-lieve I can fly, hey, if I just
3
47
Ebm7(b5)/A
Db/Ab
Ebm7(b5)/A
spread my wings. I can fly, I can fly, I can
50
Db/Ab
Ebm7(b5)/A
Db/Ab
3
fly, hey, if I just spread my wings. I can fly.
3
53
Ebm7(b5)/A
Db/Ab
Ebm7(b5)/A
Db
3

1. I used to think that I could not go on,
and life was nothing but an awful song.
But now I know the meaning of true love.
I'm leaning on the everlasting arms.

If I can see it, then I can do it,
if I just believe it, there's nothing to it.

Chorus:
I believe I can fly,
I believe I can touch the sky.
I think about it every night and day,
spread my wings and fly away.
I believe I can soar,
I see me running through that open door.
I believe I can fly,
I believe I can fly,
I believe I can fly.

2. See I was on the verge of breaking down.
Sometimes silence can seem so loud.
There are miracles in life I must achieve,
but first I know it starts inside of me.

If I can see it, then I can be it,
if I just believe it, there's nothing to it.

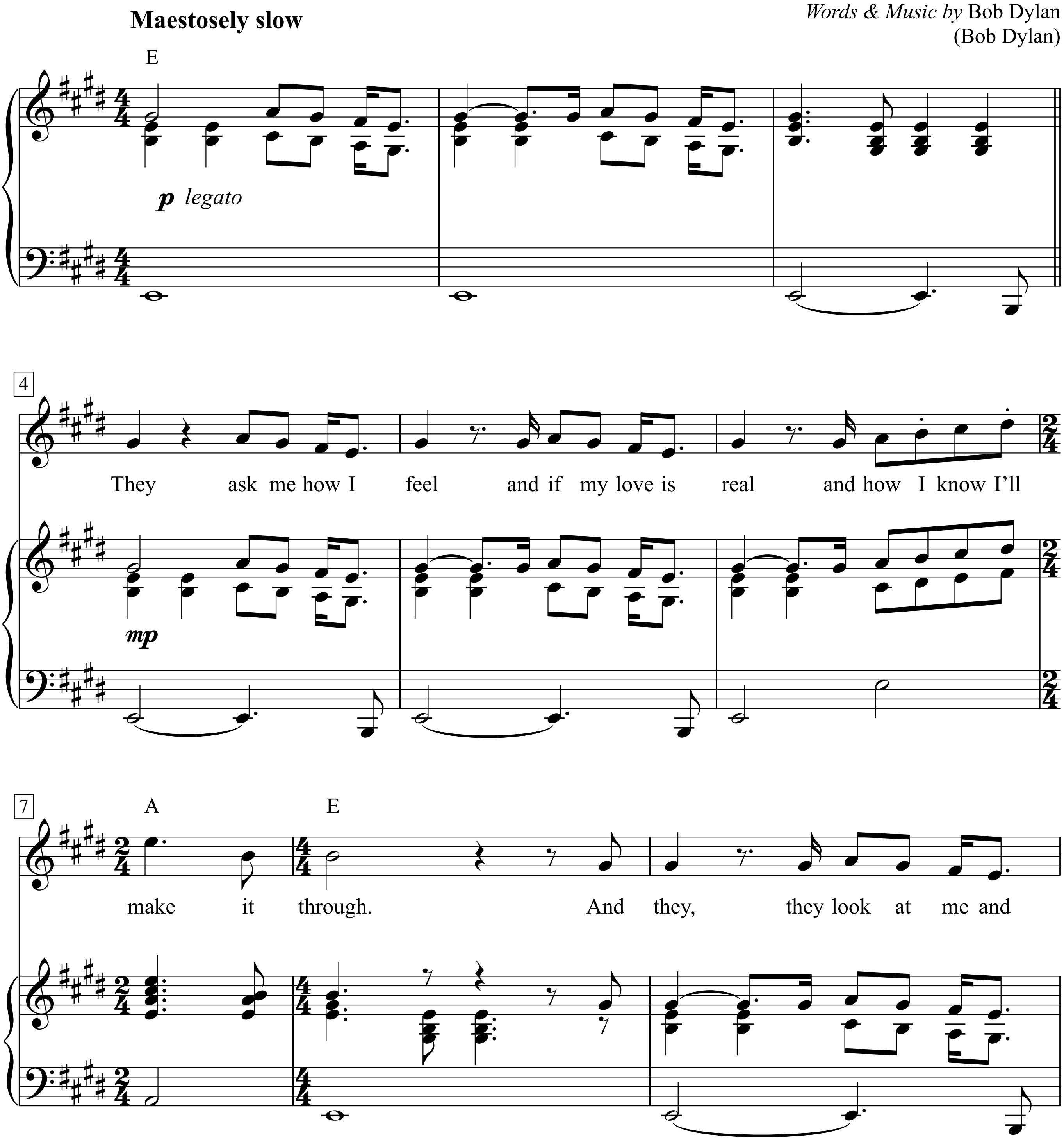
Chorus:
I believe I can fly,
I believe I can touch the sky.
I think about it every night and day,
spread my wings and fly away.
I believe I can soar,
I see me running through that open door.
I believe I can fly,
I believe I can fly,
I believe I can fly.

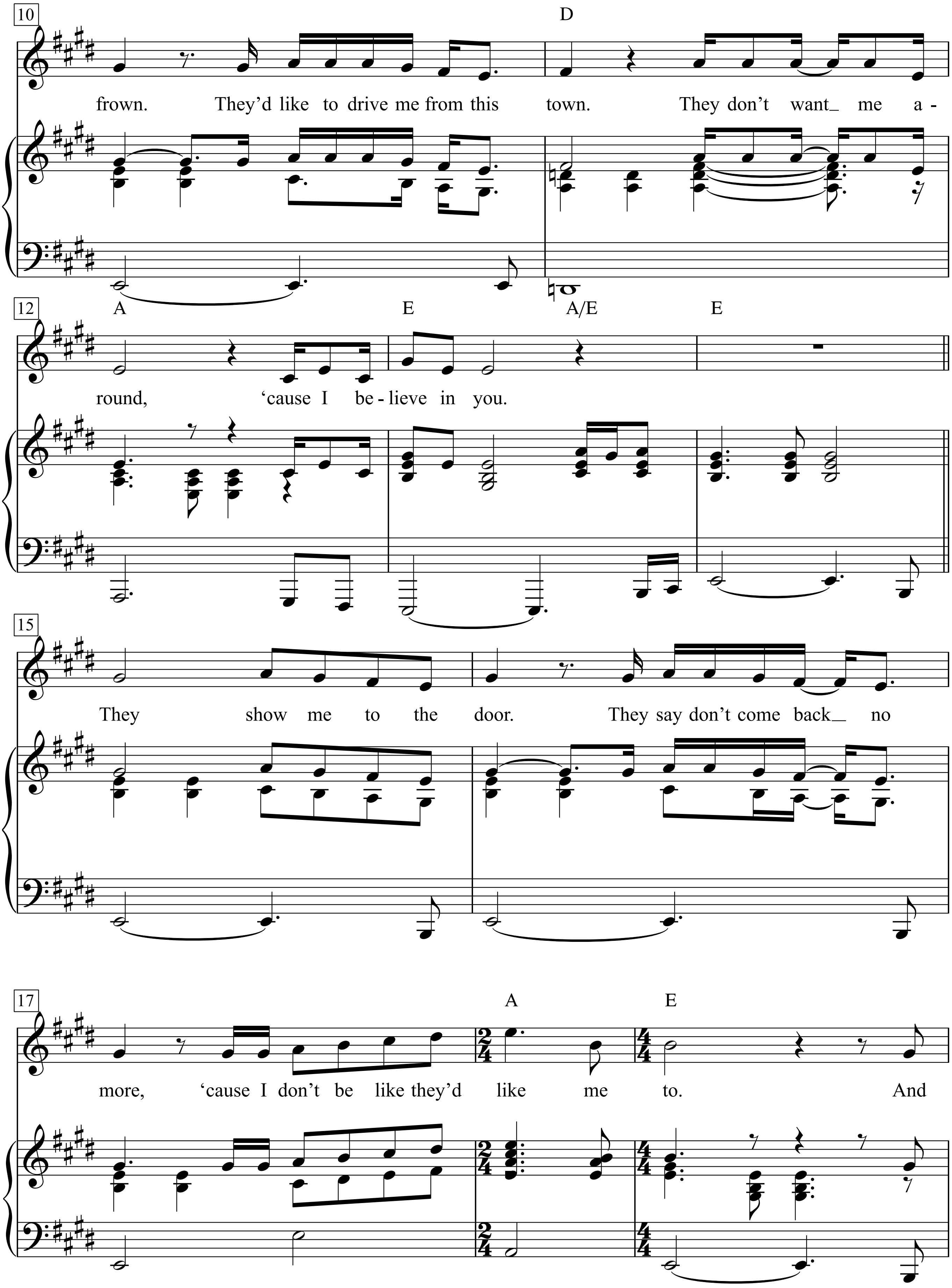
Hey, 'cause I believe in me, oh.
If I can see it, then I can do it,
if I just believe it, there's nothing to it.

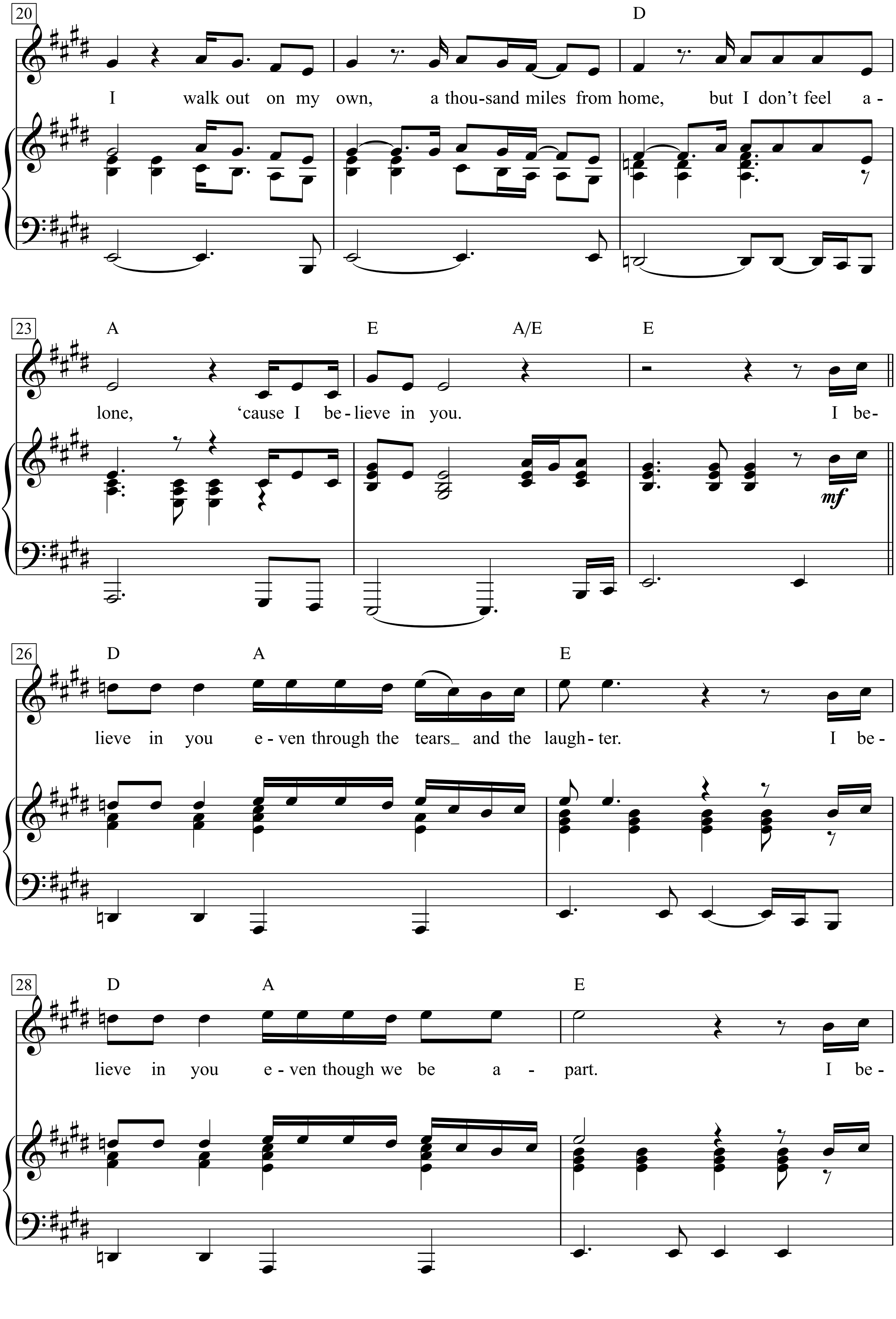
Chorus:
I believe I can fly,
I believe I can touch the sky.
I think about it every night and day,
spread my wings and fly away.
I believe I can soar,
I see me running through that open door.
I believe I can fly,
I believe I can fly,
I believe I can fly,
hey, if I just spread my wings.
I can fly, I can fly, I can fly,
hey, if I just spread my wings I can fly.

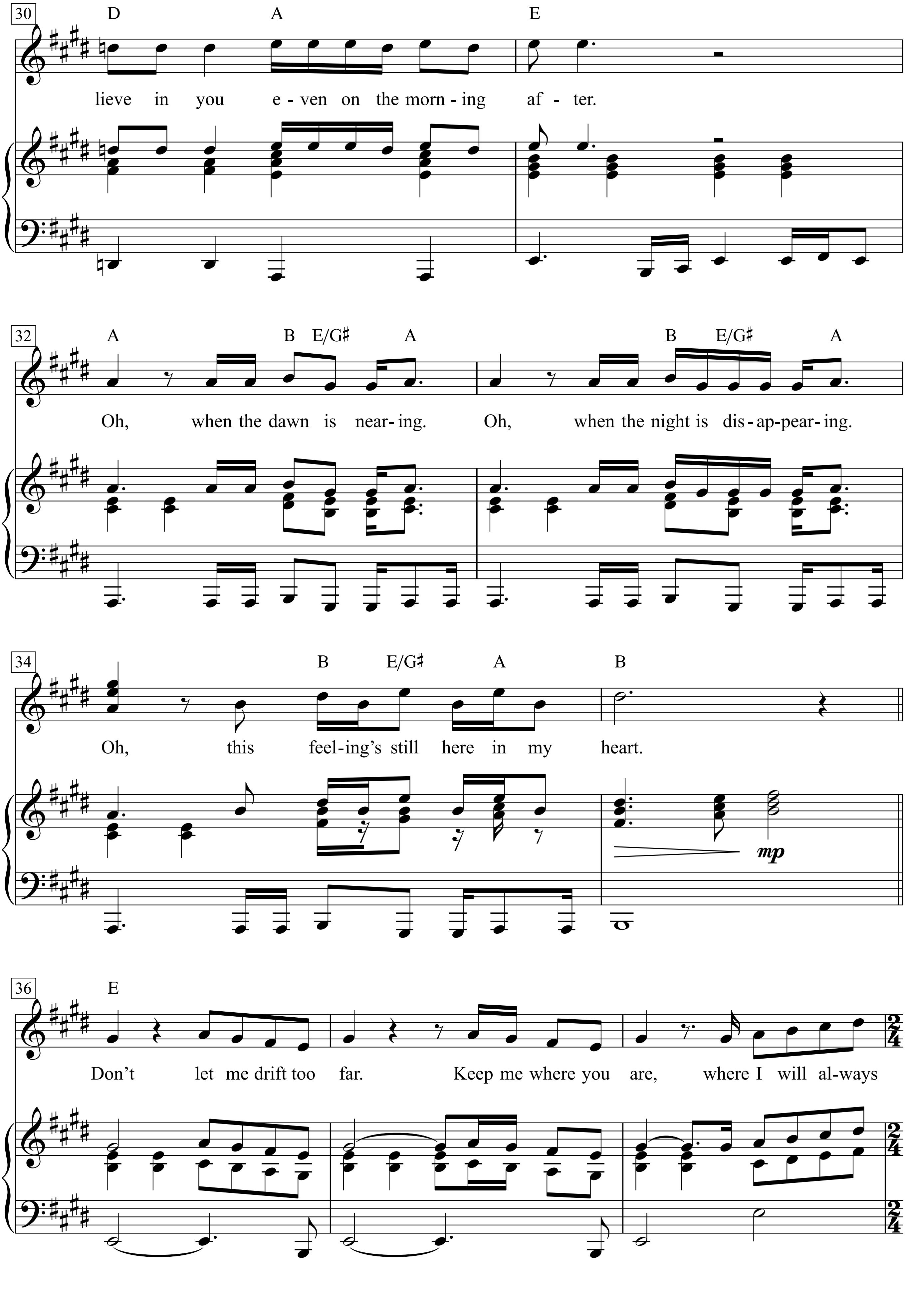
I Believe In You

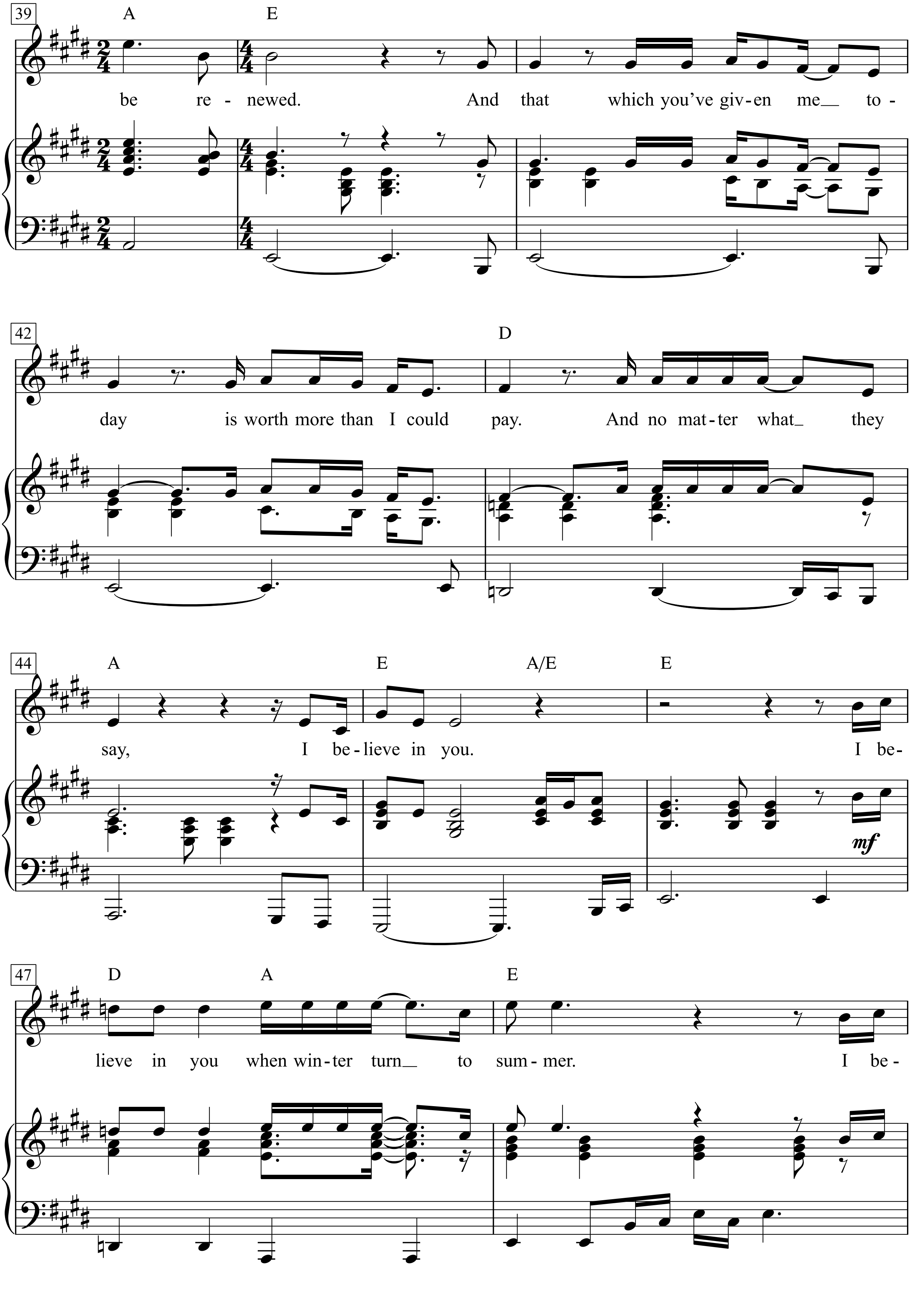
Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)

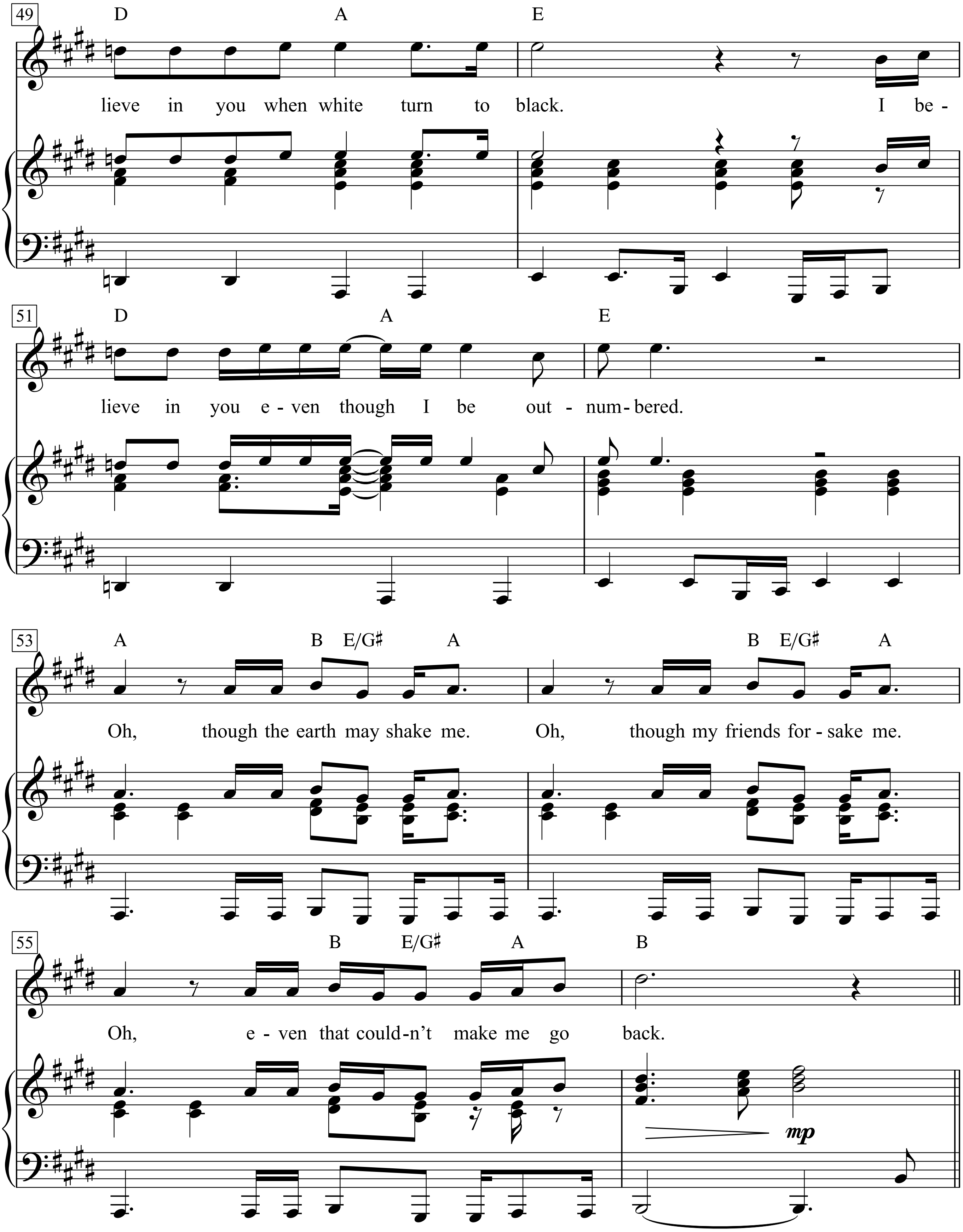


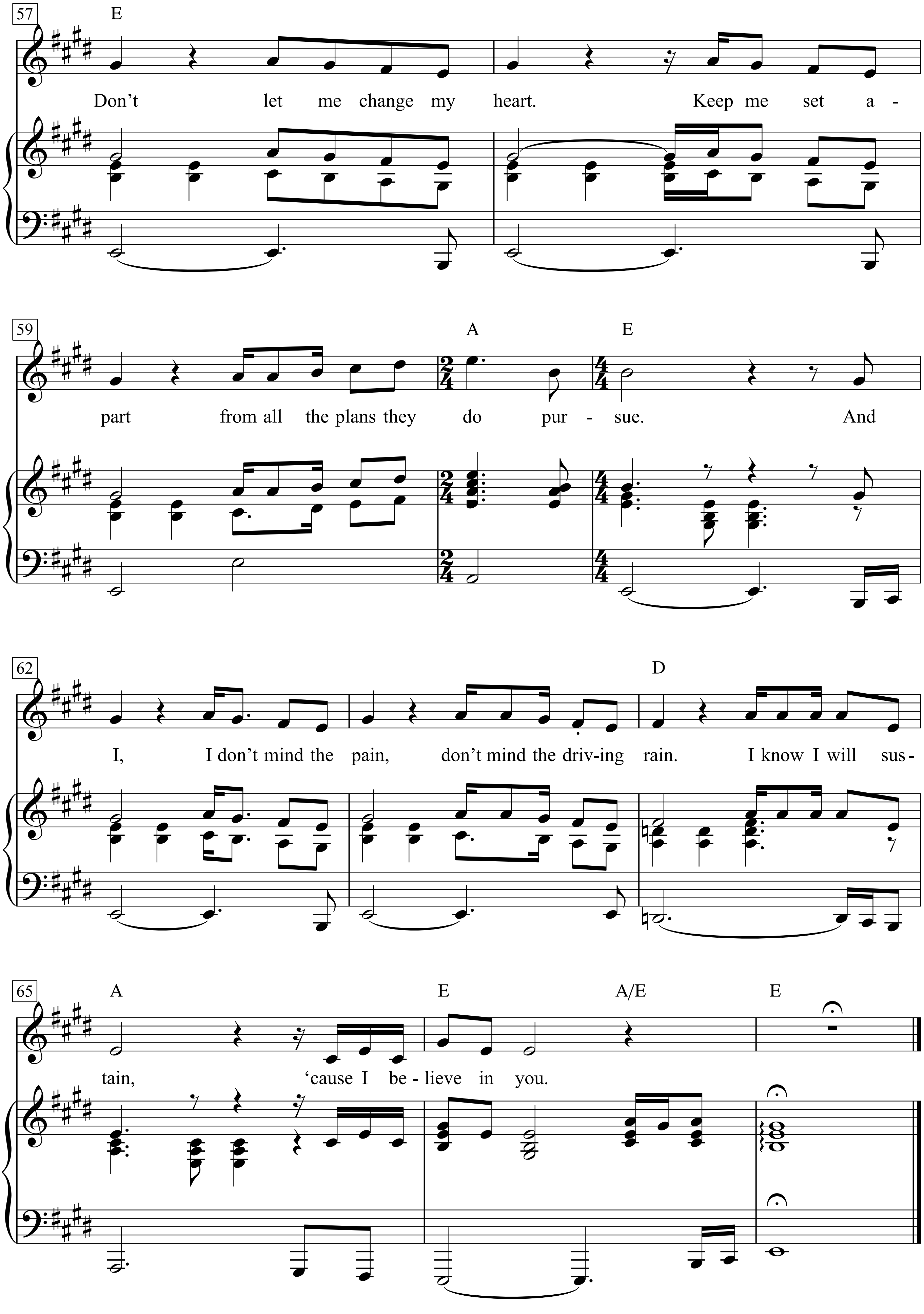

10
D
frown. They'd like to drive me from this town. They don't want_ me a -
12
A E A/E E
round, 'cause I be - lieve in you.
15
They show me to the door. They say don't come back_ no
17
A E
more, 'cause I don't be like they'd like me to. And


20
D
I walk out on my own, a thou-sand miles from home, but I don't feel a -
23
A E A/E E
lone, 'cause I be-lieve in you. I be-
mf
26
D A E
lieve in you e - ven through the tears_ and the laugh-ter. I be -
28
D A E
lieve in you e - ven though we be a - part. I be -


30
D
A
E
lieve in you e - ven on the morn - ing af - ter.
32
A
B E/G♯ A
B E/G♯ A
Oh, when the dawn is near- ing. Oh, when the night is dis - ap-pear- ing.
34
B E/G♯ A
B
Oh, this feel-ing's still here in my heart.
mp
36
E
Don't let me drift too far. Keep me where you are, where I will al-ways


39
A E
be re - newed. And that which you've giv-en me__ to -
42
D
day is worth more than I could pay. And no mat-ter what_ they
44
A E A/E E
say, I be-lieve in you. I be-
mf
47
D A E
lieve in you when win-ter turn__ to sum-mer. I be -


49
D A E
lieve in you when white turn to black. I be -
51
D A E
lieve in you e - ven though I be out - num - bered.
53
A B E/G♯ A B E/G♯ A
Oh, though the earth may shake me. Oh, though my friends for - sake me.
55
B E/G♯ A B
Oh, e - ven that could - n't make me go back.
mp


57
E
Don't let me change my heart. Keep me set a -
59
A
E
part from all the plans they do pur - sue. And
62
D
I, I don't mind the pain, don't mind the driv-ing rain. I know I will sus-
65
A
E
A/E
E
tain, 'cause I be - lieve in you.

They ask me how I feel
And if my love is real
And how I know I'll make it through
And they, they look at me and frown
They'd like to drive me from this town
They don't want me around
'Cause I believe in you

They show me to the door
They say don't come back no more
'Cause I don't be like they'd like me to
And I walk out on my own
A thousand miles from home
But I don't feel alone
'Cause I believe in you

I believe in you even through the tears and the laughter
I believe in you even though we be apart
I believe in you even on the morning after
Oh, when the dawn is nearing
Oh, when the night is disappearing
Oh, this feeling's still here in my heart

Don't let me drift too far
Keep me where you are
Where I will always be renewed
And that which you've given me today
Is worth more than I could pay
And no matter what they say
I believe in you

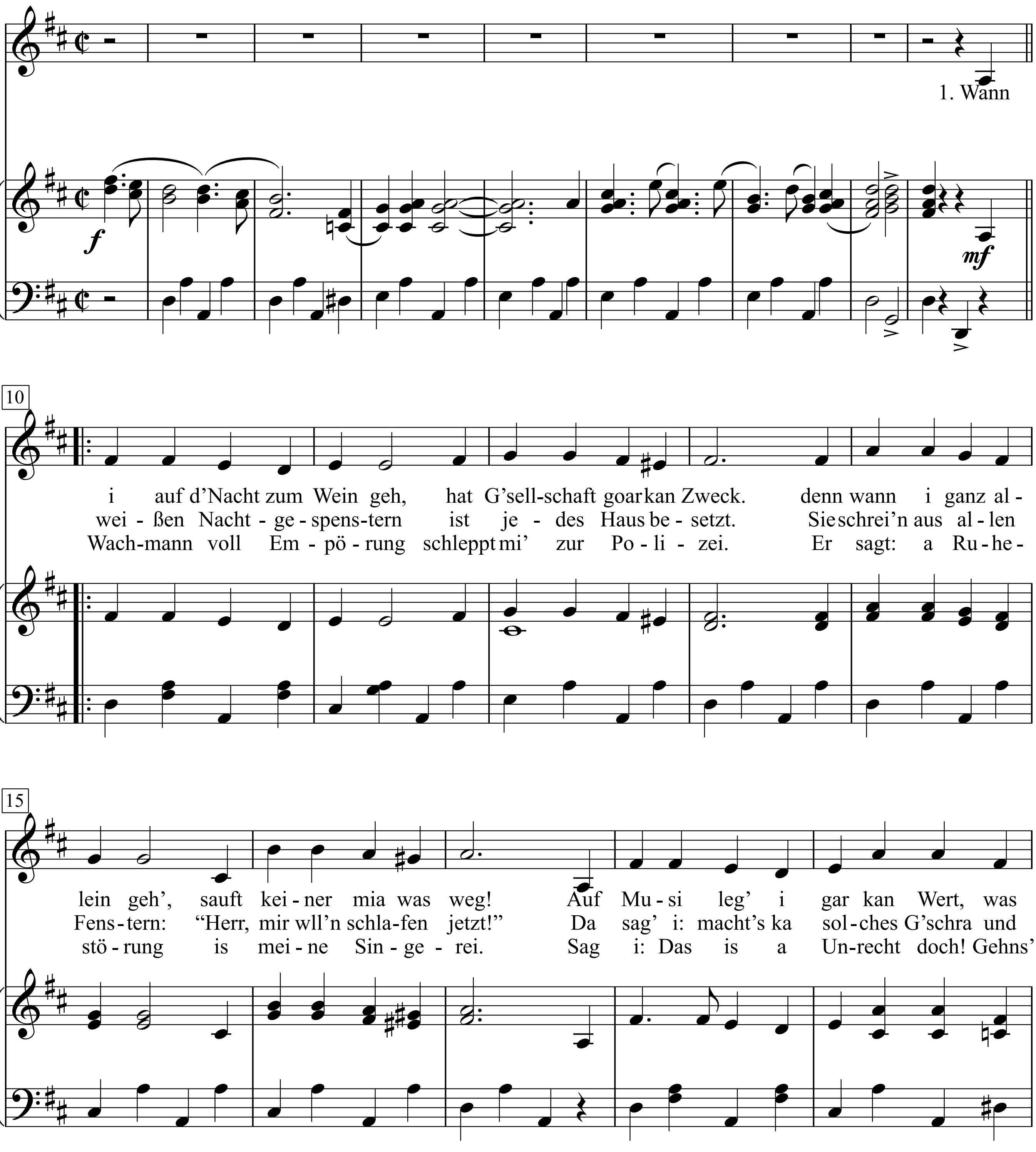
I believe in you when winter turn to summer
I believe in you when white turn to black
I believe in you even though I be outnumbered
Oh, though the earth may shake me
Oh, though my friends forsake me
Oh, even that couldn't make me go back

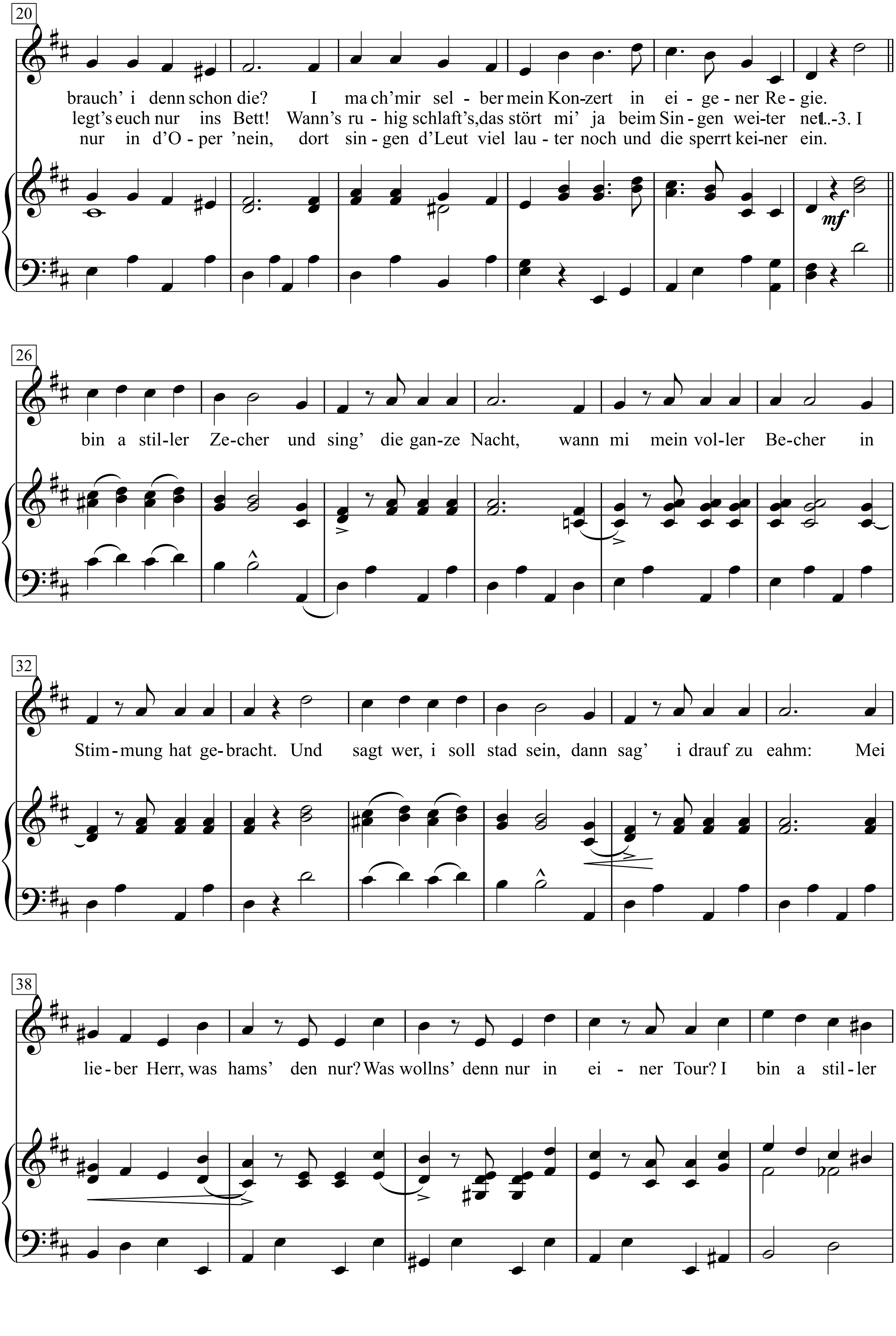
Don't let me change my heart
Keep me set apart
From all the plans they do pursue
And I, I don't mind the pain
Don't mind the driving rain
I know I will sustain
'Cause I believe in you

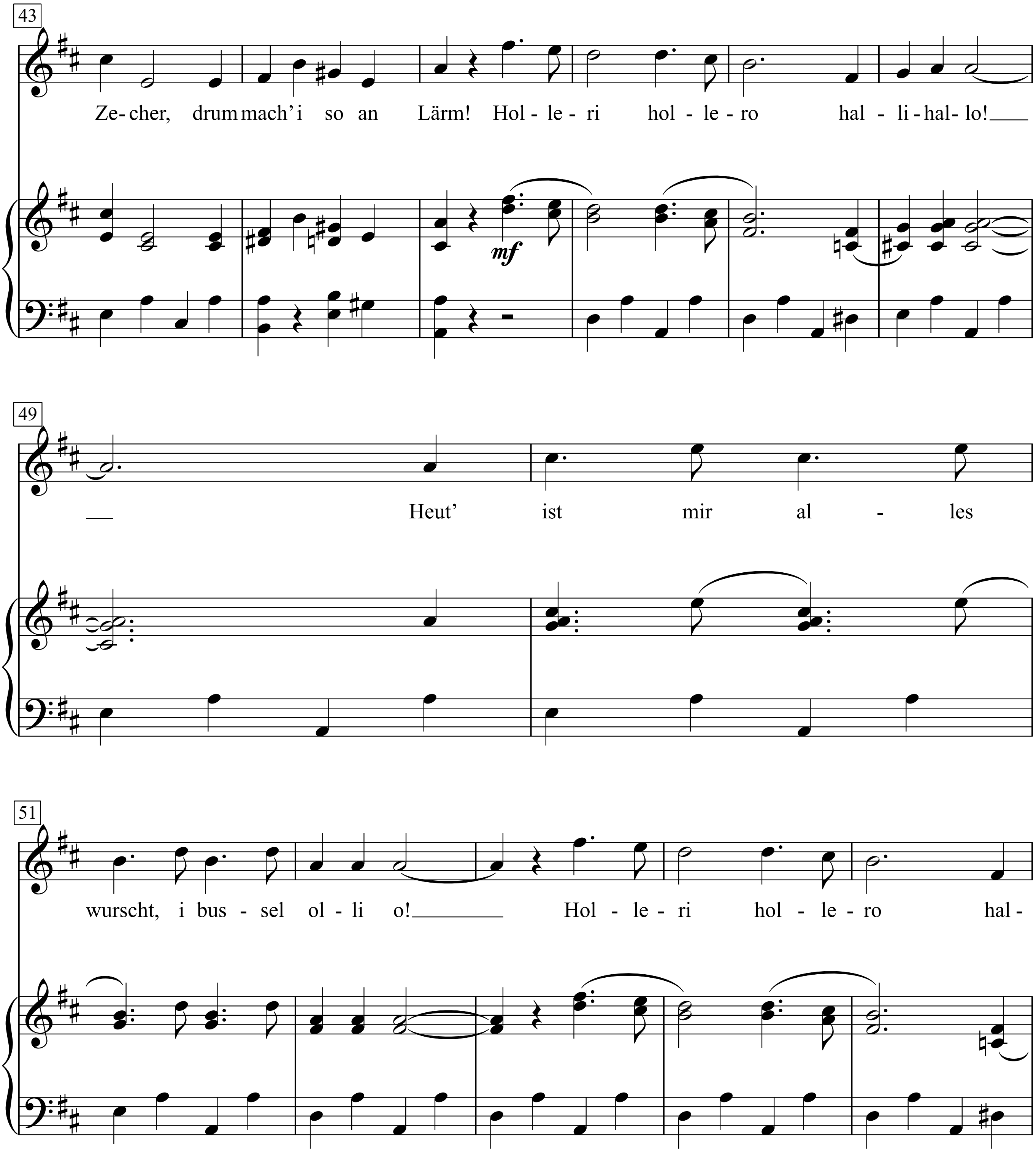
I bin a stiller Zecher

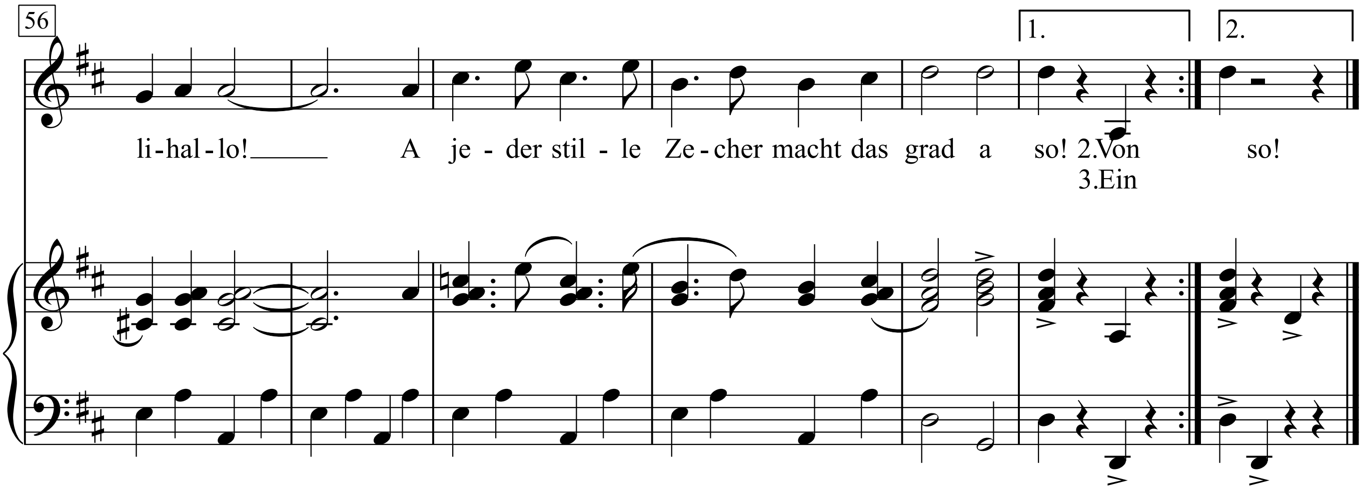
Karl Pollach (Salpeter)

Hermann Leopoldi




20
brauch' i denn schon die? I ma ch'mir sel - ber mein Kon-zert in ei - ge - ner Re - gie.
legt's euch nur ins Bett! Wann's ru - hig schlaft's, das stört mi' ja beim Sin - gen wei-ter net. 1.-3. I
nur in d'O - per 'nein, dort sin - gen d'Leut viel lau - ter noch und die sperrt kei-ner ein.
mf
26
bin a stil-ler Ze-cher und sing' die gan-ze Nacht, wann mi mein vol-ler Be-cher in
32
Stim-mung hat ge-bracht. Und sagt wer, i soll stad sein, dann sag' i drauf zu eahm: Mei
38
lie-ber Herr, was hams' den nur? Was wollns' denn nur in ei - ner Tour? I bin a stil-ler


43
Ze-cher, drum mach' i so an Lärm! Hol-le-ri hol-le-ro hal-li-hal-lo!
mf
49
Heut' ist mir al-les
51
wurscht, i bus-sel ol-li o! Hol-le-ri hol-le-ro hal-


56
1.
2.
li-hal-lo! A je-der stil-le Ze-cher macht das grad a so! 2.Von so!
3.Ein

1. Wann i auf d'Nacht zum Wein geh,
hat G'sellschaft goar kan Zweck.
denn wann i ganz allein geh',
sauft keiner mia was weg!
Auf Musi leg' i gar kan Wert,
was brauch' i denn schon die?
I mach'mir selber mein Konzert
in eigener Regie.

I bin a stiller Zecher
und sing' die ganze Nacht,
wann mi mein voller Becher
in Stimmung hat gebracht.
Und sagt wer, i soll stad sein,
dann sag' i drauf zu eahm:
Mei lieber Herr, was hams' den nur?
Was wollns' denn nur in einer Tour?
I bin a stiller Zecher,
drum mach' i so an Lärm!
Holleri hollero hallihallo!
Heut' ist mir alles wurscht,
i bussel ollil o!
Holleri hollero hallihallo!
A jeder stille Zecher macht das grad a so!

2. Von weißen Nachtgespenstern
ist jedes Haus besetzt.
Sie schrei'n aus allen Fenstern:
"Herr, mir wll'n schlafen jetzt!"
Da sag' i: macht's ka solches G'schra
und legt's euch nur ins Bett!
Wann's ruhig schlaft's, das stört mi' ja
beim Singen weiter net.

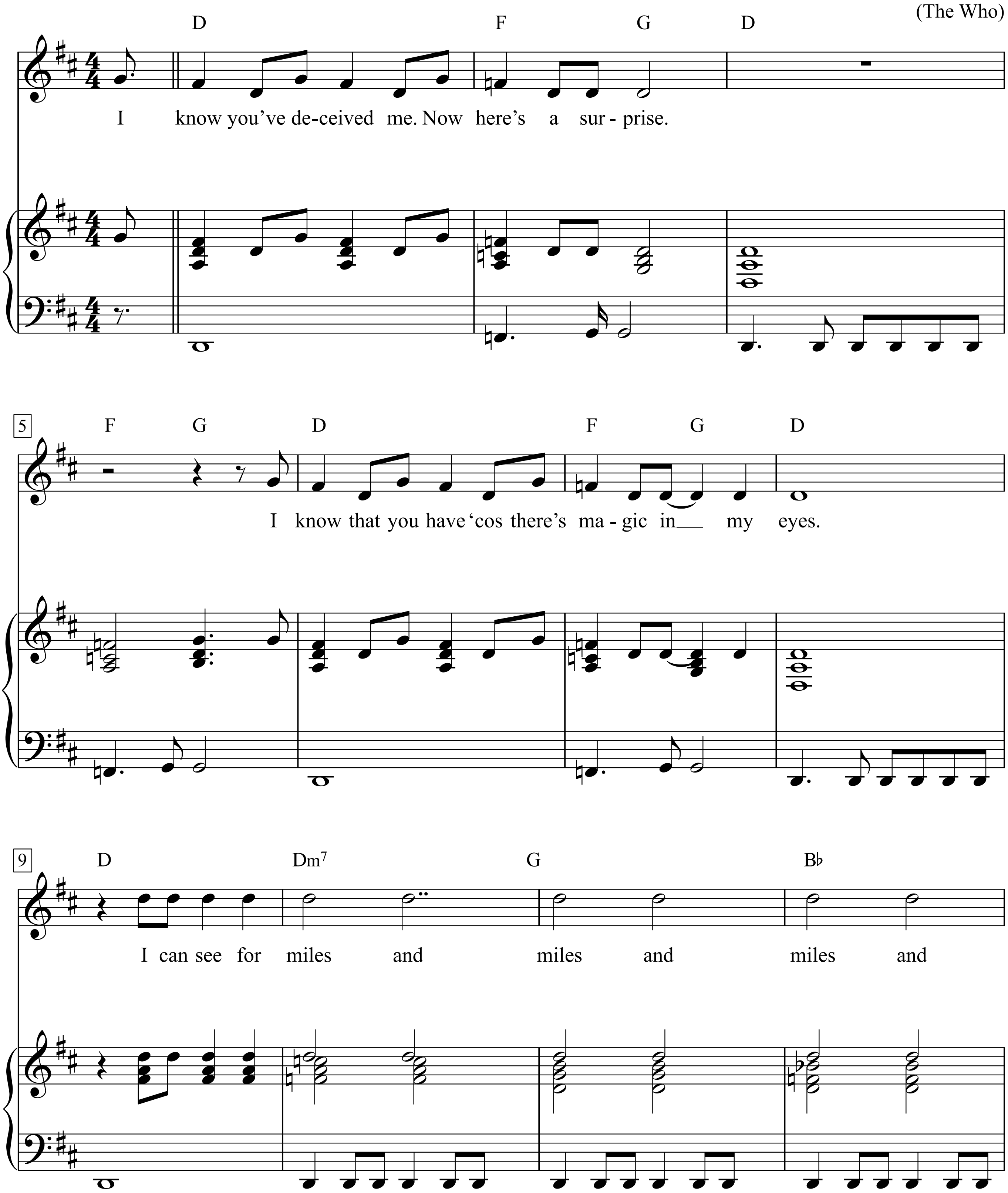
I bin a stiller Zecher …

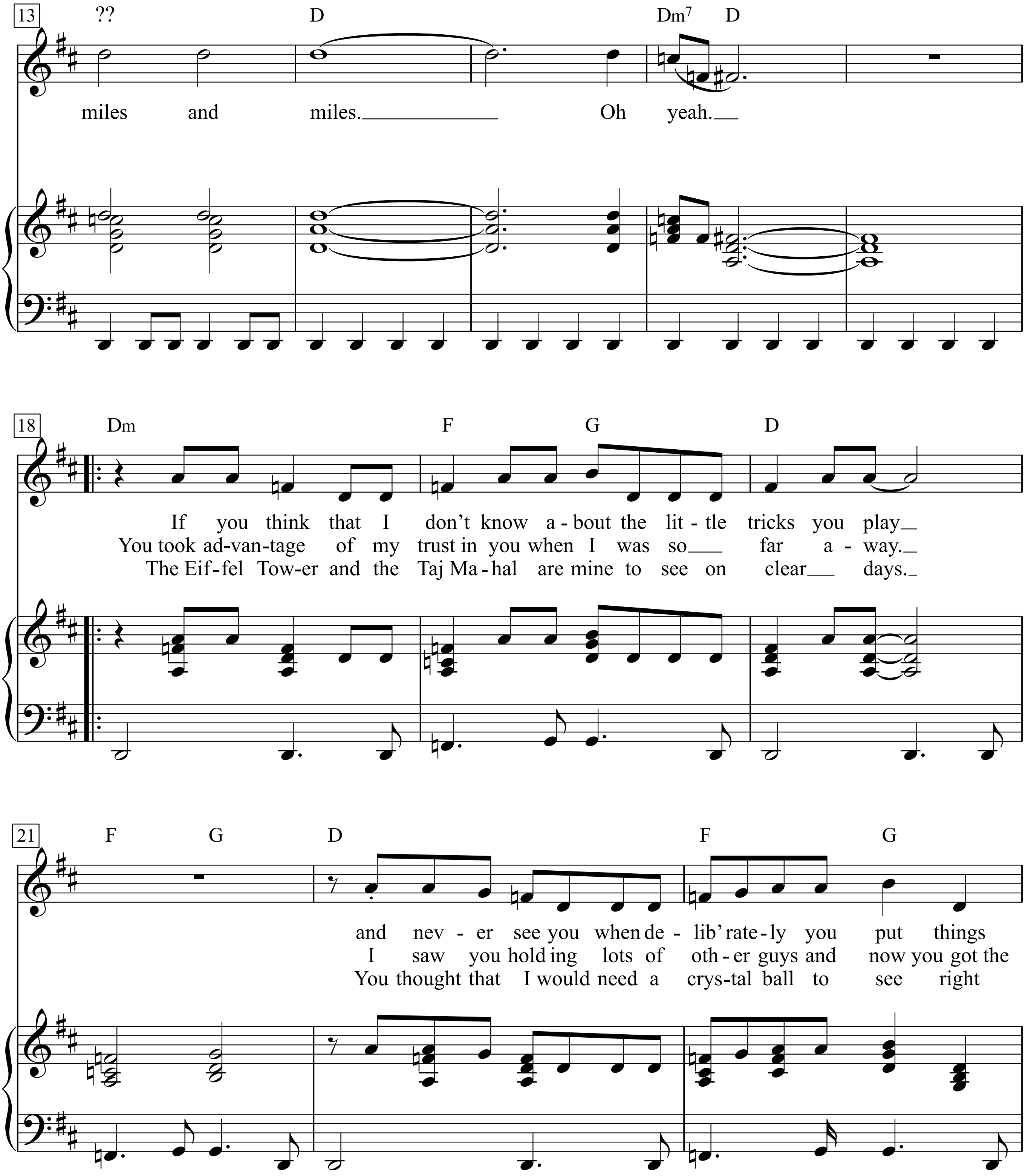
3. Ein Wachmann voll Empörung
schleppt mi' zur Polizei.
Er sagt: a Ruhestörung
is meine Singerei.
Sag i: Das is a Unrecht doch!
Gehns' nur in d'Oper 'nein,
dort singen d'Leut viel lauter noch
und die sperrt keiner ein.

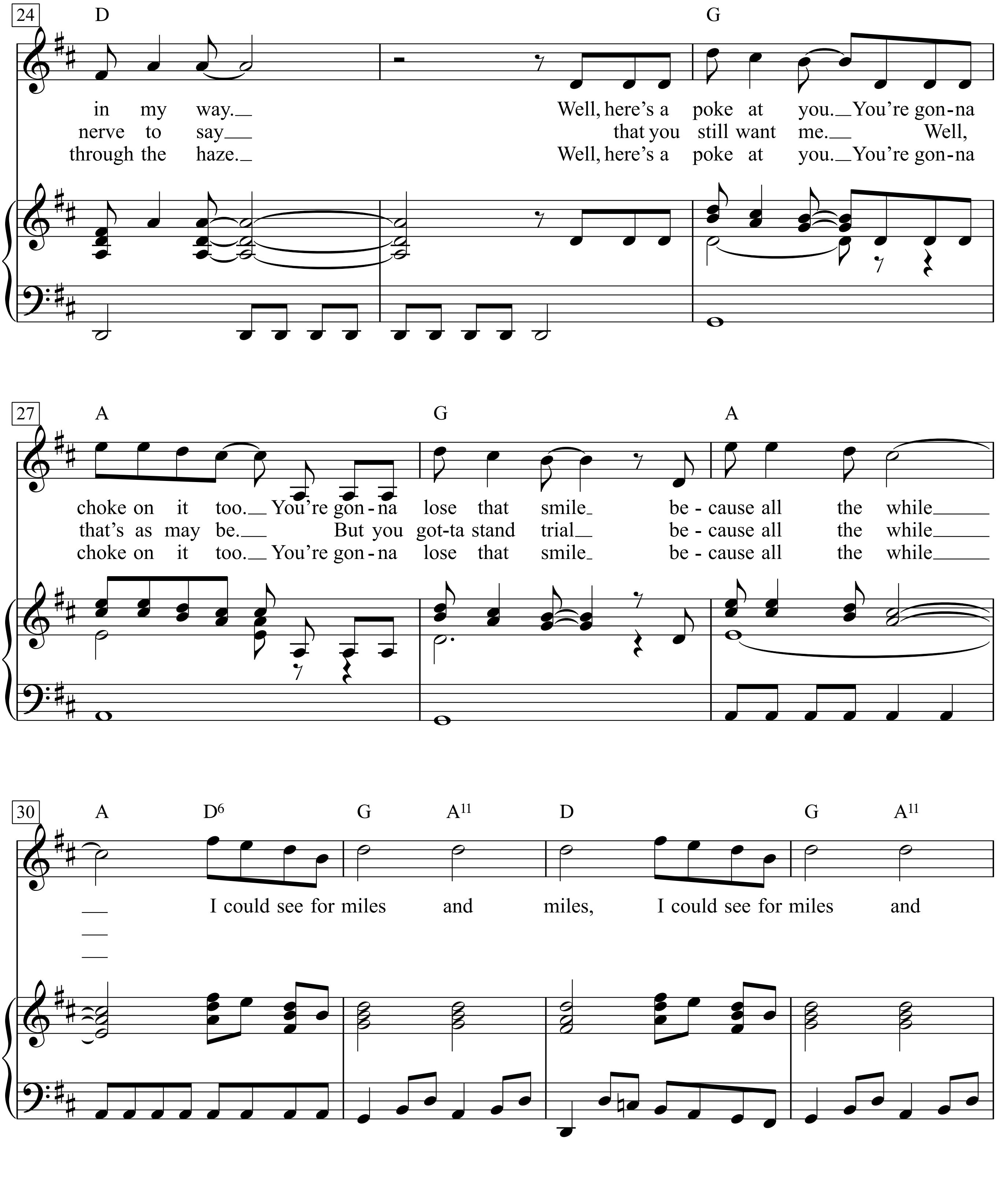
I bin a stiller Zecher …

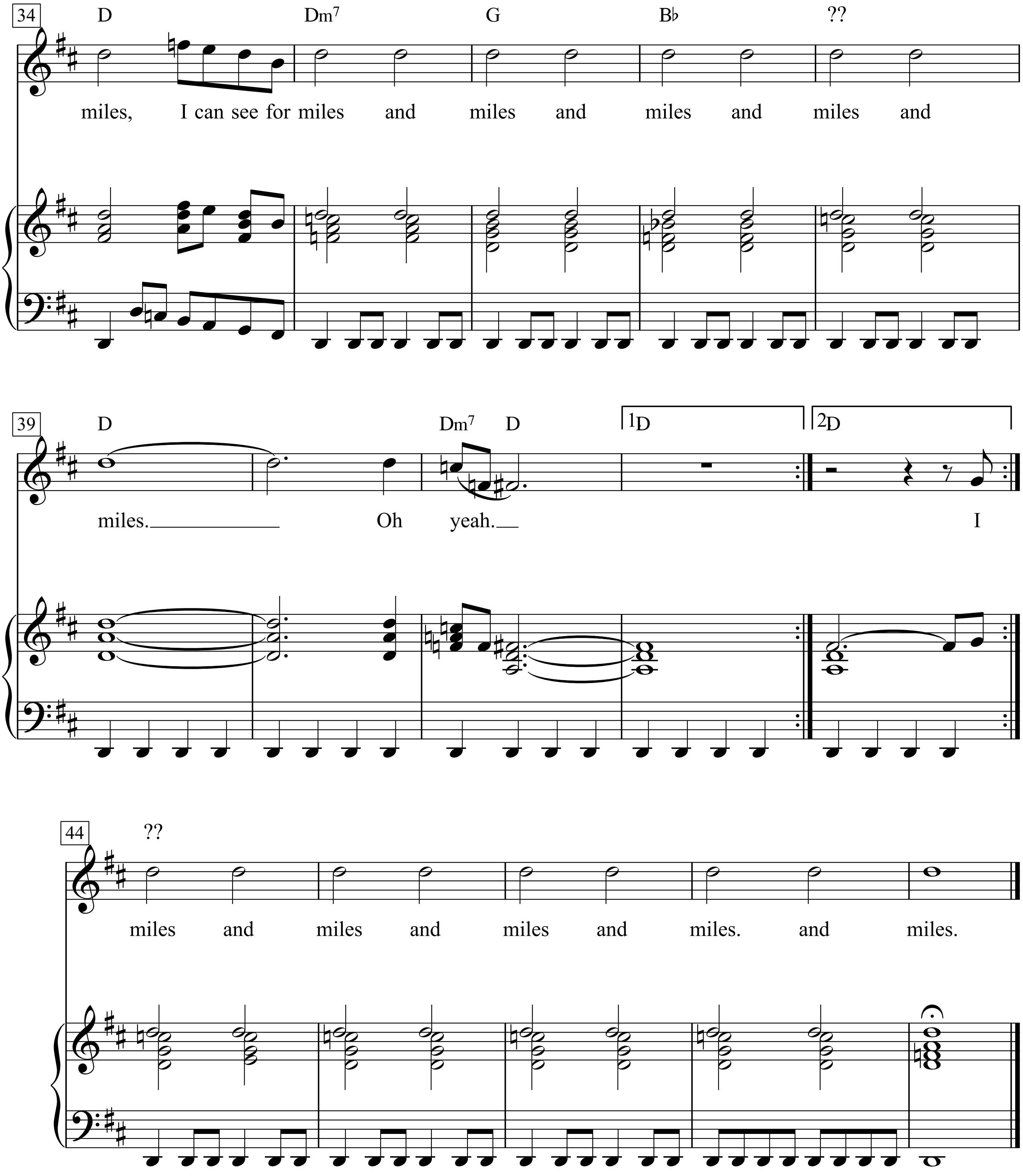
I Can See For Miles

Words & Music by Pete Townshend
(The Who)




13
??
D
Dm7 D
miles and miles. Oh yeah.
18
Dm
F G
D
If you think that I don't know a - bout the lit - tle tricks you play
You took ad-van-tage of my trust in you when I was so far a - way.
The Eif-fel Tow-er and the Taj Ma - hal are mine to see on clear days.
21
F G
D
F G
and nev - er see you when de - lib' rate - ly you put things
I saw you hold ing lots of oth - er guys and now you got the
You thought that I would need a crys-tal ball to see right


24
D
G
in my way.__ Well, here's a poke at you.__ You're gon-na
nerve to say__ that you still want me.__ Well,
through the haze.__ Well, here's a poke at you.__ You're gon-na
27
A
G
A
choke on it too.__ You're gon-na lose that smile__ be-cause all the while______
that's as may be.__ But you got-ta stand trial__ be-cause all the while______
choke on it too.__ You're gon-na lose that smile__ be-cause all the while______
30
A
D6
G
A11
D
G
A11
__ I could see for miles and miles, I could see for miles and
__
__


34
D
Dm7
G
B♭
??
miles, I can see for miles and miles and miles and miles and
39
D
Dm7 D
1D
2D
miles. Oh yeah. I
44
??
miles and miles and miles and miles. and miles.

1.
I know you’ve deceived me.
Now here’s a surprise.
I know that you have ‘cos there’s magic in my eyes.
I can see for miles and miles and miles and miles and miles.
Oh yeah.
If you think that I don’t know about the little tricks you play
and never see you when delib’rately you put things in my way.
Well, here’s a poke at you.
You’re gonna choke on it too.
You’re gonna lose that smile because all the while
I could see for miles and miles,
I could see for miles and miles,
I can see for miles and miles and miles and miles and miles.
Oh yeah.
I miles and miles and miles and miles and miles.

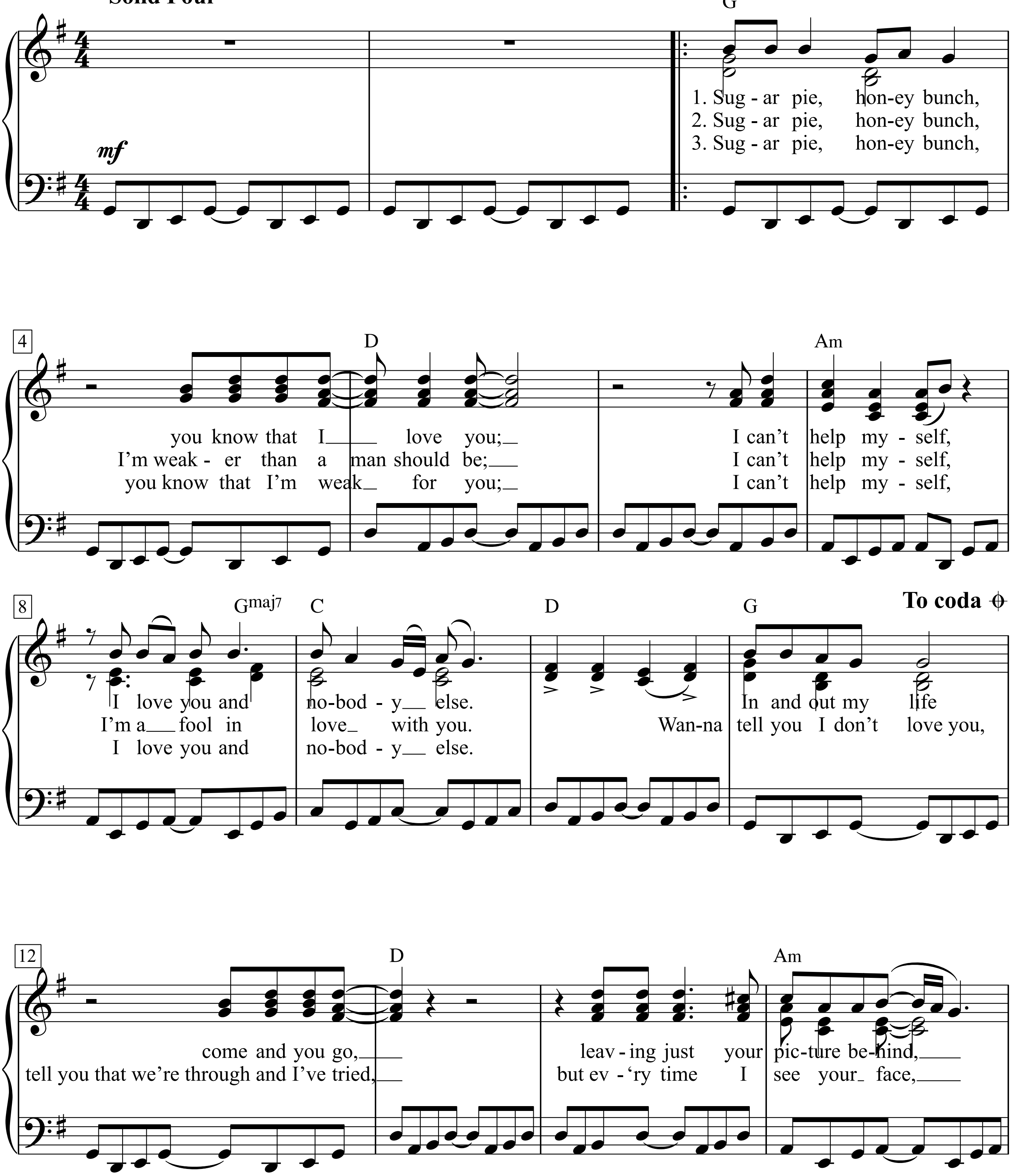
2.
You took advantage of my trust in you when I was so far away.
I saw you holding lots of other guys and now you got
the nerve to say that you still want me.
Well, that’s as may be.
But you got-ta stand trial because all the while

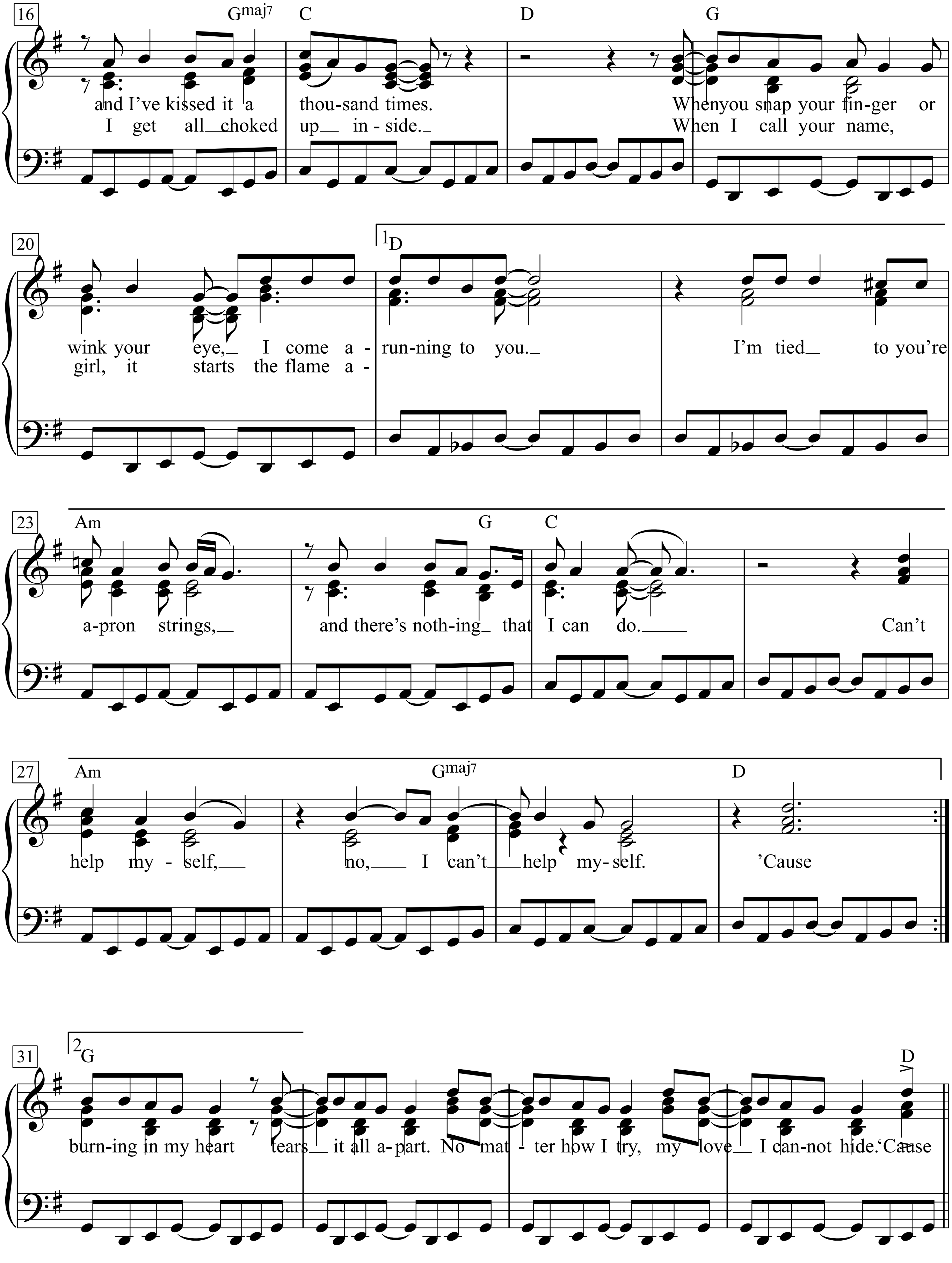
3.
The Eiffel Tower and the Taj Mahal are mine to see on clear days.
You thought that I would need a crystal ball
to see right through the haze.
Well, here’s a poke at you.
You’re gonna choke on it too.
You’re gonna lose that smile because all the while

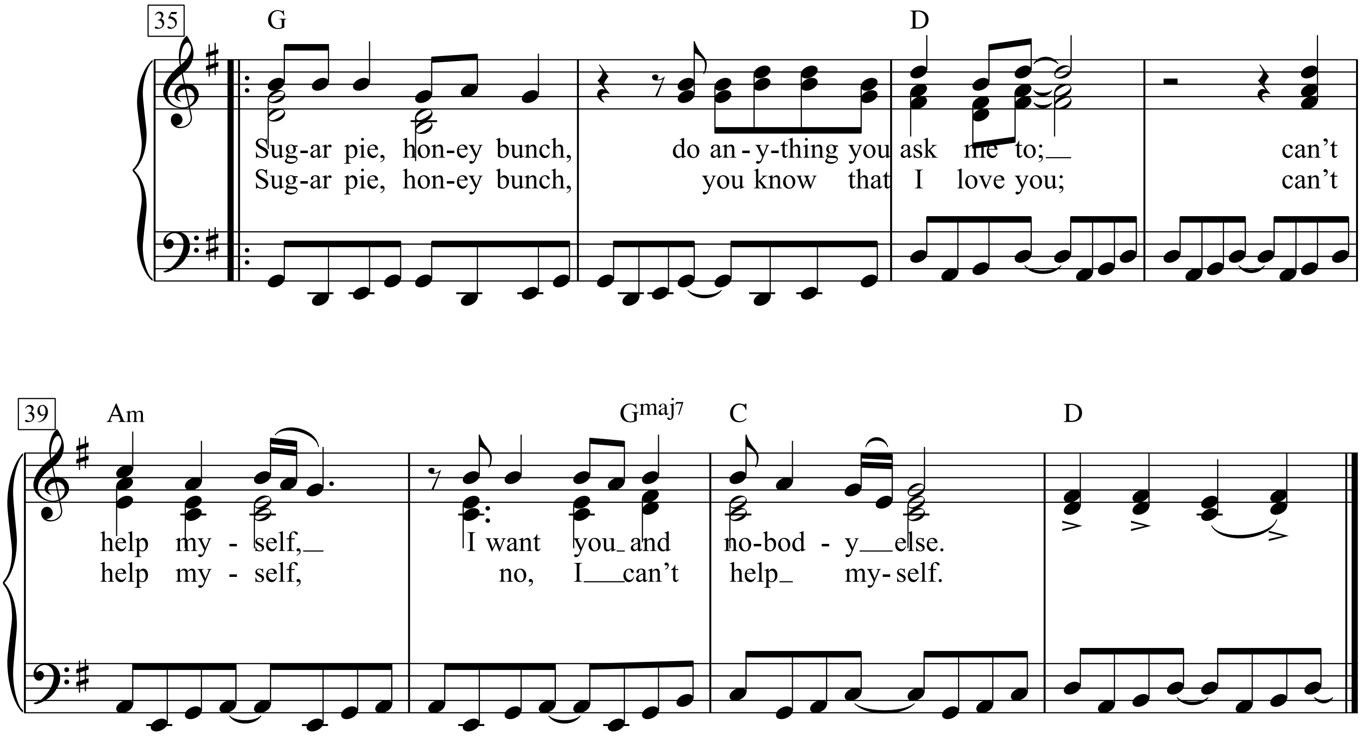
I Can't Help Myself

Words & Music by
Eddie Holland, Lamont Dozier and Brian Holland
(The Four Tops)

Solid Four




16
Gmaj7 C D G
and I've kissed it a thou-sand times. When you snap your fin-ger or
I get all choked up in - side. When I call your name,
20
1D
wink your eye, I come a - run-ning to you. I'm tied to you're
girl, it starts the flame a -
23
Am G C
a-pron strings, and there's noth-ing that I can do. Can't
27
Am Gmaj7 D
help my - self, no, I can't help my- self. 'Cause
31
2G D
burn-ing in my heart tears it all a- part. No mat - ter how I try, my love I can-not hide. 'Cause


35
G
D
Sug-ar pie, hon-ey bunch, do an-y-thing you ask me to; can't
Sug-ar pie, hon-ey bunch, you know that I love you; can't
39
Am
Gmaj7
C
D
help my - self, I want you and no-bod - y else.
help my - self, no, I can't help my-self.

1.
Sugar pie, honey bunch, you know that I love you;
I can't help myself,
I love you and nobody else.
In and out my life come and you go, leaving
just your picture behind, and I've kissed it a thousand times.
When you snap your finger or wink your eye,
I come a-running to you.
I'm tied to you're apron strings, and there's nothing that I can do.
Can't help myself, no,
I can't help myself. 'Cause burning in my heart tears it all apart.
No matter how I try, my love I cannot hide.
'Cause Sugar pie, honey bunch,
do anything you ask me to; can't help myself,
I want you and nobody else.

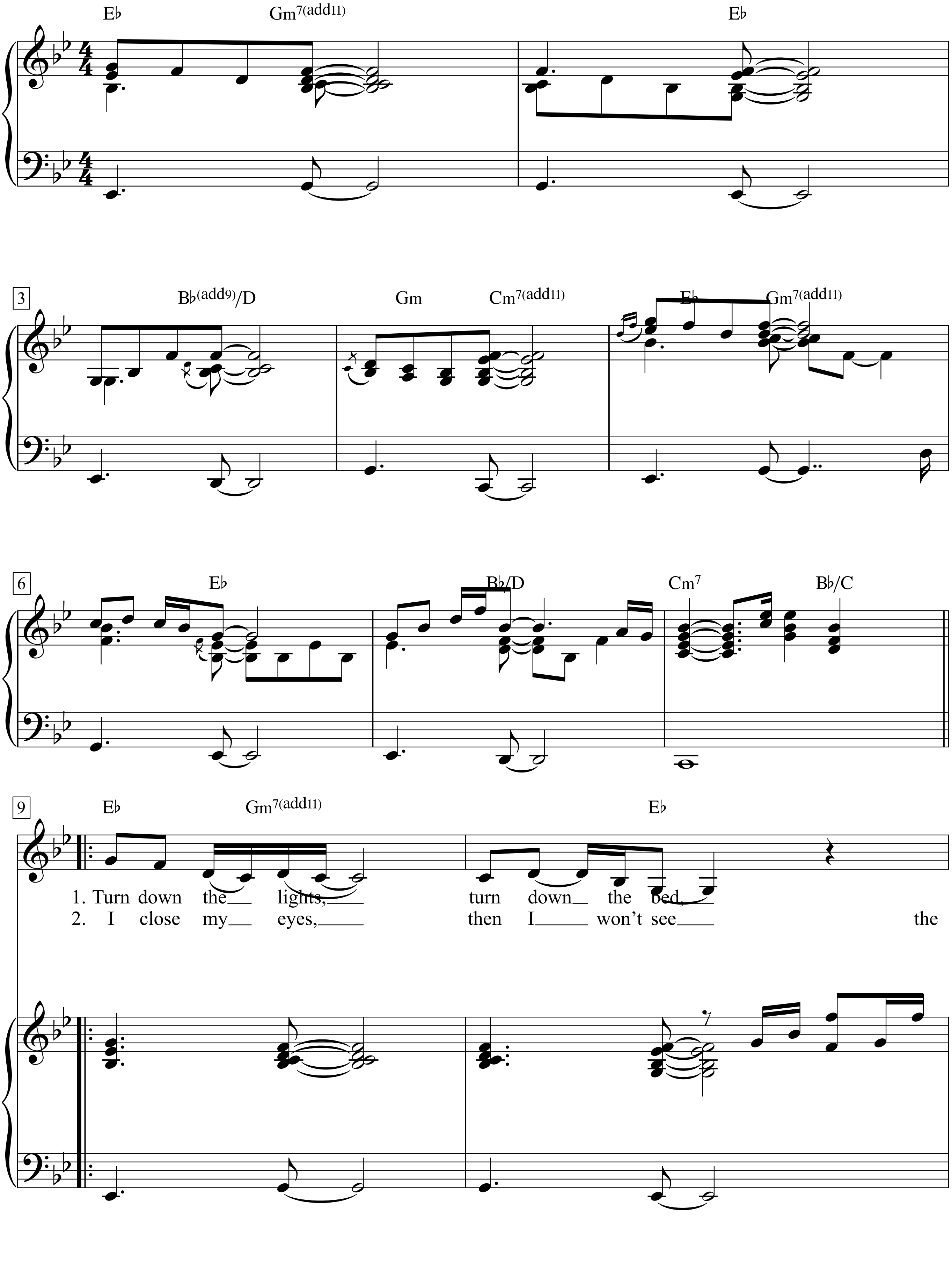
2.
Sugar pie, honey bunch,
I'm weaker than a man should be;
I can't help myself,
I'm a fool in love with you.
Wanna tell you I don't love you, tell you
that we're through and I've tried, but ev'ry time I see your face,
I get all choked up inside.
When I call your name, girl, it starts the flame a -
Sugar pie,
honey bunch, you know that I love you; can't help myself, no,
I can't help myself.

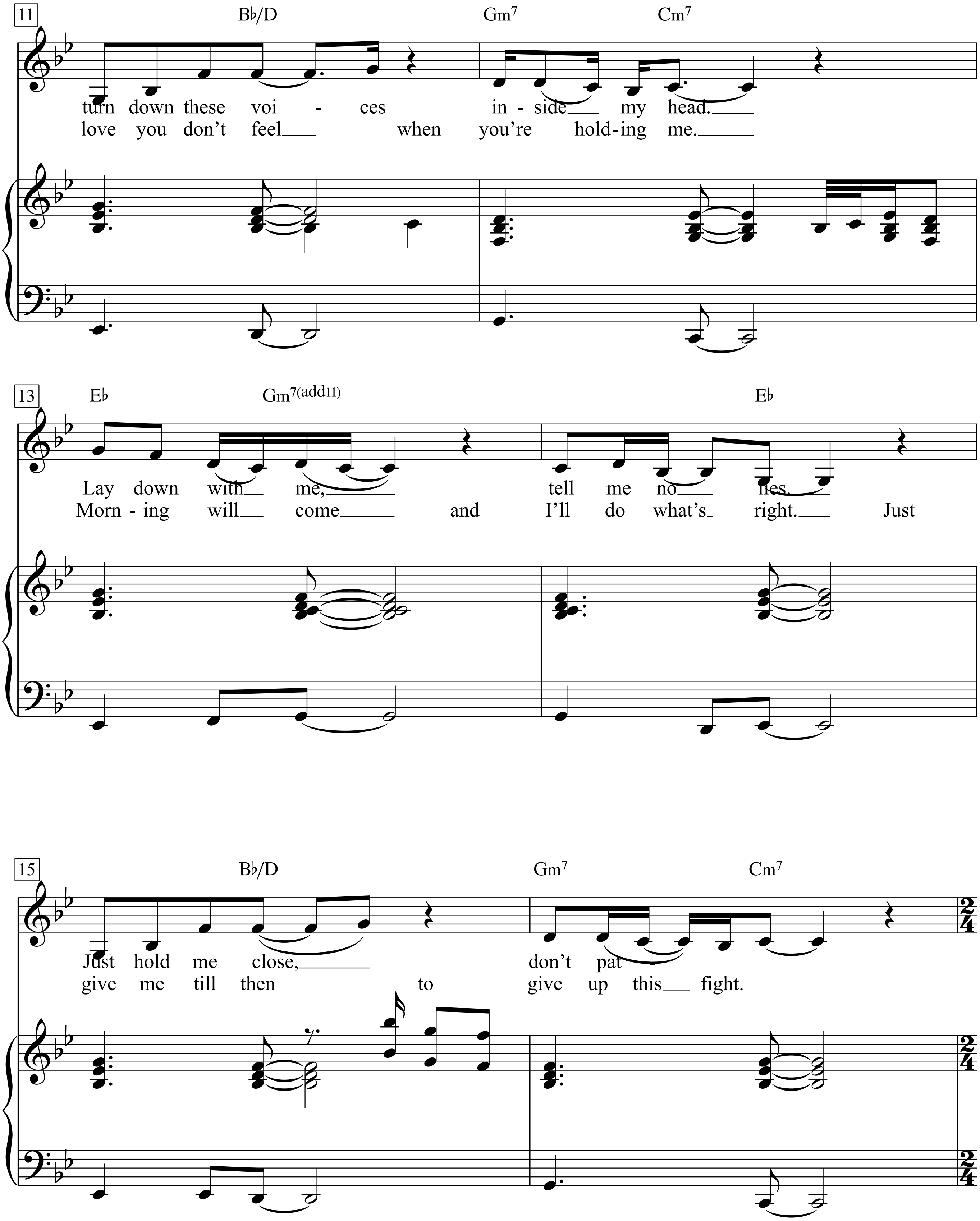
3.
Sugar pie, honey bunch, you know that I'm weak for you;
I can't help myself,
I love you and nobody else.

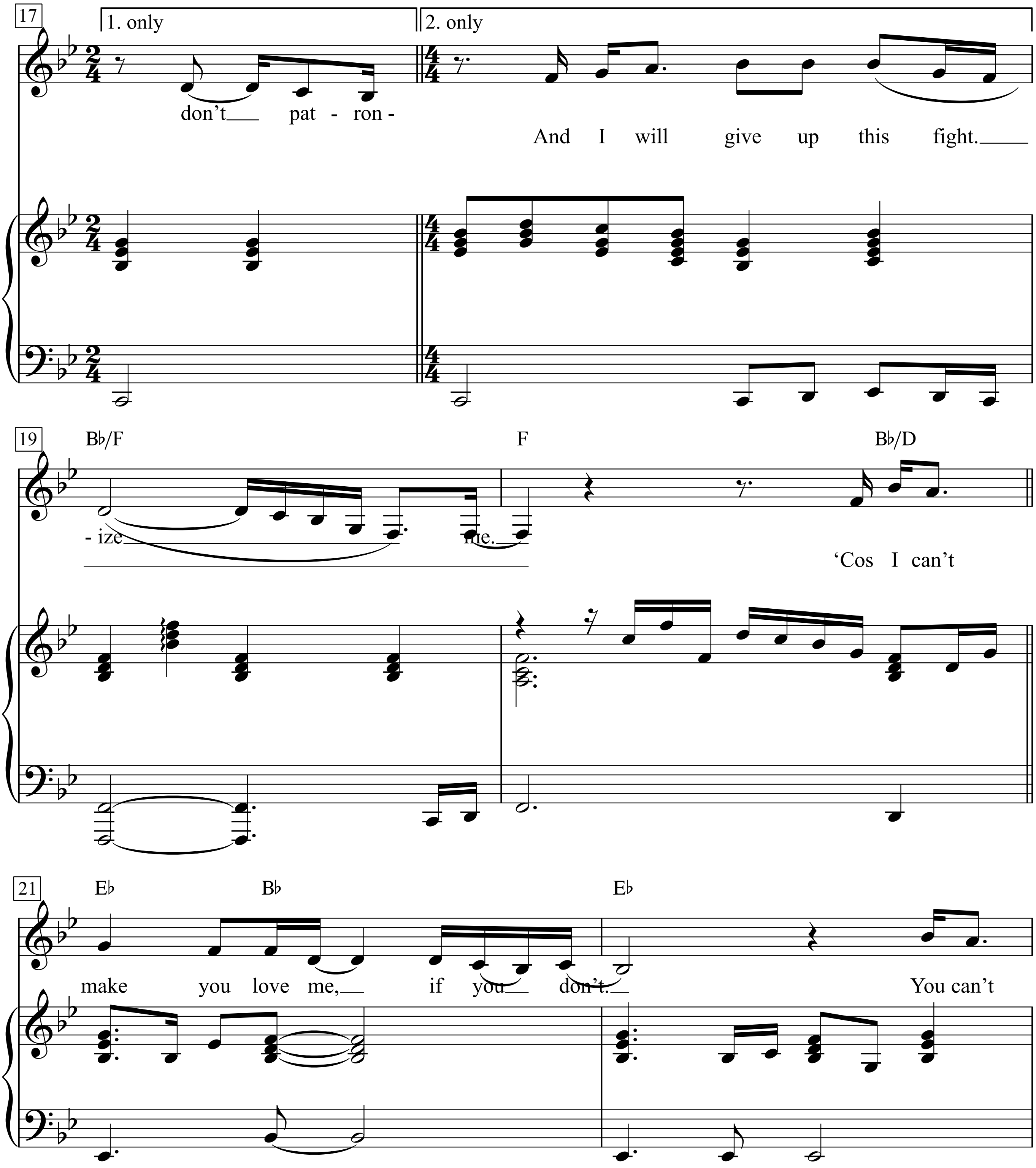
I Can't Make You Love Me

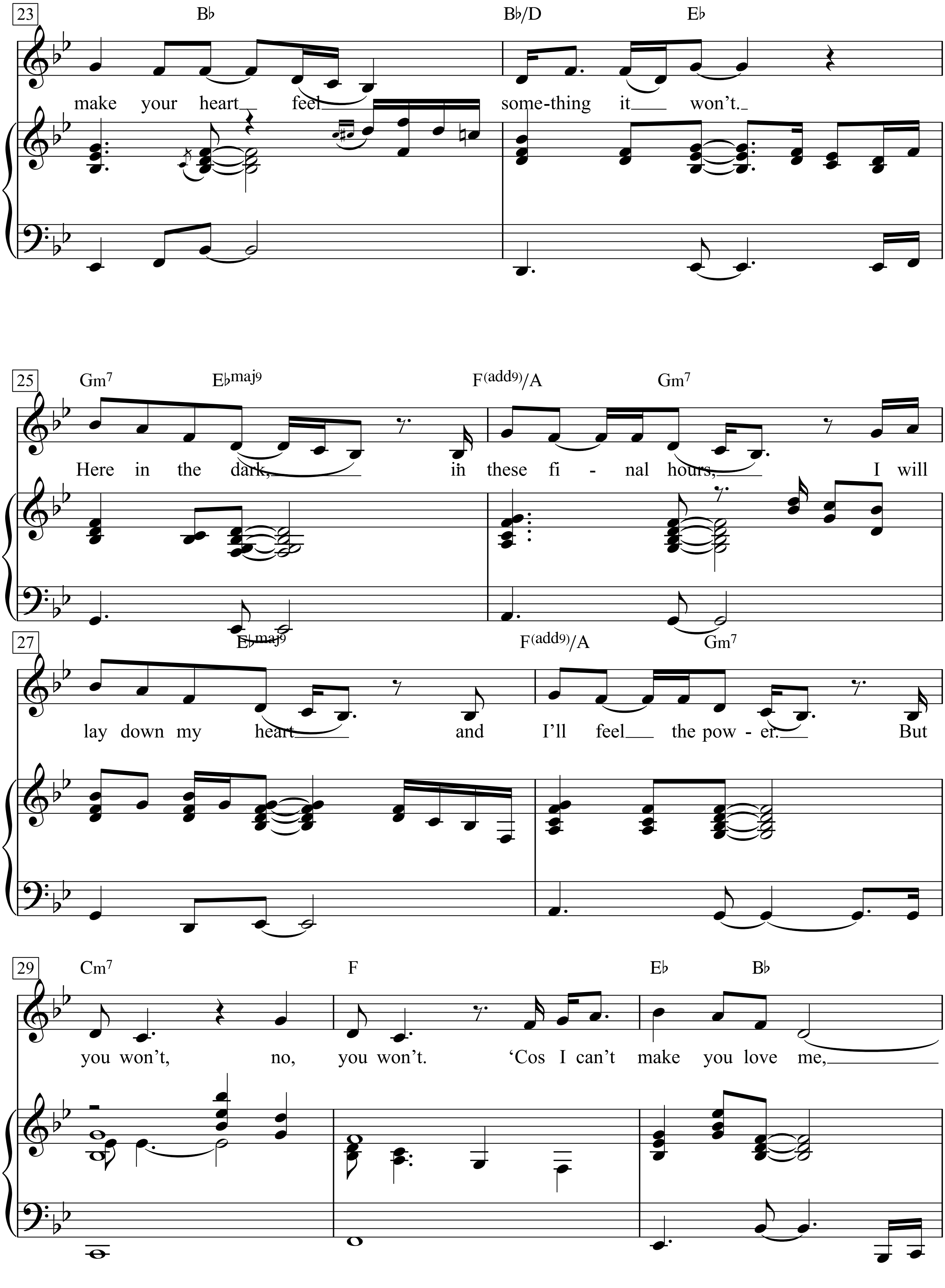
Words & Music by
Mike Reid and Allen Shamblin
(Bonnie Raitt)

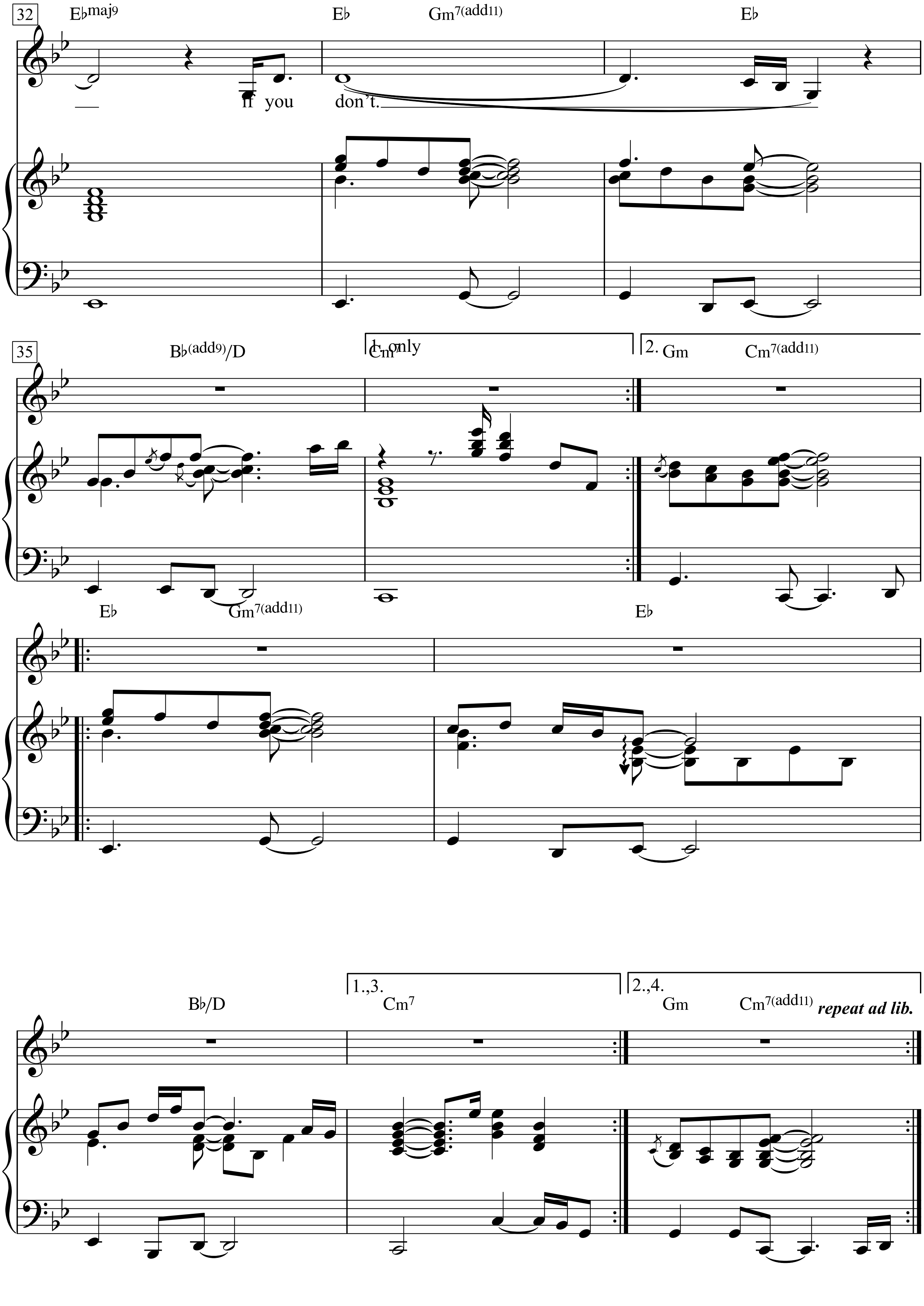
♩ = 60

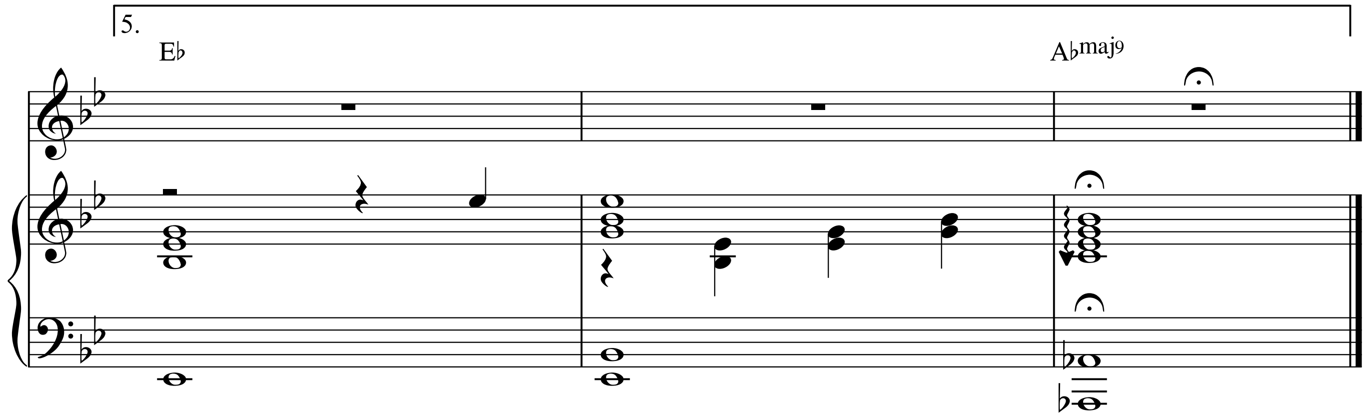



11
B♭/D
Gm7
Cm7
turn down these voi - ces in - side my head.
love you don't feel when you're hold - ing me.
13
E♭
Gm7(add11)
E♭
Lay down with me, tell me no lies.
Morn - ing will come and I'll do what's right. Just
15
B♭/D
Gm7
Cm7
Just hold me close, don't pat -
give me till then to give up this fight.


17
1. only
2. only
don't pat - ron -
And I will give up this fight.
19
B♭/F
F
B♭/D
- ize me.
'Cos I can't
21
E♭
B♭
E♭
make you love me, if you don't.
You can't


23
B♭
B♭/D
E♭
make your heart feel some-thing it won't.
25
Gm7
E♭maj9
F(add9)/A
Gm7
Here in the dark, in these fi - nal hours, I will
27
E♭maj9
F(add9)/A
Gm7
lay down my heart and I'll feel the pow - er. But
29
Cm7
F
E♭
B♭
you won't, no, you won't. 'Cos I can't make you love me,


32
E♭maj9
E♭
Gm7(add11)
E♭
— if you don't.
35
B♭(add9)/D
1. only
Cm7
2. Gm
Cm7(add11)
E♭
Gm7(add11)
E♭
B♭/D
1.,3.
Cm7
2.,4.
Gm
Cm7(add11)
repeat ad lib.

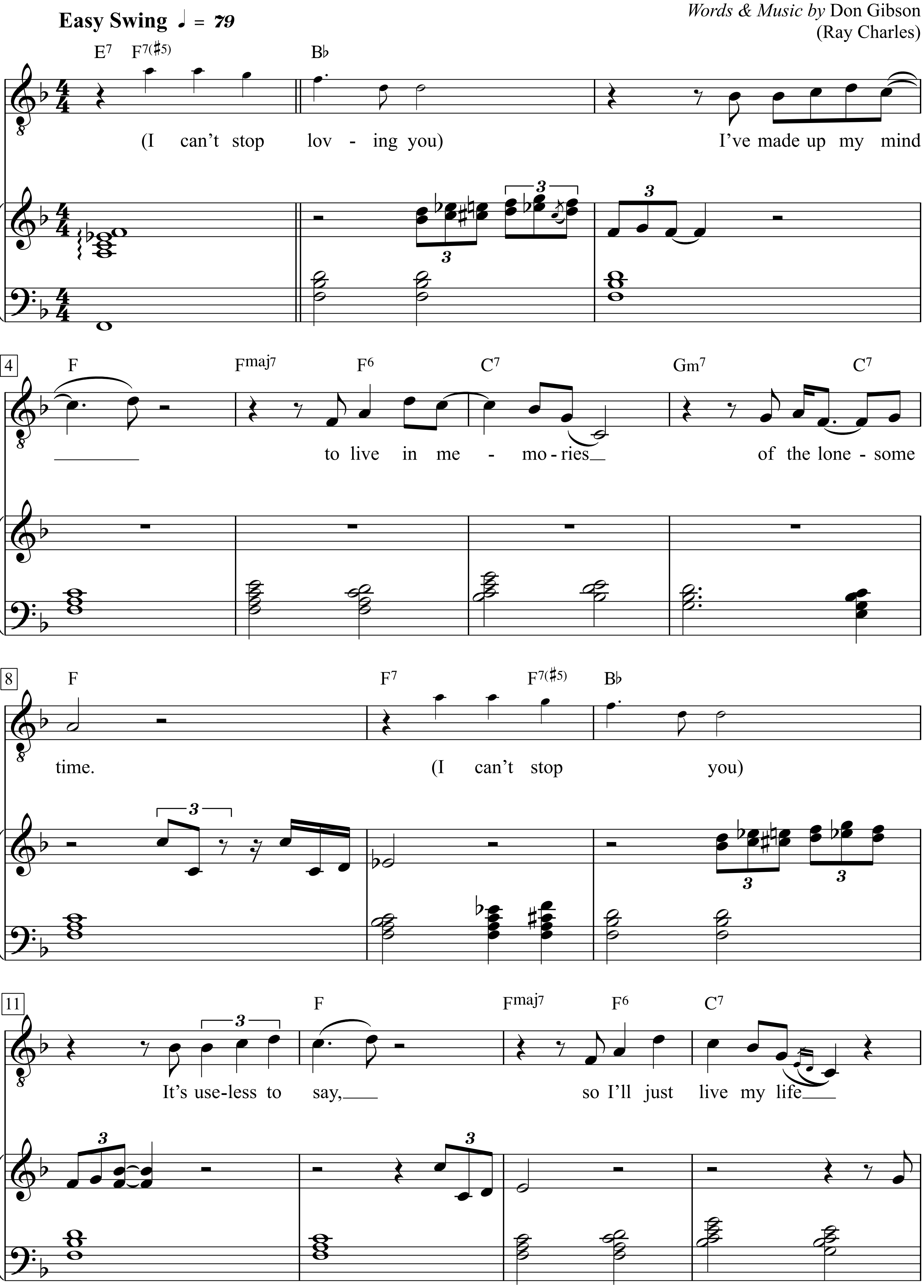

5.
E♭
A♭maj9

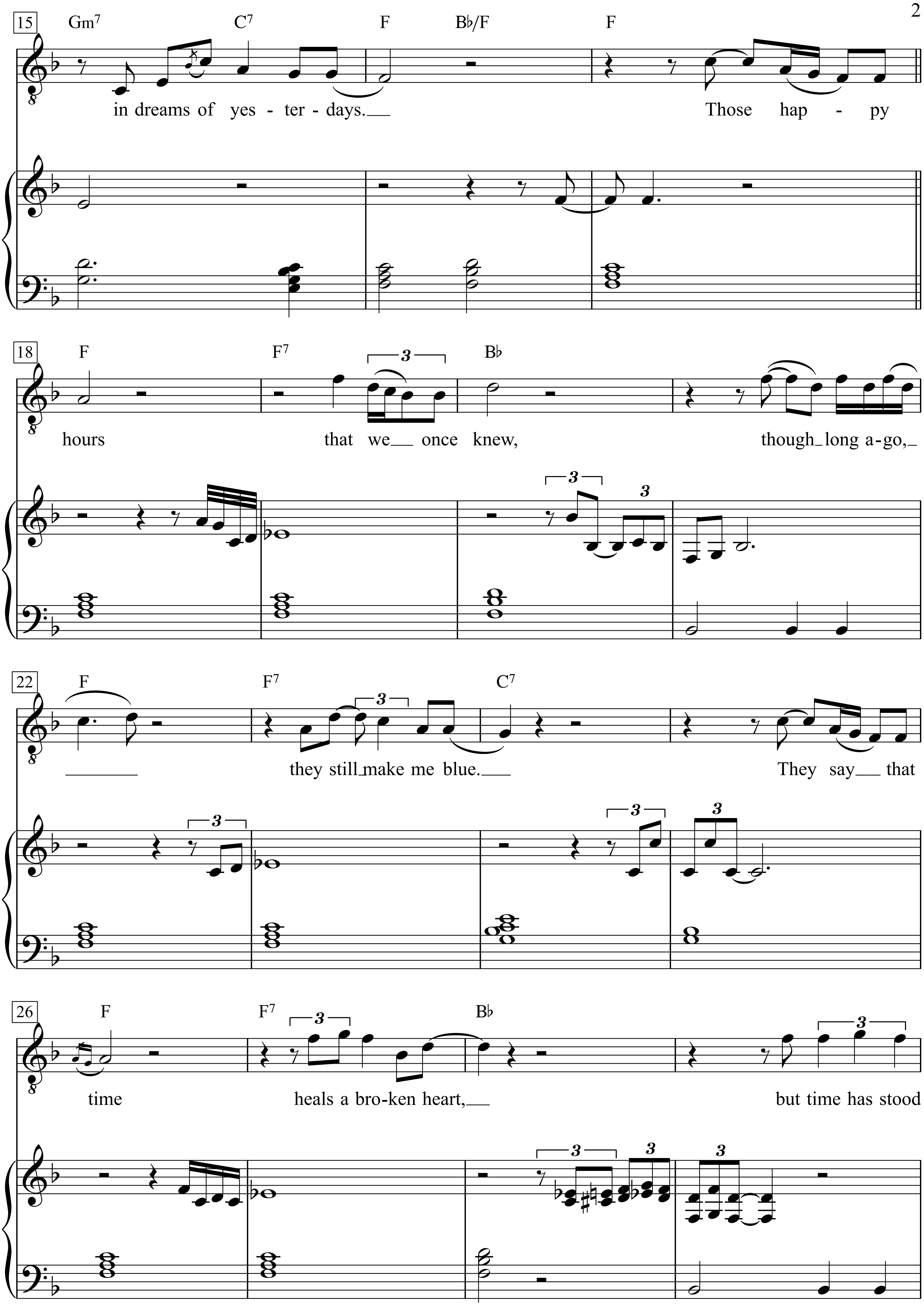
1.
Turn down the lights, turn down the bed, turn down these voices inside my head.
Lay down with me, tell me no lies.
Just hold me close, don’t patronize, don’t patronize me.
‘Cos I can’t make you love me, if you don’t.
You can’t make your heart feel something it won’t.
Here in the dark, in these final hours,
I will lay down my heart and I’ll feel the power.
But you won’t, no, you won’t.
’Cos I can’t make you love me, if you don’t.

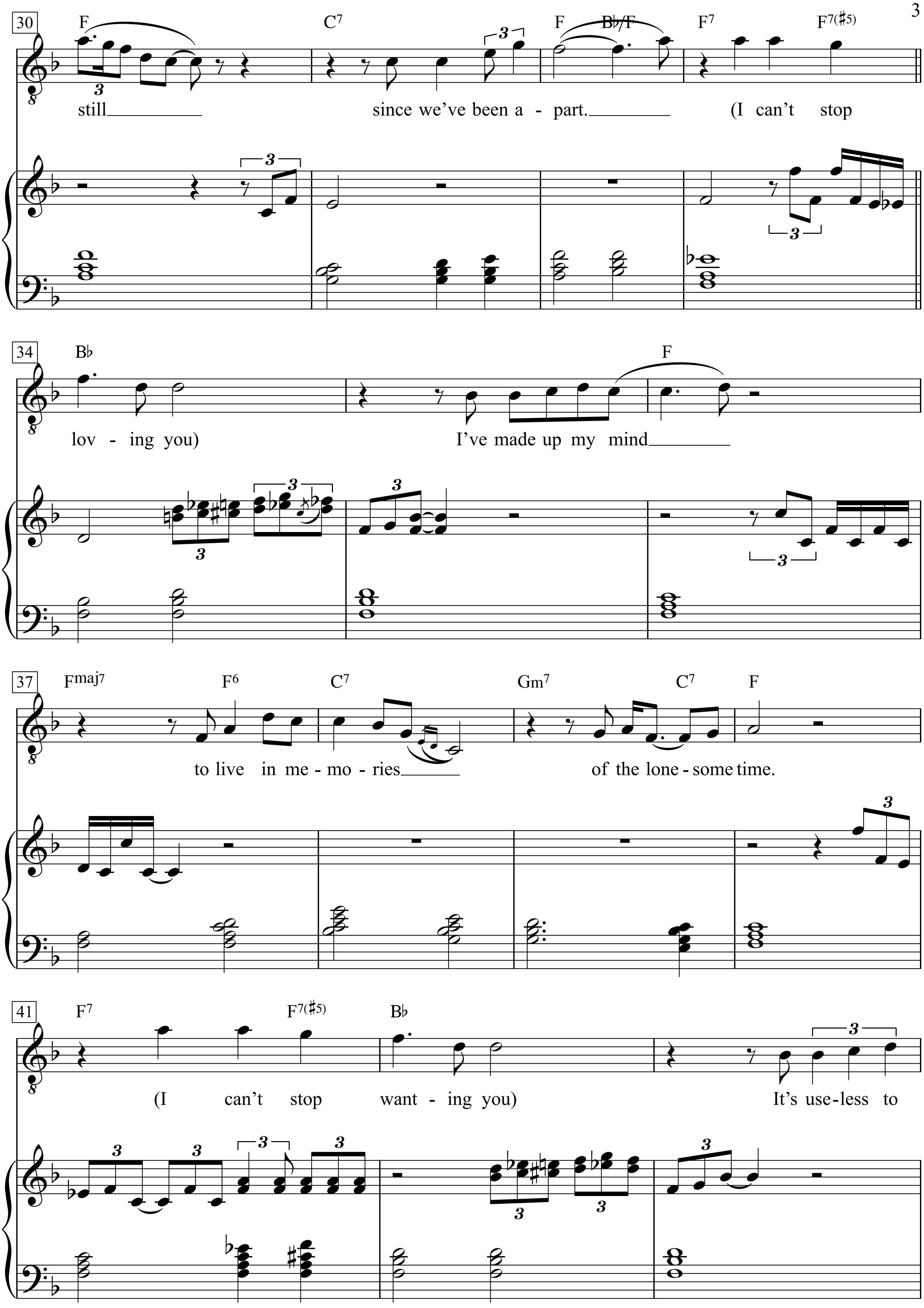
2.
I close my eyes, then I won’t see the love
you don’t feel when you’re holding me.
Morning will come and I’ll do what’s right.
Just give me till then to give up this fight.
And I will give up this fight.

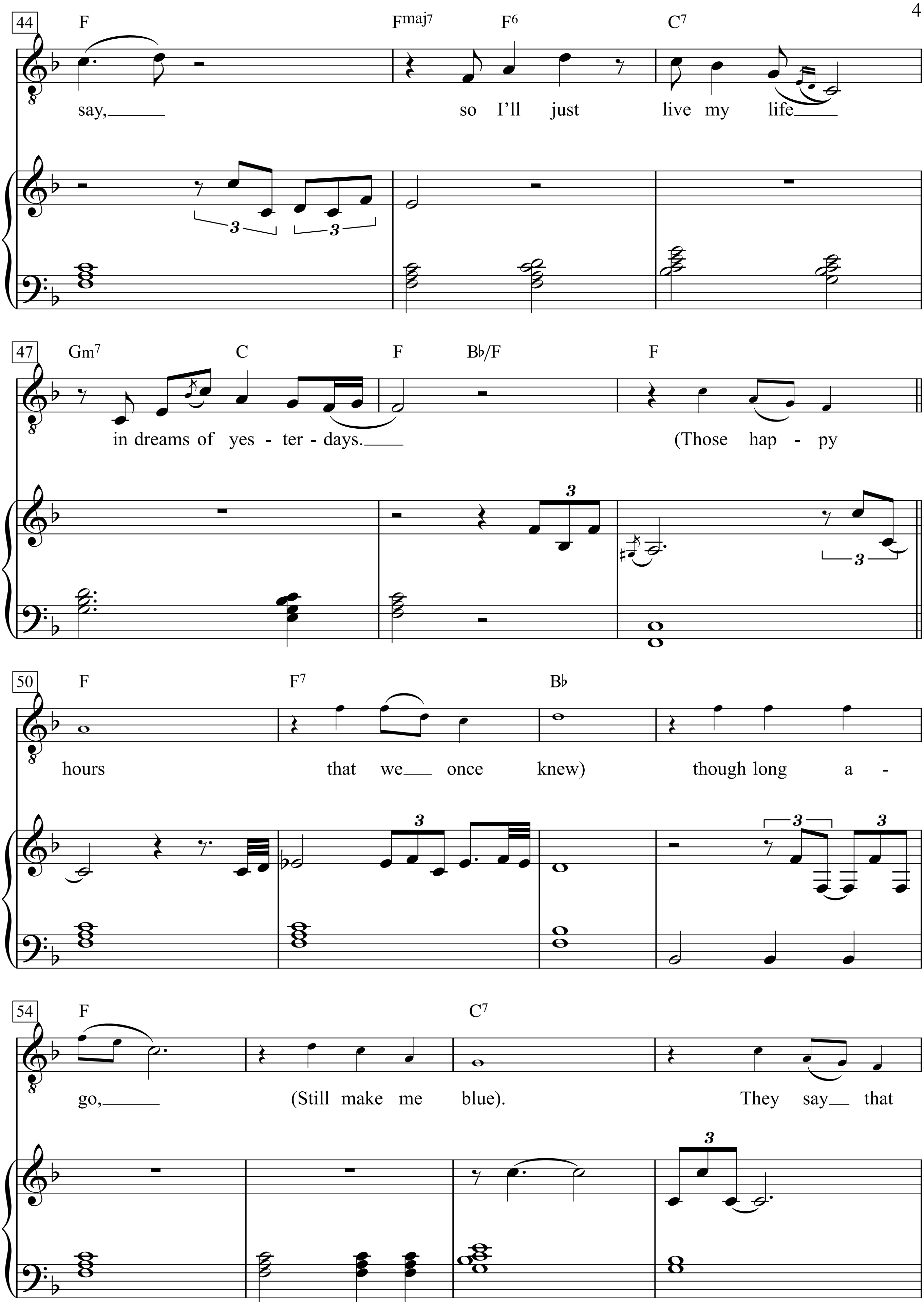
I Can't Stop Loving You

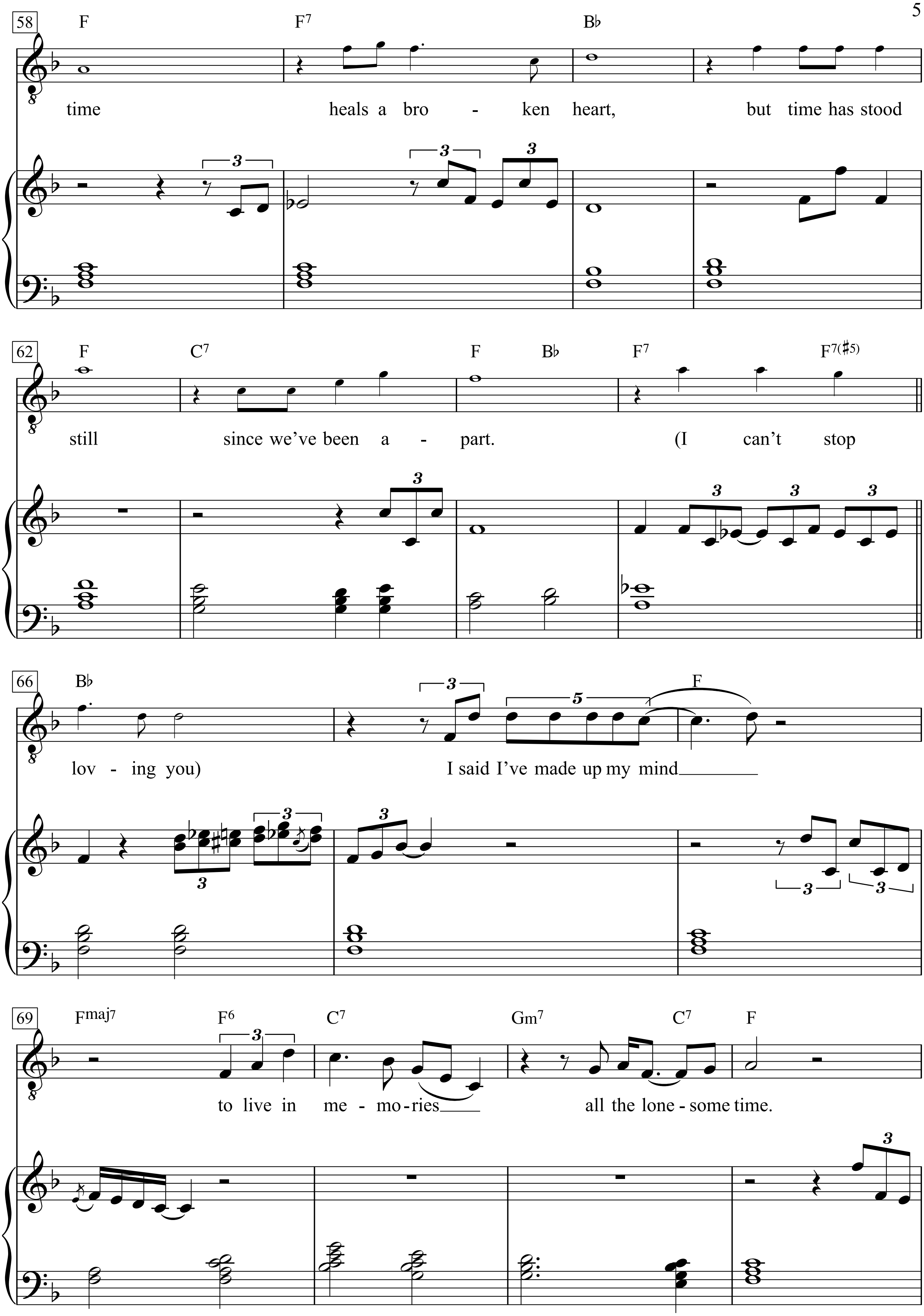
Words & Music by Don Gibson
(Ray Charles)

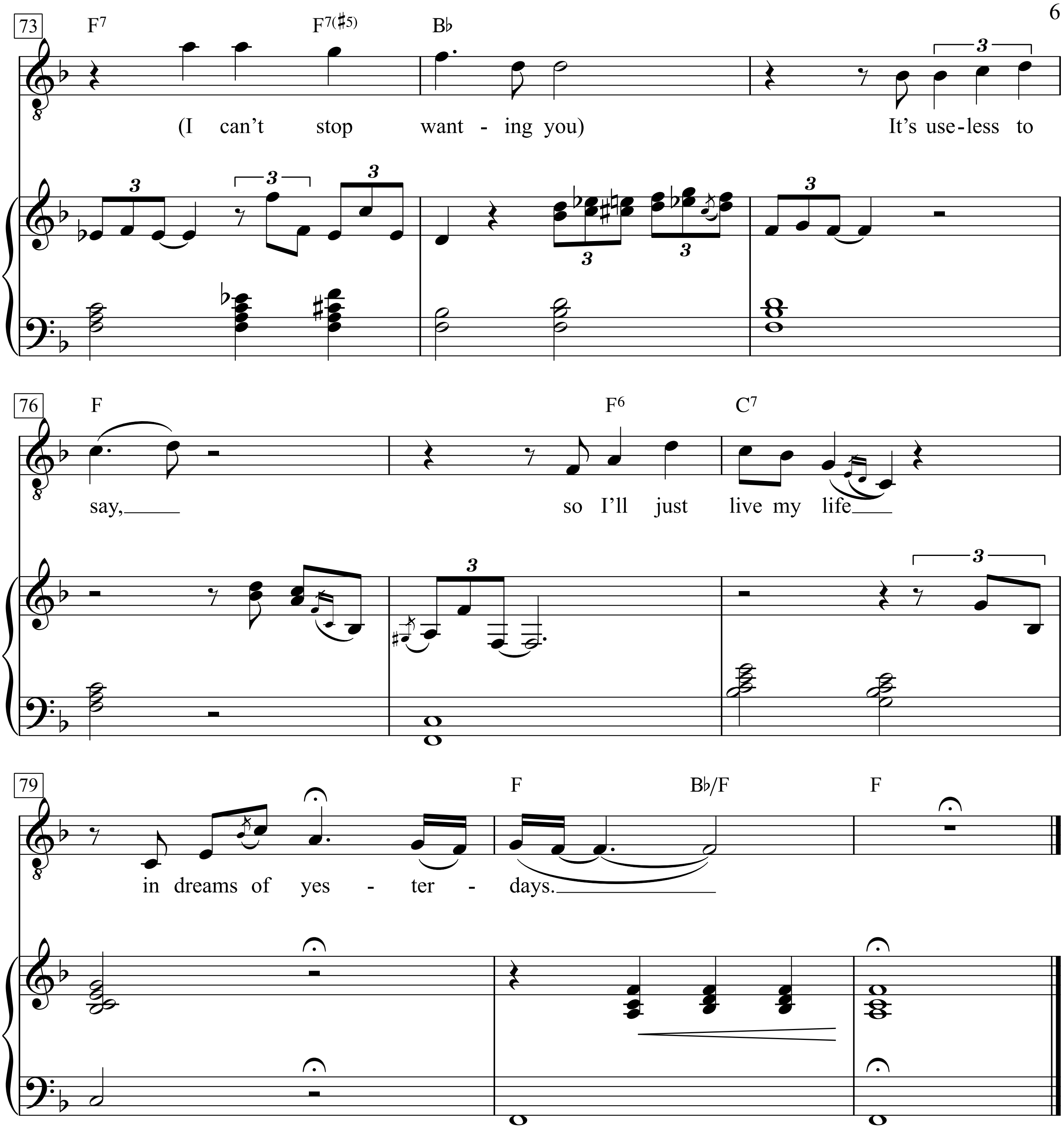



15
Gm7 C7 F B♭/F F
in dreams of yes - ter - days.
Those hap - py
18
F F7 B♭
hours that we once knew,
though long a-go,
22
F F7 C7
they still make me blue.
They say that
26
F F7 B♭
time heals a bro-ken heart,
but time has stood


30
F C7 F B♭/F F7 F7(♯5)
still since we've been a - part. (I can't stop
34
B♭ F
lov - ing you) I've made up my mind
37
Fmaj7 F6 C7 Gm7 C7 F
to live in me - mo - ries of the lone - some time.
41
F7 F7(♯5) B♭
(I can't stop want - ing you) It's use - less to


44
F
Fmaj7
F6
C7
say,
so I'll just live my life
47
Gm7
C
F
B♭/F
F
in dreams of yes - ter - days.
(Those hap - py
50
F
F7
B♭
hours that we once knew) though long a -
54
F
C7
go, (Still make me blue). They say that


58
F F7 B♭
time heals a bro - ken heart, but time has stood
62
F C7 F B♭ F7 F7(♯5)
still since we've been a - part. (I can't stop
66
B♭ F
lov - ing you) I said I've made up my mind
69
Fmaj7 F6 C7 Gm7 C7 F
to live in me - mo - ries all the lone - some time.

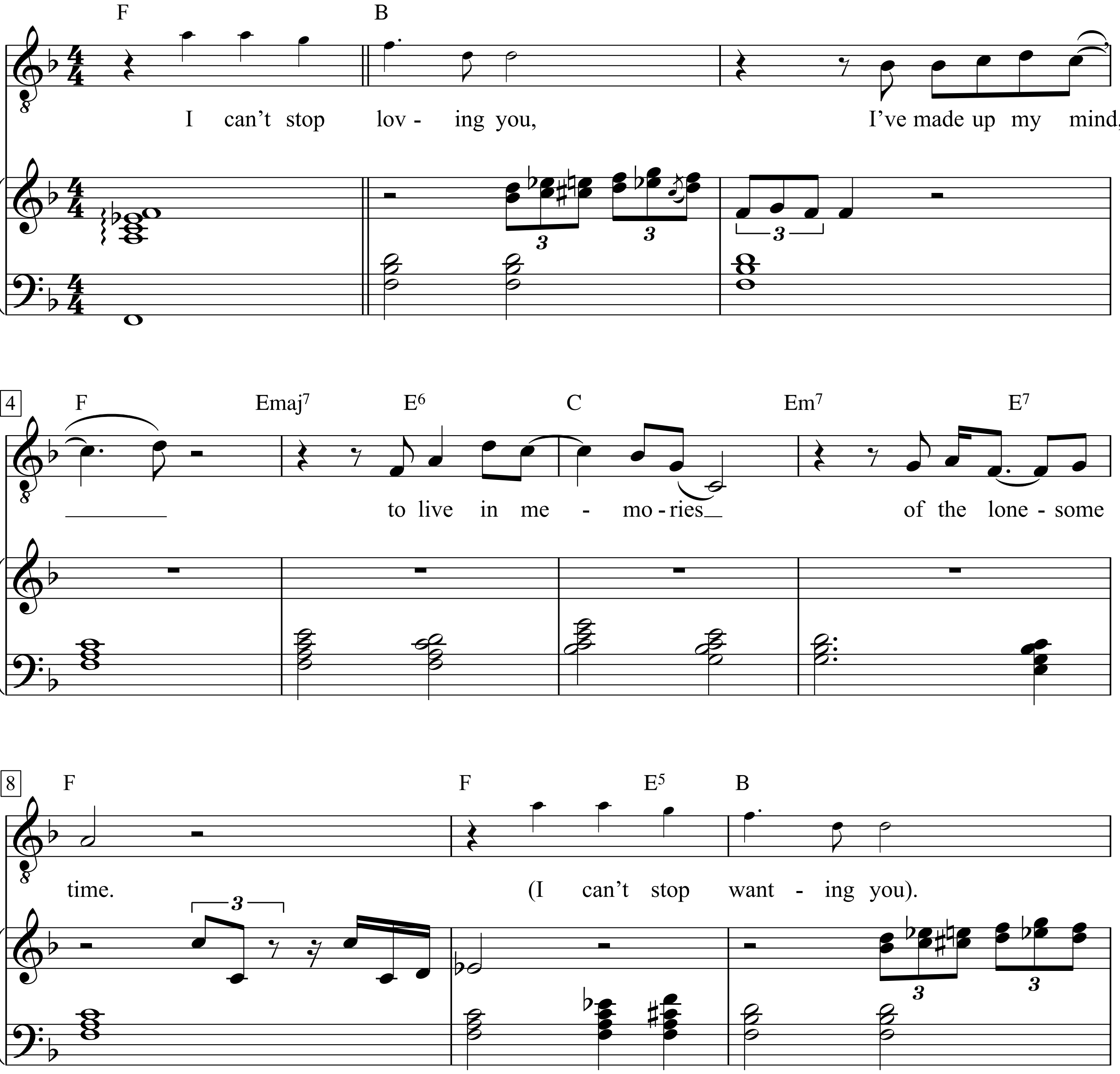

73
F7
F7(♯5)
B♭
(I can't stop want - ing you)
It's use-less to
76
F
F6
C7
say,
so I'll just live my life
79
F
B♭/F
F
in dreams of yes - ter - days.

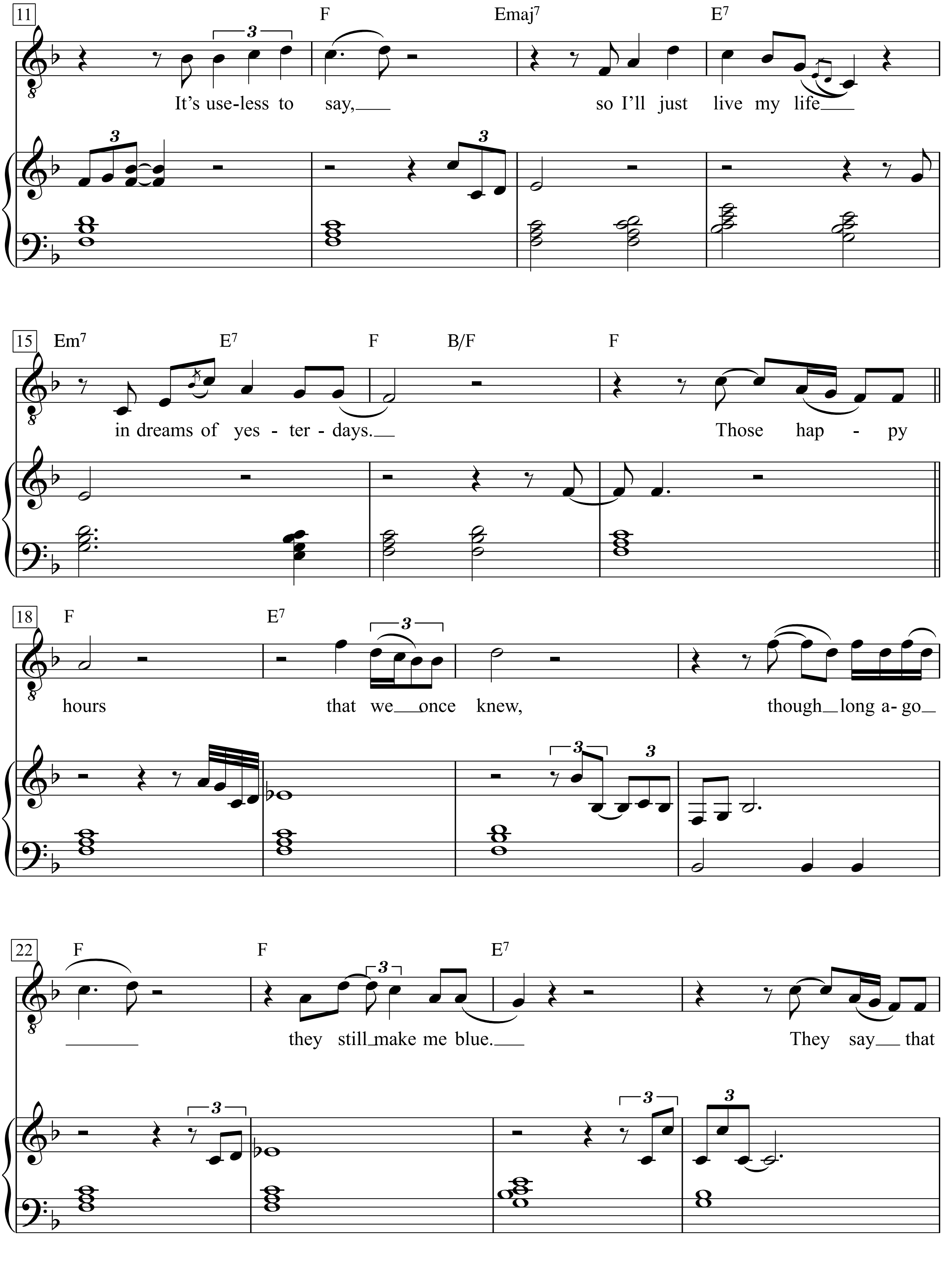
(I can’t stop loving you) I’ve made up my mind
to live in memories of the lonesome time.
(I can’t stop you) It’s useless to say,
so I’ll just live my life in dreams of yesterdays.
Those happy hours that we once knew,
though long ago, they still make me blue.
They say that time heals a broken heart,
but time has stood still since we’ve been apart.
(I can’t stop loving you) I’ve made up my mind
to live in memories of the lonesome time.
(I can’t stop wanting you) It’s useless to say,
so I’ll just live my life in dreams of yesterdays.
(Those happy hours that we once knew)
though long ago, (Still make me blue).
They say that time heals a broken heart,
but time has stood still since we’ve been apart.
(I can’t stop loving you) I said I’ve made up my mind
to live in memories all the lonesome time.
(I can’t stop wanting you) It’s useless to say,
so I’ll just live my life in dreams of yesterdays.

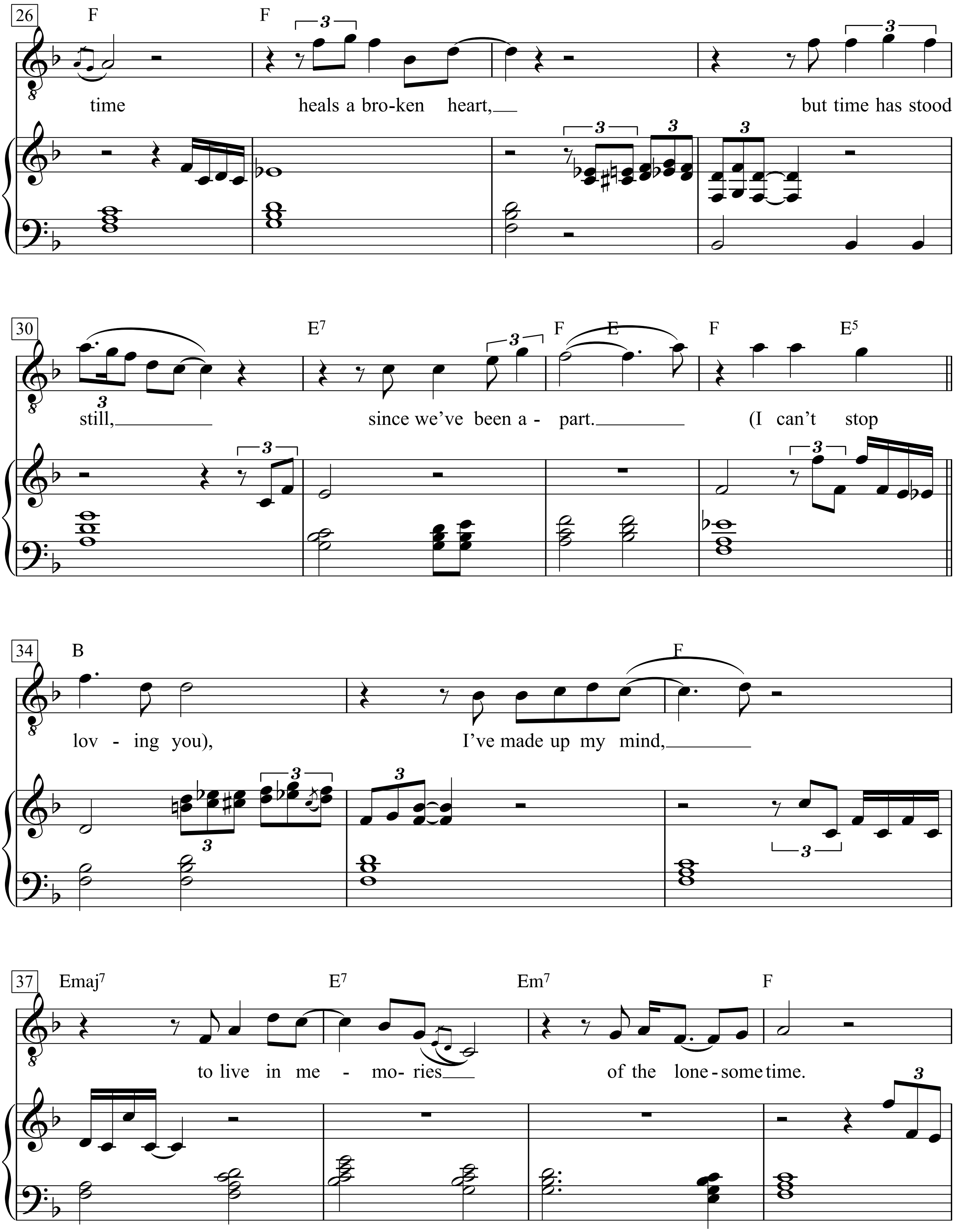
I Can't Stop Loving You

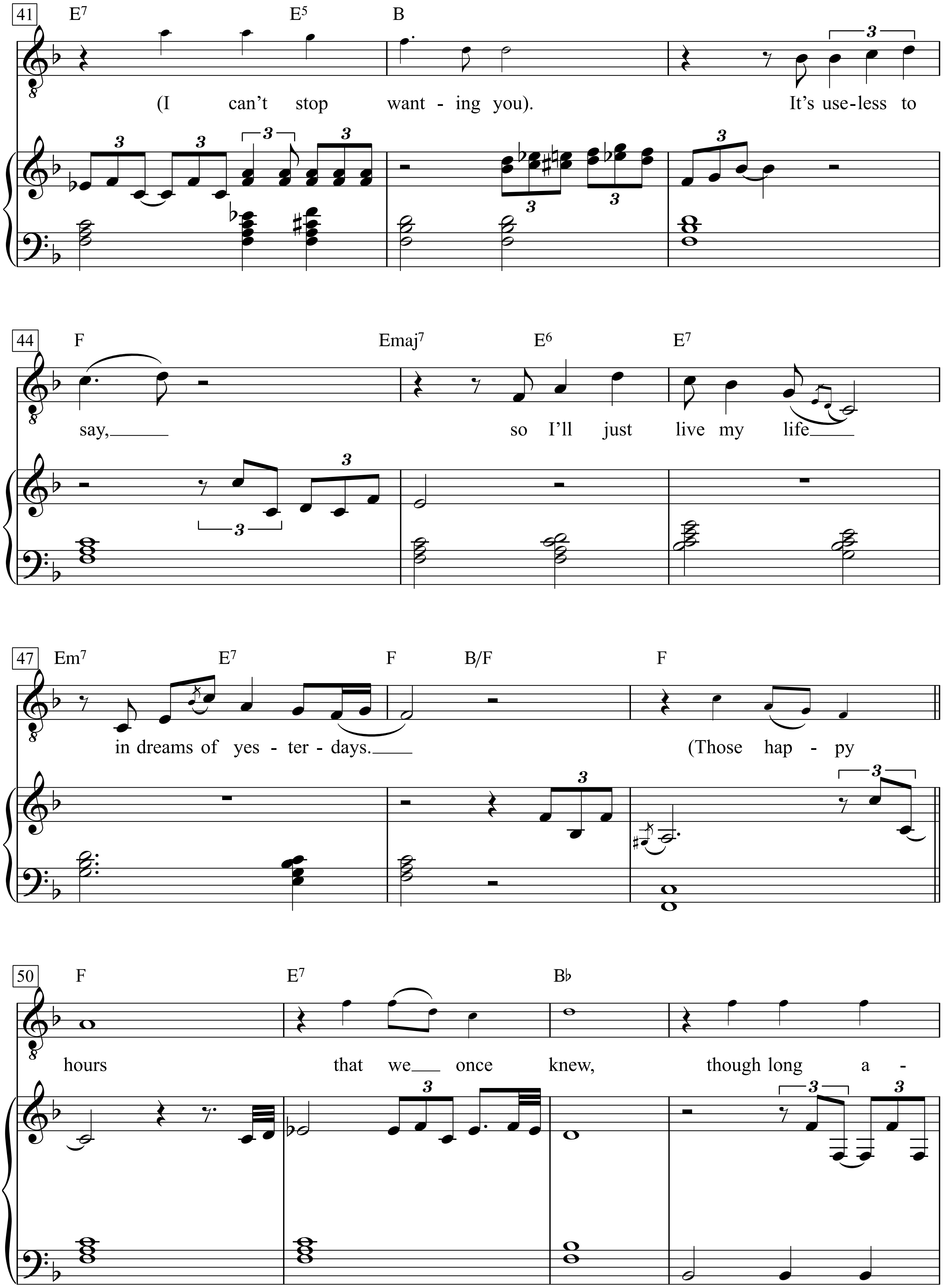
Words & Music: Don Gibson

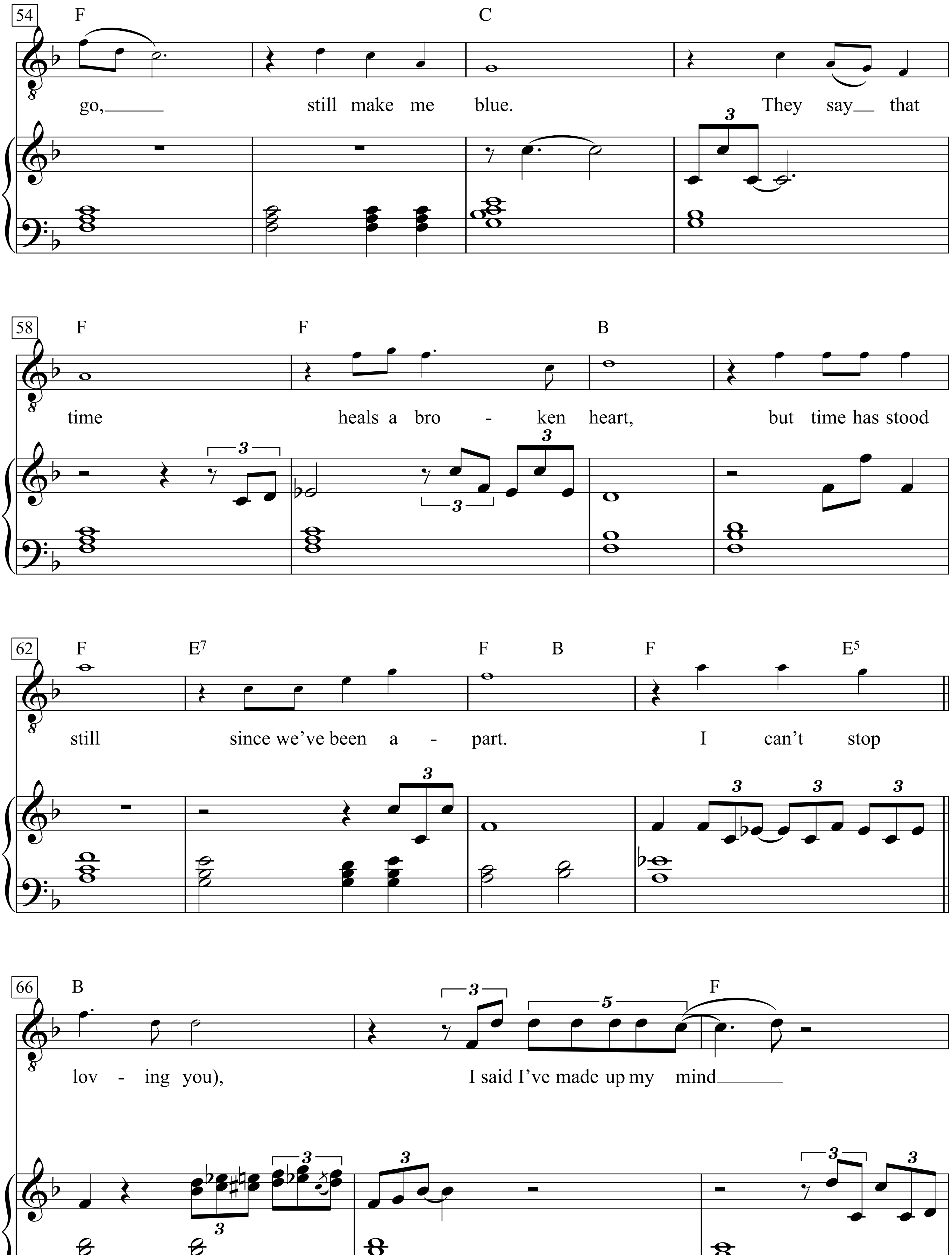
Easy Swing ♩ = 79

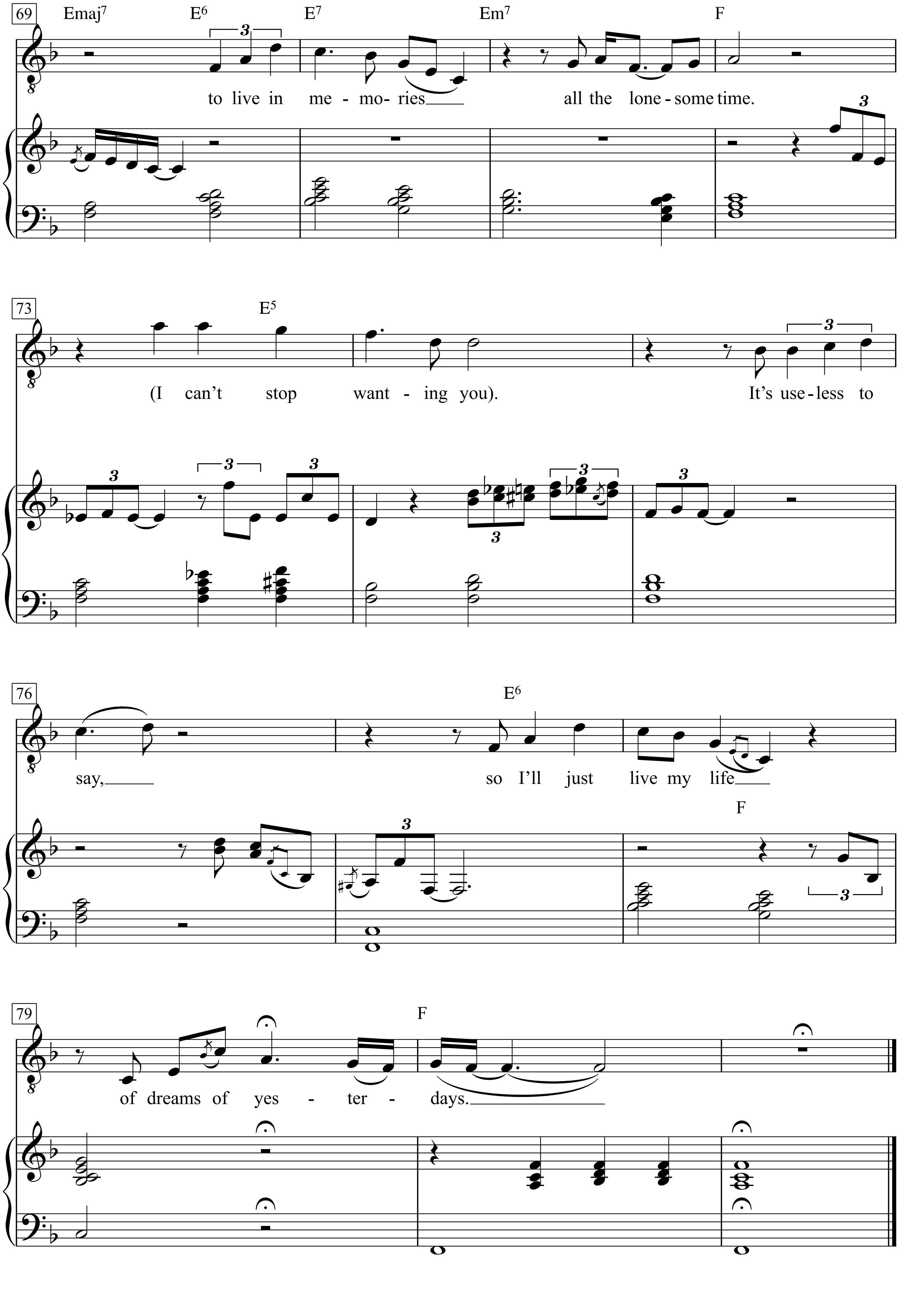



11
F Emaj7 E7
It's use-less to say, so I'll just live my life
15
Em7 E7 F B/F F
in dreams of yes - ter - days. Those hap - py
18
F E7
hours that we once knew, though long a- go
22
F F E7
they still make me blue. They say that


26
F F
time heals a bro-ken heart, but time has stood
30
E7 F E F E5
still, since we've been a - part. (I can't stop
34
B F
lov - ing you), I've made up my mind,
37
Emaj7 E7 Em7 F
to live in me - mo- ries of the lone - some time.


41
E7
E5
B
(I can't stop want - ing you). It's use-less to
44
F
Emaj7
E6
E7
say, so I'll just live my life
47
Em7
E7
F
B/F
F
in dreams of yes - ter - days. (Those hap - py
50
F
E7
B♭
hours that we once knew, though long a -

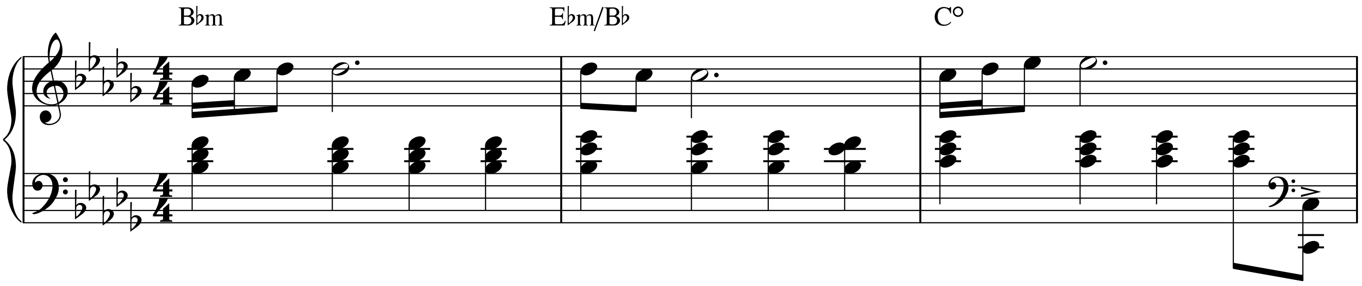

54
F
C
go, still make me blue. They say that
58
F
F
B
time heals a bro - ken heart, but time has stood
62
F
E7
F B
F
E5
still since we've been a - part. I can't stop
66
B
F
lov - ing you), I said I've made up my mind

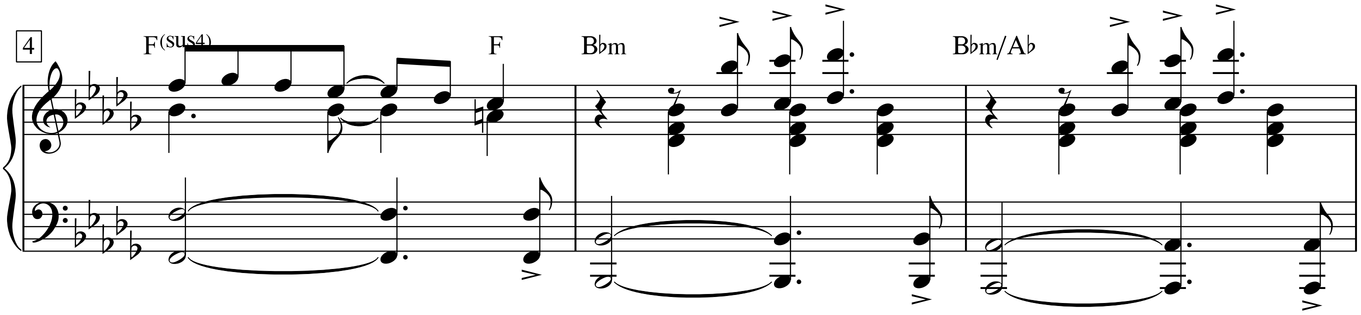

69
Emaj7 E6 E7 Em7 F
to live in me - mo- ries all the lone - some time.
73
E5
(I can't stop want - ing you). It's use - less to
76
E6
say, so I'll just live my life
F
79
F
of dreams of yes - ter - days.

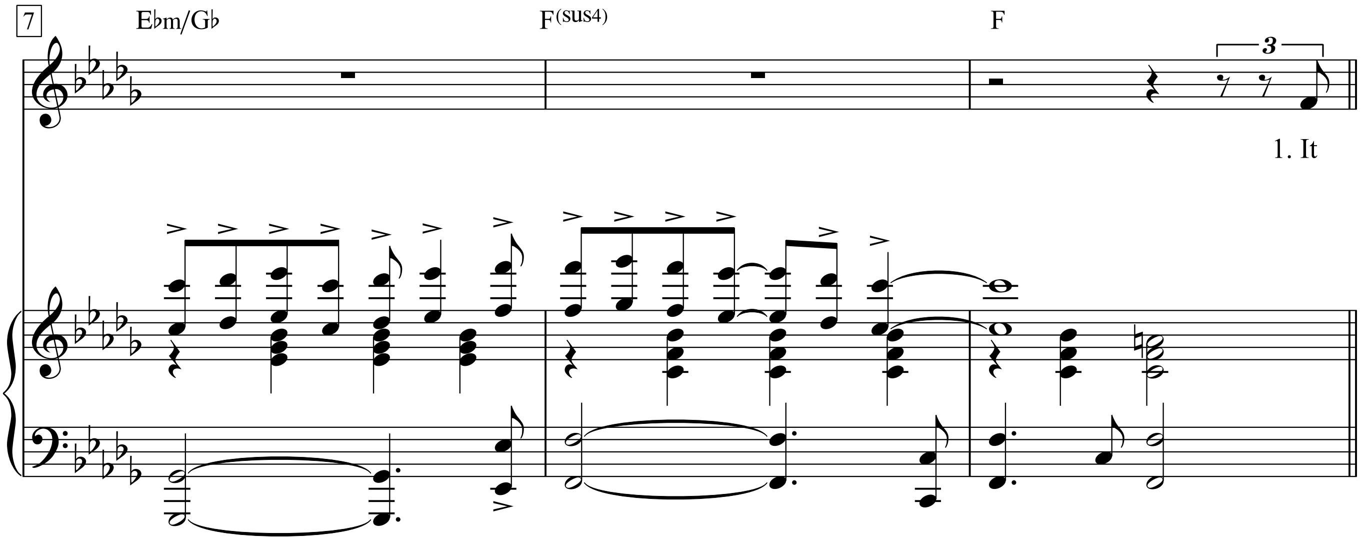
I can't stop loving you,
I've made up my mind,
to live in memories
of the lonesome time.
(I can't stop wanting you).
It's useless to say,
so I'll just live my life
in dreams of yesterdays.
Those happy hours that we once knew,
though long ago they still make me blue.
They say that time heals a broken heart,
but time has stood still,
since we've been apart.
(I can't stop loving you),
I've made up my mind,
to live in memories
of the lonesome time.
(I can't stop wanting you).
It's useless to say,
so I'll just live my life
in dreams of yesterdays.
(Those happy hours that we once knew,
though long ago, still make me blue.
They say that time heals a broken heart,
but time has stood still since we've been apart.
I can't stop loving you),
I said I've made up my mind
to live in memories
all the lonesome time.
(I can't stop wanting you).
It's useless to say,
so I'll just live my life
of dreams of yesterdays.

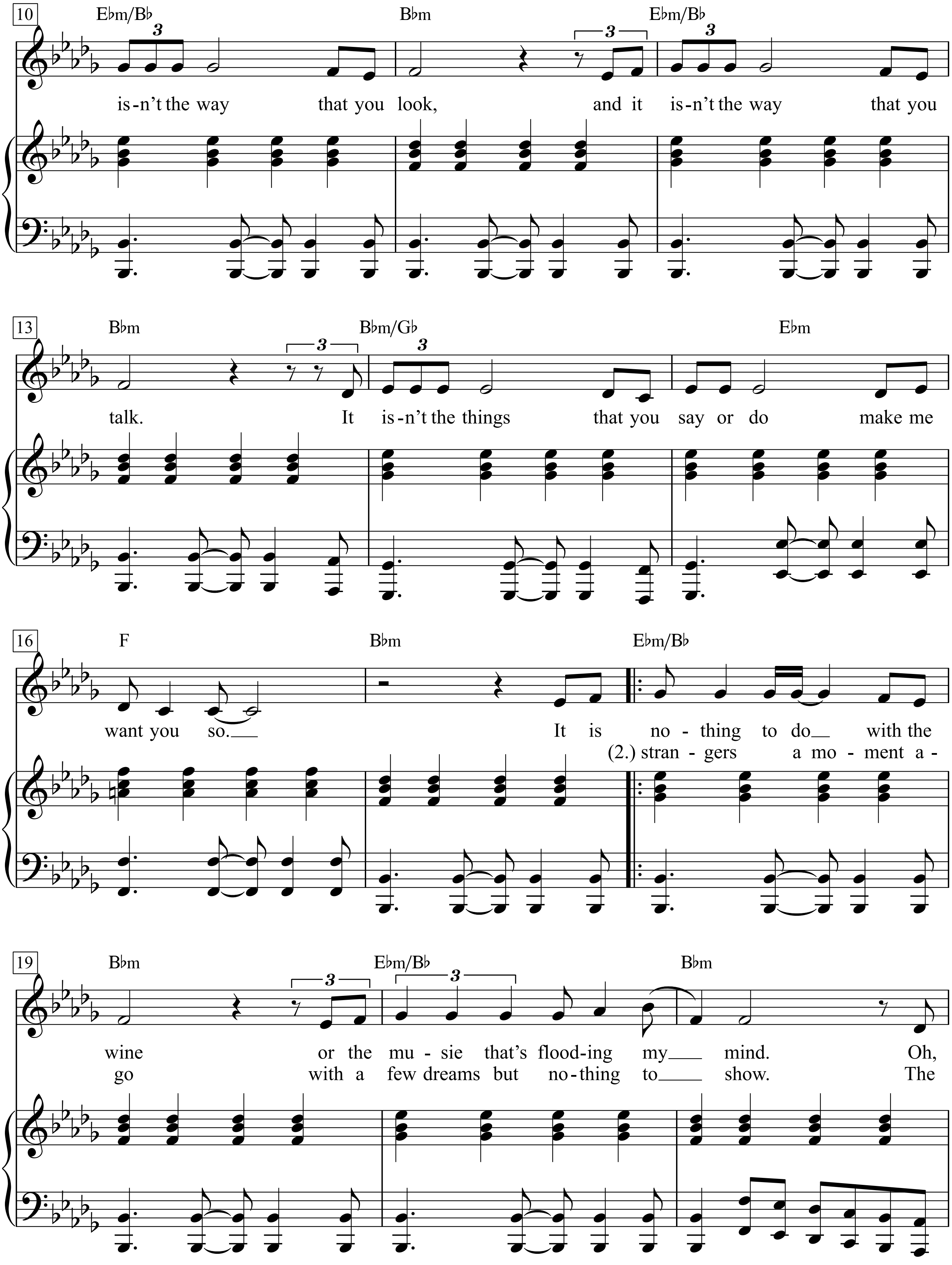
I Close My Eyes And Count To Ten

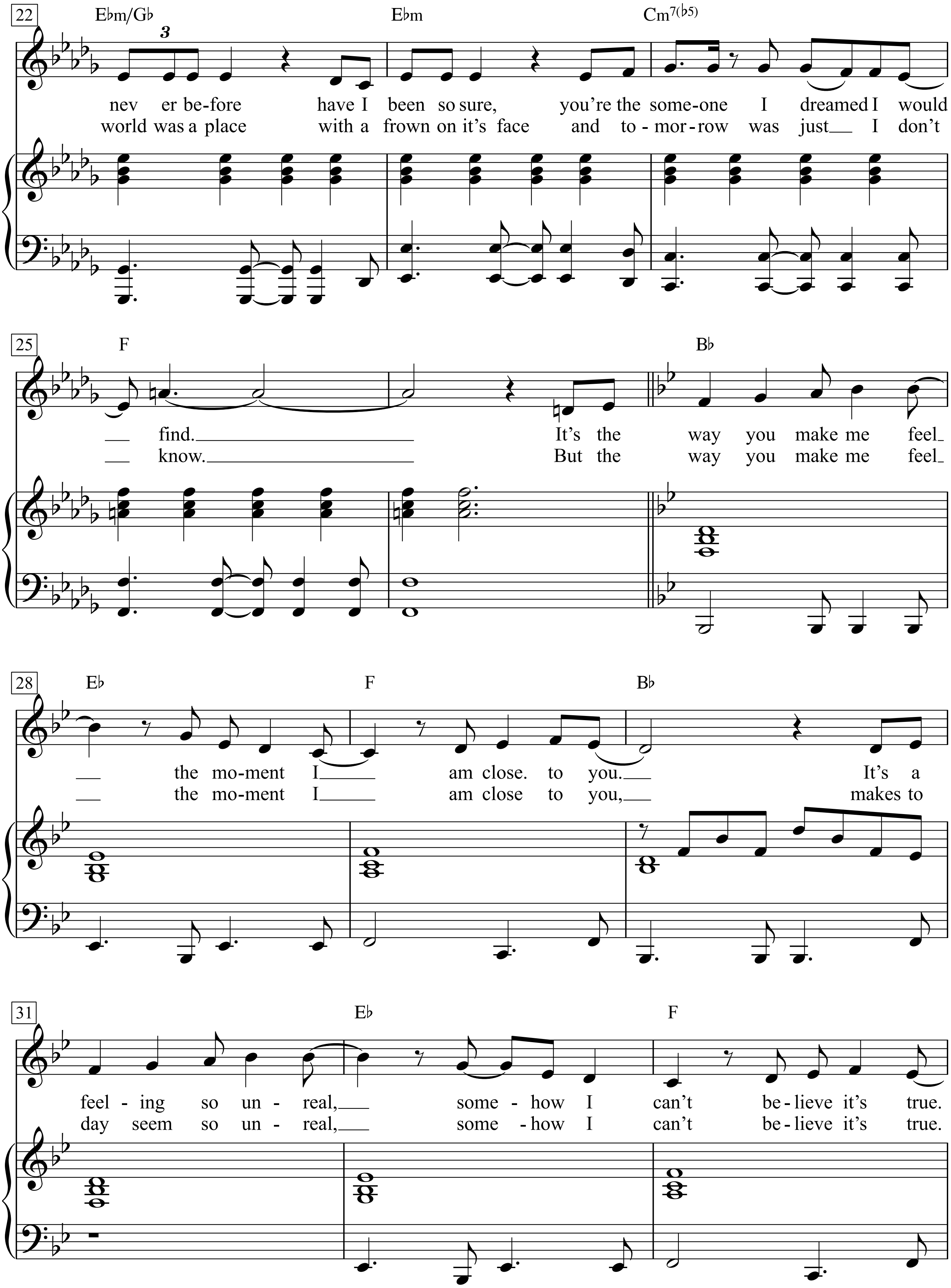
Words & Music by Clive Westlake
(Dusty Springfield)

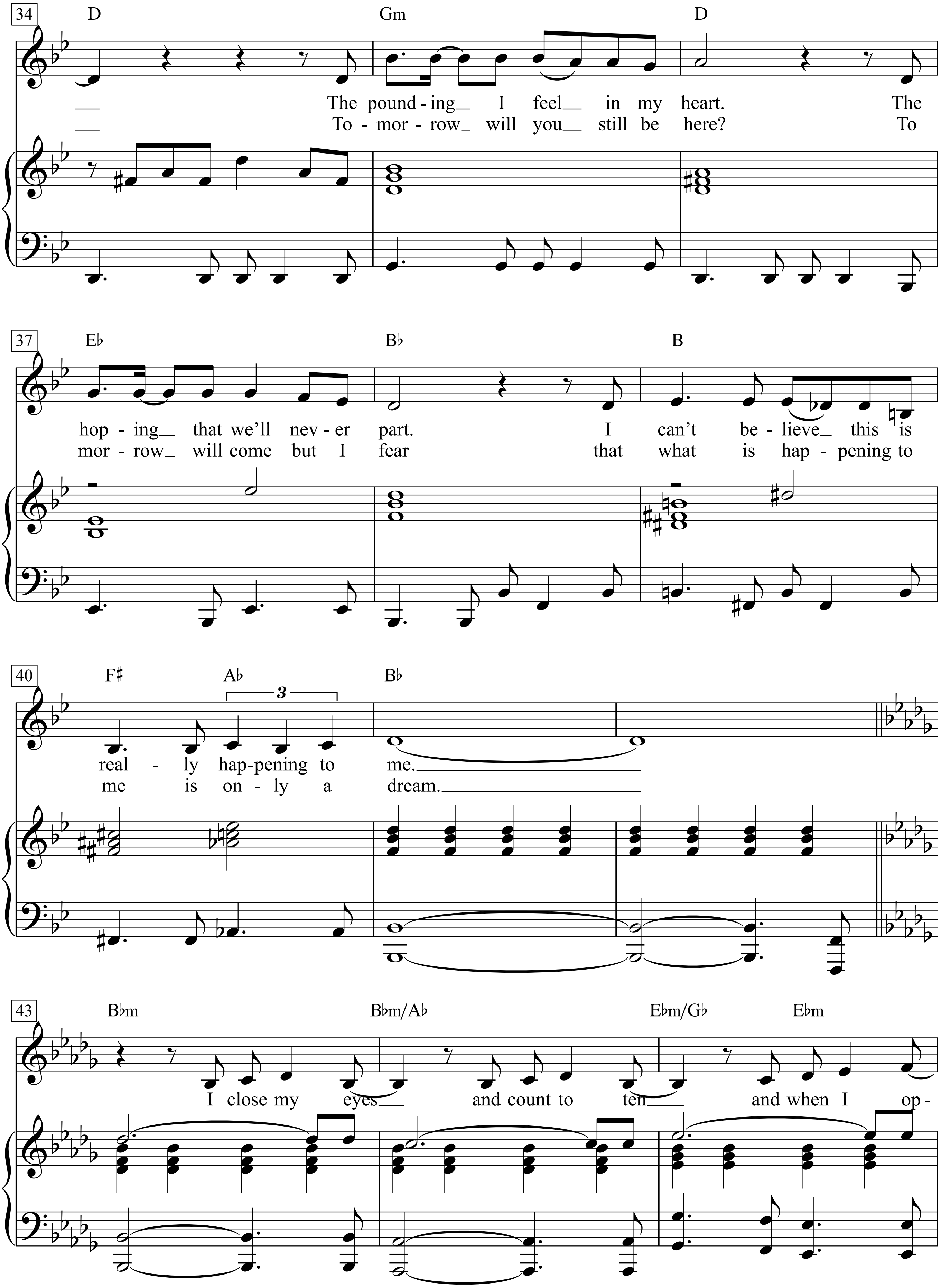


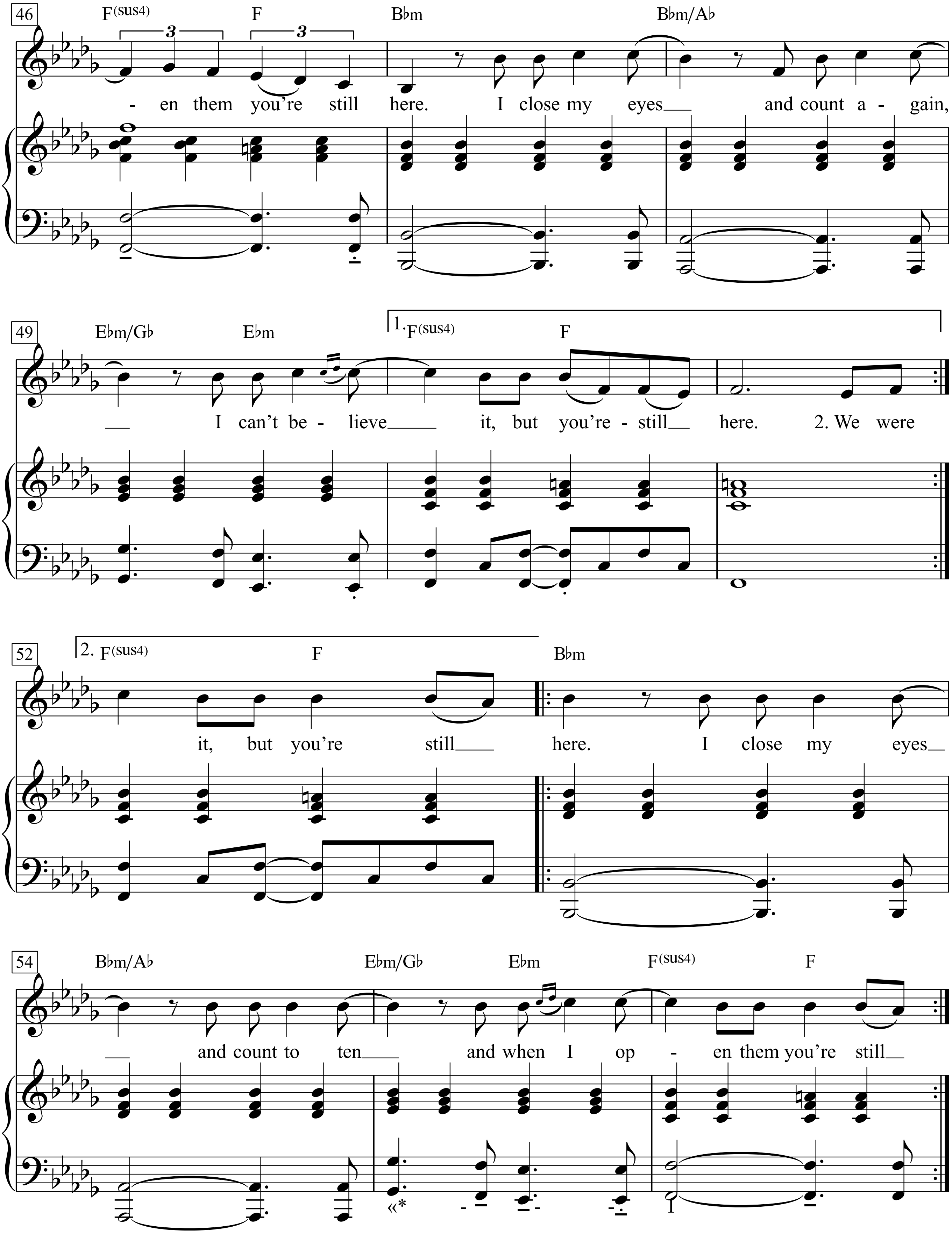





10
Ebm/Bb
Bbm
Ebm/Bb
is-n't the way that you look, and it is-n't the way that you
13
Bbm
Bbm/Gb
Ebm
talk. It is-n't the things that you say or do make me
16
F
Bbm
Ebm/Bb
want you so. It is no - thing to do with the
(2.) stran - gers a mo - ment a -
19
Bbm
Ebm/Bb
Bbm
wine or the mu - sic that's flood-ing my mind. Oh,
go with a few dreams but no-thing to show. The
3


22
E♭m/G♭
E♭m
Cm7(♭5)
3
nev er be-fore have I been so sure, you're the some-one I dreamed I would
world was a place with a frown on it's face and to-mor-row was just I don't
25
F
B♭
find. It's the way you make me feel
know. But the way you make me feel
28
E♭
F
B♭
the mo-ment I am close. to you. It's a
the mo-ment I am close to you, makes to
31
E♭
F
feel-ing so un-real, some-how I can't be-lieve it's true.
day seem so un-real, some-how I can't be-lieve it's true.

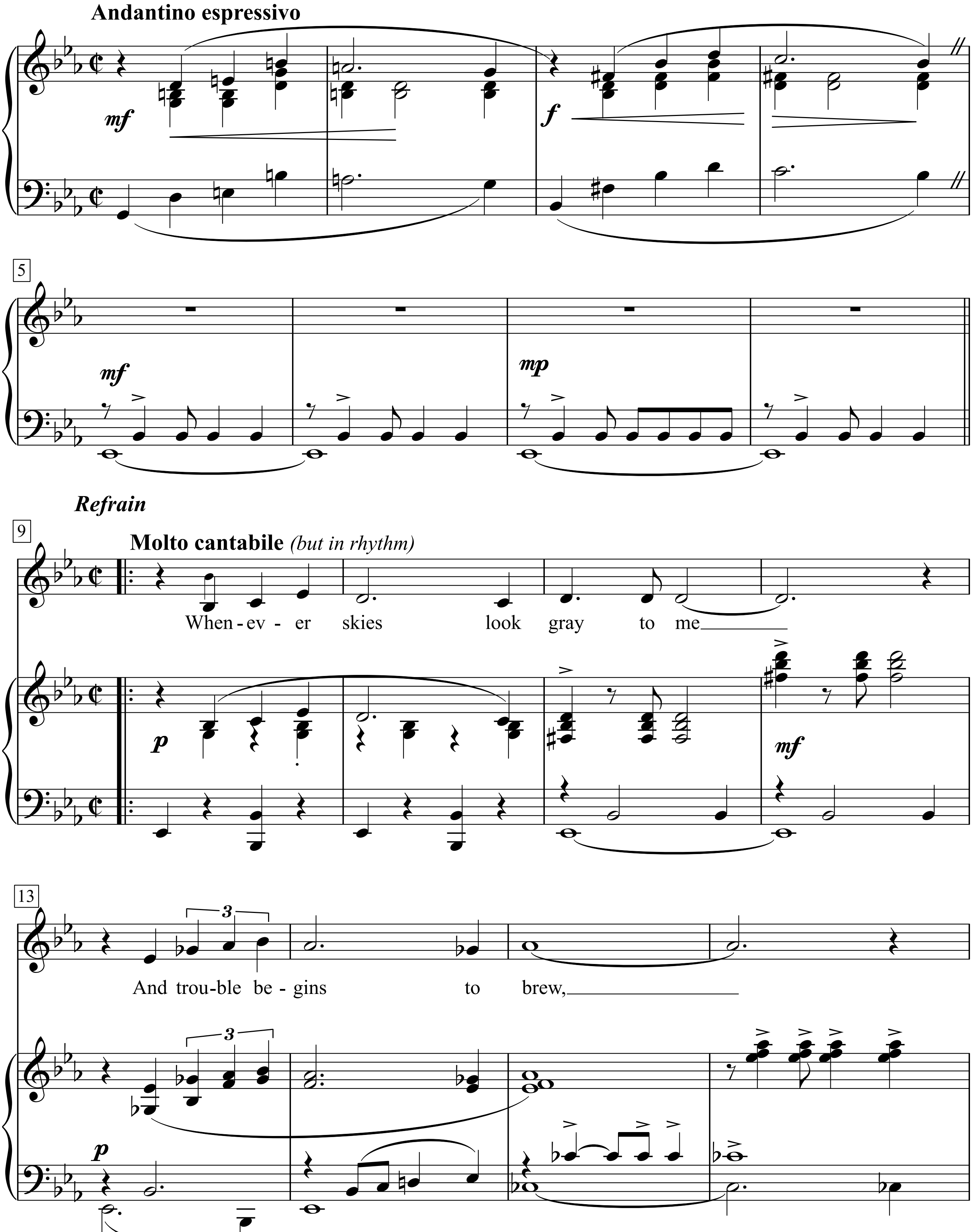

34
D
Gm
D
The pound - ing_ I feel_ in my heart. The
To - mor - row_ will you_ still be here? To
37
E♭
B♭
B
hop - ing_ that we'll nev - er part. I can't be - lieve_ this is
mor - row_ will come but I fear that what is hap - pening to
40
F♯
A♭
B♭
3
real - ly hap-pening to me.
me is on - ly a dream.
43
B♭m
B♭m/A♭
E♭m/G♭
E♭m
I close my eyes_ and count to ten_ and when I op-


46
F(sus4) F Bbm Bbm/Ab
- en them you're still here. I close my eyes and count a - gain,
49
Ebm/Gb Ebm 1. F(sus4) F
I can't be - lieve it, but you're - still here. 2. We were
52
2. F(sus4) F Bbm
it, but you're still here. I close my eyes
54
Bbm/Ab Ebm/Gb Ebm F(sus4) F
and count to ten and when I op - en them you're still

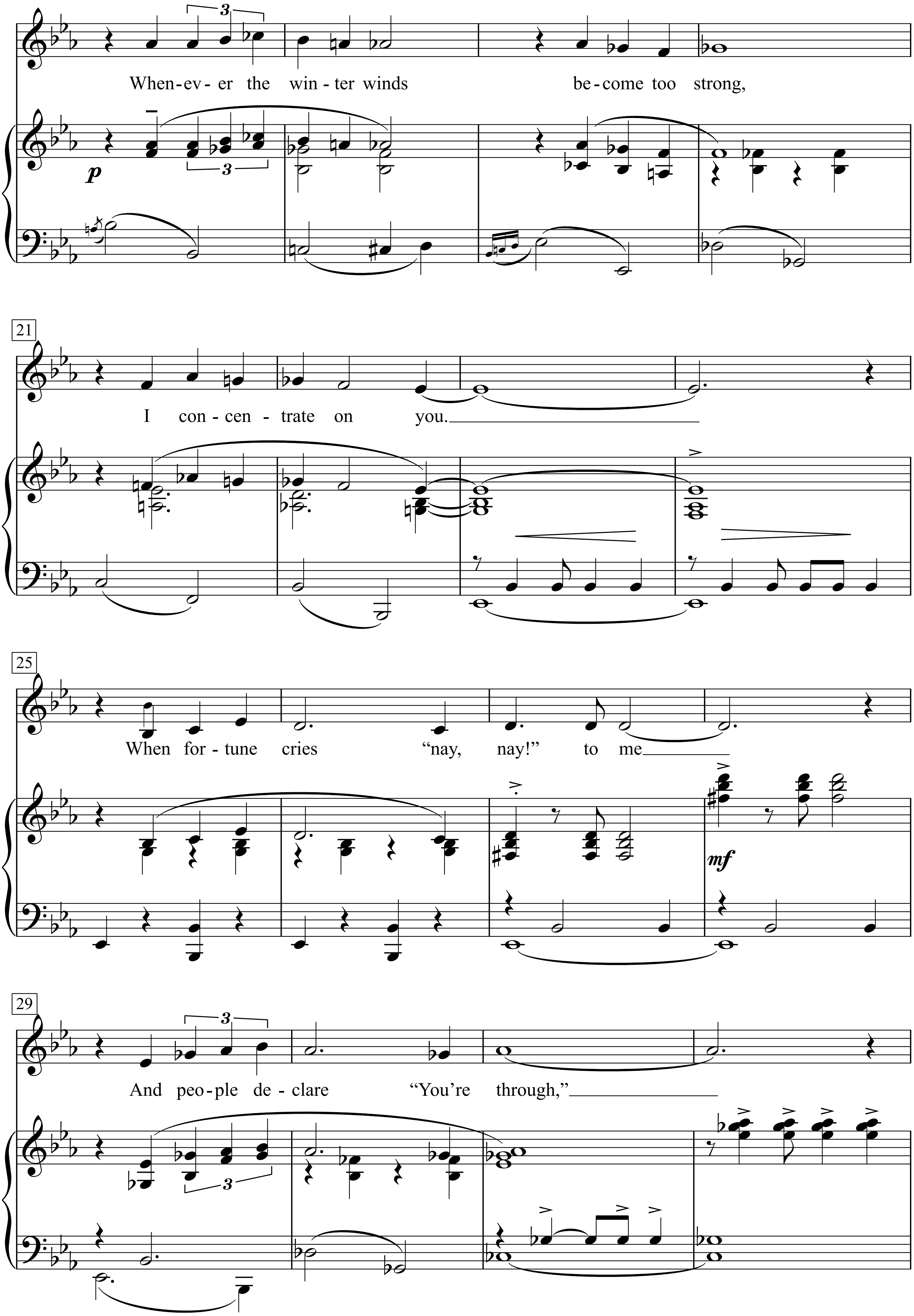
I Concentrate On You

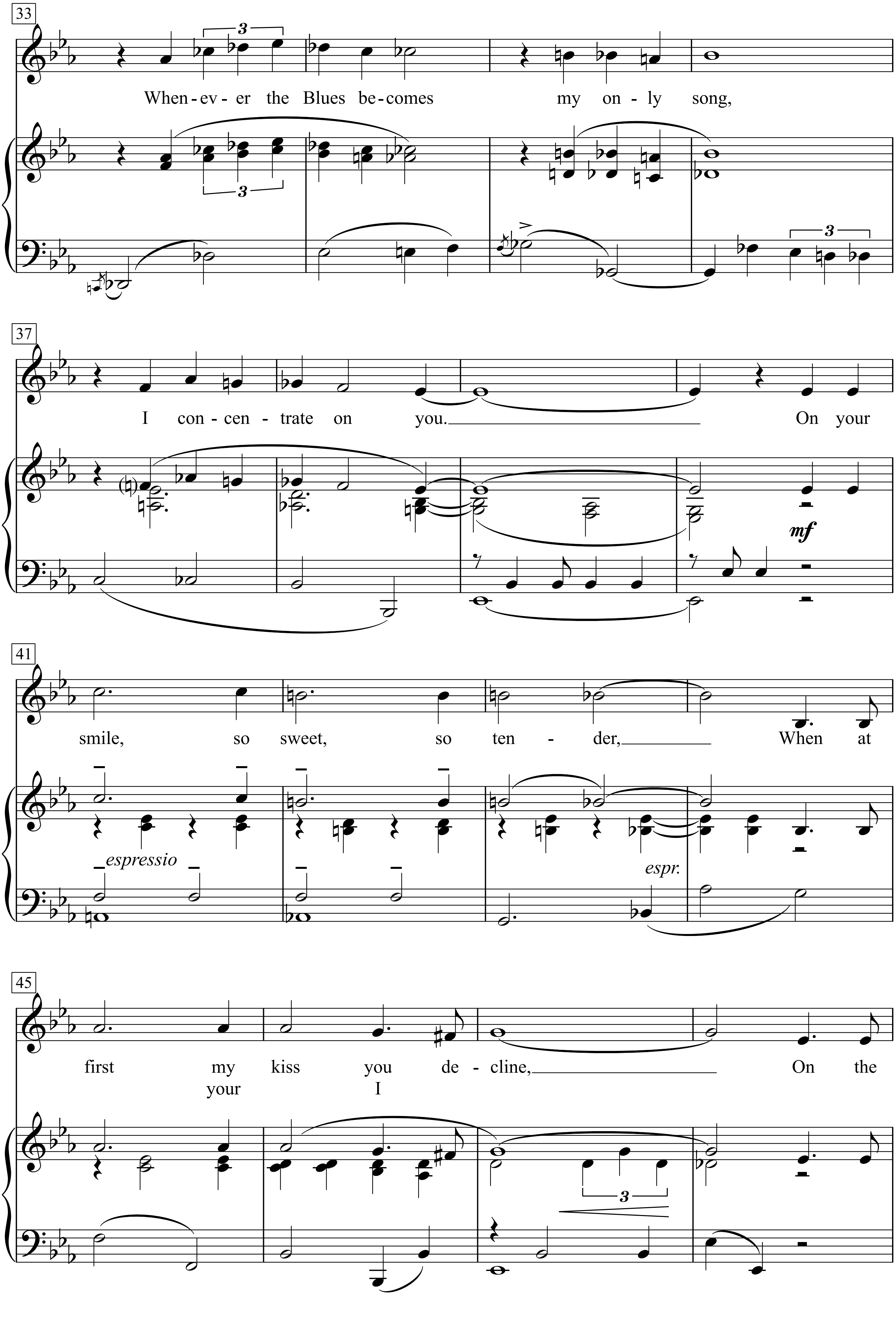
(*from* 'Broadway Melody of 1940')

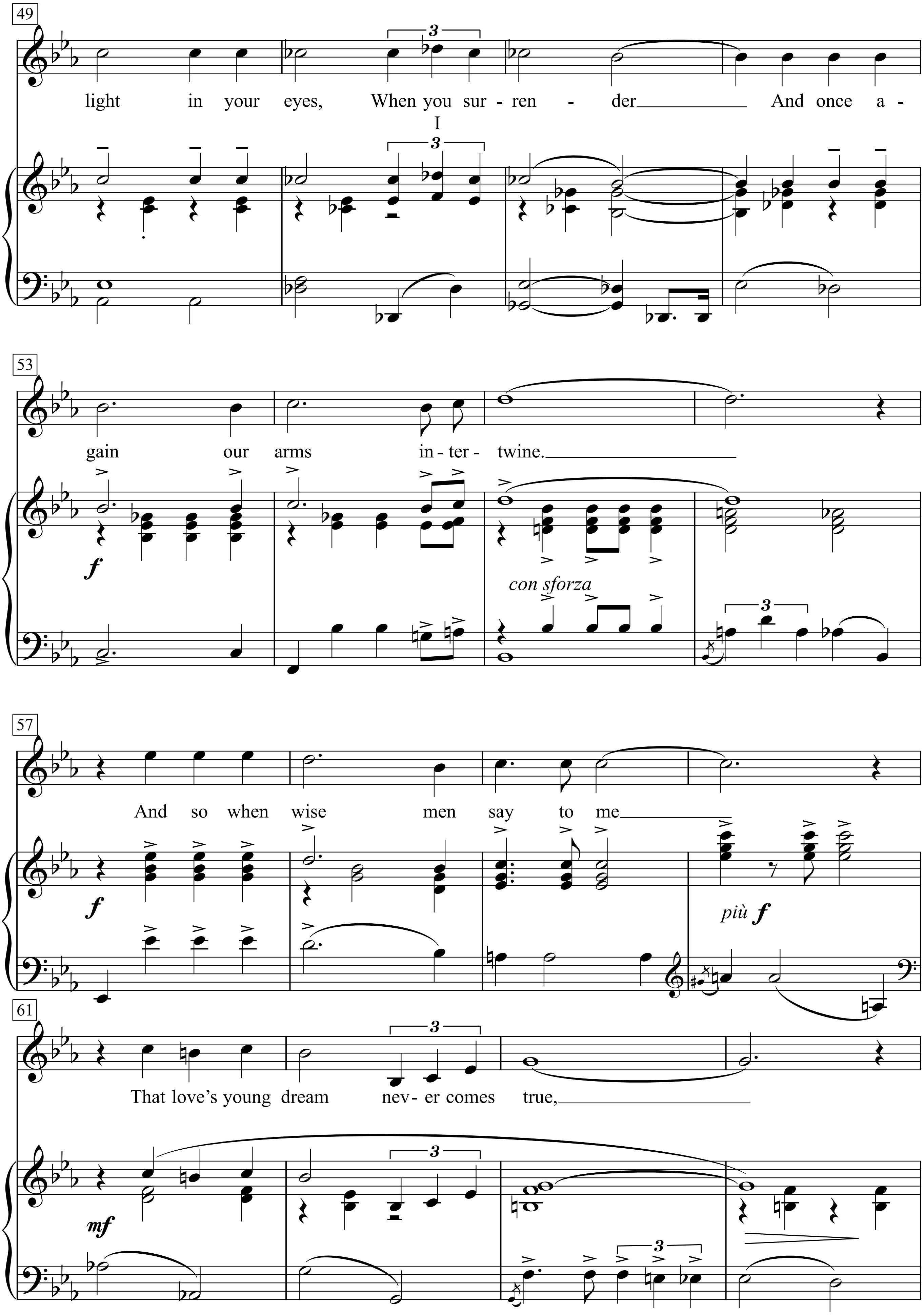
Words & Music by Cole Porter (1939)

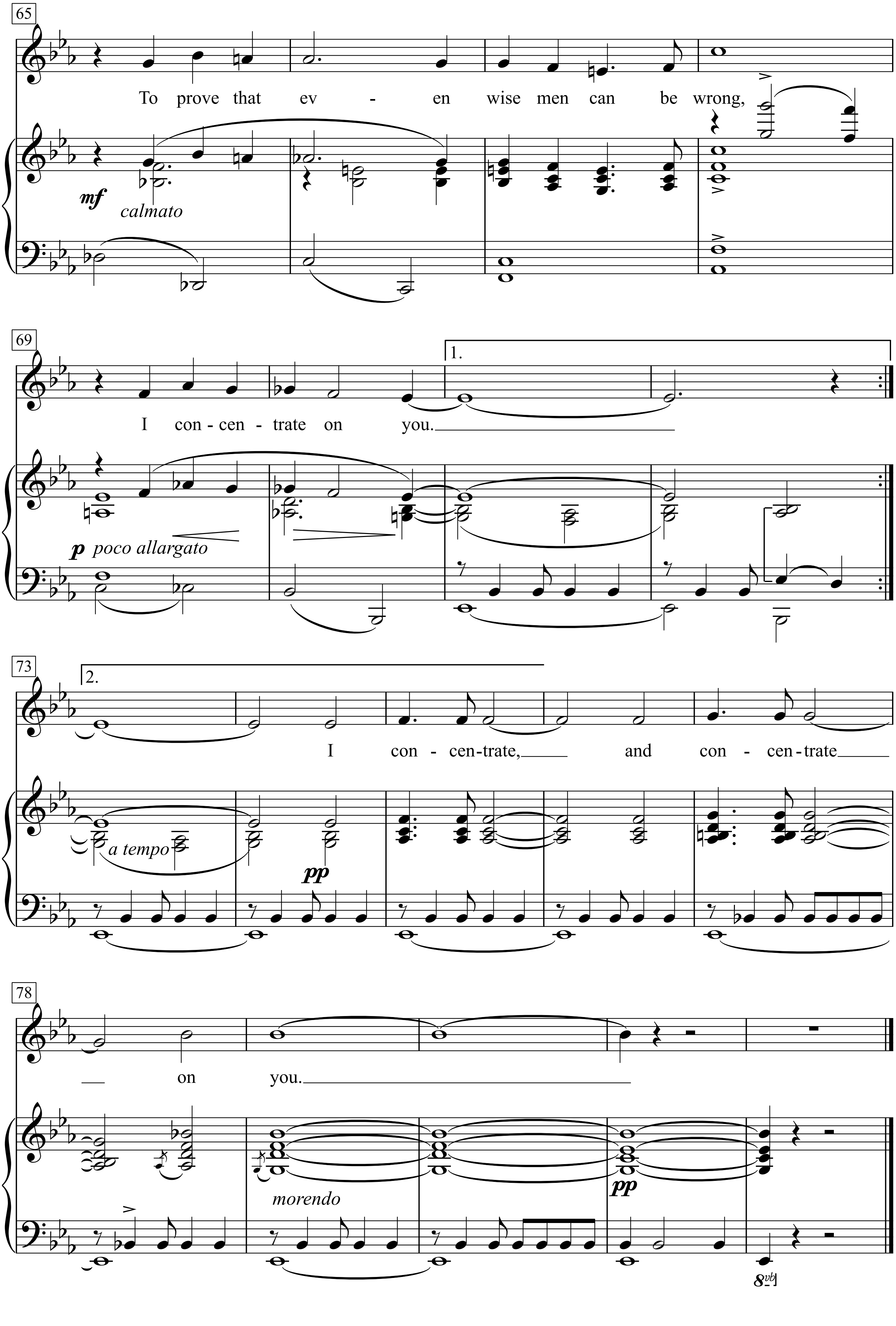


Music & Lyrics by Cole Porter, p. 121-125


3
When-ev-er the win-ter winds be-come too strong,
p
3
21
I con-cen-trate on you.
25
When for-tune cries "nay, nay!" to me
mf
29
3
And peo-ple de-clare "You're through,"
3


33
When-ev-er the Blues be-comes my on-ly song,
37
I con-cen-trate on you.
On your
mf
41
smile, so sweet, so ten - der,
When at
espressio
espr.
45
first my kiss you de - cline,
your I
On the


49
light in your eyes, When you sur - ren - der And once a -
I
53
gain our arms in - ter - twine.
con sforza
57
And so when wise men say to me
più f
61
That love's young dream nev - er comes true,

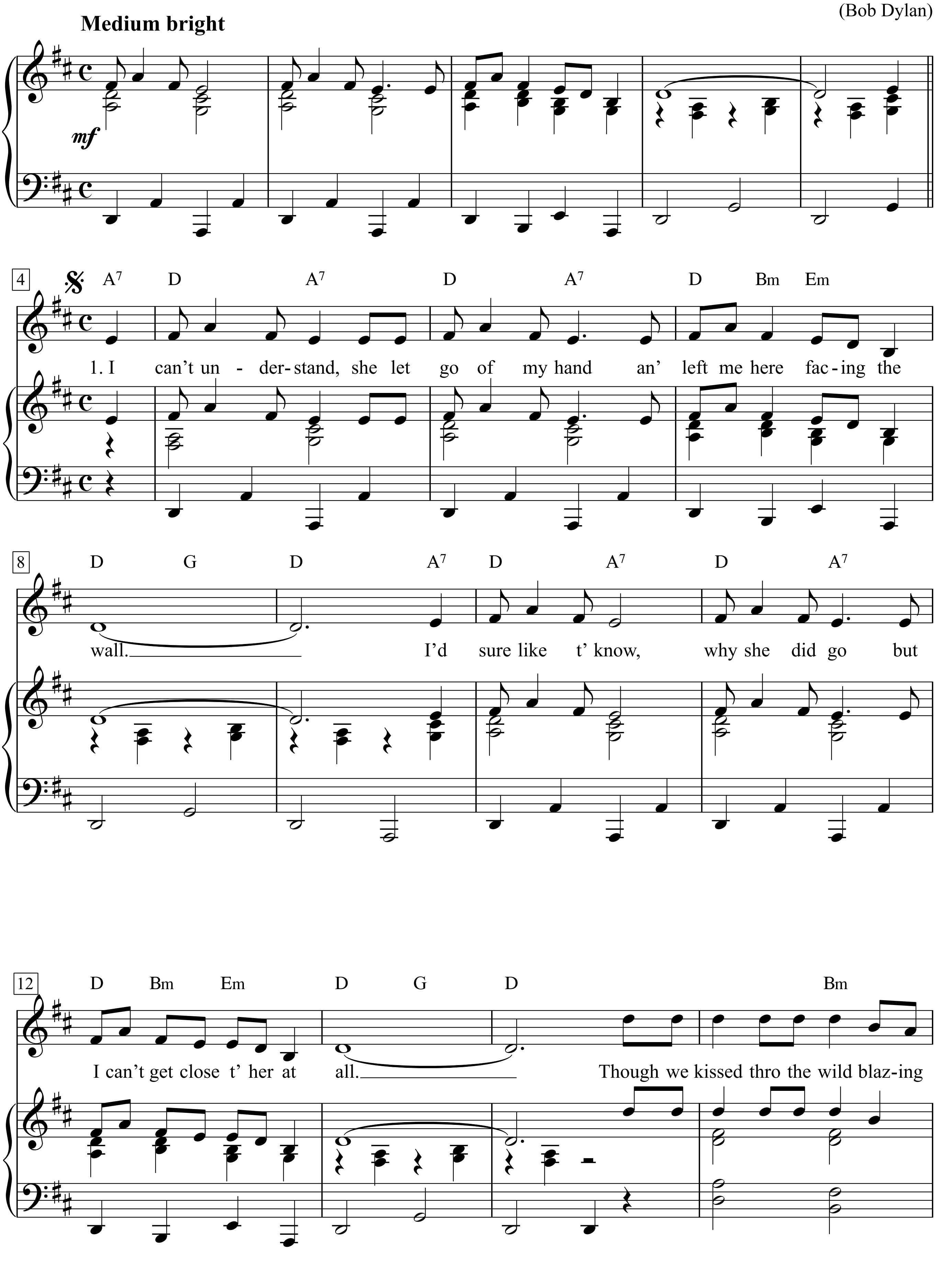

65
To prove that ev - en wise men can be wrong,
mf
calmato
69
1.
I con - cen - trate on you.
p
poco allargato
73
2.
I con - cen-trate, and con - cen-trate
a tempo
pp
78
on you.
morendo
pp
8vb

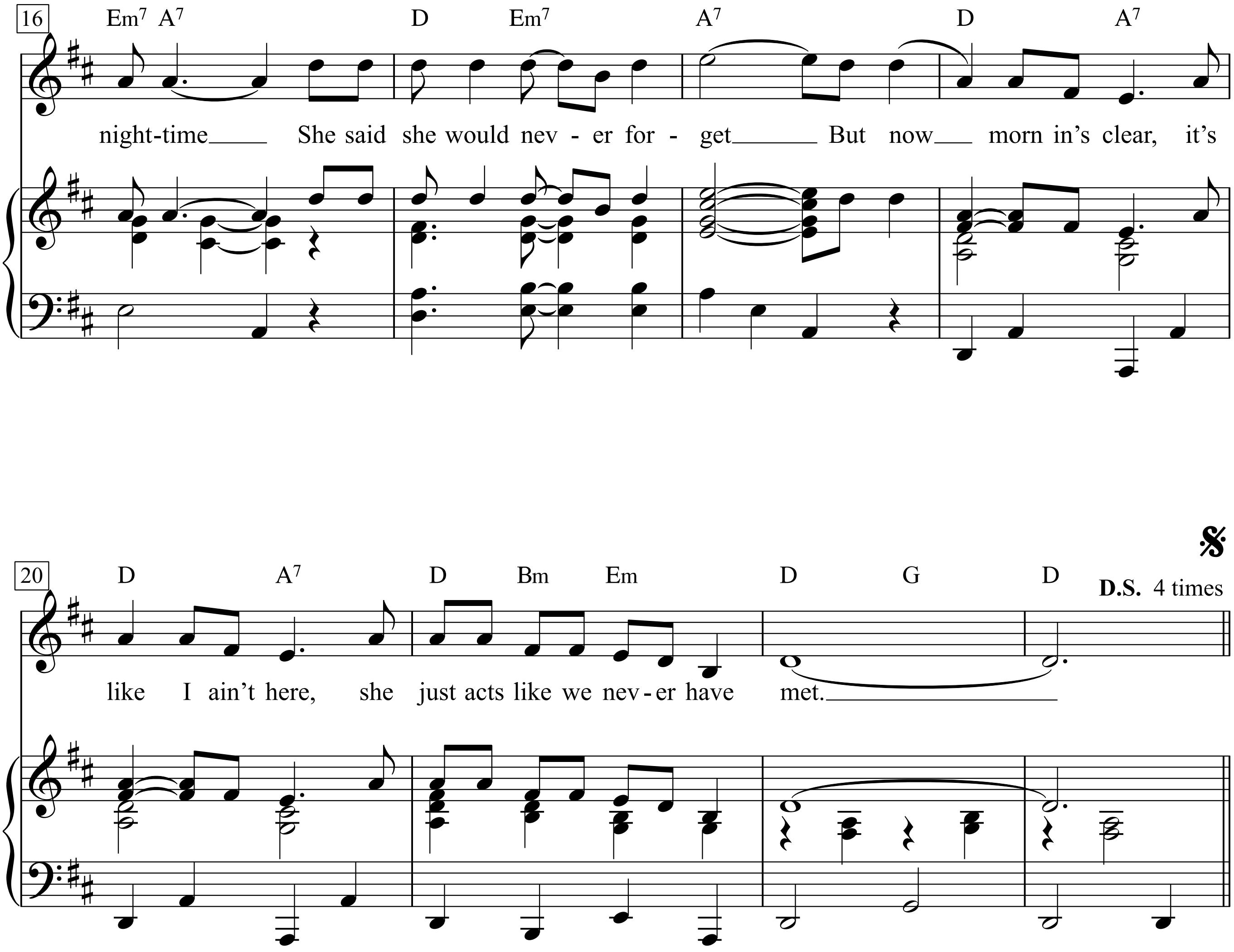
Whenever skies look gray to me
And trouble begins to brew,
Whenever the winter winds become too strong,
I concentrate on you.
When fortune cries “nay, nay!” to me
And people declare “You’re through,”
Whenever the Blues becomes my only song,
I concentrate on you.
On your smile, so sweet, so tender,
When at first my your kiss you I decline,
On the light in your eyes,
When you I surrender
And once again our arms intertwine.
And so when wise men say to me
That love’s young dream never comes true,
To prove that even wise men can be wrong,
I concentrate on you.
I concentrate, and concentrate on you.

.

I Don't Believe You

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




16
Em7 A7 D Em7 A7 D A7
night-time She said she would nev - er for - get But now morn in's clear, it's
20
D A7 D Bm Em D G D
D.S. 4 times
like I ain't here, she just acts like we nev-er have met.

1. I can’t understand,
She let go of my hand
An’ left me here facing the wall.
I’d sure like t’ know,
Why she did go
But I can’t get close t’ her at all.
Though we kissed thro the wild blazing nighttime???
She said she would never forget???
But now mornin’s clear,
It’s like I ain’t here,
She just acts like we never have met.

2.It’s all new t’ me
Like some mystery
It could even be like a myth
Yet it’s hard t’ think on
That she’s the same one
That last night I was with.
From darkness, dreams ’re deserted
Am I still dreamin’ yet?
I wish she’d unlock
er voice once an’ talk
’Stead of actin’ like we never have met.

3. If she ain’t feelin’ well
Then why don’t she tell
‘Stead of turnin’ her back t’ my face?
Without any doubt
She seems too far out
For me t’ return t‘ her chase.
Though the night ran swirling an’ whirling
I remember her whispering yet.
But evidently she don’t
An’ evidently she won’t,
She just acts like we never have met.

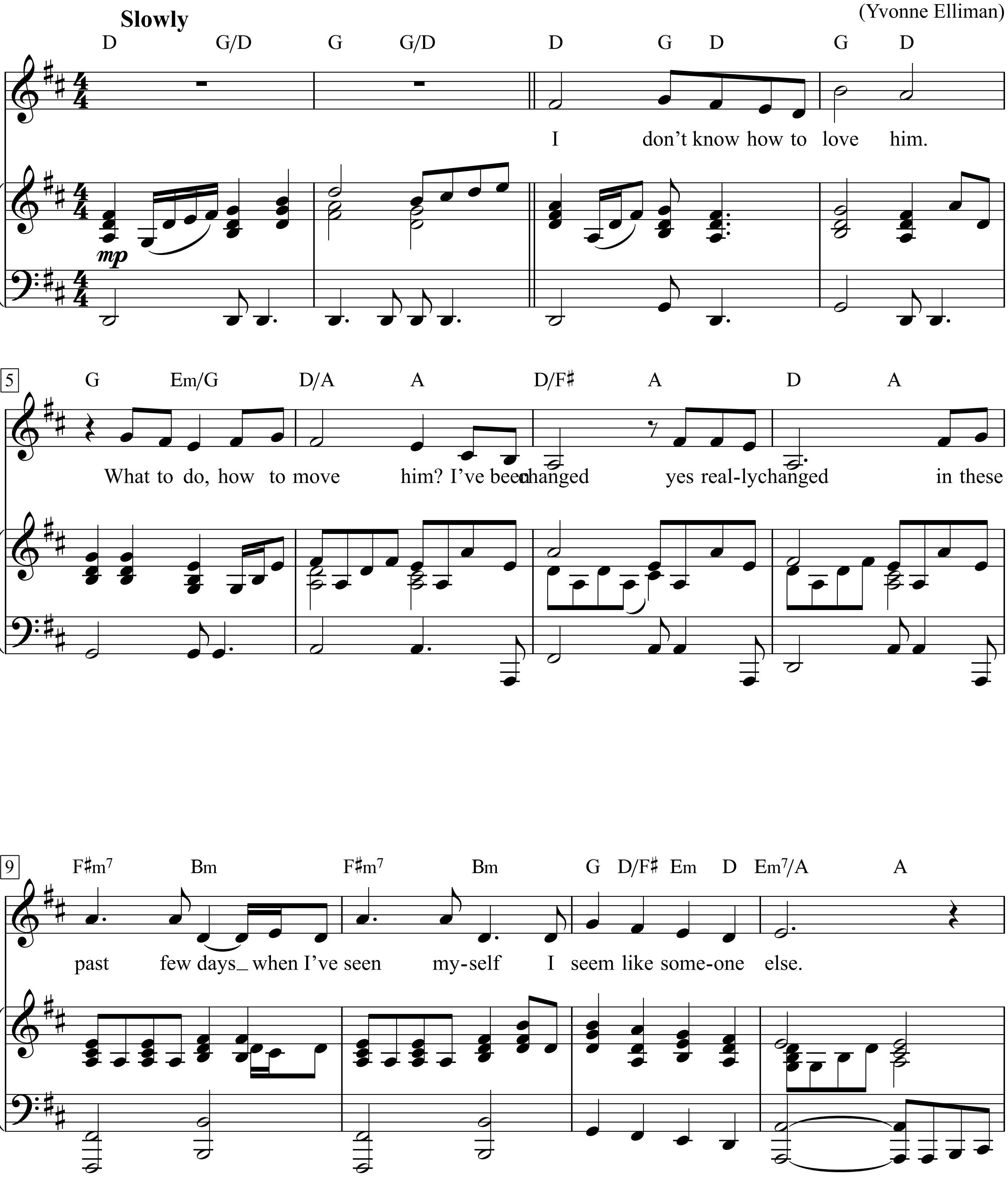
4. If I didn‘t have t’ guess
I’d gladly confess
T’ anything I might’ve tried.
If I was with ’er too long
Or have done something wrong
I wish she’d tell me what it is, I’ll run an’ hide
Tho her skirt it swayed as a guitar played
Her mouth was watery and wet
But now something has changed
For she ain’t the same
She just acts like we never have met.

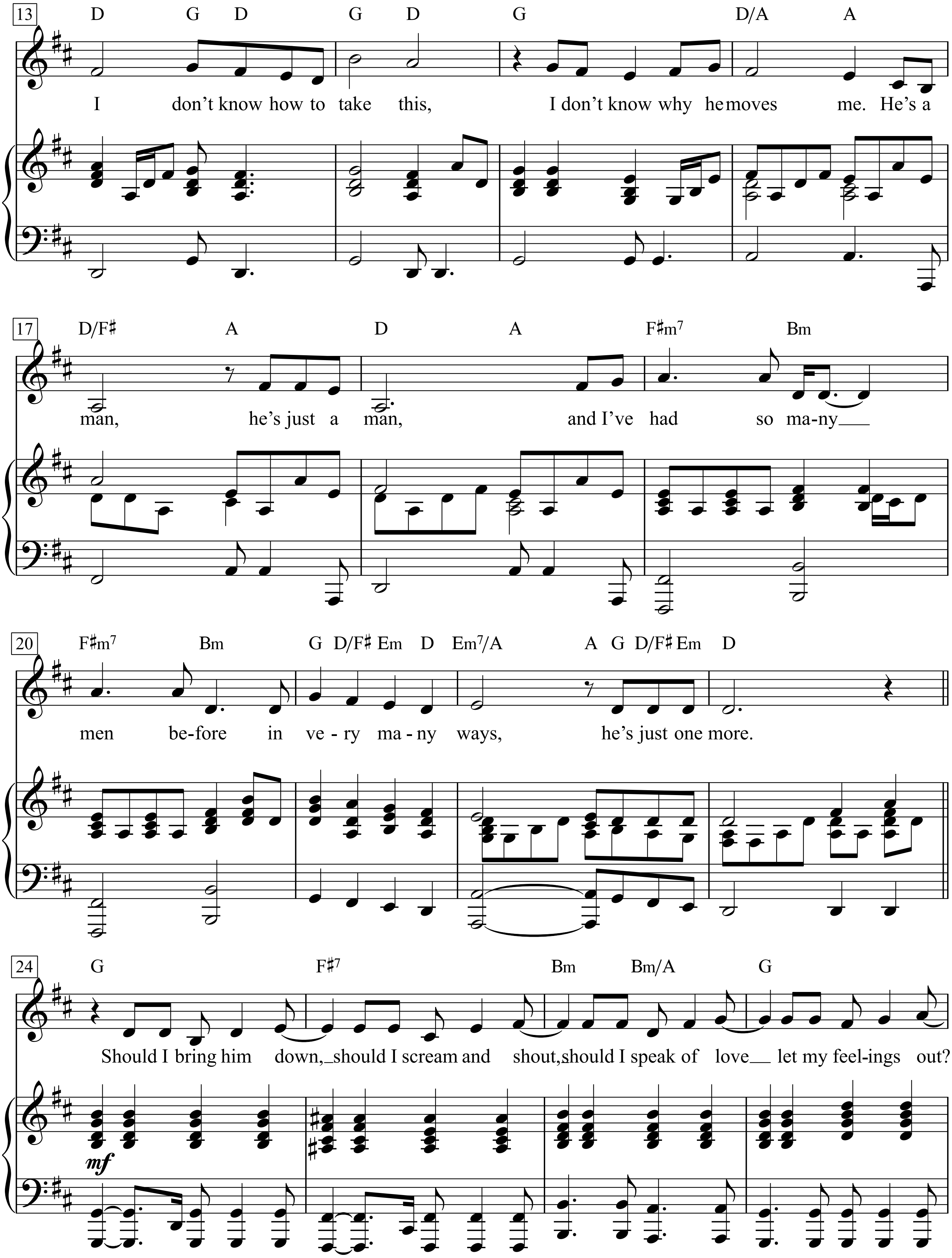
5. I’m leavin’ today
I’ll be on my way
Of this I can’t say very much
But if you want me to
I can be just like you
An‘ pretend that we never have touched
An’ if anybody asks me, ’Is it easy to forget?’
I’ll say, ’It’s easily done,
You just pick anyone,
An’ pretend that you never have met!’

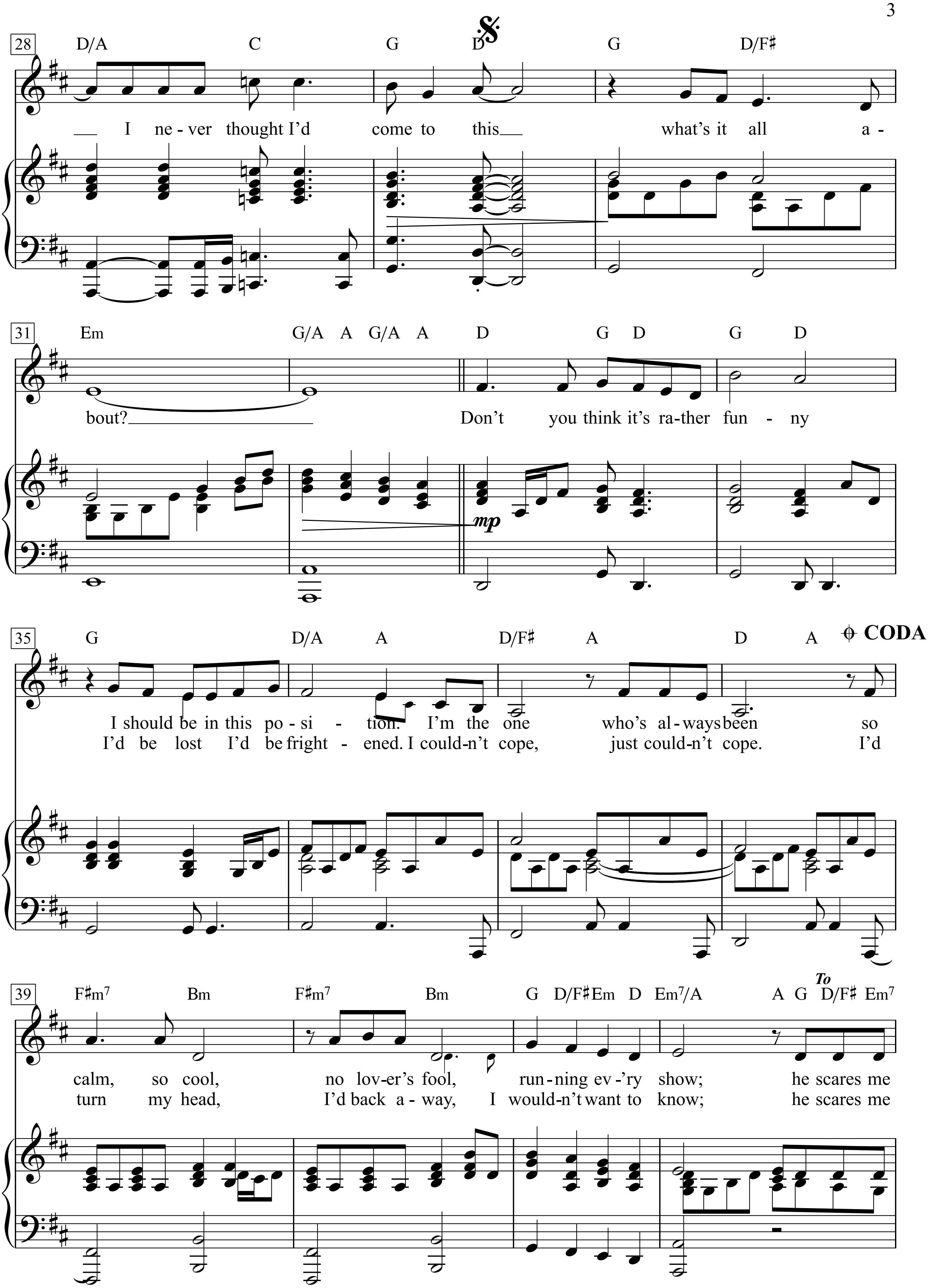
I Don't Know How To Love Him

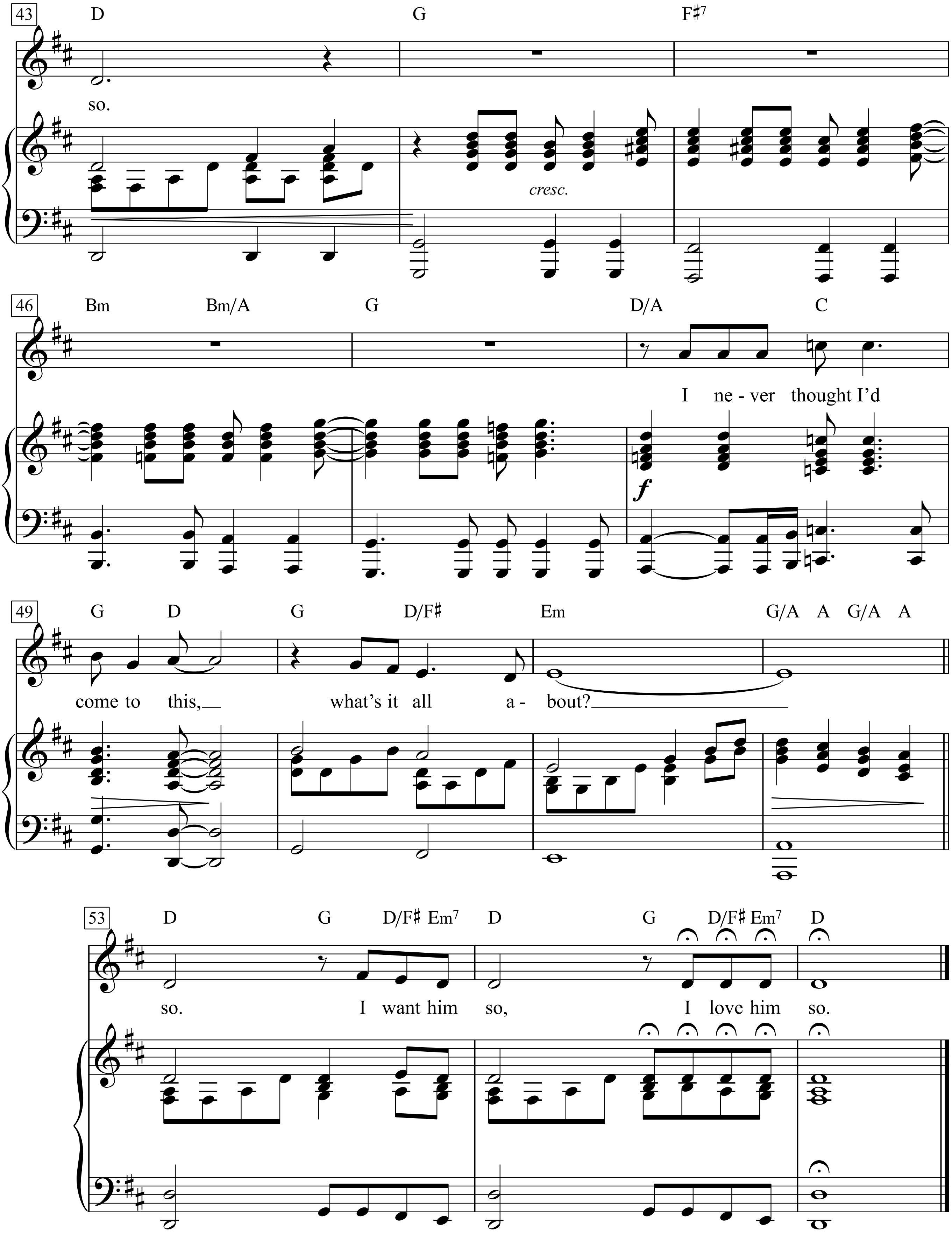
Words by Tim Rice

Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
(Yvonne Elliman)



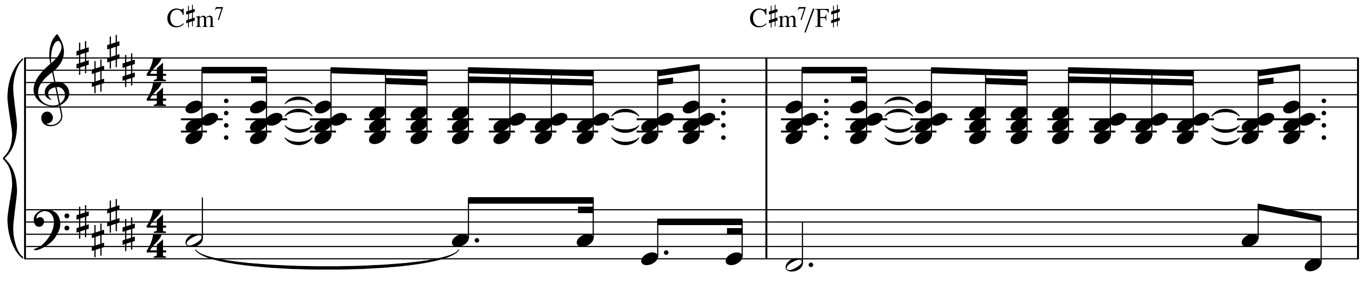

13
D G D G D G D/A A
I don't know how to take this, I don't know why he moves me. He's a
17
D/F♯ A D A F♯m7 Bm
man, he's just a man, and I've had so ma-ny
20
F♯m7 Bm G D/F♯ Em D Em7/A A G D/F♯ Em D
men be-fore in ve - ry ma - ny ways, he's just one more.
24
G F♯7 Bm Bm/A G
Should I bring him down, should I scream and shout, should I speak of love let my feel-ings out?
mf

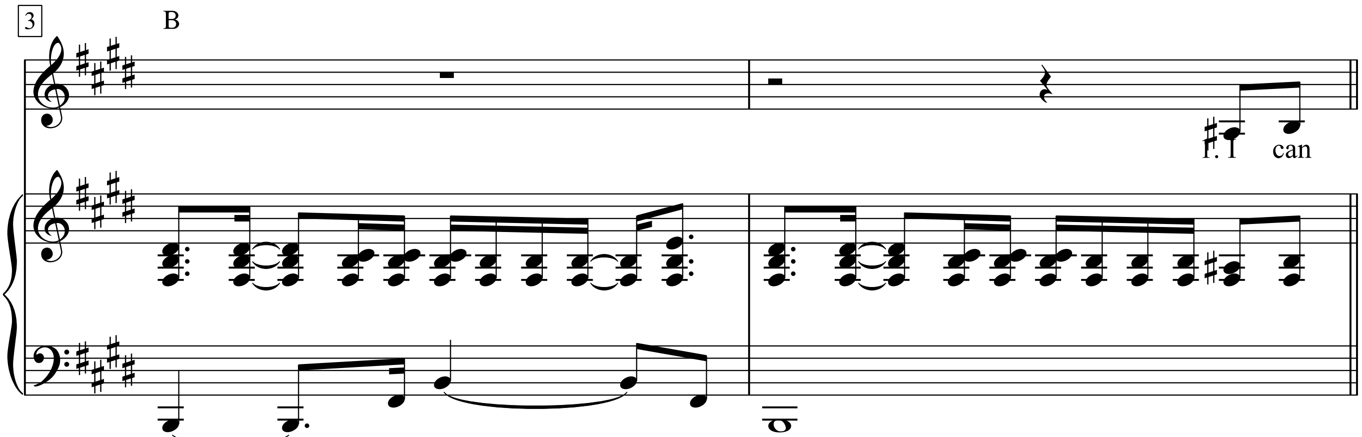

28
D/A C G D G D/F♯
— I ne - ver thought I'd come to this — what's it all a -
31
Em G/A A G/A A D G D G D
bout? — Don't you think it's ra-ther fun - ny
mp
35
G D/A A D/F♯ A D A
CODA
I should be in this po - si - tion. I'm the one who's al - ways been so
I'd be lost I'd be fright - ened. I could-n't cope, just could-n't cope. I'd
39
F♯m7 Bm F♯m7 Bm G D/F♯ Em D Em7/A A G D/F♯ Em7
To
calm, so cool, no lov-er's fool, run - ning ev -'ry show; he scares me
turn my head, I'd back a - way, I would-n't want to know; he scares me

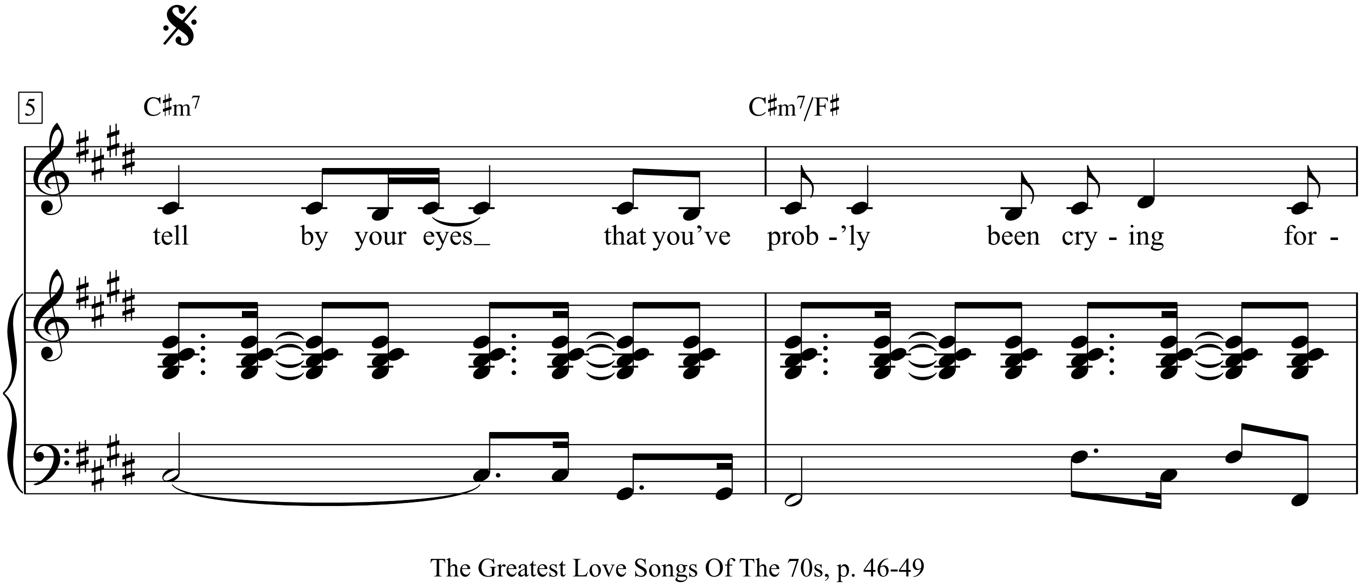

43
D
G
F♯7
so.
cresc.
46
Bm
Bm/A
G
D/A
C
I ne - ver thought I'd
f
49
G
D
G
D/F♯
Em
G/A A G/A A
come to this,
what's it all a - bout?
53
D
G
D/F♯ Em7
D
G
D/F♯ Em7
D
so.
I want him so,
I love him so.

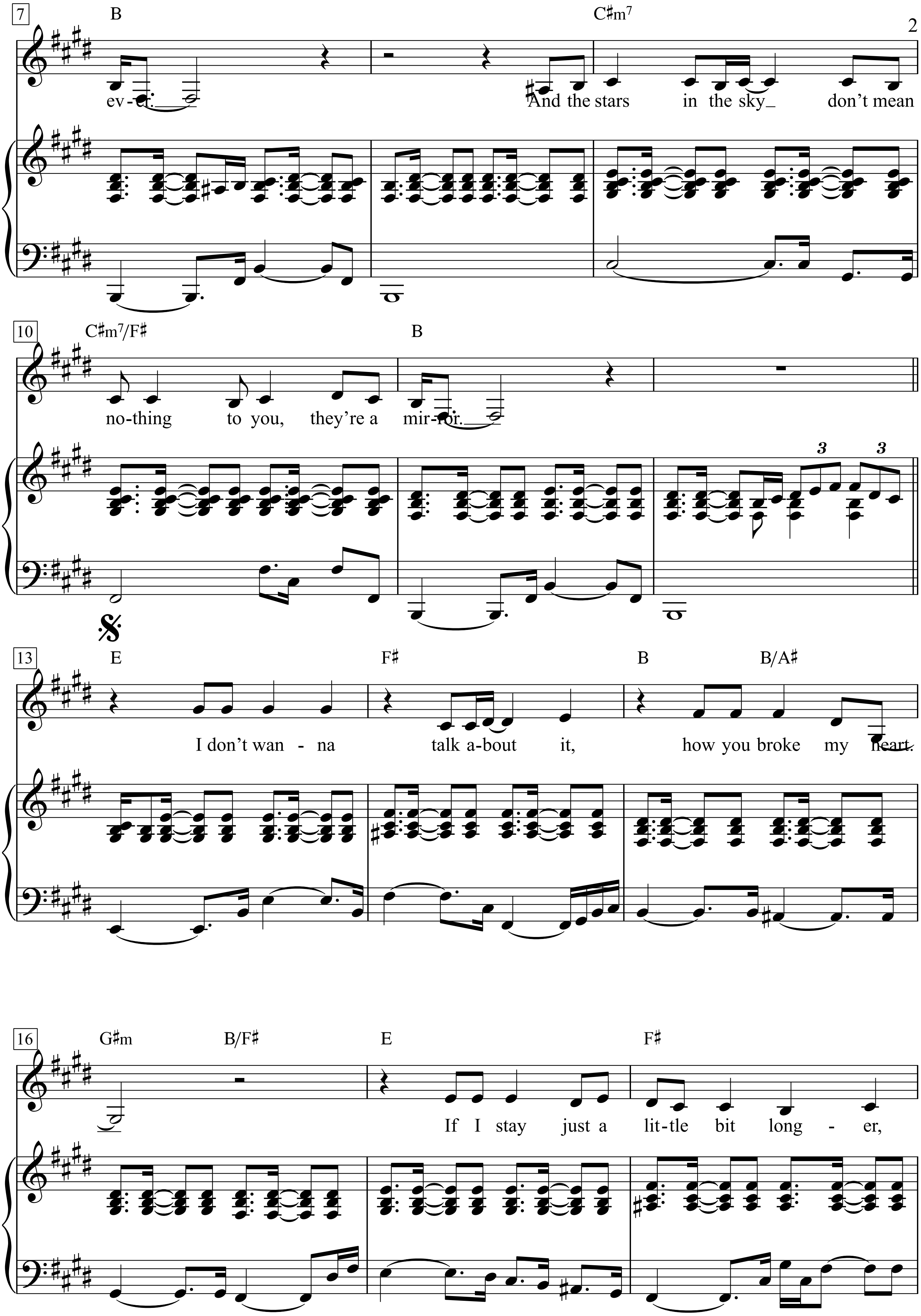
I Don't Want To Talk About It

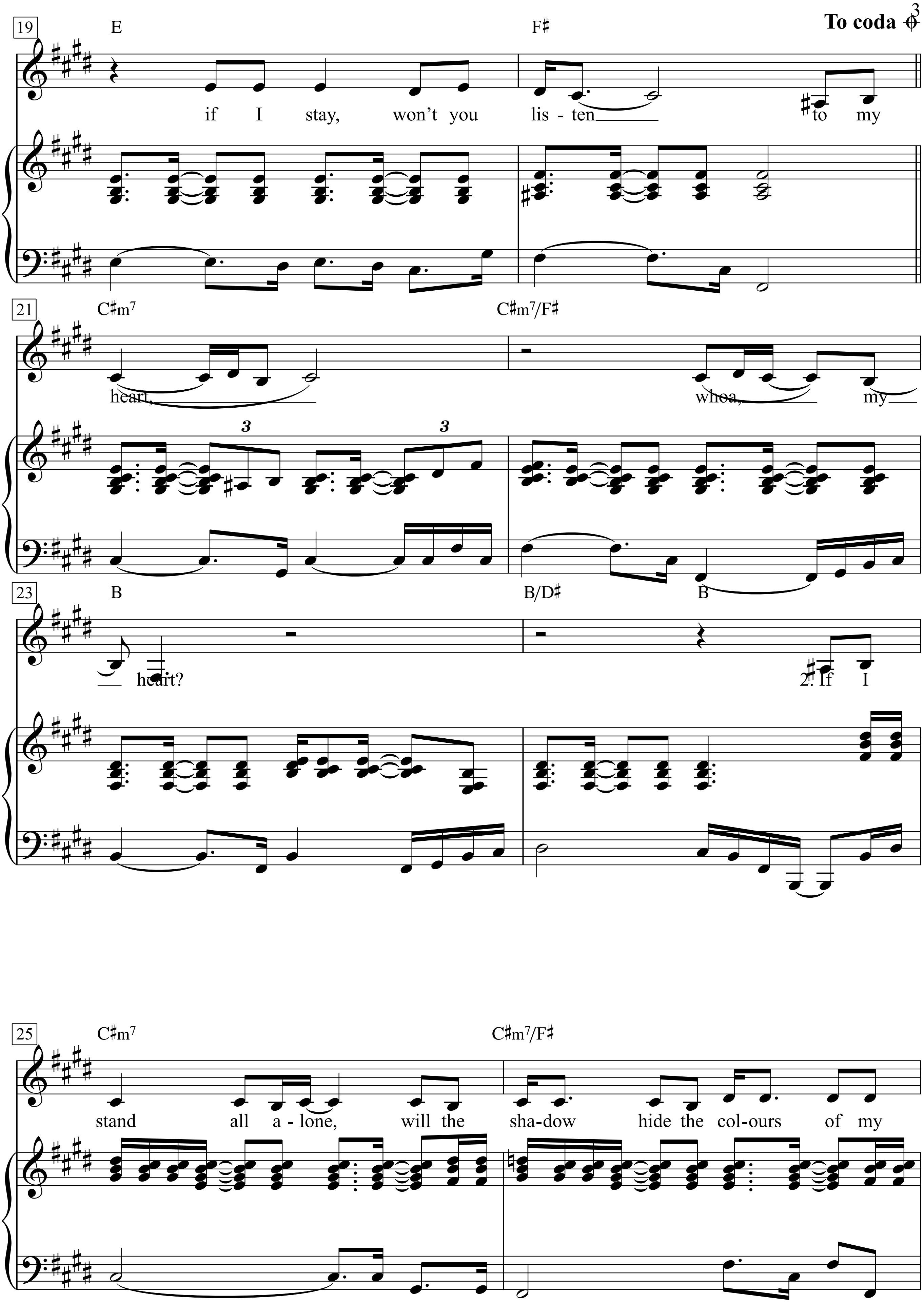
Words & Music by Danny Whitten
(Rod Stewart)

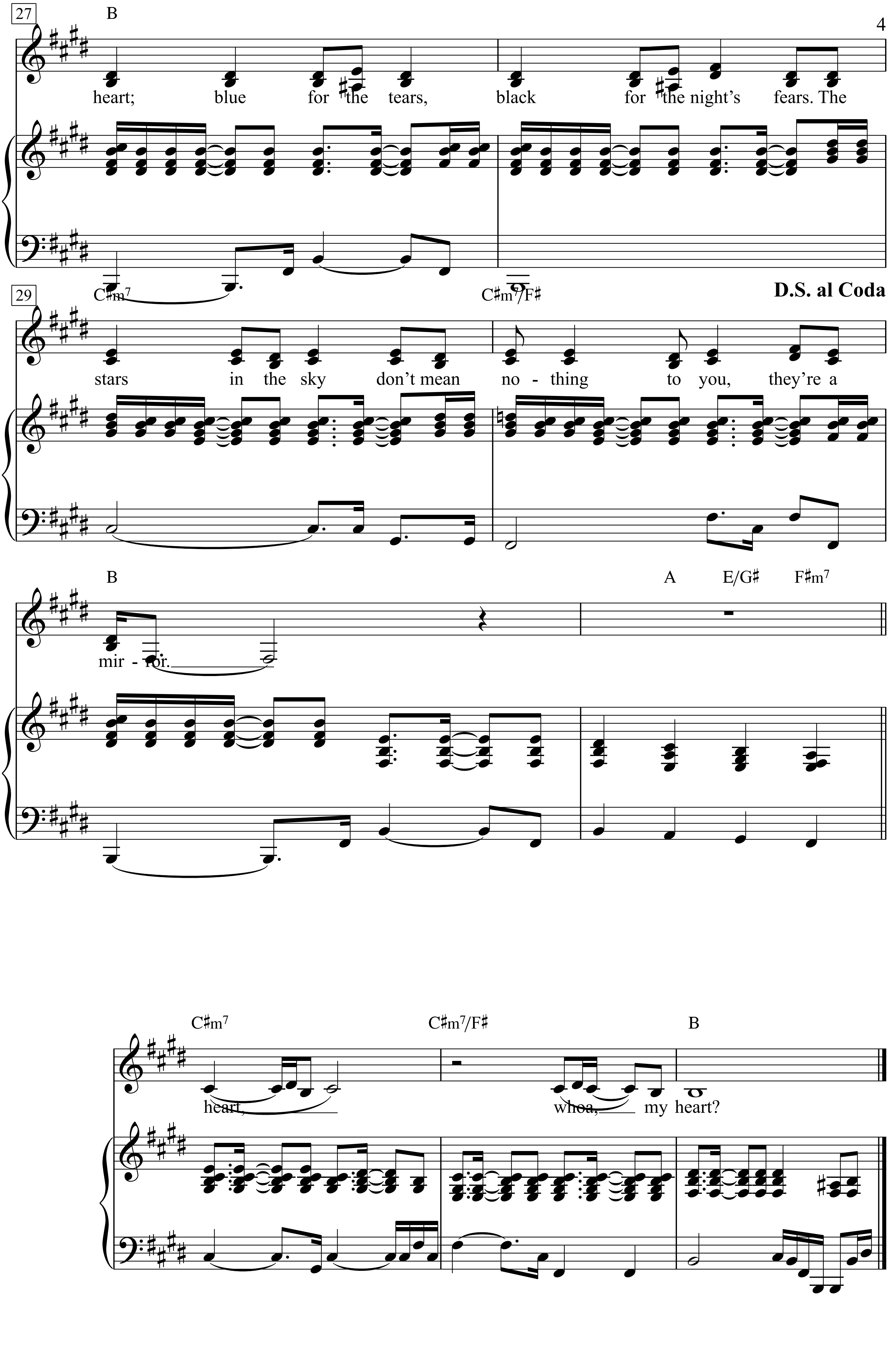






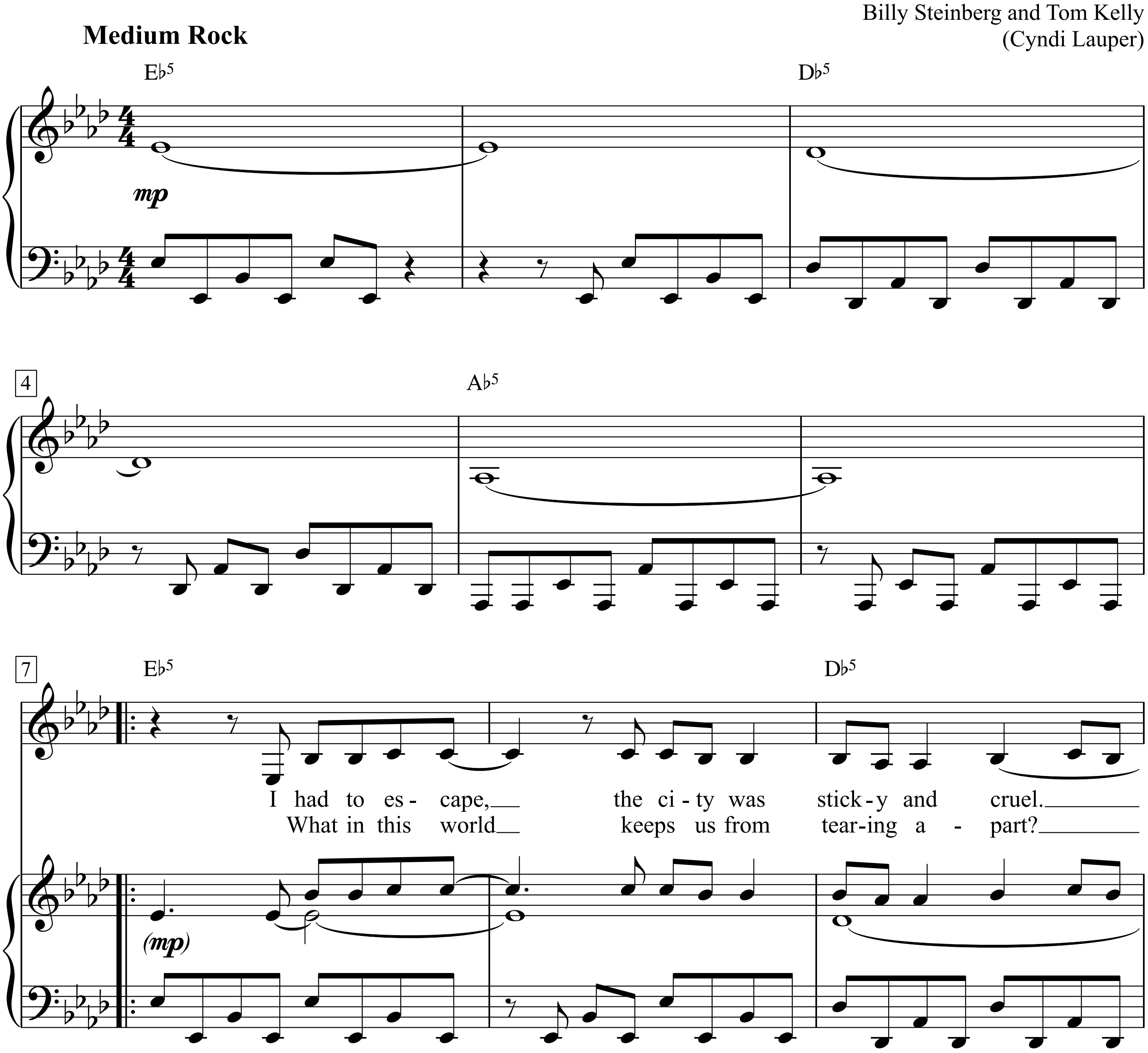

7
B
C♯m7
ev - er.
And the stars in the sky don't mean
10
C♯m7/F♯
B
no-thing to you, they're a mir-ror.
3
3
13
E
F♯
B
B/A♯
I don't wan - na talk a-bout it, how you broke my heart.
16
G♯m
B/F♯
E
F♯
If I stay just a lit-tle bit long - er,

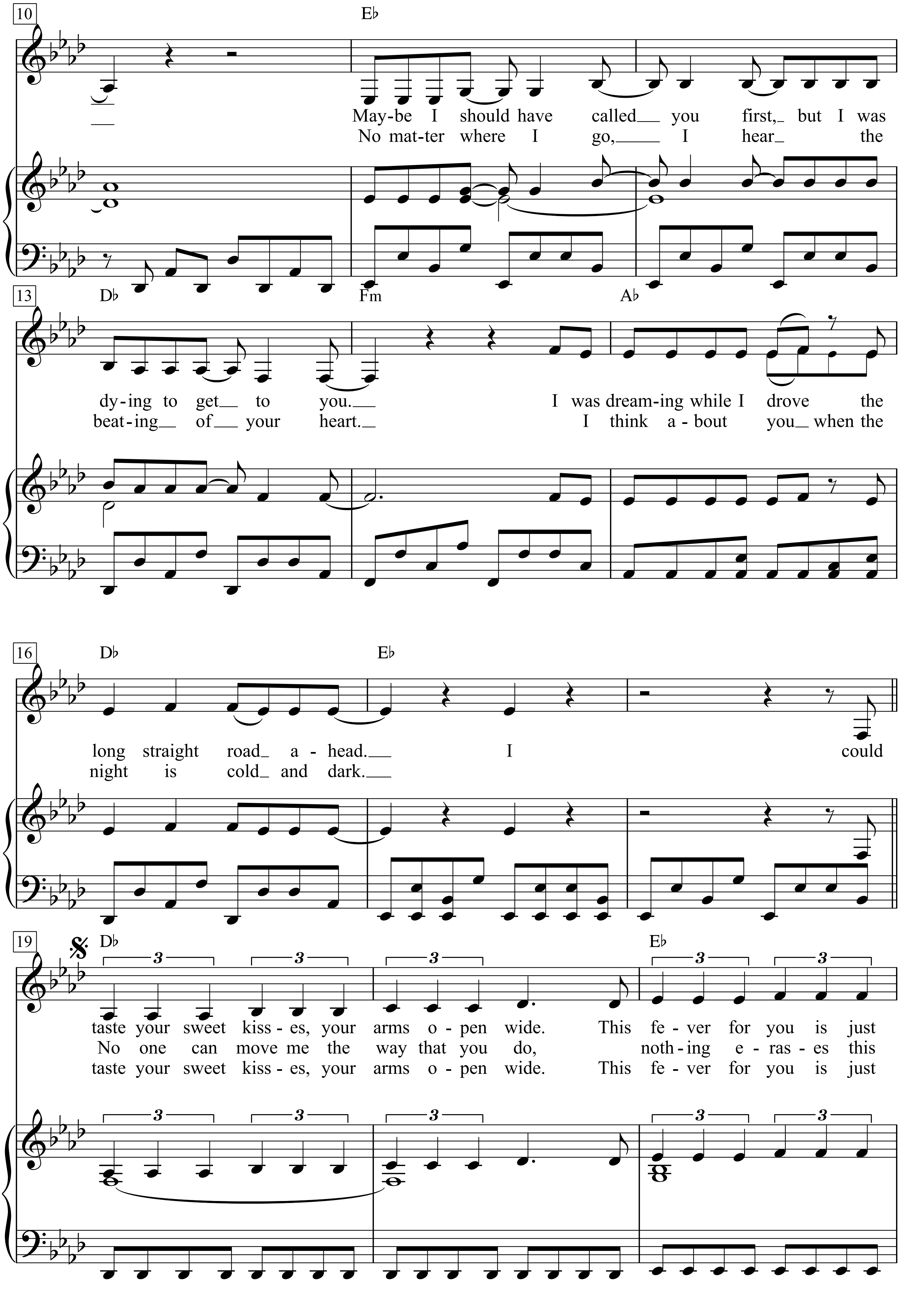

To coda
19
E
F♯
if I stay, won't you lis - ten to my
21
C♯m7
C♯m7/F♯
heart, whoa, my
23
B
B/D♯
B
heart? 2. If I
25
C♯m7
C♯m7/F♯
stand all a - lone, will the sha - dow hide the col - ours of my

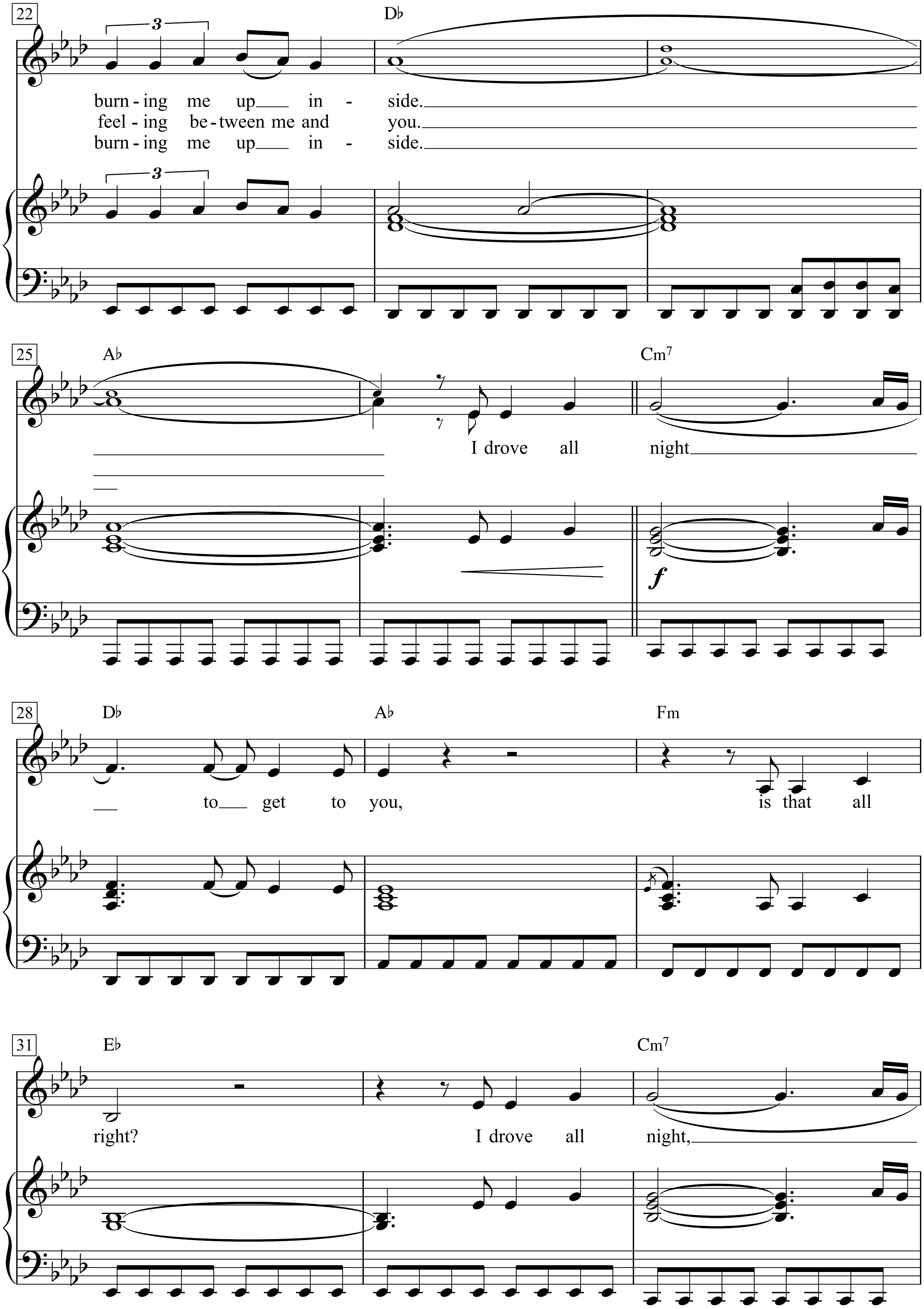

27
B
heart; blue for the tears, black for the night's fears. The
29
C♯m7
C♯m7/F♯
D.S. al Coda
stars in the sky don't mean no - thing to you, they're a
B
A E/G♯ F♯m7
mir - ror.
C♯m7
C♯m7/F♯
B
heart, whoa, my heart?

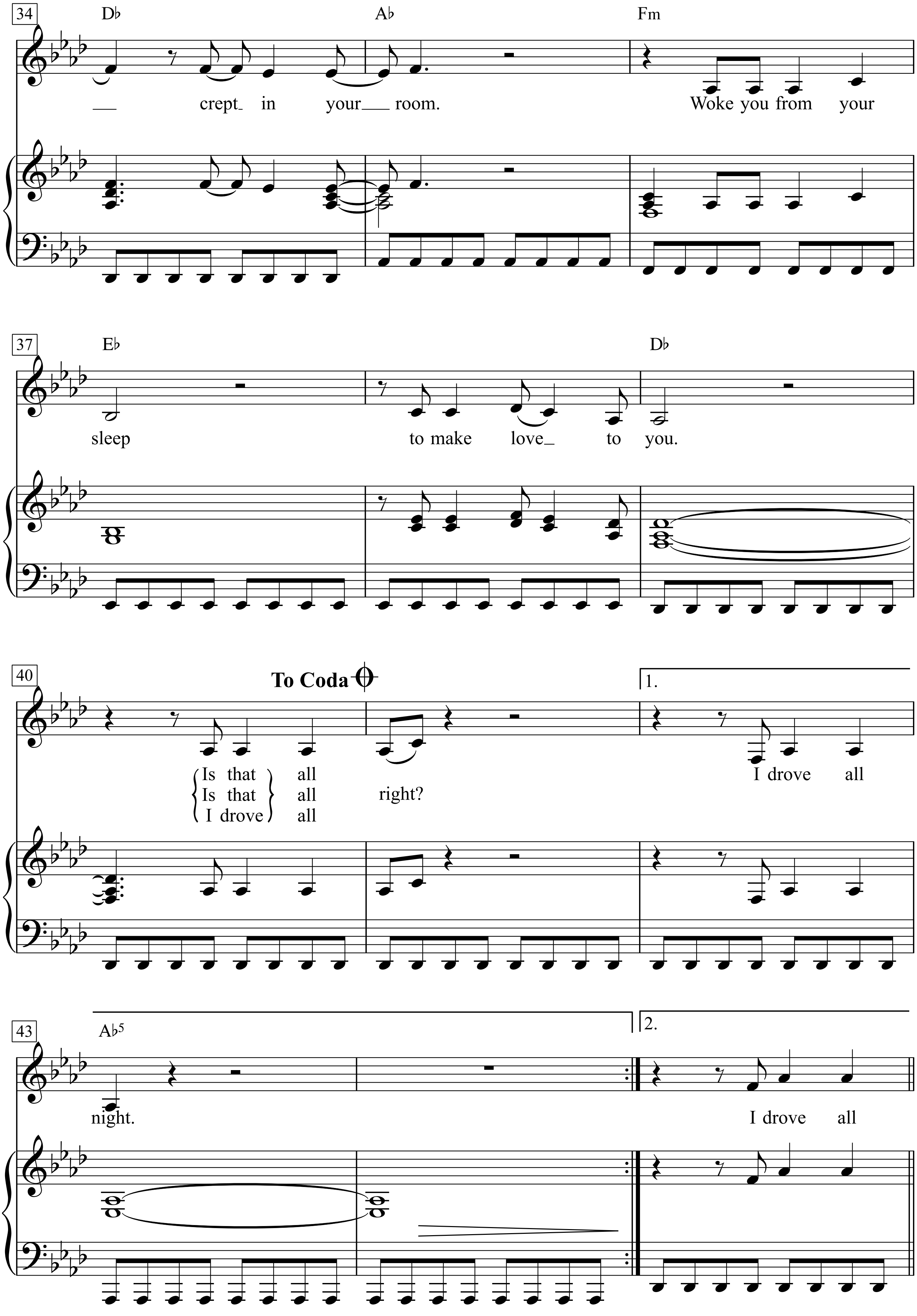
I Drove All Night

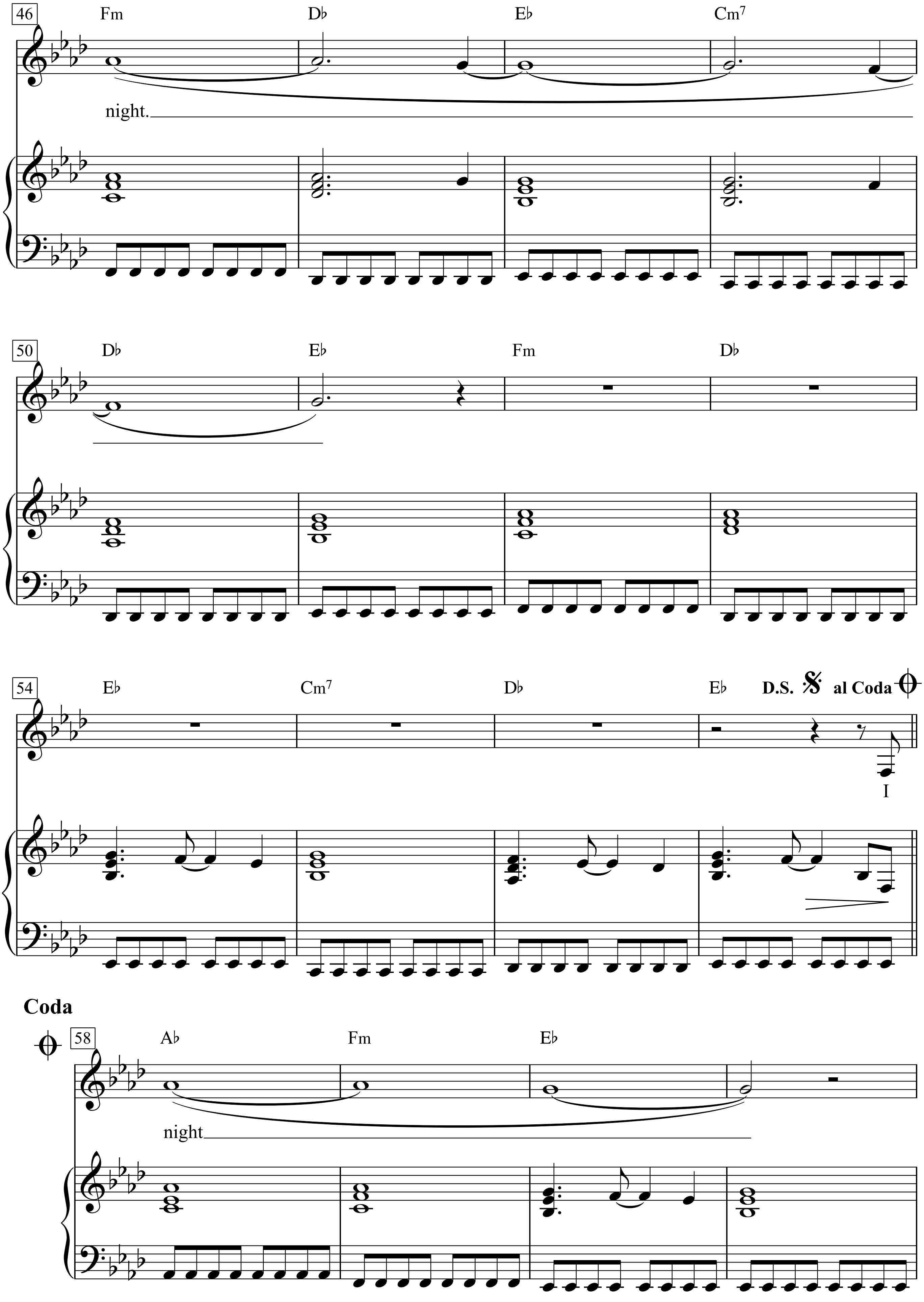
Words & Music by
Billy Steinberg and Tom Kelly
(Cyndi Lauper)

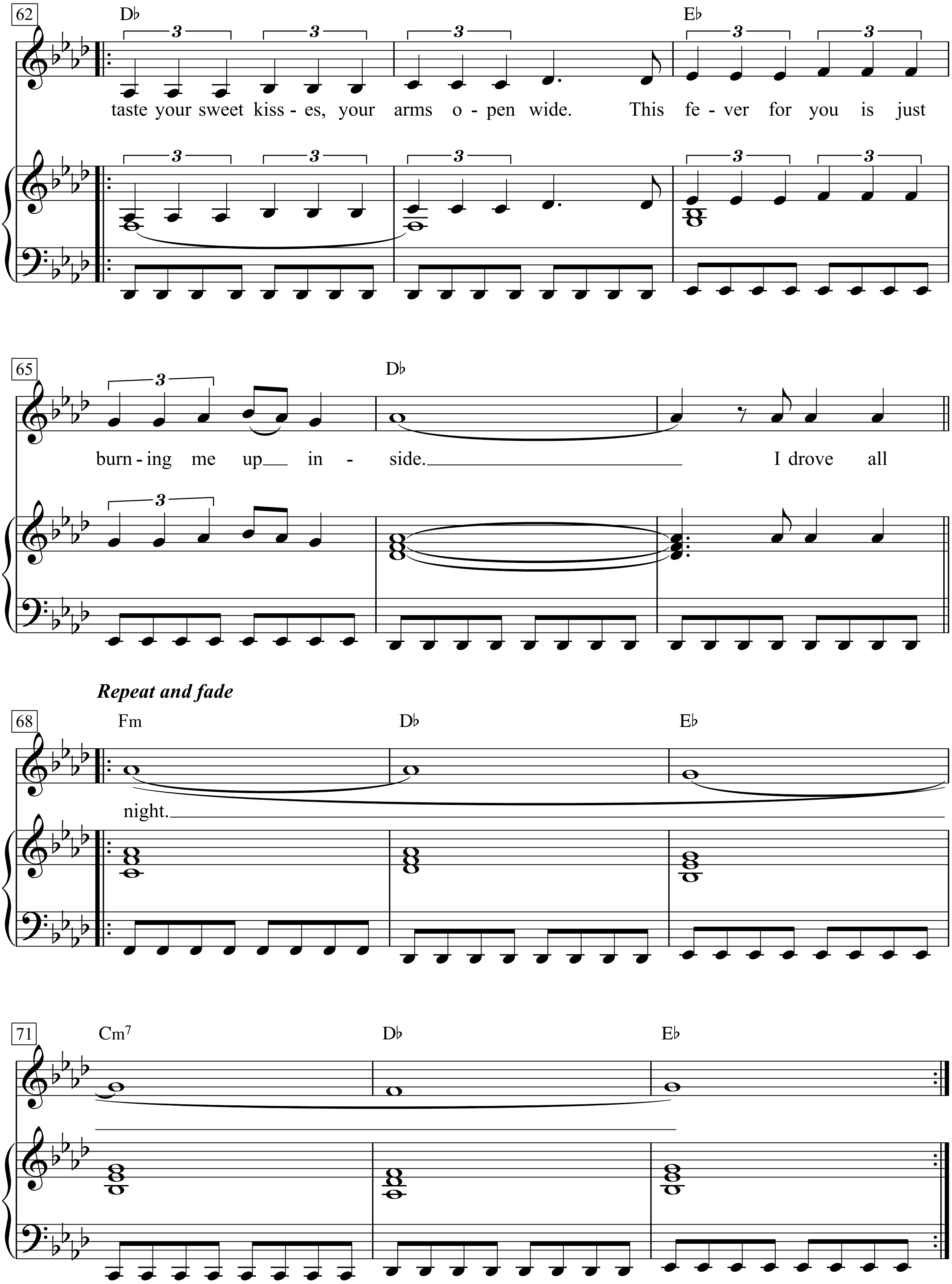



10
E♭
May-be I should have called__ you first,_ but I was
No mat-ter where I go,____ I hear_ the
13
D♭
Fm
A♭
dy-ing to get__ to you.__ I was dream-ing while I drove the
beat-ing__ of__ your heart._ I think a-bout you__ when the
16
D♭
E♭
long straight road_ a-head.__ I could
night is cold_ and dark.__
19
D♭
E♭
taste your sweet kiss-es, your arms o-pen wide. This fe-ver for you is just
No one can move me the way that you do, noth-ing e-ras-es this
taste your sweet kiss-es, your arms o-pen wide. This fe-ver for you is just


22
D♭
burn - ing me up in - side.
feel - ing be - tween me and you.
burn - ing me up in - side.
25
A♭
Cm7
I drove all night
f
28
D♭
A♭
Fm
to get to you,
is that all
31
E♭
Cm7
right?
I drove all night,


34
D♭
A♭
Fm
crept in your room.
Woke you from your
37
E♭
D♭
sleep
to make love to you.
40
To Coda
1.
Is that all
Is that all right?
I drove all
I drove all
43
A♭5
2.
night.
I drove all


46
Fm
D♭
E♭
Cm7
night.
50
D♭
E♭
Fm
D♭
54
E♭
Cm7
D♭
E♭
D.S. al Coda
I
Coda
58
A♭
Fm
E♭
night


62
D♭
E♭
taste your sweet kiss - es, your arms o - pen wide. This fe - ver for you is just
65
D♭
burn - ing me up in - side. I drove all
Repeat and fade
68
Fm
D♭
E♭
night.
71
Cm7
D♭
E♭

1. I had to escape, the city was sticky and cruel.
Maybe I should have called you first,
but I was dying to get to you.
I was dreaming while I drove the long straight road ahead.
I could taste your sweet kisses,
your arms open wide.
This fever for you was just burning me up inside.

I drove all night to get to you, is that all right?
I drove all night, crept in your room.
Woke you from your sleep to make love to you.
Is that all right?

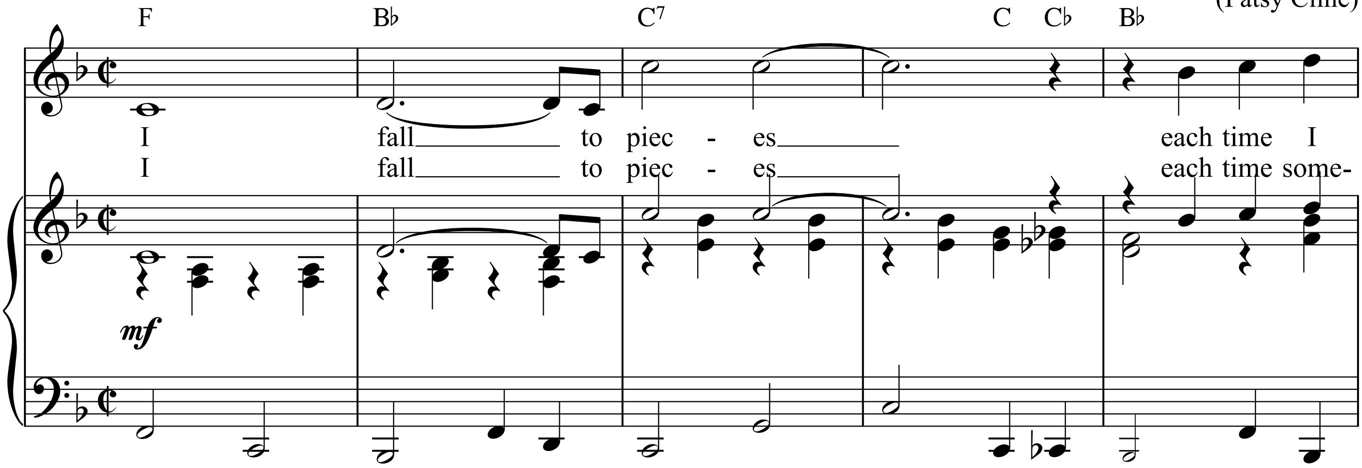
2. What in this world keeps us from tearing apart?
No matter where I go,
I hear the beating of your heart.
I think about you when the night is cold and dark.
No one can move me the way that you do,
nothing erases this feeling between me and you.
I drove all night to get to you, is that all right?
I drove all night, crept in your room.
Woke you from your sleep to make love to you.
Is that all right?

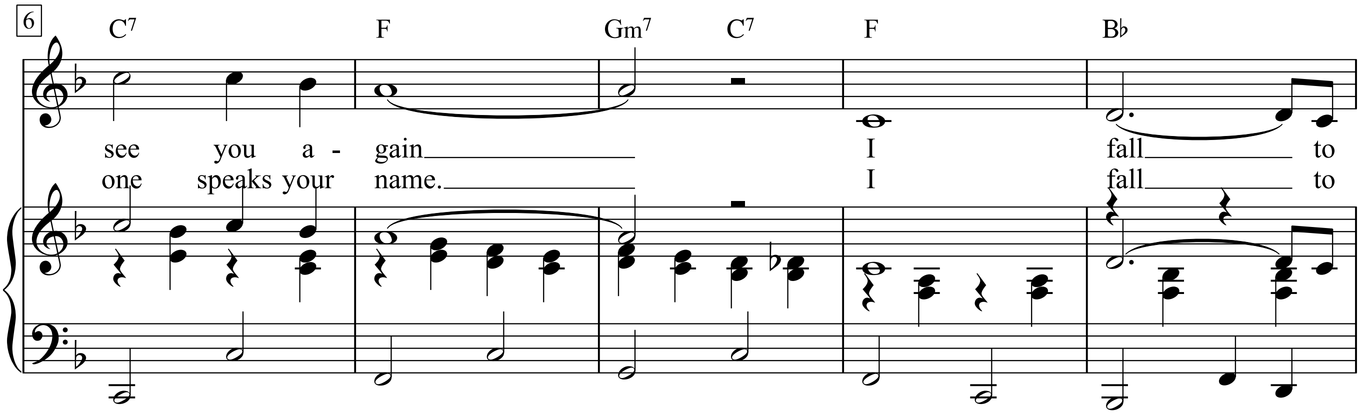
3. I taste your sweet kisses, your arms open wide.
This fever for you is just burning me up inside.
I drove all night to get to you, is that all right?
I drove all night, crept in your room.
Woke you from your sleep to make love to you.
I drove all night.

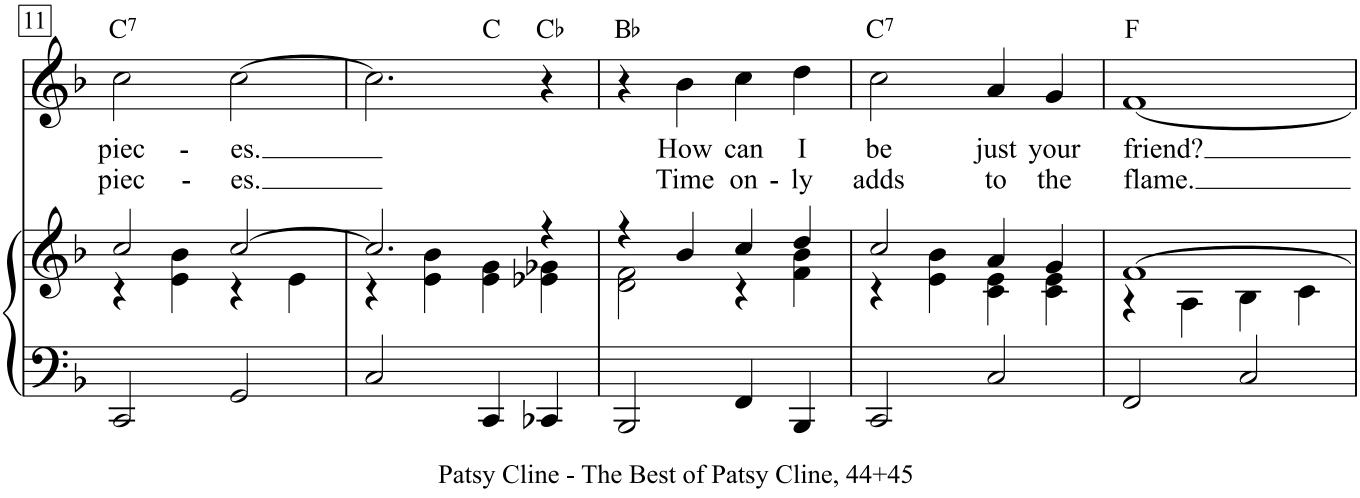
I Fall to Pieces

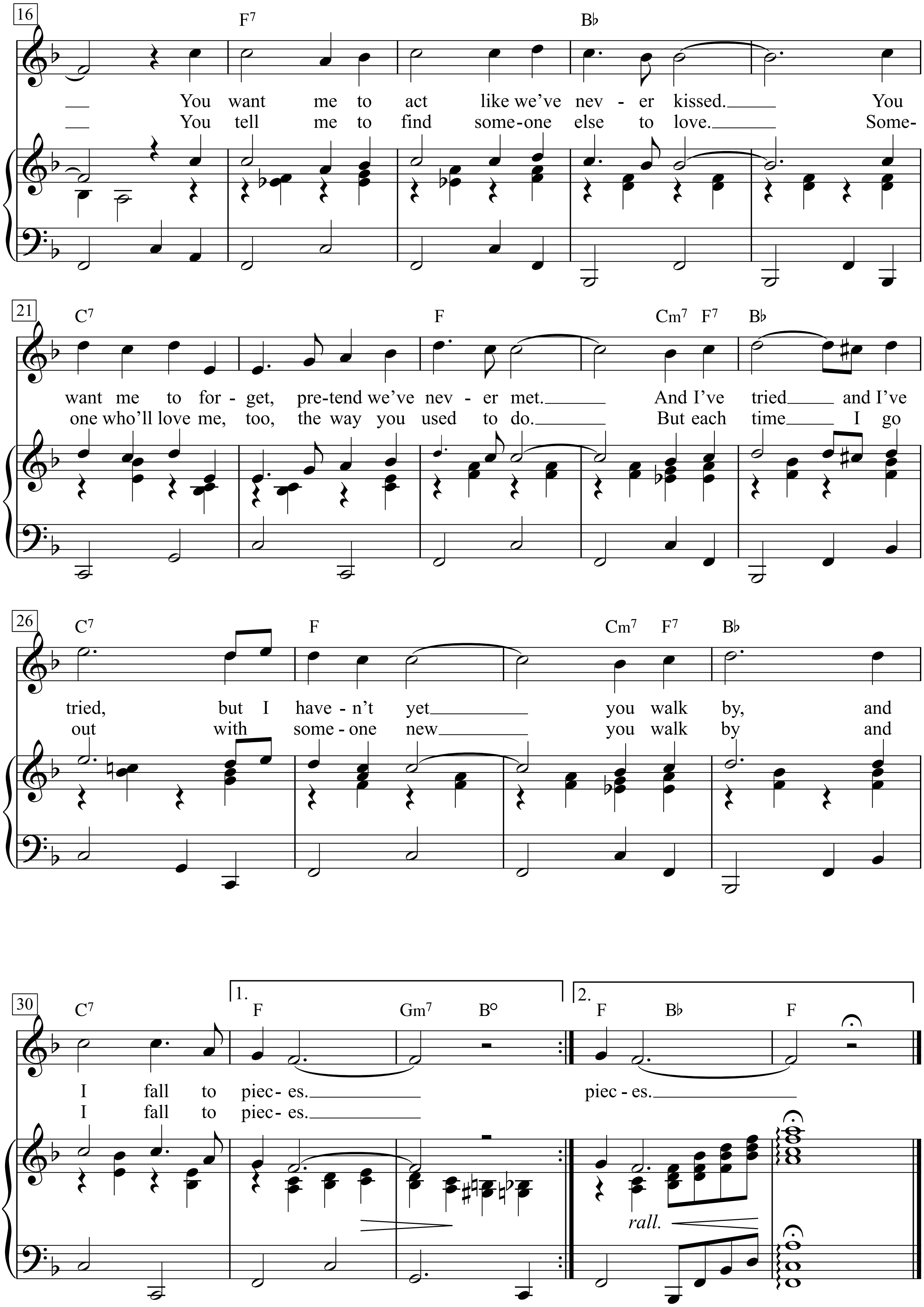
Words & Music by
Hank Collins and Harland Howard
(Patsy Cline)

Moderate Country 2








16
F7
B♭
— You want me to act like we've nev - er kissed.— You
— You tell me to find some-one else to love.— Some-
21
C7
F
Cm7 F7
B♭
want me to for-get, pre-tend we've nev - er met.— And I've tried— and I've
one who'll love me, too, the way you used to do.— But each time— I go
26
C7
F
Cm7 F7
B♭
tried, but I have - n't yet— you walk by, and
out with some - one new— you walk by and
30
C7
1.
F
Gm7
B°
2.
F
B♭
F
I fall to piec- es.—
I fall to piec- es.—
piec - es.—
rall.

I fall to pieces
each time I see you again
I fall to pieces.

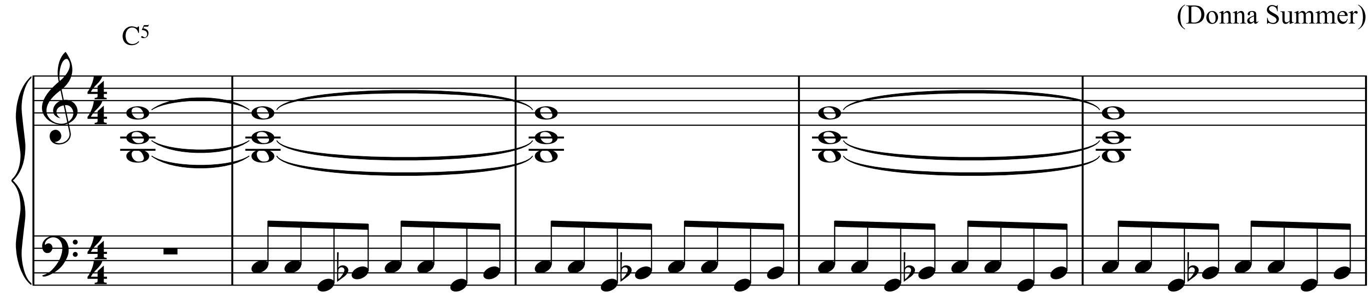
How can I be just your friend?
You want me to act like we've never kissed.
You want me to forget, pretend we've never met.
And I've tried and I've tried, but I haven't yet
you walk by, and I fall to pieces.

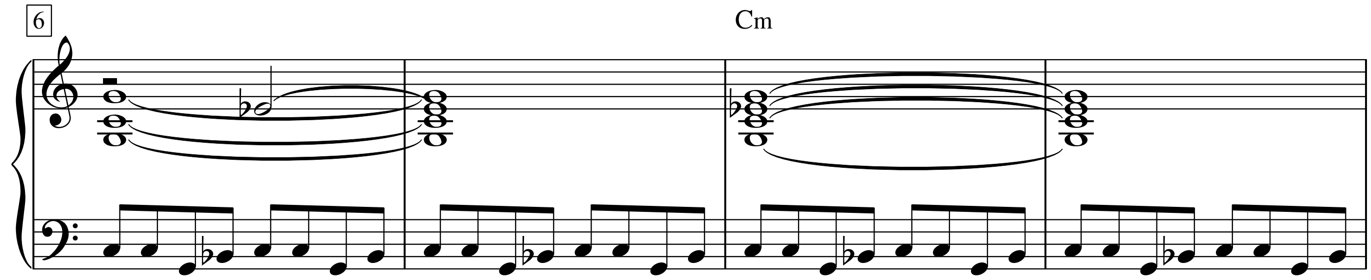
I fall to pieces
each time someone speaks your name.
I fall to pieces.
Time only adds to the flame.

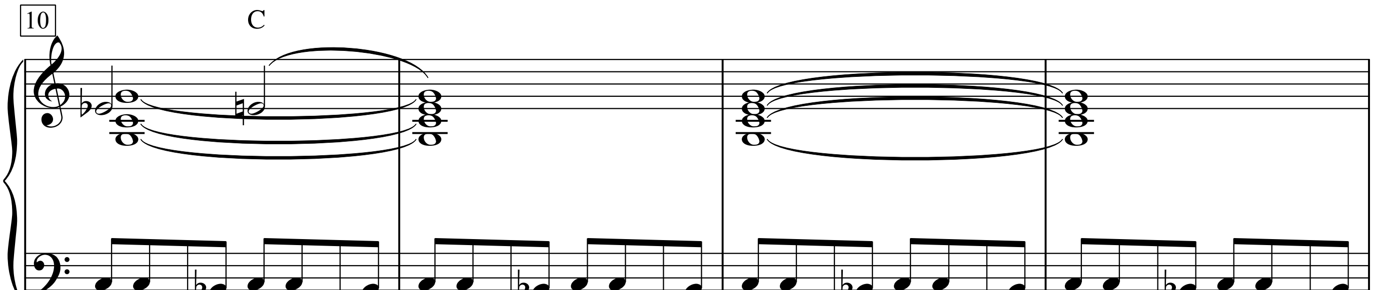
You tell me to find someone else to love.
Someone who'll love me, too, the way you used to do.
But each time I go out with someone new
you walk by and I fall to pieces.

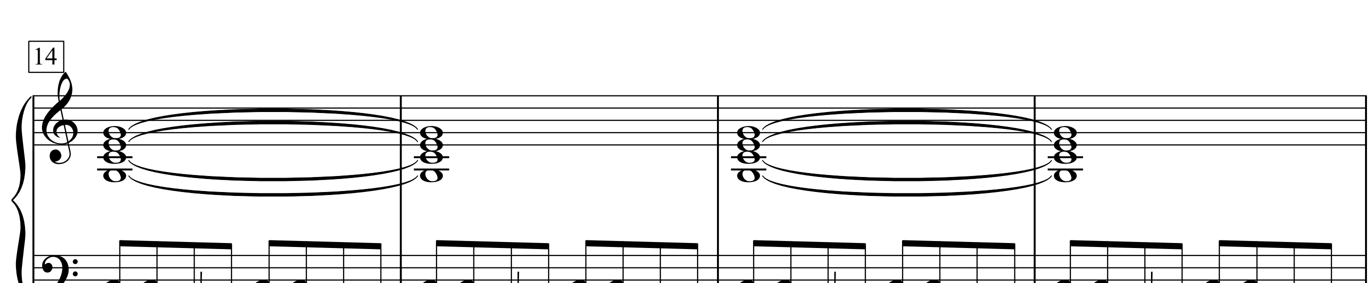
I Feel Love

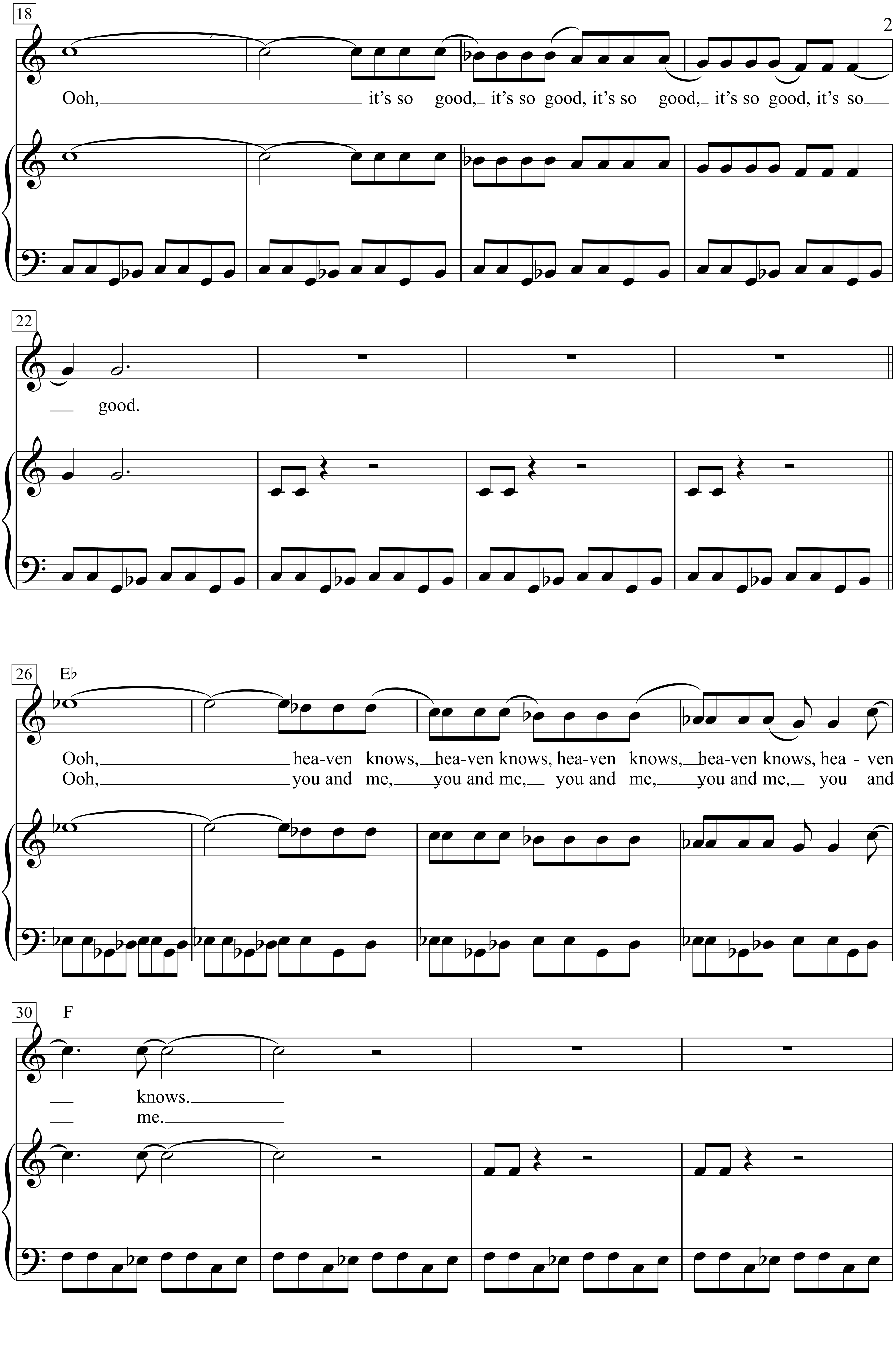
Words & Music by
Giorgio Moroder, Pete Bellott and Donna Summer
(Donna Summer)

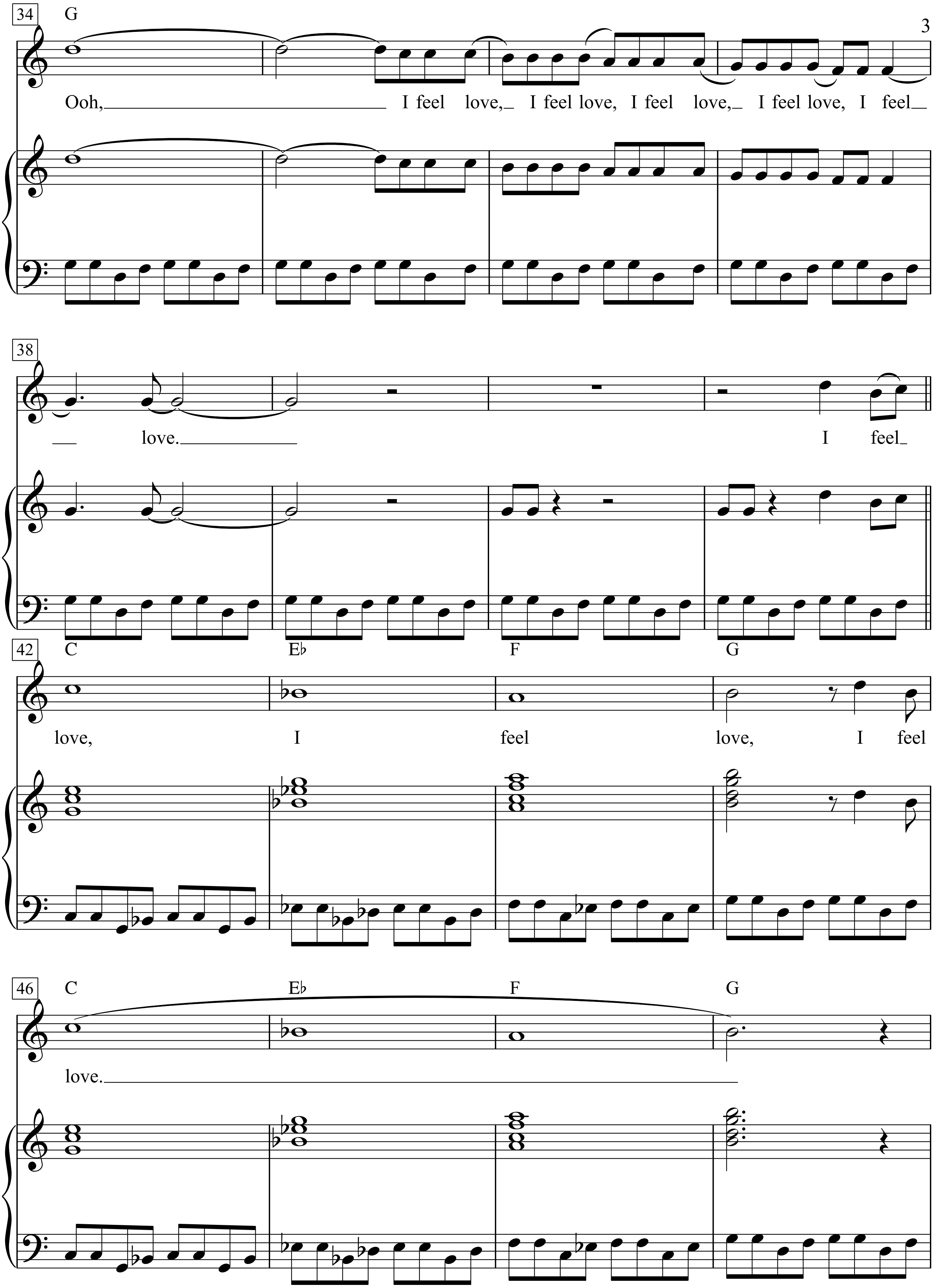


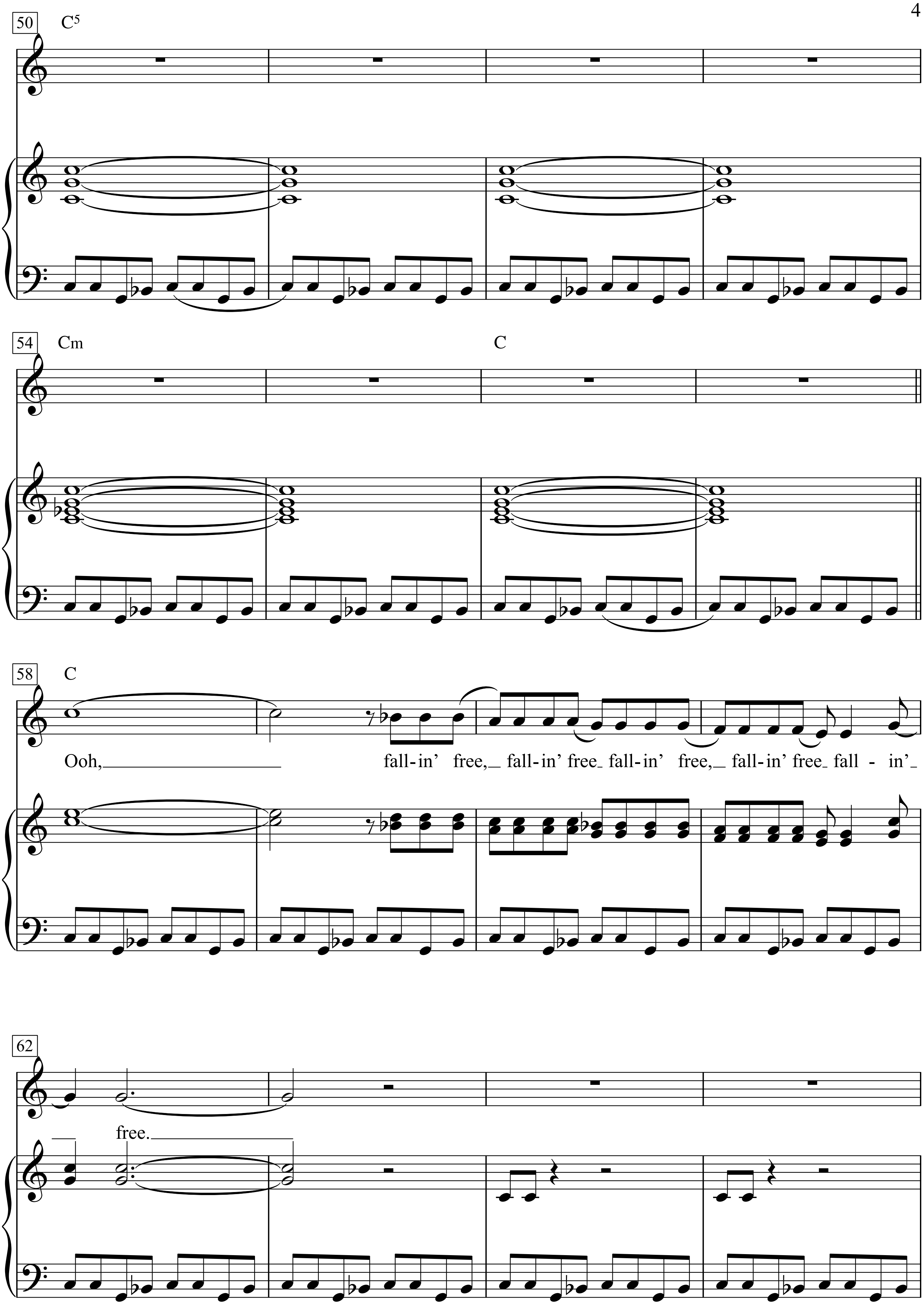


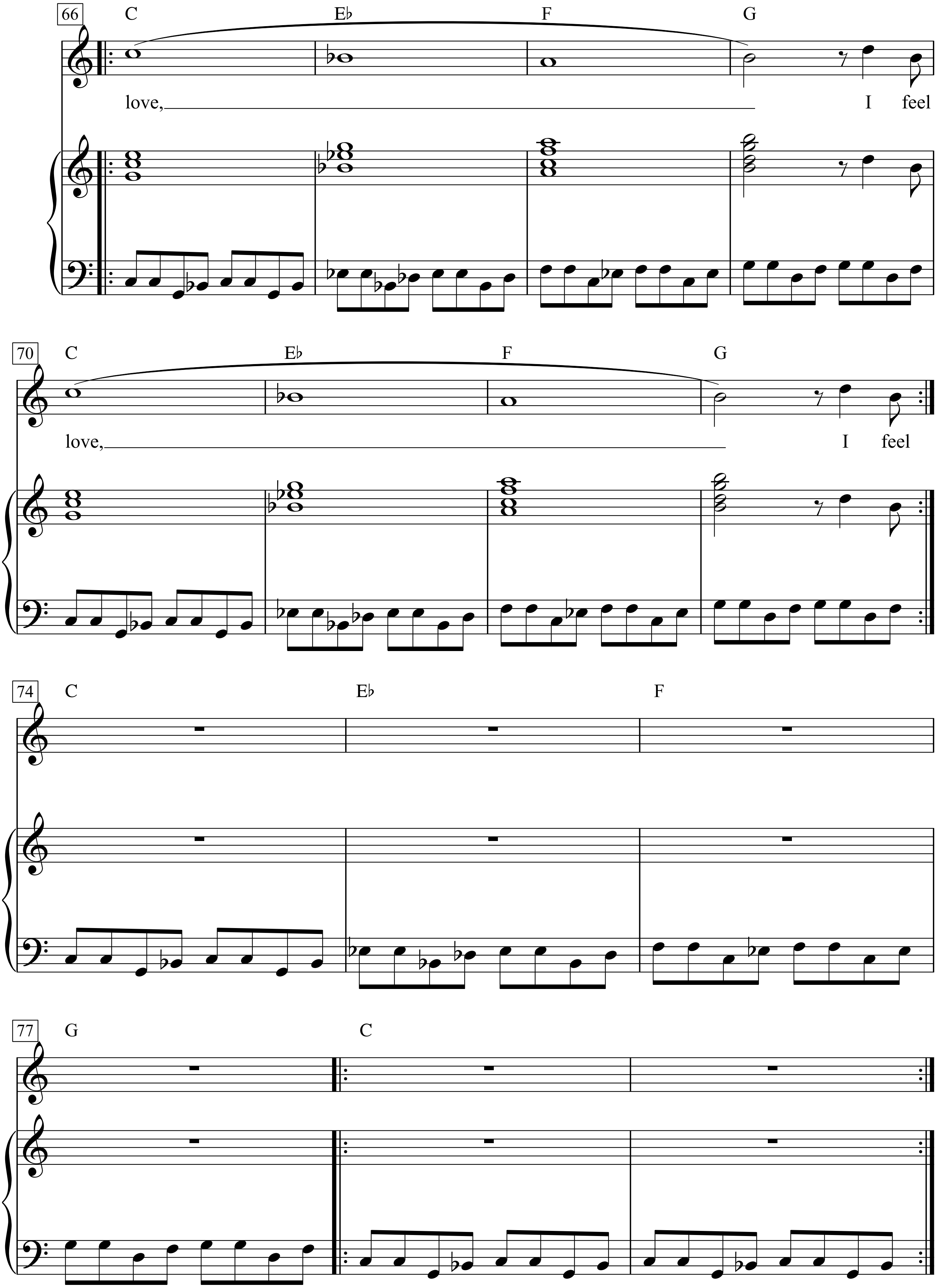





18
Ooh, it's so good, it's so good, it's so good, it's so good, it's so good.
22
26
E♭
Ooh, hea-ven knows, hea-ven knows, hea-ven knows, hea-ven knows, hea - ven knows.
Ooh, you and me, you and me, you and me, you and me, you and me.
30
F


34
G
Ooh, I feel love, I feel love, I feel love, I feel love, I feel
38
love.
I feel
42
C
E♭
F
G
love, I feel love, I feel
46
C
E♭
F
G
love.

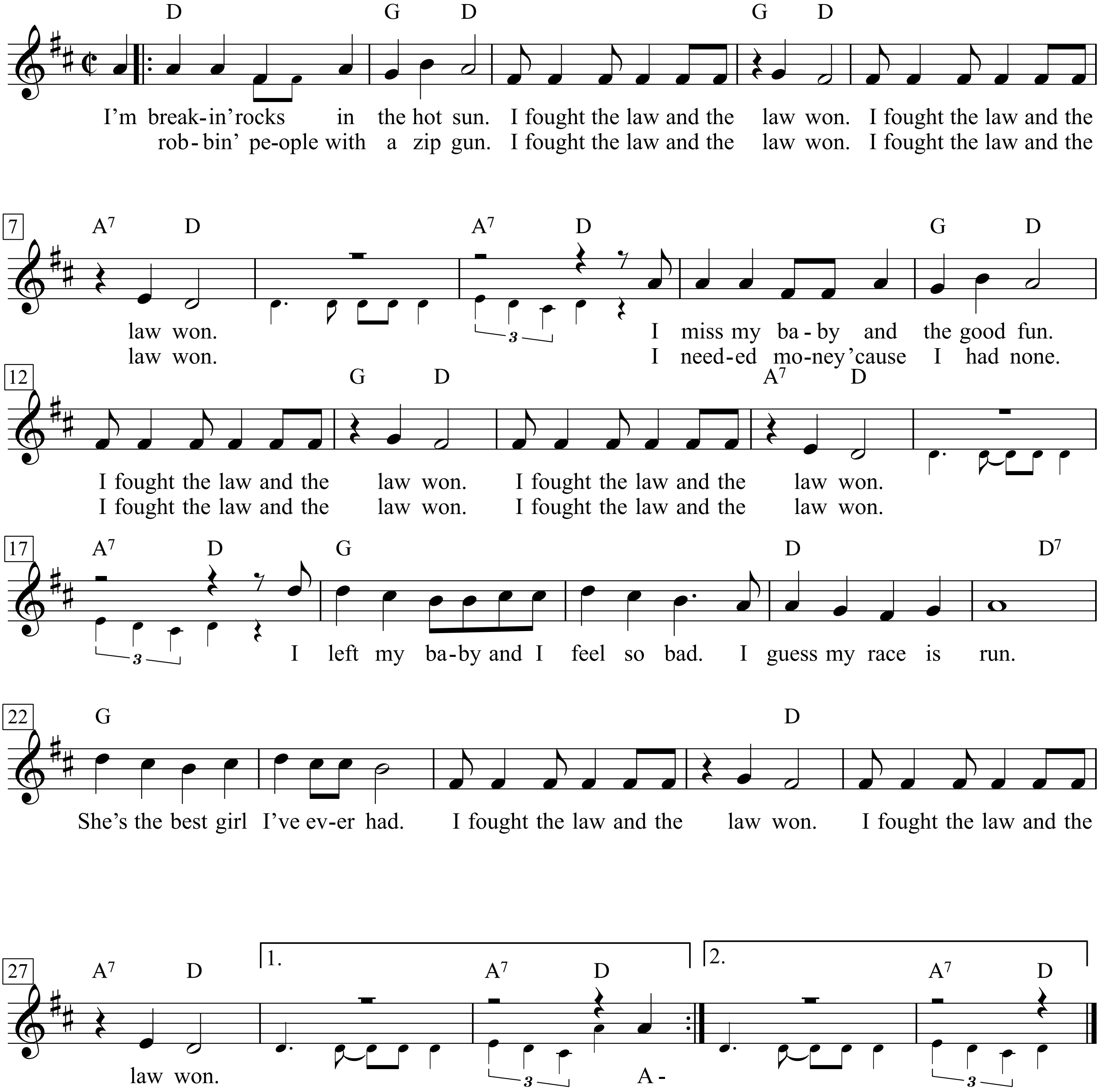

50
C5
54
Cm
C
58
C
Ooh,
fall-in' free, fall-in' free fall-in' free, fall-in' free fall - in'
62
free.


66
C
E♭
F
G
love,
I feel
70
C
E♭
F
G
love,
I feel
74
C
E♭
F
77
G
C

I Fought The Law

Words & Music by Sonny Curtis
(The Bobby Fuller Four)

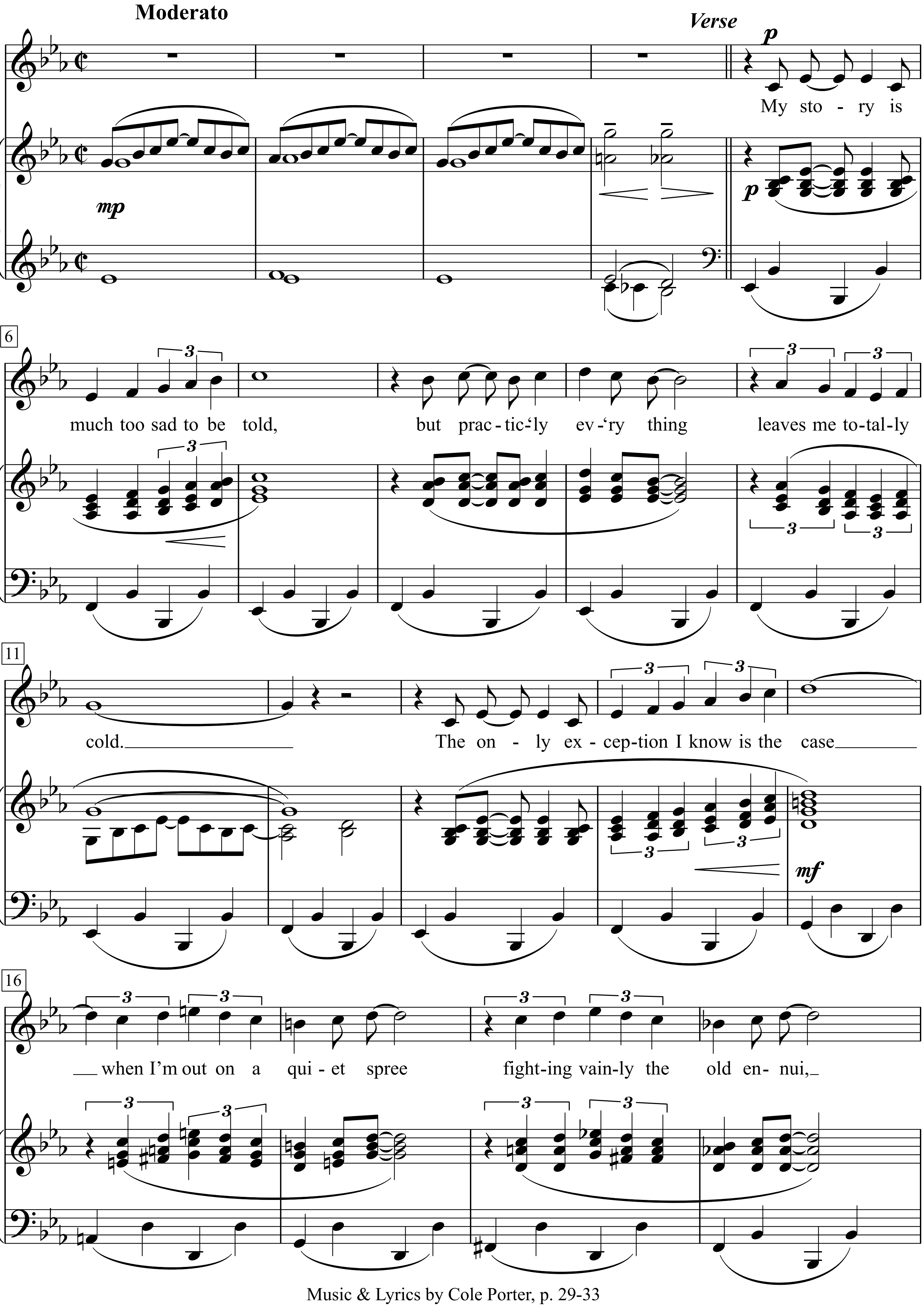
Moderate Rock beat

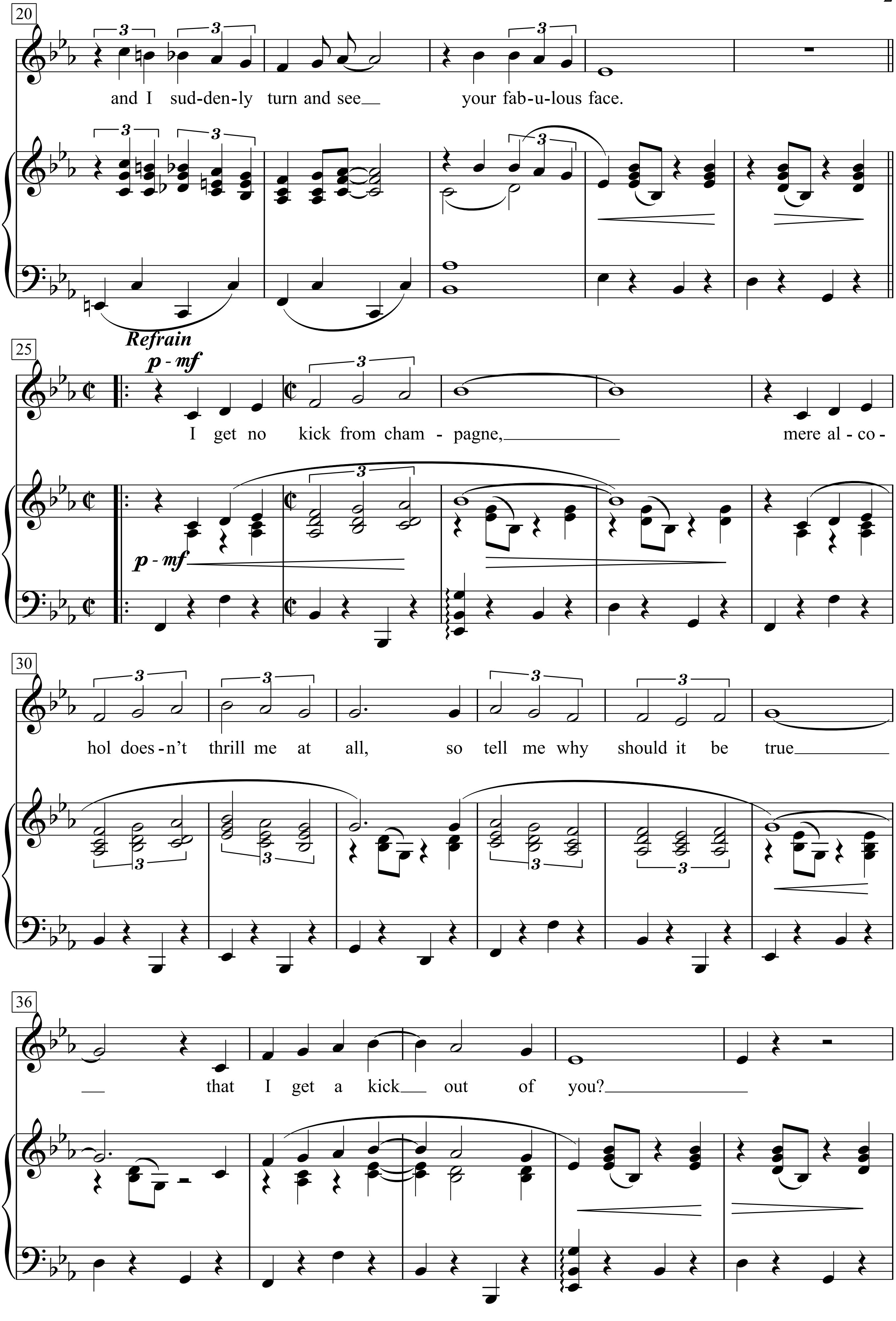


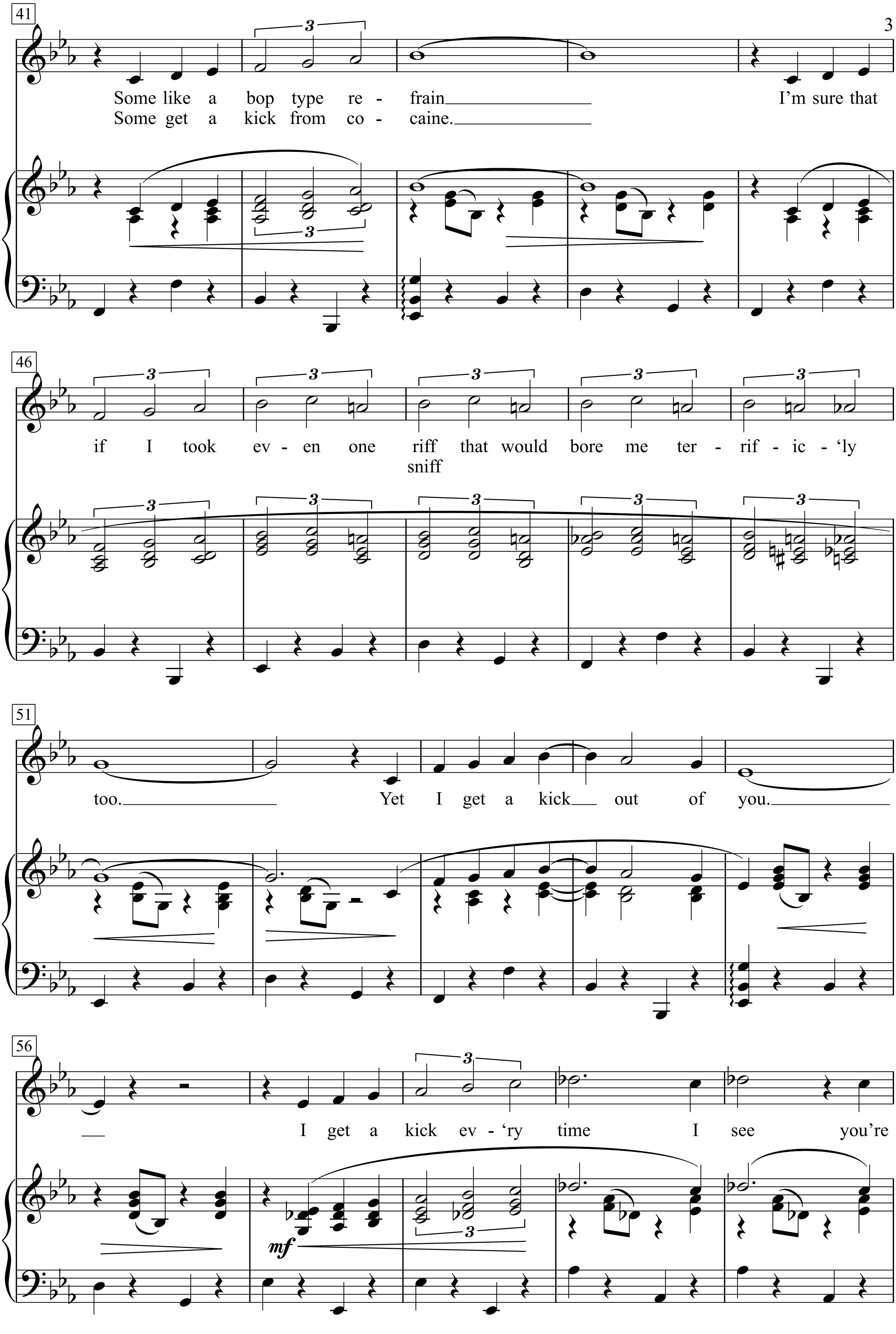
I Get a Kick Out of You

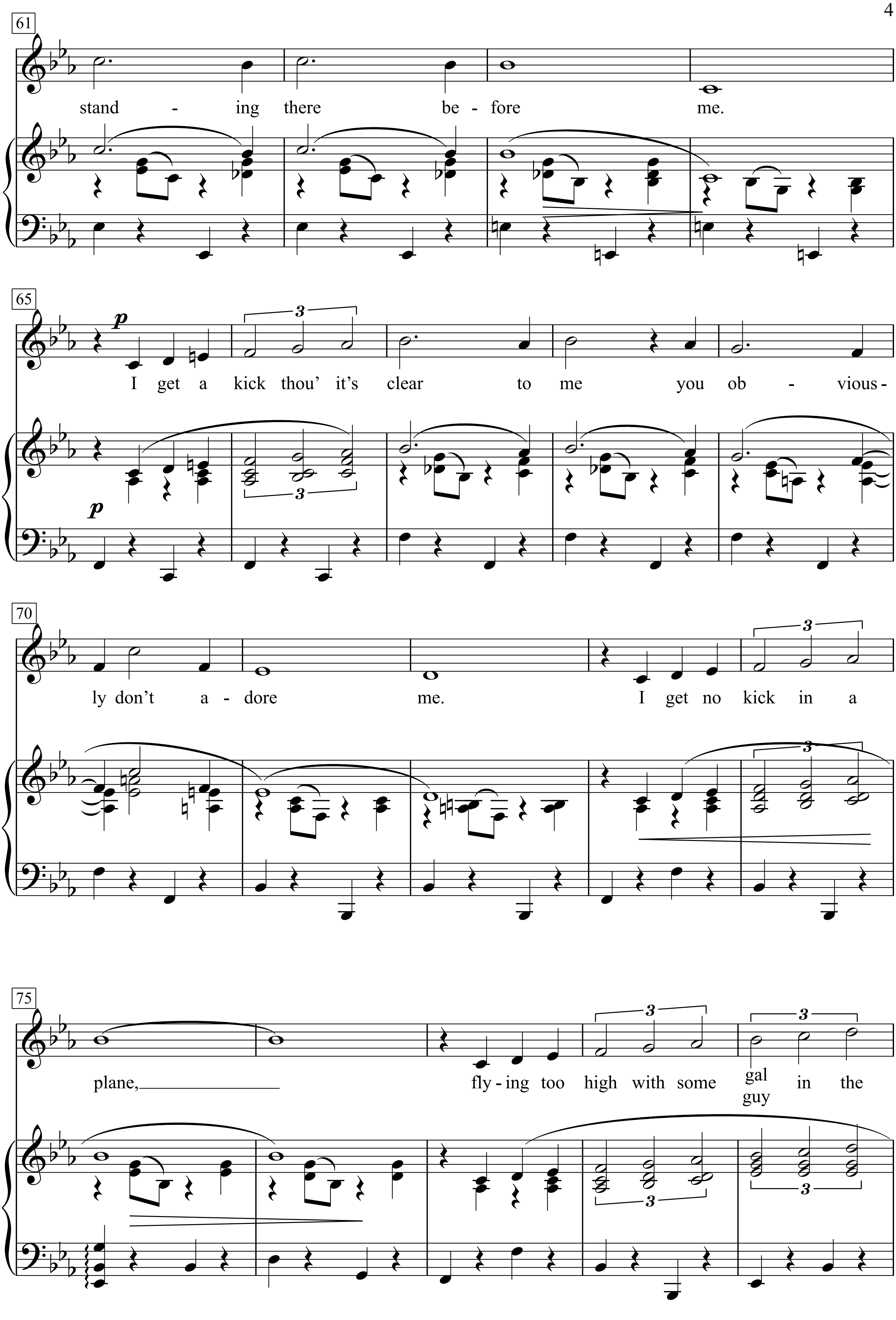
(*from* 'Anythintg Goes')

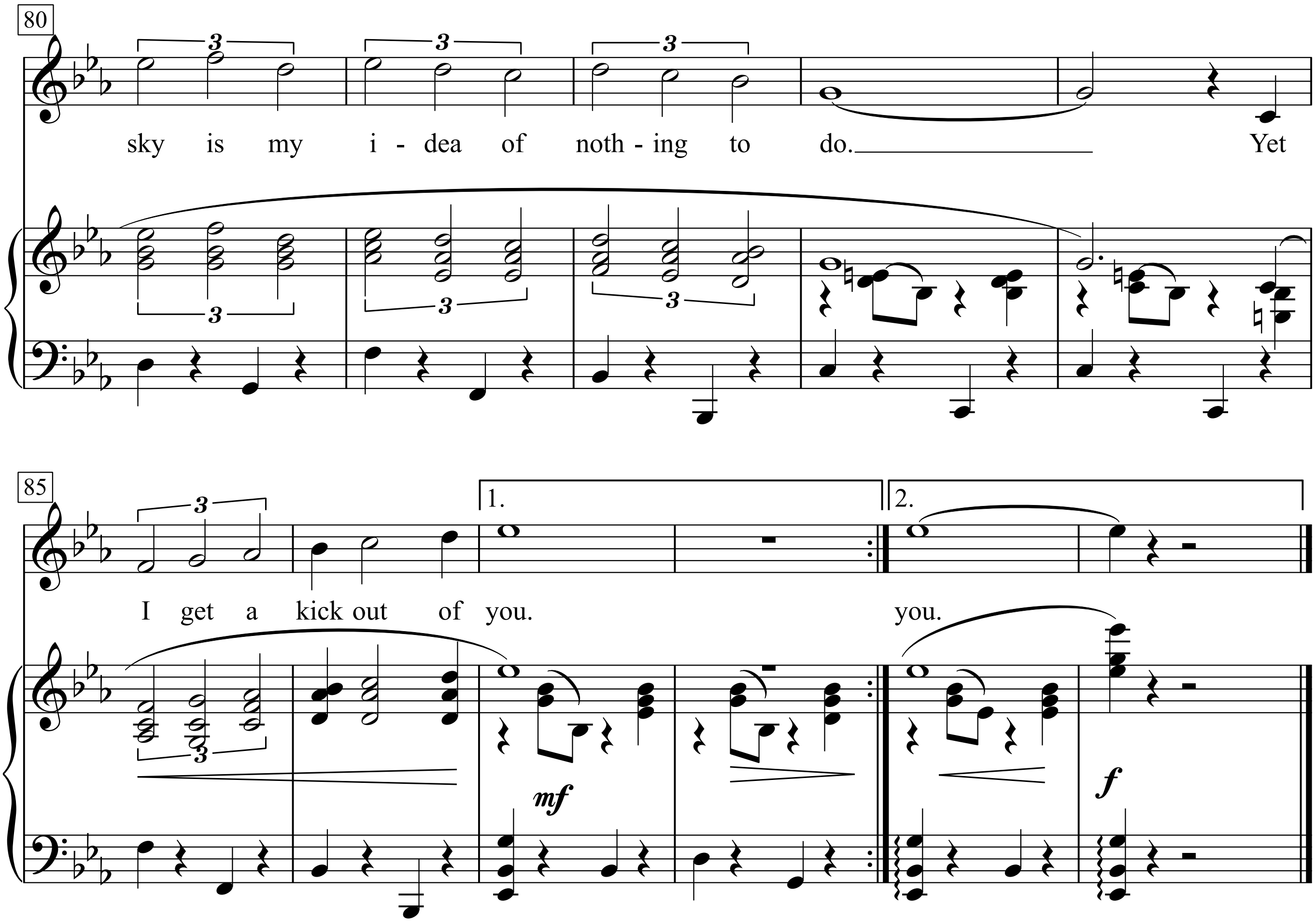
Words & Music by Cole Porter (1934)




20
and I sud-den-ly turn and see your fab-u-lous face.
Refrain
p - mf
25
I get no kick from cham - pagne, mere al - co -
p - mf
30
hol does-n't thrill me at all, so tell me why should it be true
36
that I get a kick out of you?


41
Some like a bop type re - frain I'm sure that
Some get a kick from co - caine.
46
if I took ev - en one riff that would bore me ter - rif - ic - 'ly
sniff
51
too. Yet I get a kick out of you.
56
I get a kick ev - 'ry time I see you're
mf


61
stand - ing there be - fore me.
65
p
I get a kick thou' it's clear to me you ob - vious -
p
70
ly don't a - dore me. I get no kick in a
75
plane, fly - ing too high with some gal in the
guy
3


80
sky is my i - dea of noth - ing to do. Yet
85
I get a kick out of you.
1.
2.
you.
mf
f

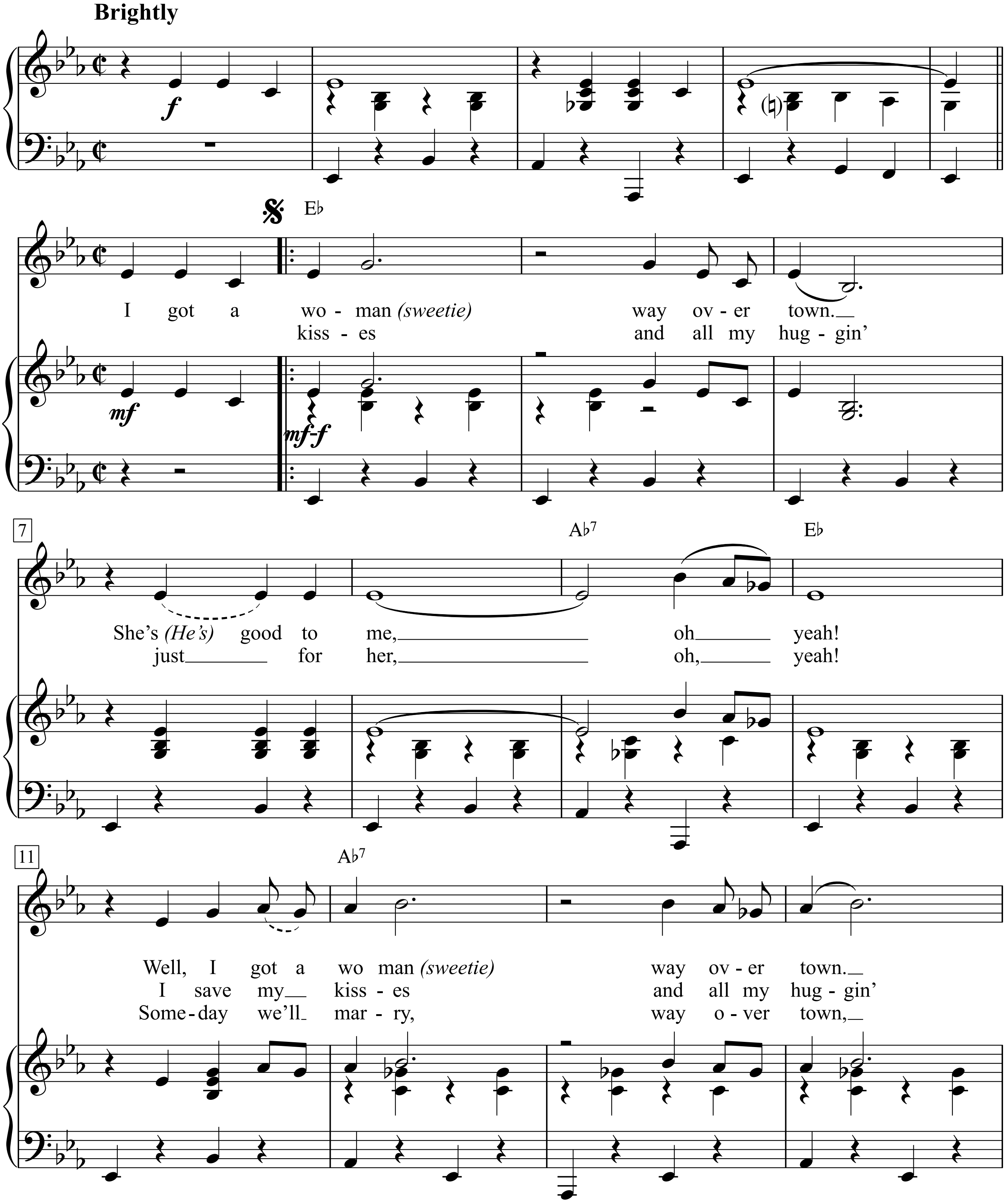
My story is much too sad to be told,
but practic'ly ev'ry thing leaves me totally cold.
The only exception I know is the case
when I'm out on a quiet spree
fighting vainly the old ennui,
and I suddenly turn and see your fabulous face.

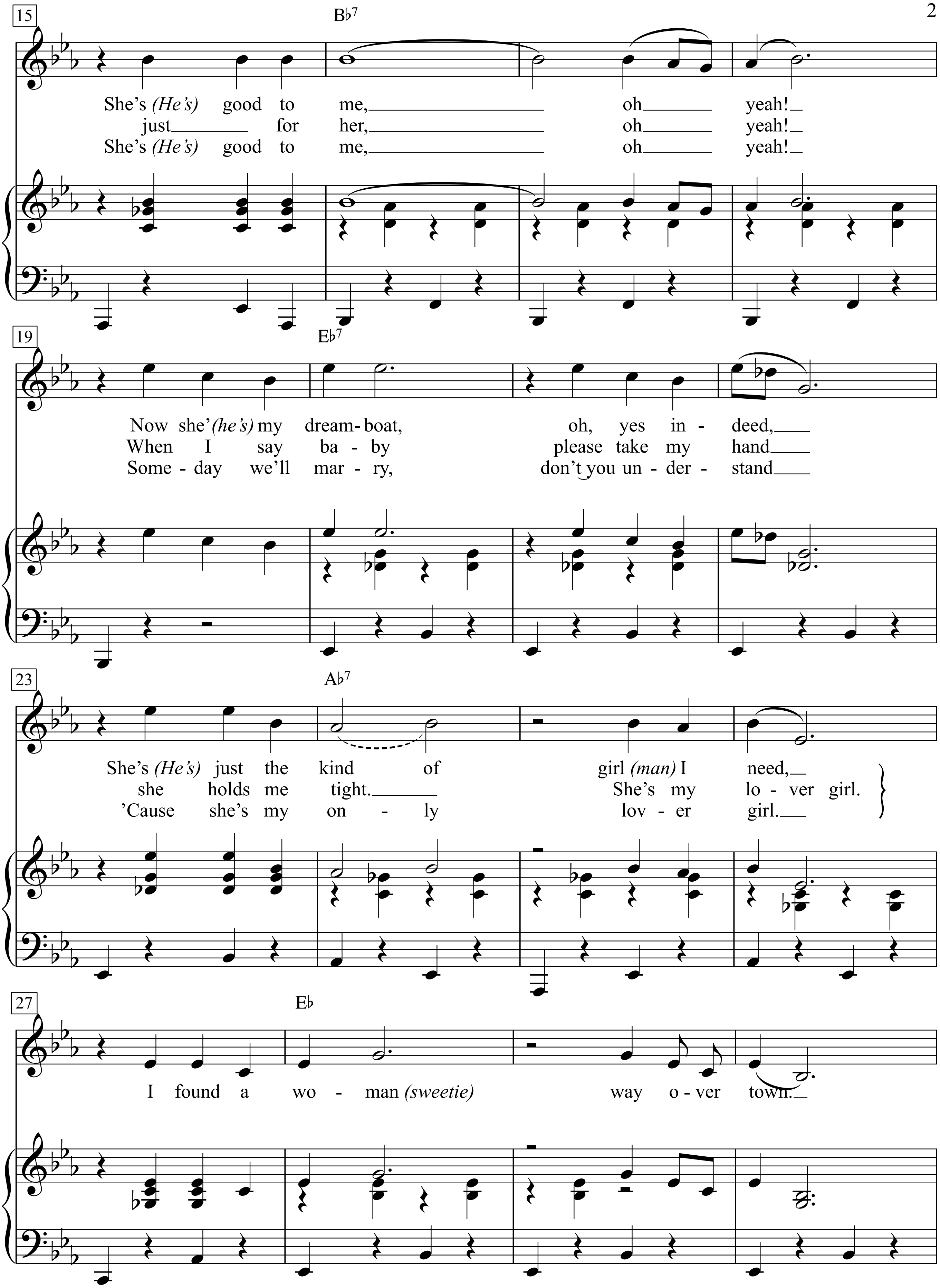
Refrain:
I get no kick from champagne,
mere alcohol doesn't thrill me at all,
so tell me why should it be true
that I get a kick out of you?
Some like a bop type refrain
I'm sure that if I took even one riff
that would bore me terrific'ly too.
Yet I get a kick out of you.
I get a kick ev'ry time I see
you're standing there before me.
I get a kick thou' it's clear to me
you obviously don't adore me.
I get no kick in a plane,
flying too high with some gal (guy) in the sky
is my idea of nothing to do.
Yet I get a kick out of you.

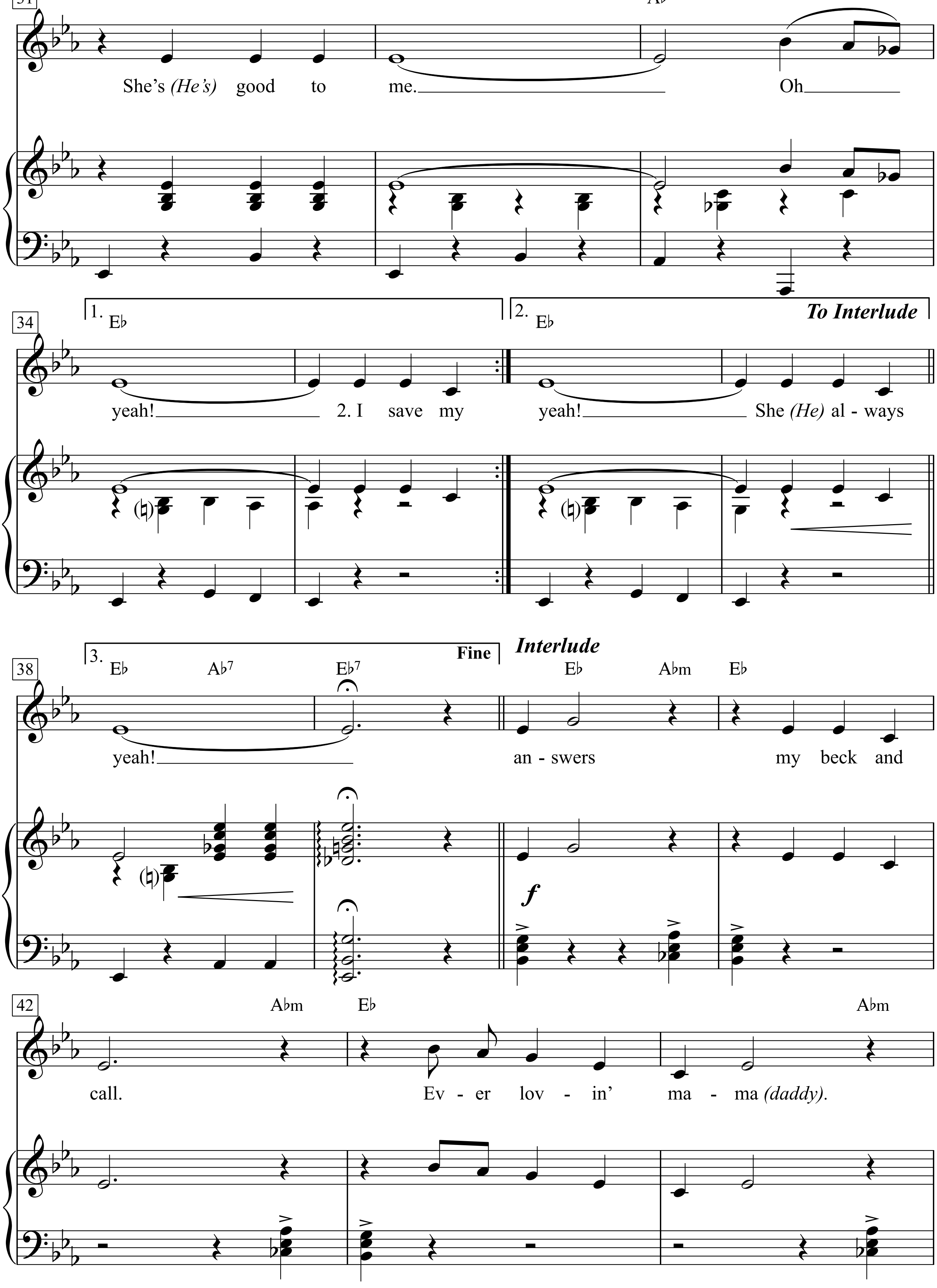
Some get a kick from cocaine.
sniff

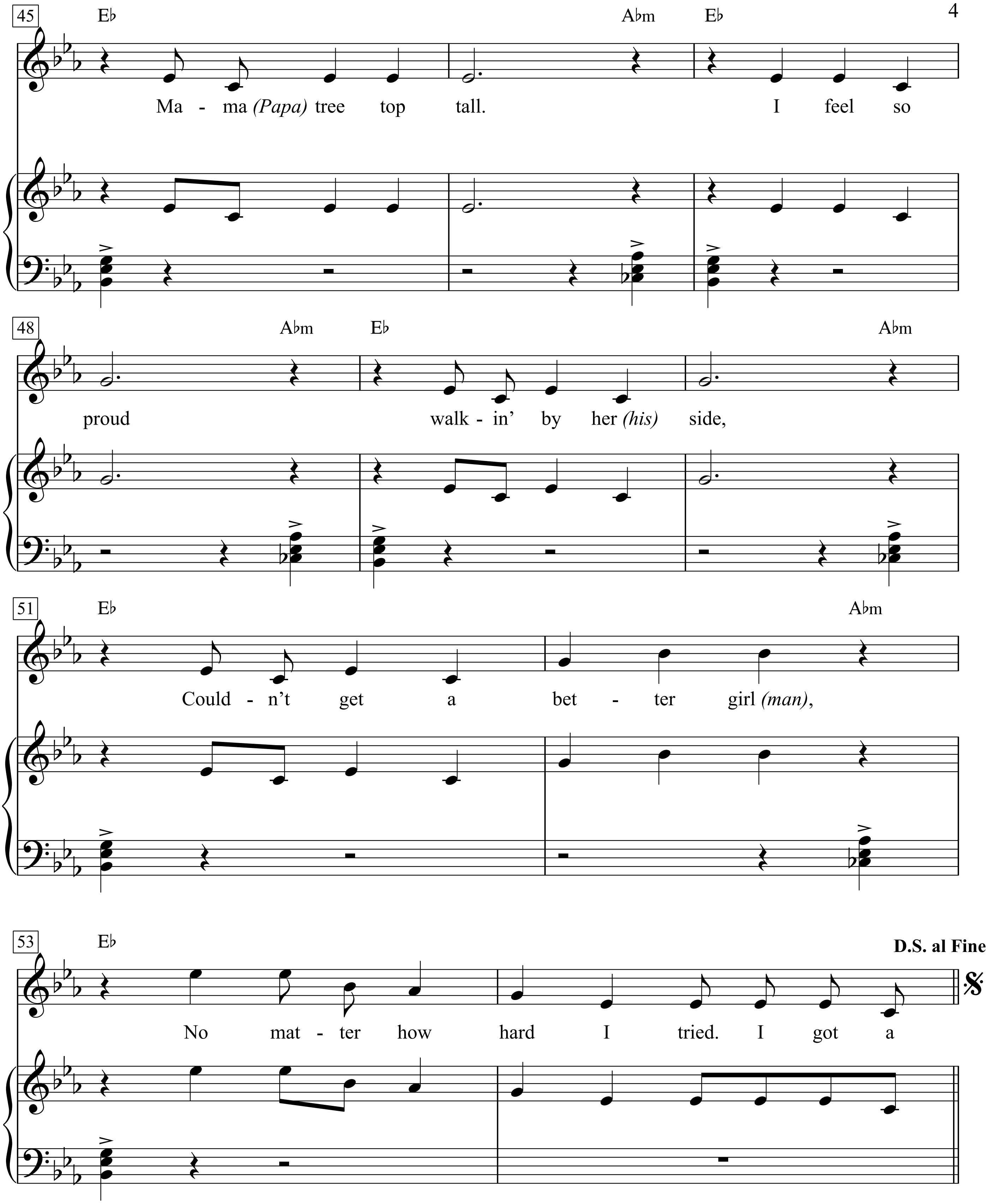
I Got A Woman

Words & Music by Ray Charles
(Ray Charles)




15
B♭7
She's (He's) good to me, oh yeah!
just for her, oh yeah!
She's (He's) good to me, oh yeah!
19
E♭7
Now she'(he's) my dream-boat, oh, yes in-deed,
When I say ba-by please take my hand
Some-day we'll mar-ry, don't you un-der-stand
23
A♭7
She's (He's) just the kind of girl (man) I need,
she holds me tight. She's my lo-ver girl.
'Cause she's my on-ly lov-er girl.
27
E♭
I found a wo-man (sweetie) way o-ver town.


31
A♭7
She's (He's) good to me.
Oh
34
1. E♭
2. E♭
To Interlude
yeah! 2. I save my
yeah! She (He) al - ways
38
3. E♭ A♭7 E♭7
Fine
Interlude
E♭ A♭m E♭
yeah!
an - swers my beck and
f
42
A♭m E♭ A♭m
call. Ev - er lov - in' ma - ma (daddy).


45
E♭
A♭m
E♭
Ma - ma (Papa) tree top tall.
I feel so
48
A♭m
E♭
A♭m
proud
walk - in' by her (his) side,
51
E♭
A♭m
Could - n't get a
bet - ter girl (man),
53
E♭
D.S. al Fine
No mat - ter how
hard I tried. I got a

I got a woman *(sweetie)* way over town.
She's *(He's)* good to me, oh yeah!
Well, I got a woman *(sweetie)* way over town.
She's *(He's)* good to me, oh yeah!
Now she's *(he's)* my dreamboat, oh, yes indeed,
She's *(He's)* just the kind of girl I need,
I found a woman *(sweetie)* way over town.
She's *(He's)* good to me.
Oh yeah!

I save my
yeah! She *(He)* always
yeah!
answers my beck and call.
Ever lovin' mama *(daddy)*. Mama *(Papa)* tree top tall.
I feel so proud walkin' by her *(his)* side,
Couldn't get a better girl *(man)*.
No matter how hard I tried.
I got a

2. kisses and all my huggin' just for her, oh, yeah!
I save my kisses and all my huggin' just for her, oh yeah!
When I say baby please take my hand she holds me tight.
She's my lover girl.

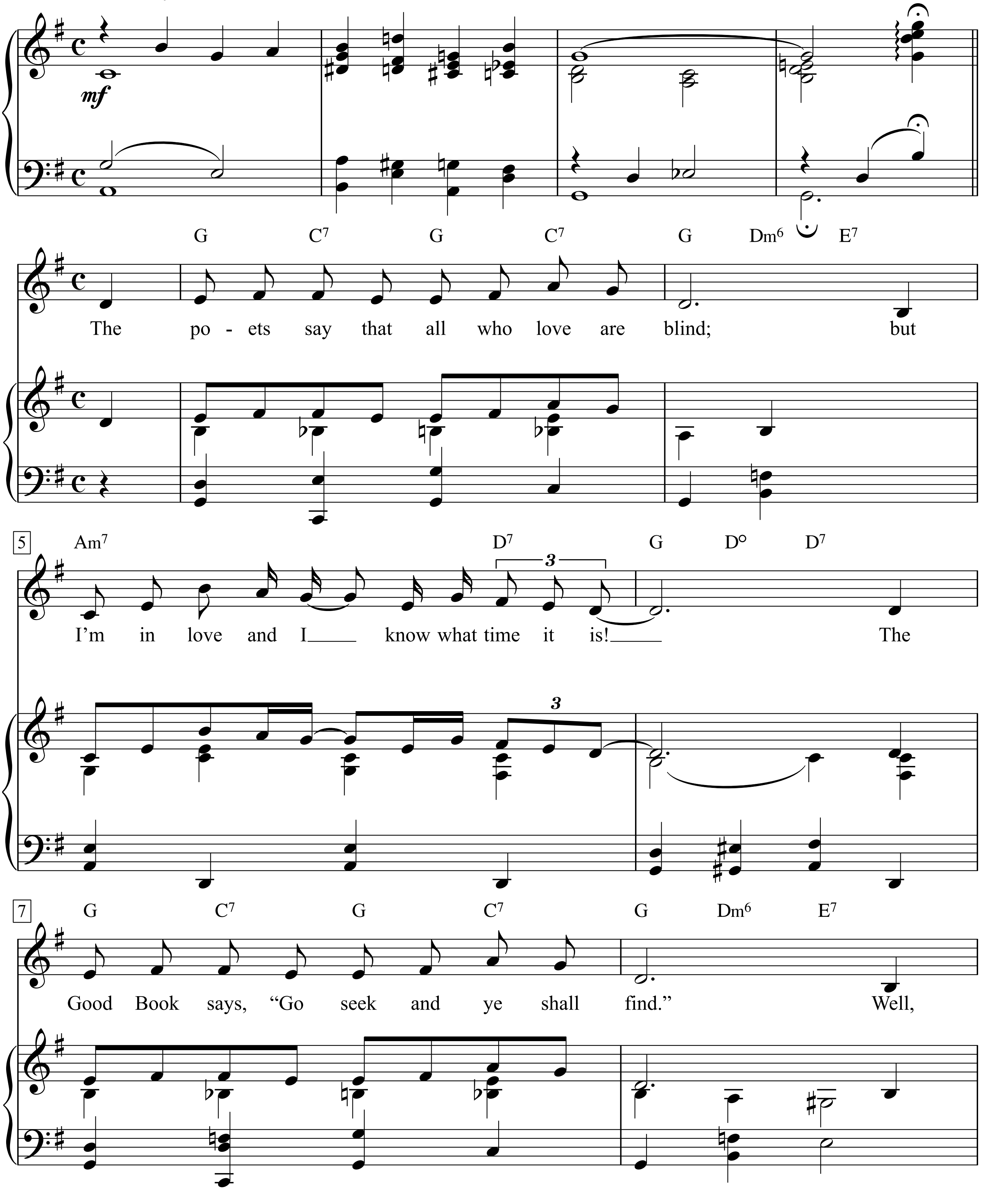
3. Someday we'll marry, way over town,
She's good to me, oh yeah!
Someday we'll marry, don'tyou understand
'Cause she's my only lover girl.

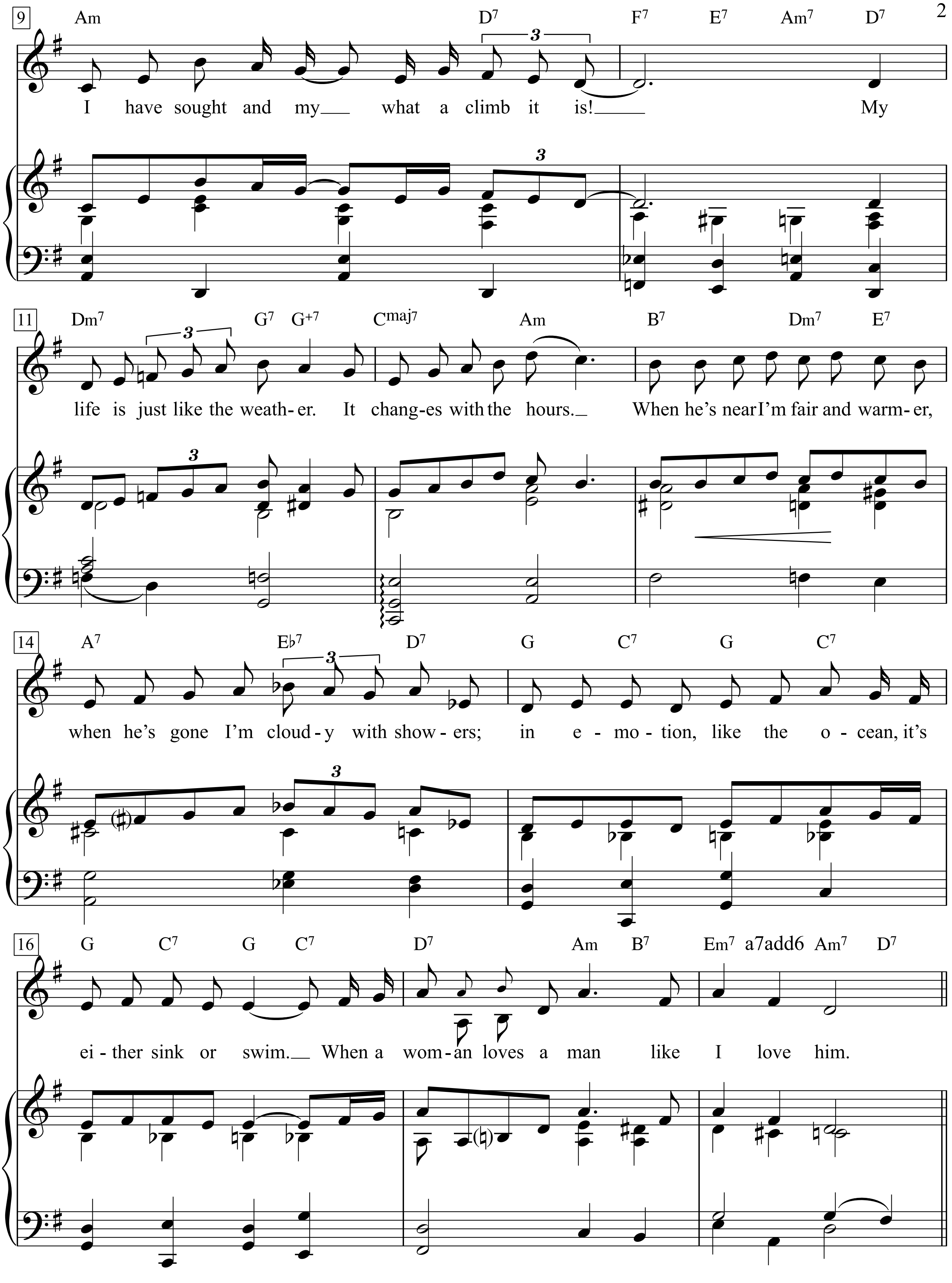
I Got It Bad And That Ain't Good

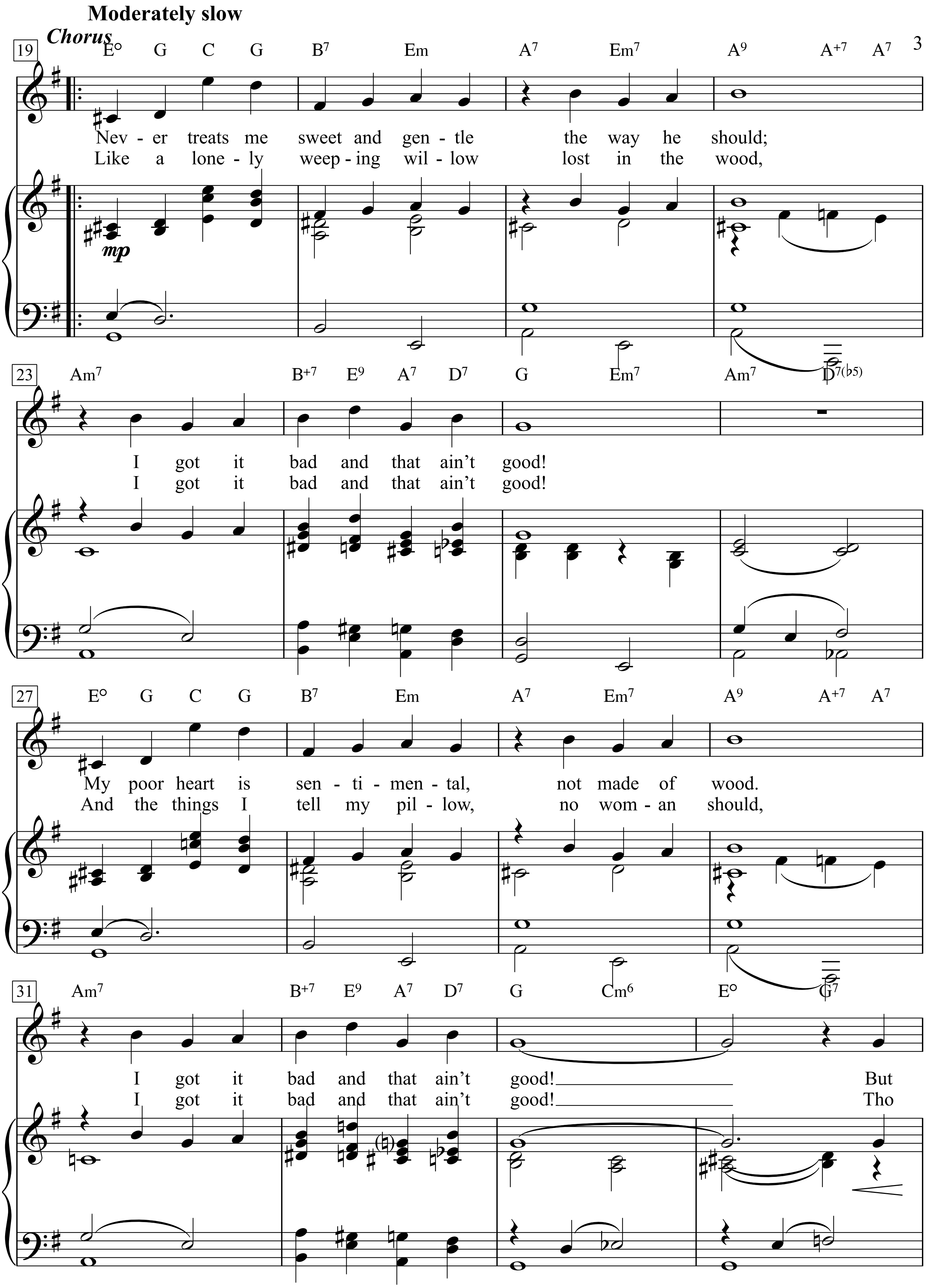
Words by Francis Webster

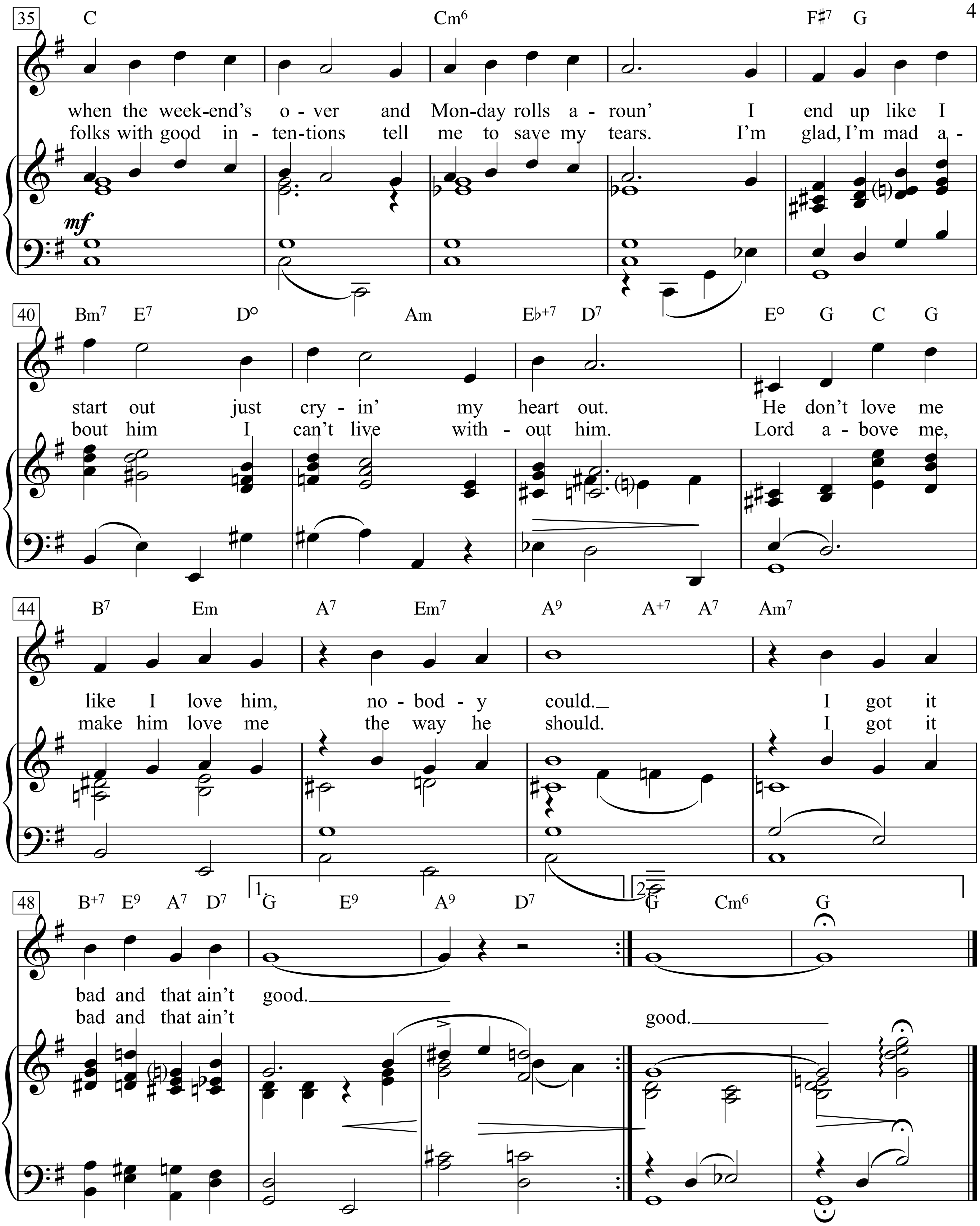
Music by Duke Ellington
(Ella Fitzgerald; Nina Simone)

Moderately




9
Am D7 F7 E7 Am7 D7
I have sought and my what a climb it is! My
11
Dm7 G7 G+7 Cmaj7 Am B7 Dm7 E7
life is just like the weath-er. It chang-es with the hours. When he's near I'm fair and warm-er,
14
A7 E♭7 D7 G C7 G C7
when he's gone I'm cloud-y with show-ers; in e-mo-tion, like the o-cean, it's
16
G C7 G C7 D7 Am B7 Em7 a7add6 Am7 D7
ei-ther sink or swim. When a wom-an loves a man like I love him.


Moderately slow
Chorus
19
E° G C G B7 Em A7 Em7 A9 A+7 A7
Nev - er treats me sweet and gen - tle the way he should;
Like a lone - ly weep - ing wil - low lost in the wood,
mp
23
Am7 B+7 E9 A7 D7 G Em7 Am7 D7(♭5)
I got it bad and that ain't good!
I got it bad and that ain't good!
27
E° G C G B7 Em A7 Em7 A9 A+7 A7
My poor heart is sen - ti - men - tal, not made of wood.
And the things I tell my pil - low, no wom - an should,
31
Am7 B+7 E9 A7 D7 G Cm6 E° G7
I got it bad and that ain't good! But
I got it bad and that ain't good! Tho


35
C Cm6 F♯7 G
when the week-end's o - ver and Mon-day rolls a - roun' I end up like I
folks with good in - ten-tions tell me to save my tears. I'm glad, I'm mad a -
mf
40
Bm7 E7 D° Am E♭+7 D7 E° G C G
start out just cry - in' my heart out. He don't love me
bout him I can't live with - out him. Lord a - bove me,
44
B7 Em A7 Em7 A9 A+7 A7 Am7
like I love him, no - bod - y could. I got it
make him love me the way he should. I got it
48
B+7 E9 A7 D7 1. G E9 A9 D7 2. G Cm6 G
bad and that ain't good.
bad and that ain't good.

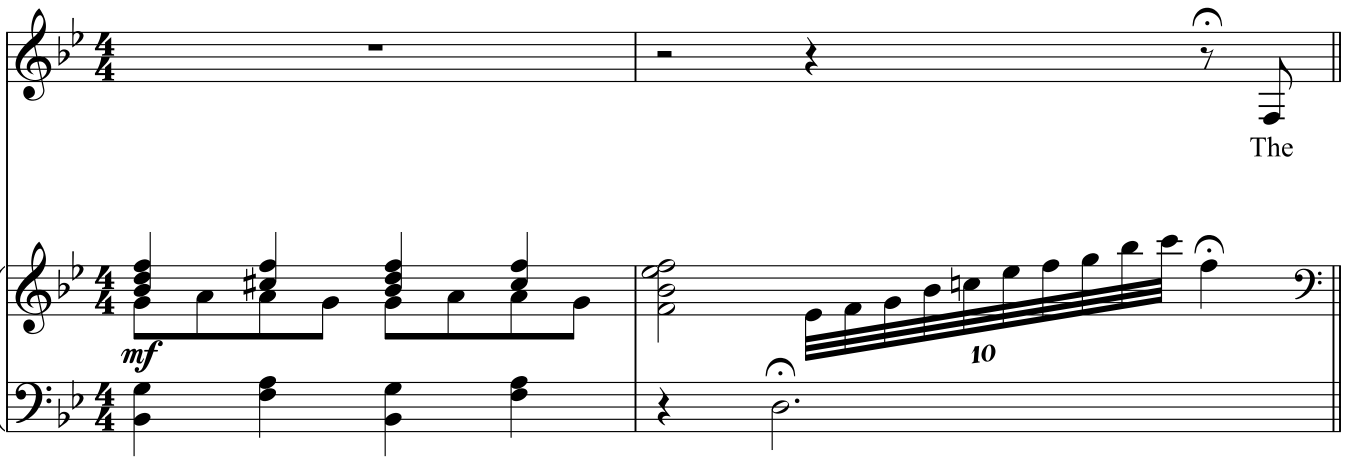
1. The poets say that all who love are blind;
but I'm in love and I know what time it is!
The Good Book says, "Go seek and ye shall find."
Well, I have sought and my what a climb it is!
My life is just like the weather.
It changes with the hours.
When he's near I'm fair and warmer,
when he's gone I'm cloudy with showers;
in emotion, like the ocean it's either sink or swim.
When a woman loves a man like I love him.
Never treats me sweet and gentle the way he should;
I got it bad and that ain't good!
My poor heart is sentimental, not made of wood.
I got it bad and that ain't good!
But when the weekend's over and Monday rolls aroun'
I end up like I start out just cryin' my heart out.
He don't love me like I love him, nobody could.
I got it bad and that ain't good.

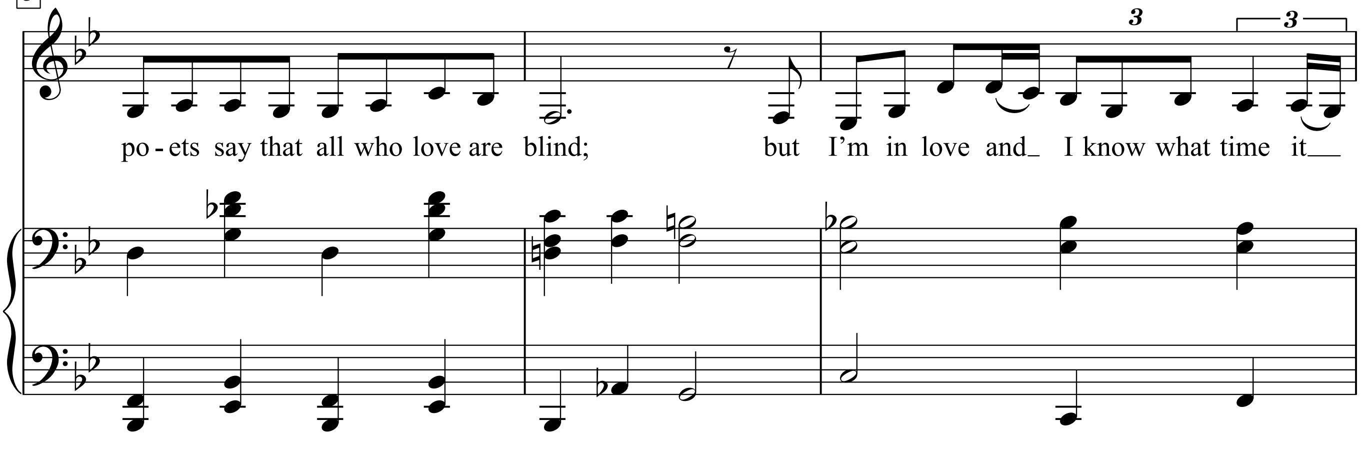
2. Like a lonely weeping willow lost in the wood,
I got it bad and that ain't good!
And the things I tell my pillow, no woman should,
I got it bad and that ain't good!
Tho folks with good intentions tell me to save my tears.
I'm glad,
I'm mad about him I can't live without him.
Lord above me, make him love me the way he should.
I got it bad and that ain't good.

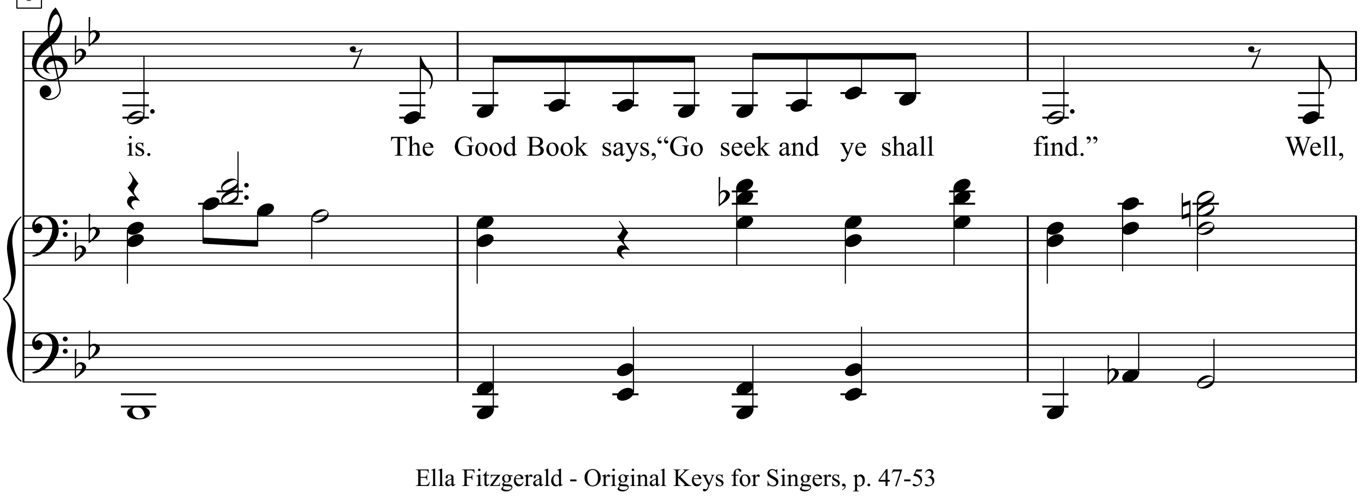
I Got It Bad And That Ain't Good

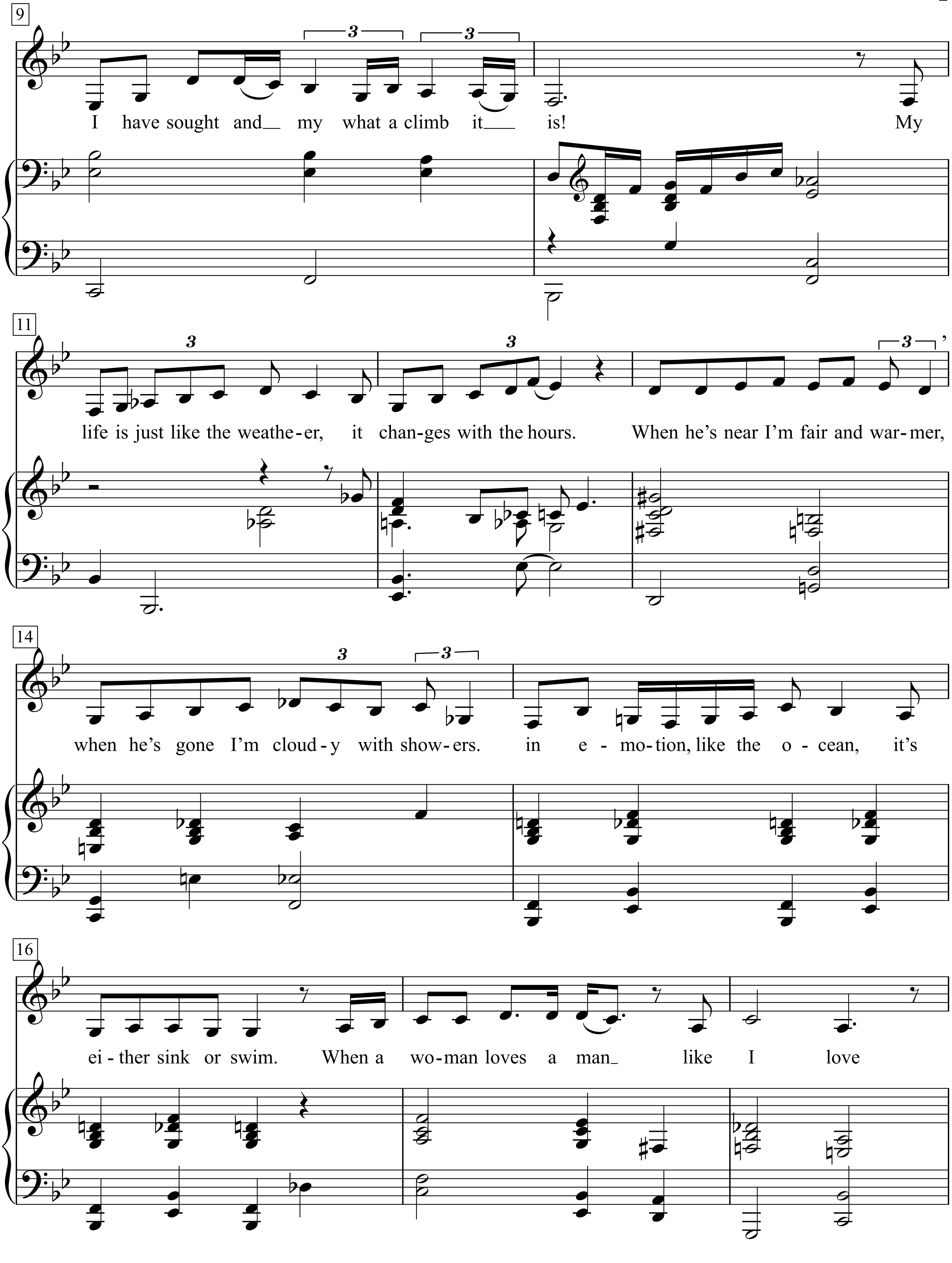
Words by Francis Webster

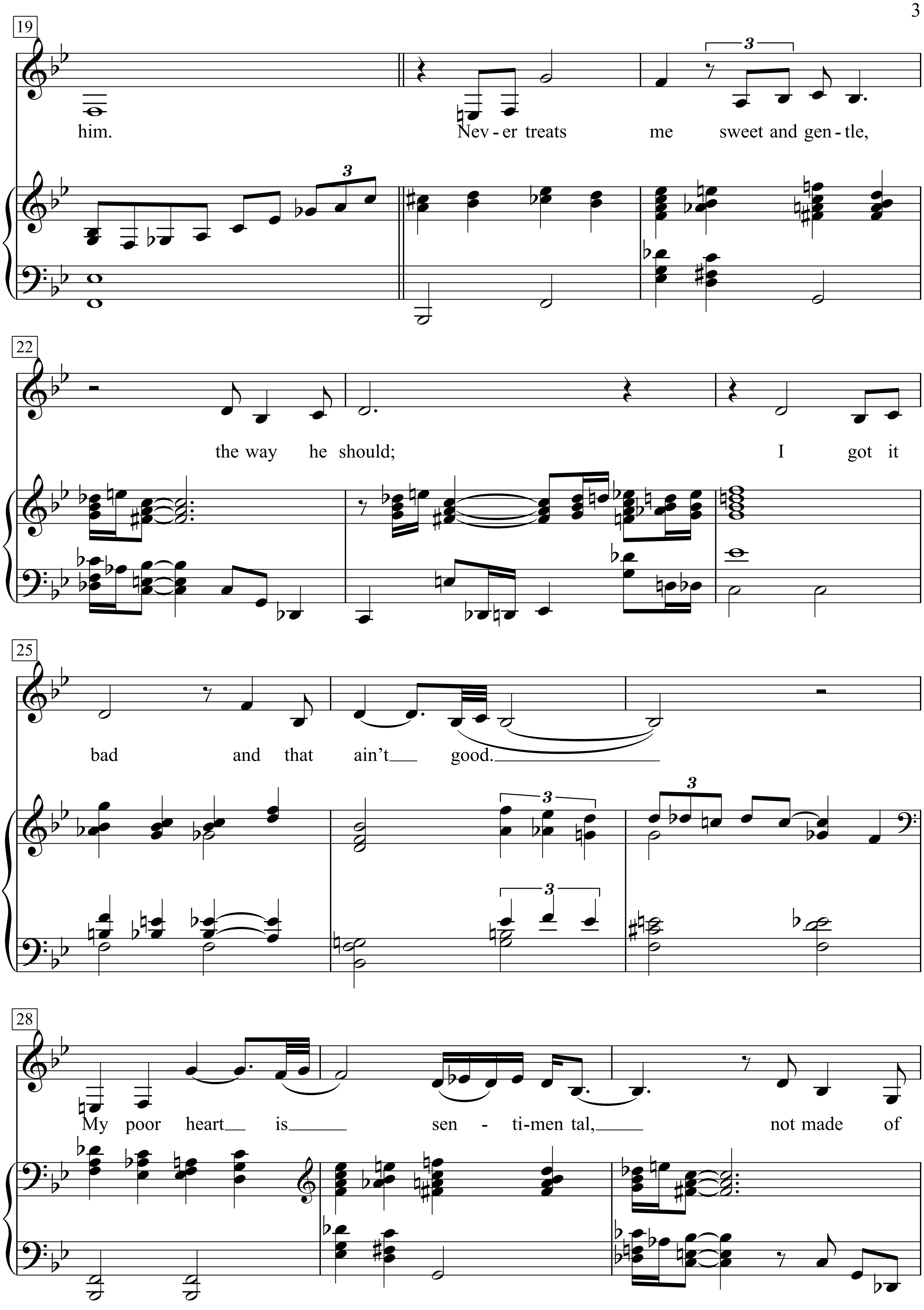
Music by Duke Ellington
(Ella Fitzgerald; Nina Simone)

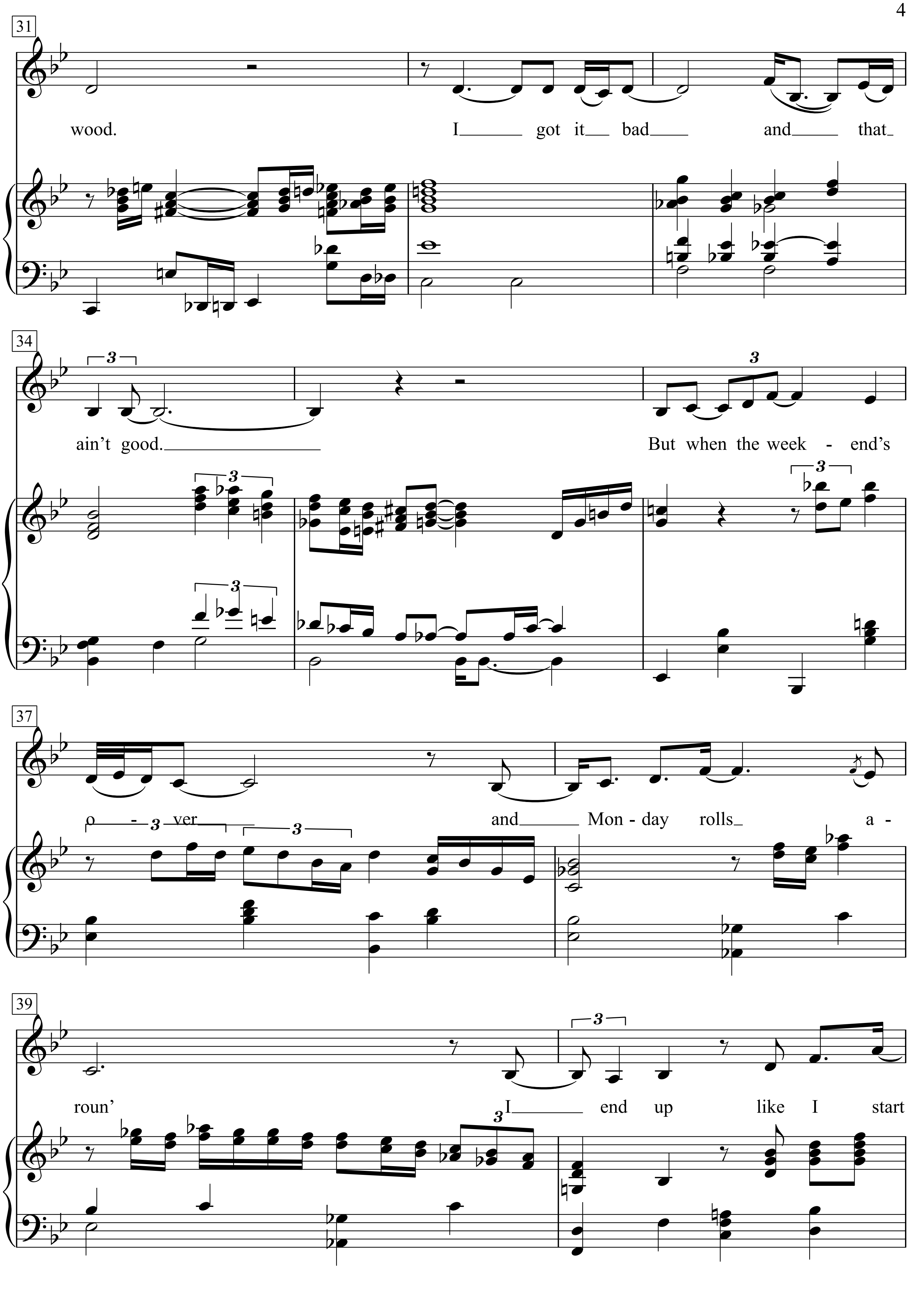


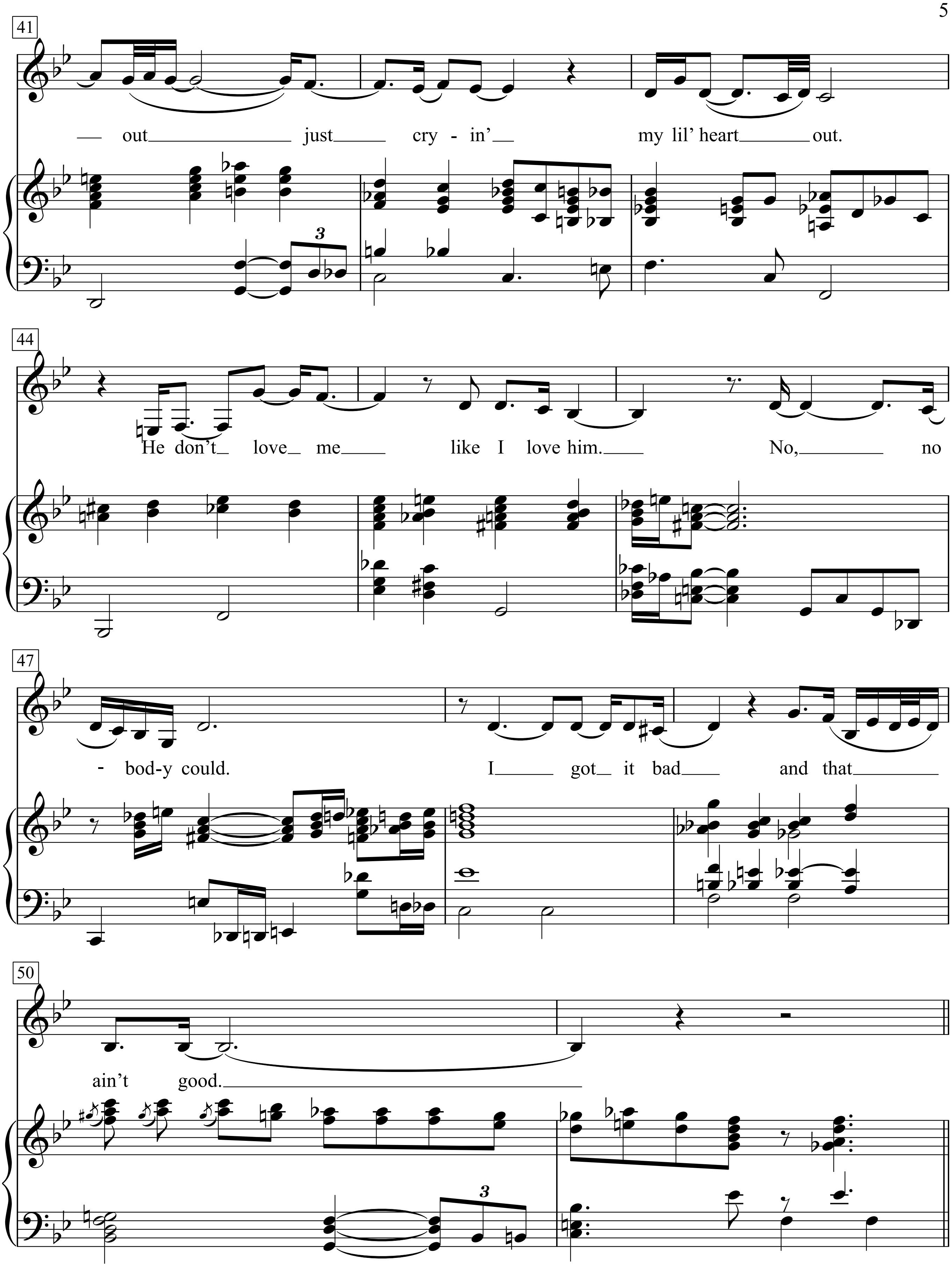


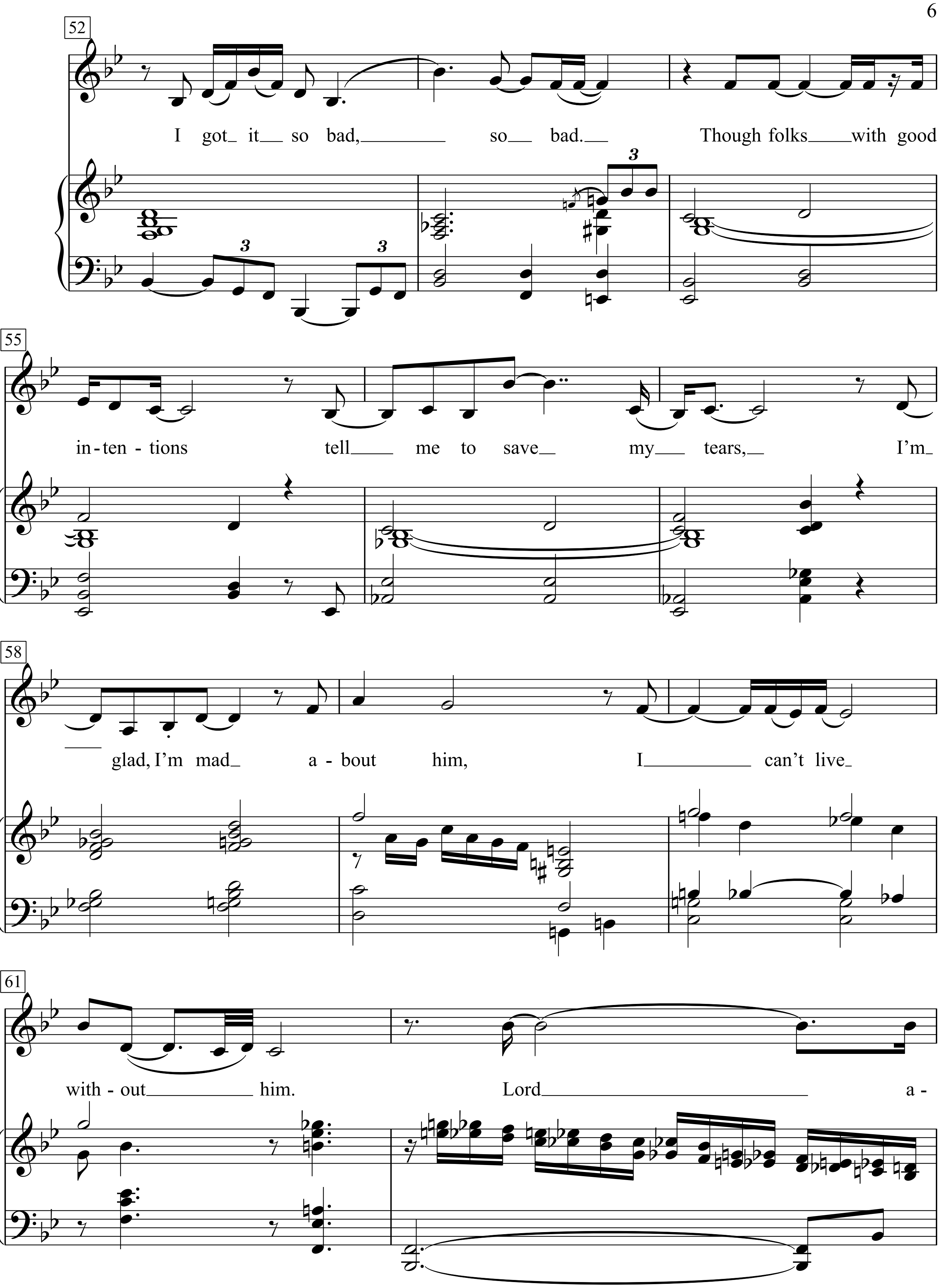


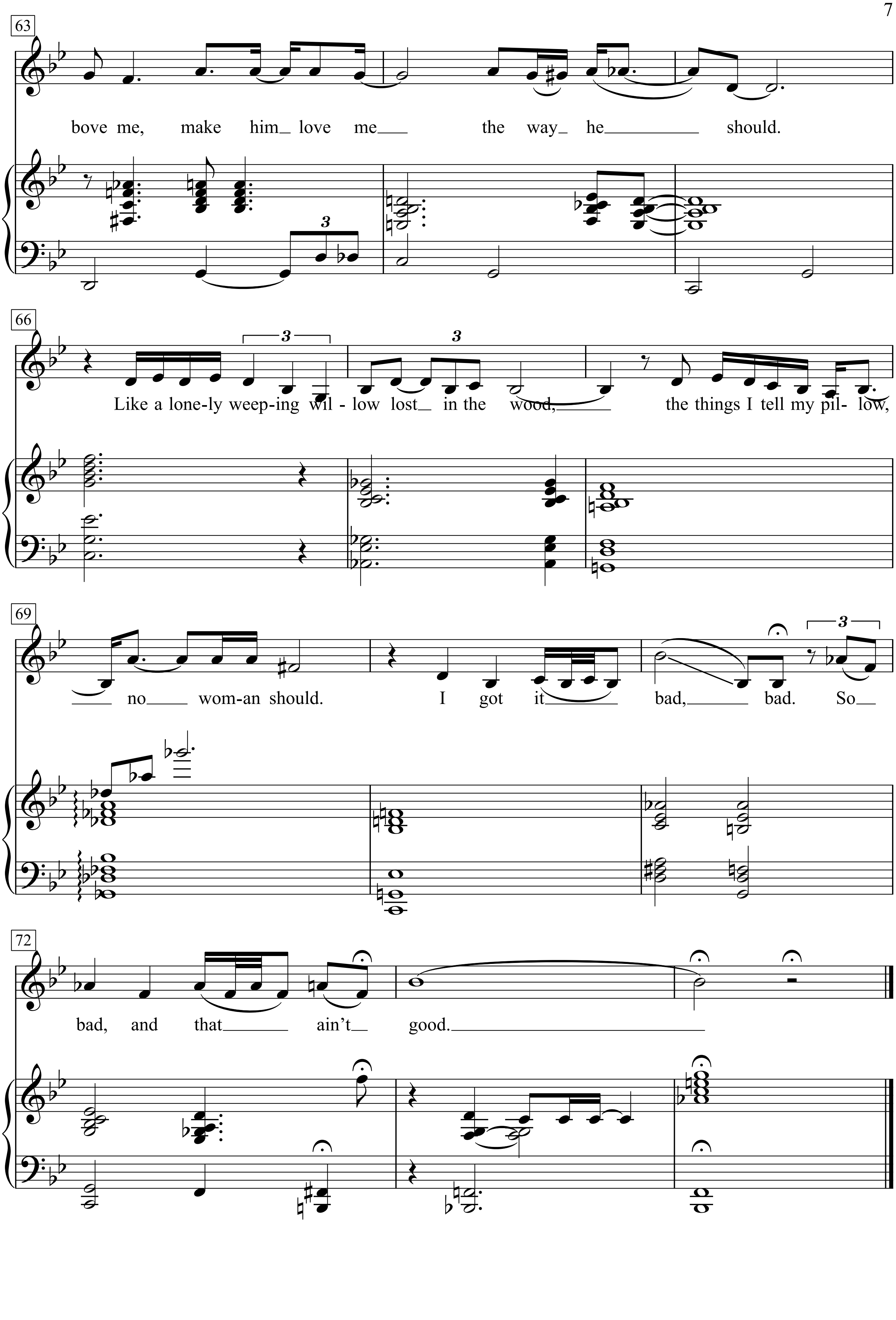

9
I have sought and my what a climb it is! My
11
life is just like the weathe-er, it chan-ges with the hours. When he's near I'm fair and war-mer,
14
when he's gone I'm cloud-y with show-ers. in e-mo-tion, like the o-cean, it's
16
ei-ther sink or swim. When a wo-man loves a man like I love


19
him.
Nev - er treats me sweet and gen - tle,
3
22
the way he should;
I got it
25
bad and that ain't good.
3
28
My poor heart is sen - ti - men tal,
not made of


31
wood. I got it bad and that
34
ain't good. But when the week - end's
37
o - ver and Mon - day rolls a -
39
roun' I end up like I start

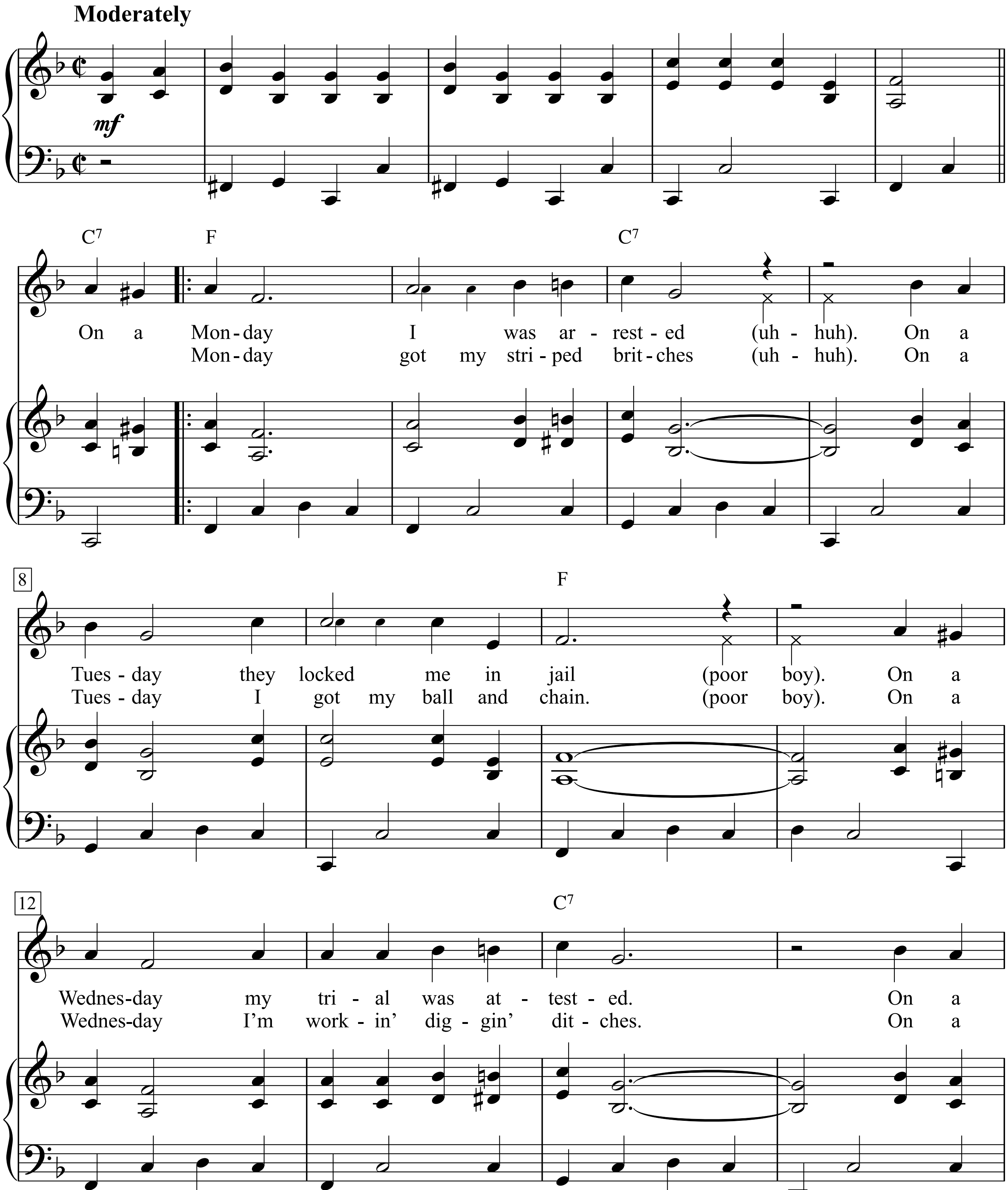

41
— out just cry - in' my lil' heart out.
3
44
He don't love me like I love him. No, no
47
- bod-y could. I got it bad and that
50
ain't good.
3

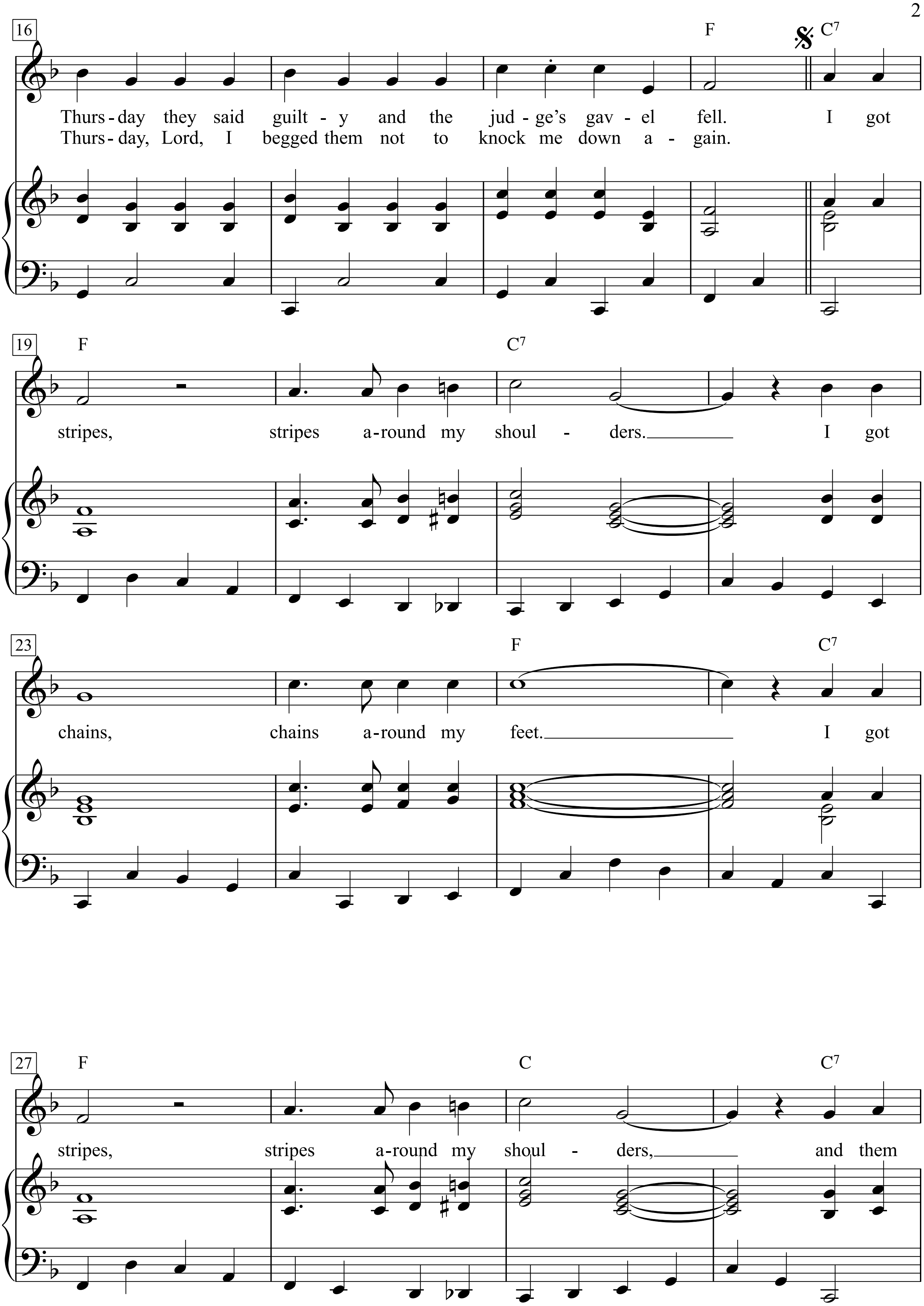

52
I got it so bad, so bad. Though folks with good
55
in-ten-tions tell me to save my tears, I'm
58
glad, I'm mad a-bout him, I can't live
61
with-out him. Lord a-

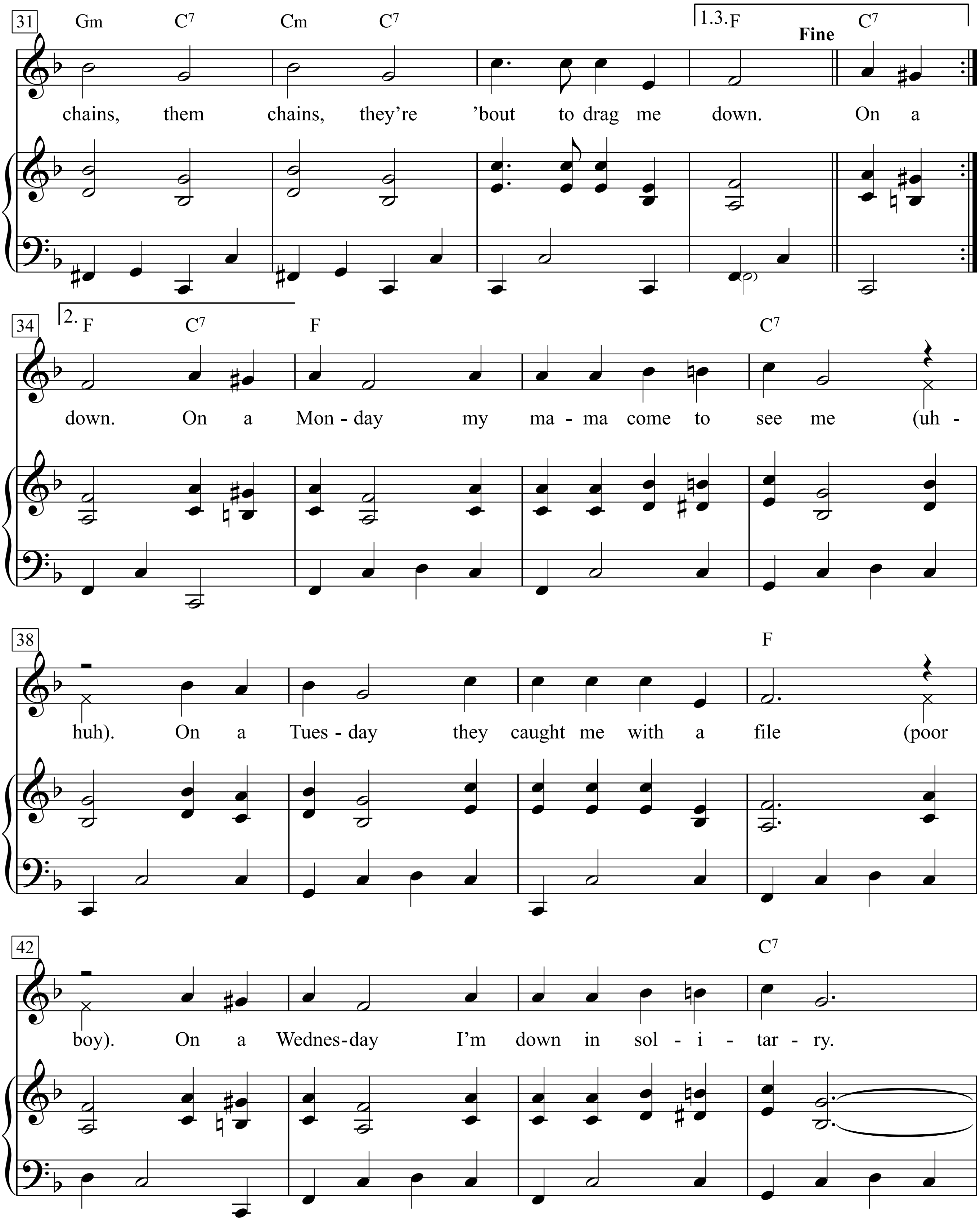

63
bove me, make him love me the way he should.
66
Like a lone-ly weep-ing wil - low lost in the wood, the things I tell my pil- low,
69
no wom-an should. I got it bad, bad. So
72
bad, and that ain't good.

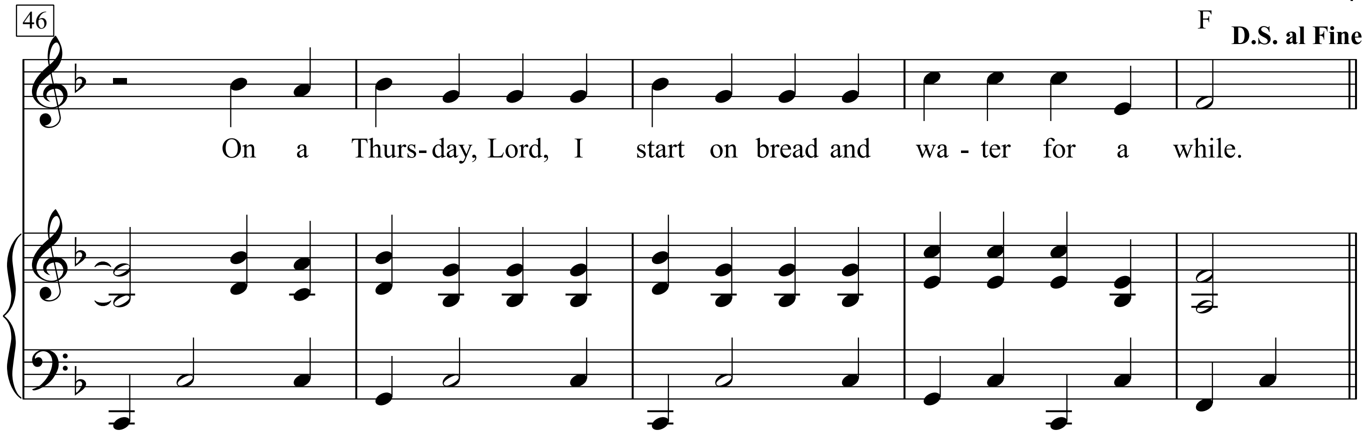
I Got Stripes

New Words & New Music Arrangement by
John R. Cash and Charlir Williams
Based on a song
Collected, Adapted and Arranged by John A. Lomax and Alan Lomax
(Johnny Cash)




16
F
C7
Thurs-day they said guilt - y and the jud - ge's gav - el fell. I got
Thurs-day, Lord, I begged them not to knock me down a - gain.
19
F
C7
stripes, stripes a-round my shoul - ders. I got
23
F
C7
chains, chains a-round my feet. I got
27
F
C
C7
stripes, stripes a-round my shoul - ders, and them


31
Gm C7 Cm C7
1.3. F C7
Fine
chains, them chains, they're 'bout to drag me down. On a
34
2. F C7 F C7
down. On a Mon - day my ma - ma come to see me (uh -
38
F
huh). On a Tues - day they caught me with a file (poor
42
C7
boy). On a Wednes - day I'm down in sol - i - tar - ry.



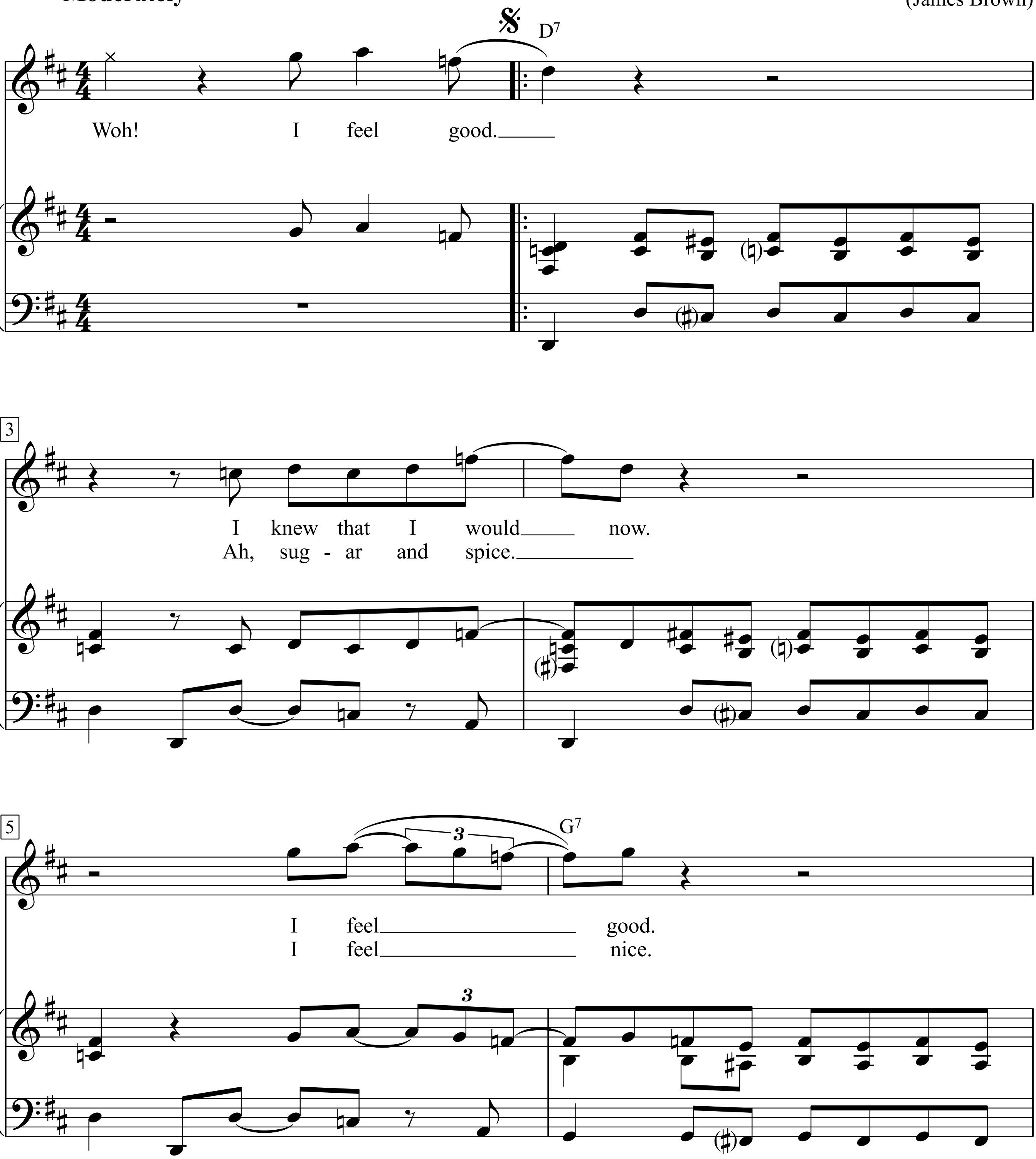
1. On a Monday I was arrested (uh-huh).
On a Tuesday they locked me in jail (poor boy).
On a Wednesday my trial was attested.
On a Thursday they said guilty and the judge's gavel fell.
I got stripes, stripes around my shoulders.
I got chains, chains around my feet.
I got stripes, stripes around my shoulders,
and them chains, them chains,
they're 'bout to drag me down.
down.
On a Monday my mama come to see me (uh-huh).
On a Tuesday they caught me with a file (poor boy).
On a Wednesday I'm down in solitary.
On a Thursday, Lord,
I start on bread and water for a while.

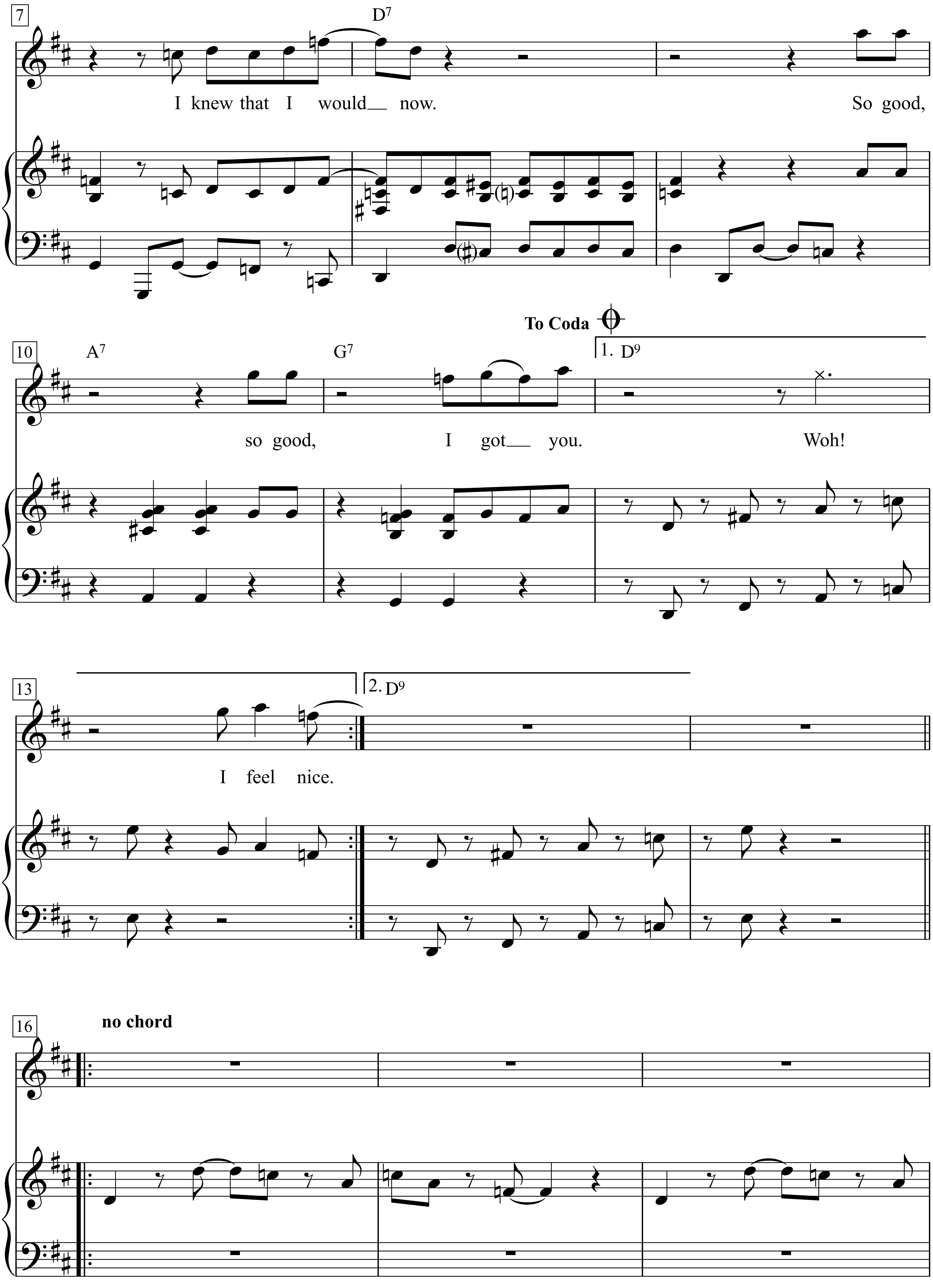
2. On a Monday got my striped britches (uh-huh).
On a Tuesday I got my ball and chain. (poor boy).
On a Wednesday I'm workin' diggin' ditches.
On a Thursday, Lord,
I begged them not to knock me down again.

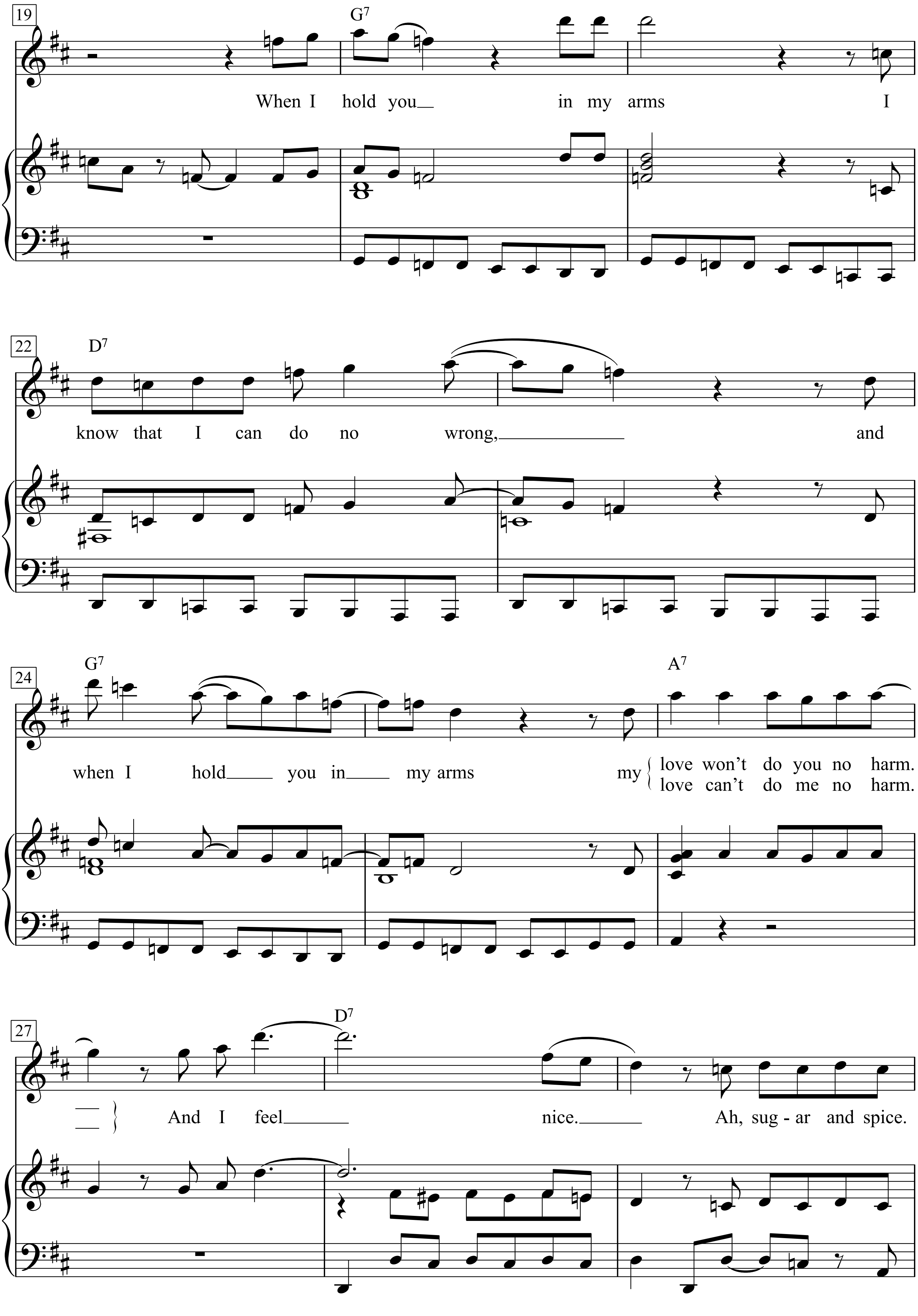
I Got You
(I Feel Good)

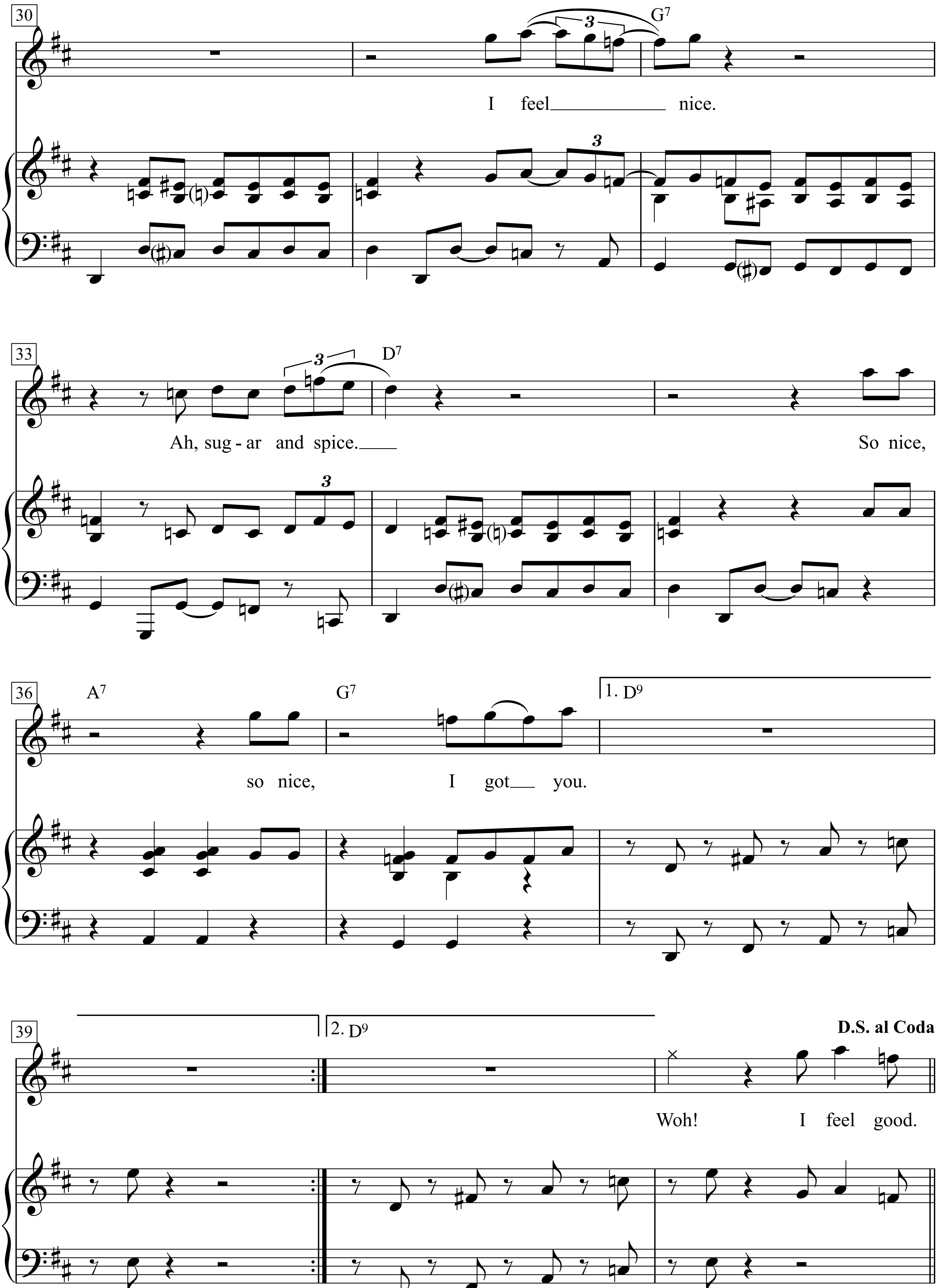
Words and Music by James Brown
(James Brown)

Moderately

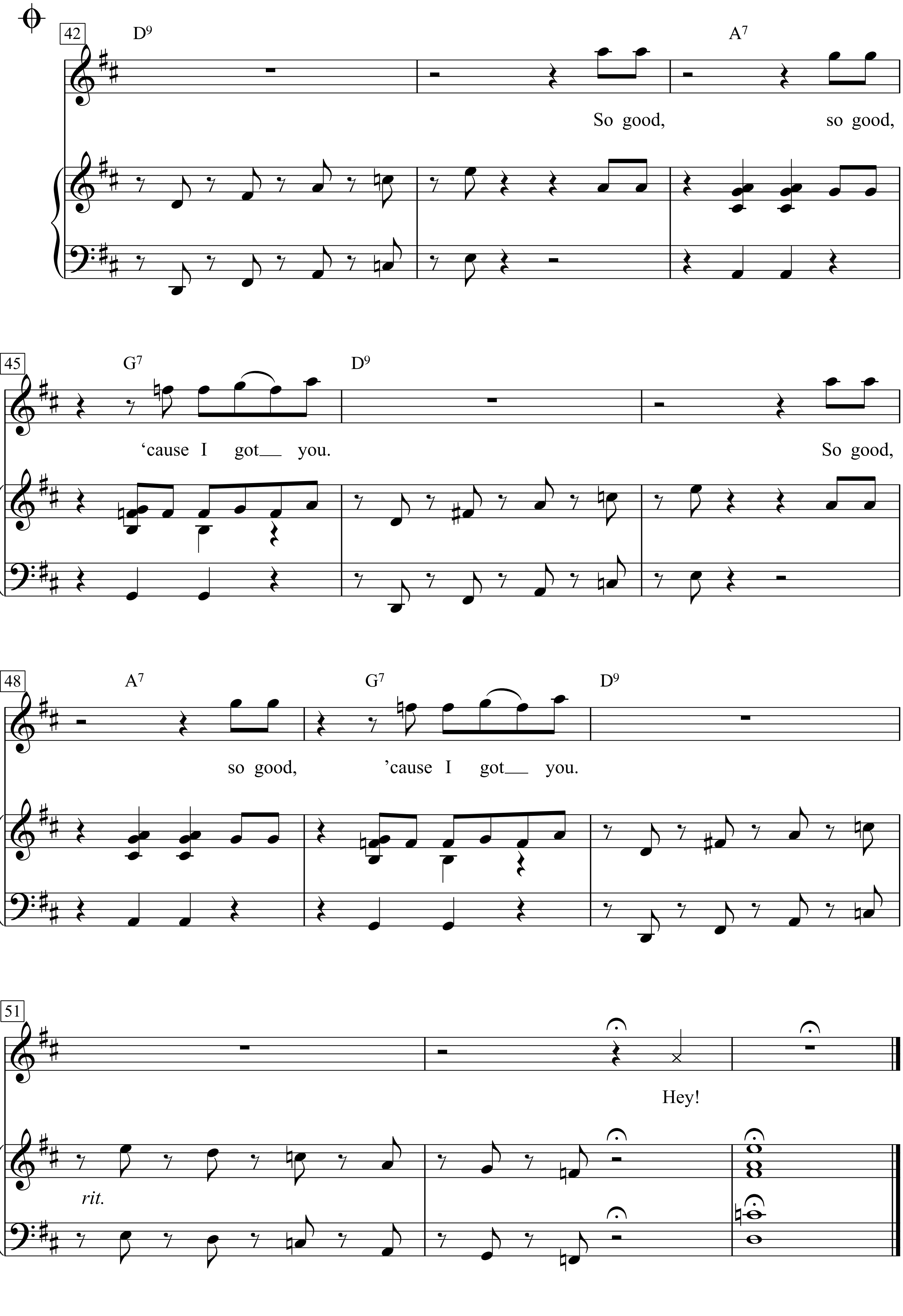



7
D7
I knew that I would now.
So good,
To Coda
10
A7
G7
1. D9
so good,
I got you.
Woh!
13
2. D9
I feel nice.
16
no chord


19
G7
When I hold you in my arms I
22
D7
know that I can do no wrong, and
24
G7
A7
when I hold you in my arms my
love won't do you no harm.
love can't do me no harm.
27
D7
And I feel nice. Ah, sug - ar and spice.


30
G7
I feel nice.
33
D7
Ah, sug - ar and spice.
So nice,
36
A7
G7
1. D9
so nice,
I got you.
39
2. D9
D.S. al Coda
Woh!
I feel good.

CODA


42
D9
A7
So good,
so good,
45
G7
D9
'cause I got__ you.
So good,
48
A7
G7
D9
so good,
'cause I got__ you.
51
Hey!
rit.

Woh! I feel good.
I knew that I would now.
I feel good.
I knew that I would now.
So good, so good,
I got you.

Woh! I feel nice.
Ah, sugar and spice.
I feel nice.
Ah, sugar and spice.
So nice, so nice,
I got you.

When I hold you in my arms
I know that I can do no wrong,
and when I hold you in my arms
my love won’t do you no harm.
And I feel nice.
Ah, sugar and spice.
I feel nice.
Ah, sugar and spice.
So nice, so nice,
I got you.

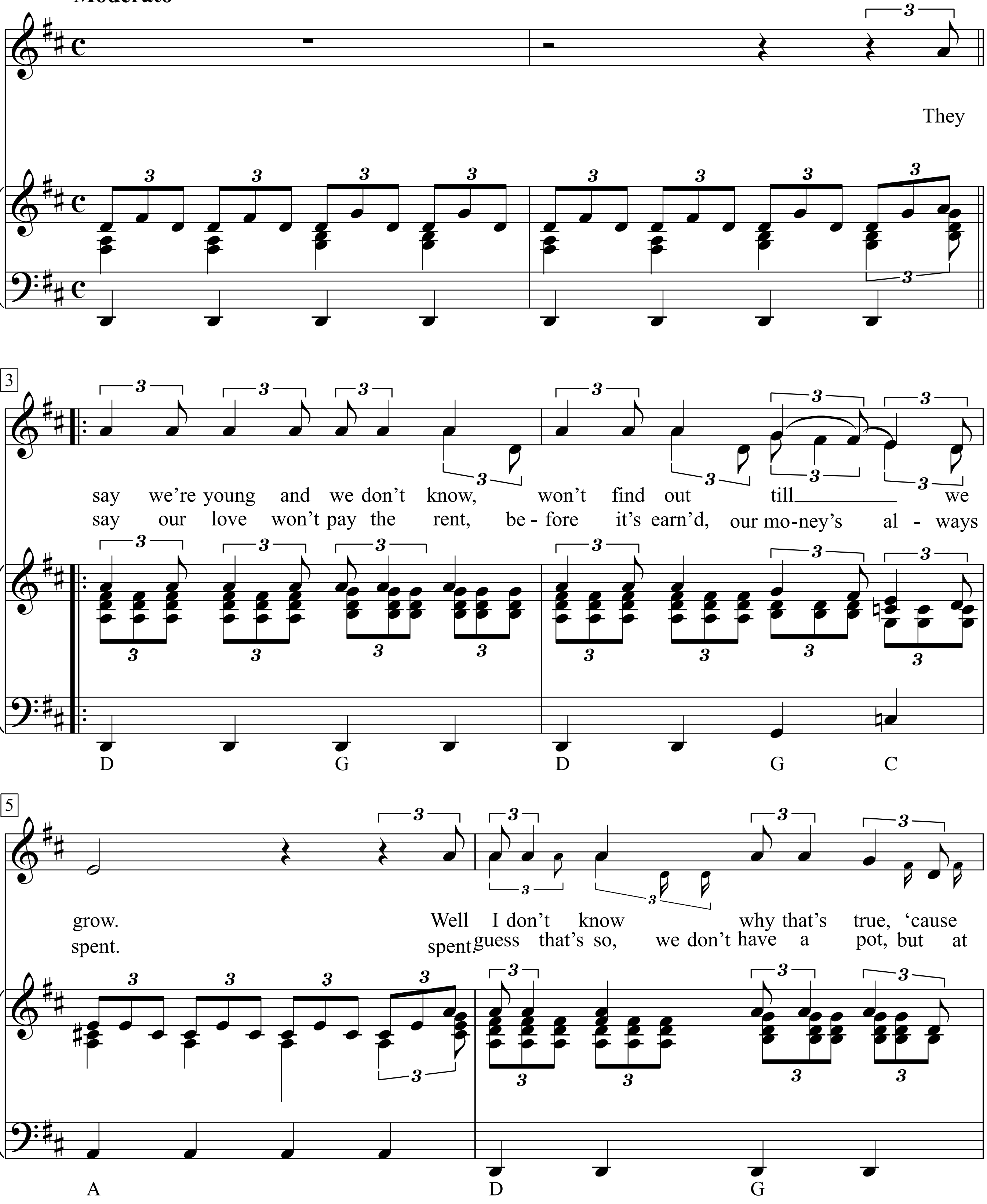
When I hold you in my arms
I know that I can do no wrong,
and when I hold you in my arms
my love can’t do me no harm.
And I feel nice.
And I feel nice.
Ah, sugar and spice.
I feel nice.
Ah, sugar and spice.
So nice, so nice,
I got you.
Woh! I feel good.

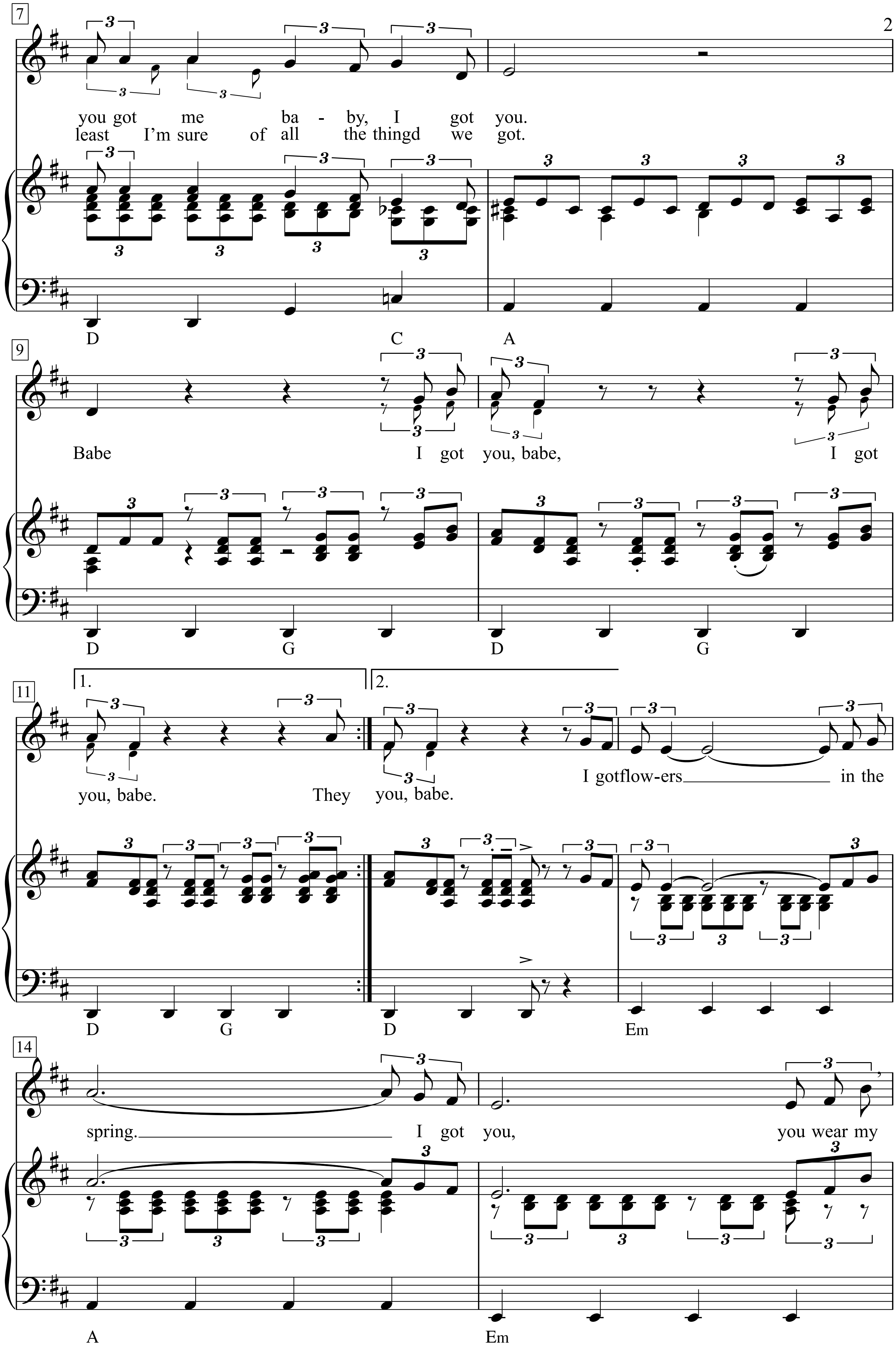
Coda:
So good, so good, ‘cause I got you.
So good, so good, ‘cause I got you.
Hey!

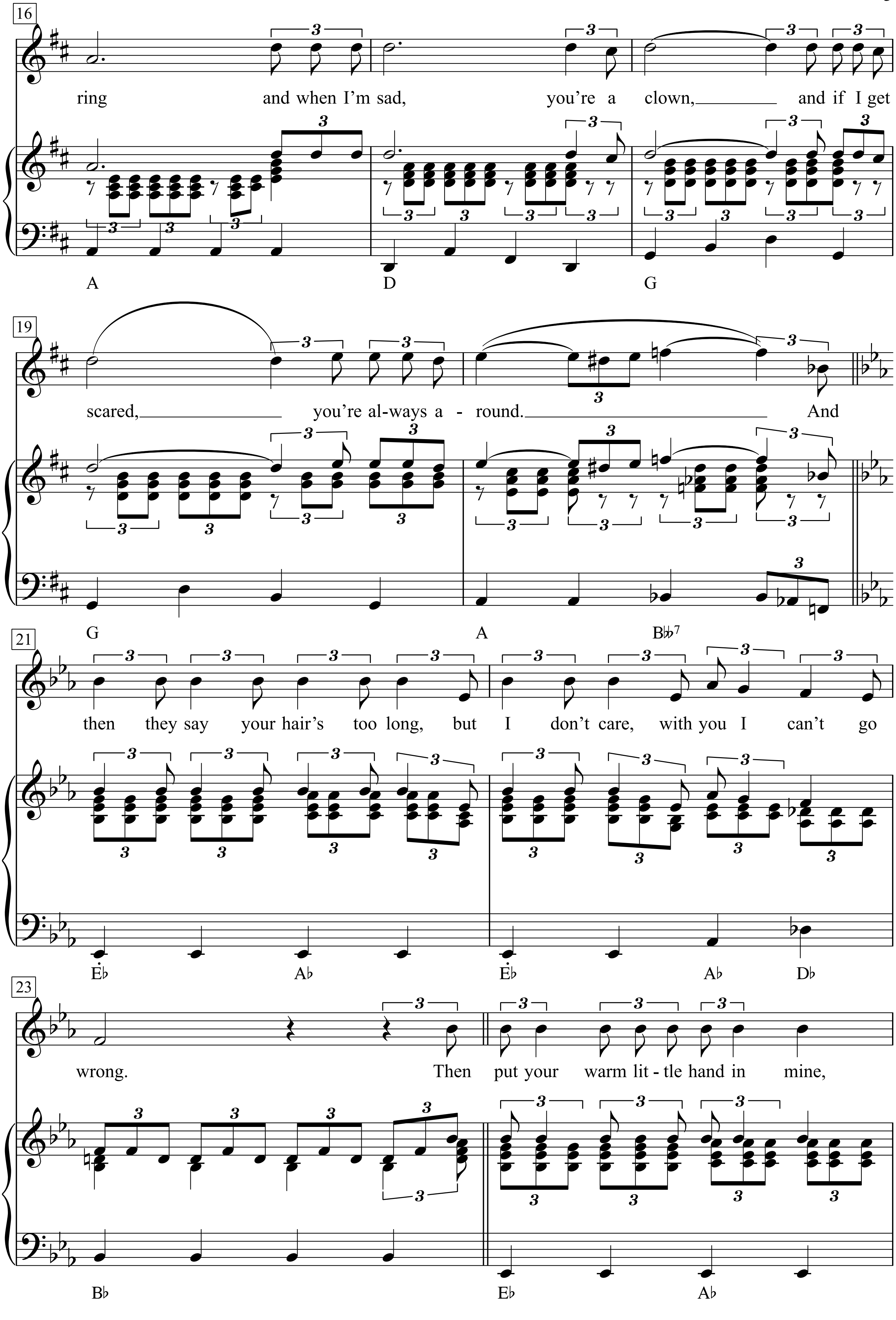
I Got You Babe

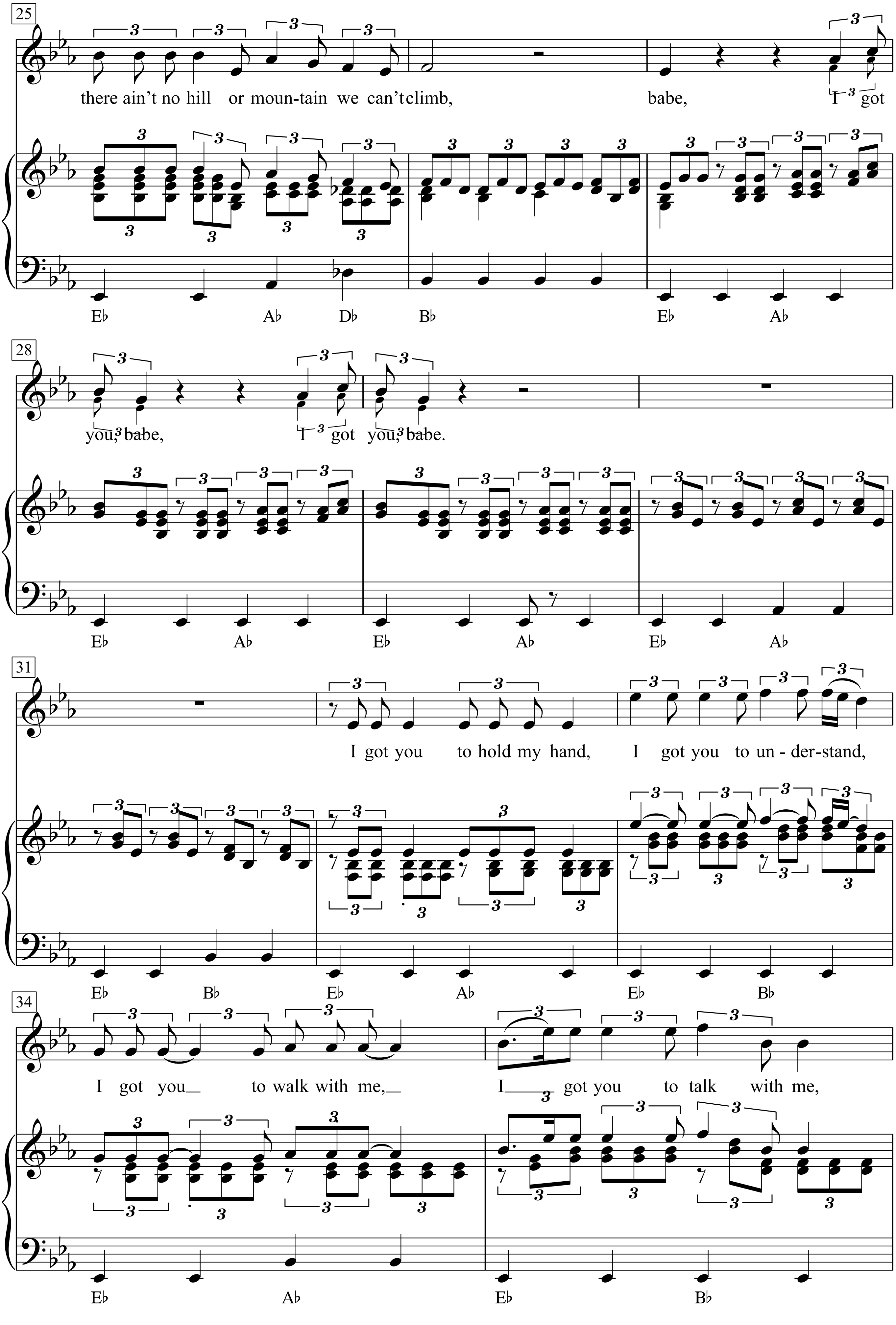
Words & Music by Sonny Bono
(Sonny & Cher)

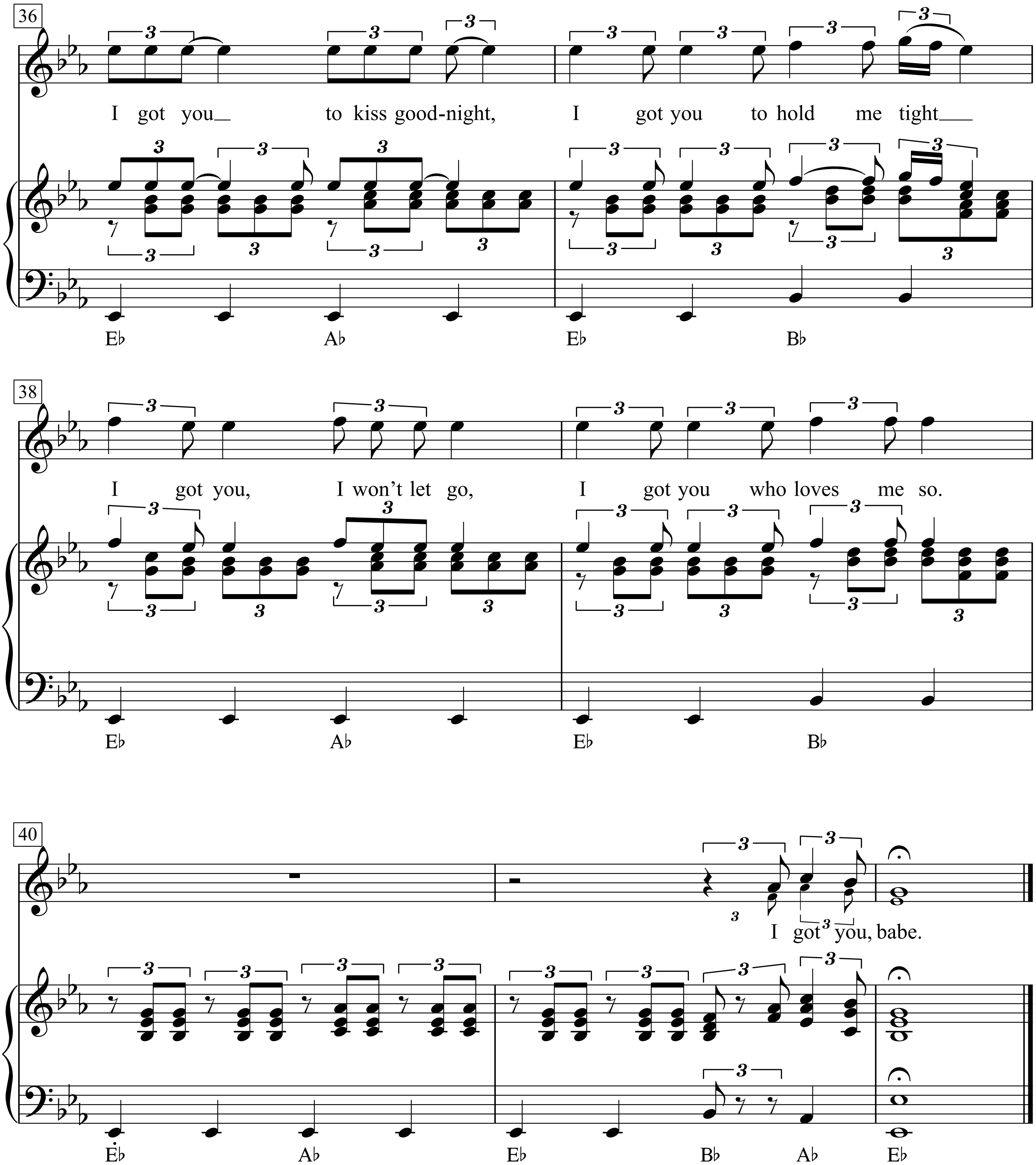
Moderato




7
you got me ba - by, I got you.
least I'm sure of all the thingd we got.
D
C
A
9
Babe I got you, babe, I got
D
G
D
G
1.
2.
11
you, babe. They you, babe. I gotflow-ers in the
D
G
D
Em
14
spring. I got you, you wear my
A
Em

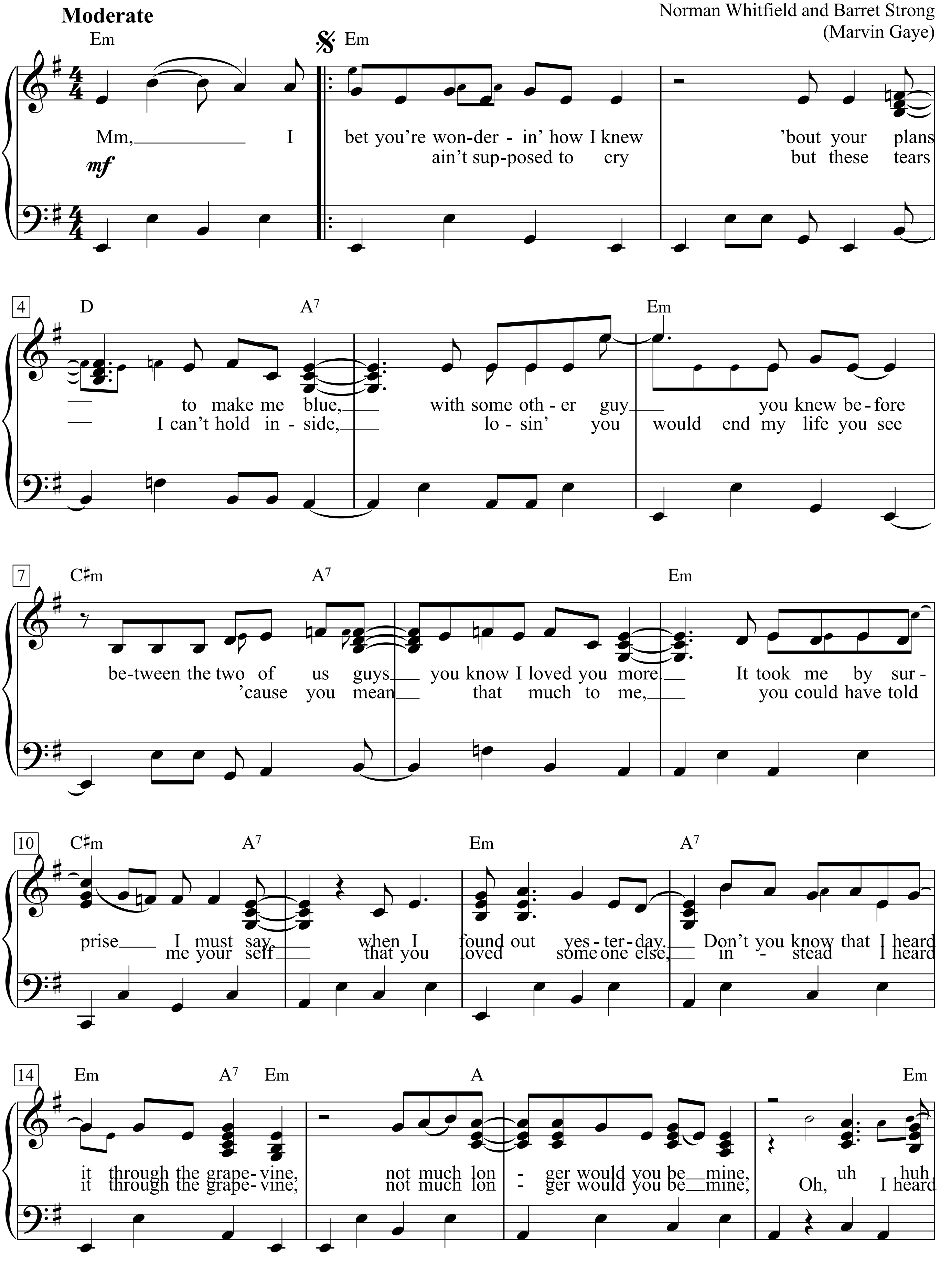

16
ring and when I'm sad, you're a clown, and if I get
A
D
G
19
scared, you're al-ways a - round. And
G
A
B♭♭7
21
then they say your hair's too long, but I don't care, with you I can't go
E♭
A♭
E♭
A♭
D♭
23
wrong. Then put your warm lit - tle hand in mine,
B♭
E♭
A♭

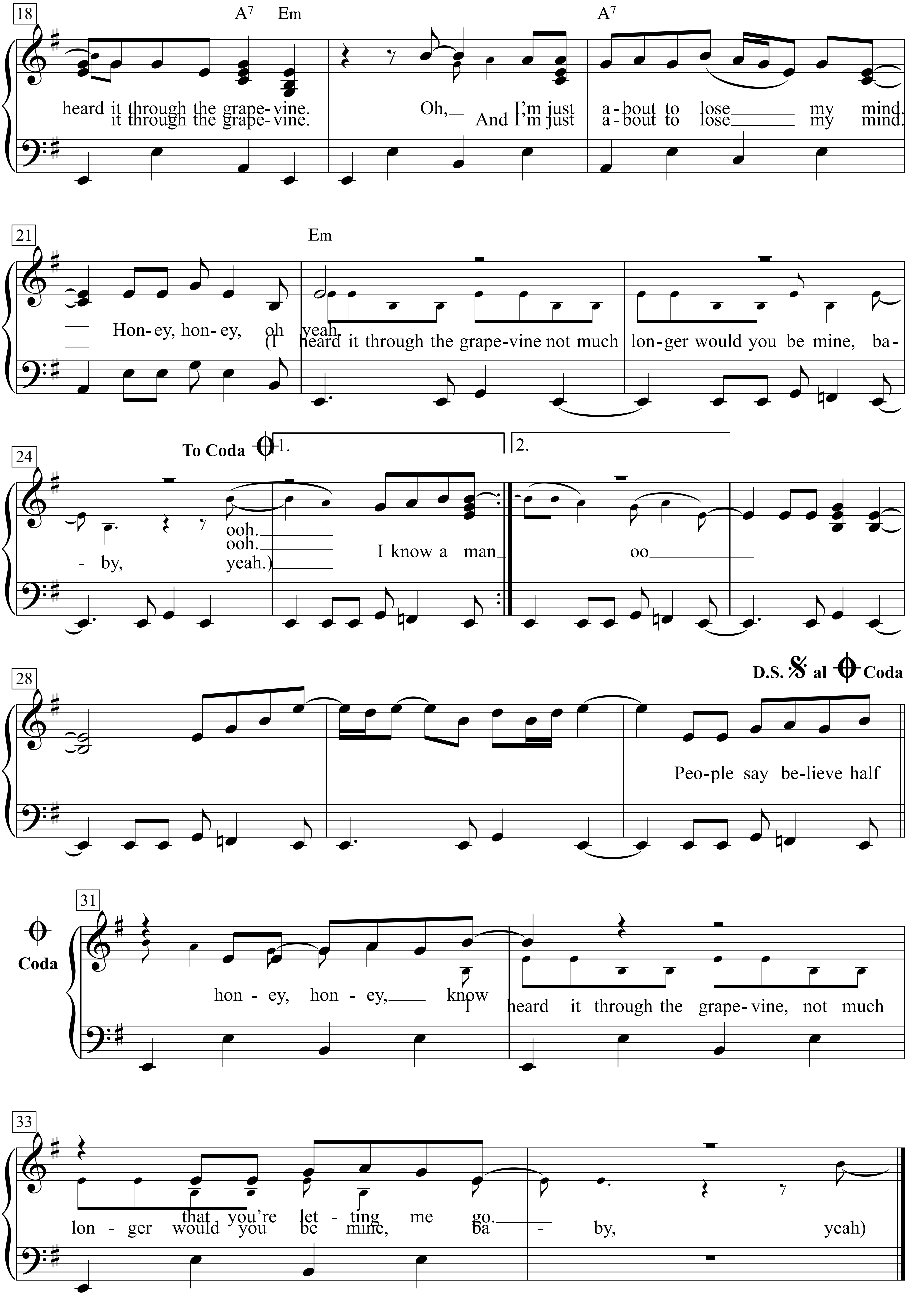

25
there ain't no hill or moun-tain we can't climb, babe, I got
E♭ A♭ D♭ B♭ E♭ A♭
28
you, babe, I got you, babe.
E♭ A♭ E♭ A♭ E♭ A♭
31
I got you to hold my hand, I got you to un - der-stand,
E♭ B♭ E♭ A♭ E♭ B♭
34
I got you to walk with me, I got you to talk with me,
E♭ A♭ E♭ B♭


36
I got you to kiss good-night, I got you to hold me tight
E♭ A♭ E♭ B♭
38
I got you, I won't let go, I got you who loves me so.
E♭ A♭ E♭ B♭
40
I got you, babe.
E♭ A♭ E♭ B♭ A♭ E♭

I Heard It Through The Grapevine

Words & Music by
Norman Whitfield and Barret Strong
(Marvin Gaye)



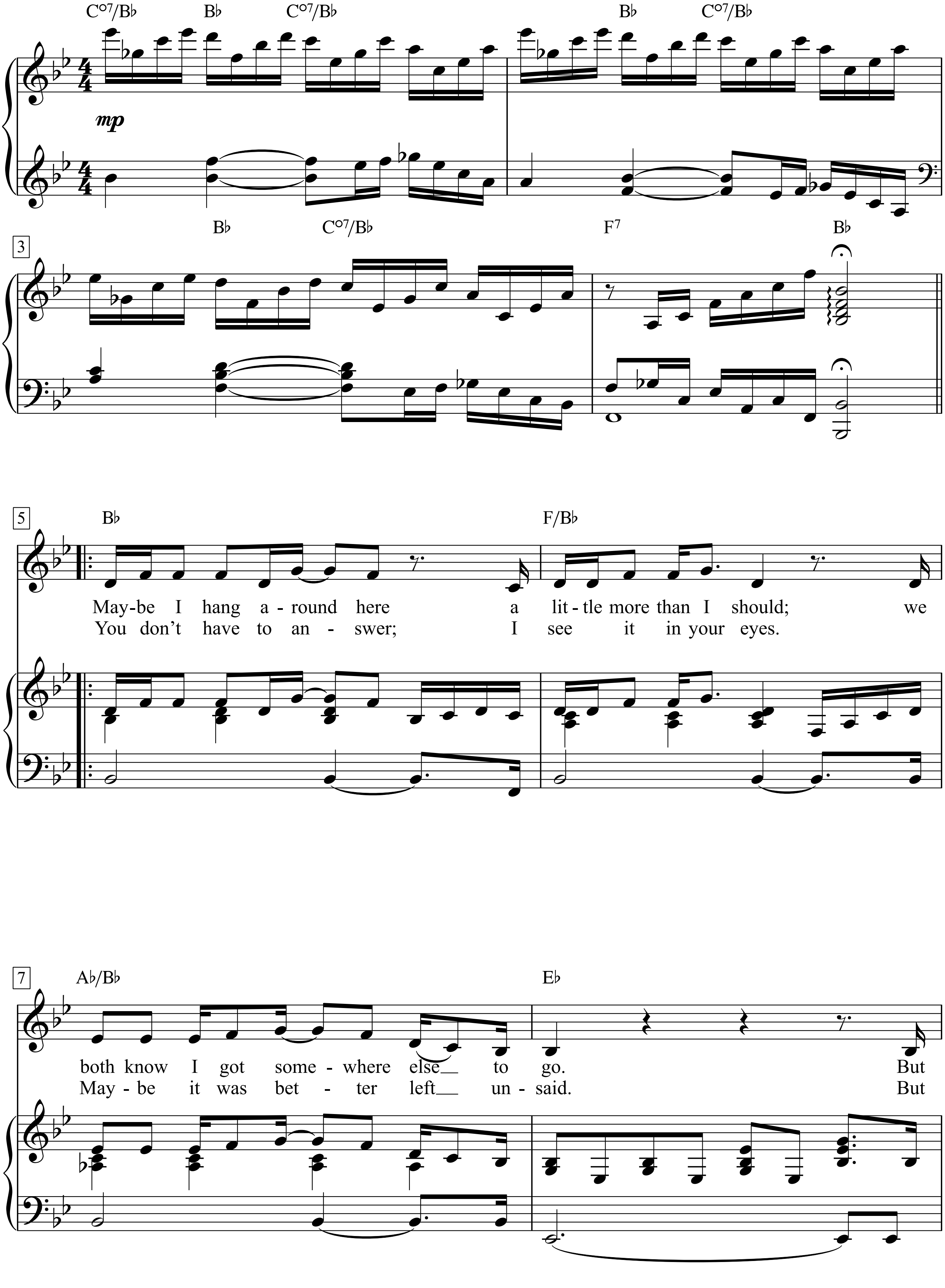

18
A7 Em
A7
heard it through the grape-vine.
it through the grape-vine.
Oh,
And I'm just
I'm just
a-bout to lose my mind.
21
Em
Hon-ey, hon-ey, oh yeah.
(I heard it through the grape-vine not much
lon-ger would you be mine, ba-
24
To Coda
1.
2.
ooh.
ooh.
by, yeah.)
I know a man
oo
28
D.S. al Coda
Peo-ple say be-lieve half
31
Coda
hon-ey, hon-ey, know
I heard it through the grape-vine, not much
33
that you're let-ting me go.
lon-ger would you be mine, ba-by, yeah)

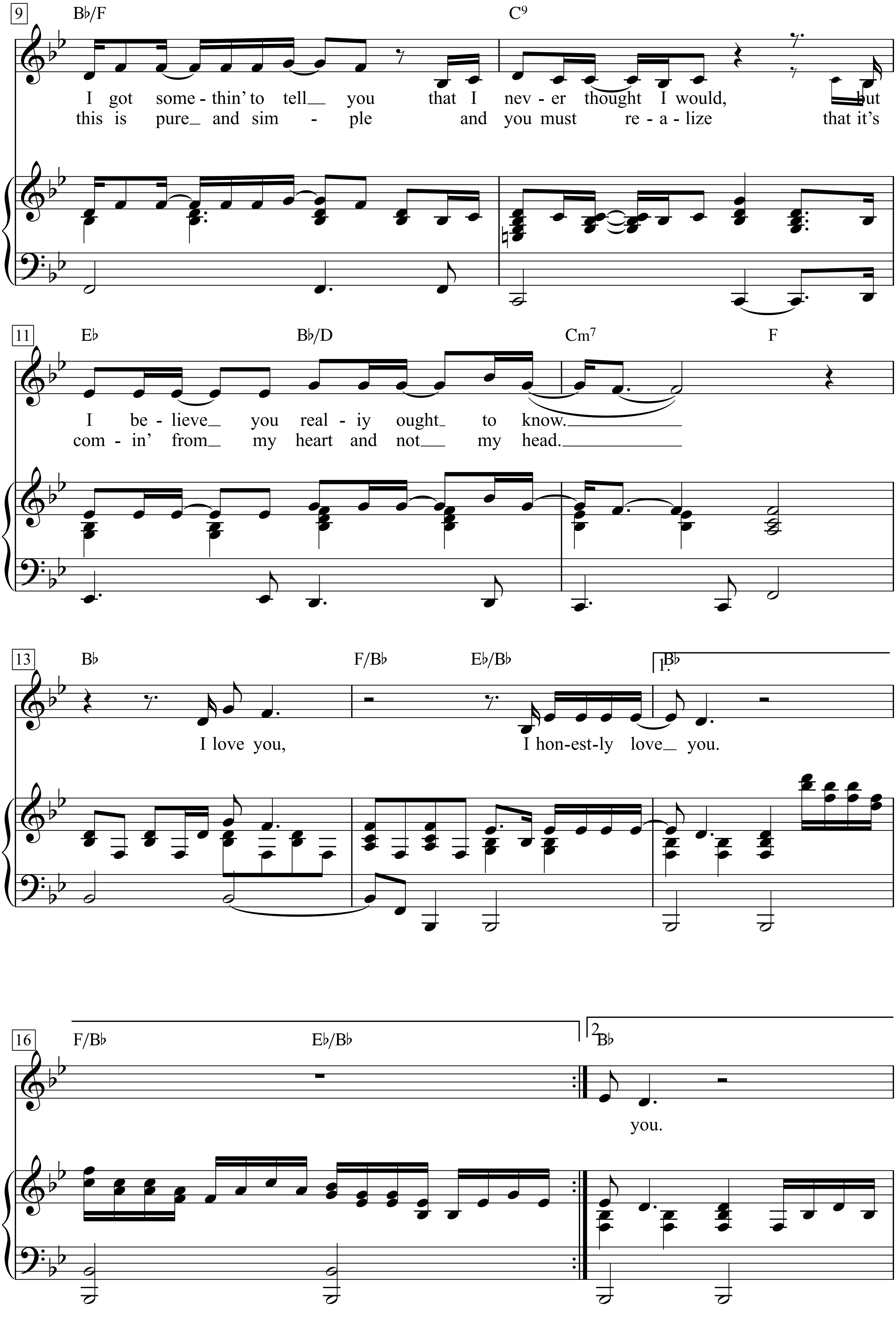
Mm, I bet you're wonderin' how I knew
'bout your plans to make me blue,
with some other guy you knew before
between the two of us guys you know I loved you more.
It took me by surprise I must say when I found out yesterday.
Don't you know that I heard it through the grapevine,
not much longer would you be mine,
uh huh heard it through the grapevine.
Oh, I'm just about to lose my mind.
Honey, honey, oh yeah. ooh I know a man
oo
People say believe half honey, honey,
know that you're letting me go.

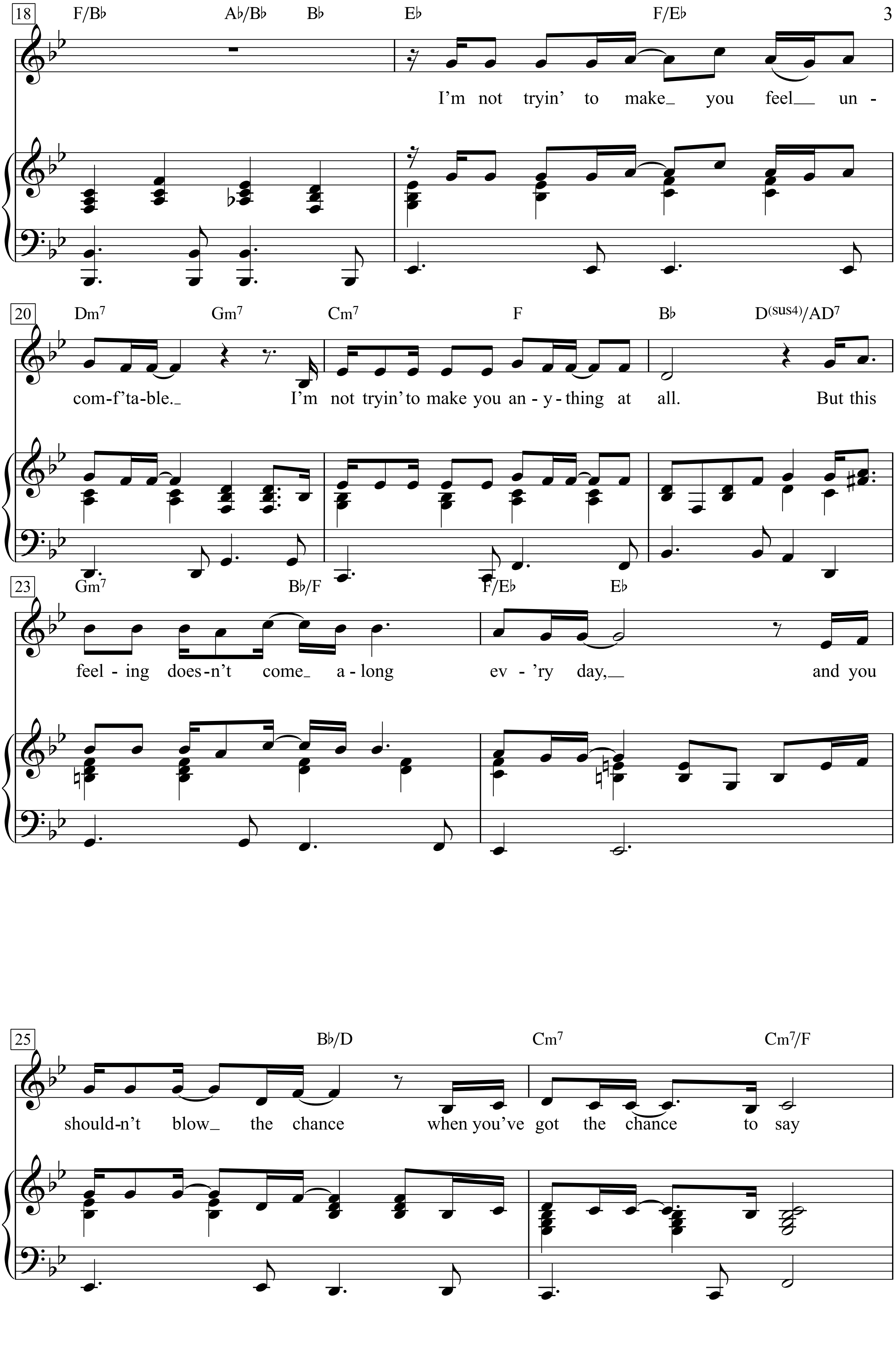
2. ain't supposed to cry but these tears I can't hold inside,
losin' you would end my life you see 'cause you mean
that much to me, you could have told me yourself
that you loved someone else,
instead I heard it through the grapevine,
not much longer would you be mine,
Oh, I heard it through the grapevine.
And I'm just about to lose my mind.

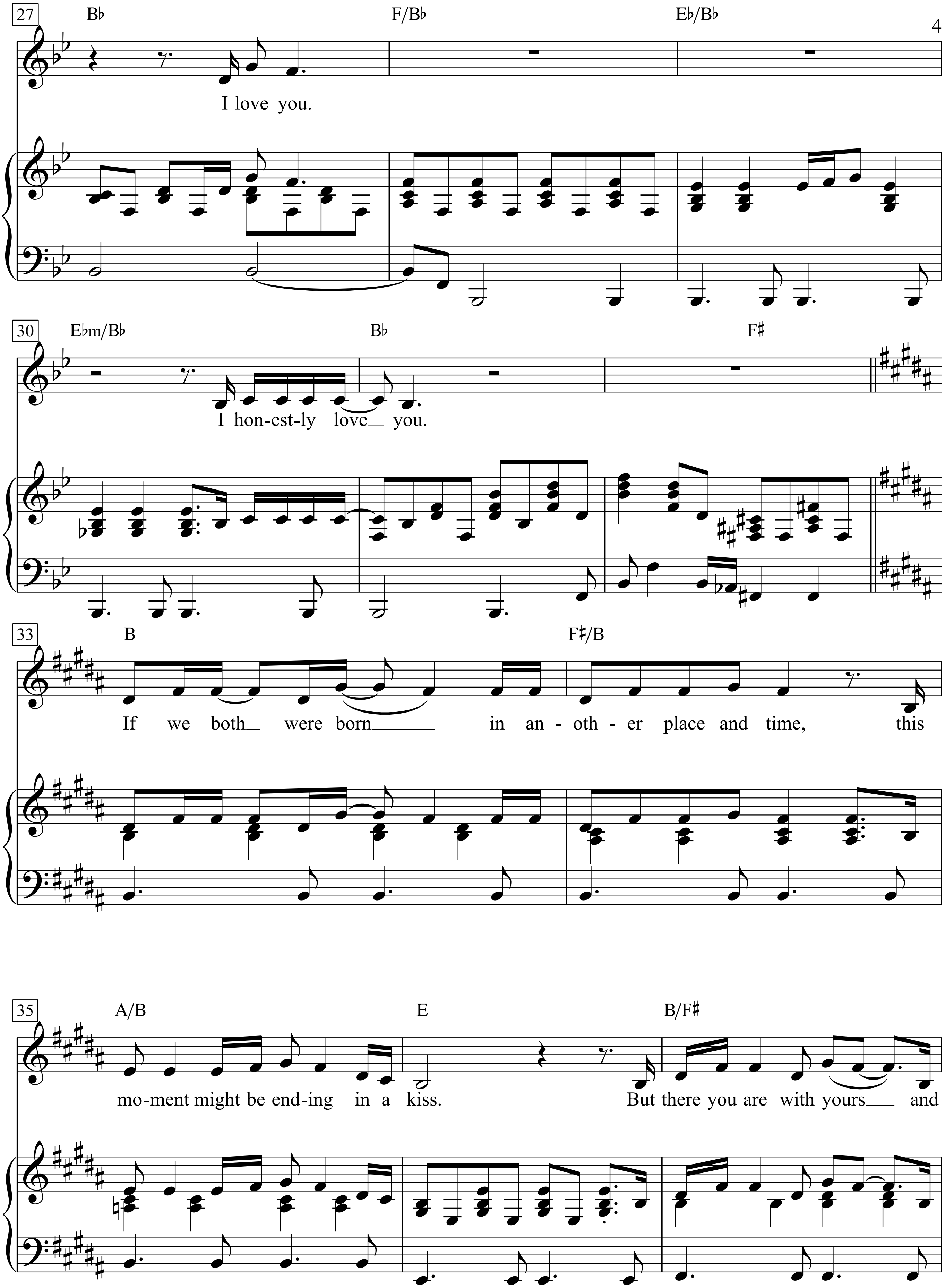
I Honestly Love You

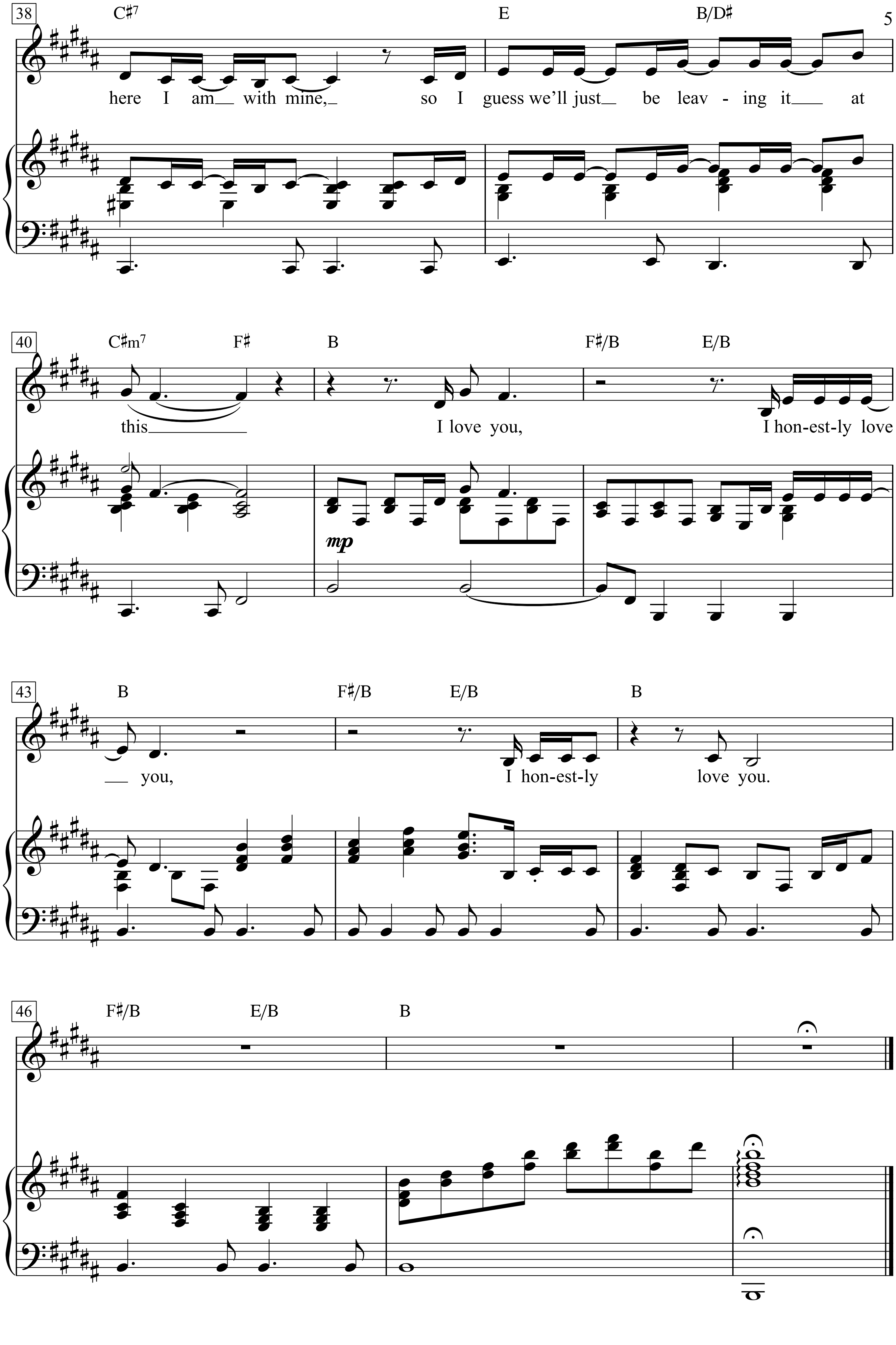
Olivia Newton-John




9
B♭/F
C9
I got some - thin' to tell__ you that I nev - er thought I would, but
this is pure__ and sim - ple and you must re - a - lize that it's
11
E♭
B♭/D
Cm7
F
I be - lieve__ you real - iy ought__ to know.
com - in' from__ my heart and not__ my head.
13
B♭
F/B♭
E♭/B♭
1.
B♭
I love you,
I hon-est-ly love__ you.
16
F/B♭
E♭/B♭
2.
B♭
you.


18
F/B♭ A♭/B♭ B♭ E♭ F/E♭
I'm not tryin' to make_ you feel__ un -
20
Dm7 Gm7 Cm7 F B♭ D(sus4)/AD7
com-f'ta-ble._ I'm not tryin' to make you an - y - thing at all. But this
23
Gm7 B♭/F F/E♭ E♭
feel - ing does - n't come_ a - long ev - 'ry day,__ and you
25
B♭/D Cm7 Cm7/F
should - n't blow_ the chance when you've got the chance to say

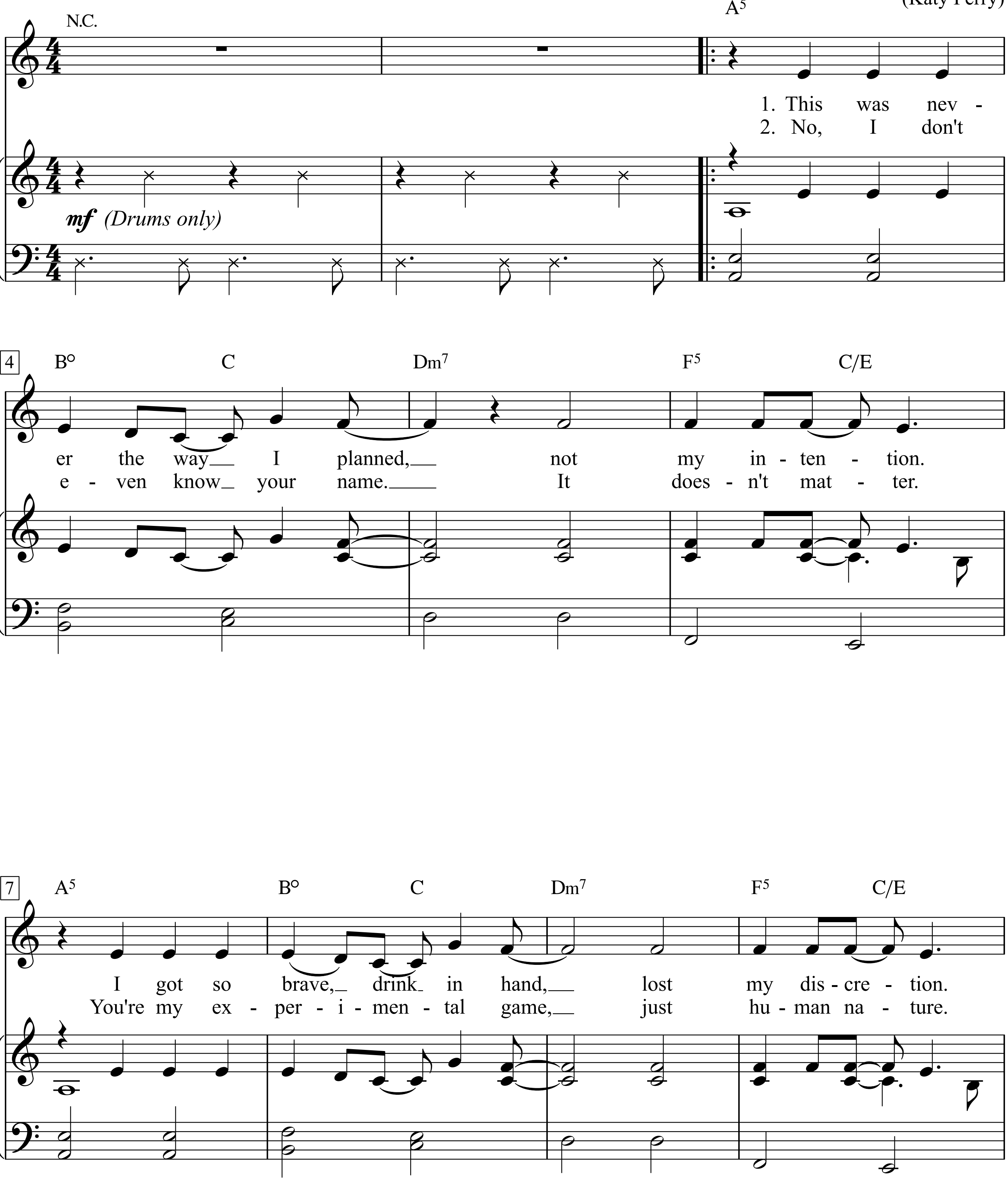

27
B♭
F/B♭
E♭/B♭
I love you.
30
E♭m/B♭
B♭
F♯
I hon-est-ly love_ you.
33
B
F♯/B
If we both_ were born___ in an-oth-er place and time, this
35
A/B
E
B/F♯
mo-ment might be end-ing in a kiss.
But there you are with yours___ and

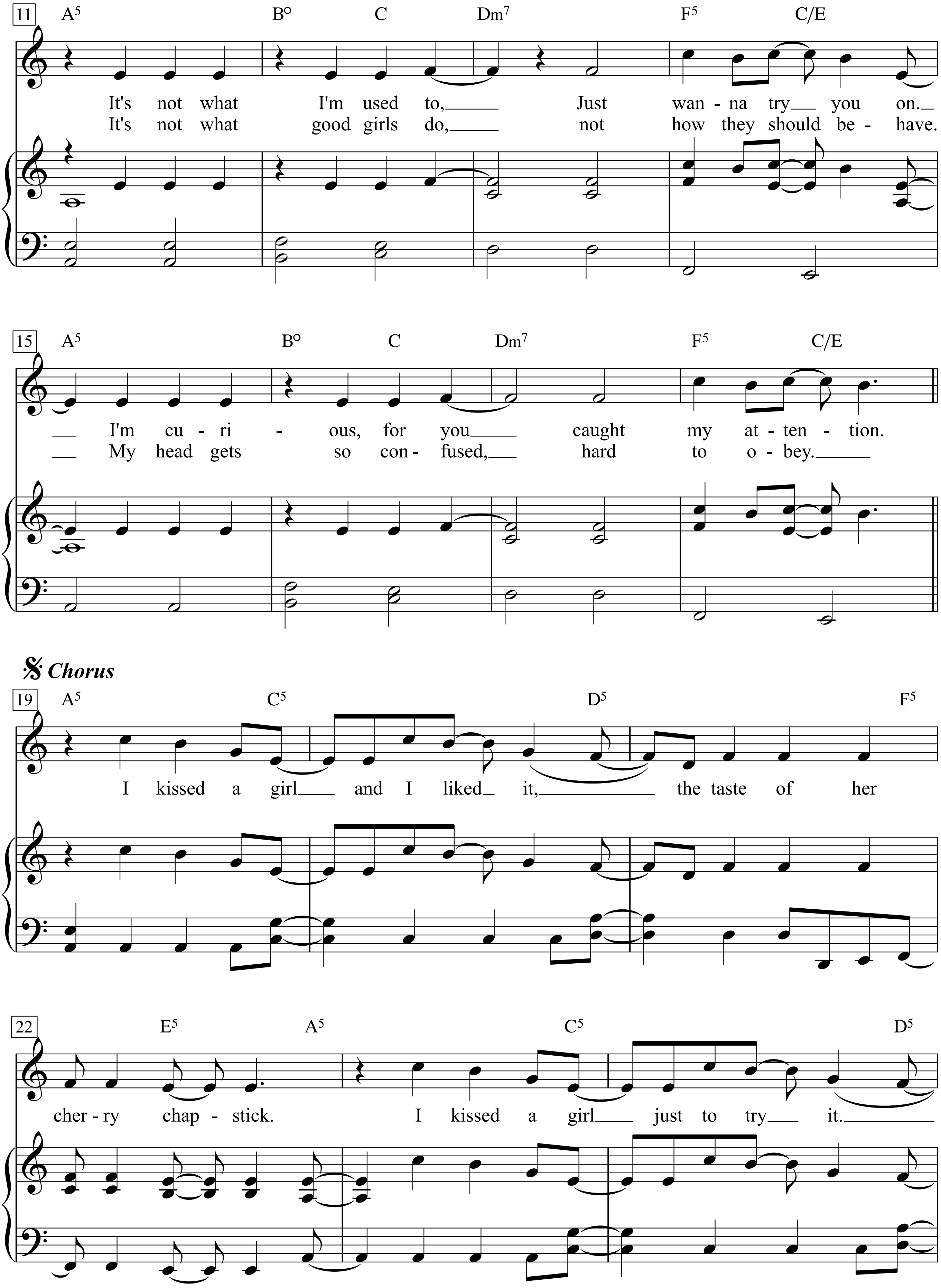

38
C♯7
E
B/D♯
here I am with mine, so I guess we'll just be leav - ing it at
40
C♯m7
F♯
B
F♯/B
E/B
this I love you, I hon-est-ly love
mp
43
B
F♯/B
E/B
B
you, I hon-est-ly love you.
46
F♯/B
E/B
B

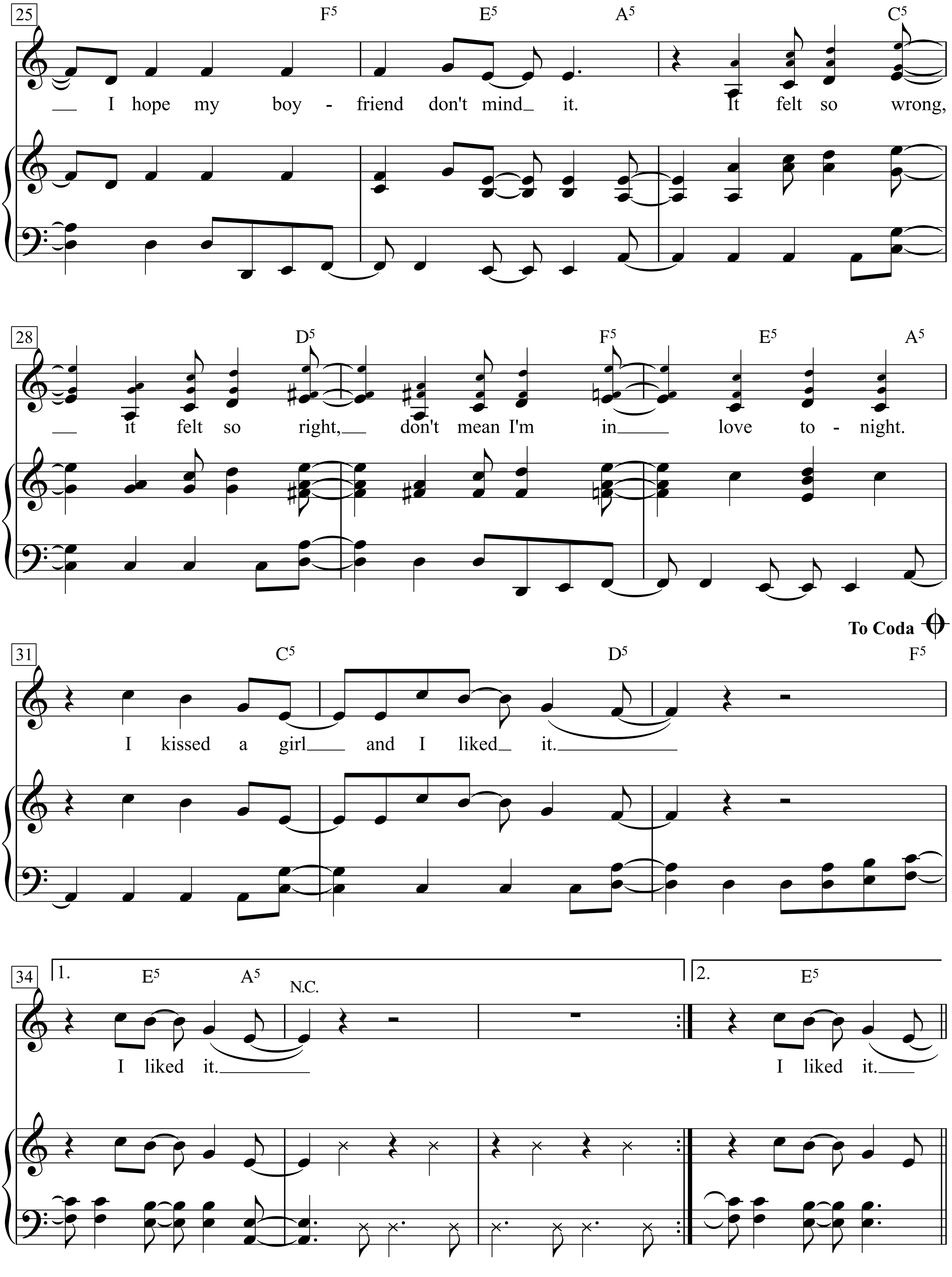
I Kissed A Girl

Words & Music by
Katy Perry, Lukasz Gottwald,
Max Martin, Cathy Dennis
(Katy Perry)

Moderately fast ♩ = 132 (♫=♩ ♪ triplet)




11
A5 B° C Dm7 F5 C/E
It's not what I'm used to, Just wan - na try you on.
It's not what good girls do, not how they should be - have.
15
A5 B° C Dm7 F5 C/E
I'm cu - ri - ous, for you caught my at - ten - tion.
My head gets so con - fused, hard to o - bey.
Chorus
19
A5 C5 D5 F5
I kissed a girl and I liked it, the taste of her
22
E5 A5 C5 D5
cher - ry chap - stick. I kissed a girl just to try it.


25
F5 E5 A5 C5
I hope my boy - friend don't mind it. It felt so wrong,
28
D5 F5 E5 A5
it felt so right, don't mean I'm in love to - night.
To Coda
31
C5 D5 F5
I kissed a girl and I liked it.
34
1. E5 A5 N.C.
I liked it.
2. E5
I liked it.

1. This was never the way
I planned, not my intention.
I got so brave, drink in hand,
lost my discretion.
It's not what I'm used to,
Just wanna try you on.
I'm curious, for you caught my attention.

Chorus:
I kissed a girl and I liked it,
the taste of her cherry chapstick.
I kissed a girl just to try it.
I hope my boyfriend don't mind it.
It felt so wrong, it felt so right,
don't mean I'm in love tonight.
I kissed a girl and I liked it.
I liked it. I liked it.

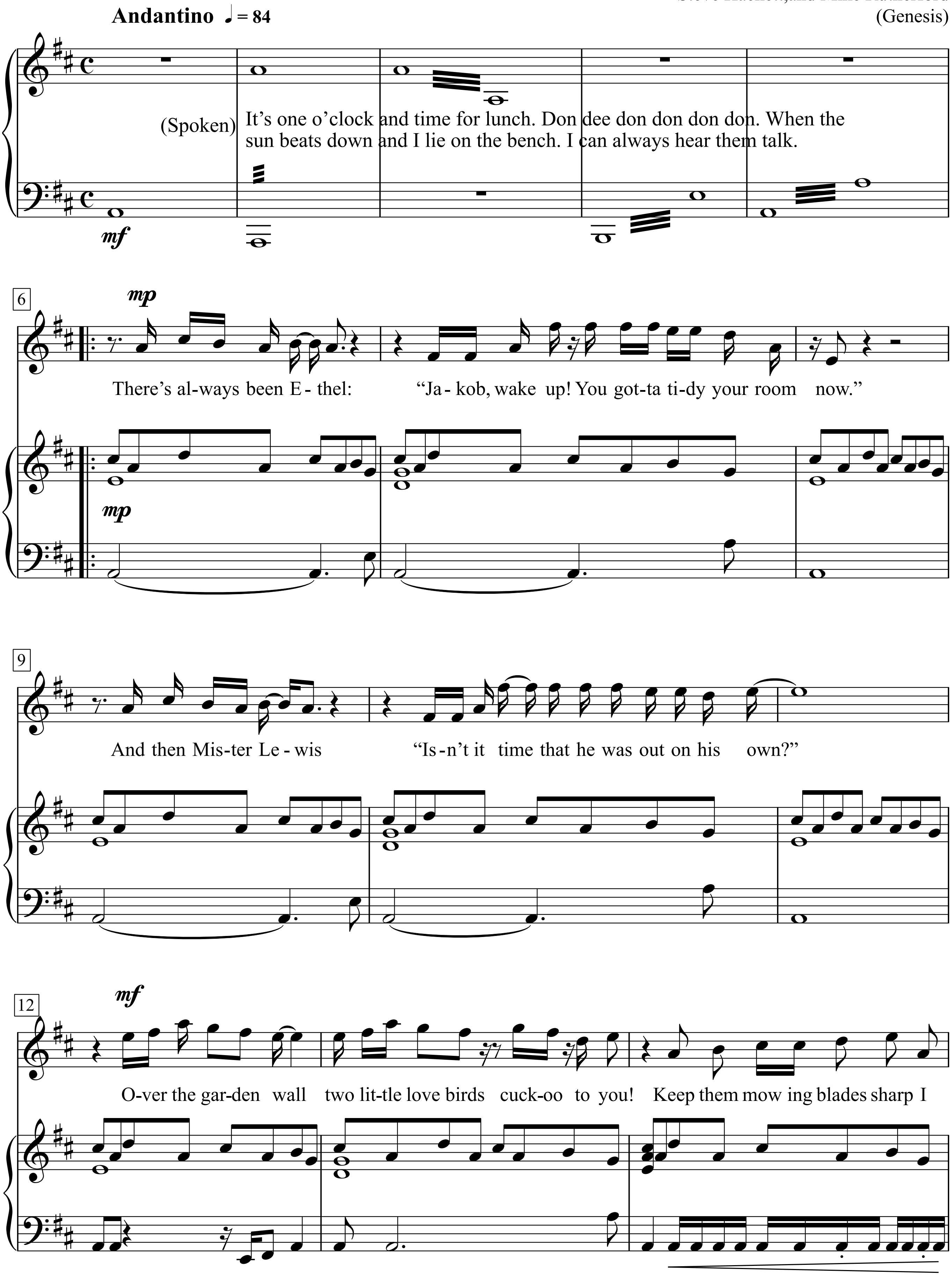
2. No, I don't even know your name.
It doesn't matter.
You're my experimental game, just human nature.
It's not what good girls do,
not how they should behave.
My head gets so confused, hard to obey.

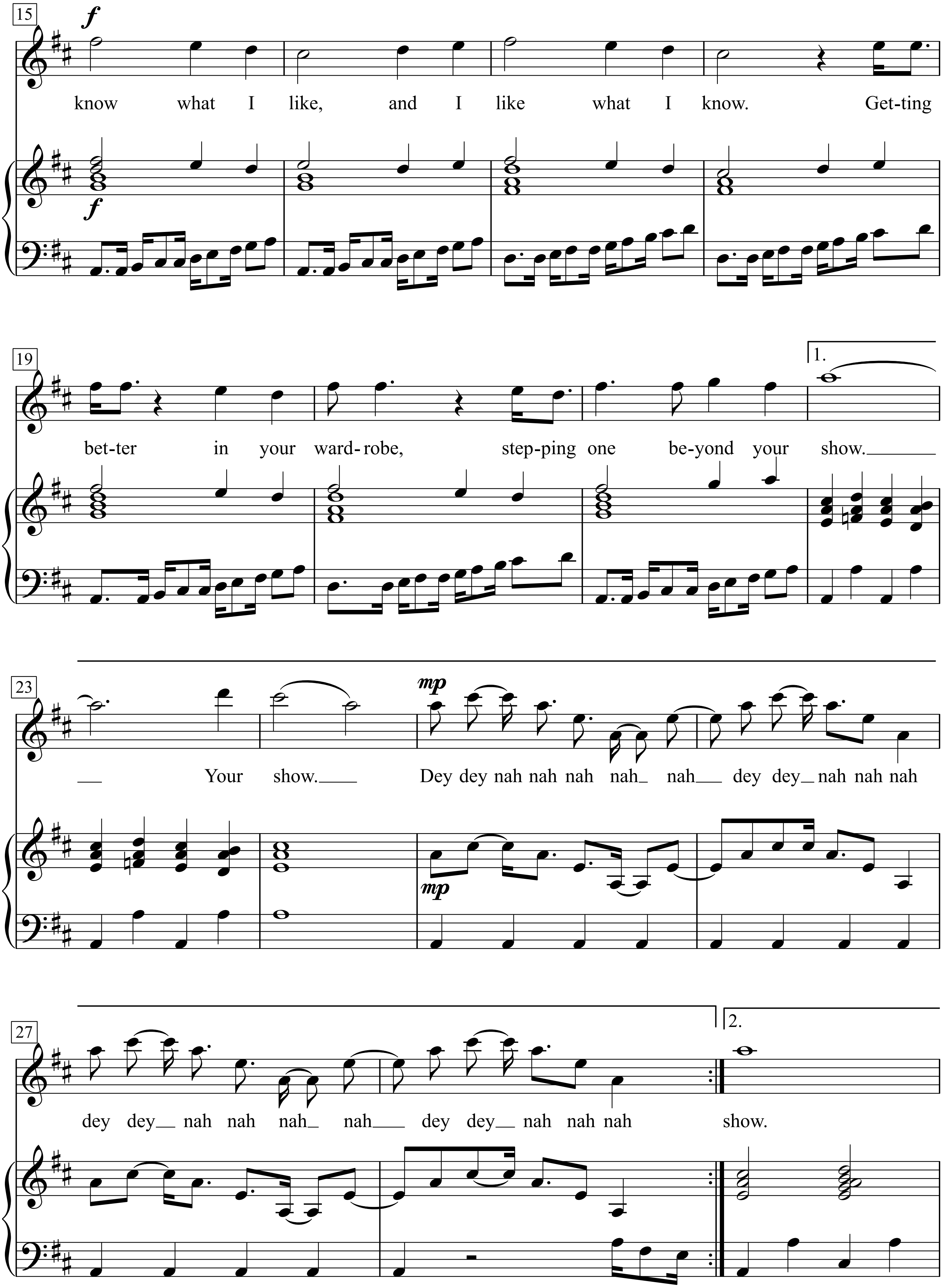
Chorus:
I kissed a girl and I liked it,
the taste of her cherry chapstick.
I kissed a girl just to try it.
I hope my boyfriend don't mind it.
It felt so wrong, it felt so right,
don't mean I'm in love tonight.
I kissed a girl and I liked it.

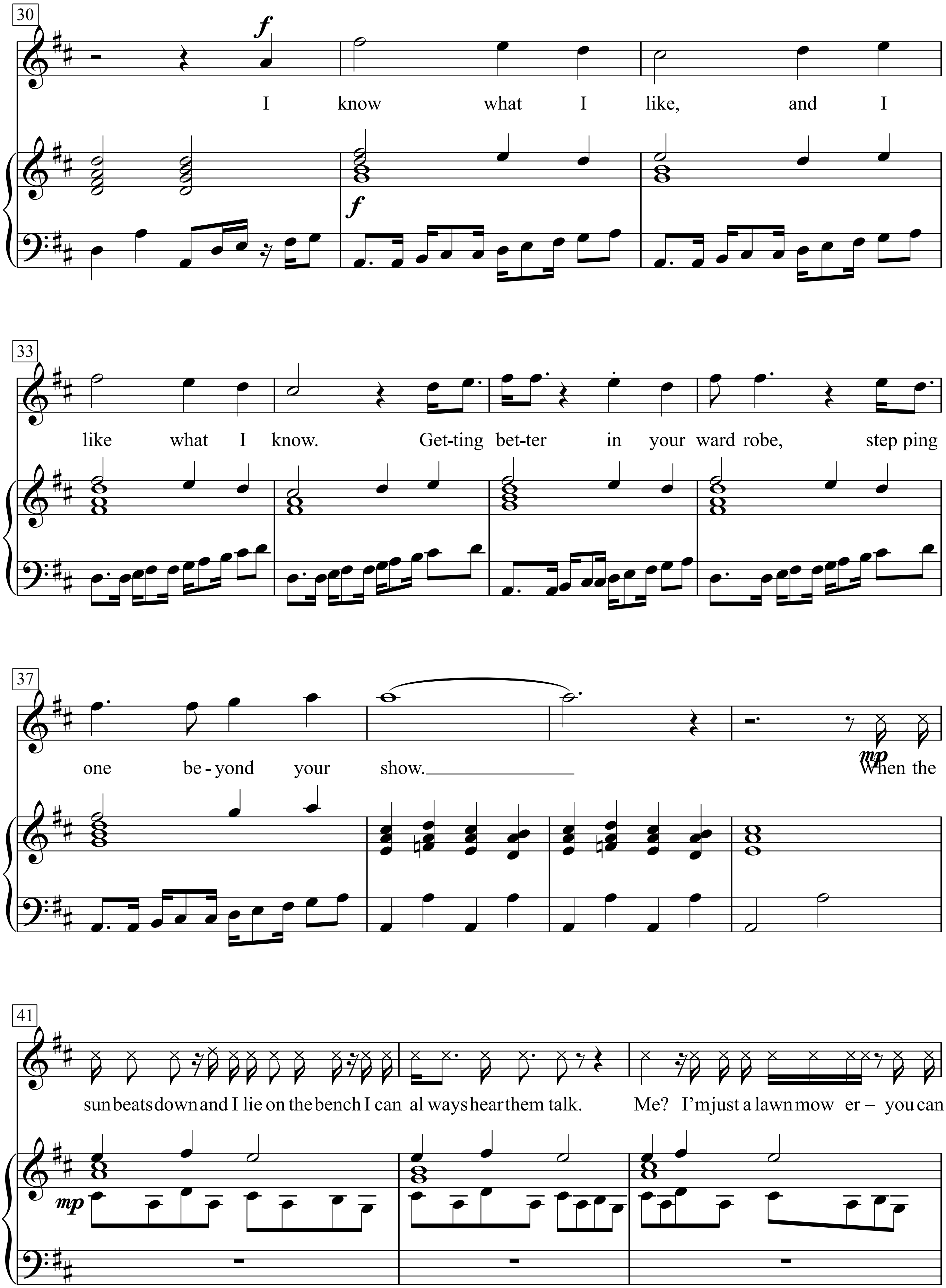
I Know What I Like

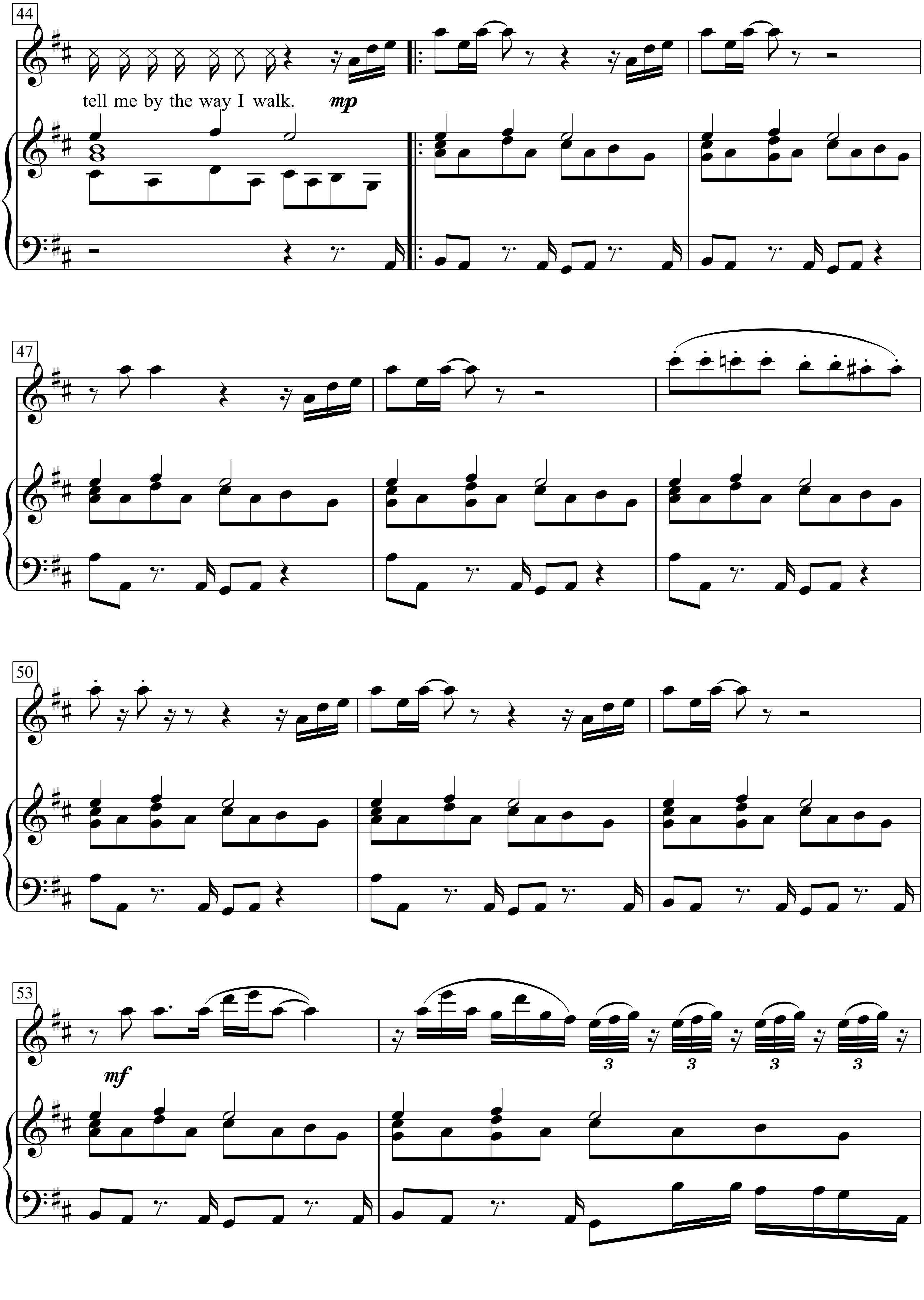
(In your wardrobe)

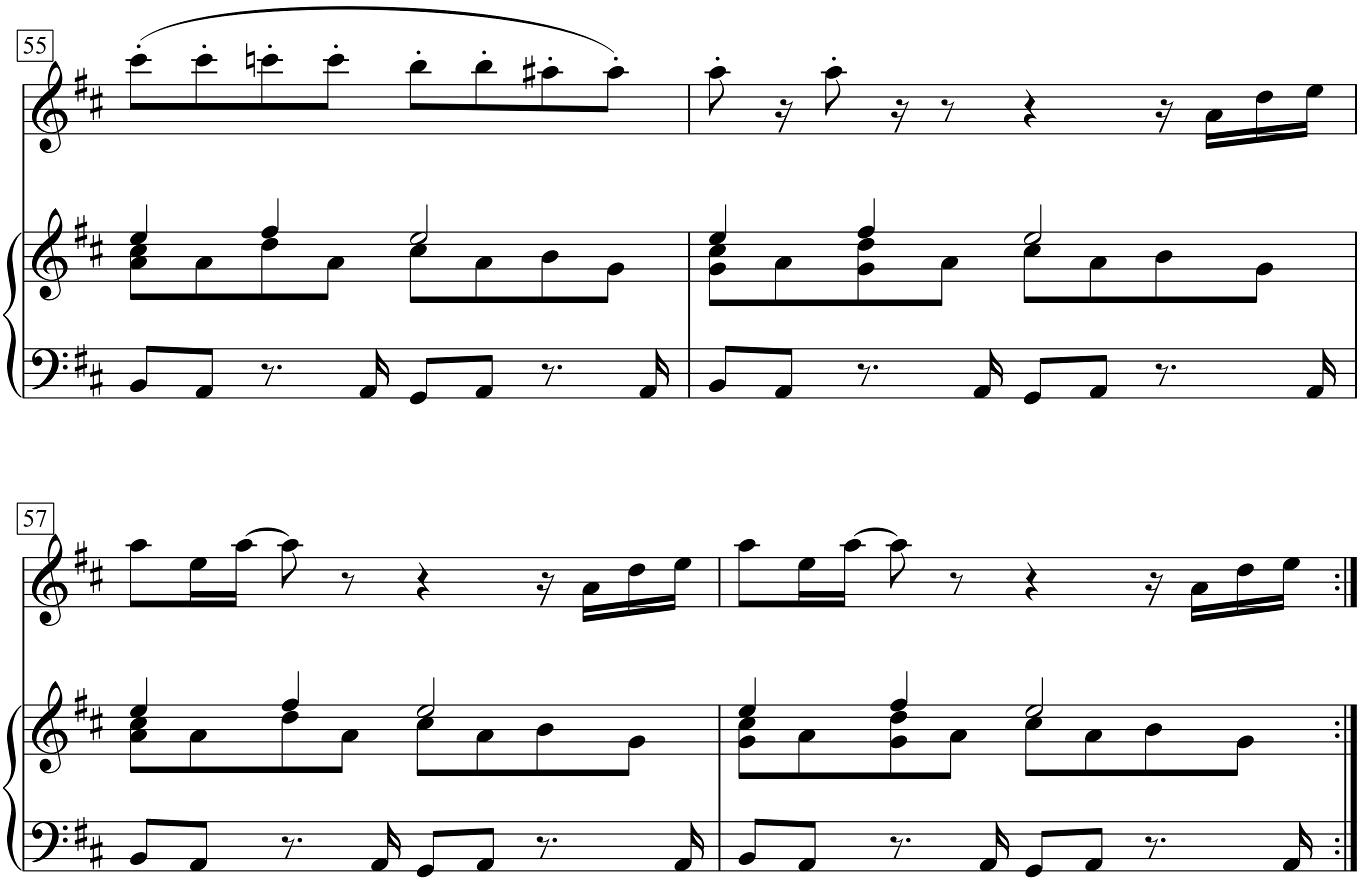
Words & Music by
Tony Banks, Phil Collins, Peter Gabriel,
Steve Hackett,and Mike Rutherford
(Genesis)




15
f
know what I like, and I like what I know. Get-ting
f
19
1.
bet-ter in your ward-robe, step-ping one be-yond your show.
23
mp
Your show. Dey dey nah nah nah nah nah dey dey nah nah nah
mp
27
2.
dey dey nah nah nah nah dey dey nah nah nah show.


30
f
I know what I like, and I
f
33
like what I know. Get-ting bet-ter in your ward robe, step ping
37
one be - yond your show.
mp
When the
41
sun beats down and I lie on the bench I can al ways hear them talk. Me? I'm just a lawn mow er – you can
mp


44
tell me by the way I walk.
mp
47
50
53
mf
3 3 3 3



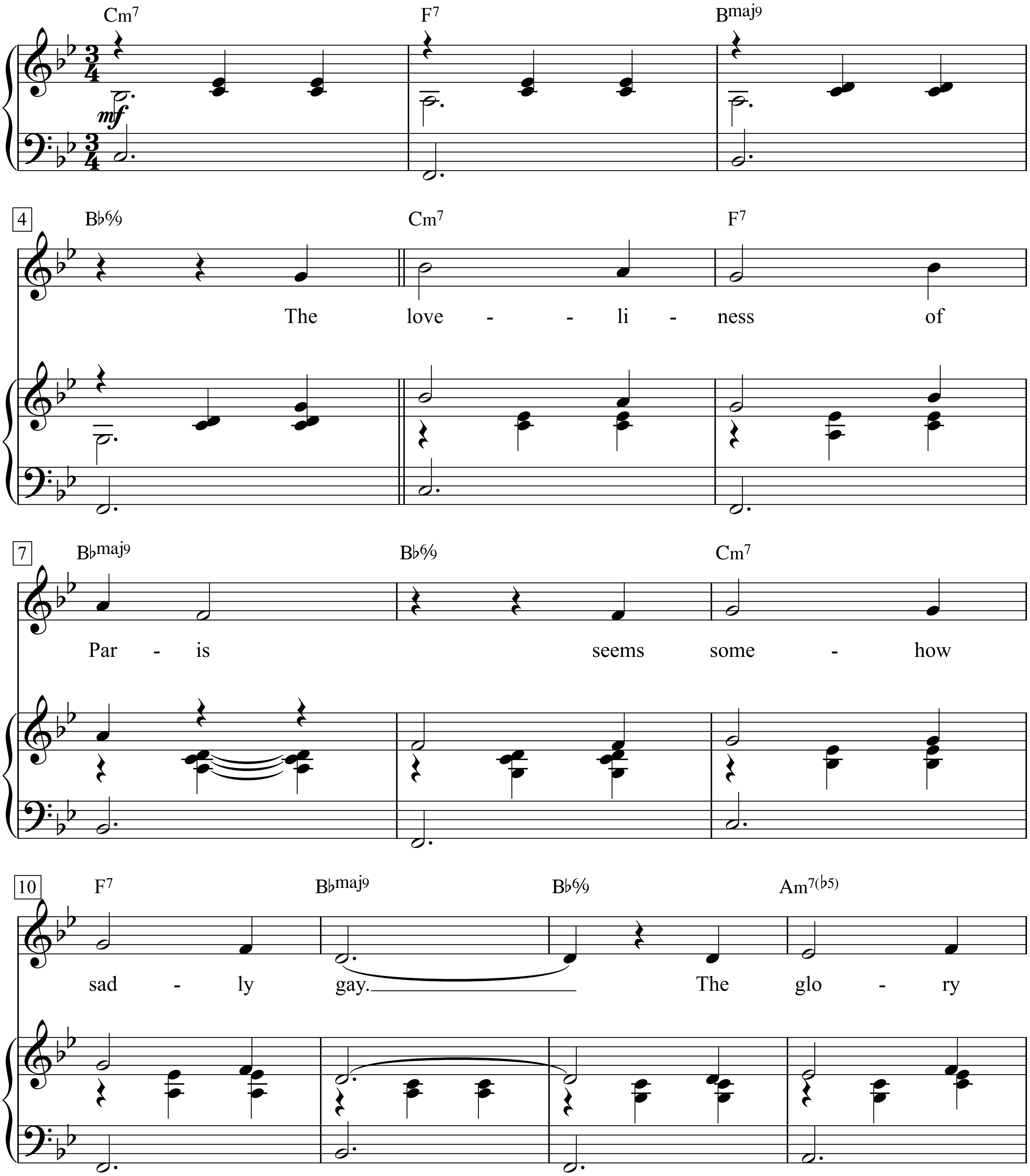
Sunday night, Mr. Farmer called, said:
“Listen son, you’re wasting time; there’s a future for you
in the fire escape trade. Come up to town!”
But I remembered a voice from the past;
“Gambling only pays when you’re winning.”
I had to thank old Miss Mort for schooling a failure.
Keep them mowing blades sharp ...

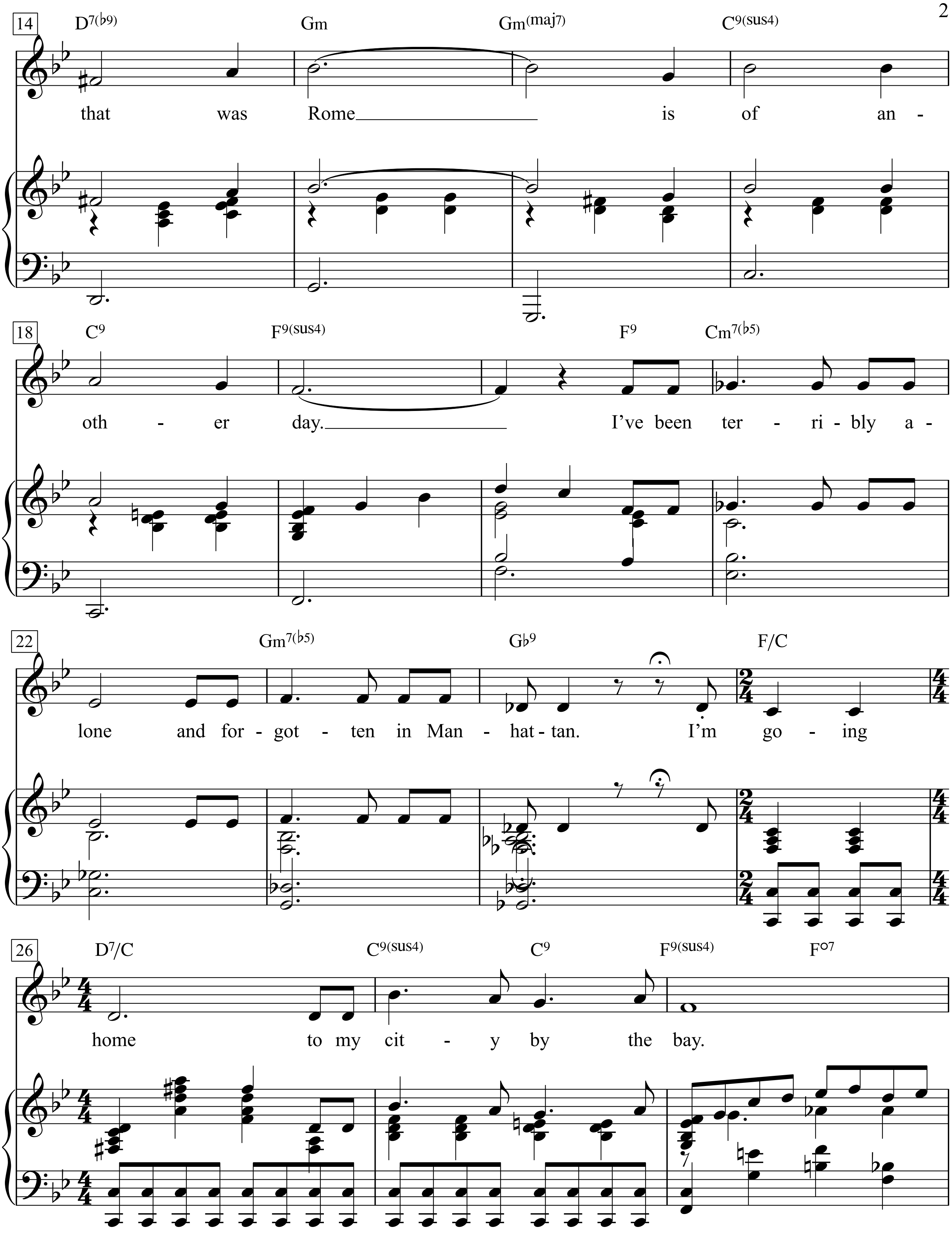
I Left My Heart In San Francisco

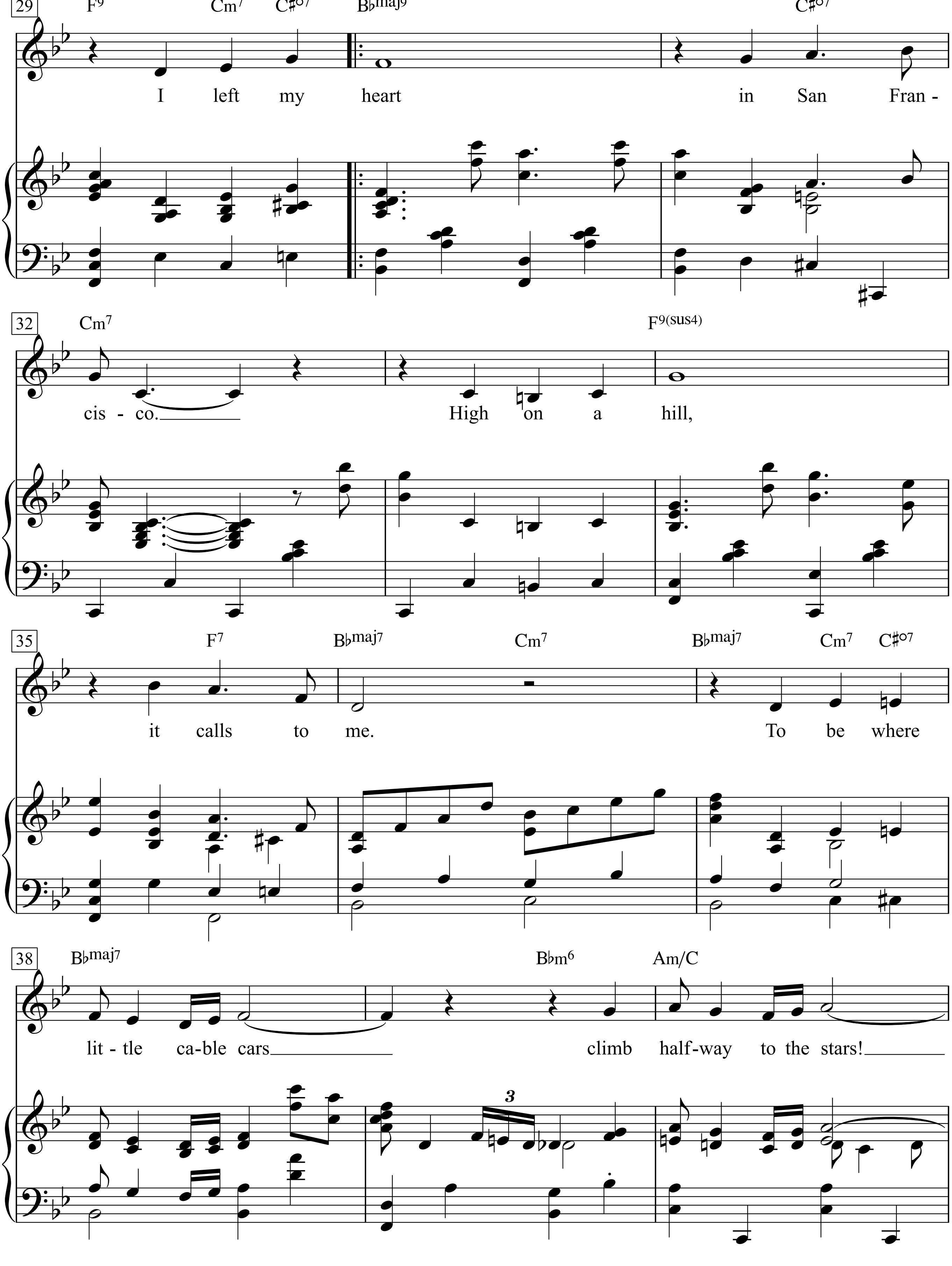
Words by Douglass Cross

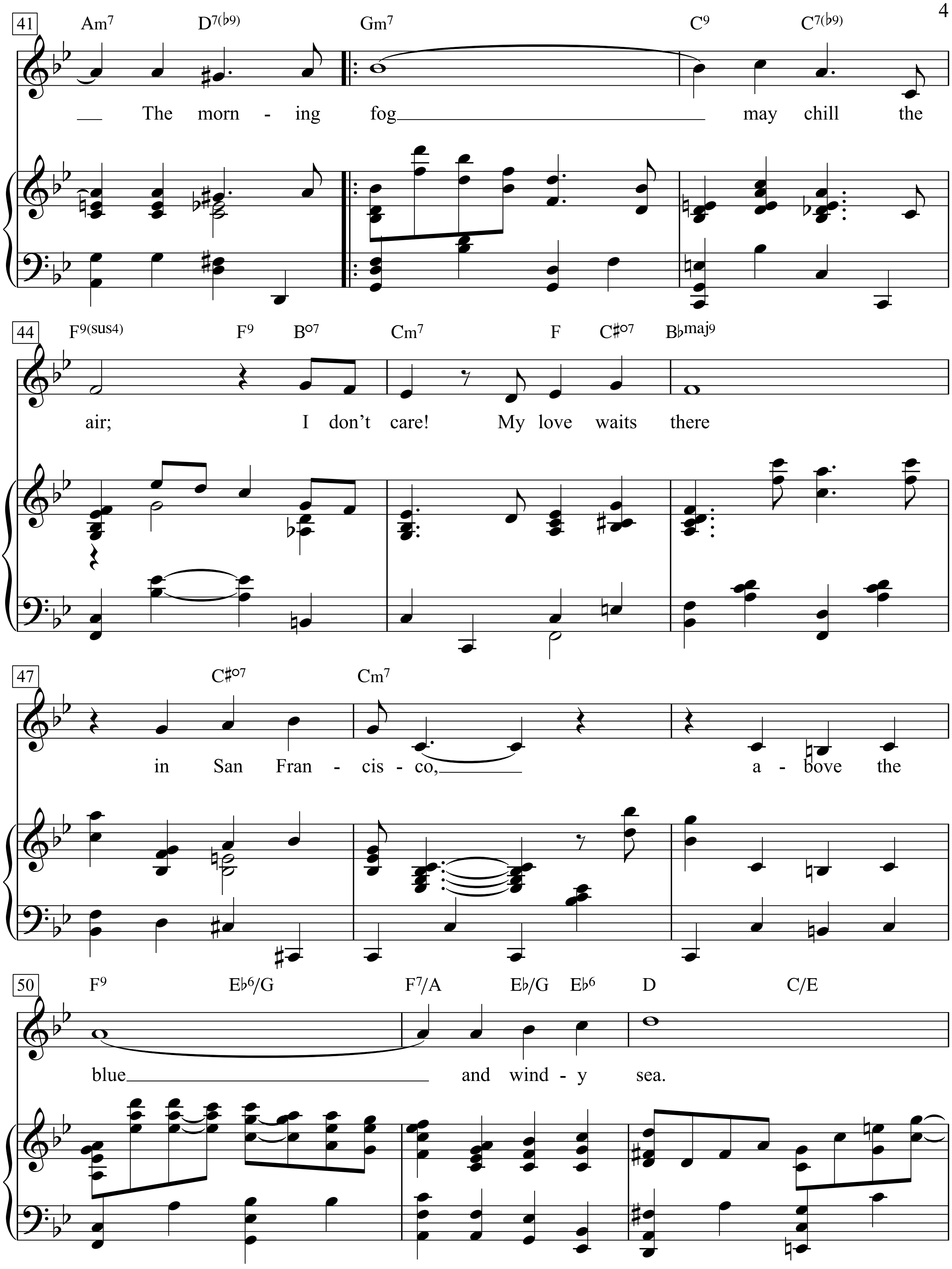
Music by George Cory
(Tony Bennett)

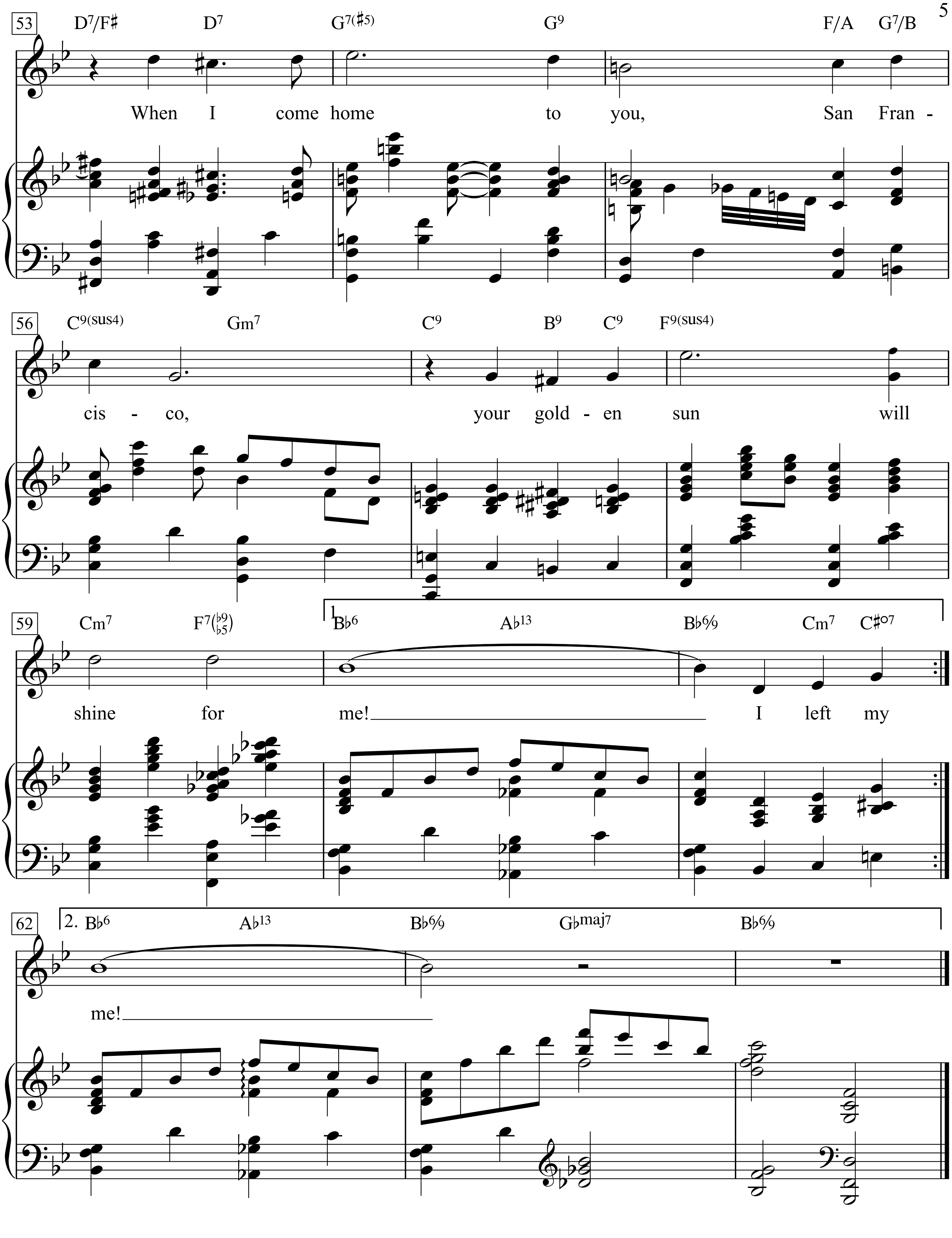
Moderate Waltz




14
D7(♭9) Gm Gm(maj7) C9(sus4)
that was Rome is of an -
18
C9 F9(sus4) F9 Cm7(♭5)
oth - er day. I've been ter - ri - bly a -
22
Gm7(♭5) G♭9 F/C
lone and for - got - ten in Man - hat - tan. I'm go - ing
26
D7/C C9(sus4) C9 F9(sus4) F°7
home to my cit - y by the bay.


29
F9 Cm7 C♯o7 B♭maj9 C♯o7
I left my heart in San Fran -
32
Cm7 F9(sus4)
cis - co. High on a hill,
35
F7 B♭maj7 Cm7 B♭maj7 Cm7 C♯o7
it calls to me. To be where
38
B♭maj7 B♭m6 Am/C
lit - tle ca-ble cars climb half-way to the stars!
3

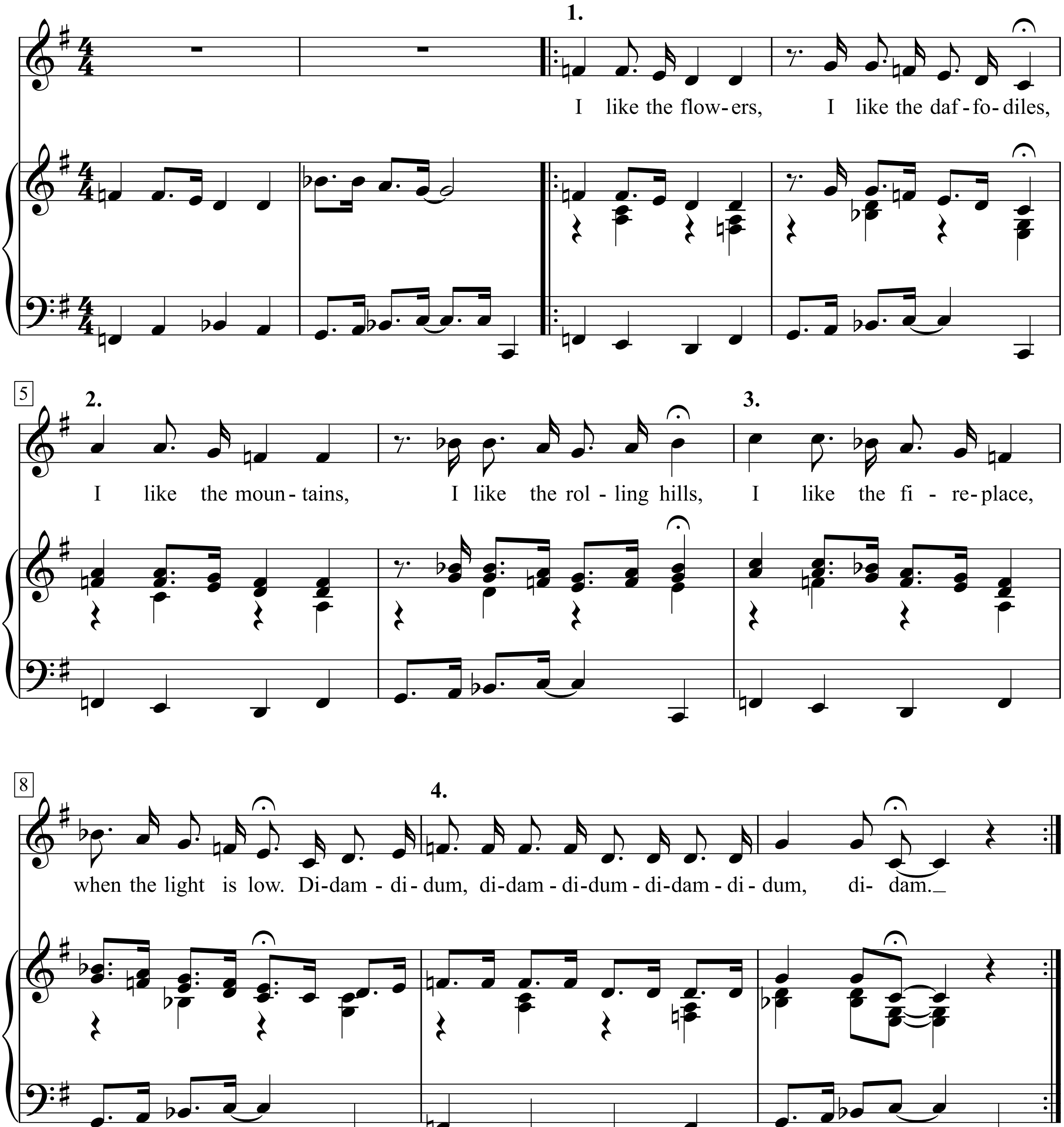

41
Am7 D7(♭9) Gm7 C9 C7(♭9)
The morn - ing fog may chill the
44
F9(sus4) F9 B°7 Cm7 F C♯°7 B♭maj9
air; I don't care! My love waits there
47
C♯°7 Cm7
in San Fran - cis - co, a - bove the
50
F9 E♭6/G F7/A E♭/G E♭6 D C/E
blue and wind - y sea.


53
D7/F♯ D7 G7(♯5) G9 F/A G7/B
When I come home to you, San Fran -
56
C9(sus4) Gm7 C9 B9 C9 F9(sus4)
cis - co, your gold - en sun will
59
Cm7 F7(♭9 ♭5) 1. B♭6 A♭13 B♭6/9 Cm7 C♯o7
shine for me! I left my
62
2. B♭6 A♭13 B♭6/9 G♭maj7 B♭6/9
me!

I like the flowers

Kanon

Text & Musik: mündlich überliefert
Volksgut

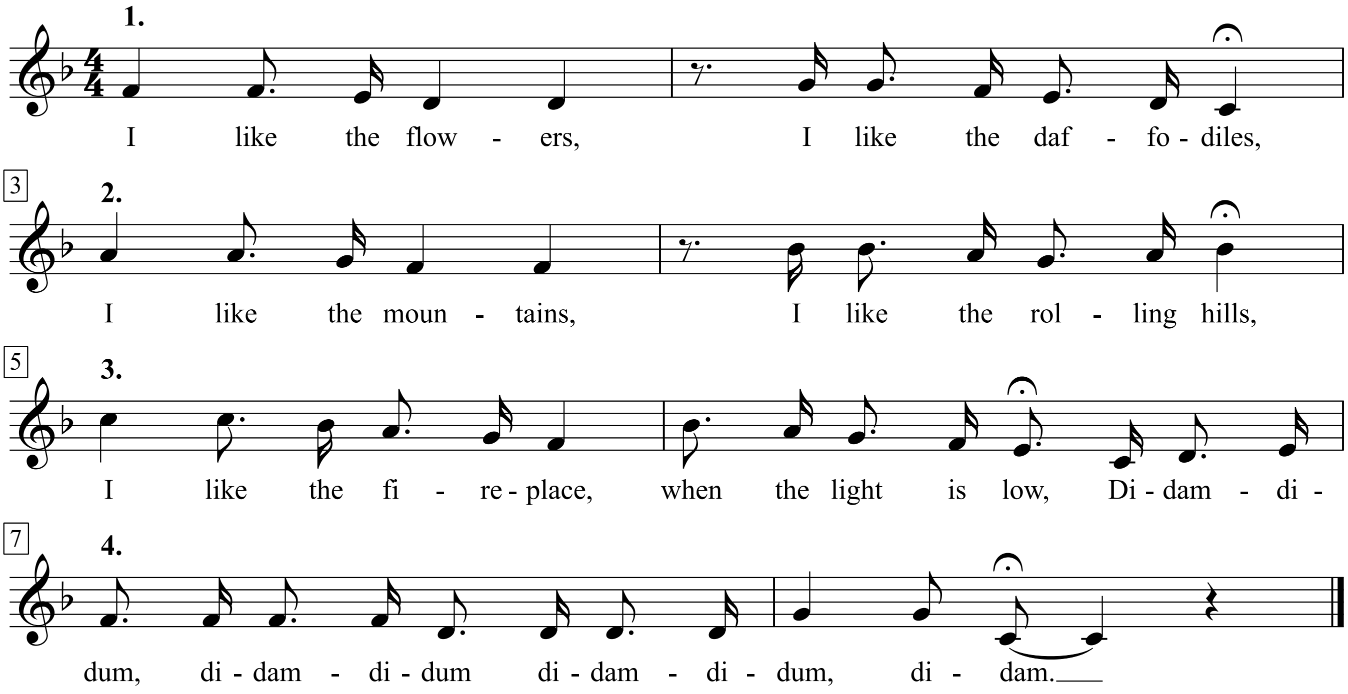


I like the flowers, I like the daffodiles,
I like the mountains, I like the rolling hills,
I like the fireplace, when the light is low,
Didamdidum, didamdidum didamdidum, didam.

I like the flowers

Kanon

Text & Musik: aus England



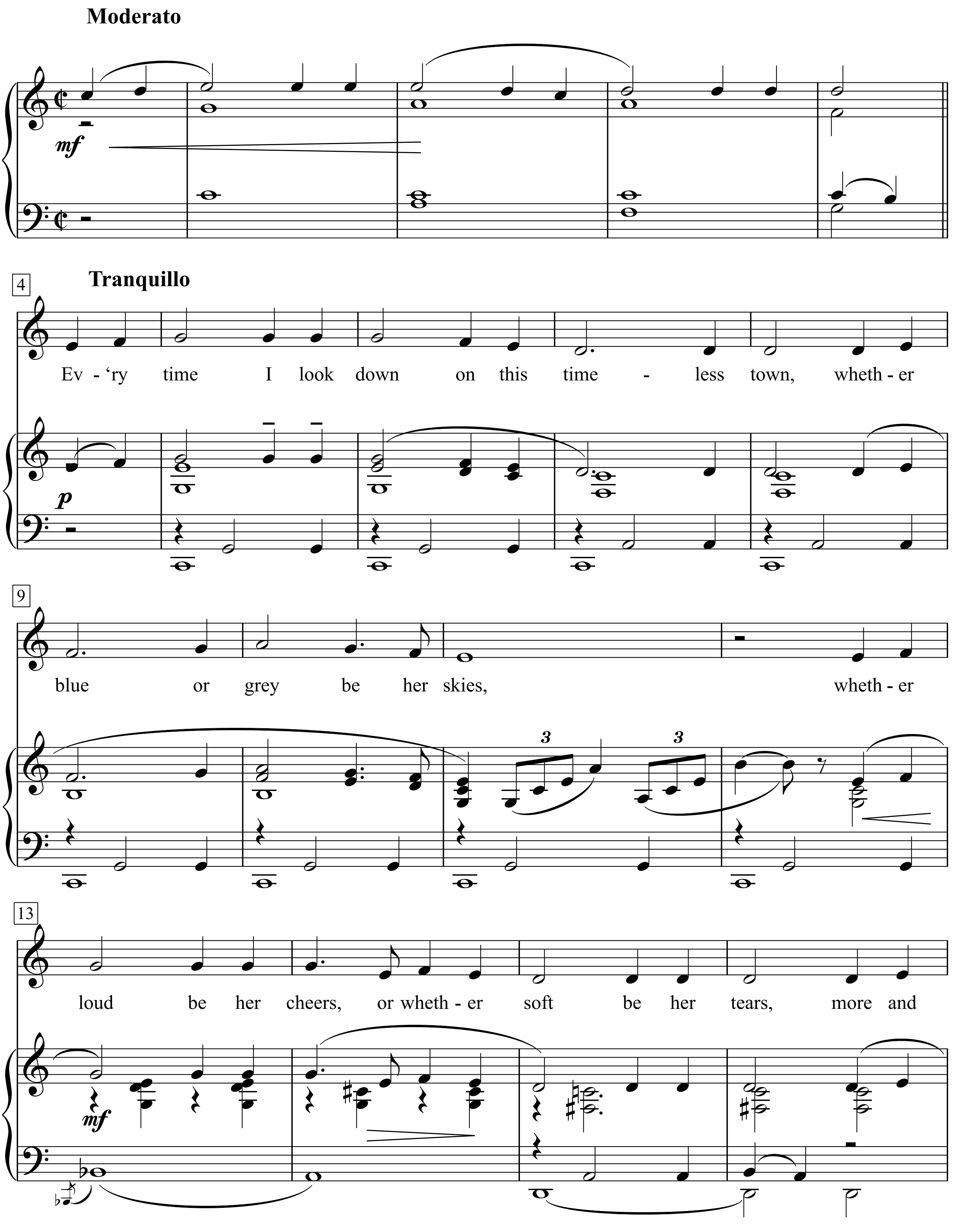
I like the flowers, I like the daffodiles,
I like the mountains, I like the rolling hills,
I like the fireplace, when the light is low,
Didamdidum, didamdidum didamdidum, didam.

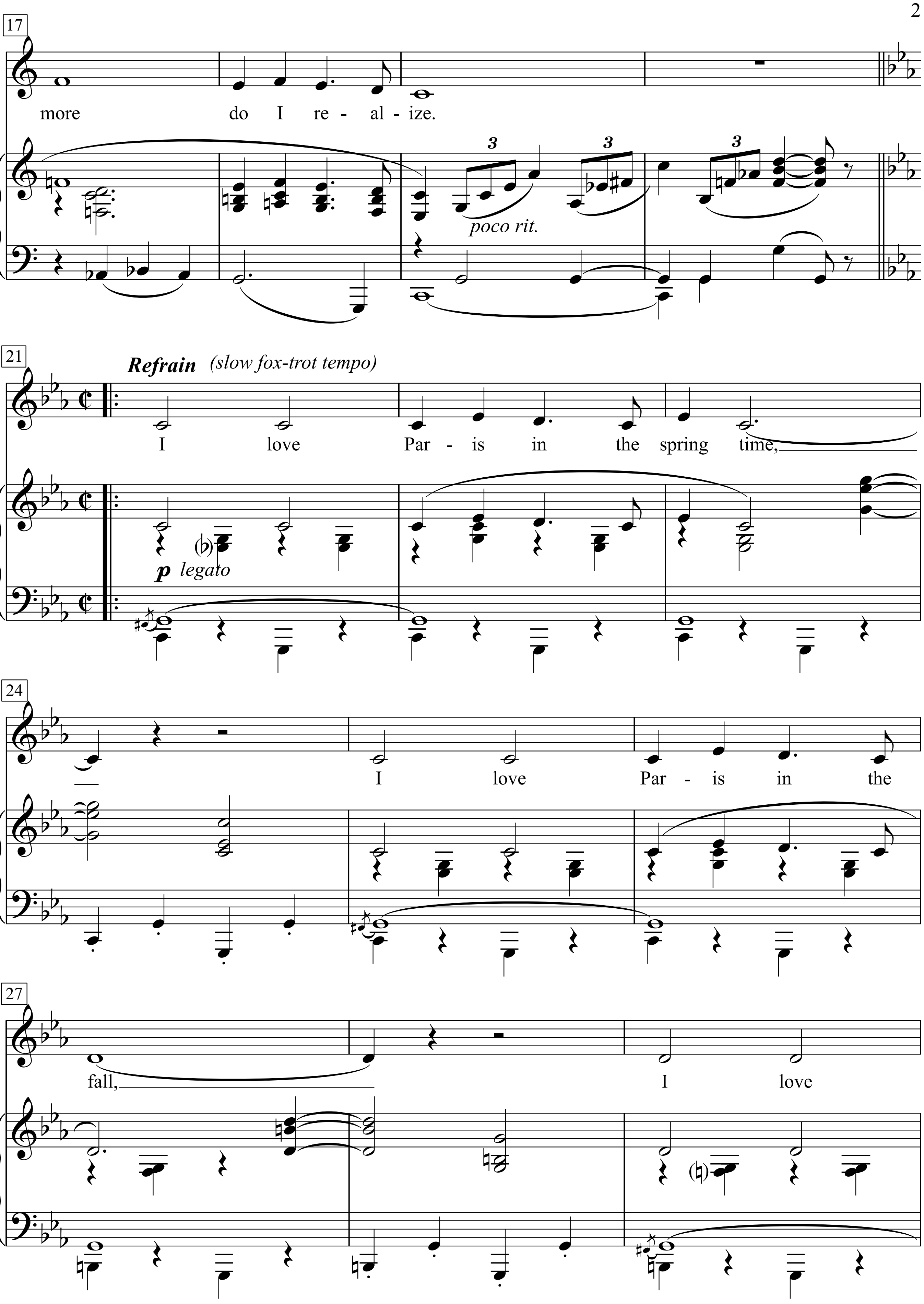
Kanon zu vier Stimmen (Harmonieschema halbtaktig: F,d,g,C)

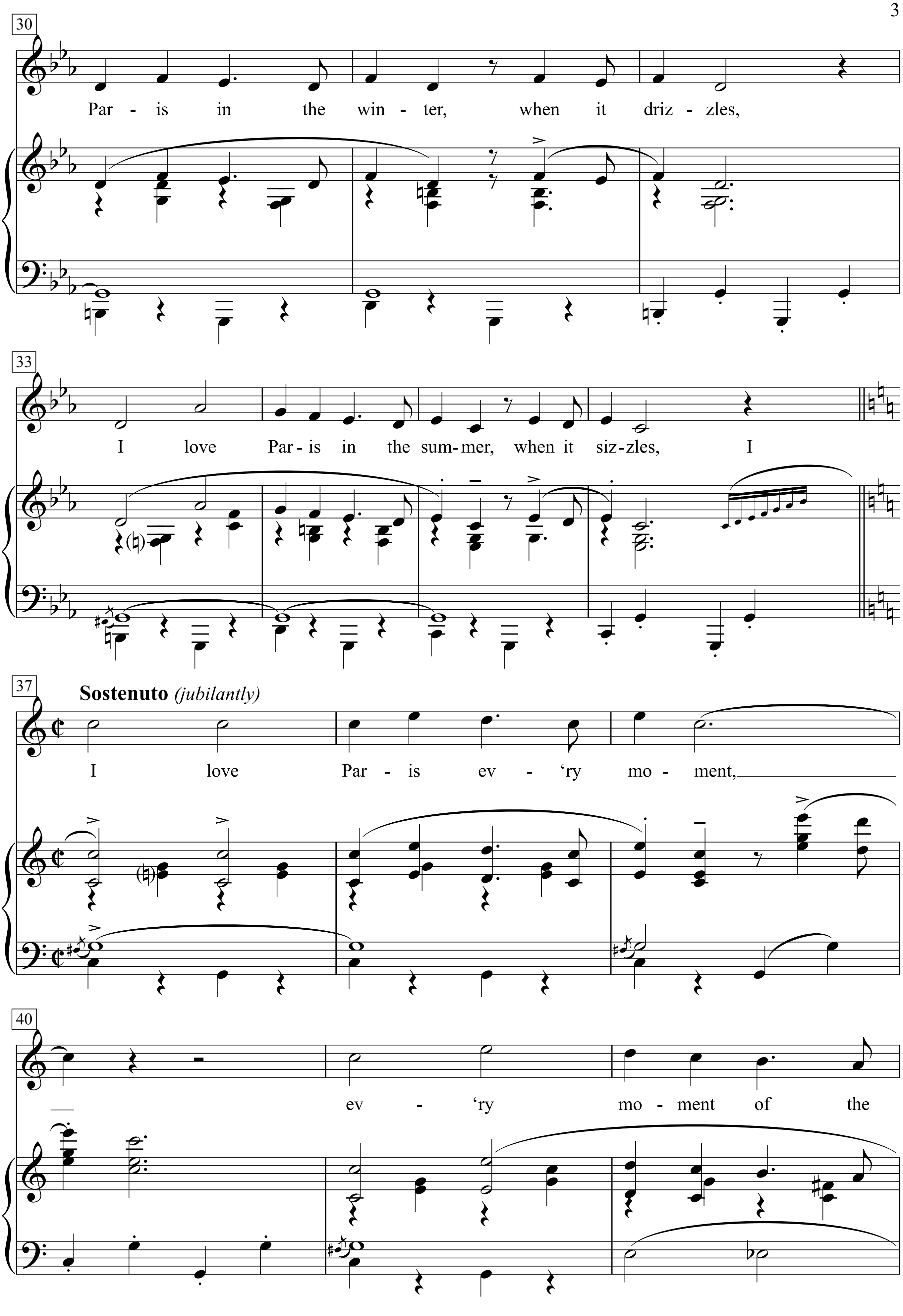
I love Paris

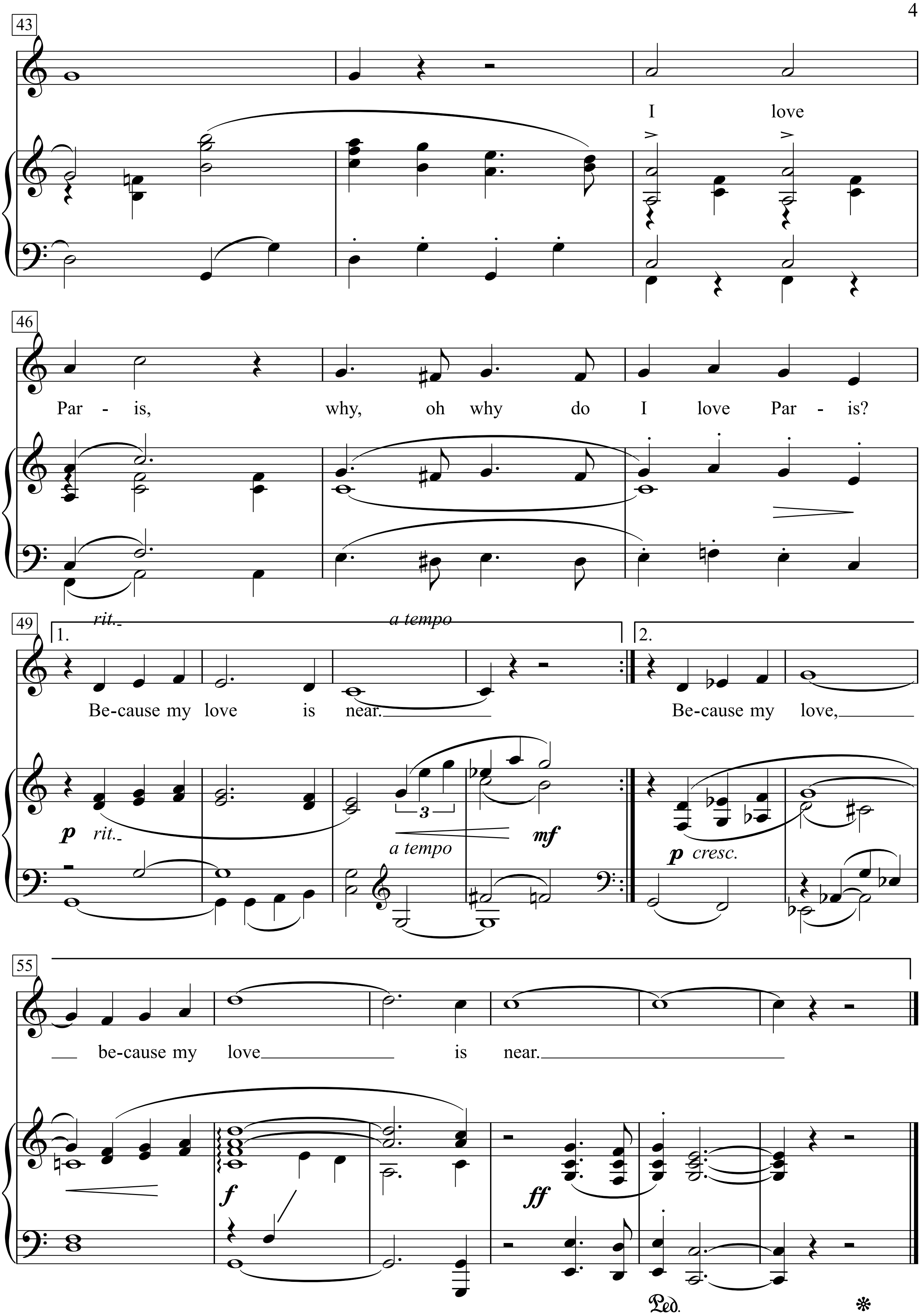
(*from* ‘Can Can’)

Words & Music by Cole Porter (1953)




17
more do I re - al - ize.
3
3
3
poco rit.
21
Refrain (slow fox-trot tempo)
I love Par - is in the spring time,
p legato
24
I love Par - is in the
27
fall,
I love


30
Par - is in the win - ter, when it driz - zles,
33
I love Par - is in the sum - mer, when it siz - zles, I
37
Sostenuto (jubilantly)
I love Par - is ev - 'ry mo - ment,
40
ev - 'ry mo - ment of the

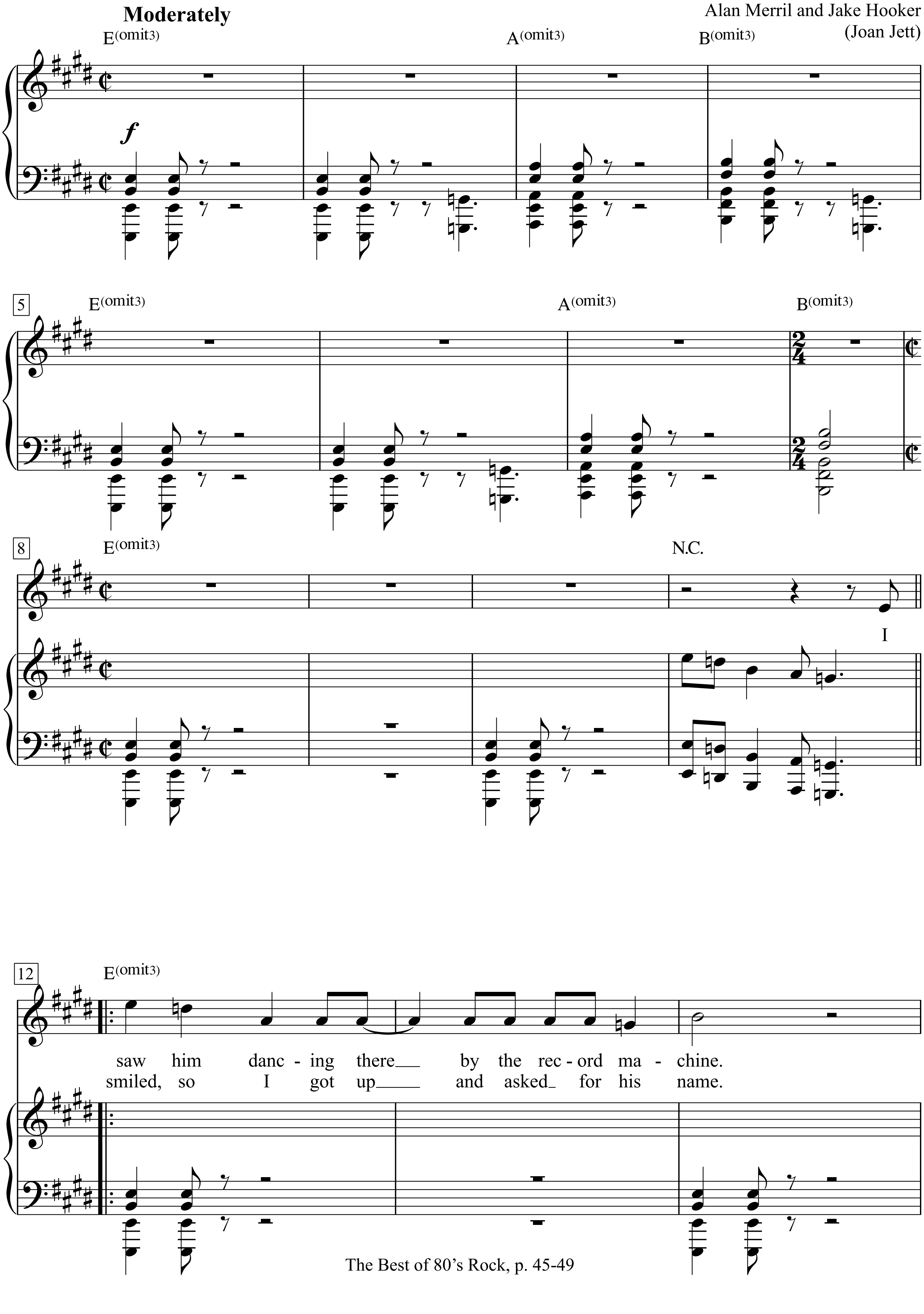

43
I love
46
Par - is, why, oh why do I love Par - is?
49
rit.
a tempo
1.
2.
Be-cause my love is near.
Be-cause my love,
p rit.
a tempo
mf
p cresc.
3
55
be-cause my love is near.
f
ff
Ped.
*

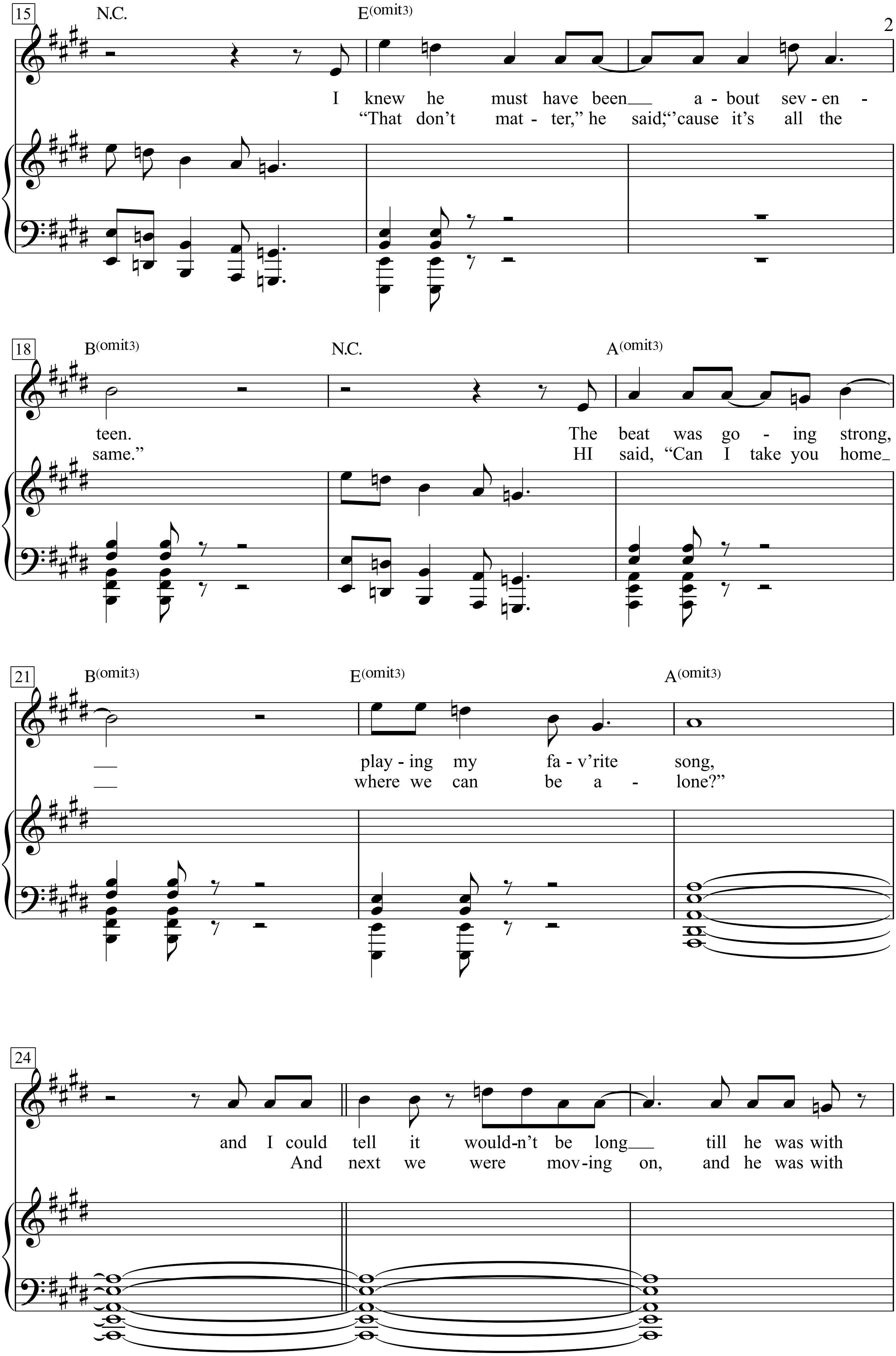
Ev’ry time I look down
on this timeless town,
whether blue or grey be her skies,
whether loud be her cheers,
or whether soft be her tears,
more and more do I realize.

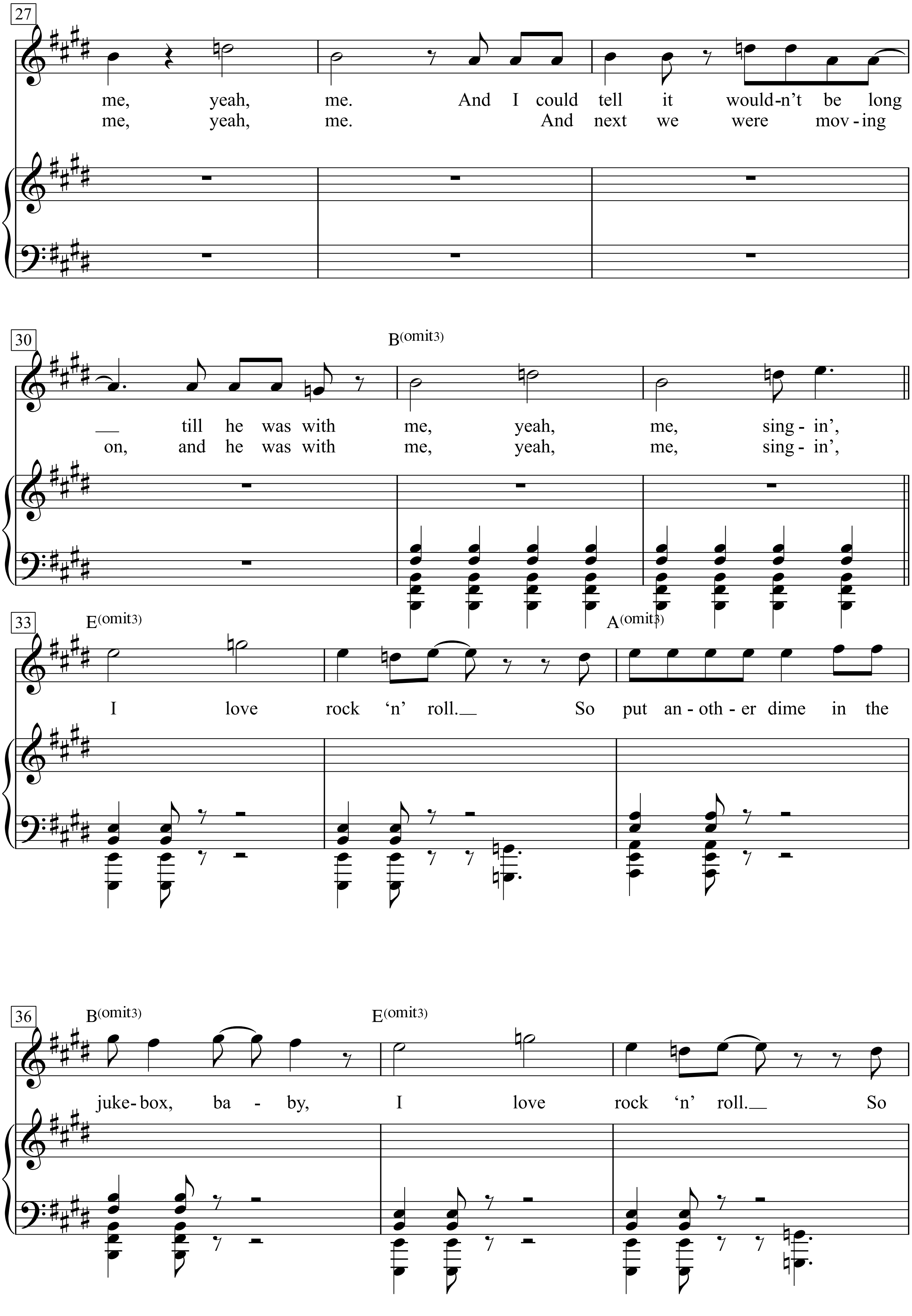
Refrain:
I love Paris in the spring time,
I love Paris in the fall,
I love Paris in the winter, when it drizzles,
I love Paris in the summer, when it sizzles,
I love Paris ev‘ry moment, ev‘ry moment of the year,
I love Paris, why, oh why do I love Paris?
Because my love is near.
Because my love, because my love is near

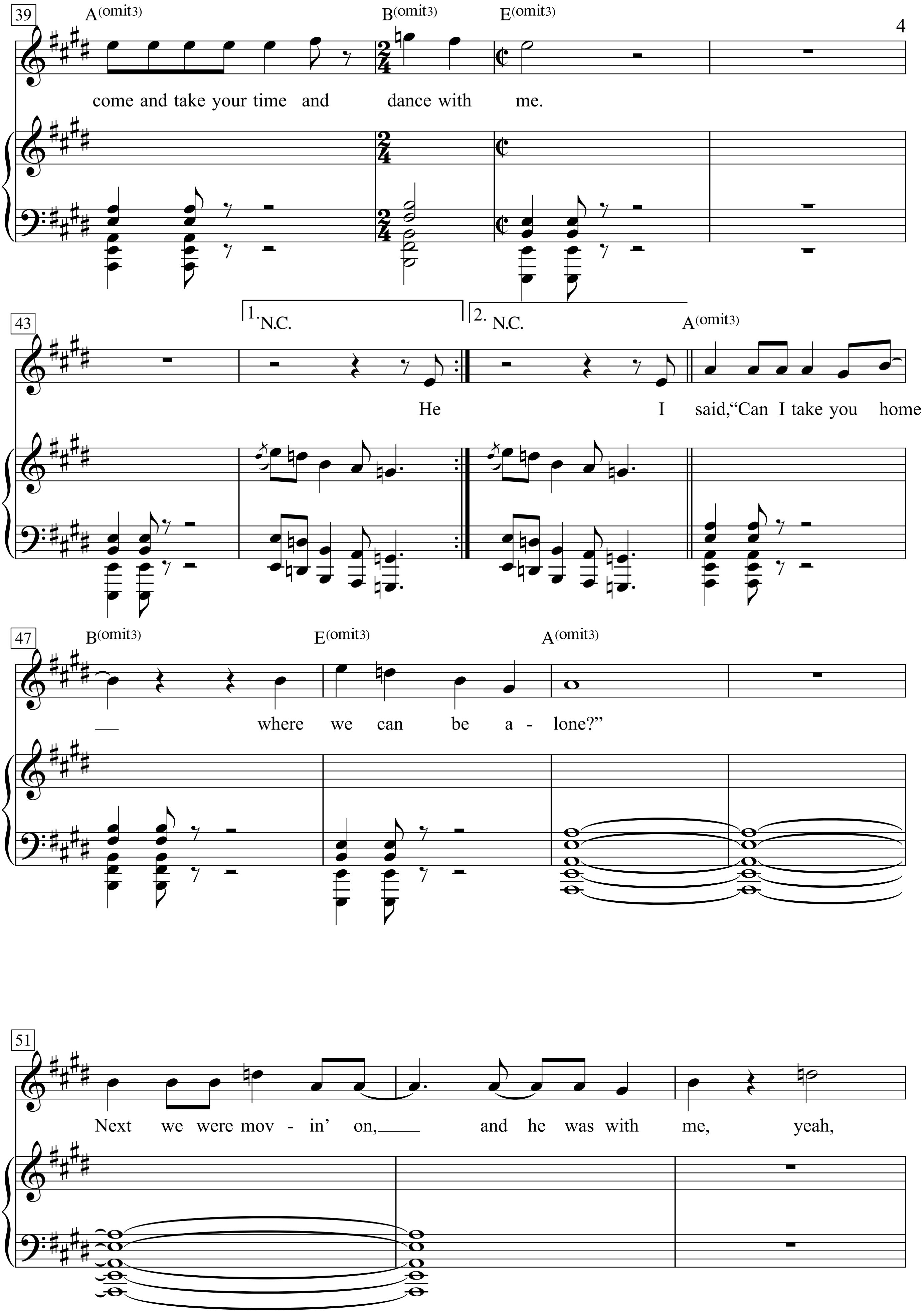
I Love Rock ’N Roll

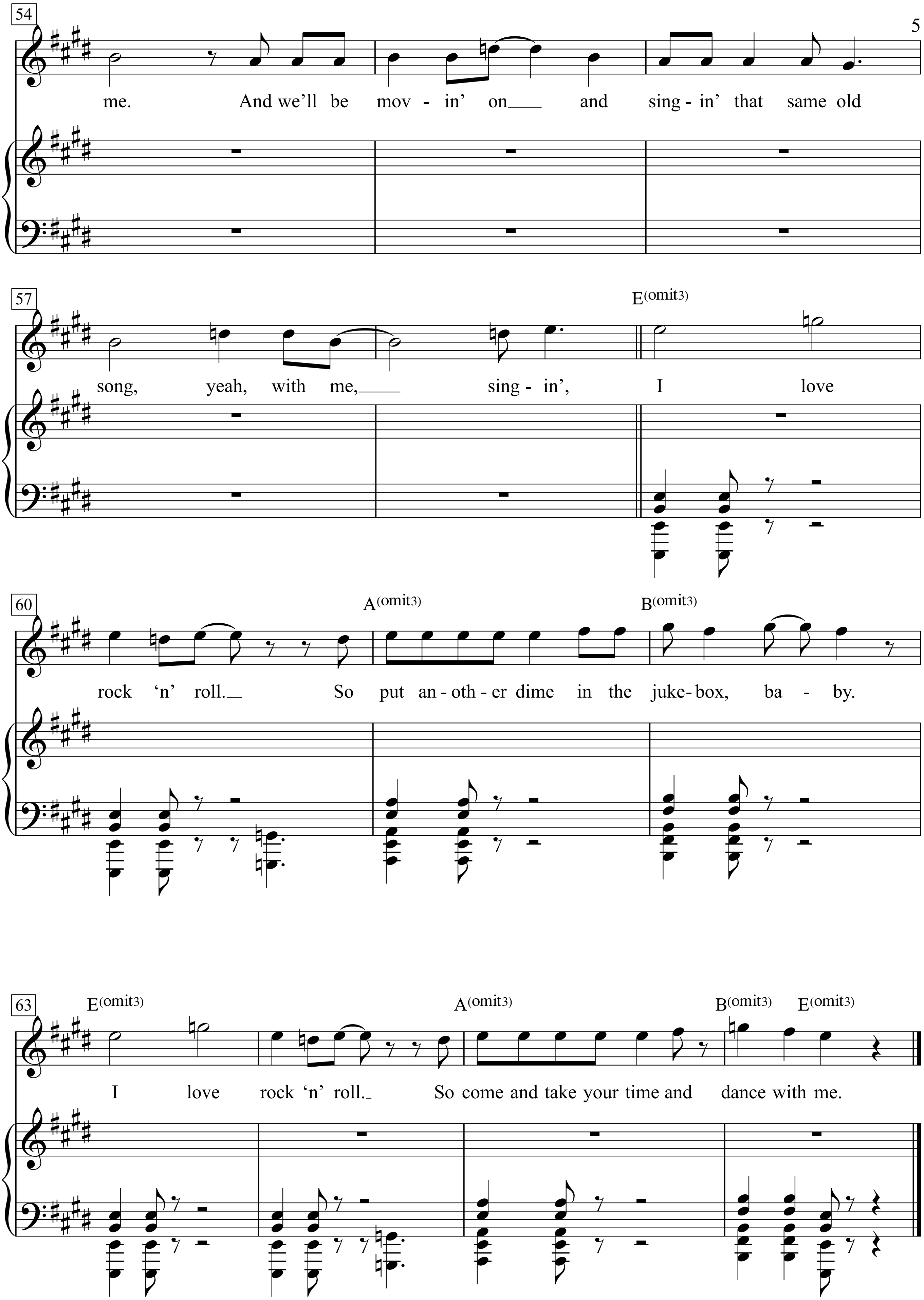
Words & Music by
Alan Merril and Jake Hooker
(Joan Jett)




15
N.C.
E(omit3)
I knew he must have been__ a - bout sev - en -
"That don't mat - ter," he said; "'cause it's all the
18
B(omit3)
N.C.
A(omit3)
teen. The beat was go - ing strong,
same." HI said, "Can I take you home_
21
B(omit3)
E(omit3)
A(omit3)
__ play - ing my fa - v'rite song,
__ where we can be a - lone?"
24
and I could tell it would-n't be long__ till he was with
And next we were mov-ing on, and he was with


27
me, yeah, me. And I could tell it would-n't be long
me, yeah, me. And next we were mov-ing
30
B(omit3)
— till he was with me, yeah, me, sing - in',
on, and he was with me, yeah, me, sing - in',
33
E(omit3)
A(omit3)
I love rock 'n' roll.— So put an - oth - er dime in the
36
B(omit3)
E(omit3)
juke- box, ba - by, I love rock 'n' roll.— So

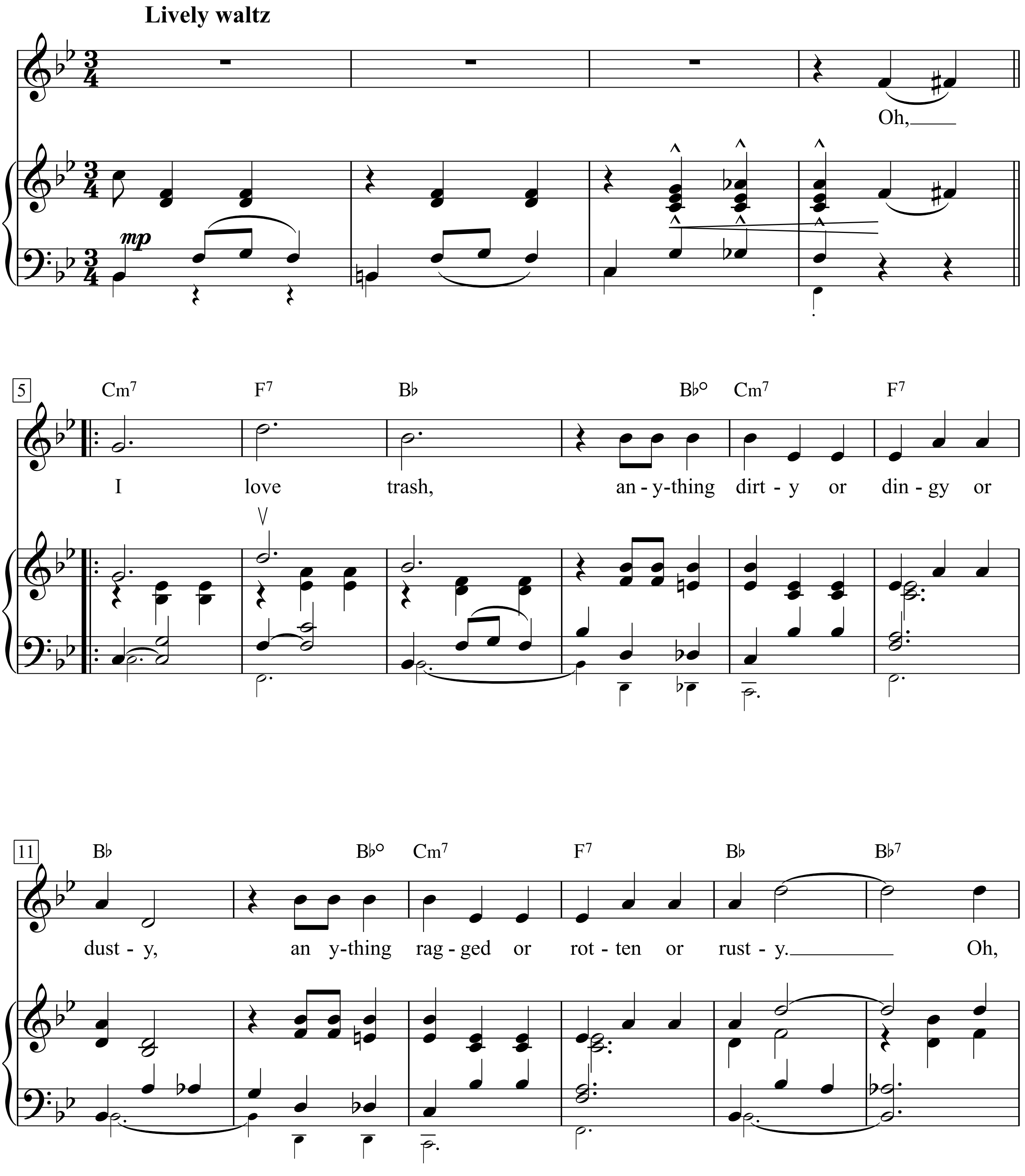

39
A(omit3)
B(omit3)
E(omit3)
come and take your time and dance with me.
43
1. N.C.
2. N.C.
A(omit3)
He
I said, "Can I take you home
47
B(omit3)
E(omit3)
A(omit3)
— where we can be a - lone?"
51
Next we were mov - in' on, and he was with me, yeah,

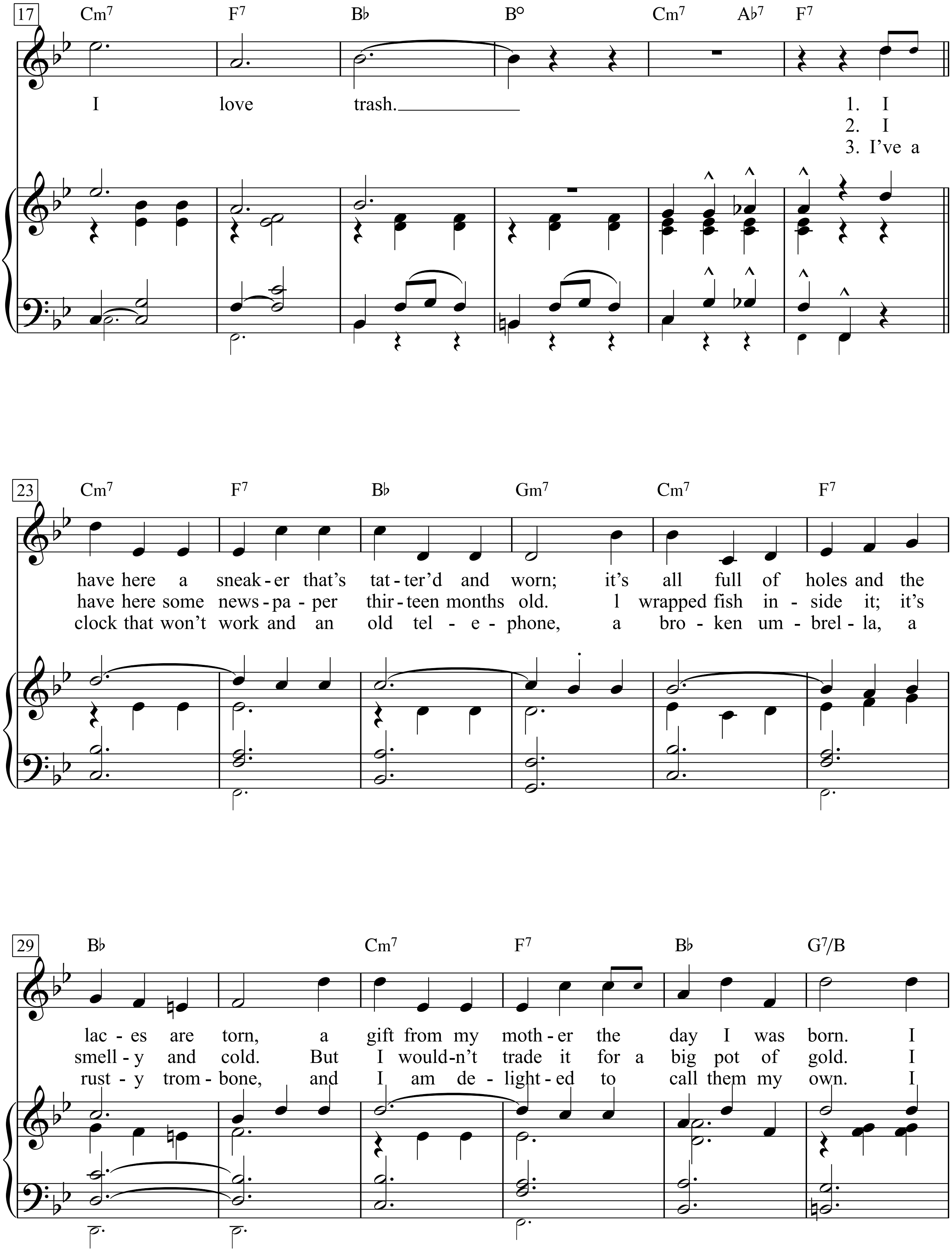

54
me. And we'll be mov - in' on and sing - in' that same old
57
E(omit3)
song, yeah, with me, sing - in', I love
60
A(omit3)
B(omit3)
rock 'n' roll. So put an - oth - er dime in the juke - box, ba - by.
63
E(omit3)
A(omit3)
B(omit3)
E(omit3)
I love rock 'n' roll. So come and take your time and dance with me.

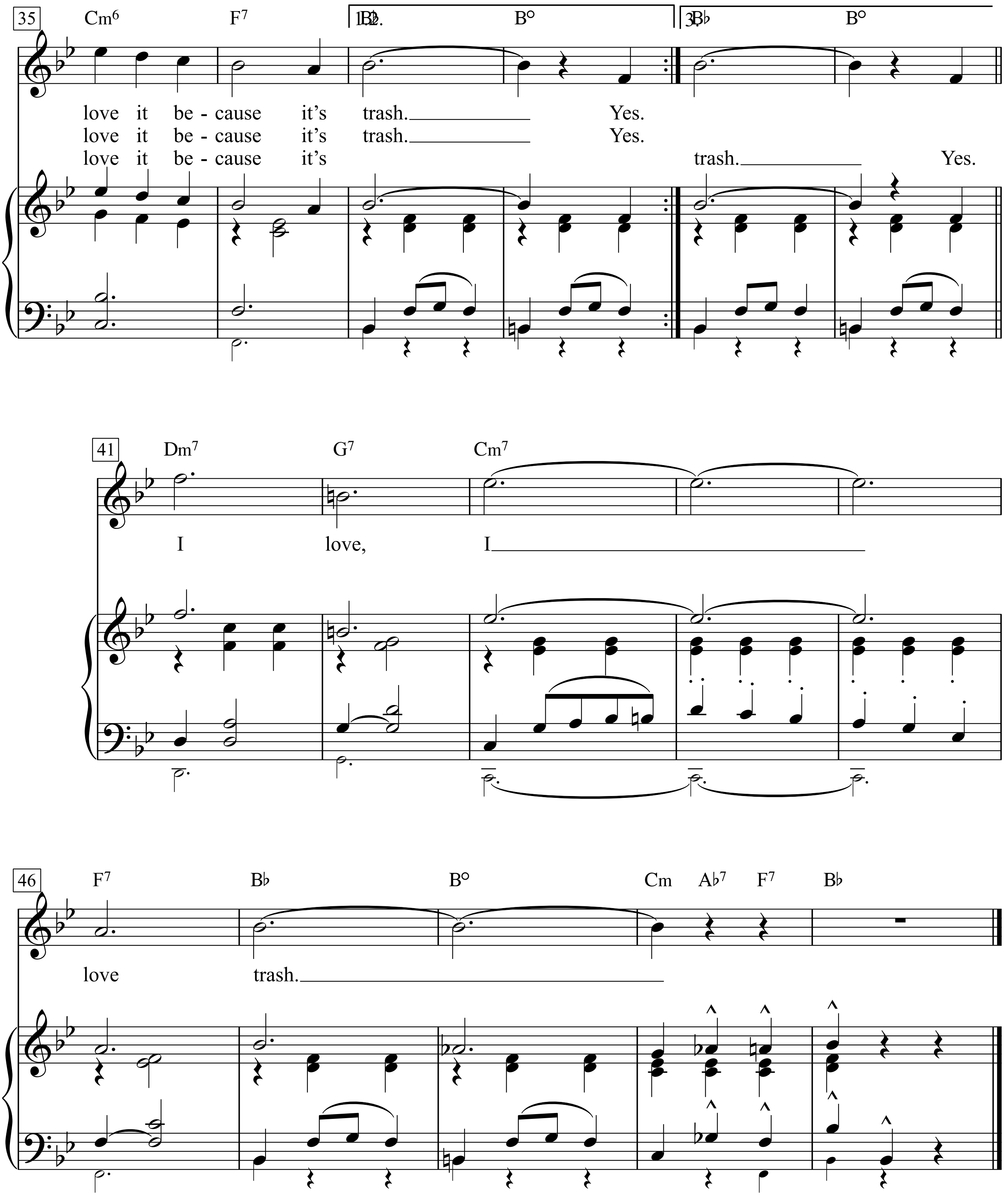
I Love Trash

A delightful tune and loving make up Oscar ode to trash, Jeffrey Moss, can on *Sesame* sings of those things he loves ... things “dirty or dingy or dusty ... ragged or rotten or rusty,” things that no one else likes but that are wonderful to him. It seems one Muppet’s trash is another’s treasure.

Words & Music by Jeffrey Moss

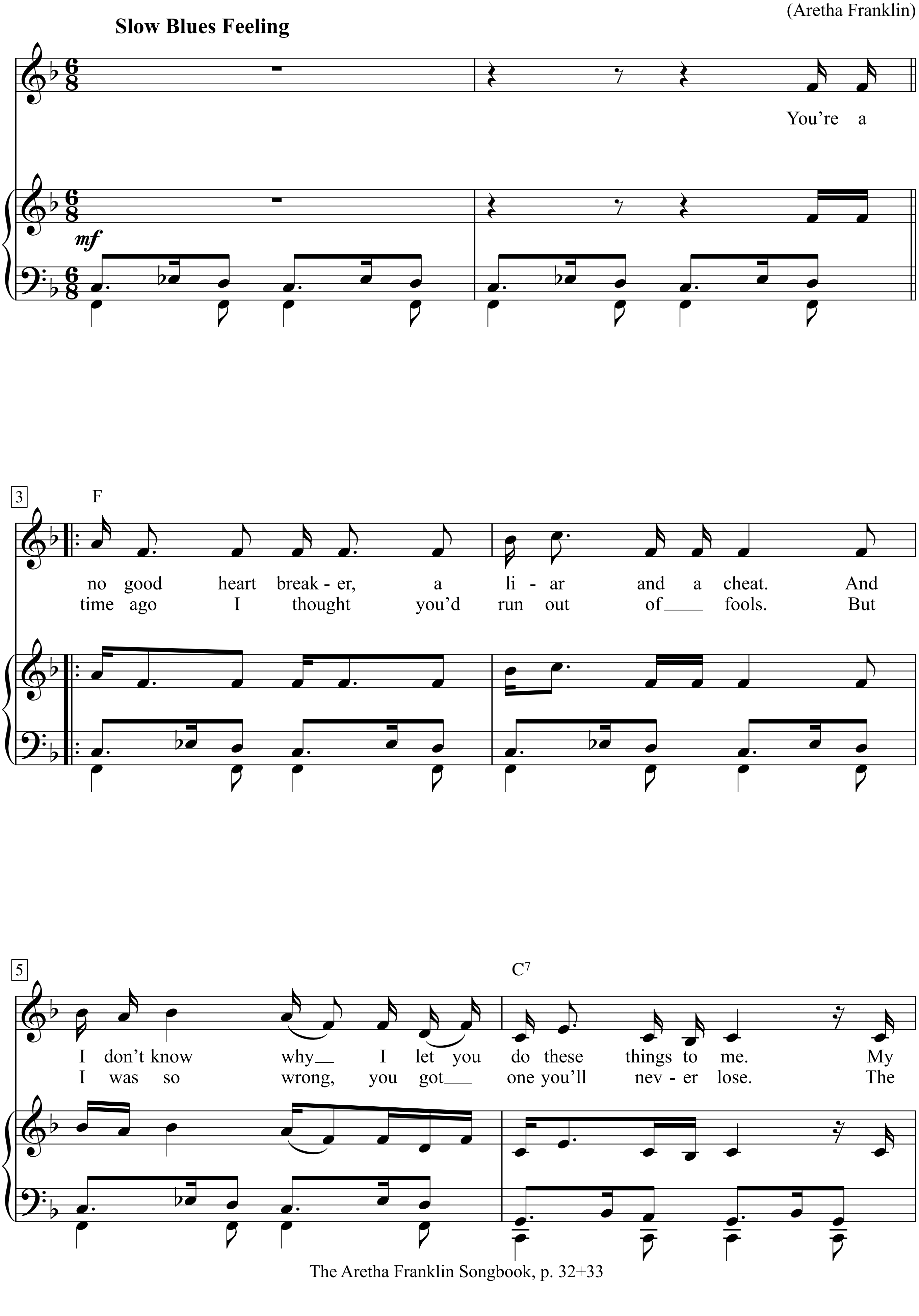


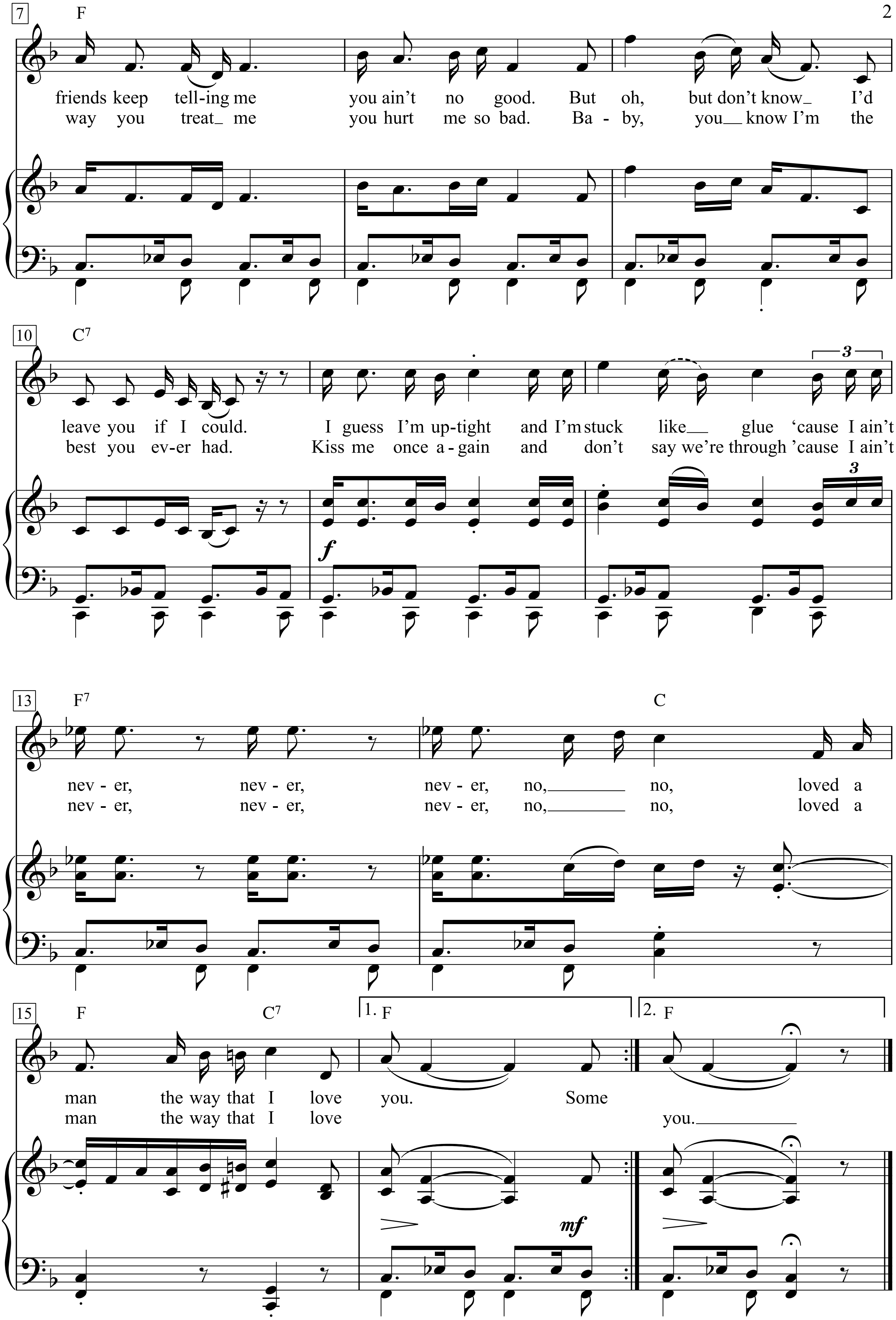

17
Cm7 F7 B♭ B° Cm7 A♭7 F7
I love trash.
1. I
2. I
3. I've a
23
Cm7 F7 B♭ Gm7 Cm7 F7
have here a sneak-er that's tat-ter'd and worn; it's all full of holes and the
have here some news-pa-per thir-teen months old. l wrapped fish in-side it; it's
clock that won't work and an old tel-e-phone, a bro-ken um-brel-la, a
29
B♭ Cm7 F7 B♭ G7/B
lac-es are torn, a gift from my moth-er the day I was born. I
smell-y and cold. But I would-n't trade it for a big pot of gold. I
rust-y trom-bone, and I am de-light-ed to call them my own. I


35
Cm6 F7 1.2. B♭ B° 3. B♭ B°
love it be - cause it's trash. Yes.
love it be - cause it's trash. Yes.
love it be - cause it's trash. Yes.
41
Dm7 G7 Cm7
I love, I
46
F7 B♭ B° Cm A♭7 F7 B♭
love trash.

I Never Loved a Man
(the Way I Love You)

Words & Music by Ronny Shannon
(Aretha Franklin)




7
F
friends keep tell-ing me you ain't no good. But oh, but don't know I'd
way you treat me you hurt me so bad. Ba - by, you know I'm the
10
C7
leave you if I could. I guess I'm up-tight and I'm stuck like glue 'cause I ain't
best you ev-er had. Kiss me once a - gain and don't say we're through 'cause I ain't
f
3
13
F7
C
nev - er, nev - er, nev - er, no, no, loved a
nev - er, nev - er, nev - er, no, no, loved a
15
F
C7
1. F
2. F
man the way that I love you. Some
man the way that I love you.
mf

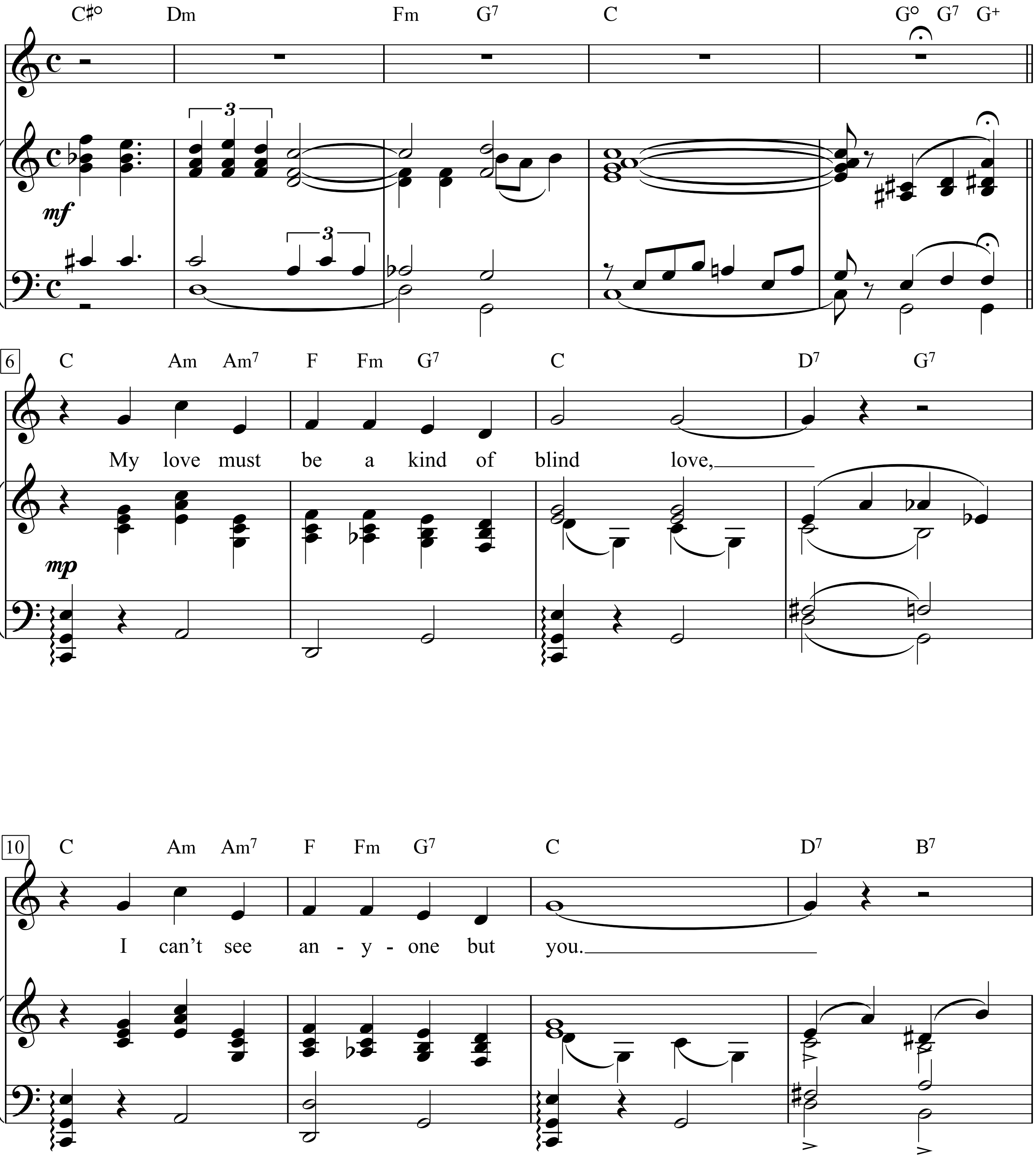
You’re a no good heart breaker, a liar and a cheat.
And I don’t know why I let you do these things to me.
My friends keep telling me you ain’t no good.
But oh, but don’t know I’d leave you if I could.
I guess I’m uptight and I’m stuck like glue
‘cause I ain’t never, never, never, no, no,
loved a man the way that I love you.
Some time ago I thought you’d run out of fools.
But I was so wrong, you got one you’ll never lose.
The way you treat me you hurt me so bad.
Baby, you know I’m the best you ever had.
Kiss me once again and don’t say we’re through
’cause I ain’t never, never, never, no, no,
loved a man the way that I love you.

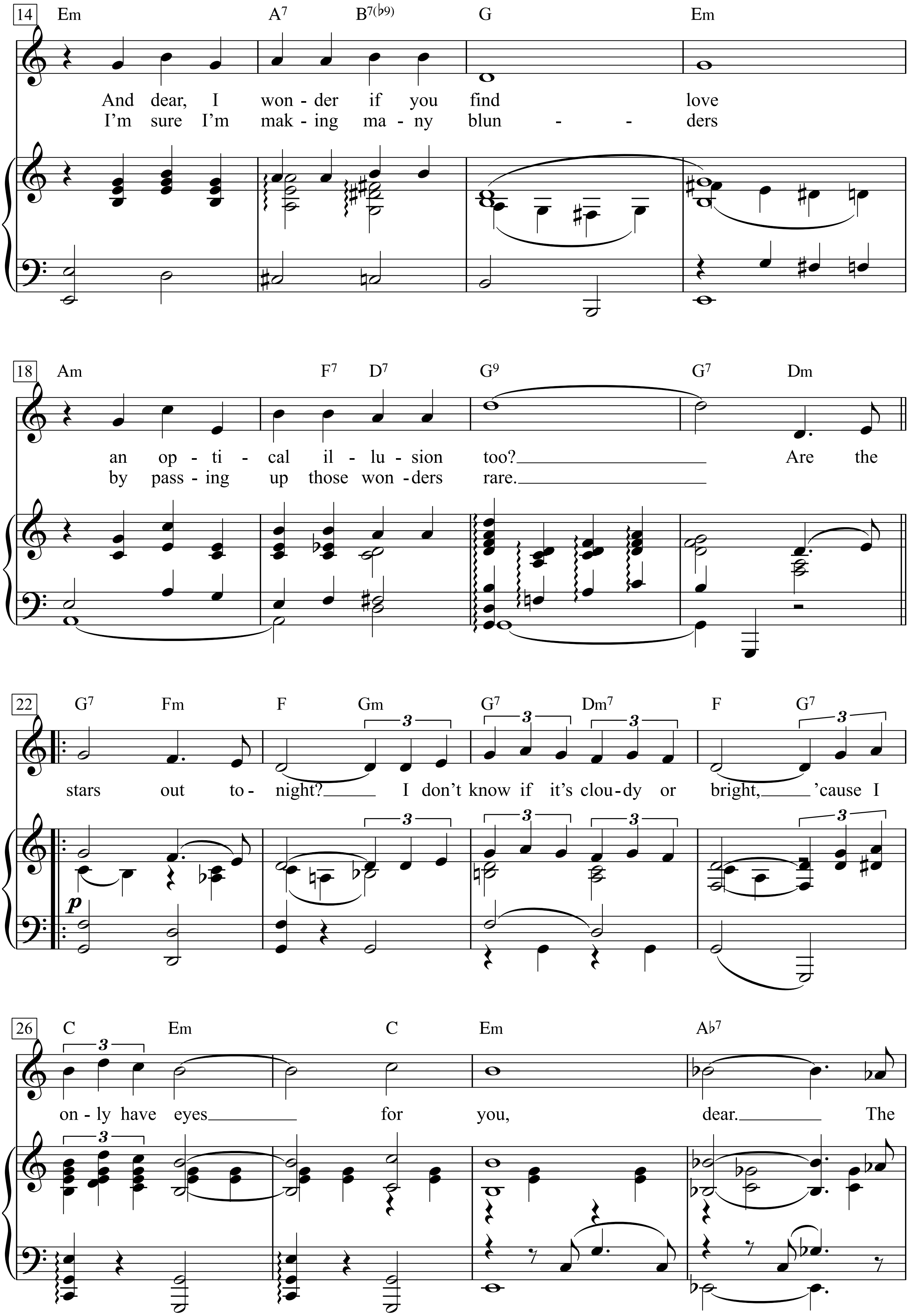
I Only Have Eyes for You

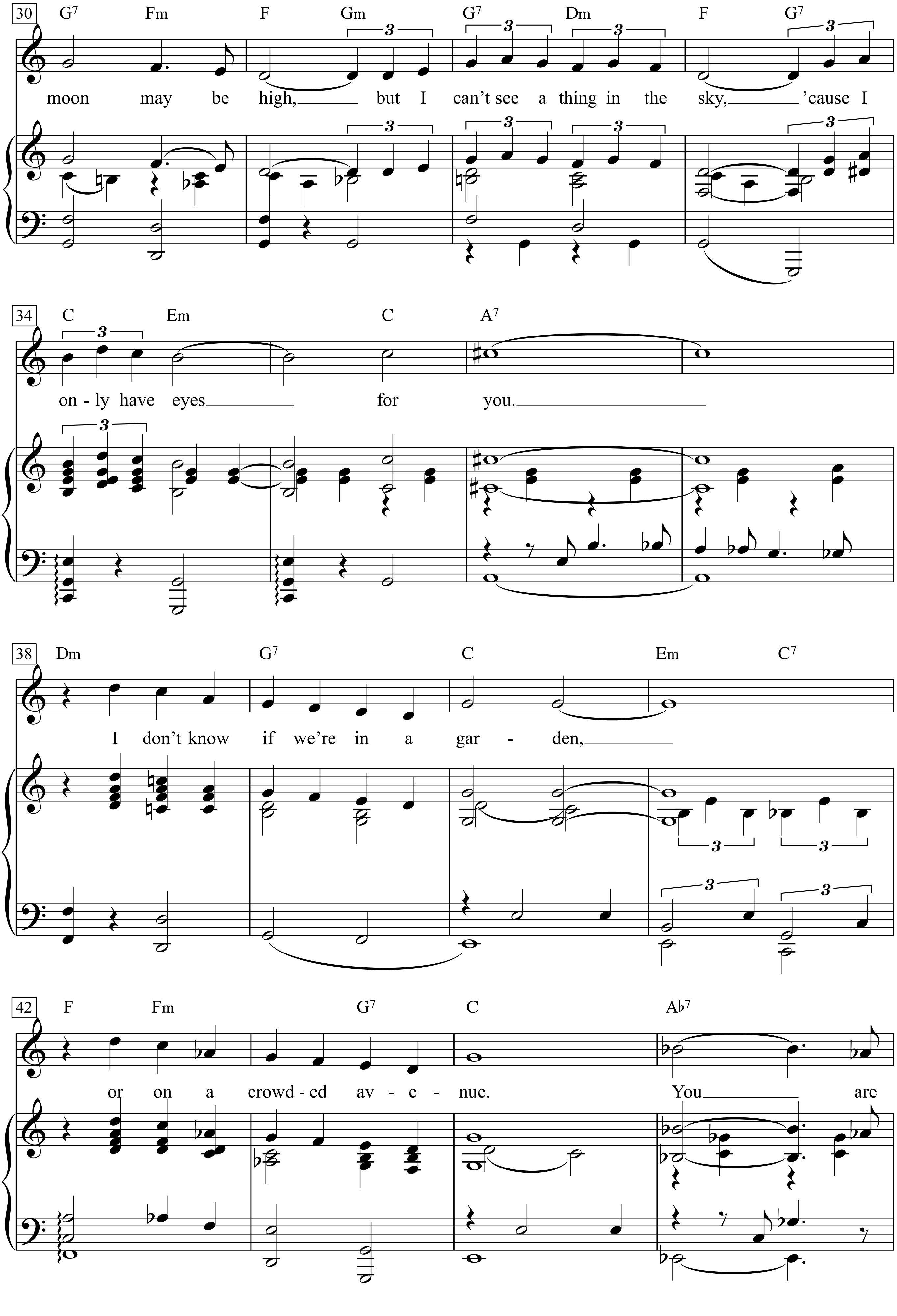
Words by Al Dubin

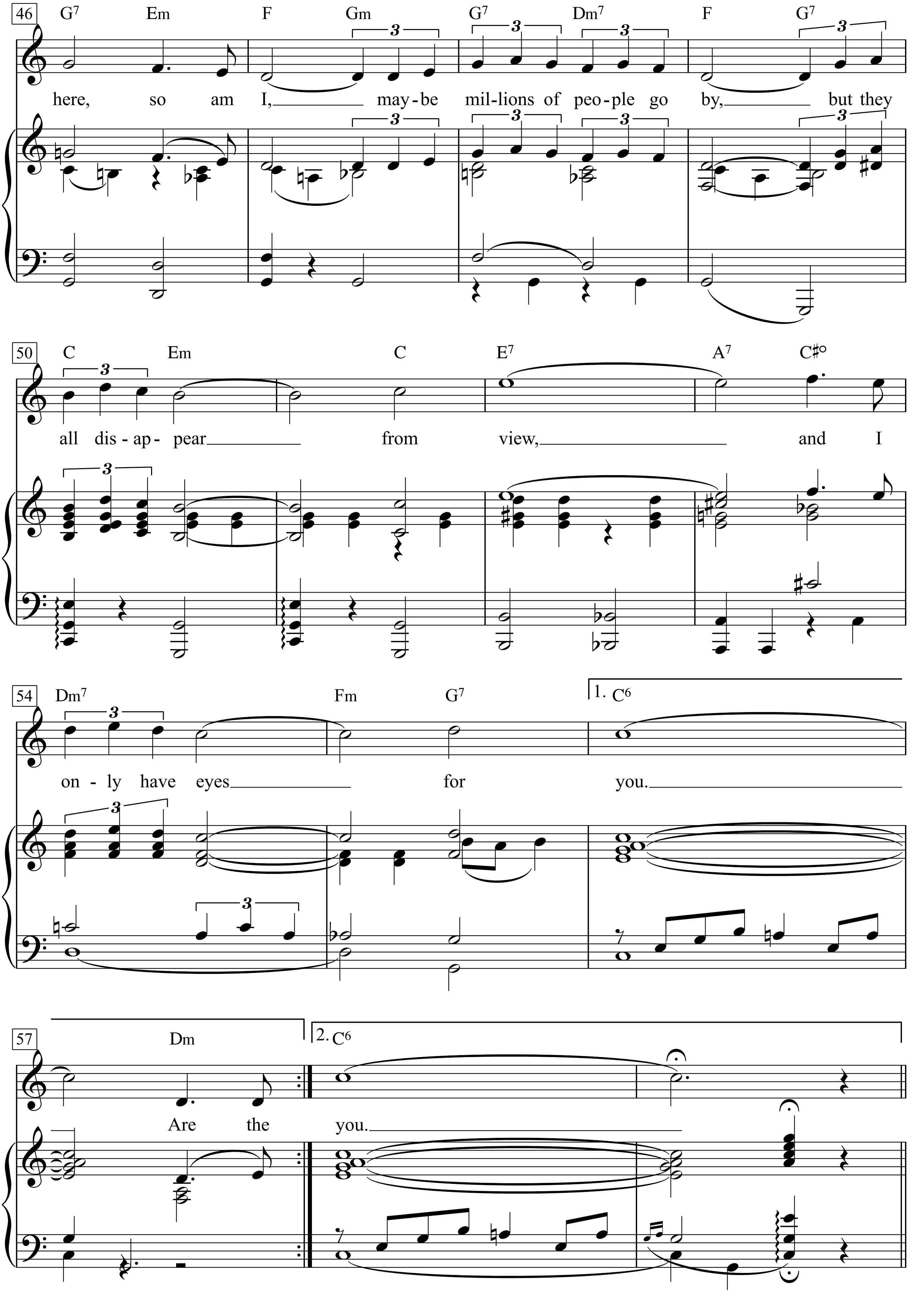
Music by Harry Warren
(The Flamingos)

Moderato




14
Em A7 B7(♭9) G Em
And dear, I won - der if you find love
I'm sure I'm mak - ing ma - ny blun - - ders
18
Am F7 D7 G9 G7 Dm
an op - ti - cal il - lu - sion too? Are the
by pass - ing up those won - ders rare.
22
G7 Fm F Gm G7 Dm7 F G7
stars out to - night? I don't know if it's clou - dy or bright, 'cause I
p
26
C Em C Em A♭7
on - ly have eyes for you, dear. The

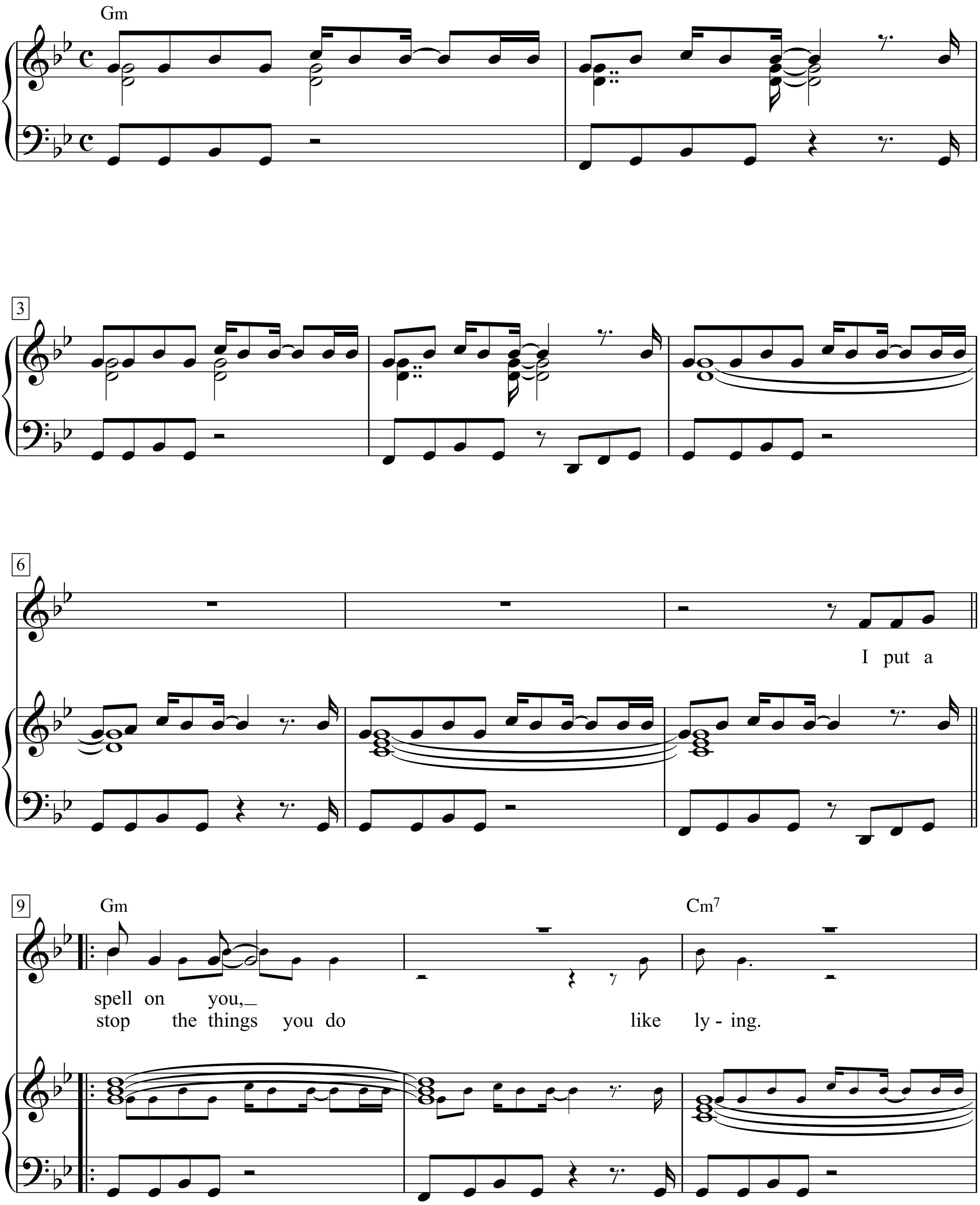

30
G7 Fm F Gm G7 Dm F G7
moon may be high, but I can't see a thing in the sky, 'cause I
34
C Em C A7
on - ly have eyes for you.
38
Dm G7 C Em C7
I don't know if we're in a gar - den,
42
F Fm G7 C A♭7
or on a crowd - ed av - e - nue. You are

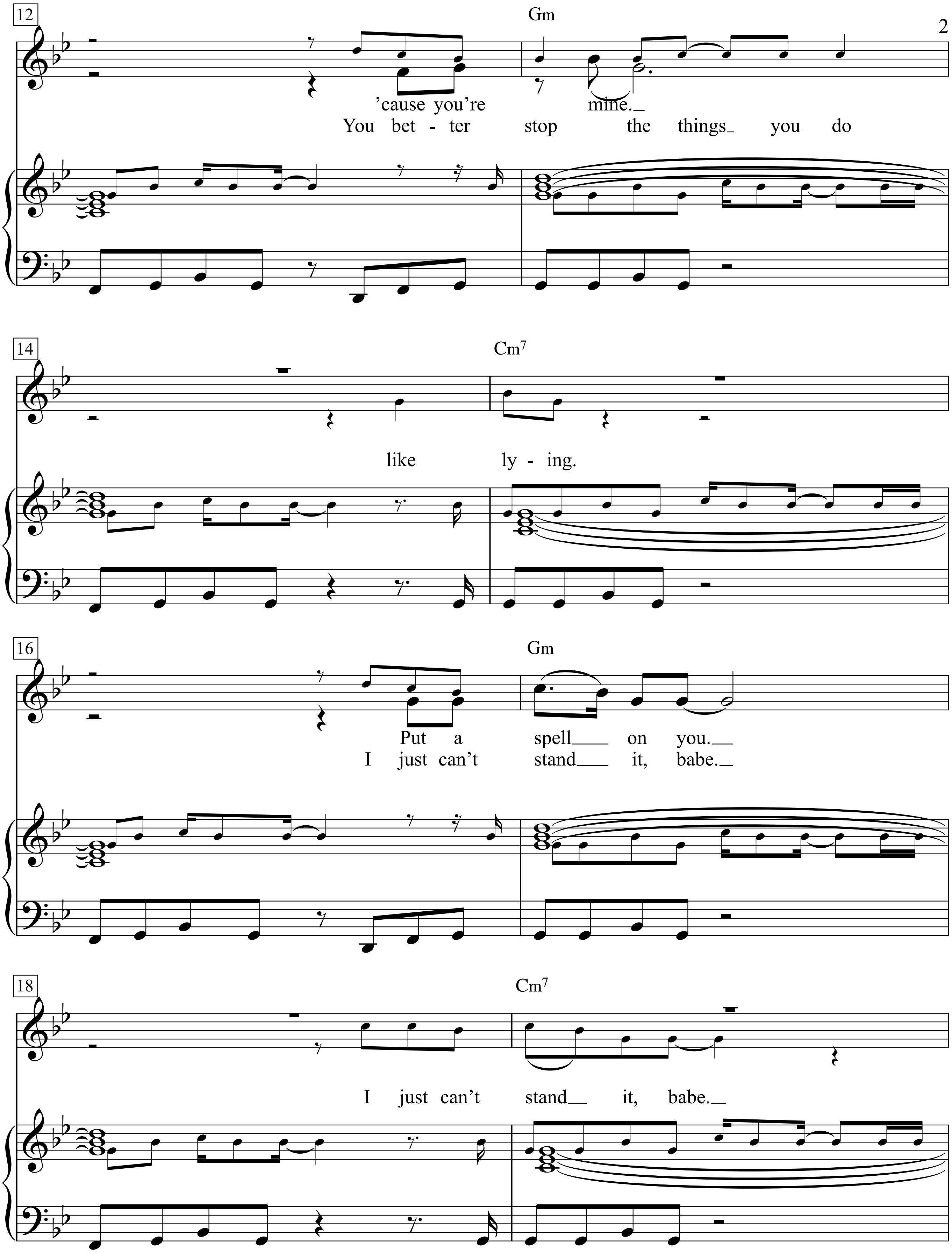

46
G7 Em F Gm G7 Dm7 F G7
here, so am I, may-be mil-lions of peo-ple go by, but they
50
C Em C E7 A7 C♯o
all dis-ap-pear from view, and I
54
Dm7 Fm G7 1. C6
on-ly have eyes for you.
57
Dm 2. C6
Are the you.

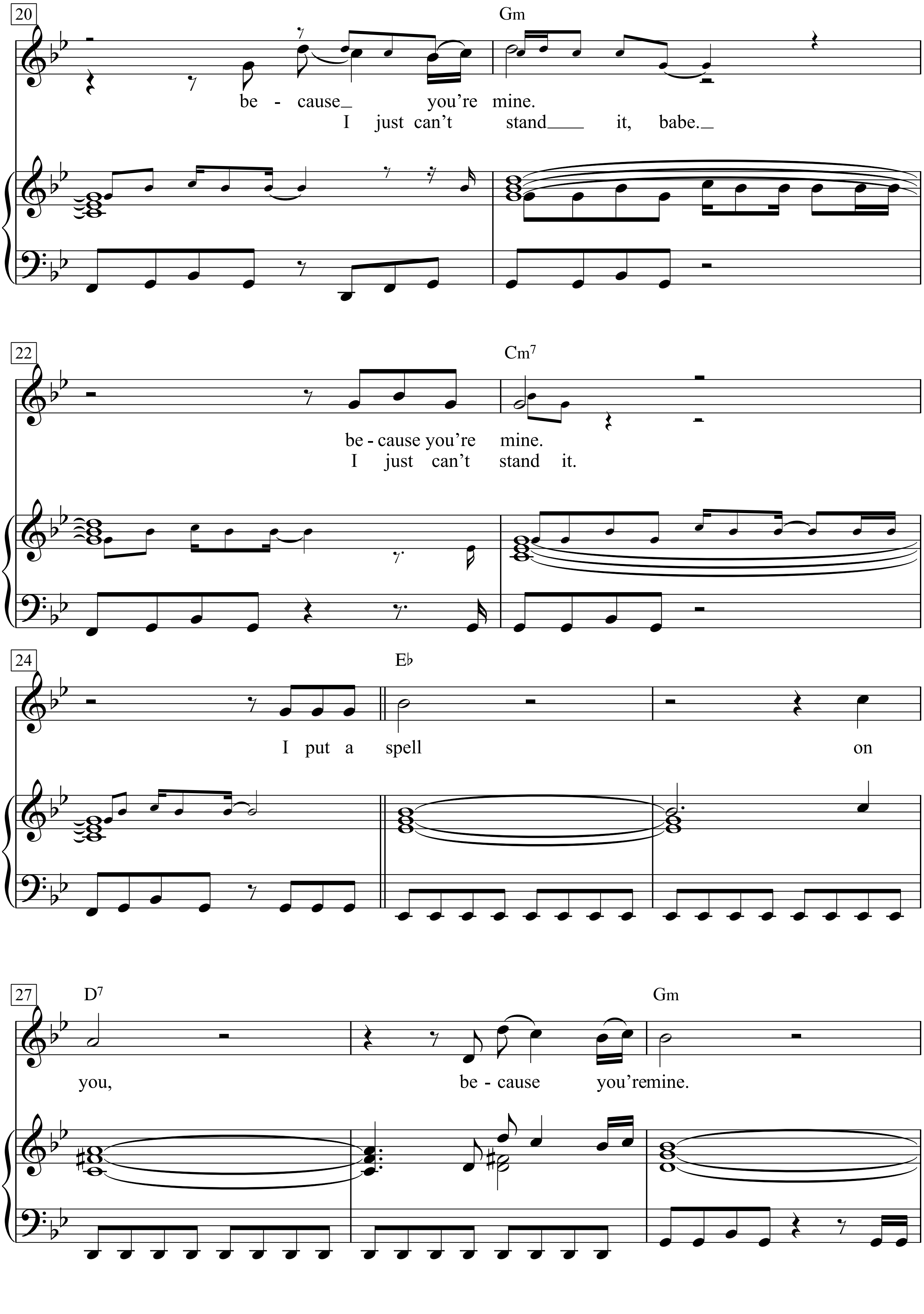
I Put A Spell On You

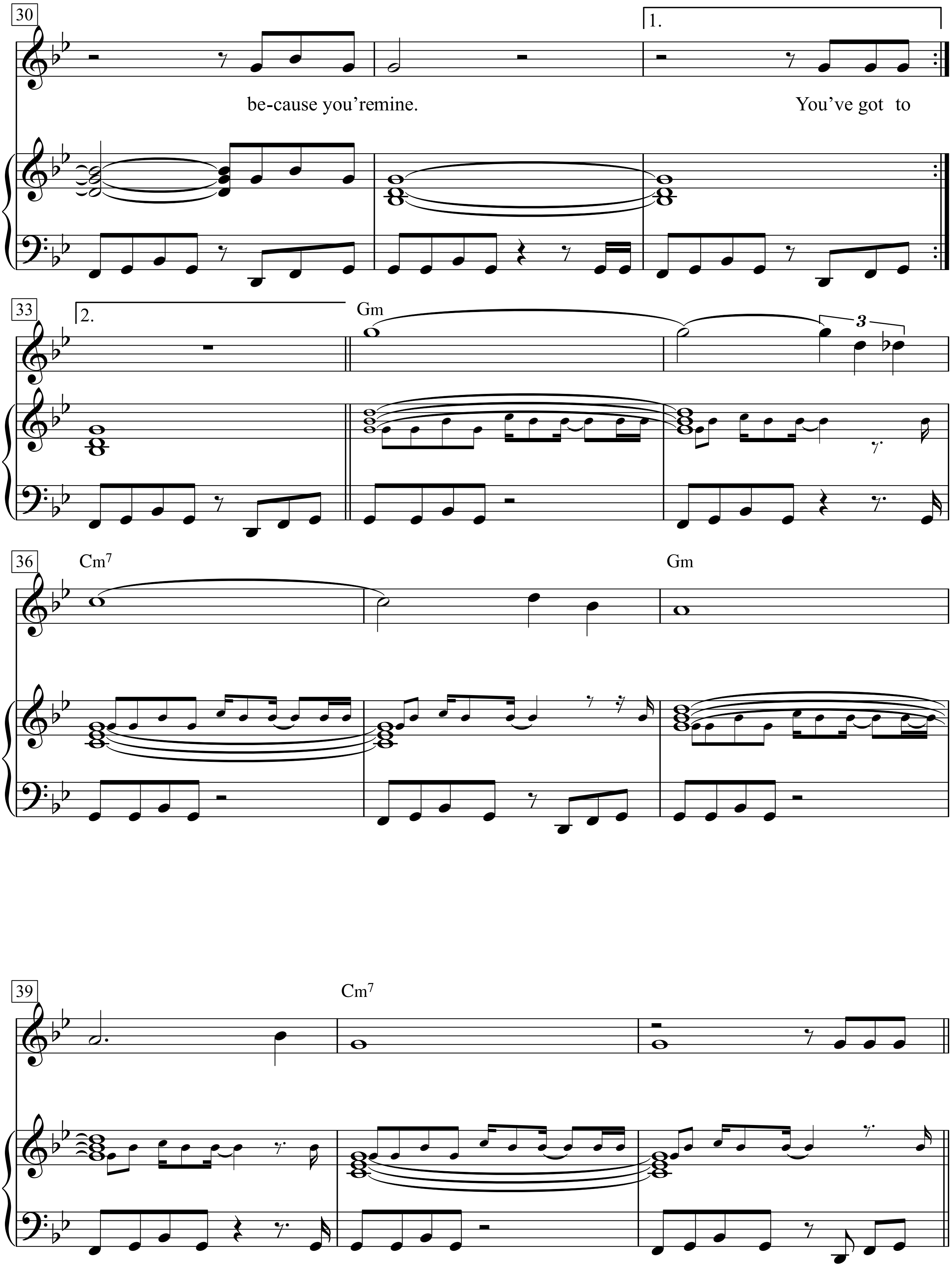
Words & Music by Jay Hawkins
(Screamin' Jay Hawkins)

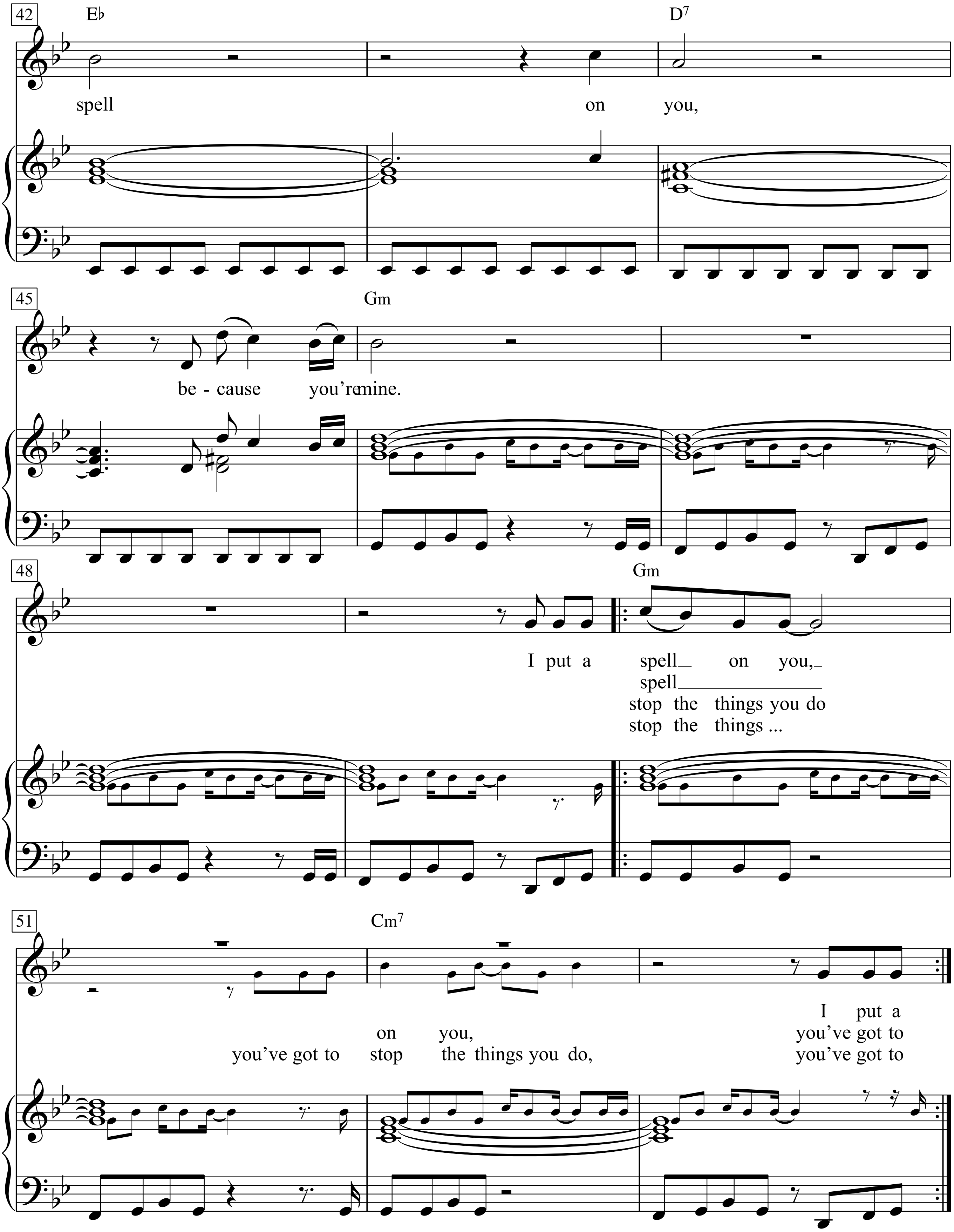
Moderately




12
Gm
'cause you're mine.
You bet - ter stop the things you do
14
Cm7
like ly - ing.
16
Gm
Put a spell on you.
I just can't stand it, babe.
18
Cm7
I just can't stand it, babe.


20
Gm
be - cause_ you're mine.
I just can't stand___ it, babe._
22
Cm7
be - cause you're mine.
I just can't stand it.
24
E♭
I put a spell
on
27
D7
Gm
you,
be - cause you're mine.

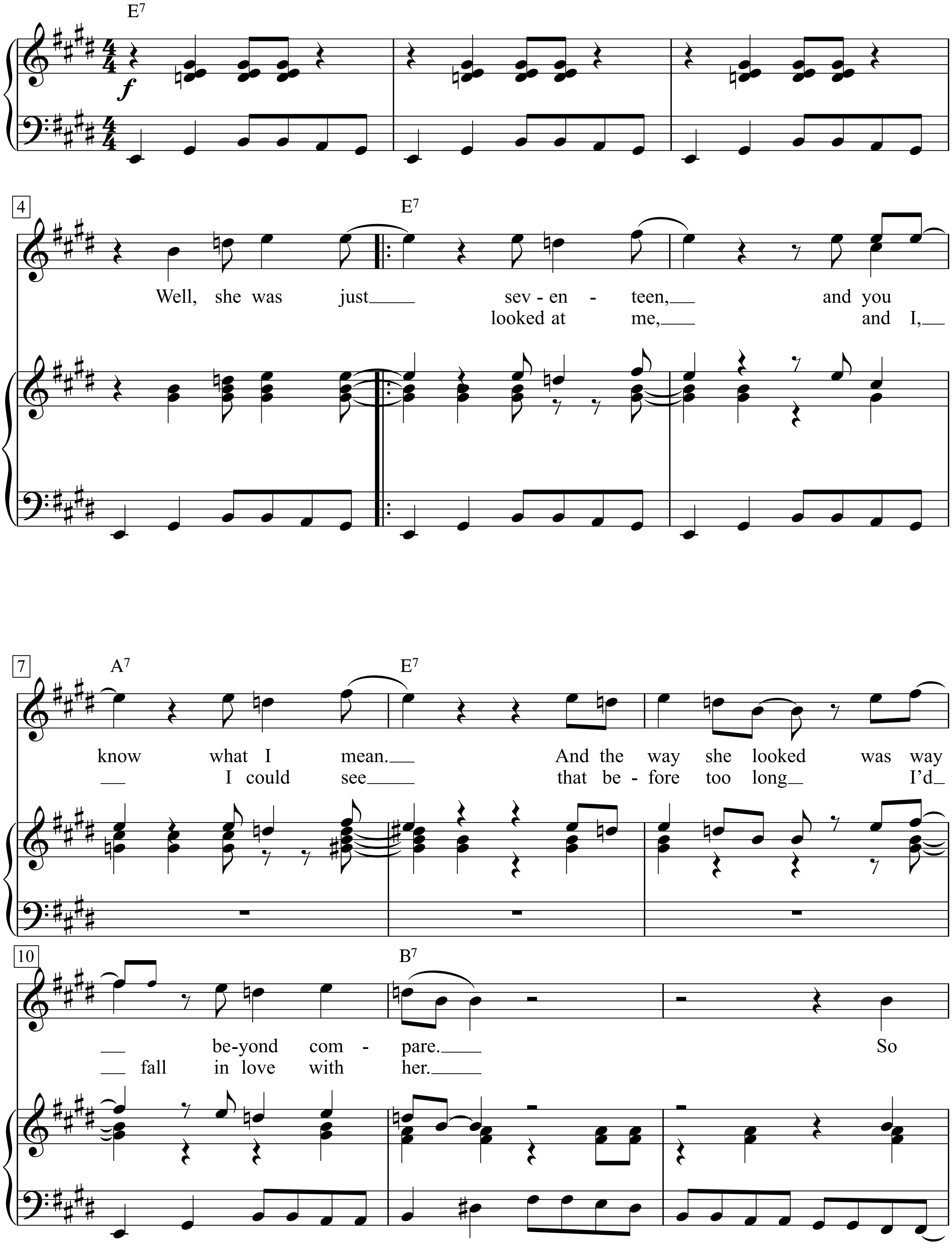

30
1.
be-cause you're mine.
You've got to
33
2.
Gm
3
36
Cm7
Gm
39
Cm7

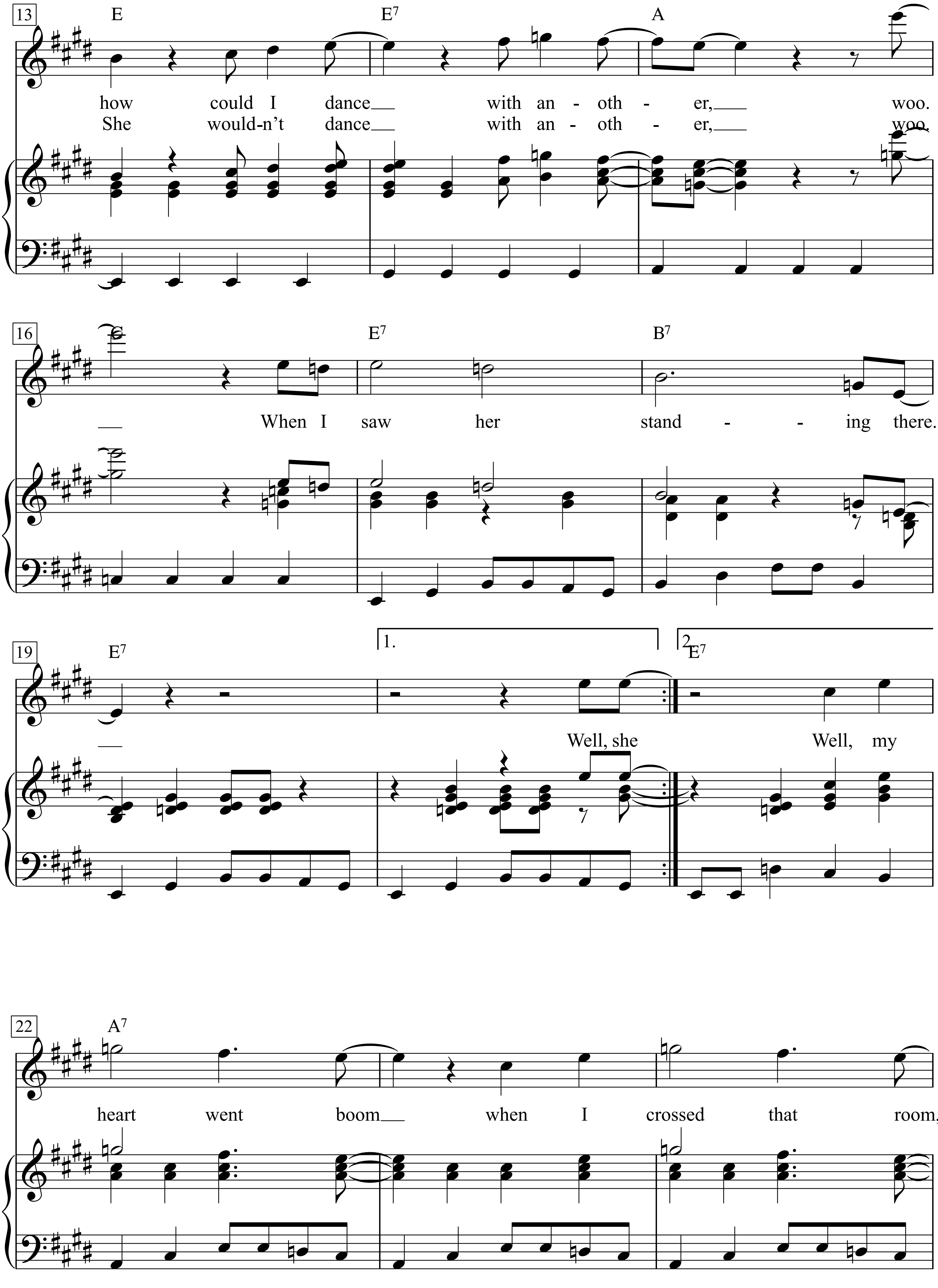

42
E♭
D7
spell
on
you,
45
Gm
be - cause
you're mine.
48
Gm
I put a
spell_
on
you,_
spell________________
stop the things you do
stop the things ...
51
Cm7
on
you,
you've got to
stop
the things you do,
I put a
you've got to
you've got to

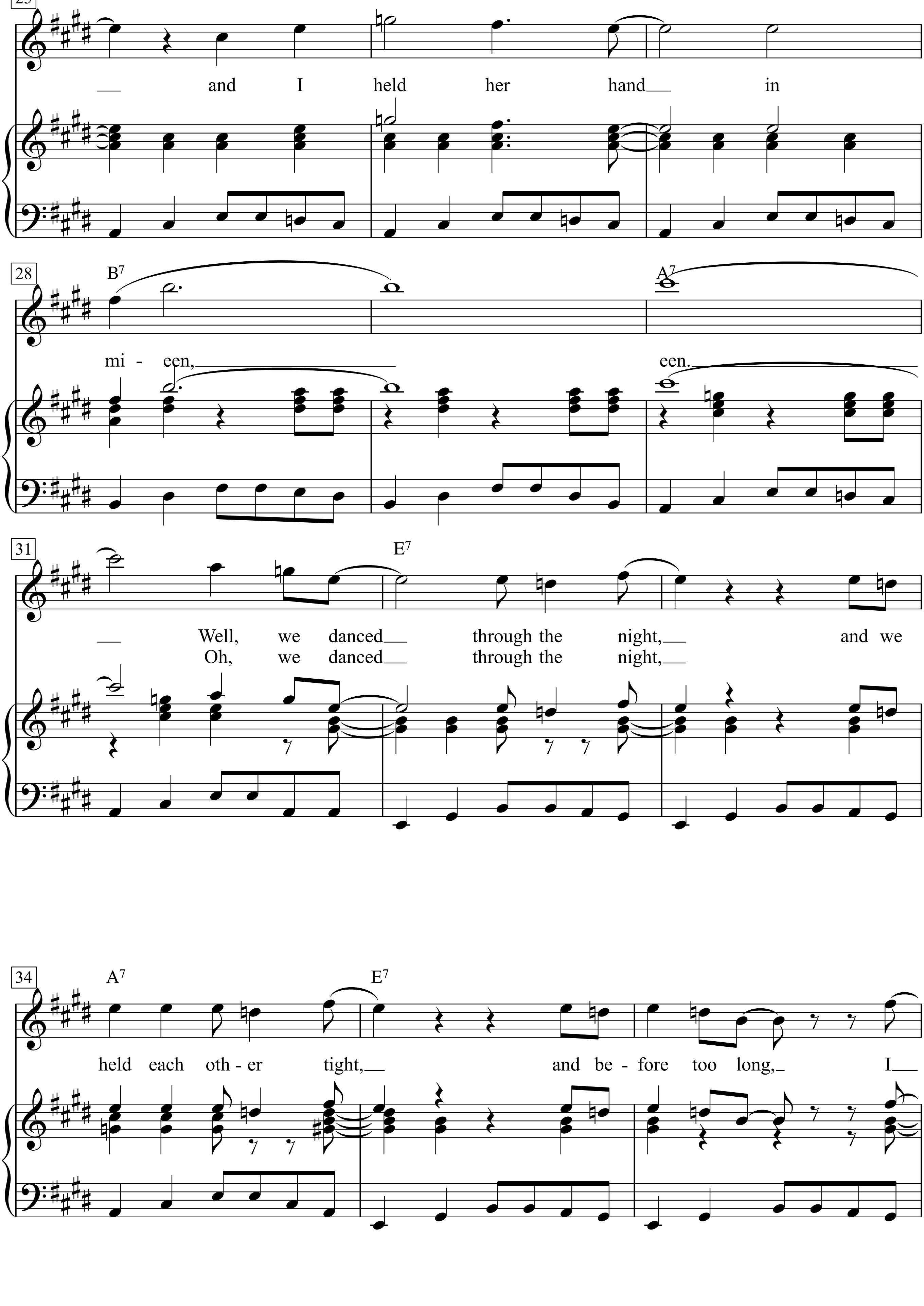
I Saw Her Standing There

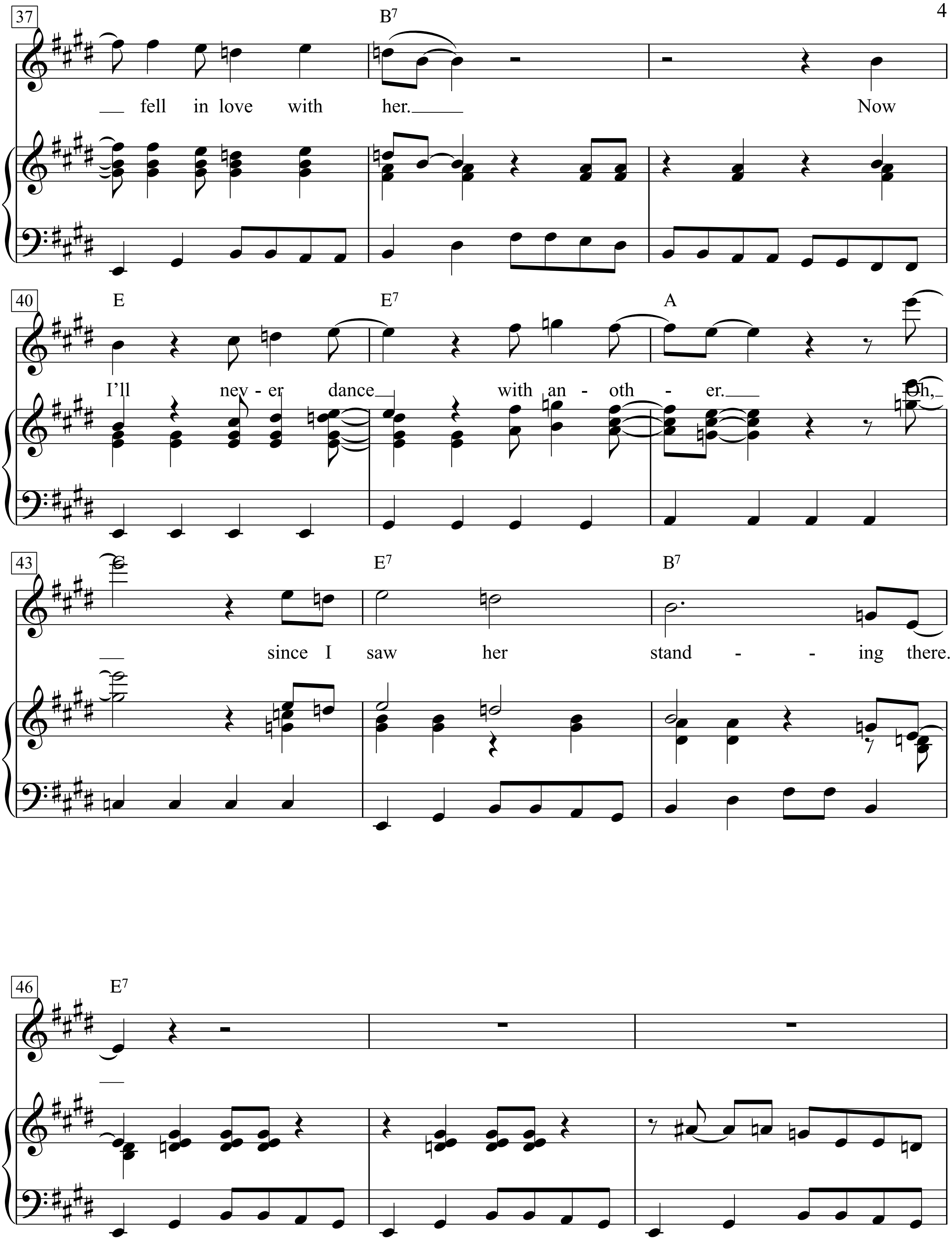
Words & Music by
John Lennon and Paul McCartney
(The Beatles)

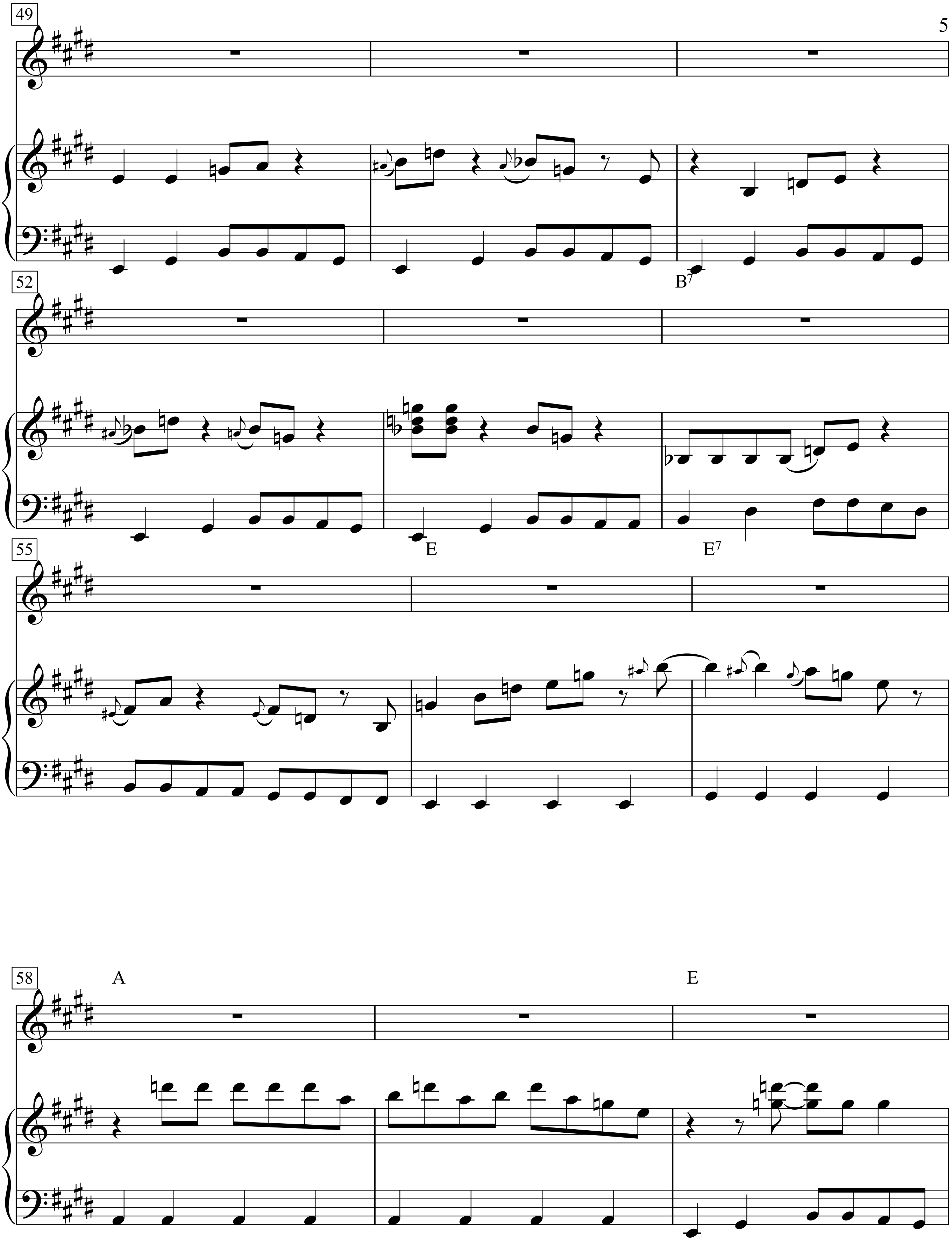
Bright Rock

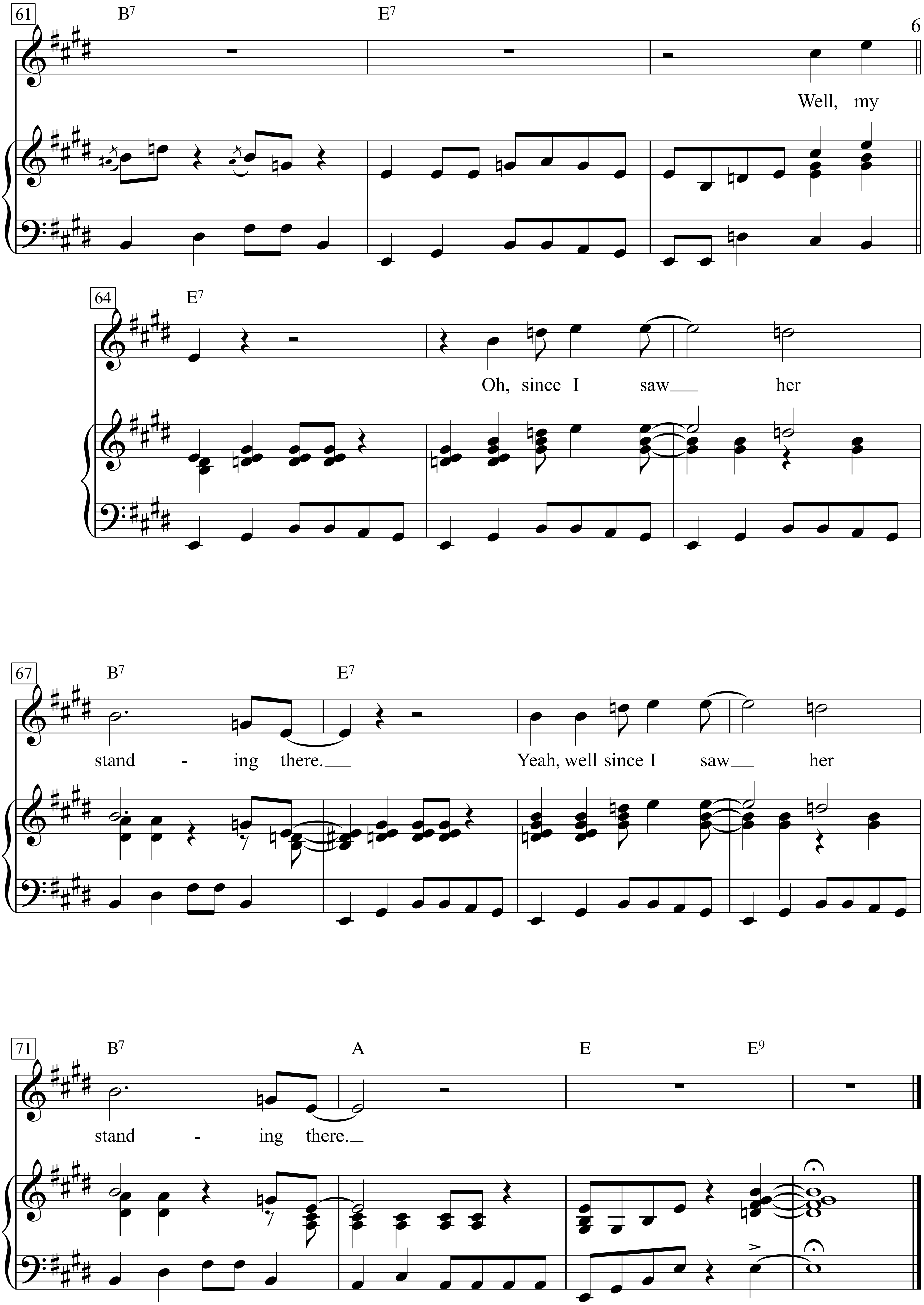



13
E
E7
A
how could I dance with an - oth - er, woo.
She would-n't dance with an - oth - er, woo.
16
C
E7
B7
When I saw her stand - - ing there.
19
E7
1.
2.
E7
Well, she
Well, my
22
A7
heart went boom when I crossed that room,


25
and I held her hand in
28
B7
A7
mi - een,
een.
31
E7
Well, we danced through the night, and we
Oh, we danced through the night,
34
A7
E7
held each oth - er tight, and be - fore too long, I


37 B7
fell in love with her. Now
40 E E7 A
I'll nev - er dance with an - oth - er. Oh,
43 E7 B7
since I saw her stand - - ing there.
46 E7


49
B7
52
E
E7
55
A
E
58

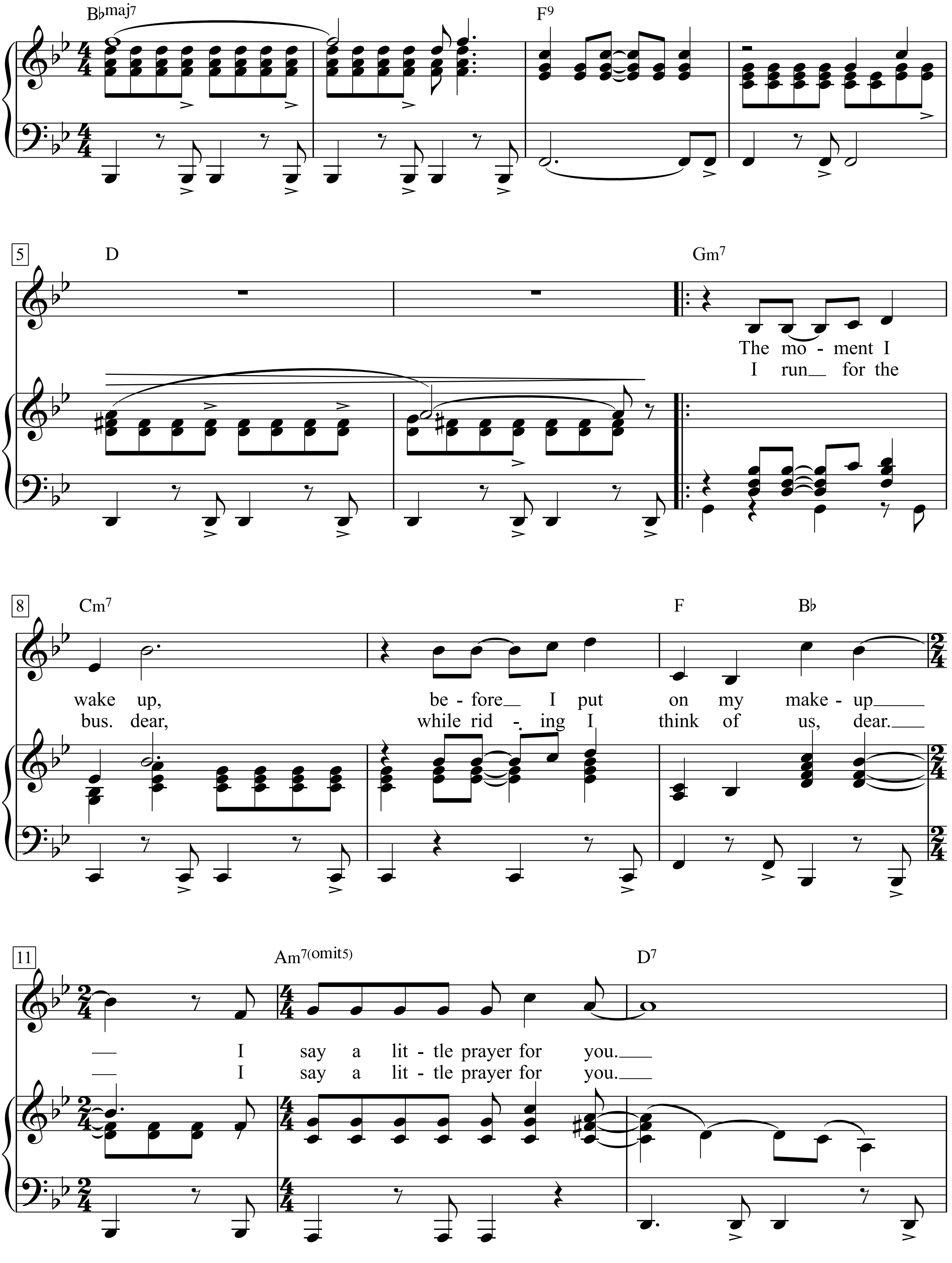

61
B7
E7
Well, my
64
E7
Oh, since I saw her
67
B7
E7
stand - ing there.
Yeah, well since I saw her
71
B7
A
E
E9
stand - ing there.

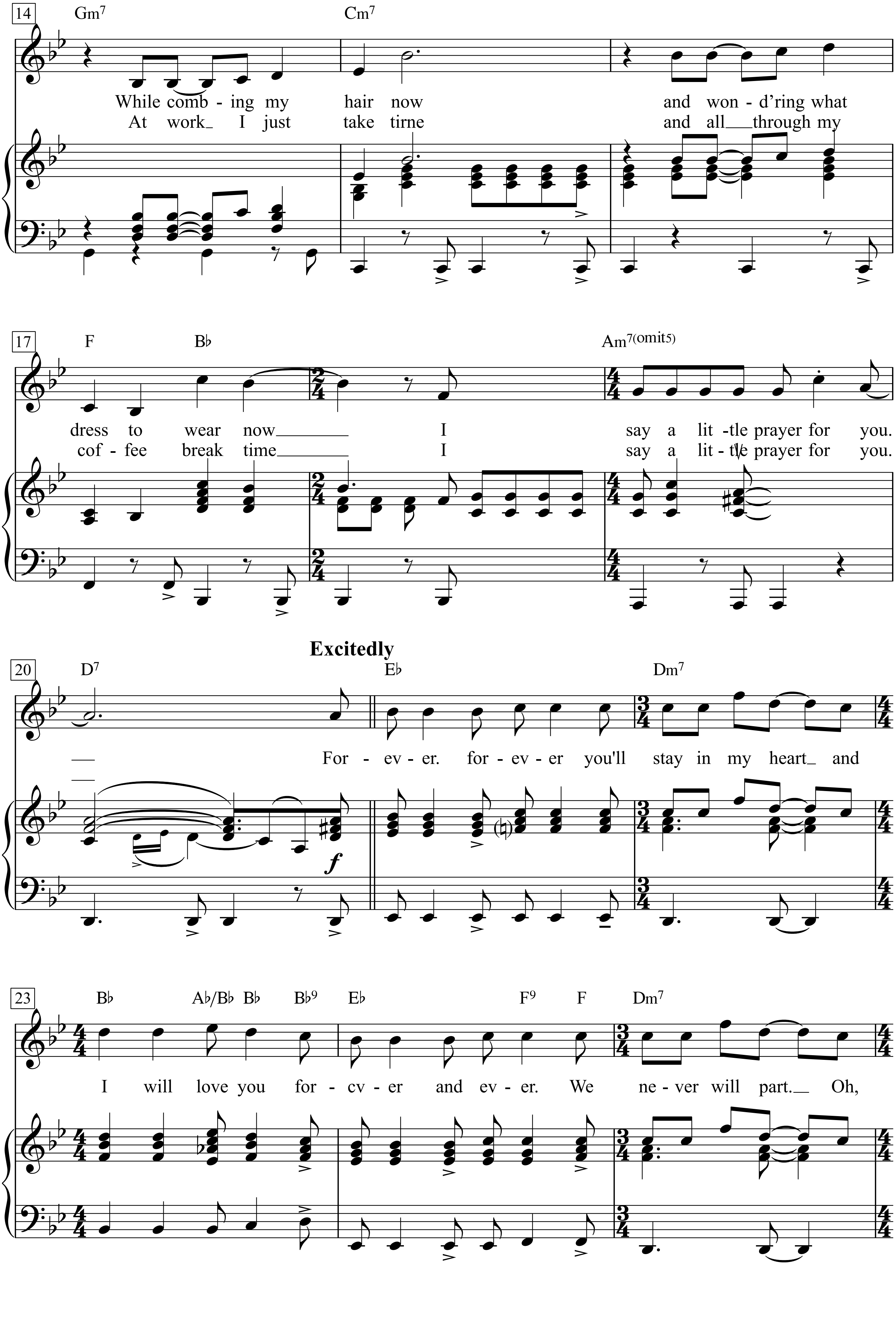
I Say A Little Prayer

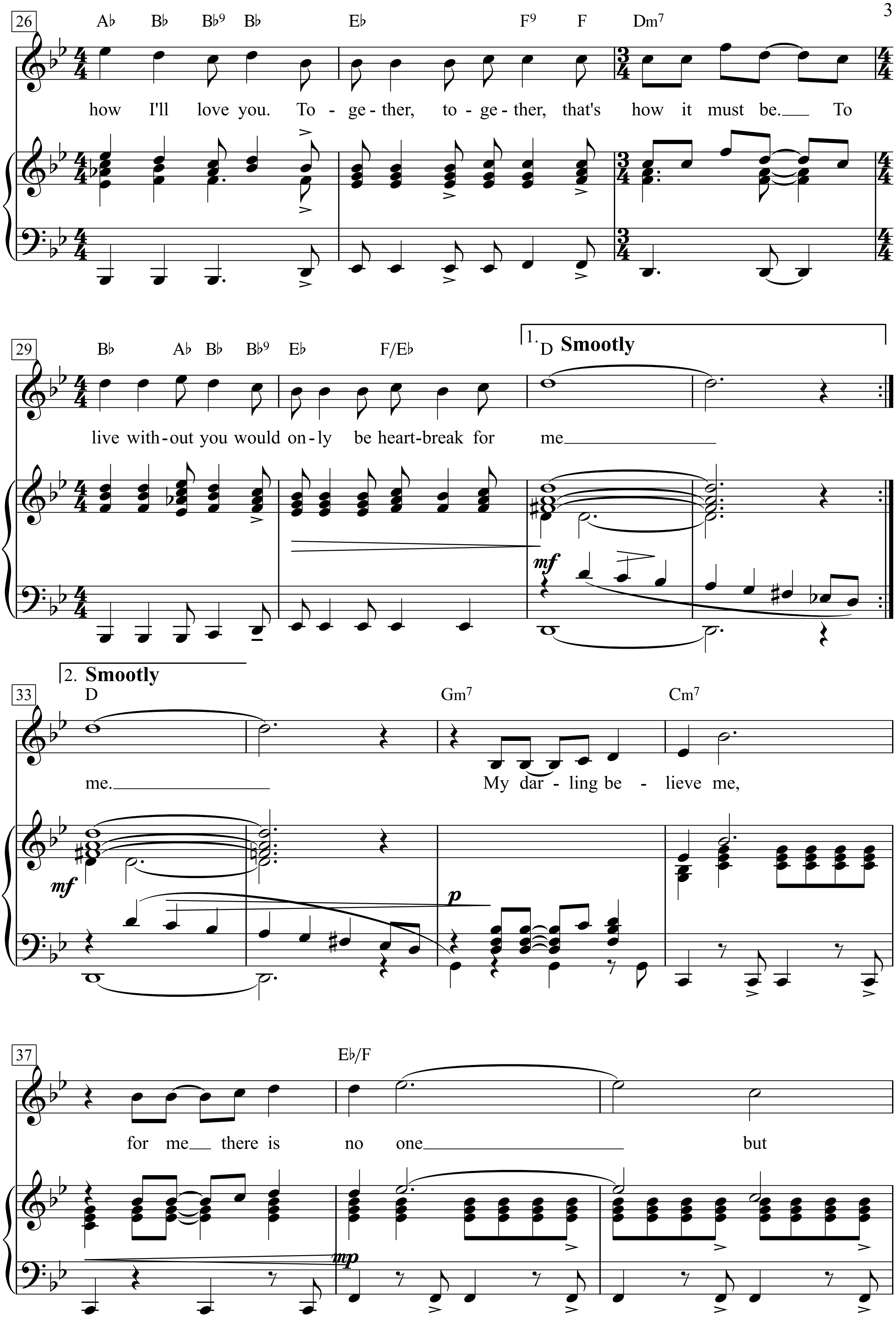
Words by Hal David

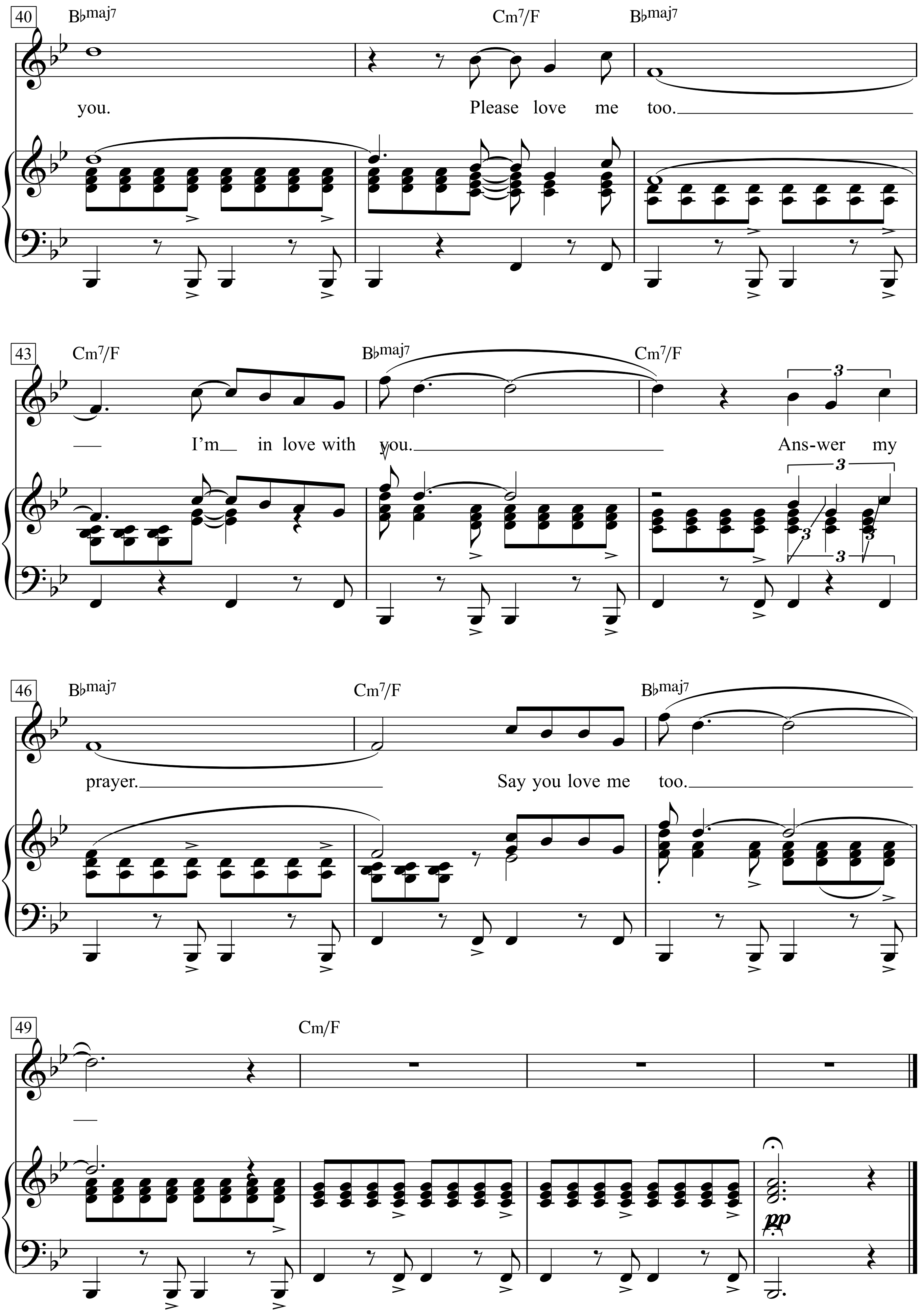
Music by Burt Baxgarach
(Aretha Franklin)

Not too fast, smoothly



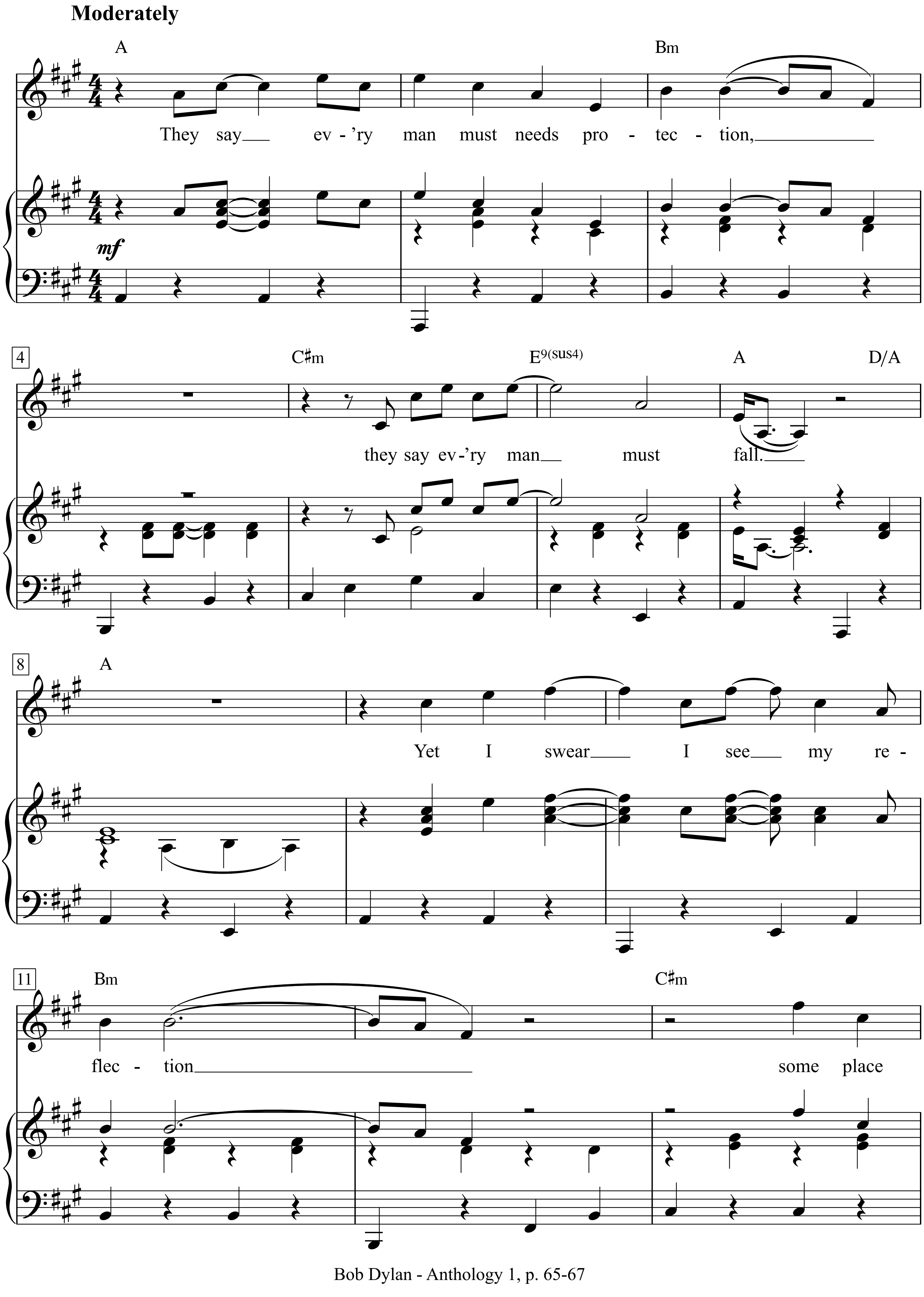

14
Gm7
Cm7
While comb - ing my hair now and won - d'ring what
At work I just take tirne and all through my
17
F
B♭
Am7(omit5)
dress to wear now I say a lit -tle prayer for you.
cof - fee break time I say a lit - tle prayer for you.
20
D7
Excitedly
E♭
Dm7
For - ev - er. for - ev - er you'll stay in my heart and
23
B♭
A♭/B♭
B♭
B♭9
E♭
F9
F
Dm7
I will love you for - cv - er and ev - er. We ne - ver will part. Oh,

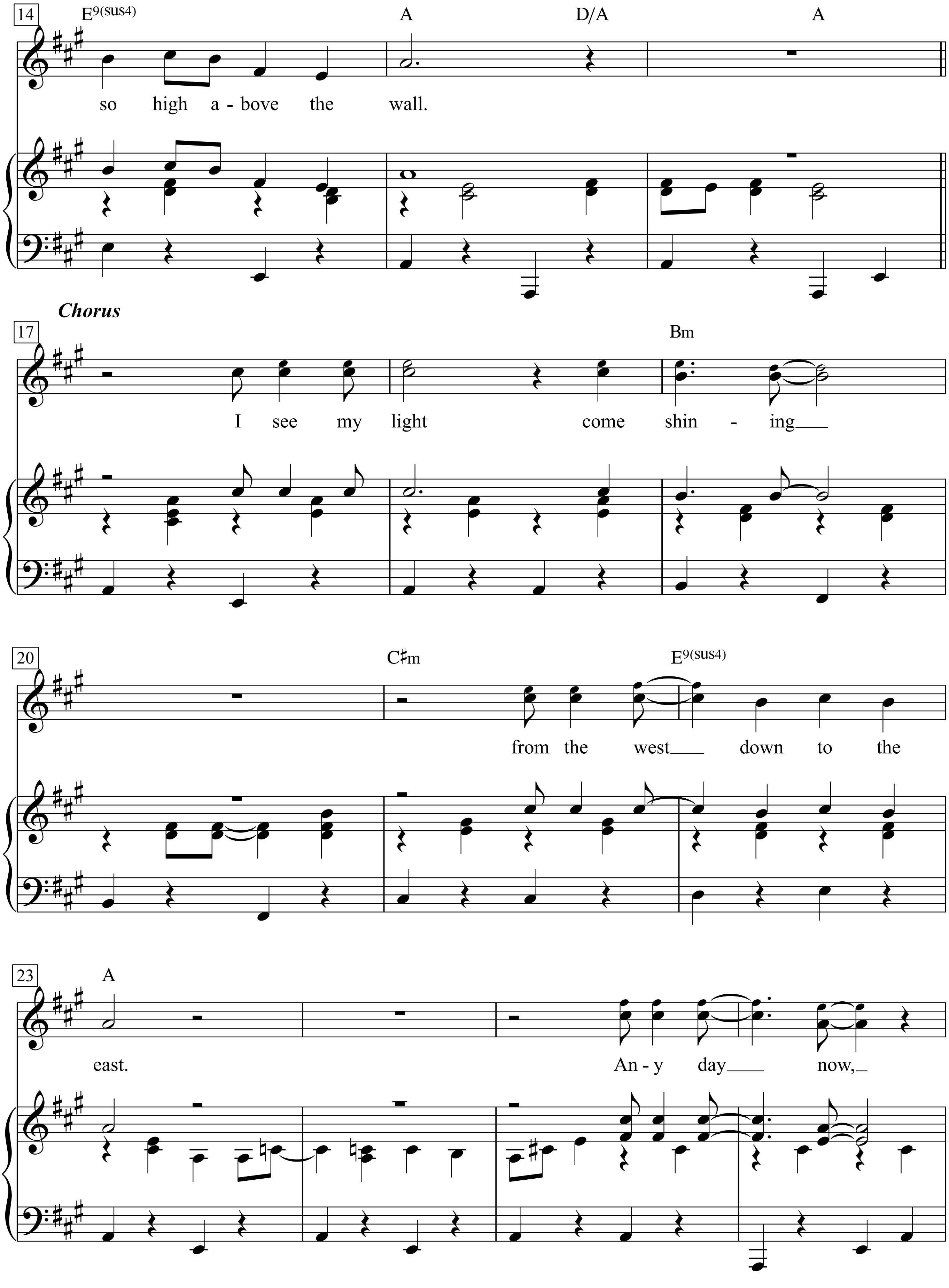

26
A♭ B♭ B♭9 B♭ E♭ F9 F Dm7
how I'll love you. To - ge - ther, to - ge - ther, that's how it must be. To
29
B♭ A♭ B♭ B♭9 E♭ F/E♭
1. D Smootly
live with - out you would on - ly be heart - break for me
mf
2. Smootly
33
D Gm7 Cm7
me. My dar - ling be - lieve me,
mf
p
37
E♭/F
for me there is no one but
mp

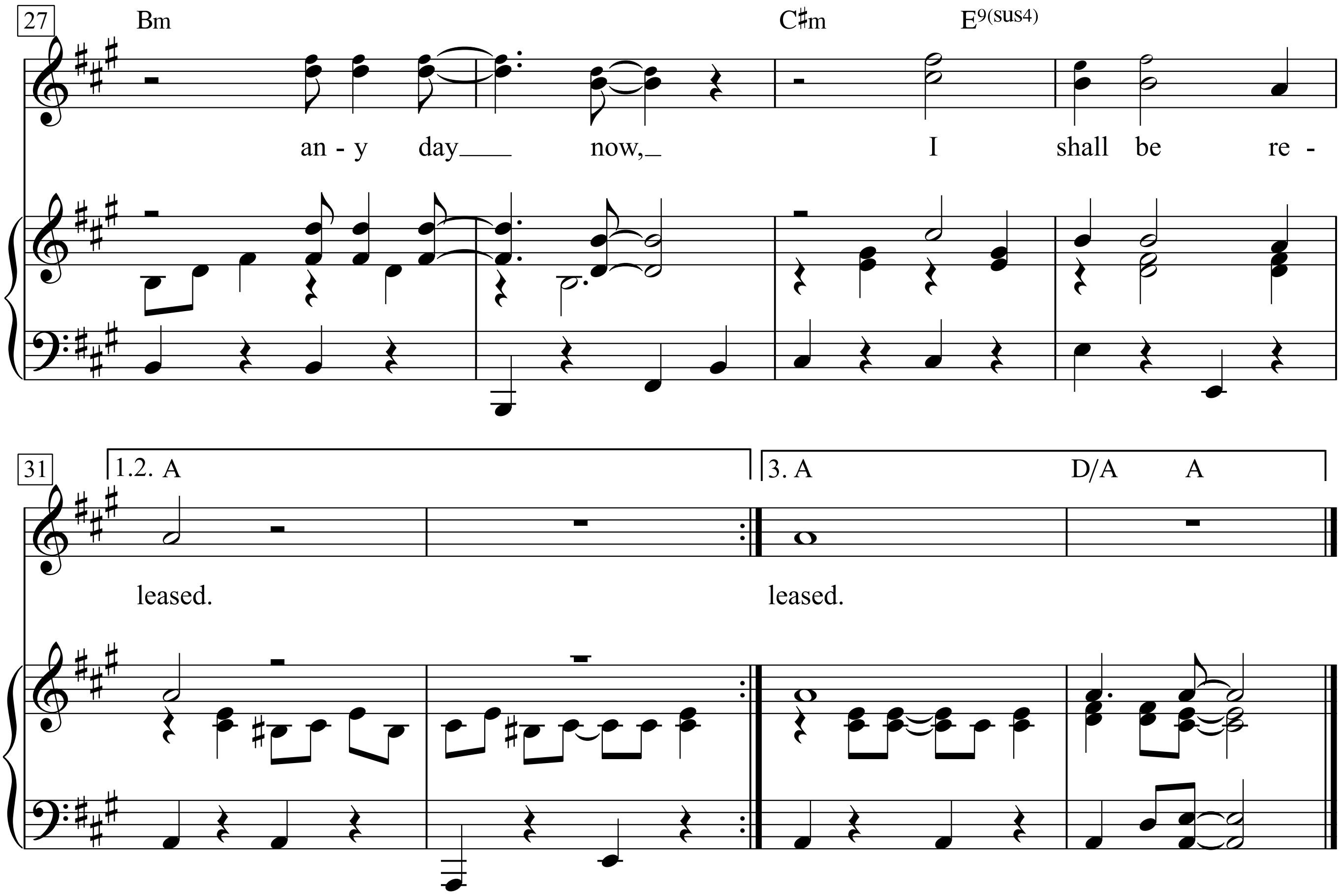

40
B♭maj7
Cm7/F
B♭maj7
you. Please love me too.
43
Cm7/F
B♭maj7
Cm7/F
I'm in love with you. Ans-wer my
46
B♭maj7
Cm7/F
B♭maj7
prayer. Say you love me too.
49
Cm/F
pp

I Shall Be Released

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




14
E9(sus4)
A
D/A
A
so high a - bove the wall.
Chorus
17
Bm
I see my light come shin - ing
20
C♯m
E9(sus4)
from the west down to the
23
A
east.
An - y day now,



??? Reihenfolge?

They say ev'ry man must needs protection
They say ev'ry man must fall
Yet I swear I see my reflection
Some place so high above the wall

Chorus:
I see my light come shining
From the west down to the east
Any day now, any day now
I shall be released

2. ???Down here next to me in this lonely crowd
Is a man who swears he's not to blame
All day long I hear him cry so loud
Calling out that he's been framed

Chorus:

3. They say ev'rything can be replaced
Yet ev'ry distance is not near
So I remember ev'ry face
Of ev'ry man who put me here

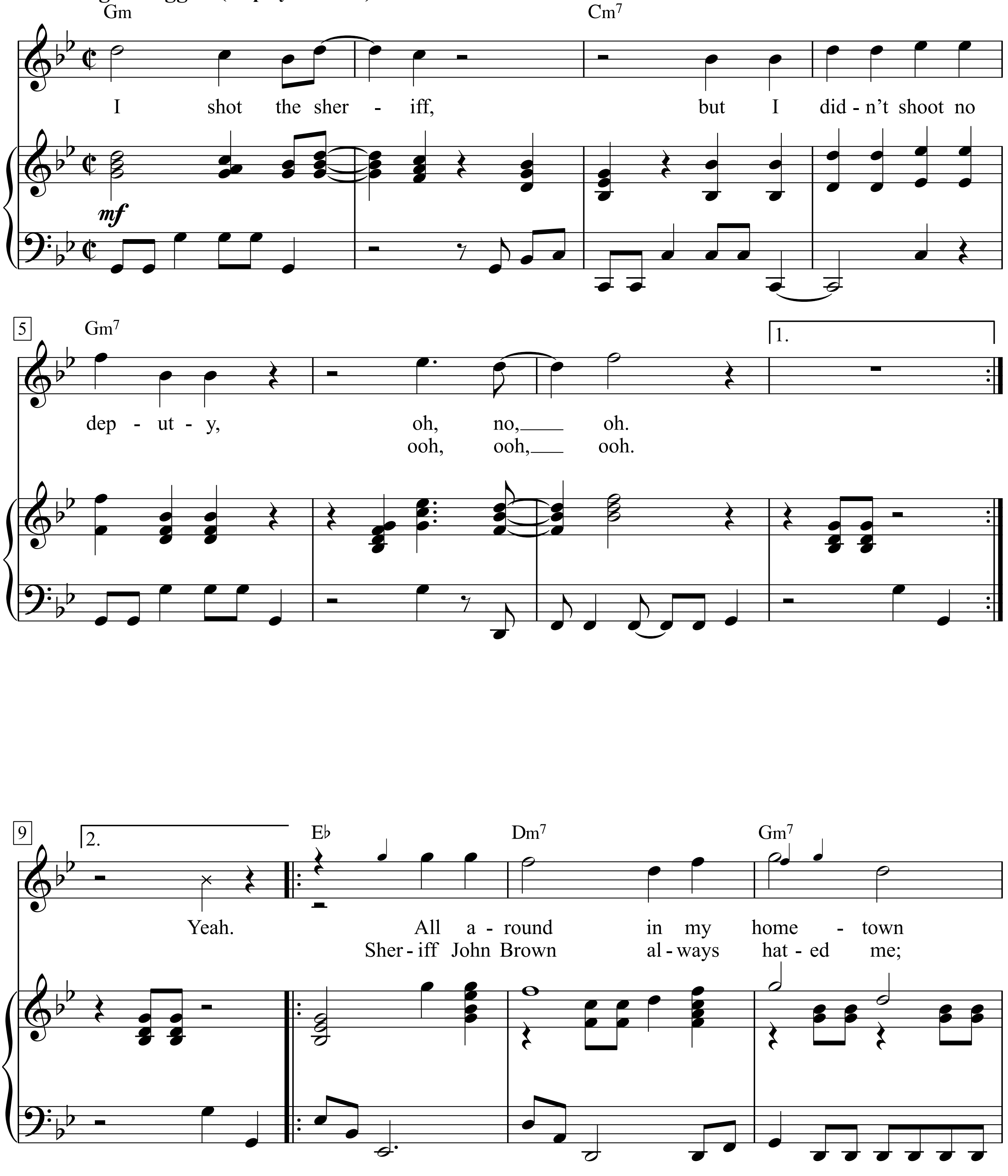
Chorus:

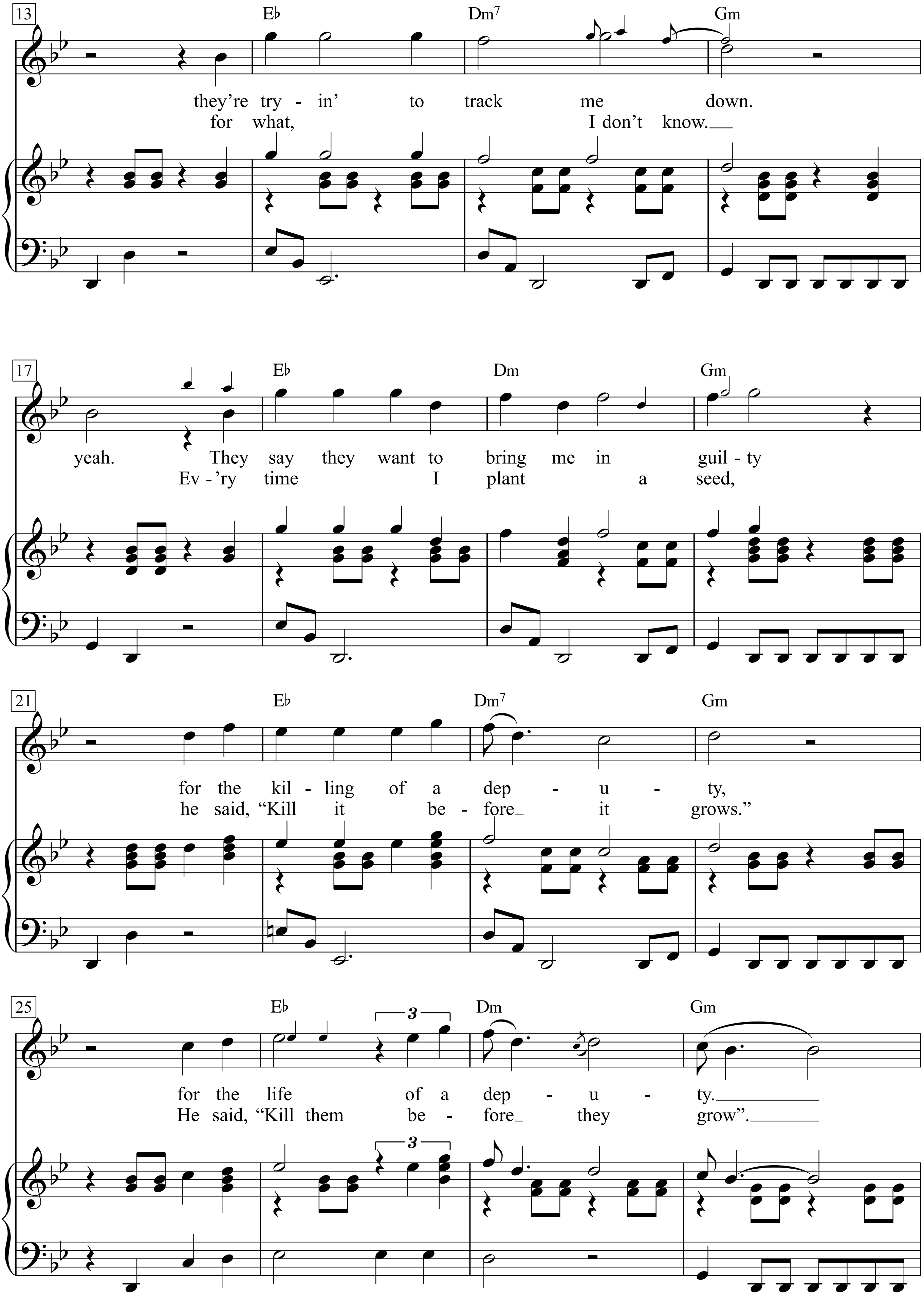
I Shot the Sheriff

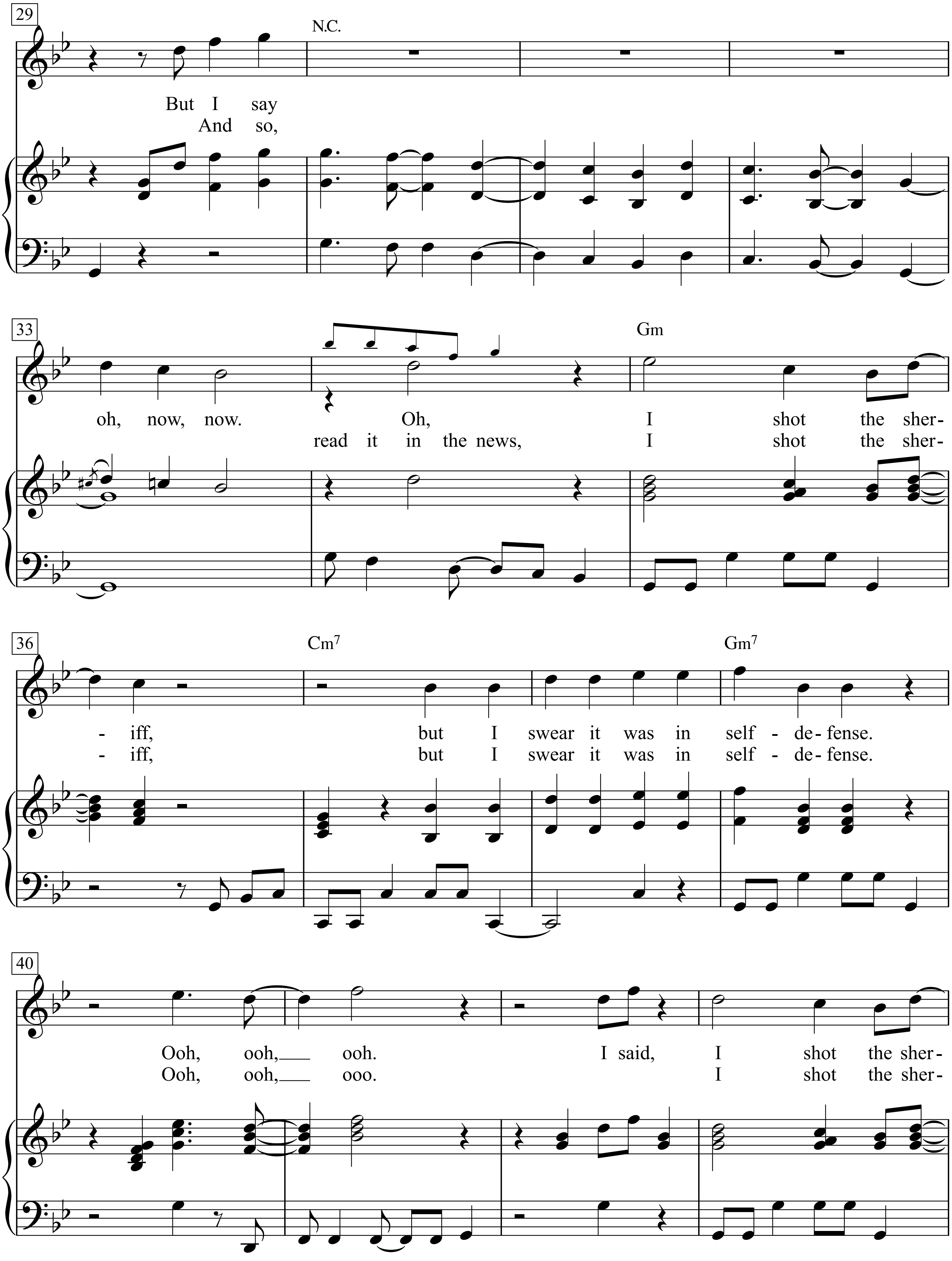
Words & Music by Bob Marley
(Bob Marley)

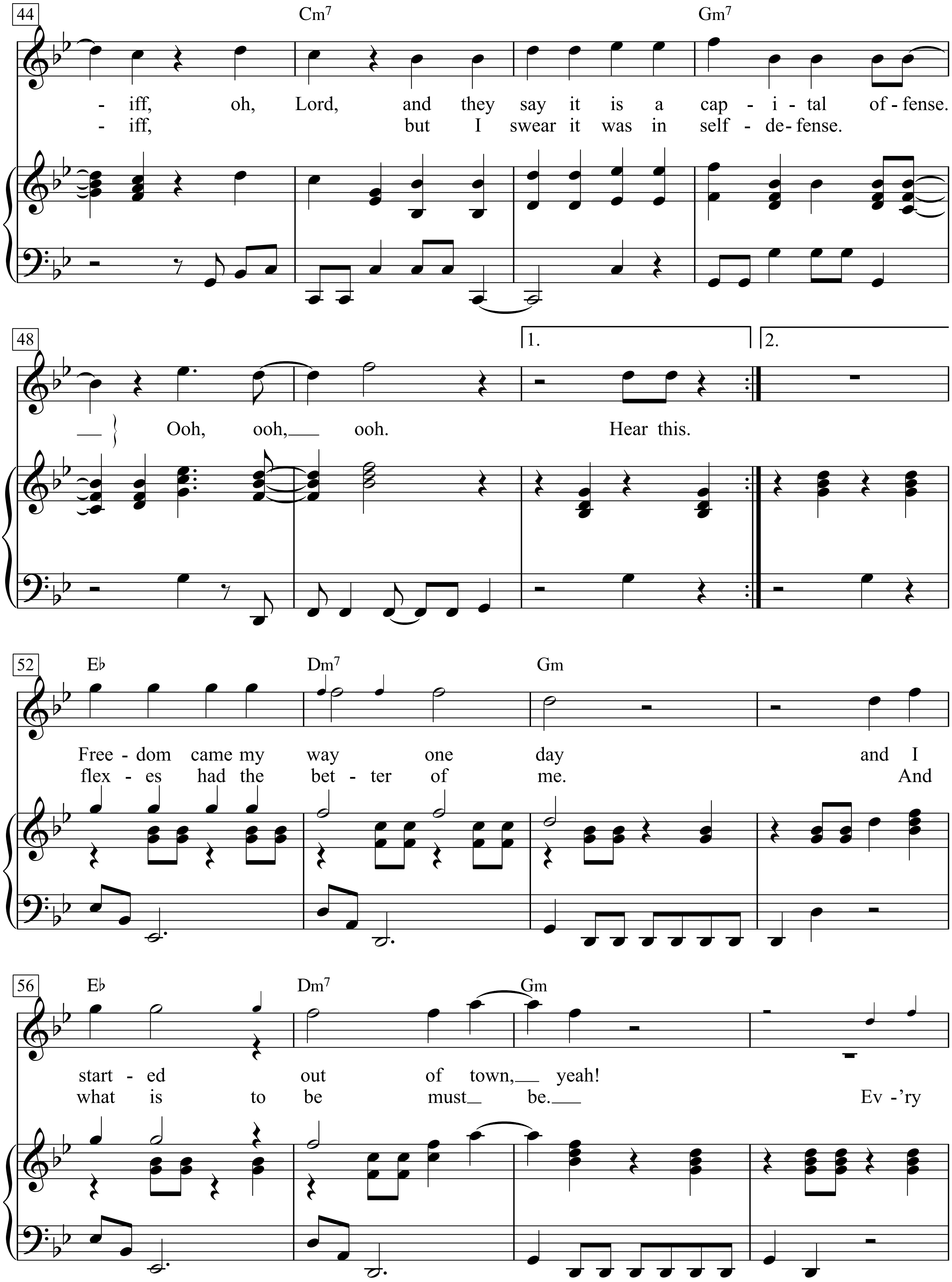
Strum Pattern 8, 6

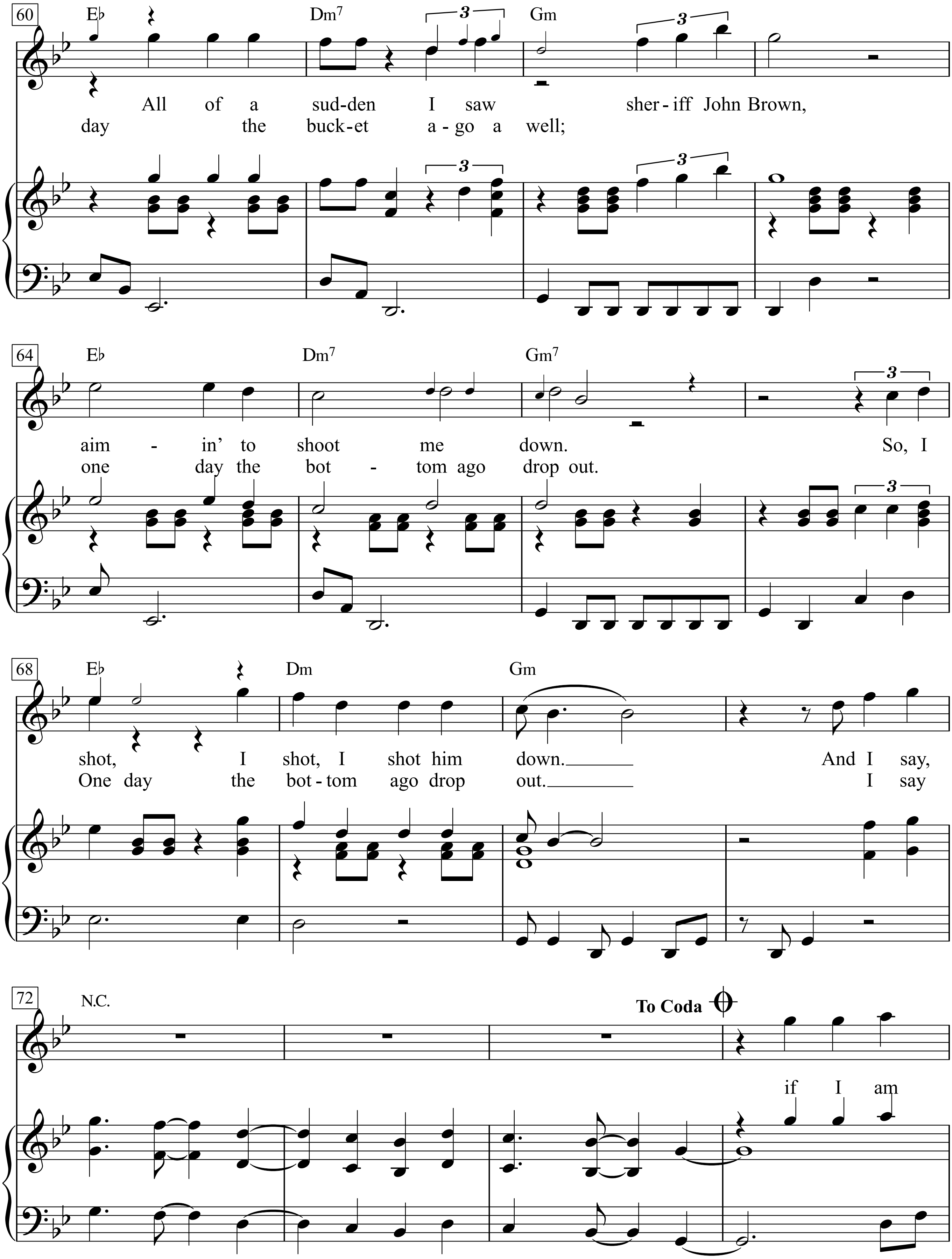
Bright Reggea (♩♩ played as ♩♪ in triplet rhythm)

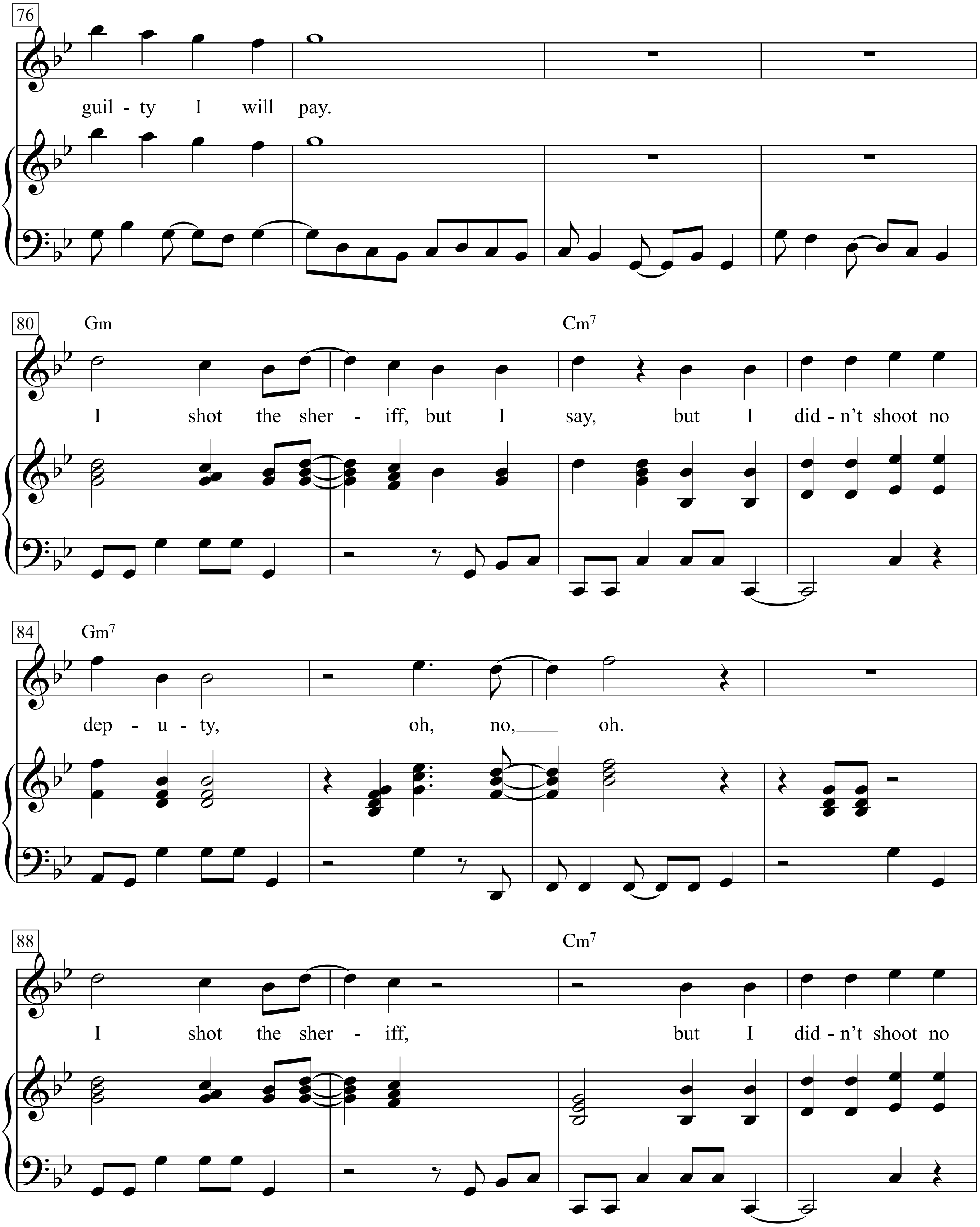


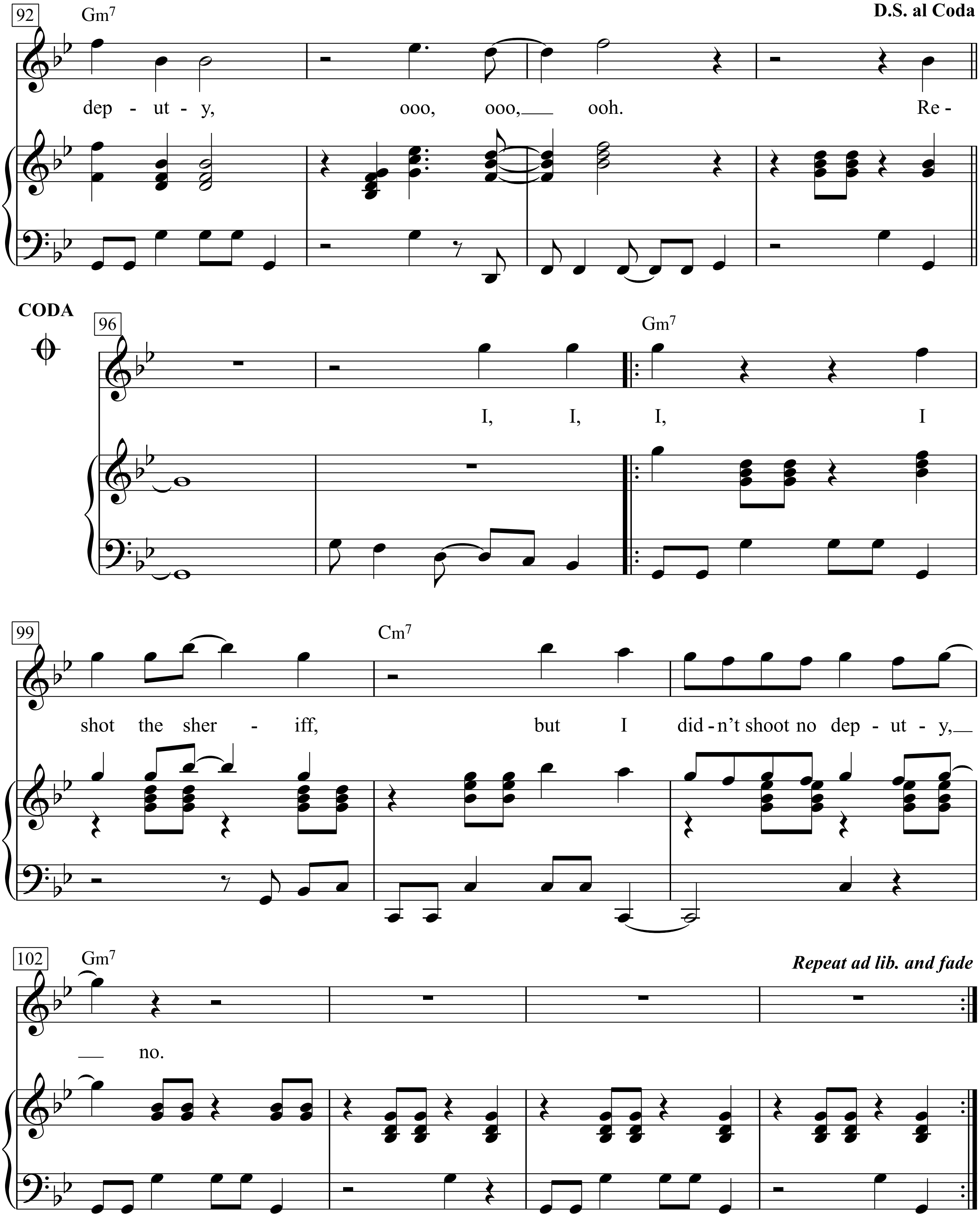

13
E♭
Dm7
Gm
they're try - in' to track me down.
for what, I don't know.
17
E♭
Dm
Gm
yeah. They say they want to bring me in guil - ty
Ev - 'ry time I plant a seed,
21
E♭
Dm7
Gm
for the kil - ling of a dep - u - ty,
he said, "Kill it be - fore it grows."
25
E♭
Dm
Gm
3
for the life of a dep - u - ty.
He said, "Kill them be - fore they grow".


29
N.C.
But I say
And so,
33
oh, now, now. Oh,
read it in the news,
Gm
I shot the sher-
I shot the sher-
36
Cm7
Gm7
- iff, but I swear it was in self - de- fense.
- iff, but I swear it was in self - de- fense.
40
Ooh, ooh, ooh. I said, I shot the sher-
Ooh, ooh, ooo. I shot the sher-


44
Cm7
Gm7
- iff, oh, Lord, and they say it is a cap - i - tal of - fense.
- iff, but I swear it was in self - de - fense.
48
1.
2.
Ooh, ooh, ooh. Hear this.
52
E♭
Dm7
Gm
Free - dom came my way one day and I
flex - es had the bet - ter of me. And
56
E♭
Dm7
Gm
start - ed out of town, yeah!
what is to be must be. Ev - 'ry


60
E♭
Dm7
Gm
All of a sud-den I saw sher-iff John Brown,
day the buck-et a-go a well;
64
E♭
Dm7
Gm7
aim - in' to shoot me down. So, I
one day the bot - tom ago drop out.
68
E♭
Dm
Gm
shot, I shot, I shot him down. And I say,
One day the bot-tom ago drop out. I say
72
N.C.
To Coda
if I am


76
guil - ty I will pay.
80
Gm
Cm7
I shot the sher - iff, but I say, but I did - n't shoot no
84
Gm7
dep - u - ty, oh, no, oh.
88
Cm7
I shot the sher - iff, but I did - n't shoot no


92
Gm7
D.S. al Coda
dep - ut - y, ooo, ooo, ooh. Re -
CODA
96
Gm7
I, I, I, I
99
Cm7
shot the sher - iff, but I did - n't shoot no dep - ut - y,
102
Gm7
Repeat ad lib. and fade
no.

1. I shot the sheriff, but I didn’t shoot no deputy, oh, no, oh.
I shot the sheriff, but I didn’t shoot no deputy, ooh, ooh, ooh.

Yeah. All around in my home town
they’re tryin’ to track me down, yeah.
They say they want to bring me in guilty
for the killing of a deputy, for the life of a deputy.
But I say oh, now, now.
Oh, I shot the sheriff, but I swear it was in self-defense.
Ooh, ooh, ooh.
I said, I shot the sheriff, oh,
Lord, and they say it is a capital offense.
Ooh, ooh, ooh.

Hear this. Freedom came my way one day
and I started out of town, yeah!
All of a sudden I saw sheriff John Brown,
aimin’ to shoot me down.
So, I shot, I shot, I shot him down.
And I say, if I am guilty I will pay.
I shot the sheriff, but I say,
but I didn’t shoot no deputy, oh, no, oh.
I shot the sheriff, but I didn’t shoot no deputy, ooo, ooo, ooh.

Reflexes had the better of me.
And what is to be must be.
Ev’ry day the bucket ago a well; one day the bottom ago drop out.
One day the bottom ago drop out.
I say

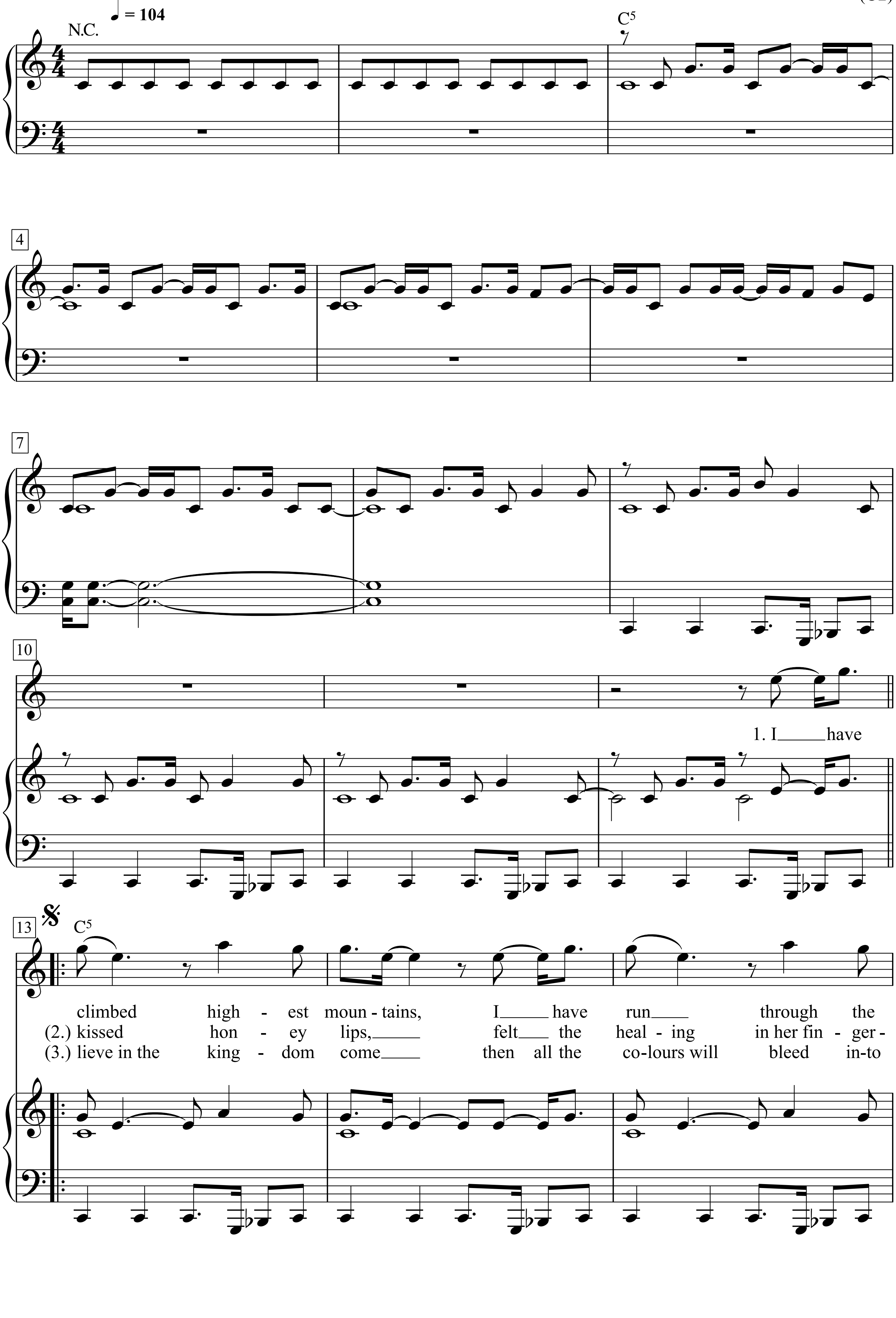
2. Sheriff John Brown always hated me;
for what, I don’t know.
Ev’ry time I plant a seed, he said, “Kill it before it grows.”
He said, “Kill them before they grow”.
And so, read it in the news,
I shot the sheriff, but I swear it was in self-defense.
Ooh, ooh, ooo.
I shot the sheriff, but I swear it was in self-defense.

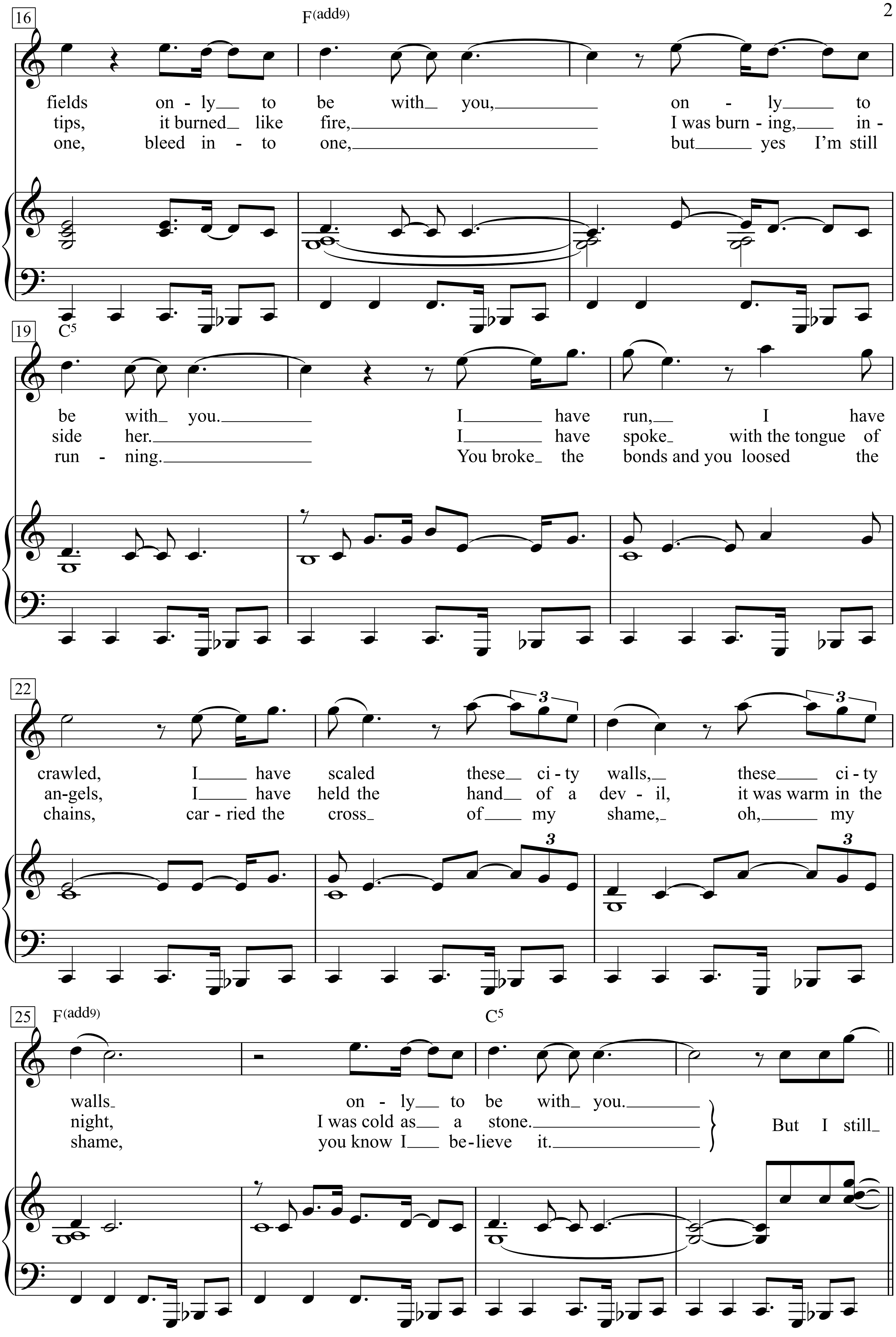
I, I, I, I shot the sheriff, but I didn’t shoot no deputy, no.

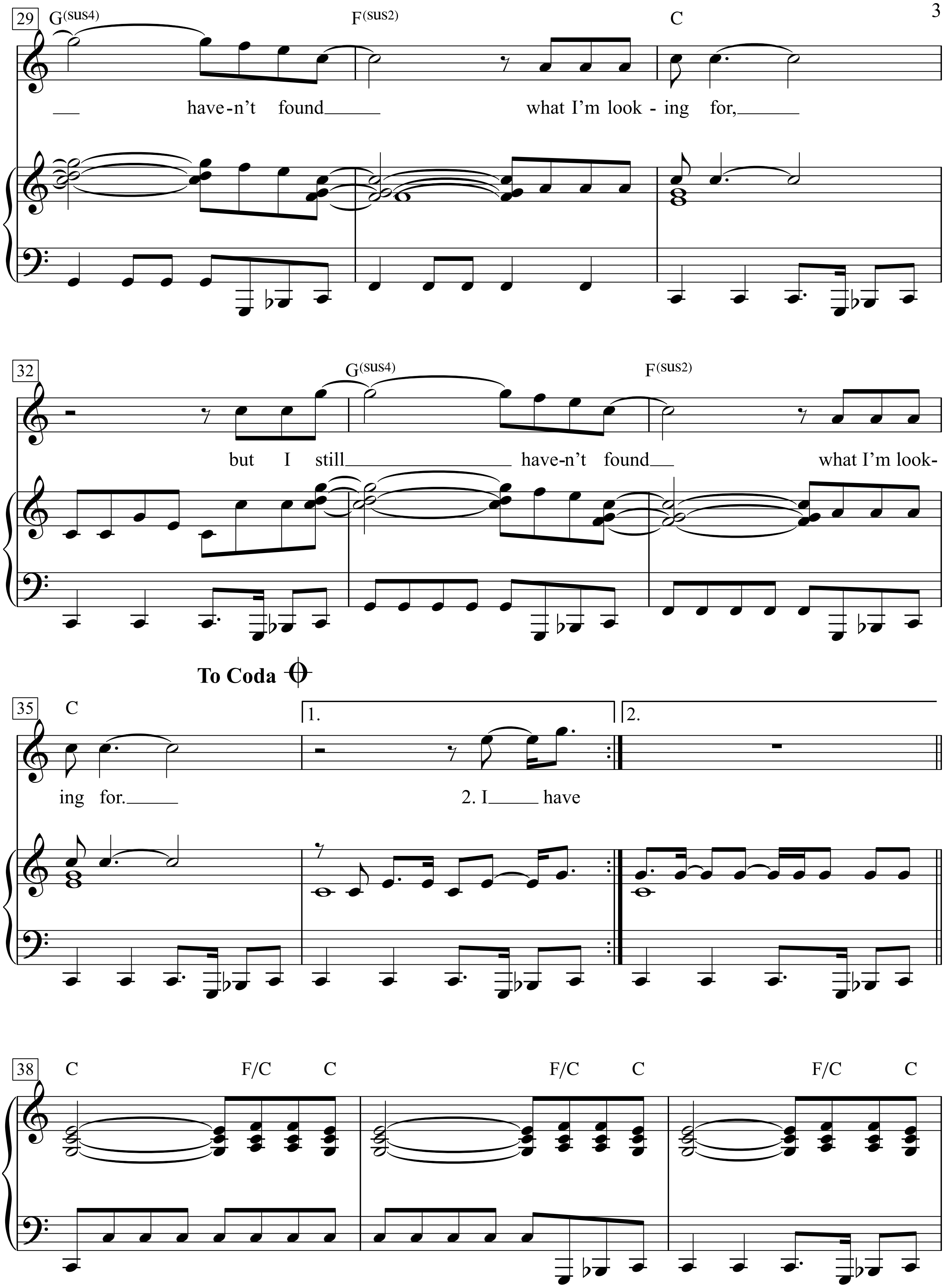
I still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For

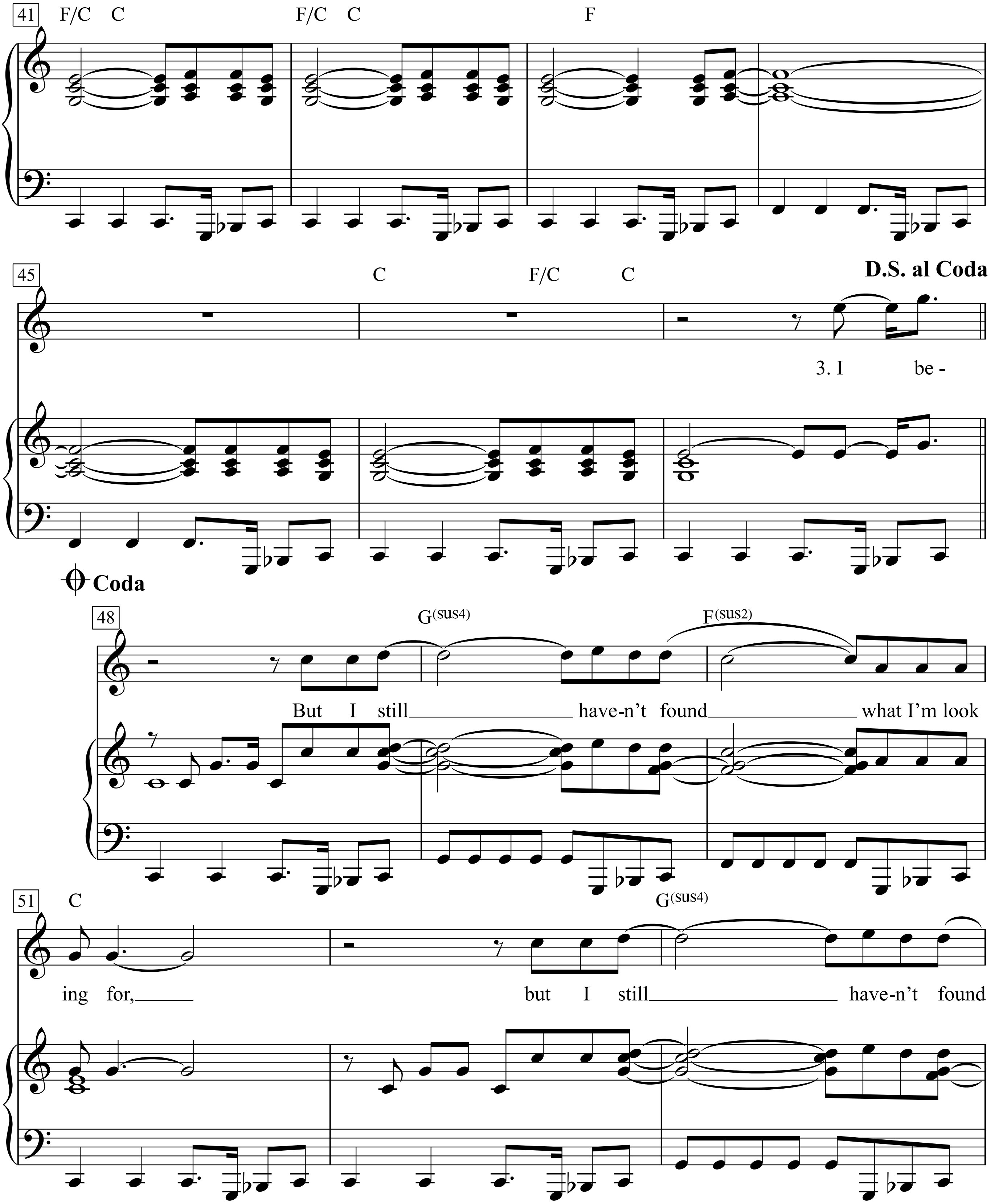
Words & Music by U 2
(U2)

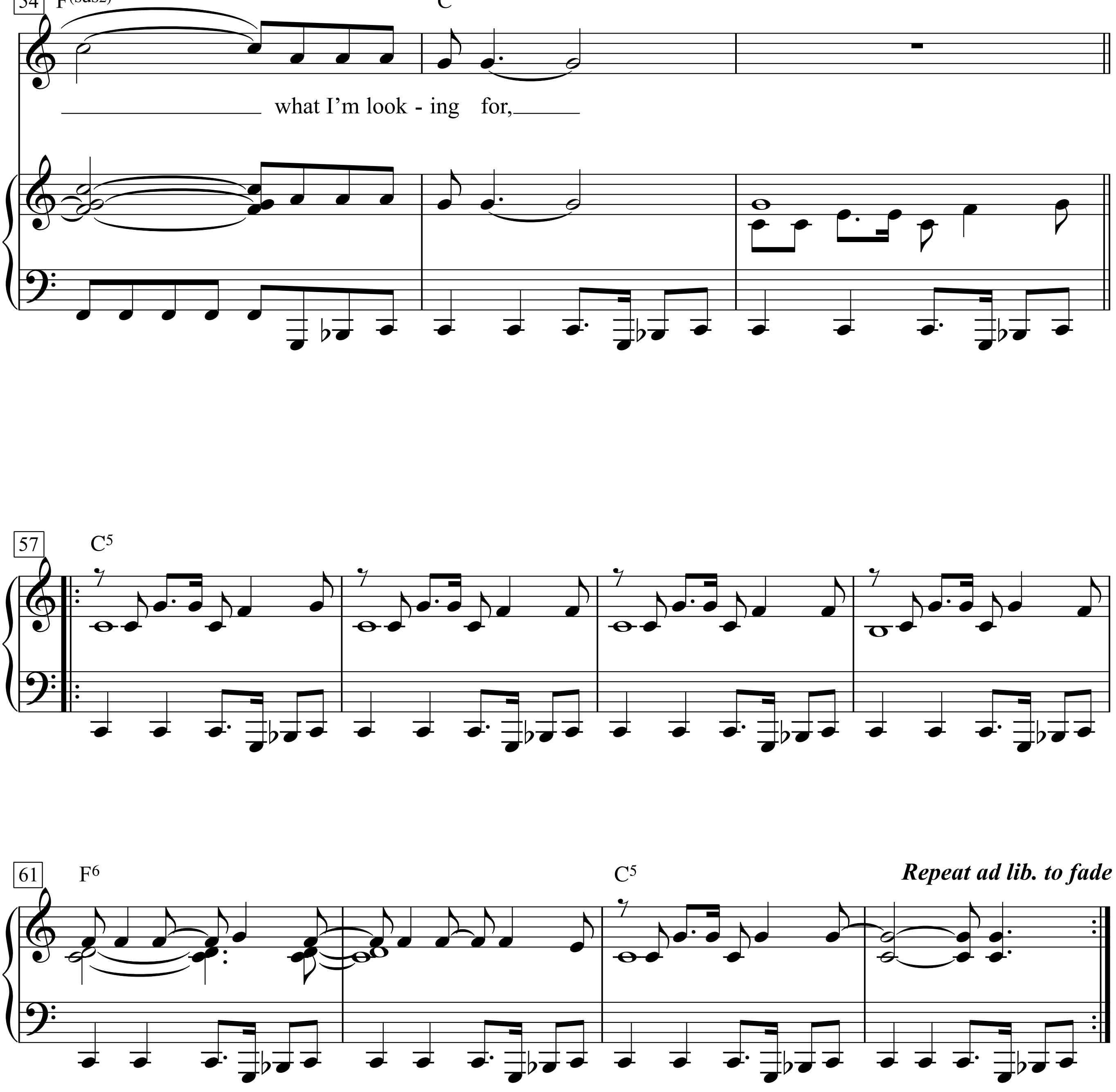
Original Key D♭ major




16
F(add9)
fields on - ly to be with you, on - ly to
tips, it burned like fire, I was burn - ing, in -
one, bleed in - to one, but yes I'm still
19
C5
be with you. I have run, I have
side her. I have spoke with the tongue of
run - ning. You broke the bonds and you loosed the
22
crawled, I have scaled these ci - ty walls, these ci - ty
an-gels, I have held the hand of a dev - il, it was warm in the
chains, car - ried the cross of my shame, oh, my
25
F(add9)
C5
walls on - ly to be with you.
night, I was cold as a stone.
shame, you know I be-lieve it.
But I still


29
G(sus4)
F(sus2)
C
have-n't found what I'm look - ing for,
32
G(sus4)
F(sus2)
but I still have-n't found what I'm look-
To Coda
35
C
1.
2.
ing for.
2. I have
38
C
F/C
C
F/C
C
F/C
C


41
F/C C
F/C C
F
45
C
F/C C
D.S. al Coda
3. I be -
Coda
48
G(sus4)
F(sus2)
But I still have-n't found what I'm look
51
C
G(sus4)
ing for,
but I still have-n't found


54
F(sus2)
C
what I'm look - ing for,
57
C5
61
F6
C5
Repeat ad lib. to fade

1. I have climbed highest mountains,
I have run through the fields
only to be with you,
only to be with you.
I have run,
I have crawled,
I have scaled these city walls,
these city walls
only to be with you.

But I still haven't found
what I'm looking for,
but I still haven't found
what I'm looking for.

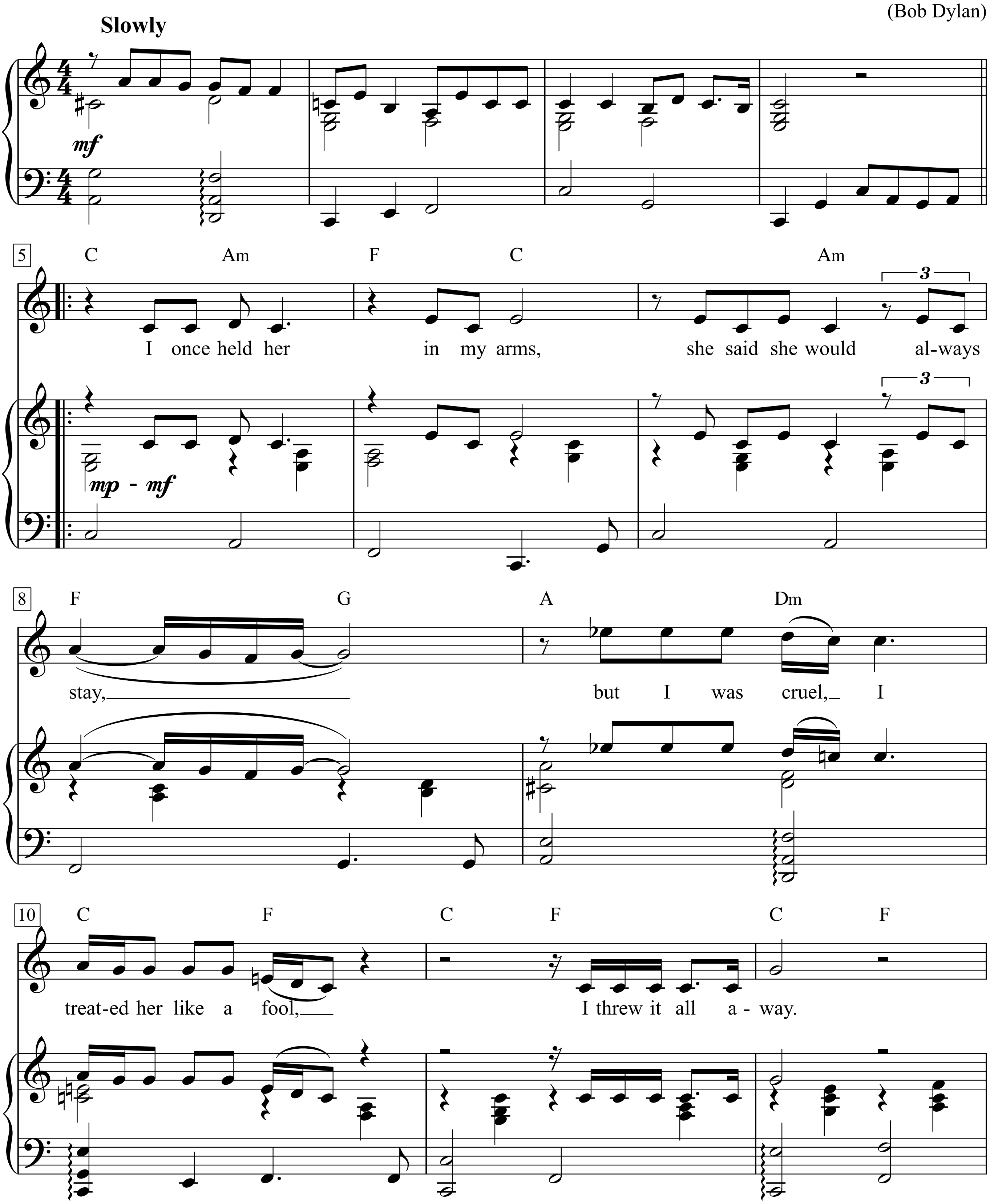
2. I have kissed honey lips,
felt the healing in her finger tips,
it burned like fire,
I was burning, inside her.
I have spoke with the tongue of angels,
I have held the hand of a devil,
it was warm in the night,
I was cold as a stone.

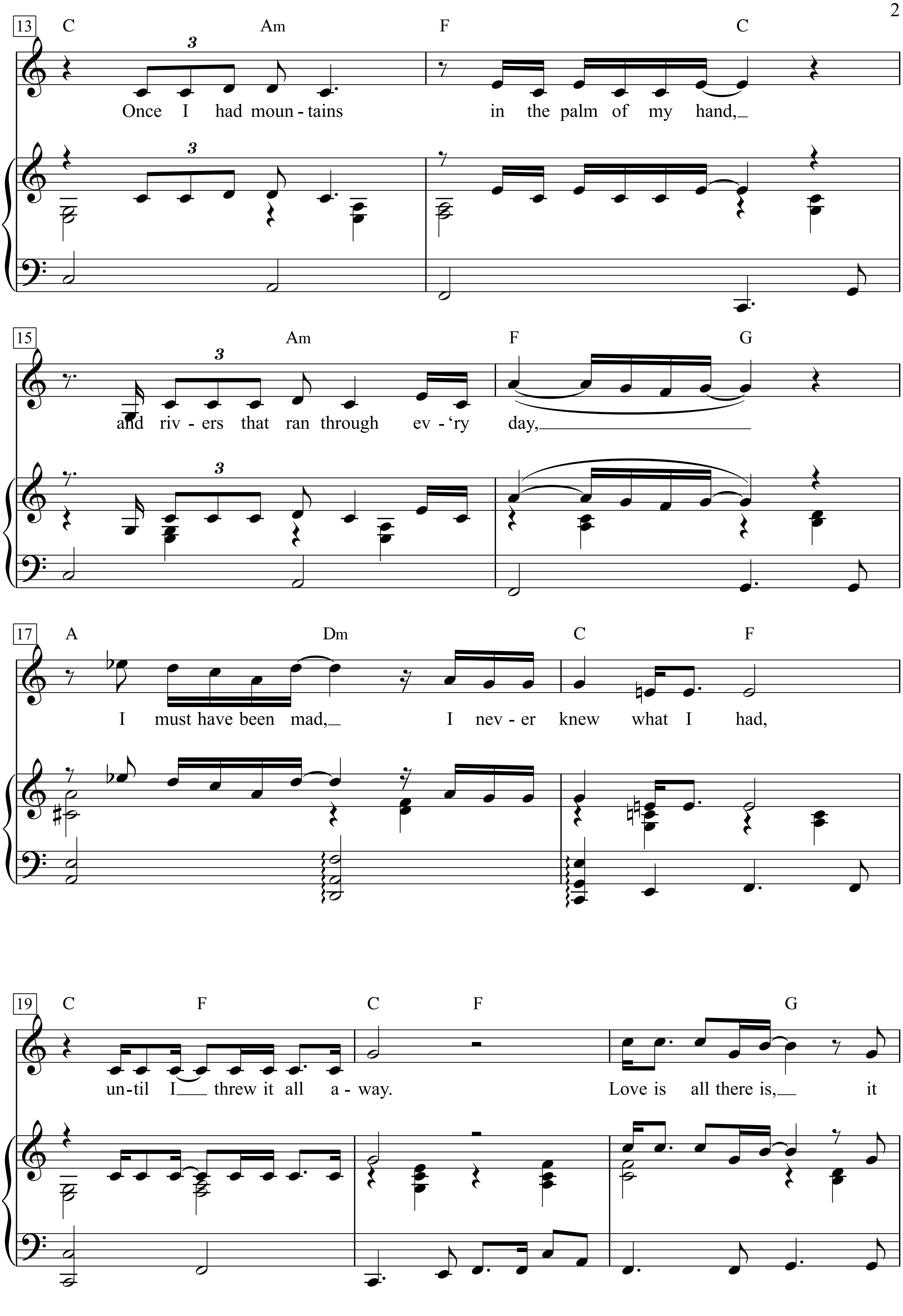
3. I believe in the kingdom
come then all the colours
will bleed in-to one,
bleed into one,
but yes I'm still running.
You broke the bonds
and you loosed the chains,
carried the cross of my shame,
oh, my shame,
you know I believe it.

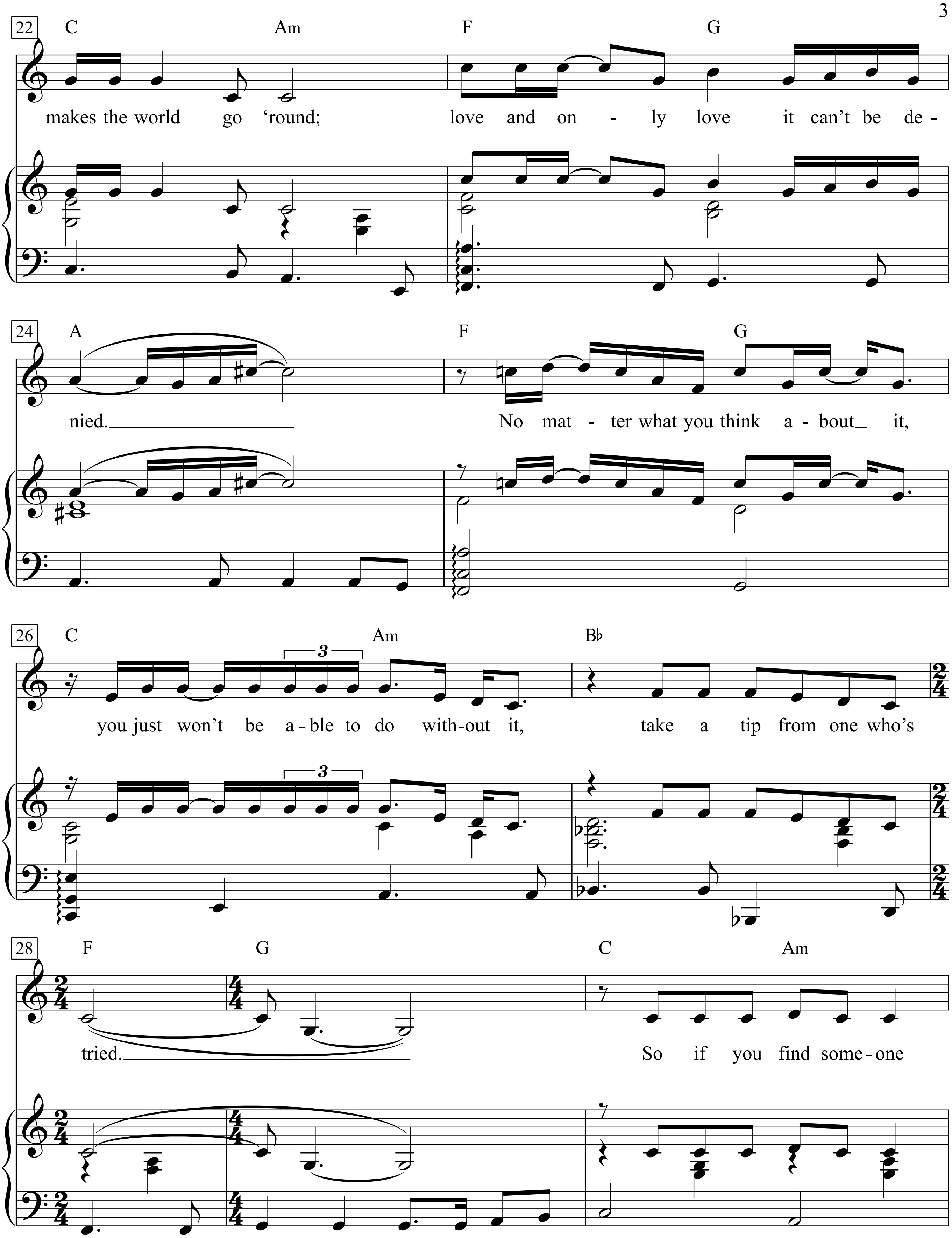
But I still haven't found
what I'm looking for,
but I still haven't found
what I'm looking for.

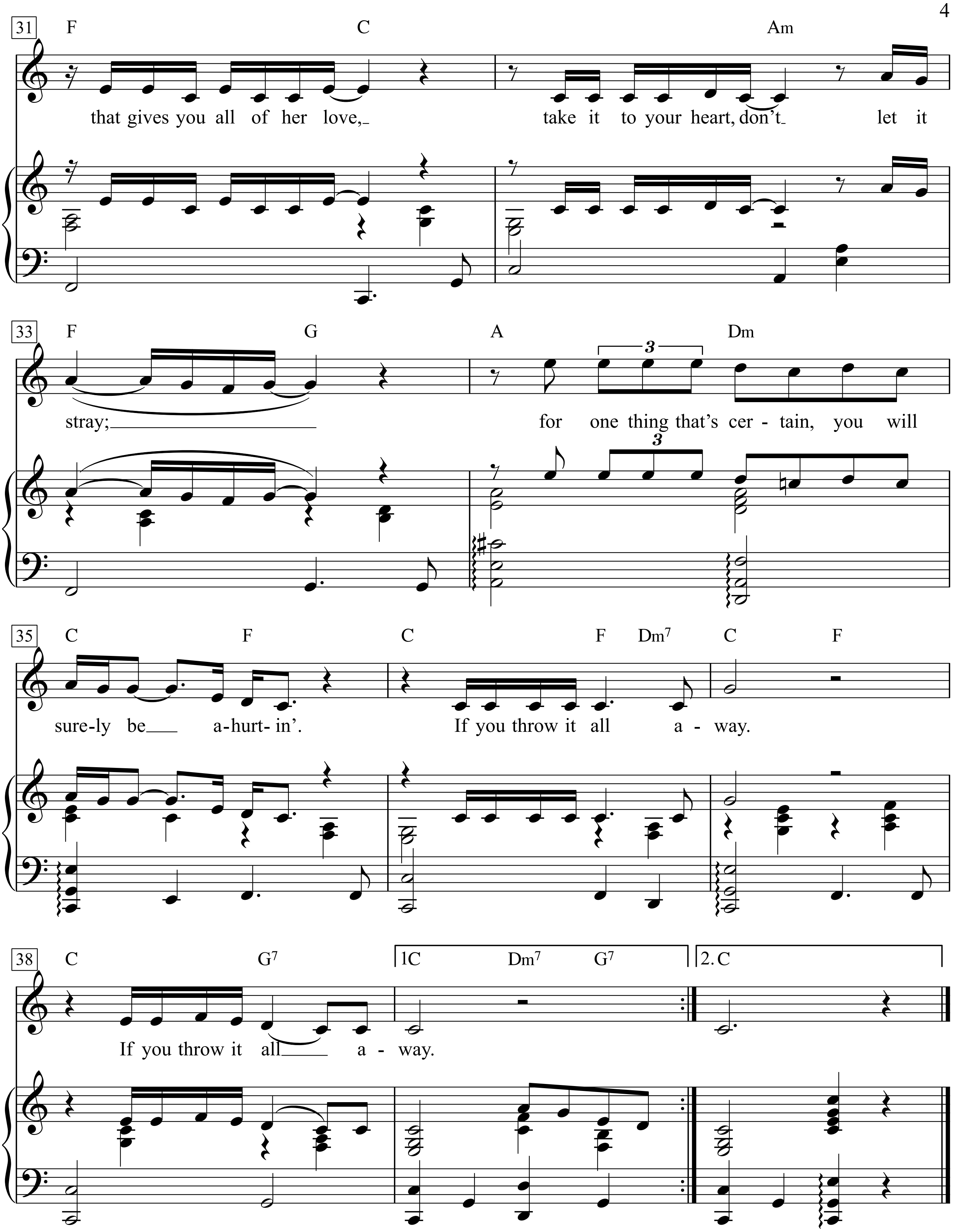
I Threw It All Away

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




13
C Am F C
Once I had moun - tains in the palm of my hand,
15
Am F G
and riv - ers that ran through ev - 'ry day,
17
A Dm C F
I must have been mad, I nev - er knew what I had,
19
C F C F G
un - til I threw it all a - way.
Love is all there is, it


22
C
Am
F
G
makes the world go 'round; love and on - ly love it can't be de -
24
A
F
G
nied. No mat - ter what you think a - bout it,
26
C
Am
B♭
you just won't be a - ble to do with-out it, take a tip from one who's
3
3
28
F
G
C
Am
tried. So if you find some - one


31
F C Am
that gives you all of her love, take it to your heart, don't let it
33
F G A Dm
stray; for one thing that's cer - tain, you will
35
C F C F Dm7 C F
sure-ly be a-hurt-in'. If you throw it all a - way.
38
C G7 1C Dm7 G7 2. C
If you throw it all a - way.

I once held her in my arms
She said she would always stay
But I was cruel
I treated her like a fool
I threw it all away

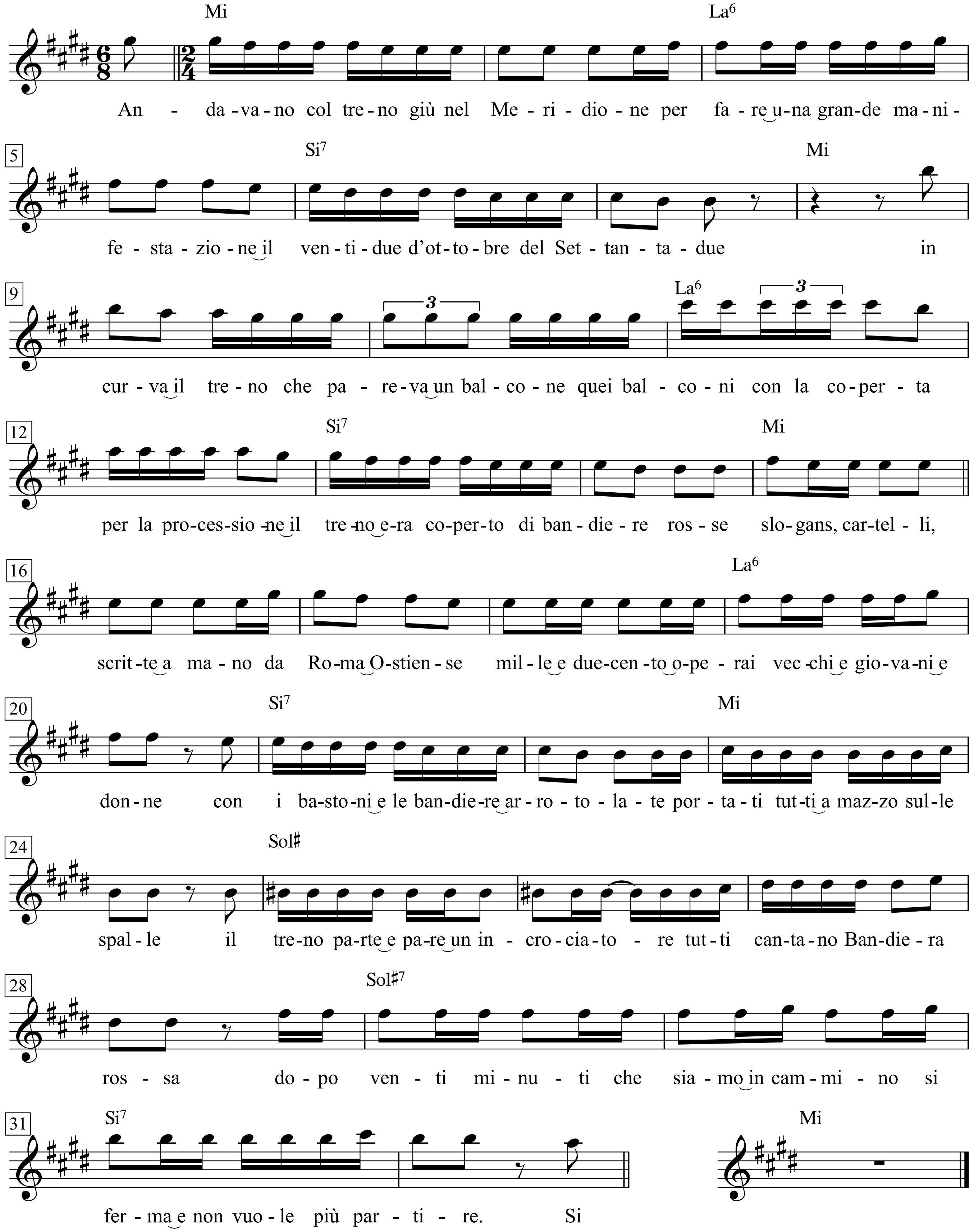
Once I had mountains in the palm of my hand
And rivers that ran through ev'ry day
I must have been mad
I never knew what I had
Until I threw it all away

Love is all there is, it makes the world go 'round
Love and only love it can't be denied
No matter what you think about it
You just won't be able to do without it
Take a tip from one who's tried

So if you find someone that gives you all of her love
Take it to your heart, don't let it stray
For one thing that's certain
You will surely be a-hurtin'
If you throw it all away
If you throw it all away

I treni per Reggio Calabria

(Giovanna Marini)



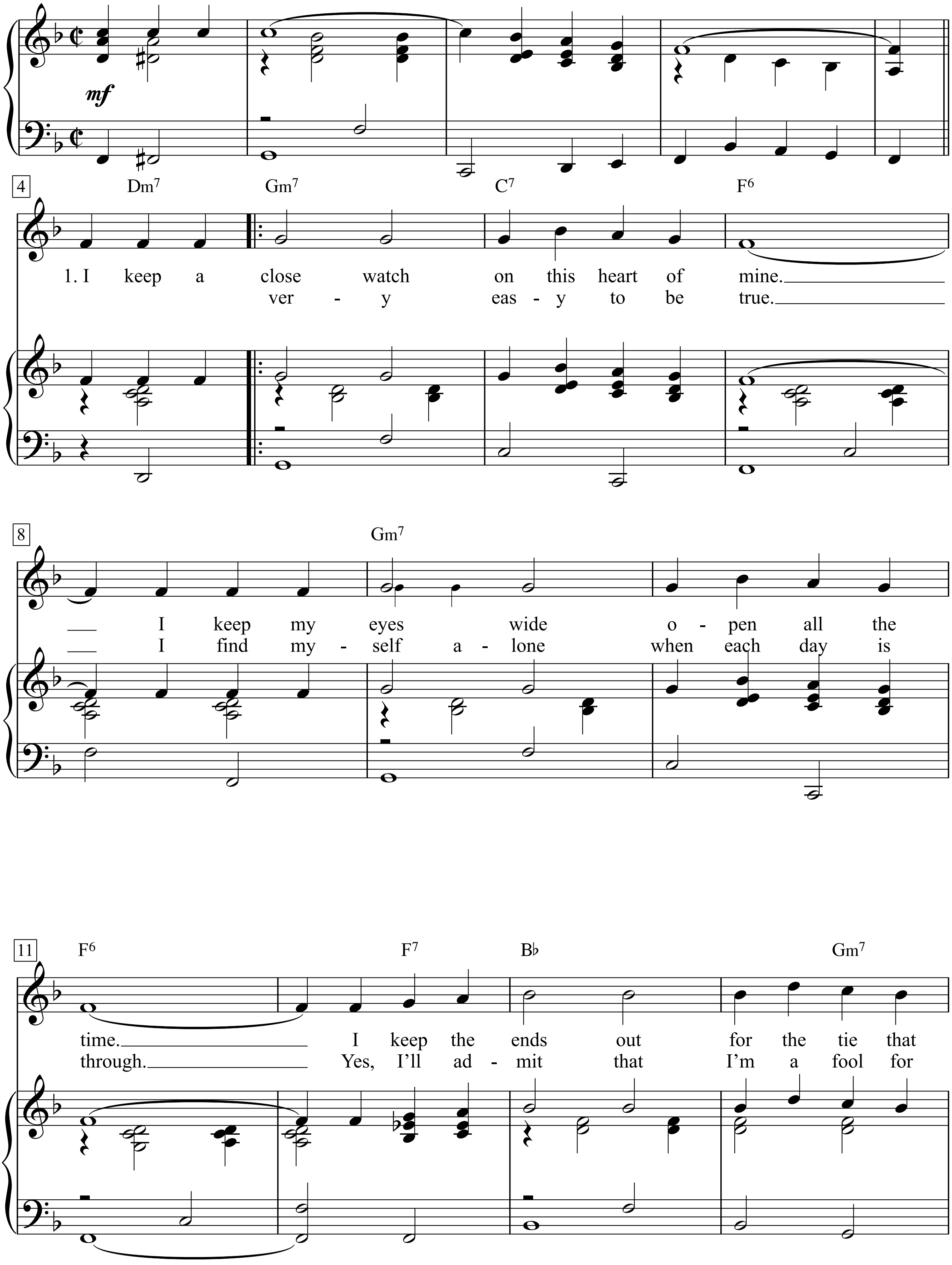
_100 Canti di protesta (Carisch), p. 56+5

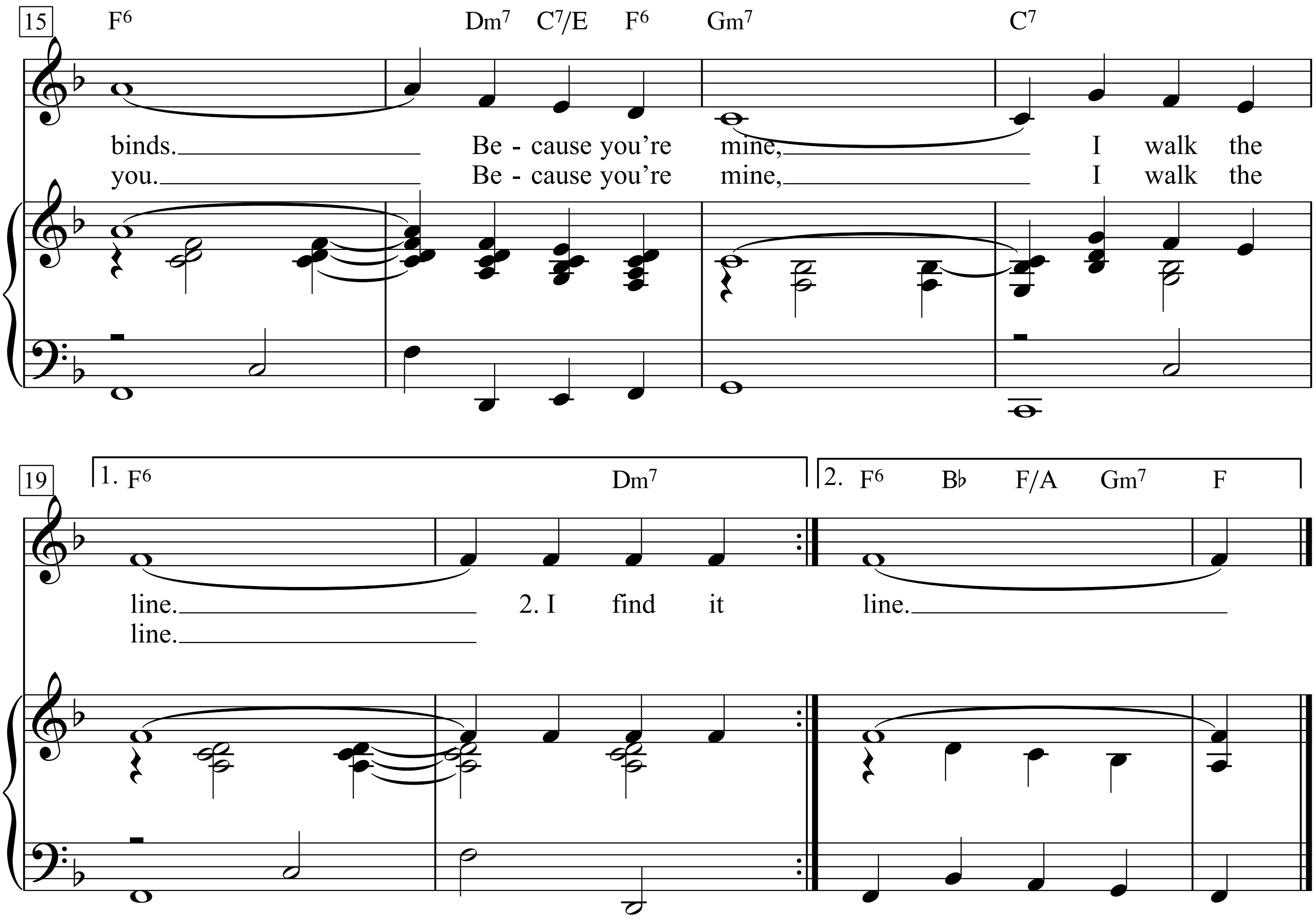
Andavano col treno giù nel Meridione
per fare una grande manifestazione
il ventidue d’ottobre del Settantadue
in curva il treno che pareva un balcone
quei balconi con la coperta per la processione
il treno era coperto di bandiere rosse
slogans, cartelli, scritte a mano
da Roma Ostiense mille e duecento
operai vecchi e giovani e donne
con i bastoni e le bandiere arrotolate
portati tutti a mazzo sulle spalle
il treno parte e pare un incrociatore
tutti cantano Bandiera rossa
dopo venti minuti che siamo in cammino
si ferma e non vuole più partire.
Si parla di una bomba sulla ferrovia
il treno torna alla stazione
tutti corrono coi megafoni in mano
richiamano «Andiamo via Cassino
compagni da qui a Reggio è tutto un campo minato
chi vuole si rimetta in cammino»
dopo un’ora quel treno che pareva un balcone
ha ripreso la sua processione
anche a Cassino la linea è saltata
siamo tutti attaccati al finestrino
Roma Ostiense Cisterna Roma Termini Cassino
e adesso siamo a Roma Triburtino
il treno di Bologna è saltato a Piverno
è una notte una notte d’inferno.
I feriti tutti sono ripartiti
caricati sopra un altro treno
funzionari responsabili sindacalisti
sdraiati sulle reti dei bagagli
per scrutare meglio la massicciata
si sono tutti addormentati
dormono dormono profondamente
sopra alle bombe non sentono più niente
l’importante adesso è di essere partiti
mentre i giovani hanno gli occhi spalancati
vanno in giro tutti eccitati
mentre i vecchi sono stremati
dormono dormono profondamente
sopra le bombe non sentono più niente
famiglie intere a tre generazioni
son venute tutte insieme da Torino
vanno dai parenti fanno una dimostrazione.
Dal treno non è sceso nessuno
la vecchia e la figlia alle rifiniture
il marito alla verniciatura
la figlia della figlia alle tappezzerie
stanno in viaggio ormai da più di venti ore
aspettano seduti sereni e contenti
sopra le bombe non gliene importa niente
aspettano che è tutta una vita
che stanno ad aspettare
per un certificato mattinate intere
anni e anni per due soldi di pensione
erano venti treni più forti del trito
guardare quelle facce bastava solo.
Con la notte le stelle e con la luna
i binari stanno luccicanti
mai guardati con tanta attenzione
e camminato sulle traversine
mai individuata una regione
dai sassi della massicciata
dalle chine di erba sulla vallata
dai buchi che fanno entrare il mare
piano piano a passo d’uomo
pareva che il treno si facesse portare
tirato per le briglie come un cavallo
tirato dal suo padrone
a Napoli la galleria illuminata
bassa e sfasciata con la fermata
il treno che pare un balcone
quanti abbracci e quanta commozione
gli operai hanno dato una dimostrazione.
qualcuno vuol salire «attenzione
non fate salire nessuno
può essere una provocazione».
Si sporgono coi megafoni in mano
e un piede sullo scalino
e gridano gridano quello che hanno in mente
sono comizi la gente sente
ora passa la notte e con la luce
la ferrovia è tutta popolata
contadini e pastori che l’hanno sorvegliata
col gregge sparpagliato
la Calabria ci passa sotto ai piedi ci passa
dal tetto di una casa una signora grassa
fa le corna e alza una mano
e un gruppo di bambini
ci guardano passare
e fanno il saluto romano.
Ormai siamo a Reggio e la stazione
è tutta nera di gente
domani chiuso tutto in segno di lutto
ha detto Ciccio Franco «a sbarra»
e alla mattina c’era la paura
e il corteo non riusciva a partire
ma gli operai di Reggio sono andati in testa
e il corteo si è mosso improvvisamente
è partito a punta come un grosso serpente
con la testa corazzata
i cartelli schierati lateralmente
l’avevano tutto fasciato
volavano sassi e provocazioni
ma nessuno s’è neppure voltato.
Gli operai dell’Emilia Romagna
guardavano con occhi stupiti
i metalmeccanici di Torino e Milano
puntavano in avanti tenendosi per mano
le voci rompevano il silenzio
e nelle pause si sentiva il mare
e il silenzio di quelli fermi
che stavano a guardare
e ogni tanto dalle vie laterali
si vedevano i sassi volare e
alla sera Reggio era trasformata
pareva una giornata di mercato
quanti abbracci e quanta commozione
«il Nord è arrivato nel Meridione»
e alla sera Reggio era trasformata
pareva una giornata di mercato

I Walk the Line

Words & Music by John R. Cash
(Johnny Cash)

Moderate





1. I keep a close watch on this heart of mine.
I keep my eyes wide open all the time.
I keep the ends out for the tie that binds.
Because you're mine, I walk the line.

2. I find it very easy to be true.
I find myself alone when each day is through.
Yes, I'll admit that I'm a fool for you.
Because you're mine, I walk the line.

3. As sure as night is dark and day is light,
I keep you on my mind both day and night.
And happiness I've known proves that it's right.
Because you're mine I walk the line.

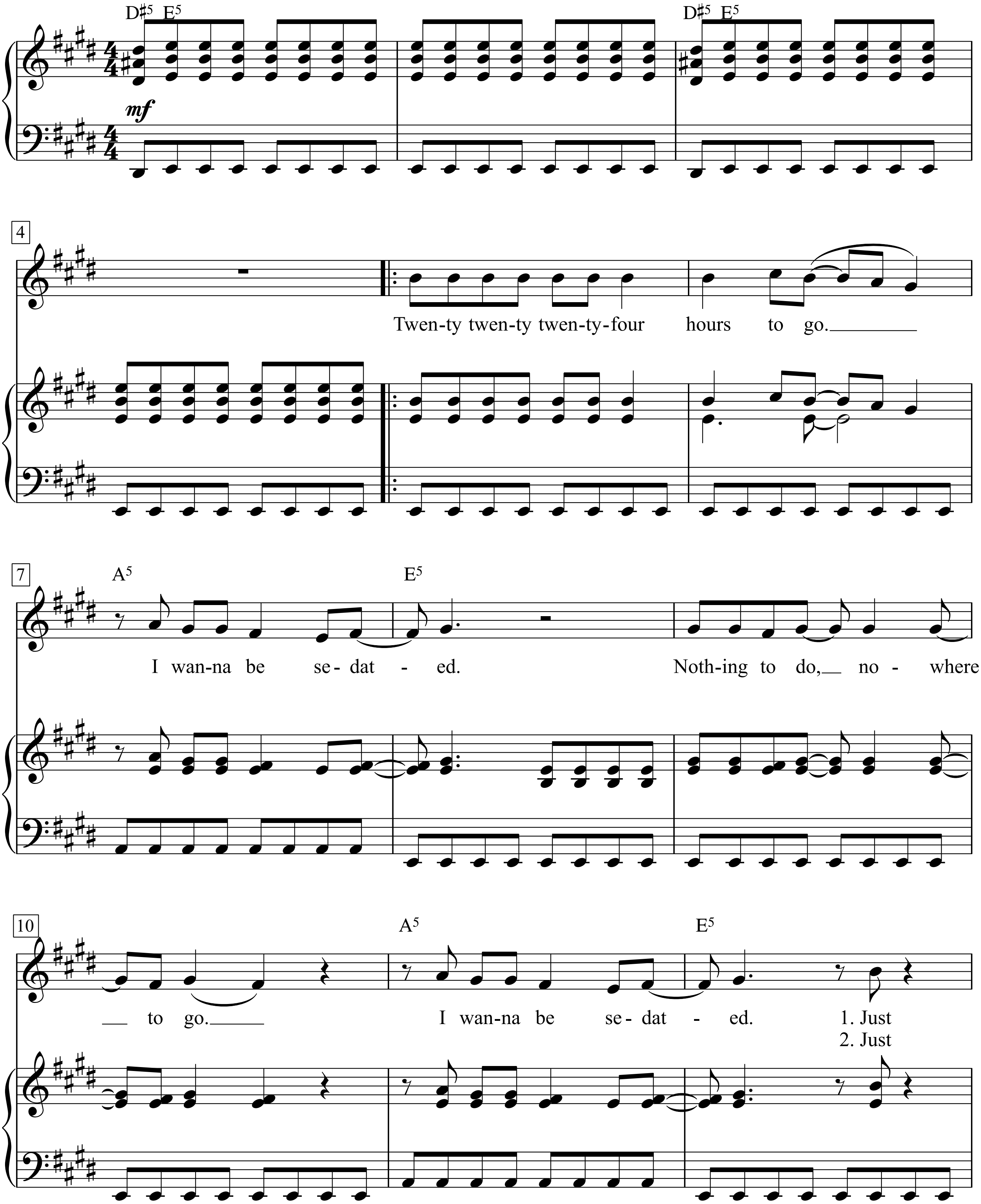
4. You've got a way to keep me on your side.
You give me cause for love that I can't hide.
For you I know I'd even try to turn the tide.
Because you're mine I walk the line.

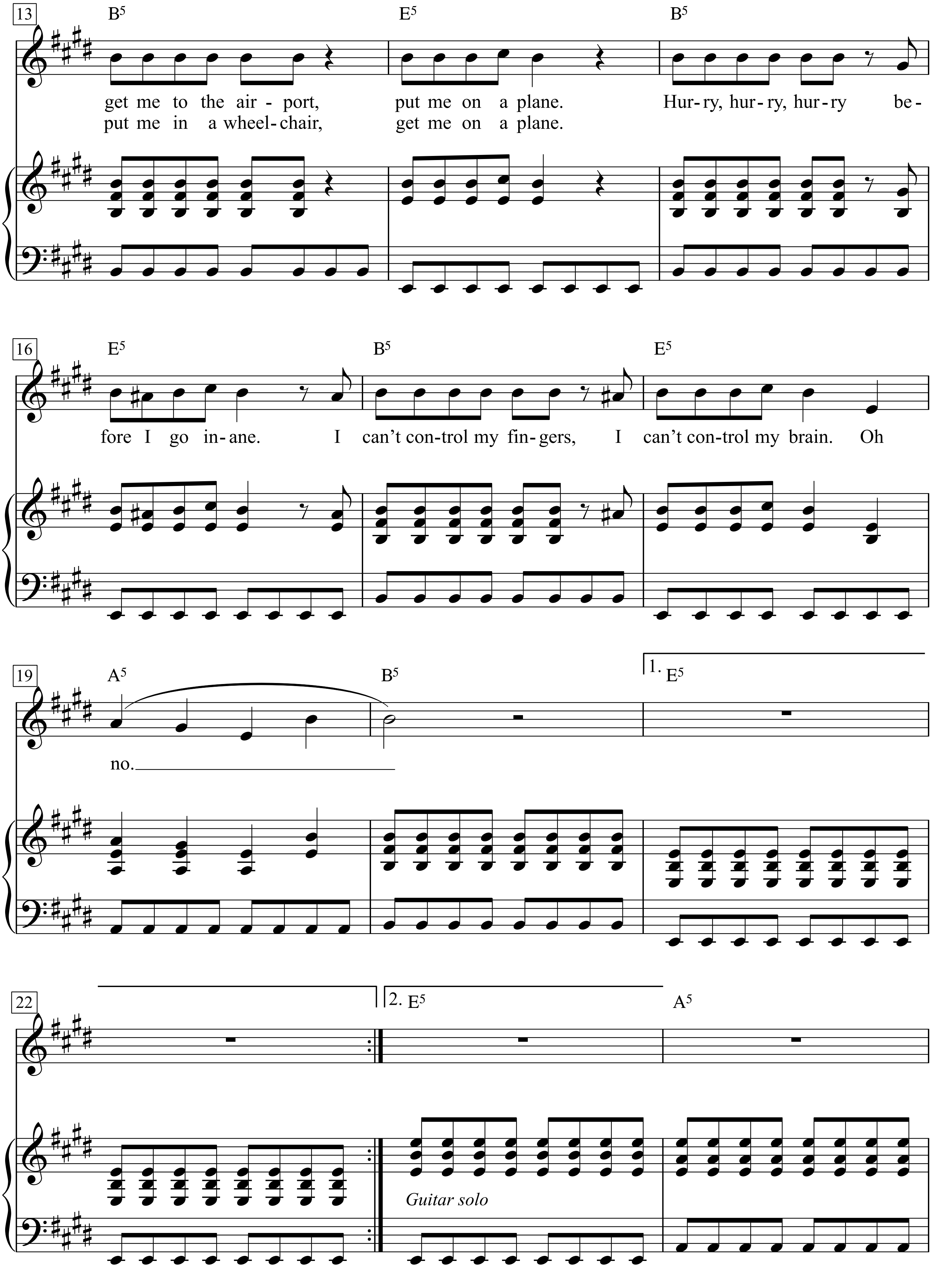
5. I keep a close watch on this heart of mine.
I keep my eyes wide open all the time.
I keep the ends out for the tie that binds.
Because you're mine I walk the line.

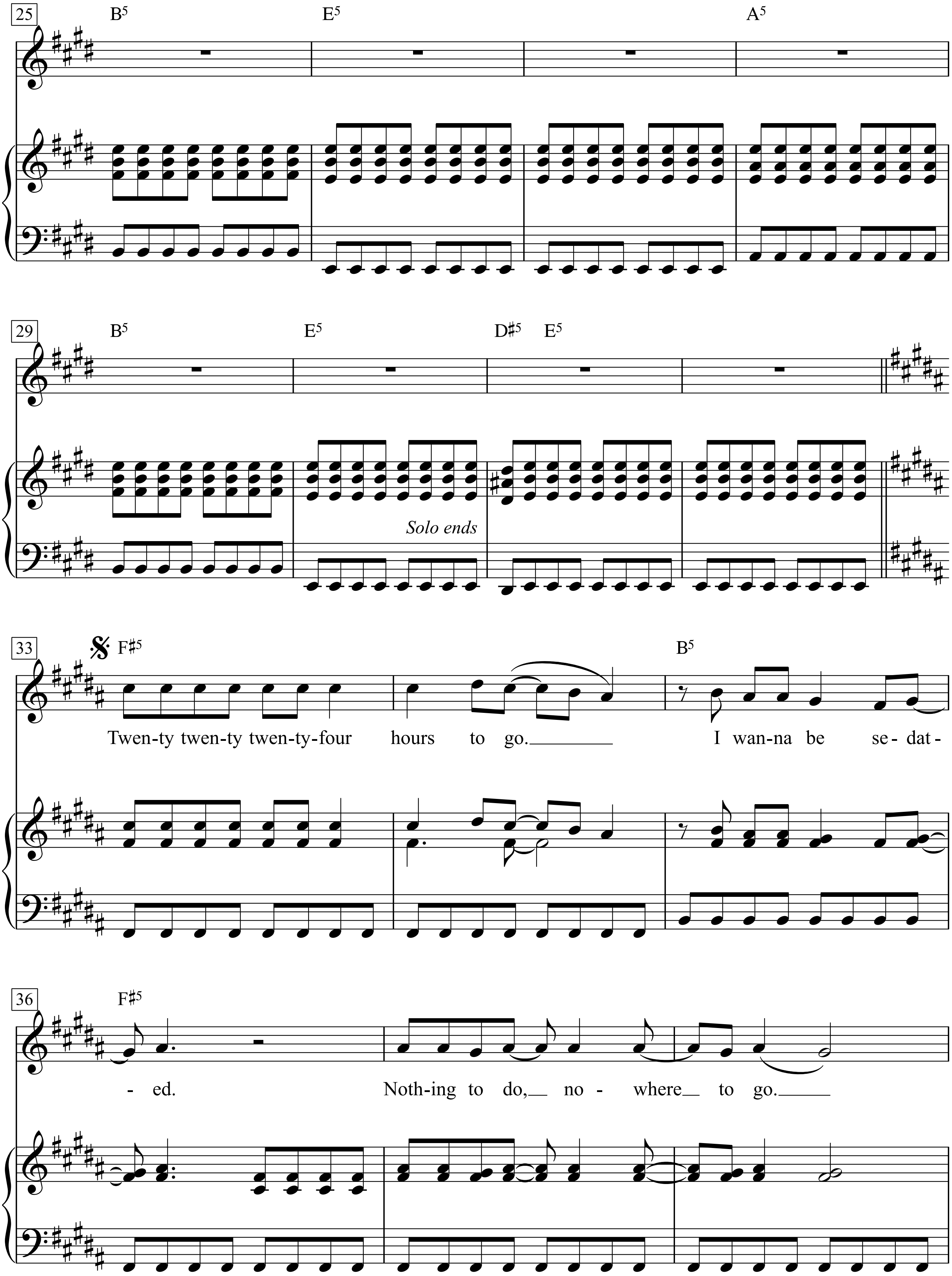
I Wanna Be Sedated

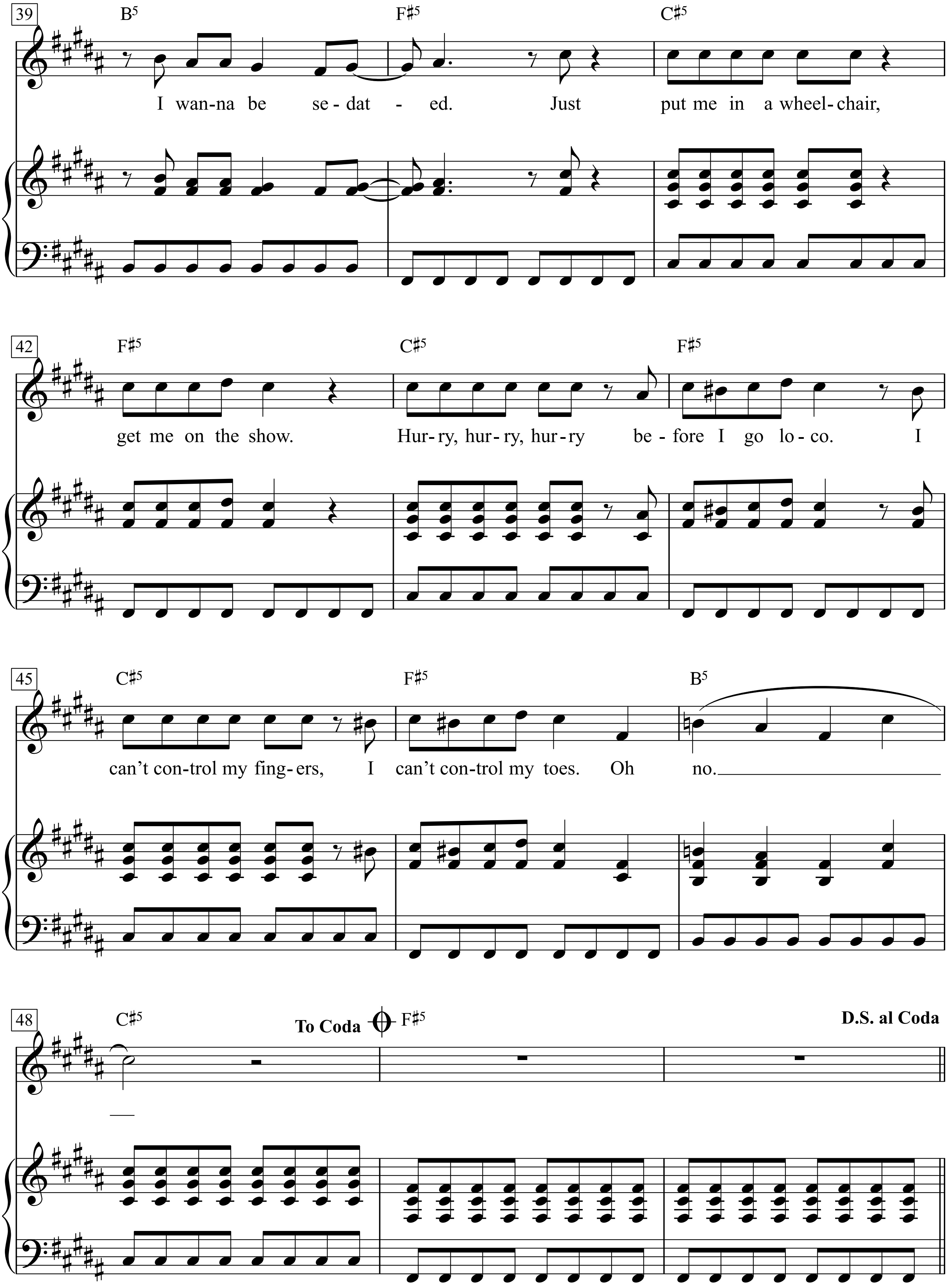
Words & Music by
Jeffrey Hyman, John Cummings and Douglas Colvin
(Ramones)

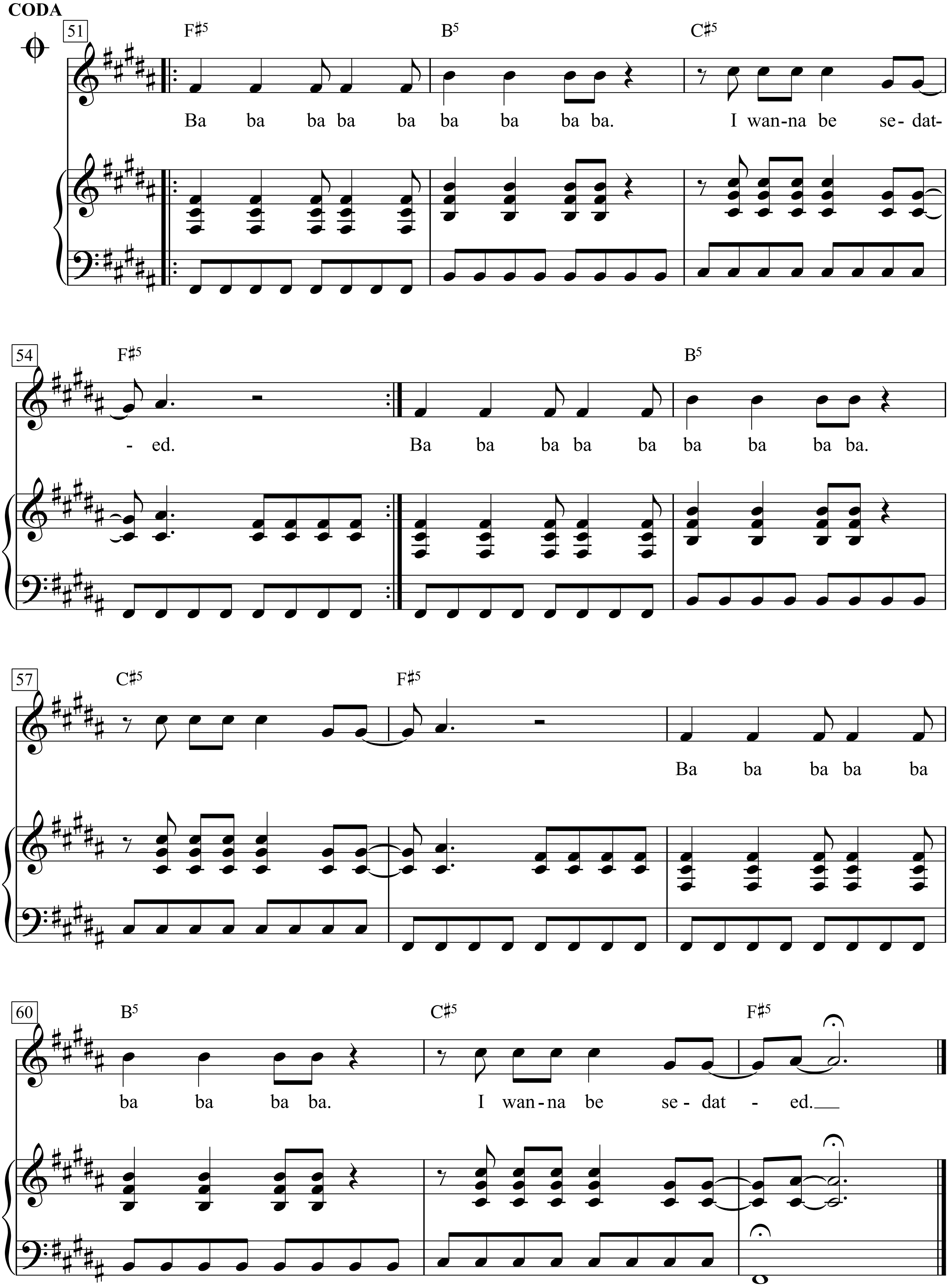
Driving Rock




13
B5 E5 B5
get me to the air - port, put me on a plane. Hur - ry, hur - ry, hur - ry be -
put me in a wheel - chair, get me on a plane.
16
E5 B5 E5
fore I go in - ane. I can't con - trol my fin - gers, I can't con - trol my brain. Oh
19
A5 B5
1. E5
no.
22
2. E5
A5
Guitar solo


25
B5
E5
A5
29
B5
E5
D♯5
E5
Solo ends
33
F♯5
B5
Twen-ty twen-ty twen-ty-four hours to go.
I wan-na be se-dat-
36
F♯5
-ed.
Noth-ing to do, no-where to go.


39
B5
F♯5
C♯5
I wan-na be se-dat - ed. Just put me in a wheel-chair,
42
F♯5
C♯5
F♯5
get me on the show. Hur-ry, hur-ry, hur-ry be-fore I go lo-co. I
45
C♯5
F♯5
B5
can't con-trol my fing-ers, I can't con-trol my toes. Oh no.
48
C♯5
To Coda
F♯5
D.S. al Coda

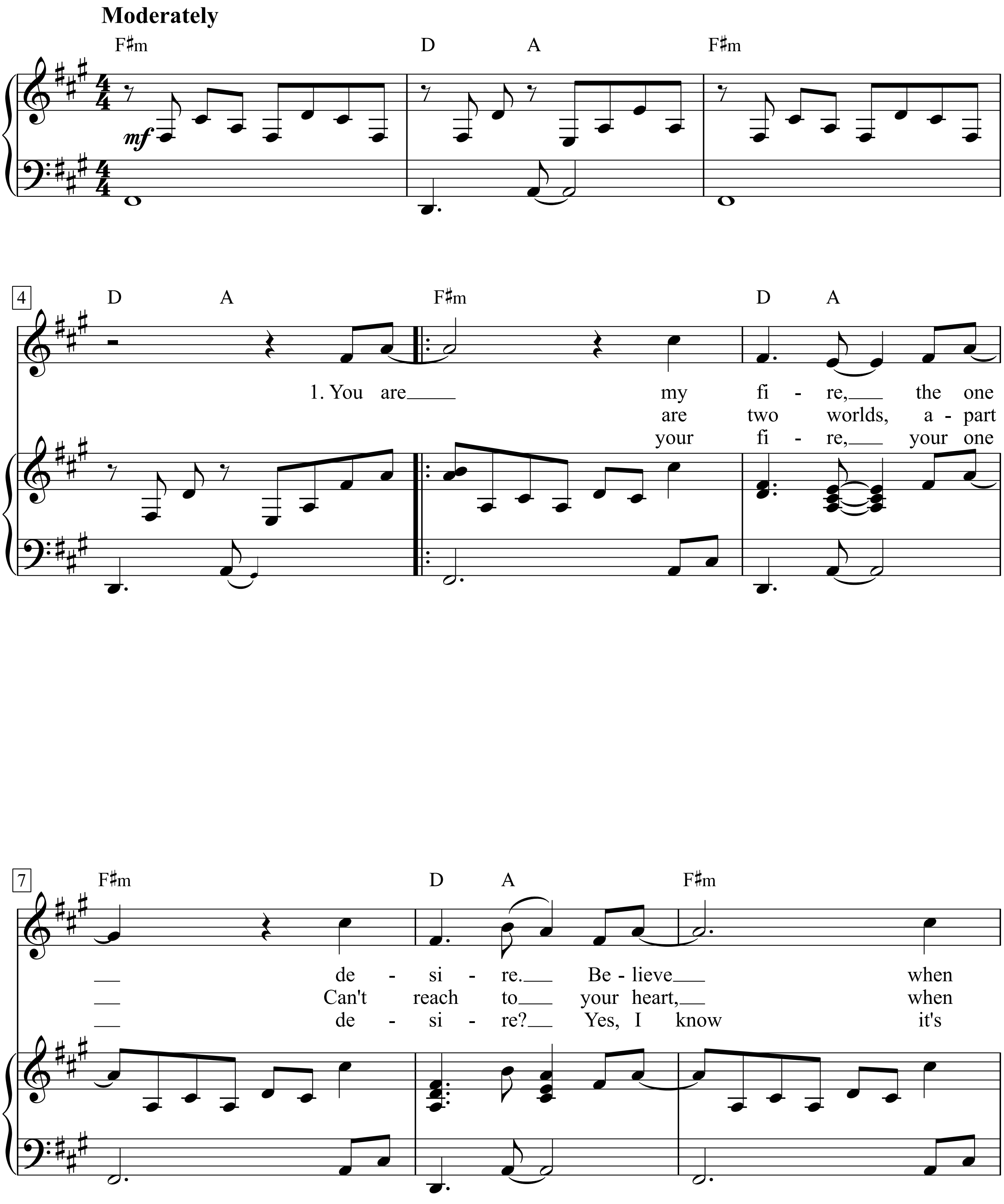

CODA
51
F♯5
B5
C♯5
Ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba.
I wan-na be se-dat-
54
F♯5
B5
- ed.
Ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba.
57
C♯5
F♯5
Ba ba ba ba ba
60
B5
C♯5
F♯5
ba ba ba ba.
I wan-na be se-dat - ed.

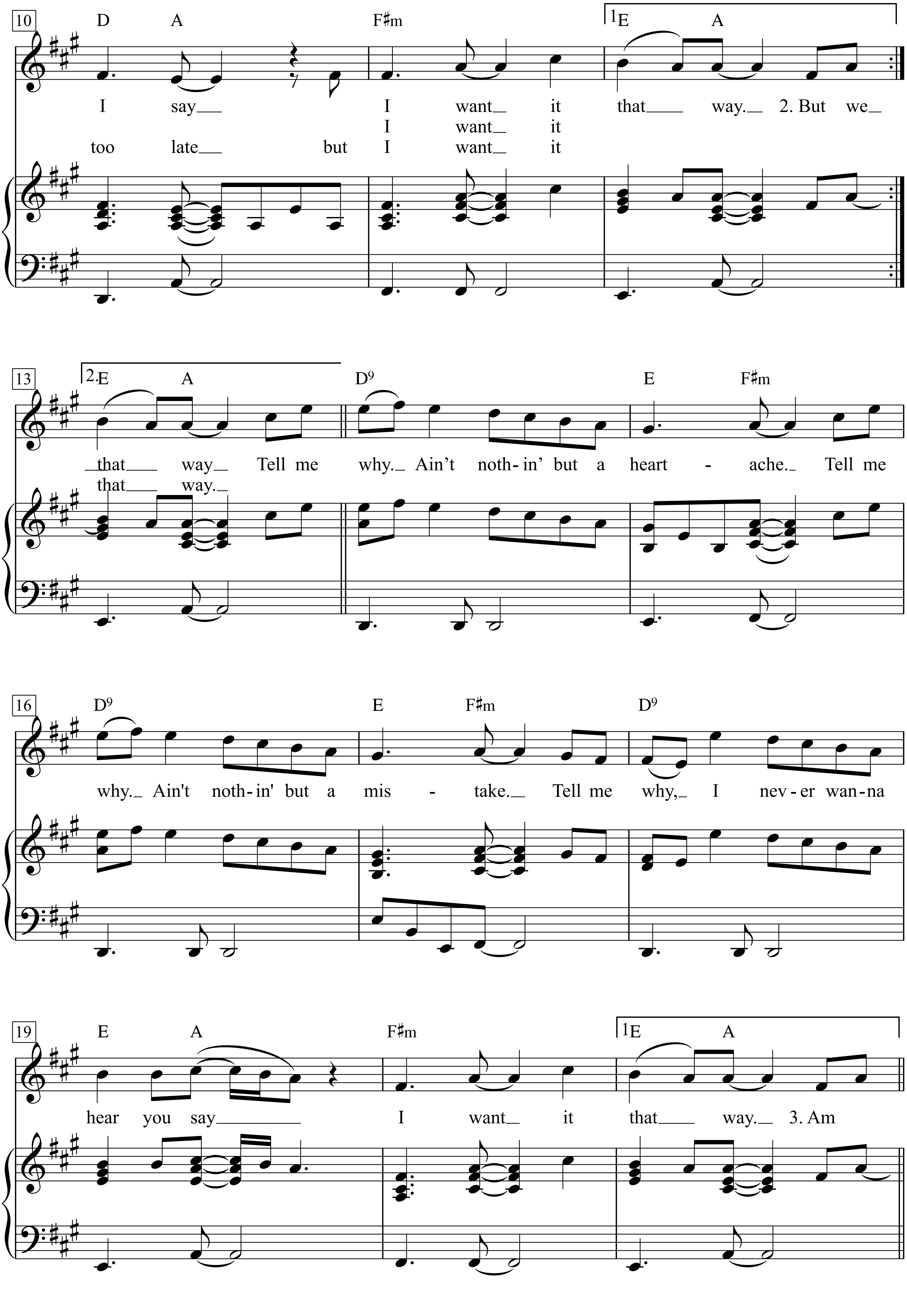
1.
Just get me to the airport, put me on a plane.
Hurry, hurry, hurry before I go inane.
I can’t control my fingers,
I can’t control my brain.
Oh no.
Twenty twenty twenty-four hours to go.
I wanna be sedated.
Nothing to do, nowhere to go.
I wanna be sedated.
Just put me in a wheelchair, get me on the show.
Hurry, hurry, hurry before I go loco.
I can’t control my fingers,
I can’t control my toes.
Oh no.
Ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba.
I wanna be sedated.
Ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba.
Ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba.
I wanna be sedated.

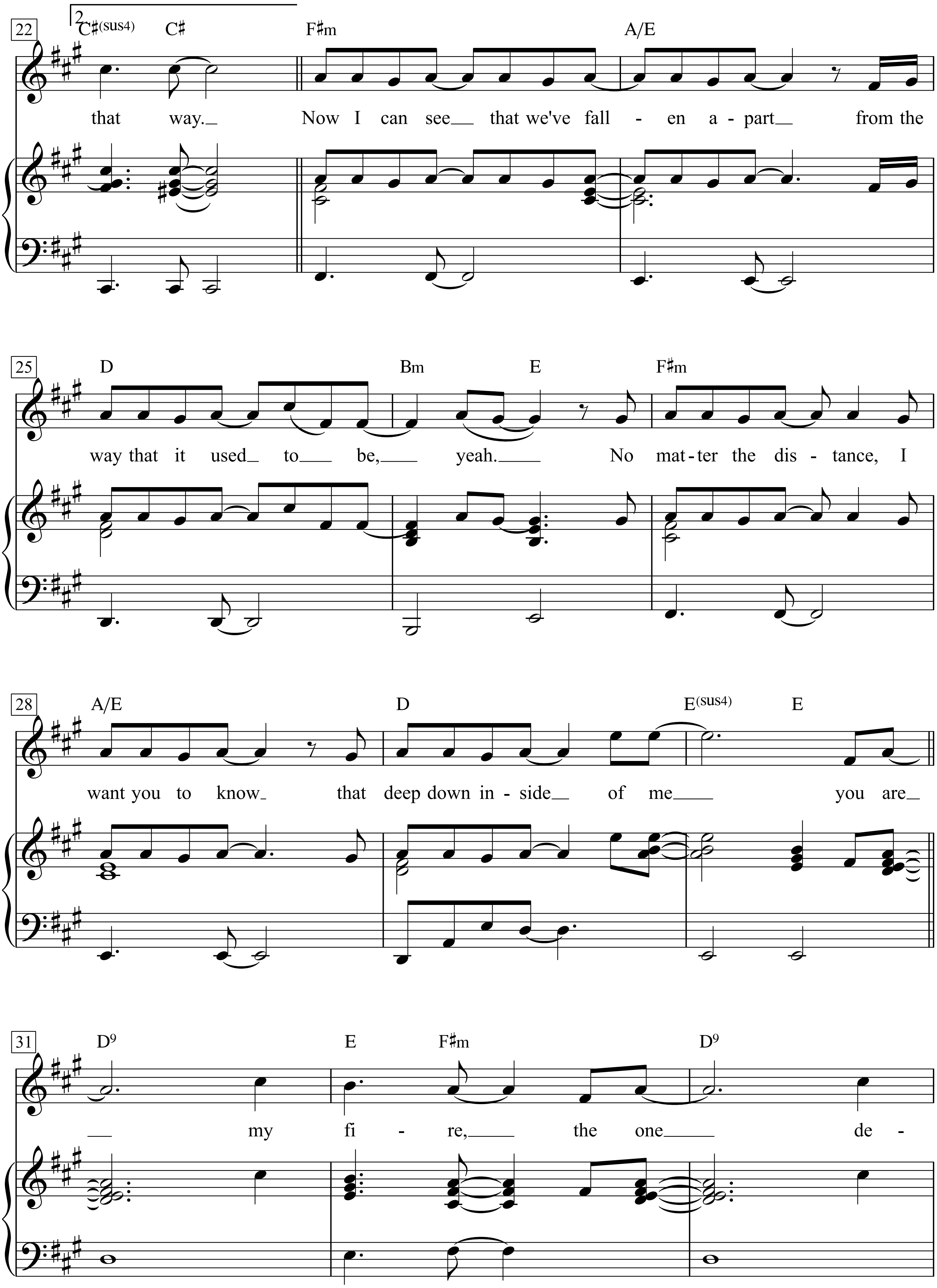
2.
Just put me in a wheelchair, get me on a plane.

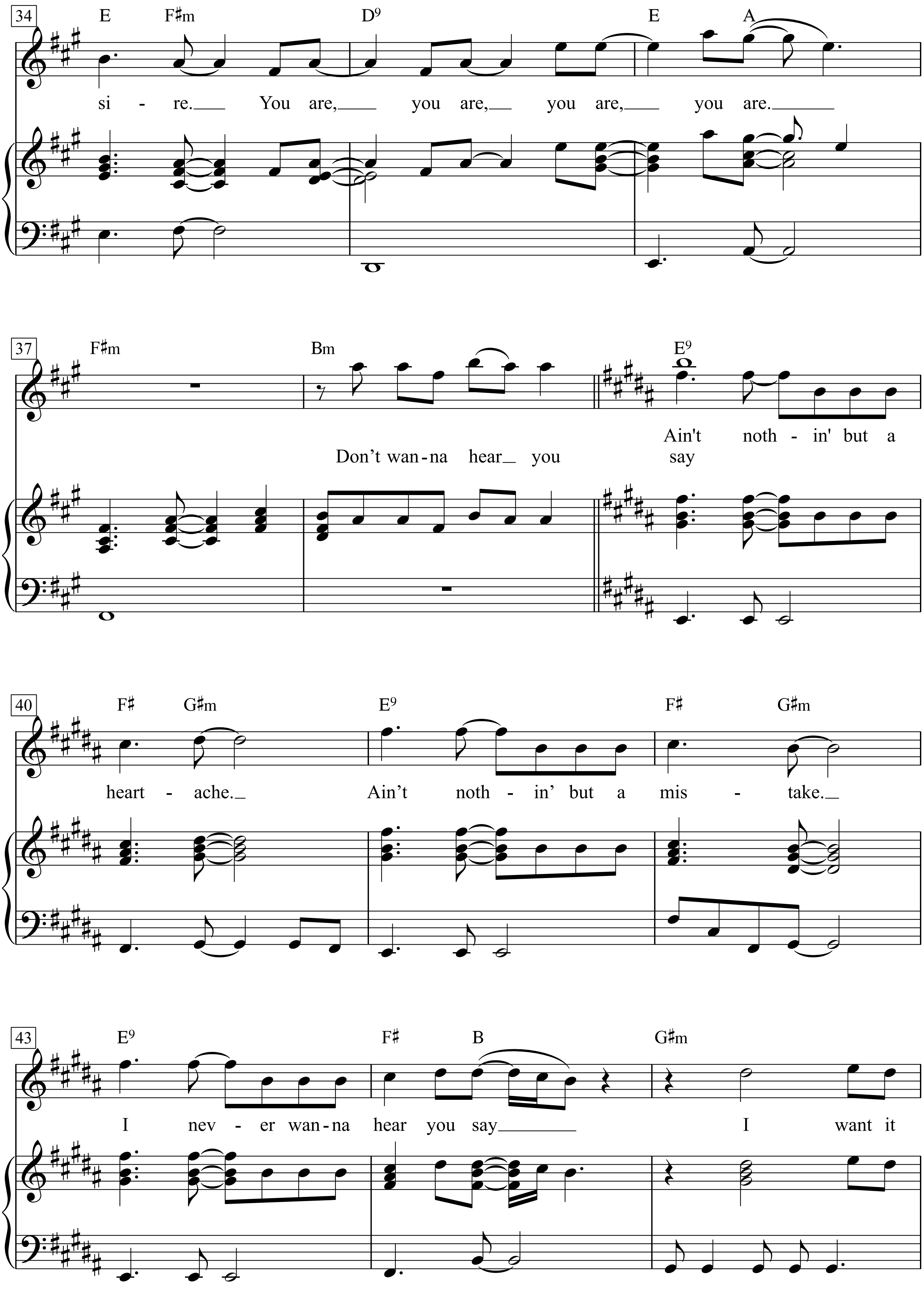
I Want It That Way

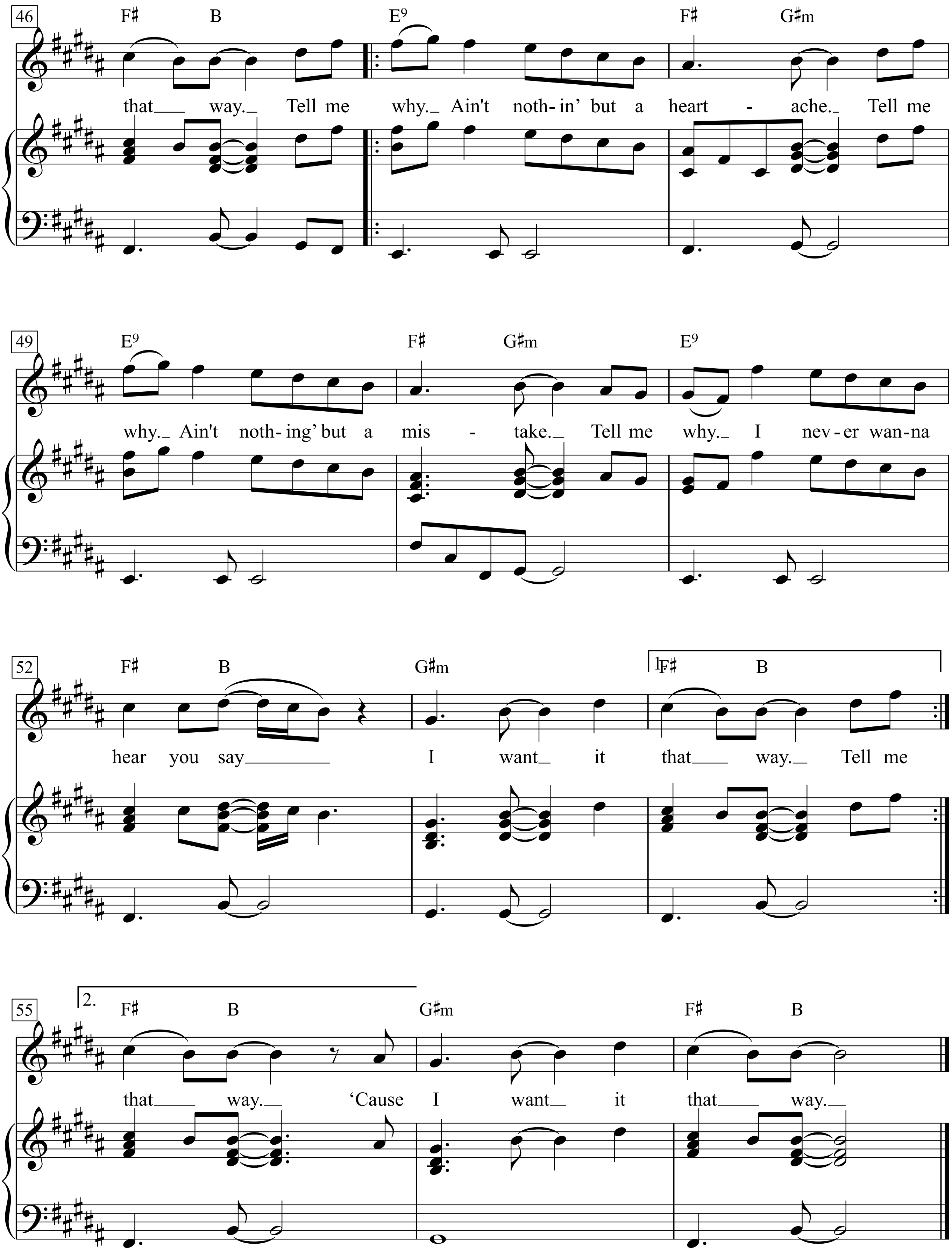
Words & Music by
Max Martin ans Andreas Carlsson
(Backstreet Boys)




10
D A F♯m 1E A
I say I want it that way. 2. But we
I want it
too late but I want it
13
2.E A D9 E F♯m
that way Tell me why. Ain't noth-in' but a heart - ache. Tell me
that way.
16
D9 E F♯m D9
why. Ain't noth-in' but a mis - take. Tell me why, I nev-er wan-na
19
E A F♯m 1E A
hear you say I want it that way. 3. Am


22
2
C♯(sus4) C♯ F♯m A/E
that way._ Now I can see_ that we've fall - en a - part_ from the
25
D Bm E F♯m
way that it used_ to_ be,_ yeah._ No mat - ter the dis - tance, I
28
A/E D E(sus4) E
want you to know_ that deep down in - side_ of me_ you are_
31
D9 E F♯m D9
_ my fi - re,_ the one_ de -

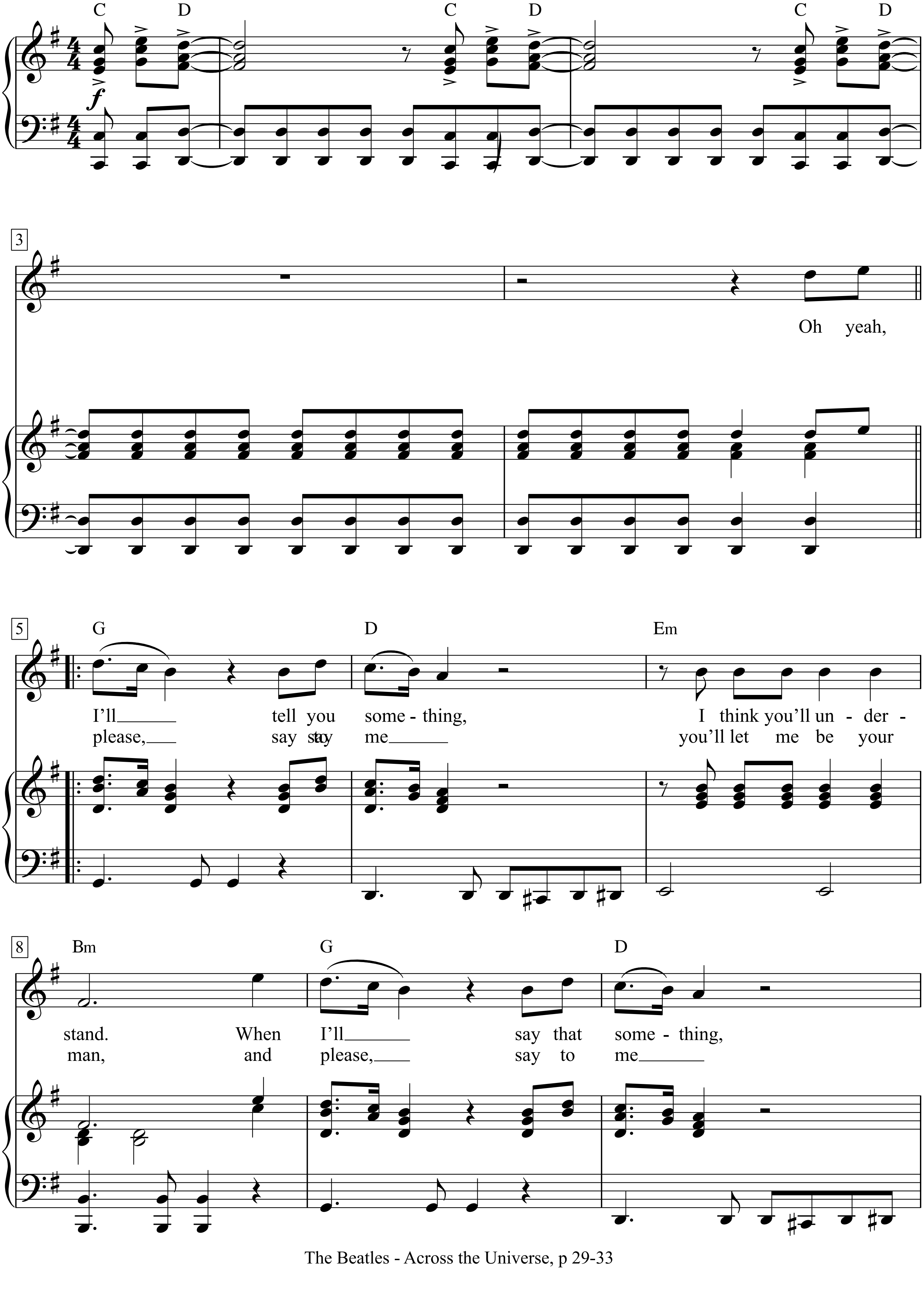

34
E F♯m D9 E A
si - re. You are, you are, you are, you are.
37
F♯m Bm E9
Ain't noth - in' but a
Don't wan - na hear you say
40
F♯ G♯m E9 F♯ G♯m
heart - ache. Ain't noth - in' but a mis - take.
43
E9 F♯ B G♯m
I nev - er wan - na hear you say I want it

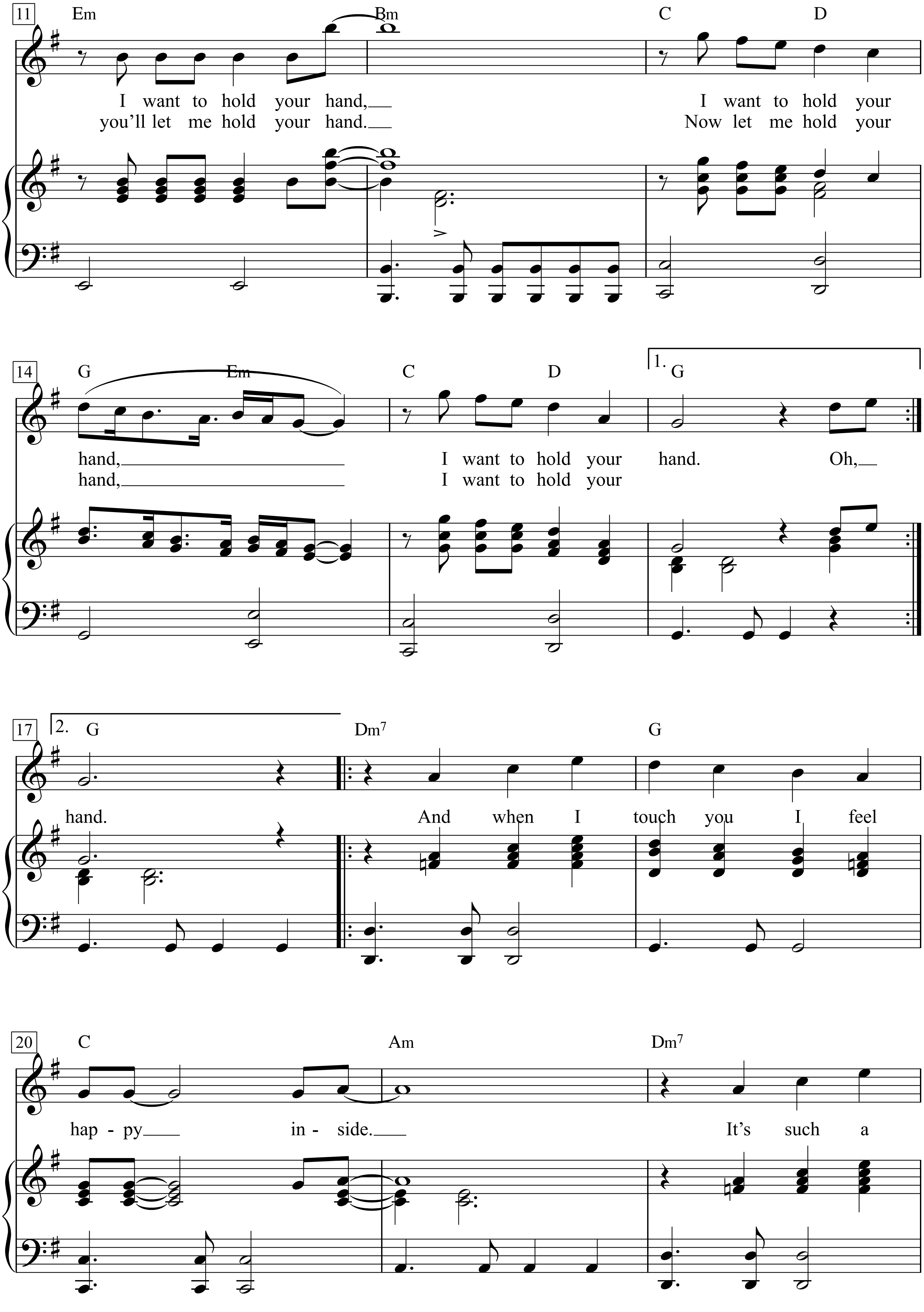

46
F♯ B
that___ way._ Tell me
E9
why._ Ain't noth- in' but a
F♯ G♯m
heart - ache._ Tell me
49
E9
why._ Ain't noth- ing' but a
F♯ G♯m
mis - take._ Tell me
E9
why._ I nev- er wan- na
52
F♯ B
hear you say___
G♯m
I want_ it
1.
F♯ B
that___ way._ Tell me
55
2.
F♯ B
that___ way._ 'Cause
G♯m
I want_ it
F♯ B
that___ way._

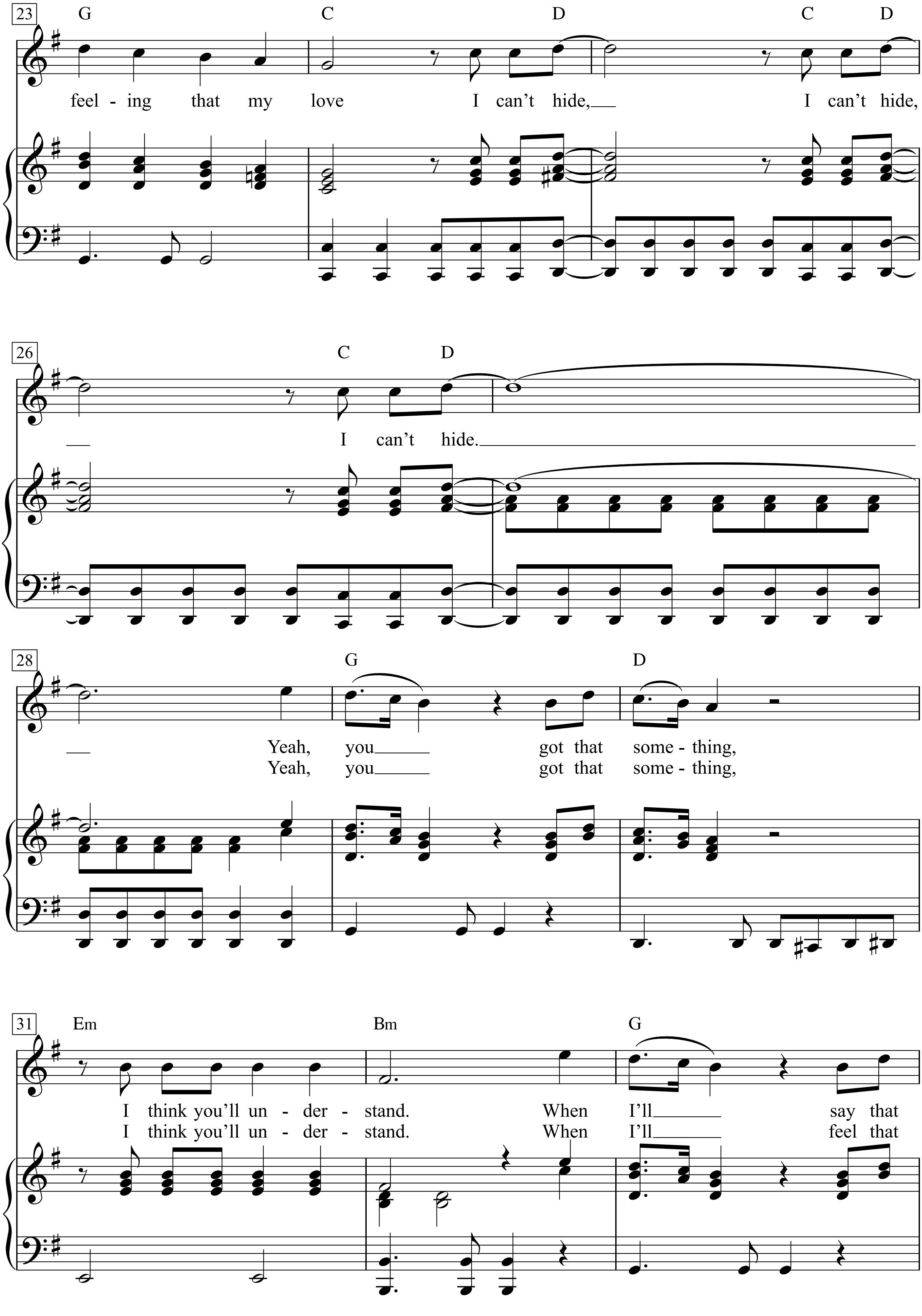
I want To Hold Your Hand

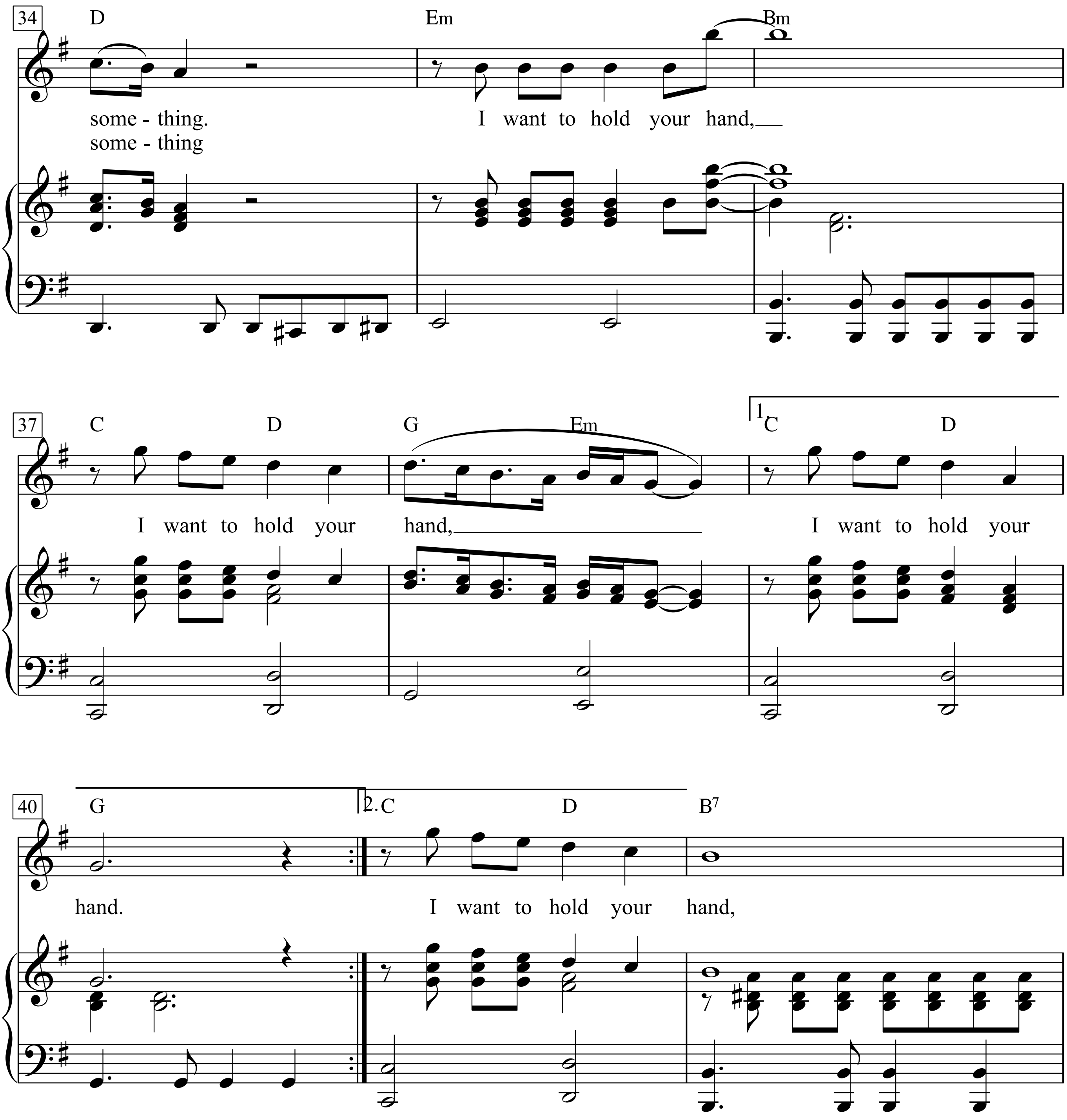
Moderately

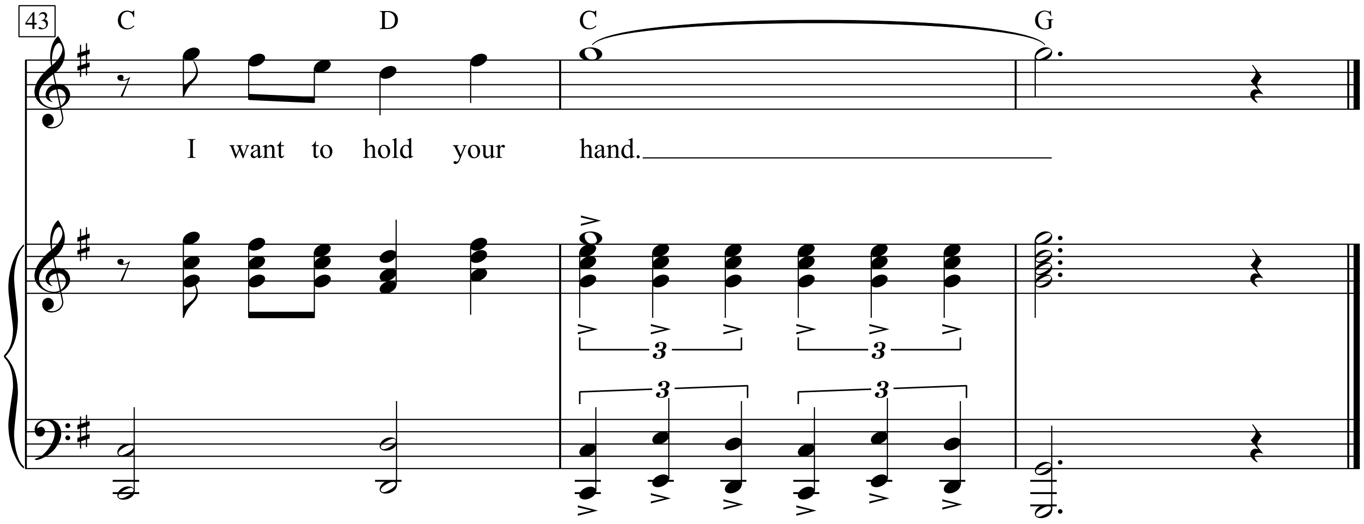
Words & Music by
John Lennon and Paul McCartney
(The Beatles)




11
Em
Bm
C
D
I want to hold your hand,
I want to hold your
you'll let me hold your hand.
Now let me hold your
14
G
Em
C
D
1. G
hand,
I want to hold your
hand.
Oh,
hand,
I want to hold your
17
2. G
Dm7
G
hand.
And when I touch you I feel
20
C
Am
Dm7
hap - py
in - side.
It's such a


23
G C D C D
feel - ing that my love I can't hide, I can't hide,
26
C D
I can't hide.
28
G D
Yeah, you got that some - thing,
Yeah, you got that some - thing,
31
Em Bm G
I think you'll un - der - stand. When I'll say that
I think you'll un - der - stand. When I'll feel that


34
D
Em
Bm
some - thing.
some - thing
I want to hold your hand,
37
C
D
G
Em
1.
C
D
I want to hold your hand,
I want to hold your
40
G
2.
C
D
B7
hand.
I want to hold your hand,


43
C
D
C
G
I want to hold your hand.

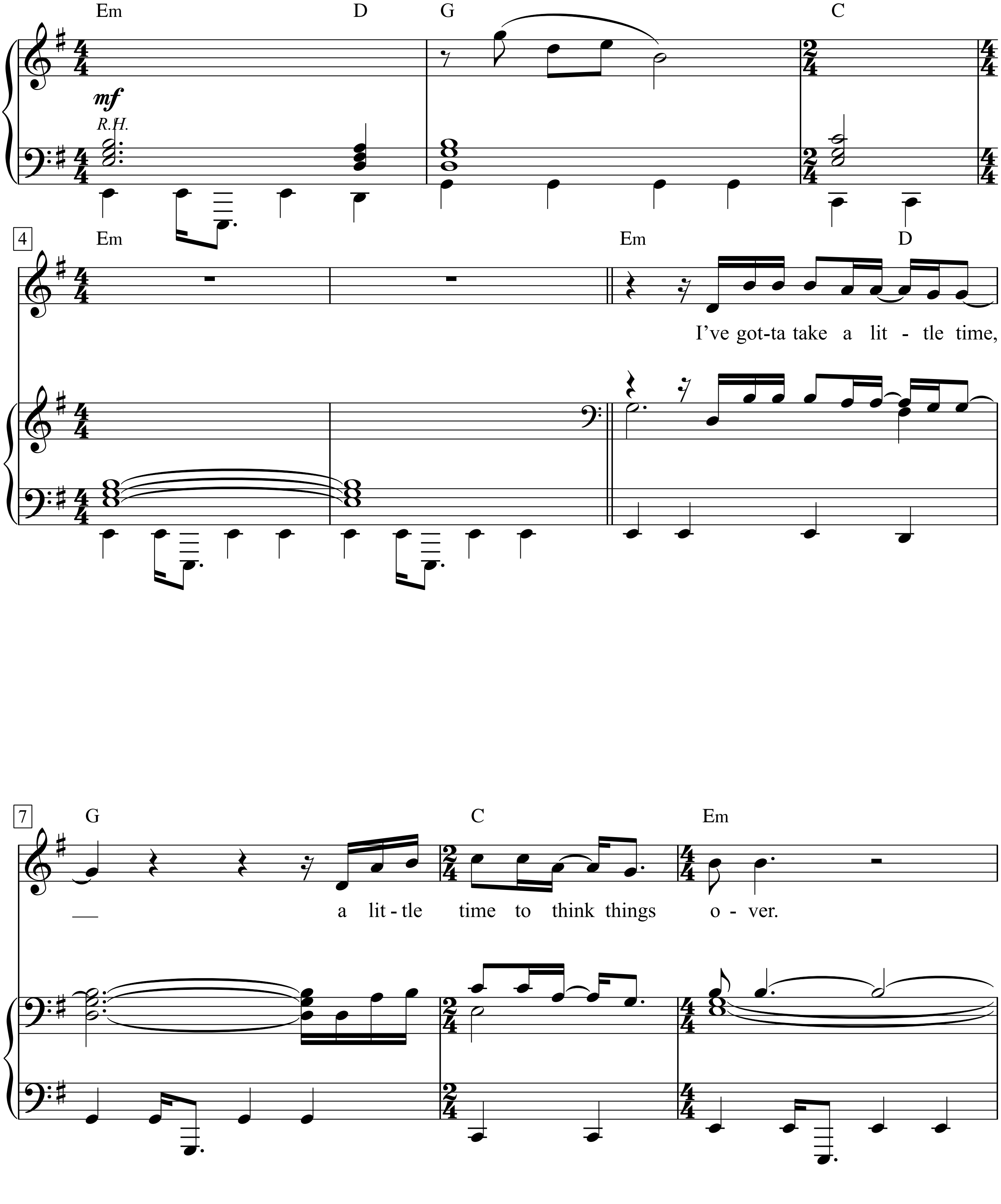
Oh yeah, I'll tell you something,
I think you'll understand.
When I'll say that something,
I want to hold your hand,
I want to hold your hand,
I want to hold your hand.
And when I touch you I feel happy inside.
It's such a feeling that my love I can't hide,
I can't hide,
I can't hide.
Yeah, you got that something,
I think you'll understand.
When I'll say that something.
I want to hold your hand,
I want to hold your hand,
I want to hold your hand.
I want to hold your hand,
I want to hold your hand.

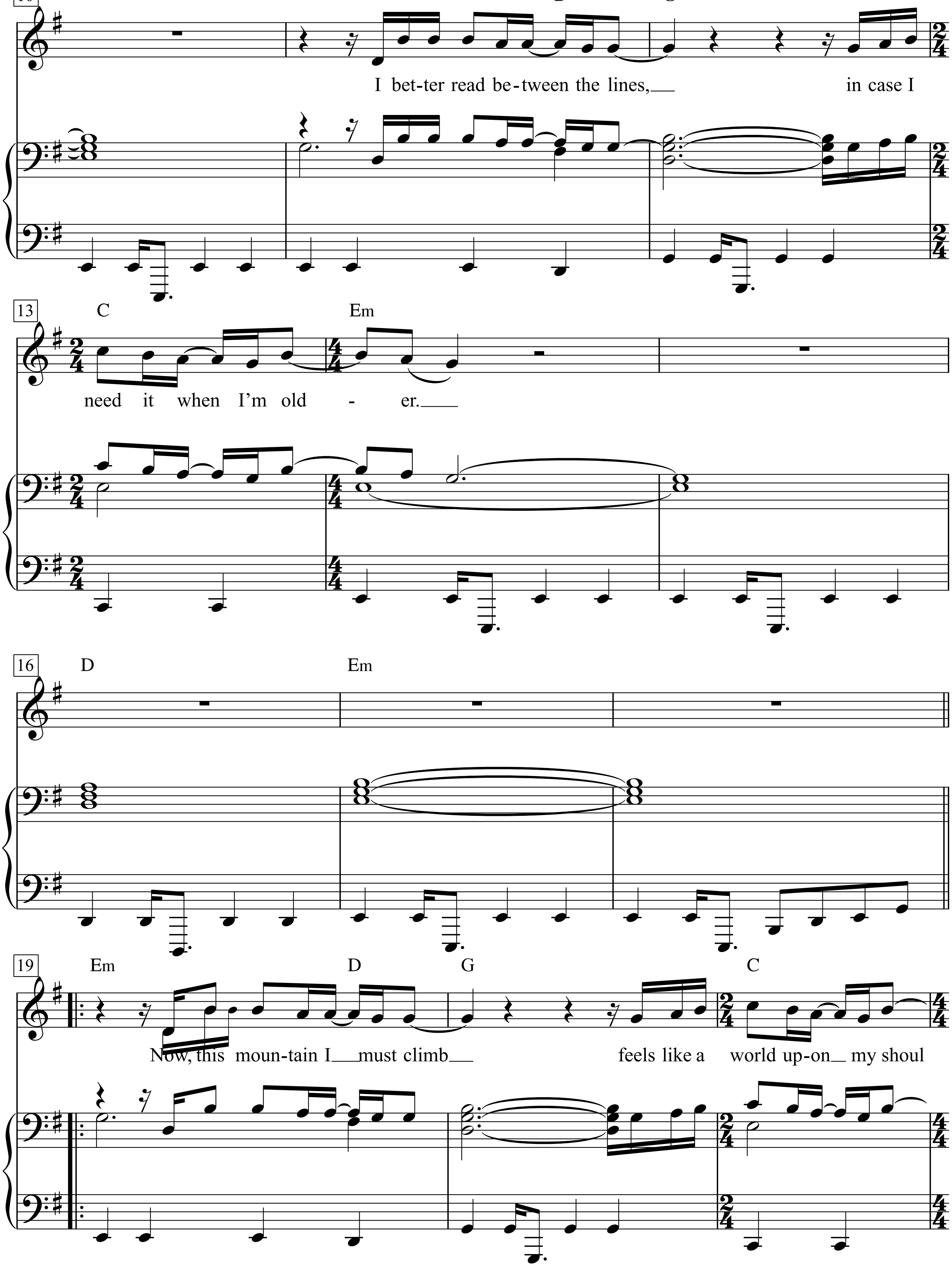
Oh, please, say to me
you'll let me be your man,
and please, say to me
you'll let me hold your hand.
Now let me hold your hand,
I want to hold your hand.
Yeah, you got that something,
I think you'll understand.
When I'll feel that something

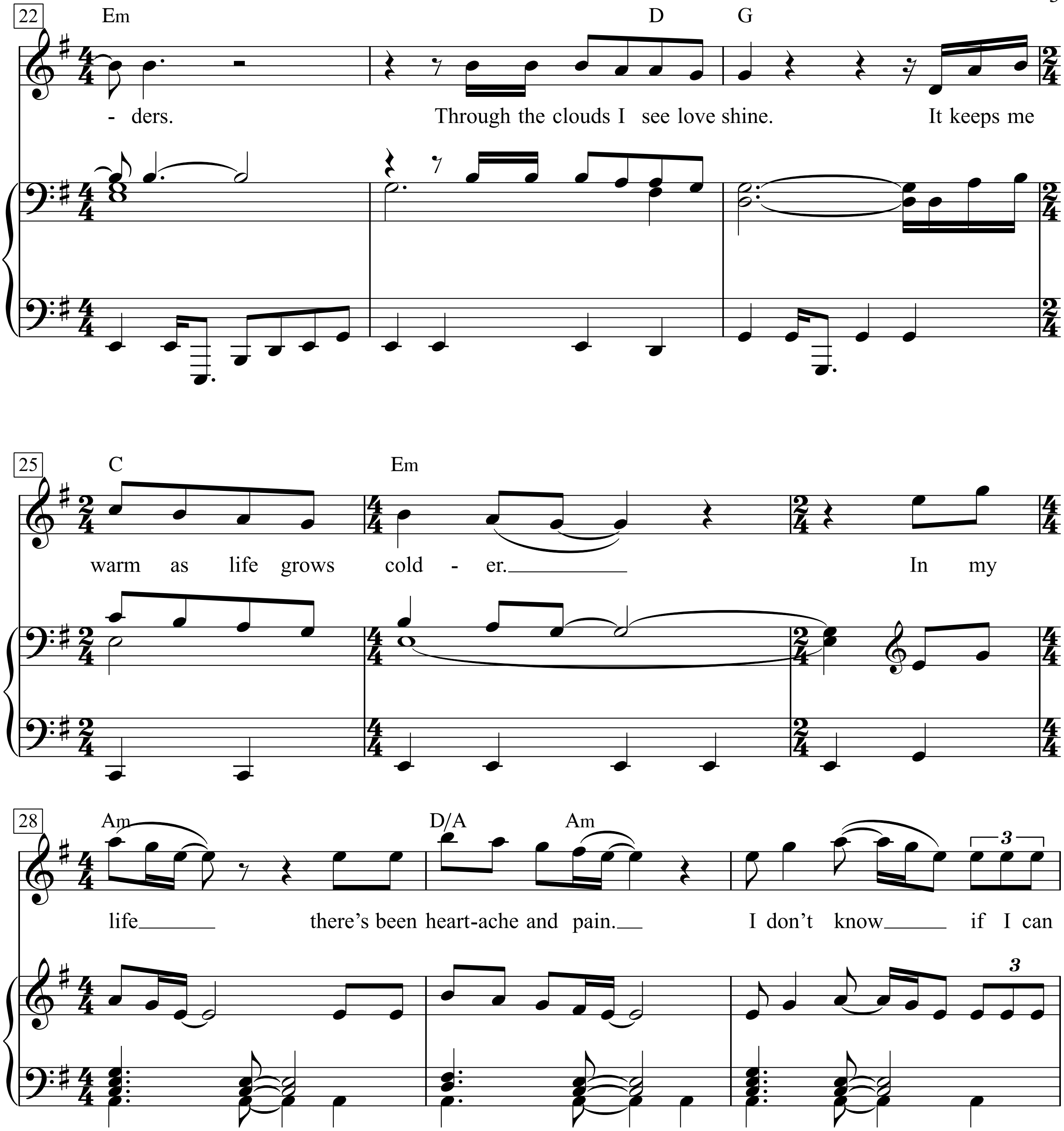
I Want to Know What Love Is

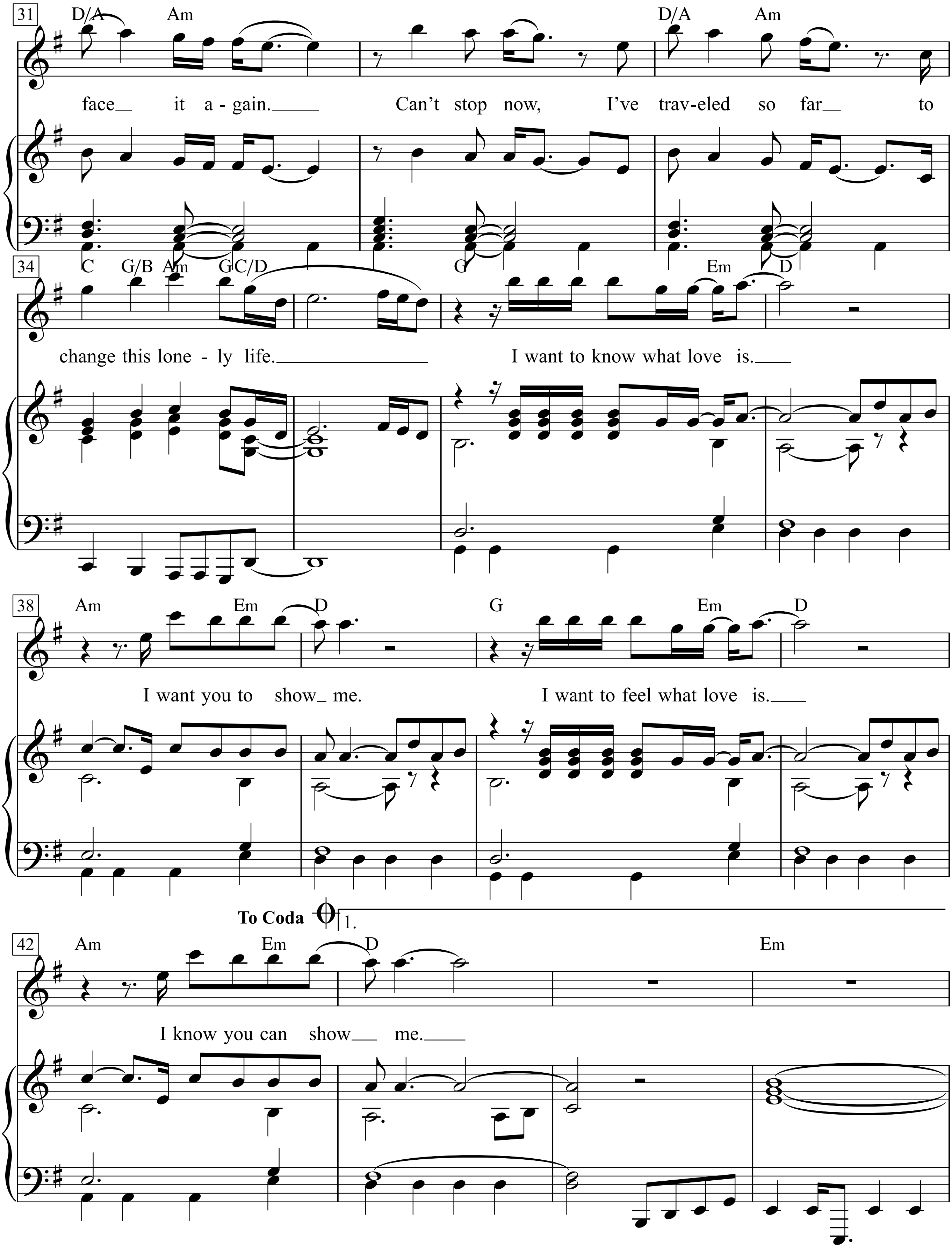
Moderately

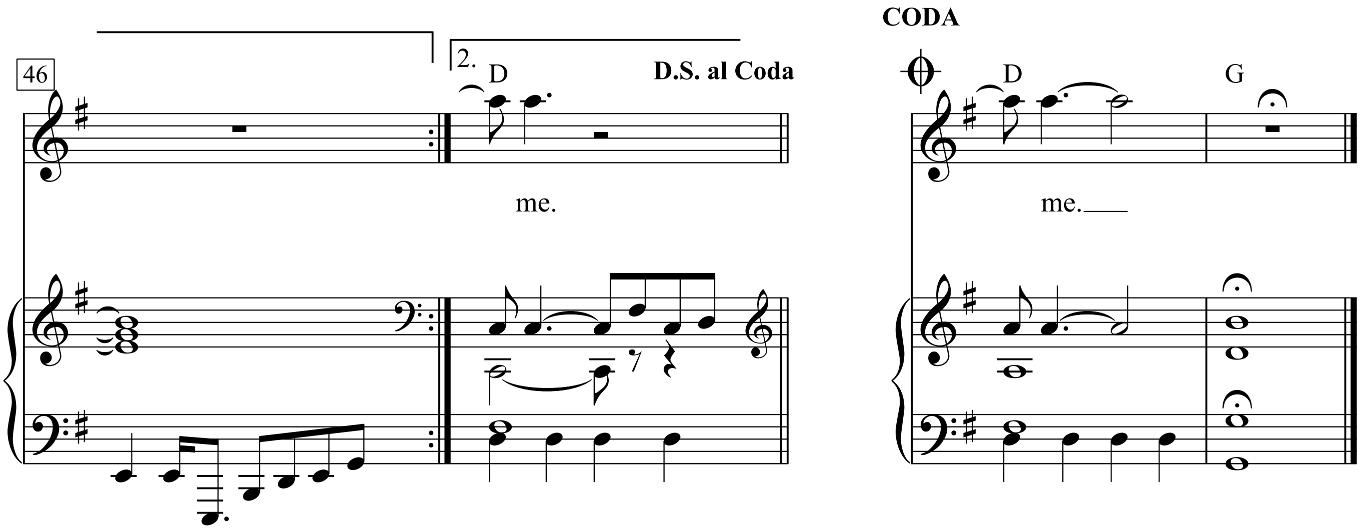
Words & Music by Mick Jones
(Foreigner)




10
D G
I bet-ter read be-tween the lines,__ in case I
13
C Em
need it when I'm old - er.__
16
D Em
19
Em D G C
Now, this moun-tain I__ must climb__ feels like a world up-on_ my shoul


22
Em
D
G
- ders.
Through the clouds I see love shine.
It keeps me
25
C
Em
warm as life grows cold - er.
In my
28
Am
D/A
Am
life there's been heart-ache and pain.
I don't know if I can


31
D/A Am D/A Am
face_ it a - gain._____ Can't stop now, I've trav-eled so far_ to
34
C G/B Am G C/D G Em D
change this lone - ly life._____ I want to know what love is.___
38
Am Em D G Em D
I want you to show_ me. I want to feel what love is.___
To Coda
1.
42
Am Em D Em
I know you can show__ me.____

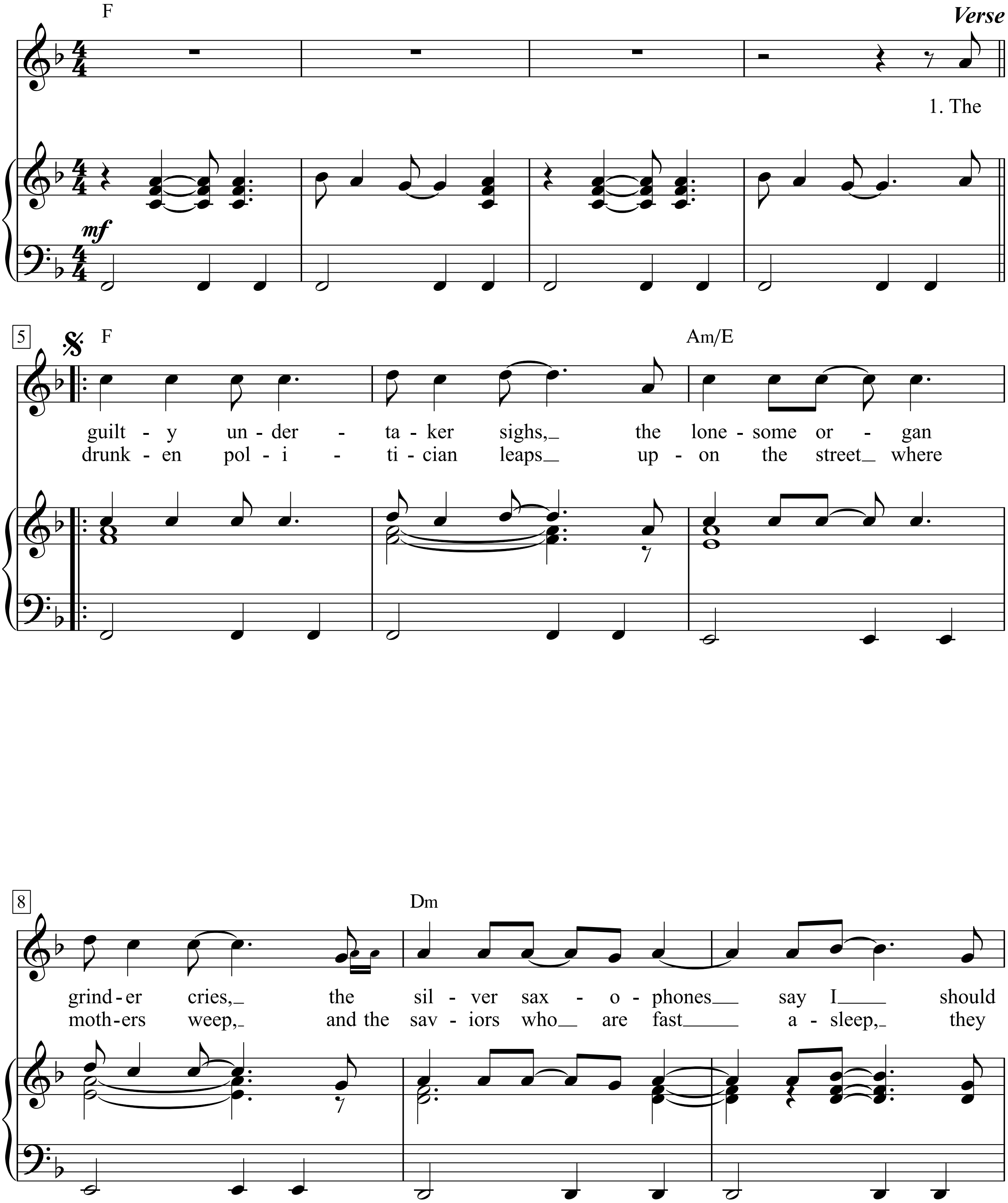

CODA
46
2.
D
D.S. al Coda
me.
D
G
me.

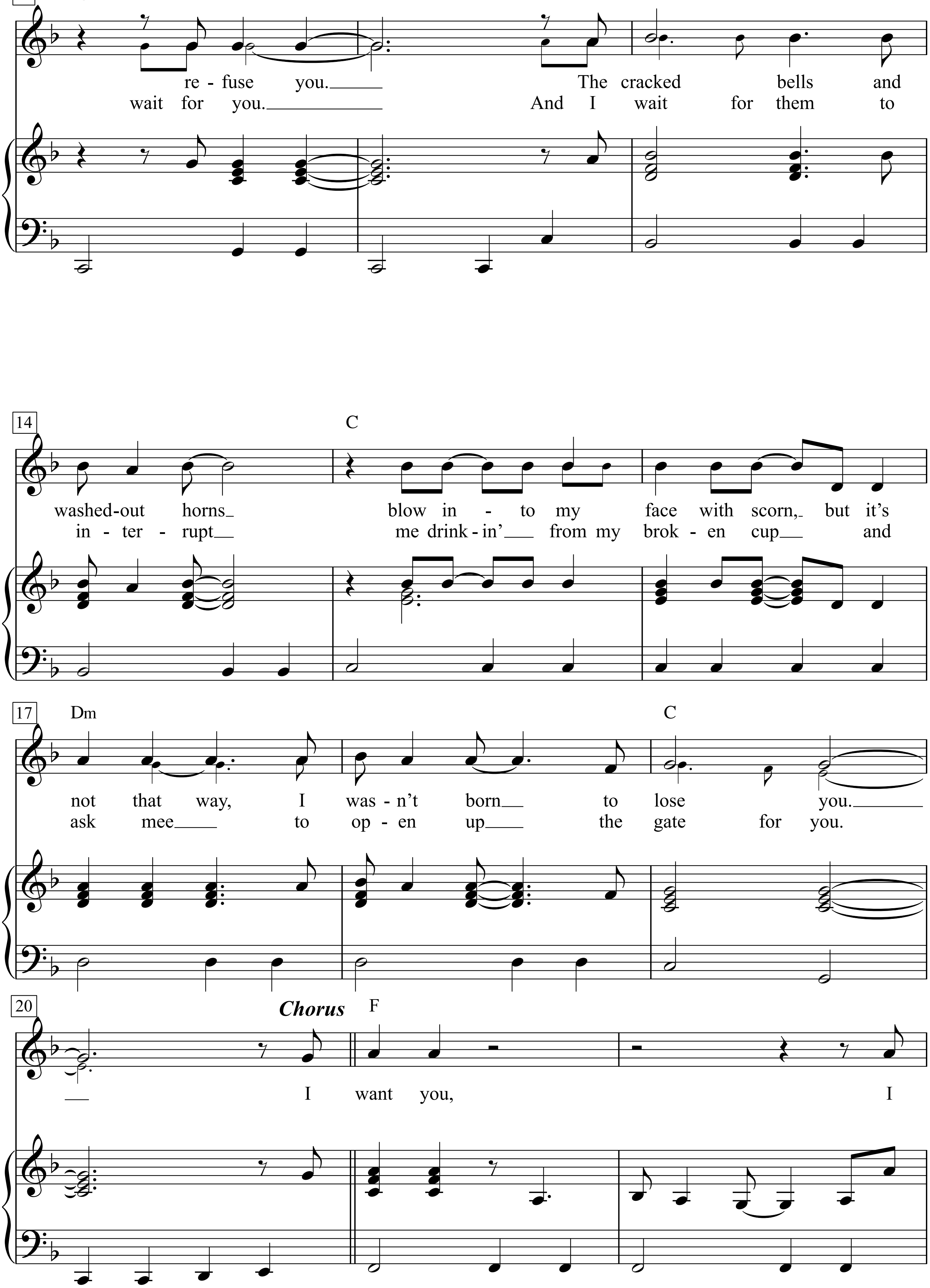
1.
I’ve gotta take a little time, a little time to think things over.
I better read between the lines, in case I need it when I’m older.
Now, this mountain I must climb feels like a world upon my shoulders.
Through the clouds I see love shine.
It keeps me warm as life grows colder.
In my life there’s been heartache and pain.
I don’t know if I can face it again.
Can’t stop now,
I’ve traveled so far to change this lonely life.
I want to know what love is.
I want you to show me.
I want to feel what love is.
I know you can show me. me. me.

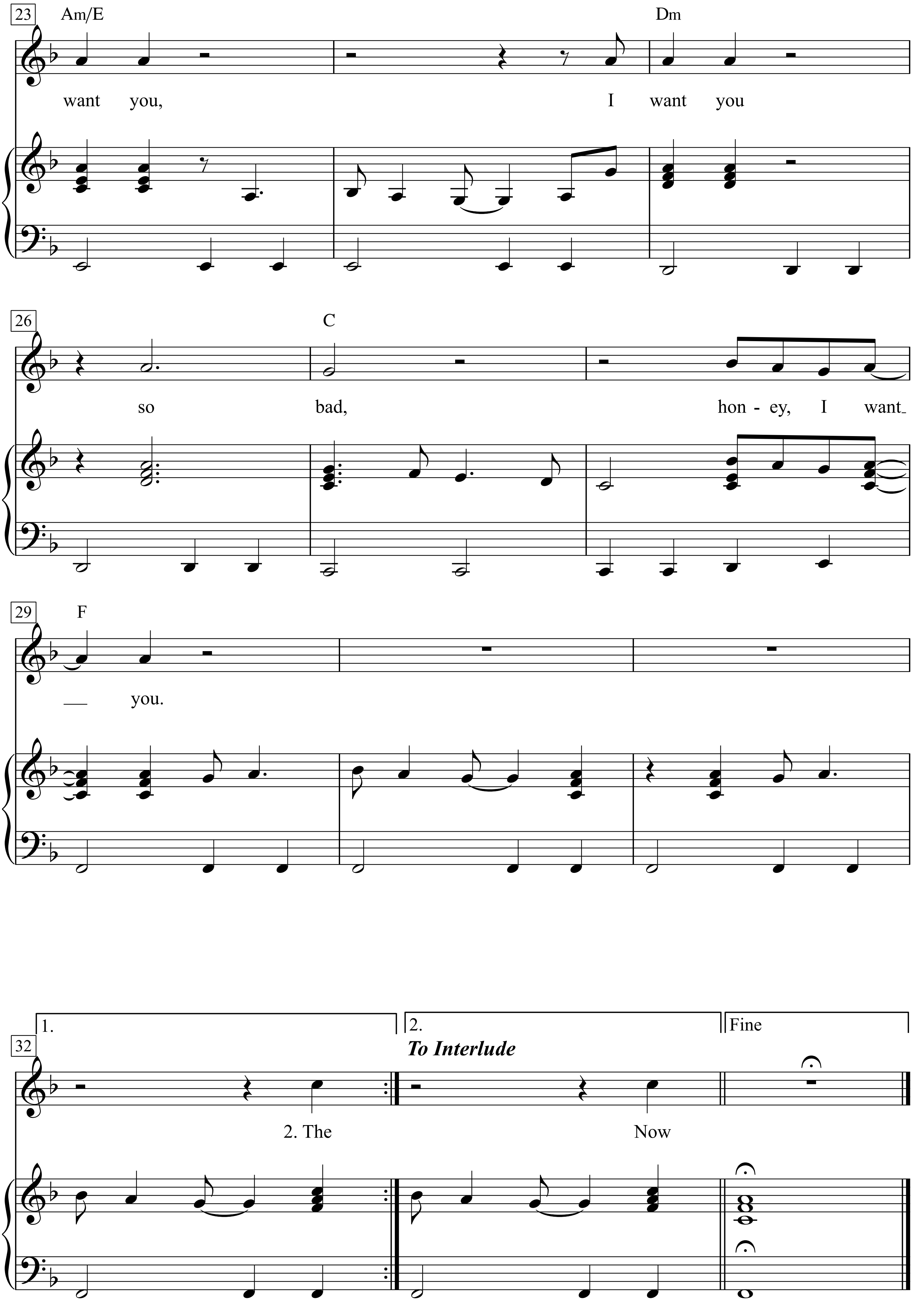
I Want You

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)

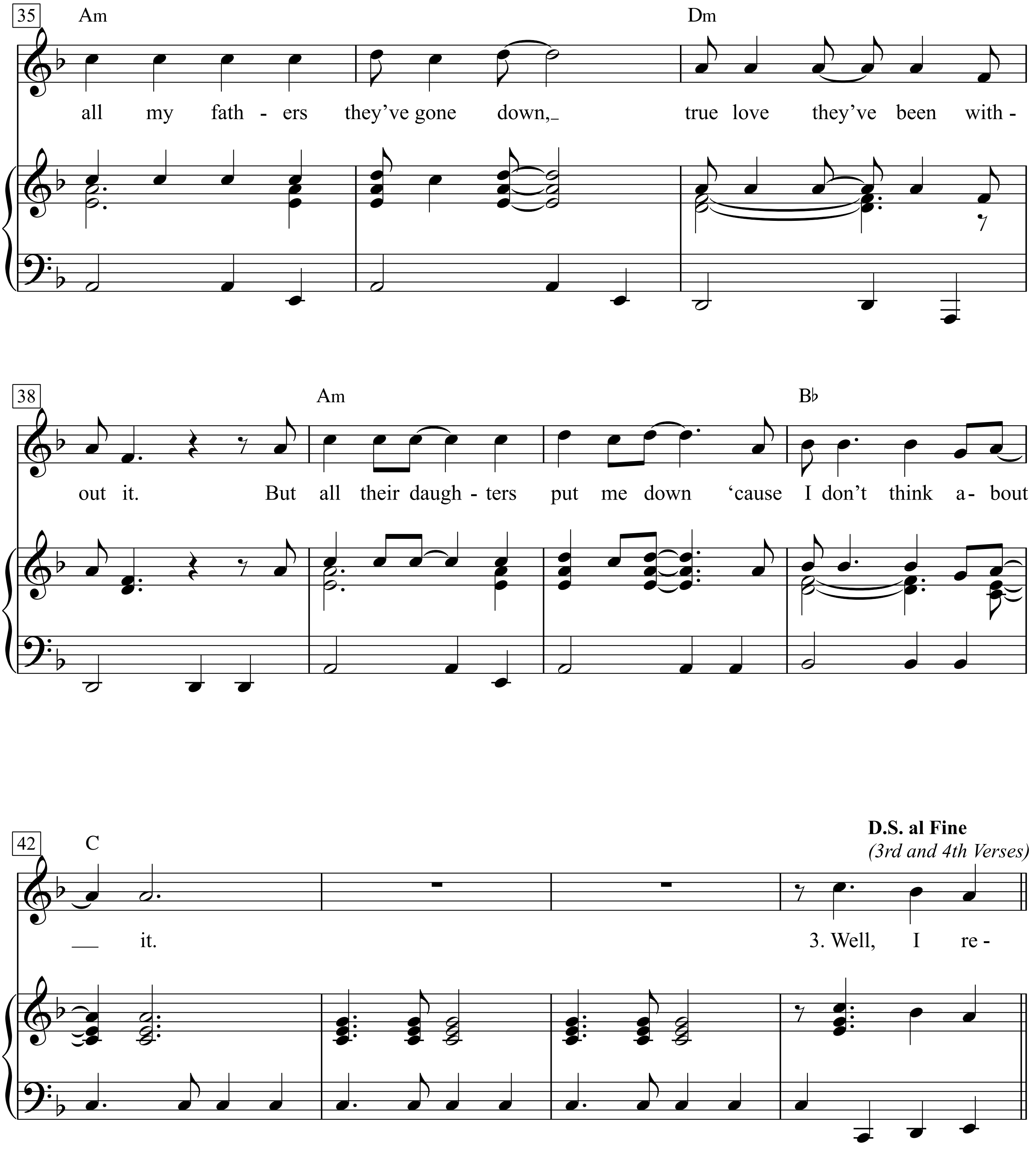
Moderately bright (quasi in 2)




11
C
B♭
re - fuse you.___ The cracked bells and
wait for you.___ And I wait for them to
14
C
washed-out horns_ blow in - to my face with scorn,_ but it's
in - ter - rupt__ me drink - in'__ from my brok - en cup__ and
17
Dm
C
not that way, I was - n't born__ to lose you.___
ask mee___ to op - en up__ the gate for you.
20
Chorus
F
__ I want you, I


23
Am/E
Dm
want you,
I want you
26
C
so bad,
hon - ey, I want
29
F
you.
1.
2.
Fine
32
To Interlude
2. The
Now

Interlude


35
Am
Dm
all my fath - ers they've gone down,
true love they've been with -
38
Am
B♭
out it. But all their daugh - ters put me down 'cause I don't think a- bout
42
C
D.S. al Fine
(3rd and 4th Verses)
it.
3. Well, I re -

1. The guilty undertaker sighs,
The lonesome organ grinder cries,
The silver saxophones say I should refuse you.
The cracked bells and washed-out horns
Blow into my face with scorn,
But it's not that way,
I wasn't born to lose you.

Chorus:
I want you, I want you,
I want you so bad,
Honey, I want you.

2. The drunken politician leaps
Upon the street where mothers weep,
And the saviors who are fast asleep, they wait for you.
And I wait for them to interrupt
Me drinkin' from my broken cup
And ask me to
Open up the gate for you.

Chorus:

Now all my fathers they've gone down,
True love they've been without it.
But all their daughters put me down
'Cause I don't think about it.

3. Well, I return to the Queen of Spades
And talk with my chambermaid.
She knows that I'm not afraid
To look at her.
She is good to me,
And there's nothing she doesn't see.
She knows where I'd like to be,
But it doesn't matter.

Chorus:

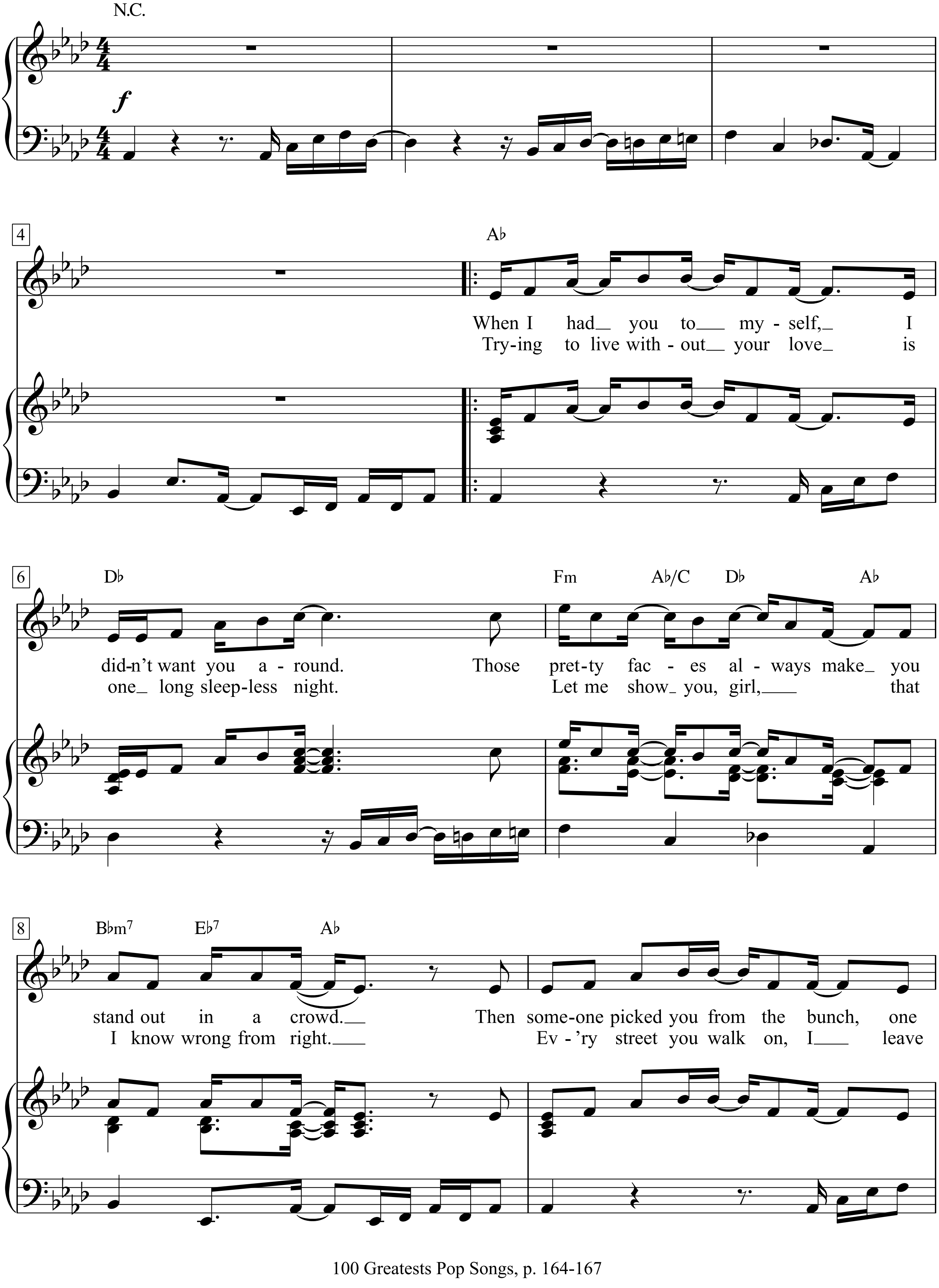
4. Now your dancing child with his Chinese suit,
He spoke to me, I took his flute.
No, I wasn't very cute to him, was I?
But I did it, though, because he lied,
Because he took you for a ride,
And because time was on his side,
And because I...

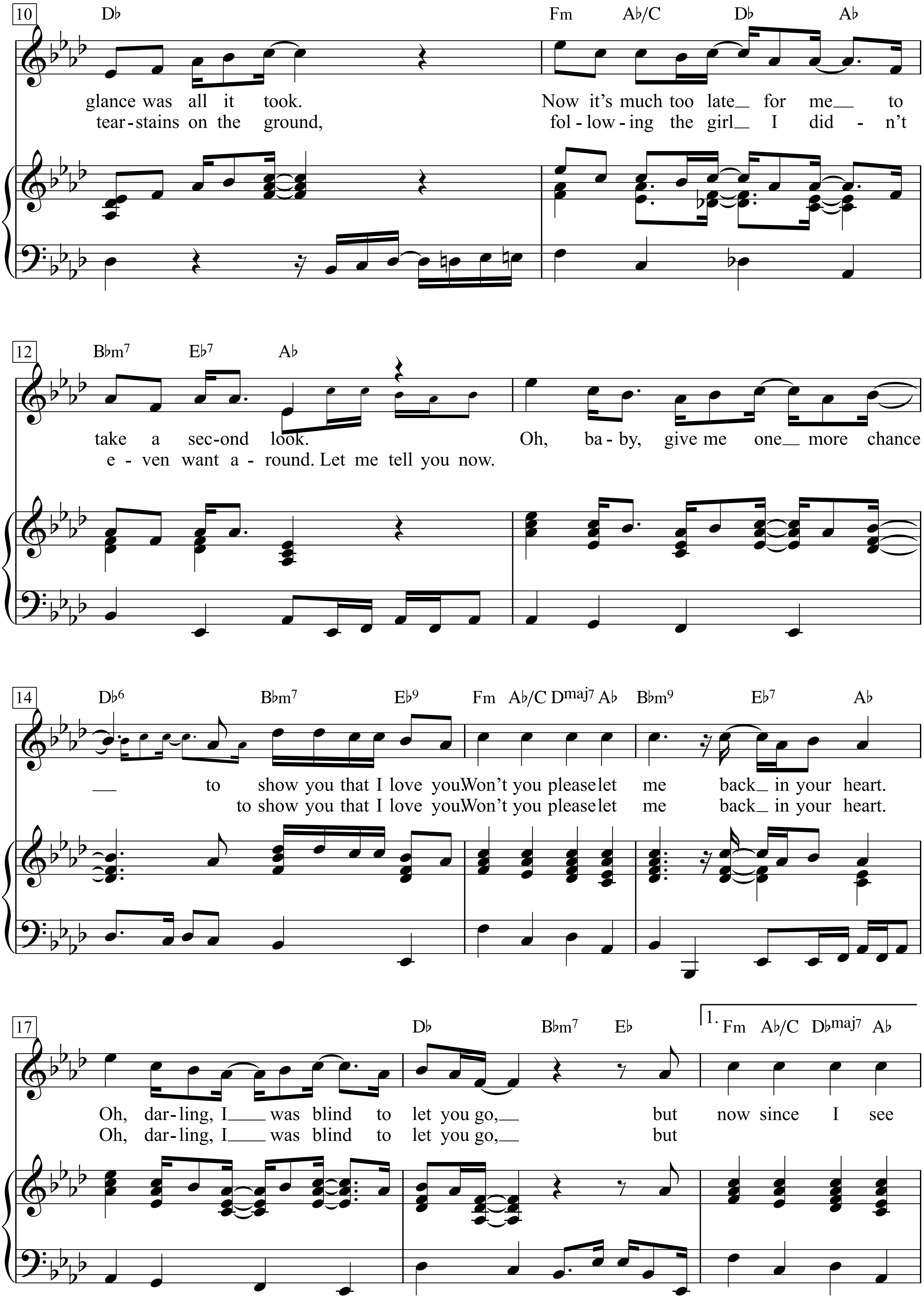
Chorus:

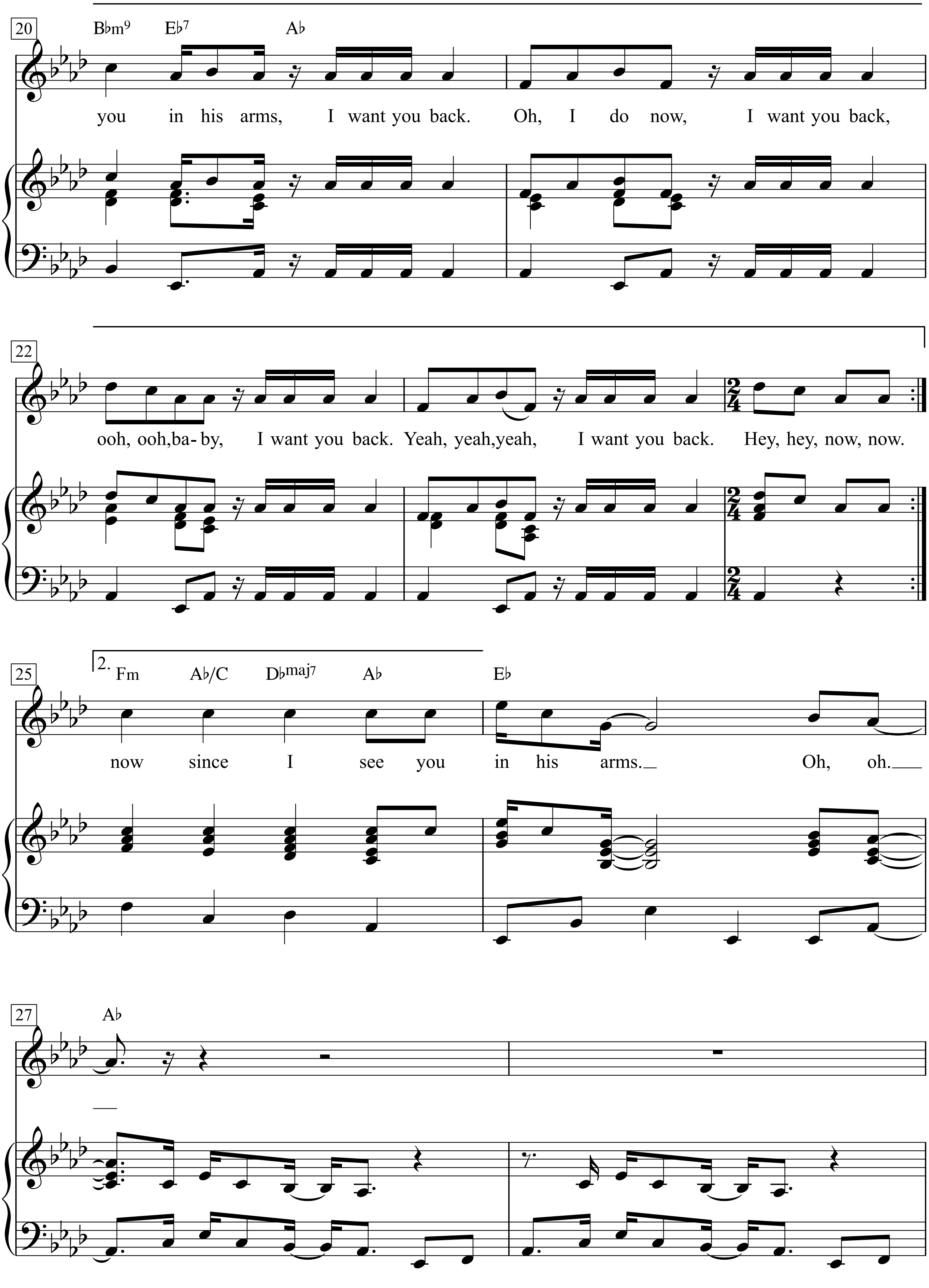
I Want You Back

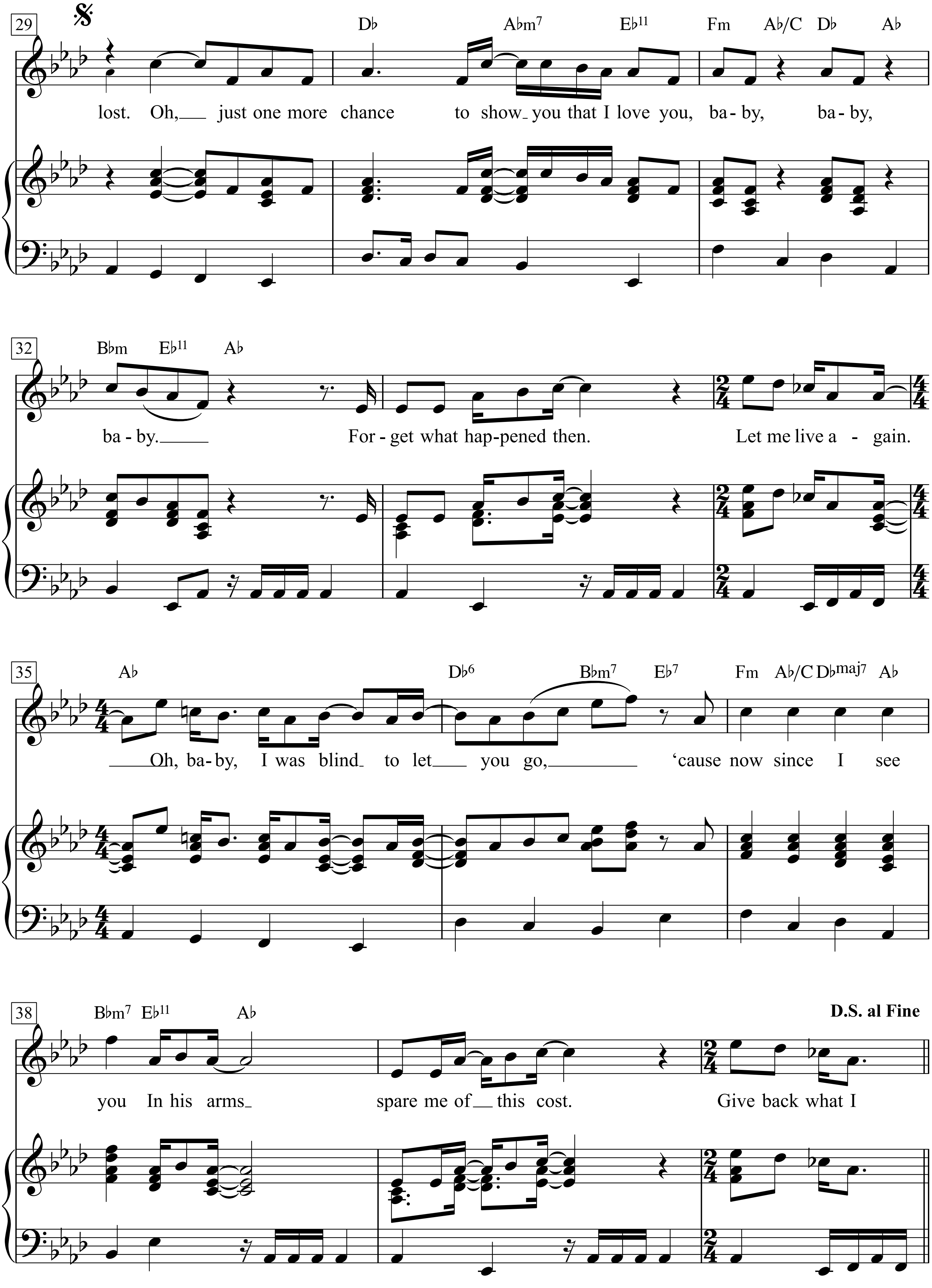
Words & Music by
Freddie Perren, Alphonso Mizell, Berry Gordy and Deke Richards
(The Jackson Five)

Moderately slow, with a beat




10
D♭
Fm A♭/C D♭ A♭
glance was all it took. Now it's much too late for me to
tear-stains on the ground, fol-low-ing the girl I did-n't
12
B♭m7 E♭7 A♭
take a sec-ond look. Oh, ba-by, give me one more chance
e-ven want a-round. Let me tell you now.
14
D♭6 B♭m7 E♭9 Fm A♭/C Dmaj7 A♭ B♭m9 E♭7 A♭
to show you that I love you. Won't you please let me back in your heart.
to show you that I love you. Won't you please let me back in your heart.
17
D♭ B♭m7 E♭
1. Fm A♭/C D♭maj7 A♭
Oh, dar-ling, I was blind to let you go, but now since I see
Oh, dar-ling, I was blind to let you go, but


20
B♭m9 E♭7 A♭
you in his arms, I want you back. Oh, I do now, I want you back,
22
ooh, ooh, ba- by, I want you back. Yeah, yeah, yeah, I want you back. Hey, hey, now, now.
25
2.
Fm A♭/C D♭maj7 A♭ E♭
now since I see you in his arms. Oh, oh.
27
A♭


29
D♭ A♭m7 E♭11 Fm A♭/C D♭ A♭
lost. Oh, just one more chance to show you that I love you, ba-by, ba-by,
32
B♭m E♭11 A♭
ba-by. For-get what hap-pened then. Let me live a - gain.
35
A♭ D♭6 B♭m7 E♭7 Fm A♭/C D♭maj7 A♭
Oh, ba-by, I was blind to let you go, ‘cause now since I see
38
B♭m7 E♭11 A♭
D.S. al Fine
you In his arms spare me of this cost. Give back what I

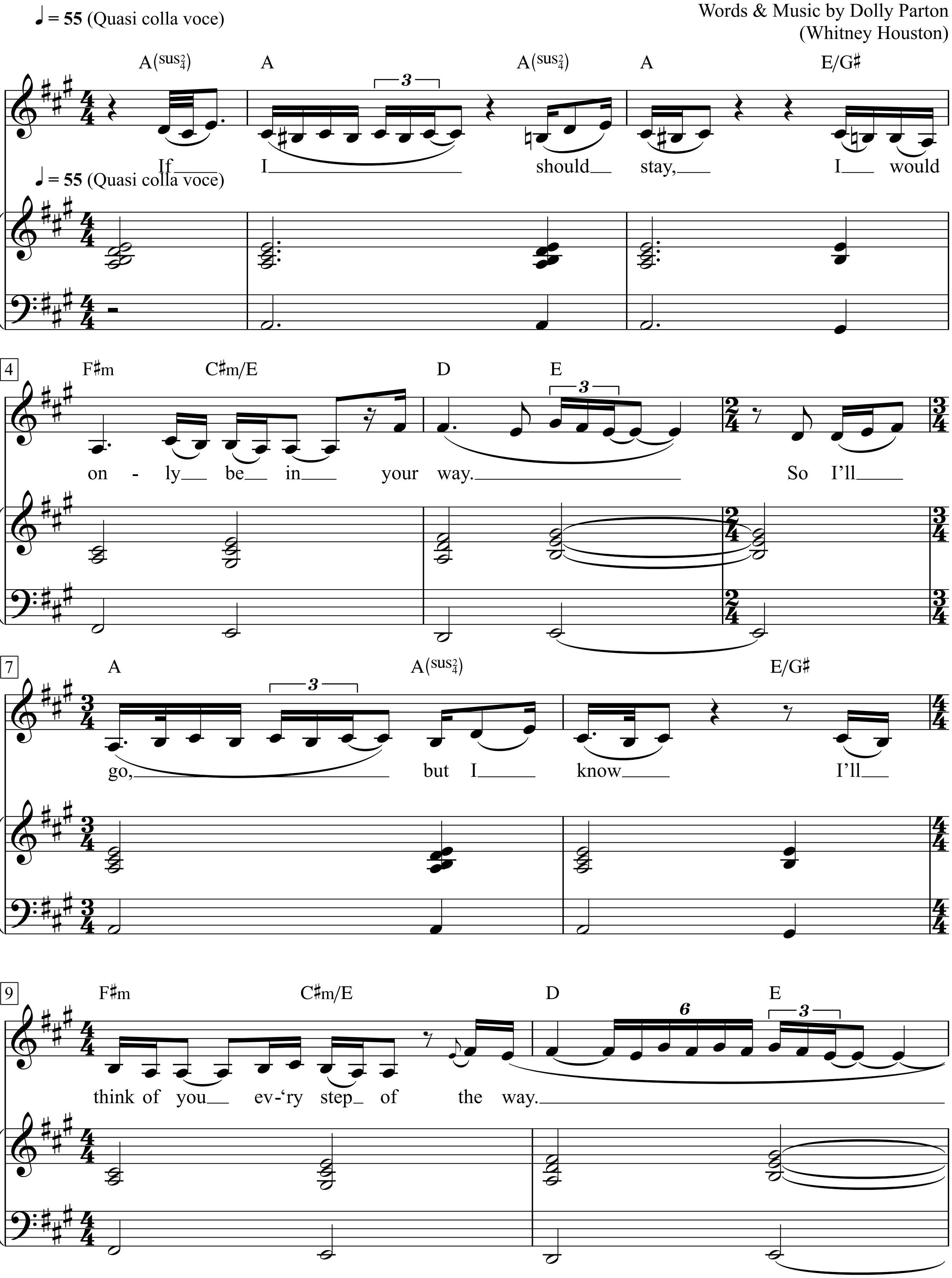
When I had you to myself,
I didn’t want you around.
Those pretty faces always make you
stand out in a crowd.
Then someone picked you from the bunch,
one glance was all it took.
Now it’s much too late for me to take a second look.

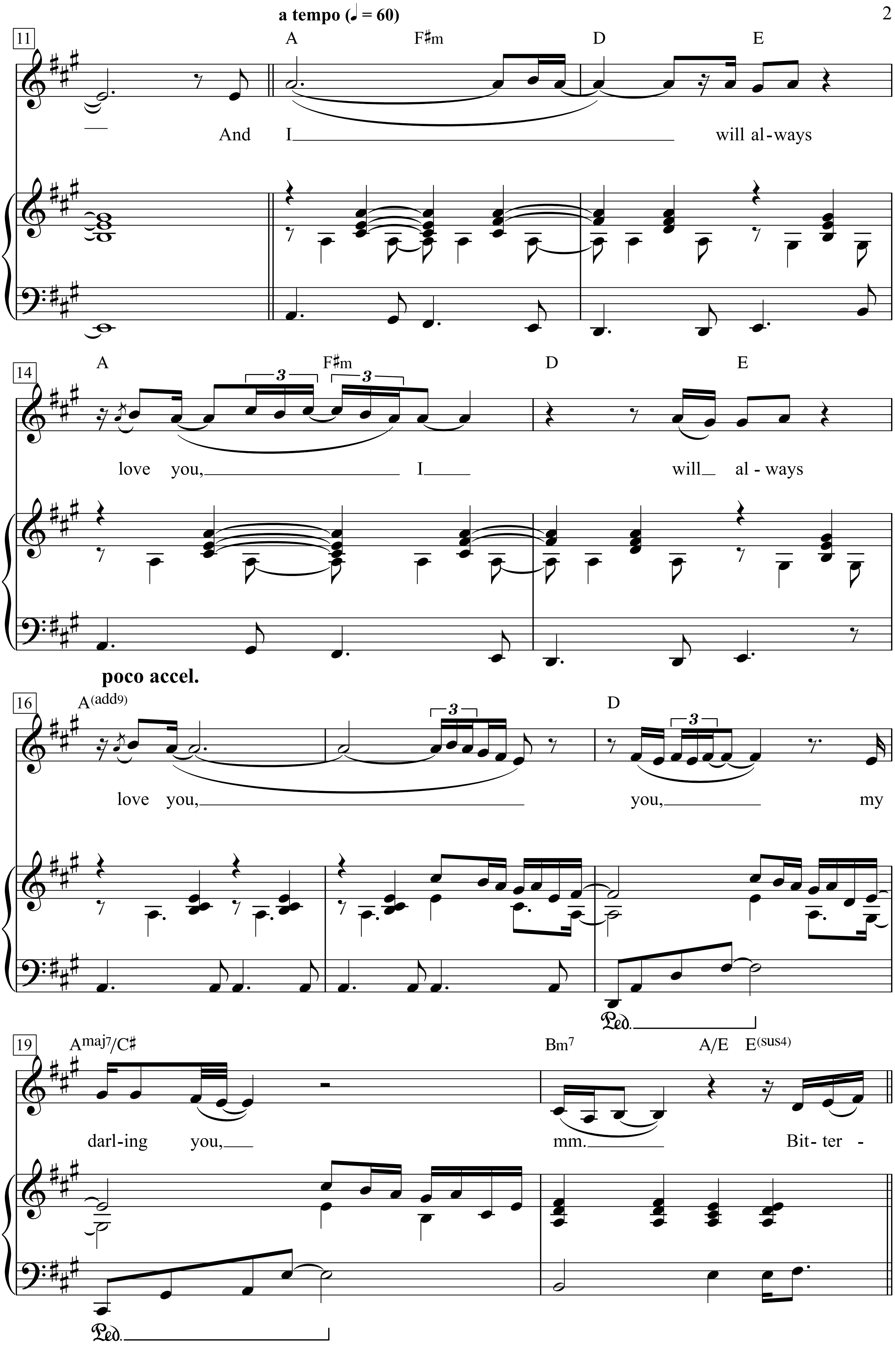
Trying to live without your love
is one long sleepless night.
Let me show you, girl, that I know wrong from right.
Ev’ry street you walk on,
I leave tearstains on the ground,
following the girl I didn’t even want around.
Let me tell you now. to show you that I love you.
Won’t you please let me back in your heart.
Oh, darling,
I was blind to let you go, but

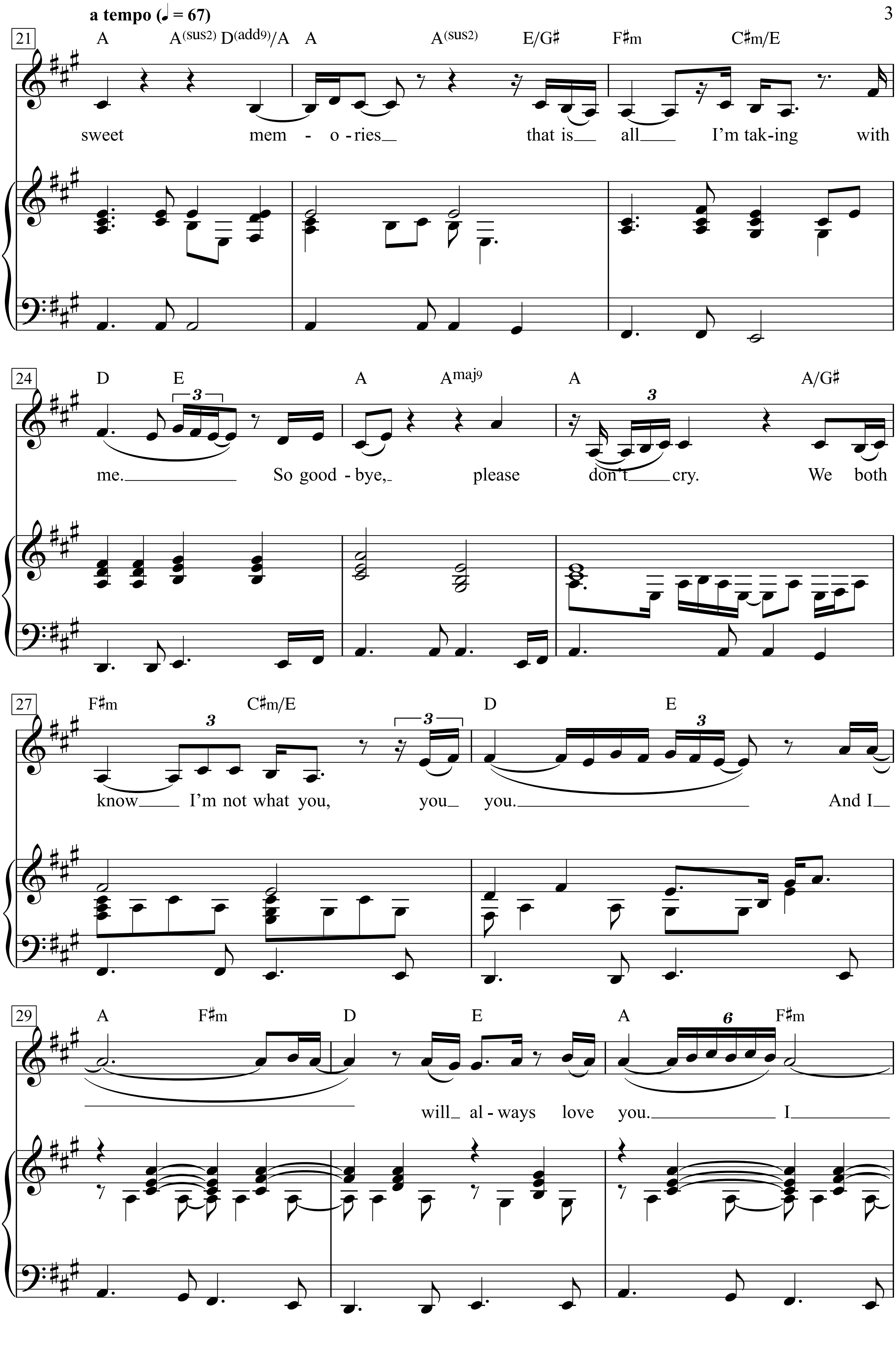
Oh, baby, give me one more chance
to show you that I love you.
Won’t you please let me back in your heart.
Oh, darling,
I was blind to let you go,
but now since I see you in his arms,
I want you back.
Oh,
I do now,
I want you back, ooh, ooh, baby,
I want you back.
Yeah, yeah, yeah,
I want you back.
Hey, hey, now, now. now since I see you in his arms.
Oh, oh. lost.
Oh, just one more chance to show you
that I love you, baby, baby, baby.
Forget what happened then.
Let me live again.
Oh, baby,
I was blind to let you go,
’cause now since I see you in his arms
spare me of this cost.
Give back what I

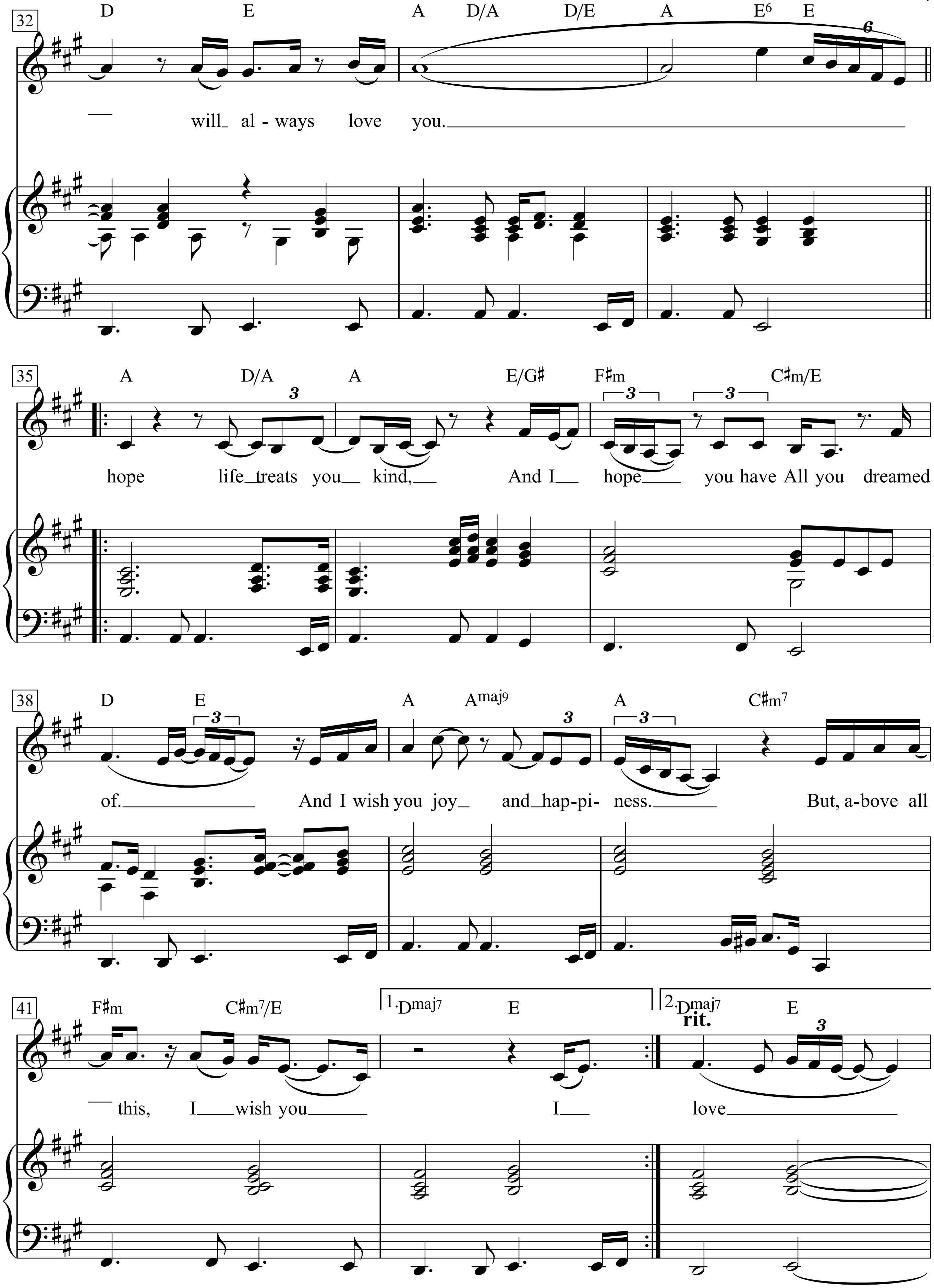
I Will Always Love You

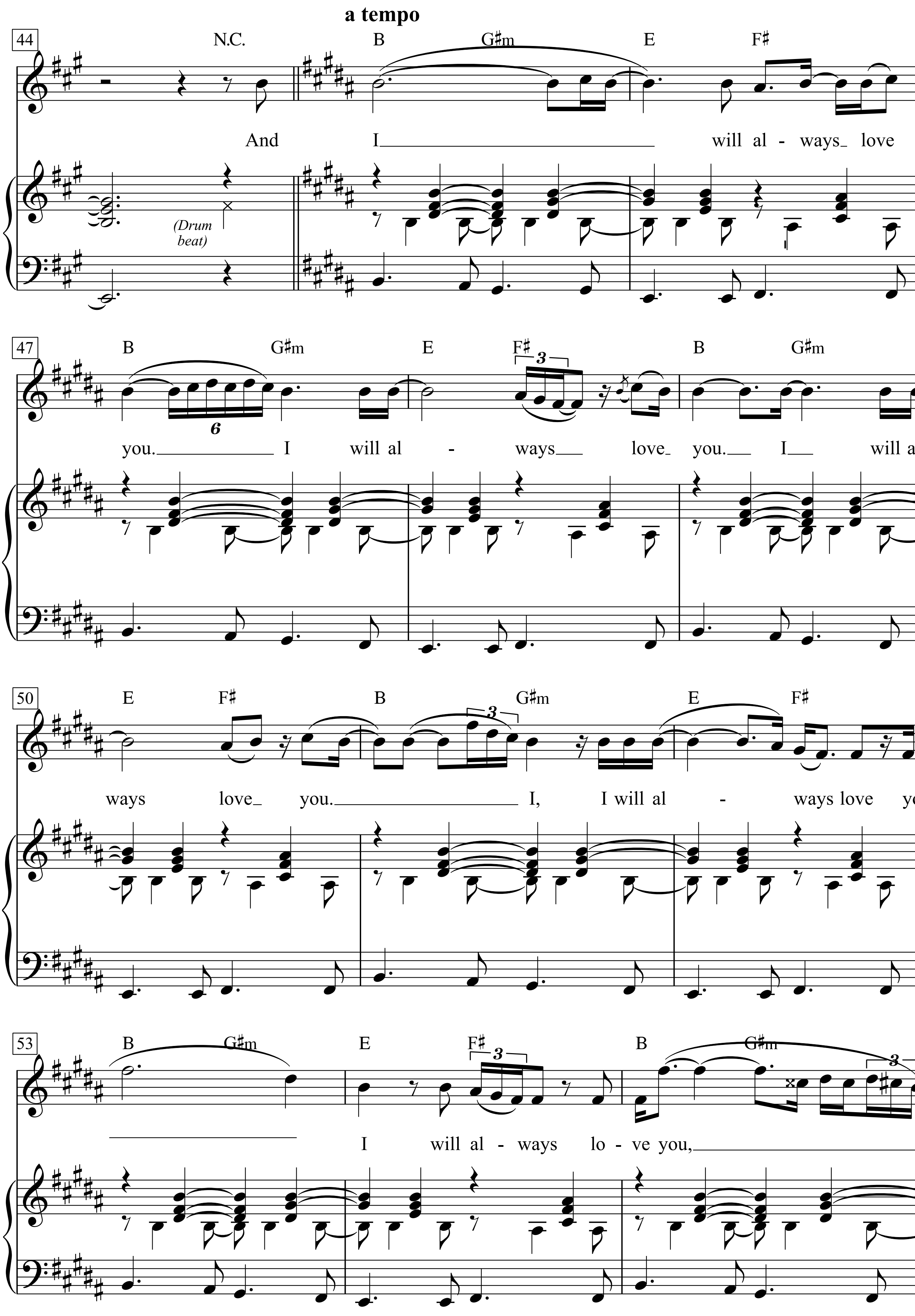
Words & Music by Dolly Parton
(Whitney Houston)

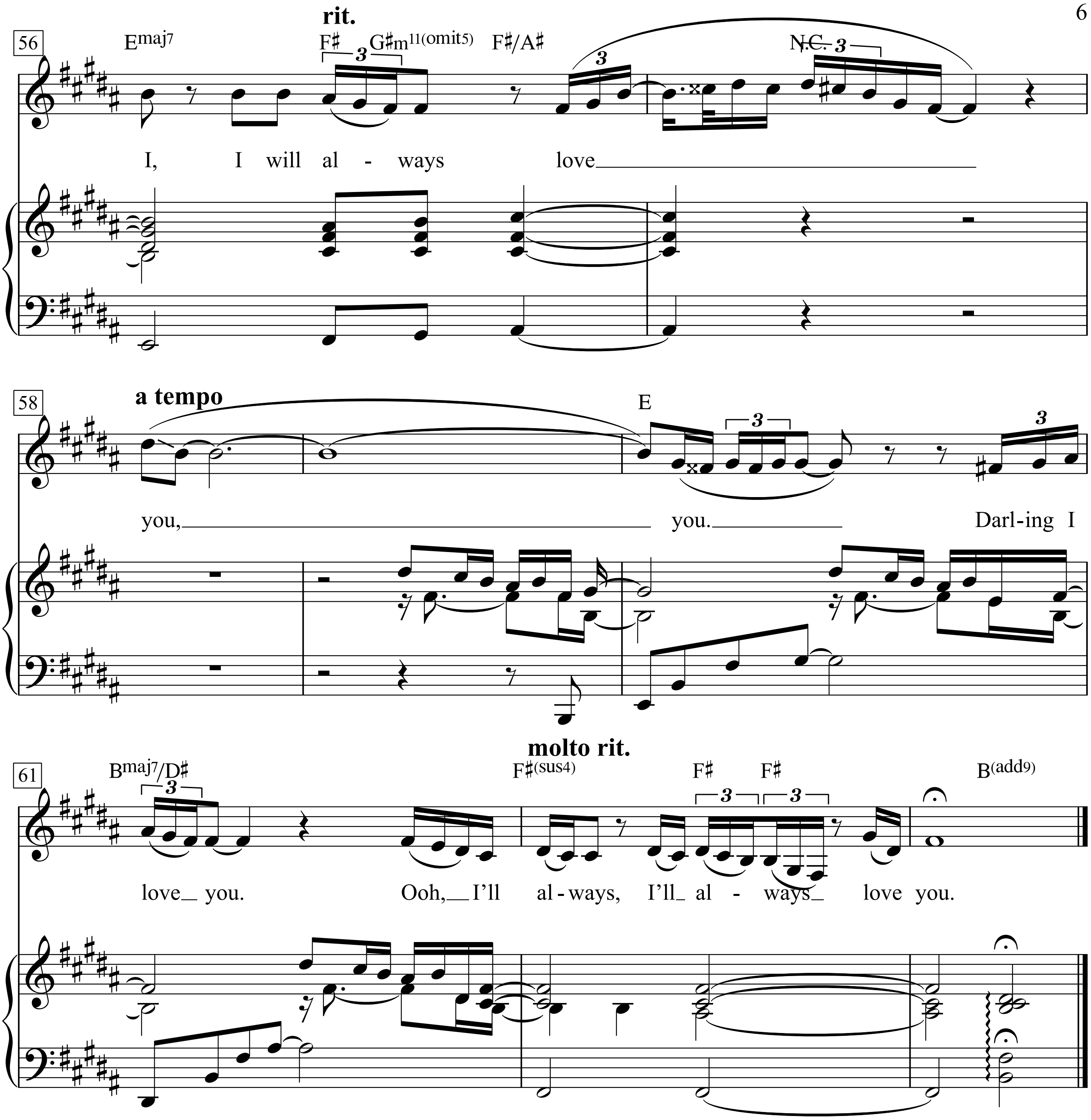



a tempo (♩ = 60)
11
A F♯m D E
And I will al-ways
14
A F♯m D E
love you, I will al - ways
poco accel.
16
A(add9) D
love you, you, my
19
Amaj7/C♯ Bm7 A/E E(sus4)
darl-ing you, mm. Bit-ter -


a tempo (♩ = 67)
21
A A(sus2) D(add9)/A A A(sus2) E/G♯ F♯m C♯m/E
sweet mem - o - ries that is all I'm tak-ing with
24
D E A Amaj9 A A/G♯
me. So good - bye, please don't cry. We both
27
F♯m C♯m/E D E
know I'm not what you, you you. And I
29
A F♯m D E A F♯m
will al - ways love you. I


32
D E A D/A D/E A E6 E
will al - ways love you.
35
A D/A A E/G♯ F♯m C♯m/E
hope life treats you kind, And I hope you have All you dreamed
38
D E A Amaj9 A C♯m7
of. And I wish you joy and hap-pi- ness. But, a-bove all
41
F♯m C♯m7/E 1.Dmaj7 E 2.Dmaj7 E
rit.
this, I wish you I love


a tempo
44
N.C.
B
G♯m
E
F♯
And I will al - ways love
(Drum beat)
47
B
G♯m
E
F♯
B
G♯m
you. I will al - ways love you. I will al-
50
E
F♯
B
G♯m
E
F♯
ways love you. I, I will al - ways love you
53
B
G♯m
E
F♯
B
G♯m
I will al - ways lo - ve you,


56
rit.
Emaj7 F♯ G♯m11(omit5) F♯/A♯ N.C.
I, I will al - ways love
58
a tempo
E
you, you. Darl-ing I
61
molto rit.
Bmaj7/D♯ F♯(sus4) F♯ F♯ B(add9)
love you. Ooh, I'll al-ways, I'll al - ways love you.

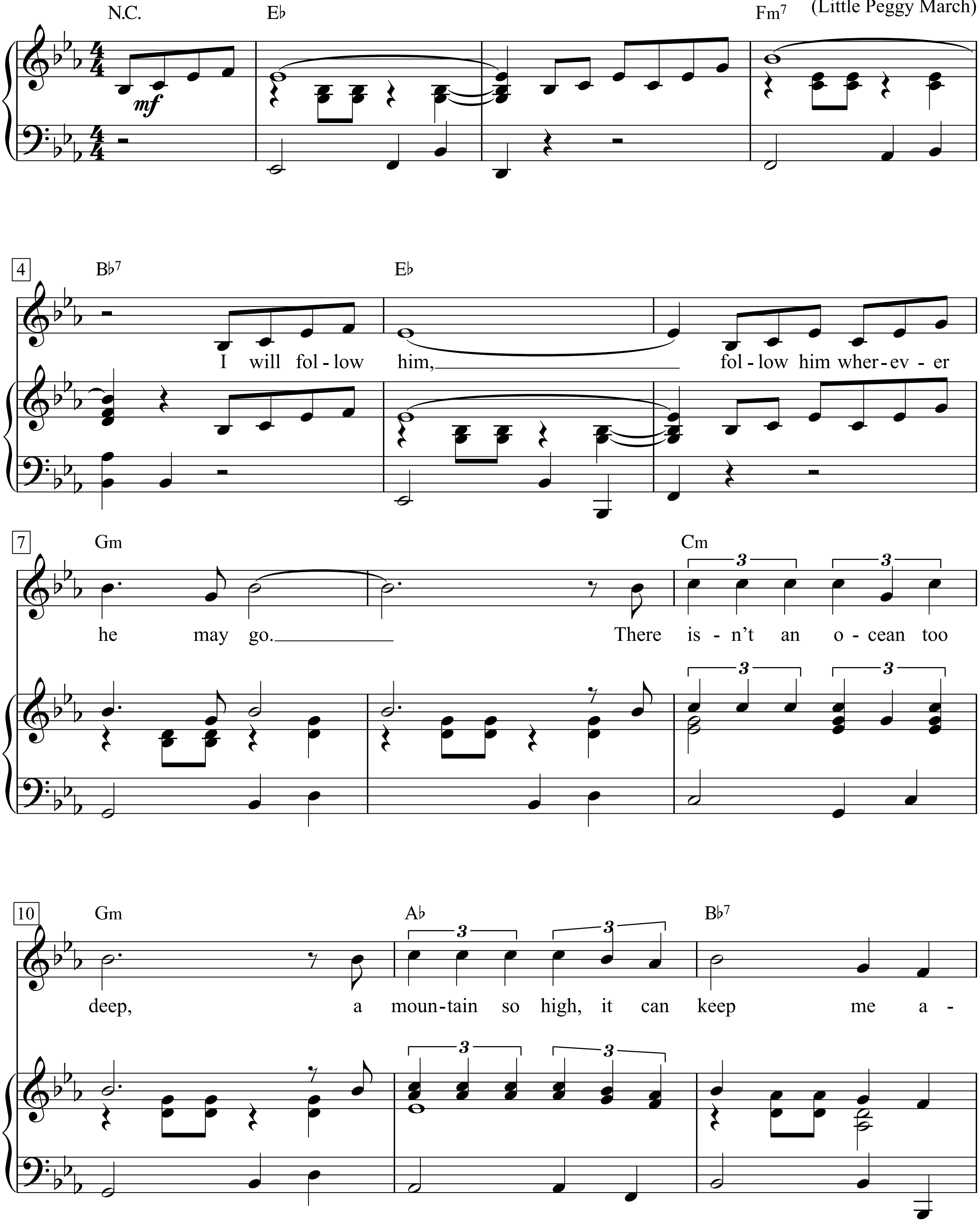
1. If I should stay I would only be in your way. So I’ll go but I know I’ll think of you Every step of the way.	1. Wenn ich bleiben würde, Wäre ich dir nur im Wege Also gehe ich, aber ich weiss Ich werde bei jedem Schritt an dich denken
Chorus 1: And I will always love you. Will always love you. You my darling you mhh	*Refrain 1:* Und ich werde dich immer lieben Ich werde dich immer lieben Du, mein Liebling du,
2. Bittersweet memories, That is all I’m taking with me. So goodbye, please don’t cry. We both know I’m not what you, you need.	2. bittersüße Erinnerungen sind alles, was ich mitnehme Also auf wiedersehen, aber bitte weine nicht Wir beide wissen, dass ich nicht das bin, was du brauchst
Chorus 2: And I will always love you. I will always love you.	*Refrain 2:* Und ich werde dich immer lieben Ich werde dich immer lieben
Instrumental	Instrumental
3. I hope life treats you kind And I hope you have All you dreamed of. And I wish for you joy And happiness. But above all this, I wish you love.	3. Ich hoffe das Leben behandelt dich gut Und ich hoffe du hast alles, wovon du geträumt hast Und ich wünsche dir Spass und Glück Aber vorallem wünsche ich dir Liebe
Chorus 3: And I will always love you. I will always love you. *(4 x)* I, I will always love you. You, darling I love you. I’ll always, I’ll always love you.	*Refrain 3:* Und ich werde dich immer lieben Ich werde dich immer lieben *(4x)* Ich, ich werde dich immer lieben Du, Liebling, ich liebe dich Oh ich werde dich immer, immer lieben

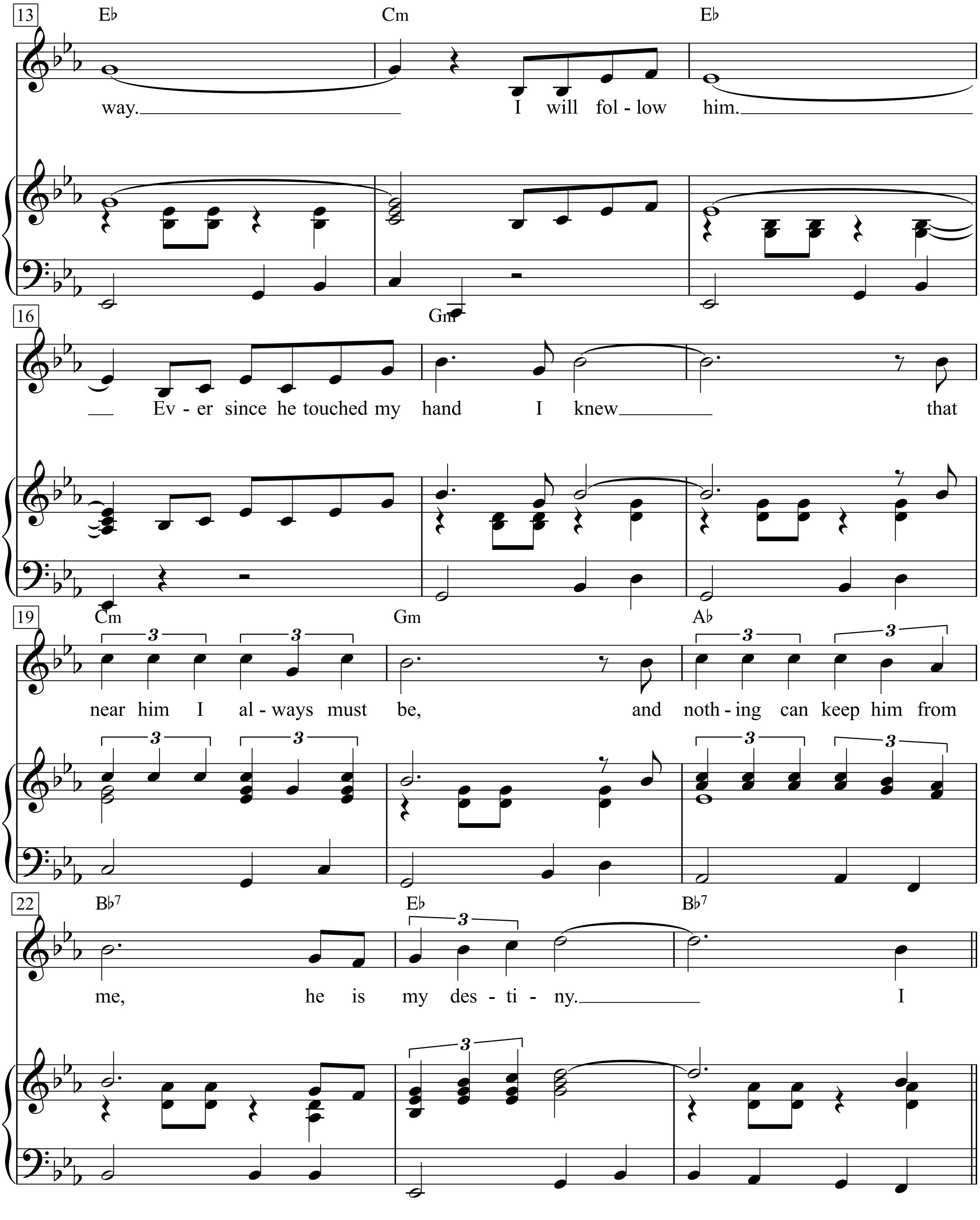
I Will Follow Him

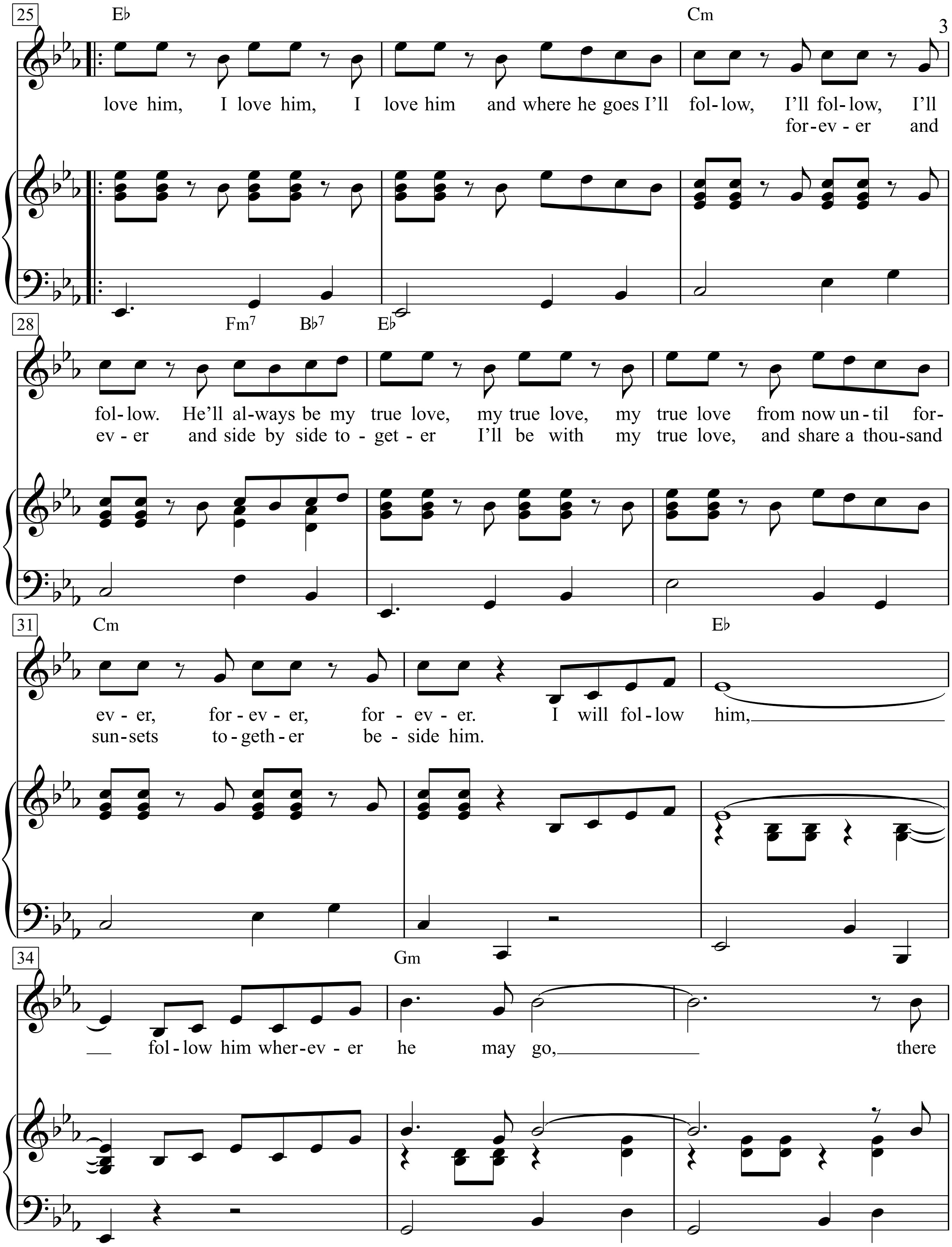
(Chariot)

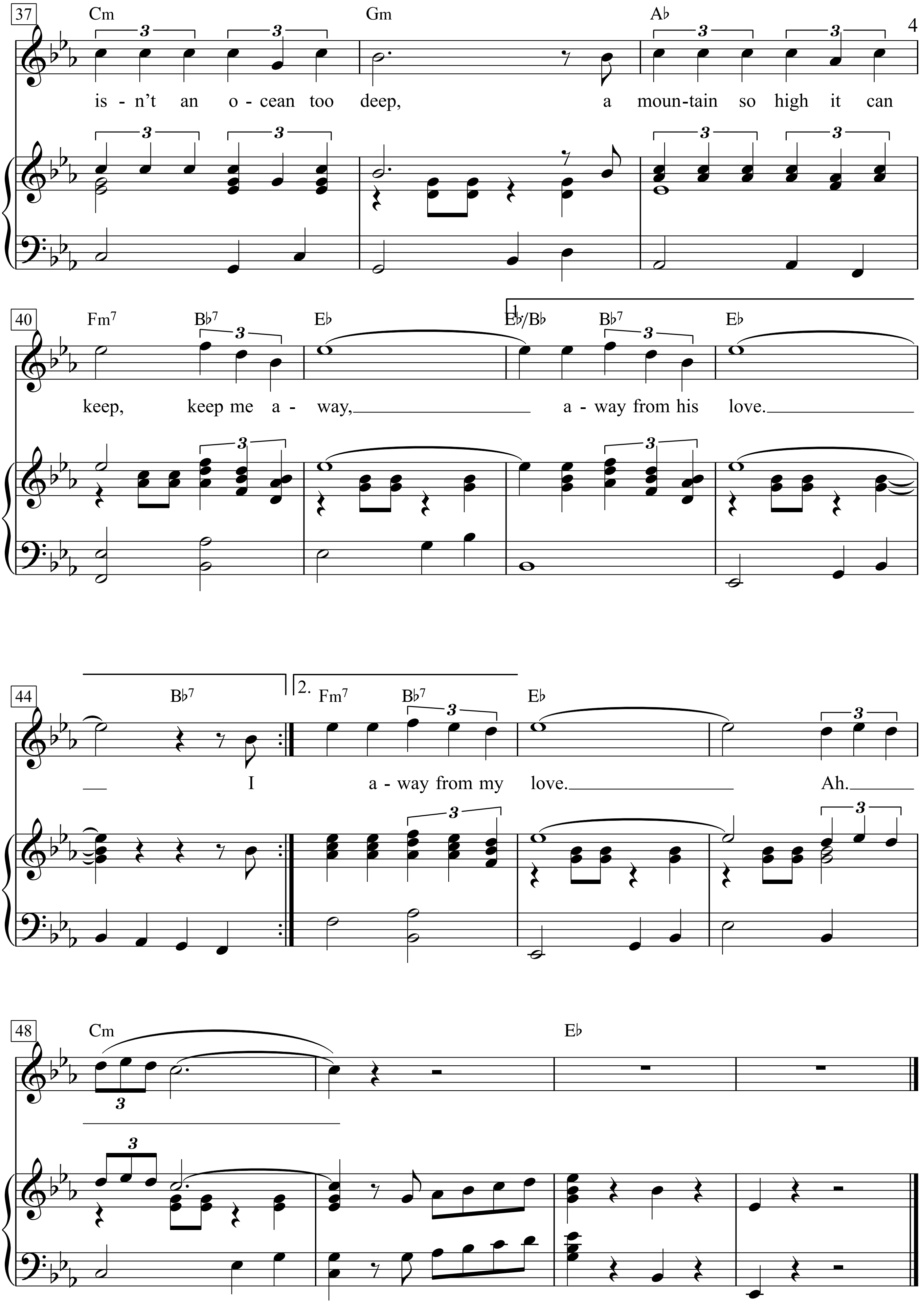
English Words:
Norman Gimbel and Arthur Altman
French Words: Jacques Plante,

Music by
J. W. Stole (Franck Pourcel) and
Del Roma (Paul Mauriat)
(Little Peggy March)




13
E♭
Cm
E♭
way. I will fol - low him.
16
Gm
Ev - er since he touched my hand I knew that
19
Cm
Gm
A♭
near him I al - ways must be, and noth - ing can keep him from
22
B♭7
E♭
B♭7
me, he is my des - ti - ny. I
3


25
E♭
Cm
love him, I love him, I love him and where he goes I'll fol-low, I'll fol-low, I'll
for-ev-er and
28
Fm7 B♭7 E♭
fol-low. He'll al-ways be my true love, my true love, my true love from now un-til for-
ev-er and side by side to-get-er I'll be with my true love, and share a thou-sand
31
Cm
E♭
ev-er, for-ev-er, for-ev-er. I will fol-low him,
sun-sets to-geth-er be-side him.
34
Gm
fol-low him wher-ev-er he may go, there

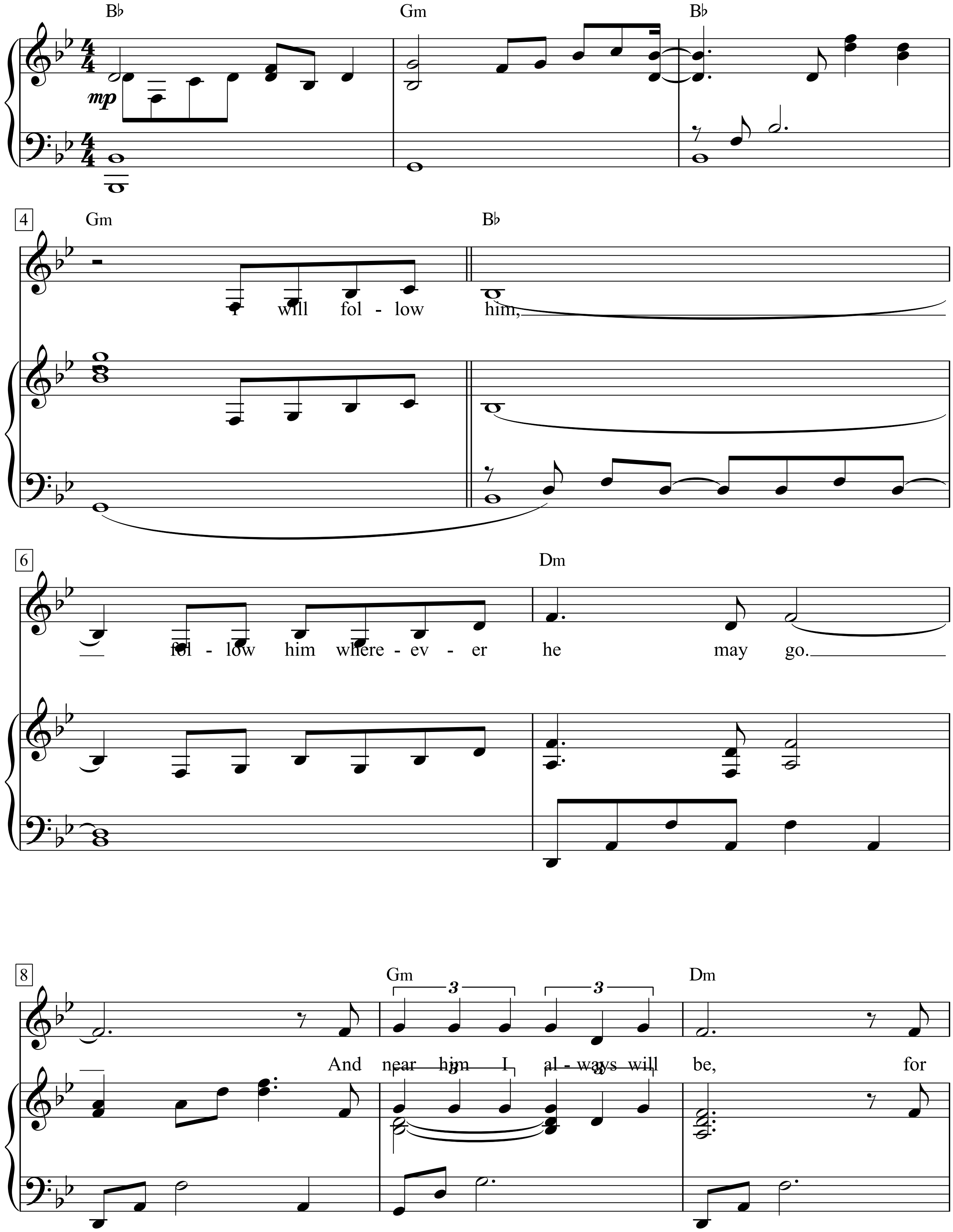

37
Cm
Gm
A♭
is - n't an o - cean too deep, a moun-tain so high it can
40
Fm7
B♭7
E♭
E♭/B♭
B♭7
E♭
keep, keep me a - way, a - way from his love.
44
B♭7
Fm7
B♭7
E♭
I a - way from my love. Ah.
48
Cm
E♭

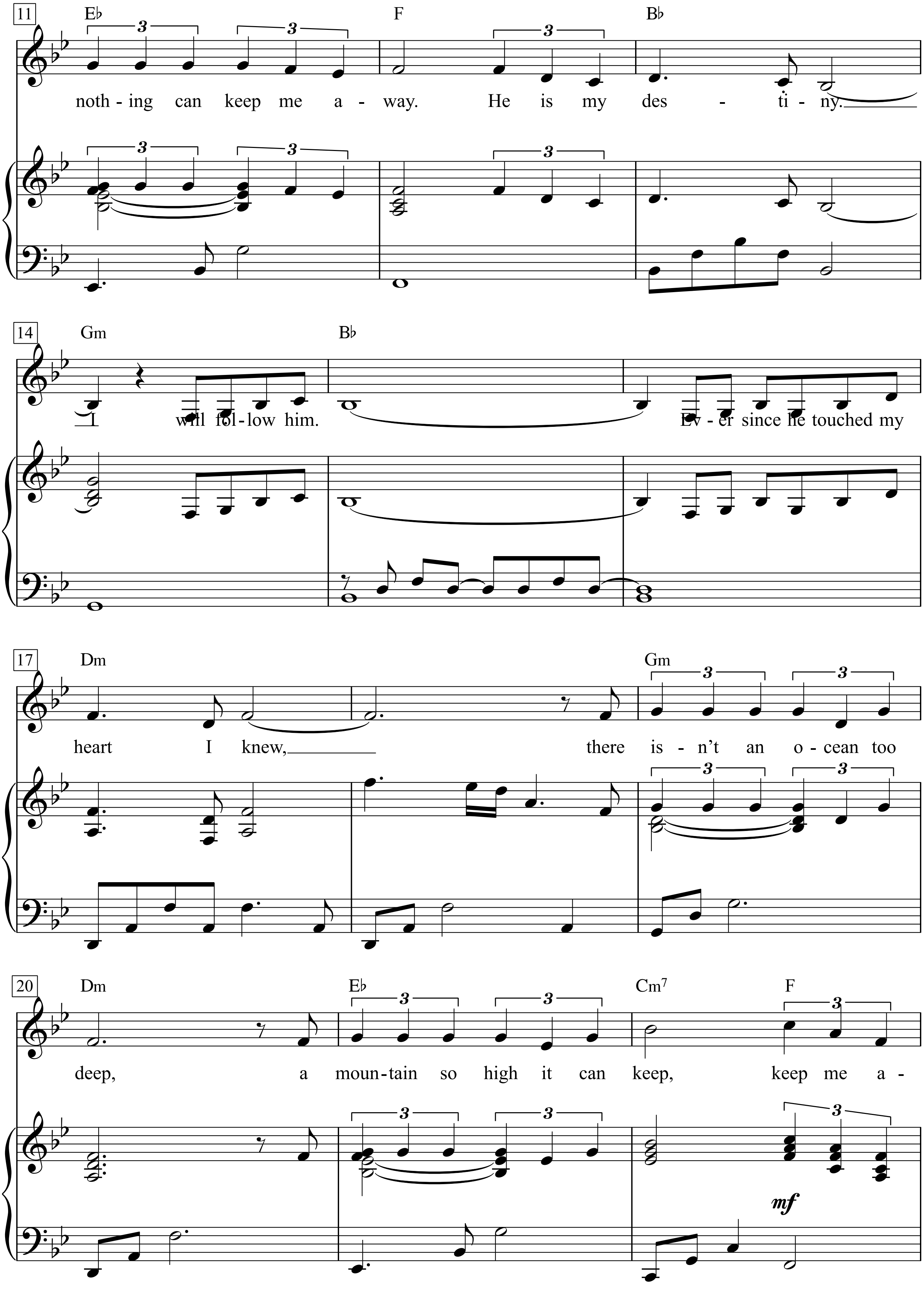
I Will Follow Him

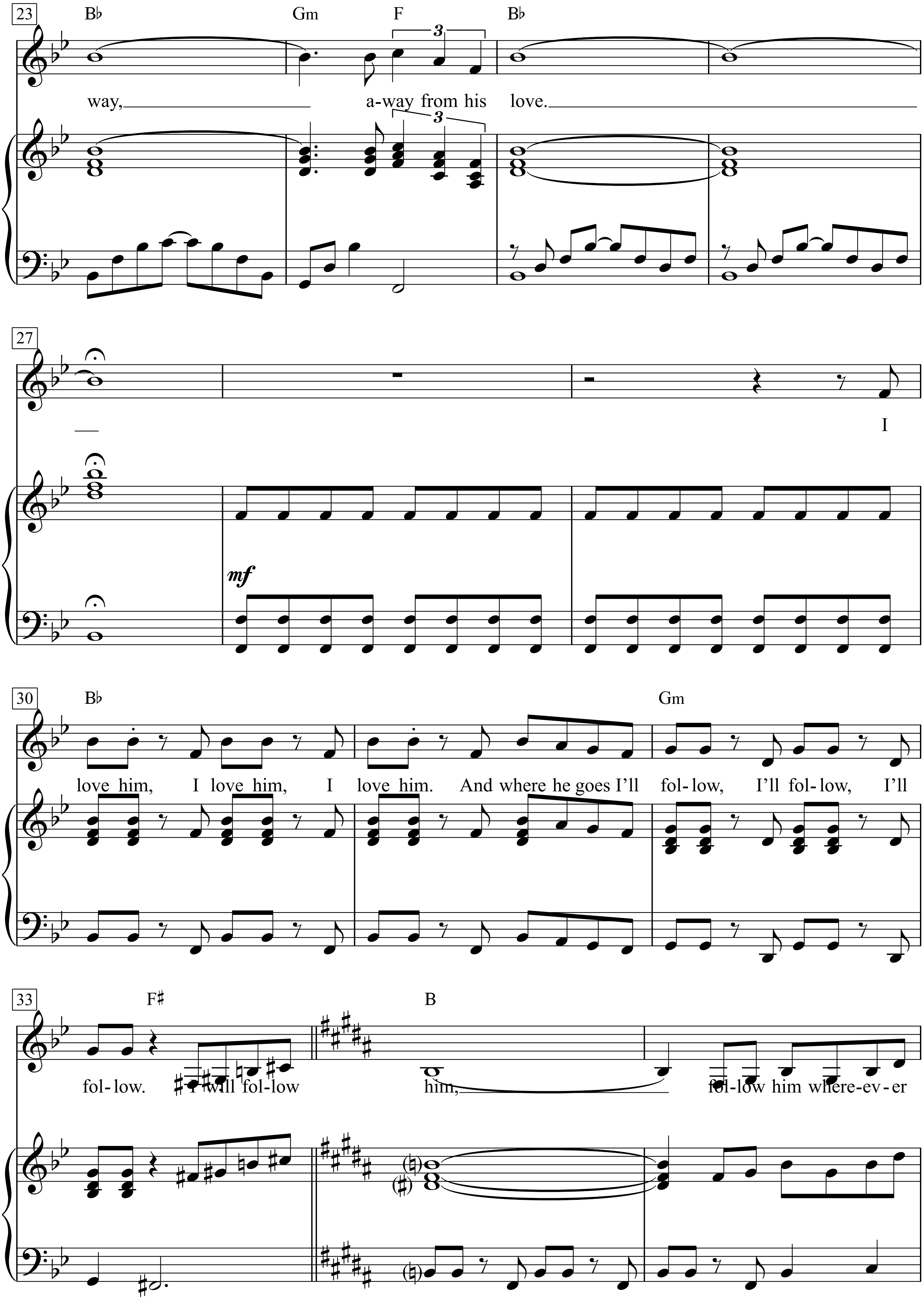
(Sister Act)

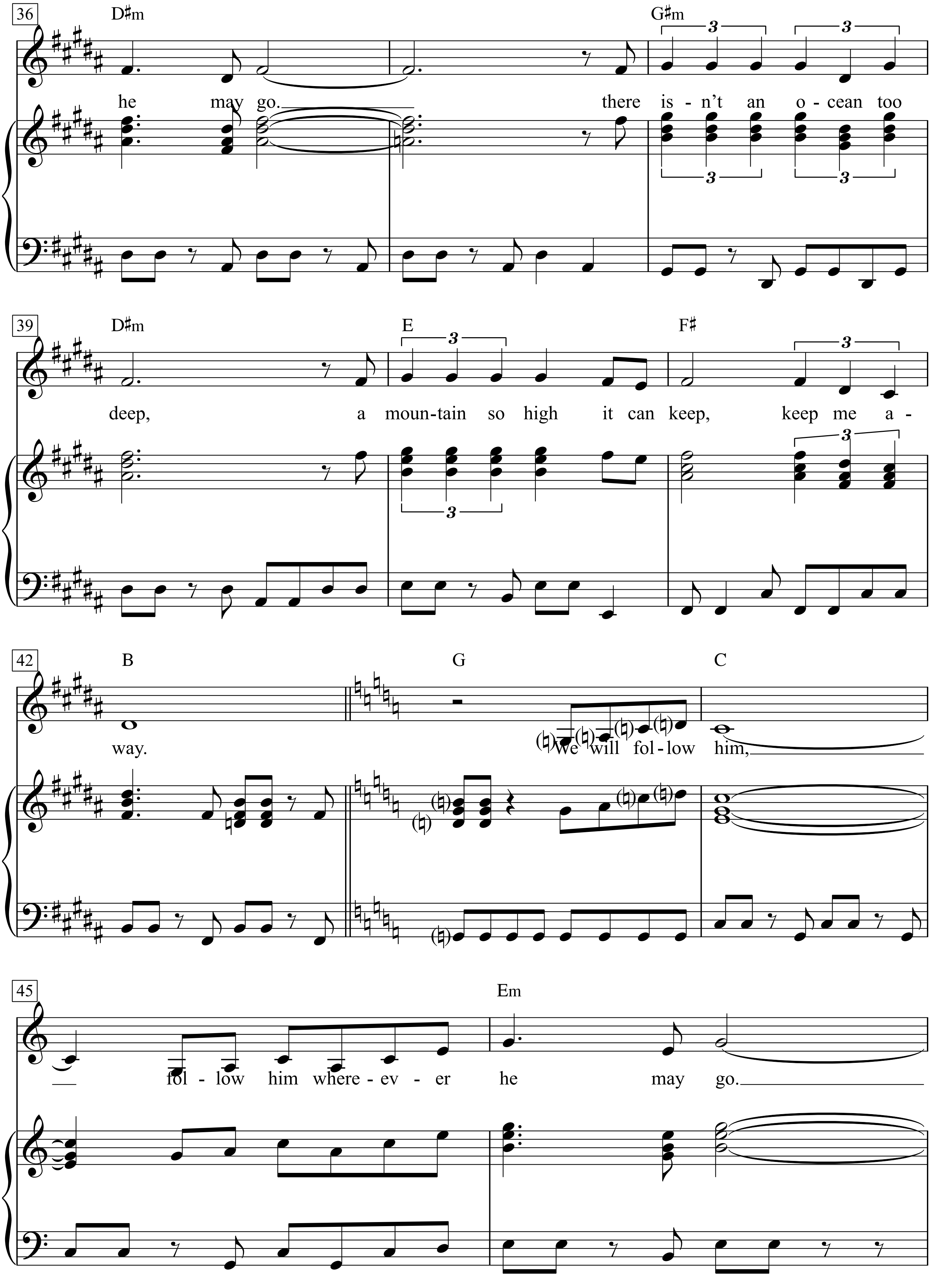
English Lyric by Norman Gimbel and Arthur Altman
Original Lyric by Jacques Plante
Music by J. W. Stole and Del Roma
(Movie: Sister Act II)

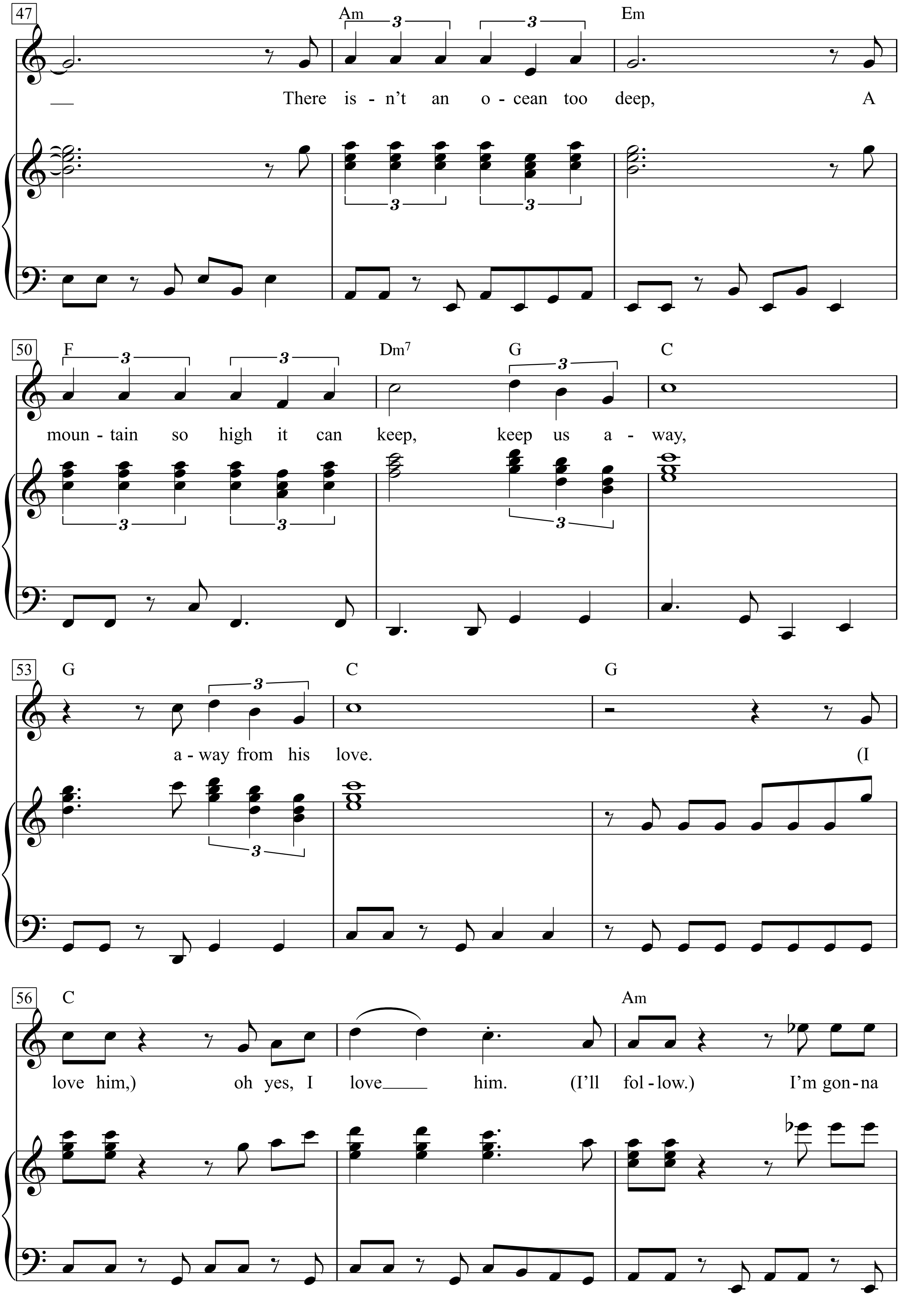
Slowly

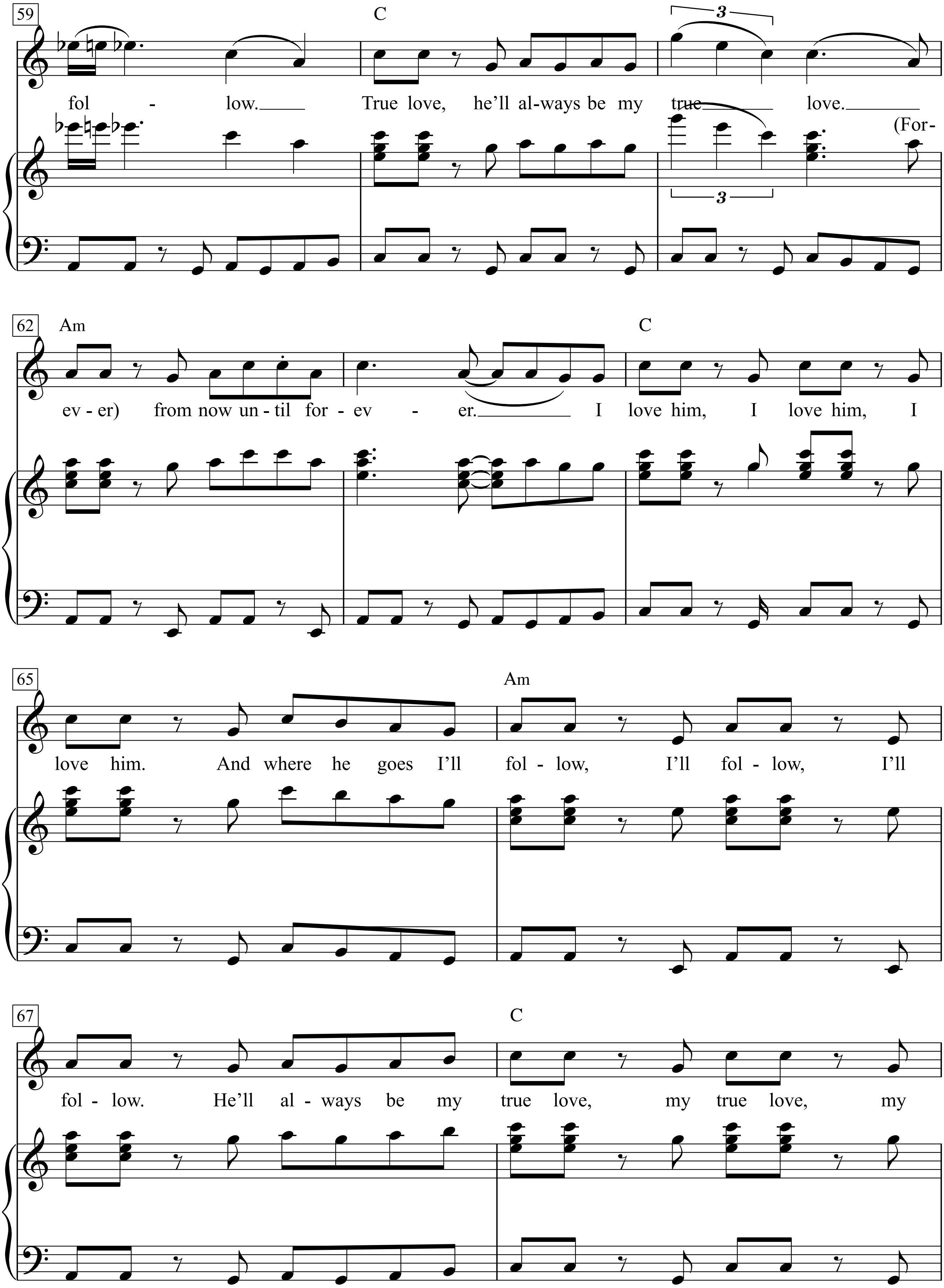


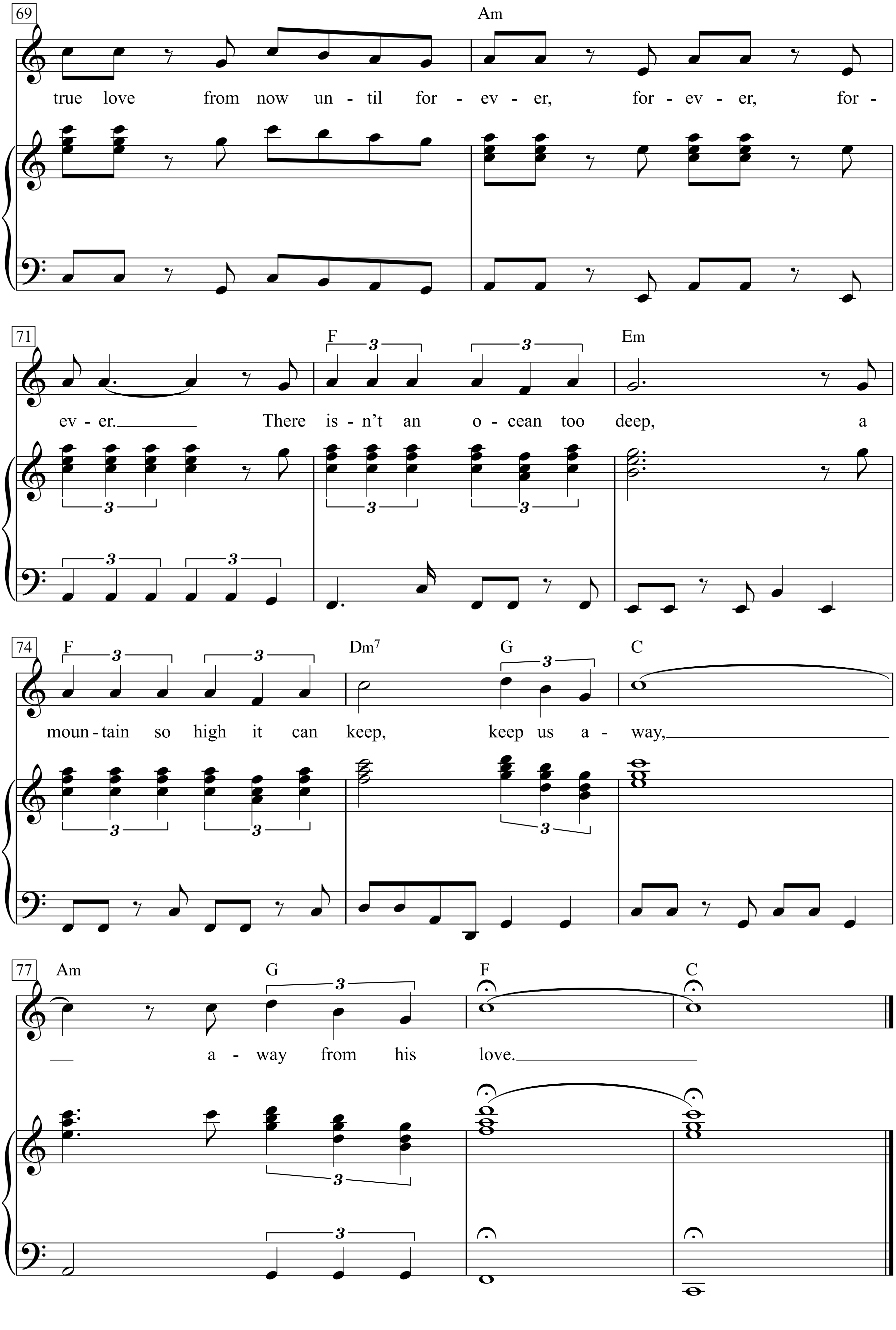

11
E♭ F B♭
noth - ing can keep me a - way. He is my des - ti - ny.
14
Gm B♭
I will fol - low him. Ev - er since he touched my
17
Dm Gm
heart I knew, there is - n't an o - cean too
20
Dm E♭ Cm7 F
deep, a moun - tain so high it can keep, keep me a -
mf


23
B♭
Gm
F
3
B♭
way, a-way from his love.
3
27
mf
I
30
B♭
Gm
love him, I love him, I love him. And where he goes I'll fol-low, I'll fol-low, I'll
33
F♯
B
fol-low. I will fol-low him, fol-low him where-ev-er


36
D♯m
G♯m
he may go.
there is - n't an o - cean too
39
D♯m
E
F♯
deep,
a moun-tain so high it can keep,
keep me a -
42
B
G
C
way.
We will fol - low him,
45
Em
fol - low him where - ev - er he may go.


47
Am
Em
There is - n't an o - cean too deep, A
50
F
Dm7
G
C
moun - tain so high it can keep, keep us a - way,
53
G
C
G
a - way from his love. (I
56
C
Am
love him,) oh yes, I love him. (I'll fol - low.) I'm gon - na


59
C
fol - low. True love, he'll al-ways be my true love.
(For-
62
Am
C
ev - er) from now un - til for - ev - er. I love him, I love him, I
65
Am
love him. And where he goes I'll fol - low, I'll fol - low, I'll
67
C
fol - low. He'll al - ways be my true love, my true love, my


69
Am
true love from now un - til for - ev - er, for - ev - er, for -
71
F
Em
3
ev - er. There is - n't an o - cean too deep, a
74
F
Dm7
G
C
3
moun - tain so high it can keep, keep us a - way,
77
Am
G
F
C
3
a - way from his love.

1.
I will follow him, follow him wherever?? he may go.
And near him I always will be, for nothing can keep me away.
He is my destiny. I will follow him.
Ever since he touched my heart I knew,
there isn't an ocean too deep, a mountain so high it can keep,
keep me away, away from his love.

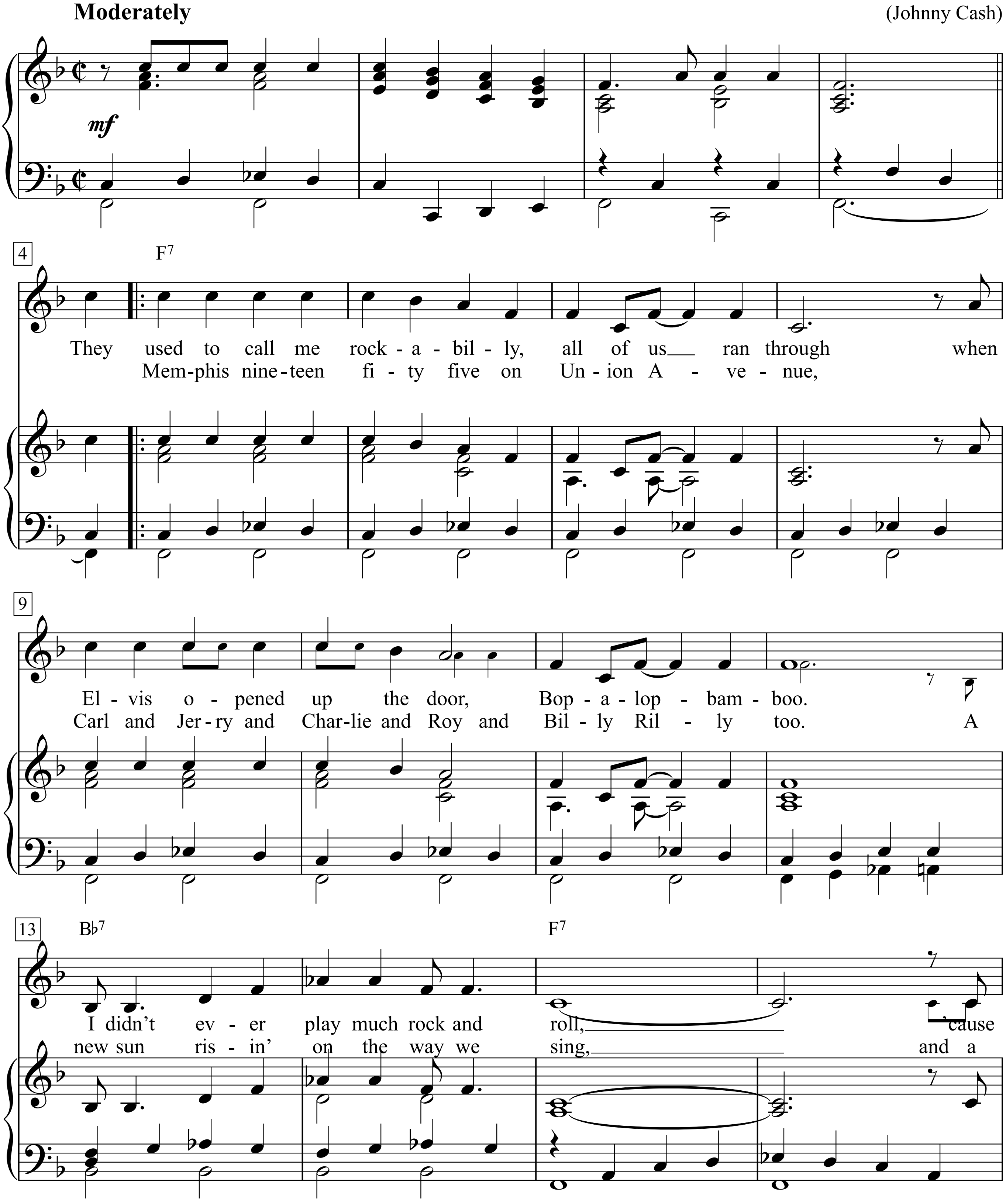
I love him, I love him,
I love him. And where he goes I'll follow,
I'll follow, I'll follow.
I will follow him, follow him whereever he may go.
there isn't an ocean too deep, a mountain so high it can keep, keep me away,

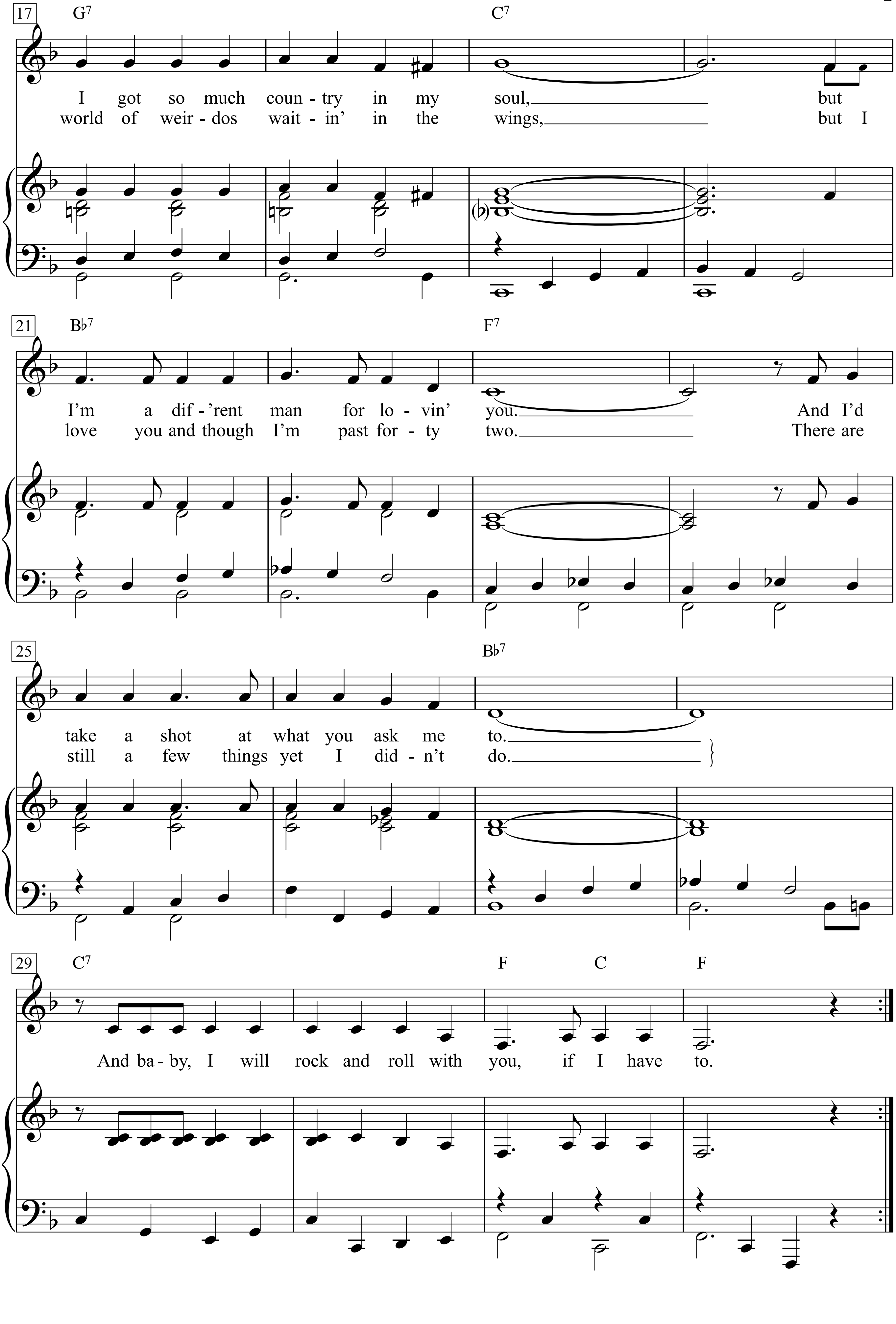
We will follow him, follow him whereever he may go.
There isn't an ocean too deep,
A mountain so high it can keep, keep us away,
away from his love. (I love him,) oh yes,
I love him. (I'll follow.) I'm gonna follow.
True love, he'll always be my true love.

(Forever) from now until forever.
I love him, I love him, I love him.
And where he goes I'll follow,
I'll follow, I'll follow.
He'll always be my true love, my true love,
my true love from now until forever, forever, forever.
There isn't an ocean too deep,
a mountain so high it can keep,
keep us away, away from his love.

I Will Rock And Roll With You

Words & Music by
John R. Cash
(Johnny Cash)



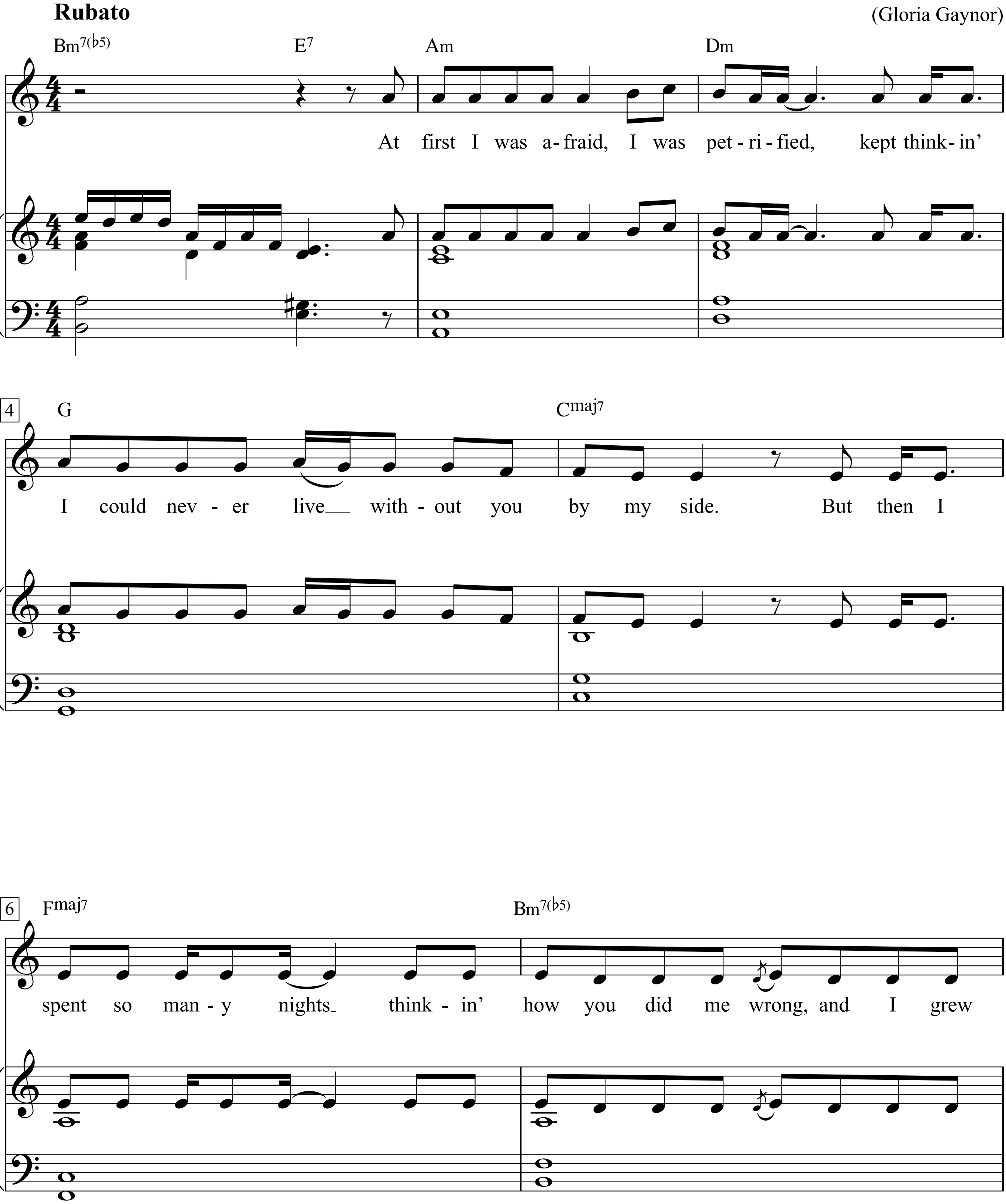

17
G7 C7
I got so much coun - try in my soul, but
world of weir - dos wait - in' in the wings, but I
21
B♭7 F7
I'm a dif - 'rent man for lo - vin' you. And I'd
love you and though I'm past for - ty two. There are
25
B♭7
take a shot at what you ask me to.
still a few things yet I did - n't do.
29
C7 F C F
And ba - by, I will rock and roll with you, if I have to.

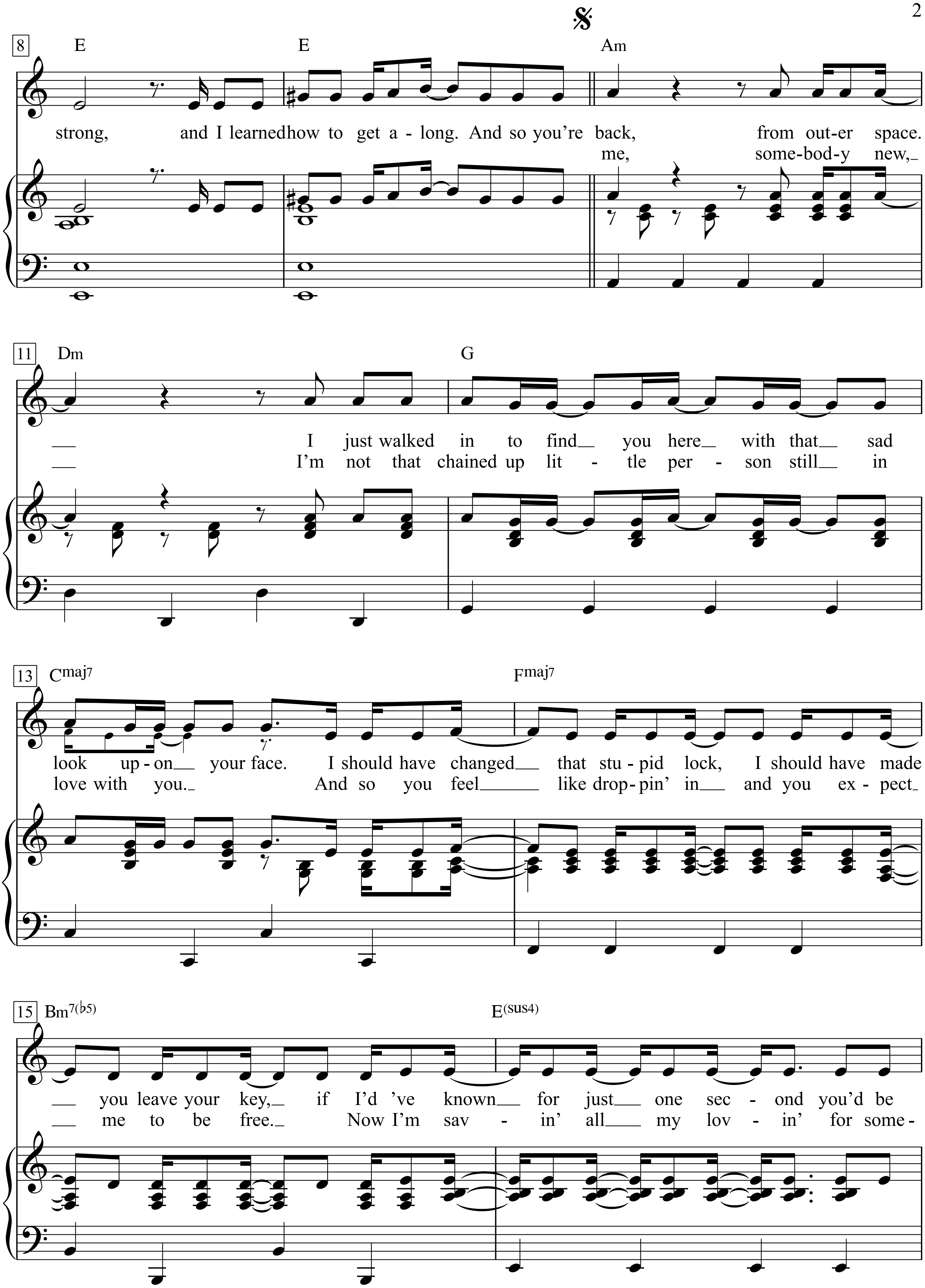
1. They used to call me rockabilly, all of us ran through
when Elvis opened up the door, Bop-a-lop-bam-boo.
I didn't ever play much rock and roll,
'cause I got so much country in my soul,
but I'm a dif'rent man for lovin' you.
And I'd take a shot at what you ask me to.
And baby, I will rock and roll with you, if I have to.

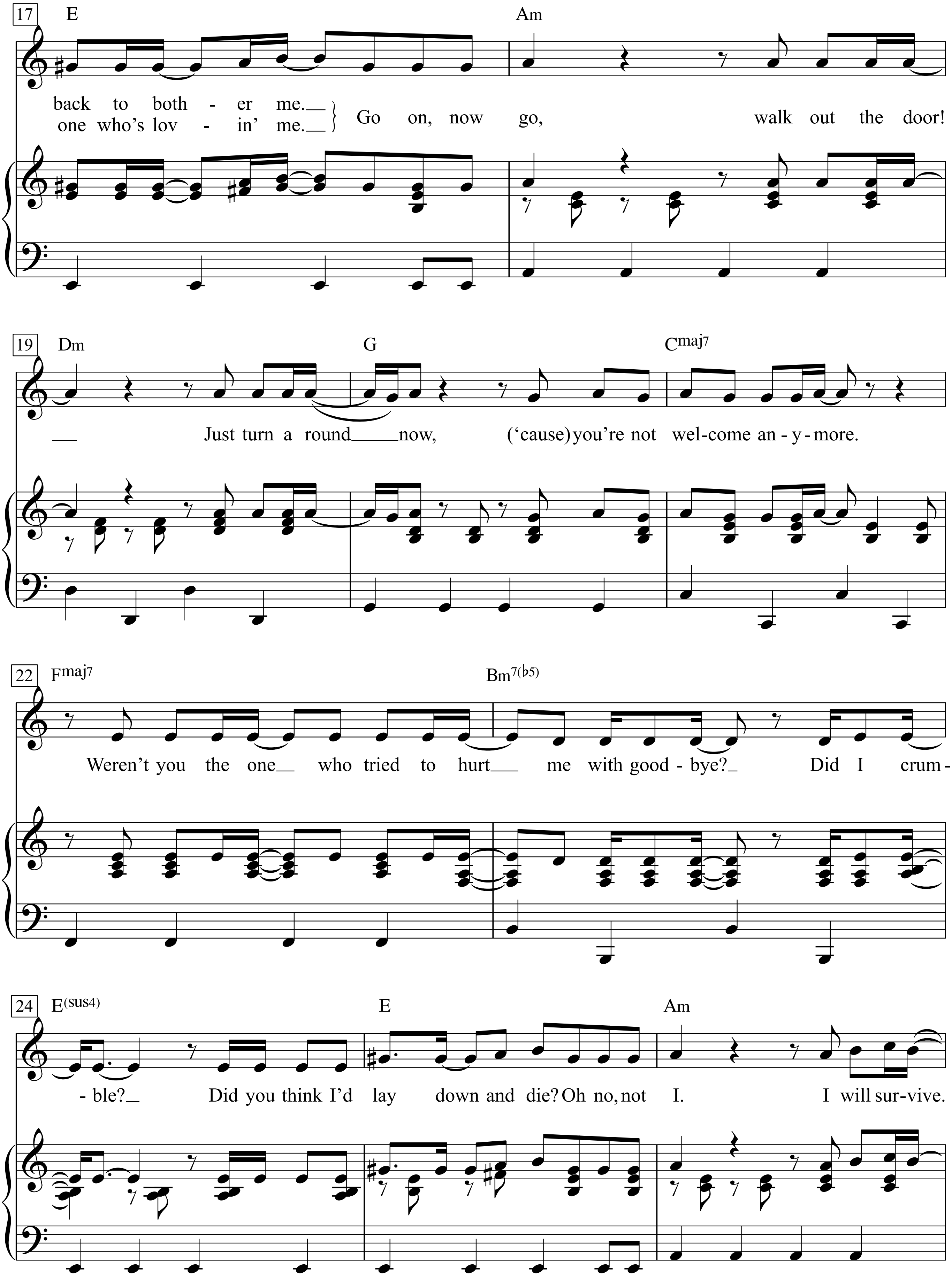
2. Memphis nineteen-fifty-five on Union Avenue,
Carl and Jerry and Charlie and Roy and Billy Rilly too.
A new sun risin' on the way we sing,
and a world of weirdos waitin' in the wings,
but I love you and though I'm past forty two.
There are still a few things yet I didn't do.

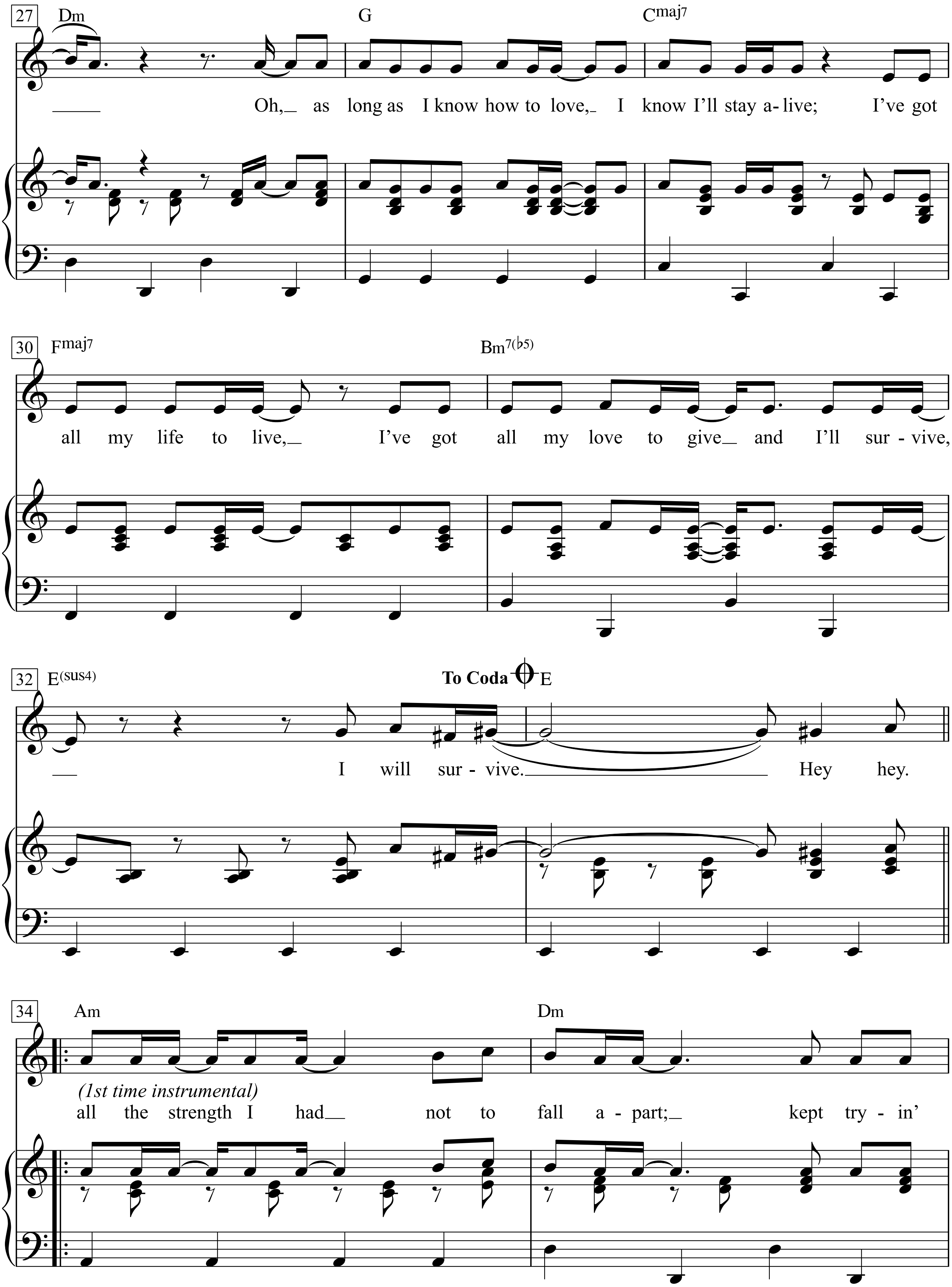
I will Survive

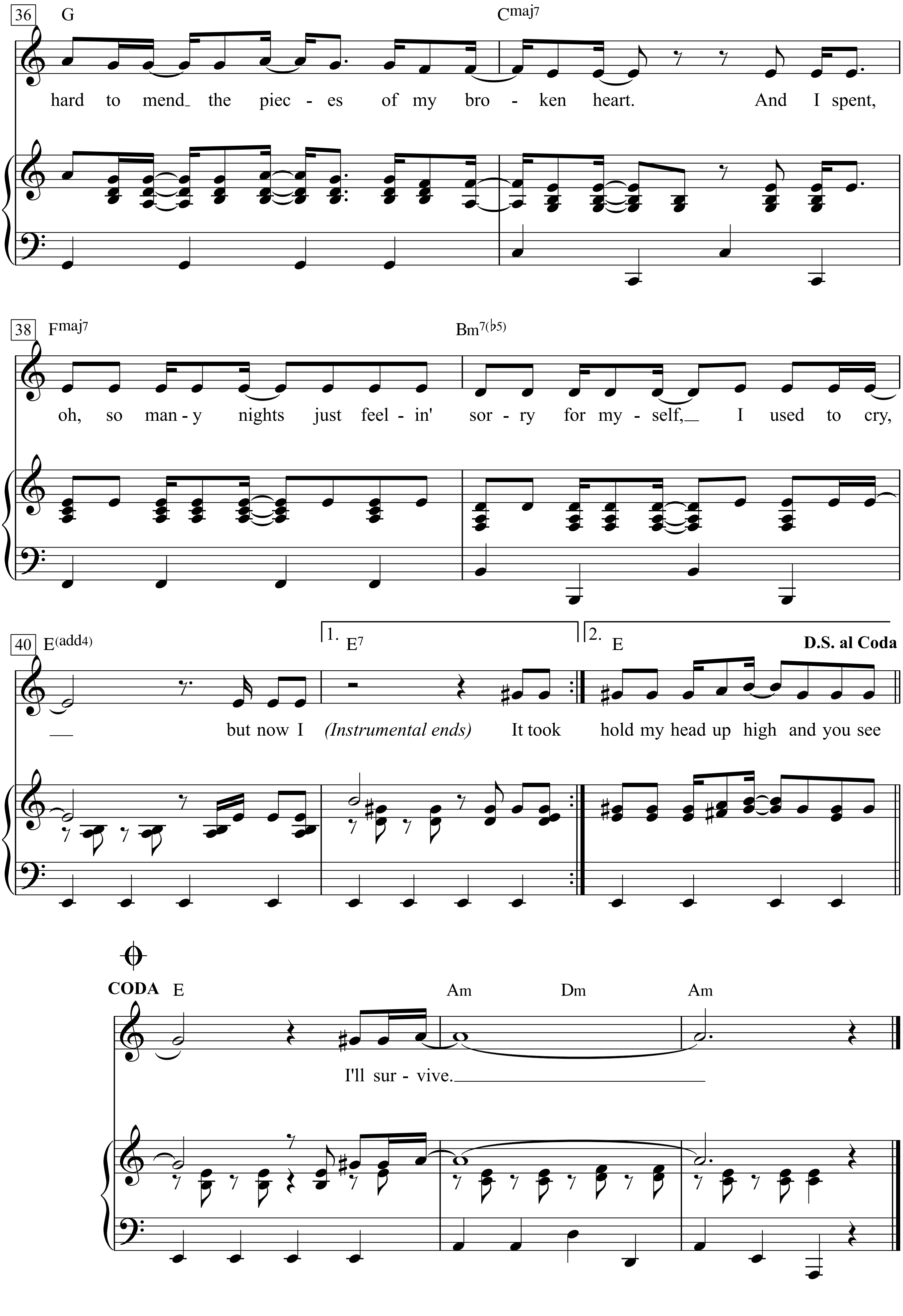
Words & Music by
Dino Fekaris and Frederick J. Perren
(Gloria Gaynor)




8 E E Am
strong, and I learned how to get a - long. And so you're back, from out-er space.
me, some-bod-y new,
11 Dm G
I just walked in to find you here with that sad
I'm not that chained up lit - tle per - son still in
13 Cmaj7 Fmaj7
look up - on your face. I should have changed that stu - pid lock, I should have made
love with you. And so you feel like drop-pin' in and you ex - pect
15 Bm7(♭5) E(sus4)
you leave your key, if I'd 've known for just one sec - ond you'd be
me to be free. Now I'm sav - in' all my lov - in' for some -


17
E
Am
back to both - er me.
one who's lov - in' me.
Go on, now go, walk out the door!
19
Dm
G
Cmaj7
Just turn a round now, ('cause) you're not wel-come an - y - more.
22
Fmaj7
Bm7(♭5)
Weren't you the one who tried to hurt me with good - bye? Did I crum -
24
E(sus4)
E
Am
- ble? Did you think I'd lay down and die? Oh no, not I. I will sur-vive.


27
Dm
G
Cmaj7
Oh, as long as I know how to love, I know I'll stay a-live; I've got
30
Fmaj7
Bm7(b5)
all my life to live, I've got all my love to give and I'll sur-vive,
32
E(sus4)
To Coda
E
I will sur-vive. Hey hey.
34
Am
Dm
(1st time instrumental)
all the strength I had not to fall a-part; kept try-in'


36
G
Cmaj7
hard to mend the piec - es of my bro - ken heart. And I spent,
38
Fmaj7
Bm7(♭5)
oh, so man - y nights just feel - in' sor - ry for my - self, I used to cry,
40
E(add4)
1. E7
2. E
D.S. al Coda
but now I (Instrumental ends) It took hold my head up high and you see
CODA
E
Am
Dm
Am
I'll sur - vive.

At first I was afraid,
I was petrified, kept thinkin’ I could never live without you by my side.
But then I spent so many nights thinkin’ how you did me wrong,
and I grew strong, and I learned how to get along.
And so you’re back, from outer space.
I just walked in to find you here with that sad look upon your face.
I should have changed that stupid lock,
I should have made you leave your key,
if I’d‘ve known for just one second you’d be back to bother me.
Go on, now go, walk out the door!
Just turn around now, (‘cause) you’re not welcome anymore.
Weren’t you the one who tried to hurt me with goodbye?
Did I crumble?
Did you think I’d lay down and die?
Oh no, not I.
I will survive.
Oh, as long as I know how to love,
I know I’ll stay alive;
I’ve got all my life to live,
I’ve got all my love to give and I’ll survive,
I will survive.
Hey hey.
but now I It took hold my head up high and you see I'll survive

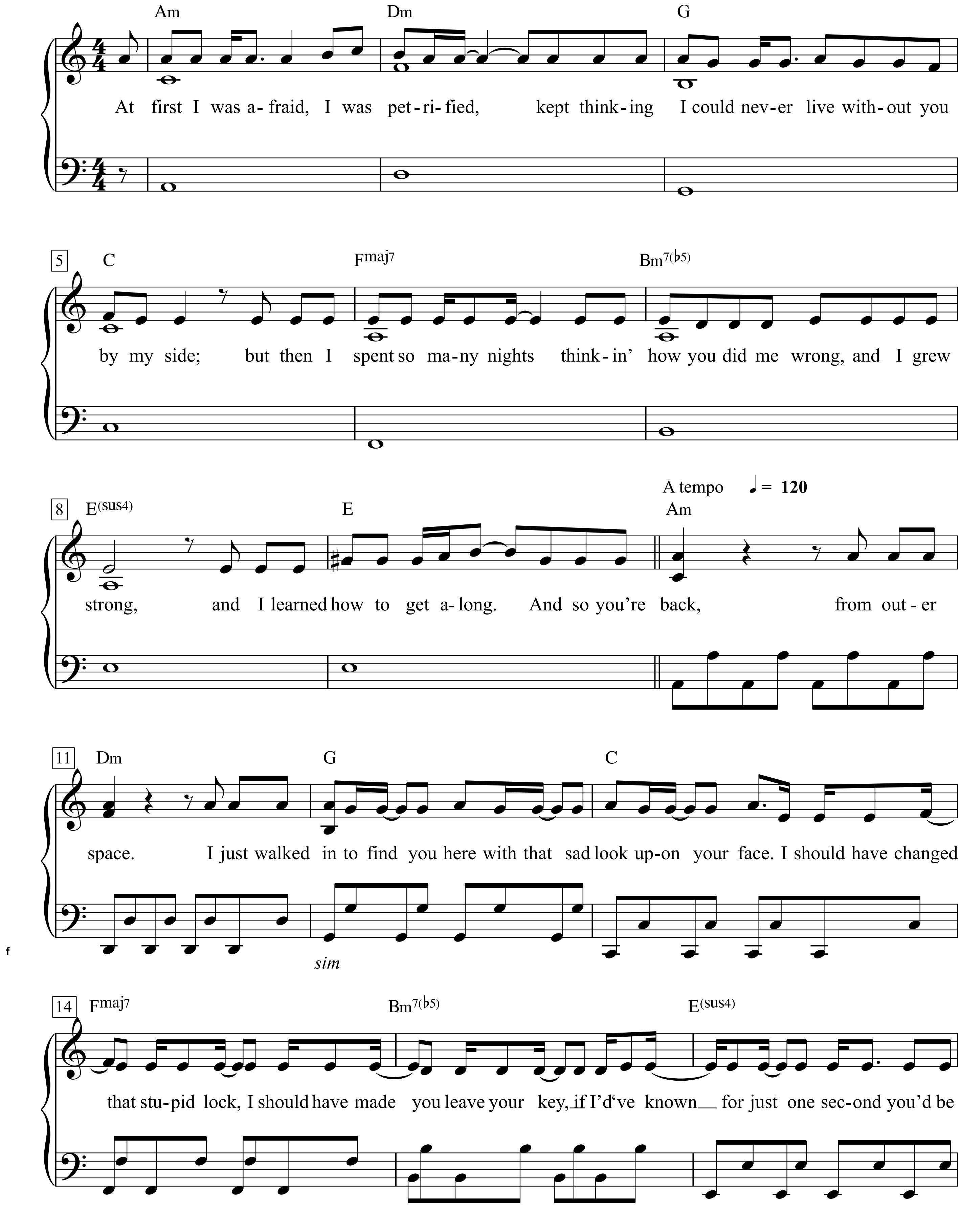
2. all the strength I had not to fall apart;
kept tryin’ hard to mend the pieces of my broken heart.
And I spent, oh, so many nights just feelin' sorry for myself,
I used to cry,

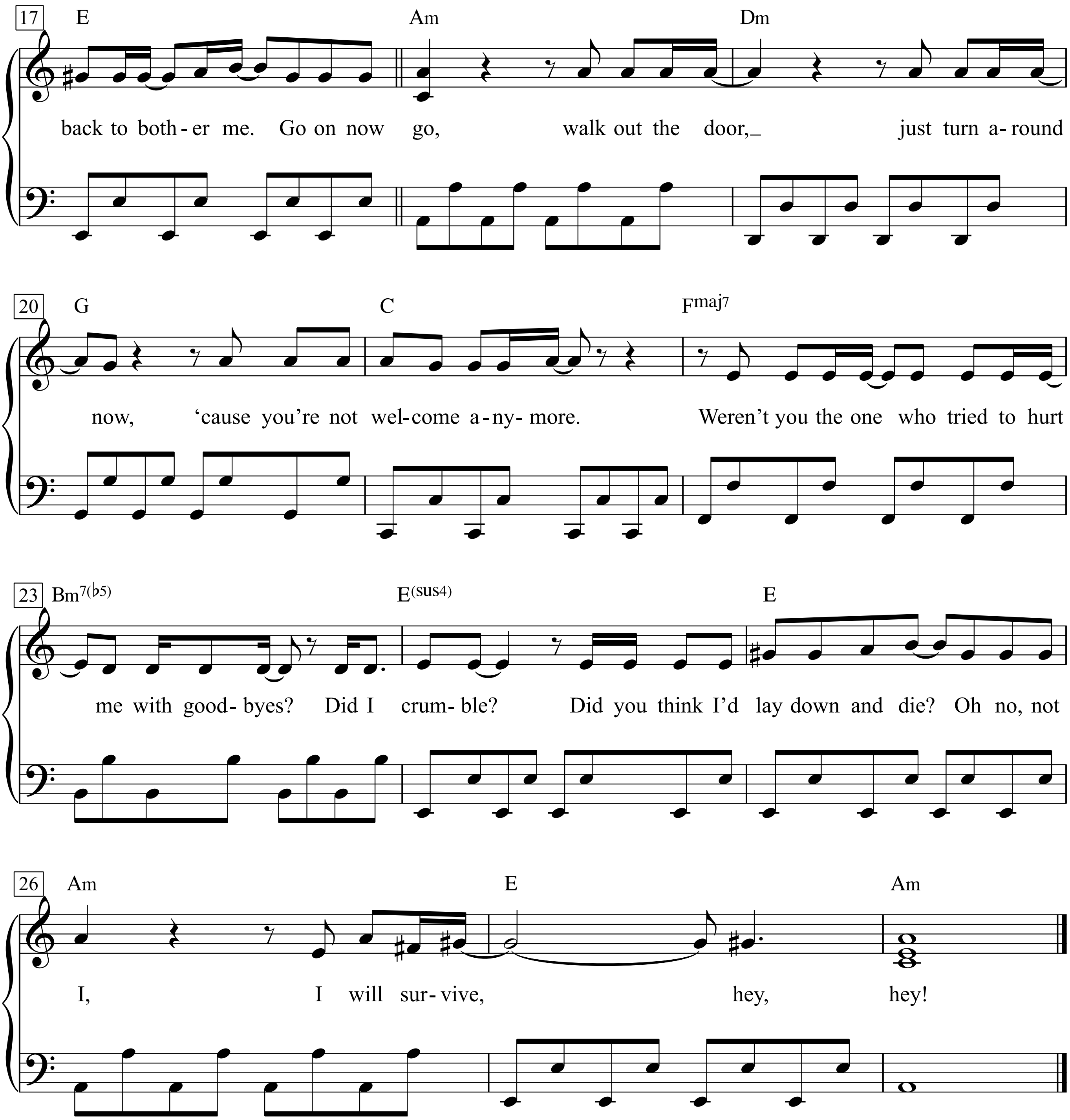
me, somebody new,
I’m not that chained up little person still in love with you.
And so you feel like droppin’ in and you expect me to be free.
Now I’m savin’ all my lovin’ for someone who’s lovin’ me.

I Will Survive

Words & Music:
Dino Fekaris & Freddie Perren
(Gloria Gaynor)

Rubato




17
E
Am
Dm
back to both - er me. Go on now go, walk out the door,_ just turn a - round
20
G
C
Fmaj7
now, ‘cause you’re not wel- come a - ny- more. Weren’t you the one who tried to hurt
23
Bm7(♭5)
E(sus4)
E
me with good- byes? Did I crum- ble? Did you think I’d lay down and die? Oh no, not
26
Am
E
Am
I, I will sur- vive, hey, hey!

1. At first I was afraid, I was petrified,
kept thinking I could never live without you by my side;
but then I spent so many nights thinkin' how you did me wrong,
and I grew strong,
and I learned how to get along.
And so you're back, from outer space.
I just walked in to find you here with that sad look upon your face.
I should have changed that stupid lock,
I should have made you leave your key,
if I'd 've known for just one second you'd be back to bother me.
Go on now go, walk out the door,
just turn around now, 'cause you're not welcome anymore.
Weren't you the one who tried to hurt me with goodbyes?
Did I crumble? Did you think I'd lay down and die?
Oh no, not I, I will survive, hey, hey!

2. It took all the strength I had not to fall apart
Kept tryin' hard to mend the pieces of my broken heart
And I spent oh so many nights just feeling sorry for myself
I used to cry, but now I hold my head up high
And you see me, somebody new
I'm not that chained up little person still in love with you
And so you felt like dropping in and just expect me to be free
But now I'm savin' all my lovin' for someone who's lovin' me

Go on now, go walk out the door
Just turn around now
'Cause you're not welcome anymore
Weren't you the one who tried to break me with goodbye?
Did you think I'd crumble?
Did you think I'd lay down and die?

Oh no not I, I will survive
Oh, as long as I know how to love, I know I'll stay alive
I've got all my life to live
I've got all my love to give
And I'll survive
I will survive
Oh

Go on now, go walk out the door
Just turn around now
'Cause you're not welcome anymore
Weren't you the one who tried to break me with goodbye?
Did you think I'd crumble?
Did you think I'd lay down and die?

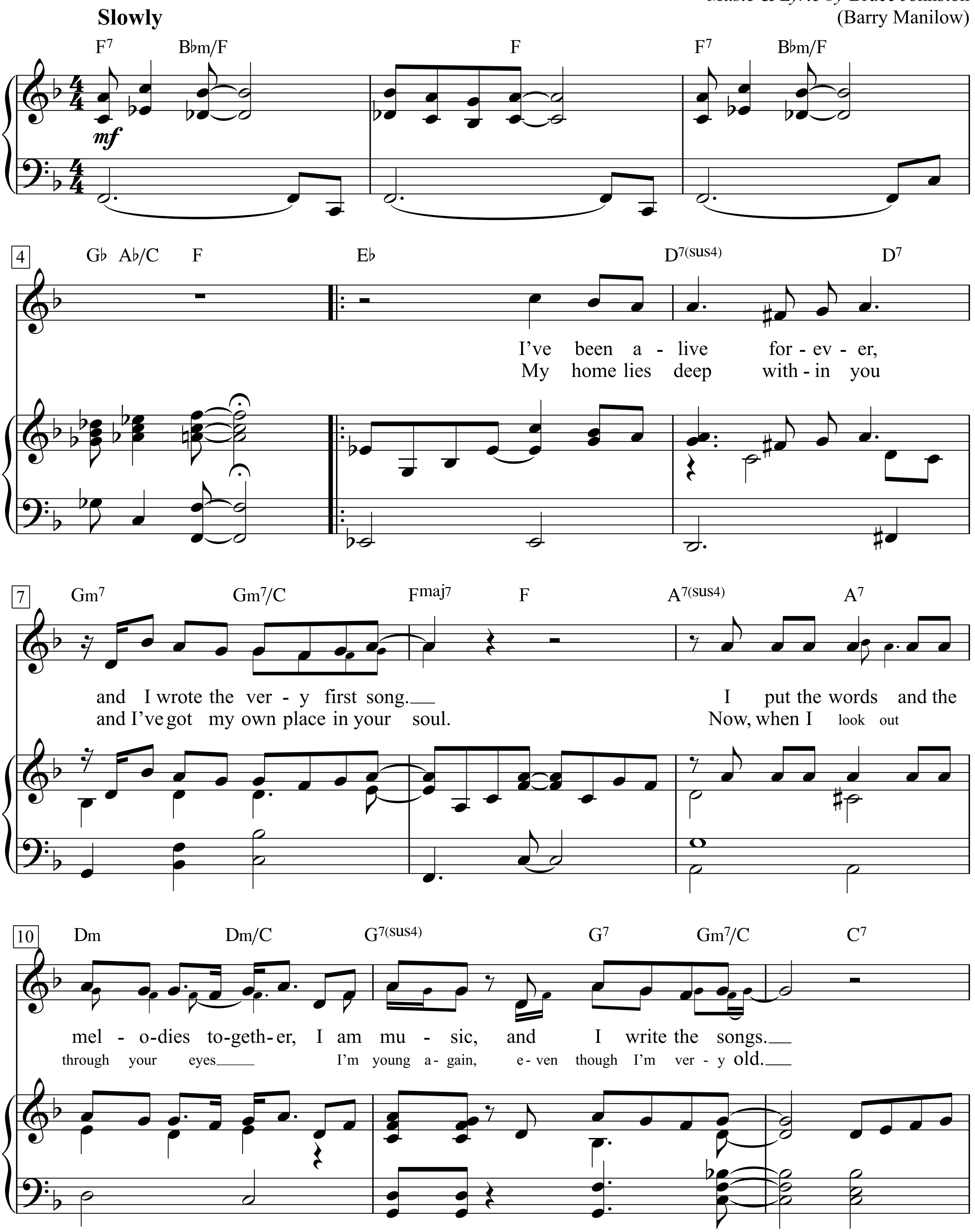
Oh no not I, I will survive
Oh, as long as I know how to love, I know I'll stay alive
I've got all my life to live
I've got all my love to give
And I'll survive
I will survive
I will survive

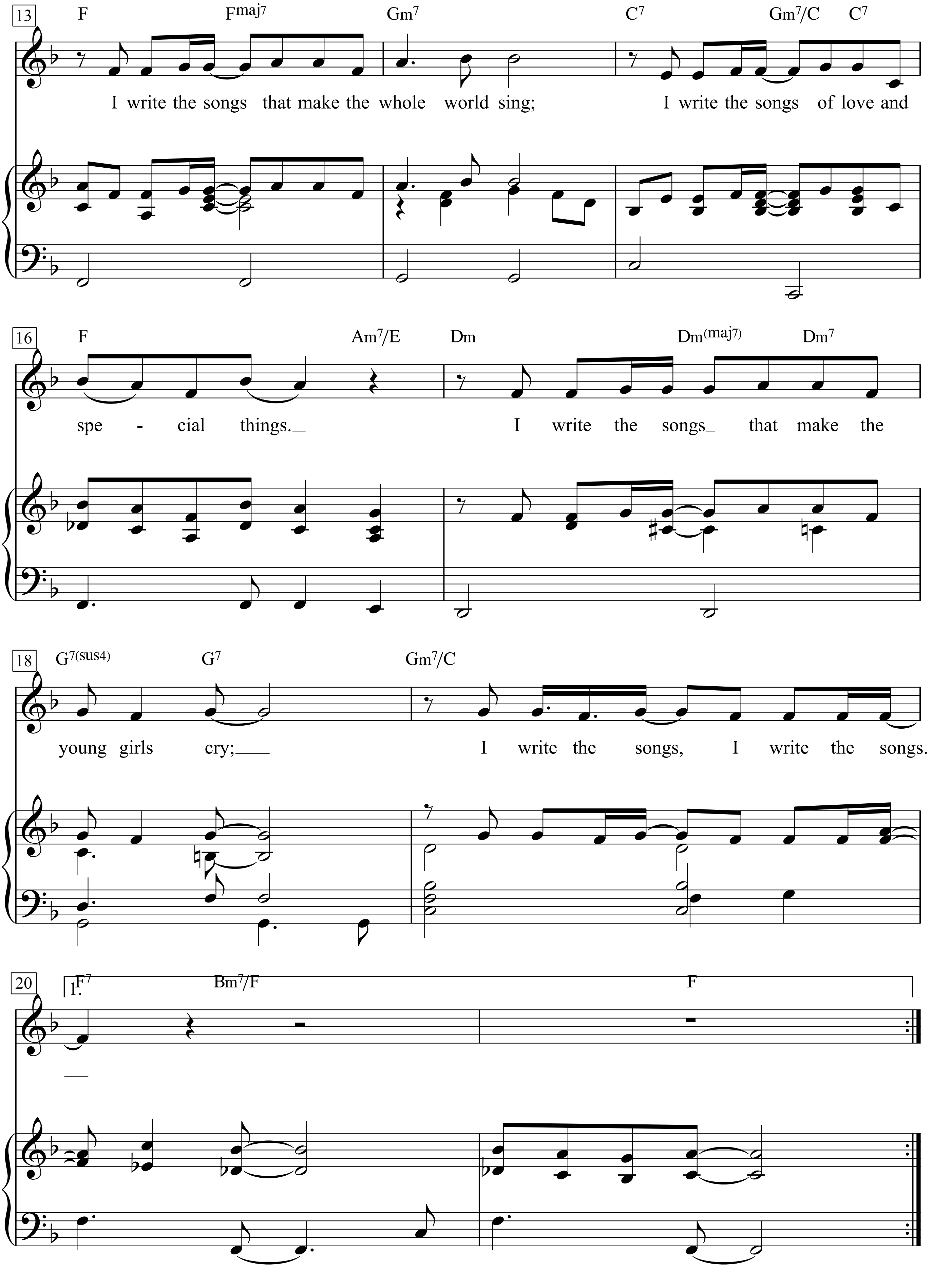
Anfangs hatte ich Angst; ich war wie versteinert.
Dachte, ich könnte nie leben ohne dich an meiner Seite.
Aber dann hab ich so viele Nächte damit verbracht,
darüber nachzudenken, wie falsch du mich behandelt hast.
Und ich wurde stark.
Und lernte, mich damit zurechtzufinden.
Und jetzt bist du vom Außenbereich zurückgekehrt.
Ich kam rein und fand dich hier mit diesem traurigen Blick in deinen Augen -
ich hätte das verdammte Türschloss austauschen sollen.
Oder dafür sorgen sollen, dass du deinen Schlüssel hier lässt.
Hätte ich bloß geahnt, dass du zurückkehrst, um mich wieder zu belästigen!
Geh jetzt weiter, geh und verlass diesen Raum -
dreh dich jetzt einfach um!
Denn du bist hier nicht mehr willkommen.
Warst du nicht derjenige, der mich mit einem Abschied kaputt machen wollte?
Dachtest du, ich geh kaputt?
Dachtest du, ich leg mich hin und sterbe?
Oh nein, nicht ich! Ich werde überleben!
Oh, so lange ich noch weiß, wie man liebt, werde ich überleben.
Ich hab mein ganzes Leben noch vor mir.
Ich hab so viel Liebe zu verschenken.
Und ich werde überleben, ich werde überleben!
Hey, hey!

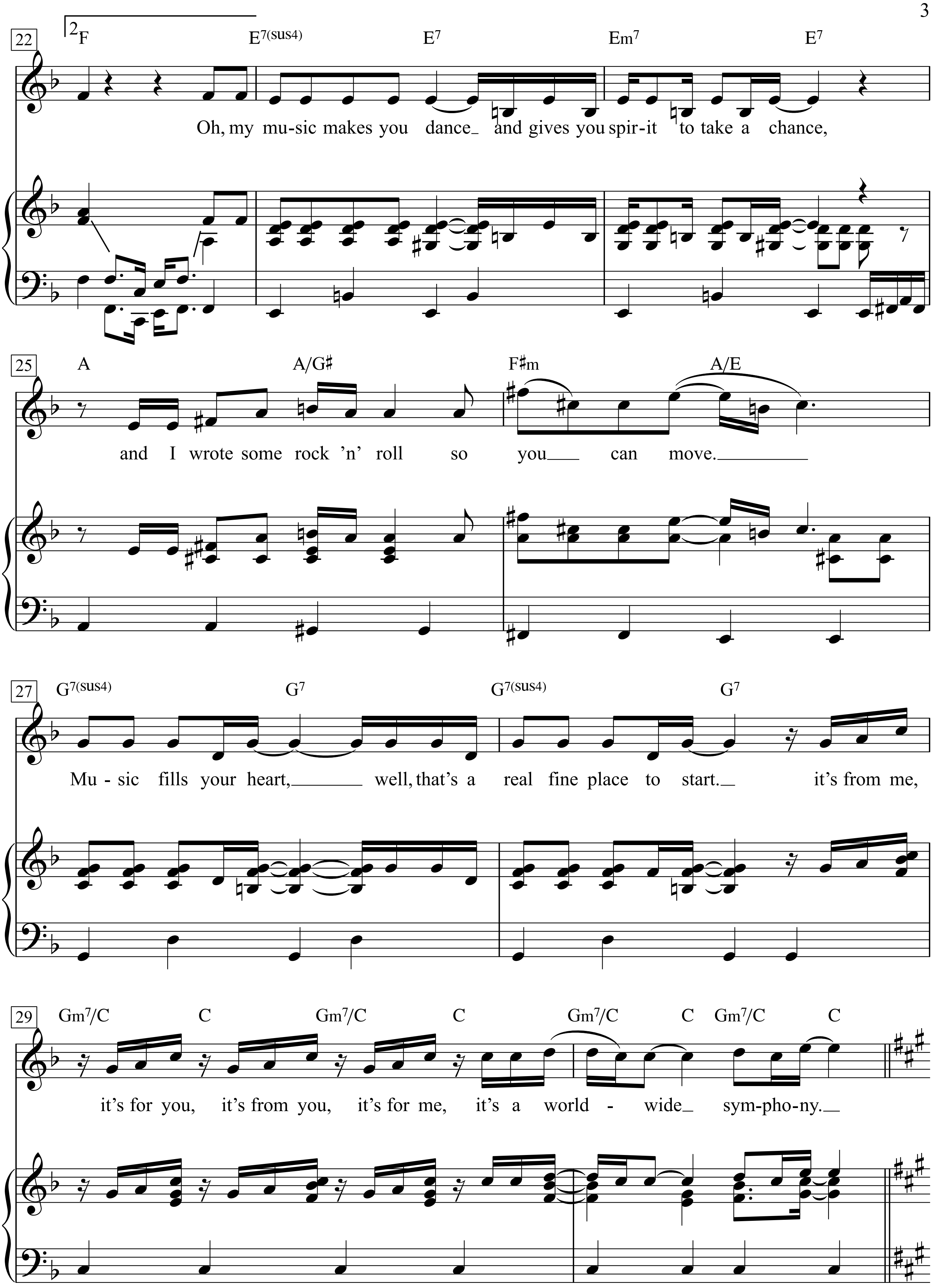
Es hat mich all meine Kraft gekostet, nicht wieder zu zerfallen.
Hab mühselig versucht, die Bruchstücke meines kaputten Herzens wieder zusammenzufügen.
Und ich hab so viele Nächte damit verbracht, mich selbst zu bemitleiden.
Ich hab geweint; aber jetzt halte ich den Kopf hoch.
Und du siehst mich; jemand völlig neuen.
Ich bin nicht mehr die angekettete kleine Person, die dich immer noch liebt.
Und du dachtest dir so, du könntest hier einfach hereinspazieren und erwarten, dass ich noch frei bin.
Aber ich bewahre meine Liebe jetzt auf, für jemanden, der mich auch liebt.
Geh jetzt weiter, geh und verlass diesen Raum -
dreh dich jetzt einfach um!
Denn du bist hier nicht mehr willkommen.
Warst du nicht derjenige der mich mit einem Abschied kaputt machen wollte?
Dachtest du ich geh kaputt?
Dachtest du, ich leg mich hin und sterbe?
Oh nein, nicht ich! Ich werde überleben!
Oh, so lange ich noch weiß, wie man liebt, werde ich überleben.
Ich hab mein ganzes Leben noch vor mir.
Ich hab so viel Liebe zu verschenken.
Und ich werde überleben, ich werde überleben!
Hey, hey!
(x2)

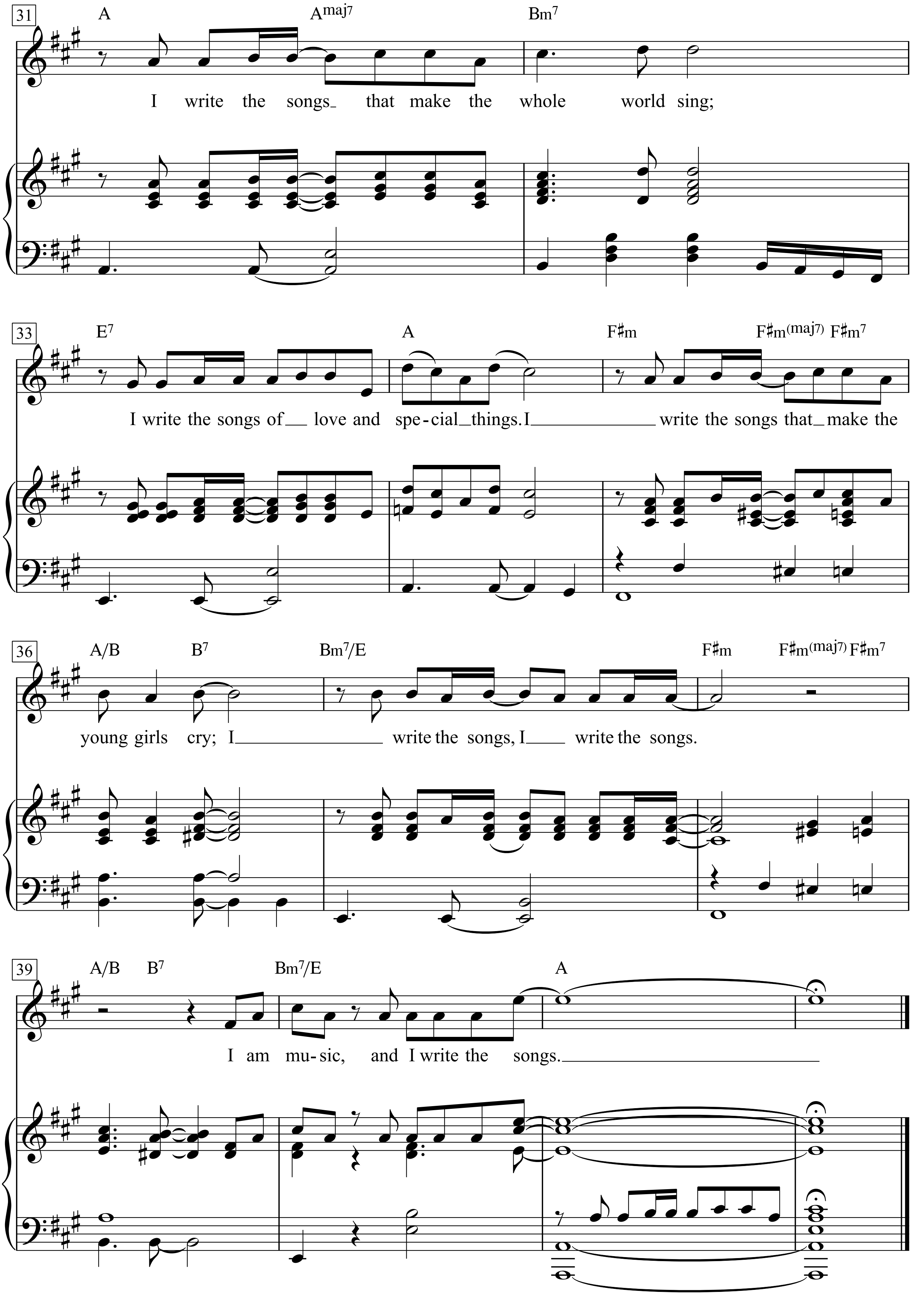
I Write The Songs

Music & Lyric by Bruce Johnston
(Barry Manilow)



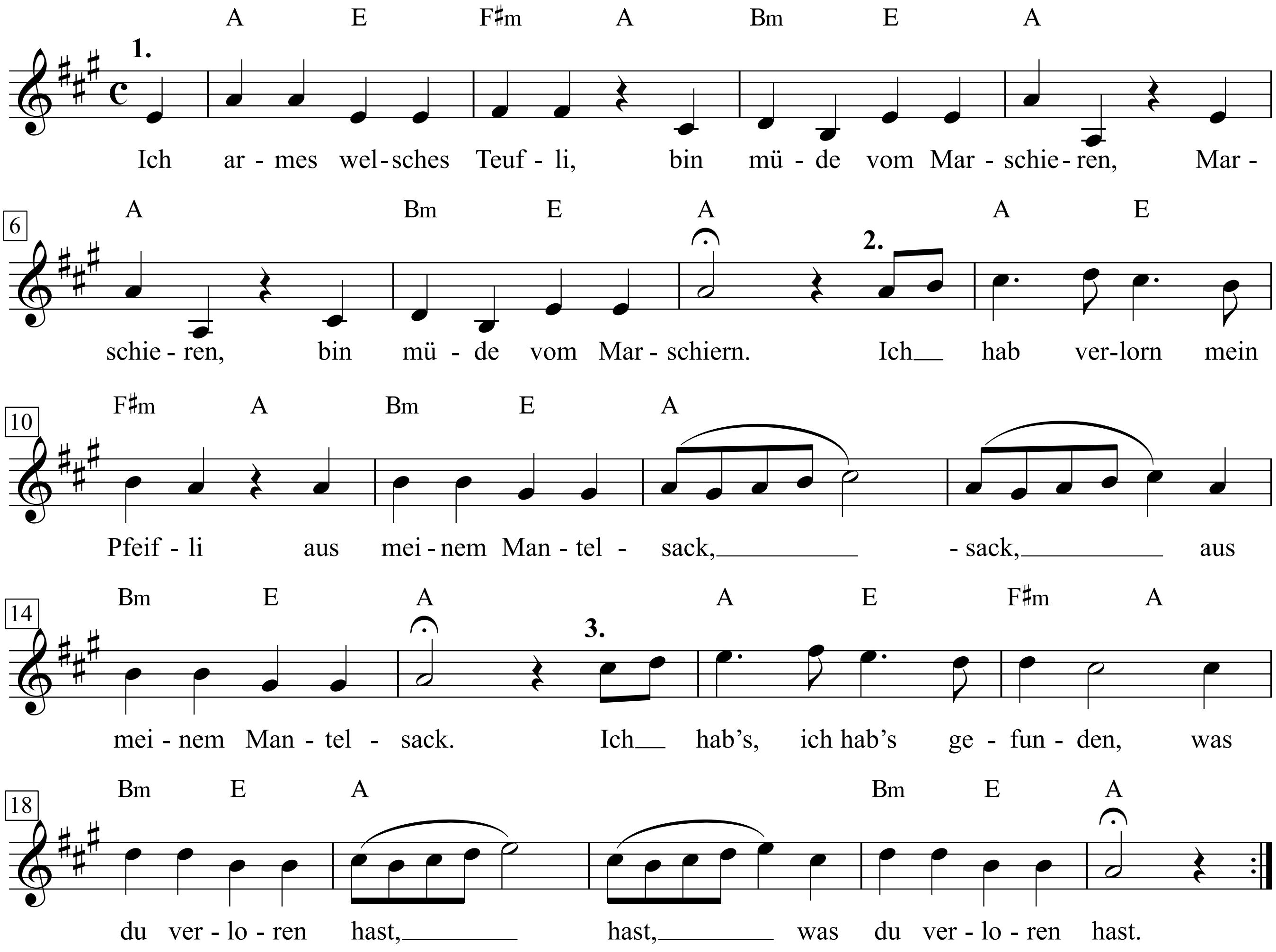

13
F
Fmaj7
Gm7
C7
Gm7/C
C7
I write the songs that make the whole world sing; I write the songs of love and
16
F
Am7/E
Dm
Dm(maj7)
Dm7
spe - cial things. I write the songs that make the
18
G7(sus4)
G7
Gm7/C
young girls cry; I write the songs, I write the songs.
20
1.
F7
Bm7/F
F


22
2
F E7(sus4) E7 Em7 E7
Oh, my mu-sic makes you dance_ and gives you spir-it to take a chance,
25
A A/G♯ F♯m A/E
and I wrote some rock 'n' roll so you___ can move.________
27
G7(sus4) G7 G7(sus4) G7
Mu - sic fills your heart,______ well, that's a real fine place to start._ it's from me,
29
Gm7/C C Gm7/C C Gm7/C C Gm7/C C
it's for you, it's from you, it's for me, it's a world - wide_ sym-pho-ny._


31
A
Amaj7
Bm7
I write the songs that make the whole world sing;
33
E7
A
F♯m
F♯m(maj7) F♯m7
I write the songs of love and spe-cial things. I write the songs that make the
36
A/B
B7
Bm7/E
F♯m
F♯m(maj7) F♯m7
young girls cry; I write the songs, I write the songs.
39
A/B
B7
Bm7/E
A
I am mu-sic, and I write the songs.

Ich armes welsches Teufli

Kanon zu 3 Stimmen



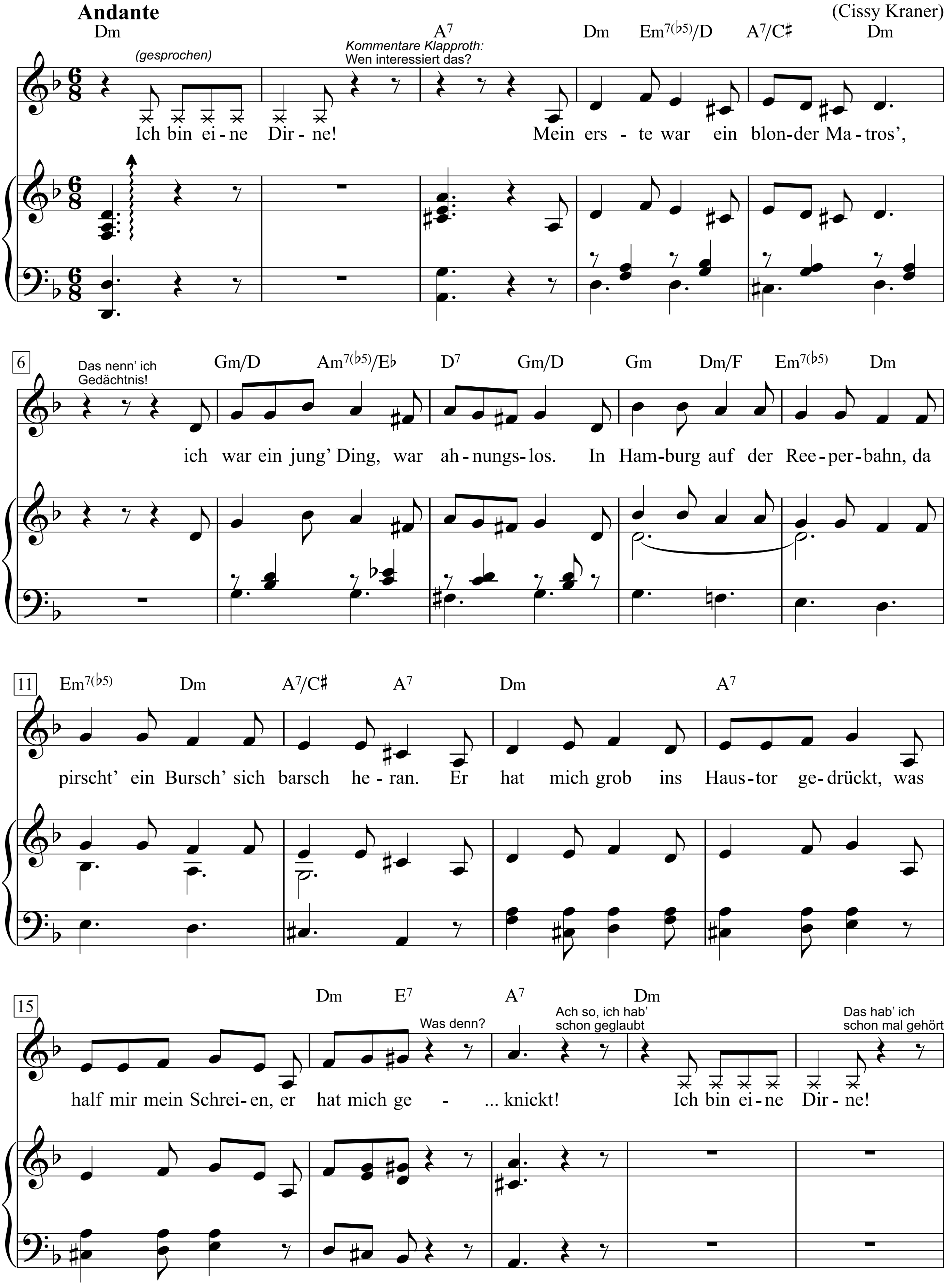
Ich armes welsches Teufli,
bin müde vom Marschieren,
Marschieren, bin müde vom Marschiern.
Ich hab verlorn mein Pfeifli
aus meinem Mantelsack, - sack,
aus meinem Mantelsack.
Ich hab's, ich hab's gefunden,
was du verloren hast, hast,
was du verloren hast.

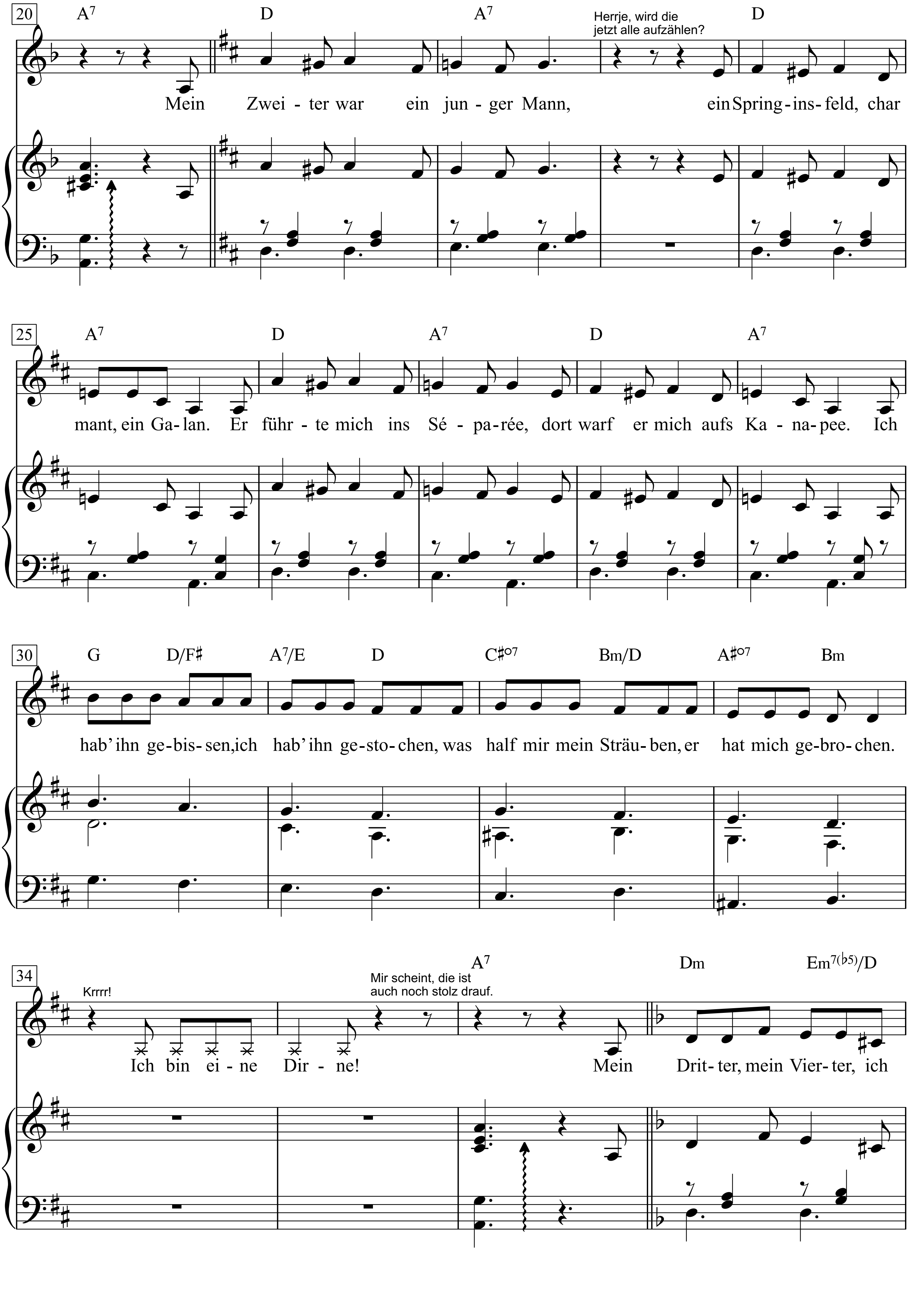
Melodie und Text: mündlich überliefert, aus dem 18. Jahrhundert, vermutlich Schweizer Ursprungs
welsch (romanisch): aus Frankreich oder der französischen Schweiz oder einfach »fremdsprachig«

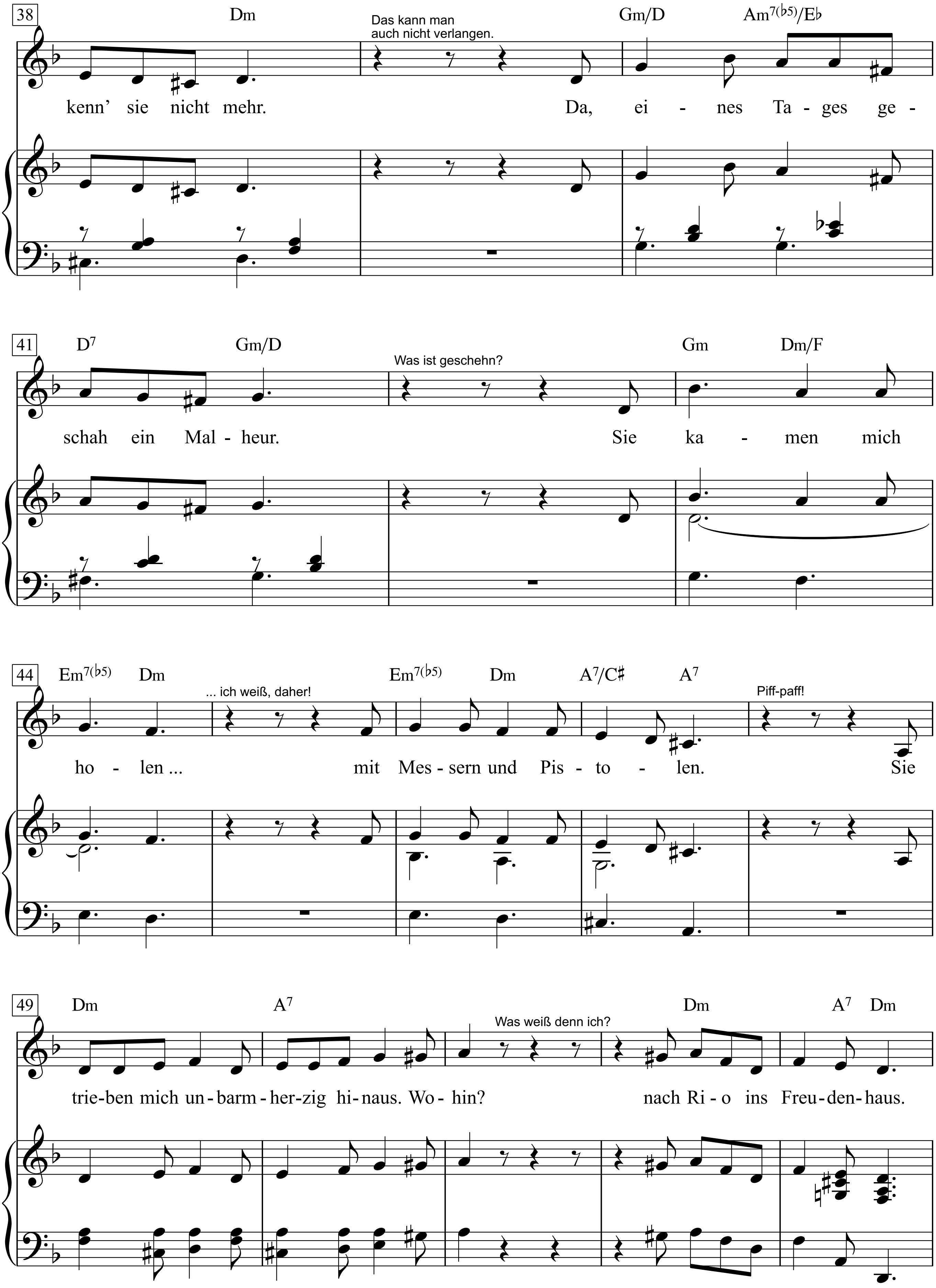
Ich bin eine Dirne

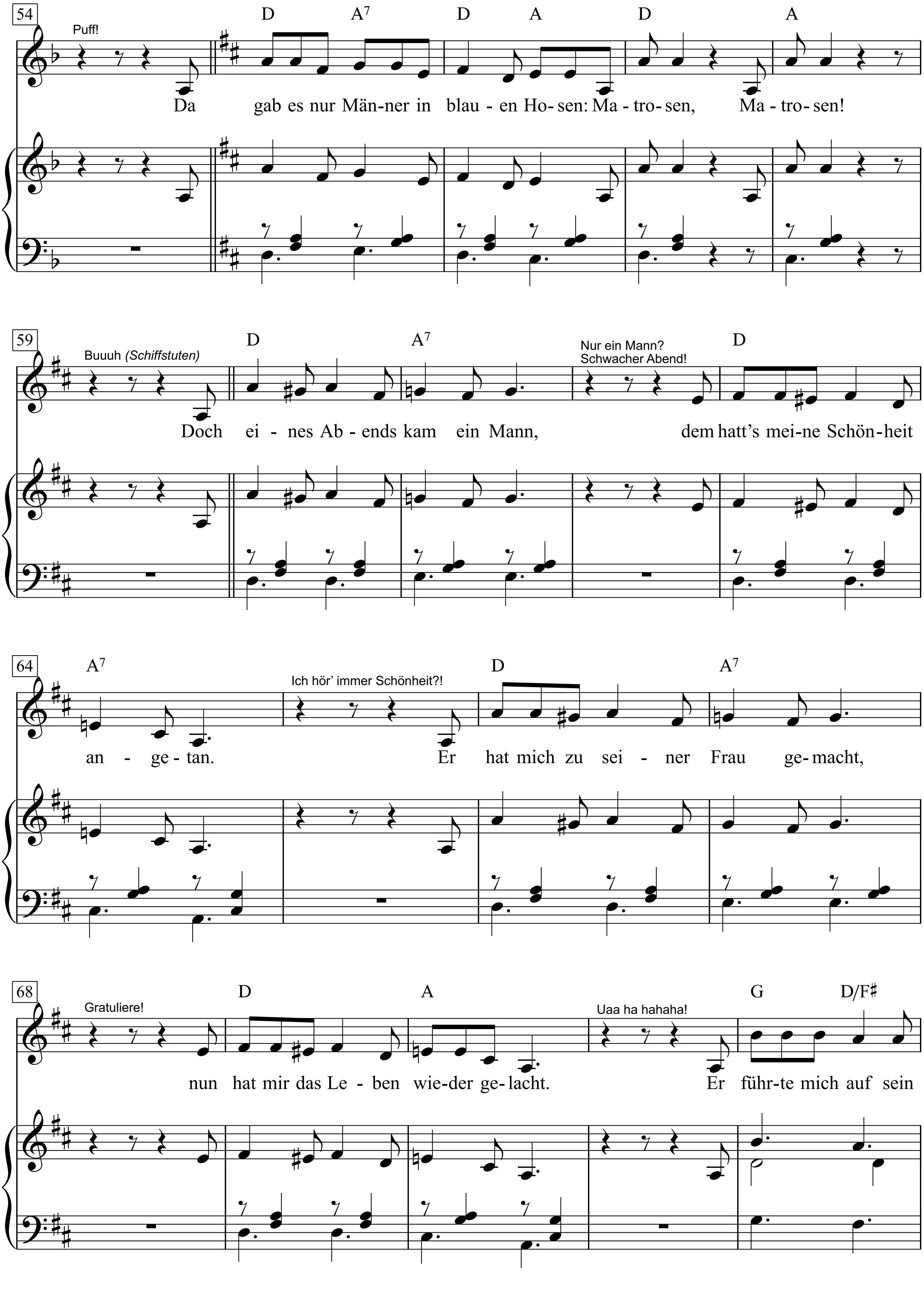
(Pension Schöller)

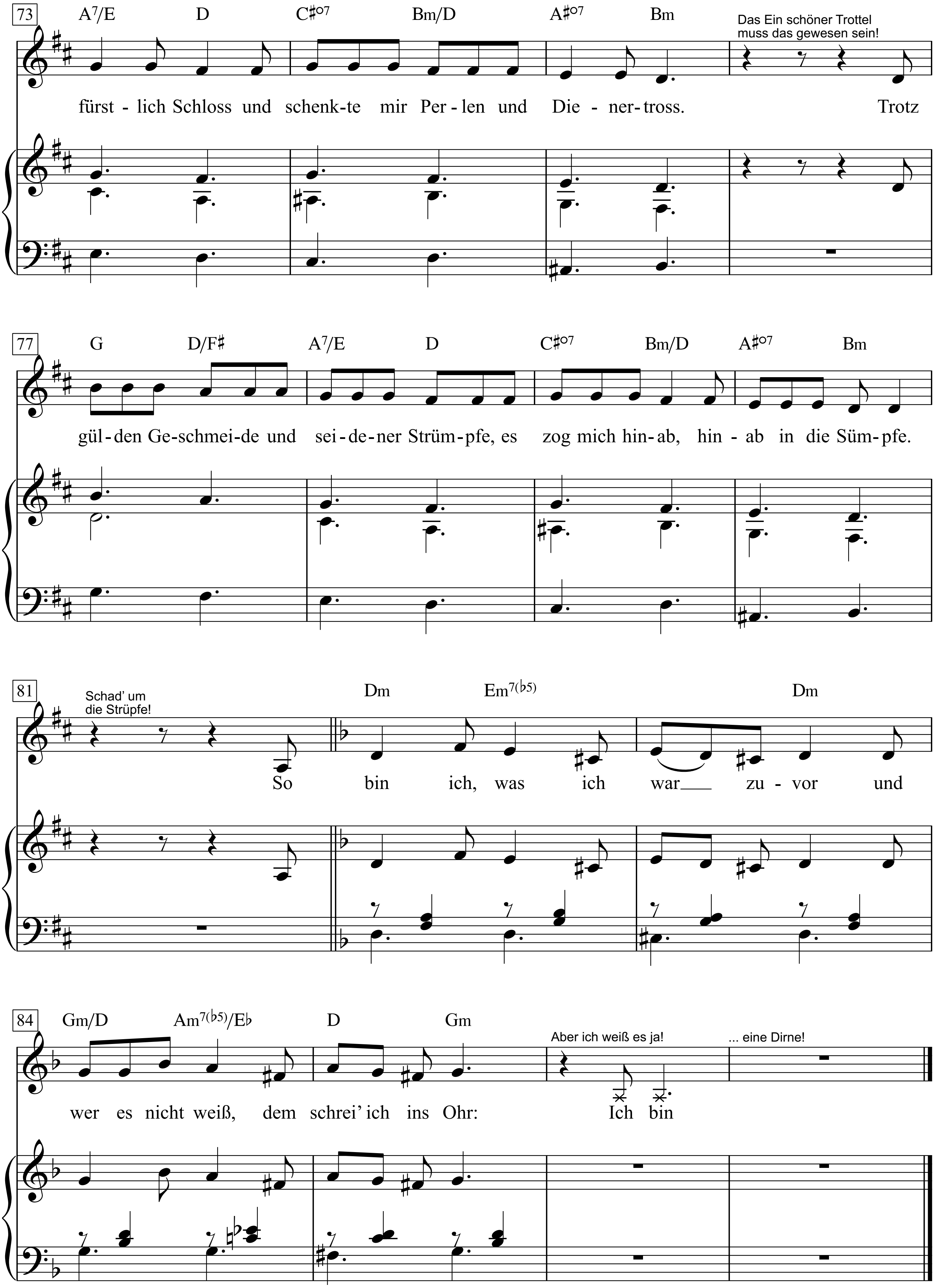
Text & Musik: Hugo Wiener
(Cissy Kraner)




20
A7
D
A7
Herrje, wird die jetzt alle aufzählen?
D
Mein Zwei - ter war ein jun - ger Mann, ein Spring - ins - feld, char
25
A7
D
A7
D
A7
mant, ein Ga - lan. Er führ - te mich ins Sé - pa - rée, dort warf er mich aufs Ka - na - pee. Ich
30
G
D/F♯
A7/E
D
C♯o7
Bm/D
A♯o7
Bm
hab' ihn ge - bis - sen, ich hab' ihn ge - sto - chen, was half mir mein Sträu - ben, er hat mich ge - bro - chen.
34
Krrrr!
Mir scheint, die ist auch noch stolz drauf.
A7
Dm
Em7(♭5)/D
Ich bin ei - ne Dir - ne! Mein Drit - ter, mein Vier - ter, ich


38
Dm
Das kann man auch nicht verlangen.
Gm/D
Am7(b5)/Eb
kenn' sie nicht mehr. Da, ei - nes Ta - ges ge -
41
D7
Gm/D
Was ist geschehn?
Gm
Dm/F
schah ein Mal - heur. Sie ka - men mich
44
Em7(b5)
Dm
... ich weiß, daher!
Em7(b5)
Dm
A7/C#
A7
Piff-paff!
ho - len ... mit Mes - sern und Pis - to - len. Sie
49
Dm
A7
Was weiß denn ich?
Dm
A7
Dm
trie-ben mich un - barm - her-zig hi - naus. Wo - hin? nach Ri - o ins Freu - den - haus.


54
Puff!
D A7 D A D A
Da gab es nur Män-ner in blau - en Ho-sen: Ma - tro- sen, Ma - tro- sen!
59
Buuuh (Schiffstuten)
D A7
Nur ein Mann? Schwacher Abend!
D
Doch ei - nes Ab - ends kam ein Mann, dem hatt's mei-ne Schön-heit
64
A7
Ich hör' immer Schönheit?!
D A7
an - ge - tan. Er hat mich zu sei - ner Frau ge- macht,
68
Gratuliere!
D A
Uaa ha hahaha!
G D/F♯
nun hat mir das Le - ben wie-der ge- lacht. Er führ-te mich auf sein


73
A7/E D C♯o7 Bm/D A♯o7 Bm
Das Ein schöner Trottel
muss das gewesen sein!
fürst - lich Schloss und schenk-te mir Per - len und Die - ner- tross. Trotz
77
G D/F♯ A7/E D C♯o7 Bm/D A♯o7 Bm
gül - den Ge-schmei-de und sei - de - ner Strüm - pfe, es zog mich hin - ab, hin - ab in die Süm - pfe.
81
Schad' um
die Strüpfe!
Dm Em7(♭5) Dm
So bin ich, was ich war zu - vor und
84
Gm/D Am7(♭5)/E♭ D Gm
Aber ich weiß es ja!
... eine Dirne!
wer es nicht weiß, dem schrei' ich ins Ohr: Ich bin

Ich bin eine Dirne!
Der erste war ein junger Matros
ich war ein jung Ding - war ahnungslos.
In Hamburg auf der Reeperbahn
da pirschte der Junge sich dreist heran
er hat mich roh in ein Haustor gedrückt.

Ich bin eine Dirne!
Mein erste war ein blonder Matros’,
ich war ein jung’ Ding, war ahnungslos.
In Hamburg auf der Reeperbahn,
da pirscht’ ein Bursch’ sich barsch heran.
Er hat mich grob ins Haustor gedrückt,
was half mir mein Schreien, er hat mich ge ... knickt!

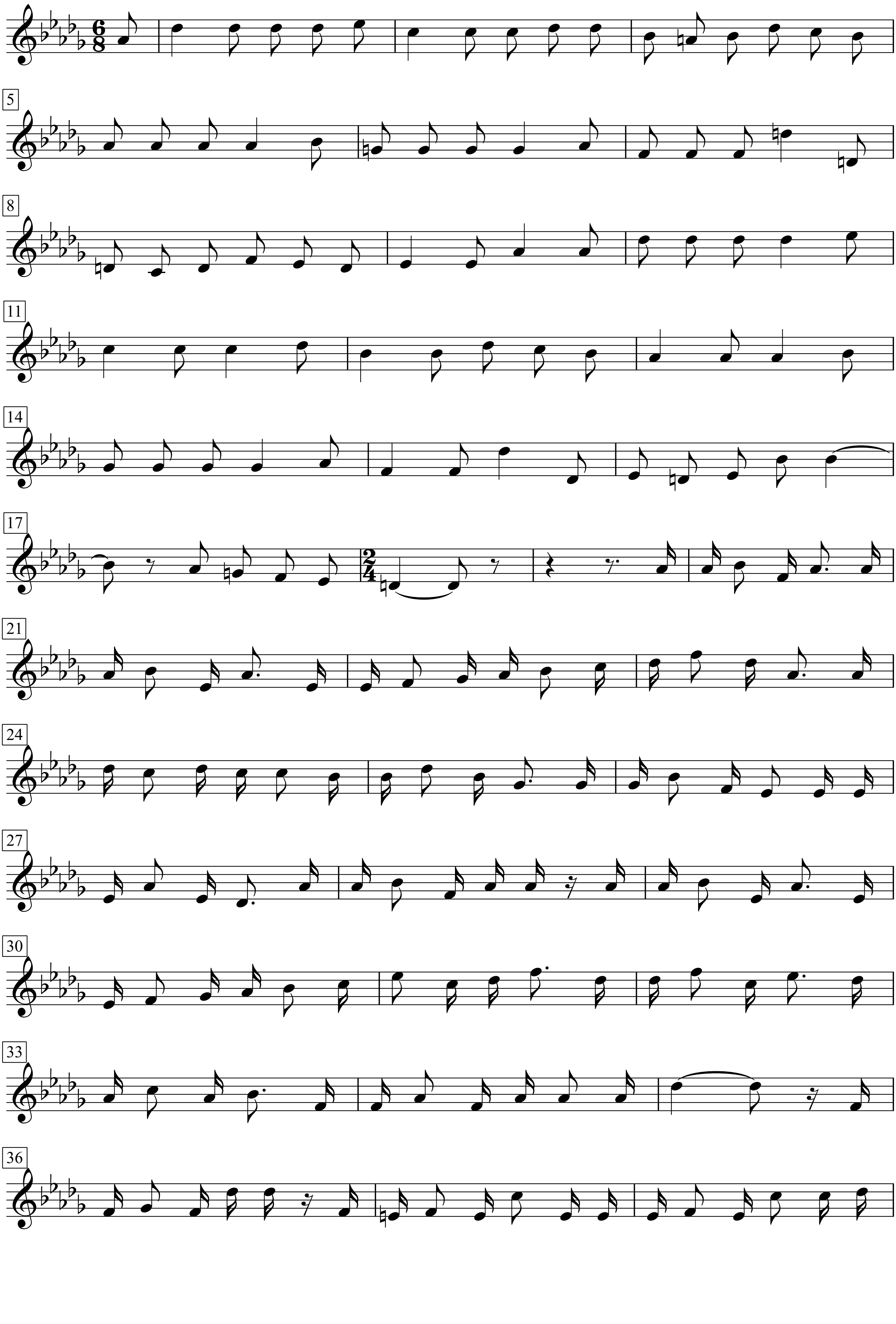
Ich bin eine Dirne!
Mein Zweiter war ein junger Mann,
ein Springinsfeld, charmant, ein Galan.
Er führte mich ins Séparée,
dort warf er mich aufs Kanapee.
Ich hab’ ihn gebissen, ich hab’ ihn gestochen,
was half mir mein Sträuben, er hat mich gebrochen.

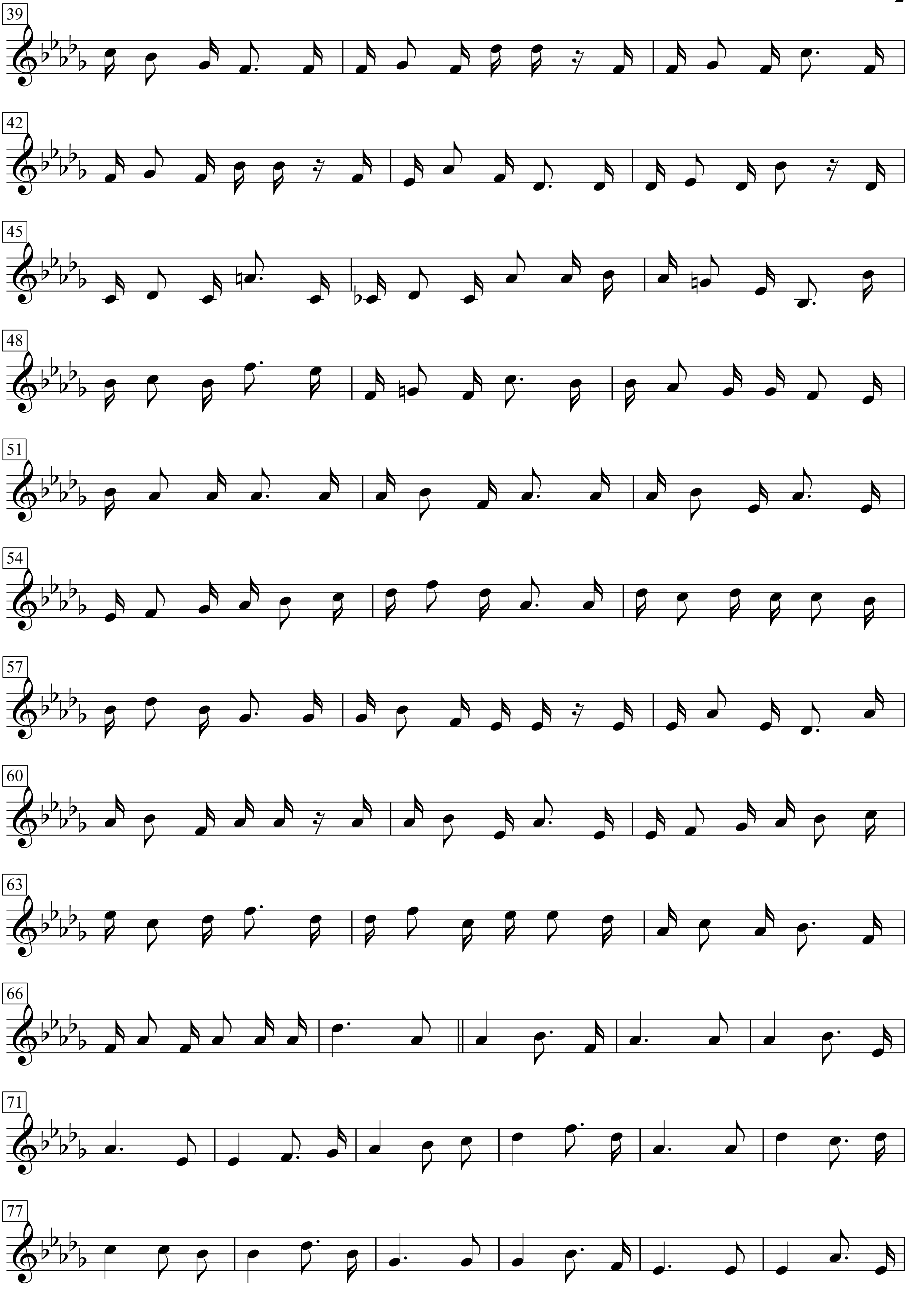
Ich bin eine Dirne!
Mein Dritter, mein Vierter, ich kenn’ sie nicht mehr.
Da, eines Tages geschah ein Malheur.
Sie kamen mich holen ... mit Messern und Pistolen.
Sie trieben mich unbarmherzig hinaus.
Wohin? nach Rio ins Freudenhaus.
Da gab es nur Männer in blauen Hosen:
Matrosen, Matrosen!

Doch eines Abends kam ein Mann,
dem hatt’s meine Schönheit angetan.
Er hat mich zu seiner Frau gemacht,
nun hat mir das Leben wieder gelacht.
Er führte mich auf sein fürstlich Schloss
und schenkte mir Perlen und Dienertross.
Trotz gülden Geschmeide und seidener Strümpfe,
es zog mich hinab, hinab in die Sümpfe.
So bin ich, was ich war zuvor
und wer es nicht weiß, dem schrei’ ich ins Ohr:
Ich bin

Ich bin eine Frau, die weiß, was sie will

Oscar Straus
(Dagmar Manzel)




39
42
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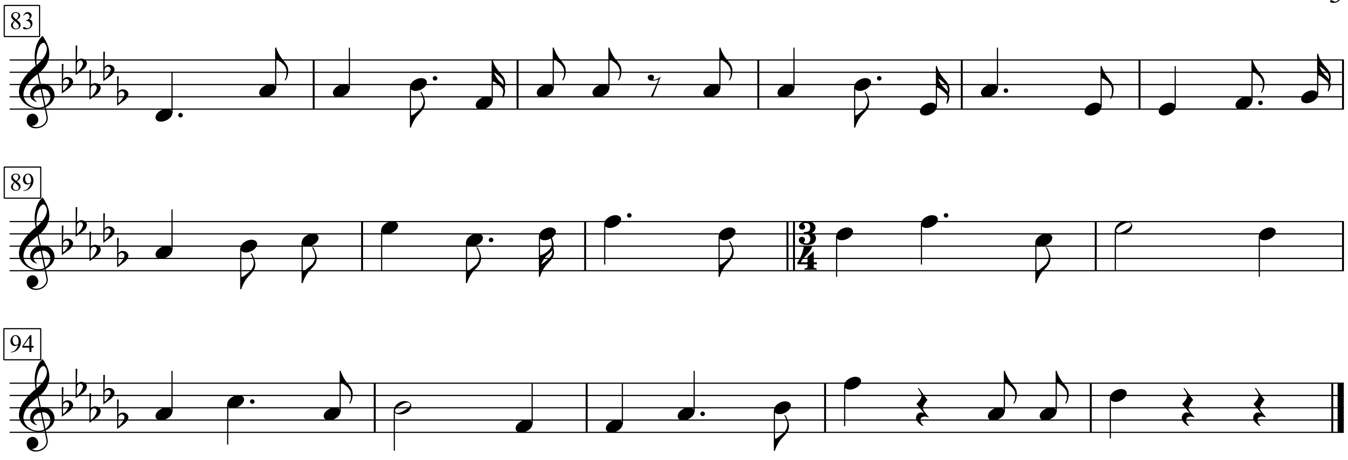
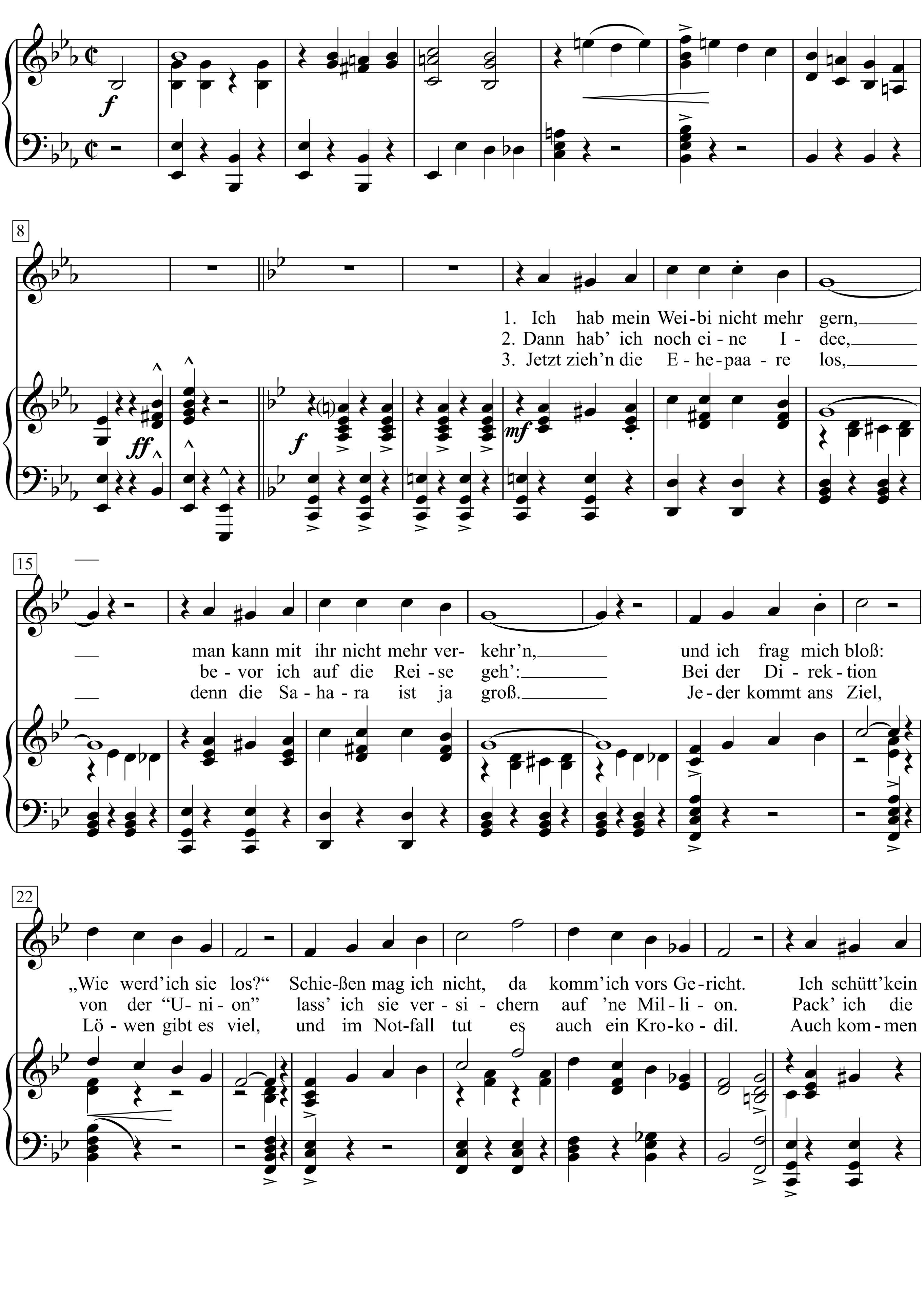
63
66
71
77

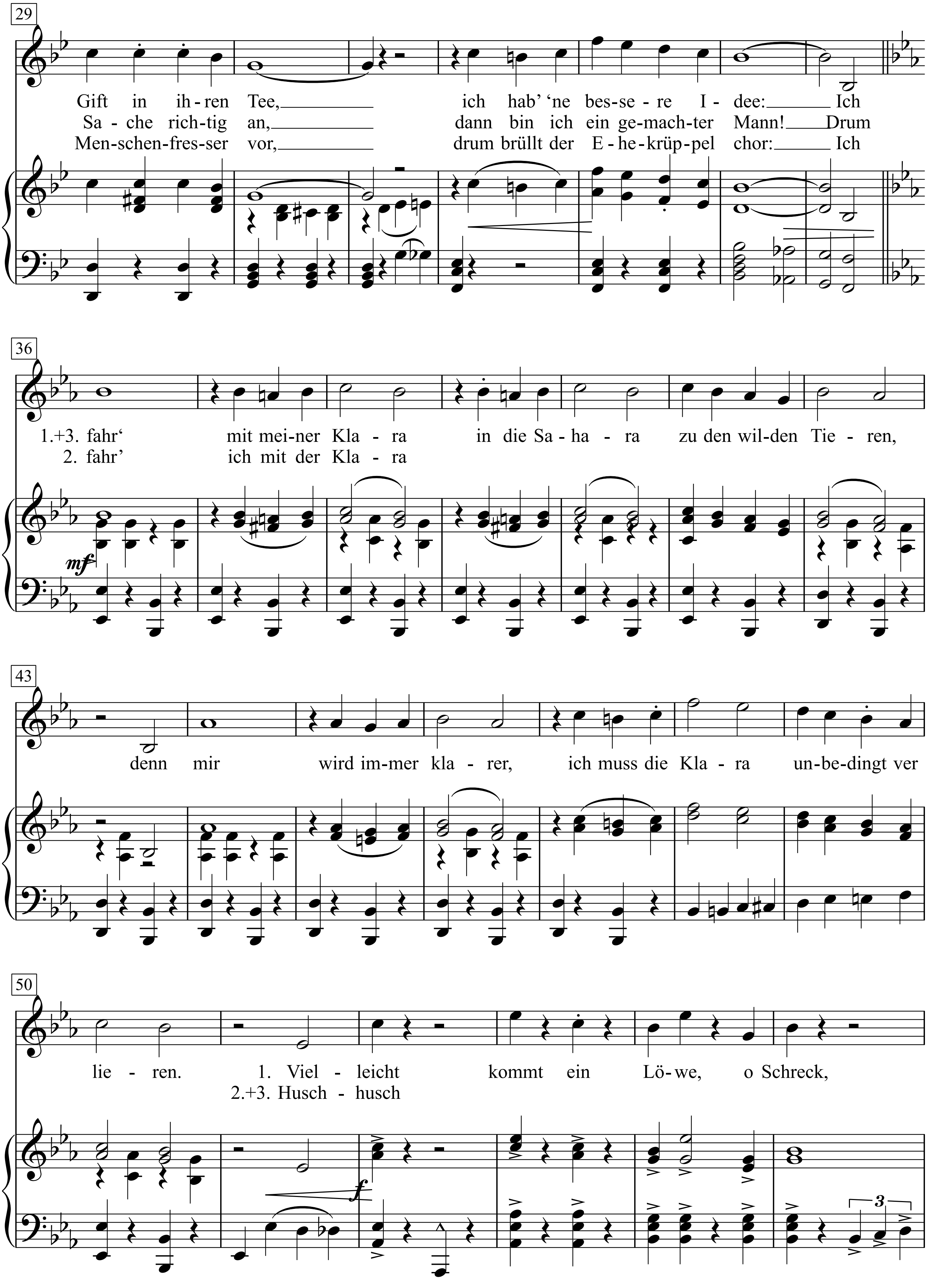

83
89
94

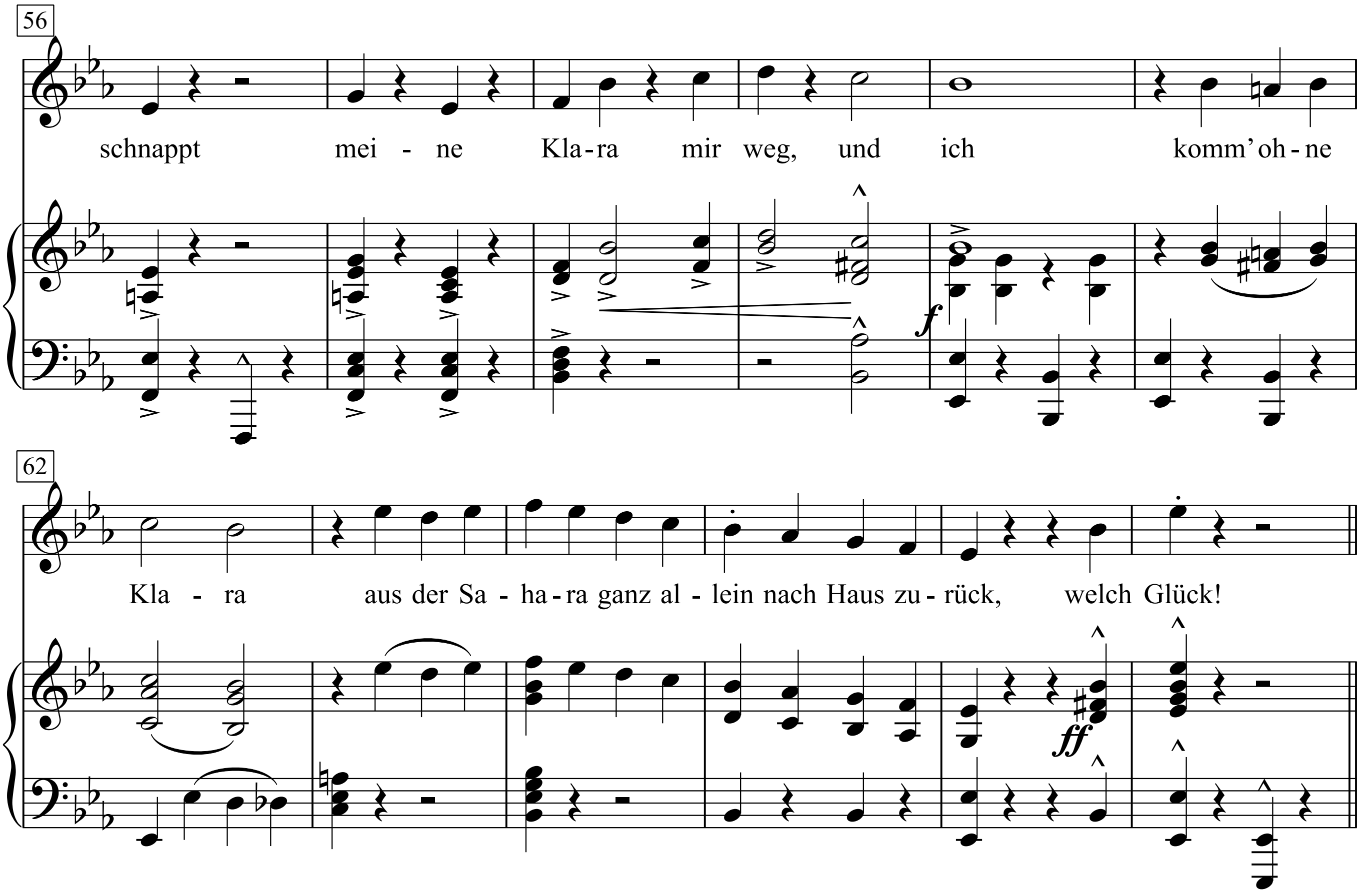
Ich fahr' mit meiner Klara in die Sahara

Fritz Rotter

Otto Stransky




29
Gift in ih-ren Tee, ich hab' 'ne bes-se-re I-dee: Ich
Sa-che rich-tig an, dann bin ich ein ge-mach-ter Mann! Drum
Men-schen-fres-ser vor, drum brüllt der E-he-krüp-pel chor: Ich
36
1.+3. fahr' mit mei-ner Kla-ra in die Sa-ha-ra zu den wil-den Tie-ren,
2. fahr' ich mit der Kla-ra
mf
43
denn mir wird im-mer kla-rer, ich muss die Kla-ra un-be-dingt ver
50
lie-ren. 1. Viel-leicht kommt ein Lö-we, o Schreck,
2.+3. Husch-husch
f
3


56
schnappt mei - ne Kla-ra mir weg, und ich komm' oh - ne
62
Kla - ra aus der Sa - ha-ra ganz al - lein nach Haus zu - rück, welch Glück!

1. Ich hab mein Weibi nicht mehr gern,
man kann mit ihr nicht mehr verkehr'n,
und ich frag mich bloß:
„Wie werd' ich sie los?“
Schießen mag ich nicht, da komm“ ich vors Gericht.
Ich schütt' kein Gift in ihren Tee,
ich hab' 'ne bessere Idee:

Ich fahr‘ mit meiner Klara in die Sahara
zu den wilden Tieren,
denn mir wird immer klarer,
ich muss die Klara unbedingt verlieren.
Vielleicht kommt ein Löwe,
o Schreck, schnappt meine Klara mir weg,
und ich komm' ohne Klara aus der Sahara
ganz allein nach Haus zurück,
welch Glück!

2. Dann hab‘ ich noch eine Idee,
bevor ich auf die Reise geh‘:
Bei der Direktion
von der 'Union'
lass' ich sie versichern auf “ne Million.
Pack” ich die Sache richtig an,
dann bin ich ein gemachter Mann!

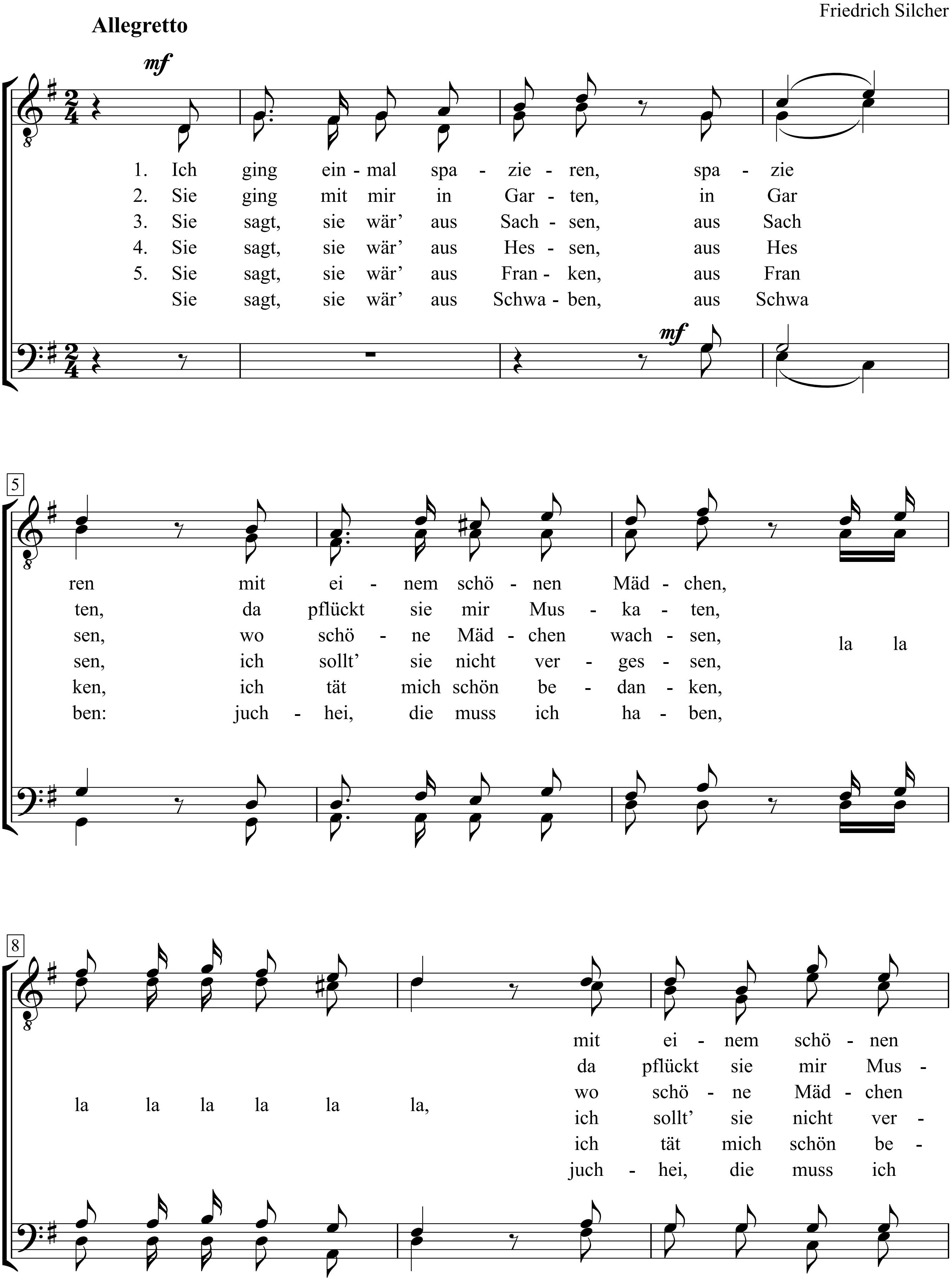
Drum fahr' ich mit der Klara
in die Sahara zu den wilden Tieren,
denn mir wird immer klarer,
ich muss die Klara unbedingt verlieren.
Husch-husch kommt ein Löwe, o Schreck,
schnappt meine Klara mir weg,

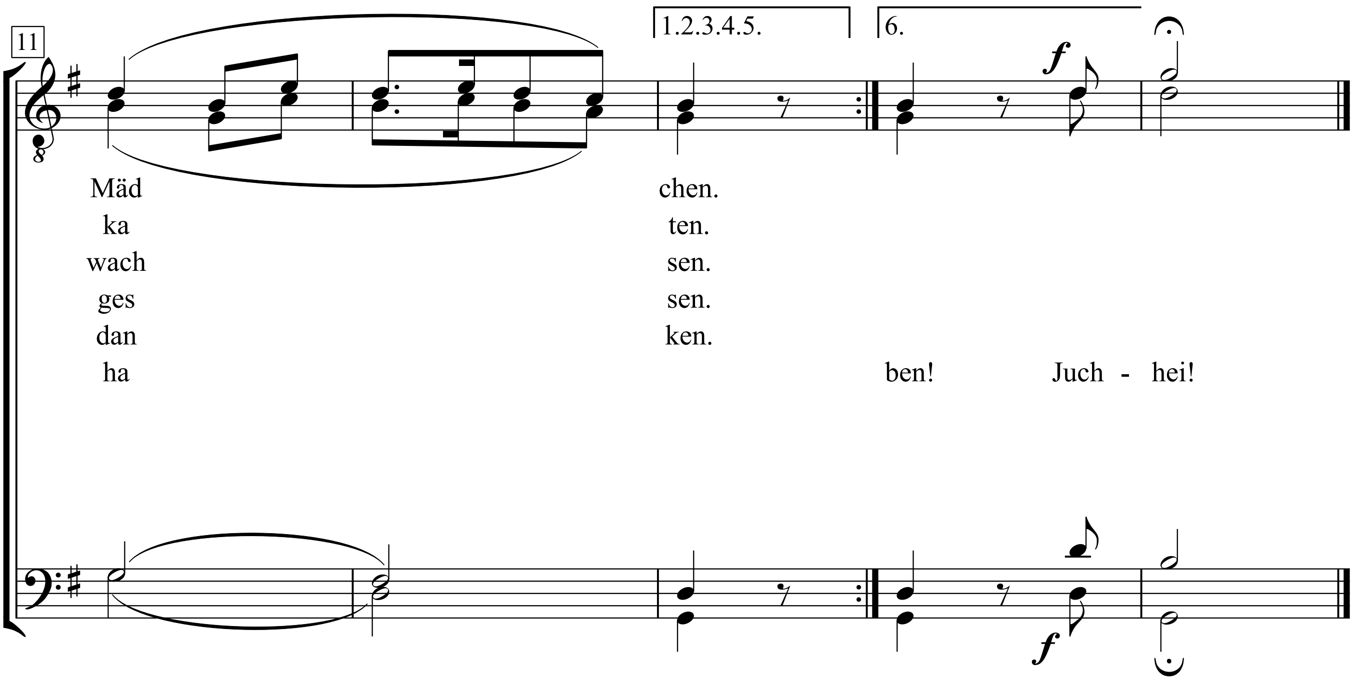
3. Jetzt zieh'n die Ehepaare los,
denn die Sahara ist ja groß.
Jeder kommt ans Ziel,
Löwen gibt es viel,
und im Notfall tut es auch ein Krokodil.
Auch kommen Menschenfresser vor,
drum brüllt der Ehekrüppelchor:

Ich fahr‘ mit meiner Klara
in die Sahara zu den wilden Tieren,
denn mir wird immer klarer,
ich muss die Klara unbedingt verlieren.
Husch-husch kommt ein Löwe, o Schreck,
schnappt meine Klara mir weg,

Ich ging einmal spazieren

Friedrich Silcher

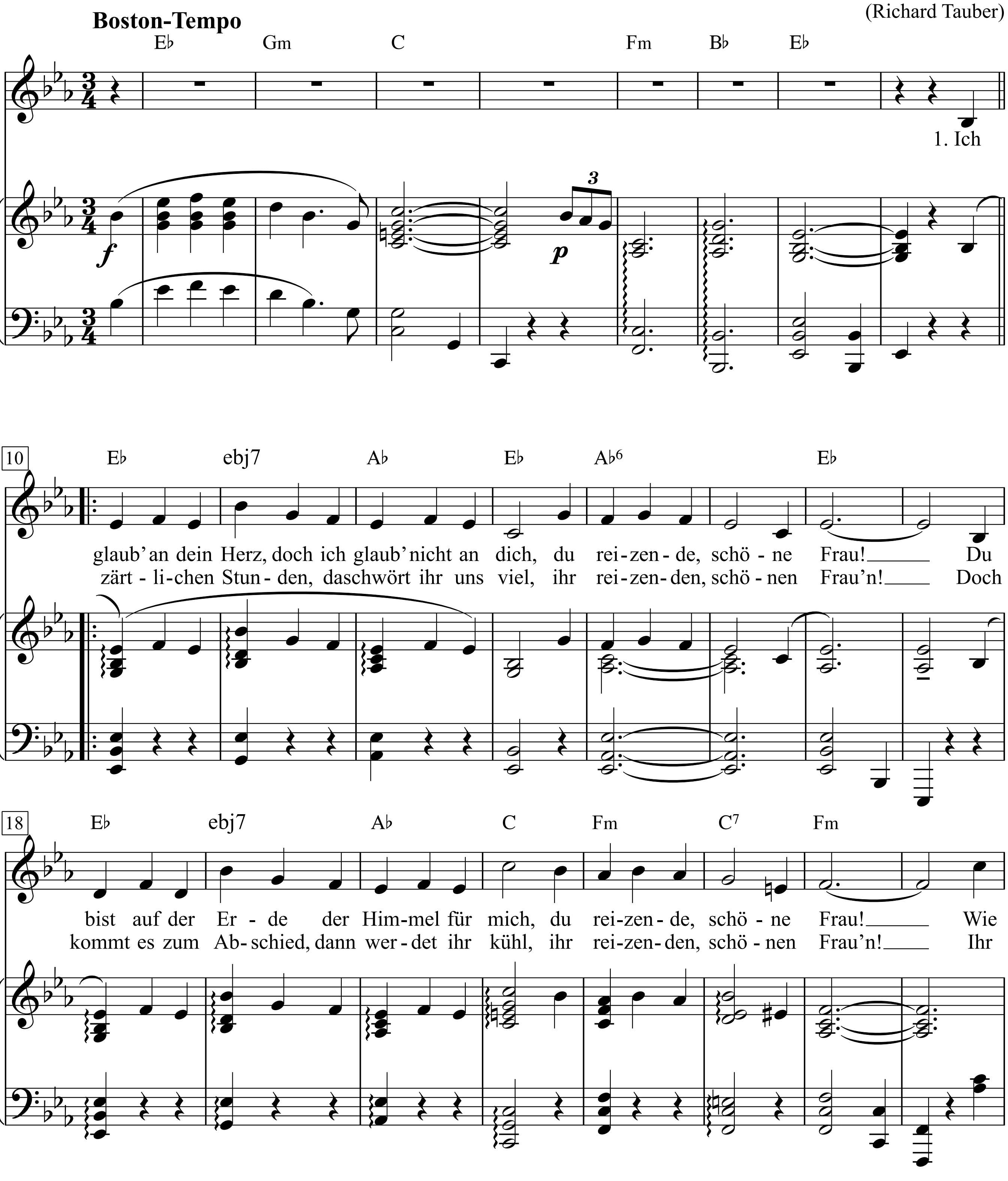


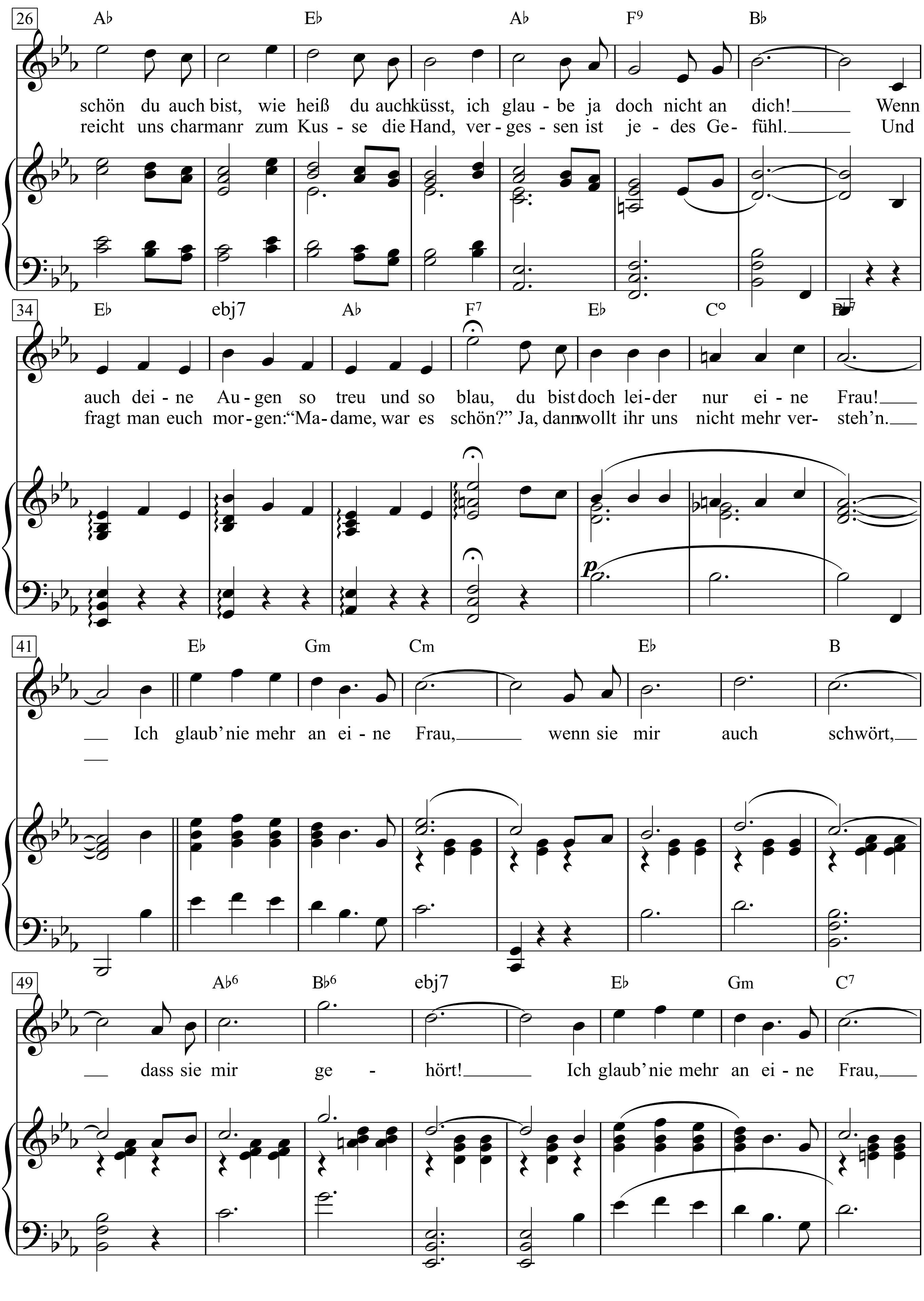

11
1.2.3.4.5.
6.
Mäd chen.
ka ten.
wach sen.
ges sen.
dan ken.
ha ben! Juch - hei!

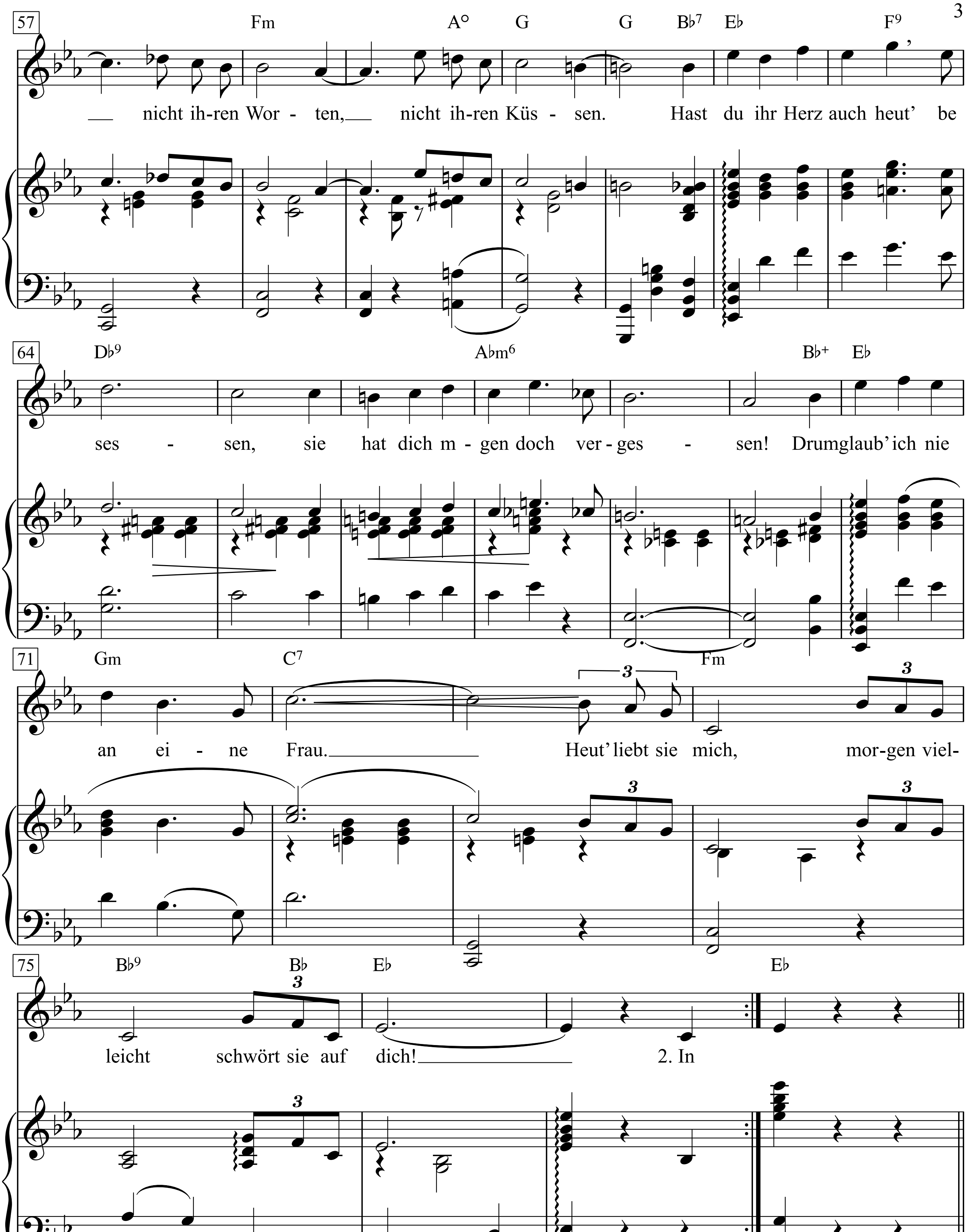
Ich glaub' nie mehr an eine Frau

Text: Fritz Rotter

Musik; Richard Tauber
(Richard Tauber)




26
A♭ E♭ A♭ F9 B♭
schön du auch bist, wie heiß du auch küsst, ich glau - be ja doch nicht an dich! Wenn
reicht uns charmanr zum Kus - se die Hand, ver - ges - sen ist je - des Ge - fühl. Und
34
E♭ ebj7 A♭ F7 E♭ C° B♭7
auch dei - ne Au - gen so treu und so blau, du bist doch lei - der nur ei - ne Frau!
fragt man euch mor - gen: "Ma - dame, war es schön?" Ja, dann wollt ihr uns nicht mehr ver - steh'n.
41
E♭ Gm Cm E♭ B
Ich glaub' nie mehr an ei - ne Frau, wenn sie mir auch schwört,
49
A♭6 B♭6 ebj7 E♭ Gm C7
dass sie mir ge - hört! Ich glaub' nie mehr an ei - ne Frau,


57
Fm A° G G B♭7 E♭ F9
nicht ih-ren Wor - ten, nicht ih-ren Küs - sen. Hast du ihr Herz auch heut' be
64
D♭9 A♭m6 B♭+ E♭
ses - sen, sie hat dich m - gen doch ver- ges - sen! Drumglaub' ich nie
71
Gm C7 Fm
an ei - ne Frau. Heut' liebt sie mich, mor-gen viel-
75
B♭9 B♭ E♭ E♭
leicht schwört sie auf dich! 2. In

1.Ich glaub' an dein Herz,
doch ich glaub' nicht an dich,
du reizende, schöne Frau!
Du bist auf der Erde der Himmel für mich,
du reizende, schöne Frau!
Wie schön du auch bist,
wie heiß du auch küsst,
ich glaube ja doch nicht an dich!
Wenn auch deine Augen so treu und so blau,
du bist doch leider nur eine Frau!

Ich glaub' nie mehr an eine Frau,
wenn sie mir auch schwört,
dass sie mir gehört!
Ich glaub' nie mehr an eine Frau,
nicht ihren Worten, nicht ihren Küssen.
Hast du ihr Herz auch heut' besessen,
sie hat dich mgen doch vergessen!
Drum glaub' ich nie an eine Frau.
Heut' liebt sie mich,
morgen vielleicht schwört sie auf dich!

2. In zärtlichen Stunden, da schwört ihr uns viel,
ihr reizenden, schönen Frau'n!
Doch kommt es zum Abschied, dann werdet ihr kühl,
ihr reizenden, schönen Frau'n!
Ihr reicht uns charmanr zum Kusse die Hand,
vergessen ist jedes Gefühl.
Und fragt man euch morgen:
"Madame, war es schön?"
Ja, dann wollt ihr uns nicht mehr versteh'n.

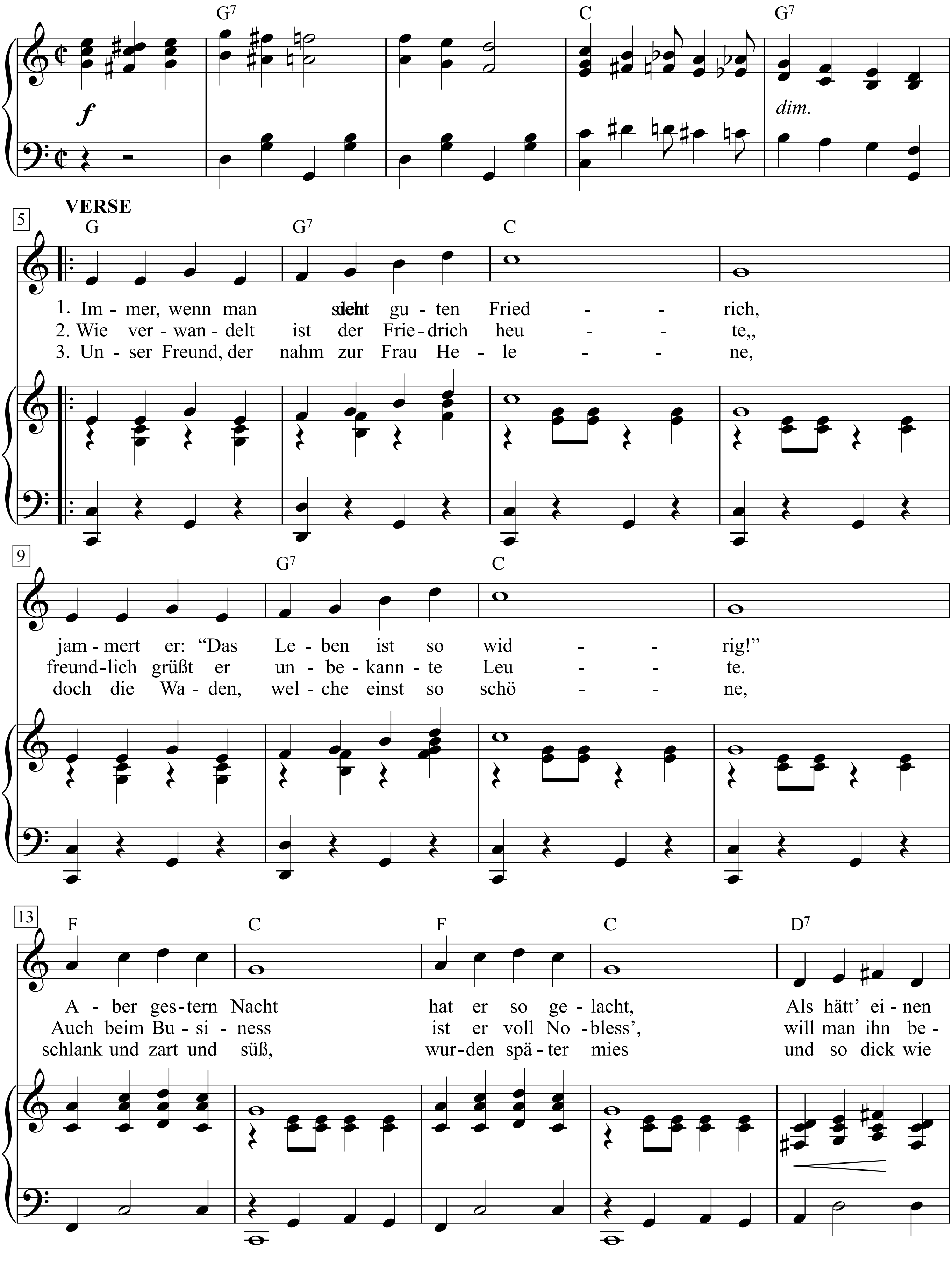
Ich glaub' nie mehr an eine Frau …

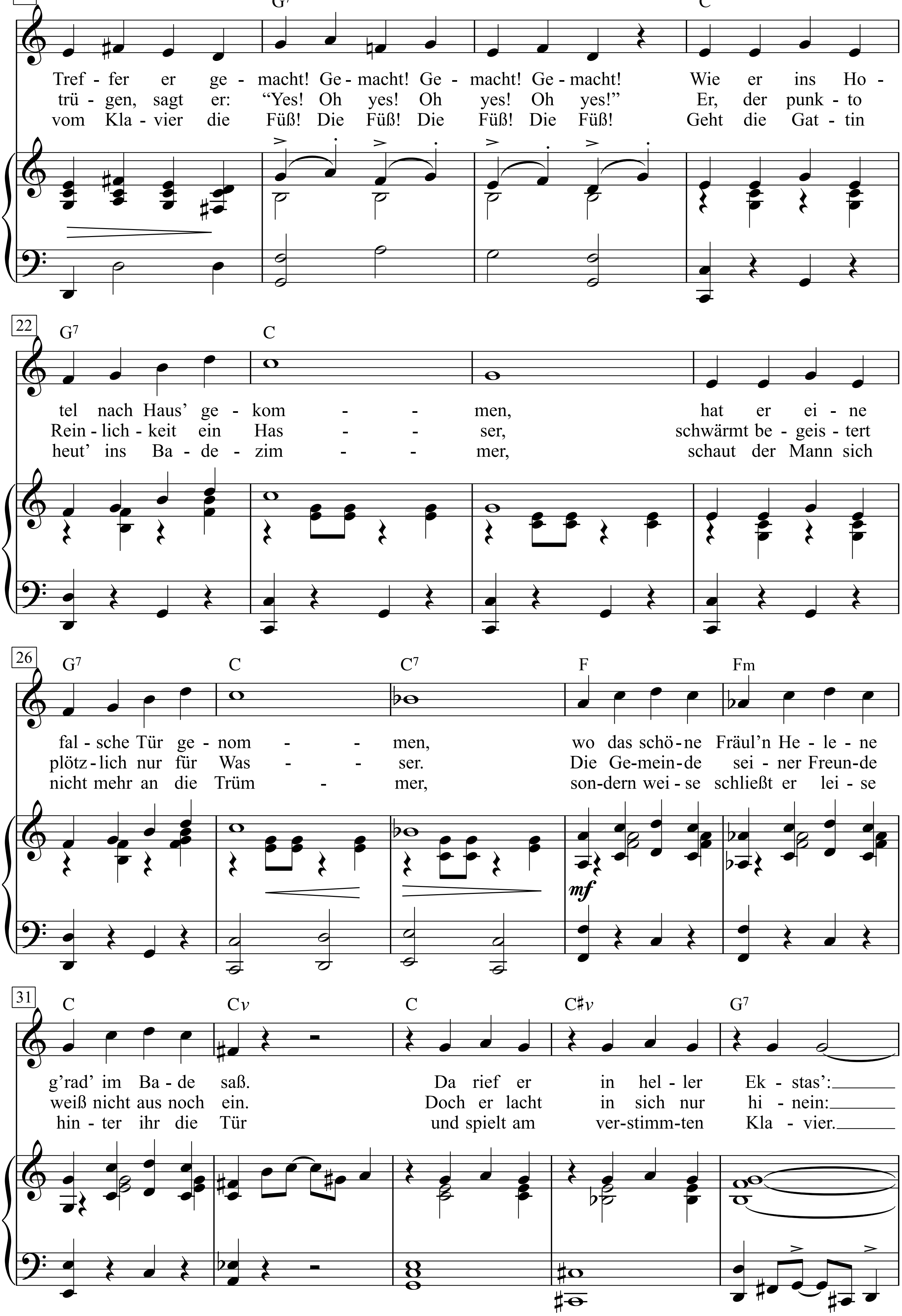
Ich hab' das Fräul'n Helen' baden 'sehn

Foxtrot

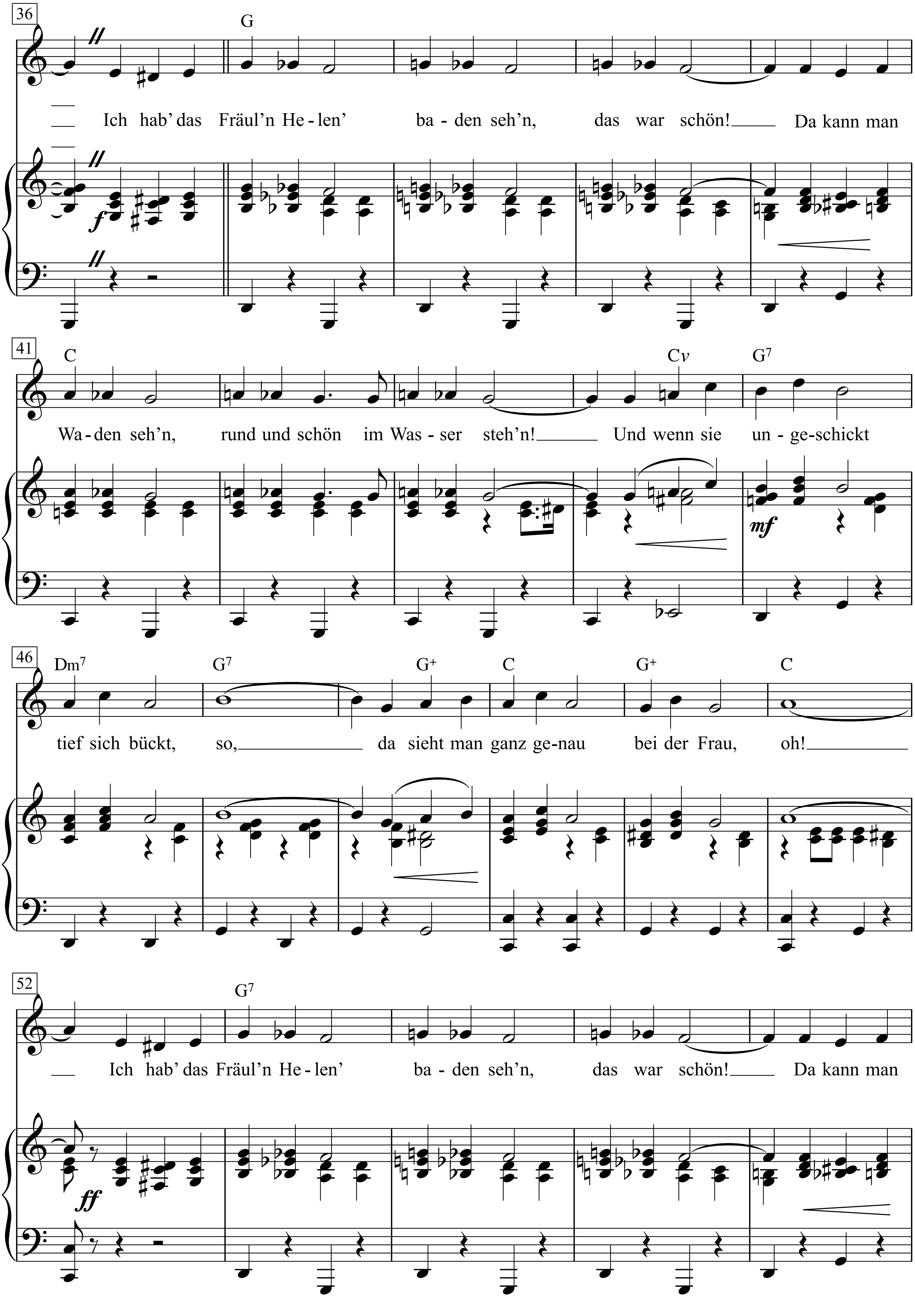
Text: Fritz Grünbaum

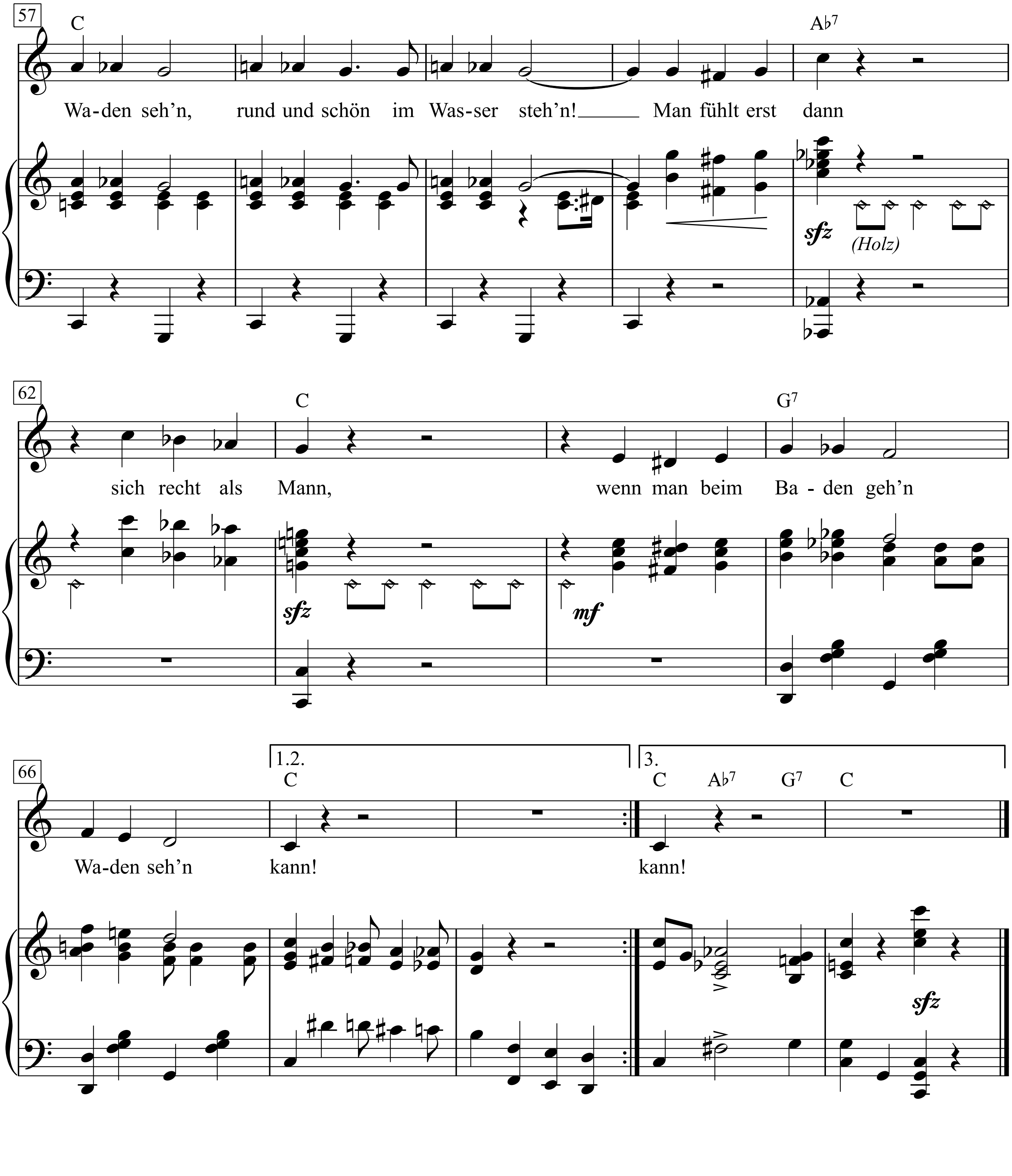
Musik: Fred Raymond




18
G7 C
Tref - fer er ge - macht! Ge - macht! Ge - macht! Ge - macht! Wie er ins Ho -
trü - gen, sagt er: “Yes! Oh yes! Oh yes! Oh yes!” Er, der punk - to
vom Kla - vier die Füß! Die Füß! Die Füß! Die Füß! Geht die Gat - tin
22
G7 C
tel nach Haus’ ge - kom - - men, hat er ei - ne
Rein - lich - keit ein Has - - ser, schwärmt be - geis - tert
heut’ ins Ba - de - zim - - mer, schaut der Mann sich
26
G7 C C7 F Fm
fal - sche Tür ge - nom - - men, wo das schö - ne Fräul’n He - le - ne
plötz - lich nur für Was - - ser. Die Ge - mein - de sei - ner Freun - de
nicht mehr an die Trüm - mer, son - dern wei - se schließt er lei - se
mf
31
C Cv C C#v G7
g’rad’ im Ba - de saß. Da rief er in hel - ler Ek - stas’:
weiß nicht aus noch ein. Doch er lacht in sich nur hi - nein:
hin - ter ihr die Tür und spielt am ver - stimm - ten Kla - vier.

REFRAIN


36
G
Ich hab' das Fräul'n He-len' ba-den seh'n, das war schön! Da kann man
f
41
C
Cv
G7
Wa-den seh'n, rund und schön im Was-ser steh'n! Und wenn sie un-ge-schickt
mf
46
Dm7
G7
G+
C
G+
C
tief sich bückt, so, da sieht man ganz ge-nau bei der Frau, oh!
52
G7
Ich hab' das Fräul'n He-len' ba-den seh'n, das war schön! Da kann man
ff


57
C
Ab7
Wa-den seh'n, rund und schön im Was-ser steh'n! Man fühlt erst dann
sfz
(Holz)
62
C
G7
sich recht als Mann, wenn man beim Ba - den geh'n
sfz
mf
66
1.2.
3.
C
C Ab7 G7 C
Wa-den seh'n kann!
kann!
sfz

1. Immer, wenn man sieht den guten Friedrich,
jammert er: "Das Leben ist so widrig!"
Aber gestern Nacht hat er so gelacht,
Als hätt' einen Treffer er gemacht!
Gemacht! Gemacht! Gemacht!
Wie er ins Hotel nach Haus' gekommen,
hat er eine falsche Tür genommen,
wo das schöne Fräul'n Helene g'rad' im Bade saß.
Da rief er in heller Ekstas':

Refrain:
Ich hab' das Fräul'n Helen' baden seh'n, das war schön!
Da kann man Waden seh'n, rund und schön im Wasser steh'n!
Und wenn sie ungeschickt tief sich bückt, so,
da sieht man ganz genau bei der Frau, oh!
Ich hab' das Fräul'n Helen' baden seh'n, das war schön!
Da kann man Waden seh'n, rund und schön im Wasser steh'n!
Man fühlt erst dann sich recht als Mann,
wenn man beim Baden geh'n Waden seh'n kann!

2. Wie verwandelt ist der Friedrich heute,,
freundlich grüßt er unbekannte Leute.
Auch beim Business ist er voll Nobless',
will man ihn betrügen, sagt er: "Yes!
Oh yes! Oh yes! Oh yes!"
Er, der punkto Reinlichkeit ein Hasser,
schwärmt begeistert plötzlich nur für Wasser.
Die Gemeinde seiner Freunde weiß nicht aus noch ein.
Doch er lacht in sich nur hinein:

Refrain:
Ich hab' das Fräul'n Helen' baden seh'n, das war schön ...

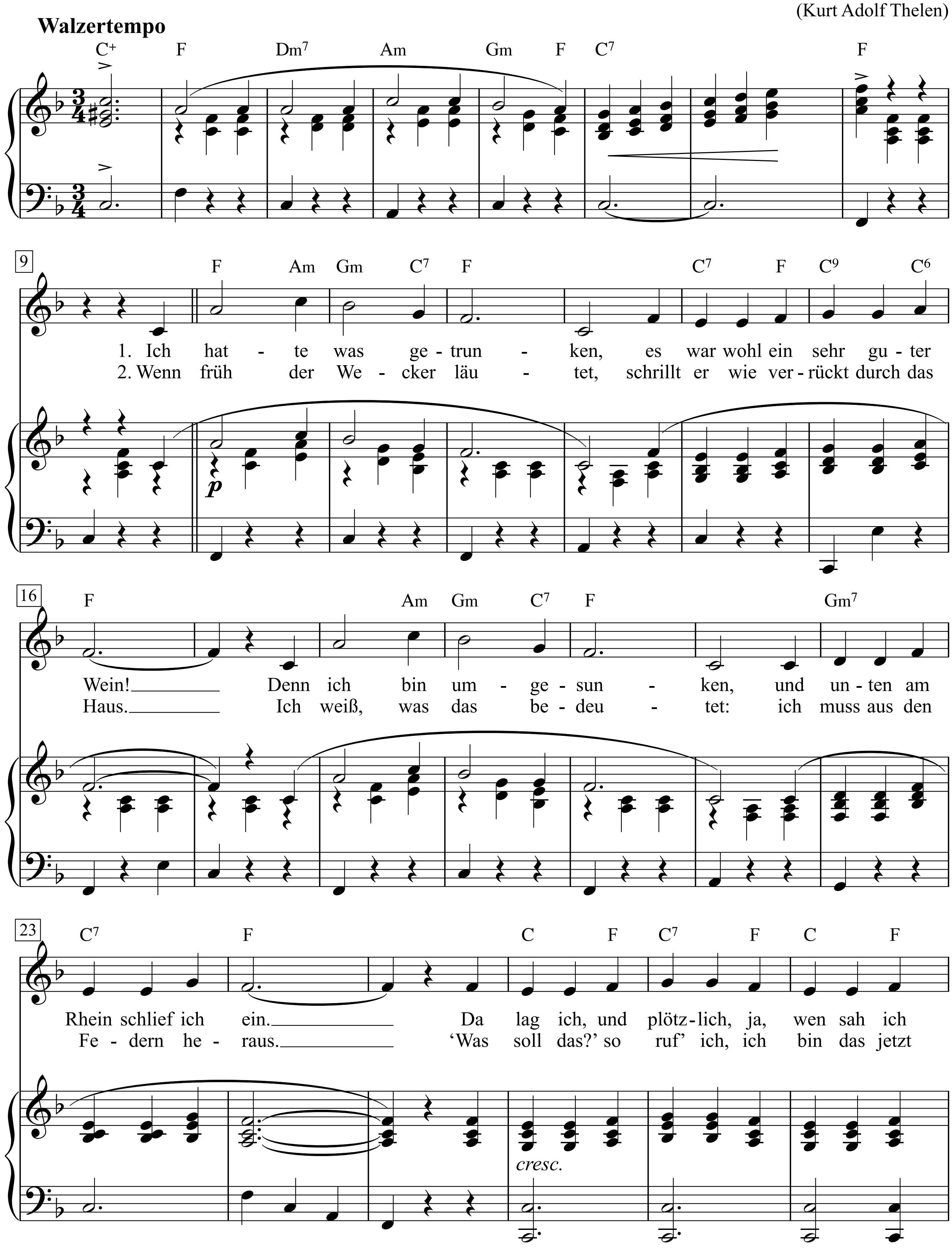
3. Unser Freund, der nahm zur Frau Helene,
doch die Waden, welche einst so schöne,
schlank und zart und süß, wurden später mies
und so dick wie vom Klavier die Füß!
Die Füß! Die Füß! Die Füß!
Geht die Gattin heut' ins Badezimmer,
schaut der Mann sich nicht mehr an die Trümmer,
sondern weise schließt er leise hinter ihr die Tür
und spielt am verstimmten Klavier.

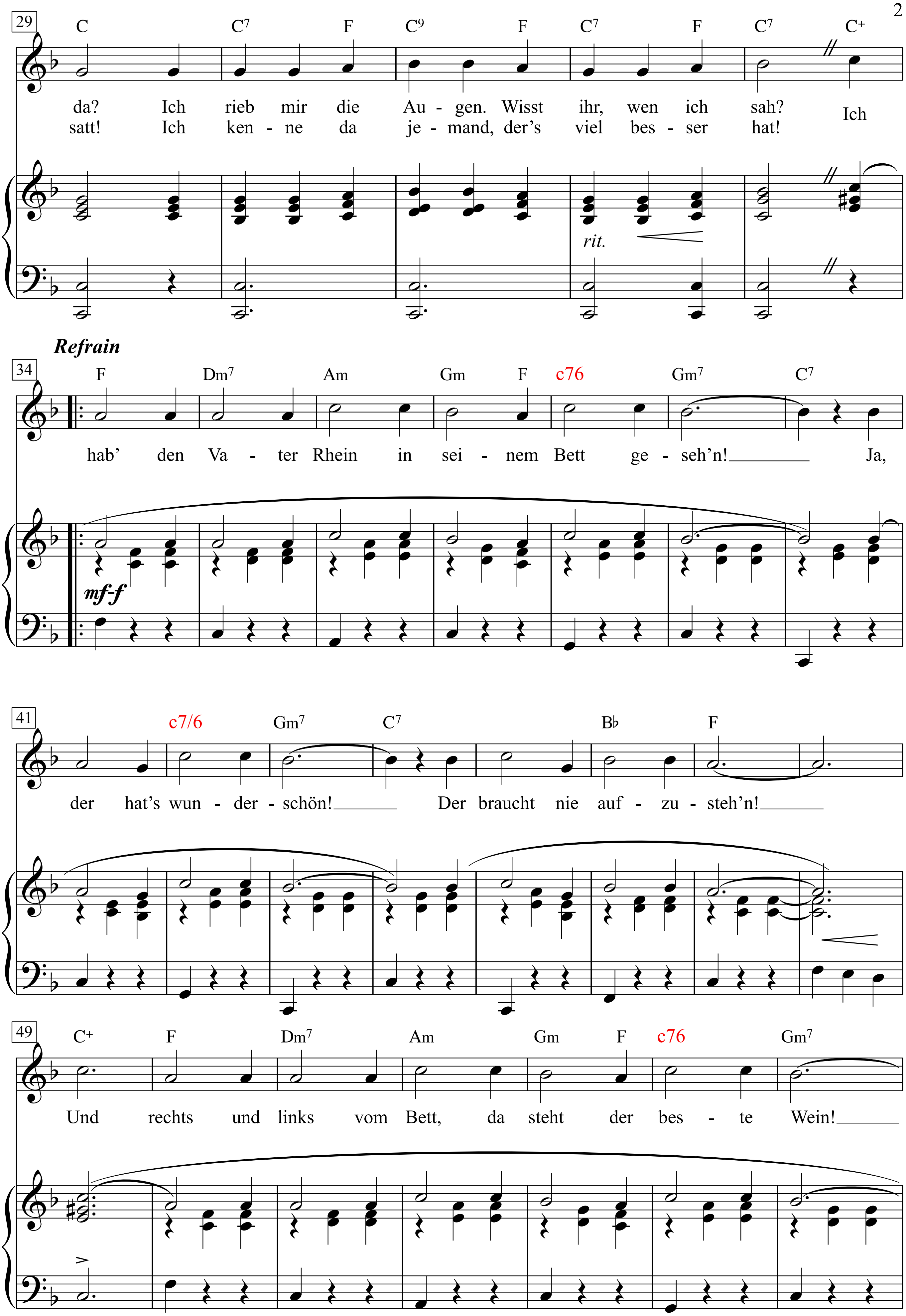
Refrain:
Ich hab' das Fräul'n Helen' baden seh'n, das war schön ...

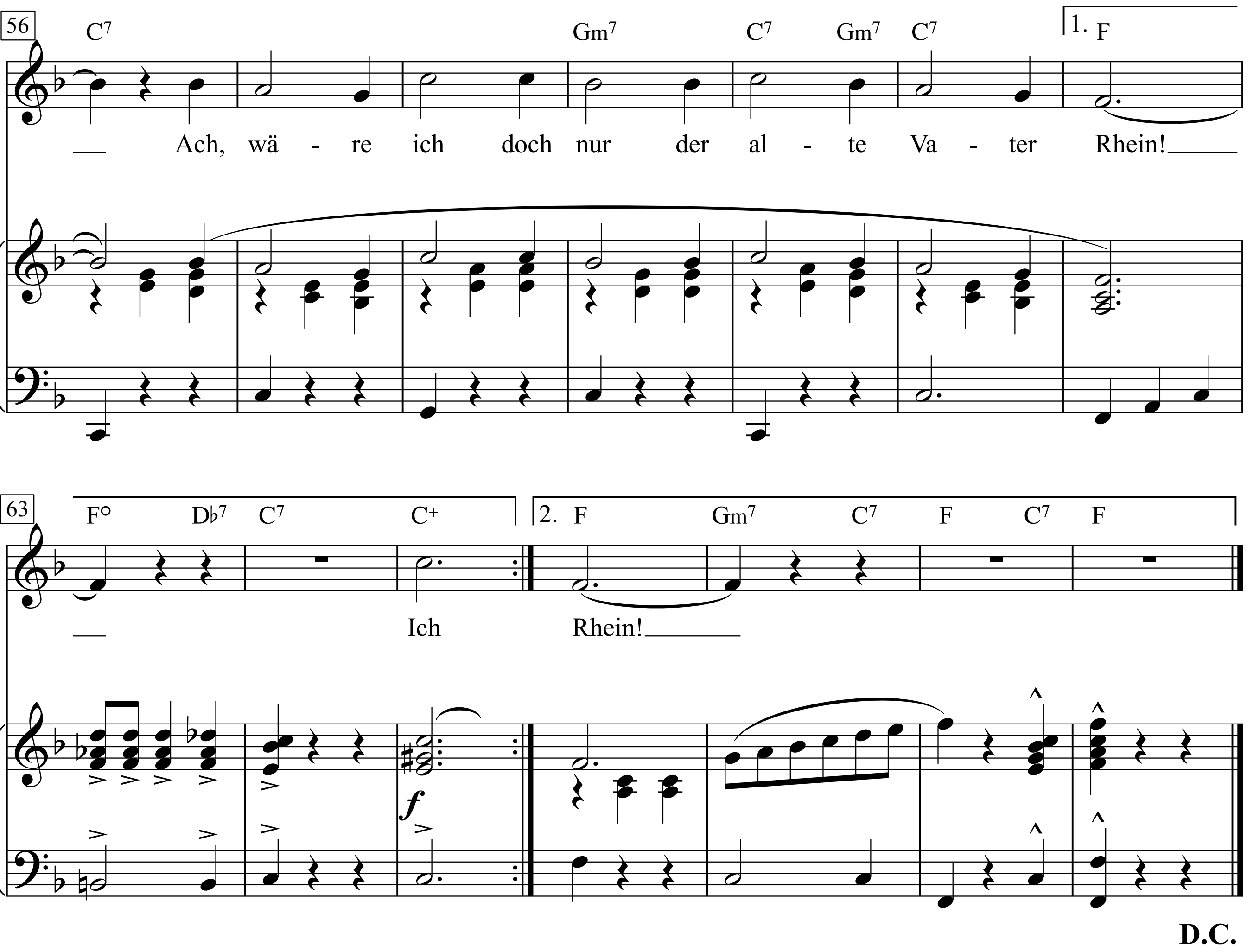
Ich hab' den Vater Rhein in seinem Bett geseh'n

Walzerlied

Musik: Heinz Korn &Toni Steingass
Text: Heinz Korn
Arragement: Karl Wiedenfeld
(Kurt Adolf Thelen)




29
C C7 F C9 F C7 F C7 C+
da? Ich rieb mir die Au - gen. Wisst ihr, wen ich sah? Ich
satt! Ich ken - ne da je - mand, der's viel bes - ser hat!
rit.
Refrain
34
F Dm7 Am Gm F c76 Gm7 C7
hab' den Va - ter Rhein in sei - nem Bett ge - seh'n! Ja,
mf-f
41
c7/6 Gm7 C7 B♭ F
der hat's wun - der - schön! Der braucht nie auf - zu - steh'n!
49
C+ F Dm7 Am Gm F c76 Gm7
Und rechts und links vom Bett, da steht der bes - te Wein!



1. Ich hatte was getrunken,
es war wohl ein sehr guter Wein!
Denn ich bin umgesunken,
und unten am Rhein schlief ich ein.
Da lag ich, und plötzlich, ja, wen sah ich da?
Ich rieb mir die Augen. Wisst ihr, wen ich sah?

Refrain:
|: Ich hab' den Vater Rhein in seinem Bett geseh'n!
Ja, der hat's wunderschön!
Der braucht nie aufzusteh'n!
Und rechts und links vom Bett,
da steht der beste Wein!
Ach, wäre ich doch nur der alte Vater Rhein! :|

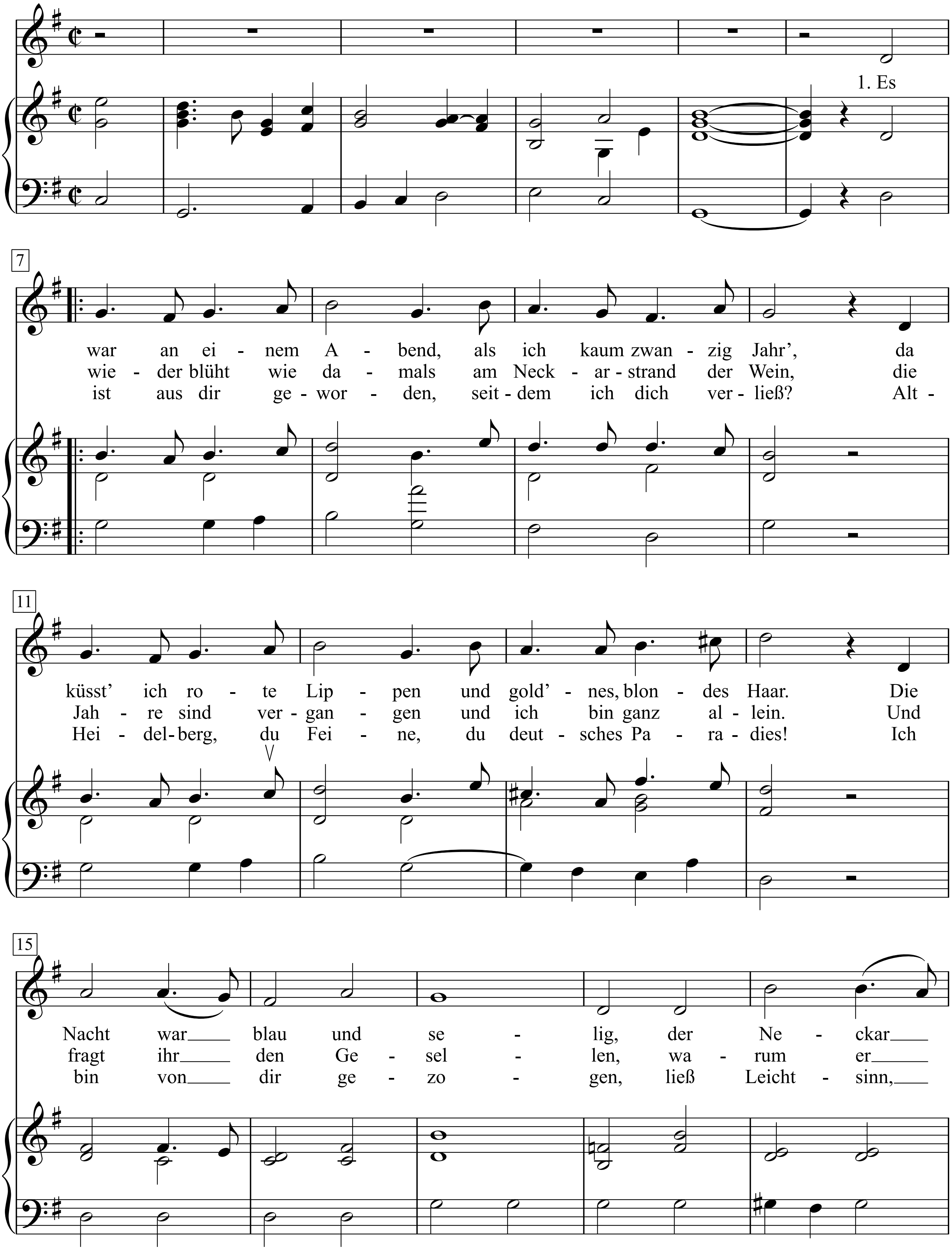
2. Wenn früh der Wecker läutet,
schrillt er wie verrückt durch das Haus.
Ich weiß, was das bedeutet:
ich muss aus den Federn heraus.
'Was soll das?' so ruf' ich, ich bin das jetzt satt!
Ich kenne da jemand, der's viel besser hat!

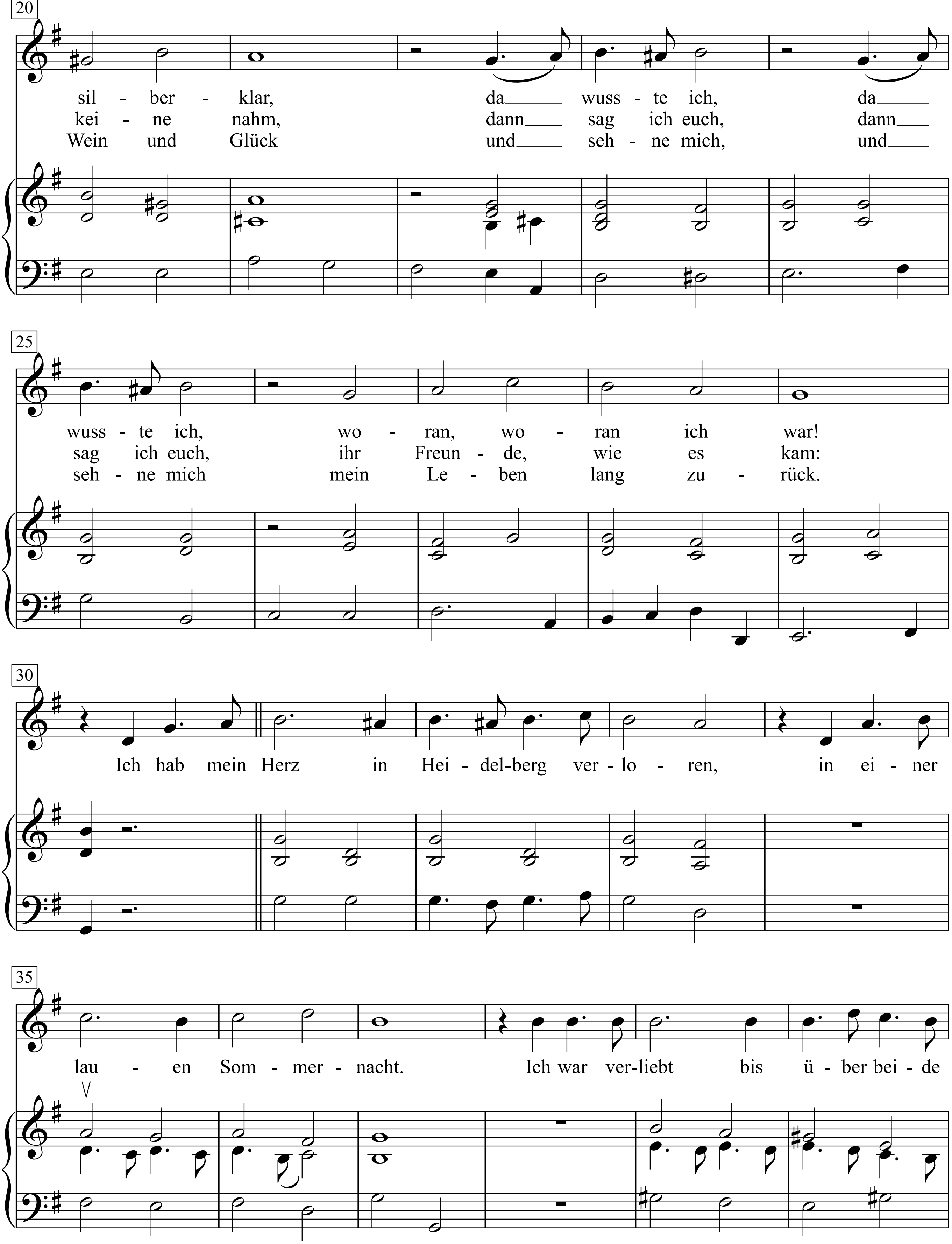
Refrain:
Ich hab' den Vater Rhein in seinem Bett geseh'n ...

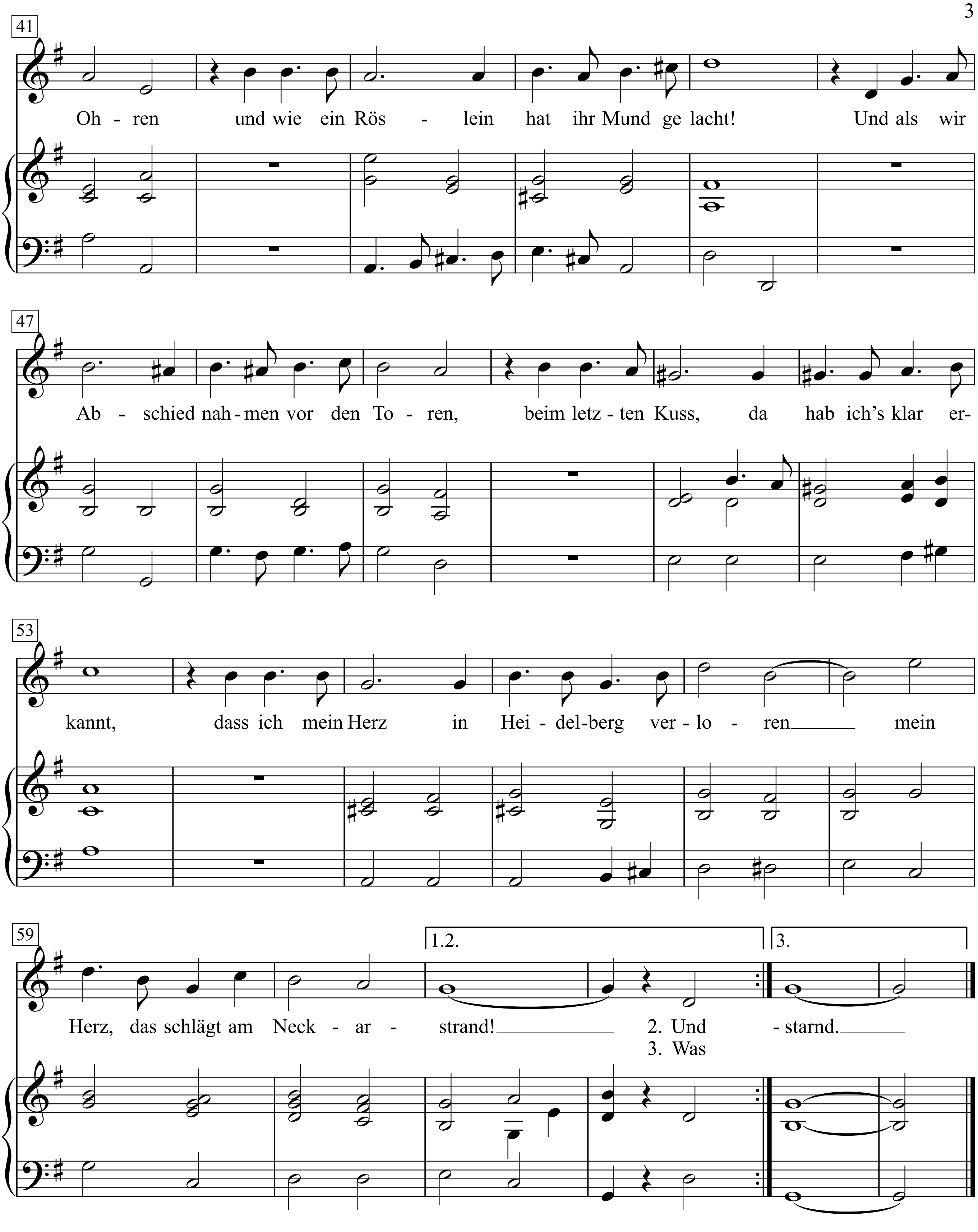
Ich hab' mein Herz in Heidelberg verloren

Text: Besa / Ernst Neuba

Melodie: Fred Raymond
Arr.: Christain Romberger




20
sil - ber - klar, da wuss - te ich, da
kei - ne nahm, dann sag ich euch, dann
Wein und Glück und seh - ne mich, und
25
wuss - te ich, wo - ran, wo - ran ich war!
sag ich euch, ihr Freun - de, wie es kam:
seh - ne mich mein Le - ben lang zu - rück.
30
Ich hab mein Herz in Hei - del-berg ver - lo - ren, in ei - ner
35
lau - en Som - mer - nacht. Ich war ver-liebt bis ü - ber bei - de


Oh - ren und wie ein Rös - lein hat ihr Mund ge lacht! Und als wir
Ab - schied nah - men vor den To - ren, beim letz - ten Kuss, da hab ich's klar er-
kannt, dass ich mein Herz in Hei - del-berg ver - lo - ren mein
Herz, das schlägt am Neck - ar - strand! 2. Und - starnd.
3. Was
1.2.
3.

l. Es war an einem Abend, als ich kaum zwanzig Jahr',
da küsst' ich rote Lippen und goldnes, blondes Haar.
Die Nacht war blau und selig, der Neckar silberklar,
da wusste ich, da wusste ich, woran, woran ich war!

Refrain:
Ich hab mein Herz in Heidelberg verloren,
in einer lauen Sommernacht.
Ich war verliebt bis über beide Ohren
und wie ein Röslein hat ihr Mund gelacht!
Und als wir Abschied nahmen vor den Toren,
beim letzten Kuss, da hab ich's klar erkannt,
dass ich mein Herz in Heidelberg verloren
mein Herz, das schlägt am Neckarstrand!

2. Und wieder blüht wie damals am Neckarstrand der Wein,
die Jahre sind vergangen und ich bin ganz allein.
Und fragt ihr den Gesellen, warum er keine nahm,
dann sag ich euch, dann sag ich euch, ihr Freunde, wie es kam:
Ich hab mein Herz in Heidelberg verloren ...

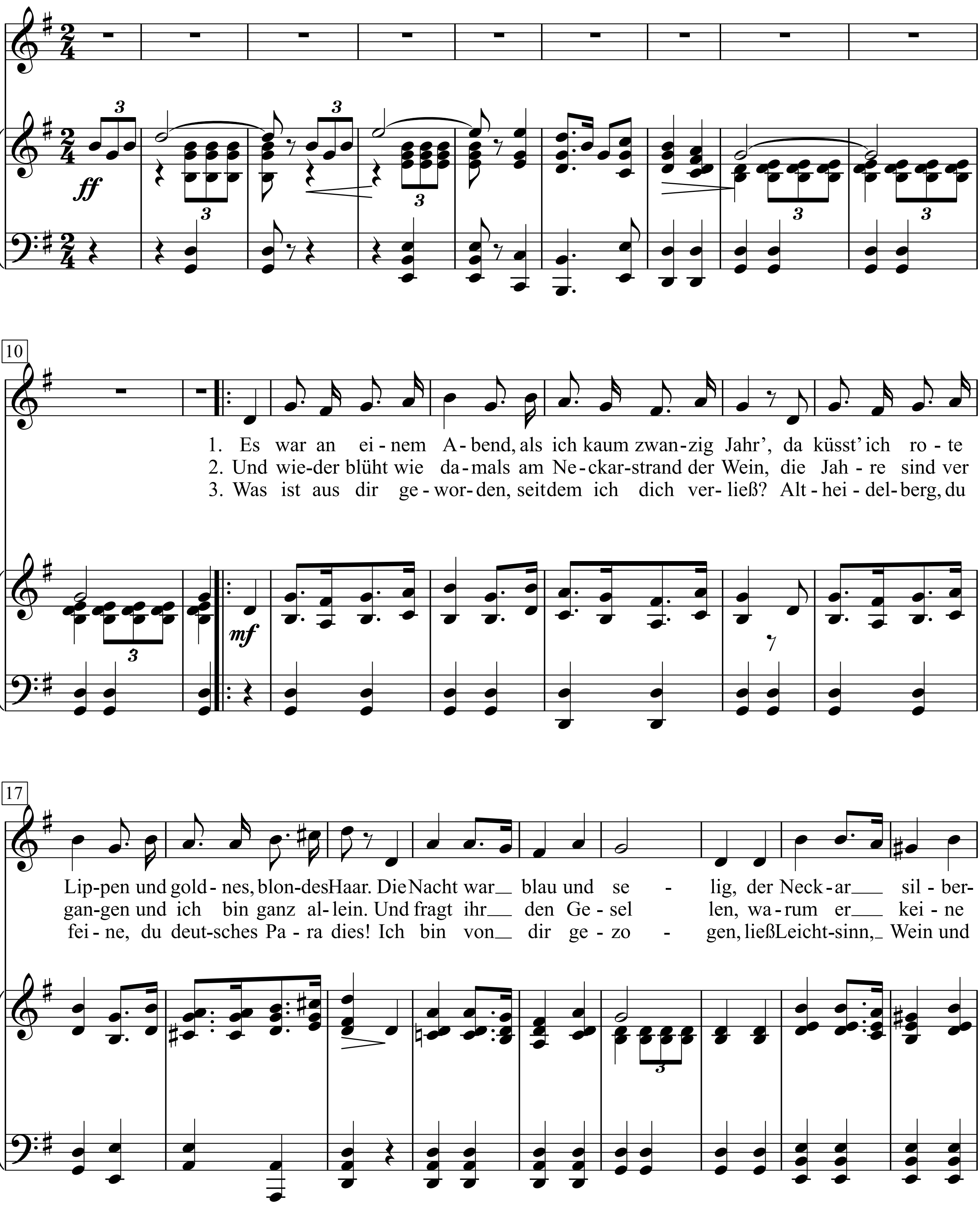
3. Was ist aus dir geworden, seitdem ich dich verließ?
Alt-Heidelberg, du Feine, du deutsches Paradies!
Ich bin von dir gezogen, ließ Leichtsinn, Wein und Glück
und sehne mich, und sehne mich mein Leben lang zurück.
Ich hab mein Herz in Heidelberg verloren ...

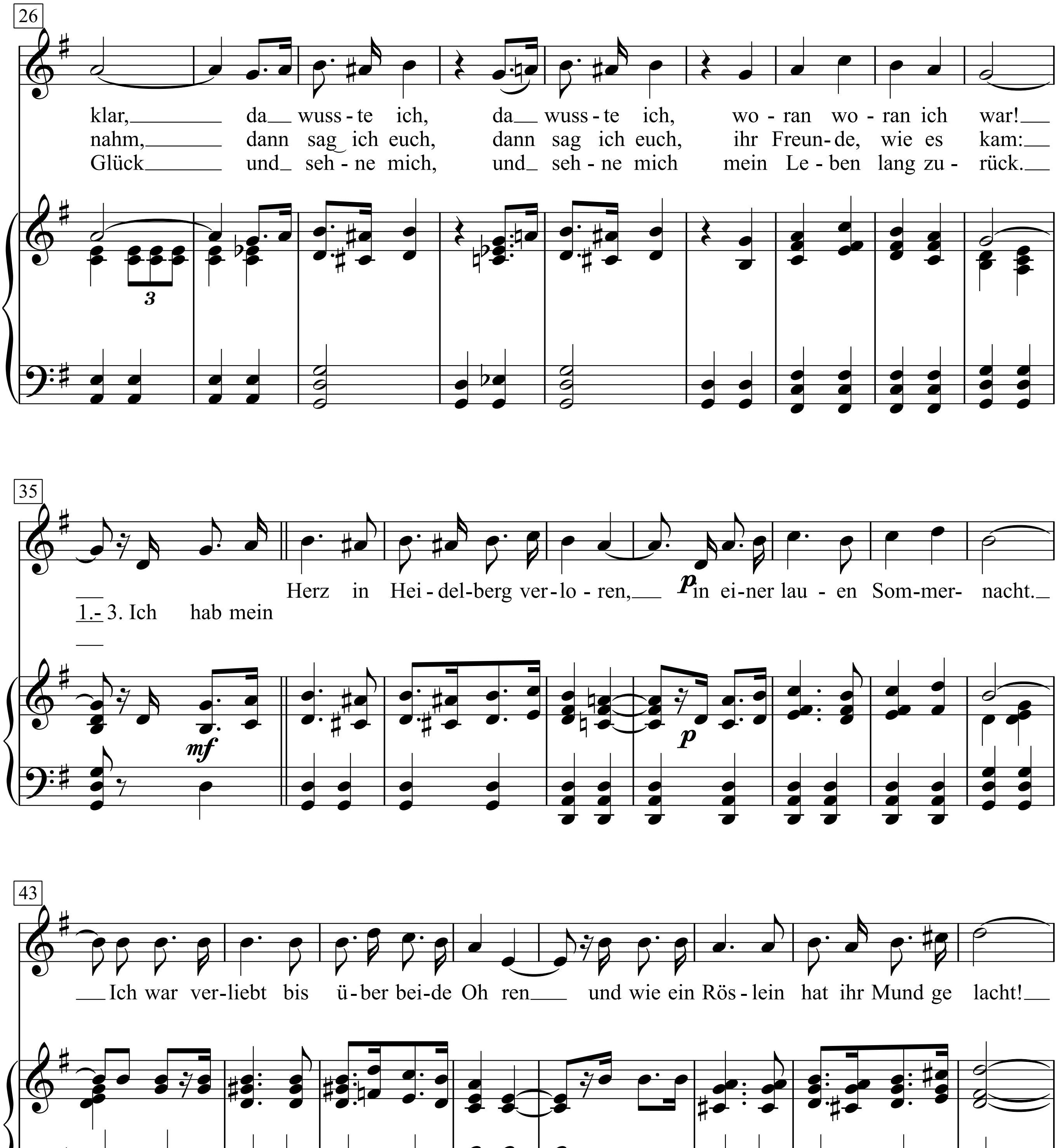
Ich hab' mein Herz in Heidelberg verloren

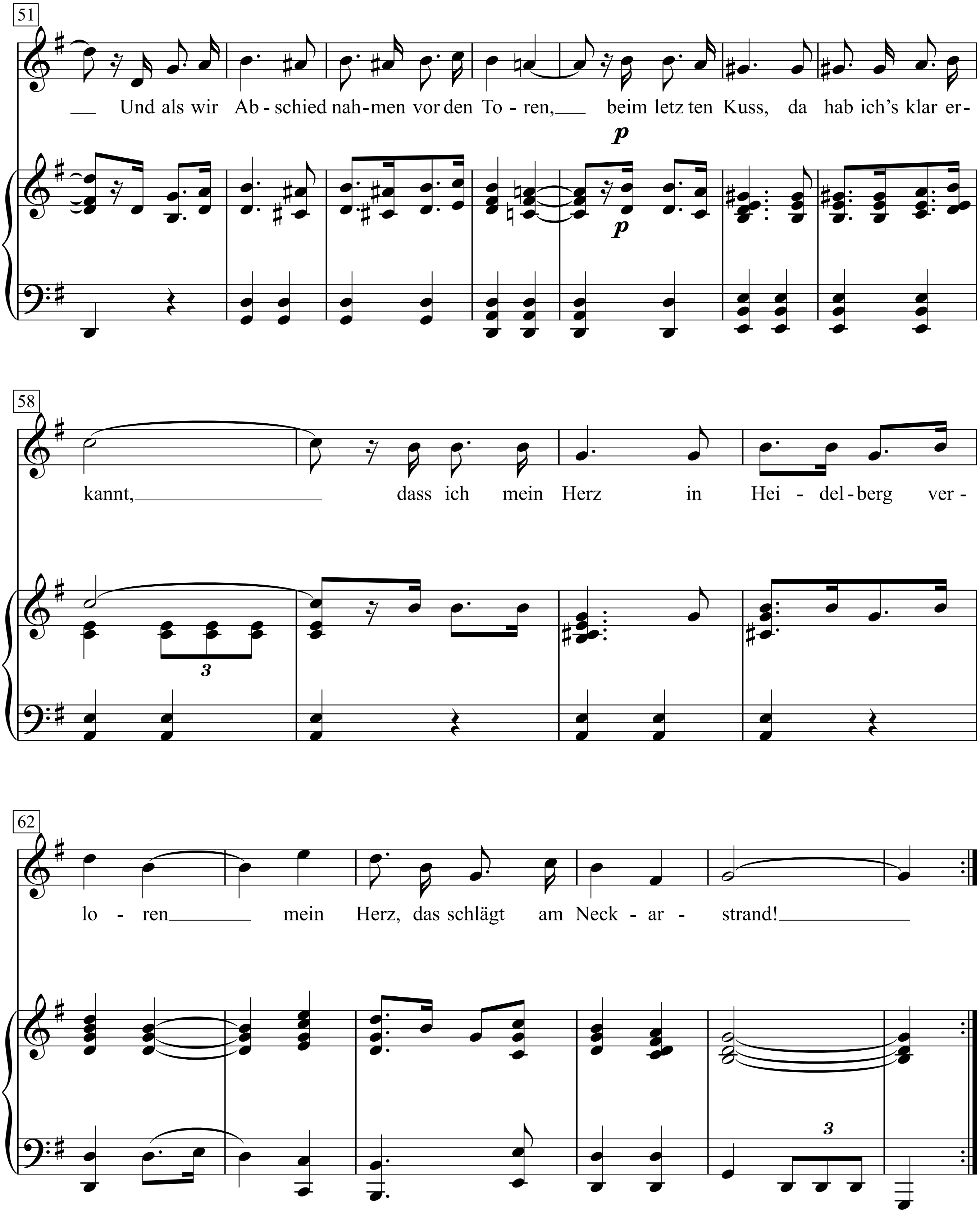
Beda & Ernst Neubach

Fred Raymond

Marschtempo *(Stark im Rhythmus)*




26
klar, da wuss - te ich, da wuss - te ich, wo - ran wo - ran ich war!
nahm, dann sag ich euch, dann sag ich euch, ihr Freun - de, wie es kam:
Glück und seh - ne mich, und seh - ne mich mein Le - ben lang zu - rück.
3
35
Herz in Hei - del-berg ver - lo - ren, in ei-ner lau - en Som-mer- nacht.
1.- 3. Ich hab mein
p
mf
p
43
Ich war ver-liebt bis ü-ber bei-de Oh ren und wie ein Rös - lein hat ihr Mund ge lacht!

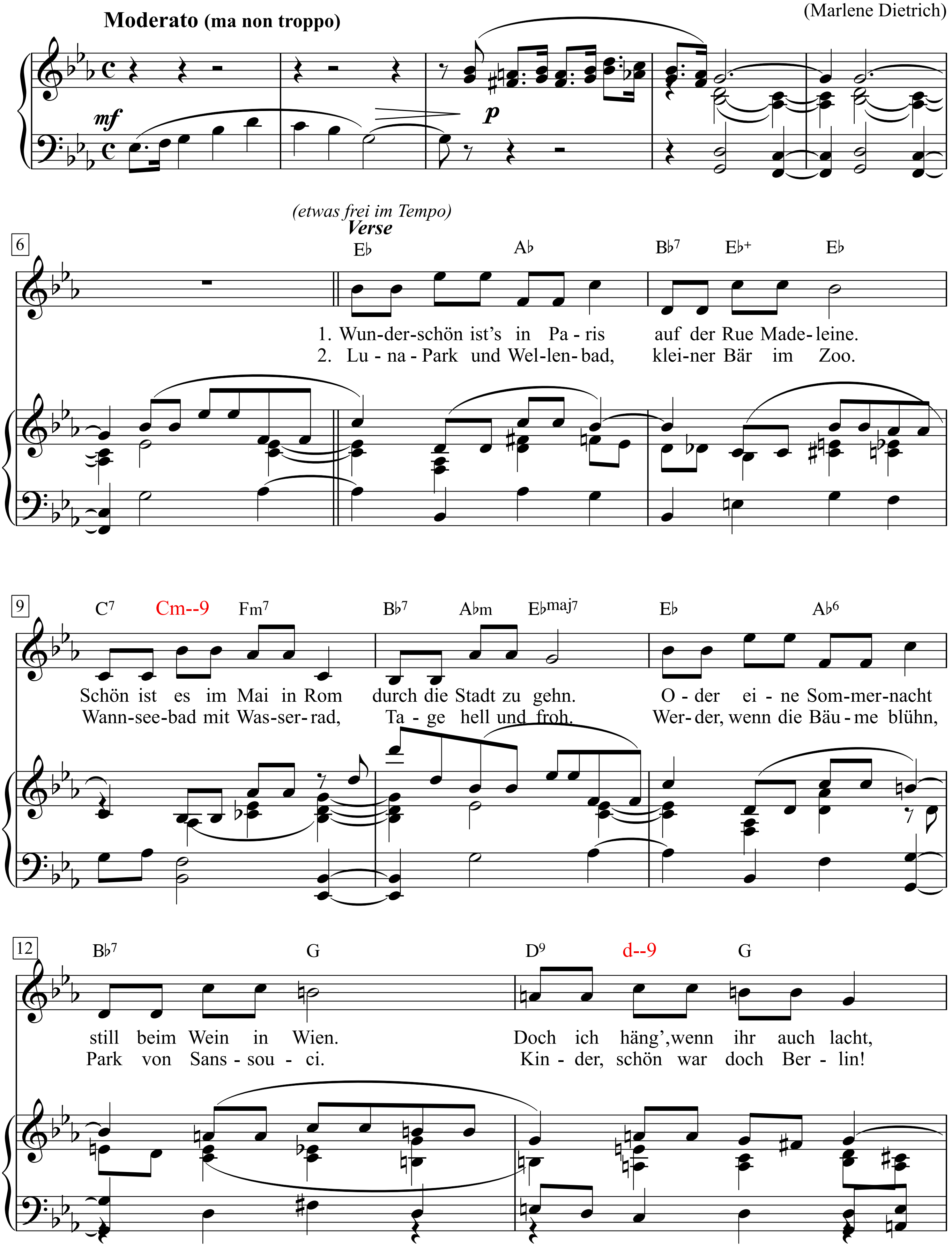

51
Und als wir Ab - schied nah-men vor den To - ren, beim letz ten Kuss, da hab ich's klar er-
p
p
58
kannt, dass ich mein Herz in Hei - del - berg ver -
3
62
lo - ren mein Herz, das schlägt am Neck - ar - strand!
3

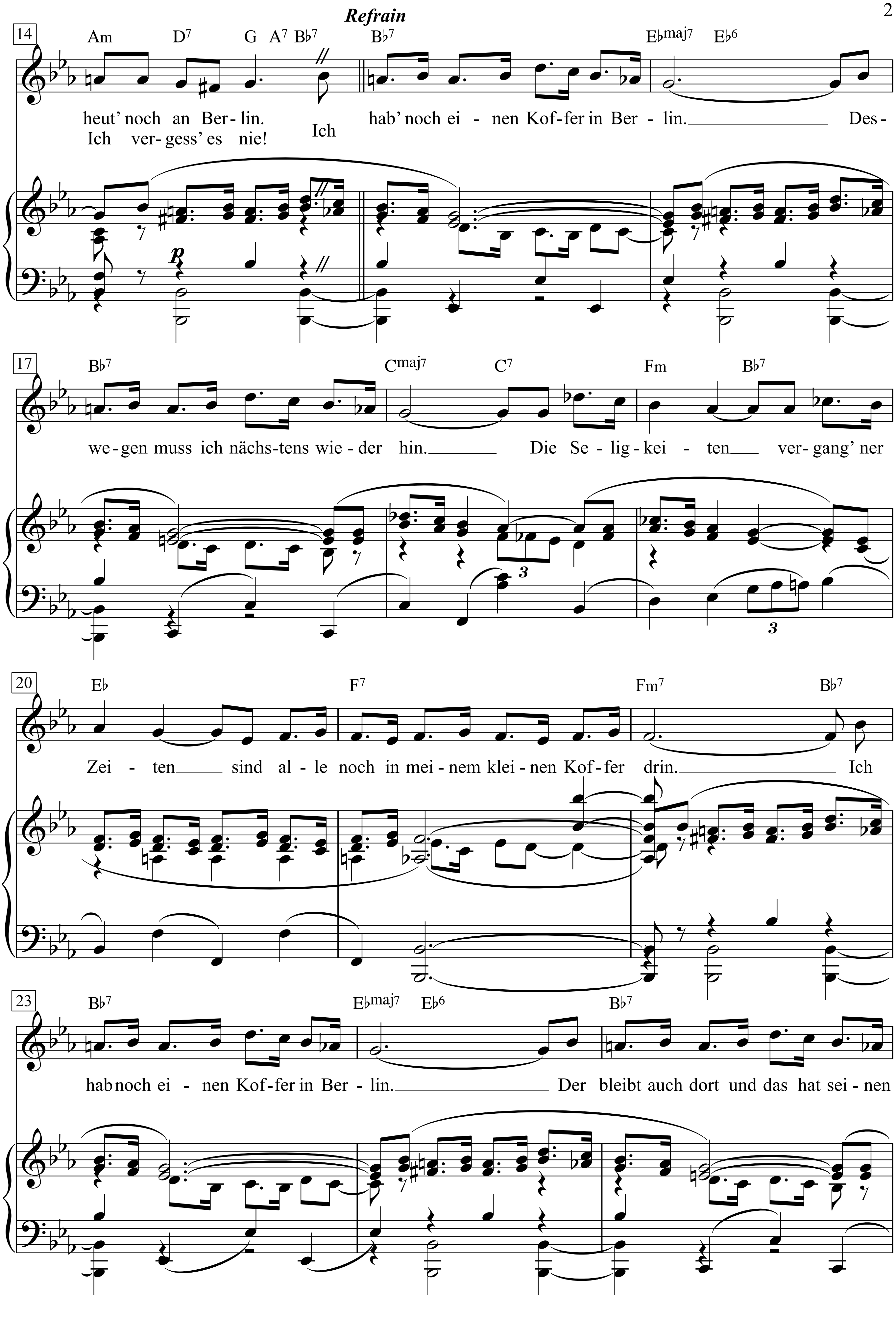
Ich hab' noch einen Koffer in Berlin

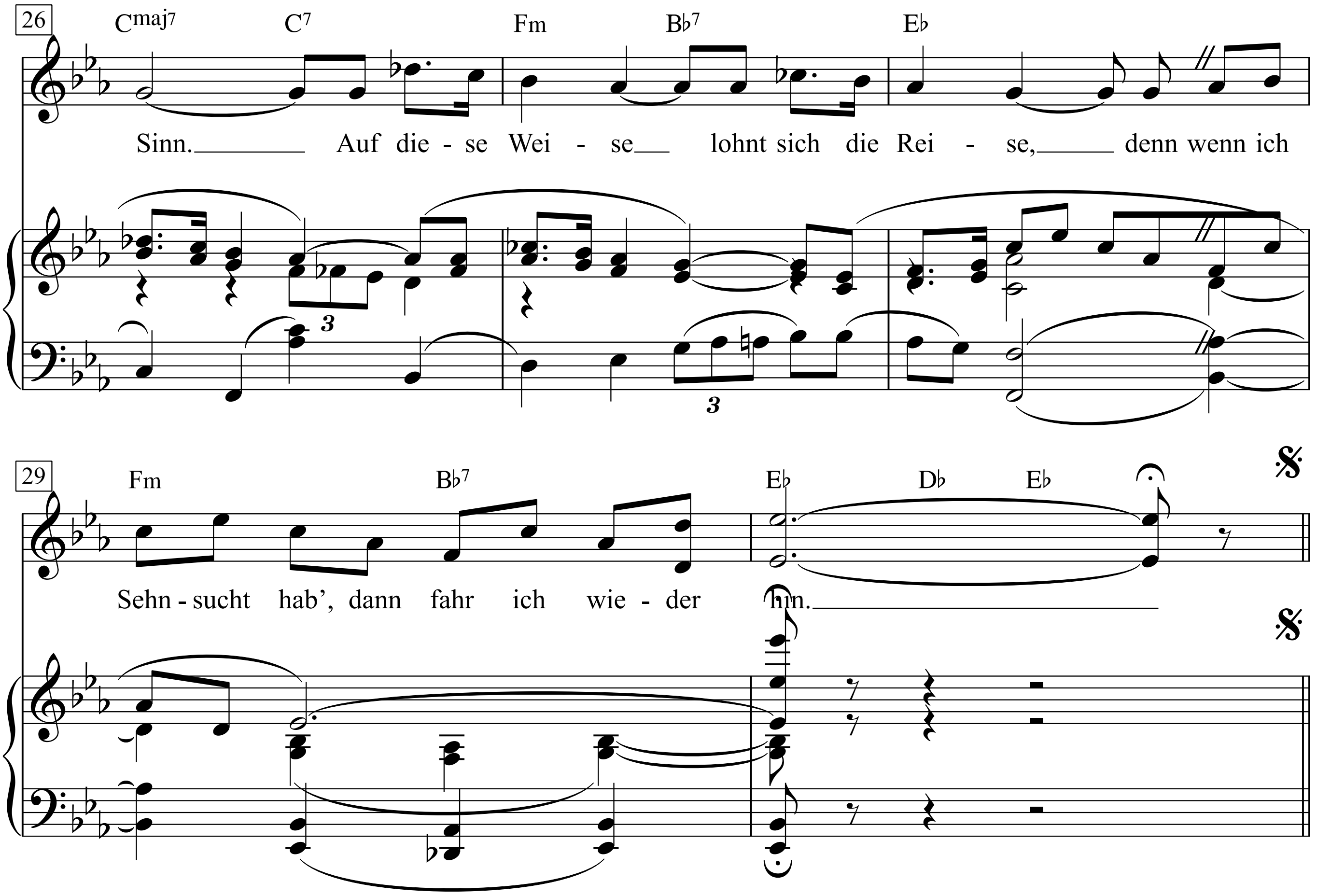
Melodie - Fox

Text: Aldo von Pinelli

Musik: Ralph Siegel
(Marlene Dietrich)



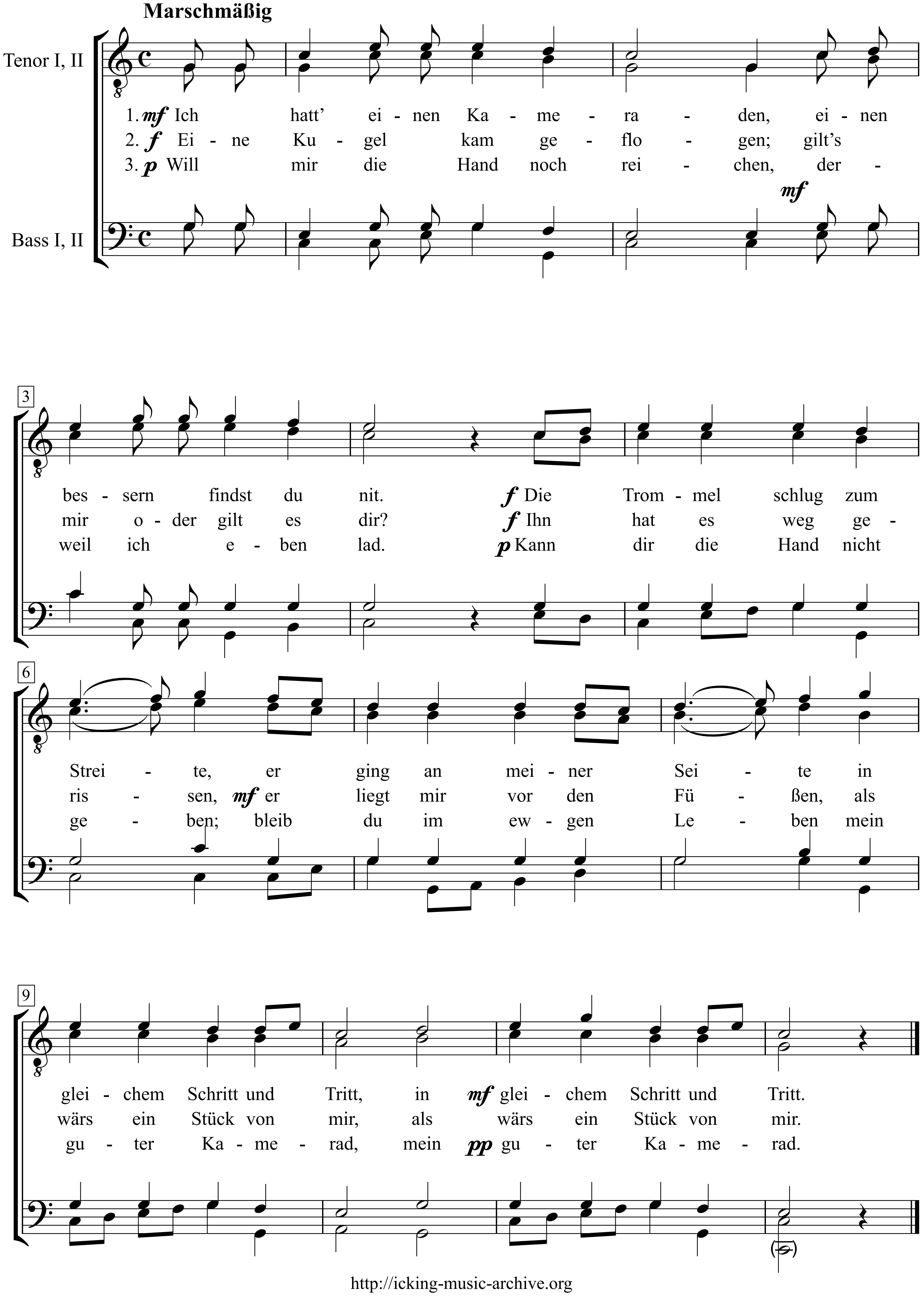

Refrain
14
Am D7 G A7 B♭7 B♭7 E♭maj7 E♭6
heut' noch an Ber-lin. Ich hab' noch ei - nen Kof-fer in Ber - lin. Des-
Ich ver-gess' es nie!
17
B♭7 Cmaj7 C7 Fm B♭7
we-gen muss ich nächs-tens wie-der hin. Die Se-lig-kei - ten ver-gang' ner
20
E♭ F7 Fm7 B♭7
Zei - ten sind al-le noch in mei-nem klei-nen Kof-fer drin. Ich
23
B♭7 E♭maj7 E♭6 B♭7
habnoch ei - nen Kof-fer in Ber - lin. Der bleibt auch dort und das hat sei-nen


26
Cmaj7 C7 Fm B♭7 E♭
Sinn. Auf die - se Wei - se lohnt sich die Rei - se, denn wenn ich
3
3
29
Fm B♭7 E♭ D♭ E♭
Sehn - sucht hab', dann fahr ich wie - der hin.

Ich hatt' einen Kameraden

Ludwig Uhland (1787 - 1862)

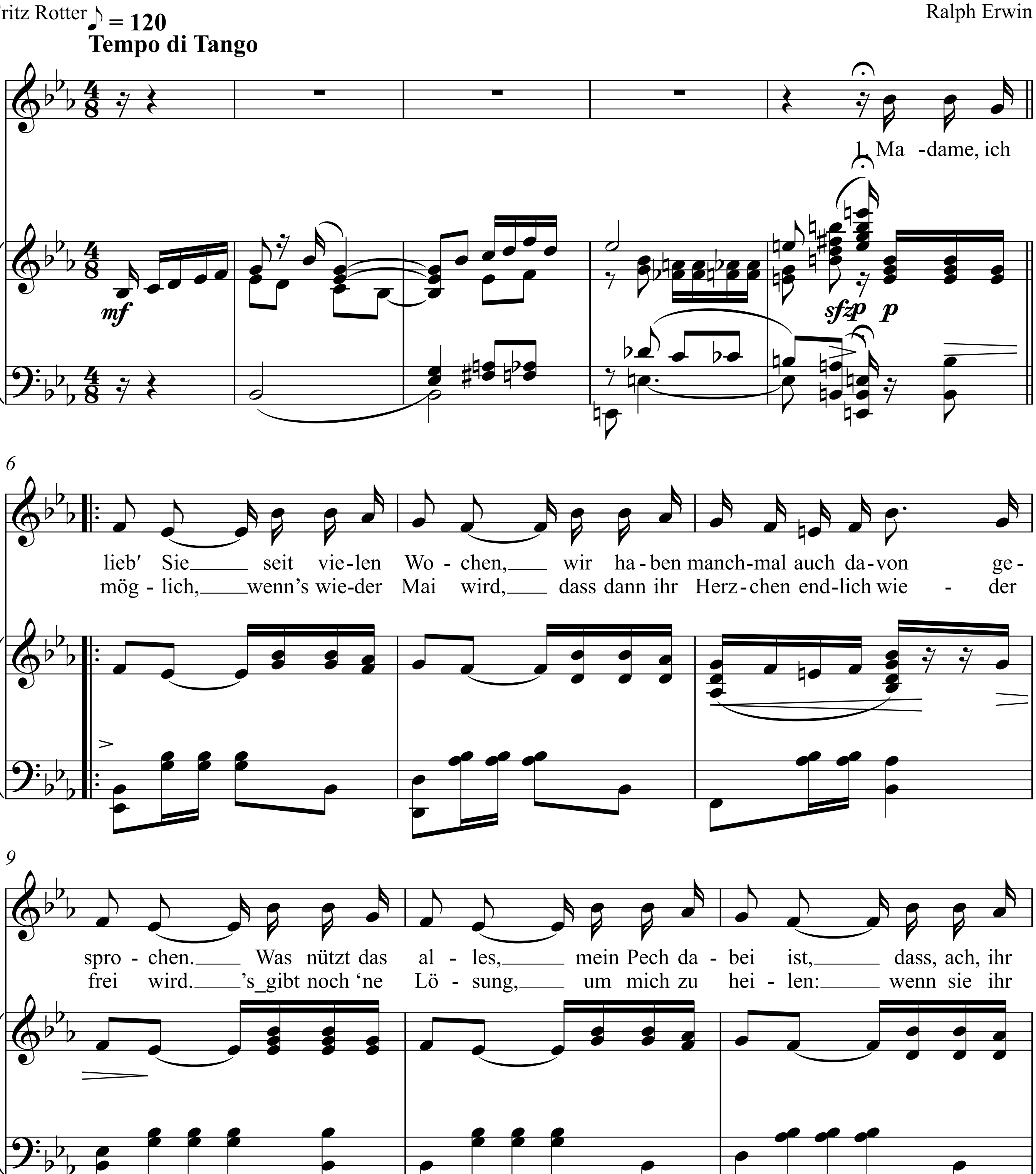
Volkslied, bearbeitet von
Friedrich Silcher (1789-1860)

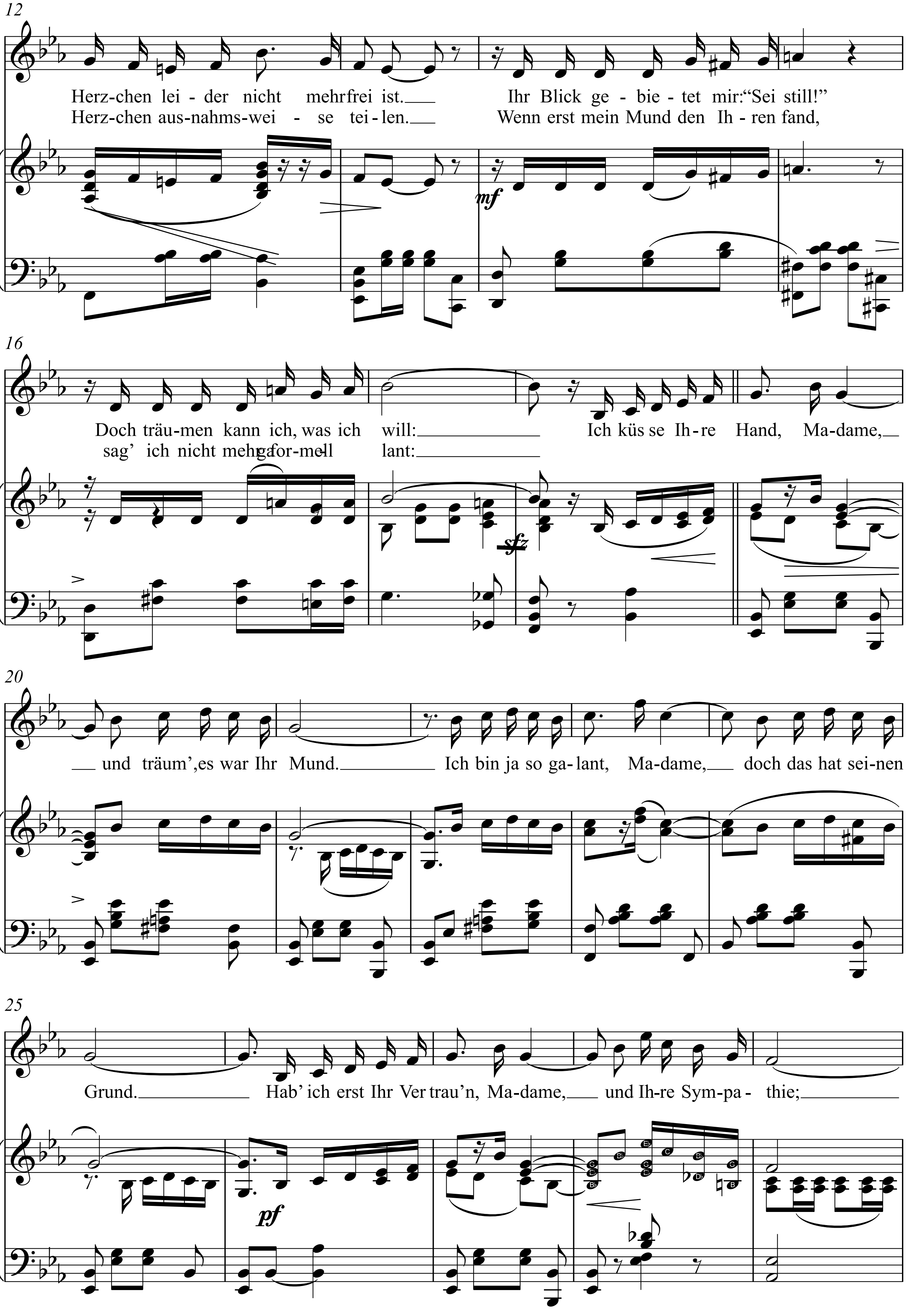


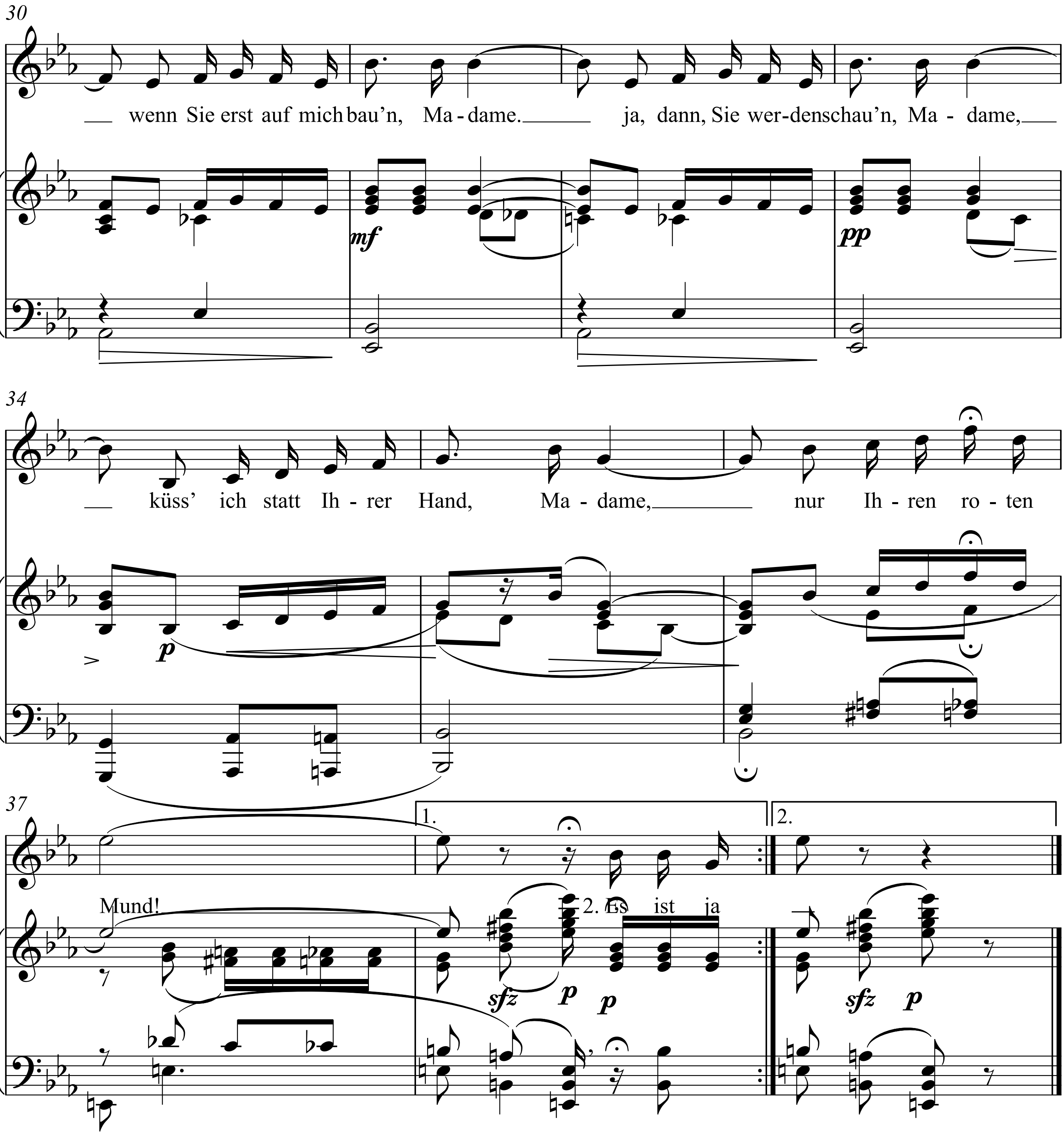
Ich küsse ihre Hand, Madame

Fritz Rotter

Ralph Erwin

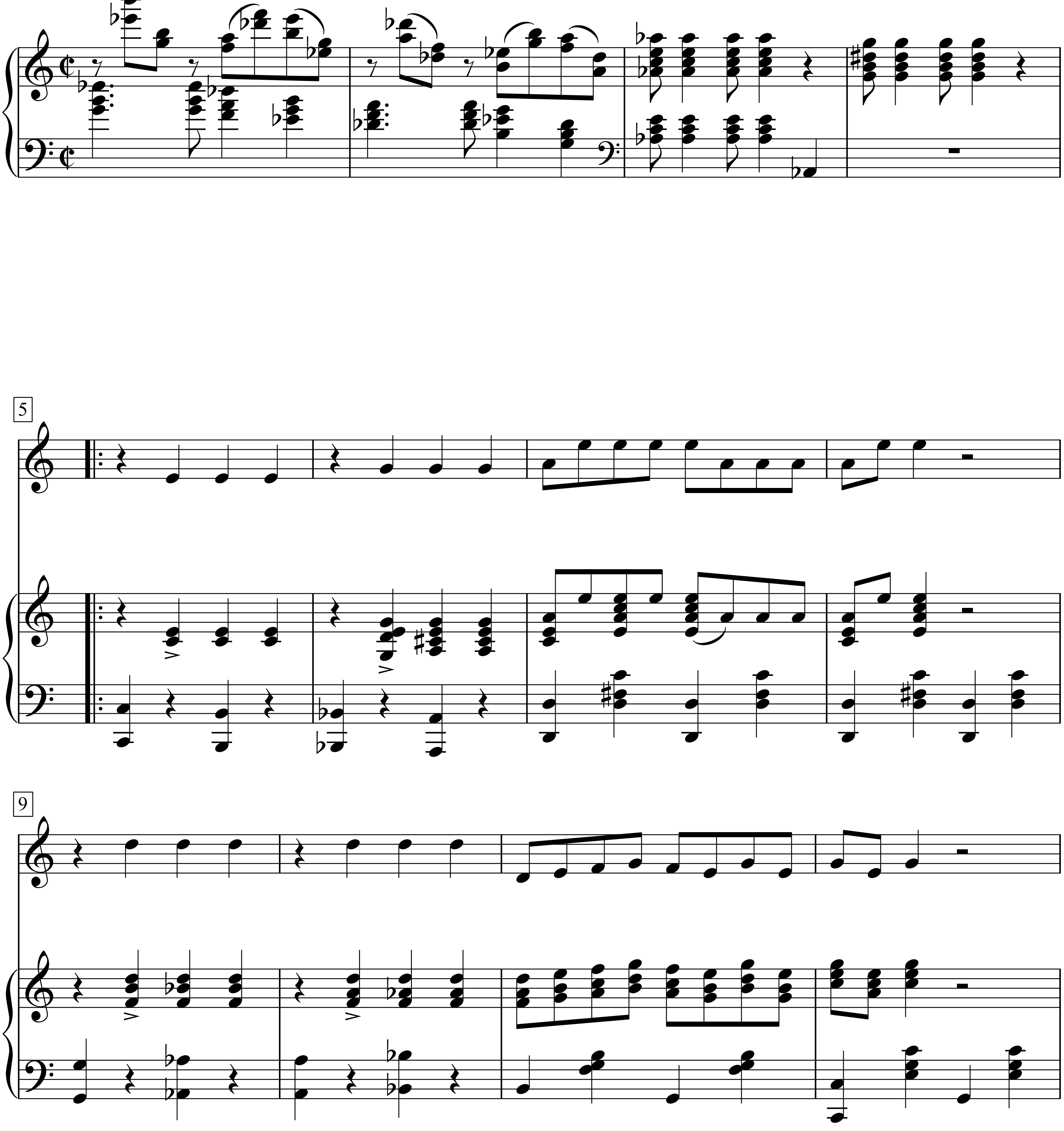


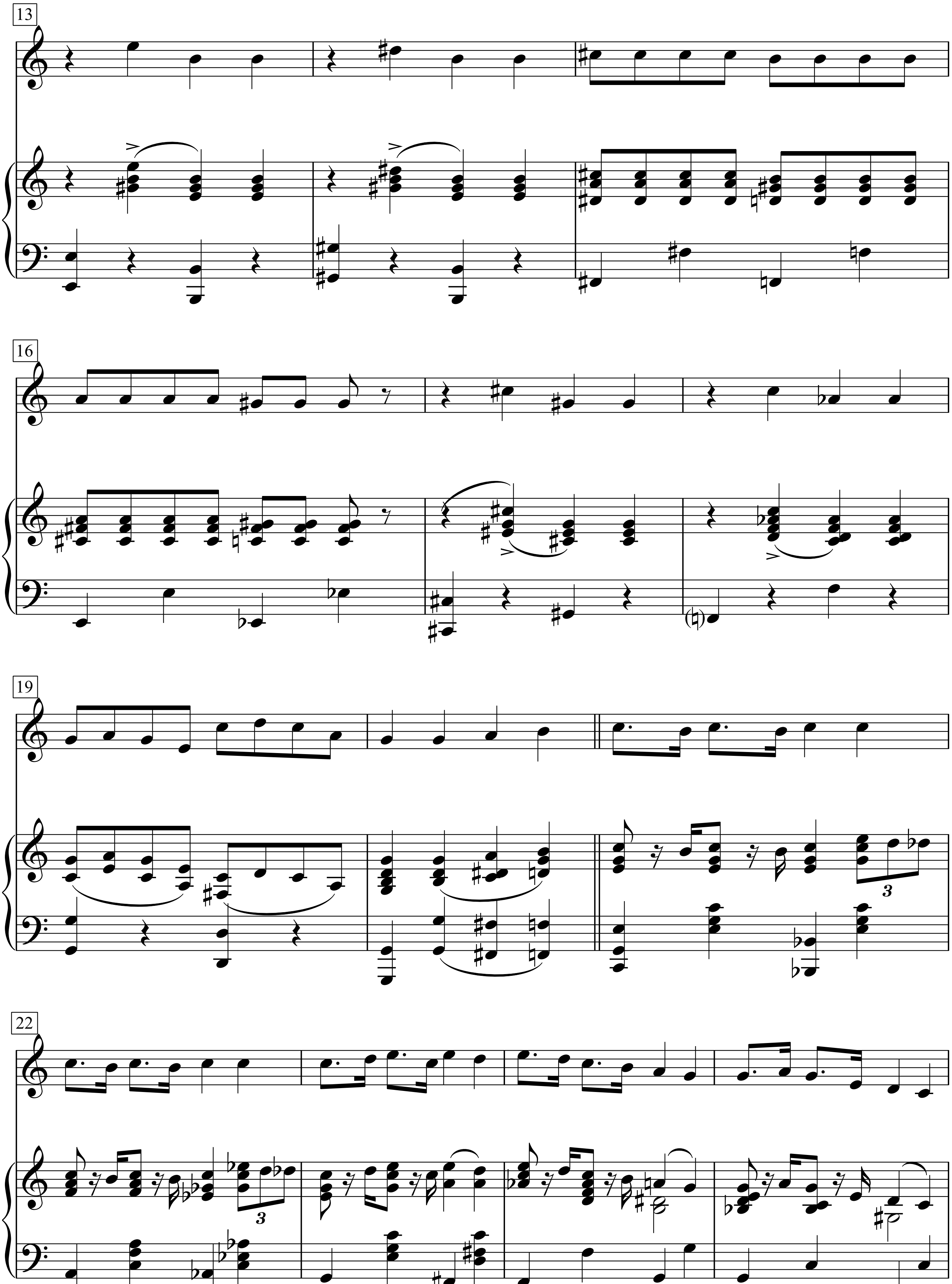

12
Herz-chen lei - der nicht mehrfrei ist. Ihr Blick ge - bie - tet mir:“Sei still!”
Herz-chen aus-nahms-wei - se tei - len. Wenn erst mein Mund den Ih - ren fand,
mf
16
Doch träu-men kann ich, was ich will: Ich küs se Ih-re Hand, Ma-dame,
sag’ ich nicht mehrgafor-mell lant:
sfz
20
und träum’,es war Ihr Mund. Ich bin ja so ga- lant, Ma-dame, doch das hat sei-nen
25
Grund. Hab’ ich erst Ihr Ver trau’n, Ma-dame, und Ih-re Sym-pa - thie;
pf

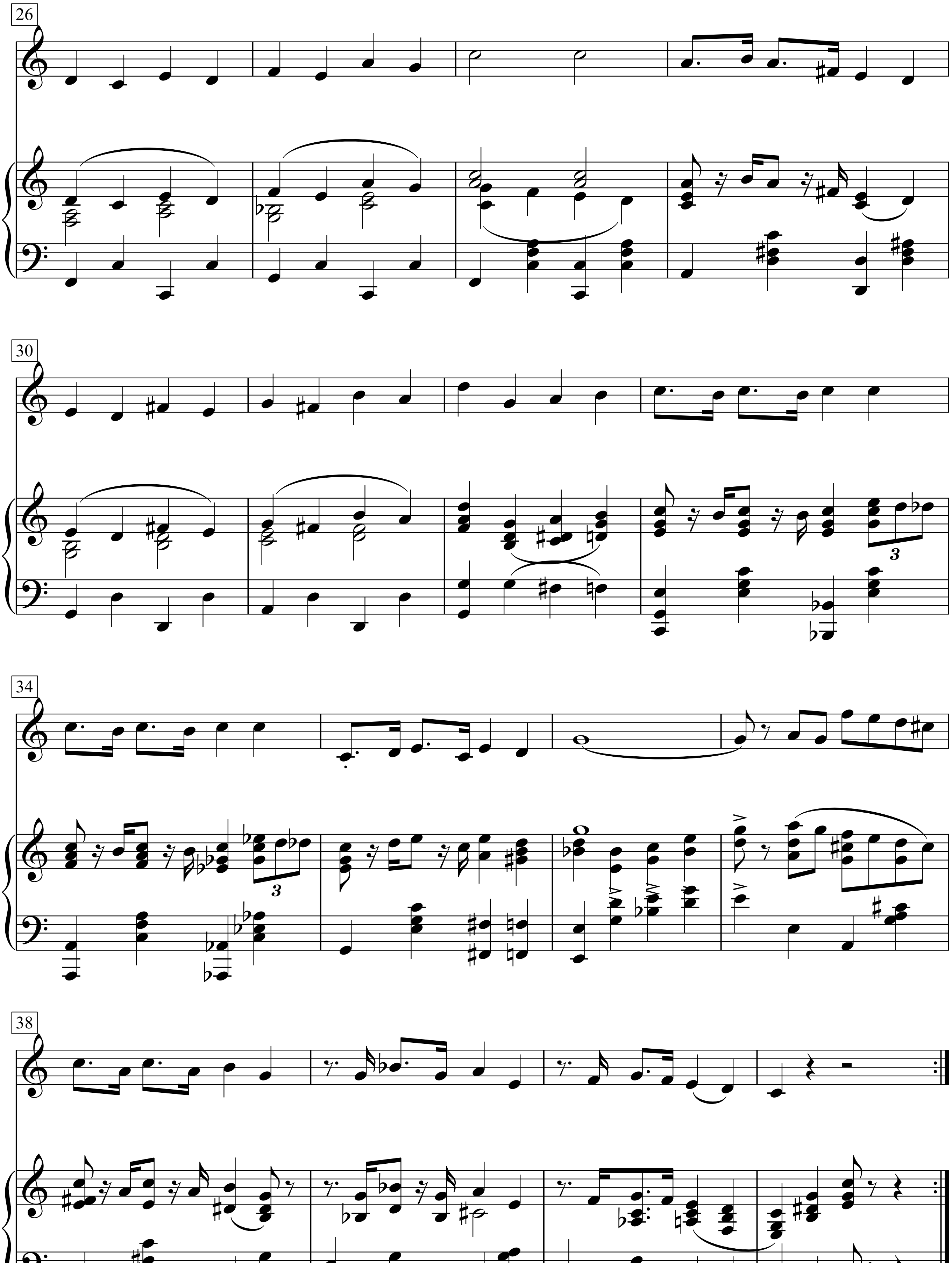

30
wenn Sie erst auf mich bau'n, Ma - dame. ja, dann, Sie wer-den schau'n, Ma - dame,
mf
pp
34
küss' ich statt Ih - rer Hand, Ma - dame, nur Ih - ren ro - ten
p
37
1.
2.
Mund!
2. Es ist ja
sfz p p
sfz p

Ich mache alles mit den Beinen!

Text & Musik: Friedrich Hollaender
(Curt Bois)



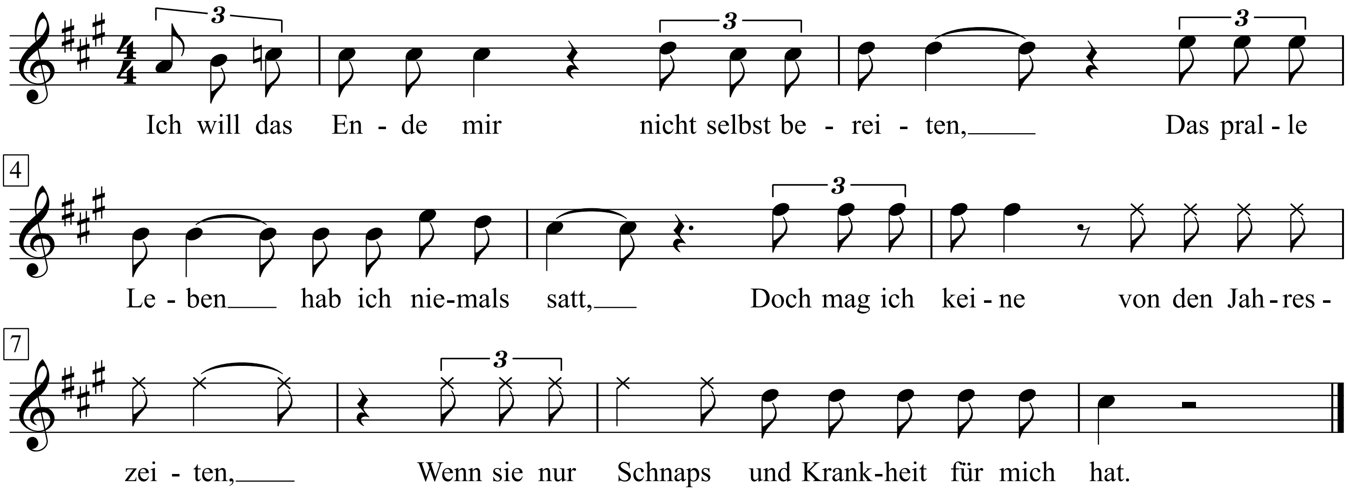

13
16
19
22


26
30
34
38

Ich mag nicht - Я не люблю

deutsche Nachdichtung: Reinhold Andert

Text & Musik: Wladimir Wyssozki
(1969)



1. Ich will das Ende mir nicht selbst bereiten,
Das pralle Leben hab ich niemals satt,
Doch mag ich keine von den Jahreszeiten,
Wenn sie nur Schnaps und Krankheit für mich hat.

2. Ich hasse diese Zyniker, die kalten,
Auch was die Schwärmer faseln, ist nur Mist.
Ich mag nicht, wenn der Brief, den ich erhalten,
Erbrochen wurde und gelesen ist.

3. Ich hasse Wahrheit unklar und in Stücken,
Mir's Maul verstopfen lassen mag ich nicht.
Auch heimtückische Schüsse in den Rücken,
Pistole auf der Brust – das hasse ich.

4. Ich hasse, wenn man nach Gerüchten dürstet,
Den Zweifel und den Ordensnadelstich.
Wenn man das Fell gegen den Strich mir bürstet,
Auch Eisen über Glas, das hasse ich.

6. Zufriedne Schweine hass ich, vollgefressen,
Schon besser, wenn die Bremse mal blockiert.
Ich hasse, wenn die Ehre wird vergessen,
Verleumdung allerorten triumphiert.

6. Kein Mitleid hab ich, keinen Wunsch zu rächen,
Wenn ein Romantiker zerbrochen ist.
Ich mag Gewalten nicht, noch mag ich Schwächen,
Mich dauert nur das Kreuz von Jesus Christ.

7. Mich selbst hass ich, seh ich mich feig taktieren,
Doch duld ich nicht, wenn schuldlos sich wer duckt.
Mich kotzt es an, will man mich provozieren,
Und hinterher die Seele mir bespuckt.

8. Ich mag Politclowns nicht und ihre Reden –
Versprochen wird, gelobt und prophezeit,
Die Zukunft wird gemalt als Garten Eden.
Das alles hass ich jetzt und allezeit.

1. Я не люблю фатального исхода,
От жизни никогда не устаю.
Я не люблю любое время года,
В которое болею или пью.

2. Я не люблю холодного цинизма,
В восторженность не верю, и ещё –
Когда чужой мои читает письма,
Заглядывая мне через плечо.

3. Я не люблю, когда наполовину
Или когда прервали разговор.
Я не люблю, когда стреляют в спину,
Я также против выстрелов в упор.

4. Я ненавижу сплетни в виде версий,
Червей сомненья, почестей иглу,
Или – когда всё время против шерсти,
Или – когда железом по стеклу.

5. Я не люблю уверенности сытой,
Уж лучше пусть откажут тормоза.
Досадно мне, коль слово »честь« забыто
И коль в чести наветы за глаза.

6. Когда я вижу сломанные крылья,
Нет жалости во мне, и неспроста:
Я не люблю насилья и бессилья,
Вот только жаль распятого Христа.

7. Я не люблю себя, когда я трушу,
И не терплю, когда невинных бьют.
Я не люблю, когда мне лезут в душу,
Тем более - когда в неё плюют.

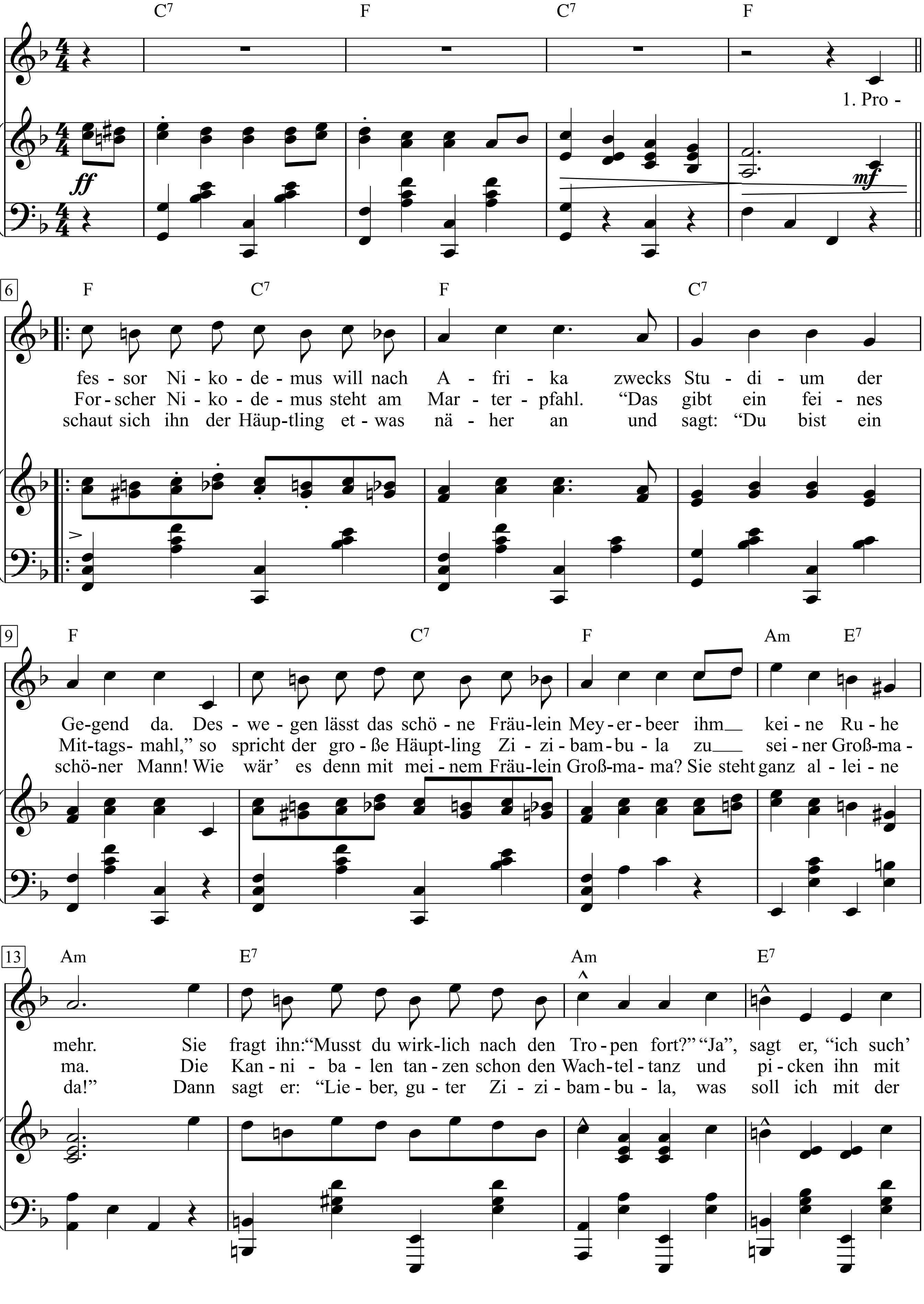
8. Я не люблю манежи и арены, –
На них мильон меняют по рублю.
Пусть впереди большие перемены,
Я это никогда не полюблю.

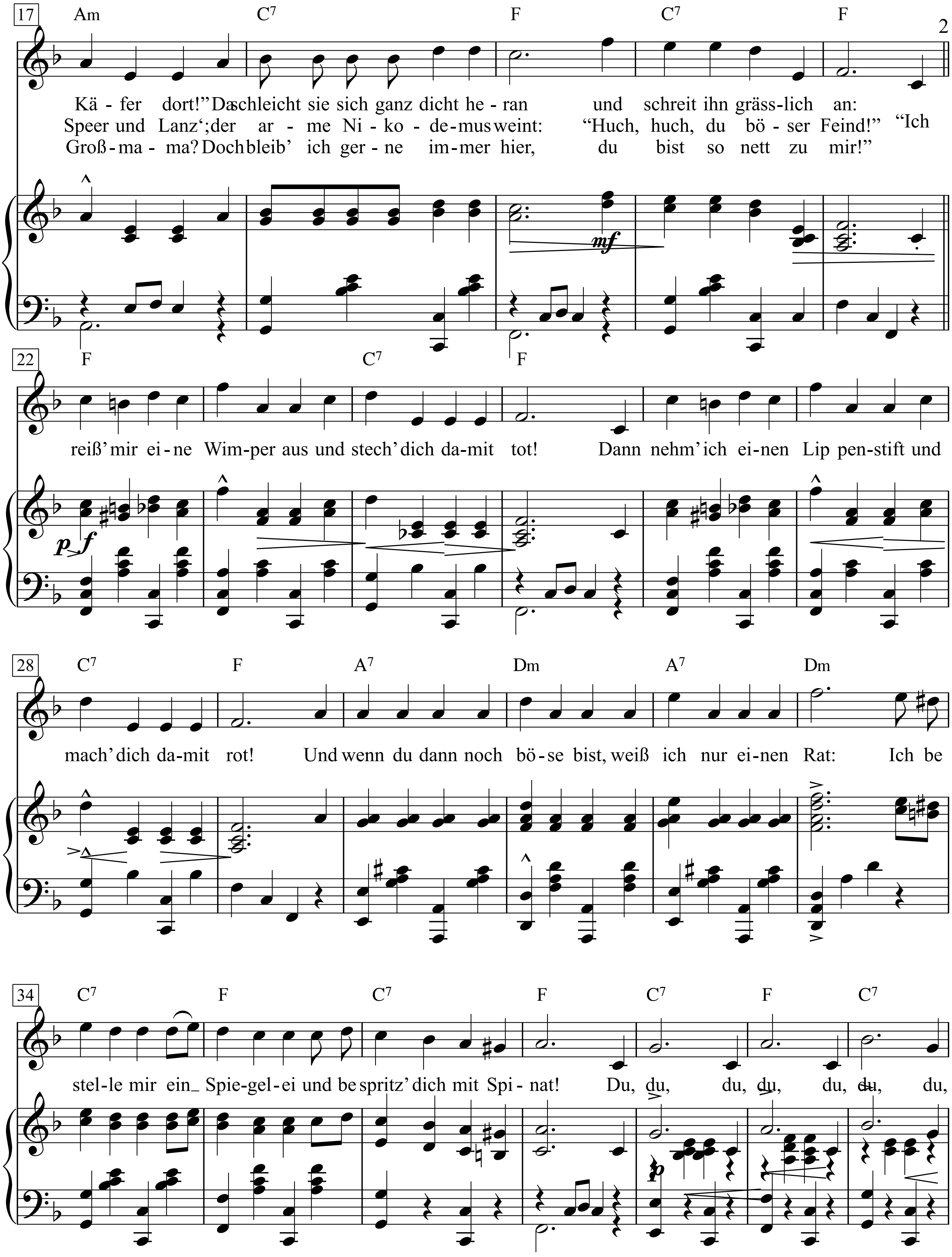
Charles Amberg

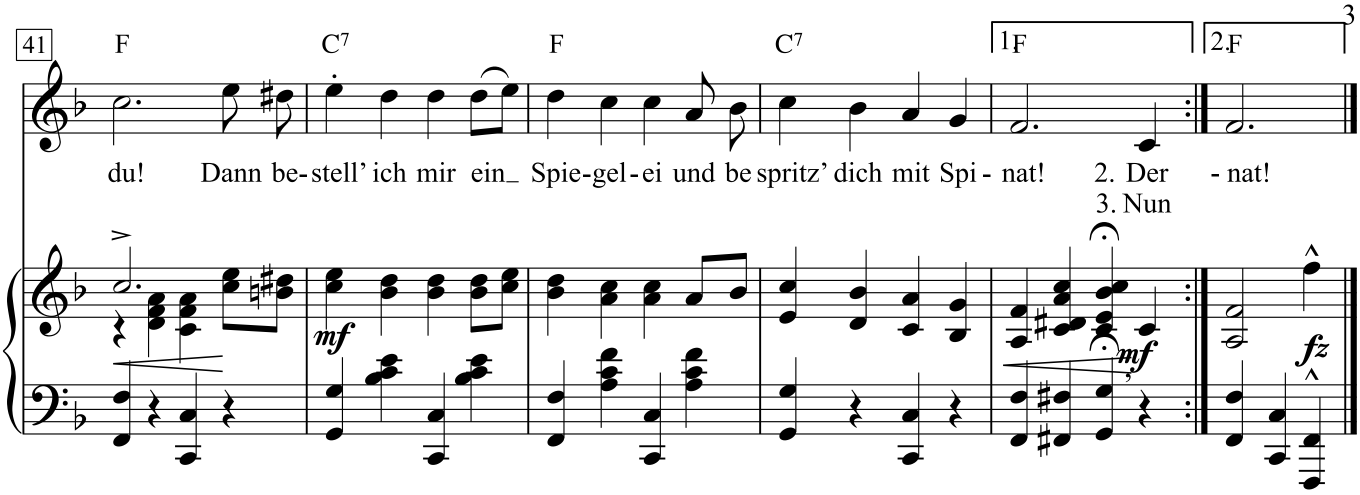
Ich reiß’ mir eine Wimper aus

Lied und Foxtrot

Fred Raymond




17
Am C7 F C7 F
Kä - fer dort!” Da schleicht sie sich ganz dicht he - ran und schreit ihn gräss-lich an:
Speer und Lanz‘; der ar - me Ni - ko - de - mus weint: “Huch, huch, du bö - ser Feind!” “Ich
Groß - ma - ma? Doch bleib’ ich ger - ne im - mer hier, du bist so nett zu mir!”
mf
22
F C7 F
reiß’ mir ei - ne Wim - per aus und stech’ dich da - mit tot! Dann nehm’ ich ei - nen Lip pen - stift und
pf
28
C7 F A7 Dm A7 Dm
mach’ dich da - mit rot! Und wenn du dann noch bö - se bist, weiß ich nur ei - nen Rat: Ich be
34
C7 F C7 F C7 F C7
stel - le mir ein_ Spie - gel - ei und be spritz’ dich mit Spi - nat! Du, du, du, du, du, du, du,
p



1. Professor Nikodemus will nach Afrika
zwecks Studium der Gegend da.
Deswegen lässt das schöne Fräulein Meyerbeer
ihm keine Ruhe mehr.
Sie fragt ihn: “Musst du wirklich nach den Tropen fort?” “
Ja”, sagt er, “ich such’ Käfer dort!”
Da schleicht sie sich ganz dicht heran
und schreit ihn grässlich an:

“Ich reiß’ mir eine Wimper aus
und stech’ dich damit tot!
Dann nehm’ ich einen Lippenstift
und mach’ dich damit rot!
Und wenn du dann noch böse bist,
weiß ich nur einen Rat:
Ich bestelle mir ein Spiegelei
und bespritz’ dich mit Spinat!
Du, du, du, du, du, du, du, du!
Dann bestell’ ich mir ein Spiegelei
und bespritz’ dich mit Spinat!

2. Der Forscher Nikodemus steht am Marterpfahl.
“Das gibt ein feines Mittagsmahl,”
so spricht der große Häuptling Zizibambula
zu seiner Großmama.
Die Kannibalen tanzen schon den Wachteltanz
und picken ihn mit Speer und Lanz‘;
der arme Nikodemus weint:
“Huch, huch, du böser Feind!”

“Ich reiß’ mir eine Wimper aus ...

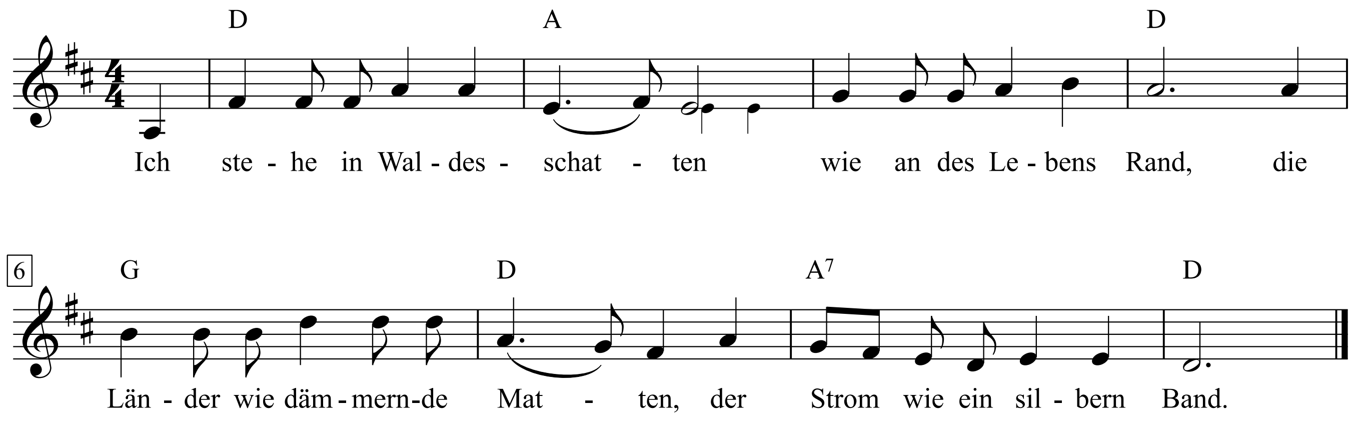
3. Nun schaut sich ihn der Häuptling etwas näher an
und sagt: “Du bist ein schöner Mann!
Wie wär’ es denn mit meinem Fräulein Großmama?
Sie steht ganz alleine da!”
Dann sagt er: “Lieber, guter Zizibambula,
was soll ich mit der Großmama?
Doch bleib’ ich gerne immer hier,
du bist so nett zu mir!”

“Ich reiß’ mir eine Wimper aus ..

Ich stehe in Waldesschatten

Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Melodie: Franz Biebl, aus 'Der Grünschnabel'



1. Ich stehe in Waldesschatten
wie an des Lebens Rand,
die Länder wie dämmernde Matten,
der Strom wie ein silbern Band.

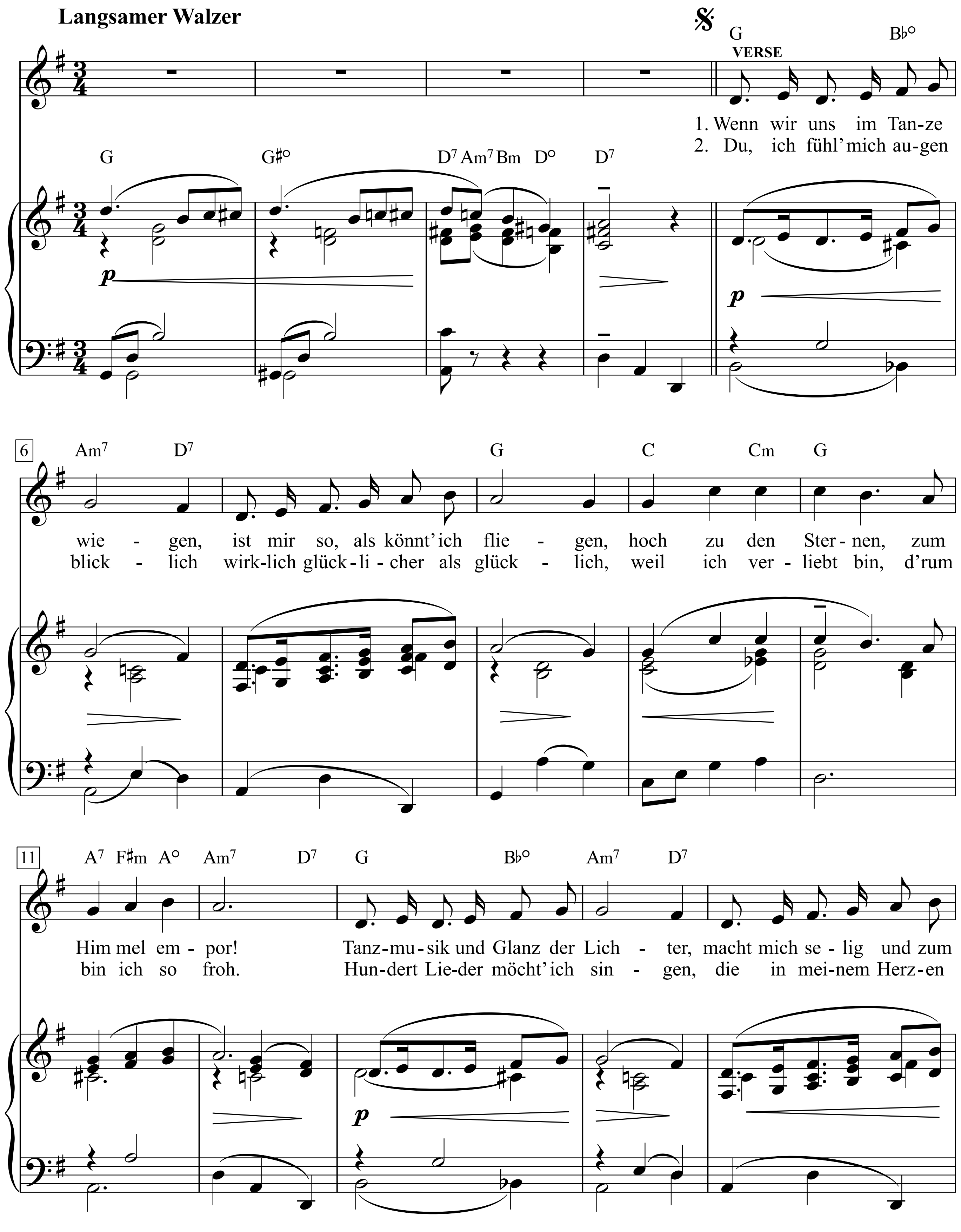
2. Von fern nur schlagen die Glocken
über die Wälder herein,
ein Reh hebt den Kopf erschrocken
und schlummert gleich wieder ein.

3. Der Wald aber rühret die Wipfel
im Traum von der Felsenwand;
denn der Herr geht über die Gipfel
und segnet das stille Land.

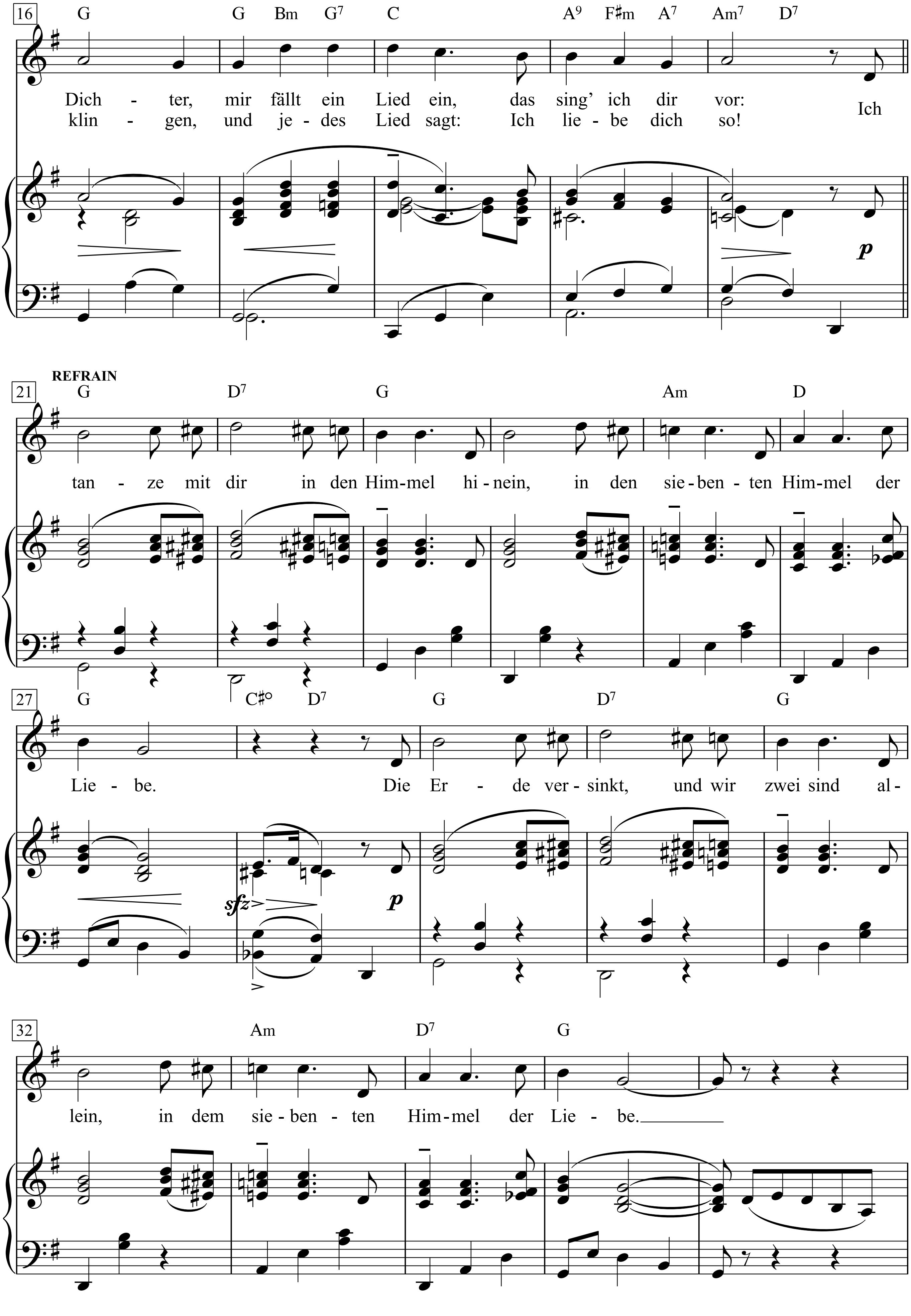
Ich tanze mit dir in den Himmel hinein

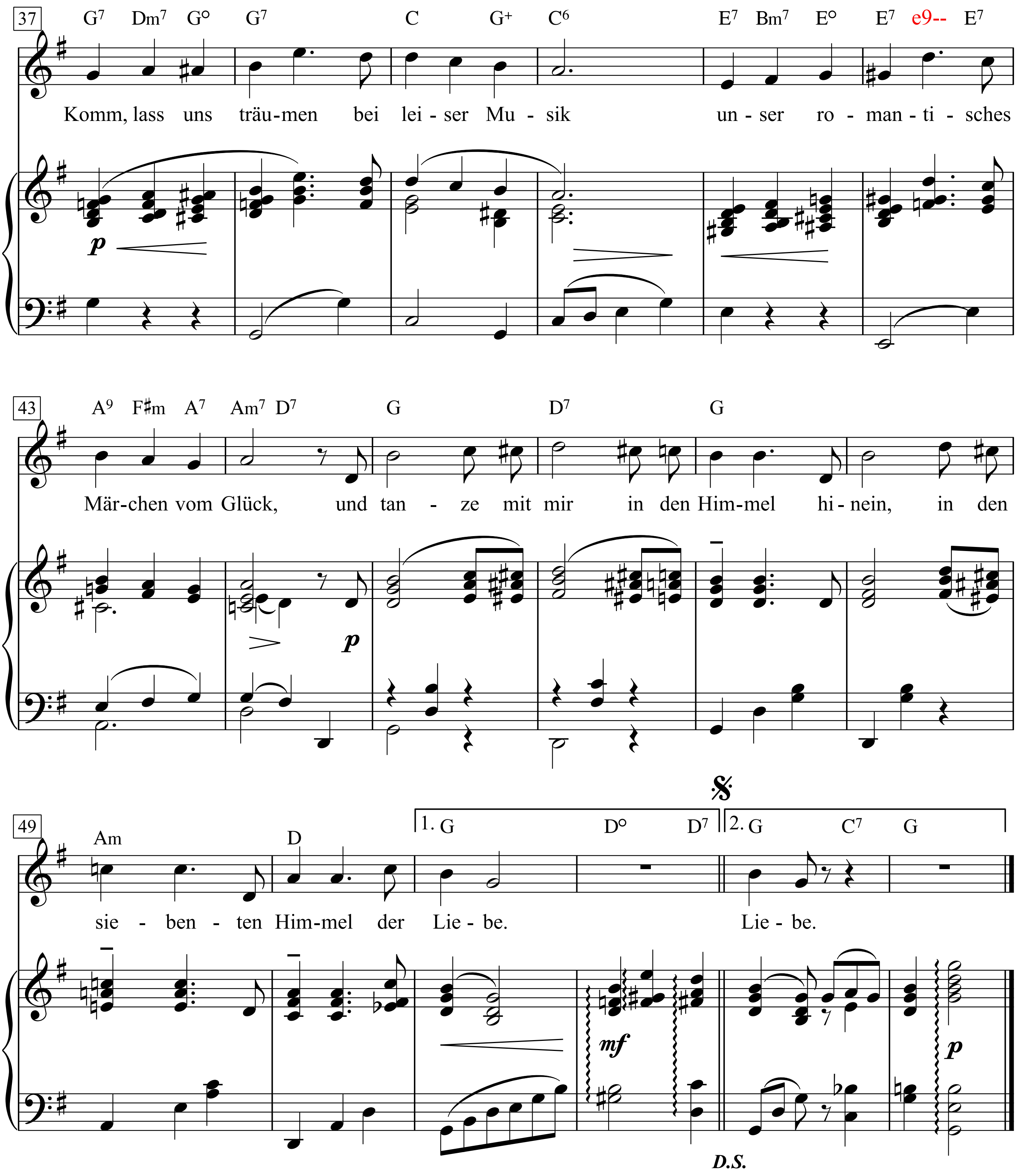
Langsamer Walzer aus dem Film "Sieben Ohrfeigen"

Text: Hans Fritz Beckmann *Musik:* Friedrich Schröck



Von Kopf bis Fuß auf Kino eingestellt, S. 114+115


16
G G Bm G7 C A9 F♯m A7 Am7 D7
Dich - ter, mir fällt ein Lied ein, das sing' ich dir vor:
klin - gen, und je - des Lied sagt: Ich lie - be dich so!
Ich
p
REFRAIN
21
G D7 G Am D
tan - ze mit dir in den Him-mel hi - nein, in den sie - ben - ten Him-mel der
27
G C♯° D7 G D7 G
Lie - be. Die Er - de ver - sinkt, und wir zwei sind al -
sfz
p
32
Am D7 G
lein, in dem sie - ben - ten Him - mel der Lie - be.


37
G7 Dm7 G° G7 C G+ C6 E7 Bm7 E° E7 e9-- E7
Komm, lass uns träu-men bei lei - ser Mu - sik un - ser ro - man - ti - sches
p
43
A9 F♯m A7 Am7 D7 G D7 G
Mär-chen vom Glück, und tan - ze mit mir in den Him-mel hi - nein, in den
p
49
Am D 1. G D° D7 2. G C7 G
sie - ben - ten Him-mel der Lie - be. Lie - be.
mf
p
D.S.

1. Wenn wir uns im Tanze wiegen,
ist mir so, als könnt' ich fliegen,
hoch zu den Sternen, zum Himmel empor!
Tanzmusik und Glanz der Lichter,
macht mich selig und zum Dichter,
mir fällt ein Lied ein, das sing' ich dir vor:

Refrain:
Ich tanze mit dir in den Himmel hinein,
in den siebenten Himmel der Liebe.
Die Erde versinkt, und wir zwei sind allein,
in dem siebenten Himmel der Liebe.
Komm, lass uns träumen bei leiser Musik
unser romantisches Märchen vom Glück,
und tanze mit mir in den Himmel hinein,
in den siebenten Himmel der Liebe.

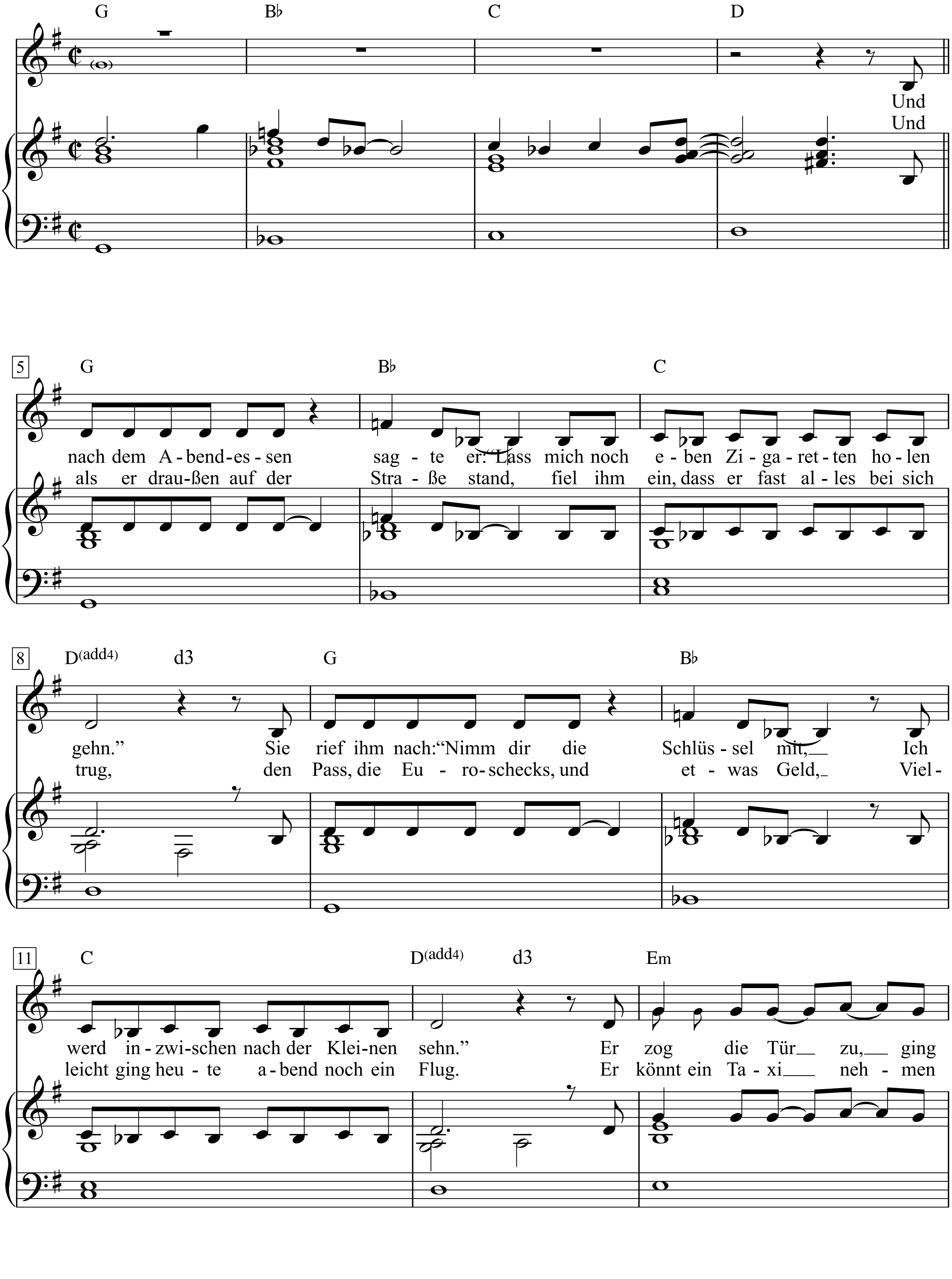
2. Du, ich fühl' mich augenblicklich
wirklich glücklicher als glücklich,
weil ich verliebt bin, d'rum bin ich so froh.
Hundert Lieder möcht' ich singen,
die in meinem Herzen klingen,
und jedes Lied sagt: Ich liebe dich so!

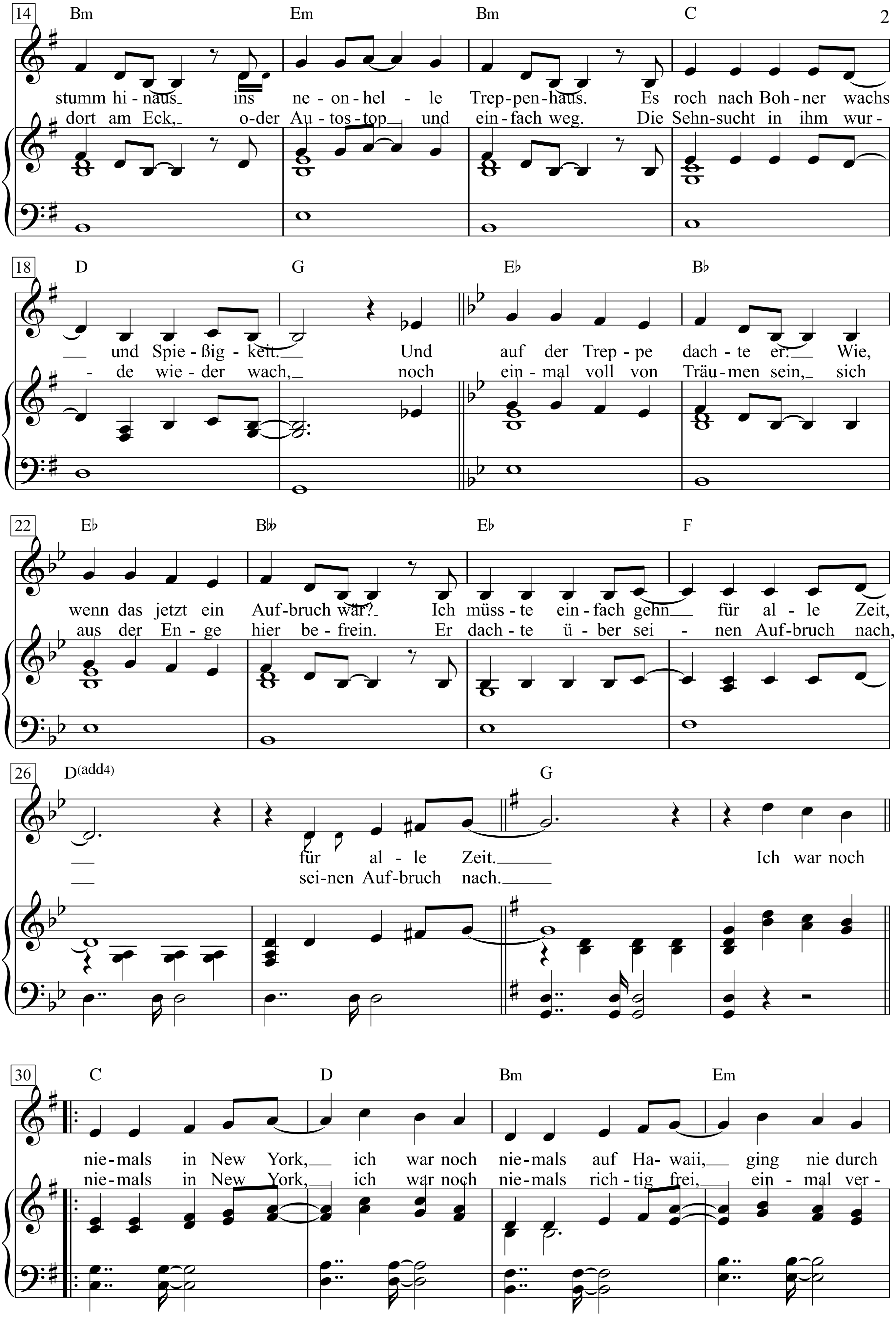
Refrain:
Ich tanze mit dir in den Himmel hinein …

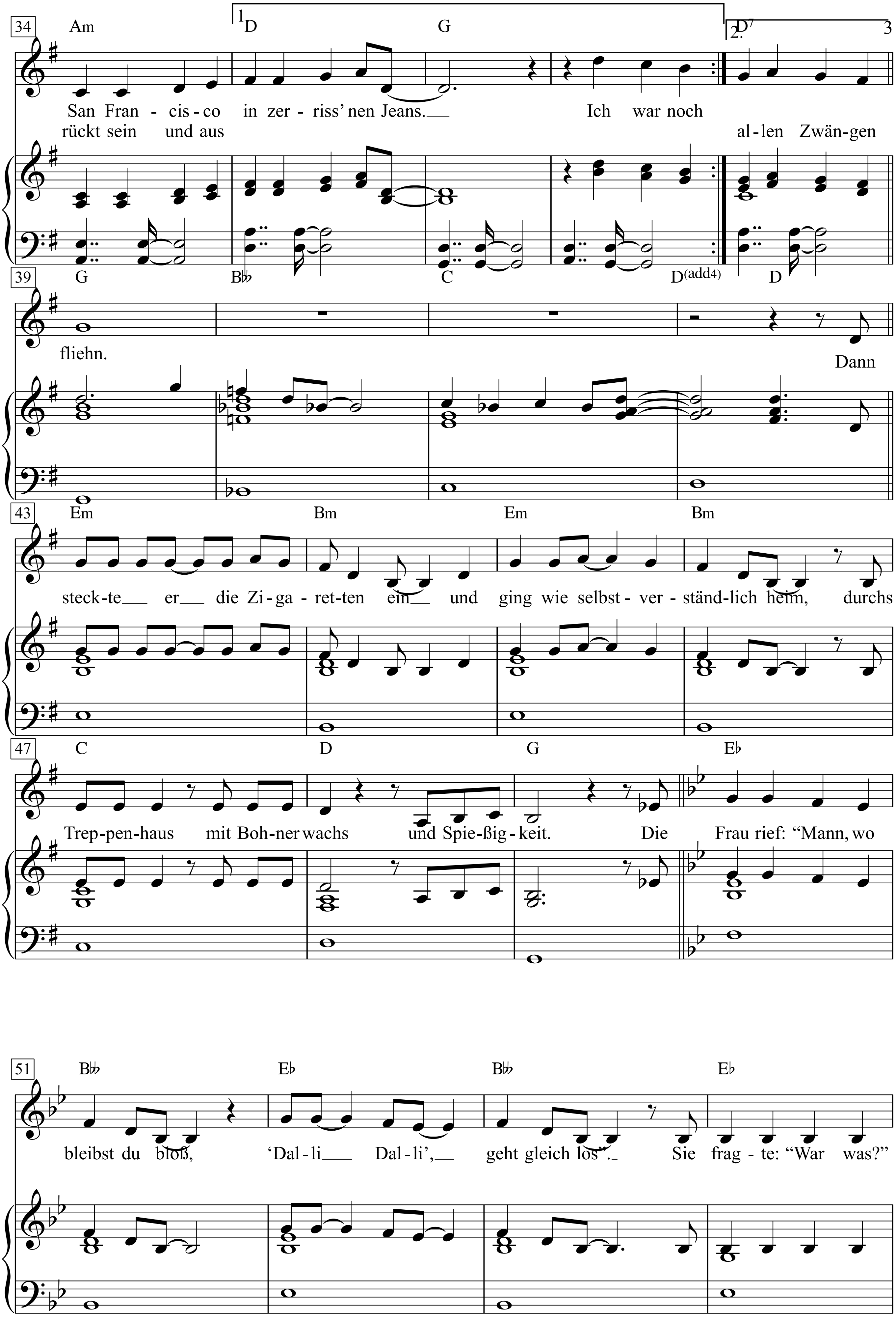
Ich war noch niemals in New York

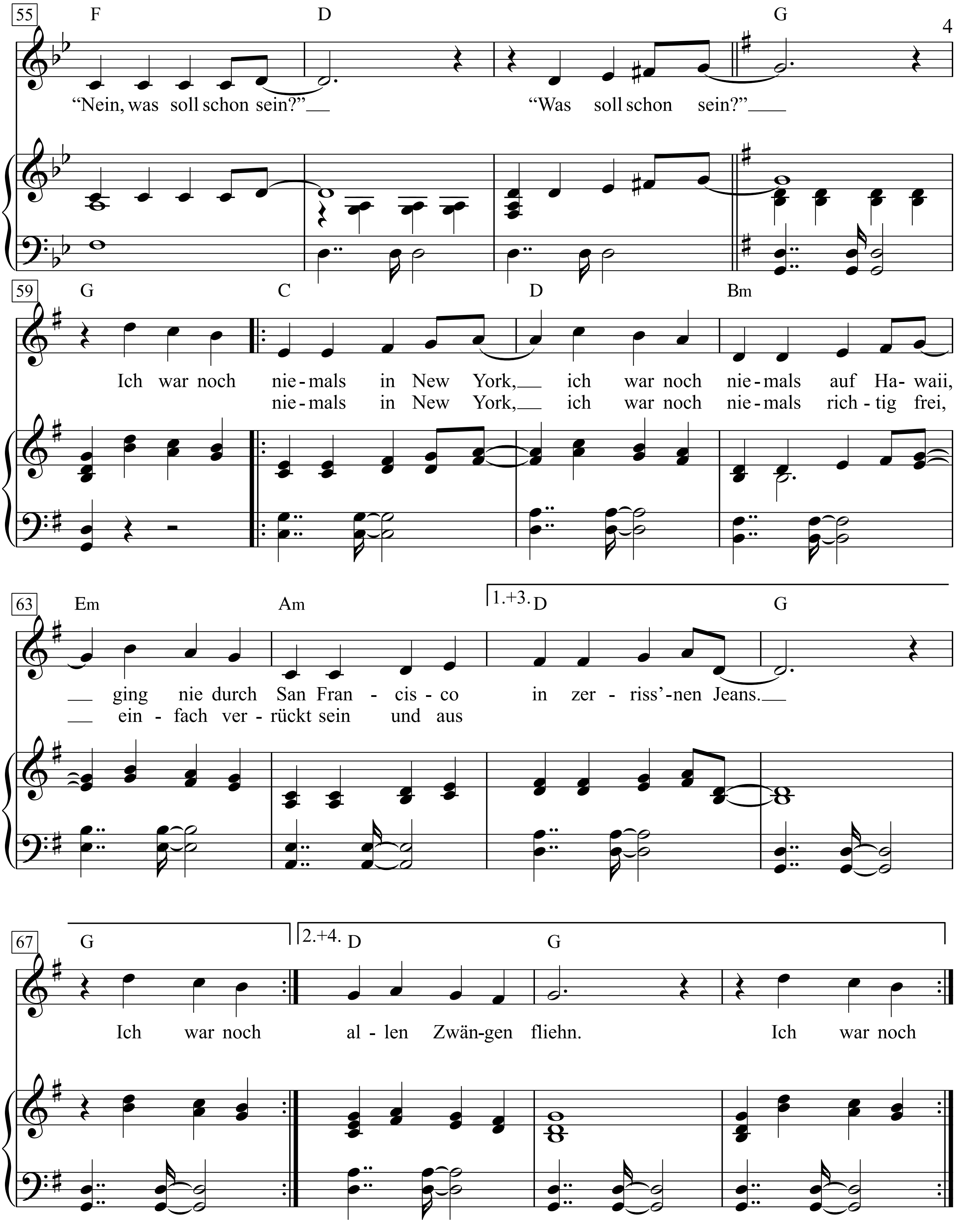
Text: Michael Kunze

Musik: Udo Jürgens
Klav.-Arr.: Tibor Levay



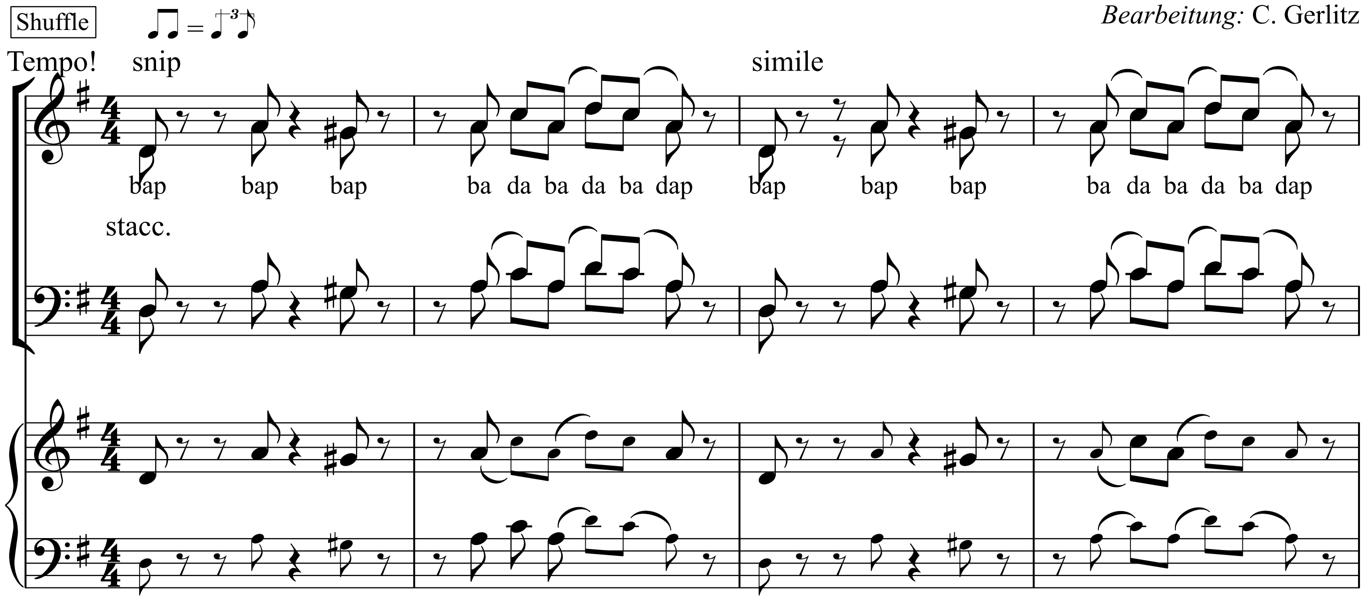

14
Bm Em Bm C
stumm hi - naus ins ne - on - hel - le Trep - pen - haus. Es roch nach Boh - ner wachs
dort am Eck, o - der Au - tos - top und ein - fach weg. Die Sehn - sucht in ihm wur -
18
D G E♭ B♭
und Spie - ßig - keit. Und auf der Trep - pe dach - te er: Wie,
- de wie - der wach, noch ein - mal voll von Träu - men sein, sich
22
E♭ B♭♭ E♭ F
wenn das jetzt ein Auf - bruch wär? Ich müss - te ein - fach gehn für al - le Zeit,
aus der En - ge hier be - frein. Er dach - te ü - ber sei - nen Auf - bruch nach,
26
D(add4) G
für al - le Zeit. Ich war noch
sei - nen Auf - bruch nach.
30
C D Bm Em
nie - mals in New York, ich war noch nie - mals auf Ha - waii, ging nie durch
nie - mals in New York, ich war noch nie - mals rich - tig frei, ein - mal ver -

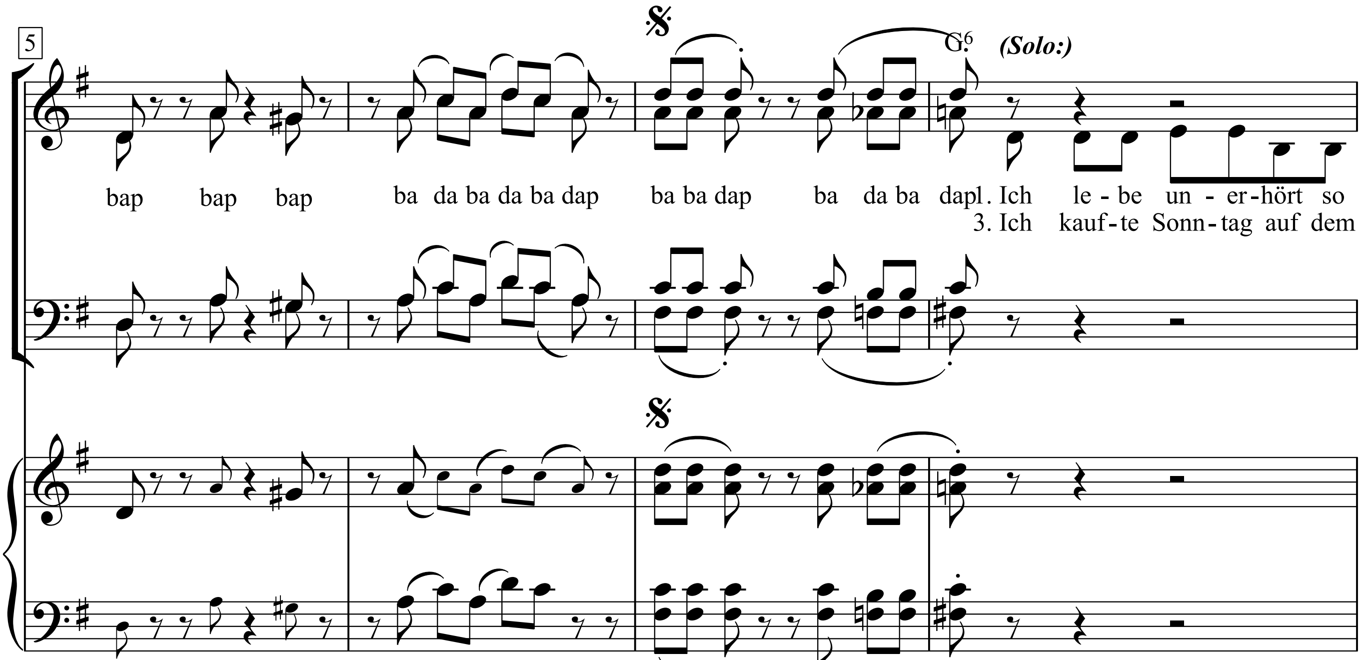

34
Am
1. D
G
2. D7
3
San Fran - cis - co in zer - riss' nen Jeans. Ich war noch
rückt sein und aus al - len Zwän - gen
39
G
B♭♭
C
D(add4)
D
fliehn.
Dann
43
Em
Bm
Em
Bm
steck - te er die Zi - ga - ret - ten ein und ging wie selbst - ver - ständ - lich heim, durchs
47
C
D
G
E♭
Trep - pen - haus mit Boh - ner wachs und Spie - ßig - keit. Die Frau rief: "Mann, wo
51
B♭♭
E♭
B♭♭
E♭
bleibst du bloß, 'Dal - li Dal - li', geht gleich los". Sie frag - te: "War was?"

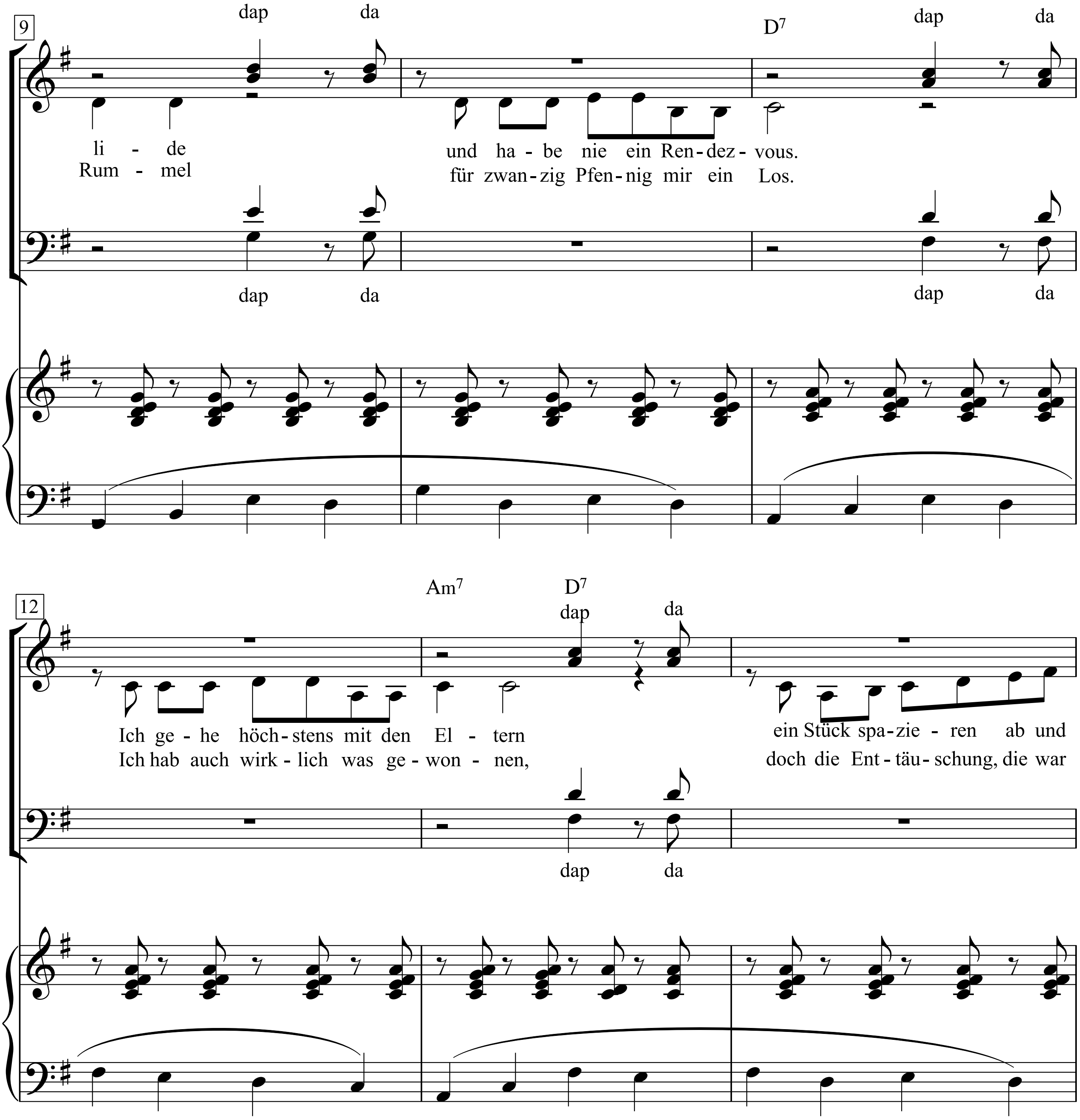

55
F
D
G
“Nein, was soll schon sein?”
“Was soll schon sein?”
59
G
C
D
Bm
Ich war noch nie-mals in New York, ich war noch nie-mals auf Ha-waii,
nie-mals in New York, ich war noch nie-mals rich-tig frei,
63
Em
Am
1.+3.
D
G
ging nie durch San Fran-cis-co in zer-riss’-nen Jeans.
ein-fach ver-rückt sein und aus
67
G
2.+4.
D
G
Ich war noch
al-len Zwän-gen fliehn.
Ich war noch

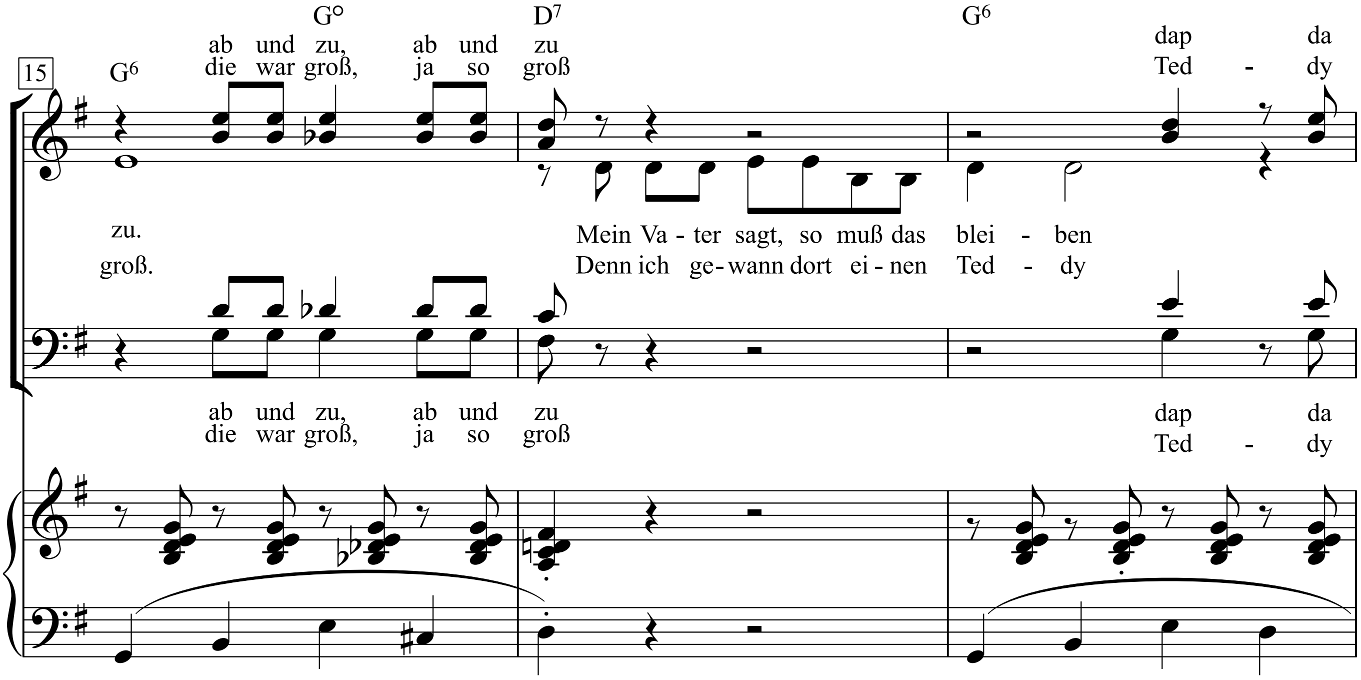
Ich will keine Schokolade

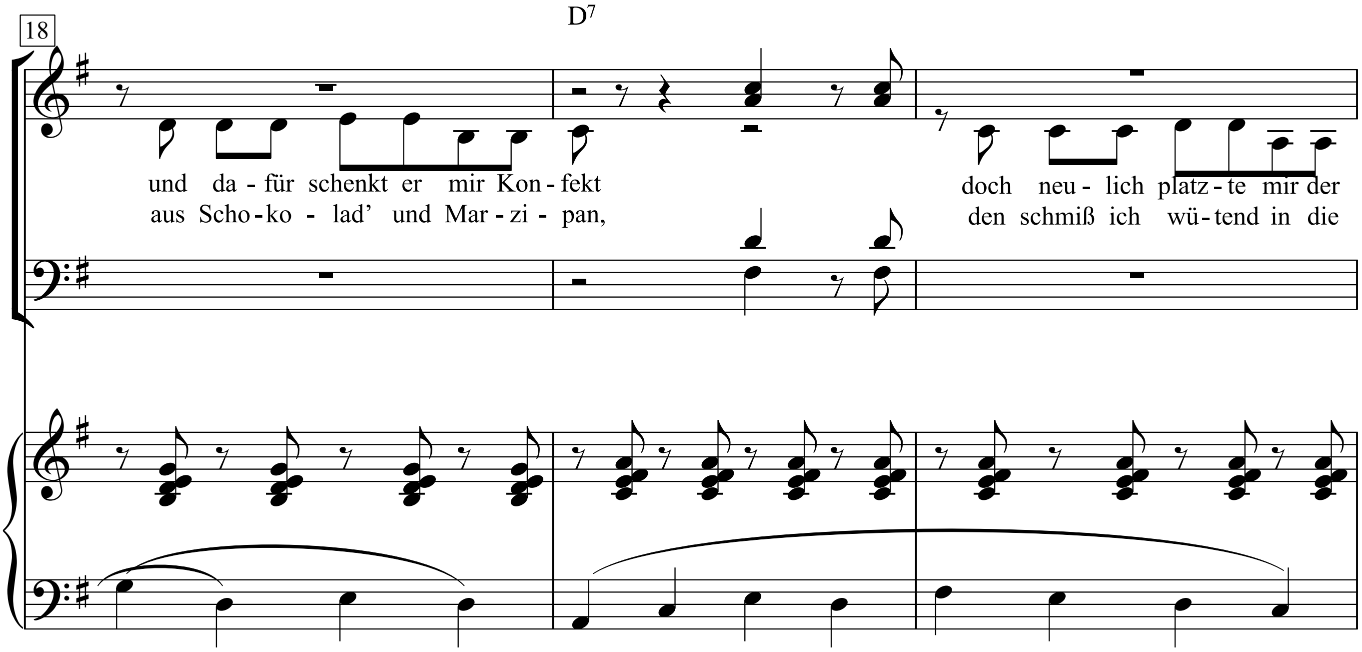
C.-U. Blecher
Musik: J. Morrow
Bearbeitung: C. Gerlitz

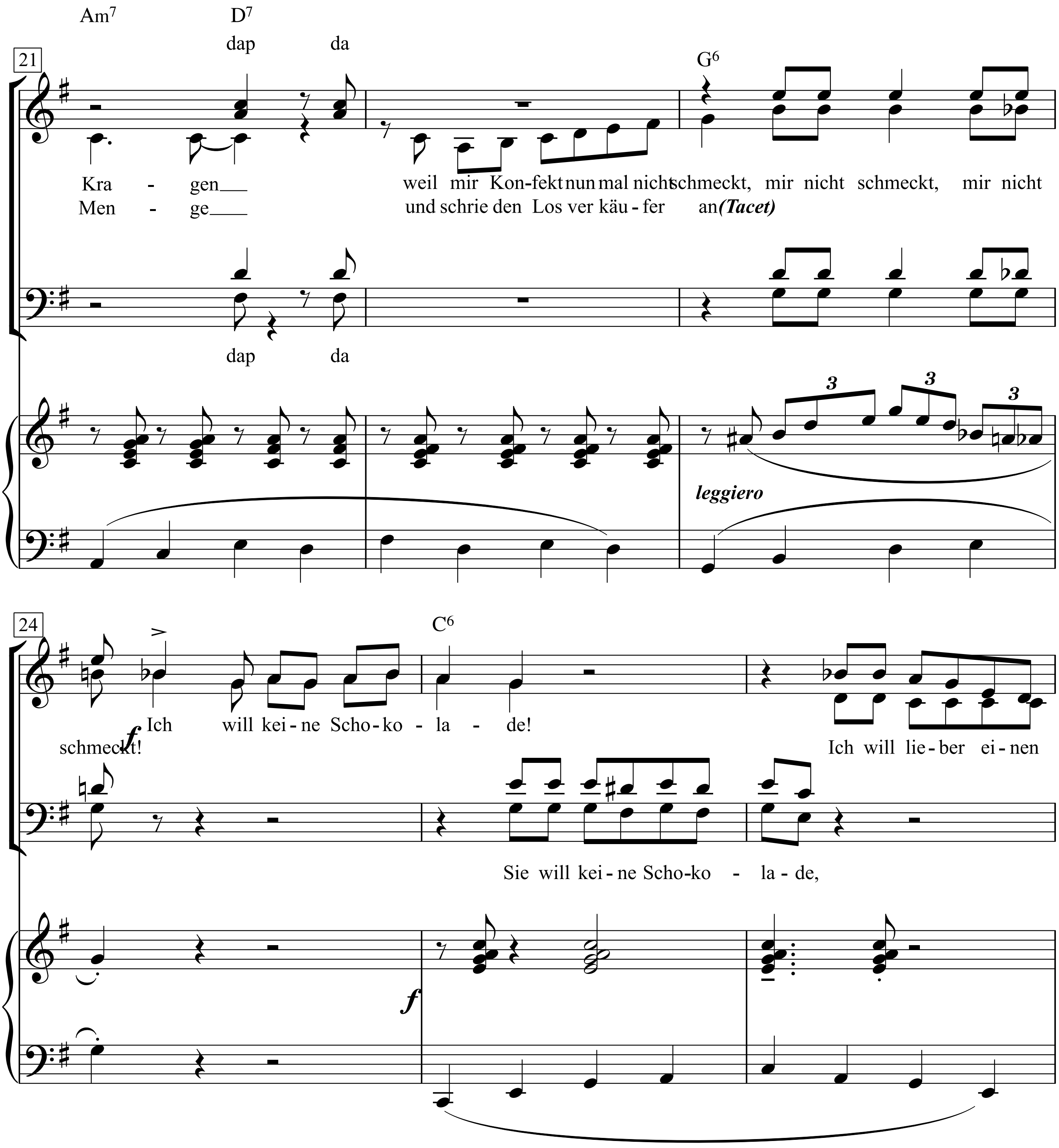


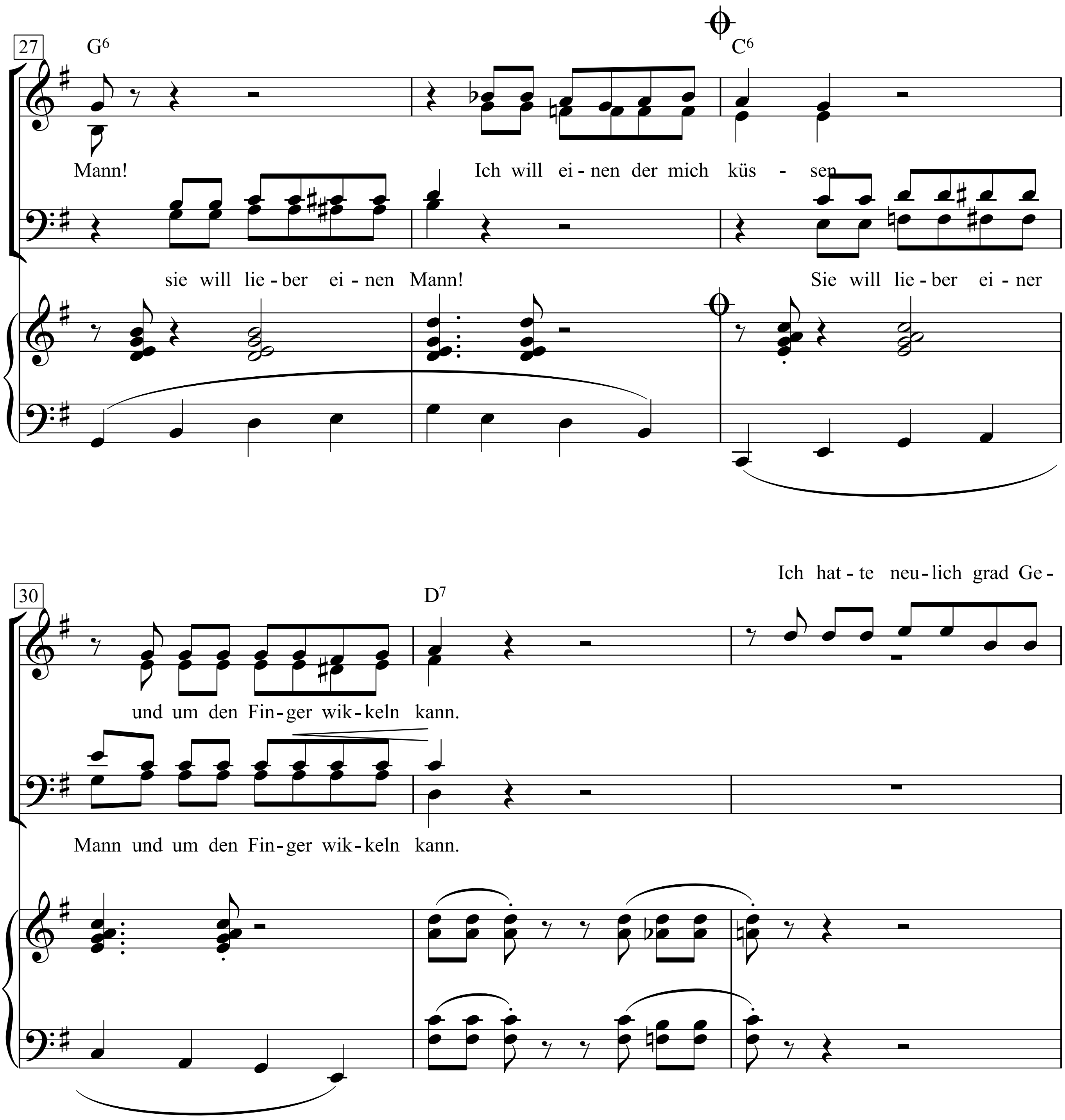


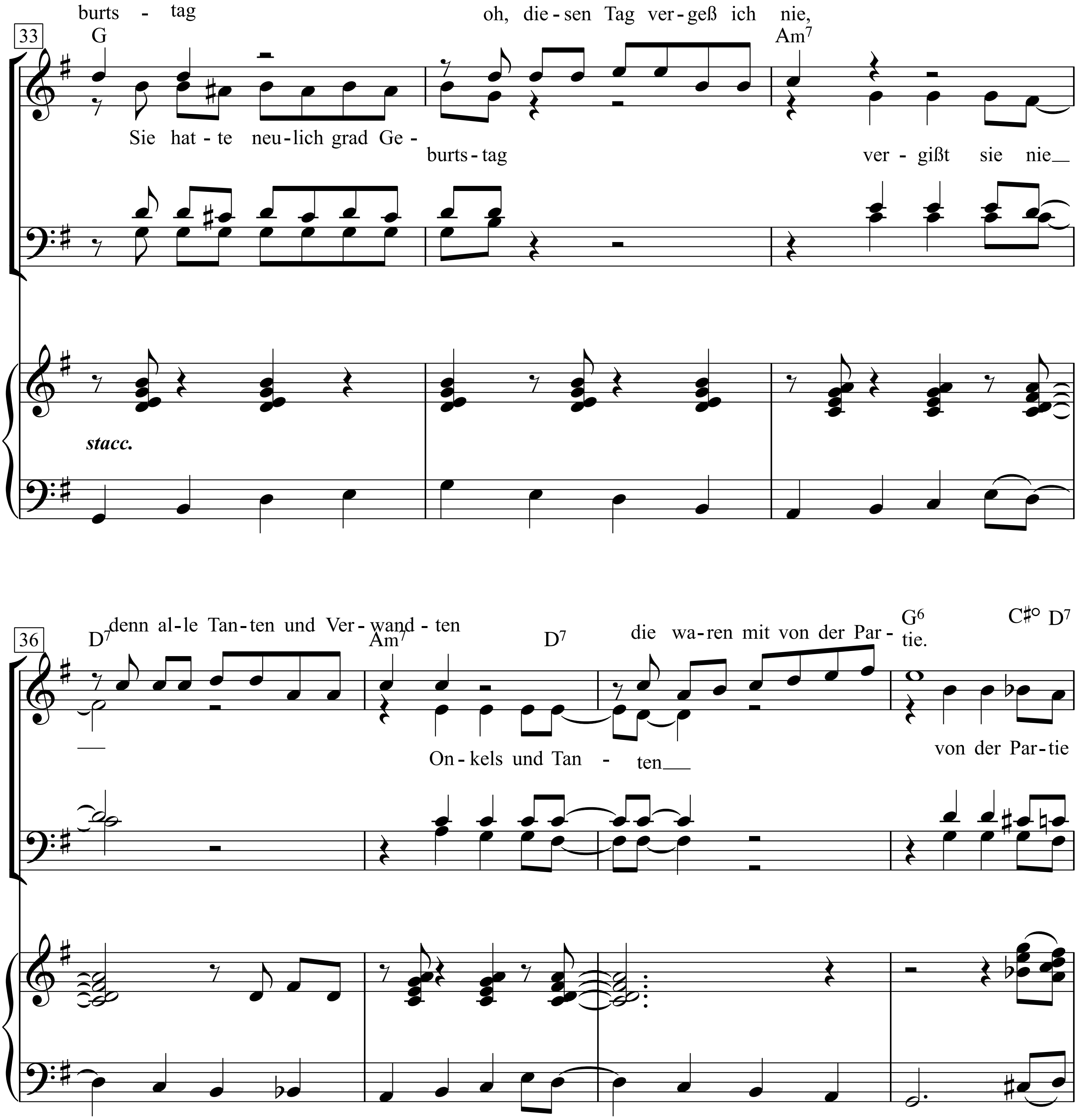

9
dap da
D7
dap da
li - de
und ha - be nie ein Ren - dez - vous.
Rum - mel
für zwan - zig Pfen - nig mir ein Los.
dap da
dap da
12
Am7
D7
dap da
Ich ge - he höch - stens mit den El - tern
ein Stück spa - zie - ren ab und
Ich hab auch wirk - lich was ge - won - nen,
doch die Ent - täu - schung, die war
dap da

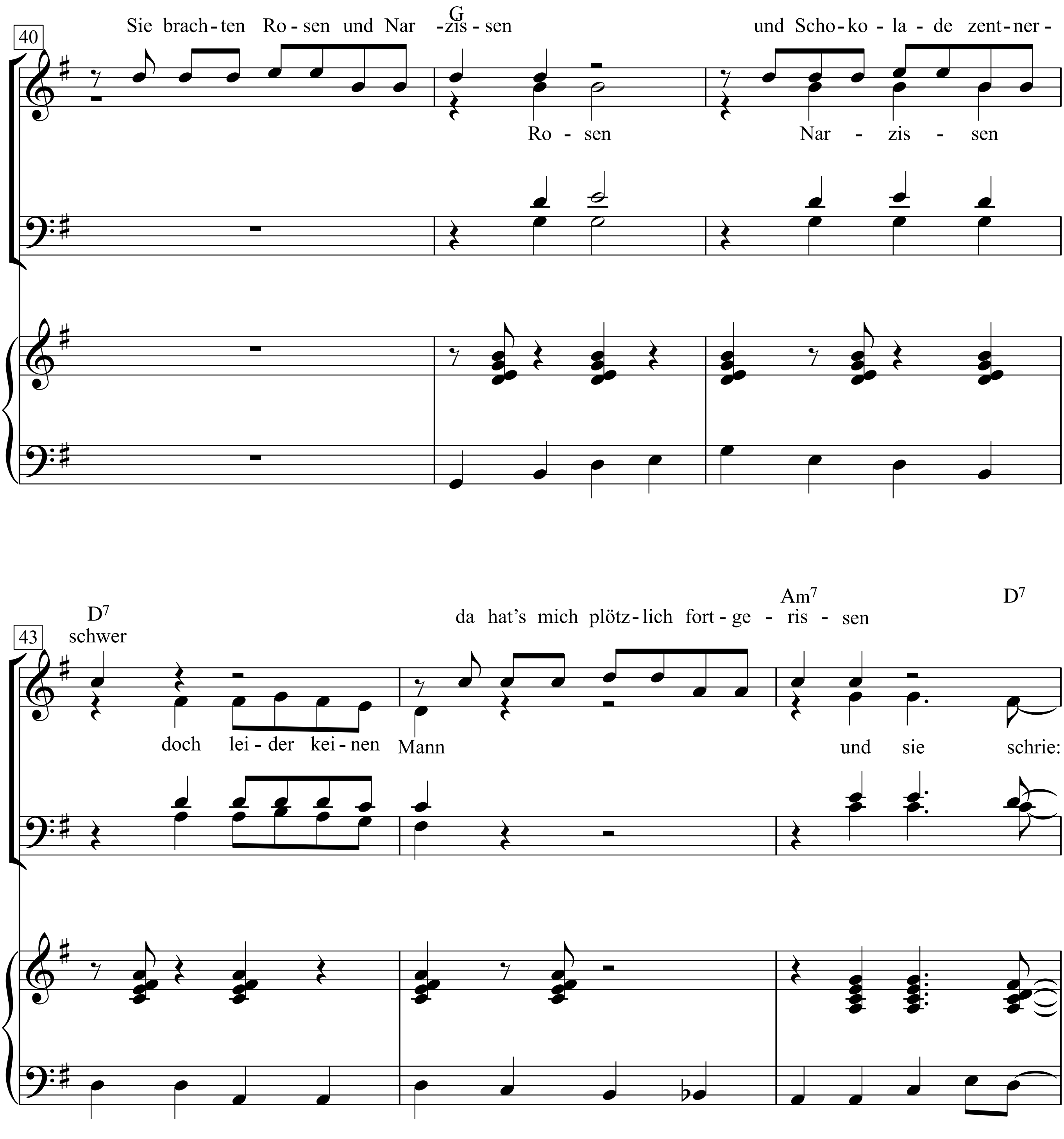

15
G⁶ G° D⁷ G⁶
ab und zu, ab und zu
die war groß, ja so groß
dap da
Ted - dy
zu.
groß.
Mein Va - ter sagt, so muß das blei - ben
Denn ich ge - wann dort ei - nen Ted - dy
ab und zu, ab und zu
die war groß, ja so groß
dap da
Ted - dy

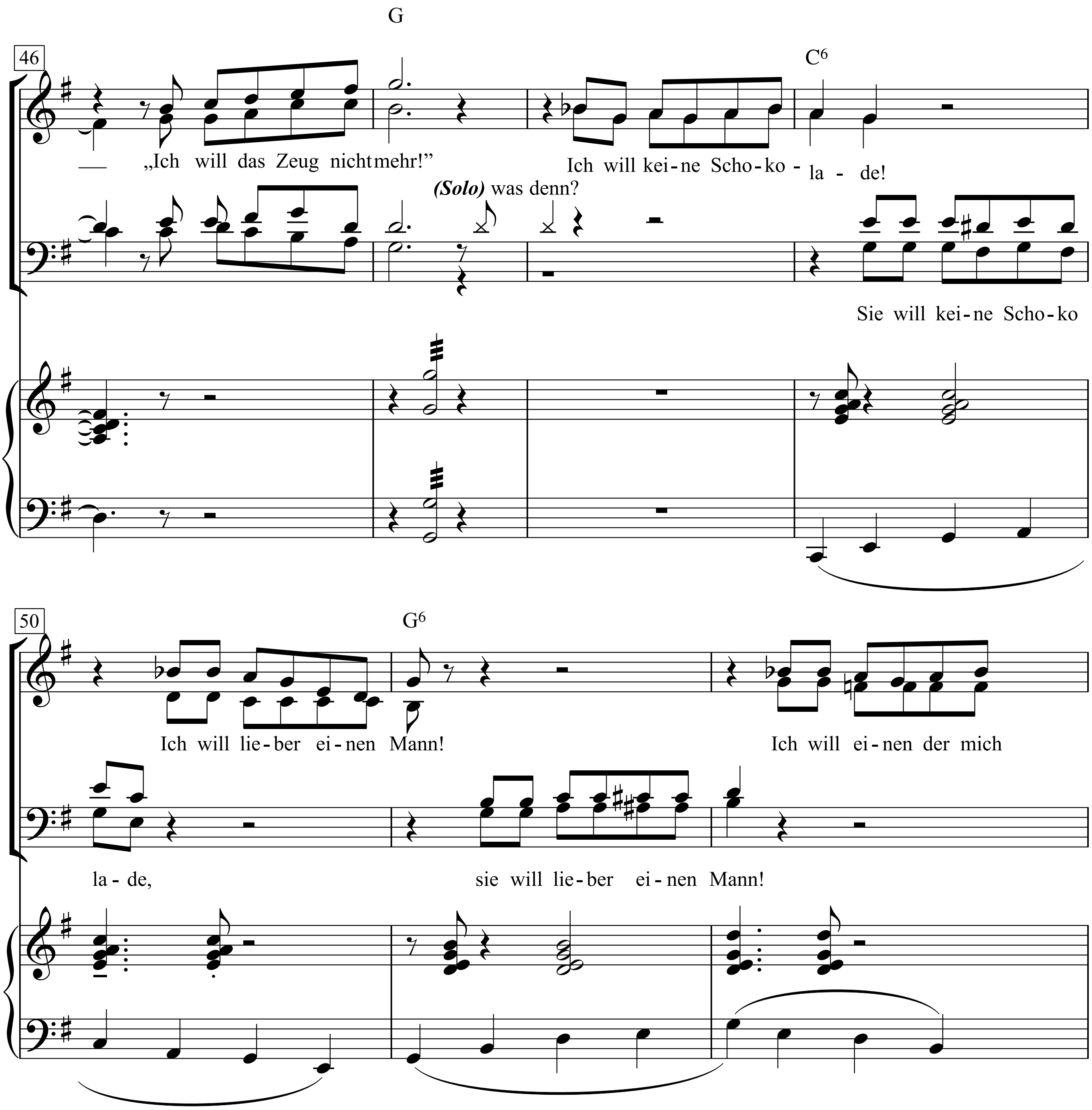

18
D⁷
und da - für schenkt er mir Kon - fekt
aus Scho - ko - lad' und Mar - zi - pan,
doch neu - lich platz - te mir der
den schmiß ich wü - tend in die

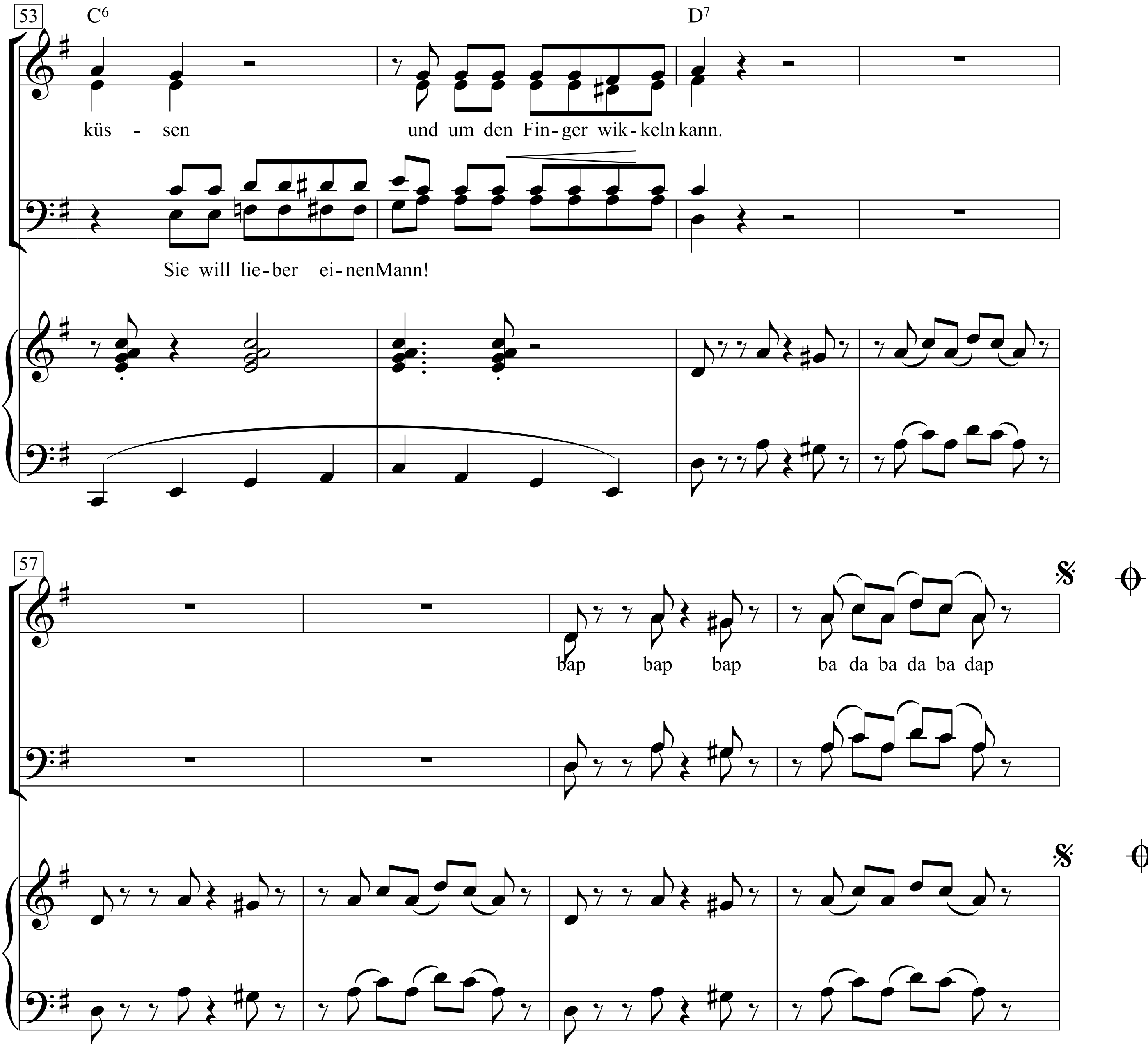

21
Am7
D7
dap da
G6
Kra - gen
weil mir Kon-fekt nun mal nicht schmeckt, mir nicht schmeckt, mir nicht
Men - ge
und schrie den Los ver käu - fer an (Tacet)
dap da
leggiero
24
C6
Ich will kei - ne Scho - ko - la - de!
schmeckt!
Ich will lie - ber ei - nen
f
Sie will kei - ne Scho-ko - la - de,
f

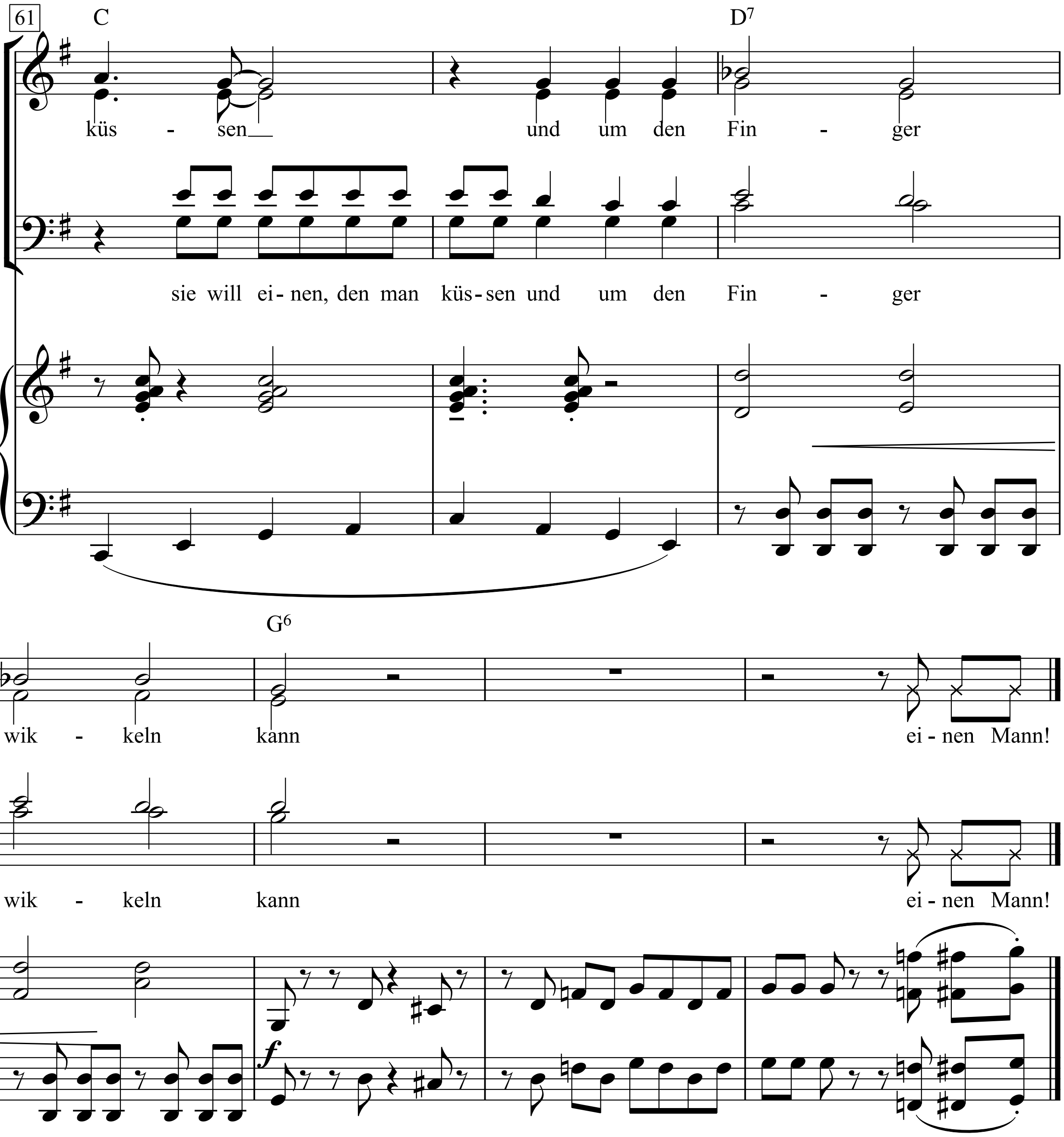

27
G6
C6
Mann!
Ich will ei - nen der mich küs - sen
sie will lie - ber ei - nen Mann!
Sie will lie - ber ei - ner
30
D7
Ich hat - te neu - lich grad Ge -
und um den Fin - ger wik - keln kann.
Mann und um den Fin - ger wik - keln kann.


33
burts - tag
oh, die - sen Tag ver - geß ich nie,
G
Am7
Sie hat - te neu - lich grad Ge -
burts - tag
ver - gißt sie nie
stacc.
36
denn al - le Tan - ten und Ver - wand - ten
D7
Am7
D7
die wa - ren mit von der Par - tie.
G6
C♯° D7
On - kels und Tan - ten
von der Par - tie


40
Sie brach-ten Ro-sen und Nar -zis-sen
G
und Scho-ko-la-de zent-ner-
Ro-sen Nar-zis-sen
43
D7
schwer
da hat's mich plötz-lich fort-ge-ris-sen
Am7
D7
doch lei-der kei-nen Mann
und sie schrie:


G
46
C6
„Ich will das Zeug nicht mehr!"
Ich will kei-ne Scho-ko - la - de!
(Solo) was denn?
Sie will kei-ne Scho-ko
50
G6
Ich will lie-ber ei-nen Mann!
Ich will ei-nen der mich
la - de,
sie will lie-ber ei-nen Mann!

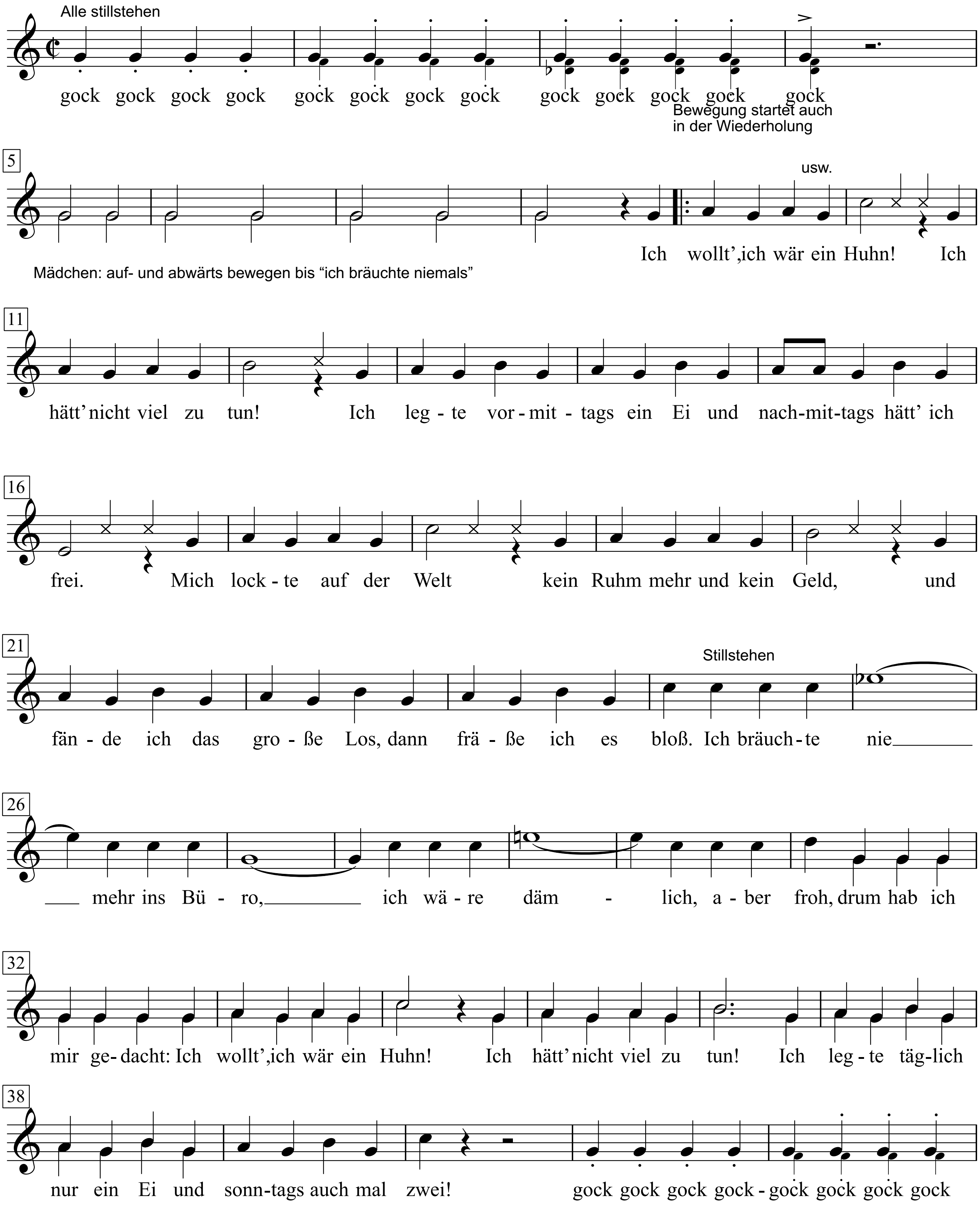

53
C6
D7
küs - sen und um den Fin - ger wik - keln kann.
Sie will lie - ber ei - nen Mann!
57
bap bap bap ba da ba da ba dap

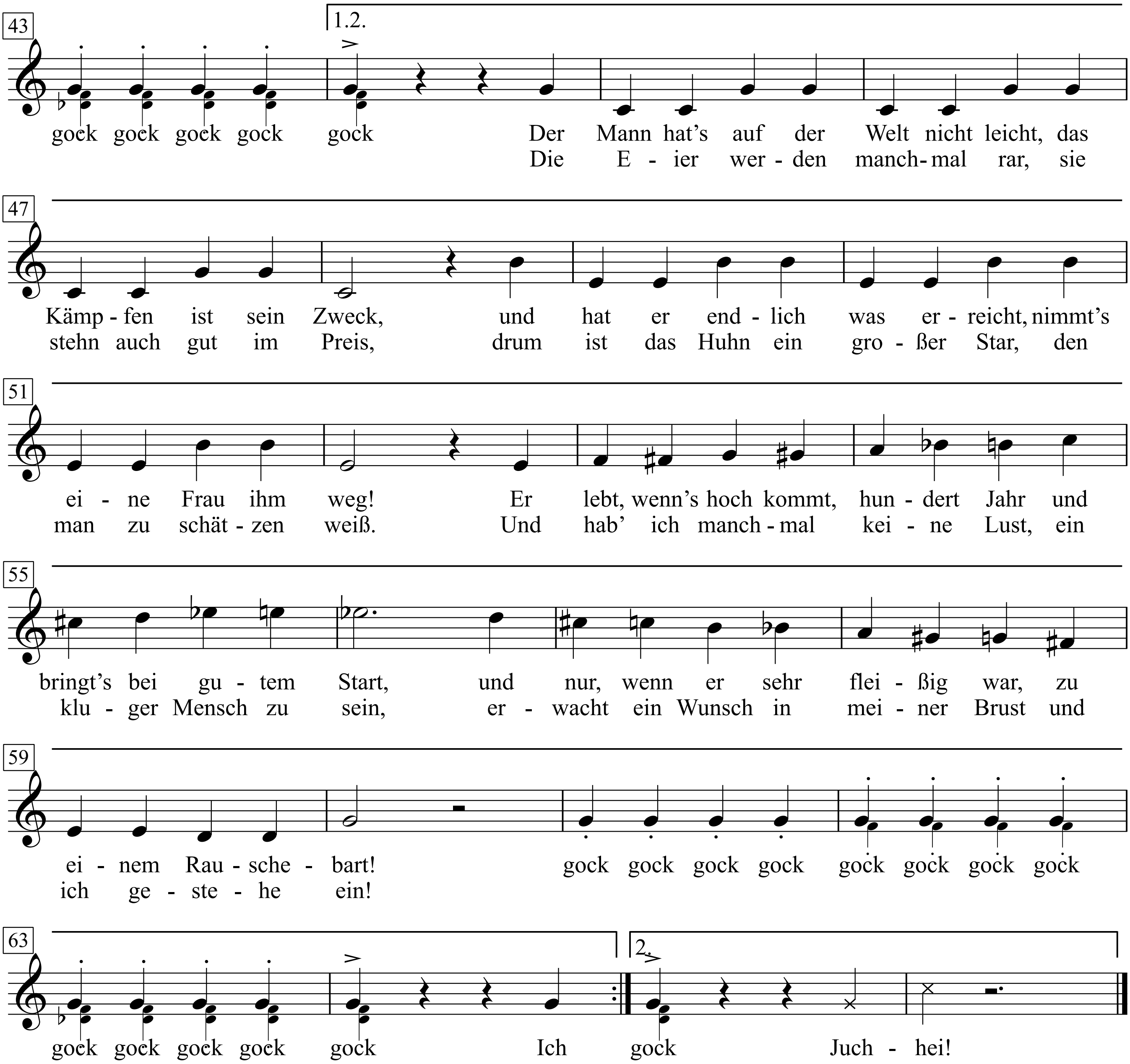

61
C
D7
küs - sen und um den Fin - ger
sie will ei-nen, den man küs-sen und um den Fin - ger
64
G6
wik - keln kann ei-nen Mann!
wik - keln kann ei-nen Mann!
f

Ich wollt', ich wär' ein Huhn

Verteilung:
lila = Mädchen + Jungen
rot
blau

Musik




43
1.2.
gock gock gock gock gock Der Mann hat's auf der Welt nicht leicht, das
Die E - ier wer - den manch - mal rar, sie
47
Kämp - fen ist sein Zweck, und hat er end - lich was er - reicht, nimmt's
stehn auch gut im Preis, drum ist das Huhn ein gro - ßer Star, den
51
ei - ne Frau ihm weg! Er lebt, wenn's hoch kommt, hun - dert Jahr und
man zu schät - zen weiß. Und hab' ich manch - mal kei - ne Lust, ein
55
bringt's bei gu - tem Start, und nur, wenn er sehr flei - ßig war, zu
klu - ger Mensch zu sein, er - wacht ein Wunsch in mei - ner Brust und
59
ei - nem Rau - sche - bart! gock gock gock gock gock gock gock gock
ich ge - ste - he ein!
63
2.
gock gock gock gock gock Ich gock Juch - hei!

gock gock gock gock gock gock
gock gock gock gock gock gock gock
Ich wollt', ich wär ein Huhn!
Ich hätt' nicht viel zu tun!
Ich legte vormittags ein Ei
und nachmittags hätt' ich frei.
Mich lockte auf der Welt
kein Ruhm mehr und kein Geld,
und fände ich das große Los,
dann fräße ich es bloß.
Ich bräuchte nie mehr ins Büro,
ich wäre dämlich, aber froh,
drum hab ich mir gedacht:
Ich wollt', ich wär ein Huhn!
Ich hätt' nicht viel zu tun!
Ich legte täglich nur ein Ei
und sonntags auch mal zwei!
gock gock gock gockgock gock
gock gock gock gock gock gock gock

1. Der Mann hat's auf der Welt nicht leicht,
das Kämpfen ist sein Zweck,
und hat er endlich was erreicht,
nimmt's eine Frau ihm weg!
Er lebt, wenn's hoch kommt, hundert Jahr
und bringt's bei gutem Start,
und nur, wenn er sehr fleißig war,
zu einem Rauschebart!
gock gock gock gock gock gock
gock gock gock gock gock gock gock

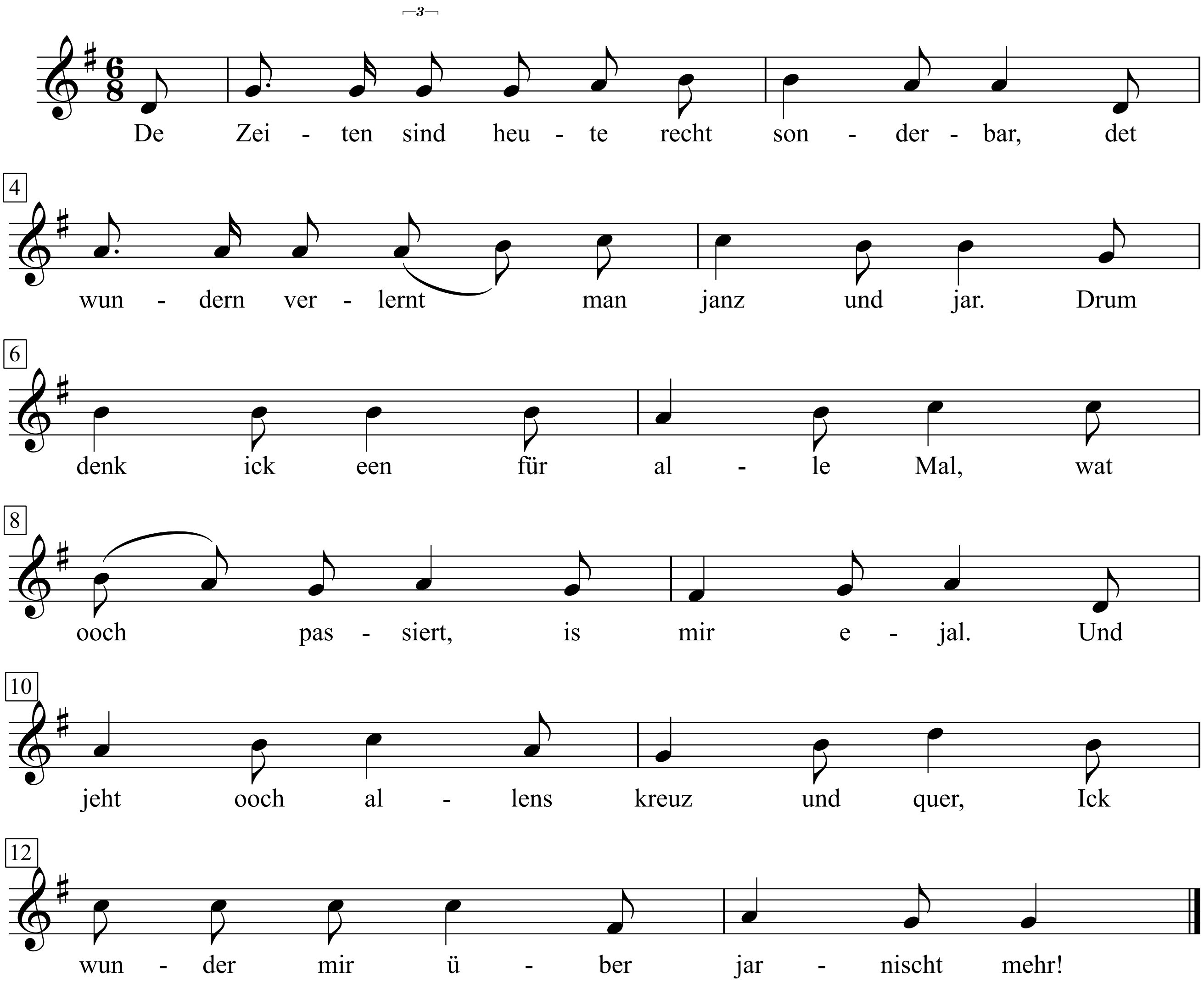
2. Die Eier werden manchmal rar,
sie stehn auch gut im Preis,
drum ist das Huhn ein großer Star,
den man zu schätzen weiß.
Und hab' ich manchmal keine Lust,
ein kluger Mensch zu sein,
erwacht ein Wunsch in meiner Brust
und ich gestehe ein!

Ich wollt ich wär ein Huhn …

Juchhei!

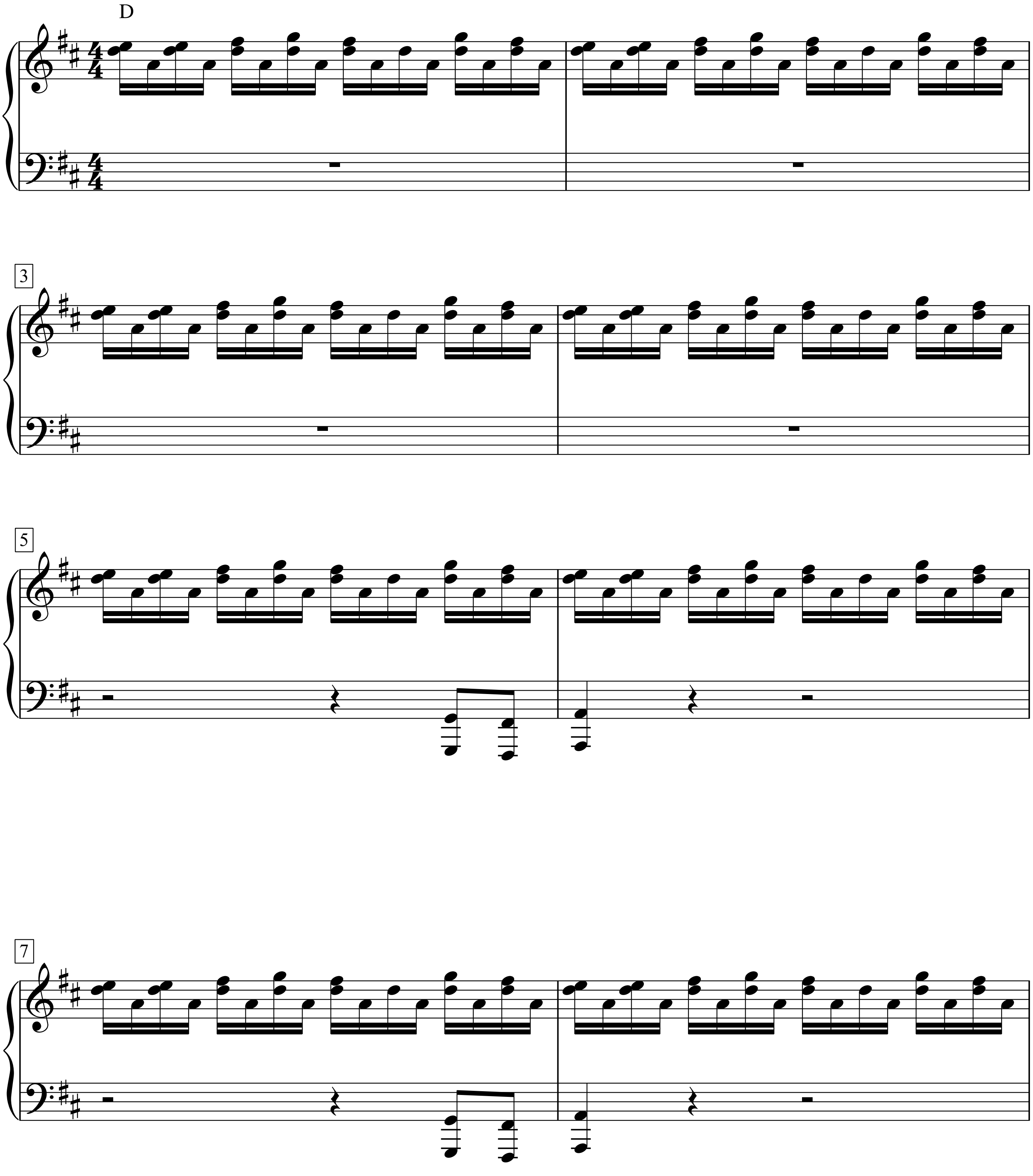
Ick wunder mir über jar nischt mehr

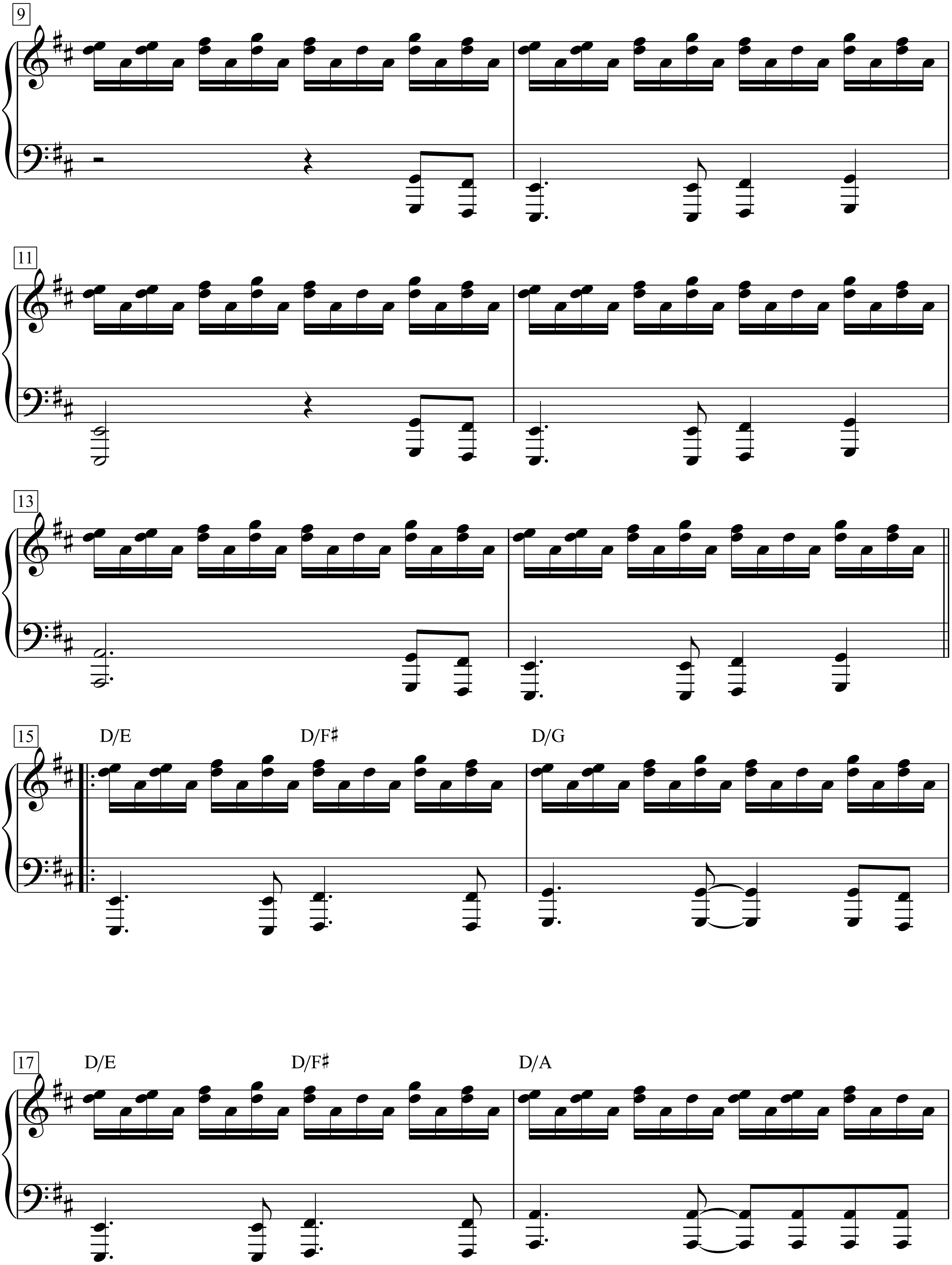
Text & Musik: Otto Reutter
(Dagmat Manzel))

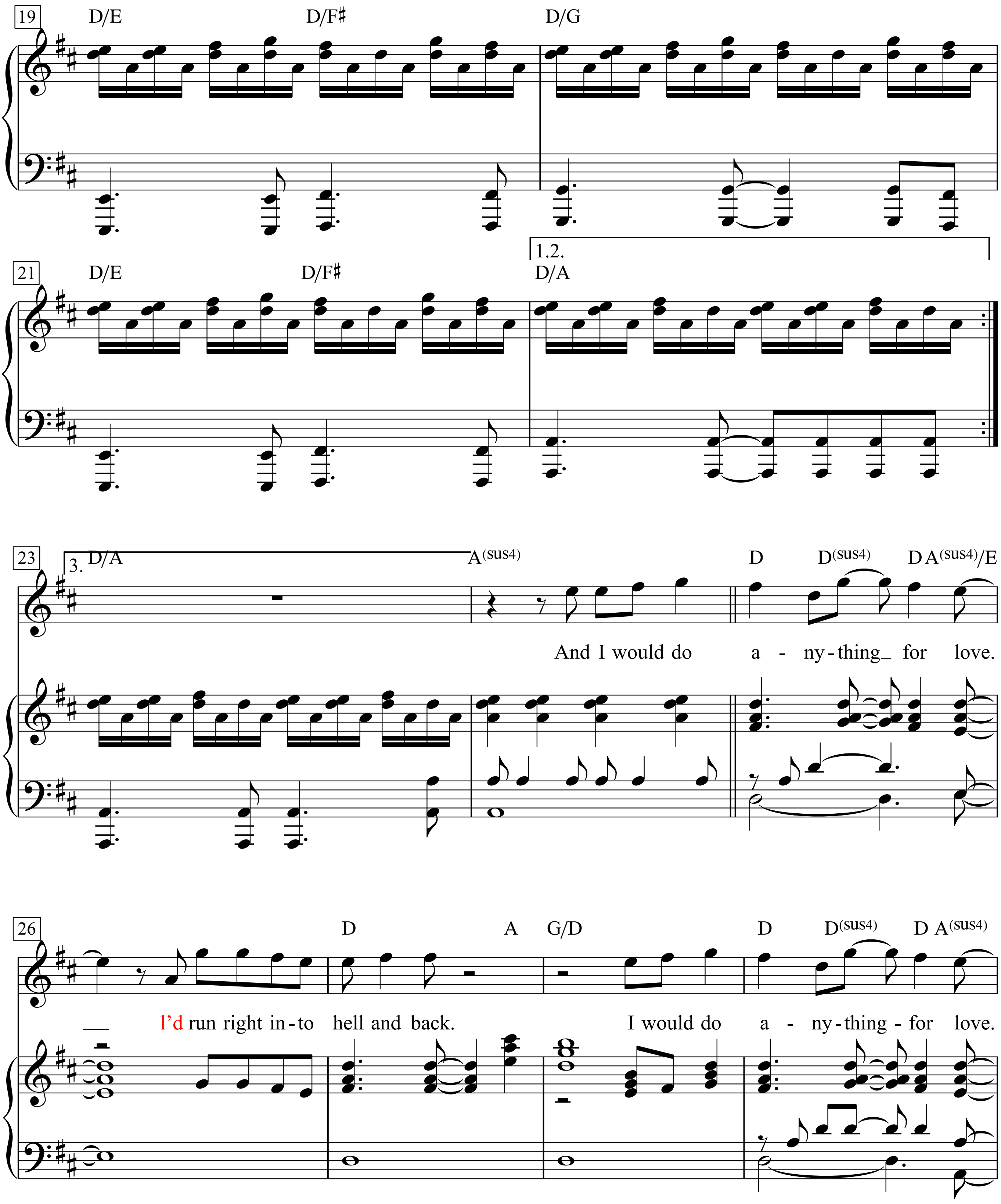


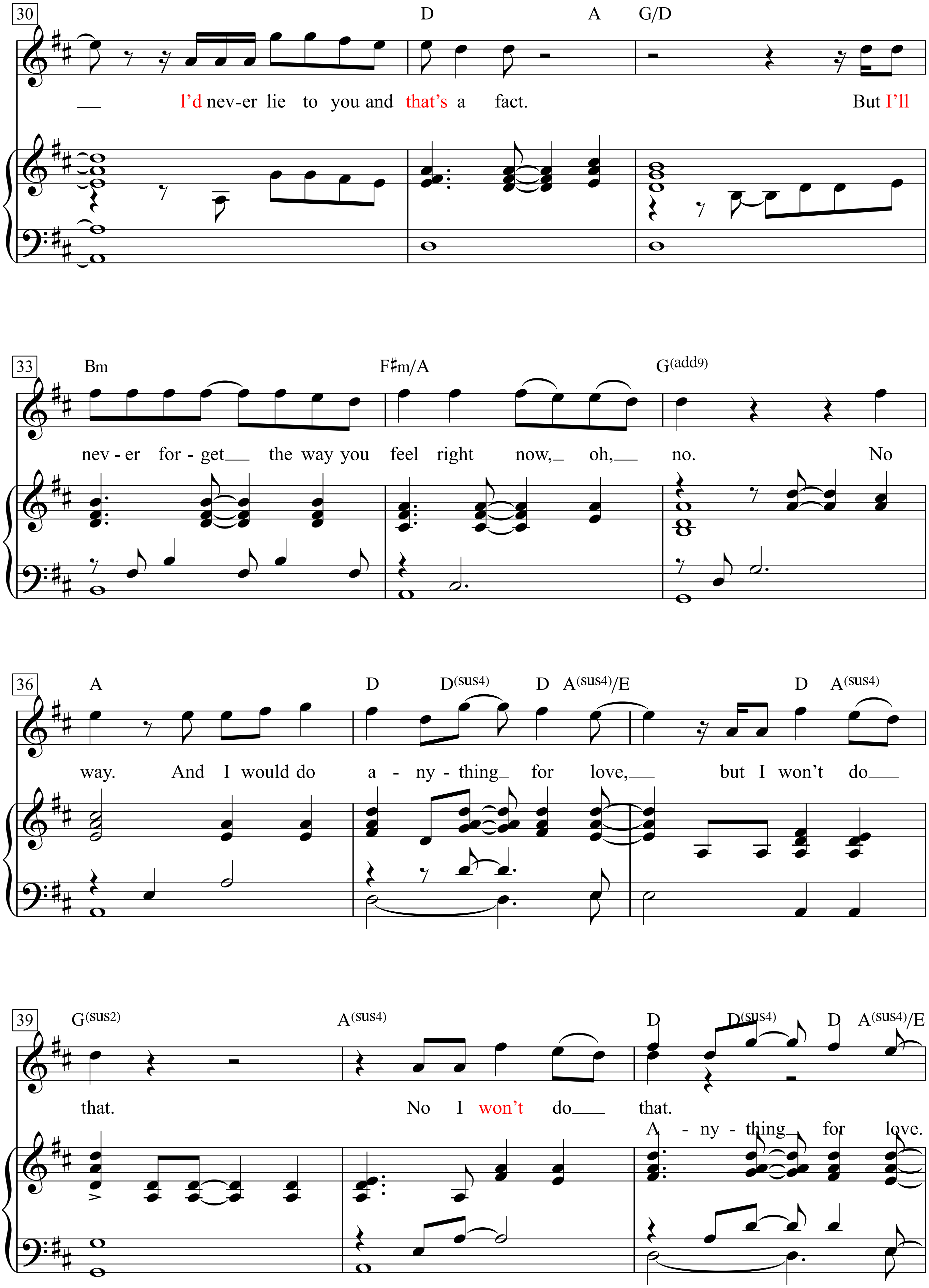
I'd Do Anything For Love (But I Won't Do That)

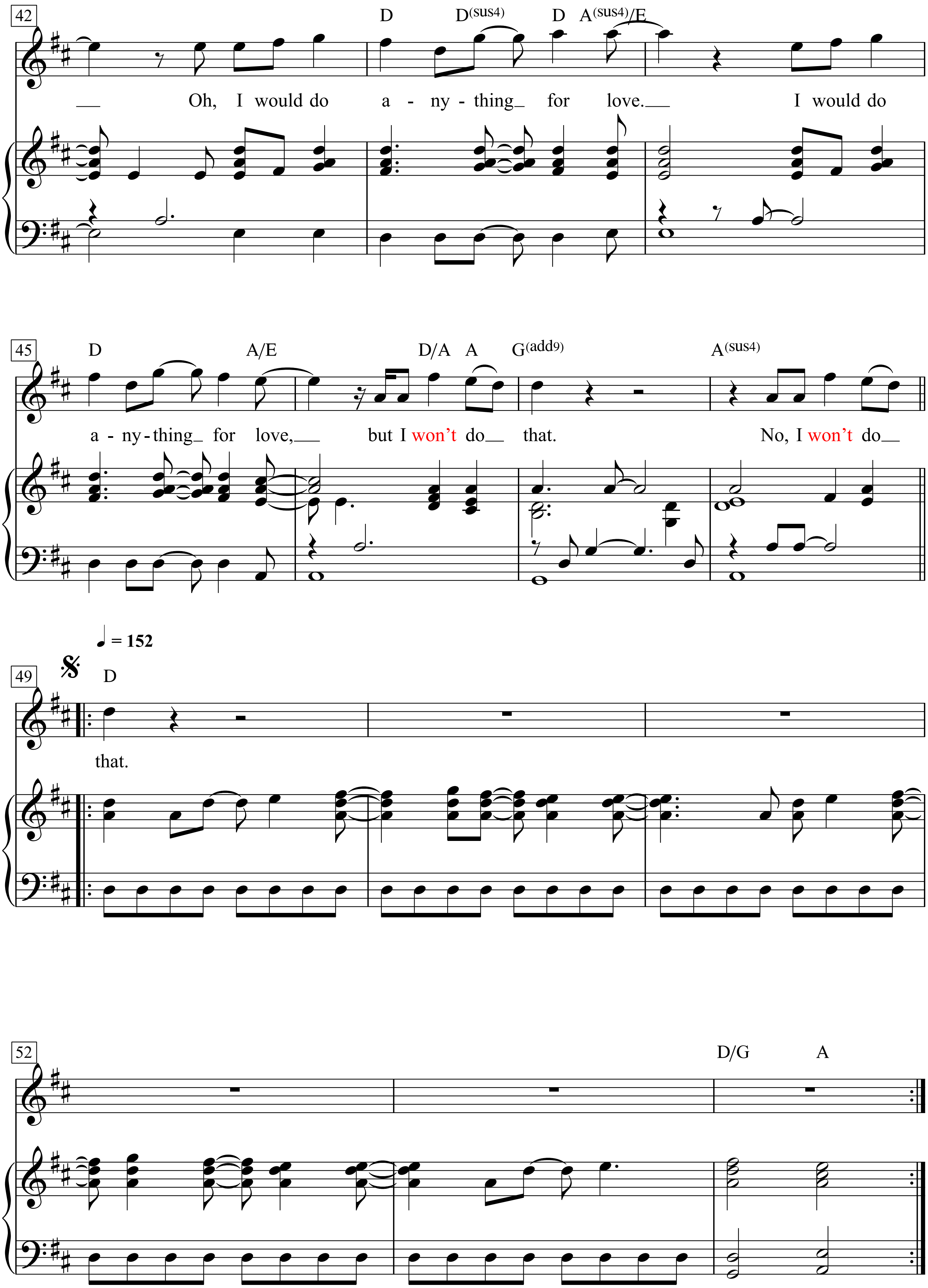
Words & Music by Jim Steinmann
(Meat Loaf)

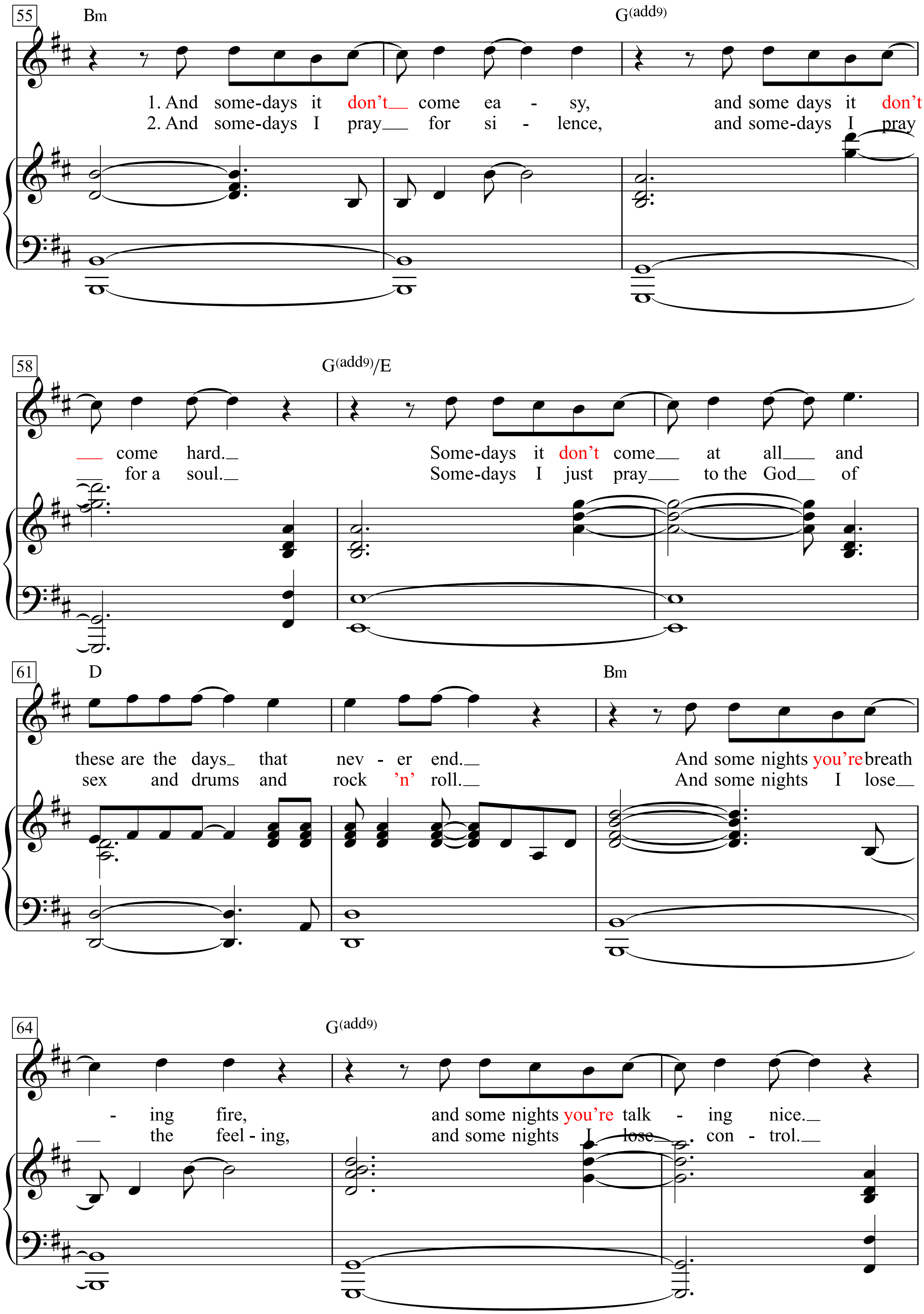


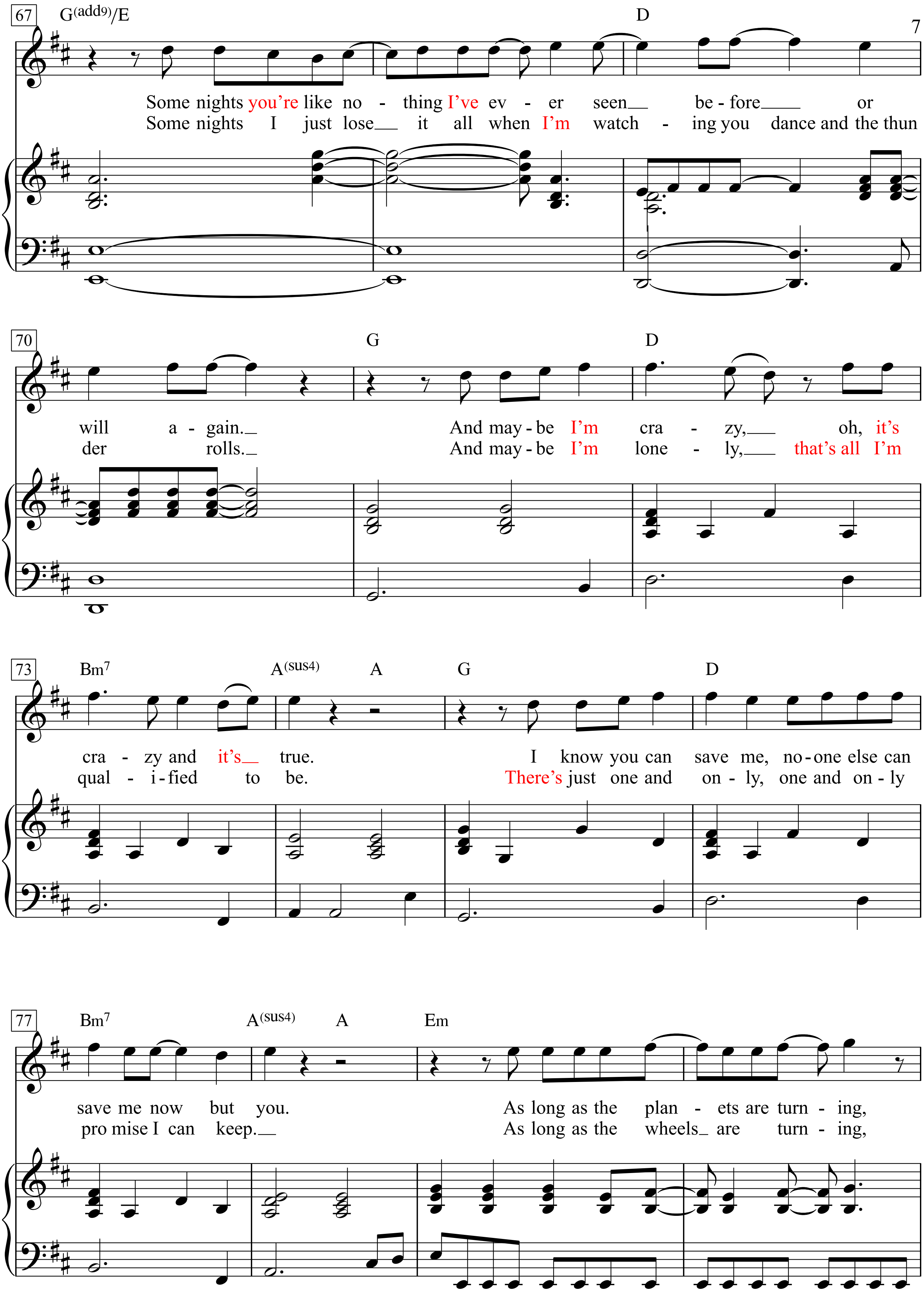

9
11
13
15
D/E
D/F♯
D/G
17
D/E
D/F♯
D/A

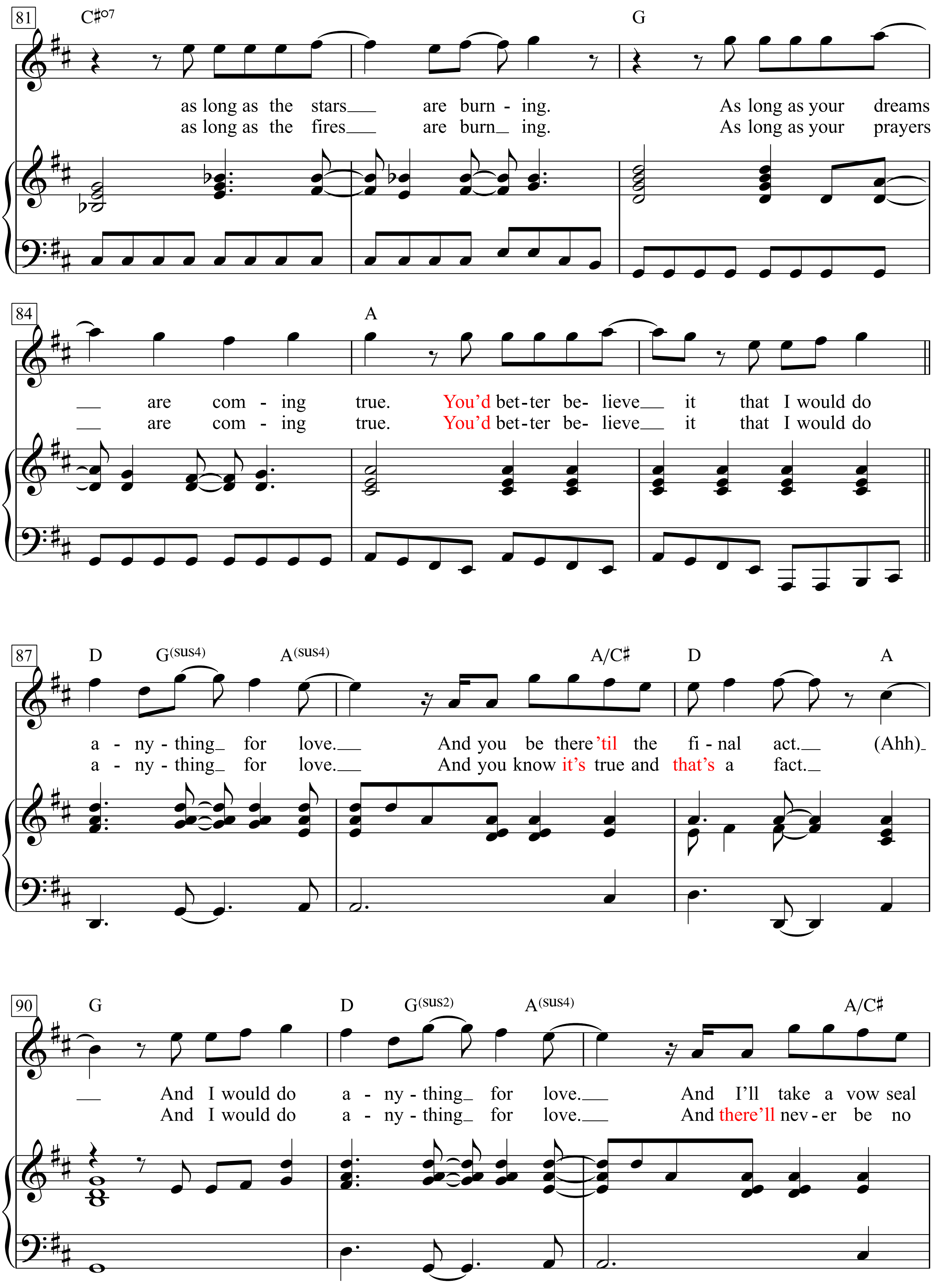

19
D/E
D/F♯
D/G
21
D/E
D/F♯
1.2.
D/A
23
3.
D/A
A(sus4)
D
D(sus4)
D A(sus4)/E
And I would do a - ny - thing_ for love.
26
D
A
G/D
D
D(sus4)
D A(sus4)
l'd run right in - to hell and back. I would do a - ny - thing - for love.

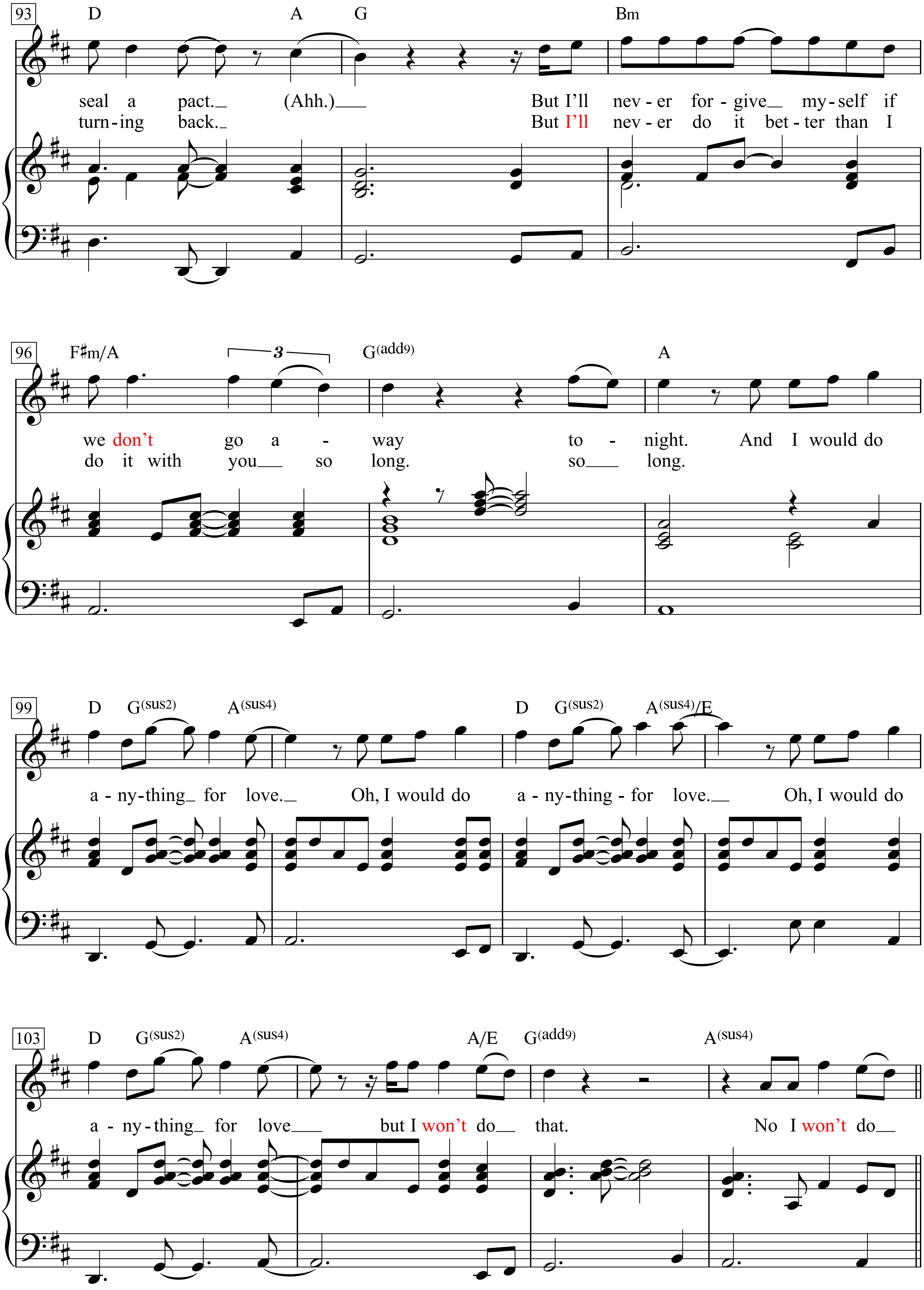

30
D A G/D
I'd nev-er lie to you and that's a fact. But I'll
33
Bm F♯m/A G(add9)
nev - er for - get the way you feel right now, oh, no. No
36
A D D(sus4) D A(sus4)/E D A(sus4)
way. And I would do a - ny - thing for love, but I won't do
39
G(sus2) A(sus4) D D(sus4) D A(sus4)/E
that. No I won't do that.
A - ny - thing for love.

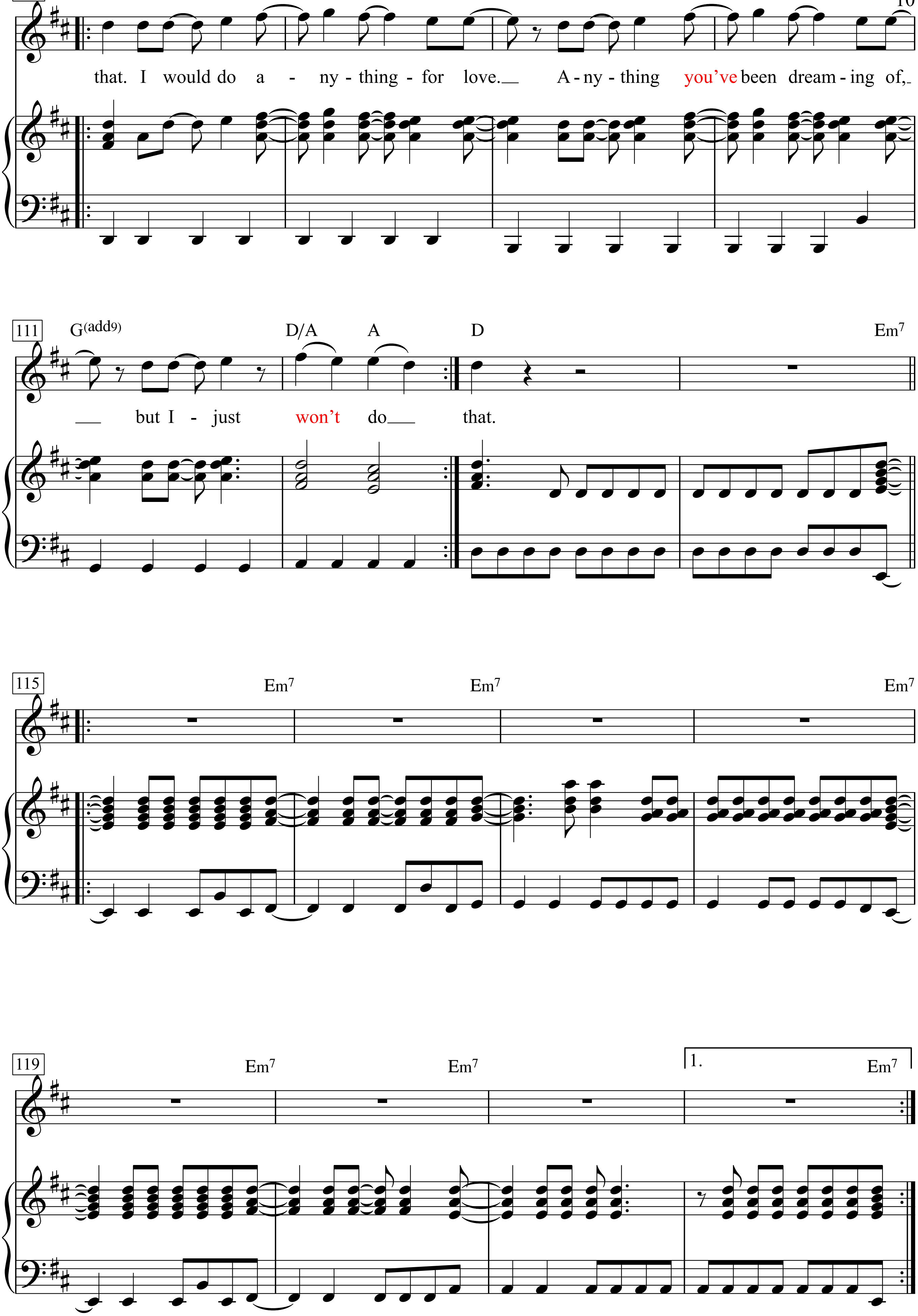

42
D D(sus4) D A(sus4)/E
Oh, I would do a - ny - thing for love. I would do
45
D A/E D/A A G(add9) A(sus4)
a - ny - thing for love, but I won't do that. No, I won't do
♩ = 152
49
D
that.
52
D/G A

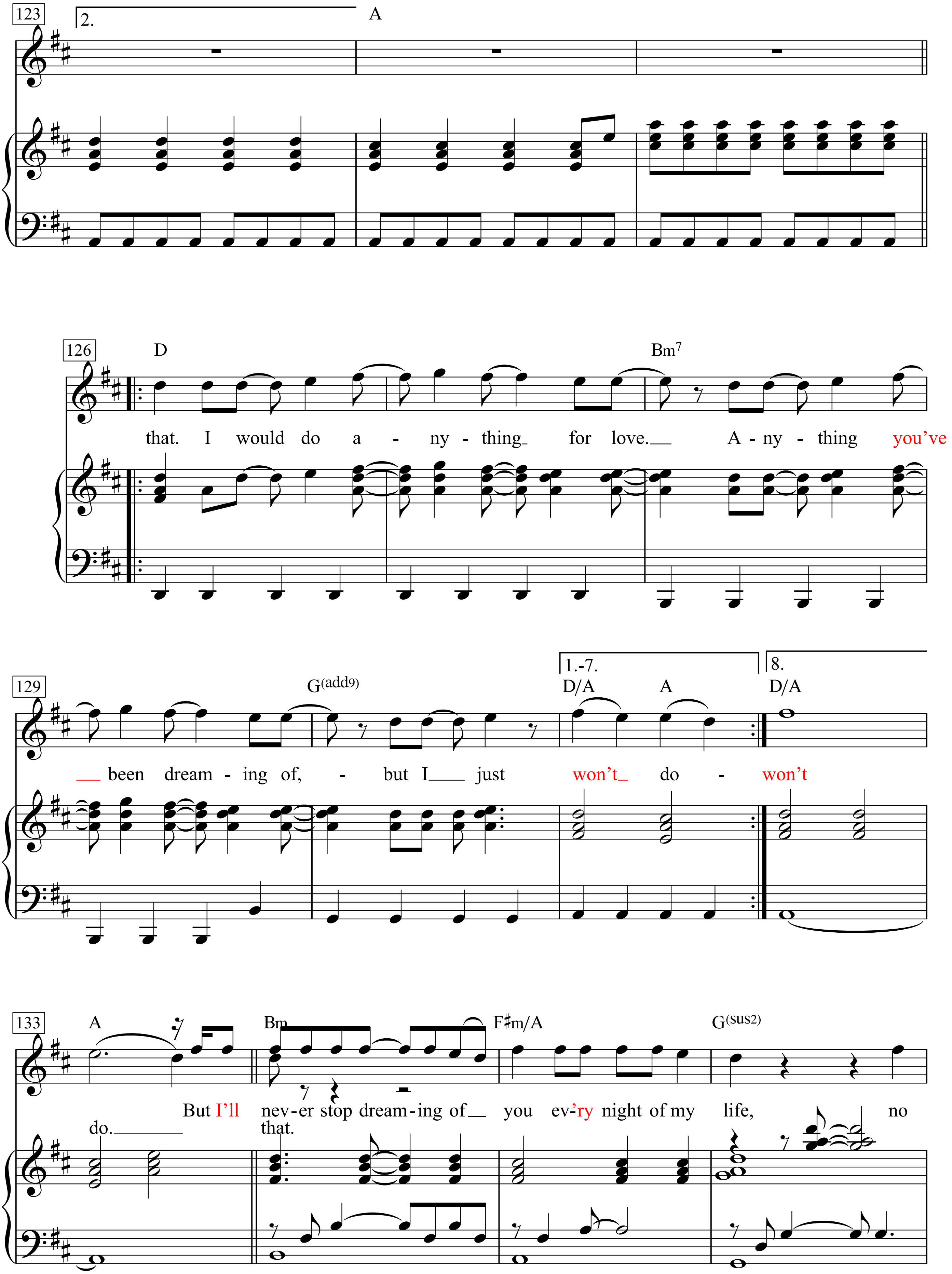

55
Bm
G(add9)
1. And some-days it don't come ea - sy, and some days it don't
2. And some-days I pray for si - lence, and some-days I pray
58
G(add9)/E
come hard. Some-days it don't come at all and
for a soul. Some-days I just pray to the God of
61
D
Bm
these are the days that nev - er end. And some nights you're breath
sex and drums and rock 'n' roll. And some nights I lose
64
G(add9)
- ing fire, and some nights you're talk - ing nice.
the feel - ing, and some nights I lose con - trol.

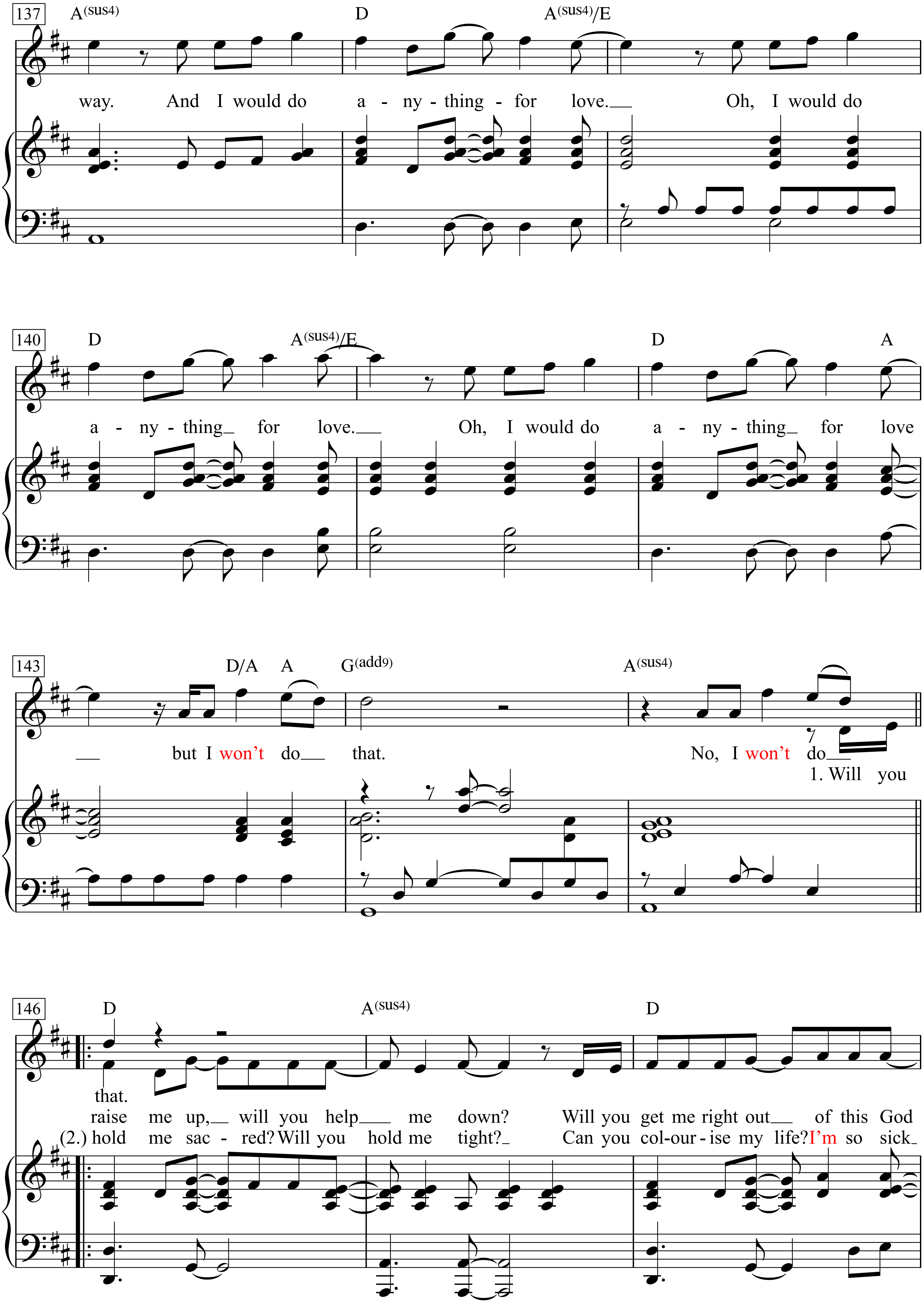

67
G(add9)/E
D
Some nights you're like no - thing I've ev - er seen__ be - fore____ or
Some nights I just lose__ it all when I'm watch - ing you dance and the thun
70
G
D
will a - gain._
der rolls._
And may - be I'm cra - zy,___ oh, it's
And may - be I'm lone - ly,___ that's all I'm
73
Bm7
A(sus4)
A
G
D
cra - zy and it's__ true.
qual - i - fied to be.
I know you can save me, no - one else can
There's just one and on - ly, one and on - ly
77
Bm7
A(sus4)
A
Em
save me now but you.
pro mise I can keep.__
As long as the plan - ets are turn - ing,
As long as the wheels_ are turn - ing,

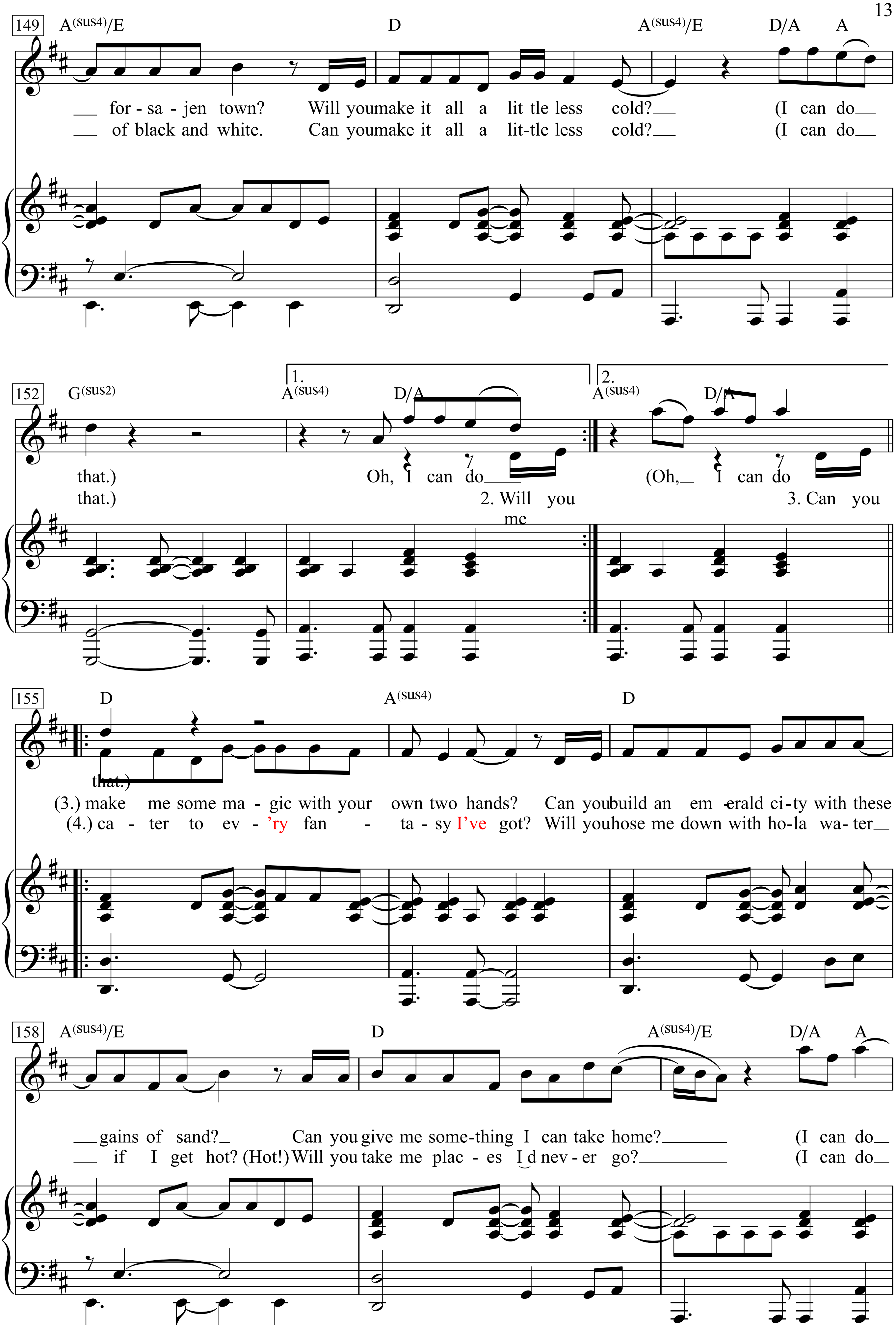

81
C♯o7
G
as long as the stars___ are burn - ing. As long as your dreams
as long as the fires___ are burn_ ing. As long as your prayers
84
A
___ are com - ing true. You'd bet-ter be- lieve___ it that I would do
___ are com - ing true. You'd bet-ter be- lieve___ it that I would do
87
D G(sus4) A(sus4) A/C♯ D A
a - ny - thing_ for love.___ And you be there 'til the fi - nal act.___ (Ahh)_
a - ny - thing_ for love.___ And you know it's true and that's a fact.__
90
G D G(sus2) A(sus4) A/C♯
___ And I would do a - ny - thing_ for love.___ And I'll take a vow seal
And I would do a - ny - thing_ for love.___ And there'll nev - er be no

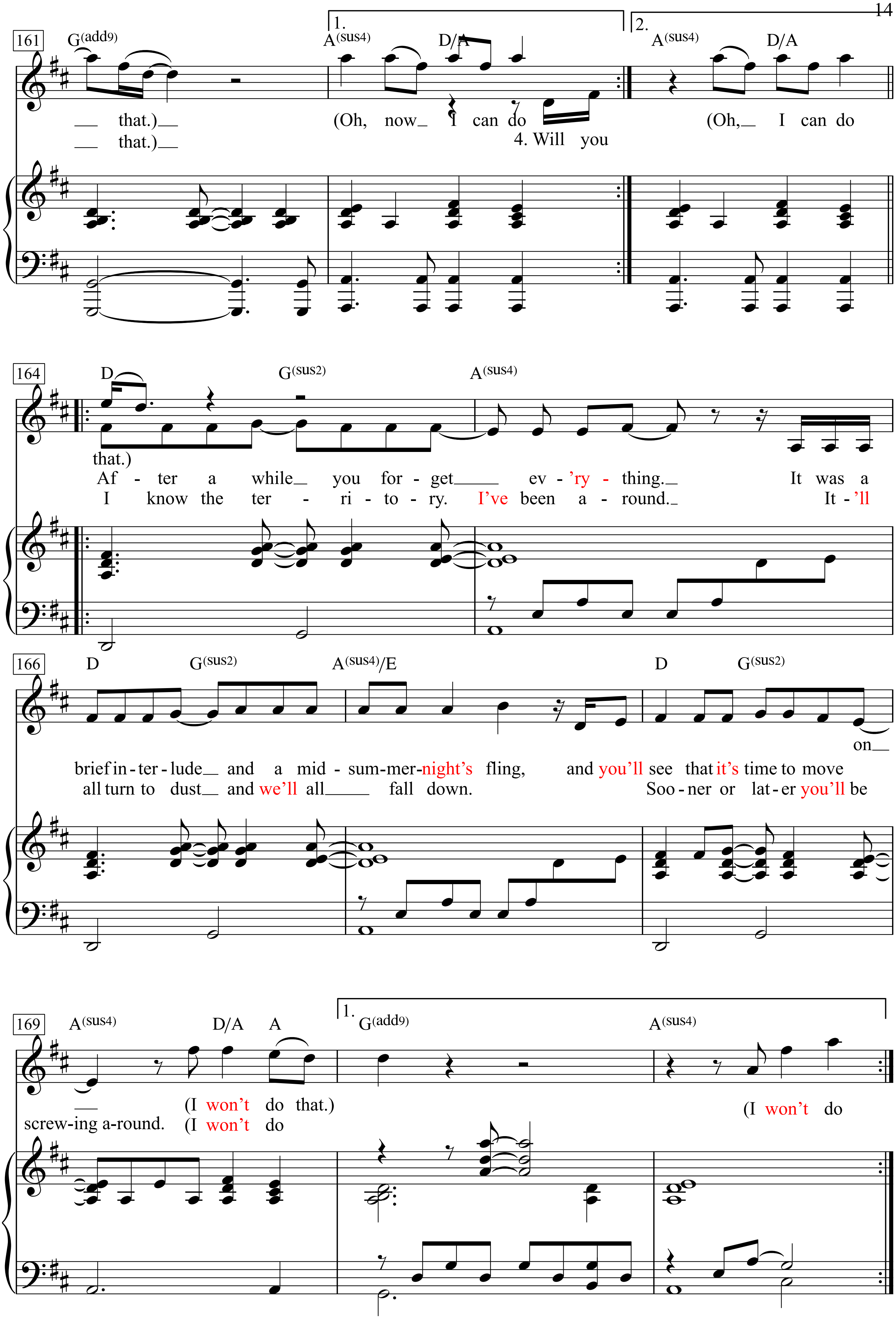

93
D A G Bm
seal a pact. (Ahh.) But I'll nev-er for-give my-self if
turn-ing back. But I'll nev-er do it bet-ter than I
96
F♯m/A G(add9) A
we don't go a - way to - night. And I would do
do it with you so long. so long.
99
D G(sus2) A(sus4) D G(sus2) A(sus4)/E
a-ny-thing for love. Oh, I would do a-ny-thing-for love. Oh, I would do
103
D G(sus2) A(sus4) A/E G(add9) A(sus4)
a-ny-thing for love but I won't do that. No I won't do

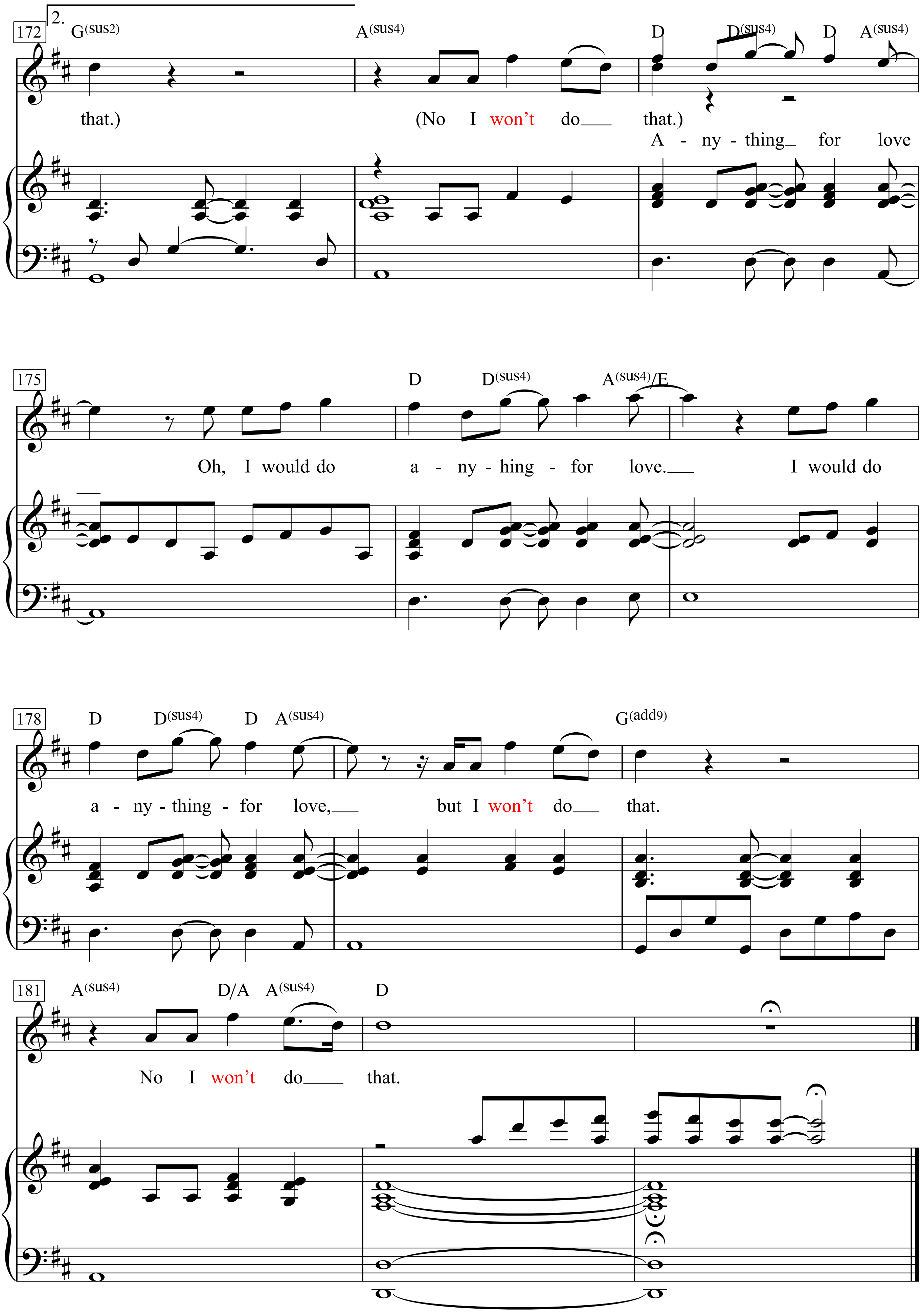

107
D
Bm7
that. I would do a - ny - thing - for love.__ A - ny - thing you've been dream - ing of,_
111
G(add9)
D/A
A
D
Em7
__ but I - just won't do__ that.
115
Em7
Em7
Em7
119
Em7
Em7
1.
Em7


123
2.
A
126
D
Bm7
that. I would do a - ny - thing for love.
A - ny - thing you've
129
G(add9)
1.-7.
8.
D/A
A
D/A
been dream - ing of, - but I just won't do - won't
133
A
Bm
F♯m/A
G(sus2)
do.
But I'll
nev-er stop dream-ing of you ev-'ry night of my life, no
that.


137
A(sus4)
D
A(sus4)/E
way. And I would do a - ny - thing - for love.___ Oh, I would do
140
D
A(sus4)/E
D
A
a - ny - thing_ for love.___ Oh, I would do a - ny - thing_ for love
143
D/A
A
G(add9)
A(sus4)
___ but I won't do___ that. No, I won't do___
1. Will you
146
D
A(sus4)
D
that.
raise me up,___ will you help___ me down? Will you get me right out___ of this God
(2.) hold me sac - red? Will you hold me tight?_ Can you col-our-ise my life? I'm so sick_


149
A(sus4)/E
D
A(sus4)/E
D/A
A
__ for - sa - jen town? Will you make it all a lit tle less cold? __ (I can do __
__ of black and white. Can you make it all a lit-tle less cold? __ (I can do __
152
G(sus2)
1.
A(sus4)
D/A
2.
A(sus4)
D/A
that.) Oh, I can do __ (Oh, __ I can do
that.) 2. Will you me 3. Can you
155
D
A(sus4)
D
that.)
(3.) make me some ma - gic with your own two hands? Can you build an em - erald ci - ty with these
(4.) ca - ter to ev - 'ry fan - ta - sy I've got? Will you hose me down with ho-la wa - ter __
158
A(sus4)/E
D
A(sus4)/E
D/A
A
__ gains of sand? __ Can you give me some-thing I can take home? __ (I can do __
__ if I get hot? (Hot!) Will you take me plac - es I d nev - er go? __ (I can do __


161
G(add9)
1.
A(sus4)
D/A
2.
A(sus4)
D/A
that.)
that.)
(Oh, now I can do
4. Will you
(Oh, I can do
164
D
G(sus2)
A(sus4)
that.)
Af - ter a while you for - get ev - 'ry - thing. It was a
I know the ter - ri - to - ry. I've been a - round. It - 'll
166
D
G(sus2)
A(sus4)/E
D
G(sus2)
brief in - ter - lude and a mid - sum-mer-night's fling, and you'll see that it's time to move on
all turn to dust and we'll all fall down. Soo - ner or lat - er you'll be
169
A(sus4)
D/A
A
1.
G(add9)
A(sus4)
screw-ing a-round. (I won't do that.)
(I won't do
(I won't do

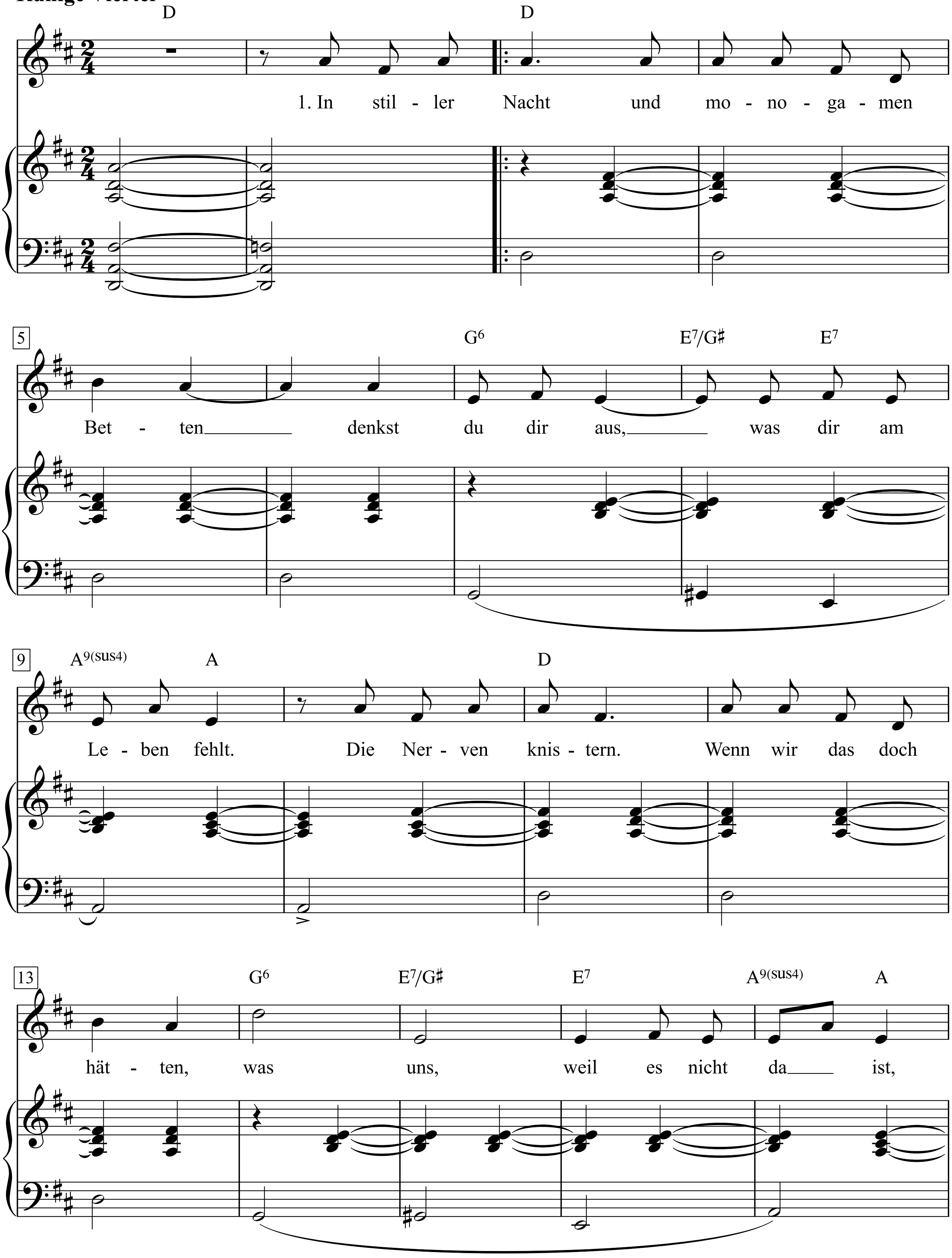

172
2.
G(sus2) A(sus4) D D(sus4) D A(sus4)
that.) (No I won't do that.)
A - ny - thing for love
175
D D(sus4) A(sus4)/E
Oh, I would do a - ny - hing - for love. I would do
178
D D(sus4) D A(sus4) G(add9)
a - ny - thing - for love, but I won't do that.
181
A(sus4) D/A A(sus4) D
No I won't do that.

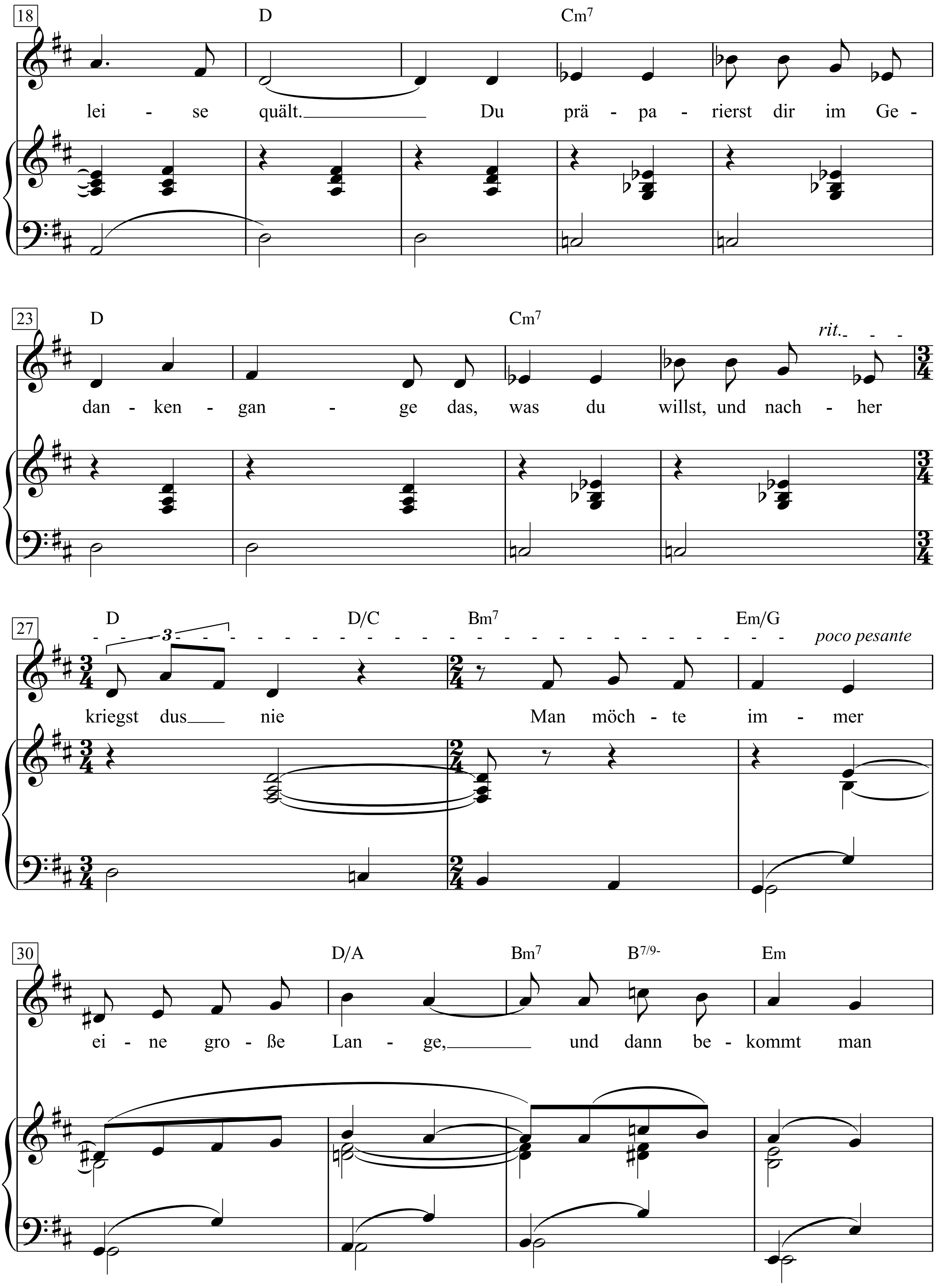
Ideal und Wirklichkeit

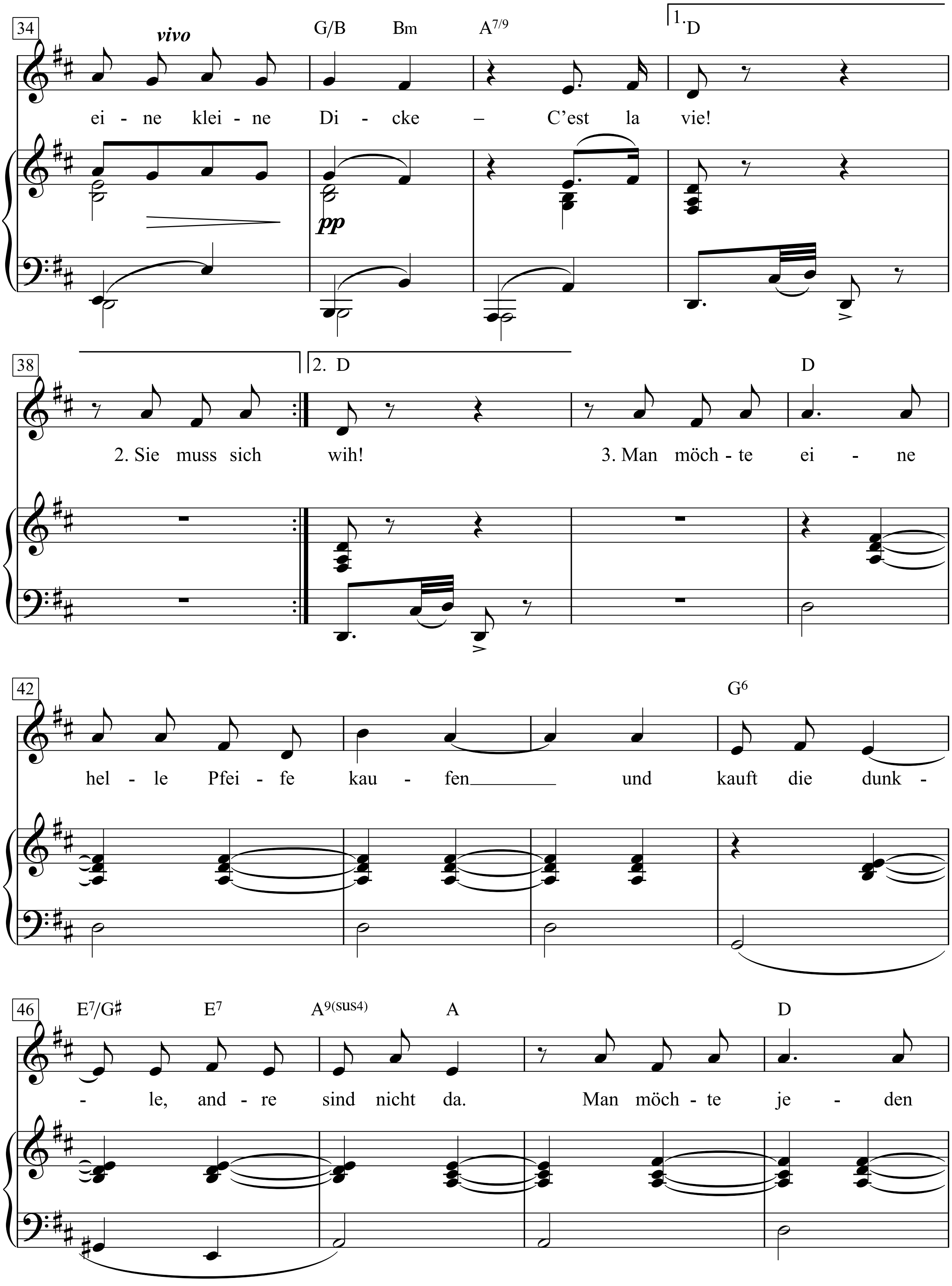
Kurt Tucholsky

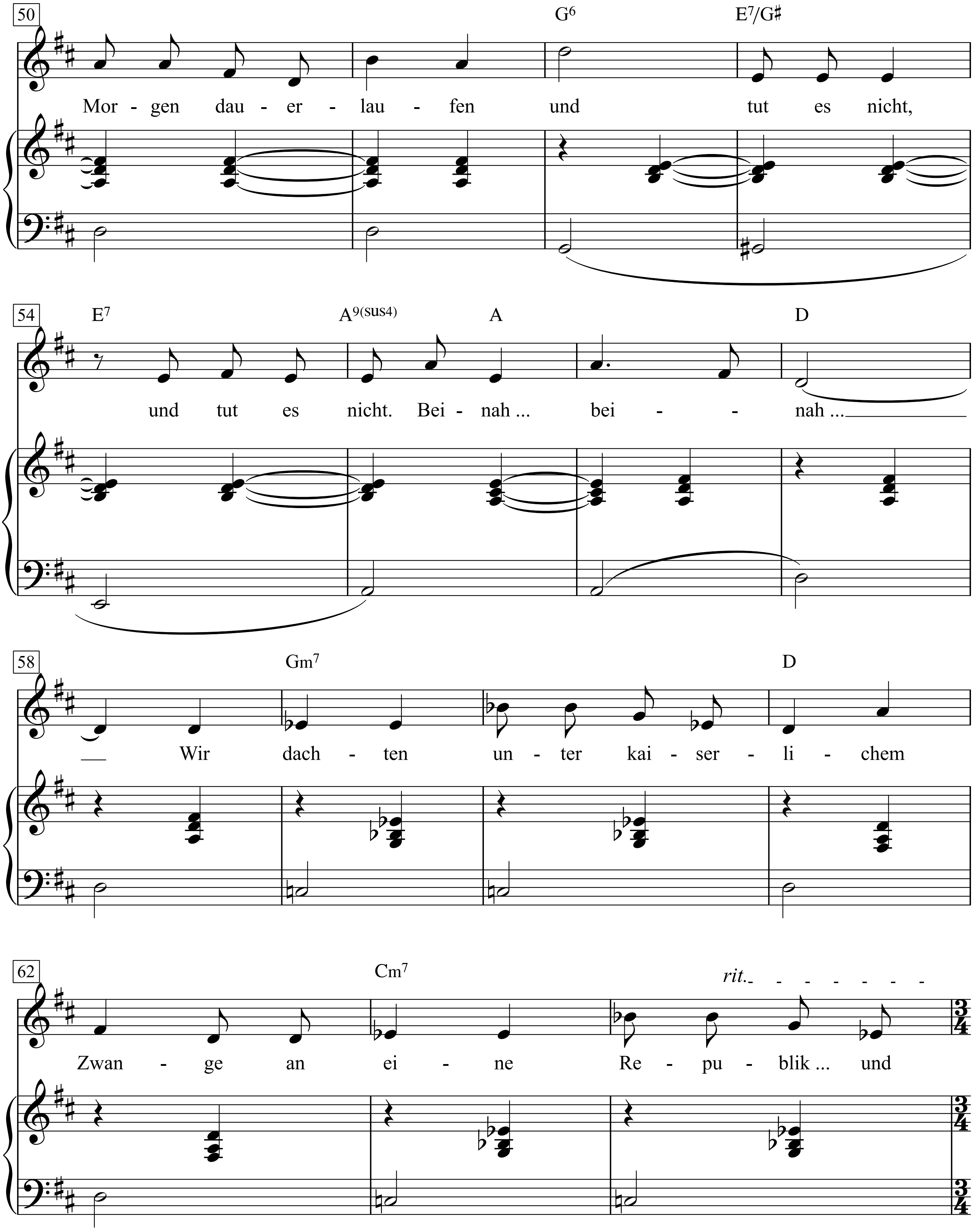
Hanns Eisler

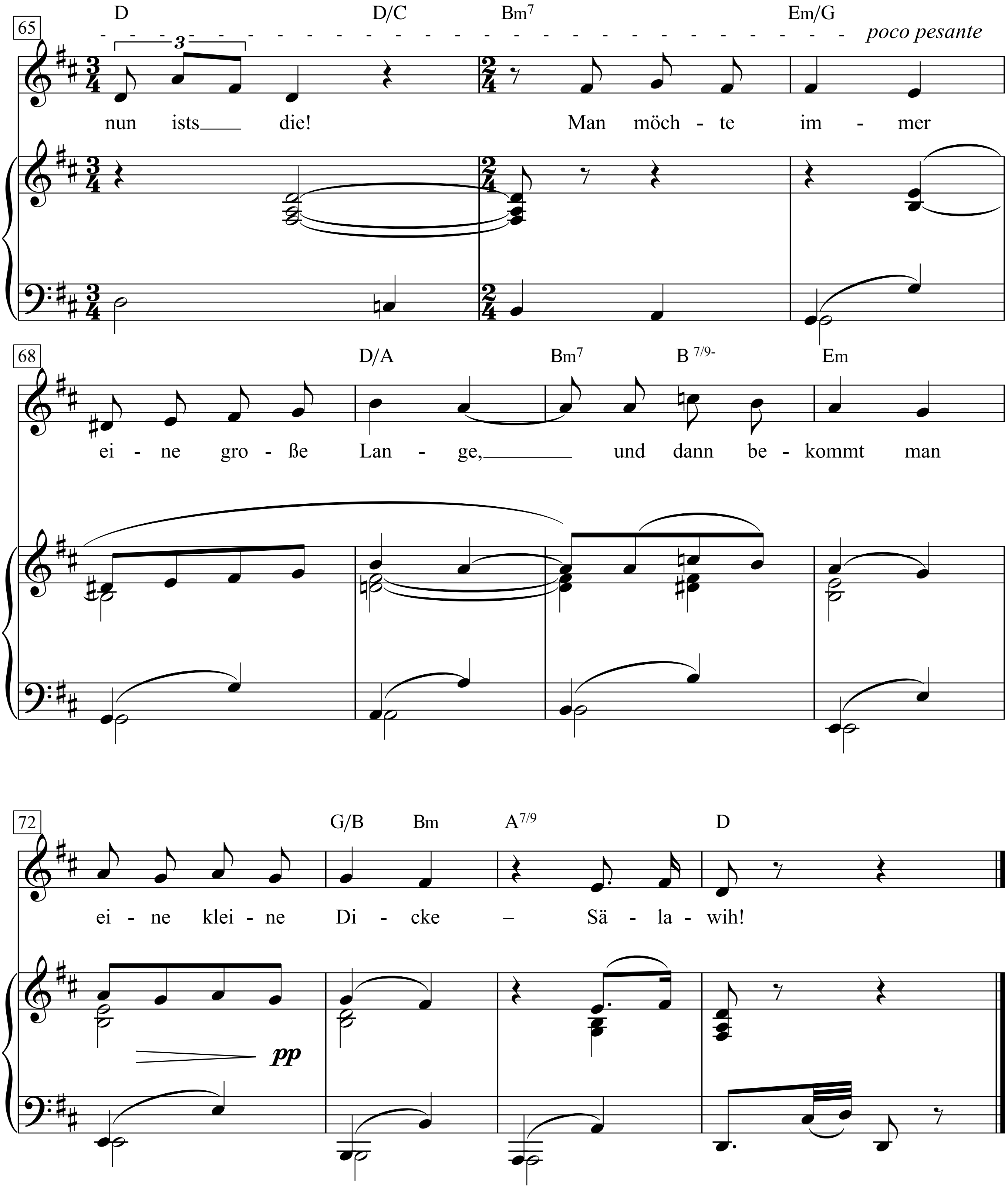
Ruhige Viertel




18
D
Cm7
lei - se quält. Du prä - pa - rierst dir im Ge -
23
D
Cm7
rit.
dan - ken - gan - ge das, was du willst, und nach - her
27
D
D/C
Bm7
Em/G
3
poco pesante
kriegst dus nie Man möch - te im - mer
30
D/A
Bm7
B7/9-
Em
ei - ne gro - ße Lan - ge, und dann be - kommt man


34
vivo
G/B Bm A7/9
1. D
ei - ne klei - ne Di - cke – C'est la vie!
pp
38
2. D
D
2. Sie muss sich wih! 3. Man möch - te ei - ne
42
G6
hel - le Pfei - fe kau - fen und kauft die dunk -
46
E7/G♯ E7 A9(sus4) A D
- le, and - re sind nicht da. Man möch - te je - den


50
G6
E7/G♯
Mor - gen dau - er - lau - fen und tut es nicht,
54
E7
A9(sus4)
A
D
und tut es nicht. Bei - nah ... bei - - nah ...
58
Gm7
D
Wir dach - ten un - ter kai - ser - li - chem
62
Cm7
rit.
Zwan - ge an ei - ne Re - pu - blik ... und


65
D D/C Bm7 Em/G
poco pesante
nun ists die! Man möch - te im - mer
68
D/A Bm7 B 7/9- Em
ei - ne gro - ße Lan - ge, und dann be - kommt man
72
G/B Bm A7/9 D
ei - ne klei - ne Di - cke – Sä - la - wih!
pp

1. In stiller Nacht und monogamen Betten
denkst du dir aus, was dir am Leben fehlt.
Die Nerven knistern. Wenn wir das doch hätten,
was uns, weil es nicht da ist, leise quält.
Du präparierst dir im Gedankengange das,
was du willst, und nachher kriegst dus nie
Man möchte immer eine große Lange,
und dann bekommt man eine kleine Dicke -
C'est la vie - !

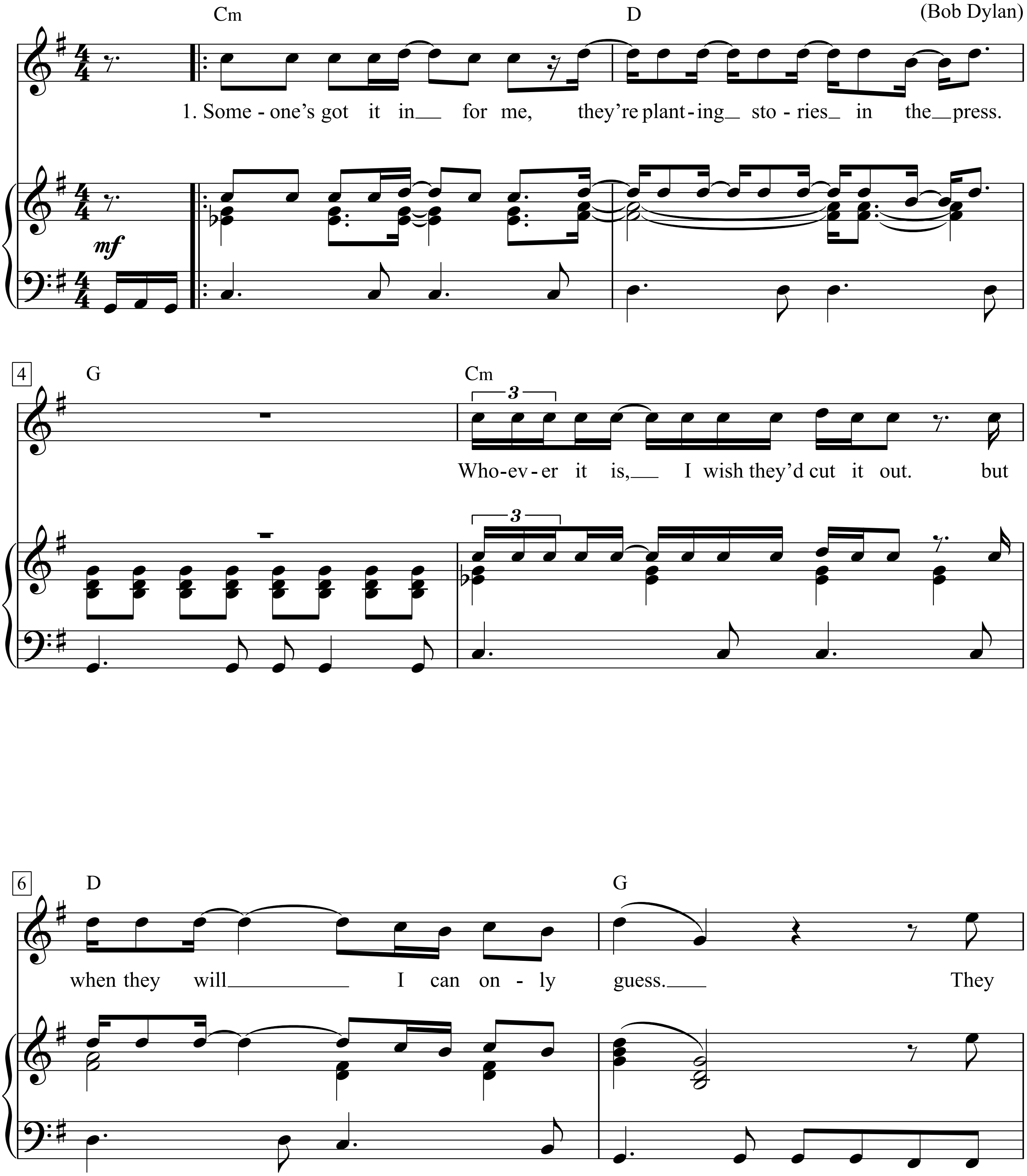
2. Sie muss sich wie in einem Kugellager
in ihren Hüften biegen, groß und blond.
Ein Pfund zu wenig - und sie wäre mager,
wer je in diesen Haaren sich gesonnt ...
Nachher erliegst du dem verfluchten Hange,
der Eile und der Phantasie.
Man möchte immer eine große Lange,
und dann bekommt man eine kleine Dicke -
Ssälawih - !

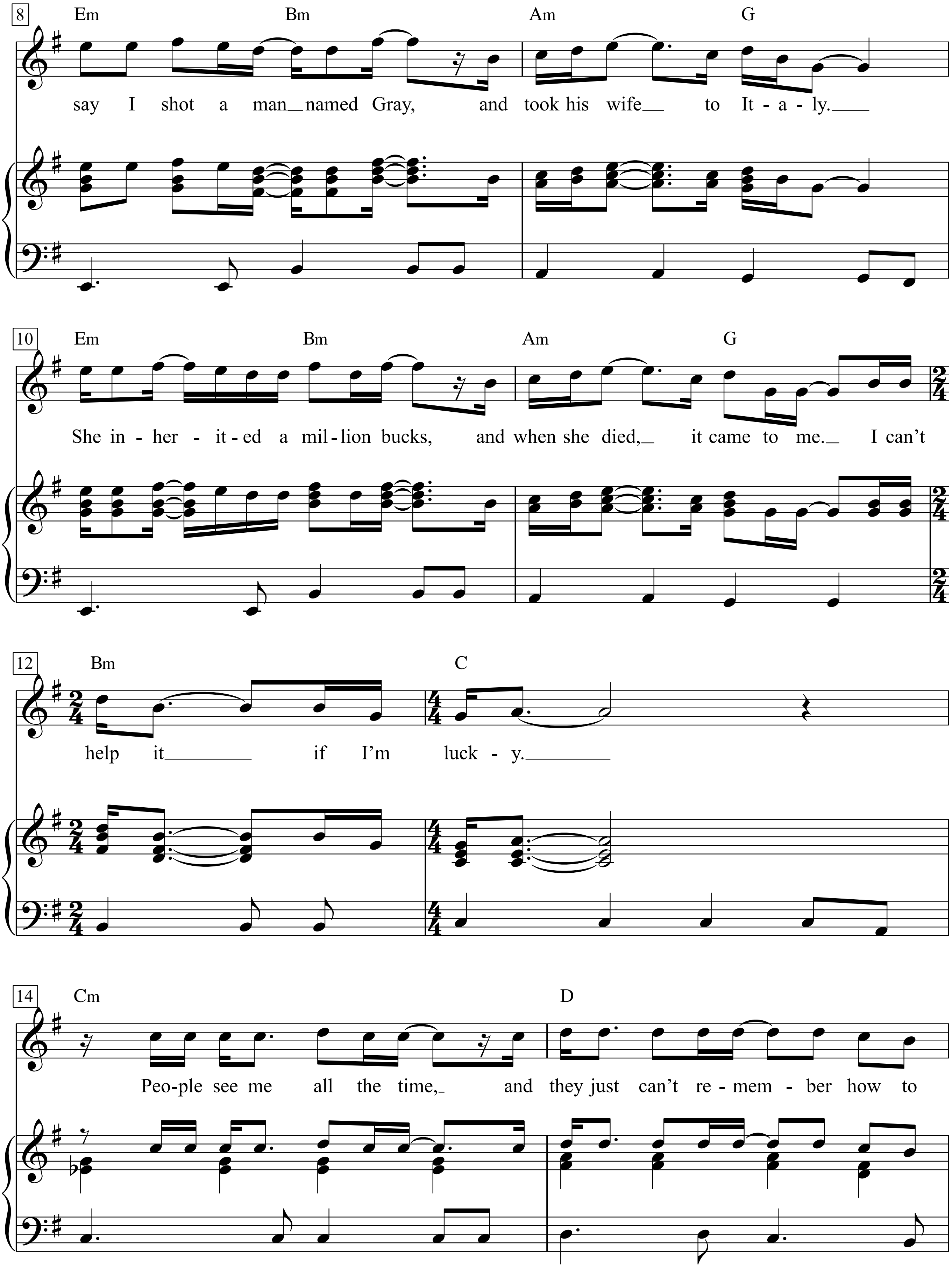
3. Man möchte eine helle Pfeife kaufen
und kauft die dunkle, andre sind nicht da.
Man möchte jeden Morgen dauerlaufen
und tut es nicht, und tut es nicht. Beinah ... beinah ...
Wir dachten unter kaiserlichem Zwange
an eine Republik ... und nun ists die!
Man möchte immer eine große Lange,
und dann bekommt man eine kleine Dicke -
Sälawih - !

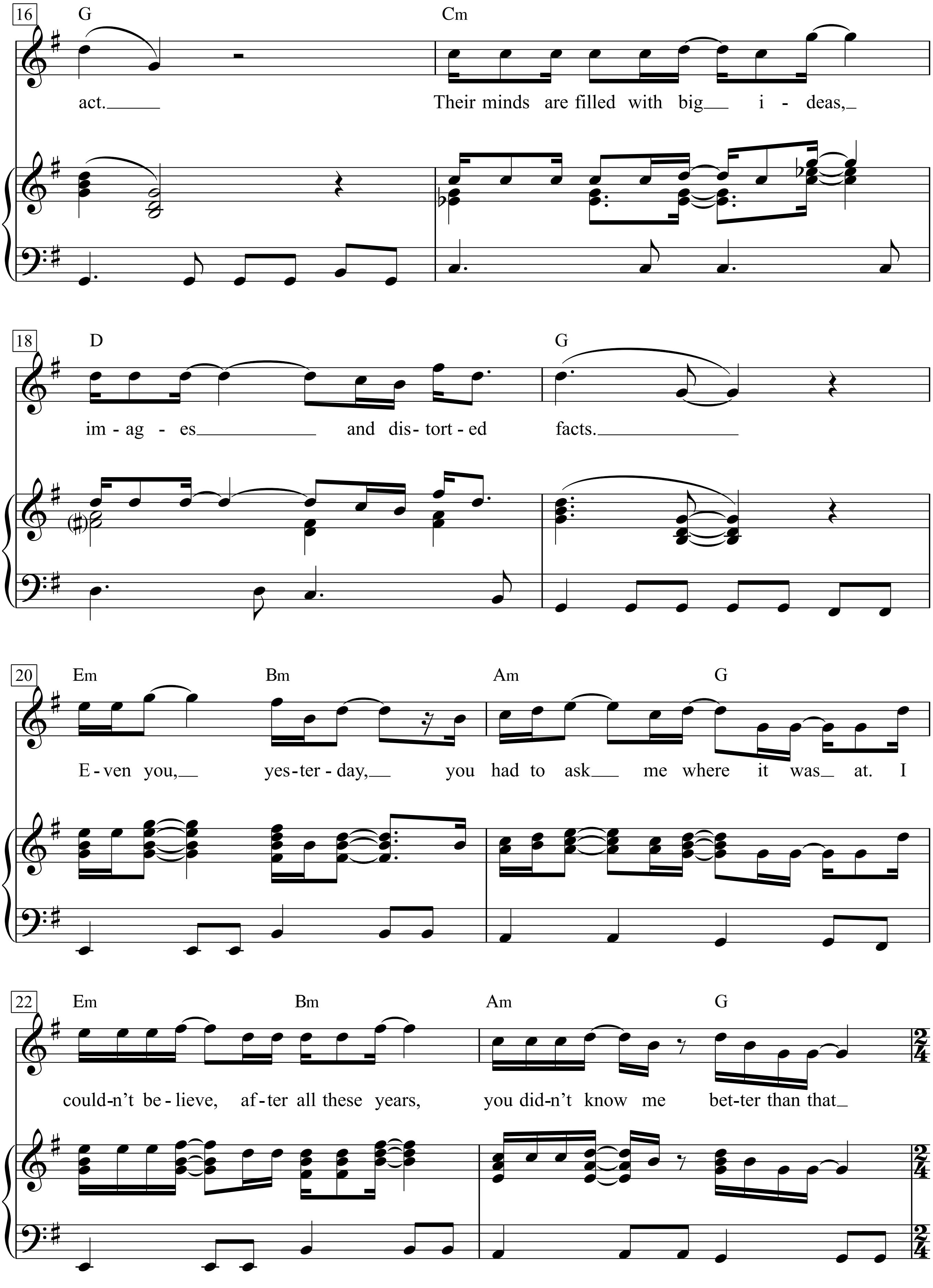
Idiot Wind

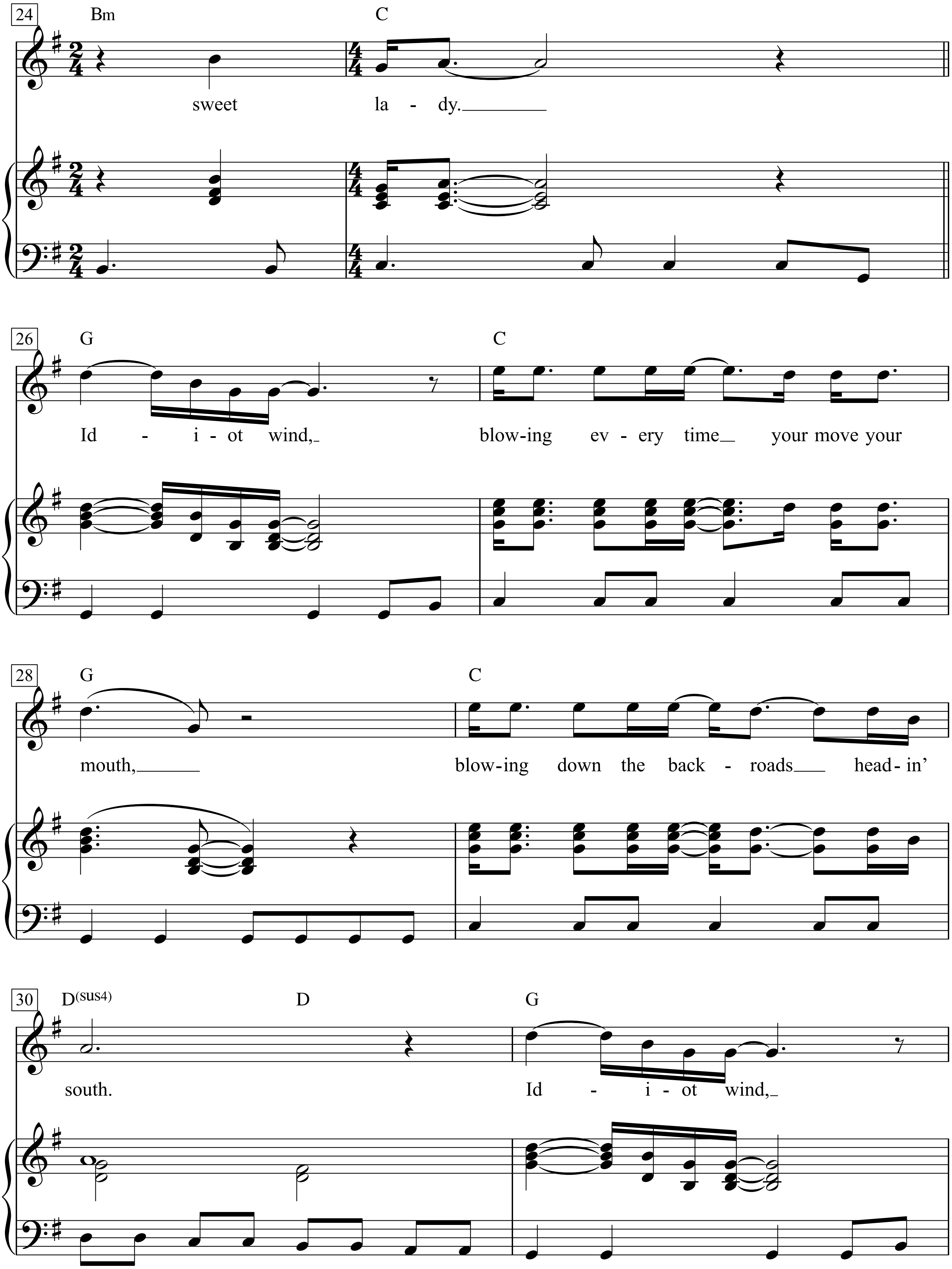
Slowly, with a steady beat

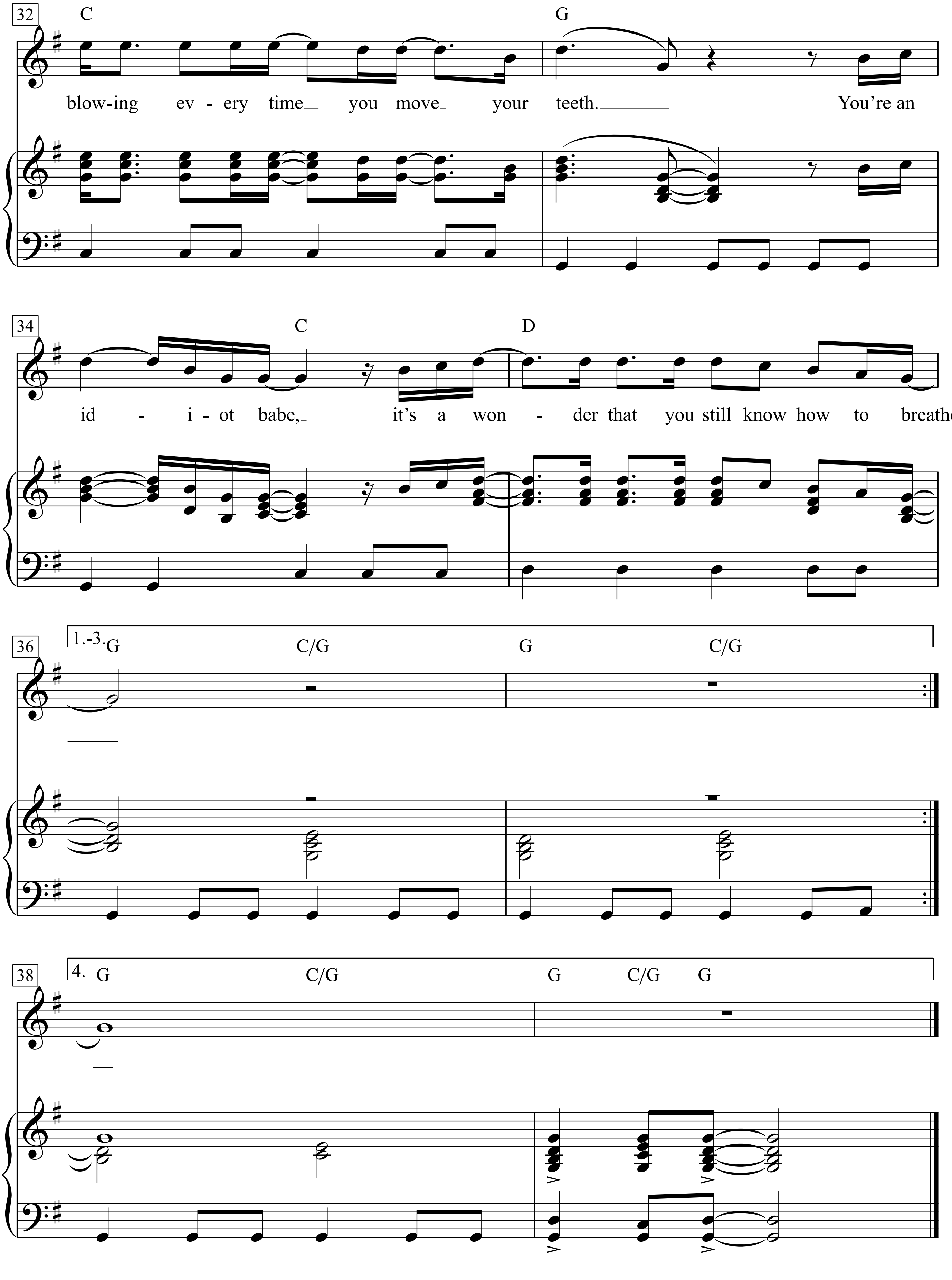
Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




8
Em Bm Am G
say I shot a man named Gray, and took his wife to It - a - ly.
10
Em Bm Am G
She in - her - it - ed a mil - lion bucks, and when she died, it came to me. I can't
12
Bm C
help it if I'm luck - y.
14
Cm D
Peo - ple see me all the time, and they just can't re - mem - ber how to


16
G
Cm
act.
Their minds are filled with big i - deas,
18
D
G
im - ag - es and dis - tort - ed facts.
20
Em
Bm
Am
G
E - ven you, yes - ter - day, you had to ask me where it was at. I
22
Em
Bm
Am
G
could-n't be - lieve, af - ter all these years, you did-n't know me bet-ter than that
2/4


24
Bm
C
sweet la - dy.
26
G
C
Id - i - ot wind,
blow-ing ev - ery time your move your
28
G
C
mouth,
blow-ing down the back - roads head - in'
30
D(sus4)
D
G
south.
Id - i - ot wind,


32
C
G
blow-ing ev - ery time you move your teeth.
You're an
34
C
D
id - i - ot babe, it's a won - der that you still know how to breathe.
36
1.-3. G
C/G
G
C/G
38
4. G
C/G
G
C/G
G

1. Someone’s got it in for me, they’re planting stories in the press.
Whoever it is, I wish they’d cut it out. But when they will I can only guess.
They say I shot a man named Gray, and took his wife to Italy.
She inherited a million bucks, and when she died, it came to me.
I can’t help it if I’m lucky.

People see me all the time, and they just can’t remember how to act.
Their minds are filled with big ideas, images and distorted facts.
Even you, yesterday, you had to ask me where it was at.
I couldn’t believe, after all these years, you didn’t know me better than that
sweet lady.

Idiot wind, blowing every time your move your mouth,
Blowing down the backroads headin’ south.
Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth.
You’re an idiot babe,
it’s a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

2. I ran into the fortune teller, who said beware of lightning that might strike.
I haven’t know peace and quiet for so long, I can’t remember what it’s like.
There’s a lone soldier on the cross, smoke pourin’ out of a boxcar door.
You didn’t know it, you didn’t think it could be done, in the final end he won the war (???s)
after losin’ every battle.

I woke up on the roadside, daydreamin’ ’bout the way things sometimes are.
Visions of you chestnut mare shoot through my head and are makin’ me see stars.
You hurt the ones that I love best and cover up the truth with lies.
One day you’ll be in the ditch, flies buzzin’ around your eyes,
blood on your saddle.

Idiot wind, blowing through the flowers on your tomb,
Blowing through the curtains in your room.
Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth.
You’re an idiot, babe,
It’s a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

3. It was gravity which pulled us down, and destiny which broke us apart.
You tamed the lion in my cage, but it just wasn’t enough to change my heart.
Now everything’s a little upside down, as a matter of fact, what’s bad is good. (???The wheels have stopped)
You’ll find out when you reach the top, ????
You’re on the bottom.

I noticed at the ceremony you corrupt ways had finally made you blind.
I can’t remember your face anymore, your mouth has changed, your eyes don’t look into mine.
The priest wore black on the seventh day, and sat stone-faced while the building burned.
I waited for you on the running boards near the cypress trees while the springtime turned
Slowly into autumn.

Idiot wind, blowing like a circle around my skull,
From the Grand Coulee Dam to the Capitol.
Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth.
You’re an idiot, babe,
It’s a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

4. I can’t feel you anymore, I can’t even touch the books you’ve read.
Every time I crawl past your door, I been wishin’ I was somebody else instead.
Down the highway, down the tracks, down the road to ecstasy,
I followed you beneath the stars, hounded by your memory
And all your ragin’ glory.

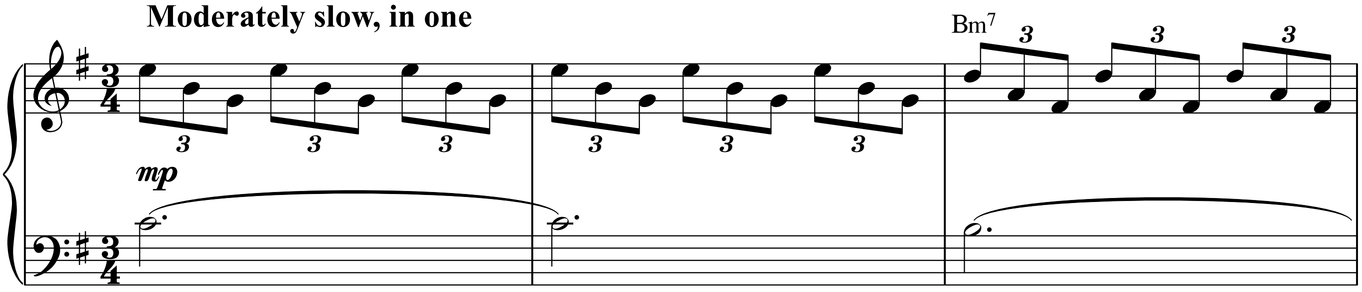
I been doublecrossed now for the very last time, and now I’m finally free.
I kissed goodbye the howling beast on the borderline which separated you from me.
You’ll never know the hurt I suffered not the pain I rise above.
And I’ll never know the same about you, your holiness or your kind of love,
And it makes me feel so sorry.

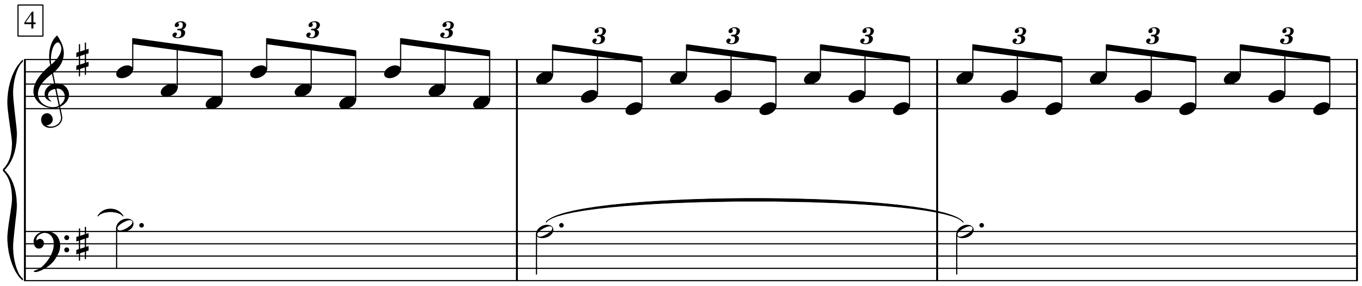
Idiot wind, blowing through the buttons of our coats,
Blowing through the letters that we wrote.
Idiot wind, blowing through the dust upon our shelves.
We’re idiots, babe,
It’s a wonder we can even feed ourselves.

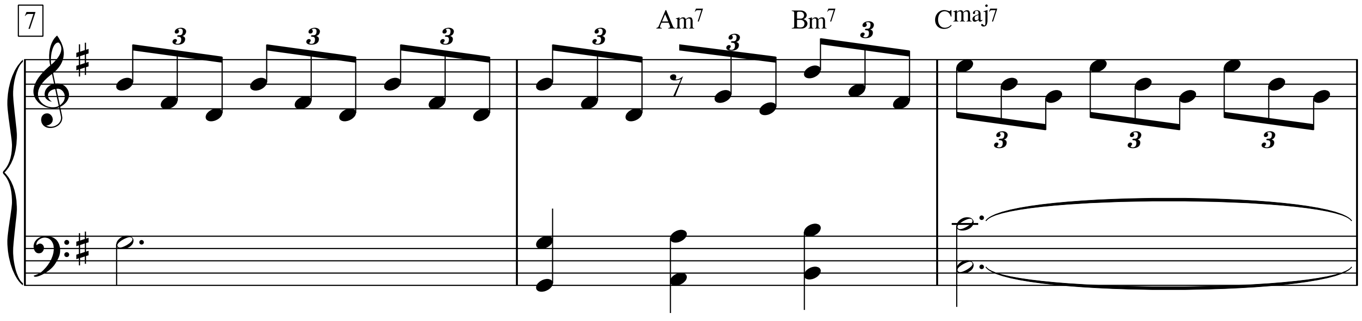
If I Aint Got You

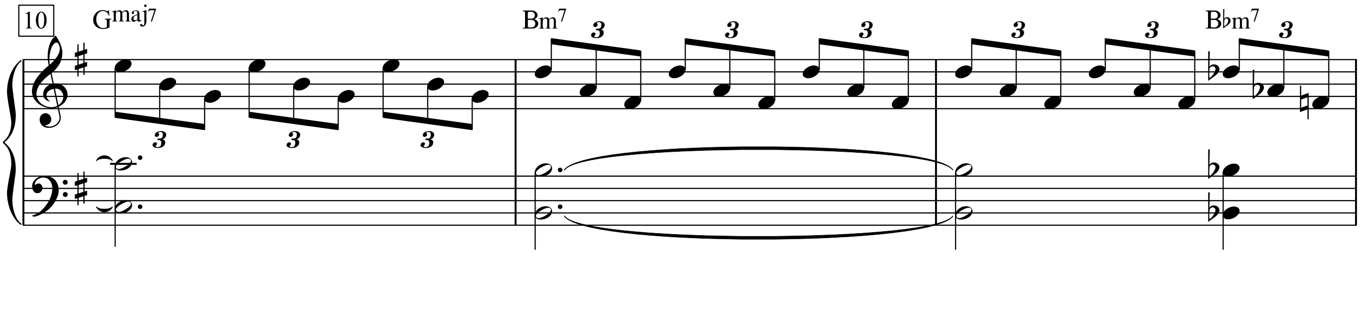
Wprds & Music by Alicia Keys
(Alicia Keys)

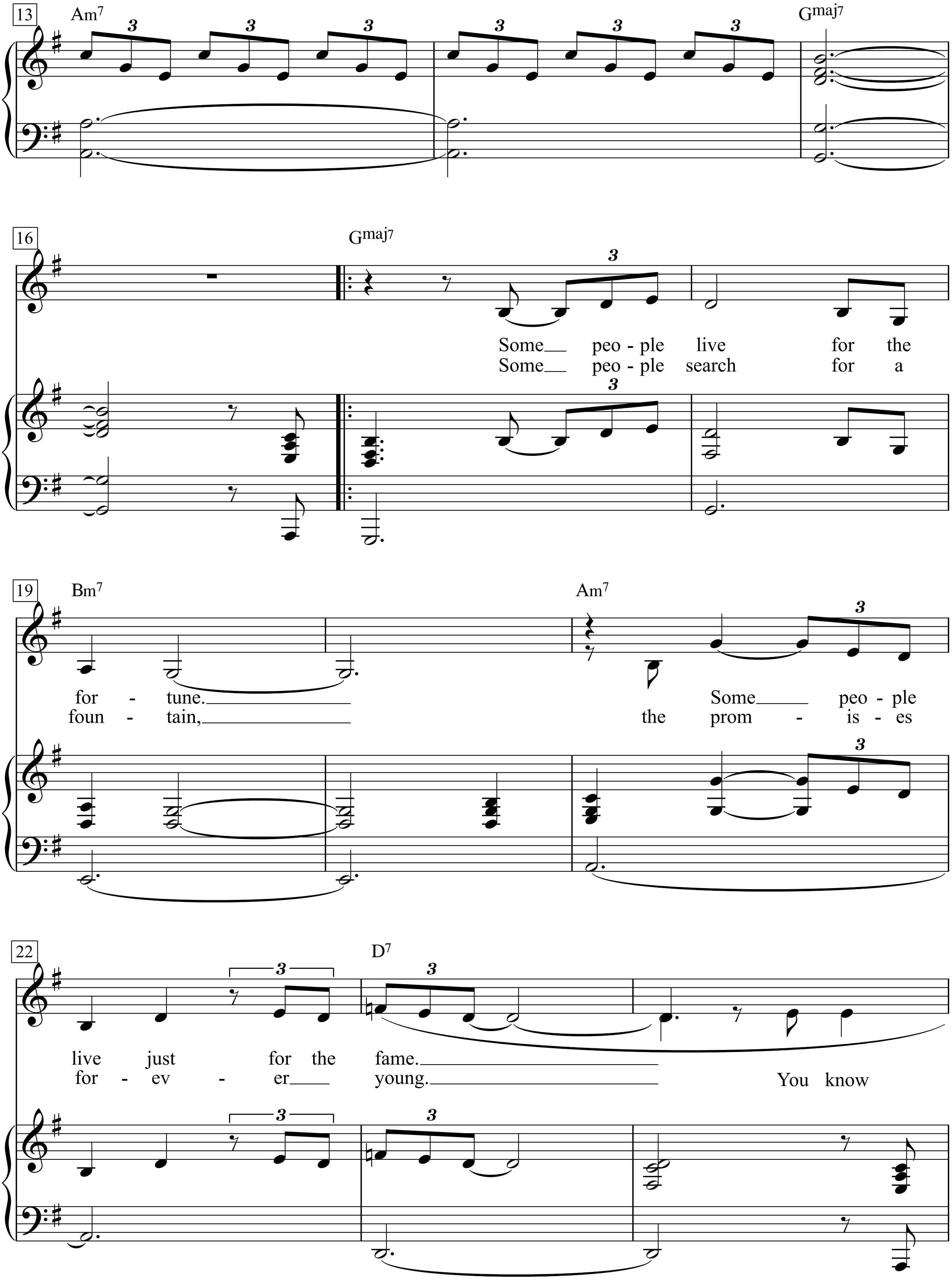
Moderately slow, in one

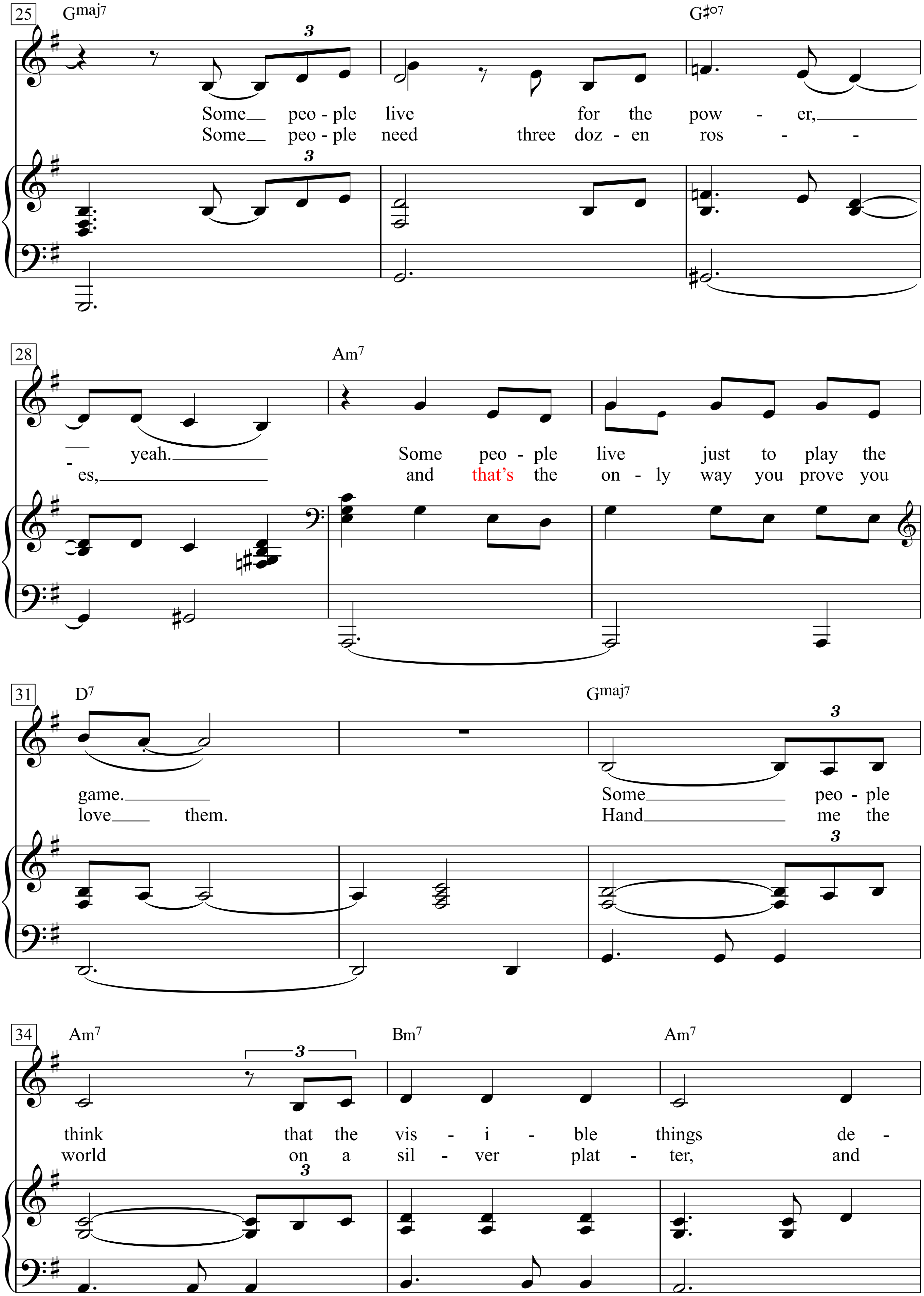


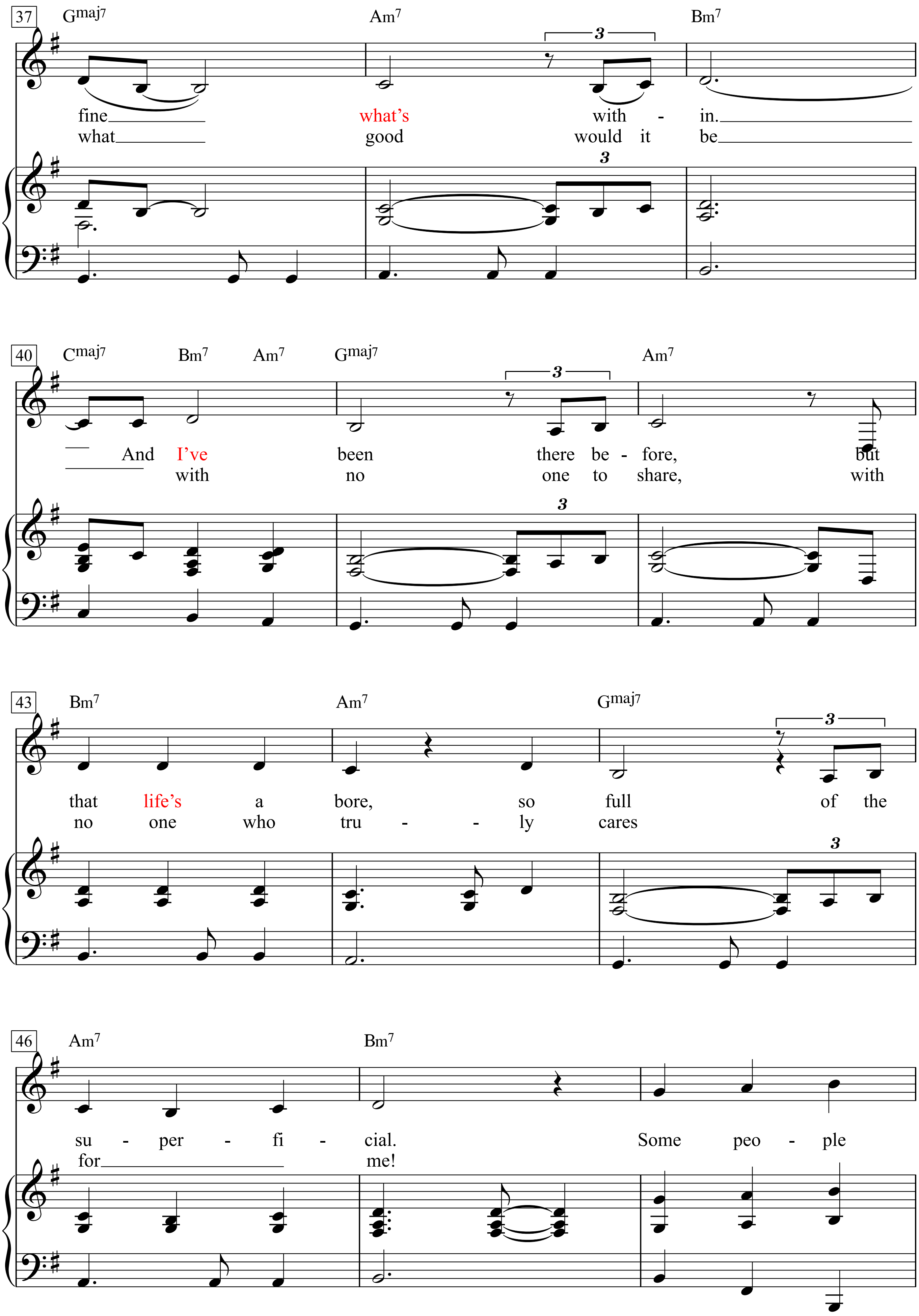


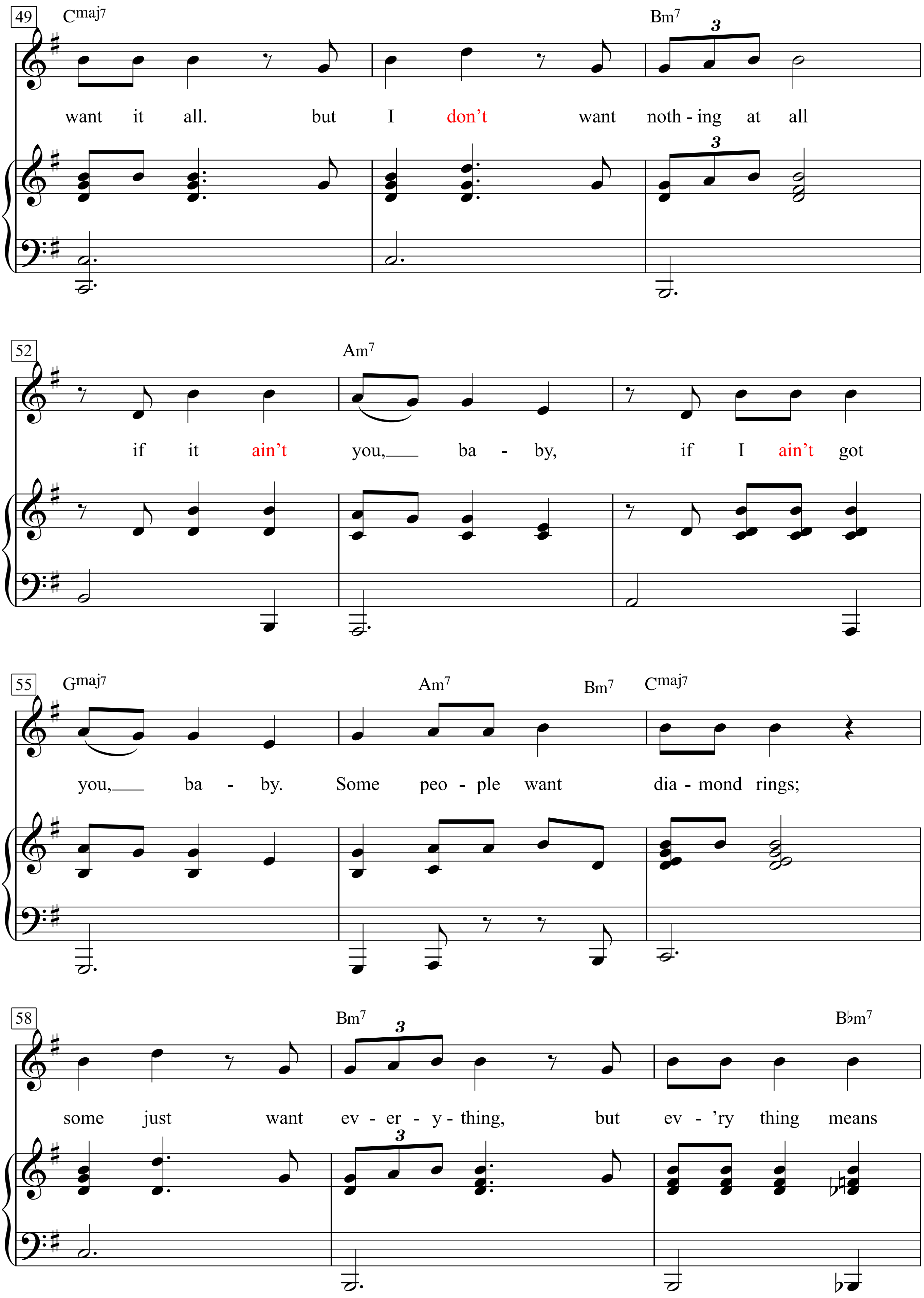


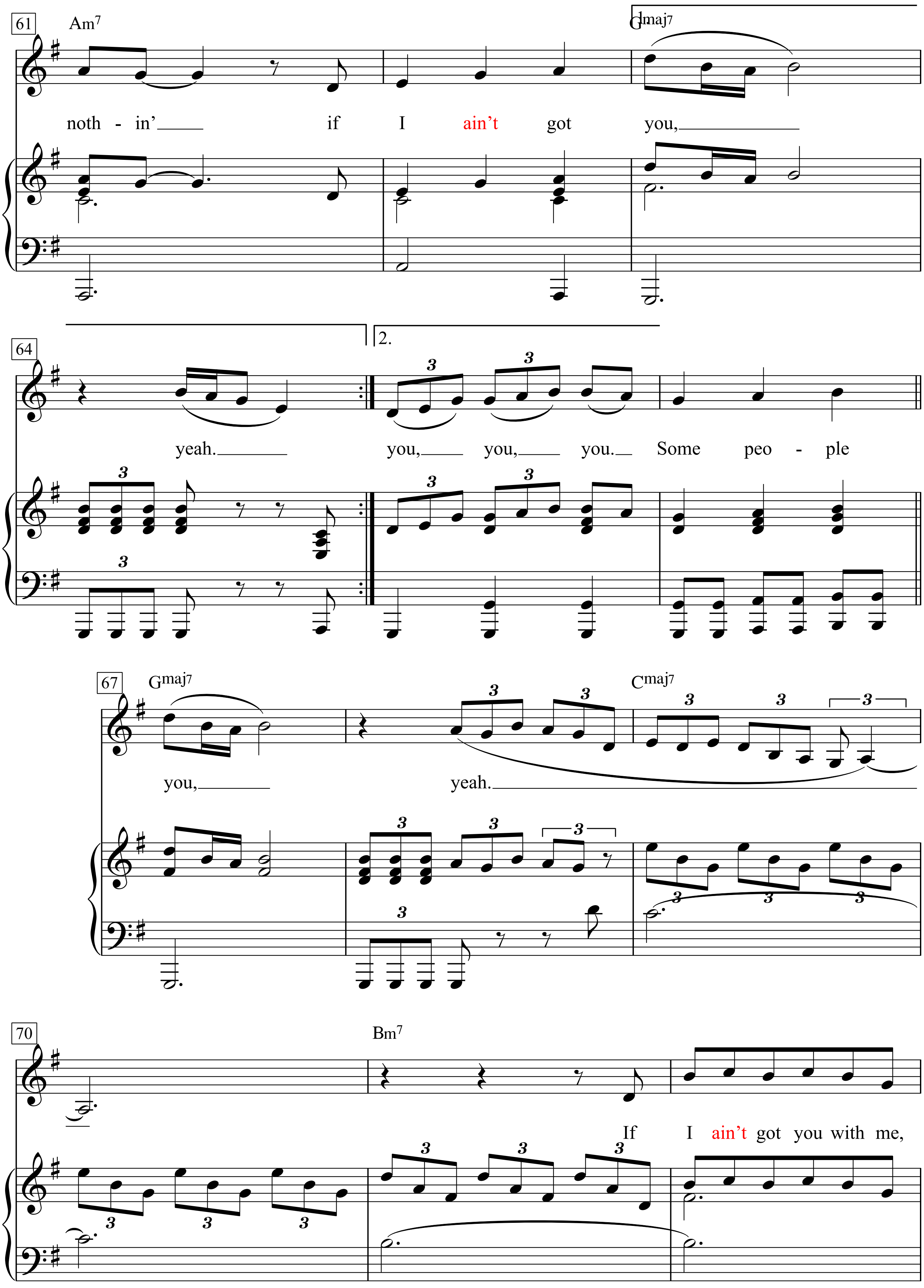


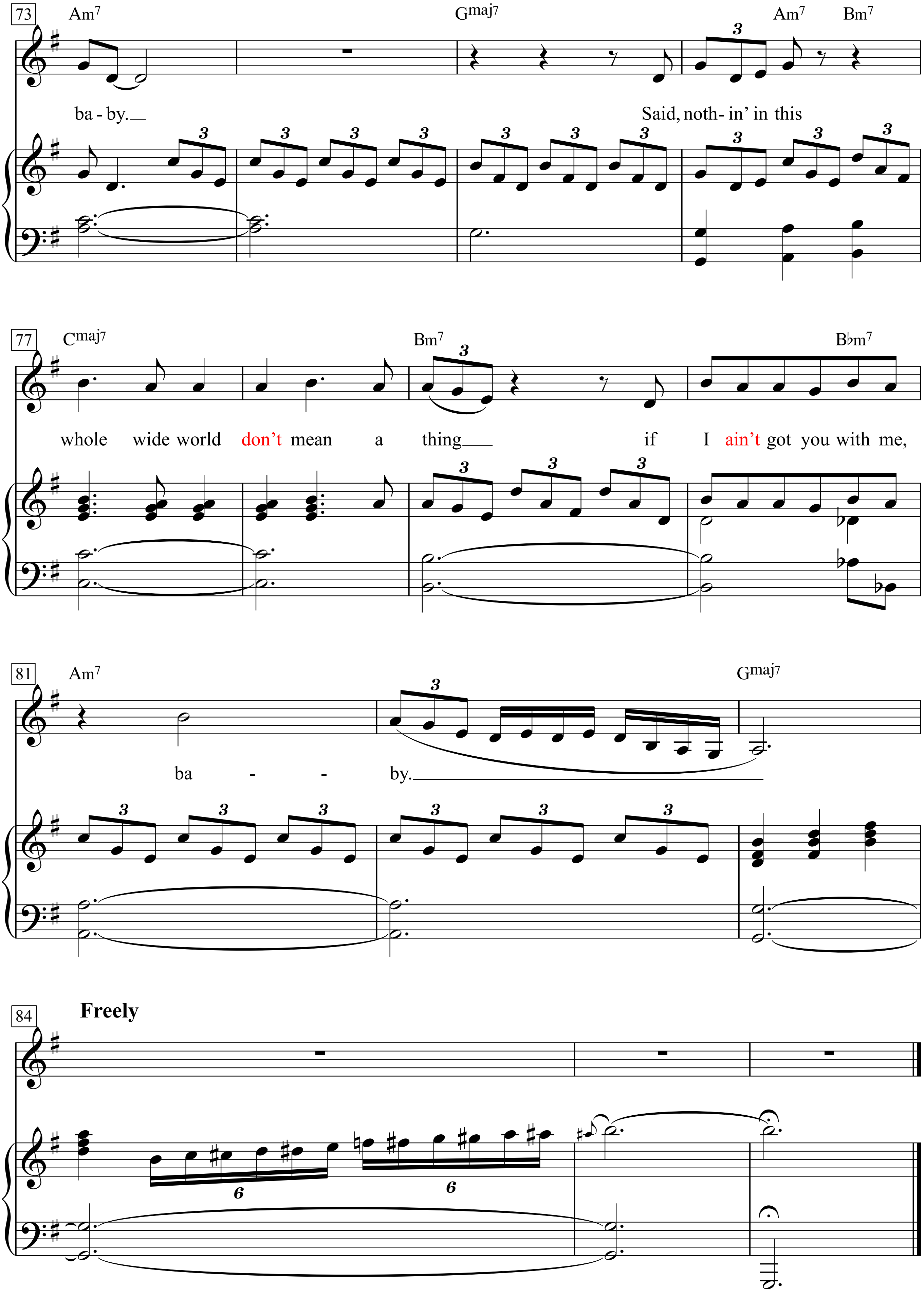

13
Am7
Gmaj7
16
Gmaj7
Some peo - ple live for the
Some peo - ple search for a
19
Bm7
Am7
for - tune.
foun - tain,
Some peo - ple
the prom - is - es
22
D7
live just for the fame.
for - ev - er young.
You know


25
Gmaj7
G♯o7
Some__ peo - ple live for the pow - er,________
Some__ peo - ple need three doz - en ros - -
28
Am7
__ yeah.________ Some peo - ple live just to play the
- es,________________ and that's the on - ly way you prove you
31
D7
Gmaj7
game.________ Some________________ peo - ple
love____ them. Hand________________ me the
34
Am7
Bm7
Am7
think that the vis - i - ble things de -
world on a sil - ver plat - ter, and


37
Gmaj7
Am7
Bm7
3
fine what's with - in.
what good would it be
3
40
Cmaj7
Bm7
Am7
Gmaj7
Am7
3
And I've been there be - fore, but
with no one to share, with
3
43
Bm7
Am7
Gmaj7
3
that life's a bore, so full of the
no one who tru - - ly cares
3
46
Am7
Bm7
su - per - fi - cial. Some peo - ple
for me!

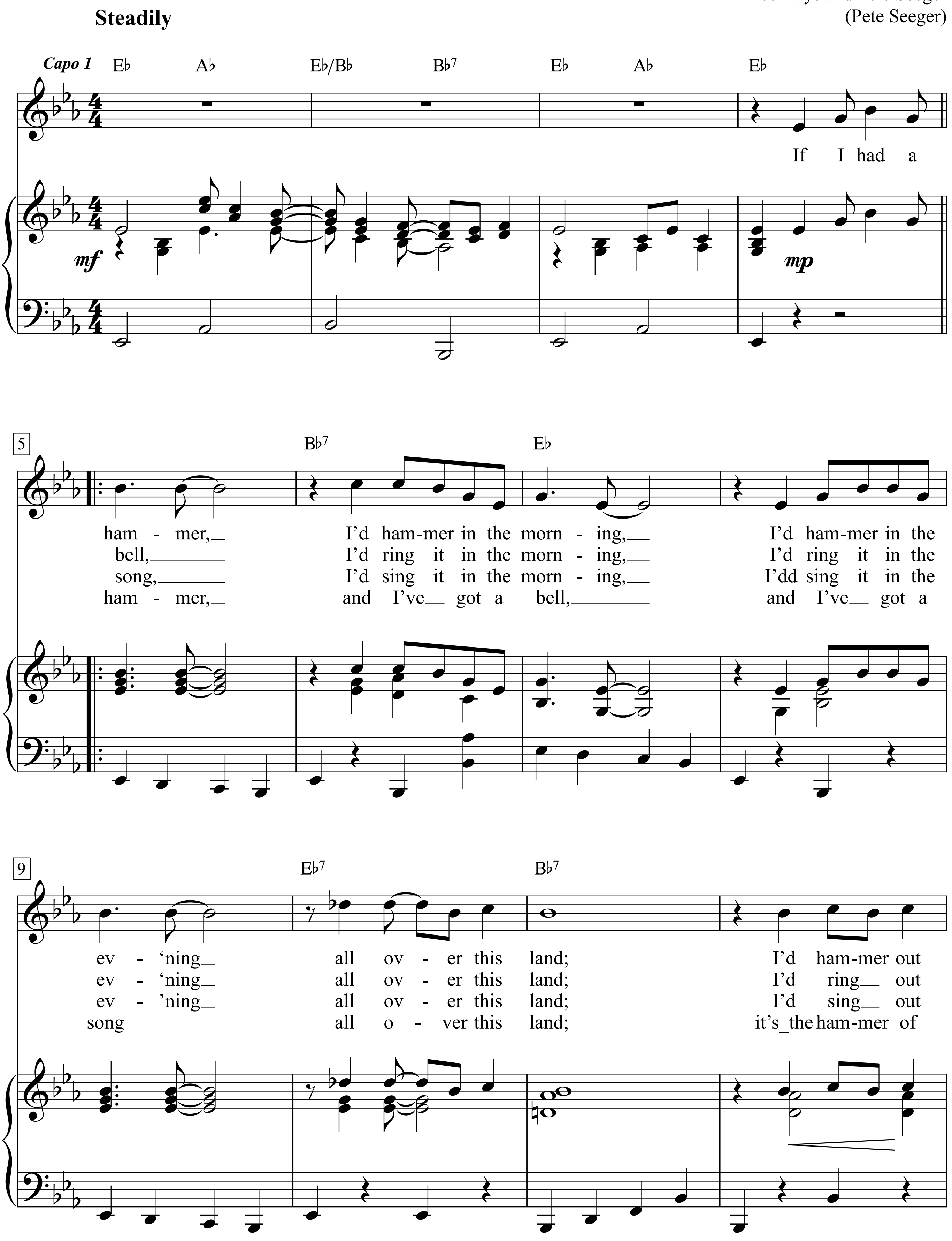

49
Cmaj7
Bm7
3
want it all. but I don't want noth - ing at all
52
Am7
if it ain't you, ba - by, if I ain't got
55
Gmaj7
Am7
Bm7
Cmaj7
you, ba - by. Some peo - ple want dia - mond rings;
58
Bm7
B♭m7
some just want ev - er - y - thing, but ev - 'ry thing means

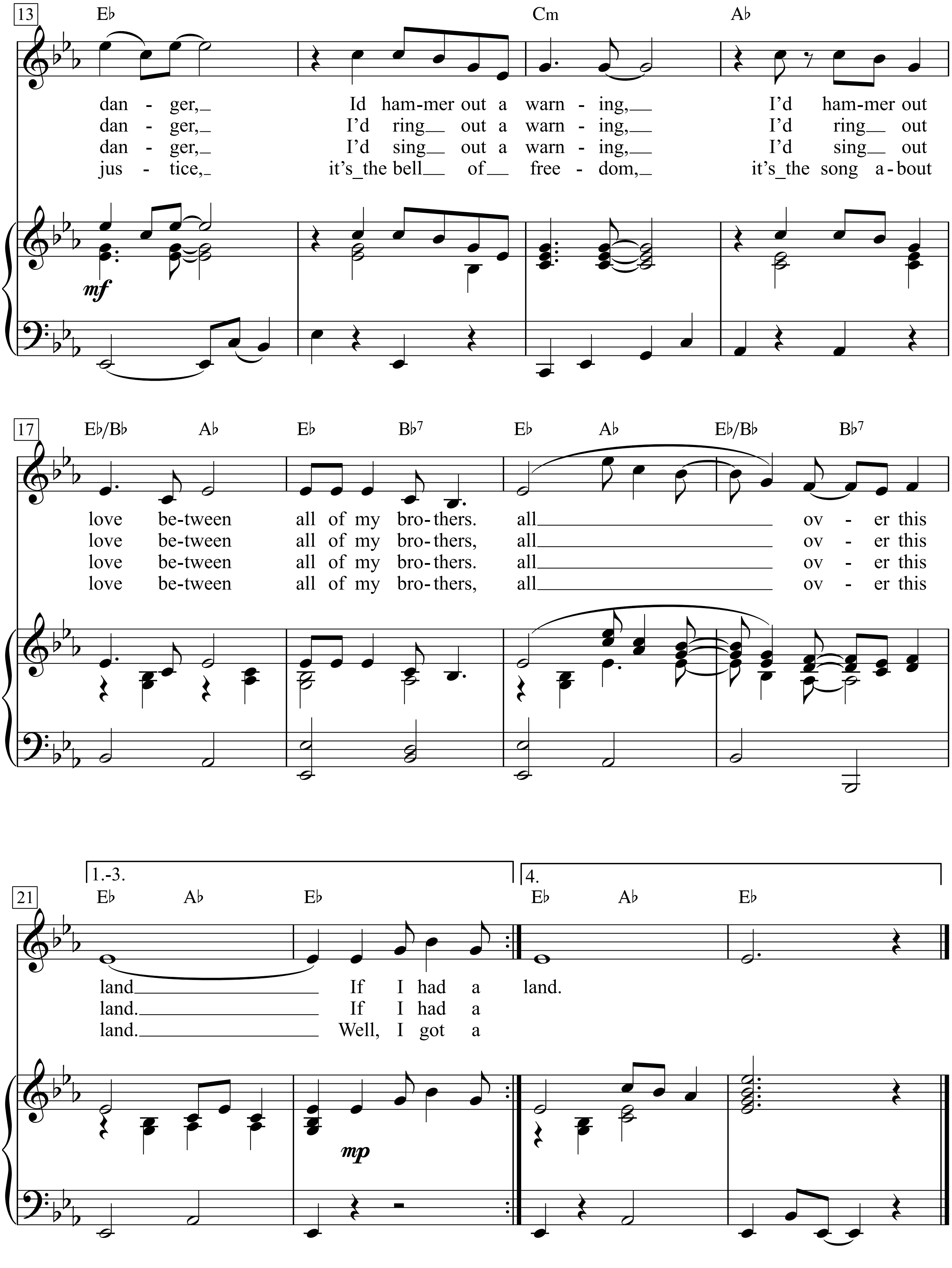

61
Am7
Gmaj7
noth - in' if I ain't got you,
64
2.
yeah. you, you, you. Some peo - ple
67
Gmaj7
Cmaj7
you, yeah.
70
Bm7
If I ain't got you with me,


73
Am7
Gmaj7
Am7
Bm7
ba - by.
Said, noth- in' in this
77
Cmaj7
Bm7
B♭m7
whole wide world don't mean a thing
if I ain't got you with me,
81
Am7
Gmaj7
ba - - by.
84
Freely

If I Had a Hammer

Words & Musc by
Lee Hays and Pete Seeger
(Pete Seeger)

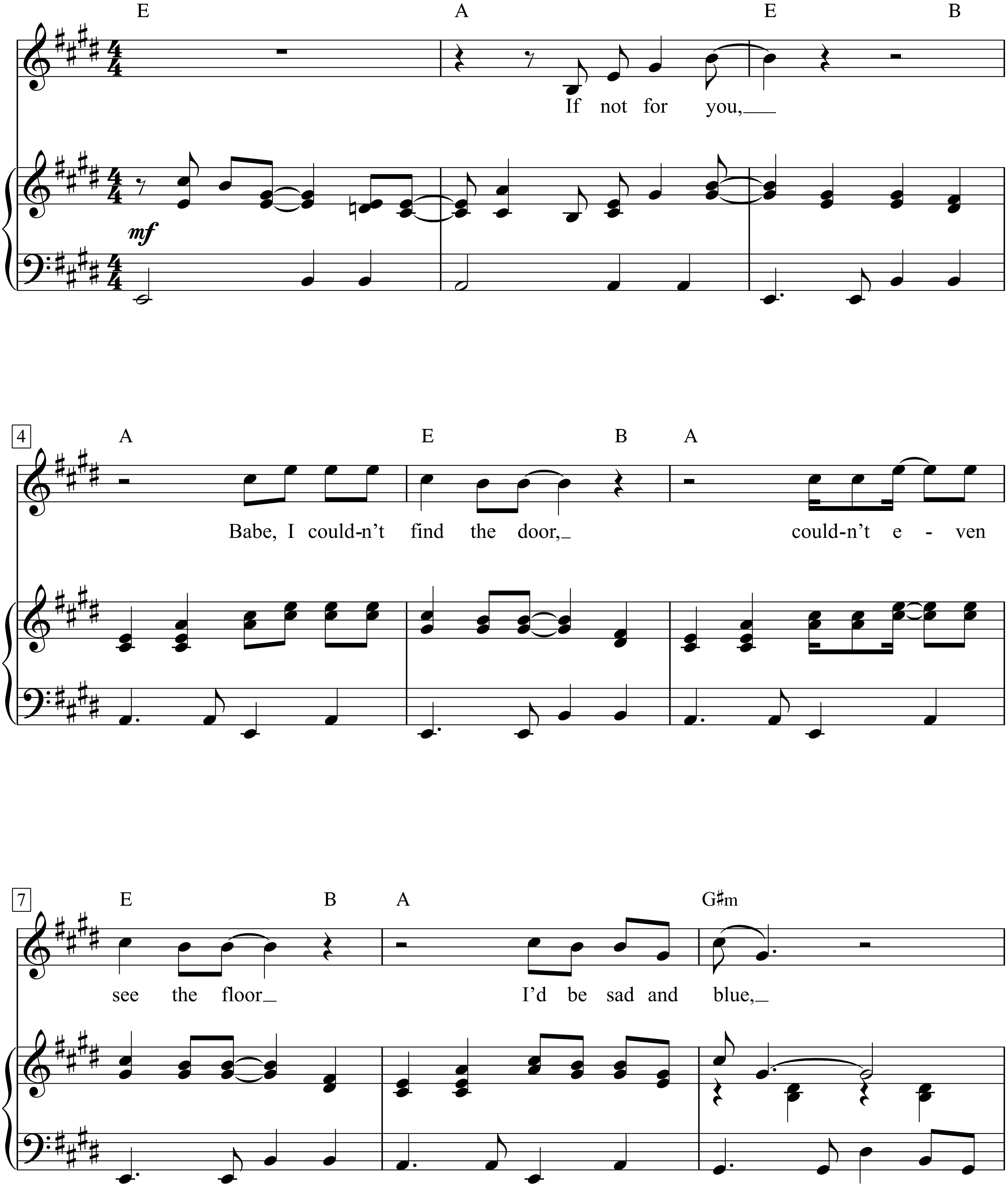


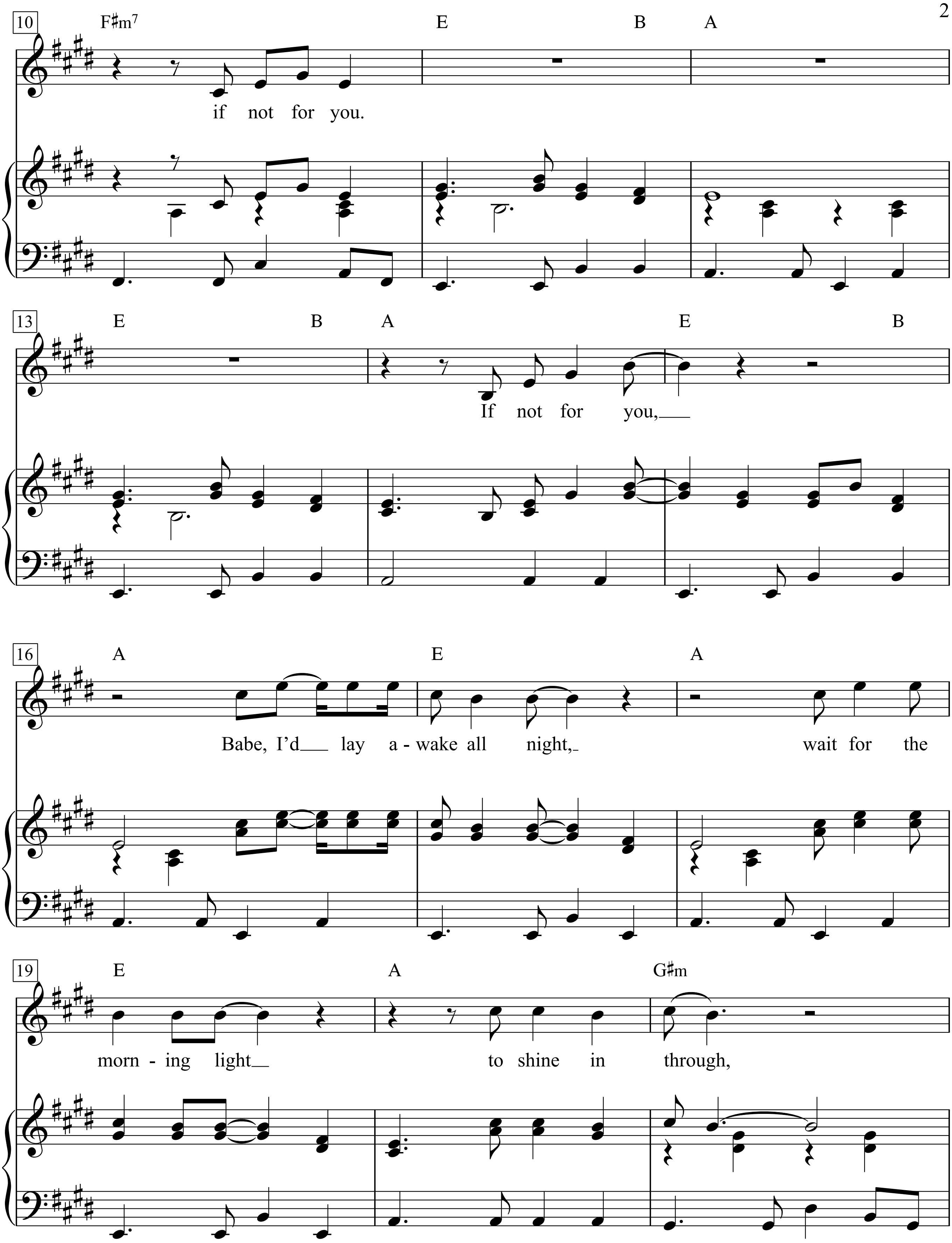

13
Eb Cm Ab
dan - ger,_ Id ham-mer out a warn - ing,_ I'd ham-mer out
dan - ger,_ I'd ring_ out a warn - ing,_ I'd ring_ out
dan - ger,_ I'd sing_ out a warn - ing,_ I'd sing_ out
jus - tice,_ it's_the bell_ of_ free - dom,_ it's_the song a-bout
mf
17
Eb/Bb Ab Eb Bb7 Eb Ab Eb/Bb Bb7
love be-tween all of my bro-thers. all_ ov - er this
love be-tween all of my bro-thers, all_ ov - er this
love be-tween all of my bro-thers. all_ ov - er this
love be-tween all of my bro-thers, all_ ov - er this
1.-3.
4.
21
Eb Ab Eb Eb Ab Eb
land_ If I had a land.
land._ If I had a
land._ Well, I got a
mp

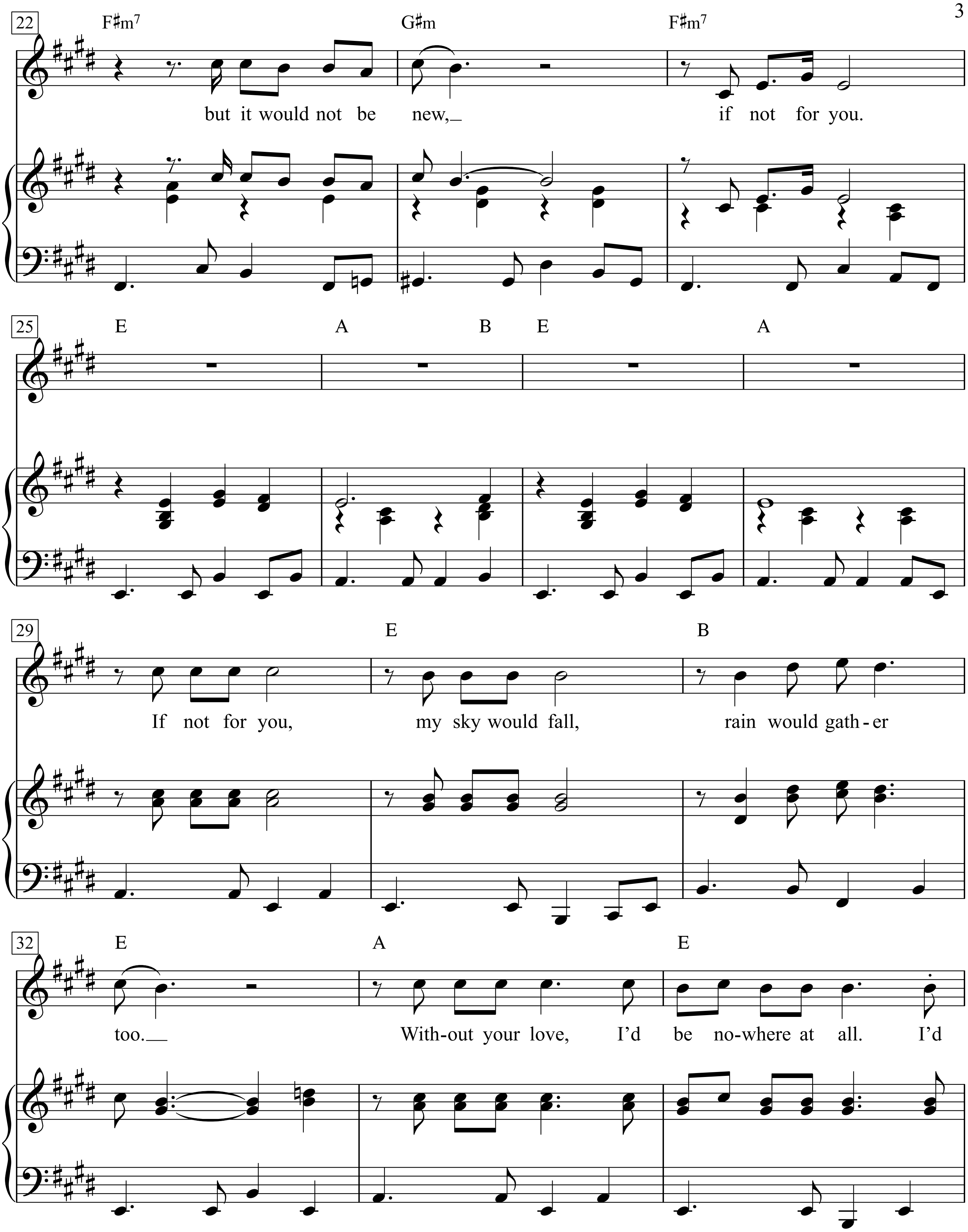
If Not For You

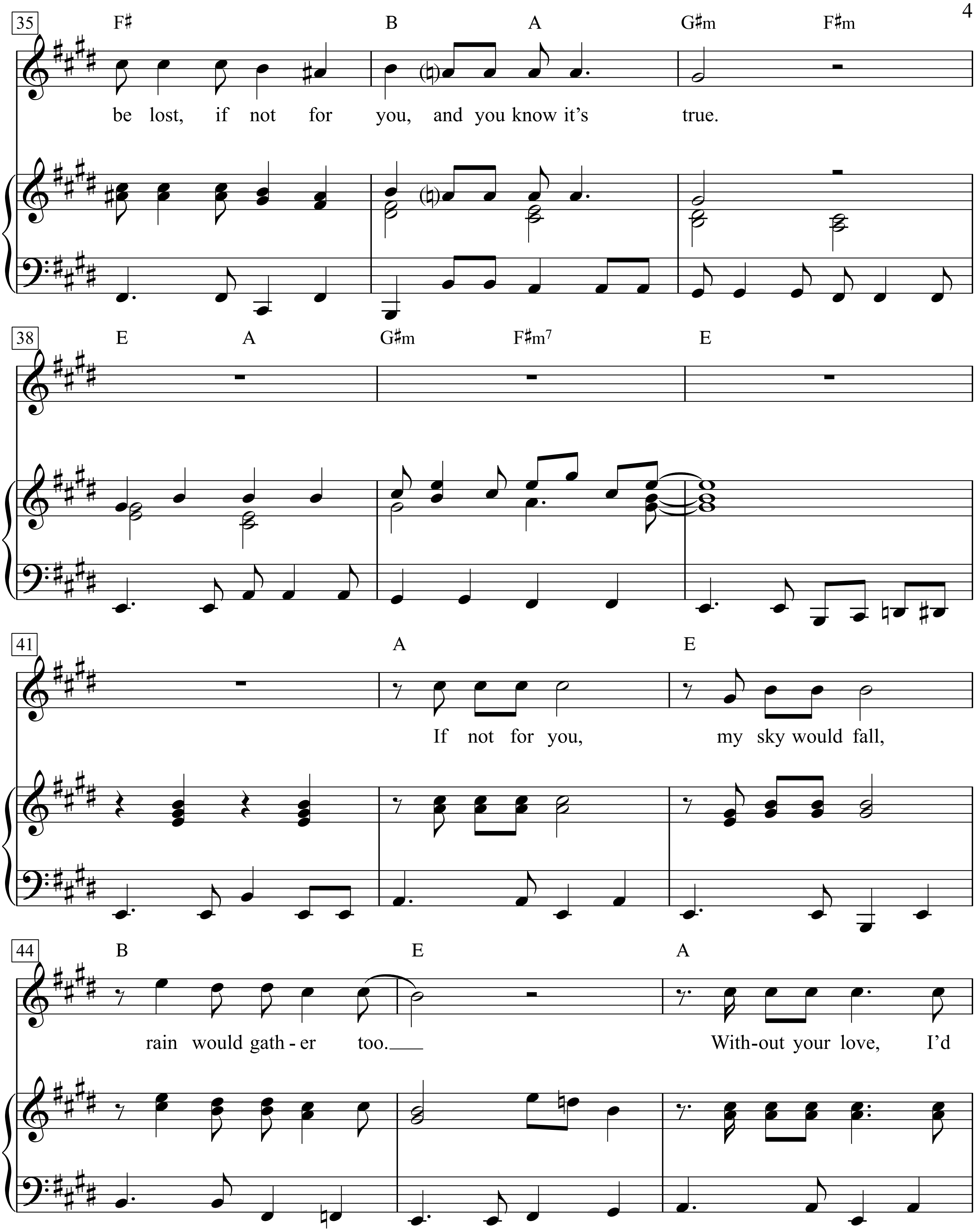
Moderately bright

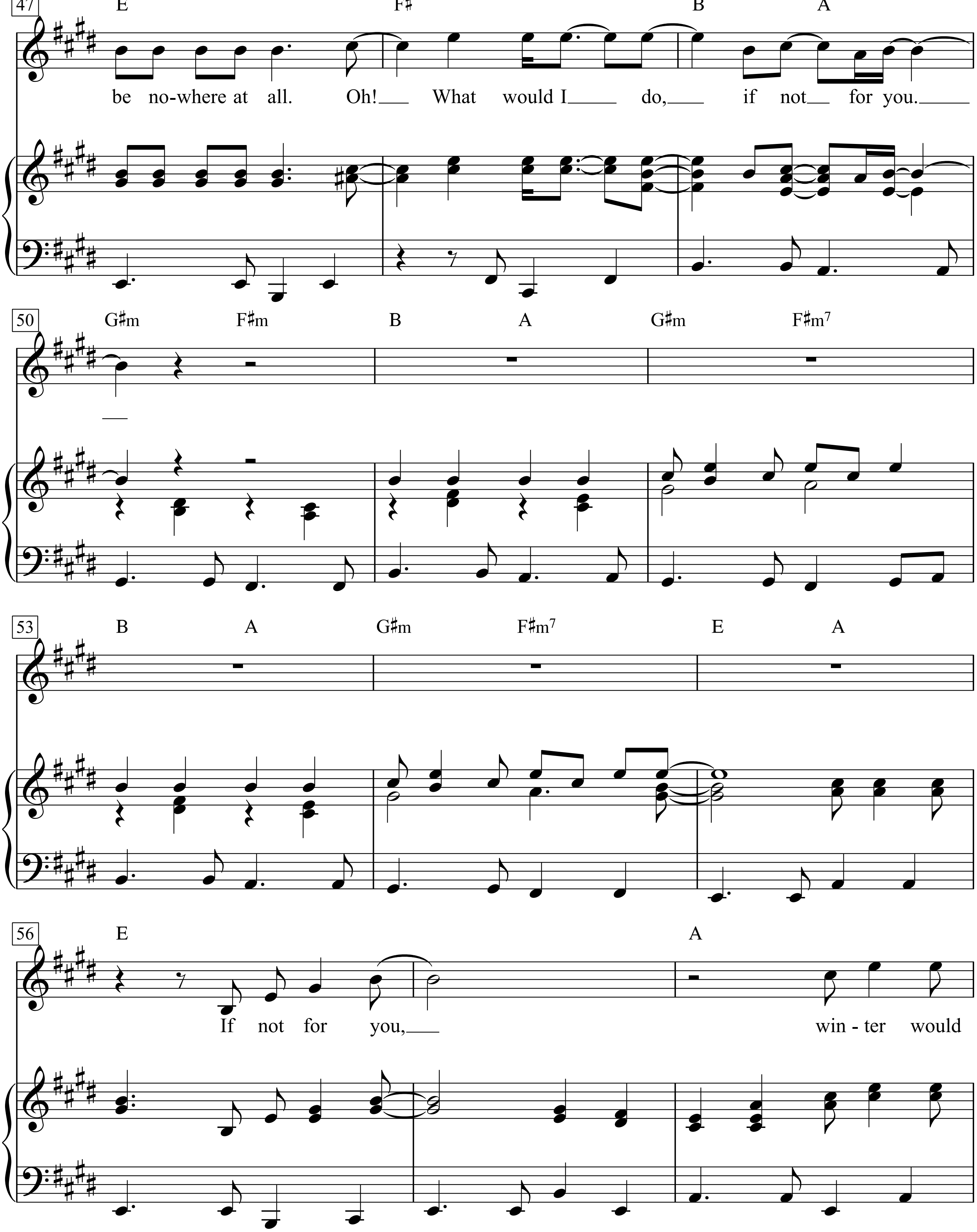
Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)

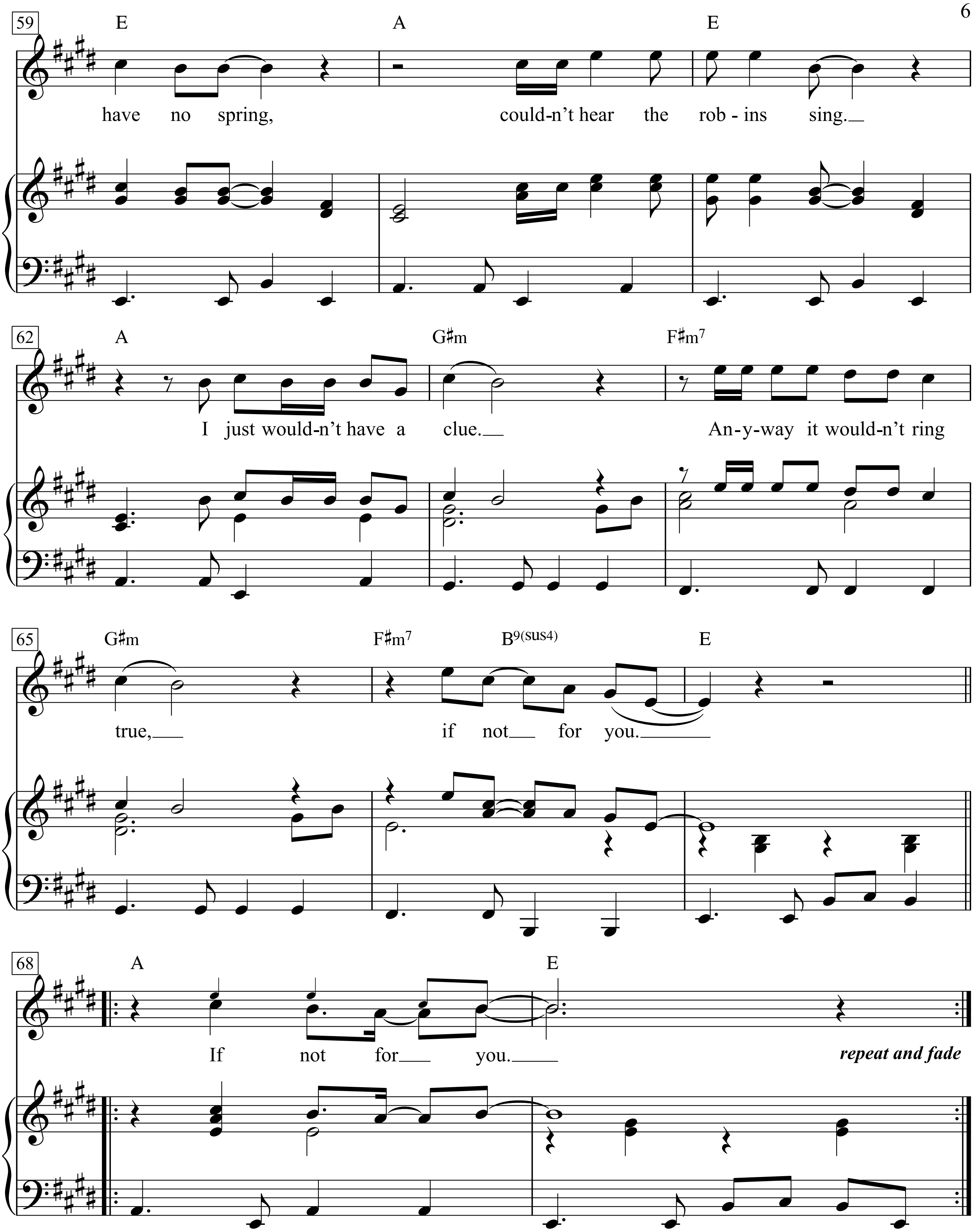



10
F♯m7
E
B
A
if not for you.
13
E
B
A
E
B
If not for you,
16
A
E
A
Babe, I'd lay a - wake all night,
wait for the
19
E
A
G♯m
morn - ing light
to shine in through,


22
F♯m7
G♯m
F♯m7
but it would not be new,
if not for you.
25
E
A
B
E
A
29
E
B
If not for you,
my sky would fall,
rain would gath-er
32
E
A
E
too.
With-out your love,
I'd be no-where at all.
I'd


35
F♯ B A G♯m F♯m
be lost, if not for you, and you know it's true.
38
E A G♯m F♯m7 E
41
A E
If not for you, my sky would fall,
44
B E A
rain would gath - er too.
With-out your love, I'd


47
E F♯ B A
be no-where at all. Oh! What would I do, if not for you.
50
G♯m F♯m B A G♯m F♯m7
53
B A G♯m F♯m7 E A
56
E A
If not for you, win - ter would


59
E A E
have no spring, could-n't hear the rob - ins sing.
62
A G♯m F♯m7
I just would-n't have a clue. An-y-way it would-n't ring
65
G♯m F♯m7 B9(sus4) E
true, if not for you.
68
A E
If not for you.
repeat and fade

If not for you,
Babe; I couldn't find the door
Couldn't even see the floor
I'd be sad and blue
If not for you

If not for you
Babe, I'd lay awake all night
Wait for the morning light
To shine in through
But it would not be new
If not for you

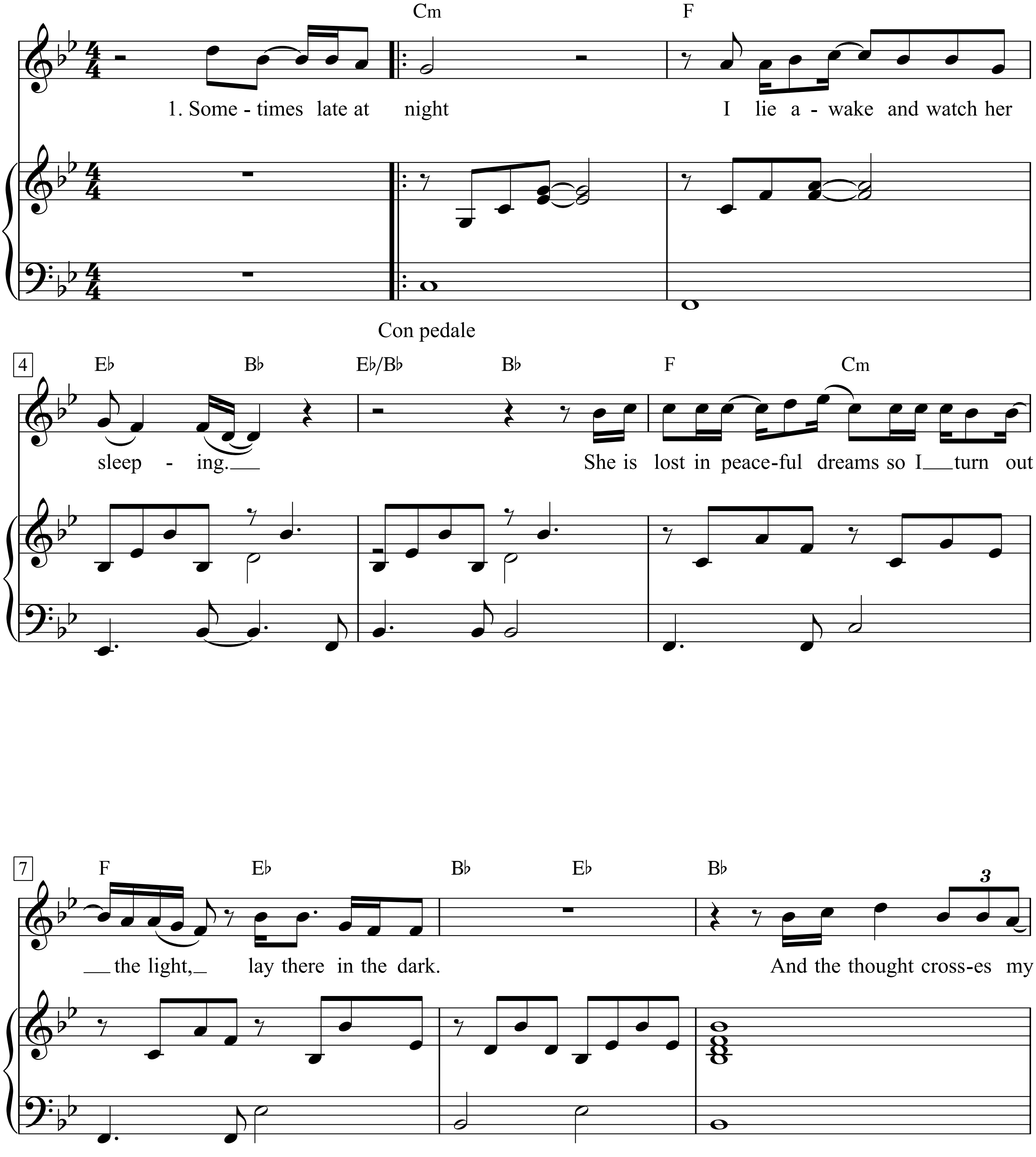
If not for you
My sky would fall
Rain would gather too
Without your love, I'd be nowhere at all
I'd be lost, if not for you
And you know it's true

If not for you
My sky would fall
Rain would gather too
Without your love, I'd be nowhere at all
Oh! What would I do
If not for you

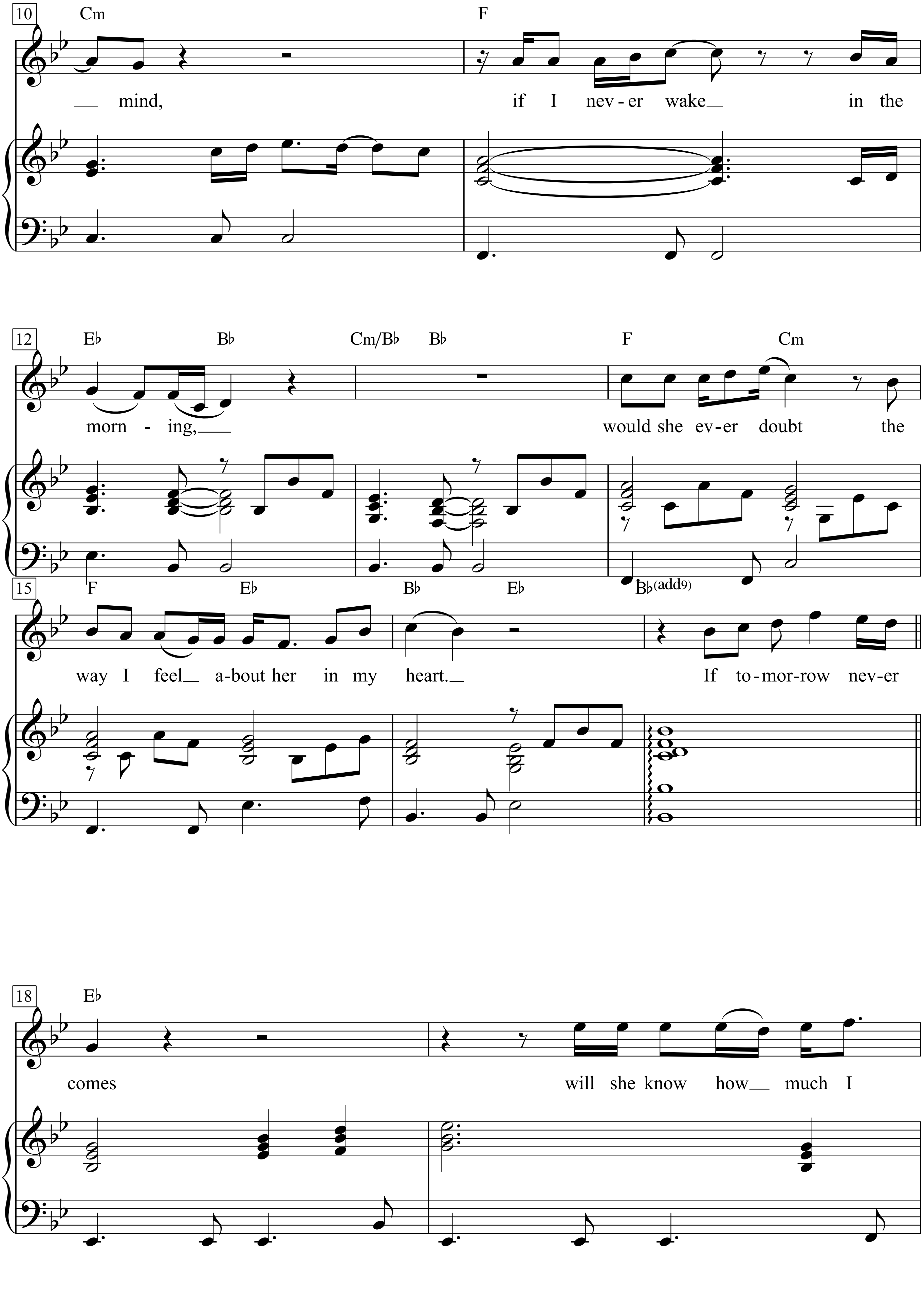
If not for you
Winter would have no spring
Couldn't hear the robins sing
I just wouldn't have a clue
Anyway it wouldn't ring true
If not for you

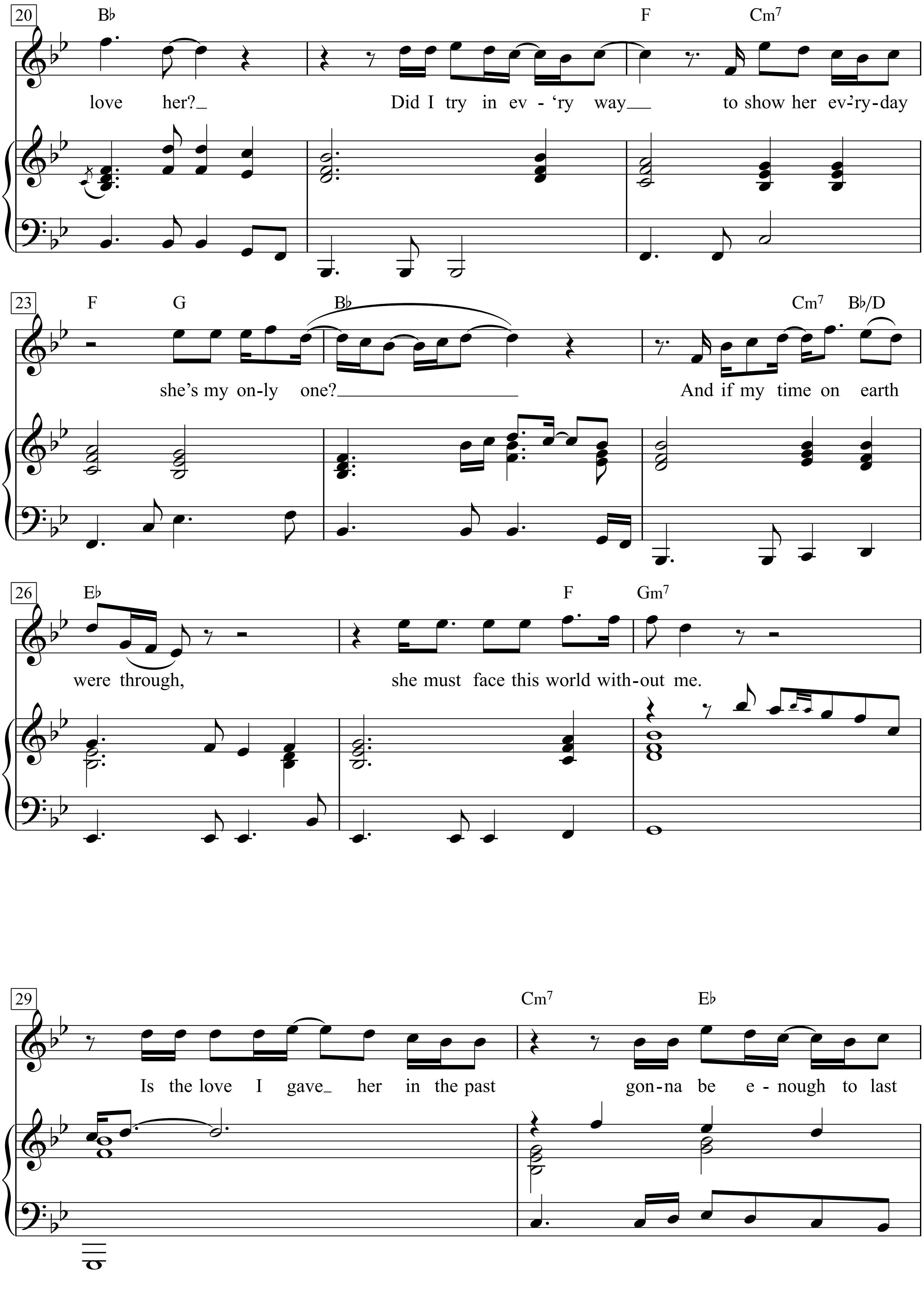
If Tomorrow Never Comes

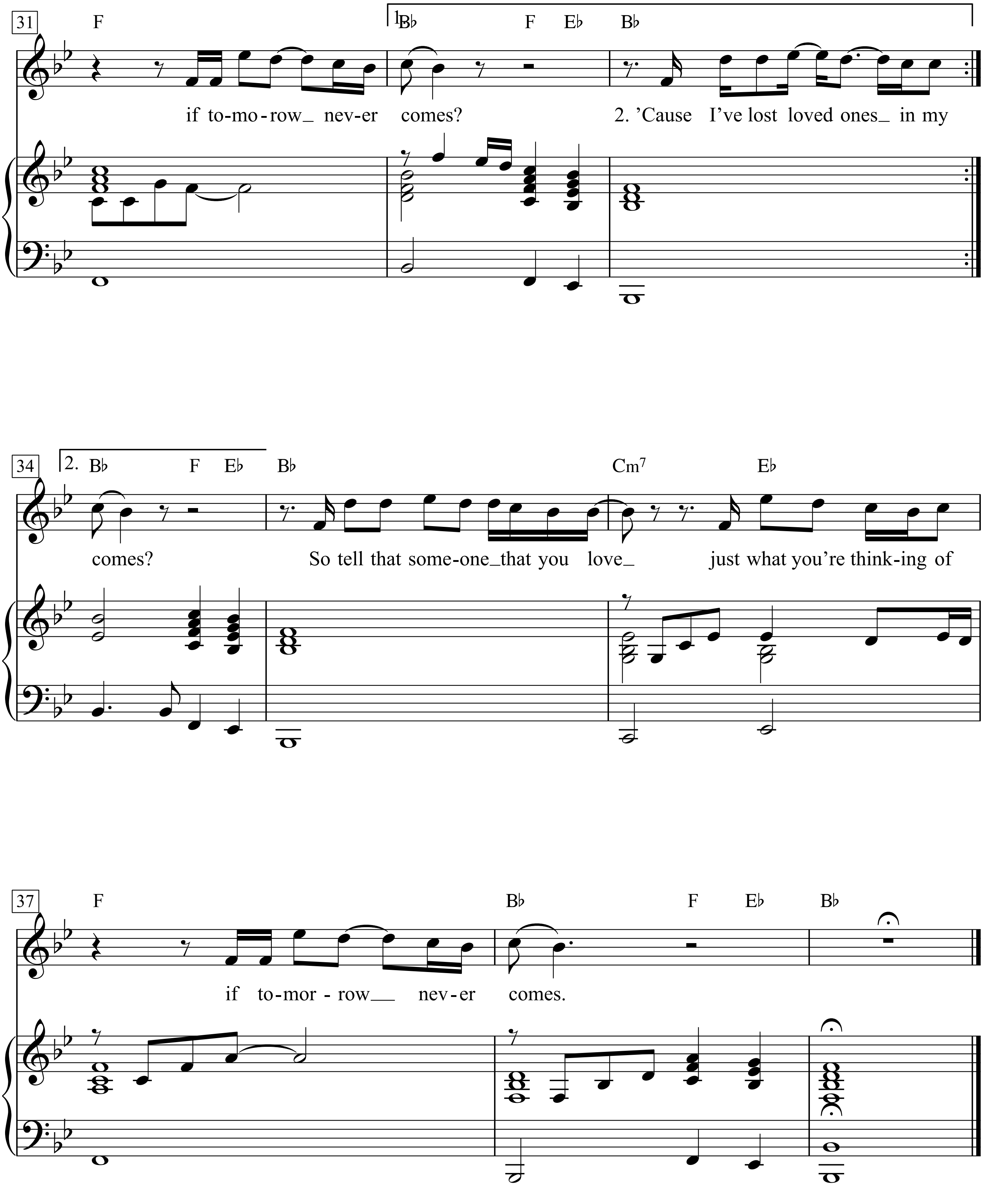
Words & Music by Garth Brooks & Kent Blazy
(Ronan Keating)



The Greatest Love Songs Of The 21st Century, p. 42-45


10
Cm
F
mind,
if I nev - er wake in the
12
E♭ B♭ Cm/B♭ B♭ F Cm
morn - ing,
would she ev - er doubt the
15
F E♭ B♭ E♭ B♭(add9)
way I feel a-bout her in my heart.
If to-mor-row nev-er
18
E♭
comes
will she know how much I

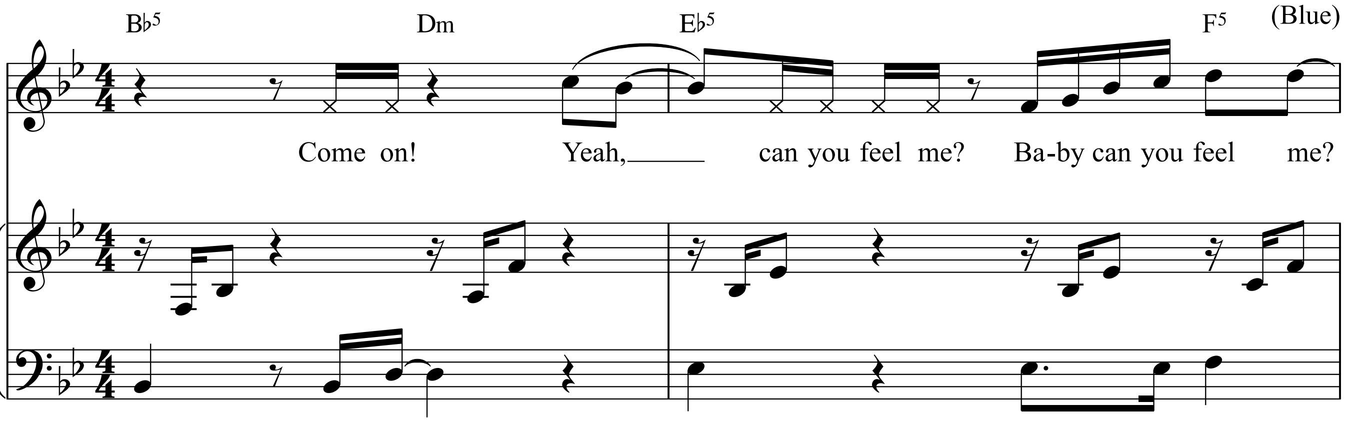

20
B♭
F
Cm7
love her?_ Did I try in ev - 'ry way__ to show her ev-'ry-day
23
F
G
B♭
Cm7
B♭/D
she's my on-ly one?__ And if my time on earth
26
E♭
F
Gm7
were through, she must face this world with-out me.
29
Cm7
E♭
Is the love I gave_ her in the past gon-na be e - nough to last

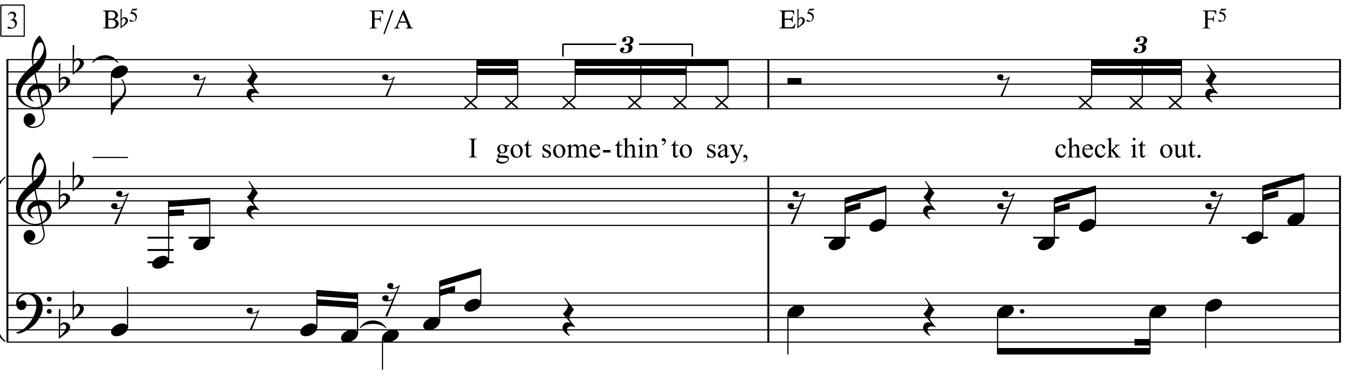

31
F
1. B♭ F E♭ B♭
if to-mo-row_ nev-er comes?
2. 'Cause I've lost loved ones_ in my
34
2. B♭ F E♭ B♭
Cm7 E♭
comes?
So tell that some-one_that you love_
just what you're think-ing of
37
F
B♭ F E♭ B♭
if to-mor-row__ nev-er comes.

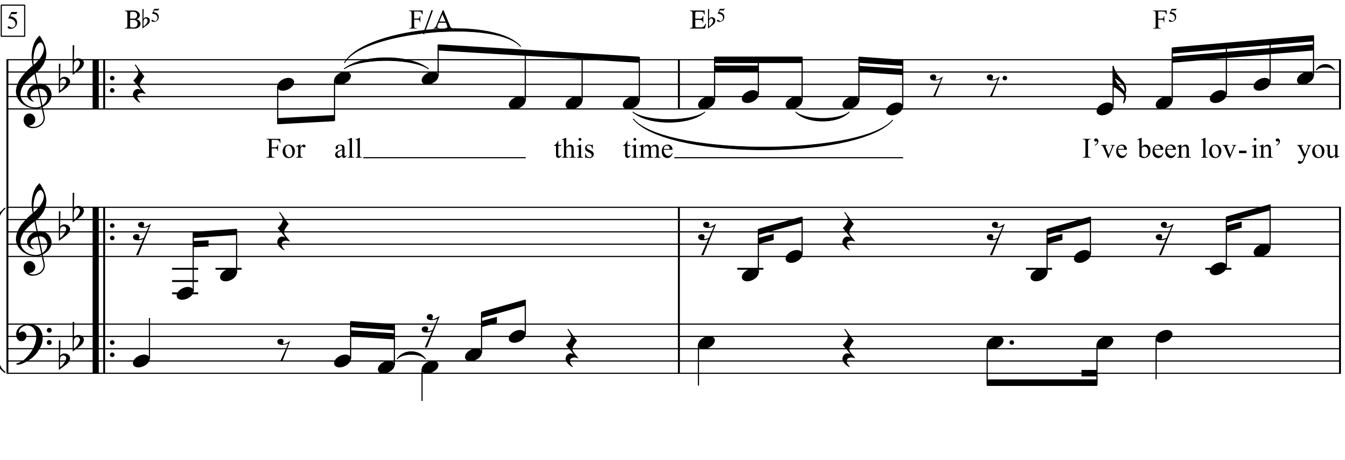
Verse 2:
’Cause I’ve lost loved ones in my life
Who never knew how much I loved them
Now I live with the regret
The natural feelings for them never were revealed
So I made a promise to myself
To say each day how much she means to me
And avoid that circumstance
Where there’s no second chance
To tell her how I feel.
If tomorrow never comes *etc.*

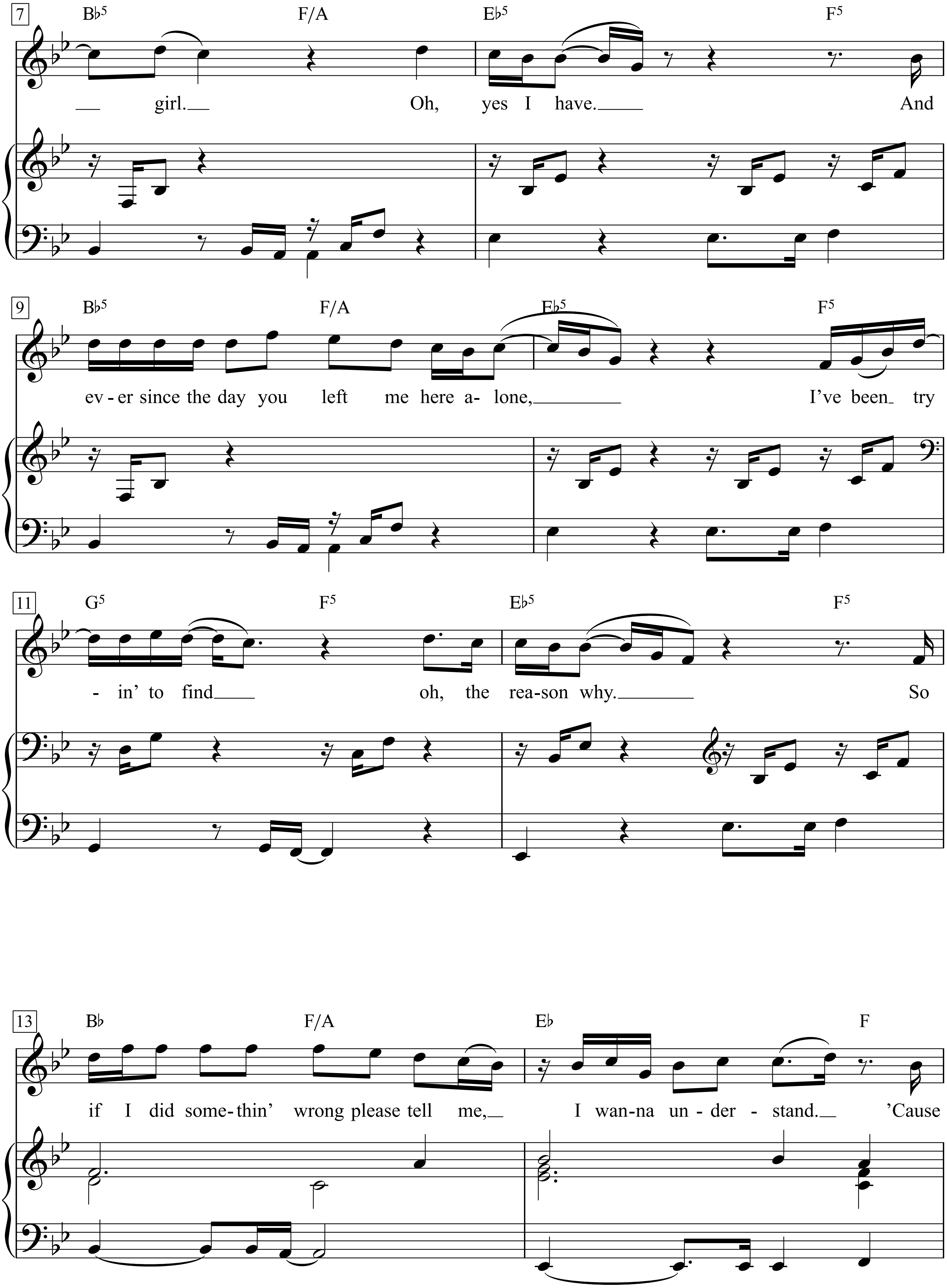
If You Come Back

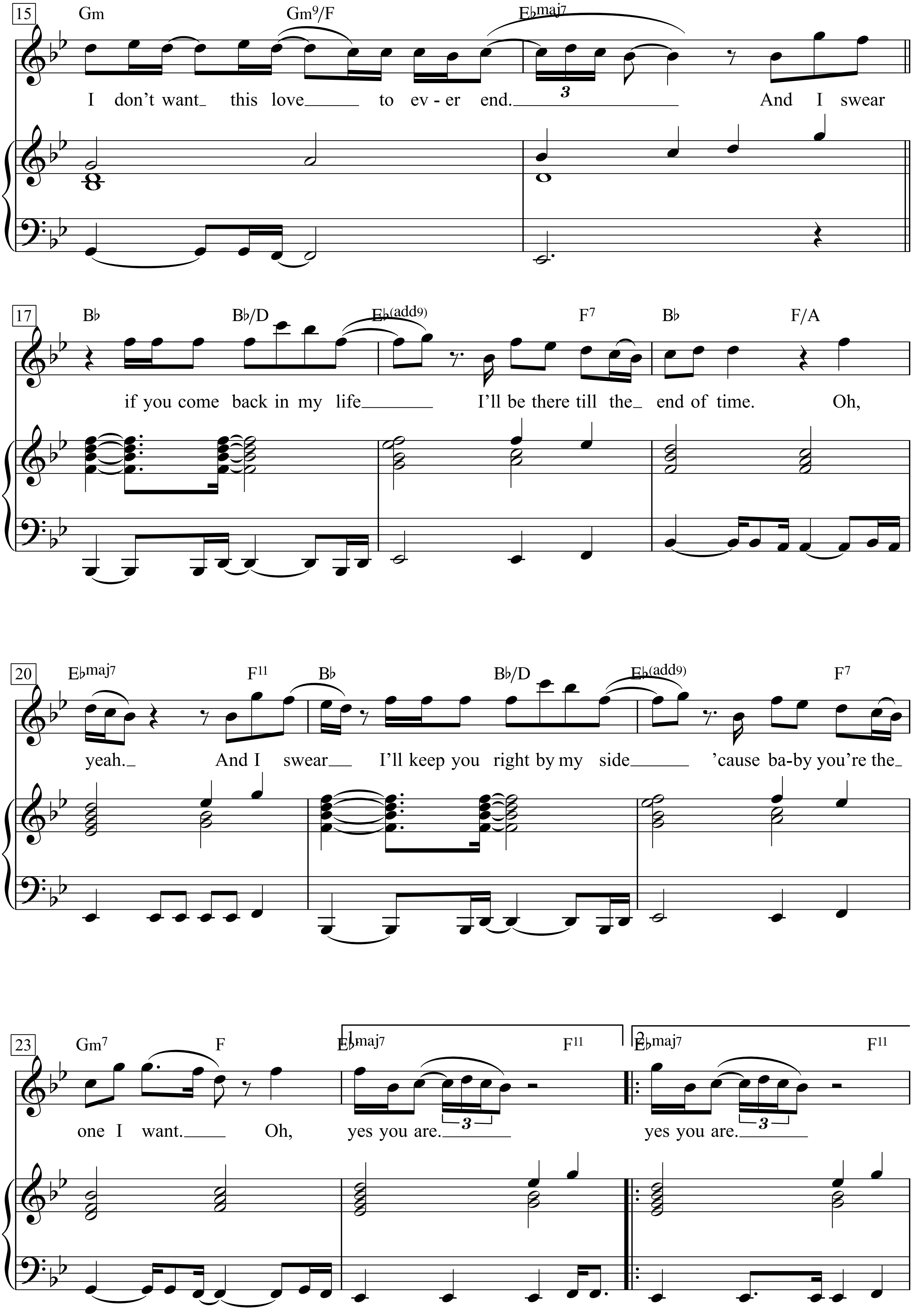
Words & Music by Ray Ruffin, Nicole Formescu,
Ian Hope & Lee Brennan
(Blue)

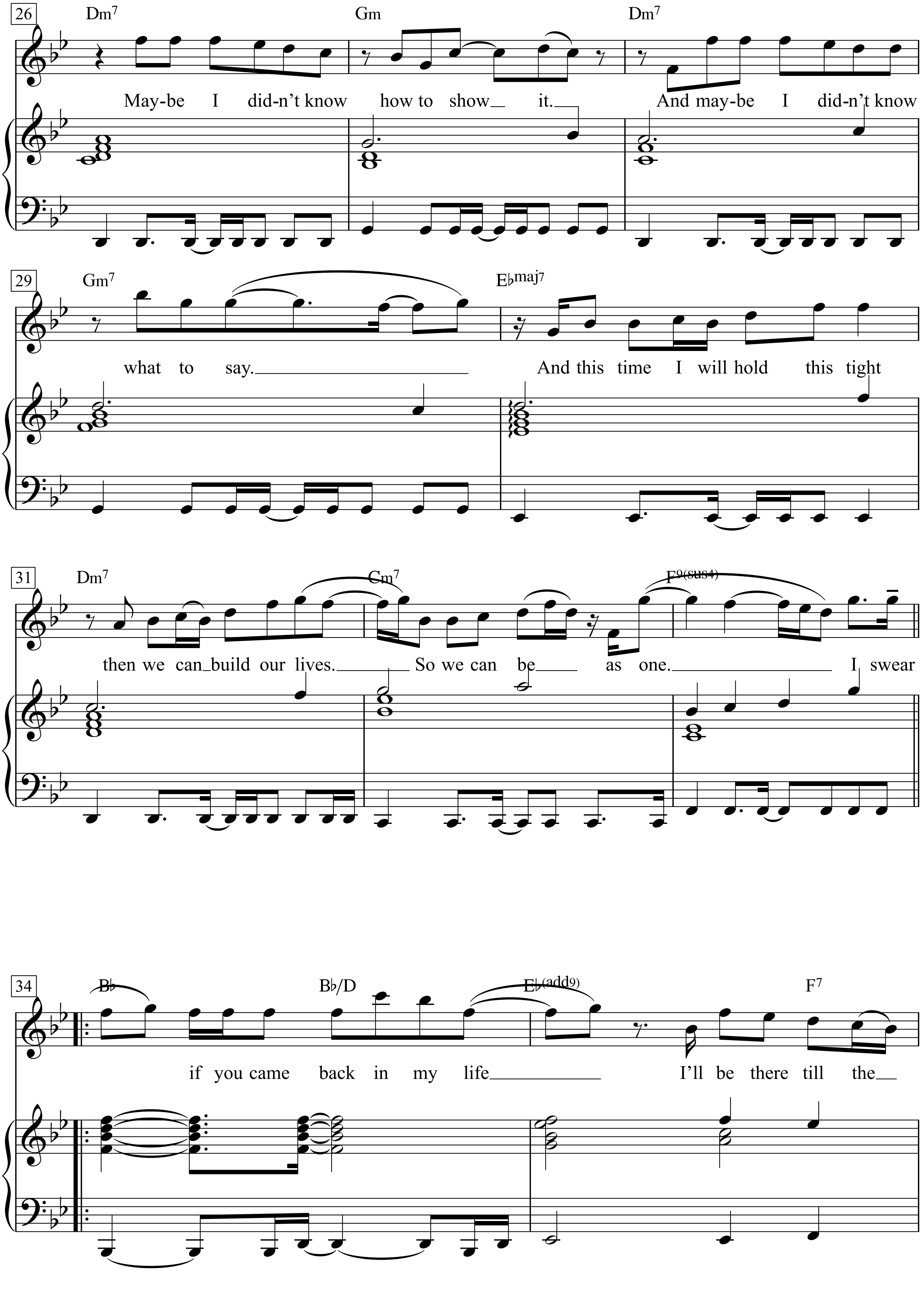


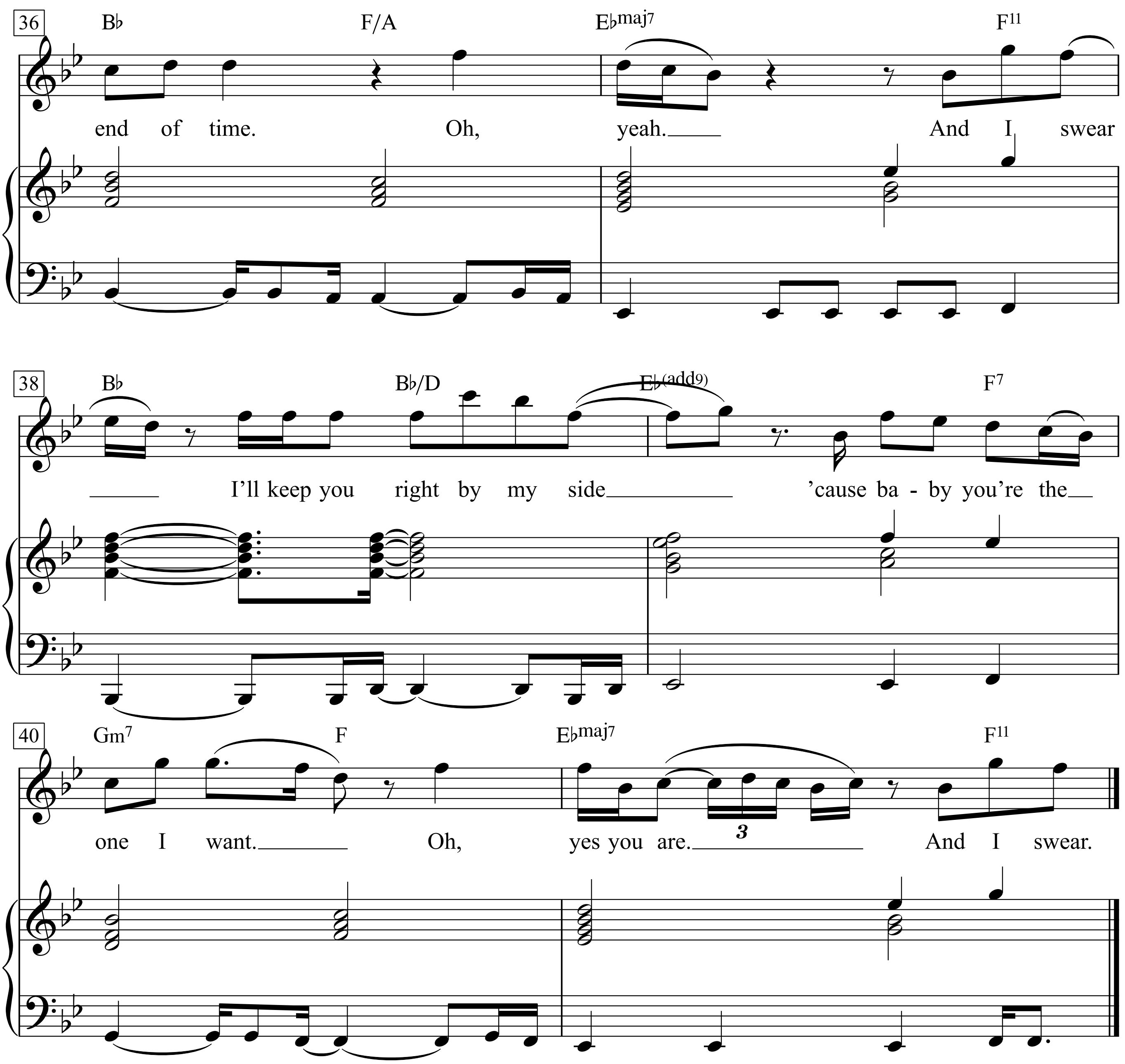





7
B♭5 F/A E♭5 F5
girl. Oh, yes I have. And
9
B♭5 F/A E♭5 F5
ev - er since the day you left me here a- lone, I've been try
11
G5 F5 E♭5 F5
- in' to find oh, the rea-son why. So
13
B♭ F/A E♭ F
if I did some-thin' wrong please tell me, I wan-na un - der - stand. 'Cause


15
Gm
Gm9/F
E♭maj7
I don't want this love to ev - er end.
3
And I swear
17
B♭
B♭/D
E♭(add9)
F7
B♭
F/A
if you come back in my life I'll be there till the end of time.
Oh,
20
E♭maj7
F11
B♭
B♭/D
E♭(add9)
F7
yeah. And I swear I'll keep you right by my side 'cause ba-by you're the
23
Gm7
F
1.
E♭maj7
F11
2.
E♭maj7
F11
one I want. Oh, yes you are.
3
yes you are.
3


26
Dm7
Gm
Dm7
May-be I did-n't know how to show it. And may-be I did-n't know
29
Gm7
E♭maj7
what to say. And this time I will hold this tight
31
Dm7
Cm7
F9(sus4)
then we can build our lives. So we can be as one. I swear
34
B♭
B♭/D
E♭(add9)
F7
if you came back in my life I'll be there till the

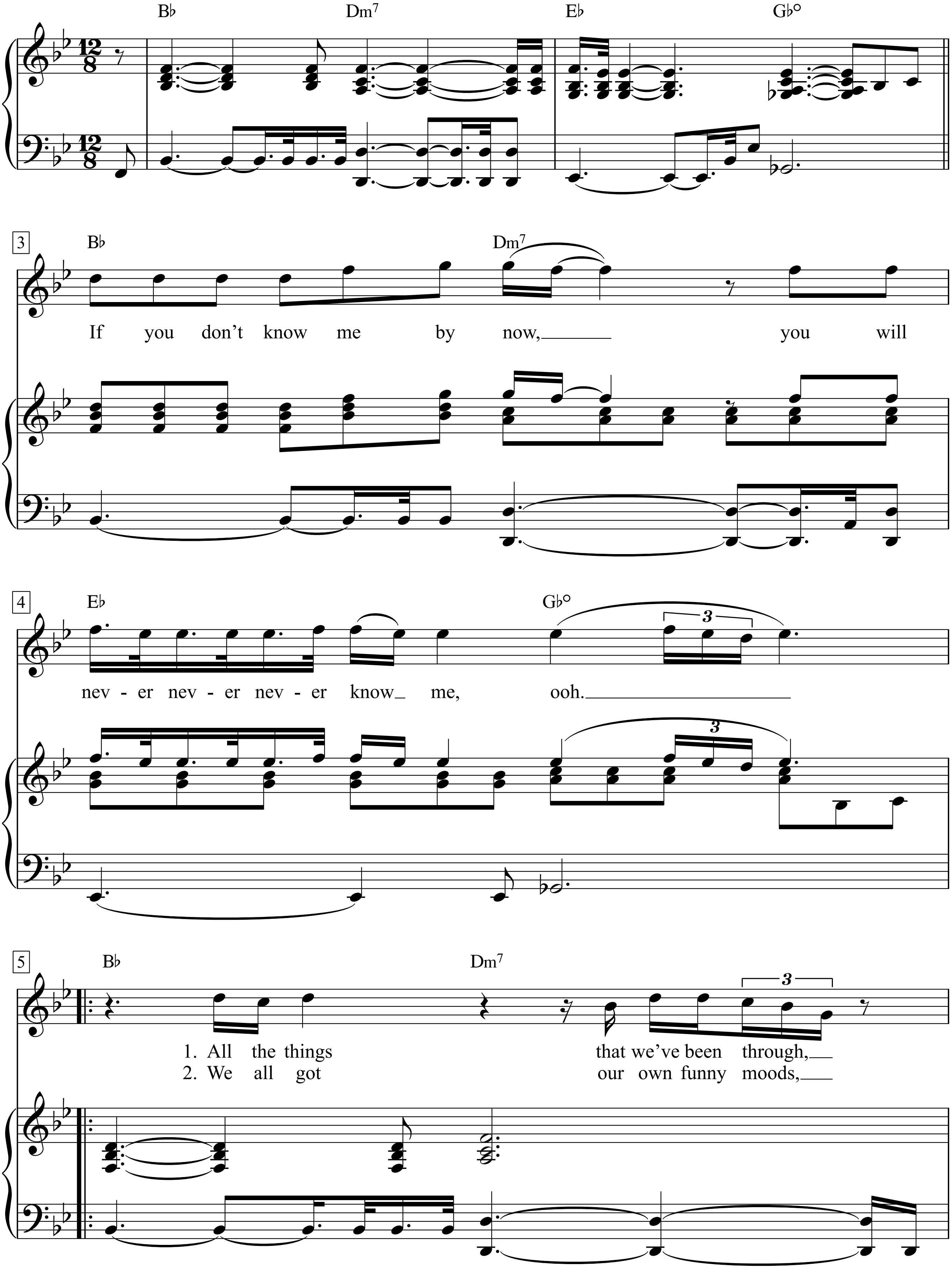

36
B♭ F/A E♭maj7 F11
end of time. Oh, yeah. And I swear
38
B♭ B♭/D E♭(add9) F7
I'll keep you right by my side 'cause ba - by you're the
40
Gm7 F E♭maj7 F11
one I want. Oh, yes you are. 3 And I swear.

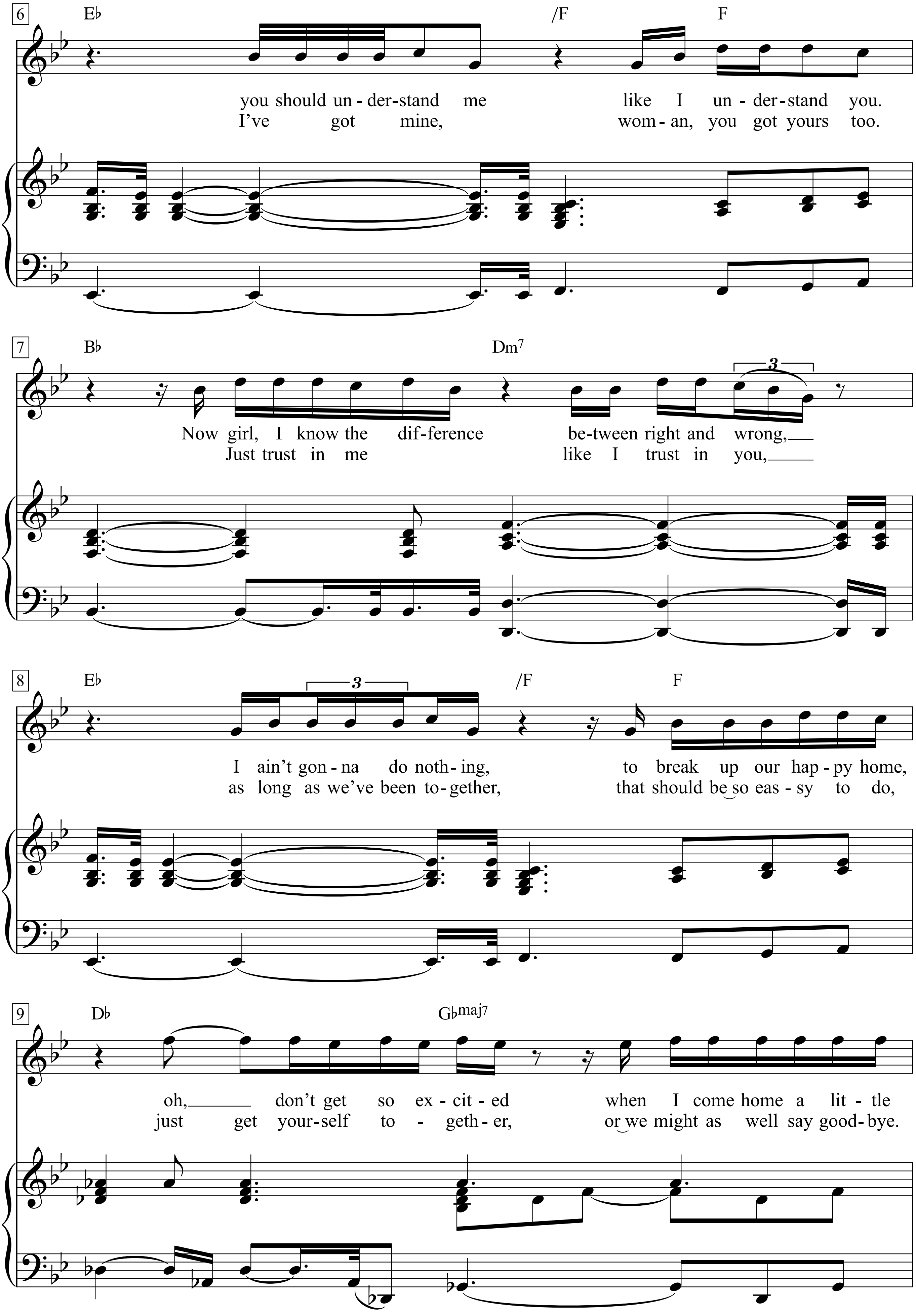
Verse 2:
I watched you go
Taking my heart with you
Oh, yes you did
Every time I try to reach you on the phone
Baby, you're never there
Girl, you're never home.

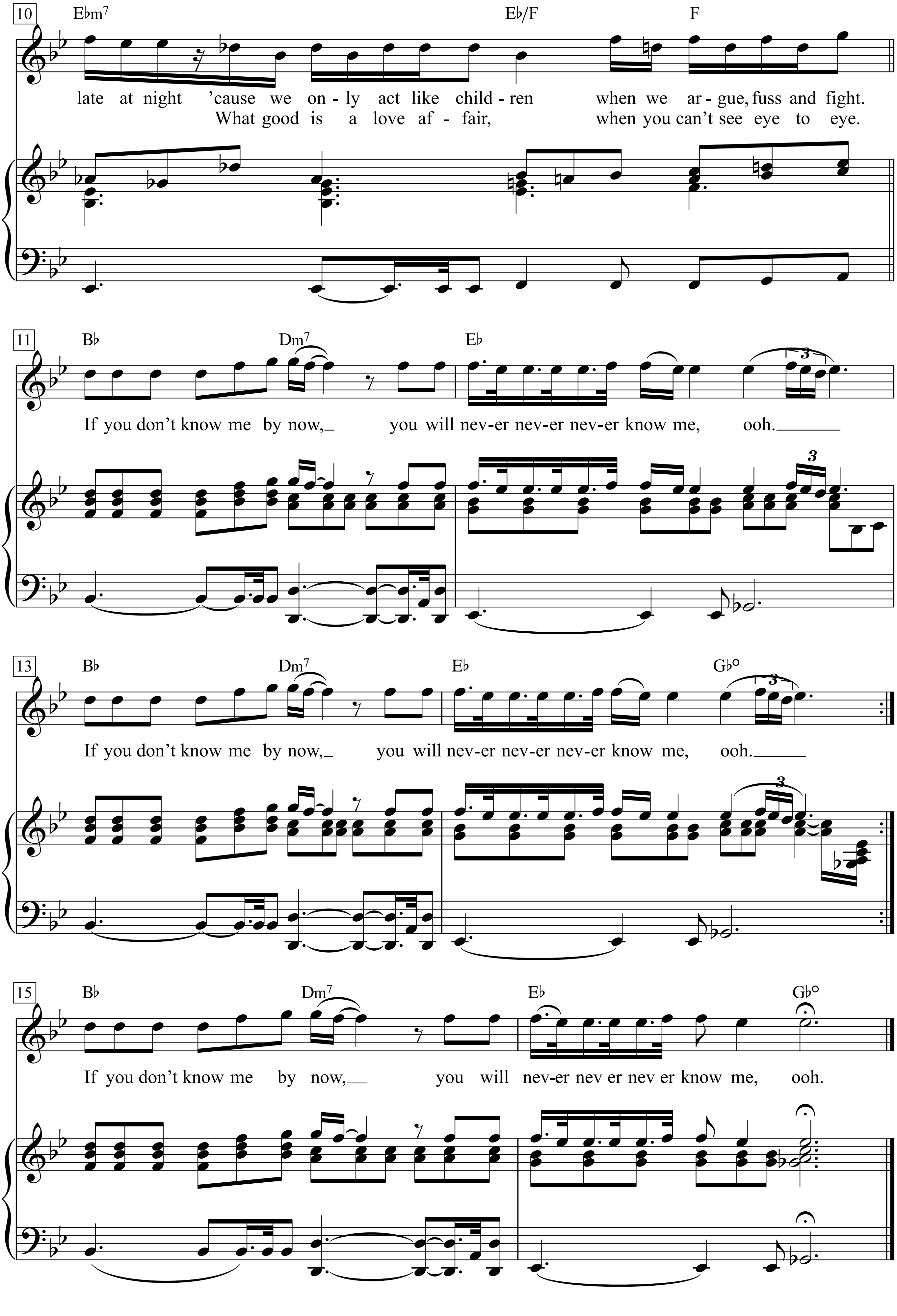
So if I did something wrong *etc.*

If You Don't Know Me By Now

Words & Music by Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff
(Simply Red)




6
E♭
/F
F
you should un - der-stand me like I un - der-stand you.
I've got mine, wom - an, you got yours too.
7
B♭
Dm7
3
Now girl, I know the dif-ference be-tween right and wrong,
Just trust in me like I trust in you,
8
E♭
3
/F
F
I ain't gon - na do noth - ing, to break up our hap - py home,
as long as we've been to - gether, that should be so eas - sy to do,
9
D♭
G♭maj7
oh, don't get so ex - cit - ed when I come home a lit - tle
just get your-self to - geth - er, or we might as well say good - bye.


10
E♭m7
E♭/F
F
late at night 'cause we on - ly act like child - ren when we ar - gue, fuss and fight.
What good is a love af - fair, when you can't see eye to eye.
11
B♭
Dm7
E♭
If you don't know me by now, you will nev-er nev-er nev-er know me, ooh.
13
B♭
Dm7
E♭
G♭°
If you don't know me by now, you will nev-er nev-er nev-er know me, ooh.
15
B♭
Dm7
E♭
G♭°
If you don't know me by now, you will nev-er nev er nev er know me, ooh.

If you don’t know me by now,
you will never never never know me, ooh.

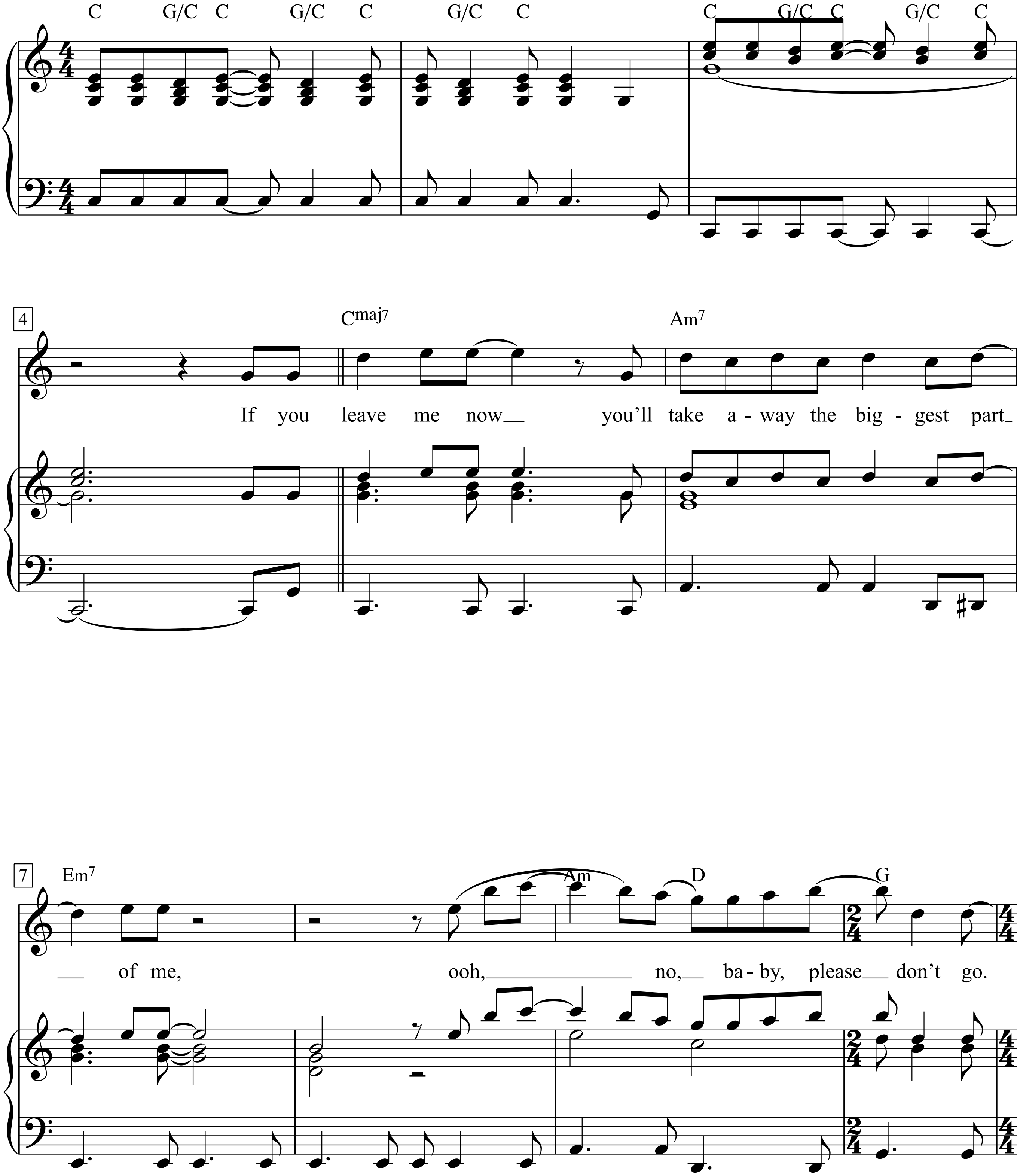
1. All the things that we’ve been through,
you should understand me like I understand you.
Now girl, I know the difference between right and wrong,
I ain’t gonna do nothing, to break up our happy home, oh,
don’t get so excited when I come home a little late at night
’cause we only act like children when we argue, fuss and fight.

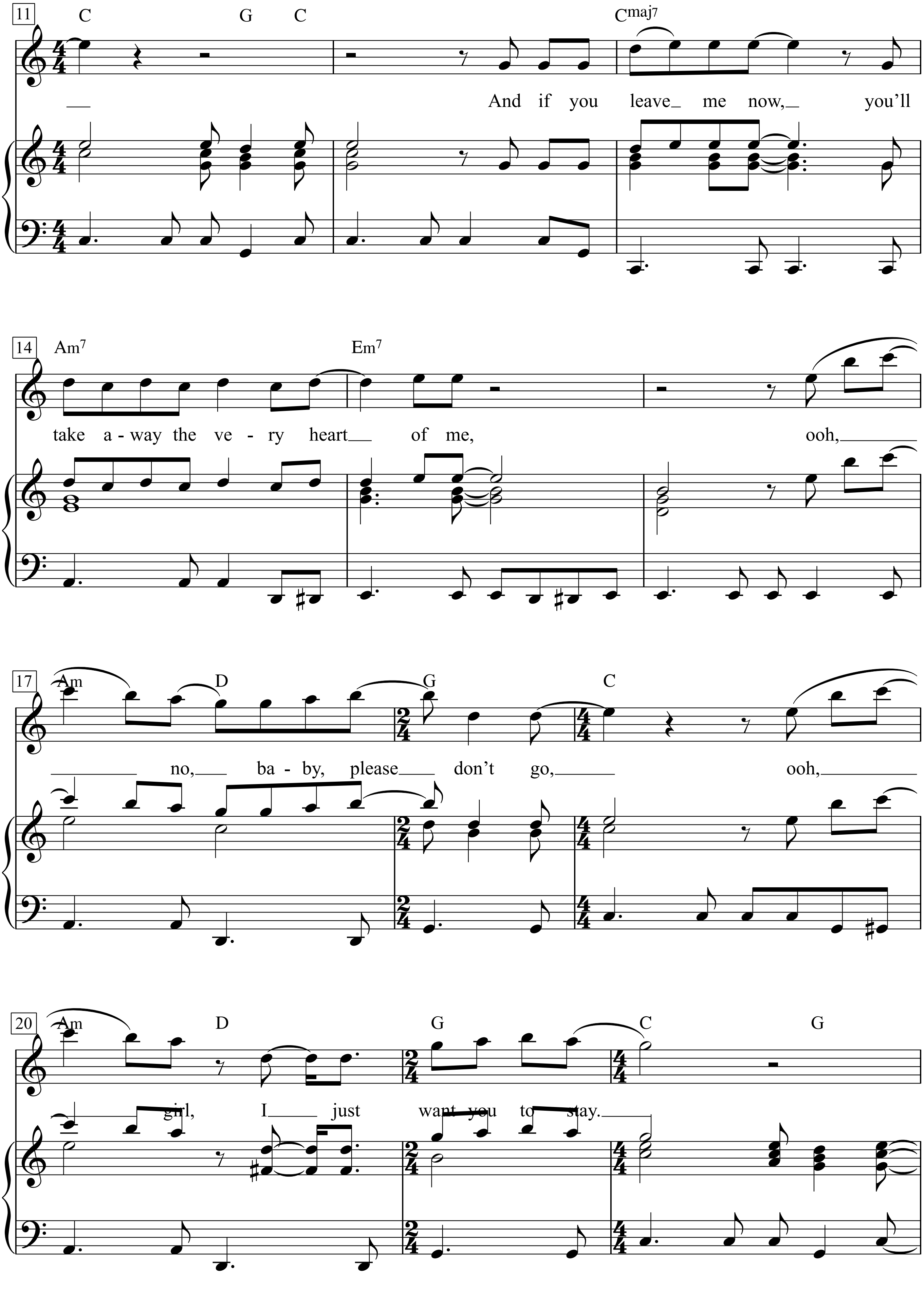
If you don’t know me by now,
you will never never never know me, ooh.
If you don’t know me by now,
you will never never never know me, ooh.
If you don’t know me by now,
you will never never never know me, ooh.

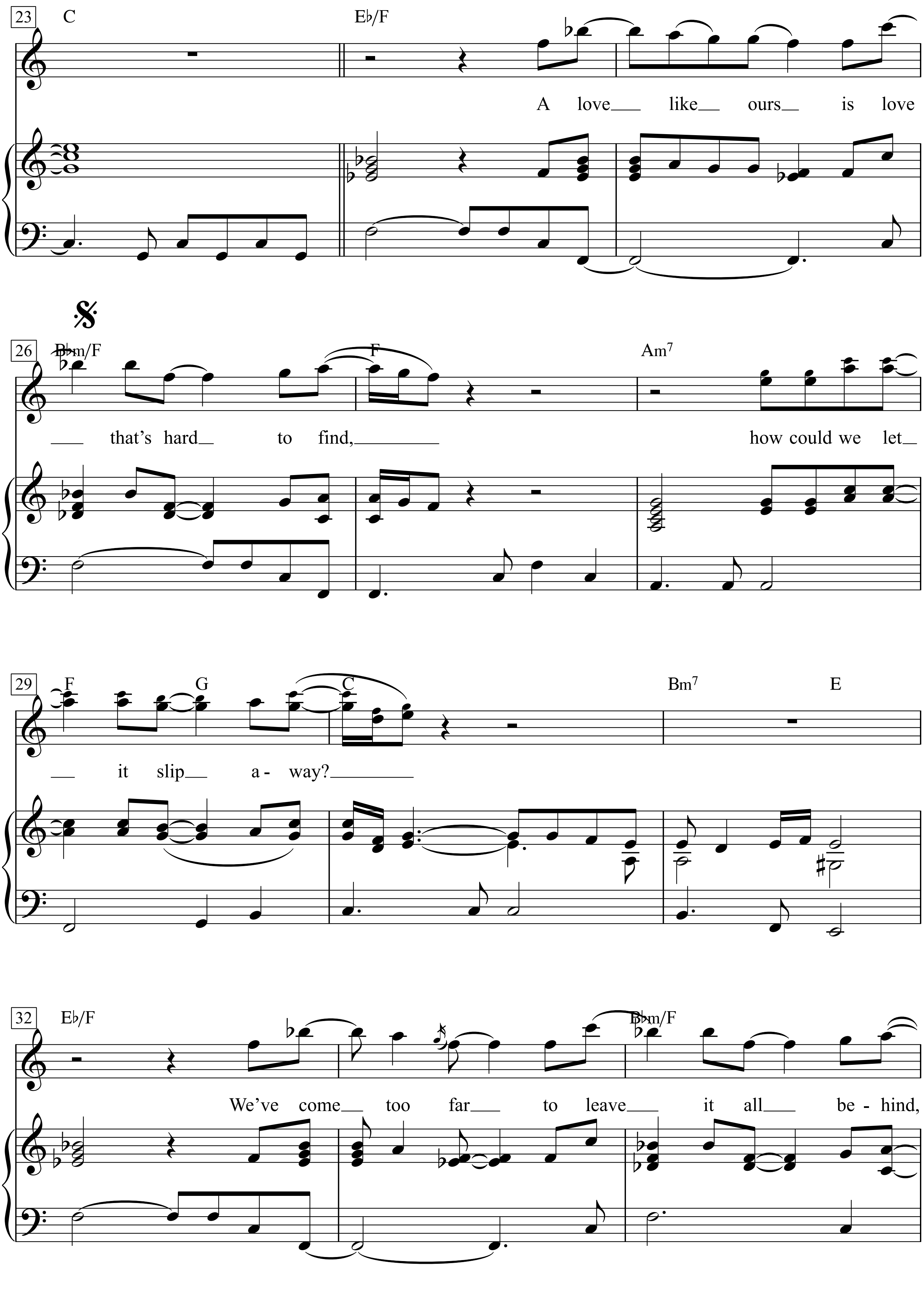
2. We all got our own funny moods,
I’ve got mine, woman, you got yours too.
Just trust in me like I trust in you,
as long as we’ve been together, that should be so easy to do,
just get yourself together, or we might as well say goodbye.
What good is a love affair, when you can’t see eye to eye.

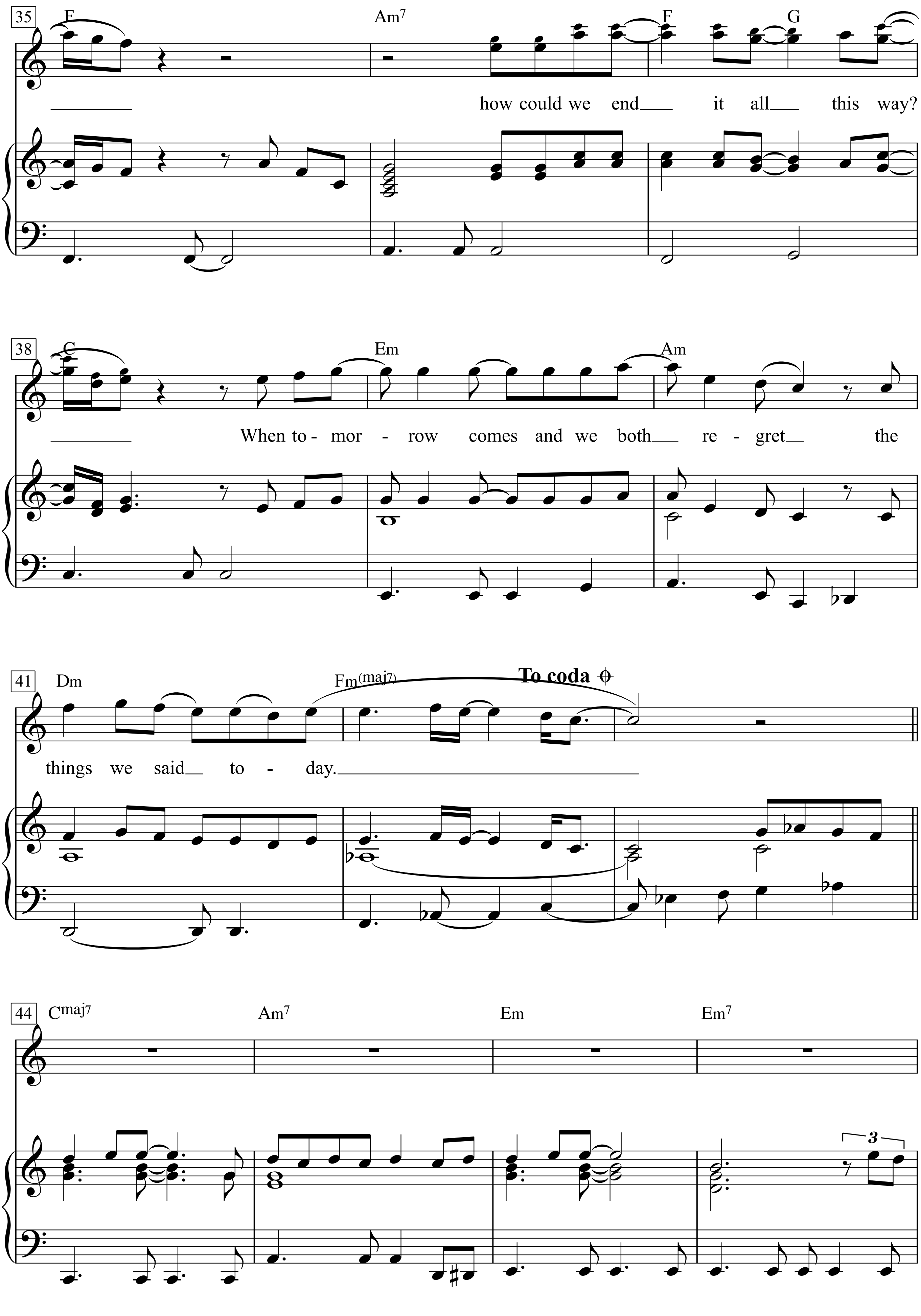
If You Leave Me Now

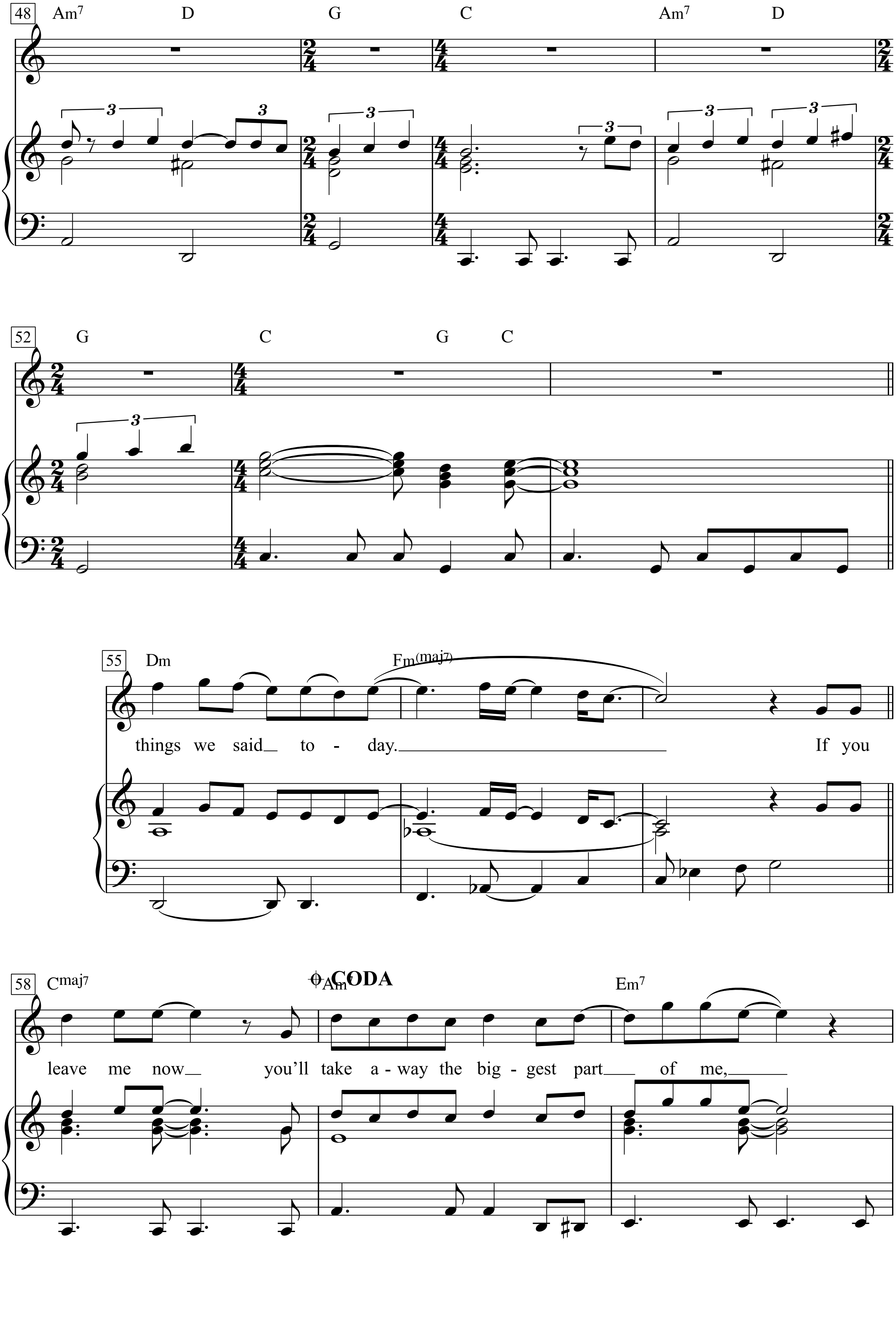
Words & Music by Peter Cetera
(Chicago)

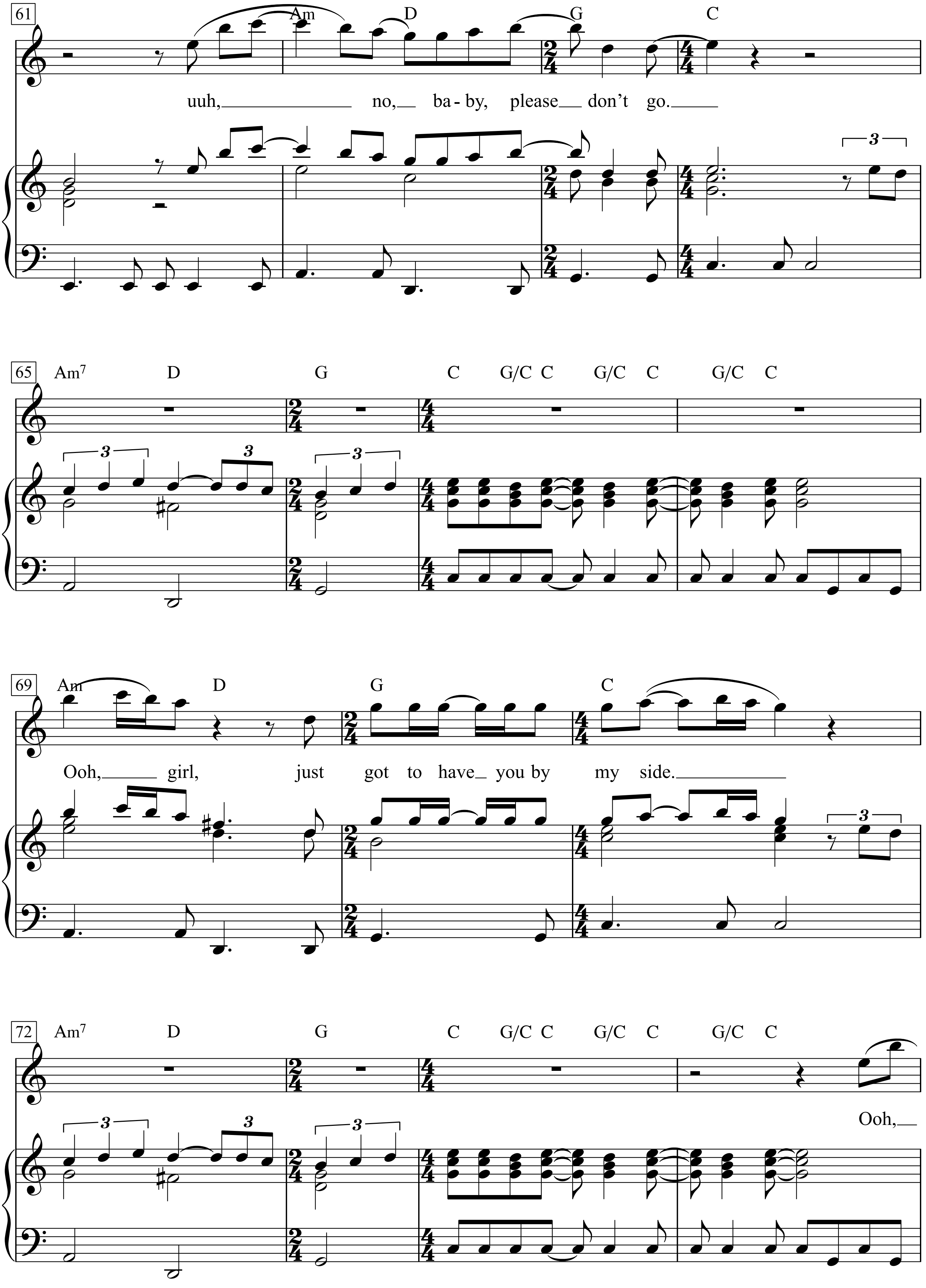


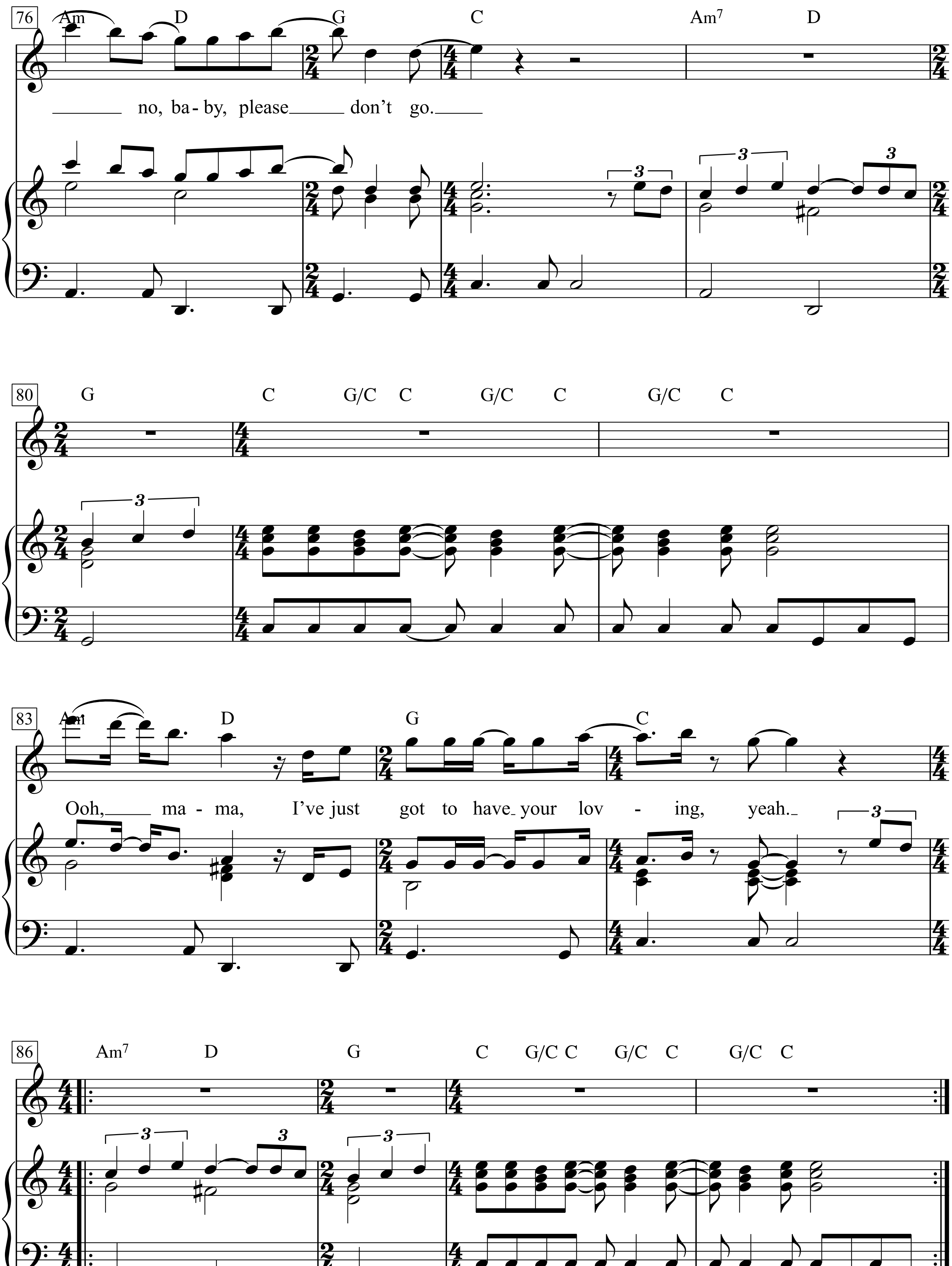

11
C G C Cmaj7
And if you leave me now, you'll
14
Am7 Em7
take a-way the ve-ry heart of me, ooh,
17
Am D G C
no, ba-by, please don't go, ooh,
20
Am D G C G
girl, I just want you to stay.


23
C
E♭/F
A love like ours is love
26
B♭m/F
F
Am7
that's hard to find,
how could we let
29
F
G
C
Bm7
E
it slip a - way?
32
E♭/F
B♭m/F
We've come too far to leave it all be - hind,


35
F
Am7
F
G
how could we end it all this way?
38
C
Em
Am
When to - mor - row comes and we both re - gret the
41
Dm
Fm(maj7)
To coda
things we said to - day.
44
Cmaj7
Am7
Em
Em7
3

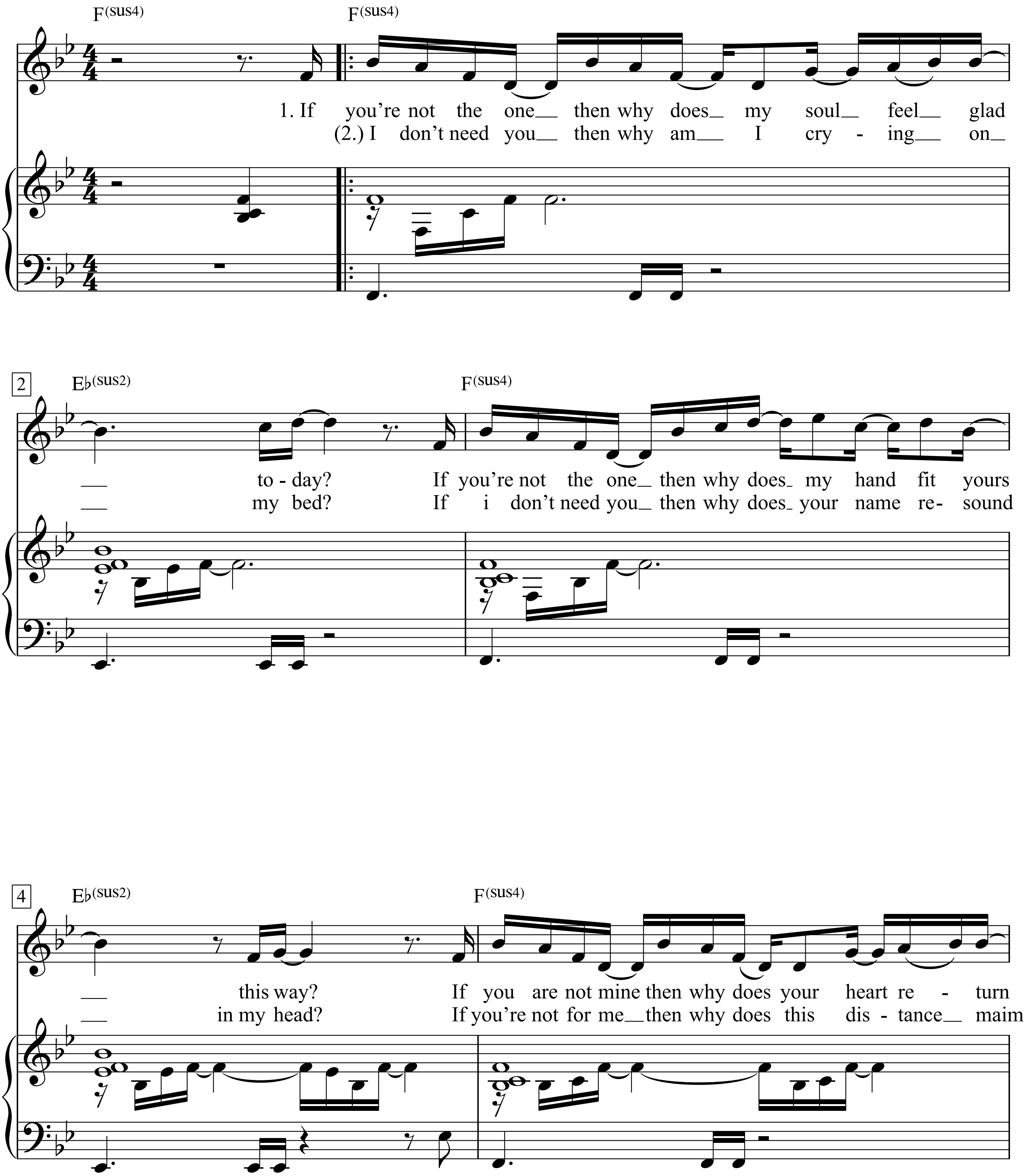

48
Am7 D G C Am7 D
52
G C G C
55
Dm Fm(maj7)
things we said to - day. If you
58
Cmaj7 CODA Am7 Em7
leave me now you'll take a - way the big - gest part of me,

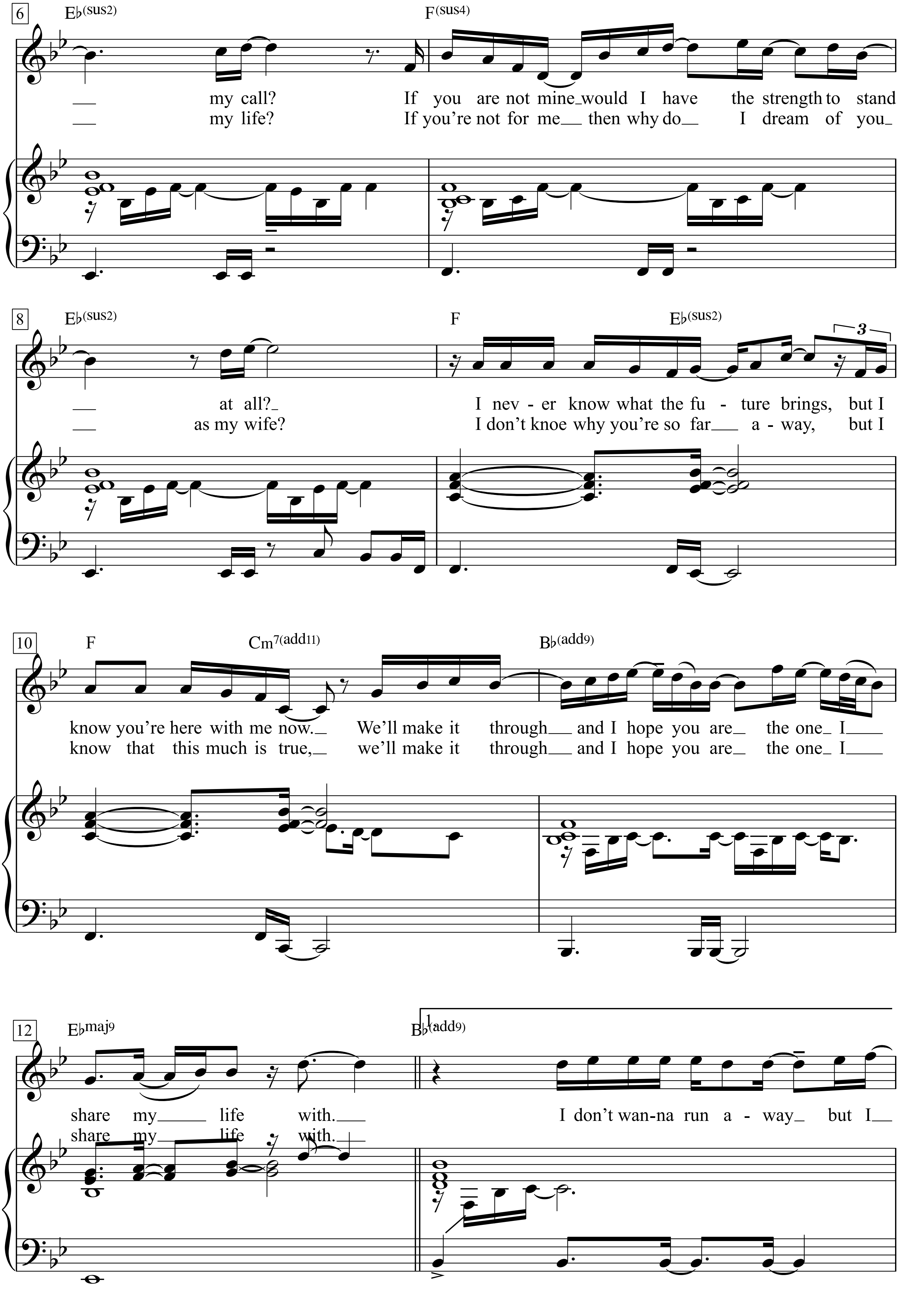

61
Am D G C
uuh, no, ba - by, please don't go.
65
Am7 D G C G/C C G/C C G/C C
69
Am D G C
Ooh, girl, just got to have you by my side.
72
Am7 D G C G/C C G/C C G/C C
Ooh,

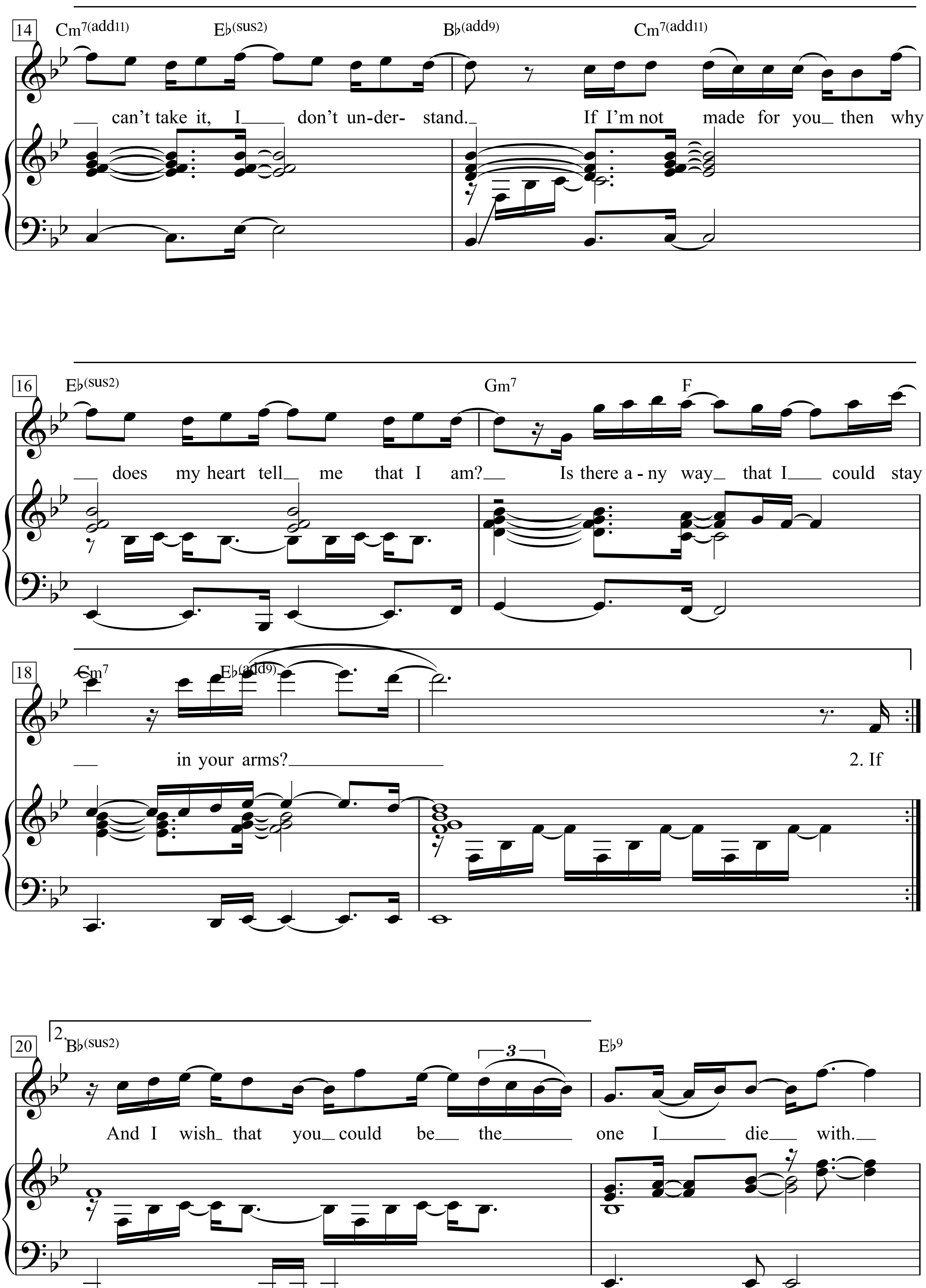

76
Am D G C Am7 D
no, ba - by, please don't go.
80
G C G/C C G/C C G/C C
83
Am D G C
Ooh, ma - ma, I've just got to have your lov - ing, yeah.
86
Am7 D G C G/C C G/C C G/C C

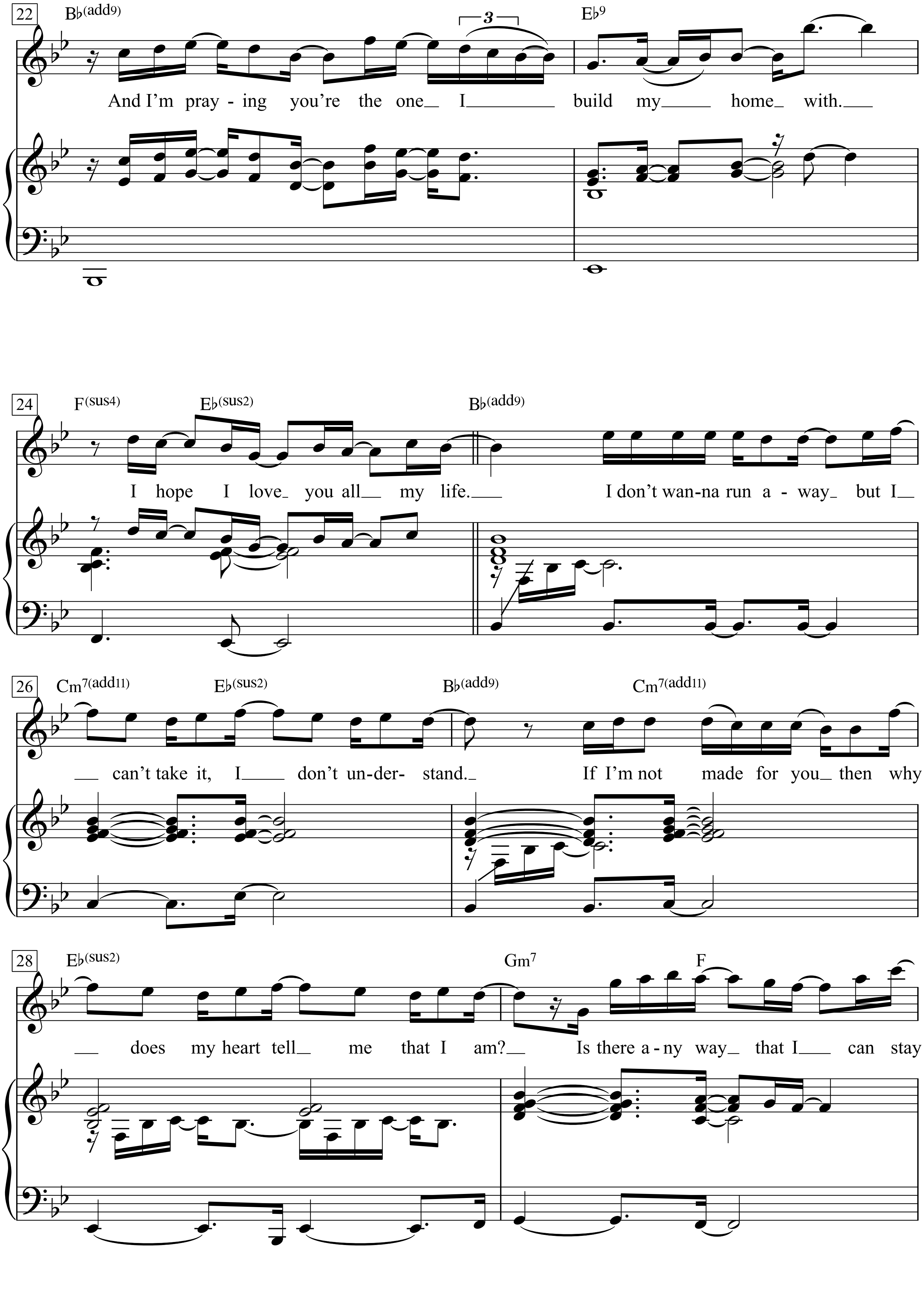
If You're Not The One

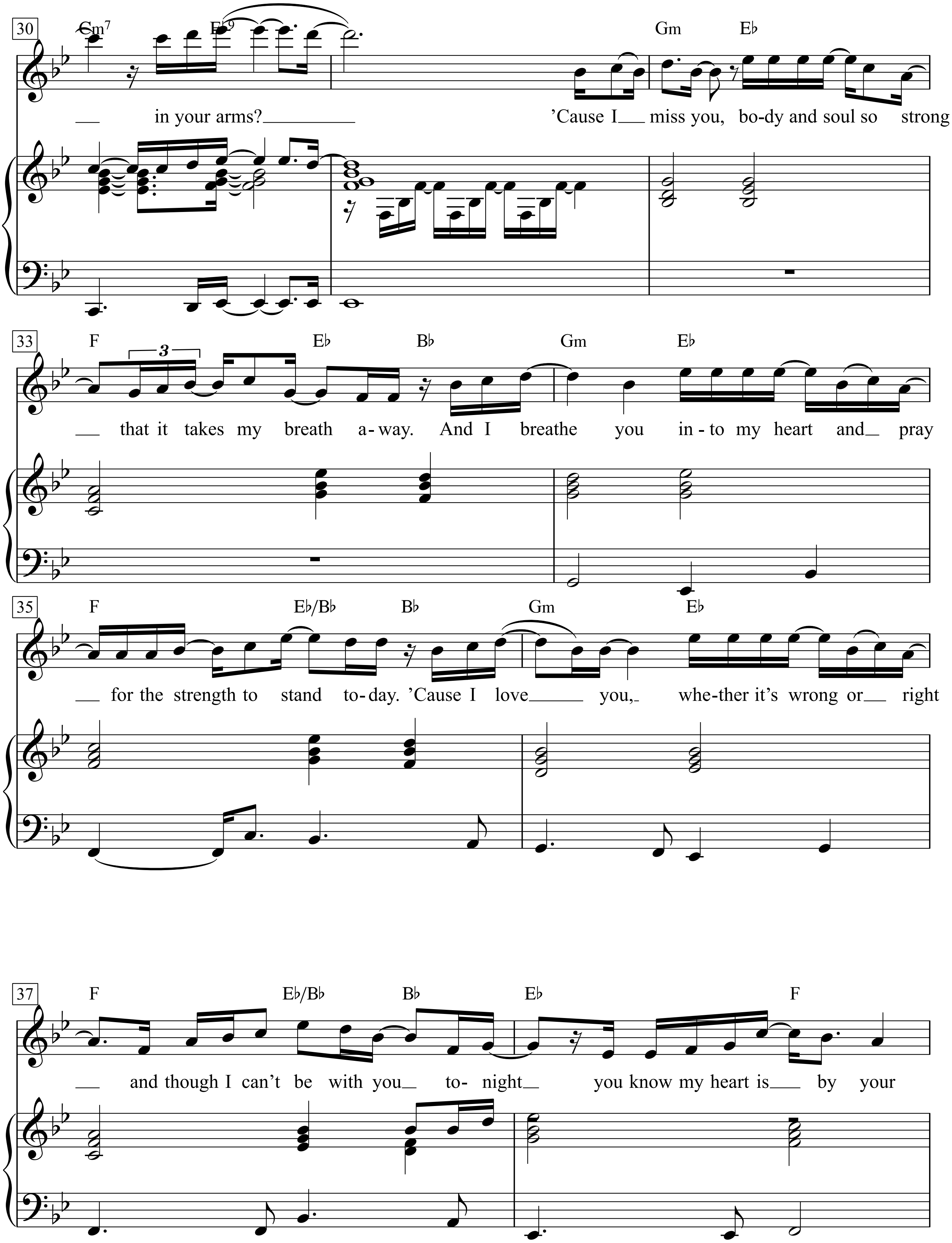
Words & Music by Daniel Bedingfield
(Daniel Bedingfield)

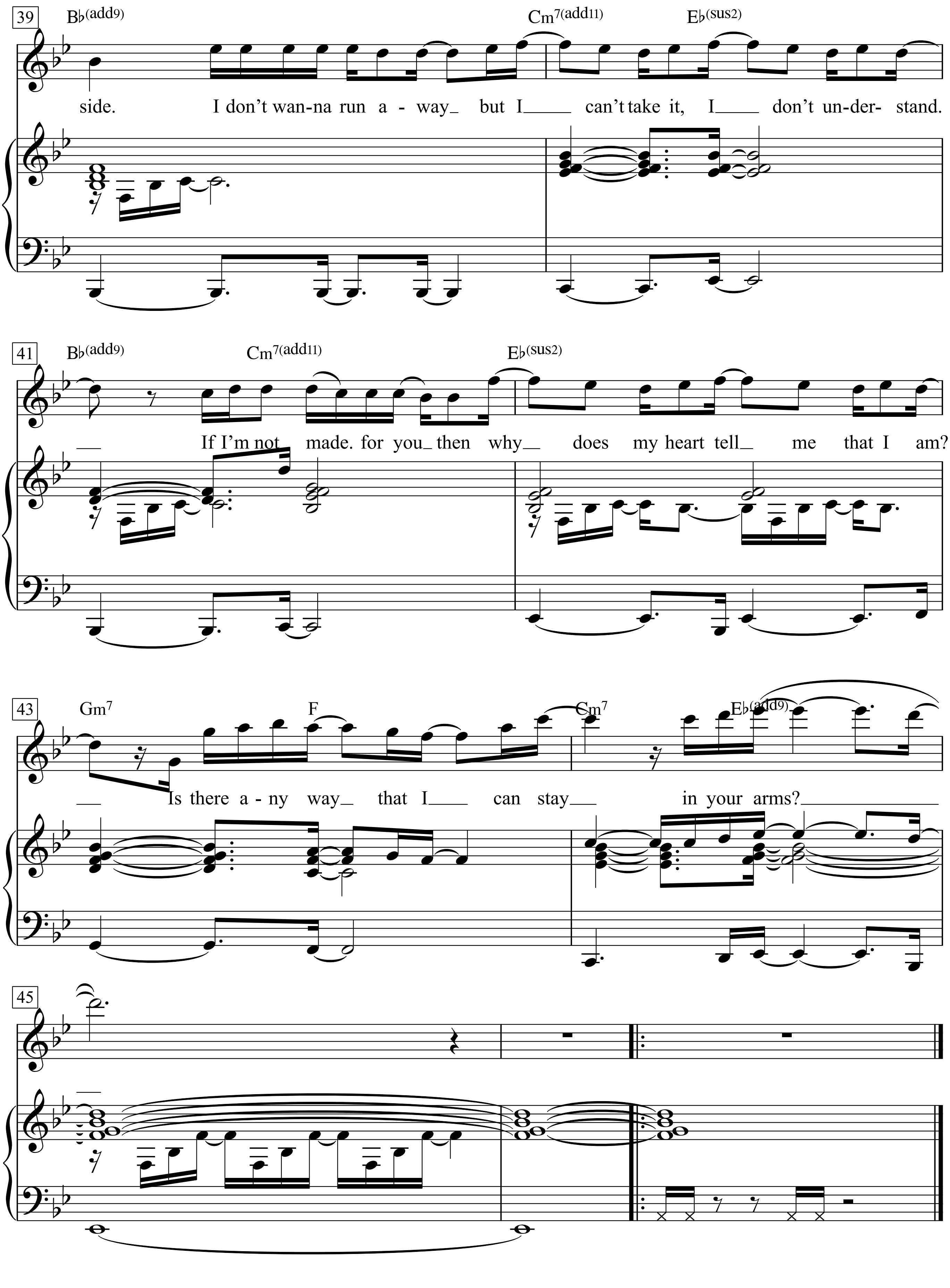



6
E♭(sus2)
F(sus4)
my call? If you are not mine would I have the strength to stand
my life? If you're not for me then why do I dream of you
8
E♭(sus2)
F
E♭(sus2)
3
at all?
as my wife?
I nev - er know what the fu - ture brings, but I
I don't knoe why you're so far a - way, but I
10
F
Cm7(add11)
B♭(add9)
know you're here with me now. We'll make it through and I hope you are the one I
know that this much is true, we'll make it through and I hope you are the one I
12
E♭maj9
1.
B♭(add9)
share my life with.
I don't wan-na run a - way but I
share my life with.


14
Cm7(add11) E♭(sus2) B♭(add9) Cm7(add11)
can't take it, I don't un-der- stand. If I'm not made for you then why
16
E♭(sus2) Gm7 F
does my heart tell me that I am? Is there a-ny way that I could stay
18
Cm7 E♭(add9)
in your arms? 2. If
20
2. B♭(sus2) E♭9
3
And I wish that you could be the one I die with.

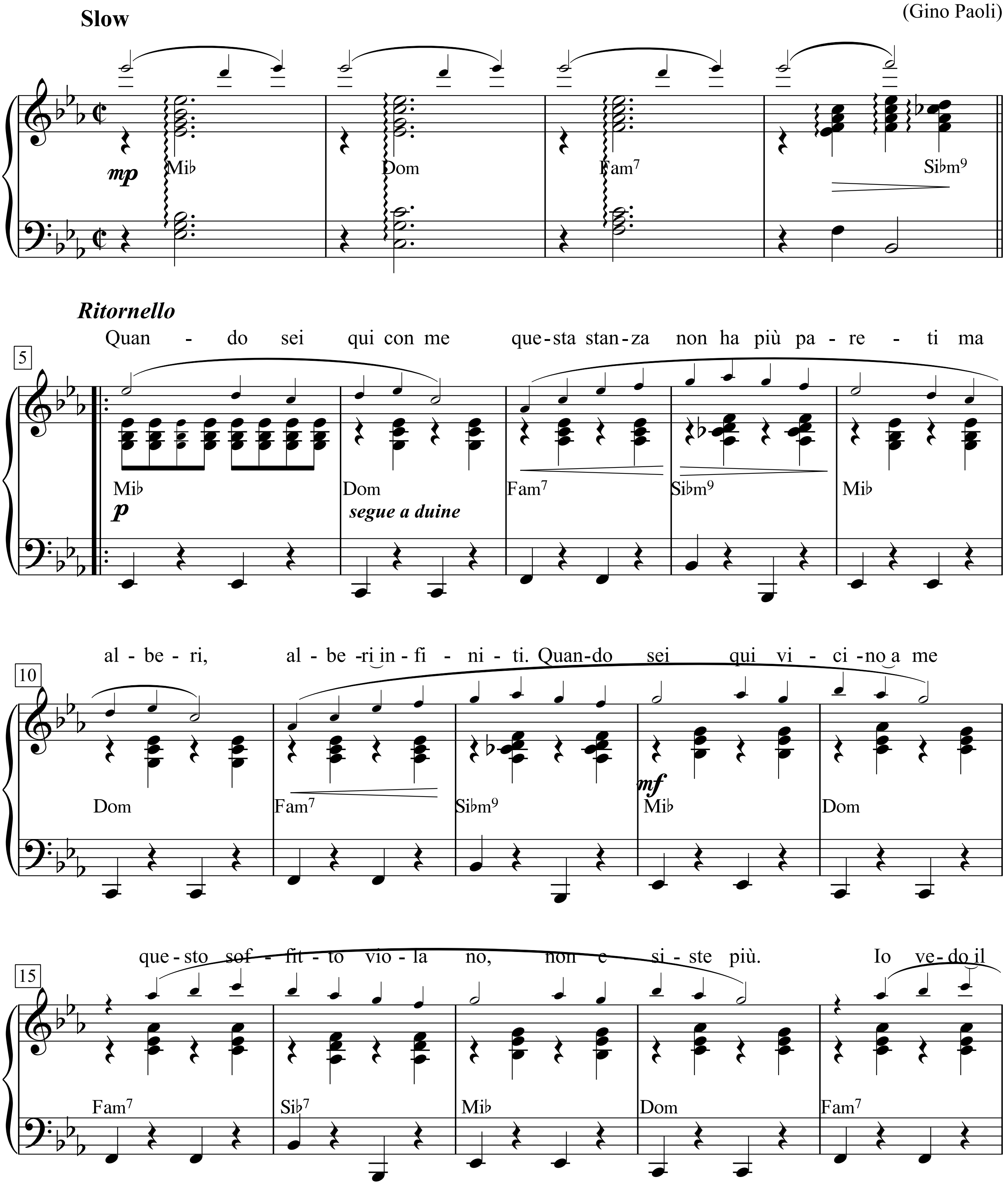

22
B♭(add9)
E♭9
3
And I'm pray - ing you're the one I build my home with.
24
F(sus4)
E♭(sus2)
B♭(add9)
I hope I love you all my life.
I don't wan-na run a - way but I
26
Cm7(add11)
E♭(sus2)
B♭(add9)
Cm7(add11)
can't take it, I don't un-der- stand.
If I'm not made for you then why
28
E♭(sus2)
Gm7
F
does my heart tell me that I am?
Is there a - ny way that I can stay

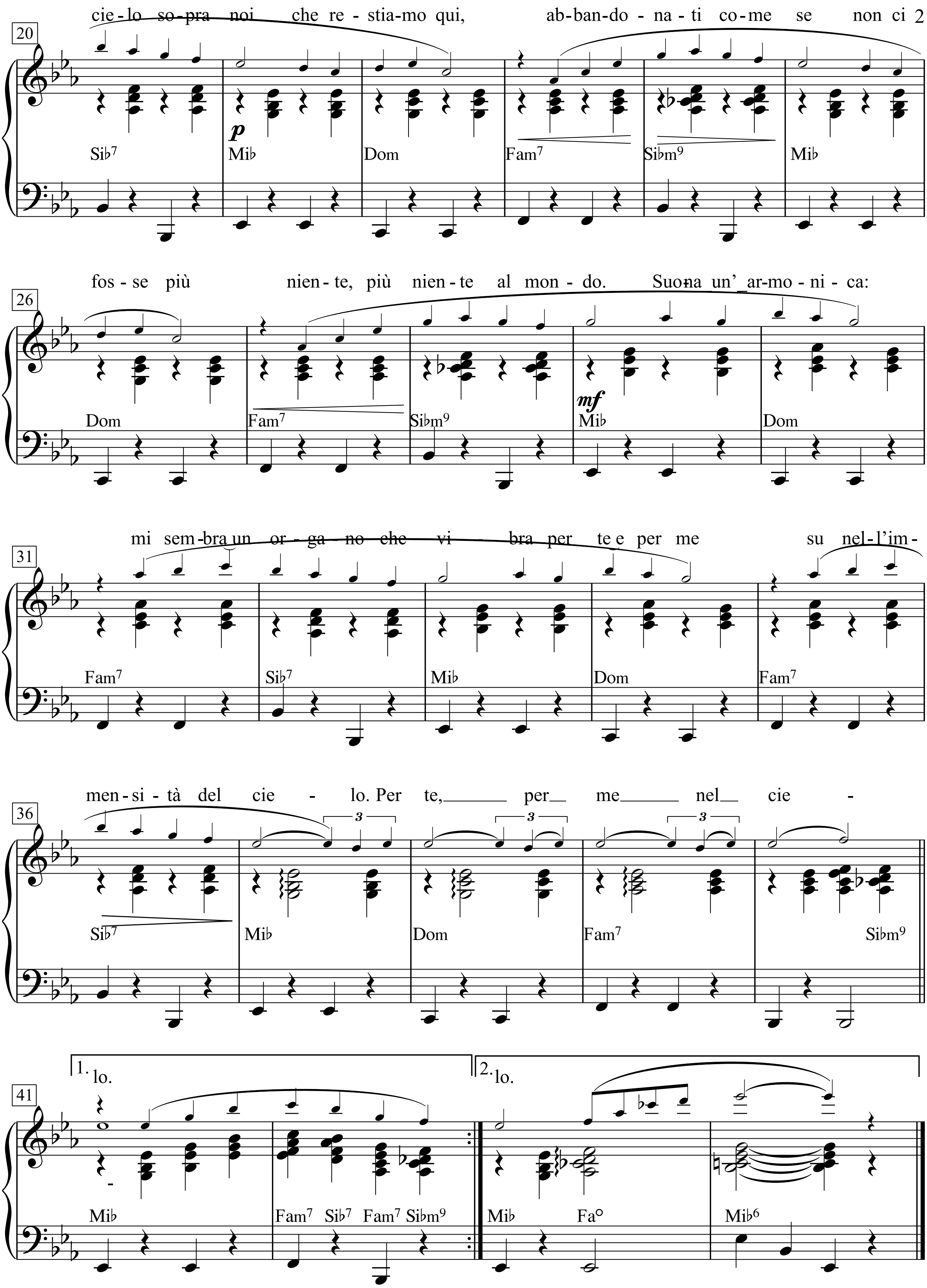

30
Cm7 Eb9 Gm Eb
in your arms? 'Cause I miss you, bo-dy and soul so strong
33
F Eb Bb Gm Eb
that it takes my breath a-way. And I breathe you in-to my heart and pray
35
F Eb/Bb Bb Gm Eb
for the strength to stand to-day. 'Cause I love you, whe-ther it's wrong or right
37
F Eb/Bb Bb Eb F
and though I can't be with you to- night you know my heart is by your


39
B♭(add9)
Cm7(add11)
E♭(sus2)
side. I don't wan-na run a - way_ but I____ can't take it, I____ don't un-der- stand.
41
B♭(add9)
Cm7(add11)
E♭(sus2)
__ If I'm not_ made. for you_ then why_ does my heart tell_ me that I am?
43
Gm7
F
Cm7
E♭(add9)
__ Is there a - ny way_ that I____ can stay___ in your arms?__________
45

Il cielo in una stanza

Parole & Musica di Gino Paoli
(Gino Paoli)



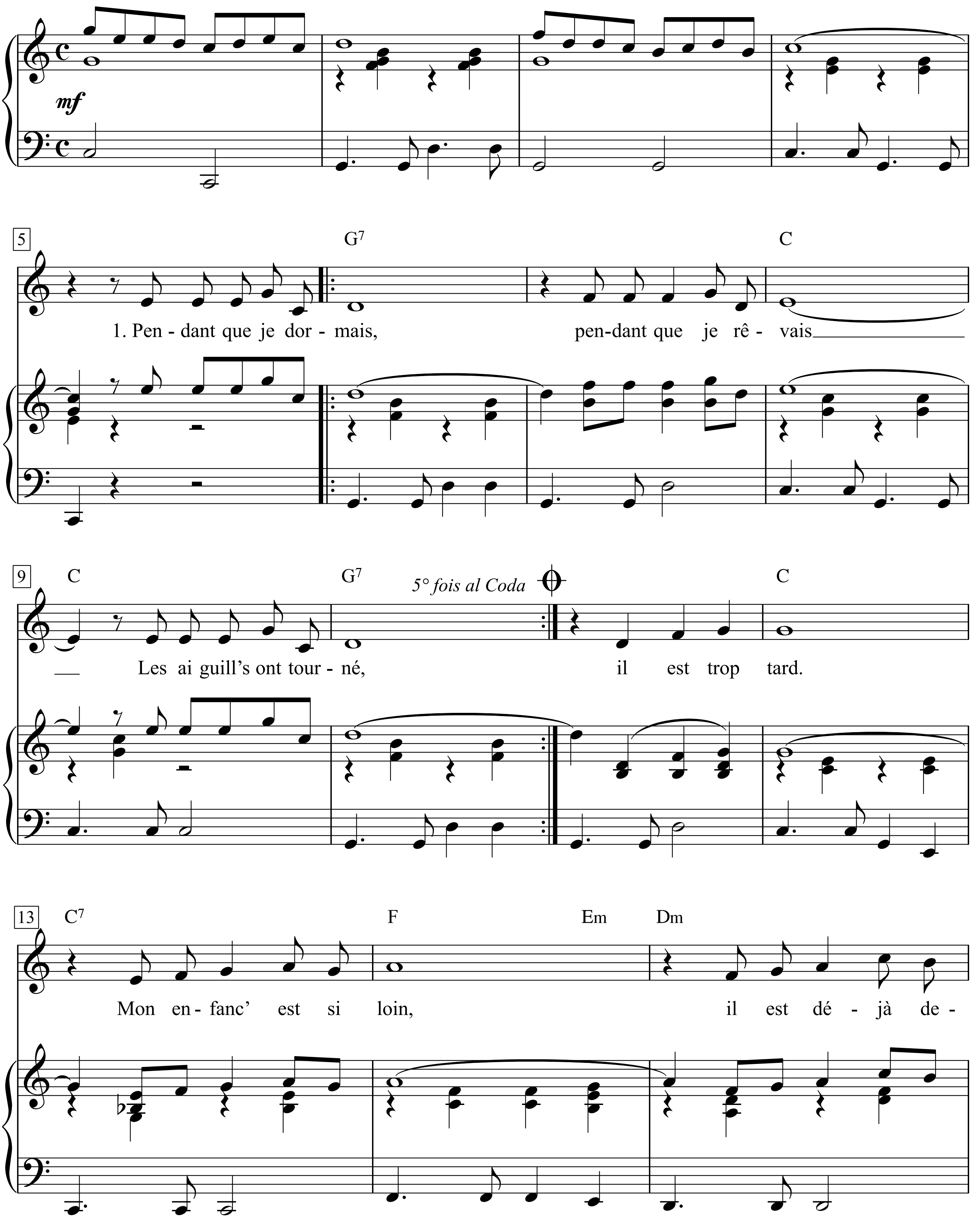

20
cie - lo so - pra noi che re - stia-mo qui, ab-ban-do - na - ti co-me se non ci
p
Si♭7 Mi♭ Dom Fam7 Si♭m9 Mi♭
26
fos - se più nien - te, più nien - te al mon - do. Suo-na un' ar-mo - ni - ca:
mf
Dom Fam7 Si♭m9 Mi♭ Dom
31
mi sem-bra un or - ga - no che vi - bra per te e per me su nel - l'im -
Fam7 Si♭7 Mi♭ Dom Fam7
36
men - si - tà del cie - lo. Per te, per me nel cie -
Si♭7 Mi♭ Dom Fam7 Si♭m9
41
1. lo.
2. lo.
Mi♭ Fam7 Si♭7 Fam7 Si♭m9 Mi♭ Fa° Mi♭6

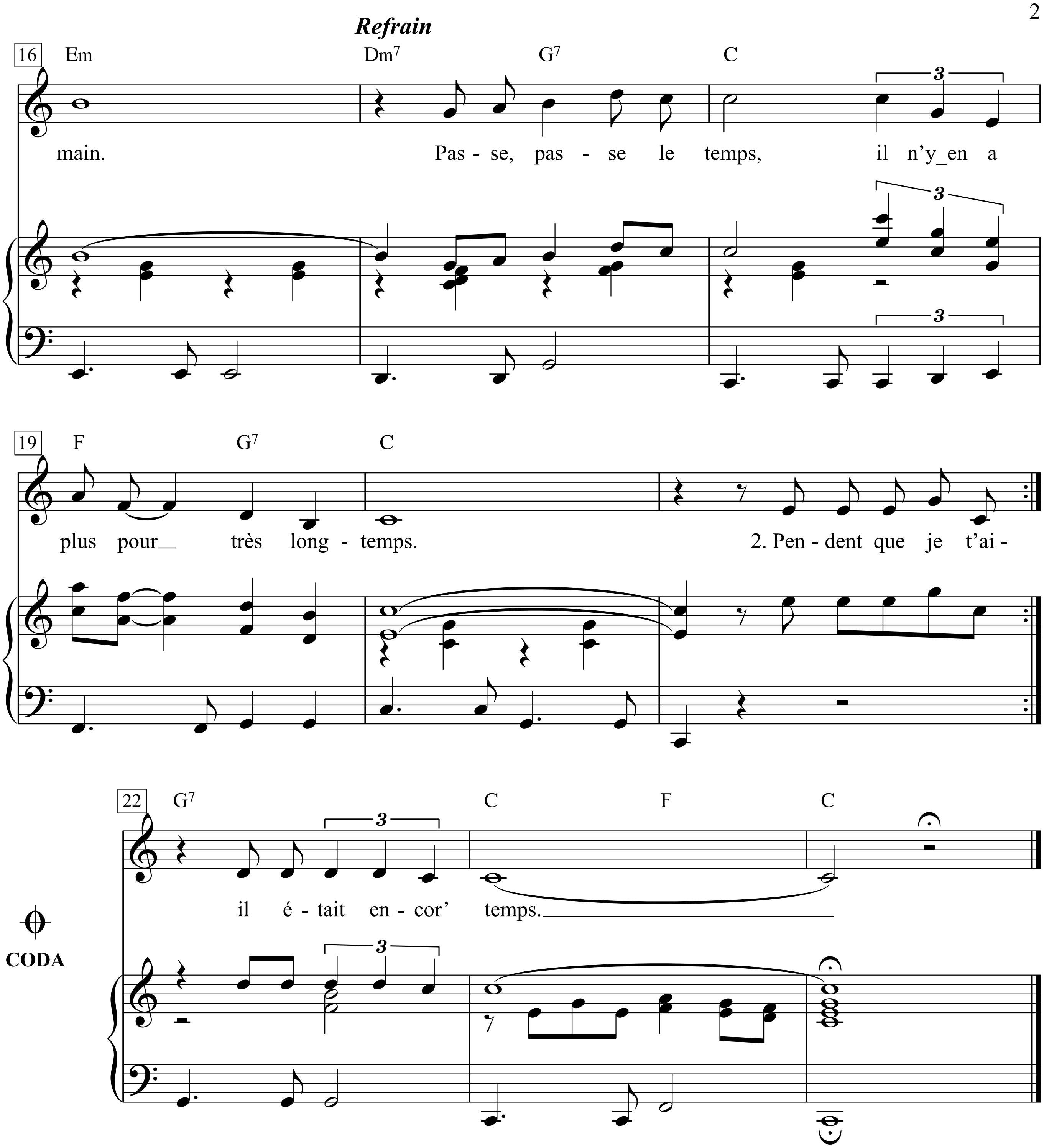
Quando sei qui con me questa stanza
non ha più pareti ma alberi, alberi infiniti.
Quando sei qui vicino a me questo soffitto
viola no, non esiste più.
Io vedo il cielo sopra noi che restiamo qui,
abbandonati come se non ci fosse più niente,
più niente al mondo.
Suona un’armonica: mi sembra un organo
che vibra per te e per me
su nell’immensità del cielo.
Per te, per me nel cielo.

Il est trop tard

Paroles et Musique de
Georges Moustaki

Allegro ♩ = 120




Refrain
16
Em Dm7 G7 C
main. Pas - se, pas - se le temps, il n'y_en a
19
F G7 C
plus pour très long - temps. 2. Pen - dent que je t'ai -
CODA
22
G7 C F C
il é - tait en - cor' temps.

1. Pendant que je dormais,
pendant que je rêvais
Les aiguilles ont tourné,
il est trop tard
Mon enfance est si loin,
il est déjà demain

Refrain:
Passe, passe le temps,
il n'y en a plus pour très longtemps.

2. Pendant que je t'aimais,
pendant que je t'avais
L'amour s'en est allé,
il est trop tard
Tu étais si jolie,
je suis seul dans mon lit.

Refrain:
Passe, passe le temps,
il n'y en a plus pour très longtemps.

3. Pendant que je chantais
ma chère liberté
D'autres l'ont enchaînée,
il est trop tard
Certains se sont battus,
moi je n'ai jamais su.

Refrain:
Passe, passe le temps,
il n'y en a plus pour très longtemps.

4. Pourtant je vis toujours,
pourtant je fais l'amour
M'arrive même de chanter sur ma guitare
Pour l'enfant que j'étais,
pour l'enfant que j'ai fait.

Refrain:
Passe, passe le temps,
il n'y en a plus pour très longtemps.

5. Pendant que je chantais,
pendais que je t'aimais
Pendant que je rêvais

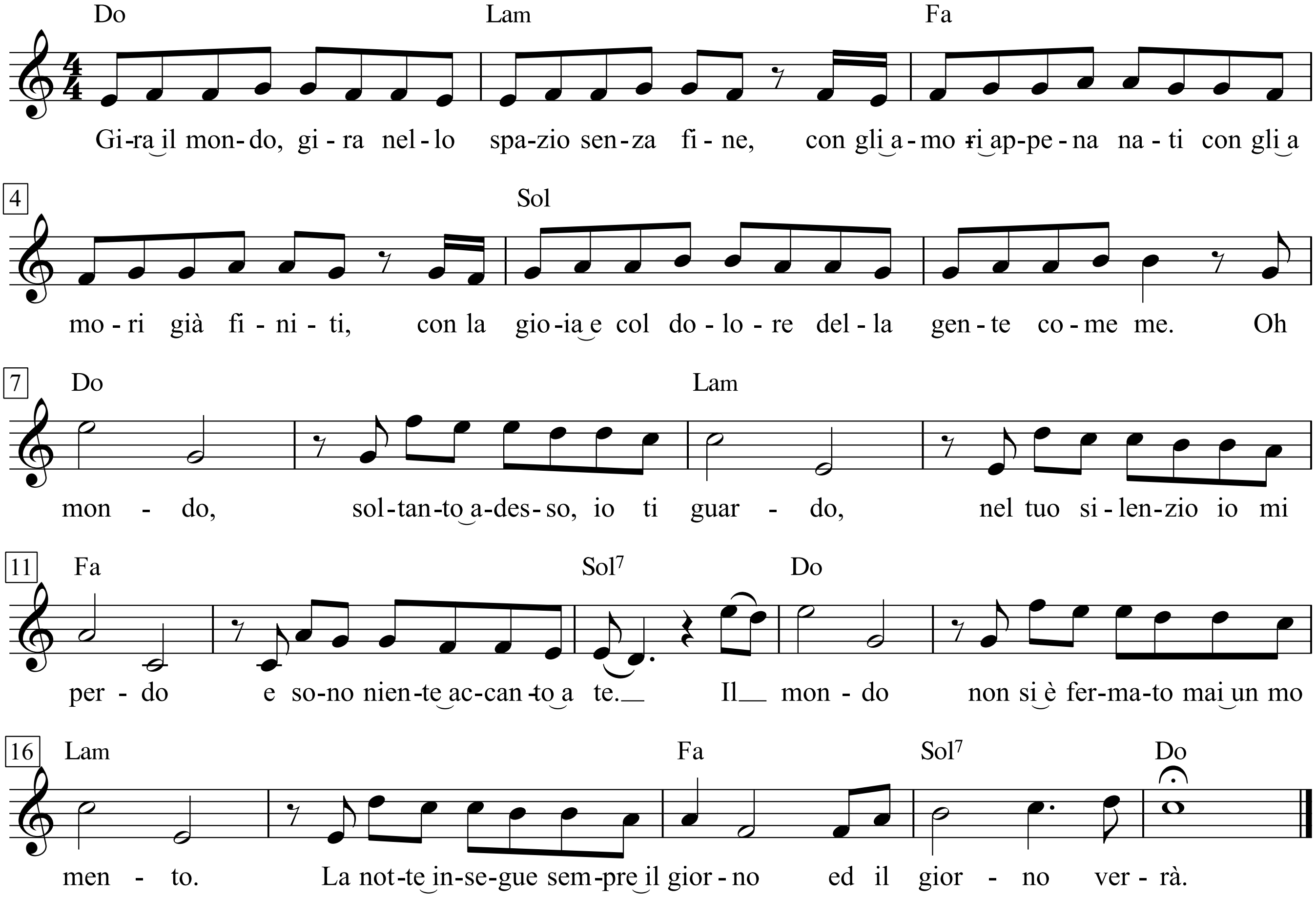
CODA
il était encore temps

Il mondo

Testo:
Gianni Meccia

Musica:
Jimmy Fontana, Lilli Greco, Carlo Pes
(Jimmy Fontana)

Moderato



No, stanotte amore
Non ho più pensato a te
Ho aperto gli occhi
Per guardare intorno a me
E intorno ha me
Girava il mondo come sempre

Gira, il mondo gira
Nello spazio senza fine
Con gli amori appena nati
Con gli amori già finiti
Con la gioia e col dolore
Della gente come me

Un mondo
Soltanto adesso, io ti guardo
Nel tuo silenzio io mi perdo
E sono niente accanto a te

Il mondo
Non si é fermato mai un momento
La notte insegue sempre il giorno
Ed il giorno verrà

Gira, il mondo gira
Nello spazio senza fine
Con gli amori appena nati
Con gli amori già finiti
Con la gioia e col dolore
Della gente come me

Un mondo
Soltanto adesso, io ti guardo
Nel tuo silenzio io mi perdo
E sono niente accanto a te

Il mondo
Non si é fermato mai un momento
La notte insegue sempre il giorno
Ed il giorno verrà

Oh Il mondo

Il mondo
Non si é fermato mai un momento
La notte insegue sempre il giorno
Ed il giorno verrà

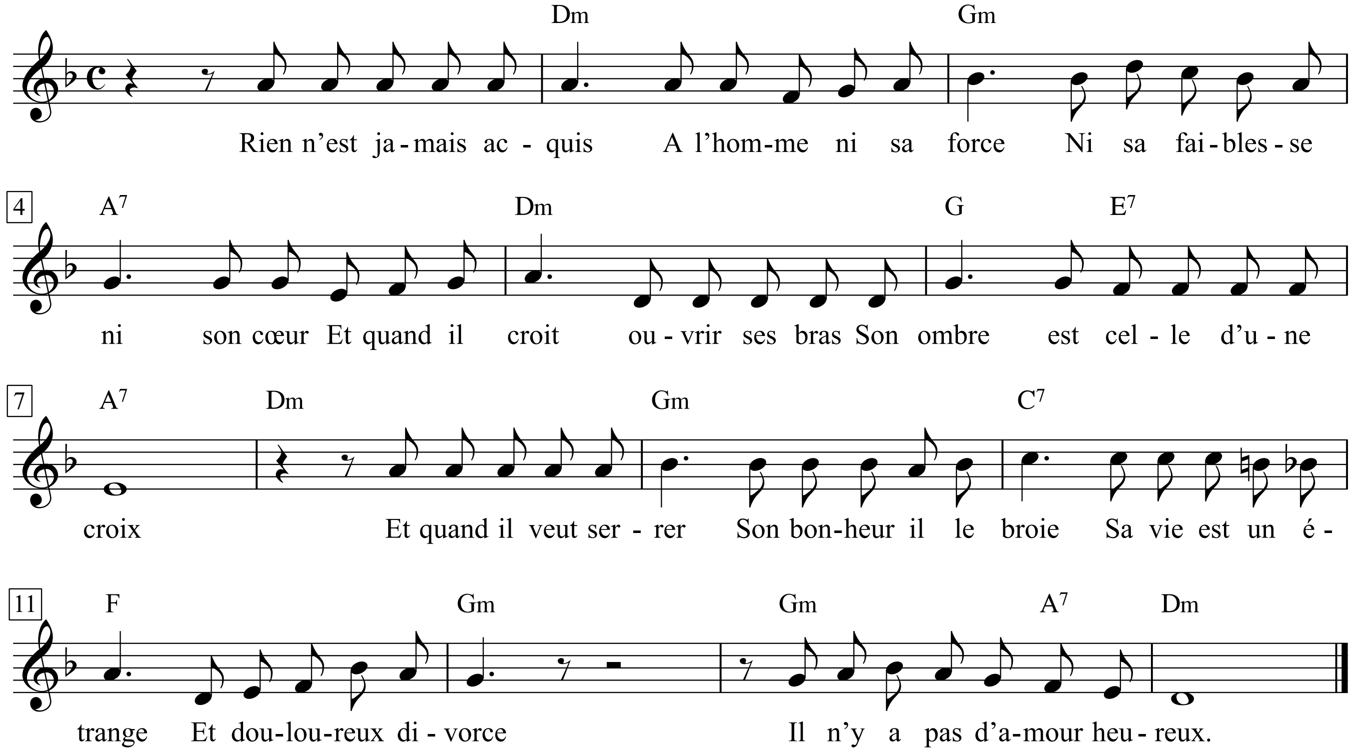
Stanotte amore non ho più pensato a te
Stanotte amore non ho più pensato a te
Stanotte amore non ho più pensato a te
Pensato a te

Il n’y a pas d’amour heureux

(Glückliche Liebe gibt es nicht)

Poème de Louis Aragon

Musique de Georges Brassens



1. Rien n'est jamais acquis à l'homme Ni sa force
Ni sa faiblesse ni son cœur Et quand il croit
Ouvrir ses bras son ombre est celle d'une croix
Et quand il croit* serrer son bonheur il le broie
Sa vie est un étrange et douloureux divorce
Il n'y a pas d'amour heureux.

2. Sa vie Elle ressemble à ces soldats sans armes
Qu'on avait habillés pour un autre destin
A quoi peut leur servir de se lever matin
Eux qu'on retrouve au soir désœuvrés** incertains
Dites ces mots Ma vie Et retenez vos larmes
Il n'y a pas d'amour heureux.

3. Mon bel amour mon cher amour ma déchirure
Je te porte dans moi comme un oiseau blessé
Et ceux-là sans savoir nous regardent passer
Répétant après moi les*** mots que j'ai tressés
Et qui pour tes grands yeux tout aussitôt moururent
Il n'y a pas d'amour heureux.

4. Le temps d'apprendre à vivre il est déjà trop tard
Que pleurent dans la nuit nos cœurs à l'unisson
Ce qu'il faut de malheur pour la moindre chanson*
Ce qu'il faut de regrets pour payer un frisson*
Ce qu'il faut de sanglots pour un air de guitare
Il n'y a pas d'amour heureux.

Variantes G. B.: * veut. ** désarmés. *** ces.
* lignes interverties.

1. Nichts ist dem Menschen je ganz sicher. Nicht seine Kraft
noch seine Schwäche, noch sein Herz. Und wenn er glaubt,
die Arme auszubreiten*, ist sein Schatten der eines Kreuzes;
und wenn er sein Glück an sich drücken will*, zermalmt er es;
sein Leben ist eine seltsame, schmerzliche Trennung.
Glückliche Liebe gibt es nicht.

2. Sein Leben ähnelt jenen Soldaten ohne Waffen,
die man für ein anderes Schicksal gerüstet hatte;
was nützt es ihnen, sich morgens zu erheben,
ihnen, die man abends arbeitslos**, ungewiss wiederfindet.
Sagt diese Worte Mein Leben und unterdrückt Eure Tränen.
Glückliche Liebe gibt es nicht.

3. Meine schöne Liebste, teure Liebste, mein Herzzerreißen,
ich trag dich in mir wie einen wunden Vogel,
und die da, ahnungslos, sehen uns vorbeigehen
und die*** Worte wiederholen, die ich gewogen habe
und die ob deiner großen Augen sogleich erstarben:
Glückliche Liebe gibt es nicht.

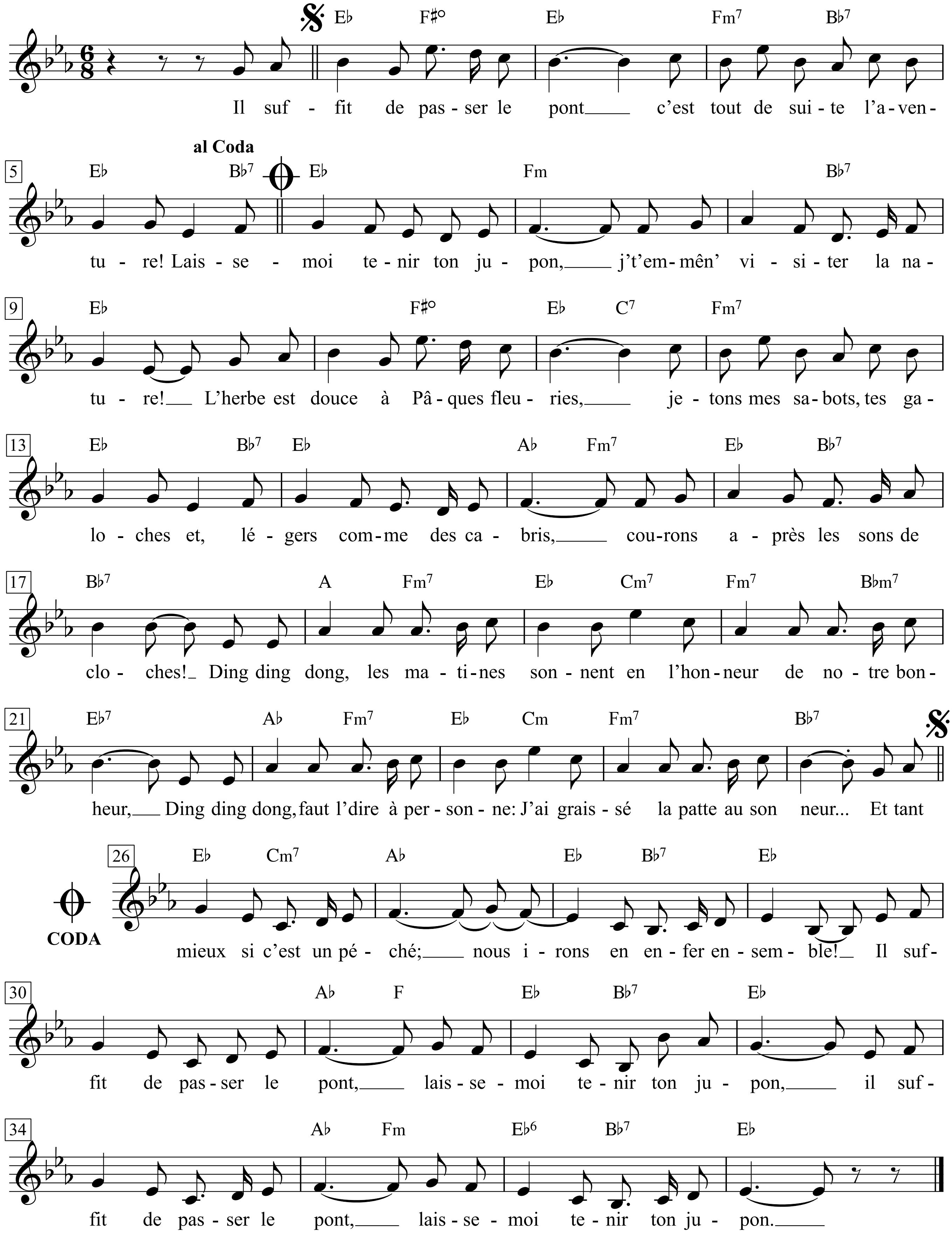
4. Um noch leben zu lernen, ist es längst zu spät,
da unsere Herzen in der Nacht im Einklang beweinen,
wieviel Unglück nötig ist für das geringste Lied,*
wieviel Reue, um eine Wonne abzugelten*
wieviel Schluchzen für einen Gitarrenhauch.
Glückliche Liebe gibt es nicht.

Varianten G. B.: * zu drücken glaubt. ** entwaffnet.
*** diese. * Zeilen miteinander vertauscht.

Il suffit de passer le pont

(Die Brücke nehmen)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Il suffit de passer le pont,
C’est tout de suite l’aventure!
Laisse-moi tenir ton jupon,
J’ t’emmèn’ visiter la nature!
L’herbe est douce à Pâques fleuri’s ...
Jetons mes sabots, tes galoches,
Et, légers comme des cabris,
Courons après les sons de cloches!
Dinn din don! les matines sonnent
En l’honneur de notre bonheur,
Ding ding dong! faut l’ dire à personne:
J’ai graissé la patte au sonneur.

2. Laisse-moi tenir ton jupon,
Courons, guilleret, guillerette,
Il suffit de passer le pont,
Et c’est le royaum’ des fleurettes ...
Entre tout’s les bell’s que voici,
Je devin’ cell’ que tu préfères ...
C’est pas l’ coqu’licot, Dieu merci!
Ni l’ coucou, mais la primevère.
J’en vois un’ blotti’ sous les feuilles,
Elle est en velours comm’ tes jou’s.
Fais le guet pendant qu’ je la cueille:
»Je n’ai jamais aimé que vous!«

3. Il suffit de trois petits bonds,
C’est tout de suit’ la tarantelle,
Laisse-moi tenir ton jupon,
J’ saurai ménager tes dentelles ...
J’ai graissé la patte au berger
Pour lui fair’ jouer une aubade.
Lors, ma mi’, sans croire au danger,
Faisons mille et une gambades,
Ton pied frappe et frappe la mousse ...
Si l’ chardon s’y pique dedans,
Ne pleure pas, ma mi’ qui souffre:
Je te l’enlève avec les dents!

4. On n’a plus rien à se cacher,
On peut s’aimer comm’ bon nous semble,
Et tant mieux si c’est un péché:
Nous irons en enfer ensemble!
Il suffit de passer le pont,
Laisse-moi tenir ton jupon.

1. Man braucht nur die Brücke zu nehmen,
sofort beginnt das Abenteuer!
Lass mich deinen Rock halten,
ich nehm dich zum Besuch der Natur mit!
Das Gras ist süß, wenn zu Ostern alles blüht ...
weg mit meinen Pantinen, deinen Galoschen,
lass uns leicht wie die Zicklein
zum Klang der Glocken hüpfen!
Ding, ding, dong! die Morgenglocken läuten
unserem Glück zu Ehren,
ding, ding, dong! sag’s keinem weiter,
ich hab den Glöckner bestochen.

2. Lass mich deinen Rock halten,
munter mit dir laufen,
man braucht nur die Brücke zu nehmen,
schon ist man im Reich der Blumen ...
Unter all den hübschen hier
lass mich raten, welche dir die liebste ist ...
Nicht der Klatschmohn, Gott sei Dank,
auch nicht die Narzisse, sondern die Schlüsselblume.
Ich seh da eine, unter die Blätter geschmiegt,
sie ist samtig wie deine Wangen.
Steh du Schmiere, während ich sie pflücke:
»Ich hab immer nur dich geliebt!«

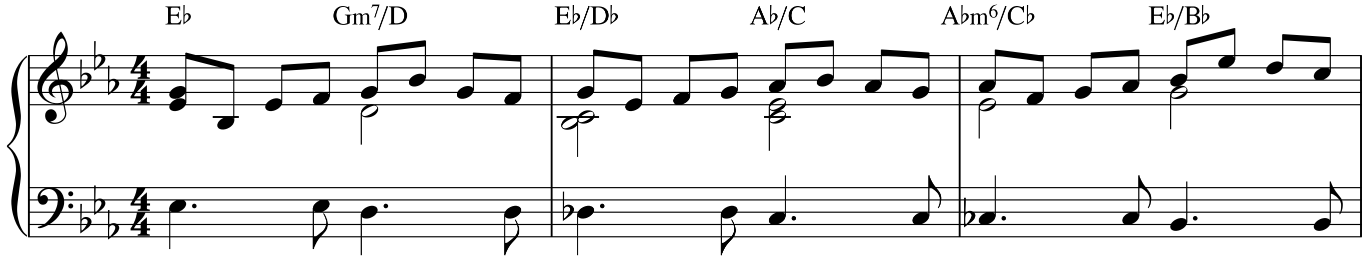
3. Man braucht nur drei kleine Sprünge zu machen,
sofort beginnt die Tarantella,
lass mich deinen Rock halten,
ich pass schon auf mit den Spitzen ...
Ich hab den Schäfer bestochen,
dass er ein Morgenständchen spielt.
Darum, Liebste, hab keine Angst,
lass uns tausend Luftsprünge machen.
Dein Fuß stampft immer wieder ins Moos ...
Wenn eine Distel dich sticht,
weine nicht, leidende Liebste,
ich zieh sie dir mit den Zähnen!

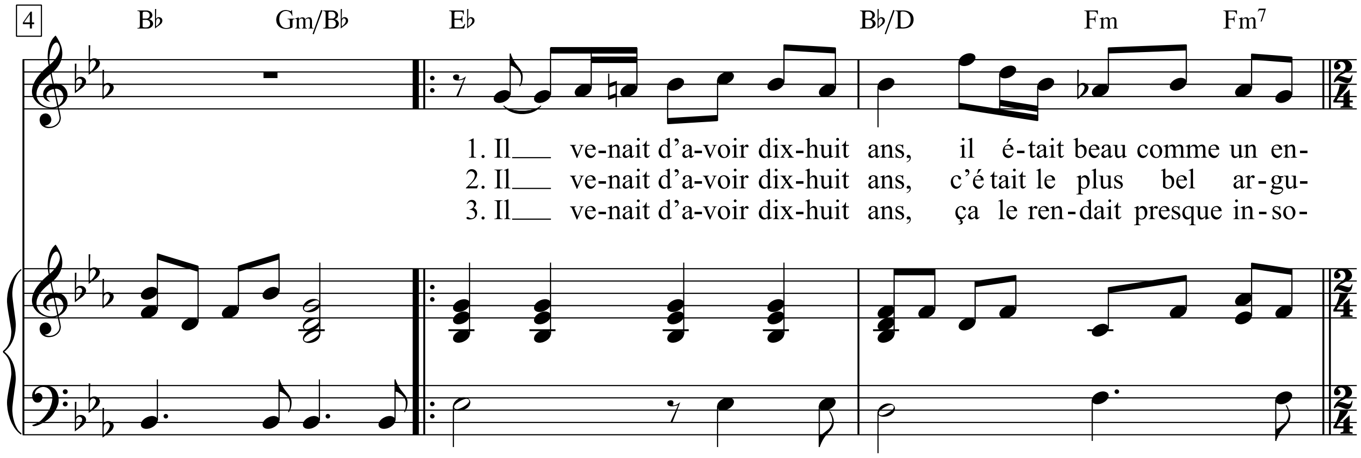
4. Wir haben einander nichts mehr zu verbergen,
können uns lieben, wie es uns gefällt,
und wenn’s Sünde ist, umso besser:
Dann kommen wir zusammen in die Hölle!
Man braucht nur die Brücke zu nehmen,
lass mich deinen Rock halten.

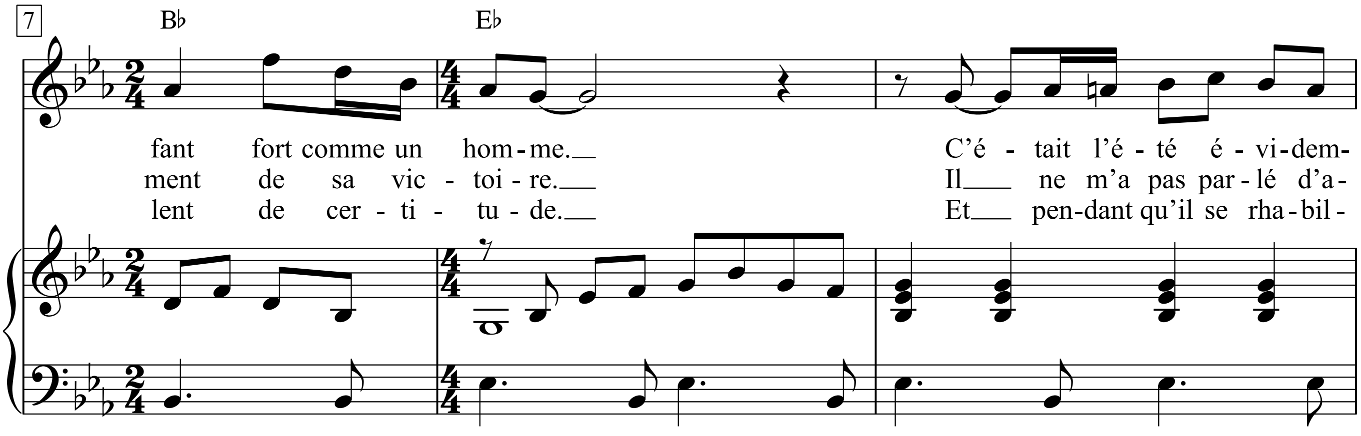
Il venait d'avoir 18 ans

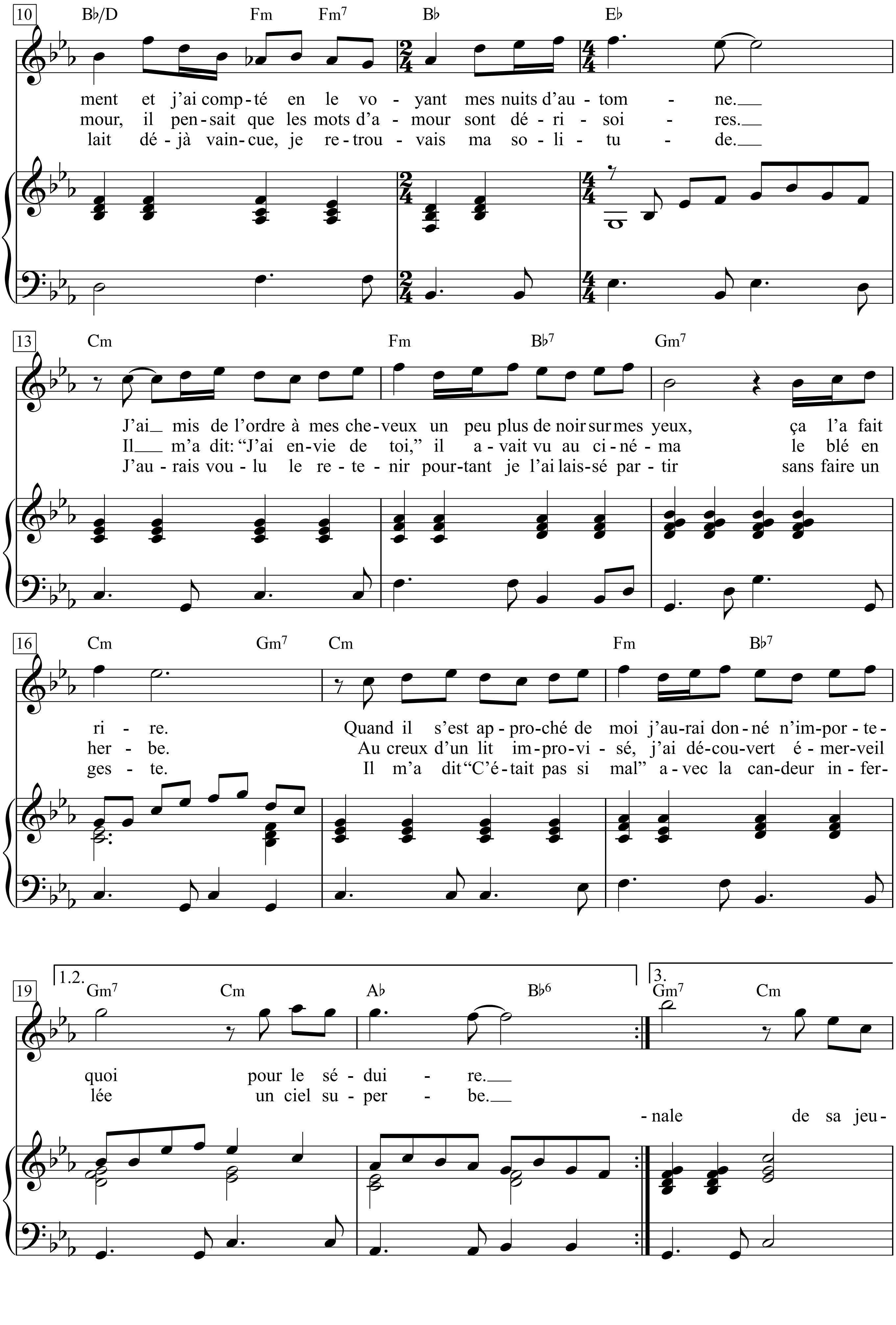
Paroles de
Serge Lebral & Pascal Sevran

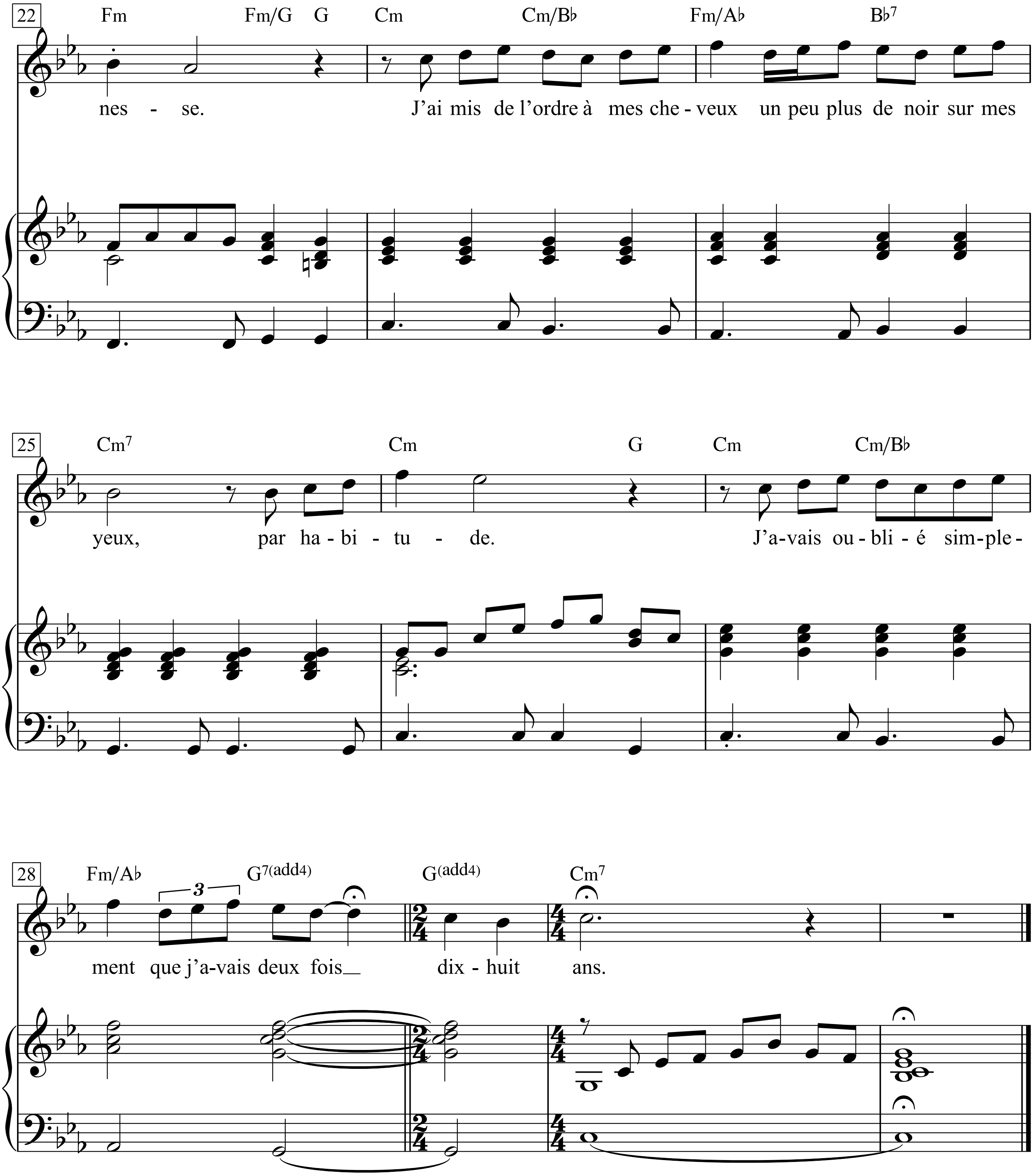
Musique de Pascal Auriat
(Dalida)








10
B♭/D Fm Fm7 B♭ E♭
ment et j'ai comp-té en le vo - yant mes nuits d'au-tom - ne.
mour, il pen-sait que les mots d'a - mour sont dé - ri - soi - res.
lait dé - jà vain-cue, je re-trou - vais ma so - li - tu - de.
13
Cm Fm B♭7 Gm7
J'ai mis de l'ordre à mes che-veux un peu plus de noir sur mes yeux, ça l'a fait
Il m'a dit: "J'ai en-vie de toi," il a - vait vu au ci - né - ma le blé en
J'au - rais vou - lu le re - te - nir pour-tant je l'ai lais-sé par - tir sans faire un
16
Cm Gm7 Cm Fm B♭7
ri - re. Quand il s'est ap - pro-ché de moi j'au-rai don-né n'im-por - te -
her - be. Au creux d'un lit im - pro - vi - sé, j'ai dé-cou-vert é - mer-veil
ges - te. Il m'a dit "C'é-tait pas si mal" a - vec la can-deur in - fer-
19
1.2. 3.
Gm7 Cm A♭ B♭6 Gm7 Cm
quoi pour le sé - dui - re.
lée un ciel su - per - be.
- nale de sa jeu -


22
Fm Fm/G G Cm Cm/B♭ Fm/A♭ B♭7
nes - se. J'ai mis de l'ordre à mes che - veux un peu plus de noir sur mes
25
Cm7 Cm G Cm Cm/B♭
yeux, par ha - bi - tu - de. J'a-vais ou - bli - é sim - ple -
28
Fm/A♭ G7(add4) G(add4) Cm7
3
ment que j'a-vais deux fois dix - huit ans.

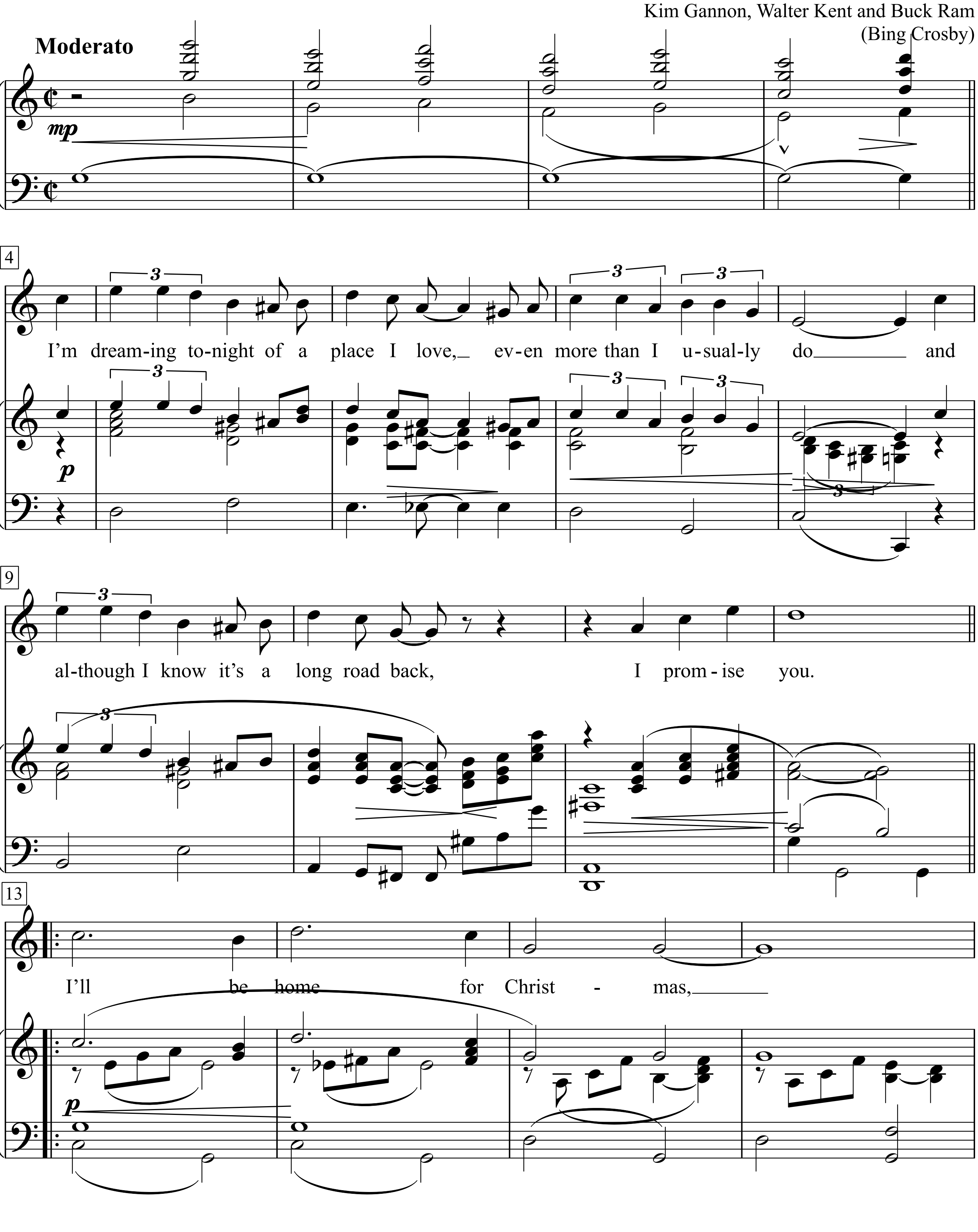
1. Il venait d'avoir dix-huit ans,
il était beau comme un enfant fort comme un homme.
C'était l'été évidemment et j'ai compté en le voyant mes nuits d'automne.
J'ai mis de l'ordre à mes cheveux
un peu plus de noir sur mes yeux, ça l'a fait rire.
Quand il s'est approché de moi
j'aurai donné n'importe quoi pour le séduire.

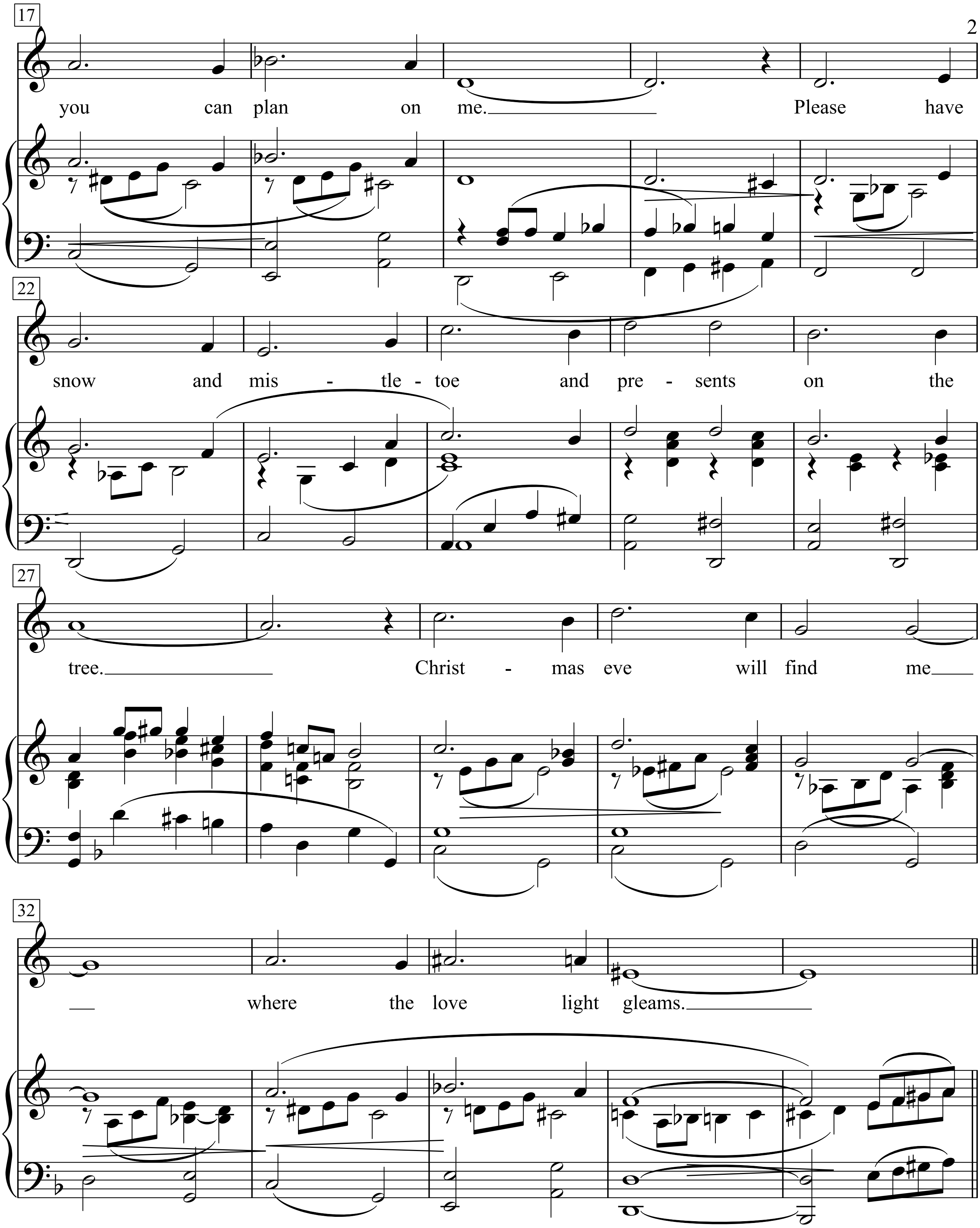
2. Il venait d'avoir dix-huit ans,
c'était le plus bel argument de sa victoire.
Il ne m'a pas parlé d'amour,
il pensait que les mots d'amour sont dérisoires.
Il m'a dit: "J'ai envie de toi,"
il avait vu au cinéma le blé en herbe.
Au creux d'un lit improvisé,
j'ai découvert émerveillée un ciel superbe.

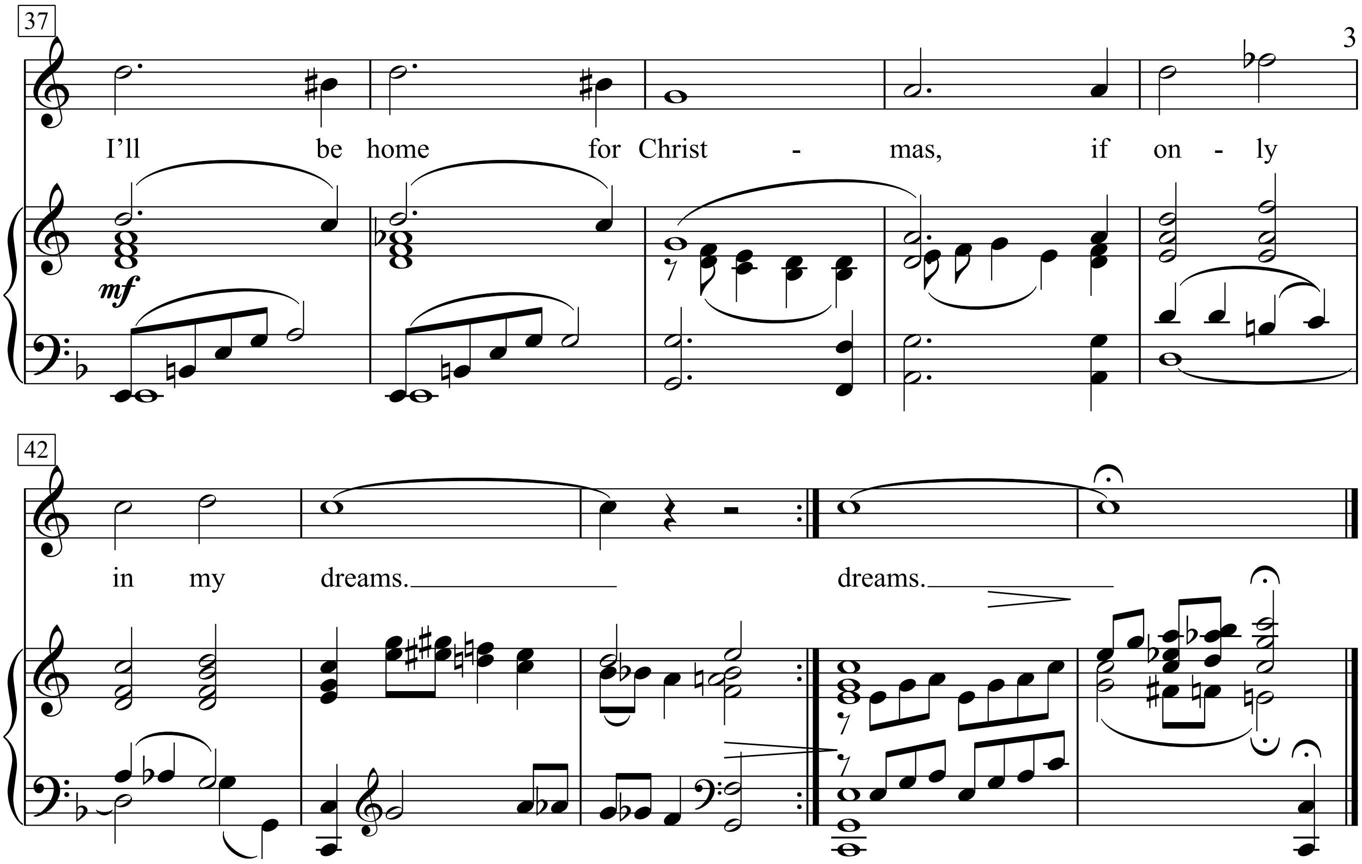
3. Il venait d'avoir dix-huit ans,
ça le rendait presque insolent de certitude.
Et pendant qu'il se rhabillait déjà vaincue,
je retrouvais ma solitude.
J'aurais voulu le retenir pourtant
je l'ai laissé partir sans faire un geste.
Il m'a dit "C'était pas si mal"
avec la candeur infernale de sa jeunesse.
J'ai mis de l'ordre à mes cheveux un peu
plus de noir sur mes yeux, par habitude.
J'avais oublié simplement
que j'avais deux fois dix-huit ans.

I’ll be home for Christmas

Words & Music by
Kim Gannon, Walter Kent and Buck Ram
(Bing Crosby)




17
you can plan on me.
Please have
22
snow and mis - tle - toe and pre - sents on the
27
tree.
Christ - mas eve will find me
32
where the love light gleams.

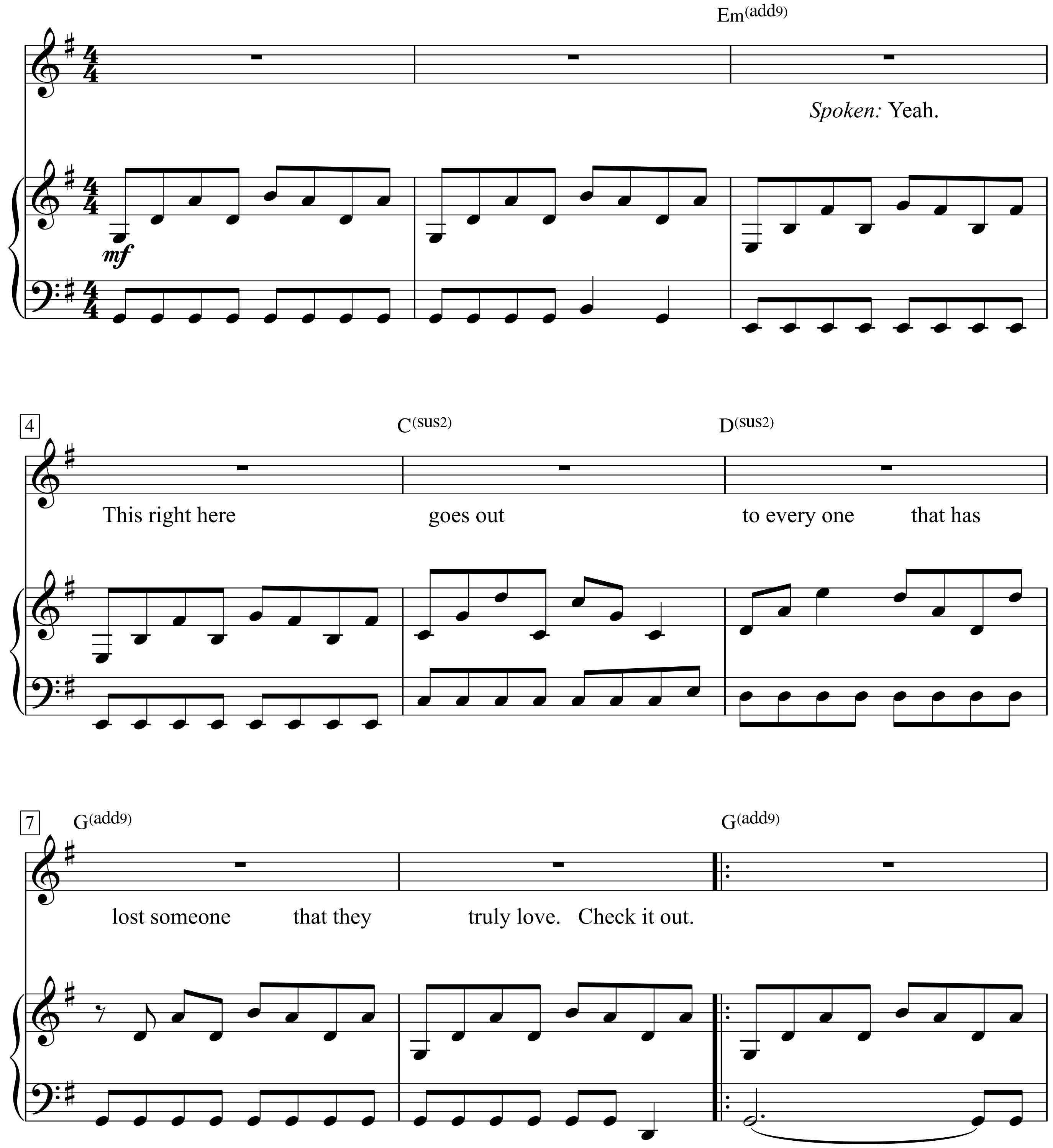

37
I'll be home for Christ - mas, if on - ly
mf
42
in my dreams.
dreams.

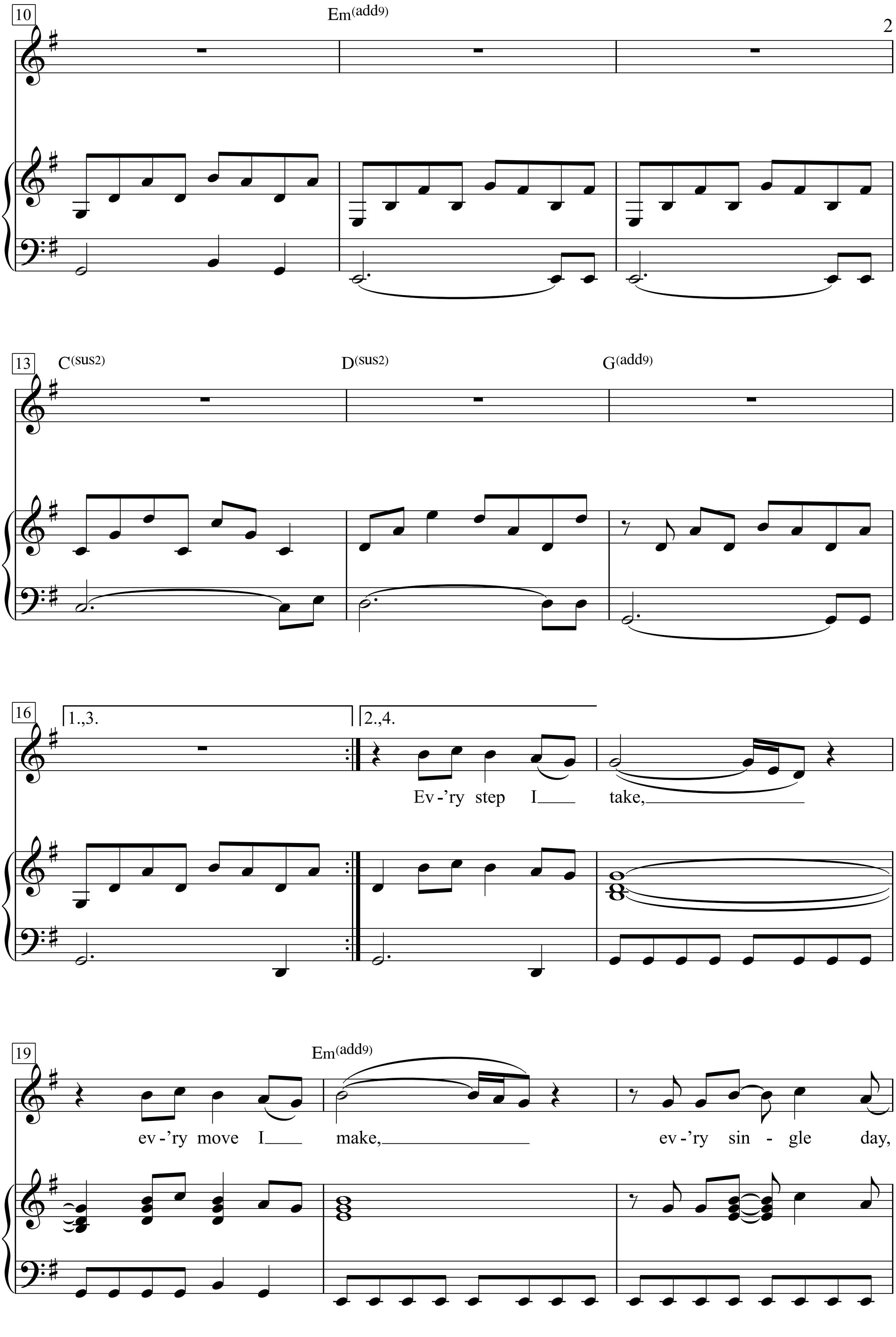
I'll Be Missing You

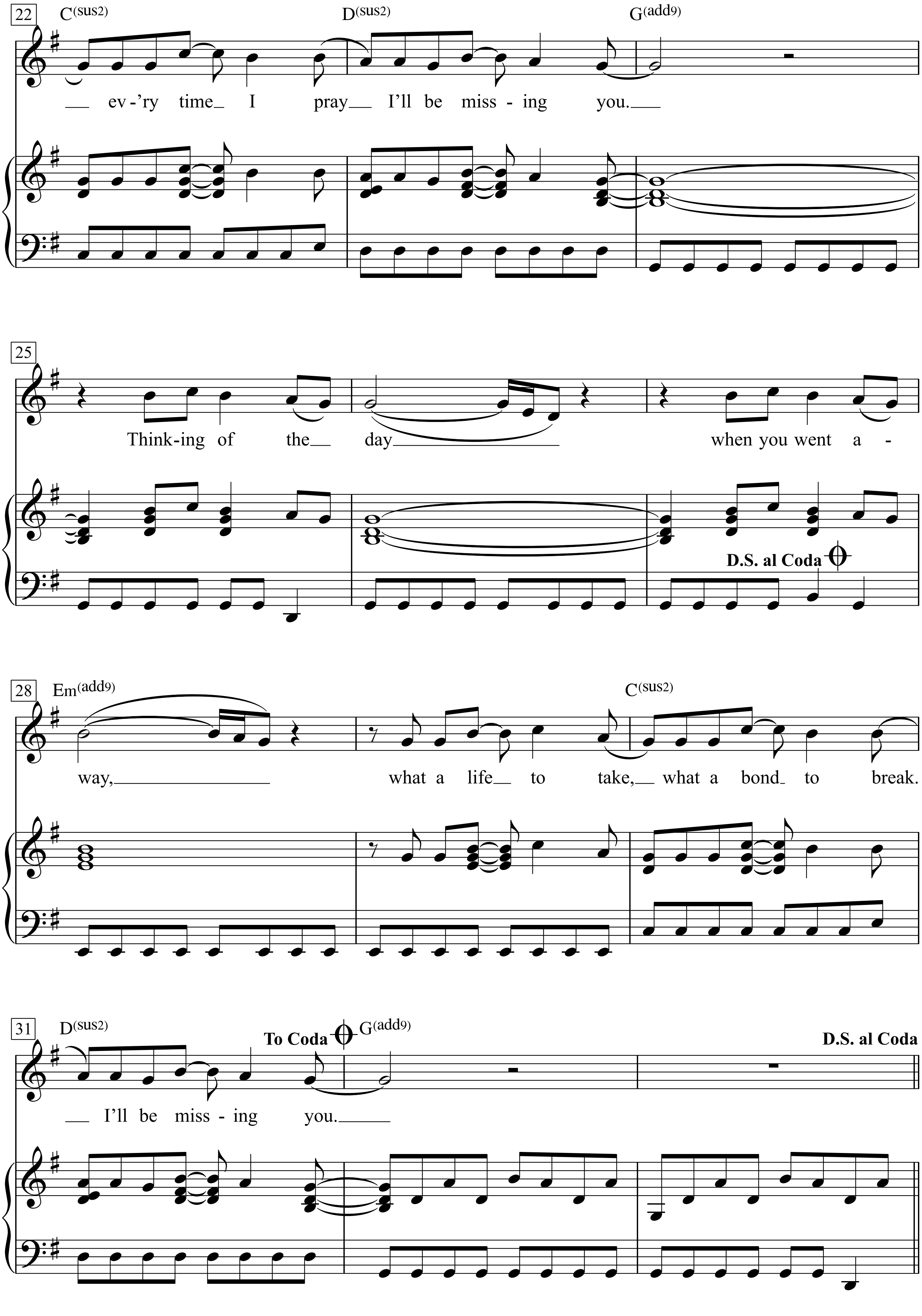
Todd Gaither (Sauce Money)
Sting

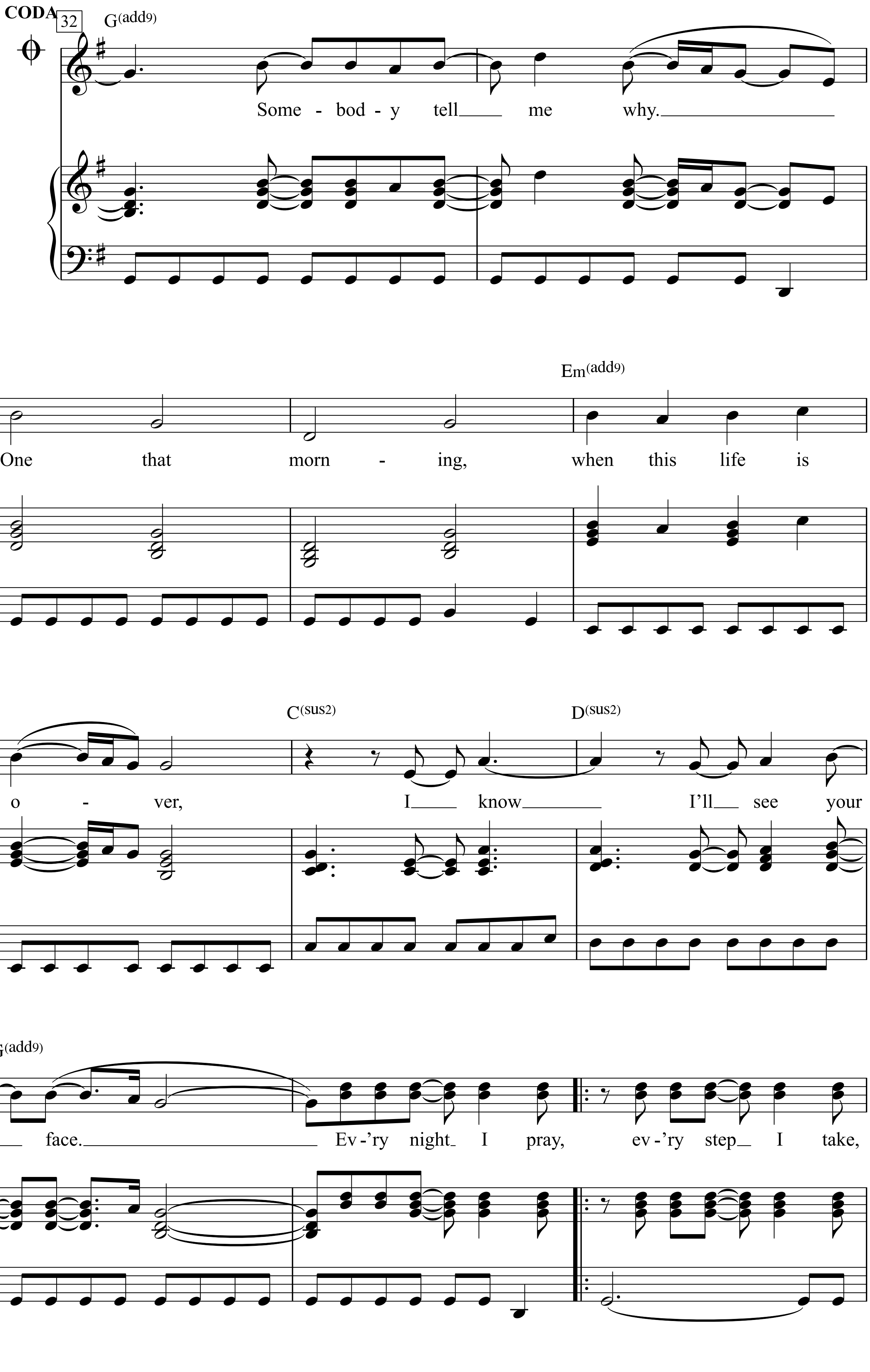
Written & Composed by Sting
(Puff Daddy (P. Diddy) & Faith Evans)

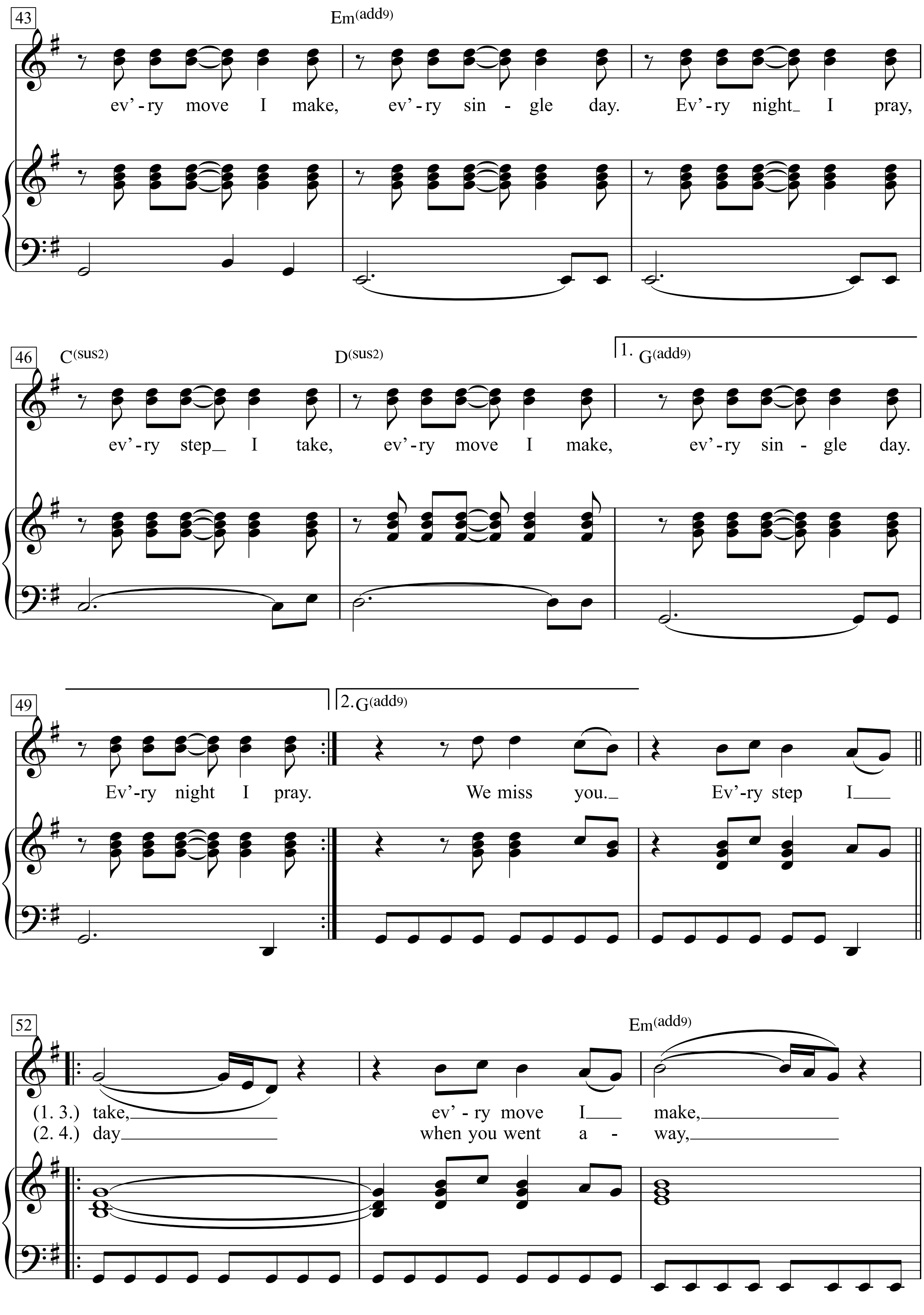
Moderately

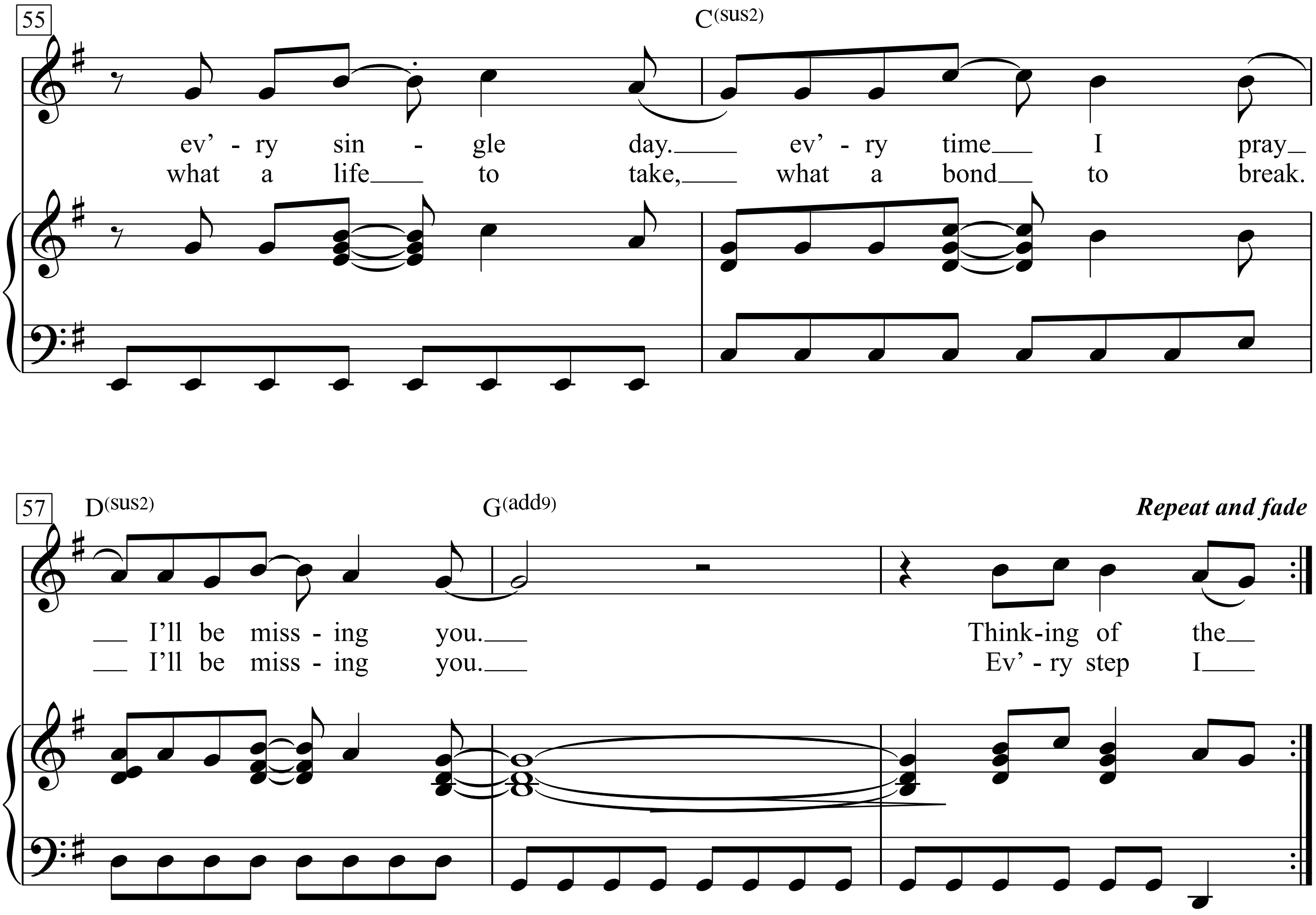



10
Em(add9)
13
C(sus2)
D(sus2)
G(add9)
16
1.,3.
2.,4.
Ev - 'ry step I take,
19
Em(add9)
ev - 'ry move I make,
ev - 'ry sin - gle day,


22
C(sus2)
D(sus2)
G(add9)
ev - 'ry time I pray I'll be miss - ing you.
25
Think-ing of the day when you went a -
D.S. al Coda
28
Em(add9)
C(sus2)
way, what a life to take, what a bond to break.
31
D(sus2)
To Coda
G(add9)
D.S. al Coda
I'll be miss - ing you.


CODA
32
G(add9)
Some - bod - y tell me why.
34
Em(add9)
One that morn - ing, when this life is
37
C(sus2)
D(sus2)
o - ver, I know I'll see your
40
G(add9)
face. Ev - 'ry night I pray, ev - 'ry step I take,

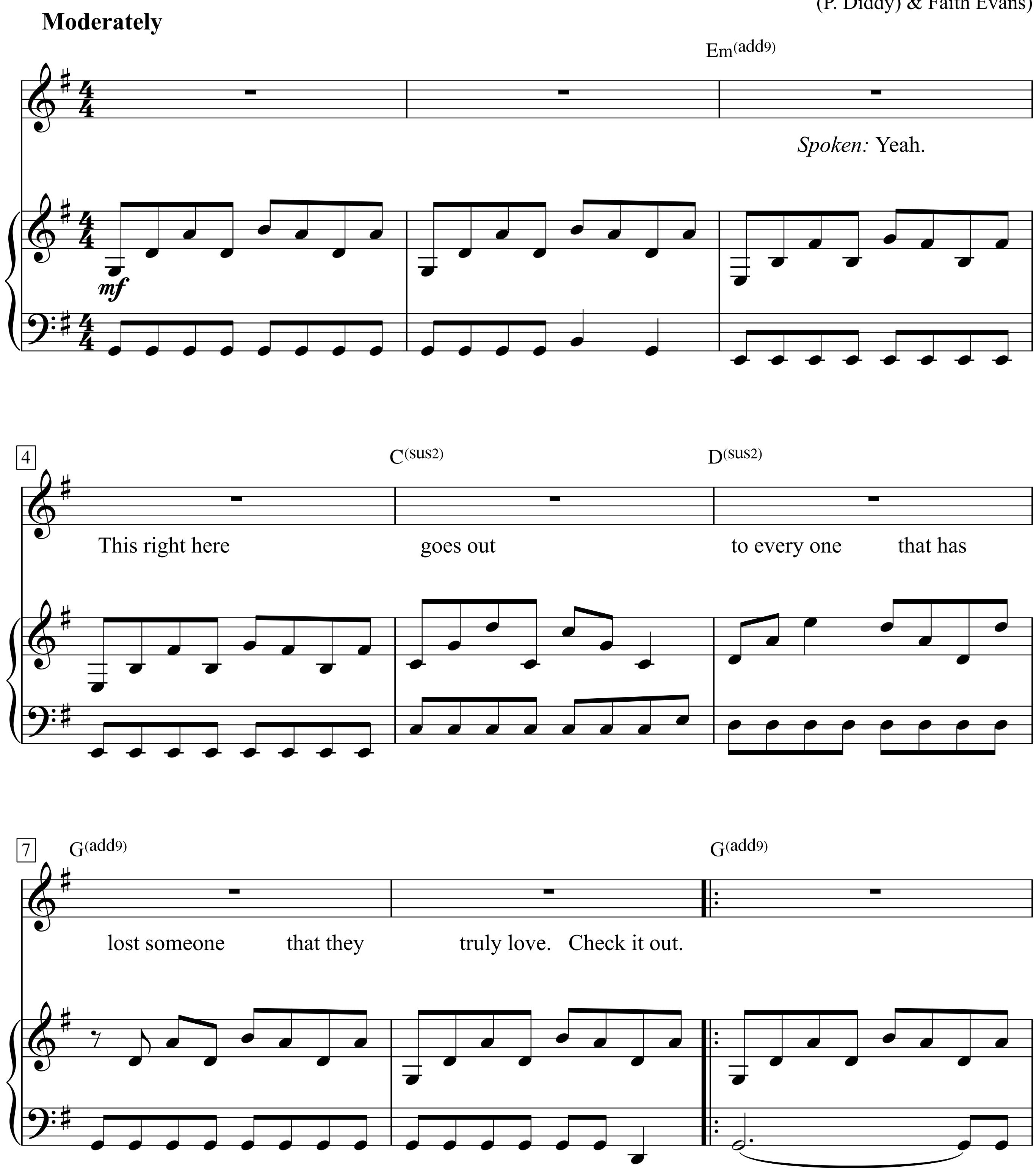

43
Em(add9)
ev'-ry move I make, ev'-ry sin - gle day. Ev'-ry night I pray,
46
C(sus2)
D(sus2)
1. G(add9)
ev'-ry step I take, ev'-ry move I make, ev'-ry sin - gle day.
49
2. G(add9)
Ev'-ry night I pray. We miss you. Ev'-ry step I
52
Em(add9)
(1. 3.) take, ev' - ry move I make,
(2. 4.) day when you went a - way,

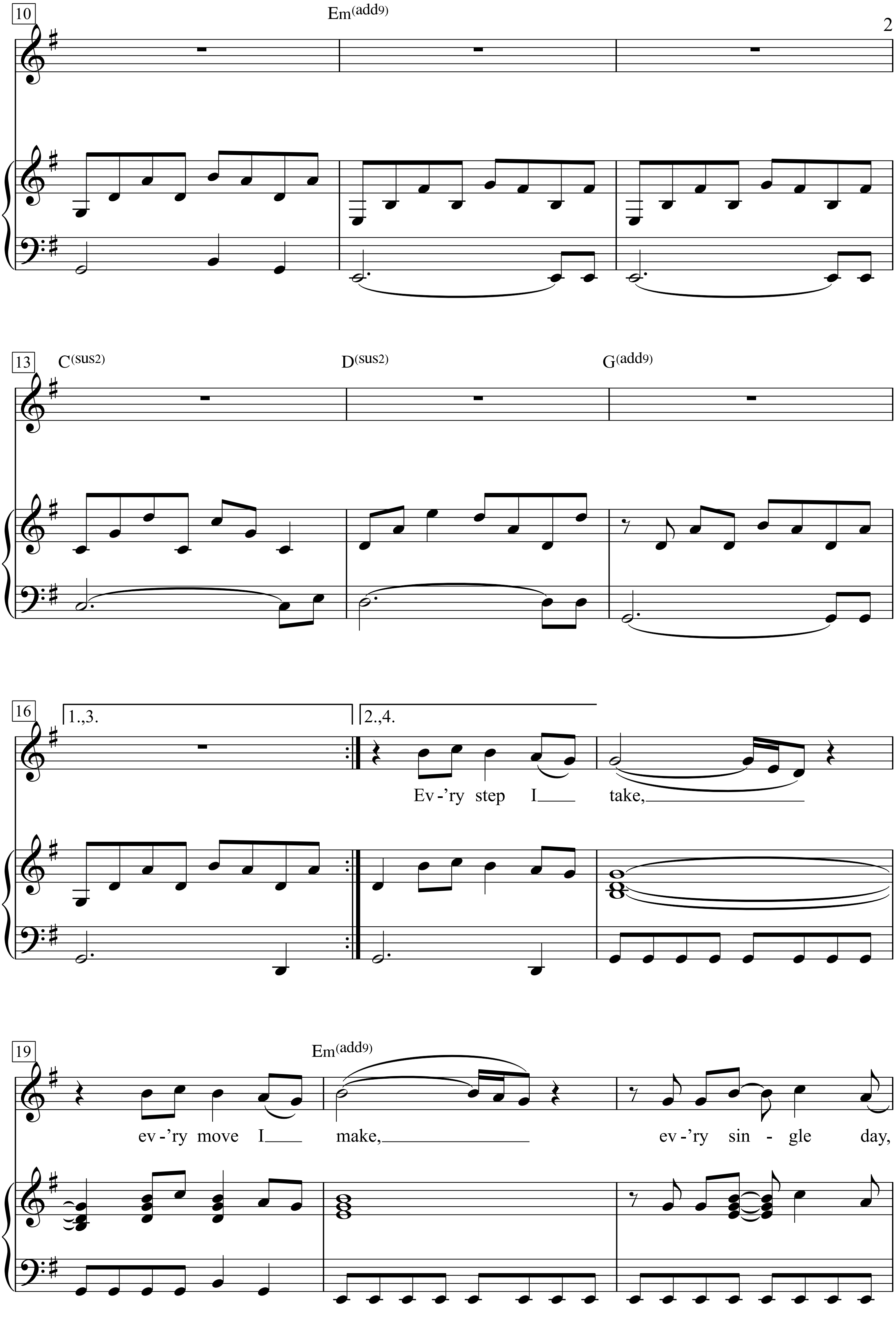

55
C(sus2)
ev' - ry sin - gle day.___ ev' - ry time___ I pray_
what a life___ to take,___ what a bond___ to break.
57
D(sus2)
G(add9)
Repeat and fade
___ I'll be miss - ing you.___ Think-ing of the__
___ I'll be miss - ing you.___ Ev' - ry step I___

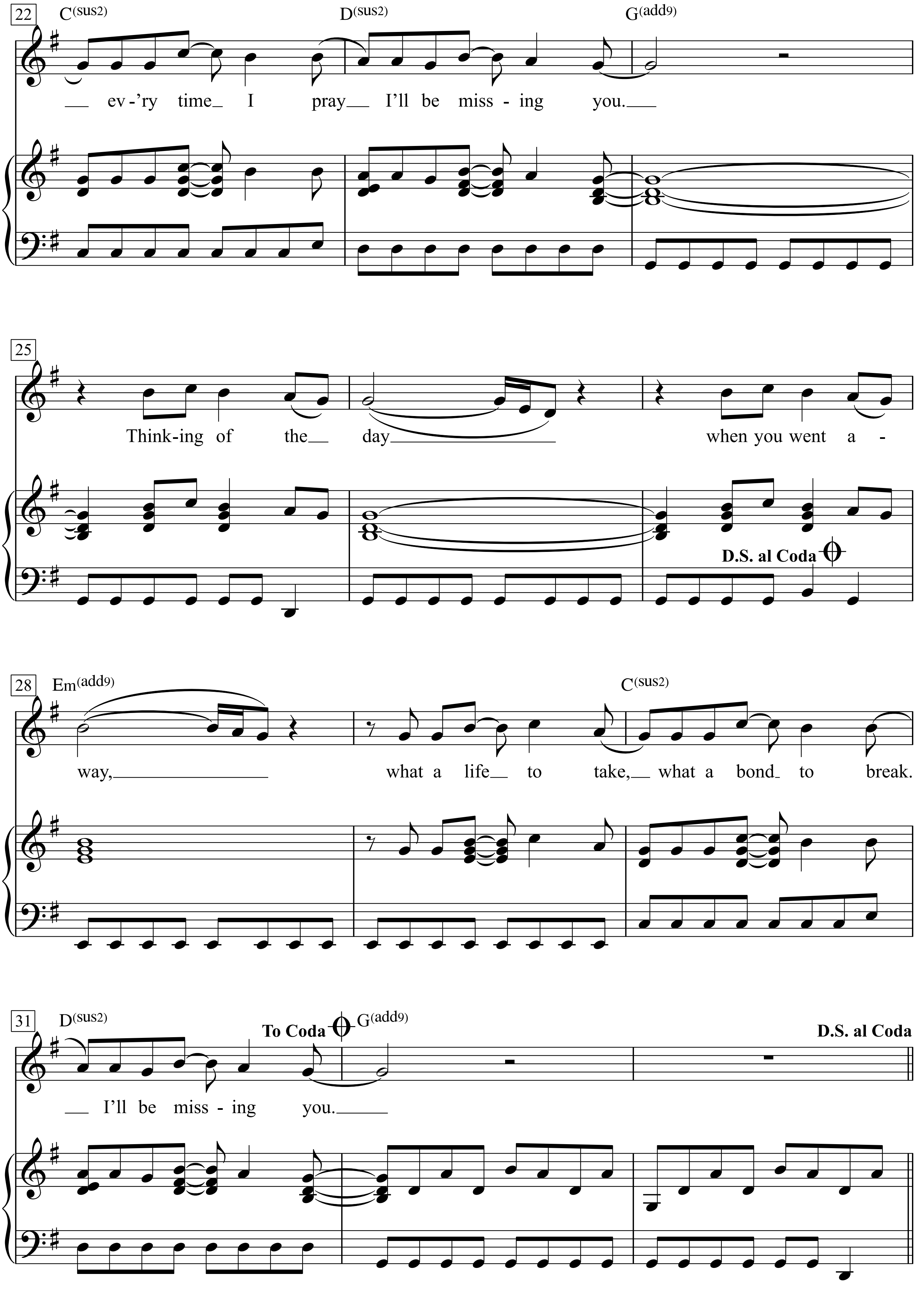
I’ll Be Missing You

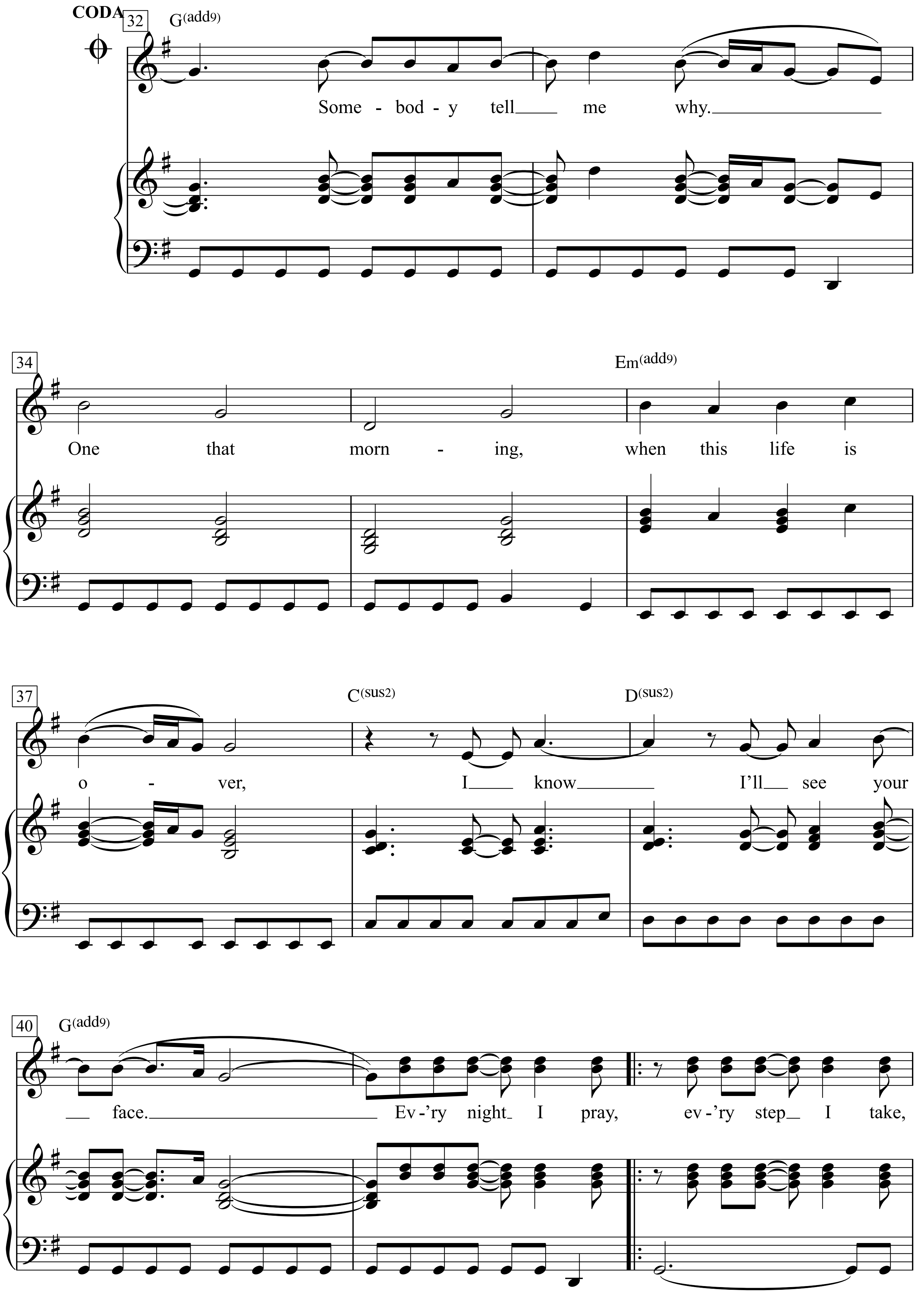
Todd Gaither (Sauce Money)
Sting

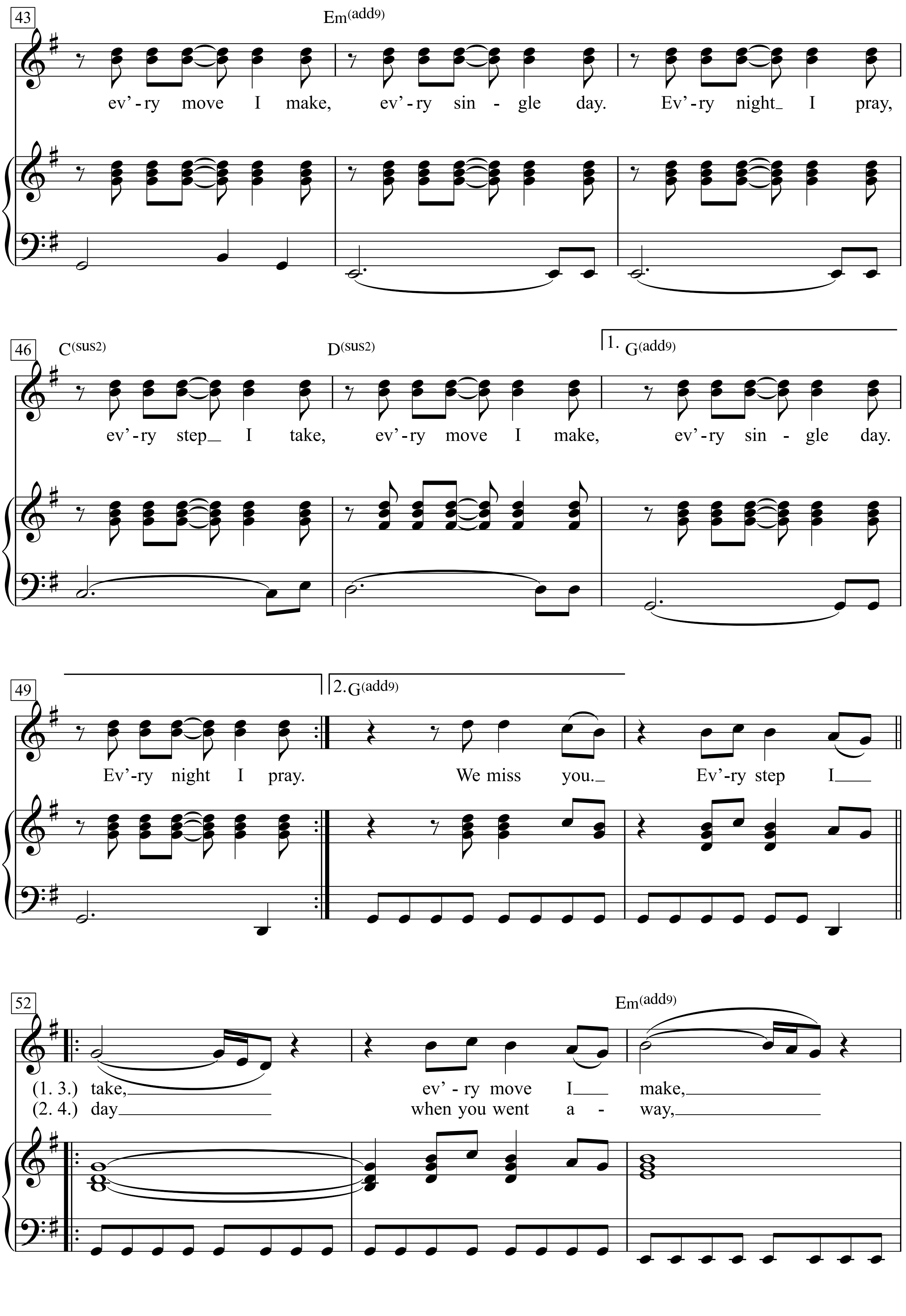
Written & Composed by Sting
(P. Diddy) & Faith Evans)

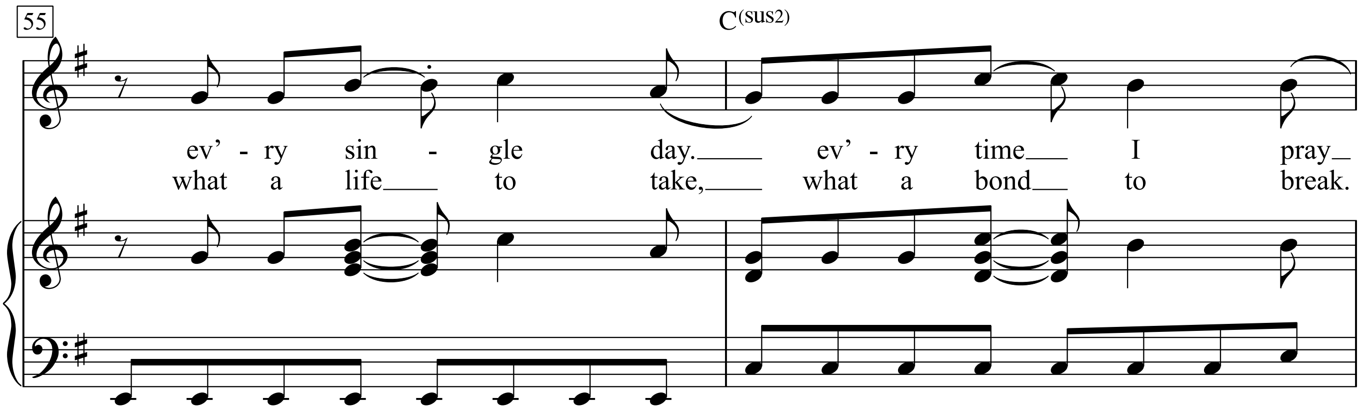


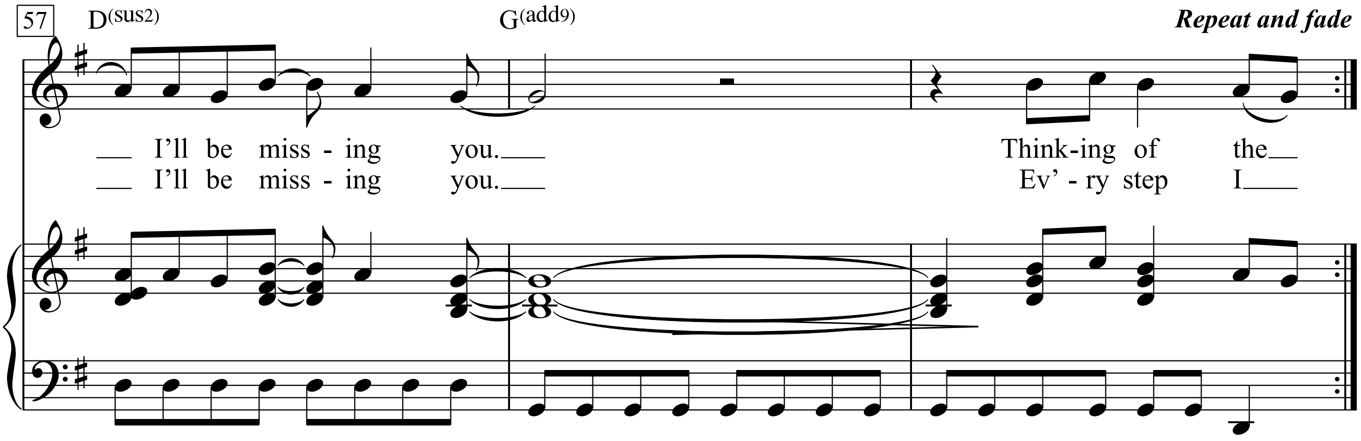

10
Em(add9)
13
C(sus2)
D(sus2)
G(add9)
16
1.,3.
2.,4.
Ev-'ry step I take,
19
Em(add9)
ev-'ry move I make,
ev-'ry sin-gle day,


22
C(sus2)
D(sus2)
G(add9)
__ ev-'ry time_ I pray__ I'll be miss-ing you.___
25
Think-ing of the__ day________ when you went a-
D.S. al Coda
28
Em(add9)
C(sus2)
way,________ what a life__ to take,__ what a bond_ to break.
31
D(sus2)
To Coda
G(add9)
D.S. al Coda
__ I'll be miss-ing you.____


CODA
32
G(add9)
Some - bod - y tell me why.
34
Em(add9)
One that morn - ing, when this life is
37
C(sus2)
D(sus2)
o - ver, I know I'll see your
40
G(add9)
face. Ev-'ry night I pray, ev-'ry step I take,


43
Em(add9)
ev'-ry move I make, ev'-ry sin - gle day. Ev'-ry night I pray,
46
C(sus2)
D(sus2)
1. G(add9)
ev'-ry step I take, ev'-ry move I make, ev'-ry sin - gle day.
49
2. G(add9)
Ev'-ry night I pray. We miss you. Ev'-ry step I
52
Em(add9)
(1. 3.) take, ev' - ry move I make,
(2. 4.) day when you went a - way,

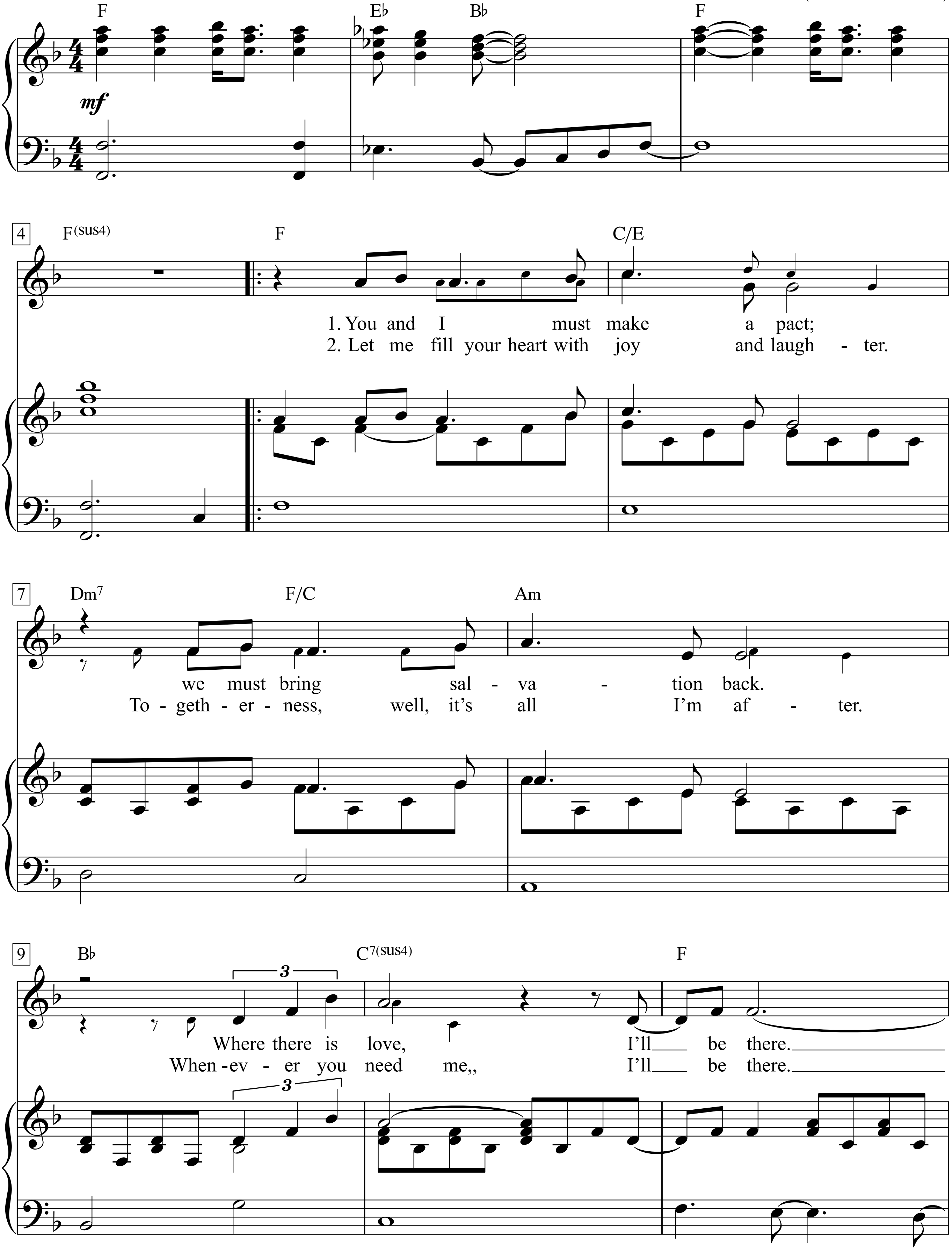

55
C(sus2)
ev' - ry sin - gle day. ev' - ry time I pray
what a life to take, what a bond to break.

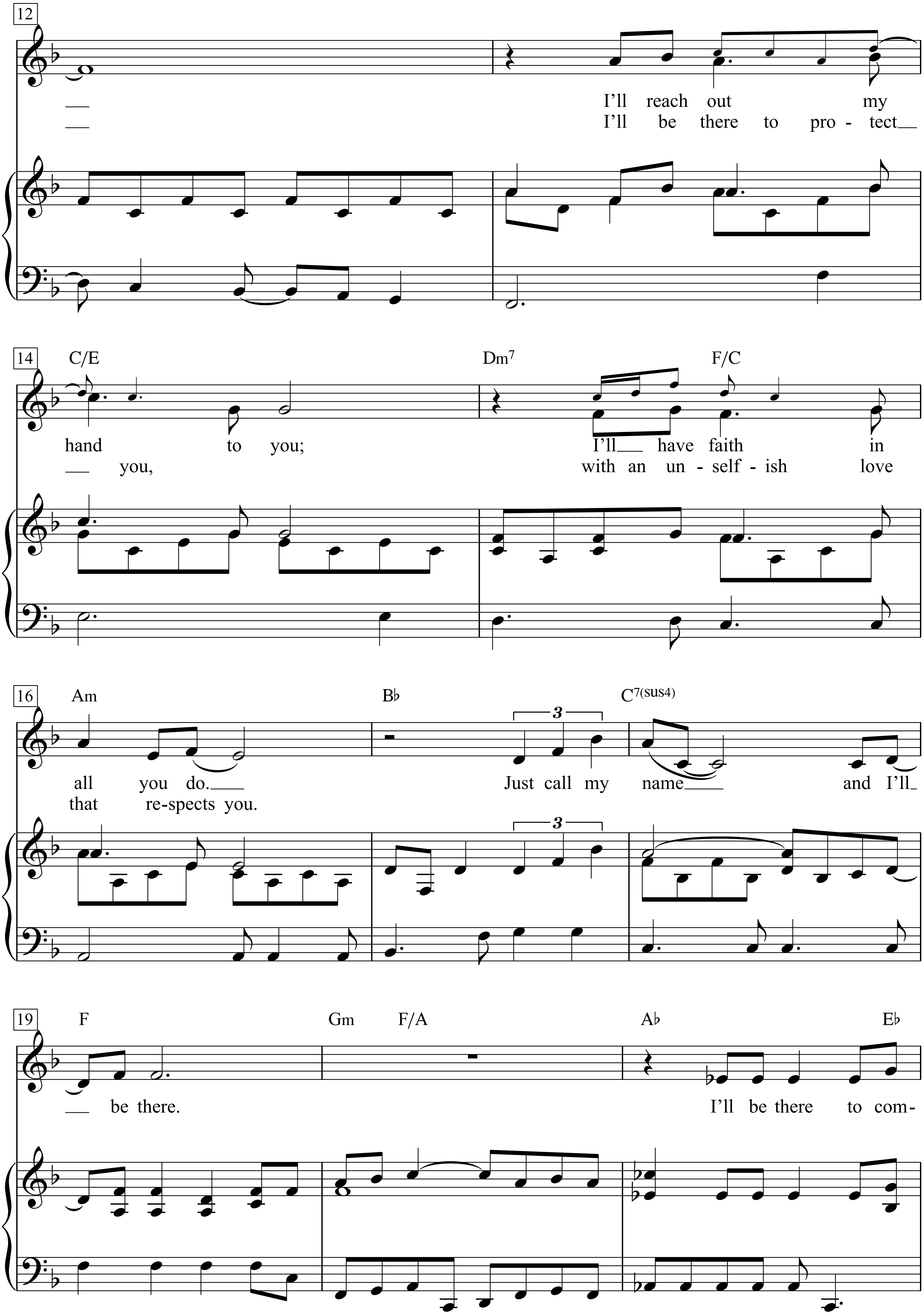

57
D(sus2)
G(add9)
Repeat and fade
I'll be miss - ing you. Think-ing of the
I'll be miss - ing you. Ev' - ry step I

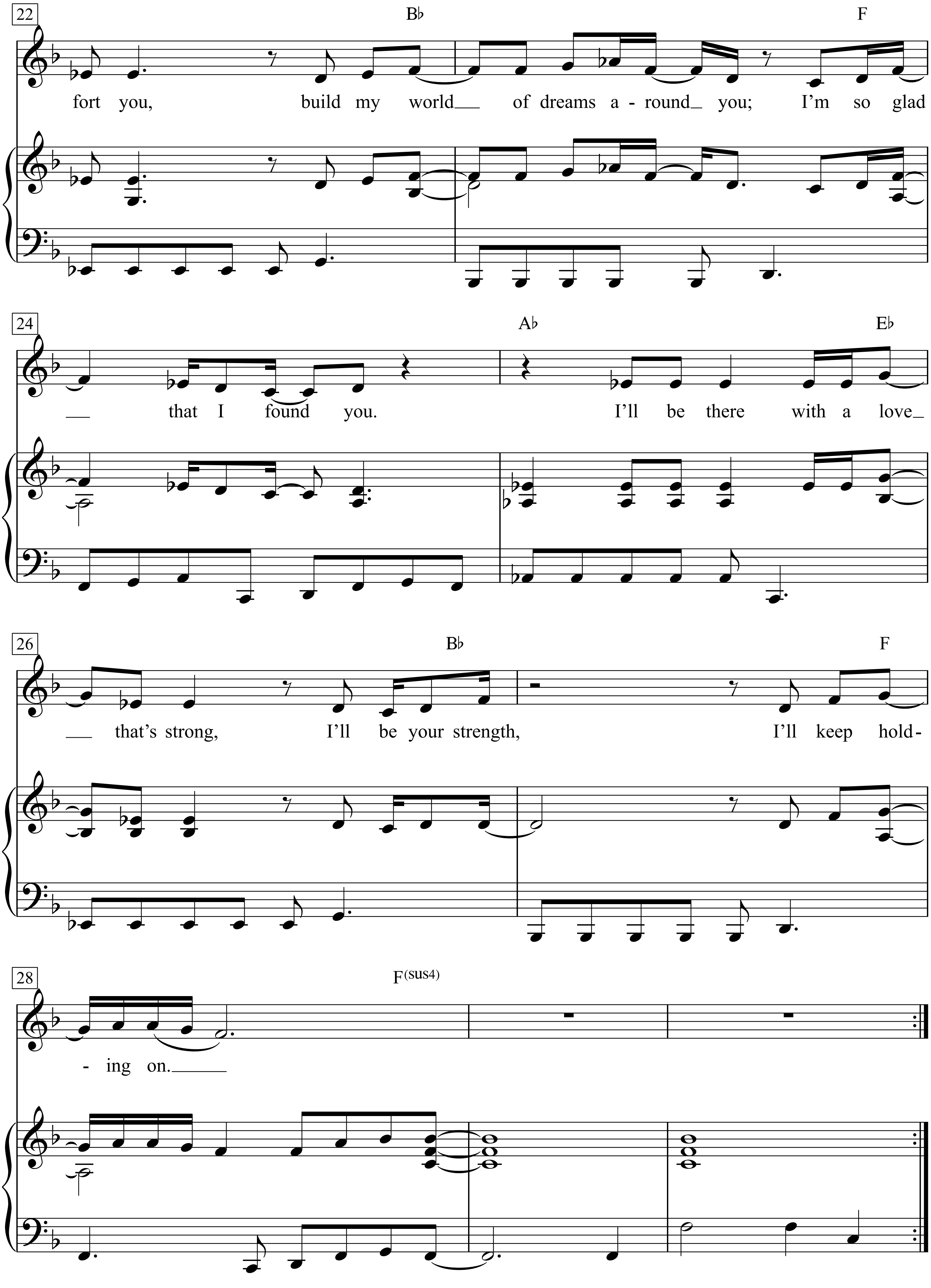
I'll Be There

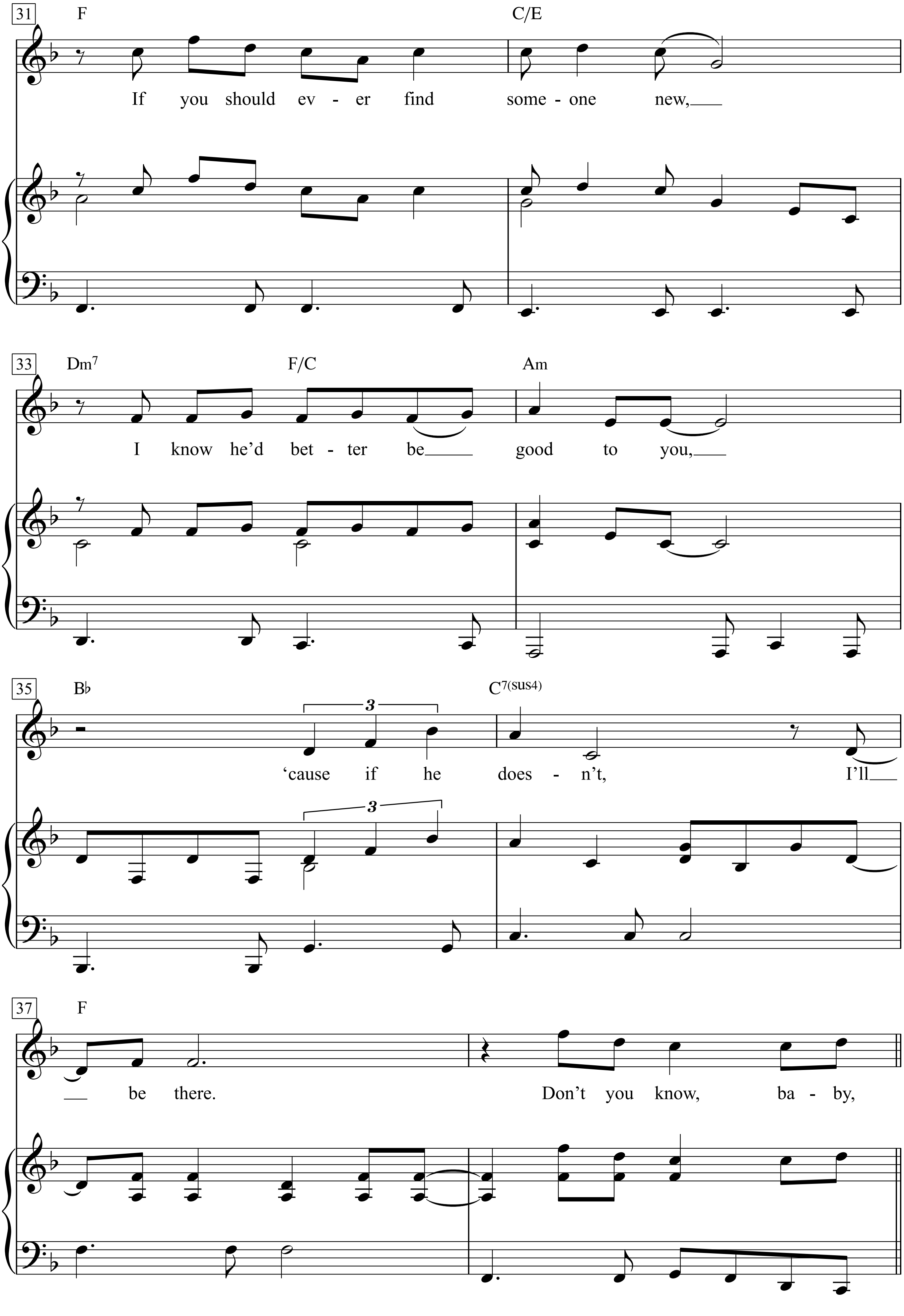
Words & Music by
Berry Gordy, Hal Davis,
Willie Hutch & Bob West
(The Jackson Five)

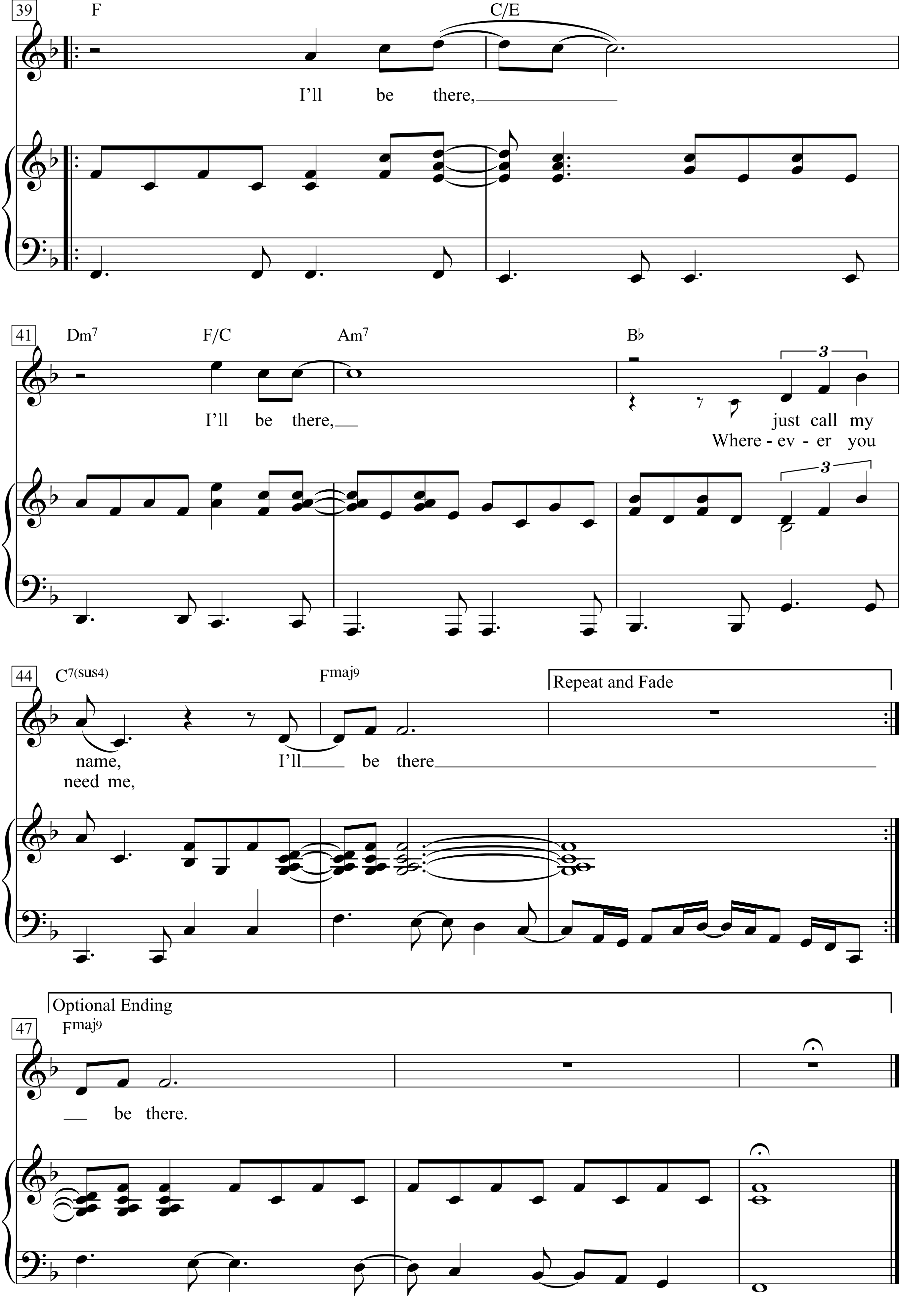
Moderately




12
I'll reach out my
I'll be there to pro - tect
14
C/E
Dm7
F/C
hand to you;
I'll have faith in
you,
with an un - self - ish love
16
Am
B♭
C7(sus4)
all you do.
Just call my name and I'll
that re-spects you.
3
19
F
Gm
F/A
A♭
E♭
be there.
I'll be there to com-


22
B♭
F
fort you, build my world__ of dreams a - round_ you; I'm so glad
24
A♭
E♭
__ that I found you. I'll be there with a love_
26
B♭
F
__ that's strong, I'll be your strength, I'll keep hold-
28
F(sus4)
- ing on.______


31
F
C/E
If you should ev - er find some - one new,
33
Dm7
F/C
Am
I know he'd bet - ter be good to you,
35
B♭
C7(sus4)
3
'cause if he does - n't, I'll
37
F
be there. Don't you know, ba - by,

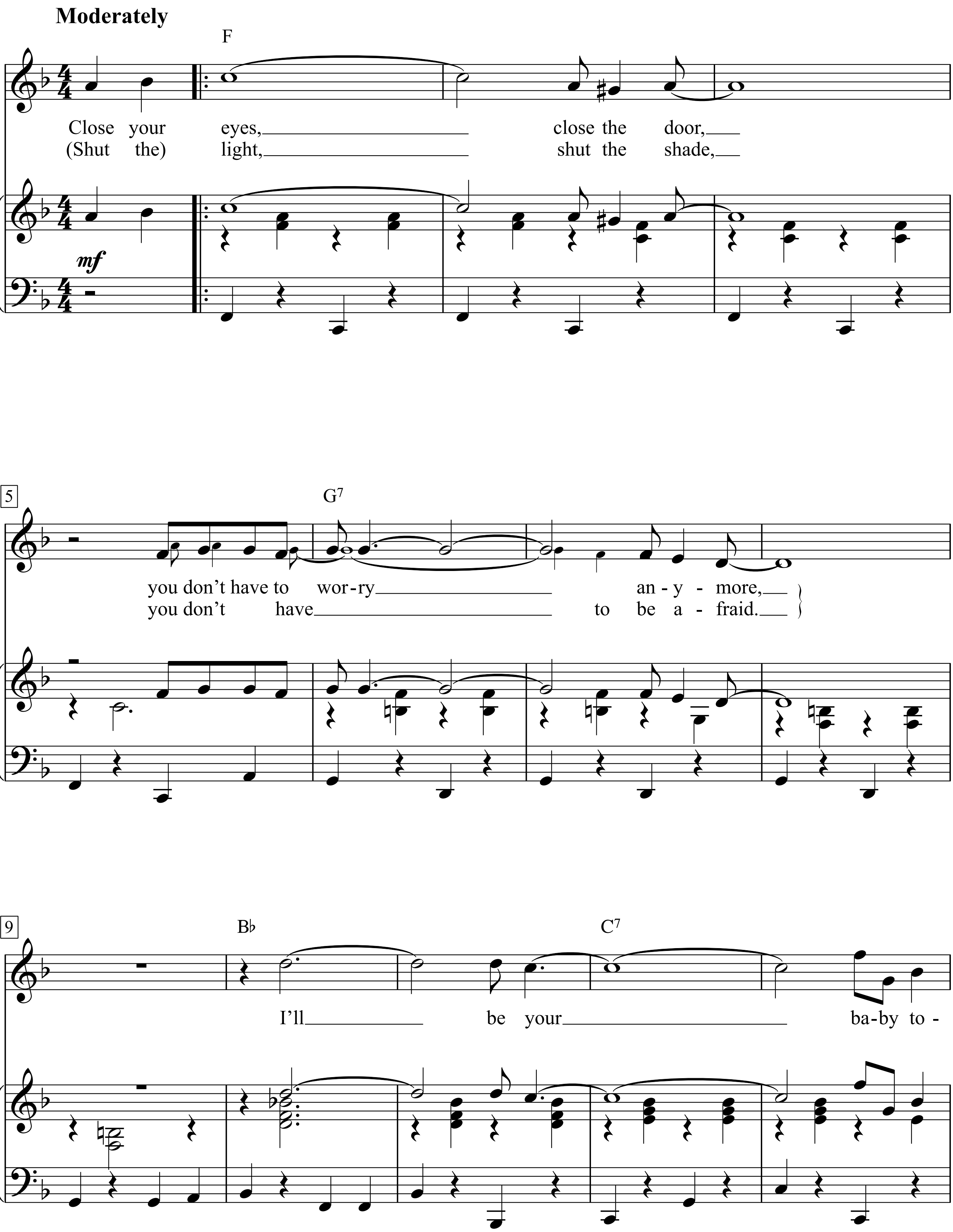

39
F
C/E
I'll be there,
41
Dm7
F/C
Am7
B♭
I'll be there,
just call my
Where - ev - er you
44
C7(sus4)
Fmaj9
Repeat and Fade
name,
need me,
I'll be there
Optional Ending
47
Fmaj9
be there.

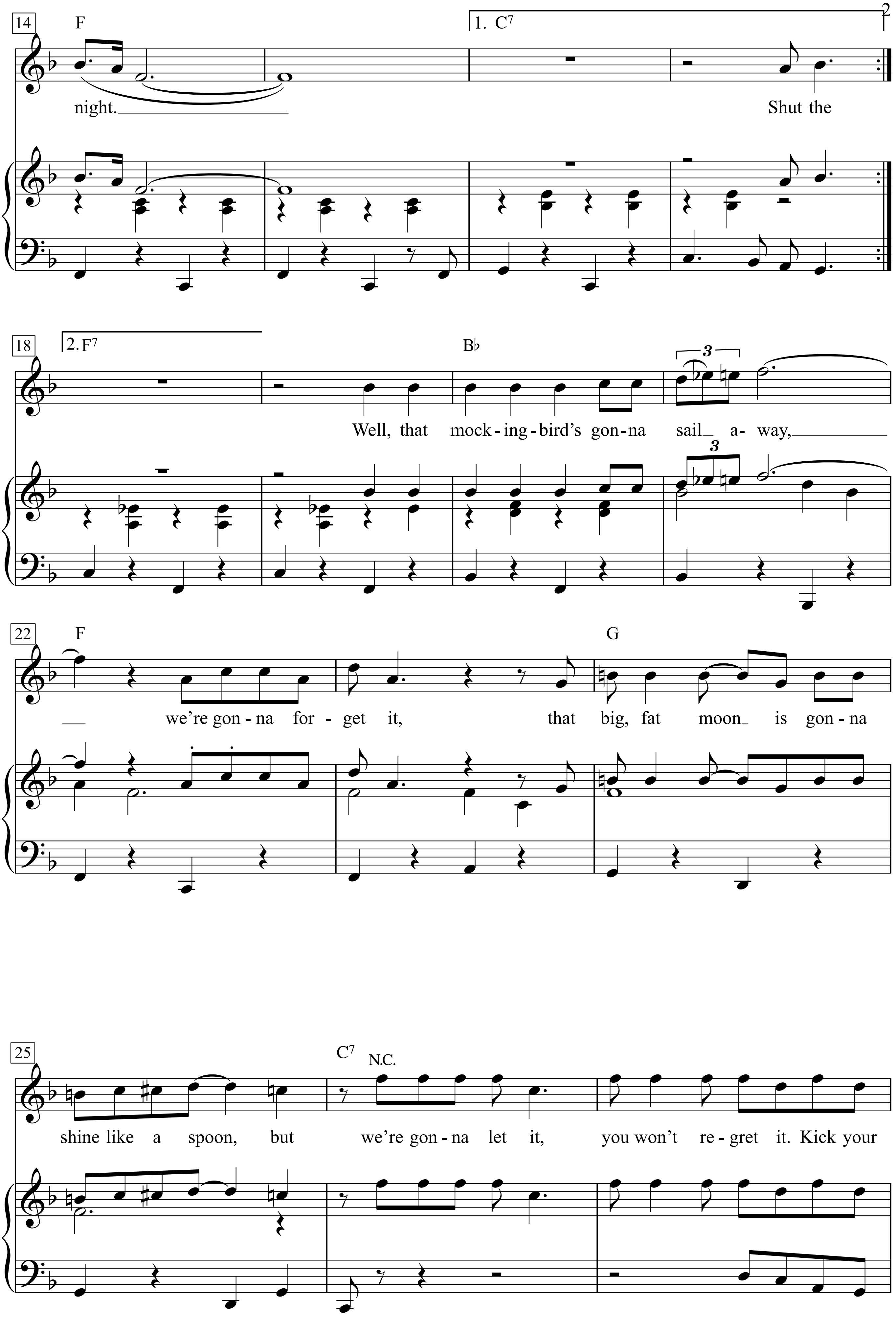
1. You and I must make a pact;
we must bring salvation back.
Where there is love,
I'll be there.
I'll reach out my hand to you;
I'll have faith in all you do.
Just call my name and I'll be there.
I'll be there to comfort you,
build my world of dreams around you;
I'm so glad that I found you.
I'll be there with a love that's strong,
I'll be your strength,
I'll keep holding on.
If you should ever find someone new,
I know he'd better be good to you,
'cause if he doesn't,
I'll be there.
Don't you know, baby,
I'll be there,
I'll be there, just call my name,
I'll be there be there.

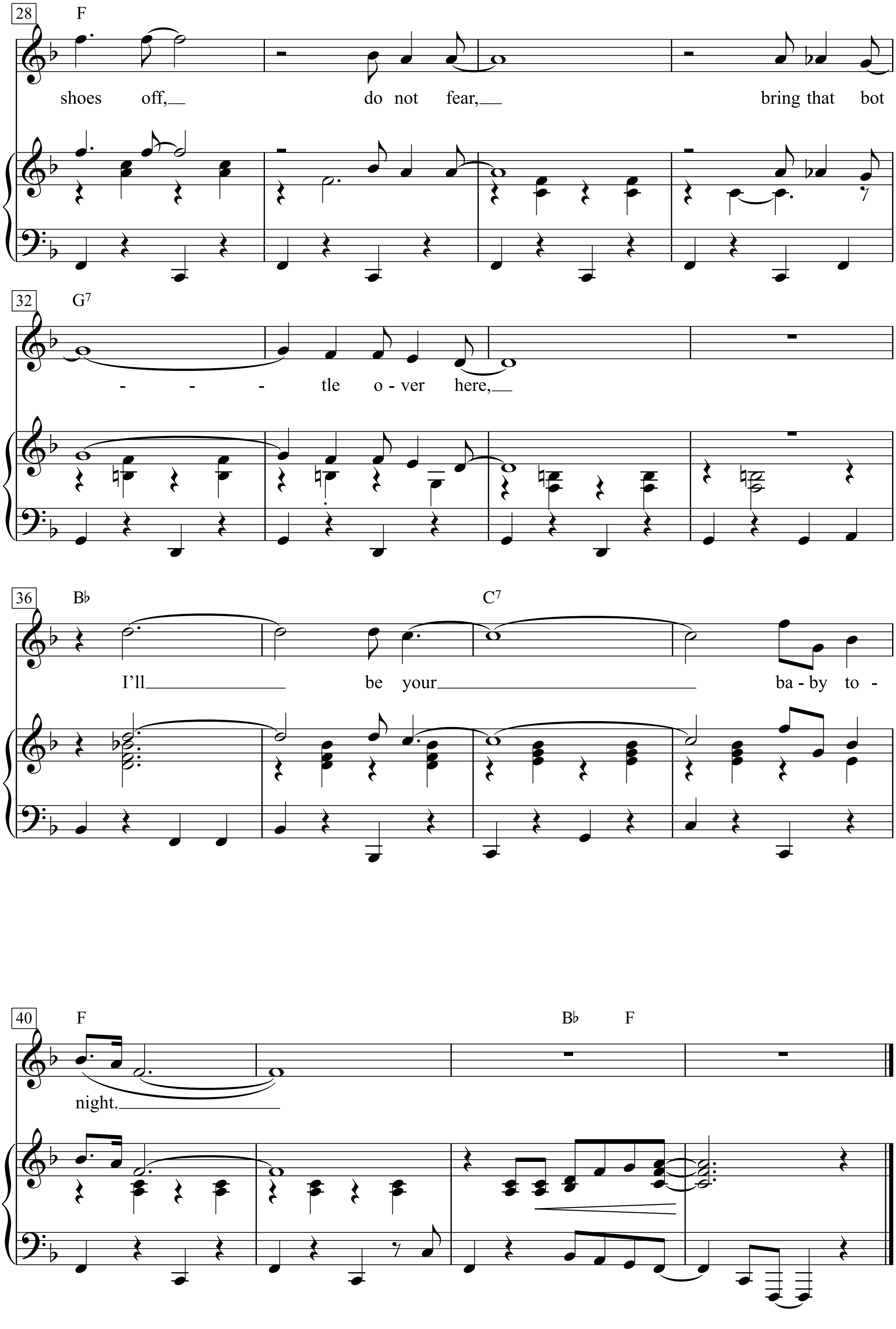
2. Let me fill your heart with joy and laughter.
Togetherness, well, it's all I'm after.
When - ever you need me,,
I'll be there.
I'll be there to protect you,
with an unselfish love that respects you.

I’ll Be Your Baby Tonight

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




14
F
1. C7
night.
Shut the
18
2. F7
B♭
3
Well, that mock-ing-bird's gon-na sail_ a- way,
22
F
G
we're gon-na for-get it, that big, fat moon_ is gon-na
25
C7
N.C.
shine like a spoon, but we're gon-na let it, you won't re-gret it. Kick your


28
F
shoes off,
do not fear,
bring that bot
32
G7
tle o - ver here,
36
B♭
C7
I'll
be your
ba - by to -
40
F
B♭
F
night.

Close your eyes, close the door
You don’t have to worry anymore
I’ll be your baby tonight

Shut the light, shut the shade
You don’t have to be afraid
I’ll be your baby tonight

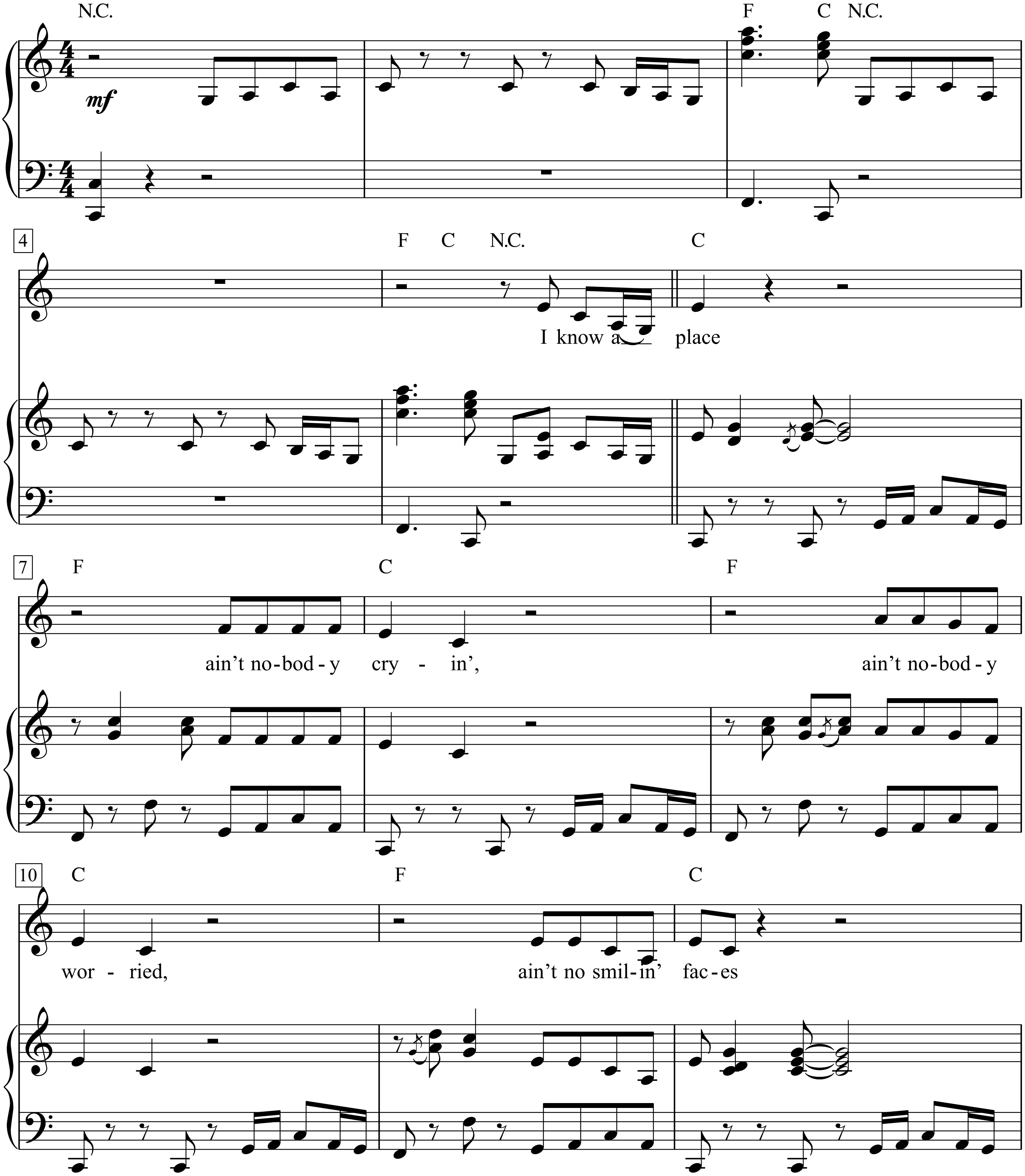
Well, that mockingbird’s gonna sail away
We’re gonna forget it, that big
Fat moon is gonna shine like a spoon
But we’re gonna let it
You won’t regret it

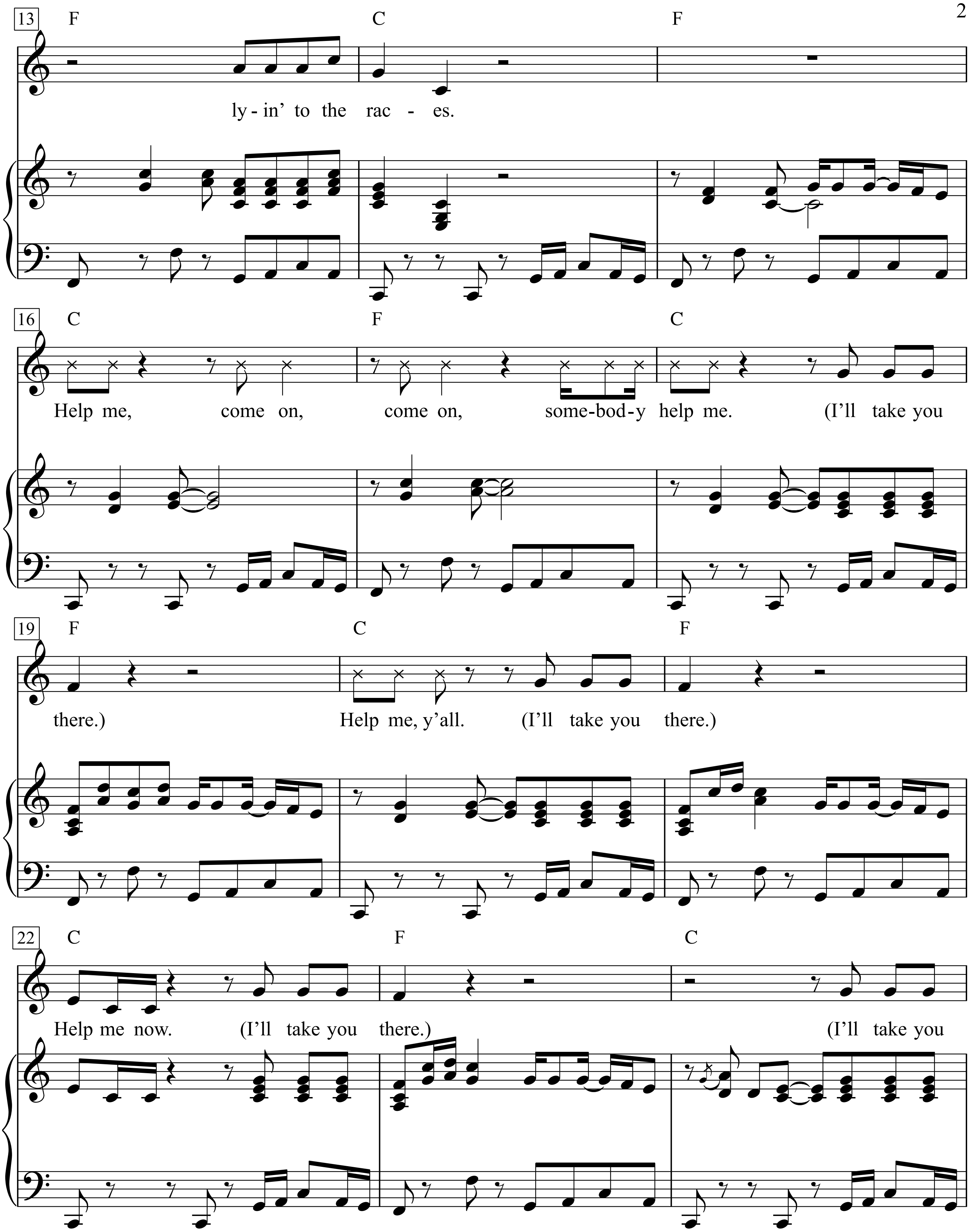
Kick your shoes off, do not fear
Bring that bottle over here
I’ll be your baby tonight

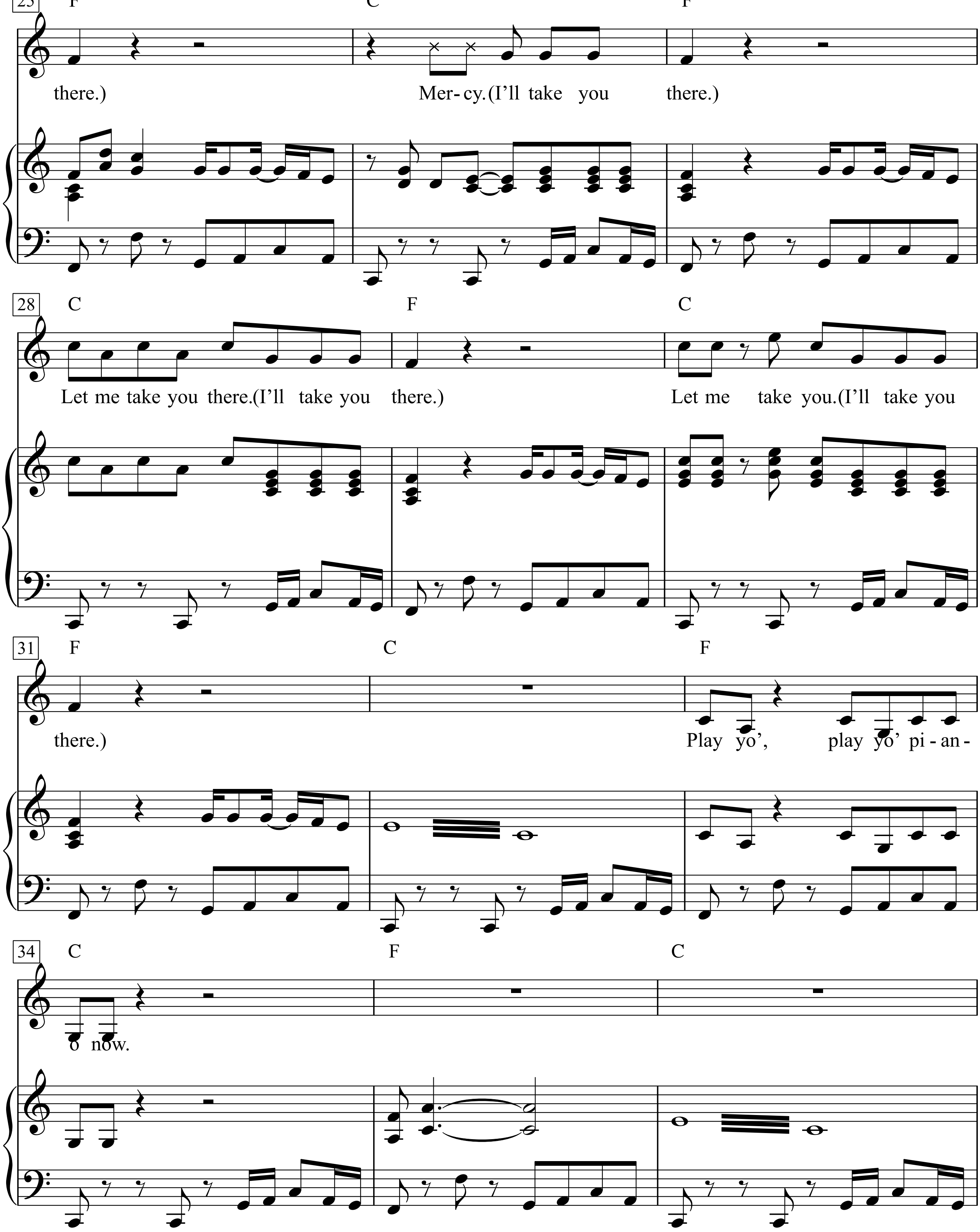
I’ll Take You There

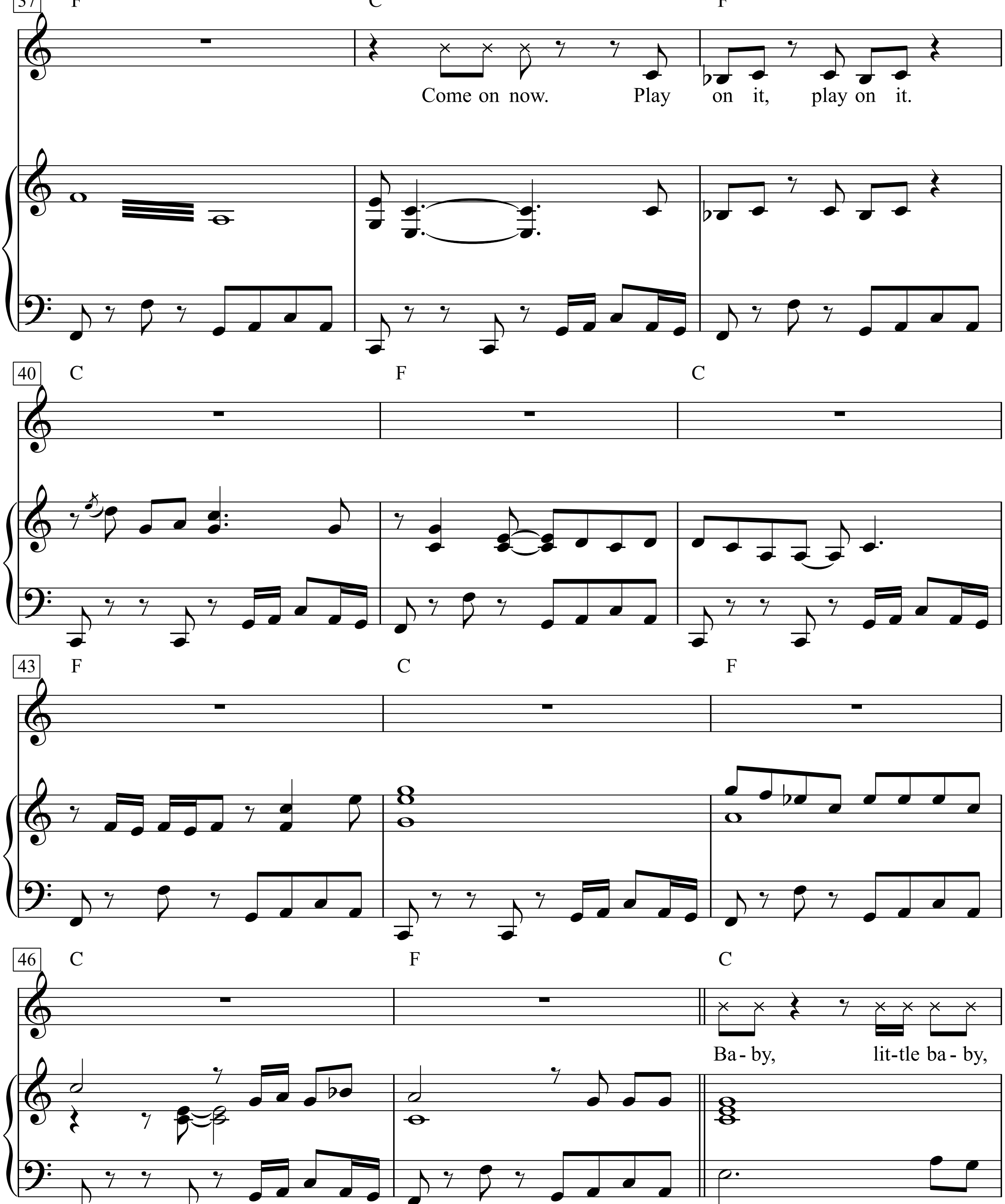
Words & Music by Alvertis Isbell
(The Staple Singers)

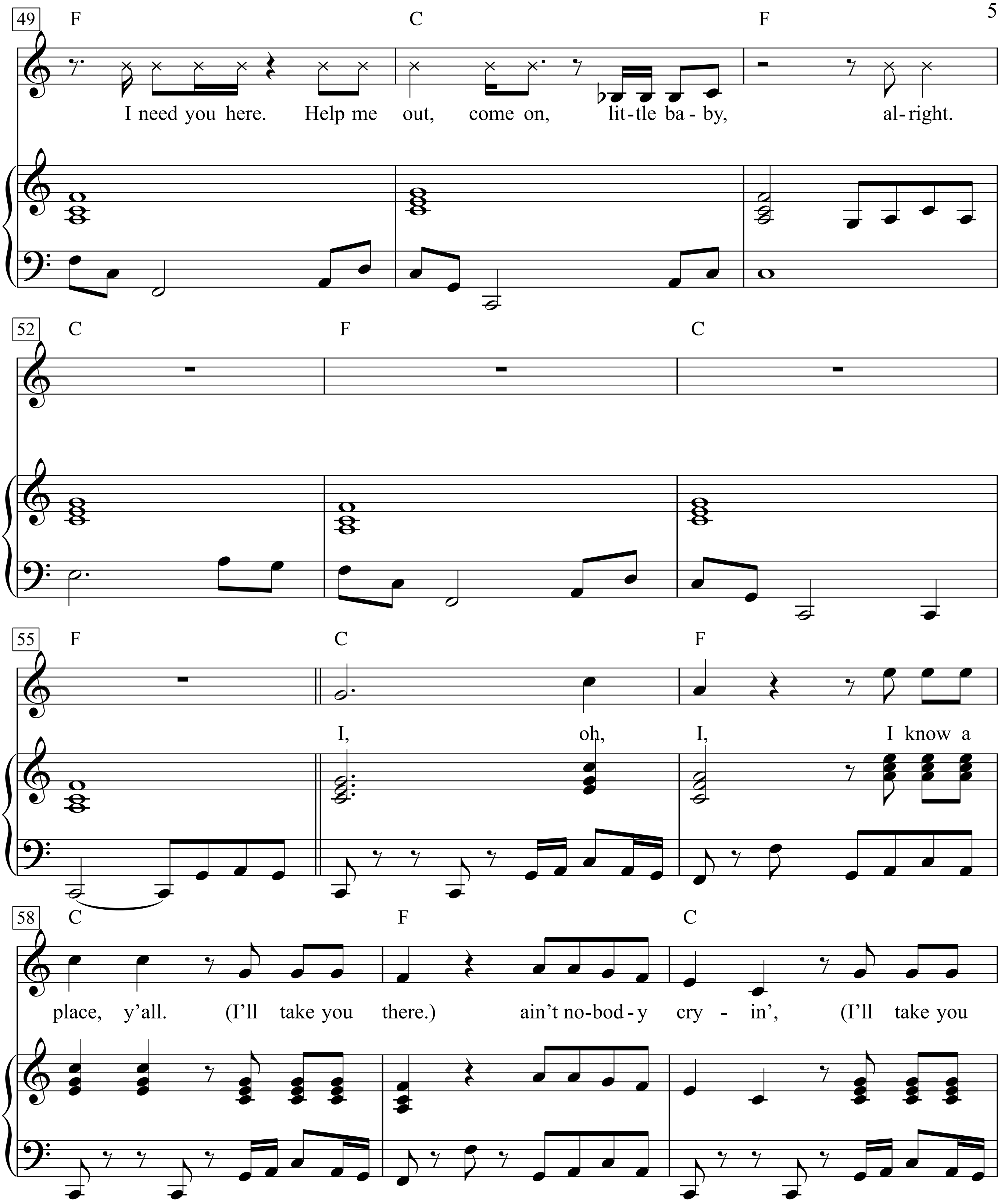
Moderately

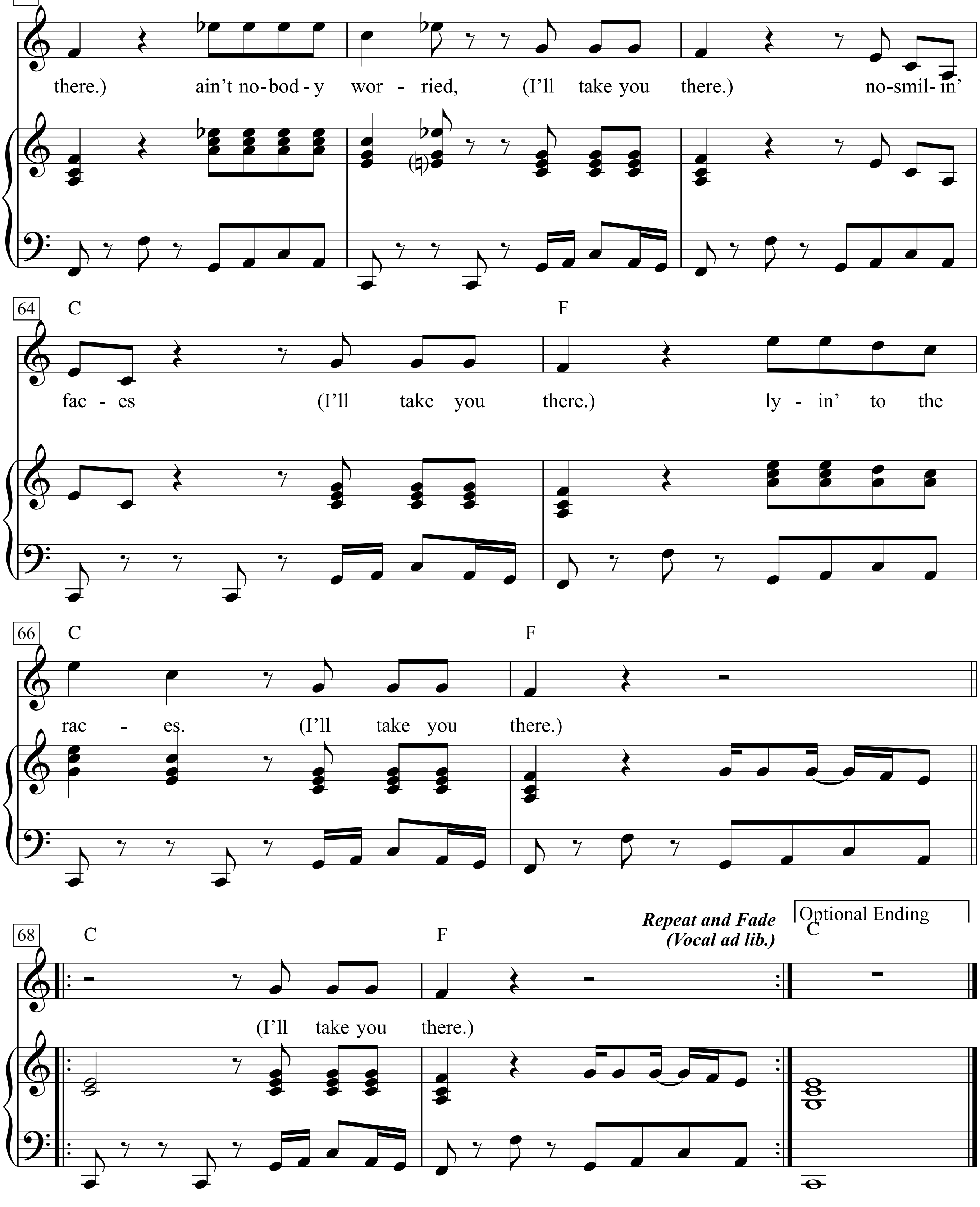



13
F
C
F
ly - in' to the rac - es.
16
C
F
C
Help me, come on, come on, some-bod-y help me. (I'll take you
19
F
C
F
there.) Help me, y'all. (I'll take you there.)
22
C
F
C
Help me now. (I'll take you there.) (I'll take you


25
F
C
F
there.)
Mer- cy.(I'll take you there.)
28
C
F
C
Let me take you there.(I'll take you there.)
Let me take you.(I'll take you
31
F
C
F
there.)
Play yo', play yo' pi - an -
34
C
F
C
o now.


37
F
C
F
Come on now.
Play
on it,
play on it.
40
C
F
C
43
F
C
F
46
C
F
C
Ba - by,
lit-tle ba - by,


49
F
C
F
I need you here. Help me out, come on, lit-tle ba-by, al-right.
52
C
F
C
55
F
C
F
I, oh, I, I know a
58
C
F
C
place, y'all. (I'll take you there.) ain't no-bod-y cry - in', (I'll take you

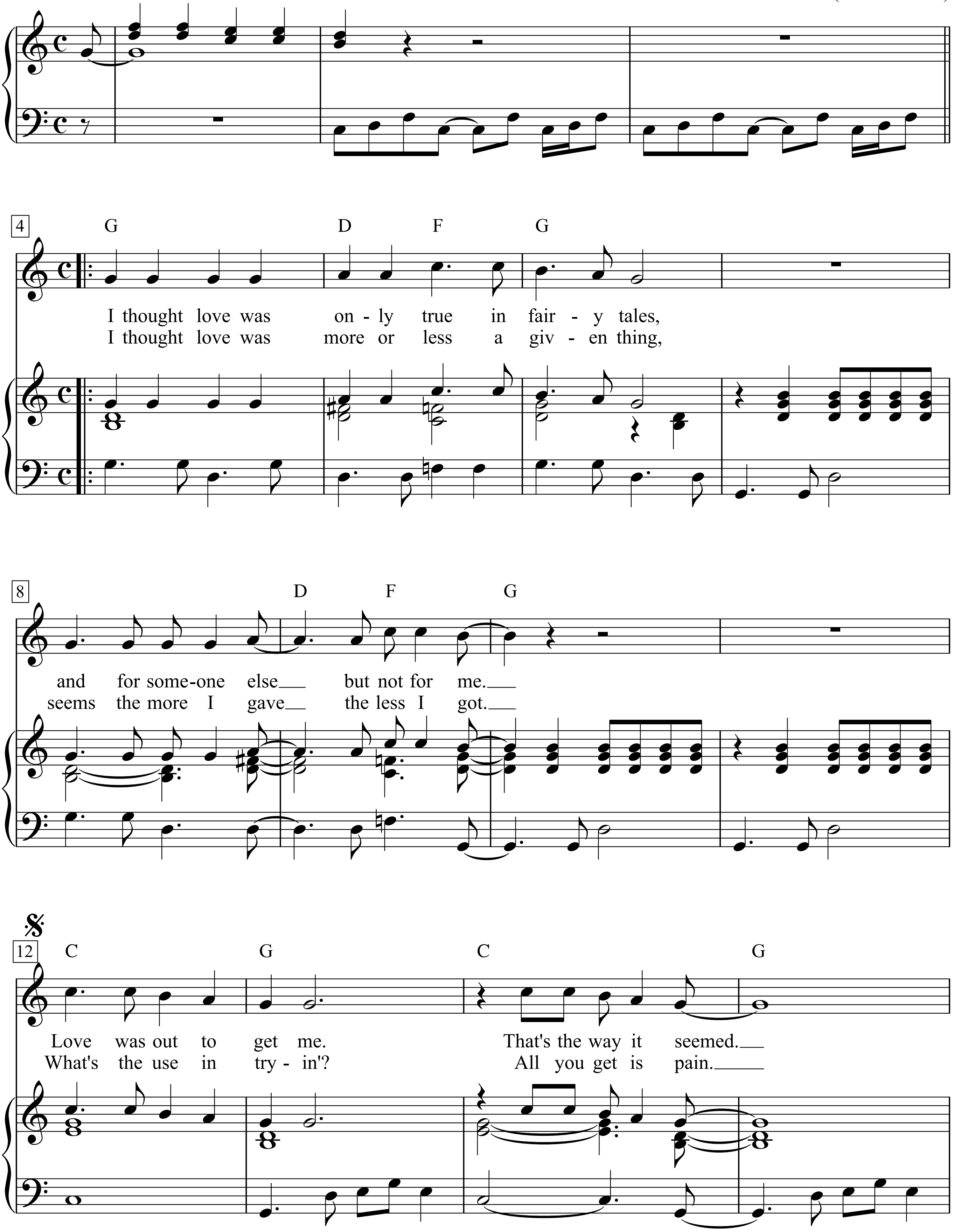

61
F
C
F
there.) ain't no-bod-y wor - ried, (I'll take you there.) no-smil-in'
64
C
F
fac - es (I'll take you there.) ly - in' to the
66
C
F
rac - es. (I'll take you there.)
68
C
F
Repeat and Fade
(Vocal ad lib.)
Optional Ending
C
(I'll take you there.)

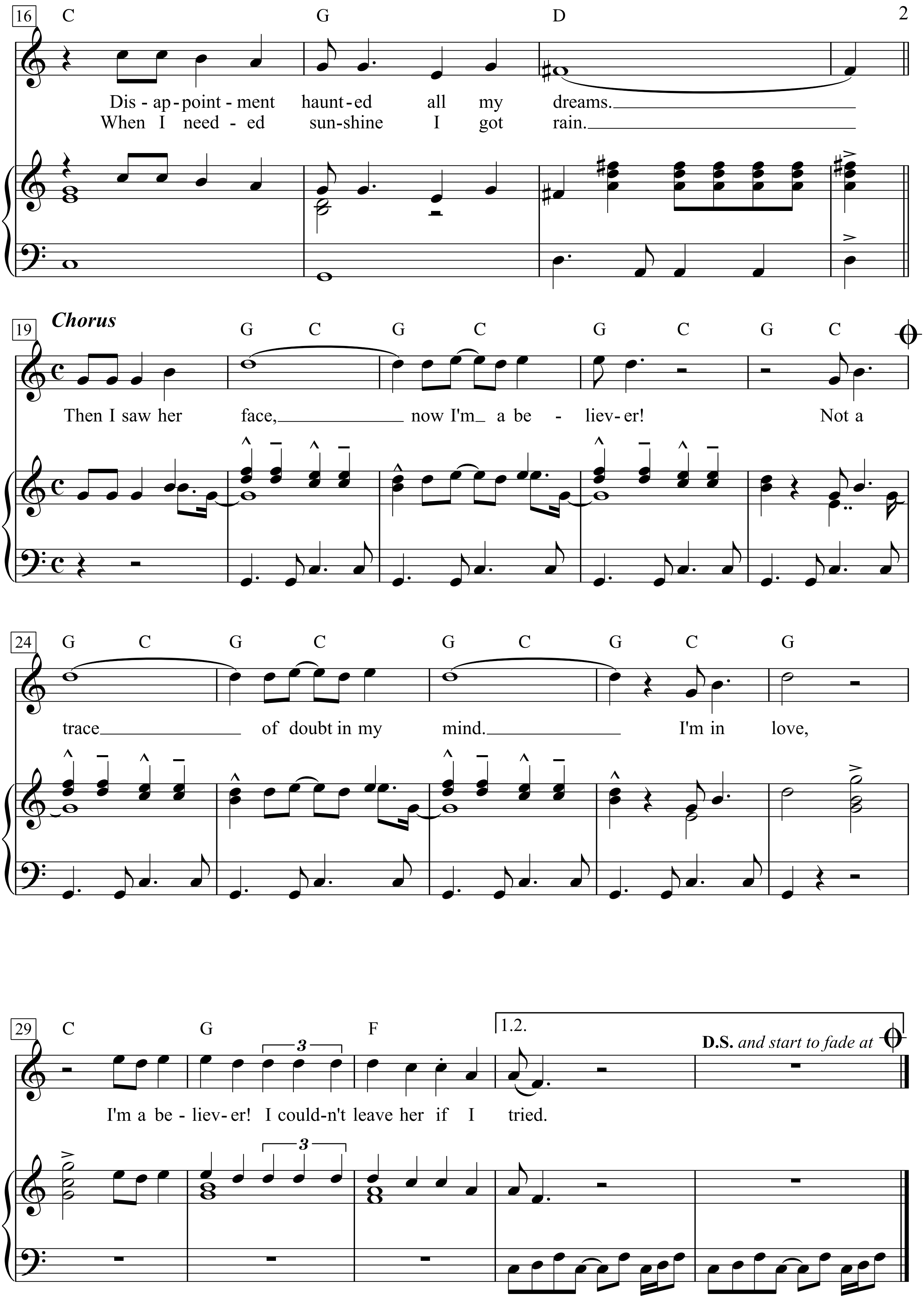
1.
I know a place ain't nobody cryin', ain't nobody worried,
ain't no smilin' faces lyin' to the races.
Help me, come on, come on, somebody help me.
(I'll take you there.) Help me, y'all. (I'll take you there.)
Help me now. (I'll take you there.) (I'll take you there.)
Mercy. (I'll take you there.) Let me take you there.
(I'll take you there.) Let me take you. (I'll take you there.)
Play yo', play yo' piano now.
Come on now.
Play on it, play on it.
Baby, little baby,
I need you here.
Help me out, come on, little baby, alright.
I, oh,
I, I know a place, y'all. (I'll take you there.) ain't nobody cryin',
(I'll take you there.) ain't nobody worried, (I'll take you there.)
no smilin' faces (I'll take you there.) lyin' to the races.
(I'll take you there.) (I'll take you there.)

I'm A Believer

Words & Music by
Neil Diamond
(The Monkees)

Moderate Tempo




16
C G D
Dis - ap - point - ment haunt - ed all my dreams.
When I need - ed sun - shine I got rain.
19
Chorus
G C G C G C G C
Then I saw her face, now I'm a be - liev - er! Not a
24
G C G C G C G C G
trace of doubt in my mind. I'm in love,
29
C G F
1.2.
D.S. and start to fade at
I'm a be - liev - er! I could - n't leave her if I tried.

I thought love was only true in fairy tales,
and for someone else but not for me.
Love was out to get me.
That's the way it seemed.
Disappointment haunted all my dreams.
Then I saw her face, now I'm a believer!
Not a trace of doubt in my mind.
I'm in love, I'm a believer!
I couldn't leave her if I tried.

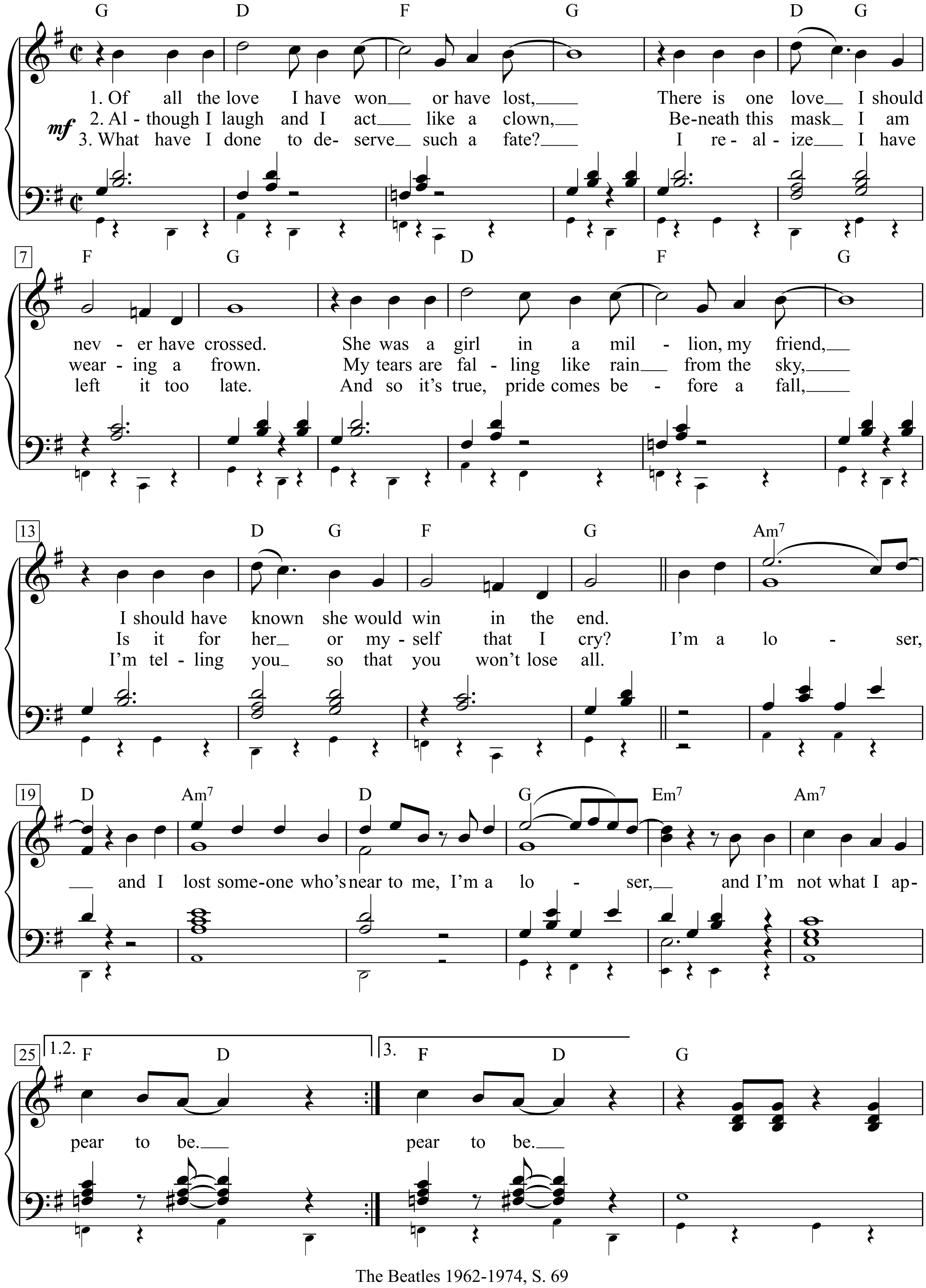
I thought love was more or less a given thing,
seems the more I gave the less I got.
What's the use in tryin'?
All you get is pain.
When I needed sunshine I got rain.

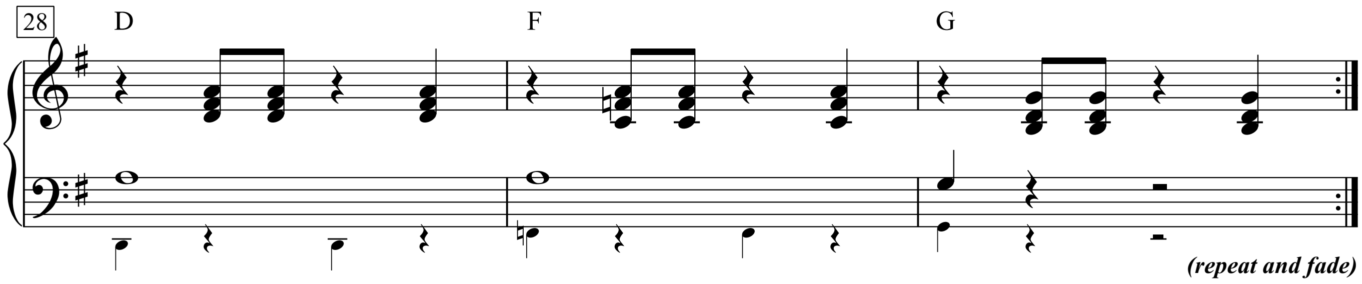
I'm A Loser

(Organ: Registration No. 3)

Moderately bright

Words & Music:
John Lennon & Paul McCartney





I’m a loser, I’m a loser,
And I’m not what I appear to be.

1. Of all the love I have won or have lost,
There is one love I should never have crossed.
She was a girl in a million my friend,
I should have known she would win in the end.
I’m a loser, and I lost someone who’s near to me,
I’m a loser, and I’m not what I appear to be.

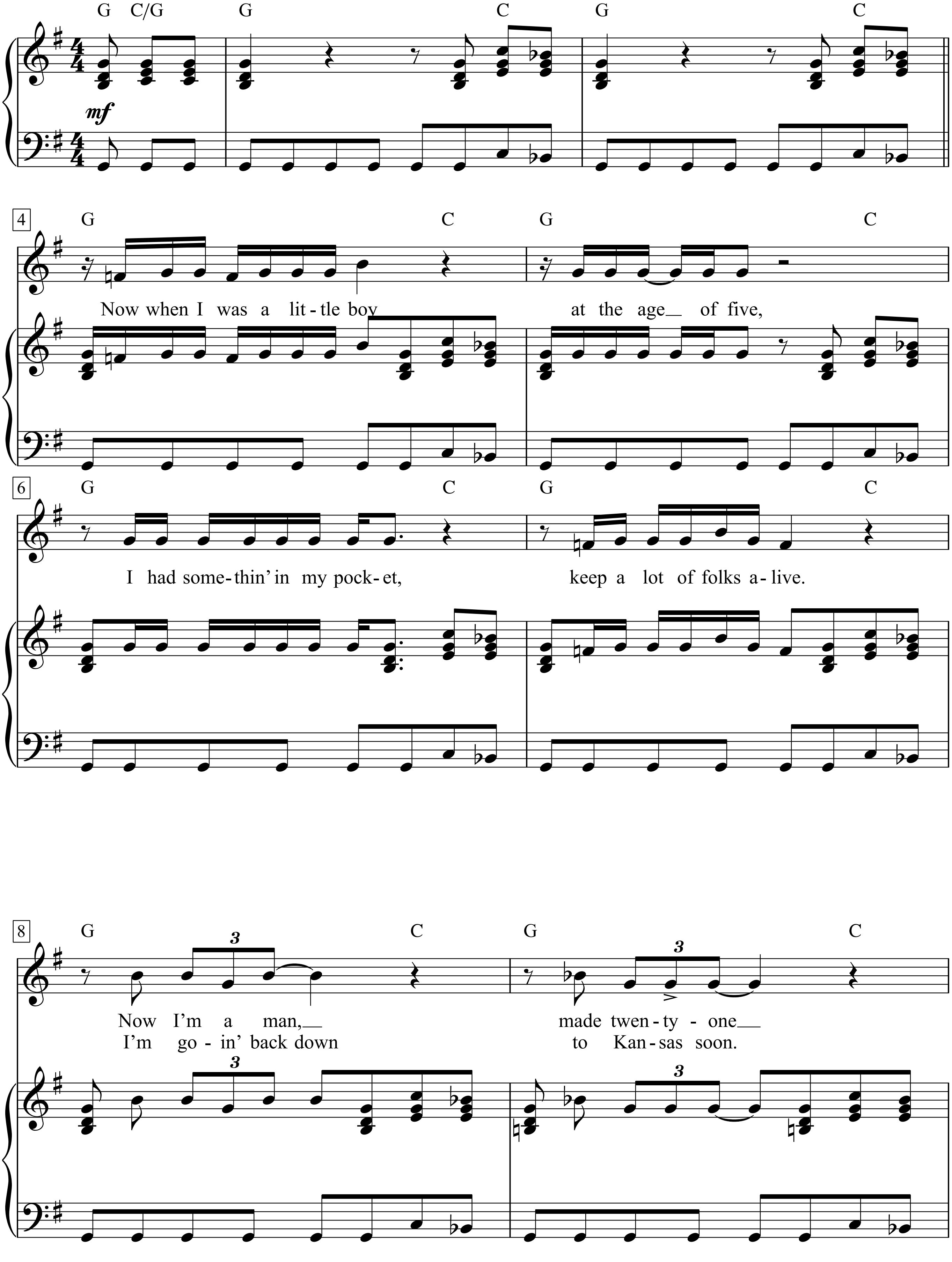
2. Although I laugh and I act like a clown,
Beneath this mask I am wearing a frown.
My tears are falling like rain from the sky,
Is it for her or myself that I cry?
I’m a loser, and I lost someone who’s near to me,
I’m a loser, and I’m not what I appear to be.

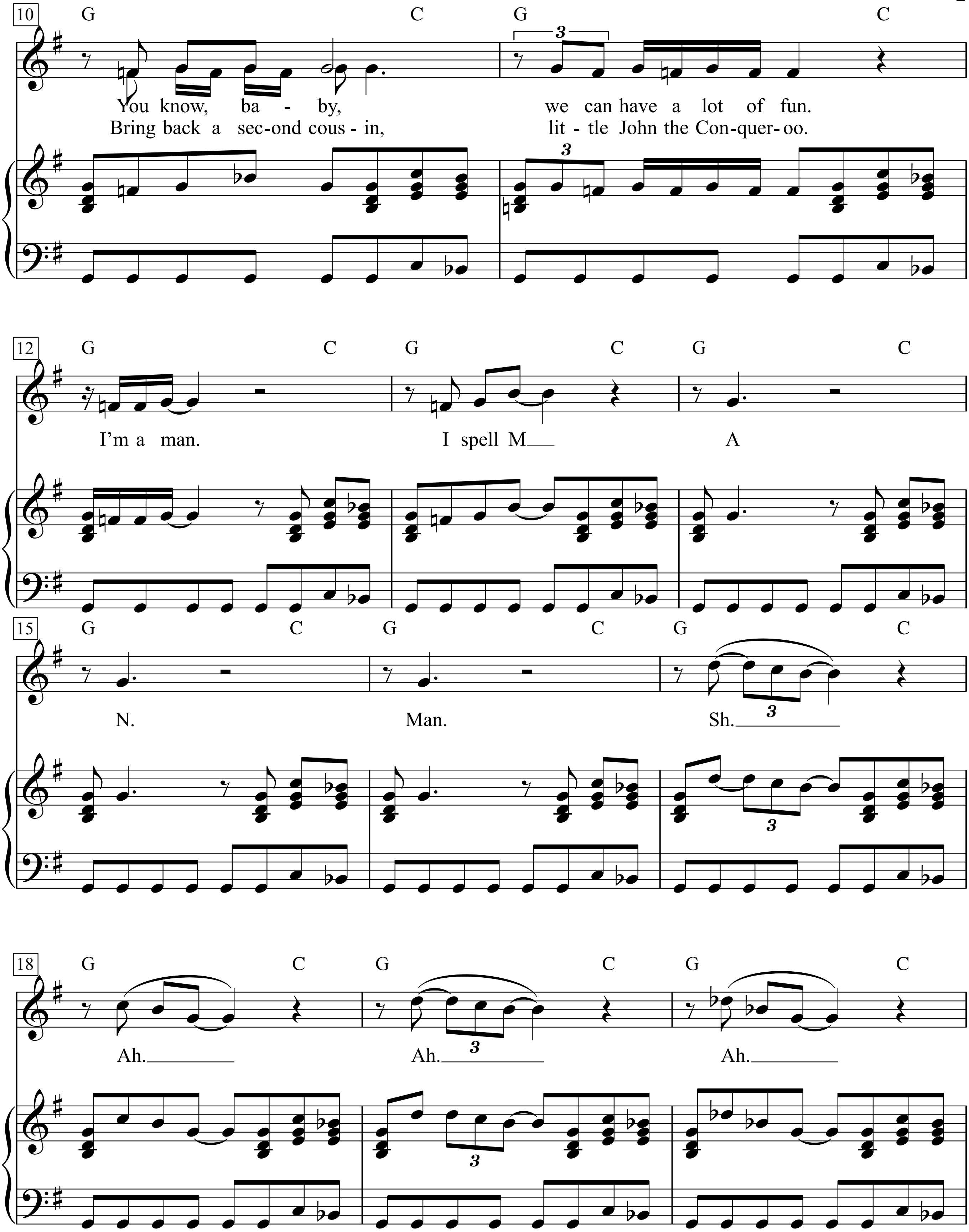
3. What have I done to deserve such a fate?
I realize I have left it too late.
And so it’s true, pride comes before a fall,
I’m telling you so that you won’t lose all.
I’m a loser, and I lost someone who’s near to me,
I’m a loser, and I’m not what I appear to be.

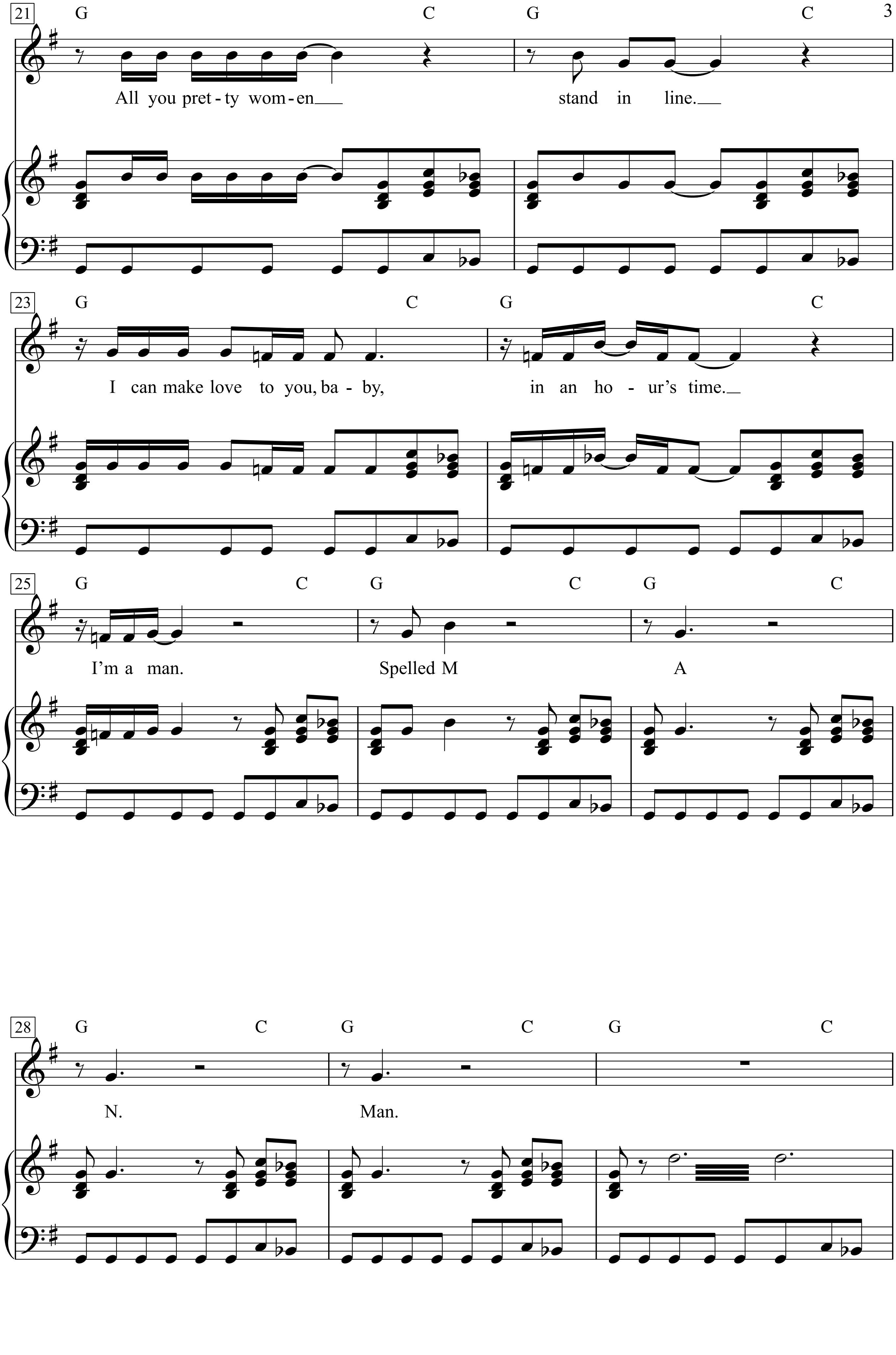
I'm a Man

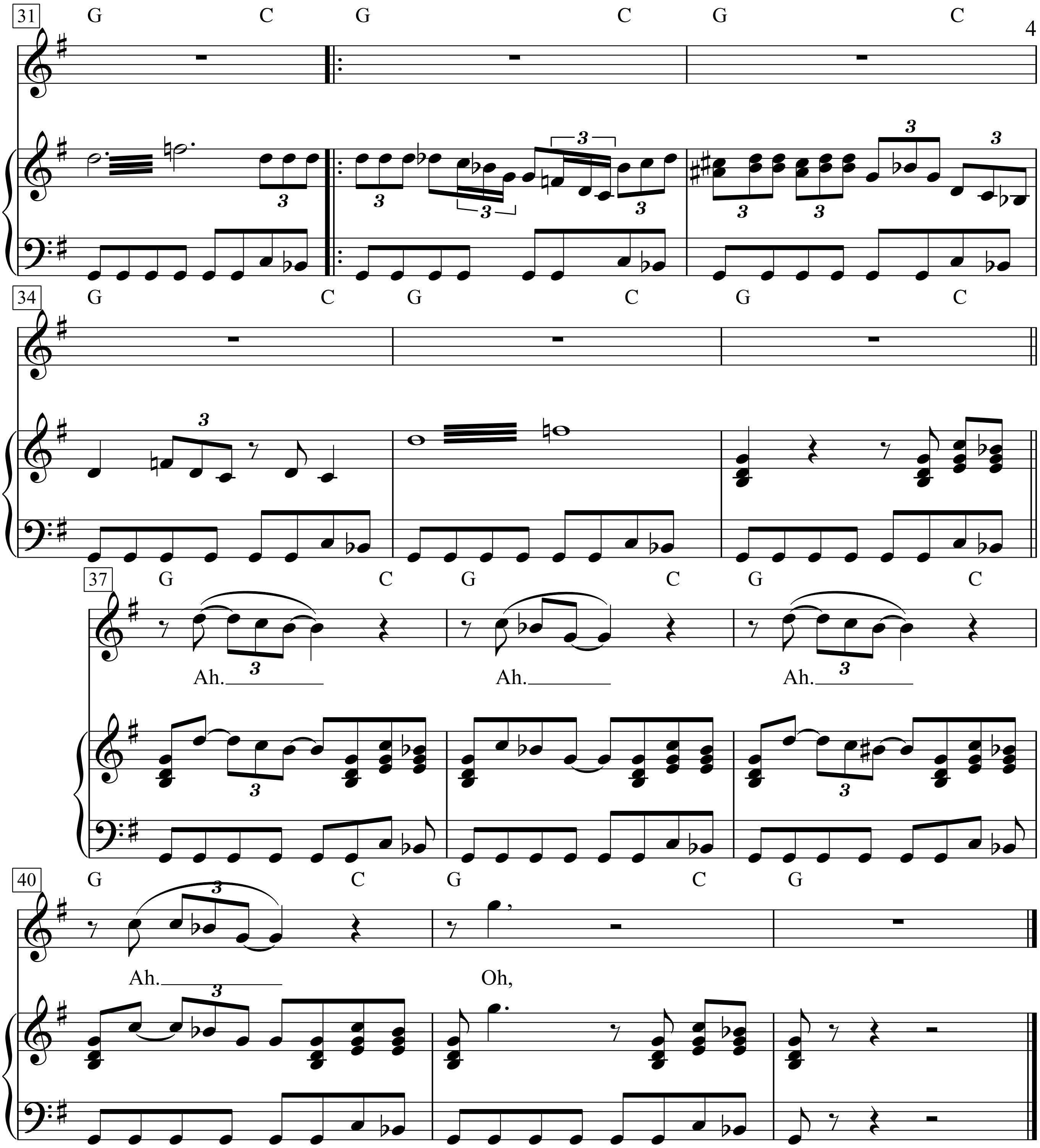
Moderately slow shuffle

Words & Music by Ellas McDaniel
(Bo Diddley)



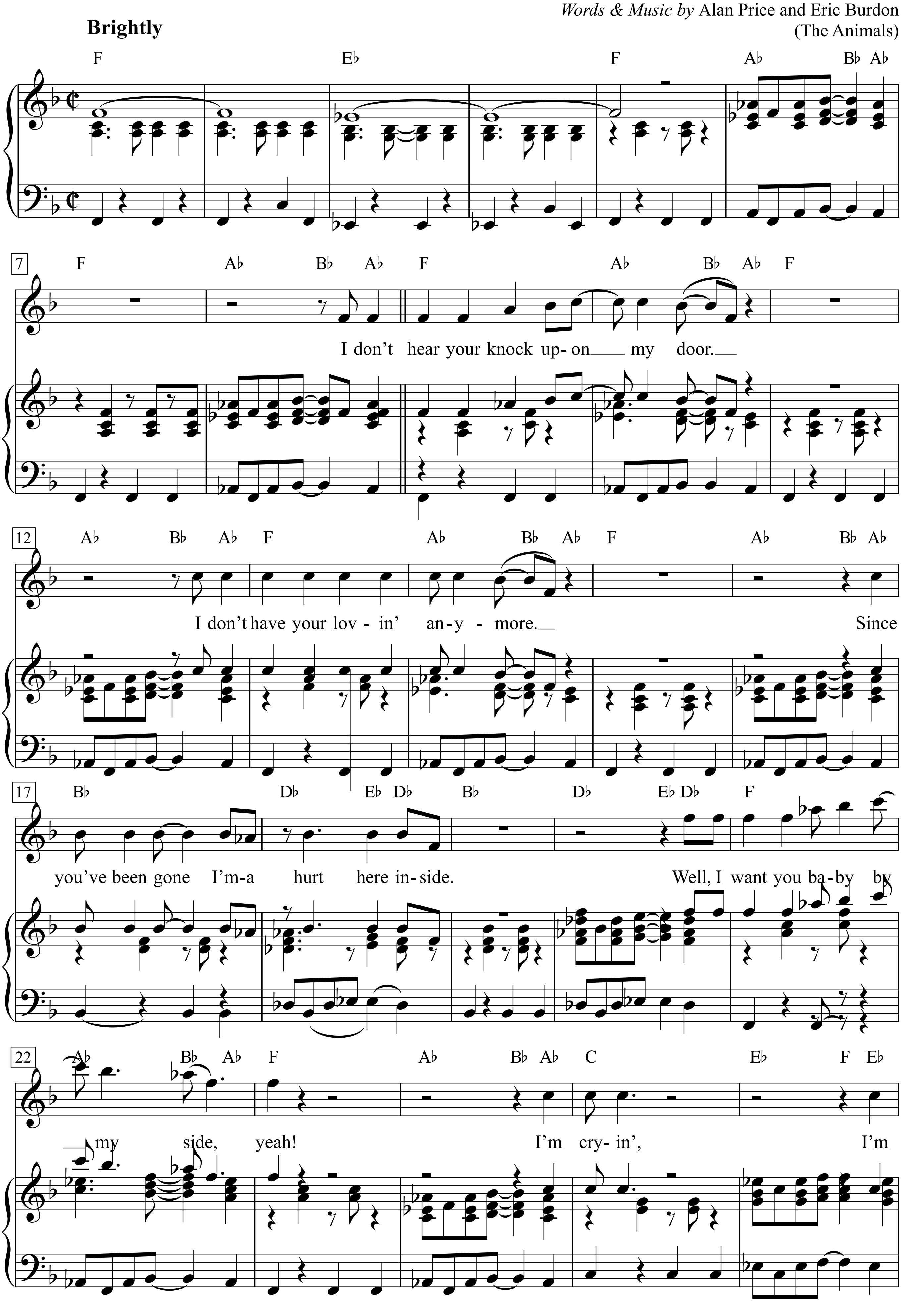

10
G C G C
3
You know, ba - by, we can have a lot of fun.
Bring back a sec-ond cous - in, lit - tle John the Con-quer-oo.
12
G C G C G C
I'm a man. I spell M A
15
G C G C G C
N. Man. Sh.
18
G C G C G C
Ah. Ah. Ah.

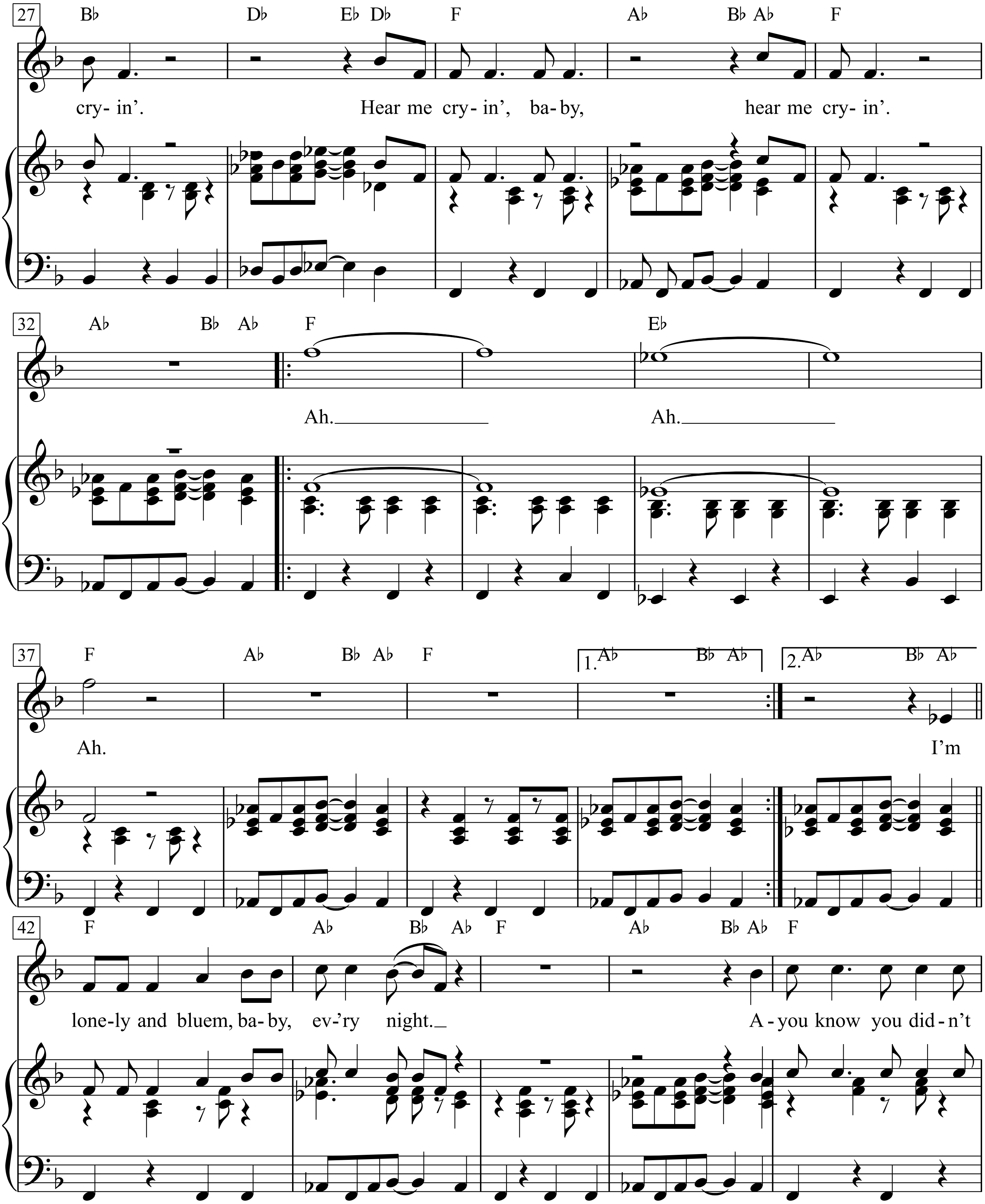

21
G C G C
All you pret - ty wom - en stand in line.
23
G C G C
I can make love to you, ba - by, in an ho - ur's time.
25
G C G C G C
I'm a man. Spelled M A
28
G C G C G C
N. Man.

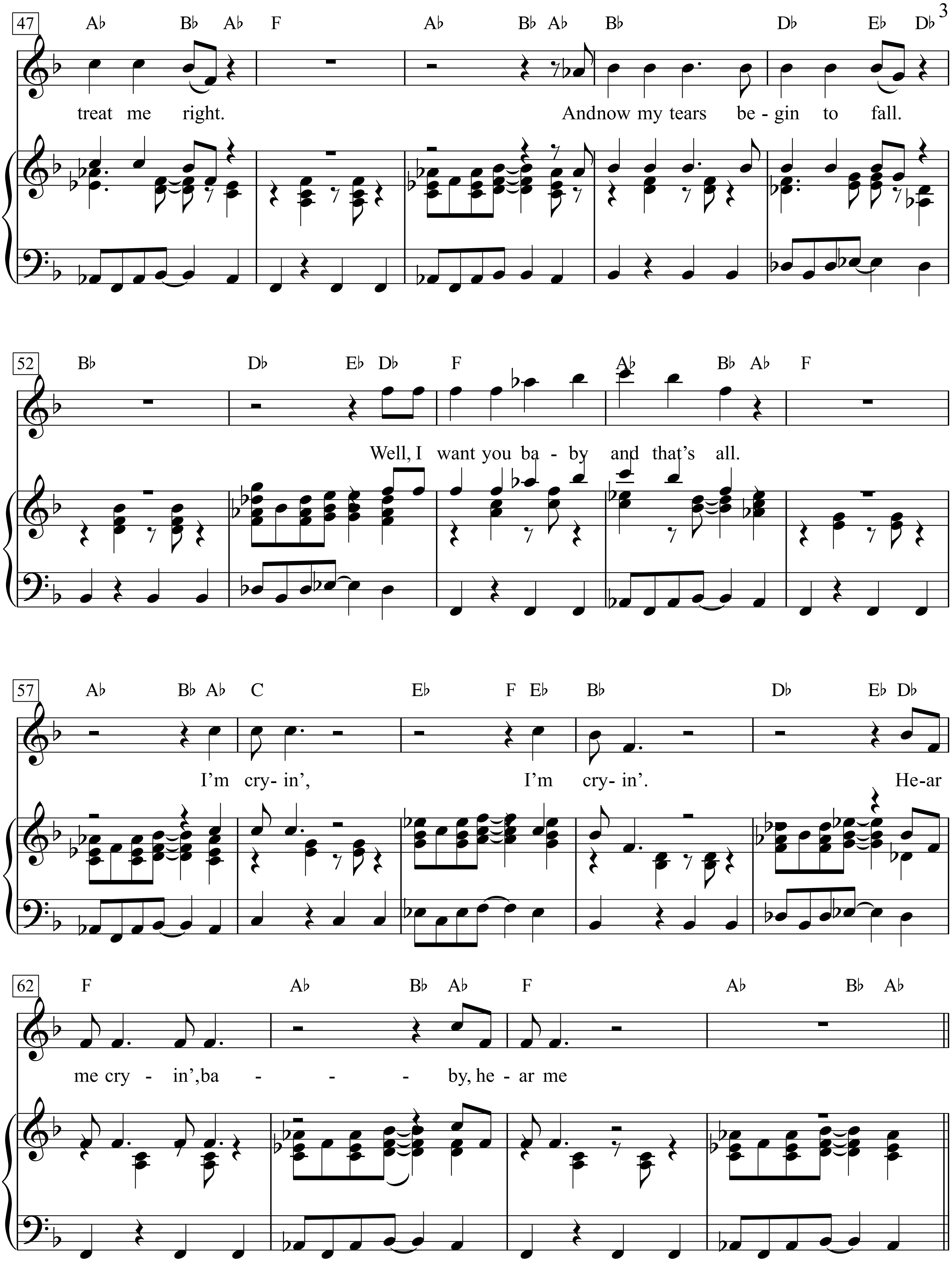

31
G C G C G C
34
G C G C G C
37
G C G C G C
Ah. Ah. Ah.
40
G C G C G
Ah. Oh,

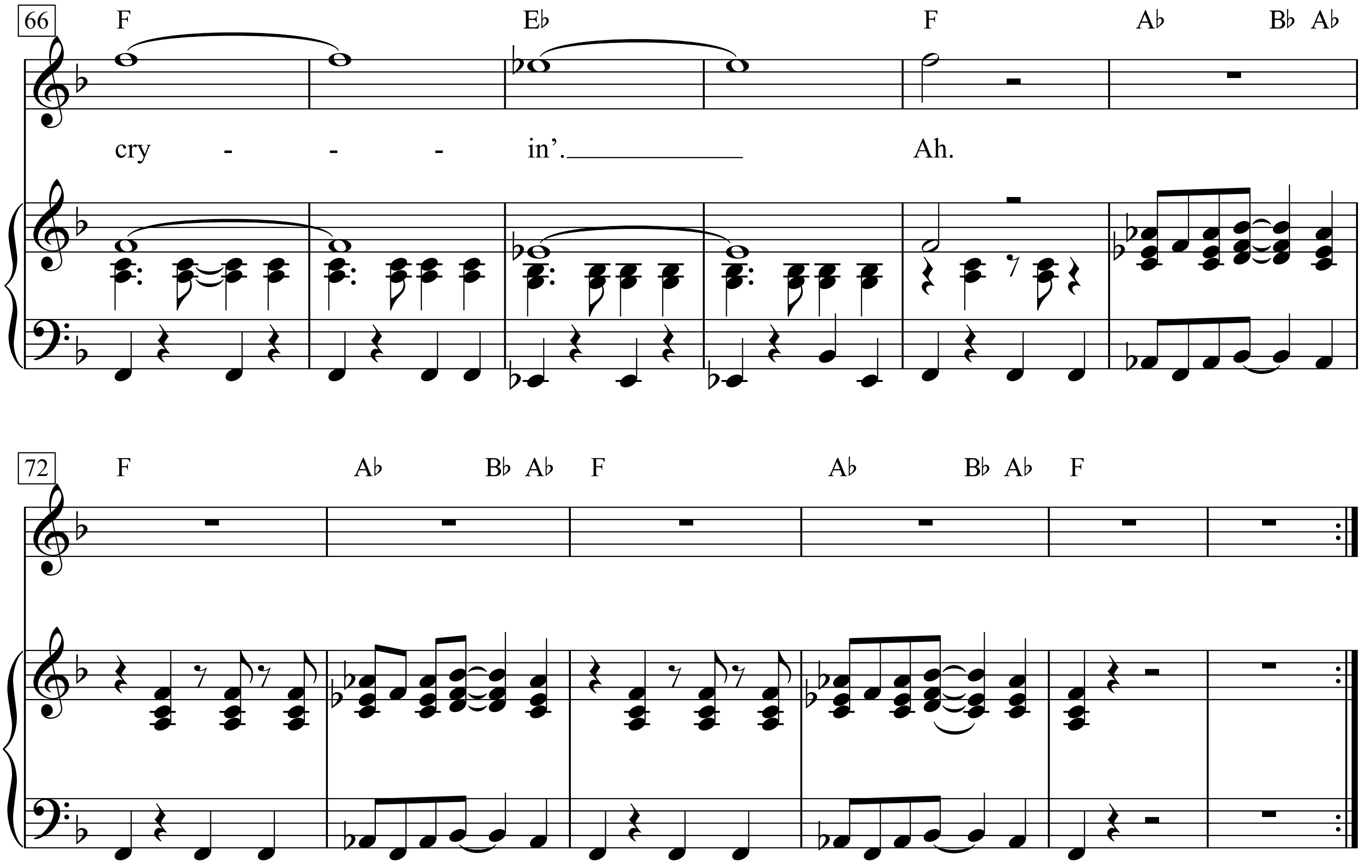
I'm Crying

Words & Music by Alan Price and Eric Burdon
(The Animals)




27
B♭ D♭ E♭ D♭ F A♭ B♭ A♭ F
cry- in'. Hear me cry- in', ba-by, hear me cry- in'.
32
A♭ B♭ A♭ F E♭
Ah. Ah.
37
F A♭ B♭ A♭ F 1.A♭ B♭ A♭ 2.A♭ B♭ A♭
Ah. I'm
42
F A♭ B♭ A♭ F A♭ B♭ A♭ F
lone-ly and bluem, ba- by, ev-'ry night. A - you know you did - n't

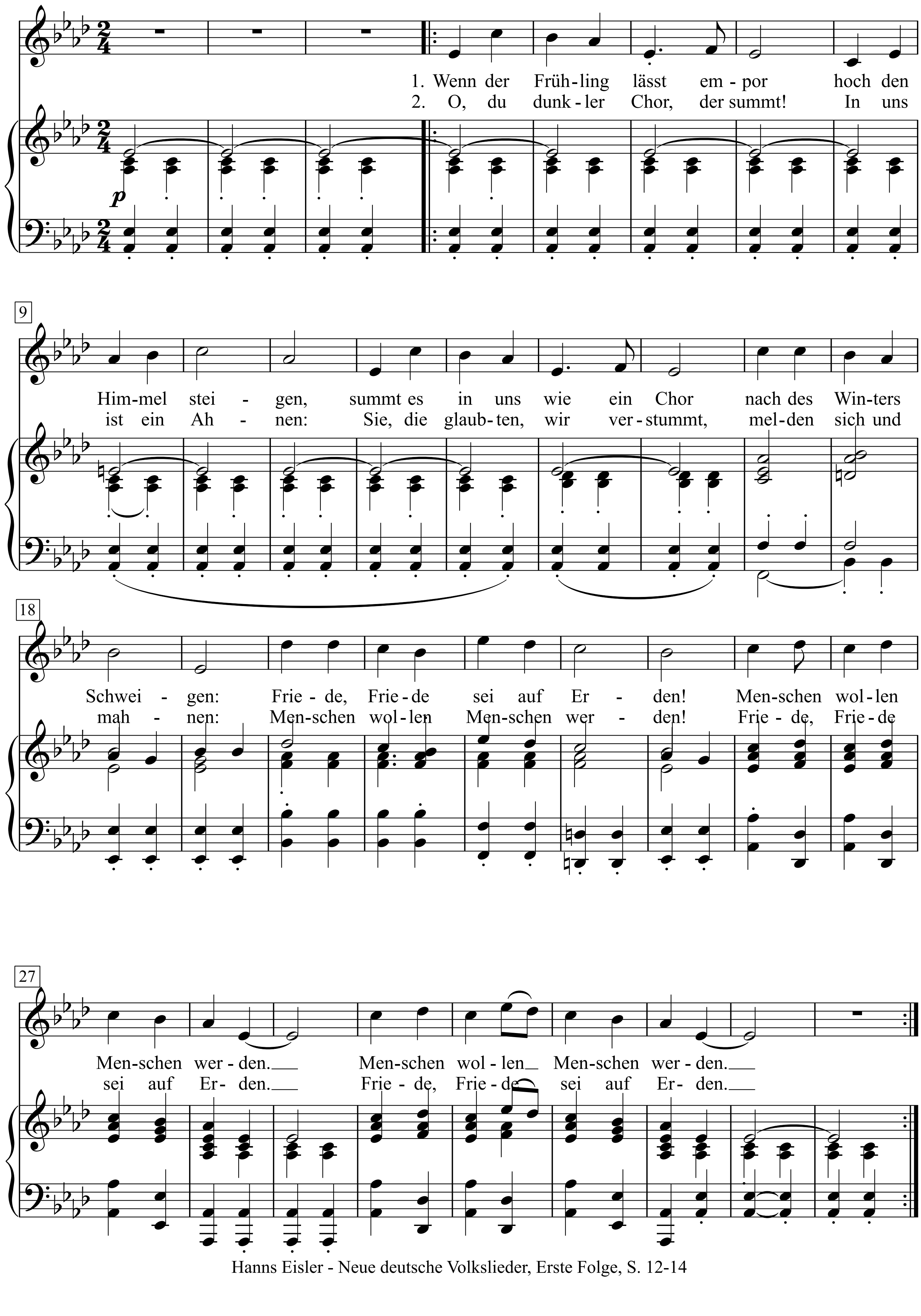

47
Ab Bb Ab F Ab Bb Ab Bb Db Eb Db
treat me right. Andnow my tears be - gin to fall.
52
Bb Db Eb Db F Ab Bb Ab F
Well, I want you ba - by and that's all.
57
Ab Bb Ab C Eb F Eb Bb Db Eb Db
I'm cry- in', I'm cry- in'. He-ar
62
F Ab Bb Ab F Ab Bb Ab
me cry - in',ba - - - by, he - ar me


66
F
E♭
F
A♭
B♭ A♭
cry - - - in'.
Ah.
72
F
A♭
B♭ A♭
F
A♭
B♭ A♭
F

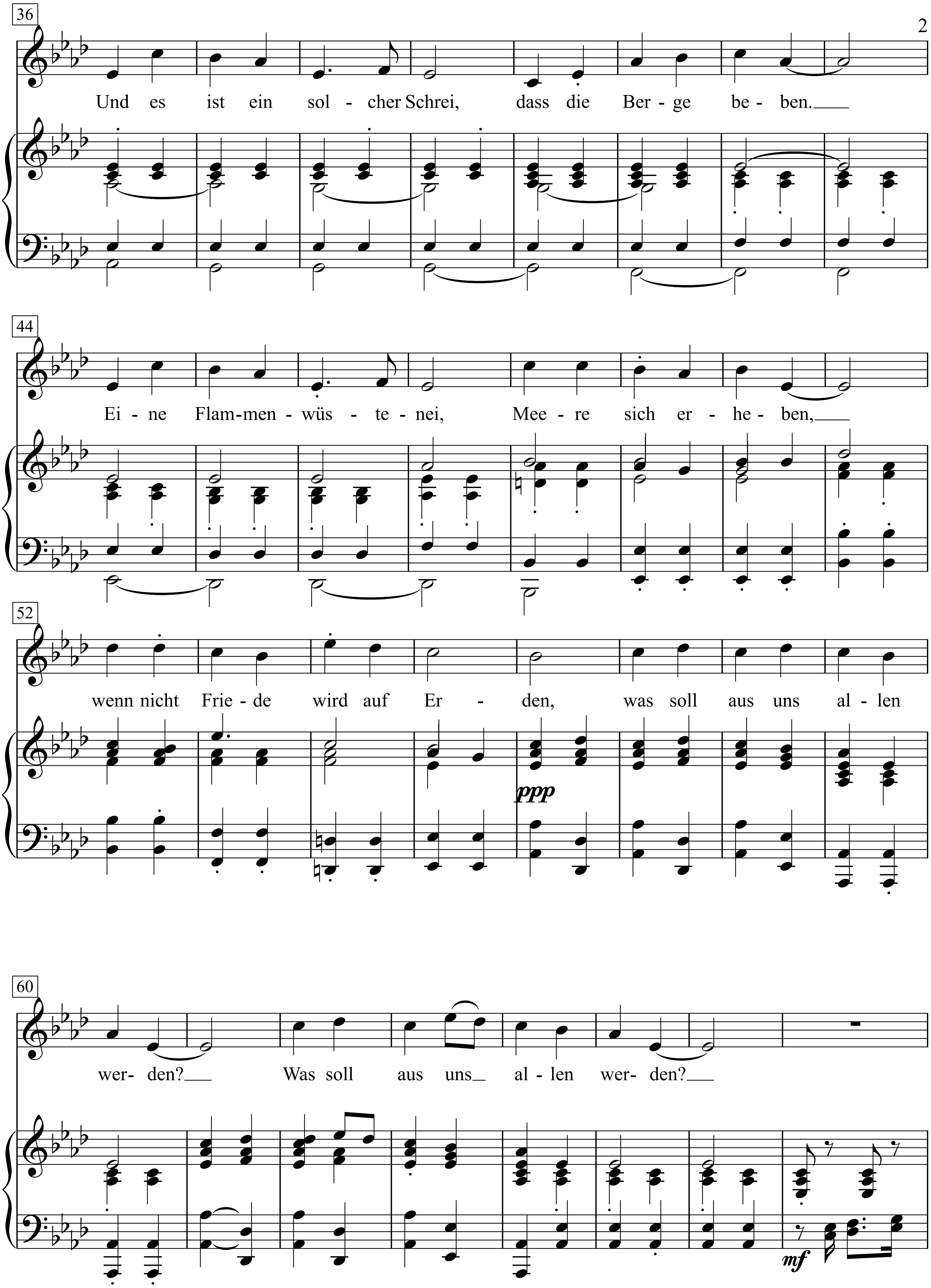
Im Frühling

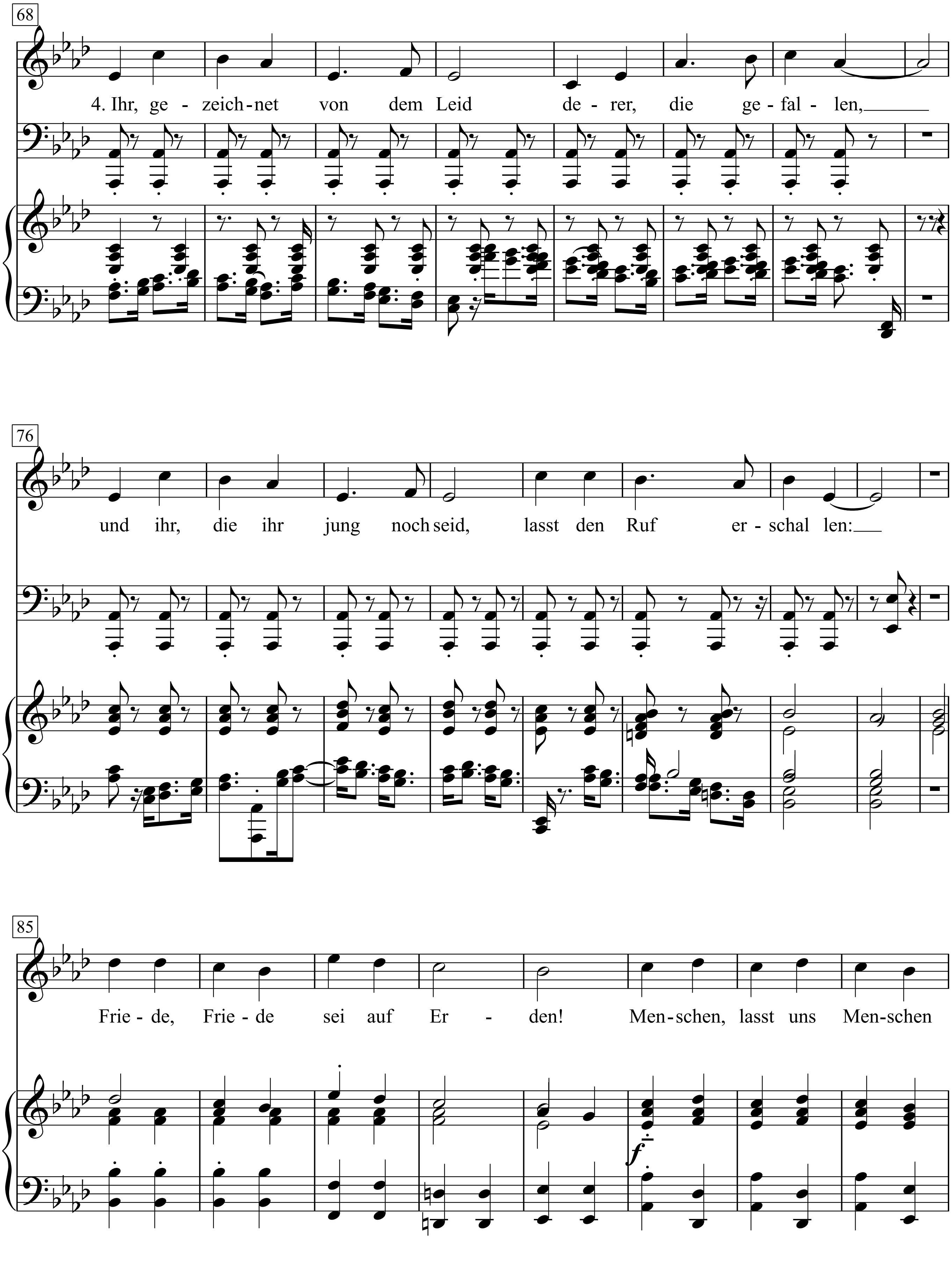
Johannes R. Becher

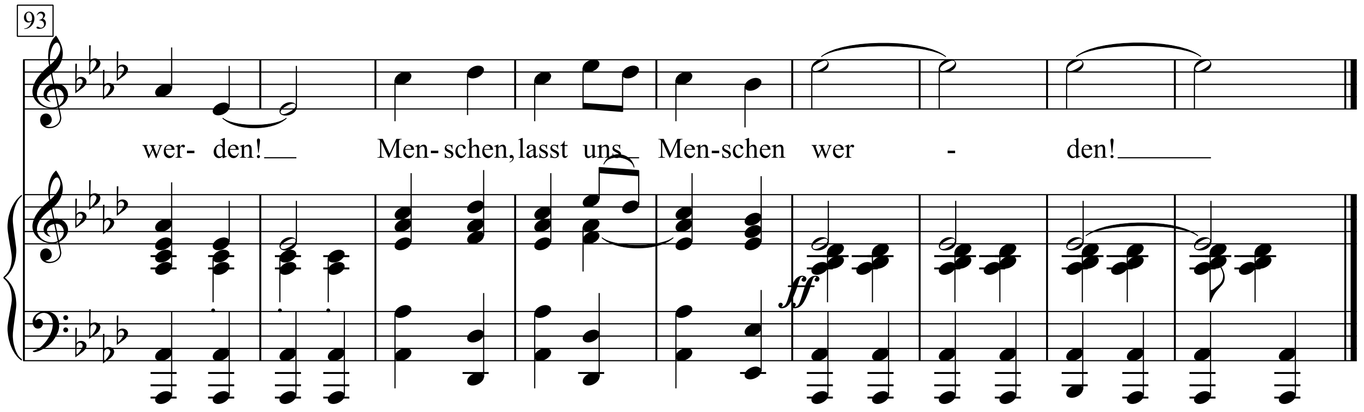
Hanns Eisler



Hanns Eisler - Neue deutsche Volkslieder, Erste Folge, S. 12-14


36
Und es ist ein sol - cher Schrei, dass die Ber - ge be - ben.
44
Ei - ne Flam-men - wüs - te - nei, Mee - re sich er - he - ben,
52
wenn nicht Frie - de wird auf Er - den, was soll aus uns al - len
ppp
60
wer- den? Was soll aus uns al - len wer- den?
mf


68
4. Ihr, ge - zeich - net von dem Leid de - rer, die ge - fal - len,
76
und ihr, die ihr jung noch seid, lasst den Ruf er - schal len:
85
Frie - de, Frie - de sei auf Er - den! Men - schen, lasst uns Men - schen
f



1. Wenn der Frühling lässt empor
hoch den Himmel steigen,
summt es in uns wie ein Chor
nach des Winters Schweigen:
Friede, Friede sei auf Erden!
Menschen wollen Menschen werden.
Menschen wollen Menschen werden.

2. O, du dunkler Chor, der summt!
In uns ist ein Ahnen:
Sie, die glaubten, wir verstummt,
melden sich und mahnen:
Menschen wollen Menschen werden!
Friede, Friede sei auf Erden.
Friede, Friede sei auf Erden.

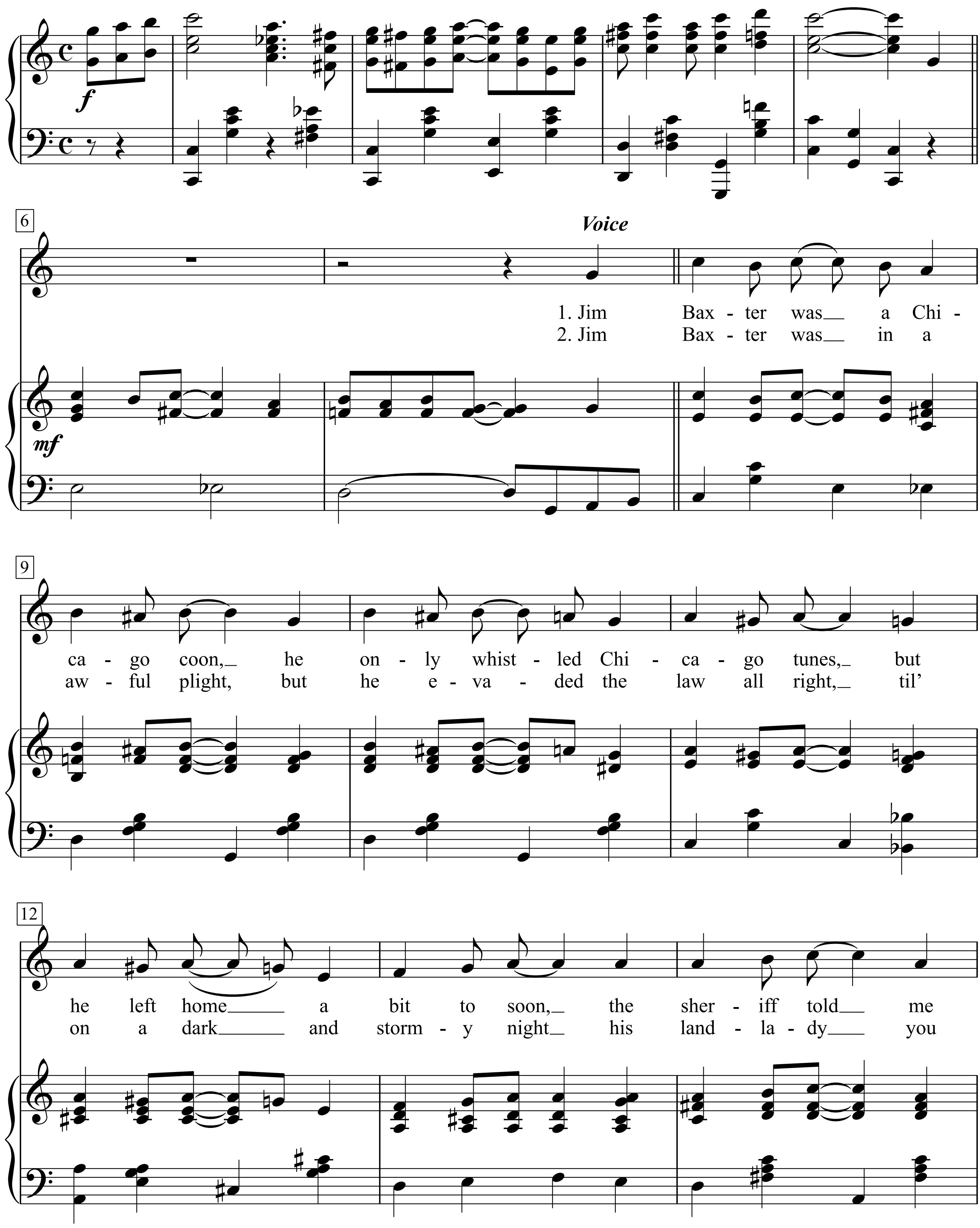
3. Und es ist ein solcher Schrei,
dass die Berge beben.
Eine Flammenwüstenei,
Meere sich erheben,
wenn nicht Friede wird auf Erden,
was soll aus uns allen werden?
Was soll aus uns allen werden?

4. Ihr, gezeichnet von dem Leid
derer, die gefallen,
und ihr, die ihr jung noch seid,
lasst den Ruf erschallen:
Friede, Friede sei auf Erden!
Menschen, lasst uns Menschen werden!
Menschen, lasst uns Menschen werden!

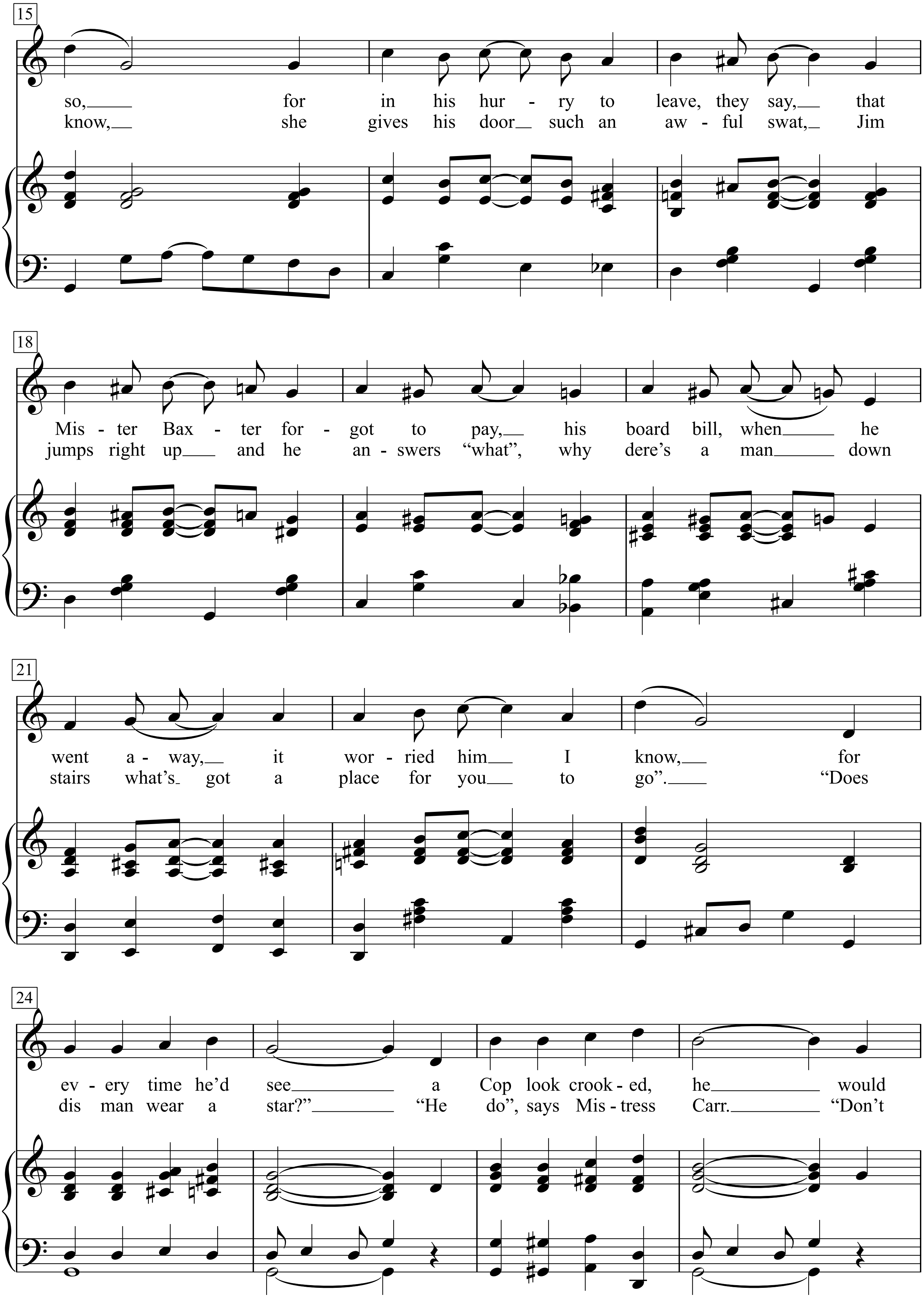
I’m Going Right Back To Chicago

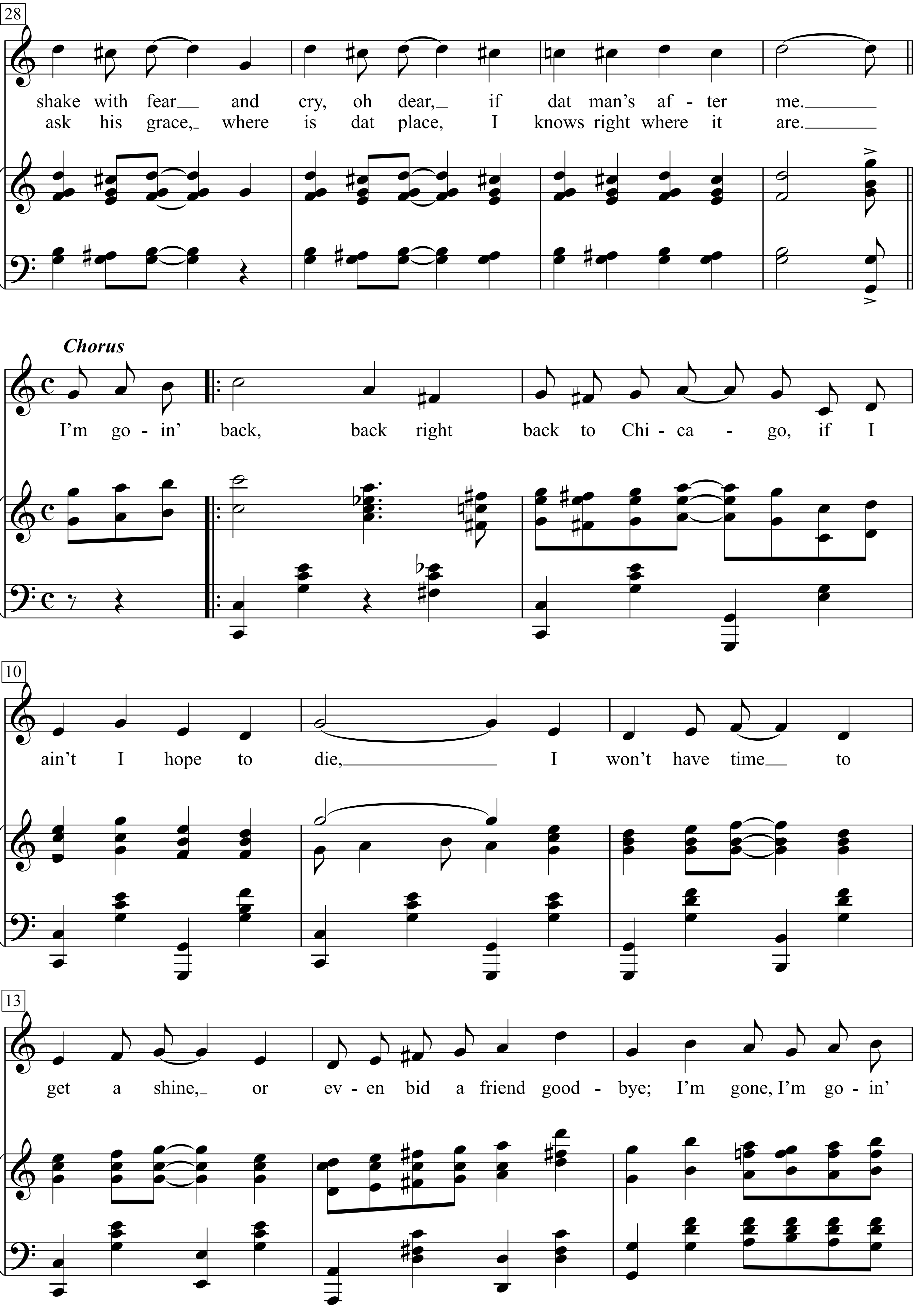
Words by Harry Williams

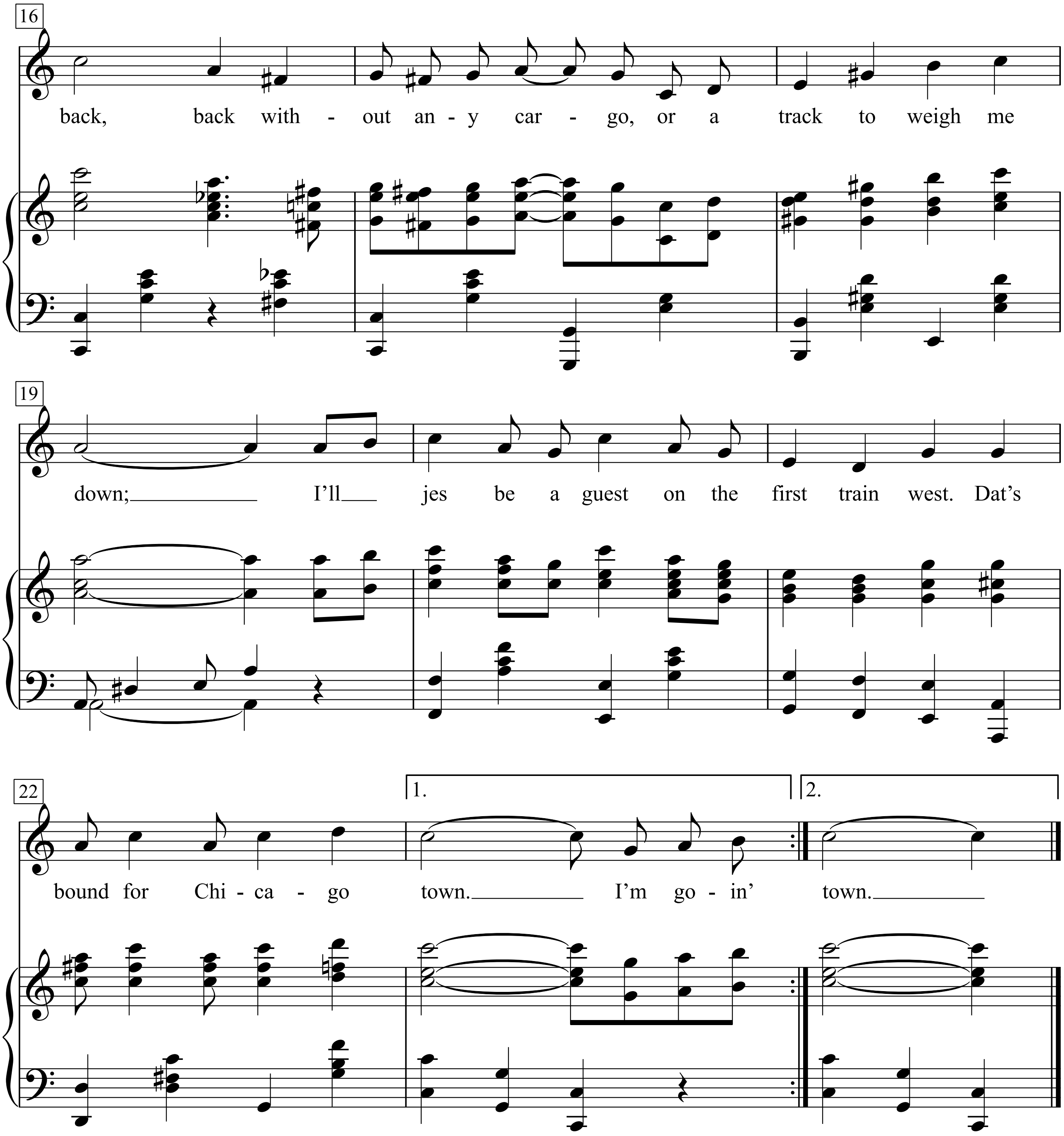
Music by Egbert van Alstyne



© 1906


15
so, for in his hur - ry to leave, they say, that
know, she gives his door such an aw - ful swat, Jim
18
Mis - ter Bax - ter for - got to pay, his board bill, when he
jumps right up and he an - swers "what", why dere's a man down
21
went a - way, it wor - ried him I know, for
stairs what's got a place for you to go". "Does
24
ev - ery time he'd see a Cop look crook - ed, he would
dis man wear a star?" "He do", says Mis - tress Carr. "Don't


28
shake with fear and cry, oh dear, if dat man's af - ter me.
ask his grace, where is dat place, I knows right where it are.
Chorus
I'm go - in' back, back right back to Chi - ca - go, if I
10
ain't I hope to die, I won't have time to
13
get a shine, or ev - en bid a friend good - bye; I'm gone, I'm go - in'


16
back, back with - out an - y car - go, or a track to weigh me
19
down; I'll jes be a guest on the first train west. Dat's
22
1.
2.
bound for Chi - ca - go town. I'm go - in' town.

1. Jim Baxter was a Chicago coon,
he only whistled Chicago tunes,
but he left home a bit to soon,
the sheriff told me so,
for in his hurry to leave, they say,
that Mister Baxter forgot to pay,
his board bill, when he went away,
it worried him I know,
for every time he'd see
a Cop look crooked, he
would shake with fear
and cry, oh dear,
if dat man's after me.

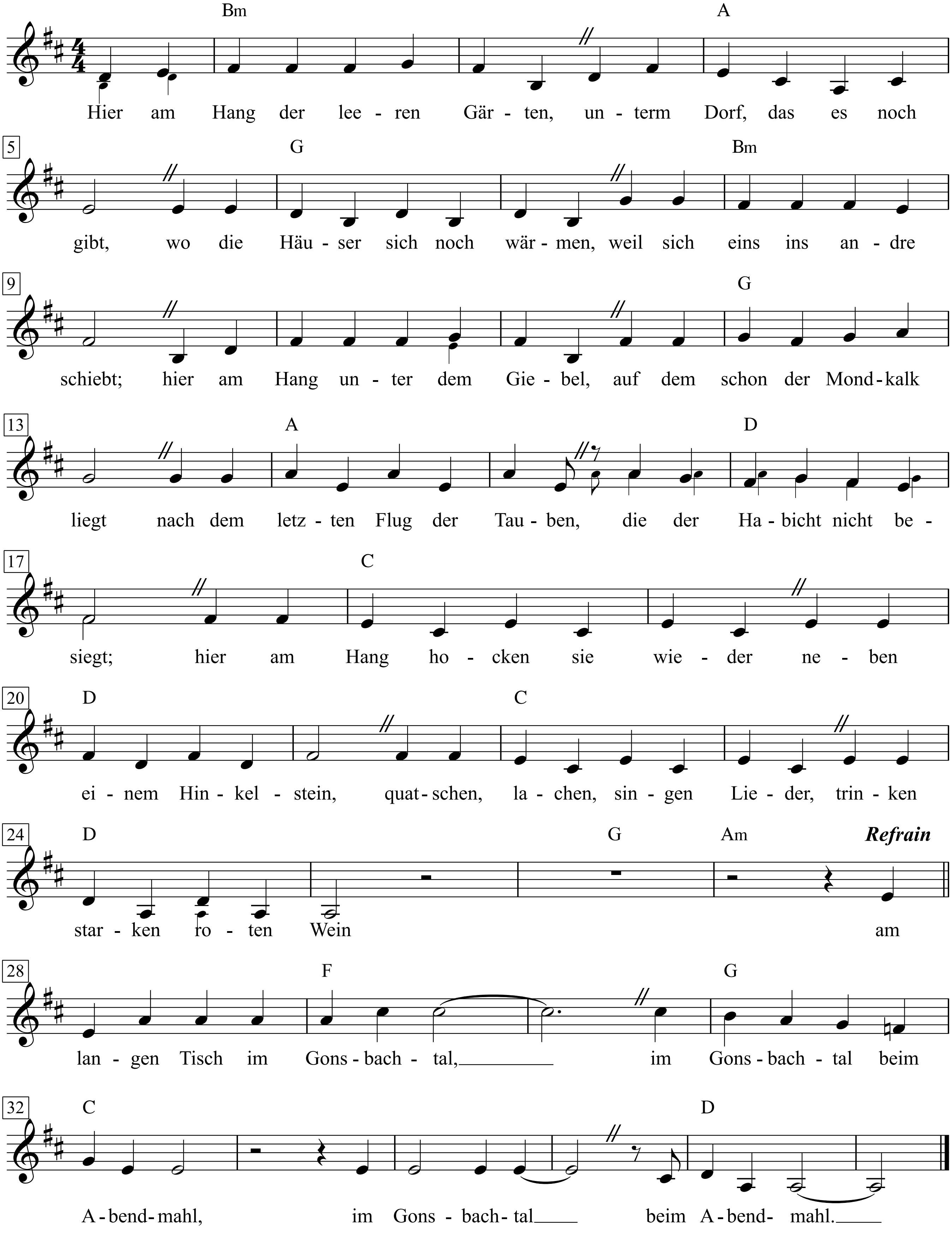
Chorus:
I'm goin' back, back right back to Chicago,
if I ain't I hope to die,
I won't have time to get a shine,
or even bid a friend goodbye;
I'm gone,
I'm goin' back, back without any cargo,
or a track to weigh me down;
I'll jes be a guest on the first train west.
Dat's bound for Chicago town.
I'm goin' town.

2. Jim Baxter was in a awful plight,
but he evaded the law all right,
til' on a dark and stormy night
his landlady you know,
she gives his door such an awful swat,
Jim jumps right up and he answers "what",
why dere's a man down stairs what's
got a place for you to go".
"Does dis man wear a star?"
"He do", says Mistress Carr.
"Don't ask his grace,
where is dat place,
I knows right where it are.

Chorus:
I'm goin' back, back right back to Chicago ...

Im Gonsbachtal

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



Franz Josef Degenhardt: Kommt an den Tisch unter Pflaumenbäumen, 121

1. Hier am Hang der leeren Gärten,
unterm Dorf, das es noch gibt,
wo die Häuser sich noch wärmen,
weil sich eins ins andre schiebt;
hier am Hang unter dem Giebel,
auf dem schon der Mondkalk liegt
nach dem letzten Flug der Tauben,
die der Habicht nicht besiegt;
hier am Hang hocken sie wieder
neben einem Hinkelstein,
quatschen, lachen, singen Lieder,
trinken starken roten Wein
am langen Tisch im Gonsbachtal,
|: im Gonsbachtal beim Abendmahl. :|

2. Die Kumpanen sind die alten,
kenn' sie alle, Frau und Mann:
Zwölf Apostel mit den Mädchen,
Jesus, der nicht zaubern kann,
Aufsichtsrat, der kontrolliert nichts,
Basisgruppe »Horridoh«,
Club der Kenner aller Künste,
parteiloses Politbüro.
Hör' das Lachen und die Lieder,
seh' die Finger unterm Tisch,
schmeck' den Dunst der Stammesbrüder,
Schwestern, festen weißen Fisch
am langen Tisch im Gonsbachtal,
|: im Gonsbachtal beim Abendmahl. :|

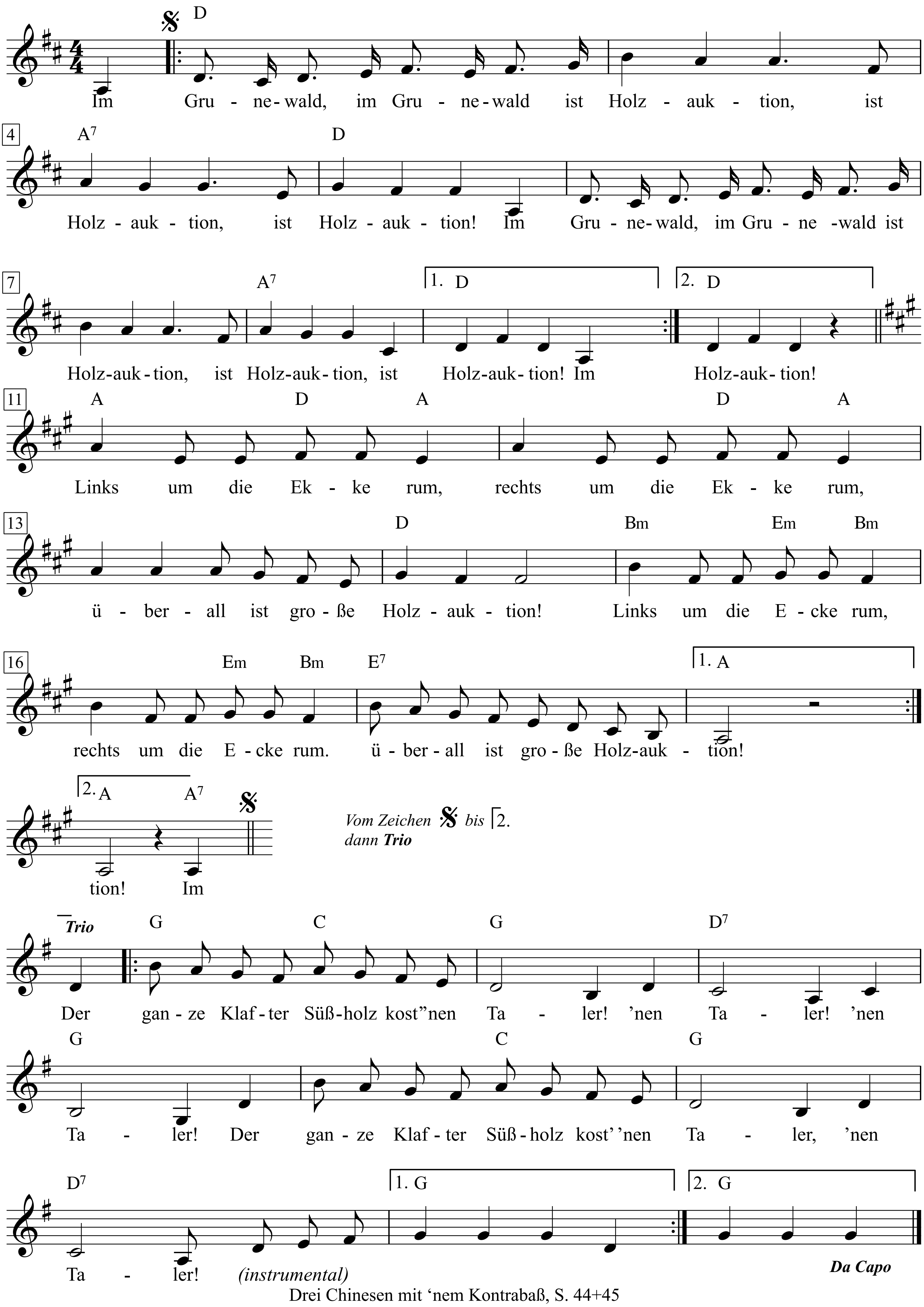
3. Ja, ich kenn' euch und kenn' mich auch:
Angst im Bauch und Mut am Kinn.
Singt ihr noch vom großen Aufbruch,
oder grinst ihr vor euch hin?
Neben diesem roten Wimpel
sitze ich am Katzentisch.
Singe ich euch die Leviten,
oder hört ihr noch auf mich?
Nein, in diesen fahlen Himmel
wachsen unsre Träume nicht,
auch, wenn Hein, der Zwillingsbruder,
sein Gebet nach oben spricht
am langen Tisch im Gonsbachtal,
|: im Gonsbachtal beim Abendmahl. :|

4. Überm Hang in leeren Höfen
heulen Hunde, dreht der Wind.
ch will hier auch wieder sitzen,
wenn ein andrer Tag beginnt.
Aber rennt die goldne Horde
mit der Micky-Maus im Schild
in dies Tal, dann schützt uns auch kein
Traum - und sei er noch so wild.
Wenn im Dorf und in den Höfen
neue Leute leben, dann
möcht' ich nicht süßbitter klagen:
Oü sont les copains d'antant?
am langen Tisch im Gonsbachtal,
|: im Gonsbachtal beim Abendmahl. :|

5. Hier am Hang der vollen Gärten,
unterm Dorf, das es noch gibt,
wo die Häuser sich auch wärmen,
weil sich eins ins andre schiebt;
hier am Hang unter dem Giebel,
auf dem Morgensonne liegt
nach dem ersten Flug der Tauben,
die der Habicht nicht besiegt;
hier will ich dann wieder sitzen
neben diesem Hinkelstein,
mit euch quatschen, lachen, singen,
trinken unsren roten Wein
am langen Tisch im Gonsbachtal,
|: am langen Tisch im Gonsbachtal. :|

Im Grunewald ist Holzauktion

Text & Melodie: Otto Teich



Drei Chinesen mit 'nem Kontrabaß, S. 44+45

1. Im Grunewald, im Grunewald ist Holzauktion,
ist Holzauktion, ist Holzauktion!
Im Grunewald, im Grunewald ist Holzauktion,
ist Holzauktion, ist Holzauktion! Im Holzauktion!
Links um die Ecke rum, rechts um die Ecke rum,
überall ist große Holzauktion!
Links um die Ecke rum, rechts um die Ecke rum.
überall ist große Holzauktion!
Der ganze Klafter Süßholz kost’ ’nen Taler!
’nen Taler! ’nen Taler!
Der ganze Klafter Süßholz kost’ ’nen Taler,
’nen Taler!

2. Der Förster schießt dabei zwei große Böcke,
für’n Taler, für’n Taler,
und sieht drauf in der linken, rechten Ecke, für’n Taler,
der Forstgehilfe küßt des Försters Tochter,
für’n Taler, für’n Taler,
der Förster, auf den Forstgehilfen pocht er,
für’n Taler.

3. Beim Mondenschein, da kamen alte Weiber,
für’n Taler, für’n Taler,
die mausten Holz wie echte, rechte Räuber, für’n Taler.
Die Polizei kam leise wie auf Strümpfen
für’n Taler, für’n Taler,
und arretierte, ach, die alten Nymphen, für’n Taler!

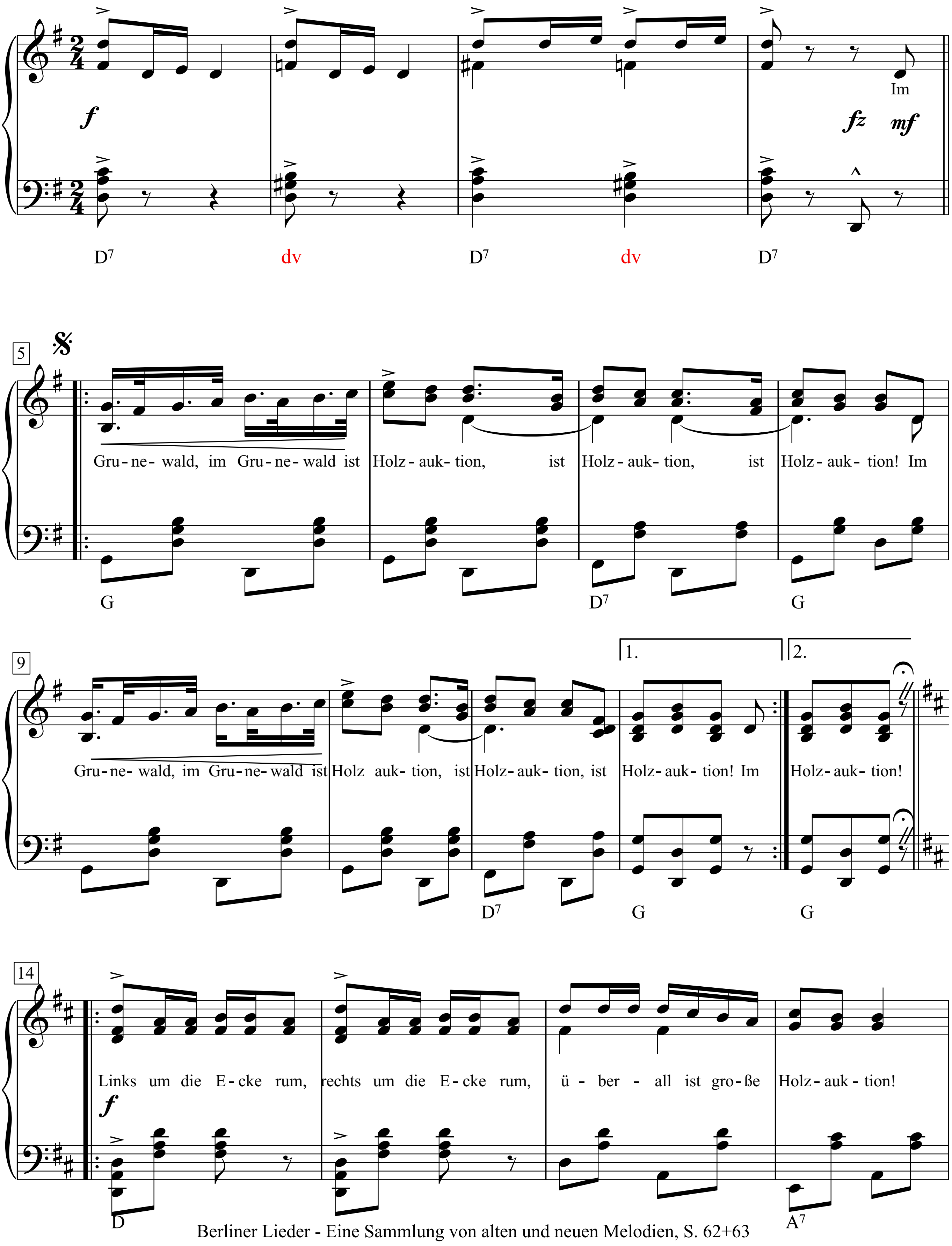
Die Holzauktion

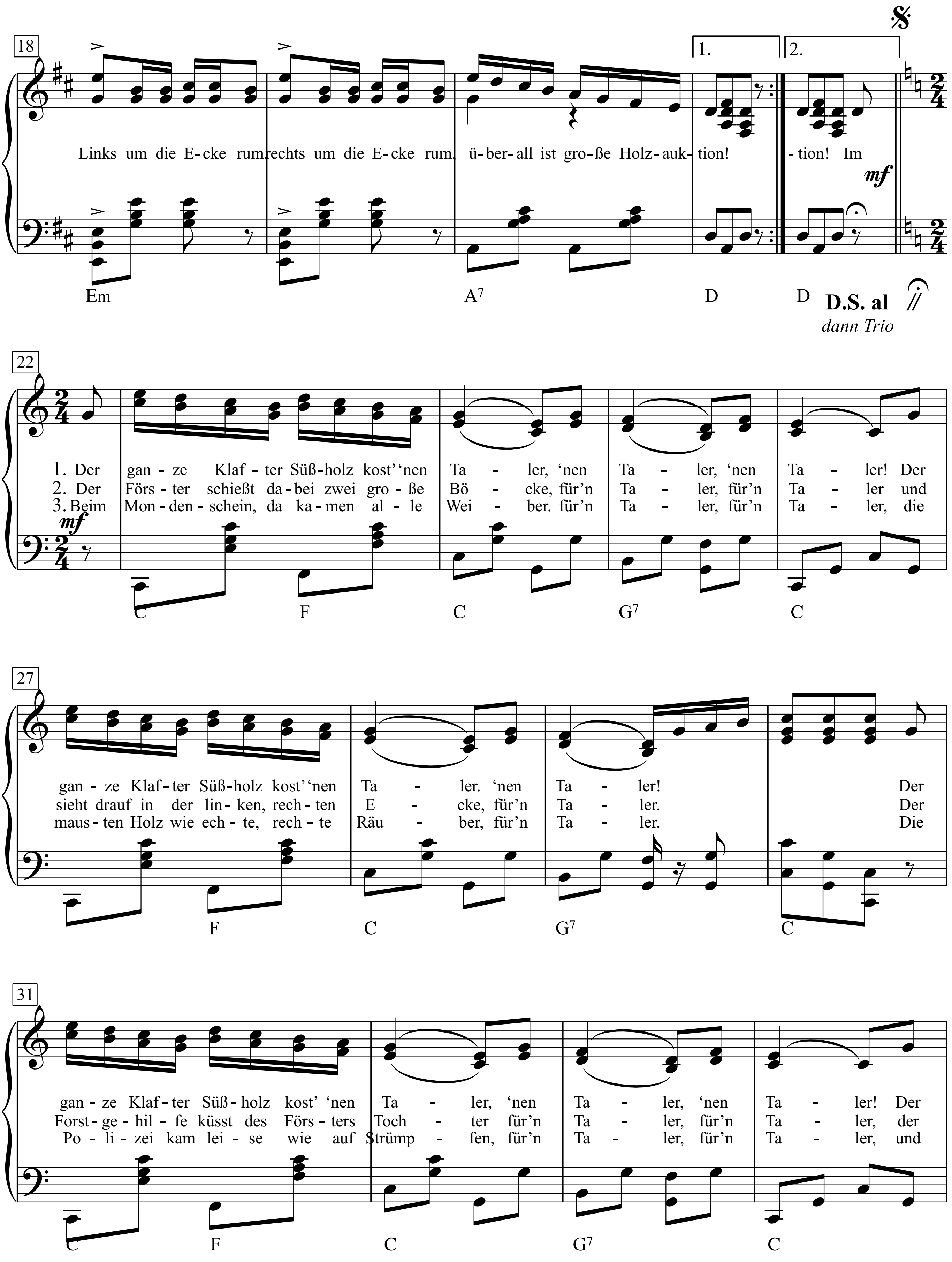
(Im Grunewald, im Grunewald ist Holzauktion)

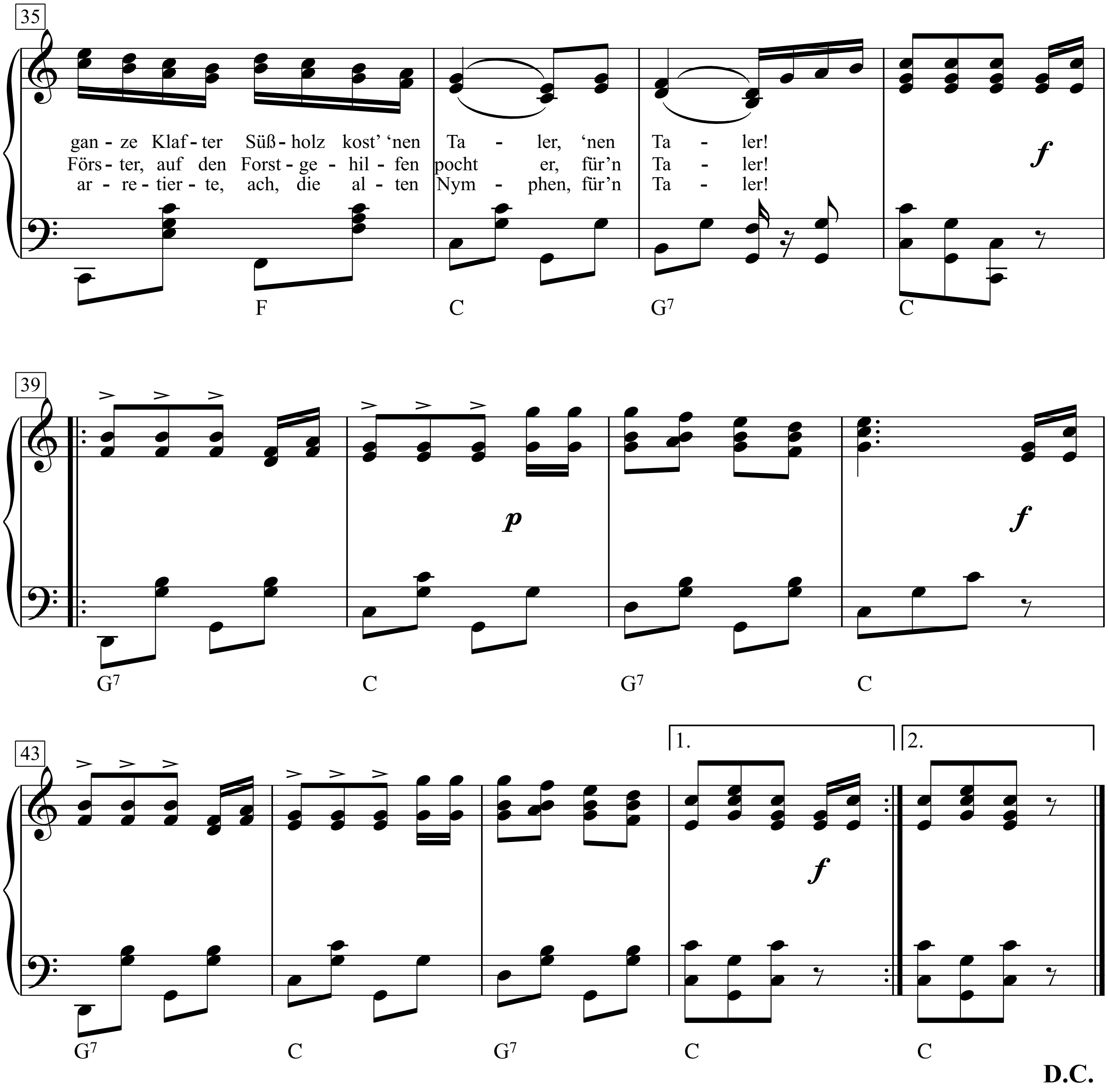
Rheinländer

Franz Meißner 1892 - Otto Teich, op. 58

Klavierarrangement: Franz Stolzenwald




18
1.
2.
Links um die E-cke rum, rechts um die E-cke rum, ü-ber-all ist gro-ße Holz-auk-tion!
-tion! Im
mf
Em
A7
D
D
D.S. al
dann Trio
22
1. Der gan-ze Klaf-ter Süß-holz kost' 'nen Ta-ler, 'nen Ta-ler, 'nen Ta-ler! Der
2. Der Förs-ter schießt da-bei zwei gro-ße Bö-cke, für'n Ta-ler, für'n Ta-ler und
3. Beim Mon-den-schein, da ka-men al-le Wei-ber. für'n Ta-ler, für'n Ta-ler, die
mf
C
F
C
G7
C
27
gan-ze Klaf-ter Süß-holz kost' 'nen Ta-ler. 'nen Ta-ler! Der
sieht drauf in der lin-ken, rech-ten E-cke, für'n Ta-ler. Der
maus-ten Holz wie ech-te, rech-te Räu-ber, für'n Ta-ler. Die
F
C
G7
C
31
gan-ze Klaf-ter Süß-holz kost' 'nen Ta-ler, 'nen Ta-ler, 'nen Ta-ler! Der
Forst-ge-hil-fe küsst des Förs-ters Toch-ter für'n Ta-ler, für'n Ta-ler, der
Po-li-zei kam lei-se wie auf Strümp-fen, für'n Ta-ler, für'n Ta-ler, und
C
F
C
G7
C


35
gan - ze Klaf - ter Süß - holz kost' 'nen Ta - ler, 'nen Ta - ler!
Förs - ter, auf den Forst - ge - hil - fen pocht er, für'n Ta - ler!
ar - re - tier - te, ach, die al - ten Nym - phen, für'n Ta - ler!
f
F C G7 C
39
p
f
G7 C G7 C
43
1.
2.
f
G7 C G7 C C
D.C.

Im Grunewald, im Grunewald ist Holzauktion,
ist Holzauktion, ist Holzauktion!
Im Grunewald, im Grunewald ist Holzauktion,
ist Holzauktion, ist Holzauktion!
Links um die Ecke rum, rechts um die Ecke rum,
überall ist große Holzauktion!
Links um die Ecke rum, rechts um die Ecke rum,
überall ist große Holzauktion!

1. Der ganze Klafter Süßholz kost' 'nen Taler,
'nen Taler, 'nen Taler!
Der ganze Klafter Süßholz kost' 'nen Taler.
'nen Taler!
Der ganze Klafter Süßholz kost' 'nen Taler,
'nen Taler, 'nen Taler!
Der ganze Klafter Süßholz kost' 'nen Taler,
'nen Taler!

2. Der Förster schießt dabei zwei große Böcke,
für'n Taler, für'n Taler
und sieht drauf in der linken, rechten Ecke,
für'n Taler.
Der Forstgehilfe küsst des Försters Tochter
für'n Taler, für'n Taler,
der Förster, auf den Forstgehilfen pocht er,
für'n Taler!

3. Beim Mondenschein, da kamen alle Weiber.
für'n Taler, für'n Taler,
die mausten Holz wie echte, rechte Räuber,
für'n Taler.
Die Polizei kam leise wie auf Strümpfen,
für'n Taler, für'n taler,
und arretierte, ach, die alten Nymphen,
für'n Taler!

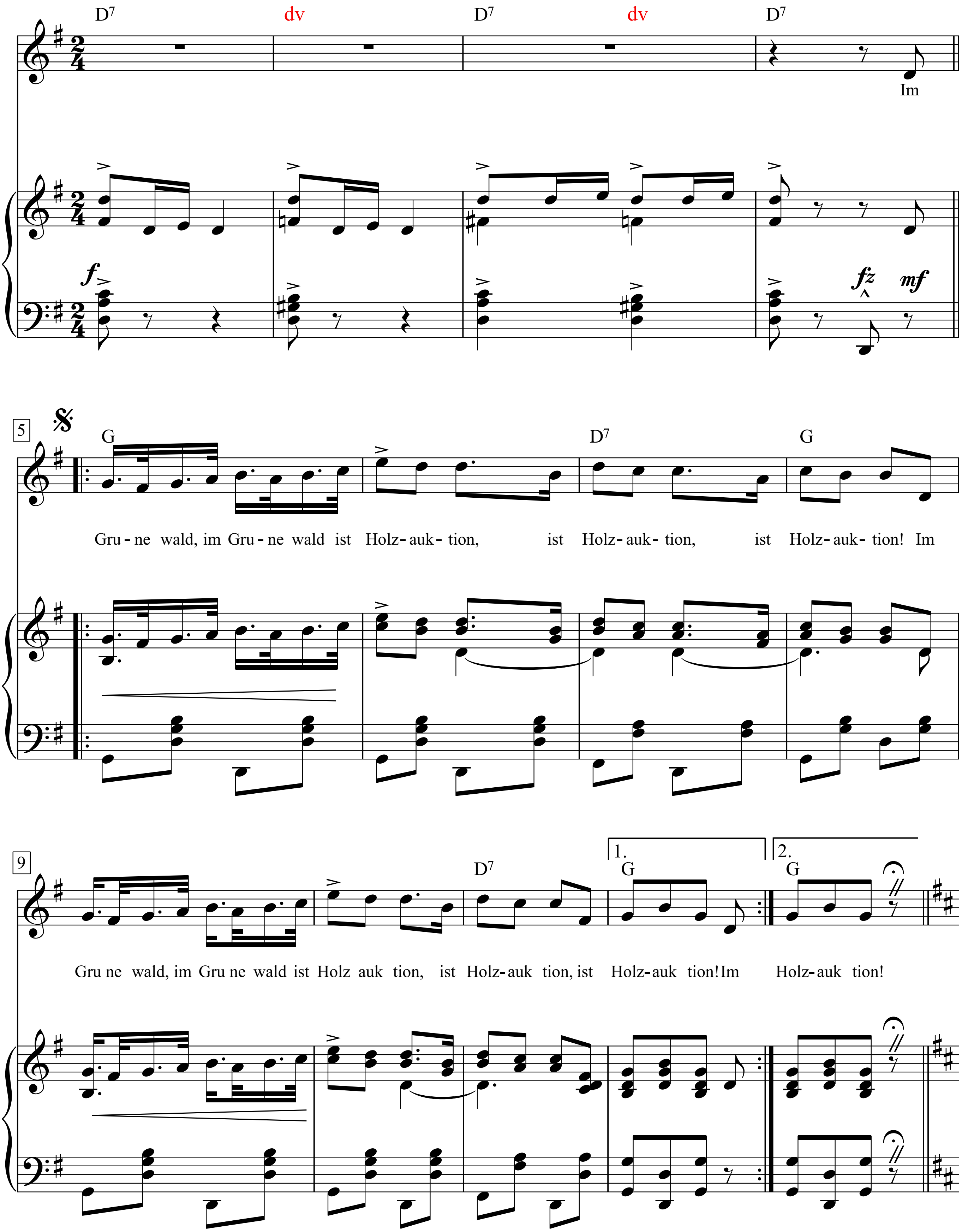
Die Holzauktion

(Im Grunewald, im Grunewald ist Holzauktion)

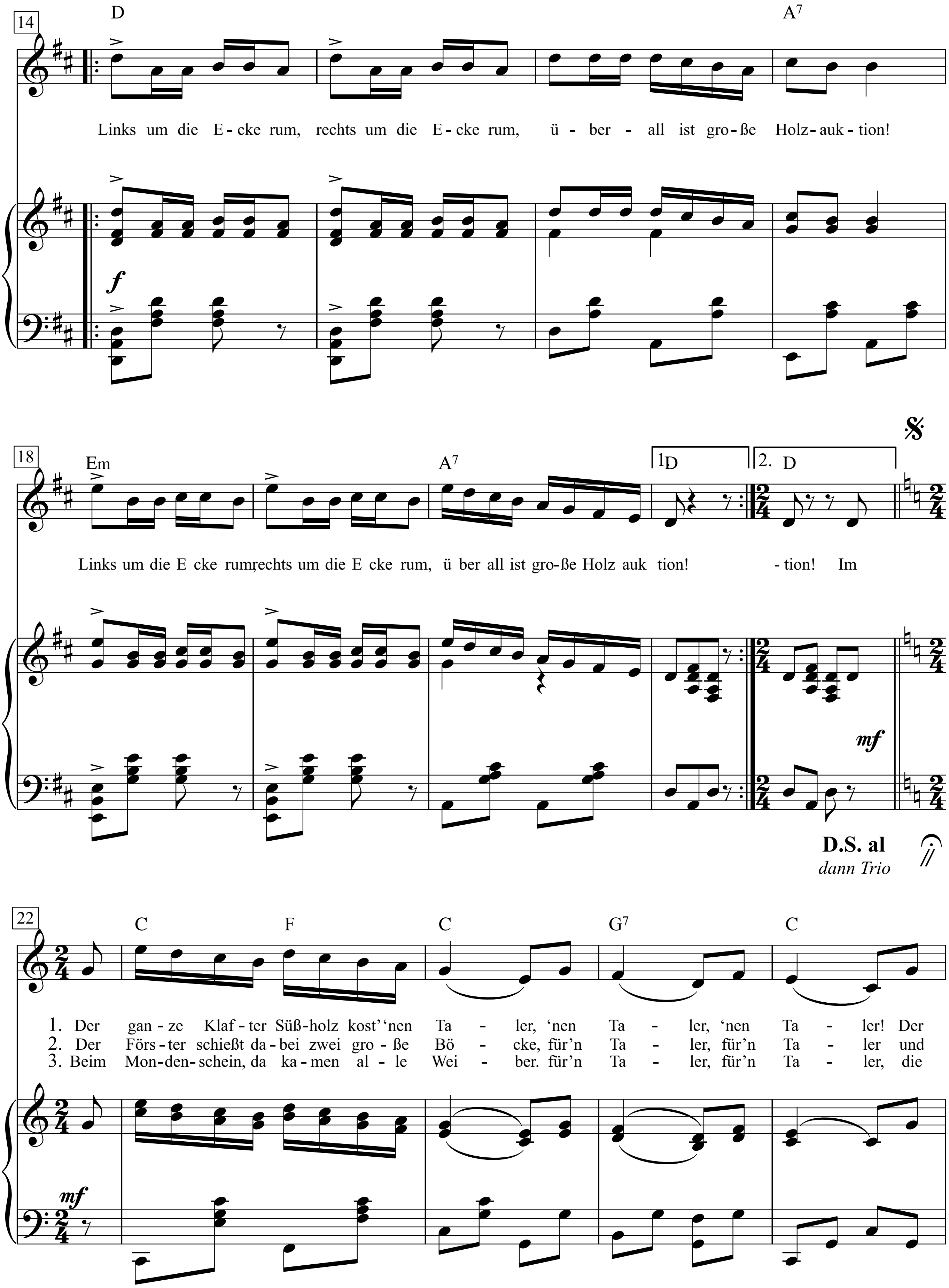
Rheinländer

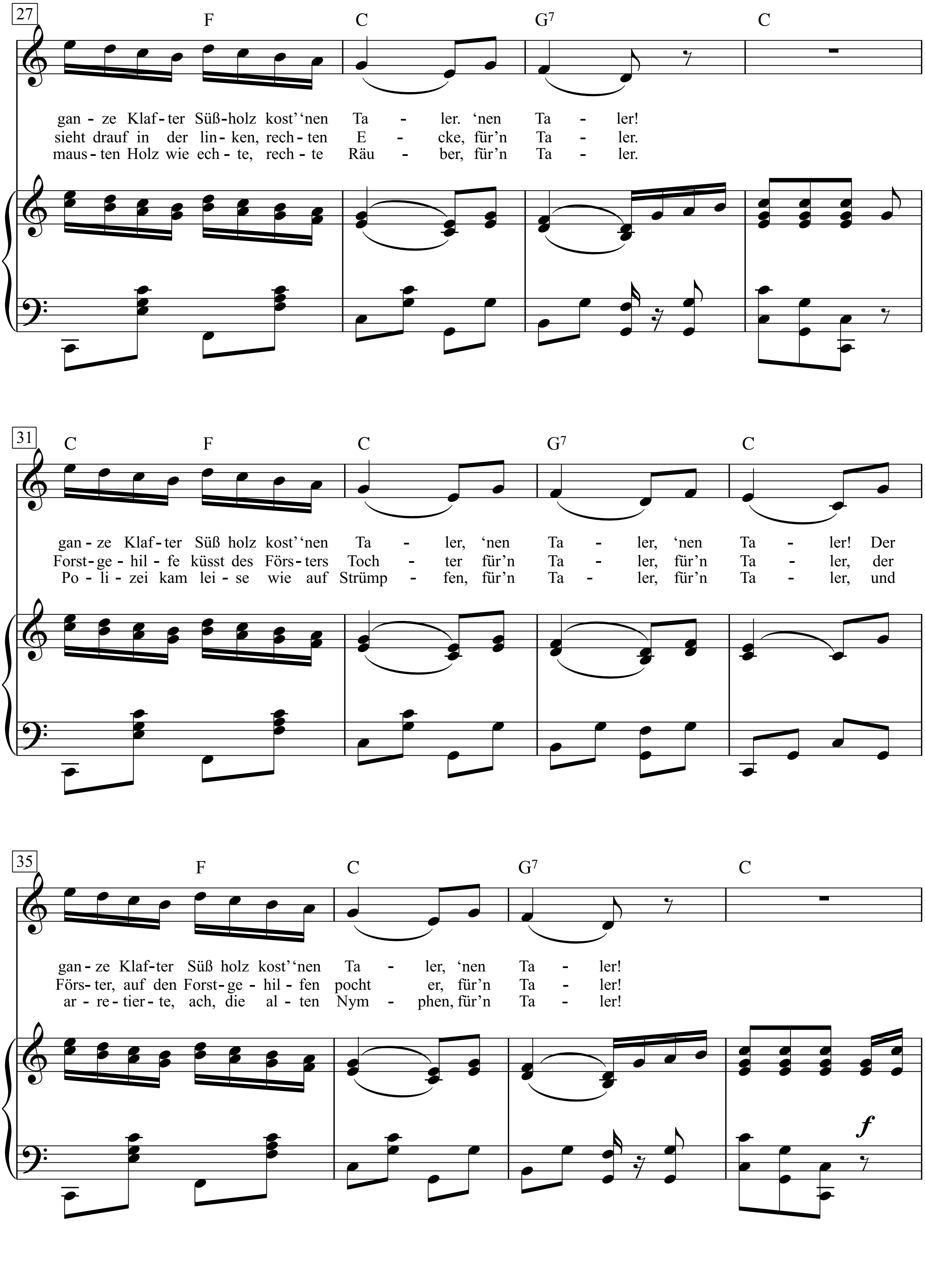
Franz Meißner 1892 - Otto Teich, op. 58

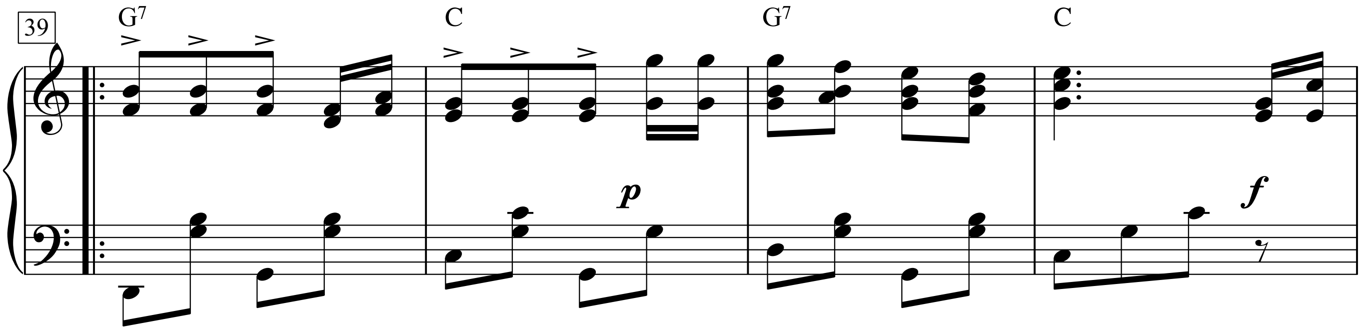
Klavierarrangement: Franz Stolzenwald

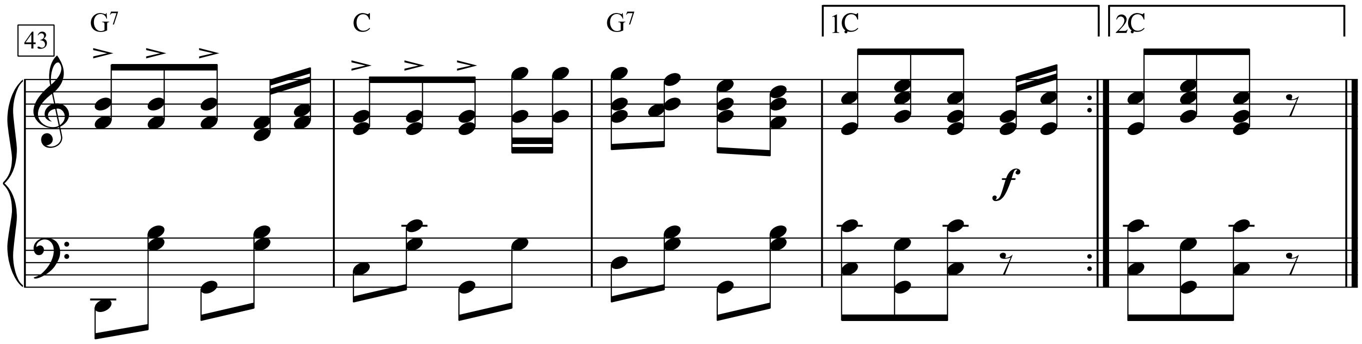


Berliner Lieder - Eine Sammlung von alten und neuen Melodien, S. 62+63


14
D
A7
Links um die E - cke rum, rechts um die E - cke rum, ü - ber - all ist gro - ße Holz - auk - tion!
f
18
Em
A7
1.D
2. D
Links um die E cke rum, rechts um die E cke rum, ü ber all ist gro - ße Holz auk tion! - tion! Im
mf
D.S. al
dann Trio
22
C
F
C
G7
C
1. Der gan - ze Klaf - ter Süß - holz kost' 'nen Ta - ler, 'nen Ta - ler, 'nen Ta - ler! Der
2. Der Förs - ter schießt da - bei zwei gro - ße Bö - cke, für'n Ta - ler, für'n Ta - ler und
3. Beim Mon - den - schein, da ka - men al - le Wei - ber. für'n Ta - ler, für'n Ta - ler, die
mf


27
F
C
G7
C
gan - ze Klaf - ter Süß-holz kost' 'nen Ta - ler. 'nen Ta - ler!
sieht drauf in der lin - ken, rech - ten E - cke, für'n Ta - ler.
maus - ten Holz wie ech - te, rech - te Räu - ber, für'n Ta - ler.
31
C
F
C
G7
C
gan - ze Klaf - ter Süß holz kost' 'nen Ta - ler, 'nen Ta - ler, 'nen Ta - ler! Der
Forst - ge - hil - fe küsst des Förs - ters Toch - ter für'n Ta - ler, für'n Ta - ler, der
Po - li - zei kam lei - se wie auf Strümp - fen, für'n Ta - ler, für'n Ta - ler, und
35
F
C
G7
C
gan - ze Klaf - ter Süß holz kost' 'nen Ta - ler, 'nen Ta - ler!
Förs - ter, auf den Forst - ge - hil - fen pocht er, für'n Ta - ler!
ar - re - tier - te, ach, die al - ten Nym - phen, für'n Ta - ler!
f





D.C.

Im Grunewald, im Grunewald ist Holzauktion,
ist Holzauktion, ist Holzauktion!
Im Grunewald, im Grunewald ist Holzauktion,
ist Holzauktion, ist Holzauktion!
Links um die Ecke rum, rechts um die Ecke rum,
überall ist große Holzauktion!
Links um die Ecke rum, rechts um die Ecke rum,
überall ist große Holzauktion!

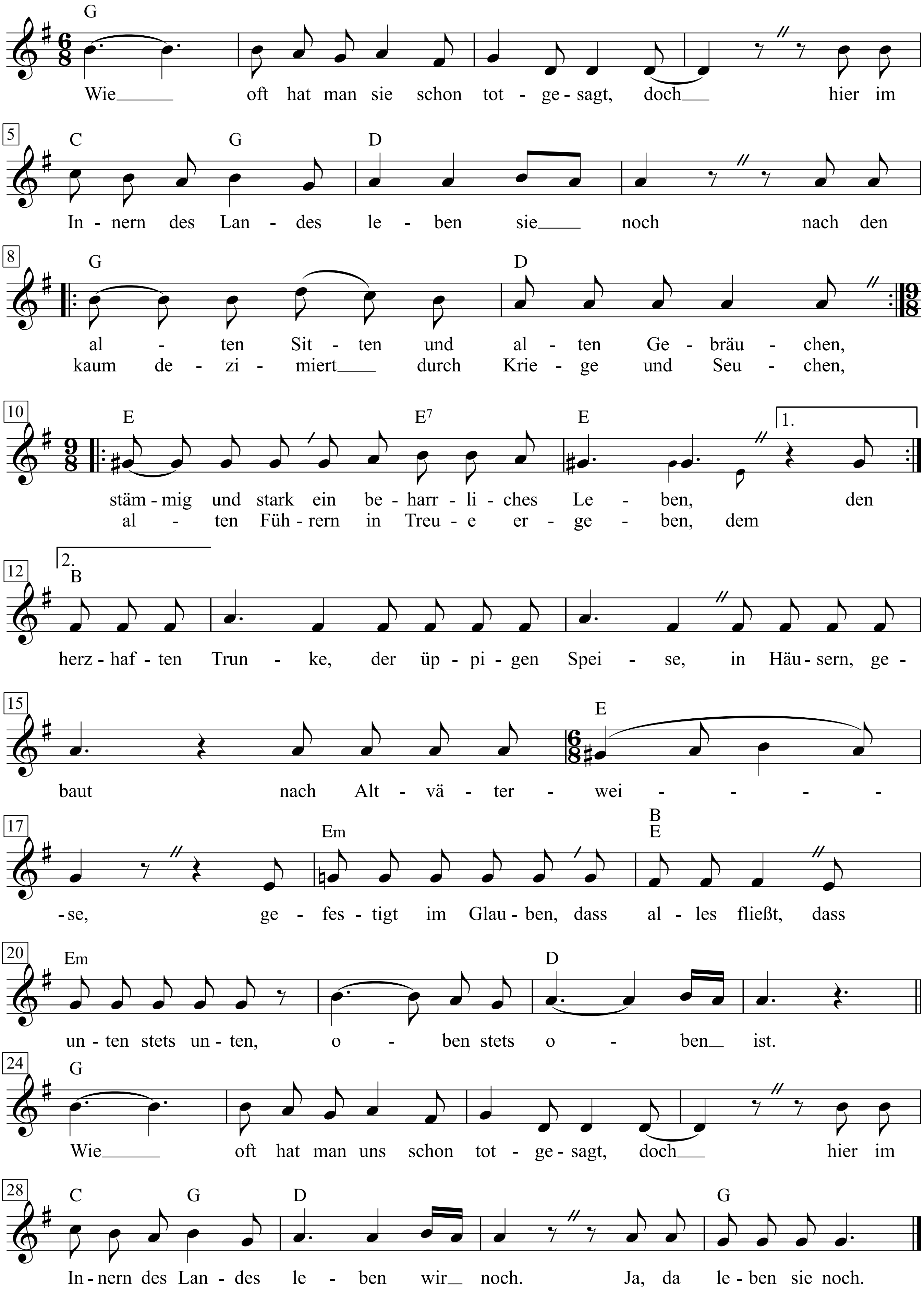
1. Der ganze Klafter Süßholz kost' 'nen Taler,
'nen Taler, 'nen Taler!
Der ganze Klafter Süßholz kost' 'nen Taler.
'nen Taler!
Der ganze Klafter Süßholz kost' 'nen Taler,
'nen Taler, 'nen Taler!
Der ganze Klafter Süßholz kost' 'nen Taler,
'nen Taler!

2. Der Förster schießt dabei zwei große Böcke,
für'n Taler, für'n Taler
und sieht drauf in der linken, rechten Ecke,
für'n Taler.
Der Forstgehilfe küsst des Försters Tochter
für'n Taler, für'n Taler,
der Förster, auf den Forstgehilfen pocht er,
für'n Taler!

3. Beim Mondenschein, da kamen alle Weiber.
für'n Taler, für'n Taler,
die mausten Holz wie echte, rechte Räuber,
für'n Taler.
Die Polizei kam leise wie auf Strümpfen,
für'n Taler, für'n taler,
und arretierte, ach, die alten Nymphen,
für'n Taler!

Im Innern des Landes

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



Franz Josef Degenhardt: Kommt an den Tisch unter Pflaumenbäumen, 50

1. Wie oft hat man sie schon totgesagt, doch
hier im Innern des Landes leben sie noch
nach den alten Sitten und alten Gebräuchen,
kaum dezimiert durch Kriege und Seuchen,
stämmig und stark ein beharrliches Leben,
den alten Führern in Treue ergeben,
dem herzhaften Trunke, der üppigen Speise,
in Häusern, gebaut nach Altväterweise,
gefestigt im Glauben, dass alles fließt,
dass unten stets unten, oben stets oben ist.

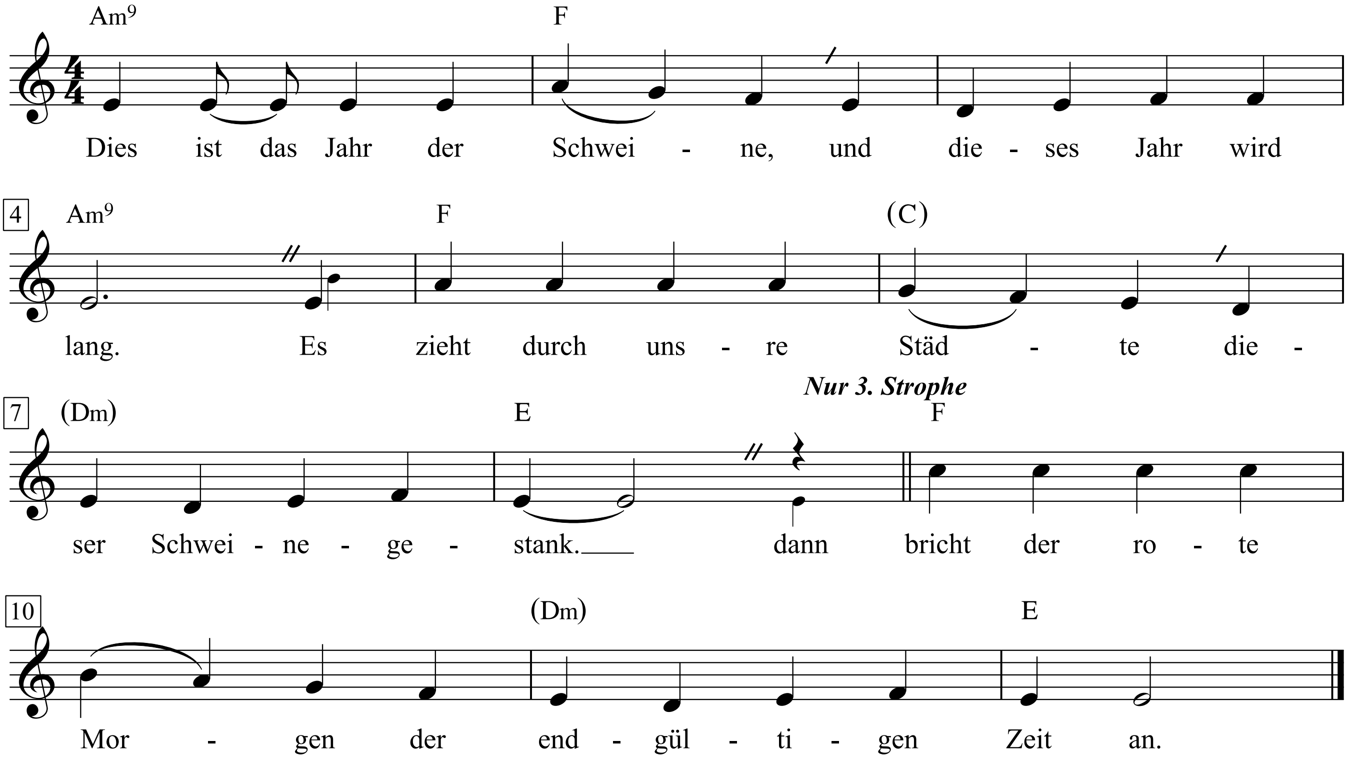
2. Wie oft hat man sie schon totgesagt, doch
hier im Innern des Landes leben sie noch,
die gewaltigen Mütter mit Kübelhintern,
Bewahrer der Sitten, Leittier den Kindern,
die Männer, die diese Mütter verehren
und auf ihr Geheiß die Familie vermehren,
die Söhne, die nach diesen Vätern geraten
– prachtvolle Burschen und gute Soldaten –,
die Töchter, die mit dem Herzen verstehn
und im weißesten Weiß hochzeiten gehn.

3. Wie oft hat man sie schon totgesagt, doch
hier im Innern des Landes leben sie noch
und lieben die Blumen und Hunde und Elche,
vor allen Dingen die letzteren, welche
aus Bronze sie in die Wohnzimmer stellen,
wo sie dann leise röhren und bellen,
wenn jene traulichen Weisen erklingen,
die ihre Herrchen so gerne singen,
kraftvoll und innig nach gutalter Art,
von den zitternden Knochen, vom Jesulein zart.

4. Wie oft hat man sie schon totgesagt, doch
hier im Innern des Landes leben sie noch
und folgen den Oberhirten und -lehrern,
den Homöopathen und weisen Sehern.
Sie lieben das erdverbundene Echte,
hassen zutiefst das Entartete, Schlechte,
sind kurz vor der Sturmflut noch guten Mutes
und tanzen im Takt ihres schweren Blutes,
einen Schritt vor, zurück eins, zwei, drei,
und schwitzen und strahlen und singen dabei:
Wie oft hat man uns schon totgesagt, doch
hier im Innern des Landes leben wir noch.
Ja, da leben sie noch.

Im Jahr der Schweine

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



1. Dies ist das Jahr der Schweine,
und dieses Jahr wird lang.
Es zieht durch unsre Städte
dieser Schweinegestank.

2. Die, die uns jetzt verfolgen,
verstehen ihr Geschäft.
Weh dem, der jetzt noch sorglos
und ohne Waffe schläft.

3. Mancher wird uns verraten.
Sei wachsam, wo du bist.
Wir müssen überleben,
kämpfen mit aller List.

4. Flieh in die Katakomben,
eh du dich fangen läßt.
Am Bahndamm wird jetzt mancher
unter den Zug gehetzt.

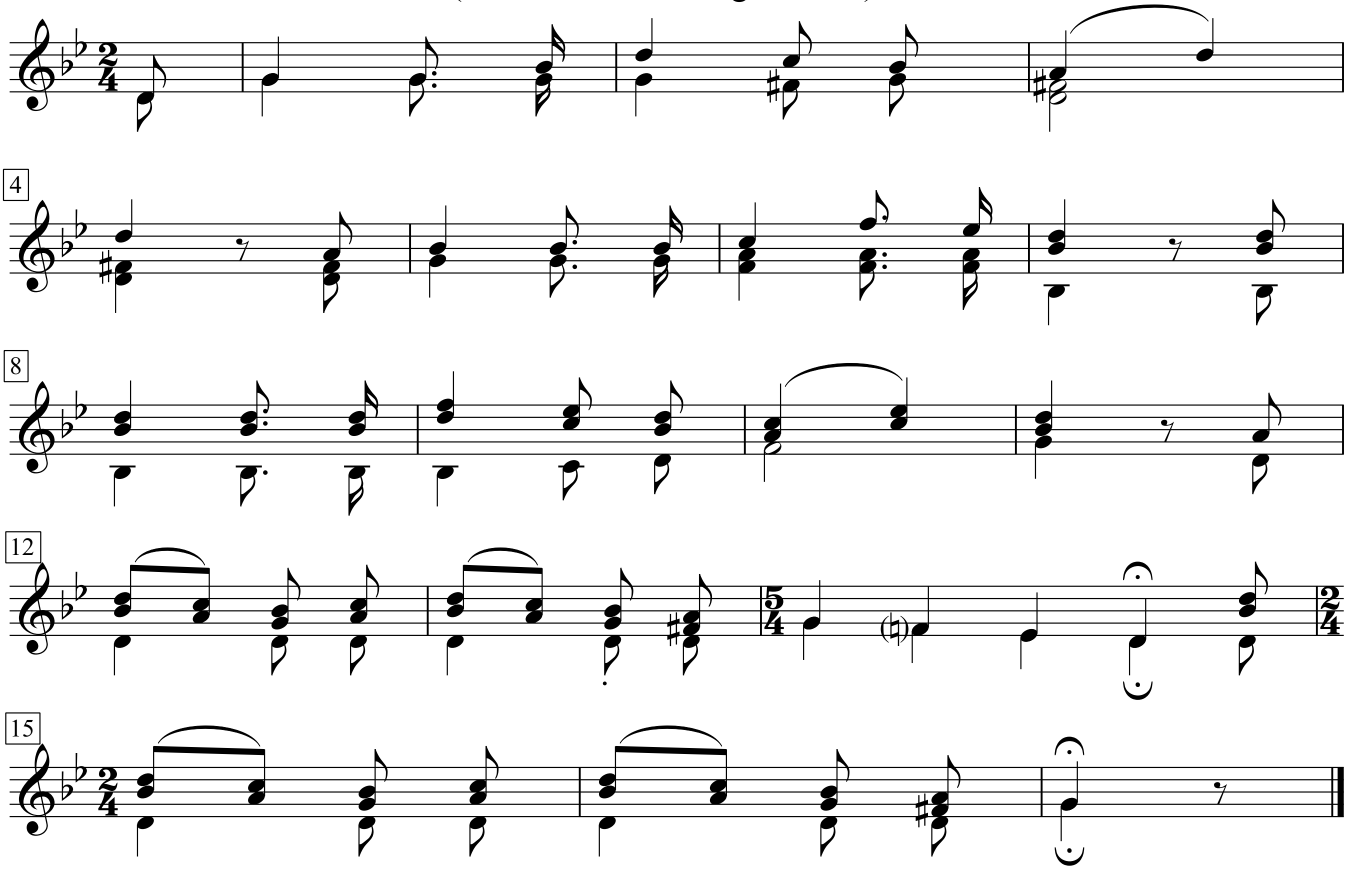
5. Doch auch das Jahr der Schweine
wird einmal enden. Dann,
dann bricht der rote Morgen
der endgültigen Zeit an.

6. Und darum lasst uns feiern
auch vor der Feierzeit,
und sollten uns auch stärken
an unsrer Einigkeit.

Замучен тяжелой неволей

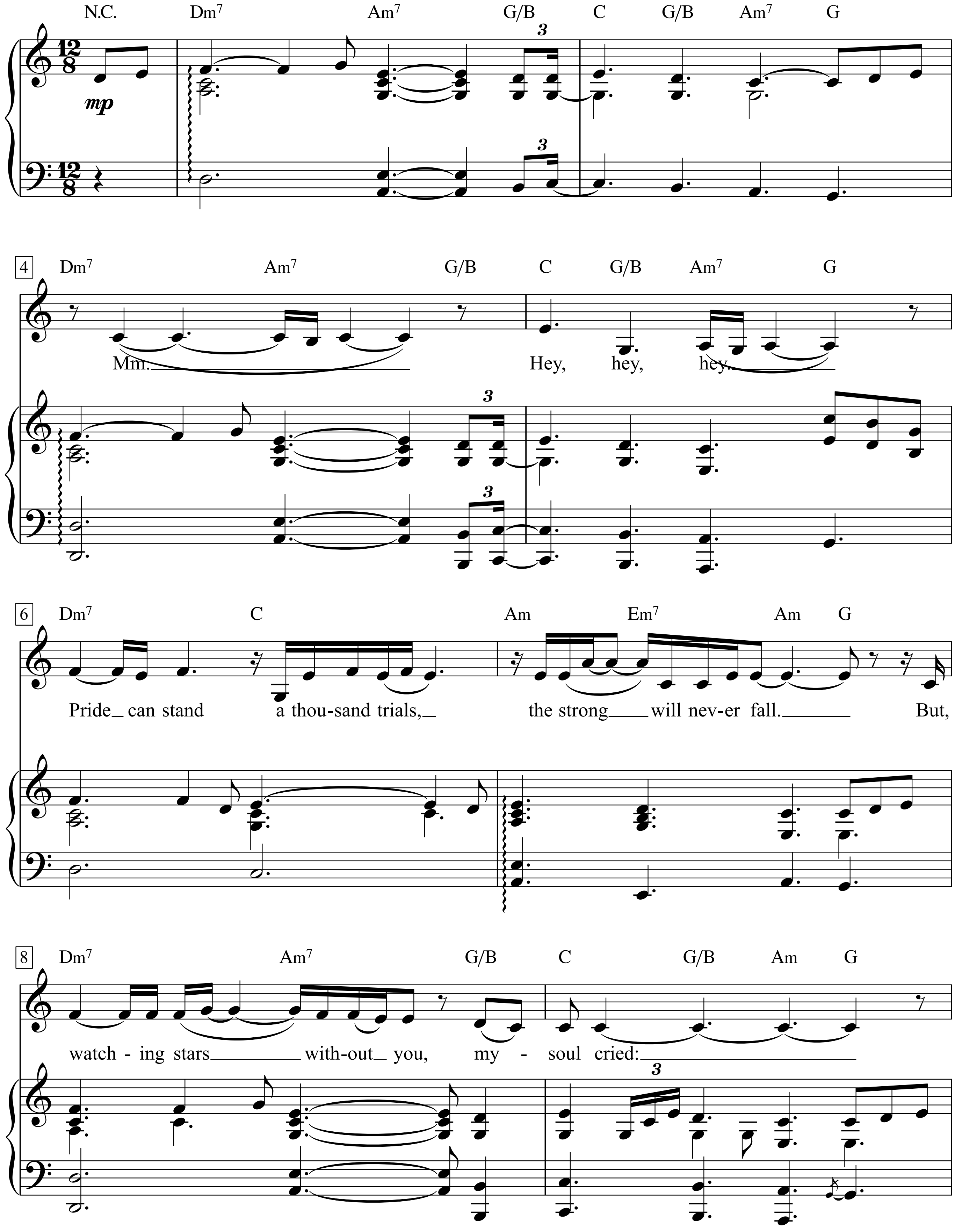
(Im Kerker zu Tode gemartert)

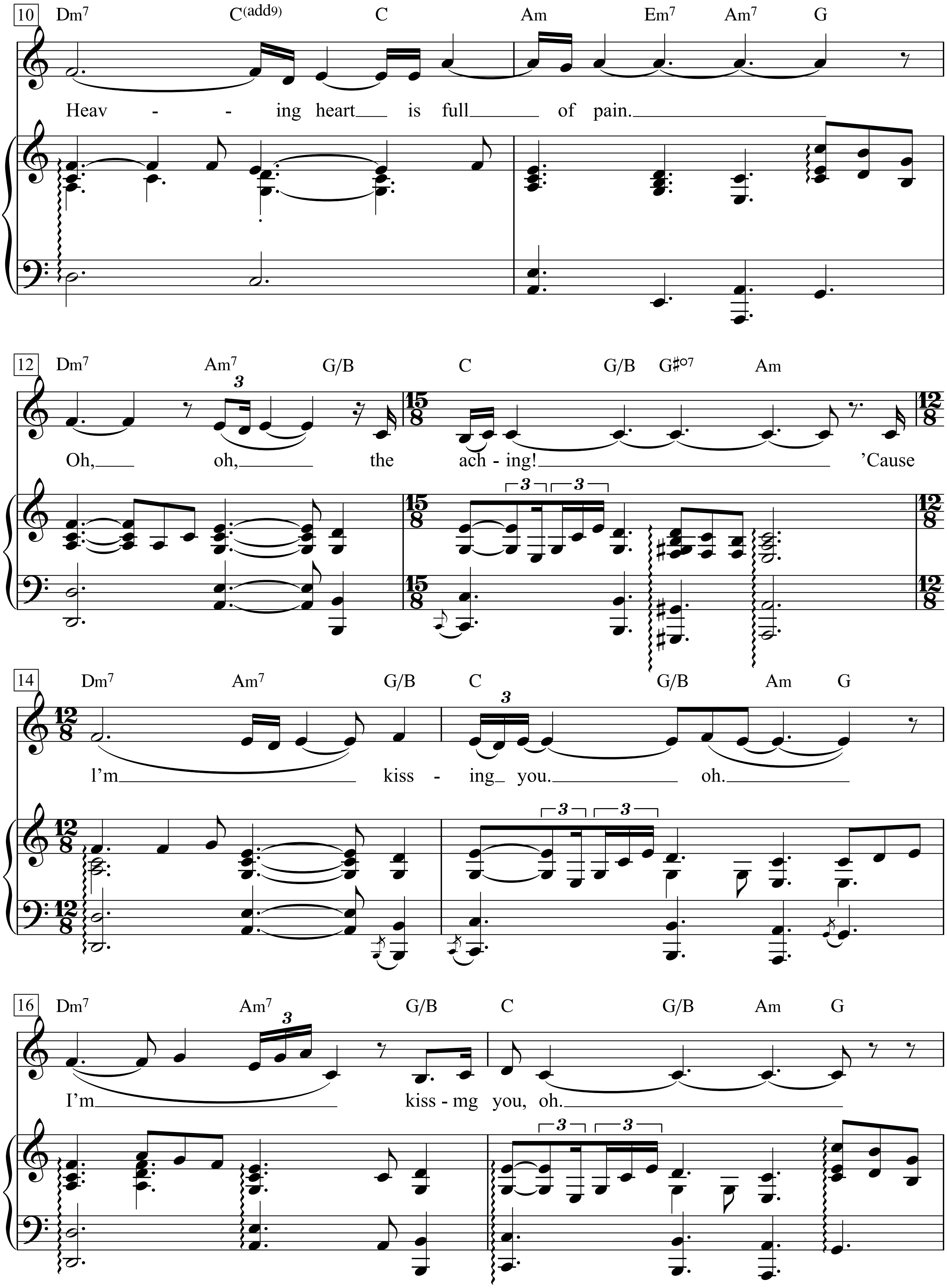
Г. Мачтет

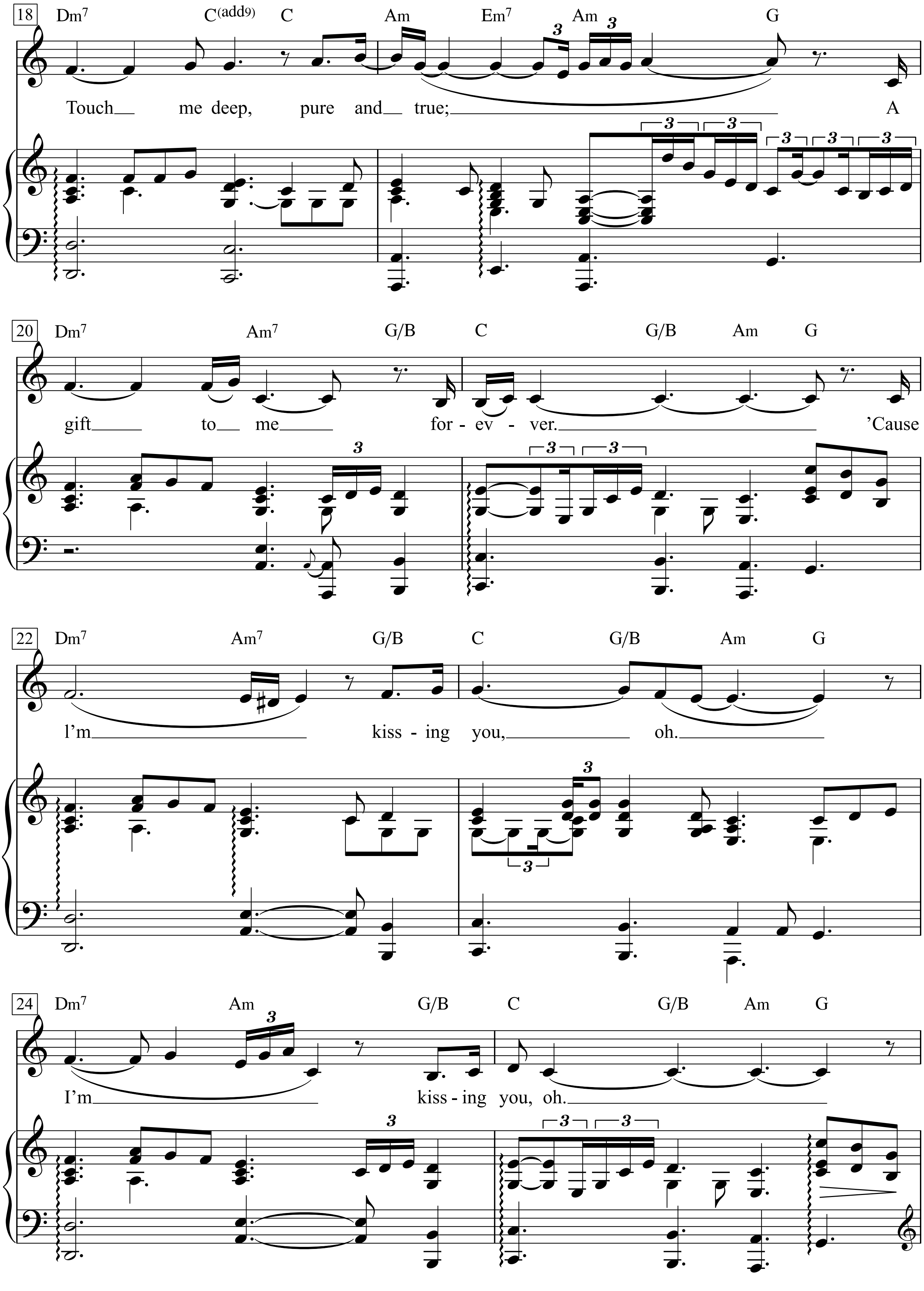


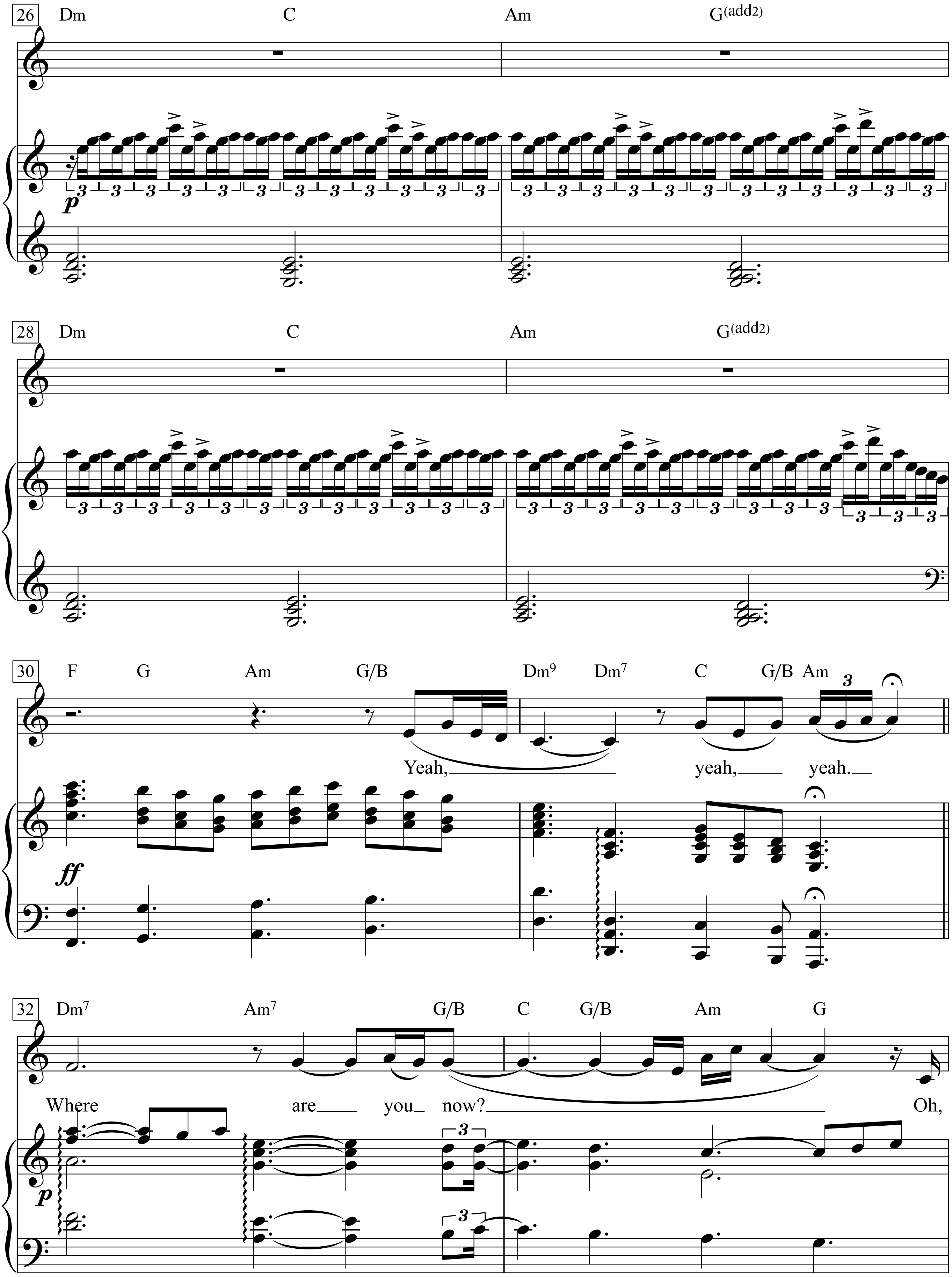
Words by Des'ree

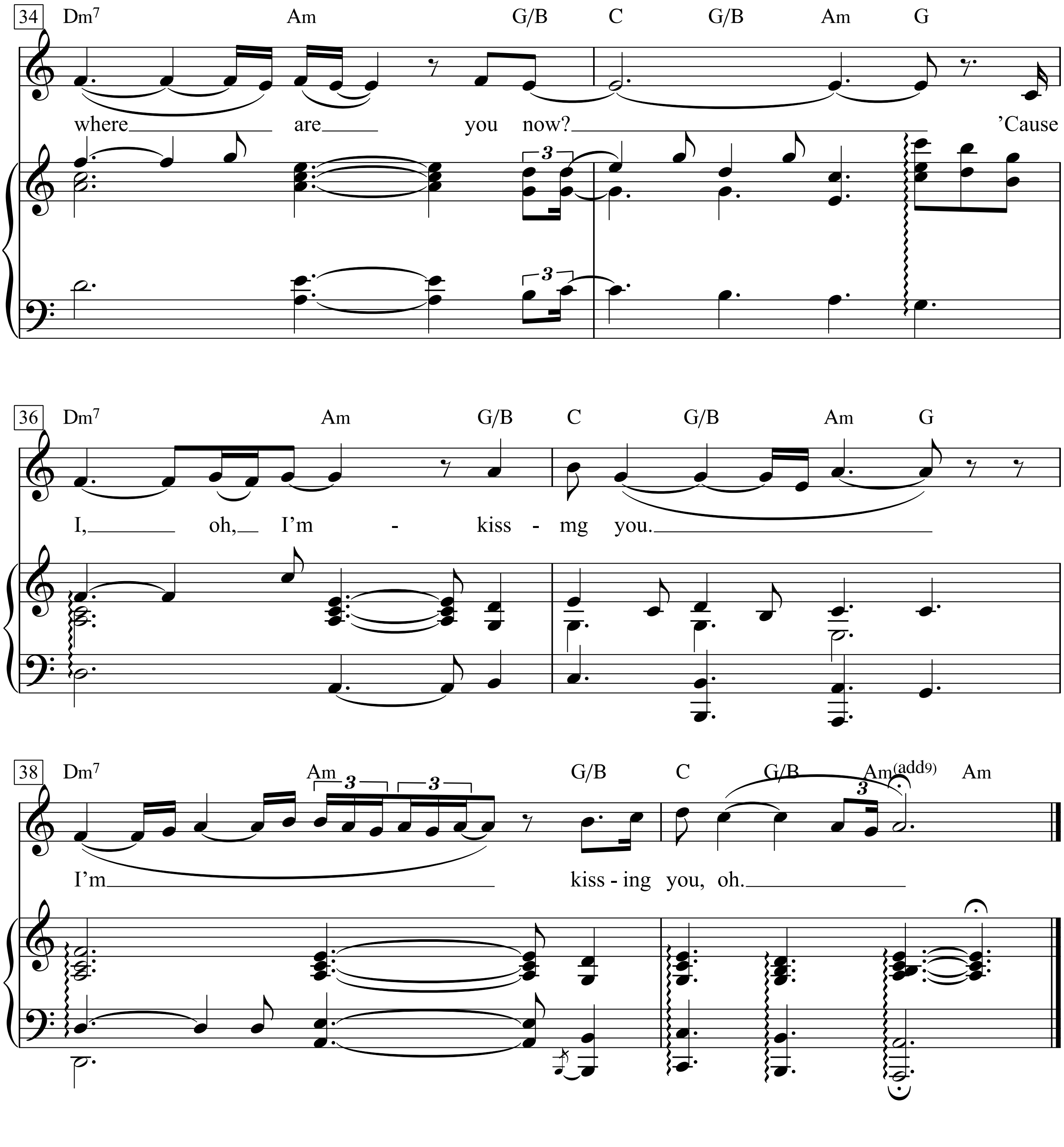
Music by Des'ree & Tim Atack
(Des'ree)




10
Dm7 C(add9) C Am Em7 Am7 G
Heav - - ing heart is full of pain.
12
Dm7 Am7 G/B C G/B G♯o7 Am
Oh, oh, the ach - ing! 'Cause
15/8
12/8
14
Dm7 Am7 G/B C G/B Am G
I'm kiss - ing you. oh.
16
Dm7 Am7 G/B C G/B Am G
I'm kiss - mg you, oh.

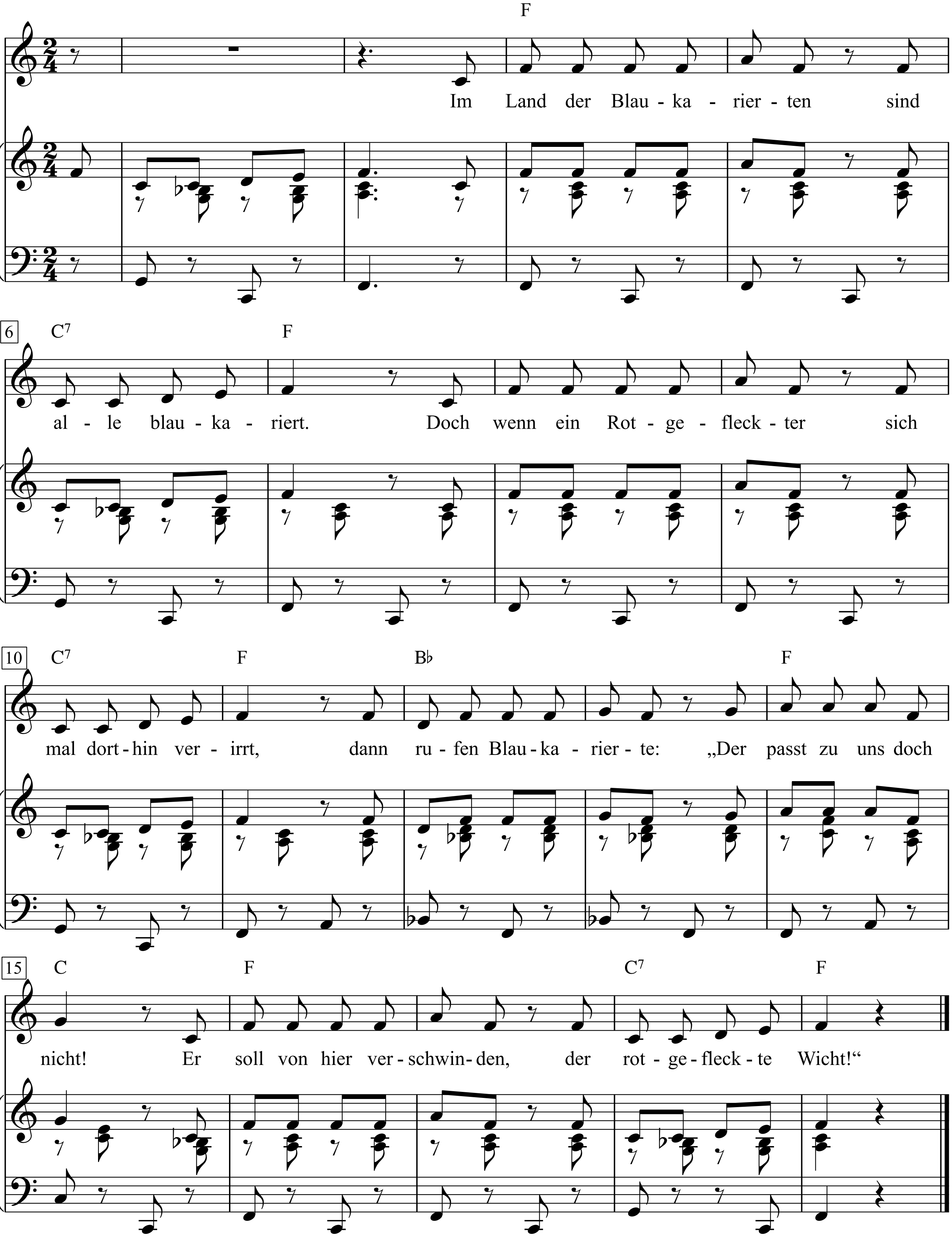

18
Dm7 C(add9) C Am Em7 Am G
Touch me deep, pure and true; A
20
Dm7 Am7 G/B C G/B Am G
gift to me for - ev - ver. 'Cause
22
Dm7 Am7 G/B C G/B Am G
I'm kiss - ing you, oh.
24
Dm7 Am G/B C G/B Am G
I'm kiss - ing you, oh.


26
Dm C Am G(add2)
p
28
Dm C Am G(add2)
30
F G Am G/B Dm9 Dm7 C G/B Am
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
ff
32
Dm7 Am7 G/B C G/B Am G
Where are you now? Oh,
p


34
Dm7 Am G/B C G/B Am G
where are you now? 'Cause
3
3
36
Dm7 Am G/B C G/B Am G
I, oh, I'm - kiss - mg you.
38
Dm7 Am G/B C G/B Am(add9) Am
3
3
3
I'm kiss - ing you, oh.

Im Land der Blaukarierten

Text & Musik: Klaus Hoffmann
Satz: Gerd-Peter Münden



1. Im Land der Blaukarierten sind alle blaukariert.
Doch wenn ein Rotgefleckter sich mal dorthin verirrt,
dann rufen Blaukarierte: „Der passt zu uns doch nicht!
Er soll von hier verschwinden, der rotgefleckte Wicht!“

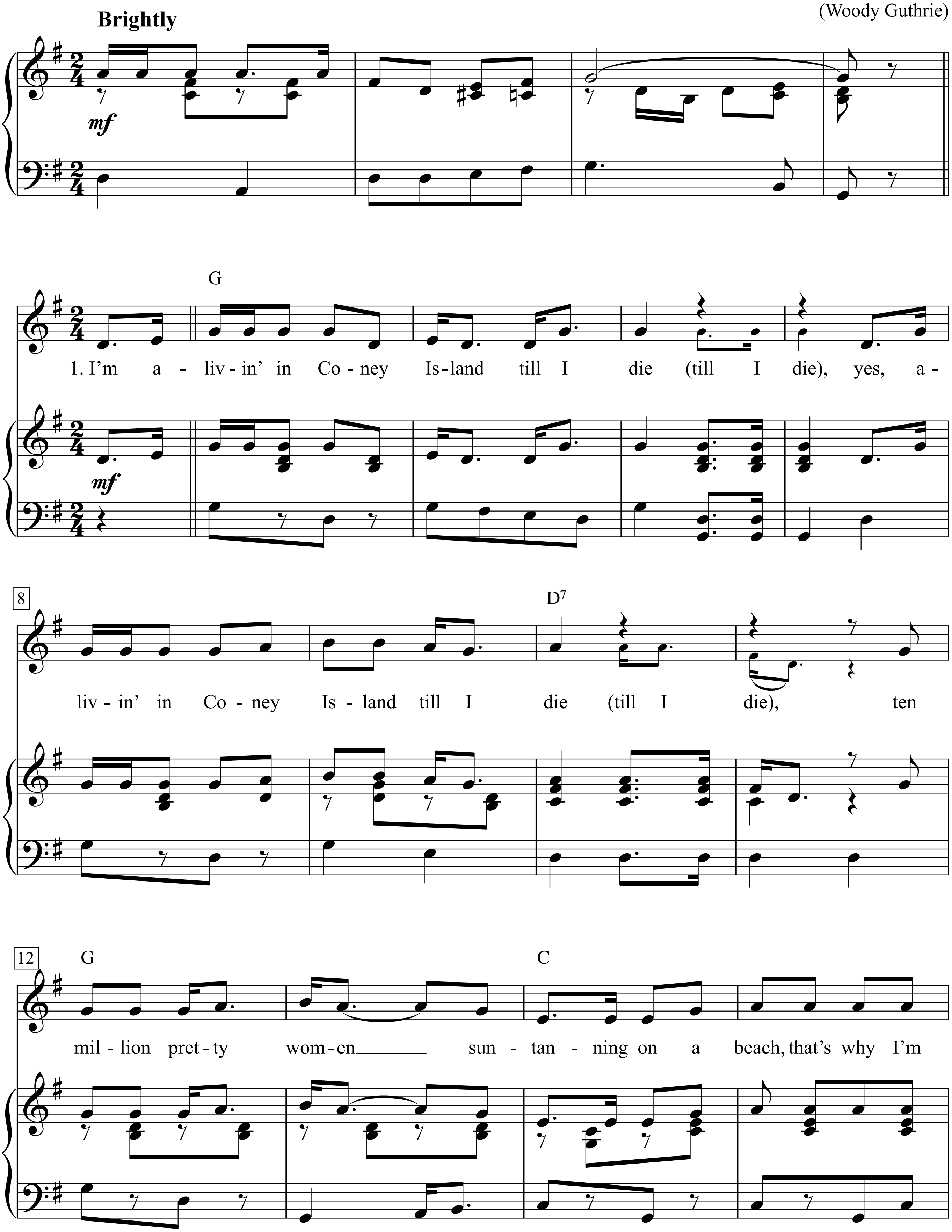
2. Im Land der Rotgefleckten sind alle rotgefleckt.
Doch wird ein Grüngestreifter in diesem Land entdeckt,
dann rufen Rotgefleckte: „Der passt zu uns doch nicht!
Er soll von hier verschwinden, der grüngestreifte Wicht!“

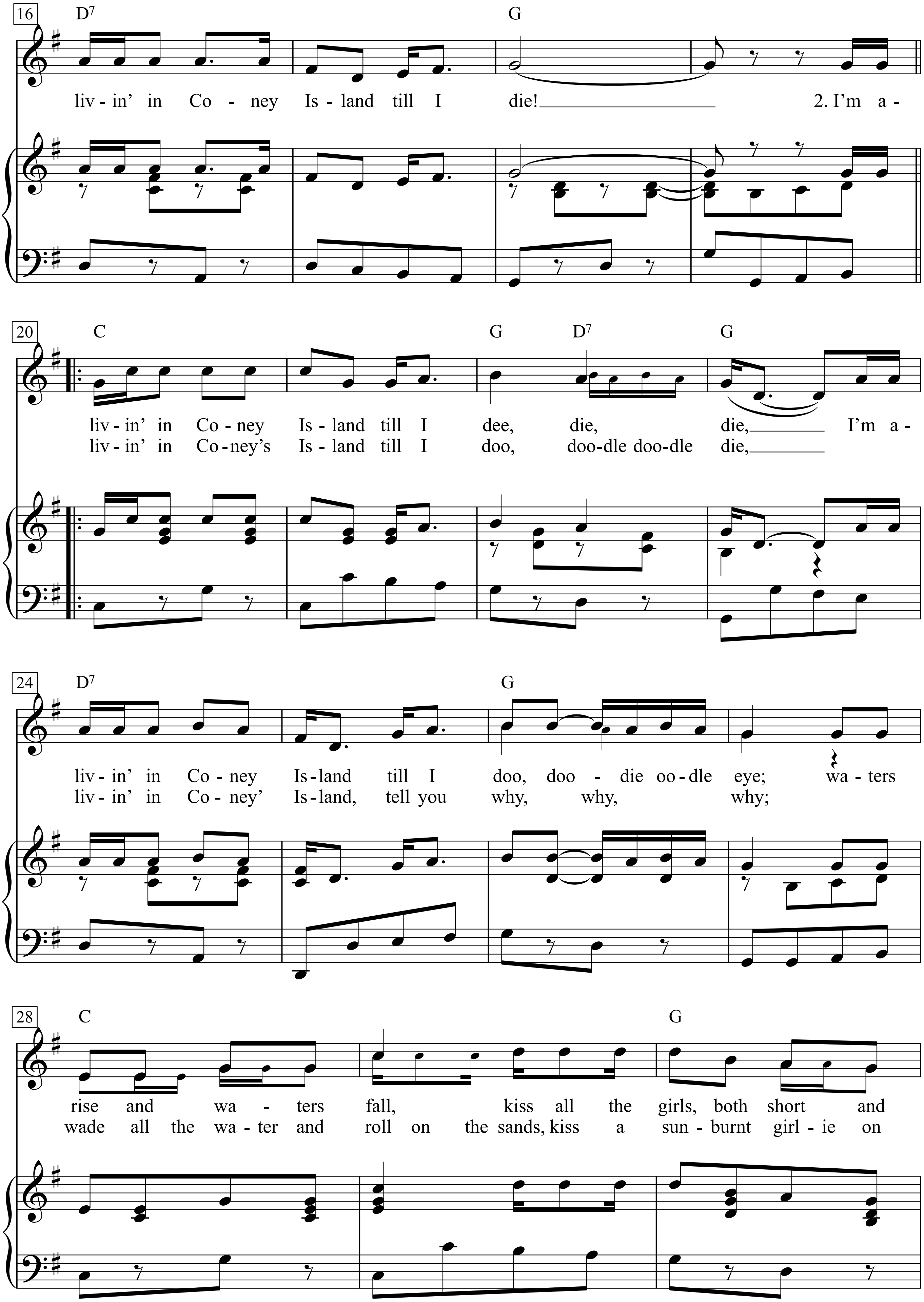
3. Im Land der Grüngestreiften sind alle grüngestreift.
Doch wenn ein Blaukarierter so etwas nicht begreift,
dann rufen Grüngestreifte: „Der passt zu uns doch nicht!
Er soll von hier verschwinden, der blaukarierte Wicht!“

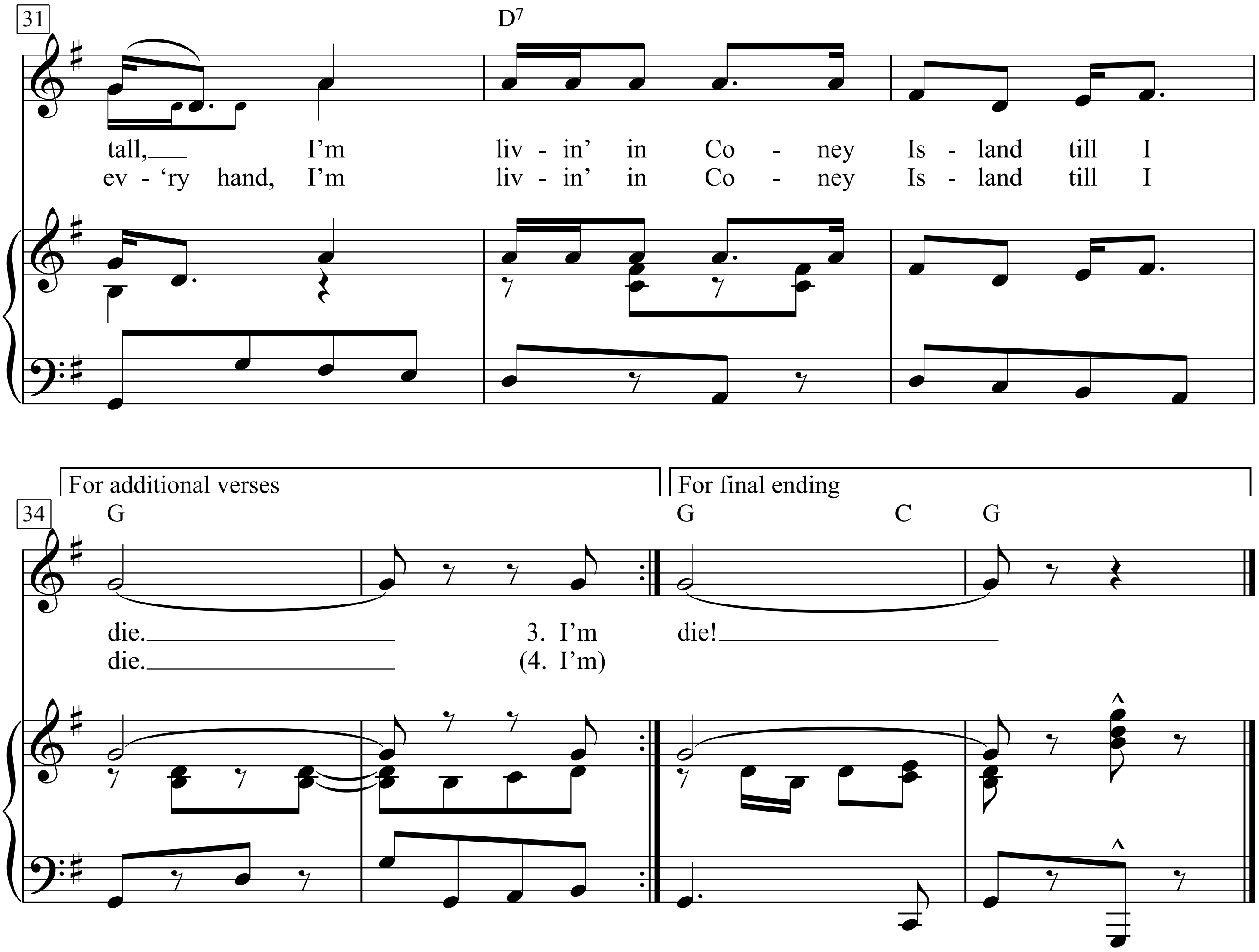
4. Im Land der Buntgemischten sind alle buntgemischt.
Und wenn ein Gelbgetupfter das bunte Land aufmischt,
dann rufen Buntgemischte: „Willkommen hier im Land!
Hier kannst du mit uns leben, wir reichen dir die Hand!“

I'm Living in Coney Island till I Die

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie
(Woody Guthrie)




16
D7 G
liv - in' in Co - ney Is - land till I die! 2. I'm a -
20
C G D7 G
liv - in' in Co - ney Is - land till I dee, die, die, I'm a -
liv - in' in Co - ney's Is - land till I doo, doo-dle doo-dle die,
24
D7 G
liv - in' in Co - ney Is - land till I doo, doo - die oo - dle eye; wa - ters
liv - in' in Co - ney' Is - land, tell you why, why, why;
28
C G
rise and wa - ters fall, kiss all the girls, both short and
wade all the wa - ter and roll on the sands, kiss a sun - burnt girl - ie on


31
D7
tall, I'm liv - in' in Co - ney Is - land till I
ev - 'ry hand, I'm liv - in' in Co - ney Is - land till I
For additional verses
For final ending
34
G
G C G
die. 3. I'm
die. (4. I'm)
die!

1. I’m a-livin’ in Coney Island till I die (till I die),
Yes, a-livin’ in Coney Island till I die (till I die),
Ten million pretty women suntanning on a beach,
that’s why I’m livin’ in Coney Island till I die!

2. I’m a-livin’ in Coney Island till I dee, die, die,
I’m a-livin’ in Coney Island till I doo, doodie oodle eye;
Waters rise and waters fall,
Kiss all the girls, both short and tall,
I’m livin’ in Coney Island till I die.

3. I’m livin’ in Coney’s Island till I doo, doodle doodle die,
Livin’ in Coney’ Island, tell you why, why, why;
Wade all the water and roll on the sands,
Kiss a sunburnt girlie on ev‘ry hand,
I’m livin’ in Coney Island till I die.

4. I’m livin’ in Coney’s Island till I stack up and die,
Livin’ in good old Coney, I done told you why,
Stand in my kitchen and bum my meat;
Bathin’ beauty walks along my street,
That’s why I’m livin’ in Coney’s Island till I die.

5. I’m livin’ in Coney’s Island till I die, till I die.
I said, I’m livin’ in Coney’s Island till I die!
Stretch from here to Brighton’s Beach;
Pretty bathin’ girls the color of a peach,
That’s why I’m livin’ in Coney’s Island till I die!

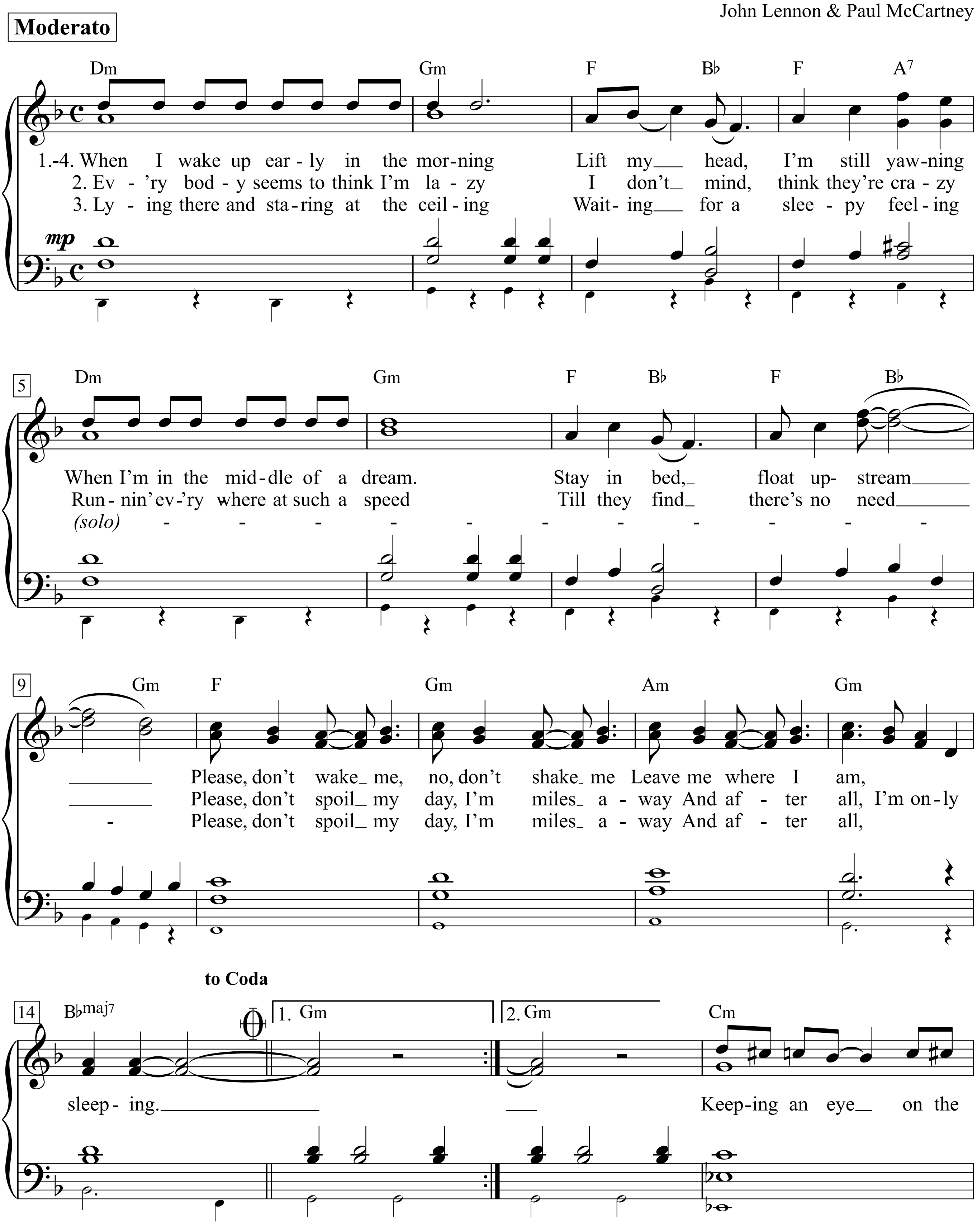
6. I’m livin’ in Coney’s Island till I die, die-dle-eedle die,
Coney, Coney, Coney, Coney, Coney till I die-dle-eedle die.
Makes me glad to just hang around;
See that pretty thing steppin’ up and down,
That’s why I’m livin’ in Coney’s Island till I die.

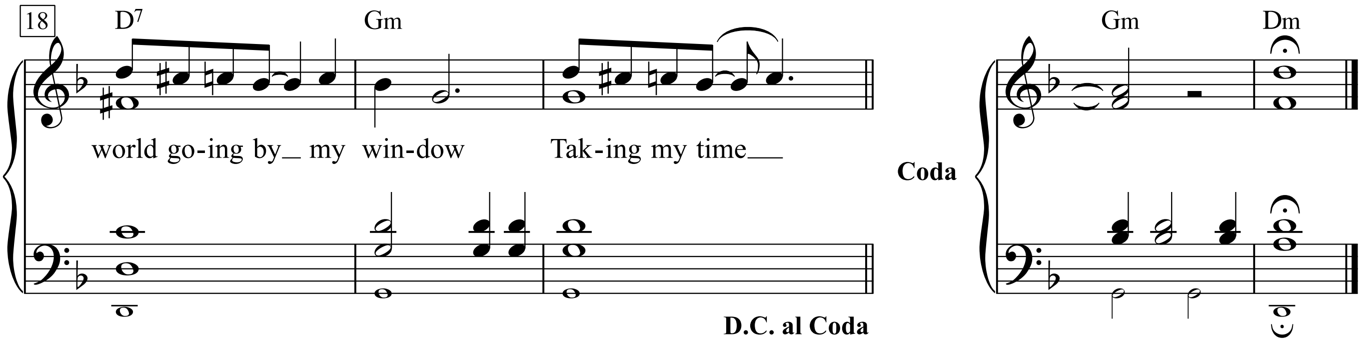
7. I’m a-stickin’ round Coney Island till I doo, doo-dle-oodle die,
Livin’ right here in good sweet Coney, done told you why;
You’ll see me roll just like the ocean rolls;
Kiss me twice a day with all o’ your soul,
That’s why I’m livin’ in Coney Island till I die!

I’m Only Sleeping

(Organ: Registration No. 5)

Words & Music:
John Lennon & Paul McCartney





1. When I wake up early in the morning
Lift my head, I'm still yawning
When I'm in the middle of a dream
Stay in bed, float upstream
(Float upstream)
Please, don't wake me, no, don't shake me
Leave me where I am, I'm only sleeping

2. Everybody seems to think I'm lazy
I don't mind, I think they're crazy
Runnin' everywhere at such a speed
Till they find there's no need
(There's no need)
Please, don't spoil my day, I'm miles away
And after all I'm only sleeping
Keeping an eye on the world going by my window
Taking my time

3. Lying there and staring at the ceiling
Waiting for a sleepy feeling
Please, don't spoil my day, I'm miles away
And after all I'm only sleeping
Keeping an eye on the world going by my window
Taking my time

4. When I wake up early in the morning
Lift my head, I'm still yawning
When I'm in the middle of a dream
Stay in bed, float upstream
(Float upstream)
Please, don't wake me, no, don't shake me
Leave me where I am, I'm only sleeping

Titel ???
Wenn ich morgens früh aufwache
ich hebe meinen Kopf
ich gähne noch

Wenn ich mitten in einem Traum bin
ich bleib im Bett
schwimme ein Flüsschen rauf

Bitte weck mich nicht
nein, schüttle mich nicht
Lass mich wo ich bin,
ich schlafe nur!

Jeder scheint zu denken ich bin faul
das kümmert mich nicht!
Ich denke sie sind verrückt!
Rennen überall hin in solch einer Geschwindigkeit
bis sie merken, es gibt keinen Grund!

Bitte versau meinen Tag nicht,
Ich bin Meilen entfernt
und doch nach allem schlafe ich nur!

Ich hab immer ein Auge auf die Welt,
die an meinem Fenster vorbeizieht
nimm mir ein bisschen Zeit

Ich liege da und schau an die Decke
warte auf ein schläfriges Gefühl...

Bitte versau meinen Tag nicht,
Ich bin Meilen entfernt
und doch nach allem schlafe ich nur!

Ich hab immer ein Auge auf die Welt,
die an meinem Fenster vorbeizieht
nimm mir ein bisschen Zeit

Wenn ich morgens früh aufwache
ich hebe meinen Kopf
ich gähne noch

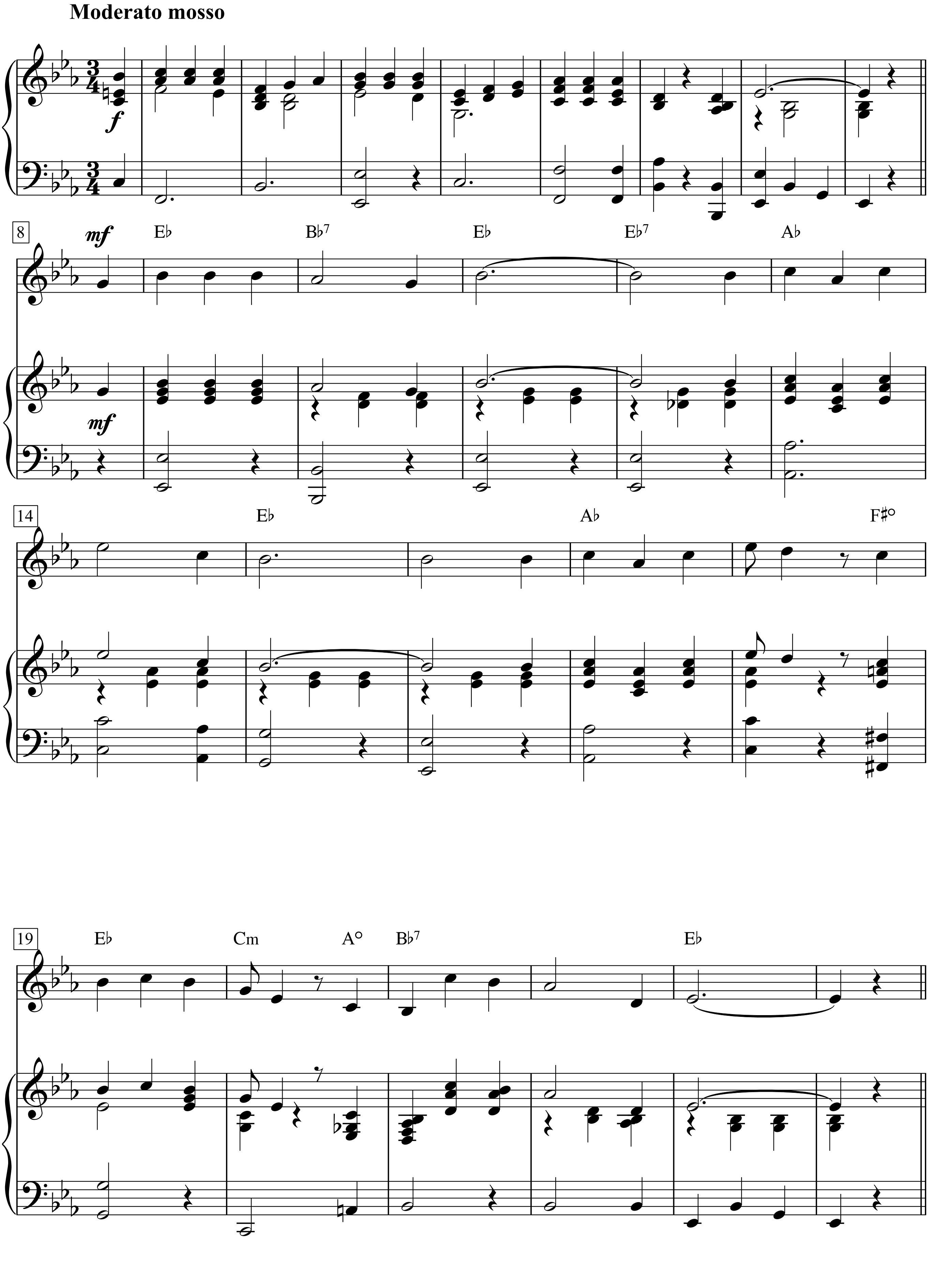
Wenn ich mitten in einem Traum bin
ich bleib im Bett
schwimme ein Flüsschen rauf

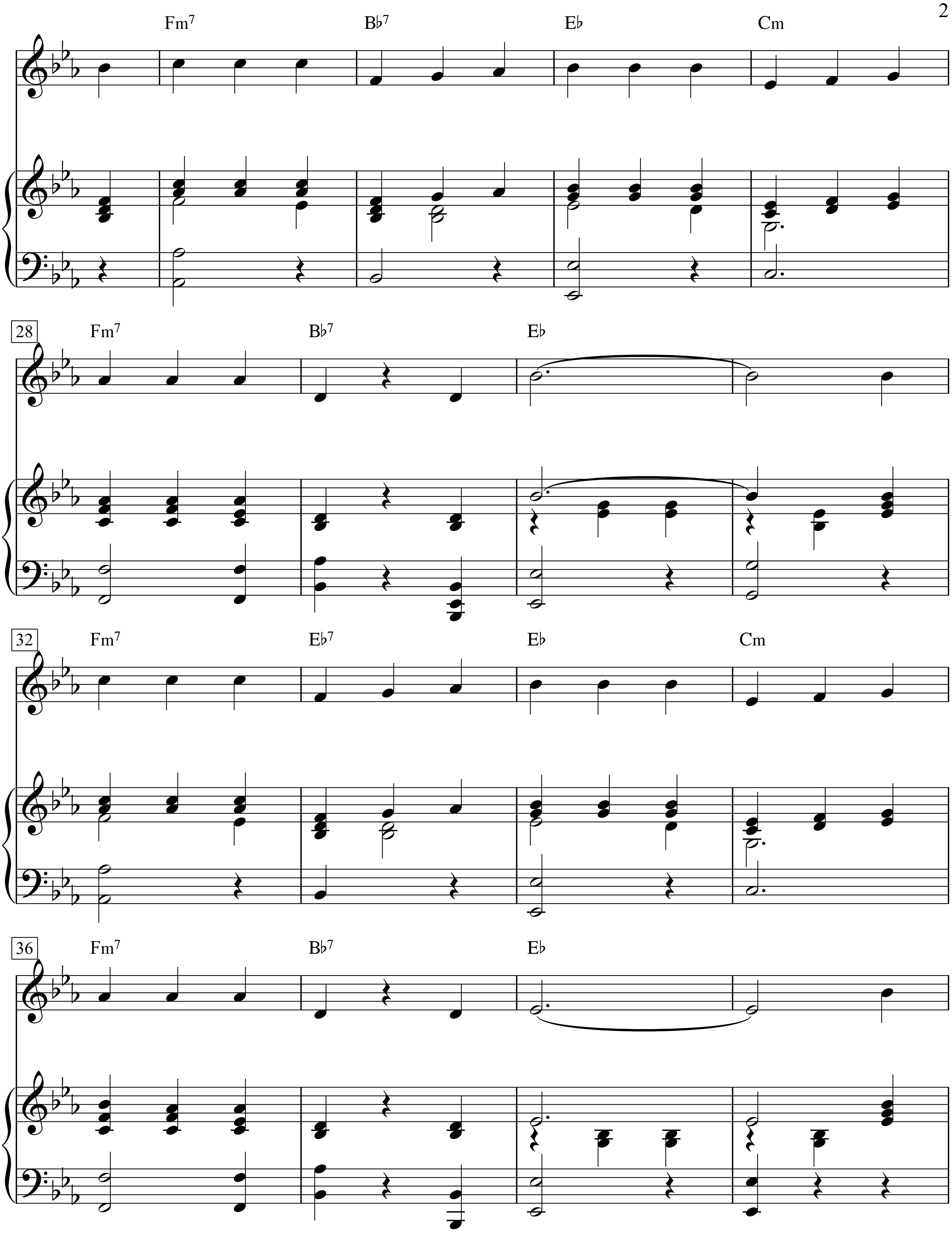
Bitte weck mich nicht

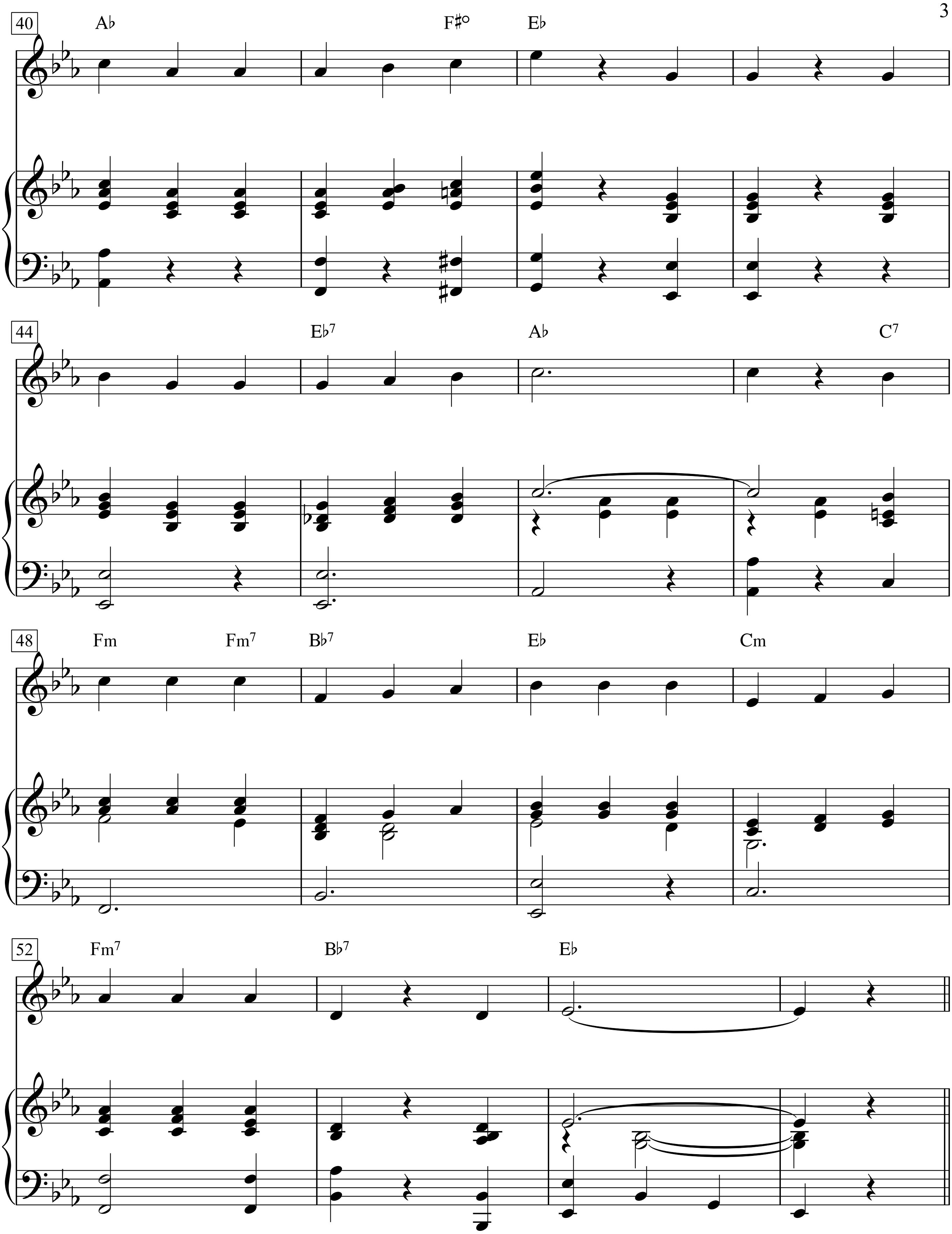
I'm Popeye the Sailor Man

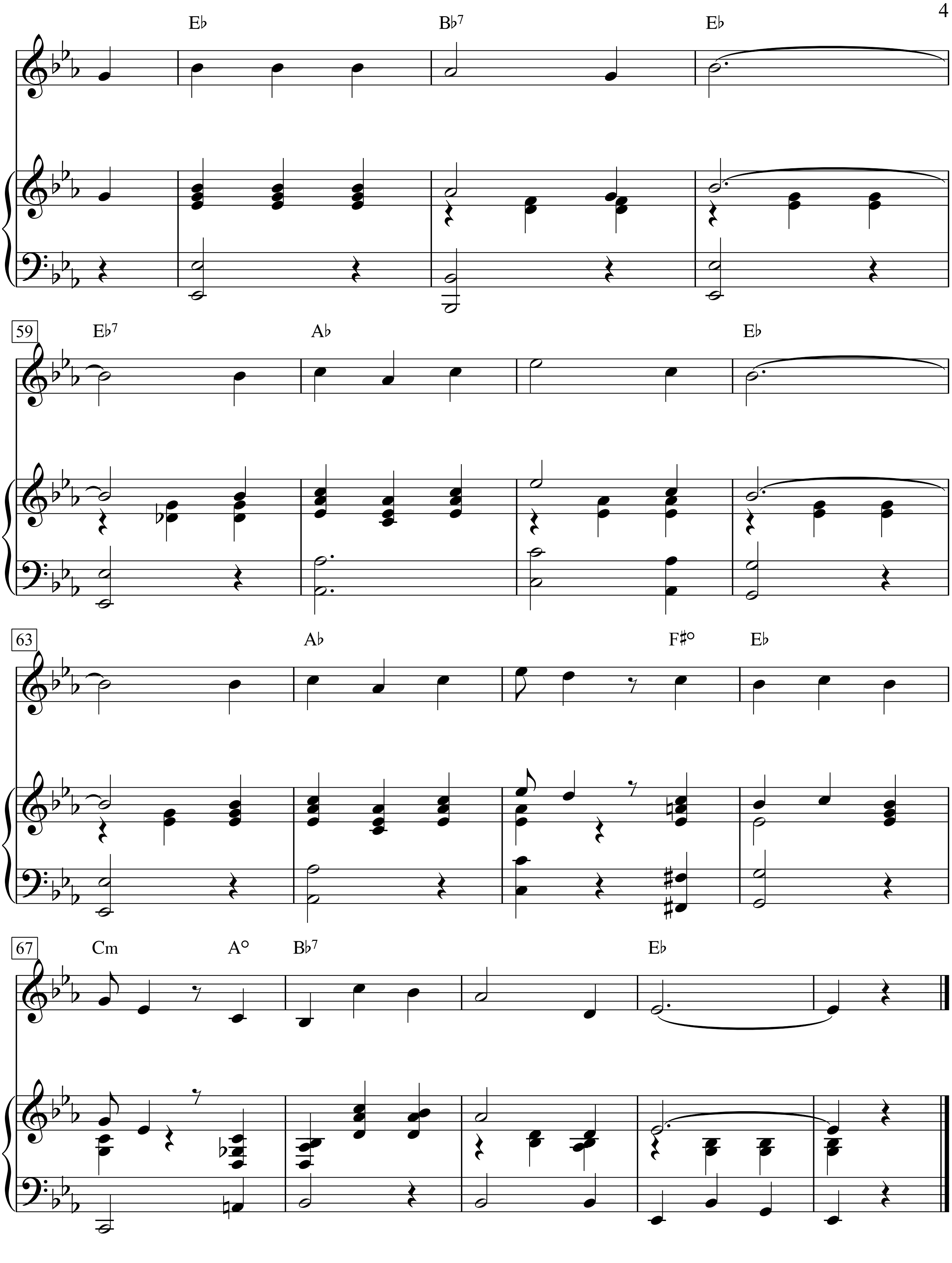
Theme Song from Paramount's "Popeye the Sailor" Cartoon

Words & Music by Sammy Lerner




Fm7 B♭7 E♭ Cm
28 Fm7 B♭7 E♭
32 Fm7 E♭7 E♭ Cm
36 Fm7 B♭7 E♭

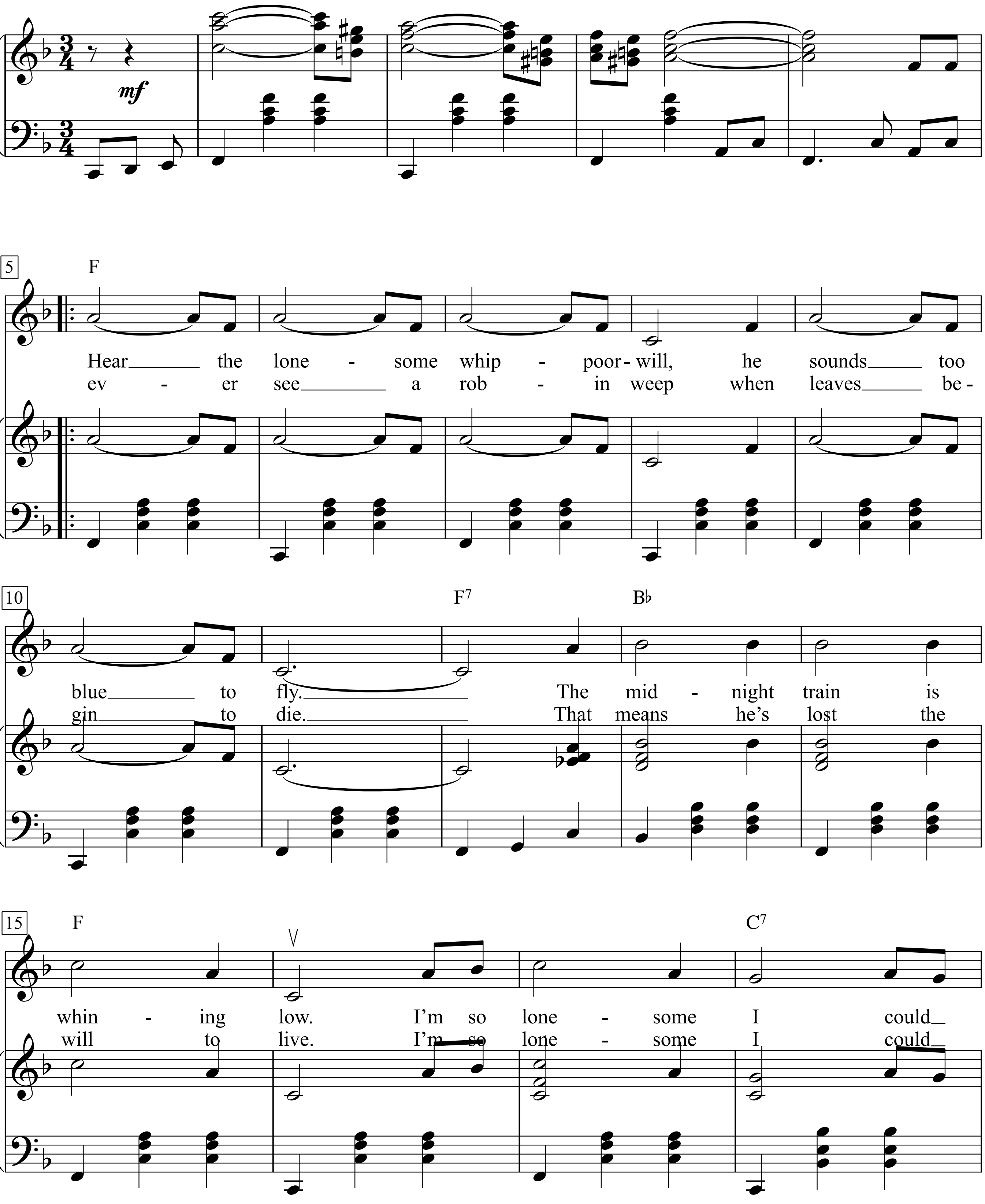

40
A♭
F♯°
E♭
44
E♭7
A♭
C7
48
Fm
Fm7
B♭7
E♭
Cm
52
Fm7
B♭7
E♭

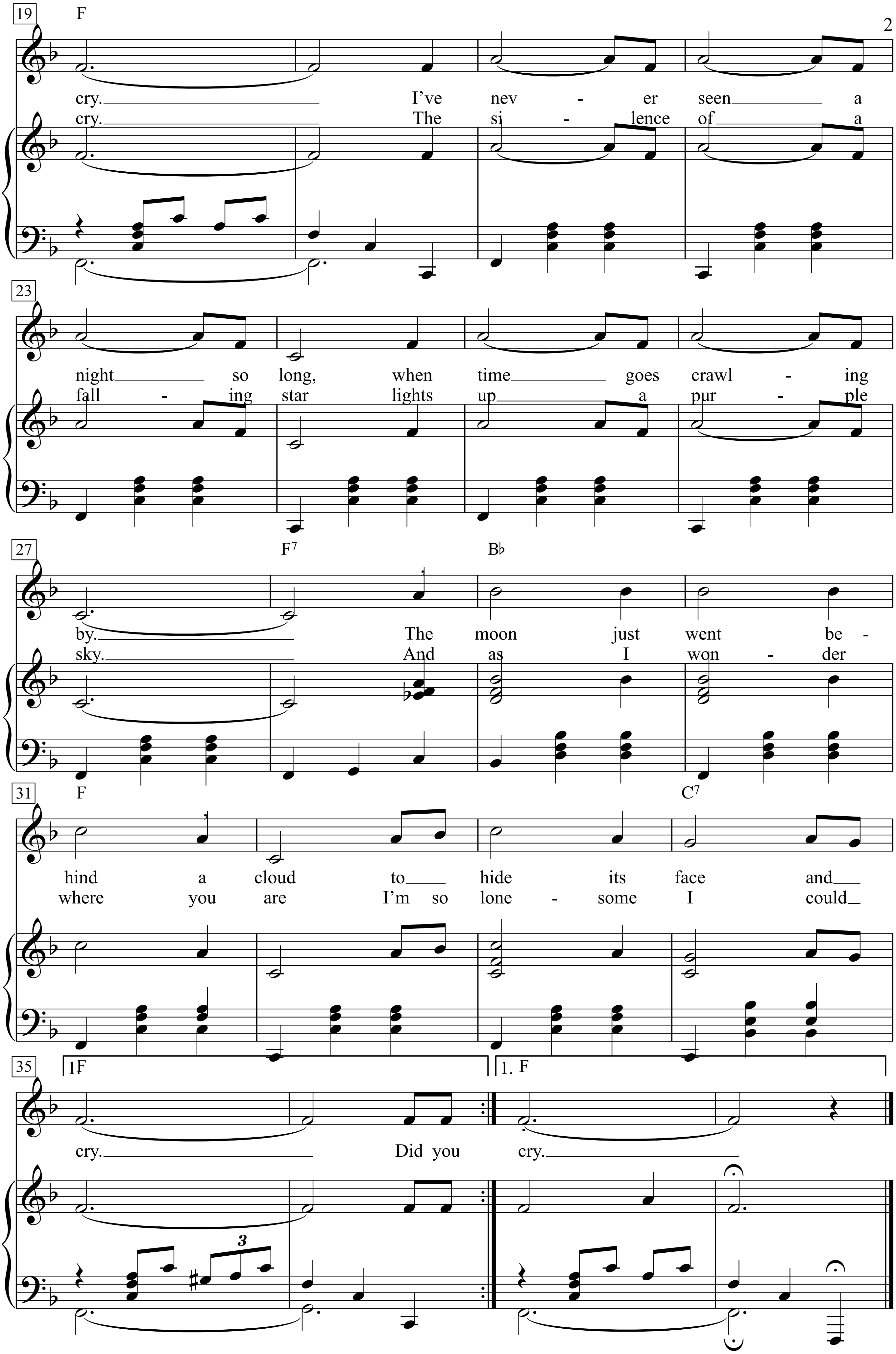

E♭
B♭7
E♭
59
E♭7
A♭
E♭
63
A♭
F♯°
E♭
67
Cm
A°
B♭7
E♭

I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry

Words & Music by Hank Williams
(Hank Williams)

Moderately




19 F
cry. I've nev - er seen a
cry. The si - lence of a
23
night so long, when time goes crawl - ing
fall - ing star lights up a pur - ple
27 F7 B♭
by. The moon just went be -
sky. And as I won - der
31 F C7
hind a cloud to hide its face and
where you are I'm so lone - some I could
35 1F 1. F
cry. Did you cry.

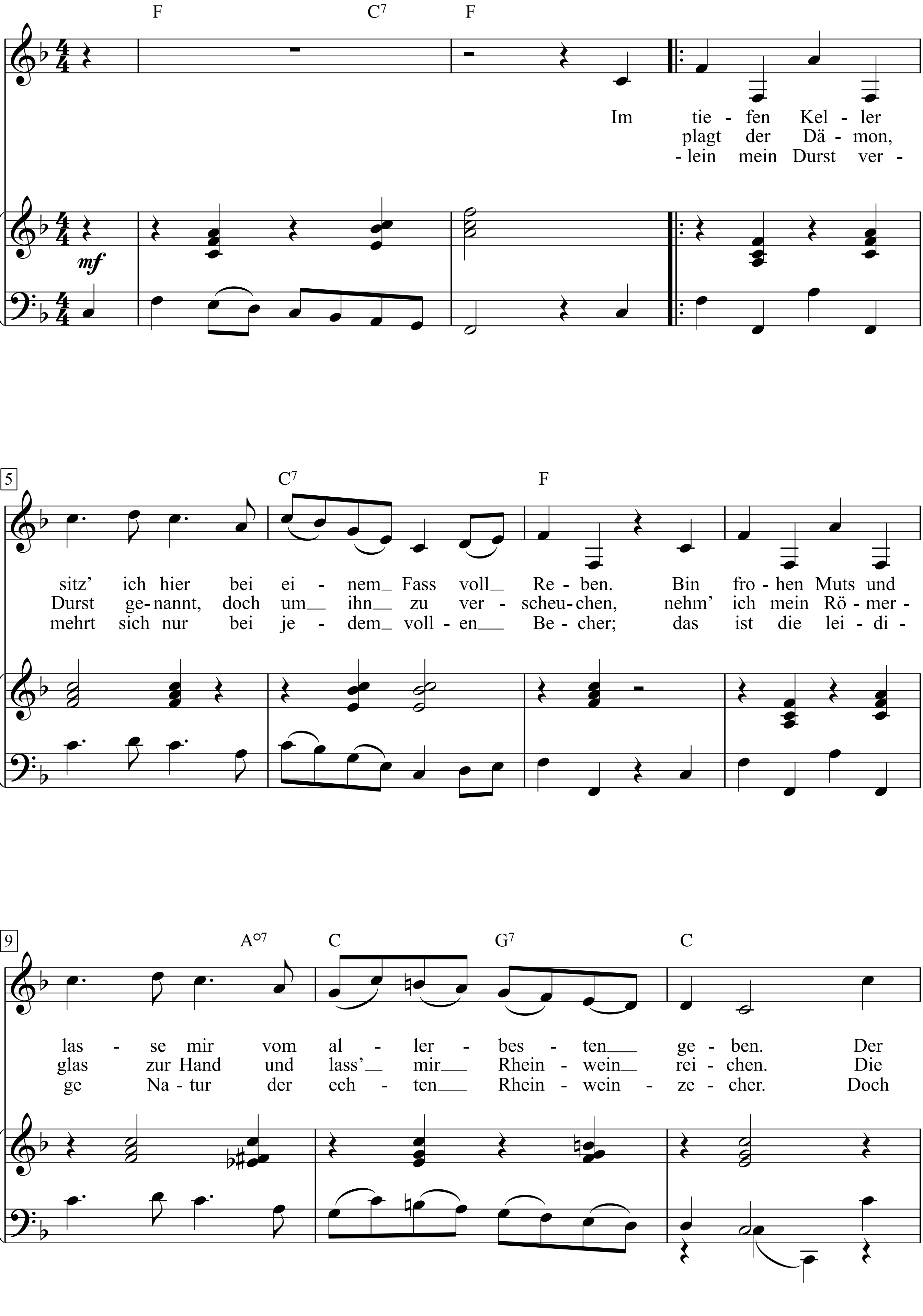
1.
Hear the lonesome whippoorwill, he sounds too blue to fly.
The midnight train is whining low.
I’m so lonesome I could cry.
I’ve never seen a night so long, when time goes crawling by.
The moon just went behind a cloud to hide its face and cry.
Did you cry.

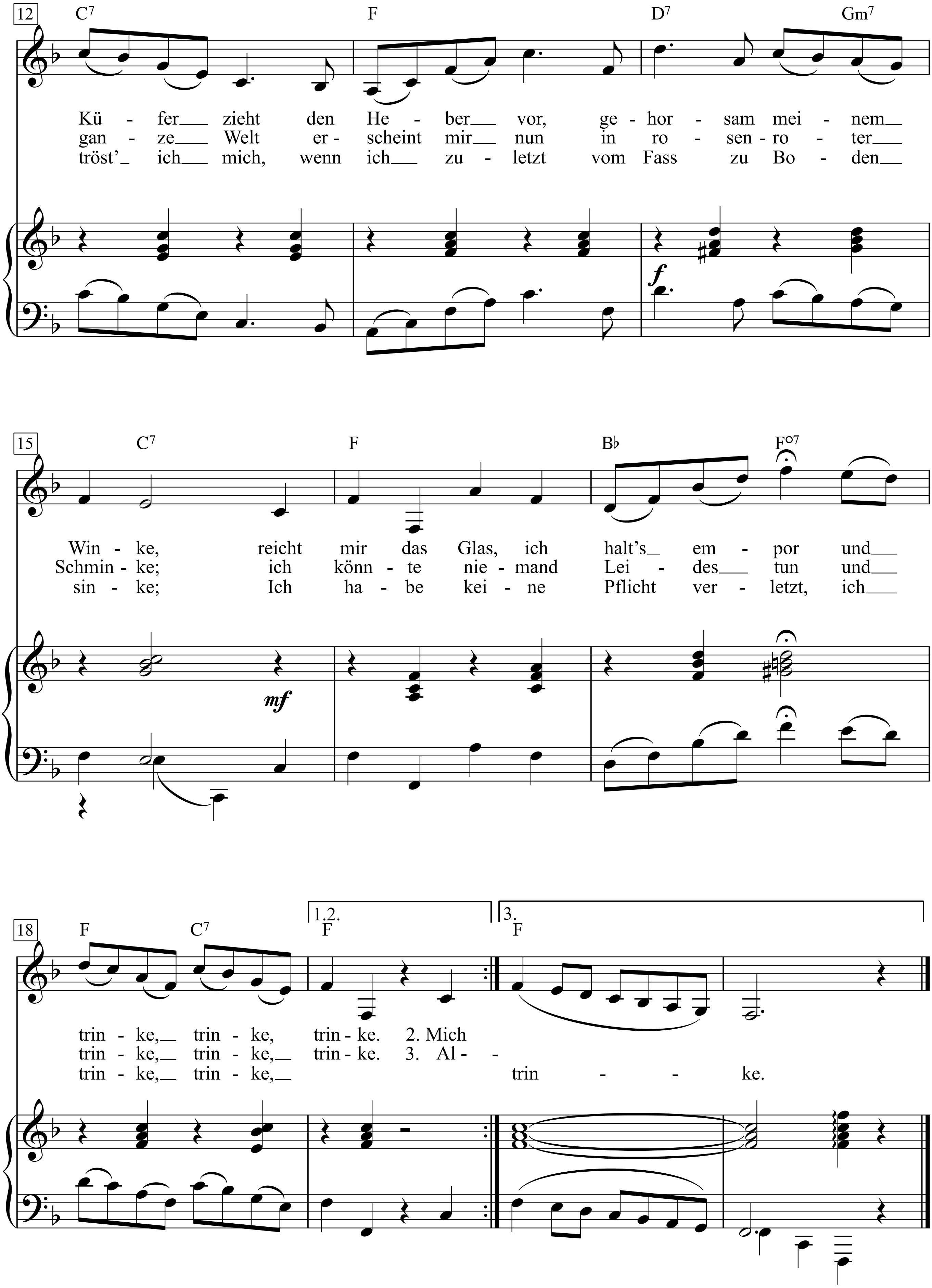
2. ever see a robin weep when leaves begin to die.
That means he’s lost the will to live.
I’m so lonesome I could cry.
The silence of a falling star lights up a purple sky.
And as I wonder where you are I’m so lonesome I could

Im tiefen Keller sitz' ich hier

Karl Müchler

Ludwig Fischer




12
C7 F D7 Gm7
Kü - fer zieht den He - ber vor, ge - hor - sam mei - nem
gan - ze Welt er - scheint mir nun in ro - sen - ro - ter
tröst' ich mich, wenn ich zu - letzt vom Fass zu Bo - den
15
C7 F B♭ F°7
Win - ke, reicht mir das Glas, ich halt's em - por und
Schmin - ke; ich könn - te nie - mand Lei - des tun und
sin - ke; Ich ha - be kei - ne Pflicht ver - letzt, ich
18
1.2. 3.
F C7 F F
trin - ke, trin - ke, trin - ke. 2. Mich
trin - ke, trin - ke, trin - ke. 3. Al -
trin - ke, trin - ke, trin - - ke.

1. Im tiefen Keller sitz' ich hier
bei einem Fass voll Reben.
Bin frohen Muts und lasse mir
vom allerbesten geben.
Der Küfer zieht den Heber vor,
gehorsam meinem Winke,
reicht mir das Glas, ich halt's empor
und trinke, trinke, trinke.

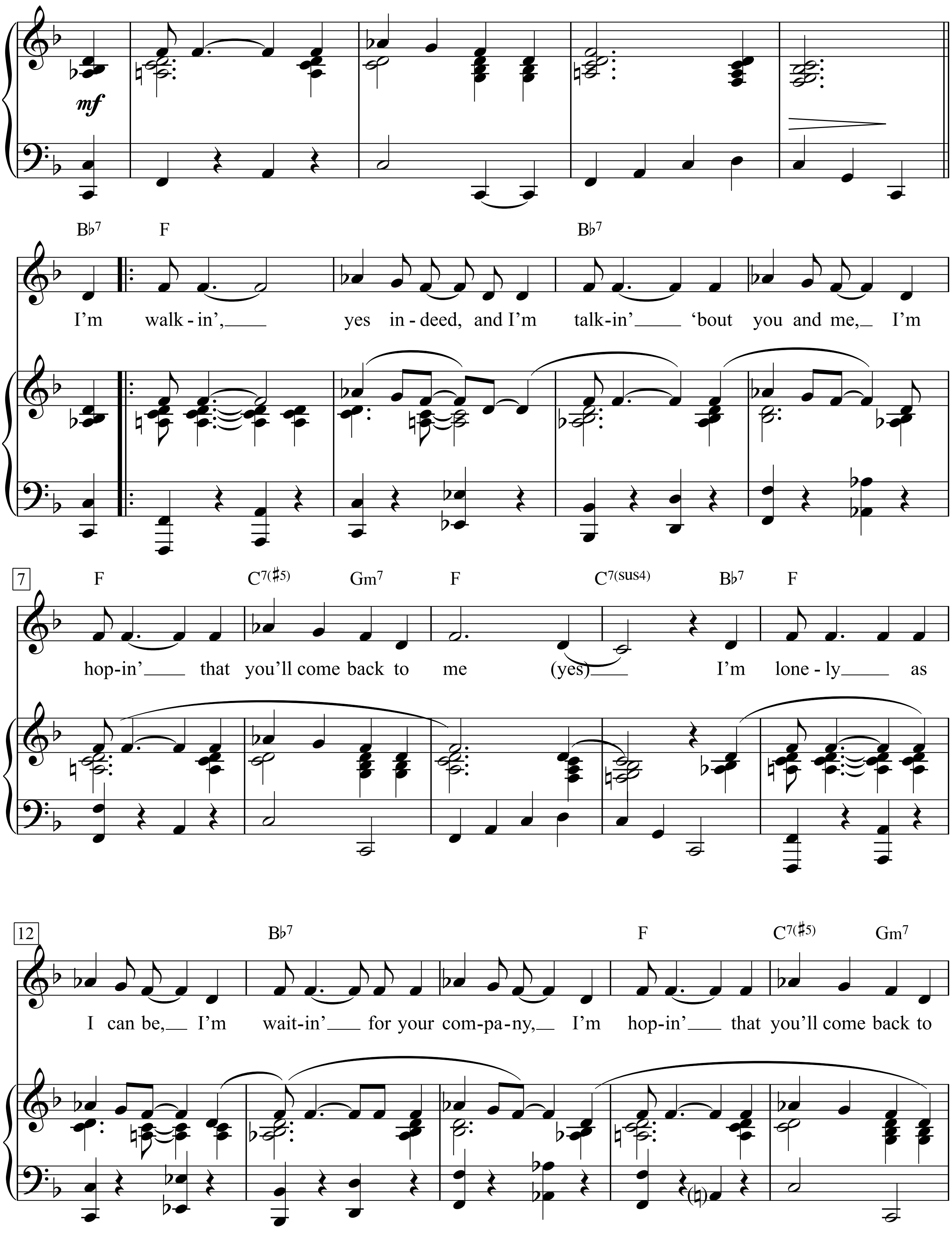
2. Mich plagt der Dämon, Durst genannt,
doch um ihn zu verscheuchen,
nehm' ich mein Römerglas zur Hand
und lass' mir Rheinwein reichen.
Die ganze Welt erscheint mir nun
in rosenroter Schminke;
ich könnte niemand Leides tun
und trinke, trinke, trinke.

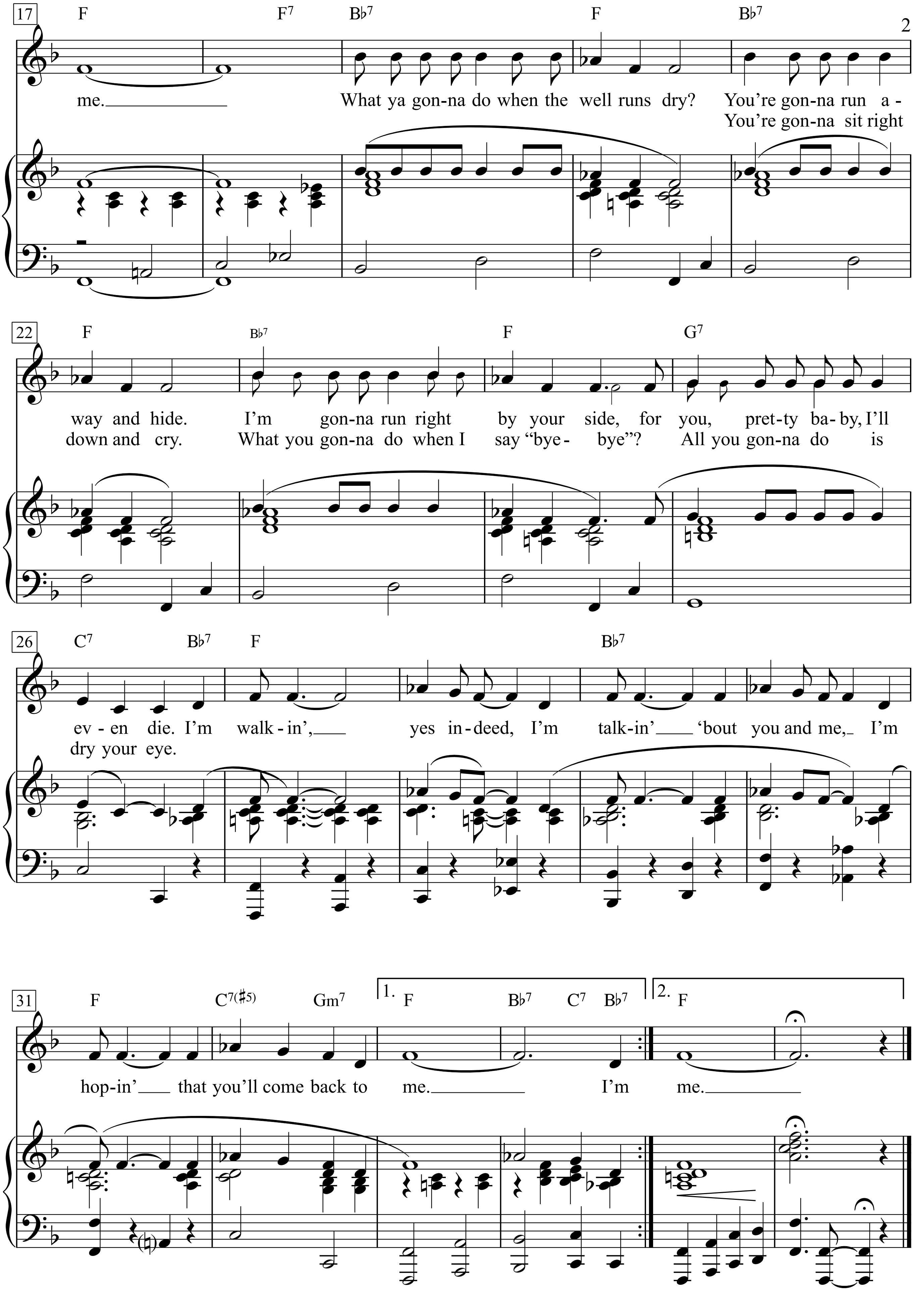
3. Allein mein Durst vermehrt sich nur
bei jedem vollen Becher;
das ist die leidige Natur
der echten Rheinweinzecher.
Doch tröst' ich mich, wenn ich zuletzt
vom Fass zu Boden sinke;
Ich habe keine Pflicht verletzt,
ich trinke, trinke, trinke.

I'm Walking

Words & Music by
Antoine Domino and Dave Bartholomew
(Fats Domino)

Fast "walking" blues

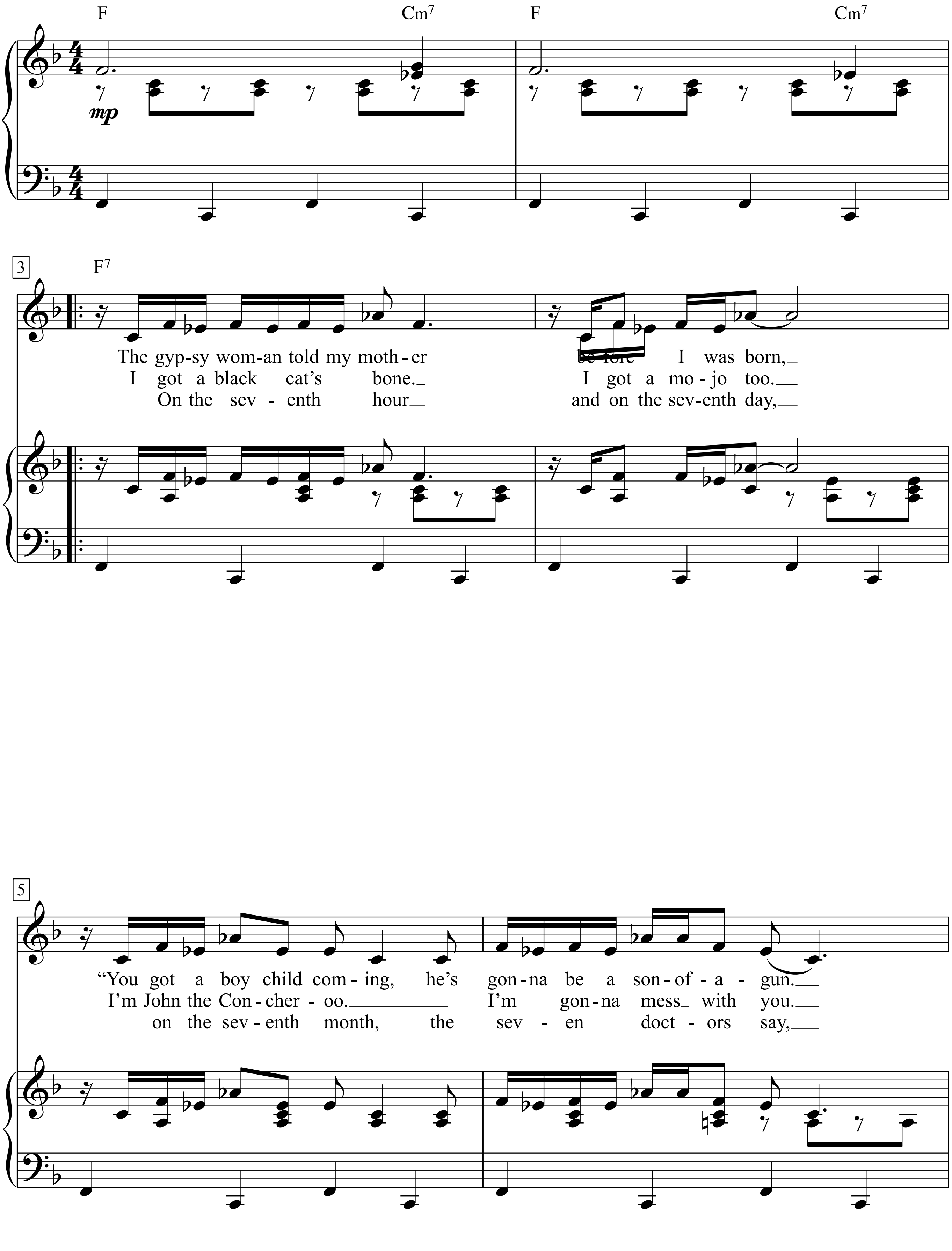


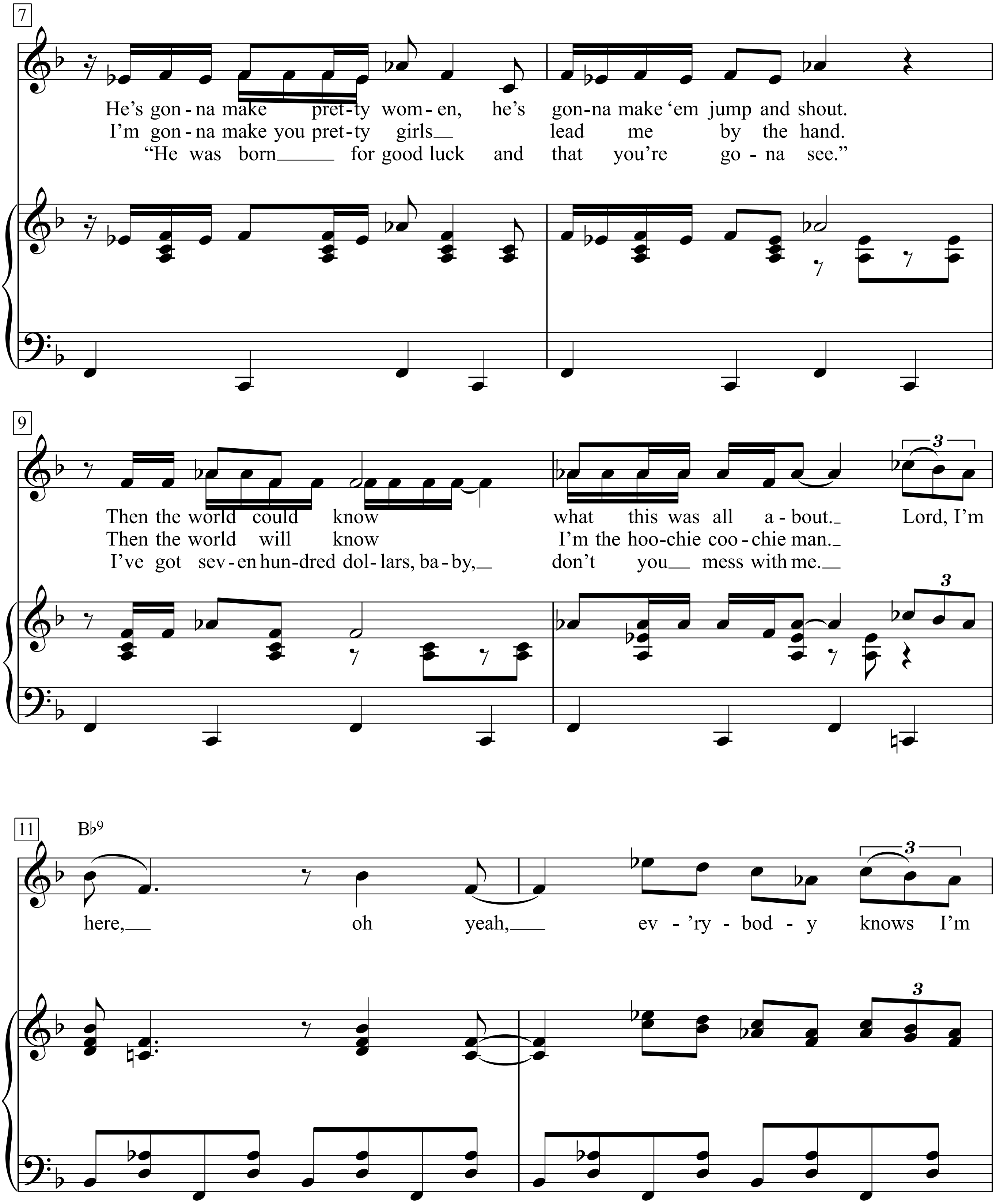

17
F F7 B♭7 F B♭7
me. What ya gon-na do when the well runs dry? You're gon-na run a -
You're gon-na sit right
22
F B♭7 F G7
way and hide. I'm gon-na run right by your side, for you, pret-ty ba-by, I'll
down and cry. What you gon-na do when I say "bye - bye"? All you gon-na do is
26
C7 B♭7 F B♭7
ev - en die. I'm walk - in', yes in-deed, I'm talk-in' 'bout you and me, I'm
dry your eye.
31
F C7(♯5) Gm7 1. F B♭7 C7 B♭7 2. F
hop-in' that you'll come back to me. I'm me.

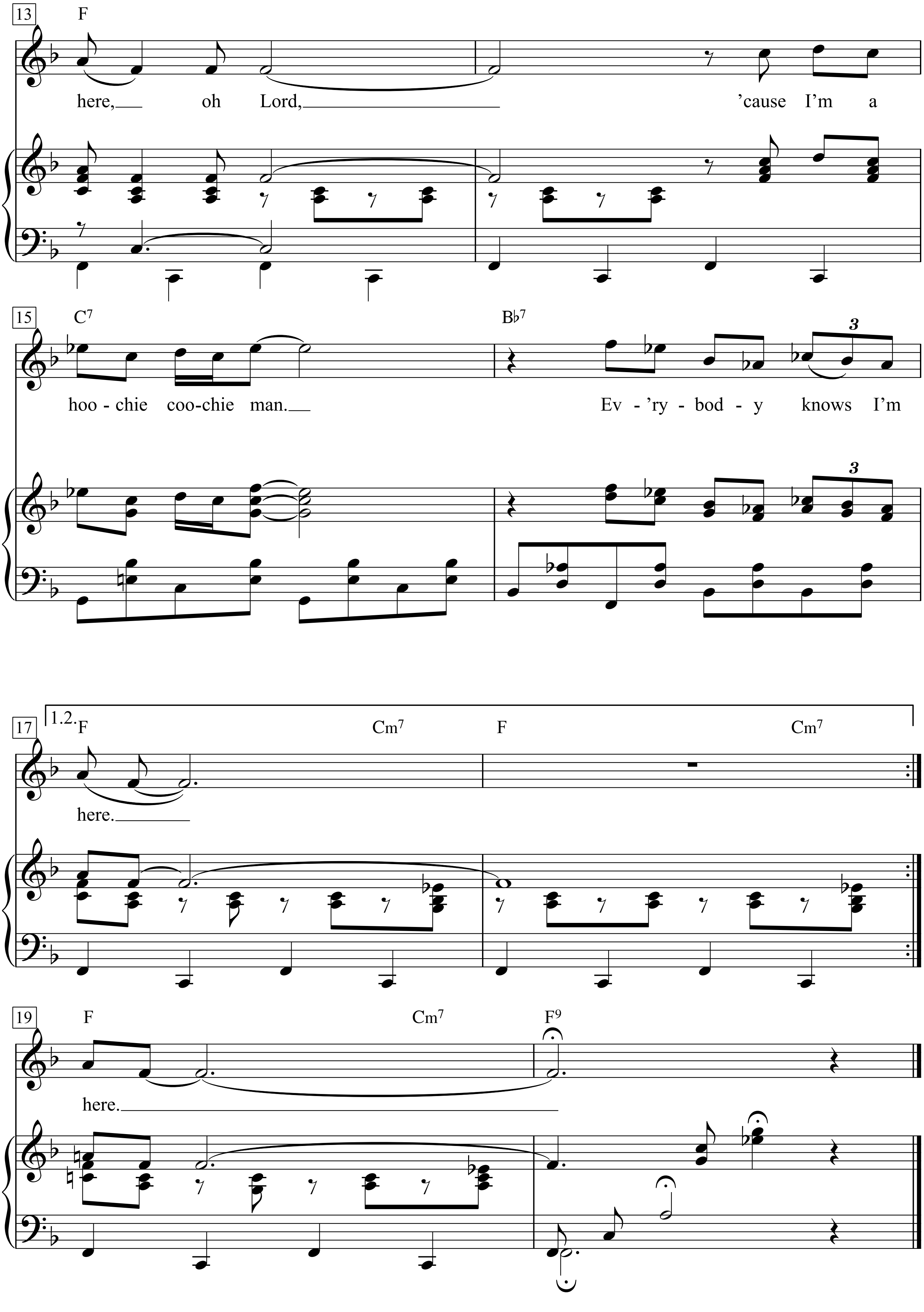
I'm Your Hoochie Coochie Man

Solid beat

Written by Willie Dixon
(Muddy Waters)

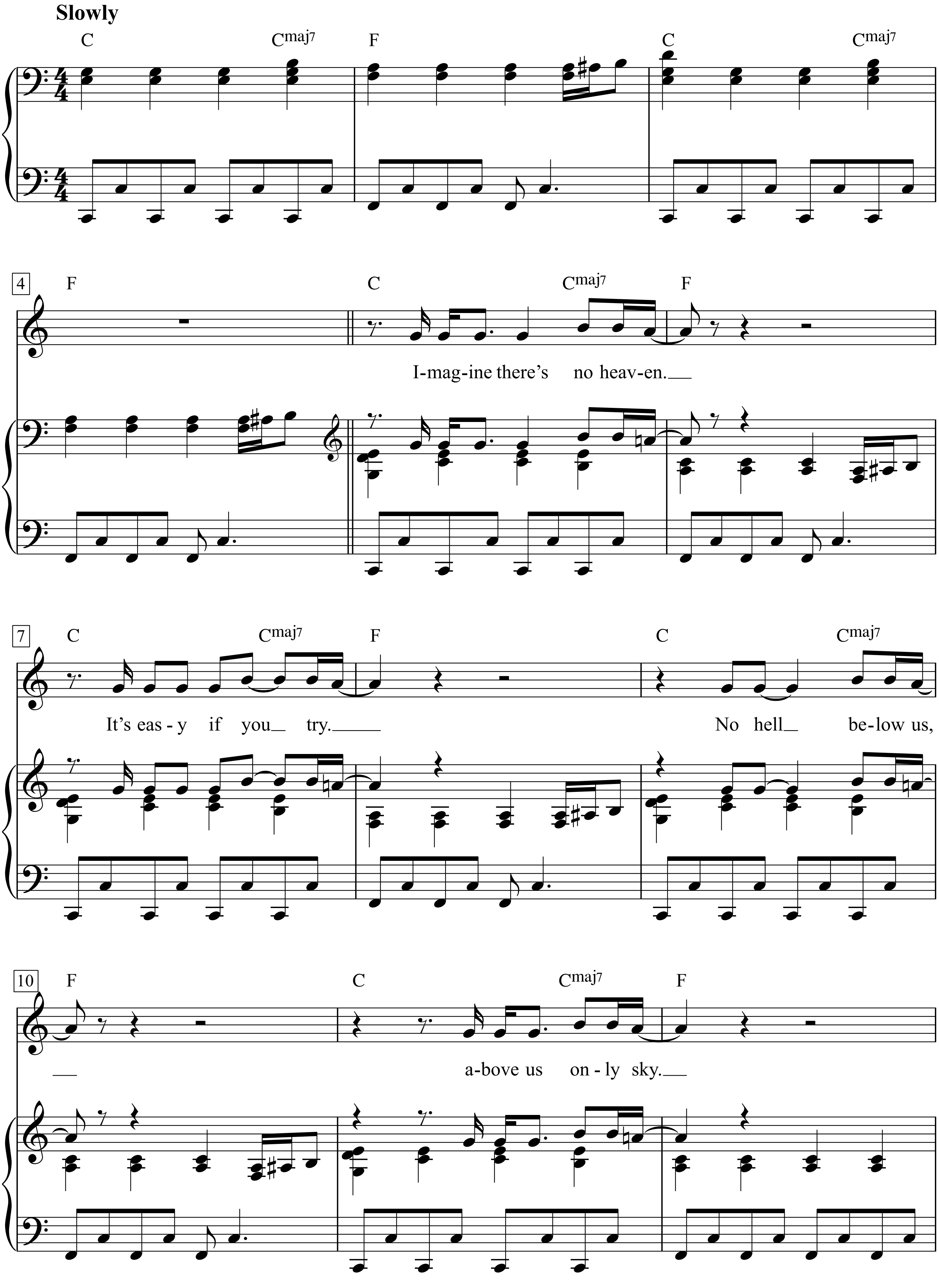


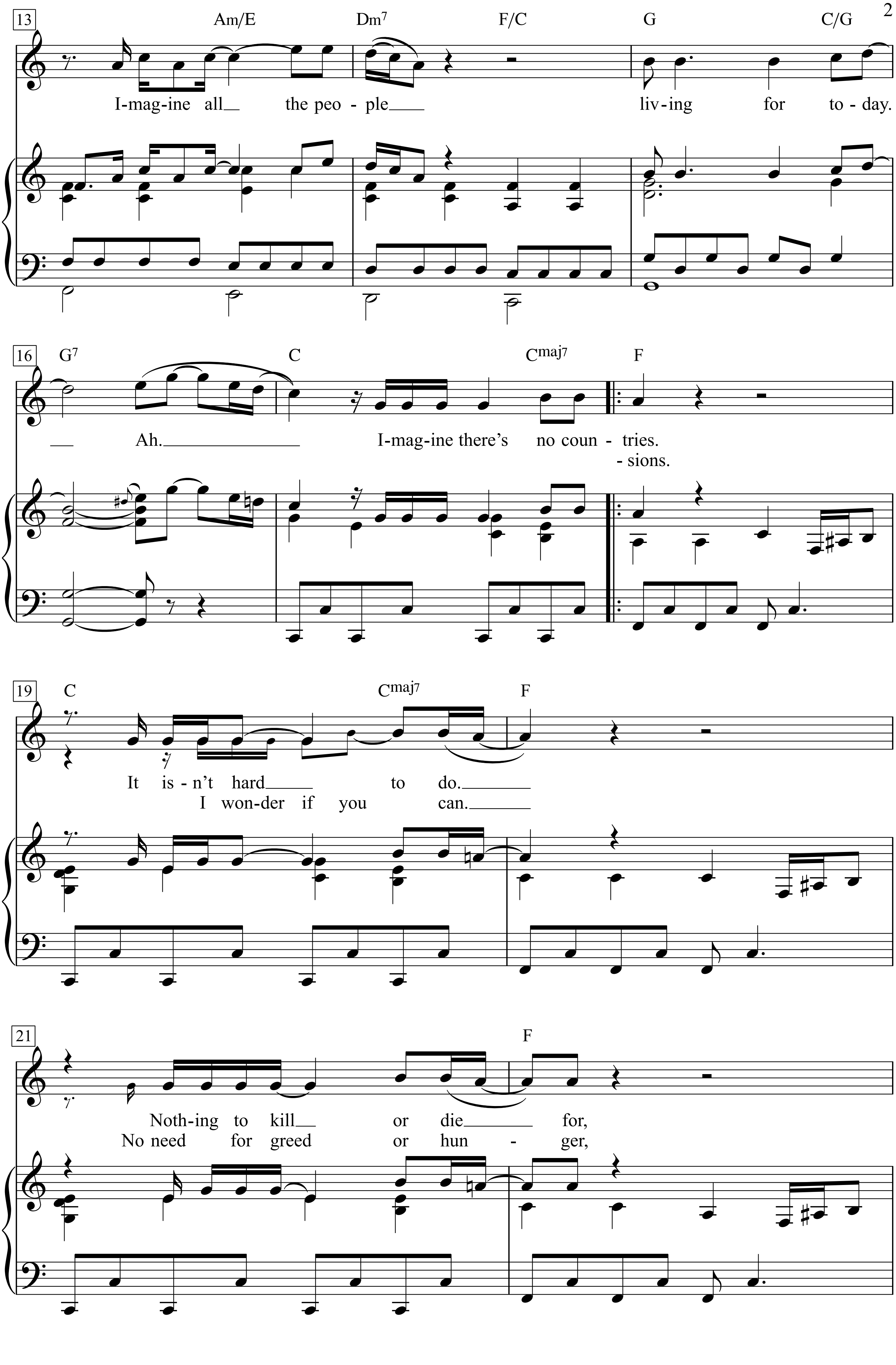

7
He's gon - na make pret - ty wom - en, he's gon - na make 'em jump and shout.
I'm gon - na make you pret - ty girls lead me by the hand.
"He was born for good luck and that you're go - na see."
9
Then the world could know what this was all a - bout. Lord, I'm
Then the world will know I'm the hoo - chie coo - chie man.
I've got sev - en hun - dred dol - lars, ba - by, don't you mess with me.
11
B♭9
here, oh yeah, ev - 'ry - bod - y knows I'm

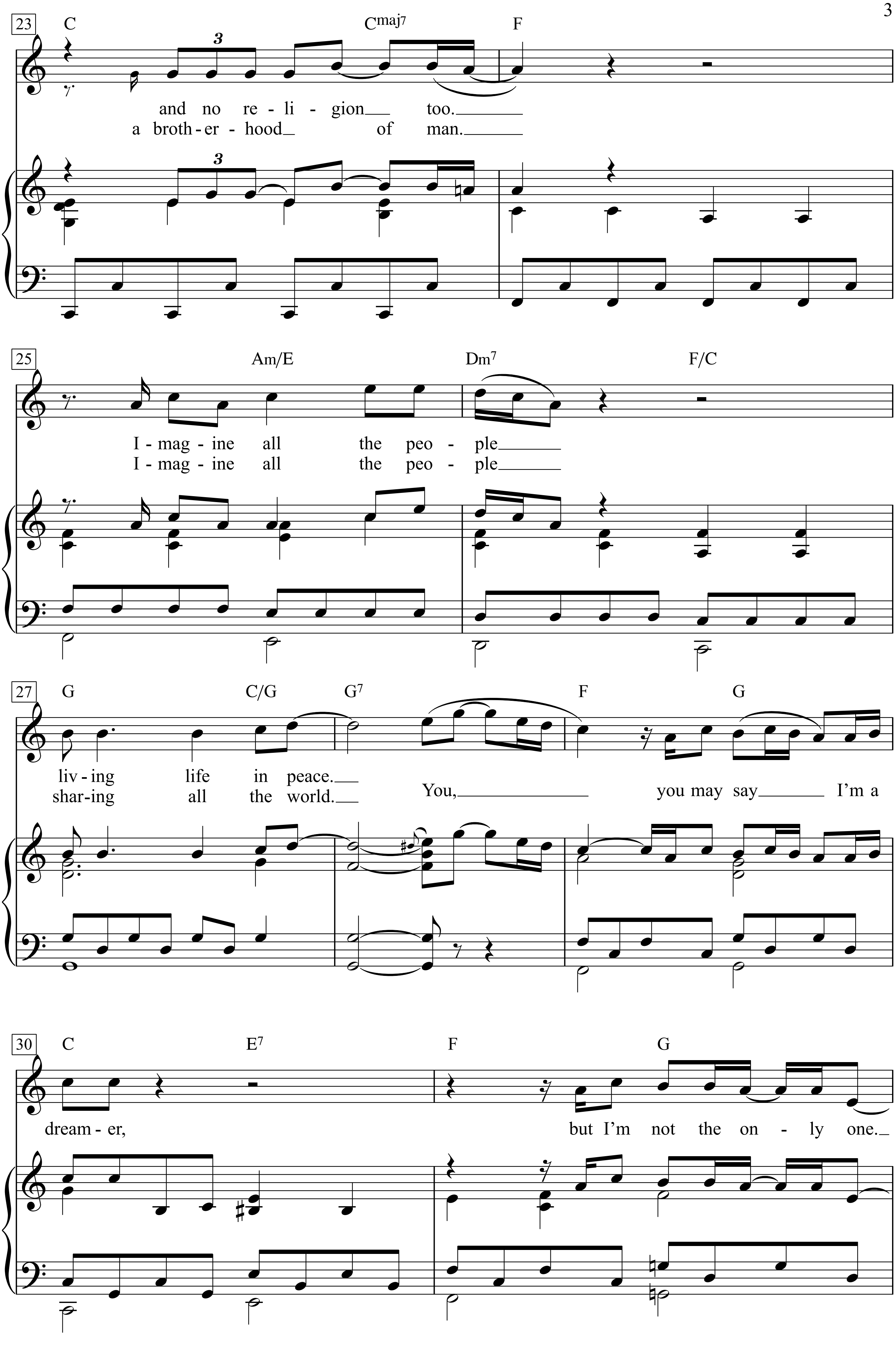

13
F
here, oh Lord, 'cause I'm a
15
C7
B♭7
hoo - chie coo-chie man.
Ev - 'ry - bod - y knows I'm
3
1.2.
17
F
Cm7
F
Cm7
here.
19
F
Cm7
F9
here.

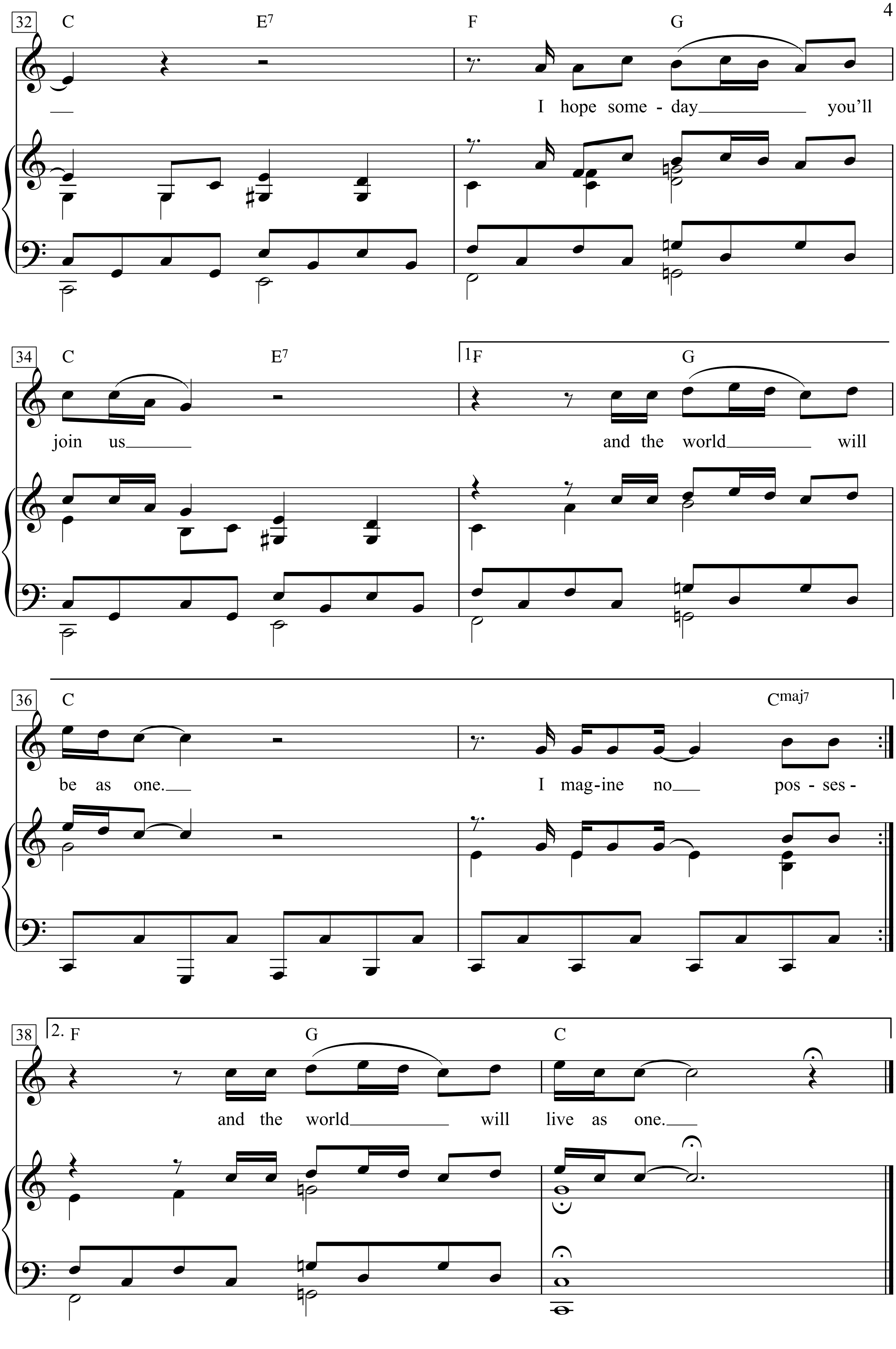
Imagine

Words & Music by John Lennon




13
Am/E
Dm7
F/C
G
C/G
I-mag-ine all the peo - ple living for to - day.
16
G7
C
Cmaj7
F
Ah. I-mag-ine there's no coun - tries.
- sions.
19
C
Cmaj7
F
It is-n't hard to do.
I won-der if you can.
21
F
Noth-ing to kill or die for,
No need for greed or hun - ger,


23
C Cmaj7 F
and no re - li - gion too.
a broth - er - hood of man.
25
Am/E Dm7 F/C
I - mag - ine all the peo - ple
I - mag - ine all the peo - ple
27
G C/G G7 F G
liv - ing life in peace.
shar - ing all the world.
You, you may say I'm a
30
C E7 F G
dream - er, but I'm not the on - ly one.


32
C E7 F G
I hope some - day you'll
34
C E7 1F G
join us and the world will
36
C Cmaj7
be as one. I mag-ine no pos - ses -
38
2. F G C
and the world will live as one.

Imagine there's no heaven.
It's easy if you try.
No hell below us, above us only sky.
Imagine all the people
living for today. Ah.

Imagine there's no countries.
It isn't hard to do.
Nothing to kill or die for,
and no religion too.

Imagine all the people
living life in peace.
You, you may say I'm a dreamer,
but I'm not the only one.
I hope someday you'll join us
and the world will be as one.

Imagine no possessions.
I wonder if you can.
No need for greed or hunger,
a brotherhood of man.
Imagine all the people
sharing all the world.
You, you may say I'm a dreamer,
but I'm not the only one.
I hope someday you'll join us
and the world will live as one.

Vor 50 Jahren veröffentlichte John Lennon „Imagine"
In weltpolitisch bewegten Zeiten schrieb John Lennon – ein Jahr nach Auflösung der Beatles – seinen Song „Imagine". Der musikalische Appell gegen Krieg, Habgier und Hunger in der Welt wurde zur Hymne der Friedensbewegung. Am 11. Oktober 1971 wurde die Single veröffentlicht.
Von Alfried Schmitz
„Stell Dir vor, es gibt keinen Himmel und keine Hölle. Stell Dir vor, es gibt keine Staaten und keine Religion, nichts wofür man tötet oder stirbt. Stell Dir vor, es gibt keinen Besitz, keine Habgier, keinen Hunger. Stell Dir vor, alle Menschen leben in Frieden und in einer brüderlichen Gemeinschaft auf dieser Erde."
„Ich staune immer wieder, wenn ich den Text höre und lese. Diese Friedensbotschaft so zu formulieren. Ich finde, sie trifft direkt ins Herz und spricht jeden und jede an. Das ist die große Kunst. Dieser nicht-appellative Charakter, nicht dieser Befehlston: Wir müssen Frieden herstellen! Sondern: Stell Dir vor, es könnte Frieden sein."

Der intellektuellste Beatle
Sagt der John Lennon-Biograf Nicola Bardola. Als die Single „Imagine" am 11. Oktober 1971 veröffentlicht wird, ist John Lennon 31 Jahre alt. Wie seine ehemaligen Bandkollegen hat auch er sich mit den Jahren künstlerisch weiterentwickelt. Doch anders als George, Paul und Ringo, begreift sich John als Intellektueller, der die Weltpolitik kritisch verfolgt.
Es sind vor allem die schrecklichen Bilder des Vietnamkriegs, die ihn Ende der 1960er zum Pazifisten werden lassen.

Anhörung eines Mörders – Warum John Lennon sterben musste
Vor 40 Jahren, am 8. Dezember 1980, wurde John Lennon vor seinem New Yorker Wohnsitz am Central Park von Mark David Chapman erschossen. Mit dem Mord überträgt Chapman das öffentliche Interesse an Lennon auf sich. Von da an ist er kein Niemand mehr. Er ist der berühmteste Mörder der Welt. Wer tötet, lebt ewig.
Als John Lennon im Dezember 1980 vor seiner New Yorker Wohnung auf offener Straße von einem geistig verwirrten Mann erschossen wird, erreicht das Lied binnen weniger Tage Platz eins der britischen Hitparade. Ein Zeichen für die besondere Magie des Liedes und seiner Botschaft für eine gewaltfreie Welt.

Marketing-Team Lennon-Ono

In seiner zweiten Frau, der japanischen Avantgarde-Künstlerin Yoko Ono, findet John Lennon eine energische Mitstreiterin. Bei ihrer gemeinsam inszenierten „Bed-In“-Performance nehmen sie Anfang 1969 den Song „Give peace a chance“ auf und werben vor Journalisten aus aller Welt und vor laufenden Kameras vom Bett aus für ihr Anliegen.

„So, we're saying: Give peace a chance … Unsere Botschaft lautet: Gebt dem Frieden eine Chance. Und das nicht nur für eine Dauer von vielleicht zehn Jahren, sondern für immer. Und ich möchte den Frieden jetzt. Und wir könnten jetzt Frieden haben, wenn wir ihn jetzt wirklich wollen.“

Angeblich an einem Vormittag geschrieben

Weitaus weniger kämpferisch formuliert Lennon seine Friedensbotschaft zwei Jahre später in dem Song „Imagine“, von dem er sagt, er habe ihn an nur einem Vormittag geschrieben.

Als Ende Mai 1971 die Aufnahmen für die Langspielplatte „Imagine“ beginnen, platzt seine Villa, wo er sich westlich von London auch ein Studio eingerichtet hat, aus allen Nähten, so viele Gastmusiker hat er eingeladen.

„Die Aussagen sind von zeitloser Gültigkeit. Und mit diesen Aussagen: Ich bin ein Träumer, aber vielleicht bin ich nicht allein. Diese ganz sanfte Aufforderung vielleicht mit Yoko und John zu träumen, darin verbirgt sich sicher die nicht nachlassende Wirkung dieses Liedes.“

50 Jahre „Imagine“ – Friedenshymne mit menschlichem Abgrund

Ode an den Idealismus oder schlimmer Kitsch: Die Meinungen zu John Lennons Song „Imagine“ gehen auseinander. Für den Journalisten Jens Balzer zeugt das Lied auch von politischer Radikalisierung.

Für den Titelsong des Albums entscheidet sich Lennon jedoch für eine kleine Besetzung: Klaus Voormann am Bass, Alan White am Schlagzeug, er selbst als Sänger und Pianist.

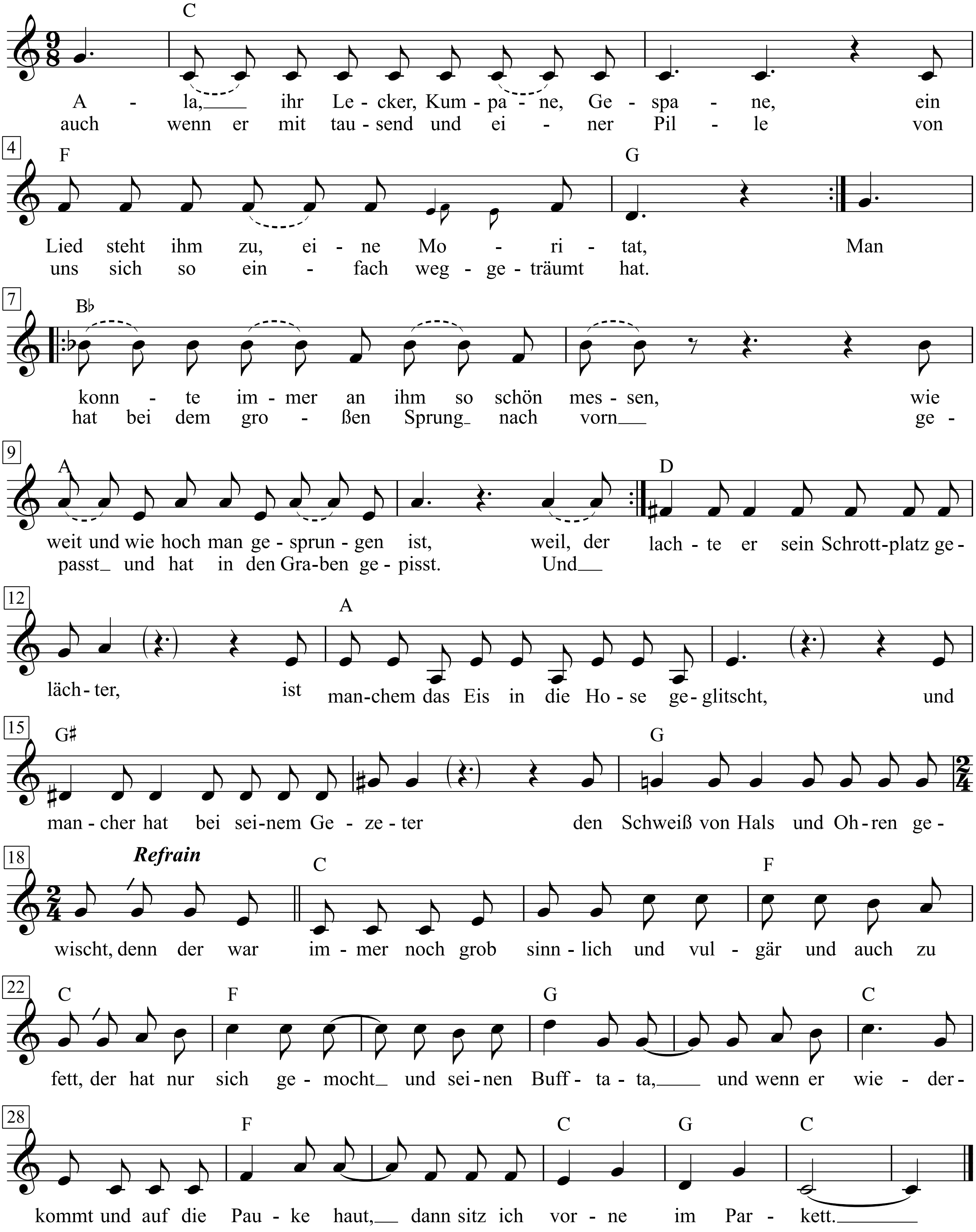
Yoko Onos Beteiligung am Album ist groß. Aus einem ihrer Gedichte entnimmt Lennon seine Textinspiration für den Titelsong. Außerdem fungiert sie bei den Studioaufnahmen als Co-Produzentin, gestaltet das Cover der Langspielplatte und, wie auch bei anderen Projekten zuvor, sorgt sie dafür, dass die Entstehung des gesamten Albums filmisch dokumentiert wird.

Zwei Millionen Mal verkauft

Die Single „Imagine“ und auch das gleichnamige Album werden zum größten kommerziellen Erfolg in Lennons Solo-Karriere. Alleine die Single erreicht Verkaufszahlen von annähernd zwei Millionen Exemplaren und wird in den Folgejahren von über zweihundert Künstlerinnen und Künstlern neu vertont. Biograf Nicola Bardola vermutet warum:

Immer noch grob sinnlich

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



Franz Josef Degenhardt: Kommt an den Tisch unter Pflaumenbäumen, 113

Noch einmal für Wolfgang Neuß

1. Ala, ihr Lecker, Kumpane, Gespane,
ein Lied steht ihm zu, eine Moritat,
auch wenn er mit tausend und einer Pille
von uns sich so einfach weggeträumt hat.
Man konnte immer an ihm so schön messen,
wie weit und wie hoch man gesprungen ist,
weil, der hat bei dem großen Sprung nach vorn
gepasst und hat in den Graben gepisst.
Und lachte er sein Schrottplatzgelächter,
ist manchem das Eis in die Hose geglitscht,
und mancher hat bei seinem Gezeter
den Schweiß von Hals und Ohren gewischt,
denn der war immer noch grob sinnlich und vulgär
und auch zu fett.
Der hat nur sich gemocht und seinen Buff-tata,
und wenn er wiederkommt und auf die Pauke haut,
dann sitz ich vorne im Parkett.

2 . Seid milde, Genossen, den Imperialismus,
den hat er gehasst mit wirklicher Wut.
Natürlich, dahinter das konnt er nicht fassen,
und als er es fasste, verlor er den Mut.
Der hasste und liebte nur immer Personen,
weil er ja alles persönlich nahm.
Die Kleinbürger hasste er ganz besonders,
weil er aus ihrer Wohnküche kam.
Aber die grüßten ihn auf der Straße,
nannten ihn »du« und fassten ihn an.
Das hat er gemocht, und er ließ auch viele,
besonders viel Mädchen an sich heran,
denn der war immer noch grob sinnlich und vulgär
und auch zu fett.
Der hat nur sich gemocht und seinen Buff-tata,
und wenn er wiederkommt und auf die Pauke haut,
dann sitz ich vorne im Parkett.

3. Geträumt hat er von der großen Kommune,
gebrüllt nach der riesigen, schönen Brust,
getobt hat er und geschimpft und geschrien,
weil, die gibt es ja nicht, und das hat er gewusst.
Geträumt hat er, dass auf der Kreml-Mauer
'ne Hippietruppe hockt und da kifft,
und dass Pillenpaule urbi et orbi
lachend seinen Segen schifft,
und dass bei dem Jubiläumsschwimmen
der Glatzkopf vom Großen Steuermann
solange von lachenden Rotgardisten
gedopt wird, wie keiner die Luft halten kann,
denn der war immer noch grob sinnlich und vulgär
und auch zu fett.
Der hat nur sich gemocht und seinen Buff-tata,
und wenn er wiederkommt und auf die Pauke haut,
dann sitz ich vorne im Parkett.

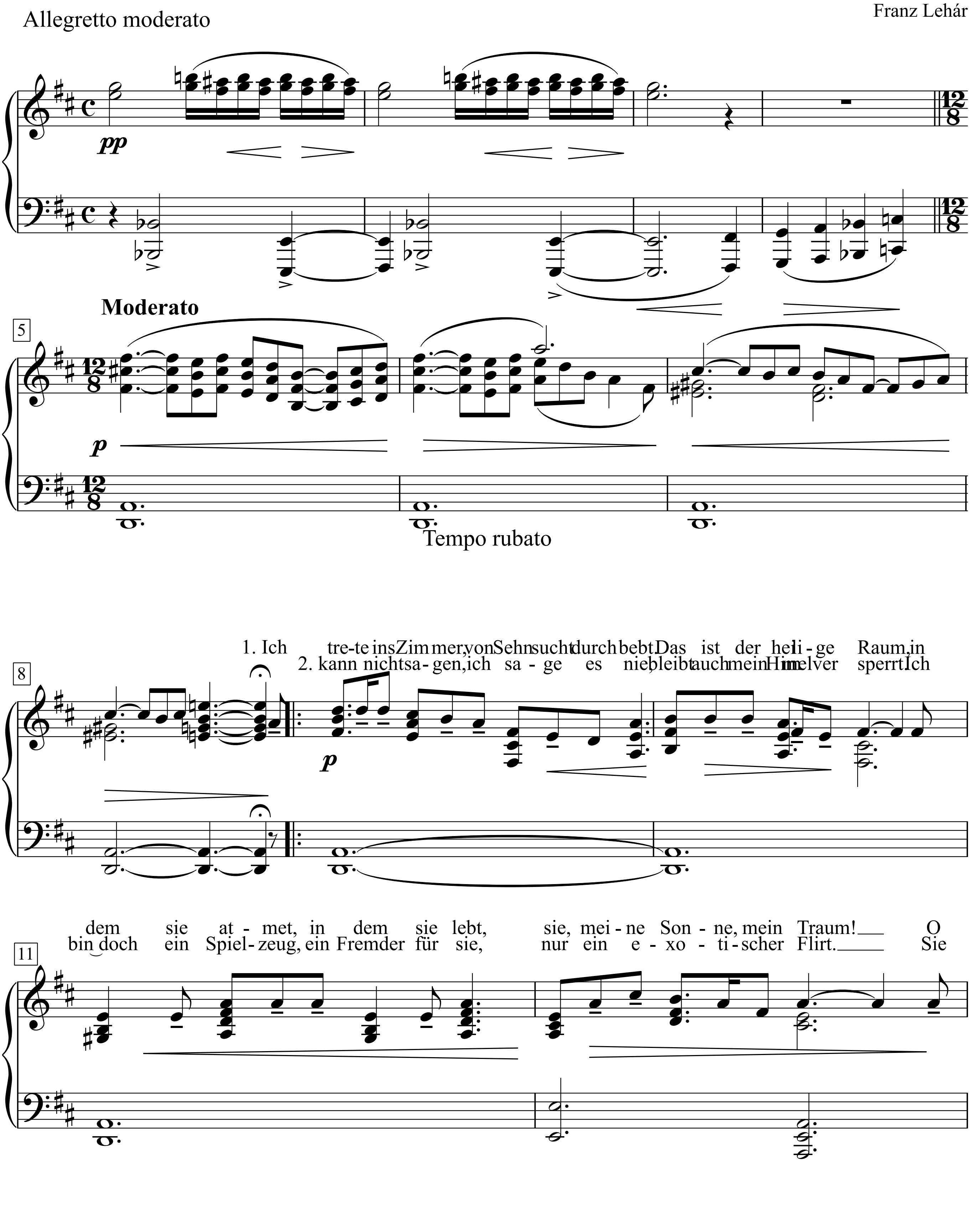
4. Natürlich wollte der immer nach oben.
Wer will das nicht, der von unten ist!
Der hat aber keinen dabei getreten.
Natürlich war der auch ein Opportunist,
das bleibt ja nicht aus, wenn man 30 Jahre
allein als Wildsau durchs Unterholz bricht.
Und später dann doch noch zur Truppe stoßen,
das kann man und bringt man und will man auch nicht.
Ach, was tat er nicht all' für Sozialdemokraten,
für die aus der Ecke von Willy Brandt!
Der nahm ihn dann aber nicht mit an Hofe,
Das war sogar diesem viel zu riskant,
denn der war immer noch grob sinnlich und vulgär
und auch zu fett.
Der hat nur sich gemocht und seinen Buff-tata,
und wenn er wiederkommt und auf die Pauke haut,
dann sitz ich vorne im Parkett.

5. Ala, ihr Lecker, Kumpane, Gespane,
vielleicht war der sogar ein Anarchist,
was bloß auf der Bühne mit Pauke und Laute
so ungefährlich, aber auch schwierig ist.
Gebumst hat er bloß auf der Trommel und anders,
mit richtigen Bomben, das machte er net.
Und als es mal wirklich und richtig krachte,
da kroch er schimpfend und schnell unters Bett.
Und kommt er irgendwann in den Himmel,
den schwarzen vom dicken Bakunin,
als Revolutionär, als scharfer, verkleidet,
die schmeißen ihn raus, weil da passt er nicht hin,
denn der war immer noch grob sinnlich und vulgär
und auch zu fett.
Der hat nur sich gemocht und seinen Buff-tata,
und wenn er wiederkommt und auf die Pauke haut,
dann sitz ich vorne im Parkett.

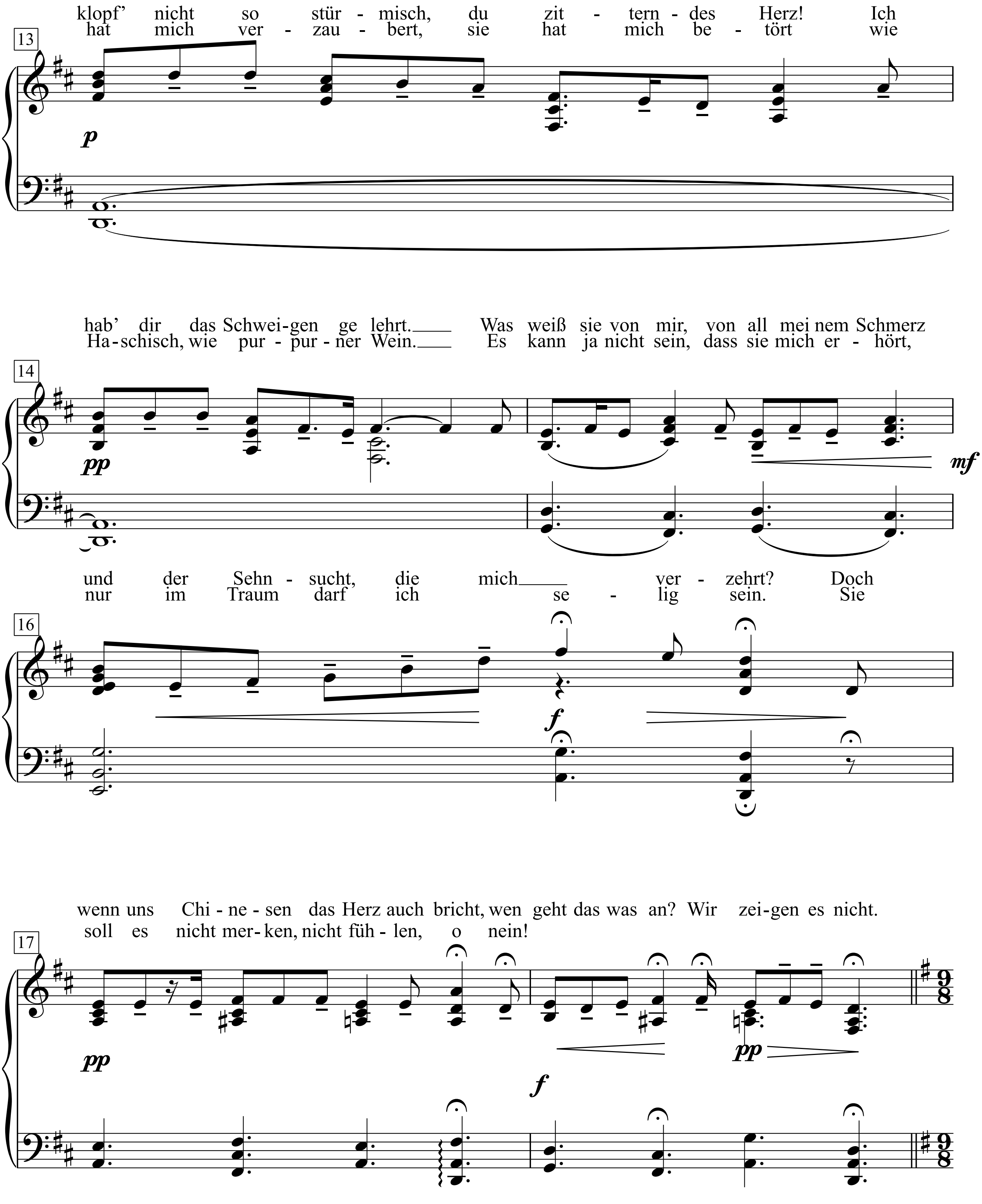
Immer nur lächeln

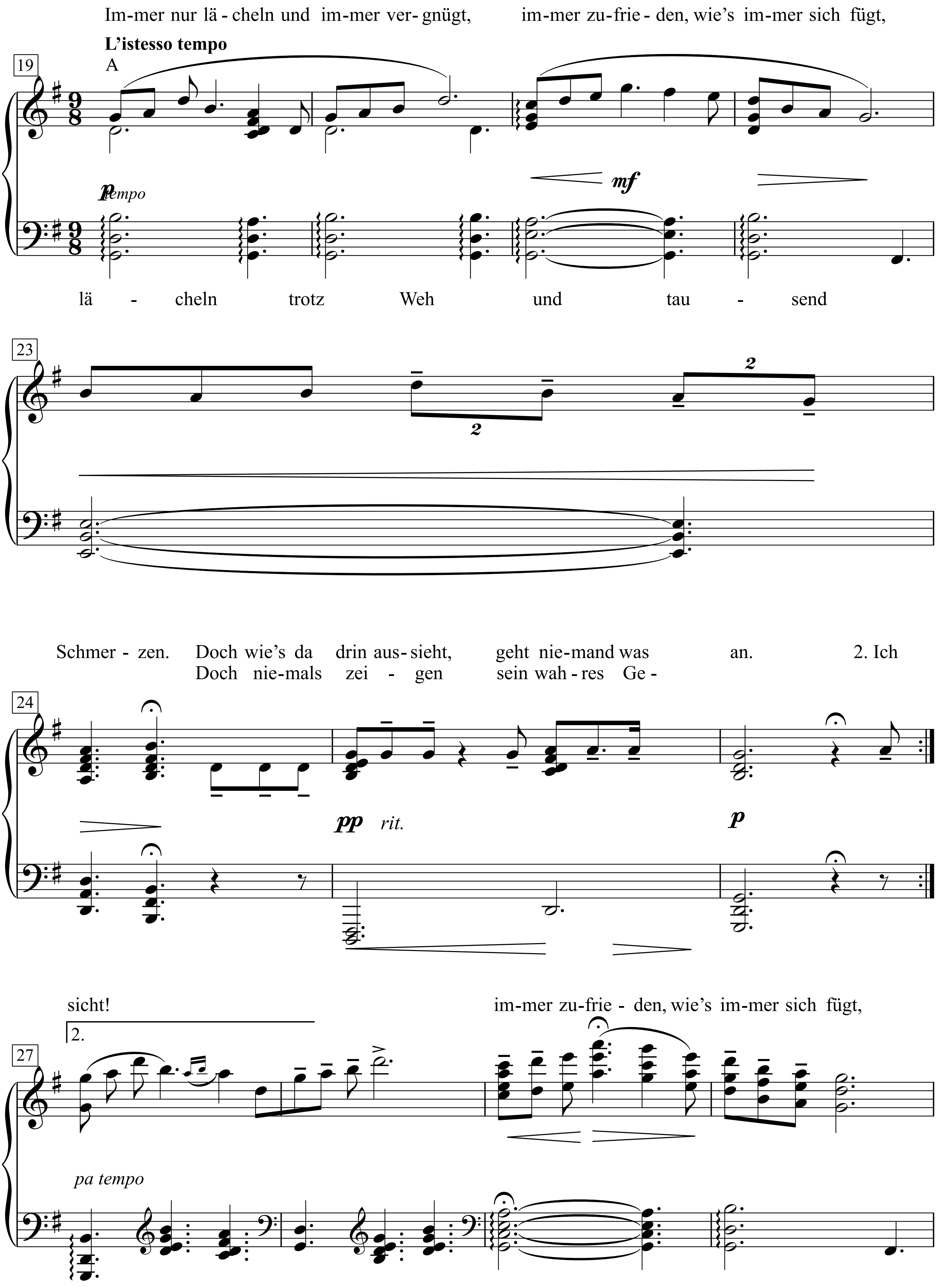
aus der Oper: 'Das Land des Lächelns'

Franz Lehár

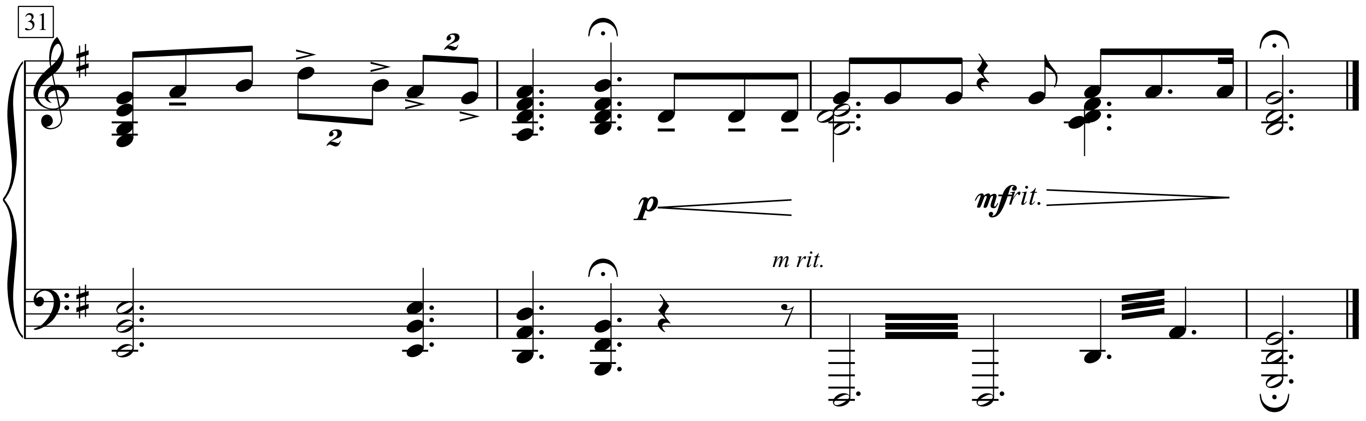


Lehár-Melodien - Band 1, S. 3+4, Copyright 1937 by Glocken - Verlag, Wien VI.


klopf' nicht so stür - misch, du zit - tern - des Herz! Ich
hat mich ver - zau - bert, sie hat mich be - tört wie
13
p
hab' dir das Schwei-gen ge lehrt. Was weiß sie von mir, von all mei nem Schmerz
Ha-schisch, wie pur - pur - ner Wein. Es kann ja nicht sein, dass sie mich er - hört,
14
pp
mf
und der Sehn - sucht, die mich ver - zehrt? Doch
nur im Traum darf ich se - lig sein. Sie
16
f
wenn uns Chi - ne - sen das Herz auch bricht, wen geht das was an? Wir zei-gen es nicht.
soll es nicht mer - ken, nicht füh - len, o nein!
17
pp
f
pp


Im-mer nur lä - cheln und im-mer ver- gnügt, im-mer zu-frie - den, wie's im-mer sich fügt,
L'istesso tempo
A
19
p
tempo
mf
lä - cheln trotz Weh und tau - send
23
2
2
Schmer - zen. Doch wie's da drin aus- sieht, geht nie-mand was an. 2. Ich
Doch nie-mals zei - gen sein wah - res Ge -
24
pp rit.
p
sicht! im-mer zu-frie - den, wie's im-mer sich fügt,
2.
27
pa tempo

lä-cheln trotz Weh und tau-send Schmer- zen. Doch wie's da drin aus- sieht, geht nie-mand was an!



1. Ich trete ins Zimmer, von Sehnsucht durchbebt.
Das ist der heilige Raum,
in dem sie atmet, in dem sie lebt,
sie, meine Sonne, mein Traum!
O klopf nicht so stürmisch, du zitterndes Herz!
Ich hab' dir das Schweigen gelehrt.
Was weiß sie von mir, von all meinem Schmerz
und der Sehnsucht, die mich verzehrt?
Doch wenn uns Chinesen das Herz auch bricht,
wen geht das was an? Wir zeigen es nicht.

Immer nur lächeln und immer vergnügt,
immer zufrieden, wie's immer sich fügt,
lächeln trotz Weh und tausend Schmerzen.
Doch wie's da drin aussieht, geht niemand was an.

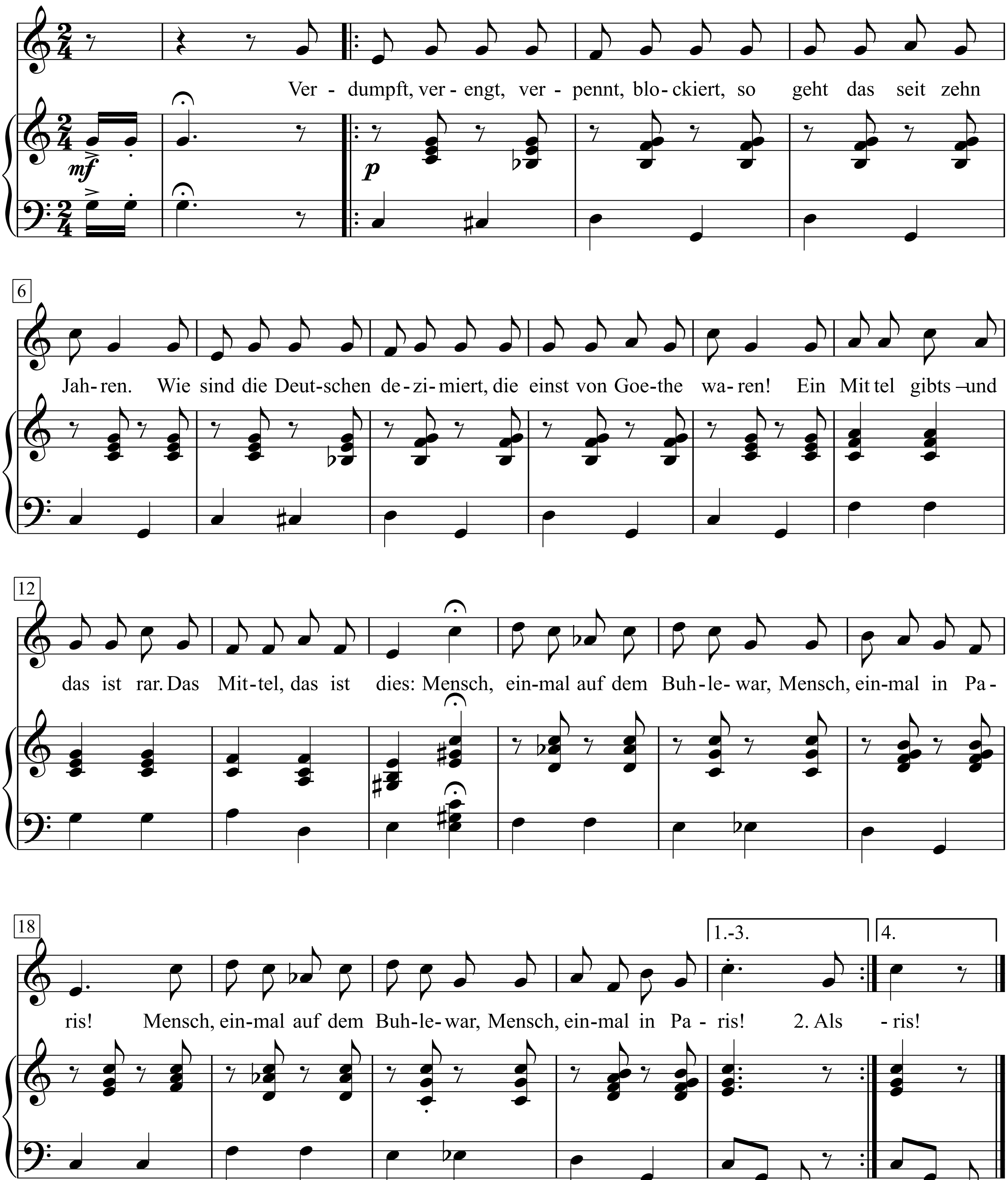
2. Ich kann es nicht sagen, ich sage es nie,
bleibt auch mein Himmel versperrt.
Ich bin doch ein Spielzeug, ein Fremder für sie,
nur ein exotischer Flirt.
Sie hat mich verzaubert, sie hat mich betört
wie Haschisch, wie purpurner Wein.
Es kann ja nicht sein, dass sie mich erhört,
nur im Traum darf ich selig sein.
Sie soll es nicht merken, nicht fühlen, o nein!
Doch niemals zeigen sein wahres Gesicht.

Immer nur lächeln und immer vergnügt,
immer zufrieden, wie's immer sich fügt,
lächeln trotz Weh und tausend Schmerzen.
Doch wie's da drin aussieht, geht niemand was an.

Immer raus mit der Mutter!

Kurt Tucholsky

Hanns Eisler



1. Verdumpft, verengt, verpennt, blockiert,
so geht das seit zehn Jahren.
Wie sind die Deutschen dezimiert,
die einst von Goethe waren!
Ein Mittel gibts – und ds ist rar.
Das Mittel, das ist dies:
Mensch, einmal auf dem Buhlewar,
Mensch, einmal in Paris!

2. Als Ludendorff einst Lüttich nahm
und nachher nicht mehr rausfand –
Welch Tag für ihn! Der Brave kam
zum ersten Mal ins Ausland.
Man denk ihn sich mit Schnurrbarthaar,
mit Orden, Helm und Spieß,
Mensch, ein Mal auf dem Buhlewar!
Mensch, ein Mal in Paris!

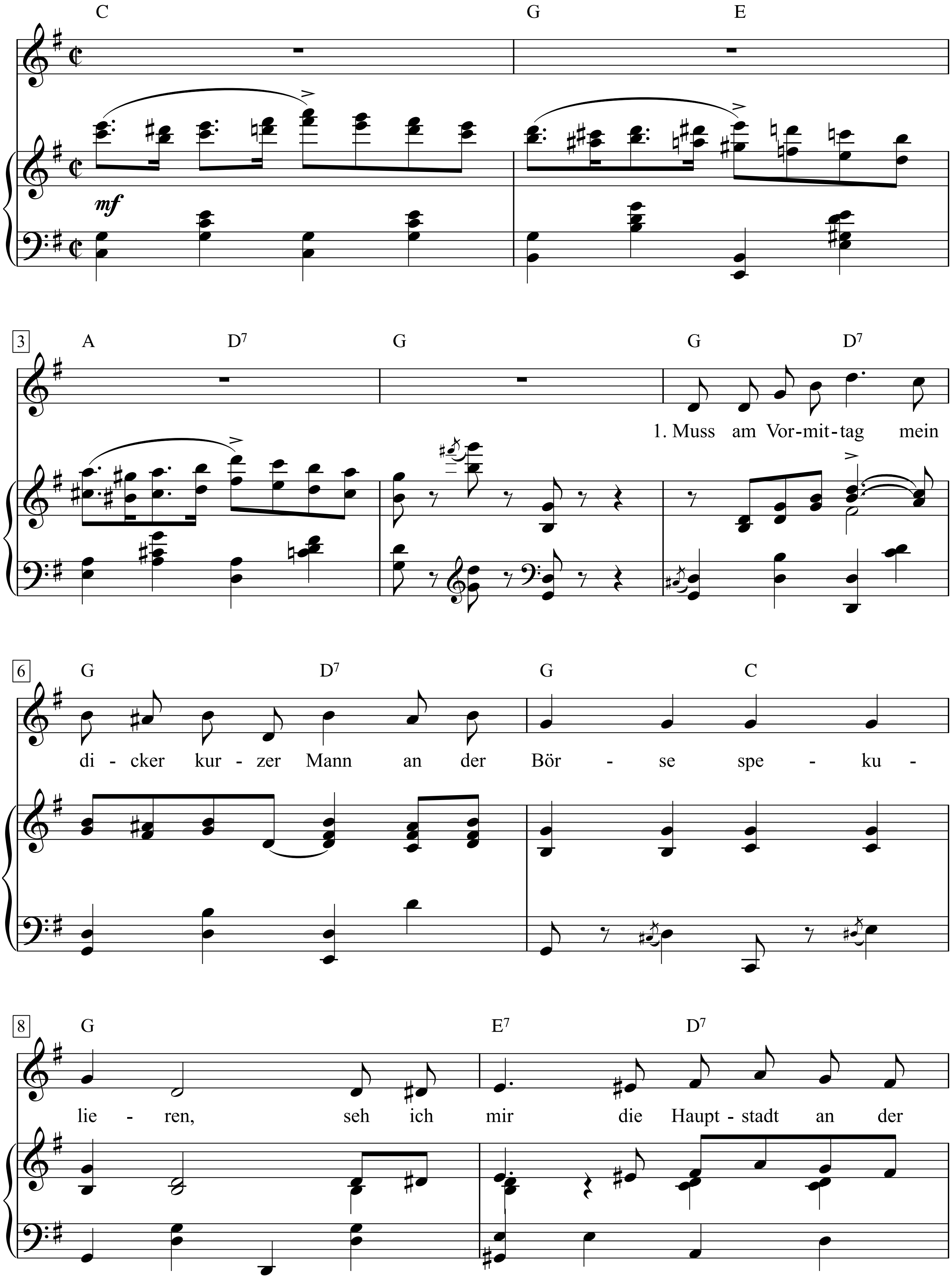
3. Hannover-Süd und Franken-Nord.
Der Horizont wird kleiner.
Von Hause kommen wenige fort
und in die Welt fast keiner.
Ich wünsch der Angestelltenschar
statt brandenburger Kies:
nur ein Mal auf dem Buhlewar!
nur ein Mal in Paris!

4. Da draußen kümmert sich kein Bein
um eure Fahrdienstleiter.
Ihr könnt Hep-Hep und Hurra schrein:
die Welt geht ruhig weiter.
Die Völker leben. Freude lacht.
Wir stehn in letzter Reihe.
Was sich bei uns so mausig macht,
das sollte mal ins Freie!
Den Richtern, Bonzen, ja, sogar
Herrn Hitler wünsch ich dies:
Mensch, ein Mal auf dem Buhlewar!
Mensch, ein Mal nach Paris –!

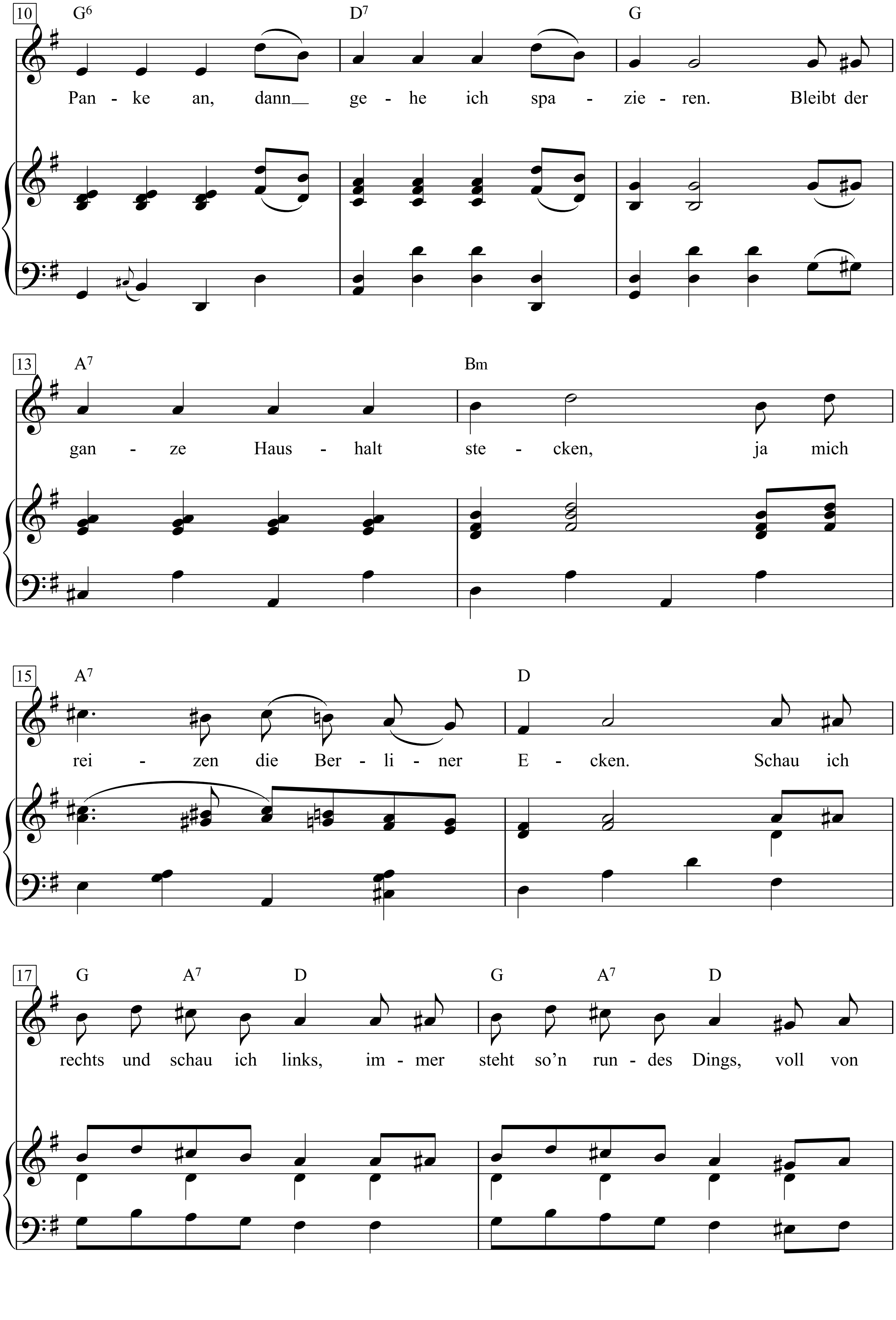
Immer um die Litfaßsäule rum

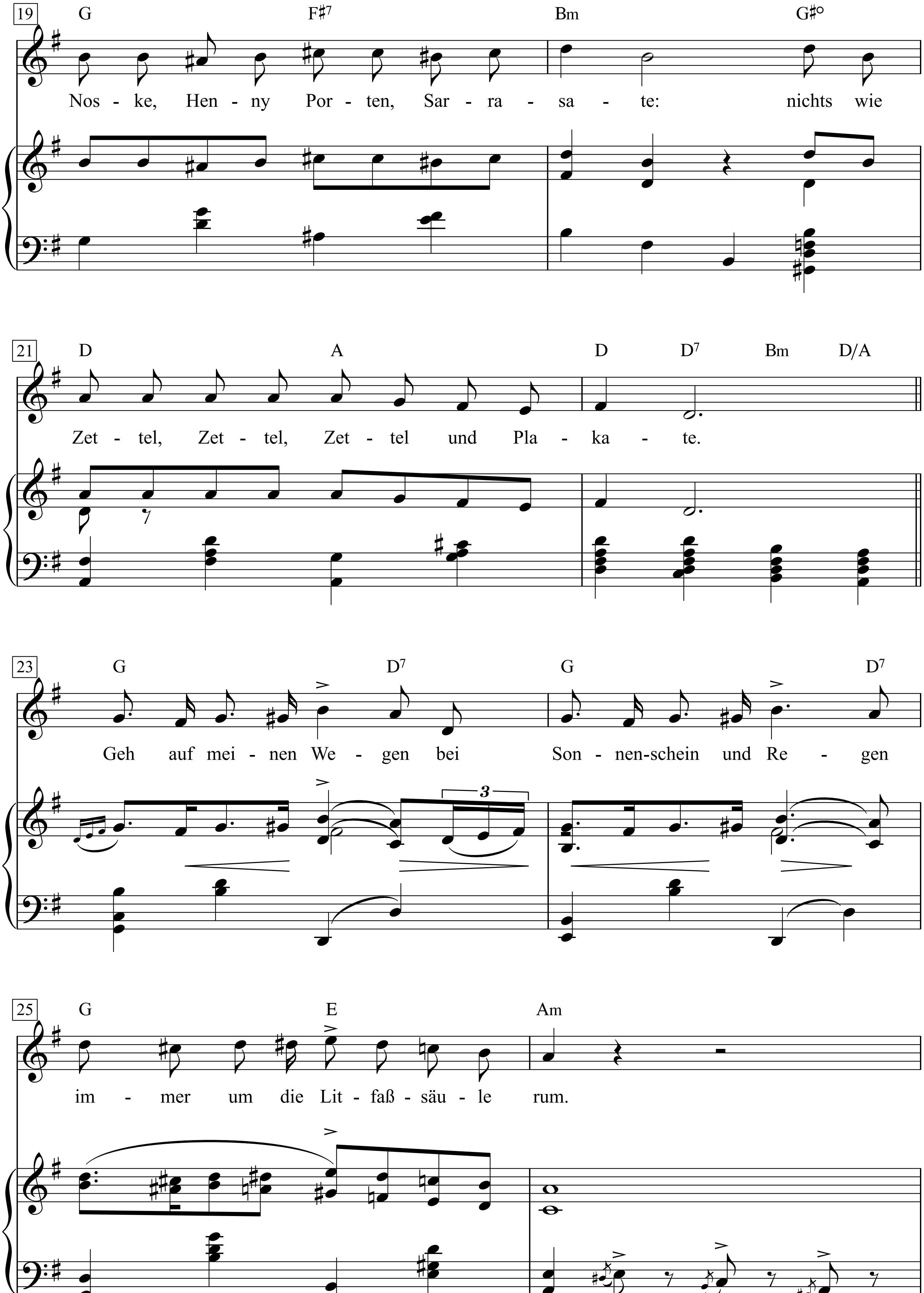
Kurt Tucholsky

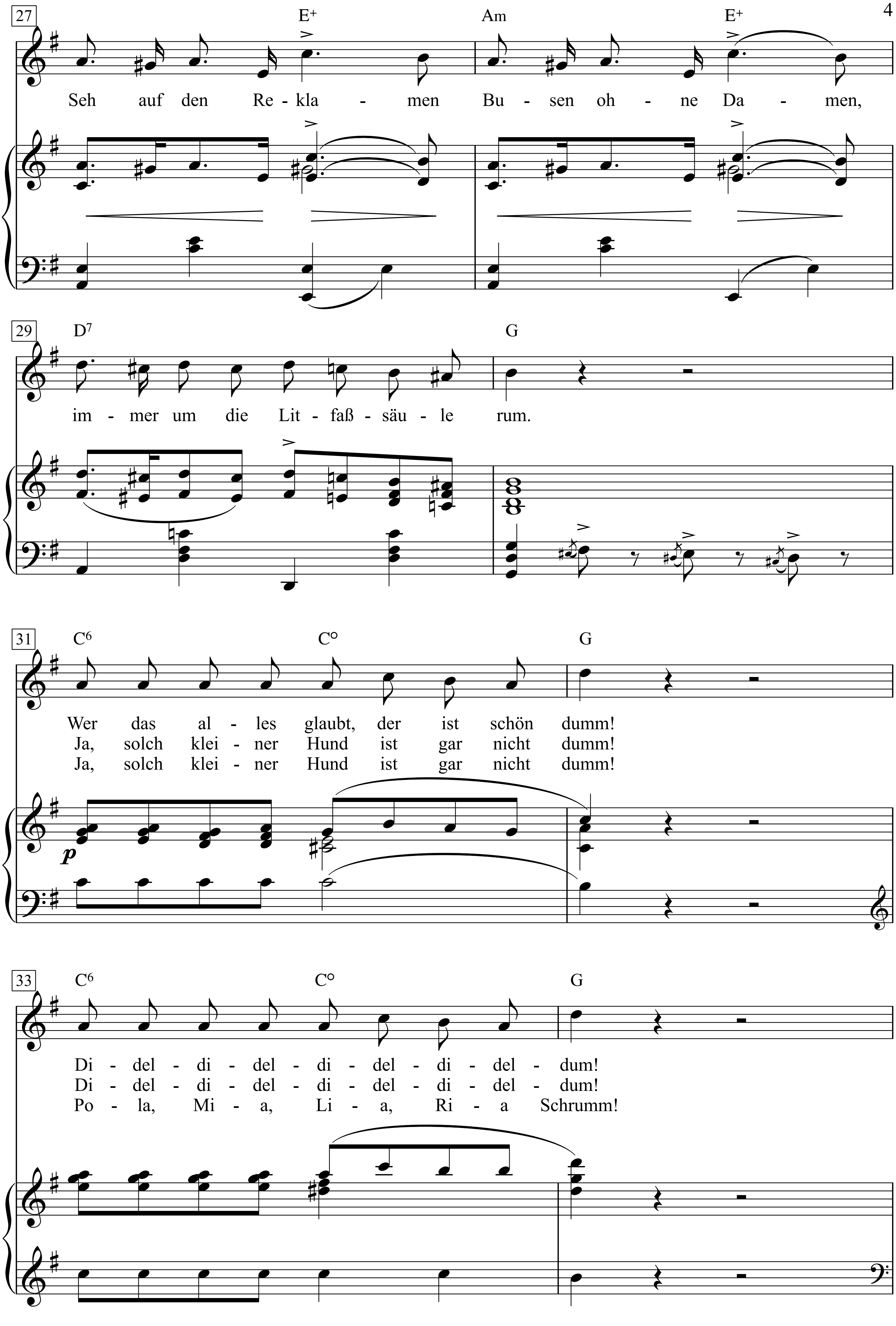
Friedrich Hollaender

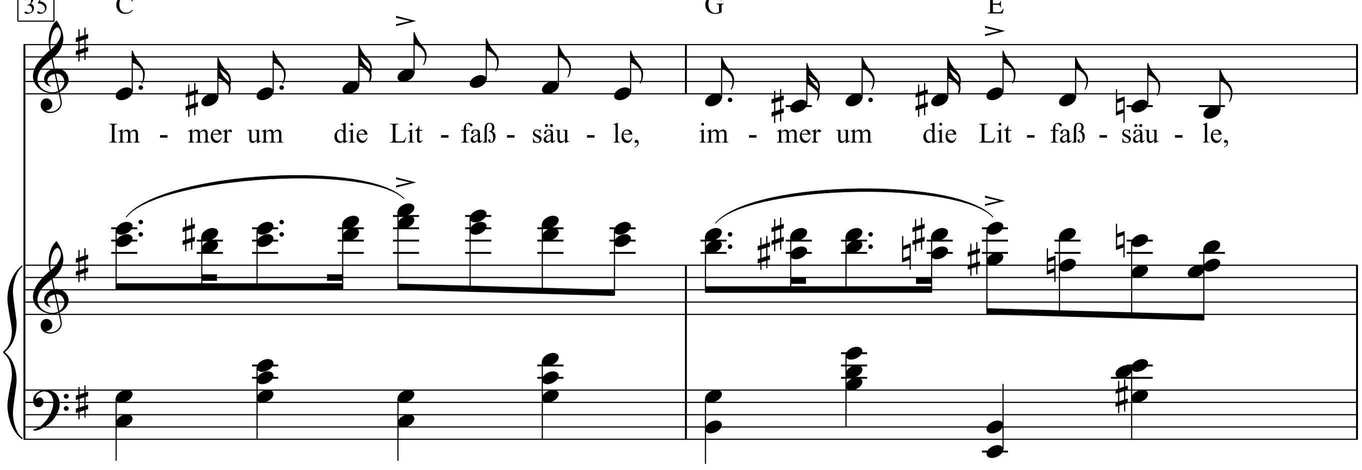


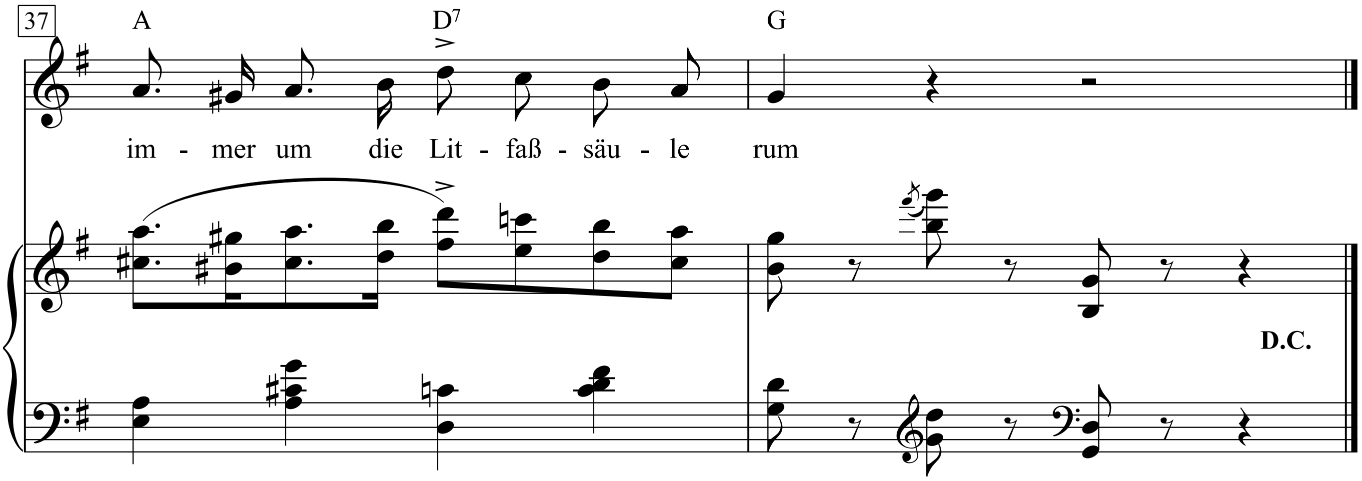
Das Kurt Tucholsky-Chanson-Buch, S. 140-145


10
G6
D7
G
Pan - ke an, dann ge - he ich spa - zie - ren. Bleibt der
13
A7
Bm
gan - ze Haus - halt ste - cken, ja mich
15
A7
D
rei - zen die Ber - li - ner E - cken. Schau ich
17
G A7 D G A7 D
rechts und schau ich links, im - mer steht so'n run - des Dings, voll von


19
G F♯7 Bm G♯o
Nos - ke, Hen - ny Por - ten, Sar - ra - sa - te: nichts wie
21
D A D D7 Bm D/A
Zet - tel, Zet - tel, Zet - tel und Pla - ka - te.
23
G D7 G D7
Geh auf mei - nen We - gen bei Son - nen-schein und Re - gen
3
25
G E Am
im - mer um die Lit - faß - säu - le rum.


27
E+ Am E+
Seh auf den Re - kla - men Bu - sen oh - ne Da - men,
29
D7 G
im - mer um die Lit - faß - säu - le rum.
31
C6 C° G
Wer das al - les glaubt, der ist schön dumm!
Ja, solch klei - ner Hund ist gar nicht dumm!
Ja, solch klei - ner Hund ist gar nicht dumm!
p
33
C6 C° G
Di - del - di - del - di - del - di - del - dum!
Di - del - di - del - di - del - di - del - dum!
Po - la, Mi - a, Li - a, Ri - a Schrumm!


35
C
G
E
Im - mer um die Lit - faß - säu - le, im - mer um die Lit - faß - säu - le,


37
A
D7
G
im - mer um die Lit - faß - säu - le rum
D.C.

1.Muss am Vormittag mein dicker kurzer Mann
an der Börse spekulieren,
seh ich mir die Hauptstadt an der Panke an,
dann gehe ich spazieren.
Bleibt der ganze Haushalt stecken,
ja mich reizen die Berliner Ecken.
Schau ich rechts und schau ich links,
immer steht so'n rundes Dings,
voll von Noske, Henny Porten, Sarasate:
nichts wie Zettel, Zettel, Zettel und Plakate.
Geh auf meinen Wegen
bei Sonnenschein und Regen
immer um die Litfaßsäule rum.
Seh auf den Reklamen
Busen ohne Damen,
immer um die Litfaßsäule rum.
Wer das alles glaubt, der ist schön dumm!
Dideldideldideldideldum!
Immer um die Litfaßsäule,
immer um die Litfaßsäule,
immer um die Litfaßsäule rum.

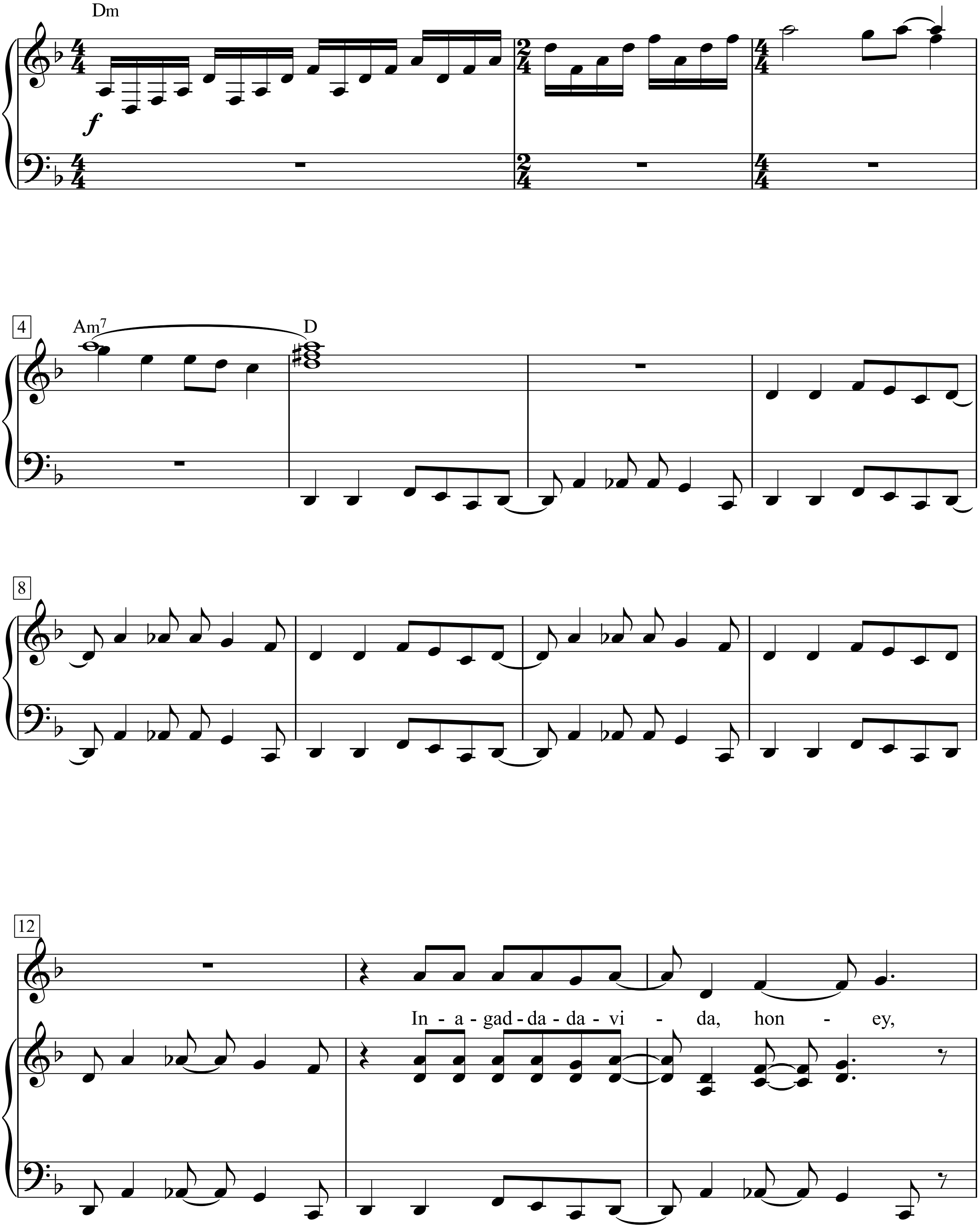
2. Ist es nicht kalt und weht kein böser Wind,
na, dann nehm' ich meinen Pudel,
und der geht mit mir, wie so die Hündchen sind,
begleitet von 'nem Rudel.
Und er amüsiert sich heftig
und er ist auch sehr geschäftig;
schaut er rechts und schaut er links,
immer steht so'n rundes Dings,
voll von Noske, Henny Porten, Sarasate: -
nichts wie Zettel, Zettel, Zettel und Plakate.
Er geht auf seinen Wegen
bei Sonnenschein und Regen
immer um die Litfaßsäule rum. –
Und es hebt das Kleinchen
ab und zu ein Beinchen
immer um die Litfaßsäule rum.
Ja, solch kleiner Hund ist gar nicht dumm!
Dideldideldideldideldum!
mmer um die Litfaßsäule,
immer um die Litfaßsäule rum
immer um die Litfaßsäule rum.

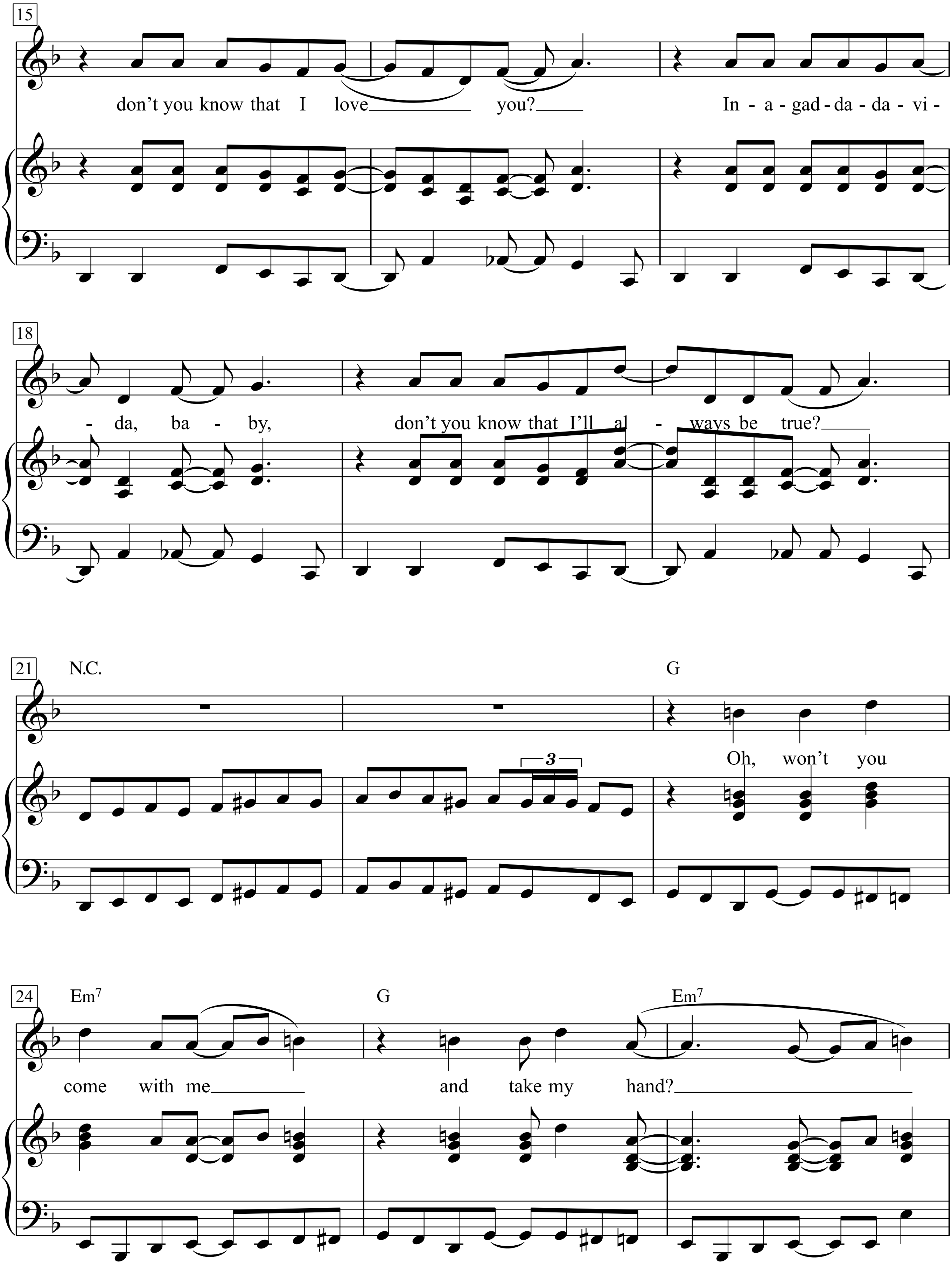
3. Kinder hört mal zu: Was klebt da alles dran:
„Ausverkauf von einem Teppich."
Eine Bar zeigt die Eröffnungsfeier an,
da sag ich nichts, als: Nepp ich!
Und es kleben Busch und Meinhardt
und es klebt auch Maxe Reinhardt!
Die Besetzung die ich sah,
abends war ja keiner da,
und es wundern sich die Mamme und der Tate:
nichts wie Zettel, Zettel und Plakate.
Geh auf meinen Wegen
bei Sonnenschein und Regen
immer um die Litfaßsäule rum. -
Seh vom Film die Damen
mit den blöden Namen
immer um die Litfaßsäule rum. -
Ja, solch kleiner Hund ist gar nicht dumm!
Pola, Mia, Lia, Ria Schrumm!
Immer um die Litfaßsäule,
immer um die Litfaßsäule,
immer um die Litfaßsäule rum.

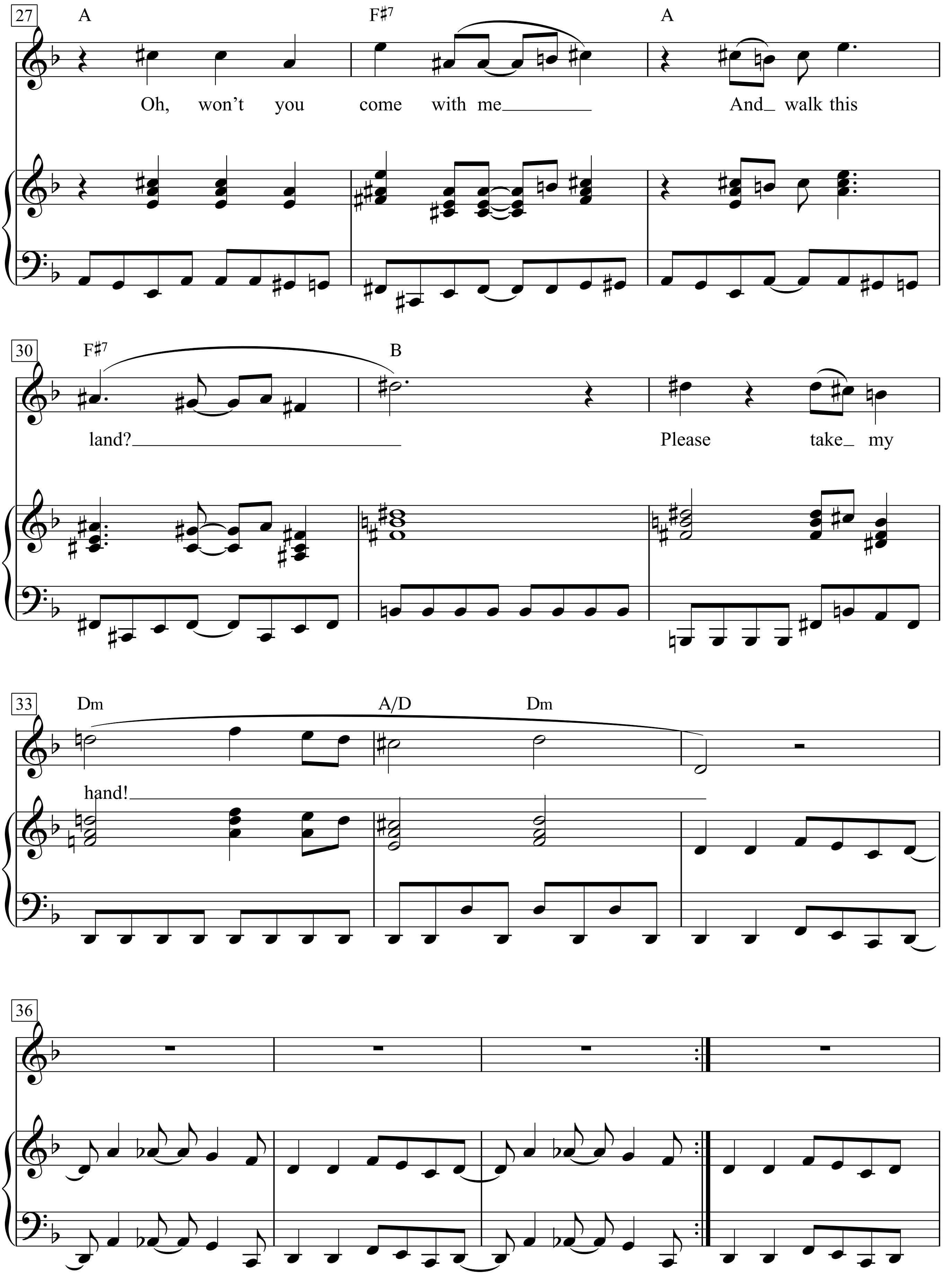
In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida

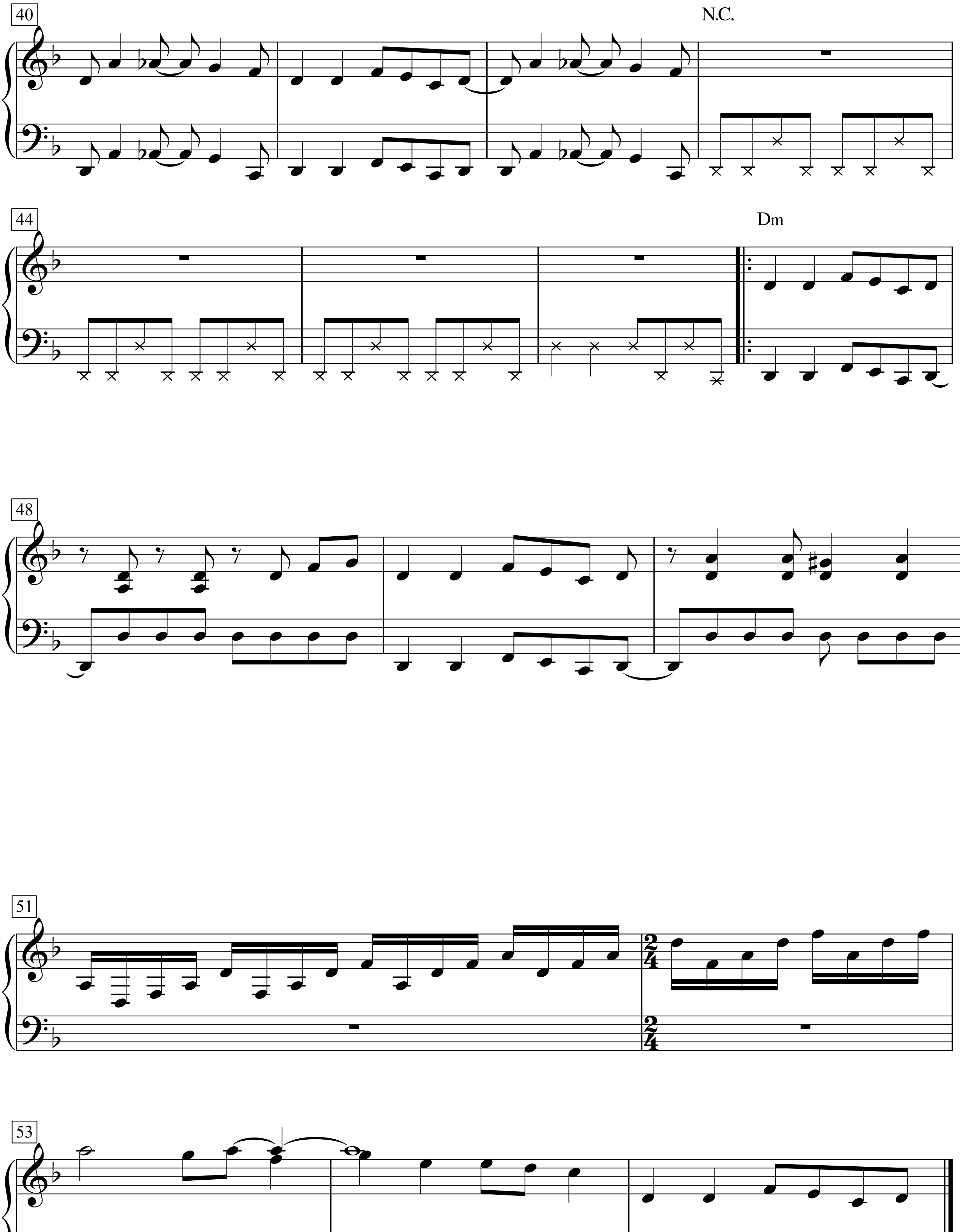
Words & Music by Doug Ingle
(Iron Butterfly)

Rock



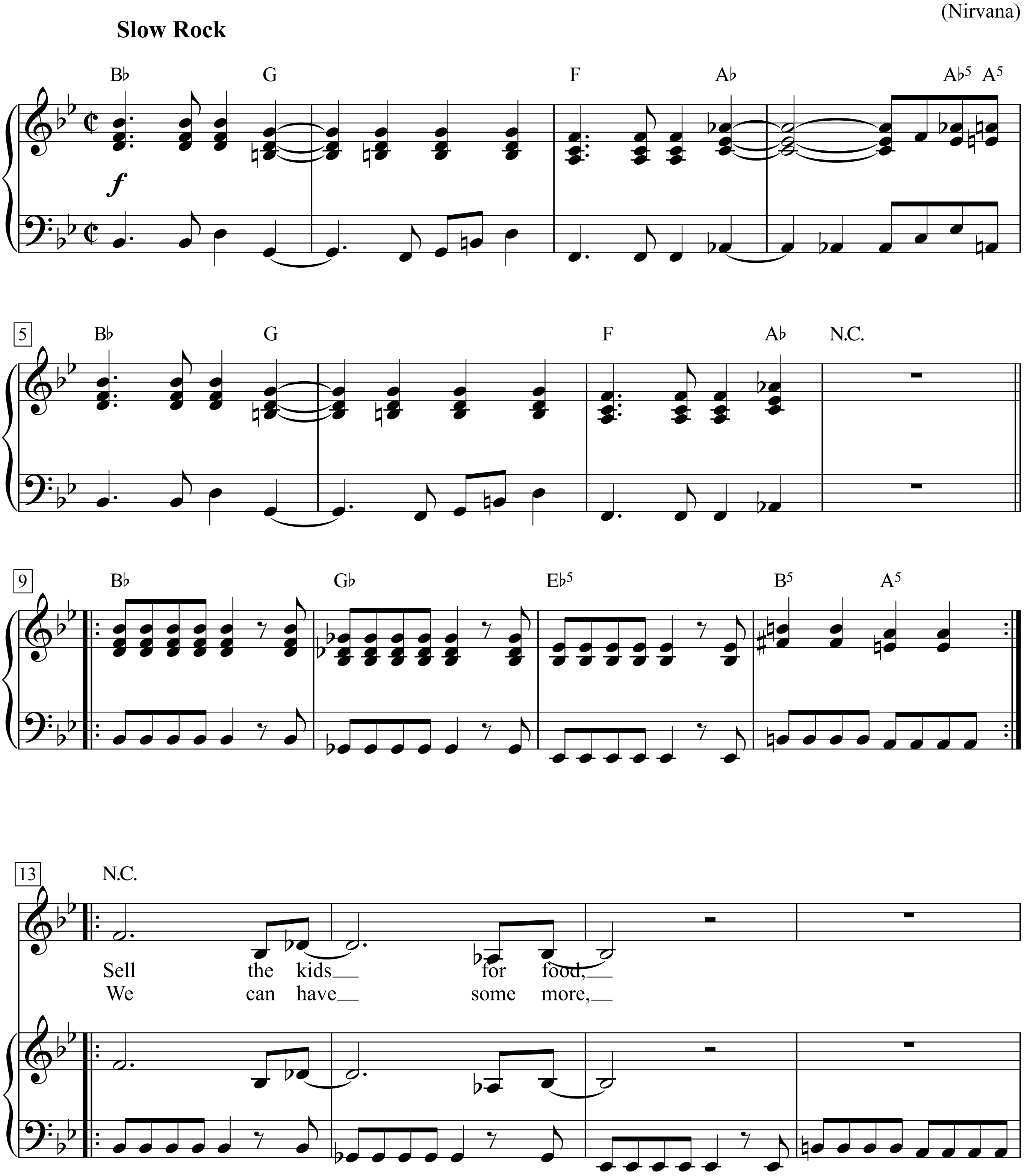

15
don't you know that I love you?
In - a - gad - da - da - vi -
18
- da, ba - by,
don't you know that I'll al - ways be true?
21
N.C.
G
3
Oh, won't you
24
Em7
G
Em7
come with me
and take my hand?

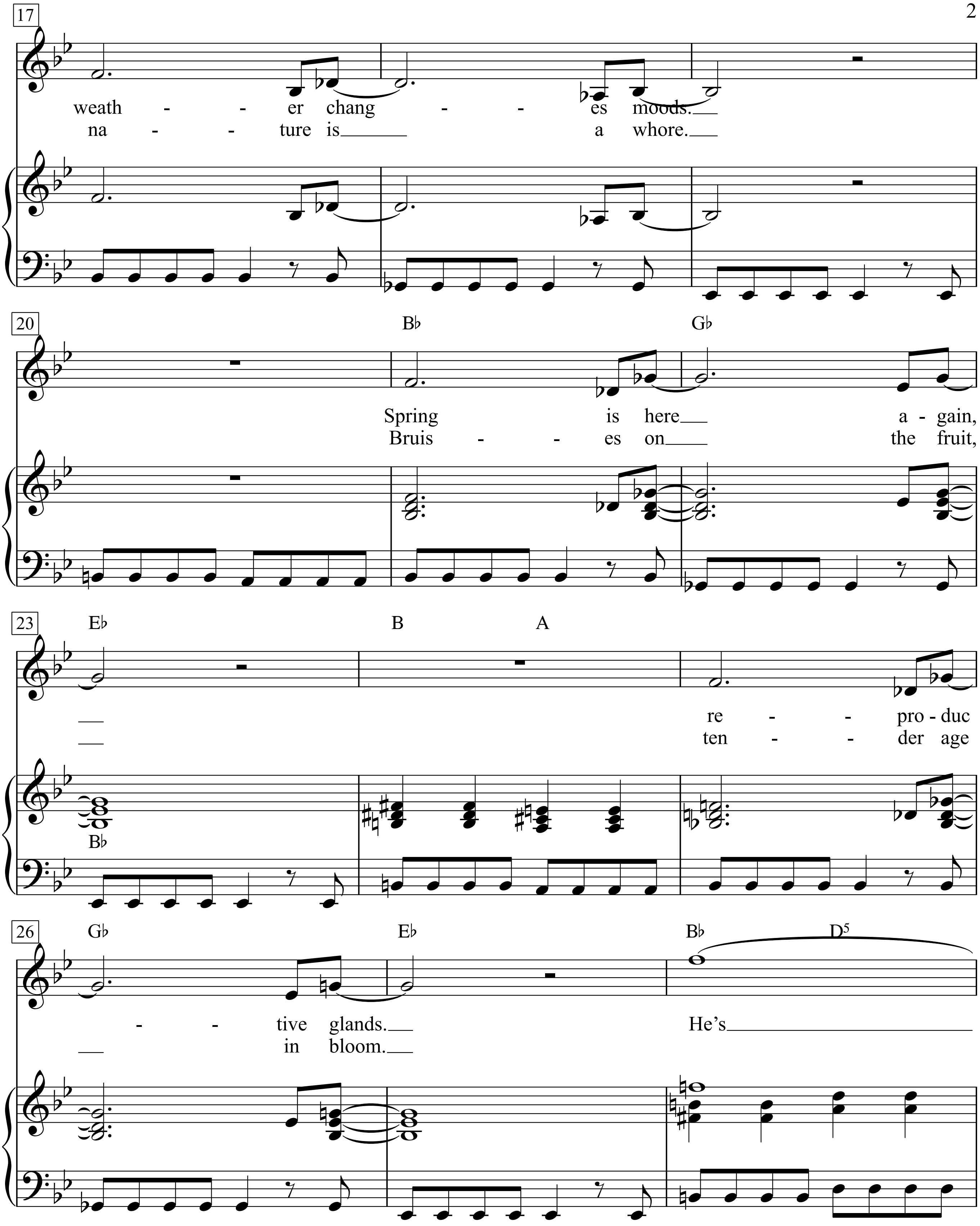

27
A
F♯7
A
Oh, won't you come with me
And walk this
30
F♯7
B
land?
Please take my
33
Dm
A/D
Dm
hand!
36

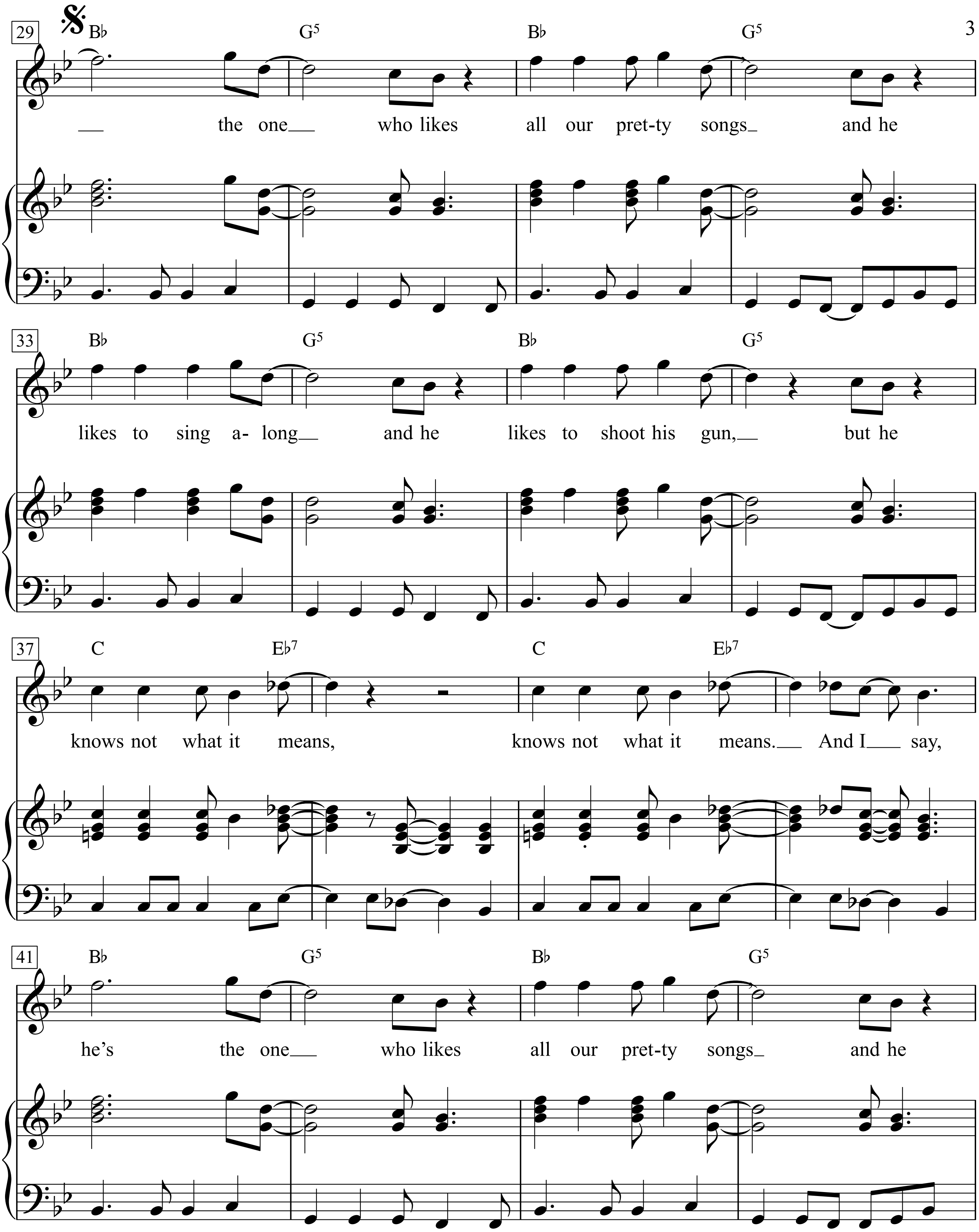

40
N.C.
44
Dm
48
51
53

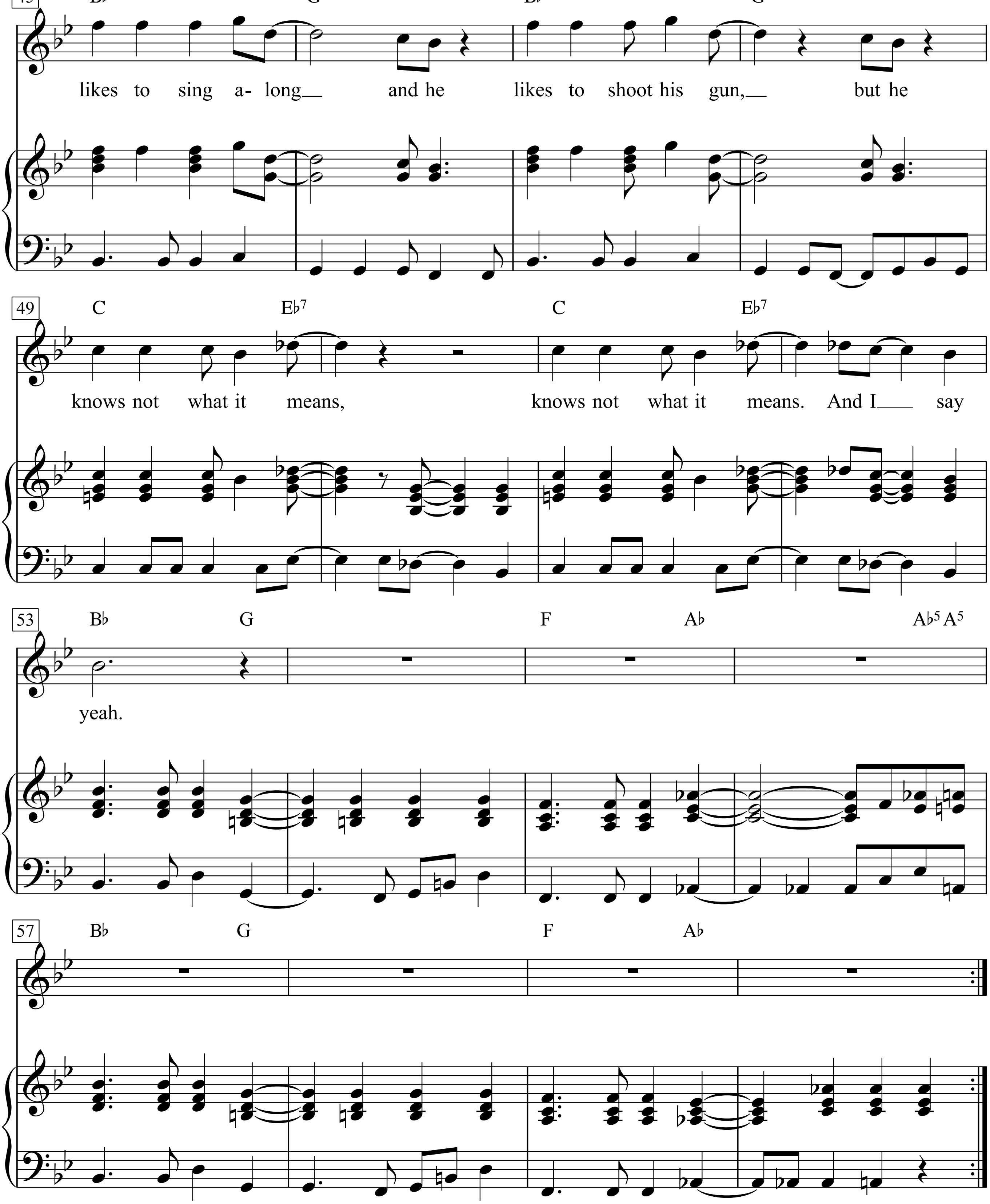
In Bloom

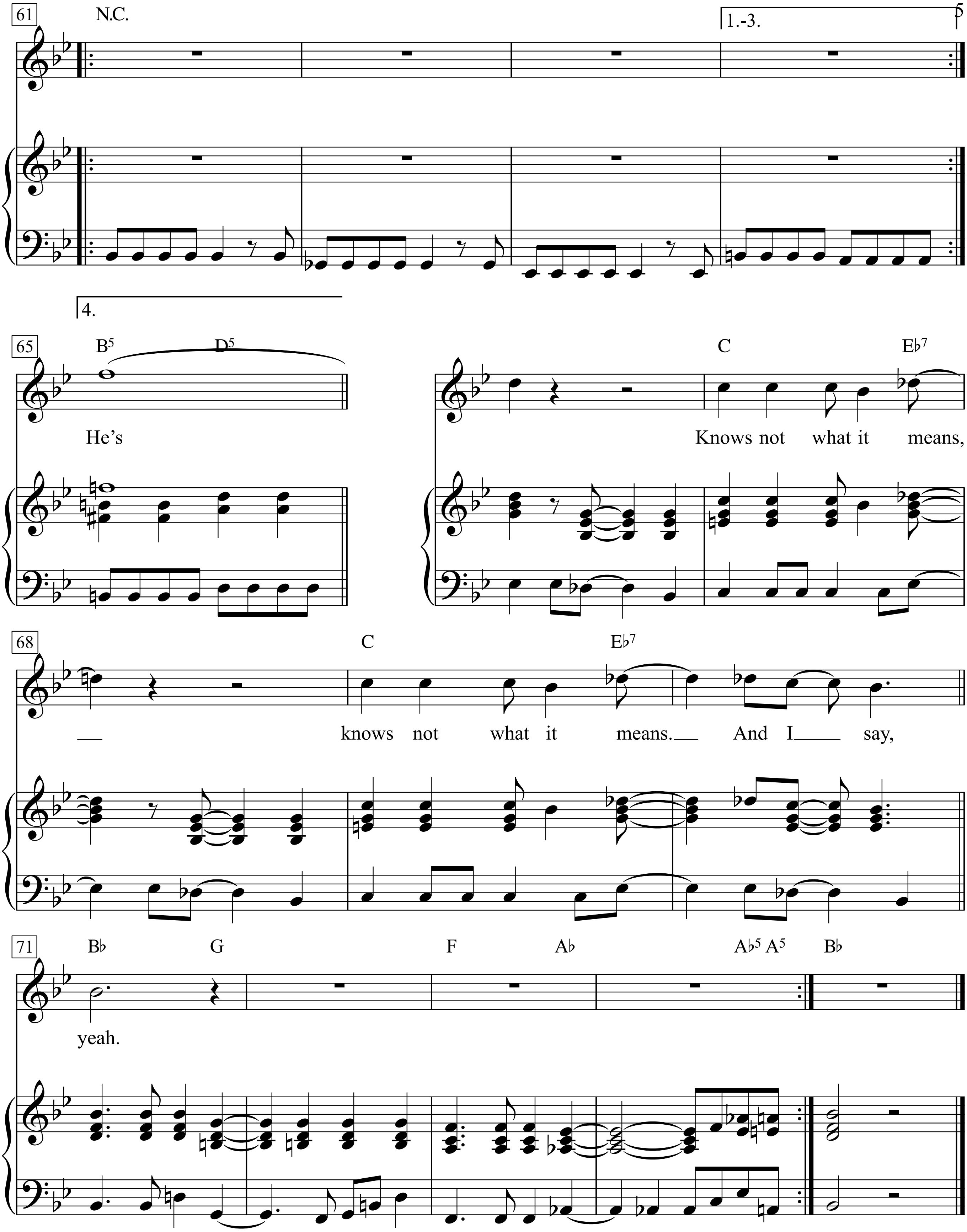
Words & Music by Kurt Cobain
(Nirvana)




17
weath - - er chang - - es moods.
na - - ture is a whore.
20
B♭
G♭
Spring is here a - gain,
Bruis - - es on the fruit,
23
E♭
B
A
re - - pro - duc
ten - - der age
B♭
26
G♭
E♭
B♭
D5
- - tive glands.
He's
in bloom.


29
B♭ G5 B♭ G5
the one who likes all our pret-ty songs and he
33
B♭ G5 B♭ G5
likes to sing a- long and he likes to shoot his gun, but he
37
C E♭7 C E♭7
knows not what it means, knows not what it means. And I say,
41
B♭ G5 B♭ G5
he's the one who likes all our pret-ty songs and he


45
B♭ G5 B♭ G5
likes to sing a- long and he likes to shoot his gun, but he
49
C E♭7 C E♭7
knows not what it means, knows not what it means. And I say
53
B♭ G F A♭ A♭5 A5
yeah.
57
B♭ G F A♭

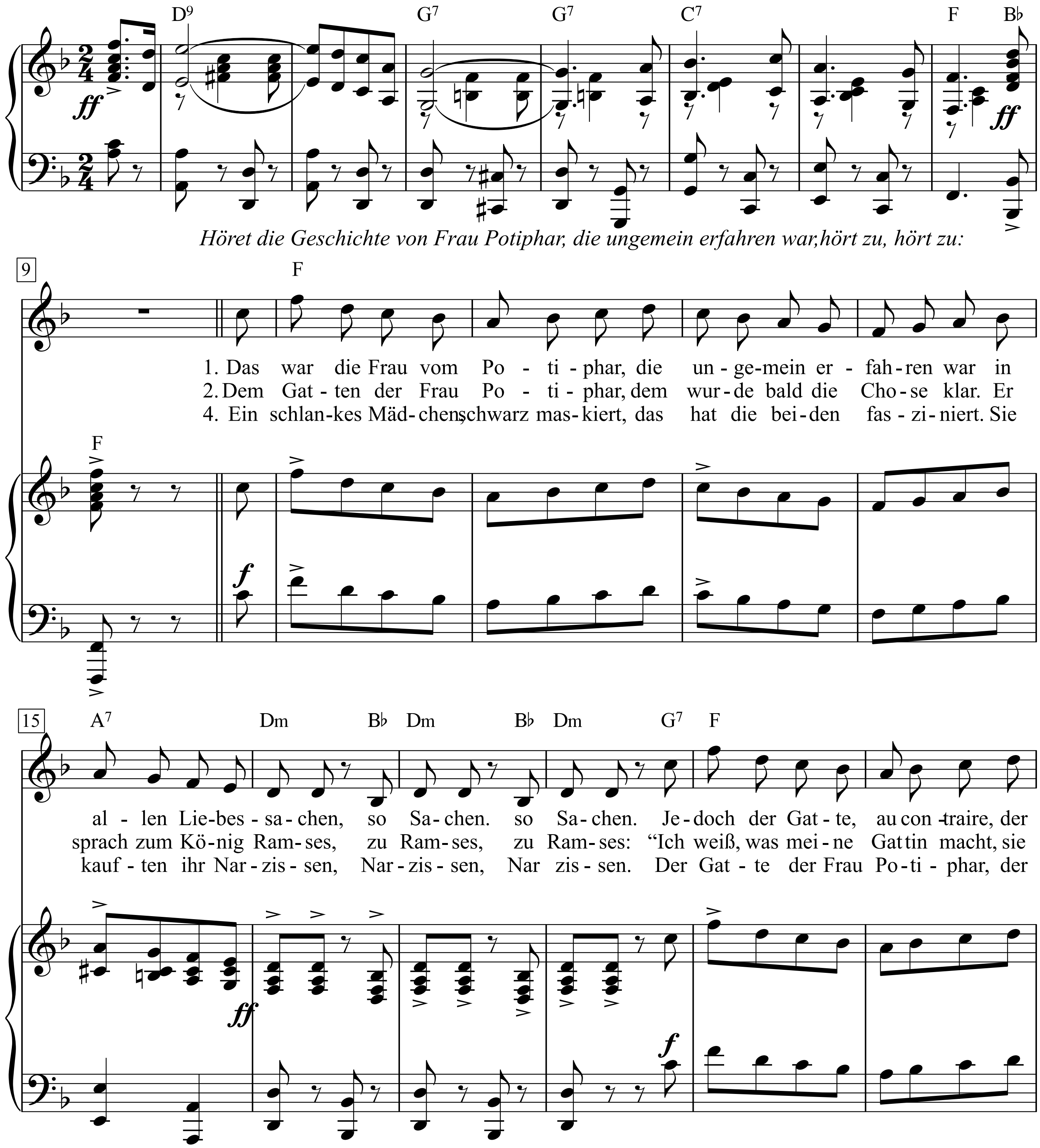

61
N.C.
1.-3.
4.
65
B5 D5
He's
C Eb7
Knows not what it means,
68
C Eb7
knows not what it means. And I say,
71
Bb G F Ab Ab5 A5 Bb
yeah.

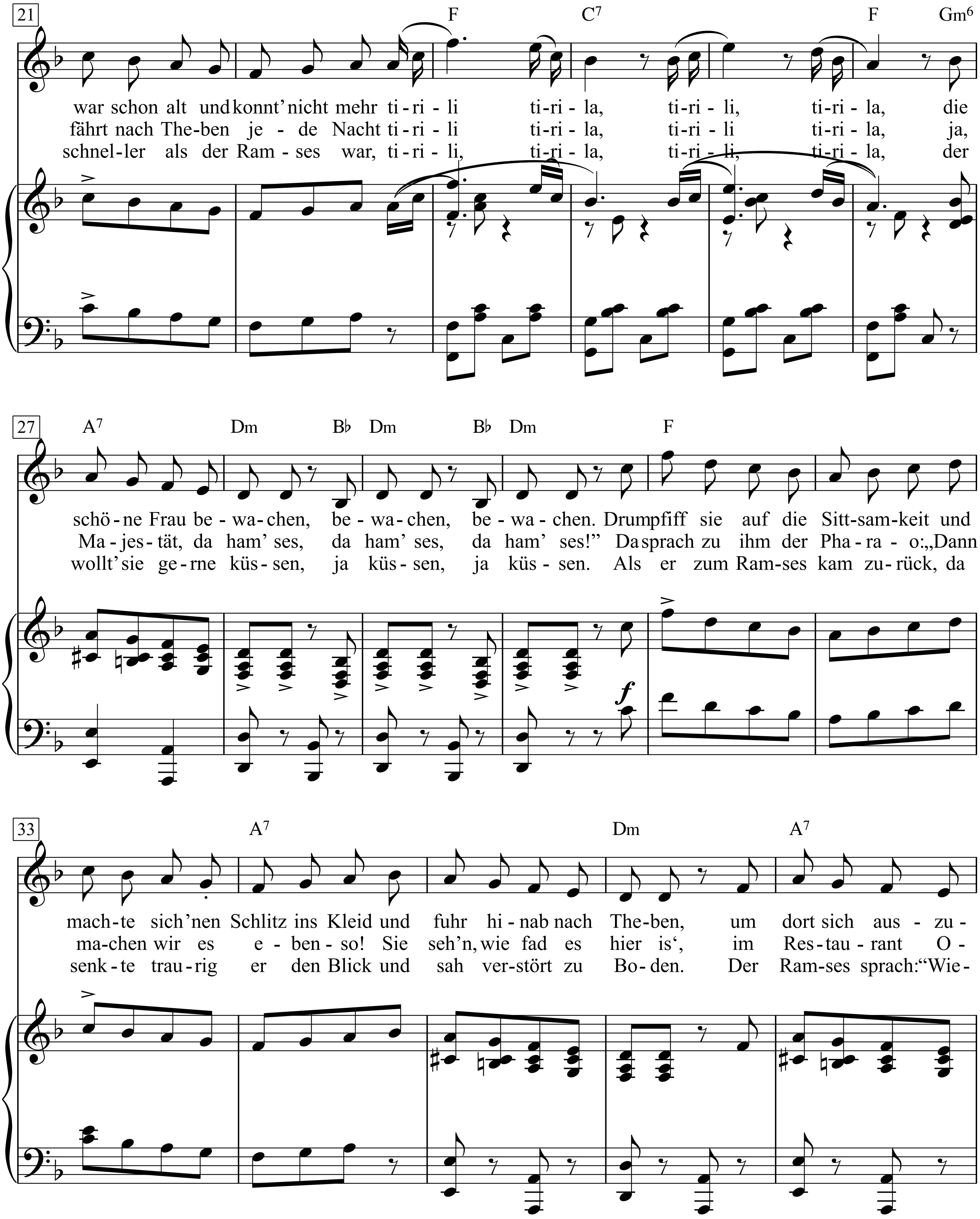
In der Bar zum Krokodil

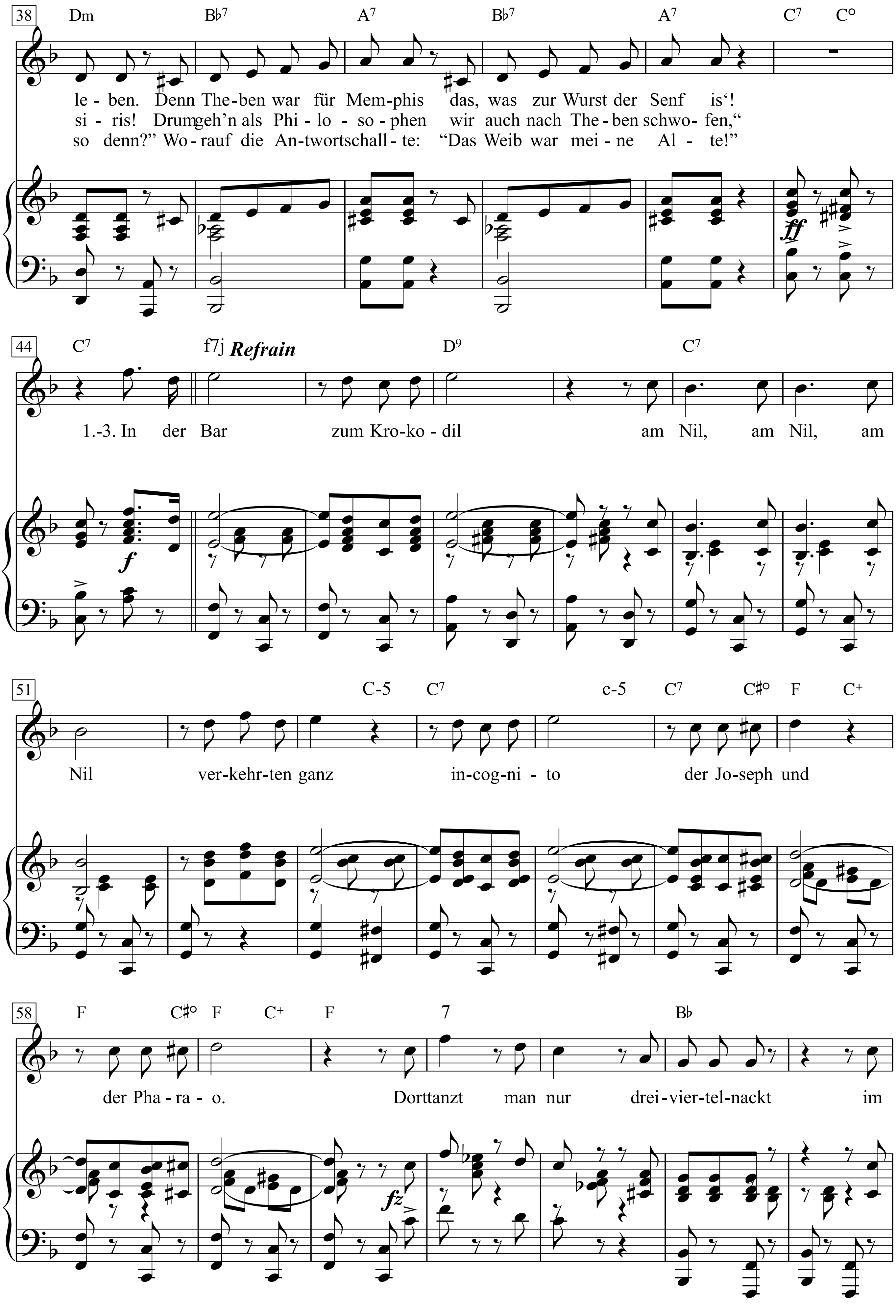
(Lied und Onestep)

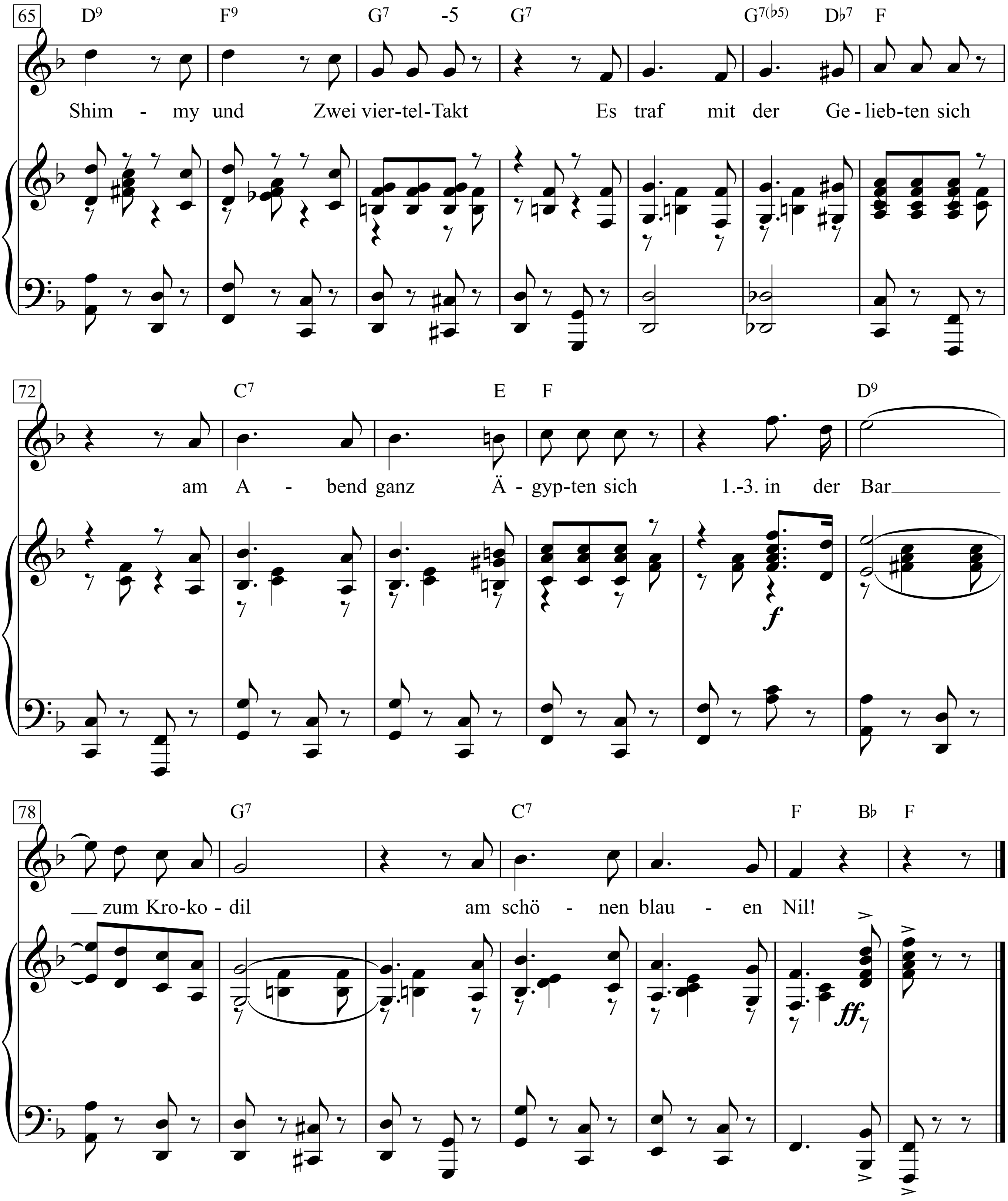
Text: Fritz Löhner-Beda / Walter Fitz

Musik: Willy Engel-Berger




21
F C7 F Gm6
war schon alt und konnt' nicht mehr ti - ri - li ti - ri - la, ti - ri - li, ti - ri - la, die
fährt nach The - ben je - de Nacht ti - ri - li ti - ri - la, ti - ri - li ti - ri - la, ja,
schnel - ler als der Ram - ses war, ti - ri - li, ti - ri - la, ti - ri - li, ti - ri - la, der
27
A7 Dm B♭ Dm B♭ Dm F
schö - ne Frau be - wa - chen, be - wa - chen, be - wa - chen. Drum pfiff sie auf die Sitt - sam - keit und
Ma - jes - tät, da ham' ses, da ham' ses, da ham' ses!" Da sprach zu ihm der Pha - ra - o: „Dann
wollt' sie ge - rne küs - sen, ja küs - sen, ja küs - sen. Als er zum Ram - ses kam zu - rück, da
f
33
A7 Dm A7
mach - te sich 'nen Schlitz ins Kleid und fuhr hi - nab nach The - ben, um dort sich aus - zu -
ma - chen wir es e - ben - so! Sie seh'n, wie fad es hier is', im Res - tau - rant O -
senk - te trau - rig er den Blick und sah ver - stört zu Bo - den. Der Ram - ses sprach: "Wie -


38
Dm B♭7 A7 B♭7 A7 C7 C°
le - ben. Denn The - ben war für Mem - phis das, was zur Wurst der Senf is'!
si - ris! Drum geh'n als Phi - lo - so - phen wir auch nach The - ben schwo - fen,"
so denn?" Wo - rauf die An - twort schall - te: "Das Weib war mei - ne Al - te!"
ff
44
C7 f7j Refrain D9 C7
1.-3. In der Bar zum Kro - ko - dil am Nil, am Nil, am
f
51
C-5 C7 c-5 C7 C♯° F C+
Nil ver - kehr - ten ganz in - cog - ni - to der Jo - seph und
58
F C♯° F C+ F 7 B♭
der Pha - ra - o. Dort tanzt man nur drei - vier - tel - nackt im
fz


65
D9 F9 G7 -5 G7 G7(b5) Db7 F
Shim - my und Zwei vier-tel-Takt Es traf mit der Ge - lieb-ten sich
72
C7 E F D9
am A - bend ganz Ä - gyp-ten sich 1.-3. in der Bar
f
78
G7 C7 F Bb F
zum Kro-ko - dil am schö - nen blau - en Nil!
ff

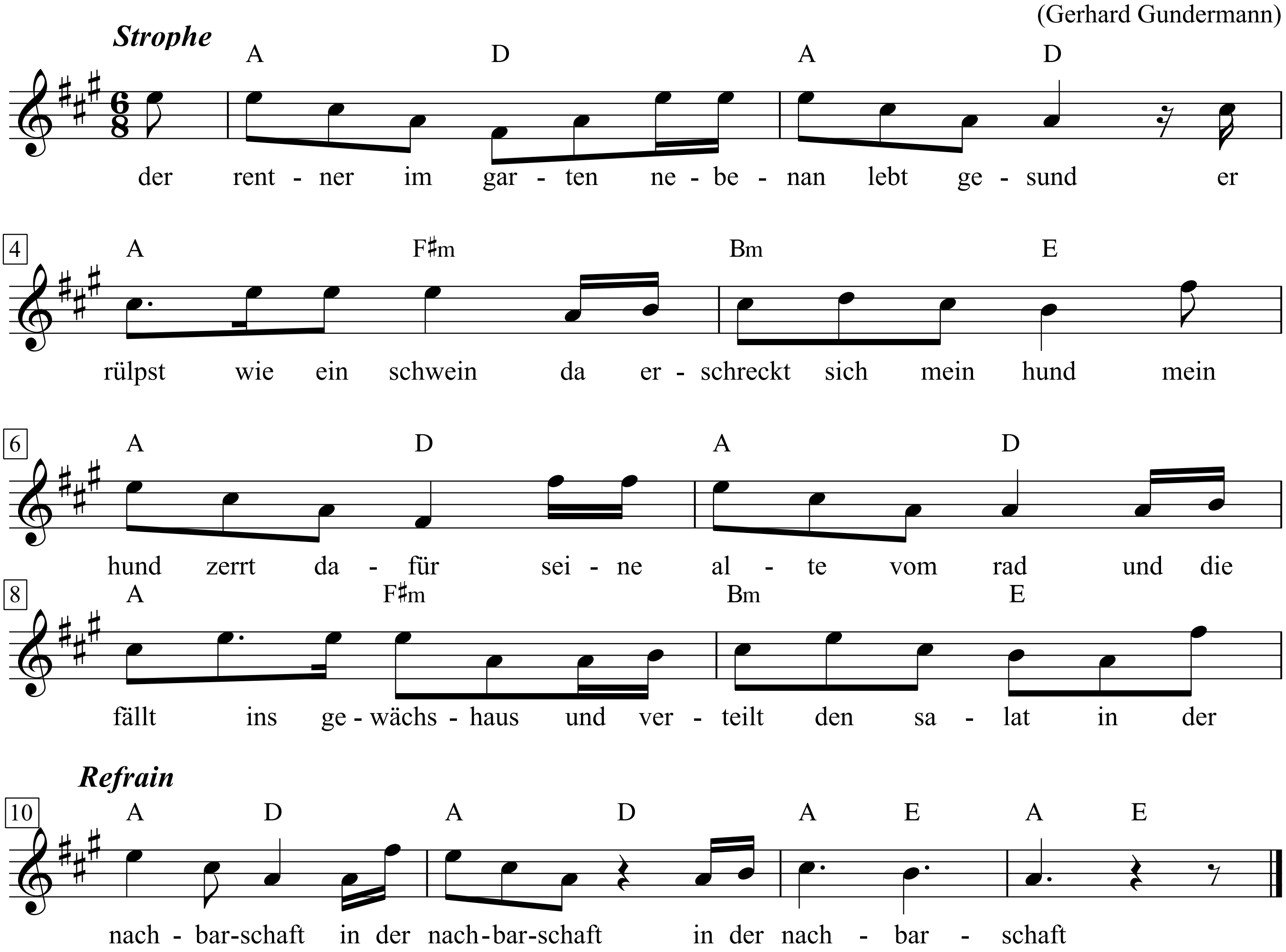
3. Da setzten sie sich mit Genuss
In den Pyramidenomnibus
Und fuhr’n hinaus nach Theben.
Da gab es Mädchen, drollige,
Teils schlanke und teils mollige.
Der Gatte der Frau Potifar
Besah sich da die Mädchenschar
Und spuckte auf den Boden.
Der Ramses fragt: “Wieso denn?”
Worauf die Antwort schallte:
“Ich denk’ an meine Alte!”

In der Nachbarschaft

(1993)

Text: Gerhard Gundermann

Musik: Tom Waits
(Gerhard Gundermann)



der rentner im garten nebenan lebt gesund
er rülpst wie ein schwein da erschreckt sich mein hund
mein hund zerrt dafür seine alte vom rad
und die fällt ins gewächshaus und verteilt den salat

in der nachbarschaft

der rentner im garten nebenan ist schwerkrank
seine alte lässt er schindern er liegt auf der bank
nur wenn sich meine große tochter auf der hollywood
schaukel sonnt da geht sein blutdruckmesser kaputt

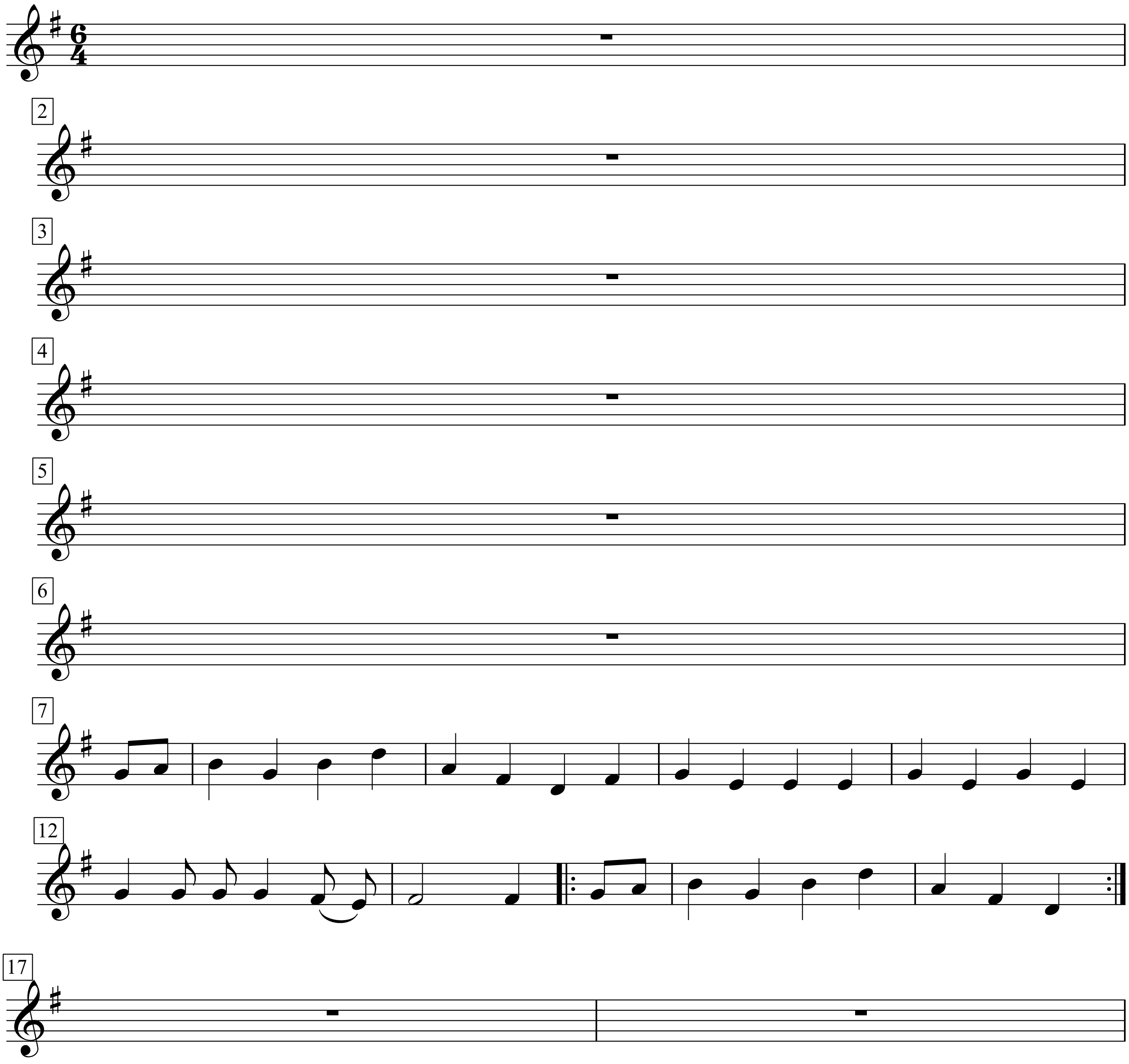
in der nachbarschaft, ...

der rentner im garte nebenan rüstet auf
er hat sich'n stereorecorder gekauft
sein heino hat all meine rosen geknickt
aber jetzt schlag ich mit nina hagen zurück

in der nachbarschaft, ... -

In dieser Saison

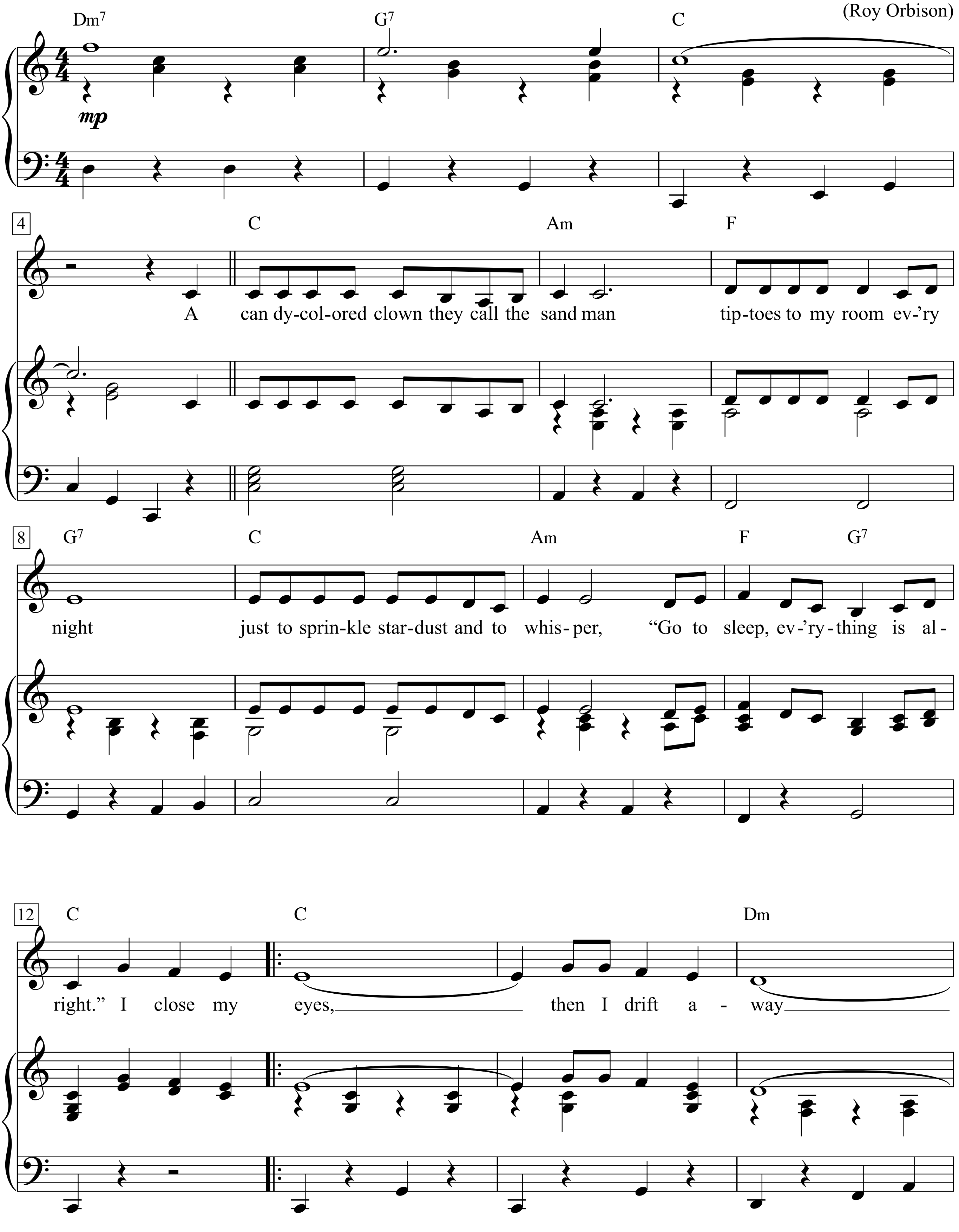
Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



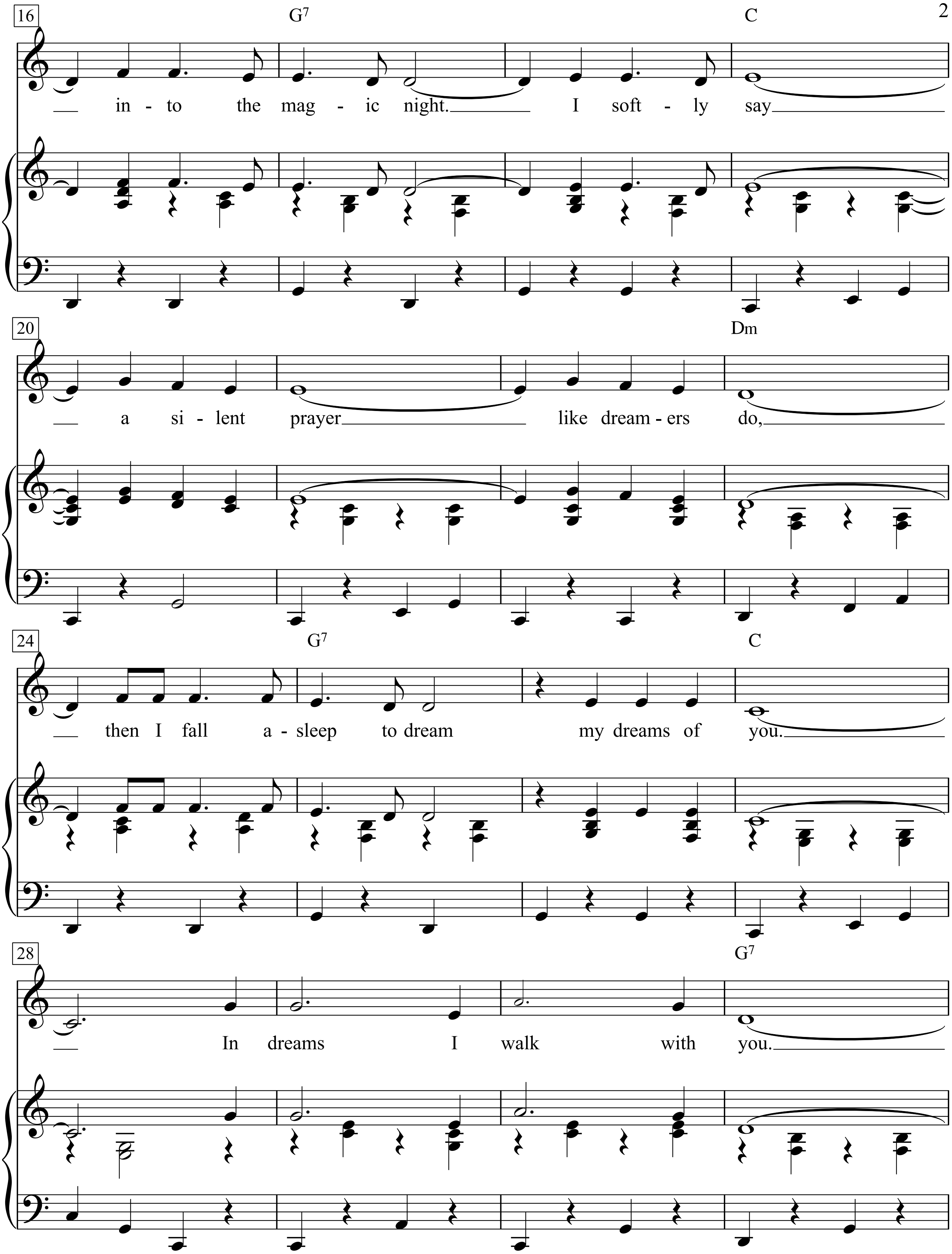
In Dreams

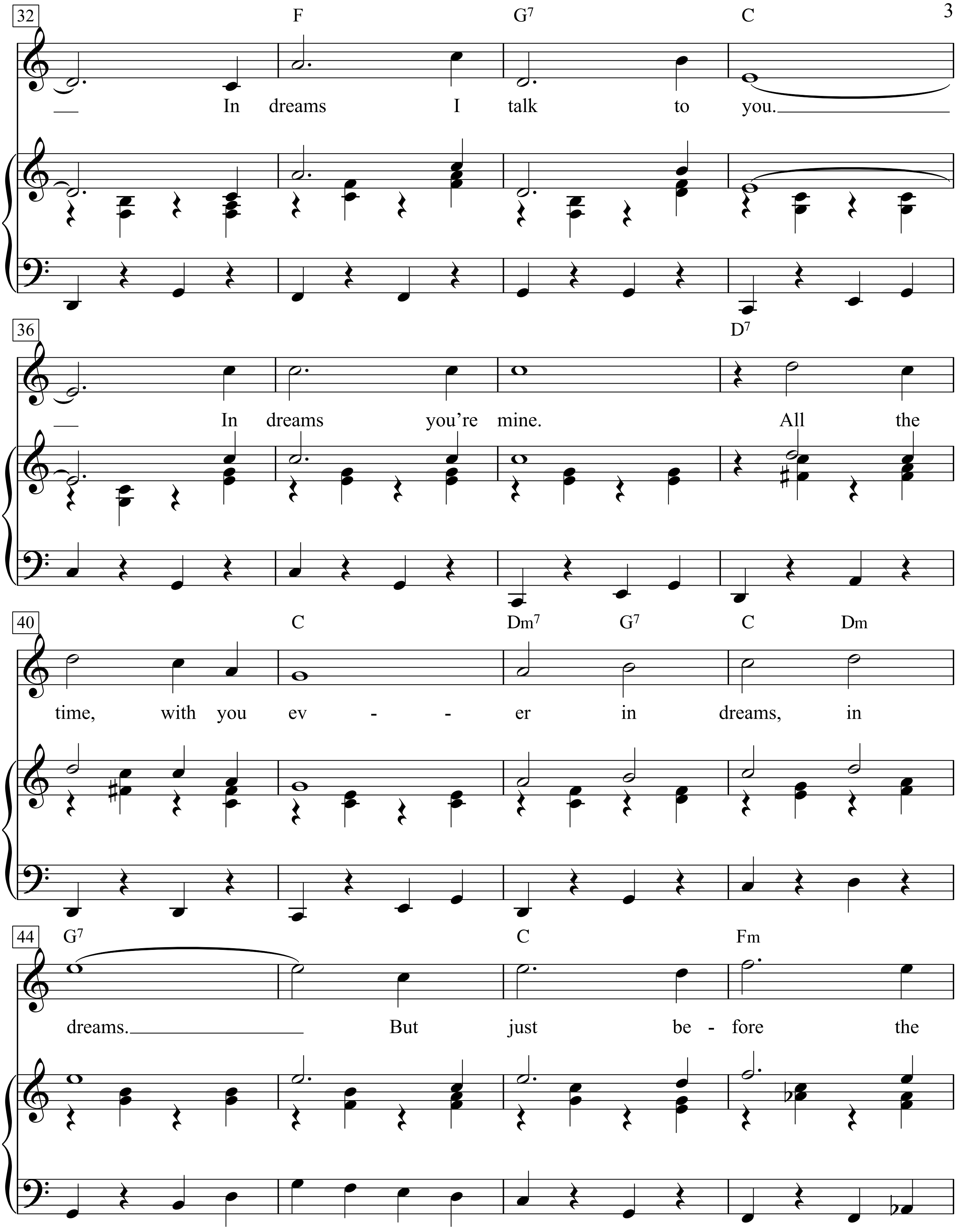
Moderately

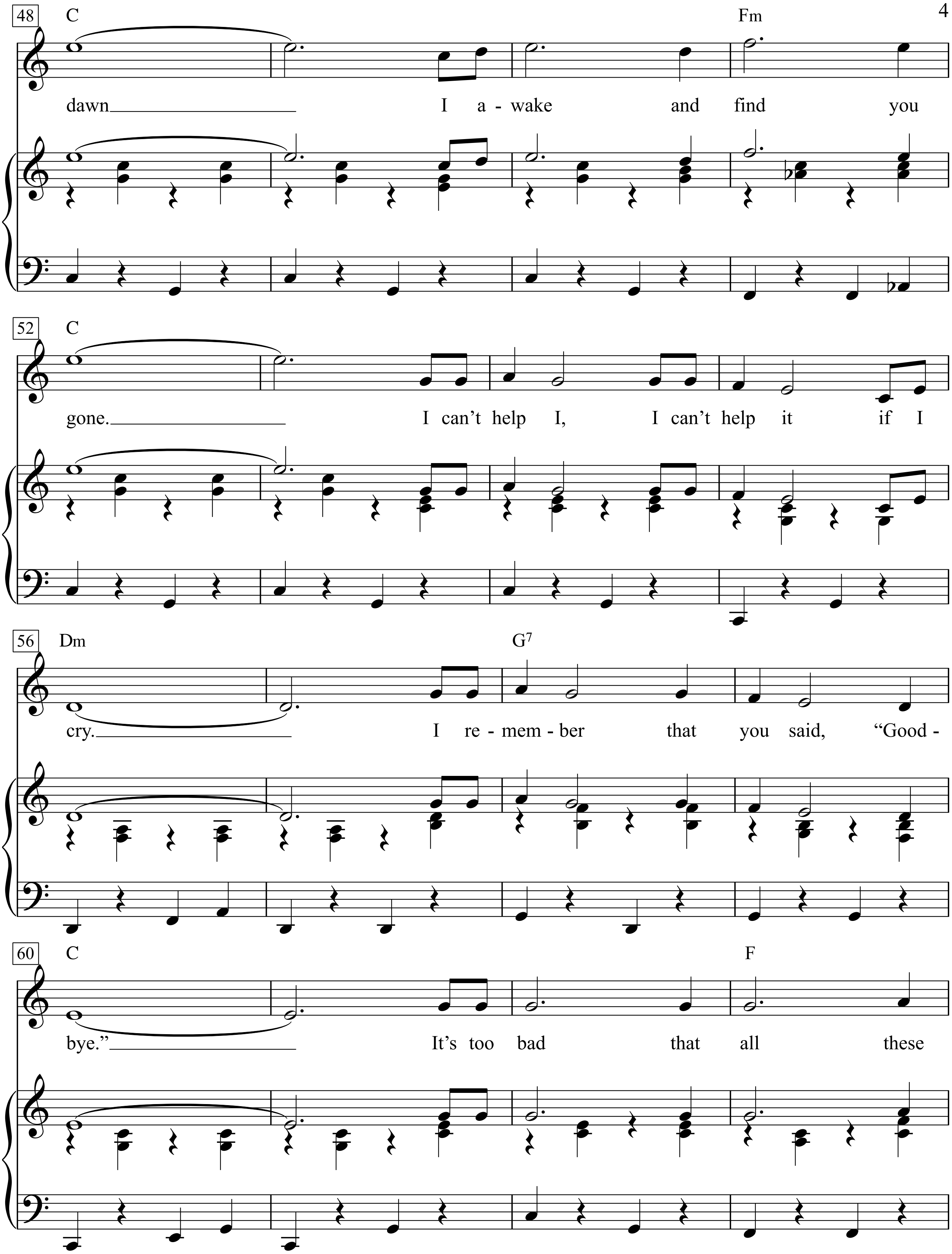
Words & Music by Roy Orbison
(Roy Orbison)

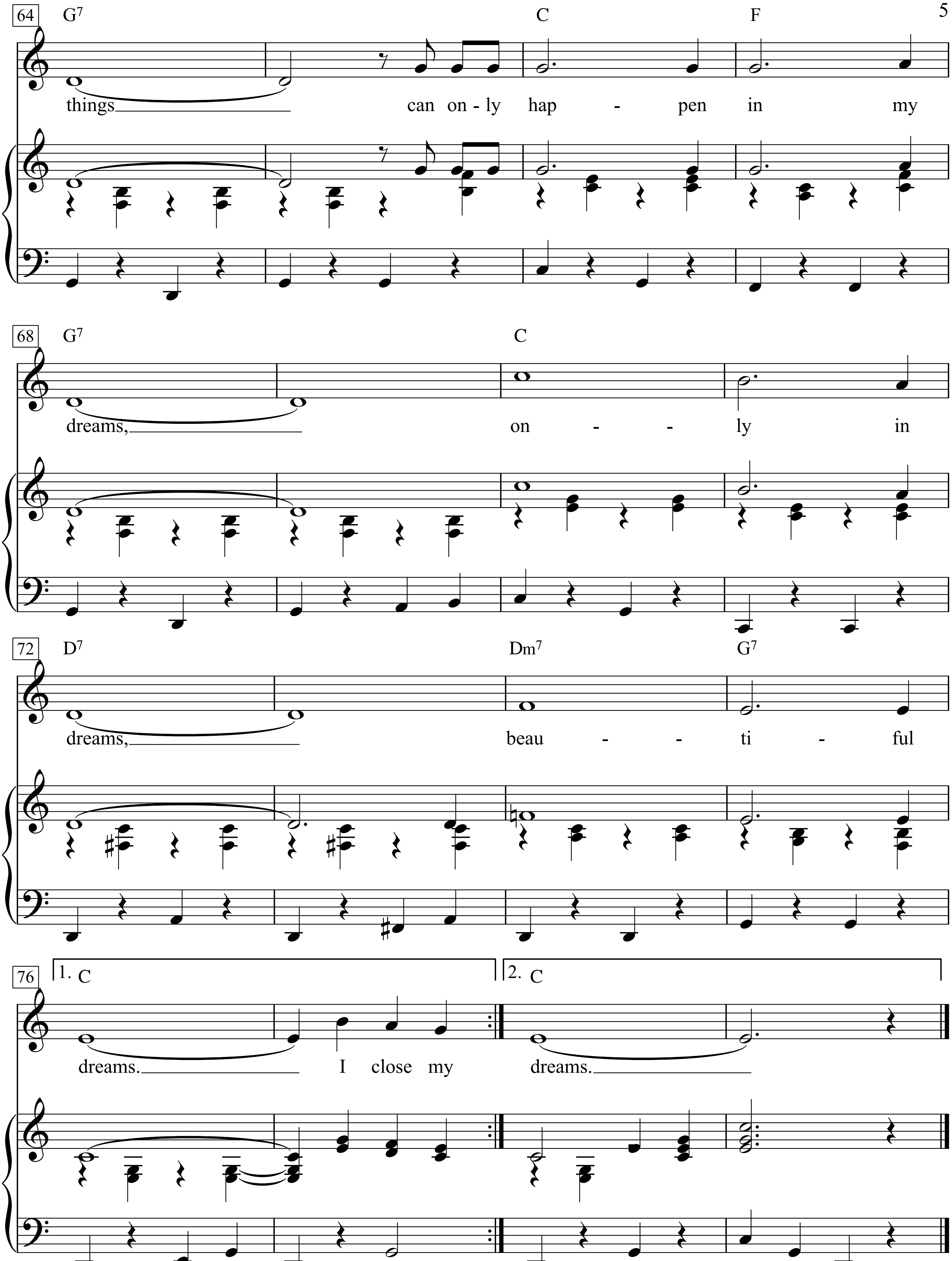


The Definitive Roy Orbison Collection, p. 85-89


16
G7
C
into the magic night. I softly say
20
Dm
a silent prayer like dreamers do,
24
G7
C
then I fall asleep to dream my dreams of you.
28
G7
In dreams I walk with you.


32
F
G7
C
In dreams I talk to you.
36
D7
In dreams you're mine. All the
40
C
Dm7
G7
C
Dm
time, with you ev - - er in dreams, in
44
G7
C
Fm
dreams. But just be - fore the


48
C
Fm
dawn ___ I a - wake and find you
52
C
gone. ___ I can't help I, I can't help it if I
56
Dm
G7
cry. ___ I re - mem - ber that you said, "Good -
60
C
F
bye." ___ It's too bad that all these


64
G7
C
F
things can on - ly hap - pen in my
68
G7
C
dreams, on - - ly in
72
D7
Dm7
G7
dreams, beau - - ti - ful
76
1. C
2. C
dreams. I close my dreams.

A candy-colored clown they call the sandman
tiptoes to my room ev'ry night
just to sprinkle stardust and to whisper,
"Go to sleep, ev'rything is alright."

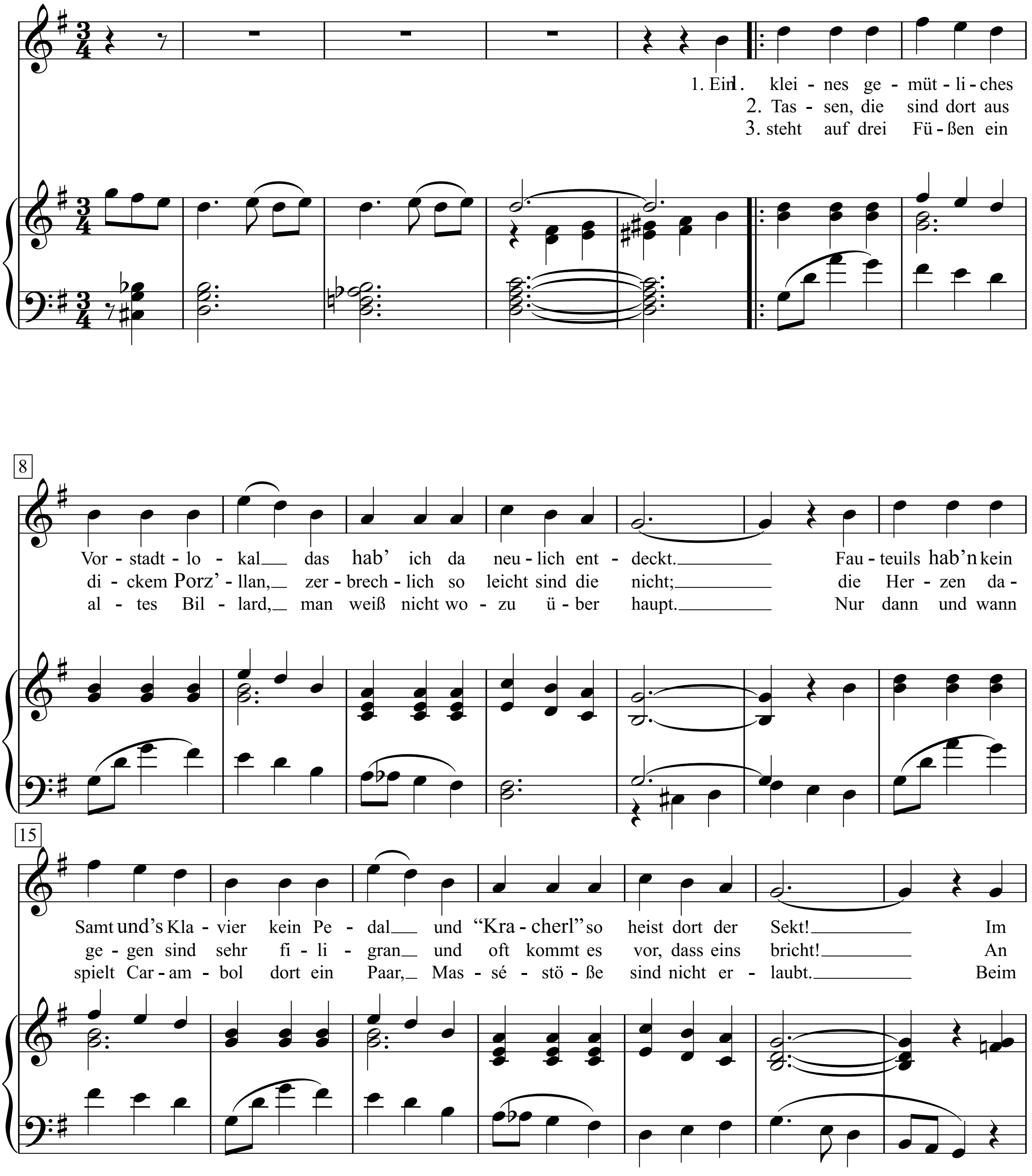
I close my eyes, then I drift away into the magic night.
I softly say a silent prayer like dreamers do,
then I fall asleep to dream my dreams of you.
In dreams I walk with you.
In dreams I talk to you.
In dreams you're mine.
All the time, with you ever
in dreams, in dreams.
But just before the dawn
I awake and find you gone.
I can't help I,
I can't help it if I cry.
I remember that you said, "Goodbye."
It's too bad that all these things
can only happen in my dreams,
only in dreams, beautiful dreams.
I close my eyes …

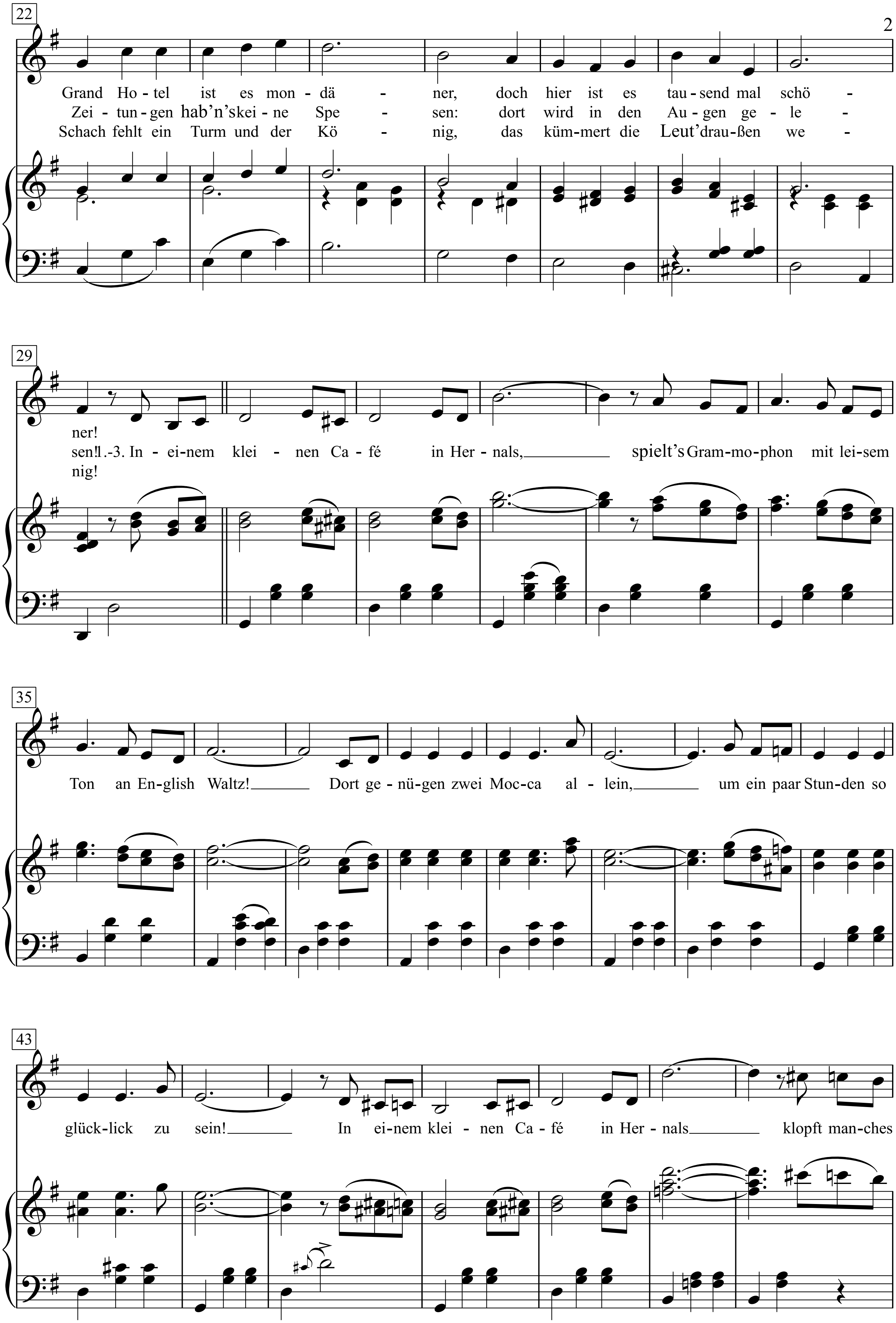
In einem kleinen Café in Hernals

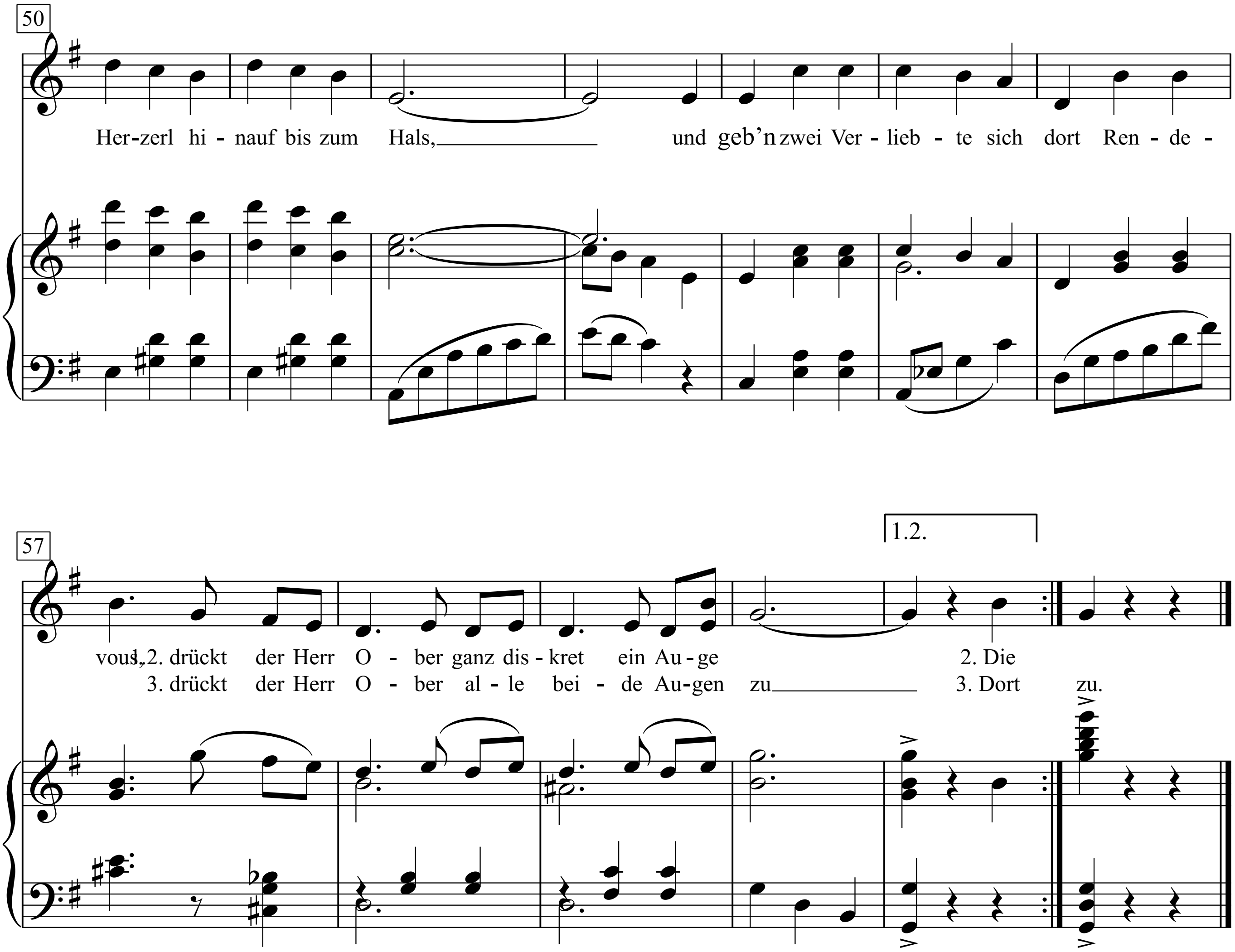
Peter Herz

Hermann Leopoldi

Langsamer Walzer (♩ = 84)




22
Grand Ho - tel ist es mon - dä - ner, doch hier ist es tau - send mal schö -
Zei - tun - gen hab'n's kei - ne Spe - sen: dort wird in den Au - gen ge - le -
Schach fehlt ein Turm und der Kö - nig, das küm-mert die Leut' drau - ßen we -
29
ner!
sen! 1.-3. In - ei-nem klei - nen Ca - fé in Her - nals, spielt's Gram-mo-phon mit lei-sem
nig!
35
Ton an En-glish Waltz! Dort ge - nü-gen zwei Moc-ca al - lein, um ein paar Stun-den so
43
glück-lick zu sein! In ei-nem klei - nen Ca - fé in Her - nals klopft man-ches

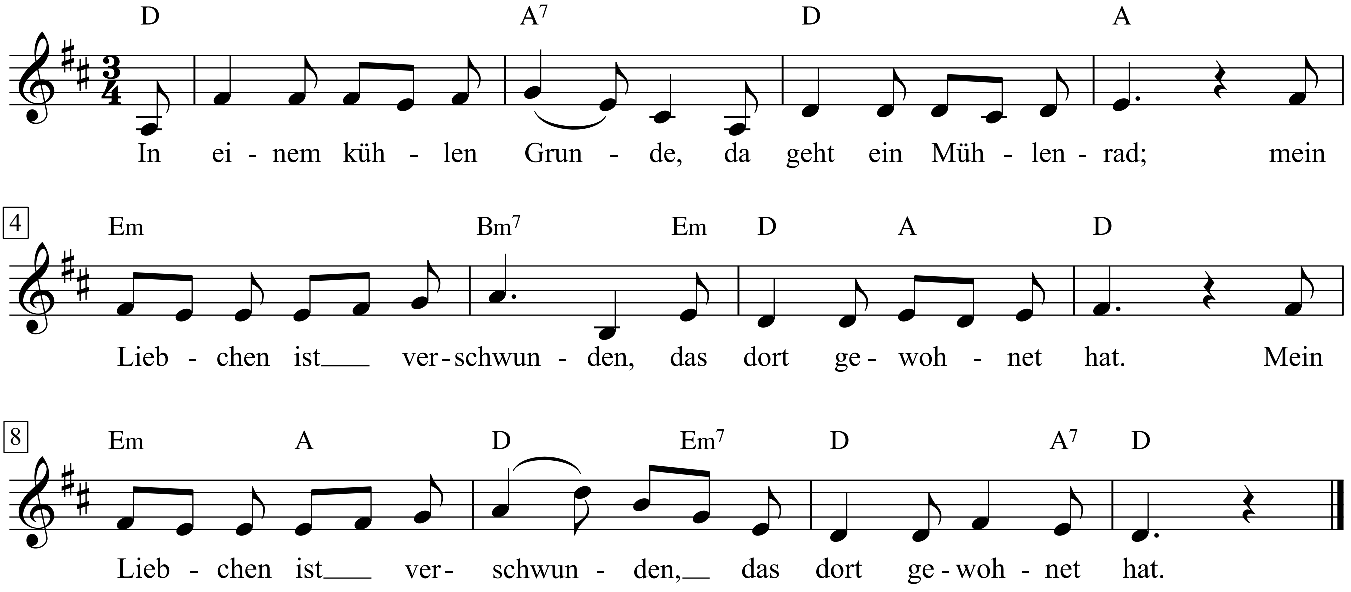

50
Her-zerl hi - nauf bis zum Hals,
und geb'n zwei Ver - lieb - te sich dort Ren - de -
57
1.2.
vous, 1.,2. drückt der Herr O - ber ganz dis - kret ein Au - ge
2. Die
3. drückt der Herr O - ber al - le bei - de Au-gen zu
3. Dort
zu.

In einem kühlen Grunde

(Das zerbrochen Mühlrad)

Joseph von Eichendorff (1809)

Melodie: F. Glück (1814)
bearbeitet von Friedrich Silcher



1. In einem kühlen Grunde,
da geht ein Mühlenrad;
mein Liebchen ist verschwunden,
das dort gewohnet hat.

2. Sie hat mir Treu' versprochen,
Gab mir ein' Ring dabei,
Sie hat die Treu gebrochen:
Das Ringlein sprang entzwei.

3. Ich möcht' als Spielmann reisen
Weit in die Welt hinaus
Und singen meine Weisen
Und gehn von Haus zu Haus;

4. Ich möcht' als Reiter fliegen
Wohl in die blut'ge Schlacht,
Um stille Feuer liegen
Im Feld bei stiller Nacht.

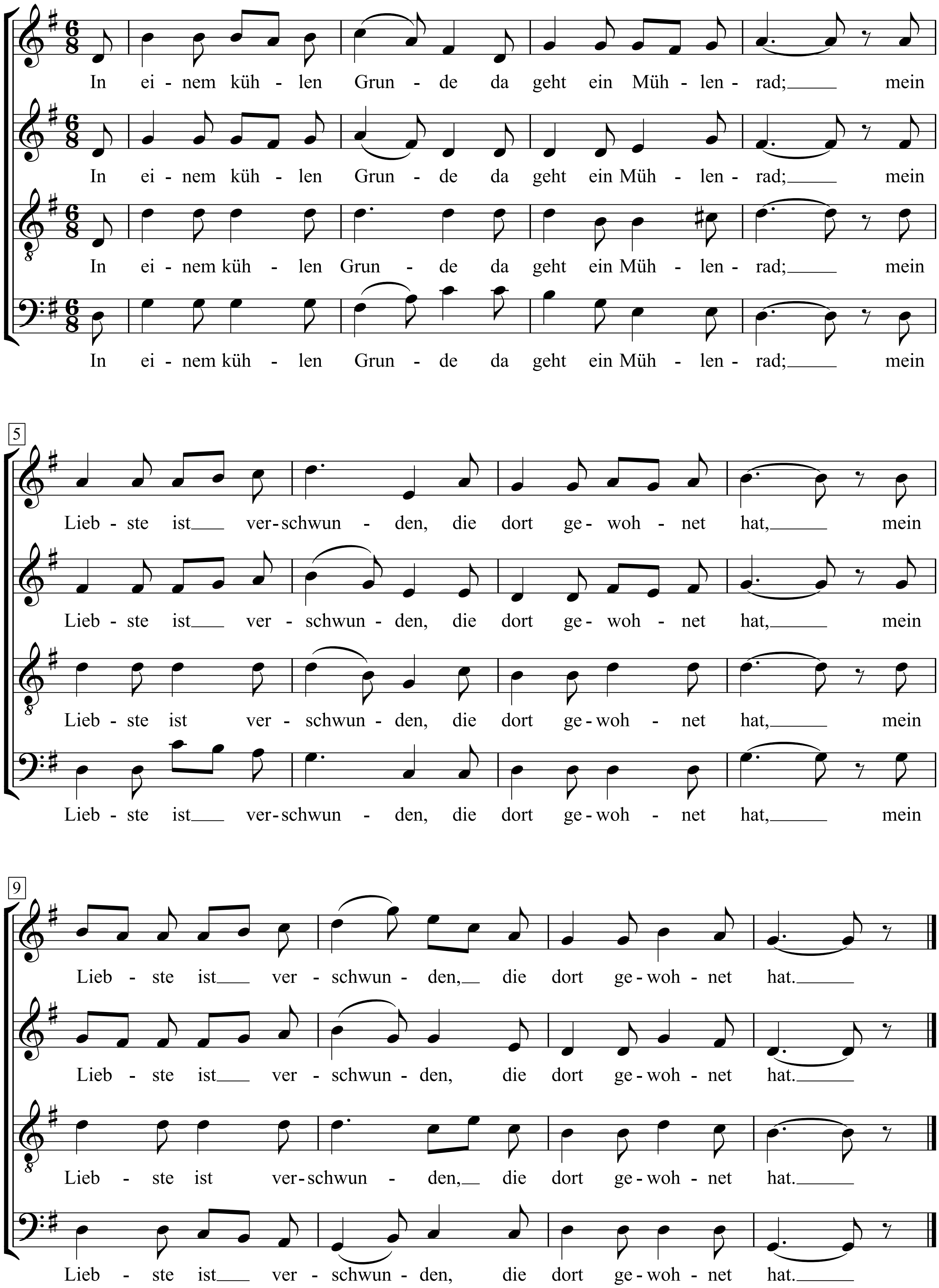
5. Hör' ich das Mühl'rad gehen,
Ich weiß nicht, was ich will -
Ich möcht' am liebsten sterben,
Dann wär's auf einmal still.

In einem kühlen Grunde

(Das zerbrochene Ringlein)

Joseph von Eichendorff

Friedrich Silcher



1. In einem kühlen Grunde,
da geht ein Mühlenrad;
mein Liebchen ist verschwunden,
das dort gewohnet hat.

2. Sie hat mir Treu' versprochen,
Gab mir ein' Ring dabei,
Sie hat die Treu gebrochen:
Das Ringlein sprang entzwei.

3. Ich möcht' als Spielmann reisen
Weit in die Welt hinaus
Und singen meine Weisen
Und gehn von Haus zu Haus;

4. Ich möcht' als Reiter fliegen
Wohl in die blut'ge Schlacht,
Um stille Feuer liegen
Im Feld bei stiller Nacht.

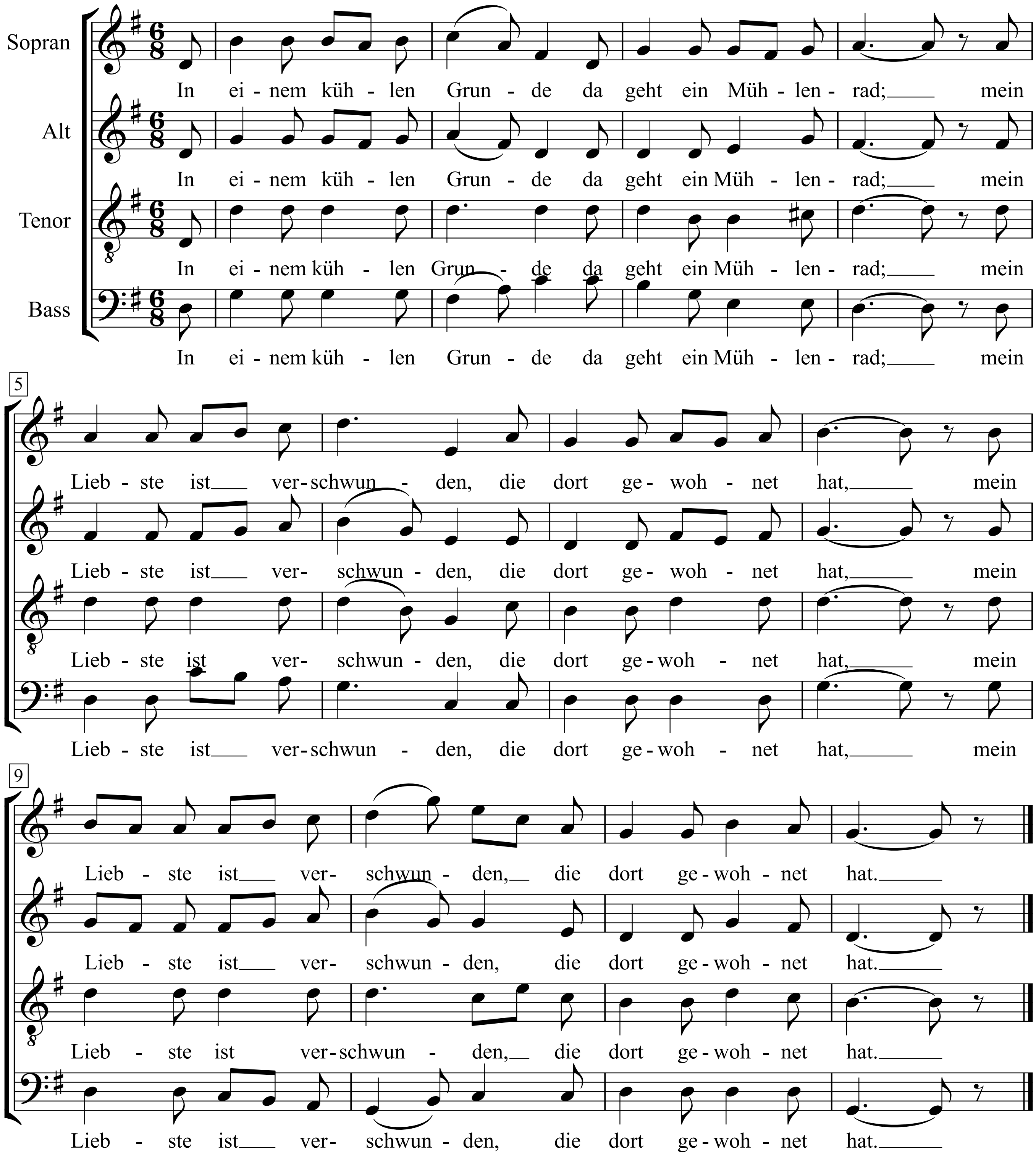
5. Hör' ich das Mühl'rad gehen,
Ich weiß nicht, was ich will -
Ich möcht' am liebsten sterben,
Dann wär's auf einmal still.

In einem kühlen Grunde

(Das zerbrochen Mühlrad)

Friedrich Silcher

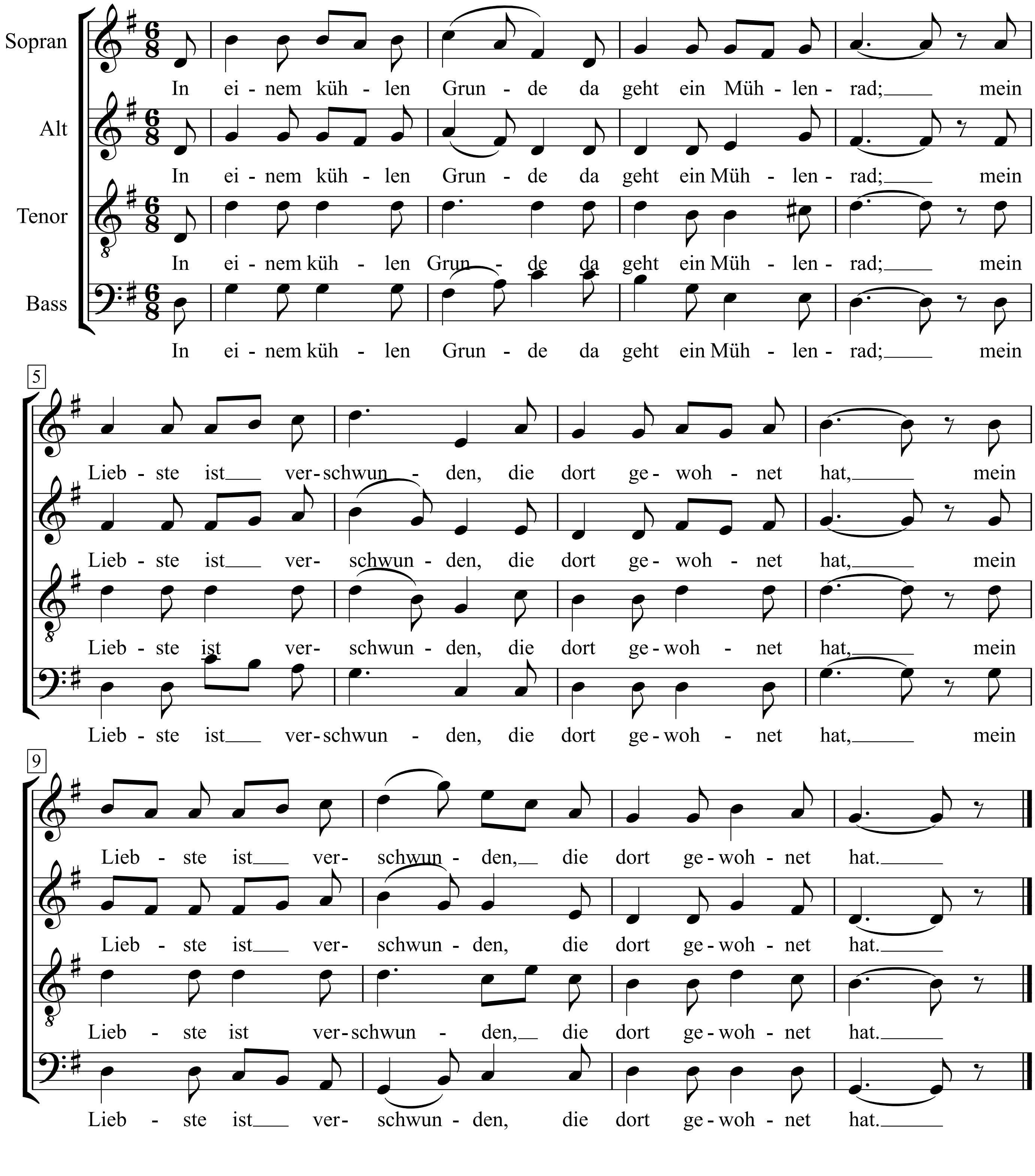
Joseph von Eichendorff



In einem kühlen Grunde

(Das zerbrochen Mühlrad)

Friedrich Silcher



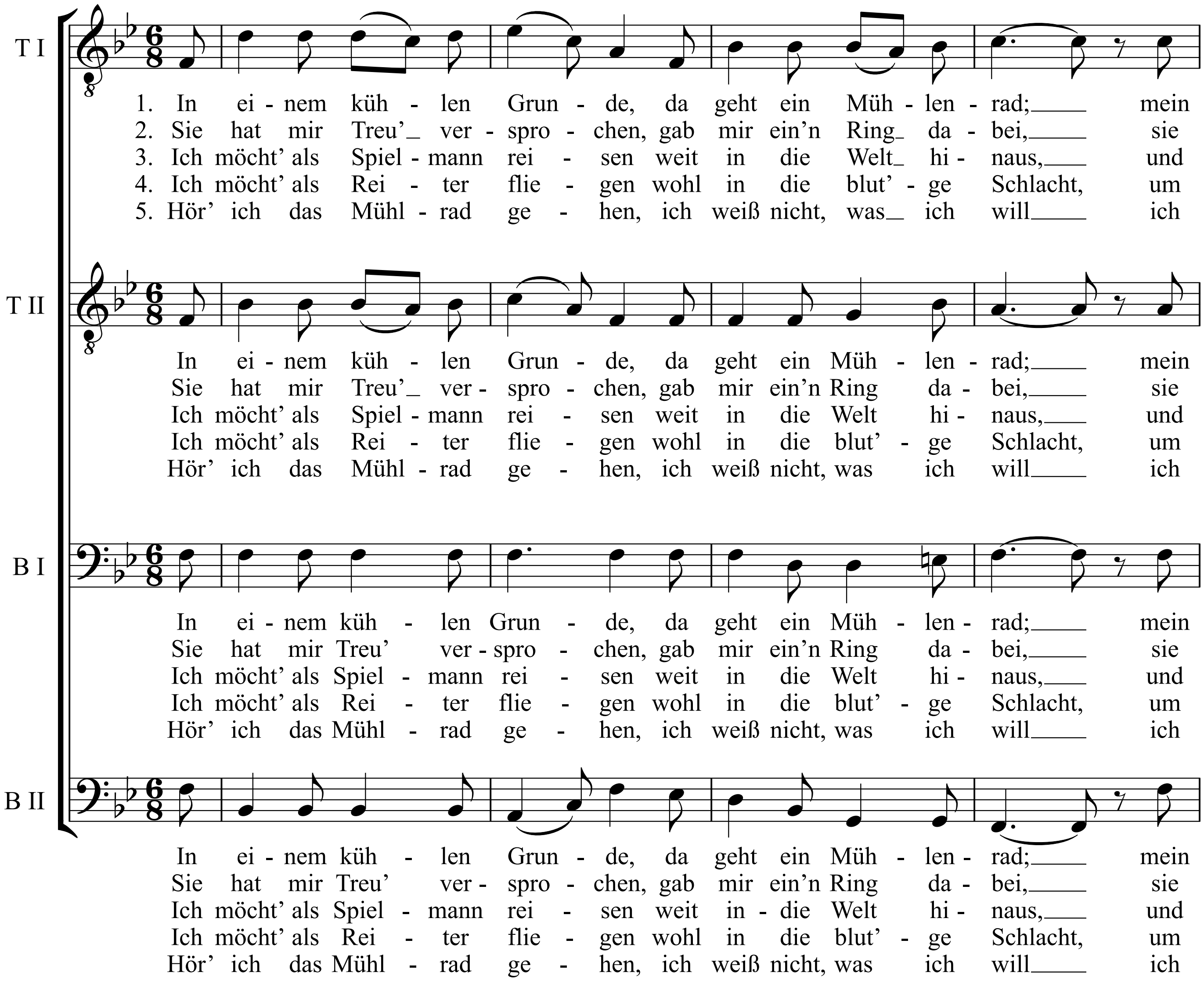
In einem kühlen Grunde

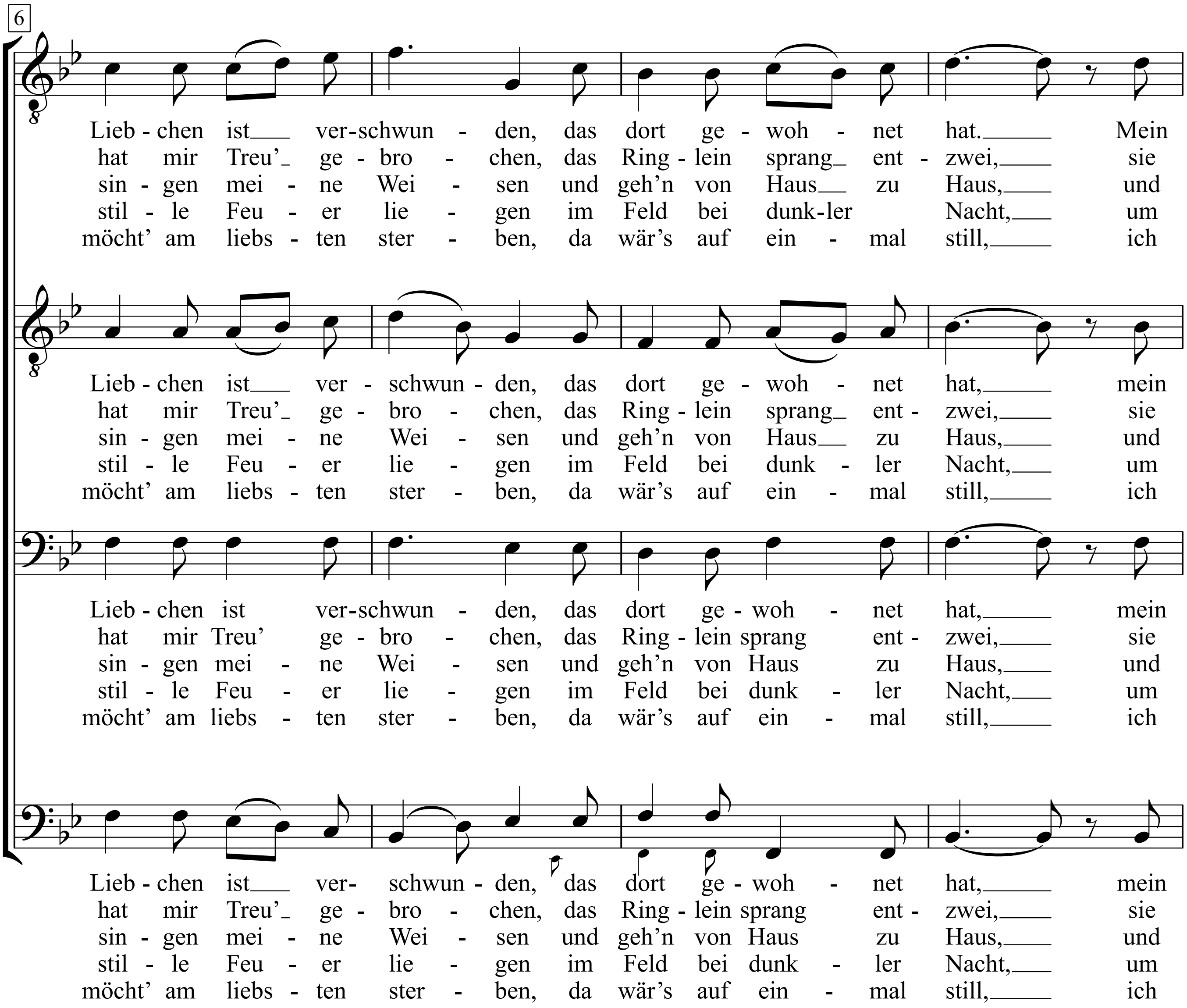
(Das zerbrochen Mühlrad)

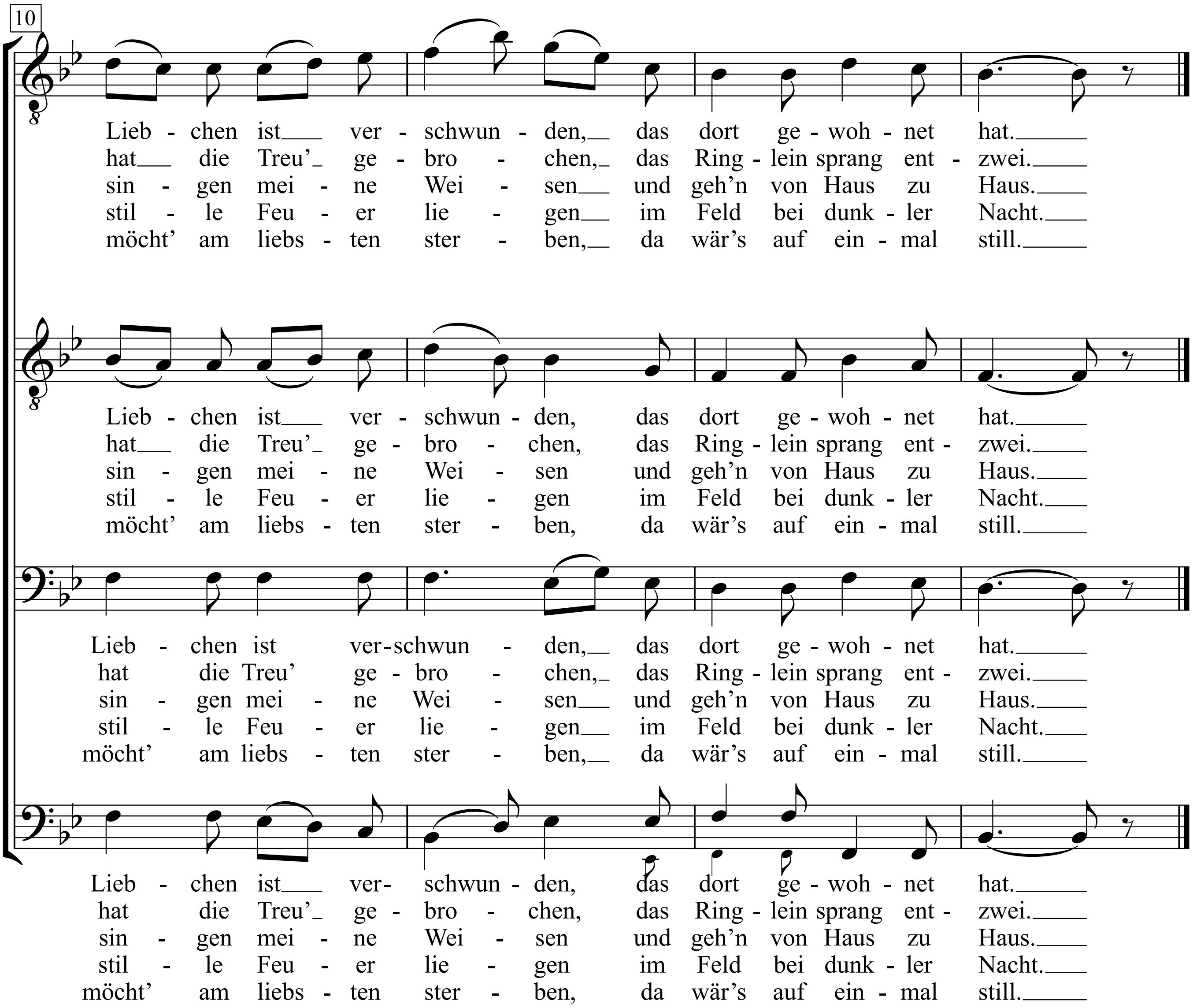
Joseph von Eichendorff

Melodie: Friedrich Glück
Satz: Friedrich Silcher

In ruhiger Bewegung




6
Lieb - chen ist ver-schwun - den, das dort ge - woh - net hat. Mein
hat mir Treu' ge - bro - chen, das Ring - lein sprang ent - zwei, sie
sin - gen mei - ne Wei - sen und geh'n von Haus zu Haus, und
stil - le Feu - er lie - gen im Feld bei dunk-ler Nacht, um
möcht' am liebs - ten ster - ben, da wär's auf ein - mal still, ich
Lieb - chen ist ver - schwun - den, das dort ge - woh - net hat, mein
hat mir Treu' ge - bro - chen, das Ring - lein sprang ent - zwei, sie
sin - gen mei - ne Wei - sen und geh'n von Haus zu Haus, und
stil - le Feu - er lie - gen im Feld bei dunk - ler Nacht, um
möcht' am liebs - ten ster - ben, da wär's auf ein - mal still, ich
Lieb - chen ist ver-schwun - den, das dort ge - woh - net hat, mein
hat mir Treu' ge - bro - chen, das Ring - lein sprang ent - zwei, sie
sin - gen mei - ne Wei - sen und geh'n von Haus zu Haus, und
stil - le Feu - er lie - gen im Feld bei dunk - ler Nacht, um
möcht' am liebs - ten ster - ben, da wär's auf ein - mal still, ich
Lieb - chen ist ver- schwun - den, das dort ge - woh - net hat, mein
hat mir Treu' ge - bro - chen, das Ring - lein sprang ent - zwei, sie
sin - gen mei - ne Wei - sen und geh'n von Haus zu Haus, und
stil - le Feu - er lie - gen im Feld bei dunk - ler Nacht, um
möcht' am liebs - ten ster - ben, da wär's auf ein - mal still, ich



1. In einem kühlen Grunde,
da geht ein Mühlenrad;
mein Liebchen ist verschwunden,
das dort gewohnet hat,
mein Liebchen ist verschwunden,
das dort gewohnet hat.

2. Sie hat mir Treu' versprochen,
gab mir ein'n Ring dabei,
sie hat mir Treu' gebrochen,
das Ring-lein sprang entzwei,
sie hat die Treu' gebrochen,
das Ring-lein sprang entzwei.

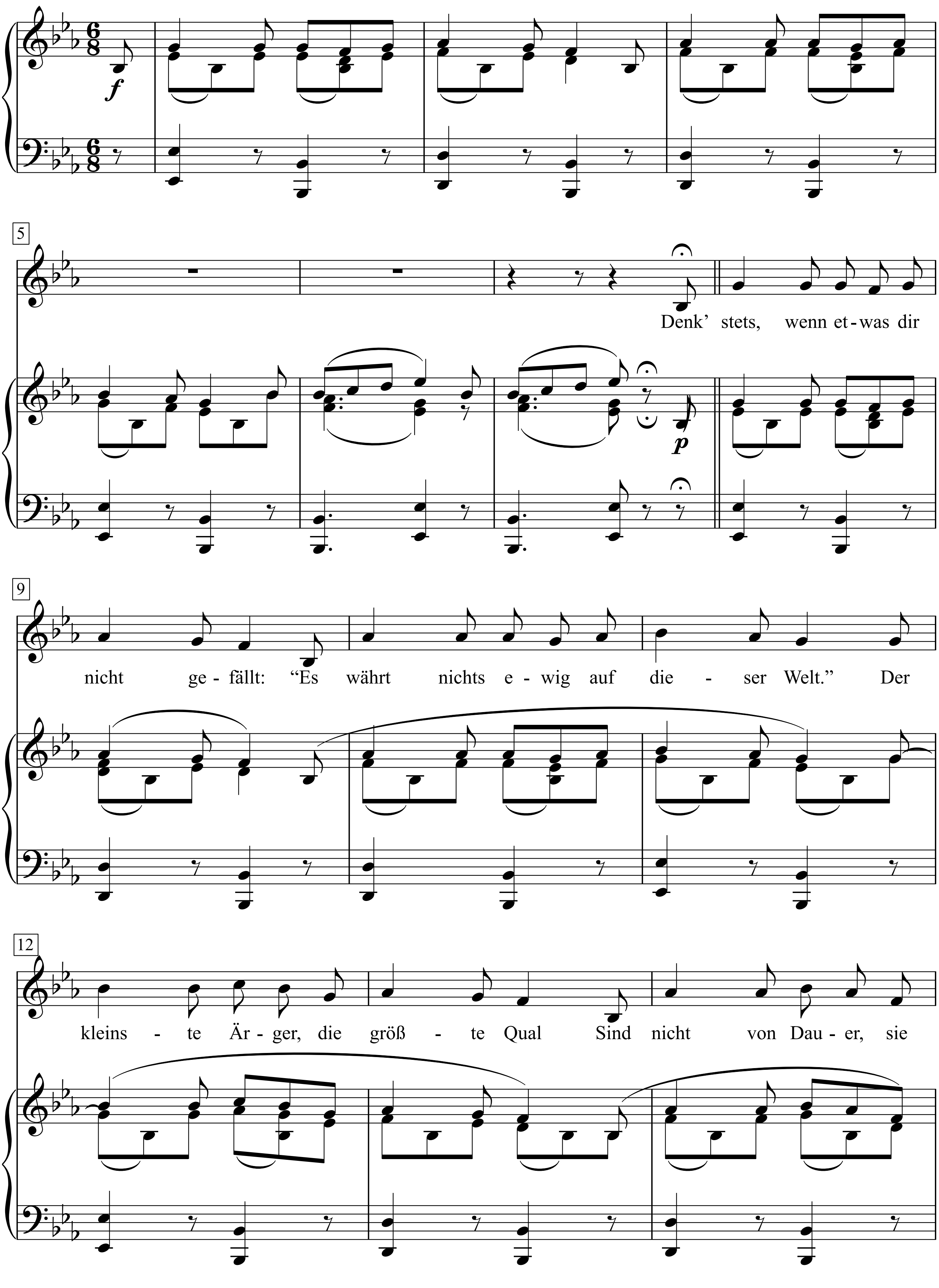
3. Ich möcht' als Spielmann reisen
weit indie Welt hinaus,
und singen meine Weisen
und geh'n von Haus zu Haus,
und singen meine Weisen
und geh'n von Haus zu Haus.

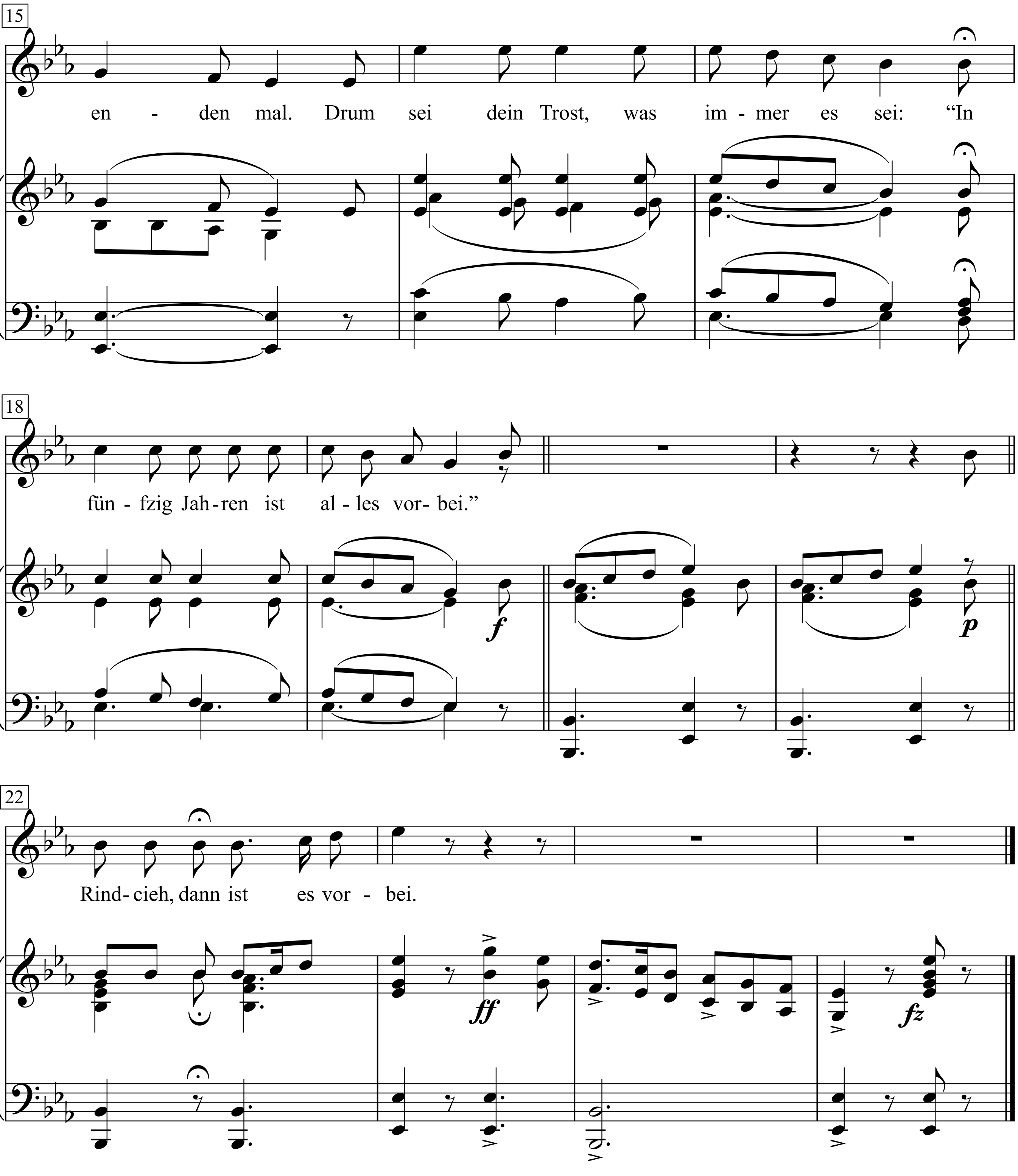
4. Ich möcht' als Reiter fliegen
wohl in die blut'ge Schlacht,
um stille Feuer liegen
im Feld bei dunk-ler Nacht,
um stille Feuer liegen
im Feld bei dunkler Nacht.

5. Hör' ich das Mühlrad gehen,
ich weiß nicht, was ich will -
ich möcht' am liebsten sterben,
da wär's auf einmal still,
ich möcht' am liebsten sterben,
da wär's auf einmal still.

In fünfzig fünfzig Jahren ist alles vorbei

Text & Musik: Otto Reutter
(Otto Reutter)





1. Denk’ stets, wenn etwas dir nicht gefällt:
“Es währt nichts ewig auf dieser Welt.”
Der kleinste Ärger, die größte Qual
Sind nicht von Dauer, sie enden mal.
Drum sei dein Trost, was immer es sei:
“In fünfzig Jahren ist alles vorbei.”

2. Und ist alles teuer, dann murre nicht
Und holt man die Steuer, dann knurre nicht.
Misslingt dir auch alles, dann klage nicht
Und kriegst du den Dalles, verzage nicht -
Denn der, der nichts hat, ist glücklich und frei
Und in fünfzig Jahren ist alles vorbei.

3. Und ist auch ein andrer klüger als du,
Dann sei nicht dämlich - und lach’ dazu.
Was nützt sein Wissen - stirbt der vorher,
Bist du am nächsten Tag klüger als der.
Wer da weiß, dass er nichts weiß, weiß vielerlei -
Und in fünfzig Jahren ist alles vorbei.

4. Und geht zu ’nem andern dein Mägdelein,
Dann schick’ ihr noch’s Reisegeld hinterdrein.
Und bist du traurig, denk’ in der Pein:
“Wie traurig wird bald der andere sein.”
Dem macht sie’s wie dir - die bleibt nicht treu
Und in fünfzig Jahren ist alles vorbei.

5. Und hast du frohen Besuch zu Gast
Und freust dich, dass du ein Radio hast,
Du holst die Sender der ganzen Welt,
Doch keiner bringt das, was euch gefällt, -
Dann blas auf dem Kamm die Lorelei, -
In fünfzig Jahren ist alles vorbei.

6. Und stehst du nervös am Telefon
Und du stehst und verstehst da nicht einen Ton,
Oder bist beim Zahnarzt - wenn er dich greift
Und dich mit dem Zahn durch das Zimmer schleift;
Und er zieht und er zieht und bricht alles entzwei -
In fünfzig Jahren ist alles vorbei.

7. Und platzt dir ein Knopf, am Hemd zumeist,
Und hast Du ein Schuhband, das stets zerreißt,
Und hast du ’ne Zigarre, die gar nicht zieht,
Und hast du ein Streichholz, das gar nicht glüht,
Nimm noch eine Schachtel, nimm zwei oder drei,
In fünfzig Jahren ist alles vorbei.

8. Und fälscht man dir Schokolade und Tee,
Und verspricht man dir echten Bohnen-Kaffee
Und du merkst, dass der Kaffee - wie schauderbar! -
Eine bohnenlose Gemeinheit war,
Dann schließ’ die Augen und sauf’ den Brei -
In fünfzig Jahren ist alles vorbei.

9. Und fährst im Auto nach Haus du spät -
Im besten Anzug - da streikt’s und steht, -
Du suchst im Schweiß deines Angesichts,
Was los ist, - kriechst d’runter - und findest nichts,
Stehst ratlos, verschmiert, die Hose entzwei, -
In fünfzig Jahren ist alles vorbei.

10. Und sitzt du in der Bahn ganz eingezwängt,
Und dir wird noch ’ne Frau auf den Schoß gedrängt
Und die hat noch ’ne Schachtel auf ihrem Schoß,
Und du wirst die beiden Schachteln nicht los
Und die Füße werden dir schwer wie Blei:
In fünfzig Jahren ist alles vorbei.

11. Und führst ’nen Prozess du - ertrag’ die Qual
Und hörst du ’ne Oper, sie endet mal -
Und hast du Magenweh und musst raus
Und da ist schon jemand, dann harre aus.
Wie lang es auch dauert, der Platz wird frei -
In fünfzig Jahren ist alles vorbei.

12. Und bist du ein Mädchen von zwanzig Jahr
Und freist einen Mann, der schon fünfzig war
Und der kommt dann gähnend beim Hochzeitsschluss
Und braucht ’ne Stunde zu einem Kuss,
Dann dulde und denk’: “’s ist einerlei
In fünfzig Jahren ist alles vorbei.”

13. Und bist du ein Eh’mann und kommst nach Haus
Halb drei in der Nacht - und sie schimpft dich aus,
Dann schmeiß dich ins Bette und sag “Verzeih,
Wär’ ich zu Hause geblieben, wär’s auch halb drei.”
Und kehr’ den Rücken und denk’: “Nu schrei!”
In fünfzig Jahren ist alles vorbei.

14. Und stehst du hier oben als Humorist,
Obwohl dir zum Heulen zumute ist,
Und du merkst, dein Vortrag gefällt nicht recht
Und du selber findest die Verse schlecht,
Sing’ immer weiter die Litanei:
In fünfzig Jahren ist alles vorbei.

15. Und fürchte Dich nie, ist der Tod auch nah,
Je mehr du ihn fürcht’st, um so eh’r ist er da.
Vorm Tode sich fürchten, hat keinen Zweck.
Man erlebt ihn ja nicht, - wenn er kommt, ist man weg -
Und schließlich kommen wir all an die Reih’
In fünfzig Jahren ist alles vorbei.

16. Drum: Hast du noch Wein, dann trink’ ihn aus
Und hast Du ein Mädel, dann bring’s nach Haus
Und freu’ Dich hier unten beim Erdenlicht.
Wie’s unten ist, weißt du - wie oben nicht.
Nur einmal blüht im Jahre der Mai
In fünfzig Jahren ist alles vorbei - -

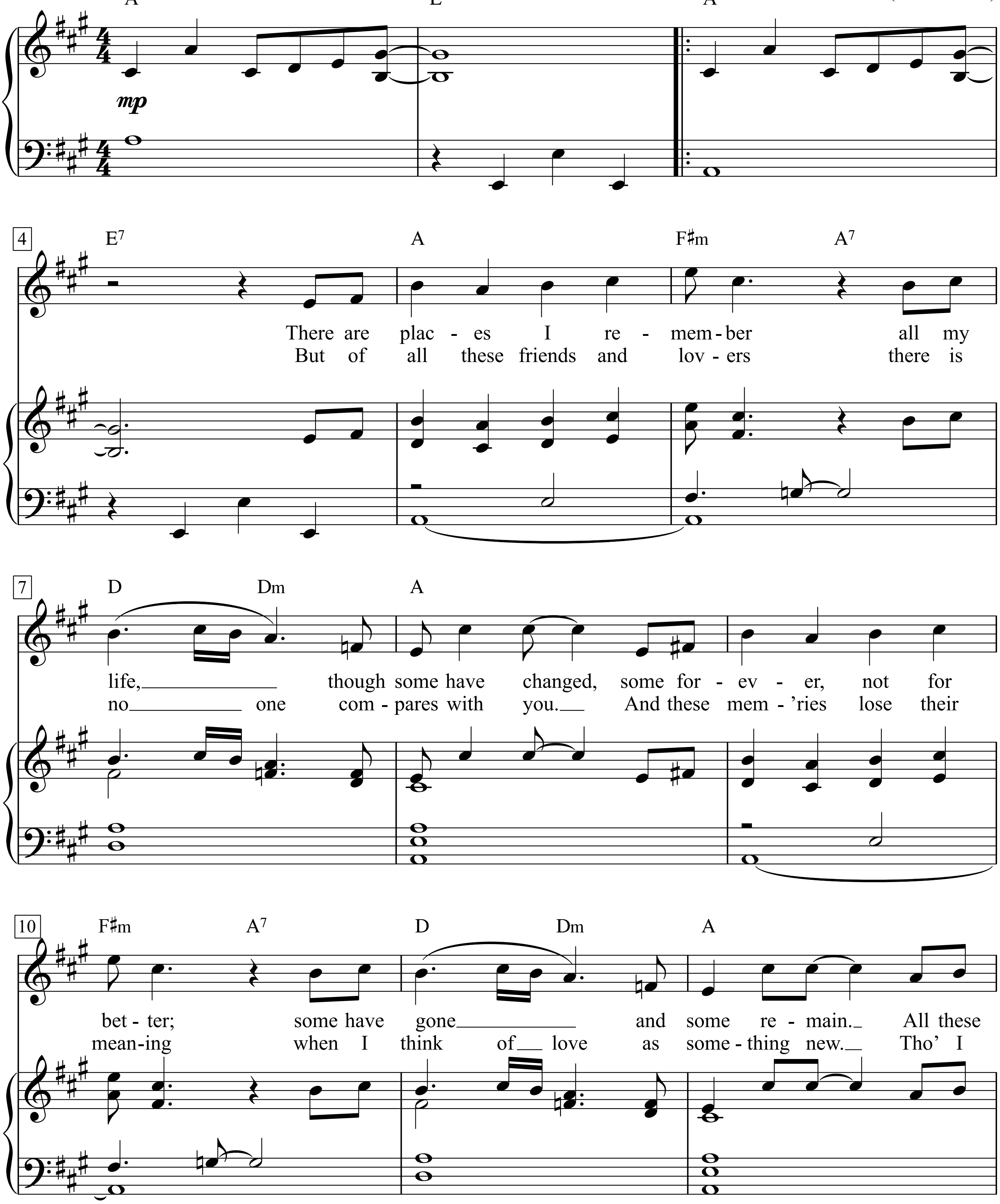
Du Rindvieh, dann ist es vorbei!

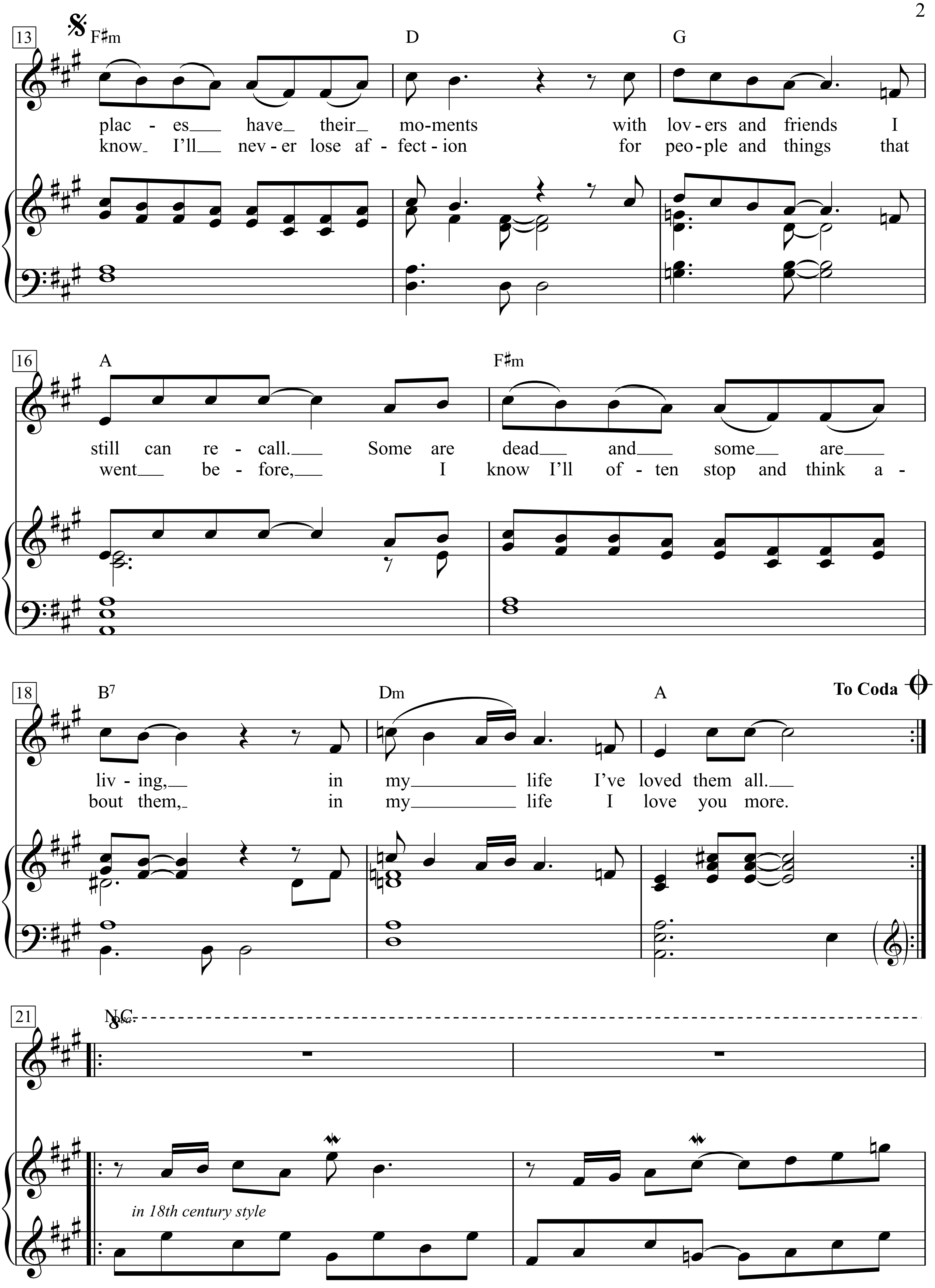
Zusätzliche Strophe auf der Schellackaufnahme
Und liest du ’ne Zeitung, dann schau nicht hin,
Es steht ja doch bloß was Schlechtes drin.
Und schafft dir die Politik Verdruss,
Es kommt ja doch alles, wie’s kommen muss,
Heut’ haben wie die, morgen jene Partei
und in fünfzig Jahren ist alles vorbei.

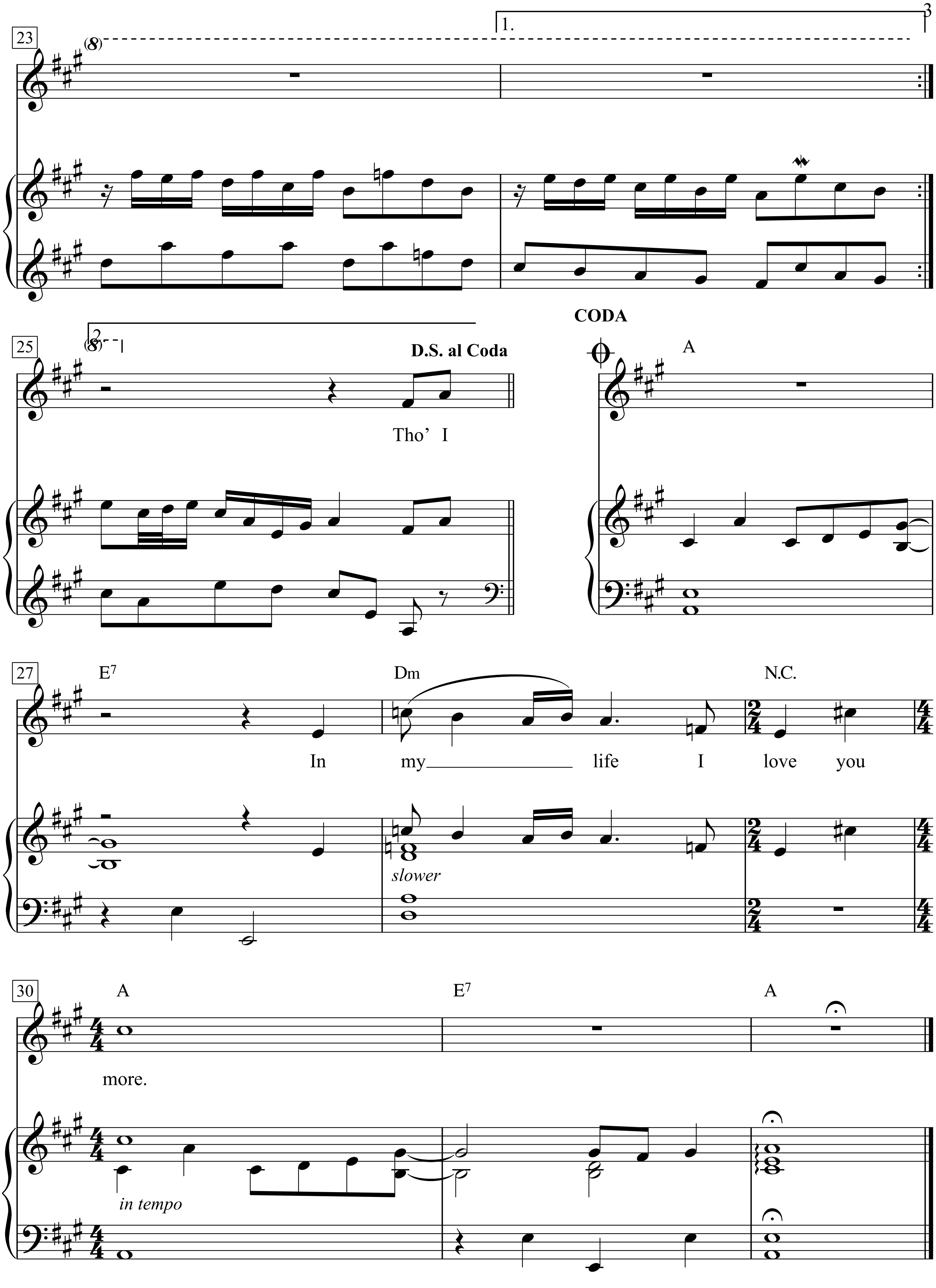
In My Life

Moderately

Words & Music by
John Lennon and Paul McCartney
(The Beatles)




13
F♯m
D
G
plac - es have their moments with lov - ers and friends I
know I'll nev - er lose af - fect - ion for peo - ple and things that
16
A
F♯m
still can re - call. Some are dead and some are
went be - fore, I know I'll of - ten stop and think a -
18
B7
Dm
A
To Coda
liv - ing, in my life I've loved them all.
bout them, in my life I love you more.
21
N.C.
8va
in 18th century style

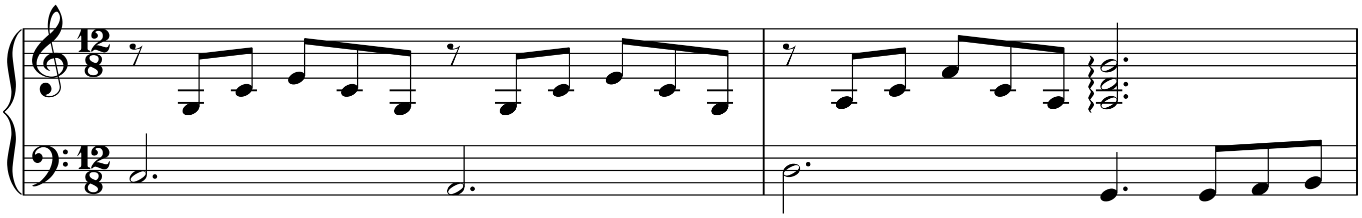

23
(8)
1.
25
(8)
2.
D.S. al Coda
Tho' I
CODA
A
27
E7
Dm
N.C.
In my life I love you
slower
30
A
E7
A
more.
in tempo

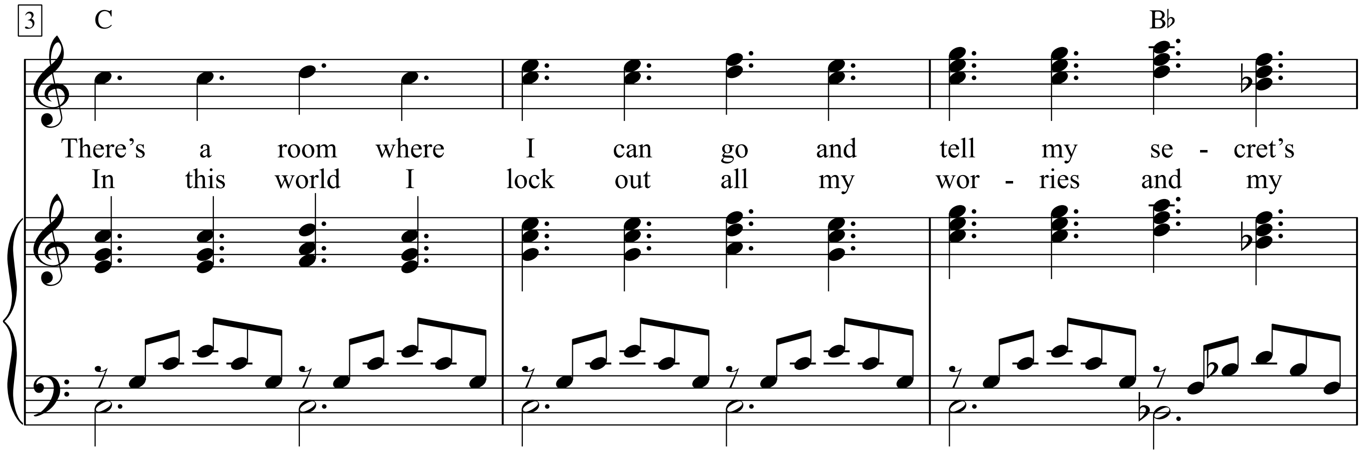
1.
There are places I remember all my life,
though some have changed, some forever,
not for better; some have gone and some remain.
All these places have their moments
with lovers and friends I still can recall.
Some are dead and some are living,
in my life I’ve loved them all.
Tho’ I In my life I love you more.

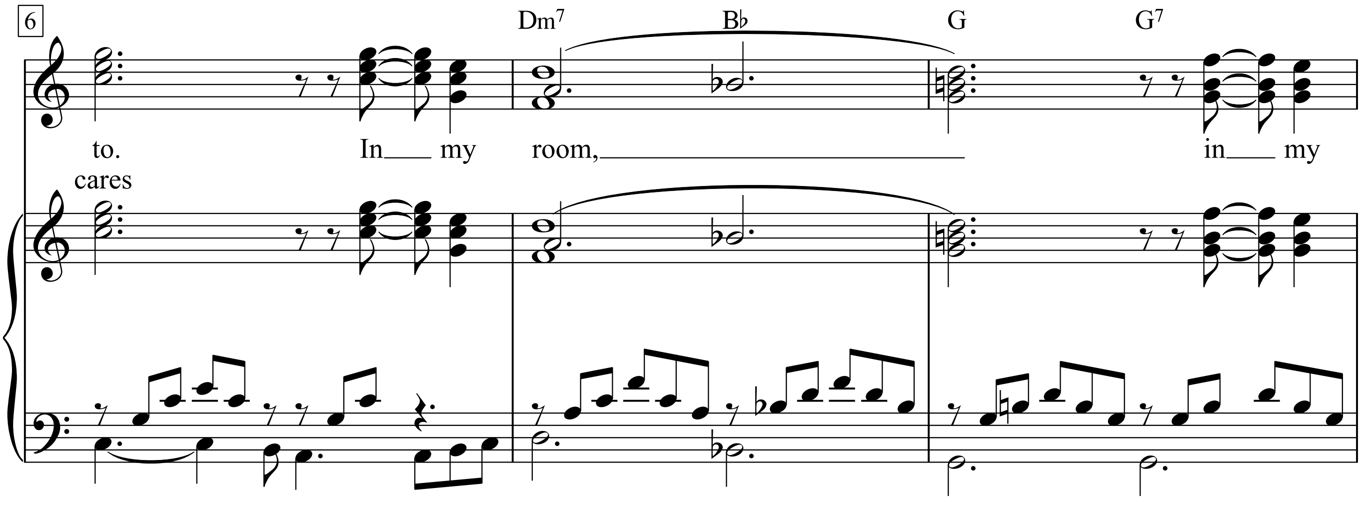
2.
But of all these friends and lovers there is no one compares with you.
And these mem’ries lose their meaning when I think of love as something new.
Tho’ I know I’ll never lose affection for people and things that went before,
I know I’ll often stop and think about them, in my life I love you more.

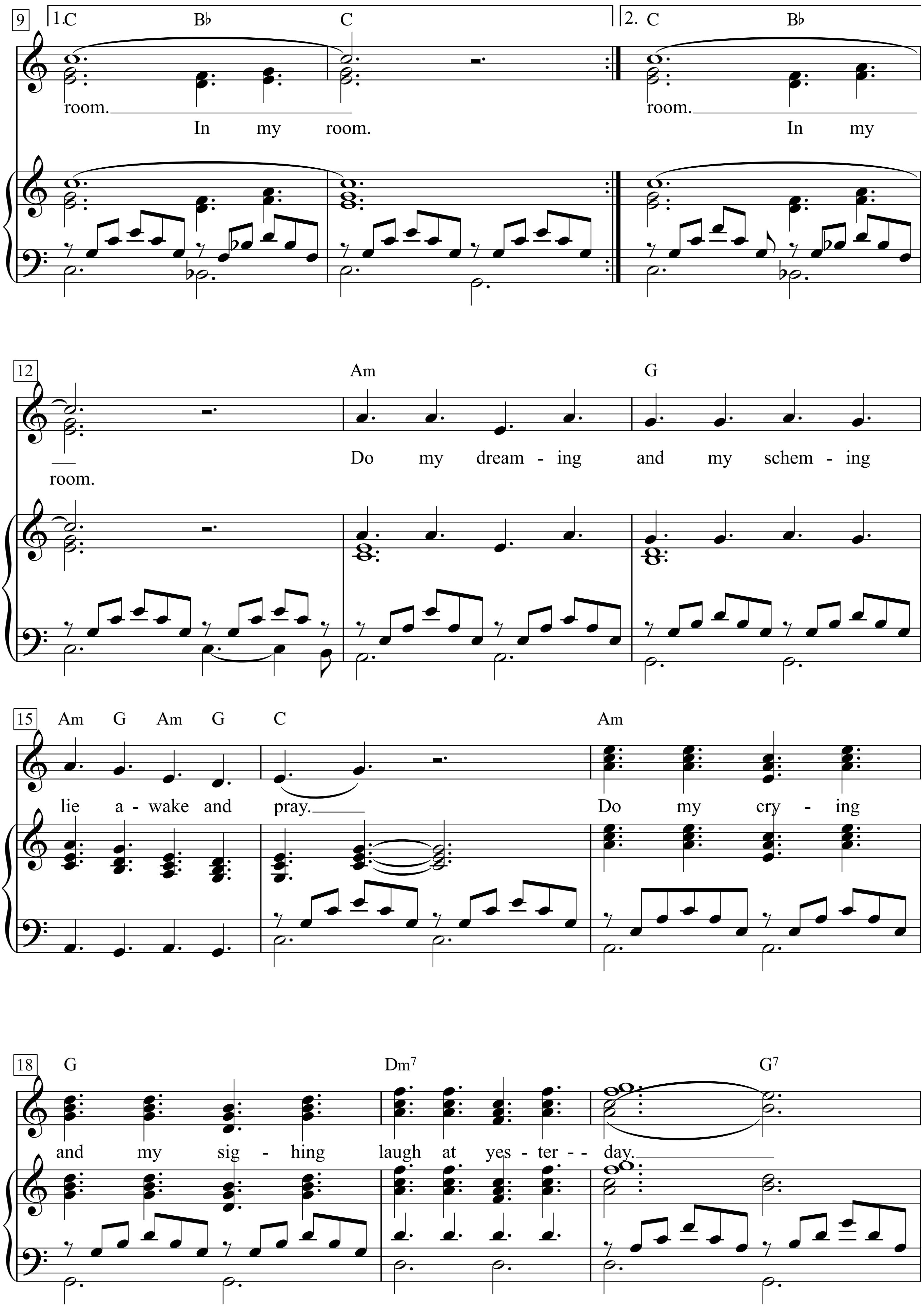
In My Room

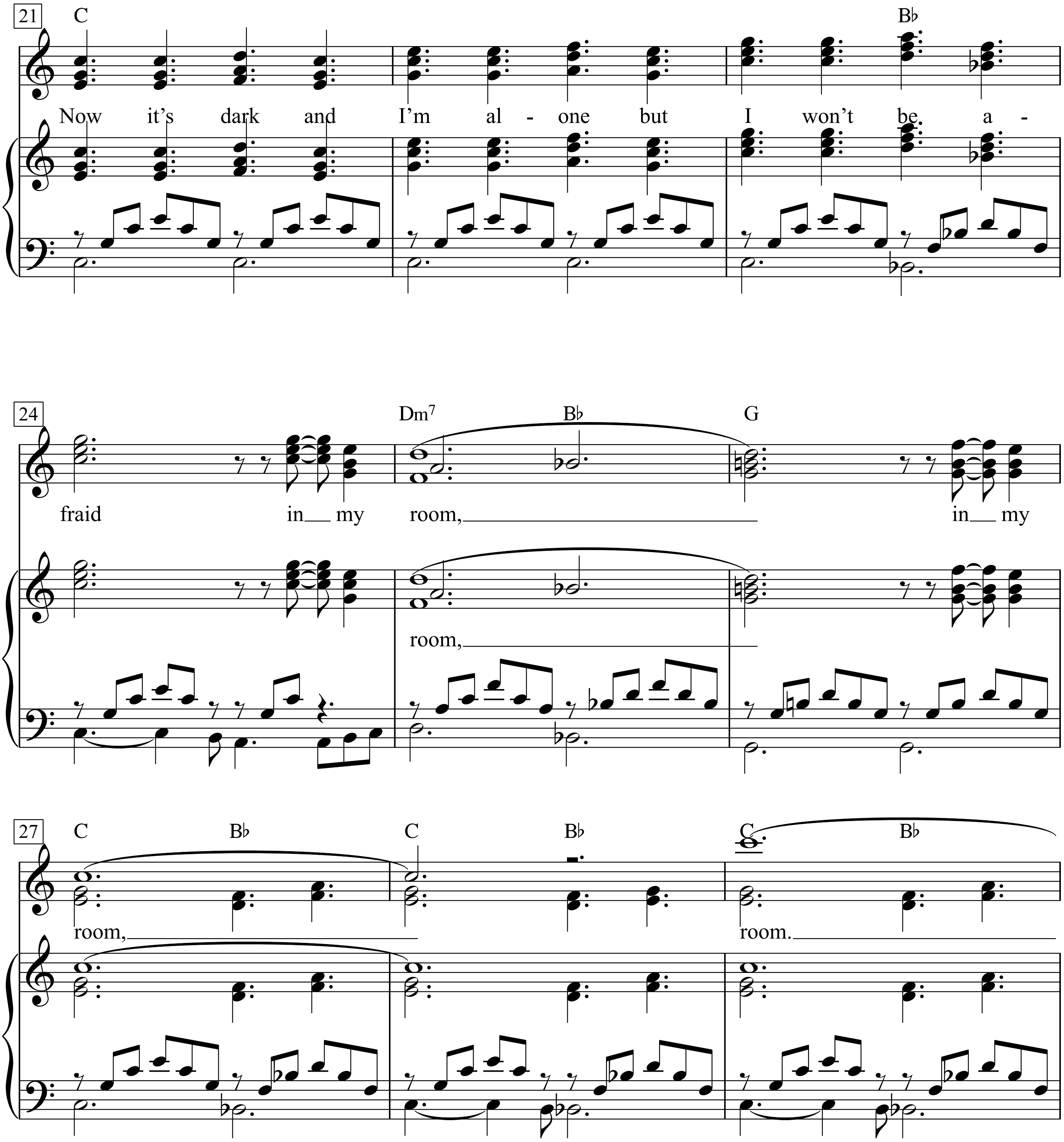
Words & Music by
Brian Wilson and Gary Usher
(The Beach Boys)

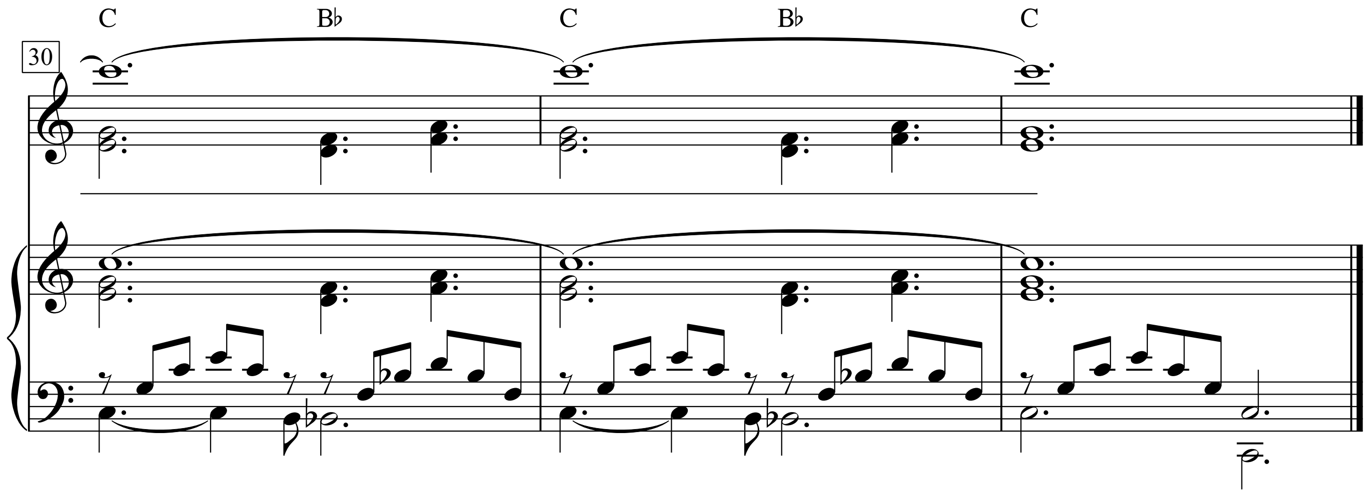







9
1.C
B♭
C
2. C
B♭
room.
In my room.
room.
In my
12
Am
G
Do my dream - ing and my schem - ing
room.
15
Am G Am G
C
Am
lie a - wake and pray.
Do my cry - ing
18
G
Dm7
G7
and my sig - hing laugh at yes - ter - - day.


21
C
B♭
Now it's dark and I'm al - one but I won't be a -
24
Dm7
B♭
G
fraid in my room, in my
room,
27
C
B♭
C
B♭
C
B♭
room,
room.

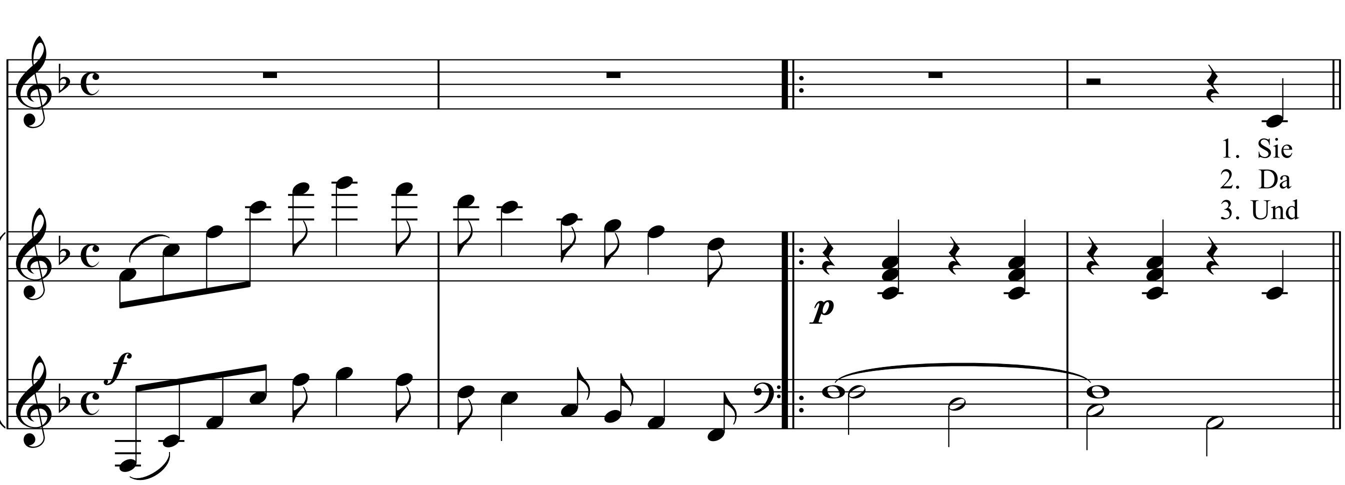

C
B♭
C
B♭
C
30

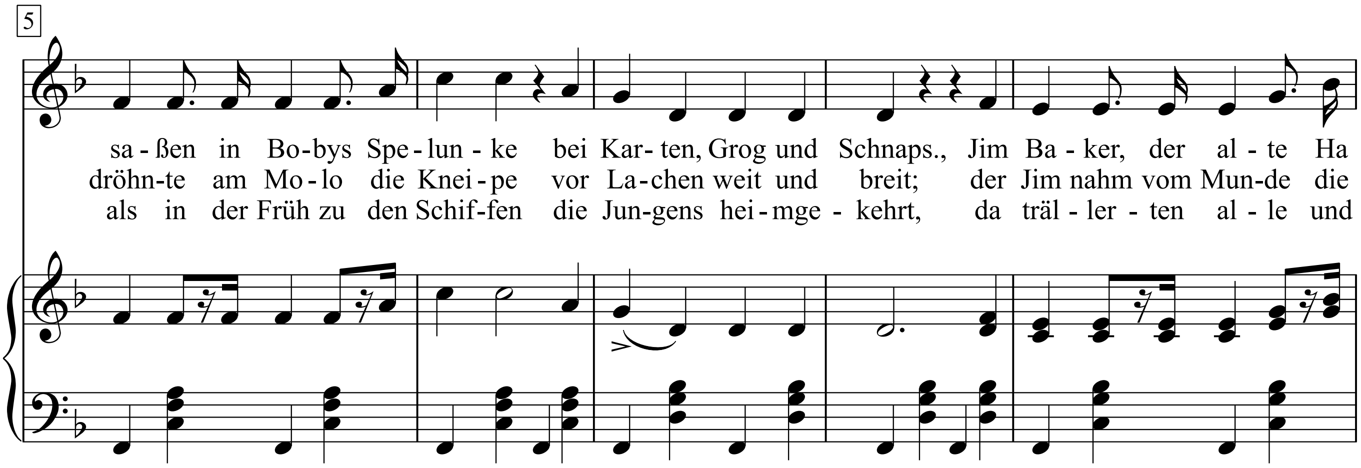
In Nischni-Nowgorod

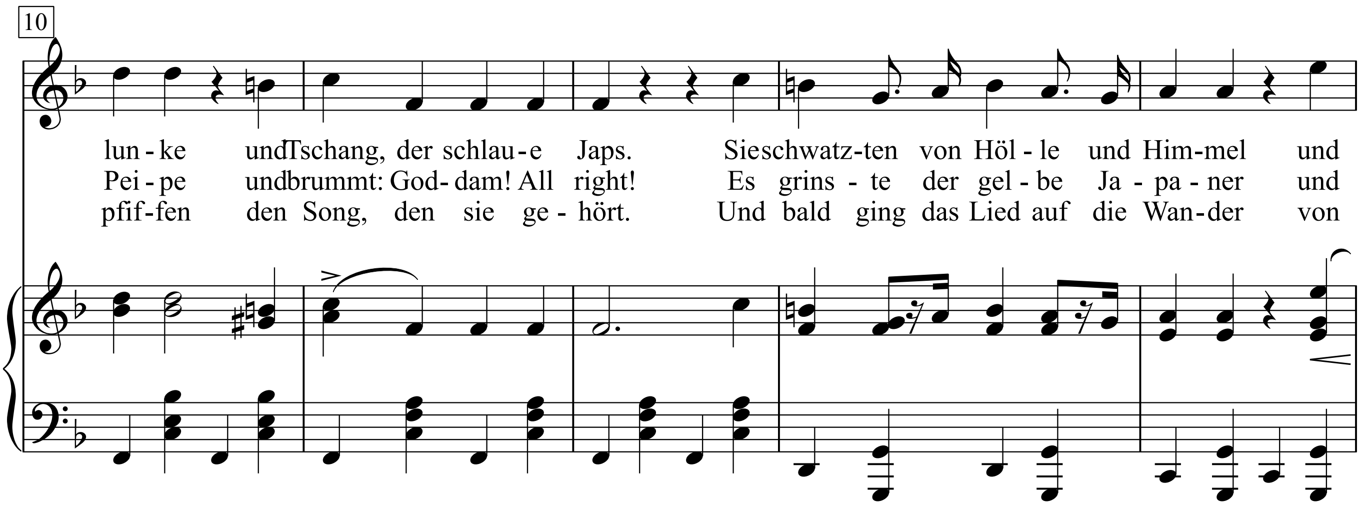
Lied und Blues

Text von Beda

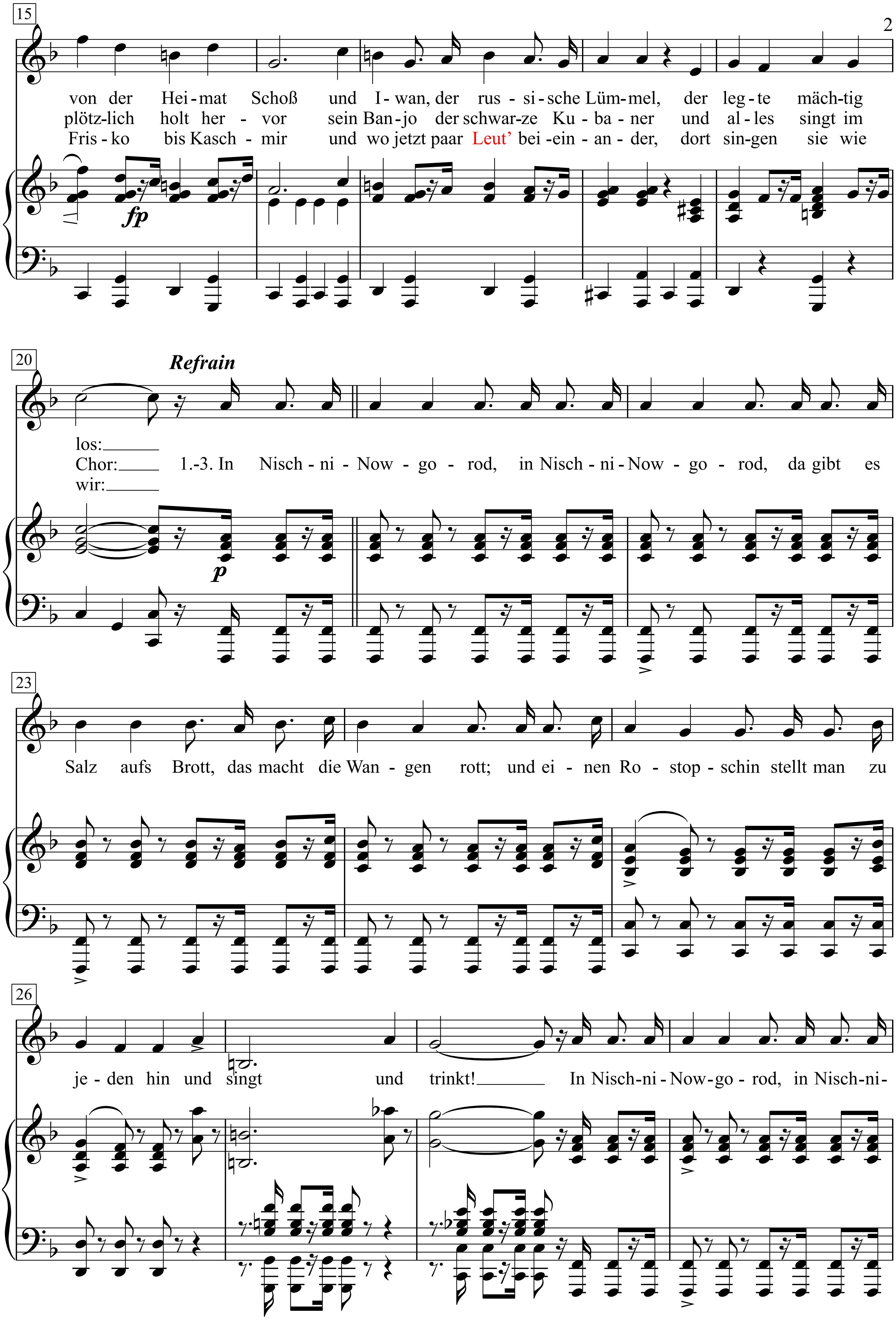
Musik von Richard Fall

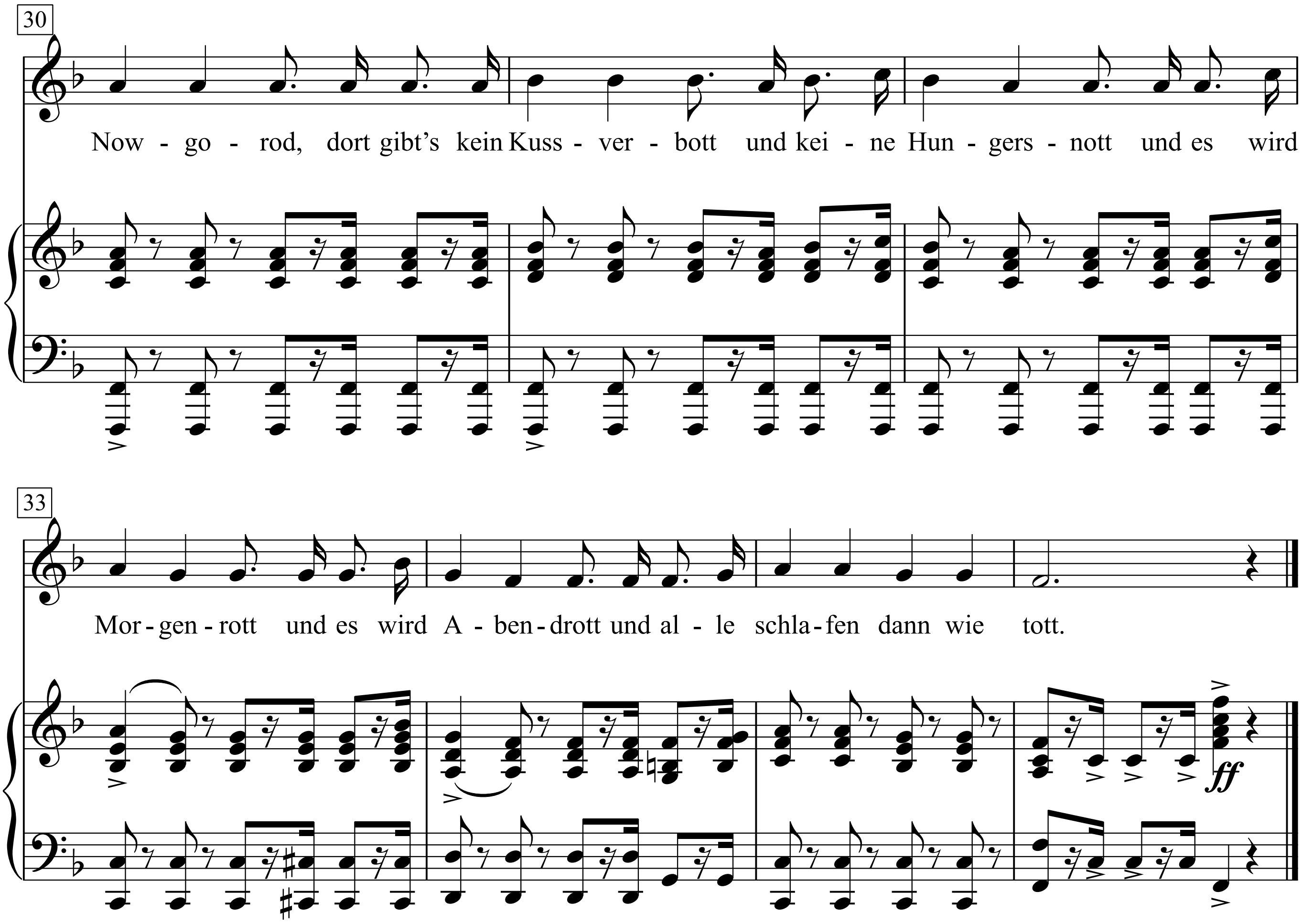






Zum 5 Uhr Tee - Band 9, S. 6+7

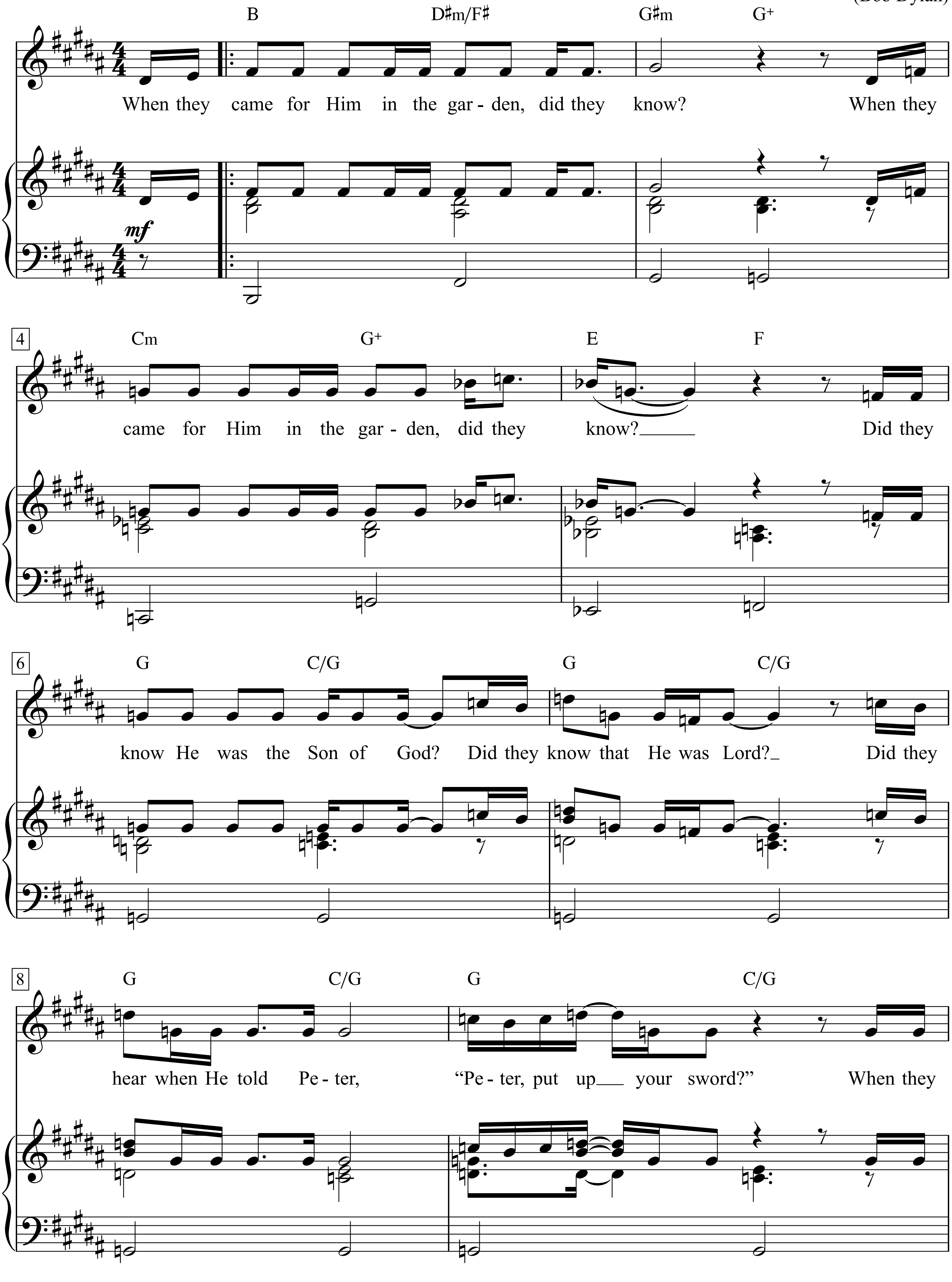

15
von der Hei-mat Schoß und I-wan, der rus-si-sche Lüm-mel, der leg-te mäch-tig
plötz-lich holt her-vor sein Ban-jo der schwar-ze Ku-ba-ner und al-les singt im
Fris-ko bis Kasch-mir und wo jetzt paar Leut' bei-ein-an-der, dort sin-gen sie wie
fp
20
Refrain
los:
Chor: 1.-3. In Nisch-ni-Now-go-rod, in Nisch-ni-Now-go-rod, da gibt es
wir:
p
23
Salz aufs Brott, das macht die Wan-gen rott; und ei-nen Ro-stop-schin stellt man zu
26
je-den hin und singt und trinkt! In Nisch-ni-Now-go-rod, in Nisch-ni-

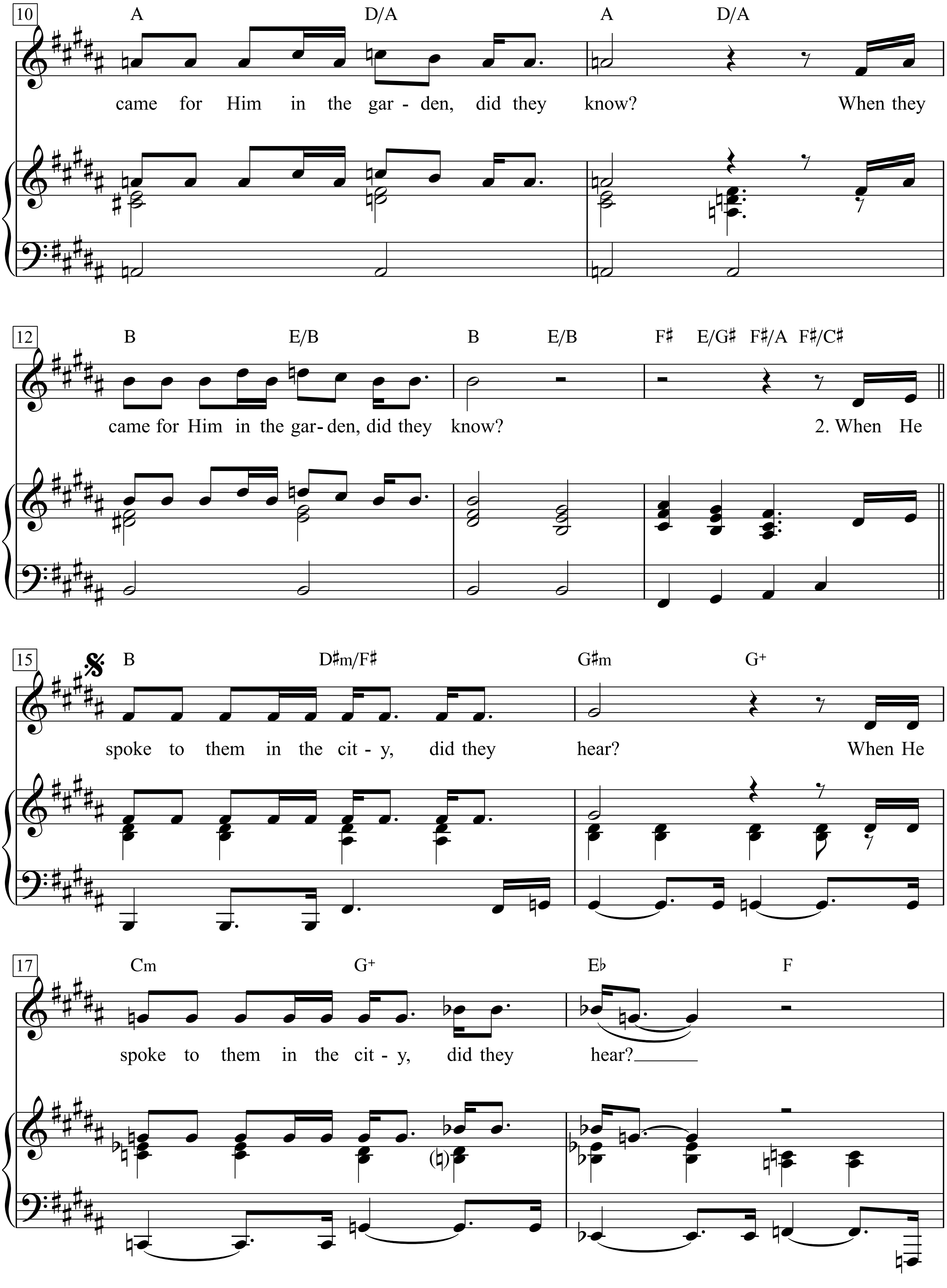

30
Now - go - rod, dort gibt’s kein Kuss - ver - bott und kei - ne Hun - gers - nott und es wird
33
Mor - gen - rott und es wird A - ben - drott und al - le schla - fen dann wie tott.
ff

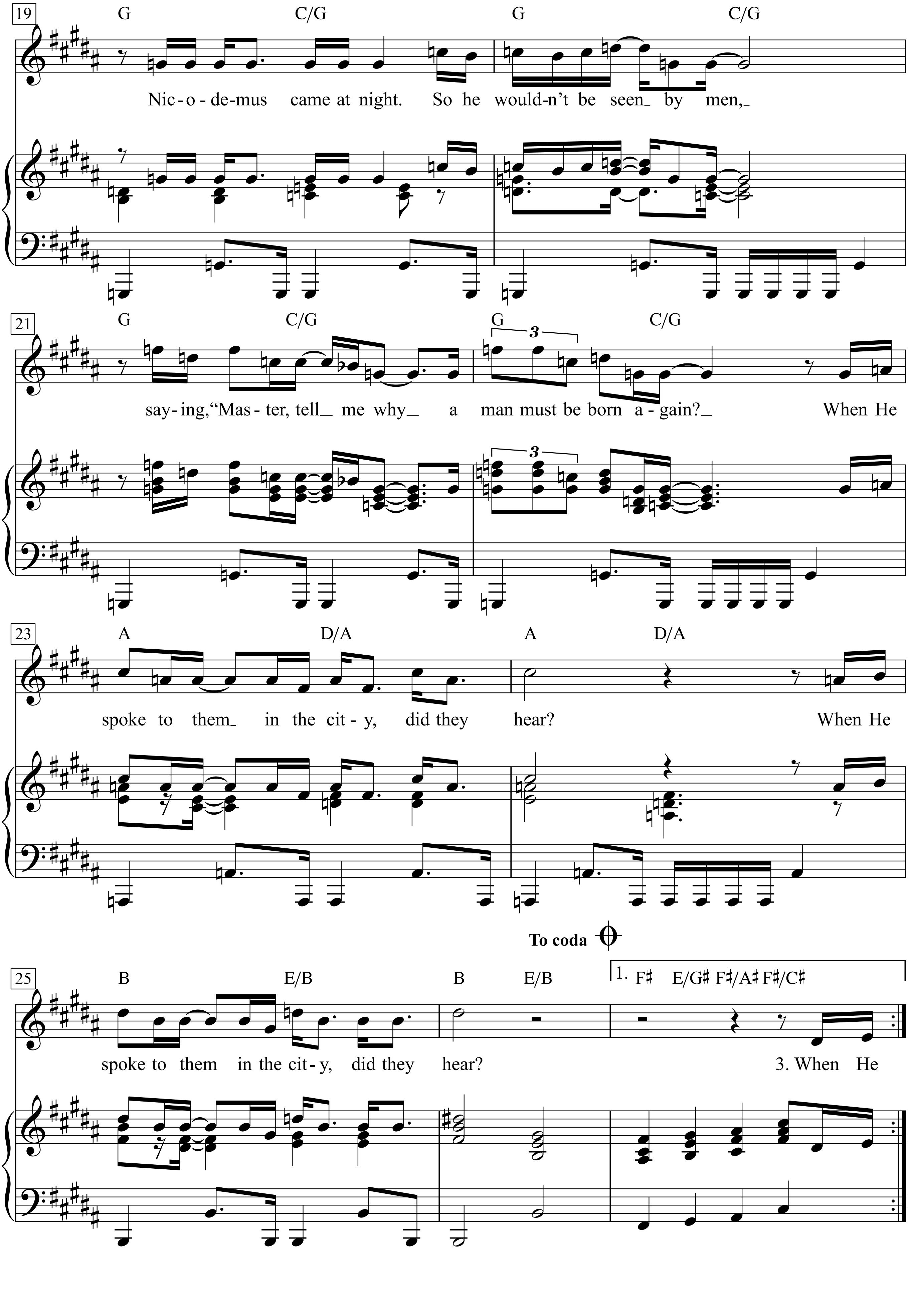
In The Garden

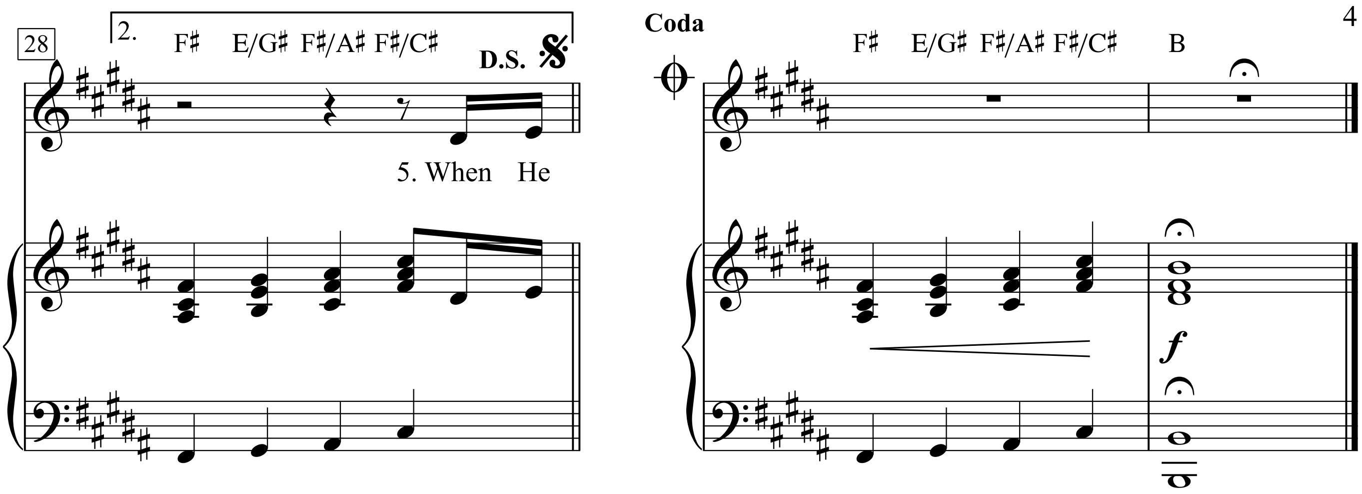
Moderately slow, with a gospel beat

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




10
A D/A A D/A
came for Him in the gar - den, did they know? When they
12
B E/B B E/B F♯ E/G♯ F♯/A F♯/C♯
came for Him in the gar- den, did they know? 2. When He
15
B D♯m/F♯ G♯m G+
spoke to them in the cit - y, did they hear? When He
17
Cm G+ E♭ F
spoke to them in the cit - y, did they hear?


19
G C/G G C/G
Nic - o - de-mus came at night. So he would-n't be seen by men,
21
G C/G G C/G
say- ing,"Mas - ter, tell me why a man must be born a - gain? When He
23
A D/A A D/A
spoke to them in the cit - y, did they hear? When He
To coda
25
B E/B B E/B
1. F♯ E/G♯ F♯/A♯ F♯/C♯
spoke to them in the cit - y, did they hear? 3. When He



1. When they came for Him in the garden, did they know?
When they came for Him in the garden, did they know?
Did they know He was the Son of God? Did they know that He was Lord?
Did they hear when He told Peter, "Peter, put up your sword?"
When they came for Him in the garden, did they know?
When they came for Him in the garden, did they know?

2. When He spoke to them in the city, did they hear?
When He spoke to them in the city, did they hear?
Nicodemus came at night. So he wouldn't be seen by men
Saying, "Master, tell me why a man must be born again?
When He spoke to them in the city, did they hear?
When He spoke to them in the city, did they hear?

3. When He healed the blind and crippled, did they see?
When He healed the blind crippled, did they see?
When He said, "Pick up your bed and walk. Why must you criticize?
Same thing my Father do, I can do likewise"
When He healed the blind and crippled, did they see?
When He healed the blind and crippled, did they see?

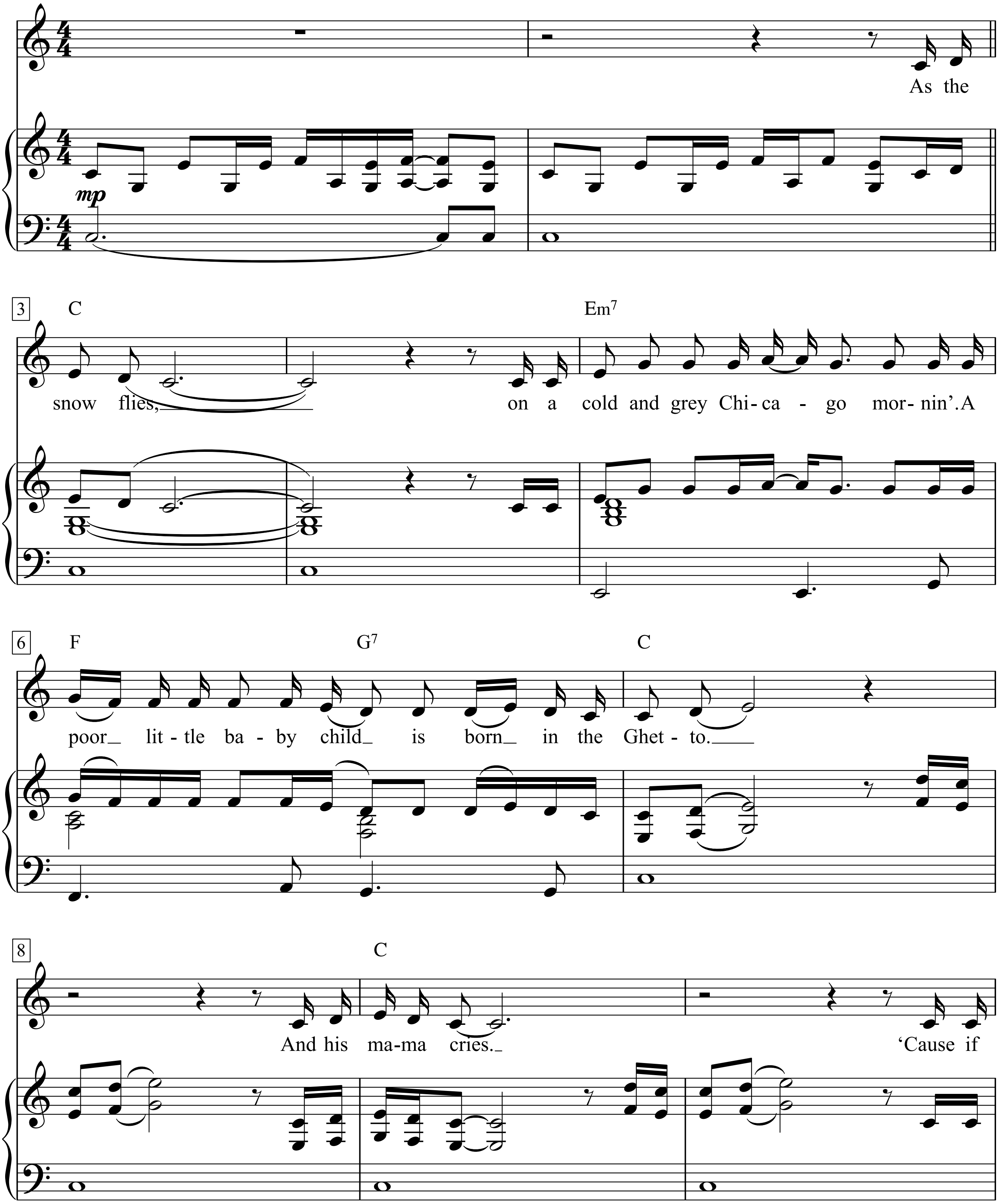
4. Did they speak out against Him, did they dare?
Did they speak out against Him, did they dare?
The multitude wanted to make Him king, Put a crown upon His head.
Why did He slip away to a quiet place instead?
Did they speak out against Him, did they dare?
Did they speak out against Him, did they dare?

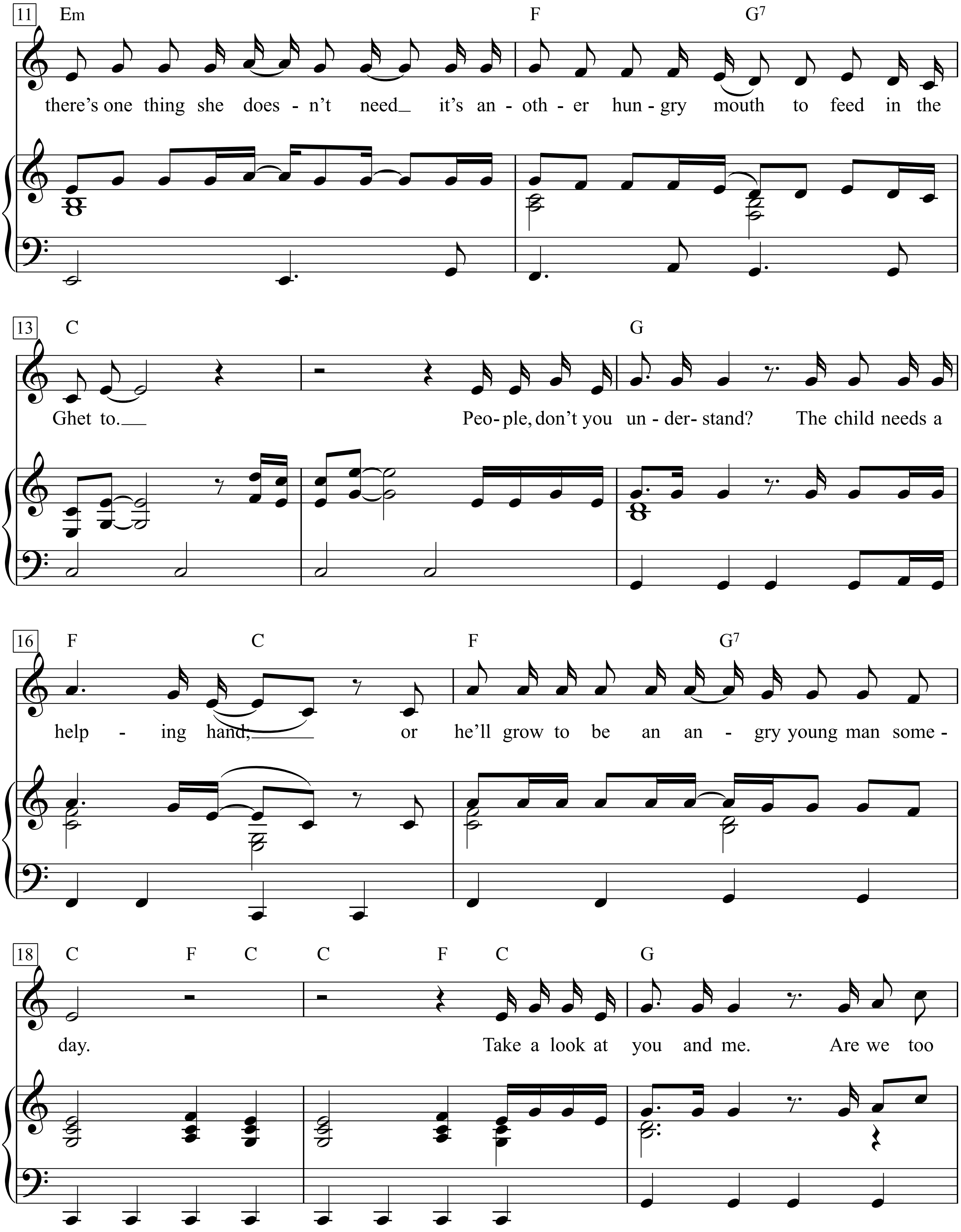
5. When He rose from the dead, did they believe?
When He rose from the dead, did they believe?
He said, "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth"
Did they know right then and there what that power was worth?
When He rose from the dead, did they believe?
When He rose from the dead, did they believe?

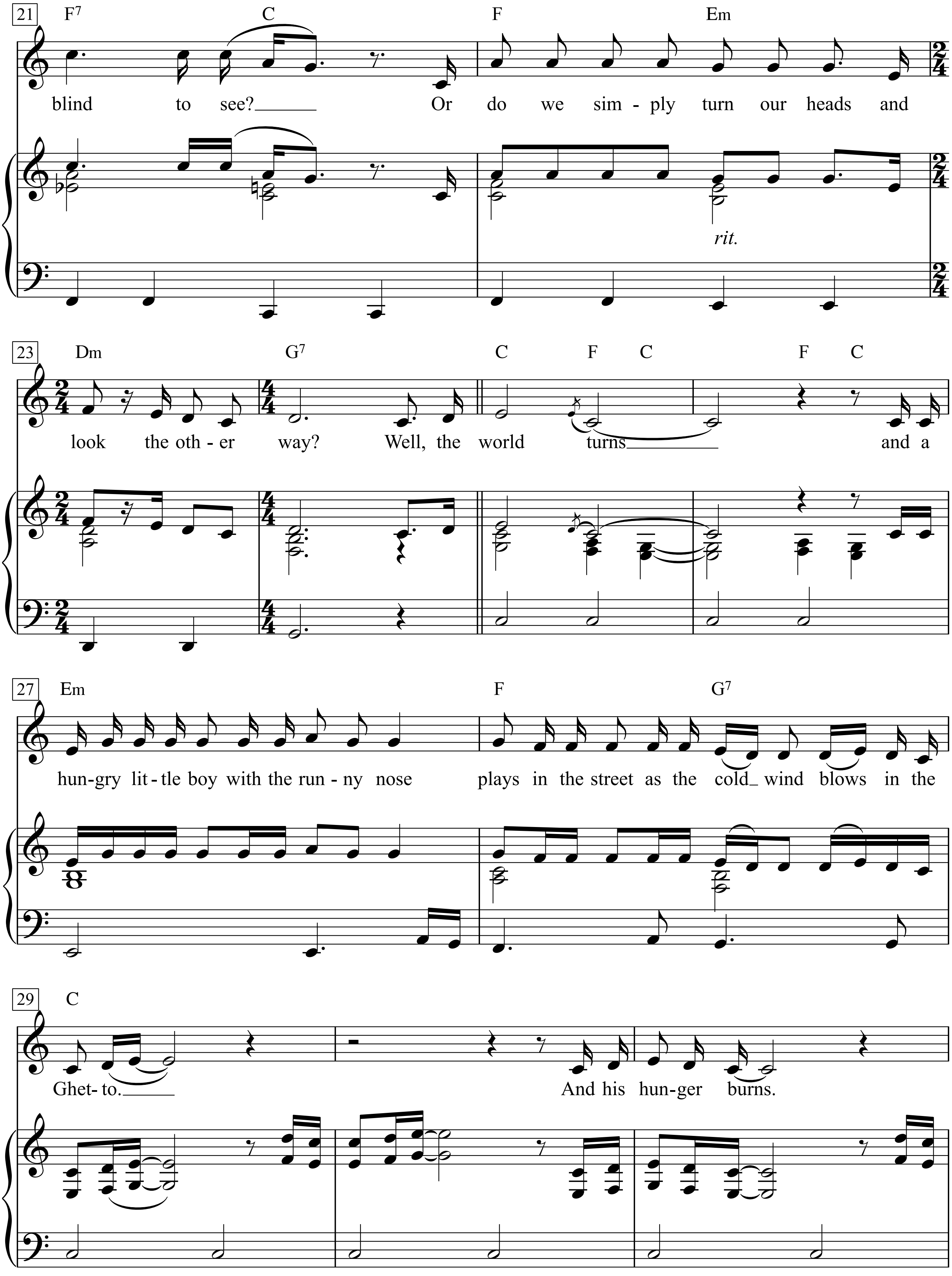
In The Ghetto

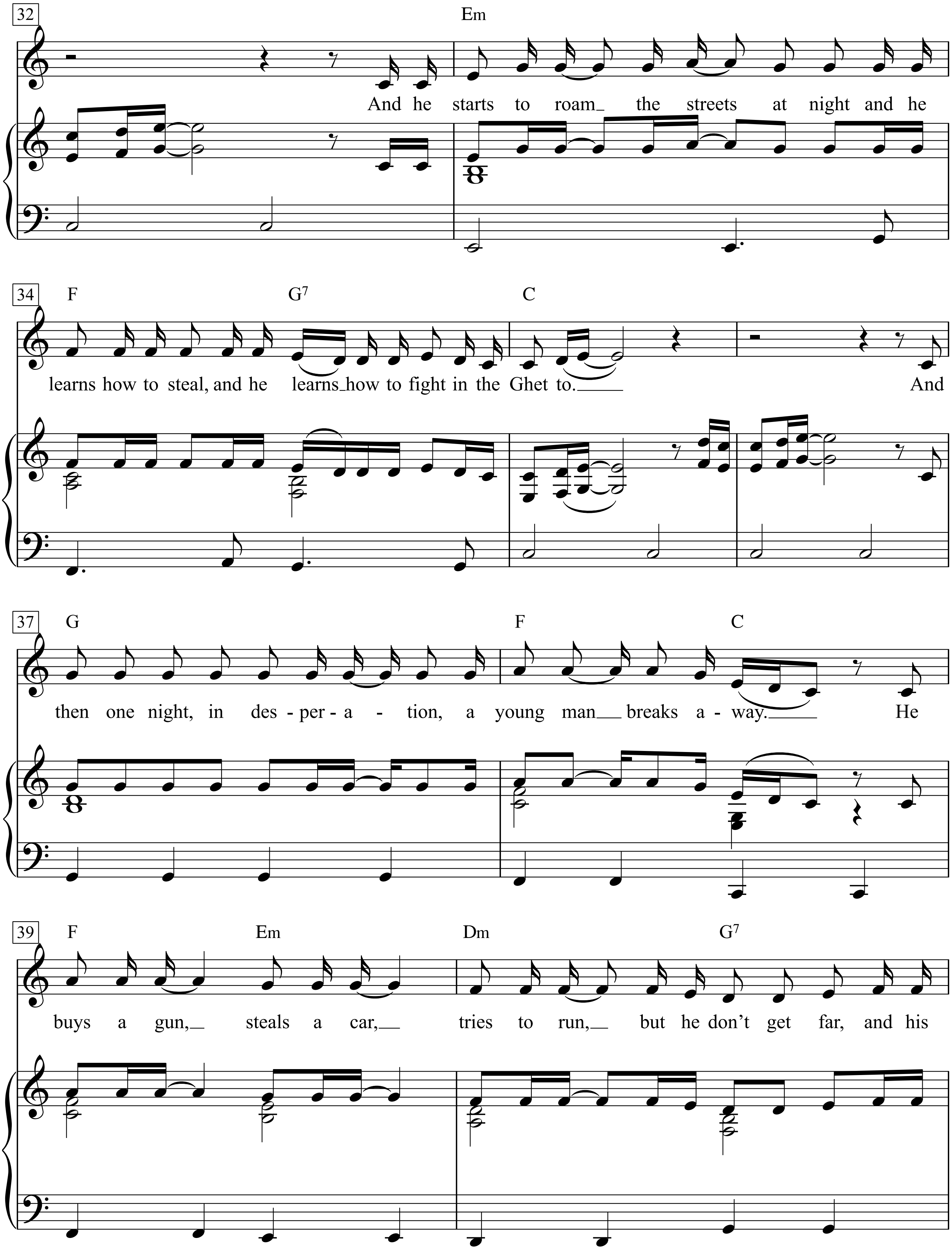
Words & Music: Scott Davis
(Elvis Presley)

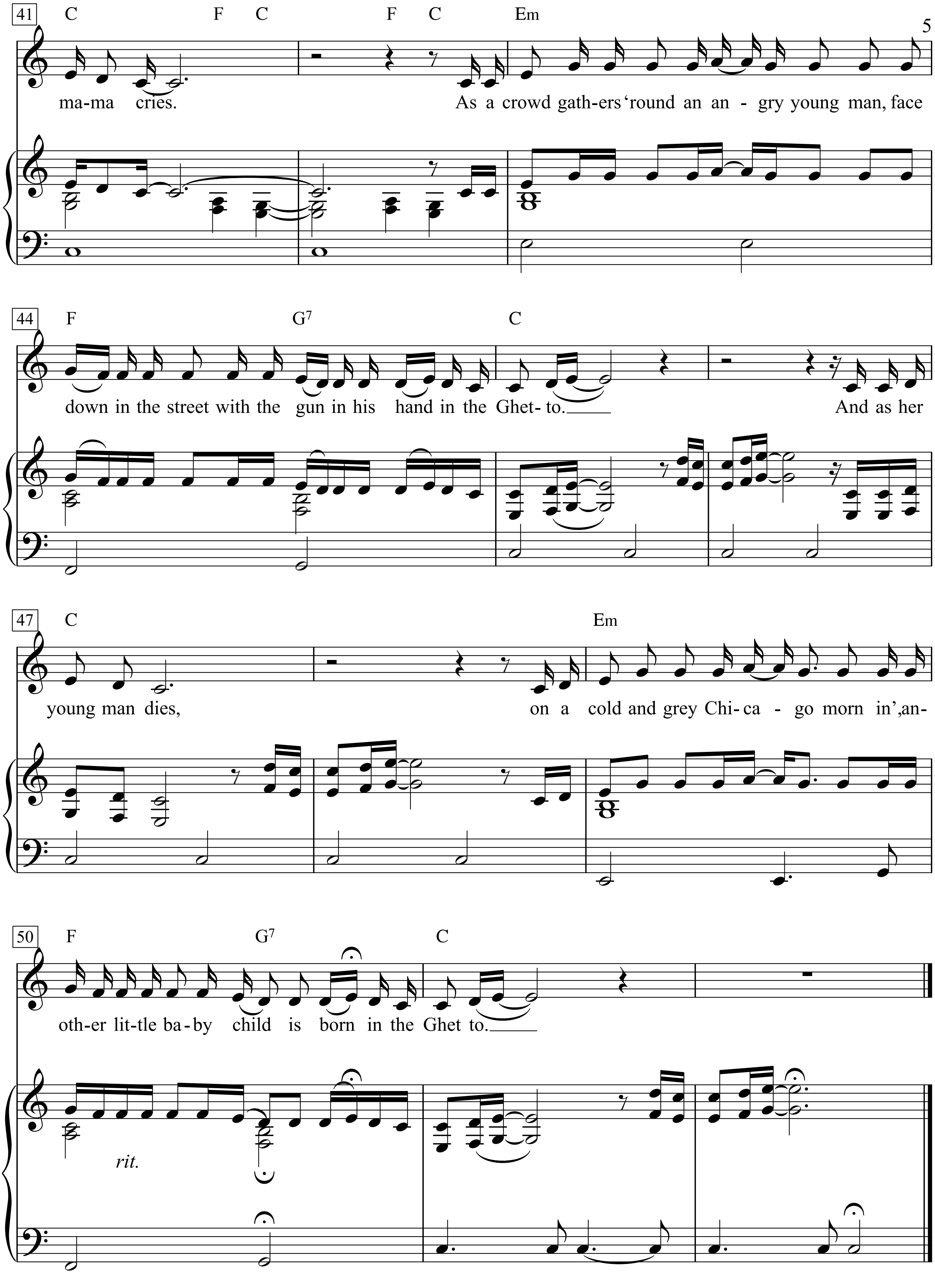
Slowly, with feeling




11
Em F G7
there's one thing she does - n't need_ it's an - oth - er hun - gry mouth to feed in the
13
C G
Ghet to.___ Peo - ple, don't you un - der - stand? The child needs a
16
F C F G7
help - ing hand,___ or he'll grow to be an an - gry young man some -
18
C F C C F C G
day. Take a look at you and me. Are we too


21
F7 C F Em
blind to see? Or do we sim - ply turn our heads and
rit.
23
Dm G7 C F C F C
look the oth - er way? Well, the world turns and a
27
Em F G7
hun-gry lit-tle boy with the run - ny nose plays in the street as the cold wind blows in the
29
C
Ghet- to. And his hun-ger burns.


32
Em
And he starts to roam the streets at night and he
34
F
G7
C
learns how to steal, and he learns how to fight in the Ghet to.
And
37
G
F
C
then one night, in des - per - a - tion, a young man breaks a - way.
He
39
F
Em
Dm
G7
buys a gun, steals a car, tries to run, but he don't get far, and his


41
C F C F C Em
ma-ma cries. As a crowd gath-ers 'round an an - gry young man, face
44
F G7 C
down in the street with the gun in his hand in the Ghet- to. And as her
47
C Em
young man dies, on a cold and grey Chi- ca - go morn in', an-
50
F G7 C
oth-er lit-tle ba-by child is born in the Ghet to.
rit.

As the snow flies,
on a cold and grey Chicago mornin'.
A poor little baby child is born
in the Ghetto.

And his mama cries.
'Cause if there's one thing she doesn't need
it's another hungry mouth to feed
in the Ghetto.

People, don't you understand?
The child needs a helping hand;
or he'll grow to be an angry young man someday.
Take a look at you and me.
Are we too blind to see?
Or do we simply turn our heads
and look the other way?
Well, the world turns
and a hungry little boy with the runny nose
plays in the street as the cold wind blows
in the Ghetto.

And his hunger burns.
And he starts to roam the streets at night
and he learns how to steal, and he learns how to fight
in the Ghetto.

And then one night, in desperation,
a young man breaks away.
He buys a gun, steals a car,
tries to run, but he don't get far,
and his mama cries.
As a crowd gathers 'round an angry young man,
face down in the street with the gun in his hand
in the Ghetto.

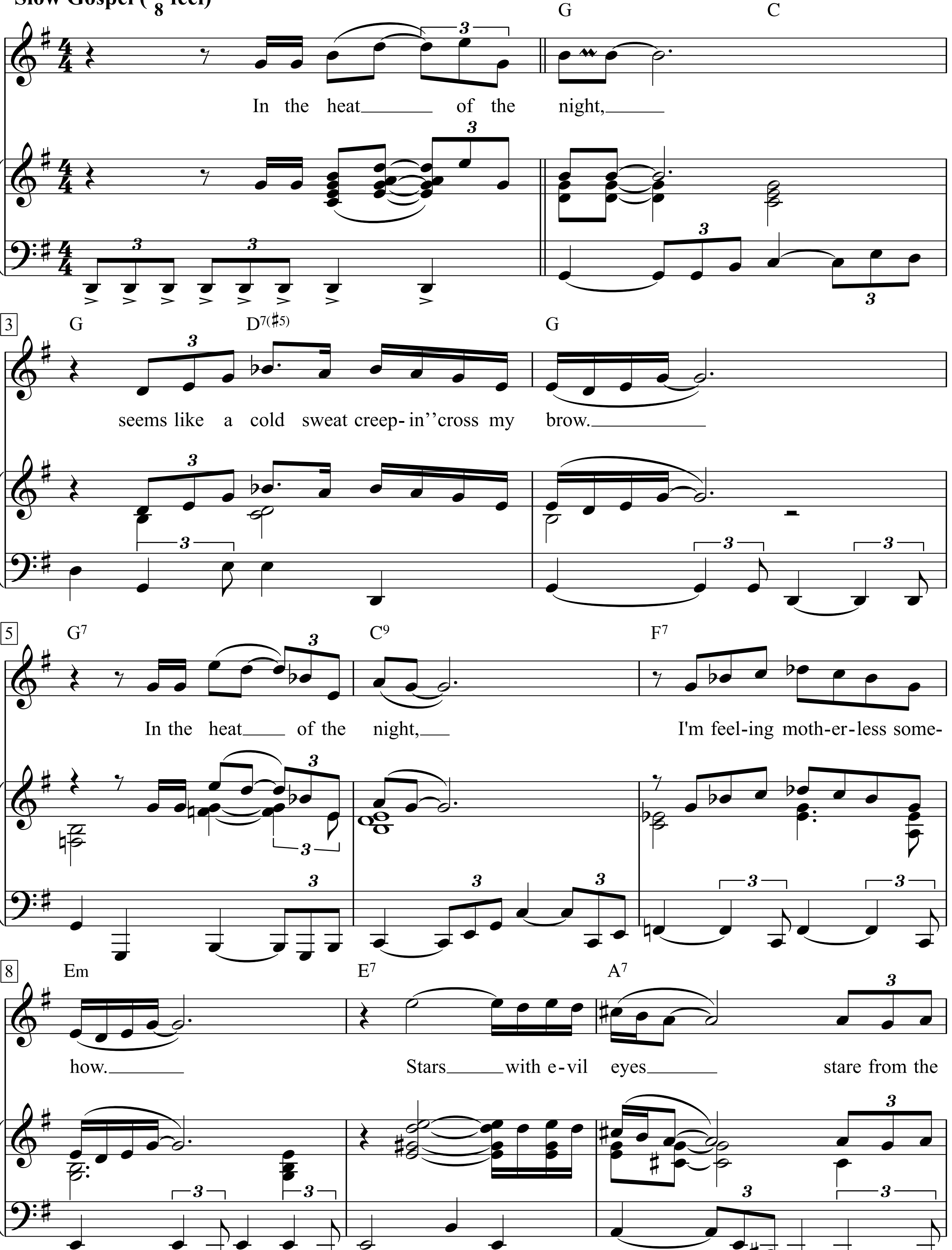
And as her young man dies,
on a cold and grey Chicago mornin',
another little baby child is born
in the Ghetto.

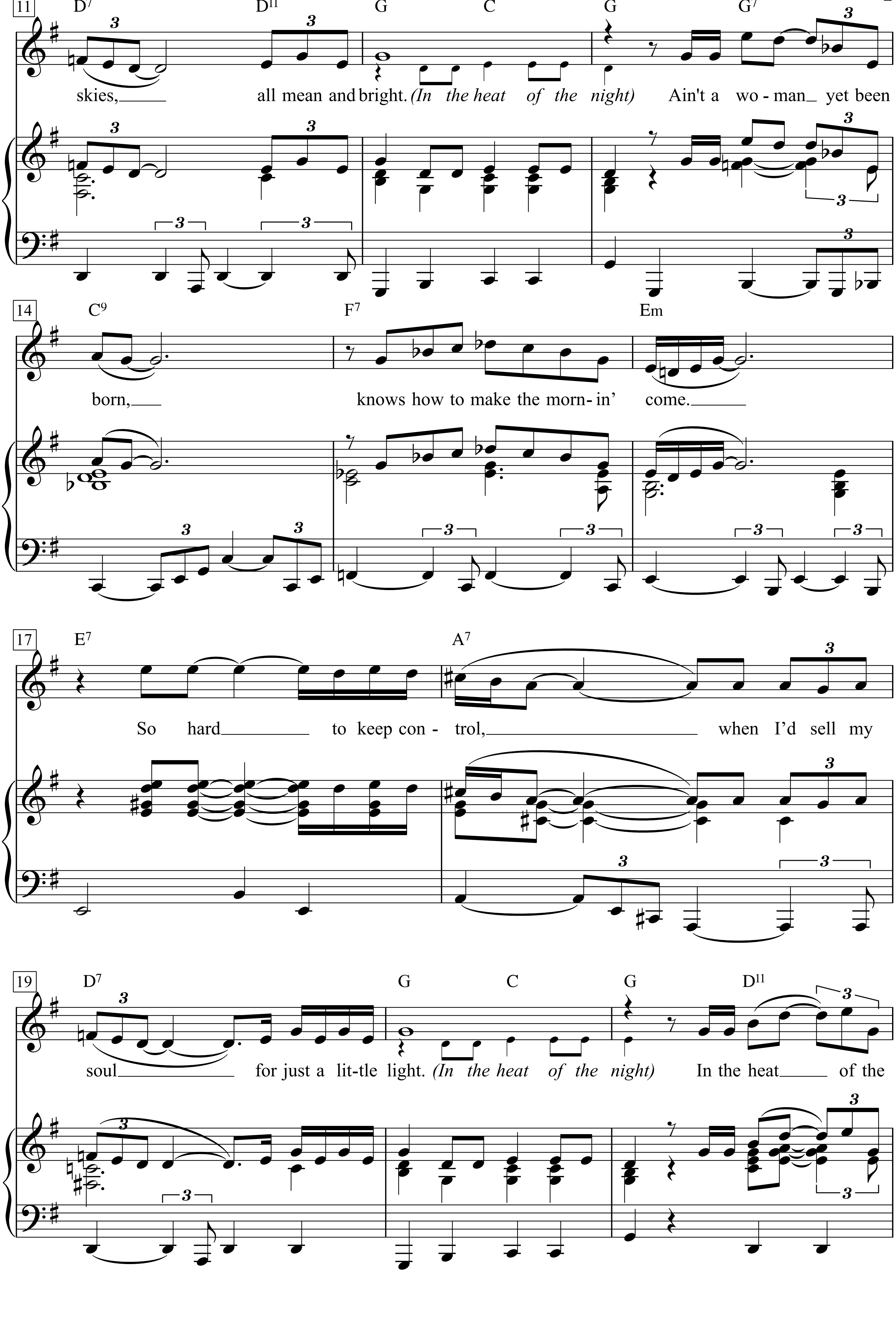
In The Heat Of The Night

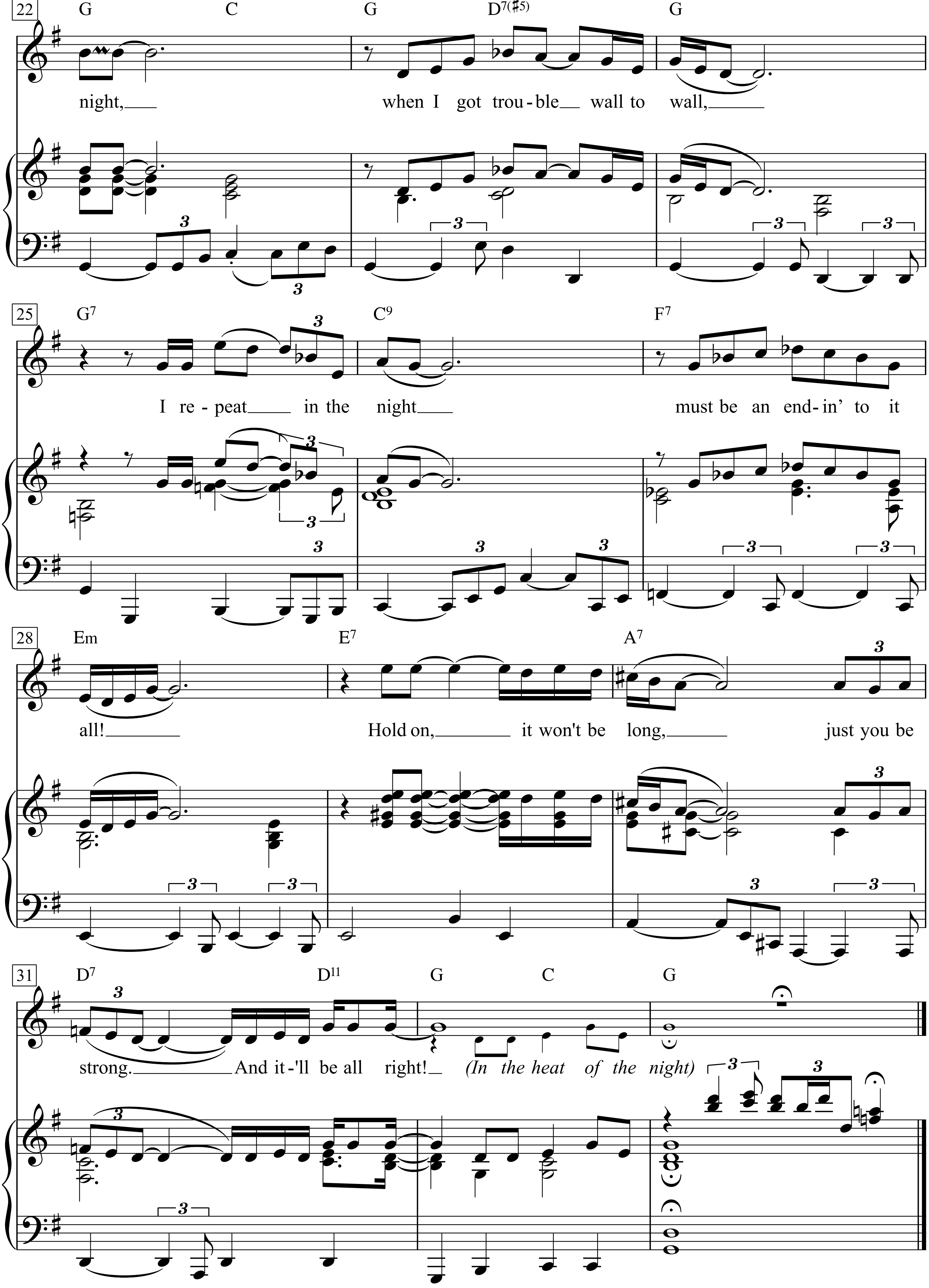
Words by Marilyn and Alan Bergman

Music by Quincy Jones
Ray Charles

Slow Gospel ($\frac{12}{8}$ feel)




11
D7 D11 G C G G7
skies, all mean and bright. (In the heat of the night) Ain't a wo - man yet been
14
C9 F7 Em
born, knows how to make the morn- in' come.
17
E7 A7
So hard to keep con - trol, when I'd sell my
19
D7 G C G D11
soul for just a lit-tle light. (In the heat of the night) In the heat of the


22
G C G D7(♯5) G
night, when I got trou-ble wall to wall,
25
G7 C9 F7
I re-peat in the night must be an end-in' to it
28
Em E7 A7
all! Hold on, it won't be long, just you be
31
D7 D11 G C G
strong. And it-'ll be all right! (In the heat of the night)

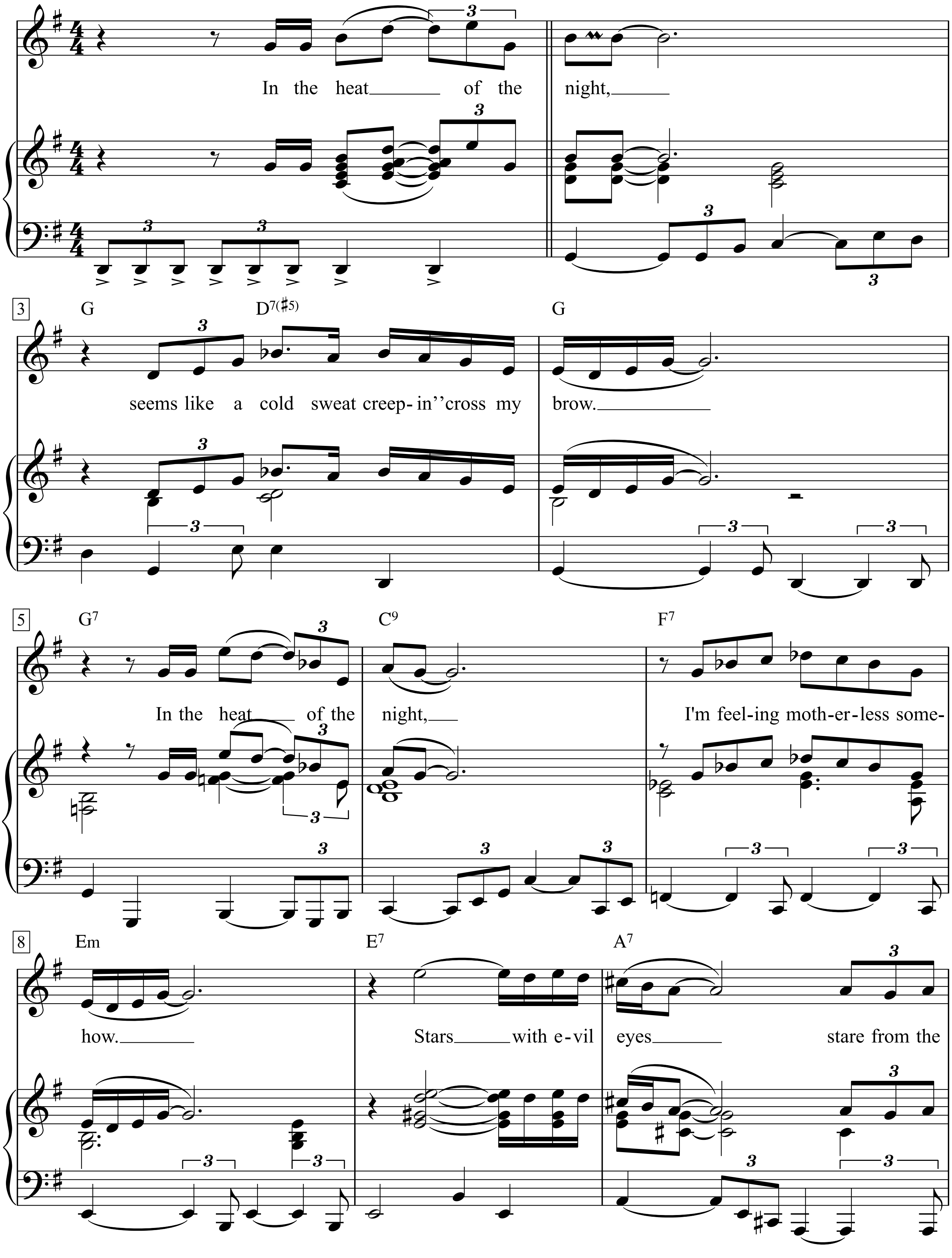
In the heat of the night, seems like a cold sweat creepin' 'cross my brow.
In the heat of the night, I'm feeling motherless somehow.
Stars with evil eyes stare from the skies, all mean and bright.
(In the heat of the night)
Ain't a woman yet been born, knows how to make the mornin' come.
So hard to keep control, when I'd sell my soul for just a little light.
(In the heat of the night)
In the heat of the night, when I got trouble wall to wall,
I repeat in the night must be an endin' to it all!
Hold on, it won't be long, just you be strong.
And it'll be all right!
(In the heat of the night)

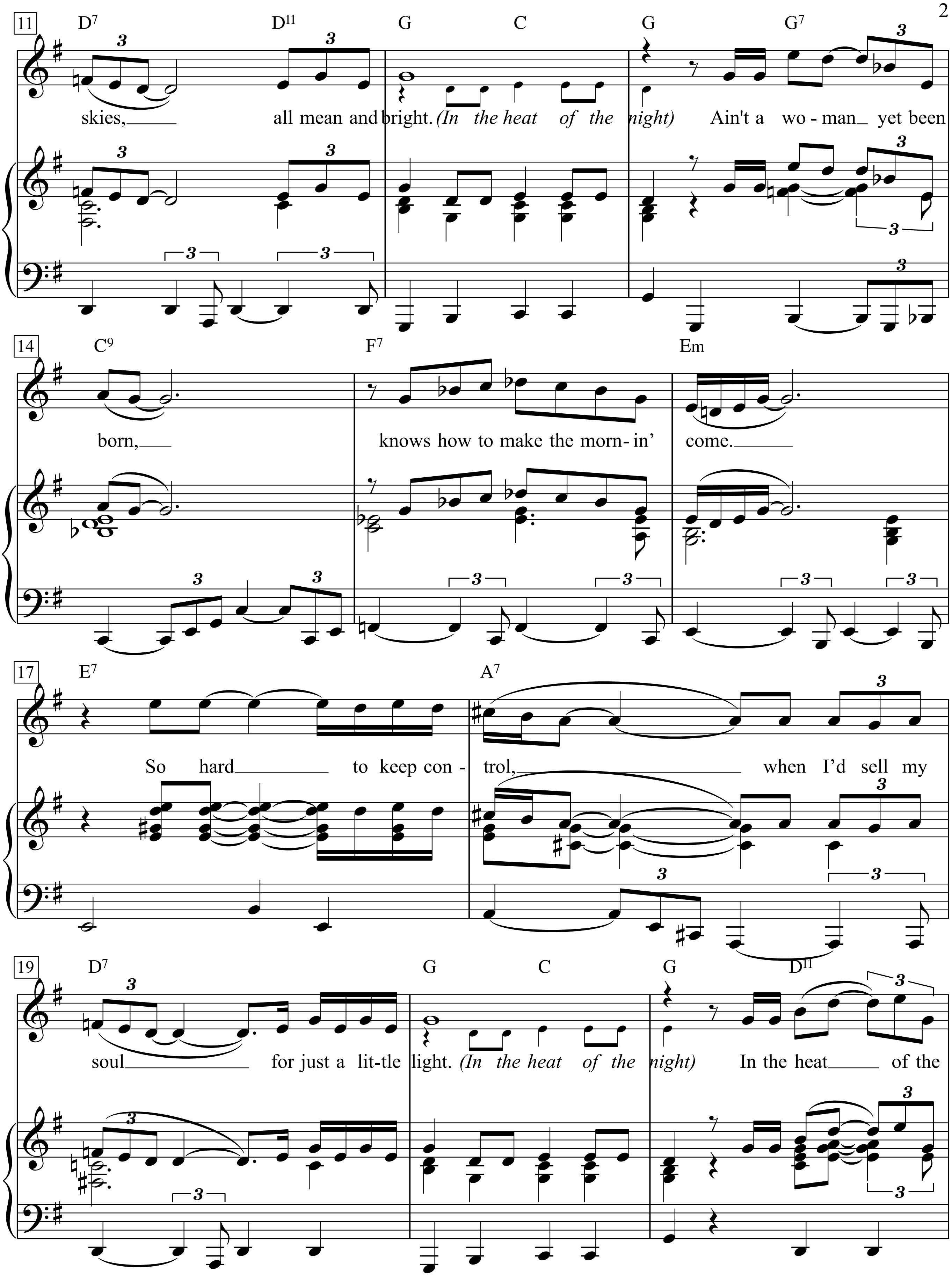
In The Heat Of The Night

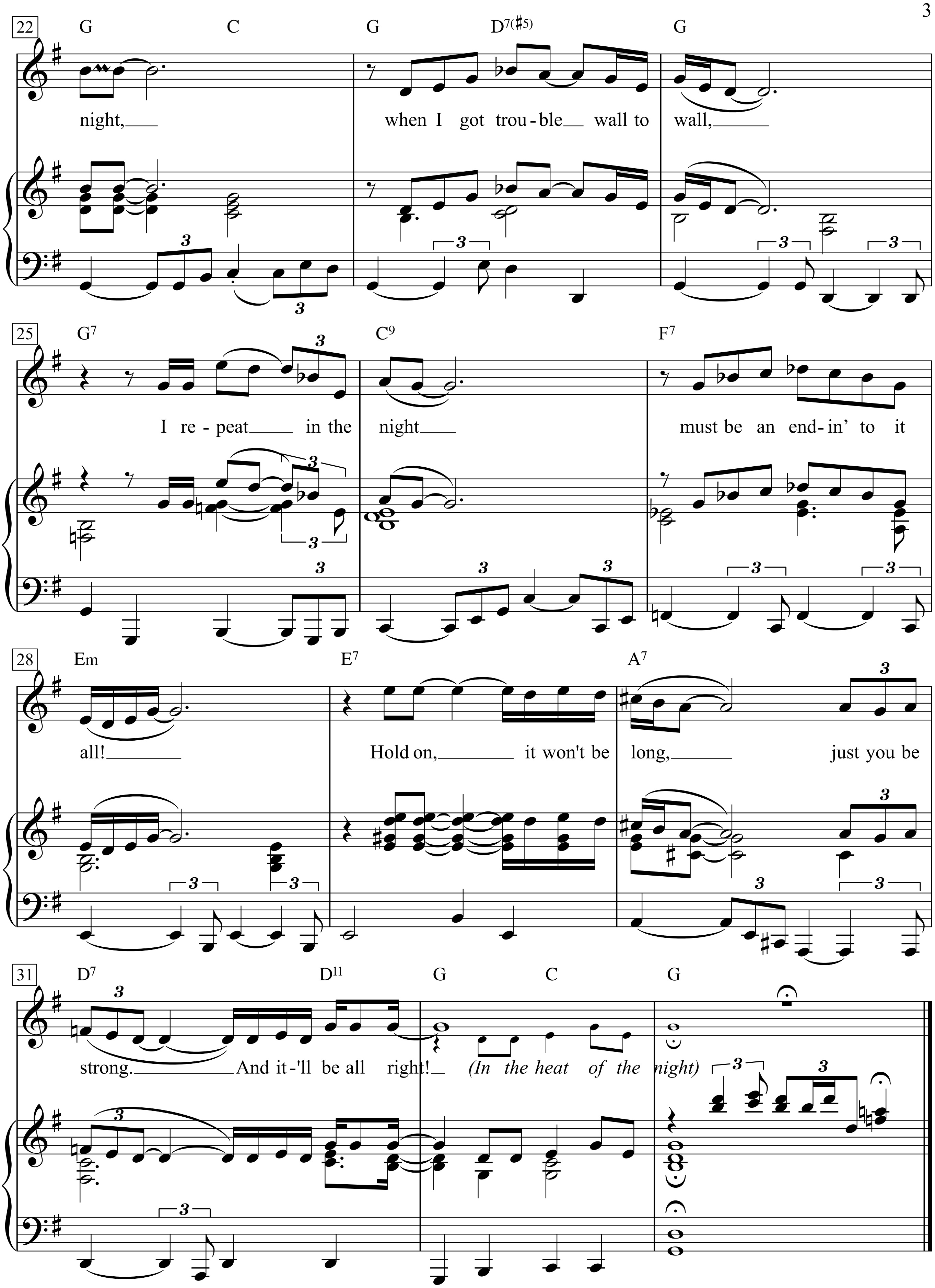
Words by Marilyn and Alan Bergman

Music by Quincy Jones
Ray Charles

Slow Gospel ($\frac{12}{8}$ feel)

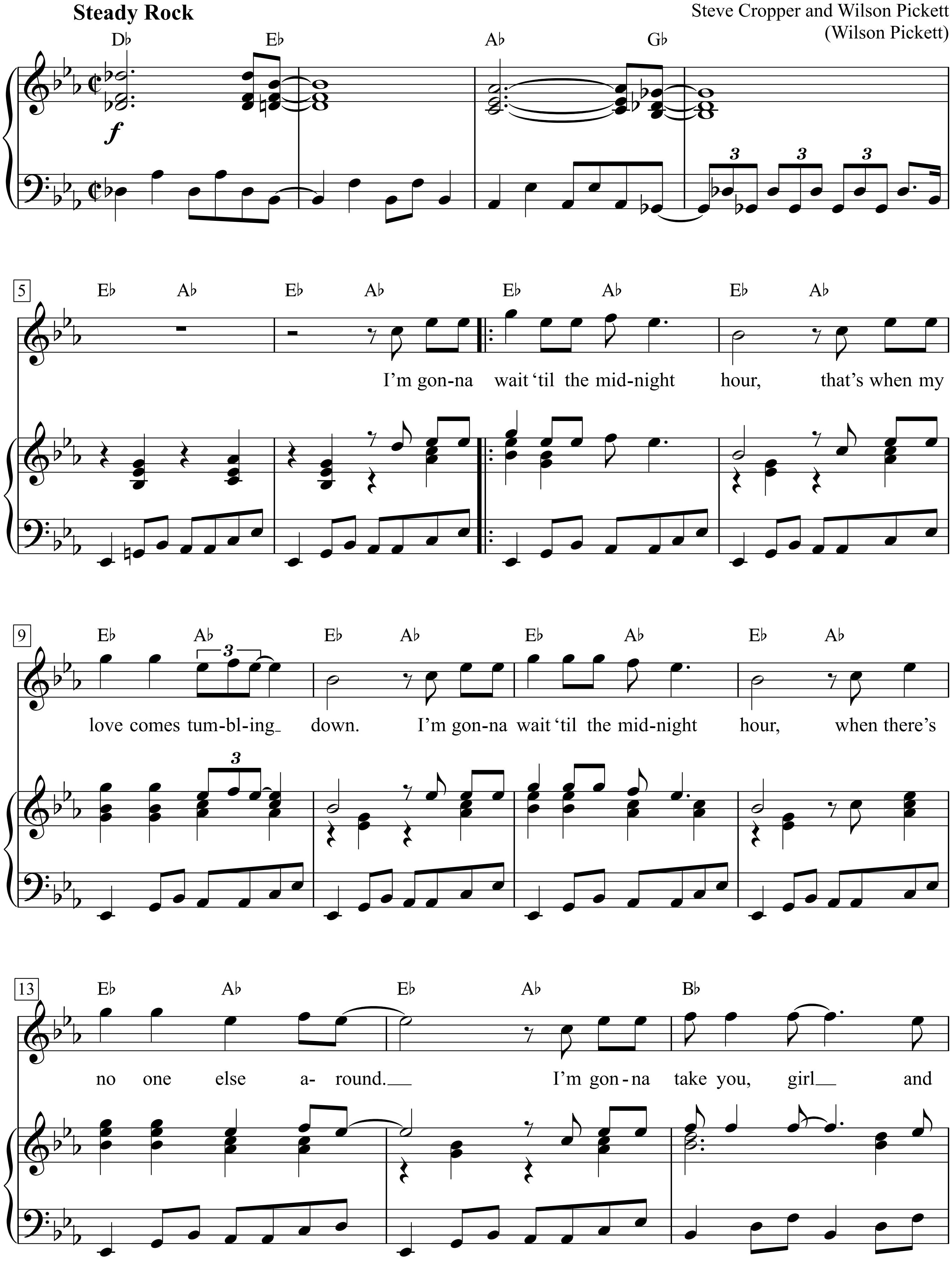


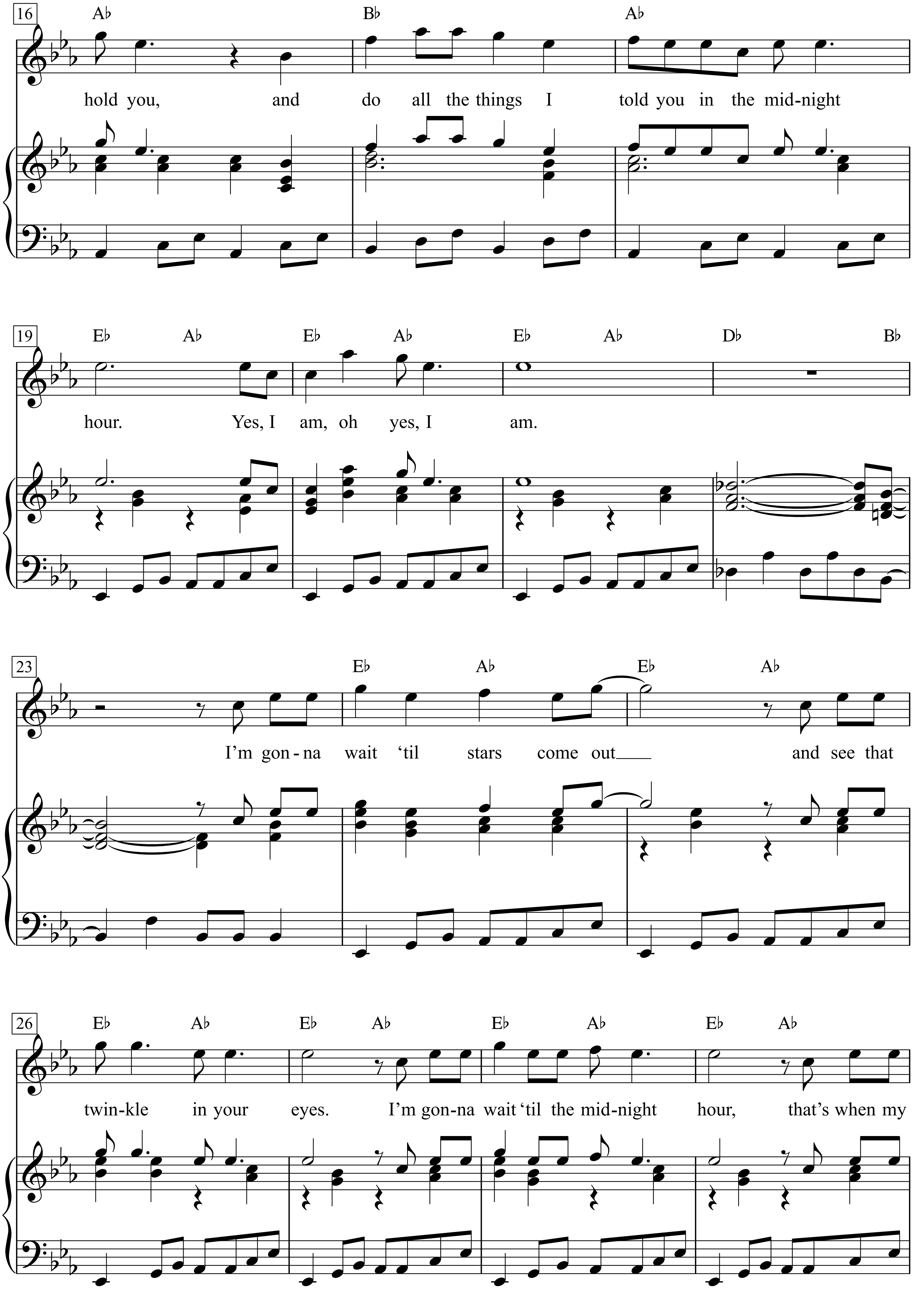

11
D7 D11 G C G G7
skies, all mean and bright. (In the heat of the night) Ain't a wo - man yet been
14
C9 F7 Em
born, knows how to make the morn- in' come.
17
E7 A7
So hard to keep con - trol, when I'd sell my
19
D7 G C G D11
soul for just a lit-tle light. (In the heat of the night) In the heat of the

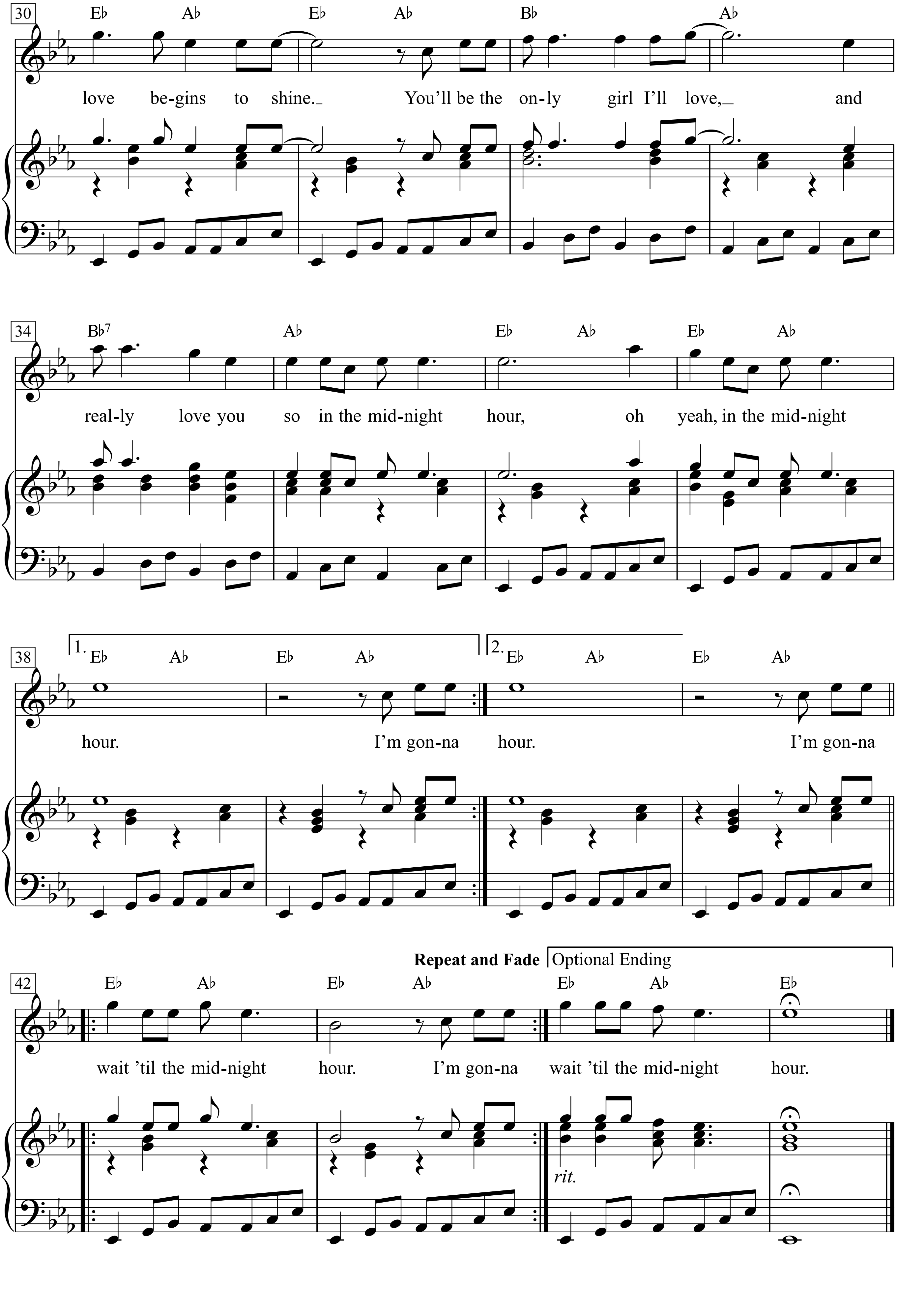

22
G C G D7(♯5) G
night, when I got trou-ble wall to wall,
25
G7 C9 F7
I re-peat in the night must be an end-in' to it
28
Em E7 A7
all! Hold on, it won't be long, just you be
31
D7 D11 G C G
strong. And it-'ll be all right! (In the heat of the night)

In The Midnight Hour

Words & Music by
Steve Cropper and Wilson Pickett
(Wilson Pickett)



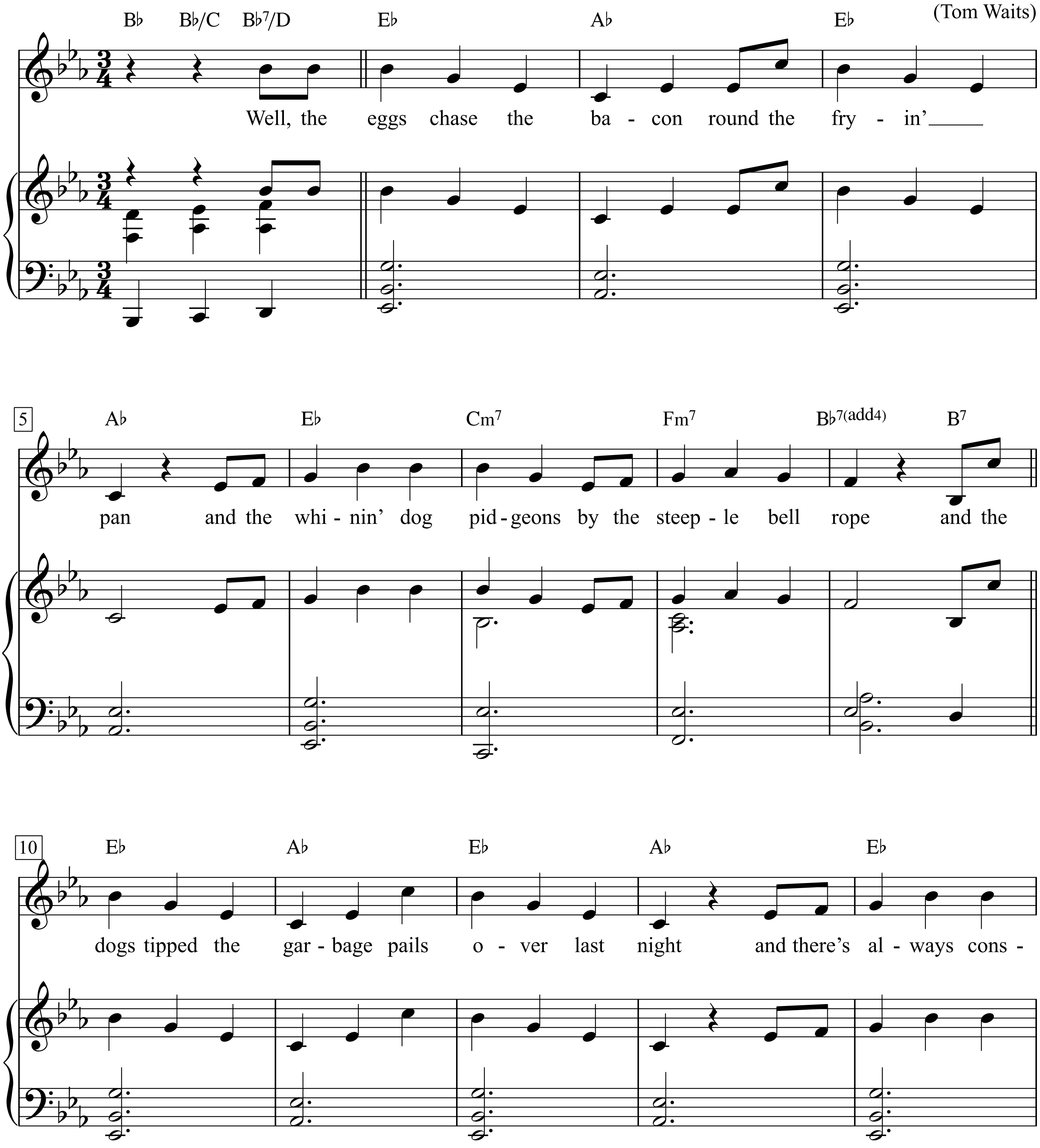

16
A♭ B♭ A♭
hold you, and do all the things I told you in the mid-night
19
E♭ A♭ E♭ A♭ E♭ A♭ D♭ B♭
hour. Yes, I am, oh yes, I am.
23
E♭ A♭ E♭ A♭
I'm gon-na wait 'til stars come out___ and see that
26
E♭ A♭ E♭ A♭ E♭ A♭ E♭ A♭
twin-kle in your eyes. I'm gon-na wait 'til the mid-night hour, that's when my

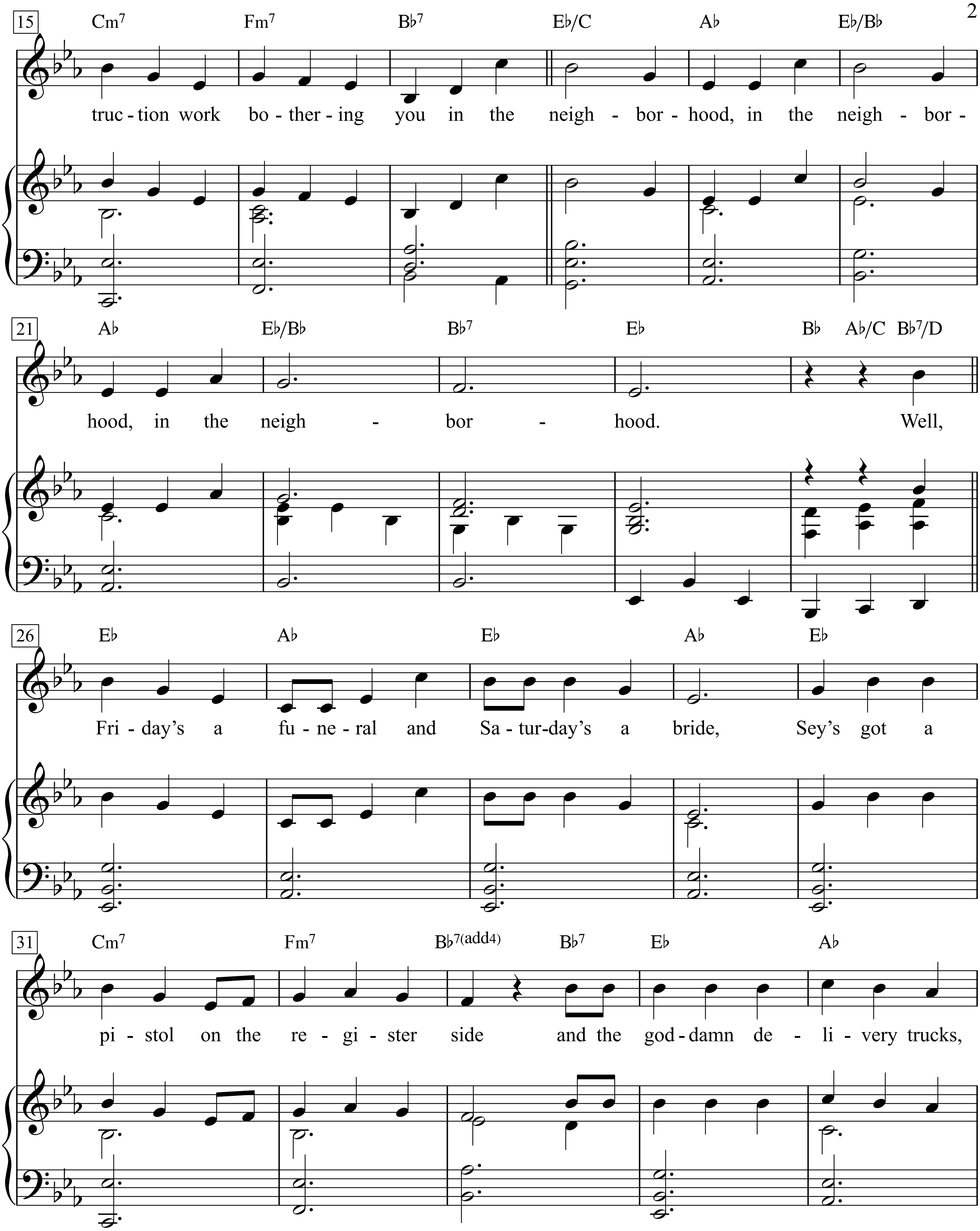

30
Eb Ab Eb Ab Bb Ab
love be-gins to shine._ You'll be the on-ly girl I'll love,_ and
34
Bb7 Ab Eb Ab Eb Ab
real-ly love you so in the mid-night hour, oh yeah, in the mid-night
38
1. Eb Ab Eb Ab 2. Eb Ab Eb Ab
hour. I'm gon-na hour. I'm gon-na
Repeat and Fade
Optional Ending
42
Eb Ab Eb Ab Eb Ab Eb
wait 'til the mid-night hour. I'm gon-na wait 'til the mid-night hour.
rit.

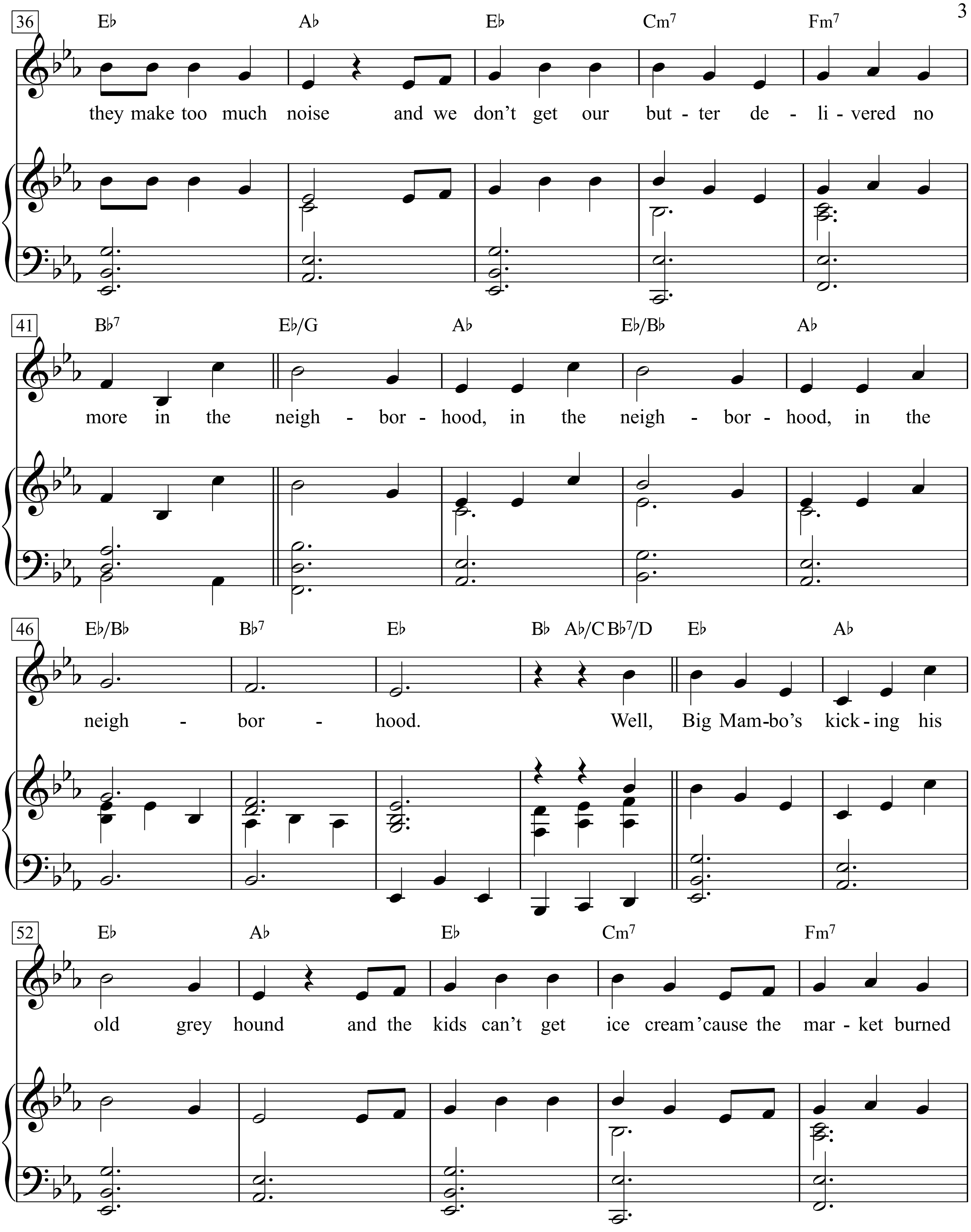
In The Neighborhood

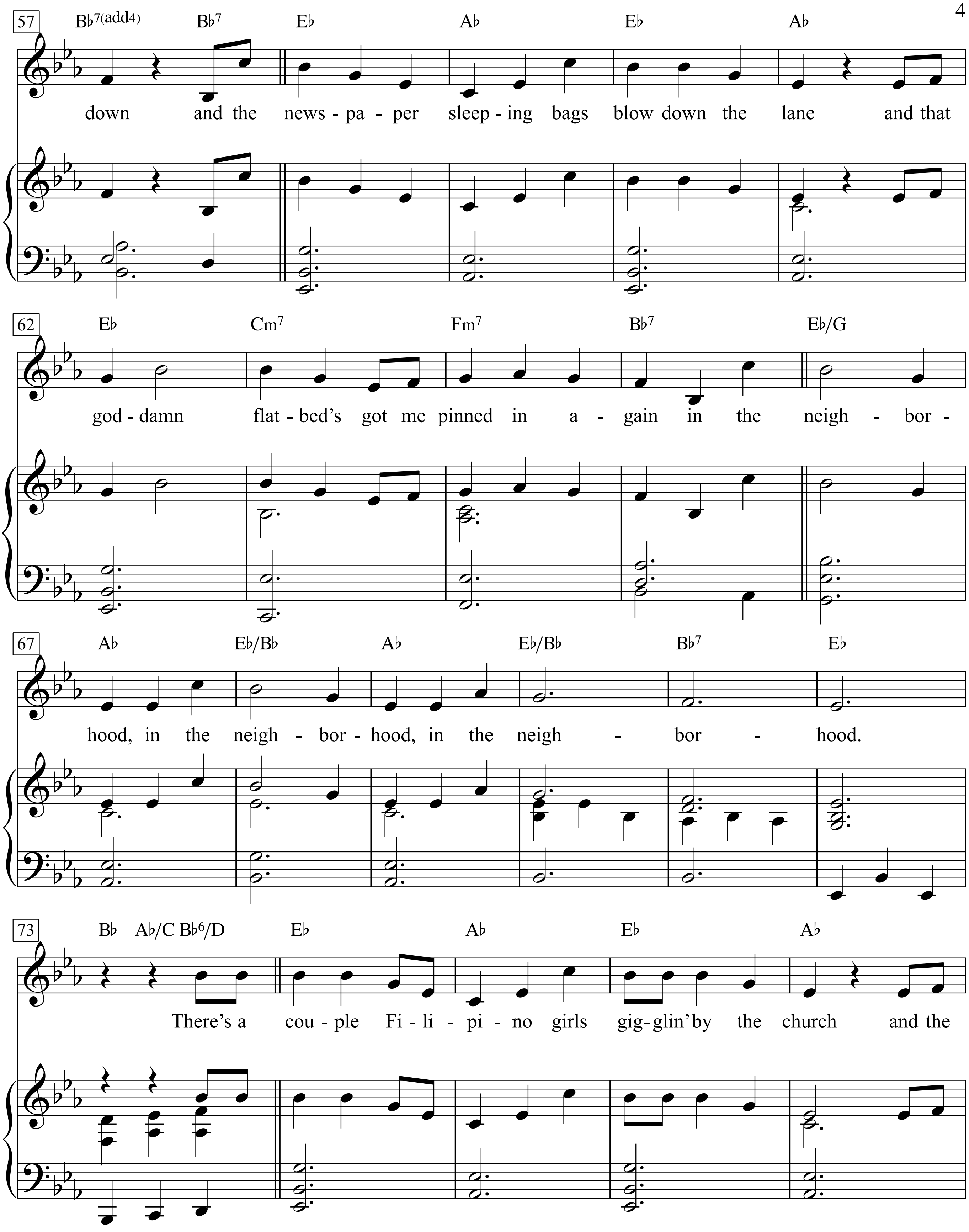
Moderato ♩ = 104

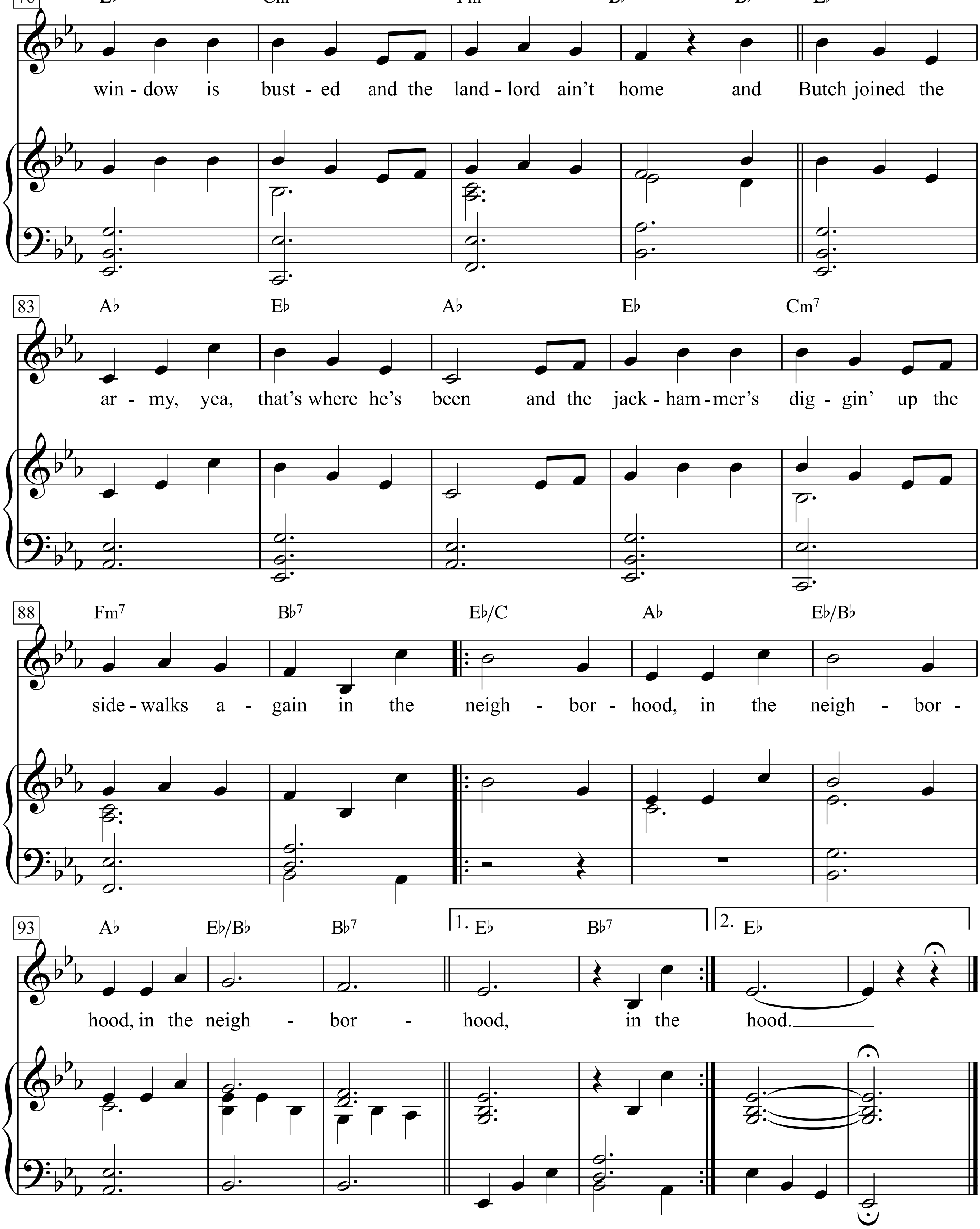
Words & Music by Tom Waits
(Tom Waits)




15
Cm7 Fm7 B♭7 E♭/C A♭ E♭/B♭
truc - tion work bo - ther - ing you in the neigh - bor - hood, in the neigh - bor -
21
A♭ E♭/B♭ B♭7 E♭ B♭ A♭/C B♭7/D
hood, in the neigh - bor - hood. Well,
26
E♭ A♭ E♭ A♭ E♭
Fri - day's a fu - ne - ral and Sa - tur - day's a bride, Sey's got a
31
Cm7 Fm7 B♭7(add4) B♭7 E♭ A♭
pi - stol on the re - gi - ster side and the god - damn de - li - very trucks,


36
E♭ A♭ E♭ Cm7 Fm7
they make too much noise and we don't get our but - ter de - li - vered no
41
B♭7 E♭/G A♭ E♭/B♭ A♭
more in the neigh - bor - hood, in the neigh - bor - hood, in the
46
E♭/B♭ B♭7 E♭ B♭ A♭/C B♭7/D E♭ A♭
neigh - bor - hood. Well, Big Mam-bo's kick-ing his
52
E♭ A♭ E♭ Cm7 Fm7
old grey hound and the kids can't get ice cream 'cause the mar - ket burned


57
B♭7(add4) B♭7 E♭ A♭ E♭ A♭
down and the news - pa - per sleep - ing bags blow down the lane and that
62
E♭ Cm7 Fm7 B♭7 E♭/G
god - damn flat - bed's got me pinned in a - gain in the neigh - bor -
67
A♭ E♭/B♭ A♭ E♭/B♭ B♭7 E♭
hood, in the neigh - bor - hood, in the neigh - bor - hood.
73
B♭ A♭/C B♭6/D E♭ A♭ E♭ A♭
There's a cou - ple Fi - li - pi - no girls gig - glin' by the church and the


78
E♭ Cm7 Fm7 B♭7(add4) B♭7 E♭
win - dow is bust - ed and the land - lord ain't home and Butch joined the
83
A♭ E♭ A♭ E♭ Cm7
ar - my, yea, that's where he's been and the jack - ham - mer's dig - gin' up the
88
Fm7 B♭7 E♭/C A♭ E♭/B♭
side - walks a - gain in the neigh - bor - hood, in the neigh - bor -
93
A♭ E♭/B♭ B♭7 1. E♭ B♭7 2. E♭
hood, in the neigh - bor - hood, in the hood.

In der Nachbarschaft

Die Eier jagen den Speck
Rund um die Bratpfanne
Und der winselnde Hund verkriecht sich
Im Kirchturm beim Glockenstrang
Und die Hunde haben die Mülleimer
Umgeschmissen letzte Nacht
Und immer gibt es Bauarbeiten
Die dich quälen
In der Nachbarschaft
In der Nachbarschaft
In der Nachbarschaft

Freitag ist ’ne Beerdigung
Und Sonnabend ’ne Braut
Sey hat ’ne Knarre neben der Kasse liegen
Und die verfluchten Lieferwagen
Sie machen zuviel Krach
Und unsere Butter kriegen wir auch
Nicht mehr ins Haus gebracht
In der Nachbarschaft
In der Nachbarschaft
In der Nachbarschaft

Big Mambo tritt eben
Seinen alten grauen Köter
Und die Kinder können kein Eis bekommen
Weil der Supermarkt abgebrannt ist
Und Schlafsäcke aus Zeitungspapier
Wehen die Straße hinunter
Und dieser verfluchte Tieflader
Hat mich wieder eingekeilt
In der Nachbarschaft
In der Nachbarschaft
In der Nachbarschaft

Ein paar Filipino-Mädchen
Kirche und kichern
Und das Fenster ist kaputt
und der Grundstücksbesitzer ist nicht zuhause
Und Butch ist der Armee beigetreten
Ja, dort war er
und der Pressluftbohrer gräbt wieder
Die Bürgersteige auf

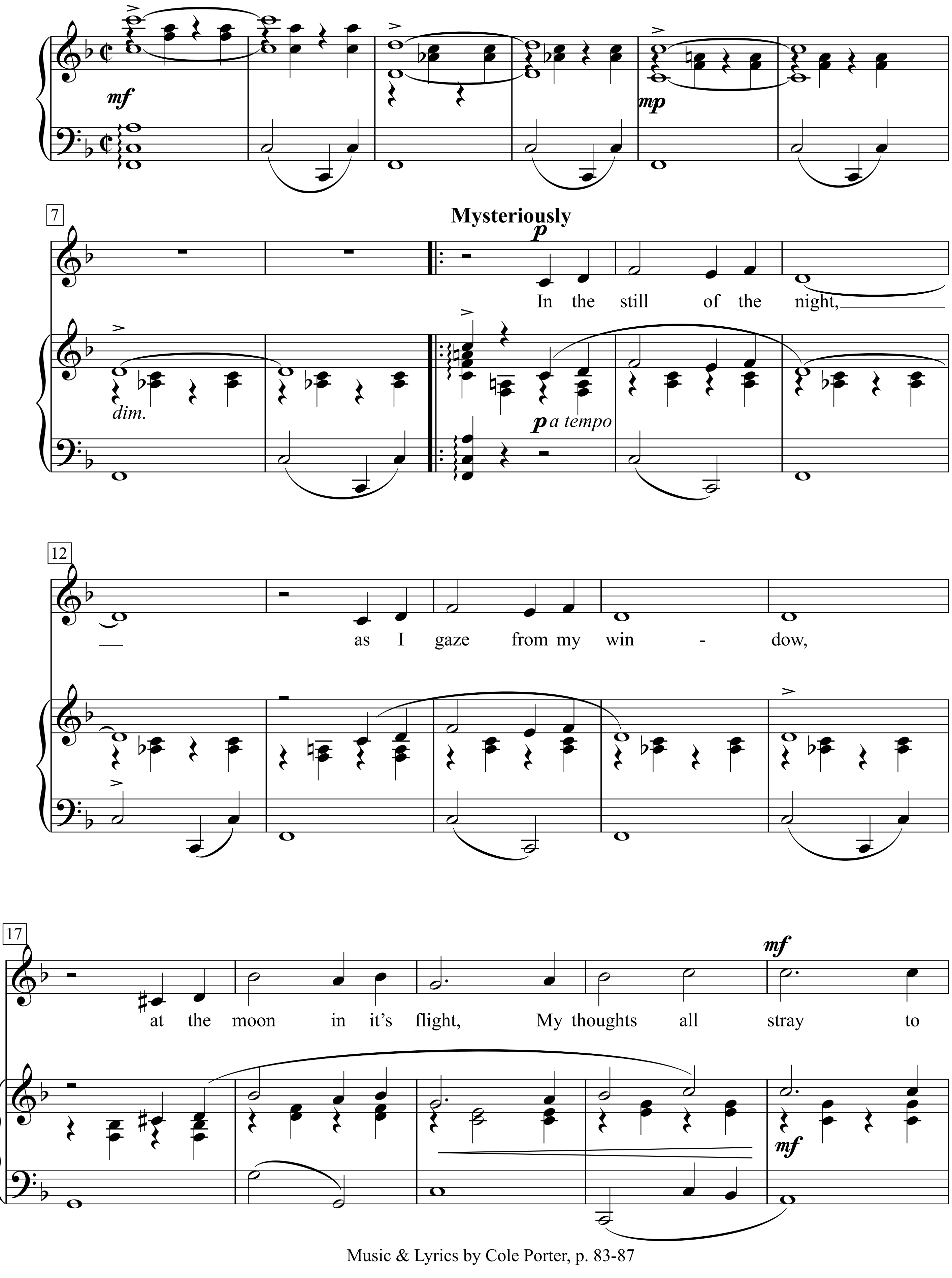
In der Nachbarschaft
In der Nachbarschaft
In der Nachbarschaft

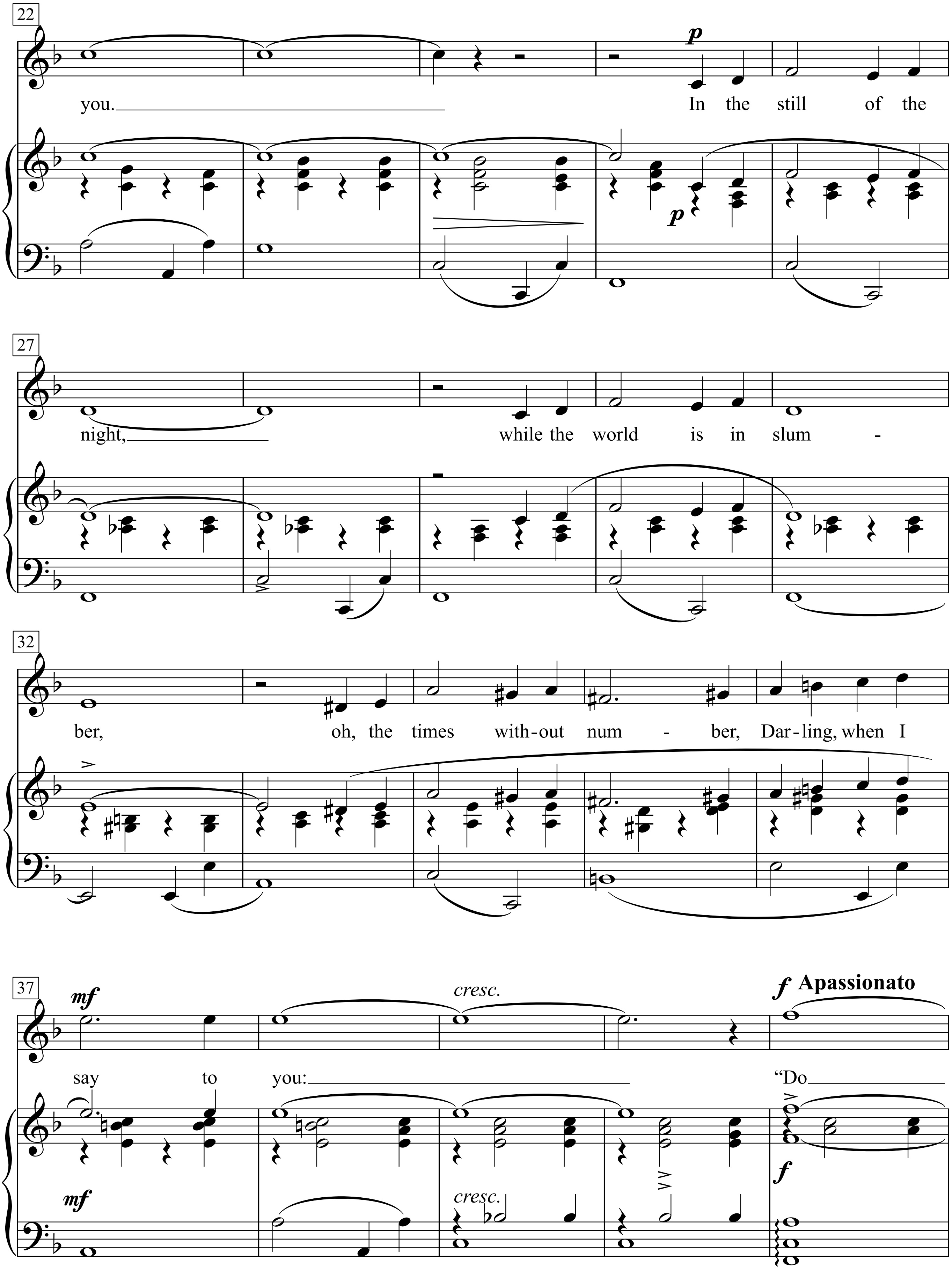
In The Still Of The Night

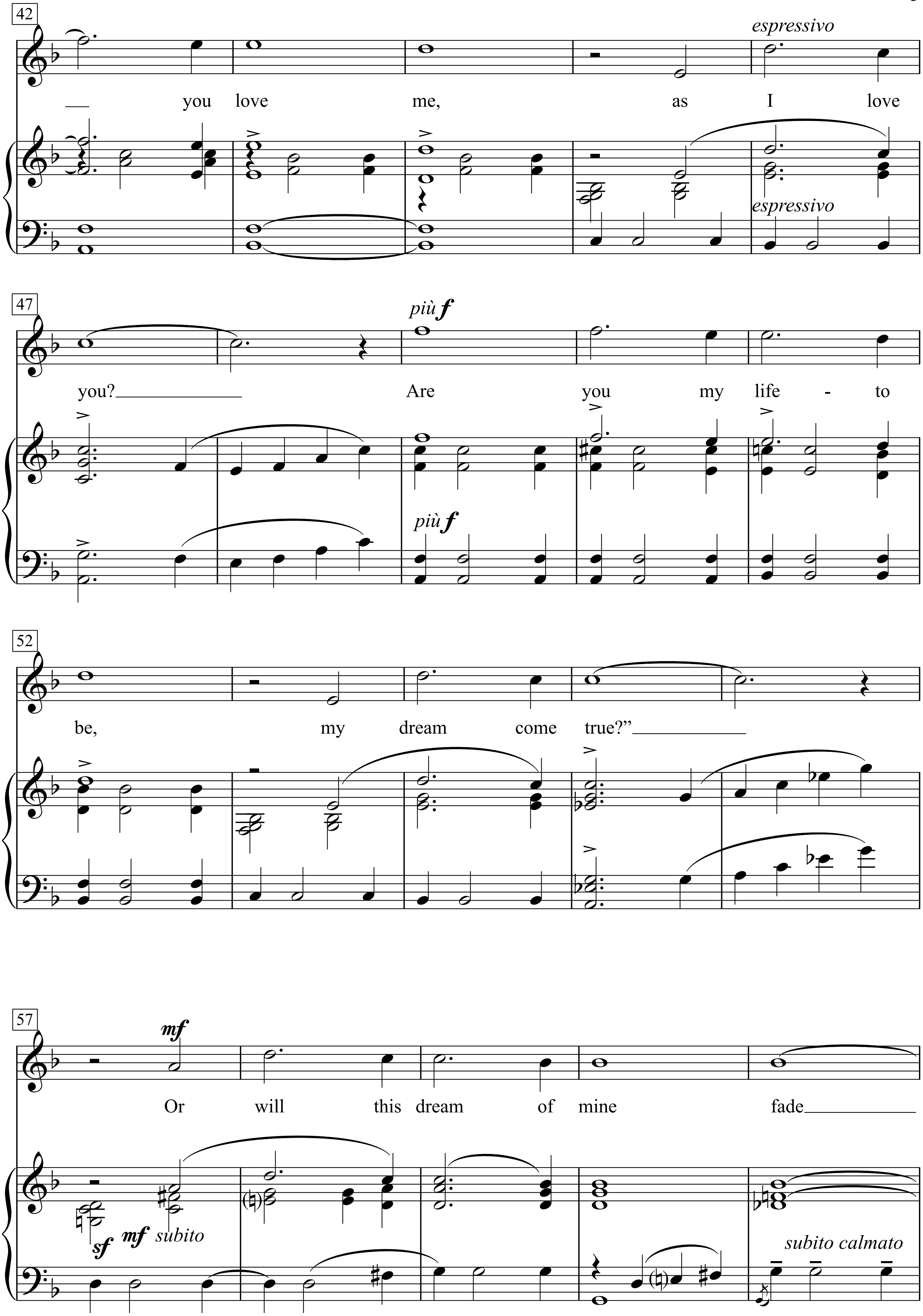
(*from* 'Rosalie')

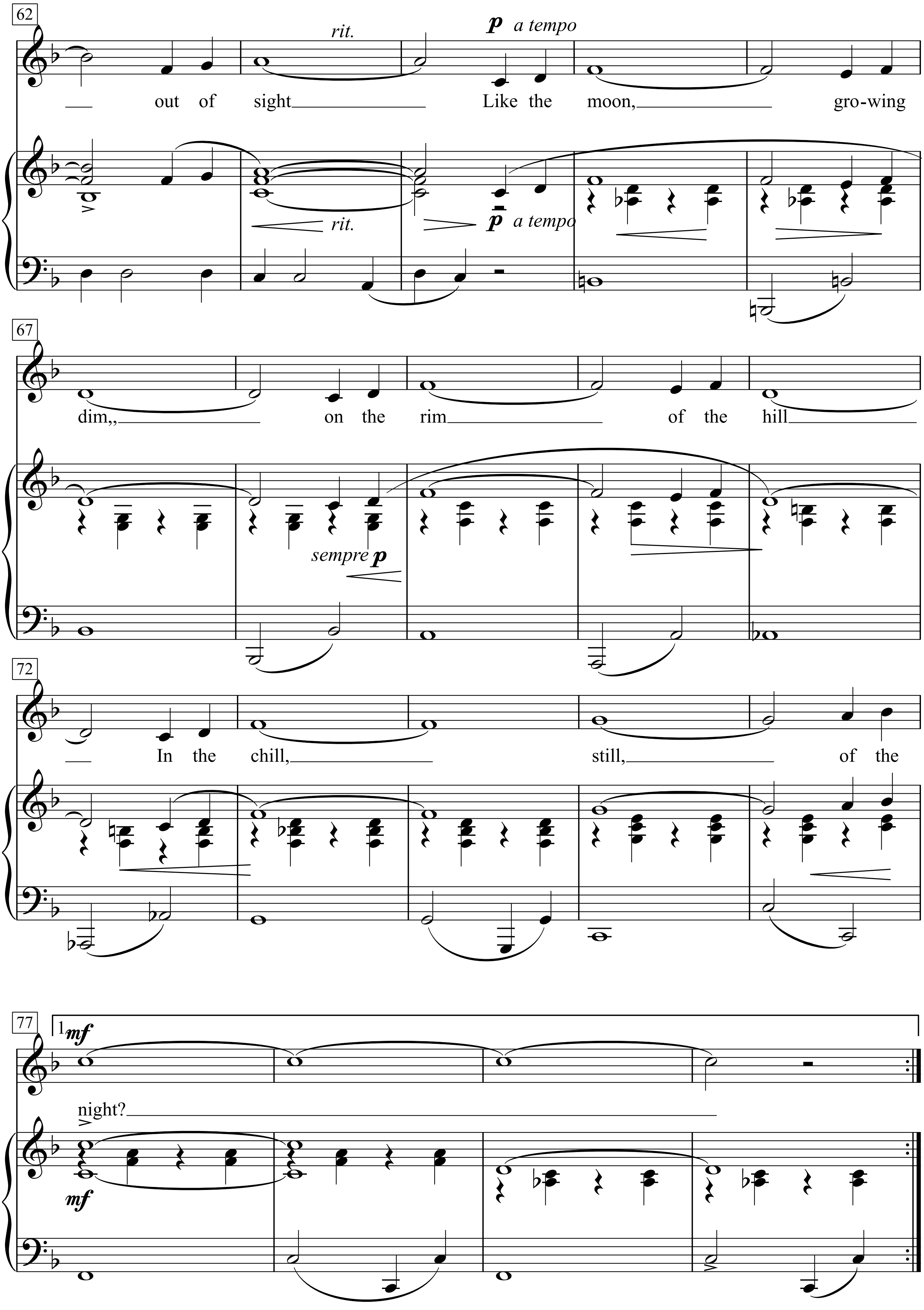
Words & Music by Cole Porter (1937)

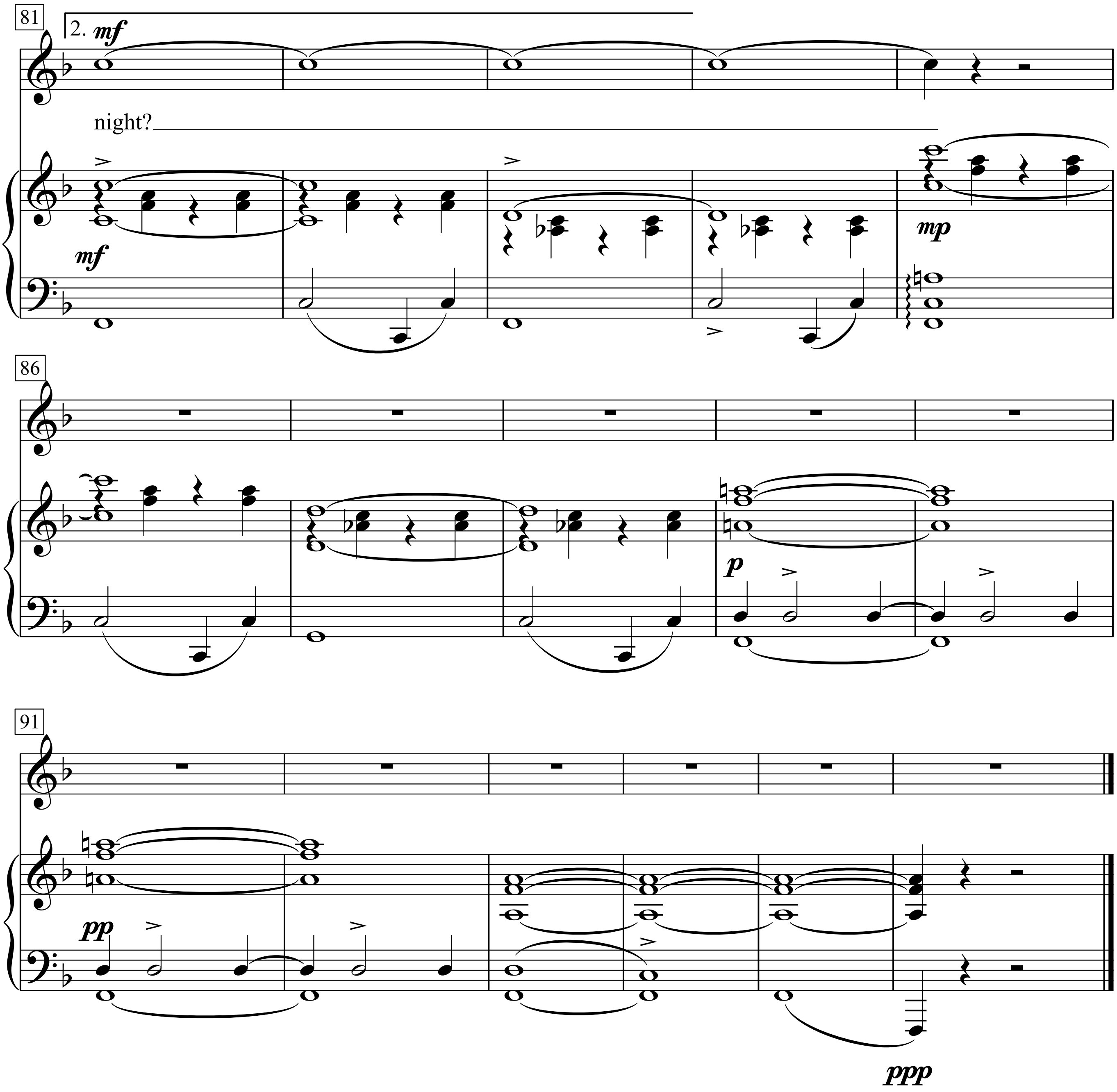
Andantino *(in a steady movenent, but not too fast)*




22
you.
p
In the still of the
p
27
night,
while the world is in slum -
32
ber,
oh, the times with-out num - ber, Dar-ling, when I
37
mf
say to you:
cresc.
f Apassionato
"Do
f
mf
cresc.


42
espressivo
— you love me, as I love
espressivo
47
più f
you? Are you my life - to
più f
52
be, my dream come true?"
57
mf
Or will this dream of mine fade
sf mf subito
subito calmato

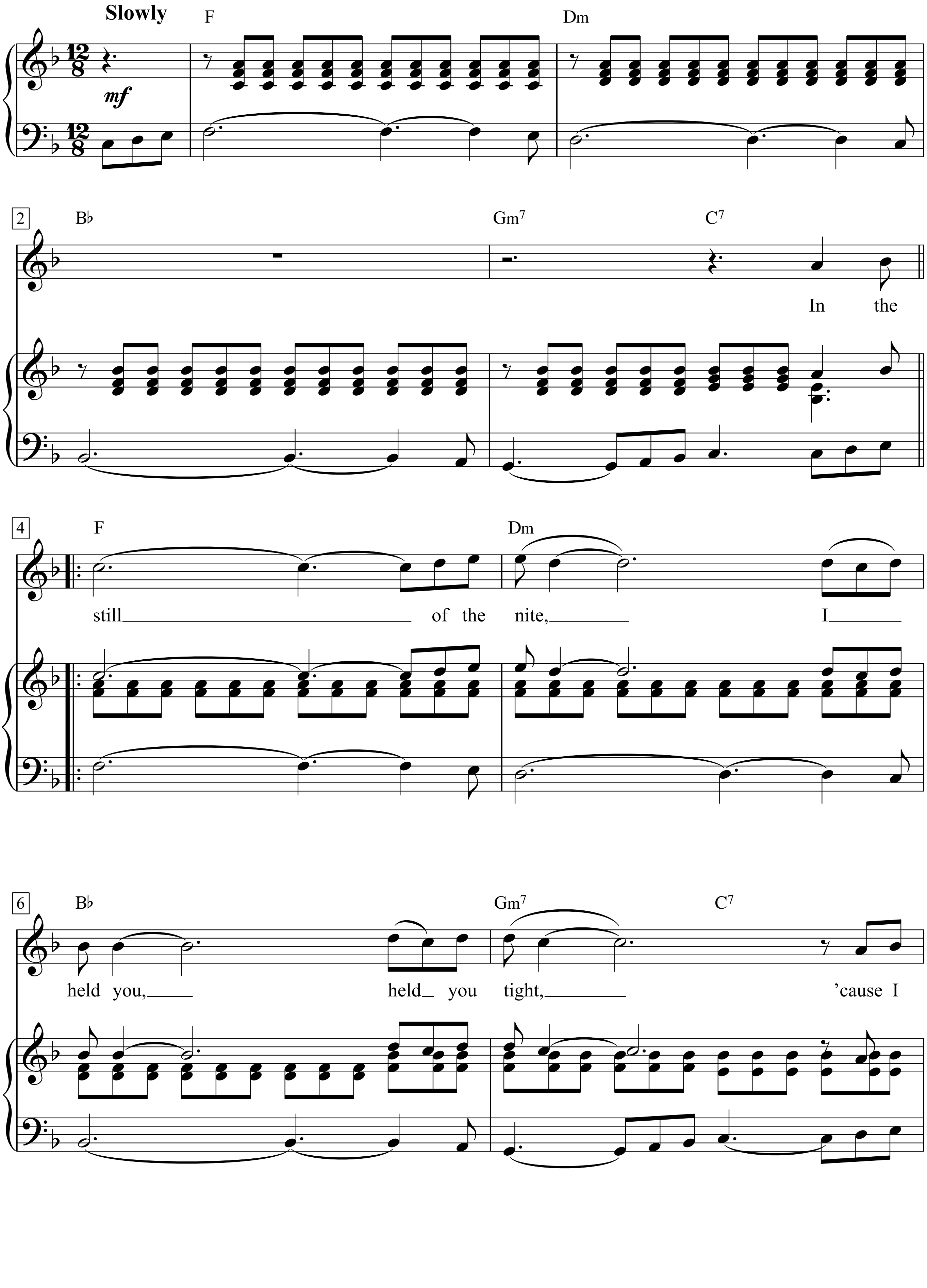

62
rit.
p a tempo
out of sight Like the moon, gro-wing
rit.
p a tempo
67
dim,, on the rim of the hill
sempre p
72
In the chill, still, of the
77
1 mf
night?
mf

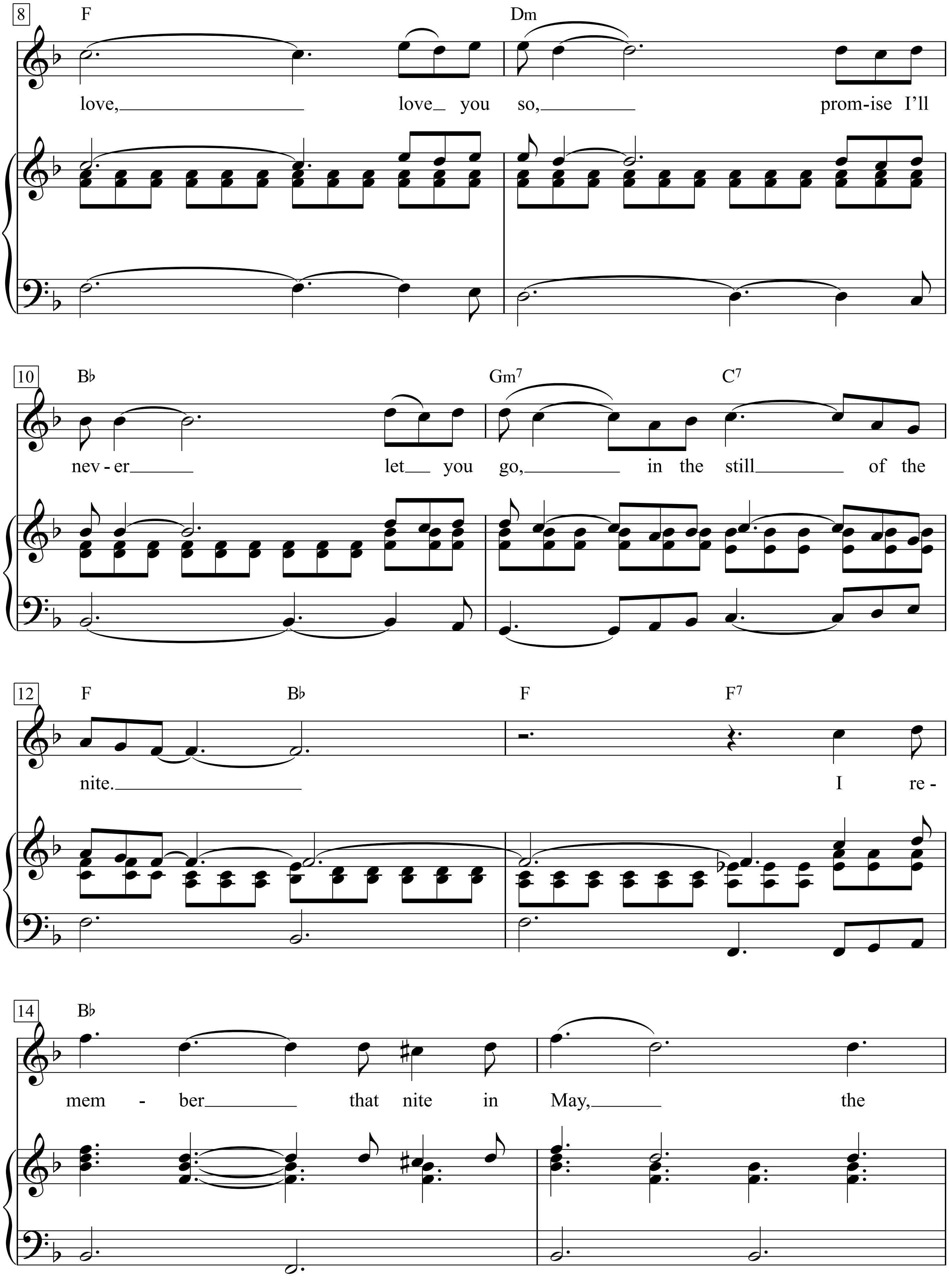

81
2.
mf
night?
mf
mp
86
p
91
pp
ppp

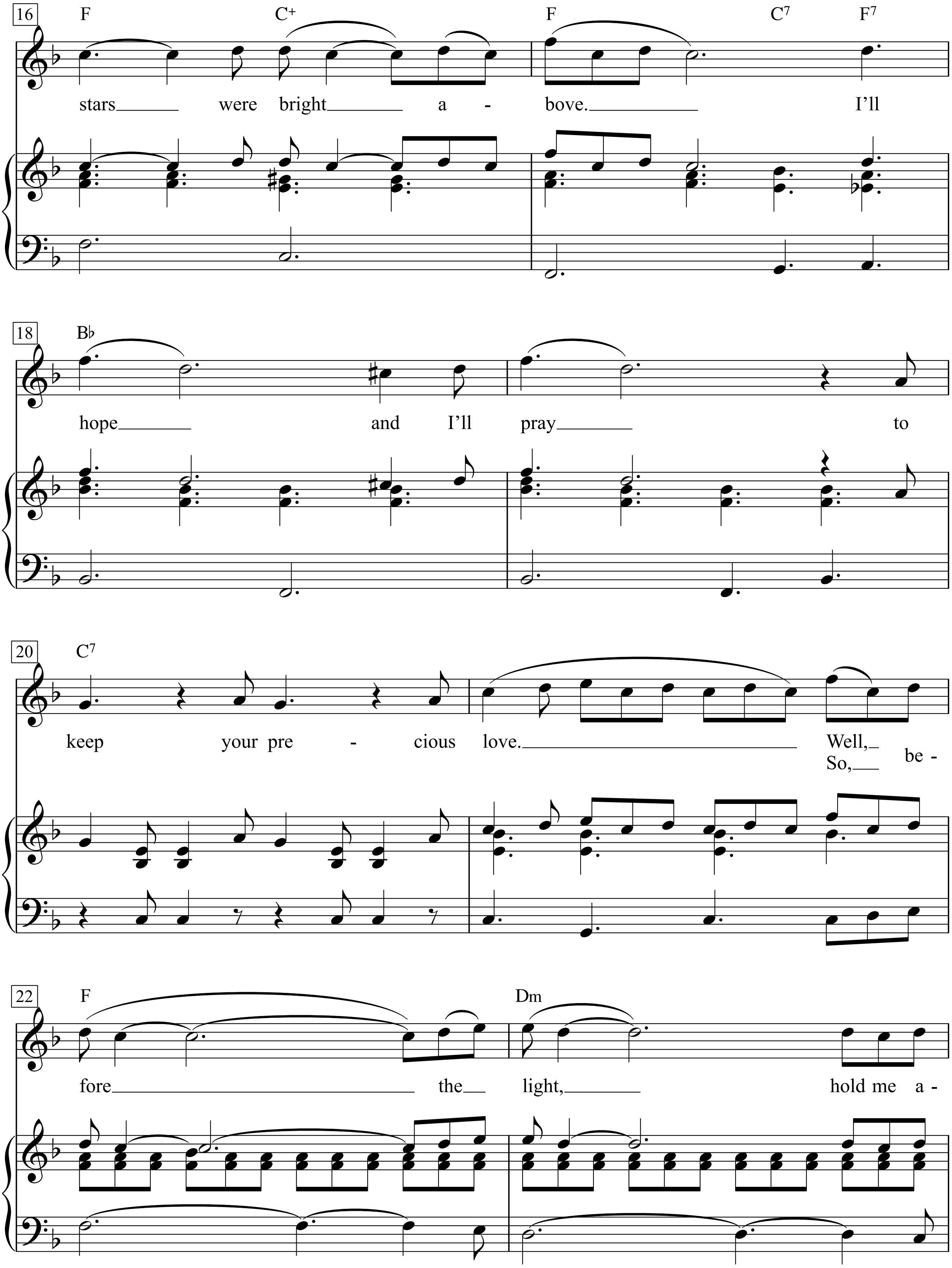
In the still of the night,
as I gaze from my window,
at the moon in it’s flight,
My thoughts all stray to you.
In the still of the night,
while the world is in slumber,
oh, the times without number,
Darling, when I say to you:
“Do you love me, as I love you?
Are you my life-to be,
my dream come true?”
Or will this dream of mine
fade out of sight
Like the moon, growing dim,
on the rim of the hill In the chill,
still, of the night?

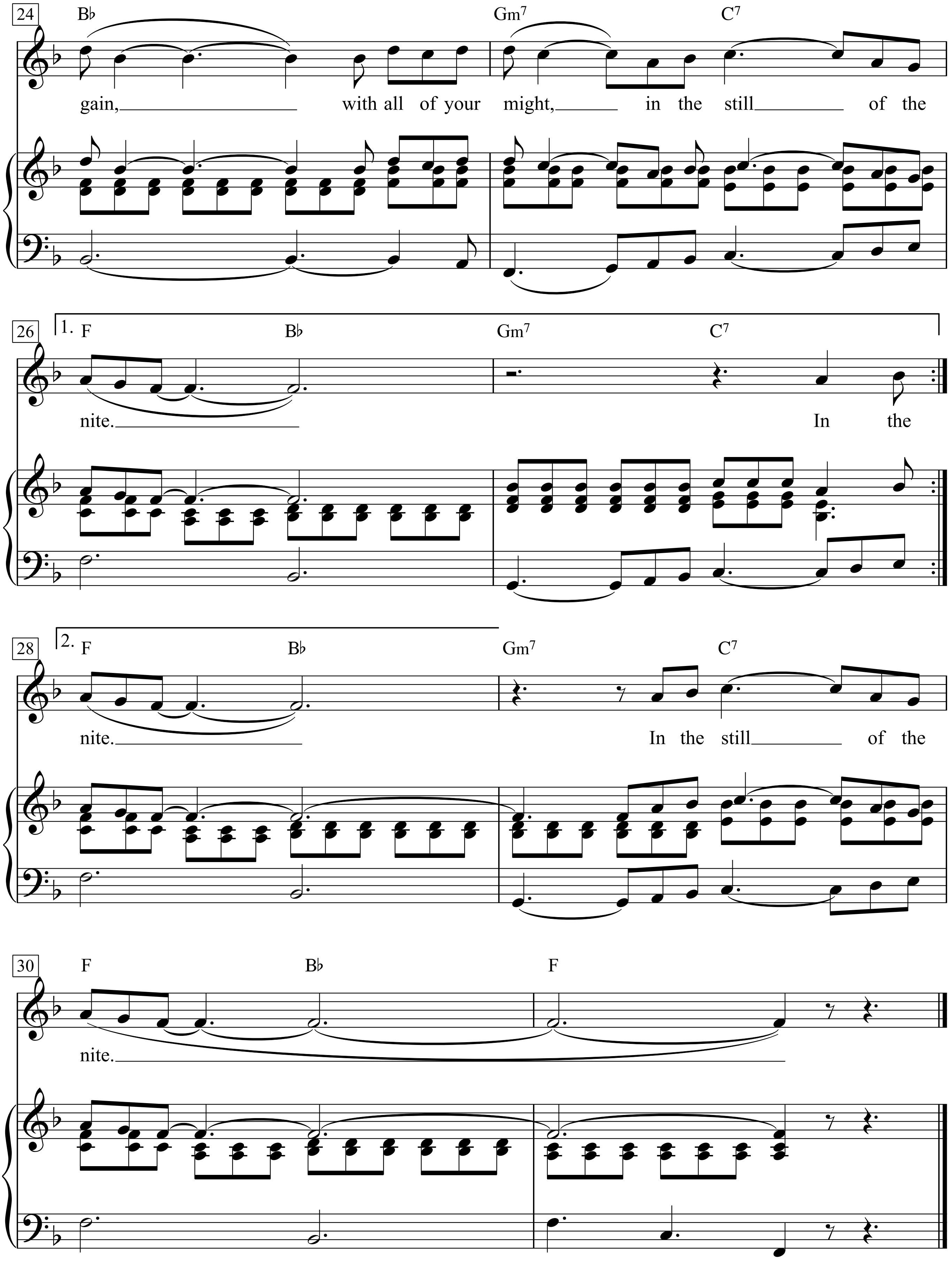
In the Still of the Nite
(I'll Remember)

Words & Music by Fred Parris
(The Five Satins)




8
F
Dm
love, love you so, prom-ise I'll
10
B♭
Gm7
C7
nev-er let you go, in the still of the
12
F
B♭
F
F7
nite. I re-
14
B♭
mem - ber that nite in May, the


16
F
C+
F
C7
F7
stars were bright a - bove. I'll
18
B♭
hope and I'll pray to
20
C7
keep your pre - cious love. Well, be -
So,
22
F
Dm
fore the light, hold me a -

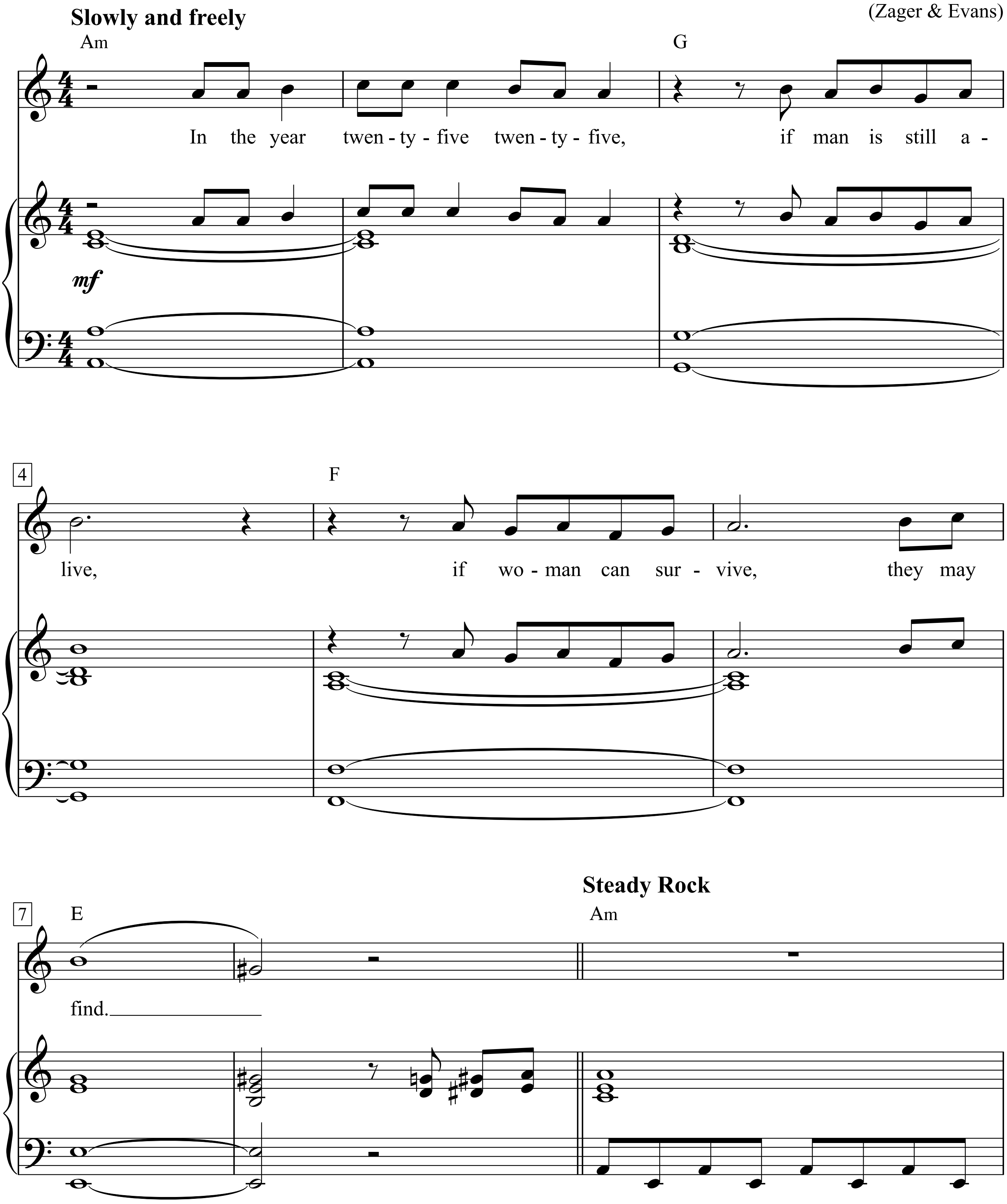

24
B♭
Gm7
C7
gain, with all of your might, in the still of the
26
1.
F
B♭
Gm7
C7
nite. In the
28
2.
F
B♭
Gm7
C7
nite. In the still of the
30
F
B♭
F
nite.

1.
In the still of the nite,
I held you, held you tight, ’cause I love,
love you so, promise I’ll never let you go,
in the still of the nite.
I remember that nite in May, the stars were bright above.
I’ll hope and I’ll pray to keep your precious love.
Well, before the light, hold me again,
with all of your might, in the still of the nite.
In the nite.
In the still of the nite.

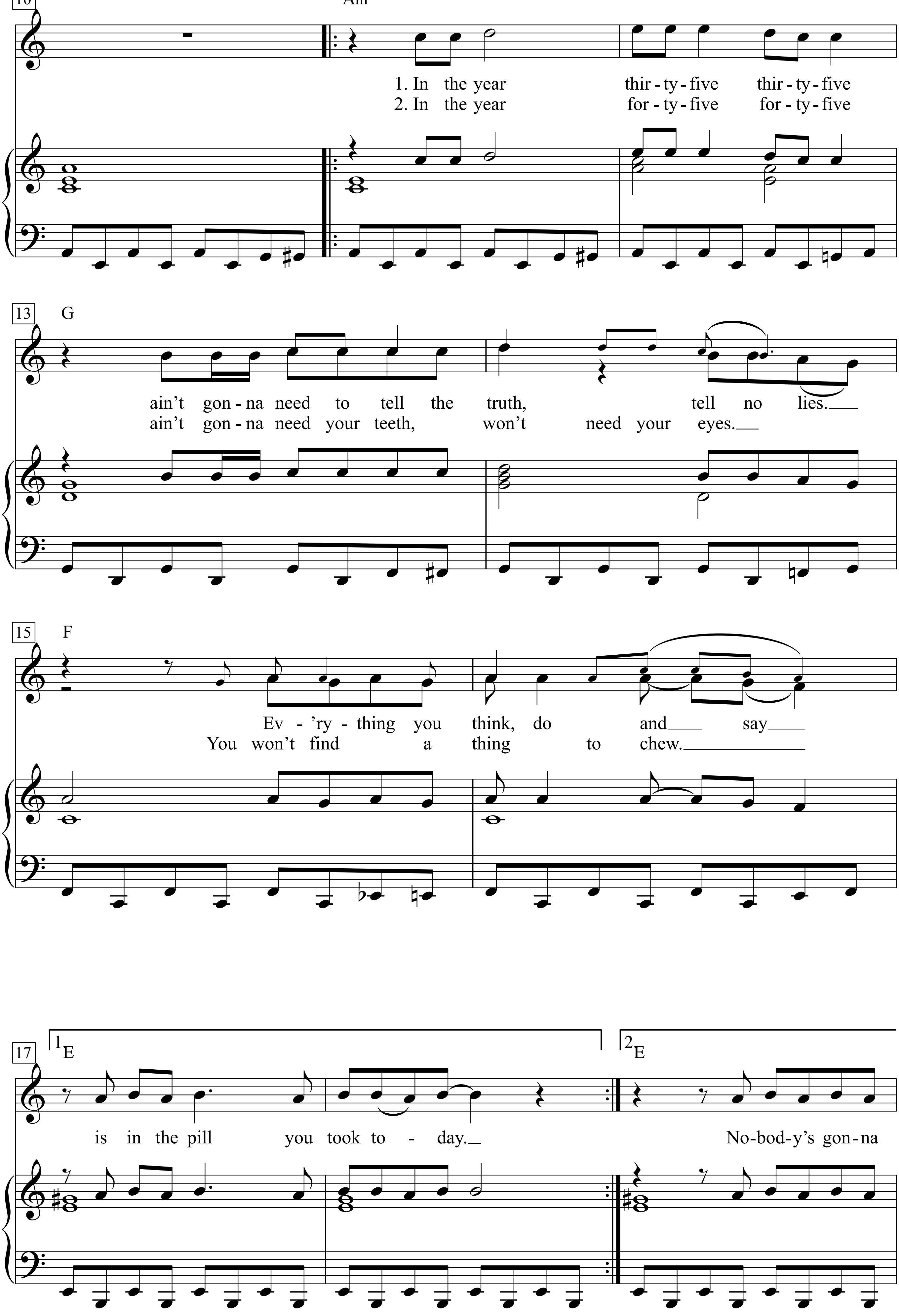
2.
So,

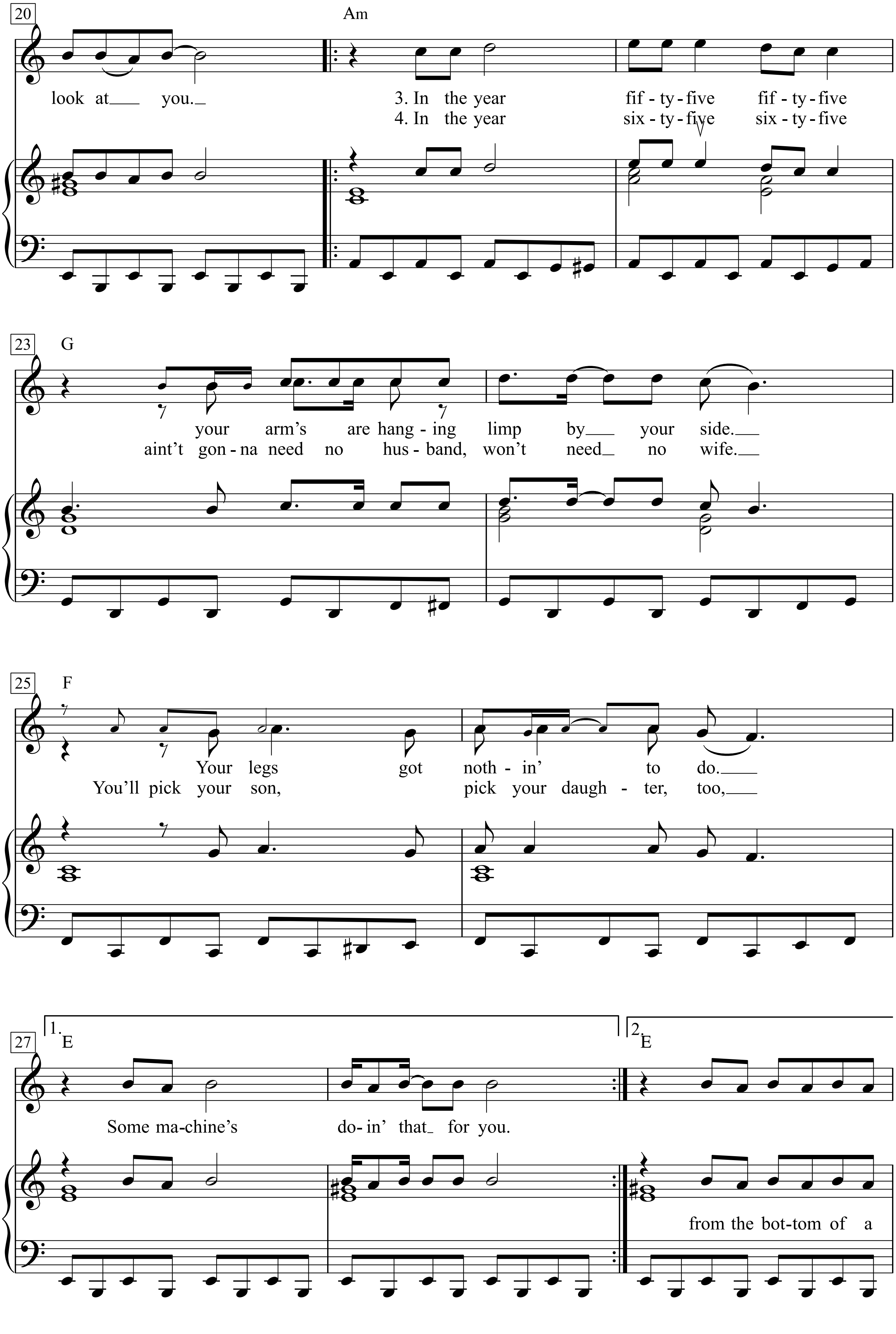
In the Year 2525

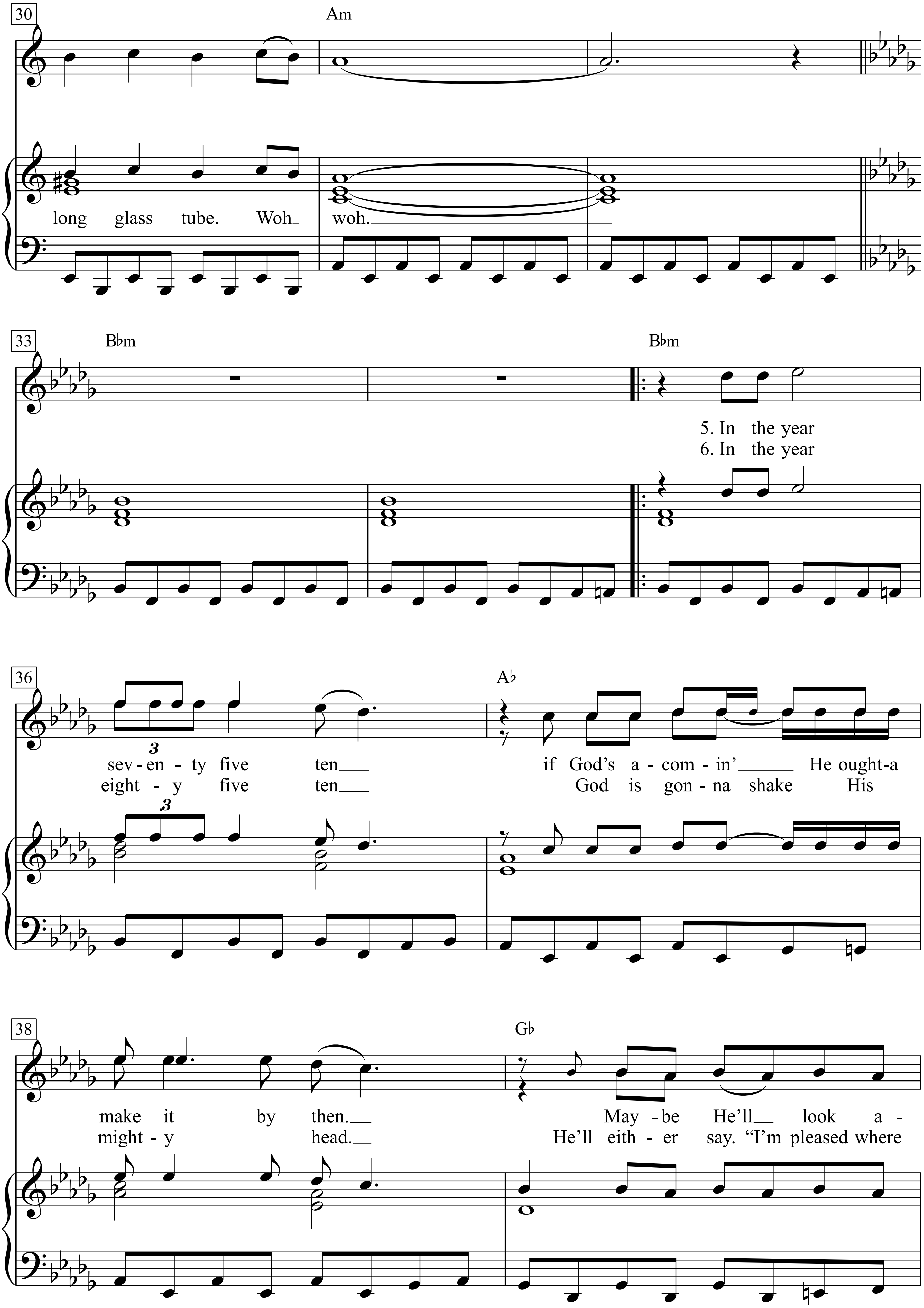
Words & Music by Rick Evans
(Zager & Evans)

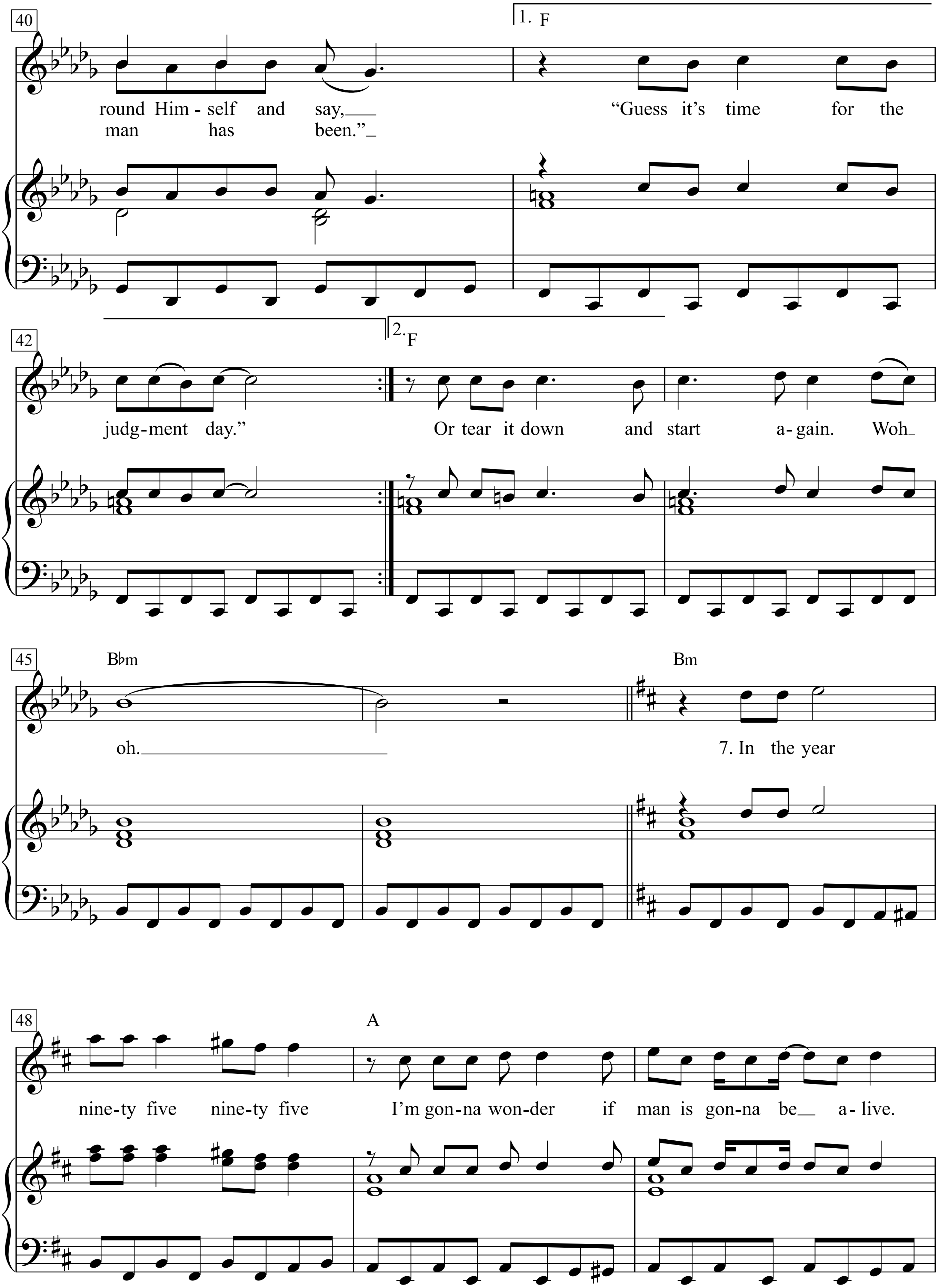


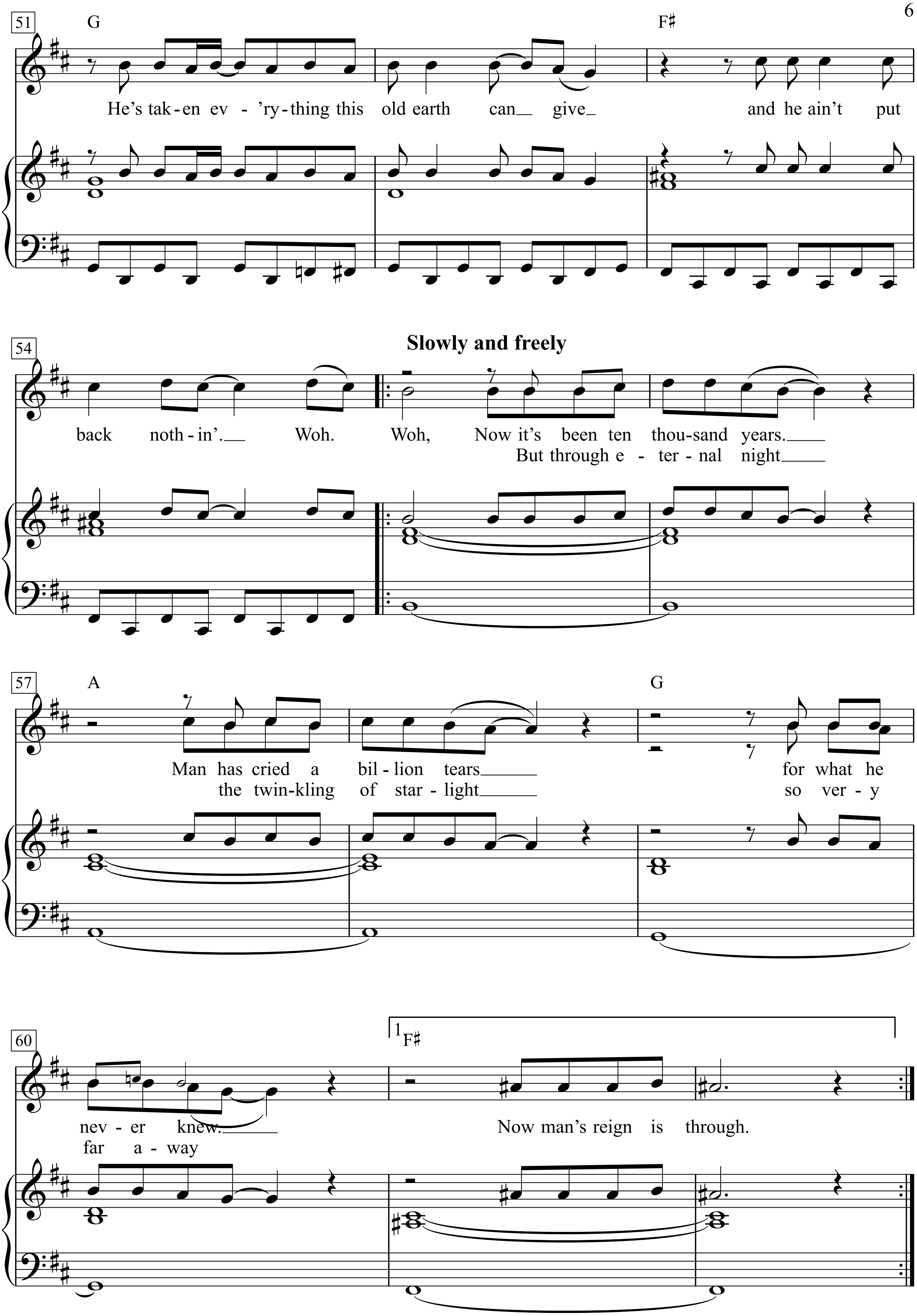
The best of 1965-1969 - Billboard Series, 1969, p. 34-40

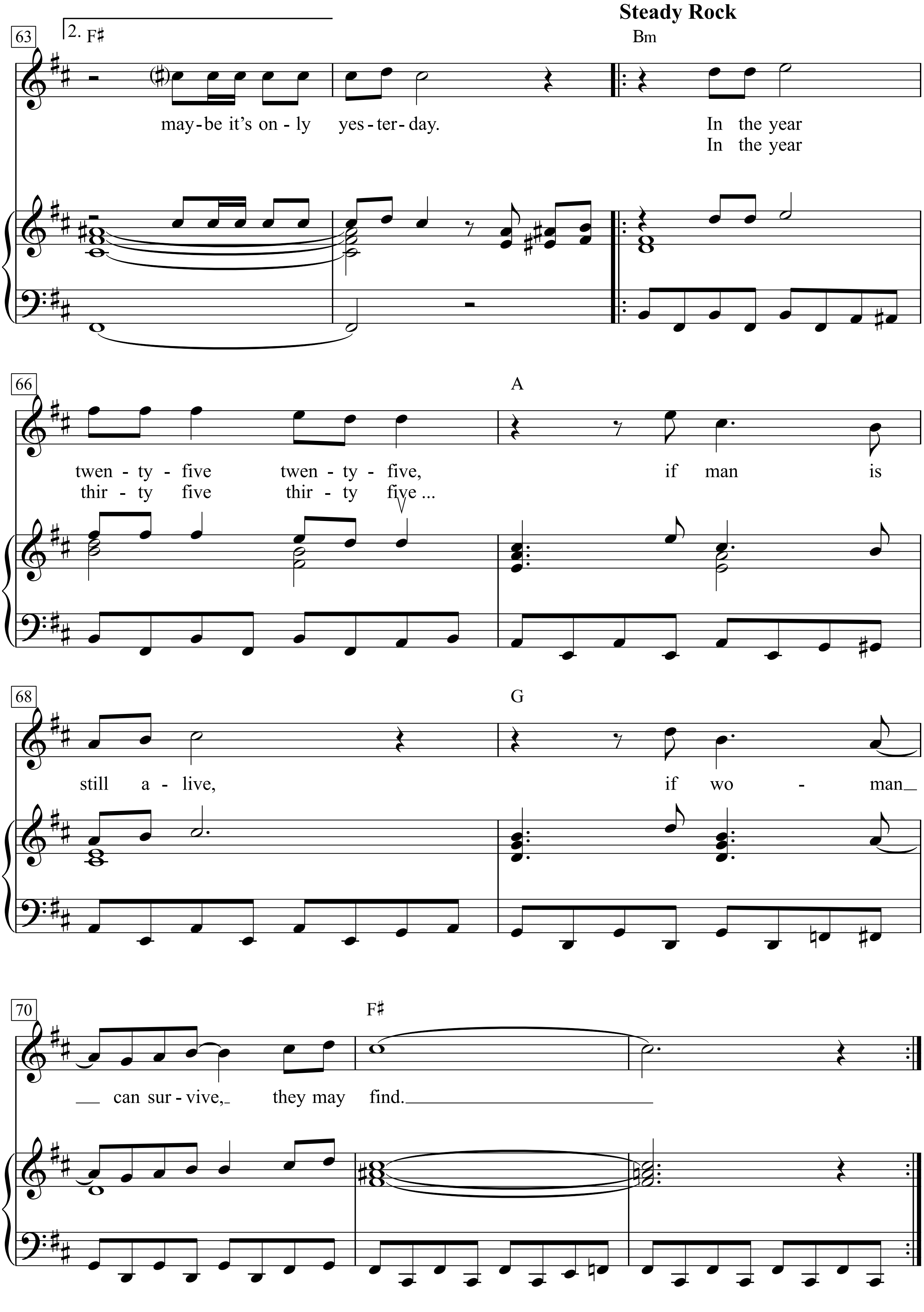

10
Am
1. In the year thir-ty-five thir-ty-five
2. In the year for-ty-five for-ty-five
13
G
ain't gon-na need to tell the truth, tell no lies.
ain't gon-na need your teeth, won't need your eyes.
15
F
Ev-'ry-thing you think, do and say
You won't find a thing to chew.
17
1 E
is in the pill you took to-day.
2 E
No-bod-y's gon-na


20
Am
look at you.
3. In the year fif-ty-five fif-ty-five
4. In the year six-ty-five six-ty-five
23
G
your arm's are hang-ing limp by your side.
aint't gon-na need no hus-band, won't need no wife.
25
F
Your legs got noth-in' to do.
You'll pick your son, pick your daugh-ter, too,
27
1.
E
Some ma-chine's do-in' that for you.
2.
E
from the bot-tom of a


30
Am
long glass tube. Woh
woh.
33
B♭m
B♭m
5. In the year
6. In the year
36
sev - en - ty five ten
eight - y five ten
3
3
A♭
if God's a - com - in' He ought-a
God is gon - na shake His
38
G♭
make it by then.
might - y head.
May - be He'll look a -
He'll eith - er say. "I'm pleased where


40
1. F
round Him - self and say,
man has been."
"Guess it's time for the
42
2. F
judg - ment day."
Or tear it down and start a - gain. Woh
45
B♭m
oh.
Bm
7. In the year
48
nine - ty five nine - ty five
A
I'm gon - na won - der if man is gon - na be a - live.

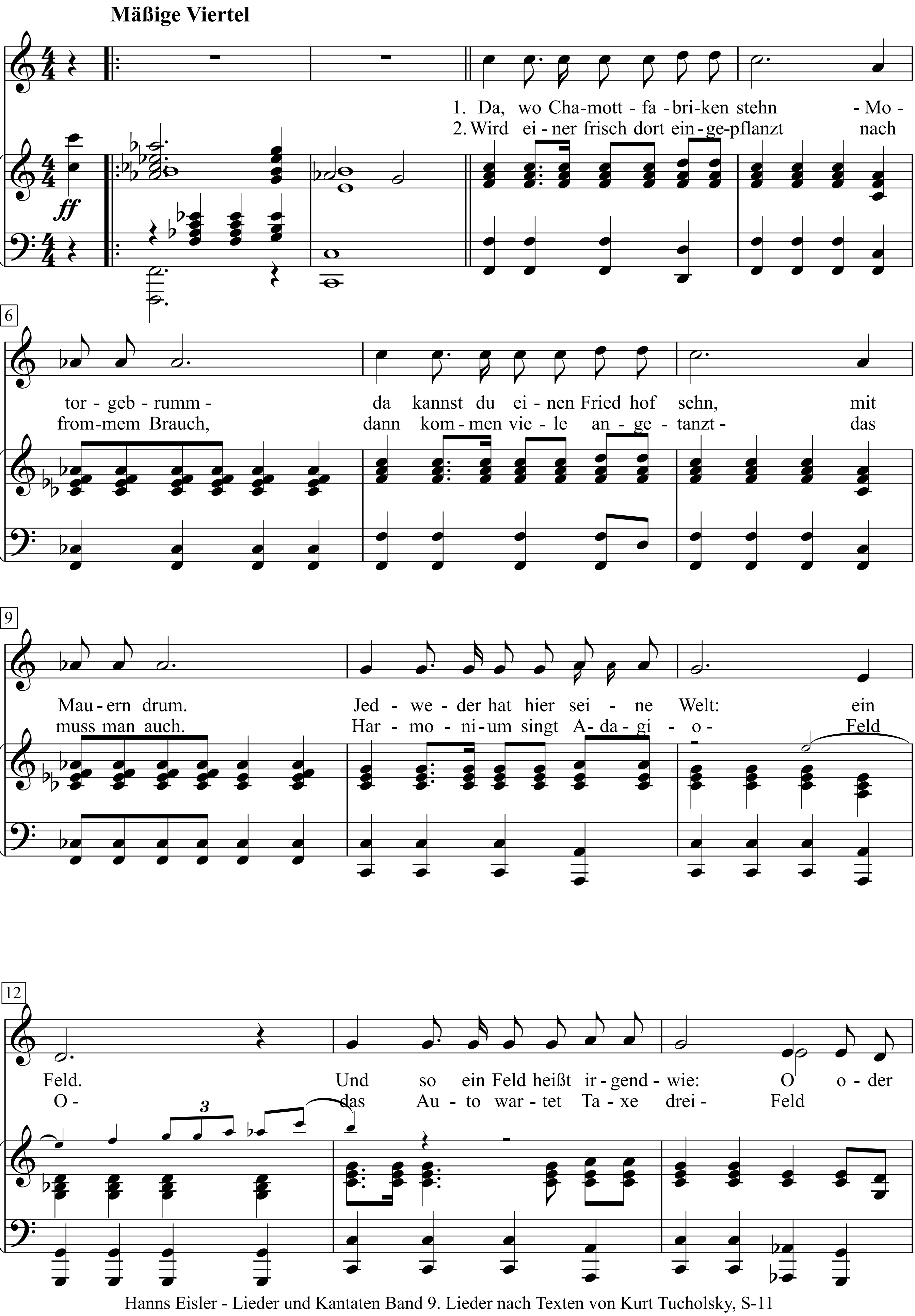

51
G
F♯
He's tak-en ev - 'ry-thing this old earth can give
and he ain't put
54
Slowly and freely
back noth-in'. Woh.
Woh, Now it's been ten thou-sand years.
But through e - ter - nal night
57
A
G
Man has cried a bil-lion tears
for what he
the twin-kling of star-light
so ver - y
60
1
F♯
nev - er knew.
far a - way
Now man's reign is through.

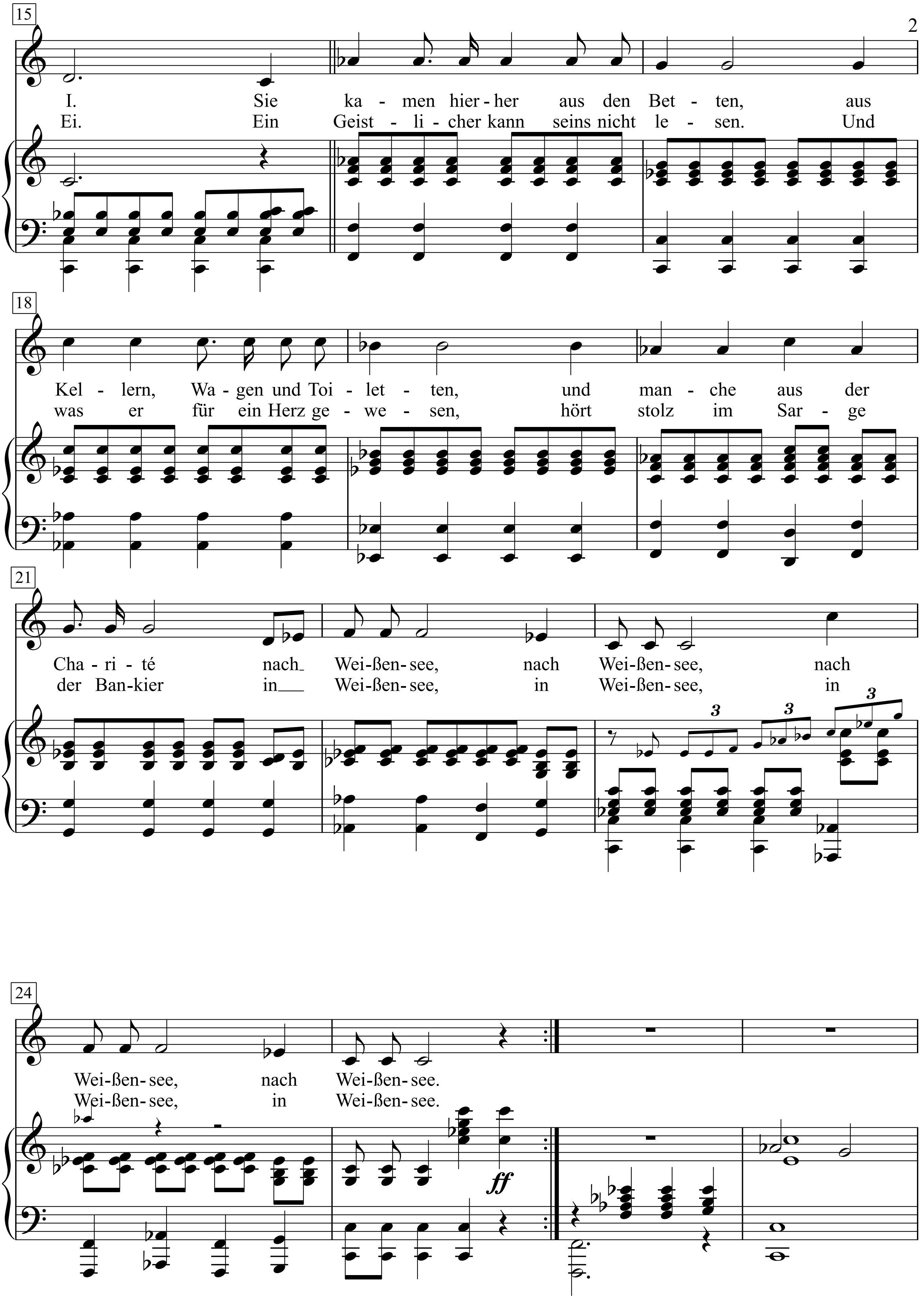

Steady Rock
63
2. F♯
Bm
may-be it's on - ly yes - ter - day.
In the year
In the year
66
A
twen - ty - five twen - ty - five, if man is
thir - ty five thir - ty five ...
68
G
still a - live, if wo - man
70
F♯
can sur - vive, they may find.

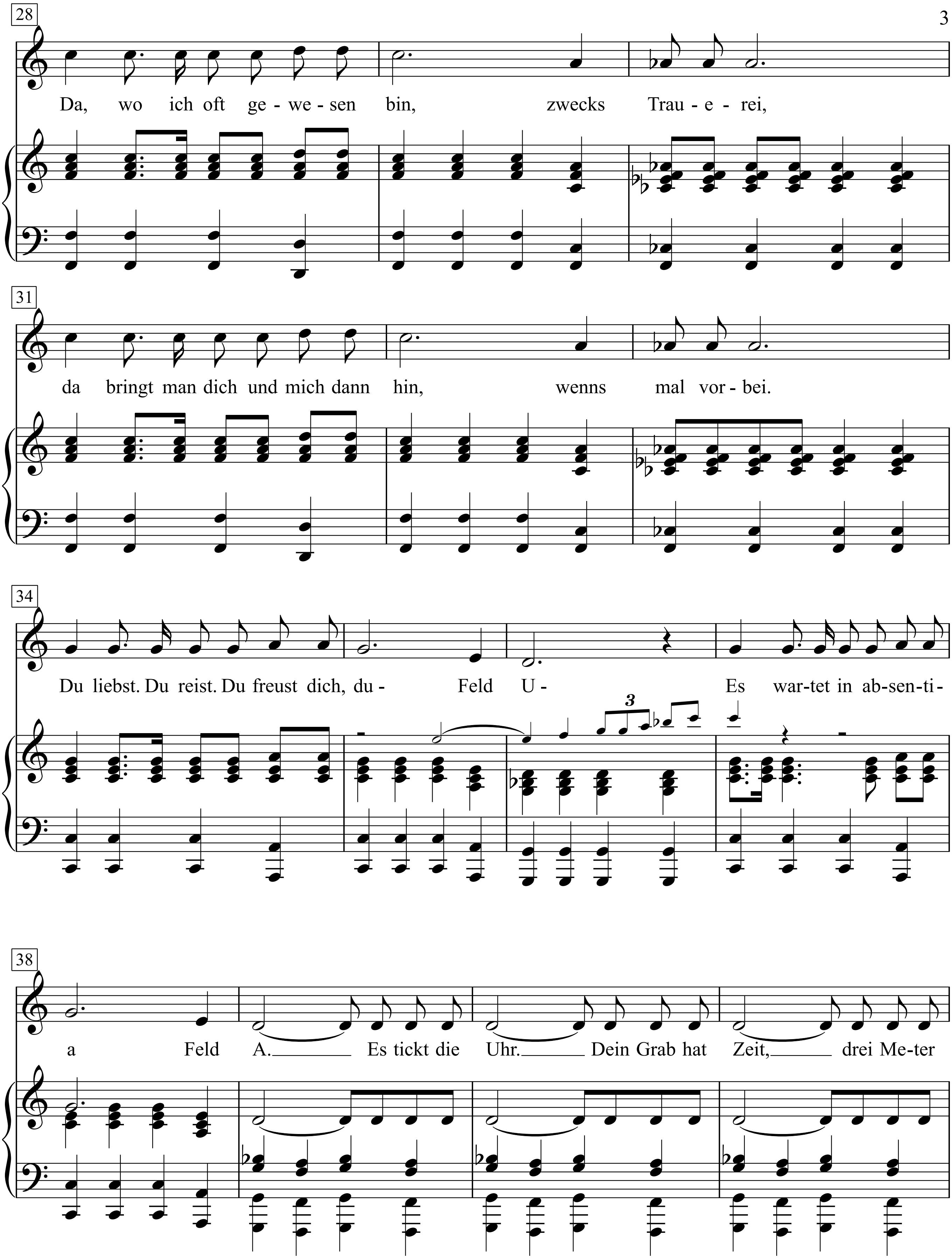
In Weißensee

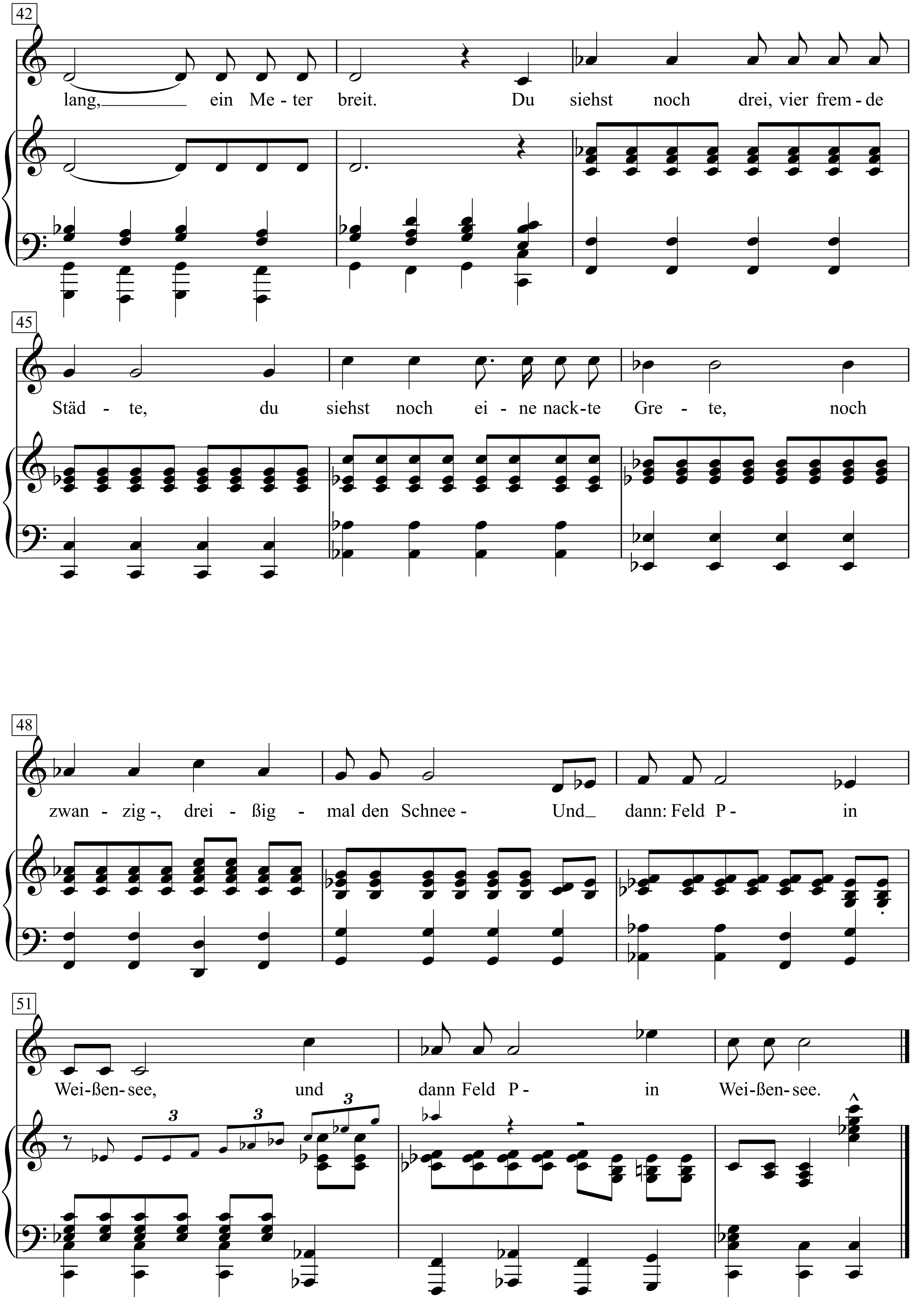
Kurt Tucholsky

Hanns Eisler




15
I. Sie ka - men hier - her aus den Bet - ten, aus
Ei. Ein Geist - li - cher kann seins nicht le - sen. Und
18
Kel - lern, Wa - gen und Toi - let - ten, und man - che aus der
was er für ein Herz ge - we - sen, hört stolz im Sar - ge
21
Cha - ri - té nach Wei - ßen - see, nach Wei - ßen - see, nach
der Ban - kier in Wei - ßen - see, in Wei - ßen - see, in
24
Wei - ßen - see, nach Wei - ßen - see.
Wei - ßen - see, in Wei - ßen - see.
ff


28
Da, wo ich oft ge - we - sen bin, zwecks Trau - e - rei,
31
da bringt man dich und mich dann hin, wenns mal vor - bei.
34
Du liebst. Du reist. Du freust dich, du - Feld U - Es war-tet in ab-sen-ti-
3
38
a Feld A. Es tickt die Uhr. Dein Grab hat Zeit, drei Me-ter


42
lang, ein Me - ter breit. Du siehst noch drei, vier frem - de
45
Städ - te, du siehst noch ei - ne nack-te Gre - te, noch
48
zwan - zig -, drei - ßig - mal den Schnee - Und_ dann: Feld P - in
51
Wei-ßen-see, und dann Feld P - in Wei-ßen-see.
3
3
3

1. Da, wo Chamottfabriken stehn
– Motorgebrumm –
da kannst du einen Friedhof sehn,
mit Mauern drum.
Jedweder hat hier seine Welt:
ein Feld.
Und so ein Feld heißt irgendwie:
O oder I.
Sie kamen hierher aus den Betten,
aus Kellern, Wagen und Toiletten,
und manche aus der Charité
nach Weißensee, nach Weißensee,
nach Weißensee, nach Weißensee.

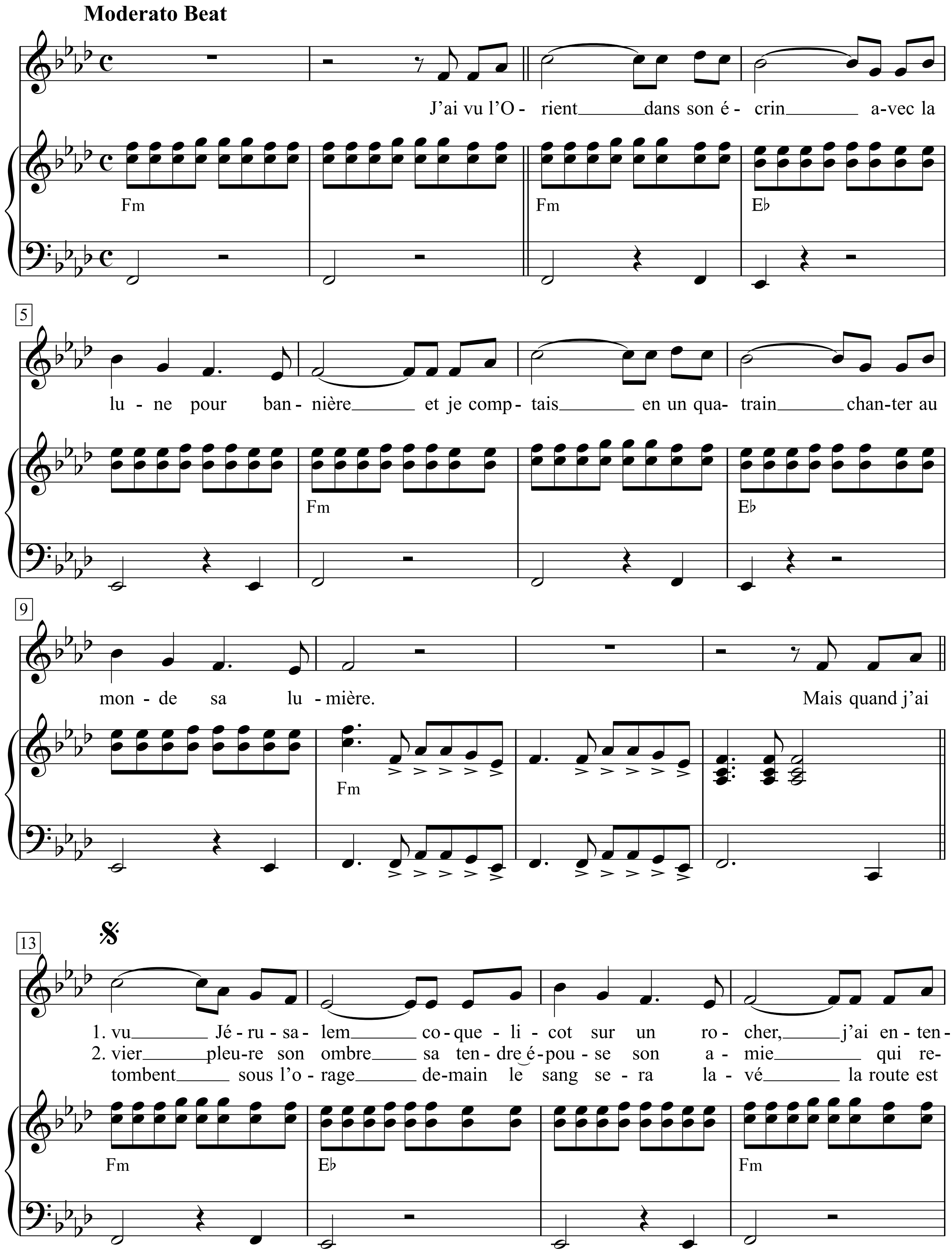
Da, wo ich oft gewesen bin,
zwecks Trauerei,
da bringt man dich und mich dann hin,
wenns mal vorbei.
Du liebst.
Du reist.
Du freust dich, du –
Feld U –
Es wartet in absentia
Feld A.
Es tickt die Uhr.
Dein Grab hat Zeit,
drei Meter lang, ein Meter breit.
Du siehst noch drei, vier fremde Städte,
du siehst noch eine nackte Grete,
noch zwanzig -, dreißigmal den Schnee –
Und dann:
Feld P –
in Weißensee,
und dann
Feld P –
in Weißensee.

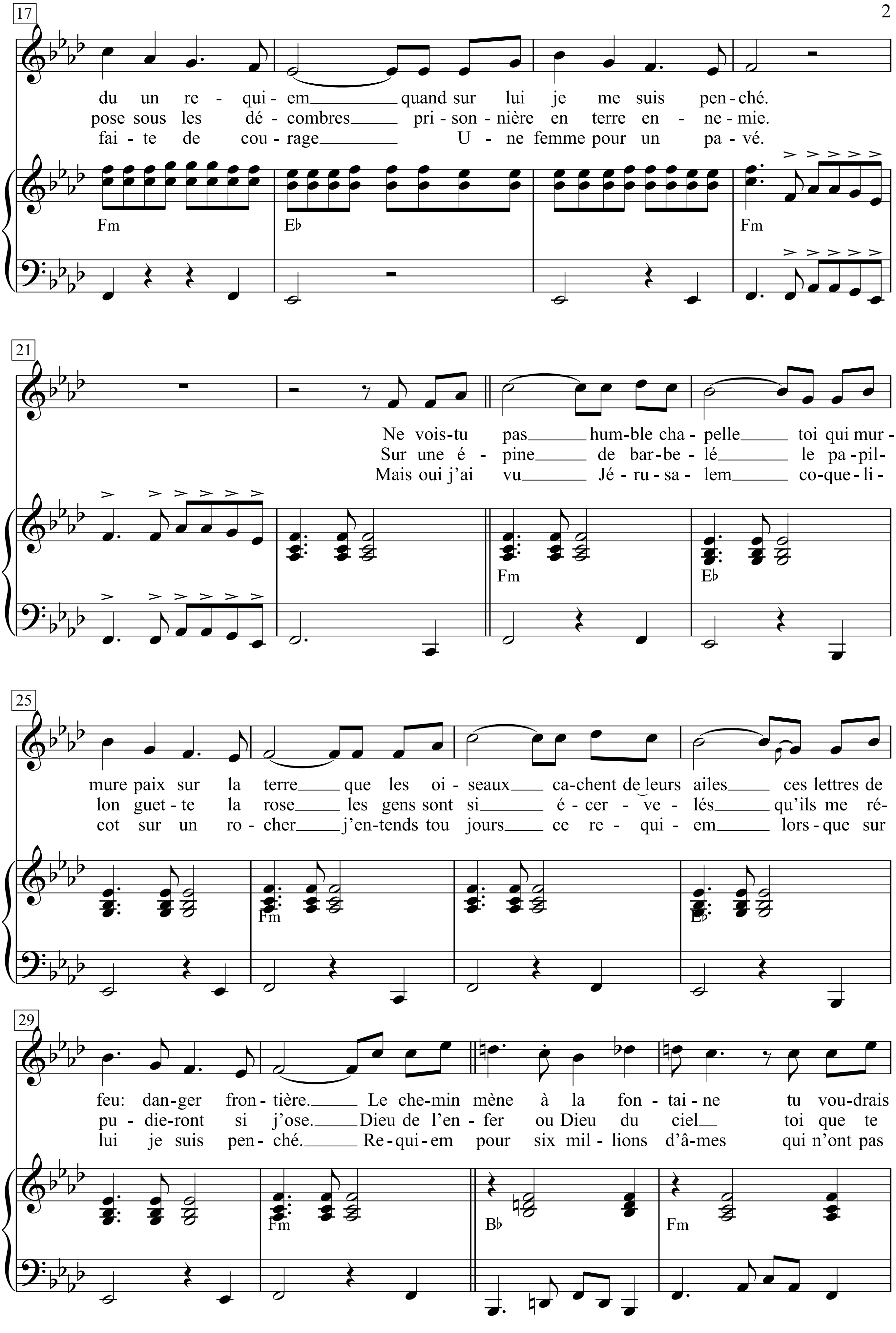
2. Wird einer frisch dort eingepflanzt
nach frommem Brauch,
dann kommen viele angetanzt –
das muss man auch.
Harmonium singt Adagio –
Feld O –
das Auto wartet Taxe drei -
Feld Ei.
Ein Geistlicher kann seins nicht lesen.
Und was er für ein Herz gewesen,
hört stolz im Sarge der Bankier
in Weißensee, in Weißensee.
in Weißensee, in Weißensee.

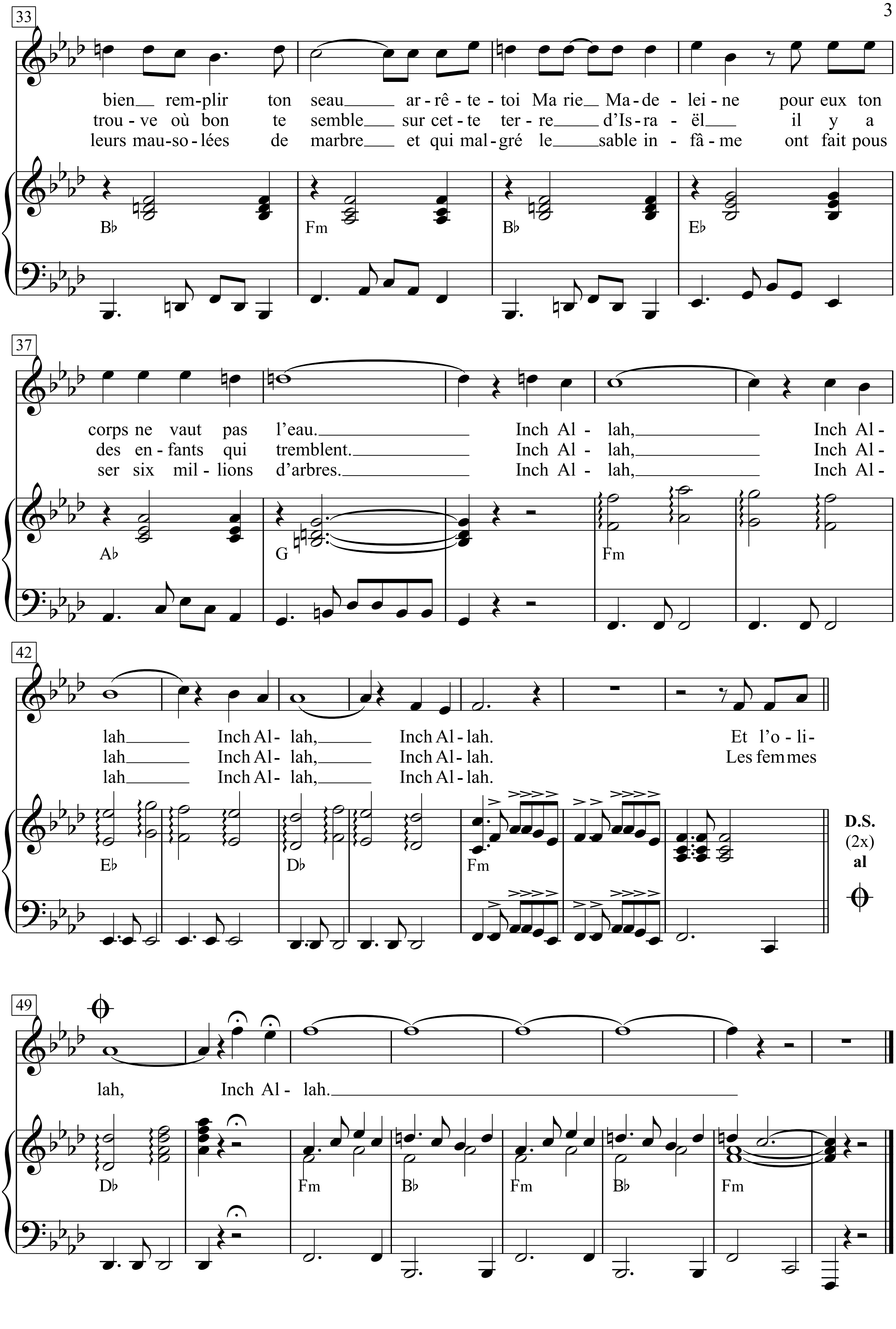
Inch Allah

Text: Salvatore Adamo

Musik: Salvatore Adamo
Bearb.: Salvatore Adamo




17
du un re - qui - em quand sur lui je me suis pen - ché.
pose sous les dé - combres pri - son - nière en terre en - ne - mie.
fai - te de cou - rage U - ne femme pour un pa - vé.
Fm
E♭
Fm
21
Ne vois-tu pas hum-ble cha - pelle toi qui mur -
Sur une é - pine de bar-be - lé le pa-pil -
Mais oui j'ai vu Jé - ru - sa - lem co-que - li -
Fm
E♭
25
mure paix sur la terre que les oi - seaux ca-chent de leurs ailes ces lettres de
lon guet - te la rose les gens sont si é - cer - ve - lés qu'ils me ré -
cot sur un ro - cher j'en-tends tou jours ce re - qui - em lors-que sur
Fm
E♭
29
feu: dan-ger fron - tière. Le che-min mène à la fon - tai - ne tu vou-drais
pu - die-ront si j'ose. Dieu de l'en - fer ou Dieu du ciel toi que te
lui je suis pen - ché. Re-qui - em pour six mil - lions d'â-mes qui n'ont pas
Fm
B♭
Fm


33
bien__ rem-plir ton seau____ ar-rê-te-toi Ma rie__ Ma-de-lei-ne pour eux ton
trou-ve où bon te semble___ sur cet-te ter-re____ d'Is-ra-ël___ il y a
leurs mau-so-lées de marbre___ et qui mal-gré le____ sable in-fâ-me ont fait pous
B♭ Fm B♭ E♭
37
corps ne vaut pas l'eau.________ Inch Al-lah,________ Inch Al-
des en-fants qui tremblent.________ Inch Al-lah,________ Inch Al-
ser six mil-lions d'arbres.________ Inch Al-lah,________ Inch Al-
A♭ G Fm
42
lah_____ Inch Al-lah,_____ Inch Al-lah. Et l'o-li-
lah_____ Inch Al-lah,_____ Inch Al-lah. Les femmes
lah_____ Inch Al-lah,_____ Inch Al-lah.
E♭ D♭ Fm
D.S.
(2x)
al
49
lah, Inch Al-lah.________
D♭ Fm B♭ Fm B♭ Fm

J’ai vu l’Orient dans son écrin
avec la lune pour bannière
et je comptais en un quatrain
chanter au monde sa lumière.

Mais quand j’ai vu Jérusalem
coquelicot sur un rocher
j’ai entendu un requiem
quand sur lui je me suis penché.

Ne vois-tu pas humble chapelle
toi qui murmure paix sur la terre
que les oiseaux cachent de leurs ailes
ces lettres de feu: danger frontière.

Le chemin mène à la fontaine
tu voudrais bien remplir ton seau
arrête-toi Marie-Madeleine
pour eux ton corps ne vaut pas l’eau.

Inch Allah, Inch Allah
Inch Allah, Inch Allah.

Et l’olivier pleure son ombre
sa tendre épouse son amie
qui repose sous les décombres
prisonnière en terre ennemie-

Sur une épine de barbelé
le papillon guette la rose
les gens sont si écervelés
qu’ils me répudieront si j’ose.

Dieu de l’enfer ou Dieu du ciel
toi que te trouve où bon te semble
sur cette terre d’Israël
il y a des enfants qui tremblent.

Inch Allah, Inch Allah
Inch Allah, Inch Allah.

Les femmes tombent sous l’orage
demain le sang sera lavé
la route est faite de courage
une femme pour un pavé.

Mais oui j’ai vu Jérusalem
coquelicot sur un rocher
j’entends toujours ce requiem
lorsque sur lui je suis penché.

Requiem pour six millions d’âmes
qui n’ont pas leurs mausolées de marbre
et qui malgré le sable infâme
ont fait pousser six millions d’arbres.

Inch Allah, Inch Allah
Inch Allah, Inch Allah.

Ich sah den Osten mit seinen Schätzen,
mit dem Mond im Banner
und in einen Vierzeiler
wollte ich der Welt von seinem Glanz singen.

Aber als ich Jerusalem sah,
wie Mohn auf einem Felsen,
hörte ich ein Requiem,
als ich mich davor verneigte.

Siehst du nicht die bescheidene Kapelle,
du, der vom Frieden der Welt flüstert,
wie die Vögel ihre Flügel verstecken,
die flammenden Buchstaben, die sagen: „gefährliche Grenze.“

Der Weg führt zum Brunnen.
Du möchtest deinen Eimer füllen.
Bleib stehen, Maria Magdalena,
für sie ist dein Körper das Wasser nicht wert.

Inschallah, Inschallah
Inschallah, Inschallah

Und der Olivenbaum schreit in der Finsternis,
seine liebevolle Frau, sein Freund,
liegen unter Trümmern begraben,
gefangen im Feindesland.

Von einem Stacheldrahtdorn aus
beobachtet der Schmetterling die Rose.
Die Menschen sind so hirnlos,
sie werden mich verstoßen, wenn ich das wage.

Gott der Hölle oder Gott des Himmels,
du, der da ist, wo es ihm gefällt,
in diesem Land Israel
gibt es Kinder, die vor Angst zittern.

Inschallah, Inschallah
Inschallah, Inschallah

Die Frauen stürzen im Unwetter,
morgen wird ihr Blut weggewaschen sein.
Die Straße ist voller Mut gebaut worden,
eine Frau, für einen Pflasterstein

Aber ja, ich sah Jerusalem
wie Mohn auf einem Felsen.
Ich höre immer dieses Requiem,
wenn ich mich davor verneige.

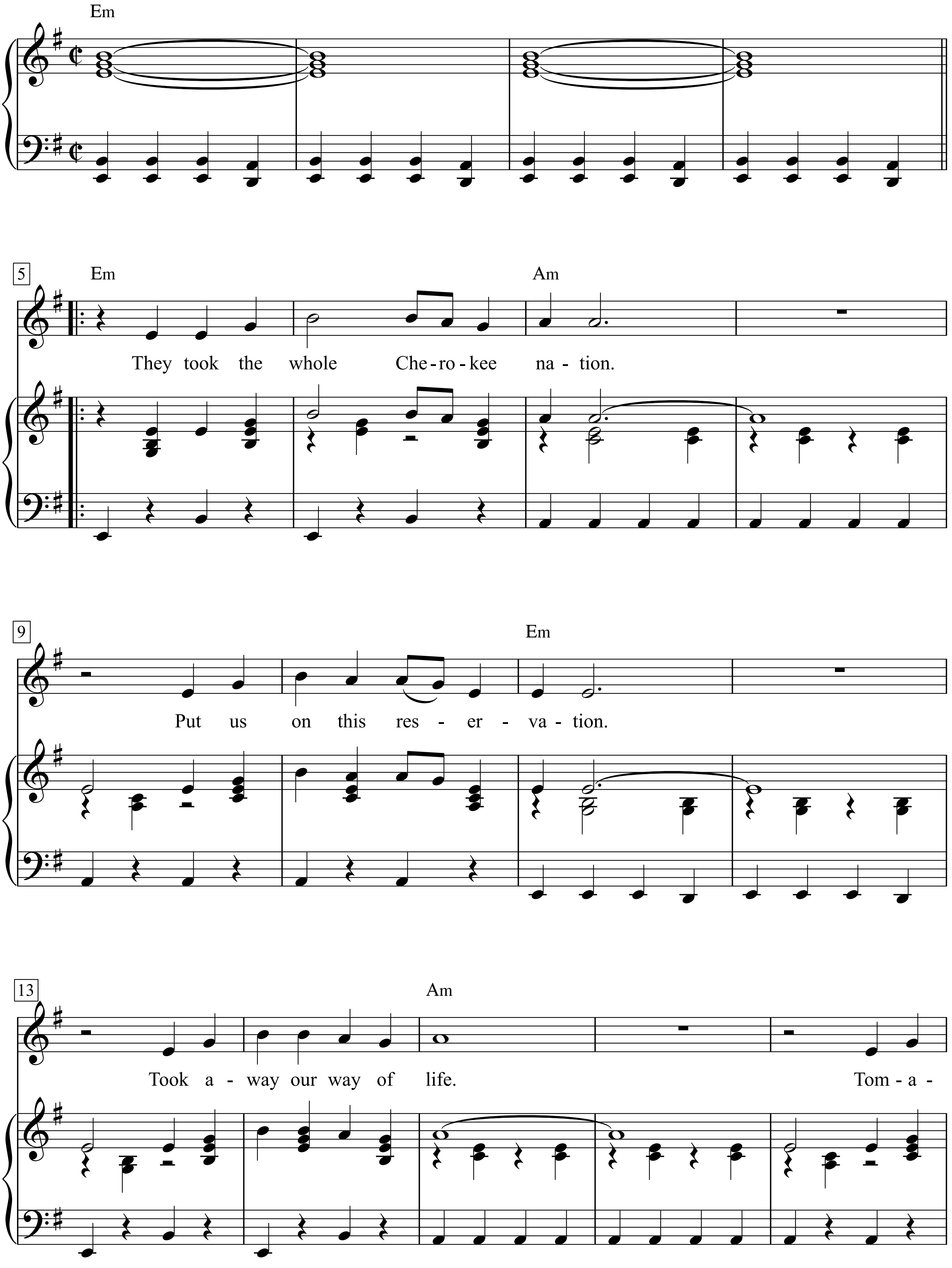
Requiem für 6 Millionen Seelen,
die kein Marmor-Mausoleum haben
und dem furchtbaren Sand
6 Millionen Bäume abtrotzen.

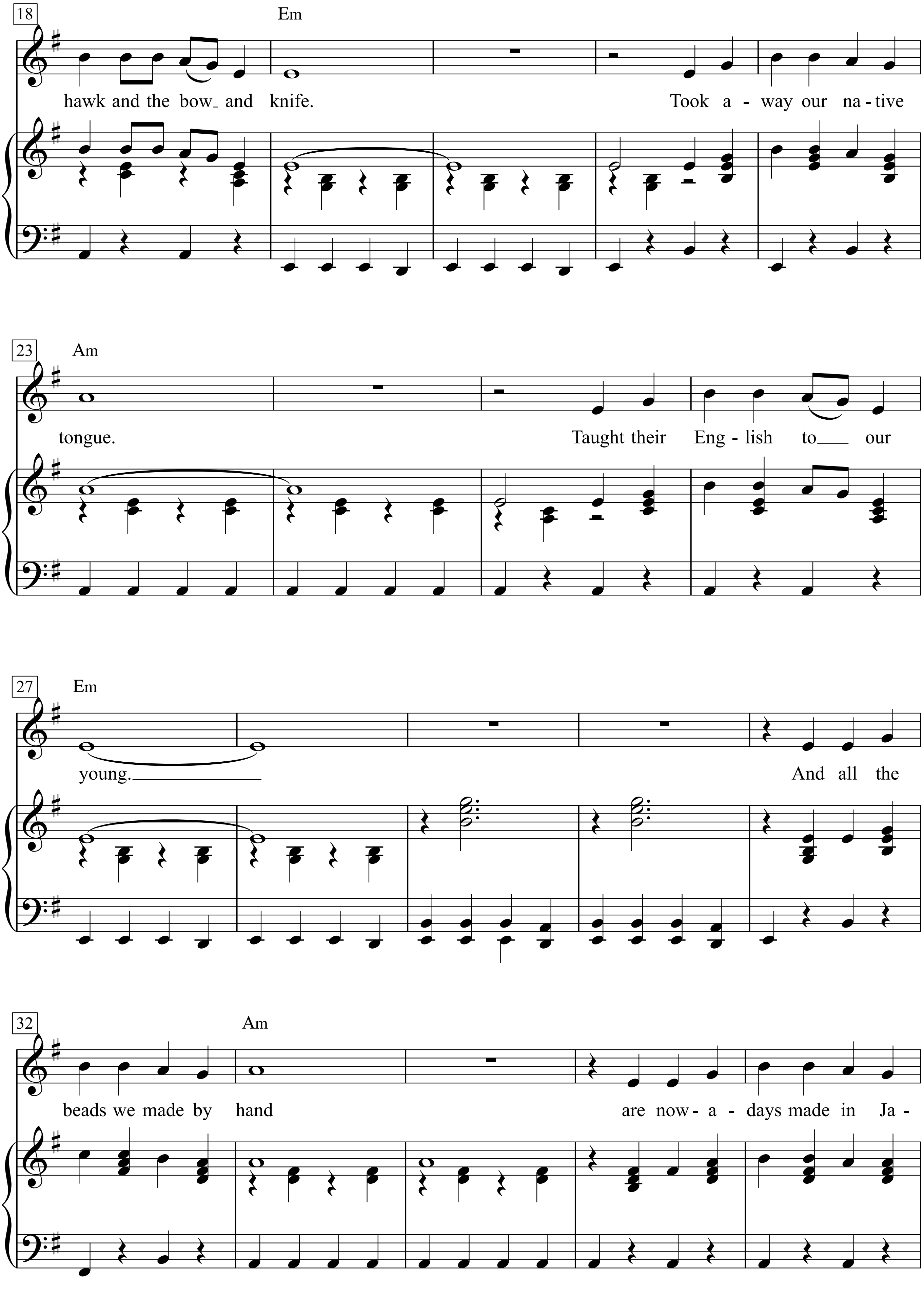
Inschallah, Inschallah
Inschallah, Inschallah

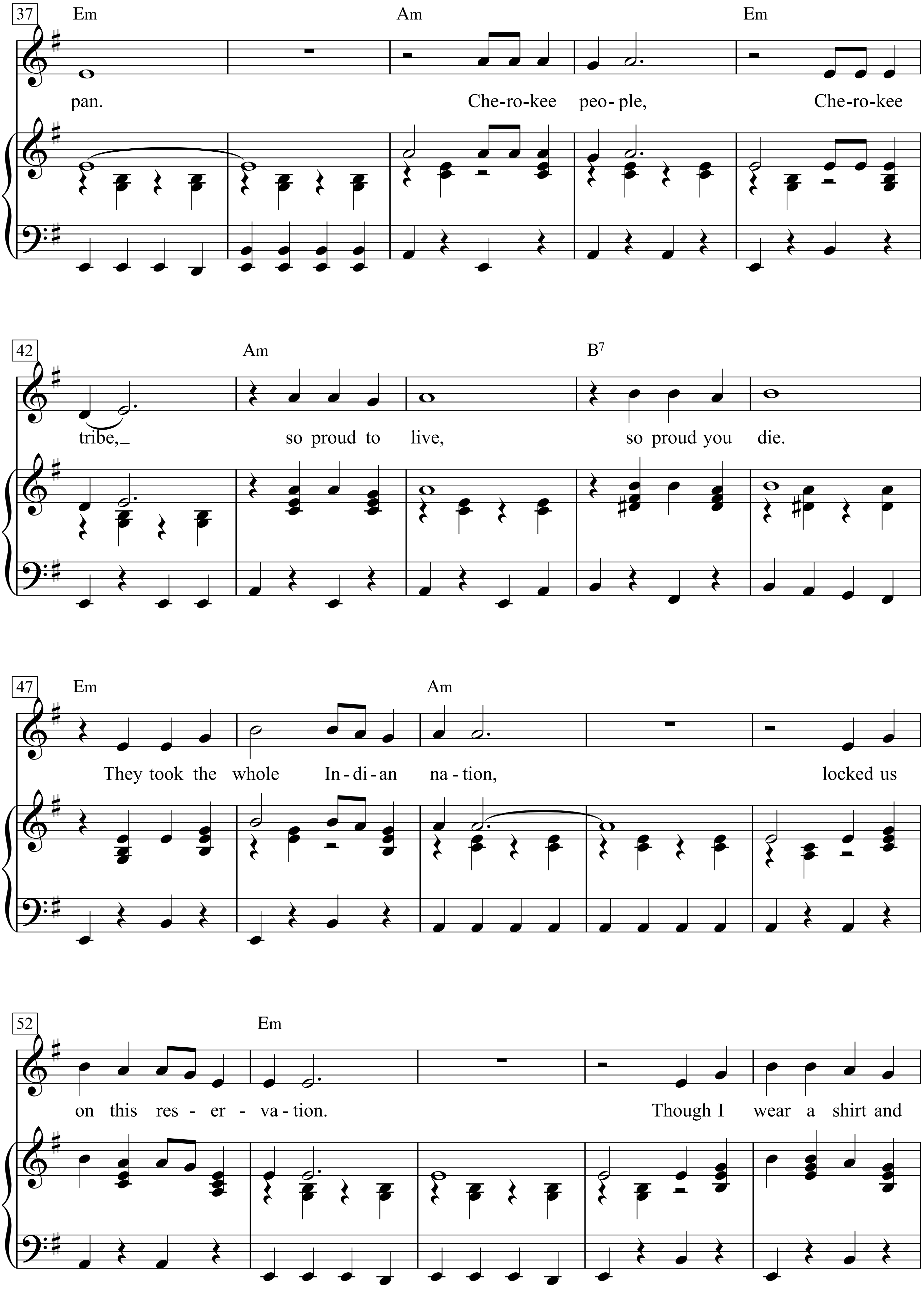
Indian Reservation

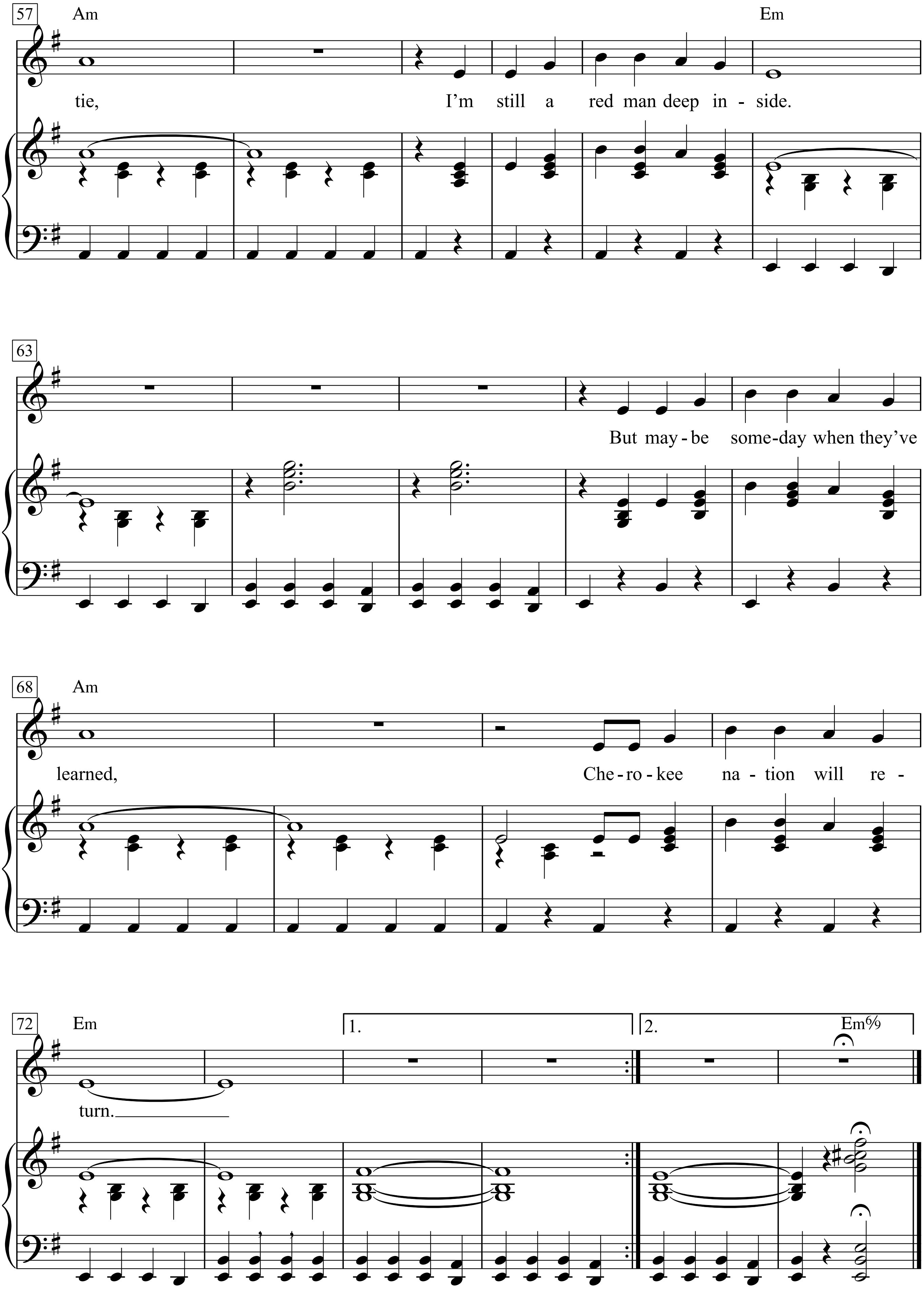
Words & Music: John D. Loudermilk
(Paul Revere and The Raiders)

Moderate




18
Em
hawk and the bow_ and knife.
Took a - way our na - tive
23
Am
tongue.
Taught their Eng - lish to___ our
27
Em
young.___
And all the
32
Am
beads we made by hand
are now - a - days made in Ja -


37
Em
Am
Em
pan.
Che-ro-kee peo-ple, Che-ro-kee
42
Am
B7
tribe,_ so proud to live, so proud you die.
47
Em
Am
They took the whole In-di-an na-tion, locked us
52
Em
on this res - er - va-tion. Though I wear a shirt and


57
Am
Em
tie, I'm still a red man deep in - side.
63
But may - be some - day when they've
68
Am
learned, Che - ro - kee na - tion will re -
72
Em
1.
2.
Em6/9
turn.

They took the whole Cherokee nation.
Put us on this reservation.
Took away our way of life.
Tomahawk and the bow and knife.

Took away our native tongue.
Taught their English to our young.
And all the beads we made by hand
are nowadays made in Japan.

Cherokee people, Cherokee tribe,
so proud to live, so proud you die.
They took the whole Indian nation,
locked us on this reservation.

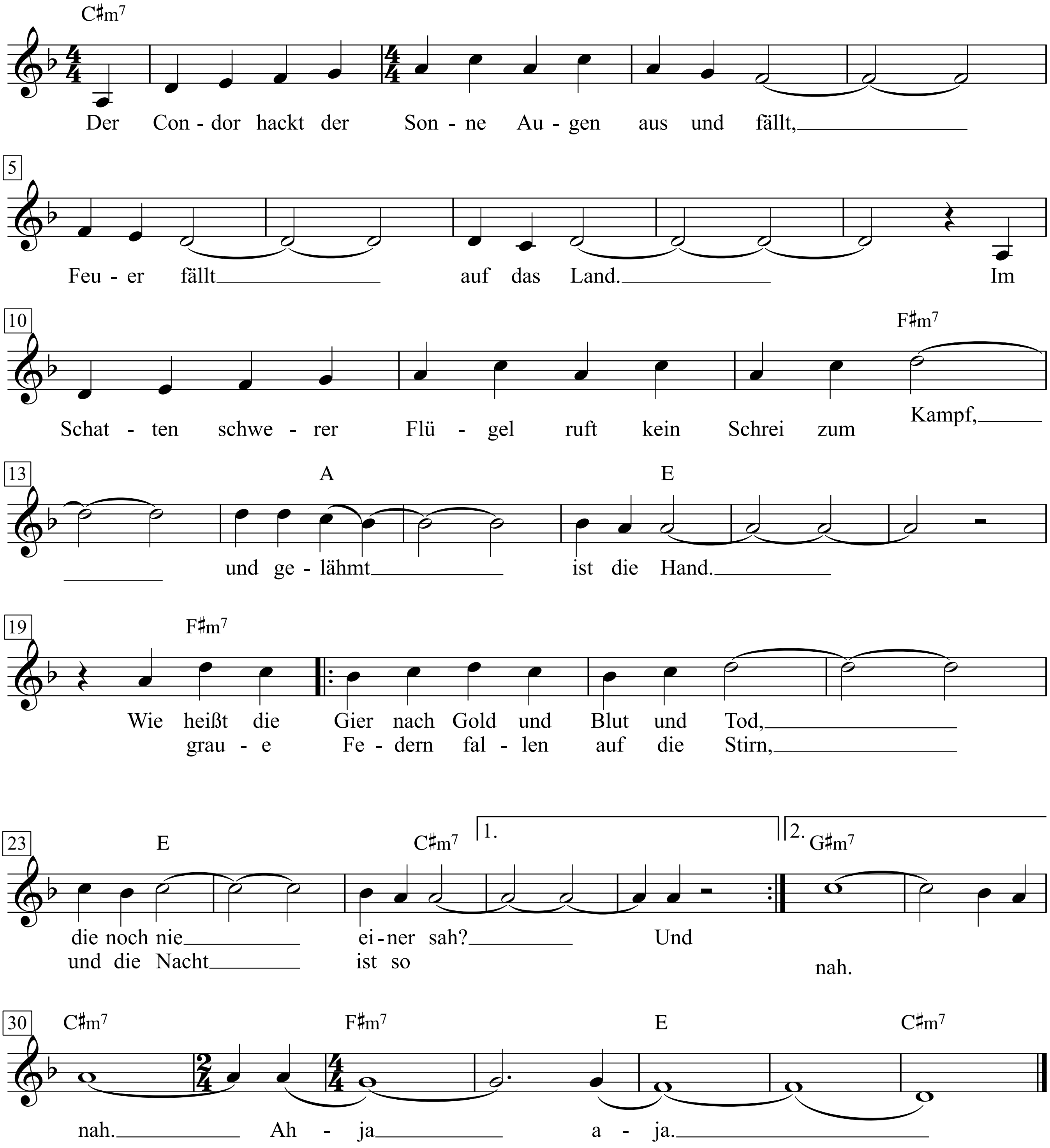
Though I wear a shirt and tie,
I’m still a red man deep inside.

But maybe someday when they’ve learned,
Cherokee nation will return.

Inka-Lied

(El Condor pasa)

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



Franz Josef Degenhardt: Kommt an den Tisch unter Pflaumenbäumen, 86

Die Inkas hatten eine Menge Gold. Das interessierte sie aber nicht besonders. Das Volk der Inkas lebte in Land- und Stadtkommunen. Dann passierte Folgendes:
Die Großmacht Spanien hatte finanzielle Probleme. Man schickte deshalb ein Heer zu den Inkas mit dem Auftrag, das Volk der Inkas von seinem Joch zu befreien. Der Befreiungsplan wurde später in das Schulungsprogramm des amerikanischen Geheimdienstes CIA übernommen. Man ging folgendermaßen vor: Gleich nach der Ankunft lud man den gesamten Oberen Rat der Inkas zu einem Gastmahl und liquidierte ihn während des Essens. Den Chef des Obersten Rates, Atahuallpa, behielt man als Geisel. Das Lösegeld mußte in Gold bezahlt werden. Als soviel Gold beisammen war, daß das Befreiungsheer mehr nicht transportieren konnte, wurde Atahuallpa ebenfalls liquidiert. Dann wandte man das Prinzip der verbrannten Erde an. «Uns blieb nichts anderes übrig», sagte der Chef der Befreiungsarmee. Die Inkas begriffen das Ganze nicht. Sie wurden sprachlos.

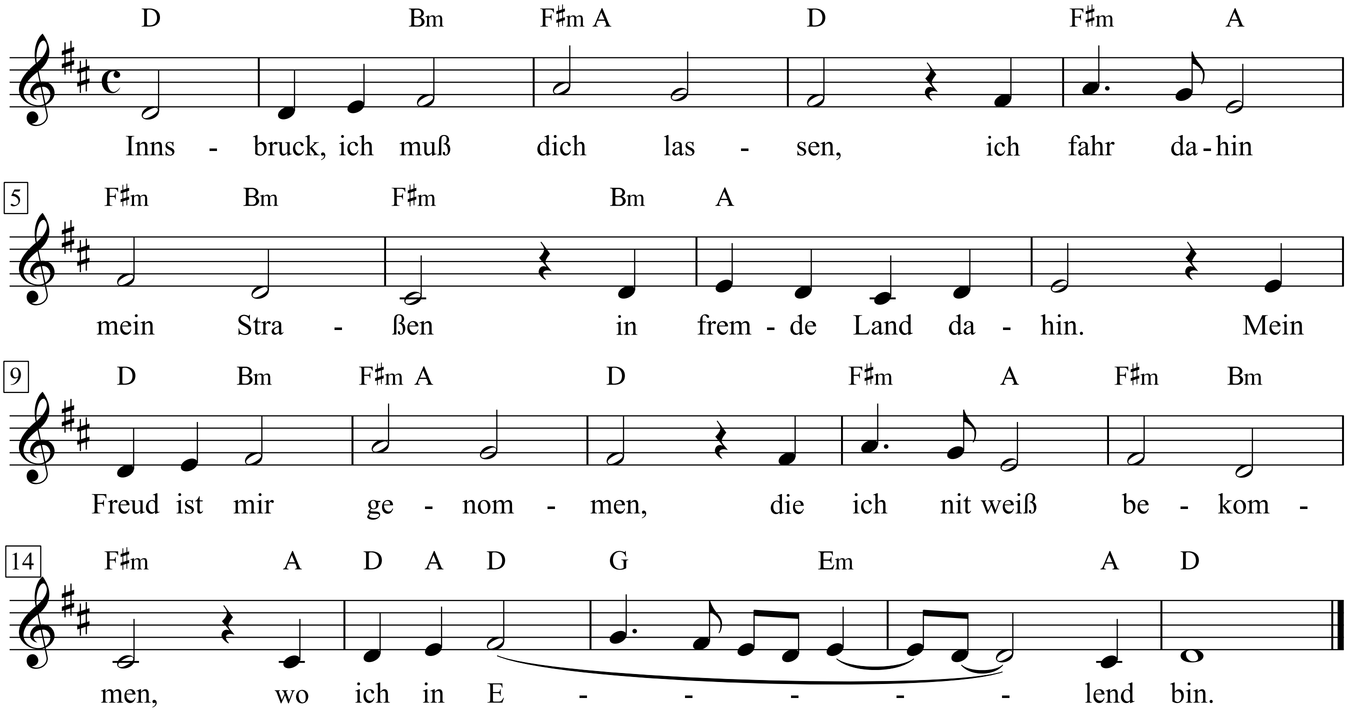
1. Der Condor hackt der Sonne Augen aus und fällt,
Feuer fällt auf das Land.
Im Schatten schwerer Flügel ruft kein Schrei zum Kampf,
und gelähmt ist die Hand.
Wie heißt die Gier nach Gold und Blut und Tod,
die noch nie einer sah?
Und graue Federn fallen auf die Stirn,
und die Nacht ist so nah.
A-ja a-ja.

200 Jahre lang blieb es still im Land der Inkas. Aber dann fanden die Inkas ihre Sprache wieder. Sie nahmen den Kampf auf gegen die spanischen Kolonialherren, und um 1780 kam es zum ersten großen Befreiungskampf unter dem Inkaführer Tupac Amaru. Und der Kampf ging und geht weiter, heute gegen die neuen Kolonialherren, die internationalen Konzerne und deren Handlanger im eigenen Land – so lange, bis die so neue und die so alte Ausbeutung von dieser Erde verschwunden ist.

2. Der Morgen brennt, und aus den Bergen fällt der Schrei,
Schrei zum Kampf, auf das Land.
Und schwarze Panther stehn zum Sprung bereit, ah ja.
Überall liegt der Brand.
Zerhackt die Gier nach Gold und Blut und Tod,
diese Gier wird nie satt.
Erst dann kann Frieden sein in jedem Land,
wenn man sie getötet hat.
A-ja a-ja.

Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen

Heinrich Isaak



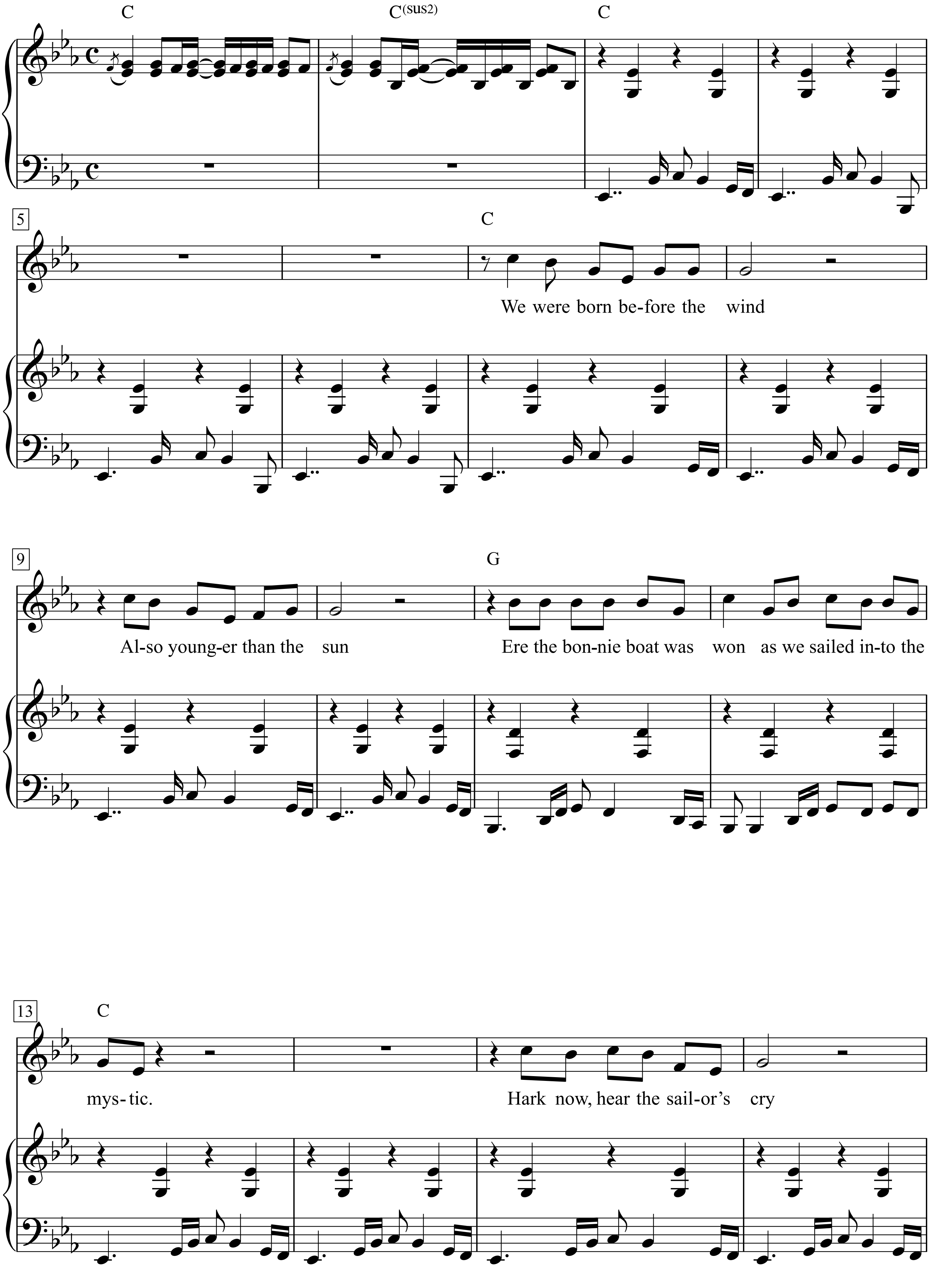
1. Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen,
ich fahr dahin mein Straßen
in fremde Land dahin.
Mein Freud ist mir genommen,
die ich nit weiß bekommen,
wo ich in Elend bin.

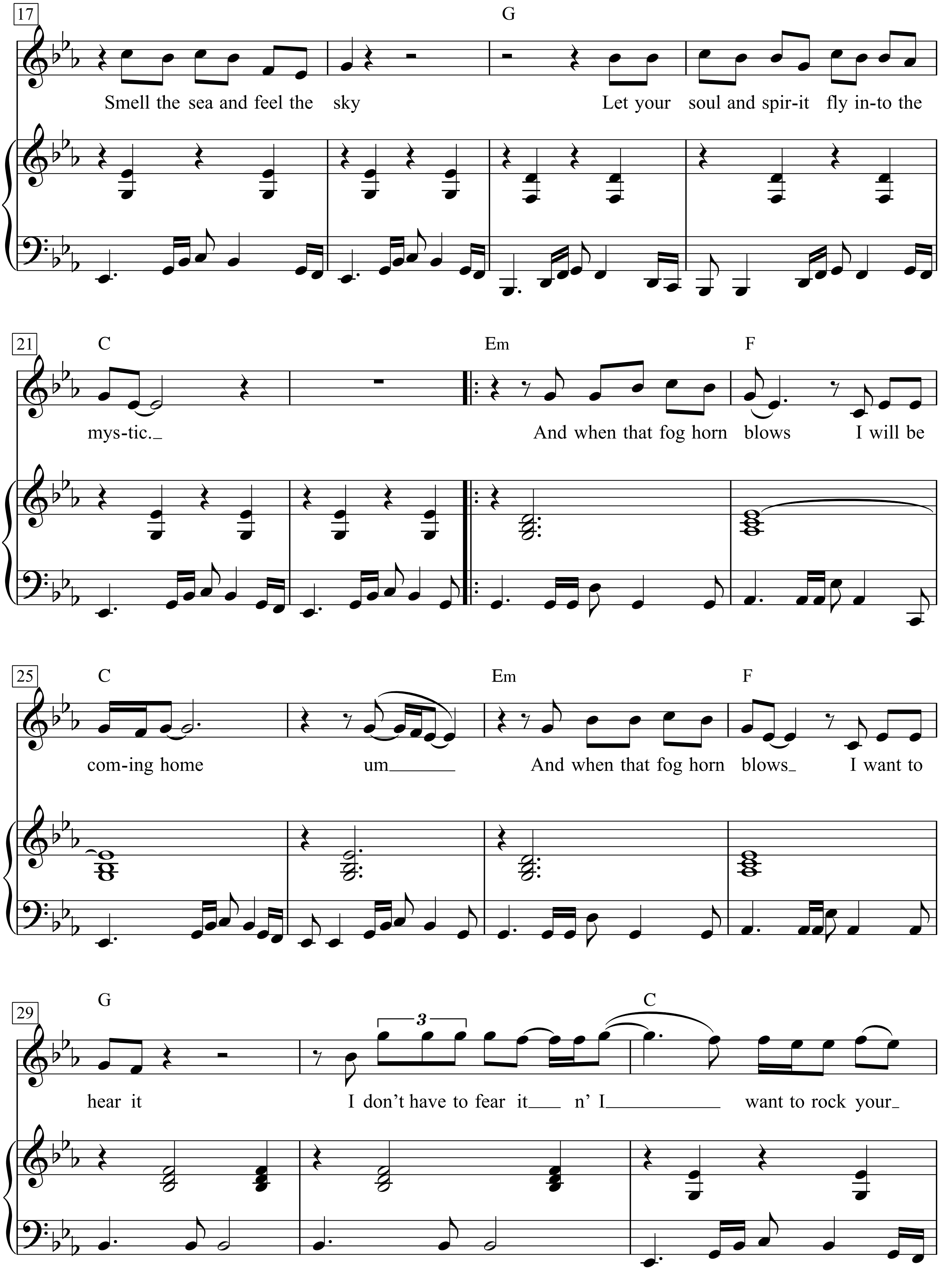
2. Groß Leid muss ich jetzt tragen,
das ich allein tu klagen
dem liebsten Buhlen mein.
Ach Lieb, nun lass mich Armen
im Herzen dein erbarmen,
Dass ich muss von dannen sein.

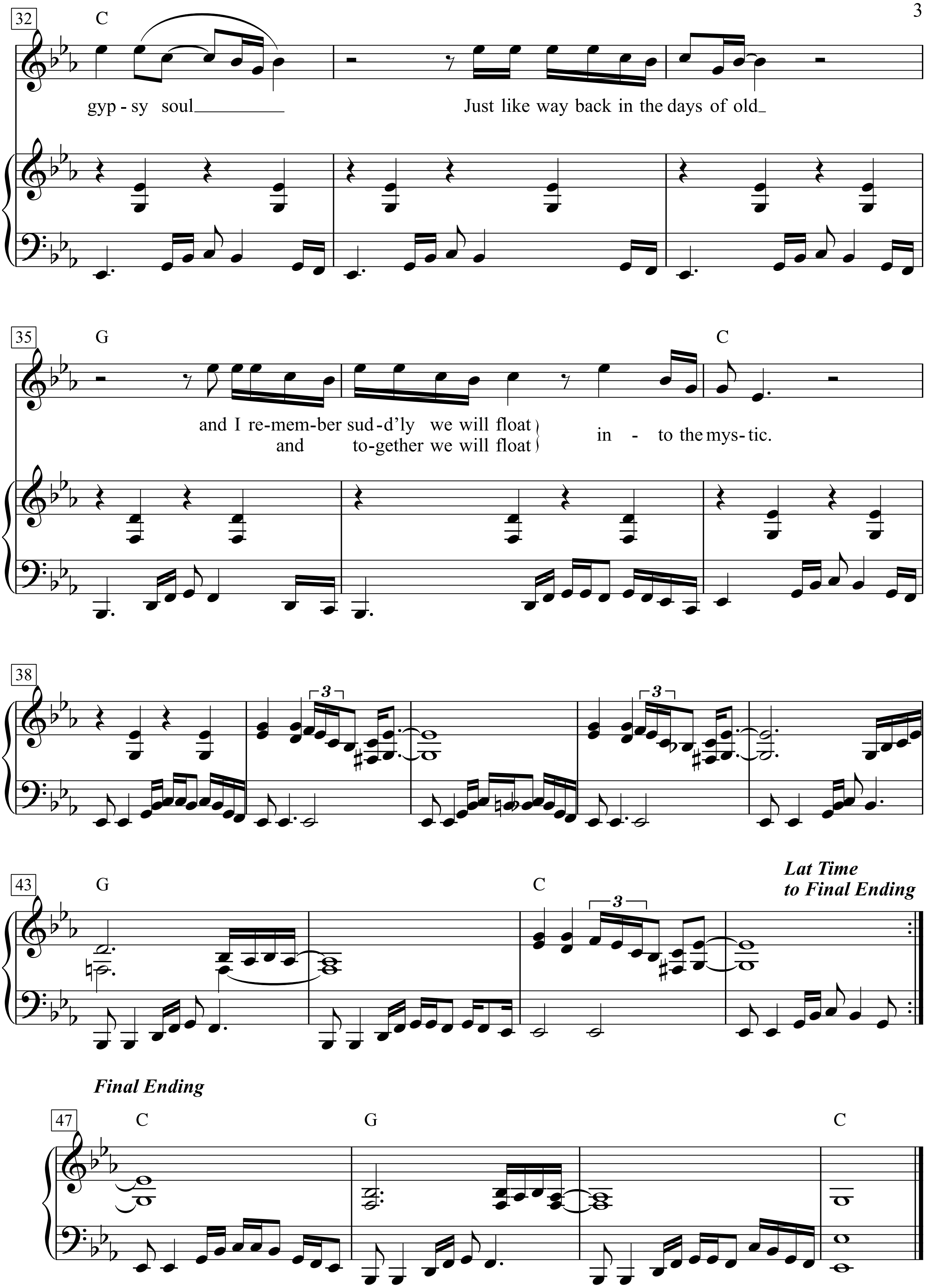
3. Mein Trost ob allen Weiben,
dein tu ich ewig bleiben,
stet, treu, der Ehren, fromm.
Nun muss dich Gott bewahren,
in aller Tugend sparen,
bis dass ich wiederkomm.

Into the Mystic

Words & Music by Van Morrison
(Van Morrison)

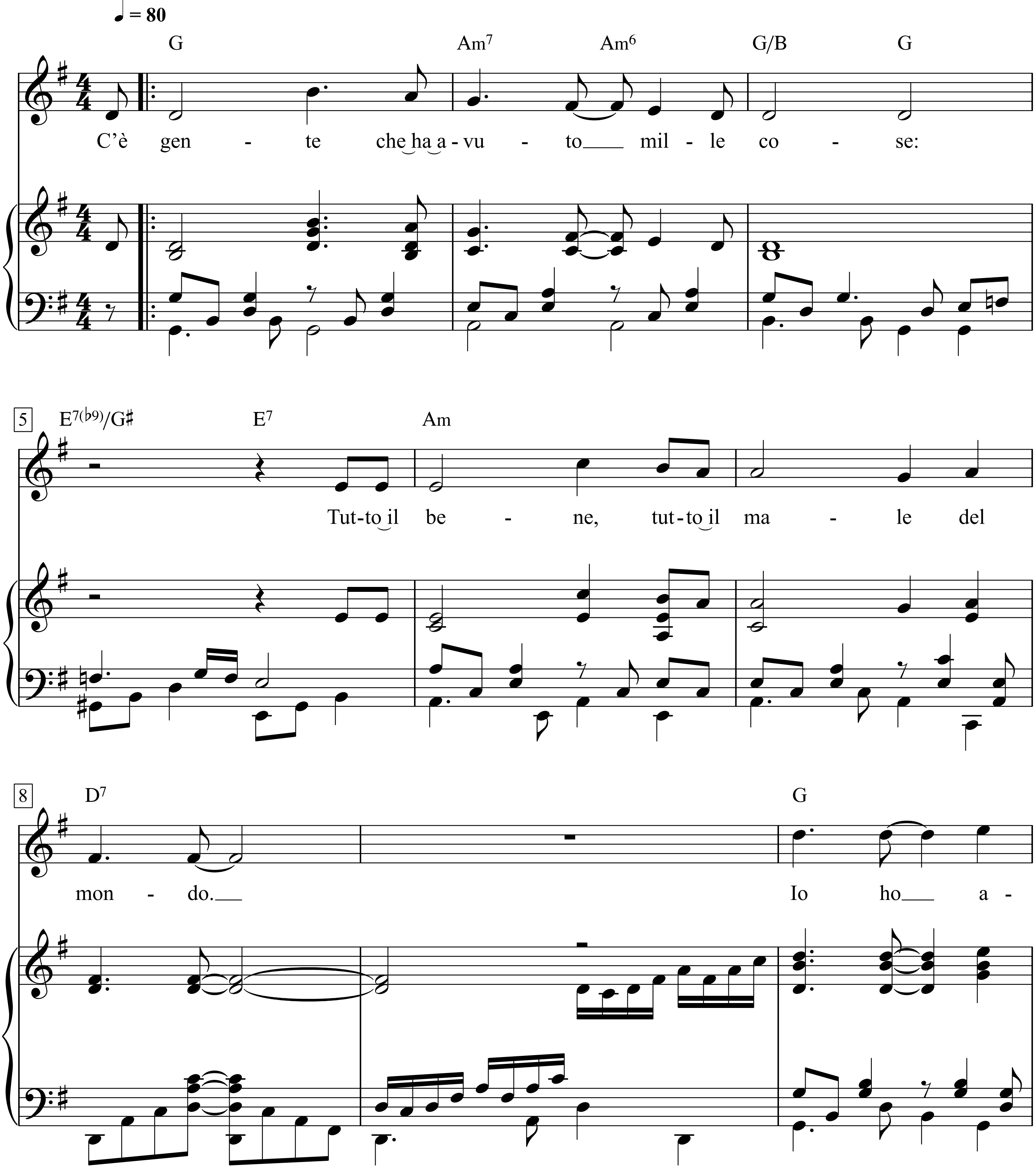



17
G
Smell the sea and feel the sky
Let your soul and spir-it fly in-to the
21
C
Em
F
mys-tic.
And when that fog horn blows
I will be
25
C
Em
F
com-ing home
um
And when that fog horn blows
I want to
29
G
C
3
hear it
I don't have to fear it
n' I
want to rock your

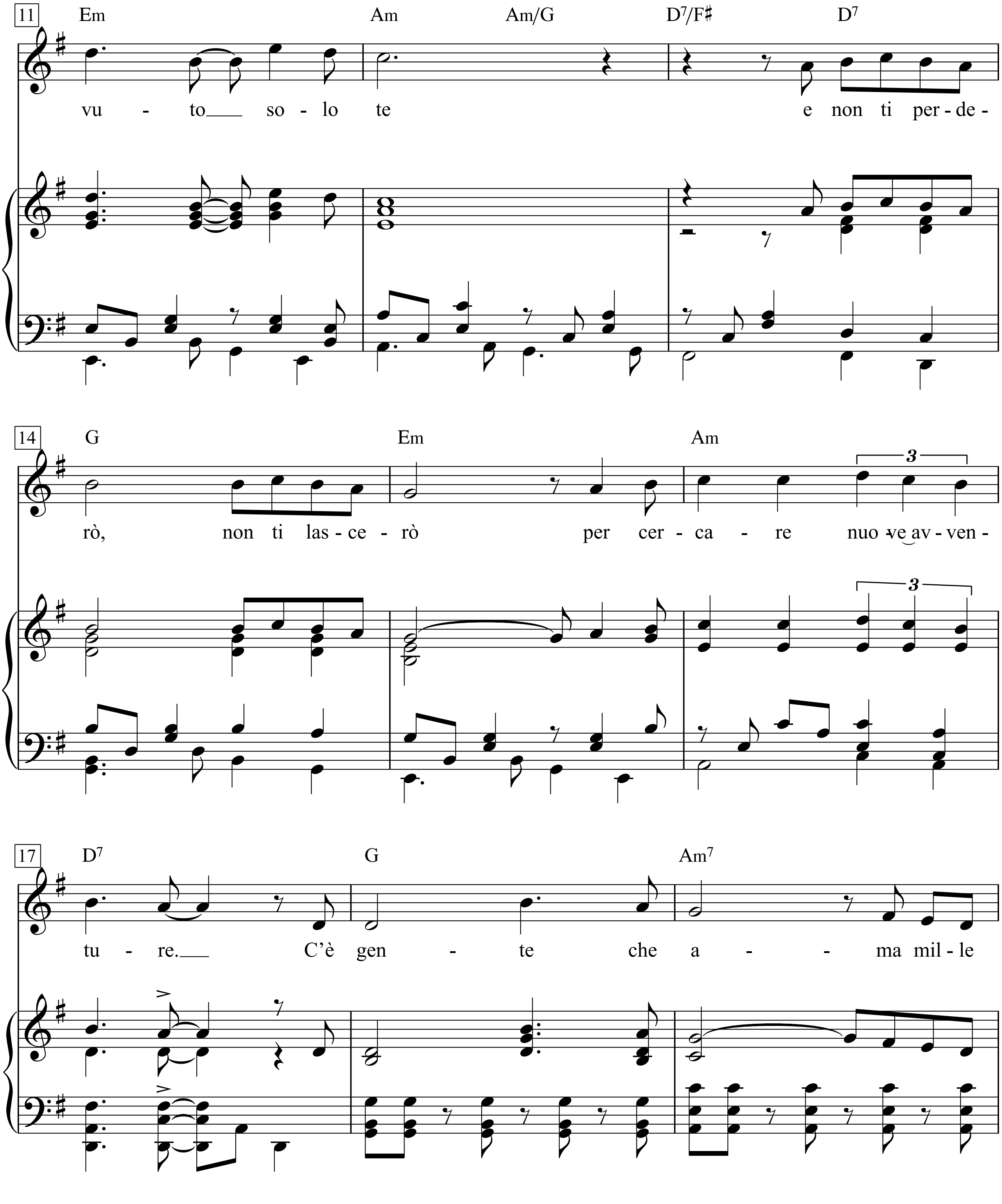

32
C
gyp - sy soul
Just like way back in the days of old
35
G
C
and I re-mem-ber sud-d'ly we will float
and to-gether we will float
in - to the mys- tic.
38
43
G
C
Lat Time
to Final Ending
Final Ending
47
C
G
C

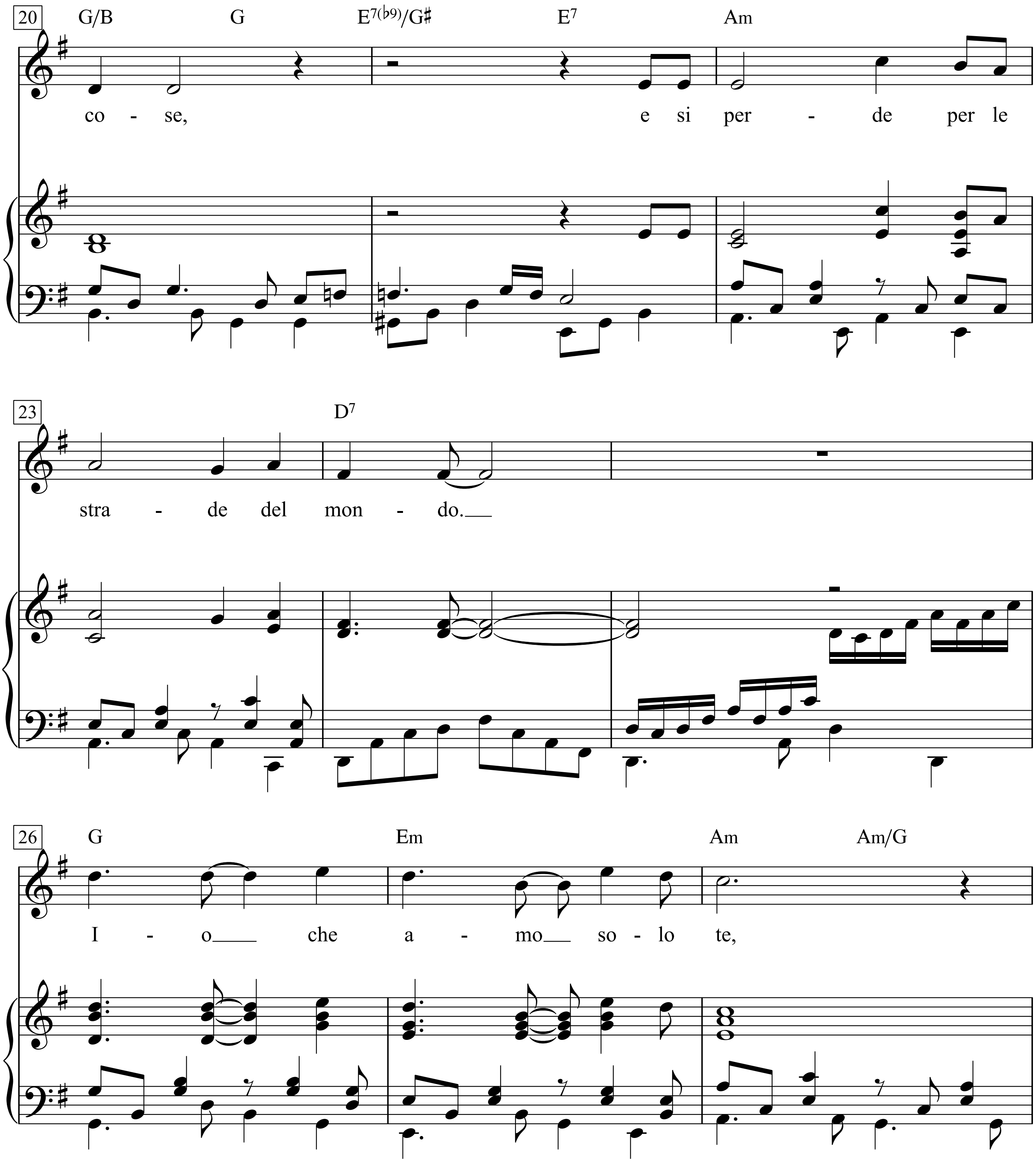
Io che amo solo te

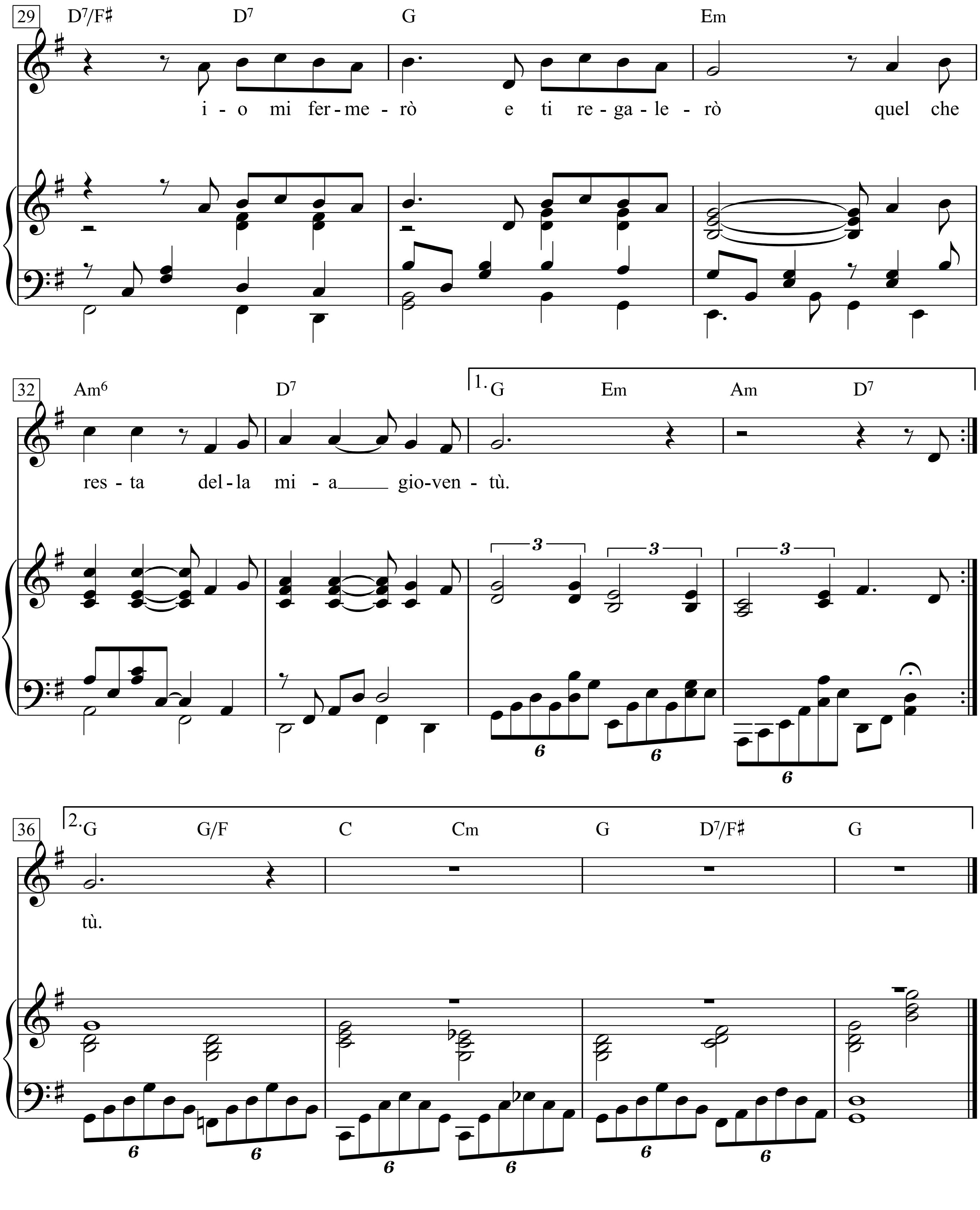
Musica & parole di Sergio Endrigo



Canção italiana, p. 34-37


11
Em Am Am/G D7/F♯ D7
vu - to___ so - lo te e non ti per - de -
14
G Em Am
rò, non ti las - ce - rò per cer - ca - re nuo - ve av - ven -
3
17
D7 G Am7
tu - re.___ C'è gen - te che a - ma mil - le


20
G/B G E7(♭9)/G♯ E7 Am
co - se, e si per - de per le
23
D7
stra - de del mon - do.
26
G Em Am Am/G
I - o che a - mo so - lo te,


29
D7/F♯
D7
G
Em
i - o mi fer - me - rò e ti re - ga - le - rò quel che
32
Am6
D7
1.
G
Em
Am
D7
res - ta del - la mi - a gio - ven - tù.
3
6
36
2.
G
G/F
C
Cm
G
D7/F♯
G
tù.

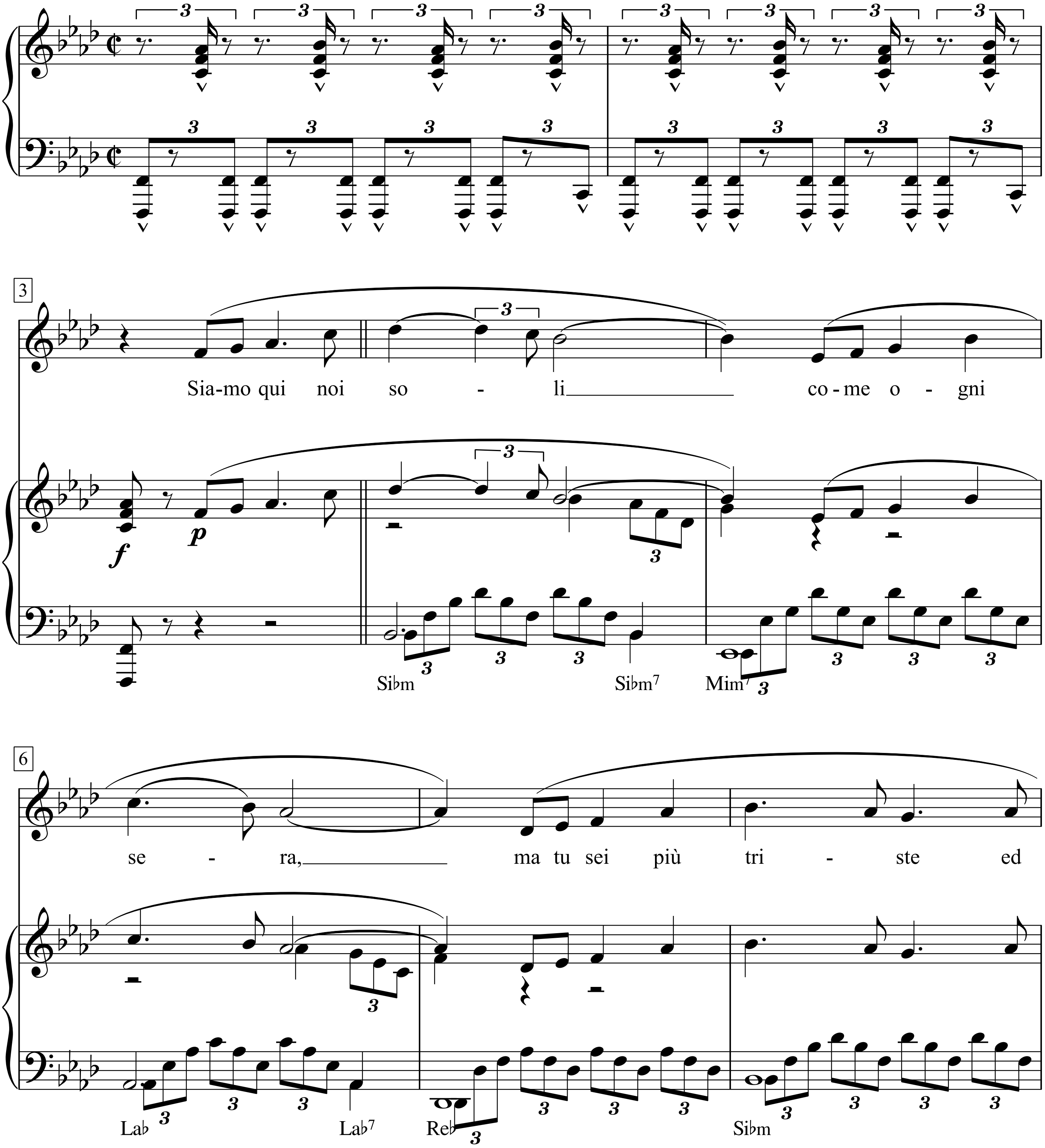
C’è gente che ha avuto mille cose:
Tutto il bene, tutto il male del mondo.
Io ho avuto solo te e non ti perderò,
non ti lascerò per cercare nuove avventure.
C’è gente che ama mille cose,
e si perde per le strade del mondo.
Io che amo solo te, io mi fermerò e ti regalerò
quel che resta della mi a gioventù.
tù.

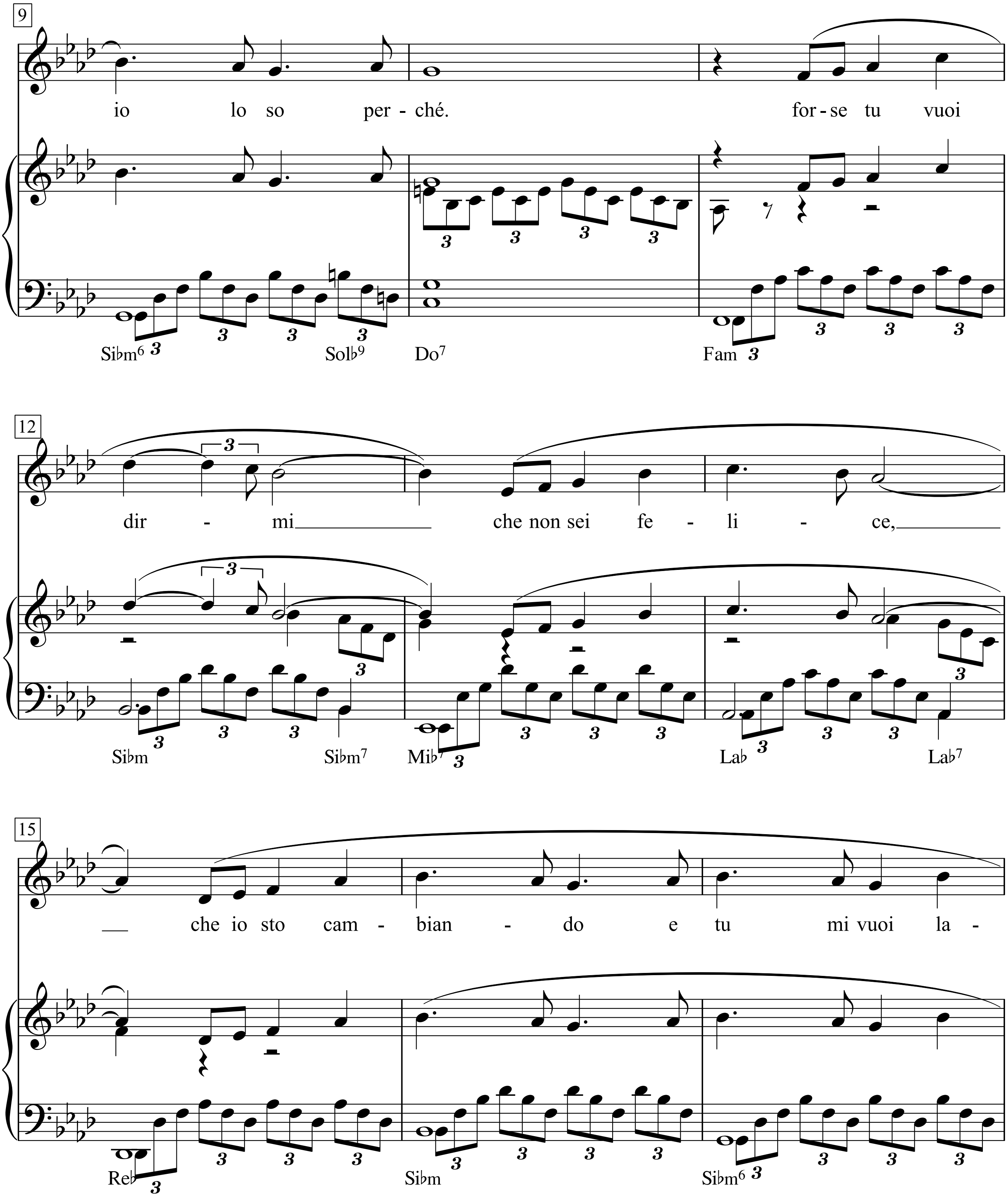
Io che non vivo senza te
(1965)

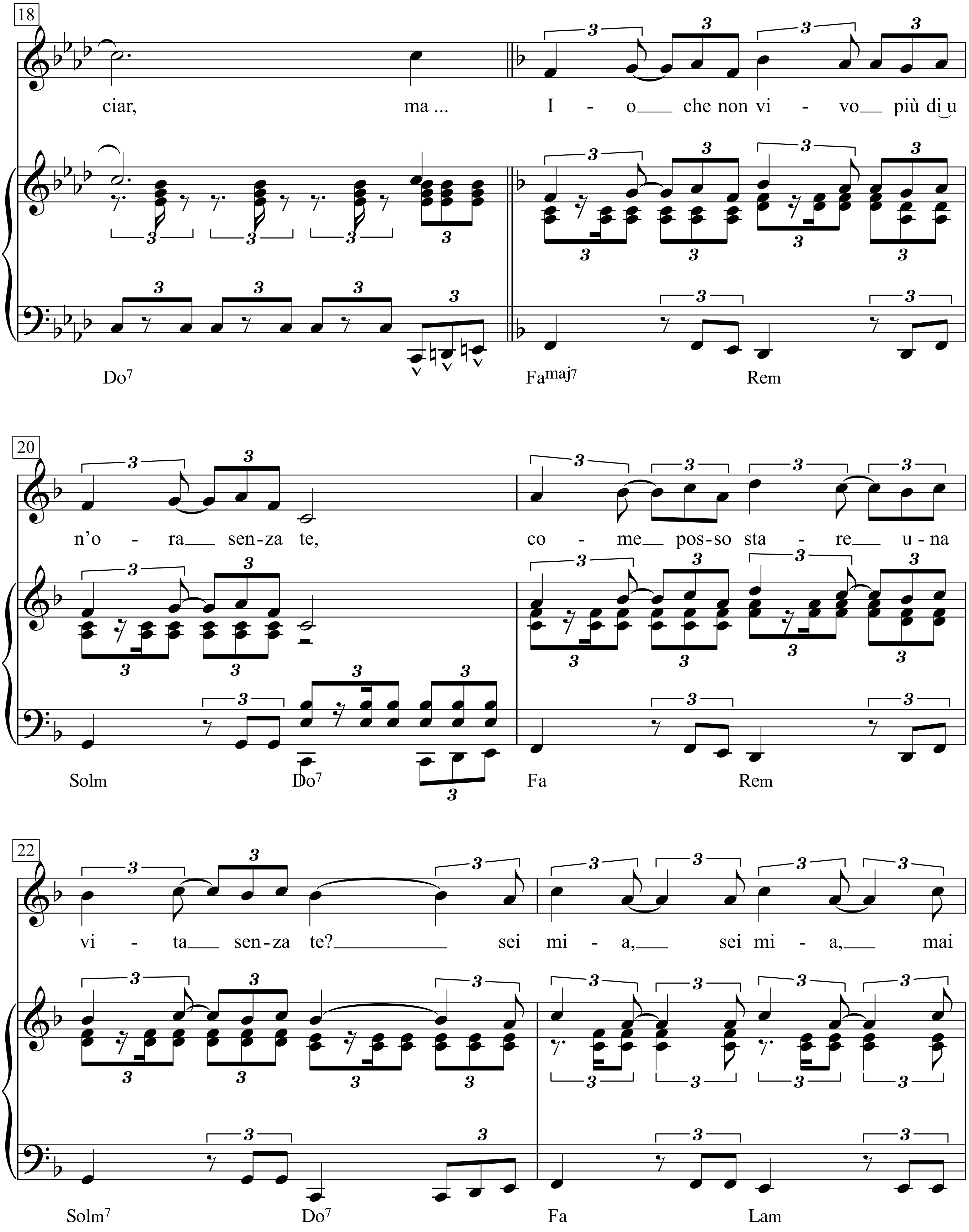
Testo di Vito Pallavicini

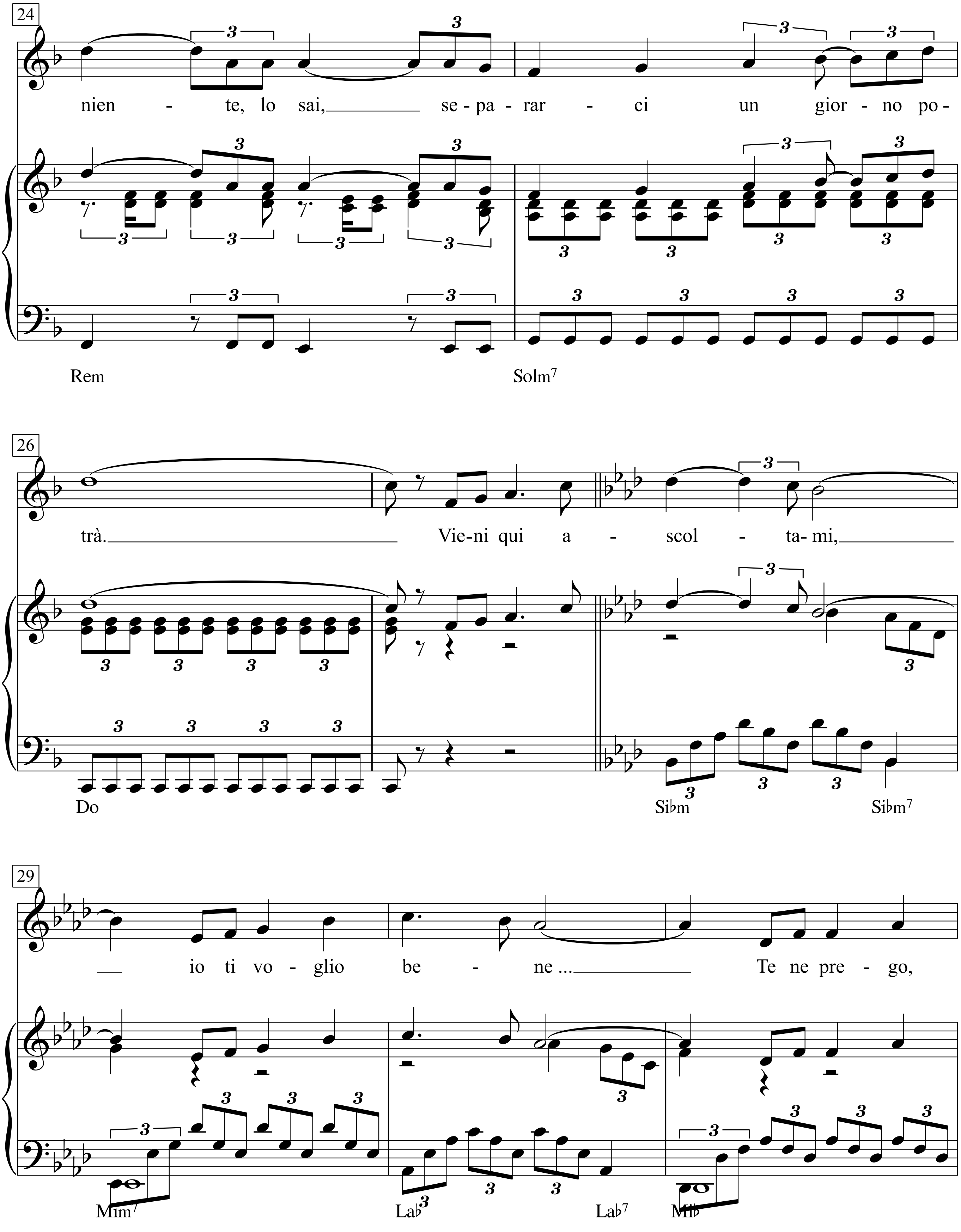
Musica di Pino Donaggio
(Pino Donaggio)

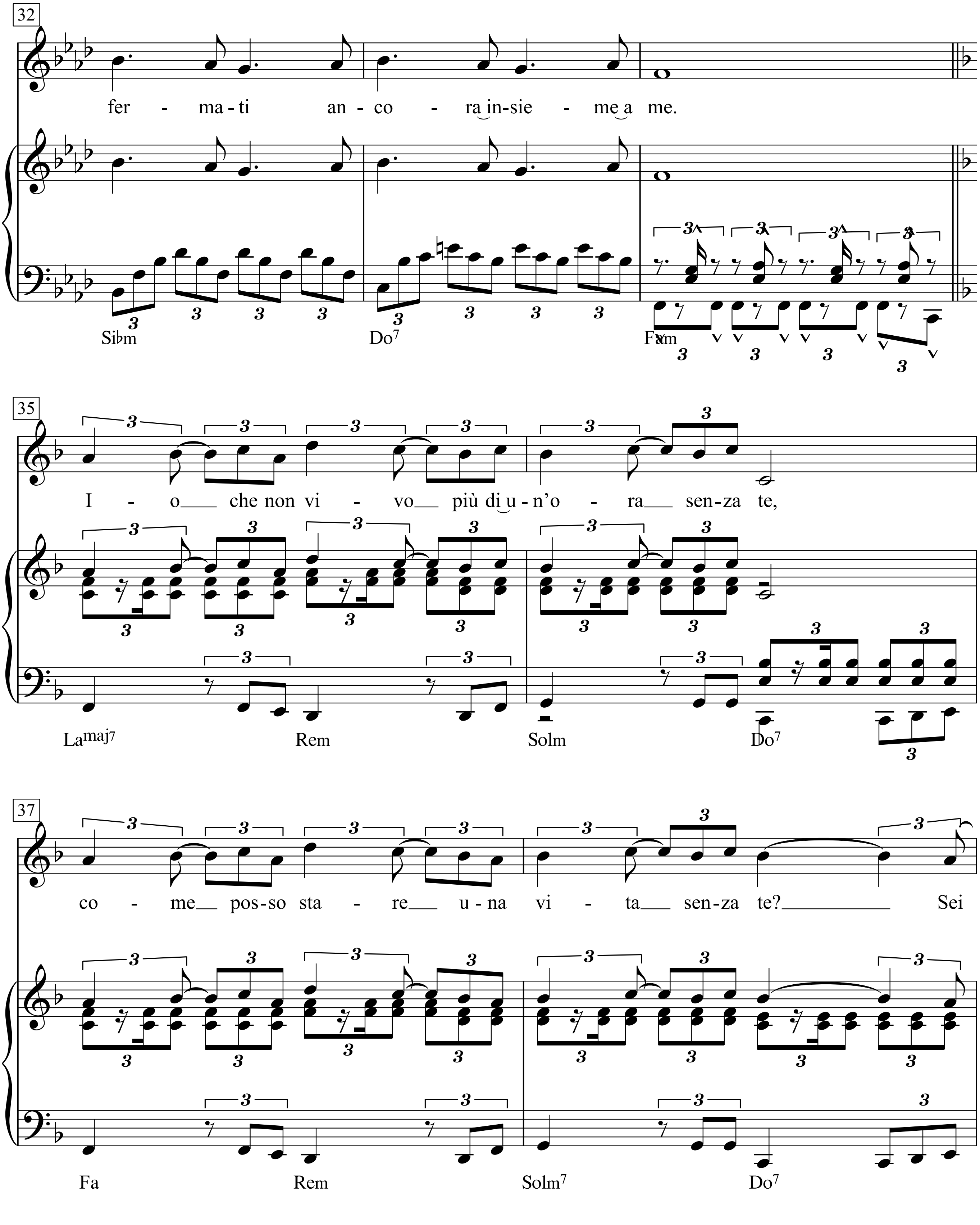
Lentamente

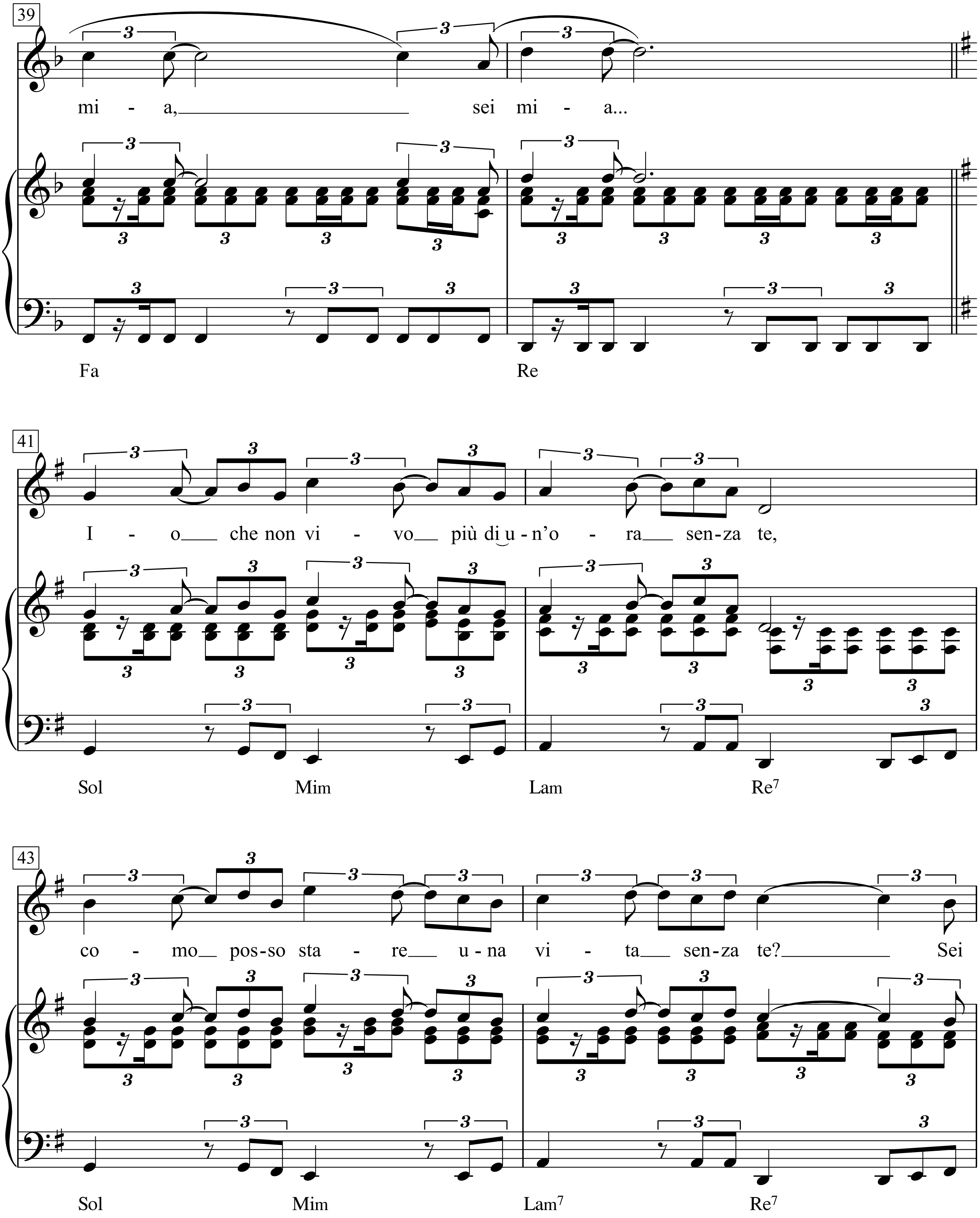


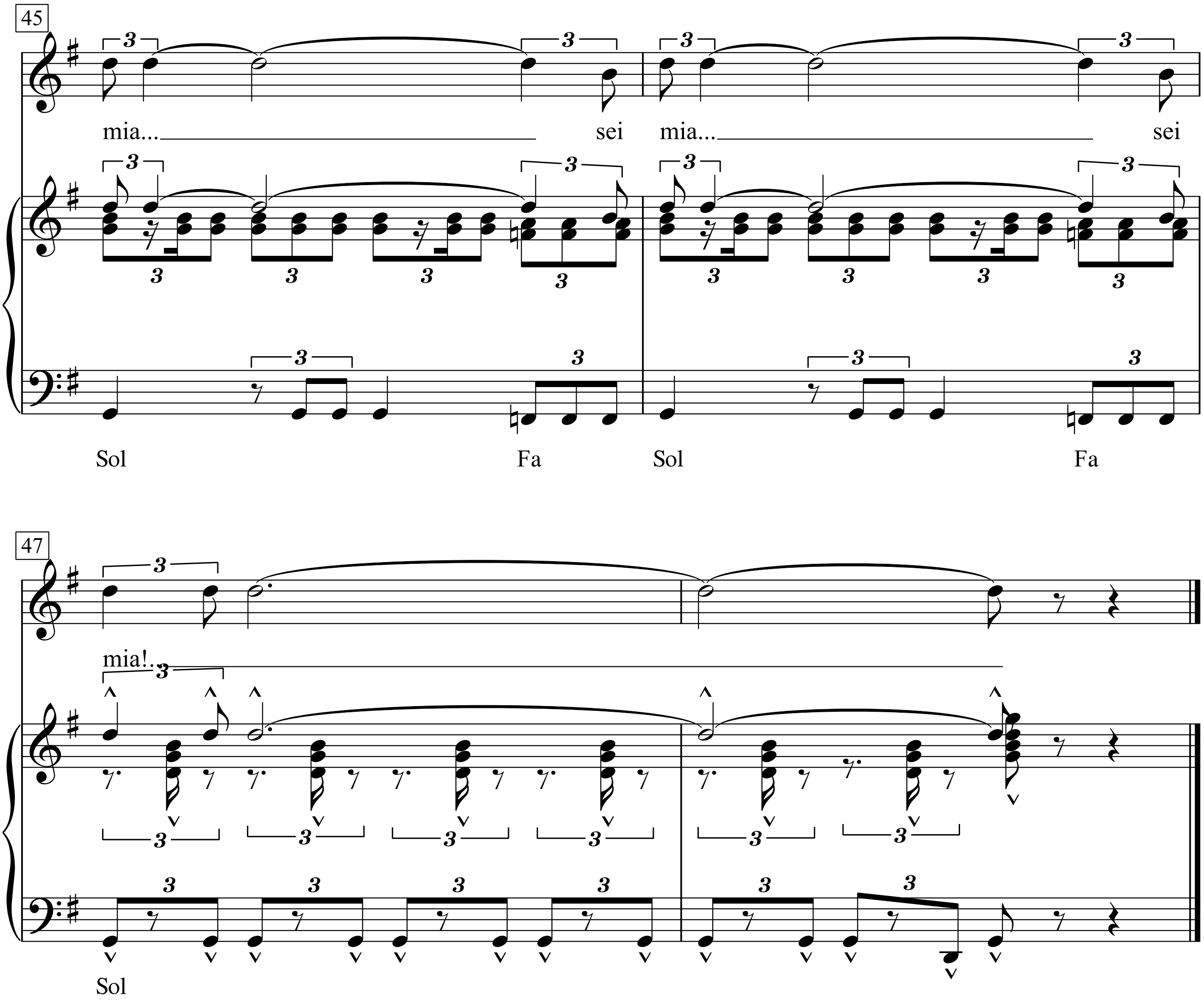

9
io lo so per - ché.
for - se tu vuoi
Si♭m6 Sol♭9 Do7 Fam
12
dir - mi
che non sei fe - li - ce,
Si♭m Si♭m7 Mi♭7 La♭ La♭7
15
che io sto cam - bian - do e tu mi vuoi la -
Re♭ Si♭m Si♭m6


18
ciar, ma ... I - o che non vi - vo più di u
Do7 Fa maj7 Rem
20
n'o - ra sen-za te, co - me pos-so sta - re u-na
Solm Do7 Fa Rem
22
vi - ta sen-za te? sei mi - a, sei mi - a, mai
Solm7 Do7 Fa Lam


24
nien - te, lo sai, se - pa - rar - ci un gior - no po -
Rem
Solm7
26
trà. Vie-ni qui a - scol - ta- mi,
Do
Sibm
Sibm7
29
io ti vo - glio be - ne ... Te ne pre - go,
Mibm7
Lab
Lab7
Mib


32
fer - ma - ti an - co - ra in - sie - me a me.
Si♭m
Do7
Fam
35
I - o che non vi - vo più di u - n'o - ra sen - za te,
Lamaj7
Rem
Solm
Do7
37
co - me pos - so sta - re u - na vi - ta sen - za te? Sei
Fa
Rem
Solm7
Do7

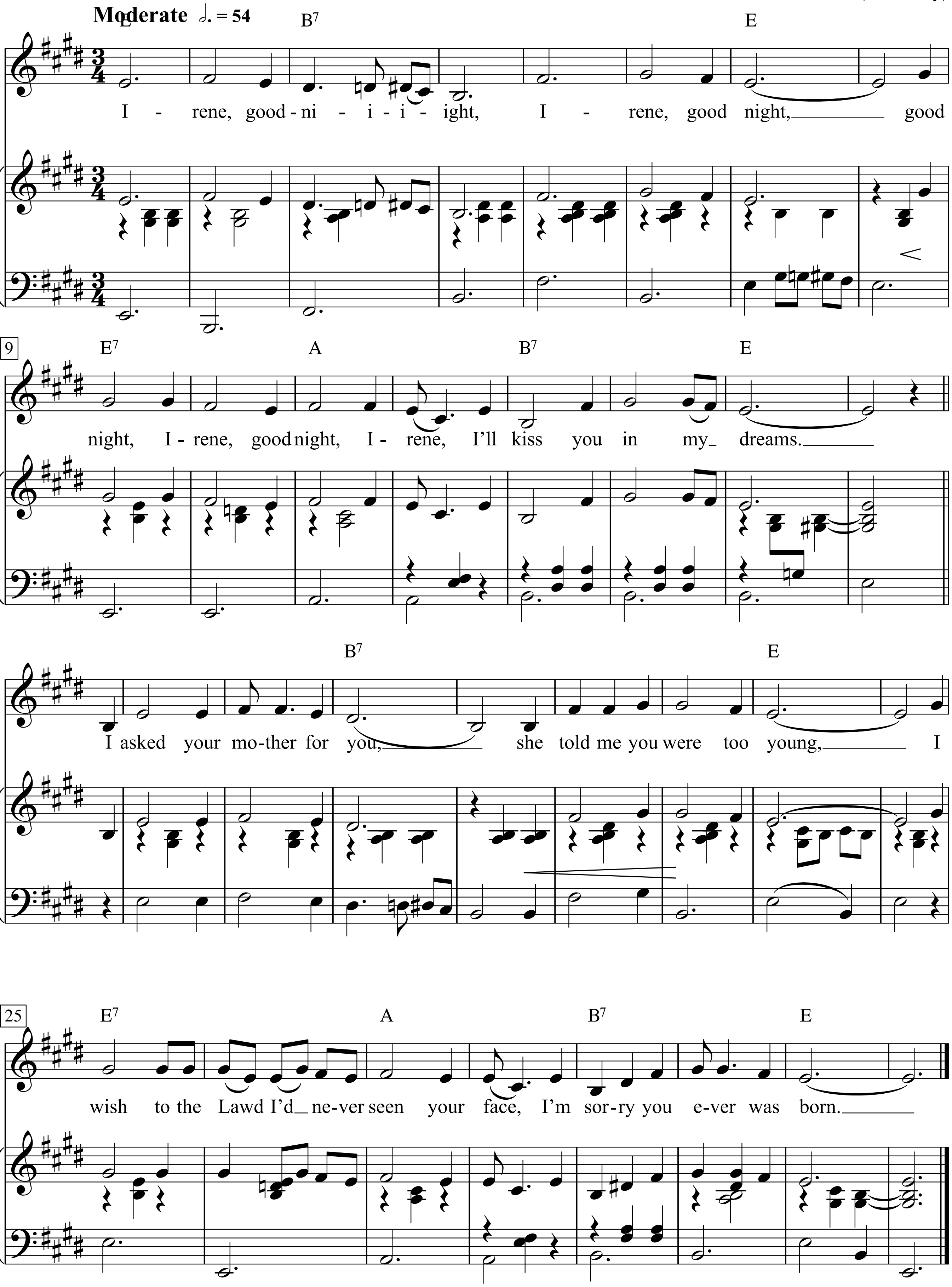

39
mi - a, sei mi - a...
Fa
Re
41
I - o che non vi - vo più di u - n'o - ra sen - za te,
Sol
Mim
Lam
Re7
43
co - mo pos - so sta - re u - na vi - ta sen - za te? Sei
Sol
Mim
Lam7
Re7


45
mia...
sei
mia...
sei
Sol
Fa
Sol
Fa
47
mia!..
Sol

Irene

Chorus

Words & Music by Huddie Ledbetter
(Leadbelly)



The Penguin Book of American Folk Songs (Alan Lomax), p. 138

Chorus:
Irene, good-night,
Irene, good-night.
Good-night, Irene, good-night, Irene,
I’ll kiss you in my dreams.

1. I asked your mother for you,
She told me you were too young,
I wish to the Lawd I’d never seen your face,
I’m sorry you ever was born,
Chorus:

2. Last Saturday night I got married,
Me an’ my wife settled down,
Now me an’ my wife have parted,
Gonna take me a stroll uptown.
Chorus:

3. Quit ramblin’ an’ quit gamblin’,
Quit stayin’ out late at night,
Stay home with your wife an’ your fam’ly,
Sit down by the fireside bright,
Chorus:

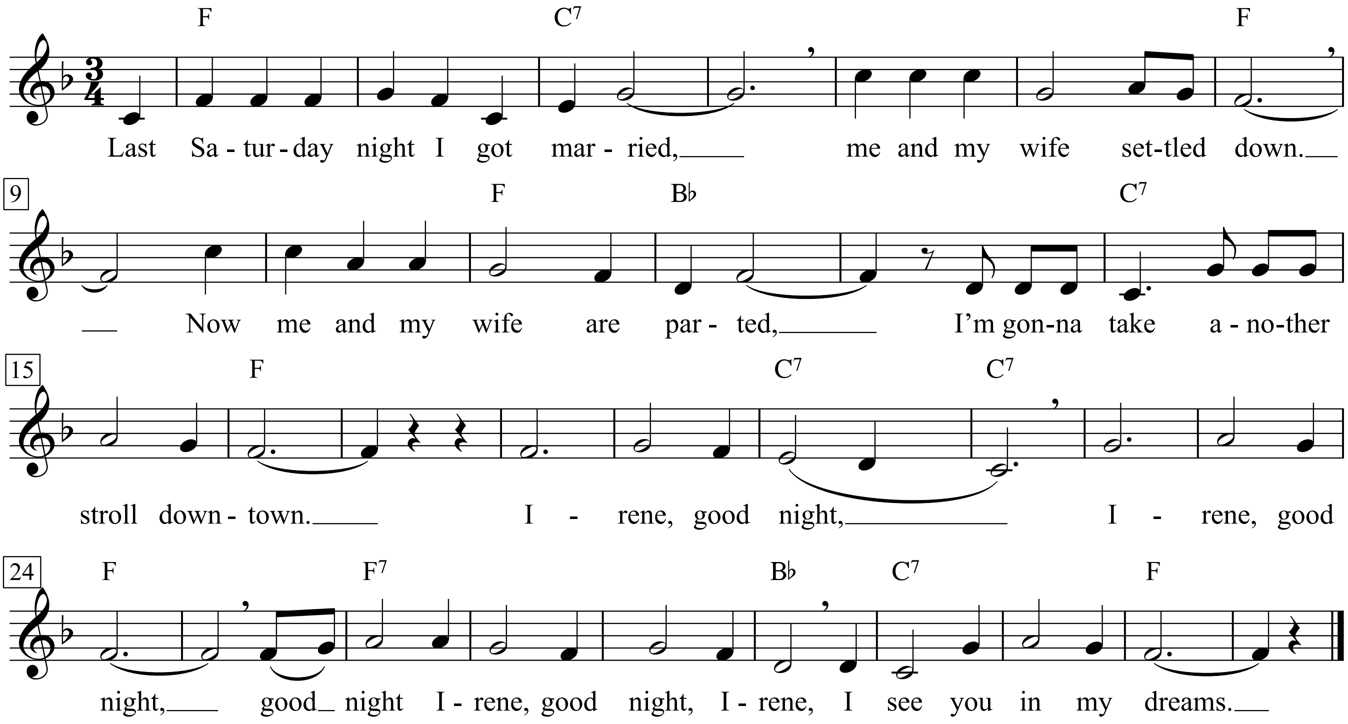
4. I love Irene, God knows I do.
Love her till the sea runs dry,
And if Irene turns her back on me,
I’m gonna take morphine and die.
Chorus:

5. Sometimes I lives in the country,
Sometimes I lives in town,
Sometimes I haves a great notion,
Of jumpin’ into the river an’ drown.
Chorus:

Huddie Ledbetter (Leadbelly), was born in 1885 in Mooringsport, La., and died in 1950 in New York City. He has already passed into legend as the great American folk singer, A man of incredible physique and fiery temperament, he was equally renowned among his people as worker, twelve-string guitarist, and singer. He spent years in prison for serious crimes, but literally sang his way out of two Southern penitentiaries, his ballads gaining pardons for him. He was the first singer we recorded for the Library of Congress in the summer of 1933 and *Irene*, which he had learned from an uncle and had made popular in both Texas and Louisiana in his own arrangement, was the first song.

Irene, Good night
Last Saturday I got married

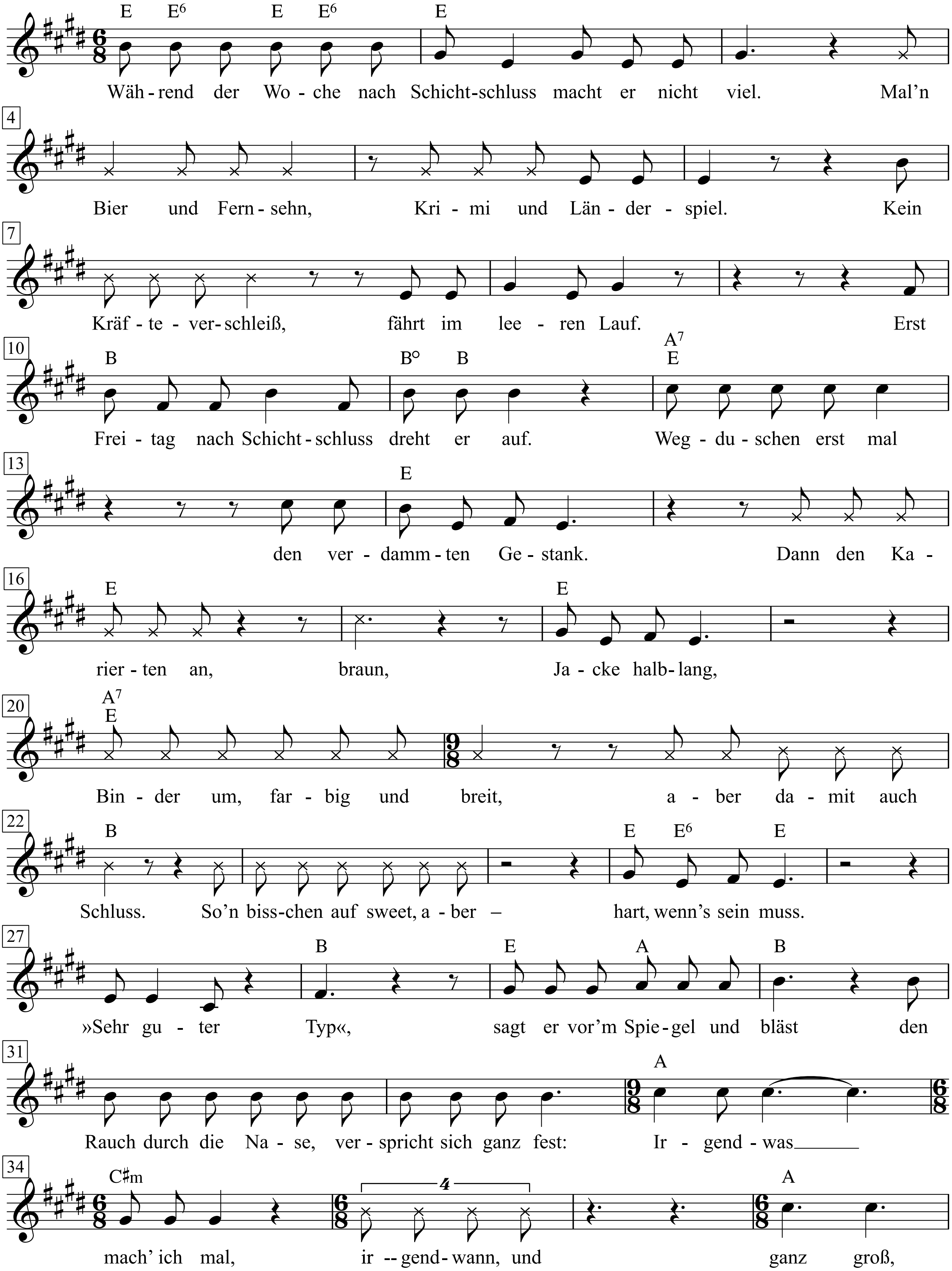
Amerikanisches Volkslied

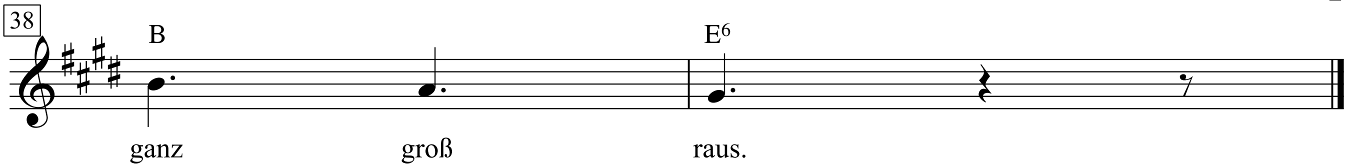


Last Saturday night I got married,
me and my wife settled down.
Now me and my wife are parted,
I'm gonna take another stroll downtown.
Irene, good night, Irene, good night,
good night Irene, good night, Irene,
I see you in my dreams.

Irgendwas mach' ich mal

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt




38
B
E6
ganz
groß
raus.

1. Während der Woche nach Schichtschluss
macht er nicht viel.
Mal'n Bier und Fernsehn,
Krimi und Länderspiel.
Kein Kräfteverschleiß,
fährt im leeren Lauf.
Erst Freitag nach Schichtschluss
dreht er auf.
Wegduschen erst mal
den verdammten Gestank.
Dann den Karierten an, braun,
Jacke halblang,
Binder um, farbig und breit,
aber damit auch Schluss.
So'n bisschen auf sweet,
aber – hart, wenn's sein muss.
»Sehr guter Typ«, sagt er
vor'm Spiegel und bläst
den Rauch durch die Nase,
verspricht sich ganz fest:
Irgendwas mach' ich mal,
irgendwann,
und dann,
dann komm' ich ganz groß,
ganz groß
raus.

2. Im Big Apple, sagt einer,
sollen paar Neue sein.
Die muss er mal ansehn,
geht er mal 'rein.
Und wenn er so dasteht,
sich bisschen bewegt,
guckt man schon 'rüber.
Und wenn er dann loslegt!
Na ja, er hat's eben,
kennt auch sein Ziel.
Und um eins ziehn sie los.
Die Neue quatscht bisschen viel.
Doch im Wagen, im Stadtwald,
legt sich das dann.
Knopfdruck und Liegesitz,
Radio an.
Und nachher beim Rauchen,
und so gegen vier,
dann spricht er von sich,
und dann sagt er ihr:
Irgendwas mach' ich mal,
irgendwann,
und dann,
dann komm' ich ganz groß,
ganz groß
raus.

3. Samstag und Sonntag fährt er
mit ihr im Coupé
und 'ner ganzen Clique
raus an den See.
Sein Bruder ist anders,
so'n stiller Typ.
Geht seit zwei Jahren mit einer,
weil: die haben zu Hause 'nen Betrieb.
Macht Abendschule,
auf Ingenieur, für die.
Überm Bett hat er 'n Foto
von Kennedy.
»Mann«, sagt der manchmal,
was willst du denn noch?
»Mach doch mal fest,
sieh, bei mir läuft das doch.«
Na schön. Aber darauf
steht er nun mal nicht.
Und er meint was ganz andres,
wenn er im Traum ganz laut spricht:
Irgendwas mach' ich mal,
irgendwann,
und dann,
dann komm' ich ganz groß,
ganz groß
raus.

4. Das große Kotzen
Montag früh.
Um'n Block herum
und schon riecht er sie:
die große, verdammte,
verfluchte, die
Ernährerin, Fresserin,
Söhne & Companie.
Abdrehen möcht' er.
Bloß weg hier und schnell.
Draußen am See
wird es jetzt langsam hell.
Aber irgendwie, weiß er auch,
stimmt da was nicht.
Die quasseln schon wieder
von Feierschicht.
Manchmal denkt er so nach,
aber viel fällt ihm nicht ein.
Und er drückt seine Karte
und möchte' ganz laut schrein:
Irgendwas mach' ich mal,
irgendwann,
und dann,
dann komm' ich ganz groß,
ganz groß
raus.

Irgendwo auf der Welt

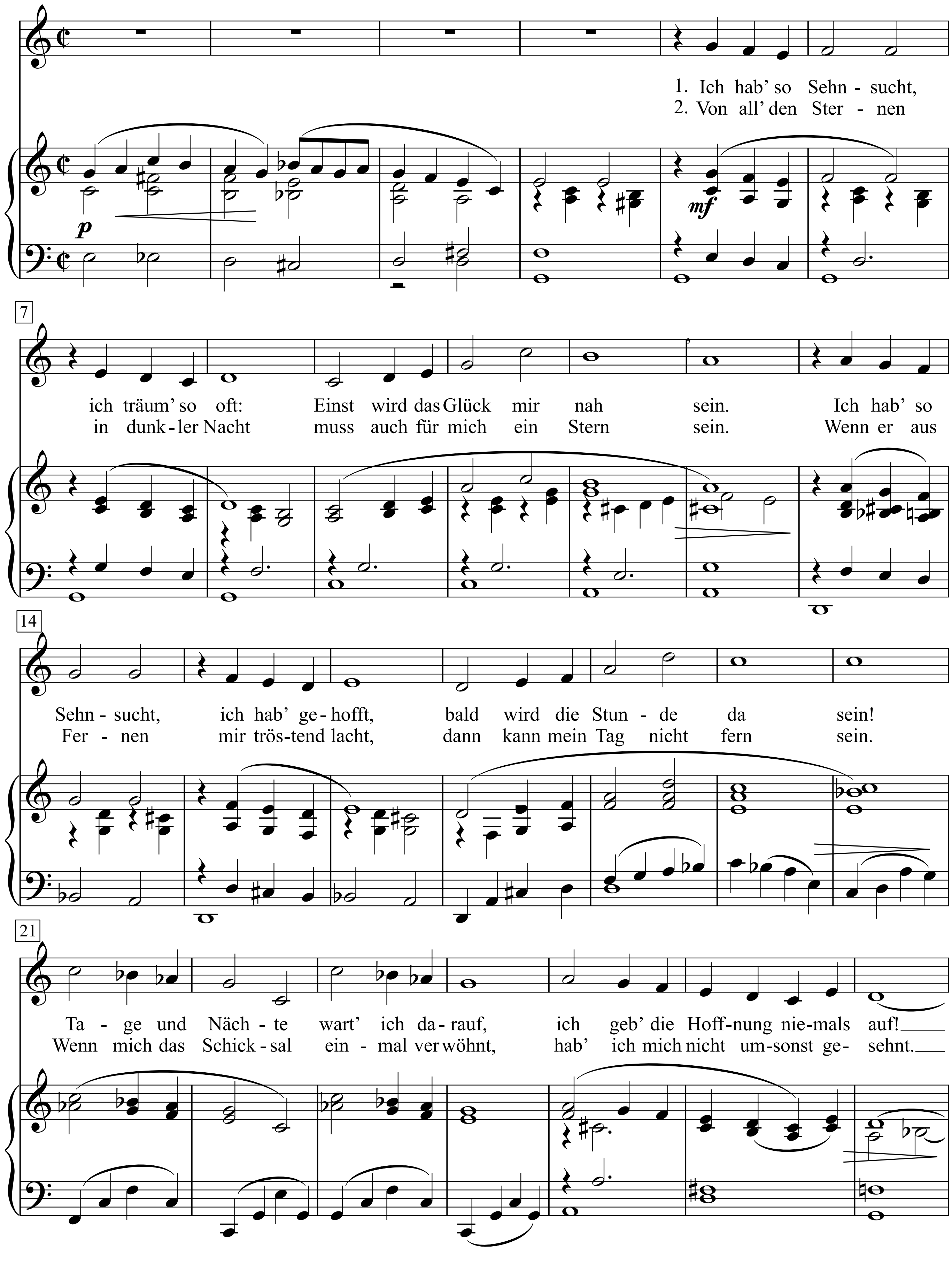
Lied und Foxtrot aus dem Film ‚Ein blonder Traum‘

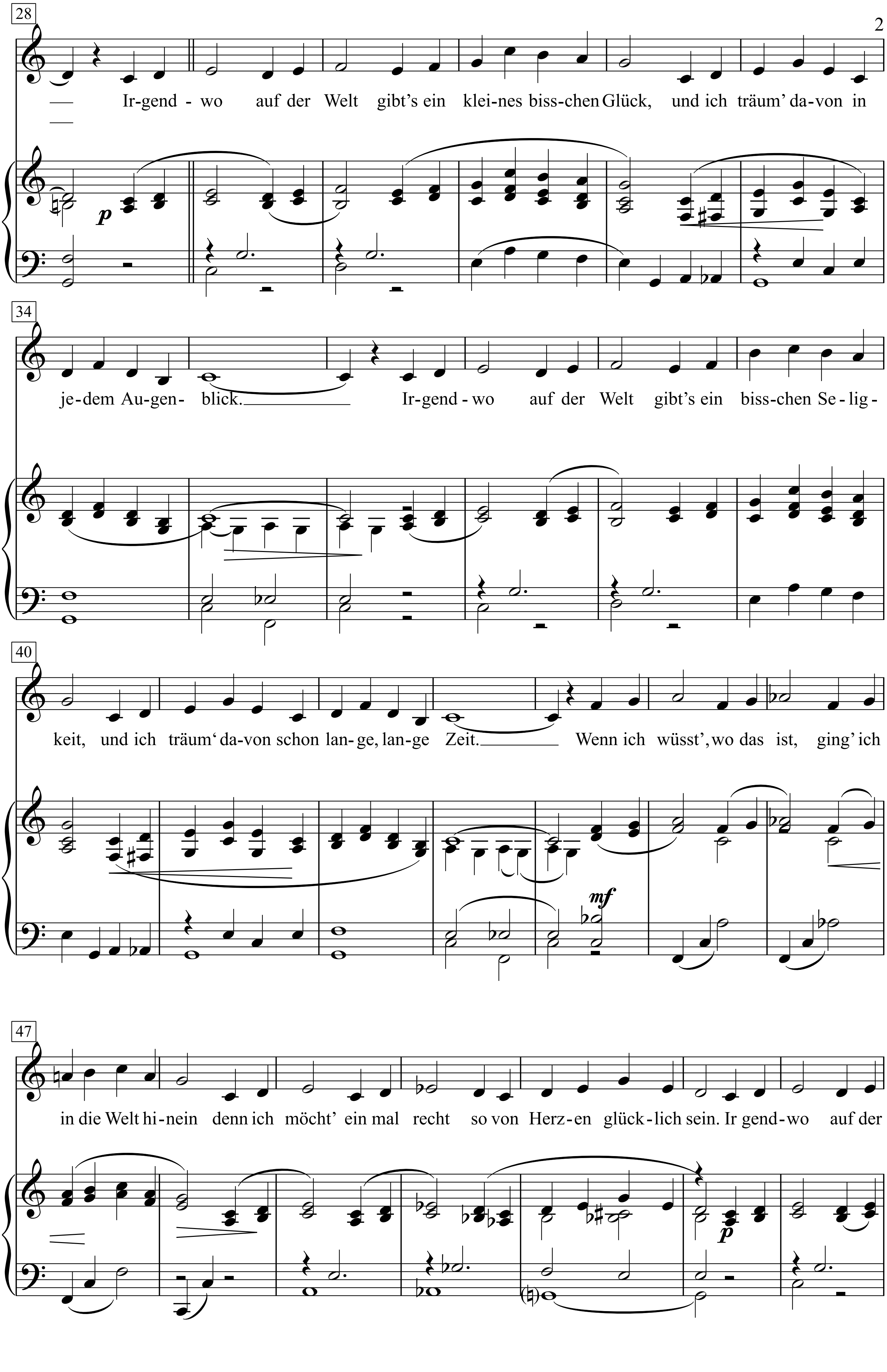
Text: Robert Gilbert, Werner Richard Heymann (1932) *Musik:* Werner Richard Heymann

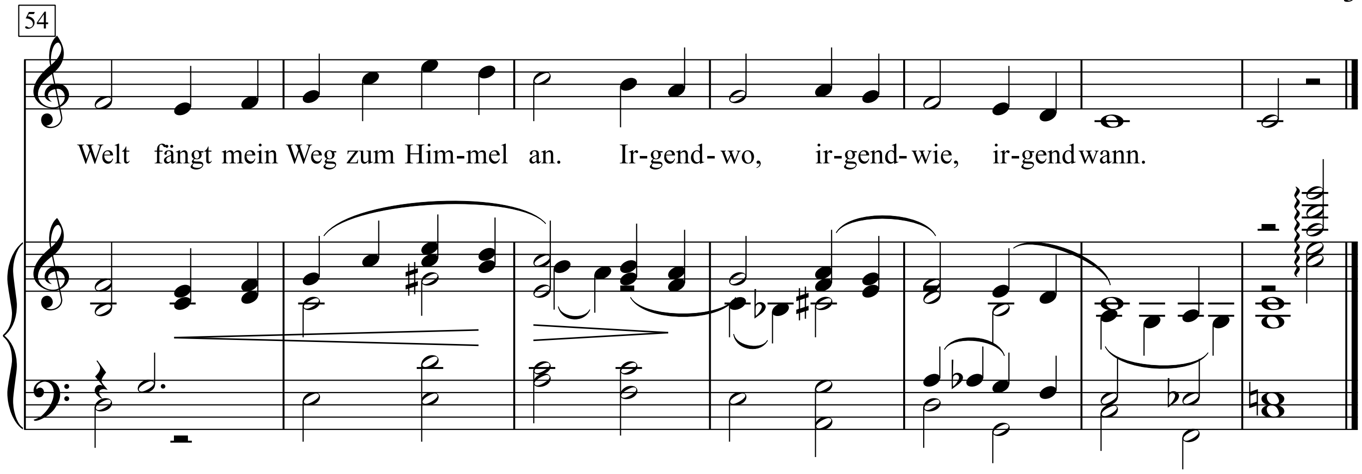
Klav.-Arr.; Horst Kudritz

(Lilian Harvey; Comedian Harmonists)

Moderato




28
— Ir-gend - wo auf der Welt gibt's ein klei-nes biss-chen Glück, und ich träum' da-von in
—
p
34
je-dem Au-gen- blick. Ir-gend - wo auf der Welt gibt's ein biss-chen Se - lig -
40
keit, und ich träum' da-von schon lan-ge, lan-ge Zeit. Wenn ich wüsst', wo das ist, ging' ich
mf
47
in die Welt hi-nein denn ich möcht' ein mal recht so von Herz-en glück-lich sein. Ir gend-wo auf der
p


54
Welt fängt mein Weg zum Him-mel an. Ir-gend-wo, ir-gend-wie, ir-gend wann.

1. Ich hab' so Sehnsucht, ich träum' so oft:
Einst wird das Glück mir nah sein.
Ich hab' so Sehnsucht, ich hab' gehofft,
bald wird die Stunde da sein!
Tage und Nächte wart' ich darauf,
ich geb' die Hoffnung niemals auf!
Irgendwo auf der Welt gibt's ein kleines bisschen Glück,
und ich träum' davon in jedem Augenblick.

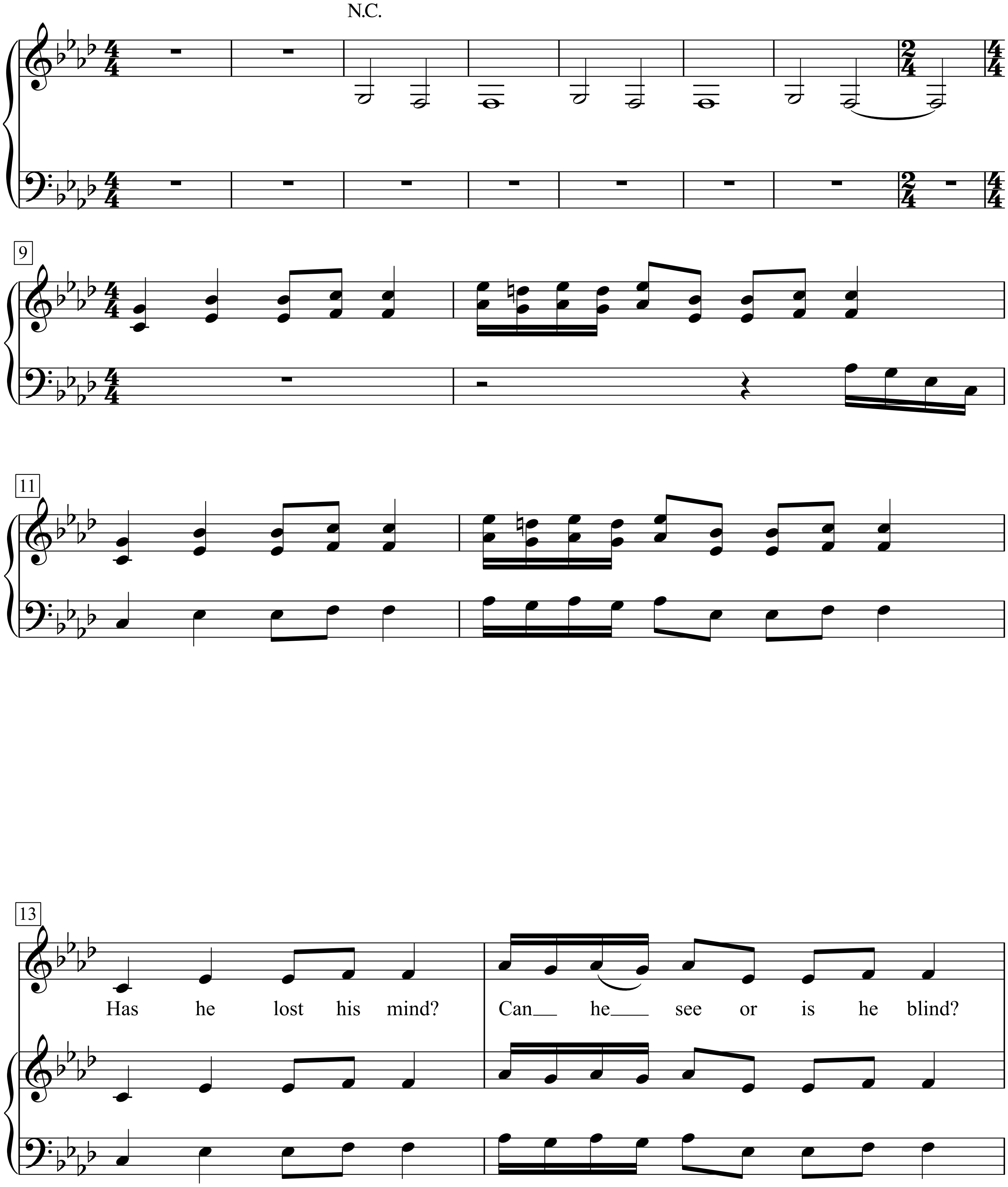
Refrain:
Irgendwo auf der Welt gibt's ein bisschen Seligkeit,
und ich träum' davon schon lange, lange Zeit.
Wenn ich wüsst', wo das ist, ging' ich in die Welt hinein,
denn ich möcht' einmal recht so von Herzen glücklich sein.
Irgendwo auf der Welt fängt mein Weg zum Himmel an.
Irgendwo, irgendwie, irgendwann.

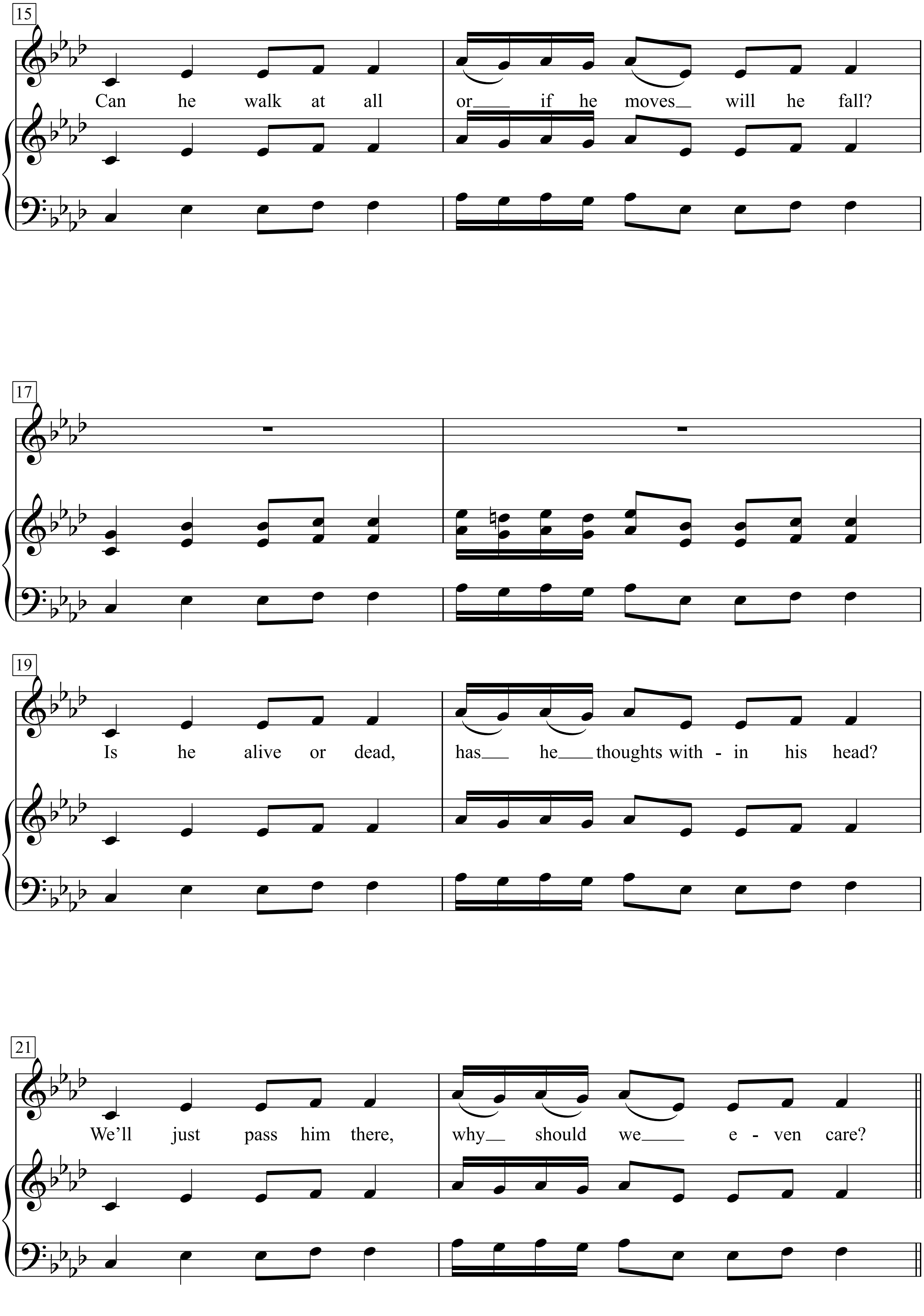
2.Von all' den Sternen in dunkler Nacht
muss auch für mich ein Stern sein.
Wenn er aus Fernen mir tröstend lacht,
dann kann mein Tag nicht fern sein.
Wenn mich das Schicksal einmal verwöhnt,
hab' ich mich nicht umsonst gesehnt.

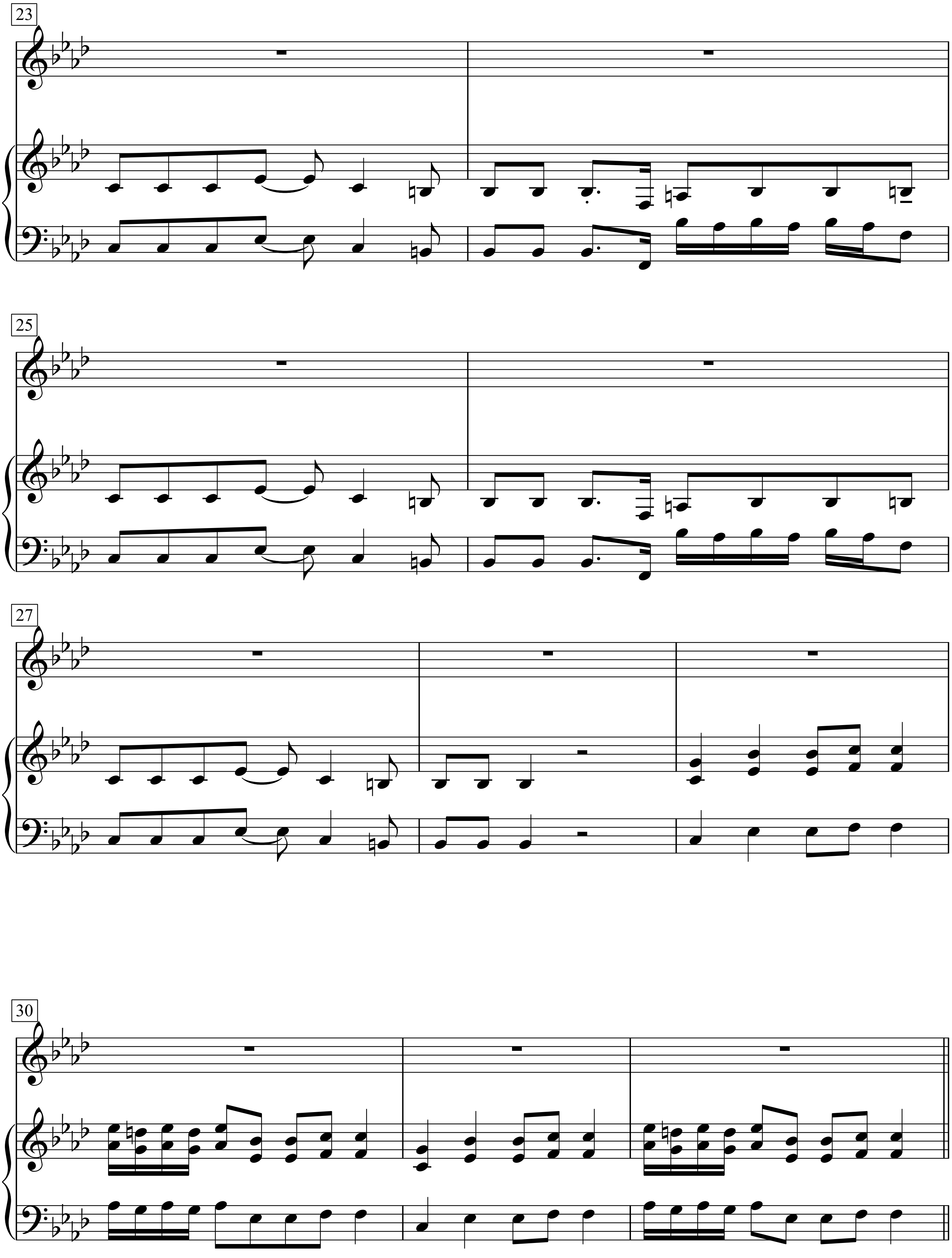
Refrain:

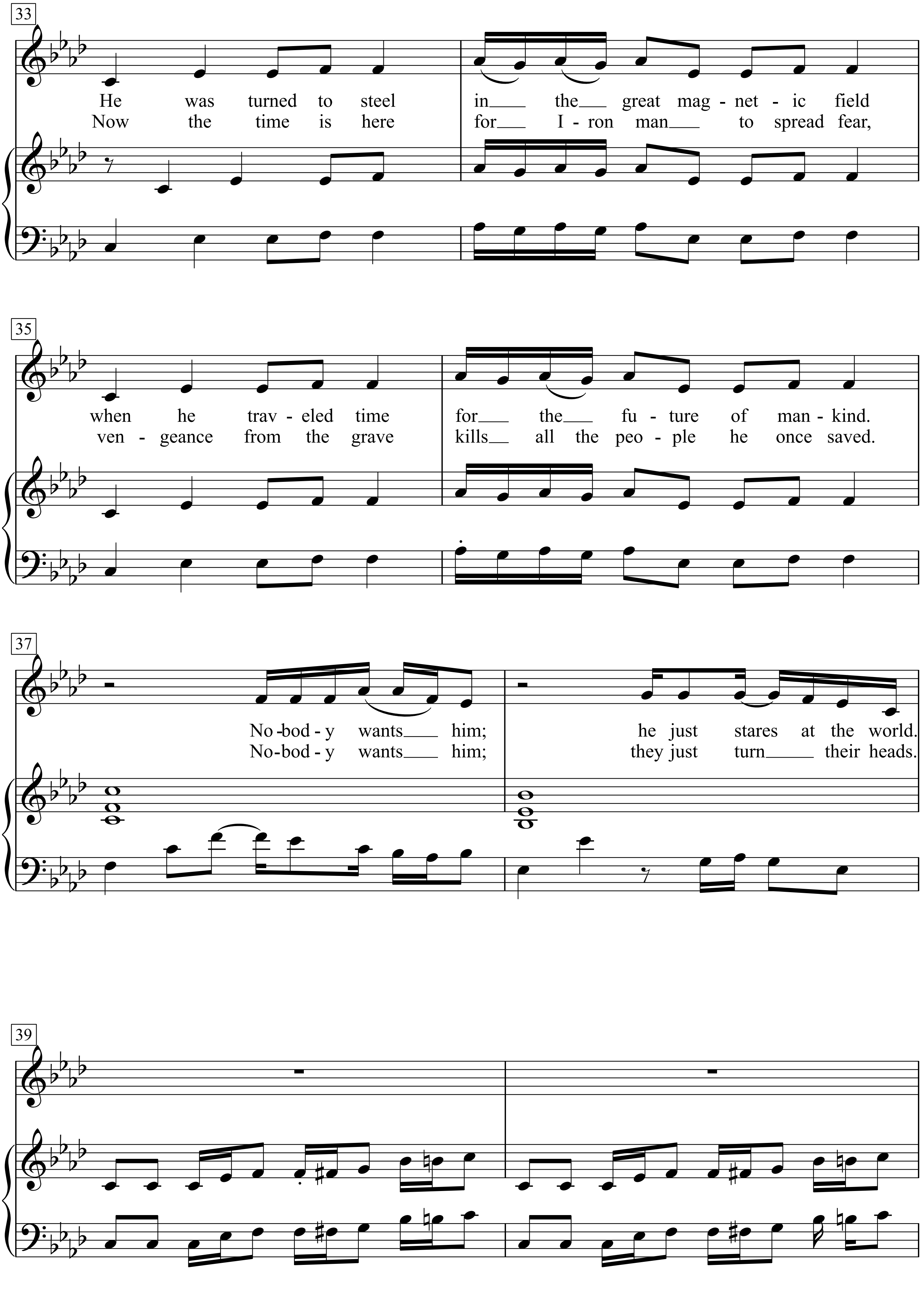
Iron Man

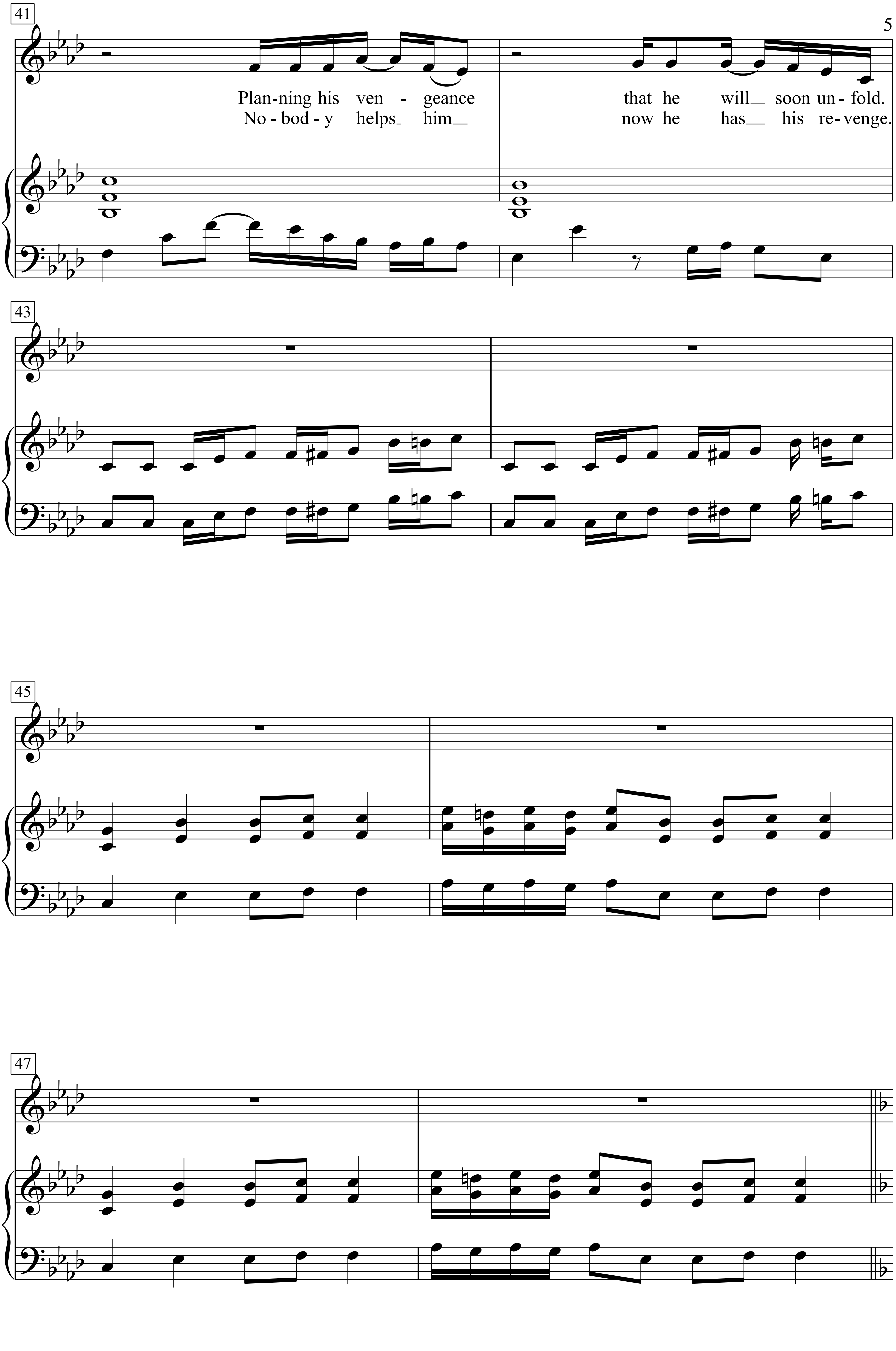
(Black Sabbath).

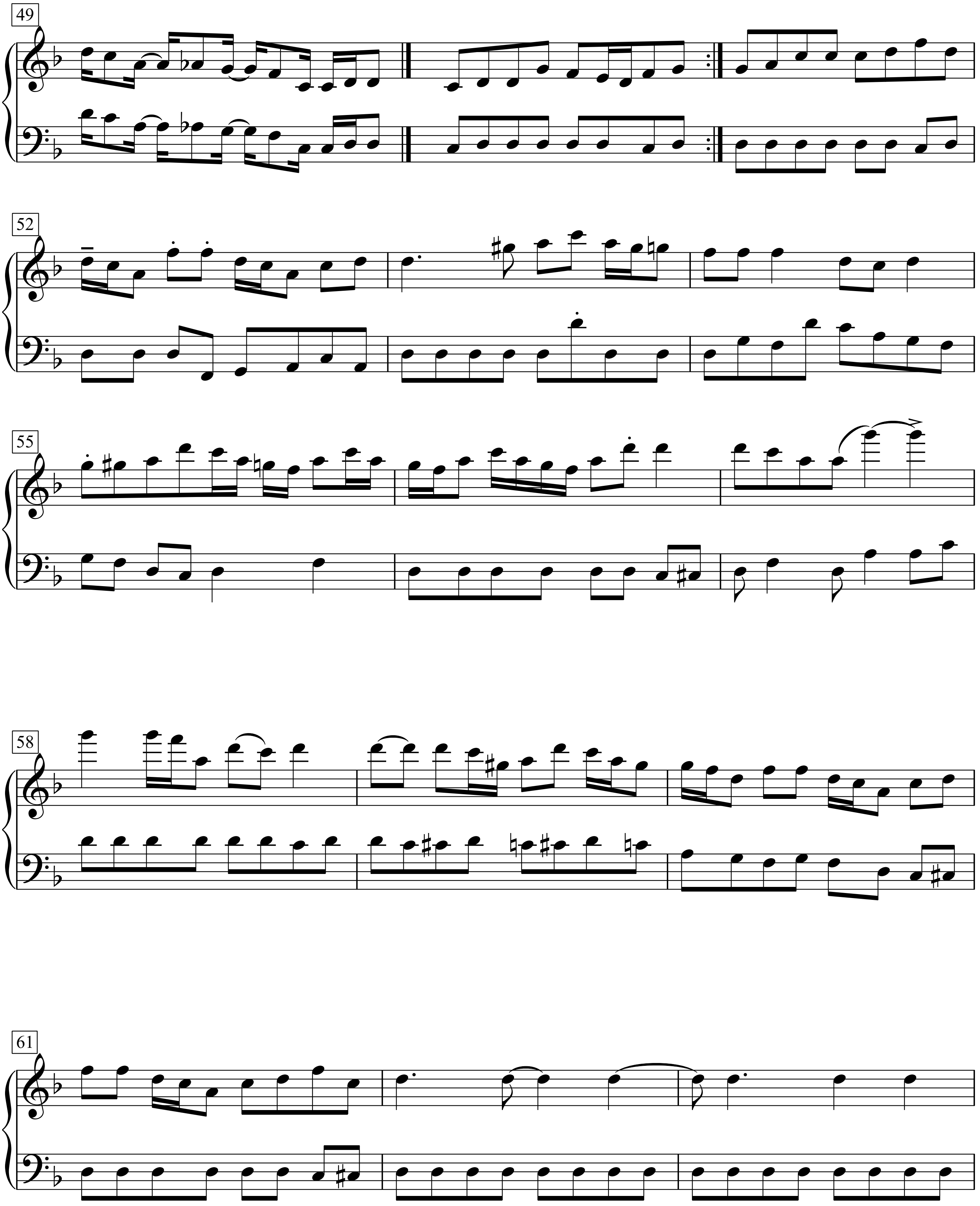


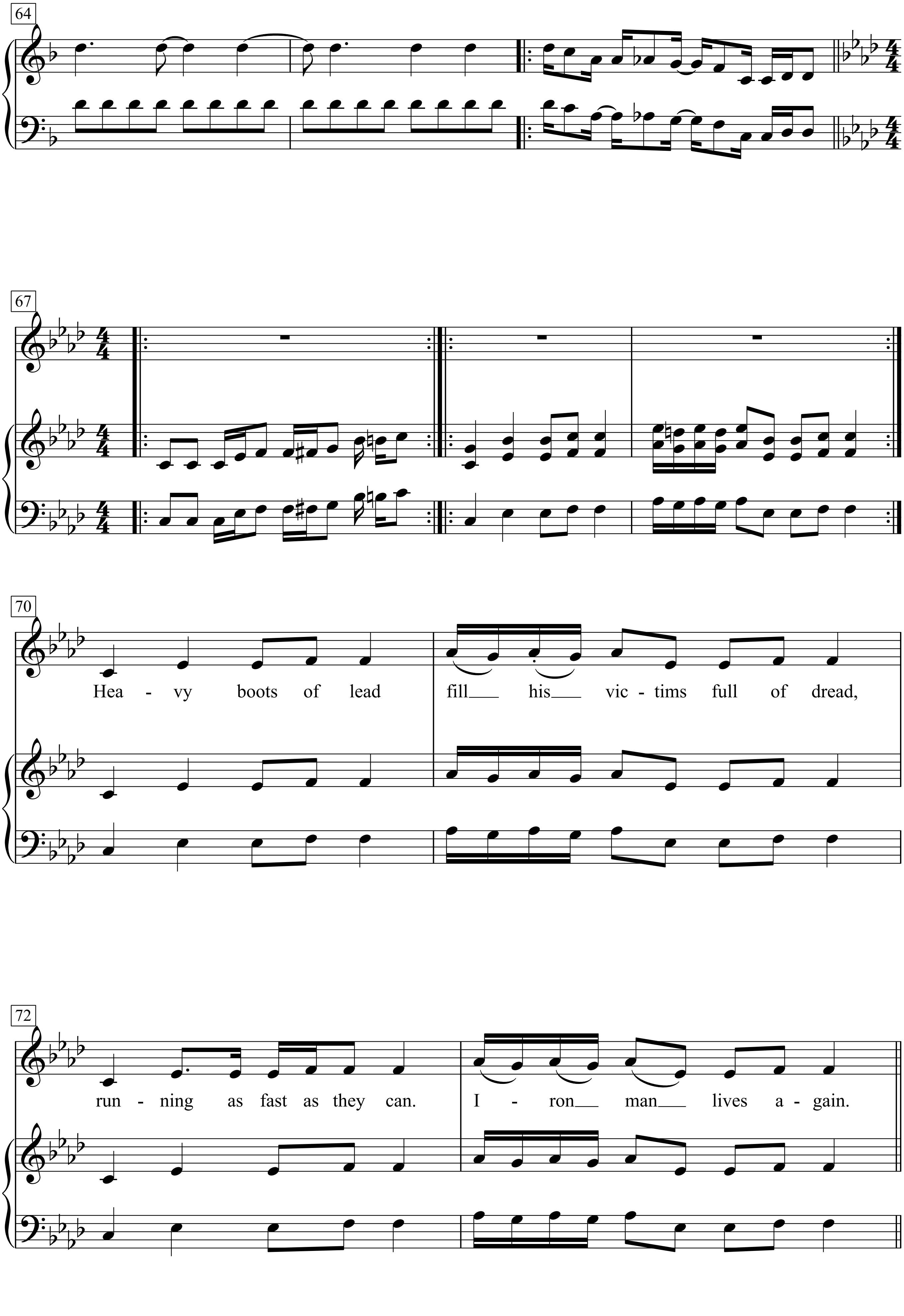

15
Can he walk at all or if he moves will he fall?
17
19
Is he alive or dead, has he thoughts with - in his head?
21
We'll just pass him there, why should we e - ven care?

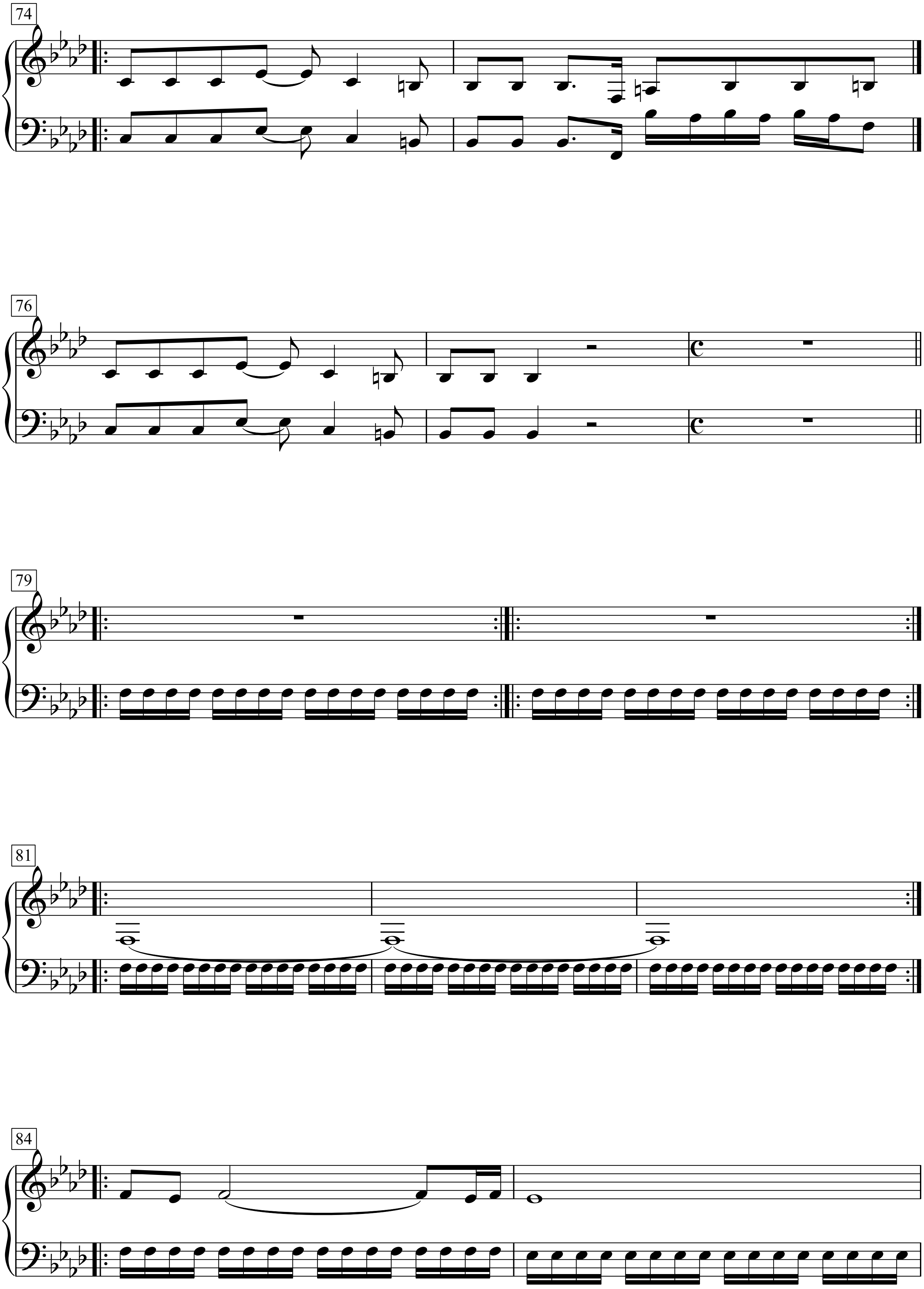

23
25
27
30

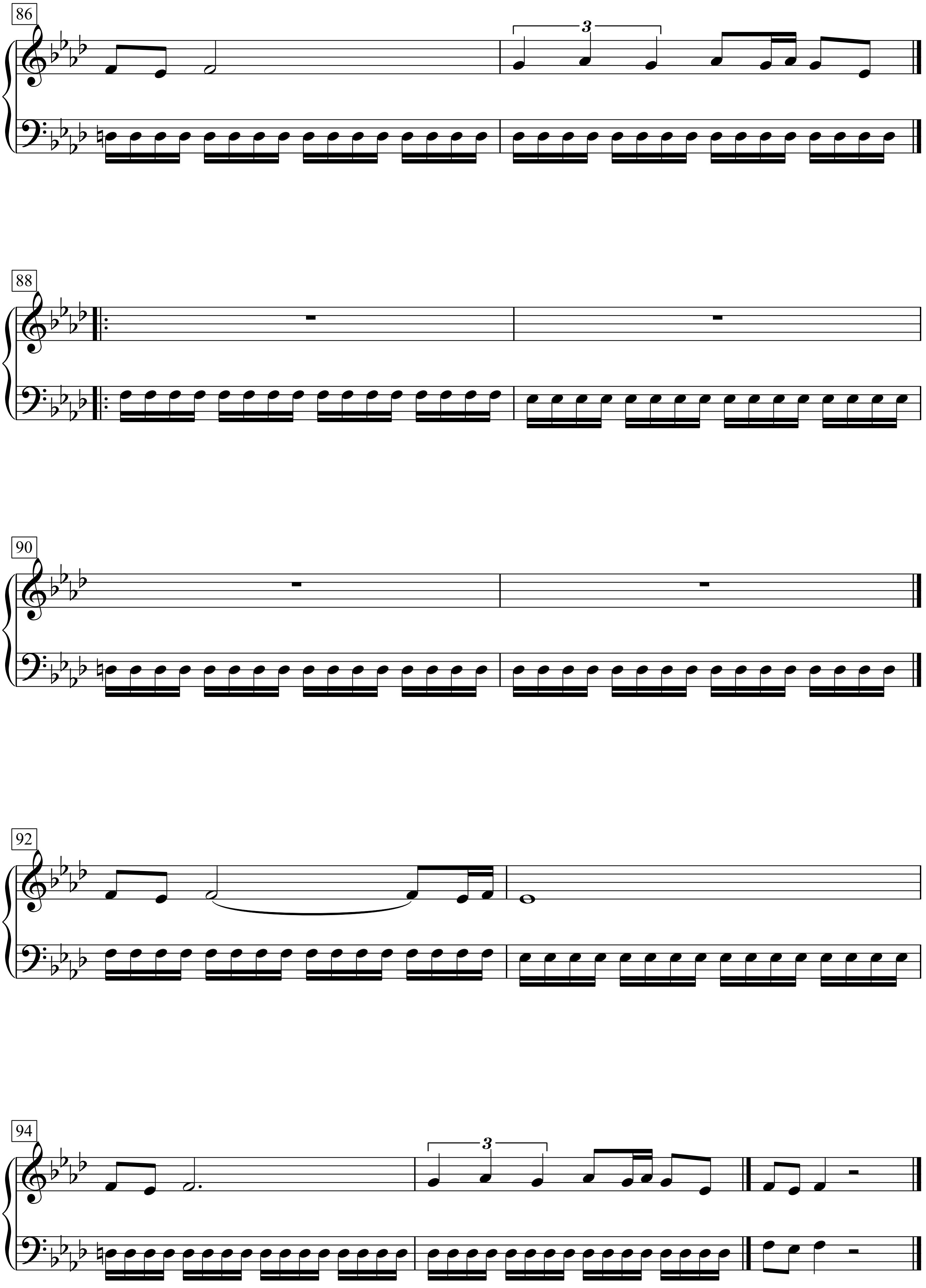

33
He was turned to steel in the great mag - net - ic field
Now the time is here for I - ron man to spread fear,
35
when he trav - eled time for the fu - ture of man - kind.
ven - geance from the grave kills all the peo - ple he once saved.
37
No -bod - y wants him; he just stares at the world.
No-bod - y wants him; they just turn their heads.
39


41
Plan-ning his ven - geance
that he will__ soon un - fold.
No - bod - y helps_ him__
now he has__ his re- venge.
43
45
47


49
52
55
58
61

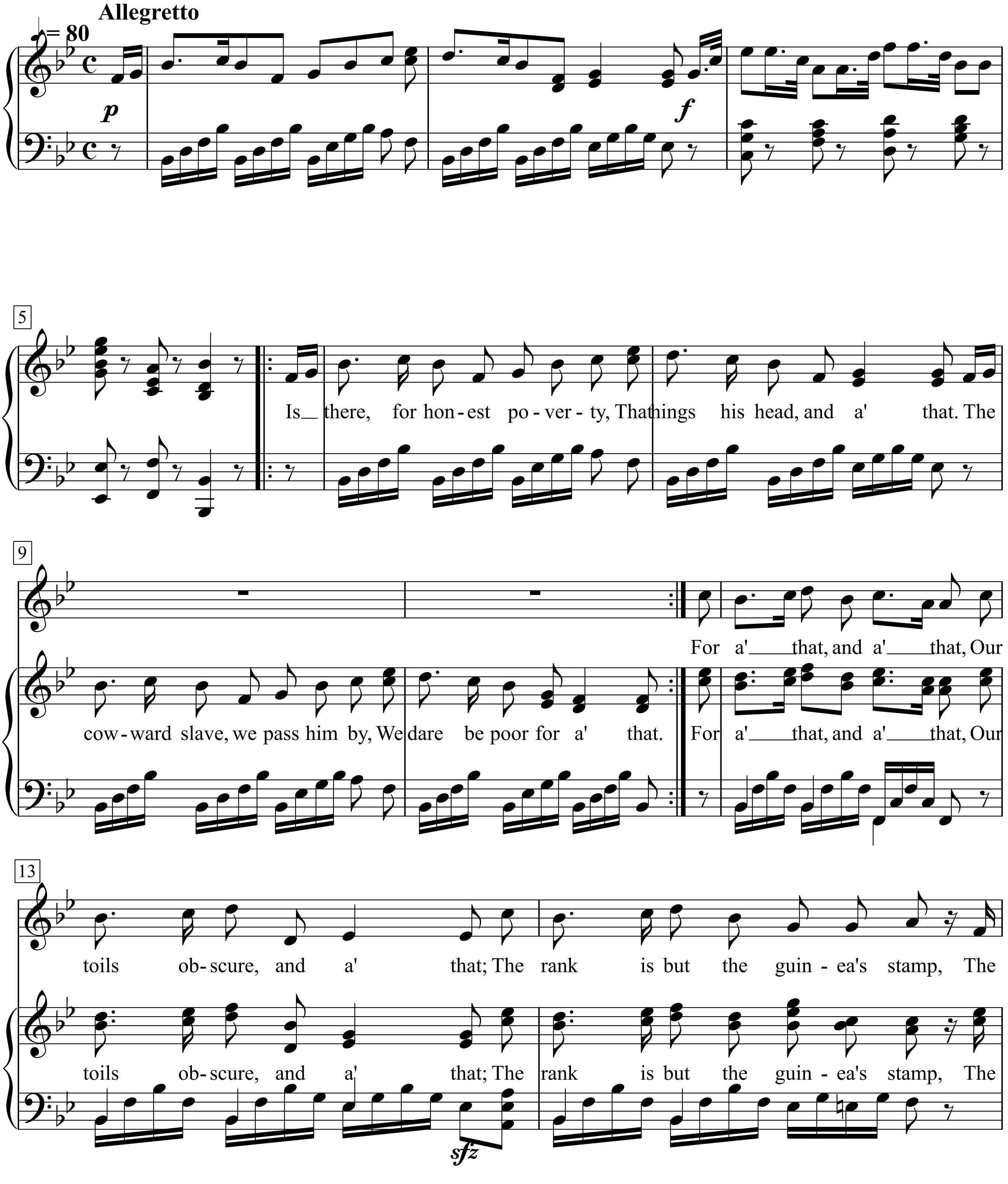

64
67
70
Hea - vy boots of lead fill his vic - tims full of dread,
72
run - ning as fast as they can. I - ron man lives a - gain.

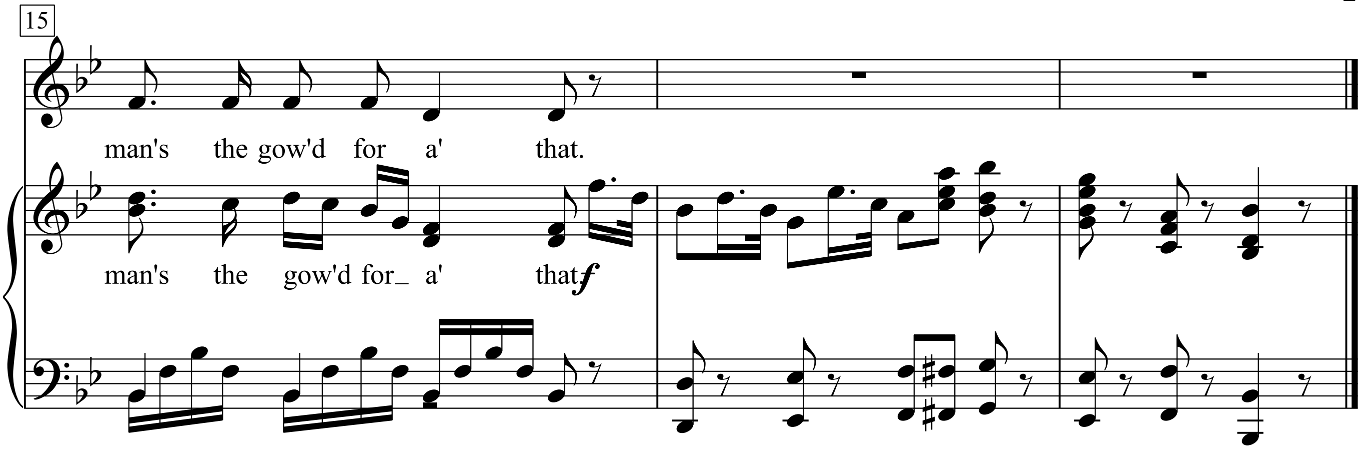

74
76
79
81
84


86
3
88
90
92
94
3

Is there for honest poverty?

Robert Burns





What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin-gray, an' a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show an' a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord
 Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
His riband, star, an' a' that,
The man o' independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

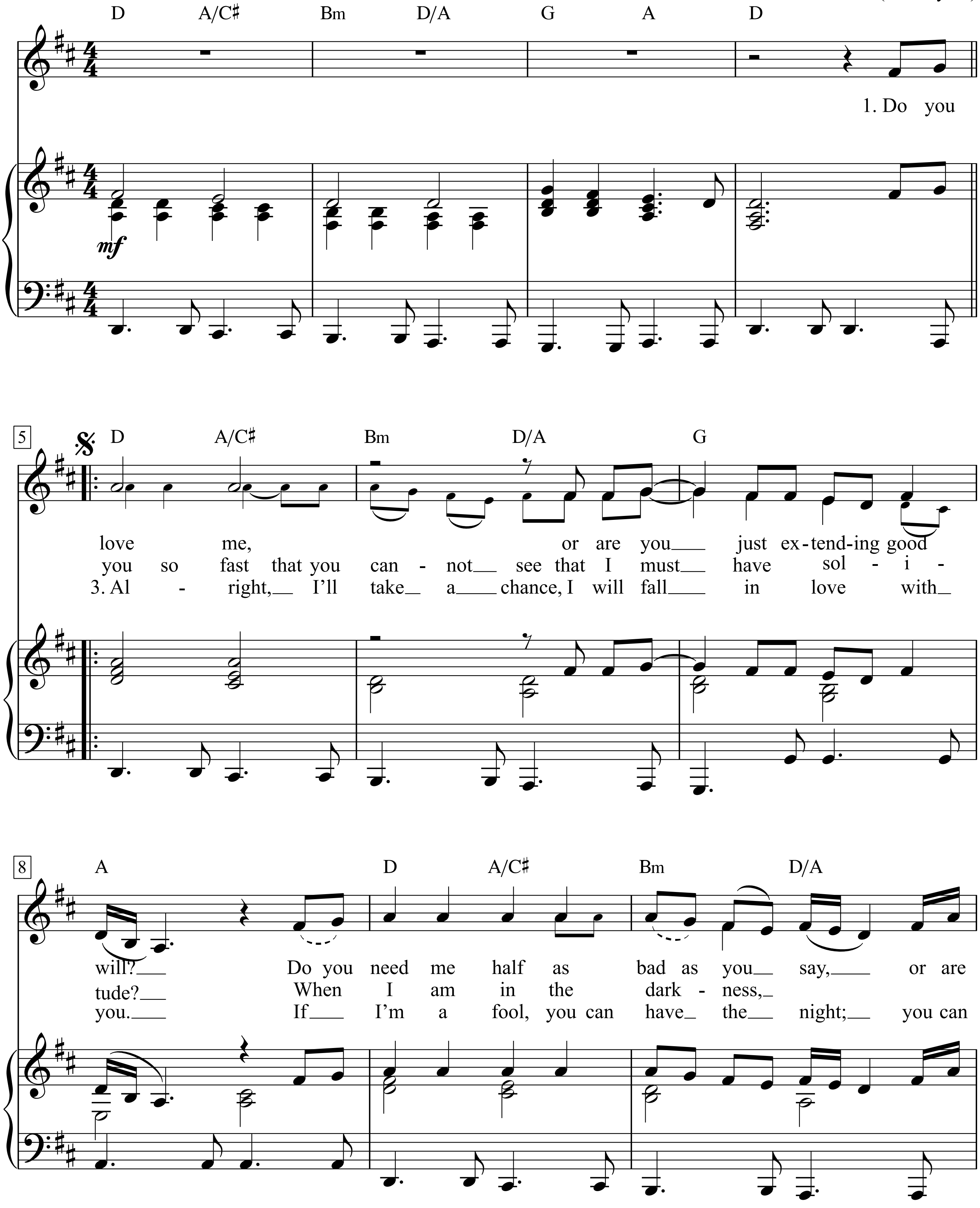
A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

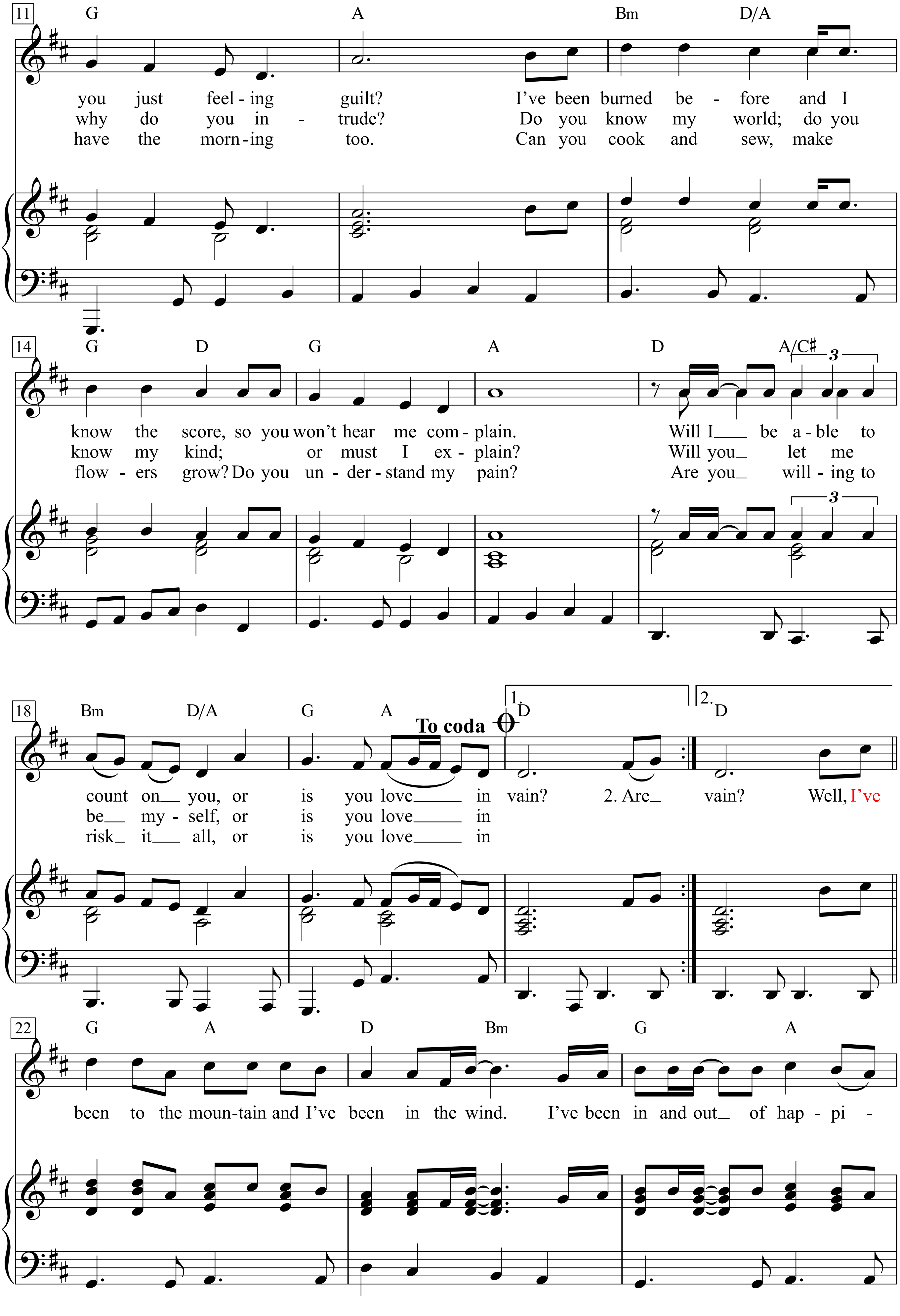
Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

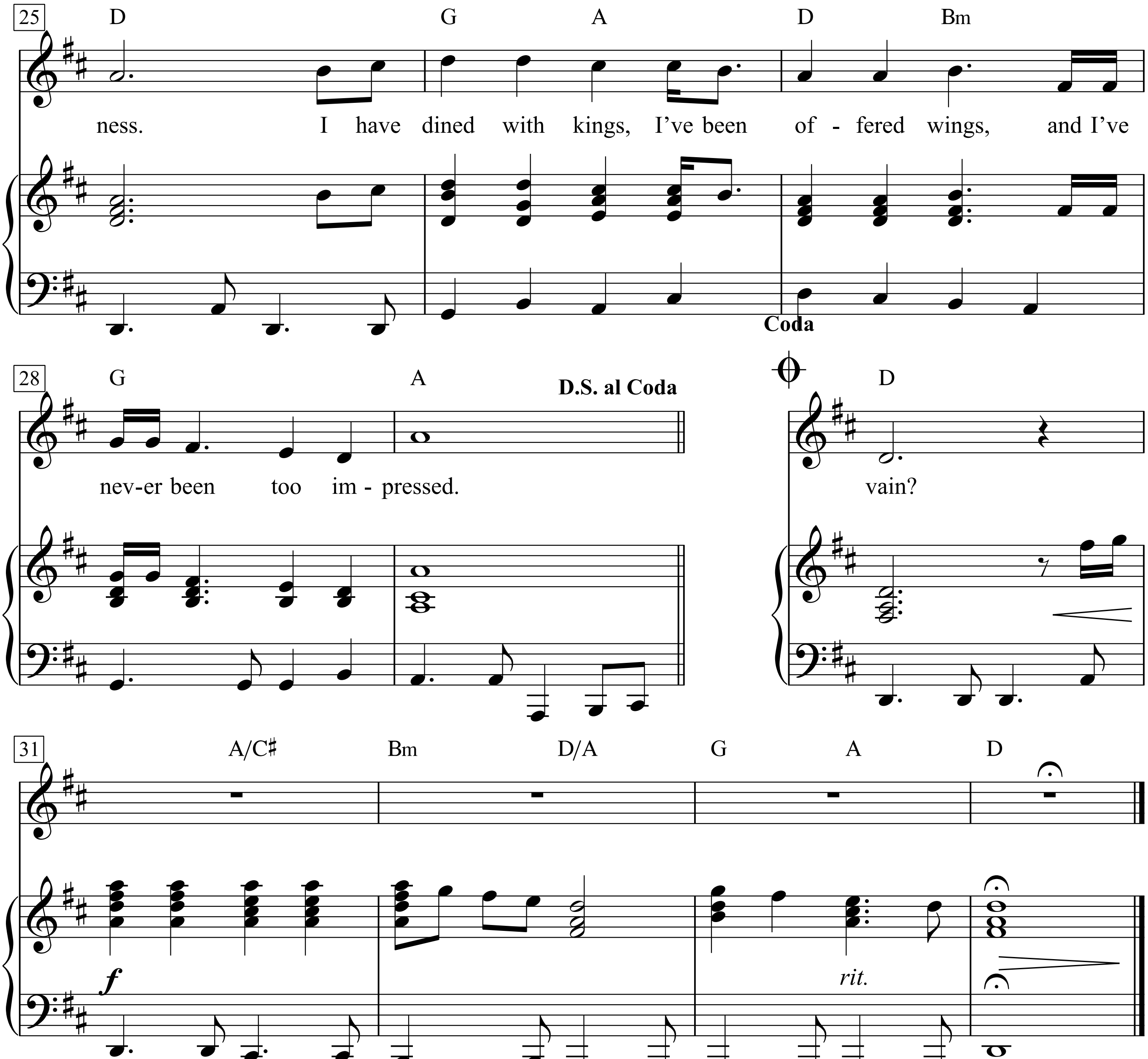
Is Your Love In Vain?

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)

Moderately slow, with a beat




11
G A Bm D/A
you just feel - ing guilt? I've been burned be - fore and I
why do you in - trude? Do you know my world; do you
have the morn - ing too. Can you cook and sew, make
14
G D G A D A/C♯
3
know the score, so you won't hear me com - plain. Will I be a - ble to
know my kind; or must I ex - plain? Will you let me
flow - ers grow? Do you un - der - stand my pain? Are you will - ing to
3
18
Bm D/A G A
To coda
1. D
2. D
count on you, or is you love in vain? 2. Are vain? Well, I've
be my - self, or is you love in
risk it all, or is you love in
22
G A D Bm G A
been to the moun-tain and I've been in the wind. I've been in and out of hap - pi -


25
D
G
A
D
Bm
ness. I have dined with kings, I've been of - fered wings, and I've
Coda
28
G
A
D.S. al Coda
nev-er been too im - pressed.
D
vain?
31
A/C♯
Bm
D/A
G
A
D
f
rit.

Do you love me, or are you just extending good will?
Do you need me half as bad as you say, or are you just feeling guilt?
I've been burned before and I know the score
So you won't hear me complain
Will I be able to count on you
Or is you love in vain?

Are you so fast that you cannot see that I must have solitude?
When I am in the darkness, why do you intrude?
Do you know my world; do you know my kind
Or must I explain?
Will you let me be myself
Or is you love in vain?

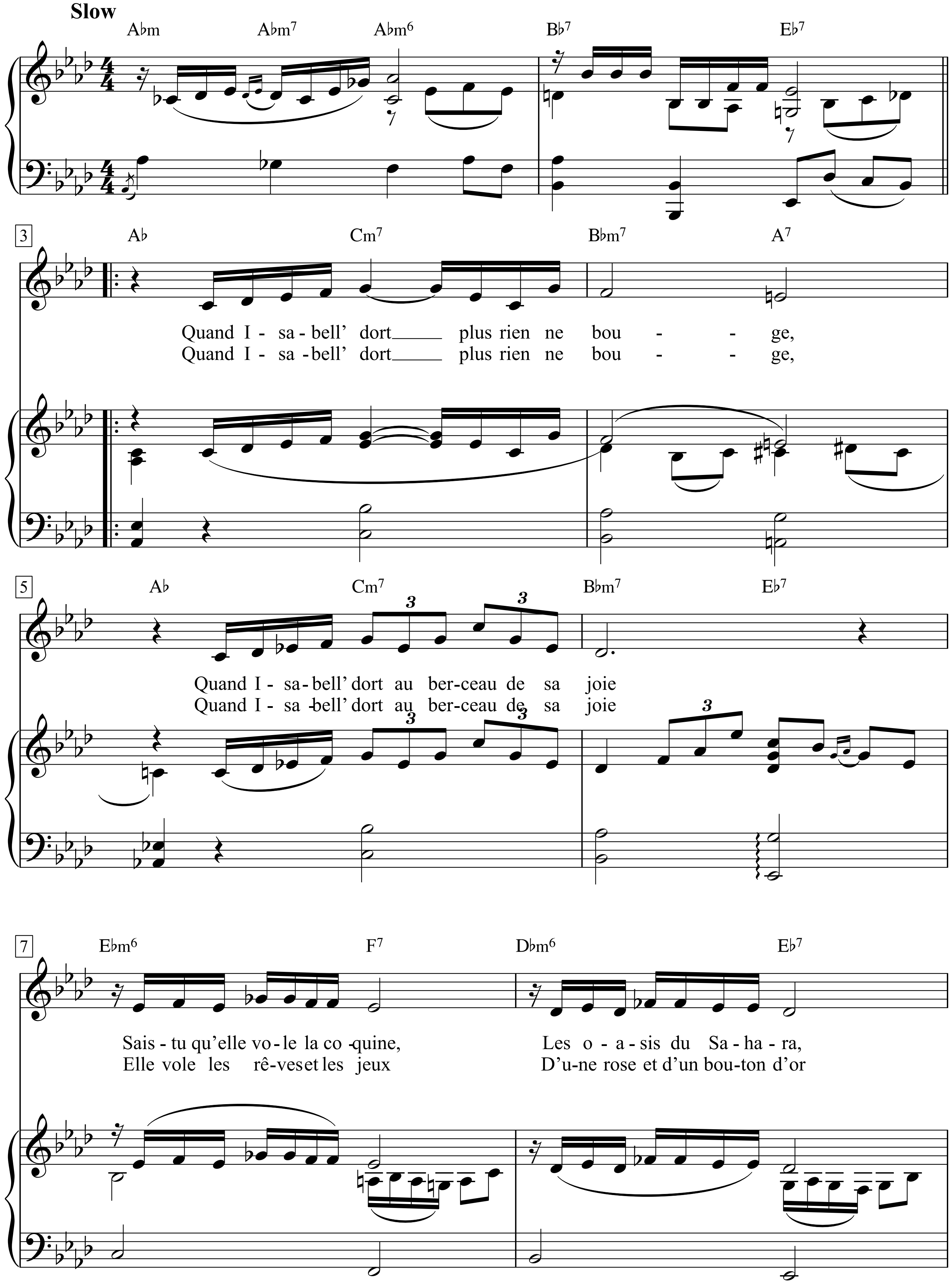
Well, I've been to the mountain and I've been in the wind
I've been in and out of happiness
I have dined with kings, I've been offered wings
And I've never been too impressed

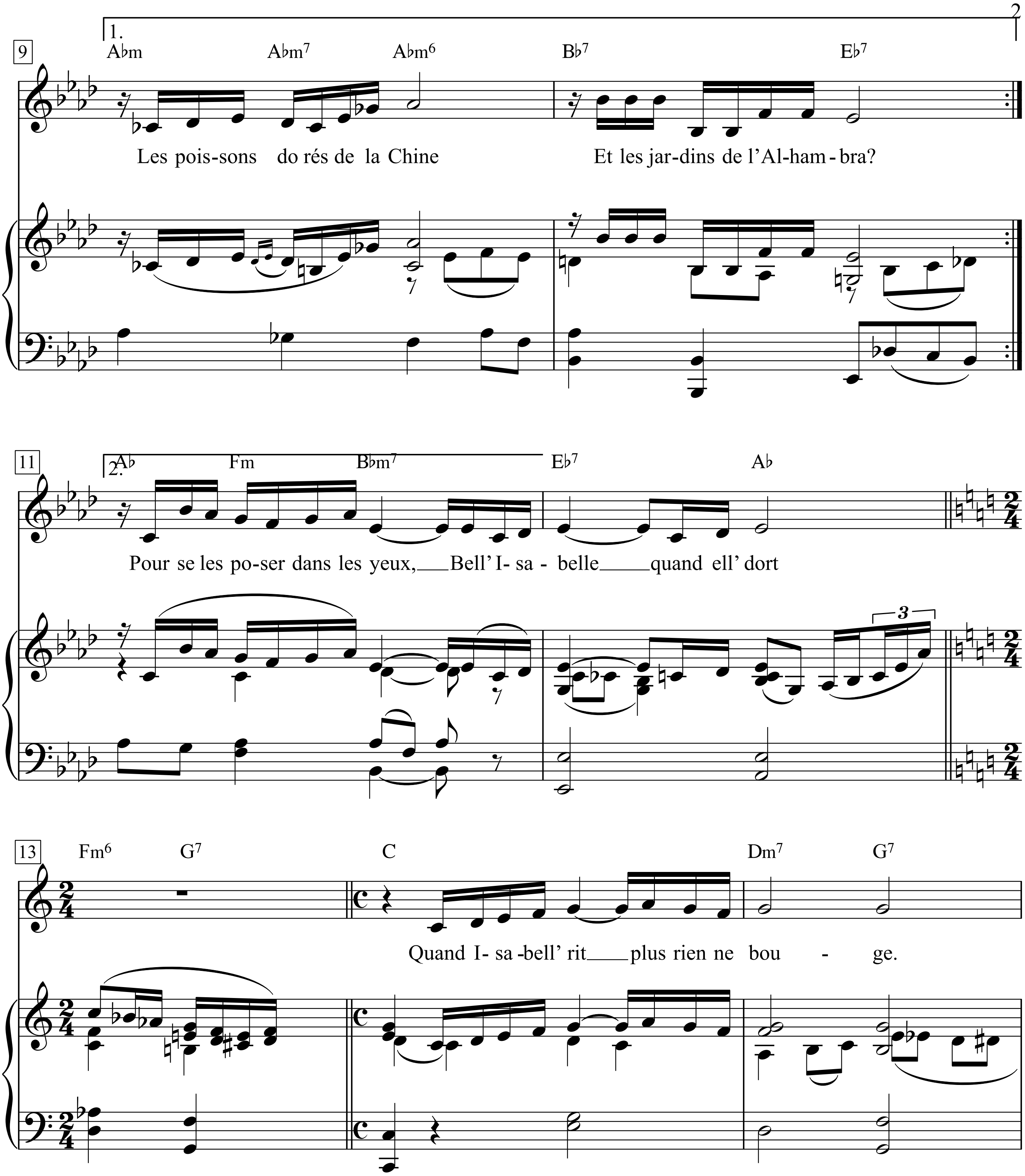
Alright, I'll take a chance, I will fall in love with you
If I'm a fool, you can have the night; you can have the morning too
Can you cook and sew, make flowers grow?
Do you understand my pain?
Are you willing to risk it all
Or is you love in vain?

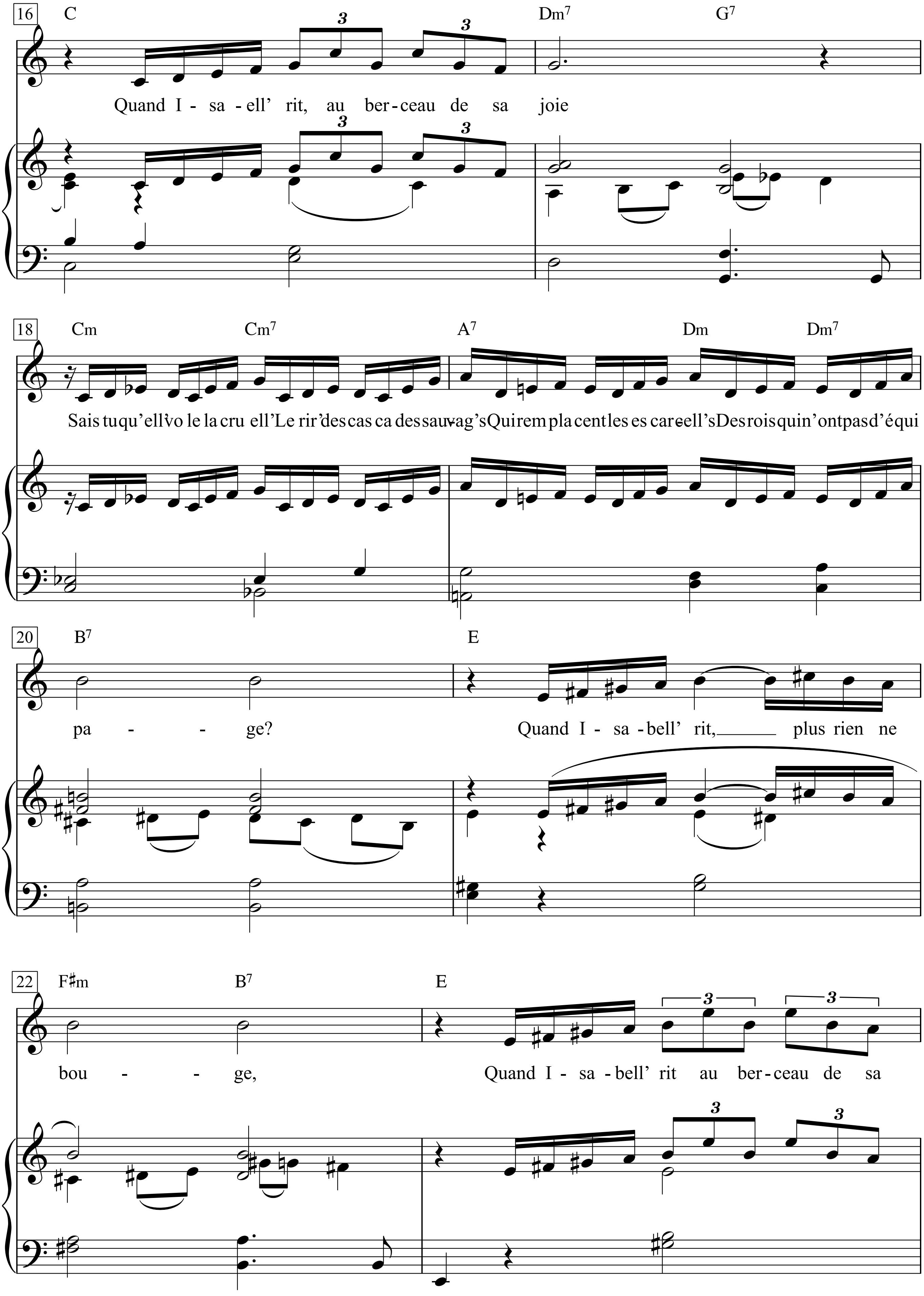
Isabelle

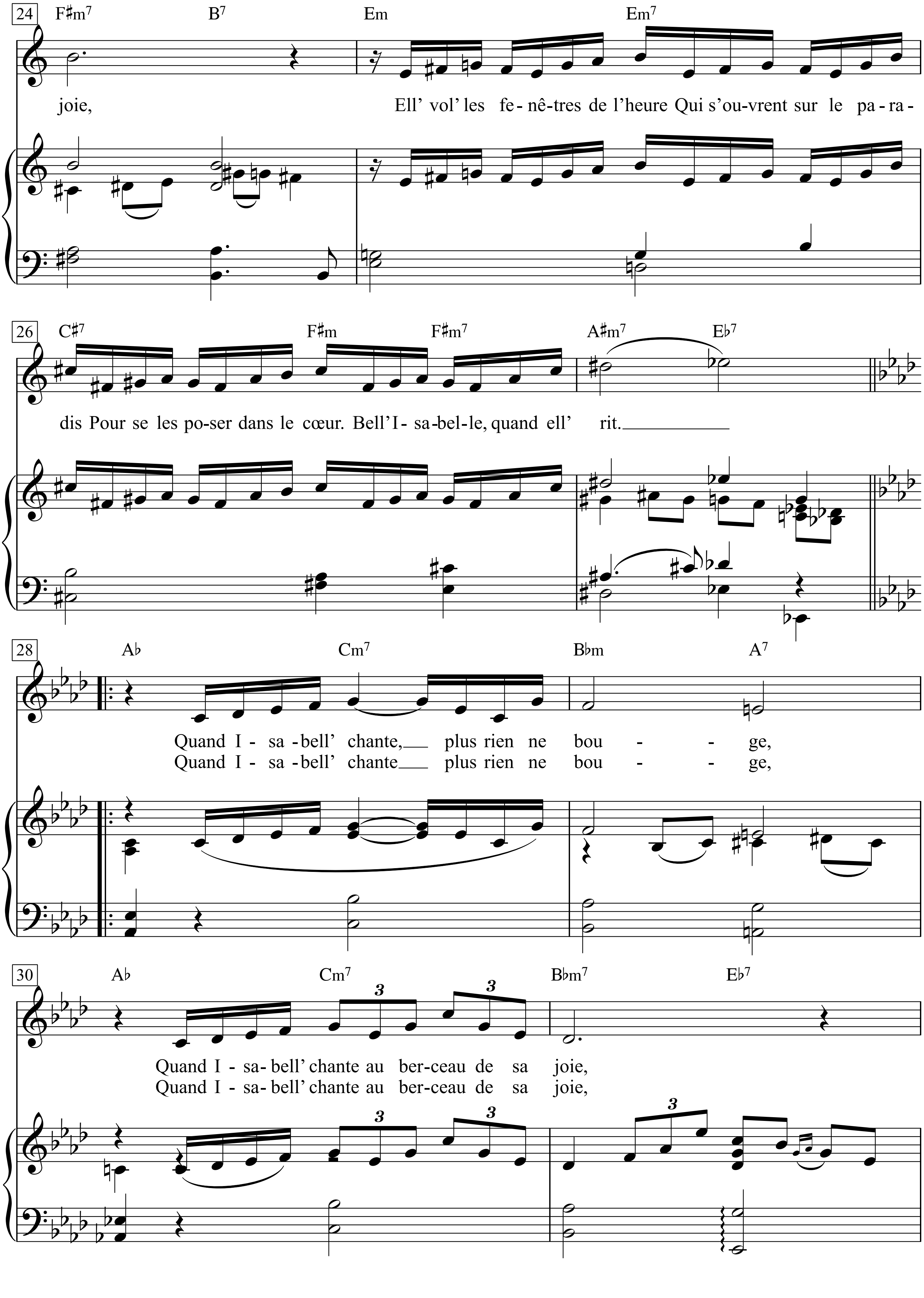
Paroles: Jacques Brel

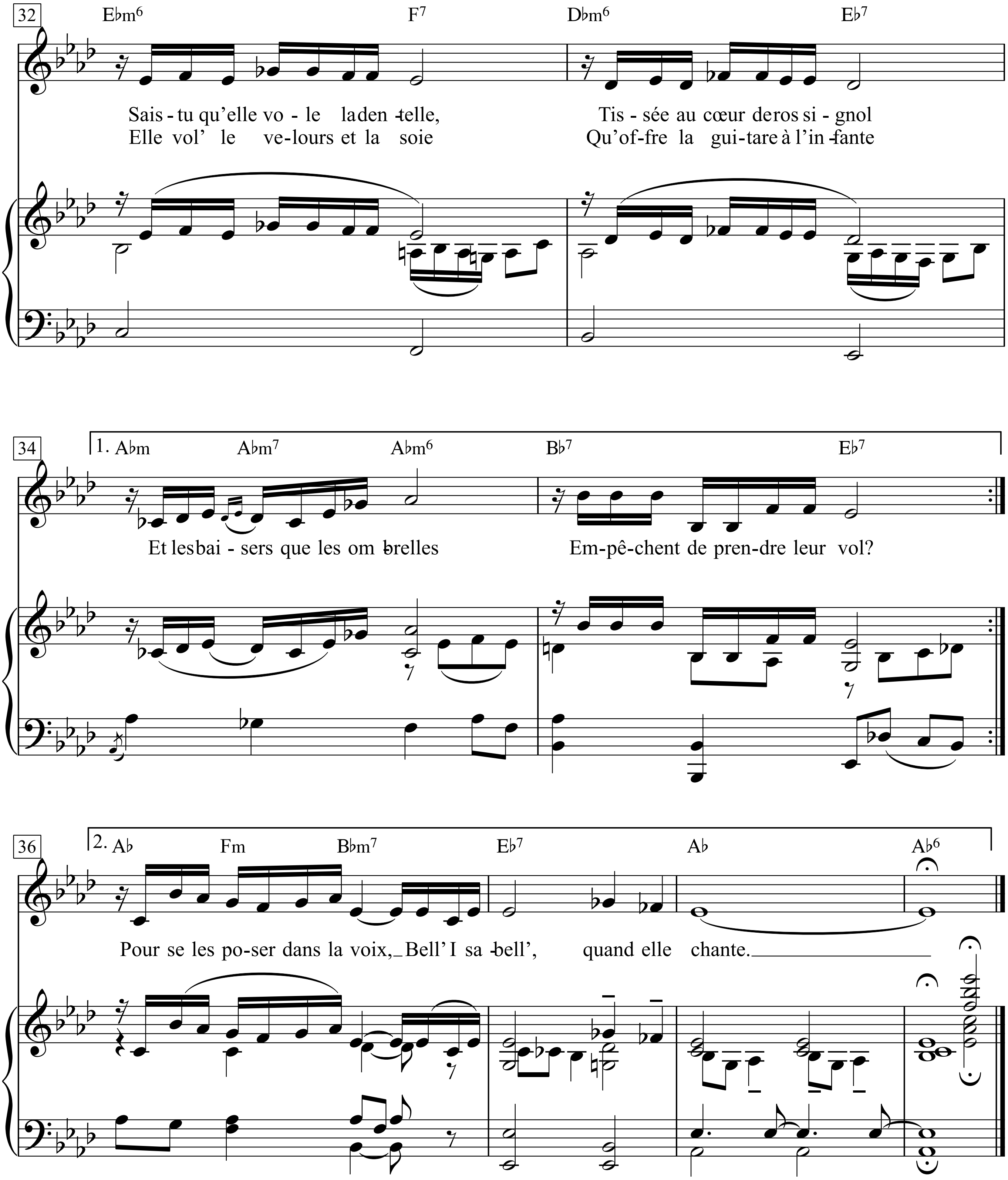
Musique: Jacques Brel & François Rauber




9
1.
Abm Abm7 Abm6 Bb7 Eb7
Les pois-sons do rés de la Chine
Et les jar-dins de l'Al-ham-bra?
11
2.
Ab Fm Bbm7 Eb7 Ab
Pour se les po-ser dans les yeux, Bell' I- sa - belle quand ell' dort
3
13
Fm6 G7 C Dm7 G7
Quand I- sa -bell' rit plus rien ne bou - ge.


16
C
Dm7
G7
Quand I - sa - ell' rit, au ber - ceau de sa joie
18
Cm
Cm7
A7
Dm
Dm7
Sais tu qu'ell'vo le la cru ell'Le rir'des cas ca des sau-vag's Qui rem pla cent les es car-ell's Des rois qui n'ont pas d'équi
20
B7
E
pa - - ge?
Quand I - sa - bell' rit, plus rien ne
22
F♯m
B7
E
bou - - ge,
Quand I - sa - bell' rit au ber - ceau de sa


24
F♯m7 B7 Em Em7
joie, Ell' vol' les fe-nê-tres de l'heure Qui s'ou-vrent sur le pa-ra-
26
C♯7 F♯m F♯m7 A♯m7 E♭7
dis Pour se les po-ser dans le cœur. Bell' I-sa-bel-le, quand ell' rit.
28
A♭ Cm7 B♭m A7
Quand I-sa-bell' chante, plus rien ne bou - - ge,
Quand I-sa-bell' chante plus rien ne bou - - ge,
30
A♭ Cm7 B♭m7 E♭7
Quand I-sa-bell' chante au ber-ceau de sa joie,
Quand I-sa-bell' chante au ber-ceau de sa joie,


32
E♭m6
F7
D♭m6
E♭7
Sais - tu qu'elle vo - le la den - telle,
Elle vol' le ve-lours et la soie
Tis - sée au cœur de ros si - gnol
Qu'of-fre la gui-tare à l'in - fante
34
1. A♭m
A♭m7
A♭m6
B♭7
E♭7
Et les bai - sers que les om - brelles
Em-pê-chent de pren-dre leur vol?
36
2. A♭
Fm
B♭m7
E♭7
A♭
A♭6
Pour se les po-ser dans la voix, Bell' I sa - bell', quand elle chante.

1. Quand Isabell' dort plus rien ne bouge,
Quand Isabell' dort au berceau de sa joie
Sais-tu qu'elle vole la coquine,
Les oasis du Sahara,
Les poissons dorés de la Chine
Et les jardins de l'Alhambra?
Quand Isabell' dort plus rien ne bouge,
Quand Isabell' dort au berceau de sa joie
Elle vole les rêves et les jeux
D'une rose et d'un bouton d'or
Pour se les poser dans les yeux
Bell' Isabelle quand ell' dort

2. Quand Isabell' rit plus rien ne bouge.
Quand Isaell' rit, au berceau de sa joie
Sais-tu qu'ell' vole la cruell'
Le rir' des cascades sauvag's
Qui remplacent les escarcell's
Des rois qui n'ont pas d'équipage?
Quand Isabell' rit, plus rien ne bouge,
Quand Isabell' rit au berceau de sa joie,
Ell' vol' les fenêtres de l'heure
Qui s'ouvrent sur le paradis
Pour se les poser dans le cœur.
Bell' Isabel le, quand ell' rit.

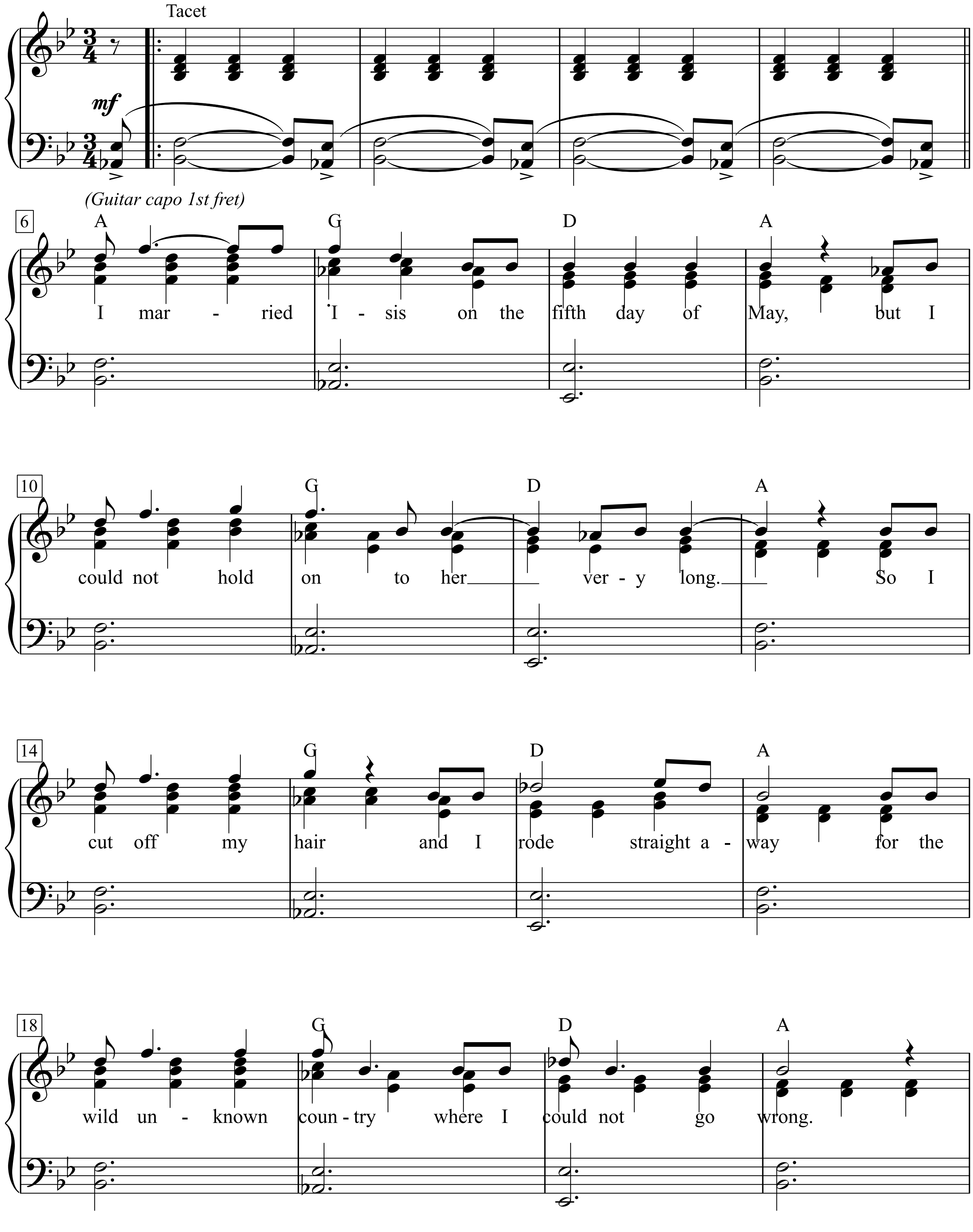
3. Quand Isabell' chante, plus rien ne bouge,
Quand Isabell' chante au berceau de sa joie,
Saistu qu'elle vole la dentelle,
Tissée au cœur de rossignol
Et les baisers que les ombrelles
Empêchent de prendre leur vol?
Quand Isabell' chante plus rien ne bouge,
Quand Isabell' chante au berceau de sa joie,
Elle vol' le velours et la soie
Qu'offre la guitare à l'infante
Pour se les poser dans la voix,
Bell' Isabell', quand elle chante.

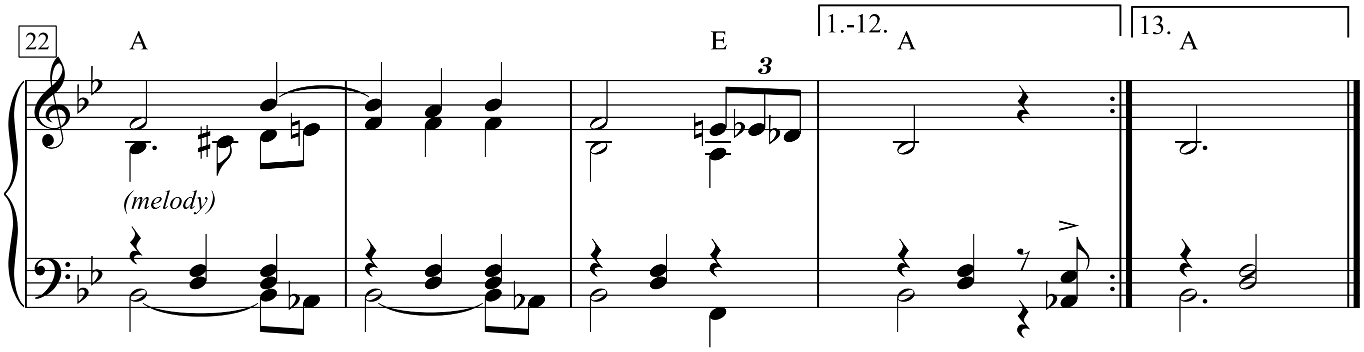
Isis

Words & Music by Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy

Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)

Moderately





1. I married Isis on the fifth day of May,
But I could not hold on to her very long.
So I cut off my hair and I rode straight away
For the wild unknown country where I could not go wrong.

2. I came to a high place of darkness and light.
The dividing line ran through the center of town.
I hitched up my pony to a post on the right,
Went into a laundry to wash my clothes down.

3. A man in the corner approached me for a match.
I knew right away he was not ordinary.
He said, “Are you lookin’ for somethin’ easy to catch?”
I said, “I got no money.” He said, “That ain’t necessary.”

4. We set out that night for the cold in the North.
I gave him my blanket, he gave me his word.
I said, “Where are we goin’?” He said we’d be back by the fourth.
I said, “That’s the best news that I’ve ever heard.”

5. I was thinkin’ about turquoise, I was thinkin“ about gold,
I was thinkin’ about diamonds and the world’s biggest necklace.
As we rode through the canyons, through the devilish cold,
I was thinkin’ about Isis, how she thought I was so reckless.

6. How she told me that one day we would meet up again,
And things would be different the next time we wed,
If I only could hang on and just be her friend.
I still can’t remember all the best things she said.

7. We came to the pyramids all embedded in ice.
He said, “There’s a body I’m tryin’ to find,
If I carry it out it’ll bring a good price.”
’Twas then that I knew what he had on his mind.

8. The wind it was howlin’ and the snow was outrageous.
We chopped through the night and we chopped through the dawn.
When he died I was hopin’ that it wasn’t contagious,
But I made up my mind that I had to go on.

9. I broke into the tomb, but the casket was empty.
There was no jewels, no nothin’, I felt I’d been had.
When I saw that my partner was just bein’ friendly,
When I took up his offer I must-a been mad.

10. I picked up his body and I dragged him inside,
Threw him down in the hole and I put back the cover.
I said a quick prayer and I felt satisfied.
Then I rode back to find Isis just to tell her I love her.

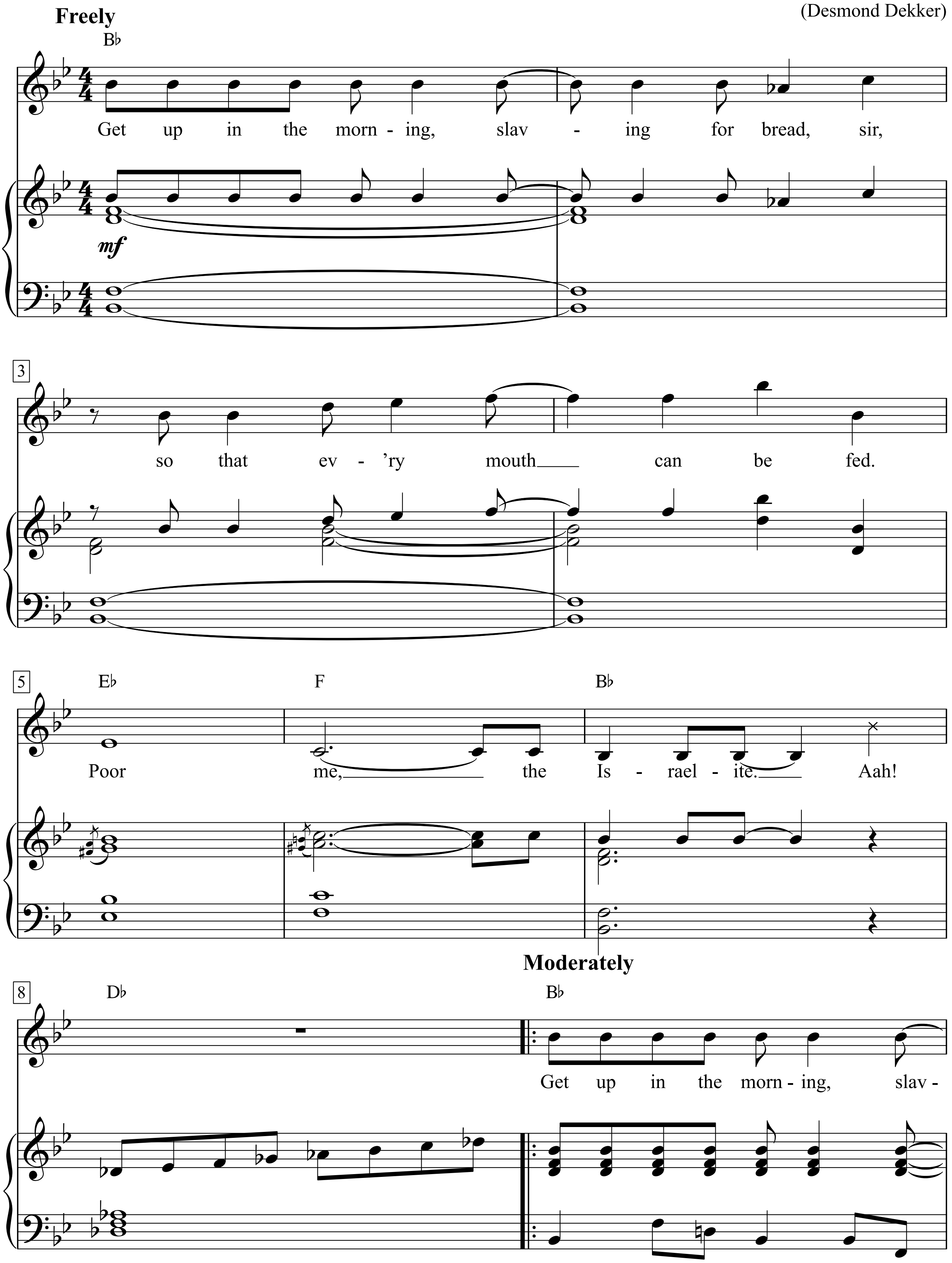
11. She was there in the meadow where the creek used to rise.
Blinded by sleep and in need of a bed,
I came in from the East with the sun in my eyes.
I cursed her one time then I rode on ahead.

12. She said, “Where ya been?” I said, “No place special.”
She said, “You look different.” I said, “Well, I guess.”
She said, “You been gone.” I said, “That’s only natural.”
She said, “You gonna stay?” I said, “If ya want me to, yes.”

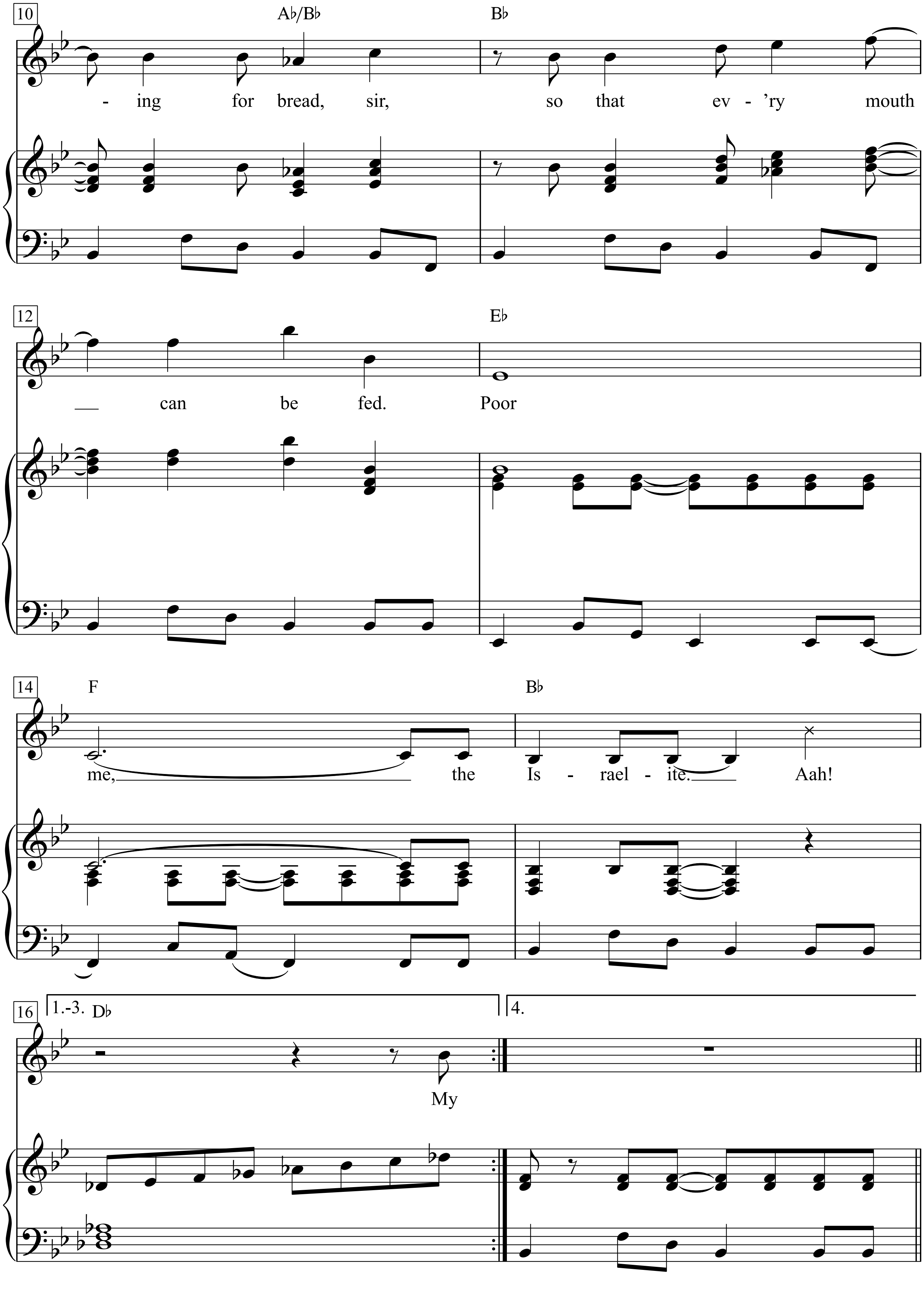
13. Isis, oh, Isis, you mystical child.
What drives me to you is what drives me insane.
I still can remember the way that you smiled
On the fifth day of May in the drizzlin’ rain.

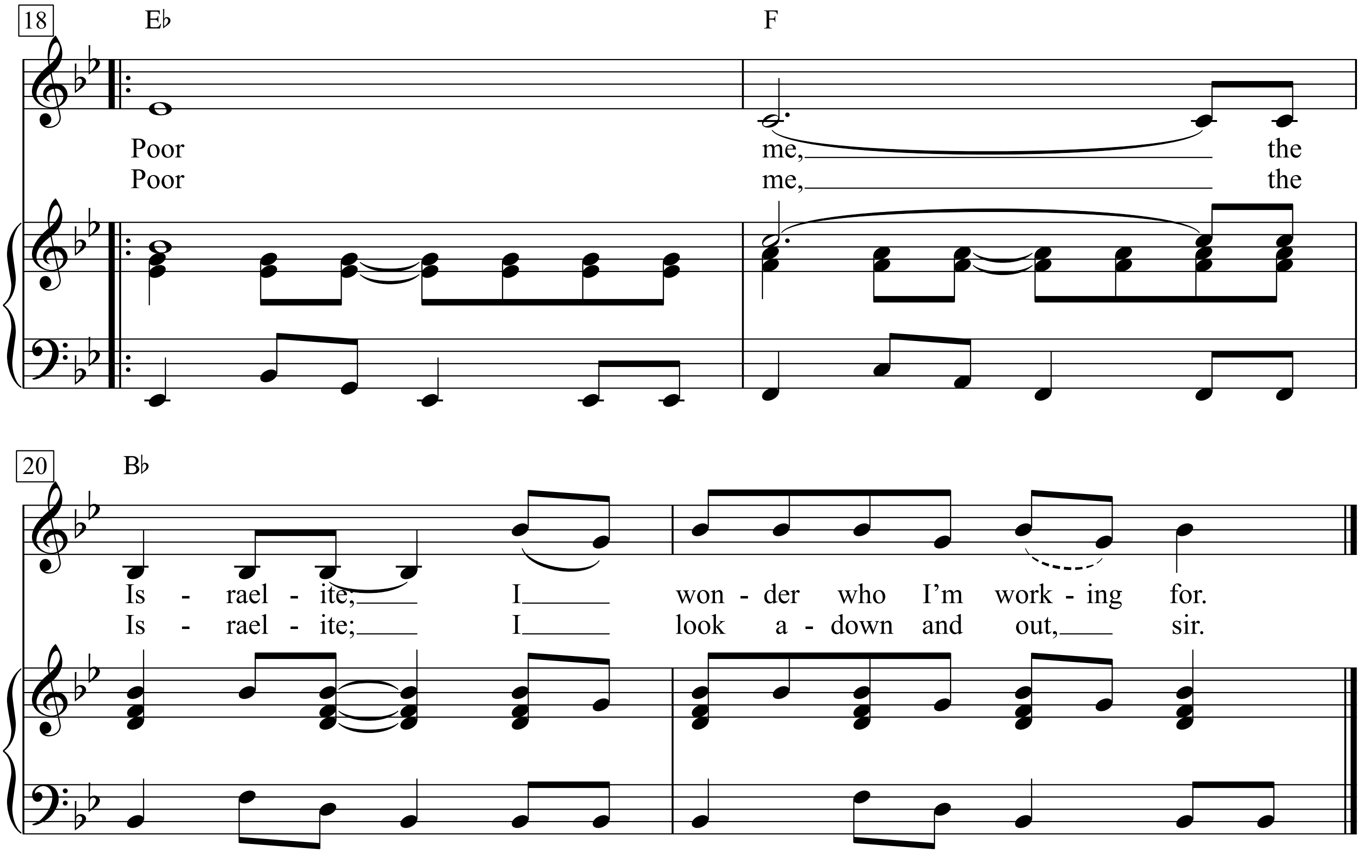
Israelites

Words & Music by Desmond Dekker
(Desmond Dekker)



The Reggae Songbook, p. 70-72


10
A♭/B♭
B♭
- ing for bread, sir, so that ev - 'ry mouth
12
E♭
— can be fed. Poor
14
F
B♭
me, the Is - rael - ite. Aah!
16
1.-3. D♭
4.
My



1. Get up in the morning, slaving for bread, sir,
so that ev'ry mouth can be fed.
Poor me, the Israelite. Aah!
Get up in the morning, slaving for bread, sir,
so that ev'ry mouth can be fed.
Poor me, the Israelite. Aah!
My Poor me, the Israelite;
I wonder who I'm working for.
Poor me, the Israelite;
I look a-down and out, sir.

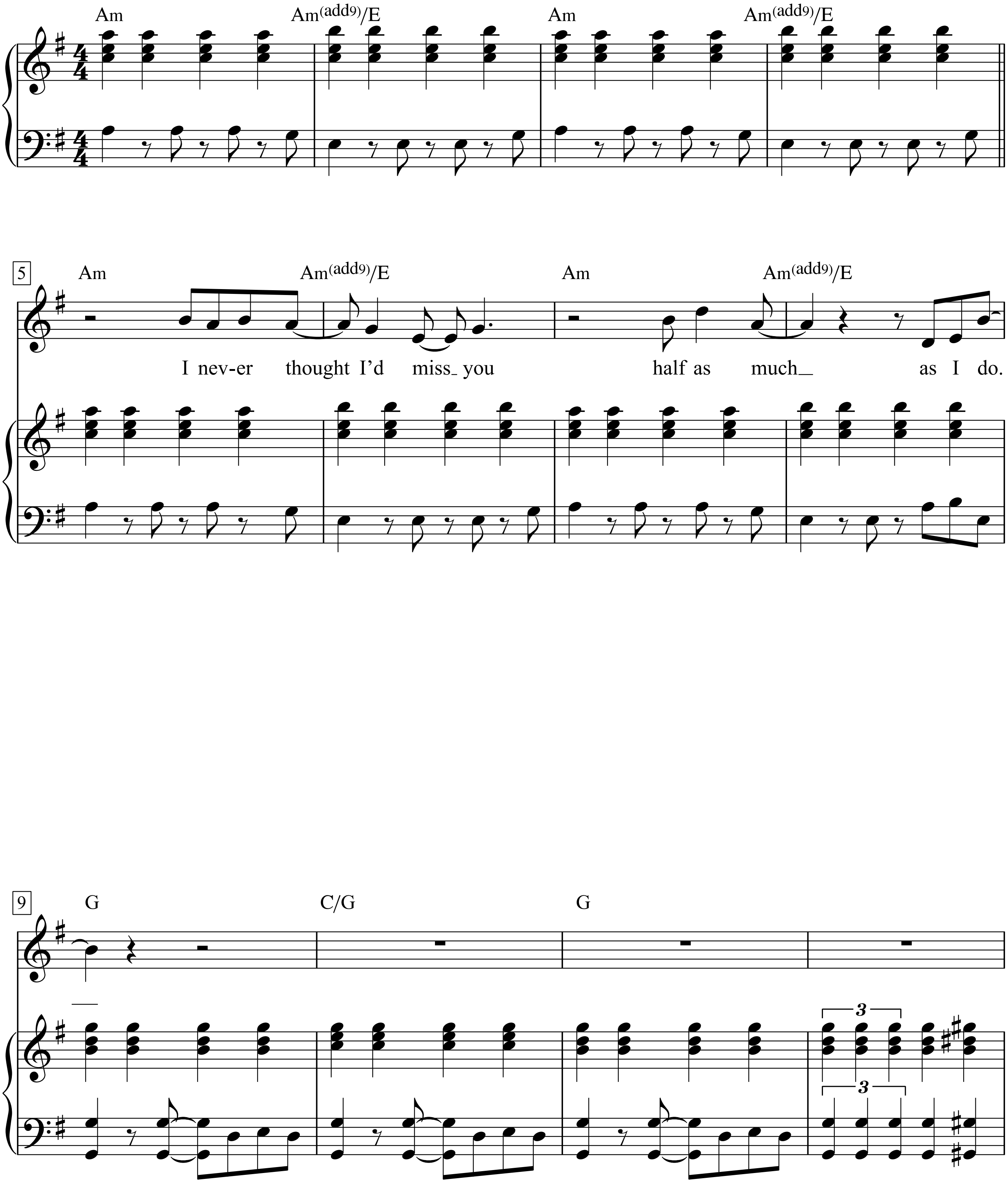
2. My wife and my kids, they pack up and leave me;
"Darling," she said, "I'm yours to receive."
Poor me, the Israelite. Aah!

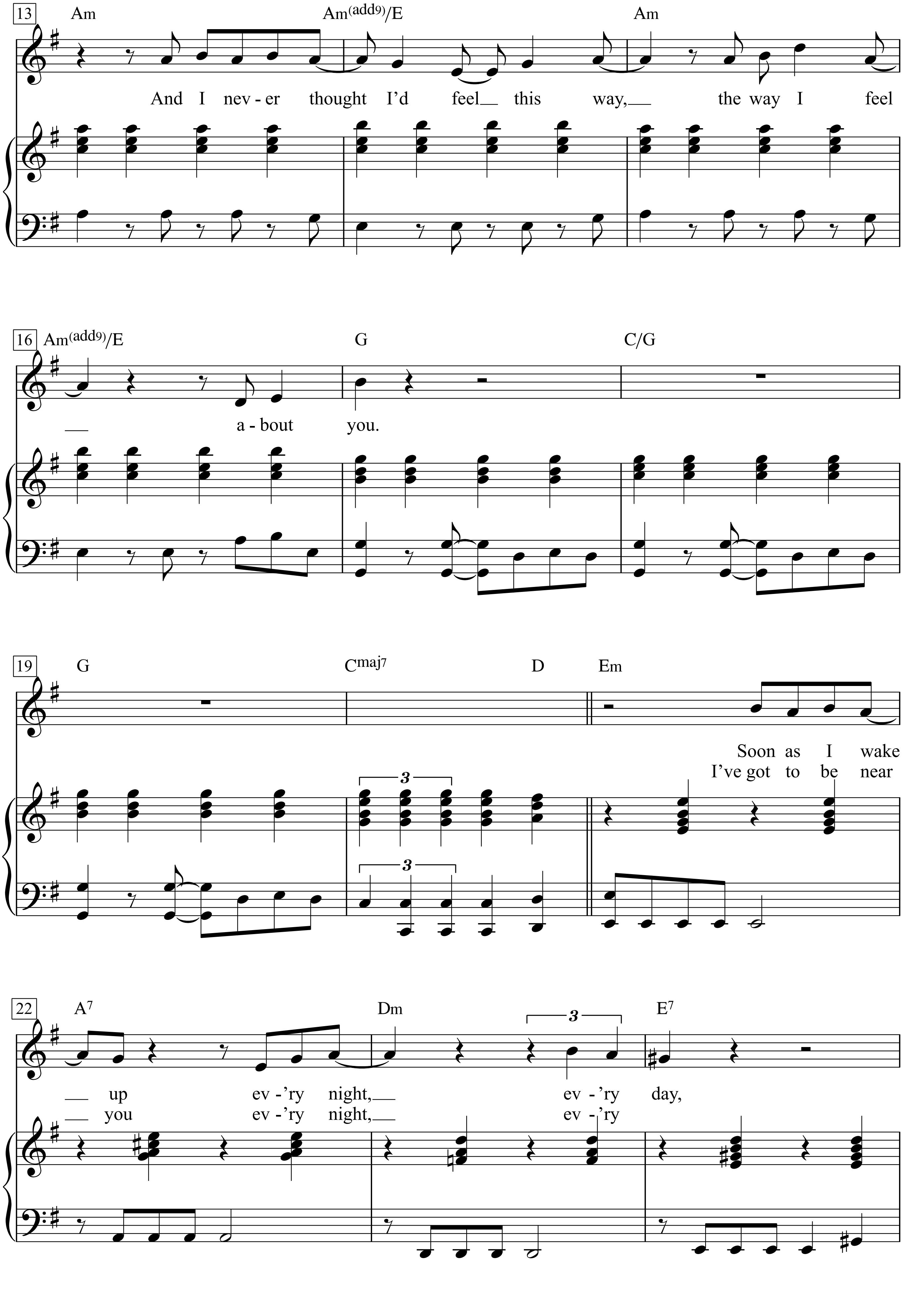
3. Shirt them ah tear up, trousers are gone;
I don't want to end up like Bonnie and Clyde.
Poor me, the Israelite. Aah!

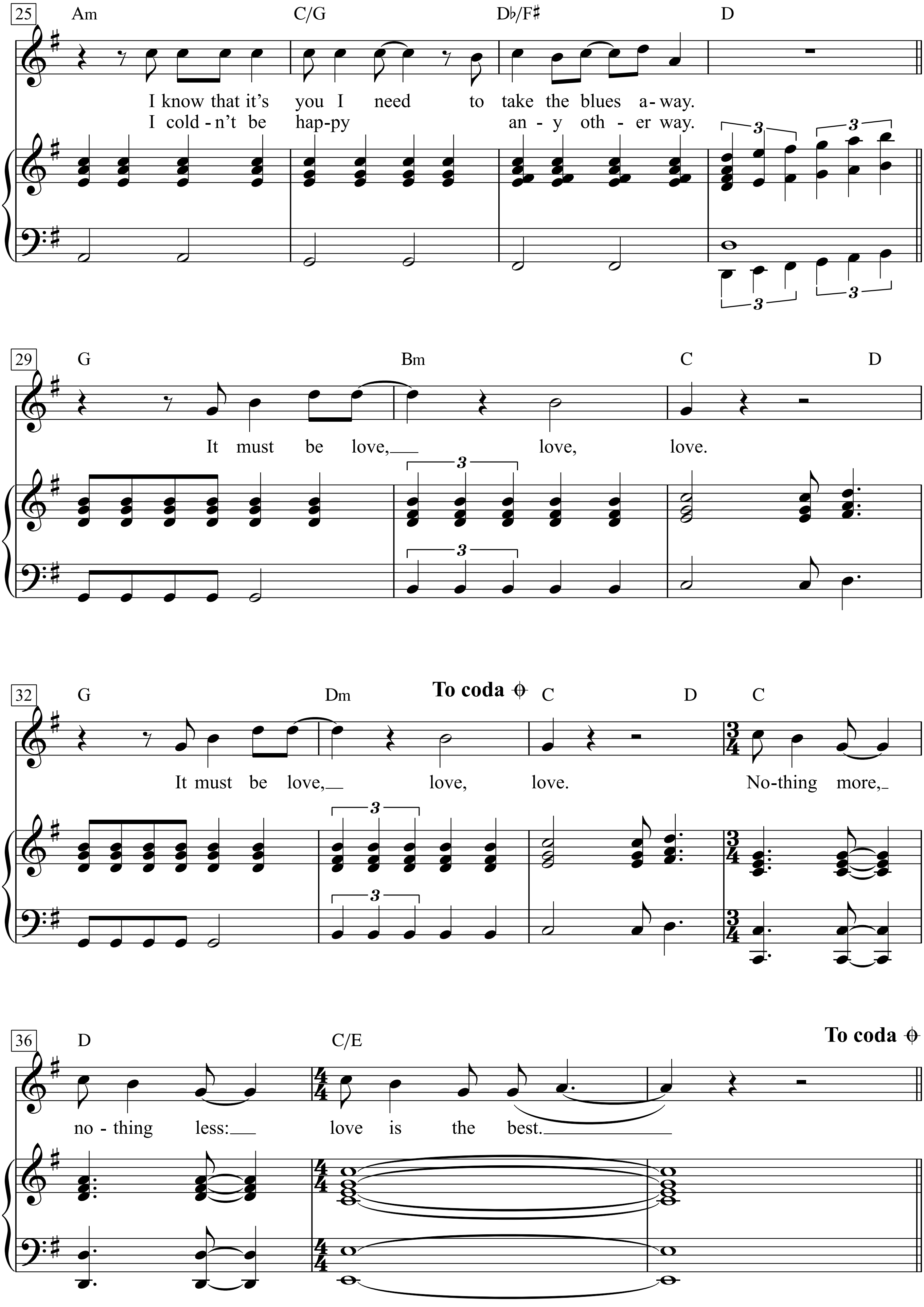
4. After a storm there must be a calm.
They catch me in the farm, you sound the alarm.
Poor me, the Israelite. Aah!

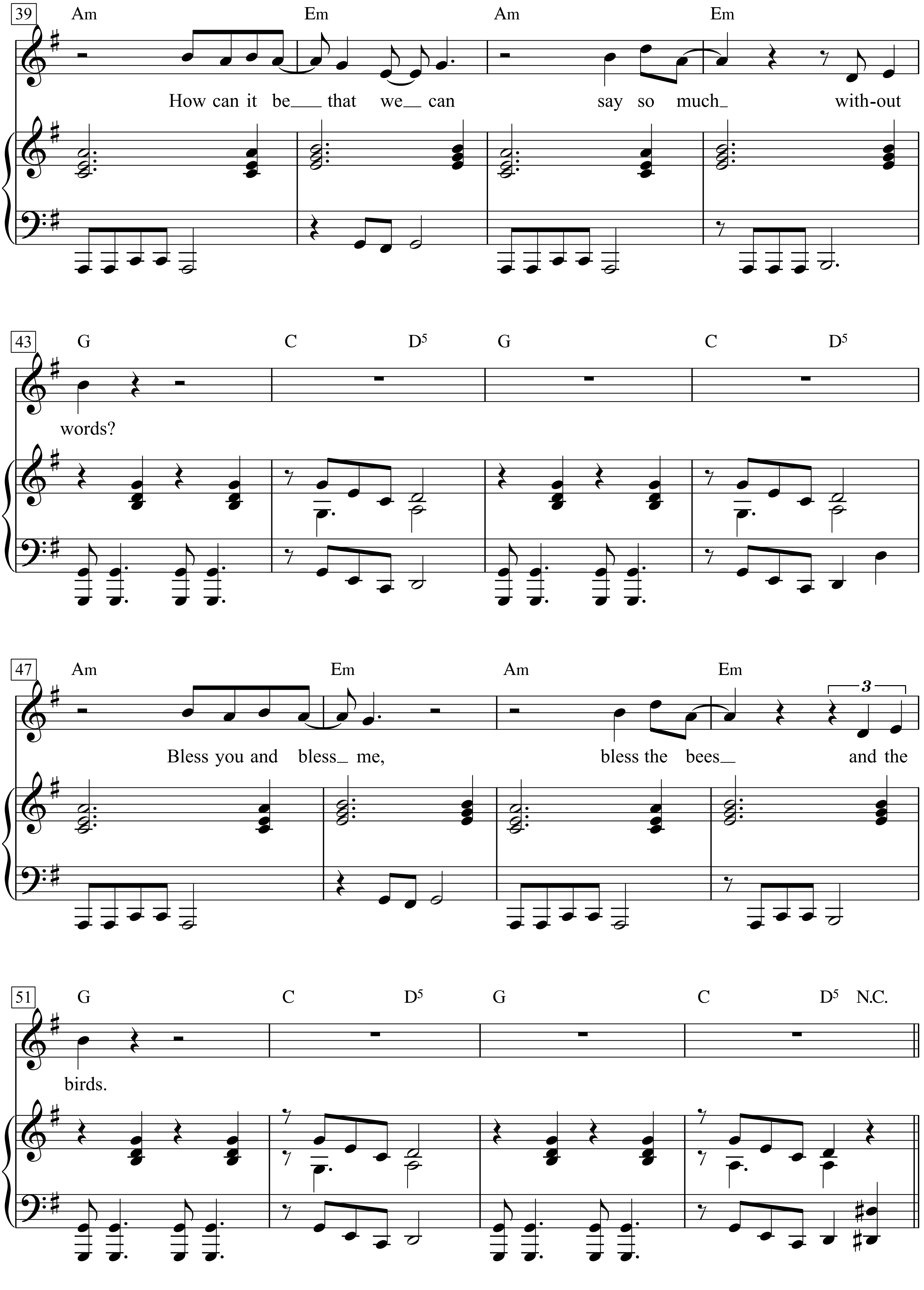
It Must Be Love

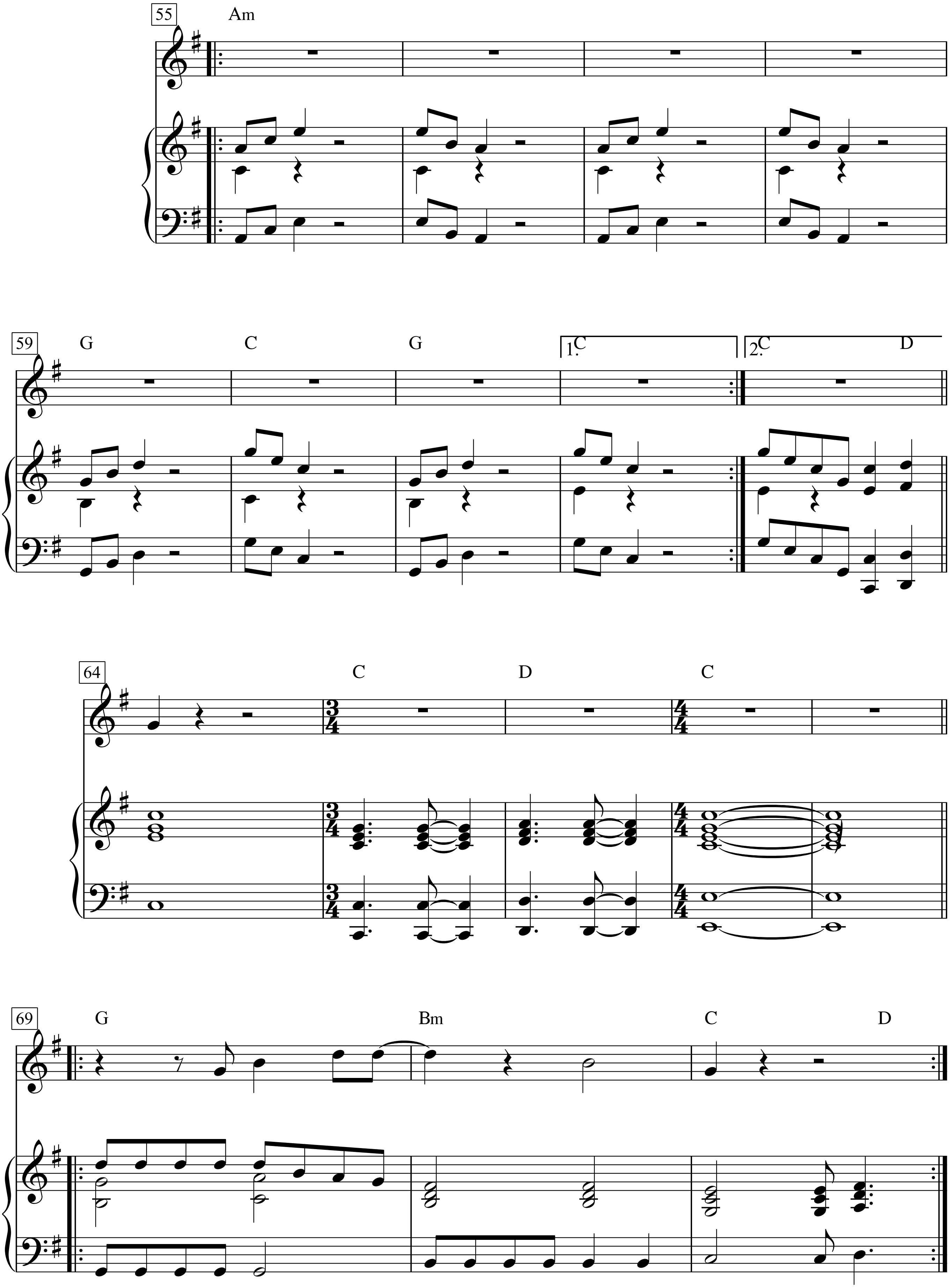
Words & Music by Labi Siffre
(Madness)




13
Am
Am(add9)/E
Am
And I nev - er thought I'd feel this way, the way I feel
16
Am(add9)/E
G
C/G
a - bout you.
19
G
Cmaj7
D
Em
Soon as I wake
I've got to be near
3
22
A7
Dm
E7
up ev - 'ry night, ev - 'ry day,
you ev - 'ry night, ev - 'ry


25
Am
C/G
D♭/F♯
D
I know that it's you I need to take the blues a-way.
I cold-n't be hap-py an-y oth-er way.
29
G
Bm
C
D
It must be love, love, love.
32
G
Dm
To coda
C
D
C
It must be love, love, love. No-thing more,
36
D
C/E
To coda
no-thing less: love is the best.


39
Am Em Am Em
How can it be that we can say so much without
43
G C D5 G C D5
words?
47
Am Em Am Em
Bless you and bless me, bless the bees and the
3
51
G C D5 G C D5 N.C.
birds.

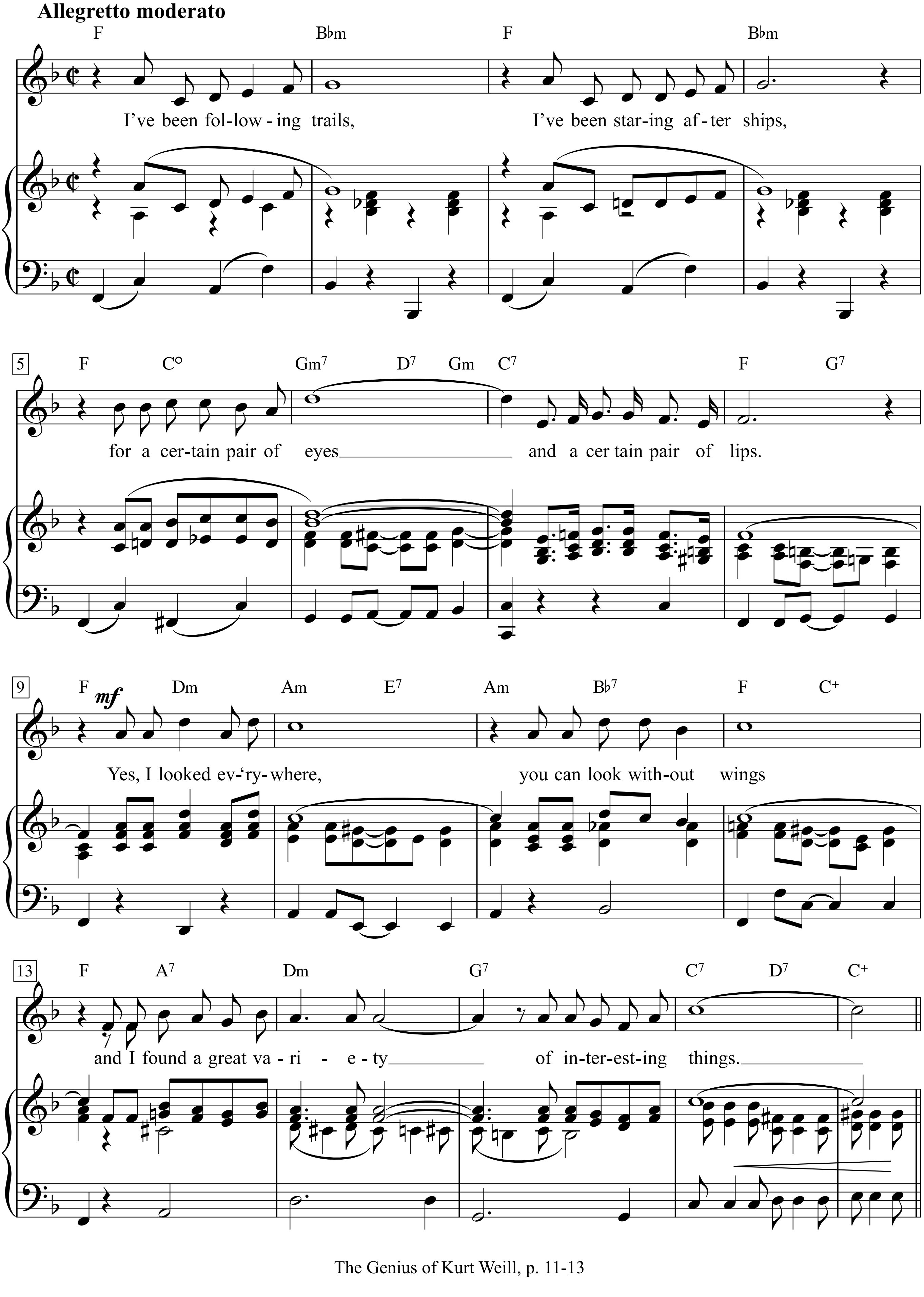

55
Am
59
G
C
G
1.C
2.C
D
64
C
D
C
69
G
Bm
C
D

It never was You

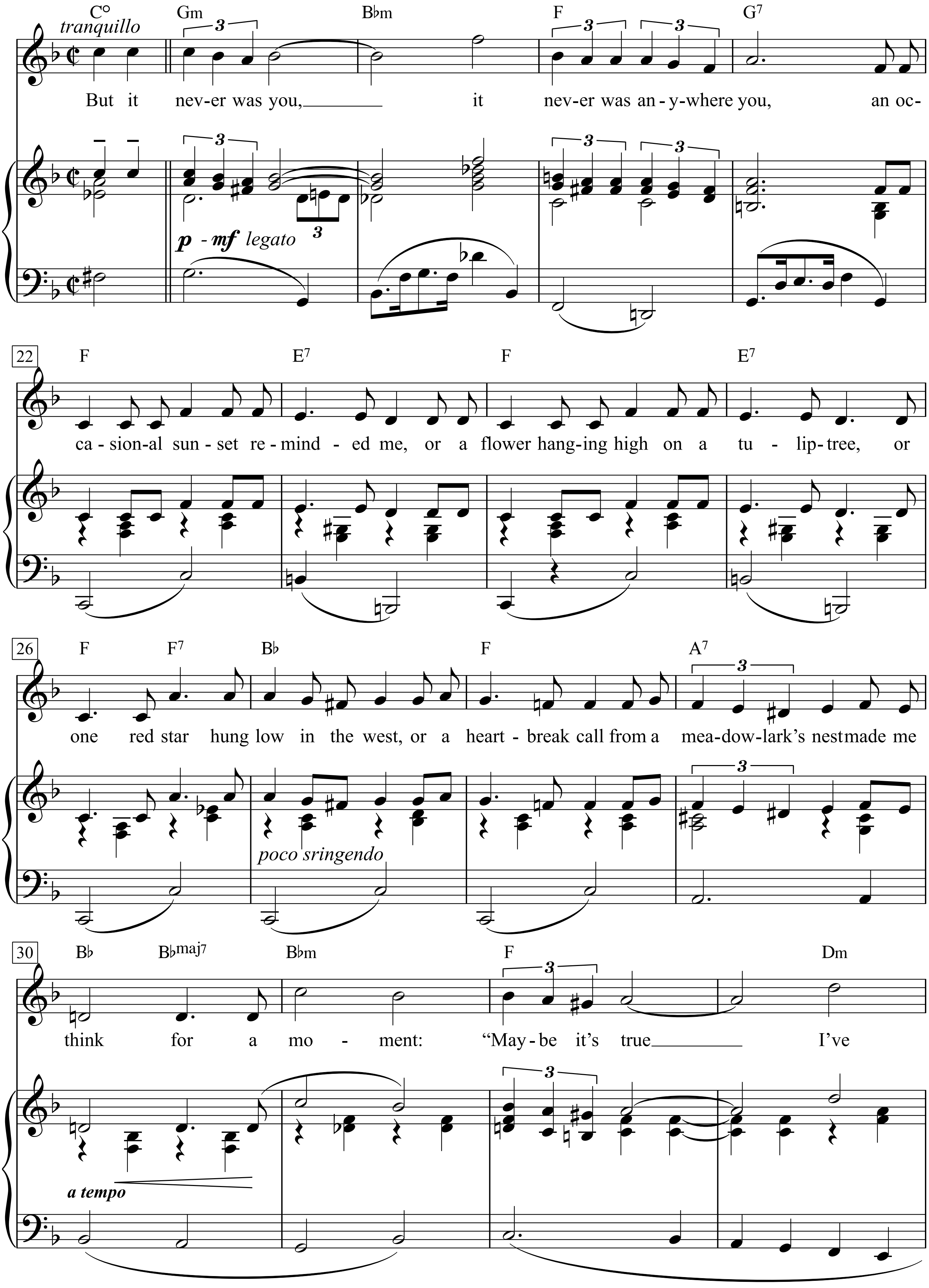
(*From the Musical Play* "Knickerbocker Holiday")

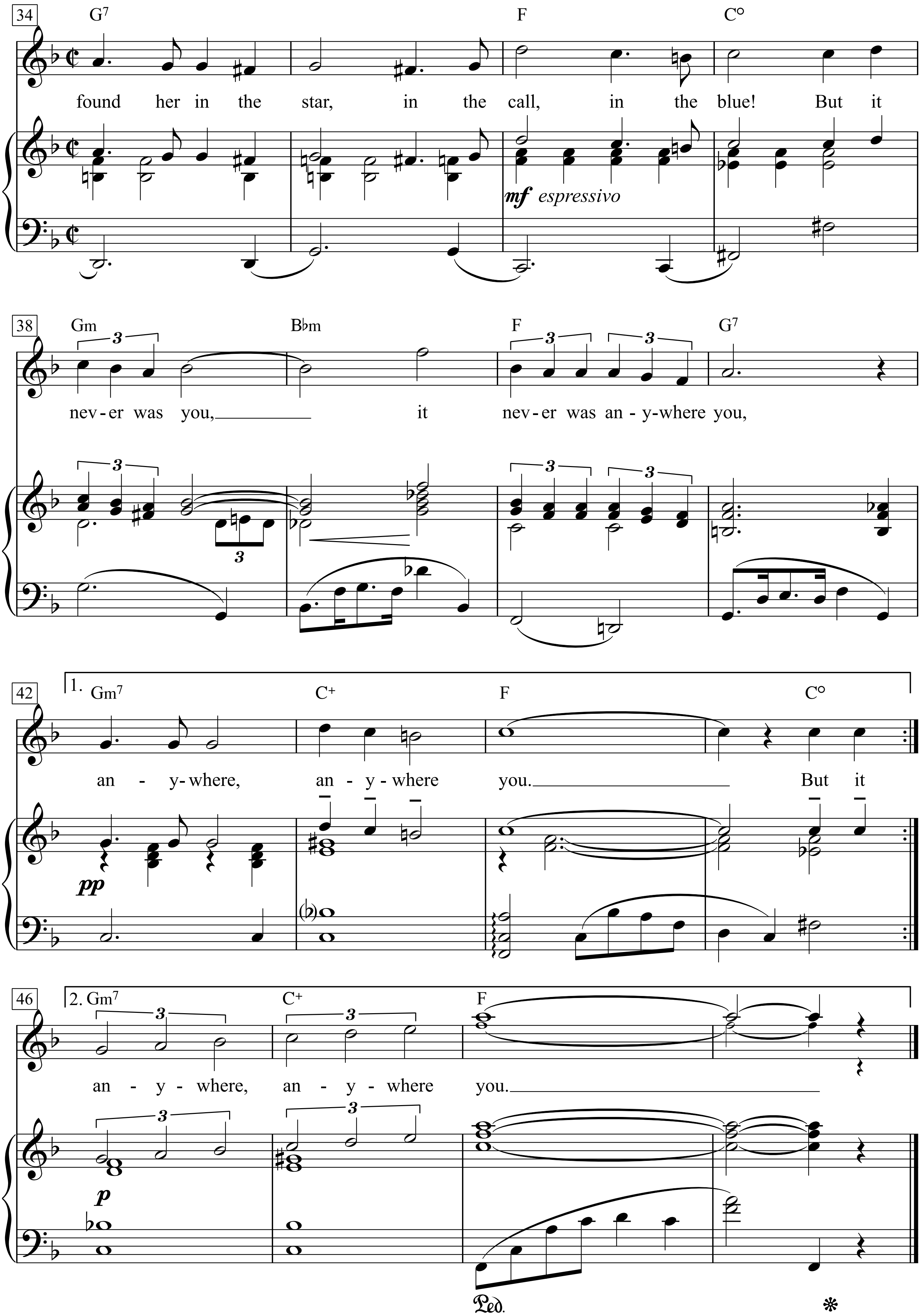
Lyrics by Maxwell Anderson

Music by Kurt Weill



Refrain


C° Gm B♭m F G7
tranquillo
But it nev-er was you, it nev-er was an-y-where you, an oc-
p - mf legato
22 F E7 F E7
ca-sion-al sun-set re-mind-ed me, or a flower hang-ing high on a tu-lip-tree, or
26 F F7 B♭ F A7
one red star hung low in the west, or a heart-break call from a mea-dow-lark's nest made me
poco sringendo
30 B♭ B♭maj7 B♭m F Dm
think for a mo-ment: "May-be it's true I've
a tempo


34
G7 F C°
found her in the star, in the call, in the blue! But it
mf espressivo
38
Gm B♭m F G7
nev-er was you, it nev-er was an-y-where you,
42
1. Gm7 C+ F C°
an - y-where, an - y - where you. But it
pp
46
2. Gm7 C+ F
an - y - where, an - y - where you.
p
Ped.

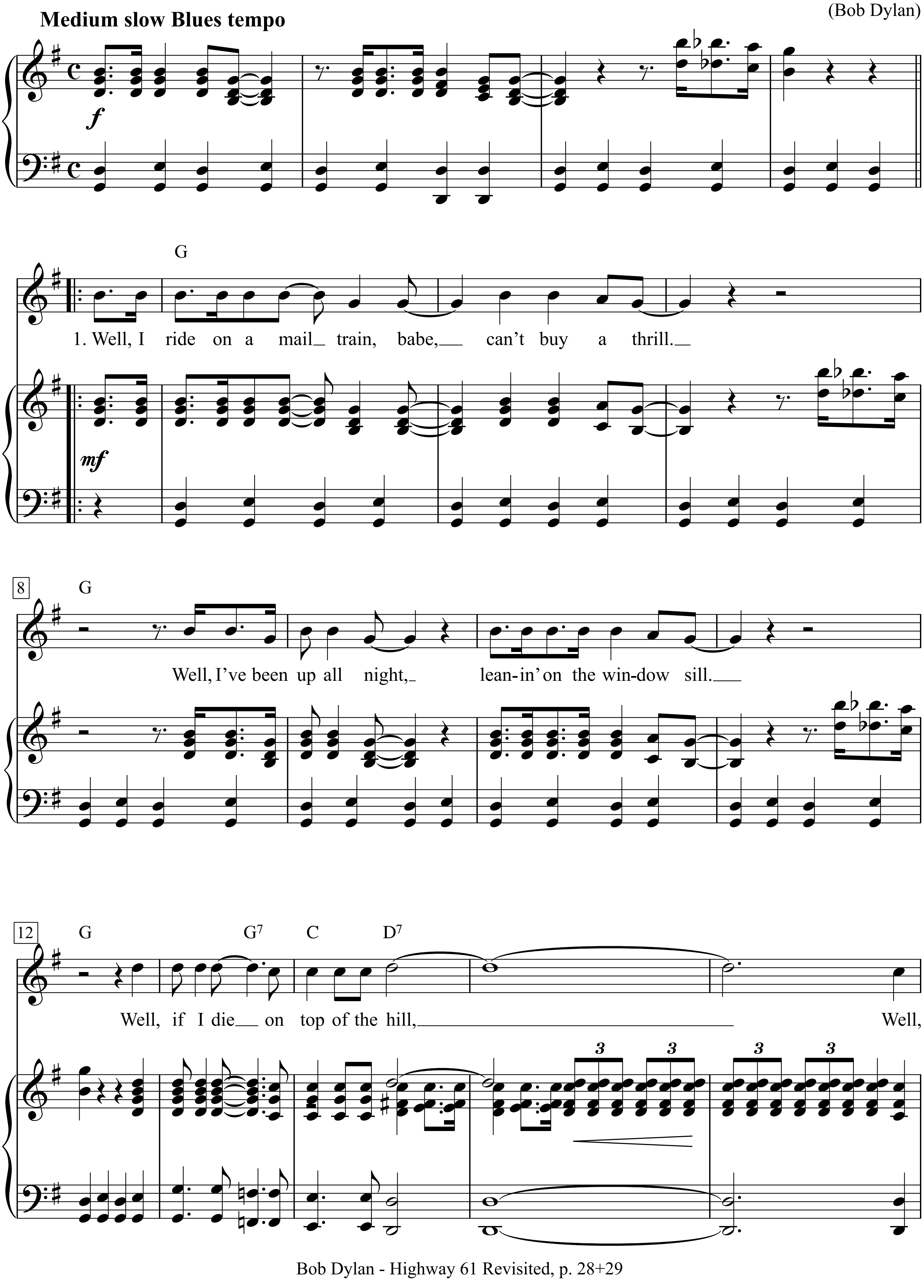
I’ve been following trails,
I’ve been staring after ships,
for a certain pair of eyes
and a certain pair of lips.
Yes, I looked ev‘rywhere,
you can look without wings
and I found a great variety
of interesting things.

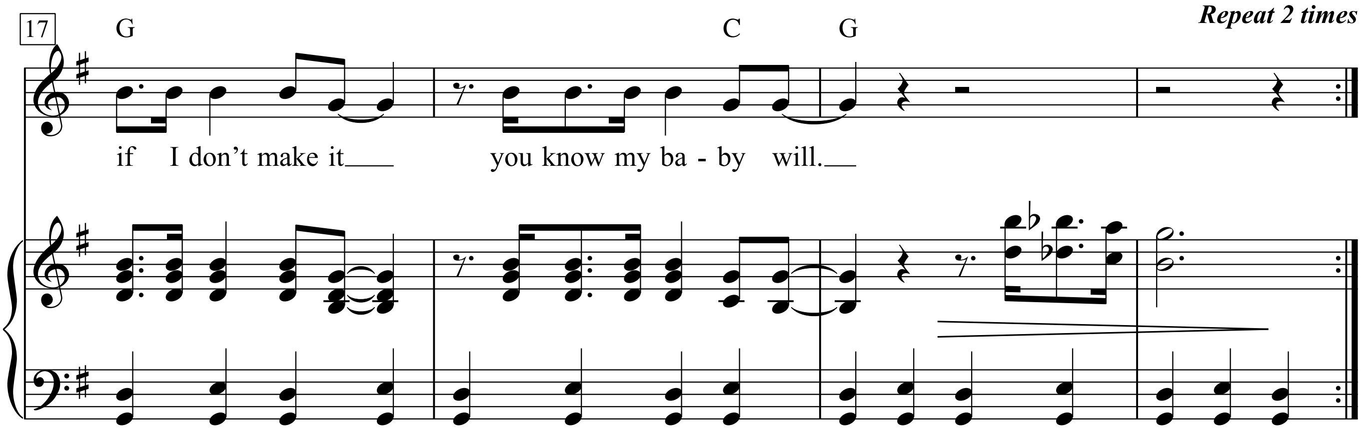
Refrain:
But it never was you,
it never was anywhere you,
an occasional sunset reminded me,
or a flower hanging high on a tulip-tree,
or one red star hung
low in the west,
or a heartbreak call
from a meadowlark’s nest
made me think for a moment:
“Maybe it’s true
I’ve found her in the star,
in the call, in the blue!”
But it never was you,
it never was anywhere you,
anywhere, anywhere you.

It Takes a lot To Laugh It, Takes A Train To Cry

(*from the album* 'Bob Dylan???' 1962)

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)





1. Well, I ride on a mail train, babe, ???y
Can't buy a thrill.
Well, I've been up all night,
Leanin' on the window sill.
Well, if I die
On top of the hill,
Well, if I don't make it
You know my baby will.

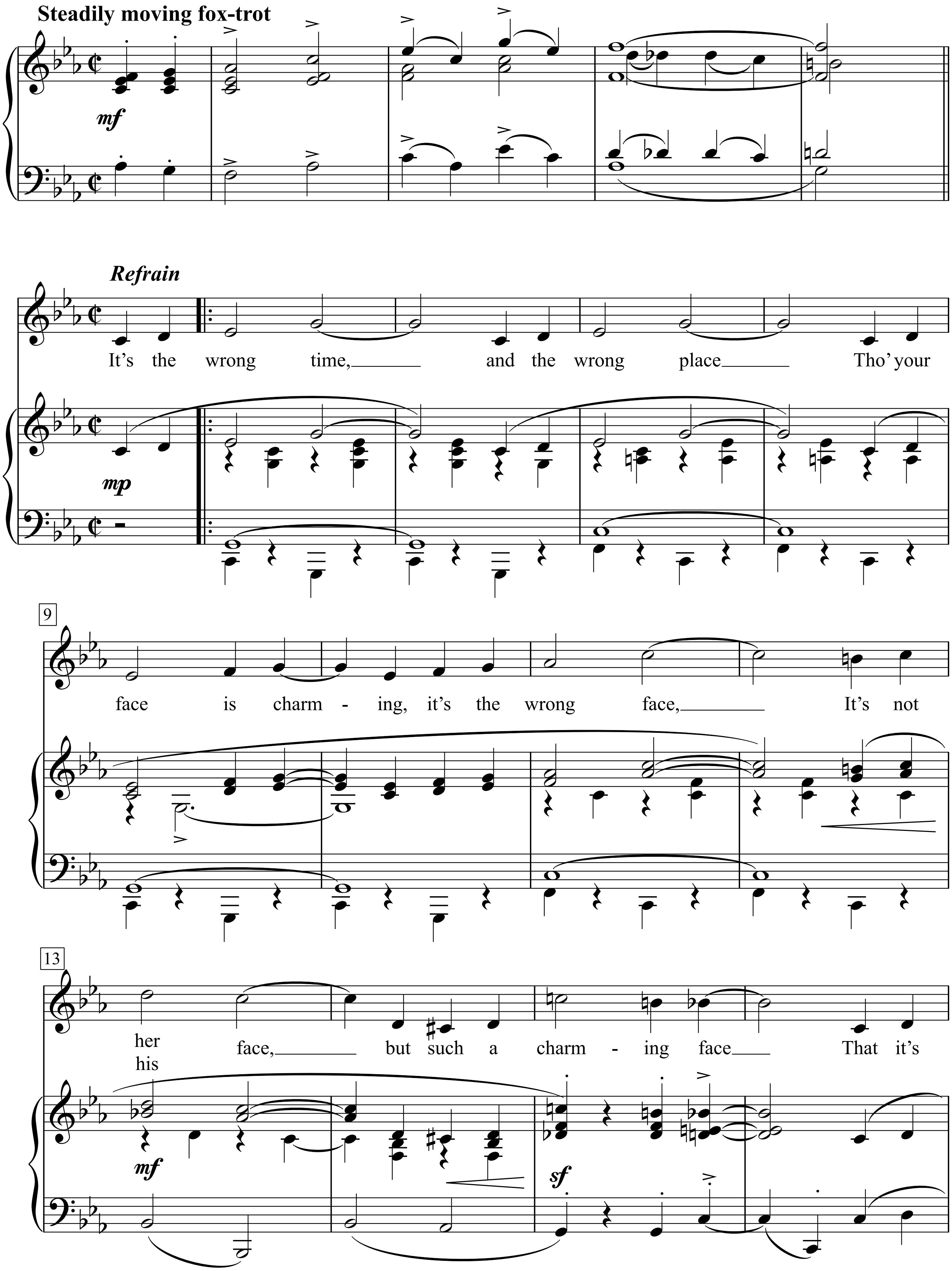
2. Don't the moon look good, mama,
Shinin' through the trees?
Don't the brakeman look good, mama,
Flagging down the 'Double Es'?
Don't the sun look good
Goin' down over the sea?
Don't my gal look fine
When she's cornin' after me?

3. Now the winter time is coming,
Die windows are filled with frost.
I went to tell everybody,
But I could not get it acrost.???
Well I wanna be your lover, baby,
I don't wanna be your boss,
Don't say I never warned you
When your train gets lost.

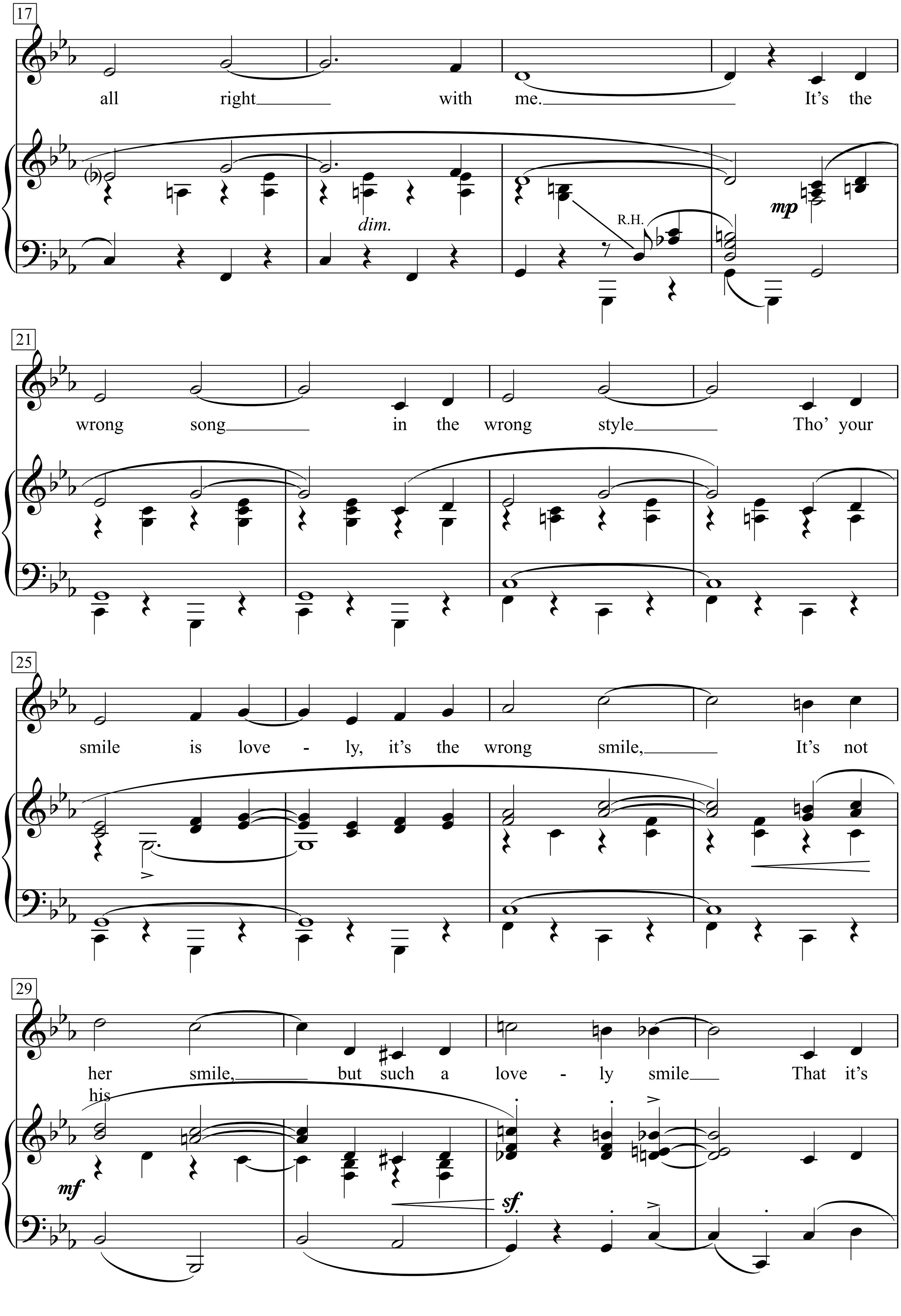
It’s All Right With Me

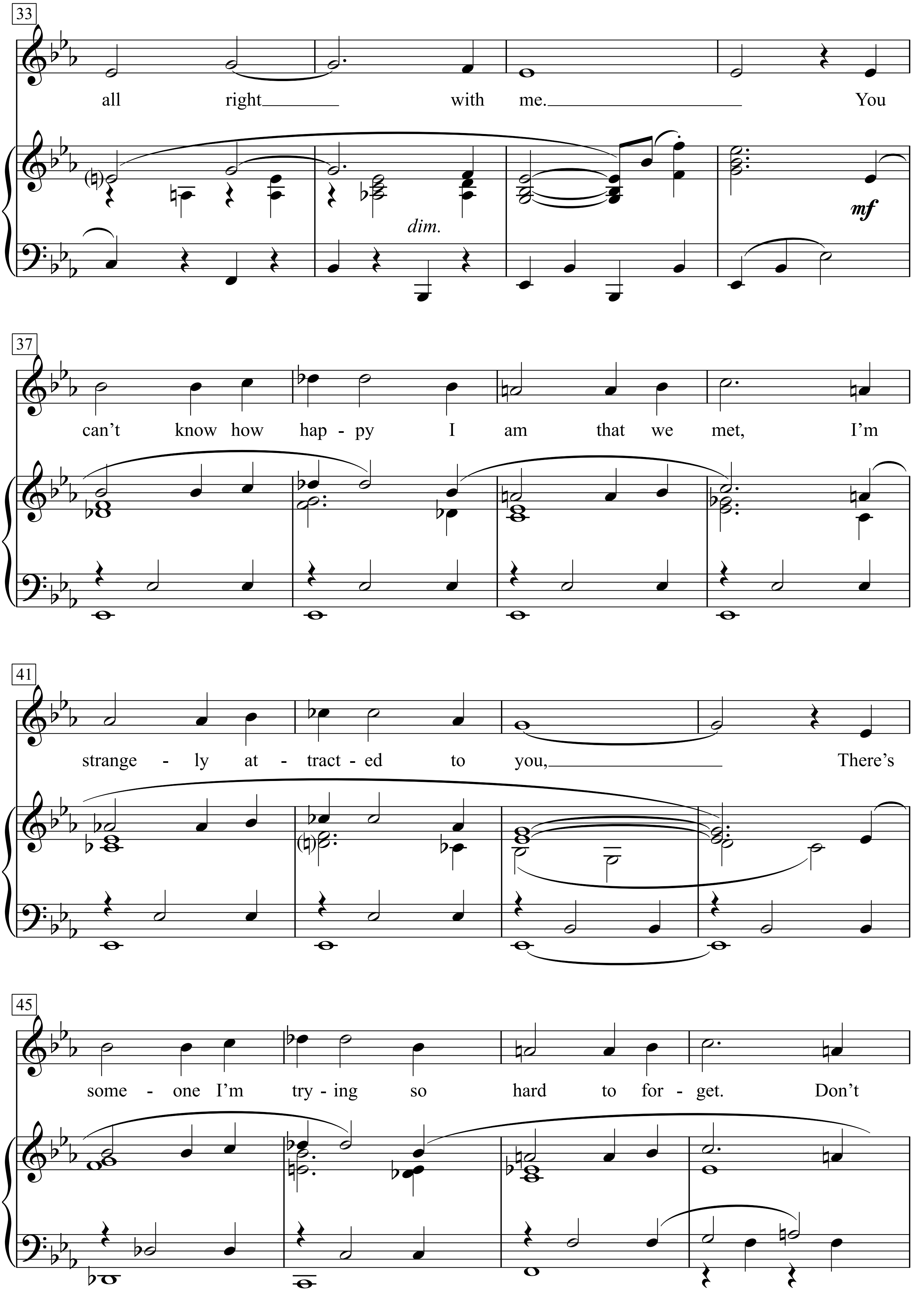
(*from* ‘Can Can’)

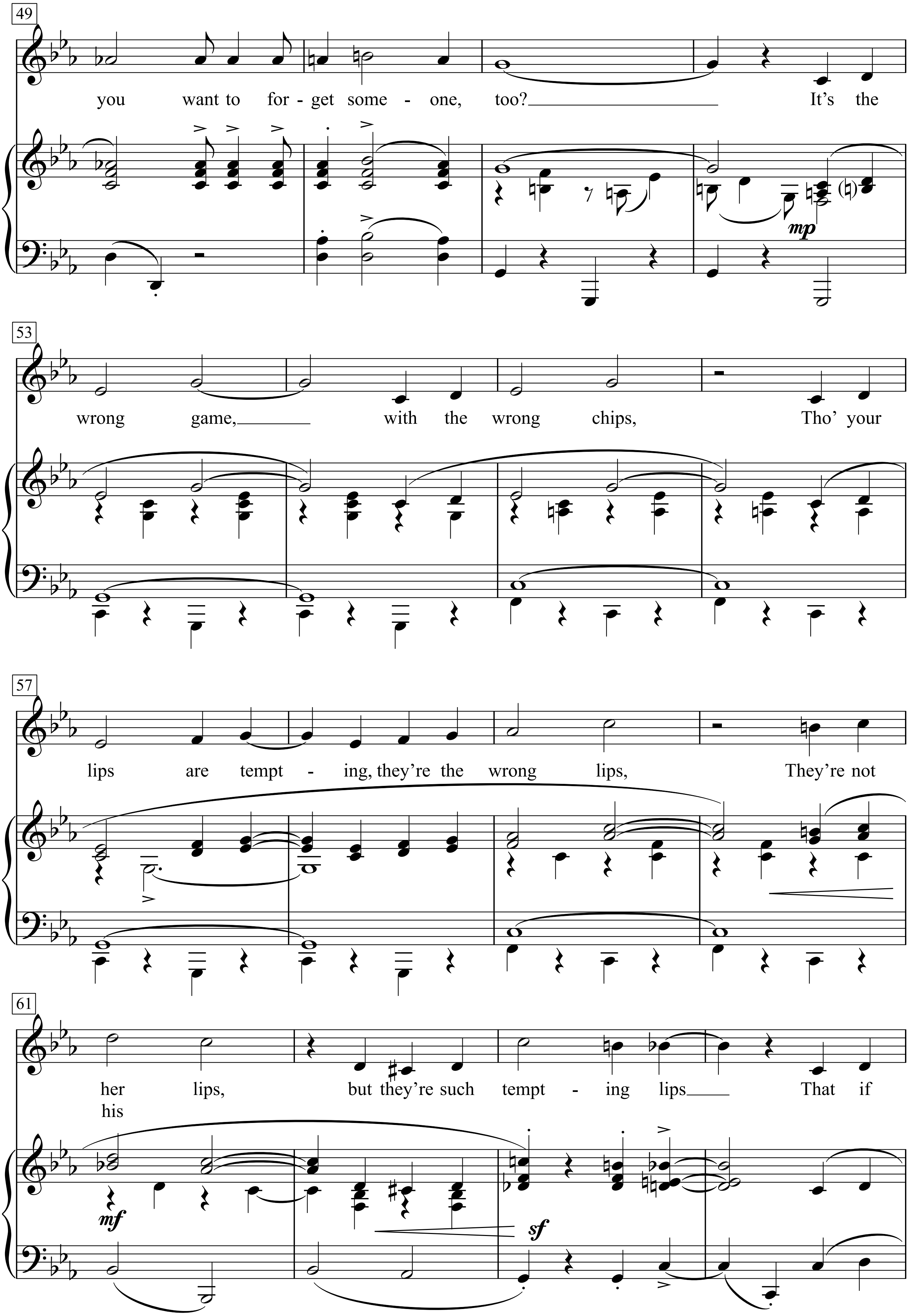
Words & Music by Cole Porter (1953)

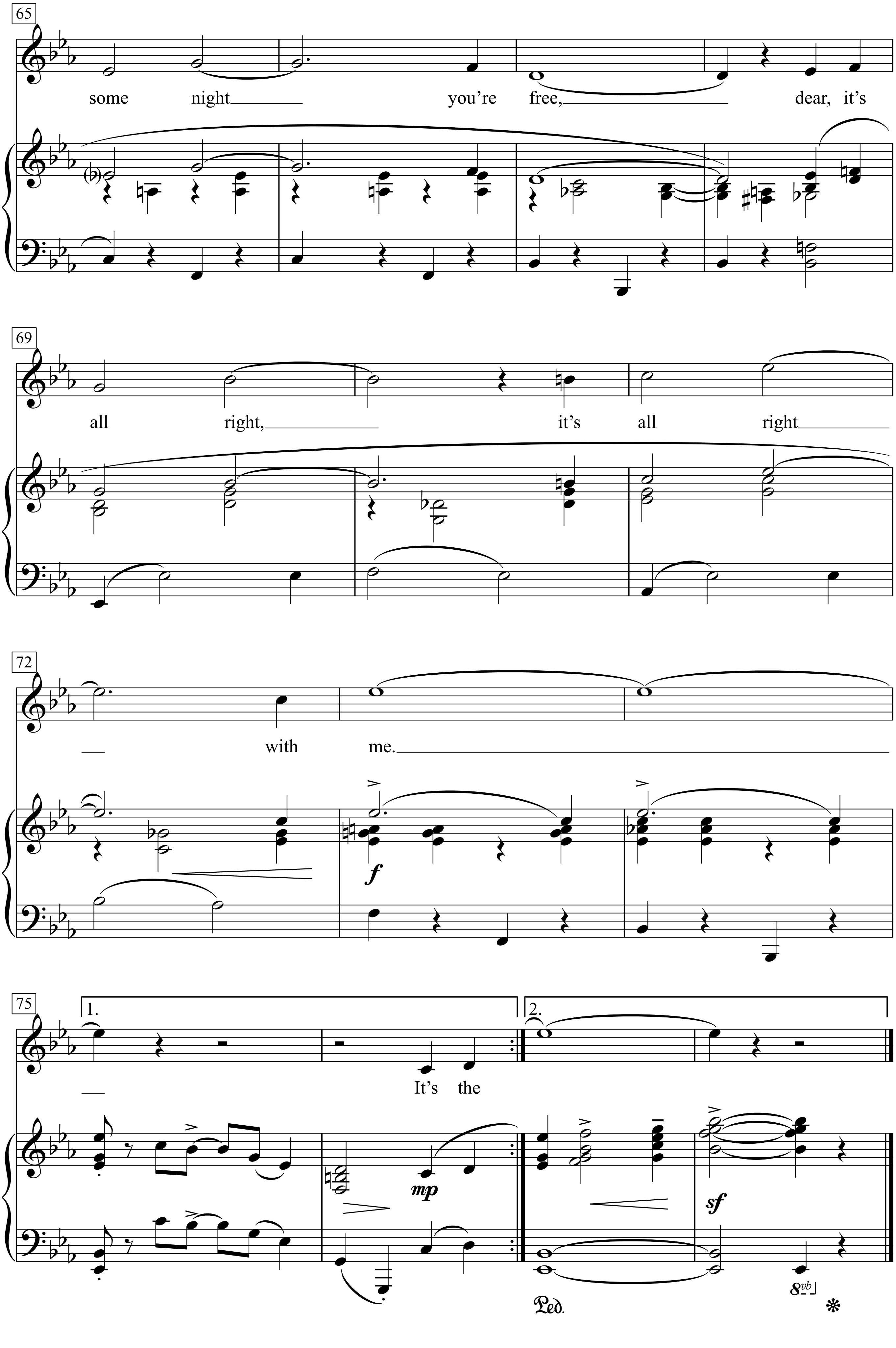


Music & Lyrics by Cole Porter, p. 235-239


17
all right with me. It's the
dim.
R.H.
mp
21
wrong song in the wrong style Tho' your
25
smile is love - ly, it's the wrong smile, It's not
29
her smile, but such a love - ly smile That it's
his
mf
sf


33
all right with me. You
dim.
mf
37
can't know how hap - py I am that we met, I'm
41
strange - ly at - tract - ed to you, There's
45
some - one I'm try - ing so hard to for - get. Don't


49
you want to for - get some - one, too?
It's the
mp
53
wrong game,
with the wrong chips,
Tho' your
57
lips are tempt - ing, they're the wrong lips,
They're not
61
her lips,
his
but they're such tempt - ing lips
That if
mf
sf


65
some night you're free, dear, it's
69
all right, it's all right
72
with me.
f
75
1.
2.
It's the
mp
sf
Ped.
8vb

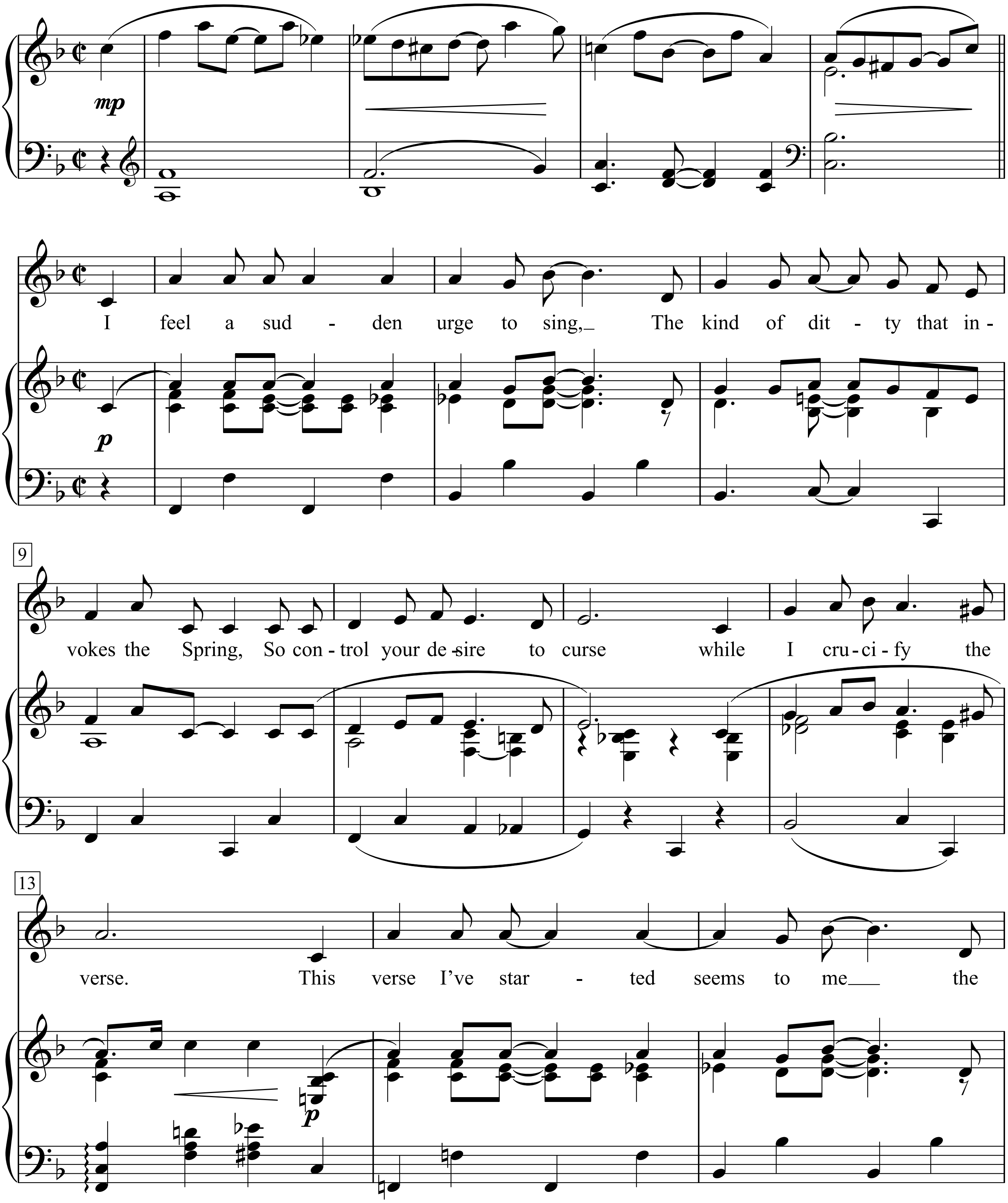
It’s the wrong time, and the wrong place
Tho’ your face is charming, it’s the wrong face,
It’s not her face, but such a charming face
That it’s all right with me.
It’s the wrong song in the wrong style
Tho’ your smile is lovely, it’s the wrong smile,
It’s not her smile, but such a lovely smile
That it’s all right with me.
You can’t know how happy I am that we met,
I’m strangely attracted to you,
There’s someone I’m trying so hard to forget.
Don’t you want to forget someone, too?
It’s the wrong game, with the wrong chips,
Tho’ your lips are tempting, they’re the wrong lips,
They’re not her lips, but they’re such tempting lips
That, if some night you’re free, dear,
it’s all right, it’s all right with me.

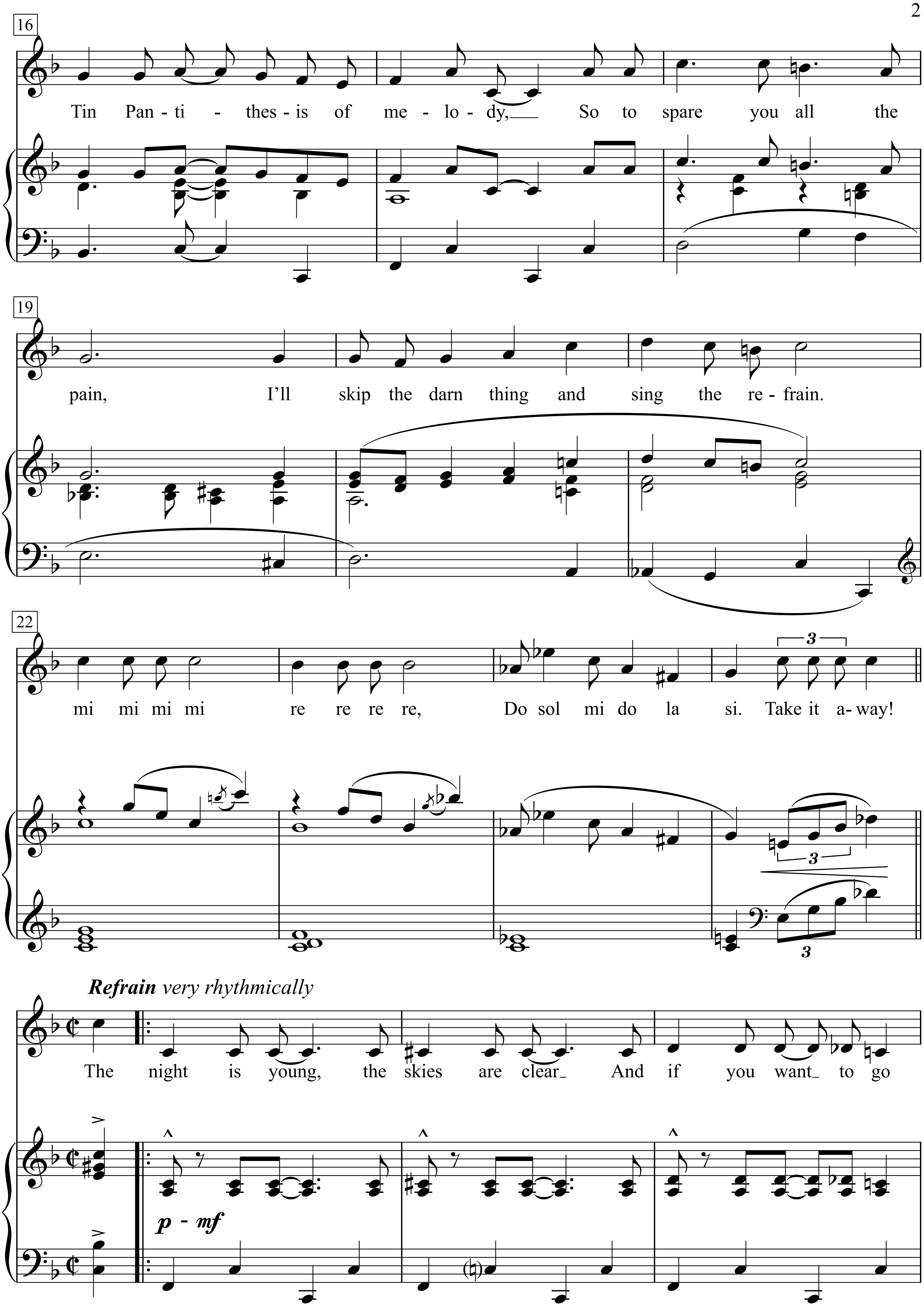
It’s De-Lovely

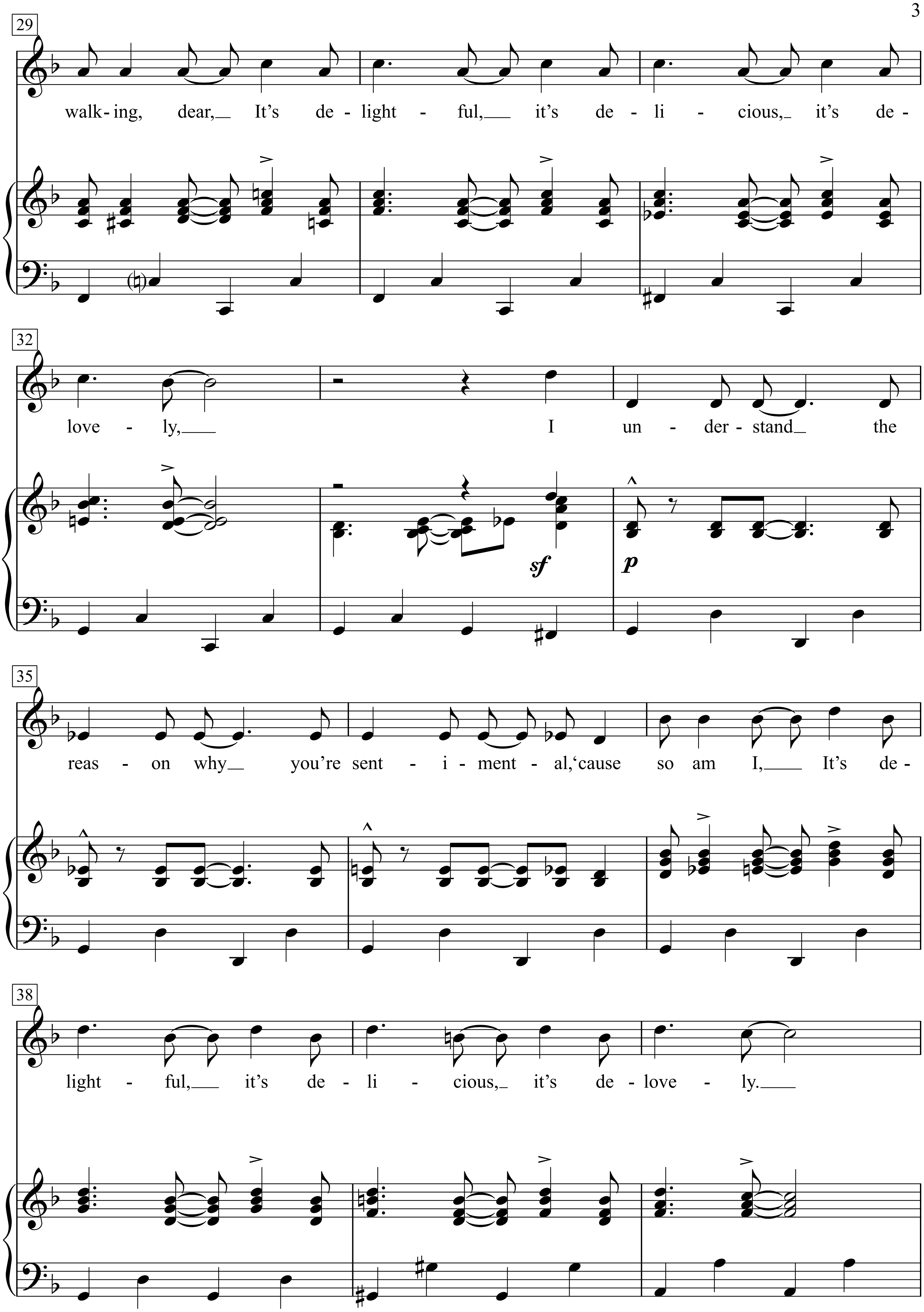
(*from* ‘Red, Hot and Blue’)

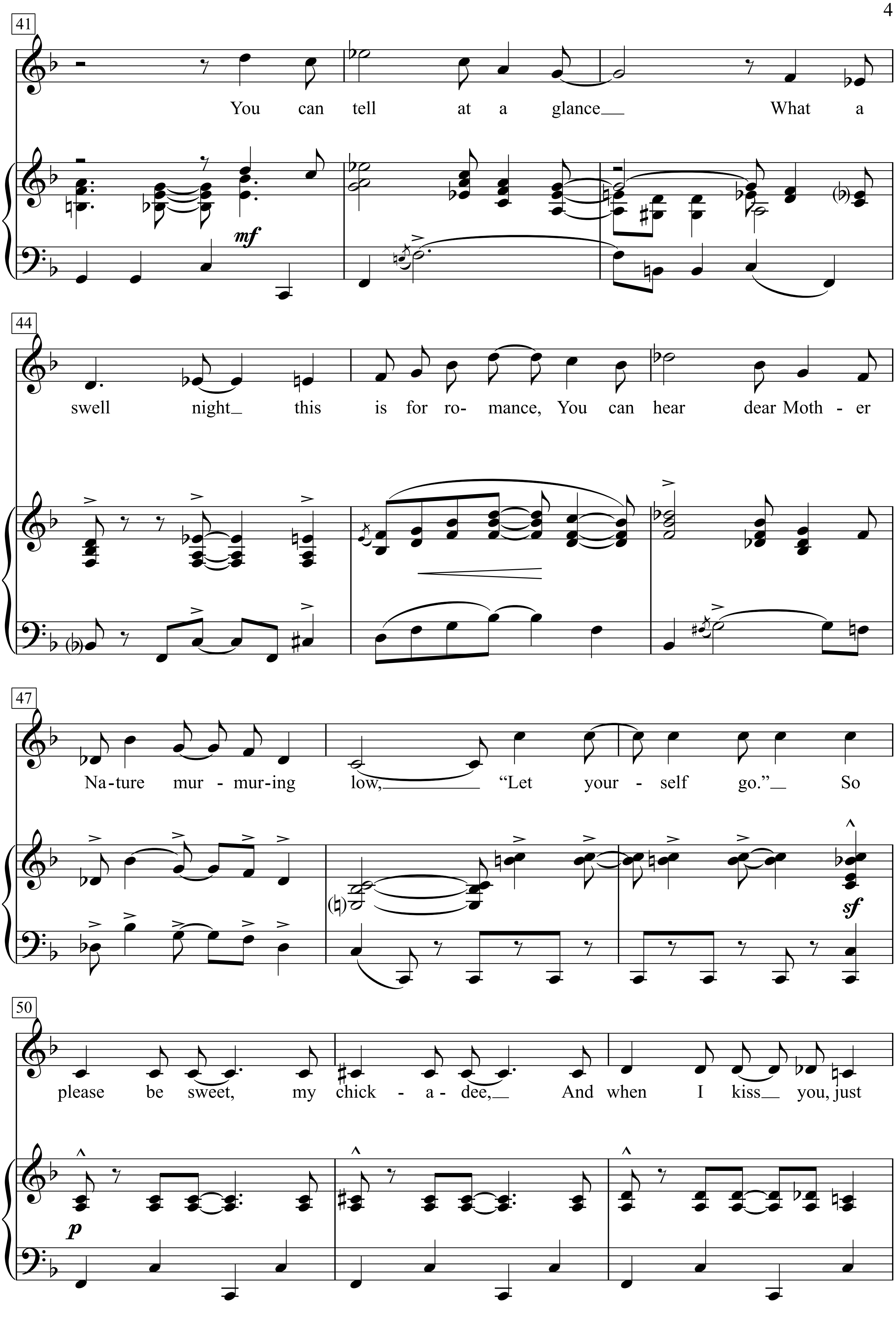
Allegretto

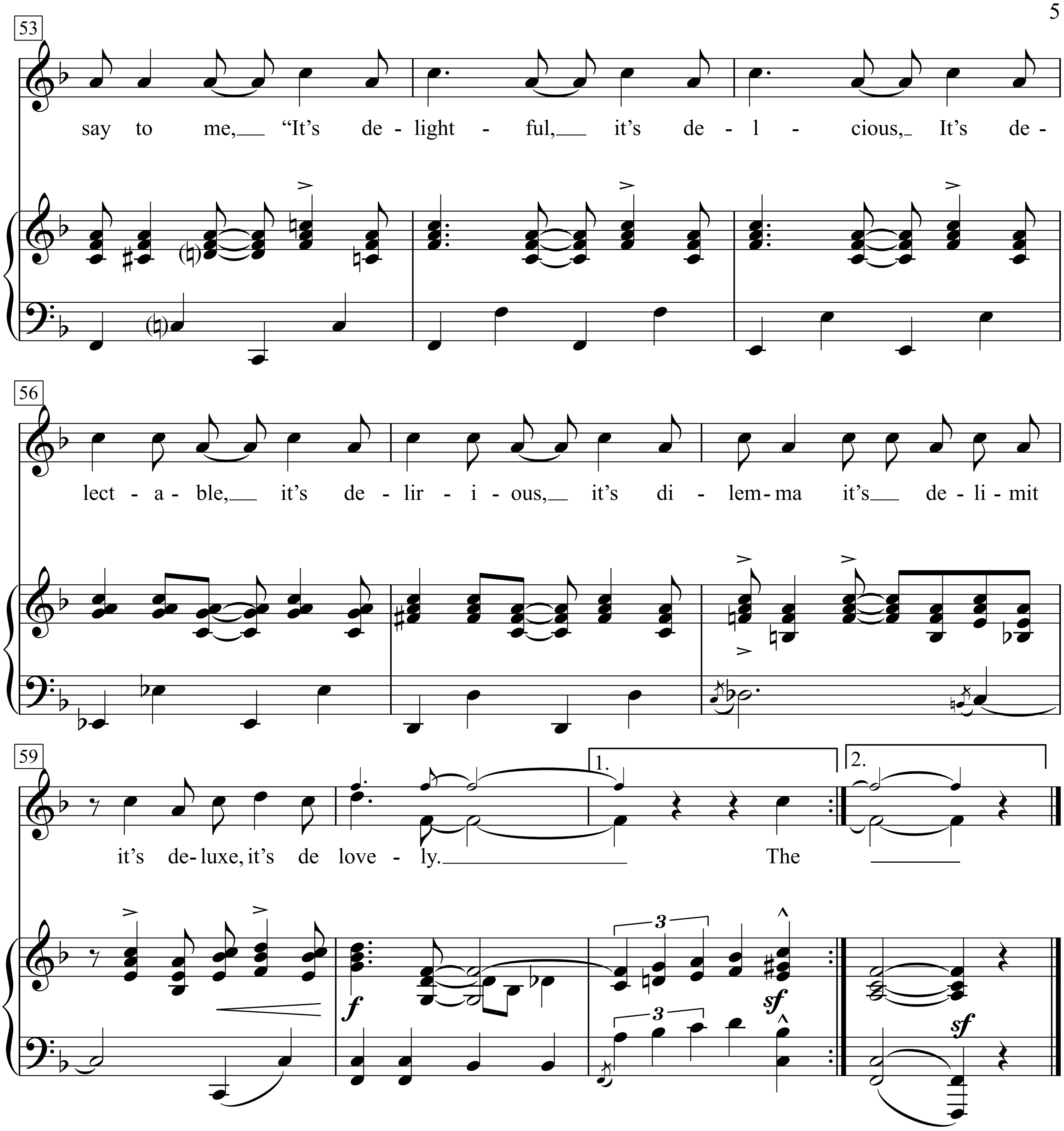
Words & Music by Cole Porter (1950)




16
Tin Pan - ti - thes - is of me - lo - dy, So to spare you all the
19
pain, I'll skip the darn thing and sing the re - frain.
22
mi mi mi mi re re re re, Do sol mi do la si. Take it a - way!
3
3
3
Refrain very rhythmically
The night is young, the skies are clear And if you want to go
p - mf


29
walk - ing, dear, It's de - light - ful, it's de - li - cious, it's de -
32
love - ly, I un - der - stand the
35
reas - on why you're sent - i - ment - al,'cause so am I, It's de -
38
light - ful, it's de - li - cious, it's de - love - ly.


41
You can tell at a glance__ What a
mf
44
swell night_ this is for ro- mance, You can hear dear Moth - er
47
Na-ture mur - mur-ing low,________ "Let your - self go."__ So
sf
50
please be sweet, my chick - a - dee,__ And when I kiss__ you, just
p


53
say to me, "It's de - light - ful, it's de - l - cious, It's de -
56
lect - a - ble, it's de - lir - i - ous, it's di - lem - ma it's de - li - mit
59
it's de - luxe, it's de love - ly.
1.
The
2.
3
f
sf

Verse 1:
I feel a sud den urge to sing,
The kind of ditty that invokes the Spring,
So control your desire to curse
while I crucify the verse.
This verse I've started seems to me
the Tin Pantithesis of melody,
So to spare you all the pain,
I'll skip the darn thing and sing the refrain.
mi mi mi mi re re re re,
Do sol mi do la si.
Take it away!

Refrain 1:
The night is young, the skies are clear
And if you want to go walking, dear,
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely,
I understand the reason why
you're sentimental, 'cause so am I,
delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.
You can tell at a glance
What a swell night this is for romance,
You can hear dear Mother Nature murmuring low,
"Let yourself go."
So please be sweet, my chickadee,
And when I kiss you, just say to me,
"It's delightful, it's delcious,
It's delectable, it's delirious,
it's dilemma it's delimit it's deluxe, it's de-lovely.

Verse 2
She: Oh, charming sir, the way you sing
Would break the heart of Missus Crosby's Bing,
For the tone of your tra la la
Has that certain je ne sais quoi.
He: Oh, thank thee kindly, winsome wench,
But 'stead of falling into Berlitz French
Just warble to me, please,
This beautiful strain in plain Brooklynese.
She: Mi, mi, mi, mi, Re, re, re, re,
Do, sol, mi, do, la, si
He: Take it away.

Refrain 2
Time marches on and soon it's plain
You've won my heart and I've lost my brain,
It's delightful, it‘s delicious, it's de-lovely.
Life seems so sweet that we decide
It's in the bag to get unified,
It"s delightful, it"s delicious, it"s de-lovely.
See the crowd in that church,
See the proud parson plopped on his perch,
Get the sweet beat of that organ, sealing our doom,
'Here goes the groom, boom!'
How they cheer and how they smile
As we go galloping down that aisle.
'It's divine, dear, it's diveen, dear,
It's de-wunderbar, it's de victory,
It's de vallop, it's de vinner, it‘s de voiks, it's de-lovely.'

Refrain 3
The knot is tied and so we take
A few hours off to eat wedding cake,
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.
It feels so fine to be a bride,
And how's the groom?
Why, he's slightly fried,
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.
To the pop of champagne,
Off we hop in our plush little plane
Till a bright light through the darkness cozily calls
"Niag'ra Falls."
All's well, my love, our day's complete,
And what a beautiful bridal suite,
"It's a d-reamy, it's de-rowsy,
It's de-reverie, it's de-rhapsody,
It's de-regal, it's de-royal, it's de-Ritz, it's de-lovely."

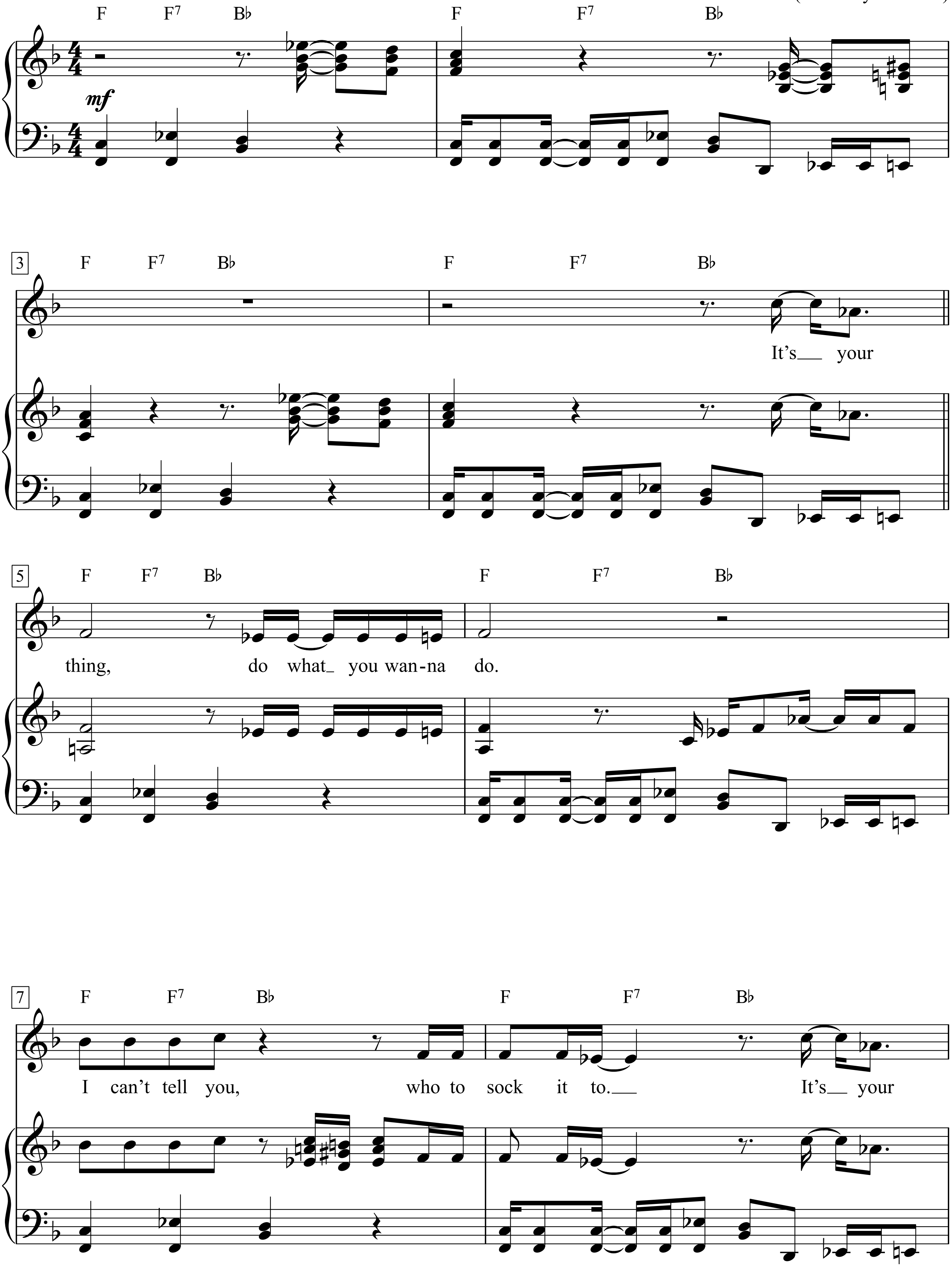
Refrain 4
We settle down as man and wife
To solve the riddle called "married life,"
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.
We're on the crest, we have no cares,
We're just a couple of honey bears,
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.
All's as right as can be
Till, one night, at my window I see
An absurd bird with a bundle hung on his nose –
"Get baby clo'es."
Those eyes of yours are filled with joy
When Nurse appears and cries, "It's a boy,"
"He's appalling, he's appealing,
He's a pollywog, he's a paragon,
He's a Pop-eye, he's a panic, he's a pip, he's de-lovely."

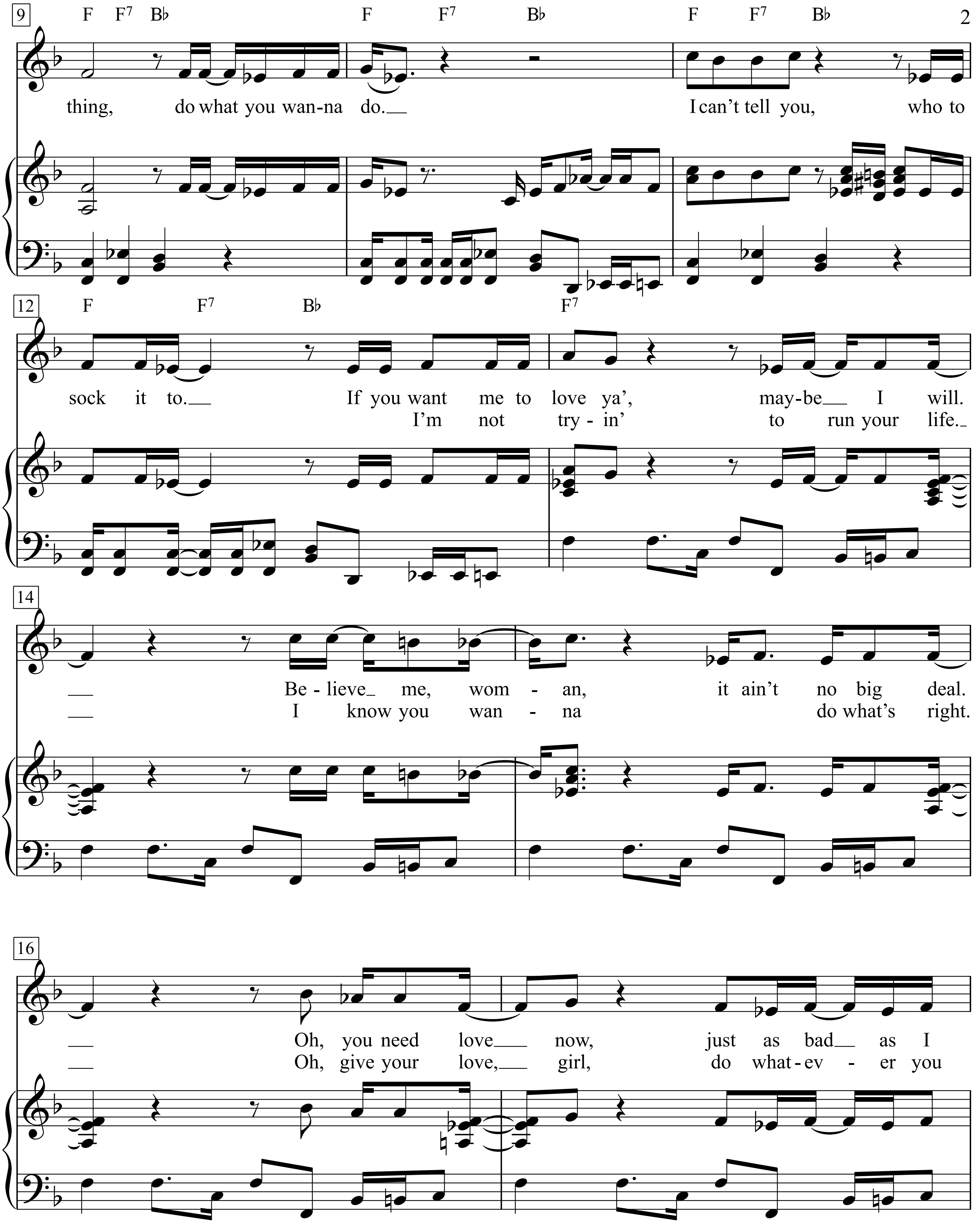
Refrain 5
Our boy grows up, he's six feet, three,
He's so good looking, he looks like me,
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.
He's such a hit, this son of ours,
That all the dowagers send him flowers,
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.
So sublime is his press
That in time, L. B. Mayer, no less,
Makes a night flight to New York and tells him he should
Go Hollywood.
Good God!, today, he gets such pay
That Elaine Barrie's his fiancé,
'It"s delightful, it's delicious,
It's delectable, it's delirious,
It's dilemma, it's delimit, it's deluxe, it's de-lovely.'

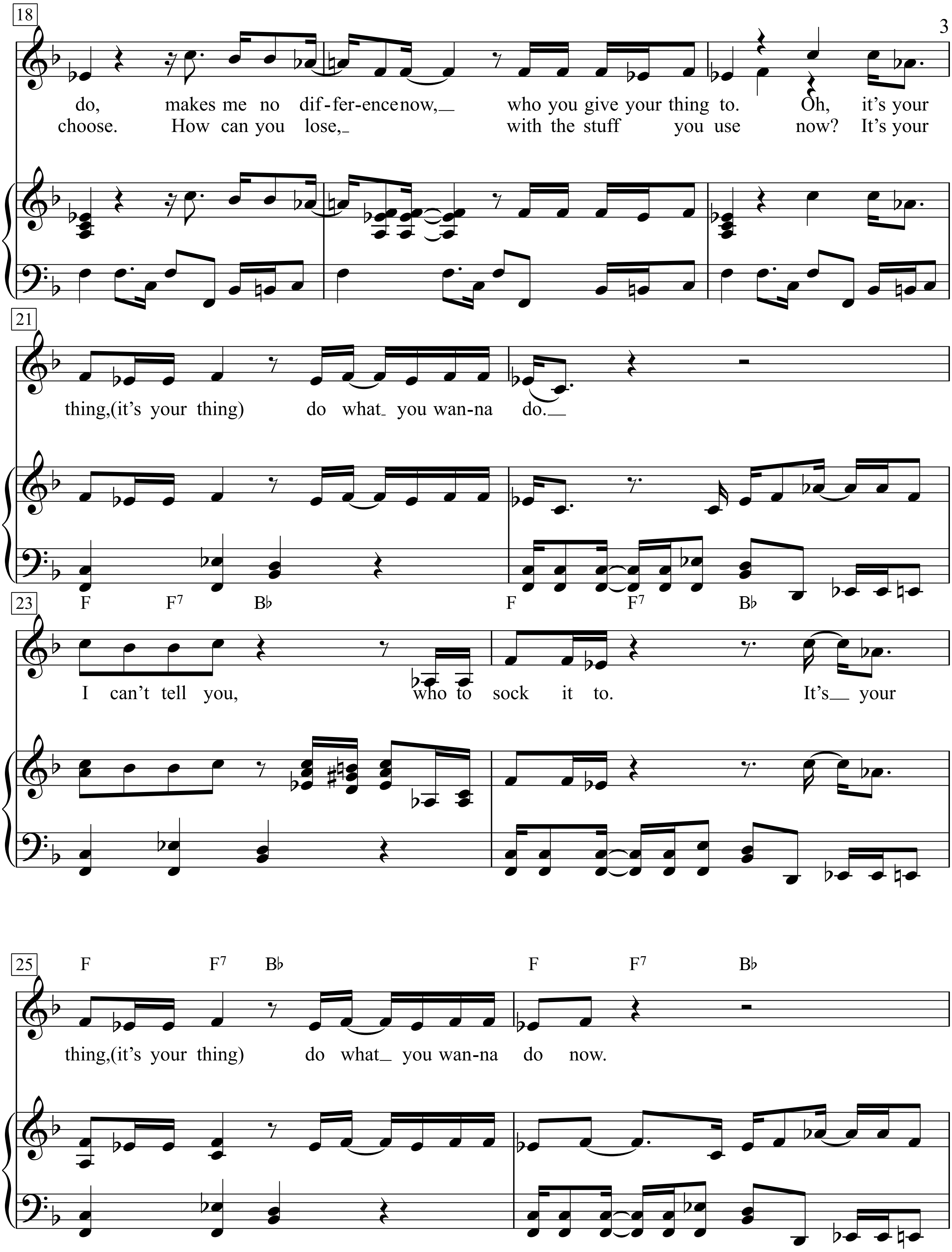
It's Your Thing

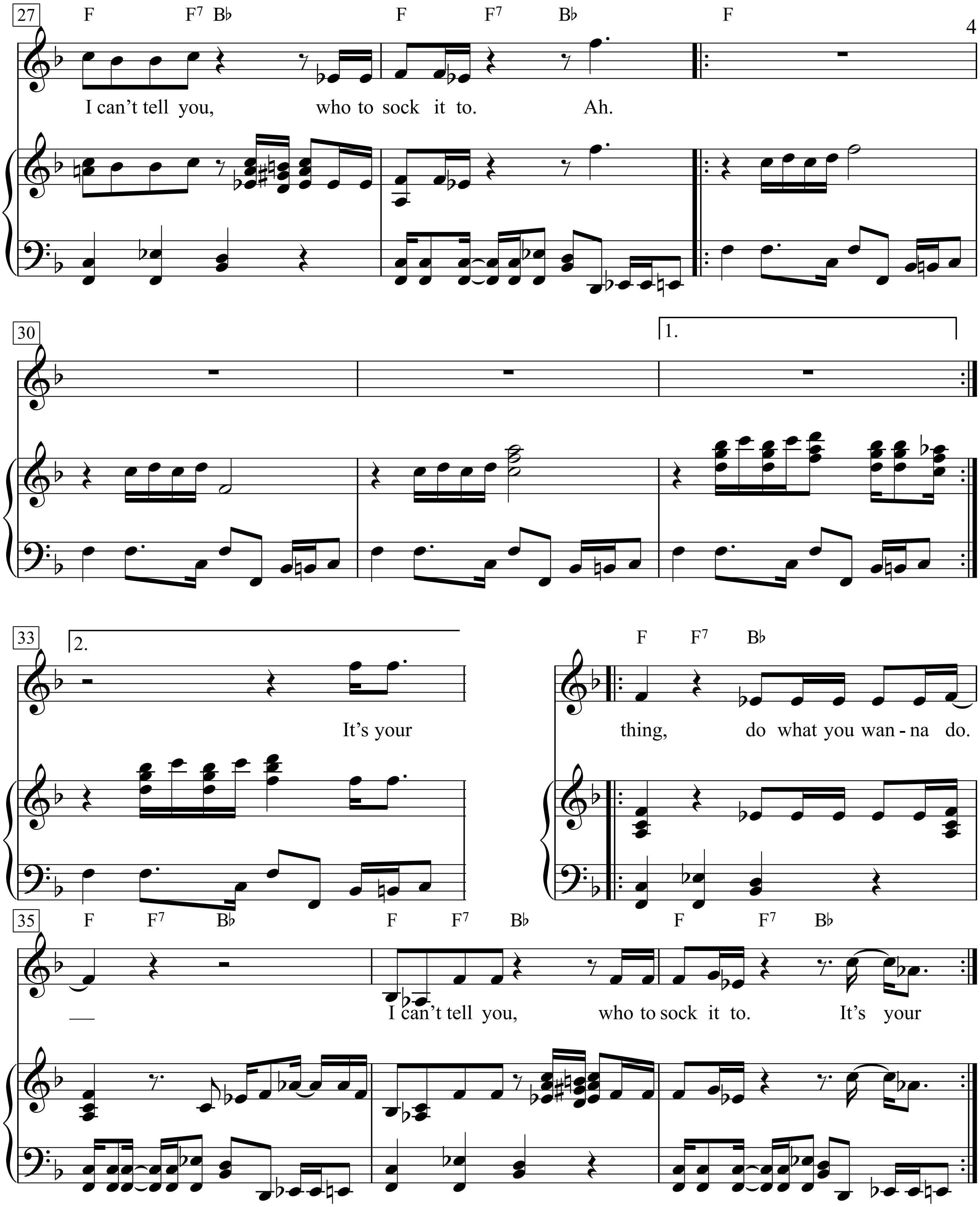
Moderate Funk

Words & Music by
Rudolph Isley, Ronald Isley and O'Kelly Isley,
(The Isley Brothers)



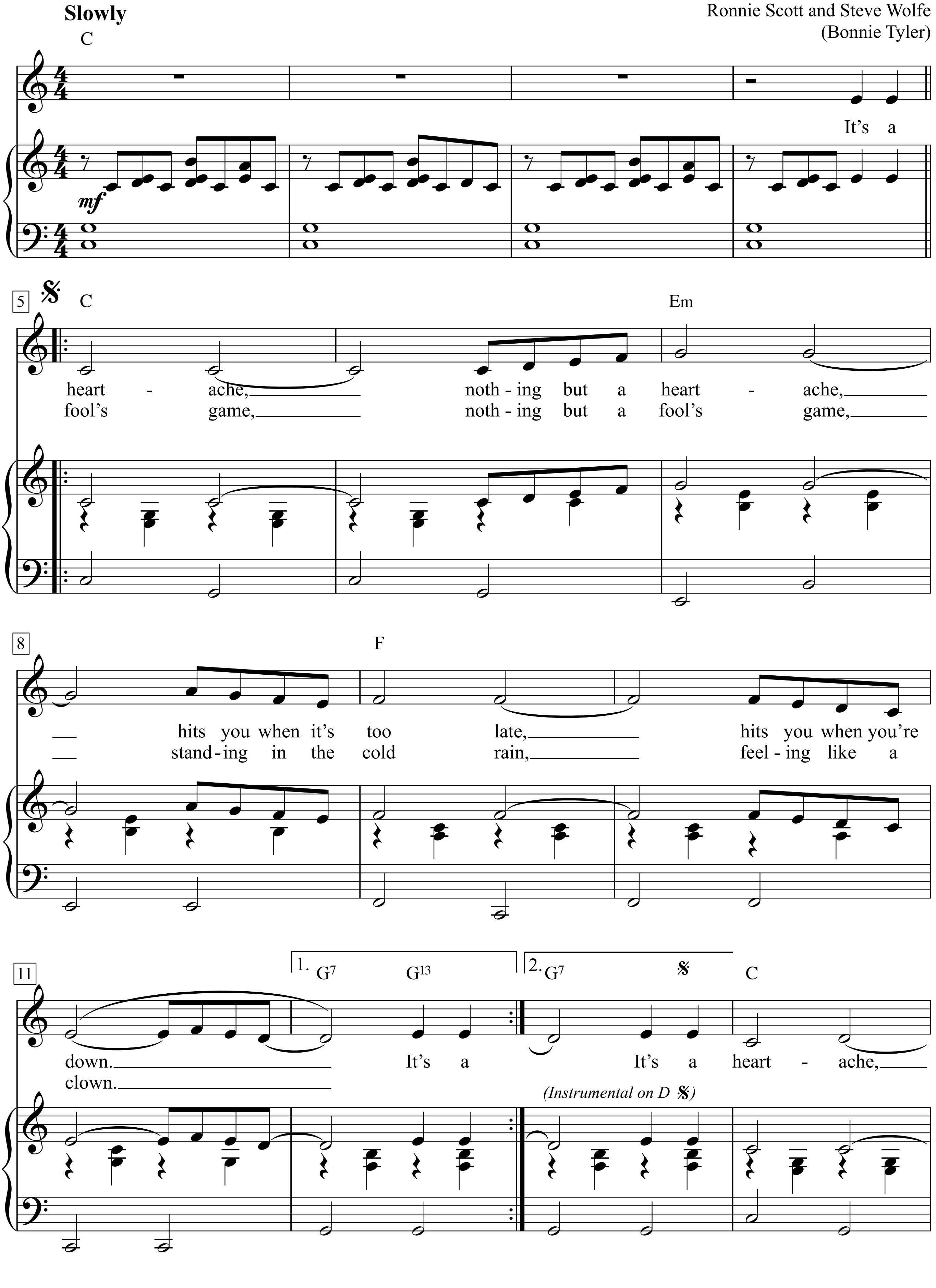

9
F F7 B♭ F F7 B♭ F F7 B♭
thing, do what you wan-na do.__ I can't tell you, who to
12
F F7 B♭ F7
sock it to.__ If you want me to love ya', may-be__ I will.
I'm not try - in' to run your life._
14
__ Be - lieve_ me, wom - an, it ain't no big deal.
__ I know you wan - na do what's right.
16
__ Oh, you need love__ now, just as bad__ as I
__ Oh, give your love,__ girl, do what-ev - er you

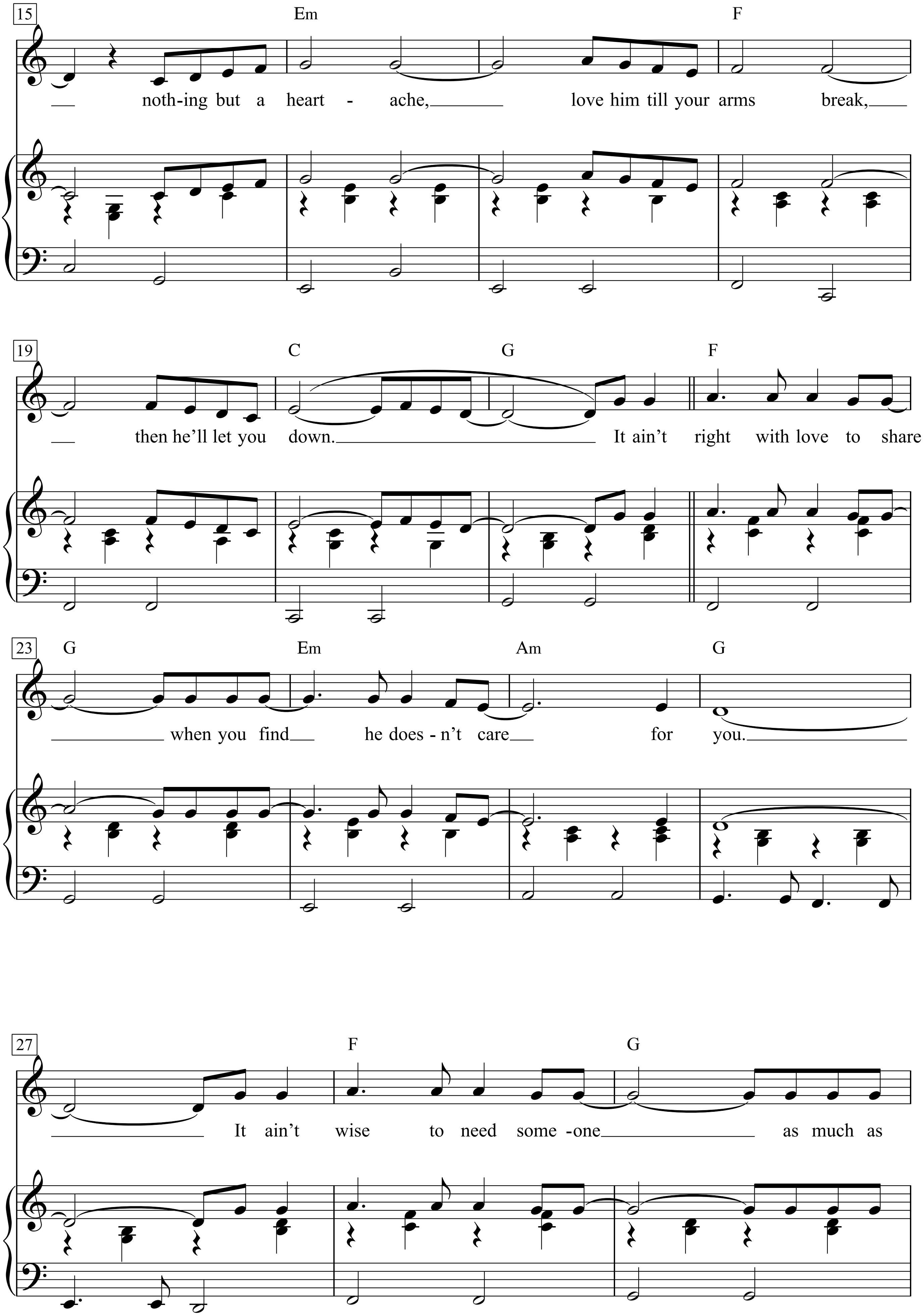

18
do, makes me no dif-fer-ence now, who you give your thing to. Oh, it's your
choose. How can you lose, with the stuff you use now? It's your
21
thing, (it's your thing) do what you wan-na do.
23
F F7 B♭ F F7 B♭
I can't tell you, who to sock it to. It's your
25
F F7 B♭ F F7 B♭
thing, (it's your thing) do what you wan-na do now.

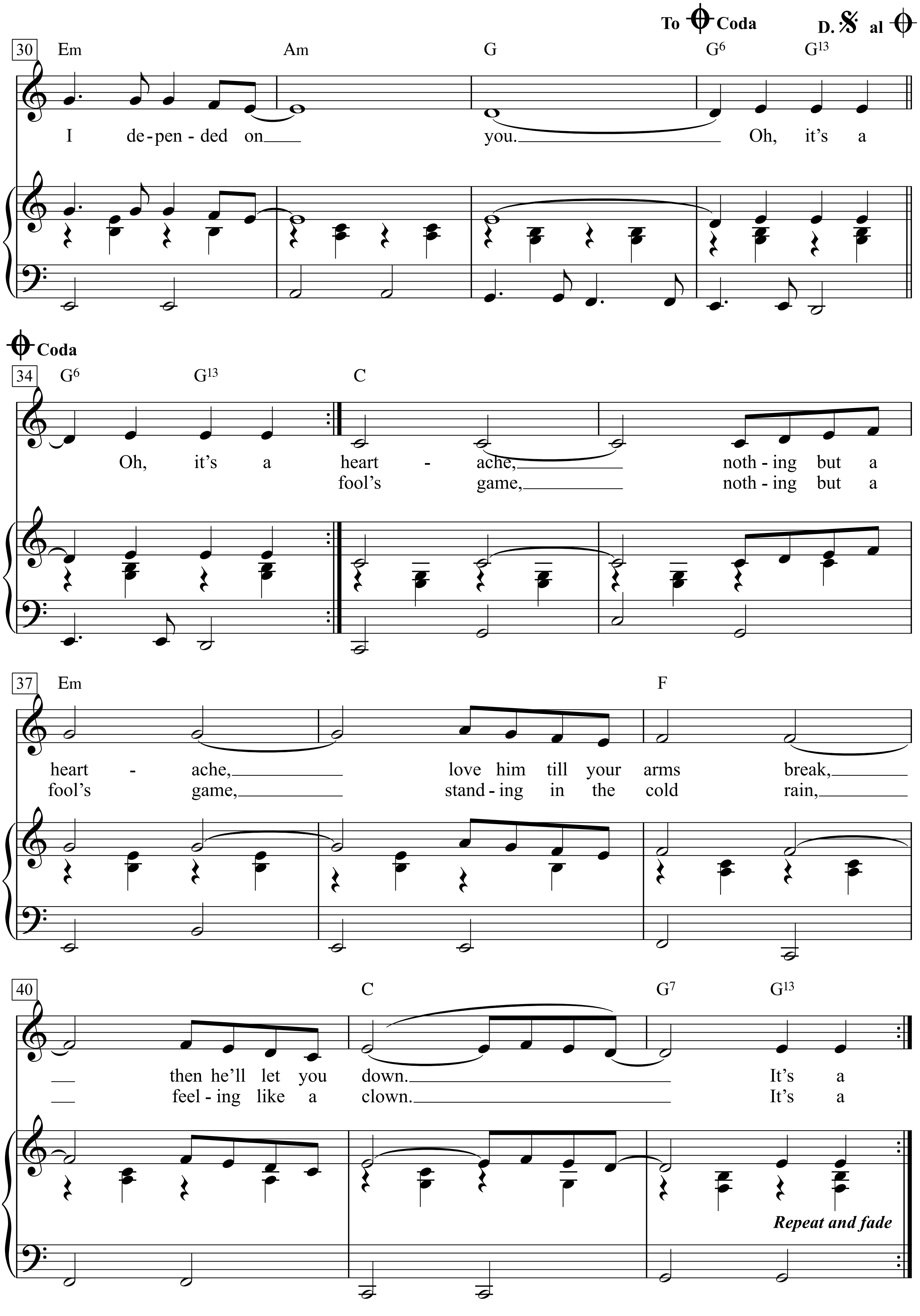

27
F F7 B♭ F F7 B♭ F
I can't tell you, who to sock it to. Ah.
30
1.
33
2.
It's your
F F7 B♭
thing, do what you wan - na do.
35
F F7 B♭ F F7 B♭ F F7 B♭
I can't tell you, who to sock it to. It's your

It's A Heartache

Words & Music by
Ronnie Scott and Steve Wolfe
(Bonnie Tyler)




15
Em
F
— noth-ing but a heart - ache, love him till your arms break,
19
C
G
F
— then he'll let you down. It ain't right with love to share
23
G
Em
Am
G
when you find he does - n't care for you.
27
F
G
It ain't wise to need some -one as much as

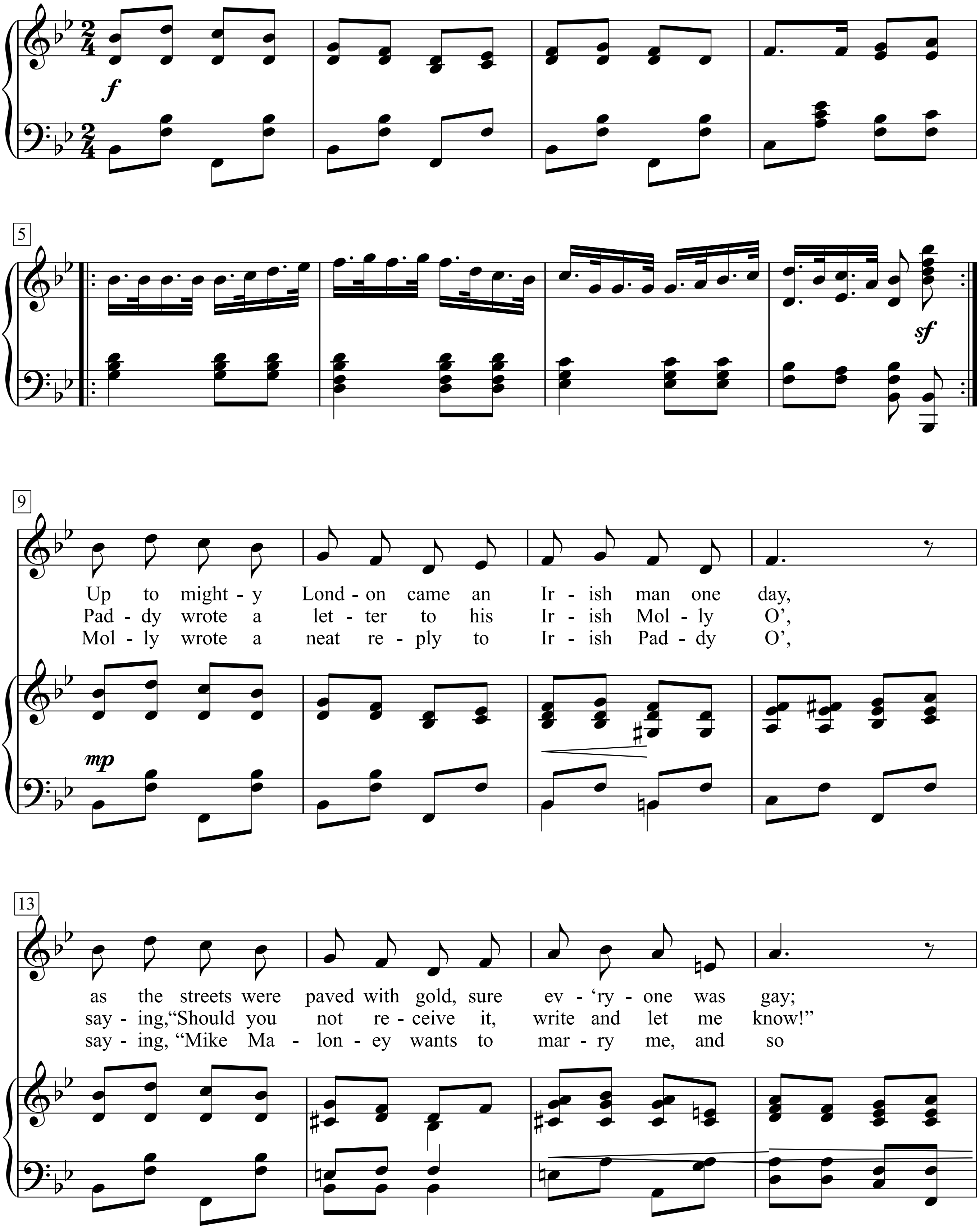

To Coda
D.S. al Coda
30
Em Am G G6 G13
I de-pen-ded on you. Oh, it's a
Coda
34
G6 G13 C
Oh, it's a heart - ache, noth-ing but a
fool's game, noth-ing but a
37
Em F
heart - ache, love him till your arms break,
fool's game, stand-ing in the cold rain,
40
C G7 G13
then he'll let you down. It's a
feel-ing like a clown. It's a
Repeat and fade

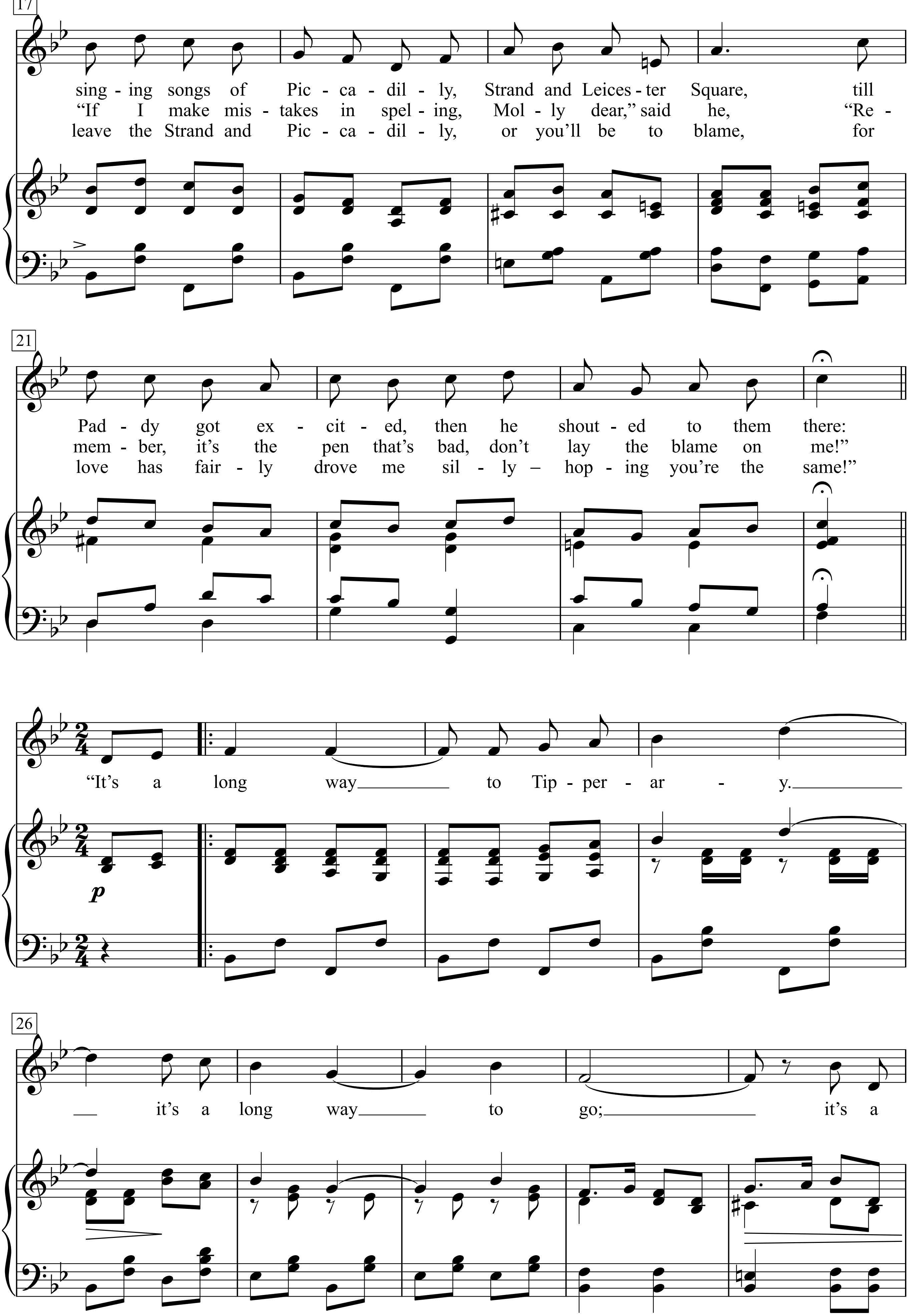
It’s a heartache, nothing but a heartache,
hits you when it’s too late,
hits you when you’re down.
It’s a It’s a heartache, nothing but a heartache,
love him till your arms break,
then he’ll let you down.
It ain’t right with love to share
when you find he doesn’t care
for you.
It ain’t wise to need someone
as much as I depended on
you.
Oh, it’s a Oh, it’s a heartache,
nothing but a heartache,
love him till your arms break,
then he’ll let you down.
It’s a fool’s game, nothing but a fool’s game,
standing in the cold rain,
feeling like a clown.
fool’s game, nothing but a fool’s game,
standing in the cold rain,
feeling like a clown.
It’s a

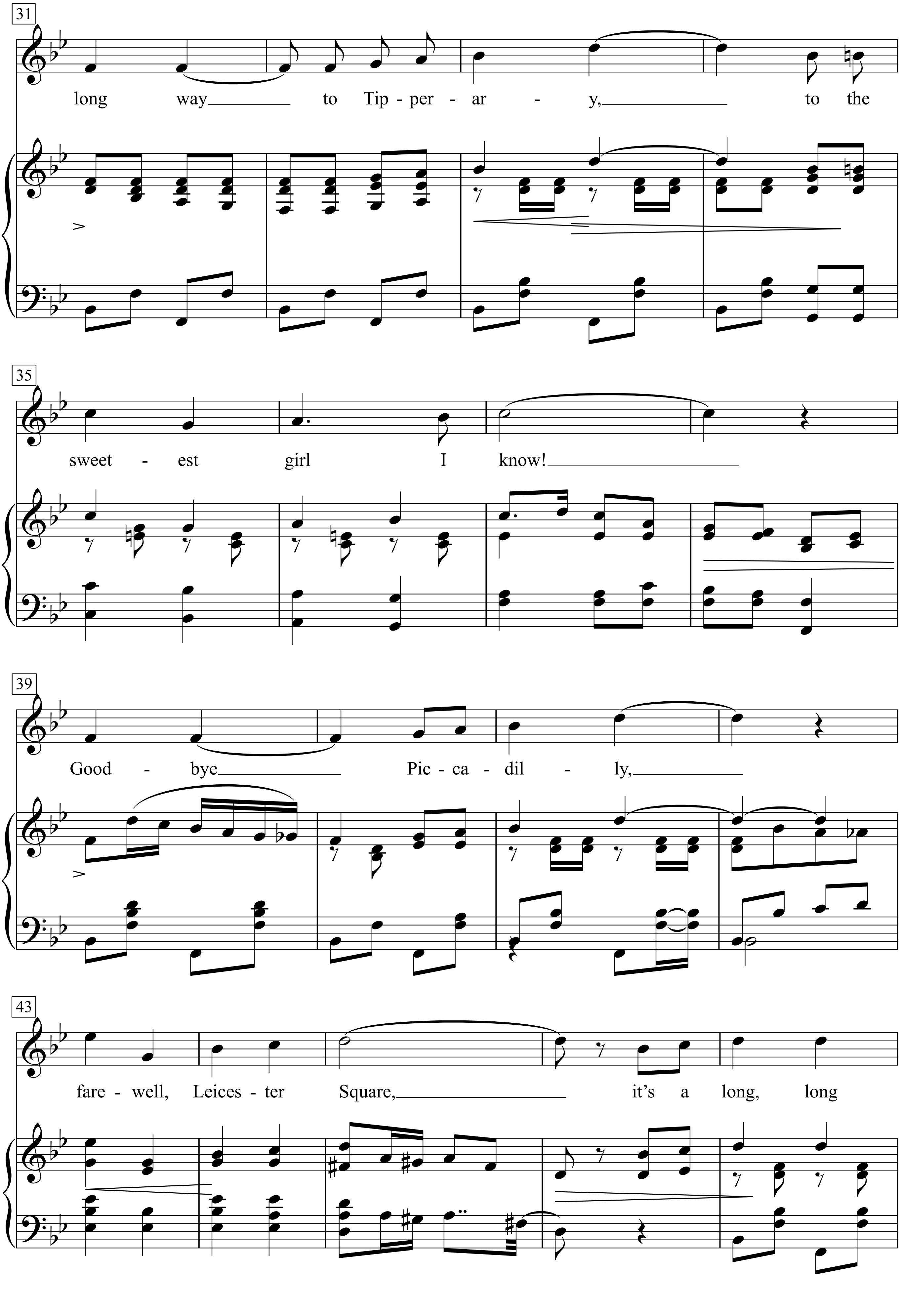
It’s a Long Way to Tipperary

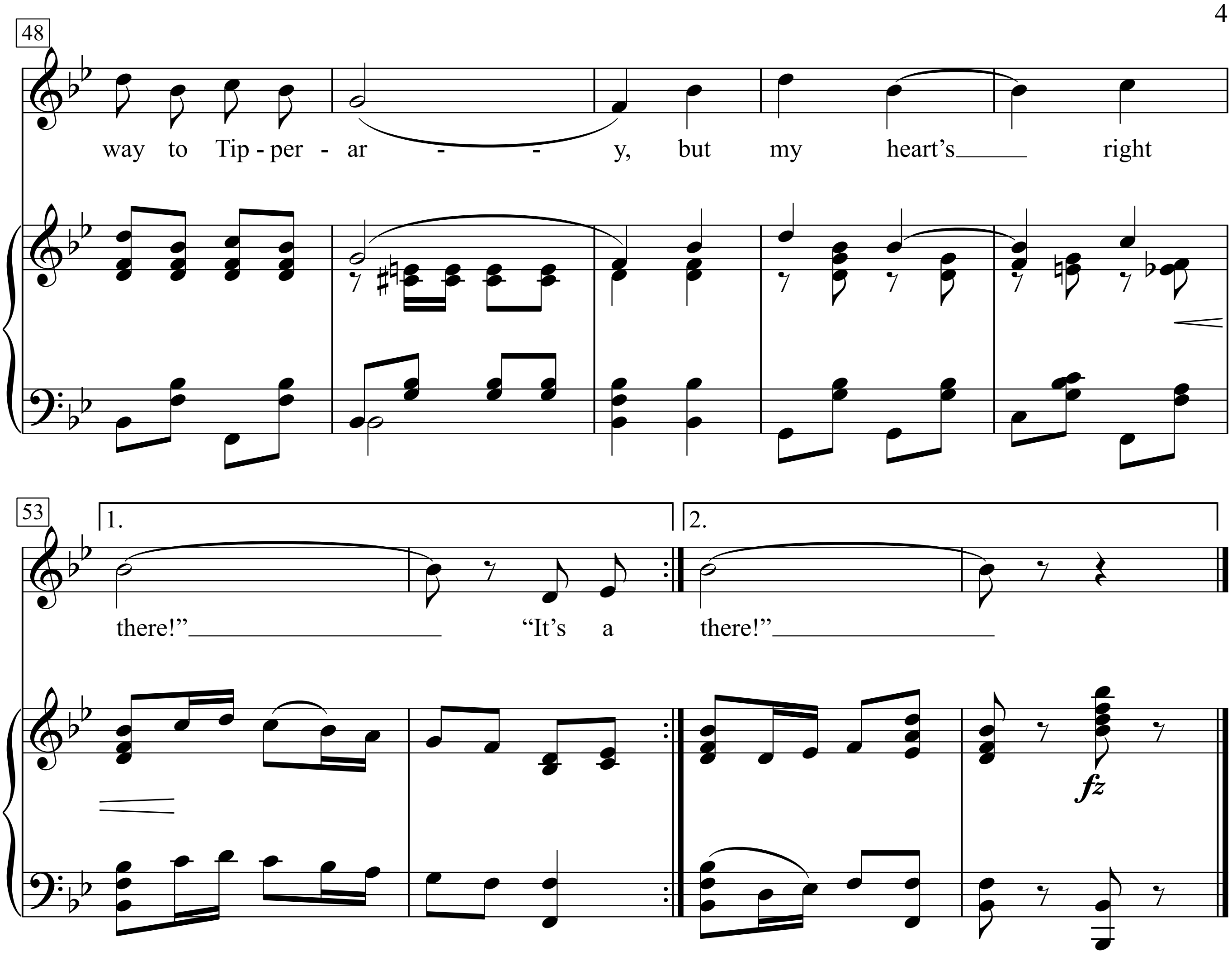
Allegro con spirito

Written & composed by
Jack Judge and Harry Williams




17
sing - ing songs of Pic - ca - dil - ly, Strand and Leices - ter Square, till
"If I make mis - takes in spel - ing, Mol - ly dear," said he, "Re -
leave the Strand and Pic - ca - dil - ly, or you'll be to blame, for
21
Pad - dy got ex - cit - ed, then he shout - ed to them there:
mem - ber, it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the blame on me!"
love has fair - ly drove me sil - ly – hop - ing you're the same!"
"It's a long way to Tip - per - ar - y.
p
26
it's a long way to go; it's a


31
long way to Tip - per - ar - y, to the
35
sweet - est girl I know!
39
Good - bye Pic - ca - dil - ly,
43
fare - well, Leices - ter Square, it's a long, long

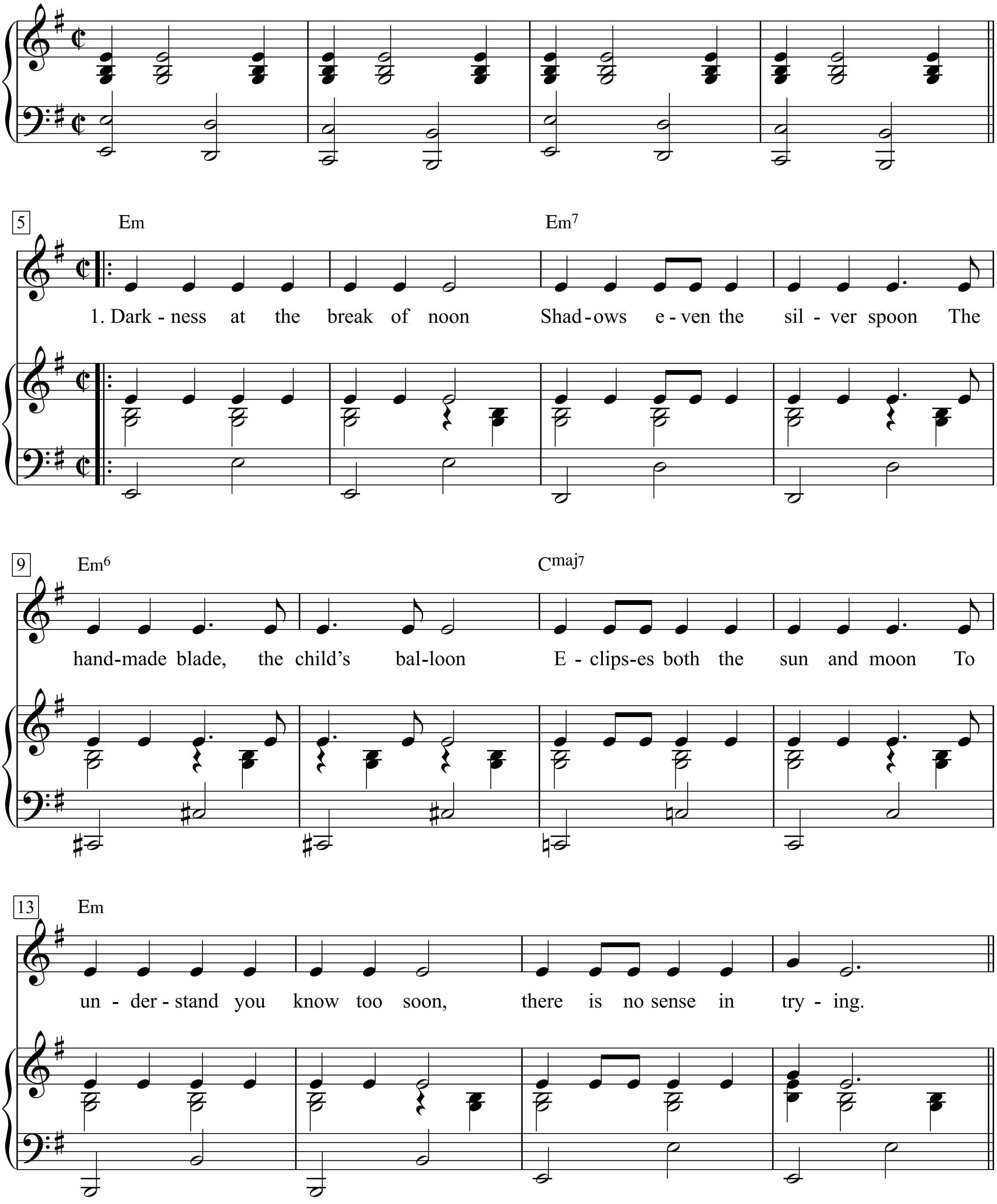


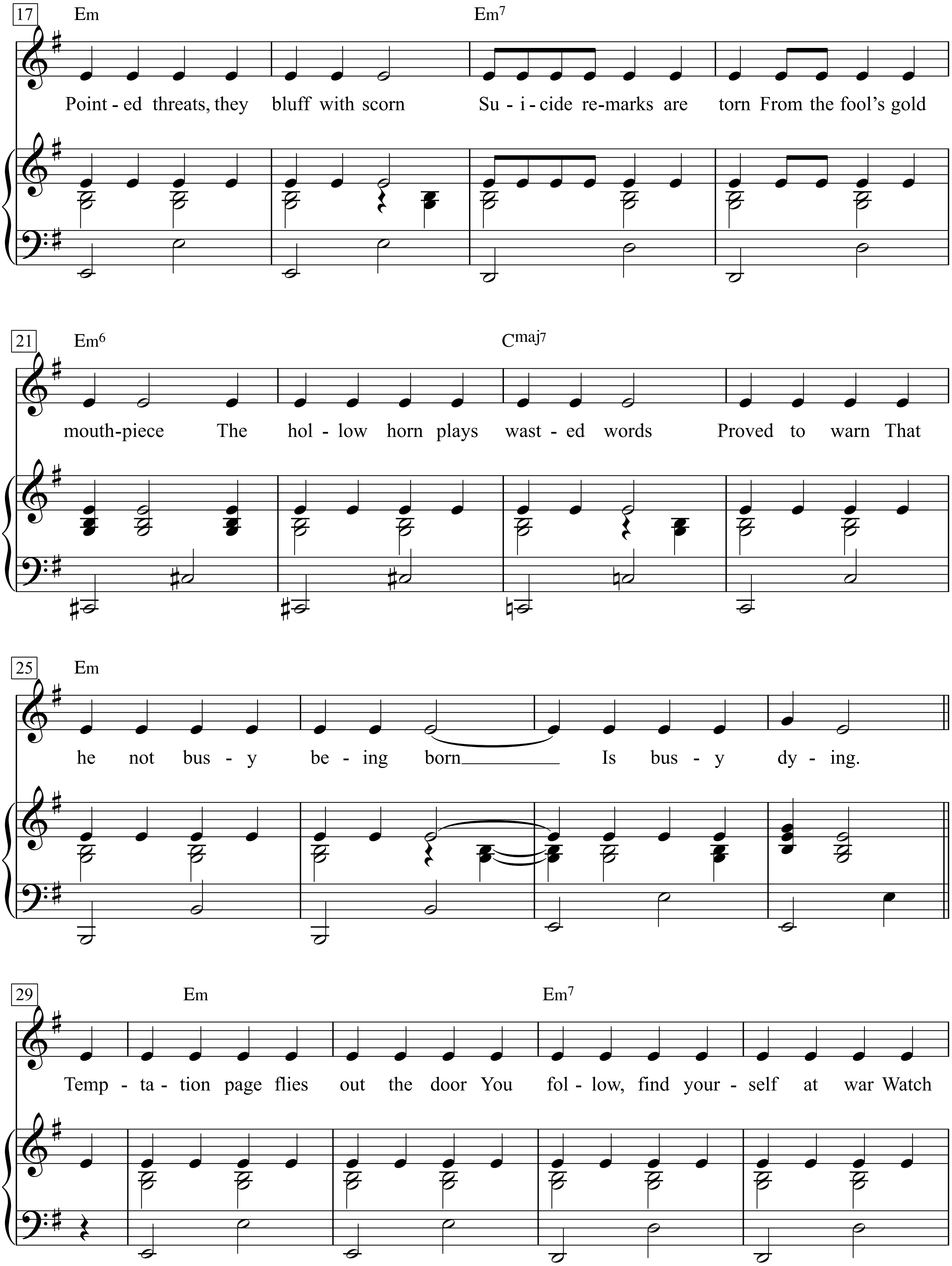
That's the wrong way to tickle Mary,
That's the wrong way to kiss!
Don't you know that over here, lad,
They like it best like this!
Hooray pour le Francais!
Farewell, Angleterre!
We didn't know the way to tickle Mary,
But we learned how, over there!
It's a long way ...

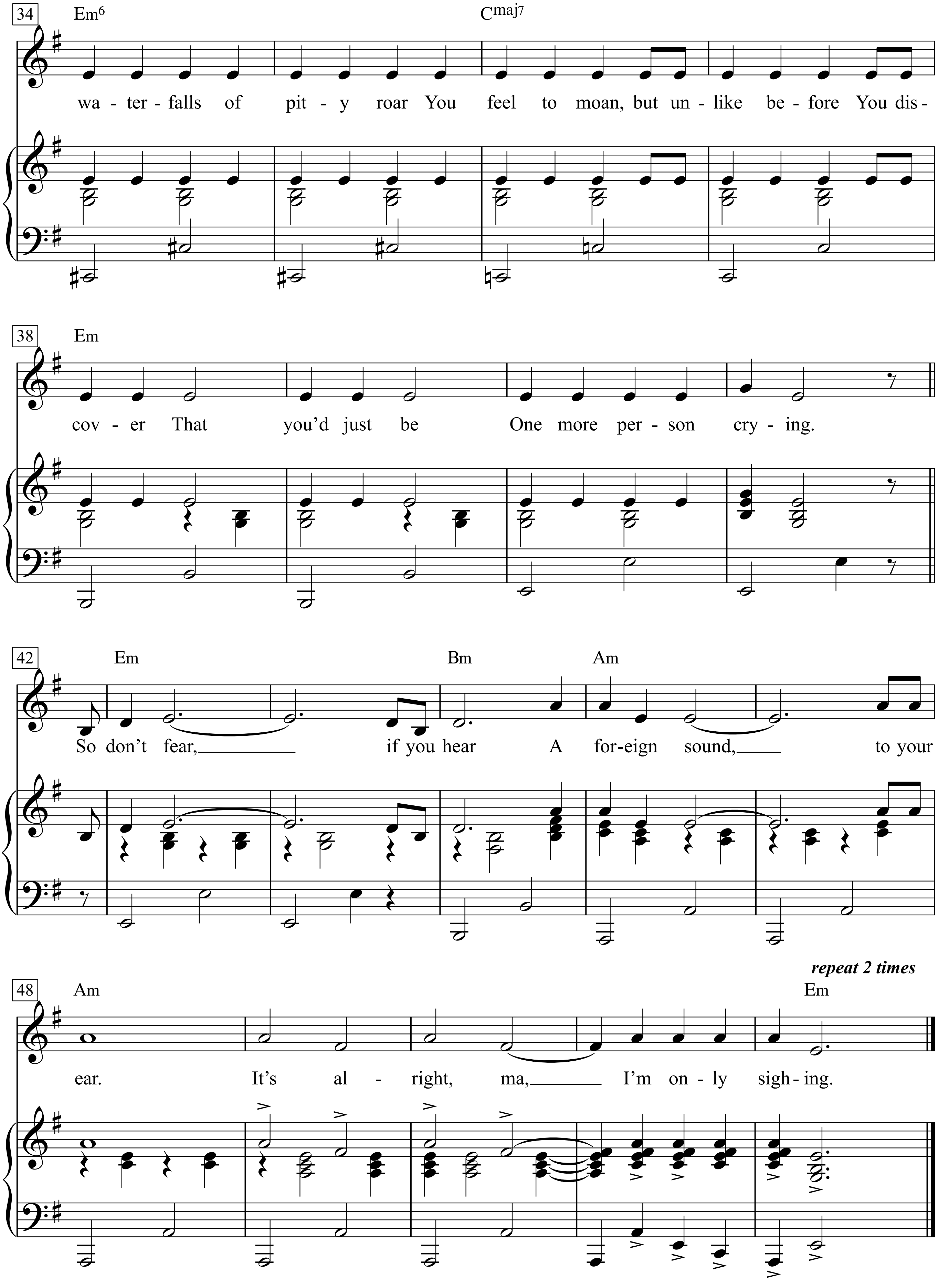
It’s Alright Ma (I’m Only Bleeding)

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)

Medium bright




17
Em
Em7
Point - ed threats, they bluff with scorn Su - i - cide re-marks are torn From the fool's gold
21
Em6
Cmaj7
mouth-piece The hol - low horn plays wast - ed words Proved to warn That
25
Em
he not bus - y be - ing born Is bus - y dy - ing.
29
Em
Em7
Temp - ta - tion page flies out the door You fol - low, find your - self at war Watch


34
Em6
Cmaj7
wa - ter - falls of pit - y roar You feel to moan, but un - like be - fore You dis -
38
Em
cov - er That you'd just be One more per - son cry - ing.
42
Em
Bm
Am
So don't fear, if you hear A for-eign sound, to your
48
Am
repeat 2 times
Em
ear. It's al - right, ma, I'm on - ly sigh - ing.

1. Darkness at the break of noon
Shadows even the silver spoon
The handmade blade, the child's balloon
Eclipses both the sun and moon
To understand you know too soon,
There is no sense in trying.

Pointed threats, they bluff with scorn
Suicide remarks are torn
From the fool's gold mouthpiece the hollow horn
Plays wasted words proved to warn
That he not busy being born is busy dying.

Temptation page flies out the door
You follow, find yourself at war
Watch waterfalls of pity roar
You feel to moan, but unlike before
You discover that you'd just be one more
Person crying.

So don't fear, if you hear
A foreign sound, to your ear.
It's alright, ma, I'm only sighing.

2. As some warn victory, some downfall
Private reasons great or small
Can be seen in the eyes of those that call
To make all that should be killed, to crawl
While others say, don't hate nothin' at all
Except hatred

Disillusioned words like bullets bark
As human Gods aim for their mark
Made everything from toy guns that spark
To flesh colored Christs that glow in the dark
It's easy to see without lookin' too far
That not much, is really sacred

While preachers preach of evil fates
Teachers teach that knowledge waits
Can lead to hundred dollar plates
Goodness hides behind its gates
But even the president of the United States
Sometimes must have to stand naked

And though the rules of the road, have been lodged
It's only peoples games that you got to dodge
And it's alright ma, I can make it.

Advertising signs that con
You into thinking you're the one
That can do what's never been done
That can win, what's never been won
Meantime life outside goes on
All around you

You lose yourself, you reappear
You suddenly find you got nothin' to fear
Alone you stand, with nobody near
When a trembling distant voice unclear
Startles your sleeping ears to hear
That somebody thinks they really found you

A question in your nerves is lit
Yet you know there is no answer fit
To satisfy, insure you not to quit
To keep it in your mind and not fergit???
That it is not he or she or them or it
That you belong to

Although the masters make the rules
Of the wise men and the fools
I got nothing, Ma, to live up to.

* 4. For them that must obey authority
That they do not respect in any degree
Who despise their jobs, their destinies
Speak jealously of them that are free
Cultivate their flowers to be
Nothing more than something they invest in

While some unprinciples baptized
To strict party platform ties
Social clubs in drag disguise
Outsiders achin' freely criticize
Tell nothin' except who to idolize
And say God bless him

While one who sings with his tongue on fire
Gargles in the rat race choir
Bent out of shape from society's pliers
Cares not to come up any higher
But rather get you down in the hole
That he's in

But I mean no harm, nor put fault
On anyone that lives in a vault
But it's alright ma, if I can please him

*5. Old lady judges watch people in pairs
Limited in sex, they dare
To push fake moral insult, and stare
While money doesn't talk, it swears
Obscenity, who really cares
Propaganda, all is phony

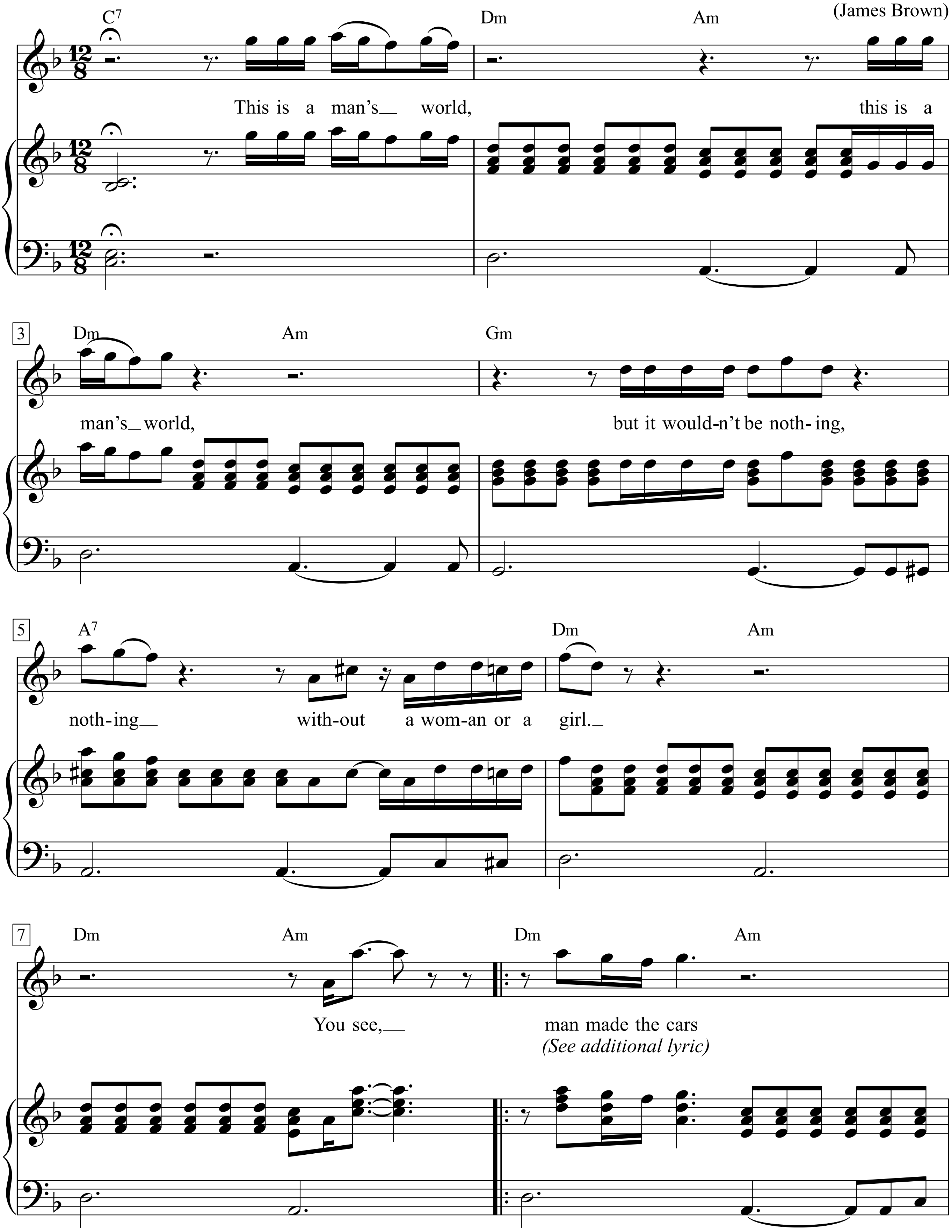
While them that defend what they cannot see
With a killer's pride, security
It blows the minds most bitterly
For them that think death's honesty
Won't fall upon them naturally
Life sometimes must get lonely

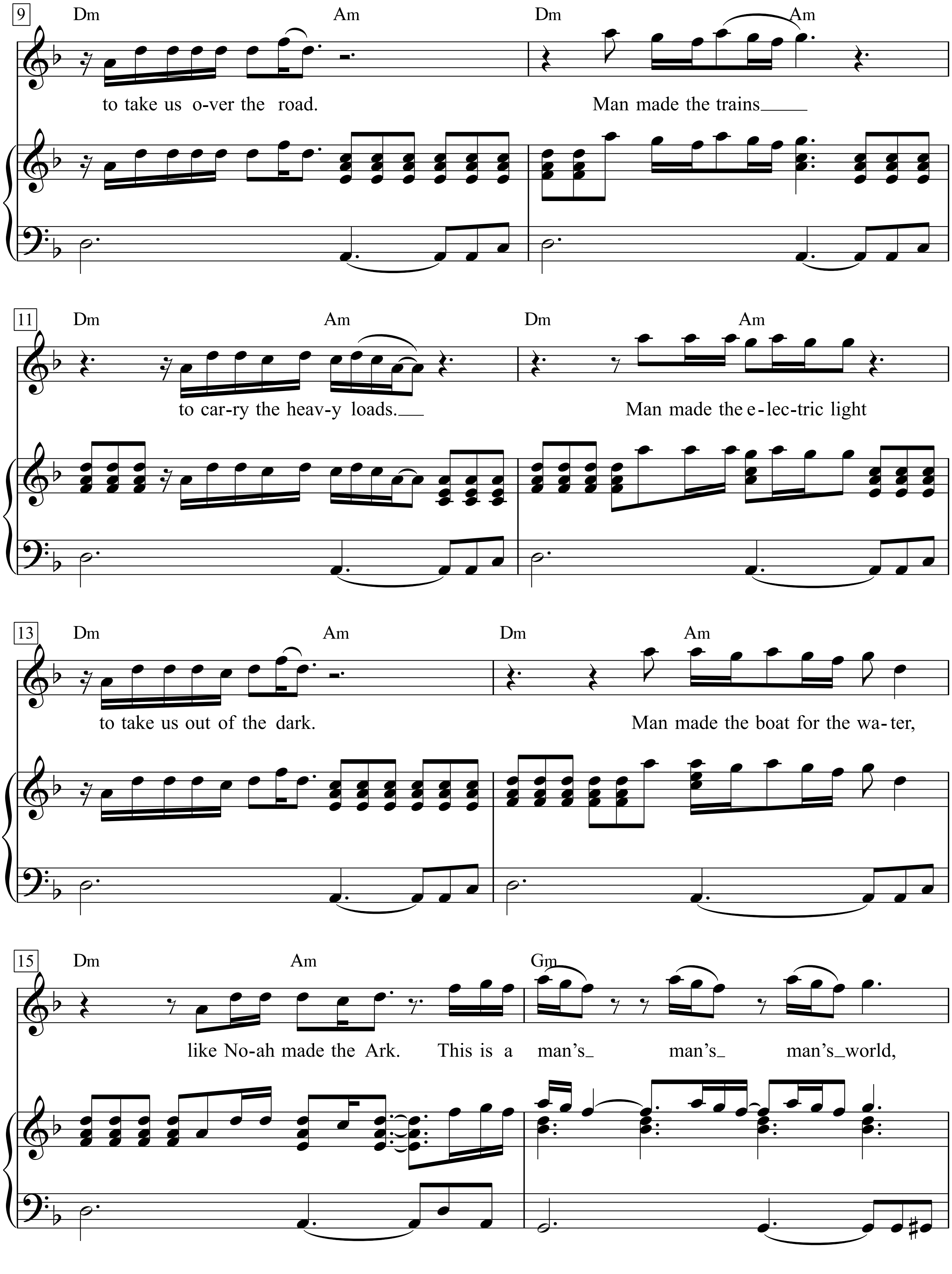
My eyes collide head on with stuffed
graveyards, false Gods, I scuff
At pettiness which plays so rough
Walk upside down inside handcuffs
Kick my legs to crash it off
Say okay, I've had enough

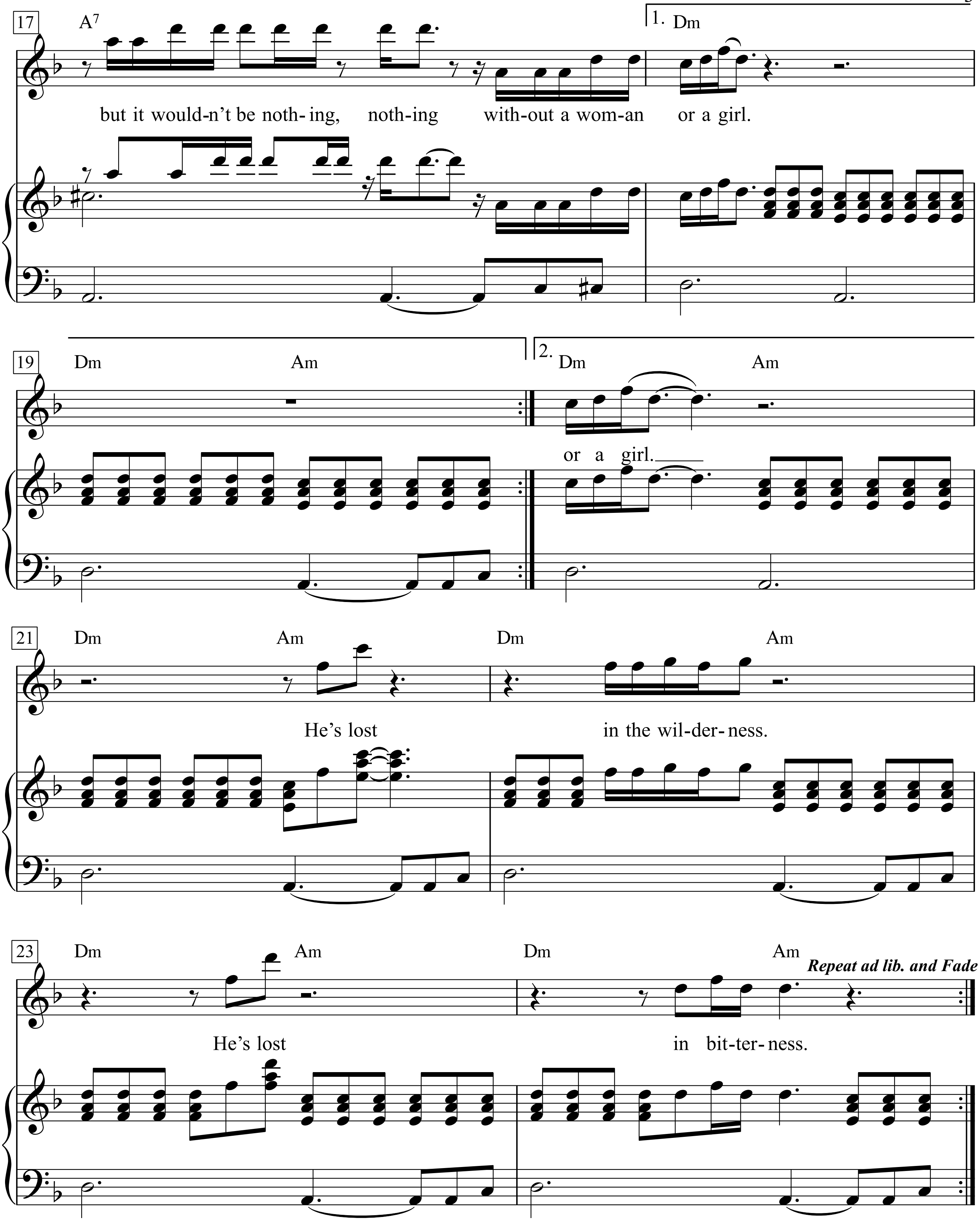
It's Man's Man's Man's World

Slowly, smootly

Words & Music by
James Brown and Betty Newsome
(James Brown)




9
Dm
Am
to take us o-ver the road.
Dm
Am
Man made the trains
11
Dm
Am
to car-ry the heav-y loads.
Dm
Am
Man made the e-lec-tric light
13
Dm
Am
to take us out of the dark.
Dm
Am
Man made the boat for the wa-ter,
15
Dm
Am
like No-ah made the Ark.
This is a
Gm
man's
man's
man's world,


17
A7
1. Dm
but it would-n't be noth- ing, noth-ing with-out a wom-an or a girl.
19
Dm
Am
2. Dm
Am
or a girl.
21
Dm
Am
Dm
Am
He's lost in the wil-der- ness.
23
Dm
Am
Dm
Am
Repeat ad lib. and Fade
He's lost in bit-ter- ness.

This is a man's world, this is a man's world,
but it wouldn't be nothing, nothing without a woman or a girl.

You see, man made the cars to take us over the road.
Man made the trains to carry the heavy loads.
Man made the electric light to take us out of the dark.
Man made the boat for the water, like Noah made the Ark.
This is a man's man's man's world,
but it wouldn't be nothing, nothing
without a woman or a girl.

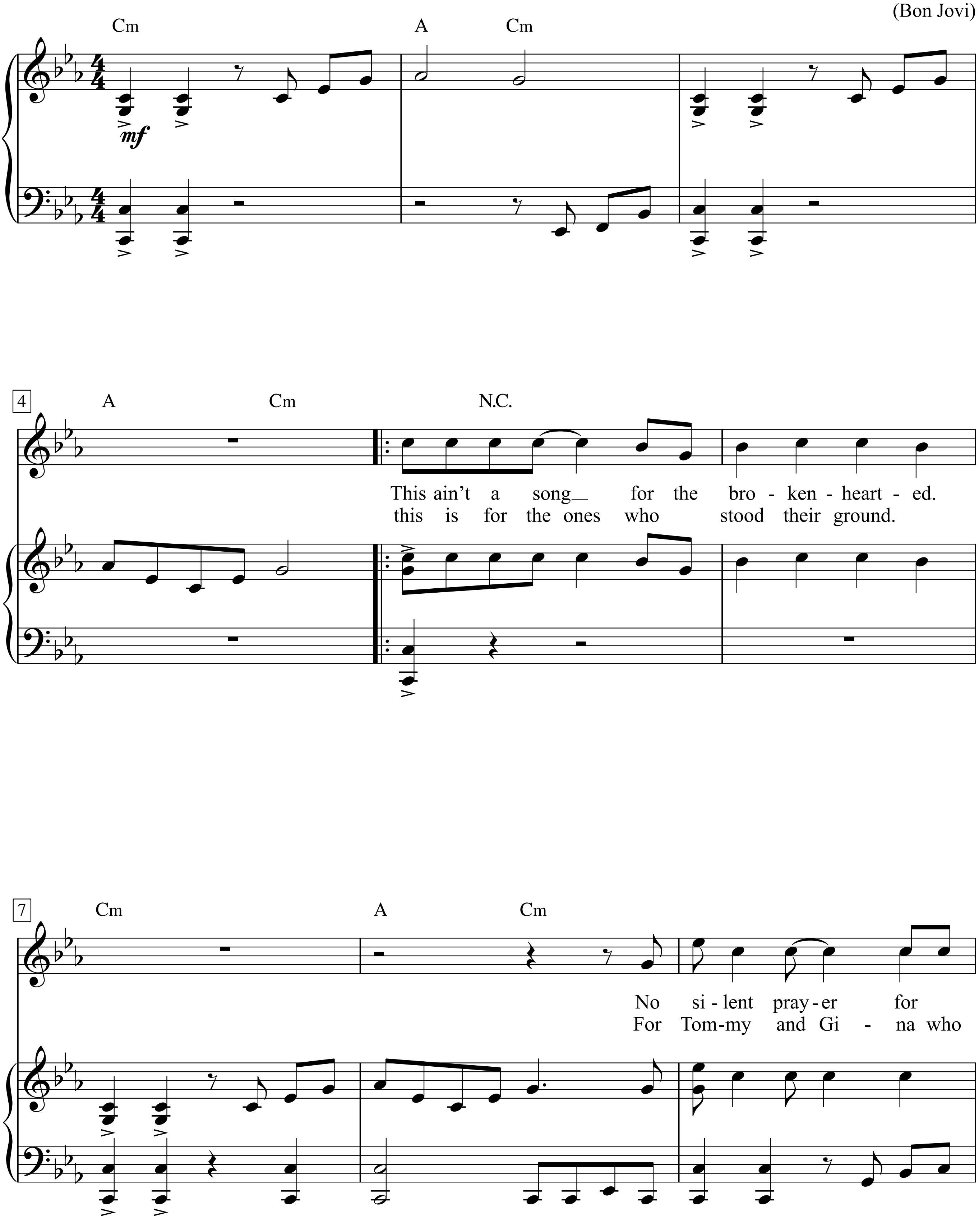
or a girl.
He's lost in the wilderness.
He's lost in bitterness.

Additional lyrics:
Man thinks about the little bitty baby girls and the baby boys.
Man makes them happy 'cause man makes them toys.
And after man makes everything, everything he can
You know that man makes money to buy from other men.
This is a man's world, but it wouldn't be nothing
Without a woman or a girl.

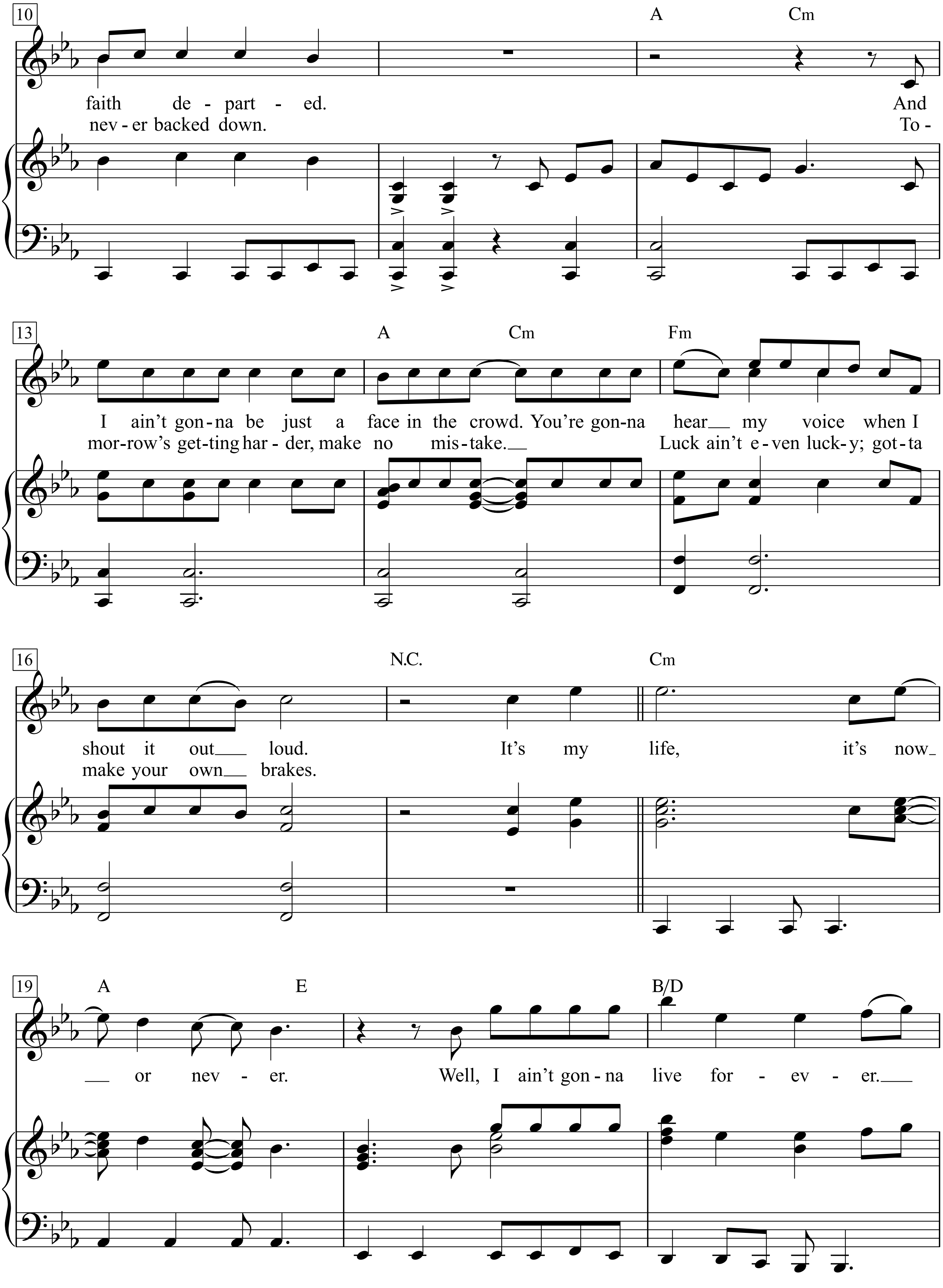
It's My Life

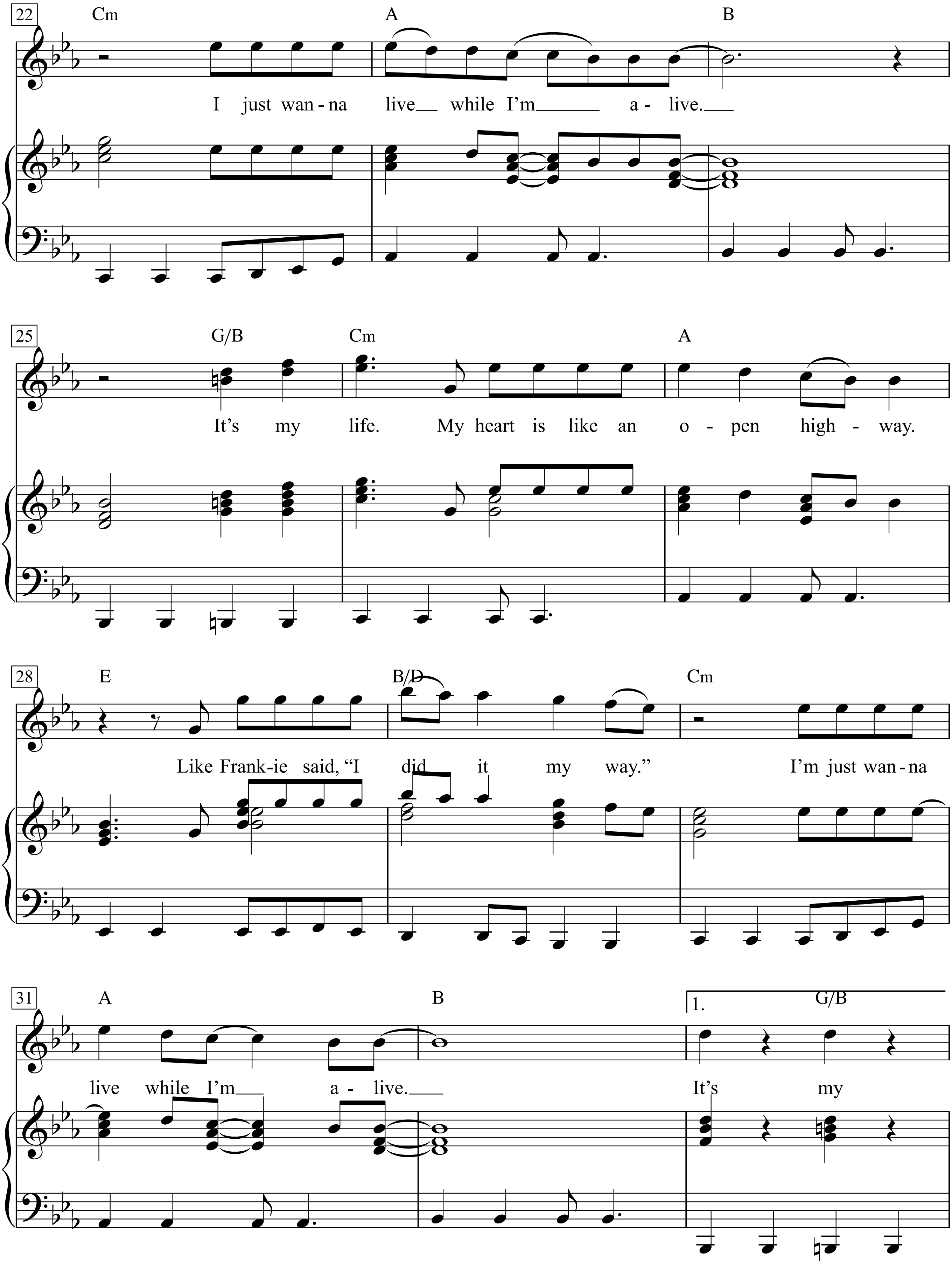
Moderately ♩ = 120

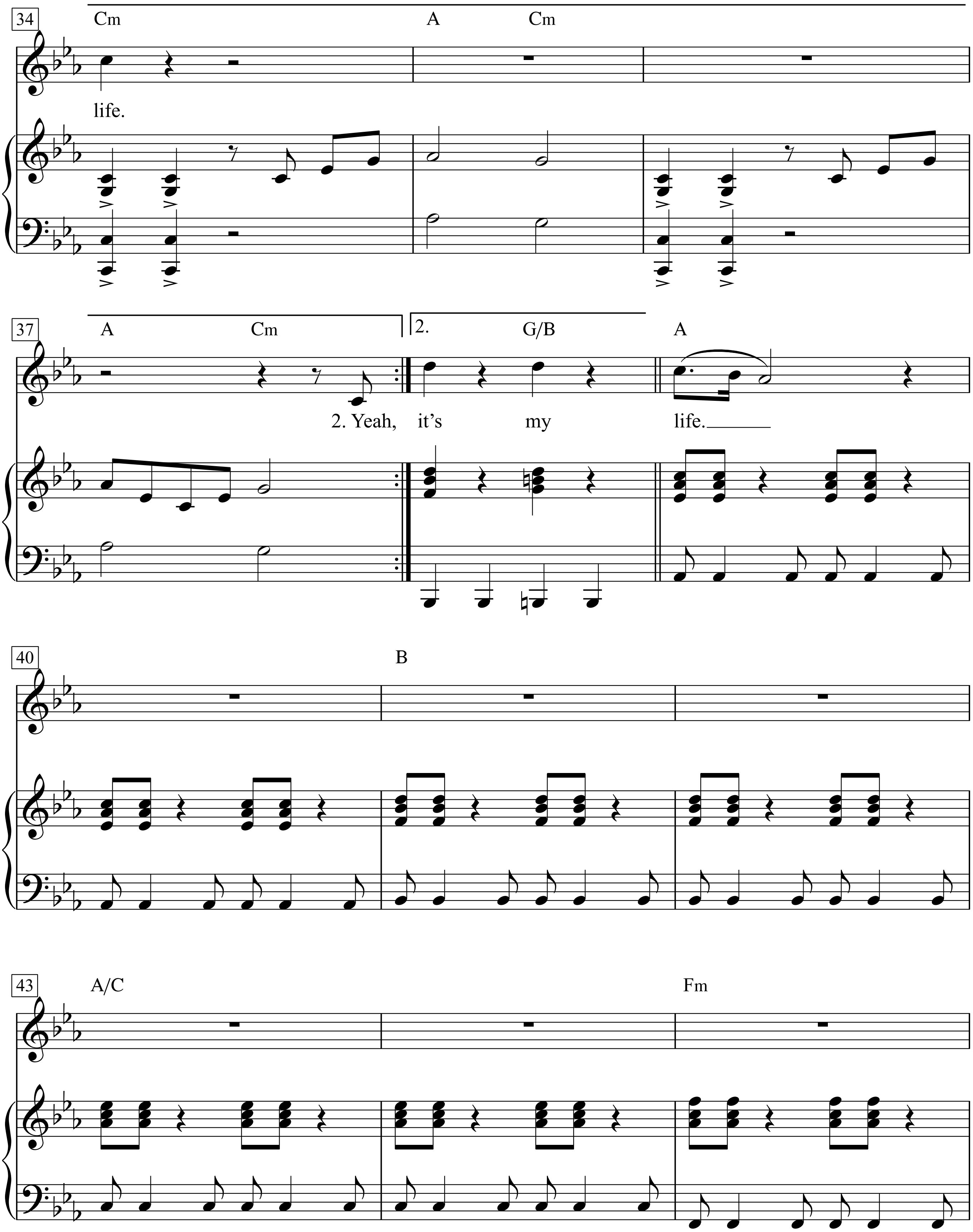
Words & Music by
Jon Bon Jovi, Richie Sambora and Max Martin
(Bon Jovi)

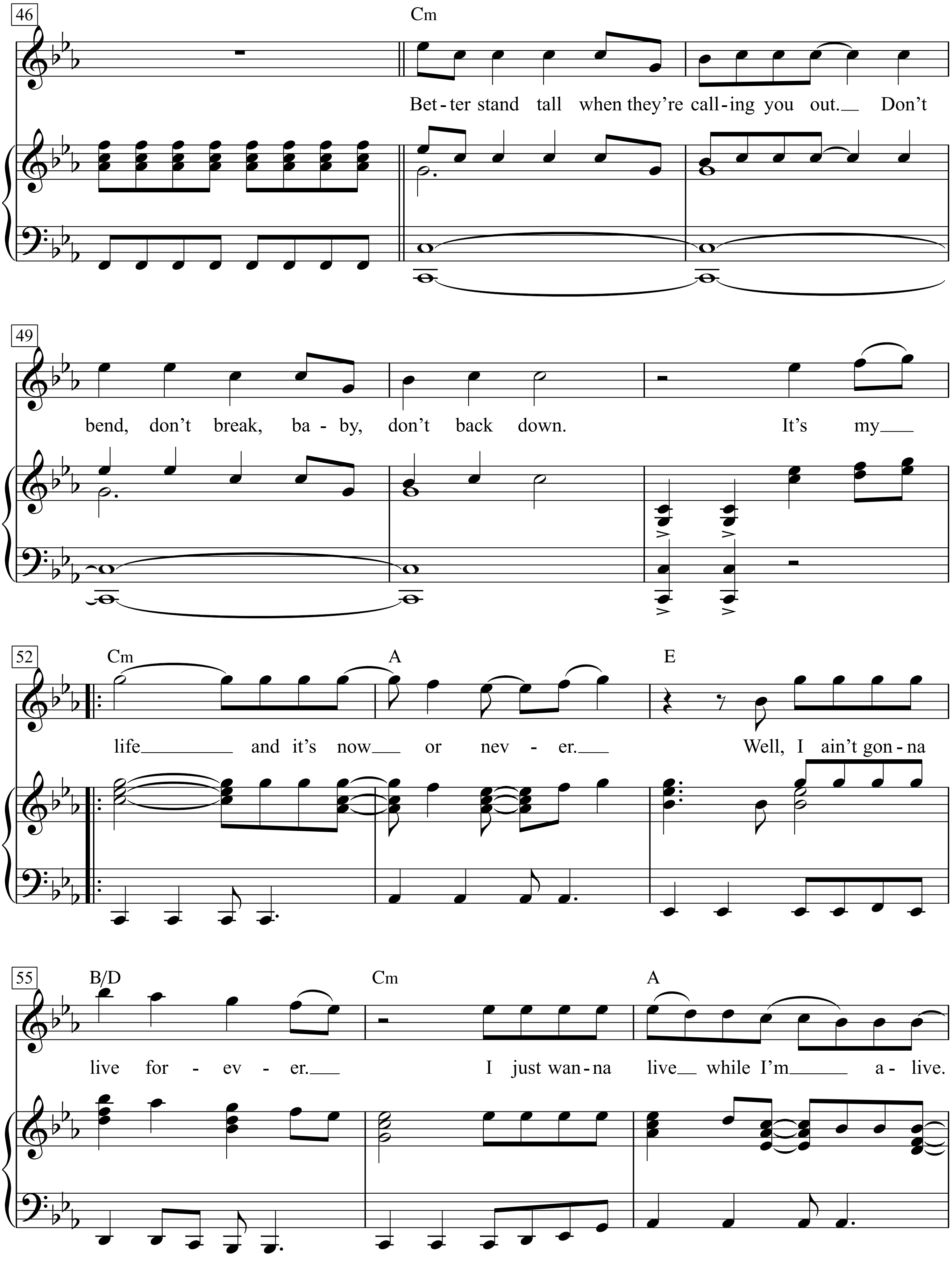


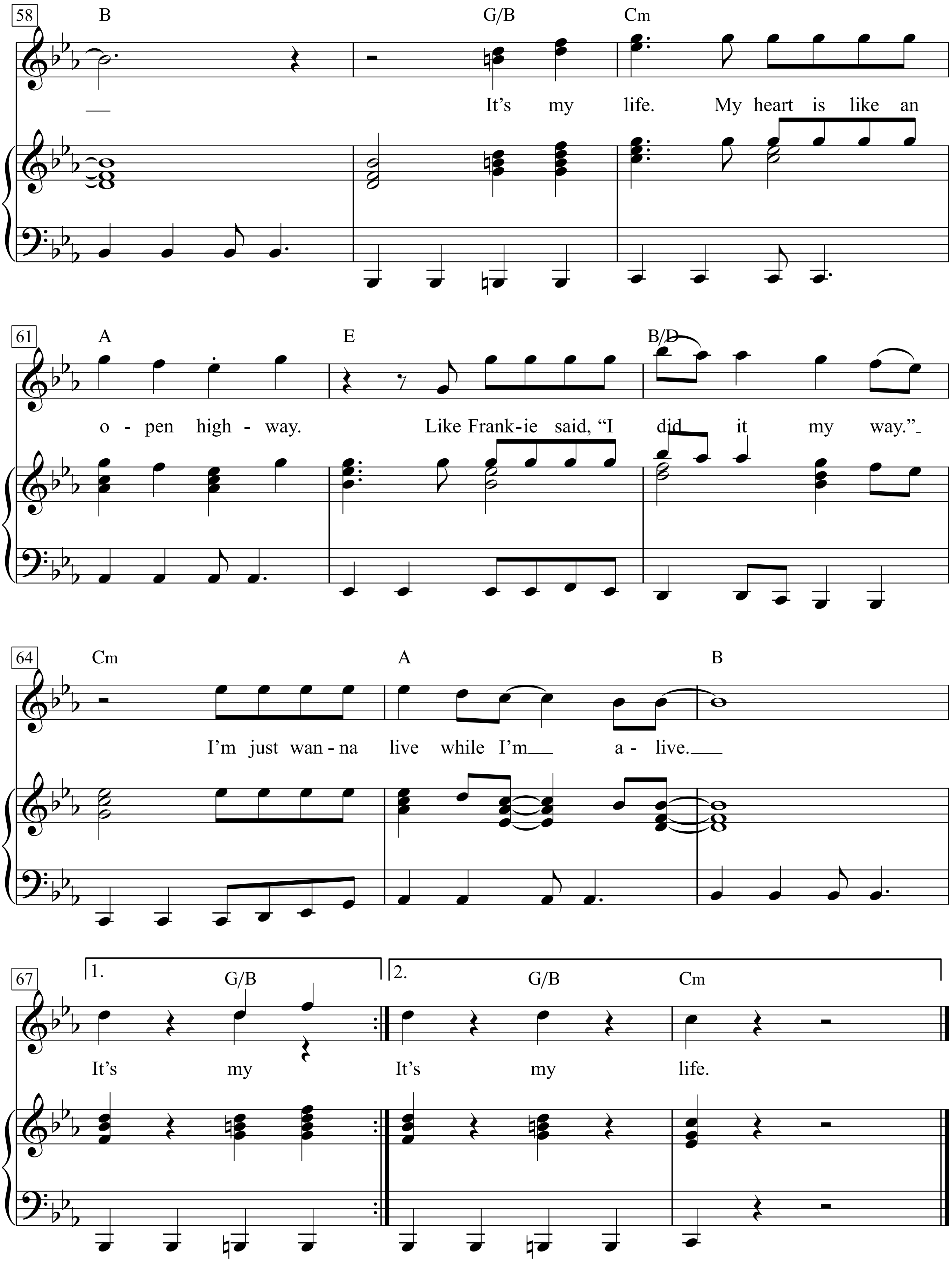
Scribd.com


10
A Cm
faith de - part - ed. And
nev - er backed down. To -
13
A Cm Fm
I ain't gon - na be just a face in the crowd. You're gon - na hear my voice when I
mor - row's get - ting har - der, make no mis - take. Luck ain't e - ven luck - y; got - ta
16
N.C. Cm
shout it out loud. It's my life, it's now
make your own brakes.
19
A E B/D
or nev - er. Well, I ain't gon - na live for - ev - er.


22
Cm
A
B
I just wan-na live while I'm a-live.
25
G/B
Cm
A
It's my life. My heart is like an o-pen high-way.
28
E
B/D
Cm
Like Frank-ie said, "I did it my way." I'm just wan-na
31
A
B
1.
G/B
live while I'm a-live. It's my


34
Cm
A
Cm
life.
37
A
Cm
2.
G/B
A
2. Yeah, it's my life.
40
B
43
A/C
Fm


46
Cm
Bet - ter stand tall when they're call - ing you out. Don't
49
bend, don't break, ba - by, don't back down. It's my
52
Cm
A
E
life and it's now or nev - er. Well, I ain't gon - na
55
B/D
Cm
A
live for - ev - er. I just wan - na live while I'm a - live.


58
B
G/B
Cm
It's my life. My heart is like an
61
A
E
B/D
o - pen high - way. Like Frank-ie said, "I did it my way."
64
Cm
A
B
I'm just wan - na live while I'm a - live.
67
1.
G/B
2.
G/B
Cm
It's my It's my life.

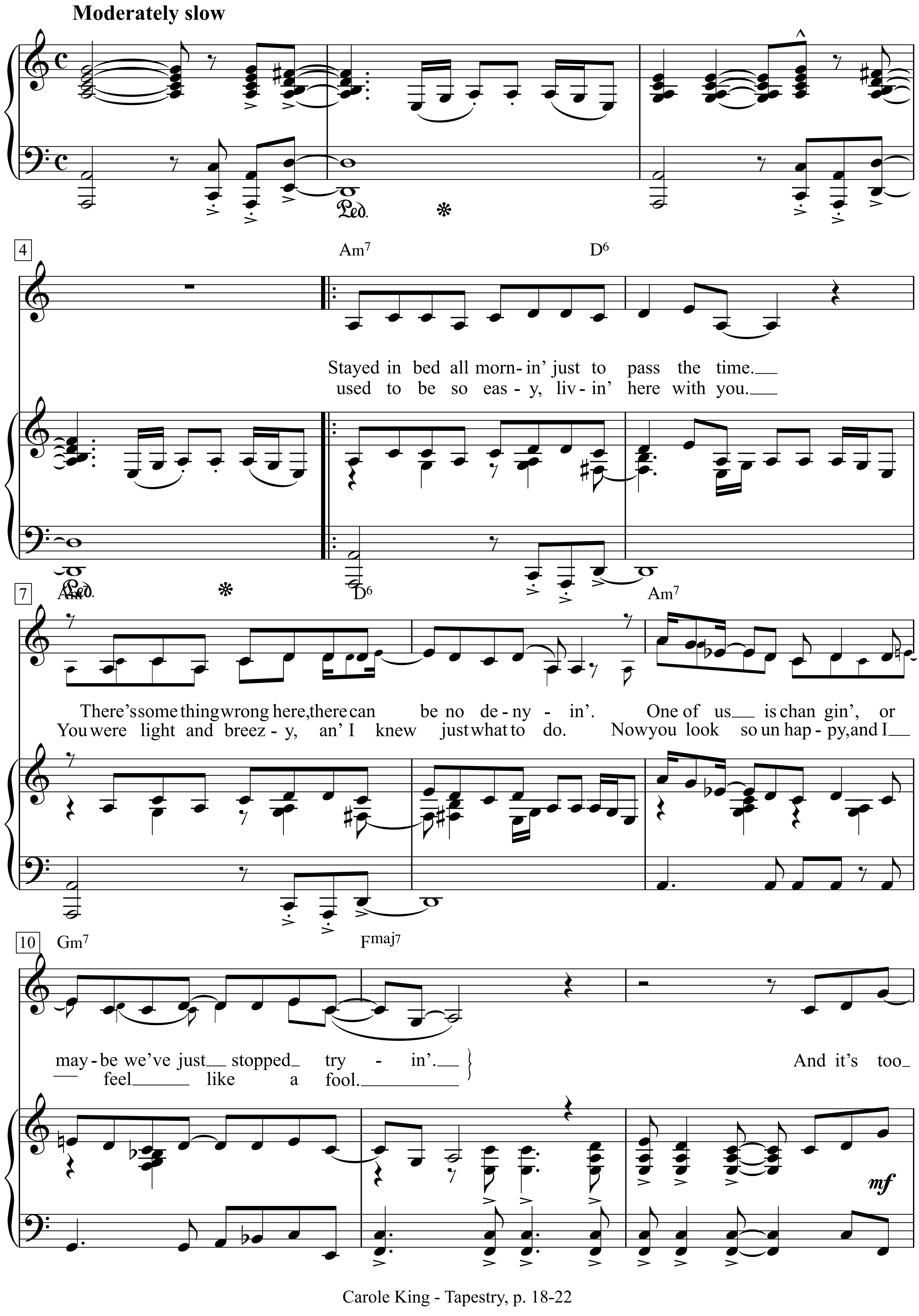
1.
This ain’t a song for the brokenhearted.
No silent prayer for faith departed.
And I ain’t gonna be just a face in the crowd.
You’re gonna hear my voice when I shout it out loud.
It’s my life, it’s now or never.
Well, I ain’t gonna live forever.
I just wanna live while I’m alive.
It’s my life.
My heart is like an open highway.
Like Frankie said, “I did it my way.”
I’m just wanna live while I’m alive.
It’s my life.
2.
Yeah, it’s my life.
Better stand tall when they’re calling you out.
Don’t bend, don’t break, baby, don’t back down.
It’s my life and it’s now or never.
Well,
I ain’t gonna live forever.
I just wanna live while I’m alive.
It’s my life.
My heart is like an open highway.
Like Frankie said, “I did it my way.”
I’m just wanna live while I’m alive.
It’s my It’s my life.

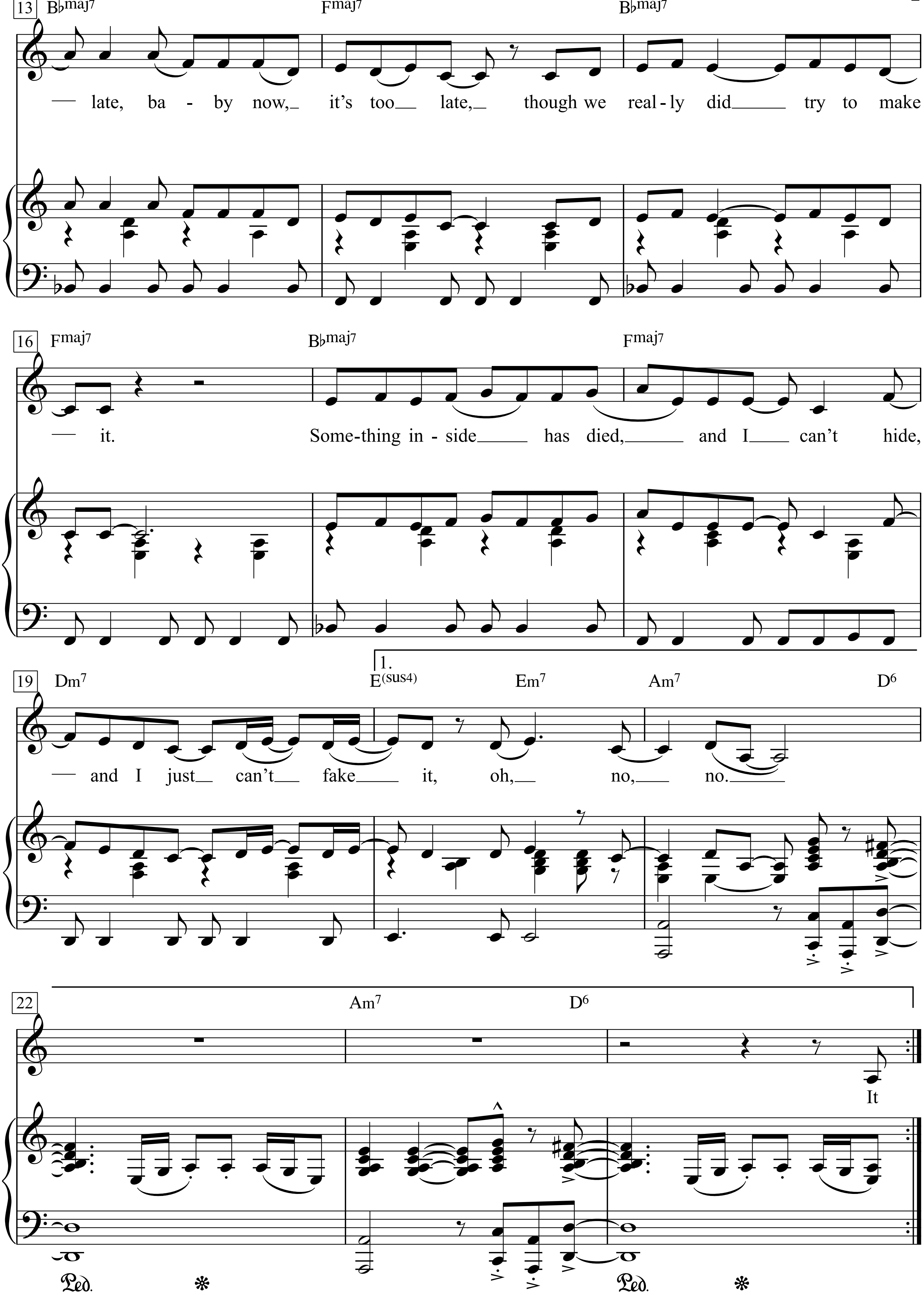
2. this is for the ones who stood their ground.
For Tommy and Gina who never backed down.
Tomorrow’s getting harder, make no mistake.
Luck ain’t even lucky; gotta make your own brakes.

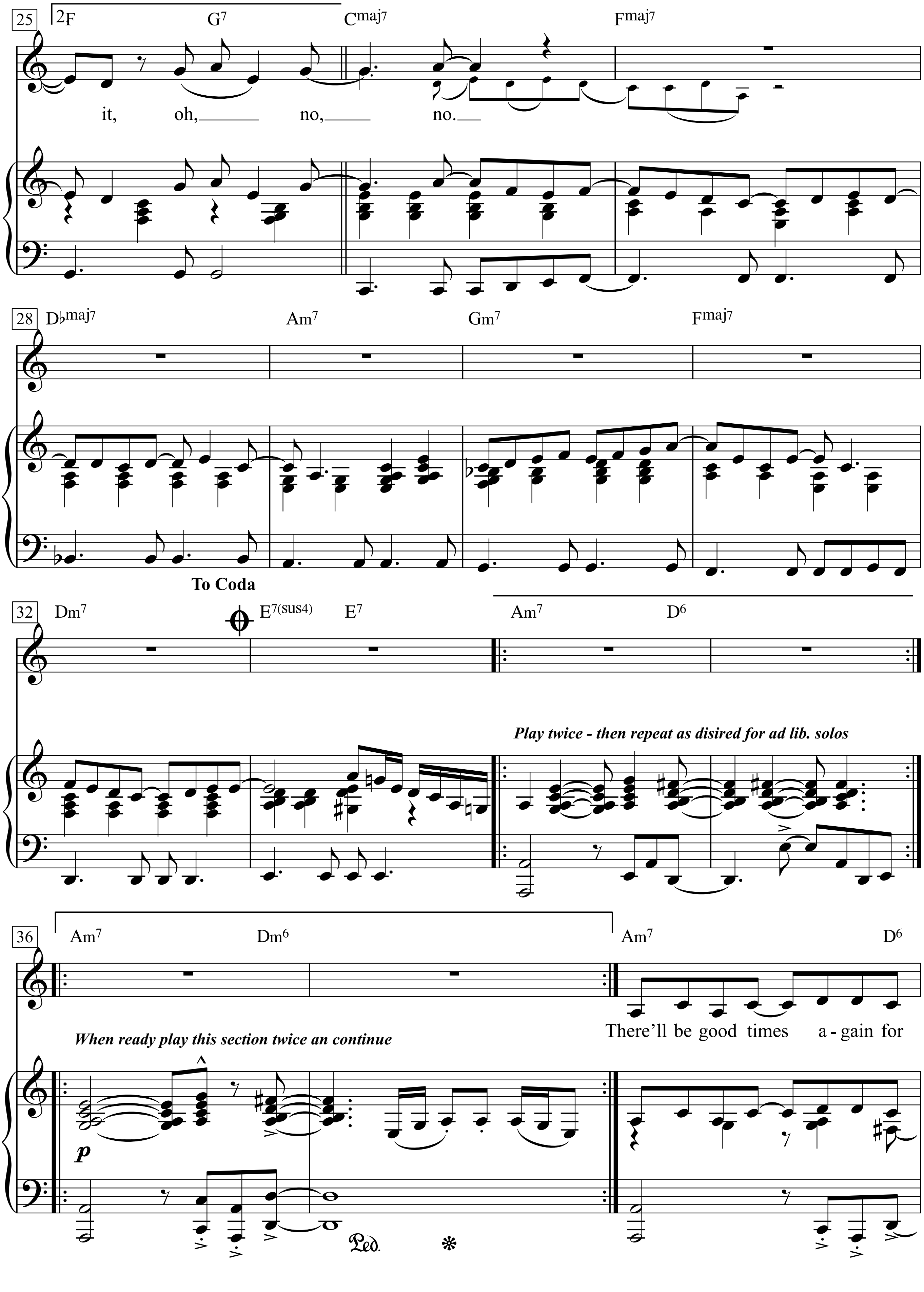
Words by Toni Stern

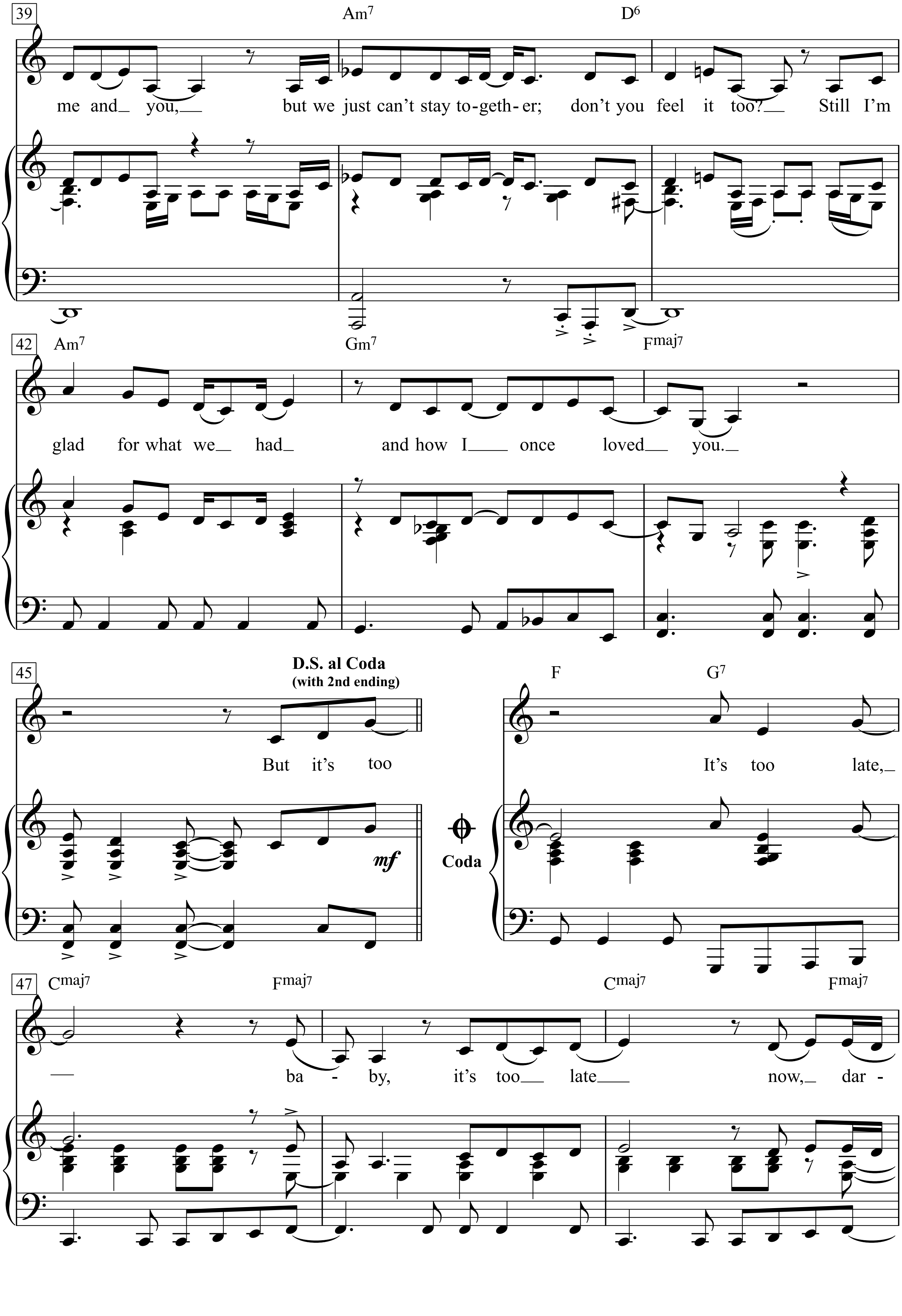
It's Too Late

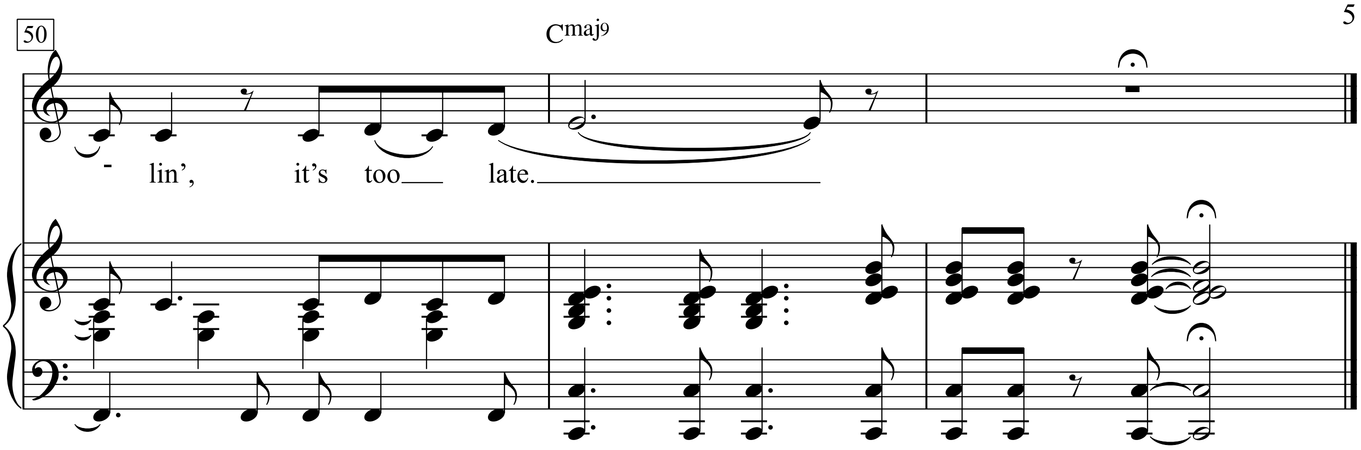
Music by Carole King
(Carole King)




13 B♭maj7 Fmaj7 B♭maj7
— late, ba - by now, it's too late, though we real - ly did try to make
16 Fmaj7 B♭maj7 Fmaj7
— it. Some-thing in - side has died, and I can't hide,
1.
19 Dm7 E(sus4) Em7 Am7 D6
— and I just can't fake it, oh, no, no.
22 Am7 D6
It
Ped. ❊ Ped. ❊


25
2F
G7
Cmaj7
Fmaj7
it, oh, no, no.
28
D♭maj7
Am7
Gm7
Fmaj7
To Coda
32
Dm7
E7(sus4)
E7
Am7
D6
Play twice - then repeat as disired for ad lib. solos
36
Am7
Dm6
Am7
D6
When ready play this section twice an continue
p
There'll be good times a - gain for
Ped.


39
Am7
D6
me and you, but we just can't stay to-geth-er; don't you feel it too? Still I'm
42
Am7
Gm7
Fmaj7
glad for what we had and how I once loved you.
45
D.S. al Coda
(with 2nd ending)
But it's too
mf
Coda
F
G7
It's too late,
47
Cmaj7
Fmaj7
Cmaj7
Fmaj7
ba - by, it's too late now, dar -

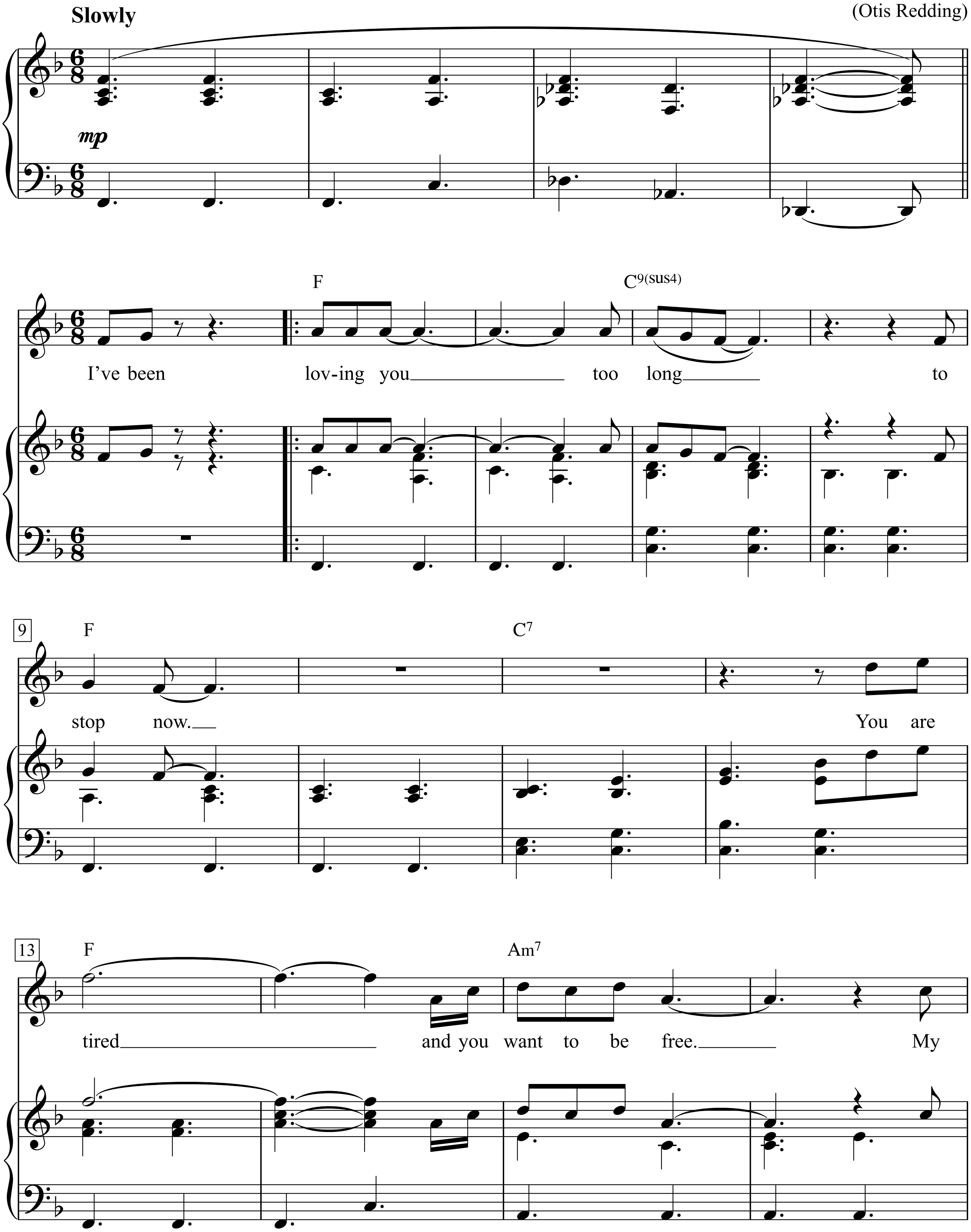

50
Cmaj9
- lin', it's too late.

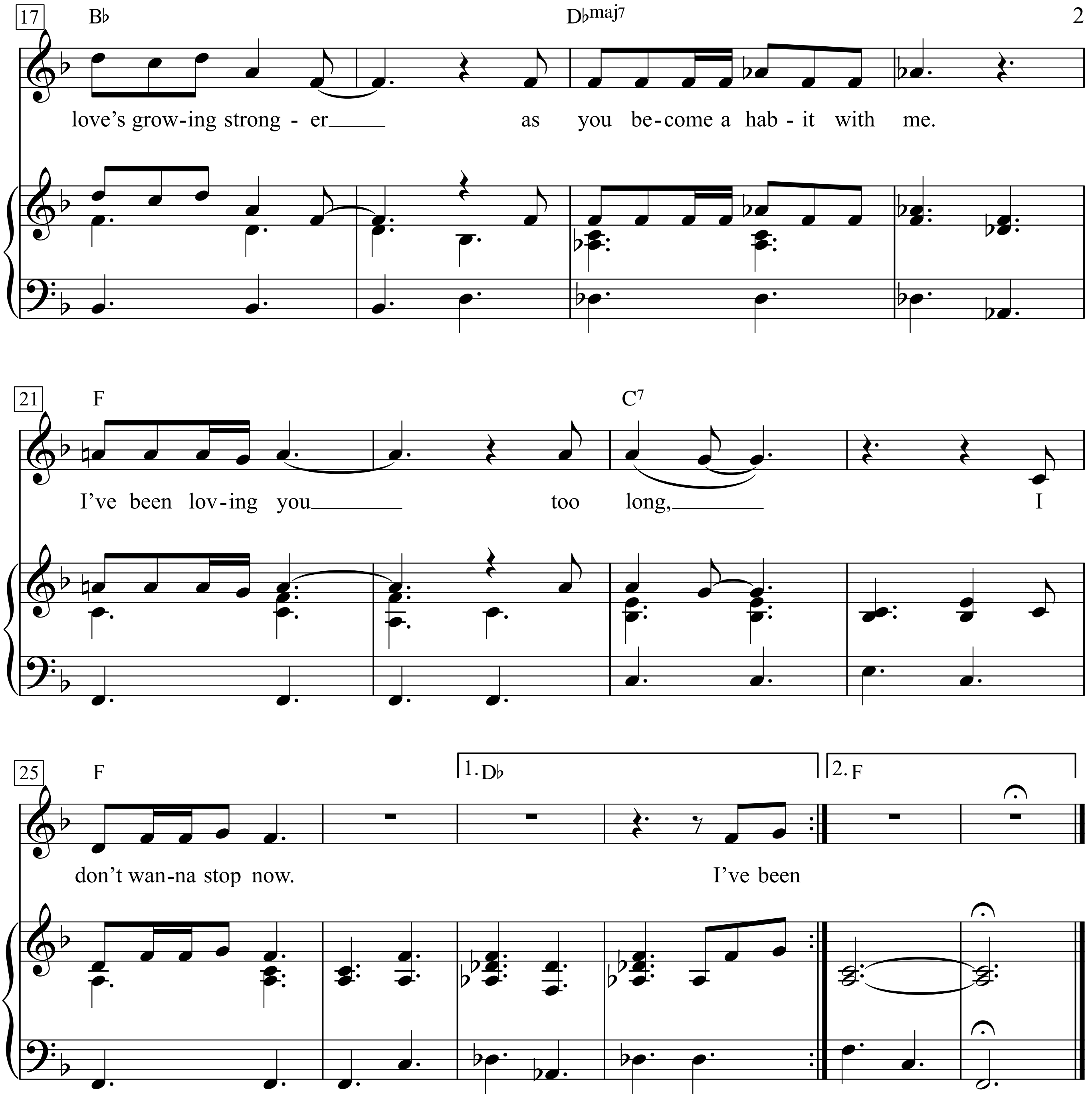
Stayed in bed all mornin' just to pass the time.
There's something wrong here, there can be no denyin'.
One of us is changin', or maybe we've just stopped tryin'.
And it's too late, baby now, it's too late,
though we really did try to make it.
Something inside has died,
and I can't hide, and I just can't fake it,
oh, no, no.
There'll be good times again for me and you,
but we just can't stay together; don't you feel it too?
Still I'm glad for what we had and how I once loved you.
But it's too It's too late, baby, it's too late now,
darlin', it's too late.

It used to be so easy, livin' here with you.
You were light and breezy an' I knew just what to do.
Now you look so unhappy, and I feel like a fool.
And it's too late, baby now, it's too late,
though we really did try to make it.
Something inside has died,
and I can't hide, and I just can't fake

I’ve Been Loving You too long

Words & Music by
Otis Redding & Jerry Butler
(Otis Redding)





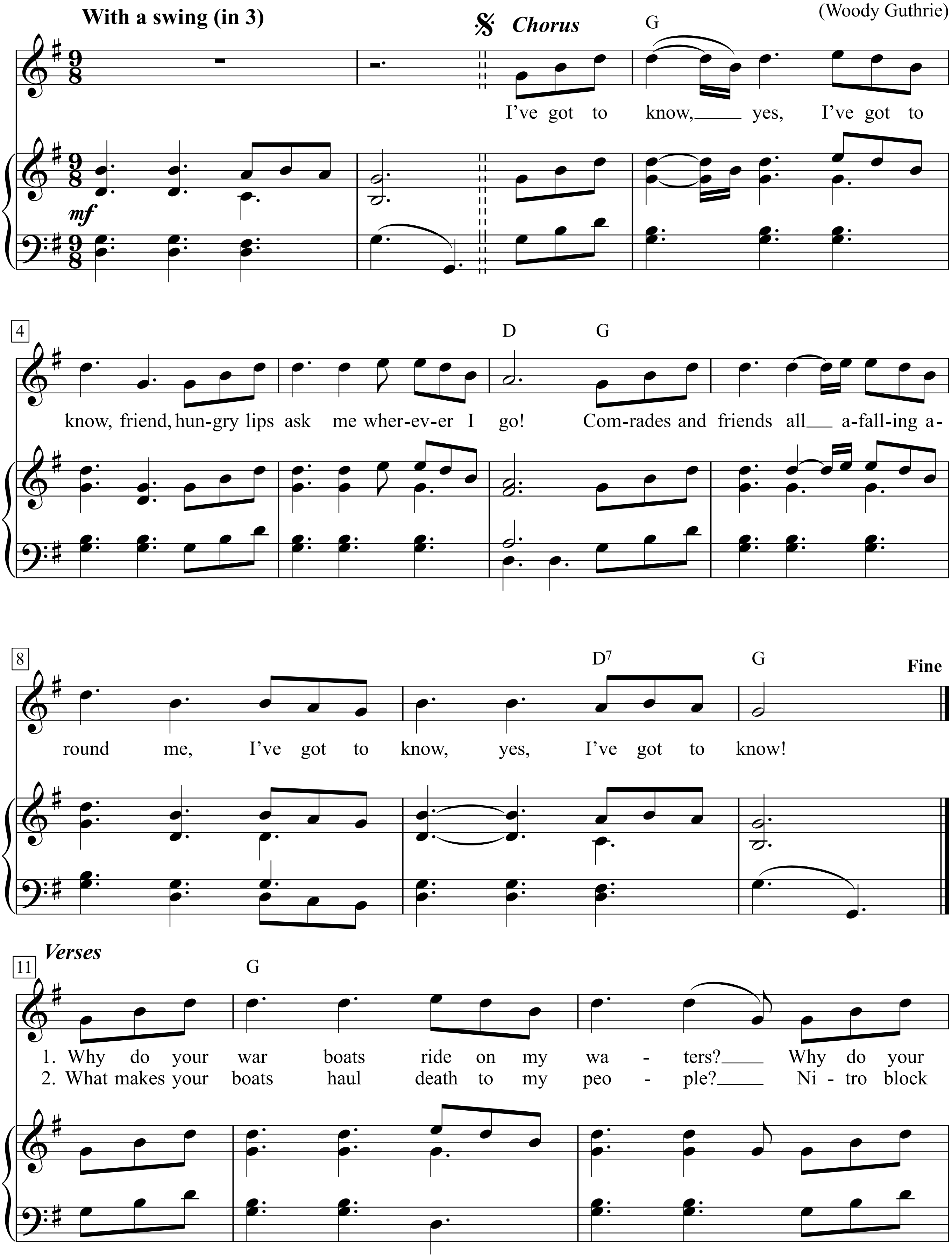
I've been loving you too long to stop now.
You are tired
and you want to be free.
My love's growing stronger
as you become a habit with me.
I've been loving you too long,
I don't wanna stop now.

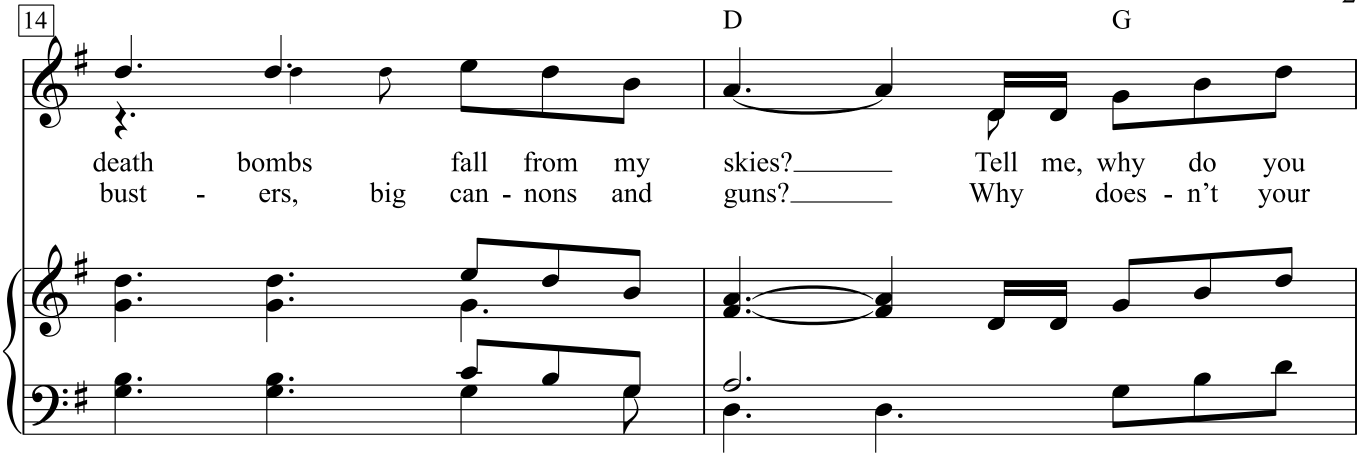
2.With you my life has been so wonderful;
I can't stop now,
You are tired
And your love is growing cold;
My love is growing stronger
As our affair, affair grows old.

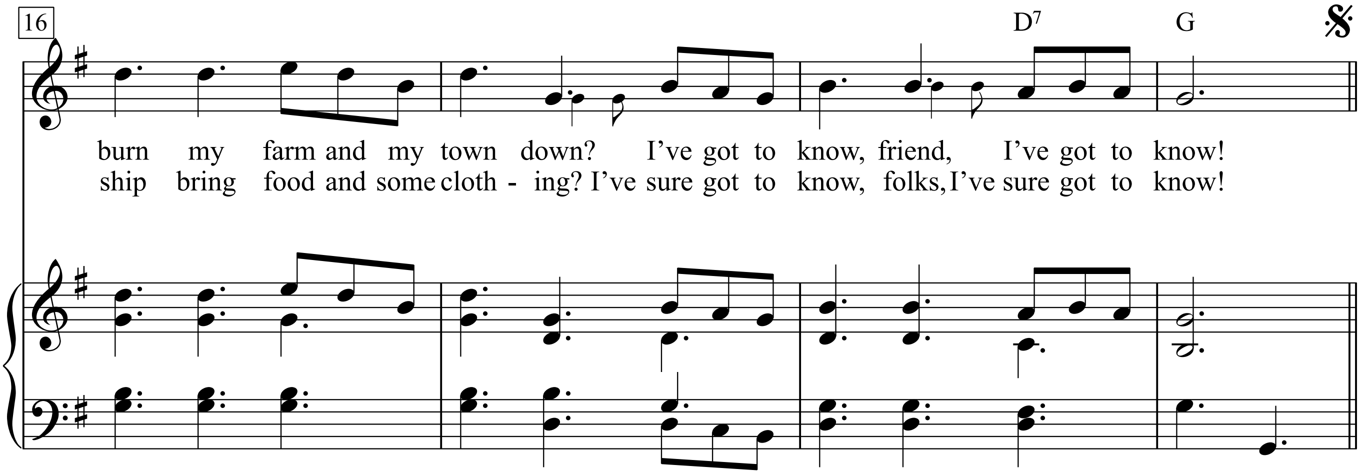
c

I've Got to Know

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie
(Woody Guthrie)







Chorus:
I've got to know, yes, I've got to know, friend,
hungry lips ask me wherever I go!
Comrades and friends all a-falling around me,
I've got to know, yes, I've got to know!

1. Why do your war boats ride on my waters?
Why do your death bombs fall from my skies?
Tell me, why do you burn my farm and my town down?
I've got to know, friend, I've got to know!

2. What makes your boats haul death to my people?
Nitro block busters, big cannons and guns?
Why doesn't your ship bring food and some clothing?
I've sure got to know, folks, I've sure got to know!

3. Why can't my two hands get a good pay job?
I can still plow and plant, 1 can still sow!
Why did your lawbook chase me off my good land?
I'd sure like to know, friend, I've just got to know!

4. What good work did you do, I'd like to ask you,
To give you my money right out of my hands?
I built your big house here to hide from my people;
Why do you crave to hide so, I'd love to know!

5. You keep me in jail and you lock me in prison;
Your hospital's jammed and your crazyhouse full;
What made your cop kill my trade union worker?
You have to talk plain, 'cause I sure have to know!

6. Why can't I get work and cash a big pay-check?
Why can't I buy things in your place and your store?
Why close my plant down and starve all my buddies?
I'm asking you sir, 'cause I've sure got to know!

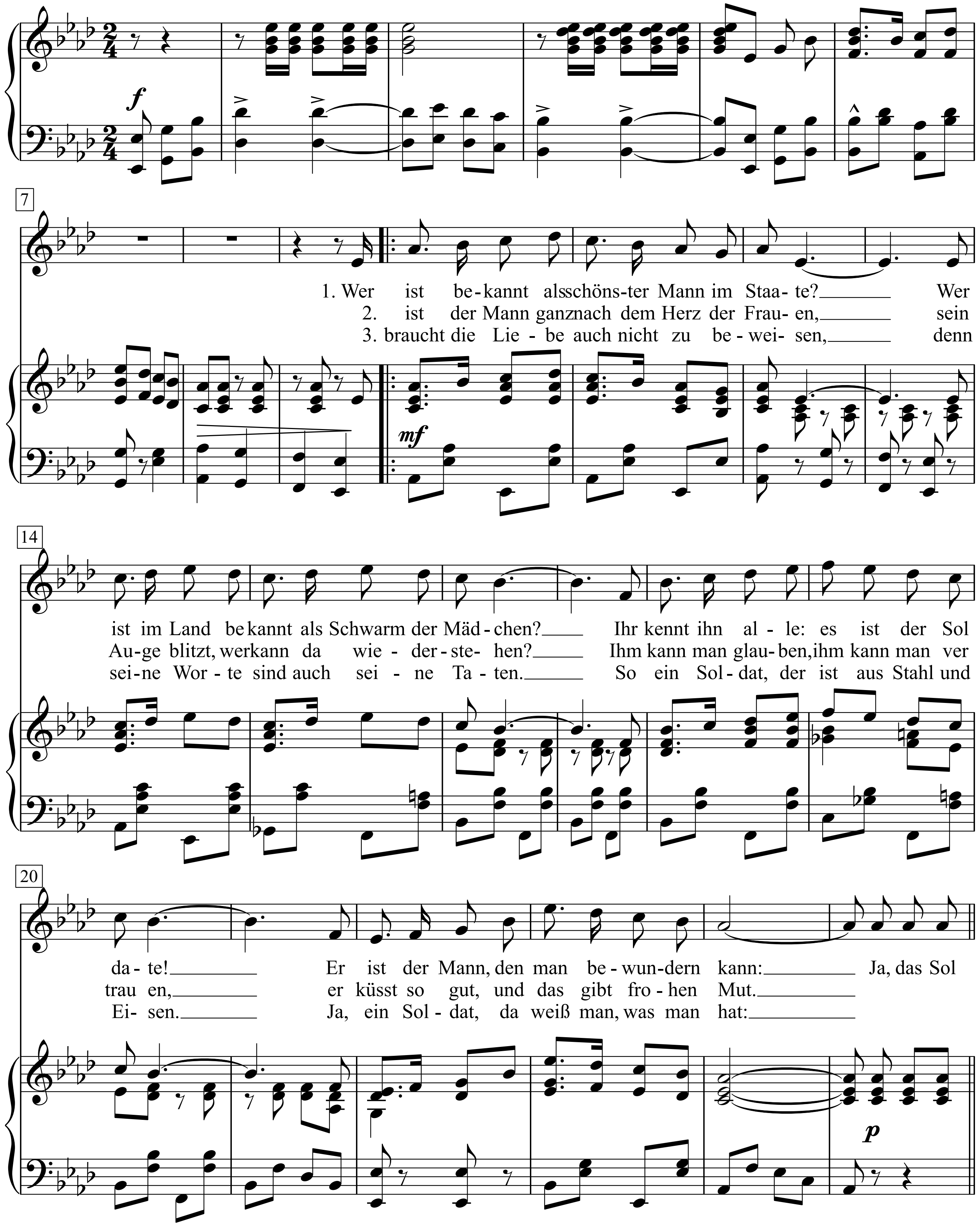
Ja, das Soldatenherz

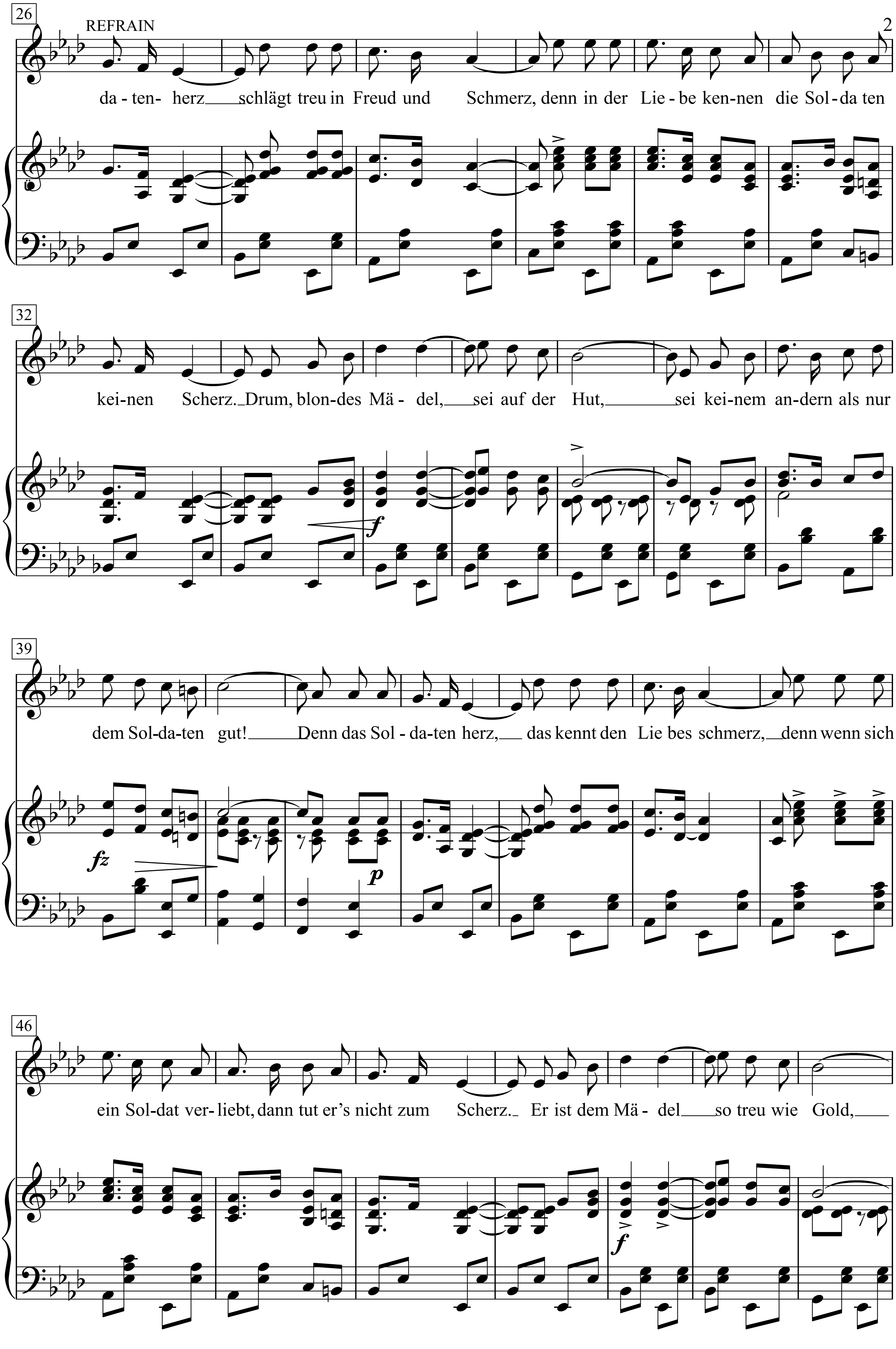
(Faccetta nera)

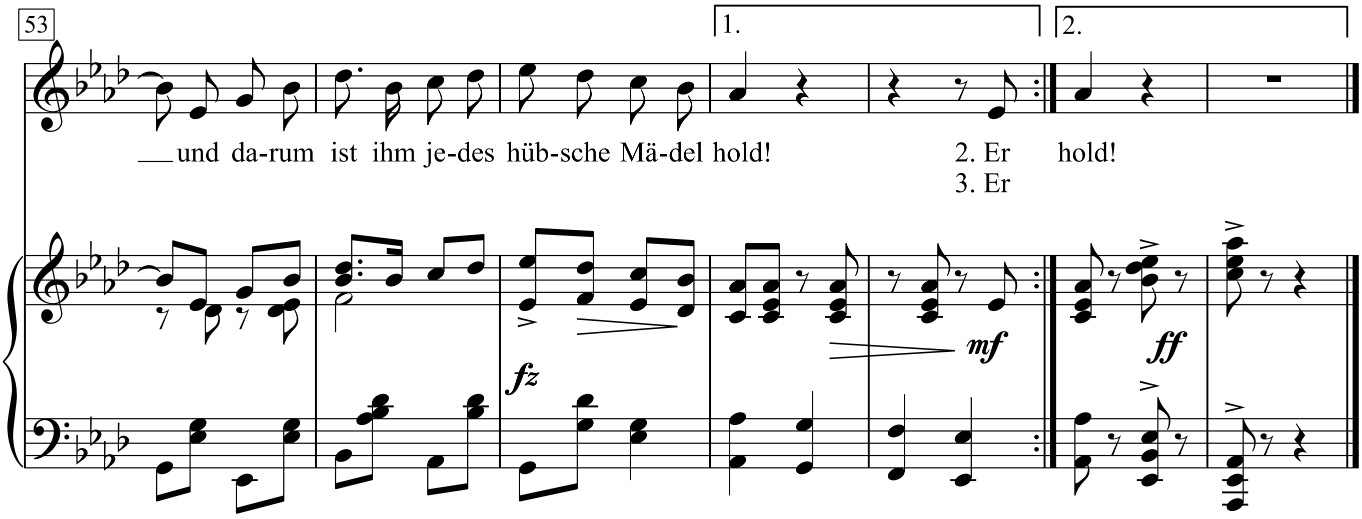
Marsch- Foxtrot

Deutscher Text: Klaus S. Richter
Italienischer Text: R. Micheli

Musik: M. Riccione und Stazzonelli
Klavierarrangement: Franz Stolzenwald




26
REFRAIN
da - ten- herz schlägt treu in Freud und Schmerz, denn in der Lie - be ken-nen die Sol - da ten
32
kei-nen Scherz. Drum, blon-des Mä - del, sei auf der Hut, sei kei-nem an-dern als nur
39
dem Sol-da-ten gut! Denn das Sol - da-ten herz, das kennt den Lie bes schmerz, denn wenn sich
46
ein Sol-dat ver- liebt, dann tut er's nicht zum Scherz. Er ist dem Mä - del so treu wie Gold,



1. Wer ist bekannt als schönster Mann im Staate?
Wer ist im Land bekannt als Schwarm der Mädchen?
Ihr kennt ihn alle: es ist der Soldate!
Er ist der Mann, den man bewundern kann:

Refrain:
Ja, das Soldatenherz schlägt treu in Freud und Schmerz,
denn in der Liebe kennen die Soldaten keinen Scherz.
Drum, blondes Mädel, sei auf der Hut,
sei keinem andern als nur dem Soldaten gut!
Denn das Soldatenherz, das kennt den Liebesschmerz,
denn wenn sich ein Soldat verliebt, dann tut er’s nicht zum Scherz.
Er ist dem Mädel so treu wie Gold,
und darum ist ihm jedes hübsche Mädel hold!

2. Er ist der Mann ganz nach dem Herz der Frauen,
sein Auge blitzt, wer kann da wiederstehen?
Ihm kann man glauben, ihm kann man vertrauen,
er küsst so gut, und das gibt frohen Mut.

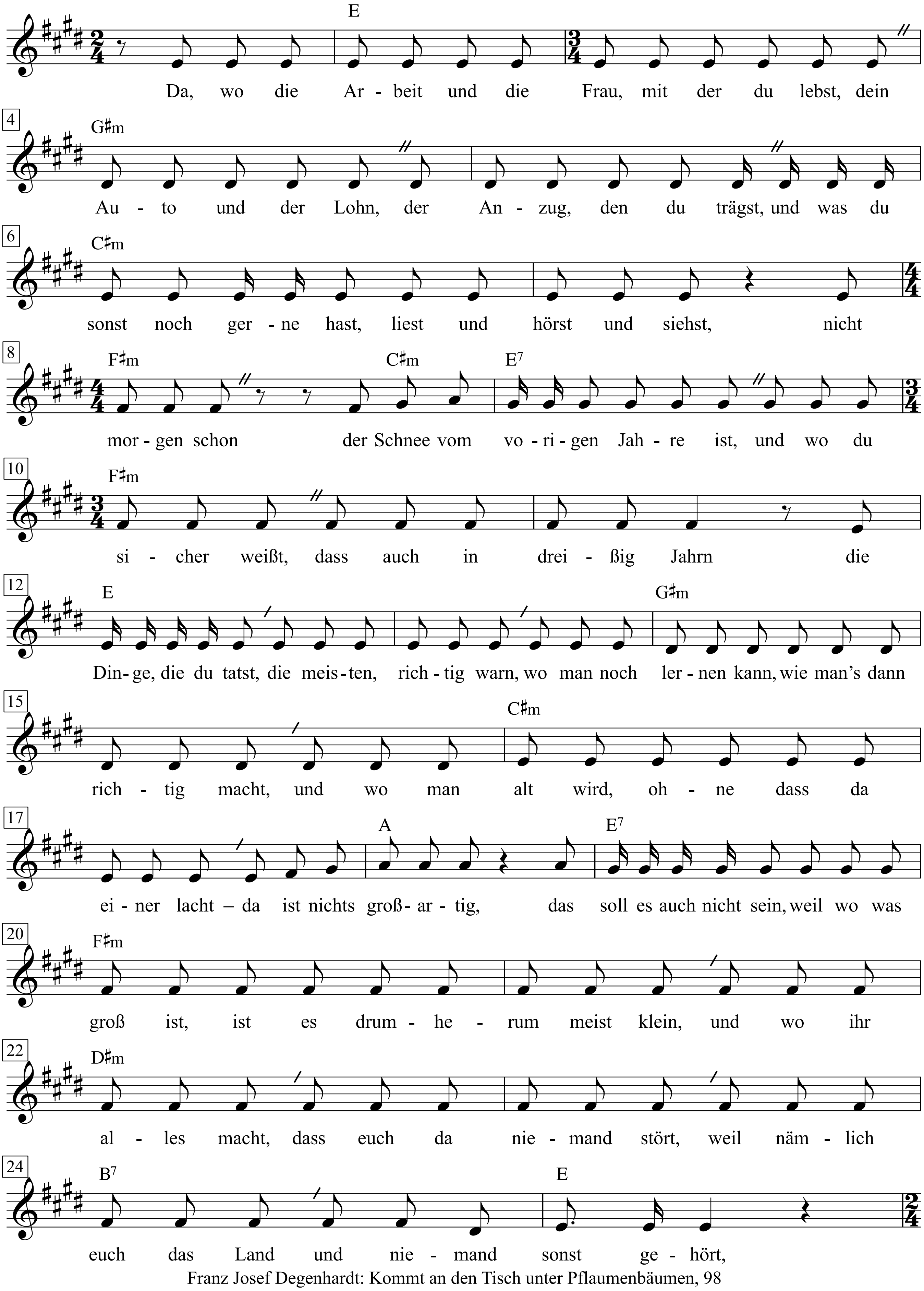
Refrain:

3. Er braucht die Liebe auch nicht zu beweisen,
denn seine Worte sind auch seine Taten.
So ein Soldat, der ist aus Stahl und Eisen.
Ja, ein Soldat, da weiß man, was man hat:

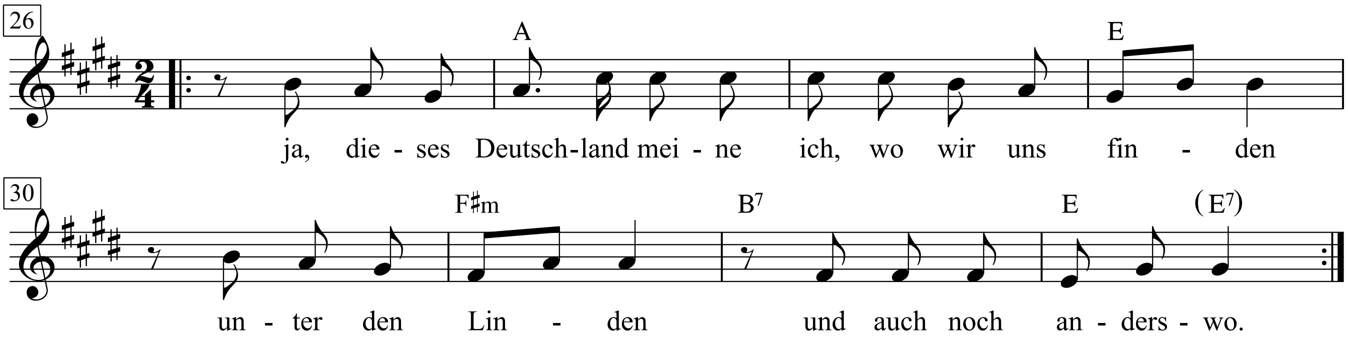
Refrain:

Ja, dieses Deutschland meine ich

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



Franz Josef Degenhardt: Kommt an den Tisch unter Pflaumenbäumen, 98



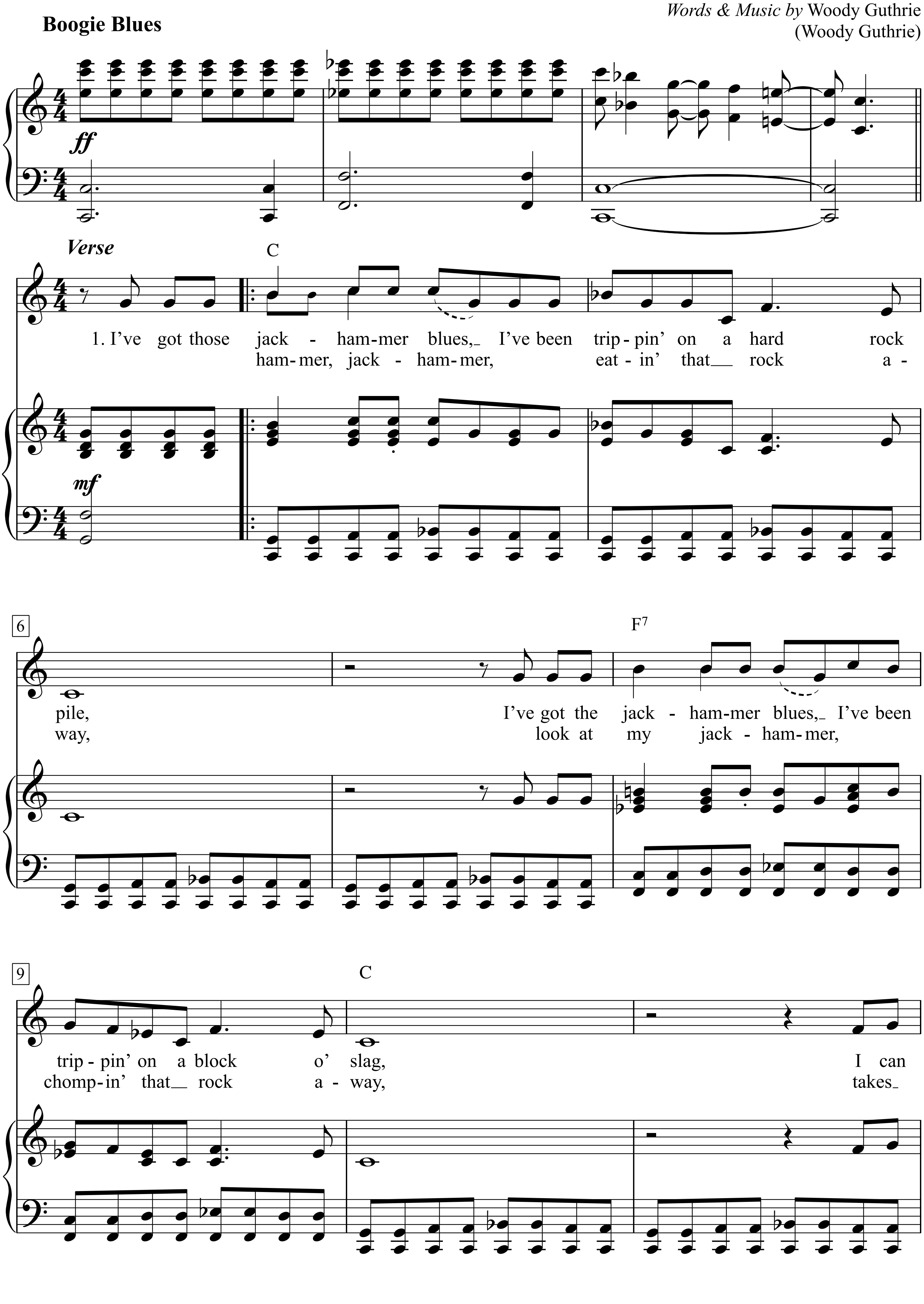
1. Da, wo die Arbeit und
die Frau, mit der du lebst,
dein Auto und der Lohn,
der Anzug, den du trägst,
und was du sonst noch gerne hast,
liest und hörst und siehst,
nicht morgen schon der Schnee
vom vorigen Jahre ist,
und wo du sicher weißt,
dass auch in dreißig Jahrn
die Dinge, die du tatst,
die meisten, richtig warn,
wo man noch lernen kann,
wie man's dann richtig macht,
und wo man alt wird, ohne
dass da einer lacht –
da ist nichts großartig,
das soll es auch nicht sein,
weil wo was groß ist,
ist es drumherum meist klein,
und wo ihr alles macht,
dass euch da niemand stört,
weil nämlich euch das Land
und niemand sonst gehört,
ja, dieses Deutschland meine ich,
wo wir uns finden
unter den Linden
und auch noch anderswo.

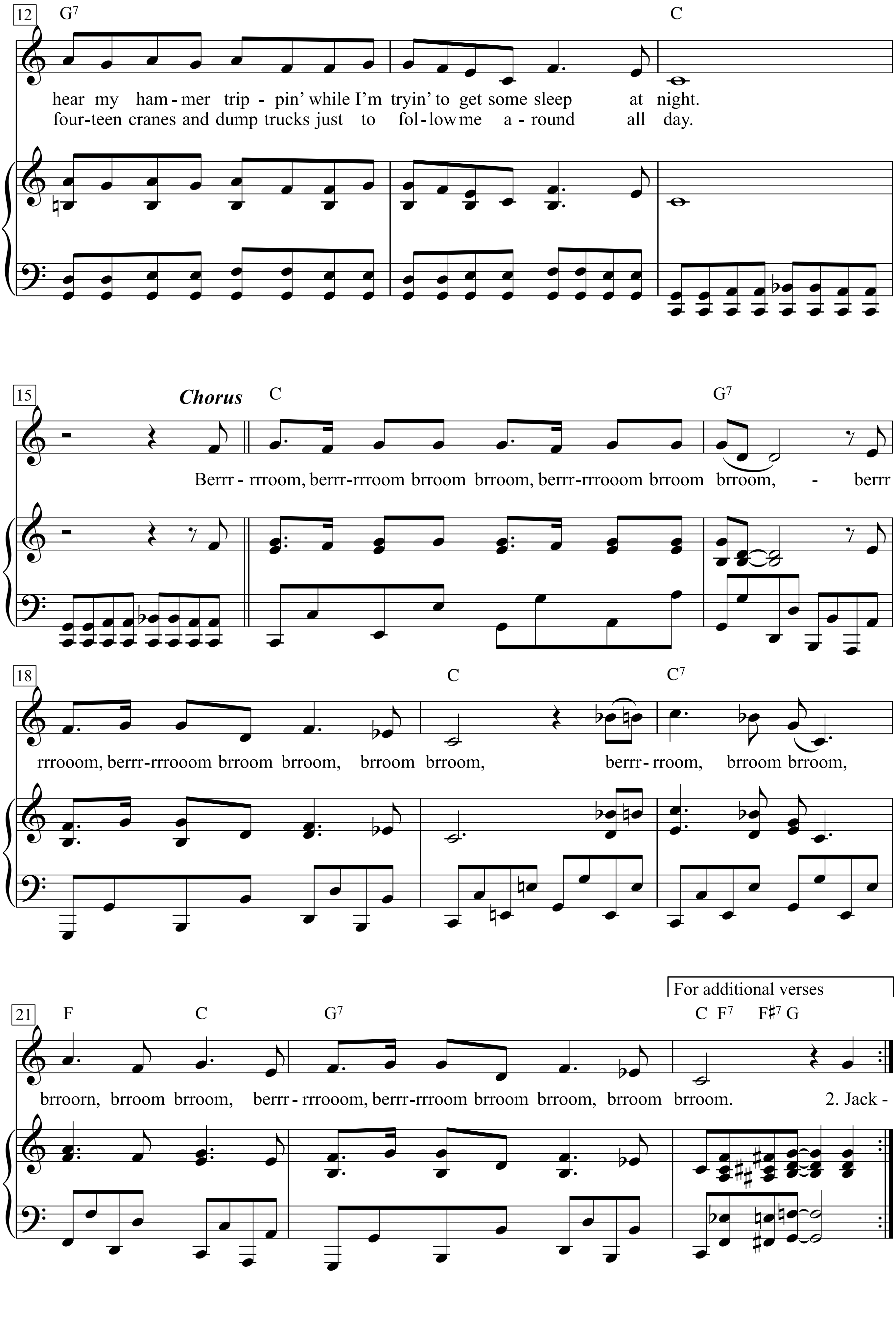
2. Du machst mal blau 'n Tag,
das leistest du dir, Mann,
und ziehst herum und siehst
dir euren Laden an,
so über Land im Herbst,
wenn eingefahren ist
und du die Felder weit
und ohne Zäune siehst,
guckst in paar Ställe rein,
packst hier und da mit an,
ihr sagt, was gut ist,
was man besser machen kann,
und gehst auch in ein Werk,
wo deine Kumpel sind,
hörst hin, was man da so
in der Kantine spinnt,
und mischst dich ein und zeigst,
wie weit ihr drüben seid,
und nehmt paar Schluck dabei,
und ihr kriegt keinen Streit,
und riechst und hörst dich um,
was sich so alles tut,
und gehst nach Haus und denkst:
Im großen Ganzen gut,
ja, dieses Deutschland meine ich,
wo wir uns finden
unter den Linden
und auch noch anderswo.

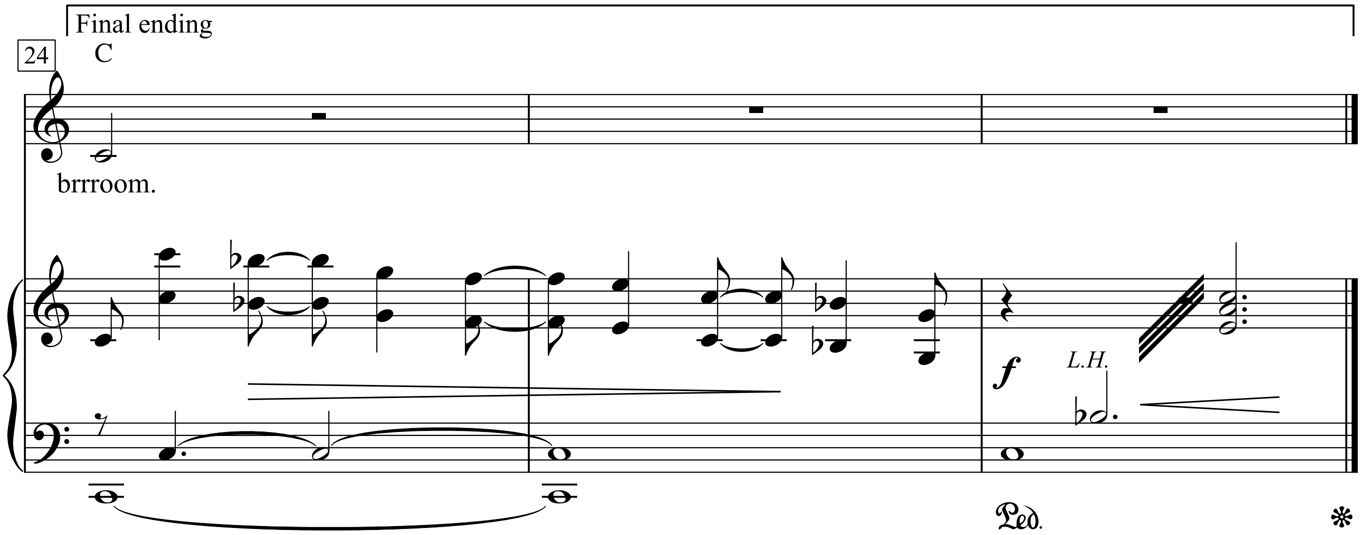
3. Ja, dieses Deutschland meine ich,
das endlich denen gehört,
die tausend Jahre lang
geschafft und produziert,
in Schlachten abgeschlacht'
zum Nutzen für paar Herrn
bis zu der letzten Schlacht,
da schlugen sie die Herrn,
wo dieser lange Weg
nur noch Geschichte ist
und auch Geschichte bleibt,
weil man sie nicht vergisst,
und darum liest du an
den Straßen, Plätzen dann
so Namen wie die
Rosa Luxemburg, Ernst Thälmann,
Lumumba, Ho-chi-minh
und Solidarität,
weil nämlich anderswo
der Kampf noch weitergeht,
und ist kein Traum das Land,
geträumt aus rotem Mohn,
nämlich ein Stück davon
das gibt es schon,
ja, dieses Deutschland meine ich,
wo wir uns finden
unter den Linden
und auch noch anderswo.

Jackhammer Blues

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie
(Woody Guthrie)




12
G7
C
hear my ham - mer trip - pin' while I'm tryin' to get some sleep at night.
four-teen cranes and dump trucks just to fol - low me a - round all day.
15
Chorus
C
G7
Berrr - rrroom, berrr-rrroom brroom brroom, berrr-rrrooom brroom brroom, - berrr
18
C
C7
rrrooom, berrr-rrrooom brroom brroom, brroom brroom, berrr - rroom, brroom brroom,
For additional verses
21
F
C
G7
C F7 F♯7 G
brroorn, brroom brroom, berrr - rrrooom, berrr-rrroom brroom brroom, brroom brroom. 2. Jack -



1. I've got those jackhammer blues, I've been trippin' on a hard rock pile,
I've got the jackhammer blues, I've been trippin' on a block o' slag,
I can hear my hammer trippin' While I'm tryin' to get some sleep at night.

Berrrrrroom, berrrrrroom brroom brroom,
Berrrrrrooom brroom brroom,berrrrrrooom,
Berrrrrrooom brroom brroom, brroom brroom,
Berrrrroom, brroom brroom, brroorn, brroom brroom,
Berrrrrrooom, berrrrrroom brroom brroom, brroom brroom.

2. Jackhammer, jackhammer, eatin' that rock away,
Look at my jackhammer, chompin' that rock away,
Takes fourteen cranes and dump trucks just to follow me around all day.

3. I'm a jackhammer man, I love to hear that hard bit ring;
Brrroom, brrroom brrroom, brrroom, I love to hear that hard bingo bling;
I've been down this old road and I'll build it back new again. (Chorus)

Jackhammer jars my shoulders, jackhammer jars my head;
Jackhammer jars my shoulders, jackhammer shivers my head;
I shake and shimmy all night long when I put my little self to bed. (Chorus)

4. My jackhammer clatters, it bucks, it jumps, it jars;
My jackhammer clatters, it bucks, it jumps, it jars;
My wife kicked me out o' bed, I got to sleep under the stars. (Chorus)

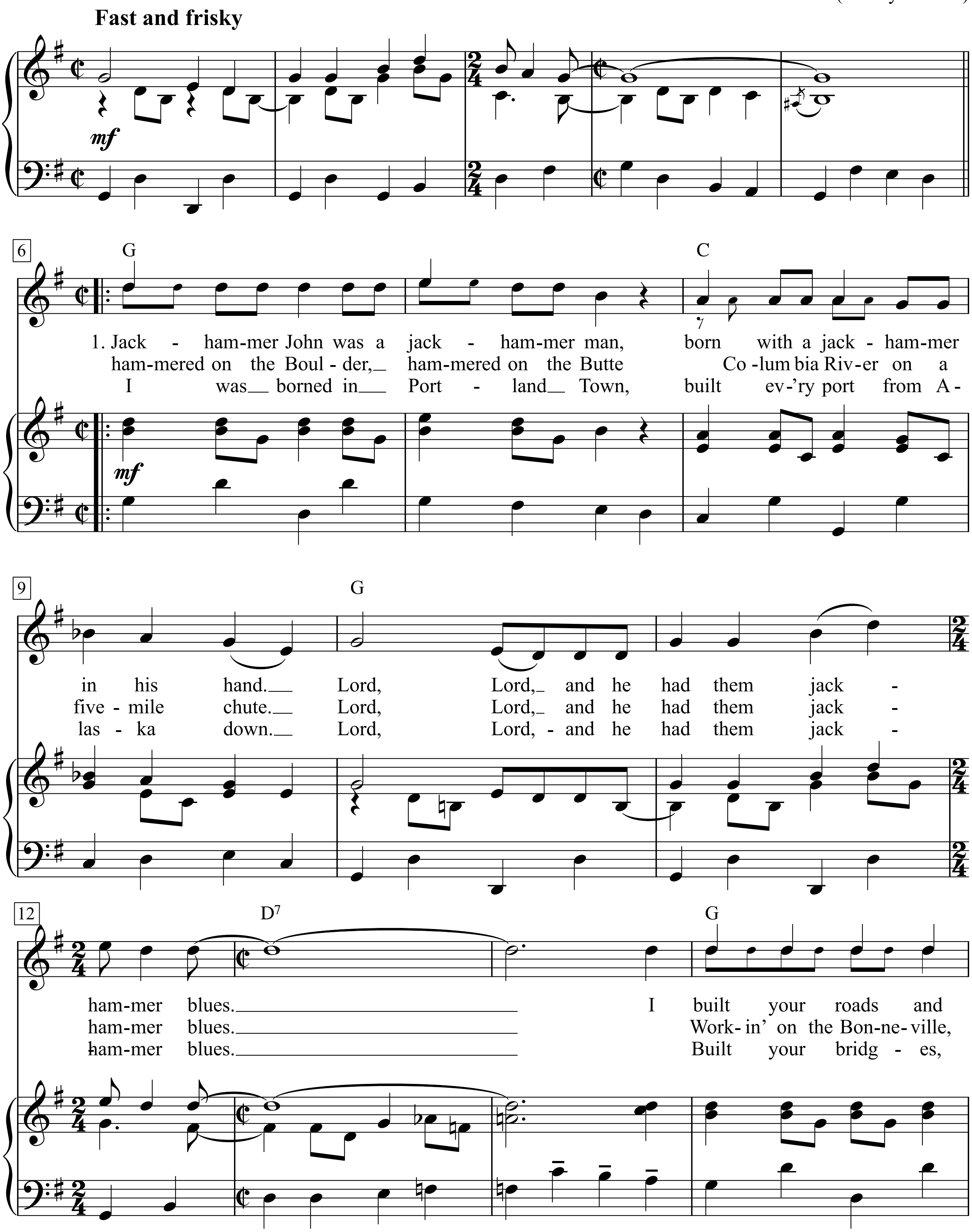
5. I kept on drilling my bit, folks, kept a-hammering right on down your street;
I kept on drilling my bit, folks, kept a-hammering right on down your street;
Found a hard steel woman whose shakin' just can't be beat. (Chorus)

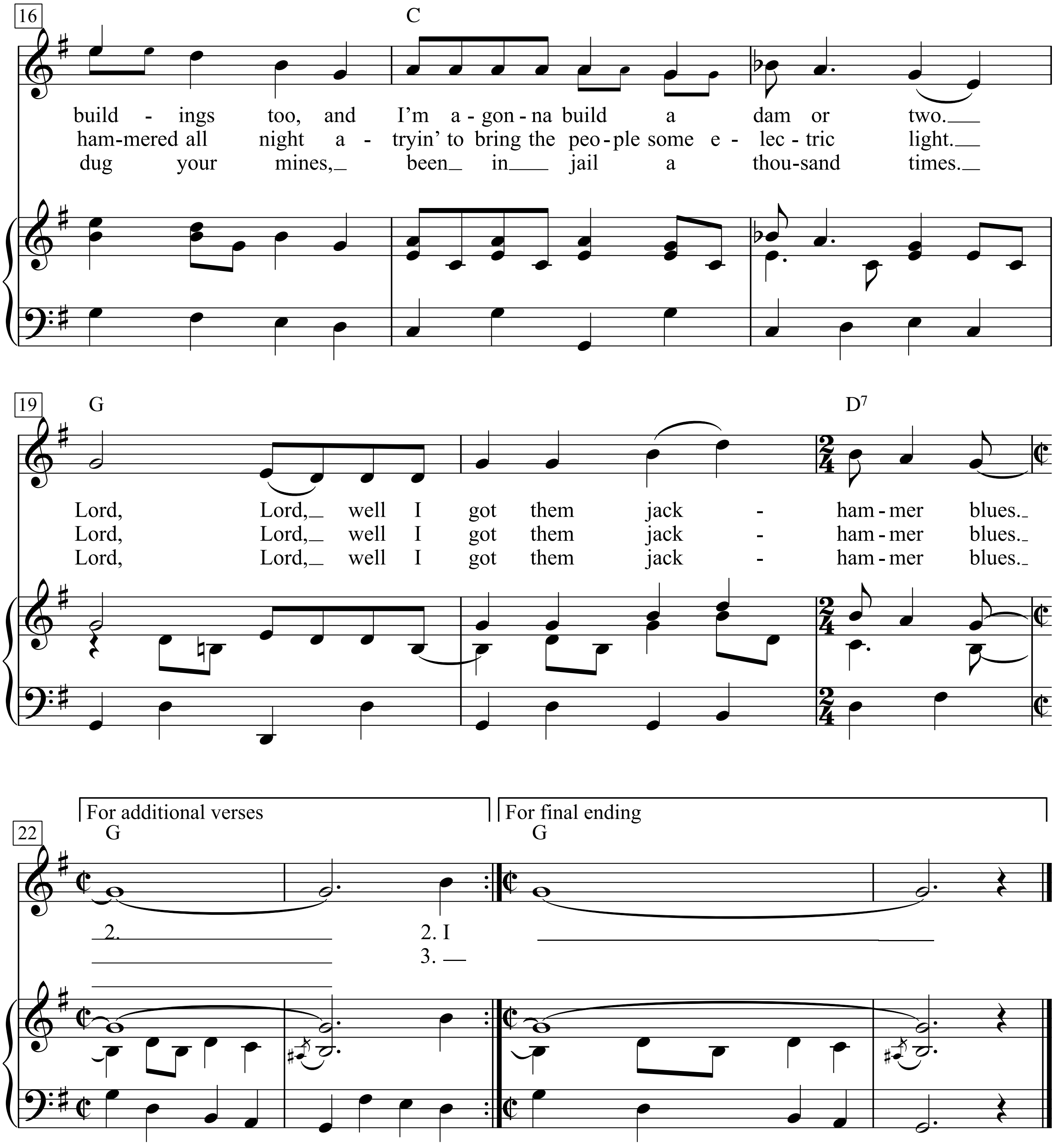
6. I've got a bit of money saved up workin' on a jackhammer line;
I've got a bit of money saved up workin' on a jackhammer line;
I slide all my money down to the mailbox, shoot it to that woman o' mine. (Chorus)

New York people has got to talk loud to try to make more noise than the cars and trains and a few million other folks a trying to do the same thing. And once in a while there's a little lull and you really got to talk fast to try to get a conversation in edgeways. And then when a feller from New York comes out west the country is so quiet that he thinks the whole world has stopped. It is so quiet that he can hear his self
talk, so he talks louder and faster than ever because this is the first time he's been able to hear his self. Lots of city folks don't know it but they are excellent talkers. And when you come from the wide open country into a big city you never know if you're a talking or not. You got to go back to the country to see. I bet Wilkie didn't know what he read when he spoke in New York.

Jackhammer John

Words & New Music Adaptation by Woody Guthrie
(Woody Guthrie)




16
C
build - ings too, and I'm a - gon - na build a dam or two.
ham-mered all night a - tryin' to bring the peo - ple some e - lec - tric light.
dug your mines, been in jail a thou-sand times.
19
G
D7
Lord, Lord, well I got them jack - ham - mer blues.
Lord, Lord, well I got them jack - ham - mer blues.
Lord, Lord, well I got them jack - ham - mer blues.
For additional verses
For final ending
22
G
G
2.
2. I
3.

1. Jackhammer John was a jackhammer man,
Born with a jackhammer in his hand.
Lord, Lord, and he had them jackhammer blues.
I built your roads and buildings too,
And I'm a-gonna build a dam or two.
Lord, Lord, well I got them jackhammer blues.

2. I hammered on the Boulder, hammered on the Butte
Columbia River on a five-mile chute.
Lord, Lord, and he had them jackhammer blues.
Workin' on the Bonneville, hammered all night
A-tryin' to bring the people some electric light.
Lord, Lord, well I got them jackhammer blues.

3. I was borned in Portland Town,
Built ev'ry port from Alaska down.
Lord, Lord,and he had them jackhammer blues.
Built your bridges, dug your mines,
Been in jail a thousand times.
Lord, Lord, well I got them jackhammer blues.

4. Jackhammer, Jackhammer, where you been?
Been out a-chasin' them gals again.
Lord, Lord, and he had them jackhammer blues.
Jackhammer man from a jackhammer town,
I can hammer on a hammer till the sun goes down.
Lord, Lord, well I got them jackhammer blues.

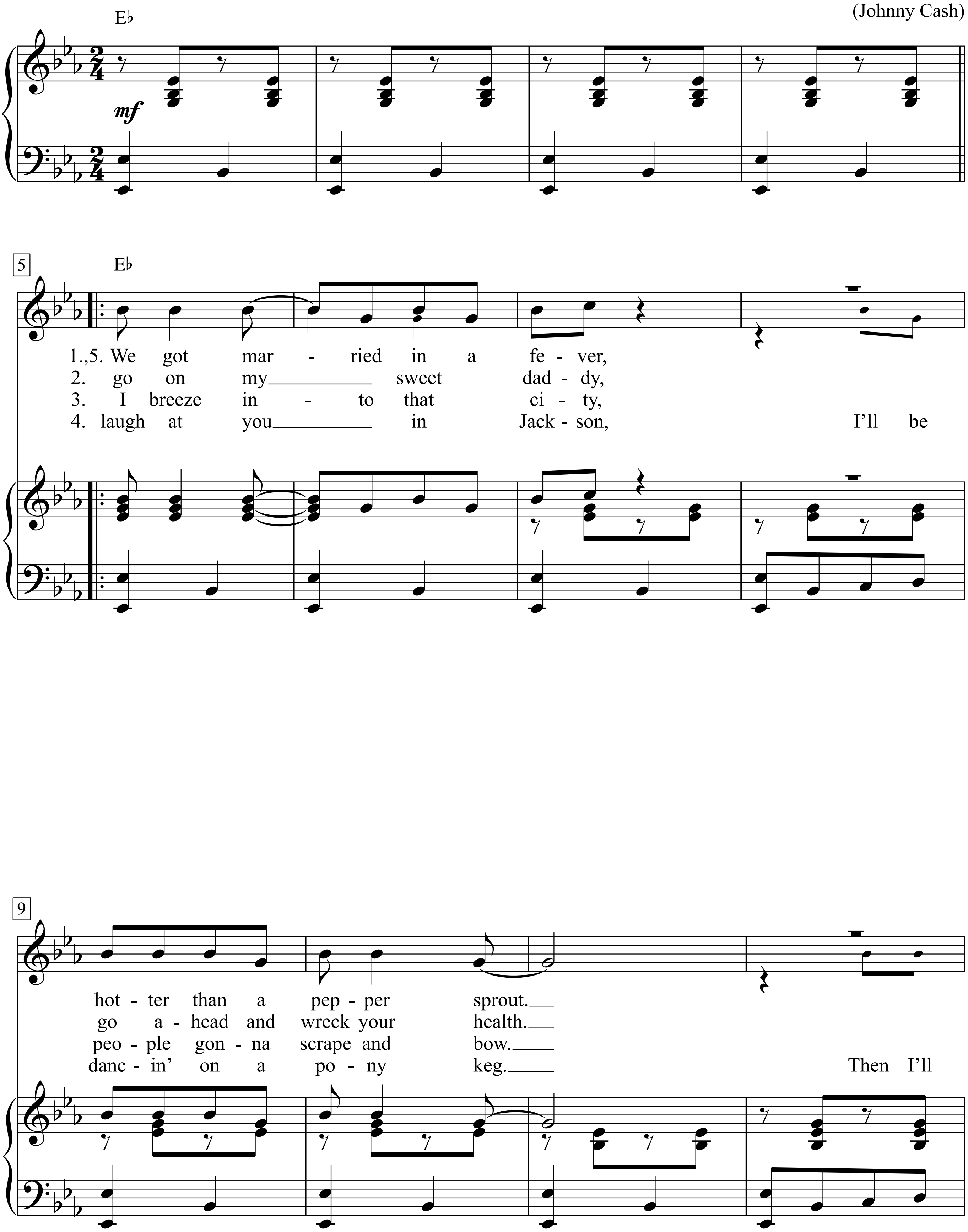
5. I hammered on Bonneville, Coulee too,
Always broke when my job was through.
Lord, Lord, and he had them jackhammer blues.
I hammered on the river from sun to sun,
Fifteen million salmon run.
Lord, Lord, well I got them jackhammer blues.

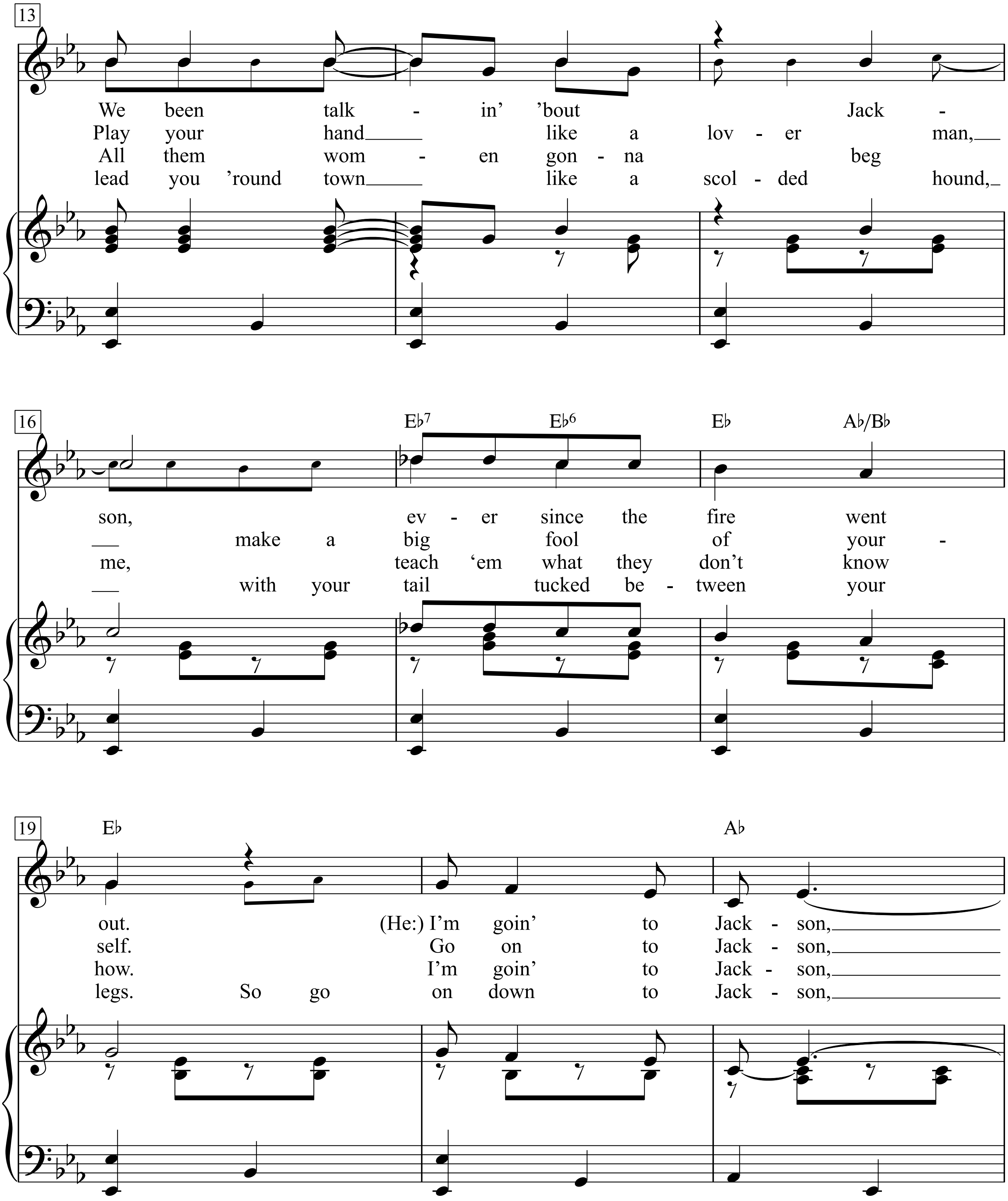
6. I hammered in the rain, I hammered in the dust,
I hammered in the best and I hammered in the worst.
Lord, Lord and he had them jackhammer blues.
I got a jackhammer gal just as sweet as pie,
And I'll hammer on my hammer till the day I die.
Lord, Lord, well I got them jackhammer blues.

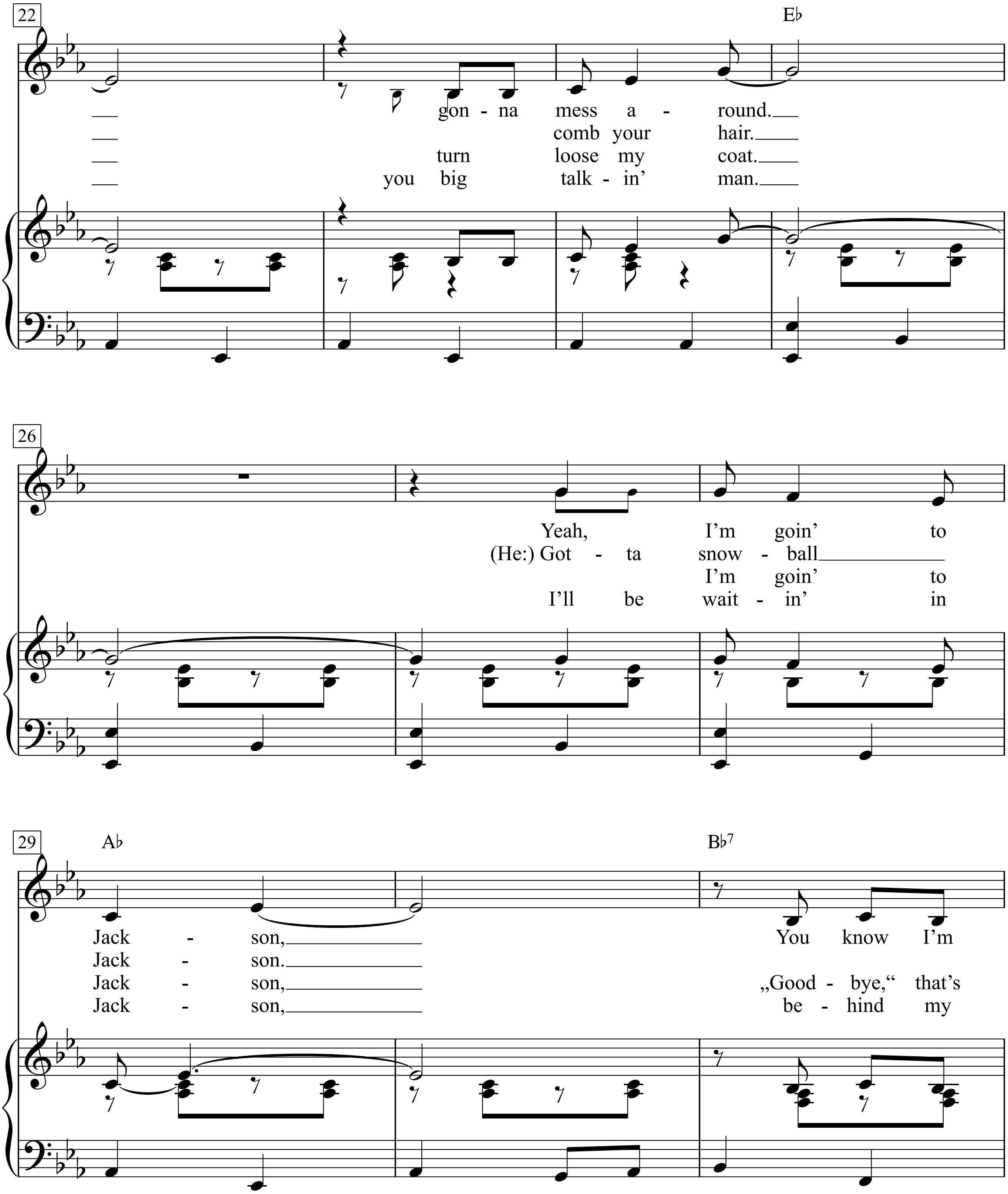
Jackson

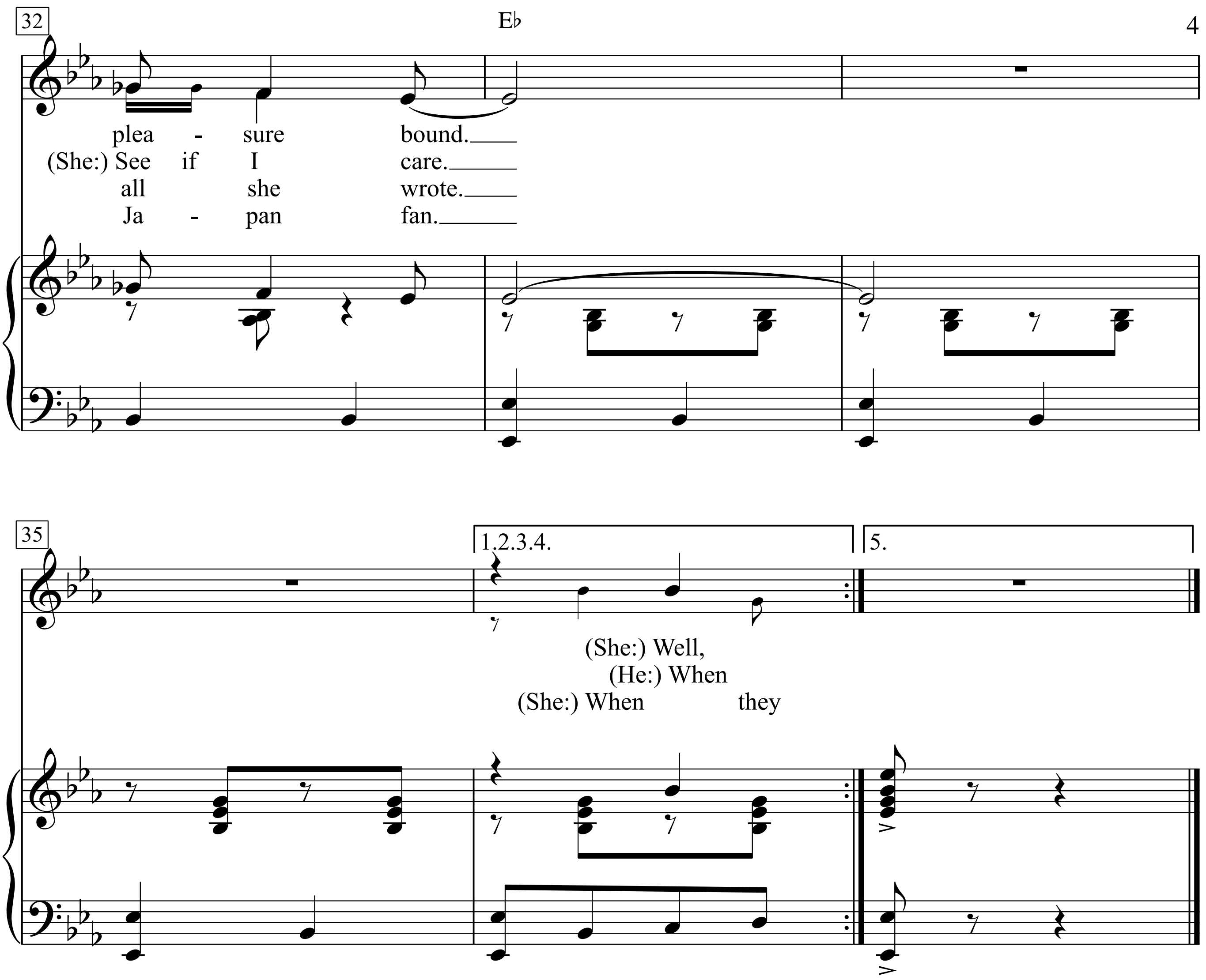
Moderately

Words & Music by
Billy Edd Wheeler and Jerry Leiber
(Johnny Cash)




13
We been talk - in' 'bout Jack -
Play your hand like a lov - er man,
All them wom - en gon - na beg
lead you 'round town like a scol - ded hound,
16
E♭7 E♭6 E♭ A♭/B♭
son, ev - er since the fire went
make a big fool of your -
me, teach 'em what they don't know
with your tail tucked be - tween your
19
E♭ A♭
out. (He:) I'm goin' to Jack - son,
self. Go on to Jack - son,
how. I'm goin' to Jack - son,
legs. So go on down to Jack - son,


22
E♭
gon - na mess a - round.
comb your hair.
turn loose my coat.
you big talk - in' man.
26
Yeah, I'm goin' to
(He:) Got - ta snow - ball
I'm goin' to
I'll be wait - in' in
29
A♭
B♭7
Jack - son, You know I'm
Jack - son.
Jack - son, „Good - bye," that's
Jack - son, be - hind my


32
E♭
plea - sure bound.
(She:) See if I care.
all she wrote.
Ja - pan fan.
35
1.2.3.4.
5.
(She:) Well,
(He:) When
(She:) When they

1. We got married in a fever, hotter than a pepper sprout.
We been talkin' 'bout Jackson, ever since the fire went out.
(He:) I'm goin' to Jackson, gonna mess around.
Yeah, I'm goin' to Jackson,
You know I'm pleasure bound.

2. (She:) Well, go on my sweet daddy, go ahead and wreck your health.
Play your hand like a lover man, make a big fool of yourself.
Go on to Jackson, comb your hair. (He:) Gotta snowball Jackson.
(She:) See if I care.

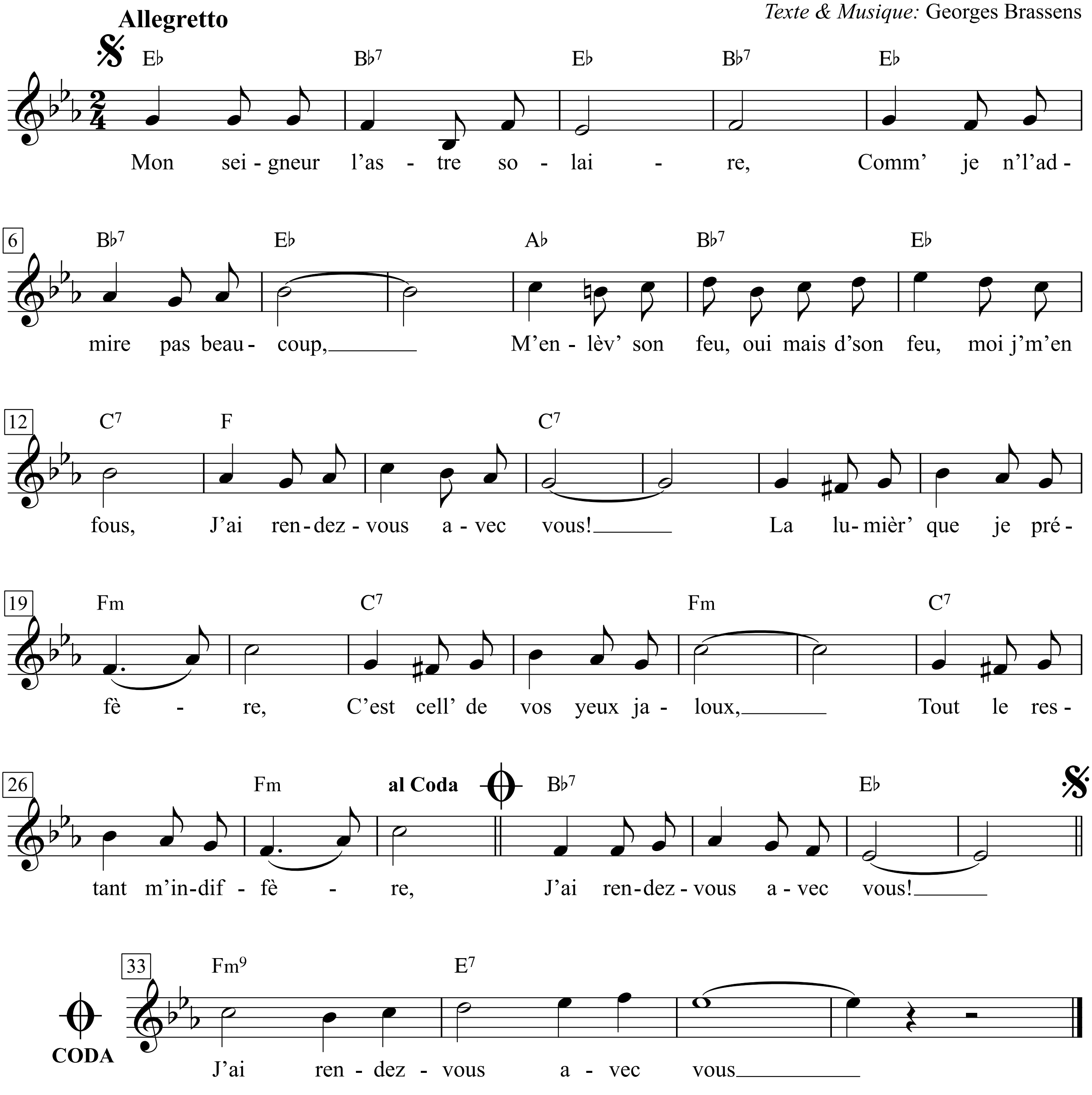
3. (He:) When I breeze into that city, people gonna scrape and bow.
All them women gonna beg me, teach 'em what they don't know how.
I'm goin' to Jackson, turn loose my coat.
I'm goin' to Jackson, „Goodbye," that's all she wrote.

4. (She:) When they laugh at you in Jackson,
I'll be dancin' on a pony keg.
Then I'll lead you 'round town like a scolded hound,
with your tail tucked between your legs.
So go on down to Jackson, you big talkin' man.
I'll be waitin' in Jackson, behind my Japan fan.

J'ai rendez-vous avec vous

(Wir beide treffen uns heut)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.34 & II. S.74+75

1. Monseigneur l'astre solaire,
Comm' je n' l'admir' pas beaucoup,
M'enlèv' son feu, oui mais, d'son feu, moi j' m'en fous,
J'ai rendez-vous avec vous!
La lumièr' que je préfère,
C'est cell' de vos yeux jaloux,
Tout le restant m'indiffère,
J'ai rendez-vous avec vous!

2. Monsieur mon propriétaire,
Comm' je lui dévaste tout,
M' chass' de son toit, oui mais, d'son toit, moi j' m'en fous,
J'ai rendez-vous avec vous!
La demeur' que je préfère,
C'est votre robe à froufrous,
Tout le restant m'indiffère,
J'ai rendez-vous avec vous!

3. Madame ma gargotière,
Comm' je lui dois trop de sous,
M' chass' de sa tabl', oui mais, d'sa tabl', moi j' m'en fous,
J'ai rendez-vous avec vous,
Le menu que je préfère,
C'est la chair de votre cou,
Tout le restant m'indiffère,
J'ai rendez-vous avec vous!

4. Sa Majesté financière,
Comm' je n' fais rien à son goût,
Garde son or, or, de son or, moi j' m'en fous,
J'ai rendez-vous avec vous!
La fortun' que je préfère,
C'est votre cœur d'amadou,
Tout le restant m'indiffère,
J'ai rendez-vous avec vous!

1. Sonne, die himmlische Schwäre,
weil ich sie lieber vermeid,
nimmt mir ihr Feuer; darum tut's mir nicht leid,
wir beide treffen uns heut!
Das Feuer, das ich begehre,
hält mir dein Auge bereit;
kippt doch den Rest in die Meere.
Wir beide treffen uns heut.

2. Dem Hausbesitzer, o Herre,
bin ich zu laut und zu breit;
er schmeißt mich raus, doch darum tut's mir nicht leid,
wir beide treffen uns heut!
Die Bleibe, die ich begehre,
die birgt dein knisterndes Kleid;
kippt doch den Rest in die Meere.
Wir beide treffen uns heut.

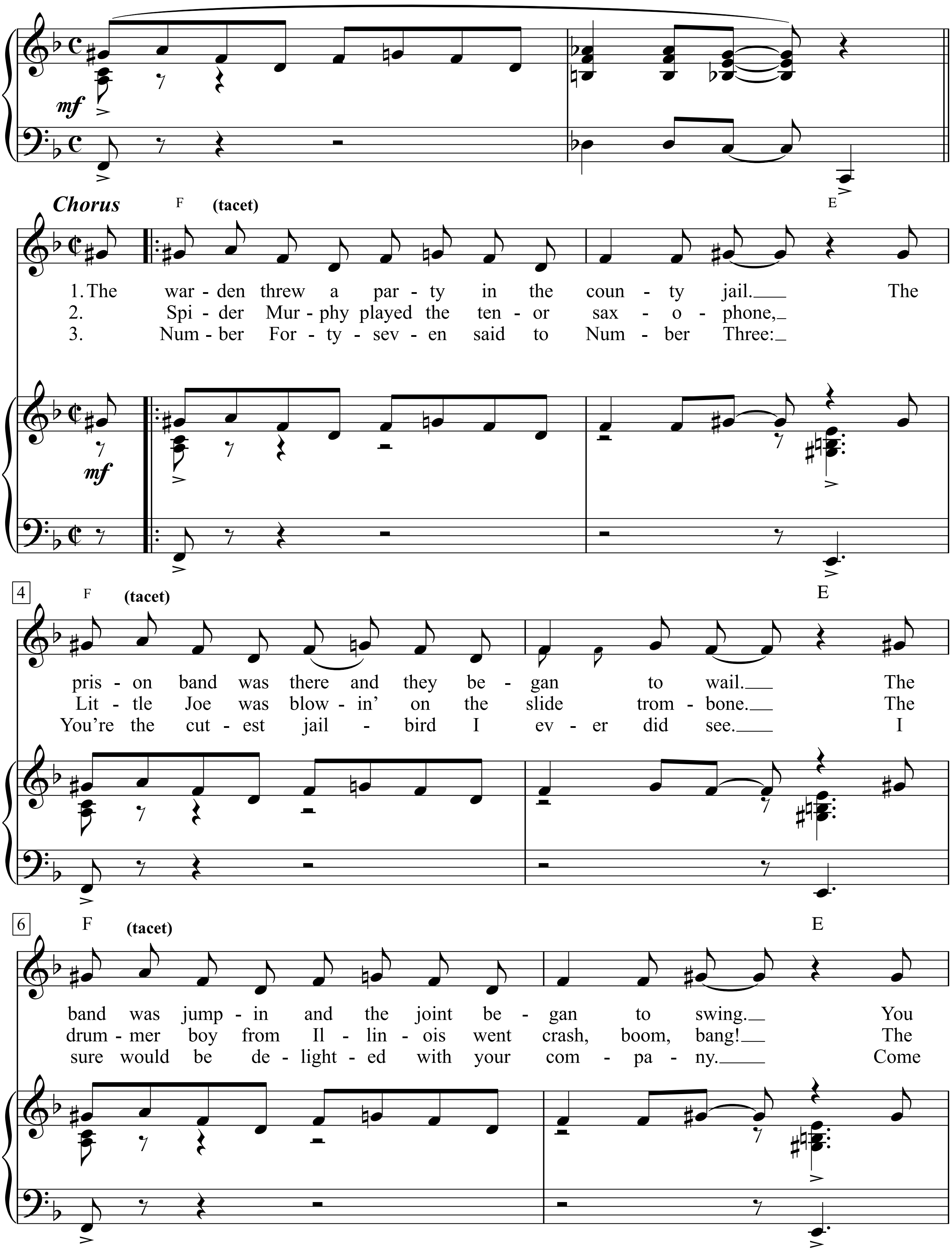
3. Und meine Wirtin - Megäre! -
ich steh bei ihr in der Kreid,
krieg keinen Fraß mehr, darum tut's mir nicht leid,
wir beide treffen uns heut!
Die Speise, die ich begehre,
das ist dein Fleisch, frech, befreit;
kippt doch den Rest in die Meere.
Wir beide treffen uns heut.

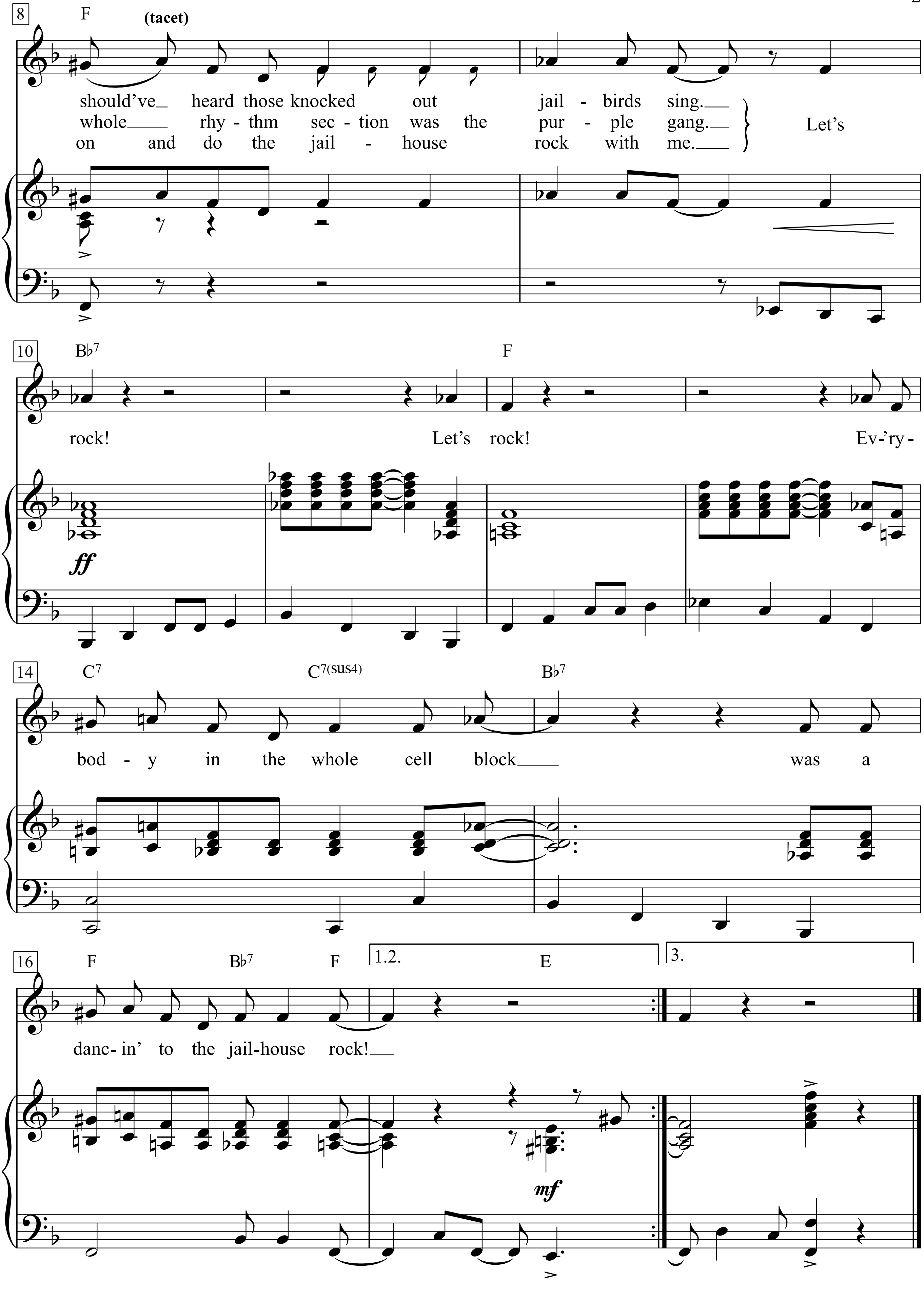
4. Dame Finanz, hohe, hehre -
weil ich sie gar nicht beneid,
sperrt sie mein Konto, darum tut's mir nicht leid,
wir beide treffen uns heut!
Goldschätze, die ich begehre,
sind dein Herz und deine Zeit;
kippt doch den Rest in die Meere.
Wir beide treffen uns heut.

Jailhouse Rock

Words & Music by
Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller
(Elvis Presley)

Medium Rock Bright



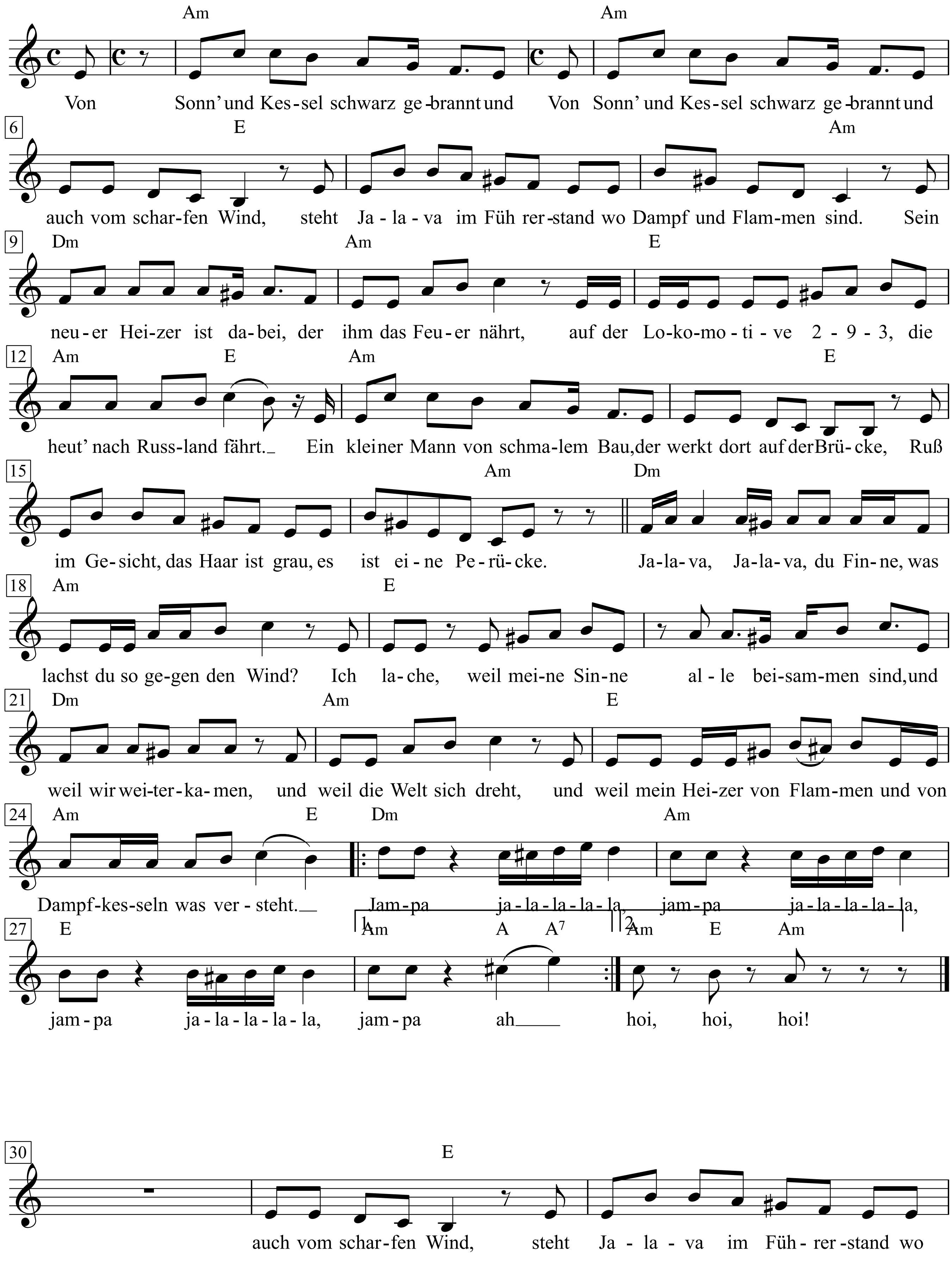

8
F
(tacet)
should've_ heard those knocked out jail - birds sing.___
whole___ rhy - thm sec - tion was the pur - ple gang.___
on and do the jail - house rock with me.___
Let's
10
B♭7
F
rock! Let's rock! Ev-'ry -
ff
14
C7
C7(sus4)
B♭7
bod - y in the whole cell block___ was a
16
F
B♭7
F
1.2.
E
3.
danc- in' to the jail-house rock!__
mf

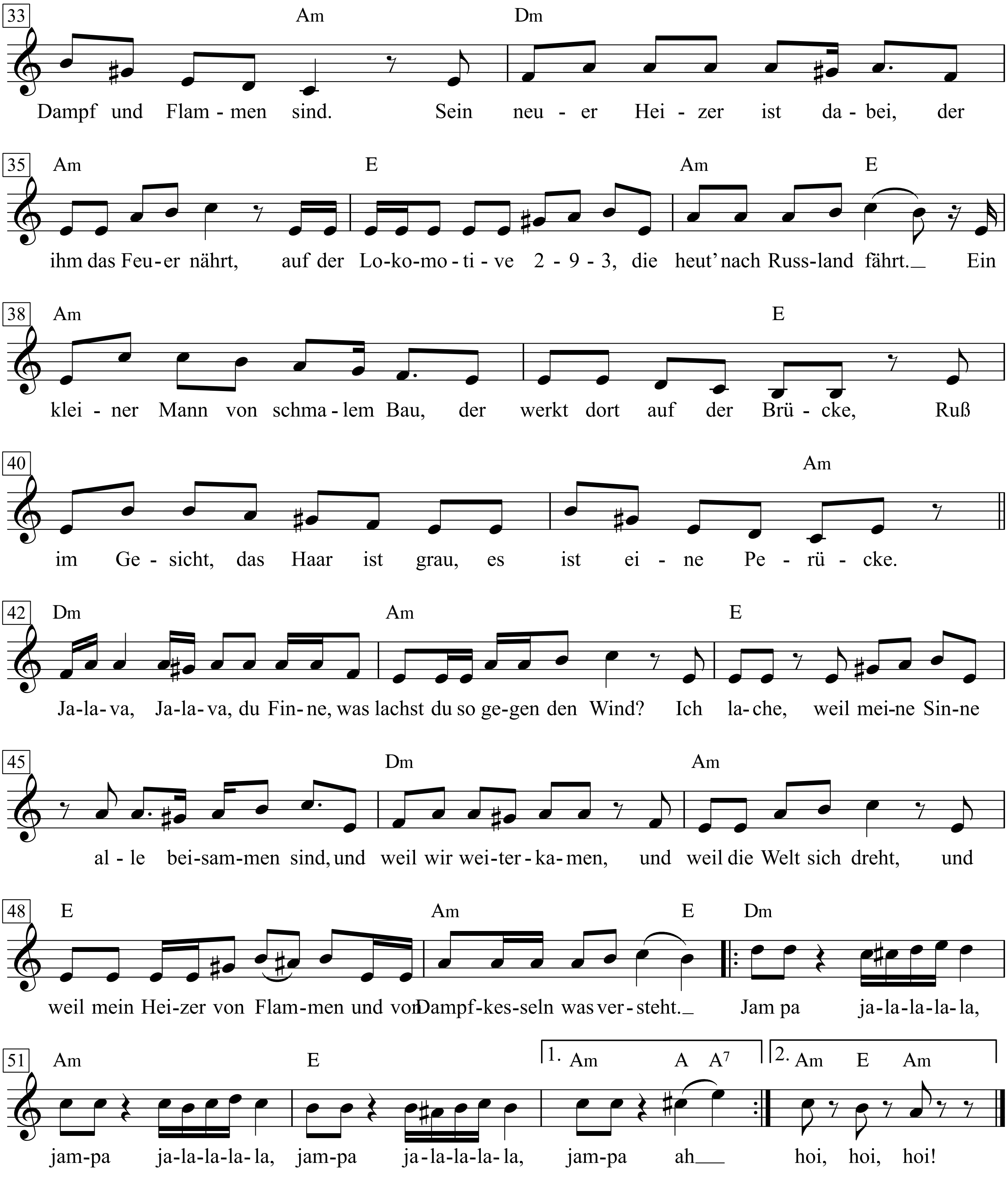
2. The sad sack was a-sittin’ on a block of stone,
Way over in the corner weeping all alone.
The warden said: Hey, buddy, don’t you be no square.
If you can’t find a partner, use a wooden chair!
Let's rock, etc.
3. Shifty Henry said to Bugs: For Heaven's sake,
Ho one’s lookin’; now's our chance to make a break.
Bugsy turned to Shifty and he said: Nix, nix,
I wanna stick around a while and get my kicks.
Let’s rock, etc.

Jalava-Lied

Heinz R. Unger

Willi Resetarits (Ostbahn-Kurti)
Schmetterlinge




33 Am Dm
Dampf und Flam - men sind. Sein neu - er Hei - zer ist da - bei, der
35 Am E Am E
ihm das Feu - er nährt, auf der Lo - ko - mo - ti - ve 2 - 9 - 3, die heut' nach Russ - land fährt. Ein
38 Am E
klei - ner Mann von schma - lem Bau, der werkt dort auf der Brü - cke, Ruß
40 Am
im Ge - sicht, das Haar ist grau, es ist ei - ne Pe - rü - cke.
42 Dm Am E
Ja - la - va, Ja - la - va, du Fin - ne, was lachst du so ge - gen den Wind? Ich la - che, weil mei - ne Sin - ne
45 Dm Am
al - le bei - sam - men sind, und weil wir wei - ter - ka - men, und weil die Welt sich dreht, und
48 E Am E Dm
weil mein Hei - zer von Flam - men und von Dampf - kes - seln was ver - steht. Jam pa ja - la - la - la - la,
51 Am E 1. Am A A7 2. Am E Am
jam - pa ja - la - la - la - la, jam - pa ja - la - la - la - la, jam - pa ah hoi, hoi, hoi!

1. Von Sonn‘ und Kessel schwarzgebrannt ‘
und auch vom scharfen Wind,
steht Jalava im Führerstand
wo Dampf und Flammen sind.
Sein neuer Heizer ist dabei,
der ihm das Feuer nährt,
auf der Lokomotive 2-9-3,
die heut‘ nach Russland fährt.
Ein kleiner Mann von schmalem Bau,
der werkt dort auf der Brücke,
Ruß im Gesicht, das Haar ist grau -
es ist eine Perücke.

Jalava, Jalava, du Finne,
was lachst du so gegen den Wind?
Ich lache, weil meine Sinne
alle beisammen sind,
und weil wir weiterkamen,
und weil die Welt sich dreht,
und weil mein Heizer von Flammen
und Dampfkesseln was versteht.

Jam-pa ja-la-la-la-la,
jam-pa ja-la-la-la-la,
jam-pa ja-la-la-la-la,
jam-pa ah
Jam-pa ja-la-la-la-la,
jam-pa ja-la-la-la-la,
jam-pa ja-la-la-la-la,
hoi, hoi, hoi!

2. Sie dampfen ein in Beloostrow,
wo Schocks von Offizieren
die Züge auf dem Grenzbahnhof
penibel kontrollieren.
Sie prüfen jegliches Gesicht
bei ihrer Inspizierung,
doch sehen sie am Kessel nicht
den Staatsfeind der Regierung.
Jalava weiß, worum es geht
und langsam dampft vorbei
am letzten Posten, der dort steht
Lokomotive zwei-neun-drei.

Jalava, Jalava, du Finne,
was lachst du so gegen den Wind?
Ich lache, weil meine Sinne
alle beisammen sind,
und weil wir weiterkamen,
und weil die Welt sich dreht,
und weil mein Heizer von Flammen
und Dampfkesseln was versteht.

Jam-pa ja-la-la-la-la ...

3. Da saust die Grenzstation vorbei,
die Birken stehen nackt,
die Lokomotive zwei-neun-drei
schnauft in erhöhtem Takt.
Und Jalava lacht in den Wind,
in den Oktoberregen.
Heizer, wenn wir drüben sind,
dann wird sich was bewegen.
Jetzt schneidet der Oktoberwind
die letzten Äpfel an,
die an den kahlen Bäumen sind
an der finnischen Eisenbahn.

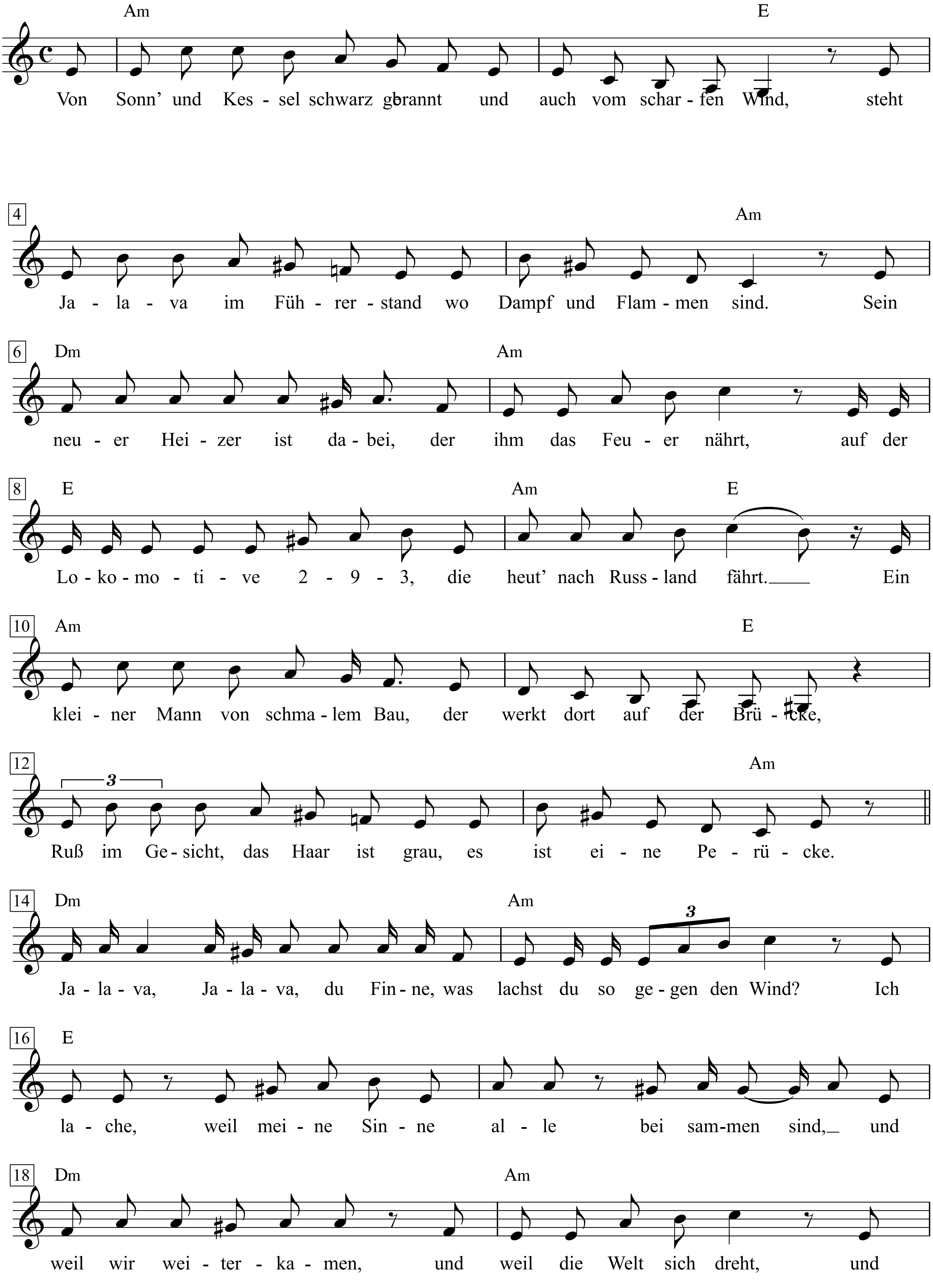
Jalava, Jalava, du Finne,
was lachst du so gegen den Wind?
Ich lache, weil meine Sinne
alle beisammen sind,
und weil uns die Fahrt in den Bahnhof
hinter der Grenze führt,
und Wladimir Iljitsch Uljanow,
mein Heizer, die Flammen schürt.

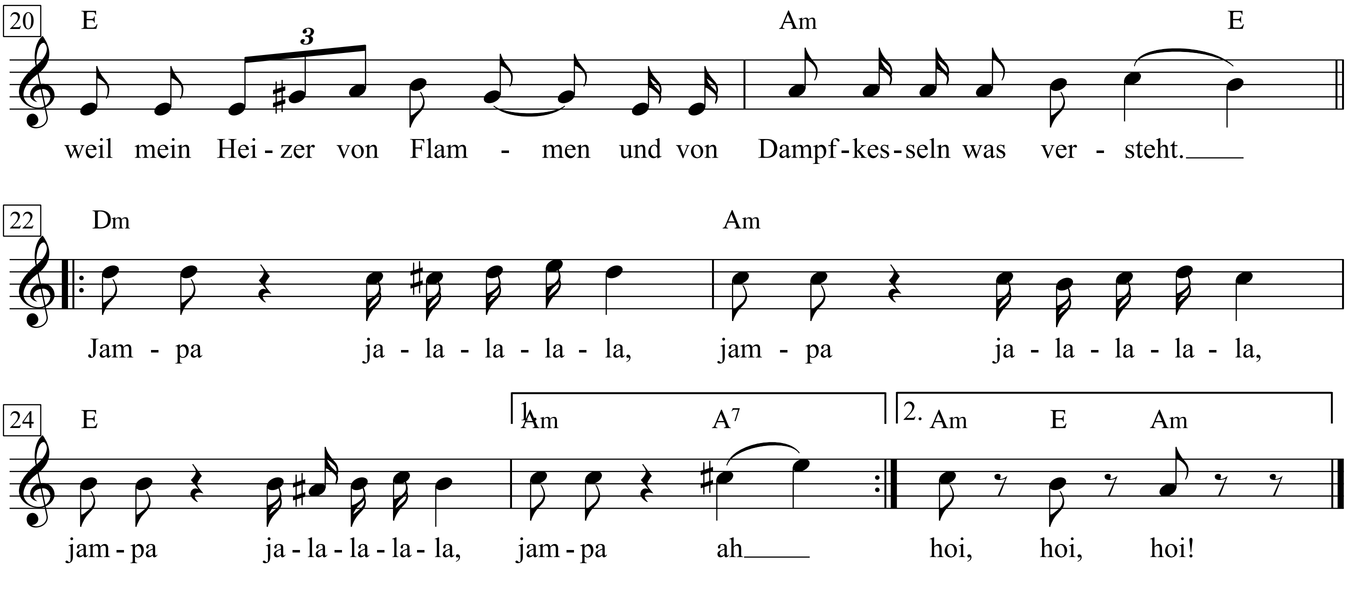
Jam-pa ja-la-la-la-la ...

Jalava-Lied (2)

Heinz R. Unger

Willi Resetarits (Ostbahn-Kurti)
Schmetterlinge




20
E Am E
weil mein Hei - zer von Flam - men und von Dampf - kes - seln was ver - steht.
22
Dm Am
Jam - pa ja - la - la - la - la, jam - pa ja - la - la - la - la,
24
E
1. Am A7
2. Am E Am
jam - pa ja - la - la - la - la, jam - pa ah hoi, hoi, hoi!

1. Von Sonn‘ und Kessel schwarzgebrannt ‘
und auch vom scharfen Wind,
steht Jalava im Führerstand
wo Dampf und Flammen sind.
Sein neuer Heizer ist dabei,
der ihm das Feuer nährt,
auf der Lokomotive 2-9-3,
die heut‘ nach Russland fährt.
Ein kleiner Mann von schmalem Bau,
der werkt dort auf der Brücke,
Ruß im Gesicht, das Haar ist grau -
es ist eine Perücke.

Jalava, Jalava, du Finne,
was lachst du so gegen den Wind?
Ich lache, weil meine Sinne
alle beisammen sind,
und weil wir weiterkamen,
und weil die Welt sich dreht,
und weil mein Heizer von Flammen
und Dampfkesseln was versteht.

Jam-pa ja-la-la-la-la,
jam-pa ja-la-la-la-la,
jam-pa ja-la-la-la-la,
jam-pa ah
Jam-pa ja-la-la-la-la,
jam-pa ja-la-la-la-la,
jam-pa ja-la-la-la-la,
hoi, hoi, hoi!

2. Sie dampfen ein in Beloostrow,
wo Schocks von Offizieren
die Züge auf dem Grenzbahnhof
penibel kontrollieren.
Sie prüfen jegliches Gesicht
bei ihrer Inspizierung,
doch sehen sie am Kessel nicht
den Staatsfeind der Regierung.
Jalava weiß, worum es geht
und langsam dampft vorbei
am letzten Posten, der dort steht
Lokomotive zwei-neun-drei.

Jalava, Jalava, du Finne,
was lachst du so gegen den Wind?
Ich lache, weil meine Sinne
alle beisammen sind,
und weil wir weiterkamen,
und weil die Welt sich dreht,
und weil mein Heizer von Flammen
und Dampfkesseln was versteht.

Jam-pa ja-la-la-la-la ...

3. Da saust die Grenzstation vorbei,
die Birken stehen nackt,
die Lokomotive zwei-neun-drei
schnauft in erhöhtem Takt.
Und Jalava lacht in den Wind,
in den Oktoberregen.
Heizer, wenn wir drüben sind,
dann wird sich was bewegen.
Jetzt schneidet der Oktoberwind
die letzten Äpfel an,
die an den kahlen Bäumen sind
an der finnischen Eisenbahn.

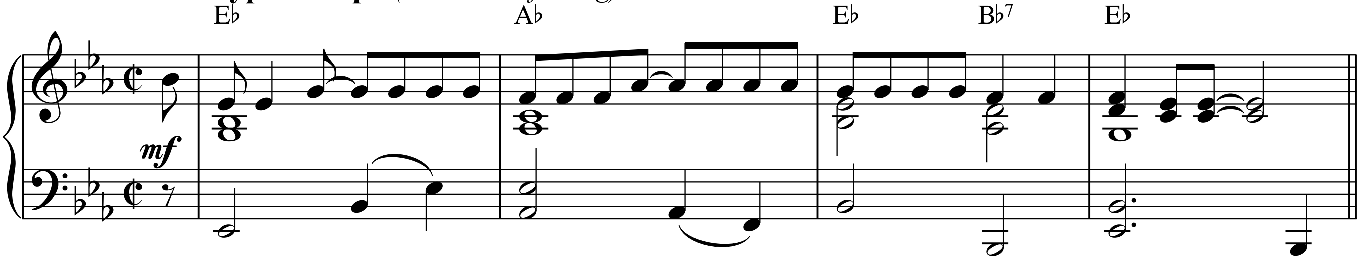
Jalava, Jalava, du Finne,
was lachst du so gegen den Wind?
Ich lache, weil meine Sinne
alle beisammen sind,
und weil uns die Fahrt in den Bahnhof
hinter der Grenze führt,
und Wladimir Iljitsch Uljanow,
mein Heizer, die Flammen schürt.

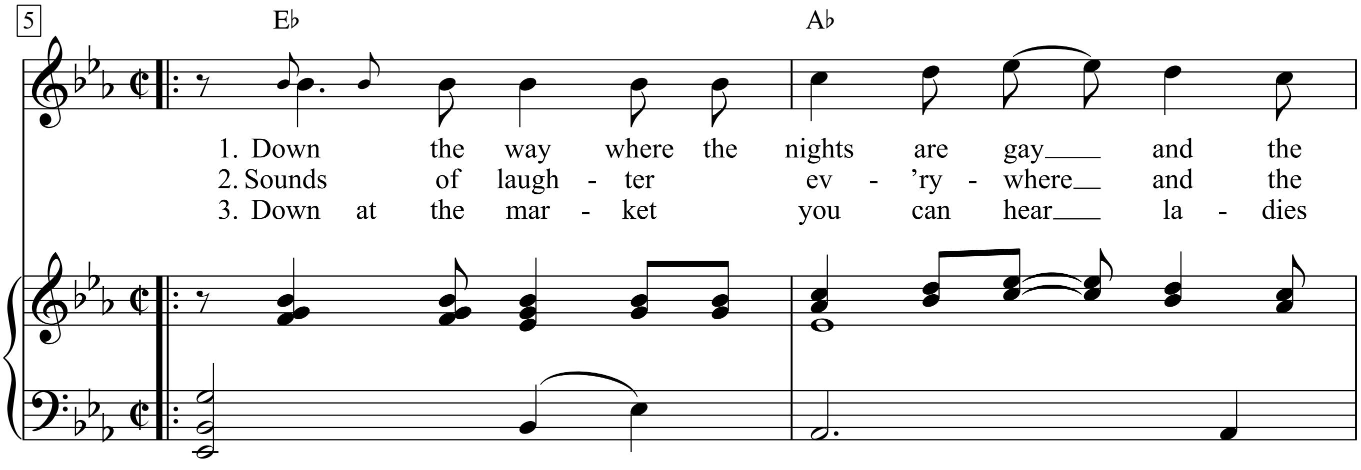
Jam-pa ja-la-la-la-la ...

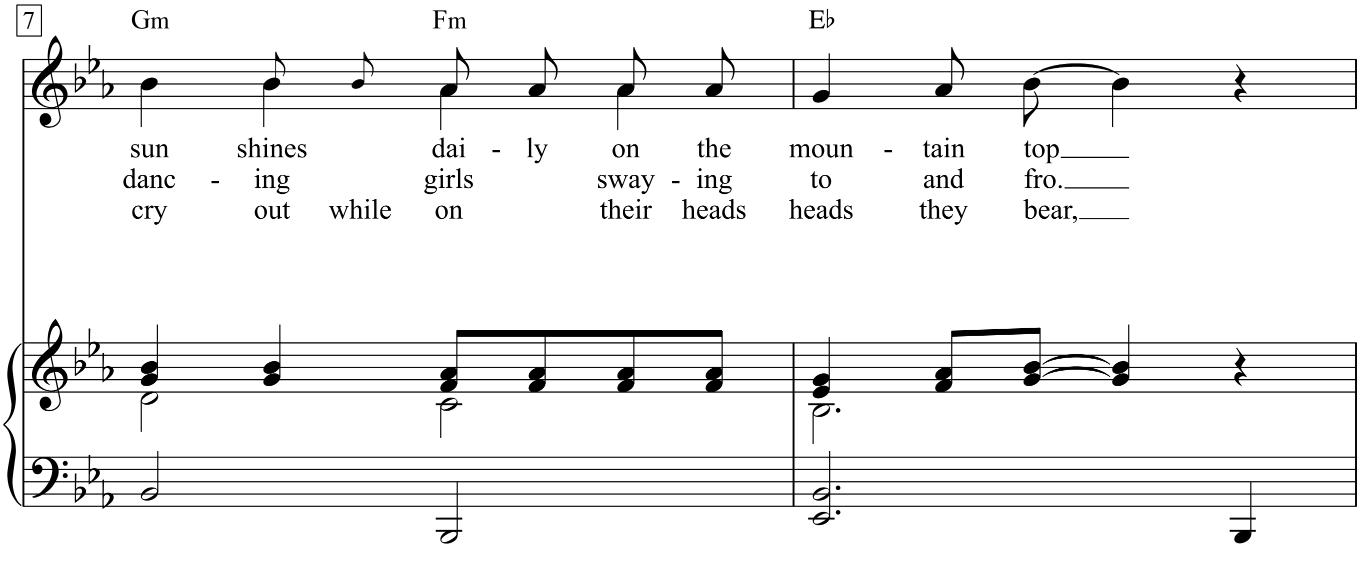
Jamaica Farewell

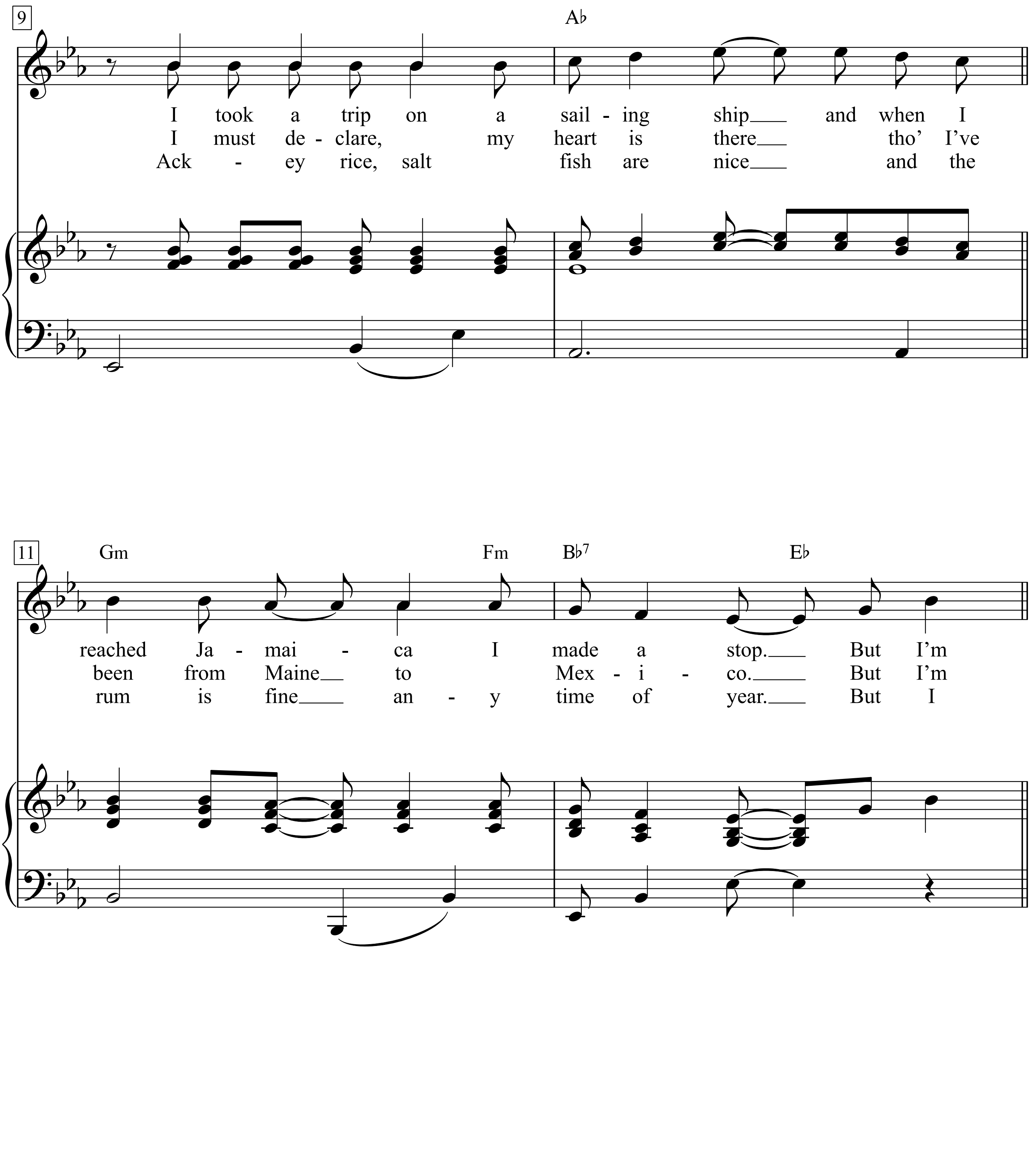
*Words & Music by I*rving Burgie
(Harry Belafonte)

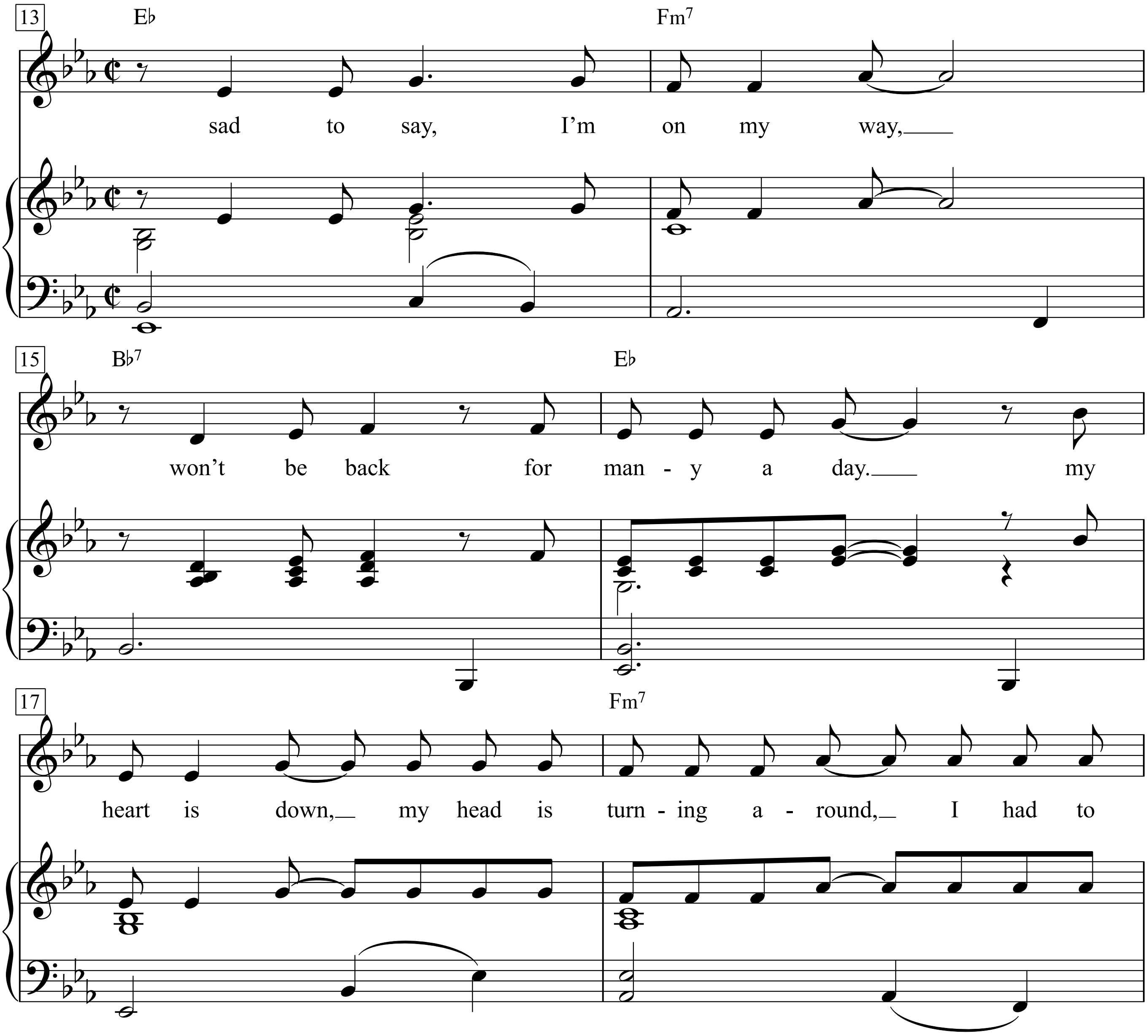
Medium calypso tempo *(with much feeling)*

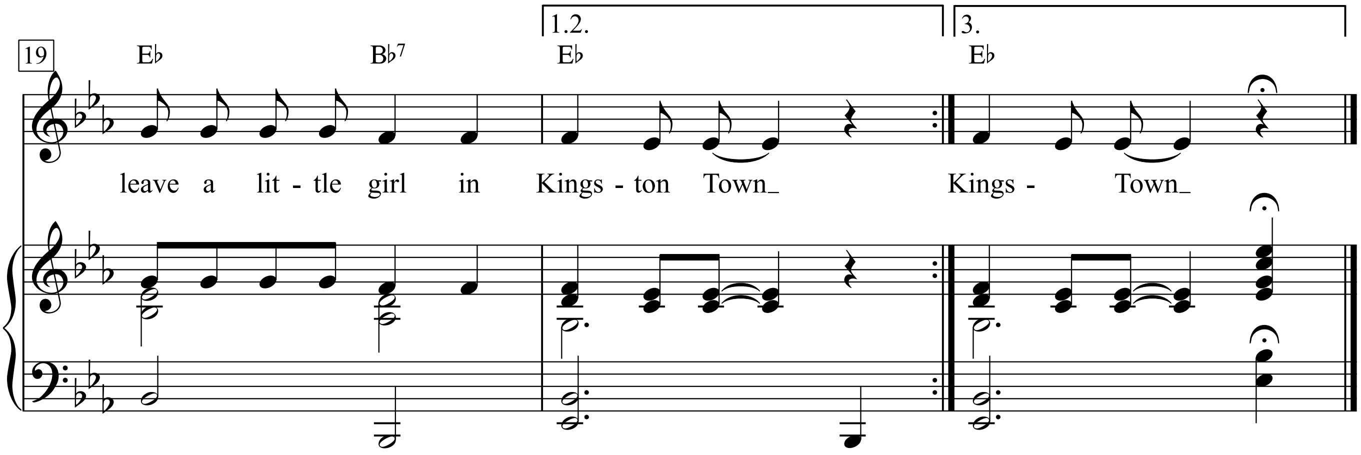




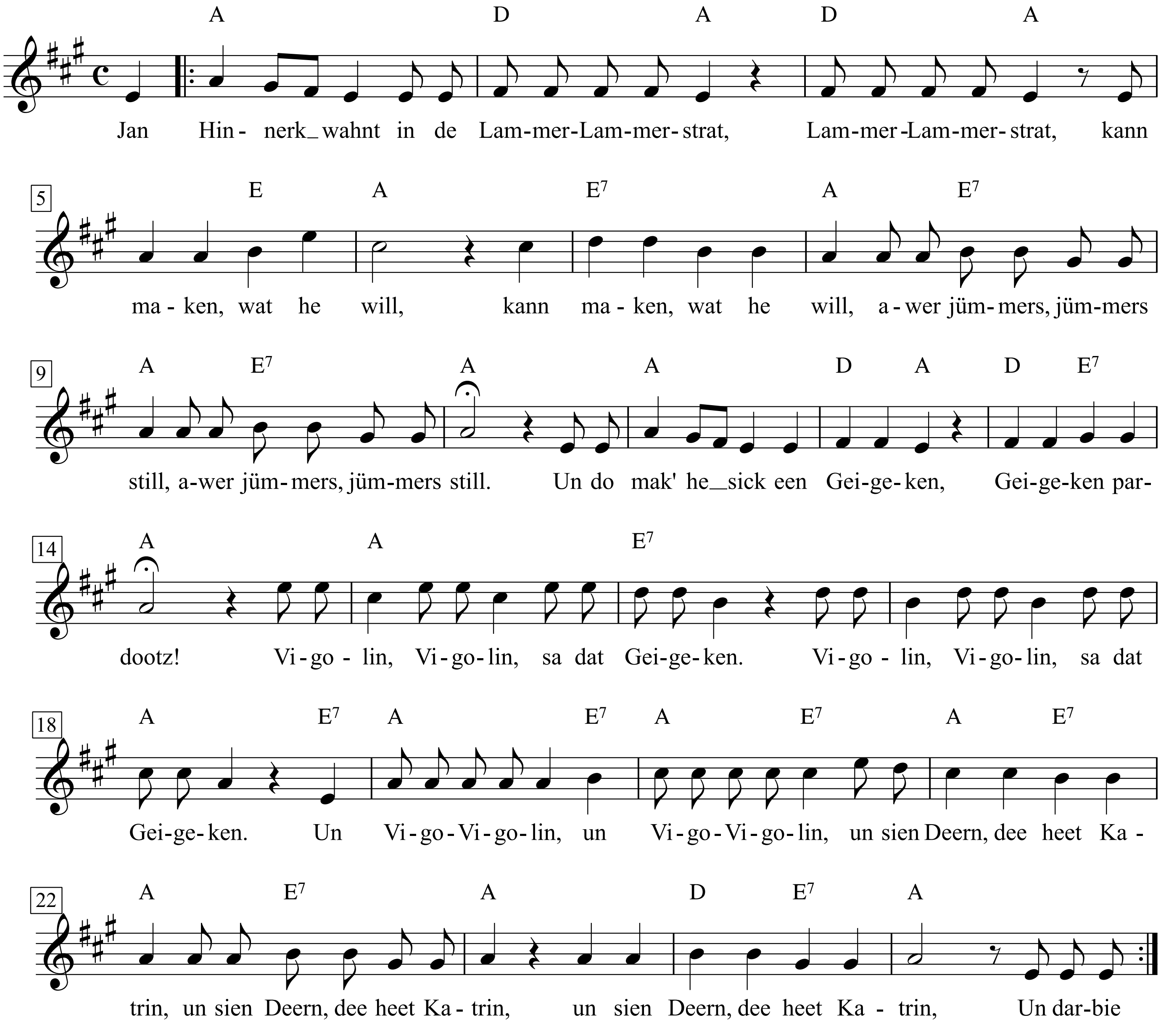



9
A♭
I took a trip on a sail - ing ship___ and when I
I must de - clare, my heart is there___ tho' I've
Ack - ey rice, salt fish are nice___ and the
11
Gm
Fm
B♭7
E♭
reached Ja - mai - ca I made a stop.___ But I'm
been from Maine___ to Mex - i - co.___ But I'm
rum is fine___ an - y time of year.___ But I


13
E♭
Fm7
sad to say, I'm on my way,
15
B♭7
E♭
won't be back for man - y a day. my
17
Fm7
heart is down, my head is turning a - round, I had to


19
1.2.
3.
E♭
B♭7
E♭
E♭
leave a lit - tle girl in Kings - ton Town_
Kings - Town_

Jan Hinnerk wahnt in de Lammer-Lammerstrat



1. Jan Hinnerk wahnt in de Lammer-Lammerstrat, Lammer-Lammerstrat,
kann maken, wat he will, kann maken, wat he will,
awer jümmers, jümmers still,
aawer jümmers, jümmers still.
Un do mak' he sick een Geigeken,
Gei-ge-ken par-dootz!
Vigolin, Vigolin, sä' dat Geigeken.
Vigolin, Vigolin, sa dat Geigeken.
Un Vigo-Vigolin, un Vigo-Vigolin,
un sien Deern, dee heet Katrin,
un sien Deern, dee heet Katrin,
un sien Deern, dee heet Katrin,

2. Un darbie wahnt he noch jümmers in de Lammerstrat,
kann maken, wat he will, kann maken, wat he will,
awer jümmers, jümmers still,
awer jümmers, jümmers still.
Un do mak' he sick een Hollandsmann,
Hollandsmann pardootz!
Gottverdori, Gottverdori! sä' de Hollandsmann,
Vigolin, Vigolin, sä' dat Geigeken,
un Vigo-Vigolin, un Vigo-Vigolin,
un sien Deern, dee heet Katrin.

3. Un darbie wahnt he noch jümmers in de Lammerstrat,
kann maken, wat he will, kann maken, wat he will,
awer jümmers, jümmers still,
awer jümmers, jümmers still.
Un do mak' he sick een Engelsmann,
Engelsmann pardootz!
Damn your eyes! Damn your eyes! sä' de Engelsmann,
Gottverdori, Gottverdori! sä' de Hollandsmann,
Vigolin, Vigolin, sä' dat Geigeken,
un Vigo-Vigolin, un Vigo-Vigolin,
un sien Deern, dee heet Katrin.

4. Un darbie wahnt he noch jümmers in de Lammerstrat,
kann maken, wat he will, kann maken, wat he will,
awer jümmers, jümmers still,
awer jümmers, jümmers still.
Un do mak' he sick een Spanischmann,
Spanischmann pardootz!
Caracho, caracho! sä' de Spanischmann.
Damn your eyes ...

5. Un darbie wahnt he noch jümmers in de Lammerstrat,
kann maken, wat he will, kann maken, wat he will,
awer jümmers, jümmers still,
awer jümmers, jümmers still.
Un do mak' he sick een Hanseat,
een Hanseat pardootz!
Slah em dot! Slah em dot! sä' de Hanseat.
Caracho ...

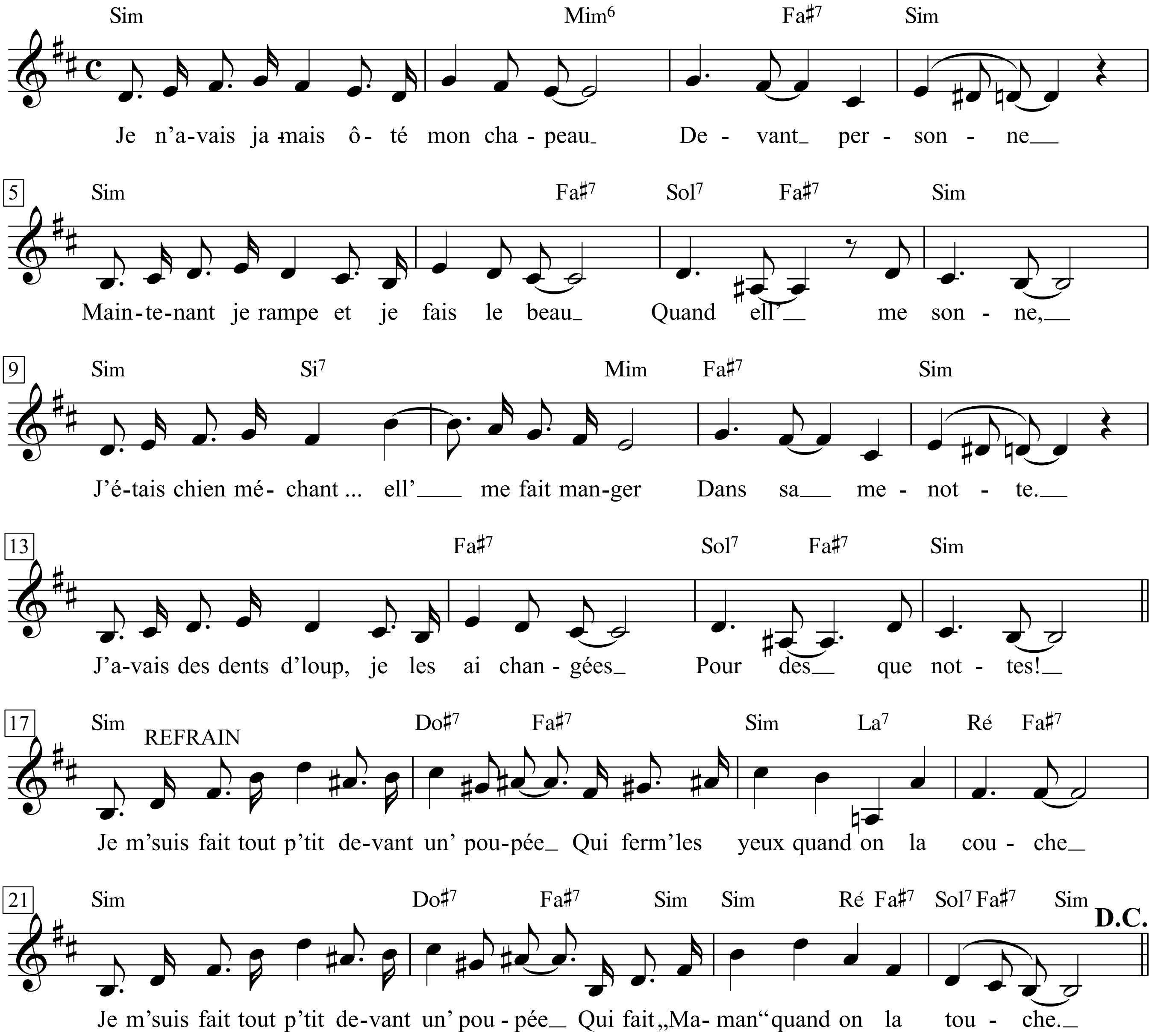
6. Un darbie wahnt he noch jümmers in de Lammerstrat,
kann maken, wat he will, kann maken, wat he will,
awer jümmers, jümmers still,
awer jümmers, jümmers still.
Un do mak' he sick Napolijum,
Napolijum pardootz!
Ick bün Kaiser, ick bün Kaiser! sä' Napolijum,
slah em dot! Slah em dot! sä' de Hanseat.
Caracho, caracho! sä' de Spanischmann.
Damn your eyes! Damn your eyes! sä' de Engelsmann,
Gottverdori, Gottverdori! sä' de Hollandsmann,
Vigolin, Vigolin, sä' dat Geigeken,
un Vigo-Vigolin, un Vigo-Vigolin,
un sien Deern, dee heet Katrin.

Je me suis fait tout petit

(Vor einer Puppe kuschen)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens

Moderato



1. Je n'avais jamais ôté mon chapeau
Devant personne...
Maintenant je rampe et je fais le beau
Quand ell' me sonne.
J'étais chien méchant... ell' me fait manger
Dans sa menotte.
J'avais des dents d'loup... je les ai changées
Pour des quenottes!
Refrain
Je m' suis fait tout p'tit devant un' poupée
Qui ferm' les yeux quand on la couche,
Je m' suis fait tout p'tit devant un' poupée
Qui fait »maman« quand on la touche.

2. J'étais dur à cuire... ell' m'a converti,
La fine mouche,
Et je suis tombé, tout chaud, tout rôti,
Contre sa bouche
Qui a des dents de lait quand elle sourit,
Quand elle chante,
Et des dents de loup quand elle est furi',
Qu'elle est méchante.

3. Je subis sa loi, je file tout doux
Sous son empire,
Bien qu'ell' soit jalouse au-delà de tout,
Et même pire...
Un' joli' pervench', qui m'avait paru
Plus joli' qu'elle,
Un' joli' pervenche un jour en mourut
A coups d'ombrelle.

4. Tous les somnambules, tous les mages m'ont
Dit, sans malice,
Qu'en ses bras en croix je subirai mon
Dernier supplice...
Il en est de pir's, il en est d'meilleurs,
Mais, à tout prendre,
Qu'on se pende ici, qu'on se pende ailleurs...
S'il faut se pendre.

1. Ich hatte vor niemandem je
den Hut gezogen ...
jetzt spring ich und mach Männchen,
wenn sie nach mir klingelt.
Ich war ein bissiger Hund ... sie lässt mich
aus ihrer Hand fressen.
Ich hatte Reißzähne ... die hab ich eingetauscht
um Beißerchen!
Refrain
Ich kusche vor einer Puppe,
die die Augen schließt, wenn man sie hinlegt,
ich kusche vor einer Puppe,
die »Mama« sagt, wenn man sie berührt.

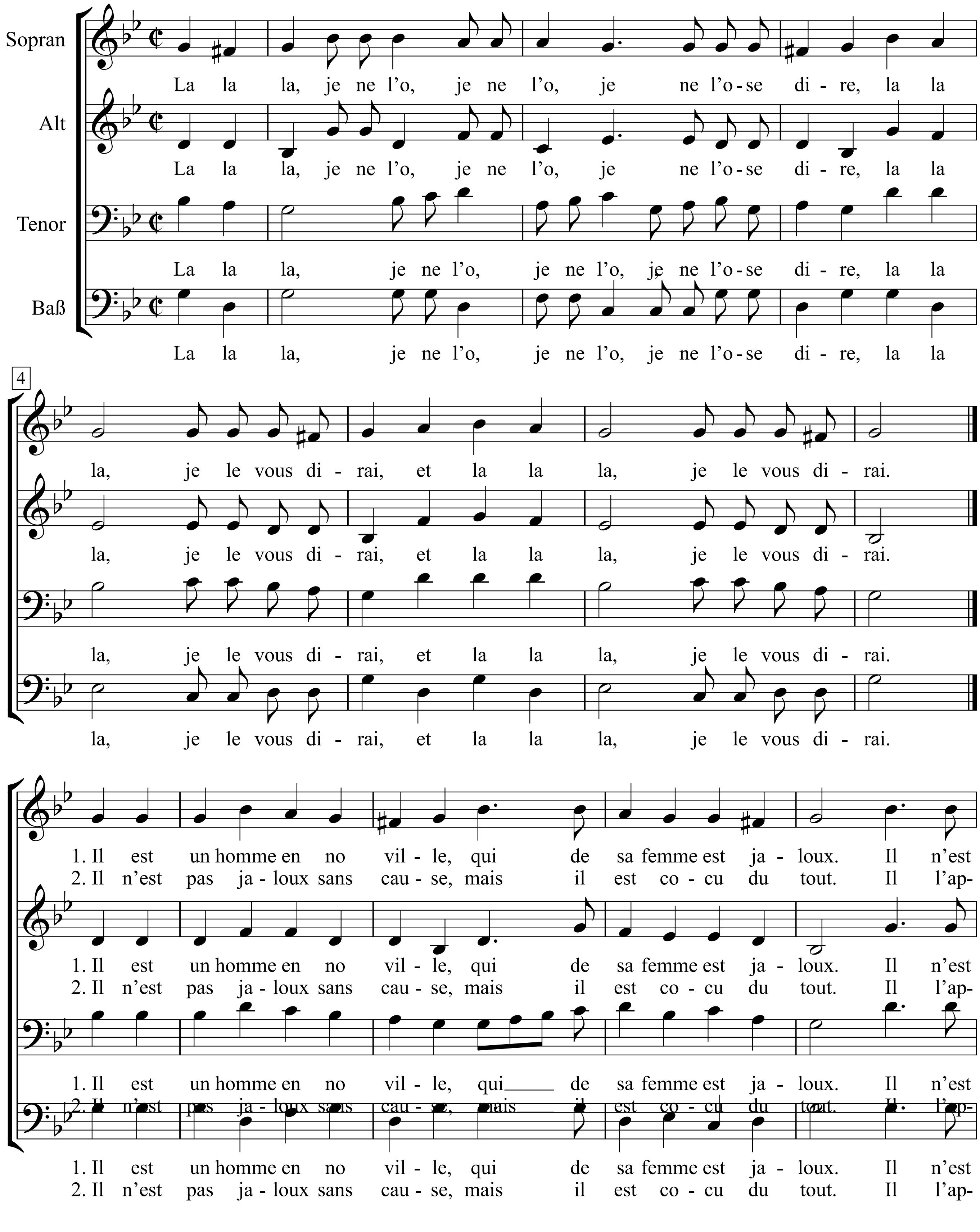
2. Ich war ausgekocht ... sie hat mich verwandelt,
die Holde,
und jetzt häng ich, warm- und weichgesotten,
an ihren Lippen,
dahinter sind Milchzähne, wenn sie lächelt,
wenn sie singt,
und Wolfszähne, wenn sie Furie wird,
so gemein ist sie dann.

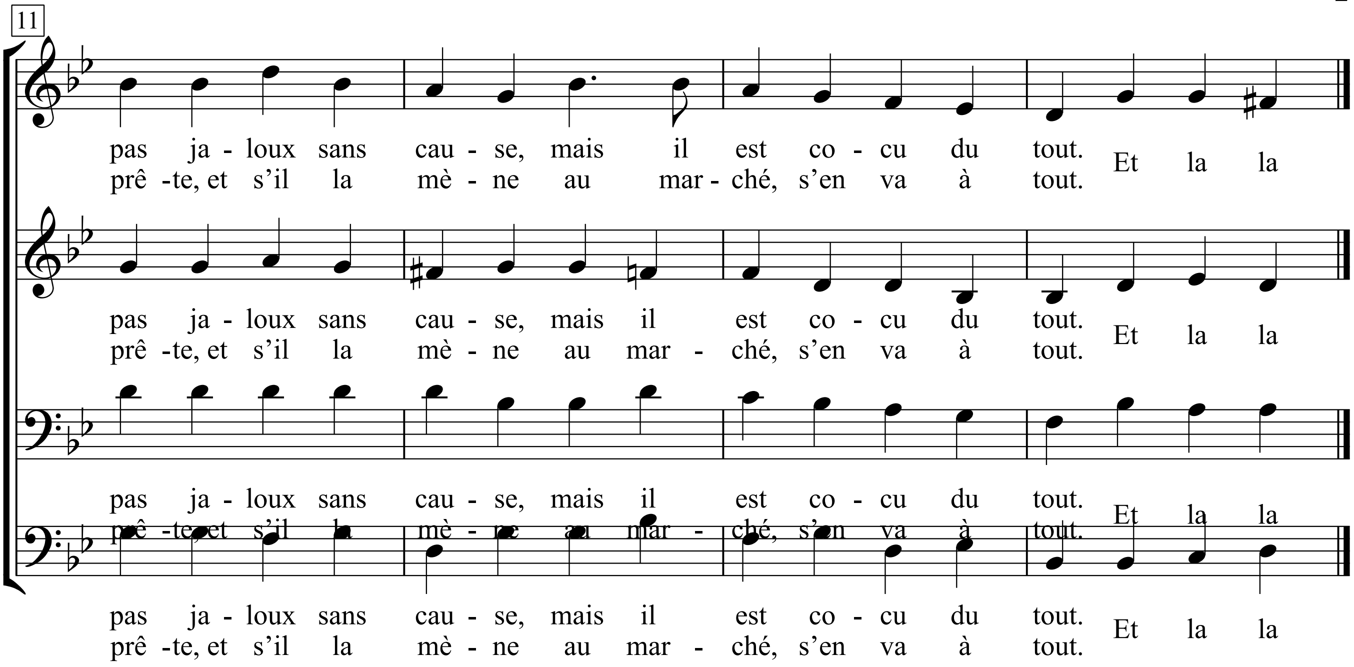
3. Ich folge aufs Wort, gehorche ganz sittsam
ihrem Regiment,
auch wenn sie mehr als eifersüchtig ist
und noch schlimmer ...
Ein Immergrünchen, das mir hübscher
vorkam als sie,
ein Immergrünchen starb deshalb eines Tages
unter Schirmhieben.

4. Alle Traumdeuter und Wahrsager haben mir
ohne Hokuspokus prophezeit,
in ihren kreuzigenden Armen würde mir
mein letztes Stündchen schlagen ...
Es gibt Schlimmeres, es gibt Besseres,
aber letzten Endes
ist es egal, ob man sich hier oder da aufhängt,
wenn gehangen sein muss.

Je ne l'ose dire

Pierre Certon *(† 1572)*



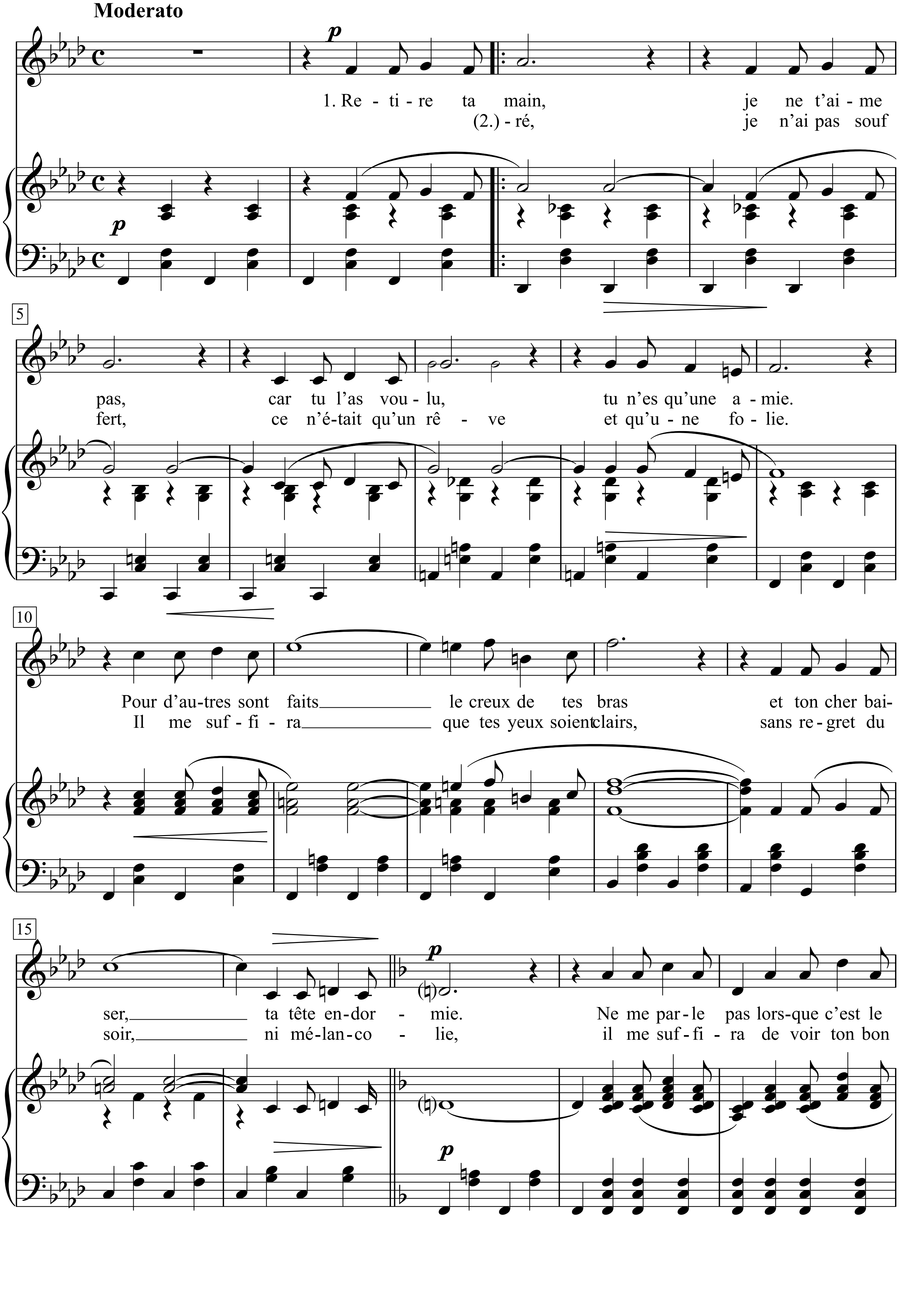

11
pas ja - loux sans cau - se, mais il est co - cu du tout. Et la la
prê -te, et s'il la mè - ne au mar - ché, s'en va à tout.
pas ja - loux sans cau - se, mais il est co - cu du tout. Et la la
prê -te, et s'il la mè - ne au mar - ché, s'en va à tout.
pas ja - loux sans cau - se, mais il est co - cu du tout. Et la la
prê -te, et s'il la mè - ne au mar - ché, s'en va à tout.
pas ja - loux sans cau - se, mais il est co - cu du tout. Et la la
prê -te, et s'il la mè - ne au mar - ché, s'en va à tout.

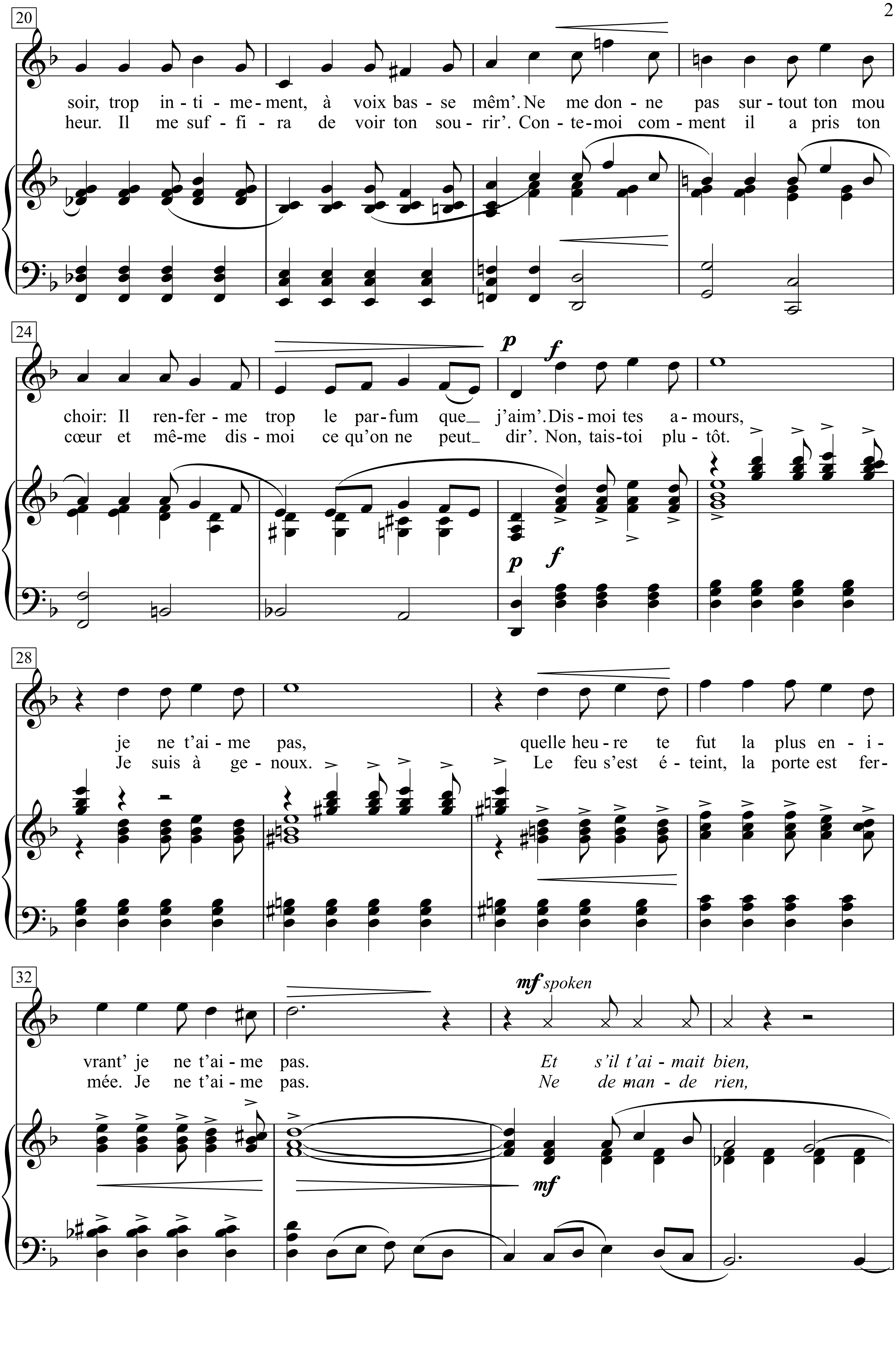
Je ne t'aime pas

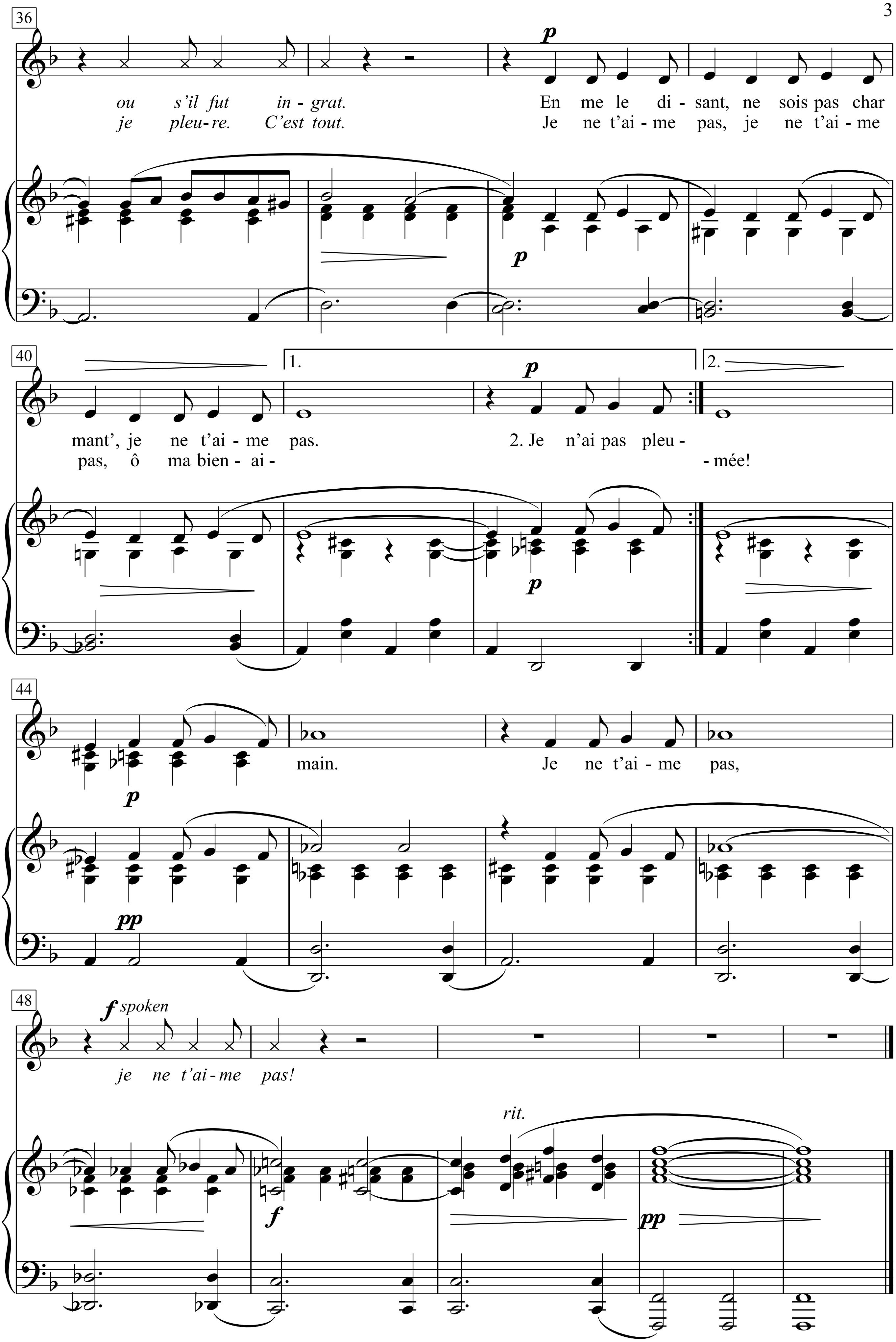
Words by Maurice Magre

(1934)

Music by Kurt Weill




20
soir, trop in - ti - me - ment, à voix bas - se mêm'. Ne me don - ne pas sur - tout ton mou
heur. Il me suf - fi - ra de voir ton sou - rir'. Con - te-moi com - ment il a pris ton
24
p f
choir: Il ren-fer - me trop le par-fum que_ j'aim'. Dis - moi tes a - mours,
cœur et mê-me dis - moi ce qu'on ne peut_ dir'. Non, tais-toi plu - tôt.
28
je ne t'ai - me pas, quelle heu - re te fut la plus en - i -
Je suis à ge - noux. Le feu s'est é - teint, la porte est fer-
32
mf spoken
vrant' je ne t'ai - me pas. Et s'il t'ai - mait bien,
mée. Je ne t'ai - me pas. Ne de man - de rien,
mf


36
p
ou s'il fut in - grat.
je pleu-re. C'est tout.
En me le di - sant, ne sois pas char
Je ne t'ai - me pas, je ne t'ai - me
p
40
1.
2.
mant', je ne t'ai - me pas.
pas, ô ma bien - ai -
2. Je n'ai pas pleu -
- mée!
44
main.
Je ne t'ai - me pas,
pp
48
f spoken
je ne t'ai - me pas!
rit.
f
pp

1. Retire ta main, je ne t'aime pas,
car tu l'as voulu, tu n'es qu'une amie.
Pour d'autres sont faits le creux de tes bras
et ton cher baiser, ta tête endormie.

Ne me parle pas lorsque c'est le soir,
trop intimement, à voix basse mêm'.
Ne me donne pas surtout ton mouchoir:
Il renferme trop le parfum que j'aim'.

Dis-moi tes amours, je ne t'aime pas,
quelle heure te fut la plus enivrant'
je ne t'aime pas.
Et s'il t'aimait bien, ou s'il fut ingrat.
En me le disant, ne sois pas charmant',
je ne t'aime pas.

2. Je n'ai pas pleuré, je n'ai pas souffert,
ce n'était qu'un rêve et qu'une folie.
Il me suffira que tes yeux soient clairs,
sans regret du soir, ni mélancolie,

il me suffira de voir ton bonheur.
Il me suffira de voir ton sourir'.
Conte-moi comment il a pris ton cœur
et même dis-moi ce qu'on ne peut dir'.

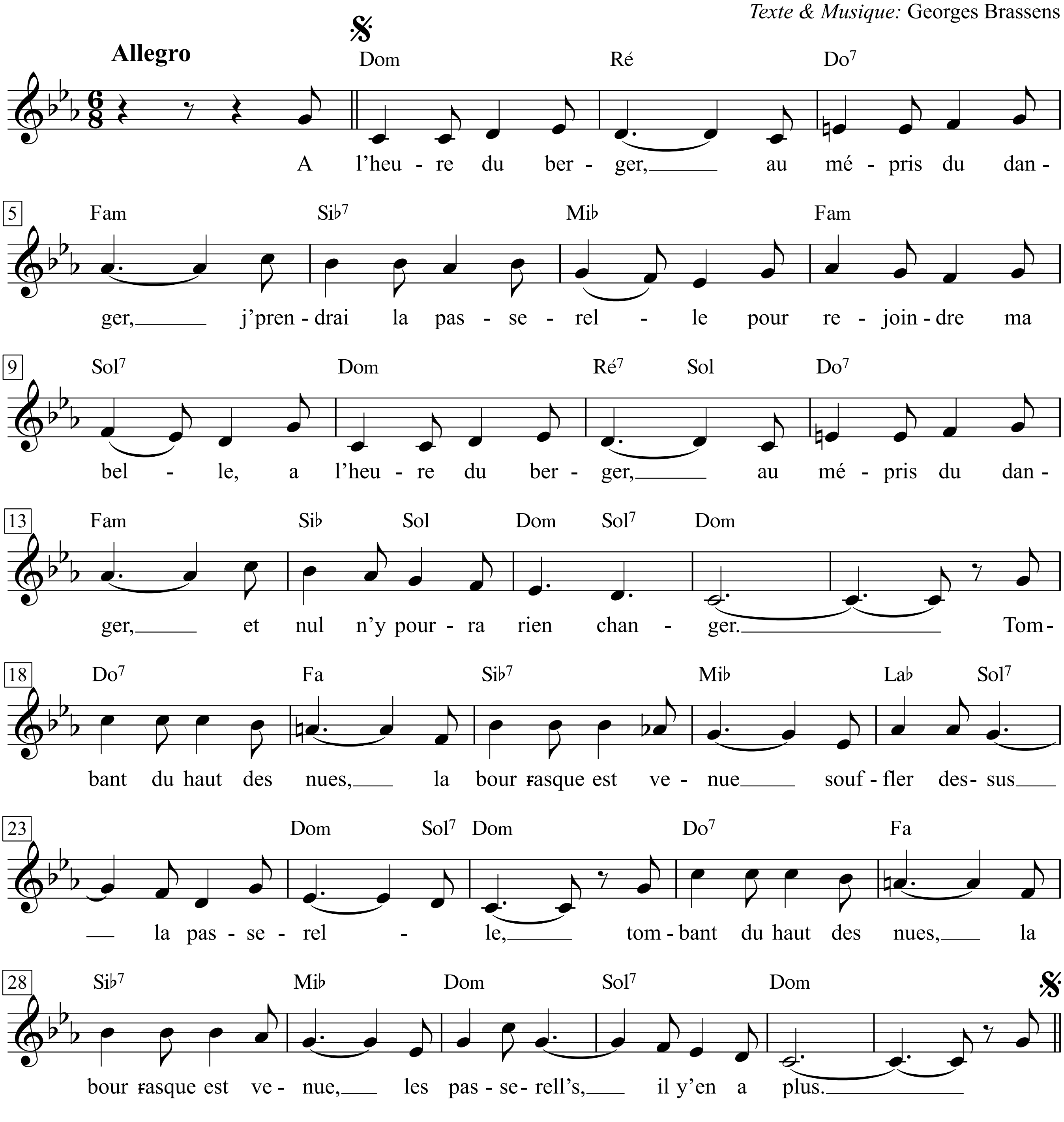
Non, tais-toi plutôt. Je suis à genoux.
Le feu s'est éteint, la porte est fermée. Je ne t'aime pas.
Ne demande rien, je pleure. C'est tout.
Je ne t'aime pas, je ne t'aime pas, ô ma bienaimée!

Retire ta main. Je ne t'aime pas, je ne t'aime pas!

Je rejoindra ma belle

(Ich treffe die Liebste wieder)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.108 & II. S.266-269

1. A l’heure du berger,
Au mépris du danger,
J’ prendrai la passerelle
Pour rejoindre ma belle,
A l’heure du berger,
Au mépris du danger,
Et nul n’y pourra rien changer.

2. - Tombant du haut des nues,
La bourrasque est venue
Souffler dessus la passerelle,
Tombant du haut des nues,
La bourrasque est venue,
Les passerelle’, il y en a plus.

3. - Si les vents ont cru bon
De me couper les ponts,
J’ prendrai la balancelle
Pour rejoindre ma belle,
Si les vents ont cru bon
De me couper les ponts,
J’embarquerai dans l’entrepont.

4. - Tombant du haut des nu’s,
Les marins sont venus
Lever l’ancre à la balancelle,
Tombant du haut des nu’s,
Les marins sont venus,
Des balancelle’, il y en a plus.

5. - Si les forbans des eaux
Ont volé mes vaisseaux,
Y me pouss’ra des ailes
Pour rejoindre ma belle,
Si les forbans des eaux
Ont volé mes vaisseaux,
J’ prendrai le chemin des oiseaux.

6. - Les chasseurs à l’affût
Te tireront dessus,
Adieu la plume! adieu les ailes!
Les chasseurs à l’affût
Te tireront dessus,
De tes amours, y’ en aura plus.

7. - Si c’est mon triste lot
De faire un trou dans l’eau,
Racontez à la belle
Que je suis mort fidèle,
Et qu’ell’ daigne à son tour
Attendre quelques jours
Pour filer de nouvell’s amours.

1. Zur Schäferstunde,
trotz aller Gefahr,
nehm ich die Gangway,
um die Liebste zu treffen;
zur Schäferstunde,
trotz aller Gefahr,
und nichts kann mich davon abhalten.

2. Aus heiterem Himmel
kam die Bö,
hat die Gangway verweht;
aus heiterem Himmel
kam die Bö,
es gibt keine Gangway mehr.

3. Wenn es den Winden gefiel,
mir die Brücken abzuschneiden,
nehm ich den Leichter,
um die Liebste zu treffen;
wenn es den Winden gefiel,
mir die Brücken abzuschneiden,
schiff ich mich im Zwischendeck ein.

4. Aus heiterem Himmel
kamen die Seeleute,
lichteten den Anker des Leichters;
aus heiterem Himmel
kamen die Seeleute,
es gibt keine Leichter mehr.

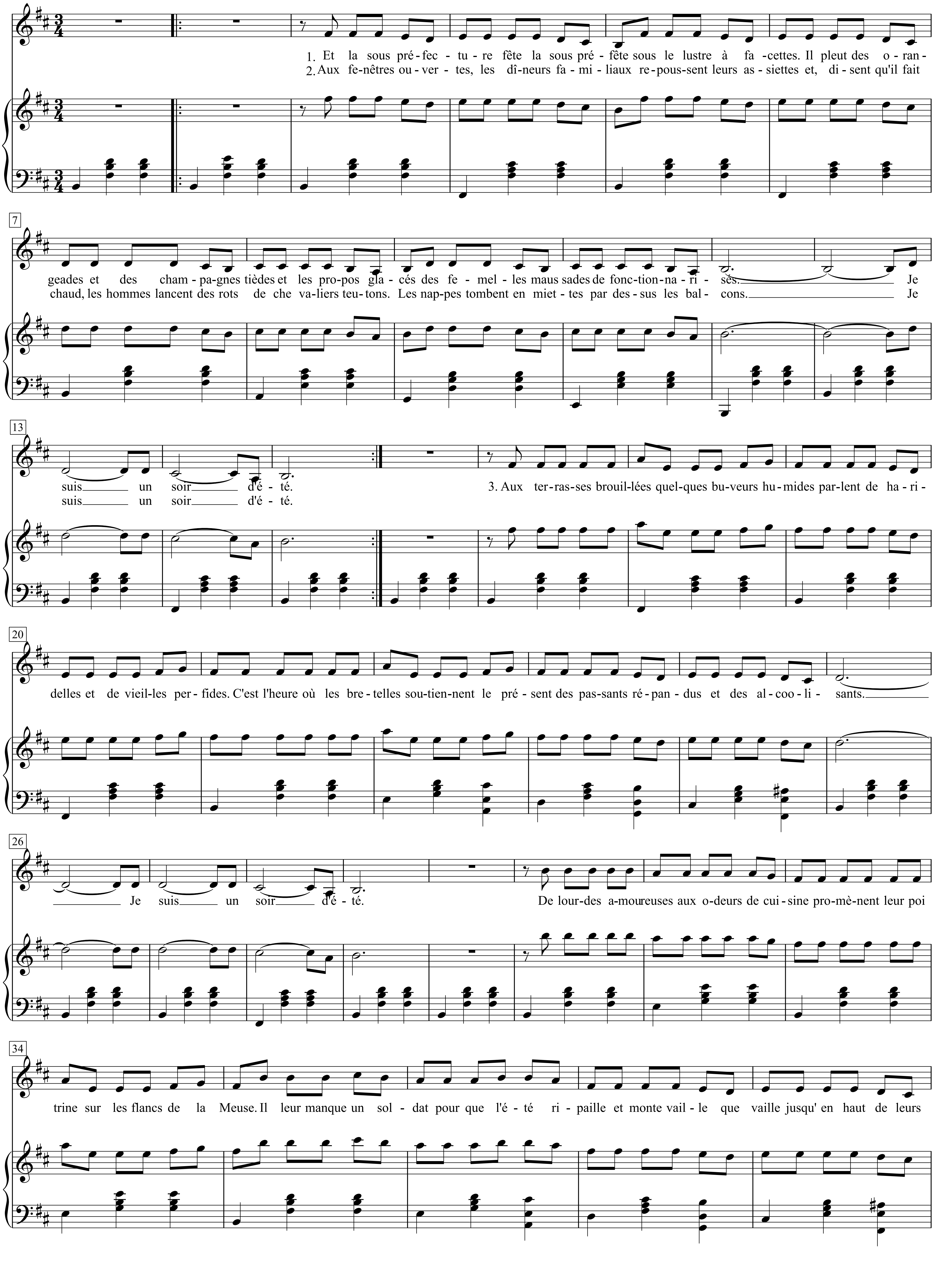
5. Wenn die Flibustier
meine Schiffe gekapert haben,
wachsen mir Flügel,
um die Liebste zu treffen;
wenn die Flibustier
meine Schiffe gekapert haben,
nehm ich den Weg der Vögel.

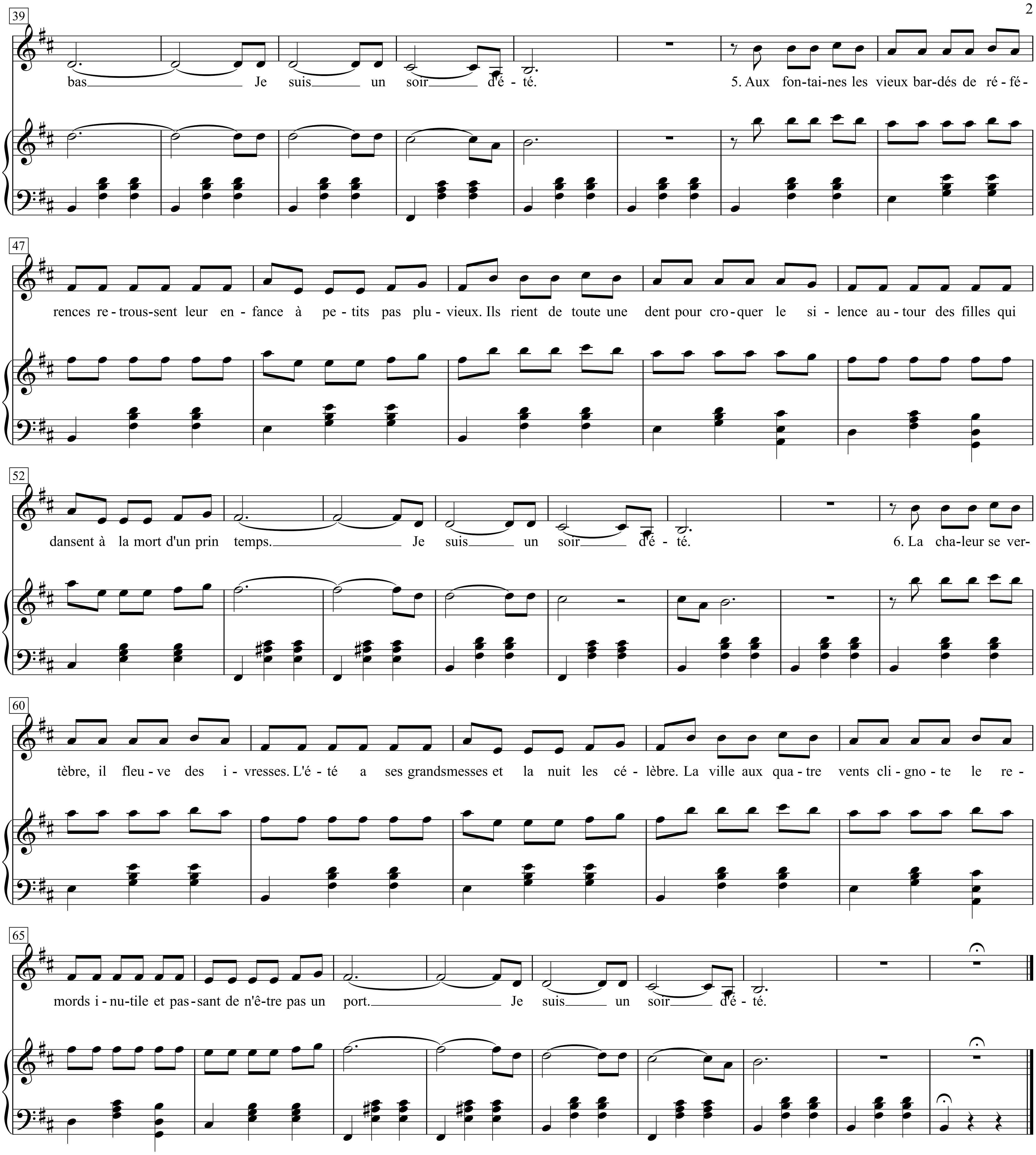
6. Die Jäger auf dem Ansitz
werden auf dich schießen,
adieu Feder, adieu Flügel!
Die Jäger auf dem Ansitz
werden auf dich schießen,
es gibt keine Liebschaften mehr für dich.

7. Wenn es mein trübes Los ist,
ein Loch ins Wasser zu fallen,
erzählt der Liebsten,
ich sei bis zum Tod treu gewesen,
und sie möge ihrerseits
ein paar Tage warten,
ehe sie neue Liebschaften anspinnt.

Je suis un soir d'été

Paroles et Musique de Jacques Brel
(Jacques Brel)

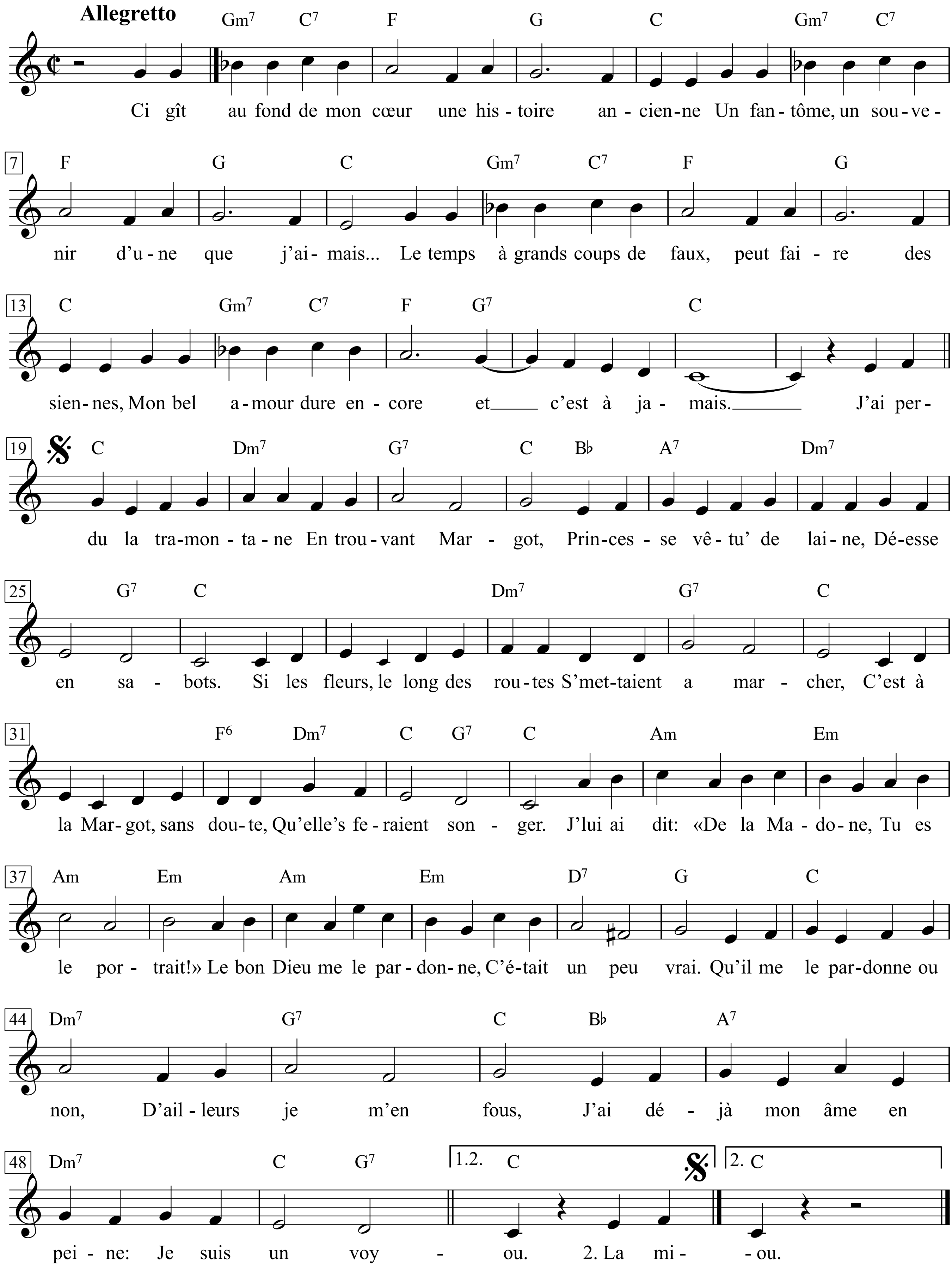



39
bas Je suis un soir d'é - té. 5. Aux fon-tai-nes les vieux bar-dés de ré - fé -
47
rences re - trous-sent leur en - fance à pe - tits pas plu - vieux. Ils rient de toute une dent pour cro - quer le si - lence au - tour des filles qui
52
dansent à la mort d'un prin temps. Je suis un soir d'é - té. 6. La cha-leur se ver-
60
tèbre, il fleu - ve des i - vresses. L'é - té a ses grandsmesses et la nuit les cé - lèbre. La ville aux qua - tre vents cli - gno - te le re -
65
mords i - nu-tile et pas-sant de n'ê-tre pas un port. Je suis un soir d'é - té.

Je suis un voyou

(Ich bin ein Galgenstrick)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.33 & II. S.70-73

1. Ci-gît au fond de mon cœur une histoire ancienne,
Un fantôme, un souvenir d'une que j'aimais ...
Le temps, à grands coups de faux, peut faire des siennes
Mon bel amour dure encore, et c'est à jamais ...

2. J'ai perdu la tramontane
En trouvant Margot,
Princesse vêtu' de laine,
Déesse en sabots ...
Si les fleurs, le long des routes,
S' mettaient à marcher,
C'est à la Margot, sans doute,
Qu' ell's feraient songer ...
J' lui ai dit: »De la Madone,
Tu es le portrait!«
Le Bon Dieu me le pardonne,
C'était un peu vrai ...
Qu'il me le pardonne ou non,
D'ailleurs, je m'en fous,
J'ai déjà mon âme en peine:
Je suis un voyou.

3. La mignonne allait aux vêpres
Se mettre à genoux,
Alors j'ai mordu ses lèvres
Pour savoir leur goût ...
Ell' m'a dit, d'un ton sévère:
»Qu'est-ce que tu fais là?«
Mais elle m'a laissé faire,
Les fill's, c'est comm' ça ...
J' lui ai dit: »Par la Madone,
Reste auprès de moi!«
Le Bon Dieu me le pardonne,
Mais chacun pour soi ...
Qu'il me le pardonne ou non,
D'ailleurs, je m'en fous,
J'ai déjà mon âme en peine:
Je suis un voyou.

4. C'était une fille sage,
A »bouch', que veux-tu?«
J'ai croqué dans son corsage
Les fruits défendus ...
Ell' m'a dit d'un ton sévère: »
Qu'est-ce que tu fais là?«
Mais elle m'a laissé faire,
Les fill's, c'est comm' ça ...
Puis, j'ai déchiré sa robe,
Sans l'avoir voulu ...
Le Bon Dieu me le pardonne,
Je n'y tenais plus!
Qu'il me le pardonne ou non,
D'ailleurs, je m'en fous,
J'ai déjà mon âme en peine:
Je suis un voyou.

1. Tief in meinem Herzen ruht, uralte Geschichte,
Spukerinnerung an eine geliebte Maid.
Soll die Zeit mit Sichelhieb richten und berichten!
Meine Liebe dauert fort bis in Ewigkeit.

2. Ich hab meinen Stern verloren,
als ich Margot fand,
Göttin in Pantinen,
Königin im Wollgewand.
Wenn am Wegesrand mal Blumen
auf die Wandrung gehn,
werd ich gleich im Geiste Margot
wieder vor mir sehn.
»Der Madonna«, hab ich ihr gesagt,
»gleichst du aufs Haar.«
Mag's der liebe Gott verzeihen -
es war beinah wahr.
Ob er zürnt oder verzeiht,
kümmert mich kein Stück,
weil ich auf den Himmel pfeif,
ich bin ein Galgenstrick.

3. In die Kirche ging die Süße,
roch nach Kerzenwachs,
drum zerbiss ich ihre Lippen
wegen des Geschmacks.
Streng und sittsam sagte sie:
»Was machst du da denn? Oh!«
Aber sie hat mich gelassen -
Mädchen sind halt so.
»Bei Madonna«, hab ich ihr gesagt,
»komm näher ran.«
Mag's der liebe Gott verzeihen -
unselbst ist der Mann ...
Ob er zürnt oder verzeiht,
kümmert mich kein Stück,
weil ich auf den Himmel pfeif,
ich bin ein Galgenstrick.

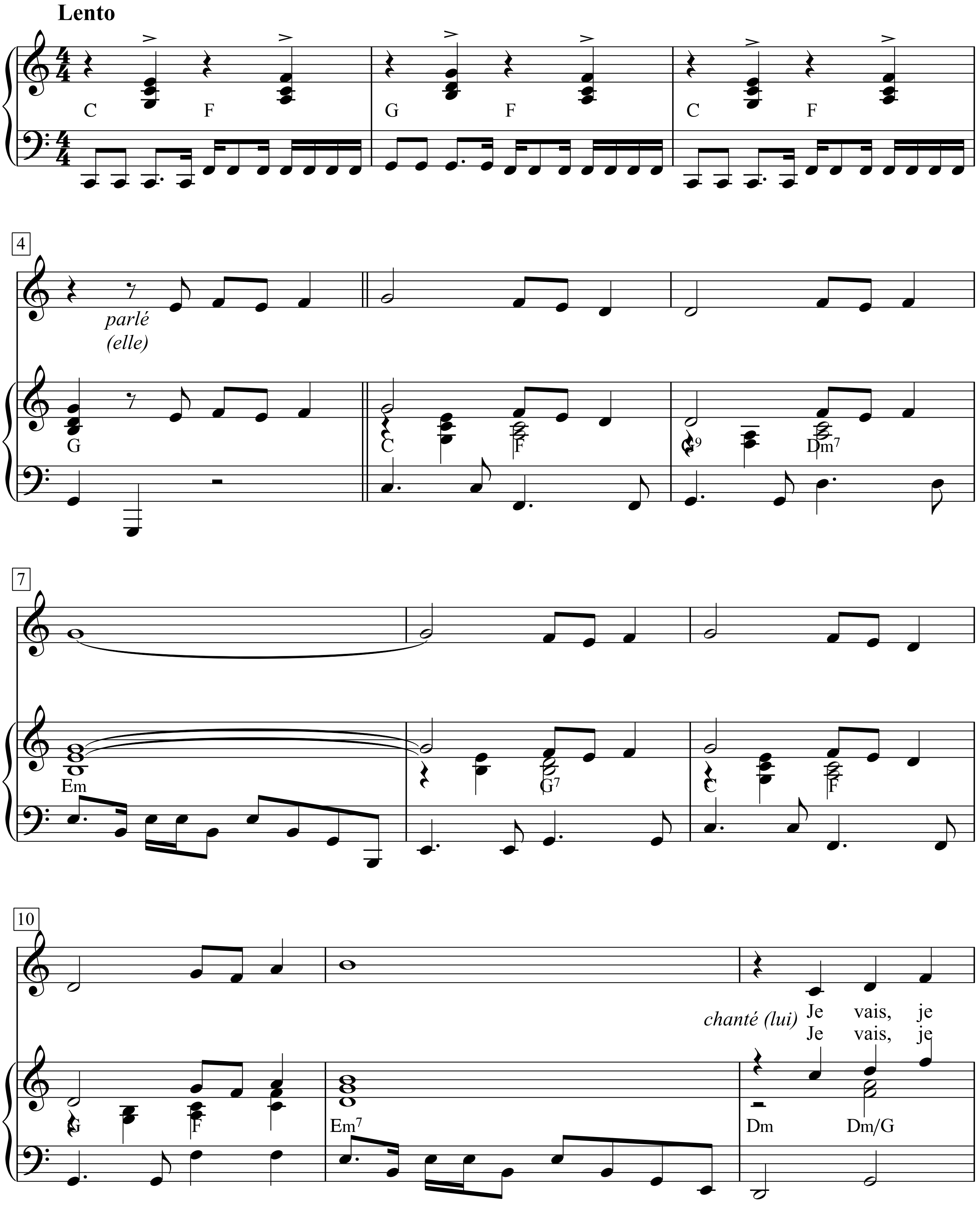
4. Artig reden, ja, das könnt sie!
Ich hab ganz verzückt
tief in ihrer Bluse die
verbotne Frucht gepflückt.
Streng und sittsam sagte sie:
»Was machst du da denn? Oh!«
Aber sie hat mich gelassen -
Mädchen sind halt so.
Dann hab ich ihr Kleid zerrissen;
ungeschickter Wicht!
Mag's der liebe Gott verzeihen -
nur: Es stand ihr nicht.
Ob er zürnt oder verzeiht,
kümmert mich kein Stück,
weil ich auf den Himmel pfeif,
ich bin ein Galgenstrick.

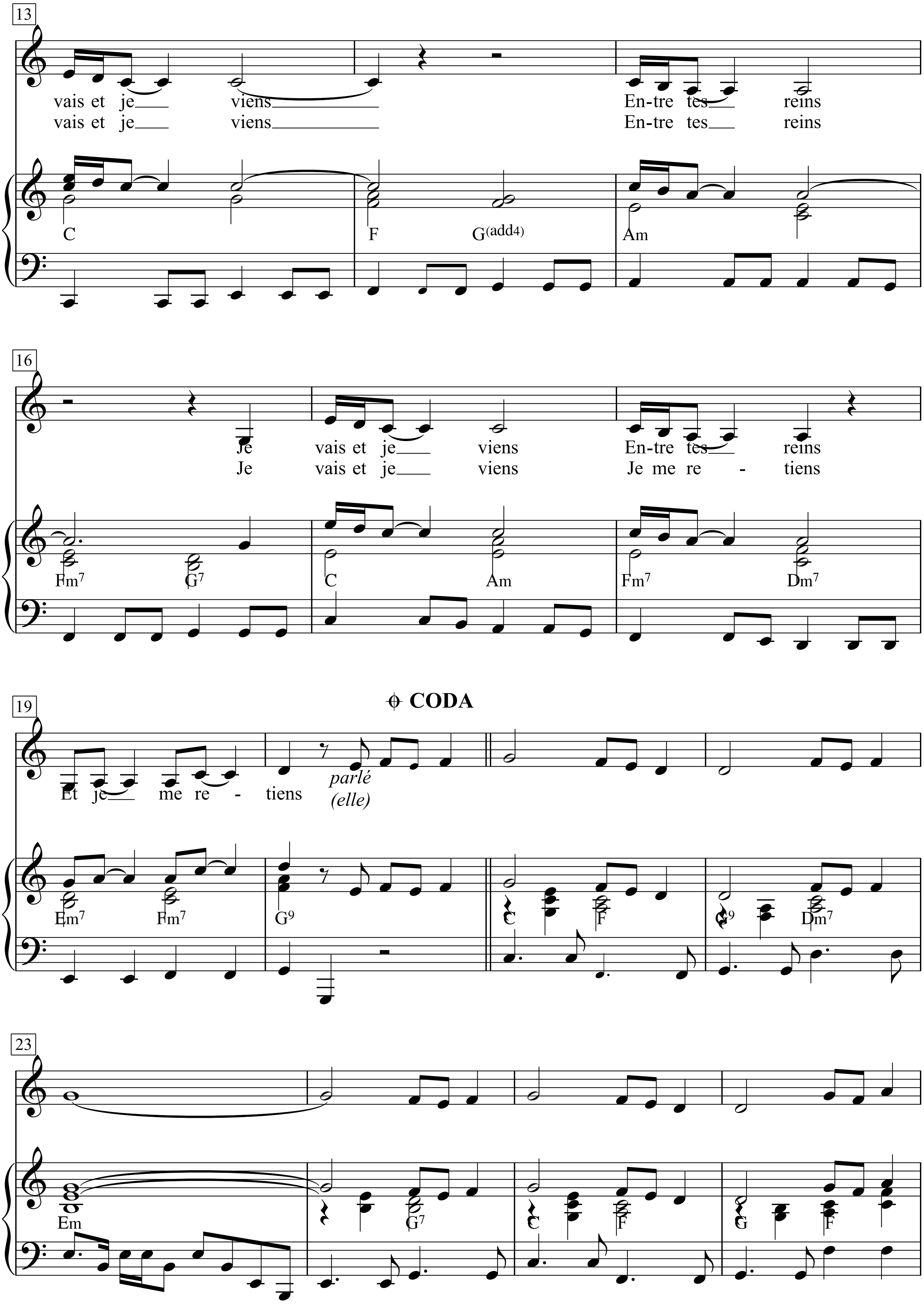
5. J'ai perdu la tramontane
En perdant Margot,
Qui épousa, contre son âme,
Un triste bigot ...
Elle doit avoir à l'heure,
A l'heure qu'il est,
Deux ou trois marmots qui pleurent
Pour avoir leur lait ...
Et, moi, j'ai tété leur mère
Longtemps avant eux ...
Le Bon Dieu me le pardonne,
J'étais amoureux!
Qu'il me le pardonne ou non,
D'ailleurs, je m'en fous,
J'ai déjà mon âme en peine:
Je suis un voyou.

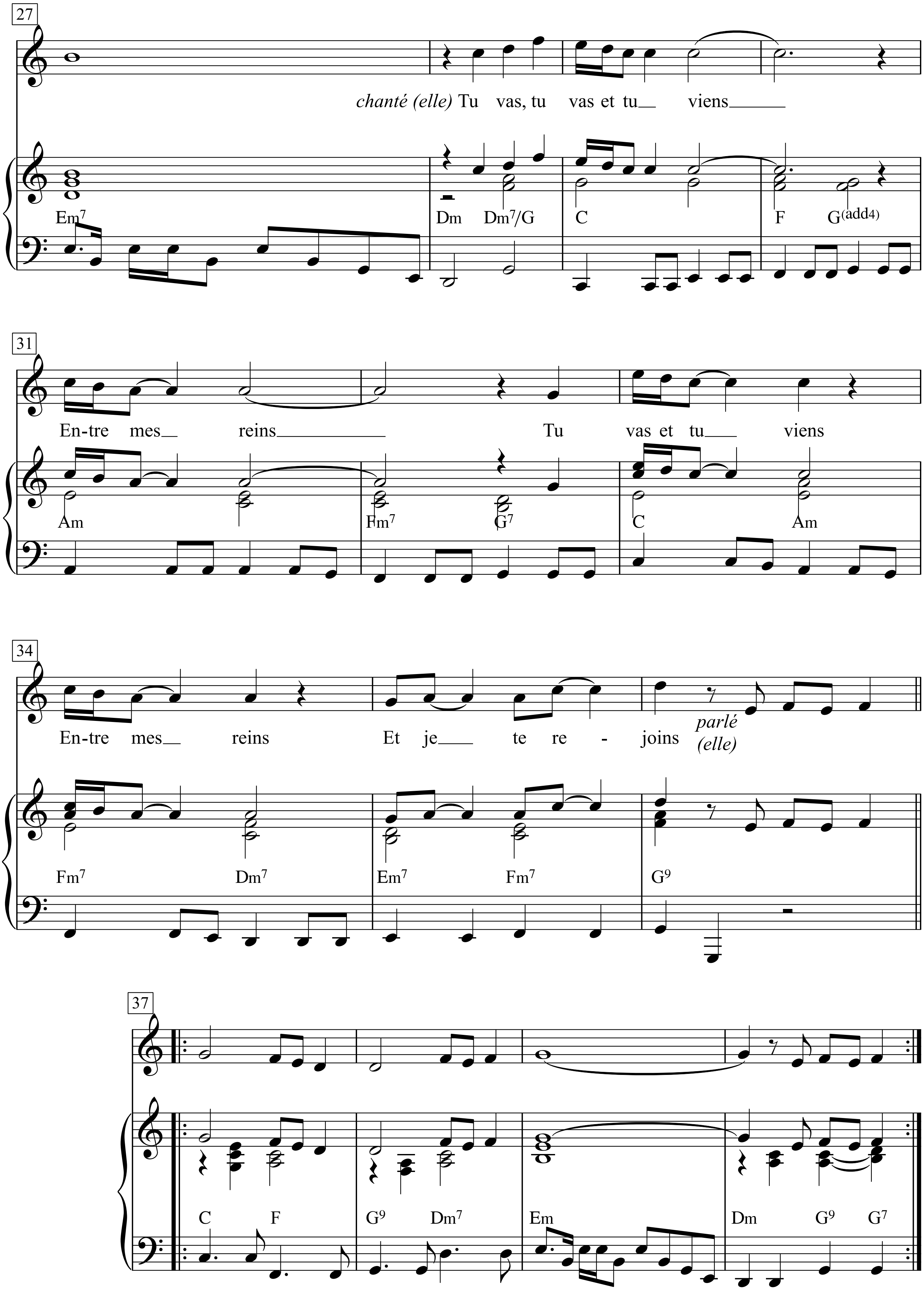
5. Ich hab meinen Stern verloren,
Margot und den Kopf,
als sie sich hinabvermählt hat
mit nem Spießertropf.
Mittlerweile hat sie wohl von
dem bigotten Knilch
zwei, drei Bälger, und die quengeln
jetzt um ihre Milch.
Lang vor ihnen hab ich da
das Nuckeln schon geübt;
mag's der liebe Gott verzeihen -
ich war sehr verliebt.
Ob er zürnt oder verzeiht,
kümmert mich kein Stück,
weil ich auf den Himmel pfeif,
ich bin ein Galgenstrick.

Je t’aime moi non plus

Paroles et musique de Serge Gainsbourg
(Serge Gainsbourg & Brigitte Bardot/Jane Birkin)




13
vais et je viens En-tre tes reins
vais et je viens En-tre tes reins
C F G(add4) Am
16
Je vais et je viens En-tre tes reins
Je vais et je viens Je me re - tiens
Fm7 G7 C Am Fm7 Dm7
19
CODA
Et je me re - tiens
parlé
(elle)
Em7 Fm7 G9 C F G9 Dm7
23
Em G7 C F G F

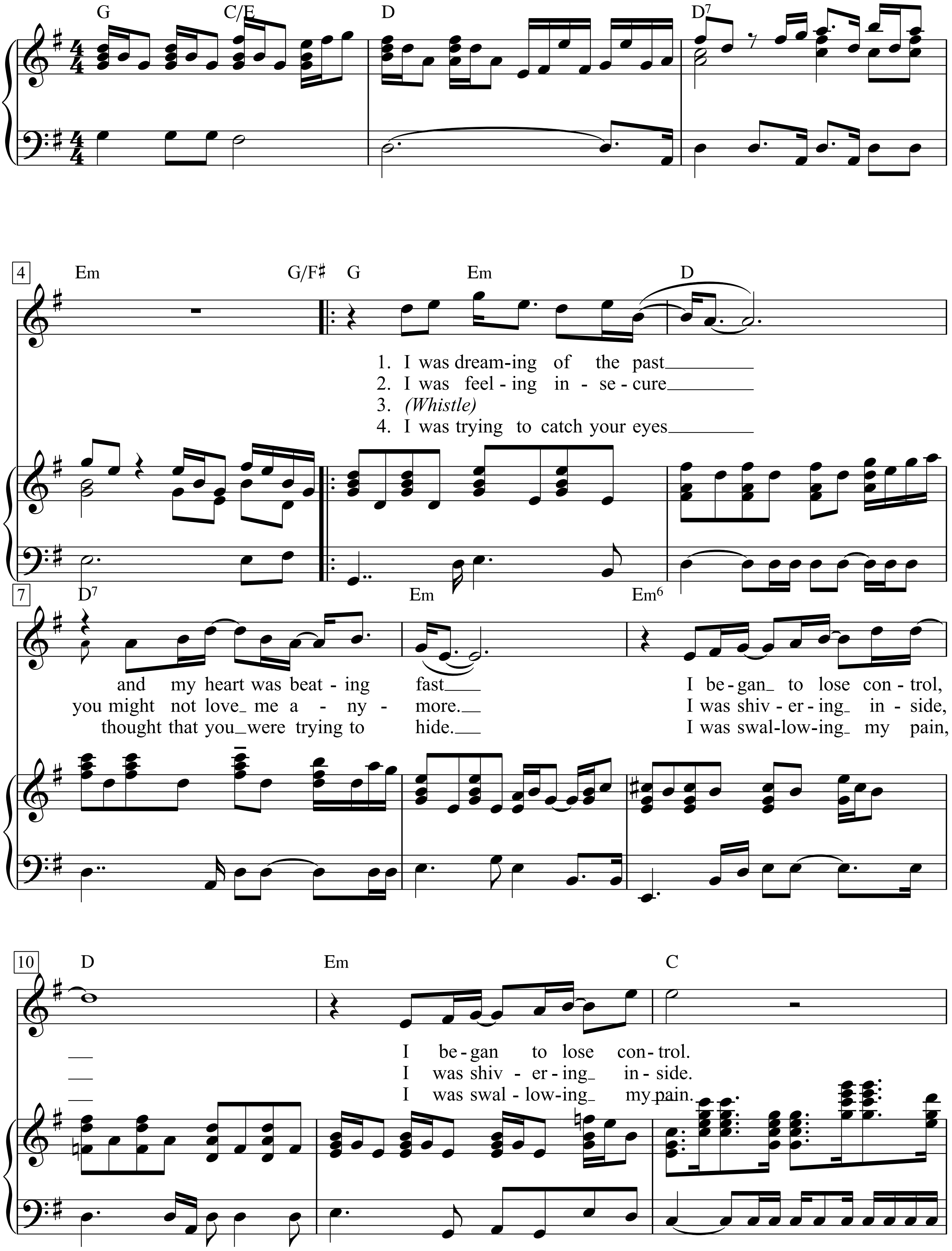

27
chanté (elle) Tu vas, tu vas et tu viens
Em7 Dm Dm7/G C F G(add4)
31
En-tre mes reins Tu vas et tu viens
Am Fm7 G7 C Am
34
En-tre mes reins Et je te re - joins
parlé (elle)
Fm7 Dm7 Em7 Fm7 G9
37
C F G9 Dm7 Em Dm G9 G7

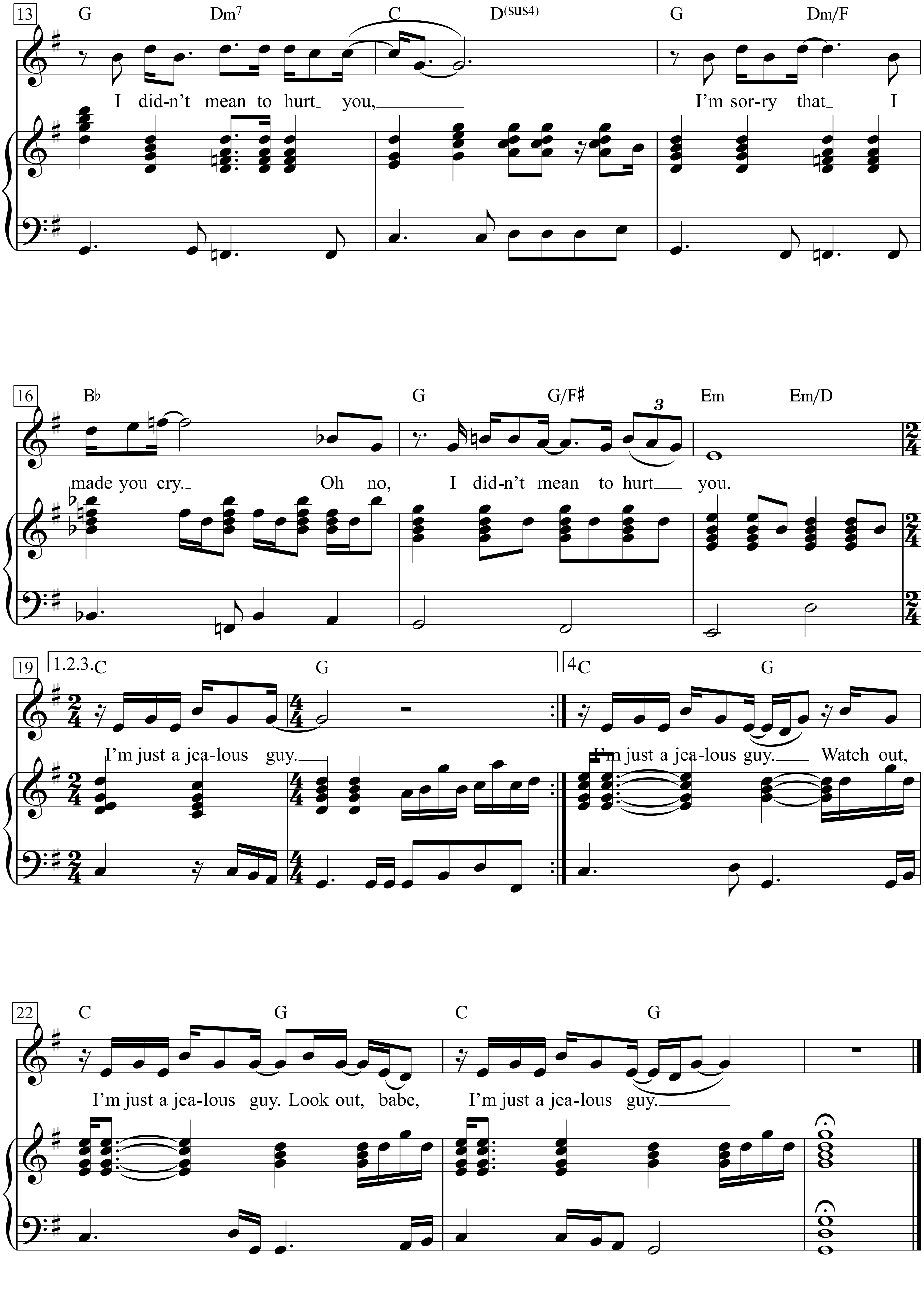
Je t'aime je t'aime
Oh oui je t'aime
Moi non plus
Oh mon amour
Comme la vague irrésolue
Je vais, je vais et je viens
Entre tes reins
Je vais et je viens
Entre tes reins
Et je me retiens
Je t'aime je t'aime
Oh oui je t'aime
Moi non plus
Oh mon amour
Tu es la vague, moi l'île nue
Tu vas, tu vas et tu viens
Entre mes reins
Tu vas et tu viens
Entre mes reins
Et je te rejoins
Je t'aime je t'aime
Oh…

[Jane]:Ich liebe dich
Oh, ich liebe dich
Oh, ja, ich liebe dich!
[Serge]:Ich auch nicht *
[Jane]:
Oh, meine Liebe...
[Serge]:Wie die Welle kommt und geht
Gehe ich, gehe ich und komme ich
zwischen deine Lenden
Ich gehe und ich komme
zwischen deine Lenden
und ich
halte es zurück
[Jane]:Oh, ich liebe dich, ich liebe dich!
Oh, ja, ich liebe dich!
[Serge]:
Ich auch nicht
[Jane]: Oh, meine Liebe
Du bist die Welle, ich bin die nackte Insel
Du gehst und kommst wieder rein
Zwischen meine Lenden
Du gehst und kommst wieder rein
Zwischen meine Lenden
Und ich
Vereinige mich mit dir
Ich liebe dich, ich liebe dich
Oh, ja, ich liebe dich
[Serge]: Ich auch nicht
[Jane]: Oh, meine Liebe...
[Serge]:
Wie die Welle kommt und geht
Geh ich raus, geh ich raus und geh wieder rein
Zwischen deine Lenden
Ich geh raus und geh wieder rein
Zwischen deine Lenden
Und ich halte es zurück
(lustvolles Gestöhne)
[Jane]: Du gehst, du gehst und kommst wieder rein
Zwischen meine Lenden
Du gehst und kommst wieder rein
Zwischen meine Lenden
Und ich
Vereinige mich mit dir
Oh, ich liebe dich, ich liebe dich!
Oh, ja, ich liebe dich
[Serge]: Ich auch nicht
[Jane]: Oh, meine Liebe!
[Serge]: Die körperliche Liebe ist ausweglos
Ich geh raus, ich geh raus und geh wieder rein
Zwischen deine Lenden
Ich geh raus und geh wieder rein
Zwischen deine Lenden
Und ich halte es zurück
[Jane]: Nein! Jetzt - komm!
(lustvolles Gestöhne)

Jealous Guy

Words & Music by John Lennon
(John Lennon)

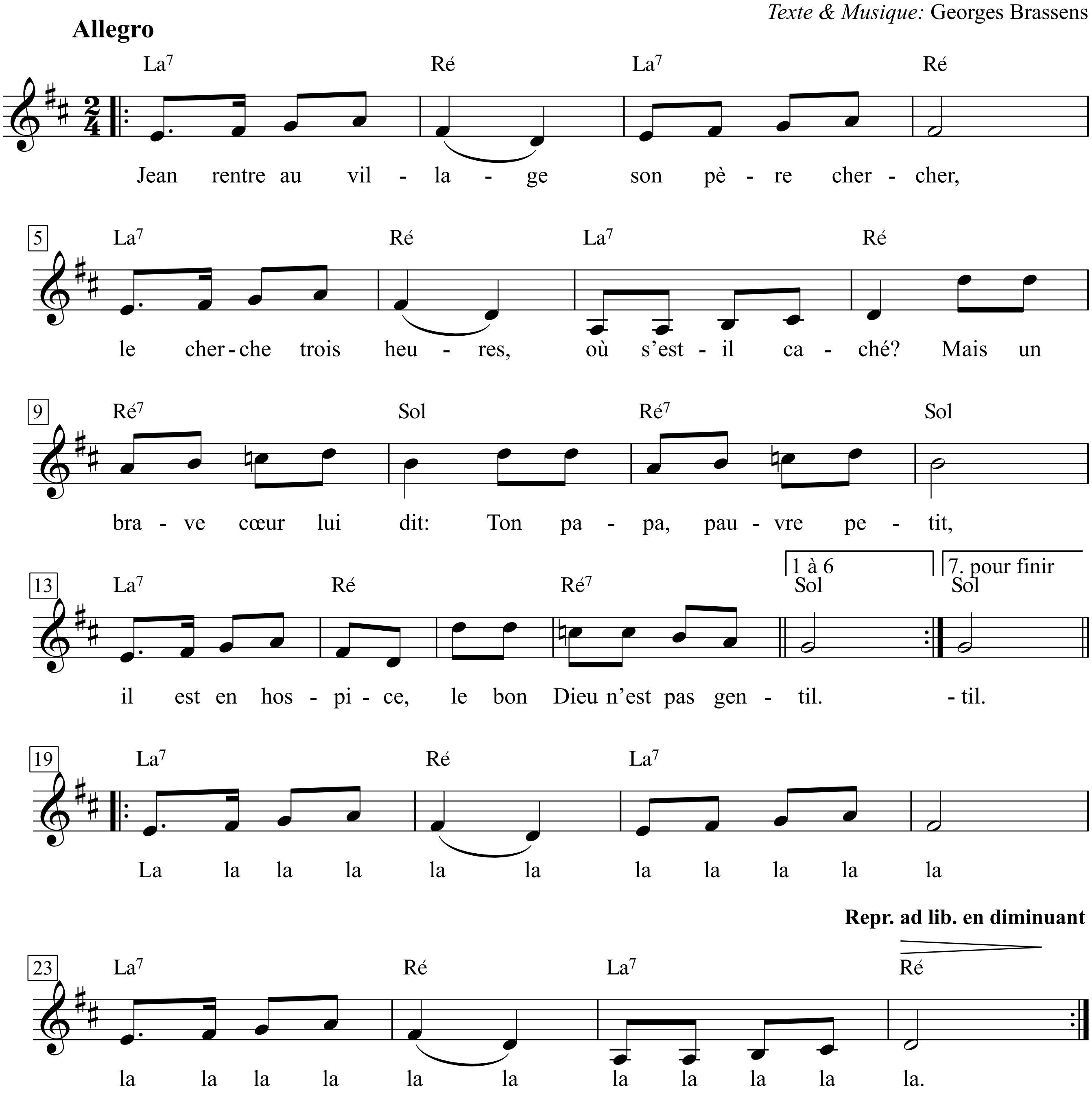



13
G Dm7 C D(sus4) G Dm/F
I did-n't mean to hurt you, I'm sor-ry that I
16
B♭ G G/F♯ Em Em/D
made you cry. Oh no, I did-n't mean to hurt you.
3
19
1.2.3.C G
I'm just a jea-lous guy.
4C G
I'm just a jea-lous guy. Watch out,
22
C G C G
I'm just a jea-lous guy. Look out, babe, I'm just a jea-lous guy.

Jean rentre au village

(Jean kommt heim ins Dorf)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



Jean rentre au village

Jean rentre au village
Son père chercher,
Le cherche trois heures,
Où s'est-il caché?

Mais un brave cœur lui dit:
Ton papa, pauvre petit,
Il est en hospice,
Le bon Dieu n'est pas gentil.

Jean va-t-en hospice
Son père chercher,
Le cherche trois heures,
Où s'est-il caché?

Mais un brave cœur lui dit:
Ton papa pauvre petit
L'est déjà-t-en morgue,
Le bon Dieu n'est pas gentil.

Jean s'en va-t-en morgue
Son père chercher,
Le cherche trois heures,
Où s'est-il caché?

Mais un brave cœur lui dit:
Ton papa, pauvre petit,
L'est déjà-t-en bière,
Le bon Dieu n'est pas gentil.

Jean s'en va-t-en bière
Son père chercher,
Le cherche trois heures,
Où s'est-il caché?

Mais un brave cœur lui dit:
Ton papa, pauvre petit,
L'est déjà-t-en route,
Le bon Dieu n'est pas gentil.

Jean s'en va-t-en route
Son père chercher,
Le cherche trois heures,
Où s'est-il caché?

Mais un brave cœur lui dit:
Ton papa, pauvre petit,
Lest déjà-t-en terre,
Le bon Dieu n'est pas gentil.

Jean s'en va-t-en terre
Son père chercher,
Le cherche trois heures,
Où s'est-il caché?

Mais un brave cœur lui dit:
Ton papa, pauvre petit,
L'est déjà-t-en cendres,
Le bon Dieu n'est pas gentil.

Jean kommt heim ins Dorf

Jean kommt heim ins Dorf,
seinen Vater zu suchen,
sucht ihn drei Stunden,
wo hat er sich versteckt?

Aber ein gutes Herz sagt ihm:
Dein Papa, armer Kleiner,
ist im Krankenhaus,
Gott ist nicht lieb.

Jean geht ins Krankenhaus,
seinen Vater zu suchen,
sucht ihn drei Stunden,
wo hat er sich versteckt?

Aber ein gutes Herz sagt ihm:
Dein Papa, armer Kleiner,
ist schon im Leichenhaus,
Gott ist nicht lieb.

Jean geht zum Leichenhaus,
seinen Vater zu suchen,
sucht ihn drei Stunden,
wo hat er sich versteckt?

Aber ein gutes Herz sagt ihm:
Dein Papa, armer Kleiner,
liegt schon im Sarg,
Gott ist nicht lieb.

Jean geht zum Sarg,
seinen Vater zu suchen,
sucht ihn drei Stunden,
wo hat er sich versteckt?

Aber ein gutes Herz sagt ihm:
Dein Papa, armer Kleiner,
ist schon unterwegs,
Gott ist nicht lieb.

Jean ist unterwegs,
seinen Vater zu suchen,
sucht ihn drei Stunden,
wo hat er sich versteckt?

Aber ein gutes Herz sagt ihm:
Dein Papa, armer Kleiner,
ist schon in der Erde,
Gott ist nicht lieb.

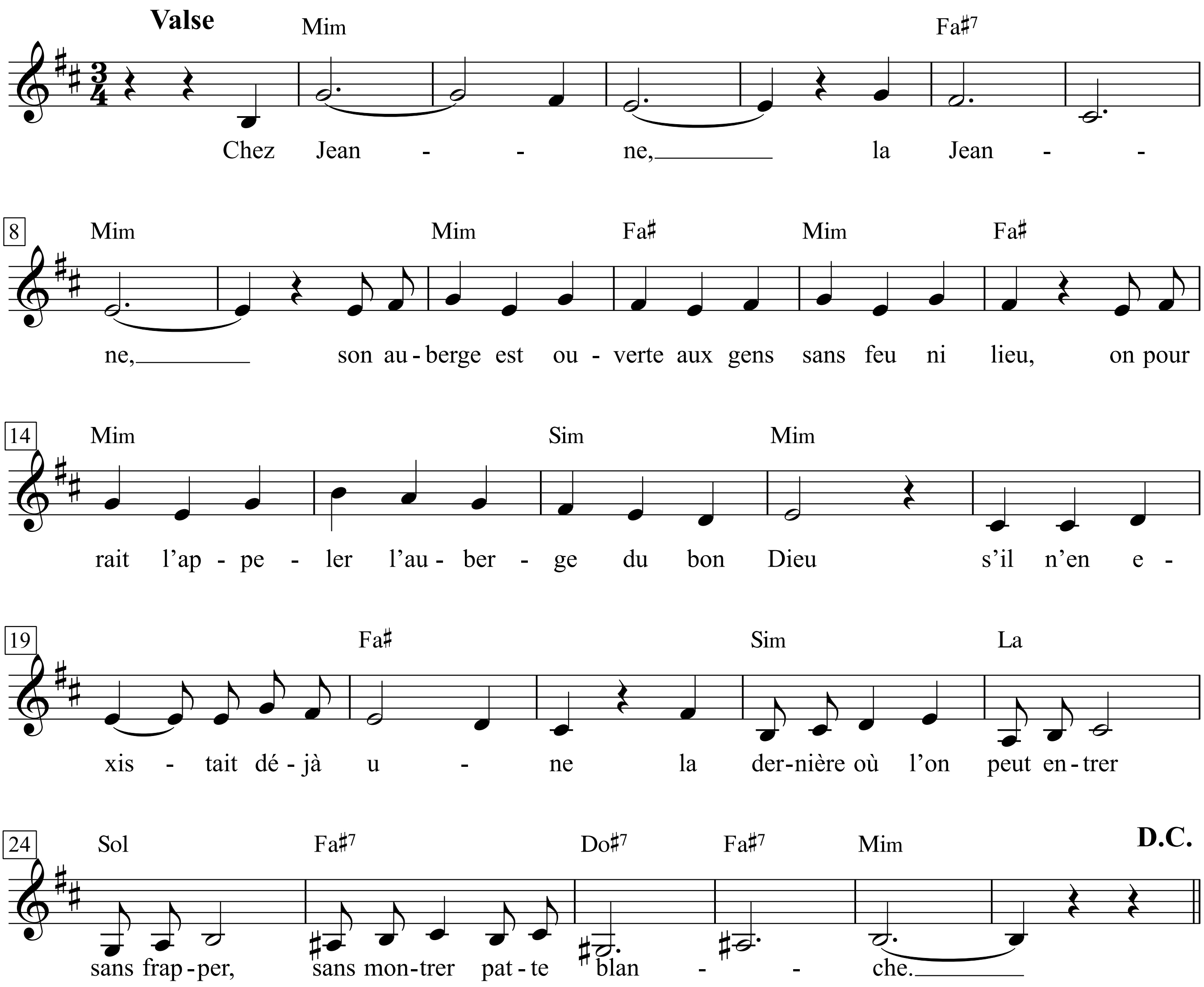
Jean geht in die Erde,
seinen Vater zu suchen,
sucht ihn drei Stunden,
wo hat er sich versteckt?

Aber ein gutes Herz sagt ihm:
Dein Papa, armer Kleiner,
ist schon Asche,
Gott ist nicht lieb.

Jeanne

(Jeanne)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Chez Jeanne, la Jeanne,
Son auberge est ouverte aux gens sans feu ni lieu,
On pourrait l'appeler l'auberge du Bon Dieu
S'il n'en existait déjà une,
La dernière où l'on peut entrer
Sans frapper, sans montrer patte blanche ...

2. Chez Jeanne, la Jeanne,
On est n'importe qui, on vient n'importe quand,
Et, comme par miracle, par enchantement,
On fait parti' de la famille,
Dans son cœur, en s' poussant un peu,
Reste encore une petite place ...

3. La Jeanne, la Jeanne,
Elle est pauvre et sa table est souvent mal servie,
Mais le peu qu'on y trouve assouvit pour la vie,
Par la façon qu'elle le donne,
Son pain ressemble à du gâteau
Et son eau à du vin comm' deux gouttes d'eau ...

4. La Jeanne, la Jeanne,
On la pai' quand on peut des prix mirobolants:
Un baiser sur son front ou sur ses cheveux blancs,
Un semblant d'accord de guitare,
L'adresse d'un chat échaudé
Ou d'un chien tout crotté comm' pourboire ...

5. La Jeanne, la Jeanne,
Dans ses rose' et ses choux n'a pas trouvé d'enfant,
Qu'on aime et qu'on défend contre les quatre vents,
Et qu'on accroche à son corsage,
Et qu'on arrose avec son lait ...
D'autres qu'elle en seraient tout' chagrines ...

6. Mais Jeanne, la Jeanne,
Ne s'en souci' pas plus que de colin-tampon,
Etre mère de trois poulpiquets, à quoi bon!
Quand elle est mère universelle,
Quand tous les enfants de la terre,
De la mer et du ciel sont à elle ...

1. Bei Jeanne, la Jeanne,
ihre Herberge ist geöffnet denen ohne Feuer und Obdach,
man könnte sie Herberge zum Lieben Gott nennen,
wenn es die nicht schon gäbe,
die letzte, wo man eintreten kann,
ohne zu klopfen, ohne Pfötchen zu zeigen.

2. Bei Jeanne, la Jeanne,
egal wer man ist, egal woher man kommt,
wie durch ein Wunder, wie durch Zauberei
gehört man zur Familie,
in ihrem Herzen, wenn man ein bisschen aufrückt,
ist immer noch ein Plätzchen.

3. Die Jeanne, la Jeanne,
sie ist arm, ihre Tafel ist oft karg,
aber das Wenige, was man da findet, reicht zum Leben
dank der Art, wie sie es gibt,
ihr Brot gleicht Kuchen
und ihr Wasser Wein, wie ein Ei dem anderen.

4. Bei Jeanne, la Jeanne,
man bezahlt, wenn man kann, mit traumhaften Preisen:
ein Kuss auf die Stirn, auf ihr weißes Haar,
ein Hauch von Gitarrenakkord,
gibt ihr eine versengte Katze
oder einen verdreckten Hund als Trinkgeld.

5. Die Jeanne, la Jeanne,
hat in Rosen und Kohl nie ein Kind gefunden,
es zu lieben und gegen alle Unbill zu schützen
und an ihr Mieder zu binden
und mit eigener Milch zu benetzen ...
andere als sie wären darüber todtraurig ...

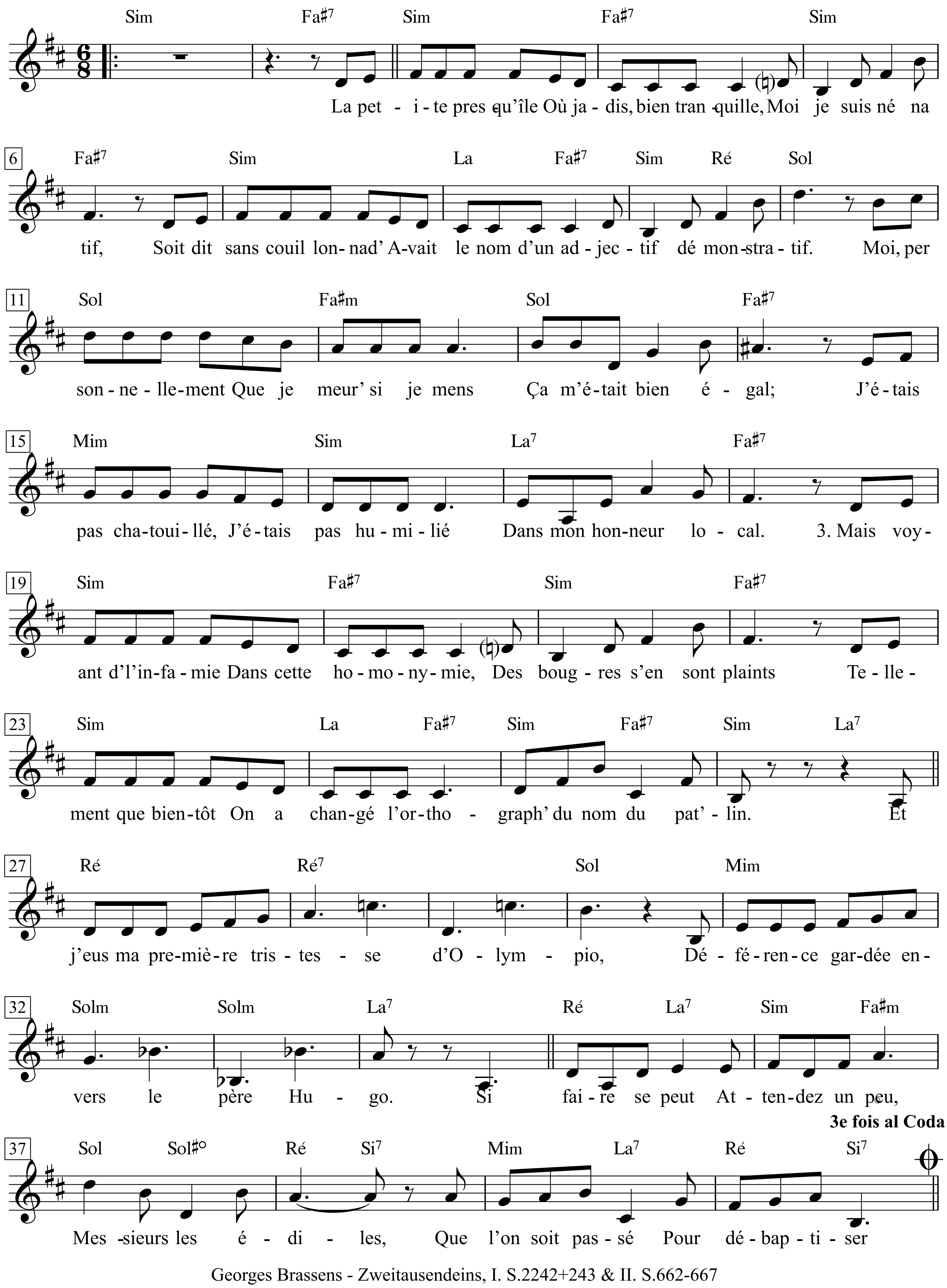
6. Doch Jeanne, la Jeanne,
leidet nicht darunter, es ist ihr schnurz,
Mutter von drei Küken sein, was ist das schon,
wenn man die Große Mutter ist,
wenn alle Kinder der Erde,
der See und des Himmels die ihren sind ...

Jeanne Martin

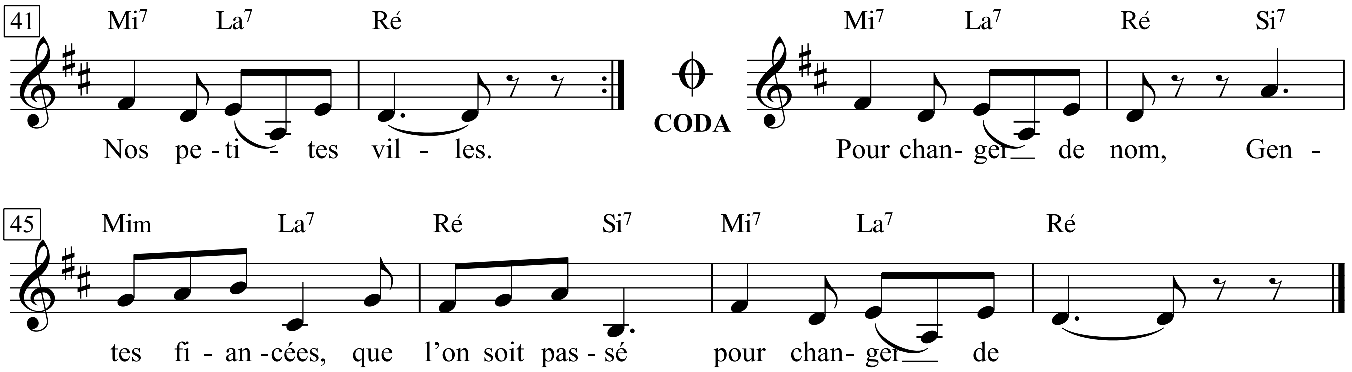
(Jeanne Martin)

Texte de Georges Brassens

Musique de Jean Bertola



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.2242+243 & II. S.662-667



Jeanne Martin

La petite presqu'île
Où jadis, bien tranquille,
Moi je suis né natif,
Soit dit sans couillonnad'
Avait le nom d'un ad-
jectif démonstratif.

Moi, personnellement
Que je meur' si je mens
Ça m'était bien égal;
J'étais pas chatouillé,
J'étais pas humilié
Dans mon honneur local.

Mais voyant d'l'infamie
Dans cette homonymie,
Des bougres s'en sont plaints
Tellement que bientôt
On a changé l'ortho-
graph' du nom du pat'lin.

Et j'eus ma première tristesse d'Olympio,
Déférence gardée envers le père Hugo.

Si faire se peut
Attendez un peu,
Messieurs les édiles,
Que l'on soit passé
Pour débaptiser
Nos petites villes.

La chère vieille rue
Où mon père avait cru
On ne peut plus propice
D'aller construire sa
Petite maison s'a-
ppelait rue de l'Hospice.

Se mettre en quête d'un
Nom d'rue plus opportun
Ne se concevait pas.
On n' pouvait trouver mieux
Vu qu'un asile de vieux
Florissait dans le bas.

Jeanne Martin

Die kleine Halbinsel,
wo ich einst ganz ruhig
eingeboren wurde,
hatte, das sei ohne
Geblödel gesagt, den Namen eines
Demonstrativpronomens.

1AT.

Ich persönlich
will sterben, wenn ich lüge,
es war mir ziemlich egal;
ich fühlte mich nicht
gepiekst oder gedemütigt
in meiner Lokalehre.

Aber in diesem Gleichklang
Infamie sehend,
haben sich Trottel beschwert,
so sehr, dass bald
die Orthographie geändert wurde
vom Namen des Kaffs.

Und ich litt mein erstes Olympio-Ungemach,
der verehrte Vater Hugo sehe es mir nach.

Wenn's sich machen lässt,
wartet ein bisschen,
ihr Herrn Ädilen,
bis wir hinüber sind,
mit dem Umtaufen
unserer kleinen Städte.

Die liebe kleine Straße,
wo mein Vater es für gut
hielt, wie's nicht besser geht,
sein kleines Haus zu
bauen, hieß
Rue de l'Hospice.

Sich auf die Suche zu machen
nach einem gefälligeren Straßennamen
kam nicht in Frage.
Ein besseren konnte man nicht finden,
da doch ein Altersheim
am Ende stand und gedieh.

Les anciens combattants,
Tous comme un seul, sortant
De leurs vieux trous d'obus,
Firent tant qu'à la fin
La rue d'l'Hospic' devint:
La rue Henri Barbusse.

Et j'eus ma deuxième tristesse d'Olympio,
Déférence gardée envers le père Hugo.

Pour changer de nom.
Si faire se peut
Attendez un peu,
Héros incongrus,
Que l'on soit passé
Pour débaptiser
Nos petites rues.

Moi, la première à qui
Mon cœur fut tout acquis
S'app'lait Jeanne Martin,
Patronyme qui fait
Pas tellement d'effet
Dans le bottin mondain.

Mais moi j'aimais comme un
Fou ce nom si commun,
N'en déplaise aux minus.
D'ailleurs, de parti pris,
Celle que je chéris,
S'appell' toujours Vénus.

Hélas un béotien
A la place du sien
Lui proposa son blase
Fameux dans l'épicerie
Et cette renchérie
Refusa pas, hélas!

Et j 'eus ma troisième tristesse d'Olympio,
Déférence gardée envers le père Hugo.

Si faire se peut
Attendez un peu
Cinq minutes, non?
Gentes fiancées,
Que l'on soit passé

Die alten Kämpfer,
wie ein Mann krochen sie
aus ihren alten Granattrichtern
und schlugen Lärm, bis schließlich
die Rue de l'Hospice zur
Rue Henri Barbusse wurde.

Und ich litt mein zweites Olympic-Ungemach,
der verehrte Vater Hugo sehe es mir nach.

Wenn's sich machen lässt,
wartet ein bisschen,
verquere Helden,
bis wir hinüber sind
mit dem Umtaufen
unserer kleinen Straßen.

Die Erste, der
mein Herz ganz gehörte,
hieß Jeanne Martin,
Familienname, der
nicht viel hermacht
in den Gesellschaftsspalten.

Aber ich liebte wie ein
Wahnsinniger diesen gewöhnlichen Namen,
egal was andere sagen.
Übrigens heißt die,
die ich liebe, immer Venus.

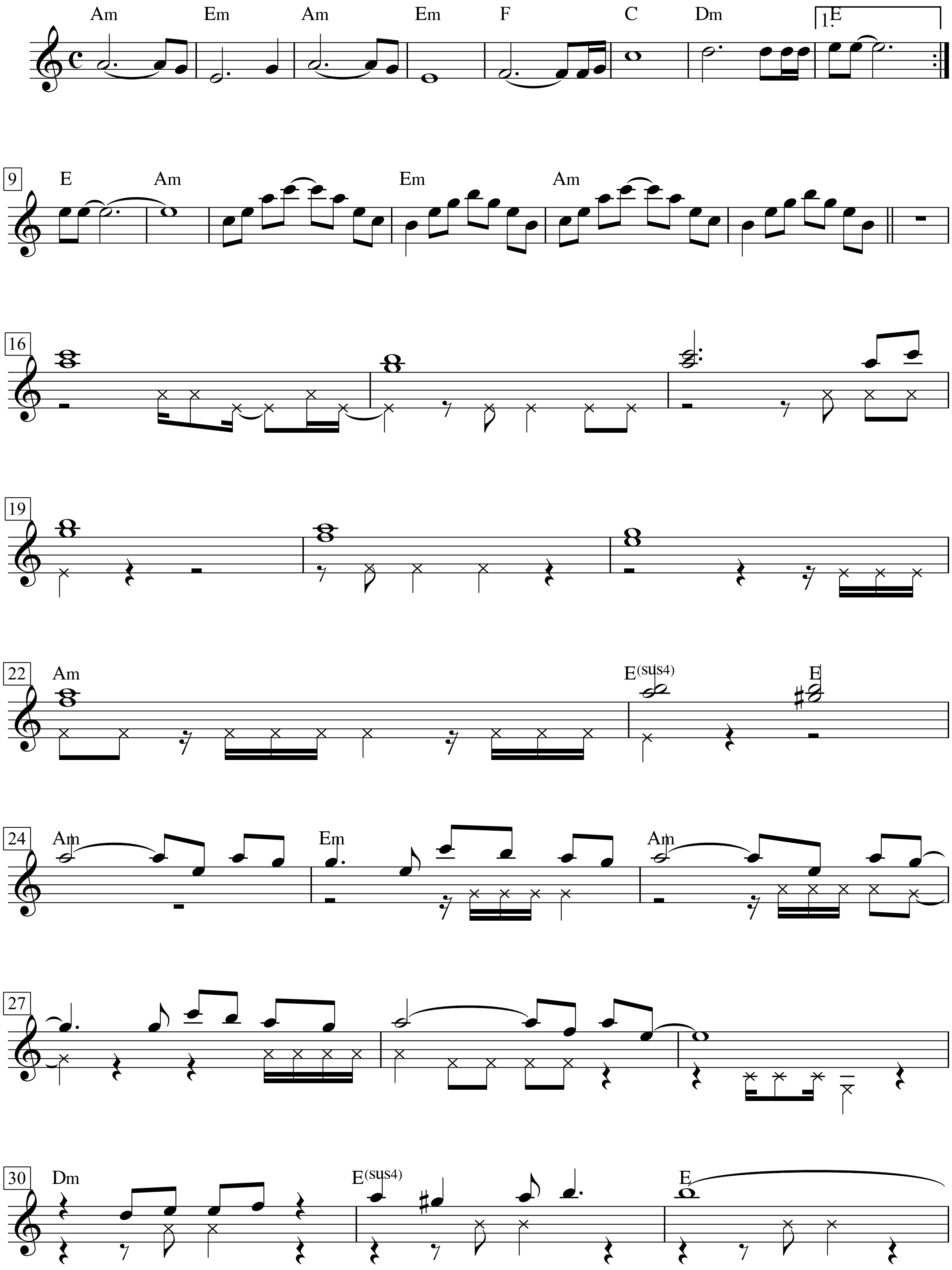
Leider hat ein Trottel
ihr statt des ihren
seinen Namen vorgeschlagen,
berühmt im Kramhandel,
und diese Verstiegene
hat leider nicht abgelehnt.

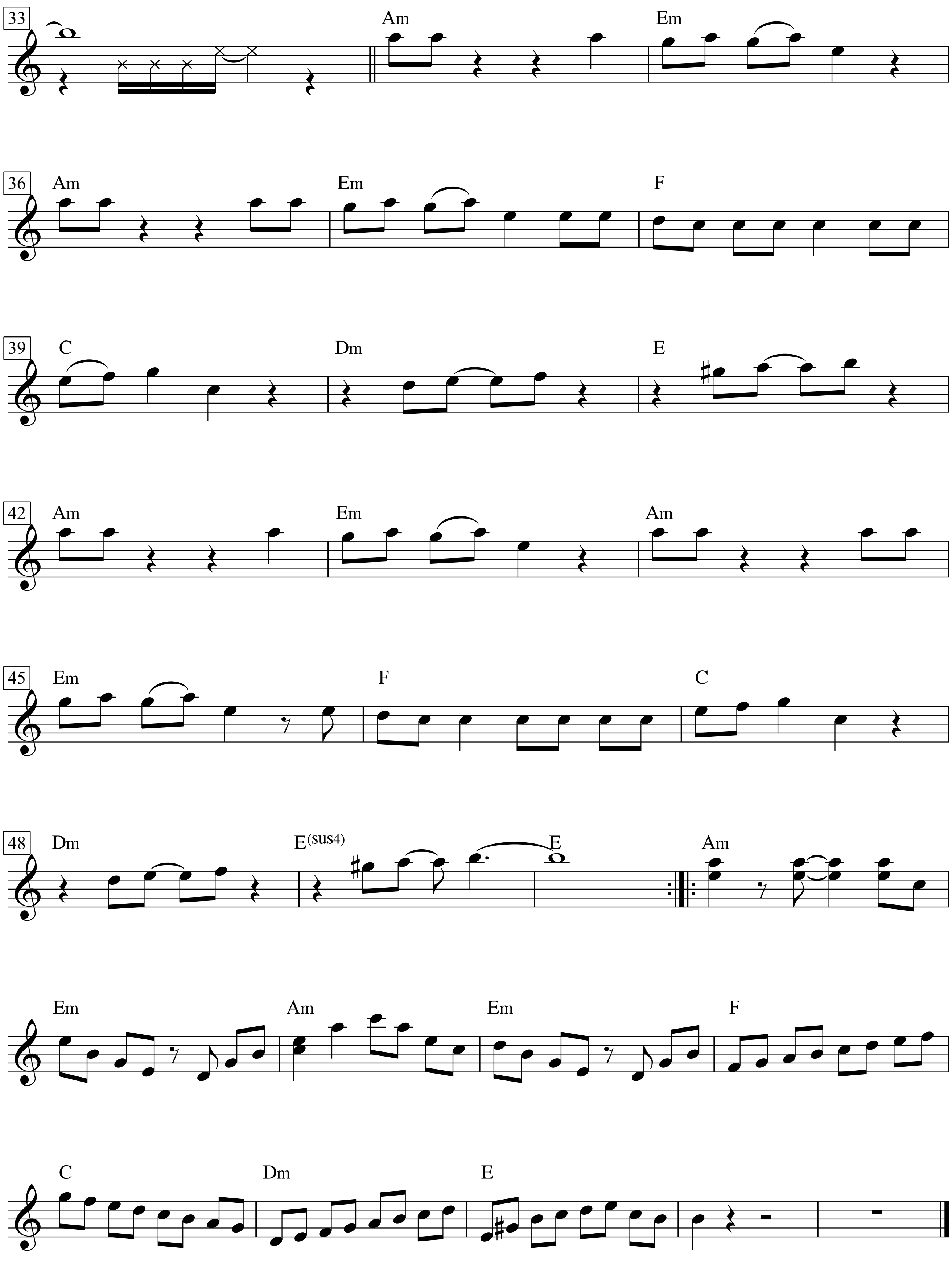
Und ich litt mein drittes Olympio-Ungemach,
der verehrte Vater Hugo sehe es mir nach.

Wenn's sich machen lässt,
wartet ein bisschen,
fünf Minuten, ja?,
geschätzte Verlobte,
bis wir hinüber sind,
um den Namen zu ändern.

Jeanny

Text & Musik:
Rob & Ferdi Bolland; Johann Hölzel (Falco)
(Falco)

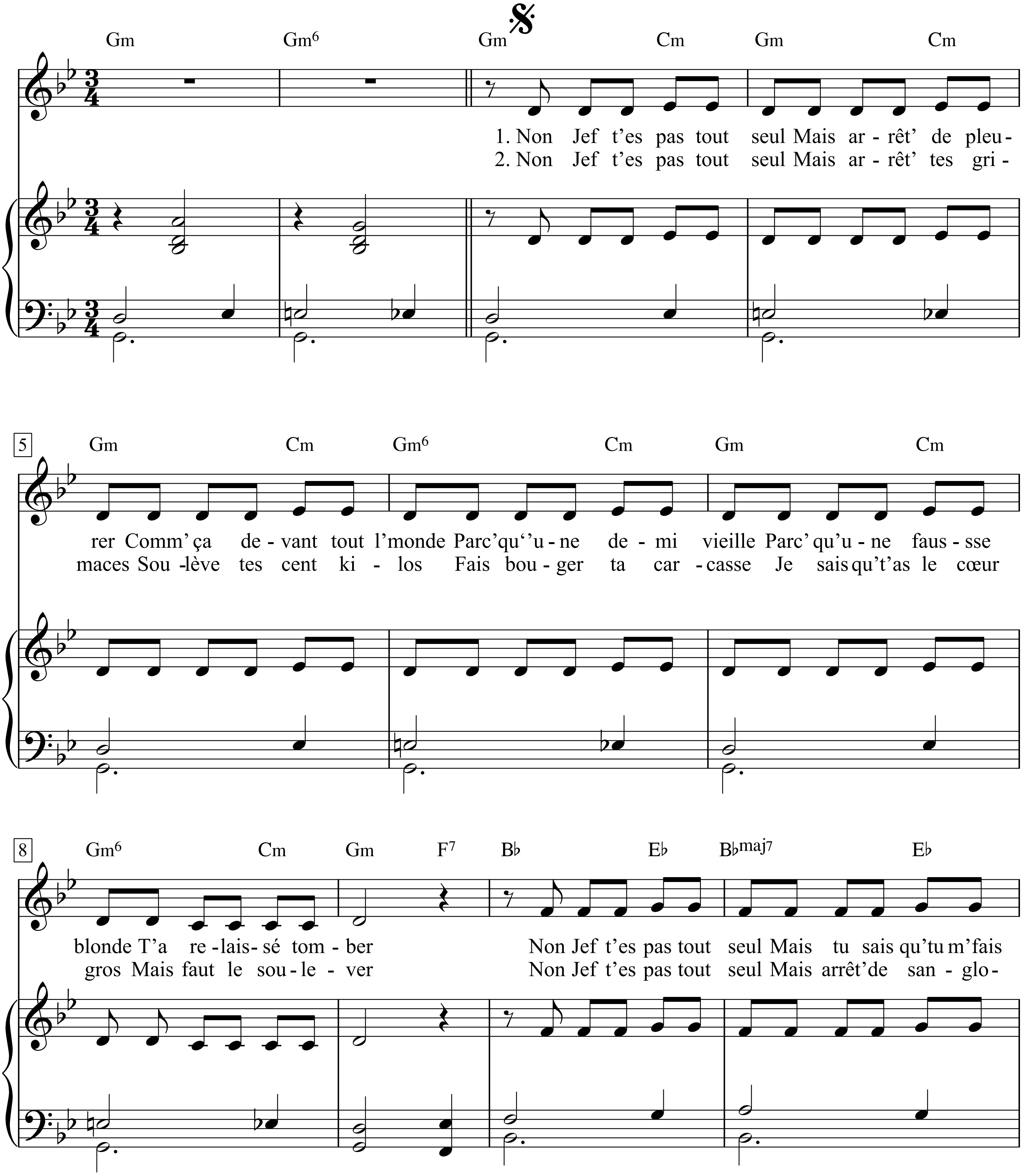



33
Am
Em
36
Am
Em
F
39
C
Dm
E
42
Am
Em
Am
45
Em
F
C
48
Dm
E(sus4)
E
Am
Em
Am
Em
F
C
Dm
E

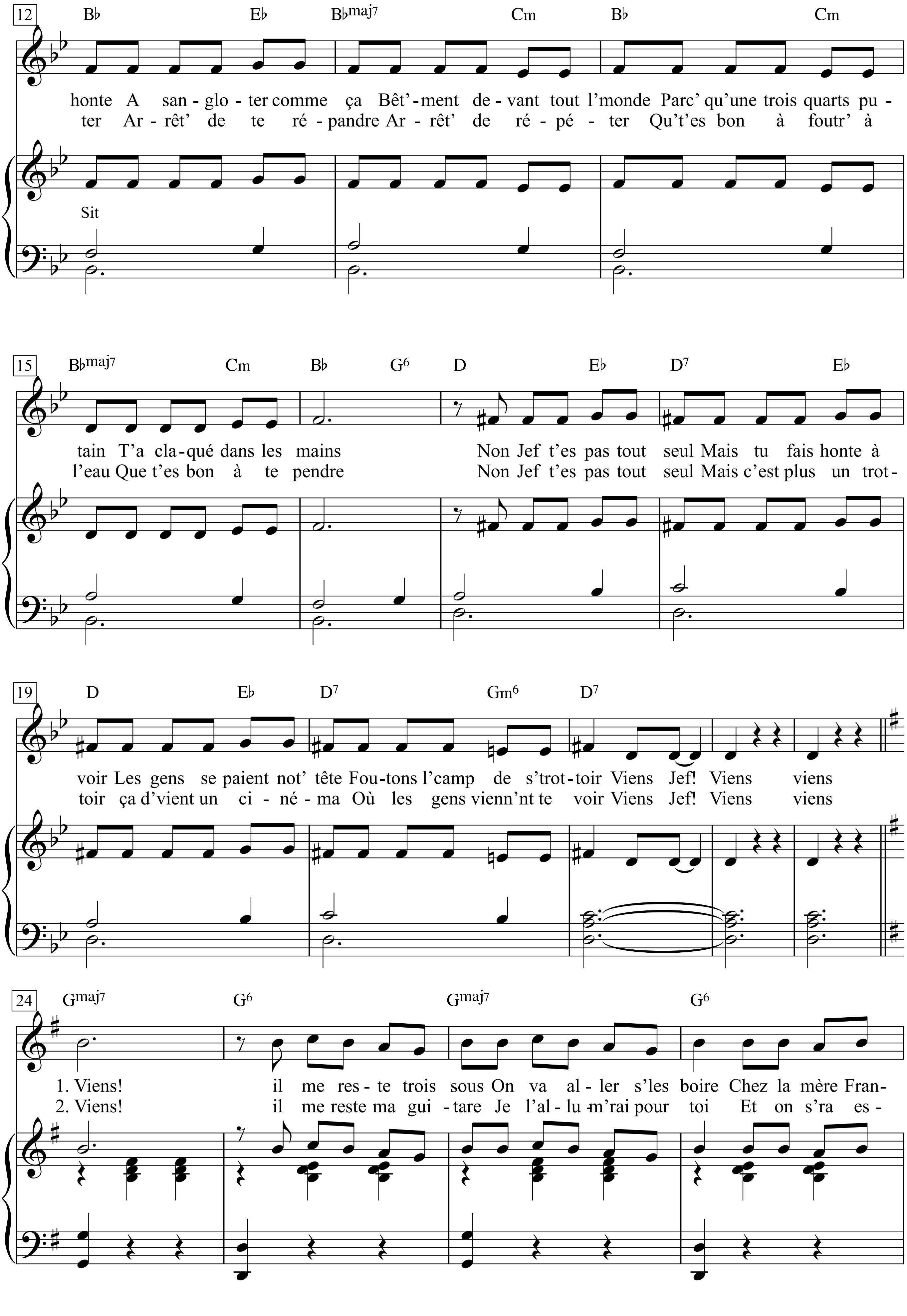
Jef

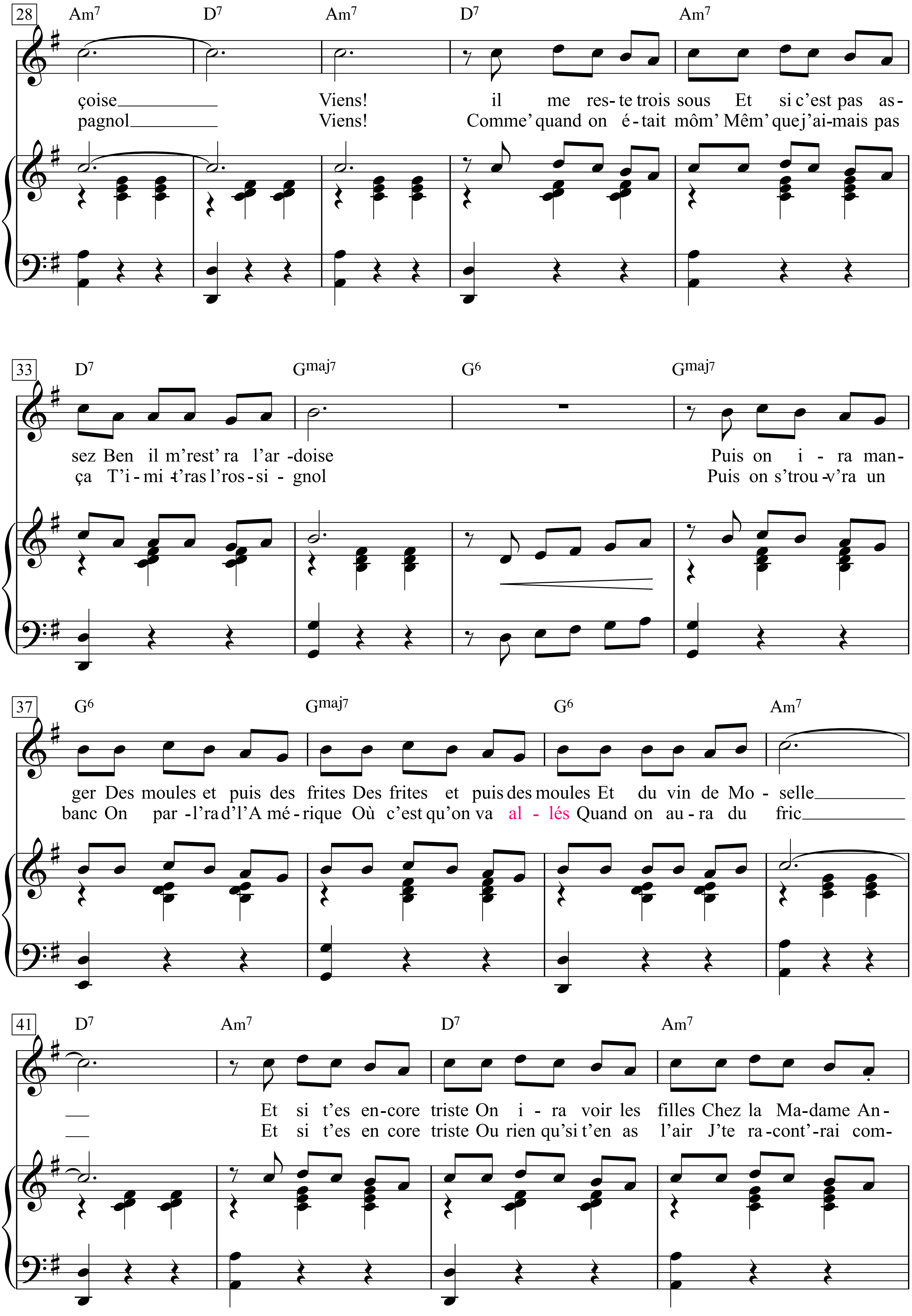
Allegro moderato

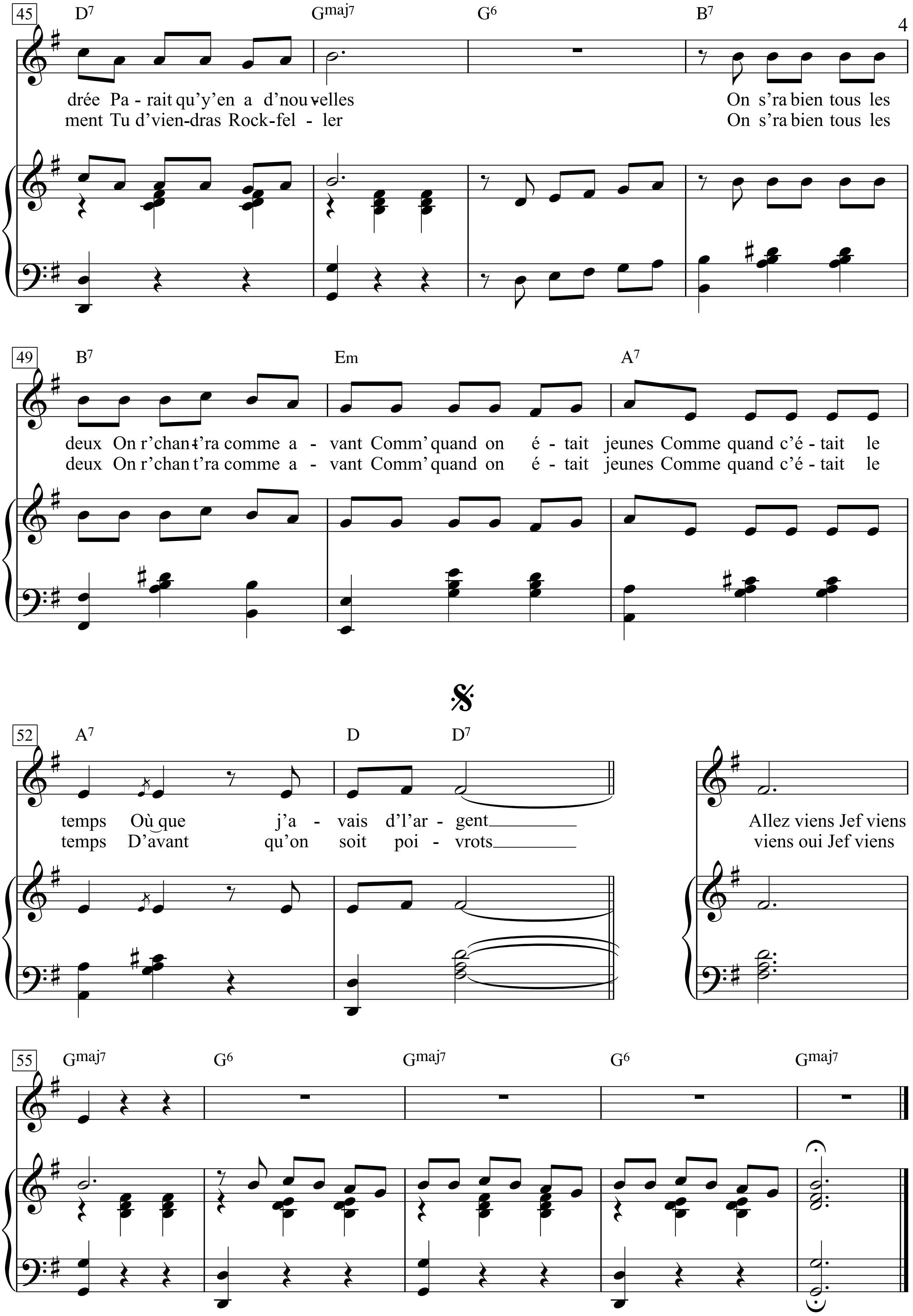
Paroles & Musique: Jacques Brel



Les plus grandes chanson de Jacques Brel, p. 72-75


12
B♭ E♭ B♭maj7 Cm B♭ Cm
honte A san - glo - ter comme ça Bêt' - ment de - vant tout l'monde Parc' qu'une trois quarts pu -
ter Ar - rêt' de te ré - pandre Ar - rêt' de ré - pé - ter Qu't'es bon à foutr' à
Sit
15
B♭maj7 Cm B♭ G6 D E♭ D7 E♭
tain T'a cla - qué dans les mains Non Jef t'es pas tout seul Mais tu fais honte à
l'eau Que t'es bon à te pendre Non Jef t'es pas tout seul Mais c'est plus un trot -
19
D E♭ D7 Gm6 D7
voir Les gens se paient not' tête Fou - tons l'camp de s'trot - toir Viens Jef! Viens viens
toir ça d'vient un ci - né - ma Où les gens vienn'nt te voir Viens Jef! Viens viens
24
Gmaj7 G6 Gmaj7 G6
1. Viens! il me res - te trois sous On va al - ler s'les boire Chez la mère Fran -
2. Viens! il me reste ma gui - tare Je l'al - lu - m'rai pour toi Et on s'ra es -


28
Am7 D7 Am7 D7 Am7
çoise Viens! il me res- te trois sous Et si c'est pas as-
pagnol Viens! Comme' quand on é - tait môm' Mêm' quej'ai-mais pas
33
D7 Gmaj7 G6 Gmaj7
sez Ben il m'rest' ra l'ar -doise Puis on i - ra man-
ça T'i - mi -t'ras l'ros - si - gnol Puis on s'trou -v'ra un
37
G6 Gmaj7 G6 Am7
ger Des moules et puis des frites Des frites et puis des moules Et du vin de Mo - selle
banc On par -l'ra d'l'A mé - rique Où c'est qu'on va al - lés Quand on au - ra du fric
41
D7 Am7 D7 Am7
Et si t'es en-core triste On i - ra voir les filles Chez la Ma-dame An -
Et si t'es en core triste Ou rien qu'si t'en as l'air J'te ra-cont'-rai com-


45
D7
Gmaj7
G6
B7
drée Pa - rait qu'y'en a d'nouvelles
ment Tu d'vien-dras Rock-fel - ler
On s'ra bien tous les
On s'ra bien tous les
49
B7
Em
A7
deux On r'chant'ra comme a - vant Comm' quand on é - tait jeunes Comme quand c'é - tait le
deux On r'chant'ra comme a - vant Comm' quand on é - tait jeunes Comme quand c'é - tait le
52
A7
D
D7
temps Où que j'a - vais d'l'ar - gent
temps D'avant qu'on soit poi - vrots
Allez viens Jef viens
viens oui Jef viens
55
Gmaj7
G6
Gmaj7
G6
Gmaj7

1. Non Jef t'es pas tout seul
Mais arrêt' de pleurer
Comm' ça devant tout l'monde
Parc' qu''une demi vieille
Parc' qu'une faussse blonde
T'a relaissé tomber
Non Jef t'es pas tout seul
Mais tu sais qu'tu m'fais honte
A sangloter comme ça
Bêt'ment devant tout l'monde
Parc' qu'une trois quarts putain
T'a claqué dans les mains
Non Jef t'es pas tout seul
Mais tu fais honte à voir
Les gens se paient not' tête
Foutons l'camp de s'trottoir
Viens Jef! Viens viens

Refrain:
Viens! il me reste trois sous
On va aller s'les boire
Chez la mère Françoise
Viens! il me reste trois sous
Et si c'est pas assez
Ben il m'rest'ra l'ardoise
Puis on ira manger
Des moules et puis des frites
Des frites et puis des moules
Et du vin de Moselle
Et si t'es encore triste
On ira voir les filles
Chez la Madame Andrée
Parait qu'y'en a d'nouvelles
On s'ra bien tous les deux
On r'chant'ra comme avant
Comm' quand on était jeunes
Comme quand c'était le temps
Où que j'avais d'l'argent

Allez viens Jef viens

2. Non Jef t'es pas tout seul
Mais arrêt' tes grimaces
Soulève tes cent kilos
Fais bouger ta carcasse
Je sais qu't'as le cœur gros
Mais faut le soulever
Non Jef t'es pas tout seul
Mais arrêt' de sangloter
Arrêt' de te répandre
Arrêt' de répéter
Qu't'es bon à foutr' à l'eau
Que t'es bon à te pendre
Non Jef t'es pas tout seul
Mais c'est plus un trottoir
ça d'vient un cinéma
Où les gens vienn'nt te voir
Viens Jef! Viens viens

Refrain:
Viens! il me reste ma guitare
Je l'allum'rai pour toi
Et on s'ra espagnol
Viens! Comme' quand on était môm'
Mêm' que j'aimais pas ça
T'imit'ras l'rossignol
Puis on s'trouv'ra un banc
On parl'ra d'l'Amérique
Où c'est qu'on va allés
Quand on aura du fric
Et si t'es encore triste
Ou rien qu'si t'en as l'air
J'te racont'rai comment
Tu d'viendras Rockfeller
On s'ra bien tous les deux
On r'chant'ra comme avant
Comm' quand on était jeunes
Comme quand c'était le temps
D'avant qu'on soit poivrots

viens oui Jef viens

Nein, Jef, du bist nicht allein!
Doch Mensch, wie siehst du aus!
Die Leute lachen sich ja krumm.
Komm weg von diesem Trottoir.
Komm, Jef! Komm! Komm!

Ich hab’ noch etwas Geld,
das wollen wir versaufen
bei der Mutter Françoise.
Komm. Jef! Komm! Komm!
Ich hab’ noch etwas Geld.
Und wenn es uns nicht reicht,
schreibt man’s sicher an.
Dann gehen wir schlemmen.
Muscheln mit Pommes Frites,
dazu einen Moselwein.
Und bist du dann noch traurig,
geh’n wir danach zu Mädchen.
Es soll ‘ne Neue geben
bei Madame Andrée.
Uns beiden geht’s dann gut.
Wir singen dann wie früher mal
in unsrer Jugend, Jef.
Wie damals in der Zeit,
da hatte ich noch Geld ...

Nein, Jef, du bist nicht allein!
Bitte mach nicht so’n Gesicht.
Heb deinen Doppelzentner in die Höh’,
beweg deine Knochen.
Ich weiß, dein Herz ist schwer.
Mach es dir doch leichter.
Nein, Jef, du bist nicht allein!
Hör bitte mit dem Weinen auf.
Hör auf zu jammern ...
Hör auf, zu sagen,
dir bliebe nur noch sich ertränken
oder der Strick.
Nein, Jef, du bist nicht allein!
Doch hier ist kein Trottoir!
Das wird zum Spektakel,
alle schauen auf dich.
Komm, Jef! Komm! Komm!

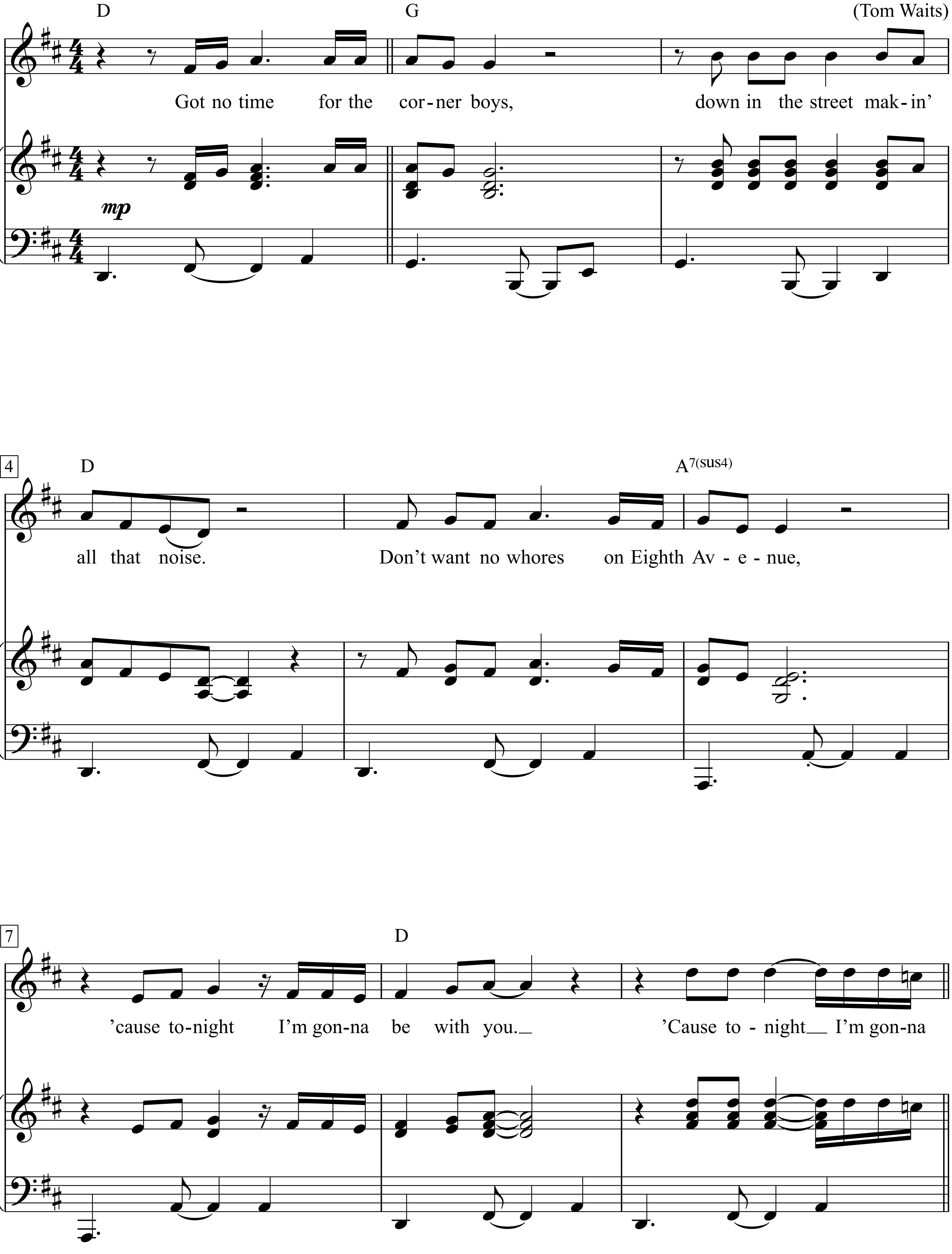
Komm! Ich hab’ noch meine Gitarre!
Ich entflamme sie für dich,
wir werden Spanier sein!
Komm, Jef, Komm!
Wie damals, als wir Kinder waren.
Obgleich ich das nicht möchte,
machst du mir jetzt die Nachtigall nach!
Dann finden wir uns eine Bank
und reden von Amerika.
Dort woll’n wir hin, das weißt du ja,
wenn wir reich sind. Jef, komm!
Und wenn du dann noch traurig bist,
auch nur so aussiehst,
dann erzähl ich dir,
wie du zu Rockefeller wirst.
Uns beiden geht’s dann gut.
Wir singen dann wie früher mal.
Wie damals, Jef, als wir noch schön waren.
Wie damals in der Zeit,
bevor wir Trunkenbolde wurden.

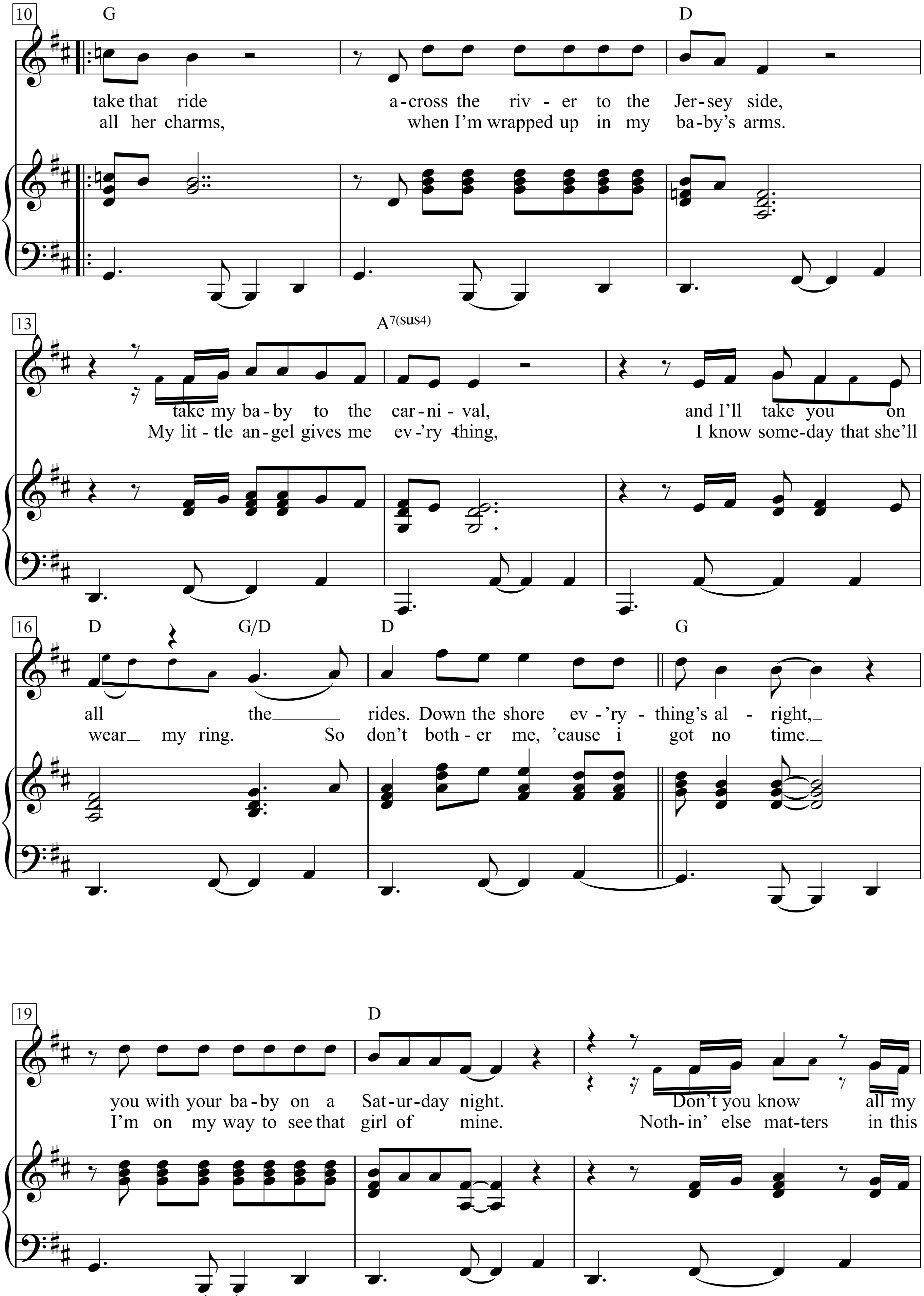
Los, komm, Jef! Komm!

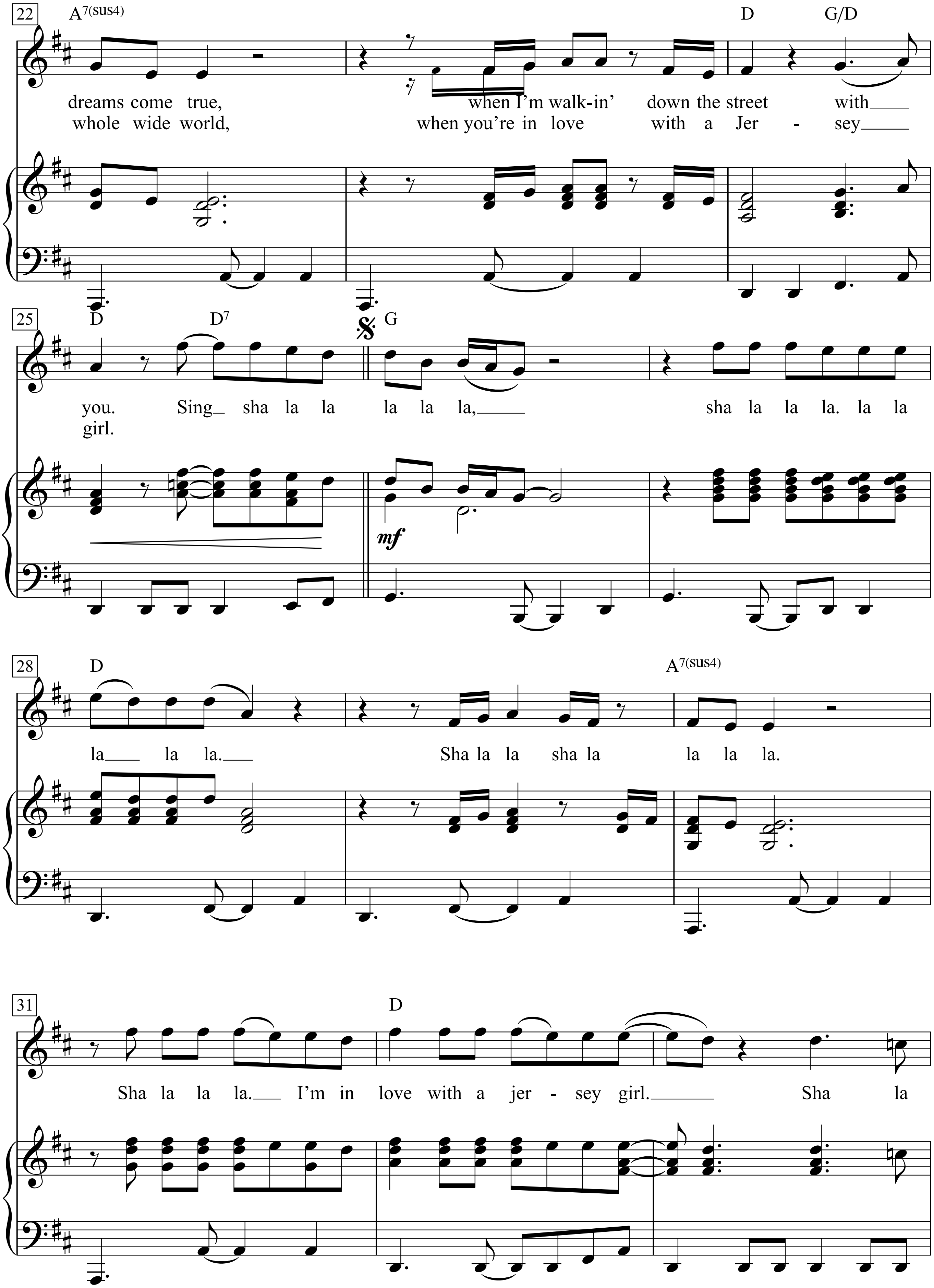
Jersey Girl

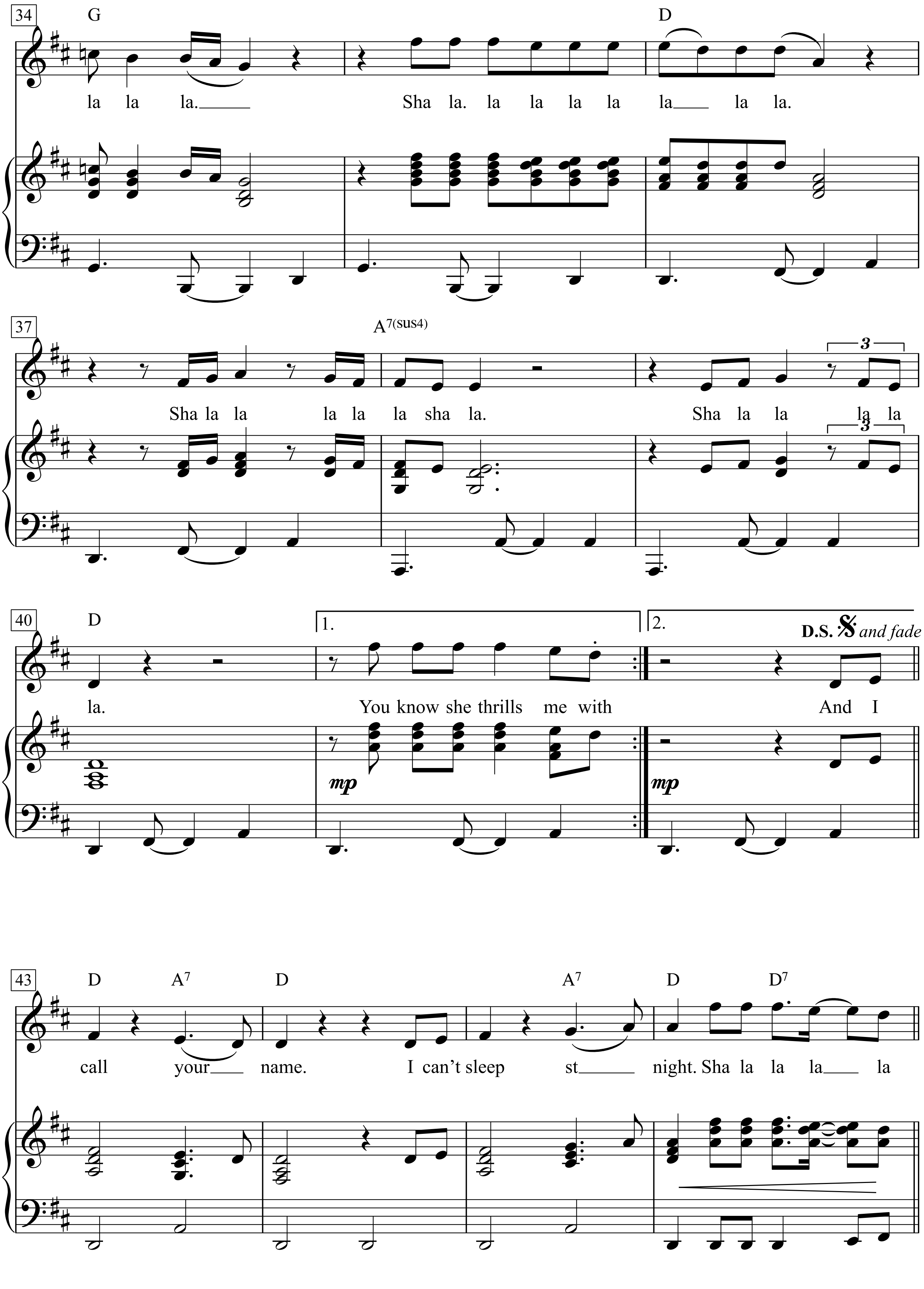
Moderately slow

Words & Music by Tom Waits
(Tom Waits)




10
G
D
take that ride a-cross the riv - er to the Jer-sey side,
all her charms, when I'm wrapped up in my ba-by's arms.
13
A7(sus4)
take my ba-by to the car-ni - val, and I'll take you on
My lit - tle an-gel gives me ev-'ry -thing, I know some-day that she'll
16
D
G/D
D
G
all the rides. Down the shore ev - 'ry - thing's al - right,
wear my ring. So don't both - er me, 'cause i got no time.
19
D
you with your ba-by on a Sat-ur-day night. Don't you know all my
I'm on my way to see that girl of mine. Noth-in' else mat-ters in this


22
A7(sus4)
D G/D
dreams come true, when I'm walk-in' down the street with
whole wide world, when you're in love with a Jer - sey
25
D D7
G
you. Sing sha la la la la la, sha la la la. la la
girl.
mf
28
D
A7(sus4)
la la la. Sha la la sha la la la la.
31
D
Sha la la la. I'm in love with a jer - sey girl. Sha la

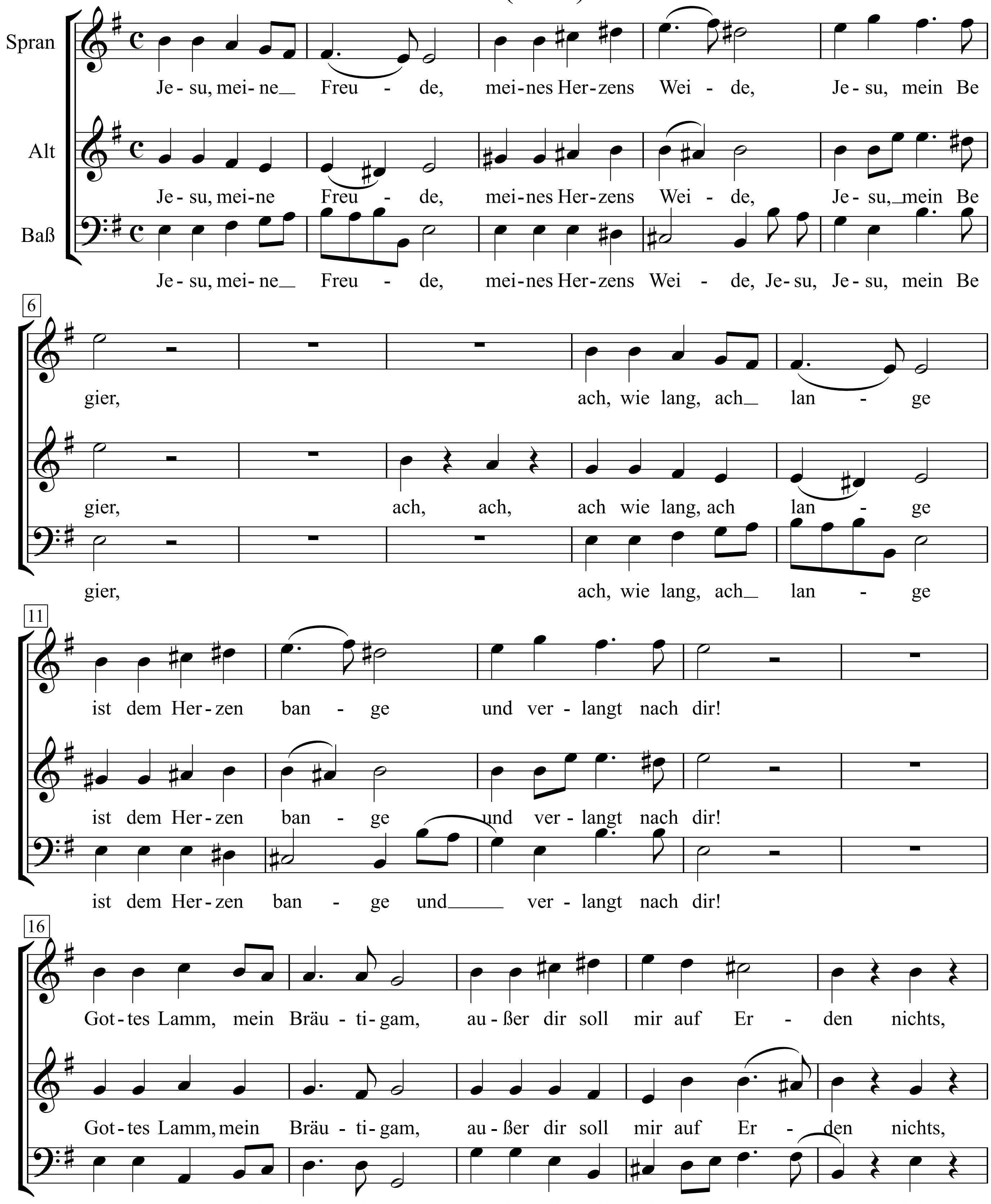

34
G
D
la la la.
Sha la. la la la la la la la.
37
A7(sus4)
Sha la la la la la sha la.
Sha la la la la
3
40
D
1.
2.
D.S. and fade
la.
You know she thrills me with
And I
mp
43
D A7 D A7 D D7
call your name. I can't sleep st night. Sha la la la la

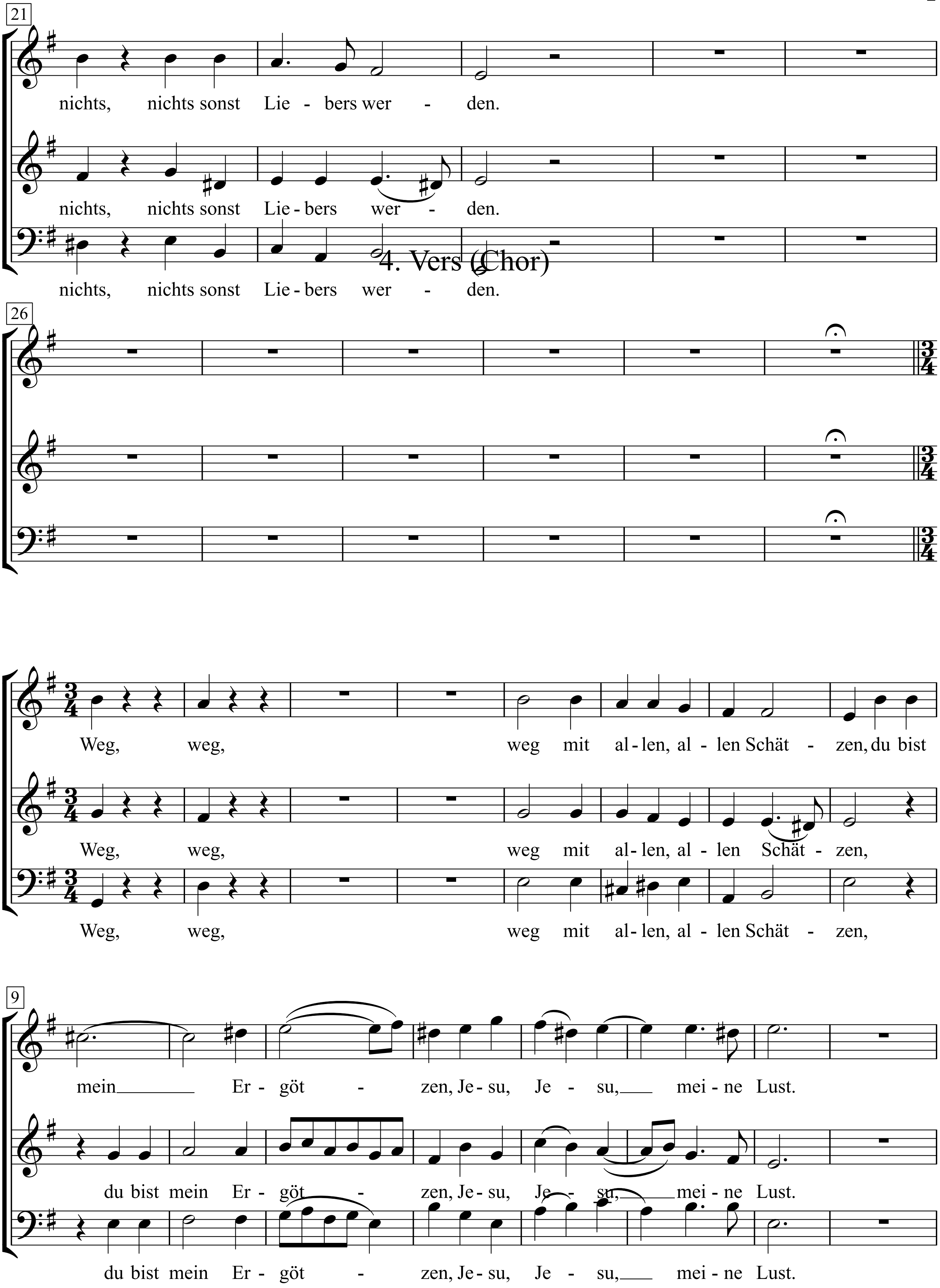
Jesu, meine Freude

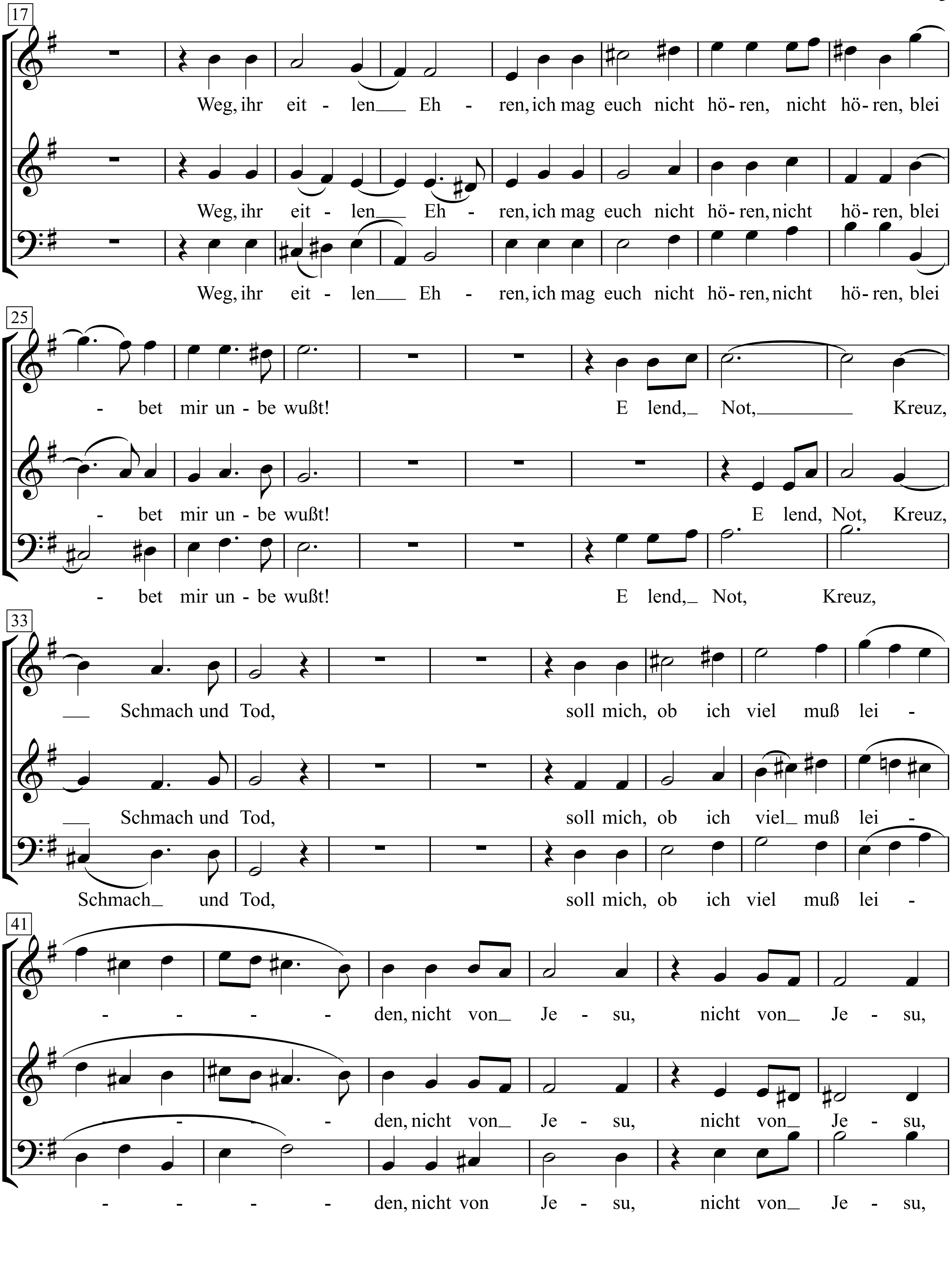
(BuxWV.60)

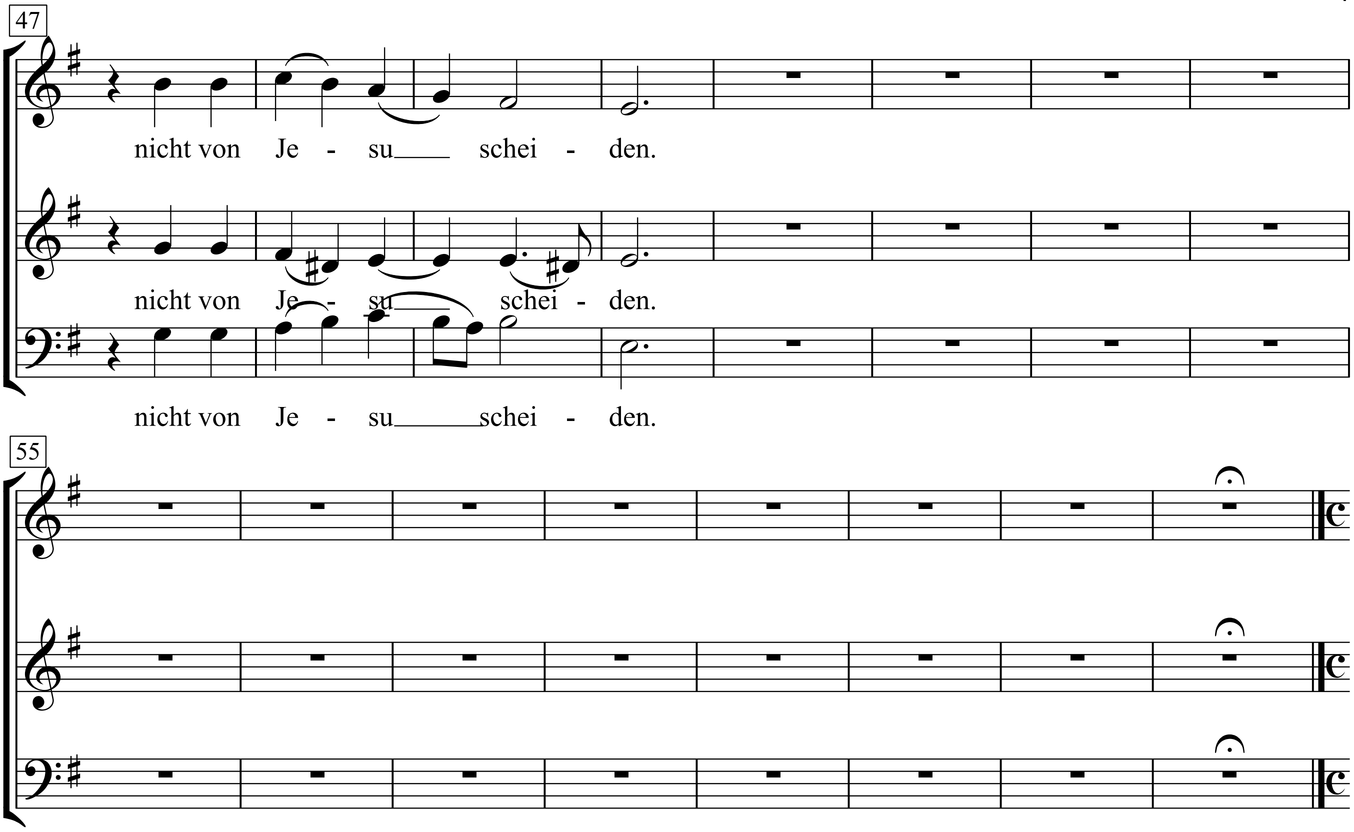
Dietrich Buxtehude

1. Vers (Chor)

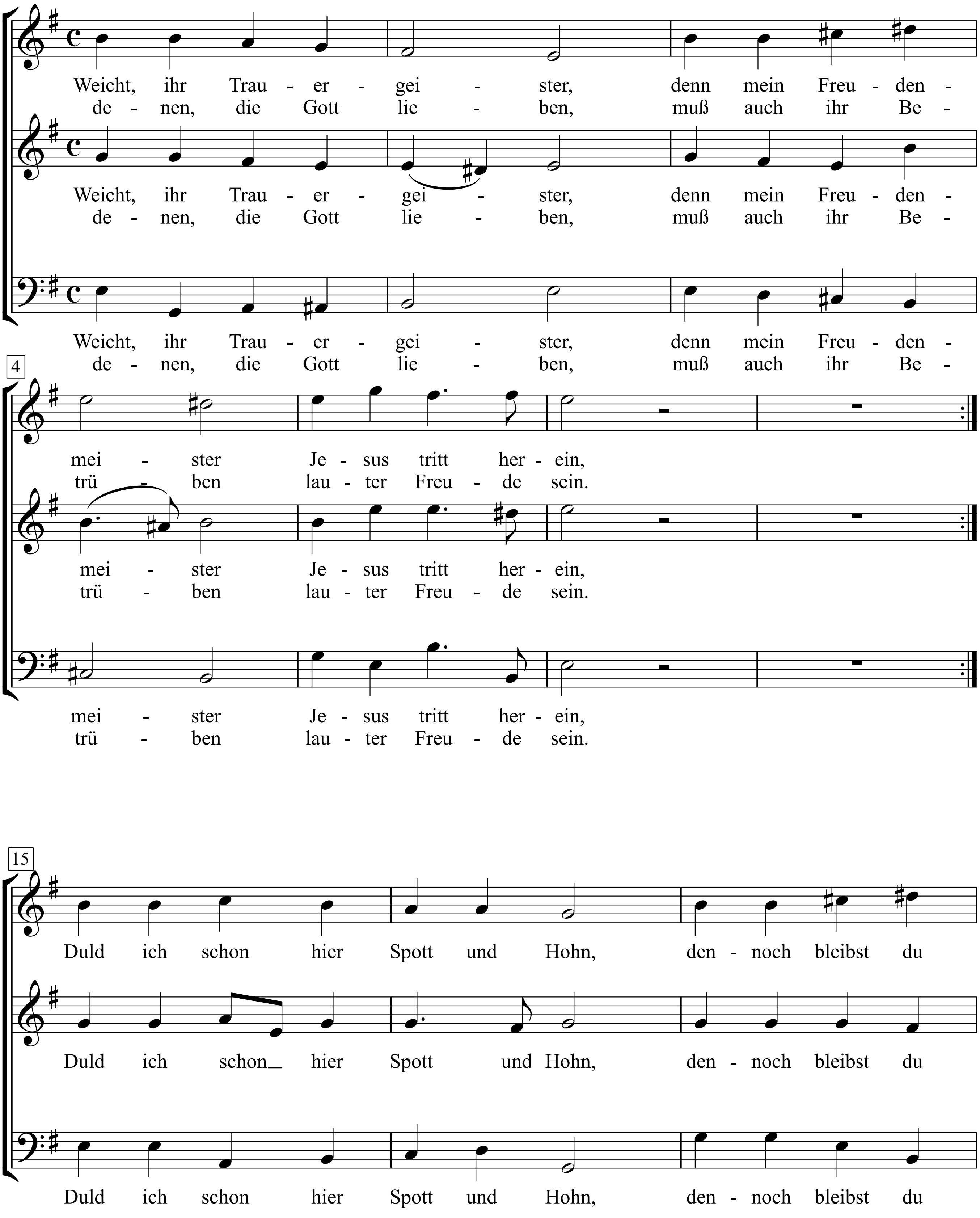


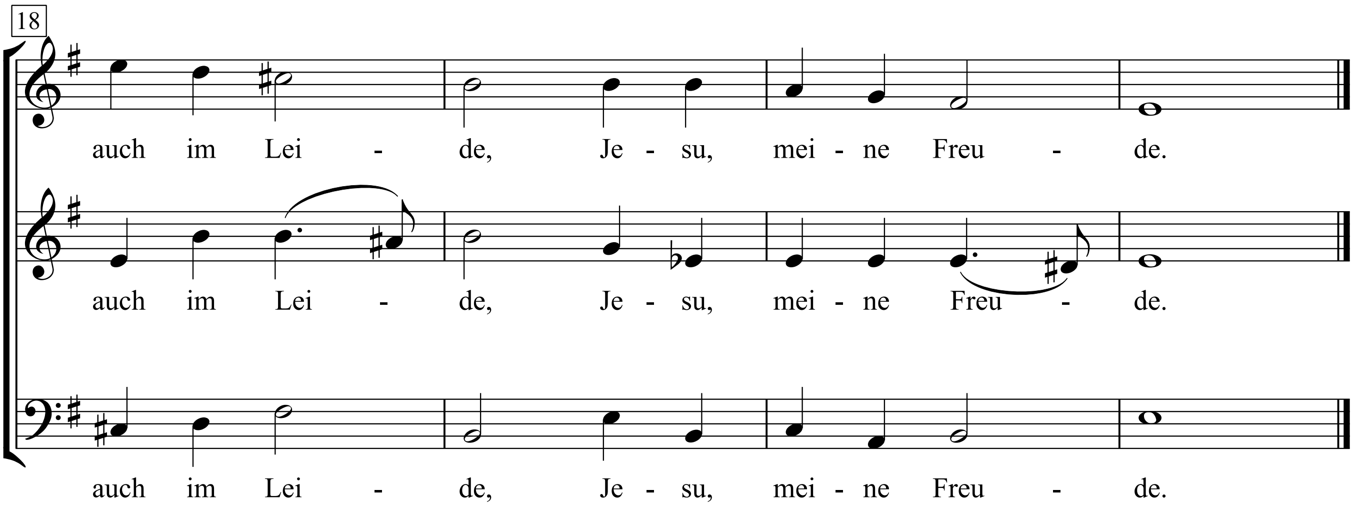

21
nichts, nichts sonst Lie - bers wer - den.
nichts, nichts sonst Lie - bers wer - den.
nichts, nichts sonst Lie - bers wer - den.
4. Vers (Chor)
26
Weg, weg, weg mit al - len, al - len Schät - zen, du bist
Weg, weg, weg mit al - len, al - len Schät - zen,
Weg, weg, weg mit al - len, al - len Schät - zen,
9
mein Er - göt - zen, Je - su, Je - su, mei - ne Lust.
du bist mein Er - göt - zen, Je - su, Je - su, mei - ne Lust.
du bist mein Er - göt - zen, Je - su, Je - su, mei - ne Lust.


17
Weg, ihr eit - len___ Eh - ren, ich mag euch nicht hö - ren, nicht hö - ren, blei
Weg, ihr eit - len___ Eh - ren, ich mag euch nicht hö - ren, nicht hö - ren, blei
Weg, ihr eit - len___ Eh - ren, ich mag euch nicht hö - ren, nicht hö - ren, blei
25
- bet mir un - be wußt! E lend,_ Not,________ Kreuz,
- bet mir un - be wußt! E lend, Not, Kreuz,
- bet mir un - be wußt! E lend,_ Not, Kreuz,
33
___ Schmach und Tod, soll mich, ob ich viel muß lei -
___ Schmach und Tod, soll mich, ob ich viel_ muß lei -
Schmach_ und Tod, soll mich, ob ich viel muß lei -
41
- - - - den, nicht von_ Je - su, nicht von_ Je - su,
- - - - den, nicht von_ Je - su, nicht von_ Je - su,
- - - - den, nicht von Je - su, nicht von_ Je - su,


47
nicht von Je - su schei - den.
nicht von Je - su schei - den.
nicht von Je - su schei - den.
55

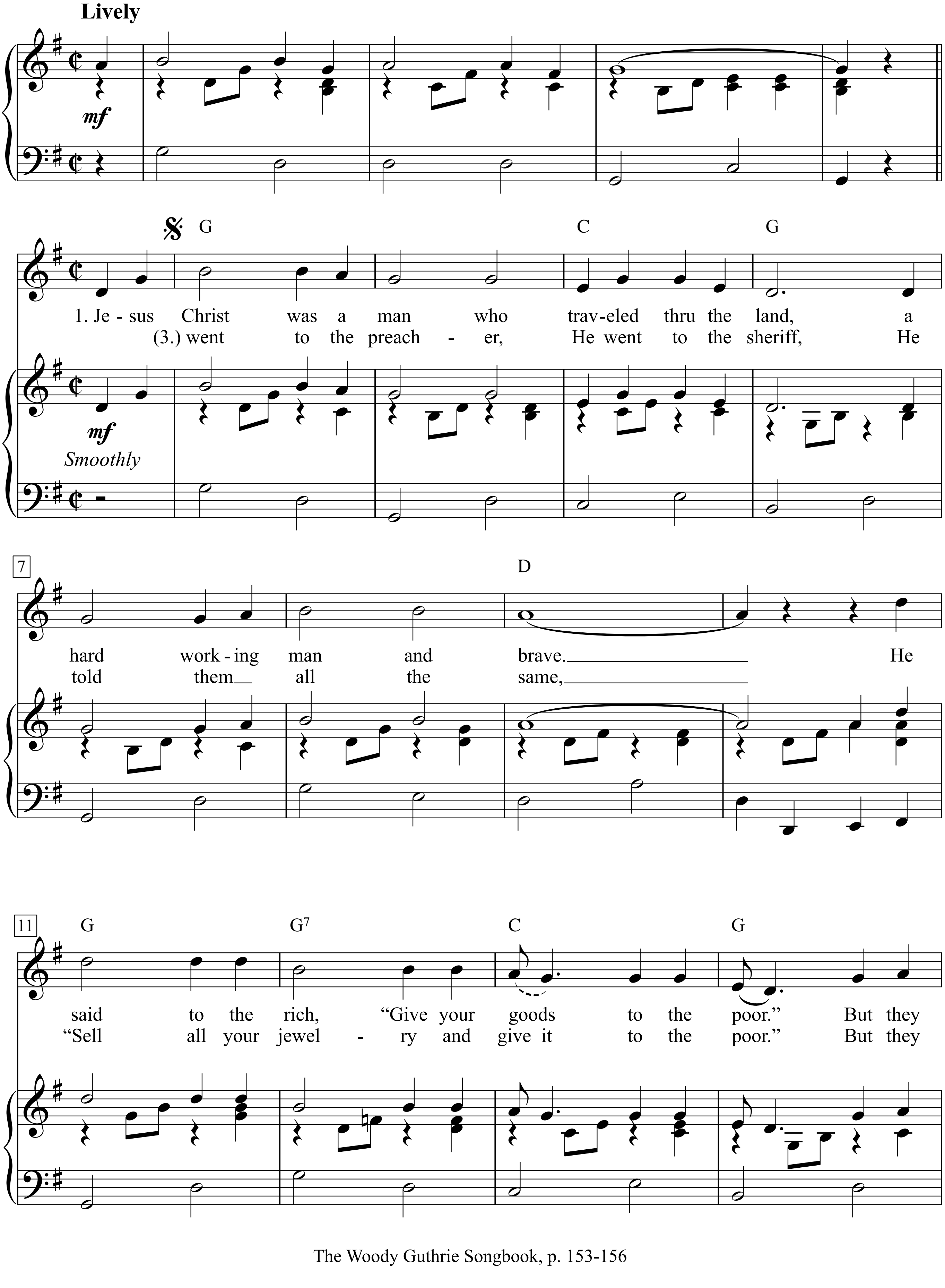
6. Vers (Chor)

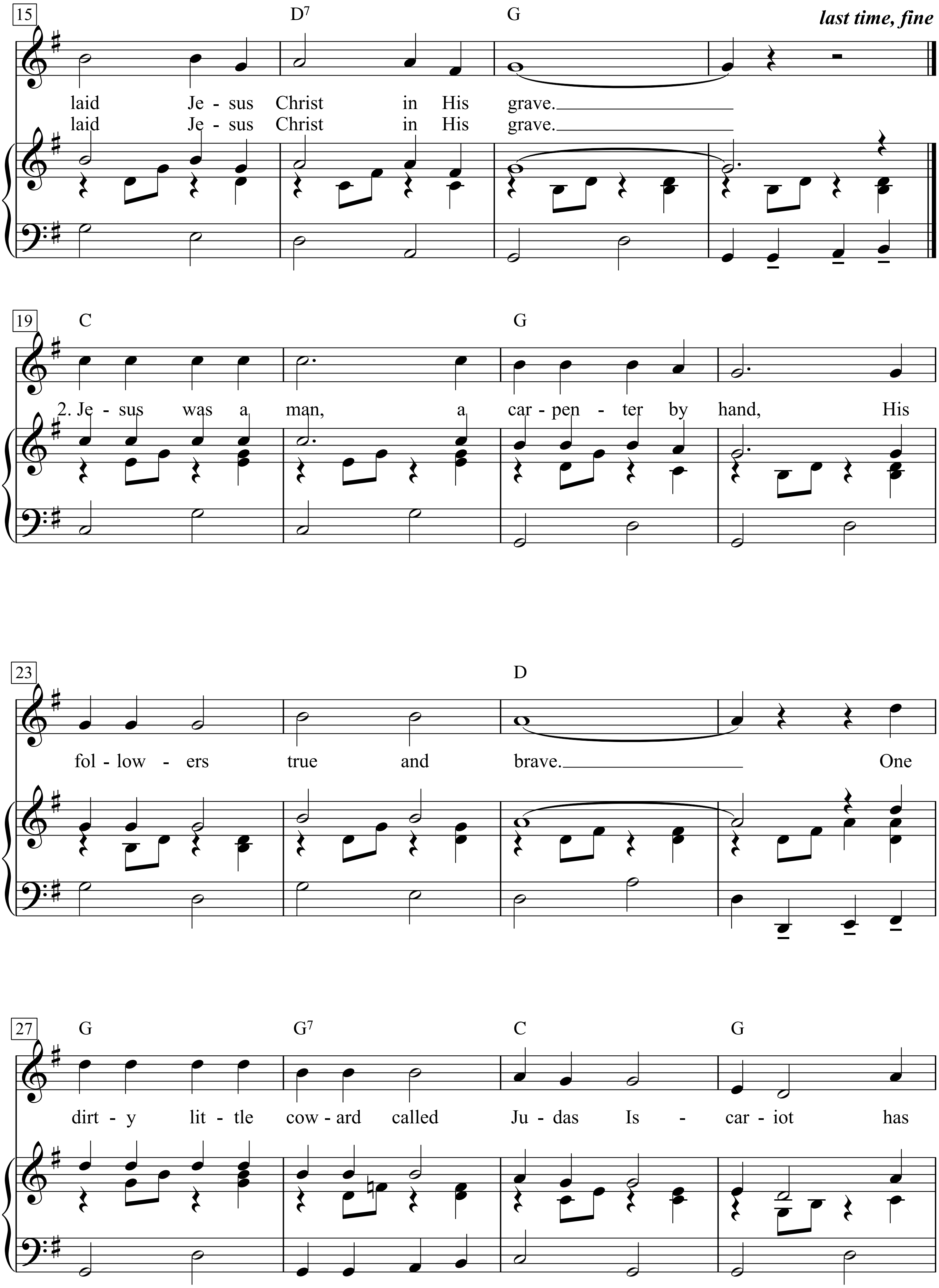

Weicht, ihr Trau - er - gei - ster, denn mein Freu - den -
de - nen, die Gott lie - ben, muß auch ihr Be -
Weicht, ihr Trau - er - gei - ster, denn mein Freu - den -
de - nen, die Gott lie - ben, muß auch ihr Be -
Weicht, ihr Trau - er - gei - ster, denn mein Freu - den -
de - nen, die Gott lie - ben, muß auch ihr Be -
4
mei - ster Je - sus tritt her - ein,
trü - ben lau - ter Freu - de sein.
mei - ster Je - sus tritt her - ein,
trü - ben lau - ter Freu - de sein.
mei - ster Je - sus tritt her - ein,
trü - ben lau - ter Freu - de sein.
15
Duld ich schon hier Spott und Hohn, den - noch bleibst du
Duld ich schon hier Spott und Hohn, den - noch bleibst du
Duld ich schon hier Spott und Hohn, den - noch bleibst du

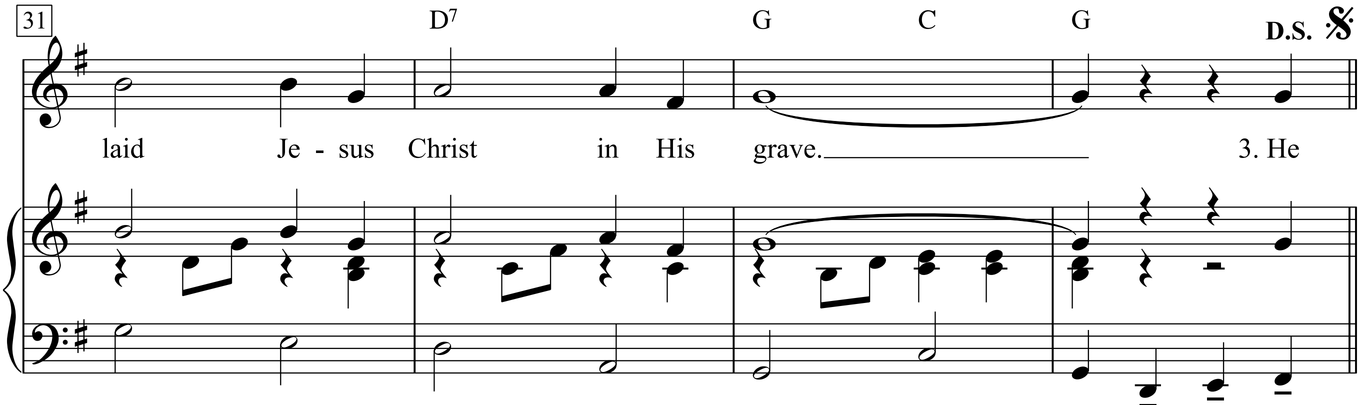

18
auch im Lei - de, Je - su, mei - ne Freu - de.
auch im Lei - de, Je - su, mei - ne Freu - de.
auch im Lei - de, Je - su, mei - ne Freu - de.

Jesus Christ

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie
(Melody based on a traditional theme)
(Woody Guthrie)




15
D7
G
last time, fine
laid Je - sus Christ in His grave.
laid Je - sus Christ in His grave.
19
C
G
2. Je - sus was a man, a car - pen - ter by hand, His
23
D
fol - low - ers true and brave. One
27
G
G7
C
G
dirt - y lit - tle cow - ard called Ju - das Is - car - iot has



1. Jesus Christ was a man who traveled thru the land,
A hard working man and brave.
He said to the rich, “Give your goods to the poor.”
But they laid Jesus Christ in His grave.

2. Jesus was a man, a carpenter by hand,
His followers true and brave.
One dirty little coward called Judas Iscariot
Has laid Jesus Christ in His grave.

3. He went to the preacher, He went to the sheriff,
He told them all the same,
“Sell all your jewelry and give it to the poor.”
But they laid Jesus Christ in His grave.

*4. When Jesus come to town, the working folks around,
Believed what He did say,
Bankers and the preachers, they nailed Him on a cross,
And they laid Jesus Christ in His grave.

5. Poor workin’ people, they followed Him around,
Sung and shouted gay,
Cops and the soldiers, they nailed Him in the air,
And they laid Jesus Christ in His grave.

6. This song was written in New York City,
(Of) rich man, preacher and slave,
If Jesus was to preach what He preached at Galilee,
They would lay Jesus Christ in His grave.

**Note: When singing additional verses 4, 5 and 6, use music of 1st and 3rd verses. Music of 2nd verse is only for that verse.*

1. Brethren preach Jesus Christ and him crucified,

2. And King Tutankahmen and him mummyfied,

3. And the electric chair and it electrified,

4. Yea, and preach the legs of beautiful girls, their sweet sunkist faces and rounded breasts which as ye remember that Hollywood glorified.

5. And go forth bolder to serve and to work and let your going be your boldness and your learning be your work and your preaching of humanity unified and made into one big happy family and it stupefied,

6. For Truth, brethren, Truth, that is your mission and your coming and going,

7. And unless ye seek and thirst after truth even as a jackass brays to breed its mate, even as the doe and the deer seek the wilderness, even as the Oakies sought to find work picking fruit in the green trees of California and across the flat sands of the Arizona desert,

8. I say, beloved, if it be not Truth that ye seek in your traveling and preach, what use is it to travel or to preach?

9. Preach the Forest of Arizona and it petrified, and curse Wall Street for it is putrified and rank and filthy and will one day be made clean by love,

10. And that Love is so strong and powerful that it shall look like hate,

11. But ye shall know it by this sign, and when love shall appear as hate – you shall know love, for it shall contain no greed.

12. You are a worker and work is a way of loving,

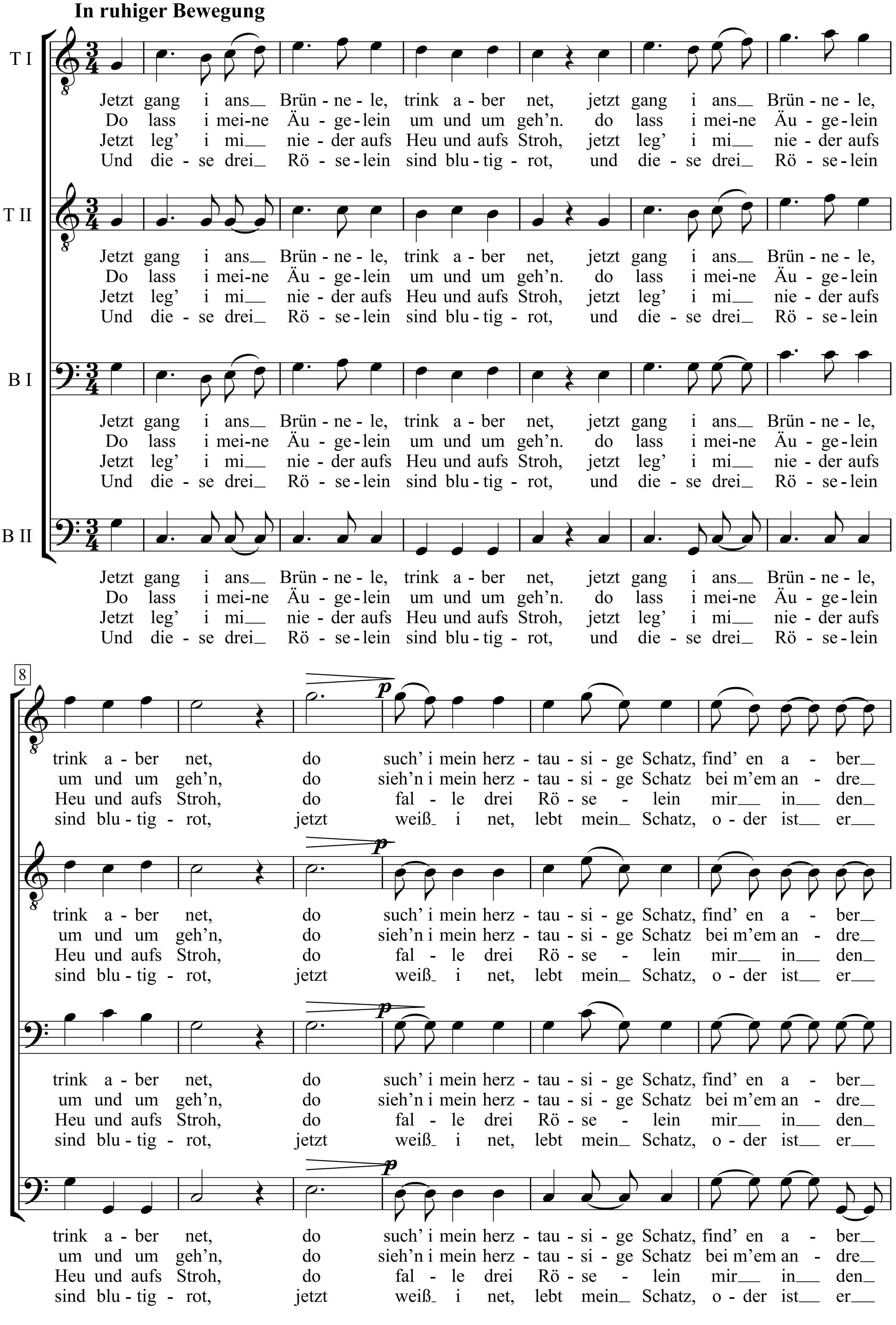
13. Even so, work is also a struggle, and work is to wrestle – and work is good and so is the fight when it contains no silly greed.

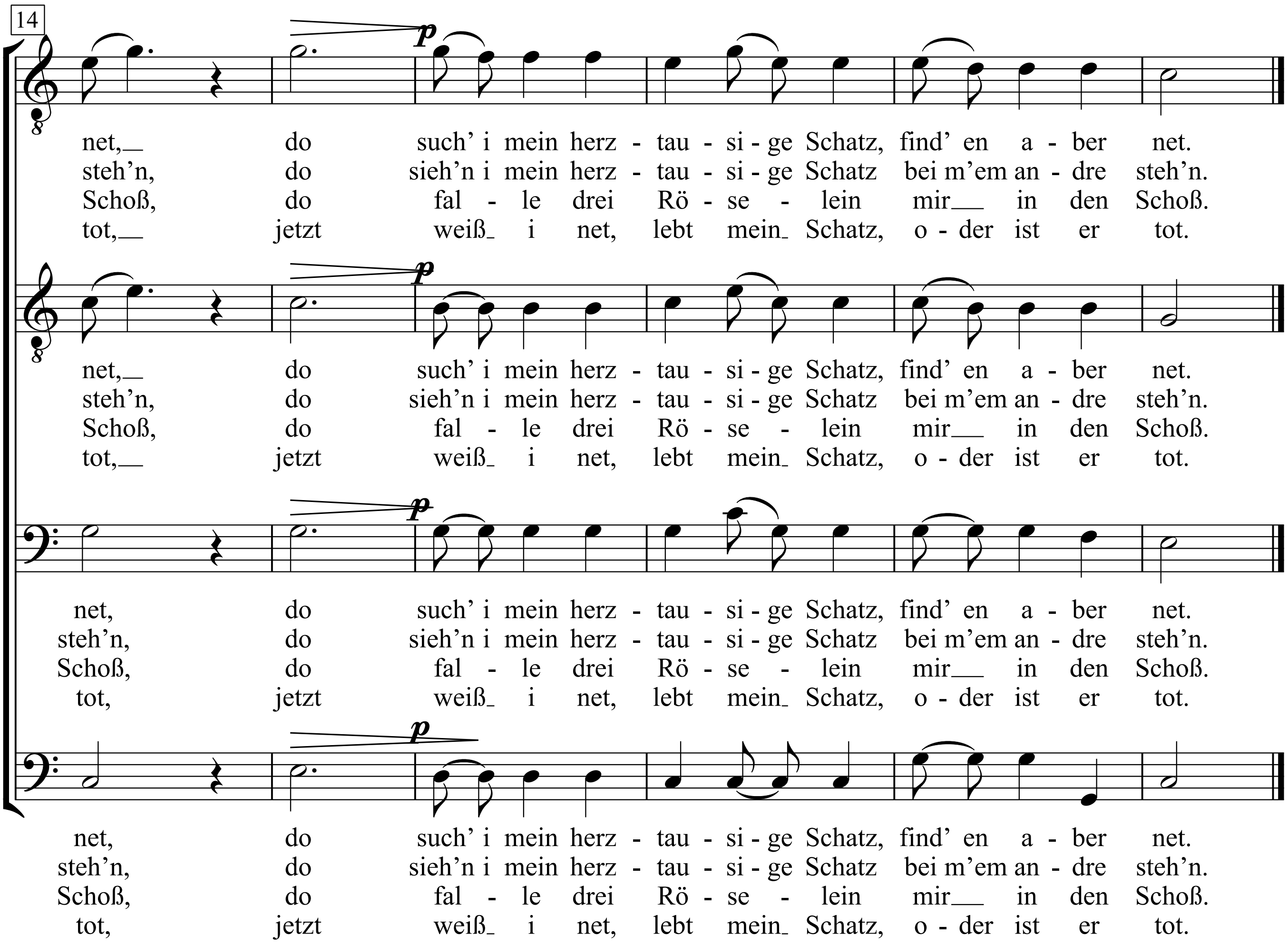
1940

Jetzt gang i ans Brünnele

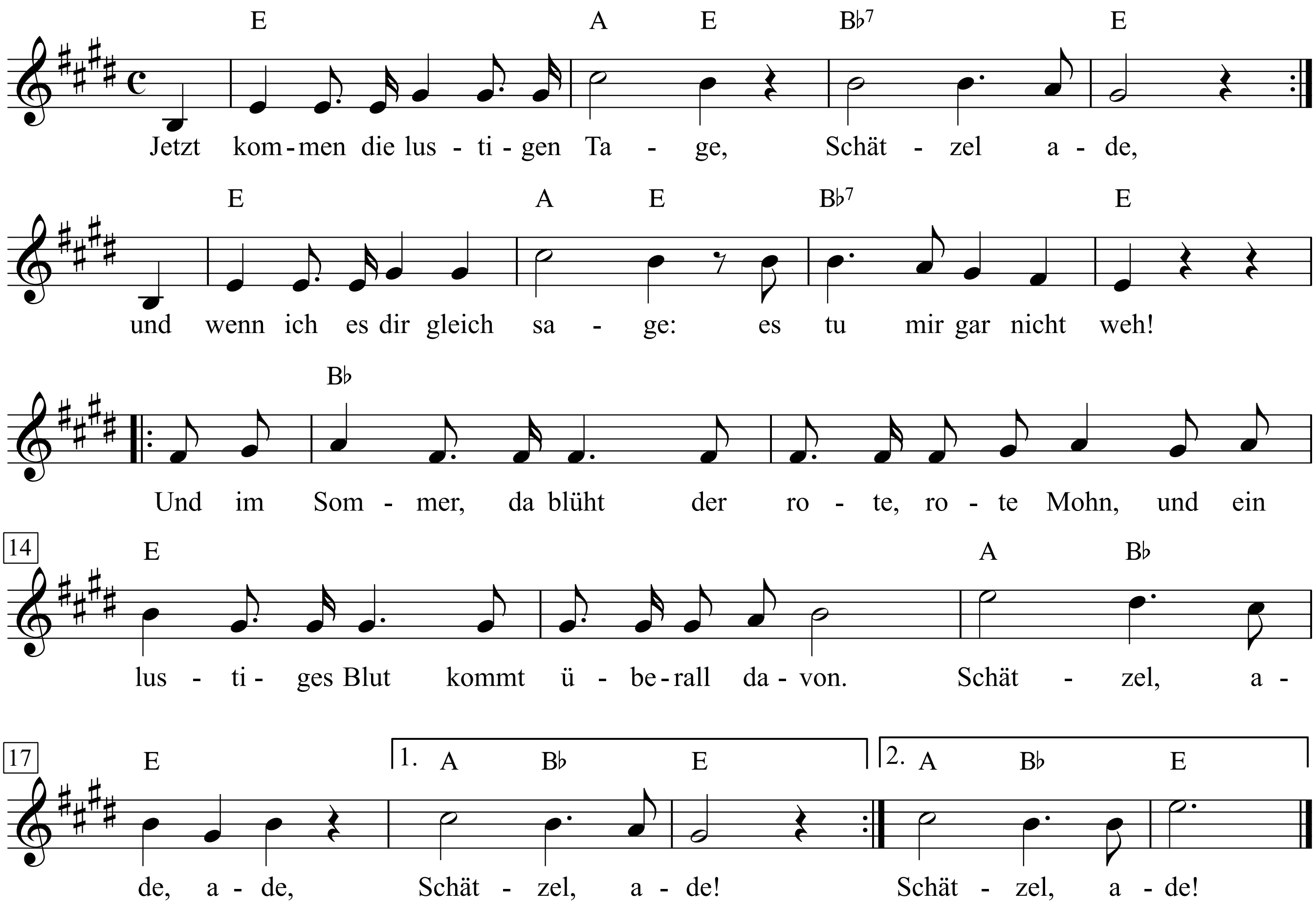
(Die drei Röselein)

Satz: Friedrich Silcher




14
p
net,__ do such' i mein herz - tau - si - ge Schatz, find' en a - ber net.
steh'n, do sieh'n i mein herz - tau - si - ge Schatz bei m'em an - dre steh'n.
Schoß, do fal - le drei Rö - se - lein mir__ in den Schoß.
tot,__ jetzt weiß_ i net, lebt mein_ Schatz, o - der ist er tot.
p
net,__ do such' i mein herz - tau - si - ge Schatz, find' en a - ber net.
steh'n, do sieh'n i mein herz - tau - si - ge Schatz bei m'em an - dre steh'n.
Schoß, do fal - le drei Rö - se - lein mir__ in den Schoß.
tot,__ jetzt weiß_ i net, lebt mein_ Schatz, o - der ist er tot.
p
net, do such' i mein herz - tau - si - ge Schatz, find' en a - ber net.
steh'n, do sieh'n i mein herz - tau - si - ge Schatz bei m'em an - dre steh'n.
Schoß, do fal - le drei Rö - se - lein mir__ in den Schoß.
tot, jetzt weiß_ i net, lebt mein_ Schatz, o - der ist er tot.
p
net, do such' i mein herz - tau - si - ge Schatz, find' en a - ber net.
steh'n, do sieh'n i mein herz - tau - si - ge Schatz bei m'em an - dre steh'n.
Schoß, do fal - le drei Rö - se - lein mir__ in den Schoß.
tot, jetzt weiß_ i net, lebt mein_ Schatz, o - der ist er tot.

Jetzt kommen die lustigen Tage



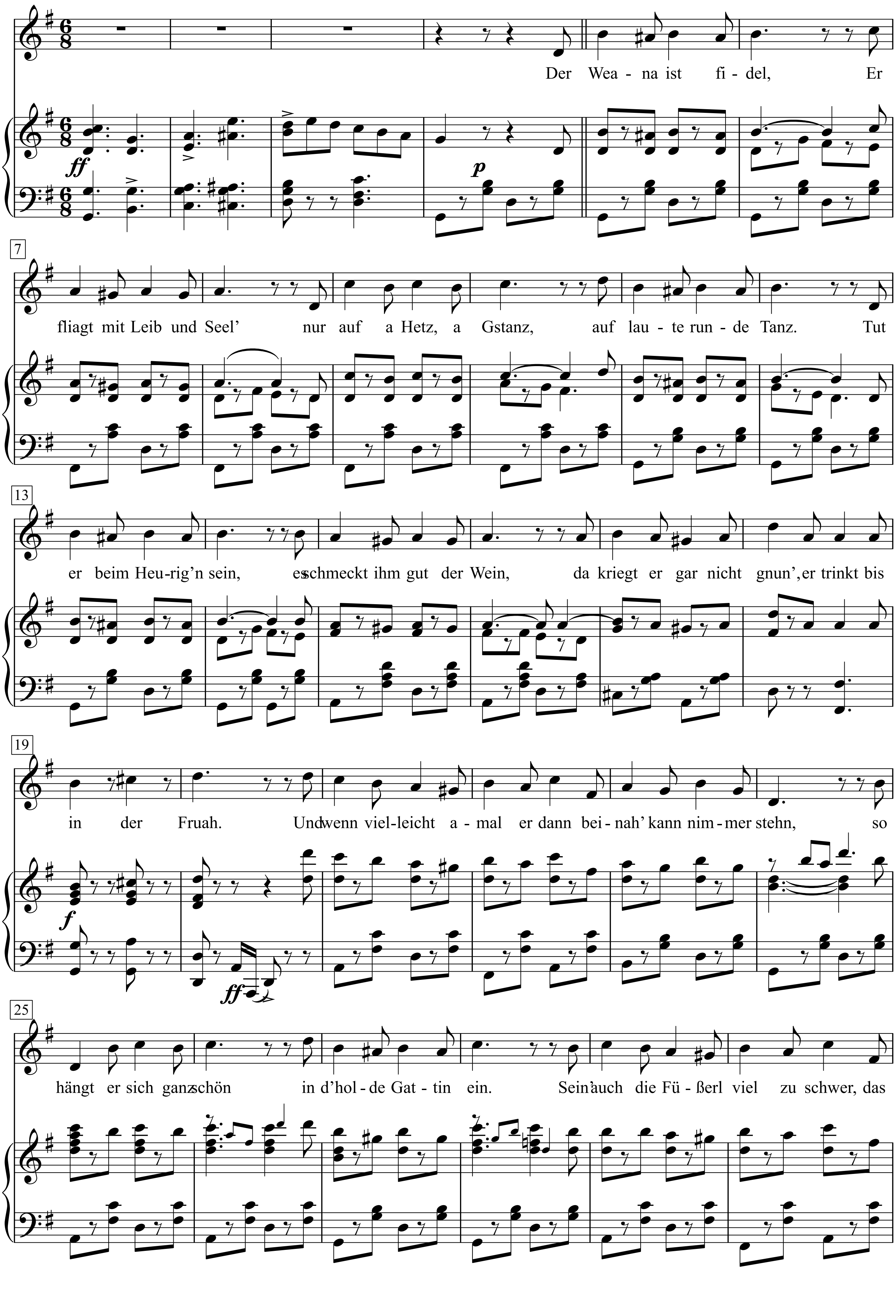
1. Jetzt kommen die lustigen Tage, Schätzel ade,
und wenn ich es dir gleich sage: es tu mir gar nicht weh!
Und im Sommer, da blüht der rote, rote Mohn,
und ein lustiges Blut kommt überall davon.
Schätzel, ade, ade, Schätzel, ade!

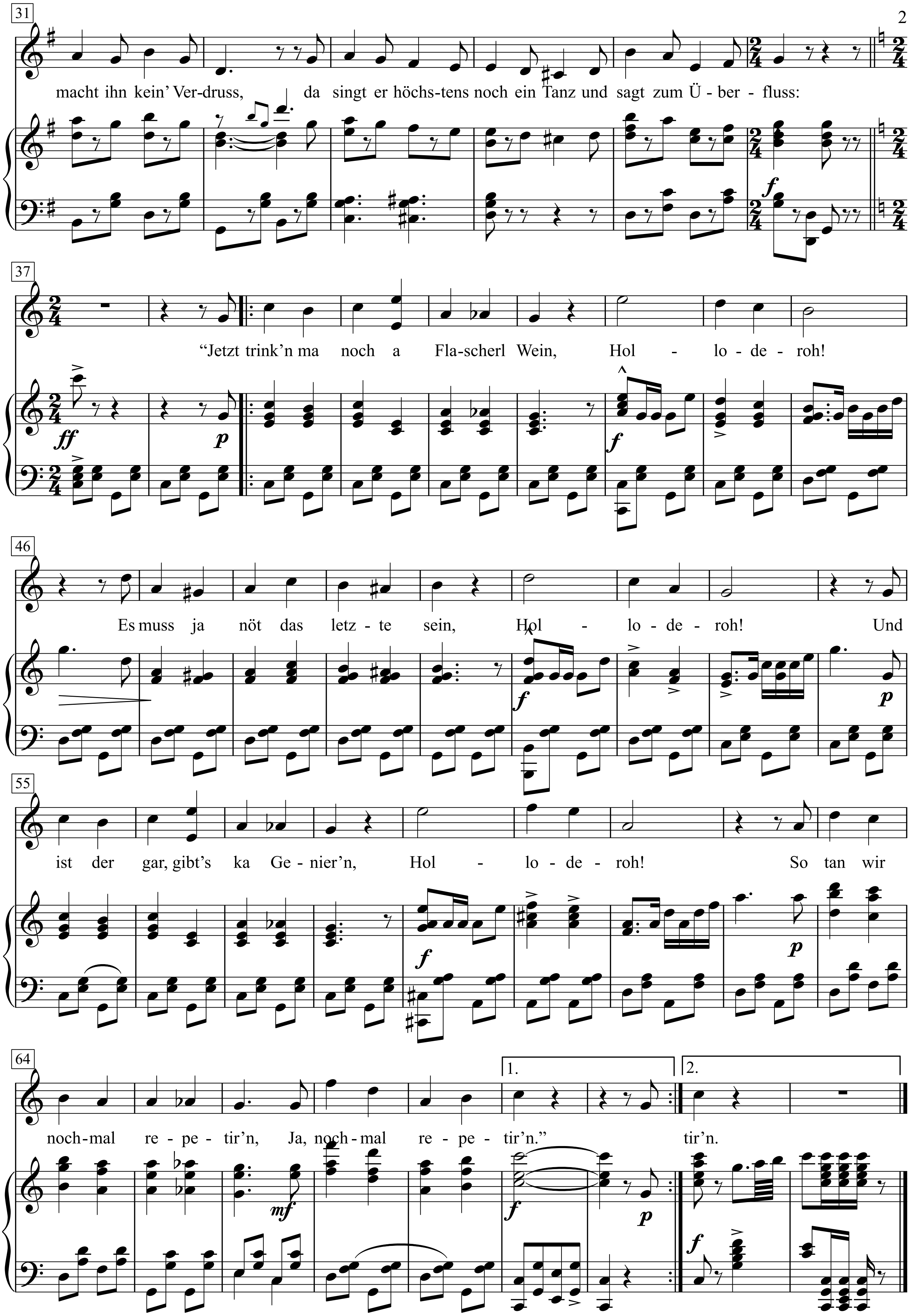
2. Im Sommer da kann man wandern, Schätzel ade,
und küssest du einen andern, wenn ich es nur nicht seh'.
Und seh' ich's im Traum, so red' ich mir halt ein,
ach es ist ja nicht wahr, es kann ja gar nicht sein,
Schätzel, ade, ade, Schätzel, ade!

3. Und kehr ich dann einstmals wieder, Schätzel ade,
so sing' ich die alten Lieder, vorbei ist all mein Weh',
und bist du mir dann wie einst im schönen Mai,
ja so bleib' ich bei dir und halte dir die Treu,
Schätzel, ade, ade, Schätzel, ade!

Jetzt trink'n ma noch a Flascherl Wein

Carl Lorens



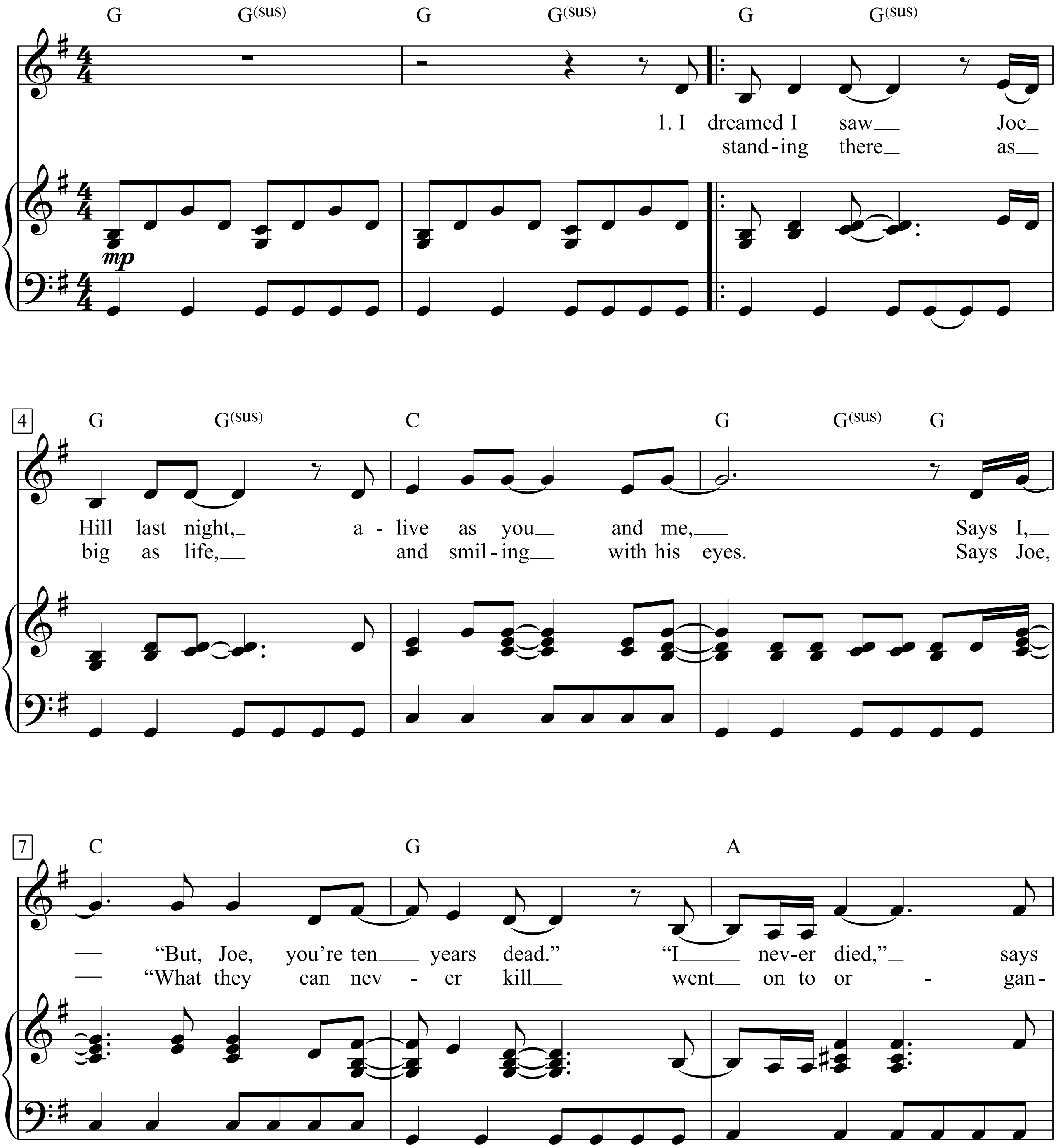

31
macht ihn kein' Ver-druss, da singt er höchs-tens noch ein Tanz und sagt zum Ü - ber - fluss:
37
"Jetzt trink'n ma noch a Fla-scherl Wein, Hol - lo - de - roh!
46
Es muss ja nöt das letz - te sein, Hol - lo - de - roh! Und
55
ist der gar, gibt's ka Ge - nier'n, Hol - lo - de - roh! So tan wir
64
noch-mal re - pe - tir'n, Ja, noch-mal re - pe - tir'n." tir'n.
1.
2.

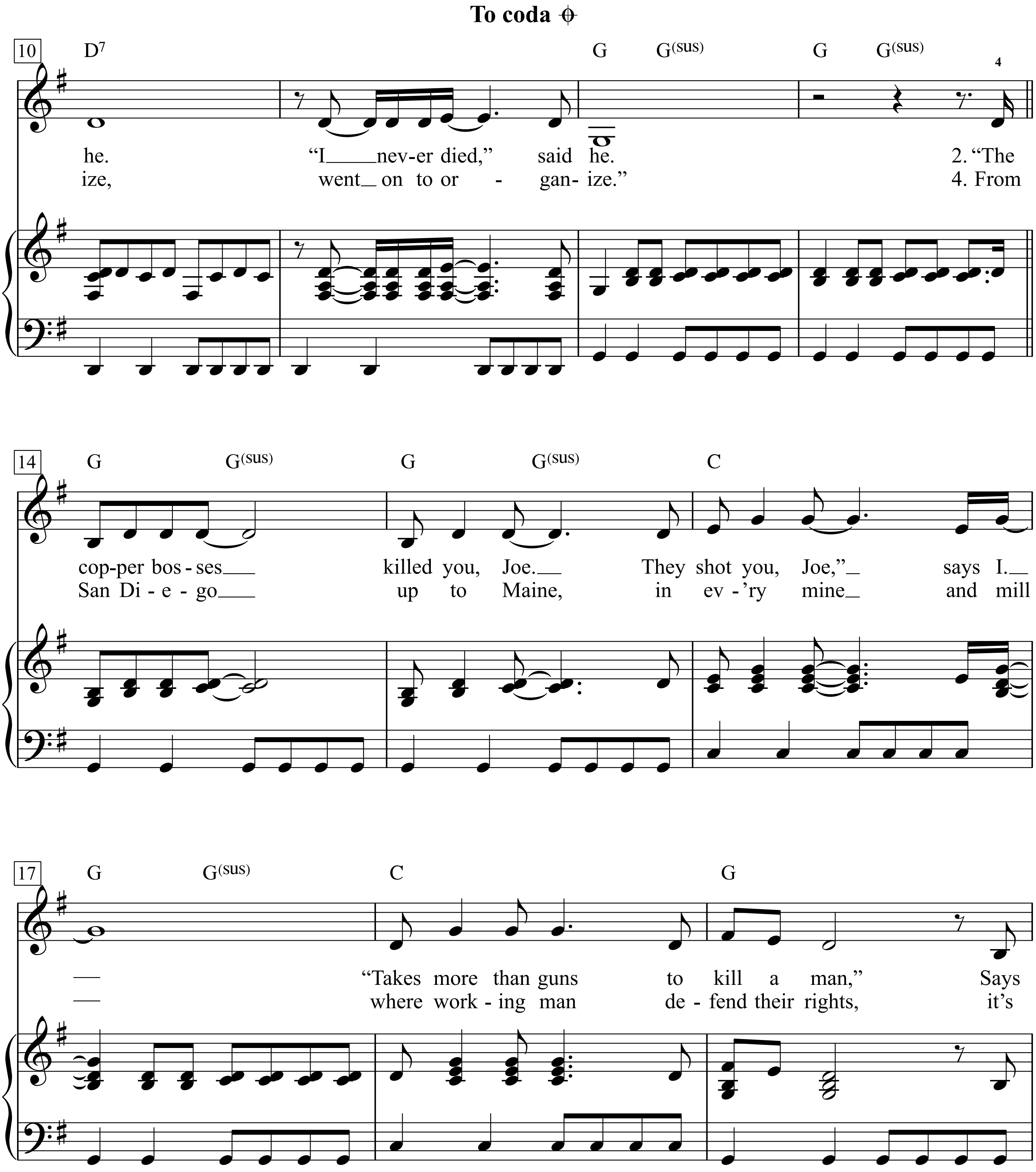
Joe Hill

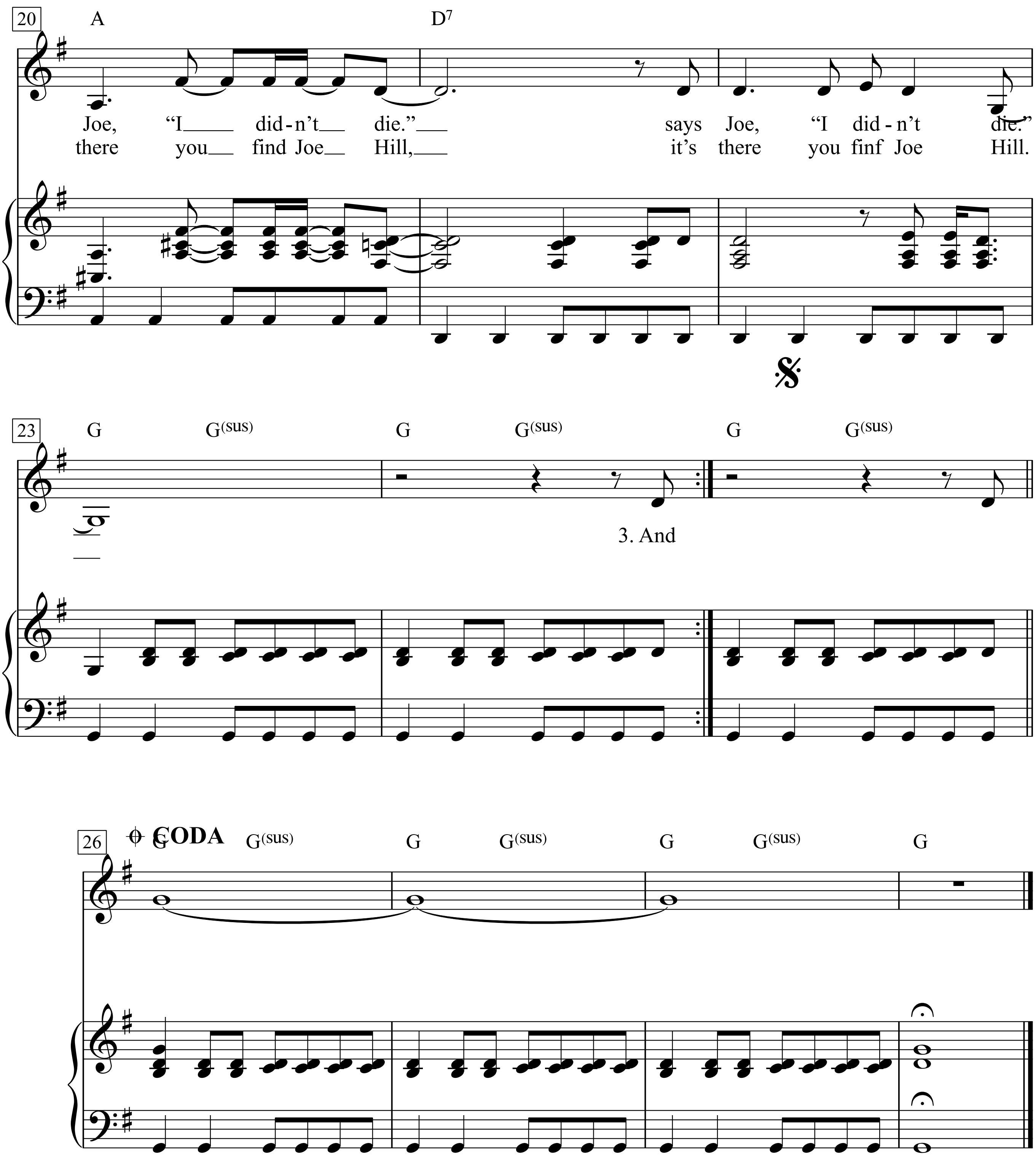
Words by Alfred Hayes

Music by Earl Robinson
(Joan Baez)

Moderately slow



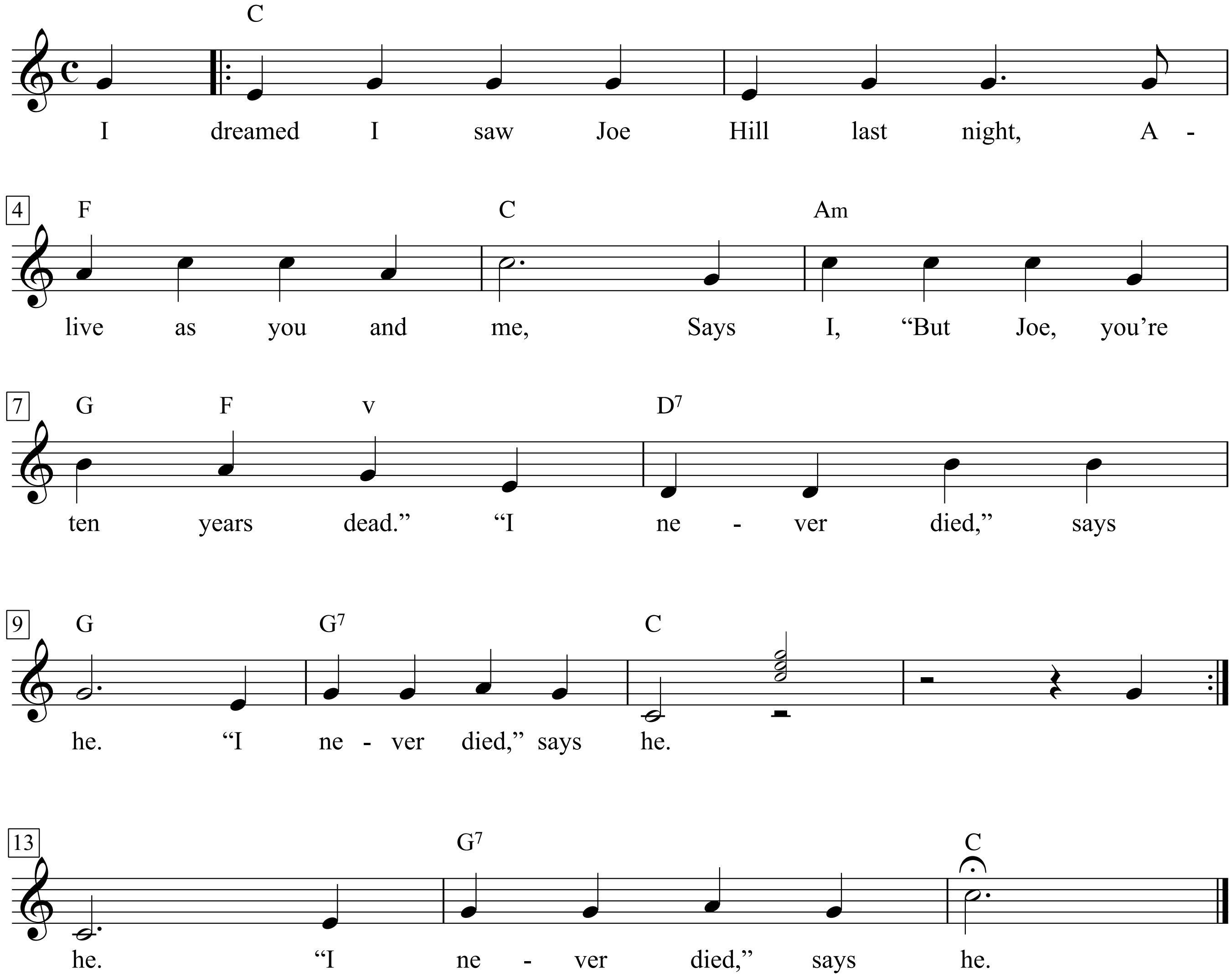

To coda
10
D7
G G(sus) G G(sus)
he. "I never died," said he. 2. "The
ize, went on to or - gan- ize." 4. From
14
G G(sus) G G(sus) C
cop-per bos-ses killed you, Joe. They shot you, Joe," says I.
San Di-e-go up to Maine, in ev-'ry mine and mill
17
G G(sus) C G
"Takes more than guns to kill a man," Says
where work-ing man de-fend their rights, it's


20
A
D7
Joe, "I did - n't die." says Joe, "I did - n't die."
there you find Joe Hill, it's there you finf Joe Hill.
23
G G(sus) G G(sus) G G(sus)
3. And
26
CODA
G G(sus) G G(sus) G G(sus) G

Joe Hill

Lyrics: Alfred Hayes

Music: Earl Robinson



The workers of North America have come a long way since that morning in 1915, when the copper bosses in Utah thought that by killing Joe Hill they would kill the spirit of the working people who were fighting not for "pie in the sky", but for a decent life here on good old mother earth.

Die Arbeiter Nordamerikas sind ein gutes Stuck vorangekommen seit jenem Morgen des Jahres 1915, als die Kupfer- barone von Utah meinten, mit Joe Hill auch den Kampfgeist der amerikanischen Arbeiterklasse getötet zu haben, die nicht für „Brot im Himmel", sondern für ein anständiges Leben hier auf Erden kämpft.

1. I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night,
Alive as you and me,
Says I, "But Joe, you're ten years dead."
"I never died," says he.
"I never died," says he.

2. "In Salt Lake, Joe, by God," says I,
Him standing by my bed,
"They framed you on a murder charge,"
Says Joe, "But I ain't dead."
Says Joe, "But I ain't dead."

3. "The copper bosses killed you, Joe.
They shot you, Joe," says I.
"Takes more than guns to kill a man,"
Says Joe, "I didn't die."
Says Joe, "I didn't die."

4. And standing there as big as life,
And smiling with his eyes,
Joe says, "What they forgot to kill
Went on to organize,
Went on to organize."

5. "Joe Hill ain't dead," he says to me.
"Joe Hill ain't never died.
Where working men are out on strike,
Joe Hill is at their side.
Joe Hill is at their side."

6. "From San Diego up to Maine,
In every mine and mill
Where workers strike and organize,"
Says he, "You'll find Joe Hill."
Says he, "You'll find Joe Hill."

7. I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night,
Alive as you and me.
Says I, "But Joe, you're ten years dead."
"I never died," says he.
"I never died," says he.

1. Ich träumt, ich sah Joe Hill heut nacht,
lebendig wie vorher.
Ich sag: „He, Joe, bist zehn Jahr tot."
„Ich bin nicht tot", sagt er.
„Ich bin nicht tot", sagt er.

2. „In Salt Lake, Joe, bei Gott", sag ich,
als er im Zimmer stand,
„da klagten sie des Mords dich an."
„Ich leb im ganzen Land,
ich leb im ganzen Land."

3. „Der Kupferboss erschoss dich,
Joe, sie töteten dich doch."
„So tötet man noch keinen Mann",
sagt Joe. „Ich lebe noch",
sagt Joe. „Ich lebe noch."

4. Da stand er groß und stark vor mir
und lächelte mir zu,
er sagt: „Was man nicht töten kann,
kämpft weiter ohne Ruh,
kämpft weiter ohne Ruh."

5. „Joe Hill starb nie", sagt er zu mir.
„Joe Hill lebt, was auch sei.
Wo Arbeiter auf Streikwacht stehn,
ist auch Joe Hill dabei,
ist auch Joe Hill dabei."

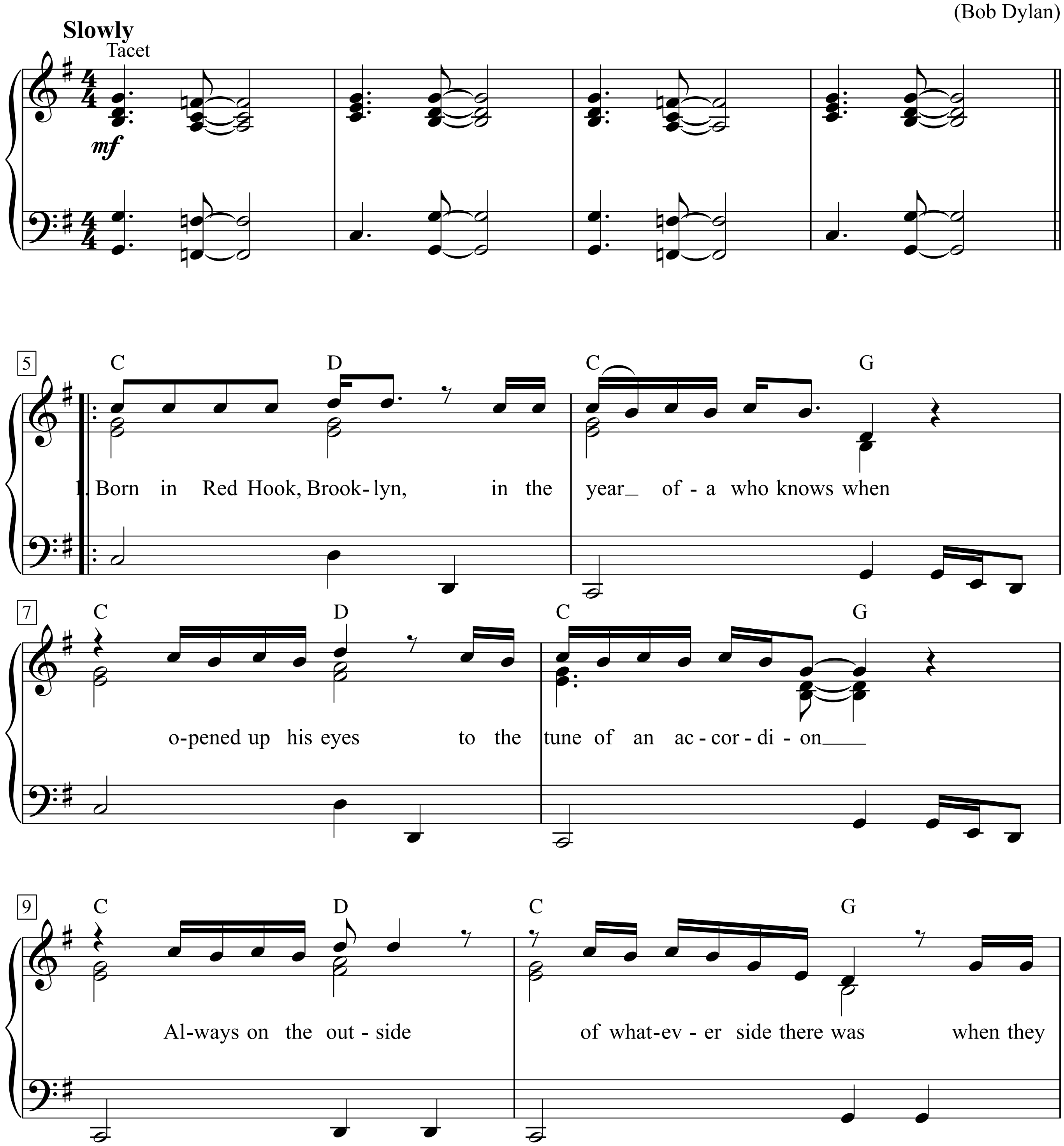
6. „Und von San Diego bis nach Maine
stehn die Maschinen still.
Wo Arbeiter zusammenstehn,
da findet ihr Joe Hill,
da findet ihr Joe Hill."

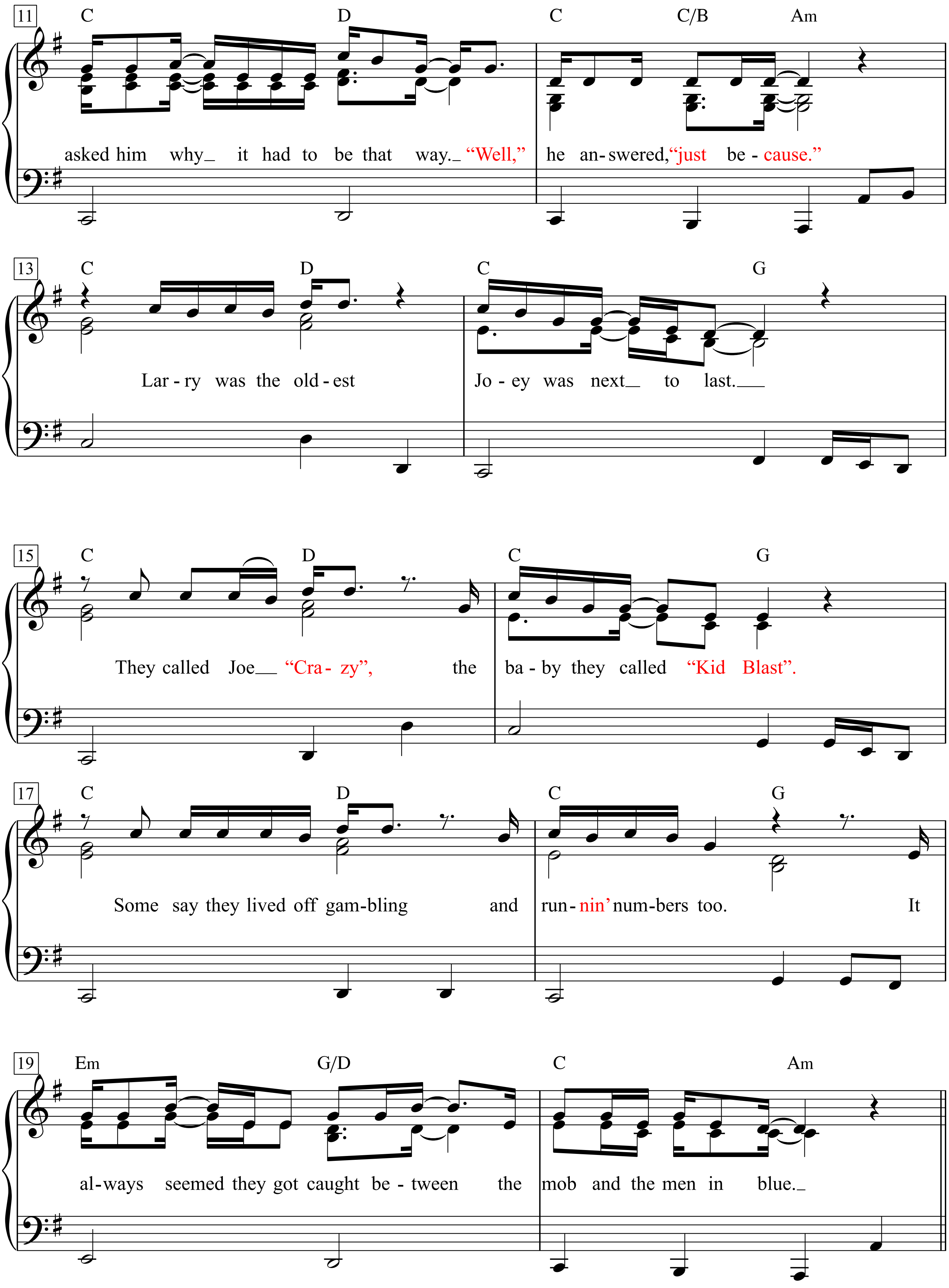
7. Ich träumt, ich sah Joe Hill heut nacht,
lebendig wie vorher.
Ich sag: „He, Joe, bist zehn Jahr tot."
„Ich bin nicht tot", sagt er.
„Ich bin nicht tot", sagt er.

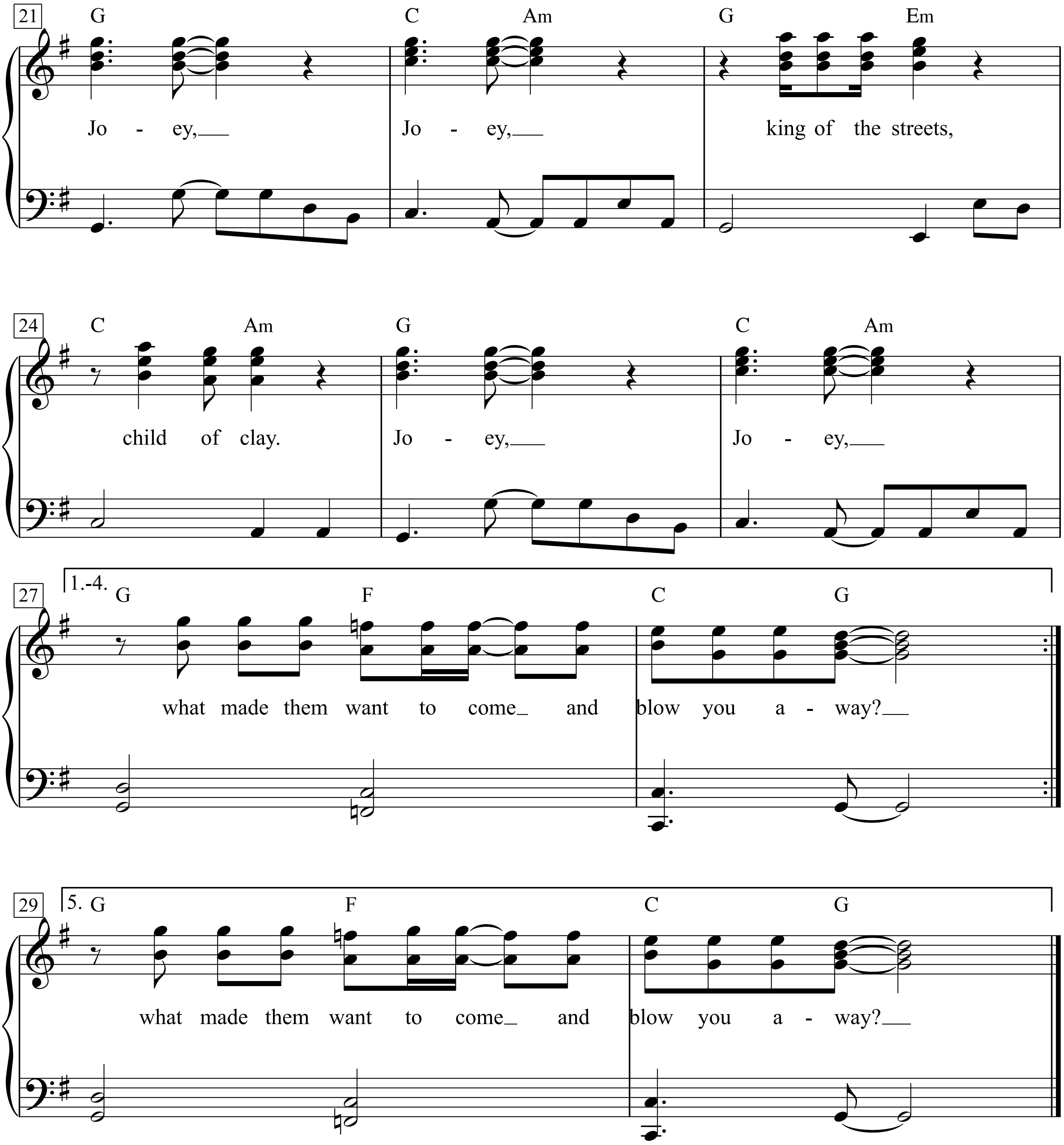
Joey

Words & Music by Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy

Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




11
C D C C/B Am
asked him why_ it had to be that way._ "Well," he an-swered, "just be - cause."
13
C D C G
Lar - ry was the old - est Jo - ey was next_ to last.___
15
C D C G
They called Joe__ "Cra - zy", the ba - by they called "Kid Blast".
17
C D C G
Some say they lived off gam-bling and run - nin' num-bers too. It
19
Em G/D C Am
al-ways seemed they got caught be - tween the mob and the men in blue._



1. Born in Red Hook, Brooklyn, in the year of-a who knows when
Opened up his eyes to the tune of an accordion???
Always on the outside of whatever side there was
When they asked him why it had to be that way. "Well," he answered,
"Just because."

Larry was the oldest Joey was next to last.
They called Joe "Crazy", the baby they called "Kid Blast".
Some say they lived off gambling and runnin' numbers too.
It always seemed they got caught between the mob and the men in blue.

Joey, Joey,
King of the streets, child of clay.
Joey, Joey,
What made them want to come and blow you away?

2. There was talk they killed their rivals, but the truth was far from that
No one ever knew for sure where they were really at
When they tried to strangle Larry, Joey almost hit the roof
He went out that night to seek revenge, thinkin' he was bullet-proof

The war broke out at the break of dawn, it emptied out the streets
Joey and his brothers suffered terrible defeats
Till they ventured out behind the lines and took five prisoners
They stashed them away tn a basement, called them amateurs

The hostages were tremblin' when they heard a man exclaim
'Let's blow this place to kingdom come, let Con Edison take the blame'
But Joey stepped up, he raised his hand, said, "We're not those kind of men
It's peace and quiet that we need to go back to work again"

Joey, Joey
King of the streets, child of clay
Joey, Joey
What made them want to come and blow you away?

3. The police department hounded him, they called him Mr. Smith
They got him on conspiracy, they were never sure who with
"What time is it?' said the judge to Joey when they met
'Five to ten," said Joey. The judge says, "That"s exactly what you get"

He did ten years in Attica, reading Nietzsche and Wilhelm Reich
They threw him in the hole one time for tryin" to stop a strike
His closest friends were black men 'cause they seemed to understand
What it"s like to be tn society with a shackle on your hand

When they let him out in '71 he'd lost a little weight
But he dressed like Jimmy Cagney and I swear he did look great
He tried to find the way back in to the life he left behind
To the boss he said, "I have returned and now I want what's mine'

Joey, Joey
King of the streets, child of clay
Joey, Joey
Why did they have to come and blow you away?

4. It was true that in his later years he would not carry a gun
“I’m around too many children,” he”d say ’they should never know of one“
Yet he walked right into the clubhouse of his life-long deadly foe
Emptied out the register, Said, ”Tell “em. it was Crazy Joe’

One day they blew him down in a clam bar in New York
He could see it comin” through the door as he lifted up his fork
He pushed the table over to protect his family
Then he staggered out into the streets of Little Italy

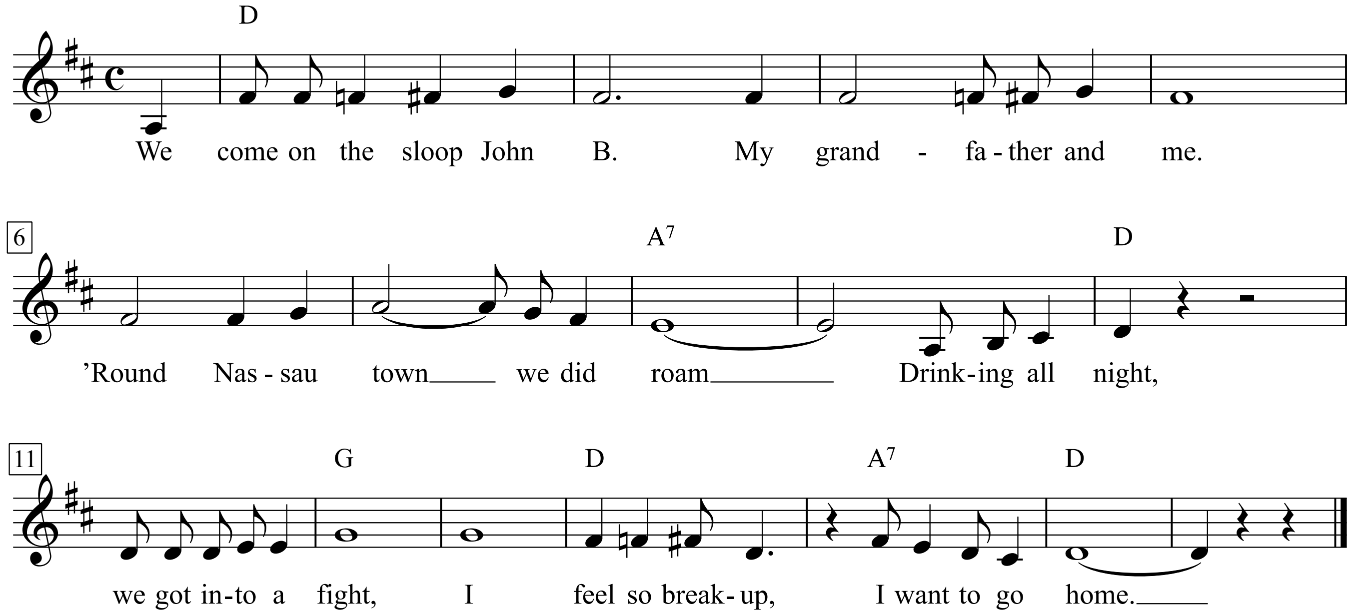
Joey, Joey
King of the streets, child of clay
Joey, Joey
What made them want to come and blow you away?

5. Sister Jacqueline and Carmela and Mother Mary all did weep
I heard his best friend Frankie say, ’He ain“t dead, he’s just asleep’
Then I saw the old man”s limousine head back towards the grave
I guess he had to say one last goodbye to the son that he could not save

The sun turned cold over President Street and the town of Brooklyn mourned
They said a mass in the old church near the house where he was born
And someday if God’s in heaven overlookin’ His preserve
I know the men that shot him down will get what they deserve

Joey, Joey
King of the streets, child of clay
Joey, Joey
What made them want to come and blow you away?

John B. Sails



1. We come on the sloop John B.
My grandfather and me.
'Round Nassau town we did roam
Drinking all night, we got into a fight,
I feel so break-up, I want to go home.

Chorus:
1. So hoist up the John B's sails,
See how the main sail sets,
Send for the captain ashore, let me go home,
Let me go home, I want to go home,
I feel so break-up, I want to go home.

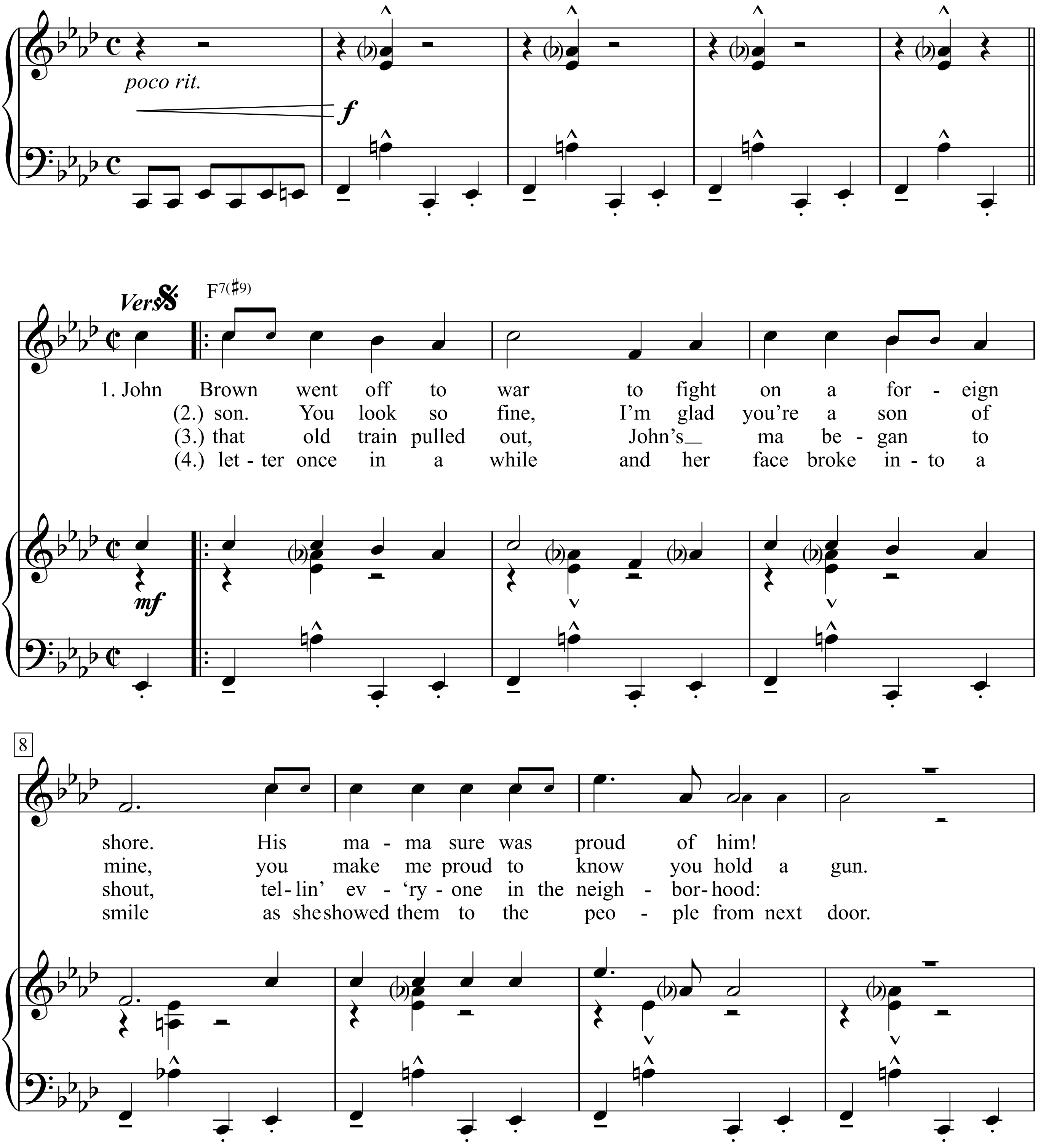
2. Well, the first mate, he got drunk,
And destroyed the people's trunk,
A Constable come aboard, take him away,
Sheriff Johnstone, please let me alone,
I feel so break-up, I want to go home.

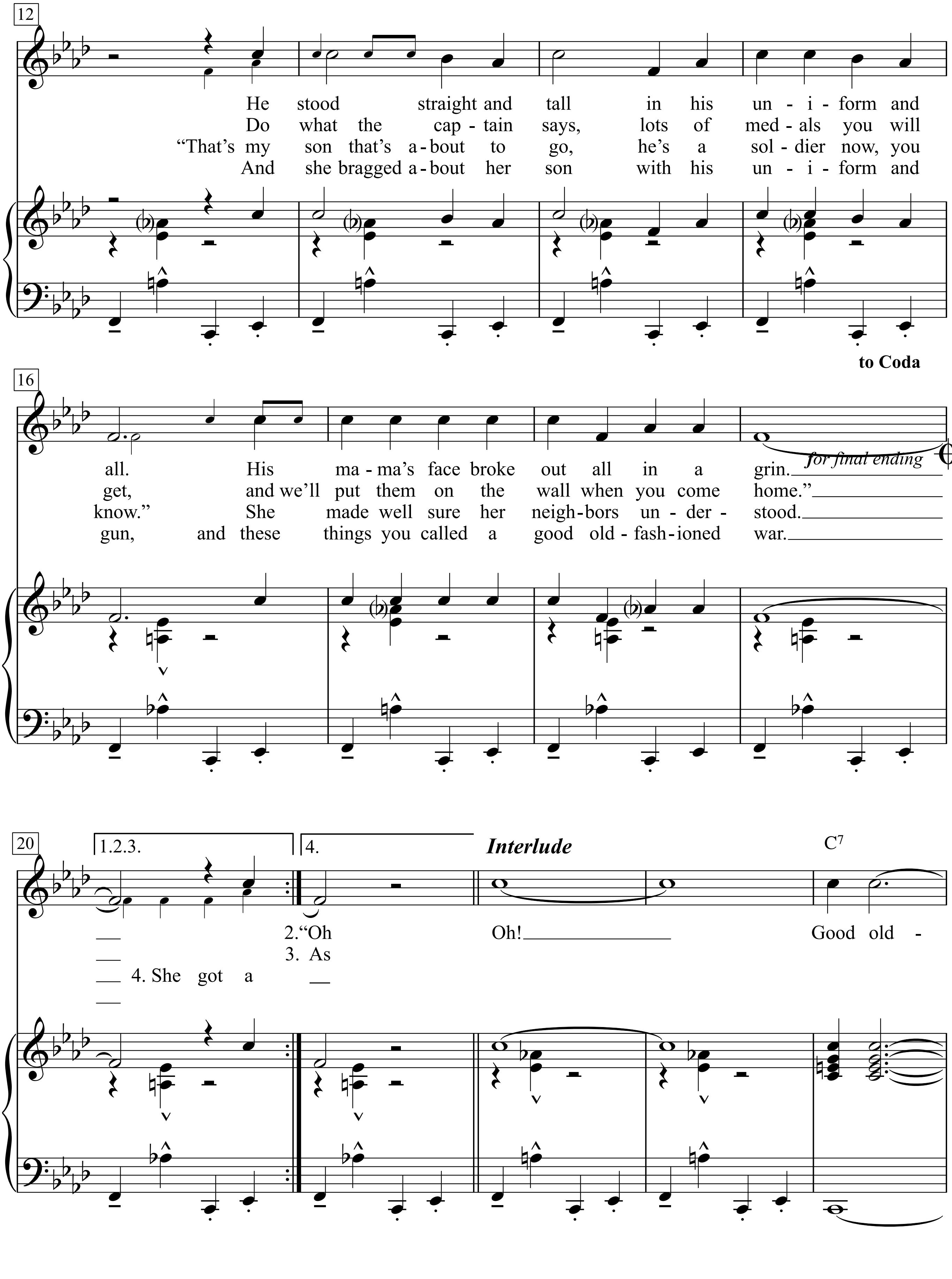
3. Well the poor cook he got fits,
Throw 'way all the grits,
Then he took and eat up all my corn,
Let me go home, I want to go home,
Oh, this is the worst trip since I been born.

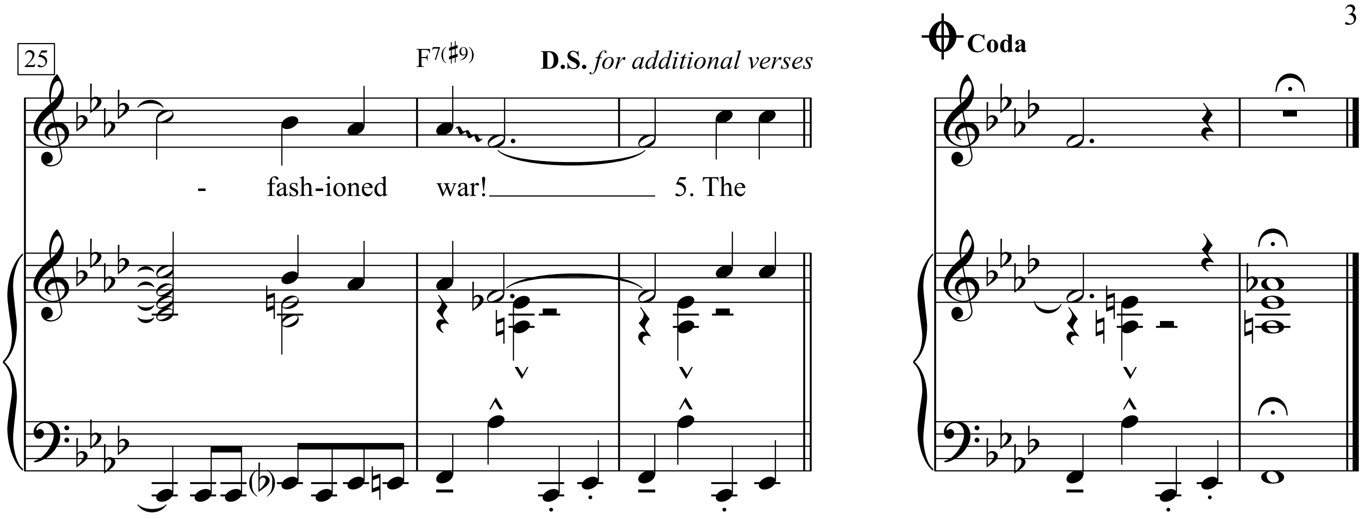
John Brown

Moderate rock

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




12
He stood straight and tall in his un - i - form and
Do what the cap - tain says, lots of med - als you will
“That’s my son that’s a - bout to go, he’s a sol - dier now, you
And she bragged a - bout her son with his un - i - form and
to Coda
16
all. His ma - ma’s face broke out all in a grin.
for final ending
get, and we’ll put them on the wall when you come home.”
know.” She made well sure her neigh - bors un - der - stood.
gun, and these things you called a good old - fash - ioned war.
20
1.2.3.
4.
Interlude
C7
2.“Oh Oh! Good old -
3. As
4. She got a



1. John Brown went off to war to fight on a foreign shore.
His mama sure was proud of him!
He stood straight and tall in his uniform and all.
His mama's face broke out all in a grin.

2. "Oh son. You look so fine, I'm glad you're a son of mine,
You make me proud to know you hold a gun.
Do what the captain says, lots of medals you will get,
And we'll put them on the wall when you come home."

3. As that old train pulled out,
John's ma began to shout, tellin' ev'ryone in the neighborhood:
"That's my son that's about to go, he's a soldier now, you know."
She made well sure her neighbors understood.

4. She got a letter once in a while and her face broke into a smile
As she showed them to the people from next door.
And she bragged about her son with his uniform and gun,
And these things you called a good old??fashioned war.

Interlude:
Oh! Good oldfash??ioned war!

5. Then the letters ceased to come, for a long time they did not come.
They ceased to come for about ten months or more.
Then a letter finally came saying, “Go down and meet the train.
Your son’s a-coming home from the war.”

6. She smiled and went right down, she looked everywhere around
But she could not see her soldier son in sight.
But as all the people passed, she saw her son at last
When she did she could hardly believe her eyes.

7. Oh, his face was all shot up and his hand was all blown off
And he wore a metal brace around his waist.
He whispered kind of slow in a voice she did not know,
While she couldn’t even recognize his face!

Interlude
Oh! Lord! Not even recognize his face.

8. “Oh, tell me, my darling son, pray tell me what they done.
How is it you come to be this way?”
He tried his best to talk, but his mouth could hardly move
And the mother had to turn her face away.

9. “Don’t you remember, Ma, when I went off to war
You thought it was the best thing I could do?
I was on the battle ground, you were home... acting proud.
You wasn’t there standing in my shoes.”

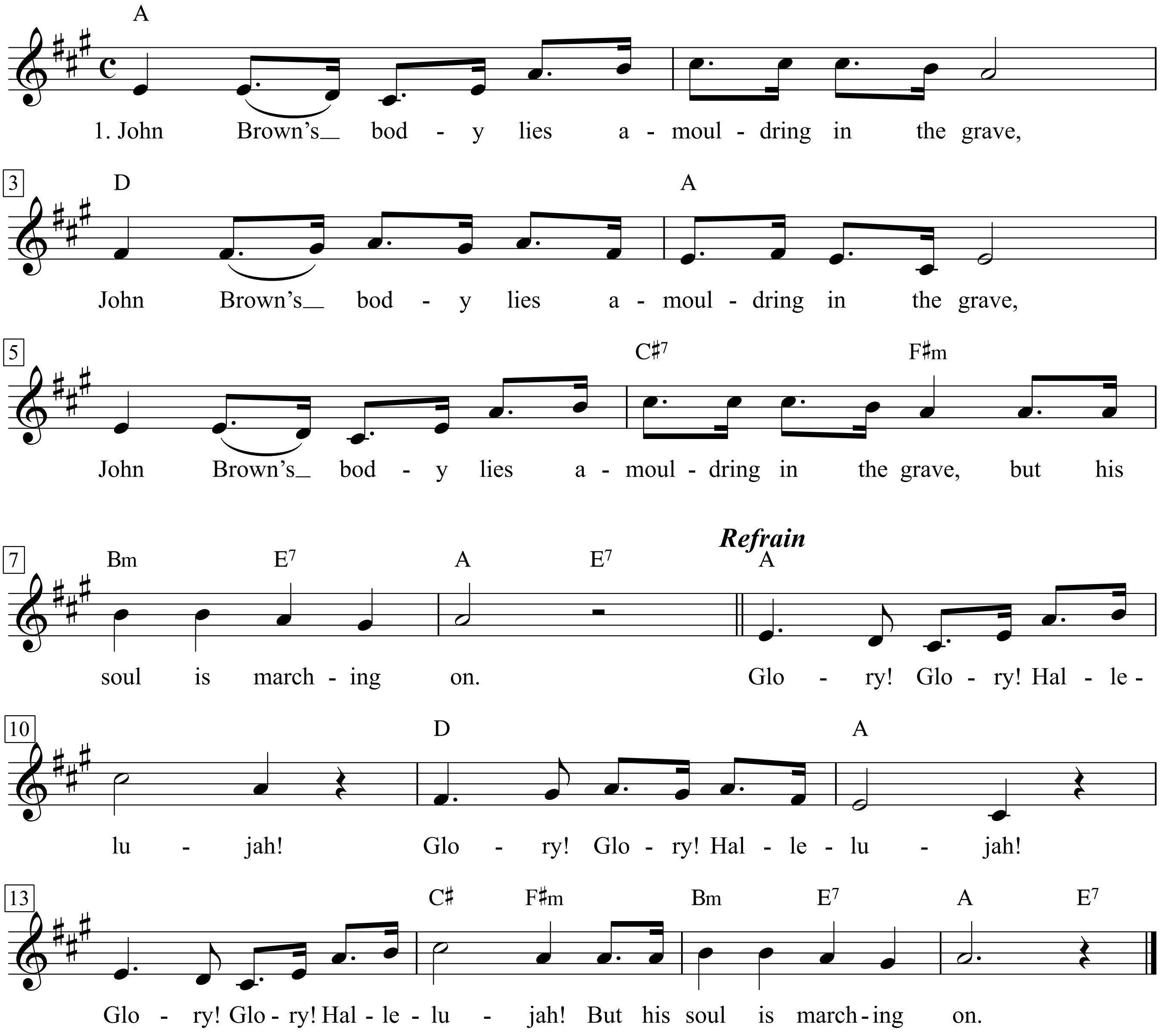
10. “Oh, and I thought when I was there, God, what am I doing here?
I’m a-tryin’ to kill somebody or die tryin’.
But the thing that scared me most was when my enemy came close
And I saw that his face looked just like mine.”

Interlude
Oh! Lord! Just like mine!

11. “And I couldn’t help but think, through the thunder rolling and stink
That I was just a puppet in a play.
And through this roar and smoke this string is finally broke,
And a cannon ball blew my eyes away.”

12. As he turned away to walk his Ma was still in shock
At seein’ the metal brace that helped him stand.
But as he turned to go, he called his mother close
And he dropped his medals down into her hand.

John Brown's body



1. John Brown's body lies a-mouldring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldring in the grave,
but his soul is marching on.

Refrain:
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
But his soul is marching on.

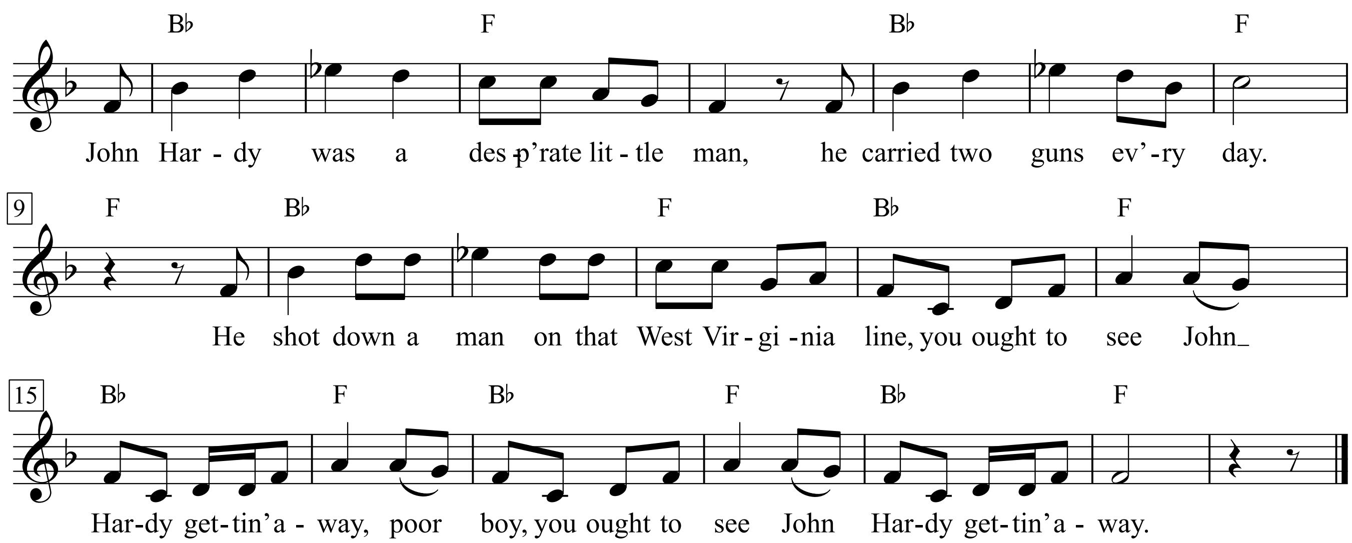
2. The stars of heaven are looking kindly down, (3x)
on the grave of old John Brown.
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah! …

3. He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord, (3x)
and his soul goes marching on.
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah! …

Melodie und Text: aus dem amerikanischen Sezessionskrieg (1861–1865), die Melodie geht möglicherweise auf das methodistische Kirchenlied »Say, brothers, will you meet us« (1858) zurück

John Hardy

USA



1. John Hardy was a desp'rate little man,
He carried two guns ev'ry day.
He shot down a man
on that West Virginia line,
you ought to see John Hardy
gettin' away, poor boy,
you ought to see John Hardy gettin' away.

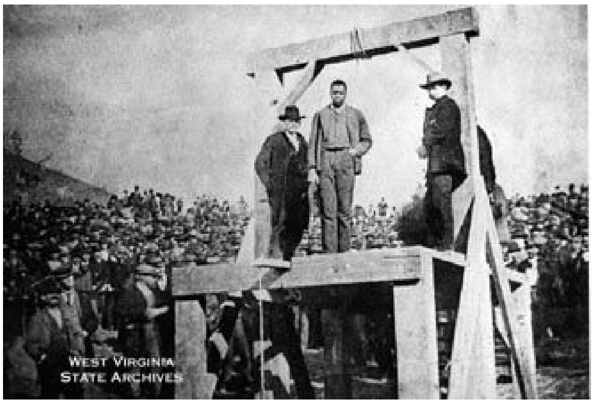
2. John Hardy stood in that old barroom,
So drunk that he could not see.
And a man walked up
and took him by the arm,
He said, "Johnny, come
and go along with me, poor boy,
Johnny, come and walk along with me."

3. John Hardy stood in his old jail cell,
The tears running down from his eyes.
He said, "I've been the death
of many a poor boy.
But my six-shooters
never told a lie, poor boy,
But my six-shooters never told a lie.

4. The first one to visit
John Hardy in his cell
Was a little girl dressed in blue.
She came down to that old jail cell,
She said, "Johnny,
I've been true to you, poor boy,
God knows, Johnny, I've been true to you."

5. The next one to visit John Hardy in his cell,
Was a little girl dressed in red.
She came down to that old jail cell,
She said, "Johnny,
I had rather see you dead, poor boy,
She said, Johnny,
I had rather see you dead."

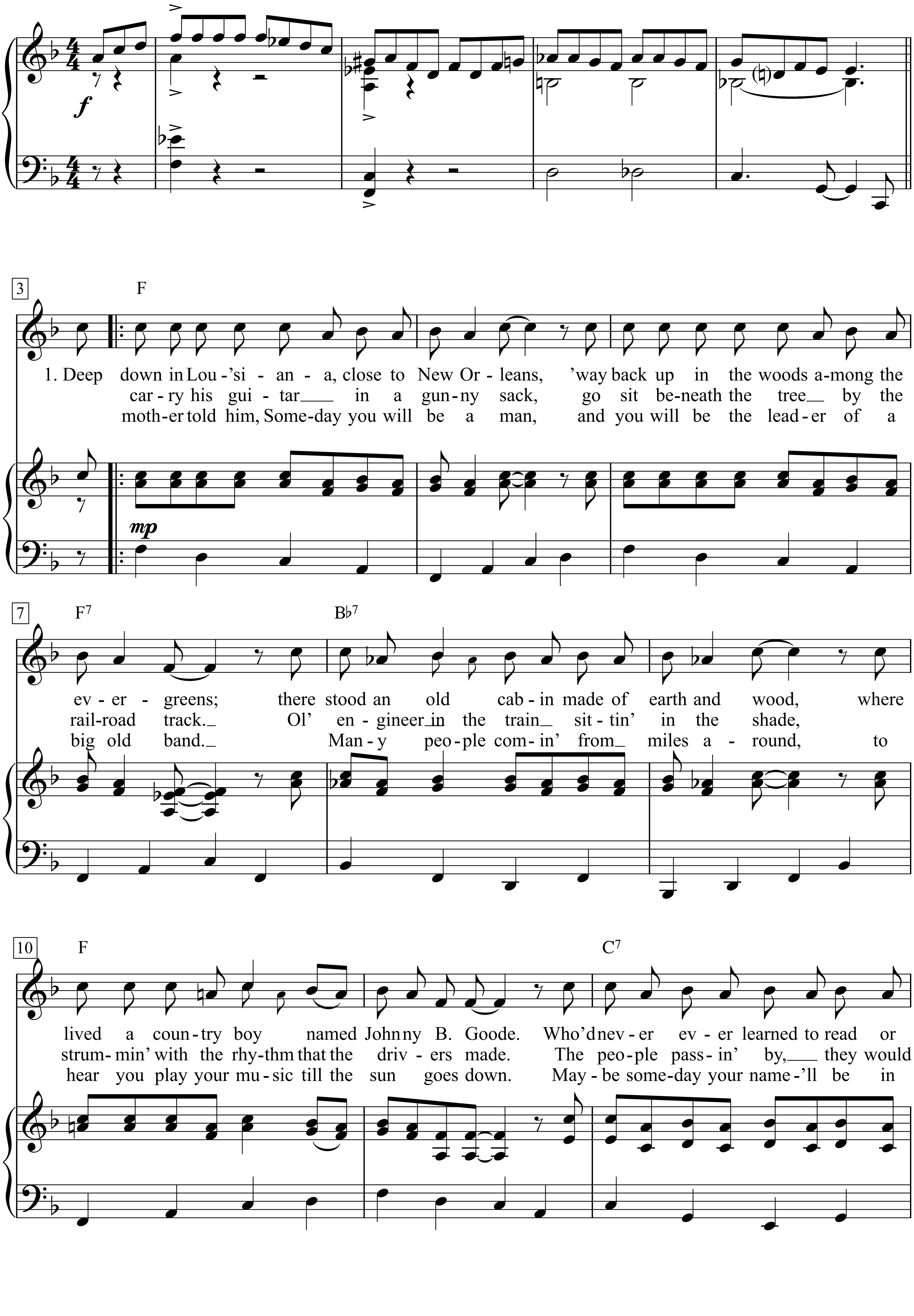
6. "I've been to the East and I've been to the West,
I've travelled this wide world around,
I've been to that river
and I've been baptized,
So take me to my
burying ground, poor boy,
So take me to my burying ground."

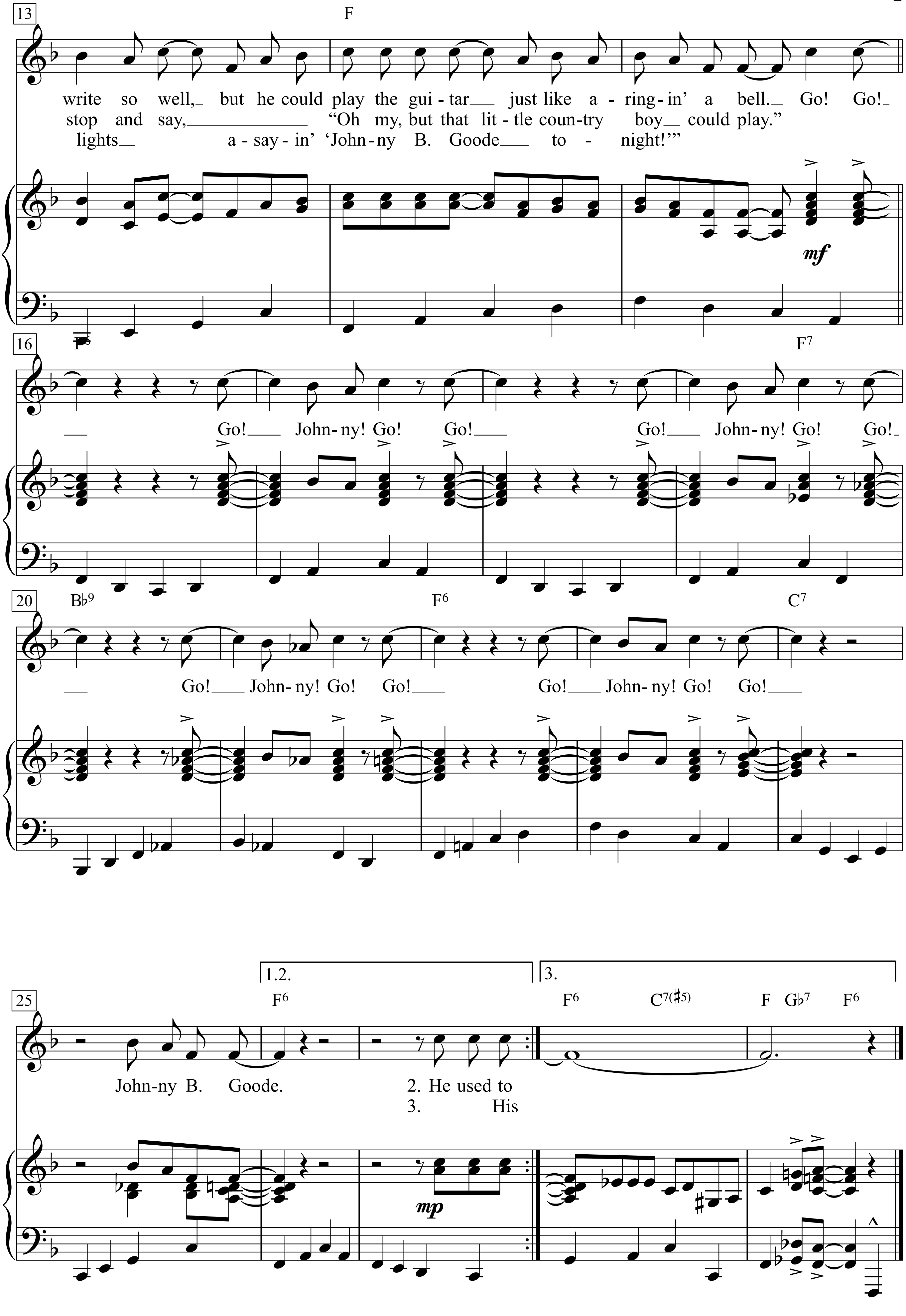


Johnny B. Goode

Words & Music by Chuck Berry
(Chuck Berry)

With a beat




13
F
write so well, but he could play the gui - tar just like a - ring - in' a bell. Go! Go!
stop and say, "Oh my, but that lit - tle coun - try boy could play."
lights a - say - in' 'John - ny B. Goode to - night!'"
mf
16
F7
Go! John - ny! Go! Go! Go! John - ny! Go! Go!
20
B♭9
F6
C7
Go! John - ny! Go! Go! Go! John - ny! Go! Go!
1.2.
3.
25
F6
F6
C7(♯5)
F G♭7 F6
John - ny B. Goode.
2. He used to
3. His
mp

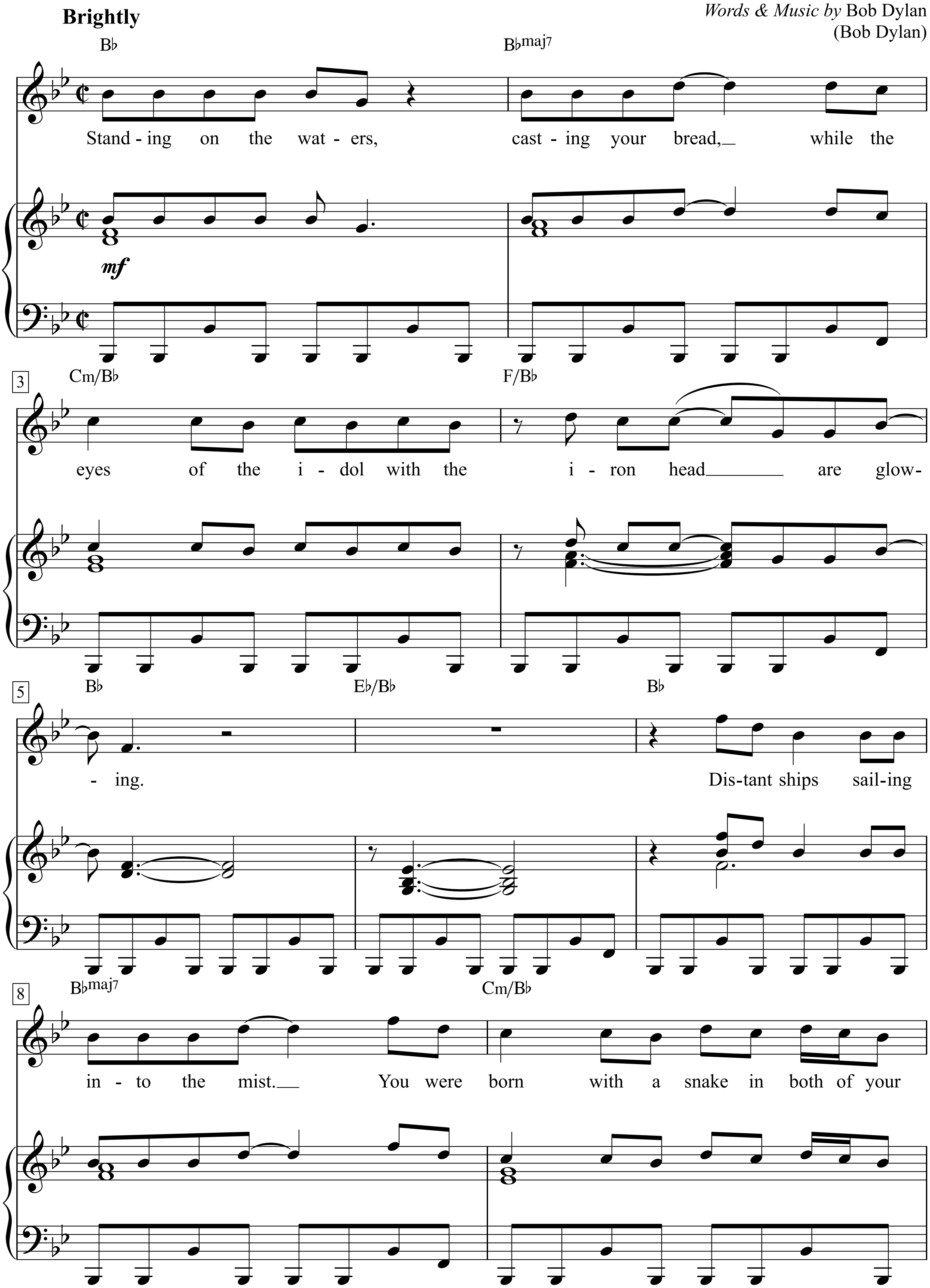
1.
Deep down in Lou'siana, close to New Orleans,
'way back up in the woods among the evergreens;
there stood an old cabin made of earth and wood,
where lived a country boy named Johnny B.
Goode.
Who'd never ever learned to read or write so well,
but he could play the guitar just like a-ringin' a bell.
Go! Go! Go! Johnny!
Go! Go! Go! Johnny!
Go! Go! Go! Johnny!
Go! Go! Go! Johnny!
Go! Go! Johnny B. Goode.
He used to

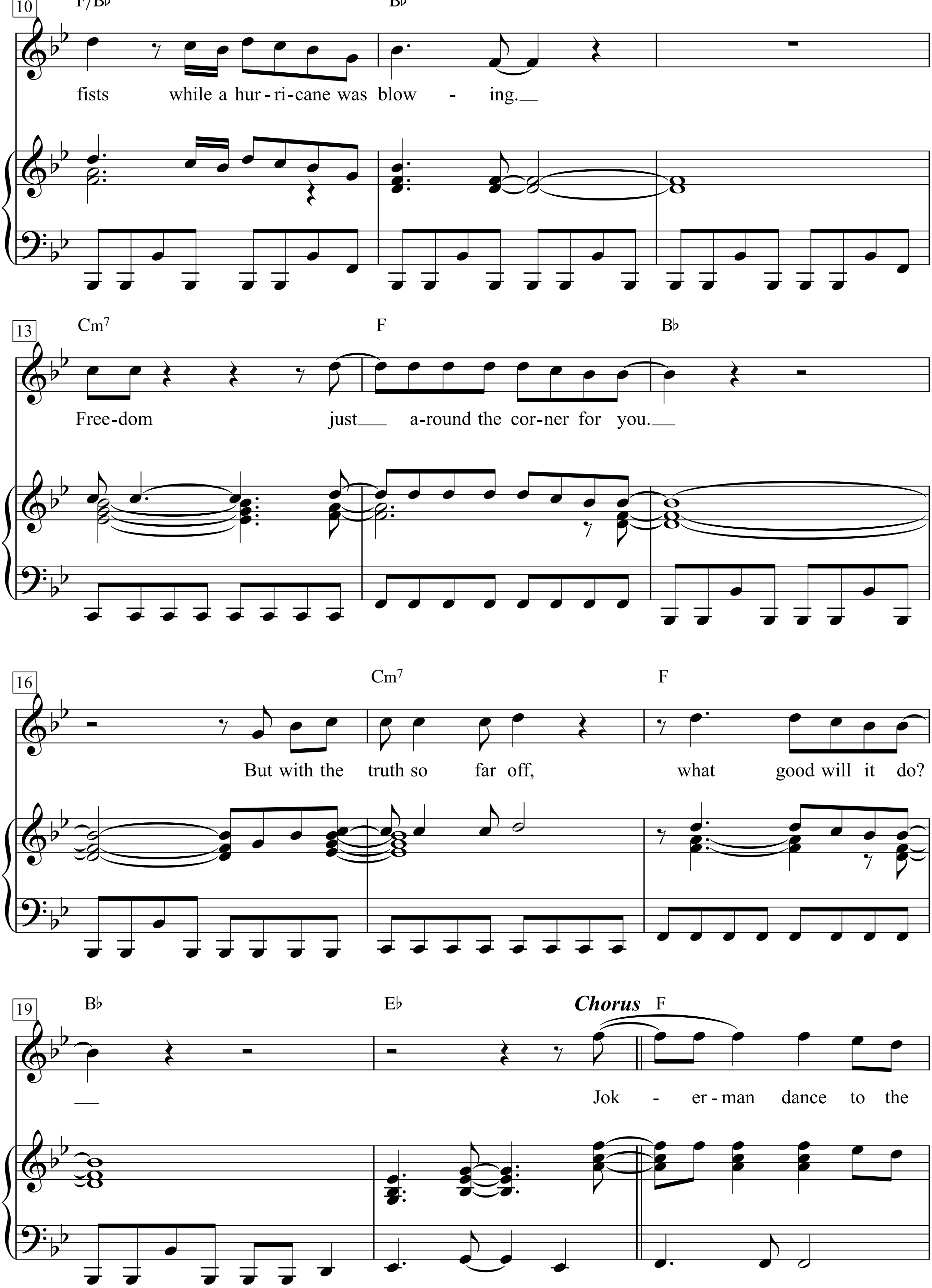
2. carry his guitar in a gunny sack,
go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track.
Ol' engineer in the train sittin' in the shade,
strummin' with the rhythm that the drivers made.
The people passin' by, they would stop and say,
"Oh my, but that little country boy could play." His

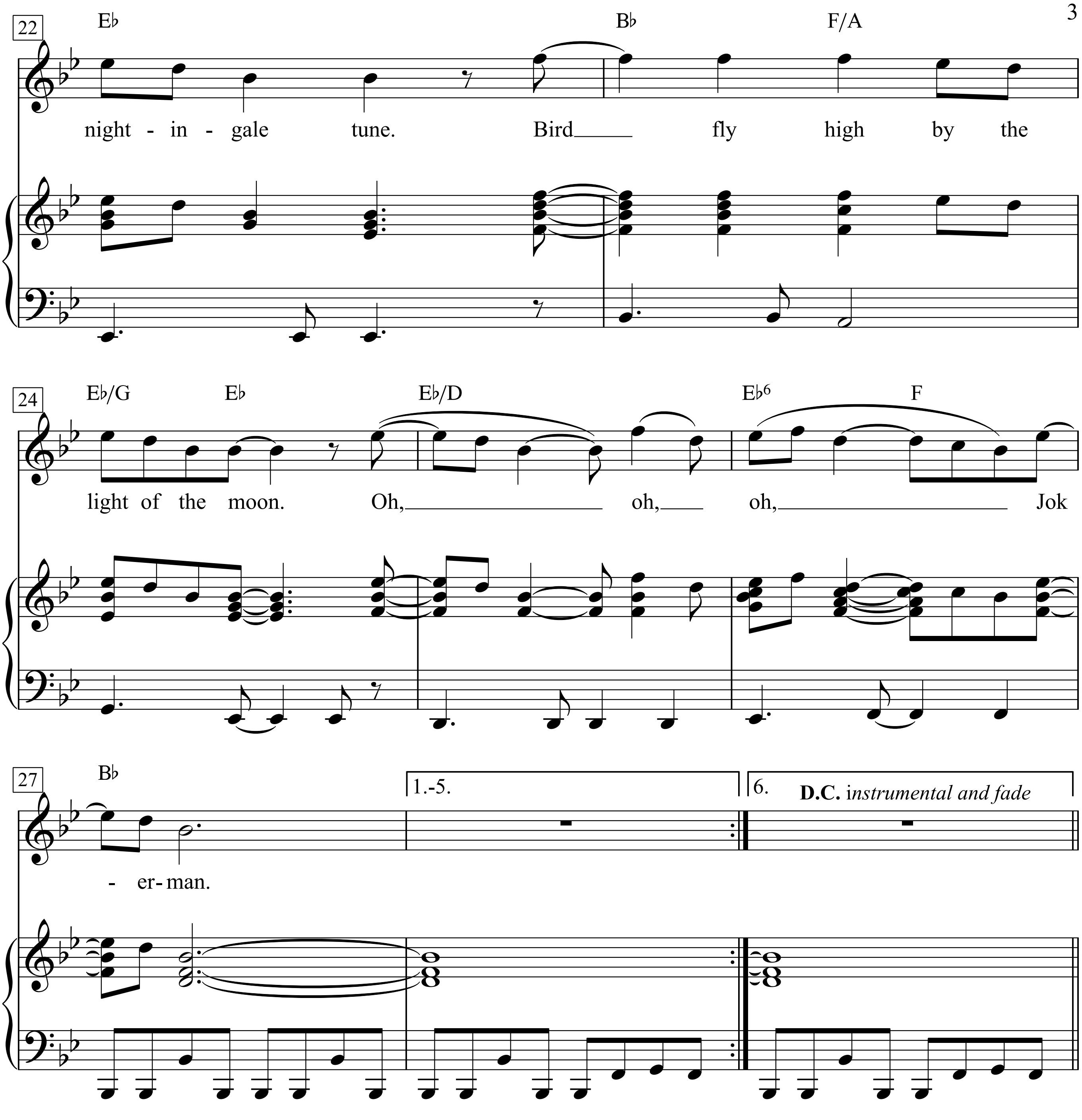
3. mother told him,
Someday you will be a man, and you will be the leader of a big old band.
Many people comin' from miles around,
to hear you play your music till the sun goes down.
Maybe someday your name'll be in lights a-sayin' 'Johnny B.
Goode tonight!'"

Jokerman

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




10
F/B♭
B♭
fists while a hur - ri - cane was blow - ing.
13
Cm7
F
B♭
Free - dom just a - round the cor - ner for you.
16
Cm7
F
But with the truth so far off, what good will it do?
19
B♭
E♭
Chorus
F
Jok - er - man dance to the


22
E♭ B♭ F/A
night - in - gale tune. Bird fly high by the
24
E♭/G E♭ E♭/D E♭6 F
light of the moon. Oh, oh, oh, Jok
27
B♭
- er- man.
1.-5.
6. D.C. instrumental and fade

1. Standing on the waters, casting your bread
While the eyes of the idol with the iron head are glowing
Distant ships sailing into the mist
You were born with a snake in both of your fists while a hurricane was blowing
Freedom just around the corner for you
But with the truth so far off, what good will it do?

Chorus:
Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune.
Bird fly high by the light of the moon.
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

2. So swiftly the sun sets in the sky.
You rise up and say goodbye to no one.
Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
Both of their futures, so full of dread, you don't show one.
Shedding off one more layer of skin,
Keeping one step ahead of the persecutor within.

Chorus

3. You're a man of the mountains, you can walk on the clouds.
Manipulator of crowds, you're a dream twister.
You're going to Sodom and Gomorrah,
But what do you care? Ain't nobody there would want to marry your sister.
Friend to the martyr, a friend to the woman of shame,
You look into the fiery furnace, see the rich man without any name.

Chorus

4. Well, the Book of Leviticus and Deuteronomy,
The law of the jungle and the sea are your only teachers.
In the smoke of the twilight on a milk-white steed,
Michelangelo indeed could've carved out your features.
Resting in the fields, far from the turbulent space,
Half asleep near the stars with a small dog licking your face.

Chorus

5. Well, the rifleman's stalking the sick and the lame,
Preacherman seeks the same, who'll get there first is uncertain.
Nightsticks and water cannons, teargas, padlocks,
Molotov cocktails and rocks behind every curtain.
Falsehearted judges dying in the webs that they spin,
Only a matter of time till night comes steppin' in.

Chorus

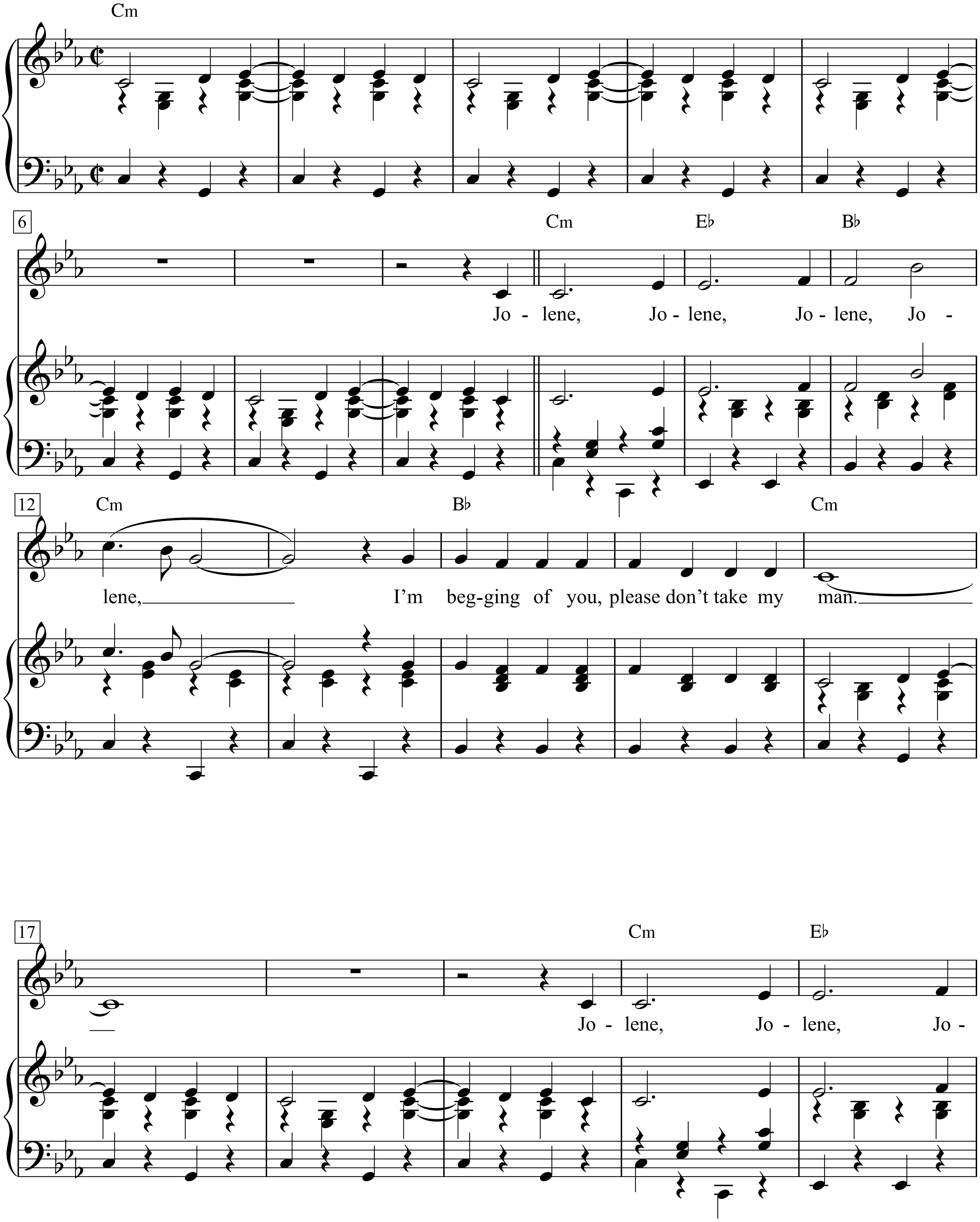
6. It's a shadowy world, skies are slippery grey.
A woman just gave birth to a prince today and dressed him in scarlet.
He'll put the priest in his pocket, put the blade to the heat,
Take the motherless children off the street,
And place them at the feet of a harlot.
Oh, Jokerman, you know what he wants,
Oh, Jokerman, you don't show any response.

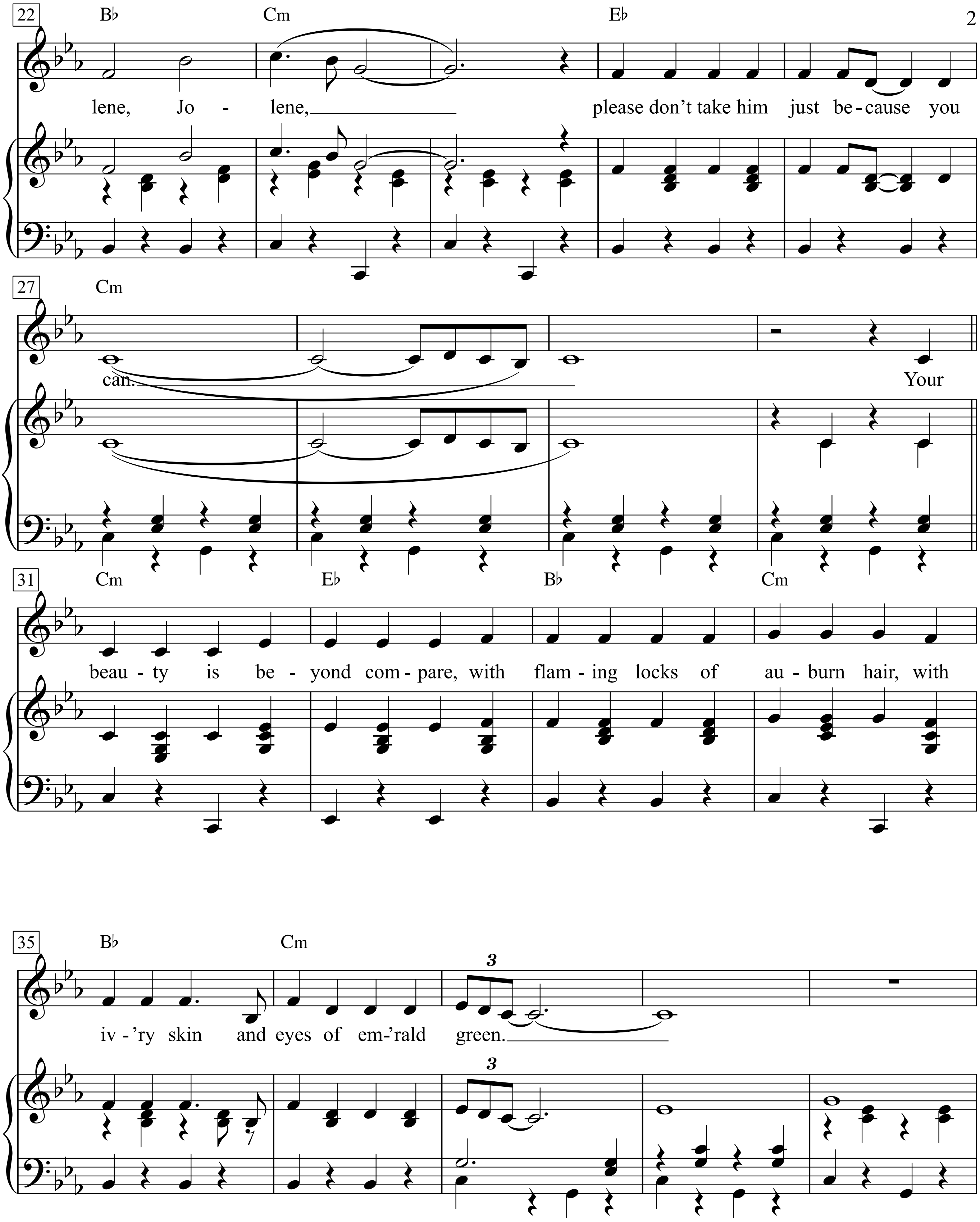
Chorus

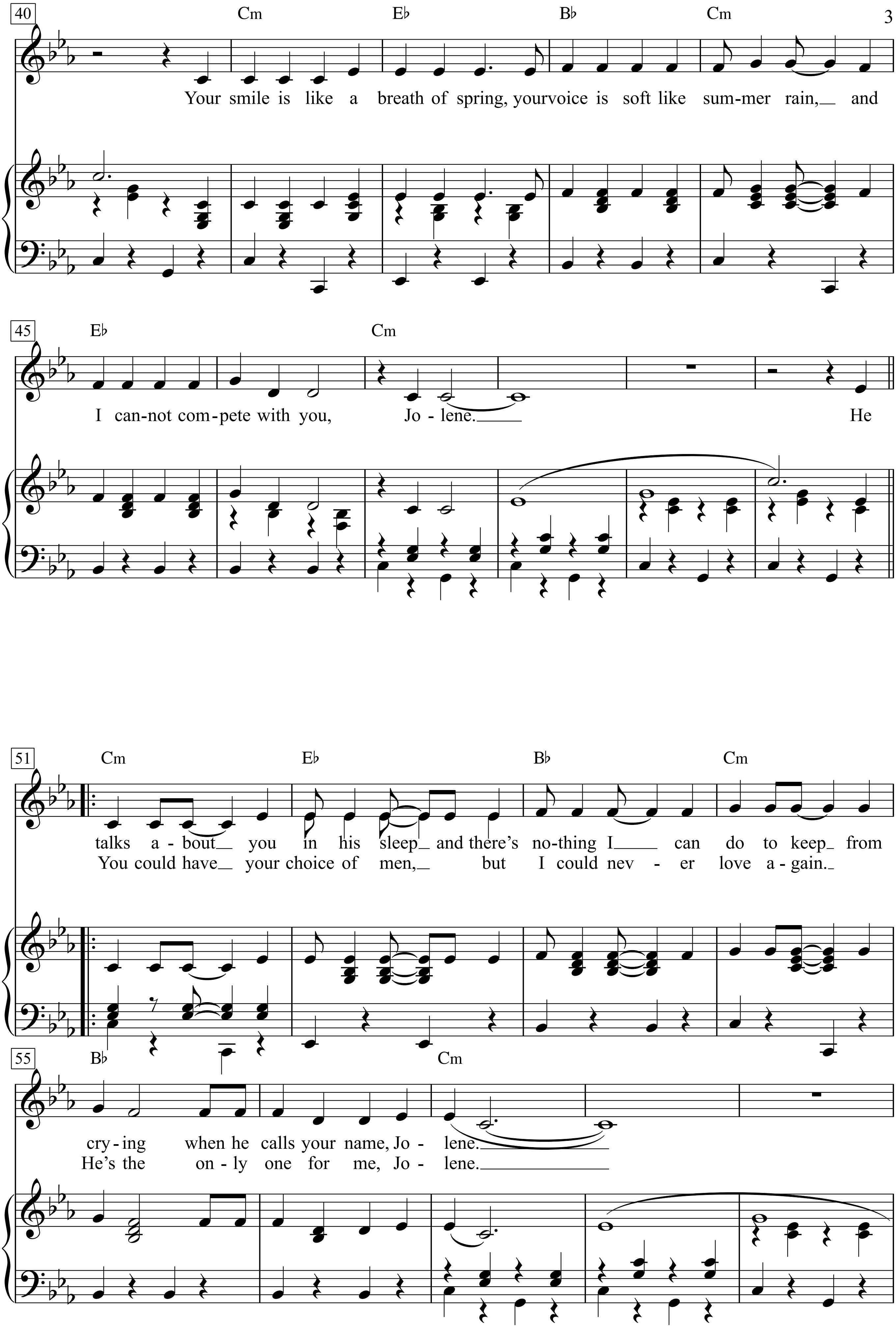
Jolene

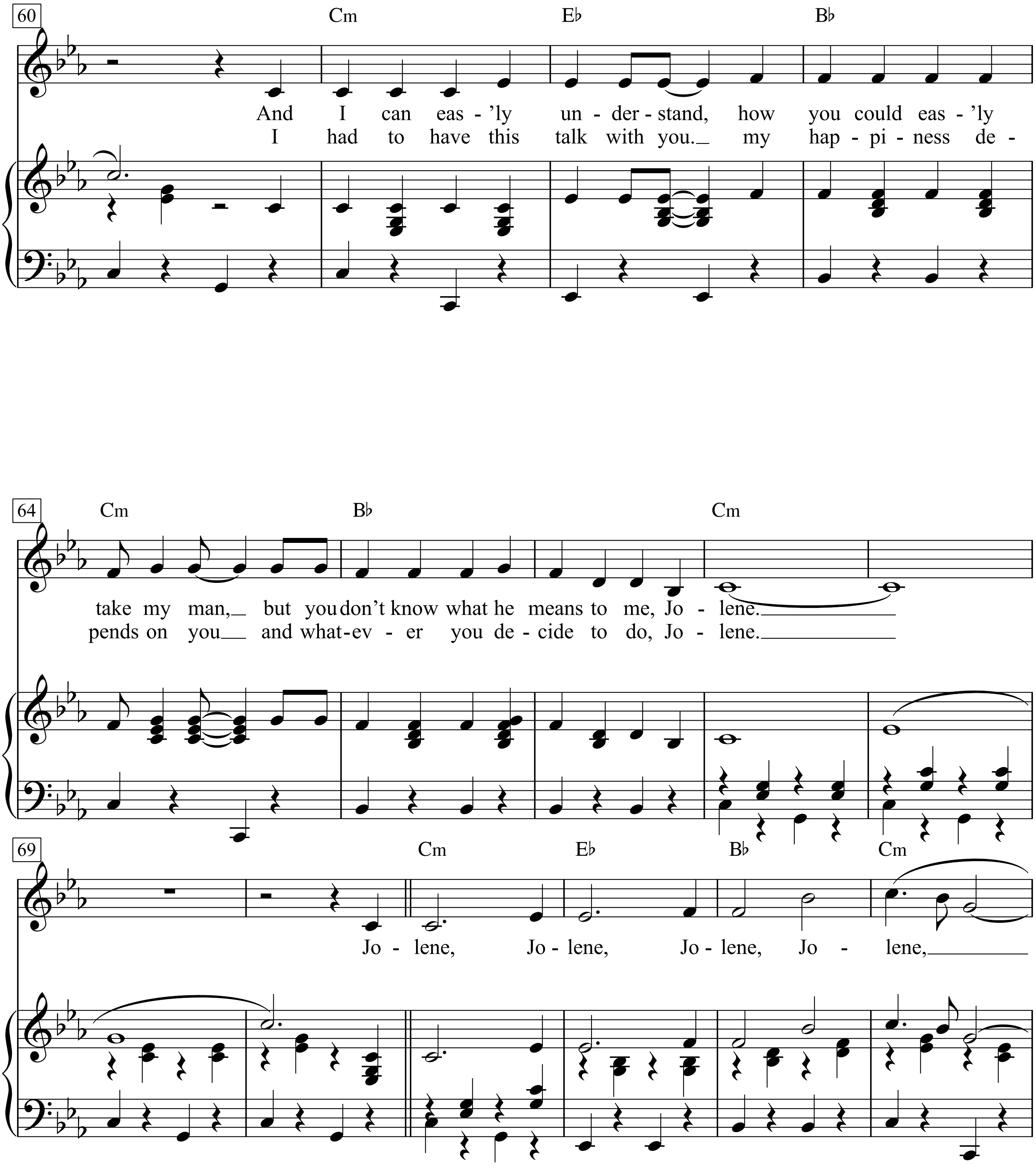
Words & Music by Dolly Parton
(Dolly Parton)

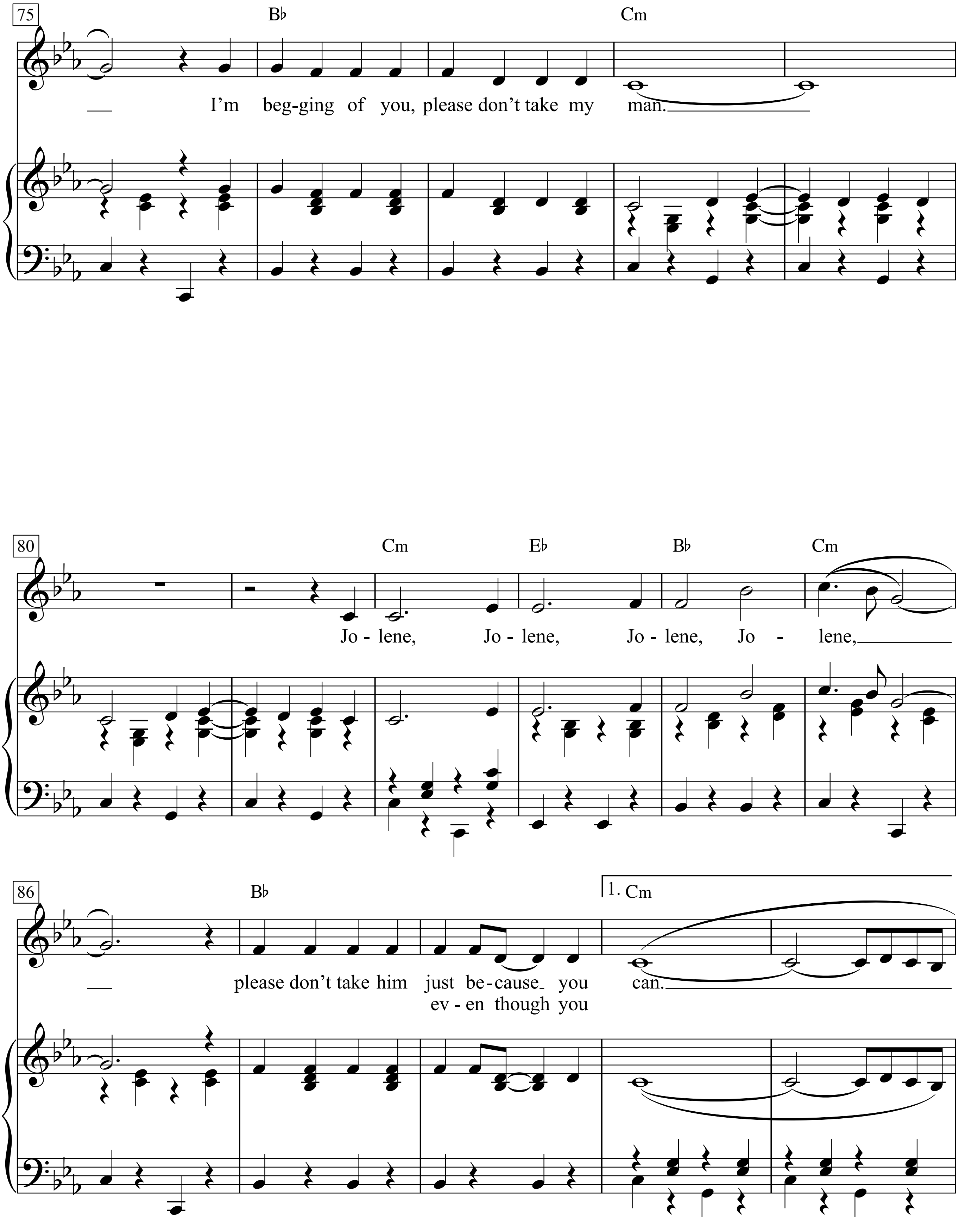
Fairly bright tempo

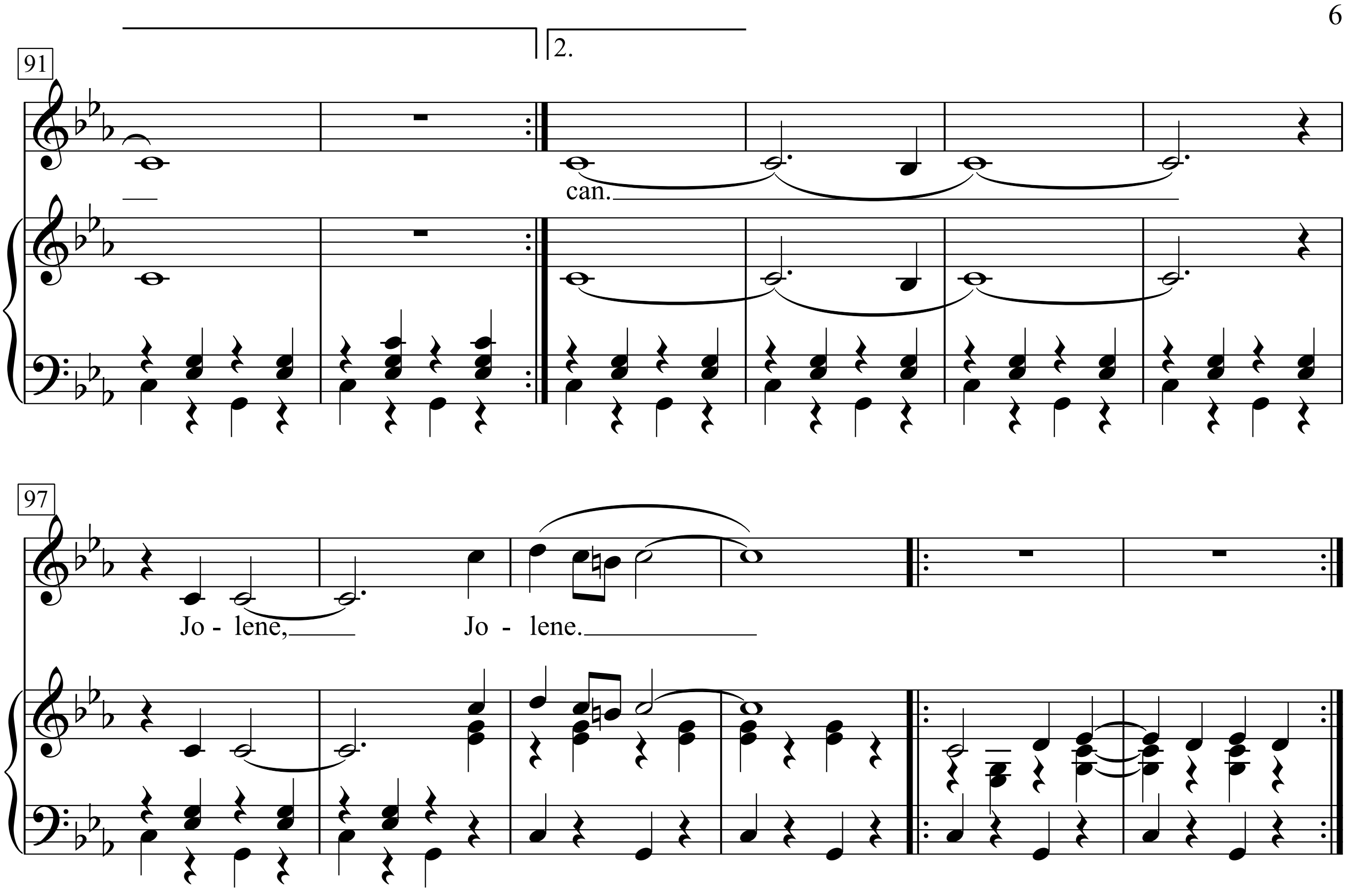



22
B♭ Cm E♭
lene, Jo - lene, please don't take him just be - cause you
27
Cm
can. Your
31
Cm E♭ B♭ Cm
beau - ty is be - yond com - pare, with flam - ing locks of au - burn hair, with
35
B♭ Cm
3
iv - 'ry skin and eyes of em-'rald green.
3


40
Cm Eb Bb Cm
Your smile is like a breath of spring, your voice is soft like sum-mer rain, and
45
Eb Cm
I can-not com-pete with you, Jo - lene.
He
51
Cm Eb Bb Cm
talks a - bout you in his sleep and there's no-thing I can do to keep from
You could have your choice of men, but I could nev - er love a - gain.
55
Bb Cm
cry-ing when he calls your name, Jo - lene.
He's the on - ly one for me, Jo - lene.


60
Cm Eb Bb
And I can eas - 'ly un - der - stand, how you could eas - 'ly
I had to have this talk with you. my hap - pi - ness de -
64
Cm Bb Cm
take my man, but you don't know what he means to me, Jo - lene.
pends on you and what - ev - er you de - cide to do, Jo - lene.
69
Cm Eb Bb Cm
Jo - lene, Jo - lene, Jo - lene, Jo - lene,


75
B♭
Cm
I'm beg-ging of you, please don't take my man.
80
Cm
E♭
B♭
Cm
Jo - lene, Jo - lene, Jo - lene, Jo - lene,
86
B♭
1. Cm
please don't take him just be-cause you can.
ev - en though you


2.
91
can.
97
Jo - lene,
Jo - lene.

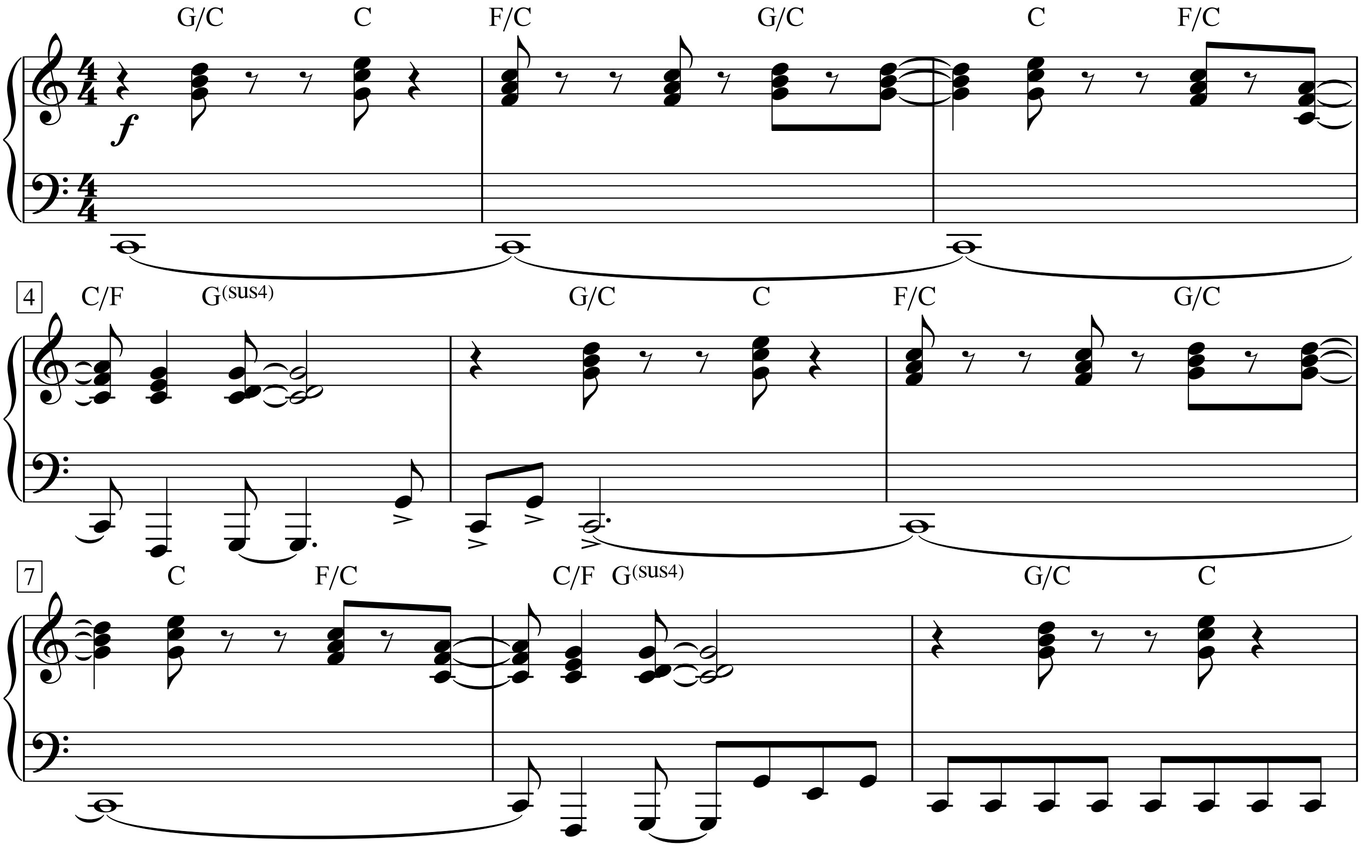
1.
Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene,
I’m begging of you, please don’t take my man.
Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene,
please don’t take him just because you can.
Your beauty is beyond compare, with flaming locks of auburn hair,
with iv’ry skin and eyes of em’rald green.
Your smile is like a breath of spring,
your voice is soft like summer rain, and I cannot compete with you,
Jolene.
He talks about you in his sleep and there’s nothing
I can do to keep from crying when he calls your name, Jolene.
And I can eas’ly understand, how you could eas’ly take my man,
but you don’t know what he means to me, Jolene.
Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene,
I’m begging of you, please don’t take my man.
Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene,
please don’t take him just because you can. can.
Jolene, Jolene.

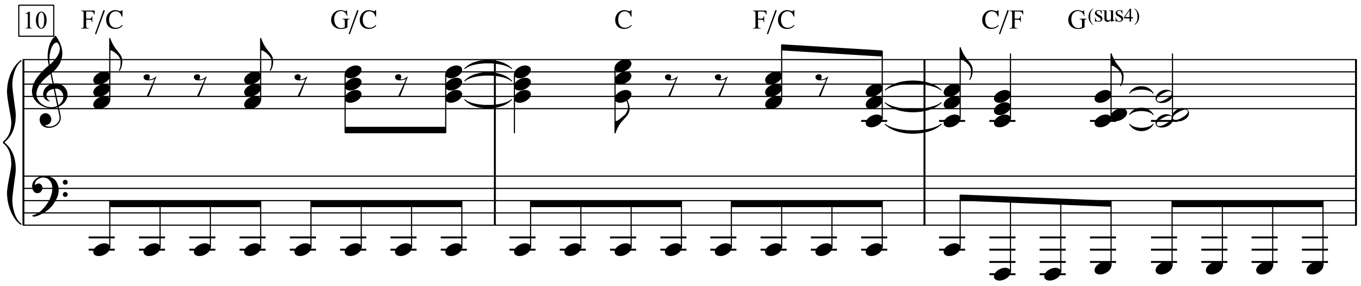
2.
You could have your choice of men, but I could never love again.
He’s the only one for me, Jolene.
I had to have this talk with you. my happiness depends on you
and whatever you decide to do, Jolene. even though you

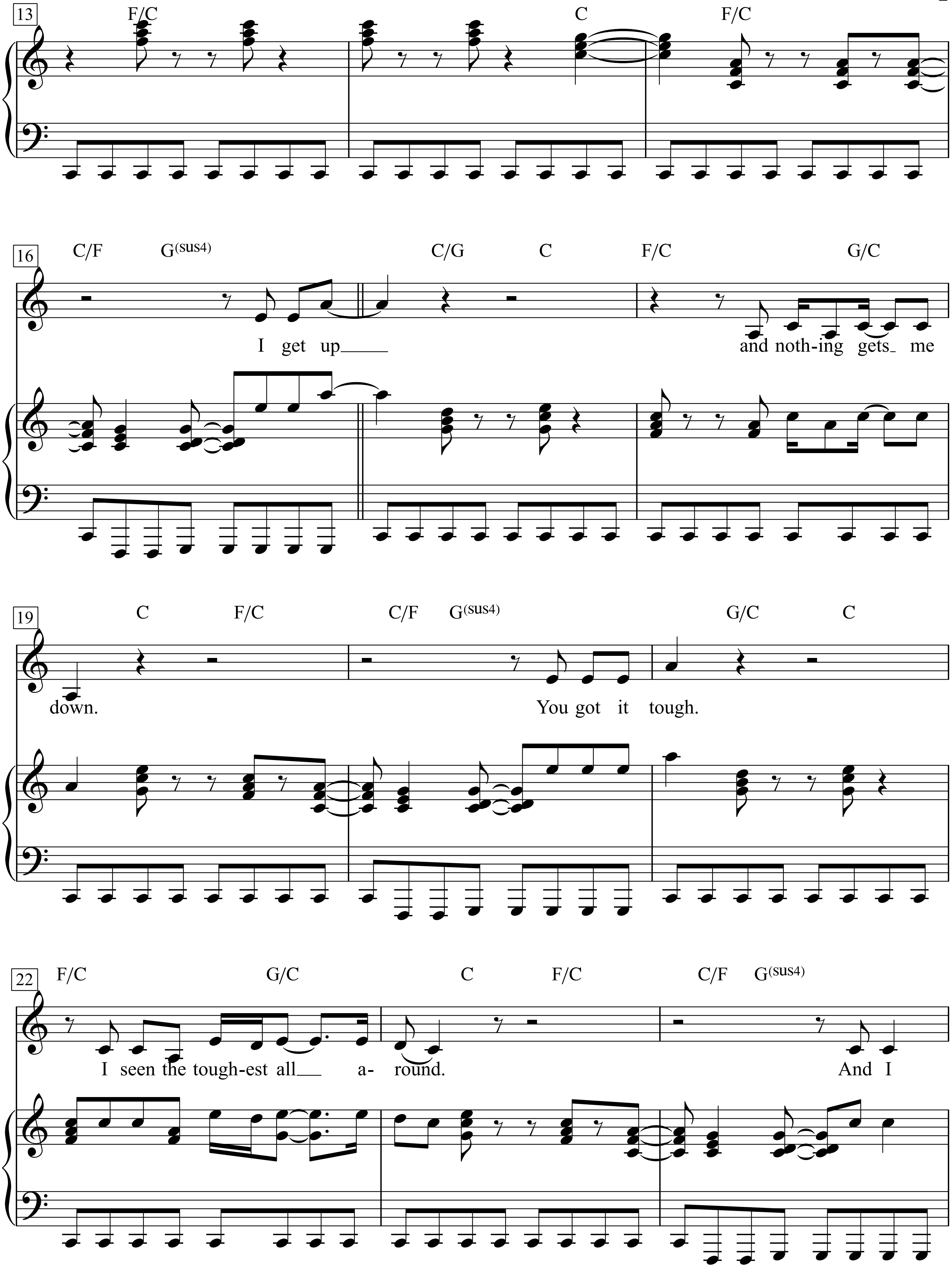
Jump

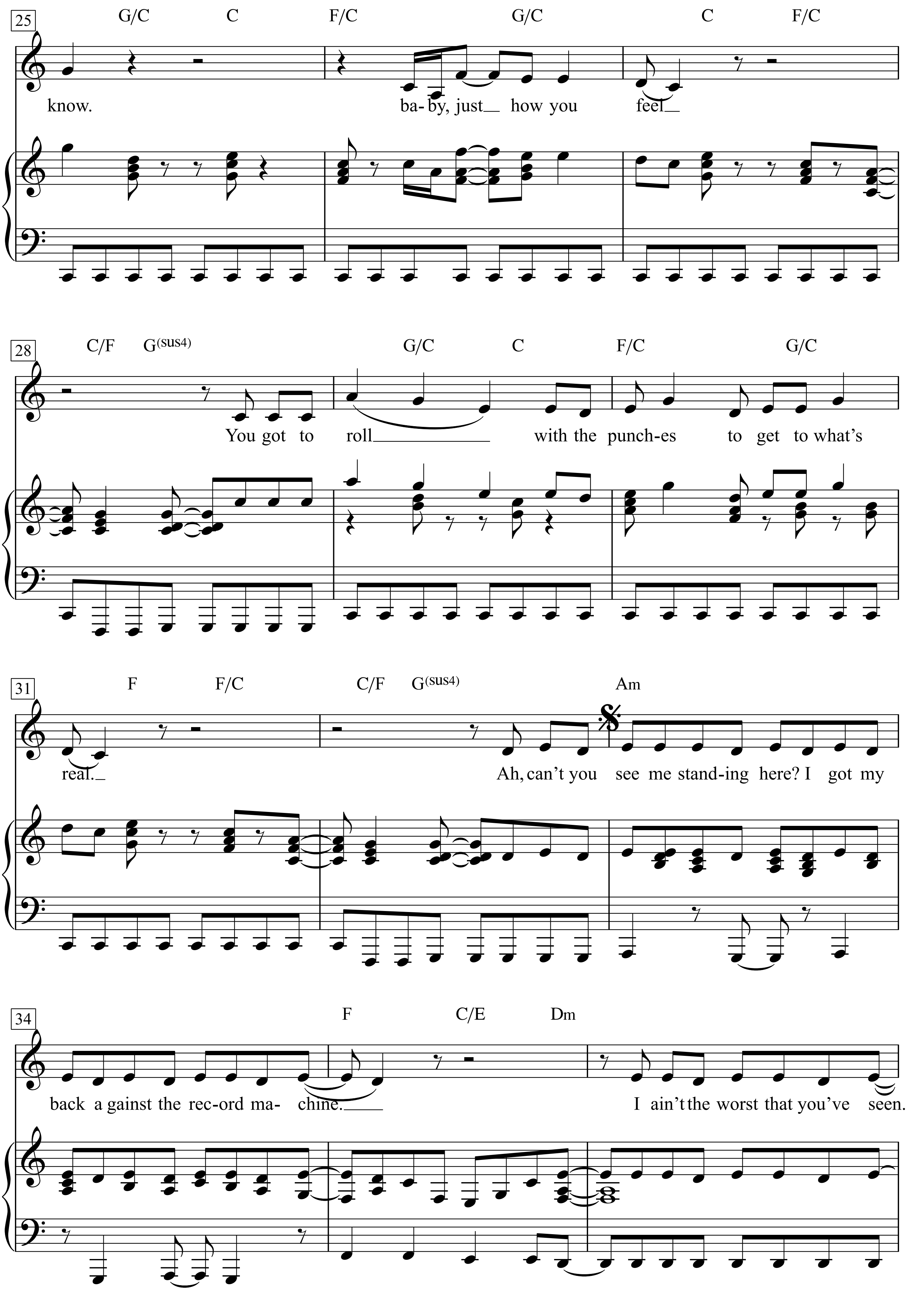
Words & Music by
Eward Van Halen, Ales Van Halen,
Michael Anthony and David Lee Rozj
(Van Halen)

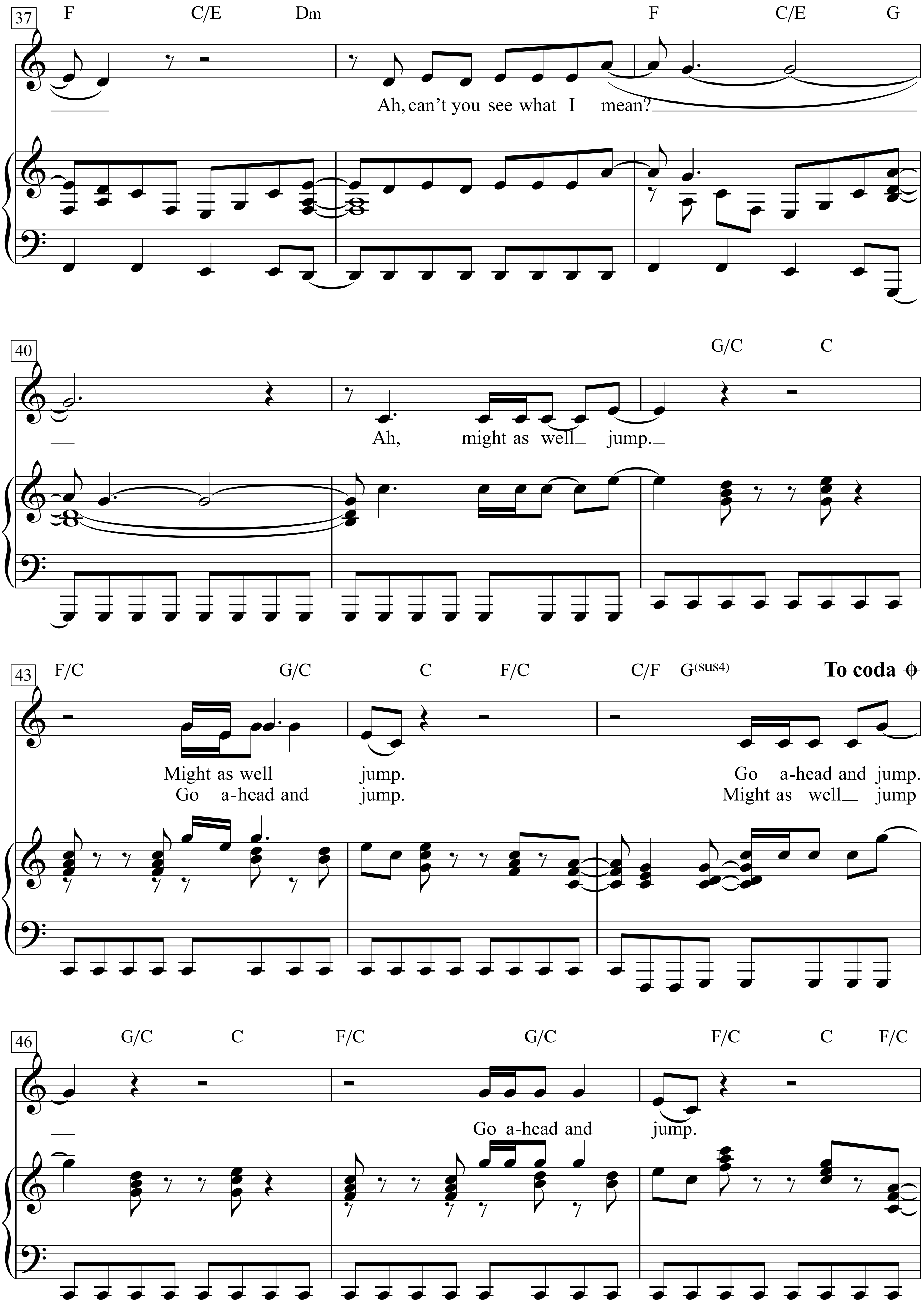
Bright Rock

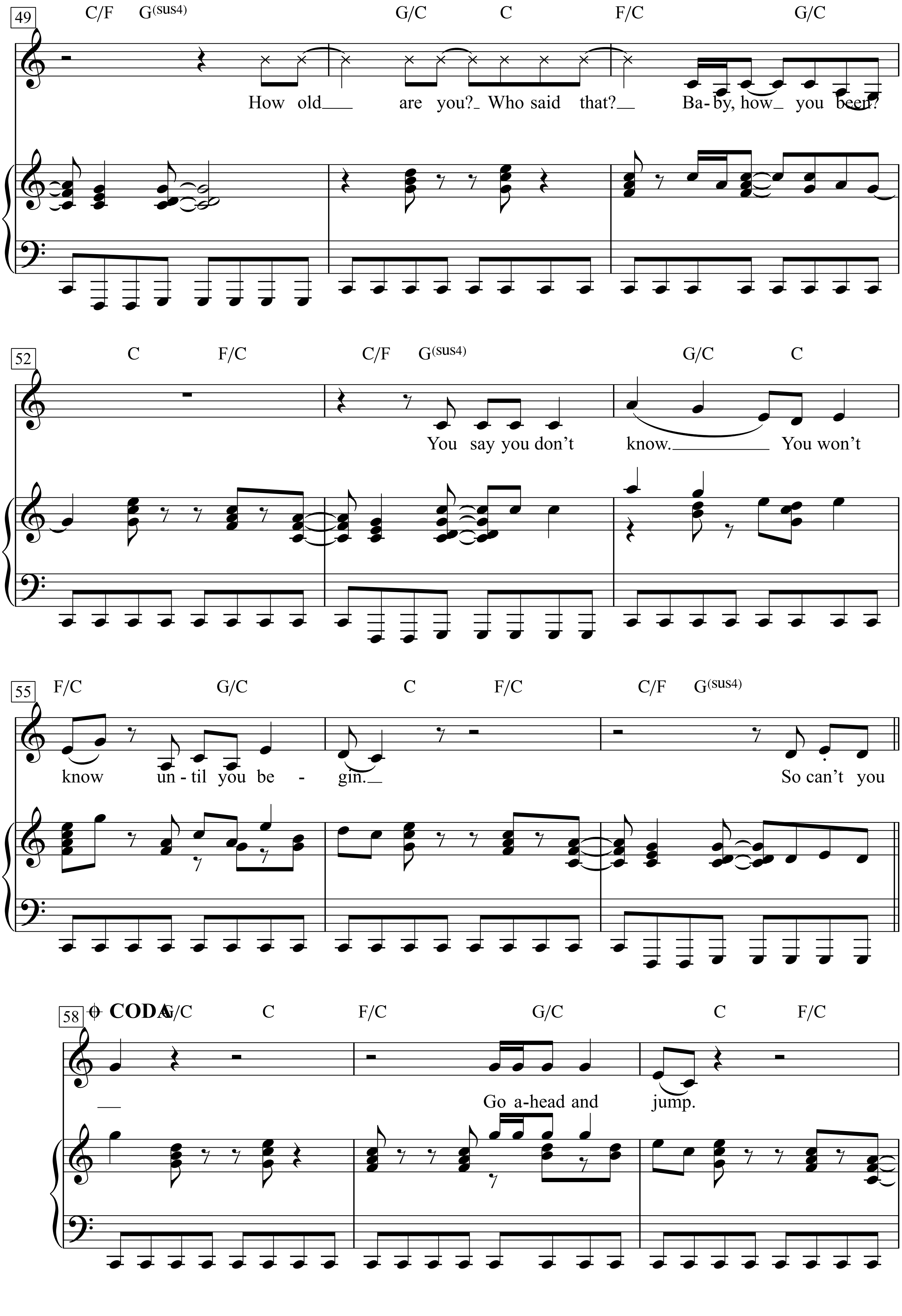


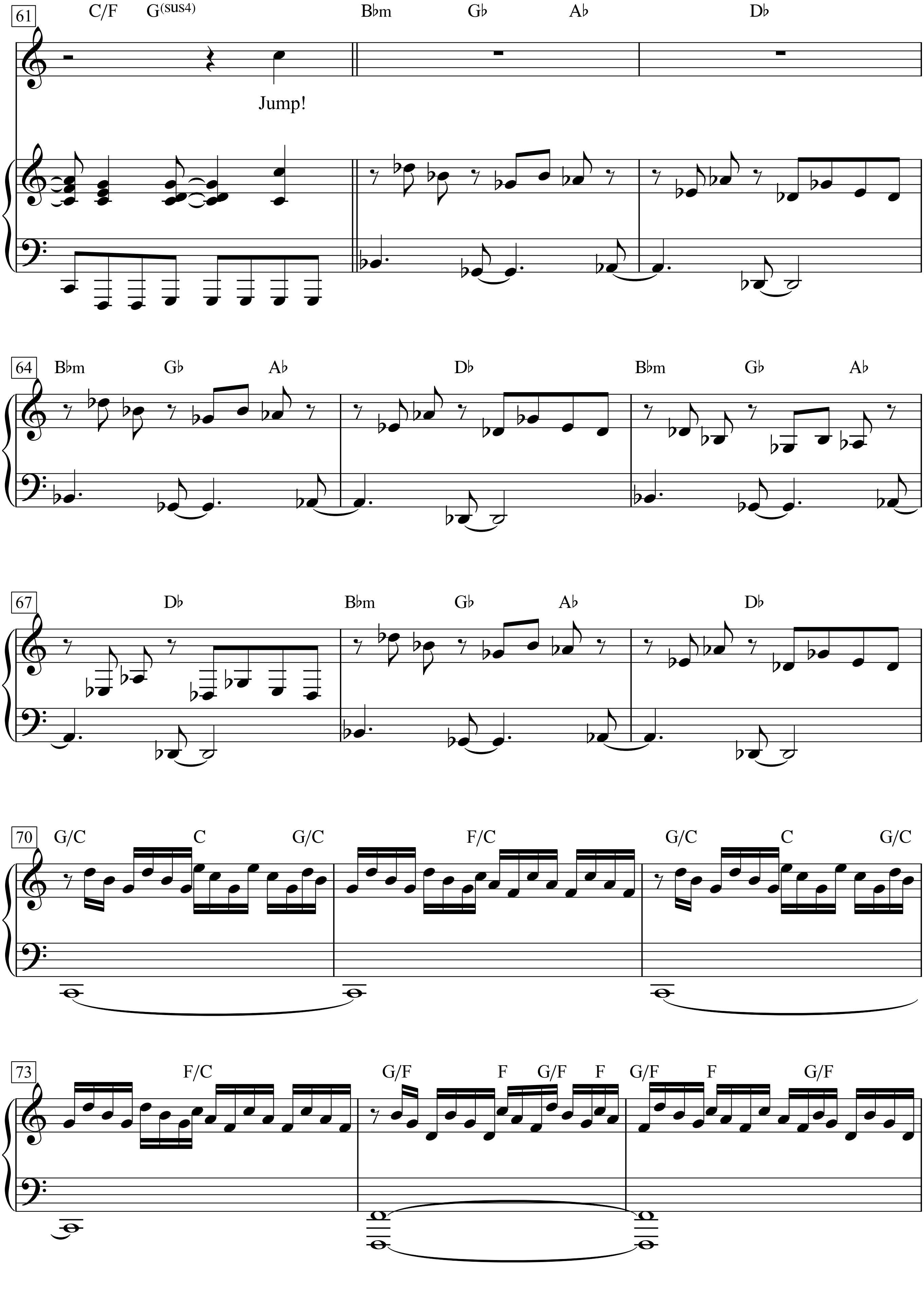


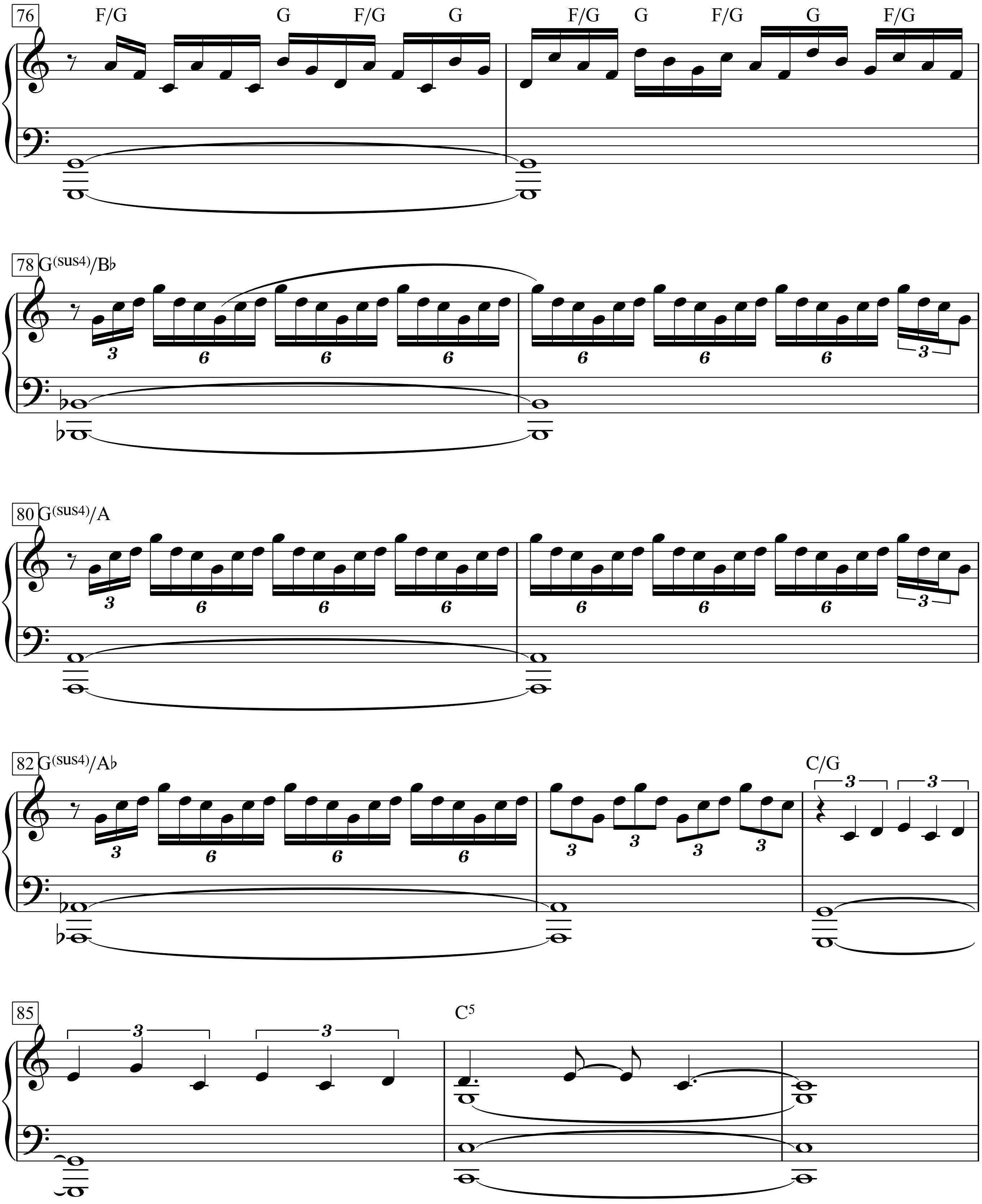

13
F/C
C
F/C
16
C/F
G(sus4)
C/G
C
F/C
G/C
I get up
and noth-ing gets me
19
C
F/C
C/F
G(sus4)
G/C
C
down.
You got it tough.
22
F/C
G/C
C
F/C
C/F
G(sus4)
I seen the tough-est all a- round.
And I

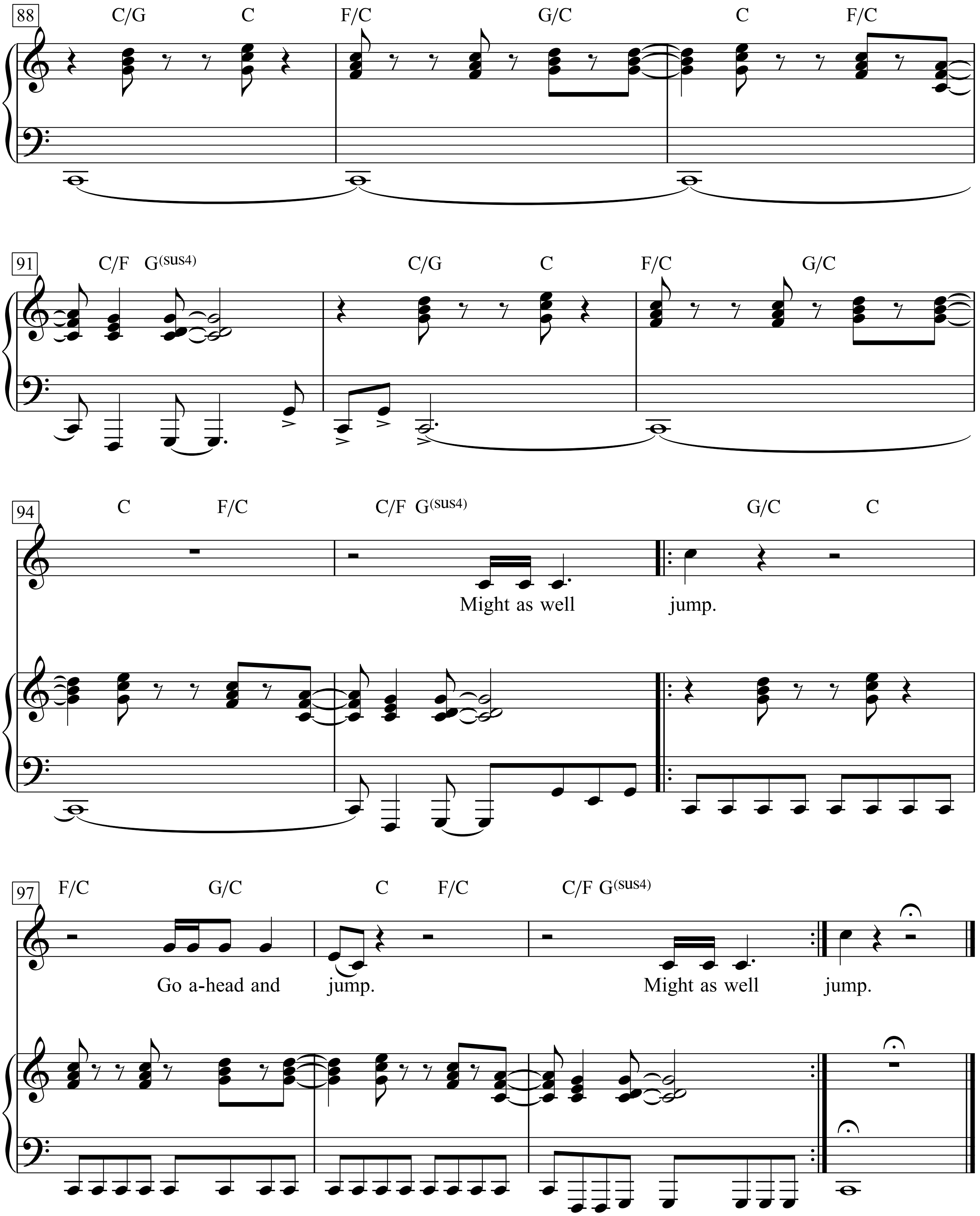

25
G/C C F/C G/C C F/C
know. ba- by, just how you feel
28
C/F G(sus4) G/C C F/C G/C
You got to roll with the punch-es to get to what's
31
F F/C C/F G(sus4) Am
real. Ah, can't you see me stand-ing here? I got my
34
F C/E Dm
back a gainst the rec-ord ma- chine. I ain't the worst that you've seen.


37
F C/E Dm F C/E G
Ah, can't you see what I mean?
40
G/C C
Ah, might as well jump.
43
F/C G/C C F/C C/F G(sus4)
To coda
Might as well jump. Go a-head and jump.
Go a-head and jump. Might as well jump
46
G/C C F/C G/C F/C C F/C
Go a-head and jump.


49
C/F G(sus4) G/C C F/C G/C
How old___ are you?_ Who said that?___ Ba-by, how_ you been?
52
C F/C C/F G(sus4) G/C C
You say you don't know.________ You won't
55
F/C G/C C F/C C/F G(sus4)
know un-til you be - gin.__ So can't you
58
CODA
G/C C F/C G/C C F/C
___ Go a-head and jump.

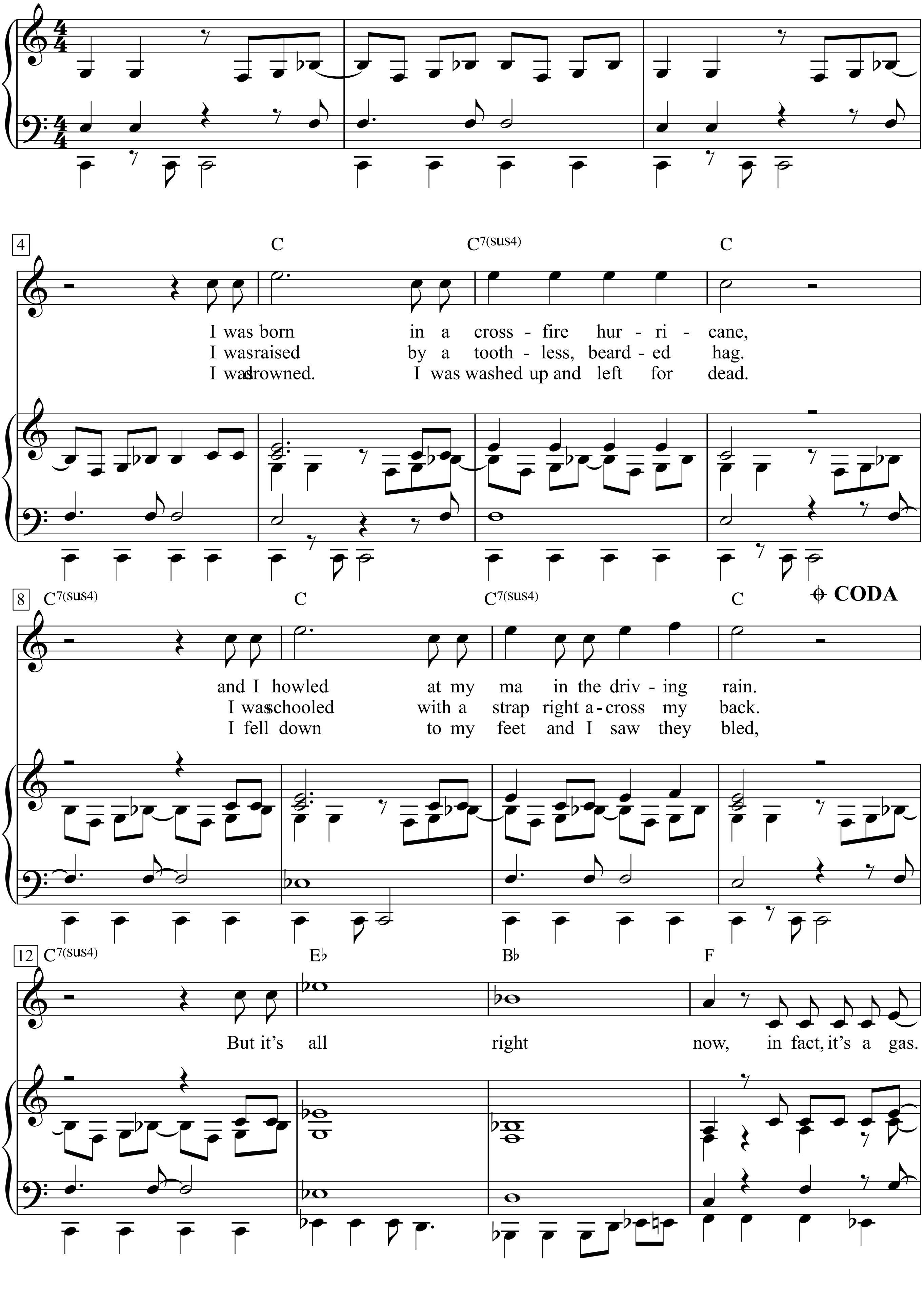

61
C/F
G(sus4)
B♭m
G♭
A♭
D♭
Jump!
64
B♭m
G♭
A♭
D♭
B♭m
G♭
A♭
67
D♭
B♭m
G♭
A♭
D♭
70
G/C
C
G/C
F/C
G/C
C
G/C
73
F/C
G/F
F
G/F
F
G/F
F
G/F

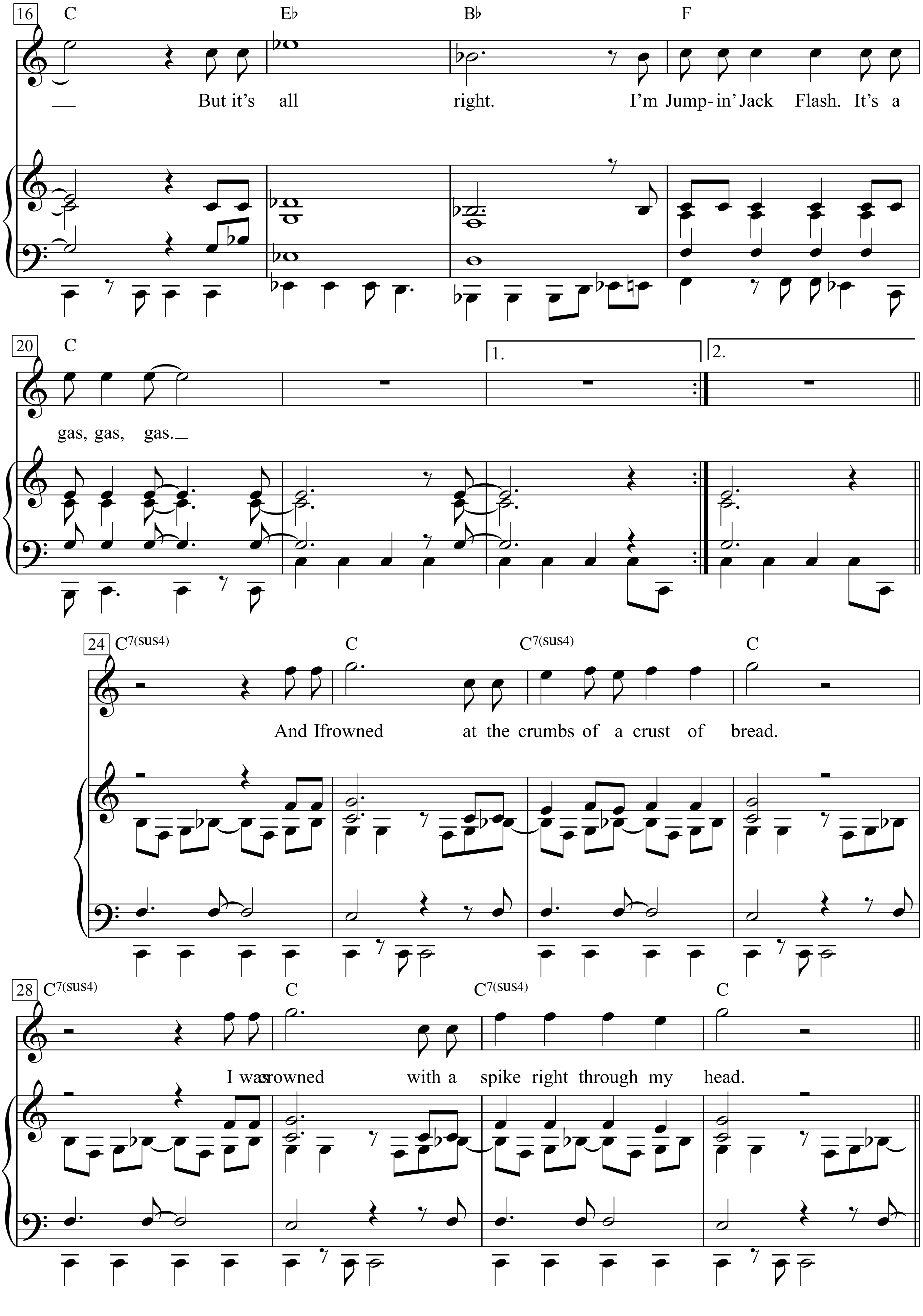

76
F/G
G
F/G
G
F/G
G
F/G
G
F/G
78
G(sus4)/B♭
80
G(sus4)/A
82
G(sus4)/A♭
C/G
85
C5


88
C/G
C
F/C
G/C
C
F/C
91
C/F G(sus4)
C/G
C
F/C
G/C
94
C
F/C
C/F G(sus4)
G/C
C
Might as well
jump.
97
F/C
G/C
C
F/C
C/F G(sus4)
Go a-head and
jump.
Might as well
jump.

Jumpin' Jack Flash

Words & Music by
Mick Jagger and Keith Richard
(The Rolling Stones)

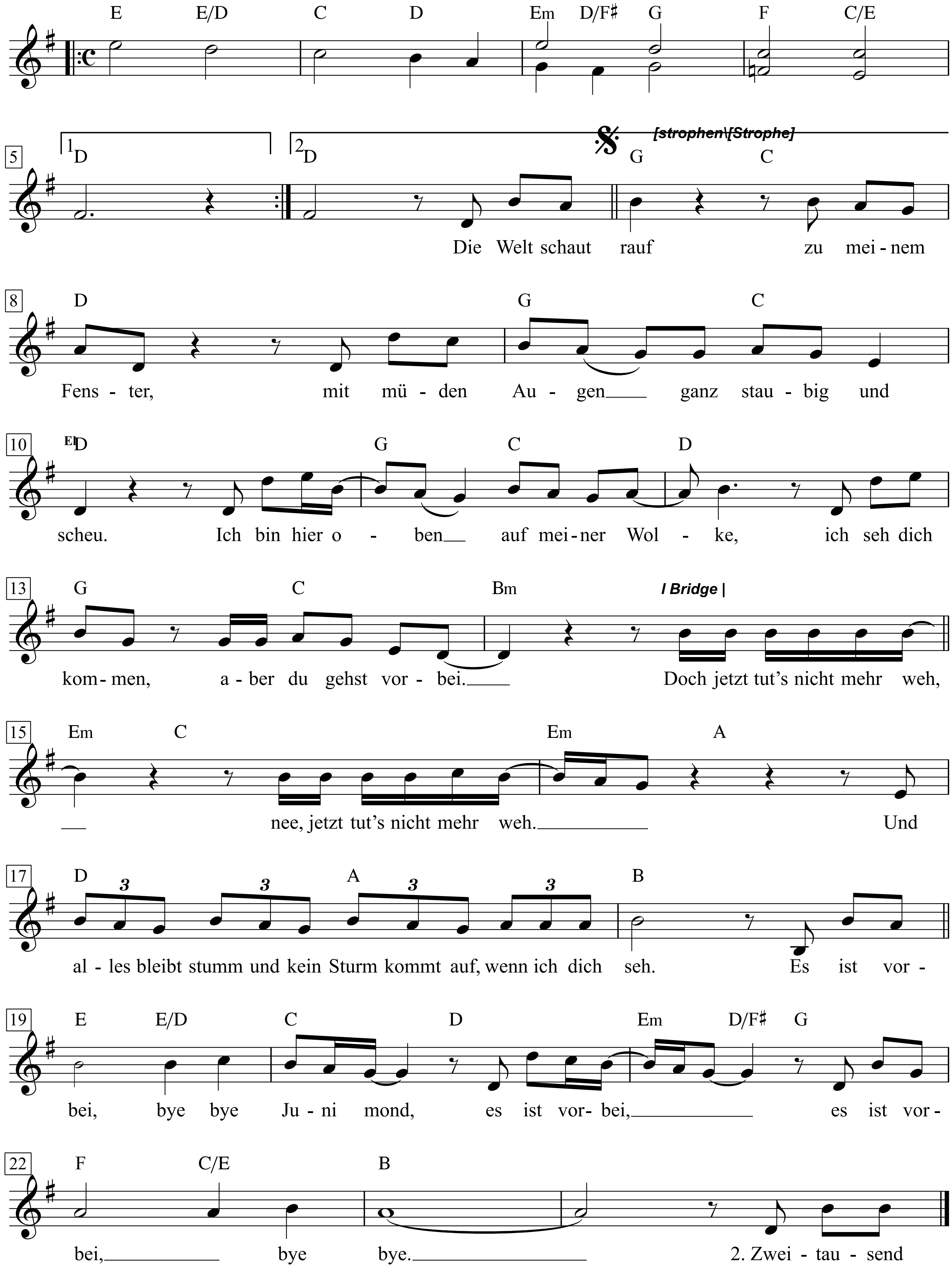



16
C
E♭
B♭
F
— But it's all right. I'm Jump-in' Jack Flash. It's a
20
C
1.
2.
gas, gas, gas.
24
C7(sus4)
C
C7(sus4)
C
And I frowned at the crumbs of a crust of bread.
28
C7(sus4)
C
C7(sus4)
C
I was crowned with a spike right through my head.

Junimond

Rio Reiser

Martin Hartmann
(Rio Reiser)



1. Die Welt schaut rauf zu meinem Fenster,
mit müden Augen ganz staubig und scheu.
Ich bin hier oben auf meiner Wolke,
ich seh dich kommen, aber du gehst vorbei.

Bridge:
Doch jetzt tut’s nicht mehr weh, nee, jetzt tut’s nicht mehr weh.
Und alles bleibt stumm und kein Sturm kommt auf, wenn ich dich seh.

Refrain:
Es ist vorbei, bye bye Junimond, es ist vorbei,
es ist vorbei, bye bye.

2. Zweitausend Stunden hab ich gewartet,
ich hab sie alle gezählt und verflucht.
Ich hab getrunken, geraucht und gebetet,
hab dich flussauf- und flussabwärts gesucht.

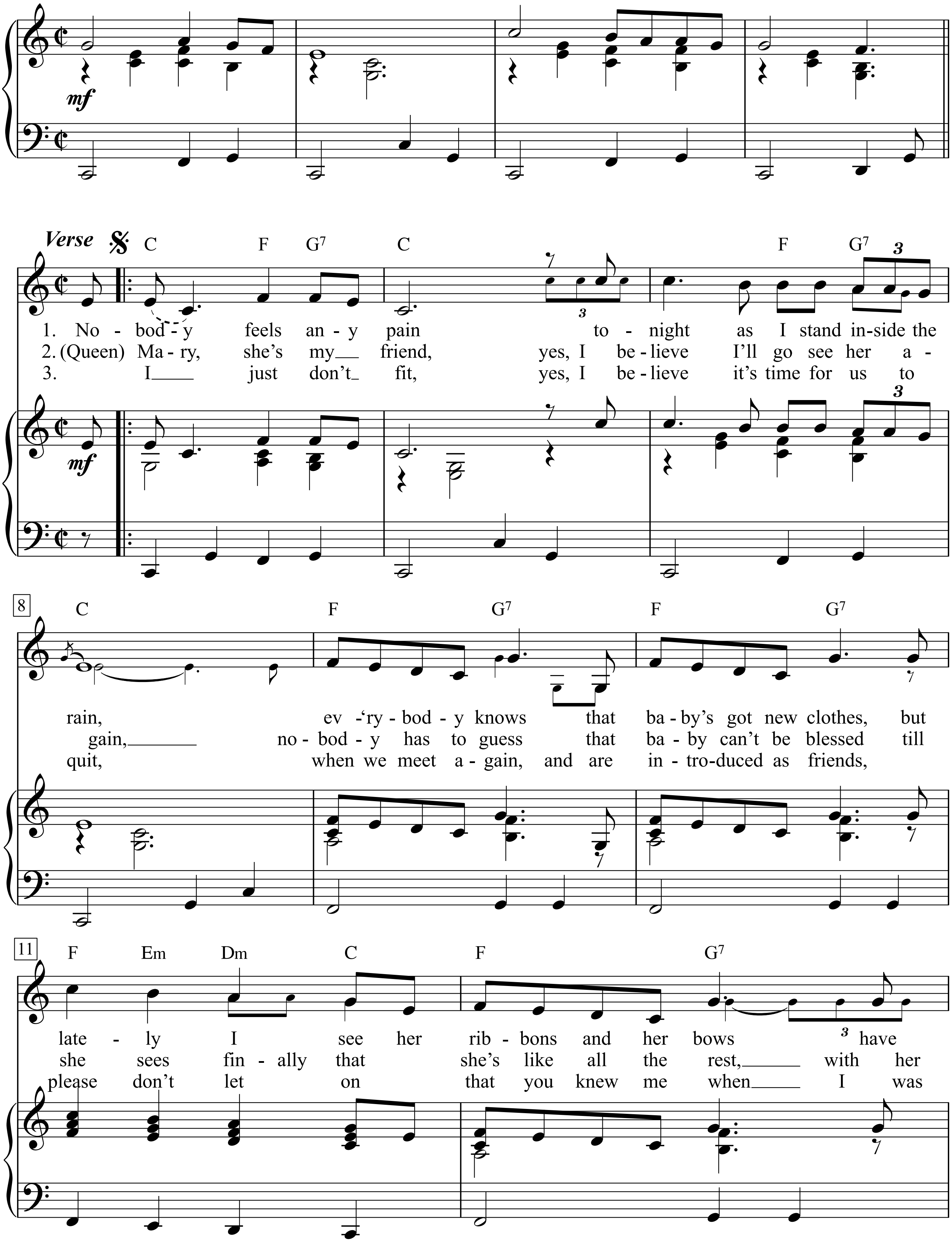
Bridge:
Doch jetzt tut’s nicht mehr weh, nee, jetzt tut’s nicht mehr weh,
Und alles bleibt stumm und kein Sturm kommt auf, wenn ich dich seh.

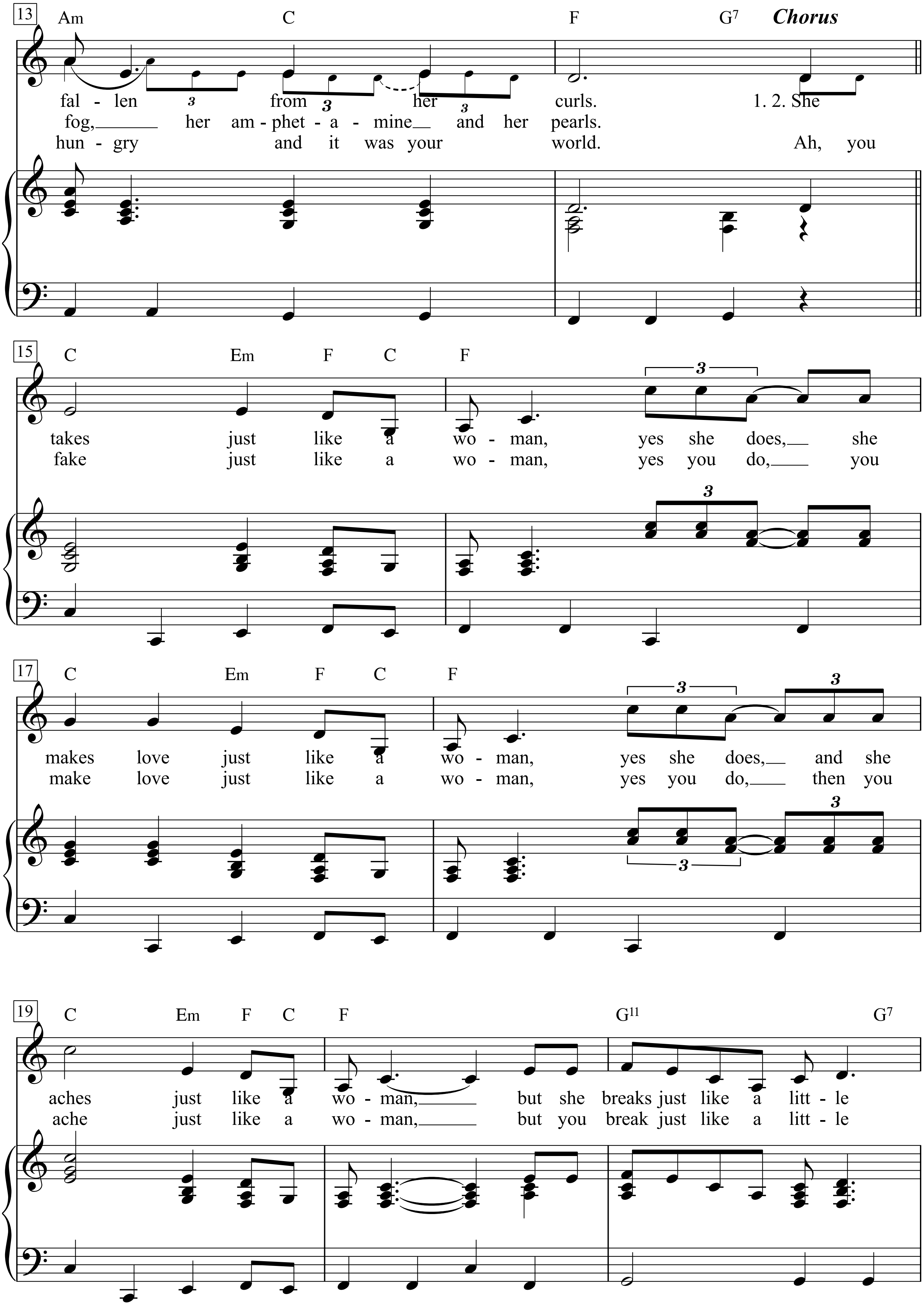
Refrain:
Es ist vorbei, bye bye Junimond, es ist vorbei,
es ist vorbei, bye bye.

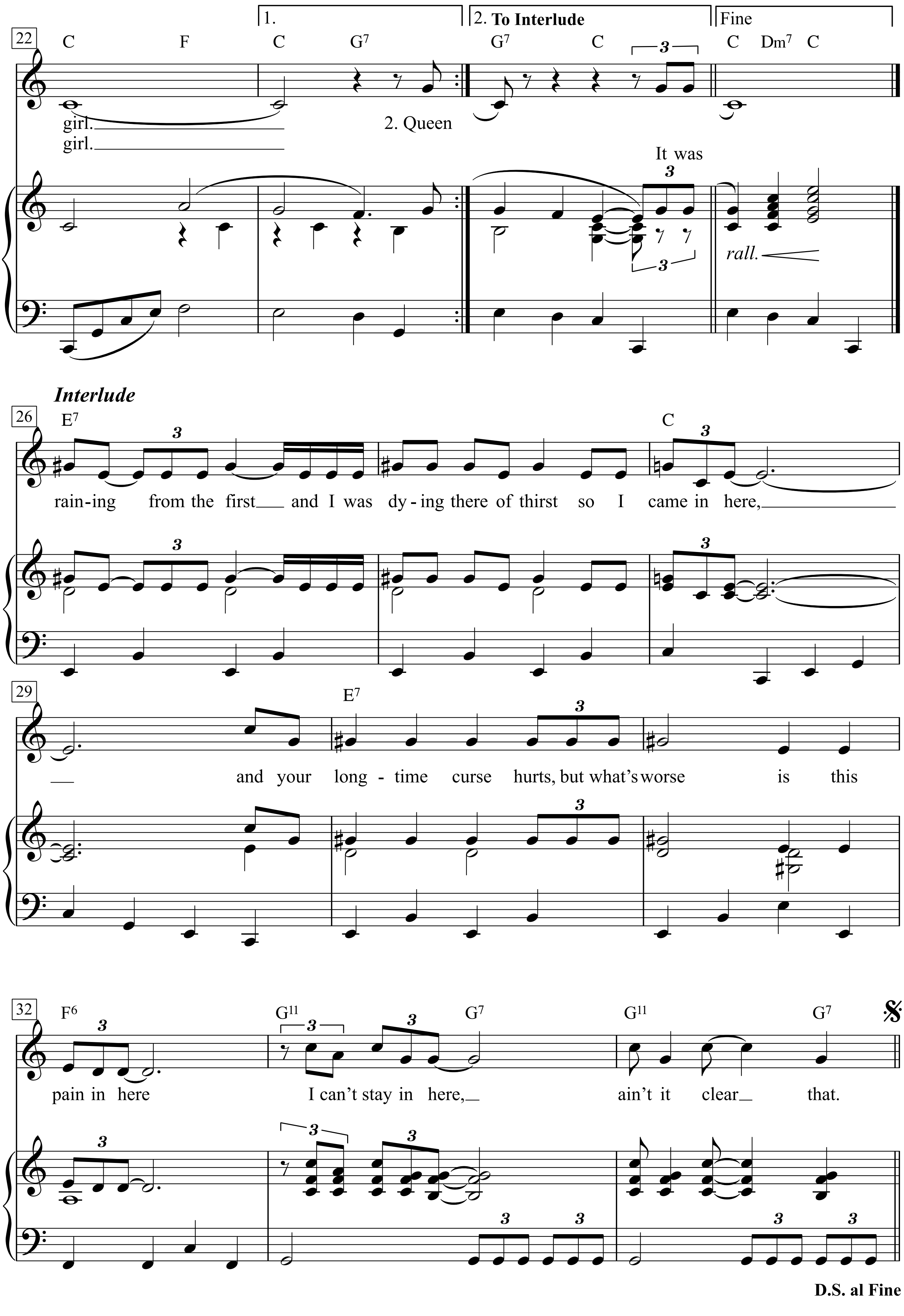
Just Like a Woman

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)

Moderate slow, with a beat




13
Am C F G7 Chorus
fal - len from her curls. 1. 2. She
fog, her am - phet - a - mine and her pearls.
hun - gry and it was your world. Ah, you
15
C Em F C F
takes just like a wo - man, yes she does, she
fake just like a wo - man, yes you do, you
17
C Em F C F
makes love just like a wo - man, yes she does, and she
make love just like a wo - man, yes you do, then you
19
C Em F C F G11 G7
aches just like a wo - man, but she breaks just like a litt - le
ache just like a wo - man, but you break just like a litt - le


1.
2. To Interlude
Fine
22
C F C G7 G7 C C Dm7 C
girl. 2. Queen
girl.
It was
rall.
Interlude
26
E7 C
rain-ing from the first and I was dy-ing there of thirst so I came in here,
29
E7
and your long-time curse hurts, but what's worse is this
32
F6 G11 G7 G11 G7
pain in here I can't stay in here, ain't it clear that.
D.S. al Fine

Verse:
1. Nobody feels any pain
Tonight as I stand inside the rain,
Ev‘rybody knows that baby’s got new clothes,
But lately I see her ribbons and her bows
Have fallen from her curls.

Chorus:
She takes just like a woman, yes she does,
She makes love just like a woman, yes she does,
And she aches just like a woman,
But she breaks just like a little girl.

2. Queen Mary, she’s my friend, yes, I believe
I’ll go see her again, no - body has to guess
That baby can’t be blessed
Till she sees finally that she’s like all the rest,
With her fog, her amphetamine and her pearls.

Chorus:
She takes just like a woman, yes she does,
She makes love just like a woman, yes she does,
And she aches just like a woman,
But she breaks just like a little girl.

Interlude:
It was raining from the first
And I was dying there of thirst
So I came in here, and your longtime curse hurts,
But what’s worse is this pain in here
I can’t stay in here, ain’t it clear that.

3. I just don’t fit, yes,
I believe it’s time for us to quit,
When we meet again, and are introduced as friends,
Please don’t let on that you knew me
When I was hungry and it was your world.

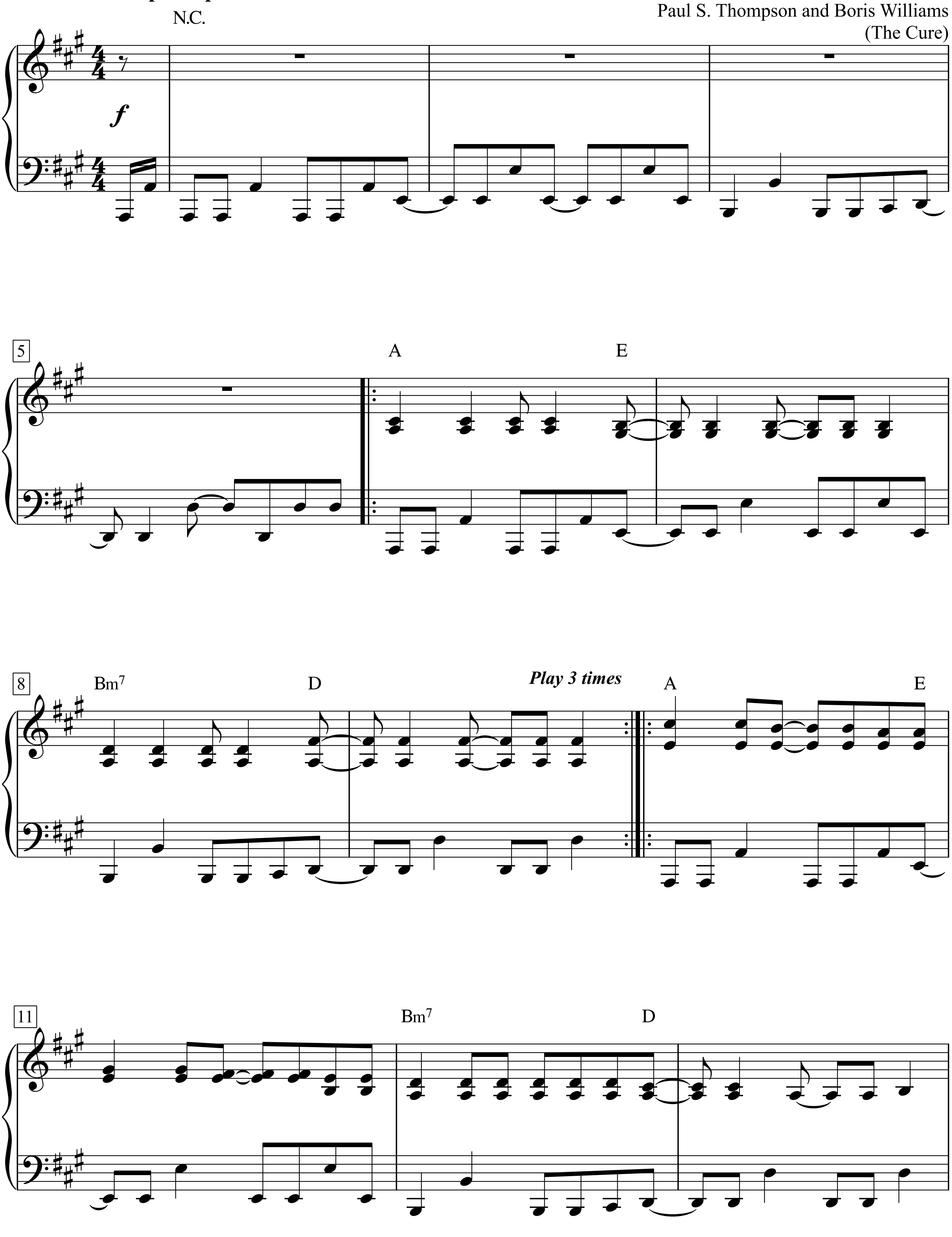
Chorus:
Ah, you fake just like a woman, yes you do,
You make love just like a woman, yes you do,
Then you ache just like a woman,
But you break just like a little girl.

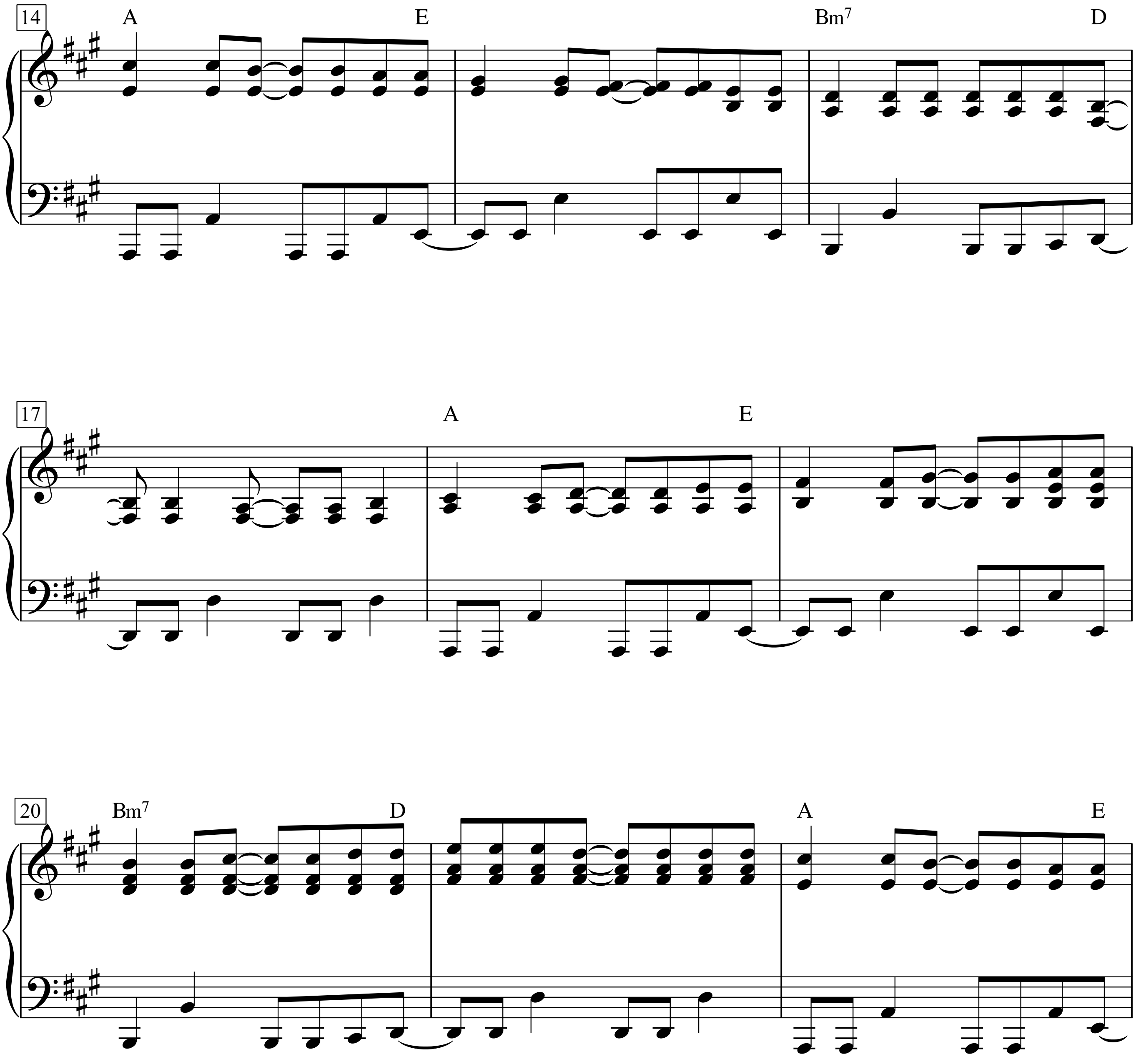
https://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/Just_Like_a_Woman_(Lied)

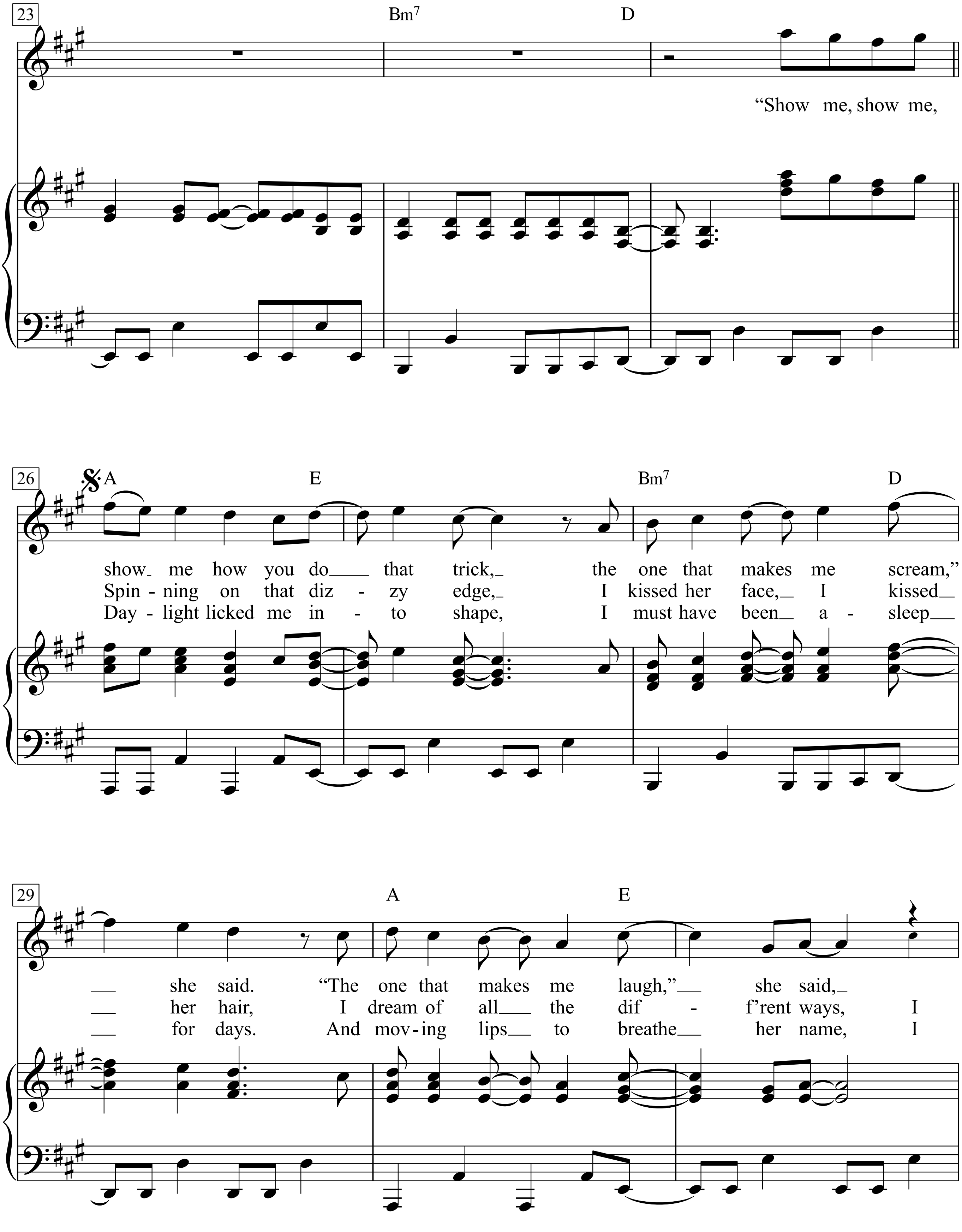
Just Like Heaven

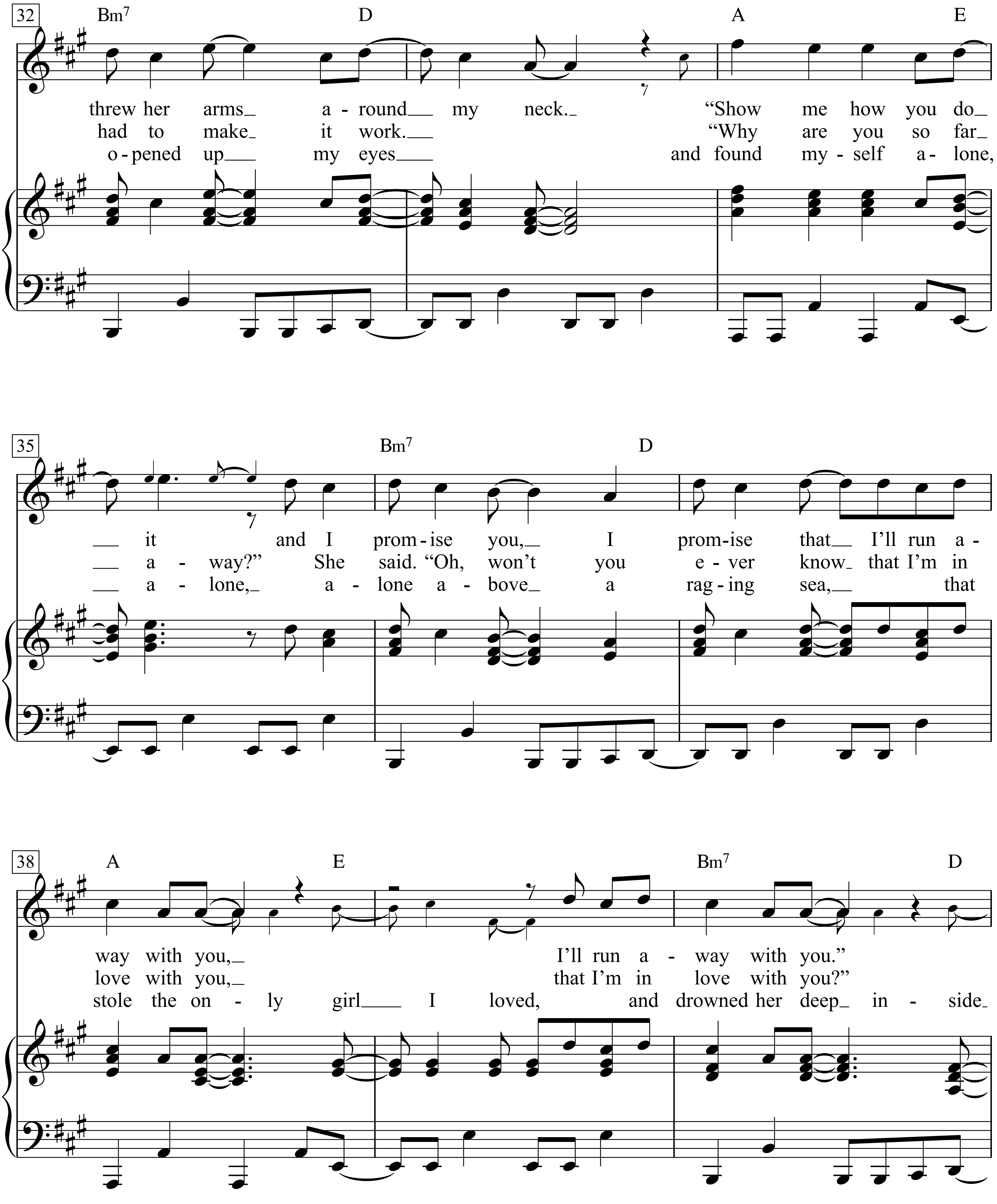
Words & Music by
Laurence Tolhurst, Simon Gallup,
Paul S. Thompson and Boris Williams
(The Cure)

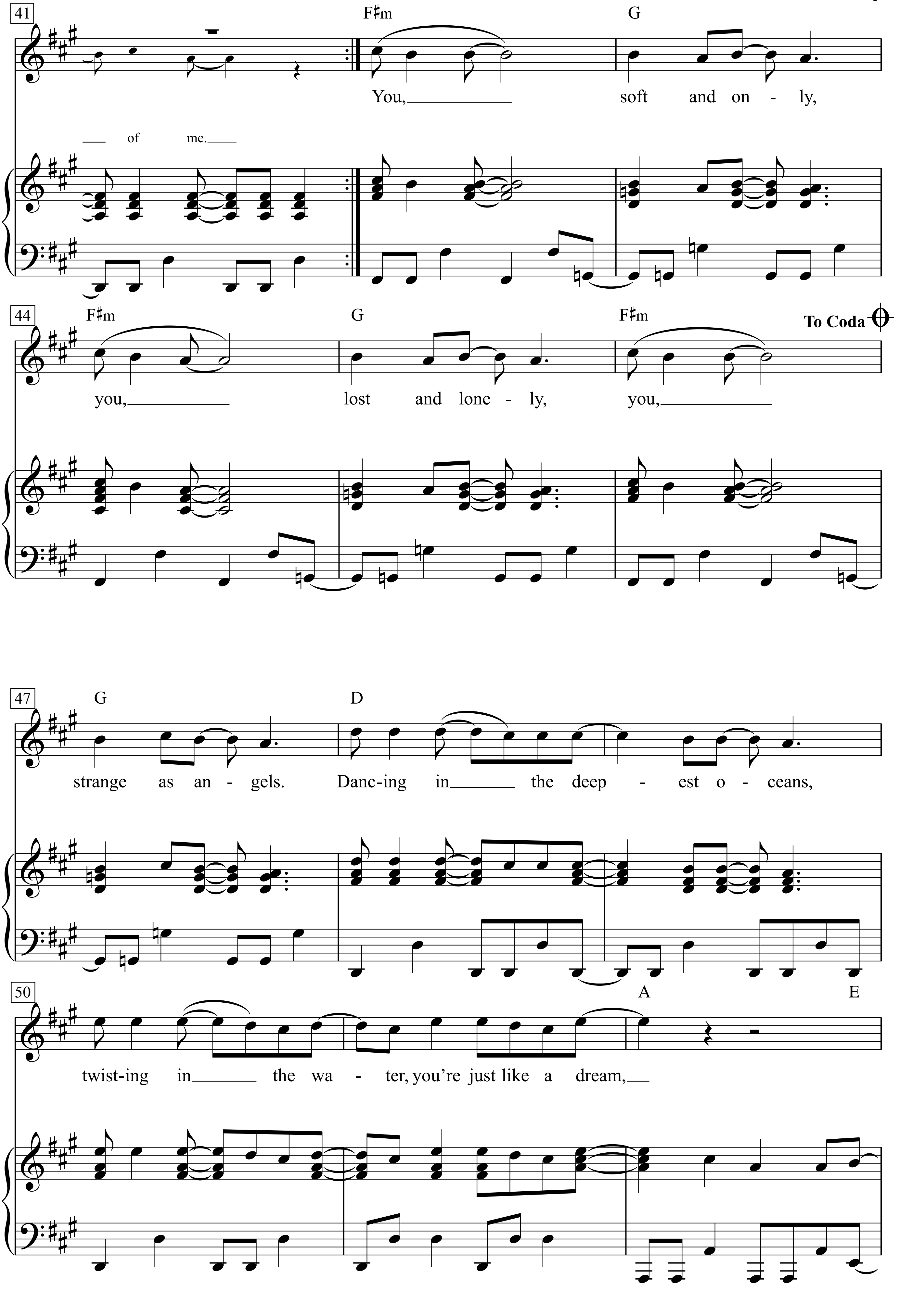
Up-tempo Rock

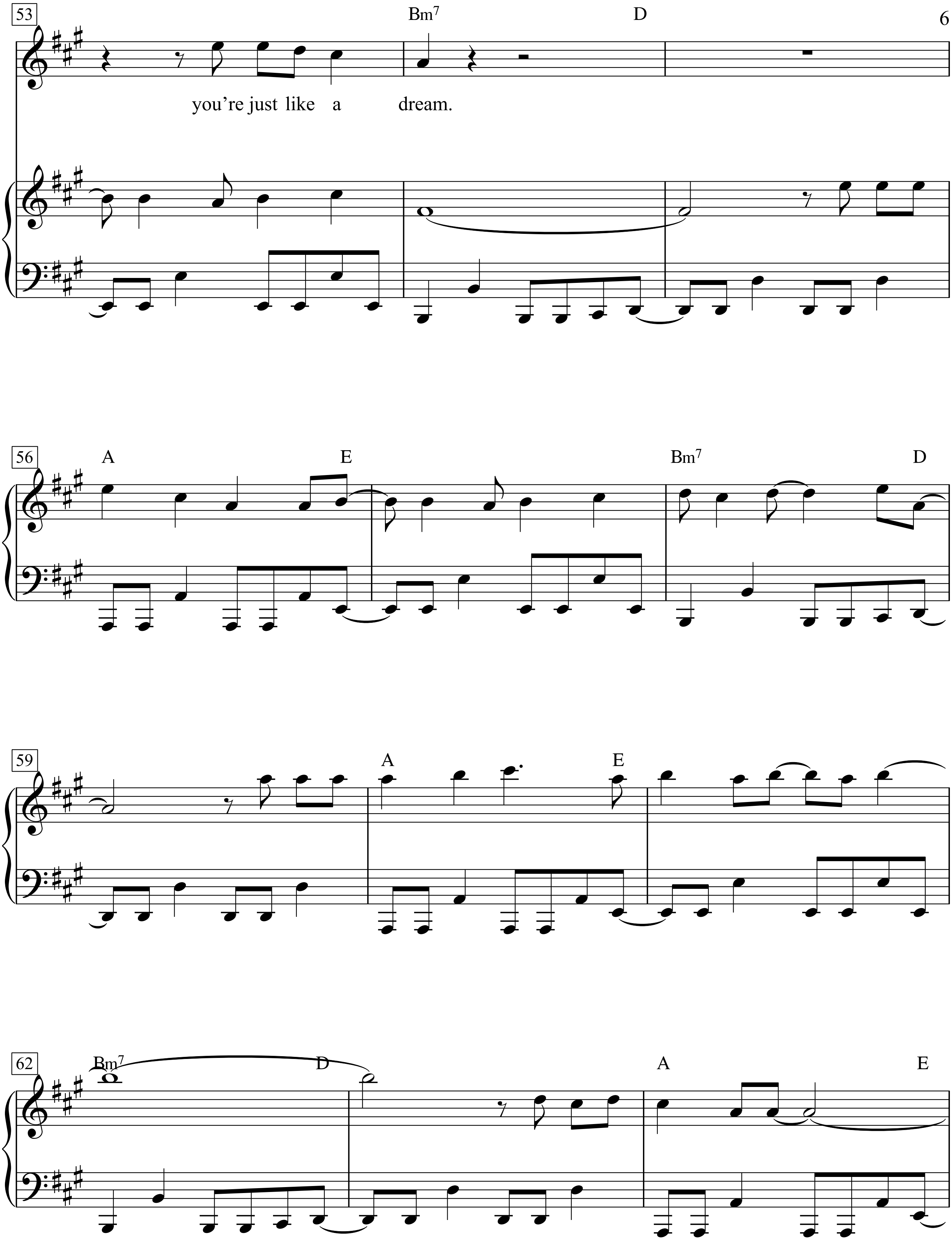


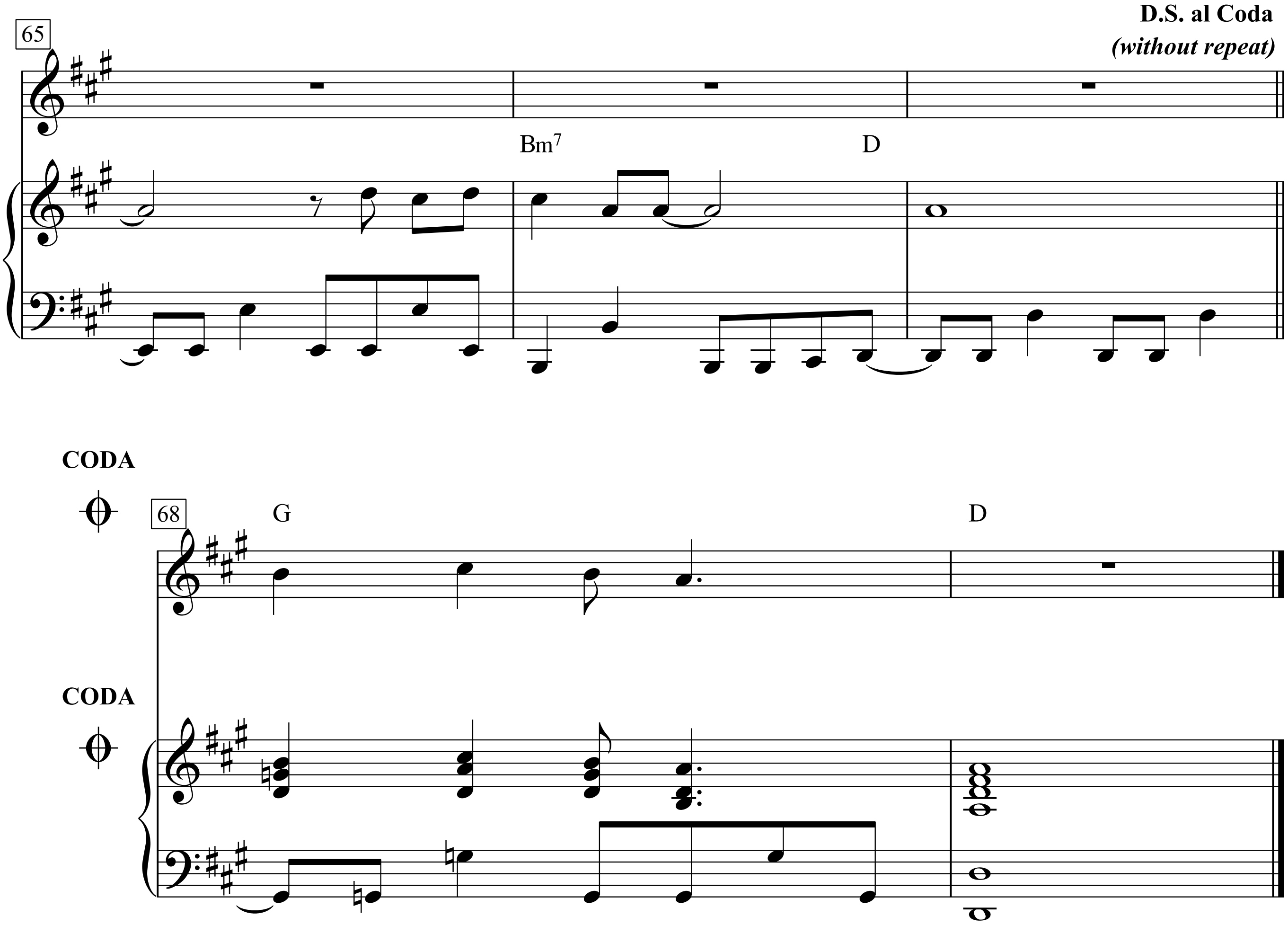

14
A
E
Bm7
D
17
A
E
20
Bm7
D
A
E


23
Bm7
D
"Show me, show me,
26
A
E
Bm7
D
show me how you do that trick, the one that makes me scream,"
Spin - ning on that diz - zy edge, I kissed her face, I kissed
Day - light licked me in - to shape, I must have been a - sleep
29
A
E
she said. "The one that makes me laugh," she said,
her hair, I dream of all the dif - f'rent ways, I
for days. And mov - ing lips to breathe her name, I


32
Bm7
D
A
E
threw her arms a - round my neck. "Show me how you do
had to make it work. "Why are you so far
o - pened up my eyes and found my - self a - lone,
35
Bm7
D
it and I prom - ise you, I prom - ise that I'll run a -
a - way?" She said. "Oh, won't you e - ver know that I'm in
a - lone, a - lone a - bove a rag - ing sea, that
38
A
E
Bm7
D
way with you, I'll run a - way with you."
love with you, that I'm in love with you?"
stole the on - ly girl I loved, and drowned her deep in - side


41
F♯m
G
You,
soft and on - ly,
of me.
44
F♯m
G
F♯m
To Coda
you,
lost and lone - ly,
you,
47
G
D
strange as an - gels.
Danc-ing in the deep - est o - ceans,
50
A
E
twist-ing in the wa - ter, you're just like a dream,


53
Bm7
D
you're just like a dream.
56
A
E
Bm7
D
59
A
E
62
Bm7
D
A
E


D.S. al Coda
(without repeat)
65
Bm7
D
CODA
68
G
D
CODA

1. „Show me, show me, show me how you do that trick,
the one that makes me scream,” she said.
„The one that makes me laugh,” she said,
threw her arms around my neck.
„Show me how you do it and I promise you,
I promise that I’ll run away with you,
I’ll run away with you.” You, soft and only,
you, lost and lonely, you, strange as angels.
Dancing in the deepest oceans, twisting in the water,
you’re just like a dream, you’re just like a dream.

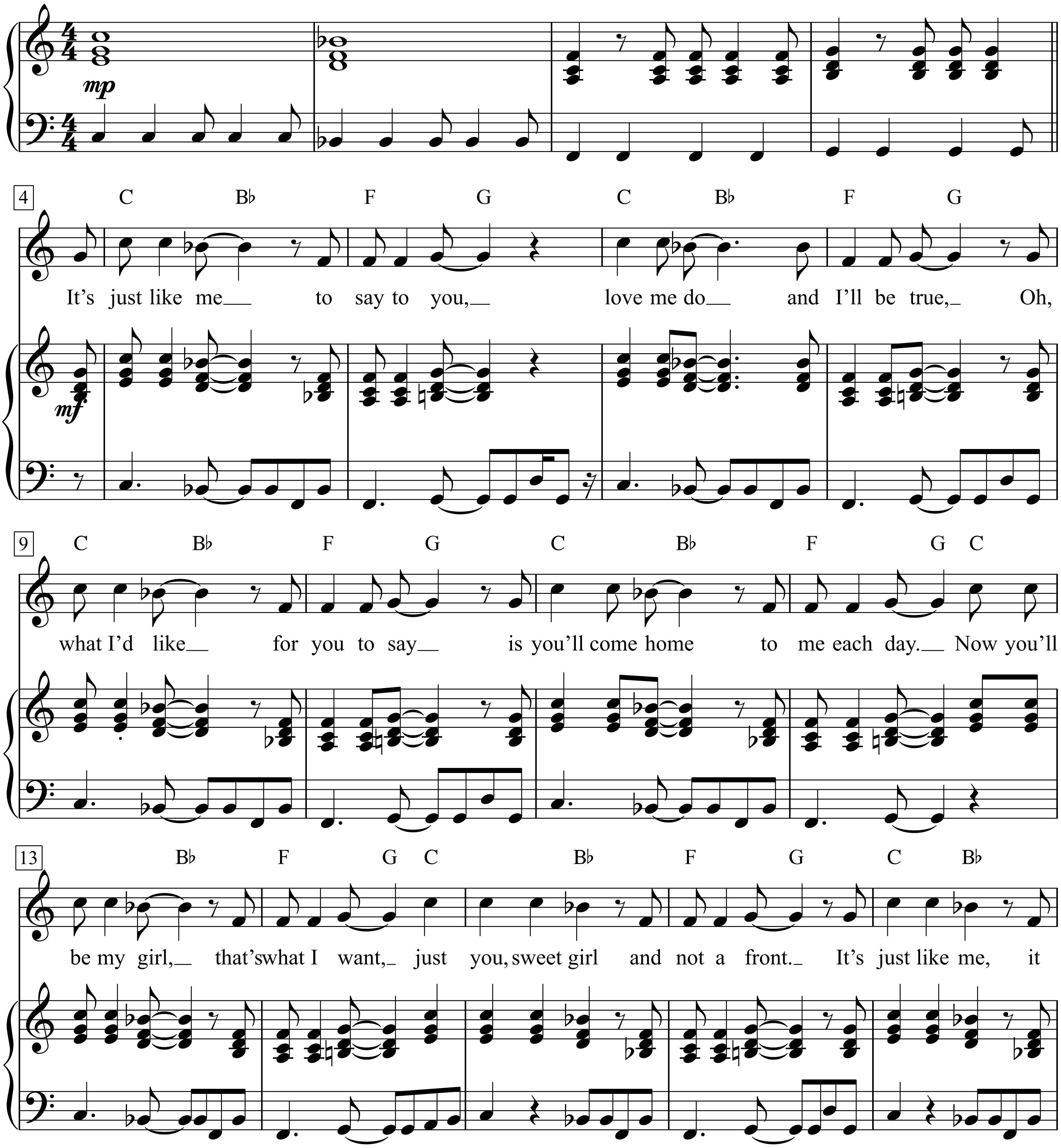
2.
Spinning on that dizzy edge,
I kissed her face, I kissed her hair,
I dream of all the diff’rent ways,
I had to make it work. „Why are you so far away?”
She said. „Oh, won’t you ever know that I’m in love with you,
that I’m in love with you?”

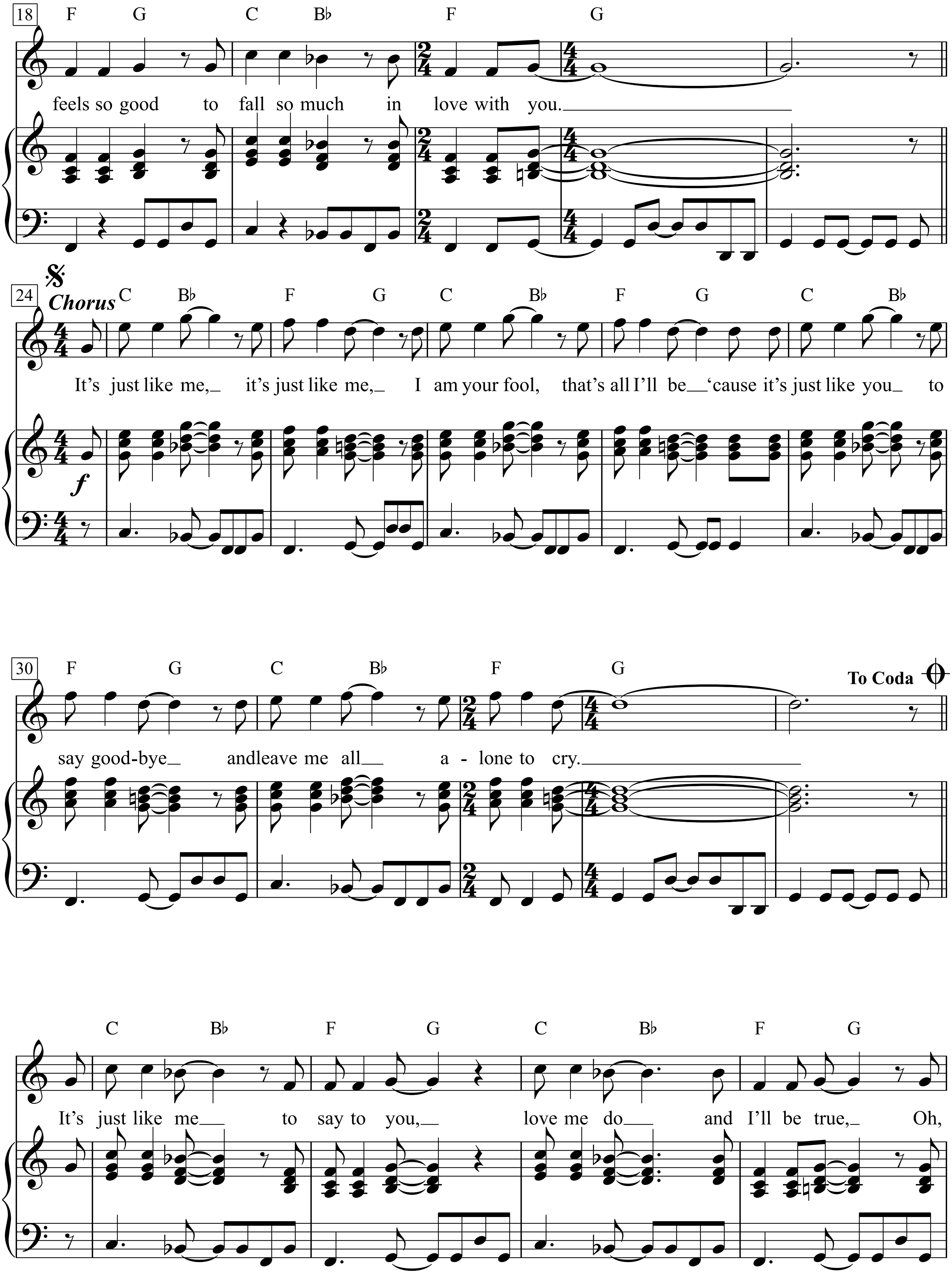
3. Daylight licked me into shape,
I must have been asleep for days.
And moving lips to breathe her name,
I opened up my eyes and found myself alone,
alone, alone above a raging sea,
that stole the only girl I loved,
and drowned her deep inside of me.

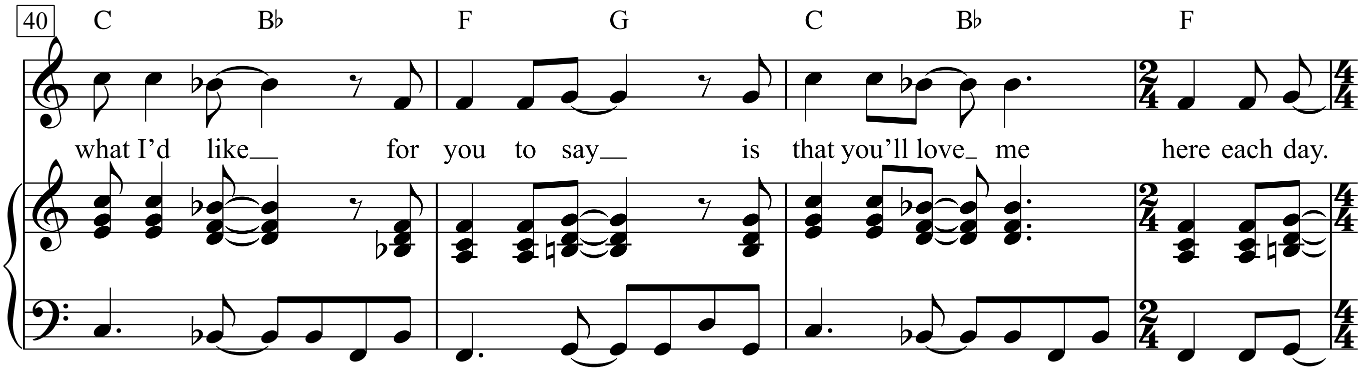
Just Like Me

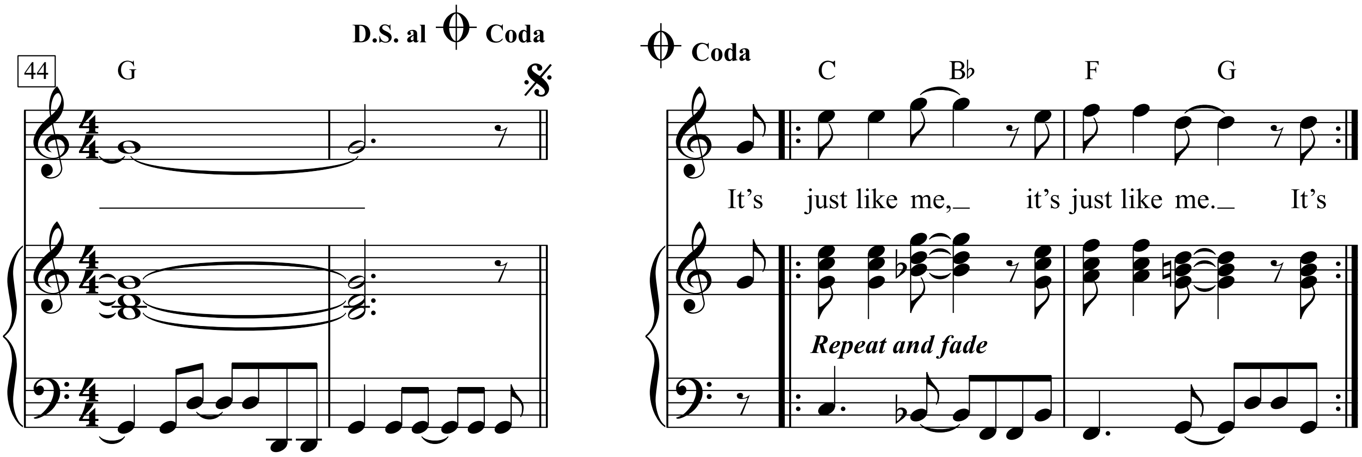
Words & Music by Roger Hart and Rick Dey
(Paul Revere & The Raiders)

Medium Rock




18
F G C B♭ F G
feels so good to fall so much in love with you.
24
Chorus
C B♭ F G C B♭ F G C B♭
It's just like me, it's just like me, I am your fool, that's all I'll be 'cause it's just like you to
f
30
F G C B♭ F G
To Coda
say good-bye and leave me all a - lone to cry.
C B♭ F G C B♭ F G
It's just like me to say to you, love me do and I'll be true, Oh,





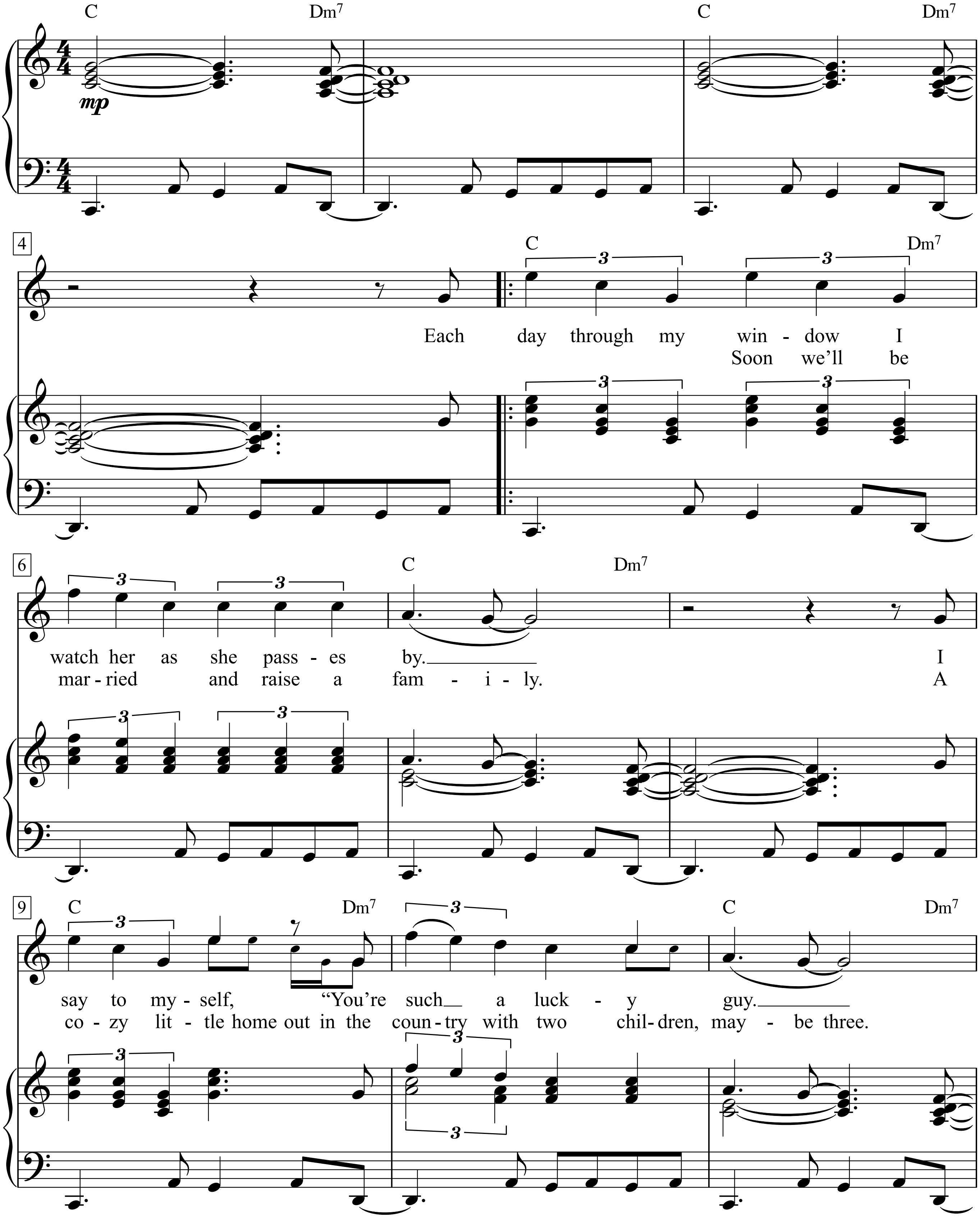
It's just like me to say to you,
love me do and I'll be true,
Oh, what I'd like for you to say is
you'll come home to me each day.
Now you'll be my girl, that's what I want,
just you, sweet girl and not a front.
It's just like me, it feels so good
to fall so much in love with you.
It's just like me, it's just like me,
I am your fool, that's all I'll be 'cause it's just like
you to say goodbye and leave me all alone to cry.
It's just like me to say to you,
love me do and I'll be true,
Oh, what I'd like for you to say is
that you'll love me here each day.
It's just like me, it's just like me.

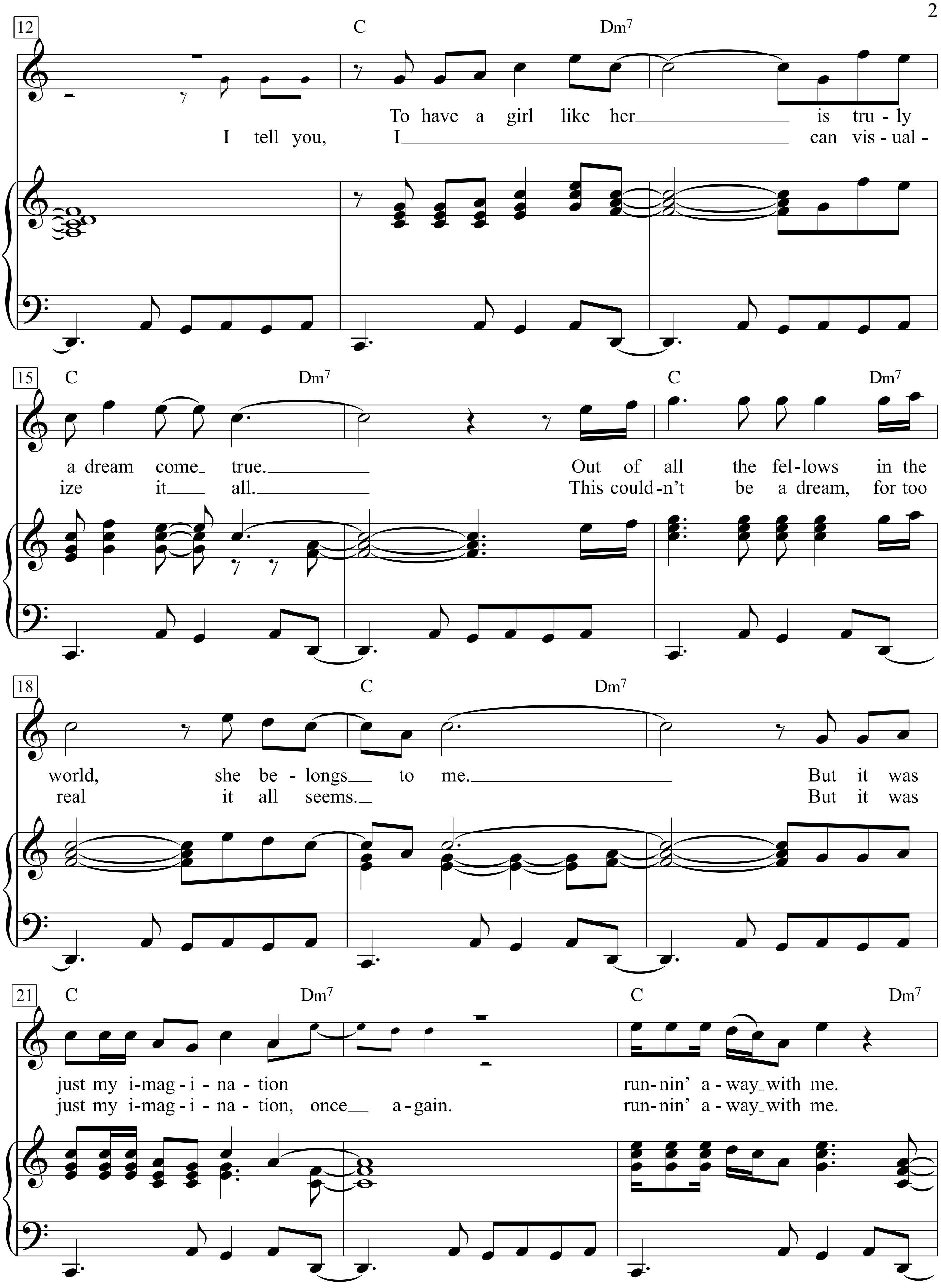
It's

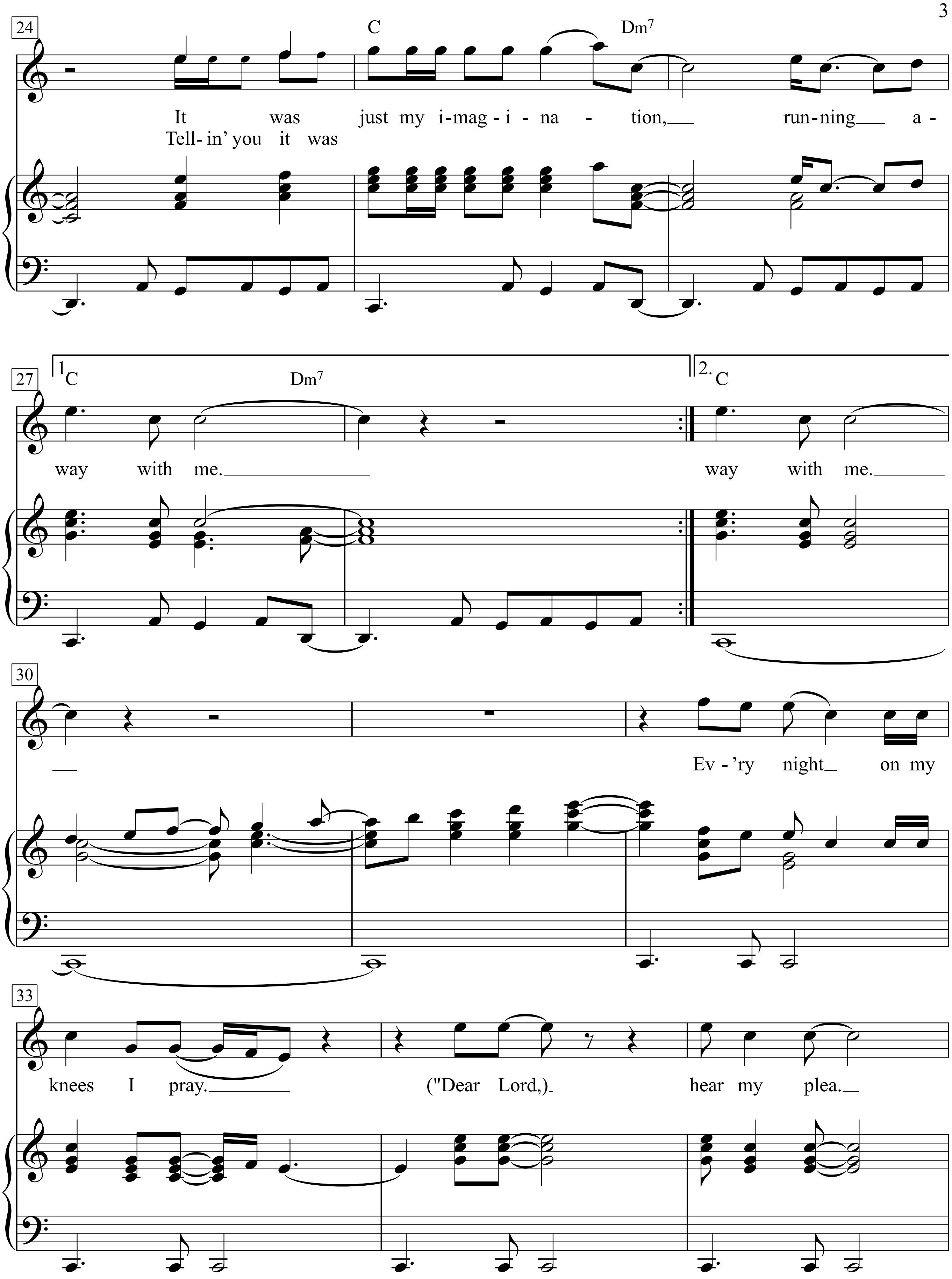
Just My Imagination
(Running Away with Me)

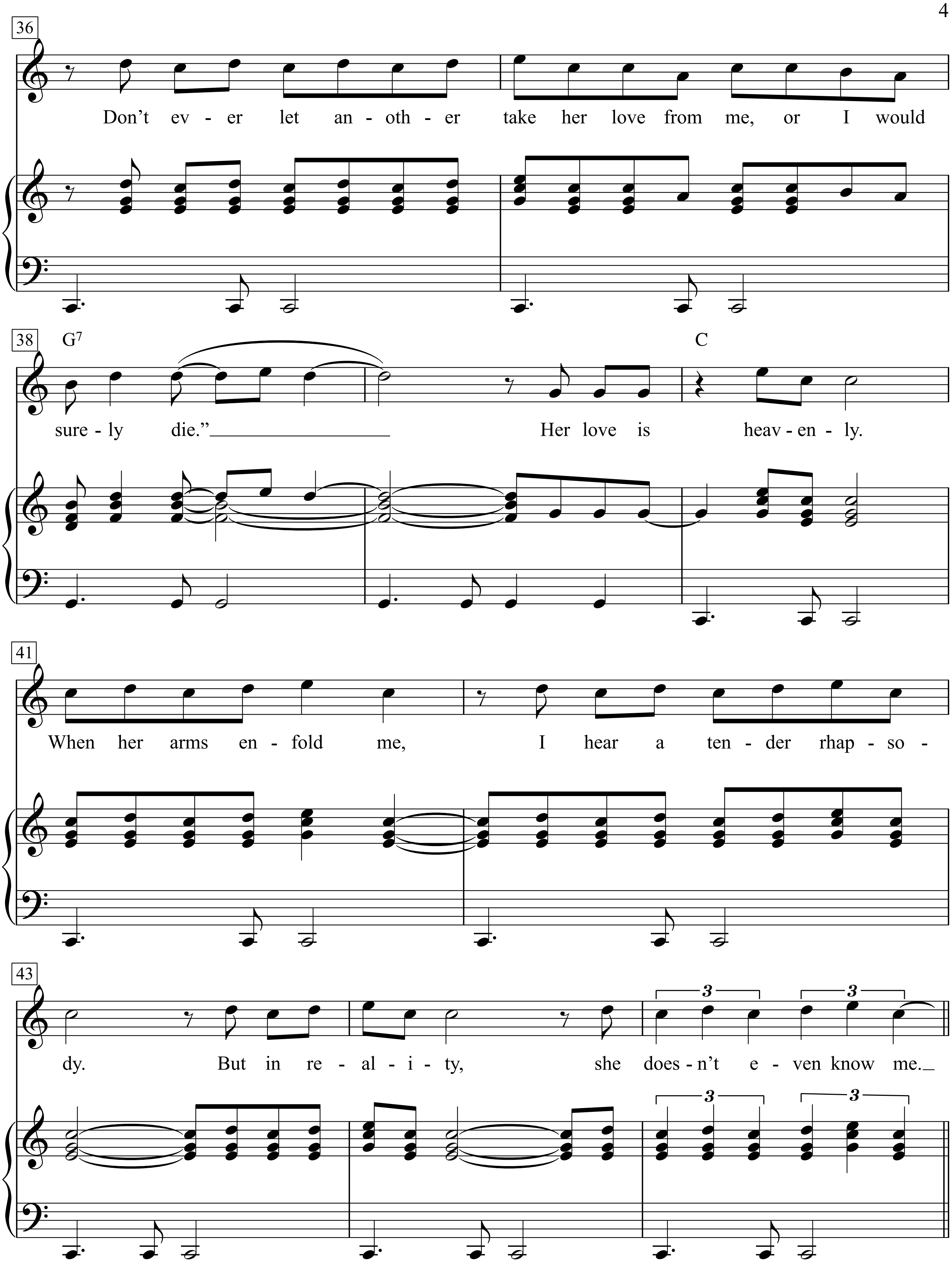
Words & Music by
Norman J. Whitfield and Barrett Strong
(The Temptations)

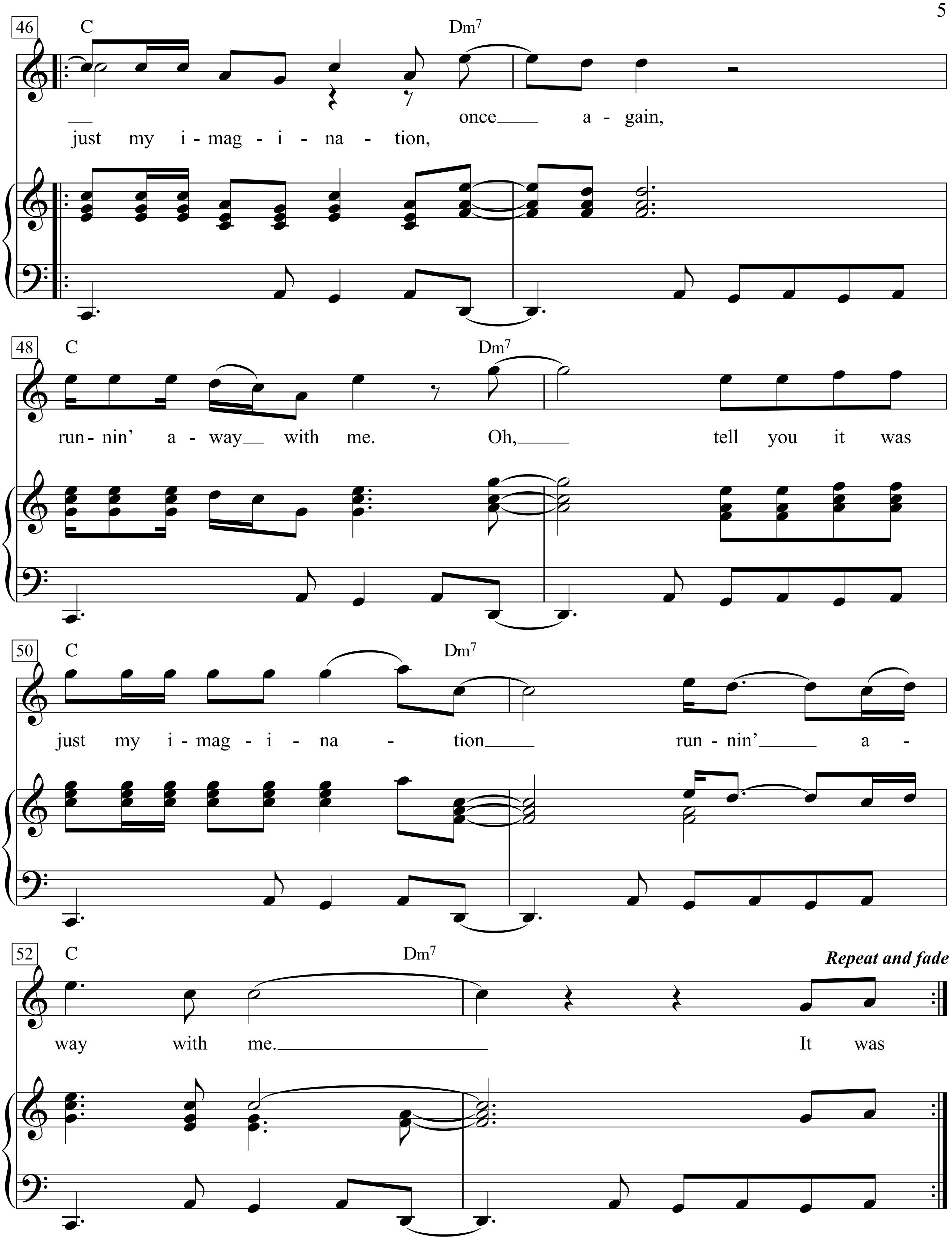
Smoothly




12
C
Dm7
To have a girl like her is tru - ly
I tell you, I can vis - ual -
15
C
Dm7
C
Dm7
a dream come true. Out of all the fel - lows in the
ize it all. This could - n't be a dream, for too
18
C
Dm7
world, she be - longs to me. But it was
real it all seems. But it was
21
C
Dm7
C
Dm7
just my i - mag - i - na - tion run - nin' a - way with me.
just my i - mag - i - na - tion, once a - gain. run - nin' a - way with me.


24
C
Dm7
It was just my i-mag-i-na - tion, run-ning a -
Tell-in' you it was
27
1. C
Dm7
2. C
way with me.
way with me.
30
Ev - 'ry night on my
33
knees I pray. ("Dear Lord,) hear my plea.


36
Don't ev - er let an - oth - er take her love from me, or I would
38
G7
C
sure - ly die." Her love is heav - en - ly.
41
When her arms en - fold me, I hear a ten - der rhap - so -
43
3
3
3
3
dy. But in re - al - i - ty, she does - n't e - ven know me.


46
C
Dm7
once a - gain,
just my i - mag - i - na - tion,
48
C
Dm7
run - nin' a - way with me. Oh, tell you it was
50
C
Dm7
just my i - mag - i - na - tion run - nin' a -
52
C
Dm7
Repeat and fade
way with me. It was

1.
Each day through my window I watch her as she passes by.
I say to myself, “You’re such a lucky guy.
To have a girl like her is truly a dream come true.
Out of all the fellows in the world, she belongs to me.
But it was just my imagination runnin’ away with me.
It was just my imagination, running away with me.

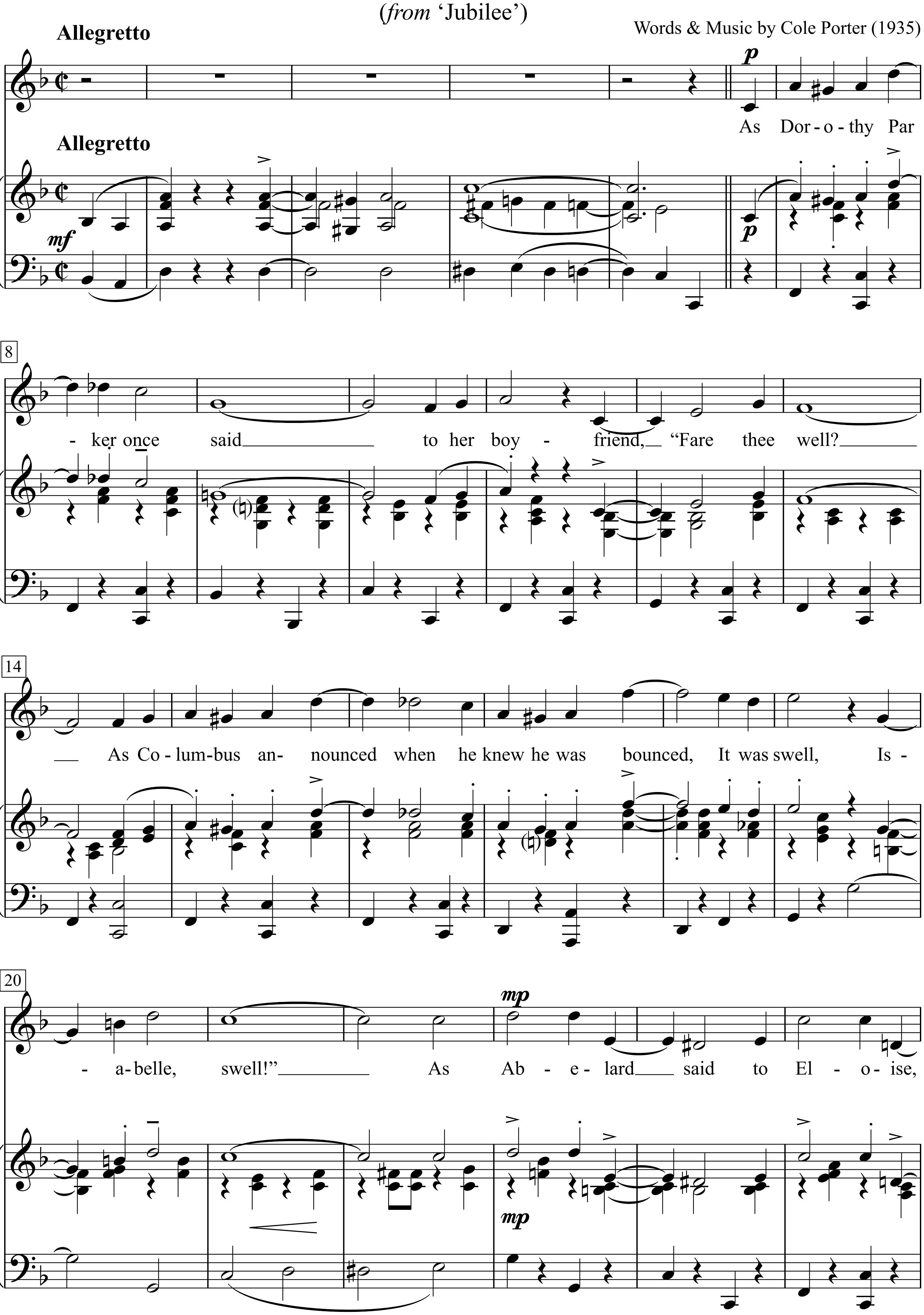
way with me.
Ev’ry night on my knees I pray. ("Dear Lord,) hear my plea.
Don’t ever let another take her love from me, or I
would surely die.” Her love is heavenly.
When her arms enfold me,
I hear a tender rhapsody.
But in reality, she doesn’t even know me. once again, runnin’ away with me.
Oh, tell you it was just my imagination runnin’ away with me.
It was

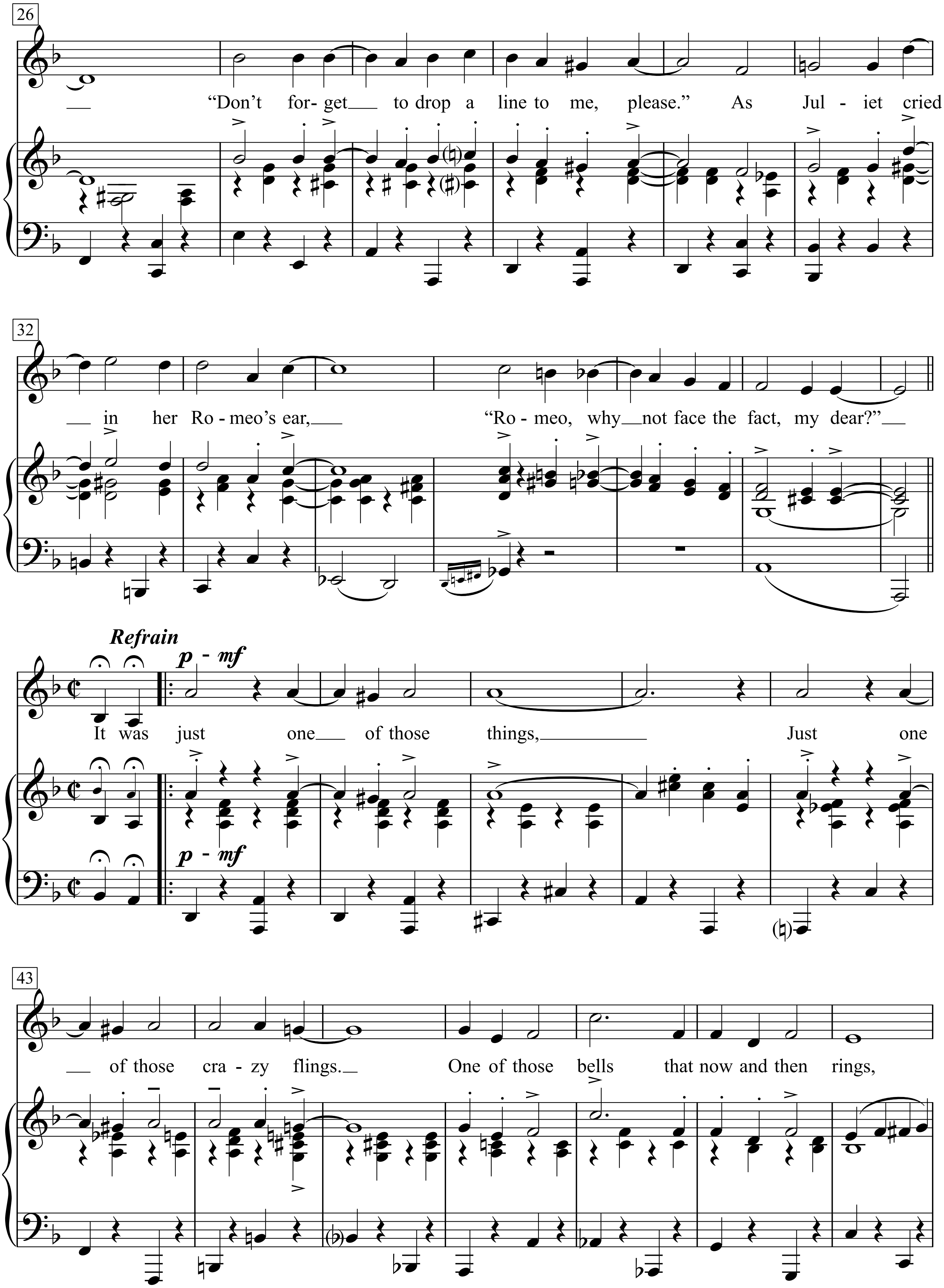
2.
Soon we’ll be married and raise a family.
A cozy little home out in the country with two children, maybe three.
I tell you,
I can visualize it all.
This couldn’t be a dream, for too real it all seems.
But it was just my imagination, once again. runnin’ away with me.
Tellin’ you it was just my imagination,

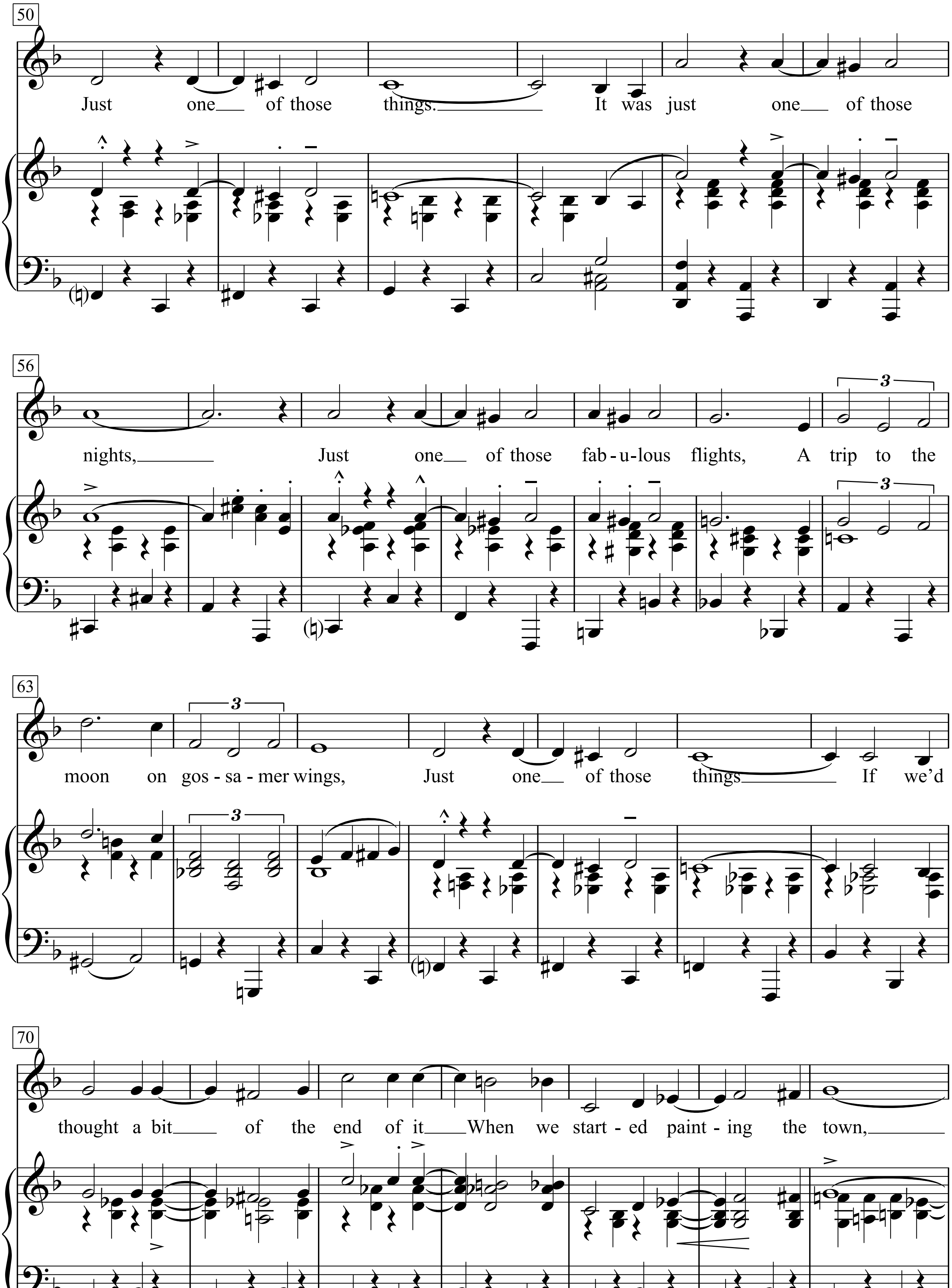
Just One Of Those Things

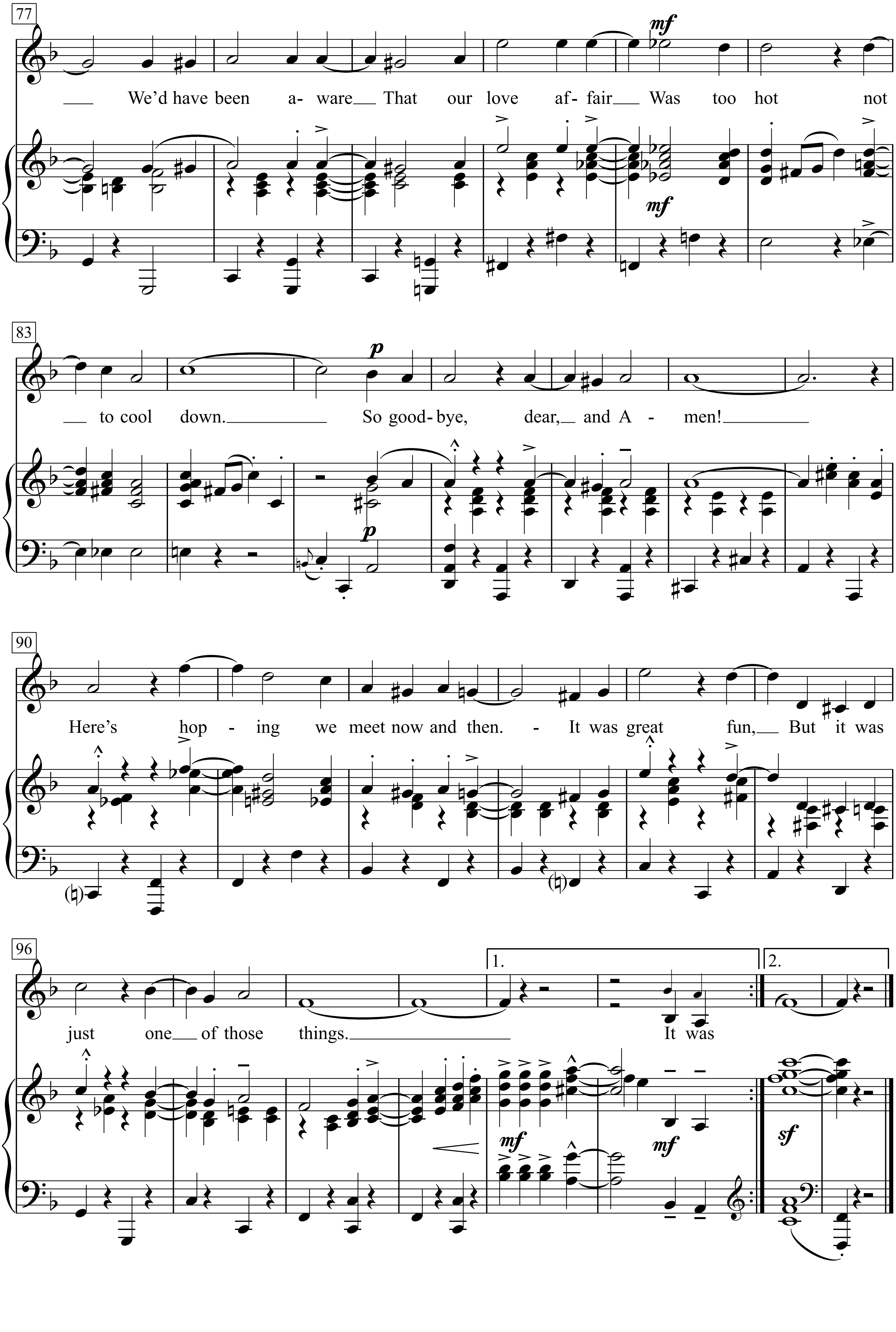
(*from* 'Jubilee')

Words & Music by Cole Porter (1935)




26
"Don't for - get to drop a line to me, please." As Jul - iet cried
32
in her Ro - meo's ear, "Ro - meo, why not face the fact, my dear?"
Refrain
p - mf
It was just one of those things, Just one
43
of those cra - zy flings. One of those bells that now and then rings,


50
Just one of those things. It was just one of those
56
nights, Just one of those fab - u - lous flights, A trip to the
63
moon on gos - sa - mer wings, Just one of those things If we'd
70
thought a bit of the end of it When we start - ed paint - ing the town,


77
mf
We'd have been a- ware That our love af- fair Was too hot not
mf
83
p
to cool down. So good- bye, dear, and A - men!
p
90
Here's hop - ing we meet now and then. - It was great fun, But it was
96
1.
2.
just one of those things. It was
mf
mf
sf

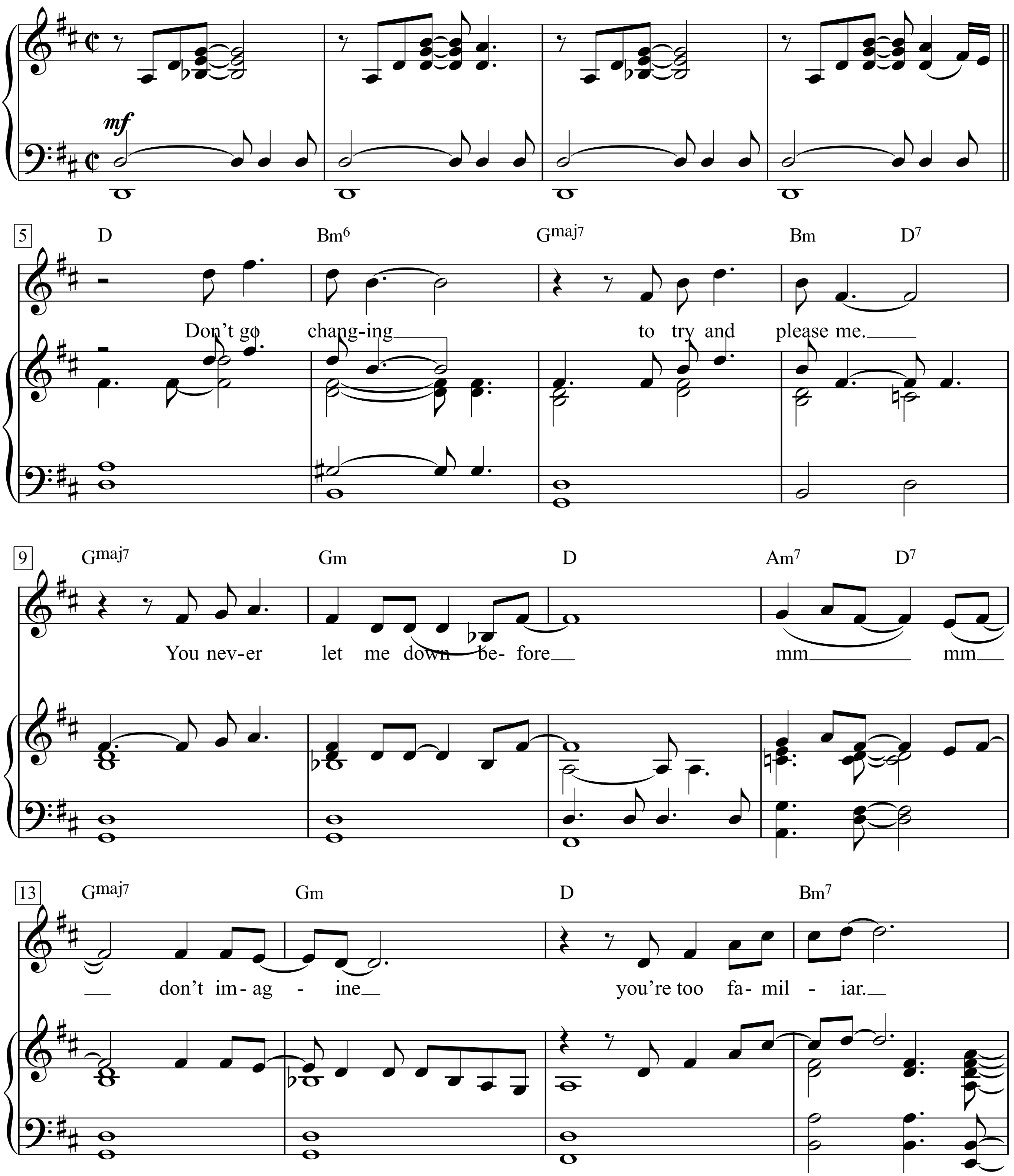
As Dorothy Parker once said
to her boyfriend, “Fare thee well?
As Columbus announced
when he knew he was bounced,
It was swell, Isabelle, swell!”
As Abelard said to Eloise,
“Don’t forget to drop a line to me, please.”
As Juliet cried in her Romeo’s ear,
“Romeo, why not face the fact, my dear?”

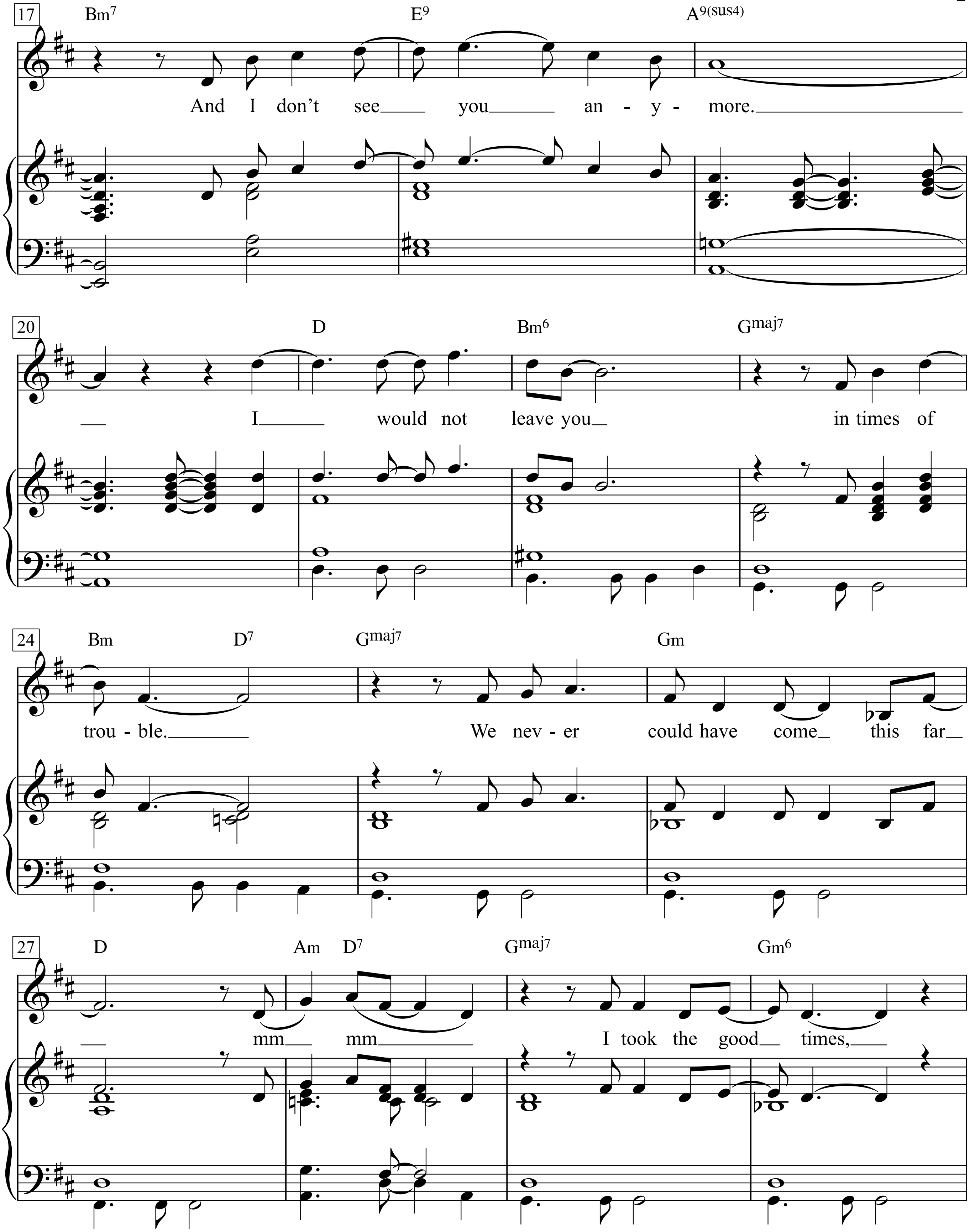
Refrain:
It was just one of those things,
Just one of those crazy flings.
One of those bells that now and then rings,
Just one of those things.
It was just one of those nights,
Just one of those fabulous flights,
A trip to the moon on gossamer wings,
Just one of those things
If we’d thought a bit of the end of it
When we started painting the town,
We’d have been aware
That our love affair
Was too hot not to cool down.
So goodbye, dear, and Amen!
Here’s hoping we meet now and then.
It was great fun,
But it was just one of those things.

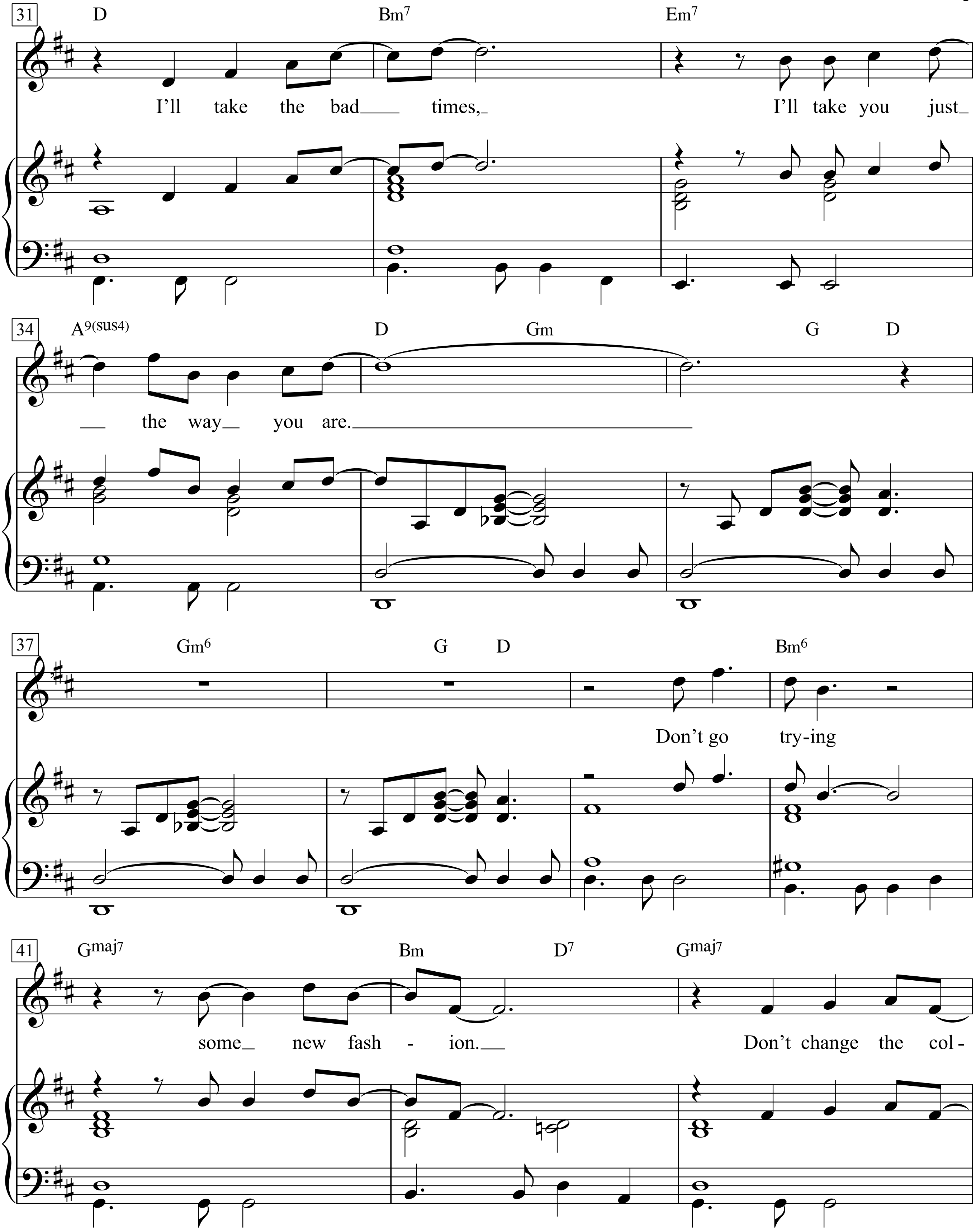
Just The Way You Are

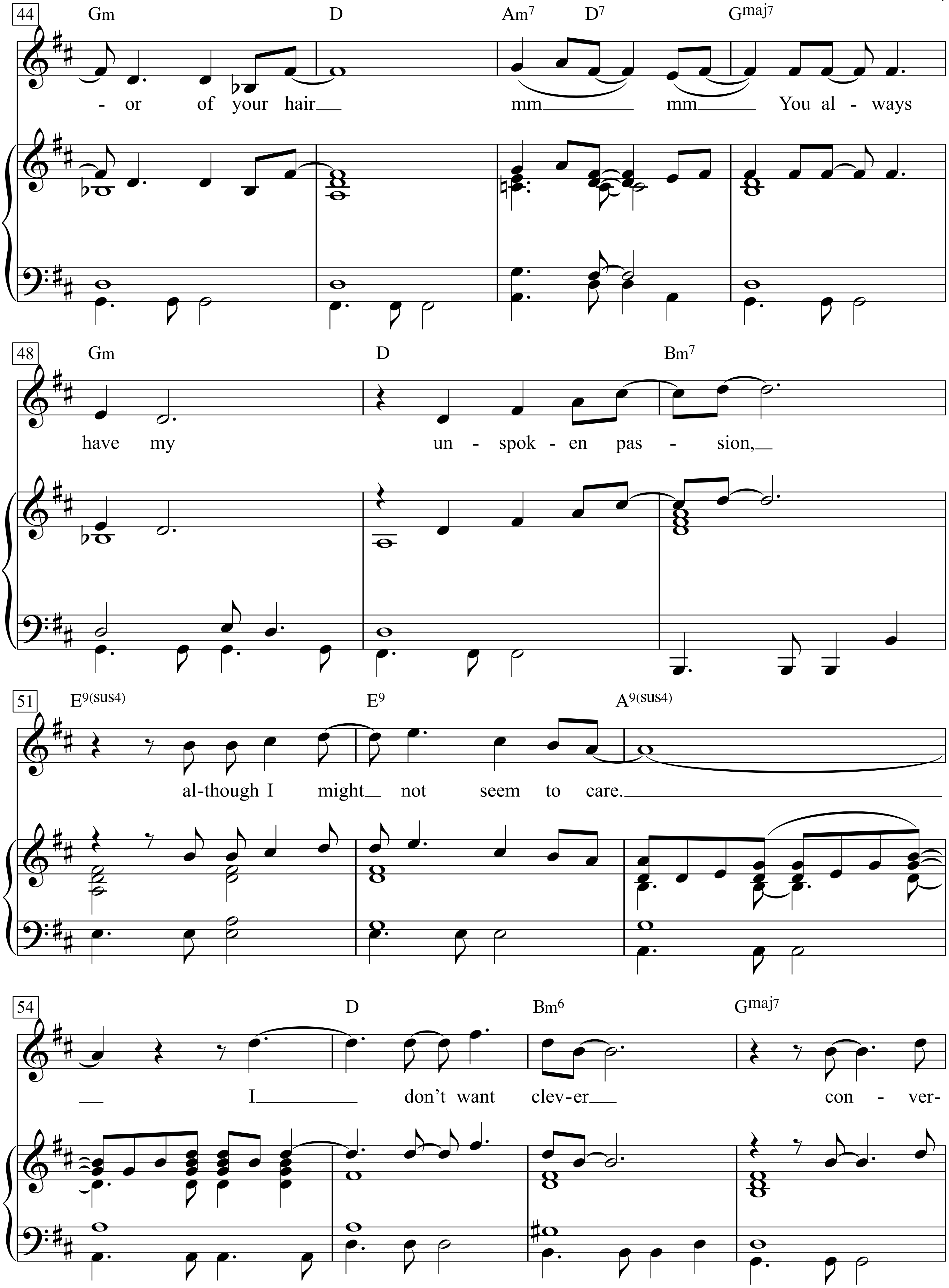
Words & Music by Billy Joel
(Billy Joel)

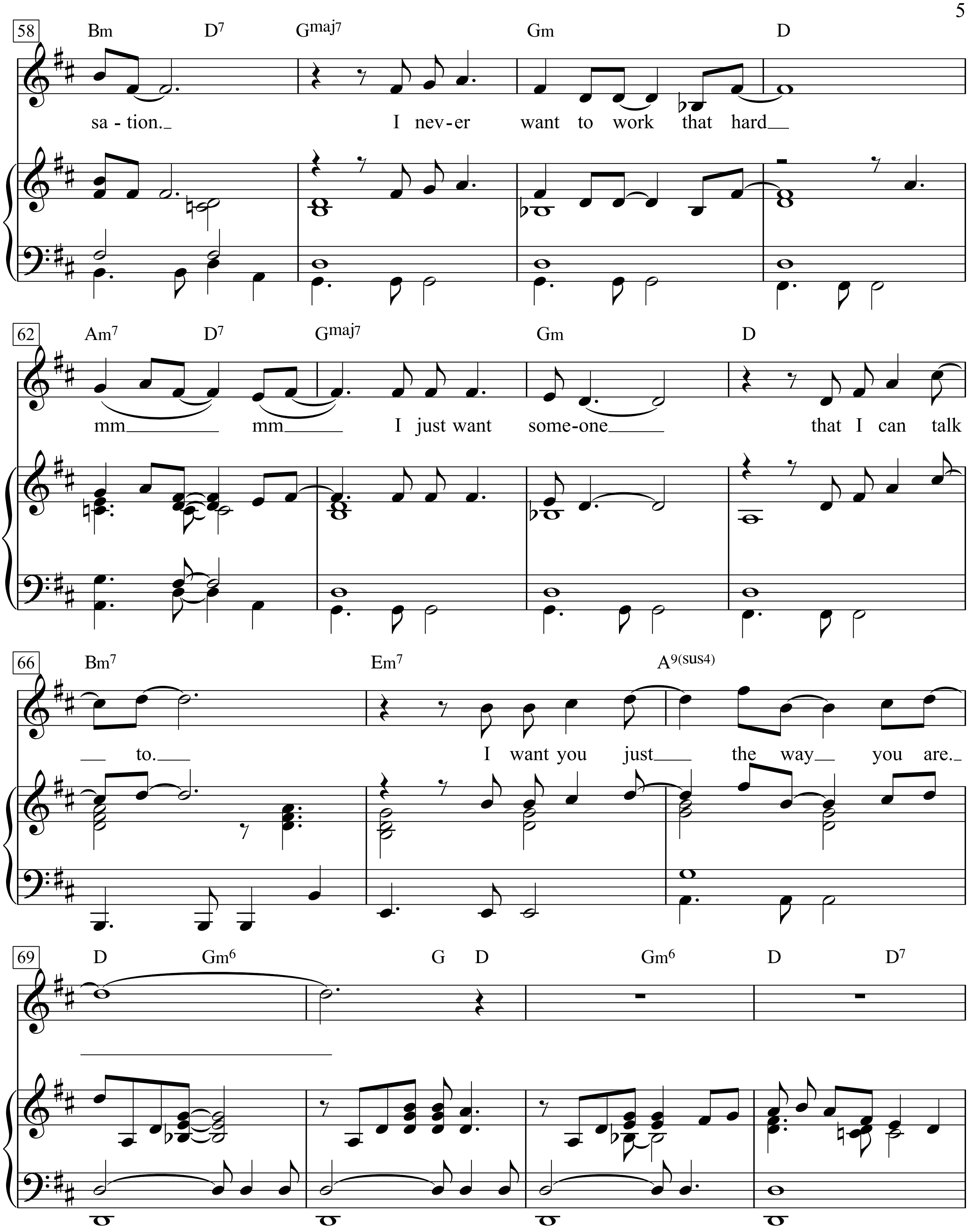
Moderately

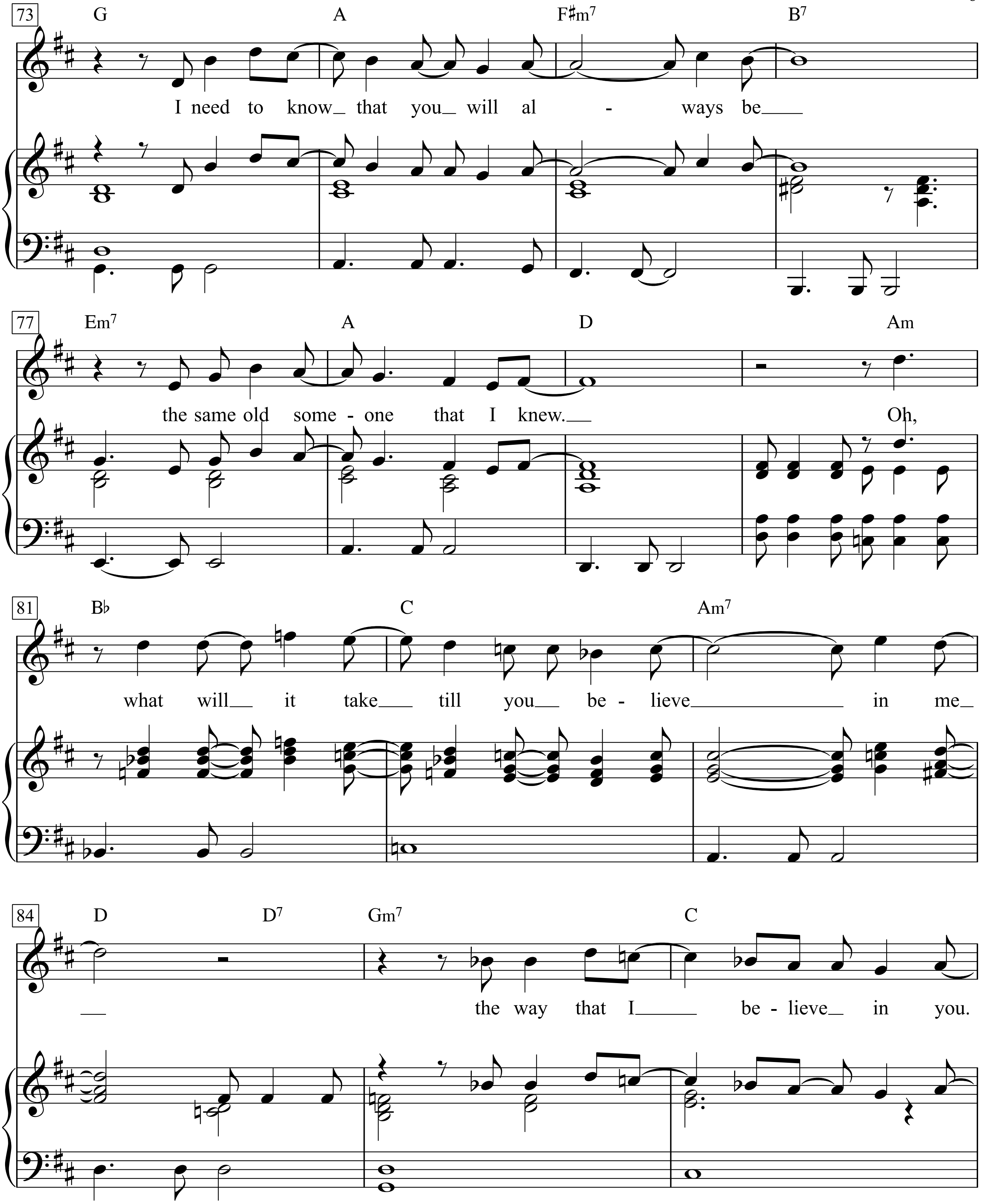


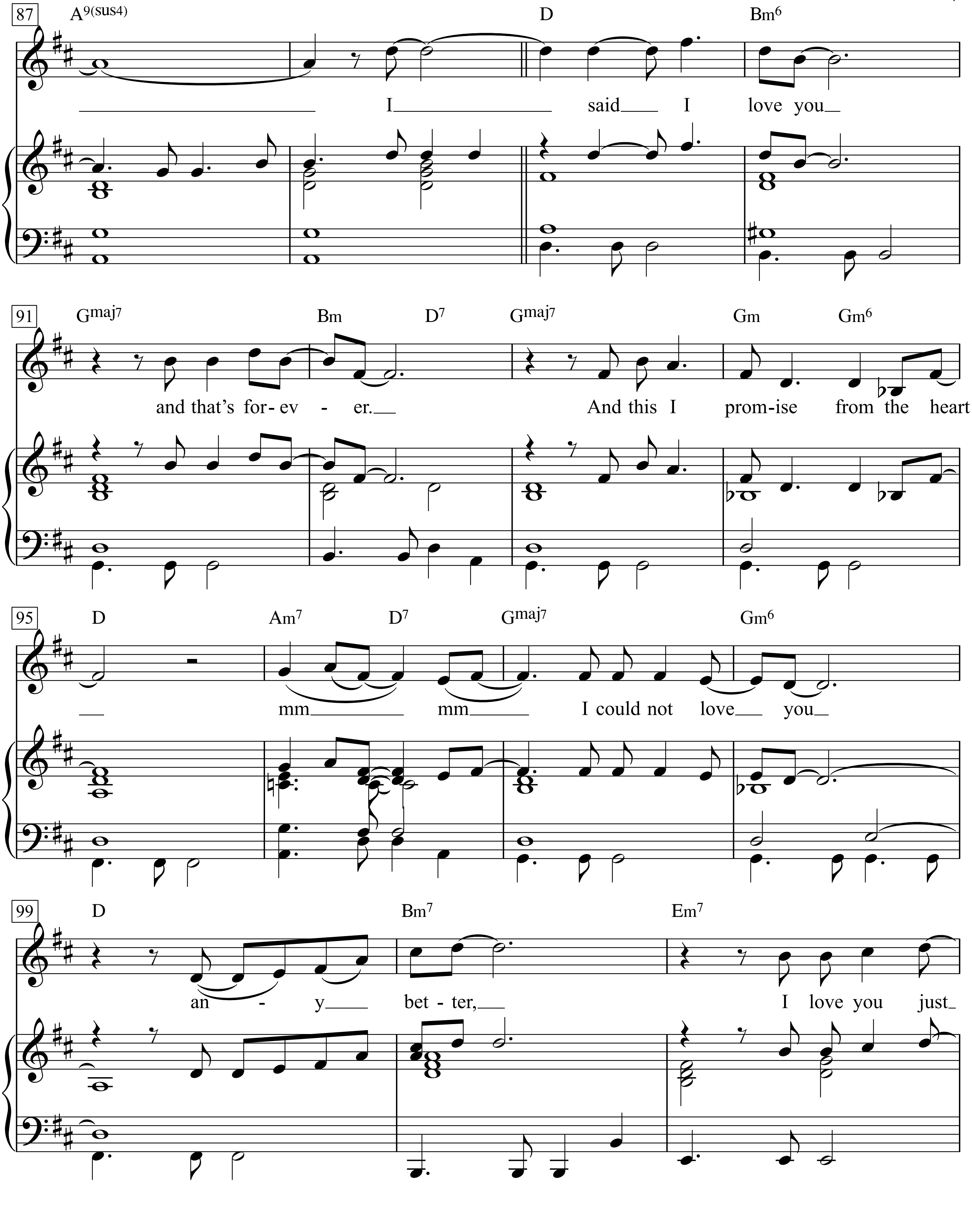

17
Bm7
E9
A9(sus4)
And I don't see you an - y - more.
20
D
Bm6
Gmaj7
I would not leave you in times of
24
Bm
D7
Gmaj7
Gm
trou - ble. We nev - er could have come this far
27
D
Am
D7
Gmaj7
Gm6
mm mm I took the good times,

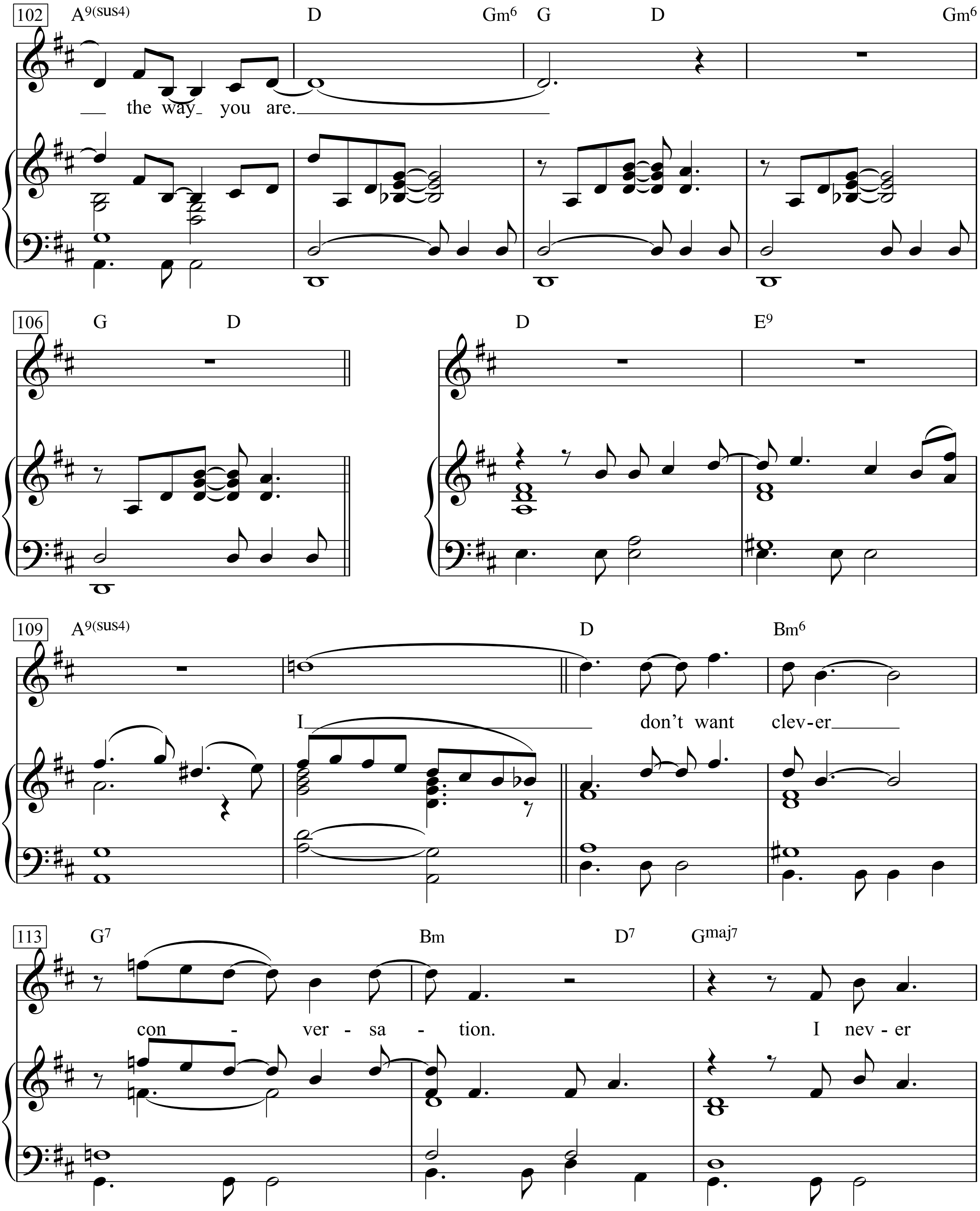

31
D
Bm7
Em7
I'll take the bad___ times,_
I'll take you just_
34
A9(sus4)
D
Gm
G
D
__ the way__ you are.
37
Gm6
G
D
Bm6
Don't go try-ing
41
Gmaj7
Bm
D7
Gmaj7
some_ new fash - ion.__
Don't change the col -

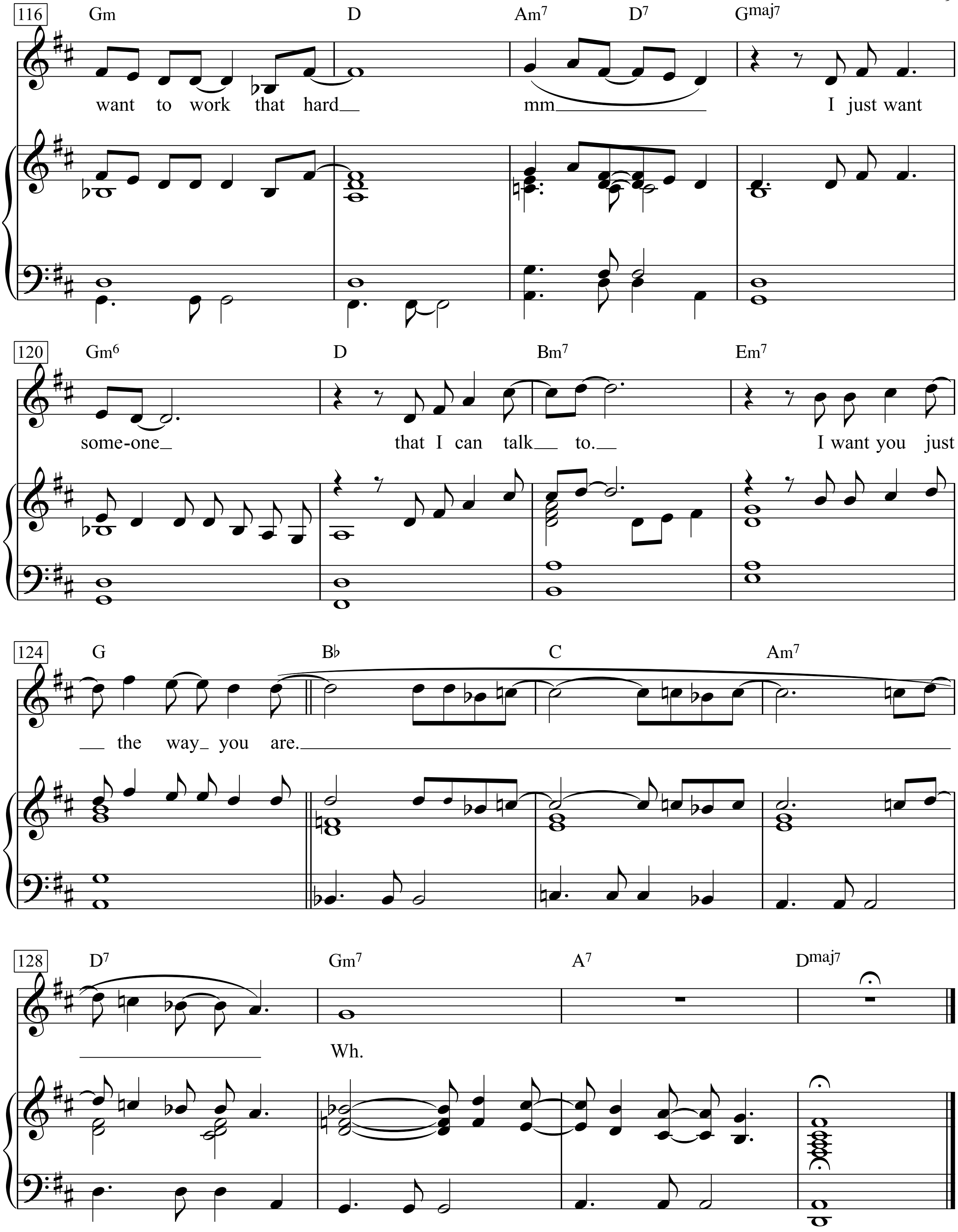

44
Gm D Am7 D7 Gmaj7
- or of your hair mm mm You al - ways
48
Gm D Bm7
have my un - spok - en pas - sion,
51
E9(sus4) E9 A9(sus4)
al-though I might not seem to care.
54
D Bm6 Gmaj7
I don't want clev-er con - ver-


58
Bm D7 Gmaj7 Gm D
sa - tion. I nev - er want to work that hard
62
Am7 D7 Gmaj7 Gm D
mm mm I just want some - one that I can talk
66
Bm7 Em7 A9(sus4)
to. I want you just the way you are.
69
D Gm6 G D Gm6 D D7


73
G A F♯m7 B7
I need to know that you will al - ways be
77
Em7 A D Am
the same old some - one that I knew. Oh,
81
B♭ C Am7
what will it take till you be - lieve in me
84
D D7 Gm7 C
the way that I be - lieve in you.


87
A9(sus4)
D
Bm6
I said I love you
91
Gmaj7
Bm
D7
Gmaj7
Gm
Gm6
and that's for-ev - er.
And this I prom-ise from the heart
95
D
Am7
D7
Gmaj7
Gm6
mm mm I could not love you
99
D
Bm7
Em7
an - y bet - ter,
I love you just


102
A9(sus4) D Gm6 G D Gm6
the way you are.
106
G D
D E9
109
A9(sus4) D Bm6
I don't want clev-er
113
G7 Bm D7 Gmaj7
con - ver - sa - tion. I nev - er


116
Gm
D
Am7
D7
Gmaj7
want to work that hard
mm
I just want
120
Gm6
D
Bm7
Em7
some-one
that I can talk to.
I want you just
124
G
B♭
C
Am7
the way you are.
128
D7
Gm7
A7
Dmaj7
Wh.

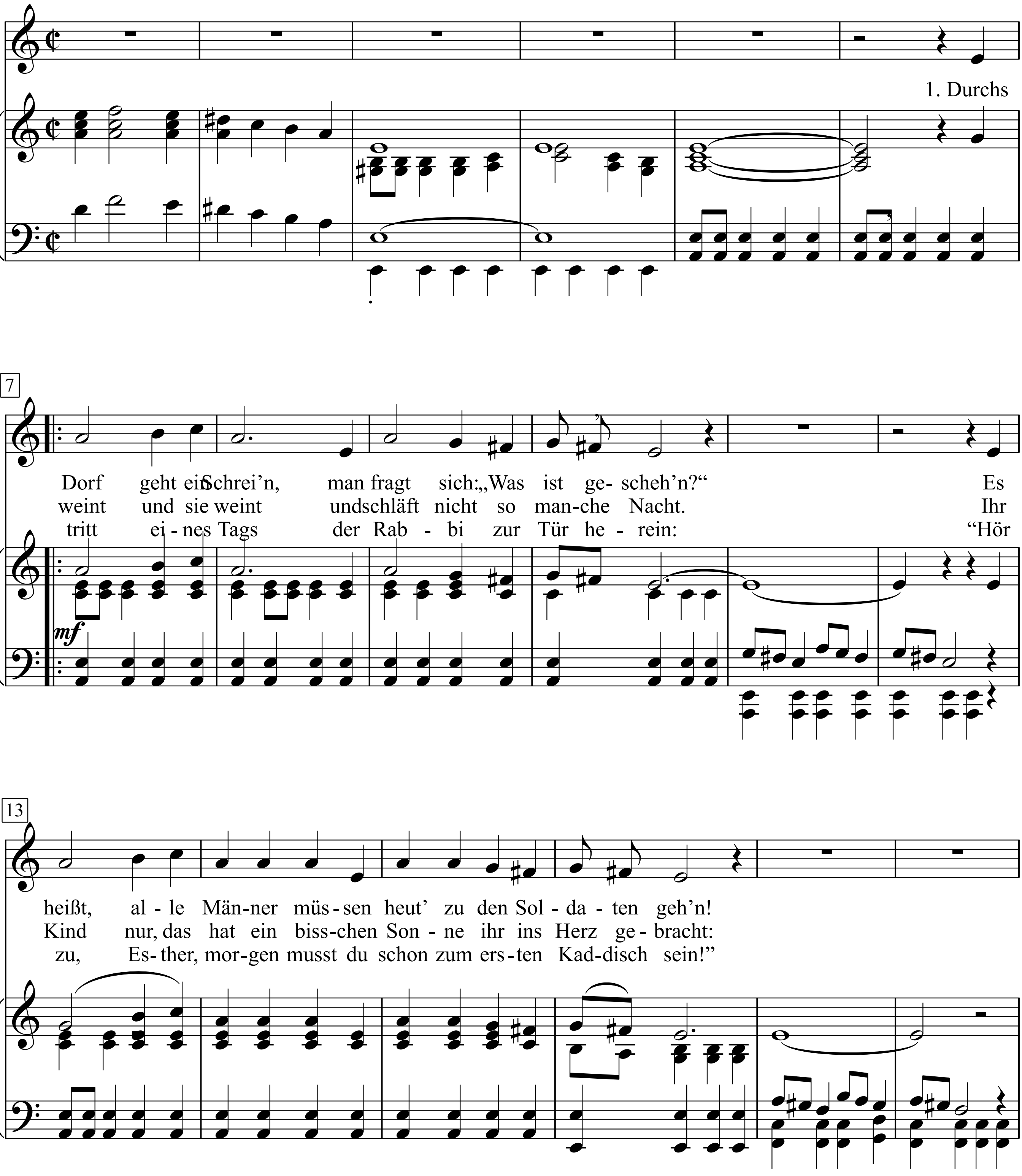
Kurt Robitschek

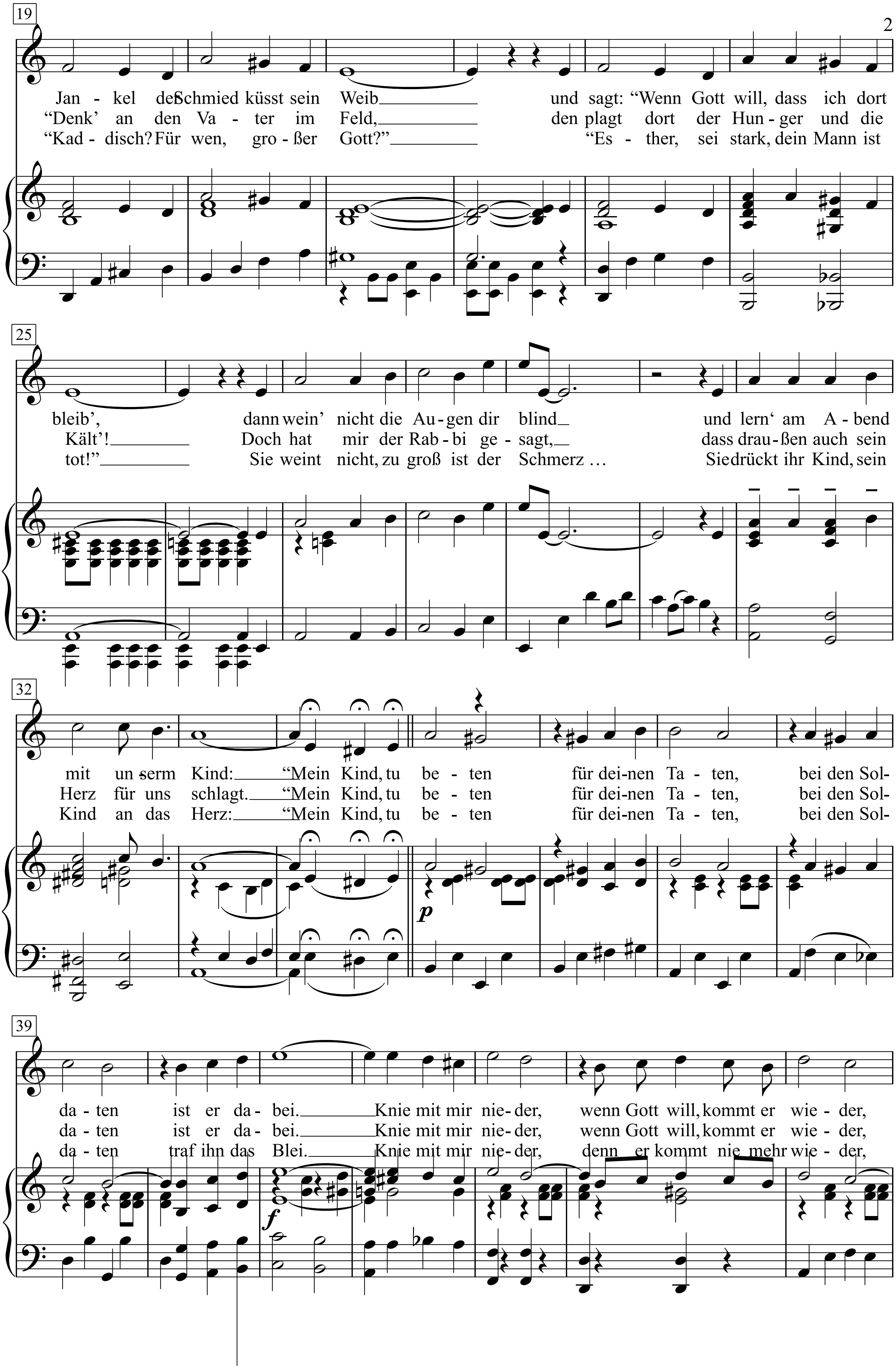
Kaddisch

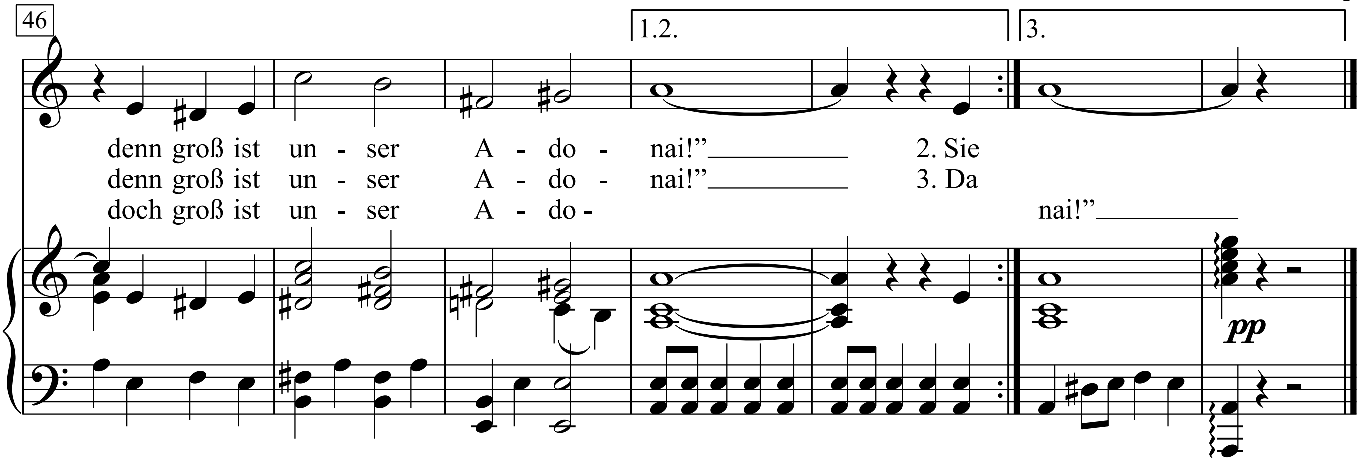
Ein Ghetto-Lied

Otto Stransky

Moderato




19
Jan - kel der Schmied küsst sein Weib und sagt: "Wenn Gott will, dass ich dort
"Denk' an den Va - ter im Feld, den plagt dort der Hun - ger und die
"Kad - disch? Für wen, gro - ßer Gott?" "Es - ther, sei stark, dein Mann ist
25
bleib', dann wein' nicht die Au - gen dir blind und lern' am A - bend
Kält'! Doch hat mir der Rab - bi ge - sagt, dass drau - ßen auch sein
tot!" Sie weint nicht, zu groß ist der Schmerz … Sie drückt ihr Kind, sein
32
mit un - serm Kind: "Mein Kind, tu be - ten für dei - nen Ta - ten, bei den Sol-
Herz für uns schlagt. "Mein Kind, tu be - ten für dei - nen Ta - ten, bei den Sol-
Kind an das Herz: "Mein Kind, tu be - ten für dei - nen Ta - ten, bei den Sol-
39
da - ten ist er da - bei. Knie mit mir nie - der, wenn Gott will, kommt er wie - der,
da - ten ist er da - bei. Knie mit mir nie - der, wenn Gott will, kommt er wie - der,
da - ten traf ihn das Blei. Knie mit mir nie - der, denn er kommt nie mehr wie - der,



1. Durchs Dorf geht ein Schrei'n, man fragt sich: „Was ist gescheh'n?“
Es heißt, alle Männer müssen heut' zu den Soldaten geh'n!
Jankel der Schmied küsst sein Weib und sagt:
"Wenn Gott will, dass ich dort bleib,
dann wein nicht die Augen dir blind
und lern am Abend mit unserm Kind:

"Mein Kind, tu beten für deinen Taten,
bei den Soldaten ist er dabei.
Knie mit mir nieder, wenn Gott will, kommt er wieder,
denn groß ist unser Adonai!"

2. Sie weint und sie weint und schläft nicht so manche Nacht.
Ihr Kind nur, das hat ein bisschen Sonne ihr ins Herz gebracht: "
Denk' an den Vater im Feld,
den plagt dort der Hunger und die Kält'!
Doch hat mir der Rabbi gesagt,
dass draußen auch sein Herz für uns schlagt.

"Mein Kind, tu beten für deinen Taten,
bei den Soldaten ist er dabei.
Knie mit mir nieder, wenn Gott will, kommt er wieder,
denn groß ist unser Adonai!"

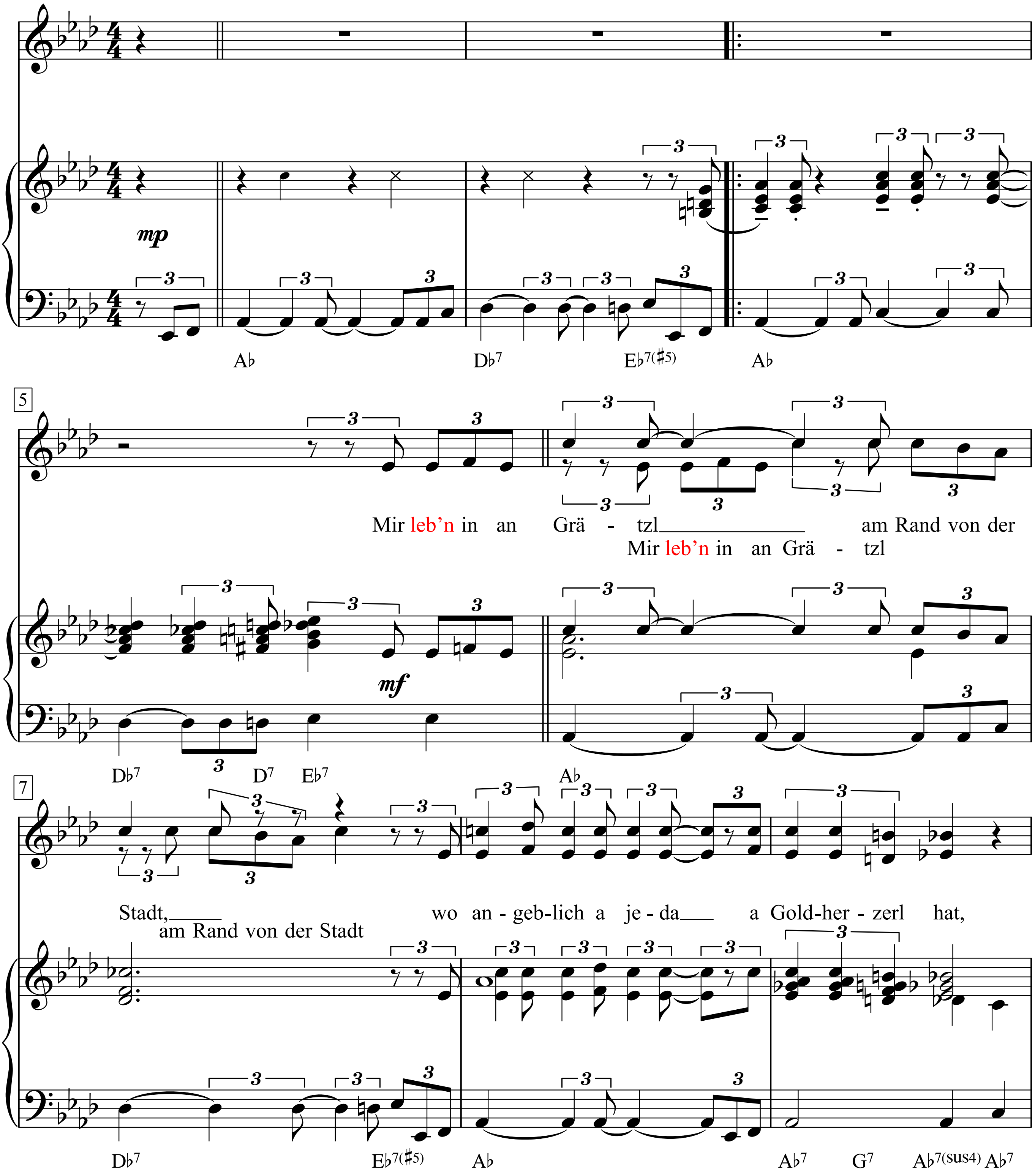
3. Da tritt eines Tags der Rabbi zur Tür herein:
"Hör zu, Esther, morgen musst du schon zum ersten Kaddisch sein!" "
Kaddisch? Für wen, großer Gott?"
"Esther, sei stark, dein Mann ist tot!"
Sie weint nicht, zu groß ist der Schmerz …
Sie drückt ihr Kind, sein Kind an das Herz:

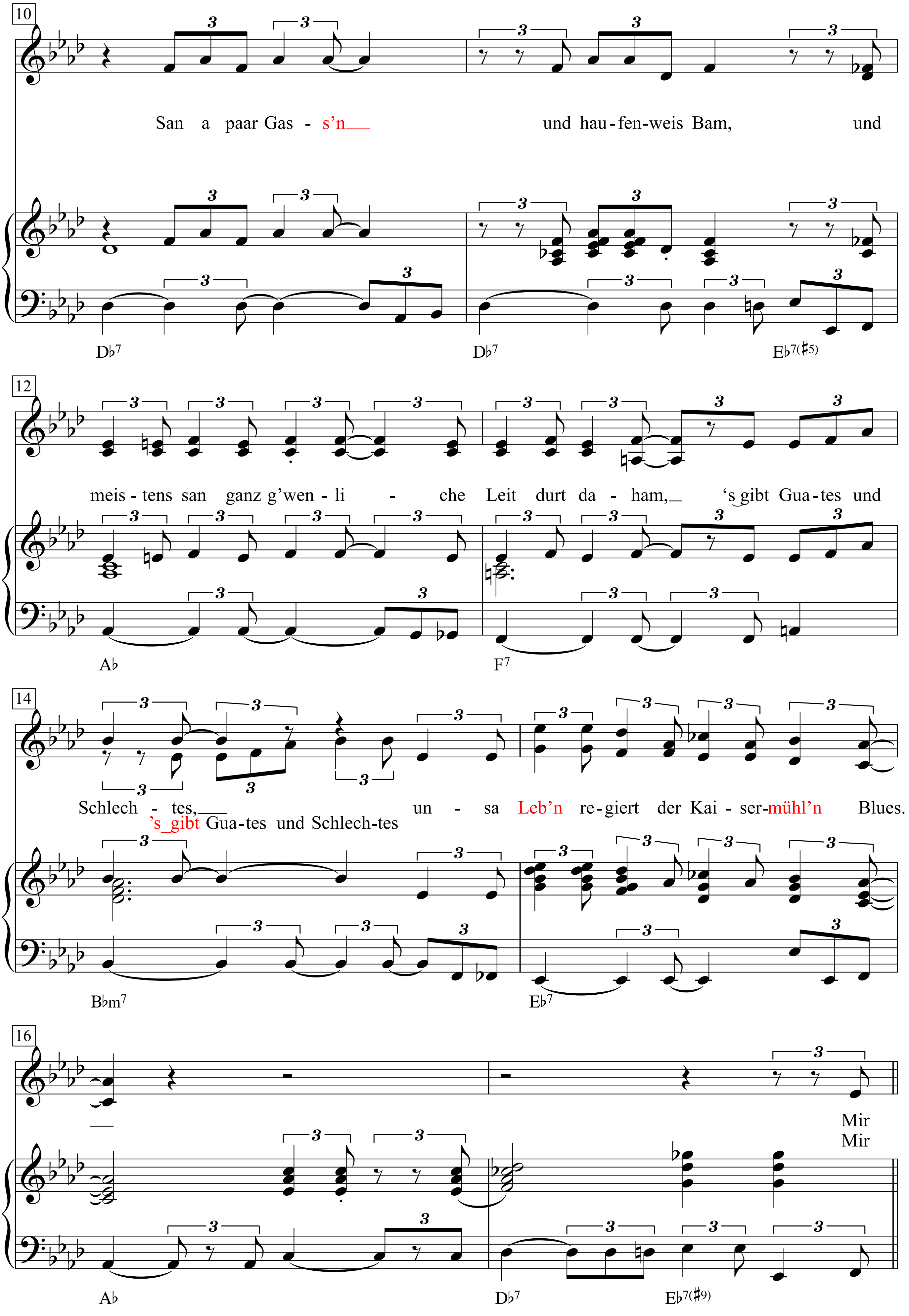
"Mein Kind, tu beten für deinen Taten,
bei den Soldaten traf ihn das Blei.
Knie mit mir nieder, denn er kommt nie mehr wieder,
doch groß ist unser Adonai!"

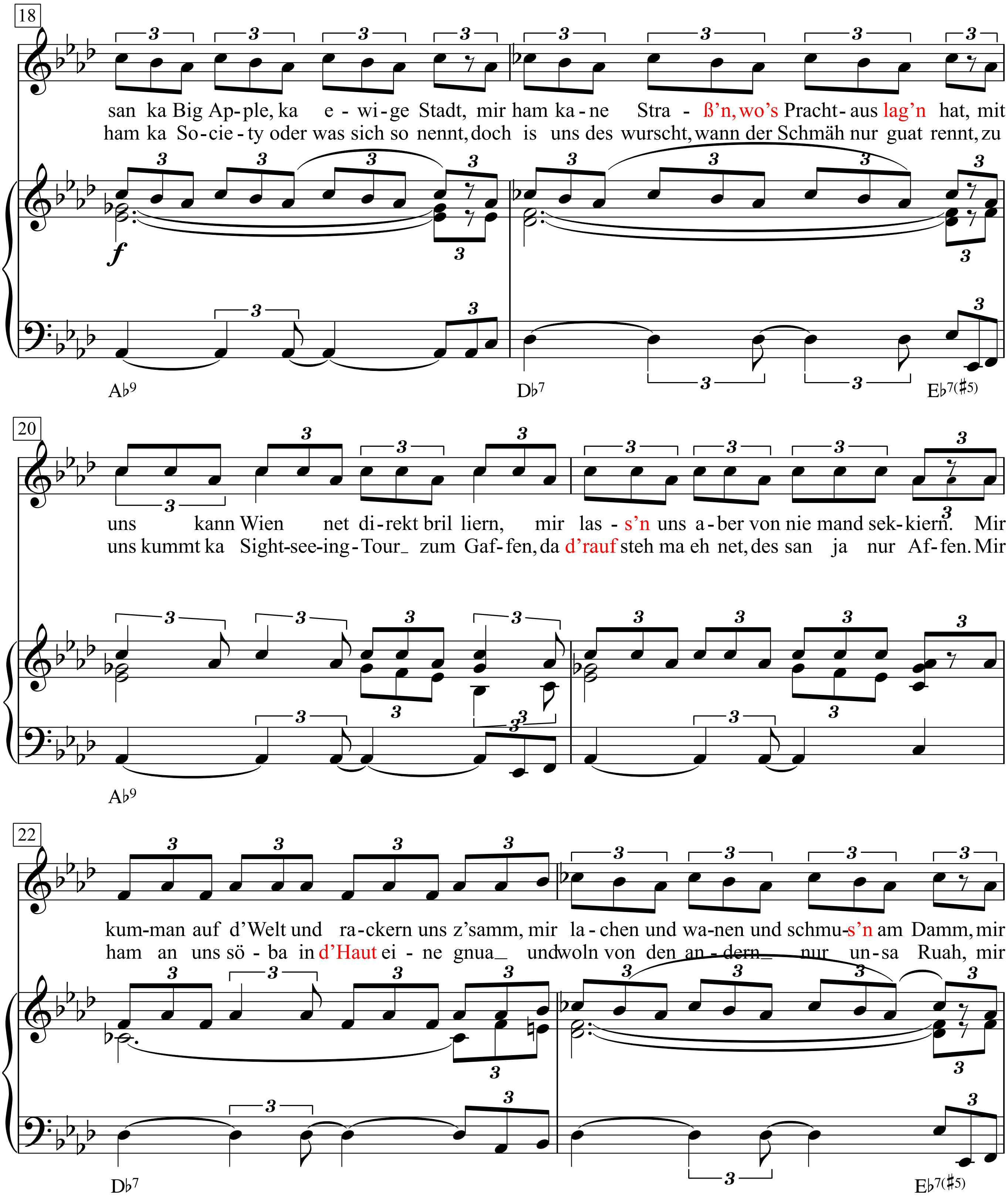
Kaisermühlenblues

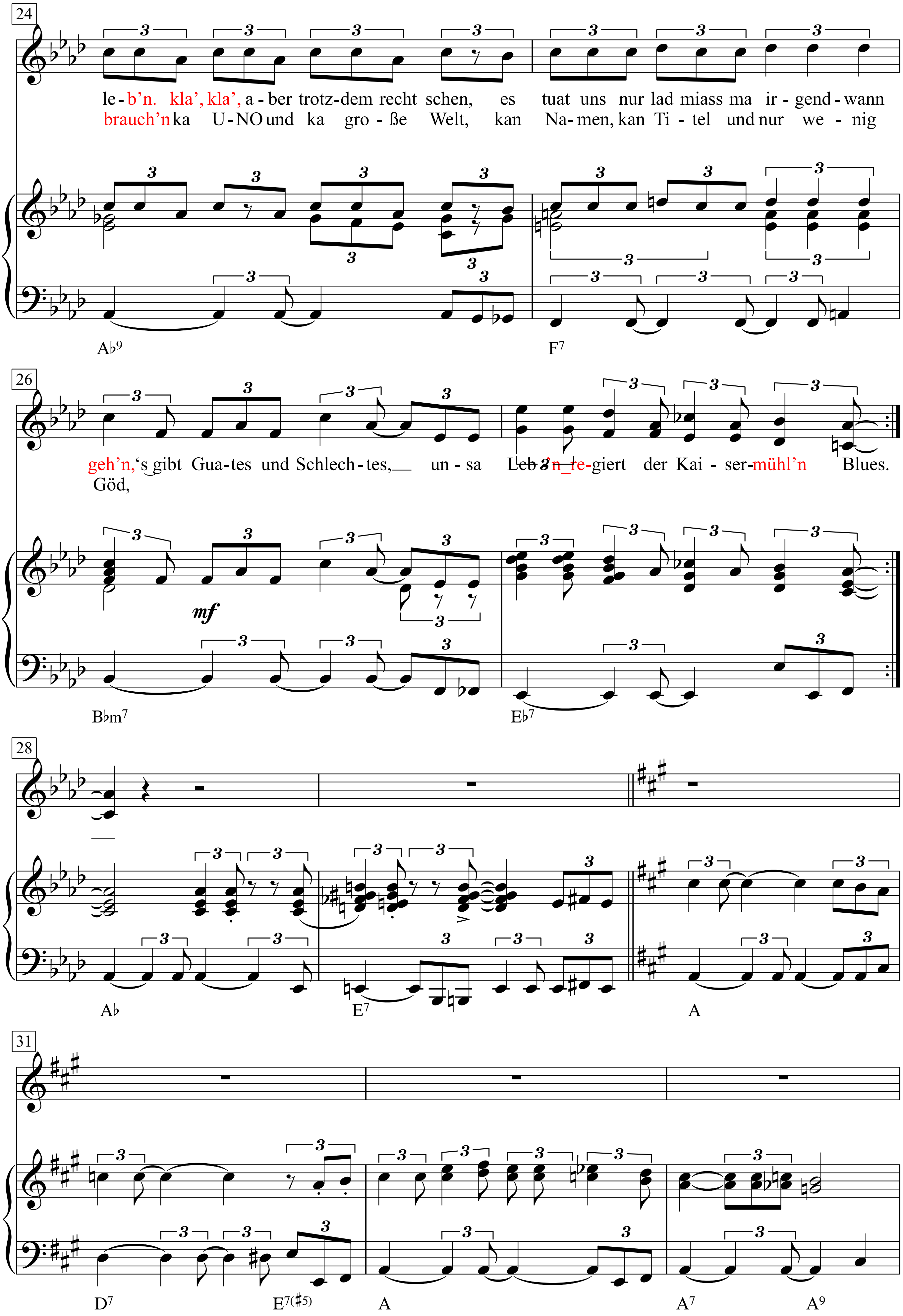
Text: Ernst Hinterberger

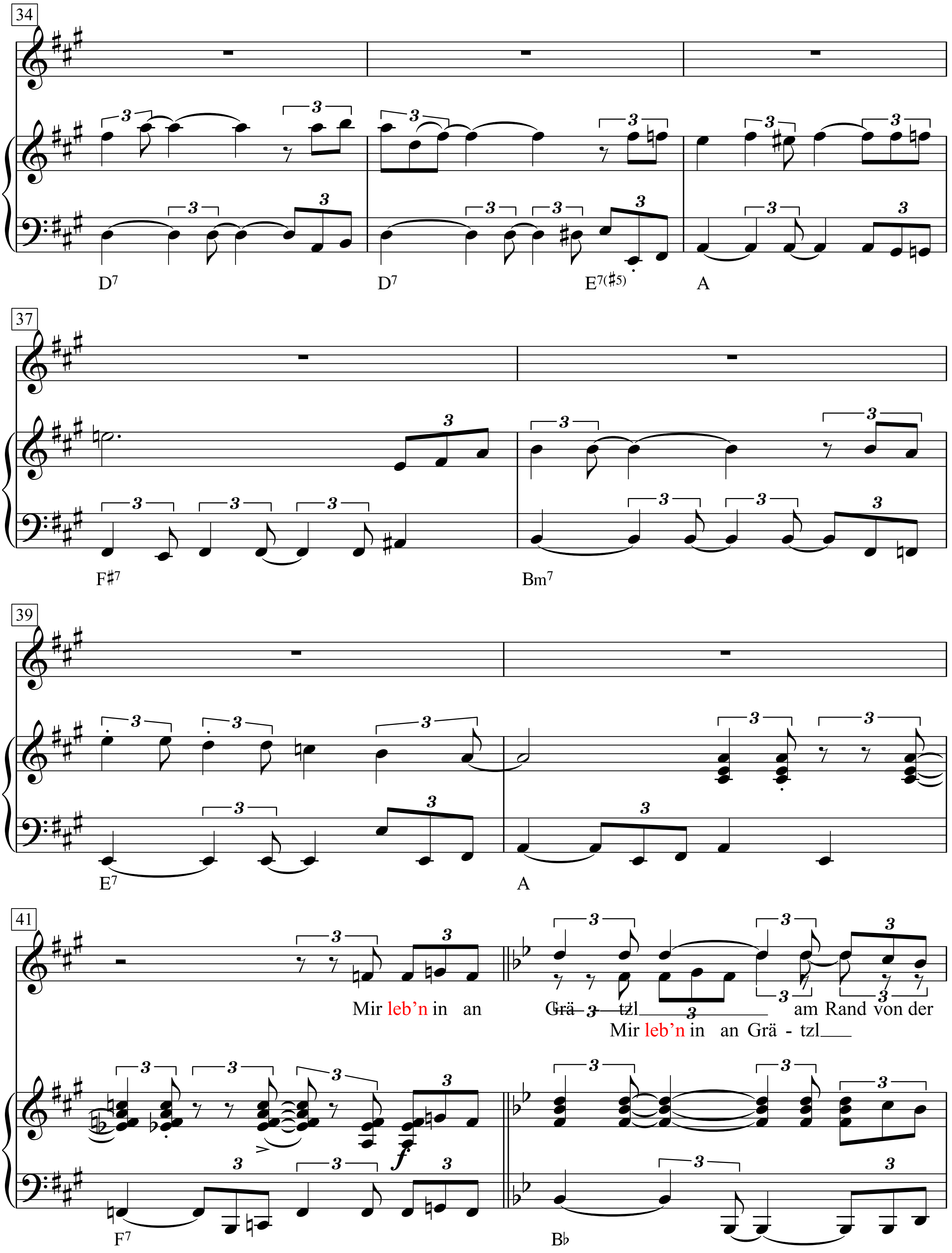
Musik: Arthur Lauber / Andy Radovan
Klavier-Bearbeitung: Thomas Grafberg
(Marianne Mendt & Adi Hirschal)

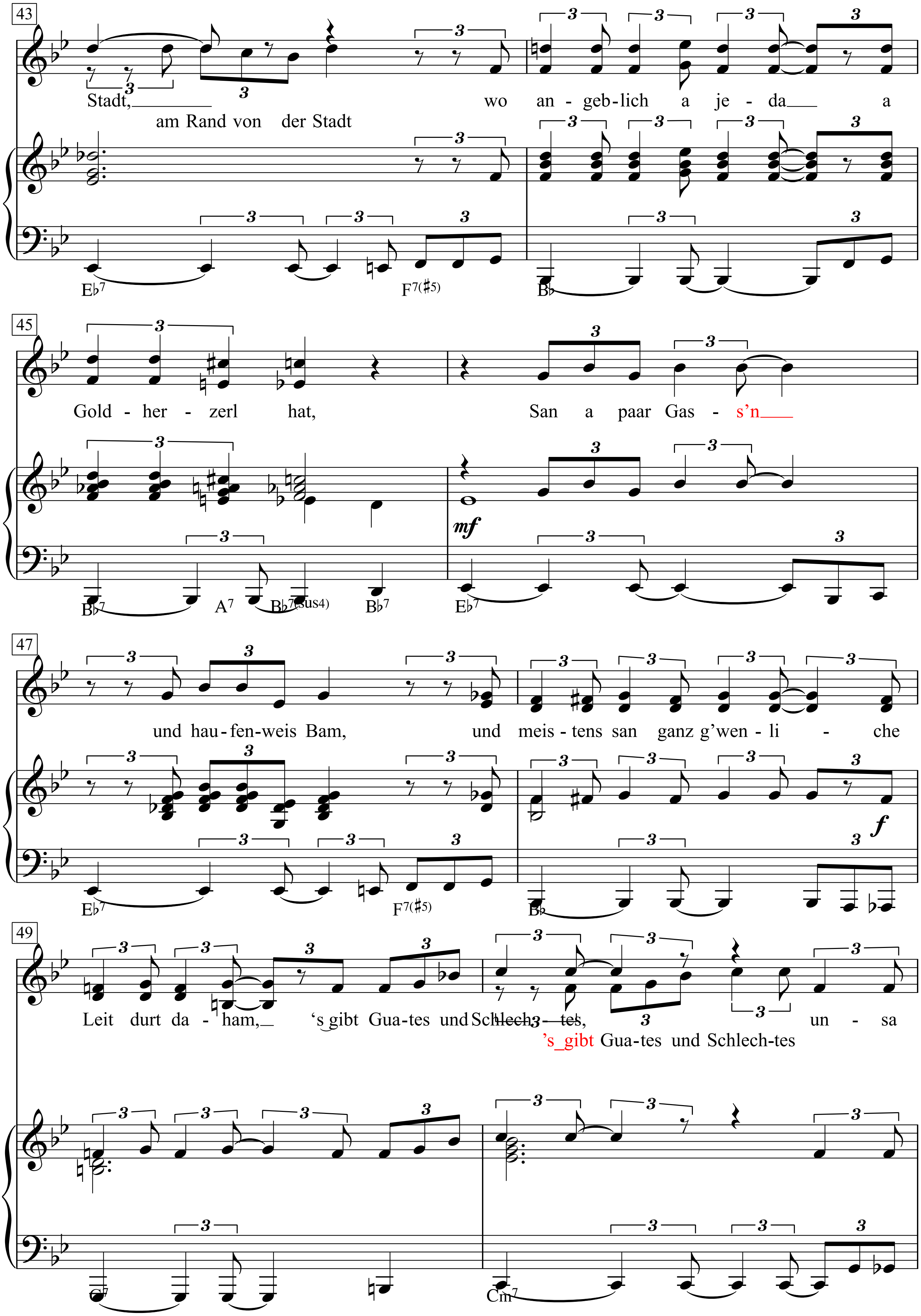


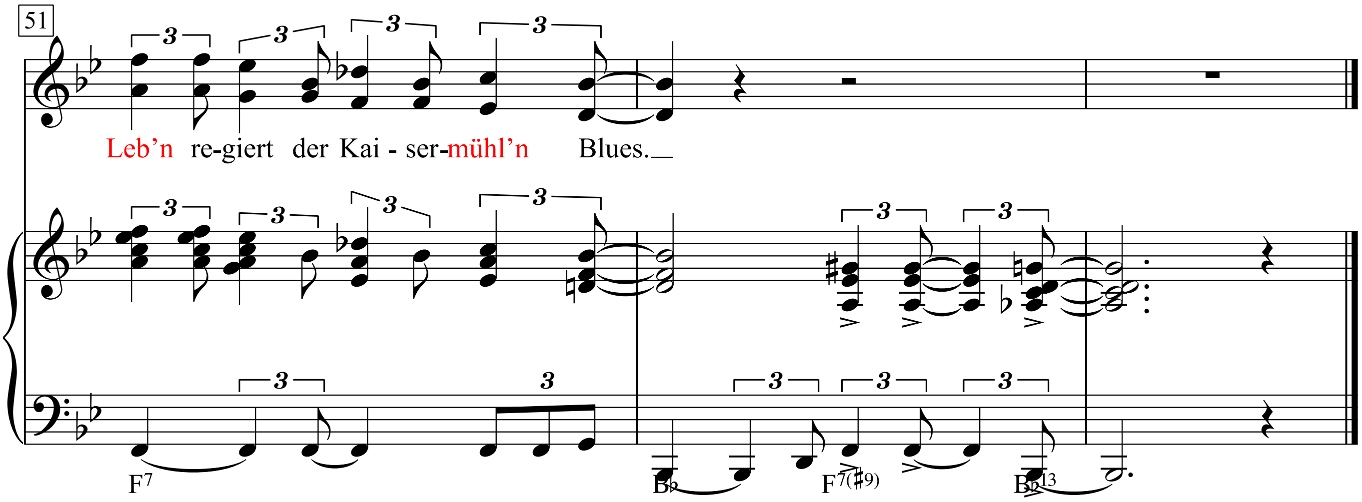

10
3
San a paar Gas - s'n
und hau-fen-weis Bam, und
D♭7
D♭7
E♭7(♯5)
12
meis - tens san ganz g'wen - li - che Leit durt da - ham, 's gibt Gua-tes und
A♭
F7
14
Schlech - tes, un - sa Leb'n re-giert der Kai - ser-mühl'n Blues.
's gibt Gua-tes und Schlech-tes
B♭m7
E♭7
16
Mir
Mir
A♭
D♭7
E♭7(♯9)


18
san ka Big Ap-ple, ka e - wi-ge Stadt, mir ham ka-ne Stra - ß'n, wo's Pracht- aus lag'n hat, mit
ham ka So-cie - ty oder was sich so nennt, doch is uns des wurscht, wann der Schmäh nur guat rennt, zu
Ab9
Db7
Eb7(#5)
20
uns kann Wien net di-rekt bril liern, mir las - s'n uns a-ber von nie mand sek-kiern. Mir
uns kummt ka Sight-see-ing-Tour_ zum Gaf-fen, da d'rauf steh ma eh net, des san ja nur Af-fen. Mir
Ab9
22
kum-man auf d'Welt und ra-ckern uns z'samm, mir la-chen und wa-nen und schmu-s'n am Damm, mir
ham an uns sö - ba in d'Haut ei - ne gnua_ und woln von den an - dern_ nur un-sa Ruah, mir
Db7
Eb7(#5)


24
le - b'n. kla', kla', a - ber trotz-dem recht schen, es tuat uns nur lad miass ma ir - gend - wann
brauch'n ka U - NO und ka gro - ße Welt, kan Na - men, kan Ti - tel und nur we - nig
A♭9
F7
26
geh'n, 's gibt Gua-tes und Schlech - tes, un - sa Leb'n re - giert der Kai - ser - mühl'n Blues.
Göd,
mf
B♭m7
E♭7
28
A♭
E7
A
31
D7
E7(♯5)
A
A7
A9


34
D7 D7 E7(♯5) A
37
F♯7 Bm7
39
E7 A
41
Mir leb'n in an Grä - tzl am Rand von der
Mir leb'n in an Grä - tzl
F7 B♭


43
Stadt, wo an - geb-lich a je - da a
am Rand von der Stadt
E♭7 F7(♯5) B♭
45
Gold - her - zerl hat, San a paar Gas - s'n
mf
B♭7 A7 B♭7(sus4) B♭7 E♭7
47
und hau-fen-weis Bam, und meis - tens san ganz g'wen - li - che
f
E♭7 F7(♯5) B♭
49
Leit durt da - ham, 's gibt Gua-tes und Schlech-tes, un - sa
's_gibt Gua-tes und Schlech-tes
C7 Cm7


51
Leb'n re-giert der Kai - ser-mühl'n Blues.
F7
B♭
F7(♯9)
B♭13

1. Mir leb’n in an Grätzl am Rand von der Stadt,
wo angeblich a jeda a Goldherzerl hat,
San a paar Gass’n und haufenweis Bam, u
nd meistens san ganz g’wenliche Leit durt daham,
‘s gibt Guates und Schlechtes,
unsa Leb’n regiert der Kaisermühl‘n Blues.
Mir san ka Big Apple, ka ewige Stadt,
mir ham kane Straß’n, wo’s Prachtauslag’n hat,
mit uns kann Wien net direkt brillier’n,
mir lass’n uns aber von niemand sekkiern.
Mir kumman auf d’Welt und rackern uns z’samm,
mir lachen und wanen und schmus’n am Damm,
mir leb’n. kla’, kla’, aber trotzdem recht schen, e
s tuat uns nur lad miass ma irgendwann geh’n,
‘s gibt Guates und Schlechtes,
unsa Leb’n_regiert der Kaisermühl’n Blues.
Mir leb’n in an Grätzl am Rand von der Stadt,
wo angeblich a jeda a Goldherzerl hat.
San a paar Gass’n und haufenweis Bam,
und meistens san ganz g’wenliche Leit durt daham,
‘s gibt Guates und Schlechtes,
unsa Leb‘n regiert der Kaisermühl’n Blues.

… Mir leb’n in an Grätzl am Rand von der Stadt

… ’s gibt Guates und Schlechtes

Mir ham ka Society oder was sich so nennt,
doch is uns des wurscht, wann der Schmäh nur guat rennt,
zu uns kummt ka SightseeingTour zum Gaffen,
da d’rauf steh ma eh net, des san ja nur Affen.
Mir ham an uns söba in d’Haut eine gnua
und woln von den andern nur unsa Ruah,
mir brauch‘n ka UNO und ka große Welt,
kan Namen, kan Titel und nur wenig Göd,

… Mir leb’n in an Grätzl am Rand von der Stadt

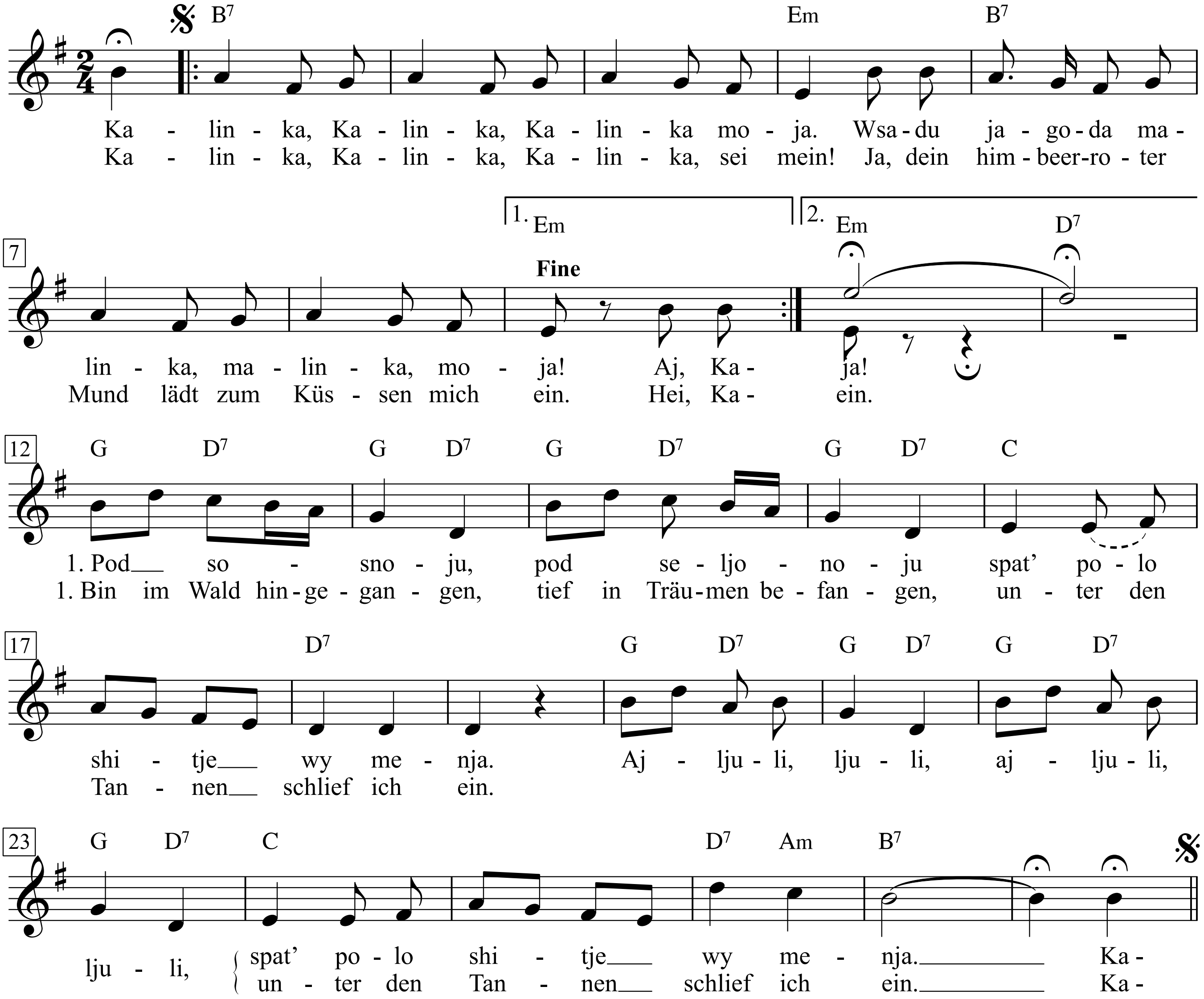
… ’s gibt Gua-tes und Schlech-tes

Kalinka

deutscher Text: Heidi Kirmße (*1925), 2017

Melodie & Text: Iwan Petrowitsch Larionow (1830–1889), 1860, russisches Volkslied

Refrain



Kalinka, Kalinka, Kalinka moja.
Wsadu jagoda malinka, malinka, moja!
Aj, Kalinka, Kalinka, Kalinka moja.
Wsadu jagoda malinka, malinka, moja!

1. Pod sosnoju, pod seljonoju
spat' polo shitje wy menja.
Aj-ljuli, ljuli, aj-ljuli, ljuli,
spat' polo shitje wy menja.
Kalinka ...

2. Sosjonuschka ty seljonaja,
ne schumi she nado mnoi.
Aj-ljuli, ljuli, aj-ljuli,
ne schumi she nado mnoi!
Kalinka ...

3. Krasawiza, duschadewiza,
polju-bi she ty menja.
Aj-ljuli, ljuli, aj-ljuli,
poljubi she ty menja!
Kalinka ...

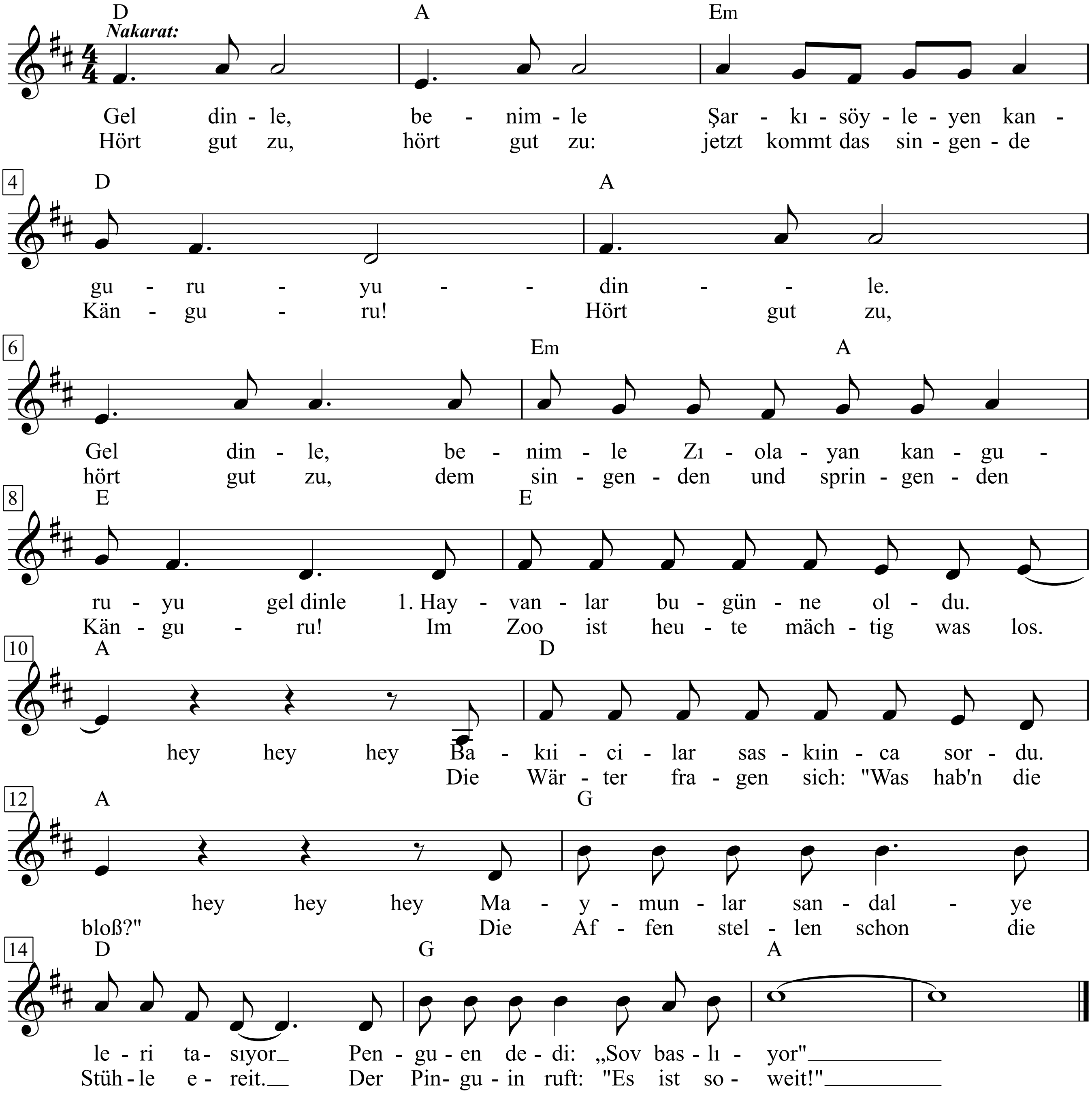
Kalinka, Kalinka, Kalinka, sei mein!
Ja, dein himbeerroter Mund lädt zum Küssen mich ein.
Hei, Kalinka, Kalinka, Kalinka, sei mein!
Ja, dein himbeerroter Mund lädt zum Küssen mich ein.

1. Bin im Wald hingegangen, tief in Träumen befangen,
unter den Tannen schlief ich ein.
Aj-ljuli, ljuli, aj-ljuli, ljuli,
unter den Tannen schlief ich ein.
Kalinka ...

2. Rauscht fein sacht nur, ihr Bäume,stört mir nicht meine Träume,
ziehn sie doch rasch mit dem Wind vorbei.
Aj-ljuli, ljuli, aj-ljuli, ljuli,
ziehn sie doch rasch mit dem Wind vorbei.
Kalinka ...

3. Liebchen, magst du wohl denken, mir dein Herz zu schenken?
Ach, wie so glücklich werde ich dann sein!
Aj-ljuli, ljuli, aj-ljuli, ljuli,
ach, wie so glücklich werde ich dann sein!
Kalinka ...

Kanguru - Das singende Känguru



Nakarat:
Gel dinle, benimle
Sar kisöyleyen kanguruyudinle.
Gel dinle, benimle
Ziolayan kanguruyu gel dinle
1. Hayvanlar bugünne oldu. hey hey hey
Bakiicilar saskiinca sordu. hey hey hey
Maymunlar sandalye leri tasiyor
Penguen dedi: „Sov basliyor"

3. Das Känguru ist heut gut in Form.
Es tanzt und springt, das ist ganz enorm.
Und selbst die Wärter, die machen jetzt mit,
sie wiegen sich im Walzerschritt.

Refrain:
Hört gut zu, hört gut zu:
jetzt kommt das singende Känguru!
Hört gut zu, hört gut zu,
dem singenden und springenden Känguru!
Im Zoo ist heute mächtig was los.
Die Wärter fragen sich: "Was hab'n die bloß?"
Die Affen stellen schon die Stühle ereit.
Der Pinguin ruft: "Es ist soweit!"

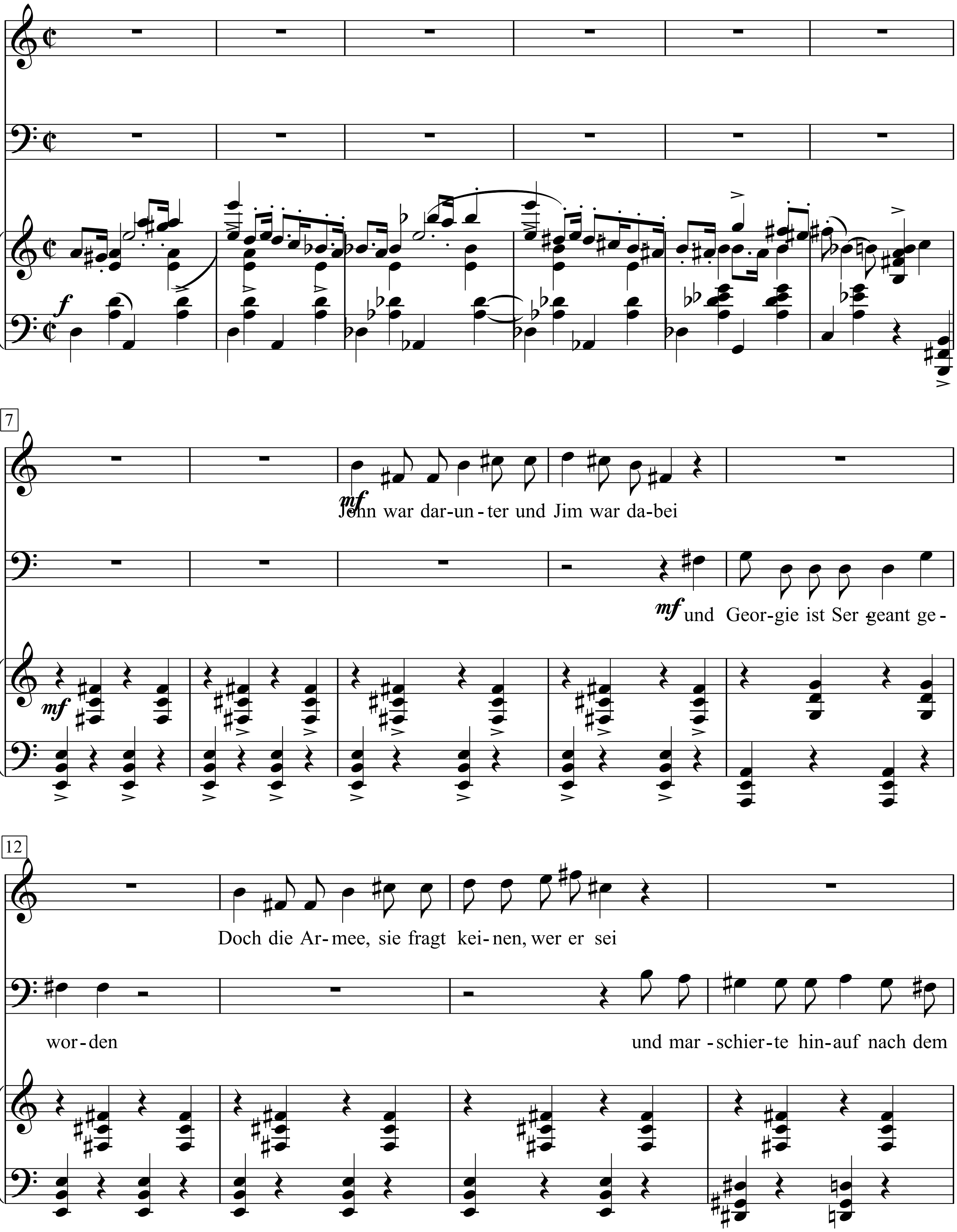
2. Die Bühne bebt, es wackelt die Wand - hey, hey, hey.
Zum Scnluss kommt noch der Elefant gerannt - hey, hey, hey.
Jetzt greift das Känguru zum Mikrofon,
es wackelt mit dem Beutel und singt den ersten Ton.

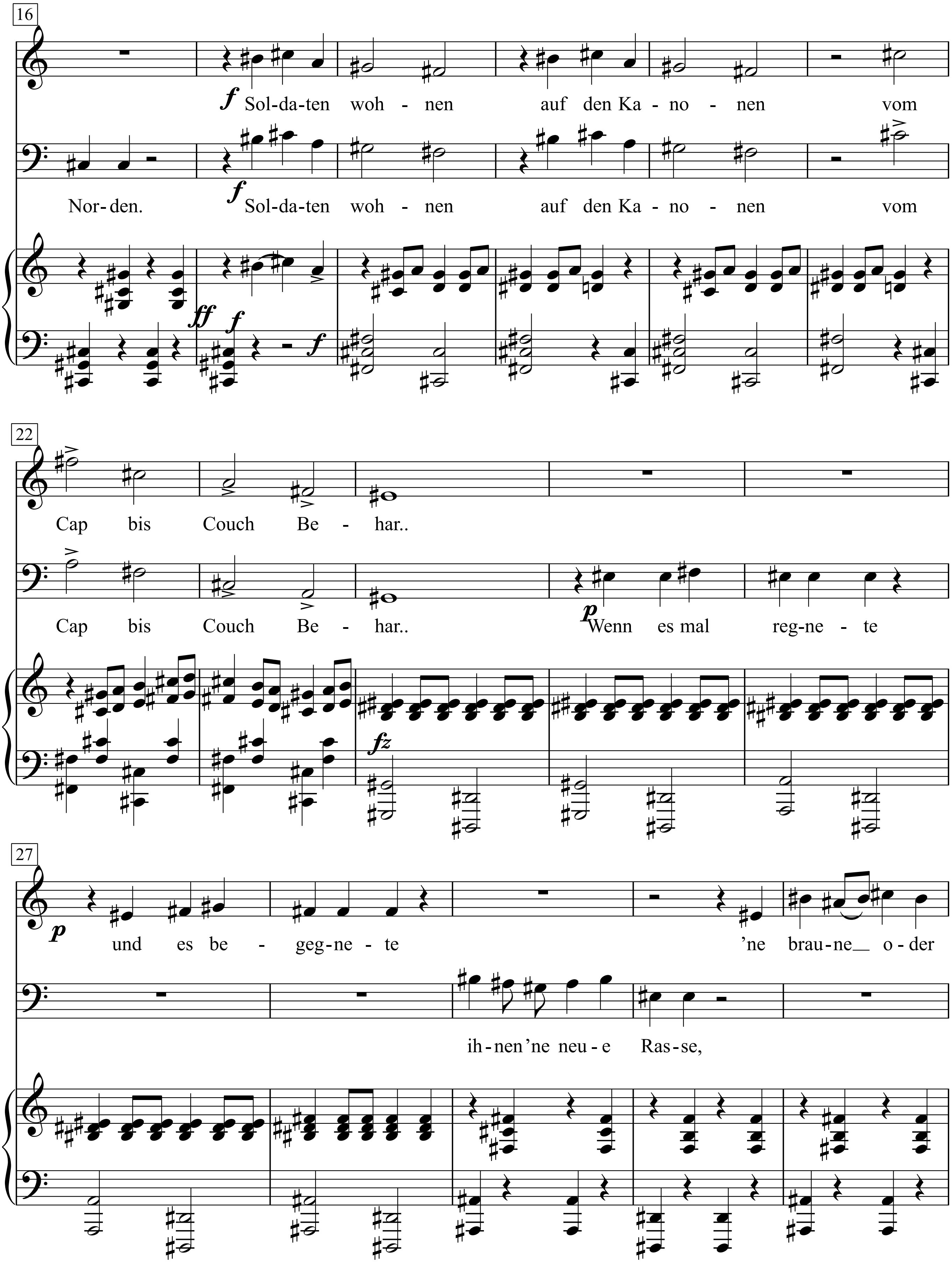
Kanonensong

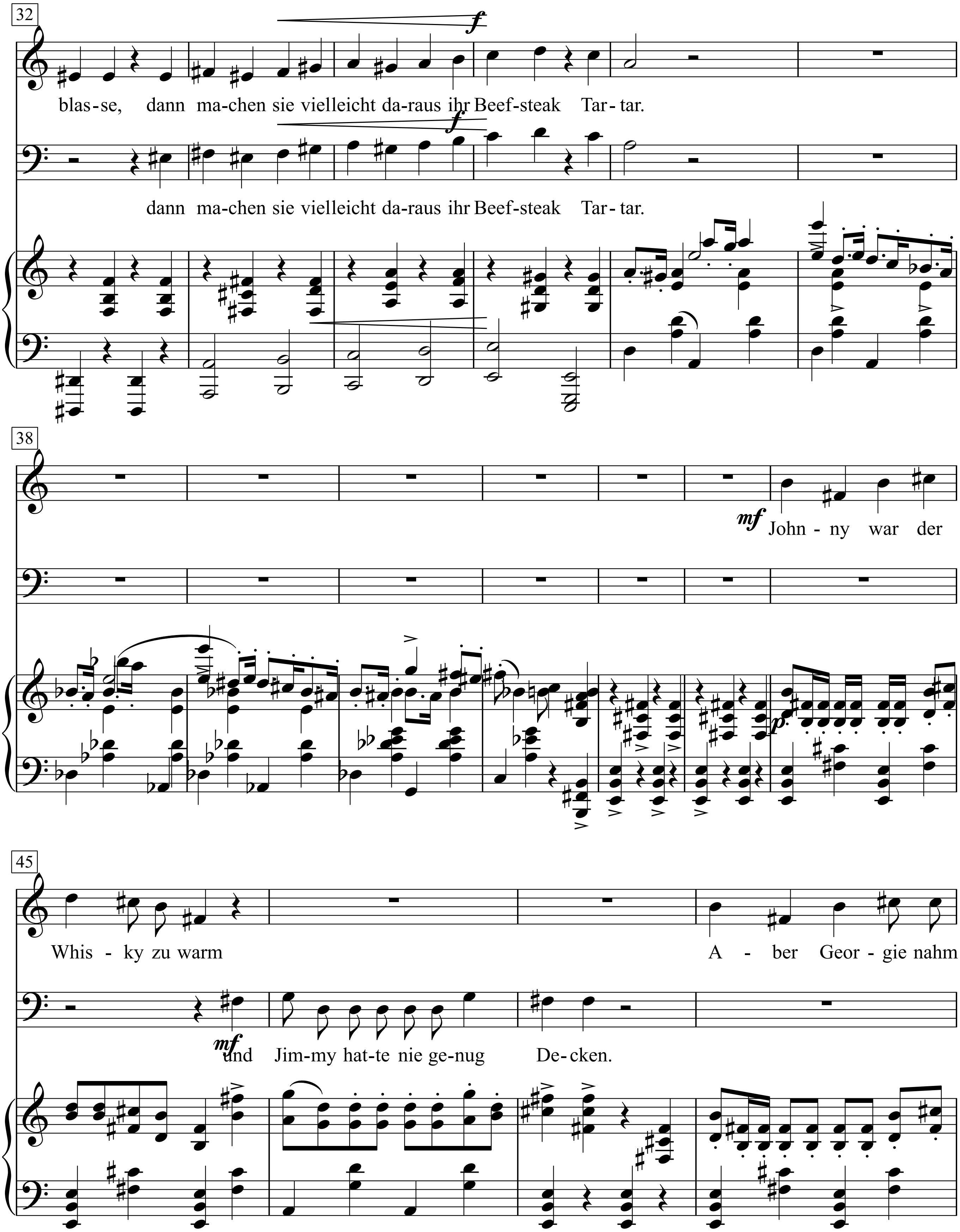
(*Song aus der* 'Dreigroschenoper')

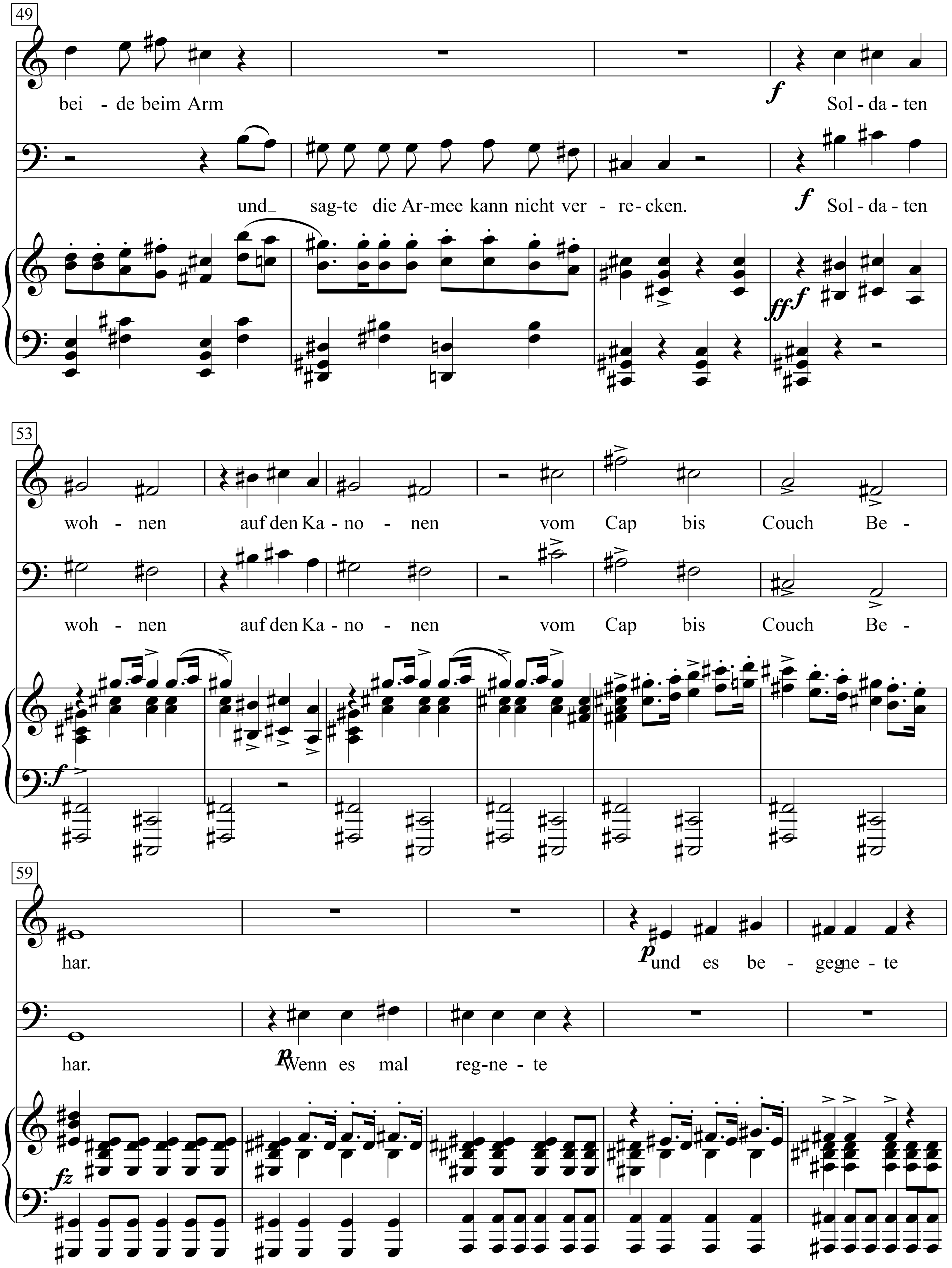
Bertolt Brecht

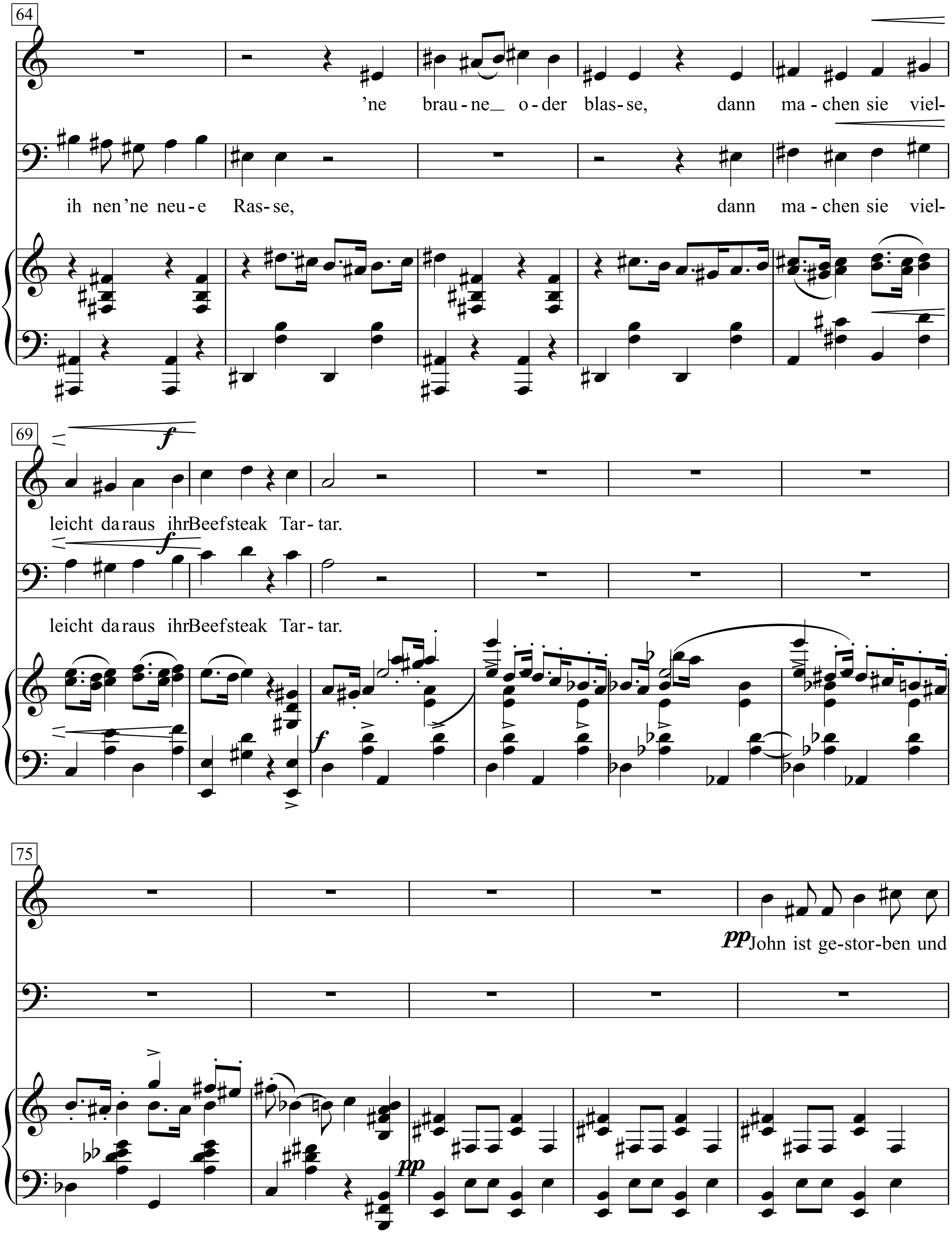
Kurt Weill

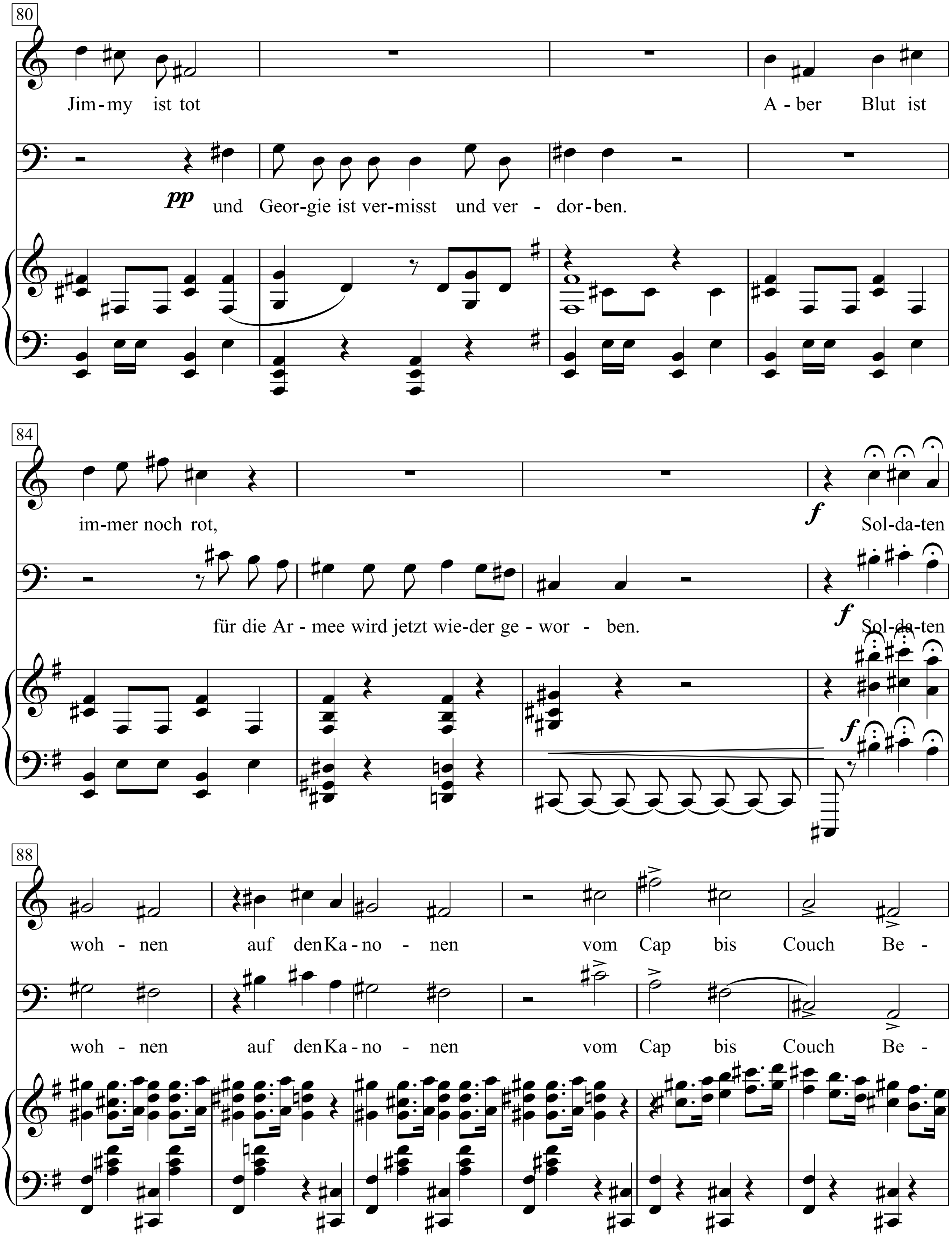


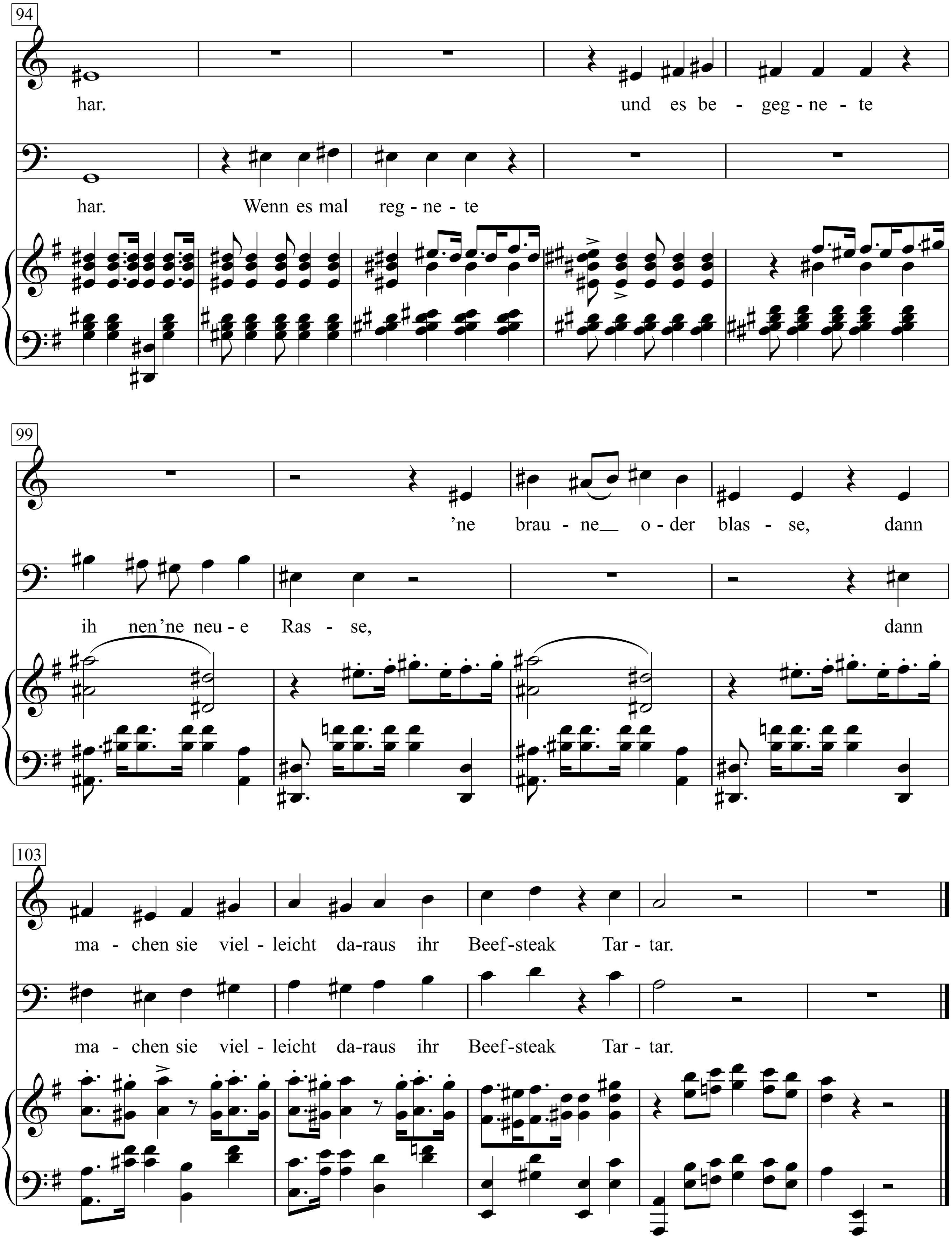

16
f Sol-da-ten woh - nen auf den Ka - no - nen vom
Nor-den. f Sol-da-ten woh - nen auf den Ka - no - nen vom
ff f f
22
Cap bis Couch Be - har..
Cap bis Couch Be - har.. p Wenn es mal reg-ne - te
fz
27
p und es be - geg-ne - te 'ne brau-ne o-der
ih-nen 'ne neu-e Ras-se,


32
f
blas-se, dann ma-chen sie vielleicht da-raus ihr Beef-steak Tar-tar.
f
dann ma-chen sie vielleicht da-raus ihr Beef-steak Tar-tar.
38
mf
John - ny war der
p
45
Whis - ky zu warm
A - ber Geor - gie nahm
mf
und Jim-my hat-te nie ge-nug De-cken.


49
bei - de beim Arm
f Sol - da - ten
und_ sag-te die Ar-mee kann nicht ver - re - cken.
f Sol - da - ten
fff
53
woh - nen auf den Ka - no - nen vom Cap bis Couch Be -
woh - nen auf den Ka - no - nen vom Cap bis Couch Be -
f
59
har.
p und es be - geg-ne - te
har.
p Wenn es mal reg-ne - te
fz

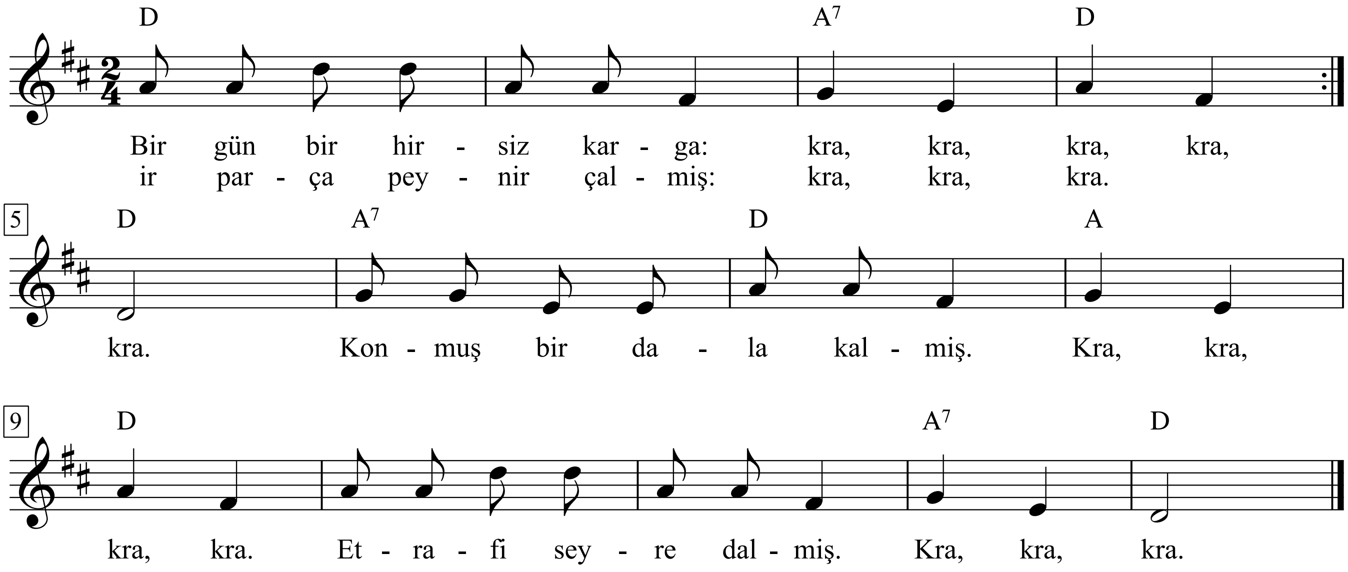

64
'ne brau - ne_ o - der blas - se, dann ma - chen sie viel-
ih nen 'ne neu - e Ras - se, dann ma - chen sie viel-
69
f
leicht da raus ihr Beefsteak Tar - tar.
f
leicht da raus ihr Beefsteak Tar - tar.
f
75
pp John ist ge - stor - ben und
pp


80
Jim-my ist tot
A - ber Blut ist
pp
und Geor-gie ist ver-misst und ver - dor-ben.
84
im-mer noch rot,
f
Sol-da-ten
für die Ar - mee wird jetzt wie-der ge - wor - ben.
f
Sol-da-ten
f
88
woh - nen auf den Ka - no - nen vom Cap bis Couch Be -
woh - nen auf den Ka - no - nen vom Cap bis Couch Be -


94
har.
und es be - geg - ne - te
har.
Wenn es mal reg - ne - te
99
'ne brau - ne o - der blas - se, dann
ih nen 'ne neu - e Ras - se, dann
103
ma - chen sie viel - leicht da-raus ihr Beef-steak Tar - tar.
ma - chen sie viel - leicht da-raus ihr Beef-steak Tar - tar.

Karga

Volkslied aud der Türkei

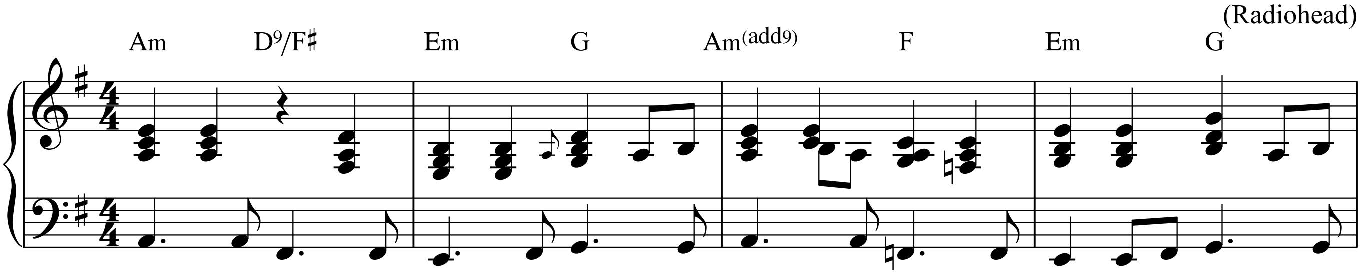


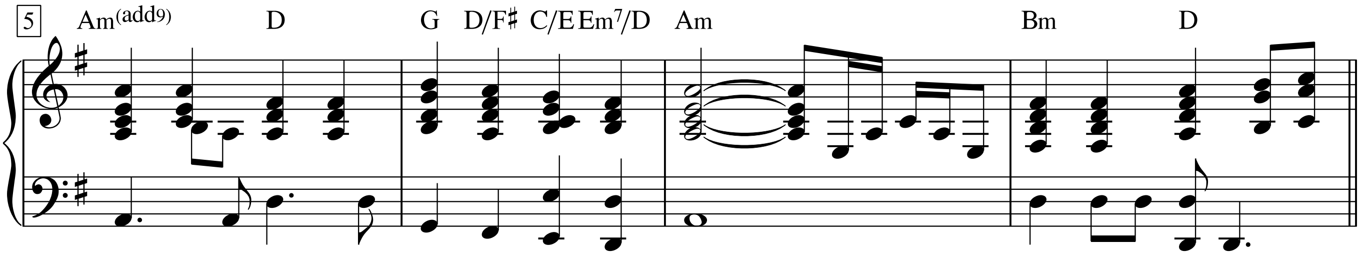
1. Bir gün bir hırsız karga: kra, kra, kra, kra,
ir parça peynir çalmış: kra, kra, kra.
Konmuş bir dala kalmiş. Kra, kra, kra, kra.
Etrafı seyre dalmış. Kra, kra, kra.

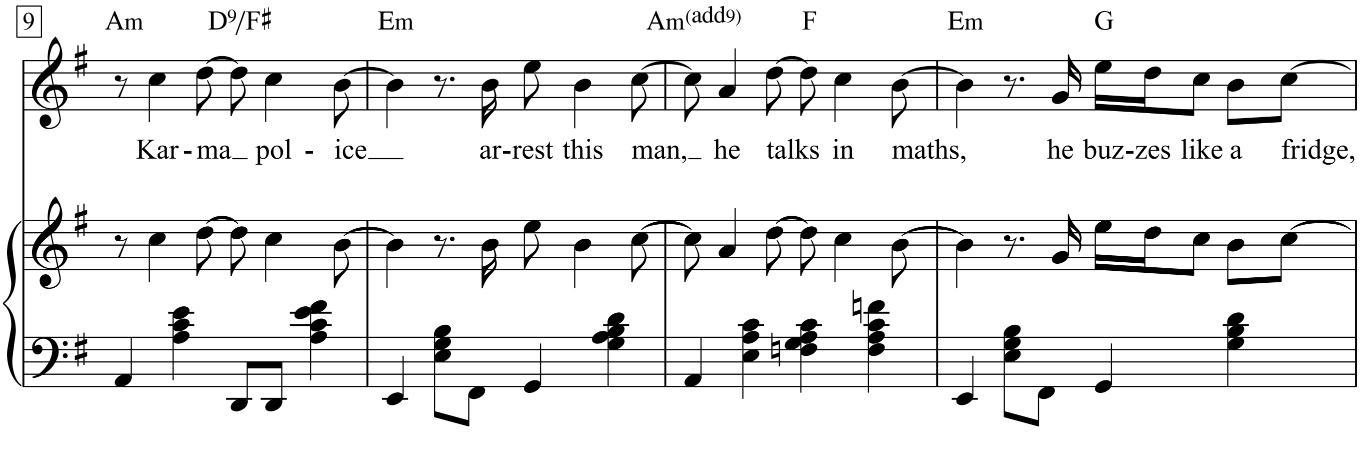
2. Ordan geçen bir tilki, kra, kra, kra, kra,
“Sen sesinle öt”, demiş, kra, kra, kra.
Aptal karga gak demiş, kra, kra, kra, kra,
peyniri tilki yemiş, kra, kra, kra.

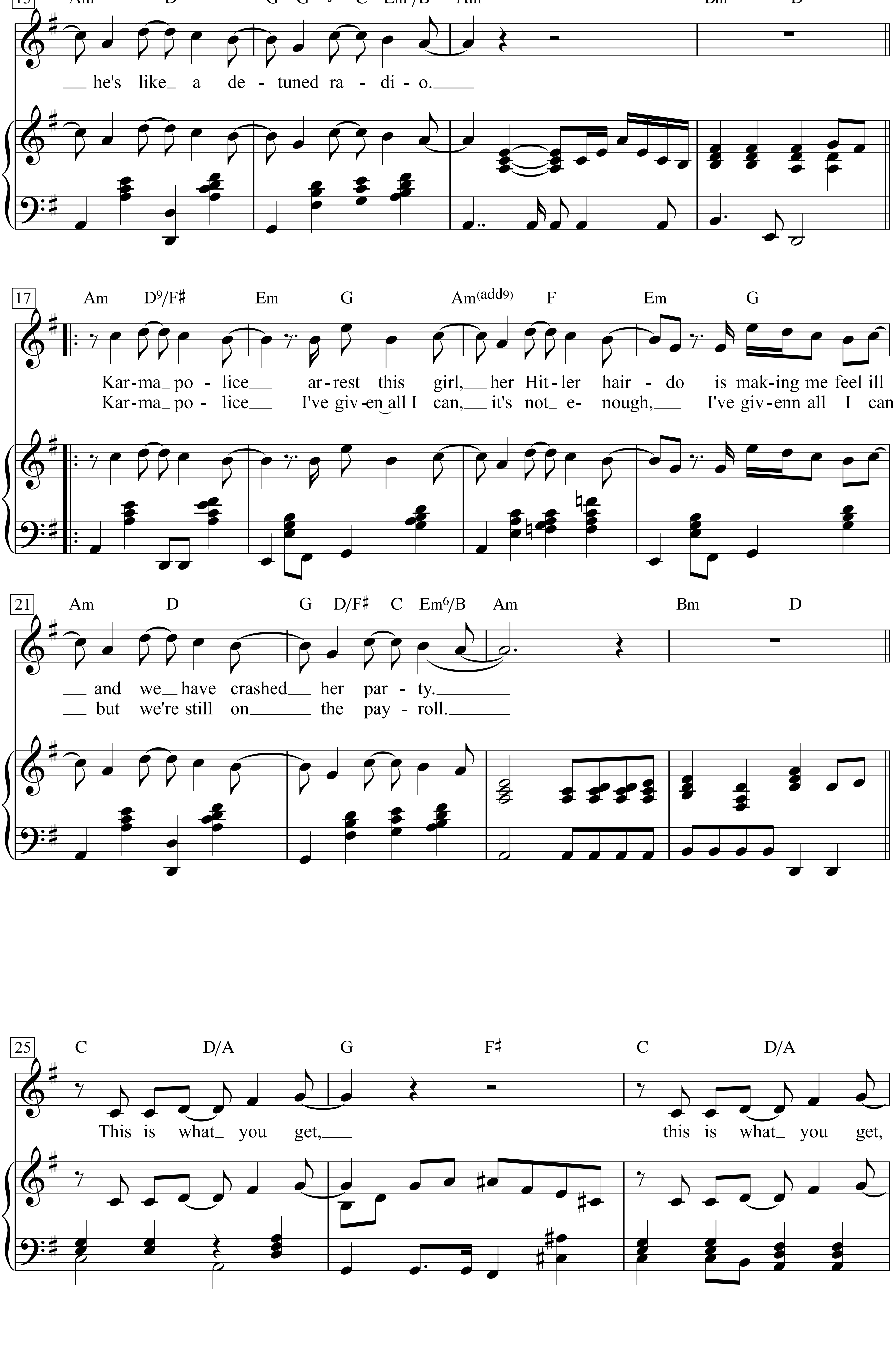
Karma Police

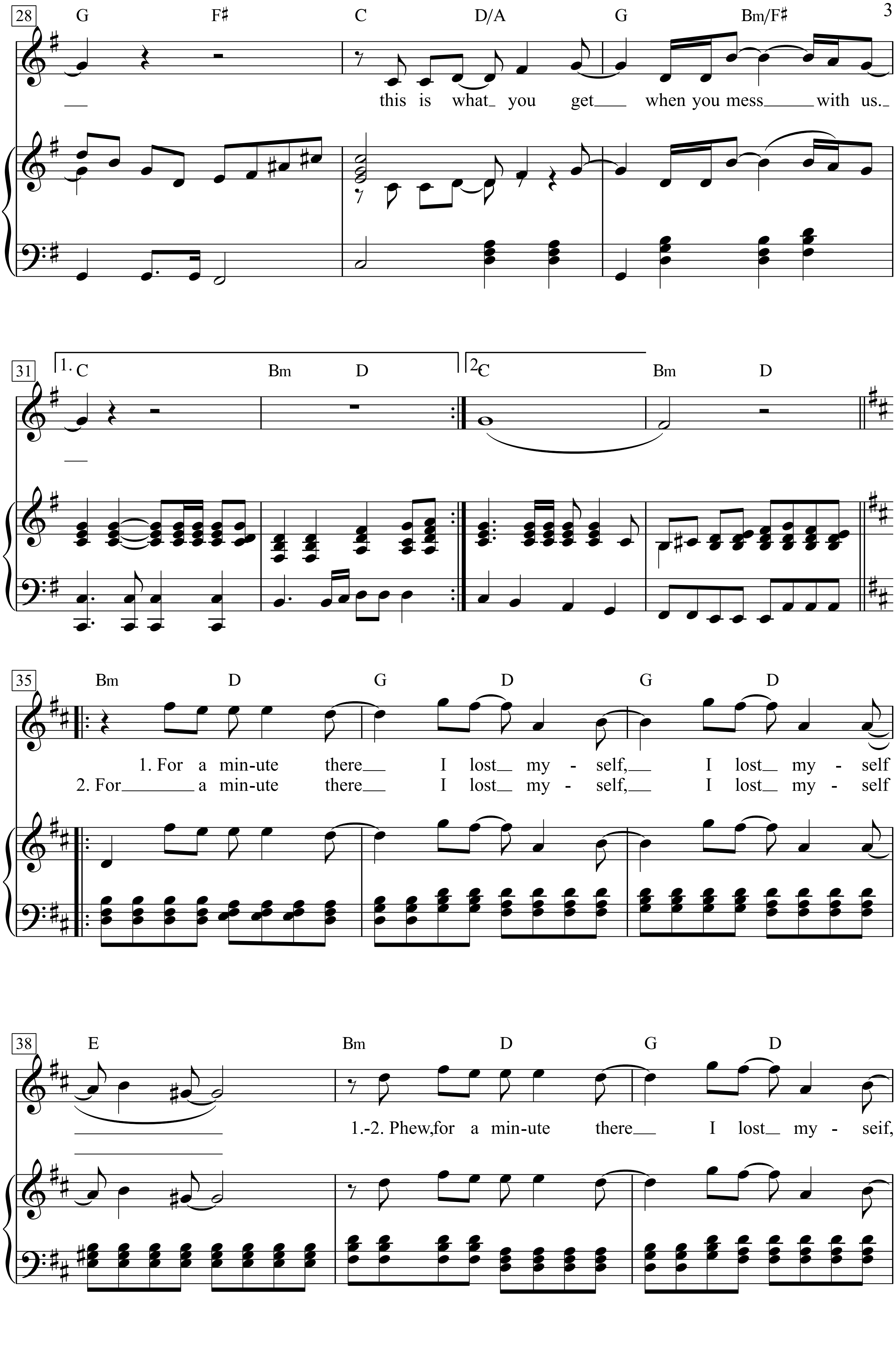
Words & Music by
Thomas Yorke, Edward O'Brien, Colin Greenwood,
Jonathan Greenwood and Philip Selway
(Radiohead)

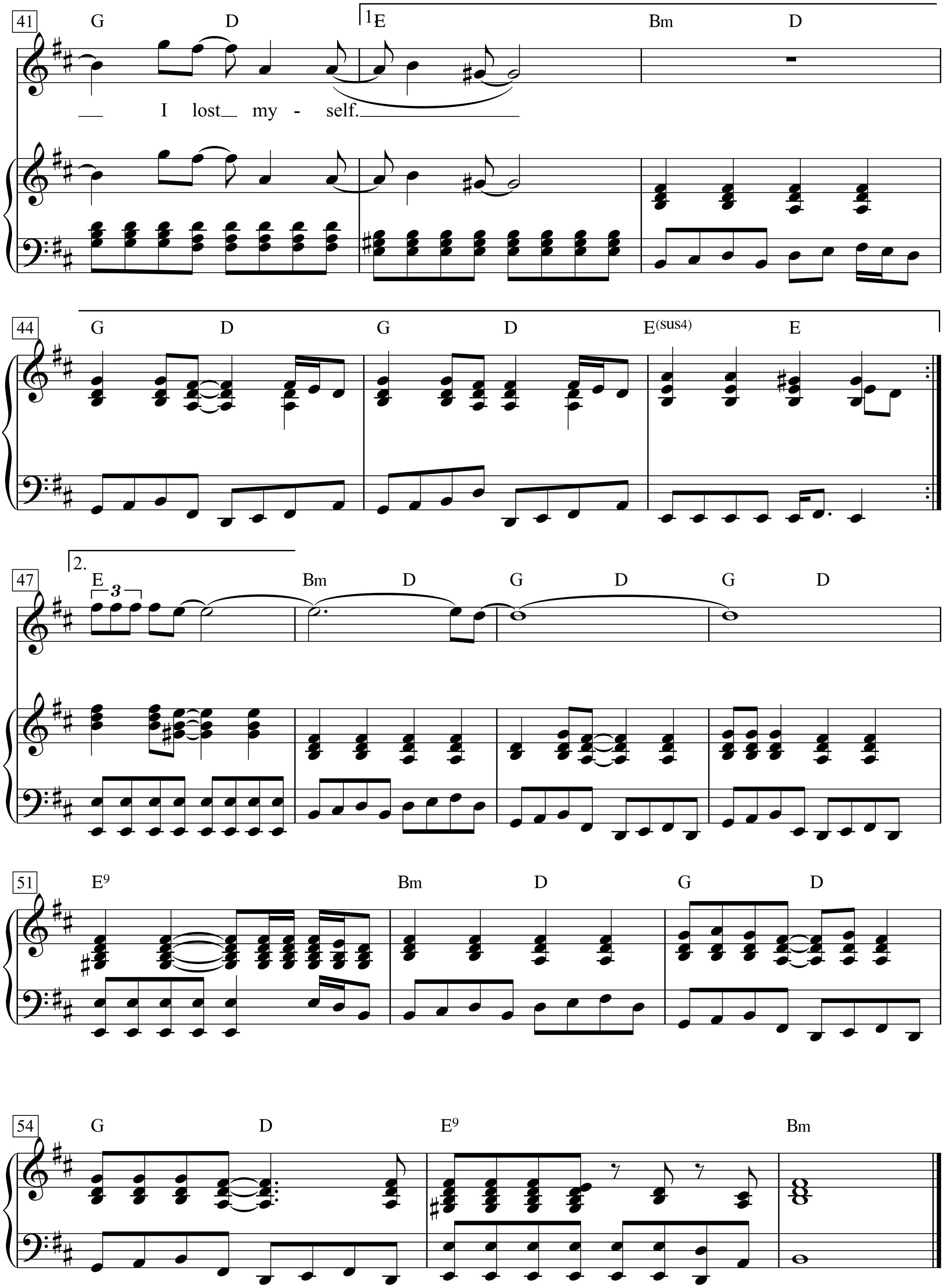







13
Am D G Gmaj7 C Em7/B Am Bm D
he's like a de - tuned ra - di - o.
17
Am D9/F♯ Em G Am(add9) F Em G
Kar - ma po - lice ar - rest this girl, her Hit - ler hair - do is mak - ing me feel ill
Kar - ma po - lice I've giv - en all I can, it's not e - nough, I've giv - enn all I can
21
Am D G D/F♯ C Em6/B Am Bm D
and we have crashed her par - ty.
but we're still on the pay - roll.
25
C D/A G F♯ C D/A
This is what you get,
this is what you get,

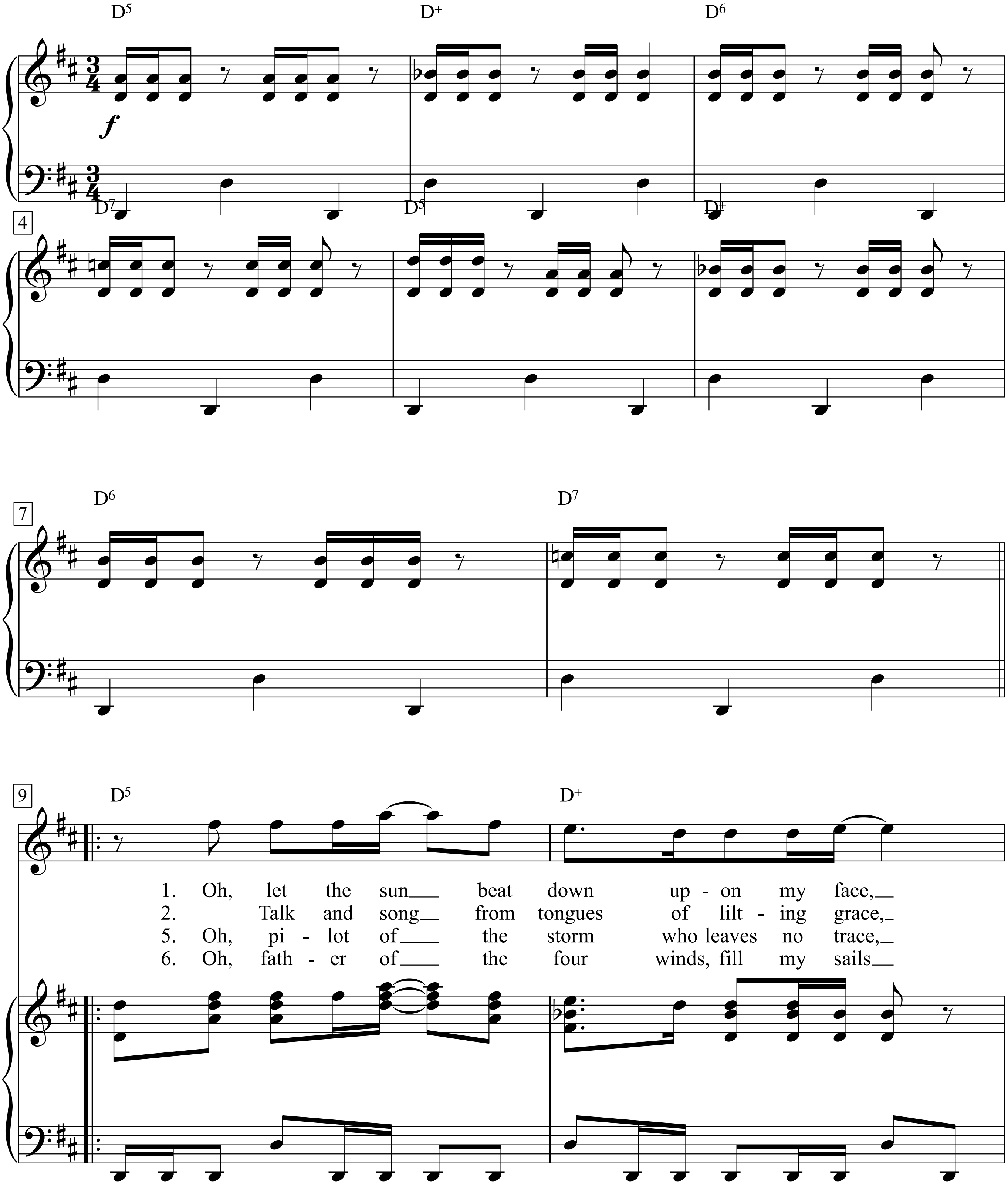

28
G F♯ C D/A G Bm/F♯
this is what you get when you mess with us.
31
1. C Bm D
2. C Bm D
35
Bm D G D G D
1. For a min-ute there I lost my - self, I lost my - self
2. For a min-ute there I lost my - self, I lost my - self
38
E Bm D G D
1.-2. Phew, for a min-ute there I lost my - seif,

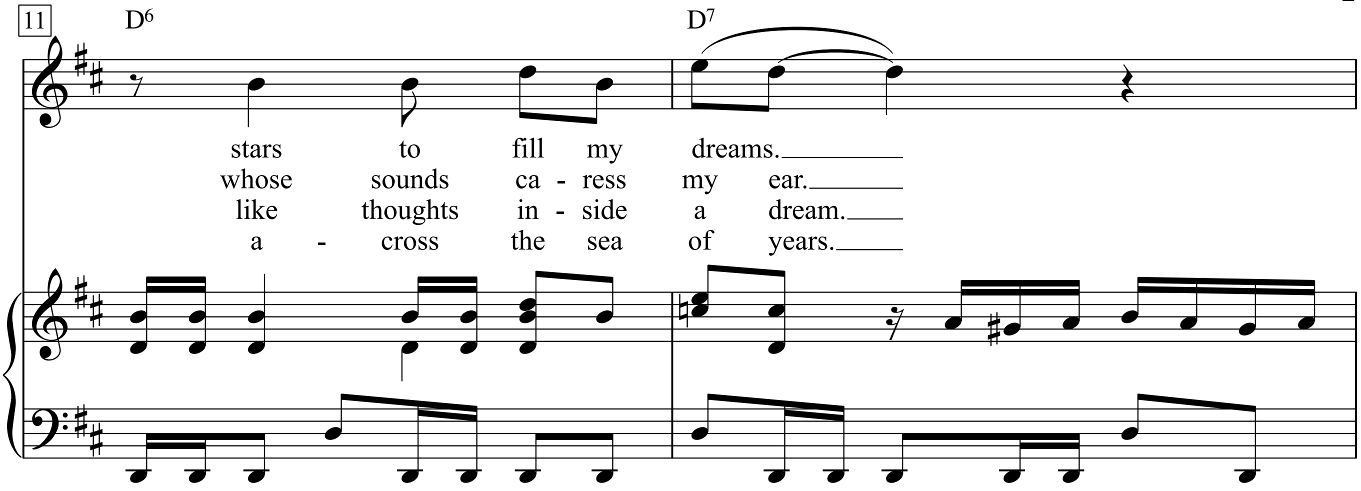

41
G
D
1
E
Bm
D
I lost my - self.
44
G
D
G
D
E(sus4)
E
47
2.
E
3
Bm
D
G
D
G
D
51
E9
Bm
D
G
D
54
G
D
E9
Bm

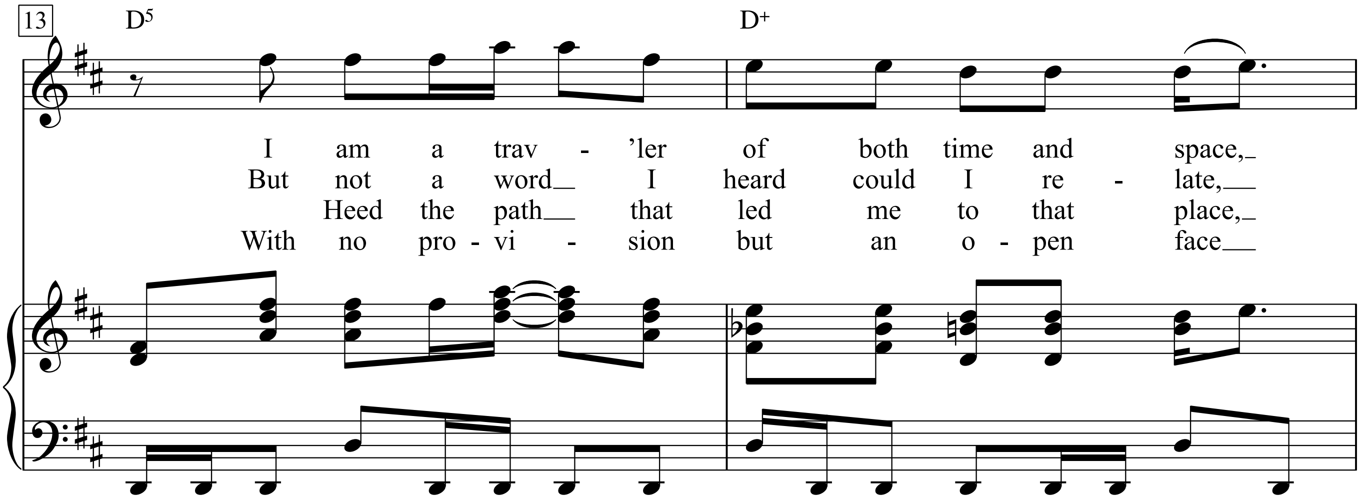
Kashmir

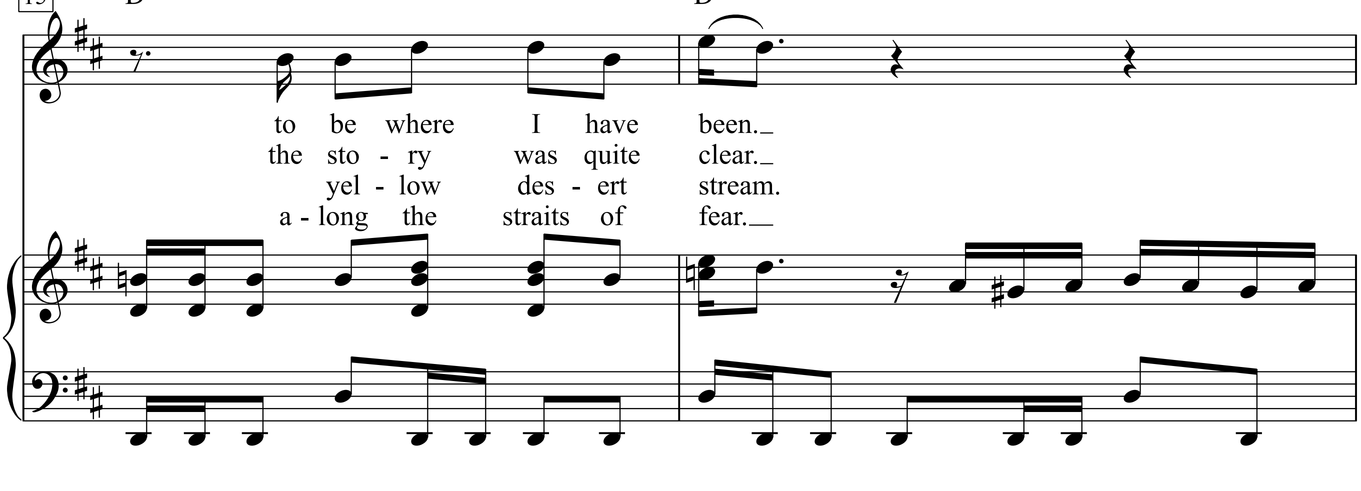
Words & Music by
Jimmy Page, Robert Plant and John Bonham
(Led Zeppelin)

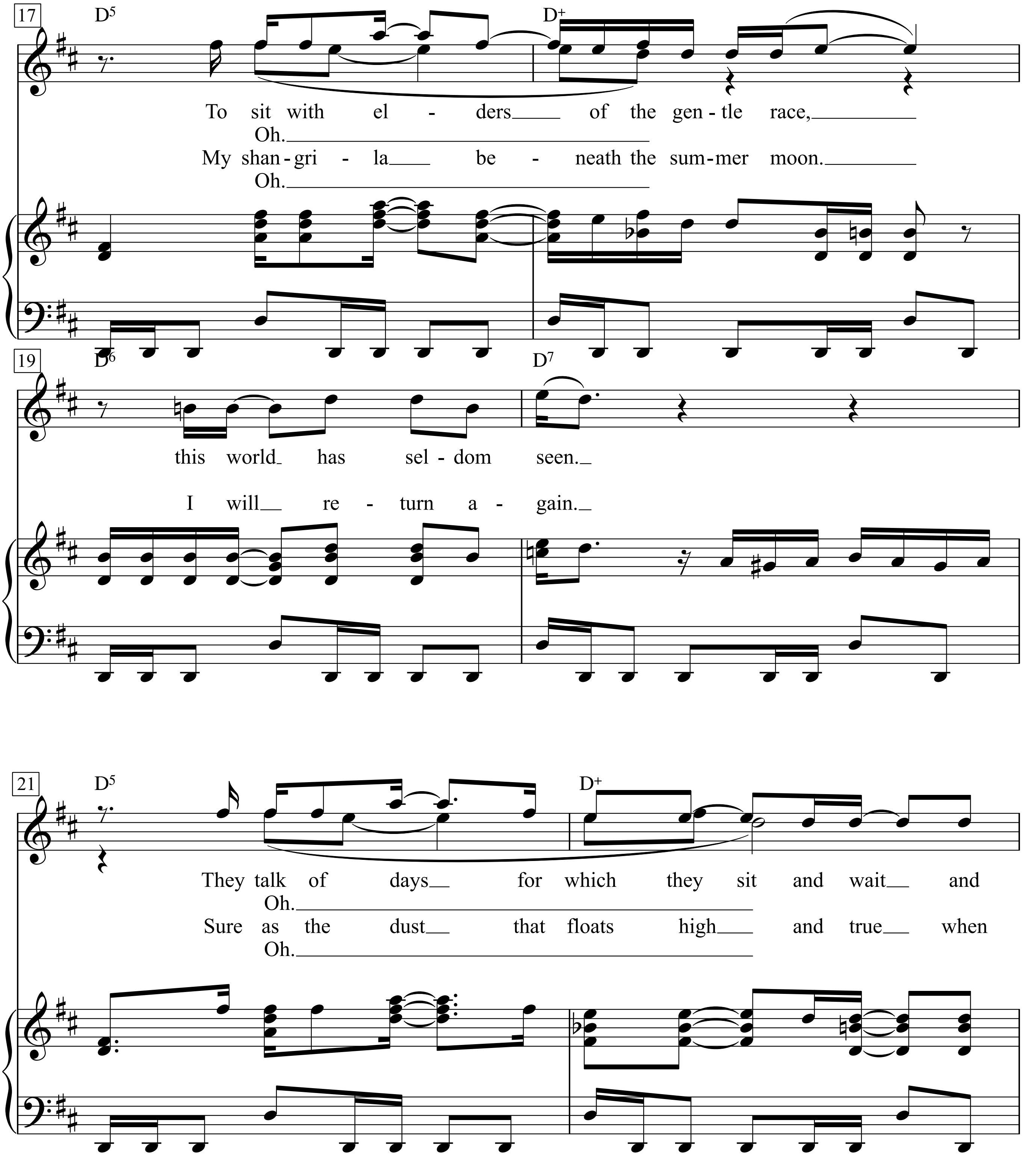
Orchestral Rock

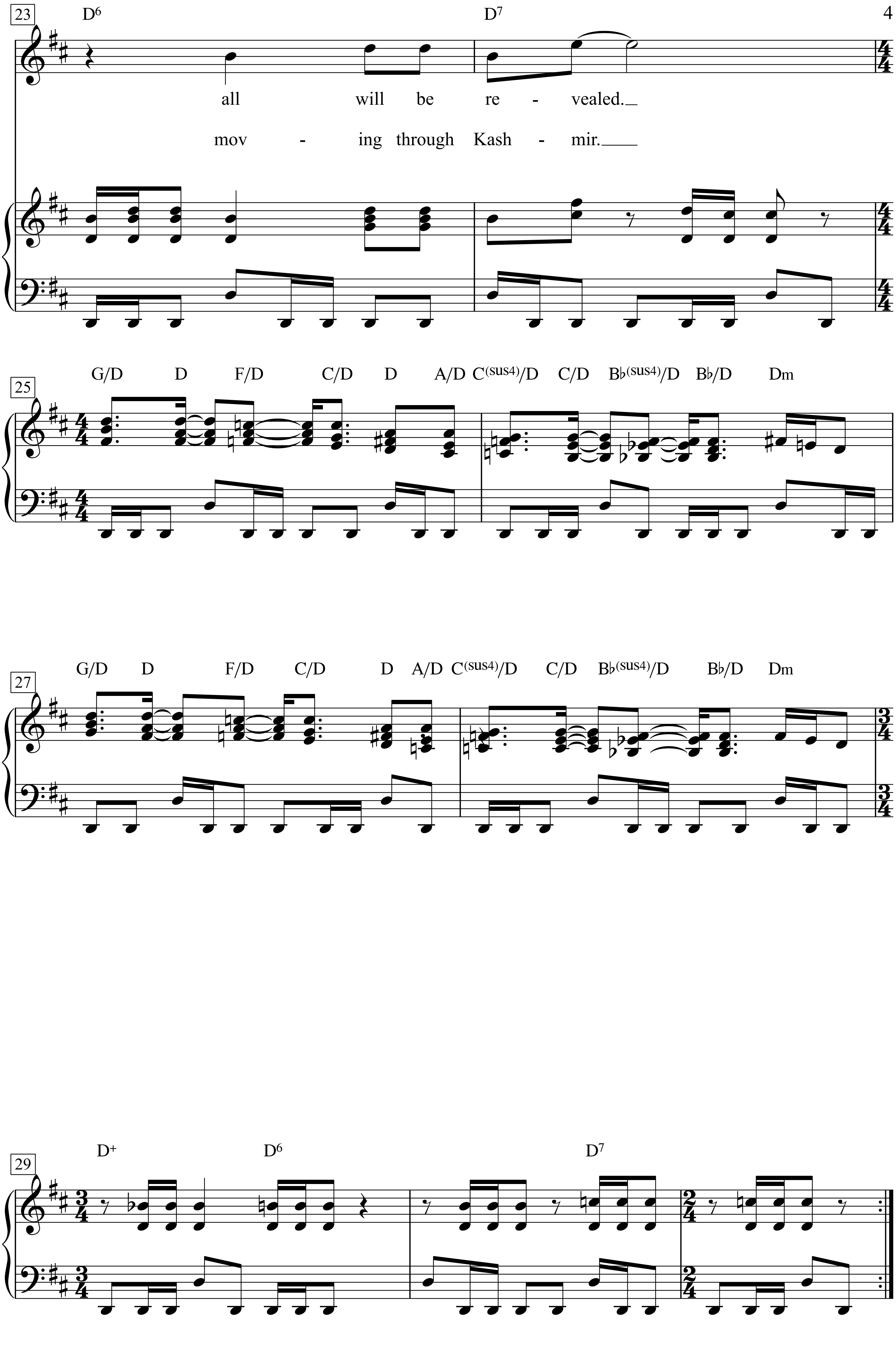


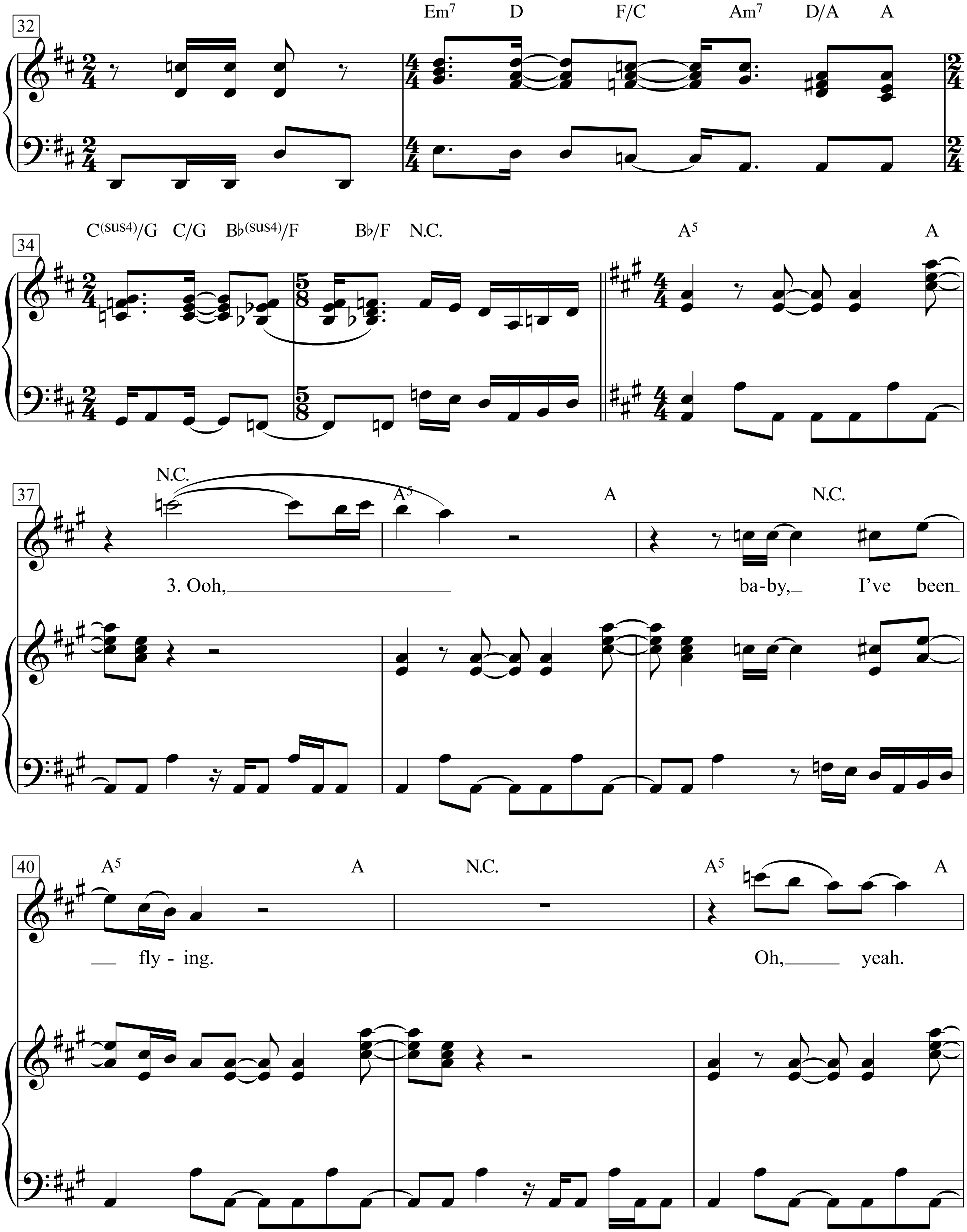

11
D6
D7
stars to fill my dreams.
whose sounds ca - ress my ear.
like thoughts in - side a dream.
a - cross the sea of years.

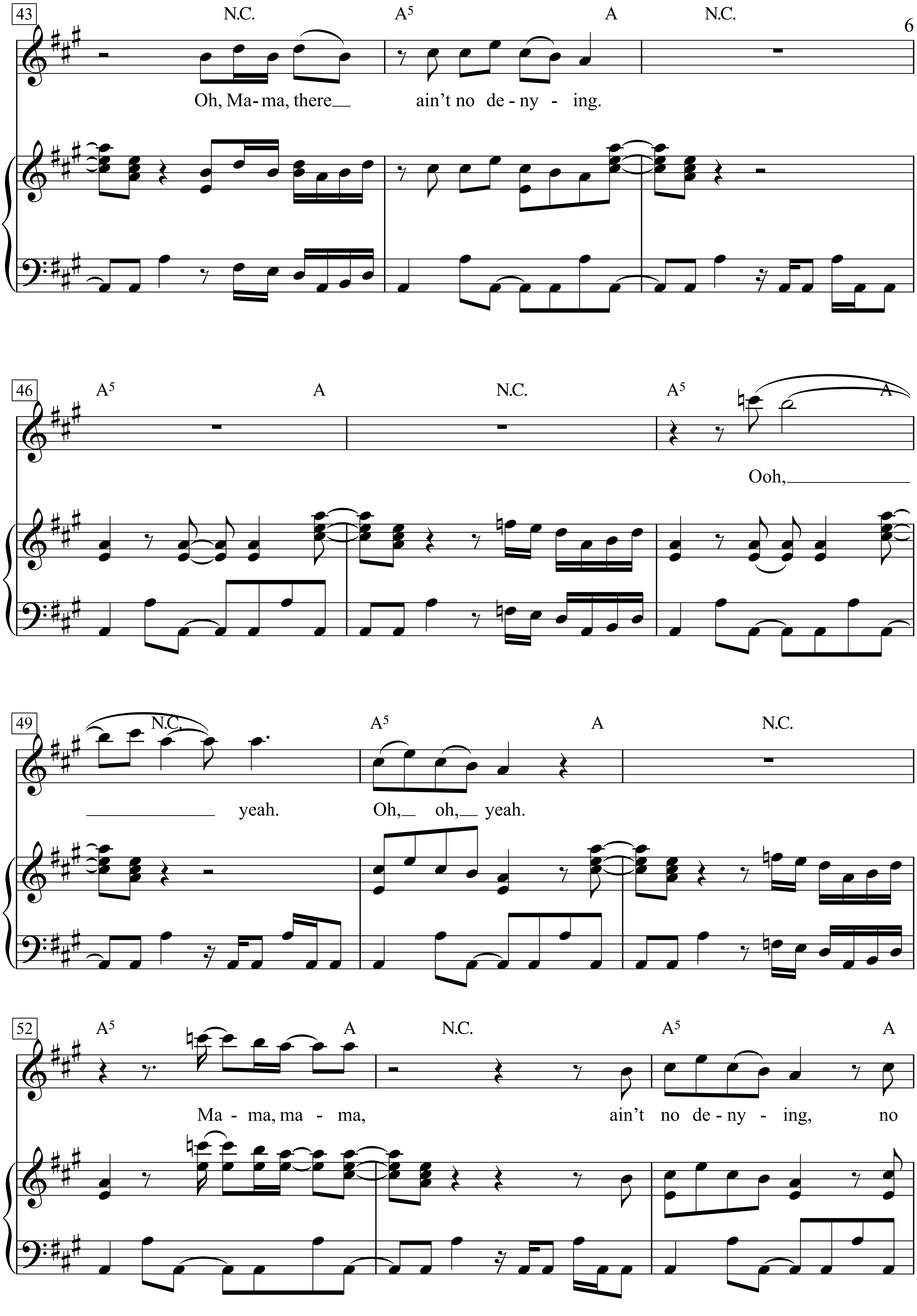

13
D5
D+
I am a trav - 'ler of both time and space,
But not a word I heard could I re - late,
Heed the path that led me to that place,
With no pro - vi - sion but an o - pen face

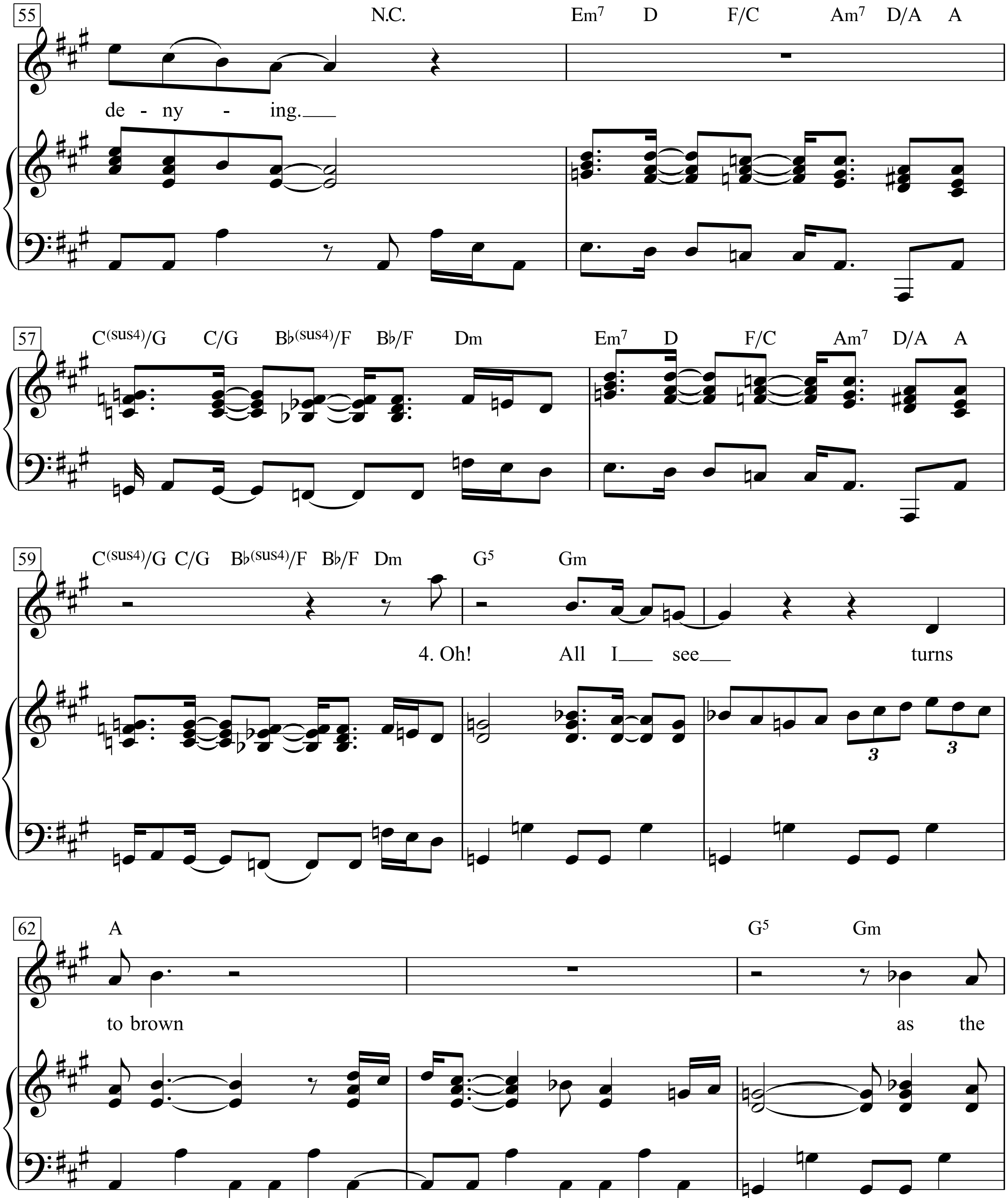

15
D6
D7
to be where I have been.
the sto - ry was quite clear.
yel - low des - ert stream.
a - long the straits of fear.

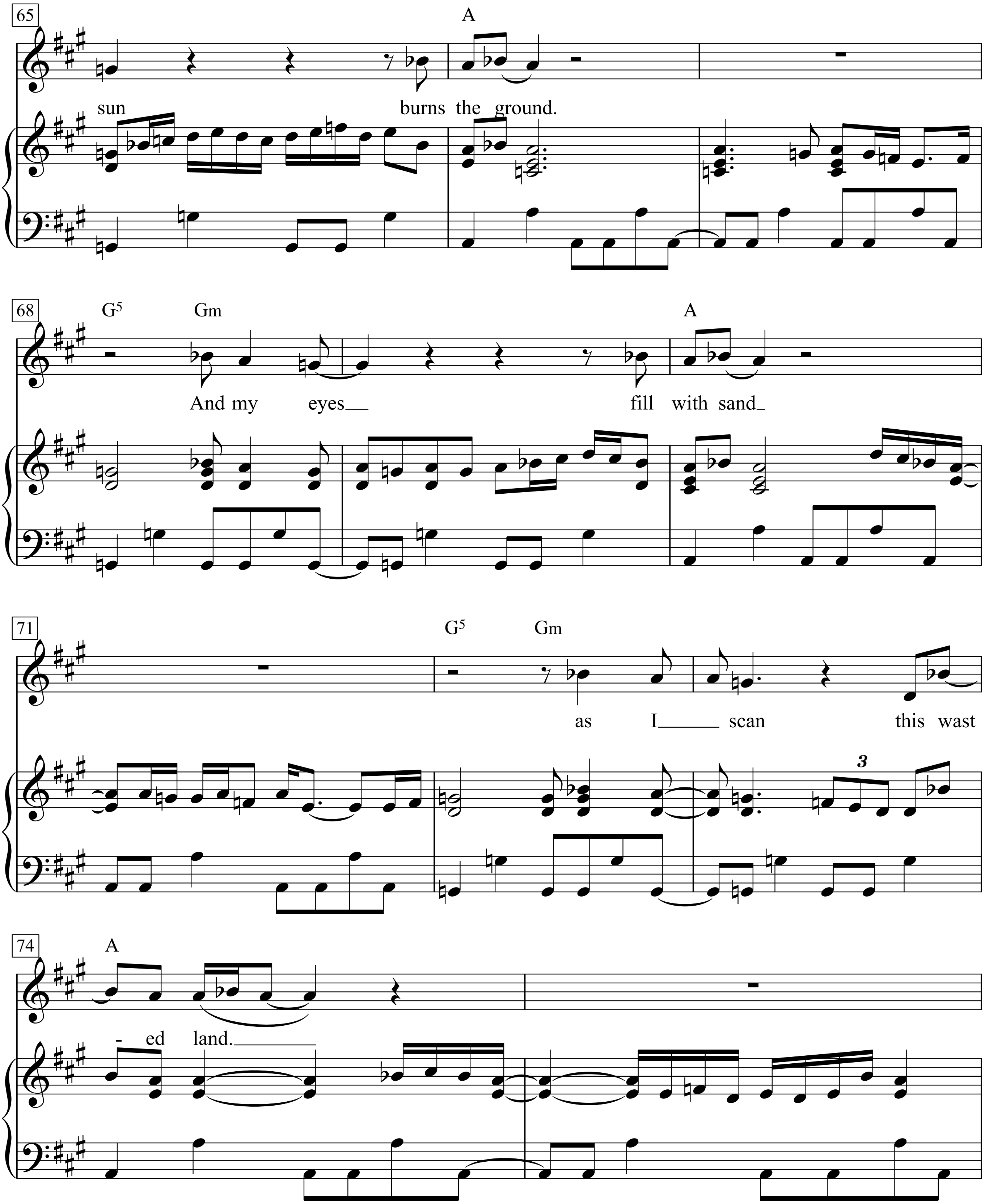

17
D5
D+
To sit with el - ders of the gen - tle race,
Oh.
My shan - gri - la be - neath the sum - mer moon.
Oh.
19
D6
D7
this world has sel - dom seen.
I will re - turn a - gain.
21
D5
D+
They talk of days for which they sit and wait and
Oh.
Sure as the dust that floats high and true when
Oh.

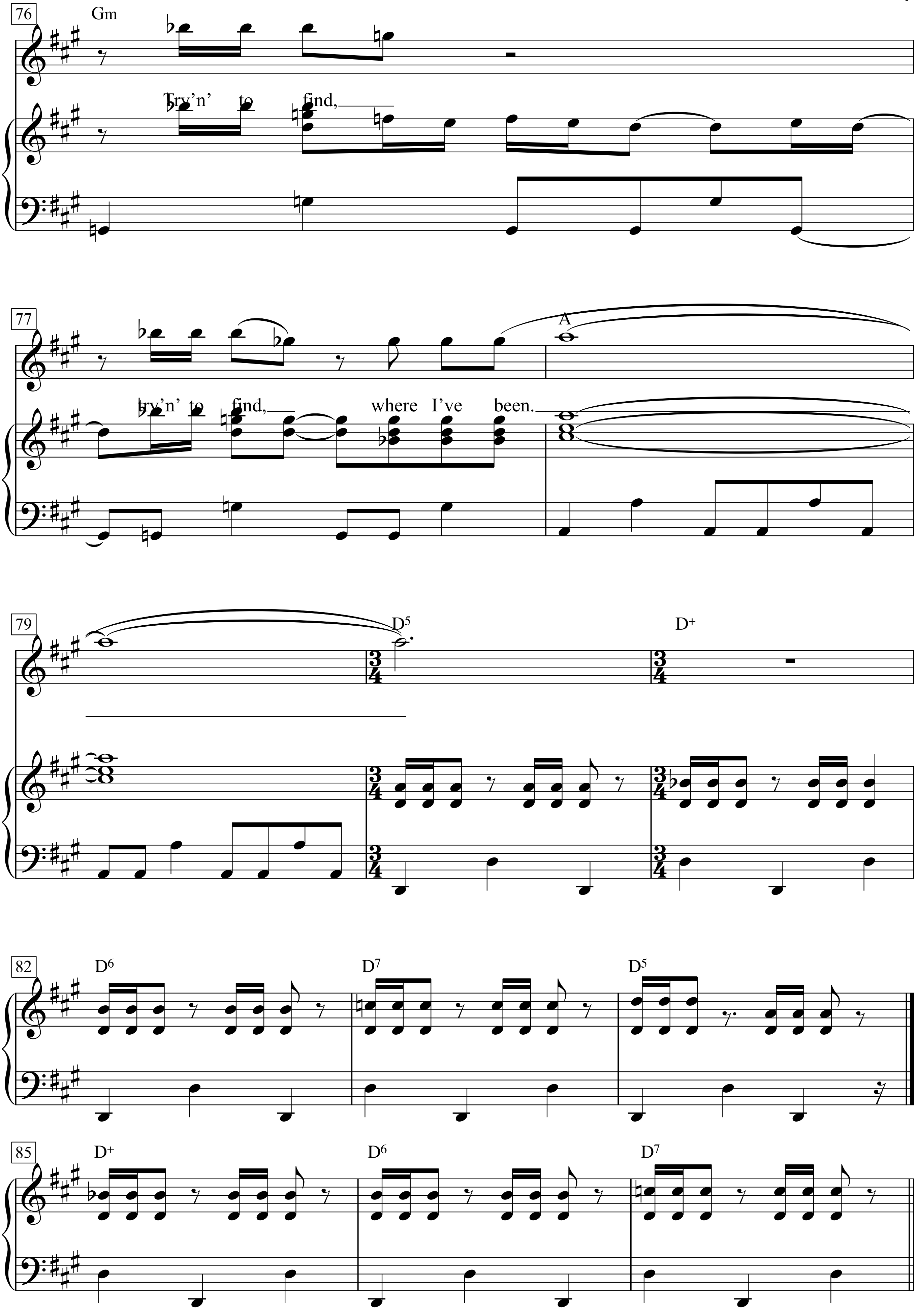

23
D6
D7
all will be re - vealed.
mov - ing through Kash - mir.
25
G/D D F/D C/D D A/D C(sus4)/D C/D B♭(sus4)/D B♭/D Dm
27
G/D D F/D C/D D A/D C(sus4)/D C/D B♭(sus4)/D B♭/D Dm
29
D+
D6
D7

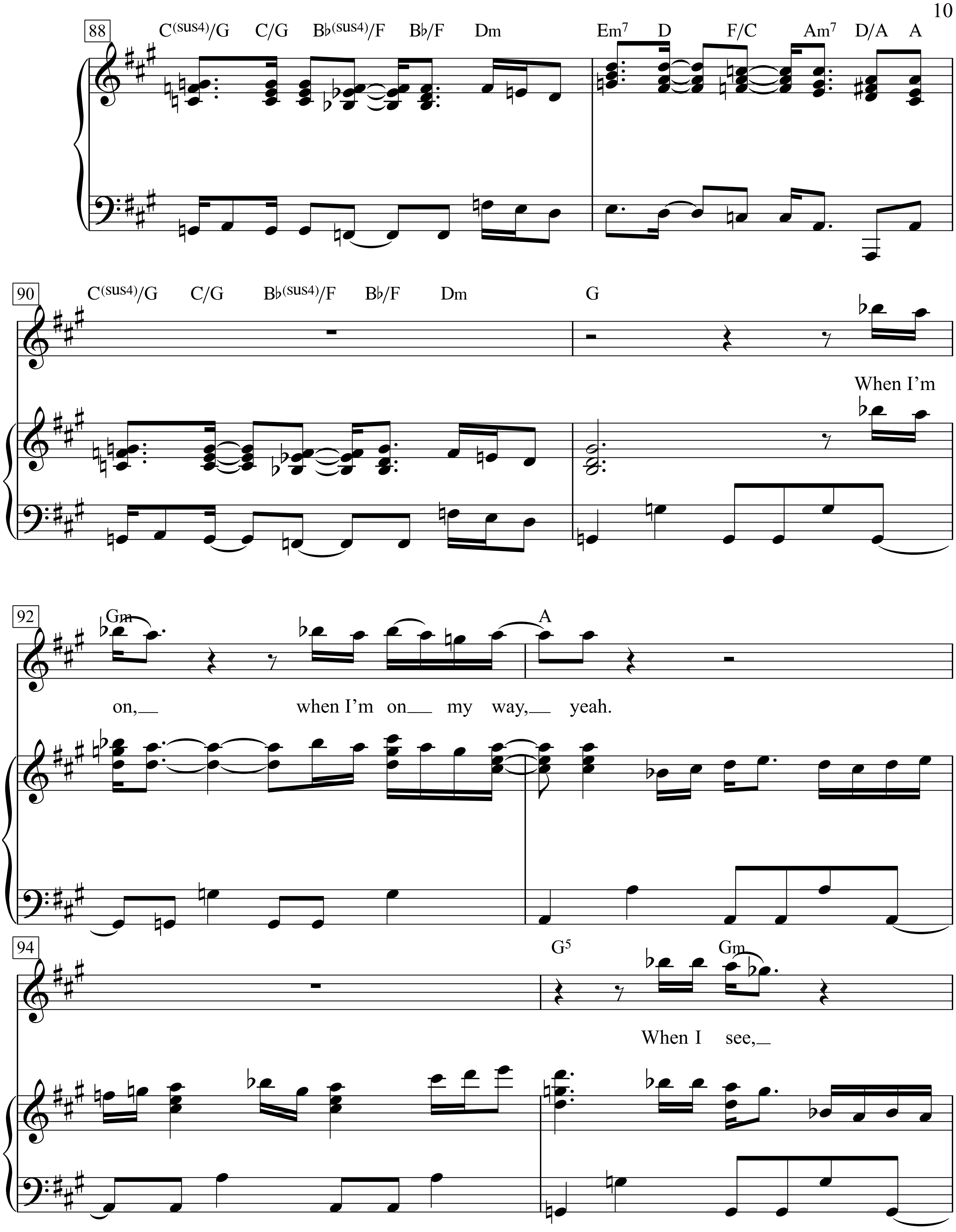

32
Em7 D F/C Am7 D/A A
34
C(sus4)/G C/G B♭(sus4)/F B♭/F N.C.
A5 A
37
N.C.
A5 A N.C.
3. Ooh,
ba-by, I've been
40
A5 A N.C. A5 A
fly - ing.
Oh, yeah.

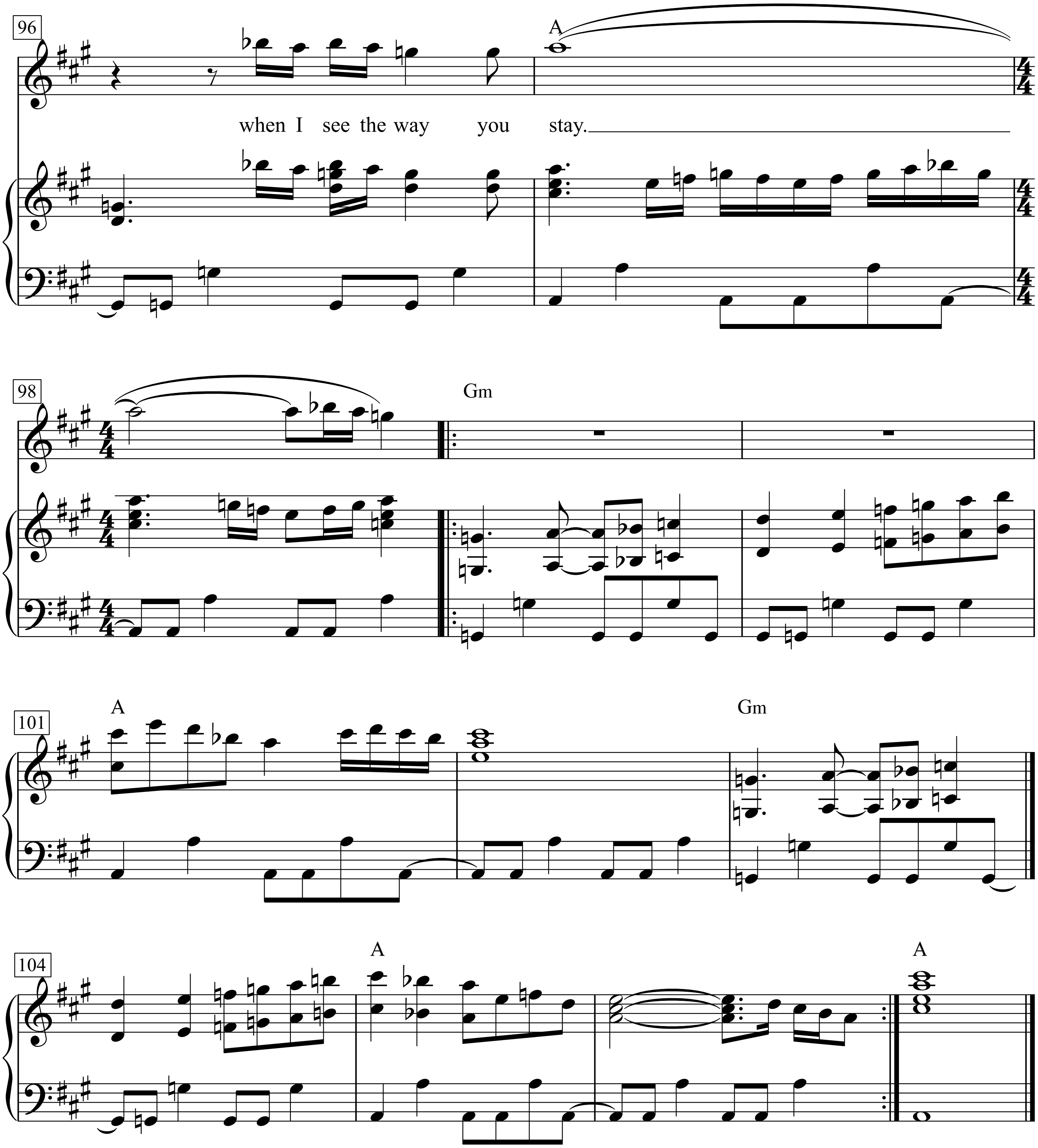

43
N.C.
A5
A
N.C.
Oh, Ma-ma, there ain't no de-ny - ing.
46
A5
A
N.C.
A5
A
Ooh,
49
N.C.
A5
A
N.C.
yeah. Oh, oh, yeah.
52
A5
A
N.C.
A5
A
Ma - ma, ma - ma, ain't no de-ny - ing, no


55
N.C.
Em7 D F/C Am7 D/A A
de - ny - ing.
57
C(sus4)/G C/G B♭(sus4)/F B♭/F Dm
Em7 D F/C Am7 D/A A
59
C(sus4)/G C/G B♭(sus4)/F B♭/F Dm
G5 Gm
4. Oh! All I see turns
3
3
62
A
G5 Gm
to brown as the


65
A
sun burns the ground.
68
G5 Gm
A
And my eyes fill with sand
71
G5 Gm
as I scan this wast
74
A
-ed land.


76
Gm
Try'n' to find,
77
try'n' to find, where I've been.
A
79
D5
D+
82
D6
D7
D5
85
D+
D6
D7

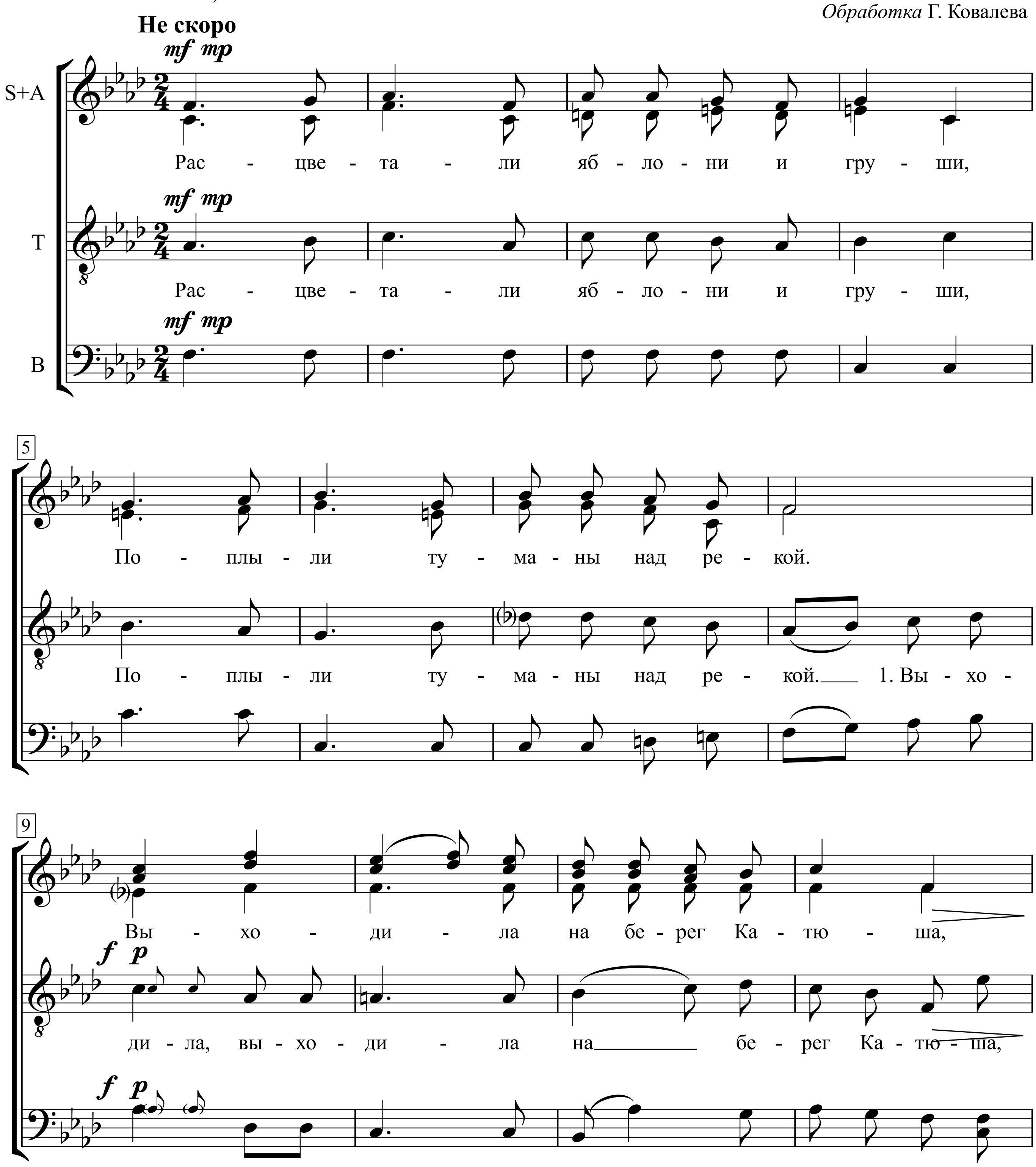

88
C(sus4)/G C/G B♭(sus4)/F B♭/F Dm
Em7 D F/C Am7 D/A A
90
C(sus4)/G C/G B♭(sus4)/F B♭/F Dm
G
When I'm
92
Gm
A
on, when I'm on my way, yeah.
94
G5 Gm
When I see,

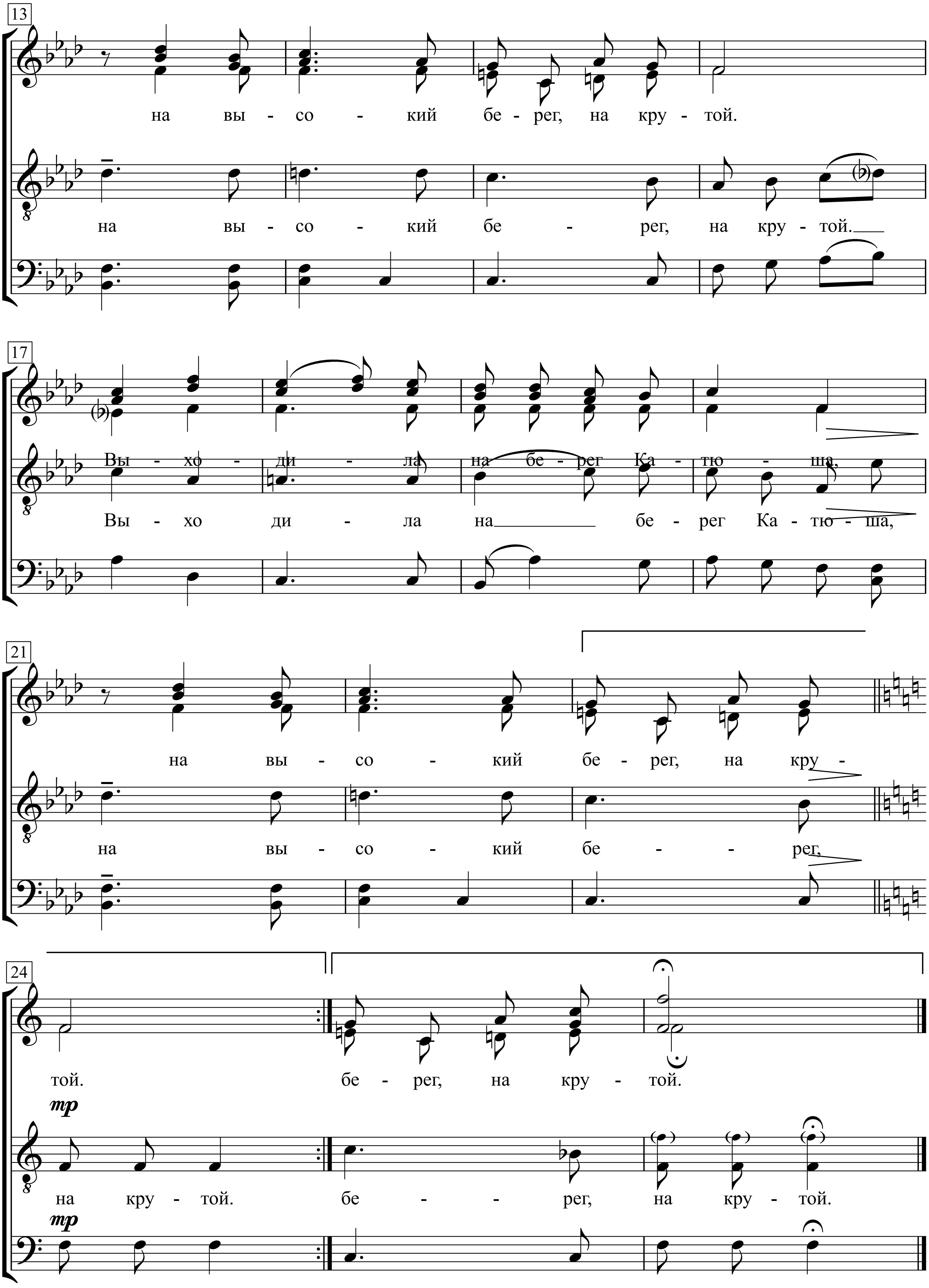

96
A
when I see the way you stay.
98
Gm
101
A
Gm
104
A
A

Катюша
(Katjuscha)

Слова М. Исаковского *)

Музыка М. Блантера
Обработка Г. Ковалева




13
на вы - со - кий бе - рег, на кру - той.
на вы - со - кий бе - рег, на кру - той.
17
Вы - хо - ди - ла на бе - рег Ка - тю - ша,
Вы - хо ди - ла на бе - рег Ка - тю - ша,
21
на вы - со - кий бе - рег, на кру -
на вы - со - кий бе - рег,
24
той. бе - рег, на кру - той.
mp
на кру - той. бе - рег, на кру - той.
mp

1. Расцветали яблони и груши,
Поплыли туманы над рекой.
Выходила на берег Катюша,
На высокий берег, на крутой.

2. Выходила, песню заводила
Про степного сизого орла,
Про того, которого любила,
Про того, чьи письма берегла.

3, Ой, ты песня, песенка девичья,
Ты лети за ясным солнцем вслед
И бойцу на дальнем пограничье
От Катюши передай привет.

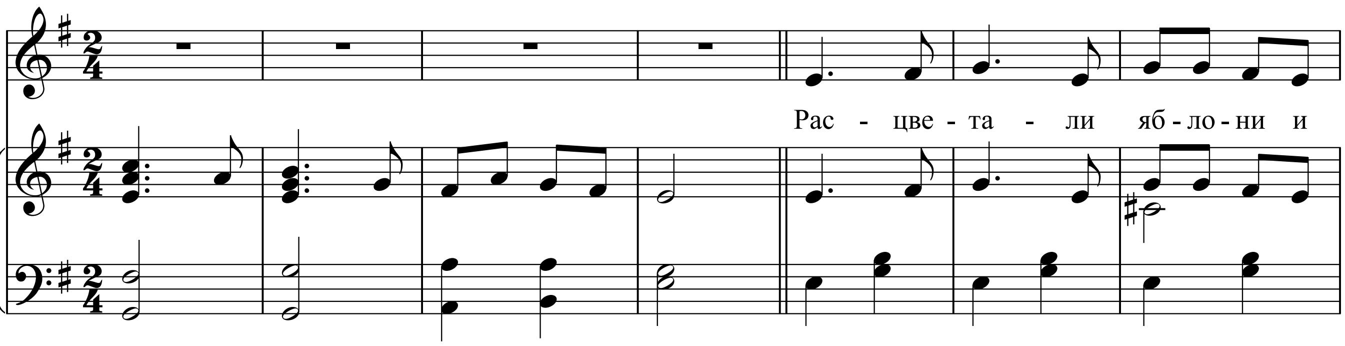
4. Пусть он вспомнит девушку простую,
Пусть услышит как она поет.
Пусть он землю бережет родную,
А любовь Катюша сбережет.

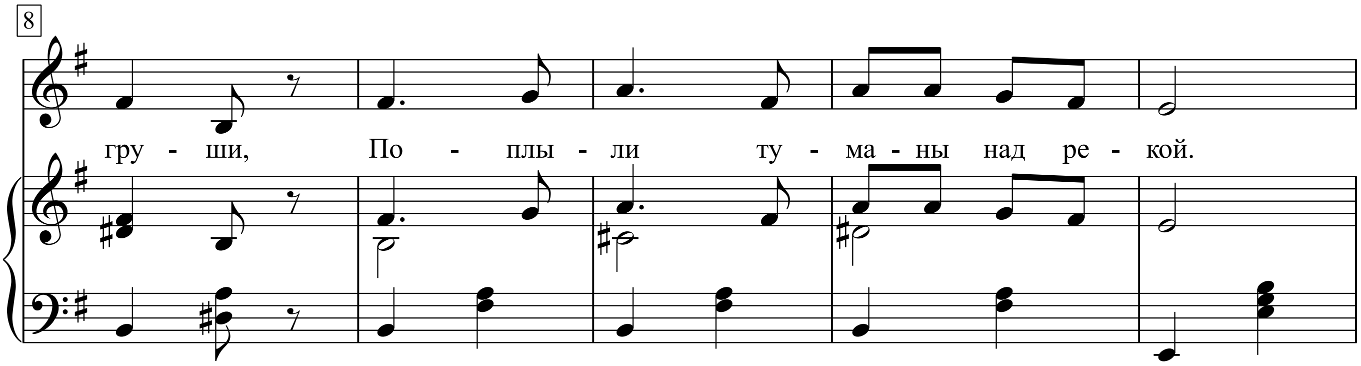
5. Расцветали яблони и груши,
Поплыли туманы над рекой.
Выходила на берег Катюша,
На высокий берег, на крутой.

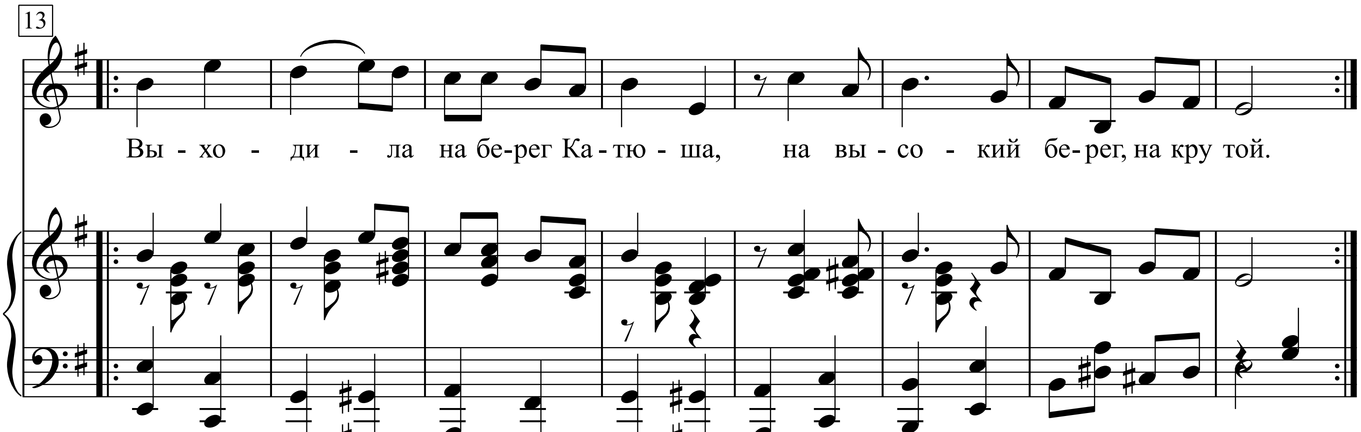
Катюша
(Katjuscha)

М. Исаковский

М. Блантер







1. Расцветали яблони и груши,
Поплыли туманы над рекой.
Выходила на берег Катюша,
На высокий берег, на крутой.

2. Выходила, песню заводила
Про степного сизого орла,
Про того, которого любила,
Про того, чьи письма берегла.

3, Ой, ты песня, песенка девичья,
Ты лети за ясным солнцем вслед
И бойцу на дальнем пограничье
От Катюши передай привет.

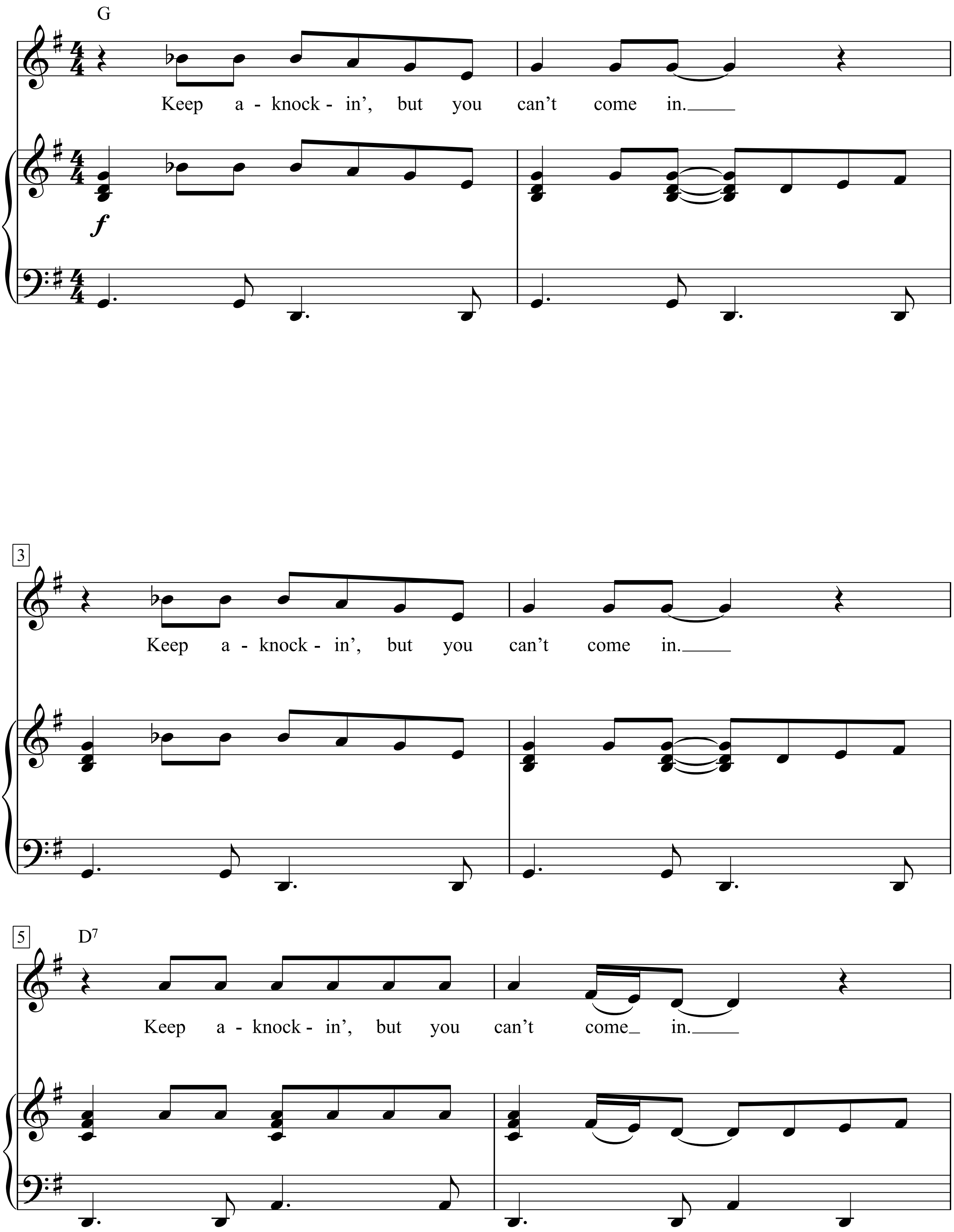
4. Пусть он вспомнит девушку простую,
Пусть услышит как она поет.
Пусть он землю бережет родную,
А любовь Катюша сбережет.

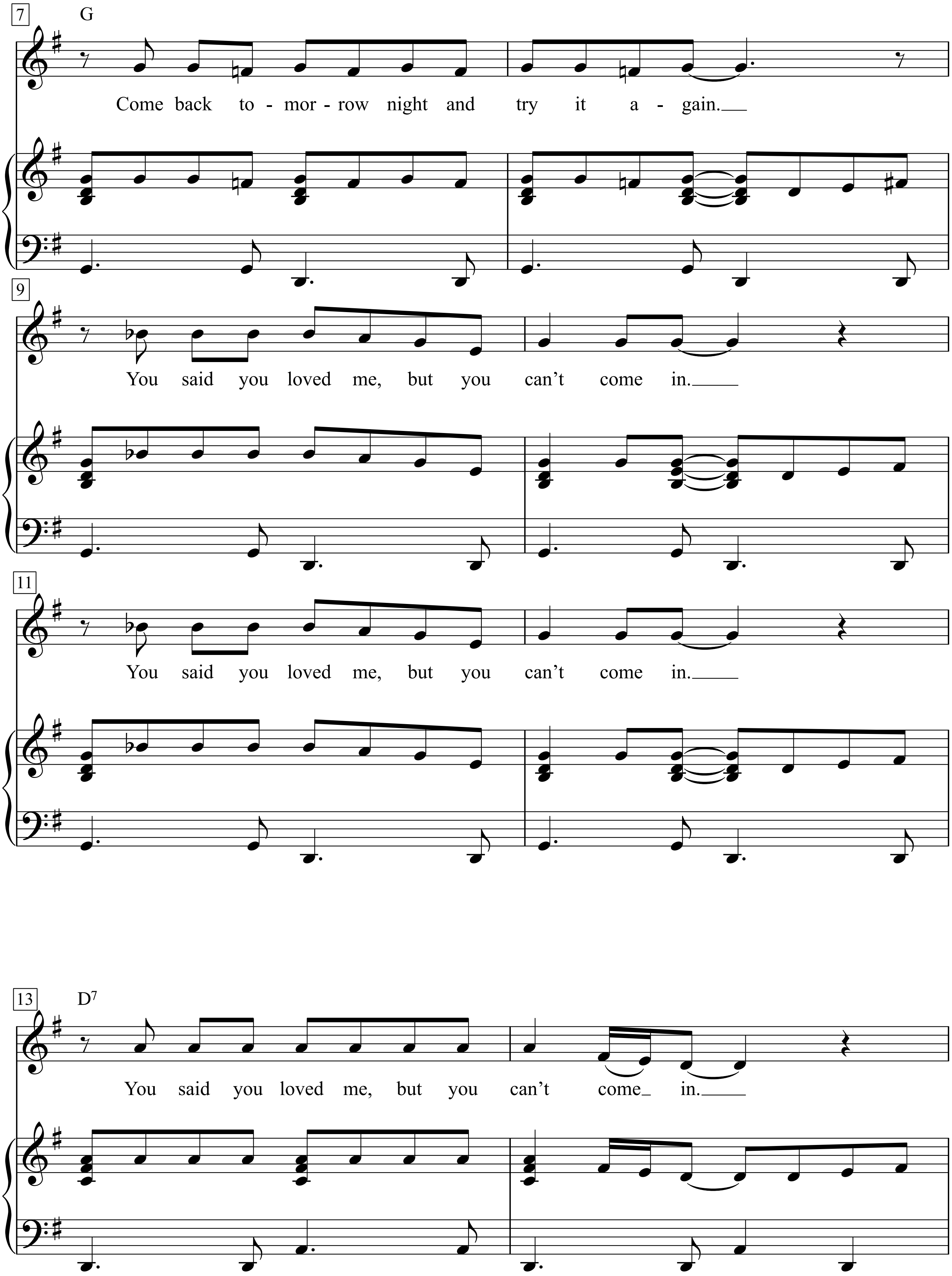
5. Расцветали яблони и груши,
Поплыли туманы над рекой.
Выходила на берег Катюша,
На высокий берег, на крутой.

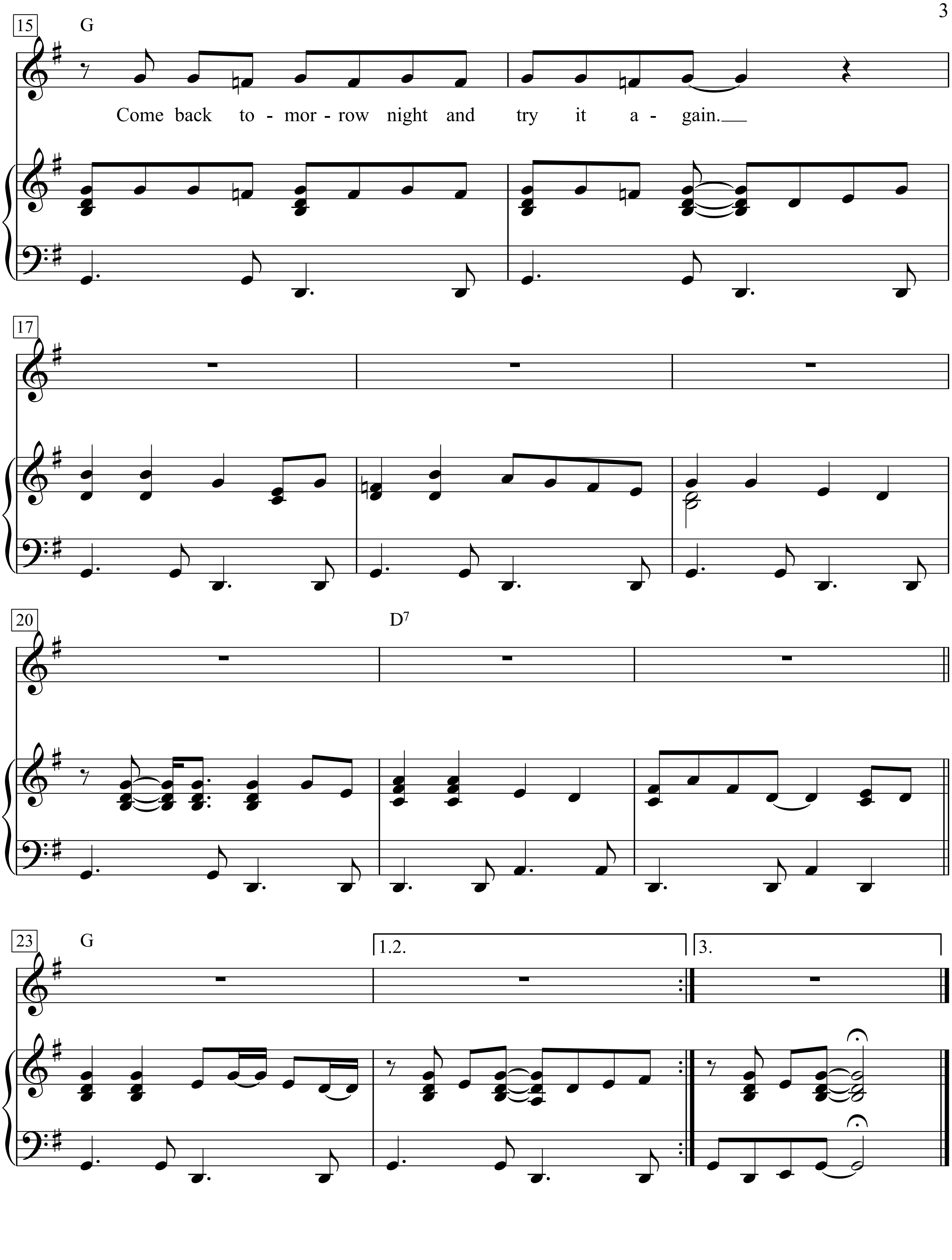
Keep A-Knockin'

Words & Music by
Richard Penniman
(Little Richard)

Lively

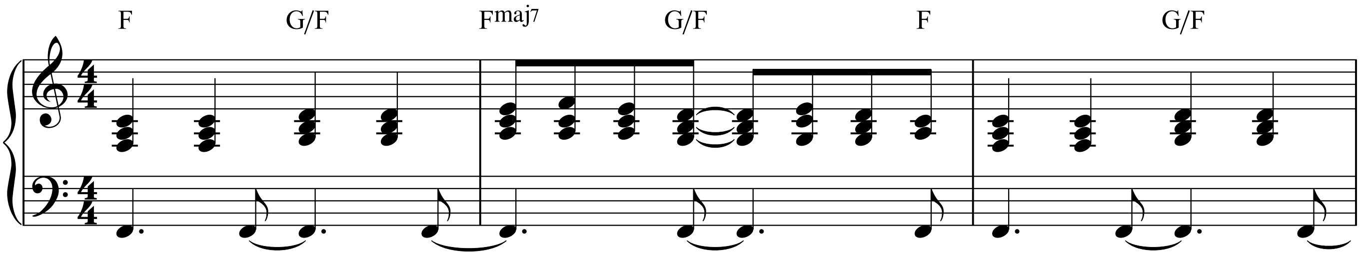


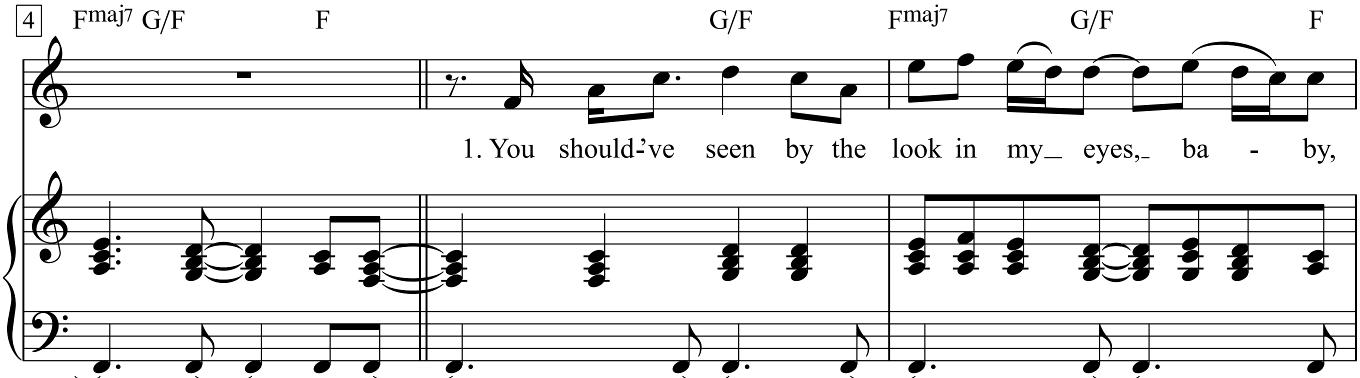

7
G
Come back to - mor - row night and try it a - gain.
9
You said you loved me, but you can't come in.
11
You said you loved me, but you can't come in.
13
D7
You said you loved me, but you can't come in.

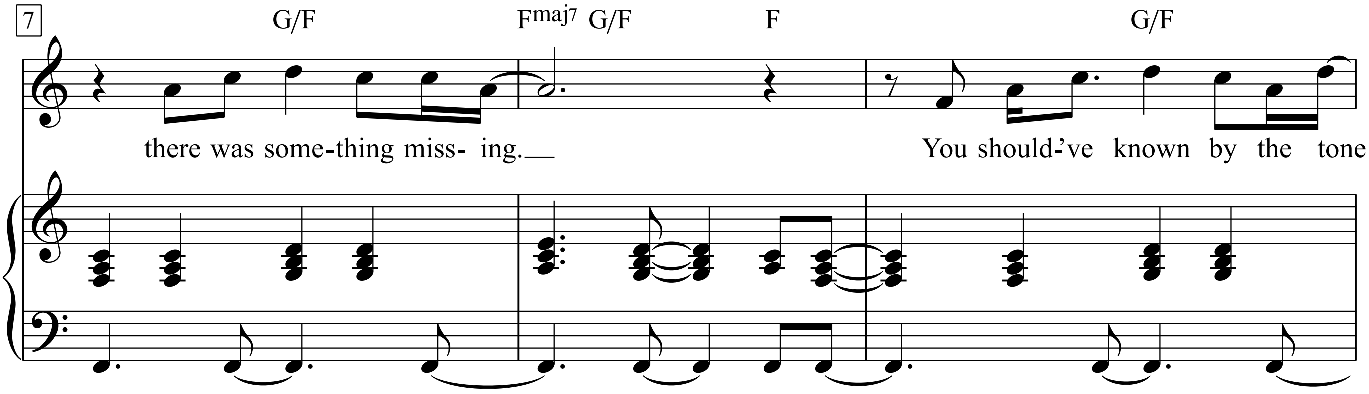

15
G
Come back to - mor - row night and try it a - gain.
17
20
D7
23
G
1.2.
3.

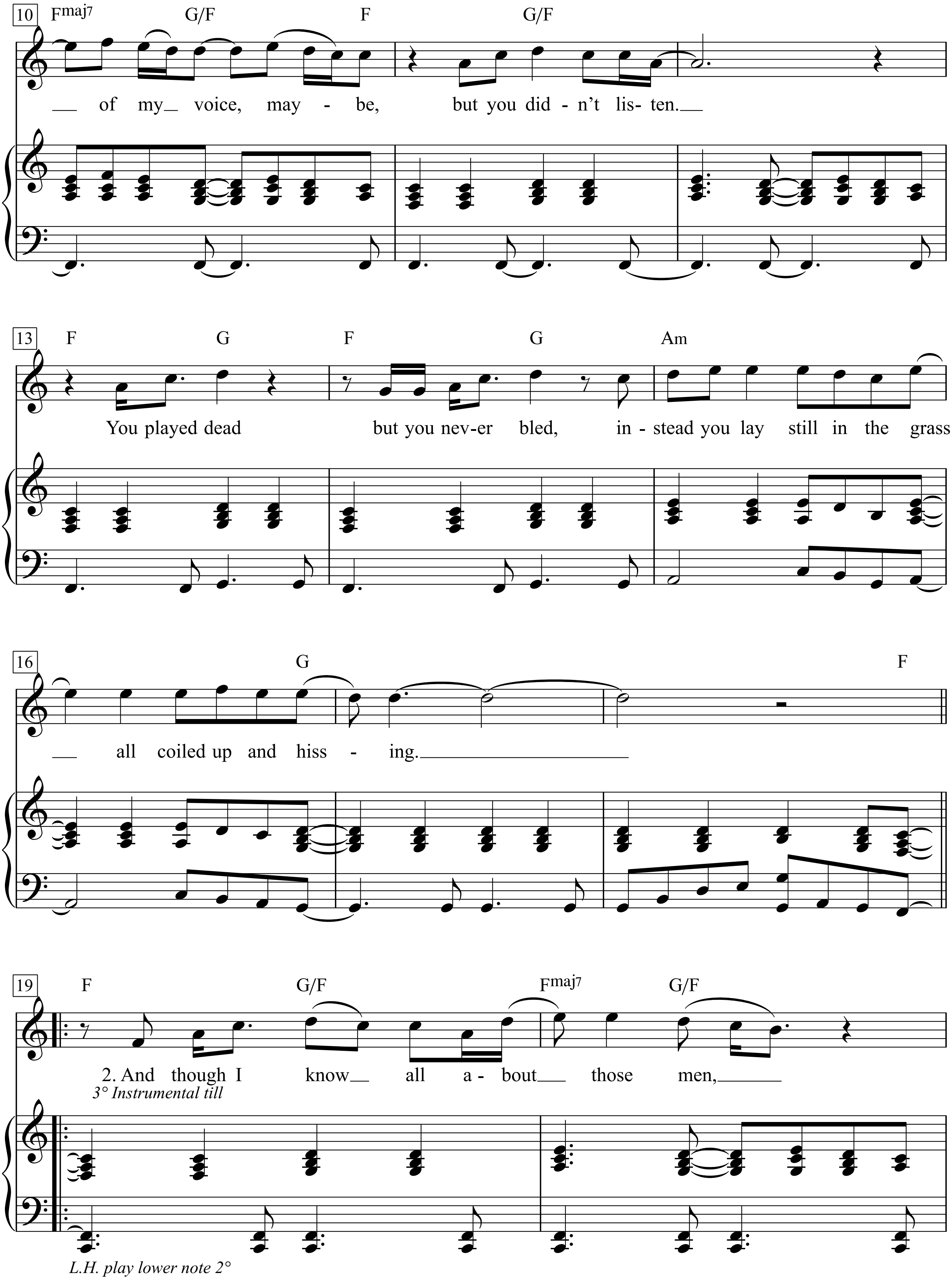
Keep On Loving You

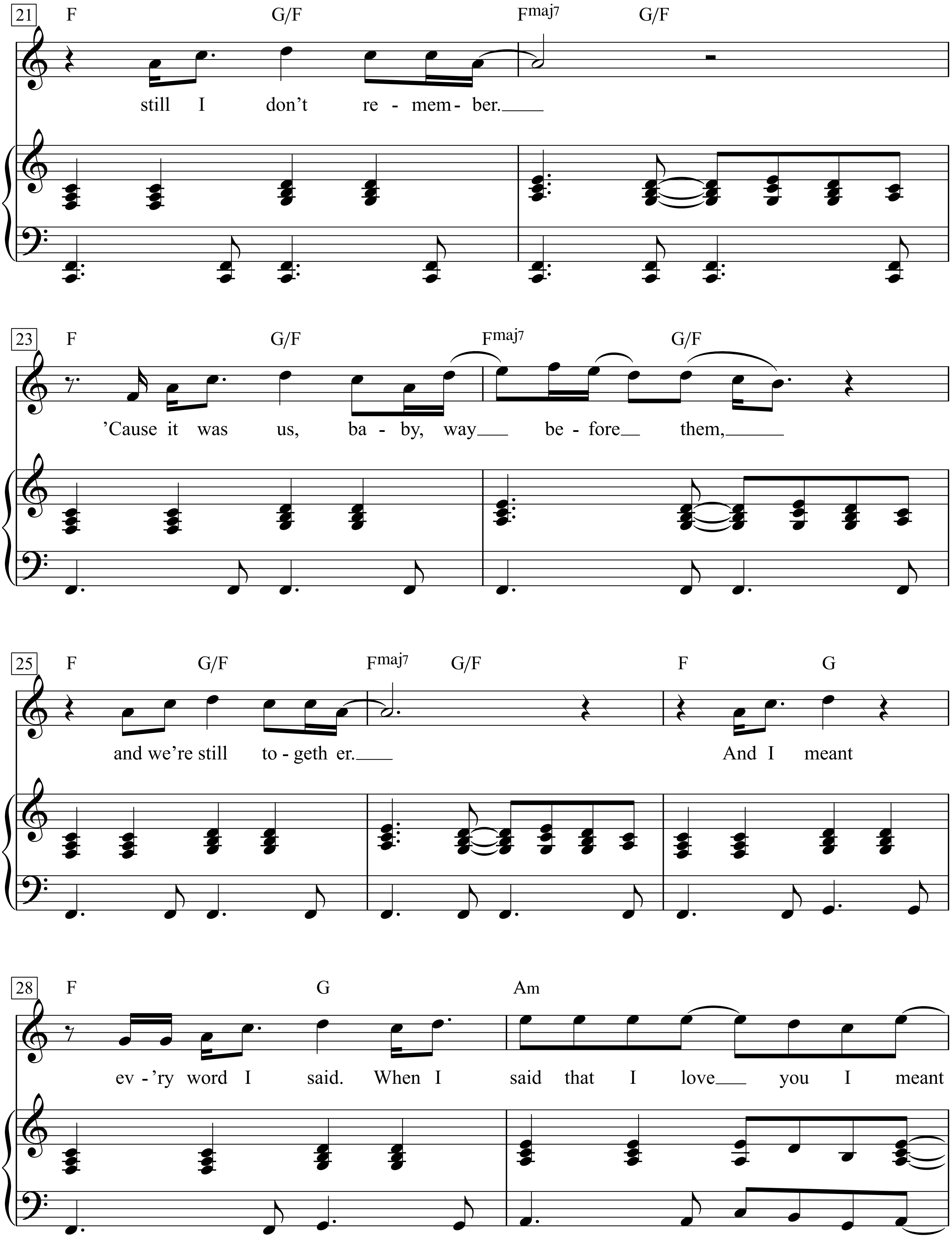
Words & Music by Kevin Cronin
(REO Speedwaggon)

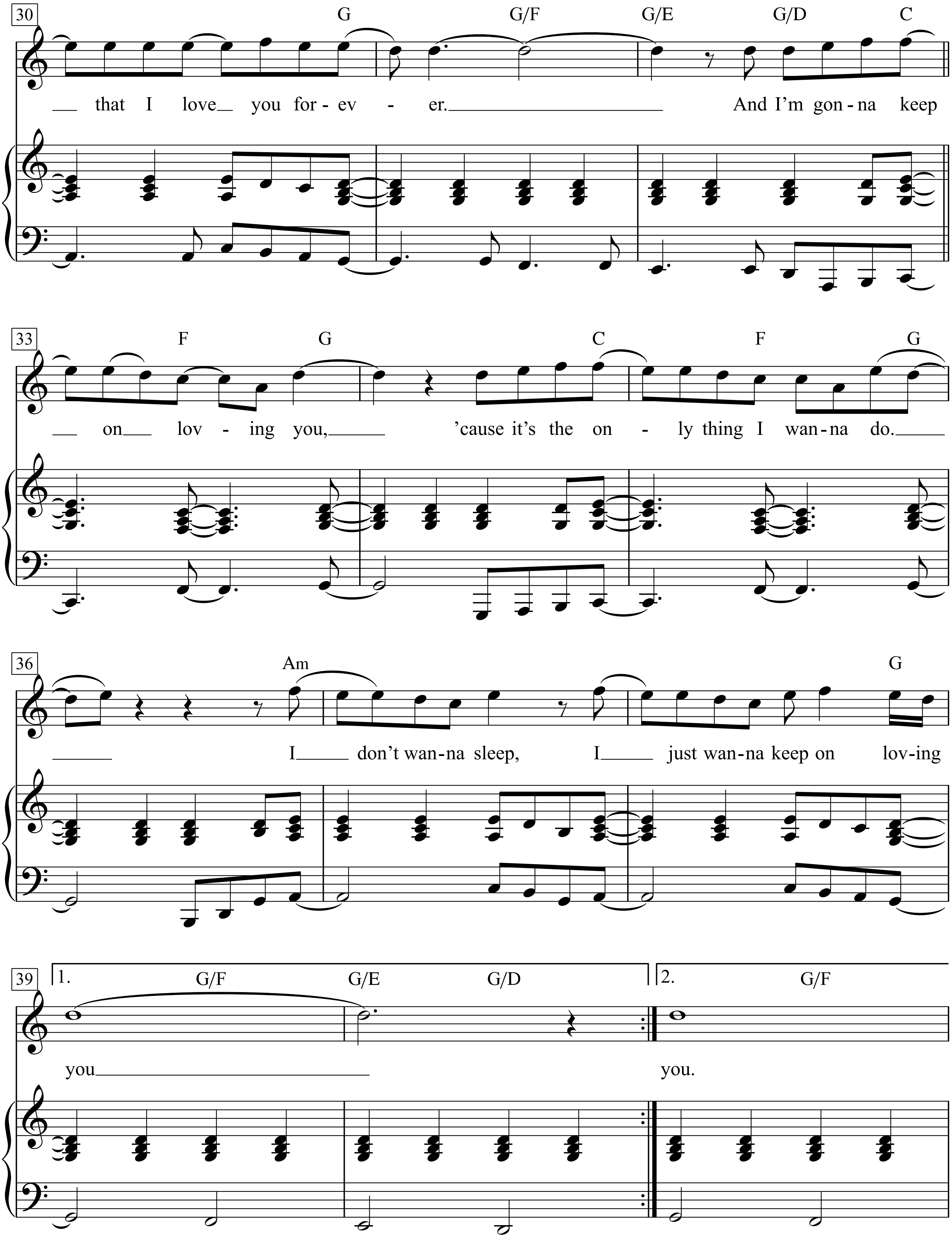


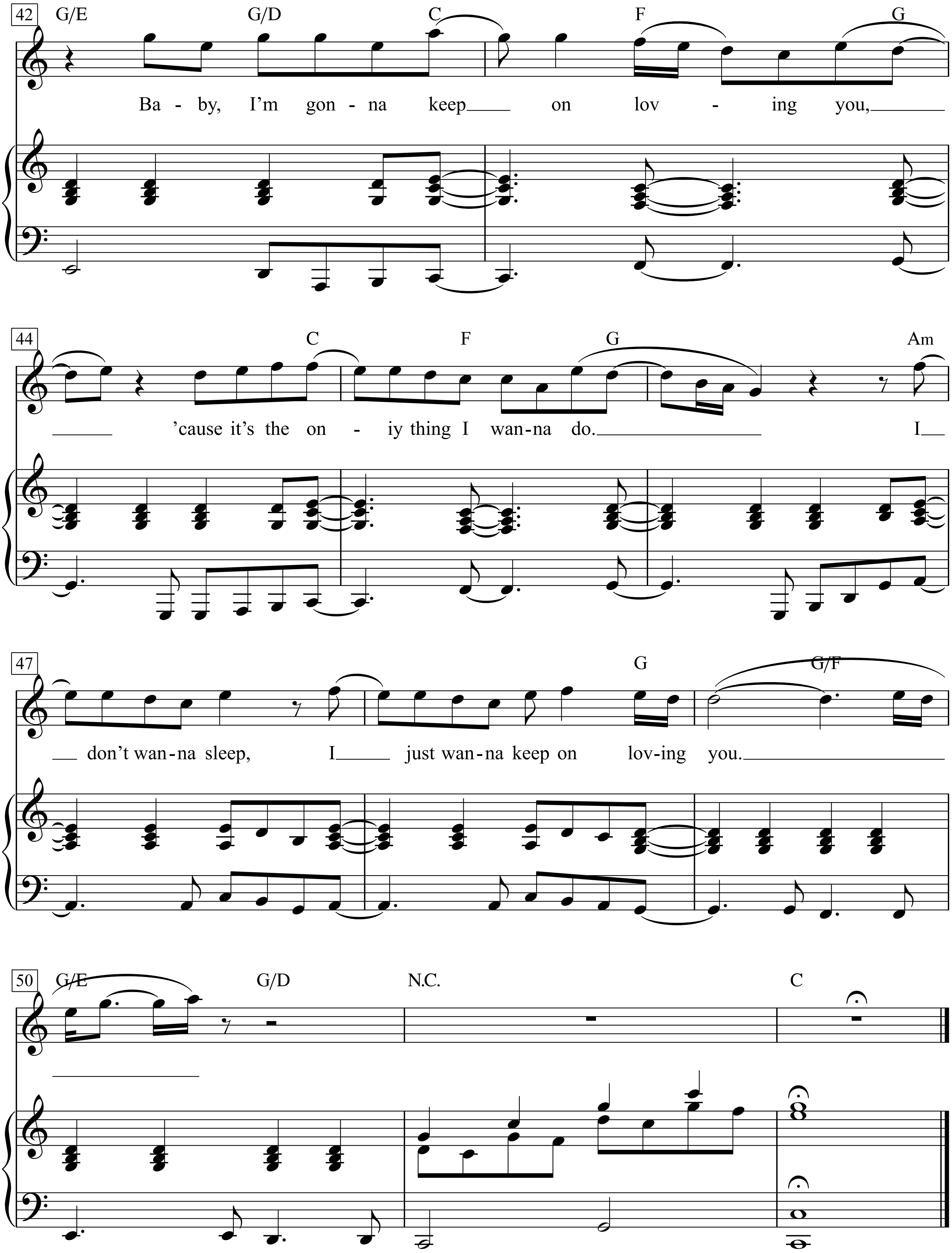





10
Fmaj7 G/F F G/F
of my voice, may - be, but you did - n't lis- ten.
13
F G F G Am
You played dead but you nev-er bled, in - stead you lay still in the grass
16
G F
all coiled up and hiss - ing.
19
F G/F Fmaj7 G/F
2. And though I know all a - bout those men,
3° Instrumental till
L.H. play lower note 2°

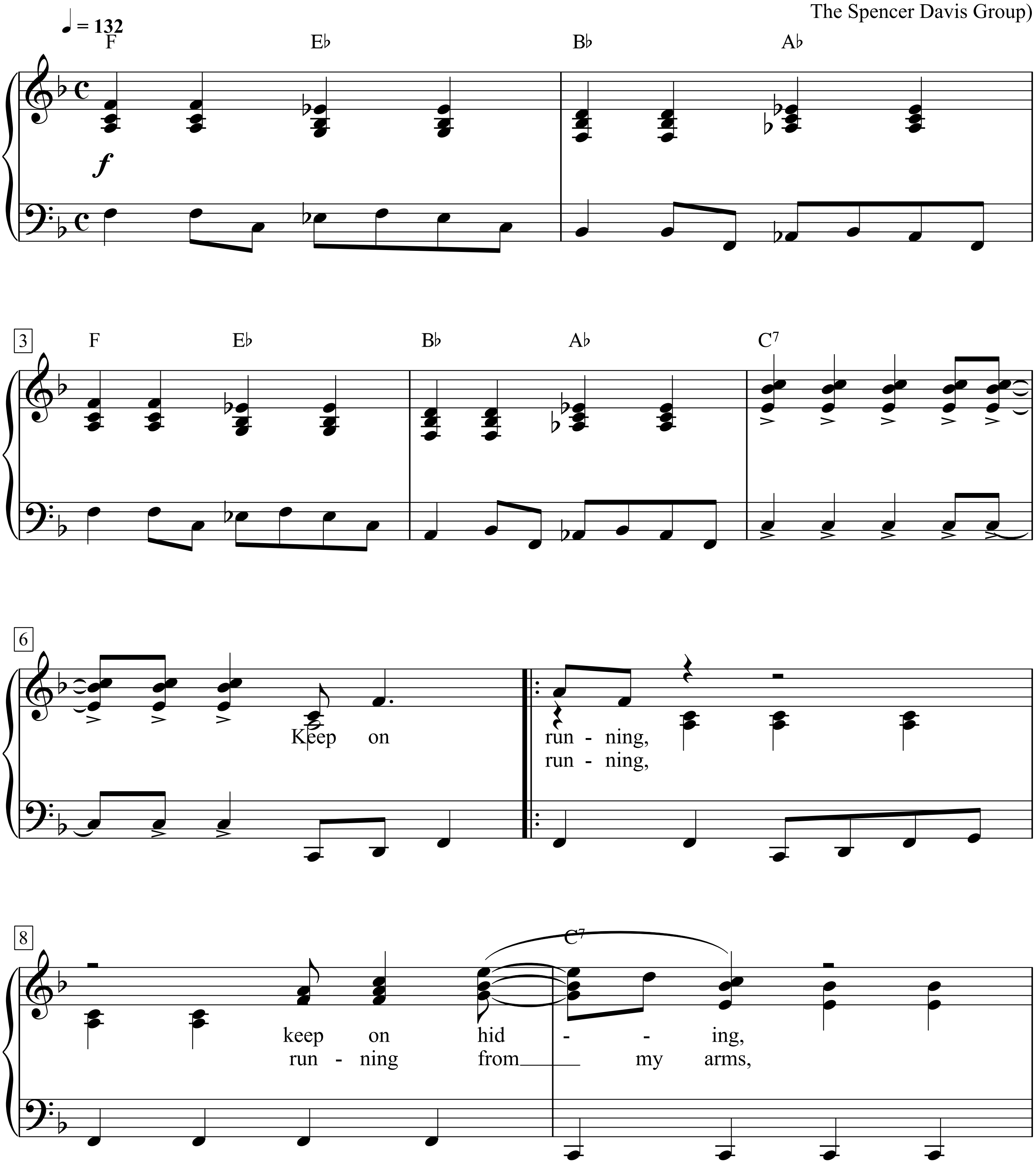

21
F G/F Fmaj7 G/F
still I don't re - mem - ber.
23
F G/F Fmaj7 G/F
'Cause it was us, ba - by, way be - fore them,
25
F G/F Fmaj7 G/F F G
and we're still to - geth er. And I meant
28
F G Am
ev - 'ry word I said. When I said that I love you I meant

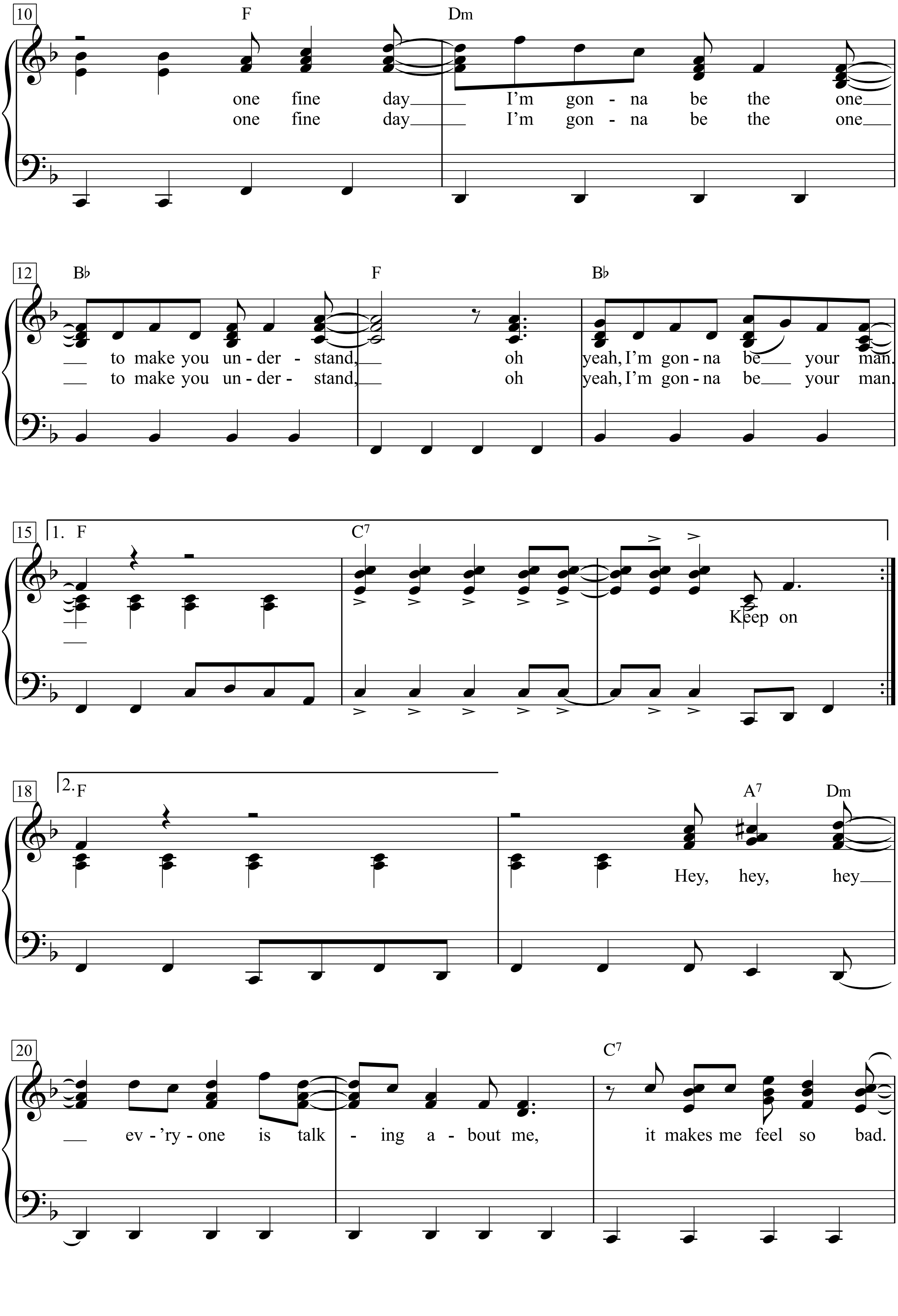

30
G G/F G/E G/D C
that I love you for - ev - er. And I'm gon - na keep
33
F G C F G
on lov - ing you, 'cause it's the on - ly thing I wan - na do.
36
Am G
I don't wan - na sleep, I just wan - na keep on lov - ing
39
1. G/F G/E G/D
you
2. G/F
you.

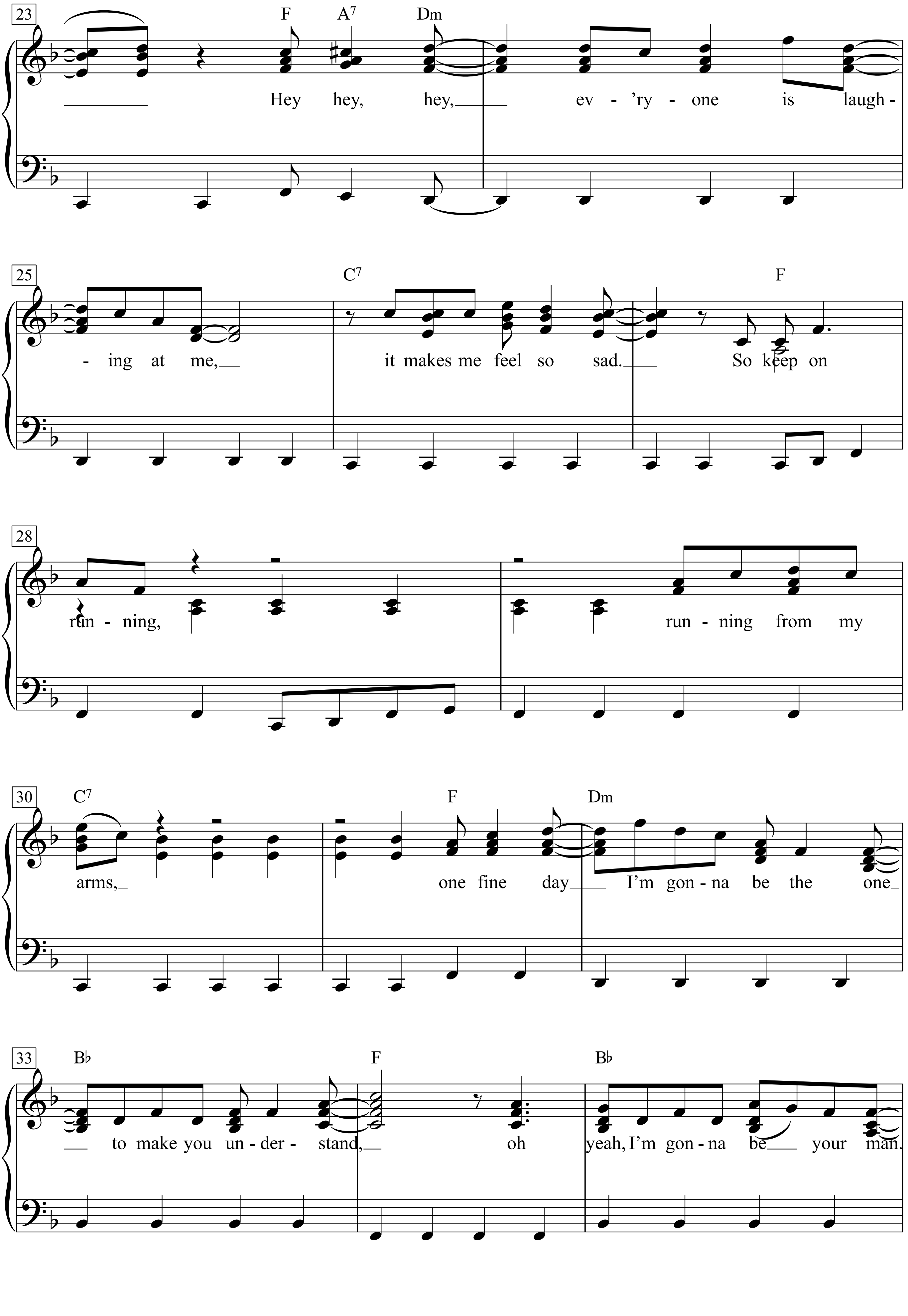

42
G/E
G/D
C
F
G
Ba - by, I'm gon - na keep on lov - ing you,
44
C
F
G
Am
'cause it's the on - iy thing I wan-na do.
I
47
G
G/F
don't wan-na sleep, I just wan-na keep on lov-ing you.
50
G/E
G/D
N.C.
C

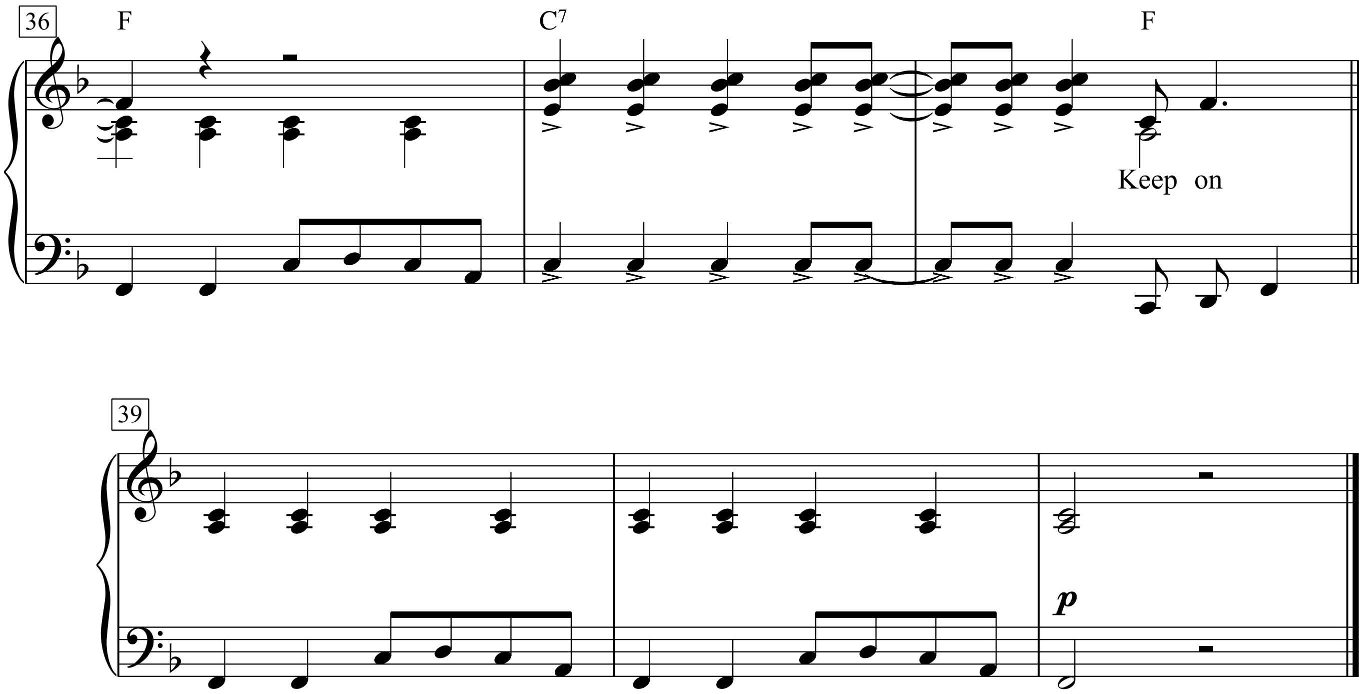
Keep On Running

Words & Music by Jacky Edwards
Arr.: Hans-Günter Heumann
The Spencer Davis Group)




10
F
Dm
one fine day I'm gon - na be the one
one fine day I'm gon - na be the one
12
B♭
F
B♭
to make you un - der - stand, oh yeah, I'm gon - na be your man.
to make you un - der - stand, oh yeah, I'm gon - na be your man.
15
1. F
C7
Keep on
18
2. F
A7
Dm
Hey, hey, hey
20
C7
ev - 'ry - one is talk - ing a - bout me, it makes me feel so bad.


23
F A7 Dm
Hey hey, hey, ev - 'ry - one is laugh -
25
C7 F
- ing at me, it makes me feel so sad. So keep on
28
run - ning, run - ning from my
30
C7 F Dm
arms, one fine day I'm gon - na be the one
33
B♭ F B♭
to make you un - der - stand, oh yeah, I'm gon - na be your man.

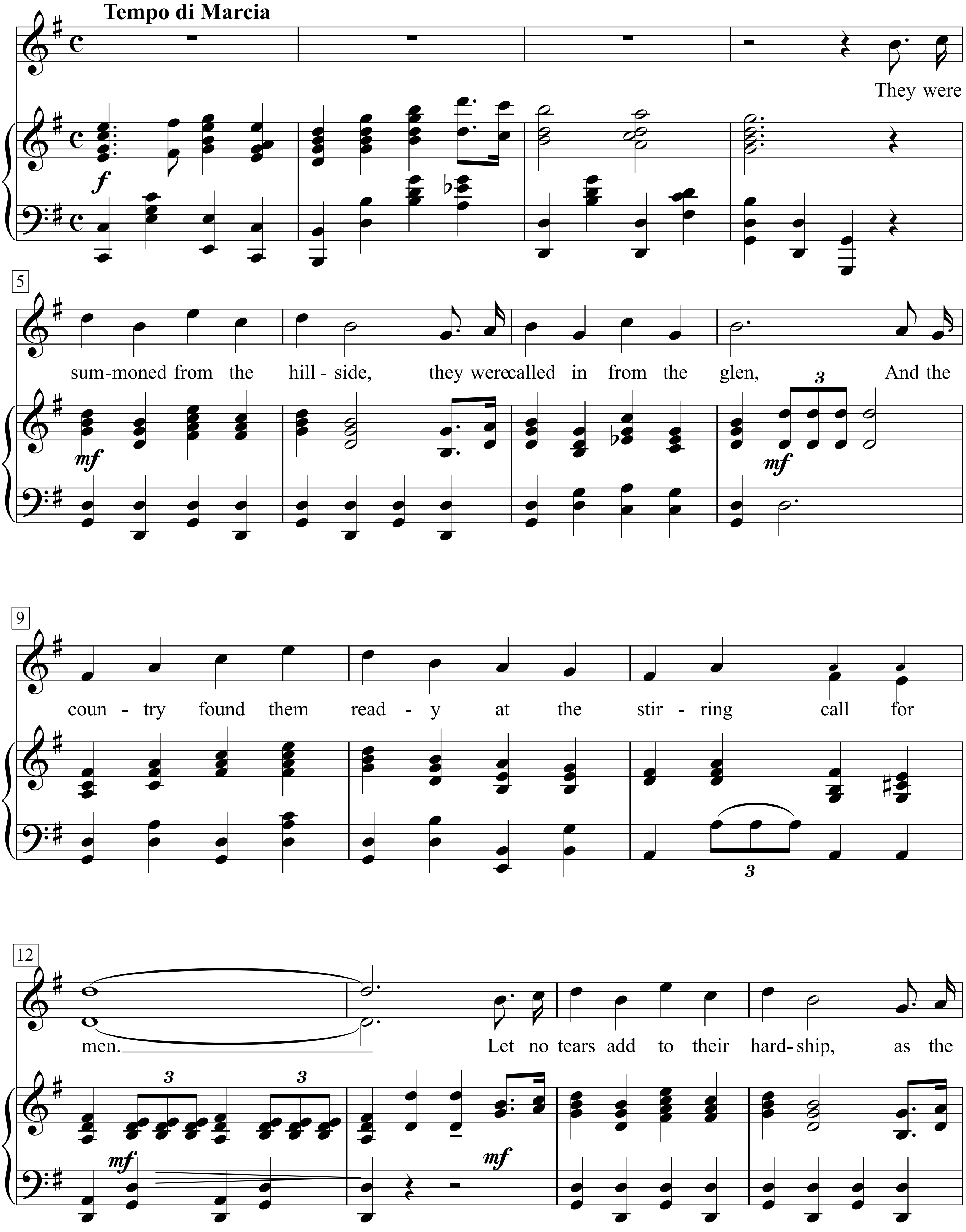

36
F
C7
F
Keep on
39
p

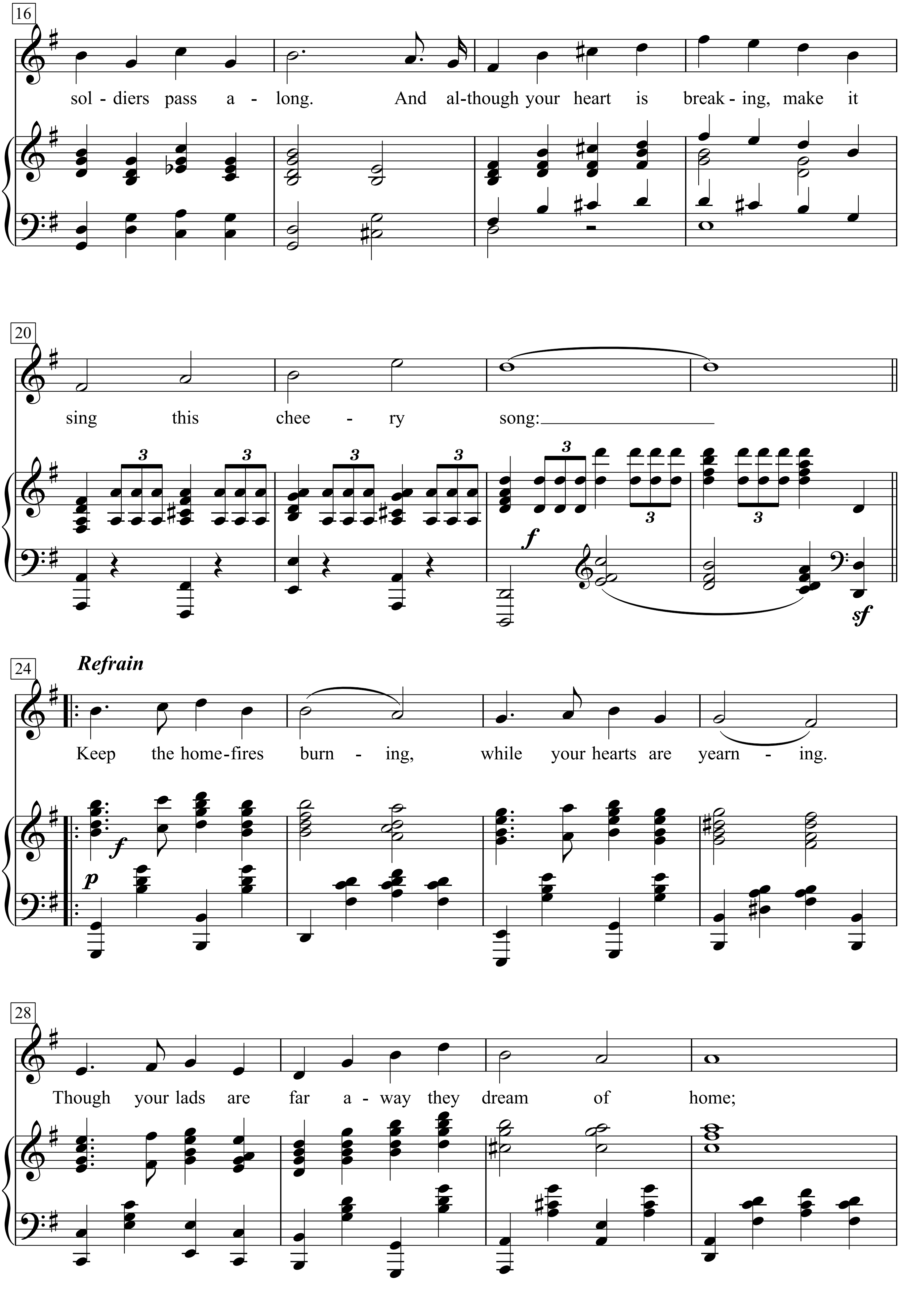
Keep The Home-Fires Burning

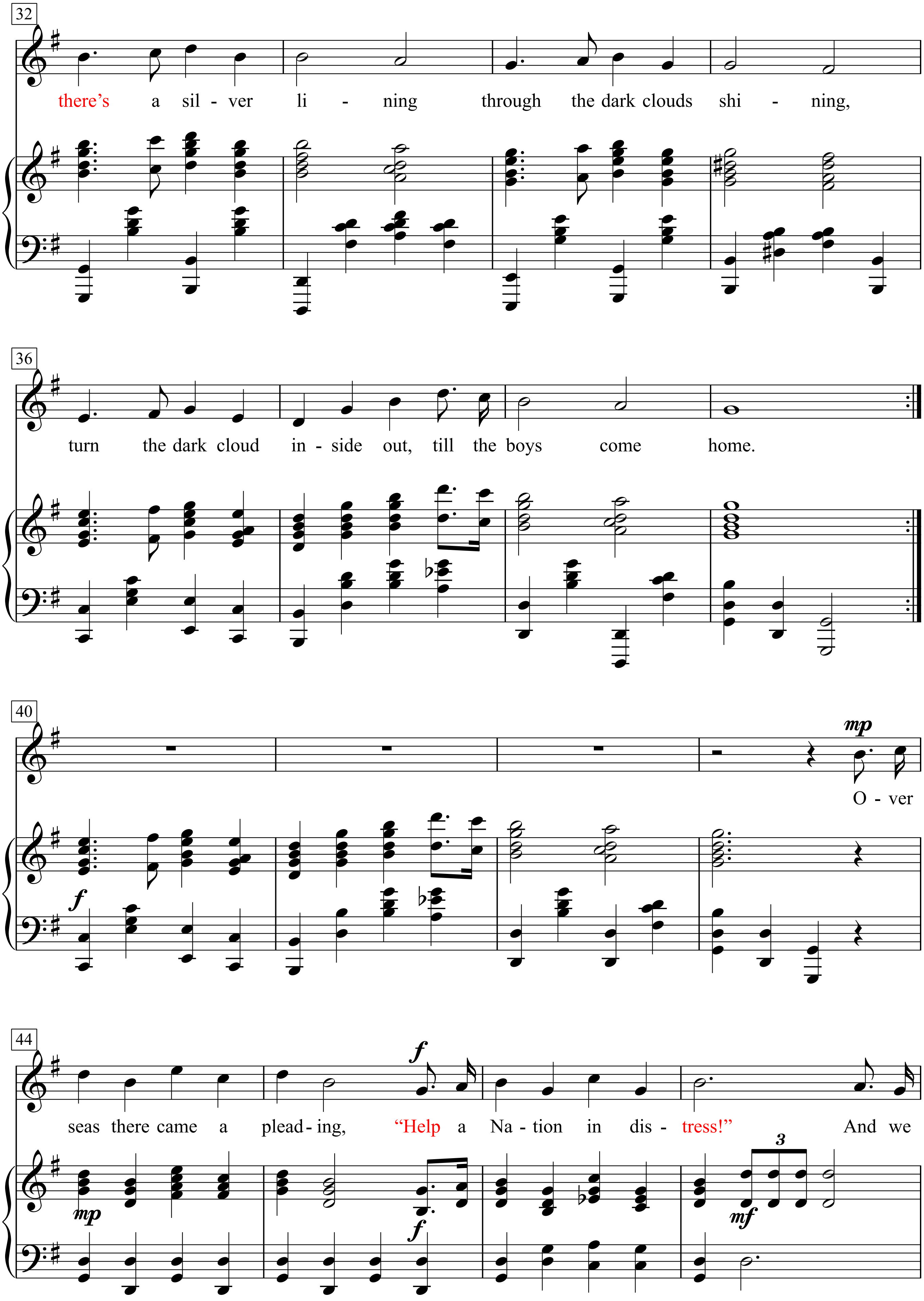
(Till the Boys Come Home)

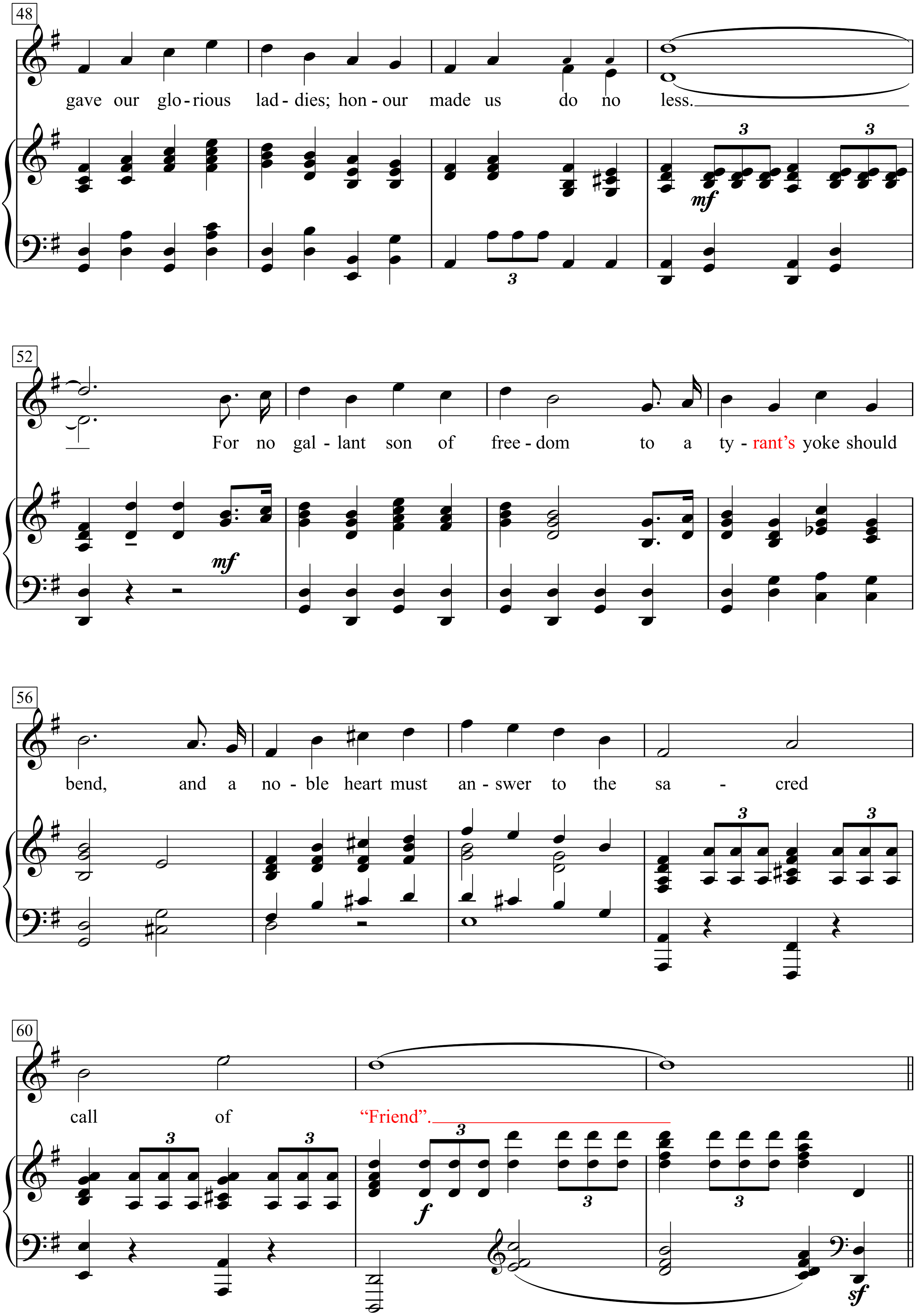
Words by Lena Guilbert Ford

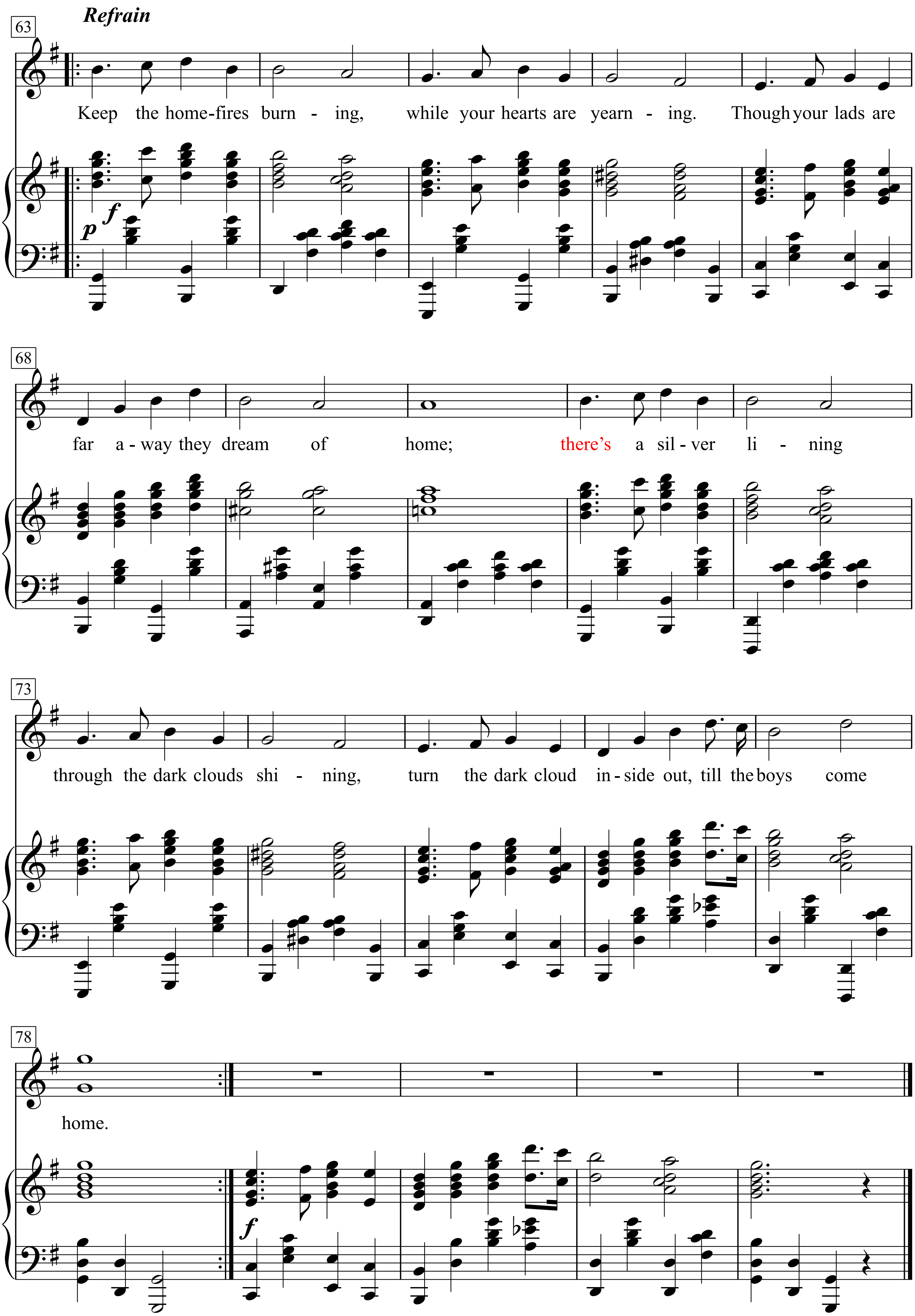
Music by Ivor Novello




16
sol - diers pass a - long. And al-though your heart is break - ing, make it
20
sing this chee - ry song:
f
sf
24
Refrain
Keep the home-fires burn - ing, while your hearts are yearn - ing.
f
p
28
Though your lads are far a - way they dream of home;


32
there's a sil - ver li - ning through the dark clouds shi - ning,
36
turn the dark cloud in - side out, till the boys come home.
40
f
mp
O - ver
44
seas there came a plead - ing, "Help a Na - tion in dis - tress!" And we
mp
f
f
3
mf


48
gave our glo-rious lad-dies; hon-our made us do no less.
mf
3
52
For no gal-lant son of free-dom to a ty-rant's yoke should
mf
56
bend, and a no-ble heart must an-swer to the sa-cred
3
60
call of "Friend".
f
3
sf


Refrain
63
Keep the home-fires burn - ing, while your hearts are yearn - ing. Though your lads are
68
far a - way they dream of home; there's a sil - ver li - ning
73
through the dark clouds shi - ning, turn the dark cloud in - side out, till the boys come
78
home.

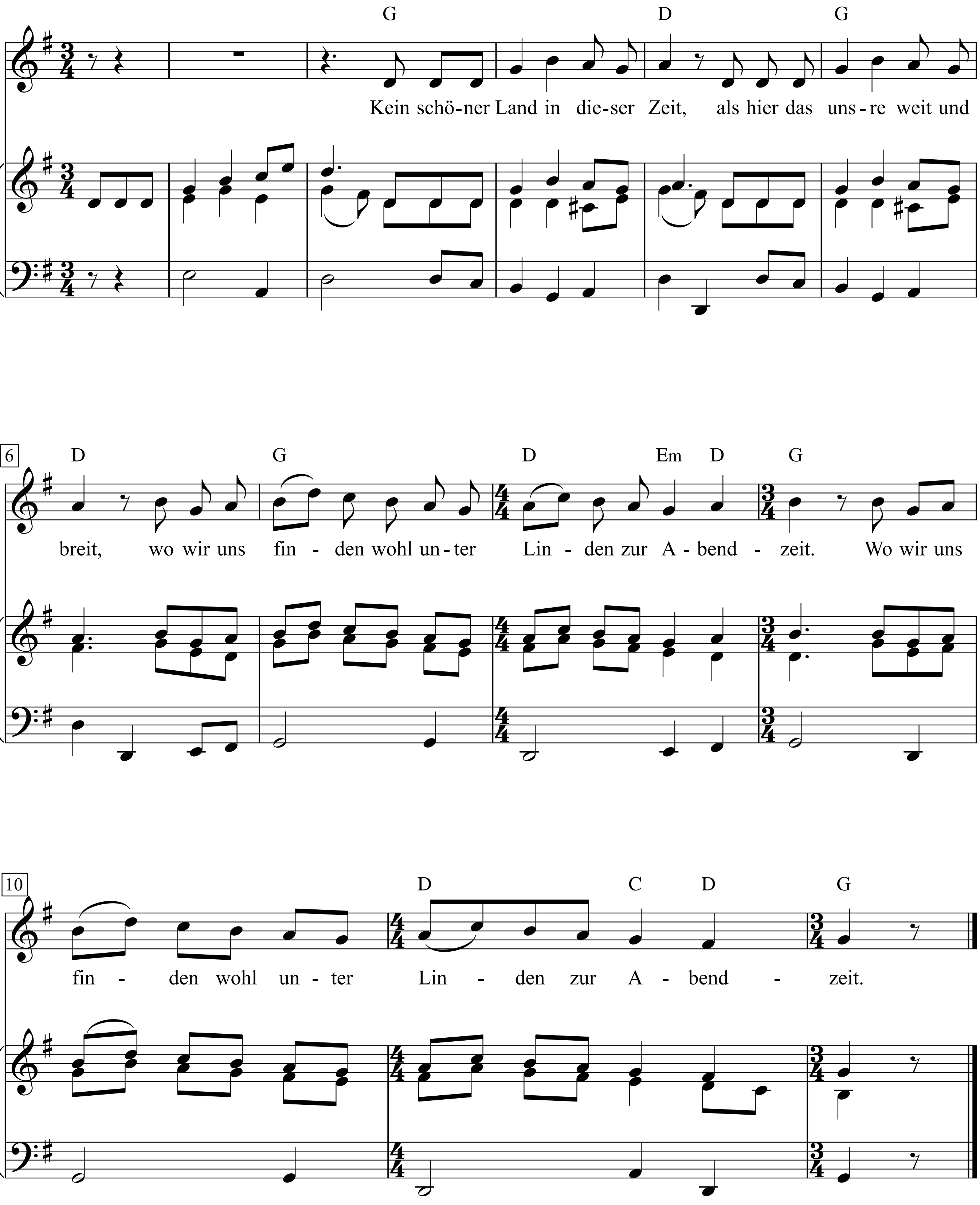
1. They were summoned from the hillside,
they were called in from the glen,
And the country found them ready
at the stirring call for men.
Let no tears add to their hardship,
as the soldiers pass along.
And although your heart is breaking,
make it sing this cheery song:

Refrain:
Keep the home-fires burning,
while your hearts are yearning.
Though your lads are far away
they dream of home;
there’s a silver lining
through the dark clouds shining,
turn the dark cloud inside out,
till the boys come home.
Overseas there came a pleading,
“Help a Nation in distress!”
And we gave our glorious laddies;
honour made us do no less.
For no gallant son of freedom
to a tyrant’s yoke should bend,
and a noble heart must answer
to the sacred call of “Friend”.

Refrain:

Kein schöner Land in dieser Zeit

Text & Musik: Anton Wilhelm F. v. Zuccalmaglio
Satz: Gerd-Peter Münden



1. Kein schöner Land in dieser Zeit,
als hier das unsre weit und breit,
|: wo wir uns finden wohl unter Linden
zur Abendzeit. :|

2. Da haben wir so manche Stund’,
gesessen da in froher Rund’
|: und taten singen, die Lieder klingen
im Eichengrund. :|

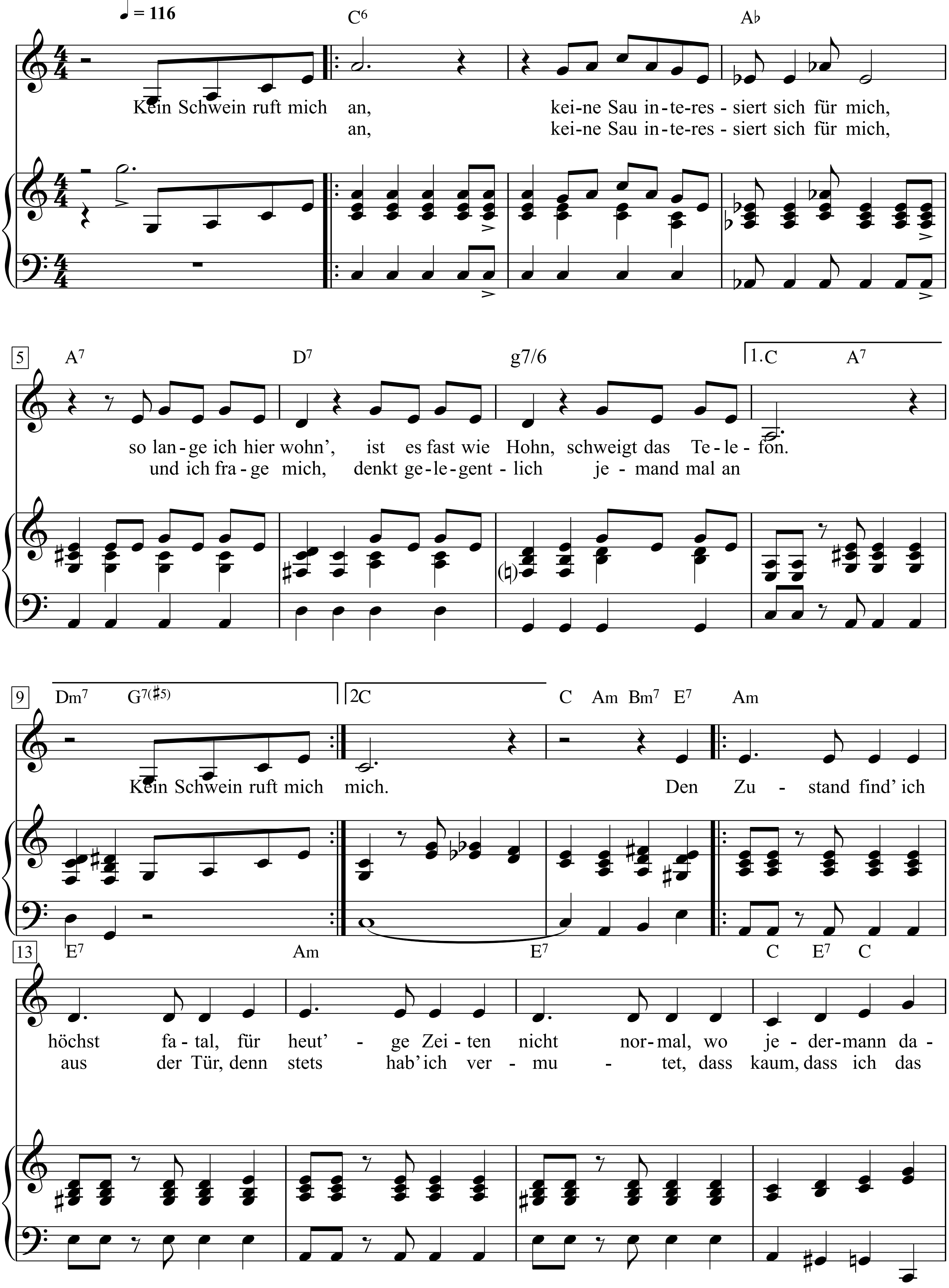
3. Dass wir uns hier in diesem Tal
noch treffen so viel hundertmal;
|: Gott mag es schenken, Gott mag es lenken,
er hat die Gnad’! :|

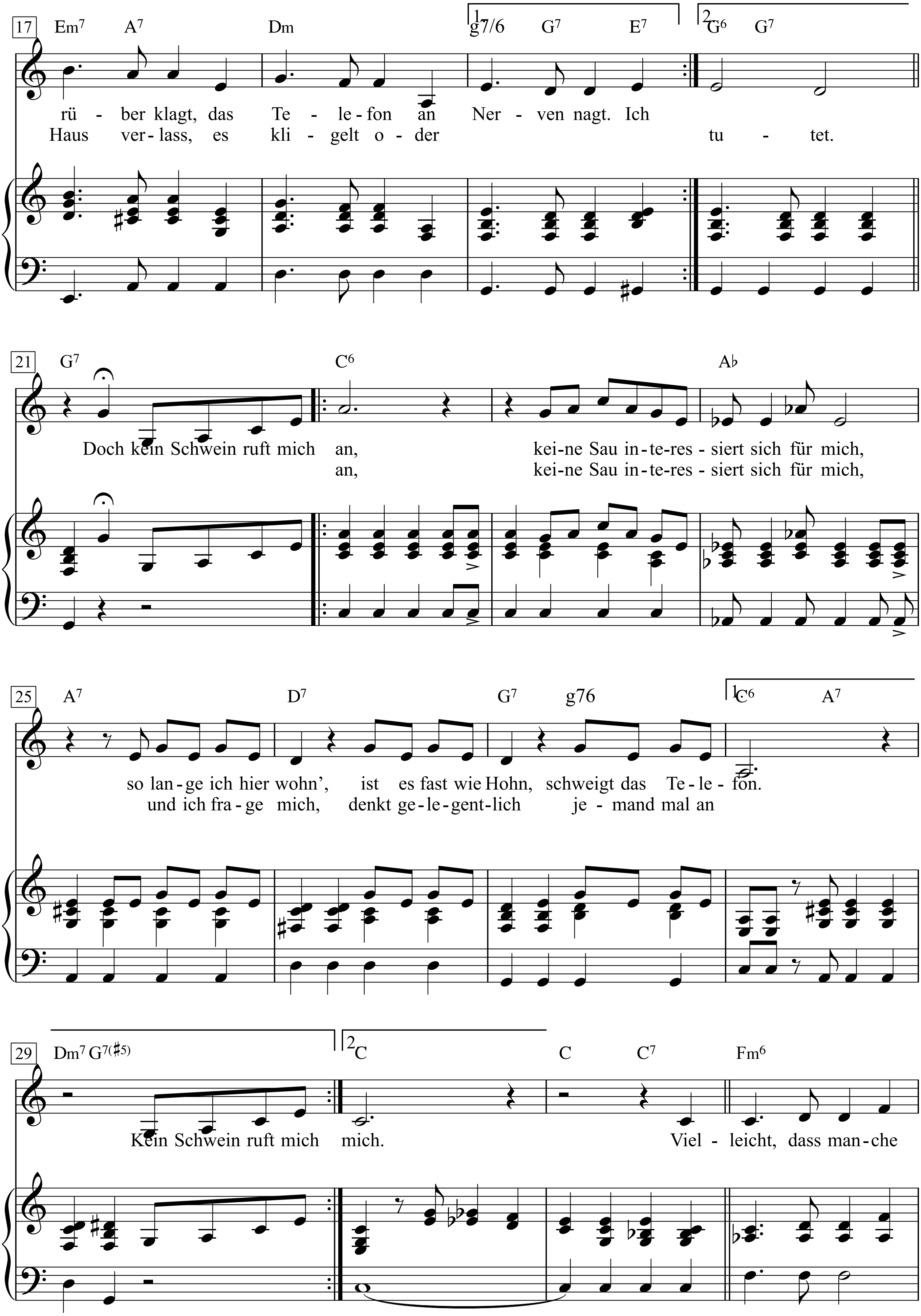
4. Nun Brüder, eine gute Nacht,
der Herr im hohen Himmel wacht.
|: In seiner Güten, uns zu behüten,
ist er bedacht. :|

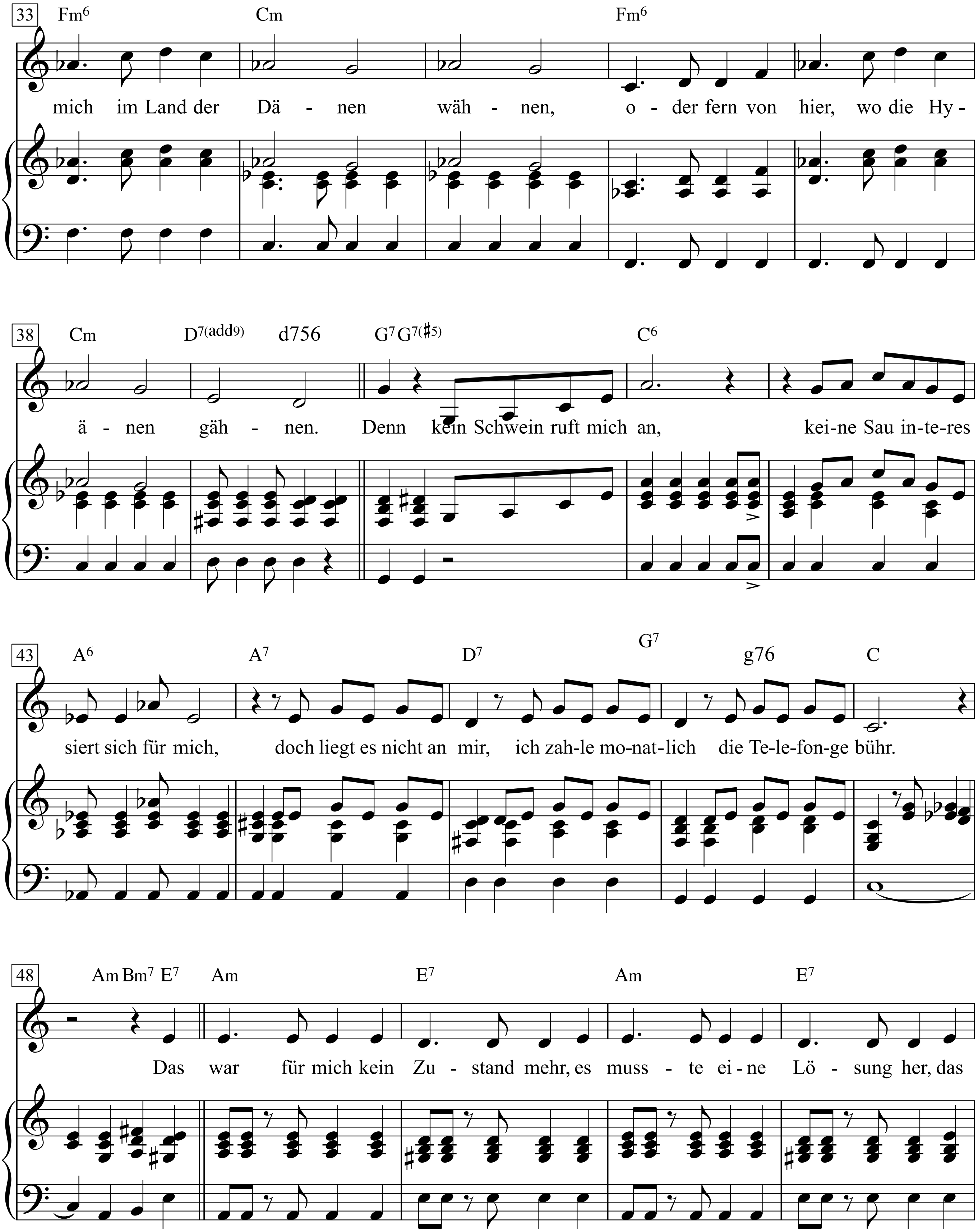
Kein Schwein ruft mich an

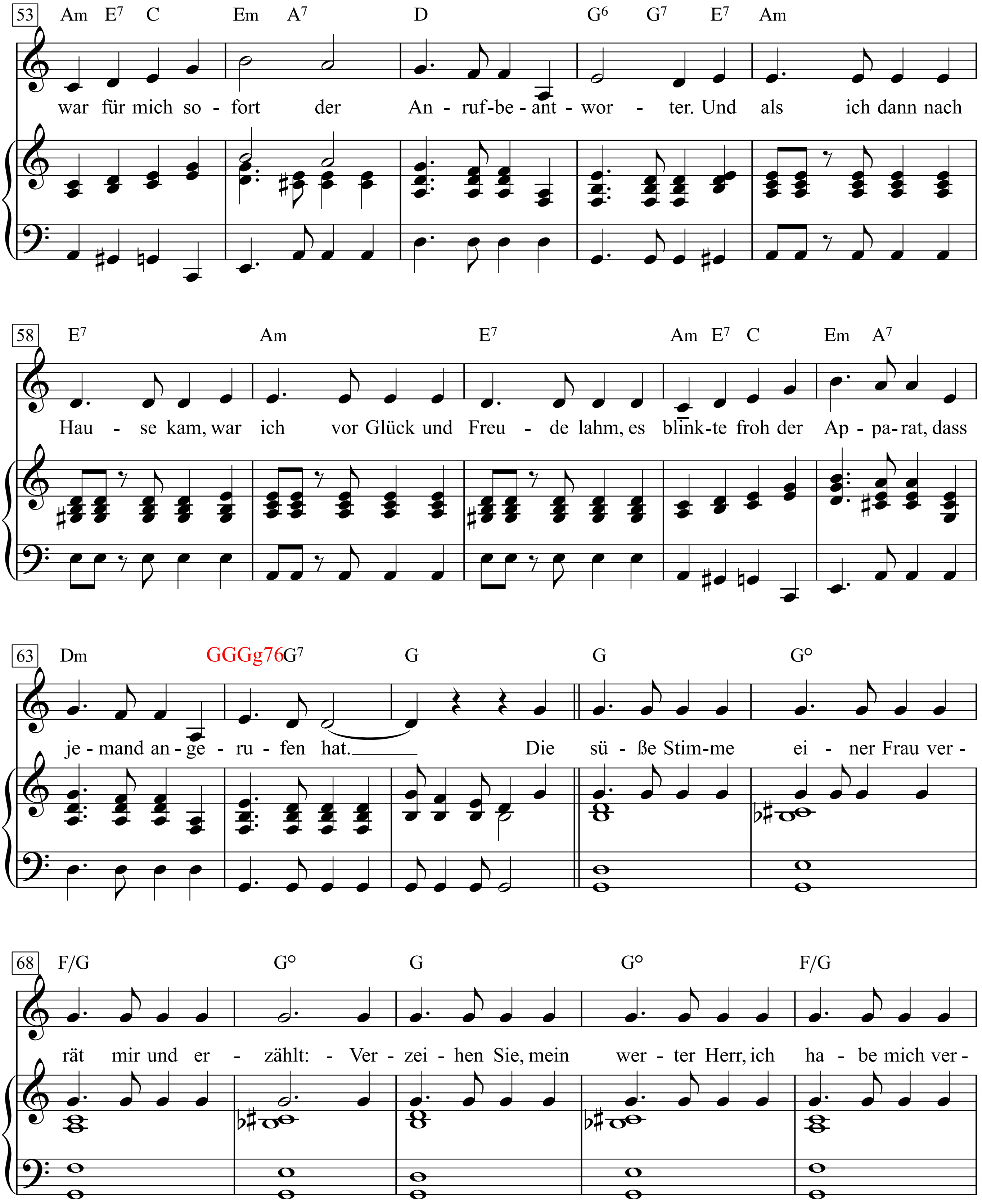
Lied und Tango

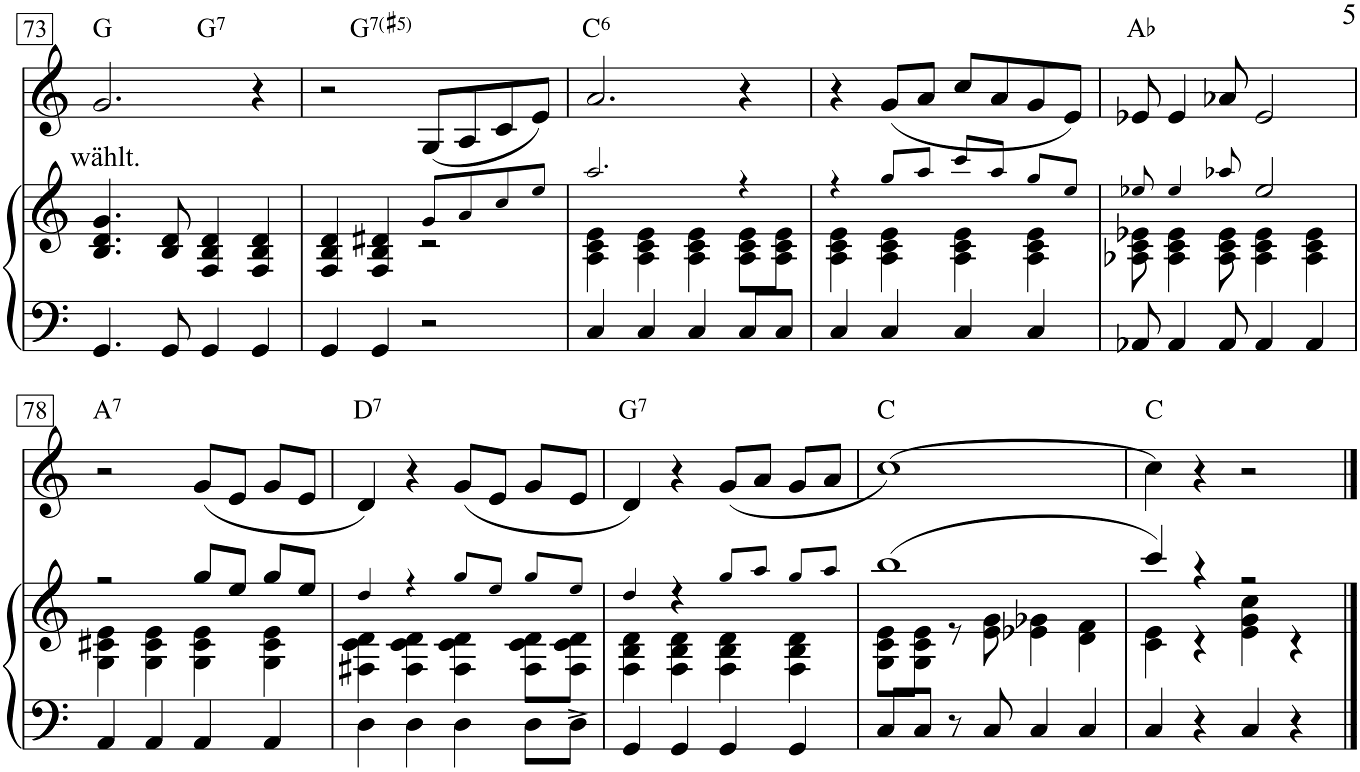
Text & Musik: Max Raabe
Klavier-Bearbeitung: Paul Esslinger




17 Em7 A7 Dm g7/6 G7 E7 G6 G7
rü - ber klagt, das Te - le - fon an Ner - ven nagt. Ich
Haus ver - lass, es kli - gelt o - der tu - tet.
21 G7 C6 A♭
Doch kein Schwein ruft mich an, kei-ne Sau in-te-res - siert sich für mich,
an, kei-ne Sau in-te-res - siert sich für mich,
25 A7 D7 G7 g76 C6 A7
so lan-ge ich hier wohn', ist es fast wie Hohn, schweigt das Te - le - fon.
und ich fra - ge mich, denkt ge-le-gent-lich je - mand mal an
29 Dm7 G7(♯5) C C C7 Fm6
Kein Schwein ruft mich mich. Viel - leicht, dass man-che


33
Fm6 Cm Fm6
mich im Land der Dä - nen wäh - nen, o - der fern von hier, wo die Hy -
38
Cm D7(add9) d756 G7 G7(♯5) C6
ä - nen gäh - nen. Denn kein Schwein ruft mich an, kei-ne Sau in-te-res
43
A6 A7 D7 G7 g76 C
siert sich für mich, doch liegt es nicht an mir, ich zah-le mo-nat-lich die Te-le-fon-ge bühr.
48
Am Bm7 E7 Am E7 Am E7
Das war für mich kein Zu - stand mehr, es muss - te ei - ne Lö - sung her, das


53
Am E7 C Em A7 D G6 G7 E7 Am
war für mich so - fort der An - ruf-be - ant - wor - ter. Und als ich dann nach
58
E7 Am E7 Am E7 C Em A7
Hau - se kam, war ich vor Glück und Freu - de lahm, es blink-te froh der Ap - pa-rat, dass
63
Dm GGGg76G7 G G G°
je - mand an - ge - ru - fen hat. Die sü - ße Stim-me ei - ner Frau ver -
68
F/G G° G G° F/G
rät mir und er - zählt: - Ver - zei - hen Sie, mein wer - ter Herr, ich ha - be mich ver -



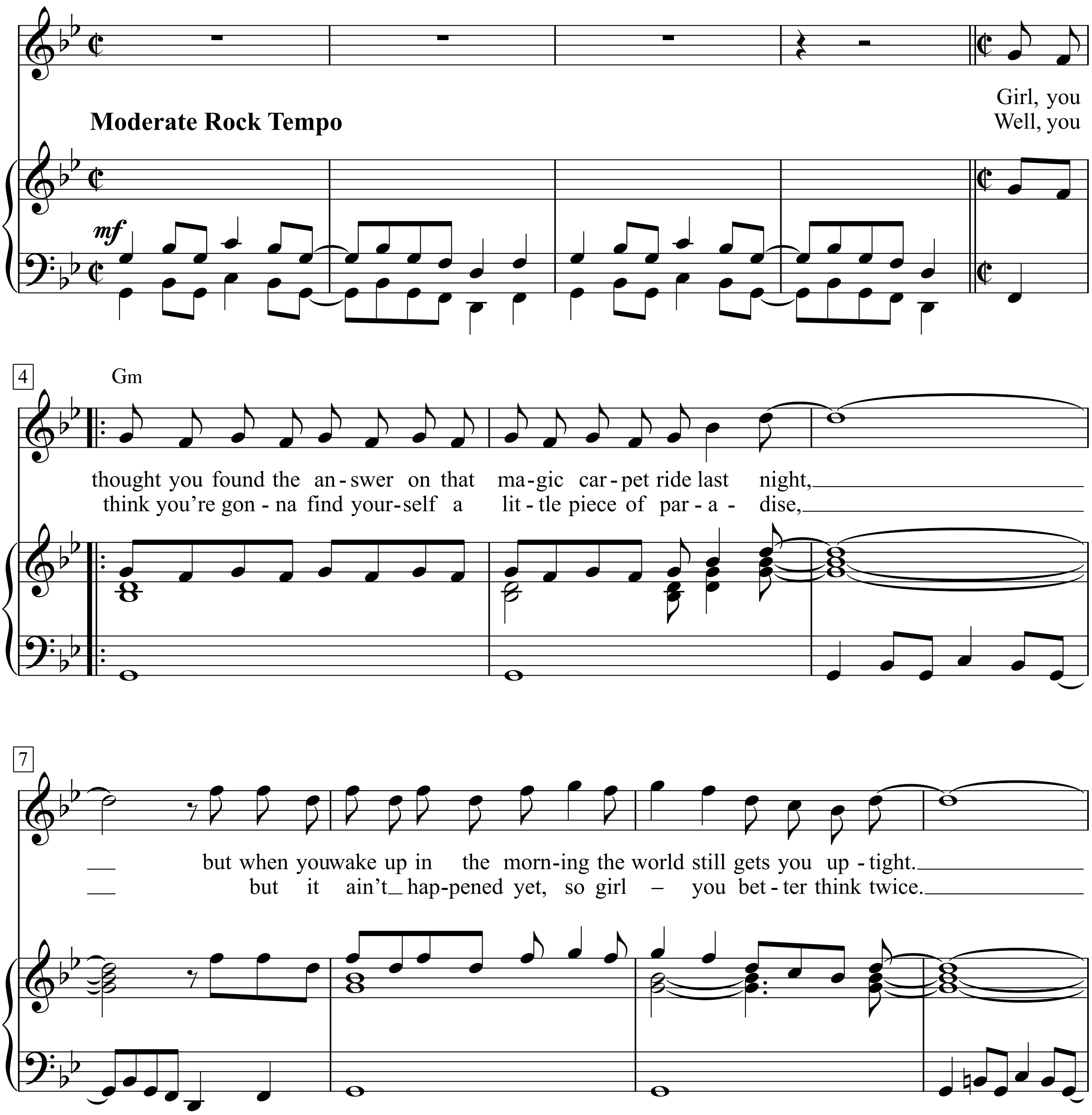
1. Kein Schwein ruft mich an,
keine Sau interessiert sich für mich,
so lange ich hier wohn',
ist es fast wie Hohn,
schweigt das Telefon.
Kein Schwein ruft mich mich.
Den Zustand find' ich höchst fatal,
für heut'ge Zeiten nicht normal,
wo jedermann darüber klagt,
das Telefon an Nerven nagt.
Ich Doch kein Schwein ruft mich an,
keine Sau interessiert sich für mich,
so lange ich hier wohn',
ist es fast wie Hohn, schweigt das Telefon.
Kein Schwein ruft mich mich.
Vielleicht, dass manche mich
im Land der Dänen wähnen,
oder fern von hier,
wo die Hyänen gähnen.
Denn kein Schwein ruft mich an,
keine Sau interessiert sich für mich,
doch liegt es nicht an mir,
ich zahle monatlich die Telefongebühr.
Das war für mich kein Zustand mehr,
es musste eine Lösung her,
das war für mich sofort der Anrufbeantworter.
Und als ich dann nach Hause kam,
war ich vor Glück und Freude lahm,
es blinkte froh der Apparat,
dass jemand angerufen hat.
Die süße Stirmme einer Frau verrät mir und erzählt:
Verzeihen Sie, mein werter Herr,
ich habe mich verwählt.

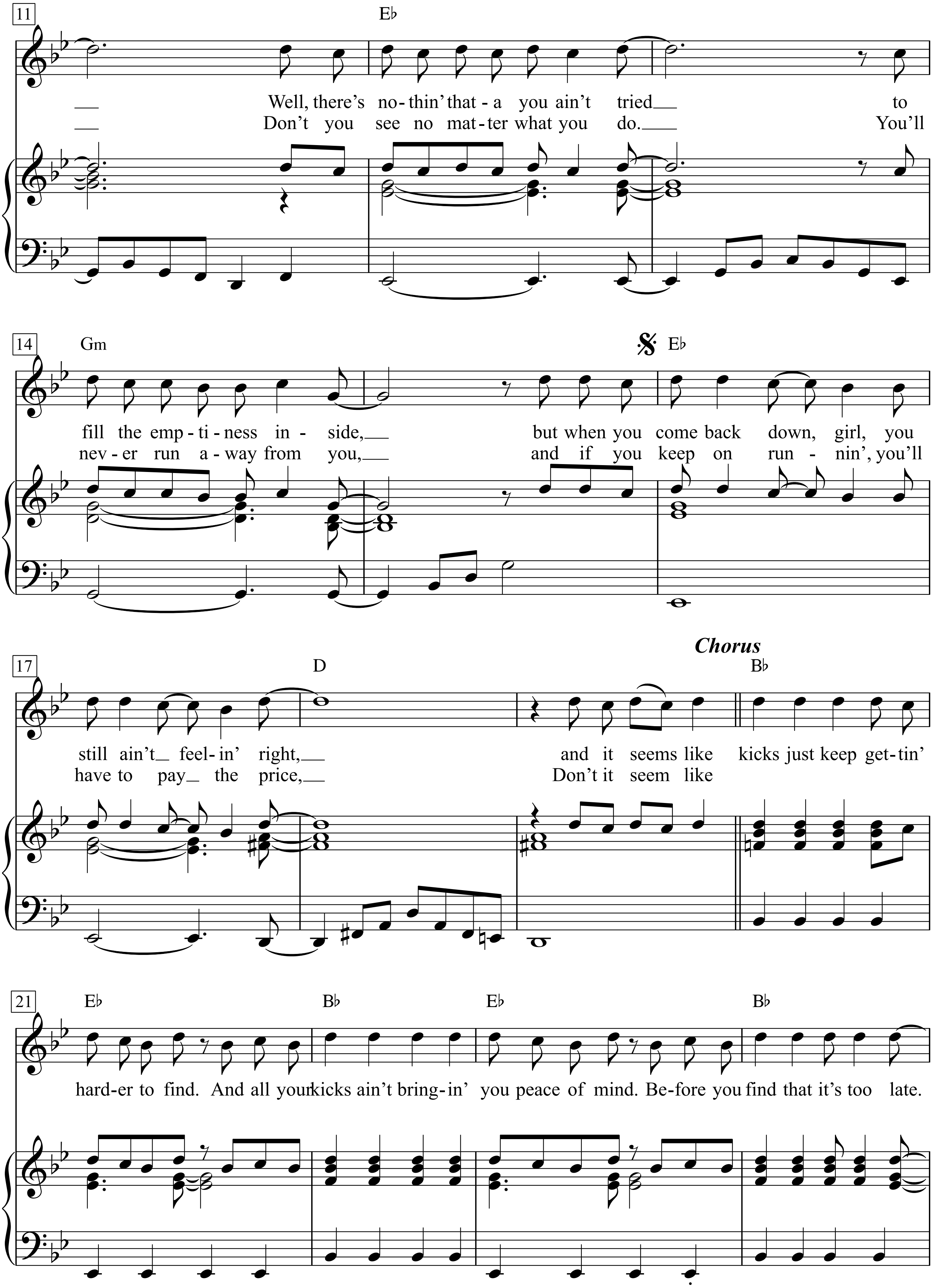
2. an, keine Sau interessiert sich für mich,
und ich frage mich, denkt gelegentlich
jemand mal an aus der Tür, denn stets hab' ich vermutet,
dass kaum, dass ich das Haus verlass,
es kligelt oder tutet.
an,
keine Sau interessiert sich für mich,
und ich frage mich, denkt gelegentlich
jemand mal an

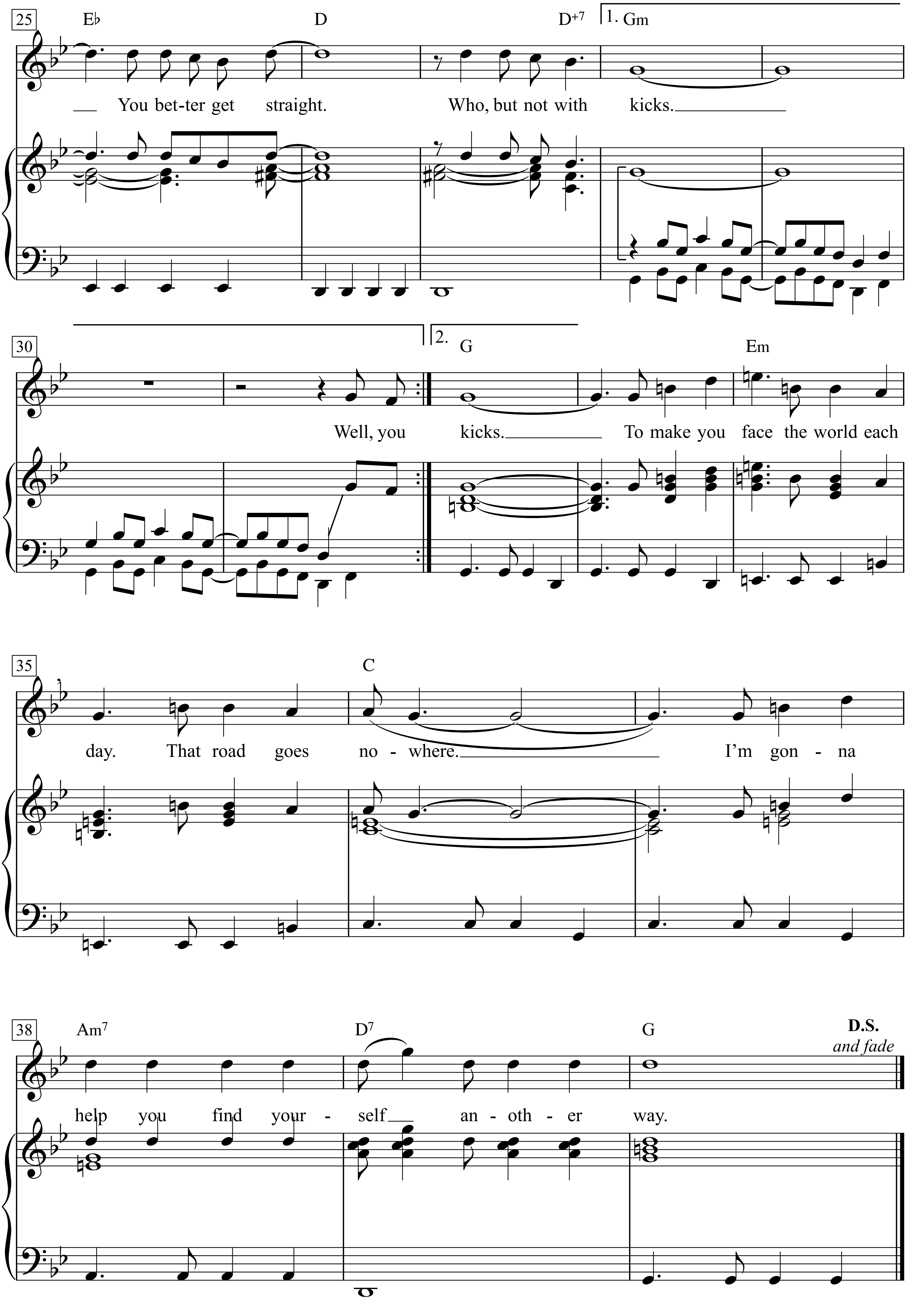
Kicks

Moderate Rock Tempo

Words & Music by
Barry Mann and Cynthia Weil
(Paul Revere & The Raiders)




11
E♭
Well, there's no-thin' that-a you ain't tried to
Don't you see no mat-ter what you do. You'll
14
Gm
E♭
fill the emp-ti-ness in-side, but when you come back down, girl, you
nev-er run a-way from you, and if you keep on run-nin', you'll
17
D
Chorus
B♭
still ain't feel-in' right, and it seems like kicks just keep get-tin'
have to pay the price, Don't it seem like
21
E♭
B♭
E♭
B♭
hard-er to find. And all your kicks ain't bring-in' you peace of mind. Be-fore you find that it's too late.


25
E♭
D
D+7
1. Gm
You bet-ter get straight.
Who, but not with kicks.
30
2.
G
Em
Well, you kicks.
To make you face the world each
35
C
day. That road goes no - where.
I'm gon - na
38
Am7
D7
G
D.S.
and fade
help you find your - self an - oth - er way.

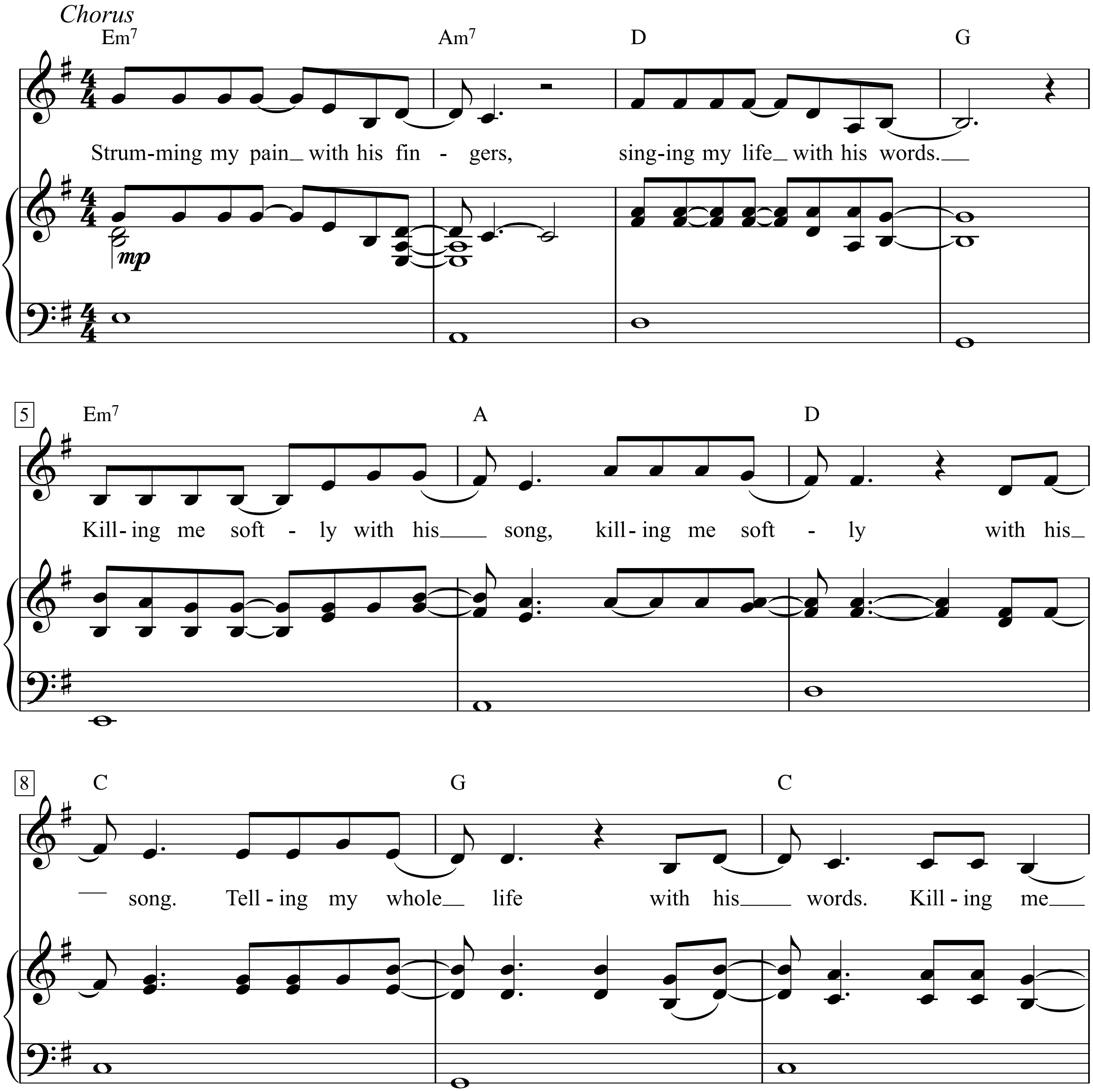
Girl, you thought you found the answer
on that magic carpet ride last night,
but when you wake up in the morning
the world still gets you uptight.
Well, there’s nothin’ that-a you ain’t tried
to fill the emptiness inside, but when you come back down,
girl, you still ain’t feelin’ right, and it seems like
kicks just keep gettin’ harder to find.
And all your kicks ain’t bringin’ you peace of mind.
Before you find that it’s too late.
You better get straight.
Who, but not with kicks. Well, you
kicks. To make you face the world each day.
That road goes nowhere.
I’m gonna help you find yourself another way.

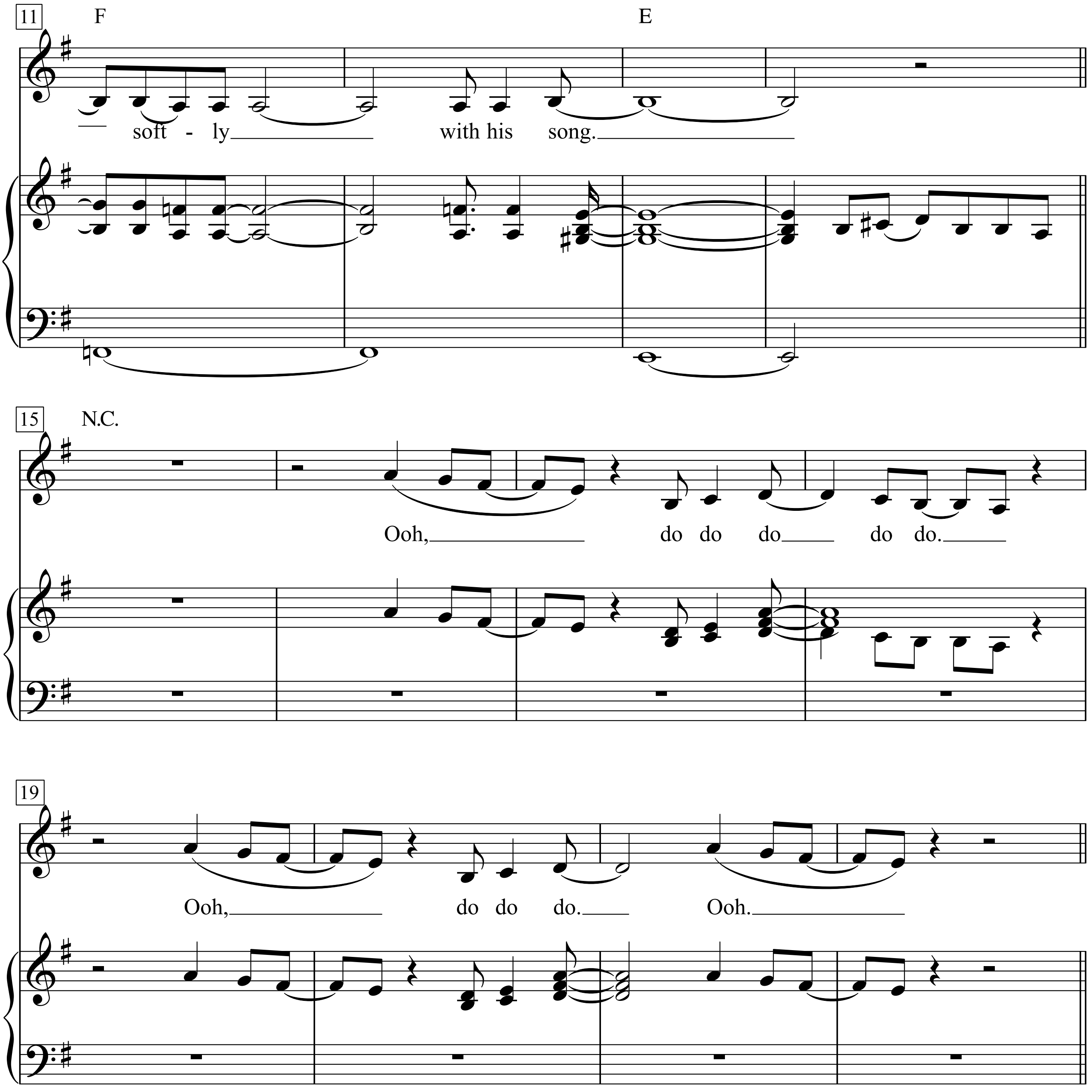
Well, you think you’re gonna find yourself a little piece of paradise,
but it ain’t happened yet, so girl – you better think twice.
Don’t you see no matter what you do.
You’ll never run away from you, and if you keep on runnin’,
you’ll have to pay the price,
Don’t it seem like

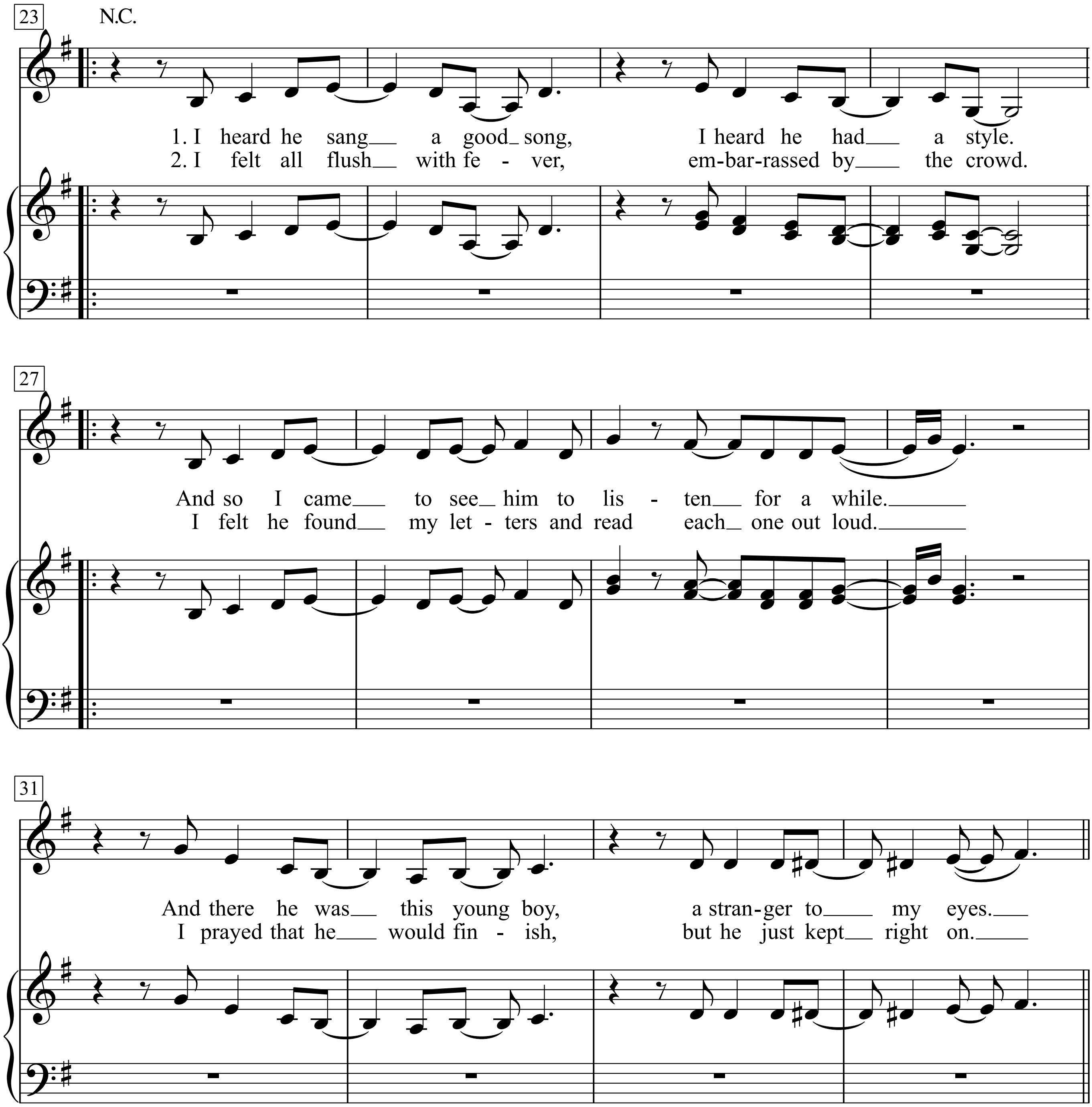
Killing me softly

Words by Norman Gimbel

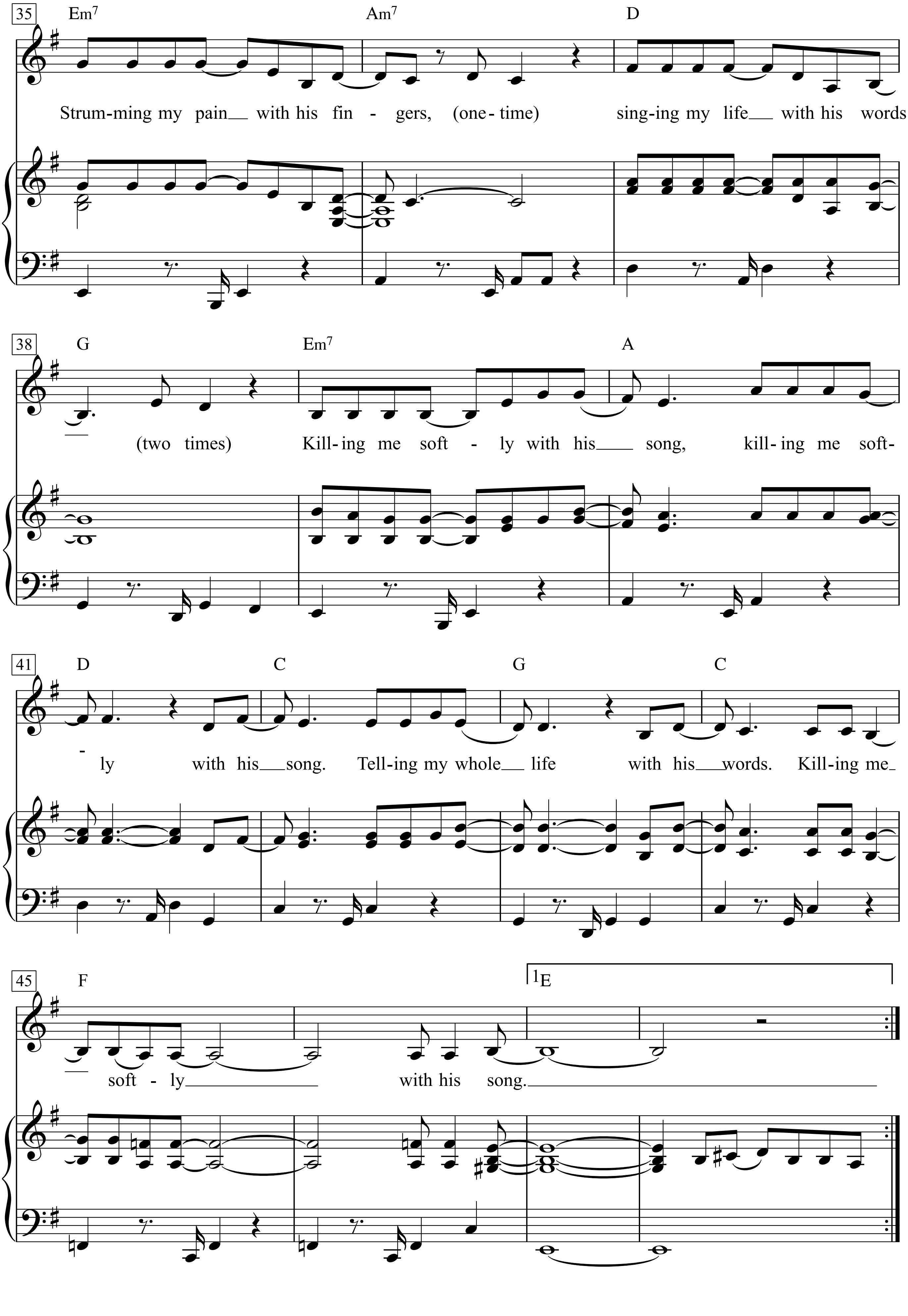
Music by Charles Fox
(Fugees; Roberta Flack)

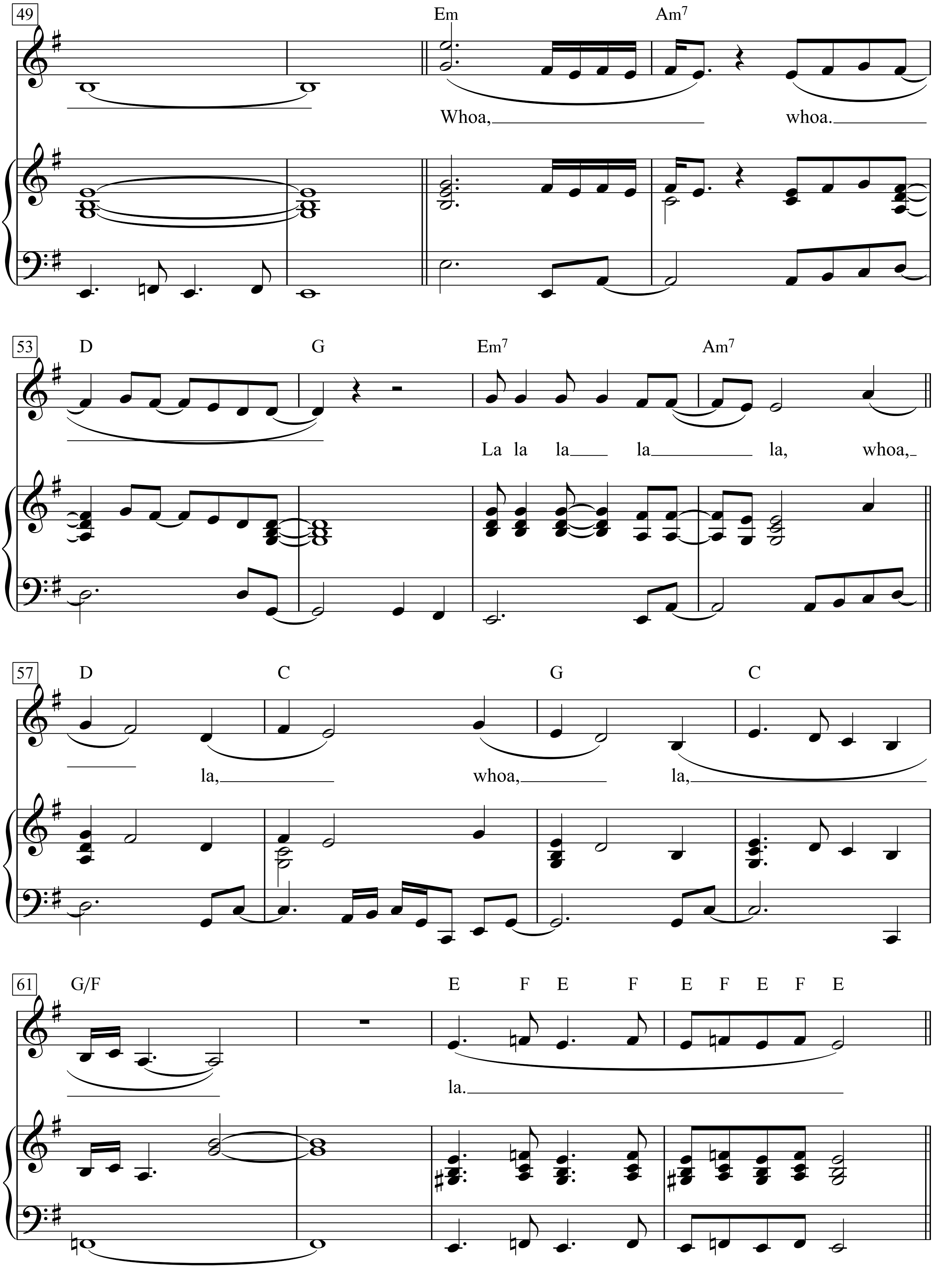


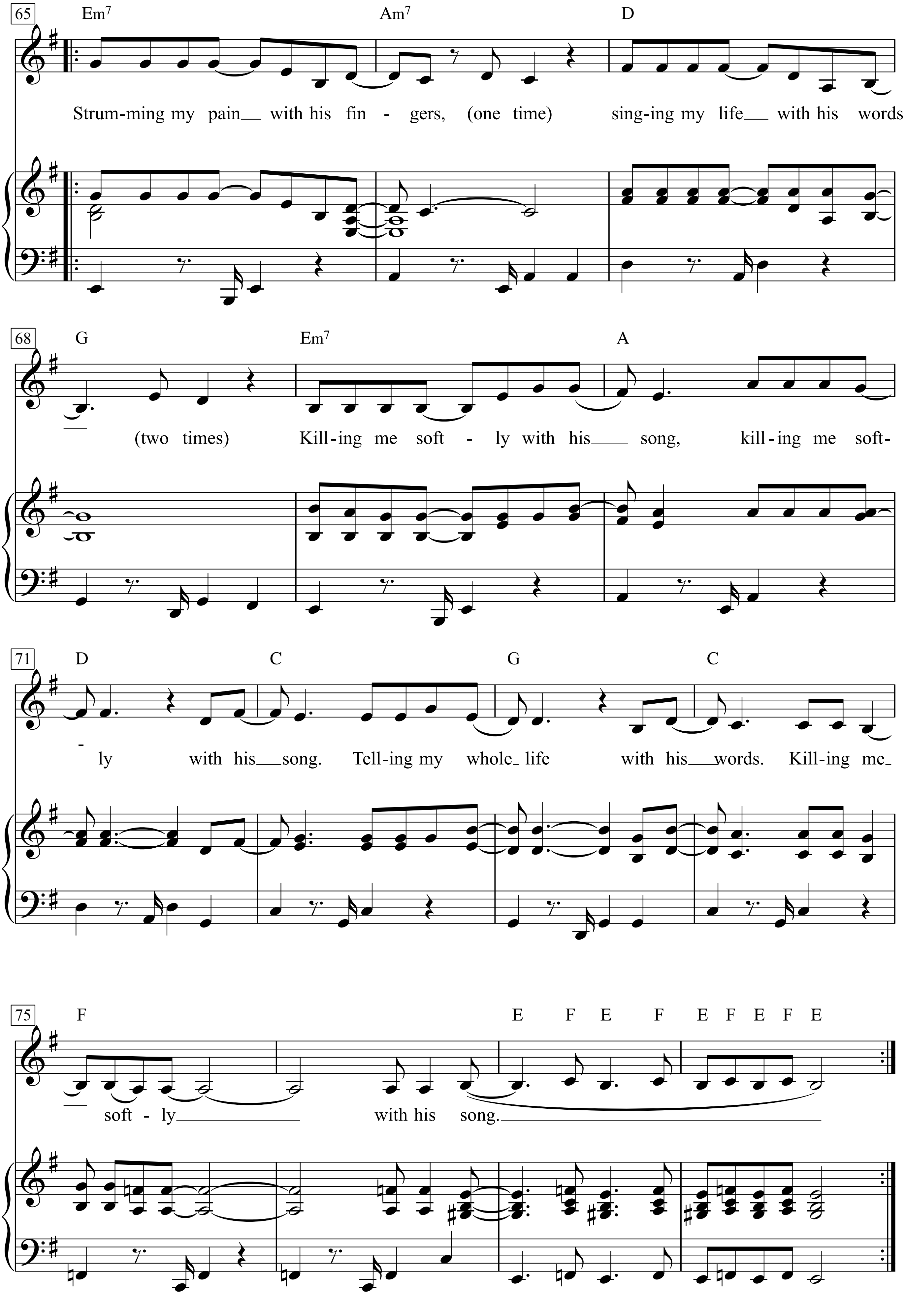

11
F
E
— soft - ly with his song.
15
N.C.
Ooh, do do do do do.
19
Ooh, do do do. Ooh.


23
N.C.
1. I heard he sang a good song, I heard he had a style.
2. I felt all flush with fe - ver, em-bar-rassed by the crowd.
27
And so I came to see him to lis - ten for a while.
I felt he found my let - ters and read each one out loud.
31
And there he was this young boy, a stran-ger to my eyes.
I prayed that he would fin - ish, but he just kept right on.

Chorus


35
Em7
Am7
D
Strum-ming my pain with his fin - gers, (one - time) sing-ing my life with his words.
38
G
Em7
A
(two times) Kill-ing me soft - ly with his song, kill-ing me soft-
41
D
C
G
C
- ly with his song. Tell-ing my whole life with his words. Kill-ing me
45
F
1E
soft - ly with his song.


49
Em
Am7
Whoa,
whoa.
53
D
G
Em7
Am7
La la la la la, whoa,
57
D
C
G
C
la,
whoa,
la,
61
G/F
E F E F E F E F E
la.


65
Em7
Am7
D
Strum-ming my pain with his fin - gers, (one time) sing-ing my life with his words.
68
G
Em7
A
(two times) Kill-ing me soft - ly with his song, kill-ing me soft-
71
D
C
G
C
- ly with his song. Tell-ing my whole life with his words. Kill-ing me
75
F
E F E F E F E F E
soft - ly with his song.

Chorus:
Strumming my pain with his fingers,
singing my life with his words.
Killing me softly with his song,
killing me softly with his song.
Telling my whole life with his words.
Killing me softly with his song.
Ooh, do do do do do.
Ooh, do do do. Ooh.

1. I heard he sang a good song,
I heard he had a style.
And so I came to see him to listen for a while.
And there he was this young boy,
a stranger to my eyes.

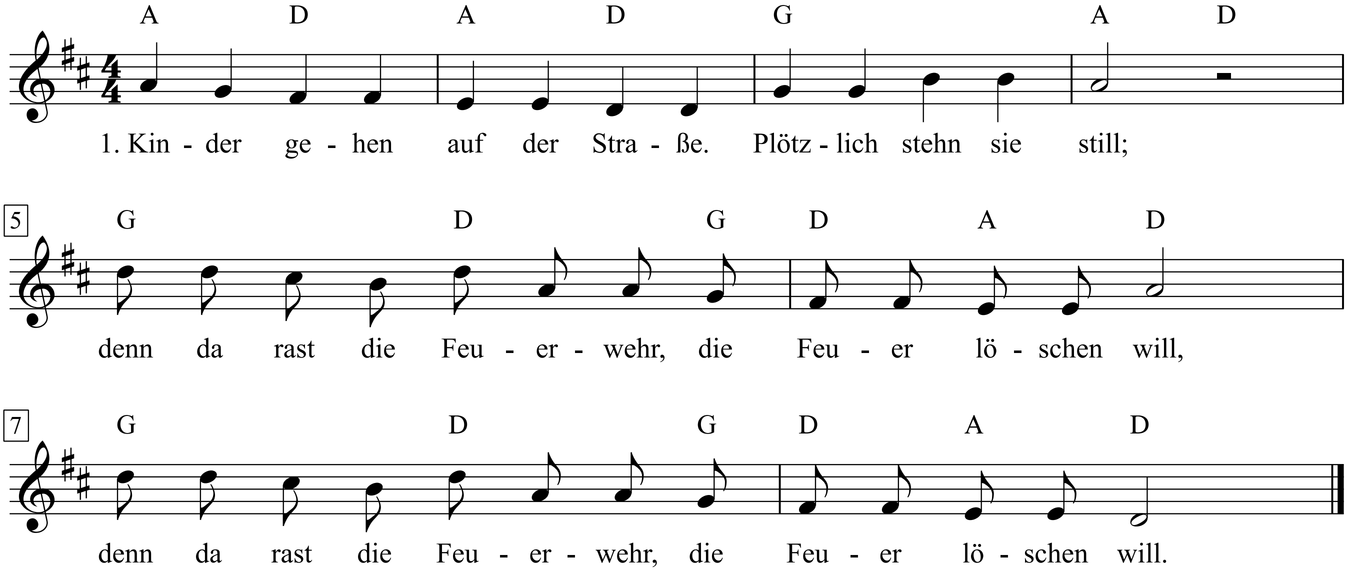
Chorus:
Strumming my pain with his fingers, (one time)
singing my life with his words. (two times)
Killing me softly with his song,
killing me softly with his song.
Telling my whole life with his words.
Killing me softly with his song.

2. I felt all flush with fever,
embarrassed by the crowd.
I felt he found my letters
and read each one out loud.
I prayed that he would finish,
but he just kept right on.

Chorus:
Strumming my pain with his fingers, (one time)
singing my life with his words. (two times)
Killing me softly with his song,
killing me softly with his song.
Telling my whole life with his words.
Killing me softly with his song.
Whoa, whoa.La la la la la,
whoa, la, whoa, la, la.

Kinder gehen auf die Straße

Worte & Weise: Gerhard Stahlbaum



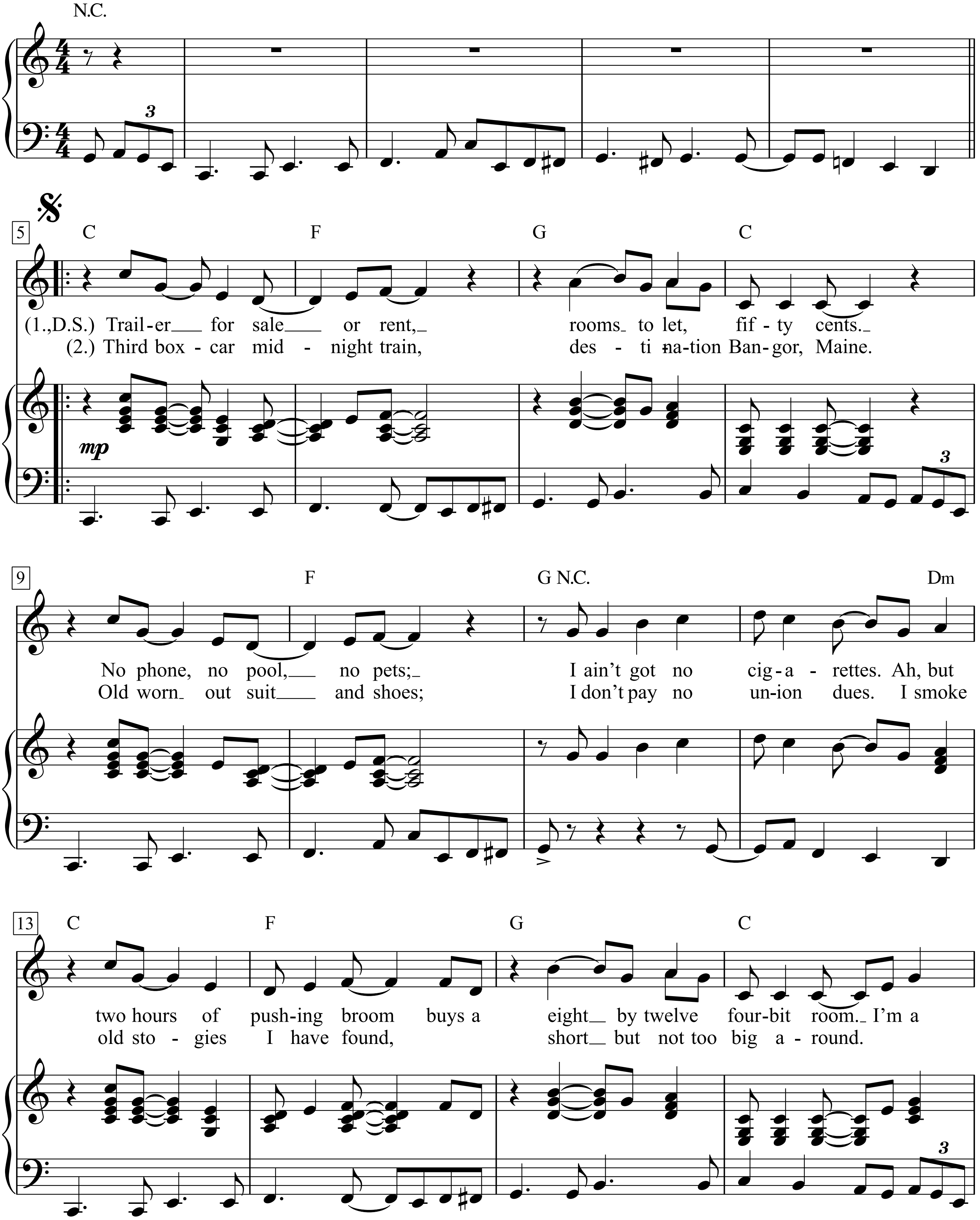
1. Kinder gehen auf der Straße.
Plötzlich stehn sie still;
|: denn da rast die Feuerwehr,
die Feuer löschen will. :|

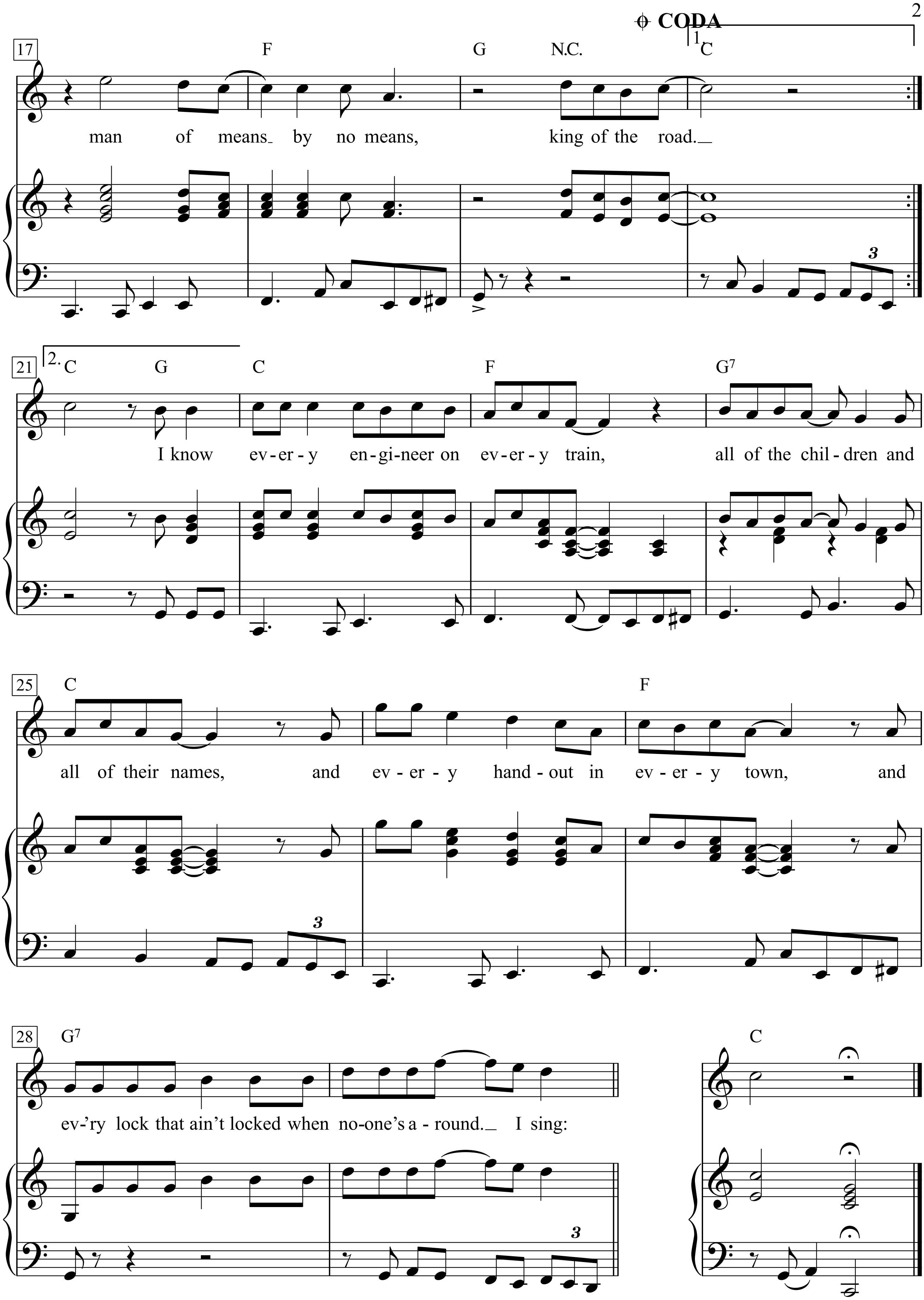
2. Autofahrer müssen bremsen,
Straßenbahn hält an,
|: dass die schnelle Feuerwehr
das Feuer löschen kann. :|

King Of The Road

Words & Music by Roger Miler
(Roger Miller)

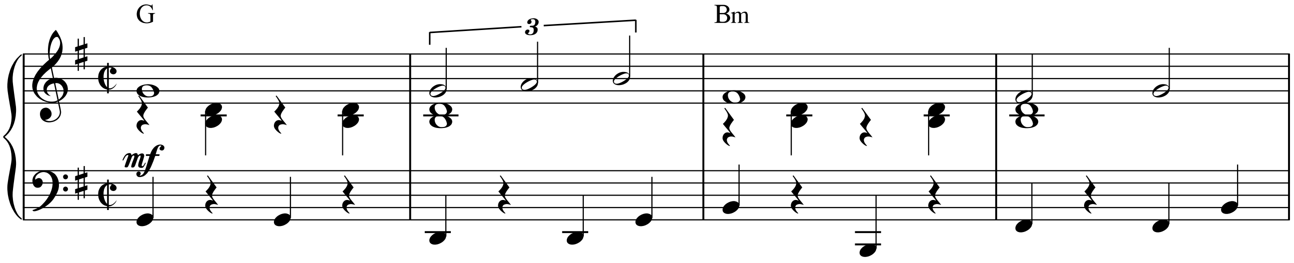
Moderately, with a bounce

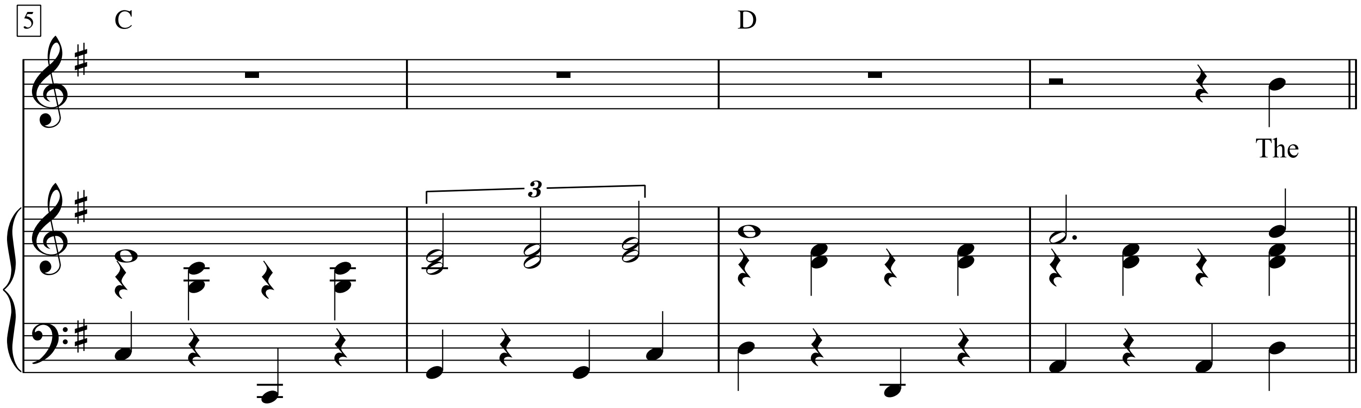


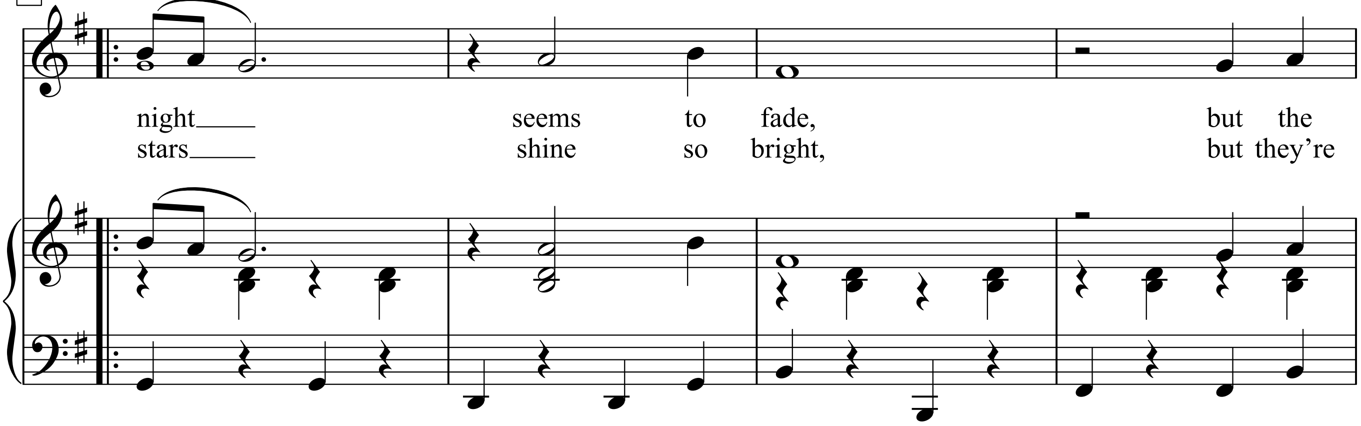

CODA
17
F G N.C. 1. C
man of means by no means, king of the road.
21
2. C G C F G7
I know ev-er-y en-gi-neer on ev-er-y train, all of the chil-dren and
25
C F
all of their names, and ev-er-y hand-out in ev-er-y town, and
28
G7 C
ev-'ry lock that ain't locked when no-one's a-round. I sing:

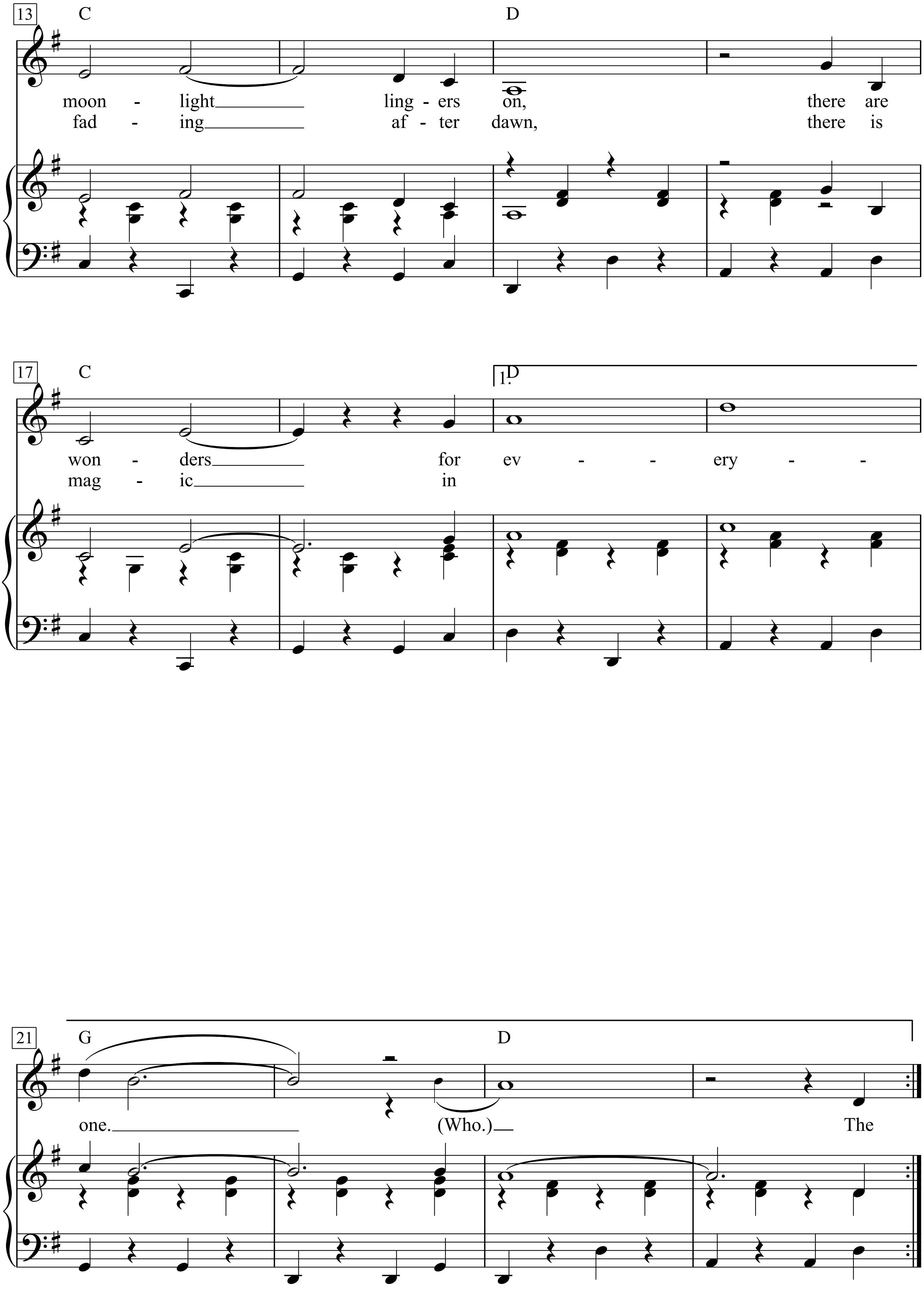
Kingston Town

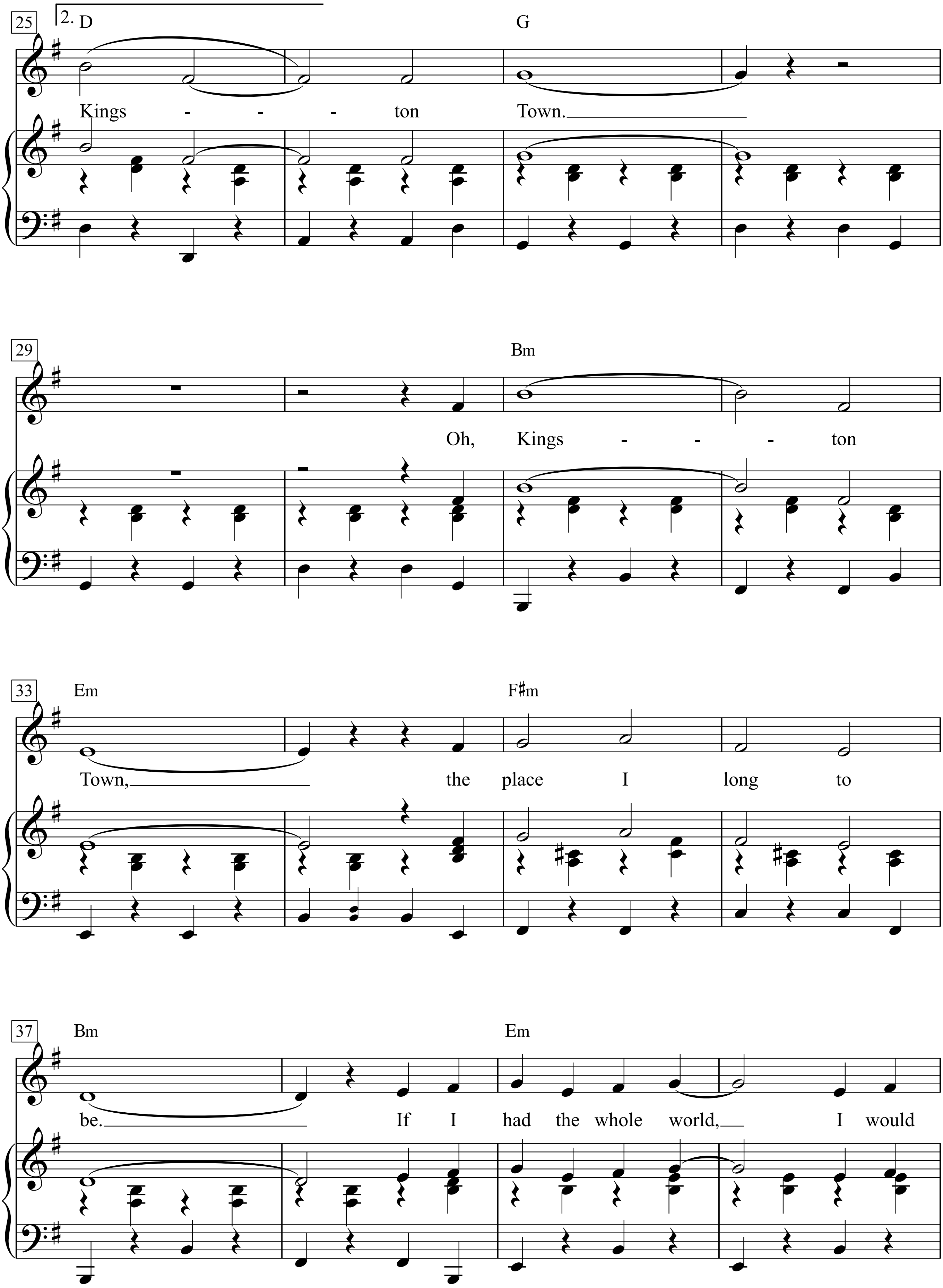
(UB 40)

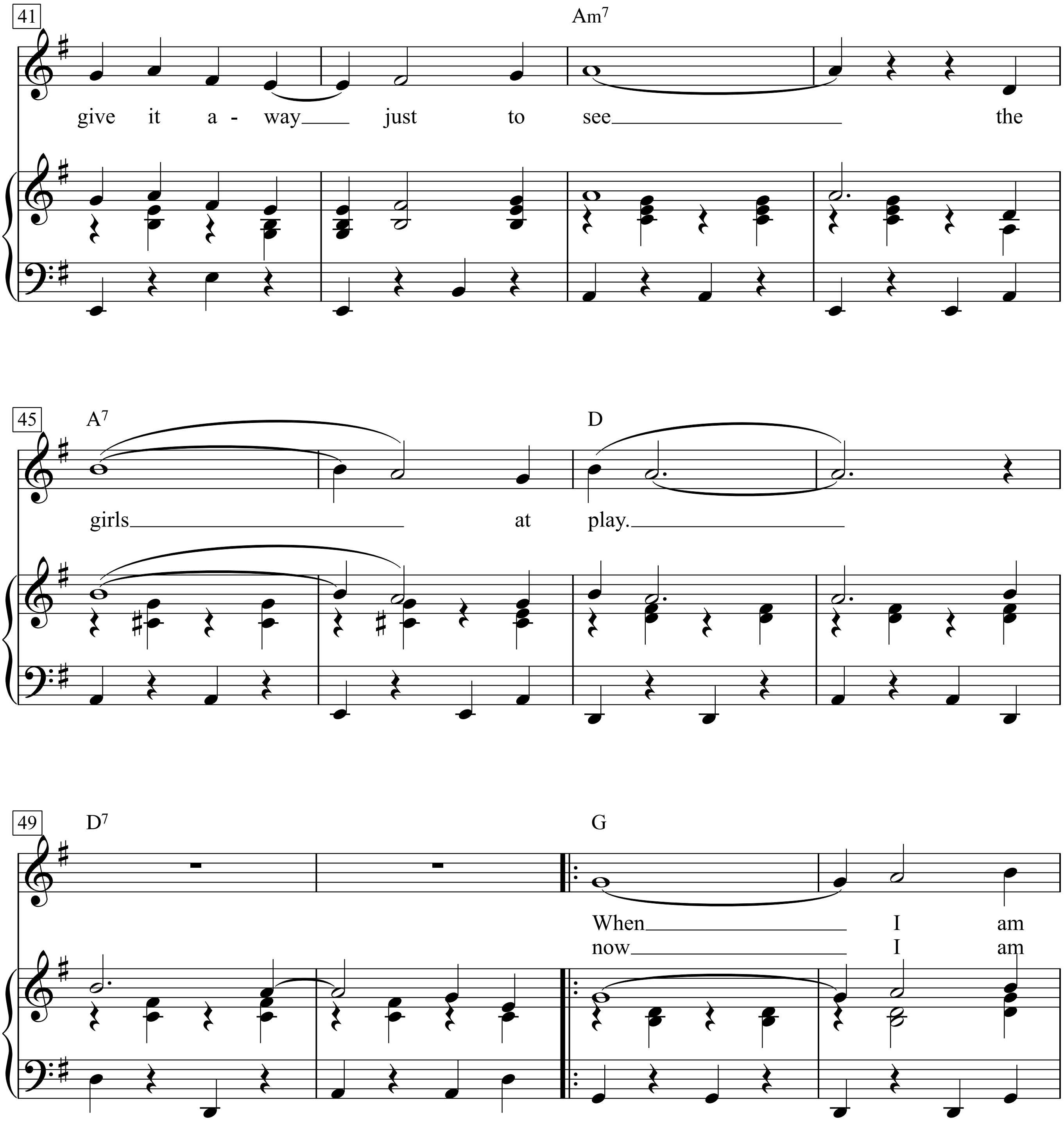


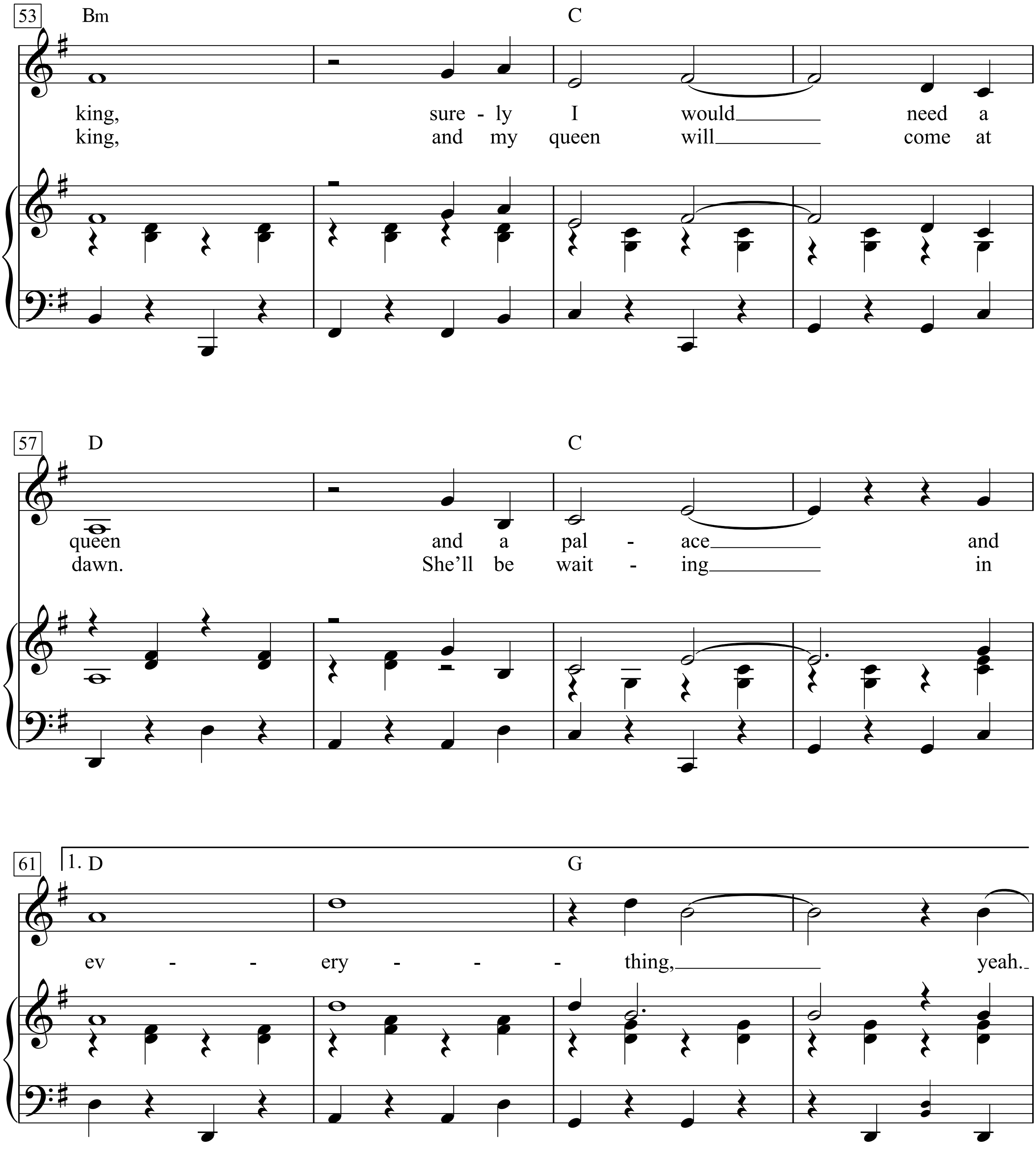


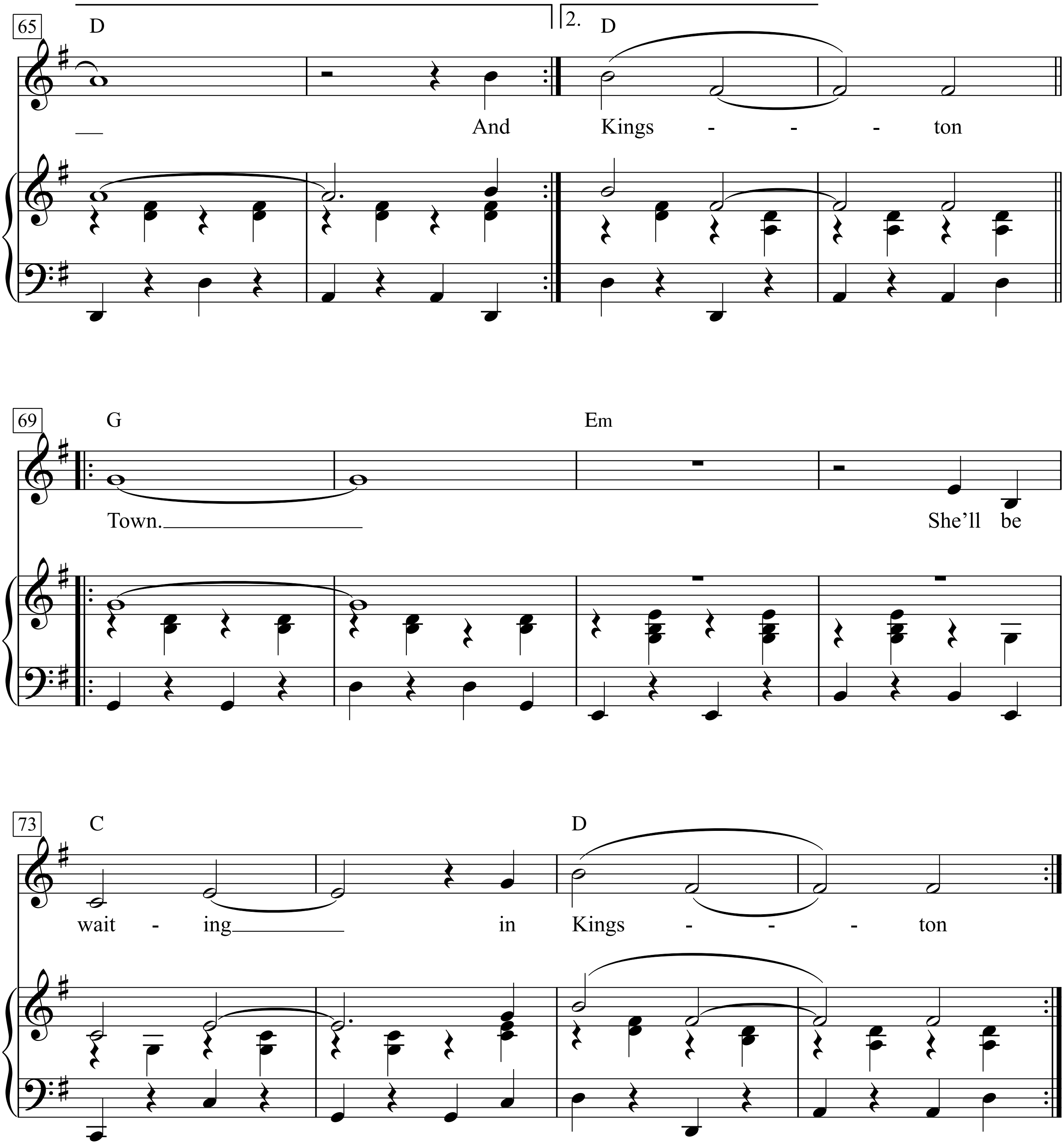



13
C
D
moon - light ling - ers on, there are
fad - ing af - ter dawn, there is
17
C
1.D
won - ders for ev - - ery - -
mag - ic in
21
G
D
one. (Who.) The


25
2.
D
G
Kings - - - ton Town.
29
Bm
Oh, Kings - - - ton
33
Em
F♯m
Town, the place I long to
37
Bm
Em
be. If I had the whole world, I would

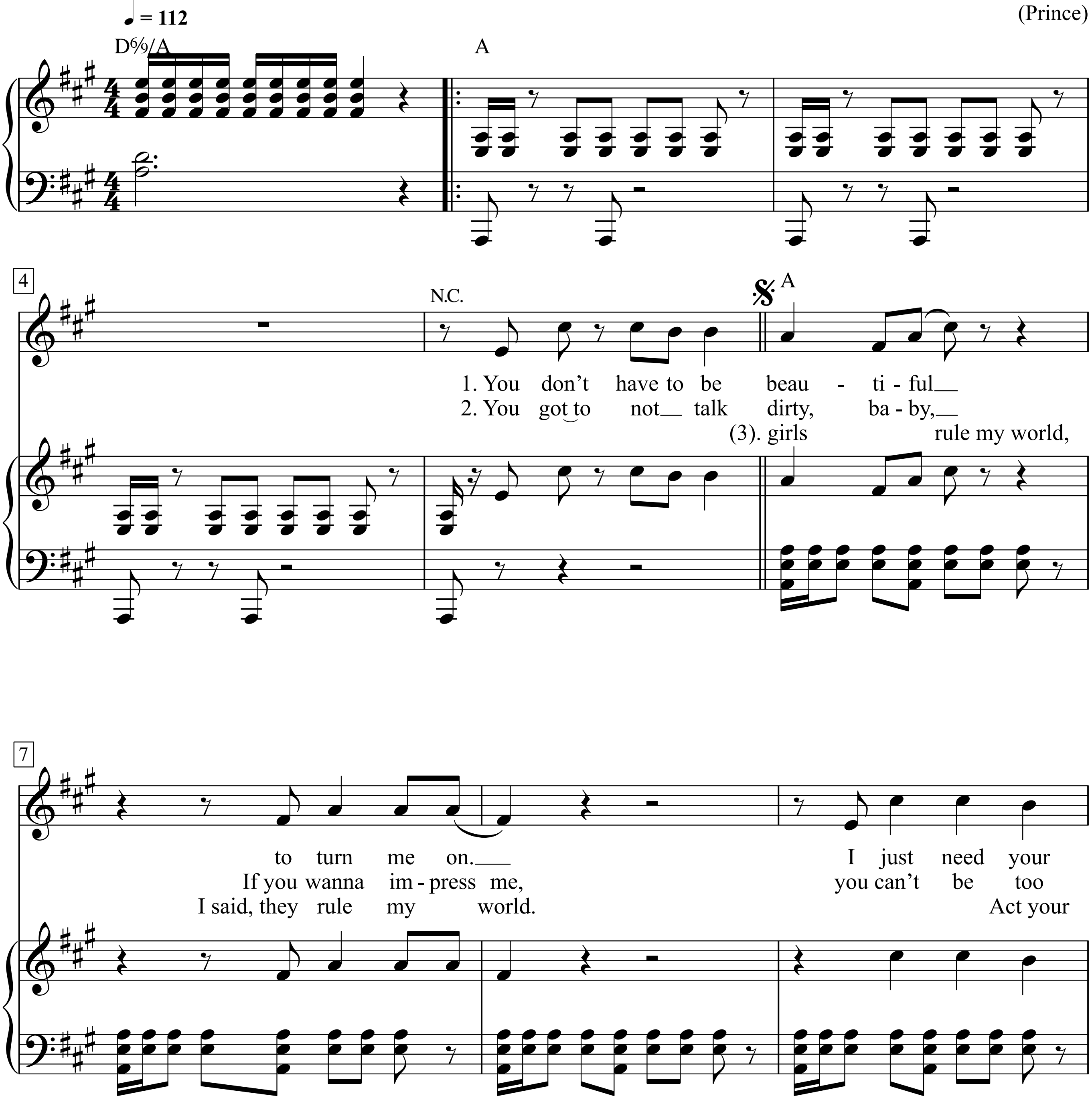

41
Am7
give it a - way just to see the
45
A7
D
girls at play.
49
D7
G
When I am
now I am

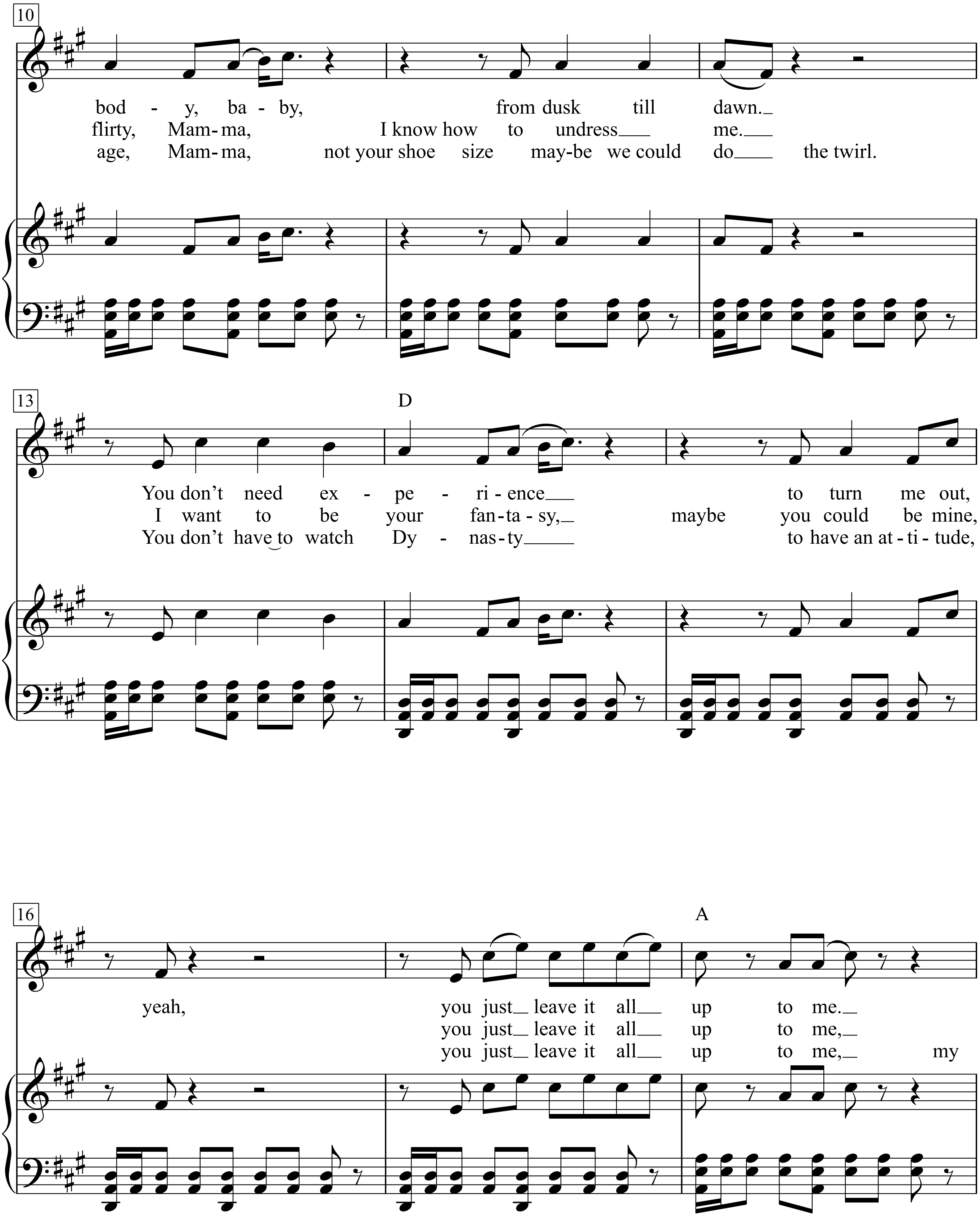

53
Bm
C
king, sure - ly I would need a
king, and my queen will come at
57
D
C
queen and a pal - ace and
dawn. She'll be wait - ing in
61
1. D
G
ev - - ery - - - thing, yeah.

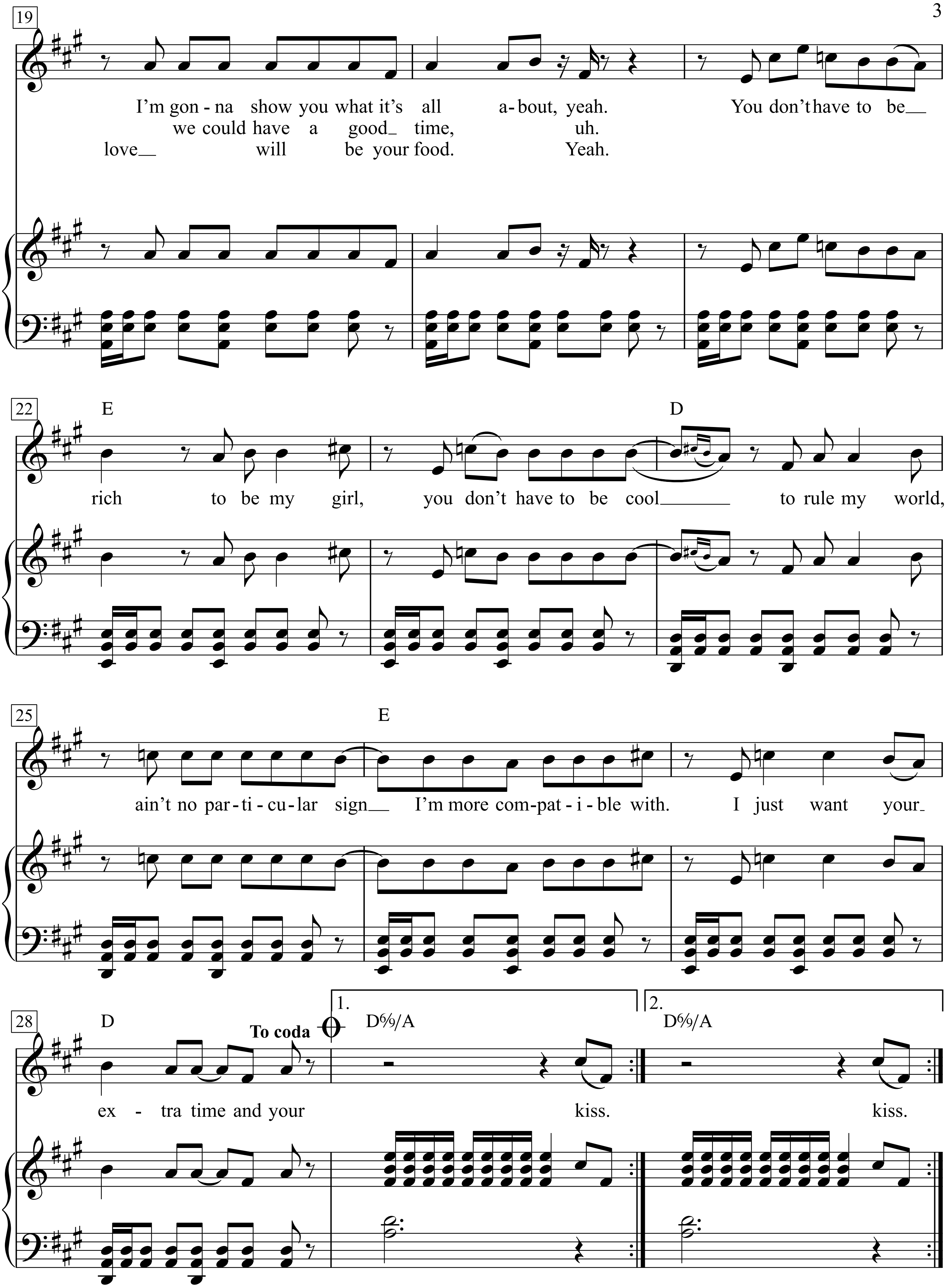

65
D
2.
D
— And Kings - - - ton
69
G
Em
Town. She'll be
73
C
D
wait - ing in Kings - - - ton

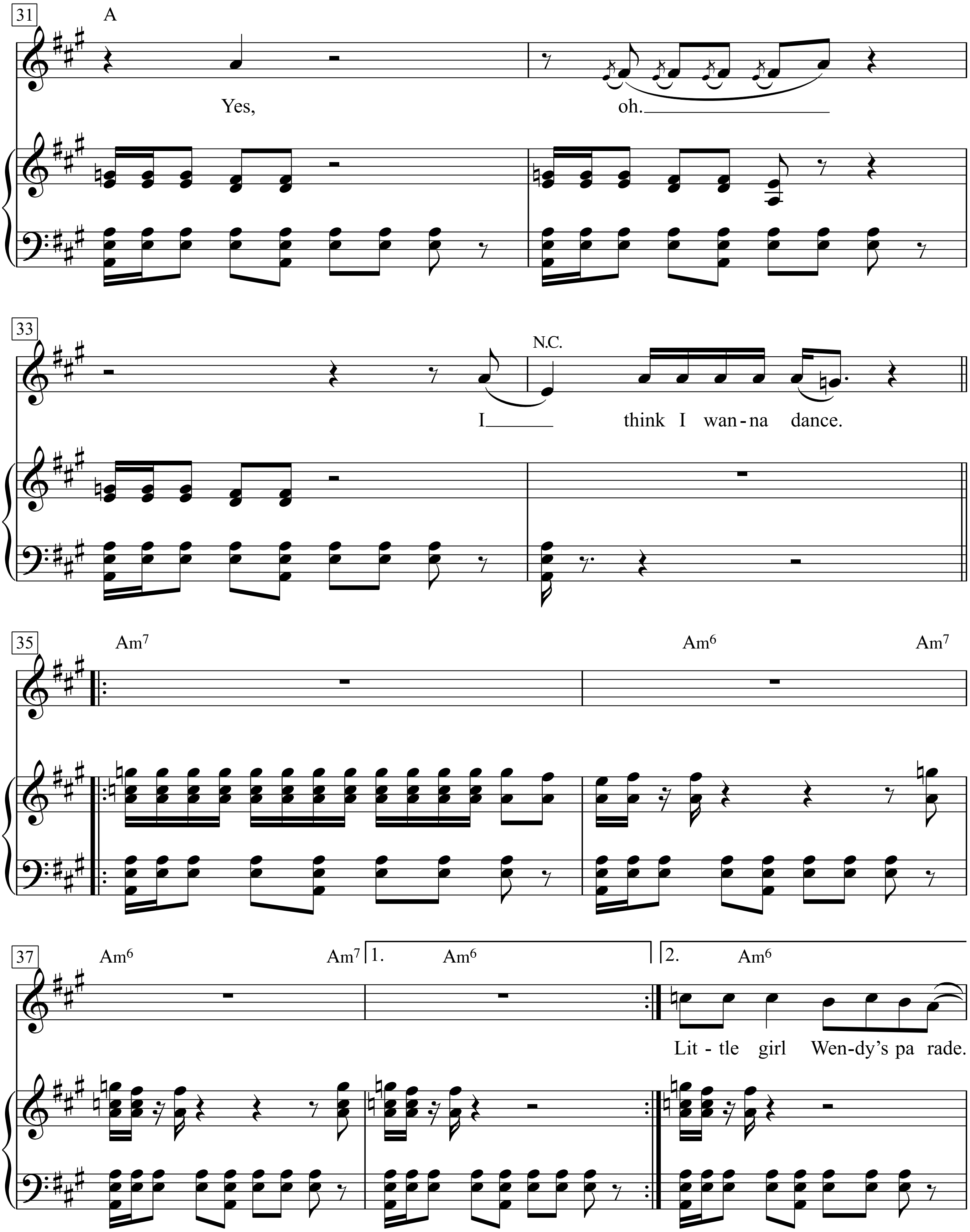
Kiss

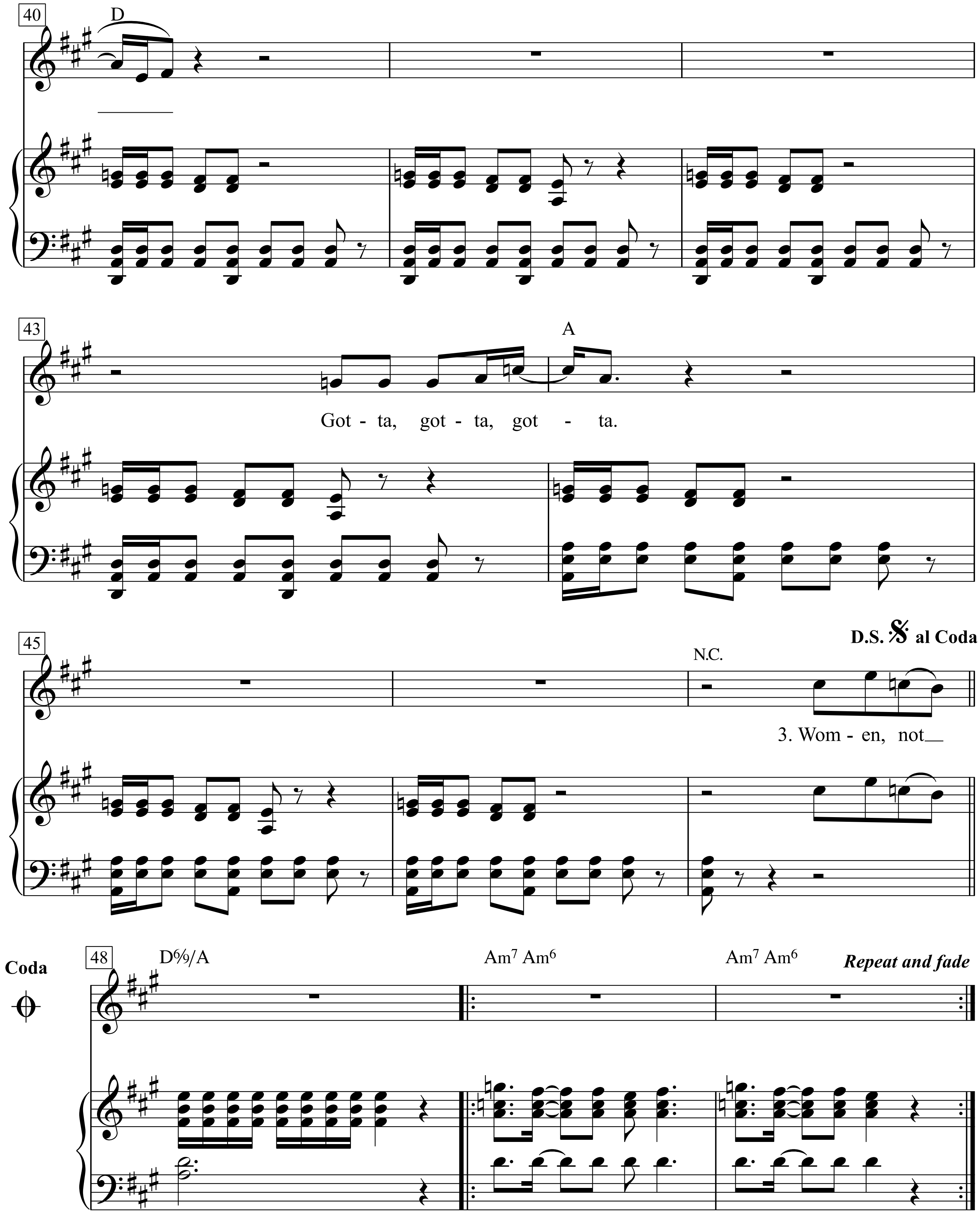
Words & Music by Prince
(Prince)




10
bod - y, ba - by, from dusk till dawn.
flirty, Mam-ma, I know how to undress me.
age, Mam-ma, not your shoe size may-be we could do the twirl.
13
D
You don't need ex - pe - ri - ence to turn me out,
I want to be your fan-ta-sy, maybe you could be mine,
You don't have to watch Dy - nas-ty to have an at-ti-tude,
16
A
yeah, you just leave it all up to me.
you just leave it all up to me,
you just leave it all up to me, my


19
I'm gon - na show you what it's all a - bout, yeah. You don't have to be
we could have a good time, uh.
love will be your food. Yeah.
22
E
D
rich to be my girl, you don't have to be cool to rule my world,
25
E
ain't no par - ti - cu - lar sign I'm more com - pat - i - ble with. I just want your
28
D
To coda
1.
D6/9/A
2.
D6/9/A
ex - tra time and your kiss. kiss.


31
A
Yes,
oh.
33
N.C.
I
think I wan-na dance.
35
Am7
Am6
Am7
37
Am6
Am7
1.
Am6
2.
Am6
Lit - tle girl Wen-dy's pa rade.


40
D
43
A
Got - ta, got - ta, got - ta.
45
N.C.
D.S. 𝄋 al Coda
3. Wom - en, not
Coda
48
D6/9/A
Am7 Am6
Am7 Am6
Repeat and fade

1. You don't have to be beautiful to turn me on.
I just need your body, baby, from dusk till dawn.
You don't need experience to turn me out, yeah,
you just leave it all up to me.
I'm gonna show you what it's all about, yeah.

You don't have to be rich to be my girl,
you don't have to be cool to rule my world.
ain't no particular sign I'm more compatible with.
I just want your extra time and your kiss.

kiss.

Yes, oh. I think I wanna dance.

Little girl Wendy's parade.
Gotta, gotta, gotta.

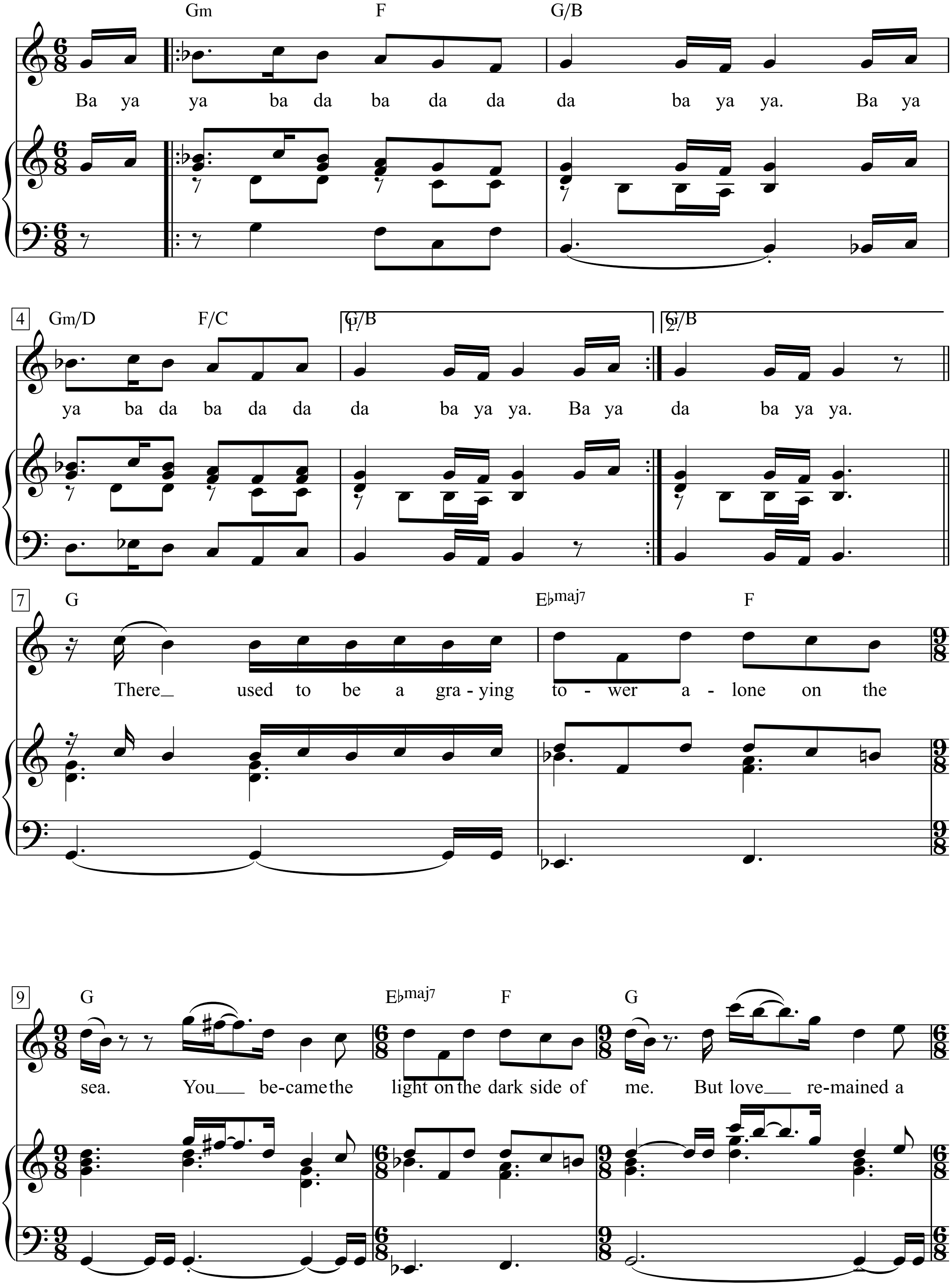
2. You got to not talk dirty, baby,
If you wanna impress me, you can't be too flirty,
Mamma, I know how to undress me.
I want to be your fantasy, maybe you could be mine,
you just leave it all up to me,
we could have a good time, uh.

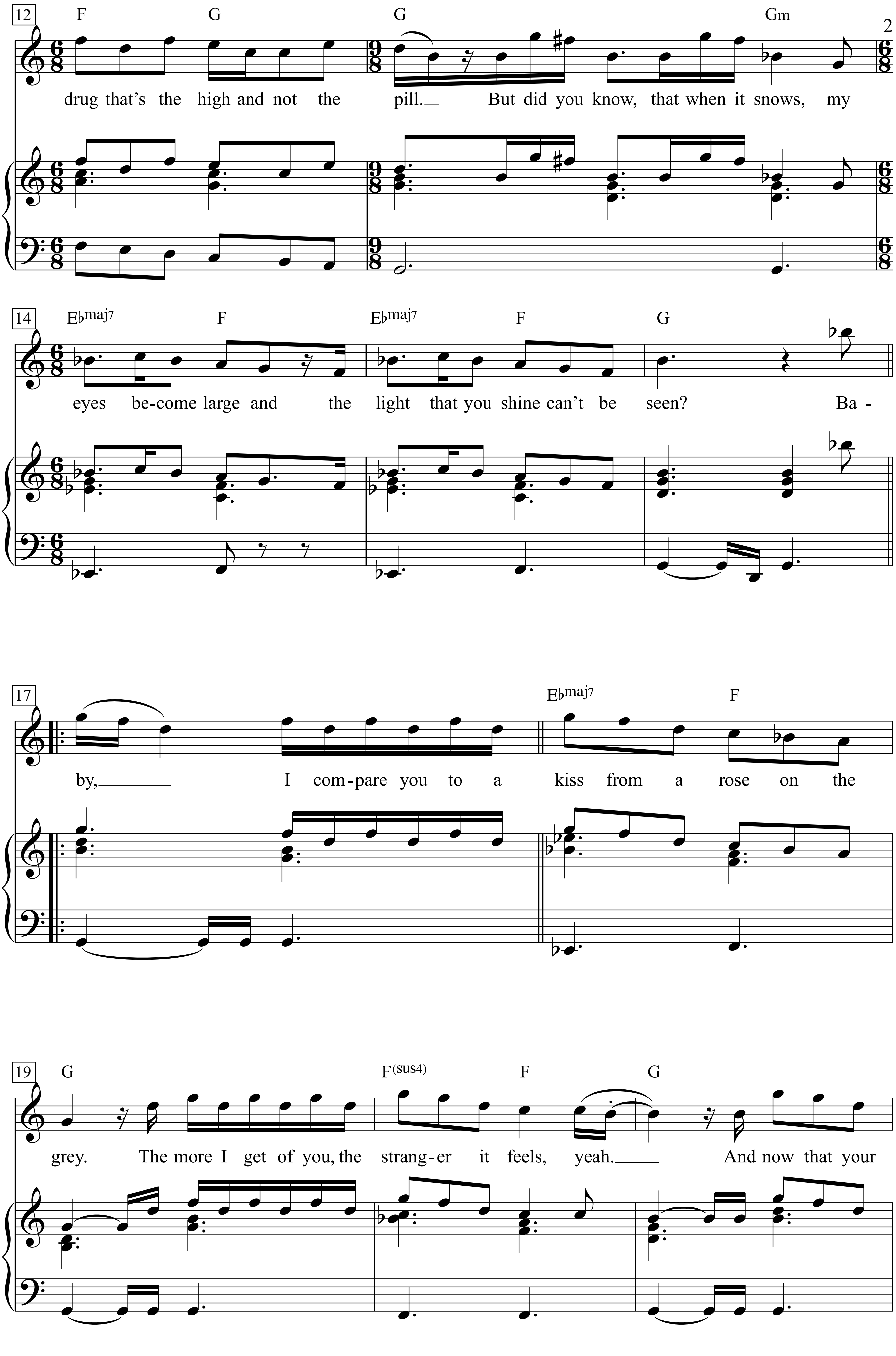
3. Women, not girls rule my world,
I said they rule my world.
Act your age, Mamma,
not your shoe size may-be we could do the twirl.
You don't have to watch Dynasty to have an attitude,
you just leave it all up to me,
my love will be your food. Yeah.

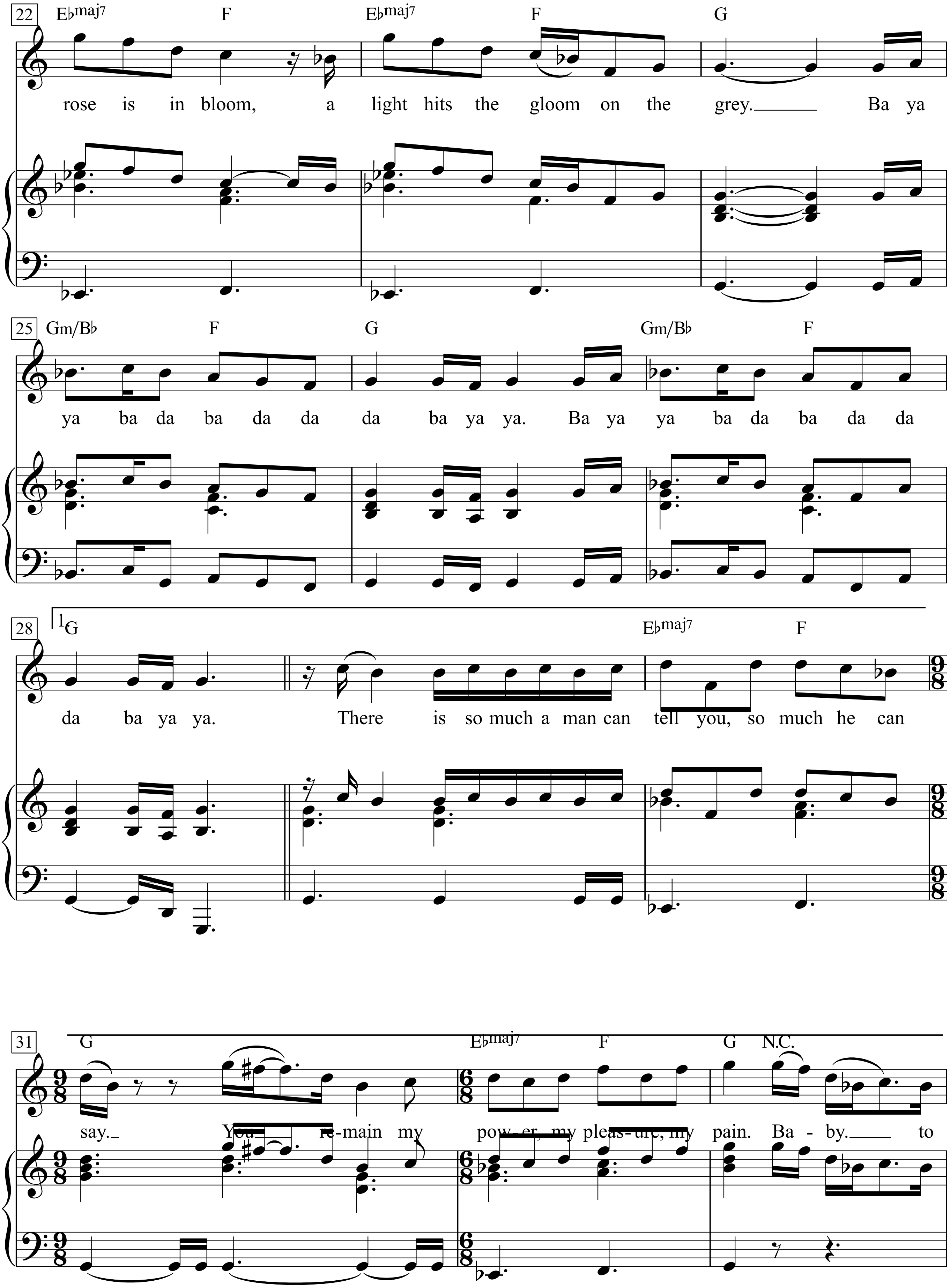
Kiss From A Rose

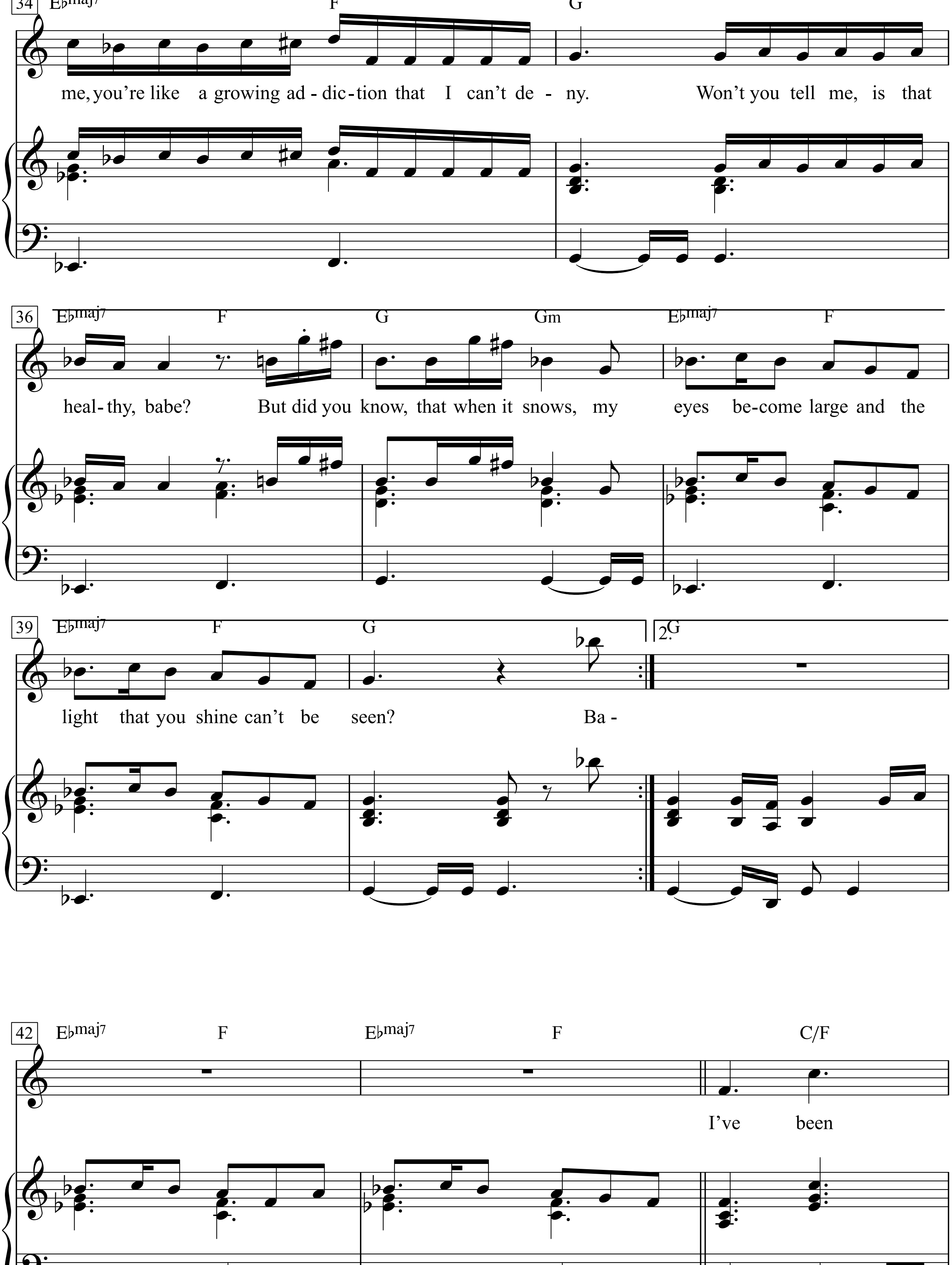
Very Slow 2

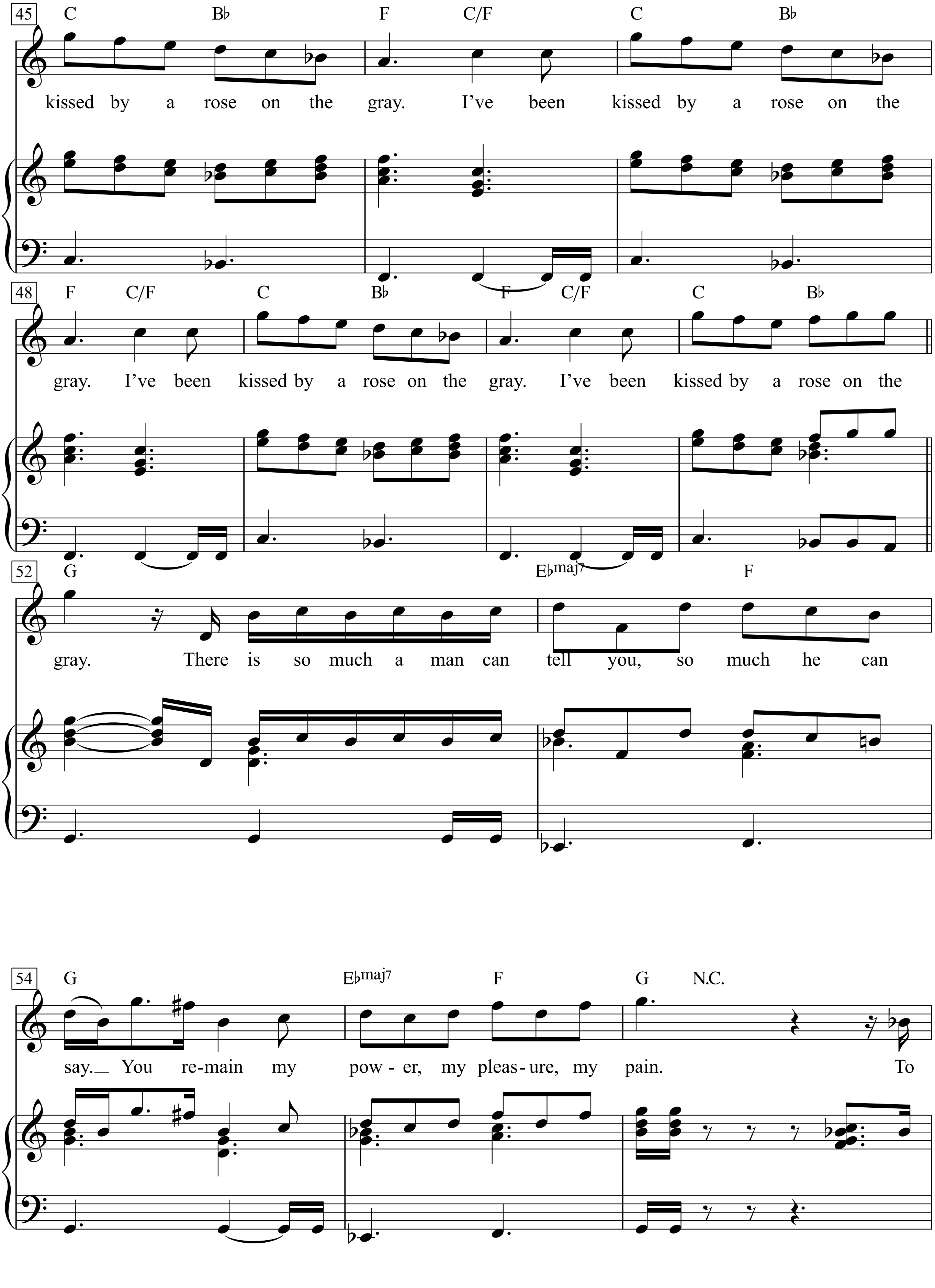
Words & Music by Seal
(Seal)

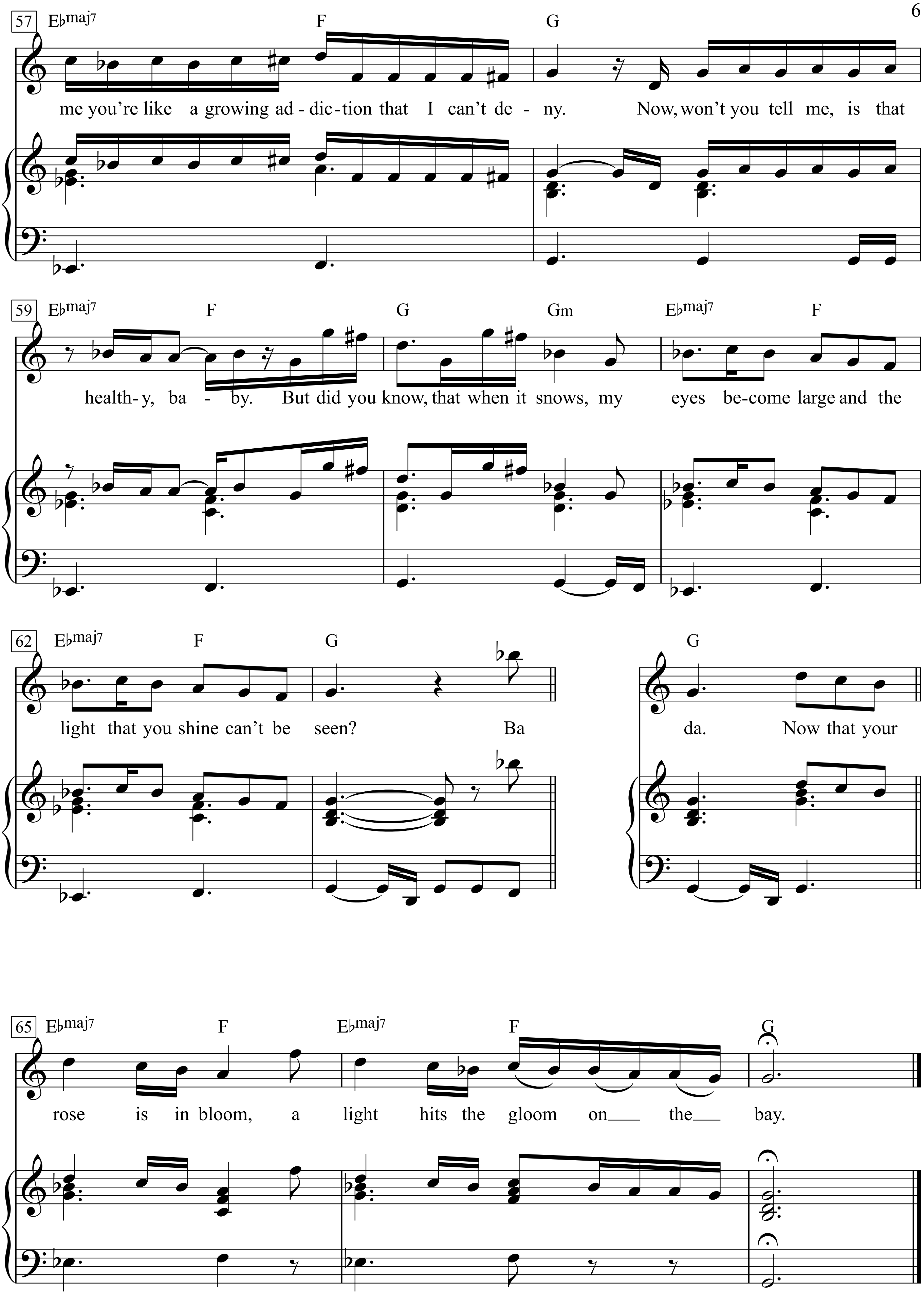



12
F G G Gm
drug that's the high and not the pill.__ But did you know, that when it snows, my
14
E♭maj7 F E♭maj7 F G
eyes be-come large and the light that you shine can't be seen? Ba -
17
E♭maj7 F
by,____ I com-pare you to a kiss from a rose on the
19
G F(sus4) F G
grey. The more I get of you, the strang-er it feels, yeah.____ And now that your


22
E♭maj7 F E♭maj7 F G
rose is in bloom, a light hits the gloom on the grey. Ba ya
25
Gm/B♭ F G Gm/B♭ F
ya ba da ba da da da ba ya ya. Ba ya ya ba da ba da da
28
1.G E♭maj7 F
da ba ya ya. There is so much a man can tell you, so much he can
31
G E♭maj7 F G N.C.
say. You re-main my pow-er, my pleas-ure, my pain. Ba - by. to


34
E♭maj7 F G
me, you're like a growing ad - dic - tion that I can't de - ny. Won't you tell me, is that
36
E♭maj7 F G Gm E♭maj7 F
heal - thy, babe? But did you know, that when it snows, my eyes be - come large and the
39
E♭maj7 F G 2.G
light that you shine can't be seen? Ba -
42
E♭maj7 F E♭maj7 F C/F
I've been

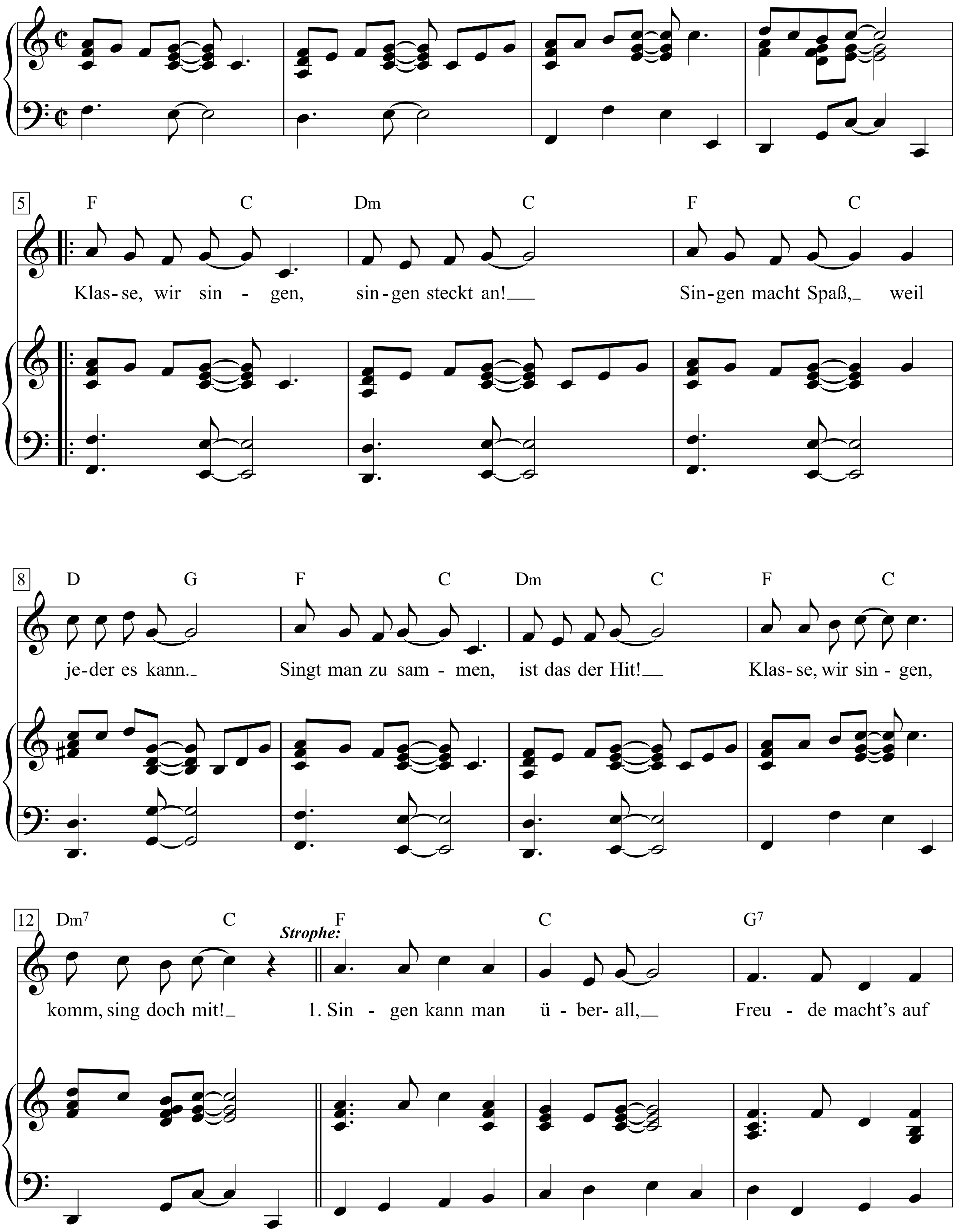

45
C Bb F C/F C Bb
kissed by a rose on the gray. I've been kissed by a rose on the
48
F C/F C Bb F C/F C Bb
gray. I've been kissed by a rose on the gray. I've been kissed by a rose on the
52
G Ebmaj7 F
gray. There is so much a man can tell you, so much he can
54
G Ebmaj7 F G N.C.
say._ You re-main my pow-er, my pleas-ure, my pain. To

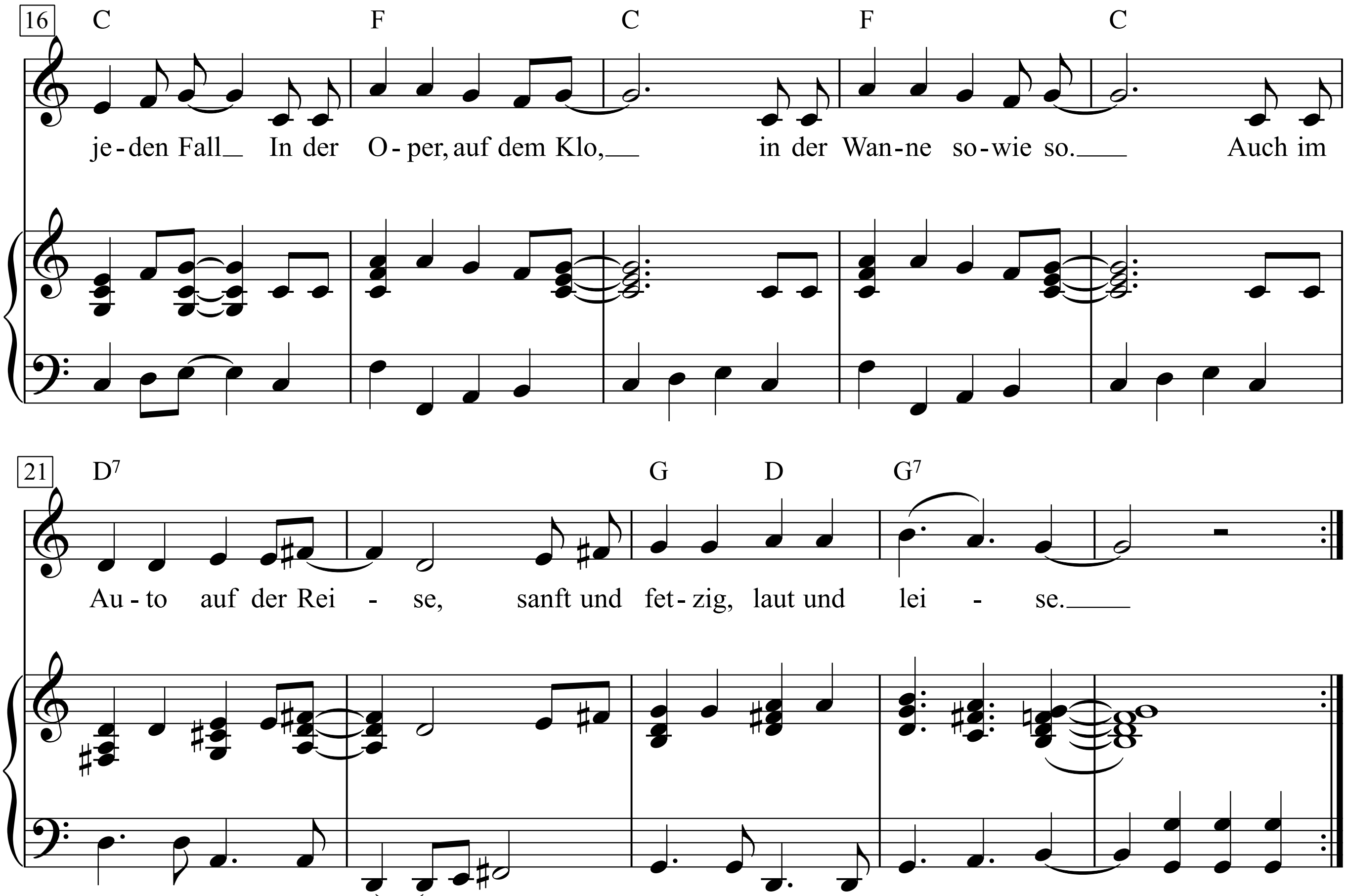

57
E♭maj7 F G
me you're like a growing ad - dic - tion that I can't de - ny. Now, won't you tell me, is that
59
E♭maj7 F G Gm E♭maj7 F
health - y, ba - by. But did you know, that when it snows, my eyes be - come large and the
62
E♭maj7 F G G
light that you shine can't be seen? Ba da. Now that your
65
E♭maj7 F E♭maj7 F G
rose is in bloom, a light hits the gloom on the bay.

Klasse, wir singen

Brigitte Antes

Musik & Satz: Gerd-Peter Münden





Klasse, wir singen, singen steckt an!
Singen macht Spaß, weil jeder es kann.
Singt man zusammen, ist das der Hit!
Klasse, wir singen, komm, sing doch mit!

1. Singen kann man überall, Freude macht's auf jeden Fall.
In der Oper, auf dem Klo, in der Wanne sowieso.
Auch im Auto auf der Reise, sanft und fetzig, laut und leise.
Klasse, wir singen ...

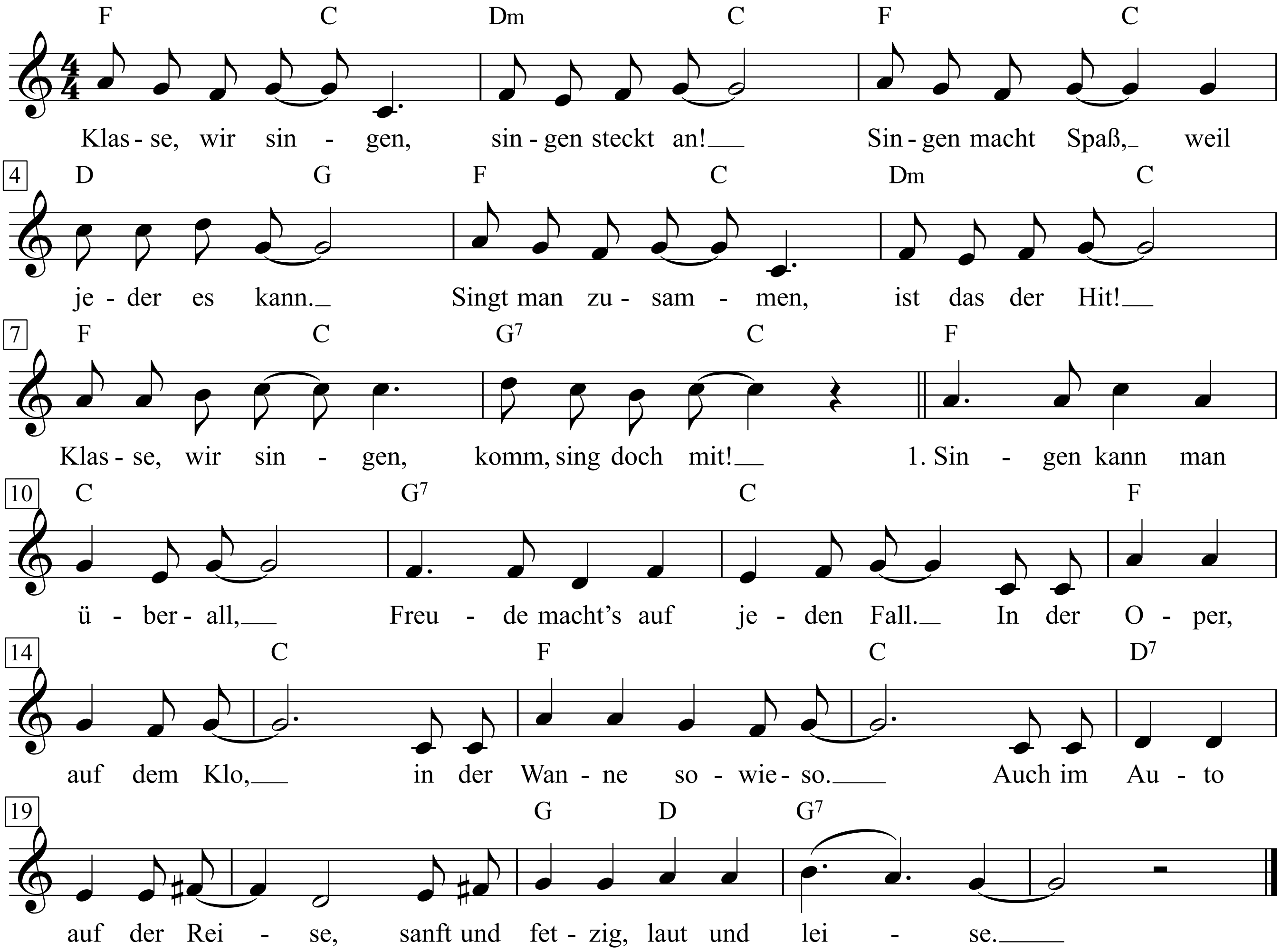
2. Wenn man einmal traurig ist, weil das Leben launisch ist,
wenn nicht alles uns gelingt, leichter wird es, wenn man singt.
Hey, wenn wir zusammen singen, wird das noch viel besser klingen!
Klasse, wir singen ...

3. Schön ist es, allein zu sein, schöner aber ist's zu Zwei'n.
Kommen noch ein paar dazu, ist das schon ein Chor, juchu!
Singt man seine Lieblingslieder, kommt die gute Laune wieder.
Klasse, wir singen ...

4. Manchen fällt das Singen schwer, ach, es muss ein Virus her,
der ganz heimlich, ungeniert, auch den Letzten infiziert!
Dann entsteht, ganz auf die Schnelle, eine große Singewelle!
Klasse, wir singen ...

Klasse, wir singen!

Brigitte Antes
Gerd-Peter Münden



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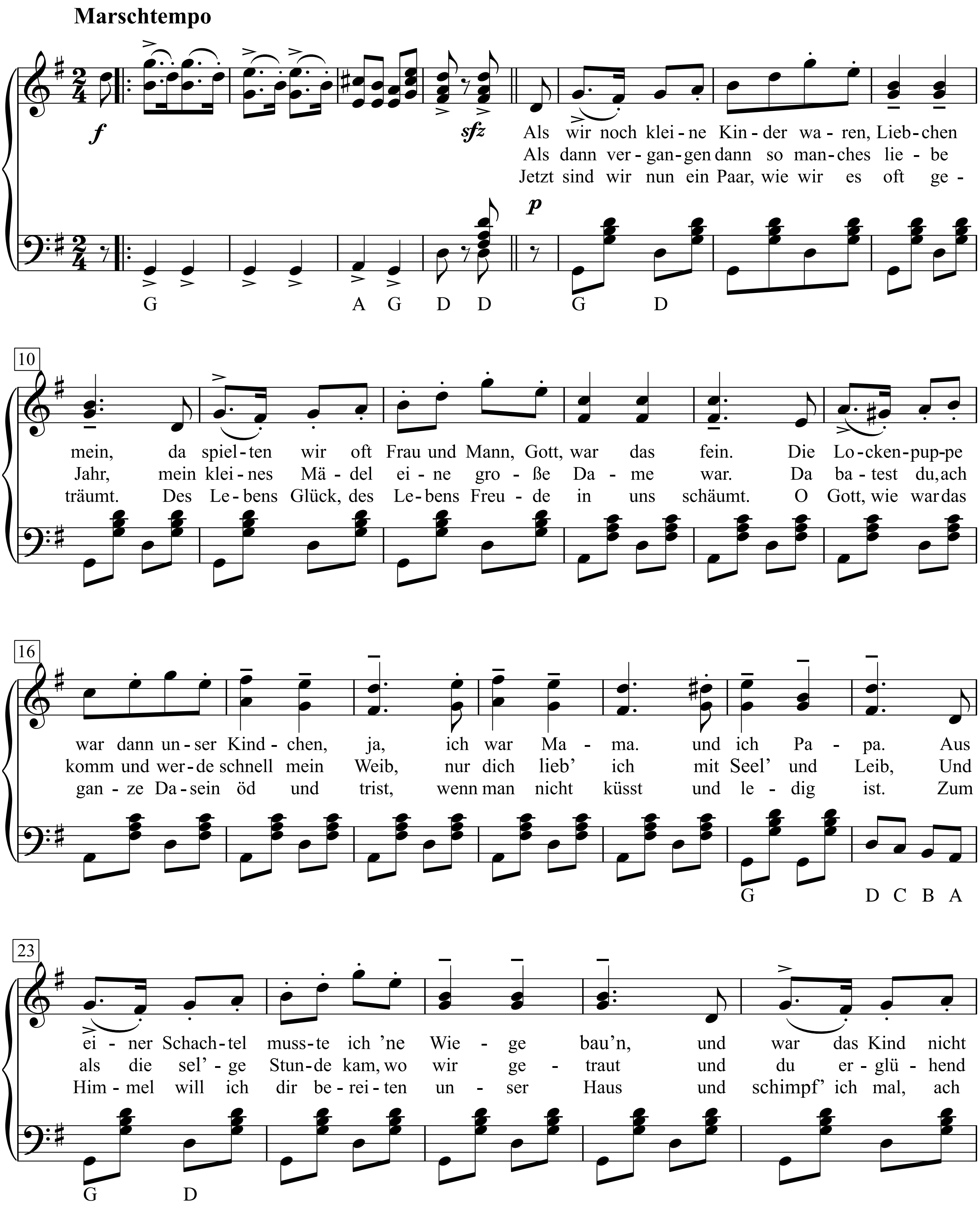
Klasse, wir singen ...

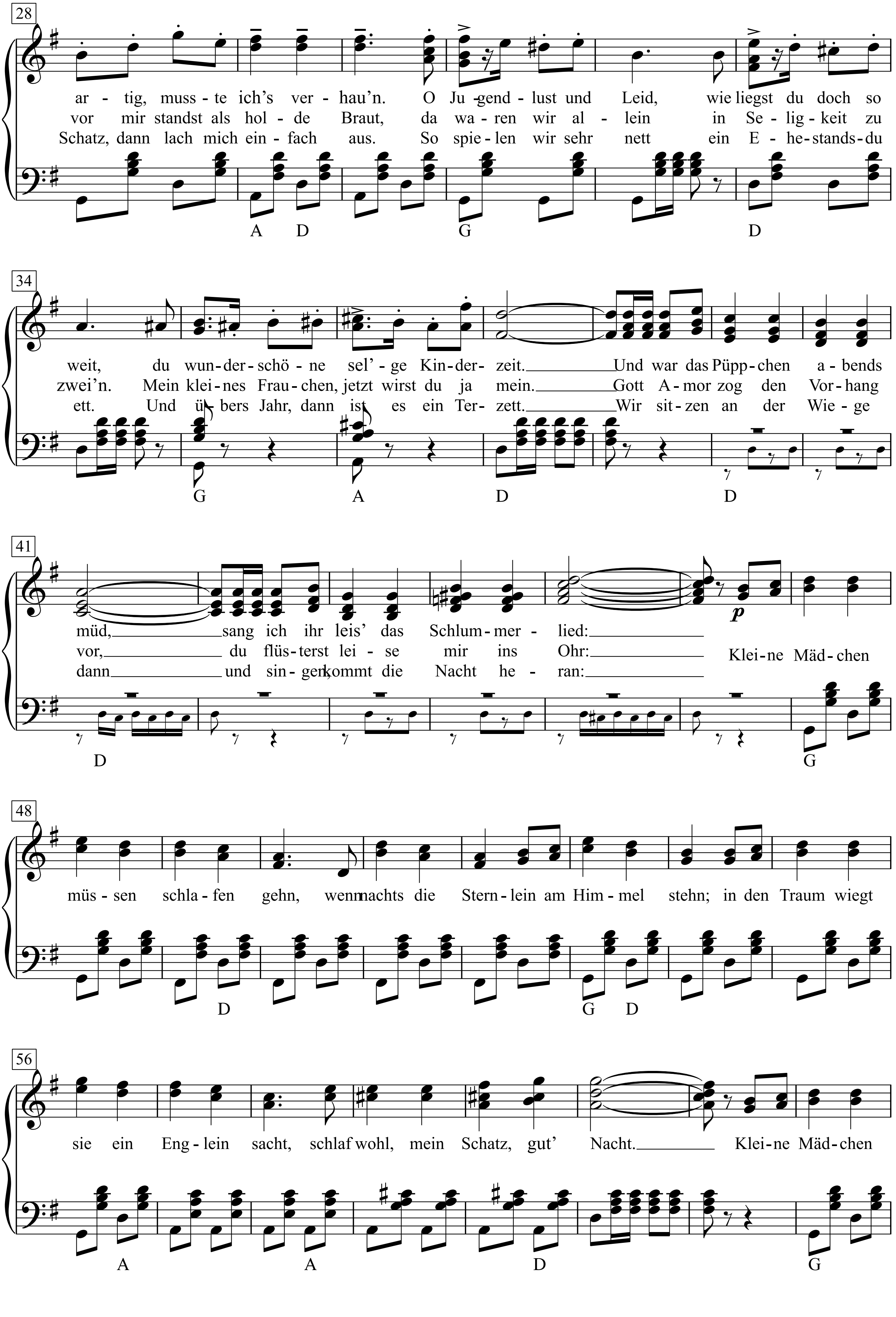
Kleine Mädchen müssen schlafen gehn

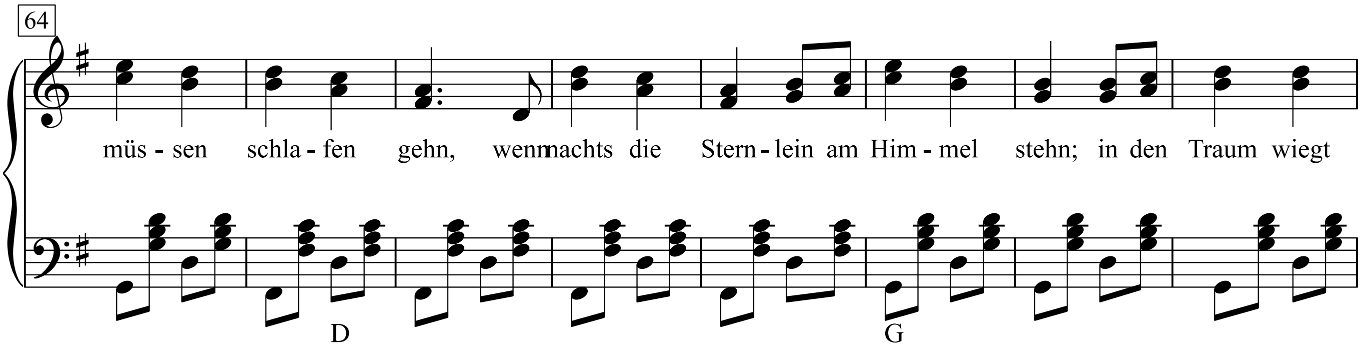
Marschduett aus der Posse ;„Der Juxbaron"
von Herman Haller und Gerh. Pordes-Milo

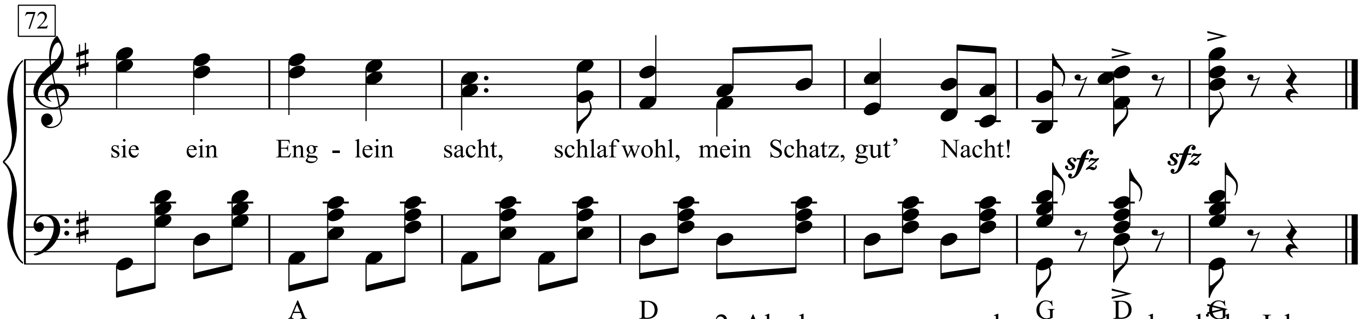
Worte: Willi Wolff, Herman Haller und Gerh. Pordes-Milo

Musik: Walter Kollo
Für Akkordeon bearb.: Hans Georg Schütz




28
ar - tig, muss - te ich's ver - hau'n. O Ju - gend - lust und Leid, wie liegst du doch so
vor mir standst als hol - de Braut, da wa - ren wir al - lein in Se - lig - keit zu
Schatz, dann lach mich ein - fach aus. So spie - len wir sehr nett ein E - he - stands - du
A D G D
34
weit, du wun - der - schö - ne sel' - ge Kin - der - zeit. Und war das Püpp - chen a - bends
zwei'n. Mein klei - nes Frau - chen, jetzt wirst du ja mein. Gott A - mor zog den Vor - hang
ett. Und ü - bers Jahr, dann ist es ein Ter - zett. Wir sit - zen an der Wie - ge
G A D D
41
müd, sang ich ihr leis' das Schlum - mer - lied:
vor, du flüs - terst lei - se mir ins Ohr:
dann und sin - gen, kommt die Nacht he - ran:
p
Klei - ne Mäd - chen
D G
48
müs - sen schla - fen gehn, wenn nachts die Stern - lein am Him - mel stehn; in den Traum wiegt
D G D
56
sie ein Eng - lein sacht, schlaf wohl, mein Schatz, gut' Nacht. Klei - ne Mäd - chen
A A D G





1. Als wir noch kleine Kinder waren, Liebchen mein,
da spielten wir oft Frau und Mann, Gott, war das fein.
Die Lockenpuppe war dann unser Kindchen, ja,
ich war Mama. und ich Papa.
Aus einer Schachtel musste ich 'ne Wiege bau'n,
und war das Kind nicht artig, musste ich's verhau'n.
O Jugendlust und Leid, wie liegst du doch so weit,
du wunderschöne sel'ge Kinderzeit.
Und war das Püppchen abends müd,
sang ich ihr leis' das Schlummerlied:

Kleine Mädchen müssen schlafen gehn,
wenn nachts die Sternlein am Himmel stehn;
in den Traum wiegt sie ein Englein sacht,
schlaf wohl, mein Schatz, gut' Nacht.
Kleine Mädchen müssen schlafen gehn,
wenn nachts die Sternlein am Himmel stehn;
in den Traum wiegt sie ein Englein sacht,
schlaf wohl, mein Schatz, gut' Nacht!

2. Als dann vergangen dann so manches liebe Jahr,
mein kleines Mädel eine große Dame war.
Da batest du, ach komm und werde schnell mein Weib,
nur dich lieb' ich mit Seel'und Leib.
Und als die sel'ge Stunde kam,
wo wir getraut und du erglühend vor mir standst
als holde Braut, da waren wir allein in Seligkeit zu zwei'n.
Mein kleines Frauchen, jetzt wirst du ja mein.
Gott Amor zog den Vorhang vor,
du flüsterst leise mir ins Ohr:

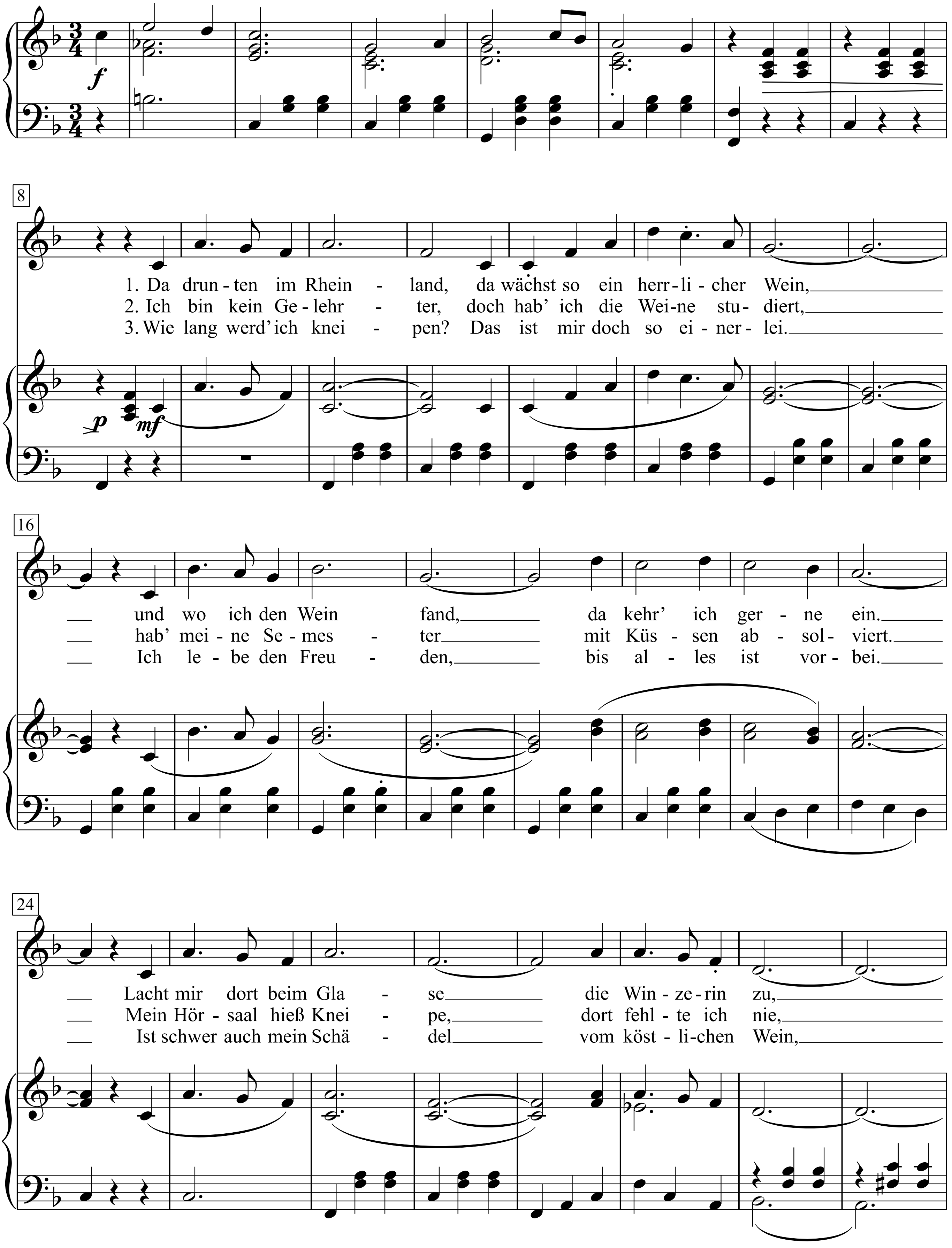
Kleine Mädchen müssen schlafen gehn ...

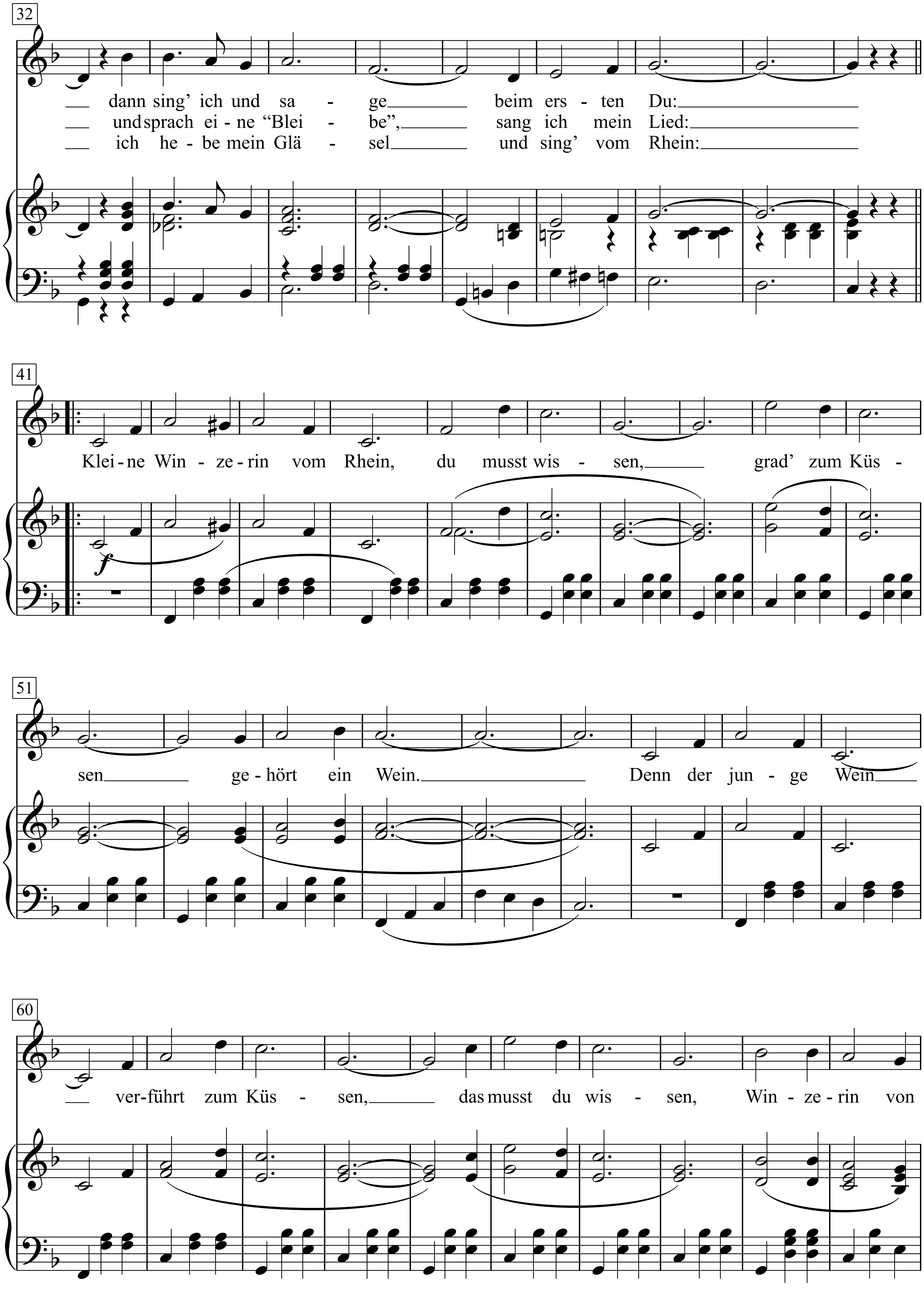
3. Jetzt sind wir nun ein Paar, wie wir es oft geträumt.
Des Lebens Glück, des Lebens Freude in uns schäumt.
O Gott, wie war das ganze Dasein öd und trist,
wenn man nicht küsst und ledig ist.
Zum Himmel will ich dir bereiten unser Haus
und schimpf' ich mal, ach Schatz, dann lach mich einfach aus.
So spielen wir sehr nett ein Ehestandsduett.
Und übers Jahr, dann ist es ein Terzett.
Wir sitzen an der Wiege dann
und singen, kommt die Nacht heran:

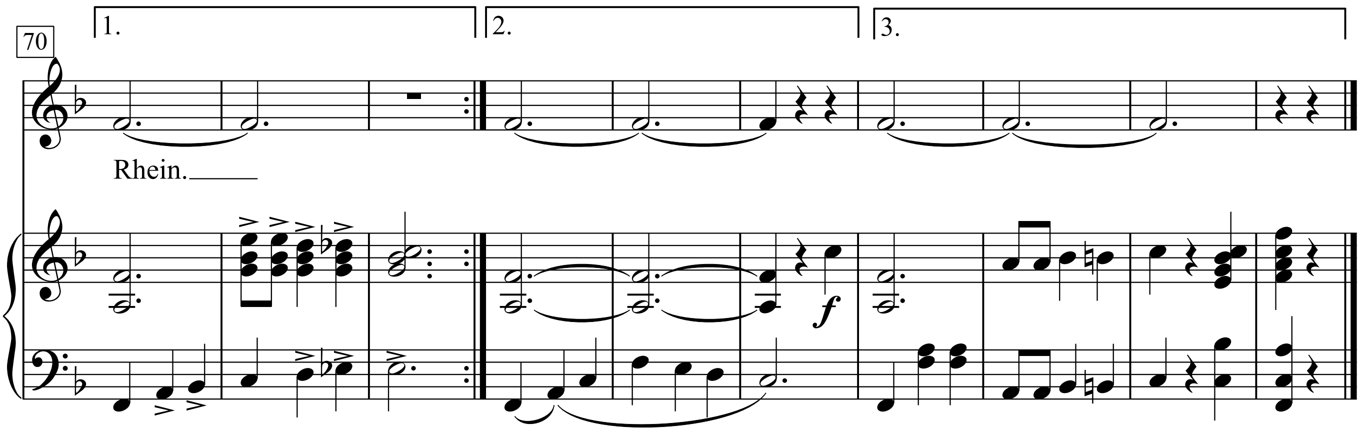
Kleine Mädchen müssen schlafen gehn ...

Kleine Winzerin vom Rhein

Text & Musik: Heinz Sommer
Bearb.: Eddi Pütz




32
dann sing' ich und sa - ge beim ers - ten Du:
und sprach ei - ne "Blei - be", sang ich mein Lied:
ich he - be mein Glä - sel und sing' vom Rhein:
41
Klei - ne Win - ze - rin vom Rhein, du musst wis - sen, grad' zum Küs -
51
sen ge - hört ein Wein. Denn der jun - ge Wein
60
ver - führt zum Küs - sen, das musst du wis - sen, Win - ze - rin von



1. Da drunten im Rheinland,
da wächst so ein herrlicher Wein,
und wo ich den Wein fand,
da kehr‘ ich gerne ein.
Lacht mir dort beim Glase
die Winzerin zu,
dann sing‘ ich und sage
beim ersten Du:

Refrain:
Kleine Winzerin vom Rhein,
du musst wissen,
grad’ zum Küssen
gehört ein Wein.
Denn der junge Wein v
erführt zum Küssen,
das musst du wissen,
Winzerin von Rhein.

2. Ich bin kein Gelehrter,
doch hab’ ich die Weine studiert,
hab’ meine Semester
mit Küssen absolviert.
Mein Hörsaal hieß Kneipe,
dort fehlte ich nie,
und sprach eine “Bleibe”,
sang ich mein Lied:

Refrain:

3. Wie lang werd’ ich kneipen?
Das ist mir doch so einerlei.
Ich lebe den Freuden,
bis alles ist vorbei.
Ist schwer auch mein Schädel
vom köstlichen Wein,
ich hebe mein Gläsel
und sing’ vom Rhein:

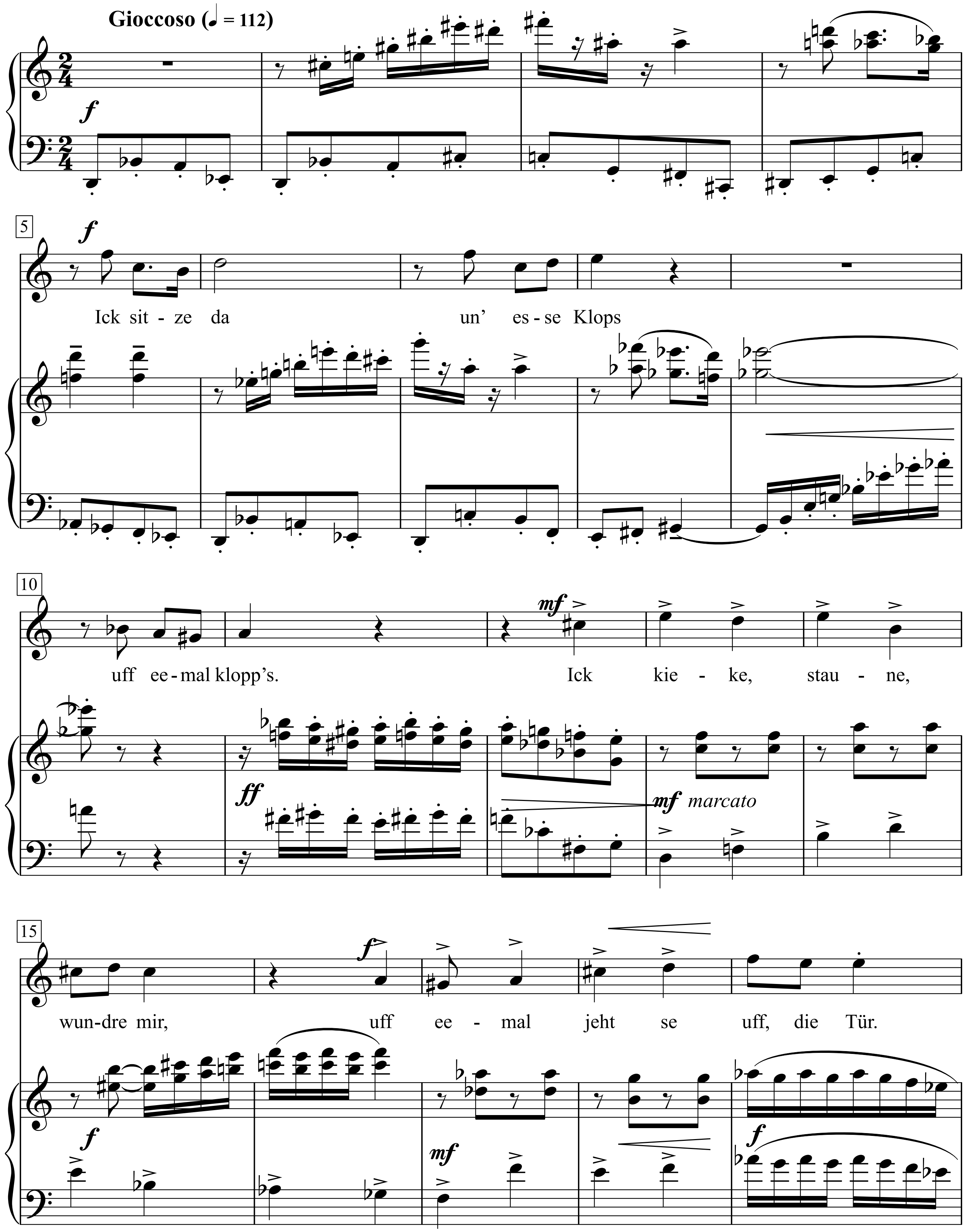
Refrain:

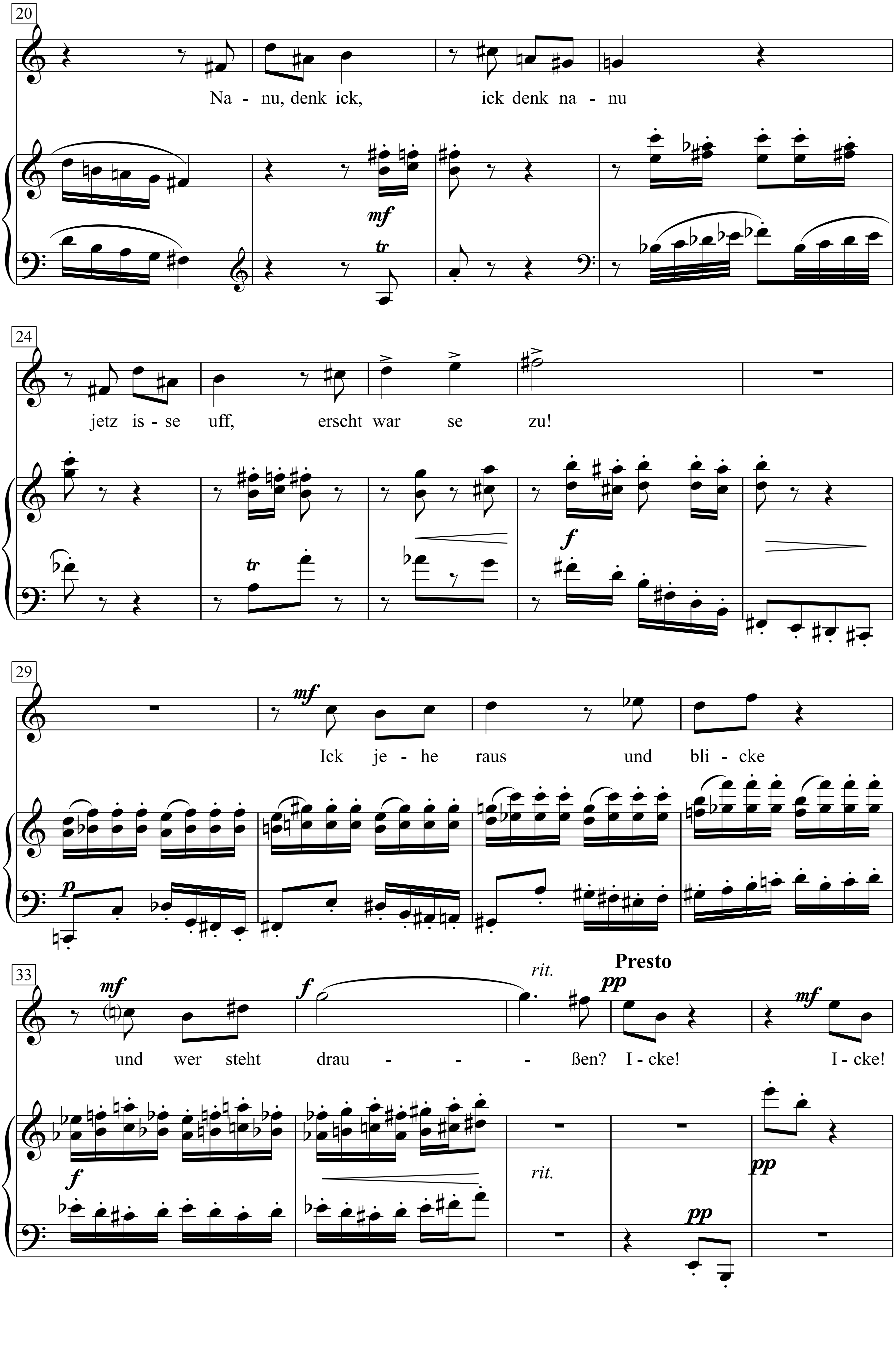
Klops Lied

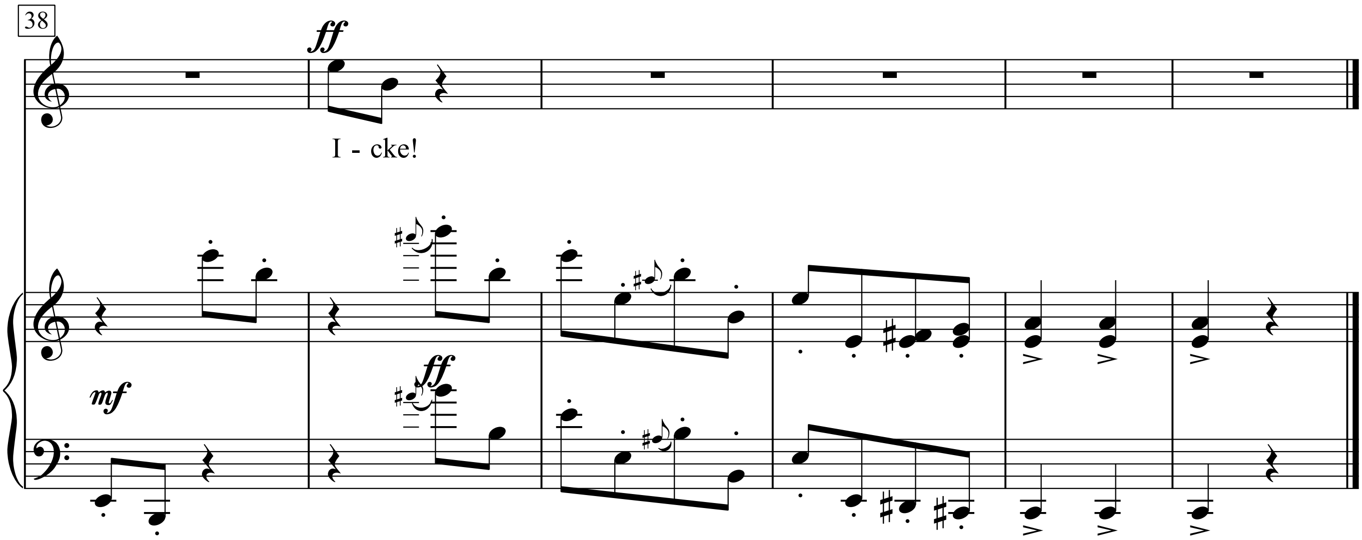
(1925)

Traditional Berlin Folk Rhyme

Music by Kurt Weill




20
Na - nu, denk ick, ick denk na - nu
mf
tr
24
jetz is - se uff, erscht war se zu!
tr
f
29
mf
Ick je - he raus und bli - cke
p
33
mf
f
rit.
Presto
pp
und wer steht drau - - - ßen? I - cke! I - cke!
rit.
pp
pp

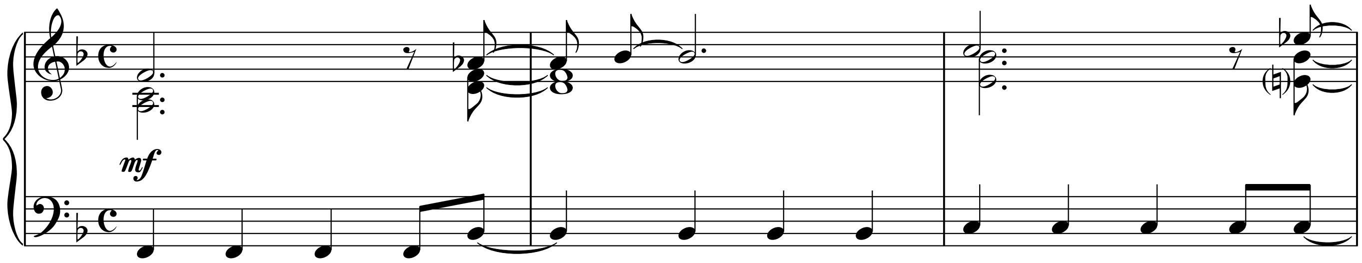


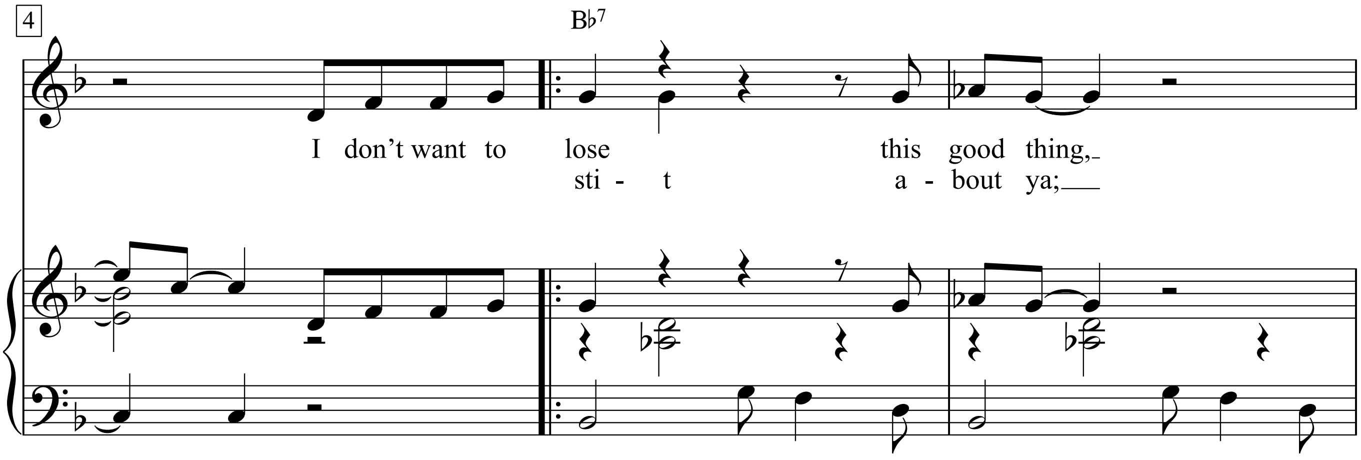
Ick sitze da un’ esse Klops
uff eemal klopp’s
Ick kieke, staune, wundre mir,
uff eemal jeht se uff, die Tür..
Nanu, denk ick, ick denk nanu
jetz isse uff, erscht war se zu!
Ick jehe raus und blicke
und wer steht draußen? Icke! Icke! Icke!

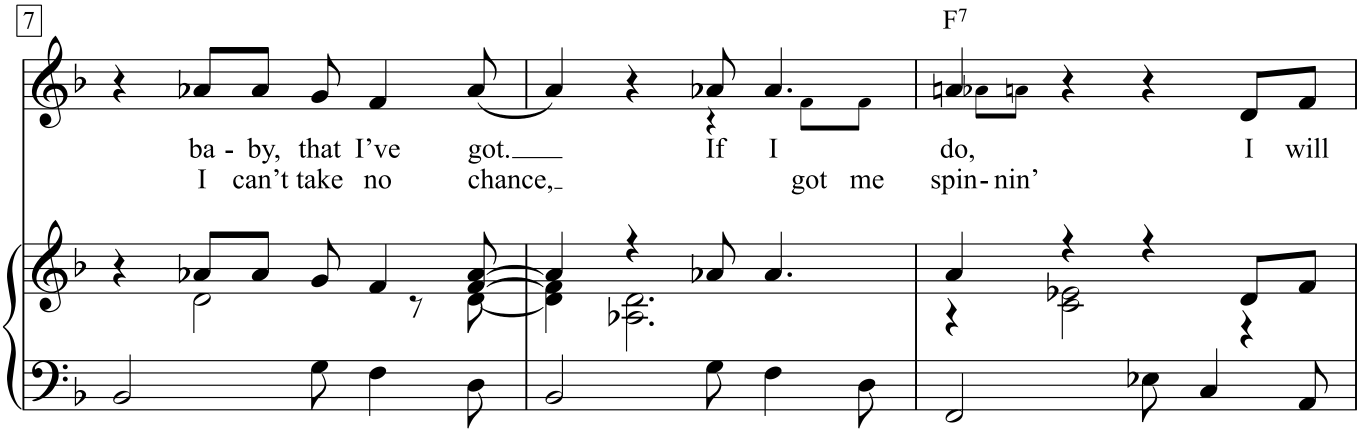
Knock On Wood

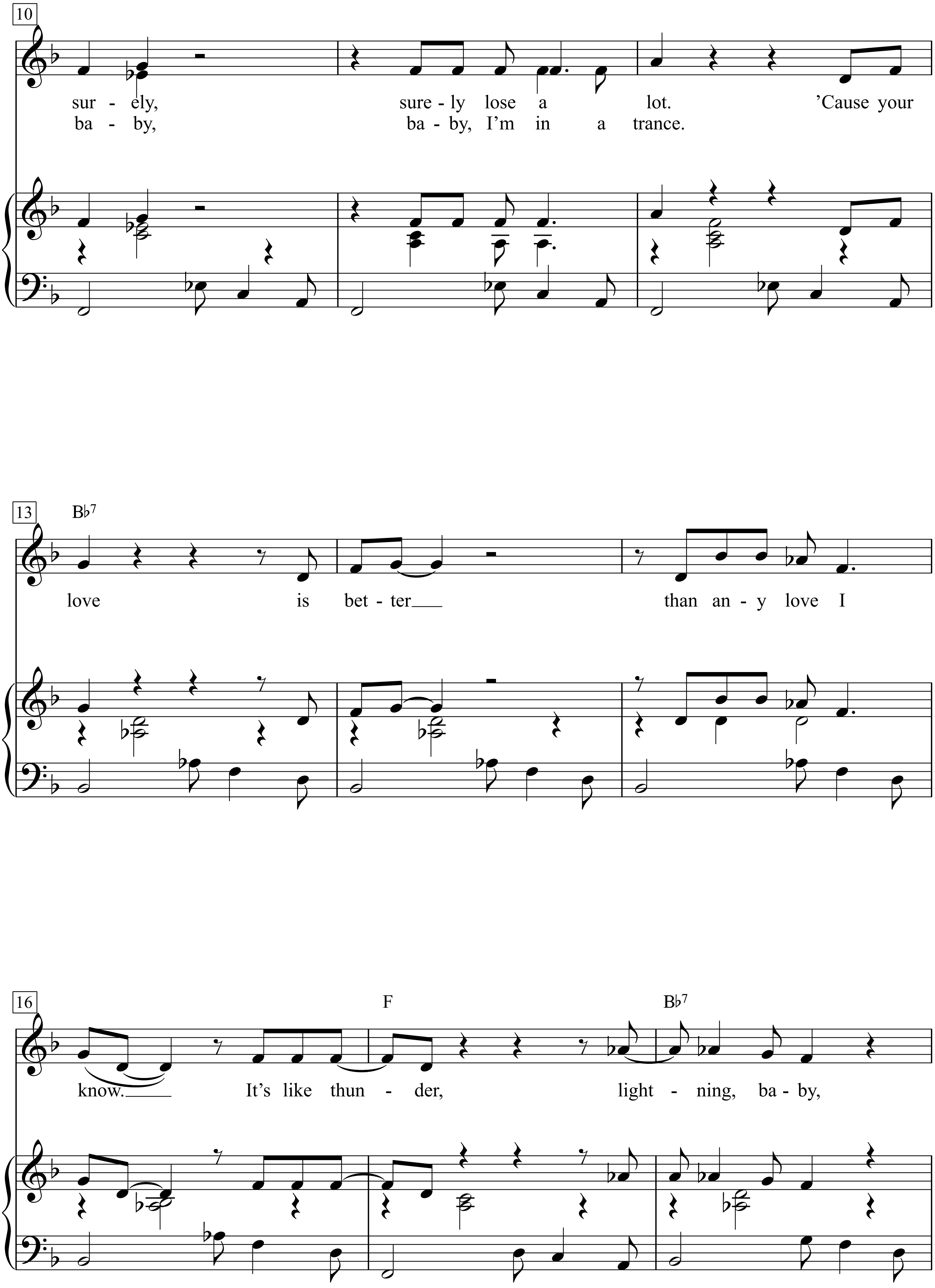
Words & Music by
Eddie Floyd and Steve Cropper
(Eddie Floyd)

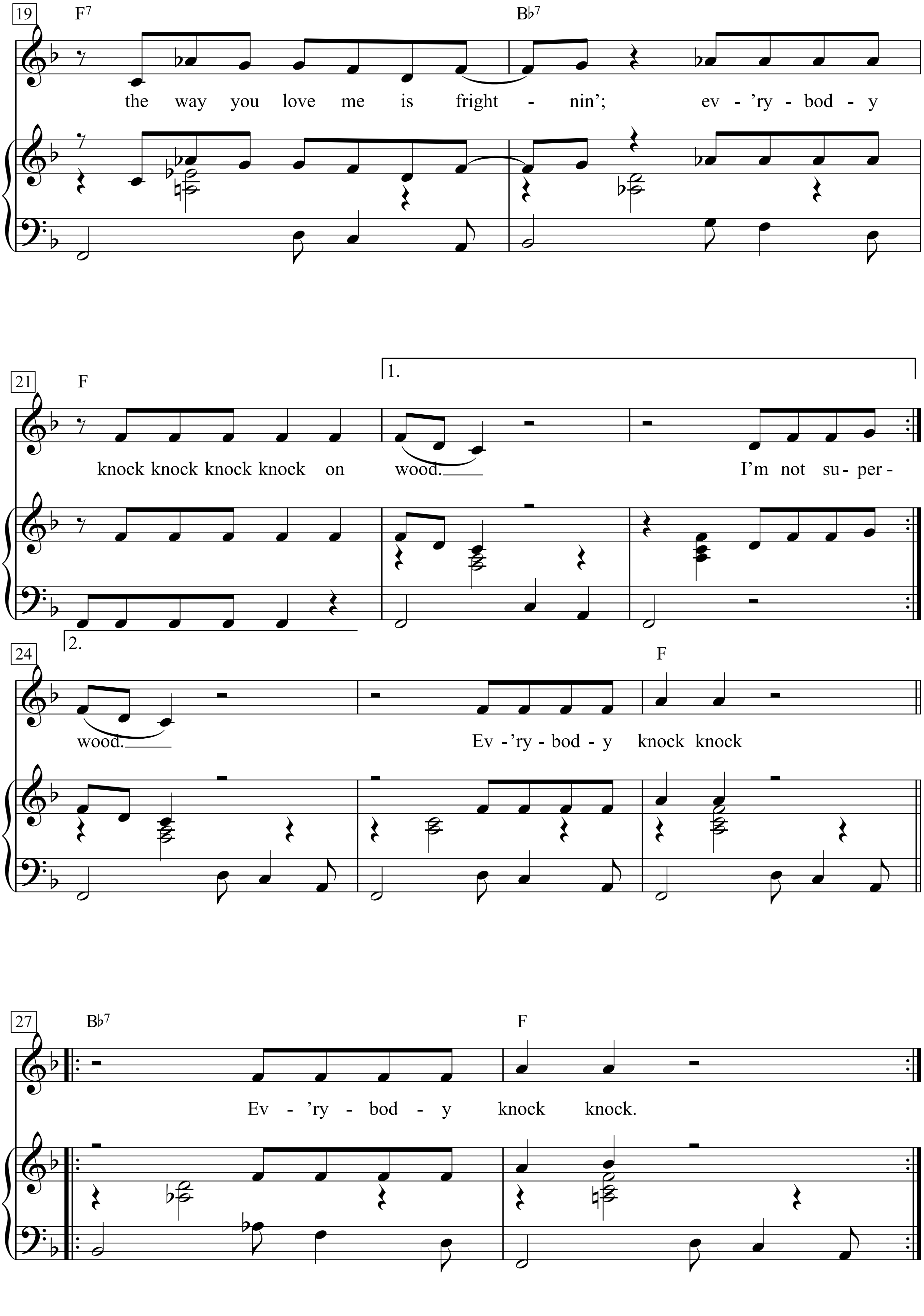
Moderate







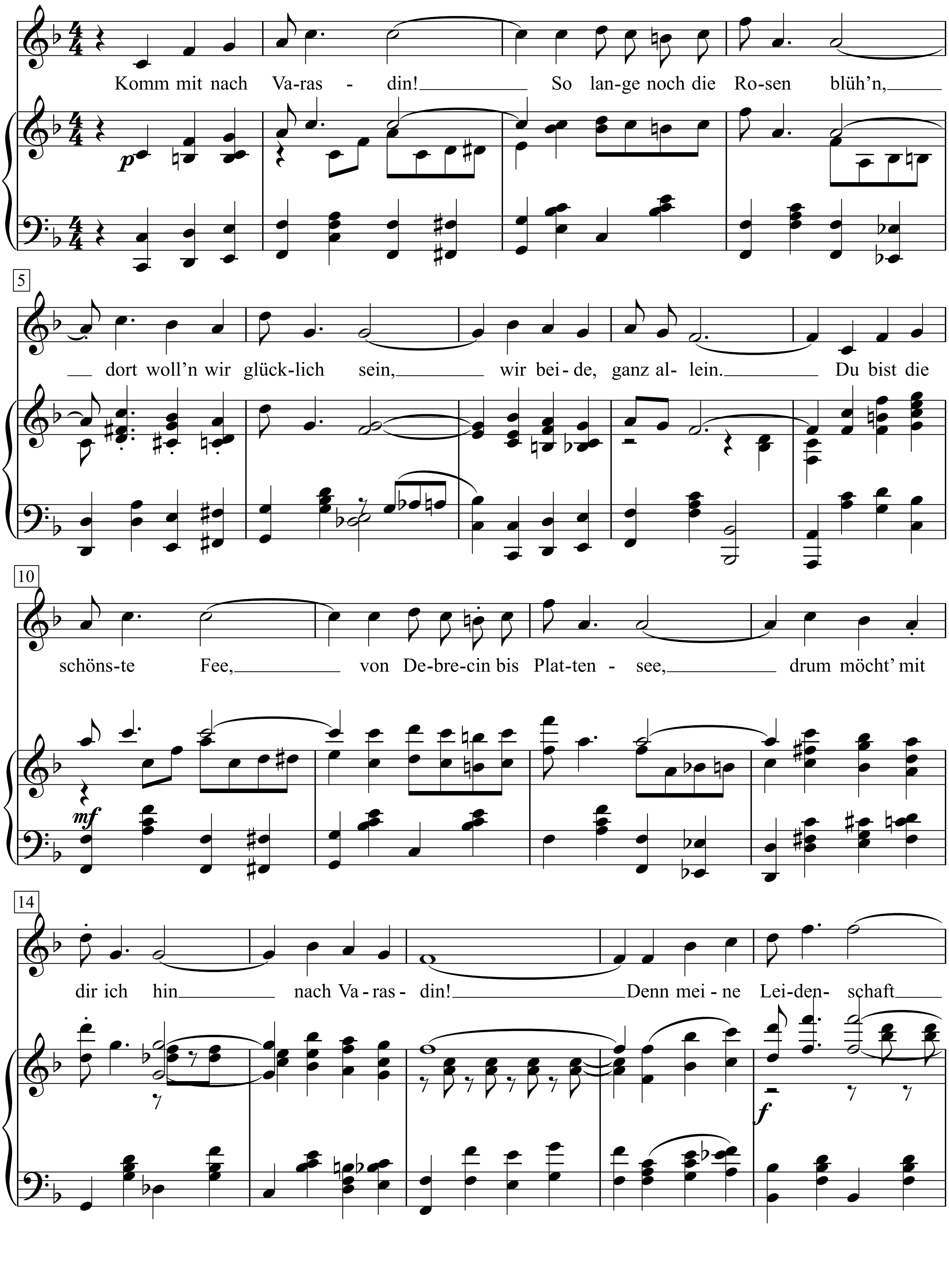

10
sur - ely, sure - ly lose a lot. 'Cause your
ba - by, ba - by, I'm in a trance.
13
B♭7
love is bet - ter___ than an - y love I
16
F
B♭7
know.___ It's like thun - der, light - ning, ba - by,

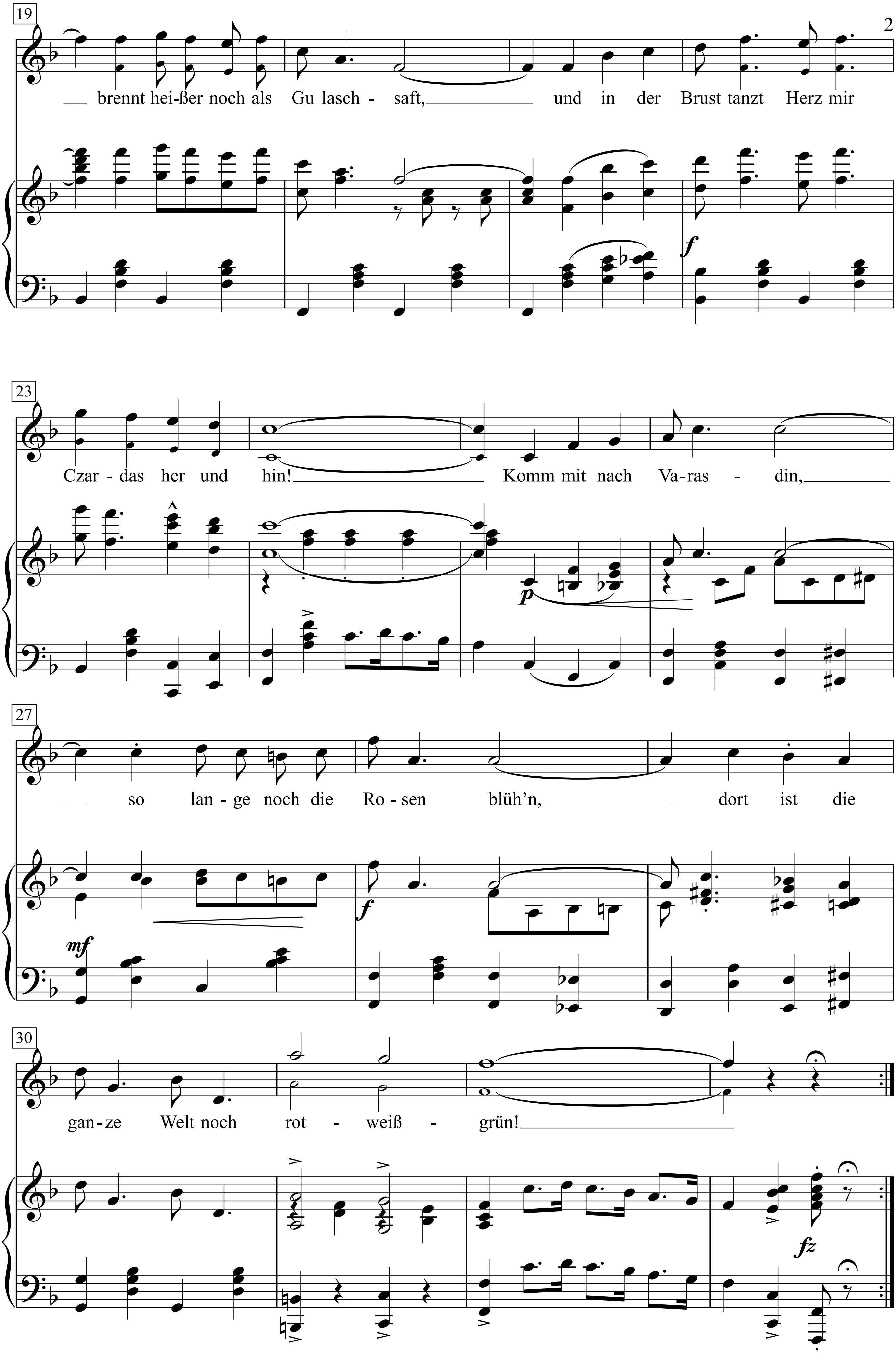

19
F7
Bb7
the way you love me is fright - nin'; ev - 'ry - bod - y
21
F
1.
knock knock knock knock on wood.
I'm not su - per -
24
2.
wood.
F
Ev - 'ry - bod - y knock knock
27
Bb7
F
Ev - 'ry - bod - y knock knock.

Komm mit nach Varasdin!

(*aus der Operette* 'Gräfin Mariza')

Text: Julius Brammer & Alfred Grünwald *Musik:* Emmerich Kálmán

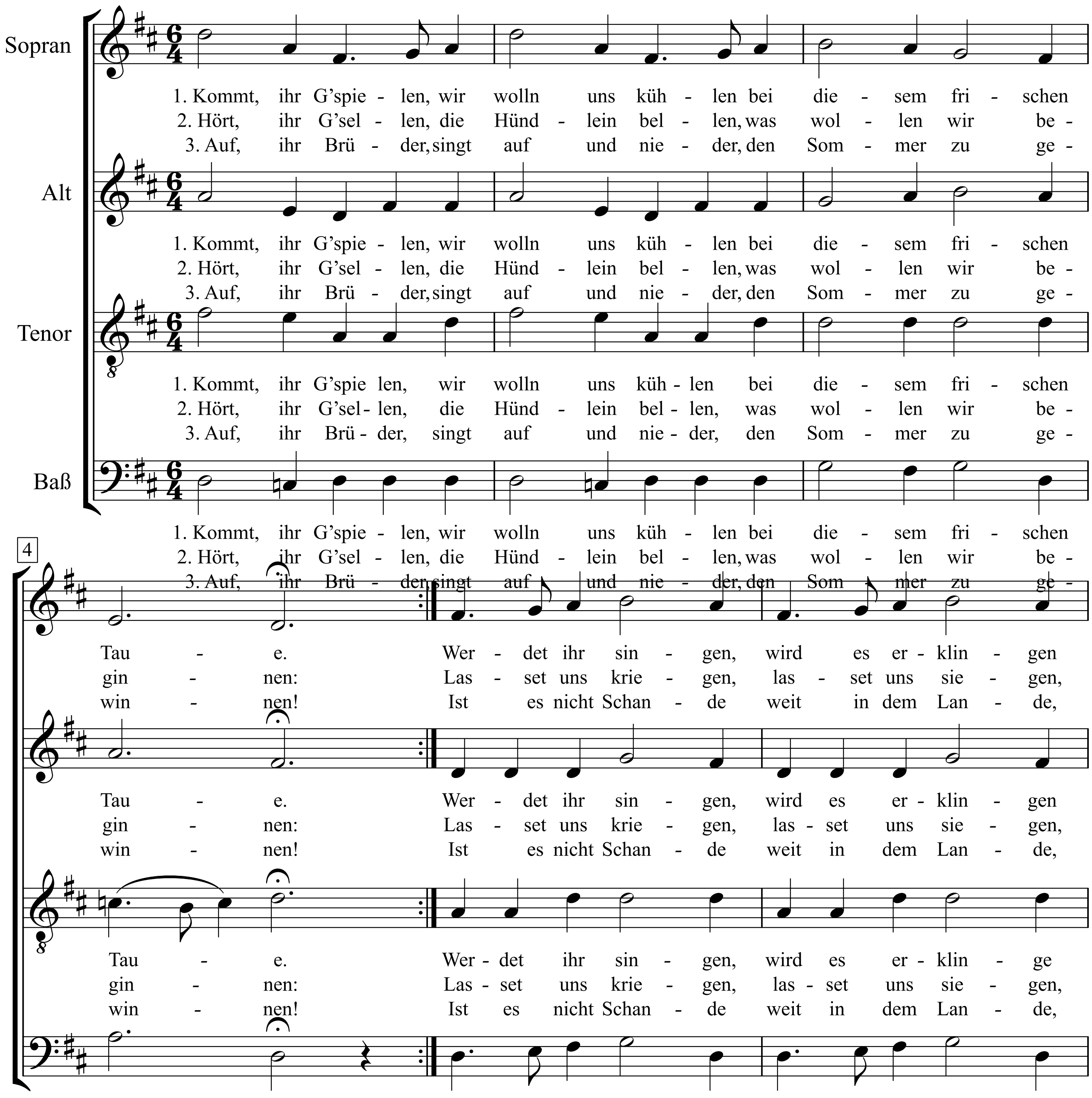


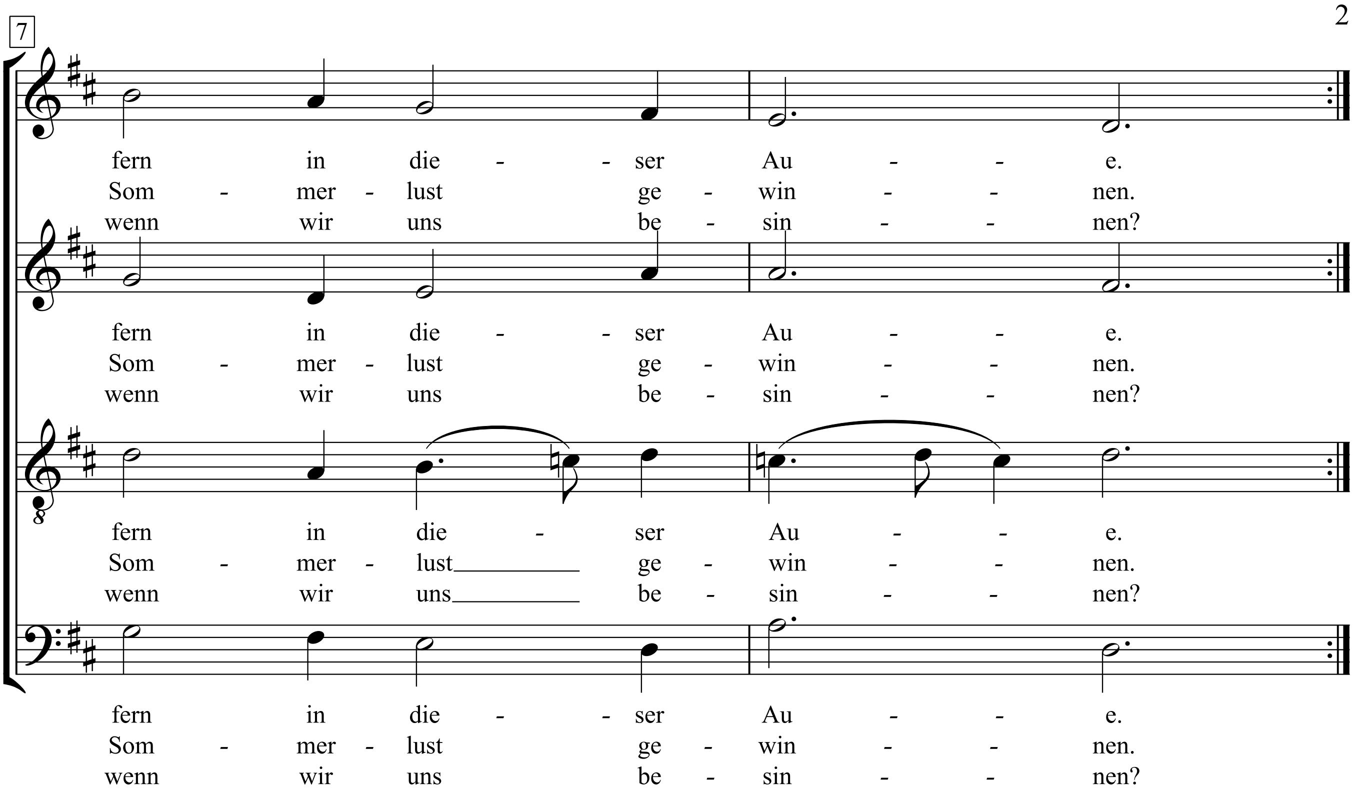

19
brennt hei-ßer noch als Gu lasch - saft, und in der Brust tanzt Herz mir
f
23
Czar - das her und hin! Komm mit nach Va-ras - din,
p
27
so lan - ge noch die Ro - sen blüh'n, dort ist die
mf
f
30
gan-ze Welt noch rot - weiß - grün!
fz

Komm mit nach Varasdin!
So lange noch die Rosen blüh'n,
dort woll'n wir glücklich sein,
wir beide, ganz allein.
Du bist die schönste Fee,
von Debrecin bis Plattensee,
drum möcht' mit dir ich hin
nach Varasdin!
Denn meine Leidenschaft
brennt heißer noch als Gulaschsaft,
und in der Brust tanzt Herz mir Czardas her und hin!
Komm mit nach Varasdin,
so lange noch die Rosen blüh'n,
dort ist die ganze Welt noch rot-weiß-grün!

Kommt, ihr G'spielen

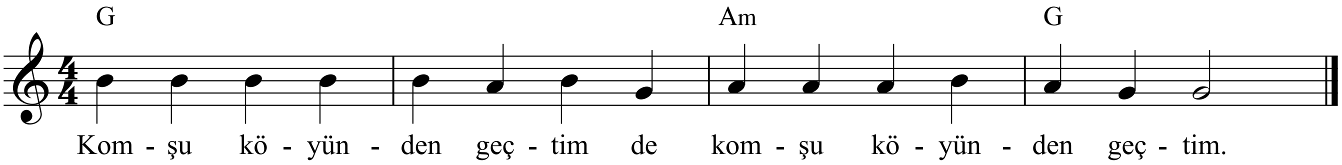
Weise: 1537
Satz: Melchior Franck *(um 1580-1639)*




7
fern in die - - ser Au - - e.
Som - mer - lust ge - win - - nen.
wenn wir uns be - sin - - nen?
fern in die - - ser Au - - e.
Som - mer - lust ge - win - - nen.
wenn wir uns be - sin - - nen?
fern in die - ser Au - - e.
Som - mer - lust ge - win - - nen.
wenn wir uns be - sin - - nen?
fern in die - - ser Au - - e.
Som - mer - lust ge - win - - nen.
wenn wir uns be - sin - - nen?

Komşu köyünden geçtim

Volkslied aus der Türkei



1. Komşu köyünden geçtim de komşu köyünden geçtim.

2. Soğuk suyundan içtim de soğuk suyundan içtim.

3. Güzel güzel kızlara de güzel güzel kızlara.

4. Selâm verdim de geçtim de selâm verdim de geçtim.

5. Oy milli milli milli de oy milli milli milli.

6. Yaşasın hanım güllü de Yaşasın hanım güllü.

Deutsch:
1. Gestern war im Nachbardorf ich, gestern in dem Nachbardorf.

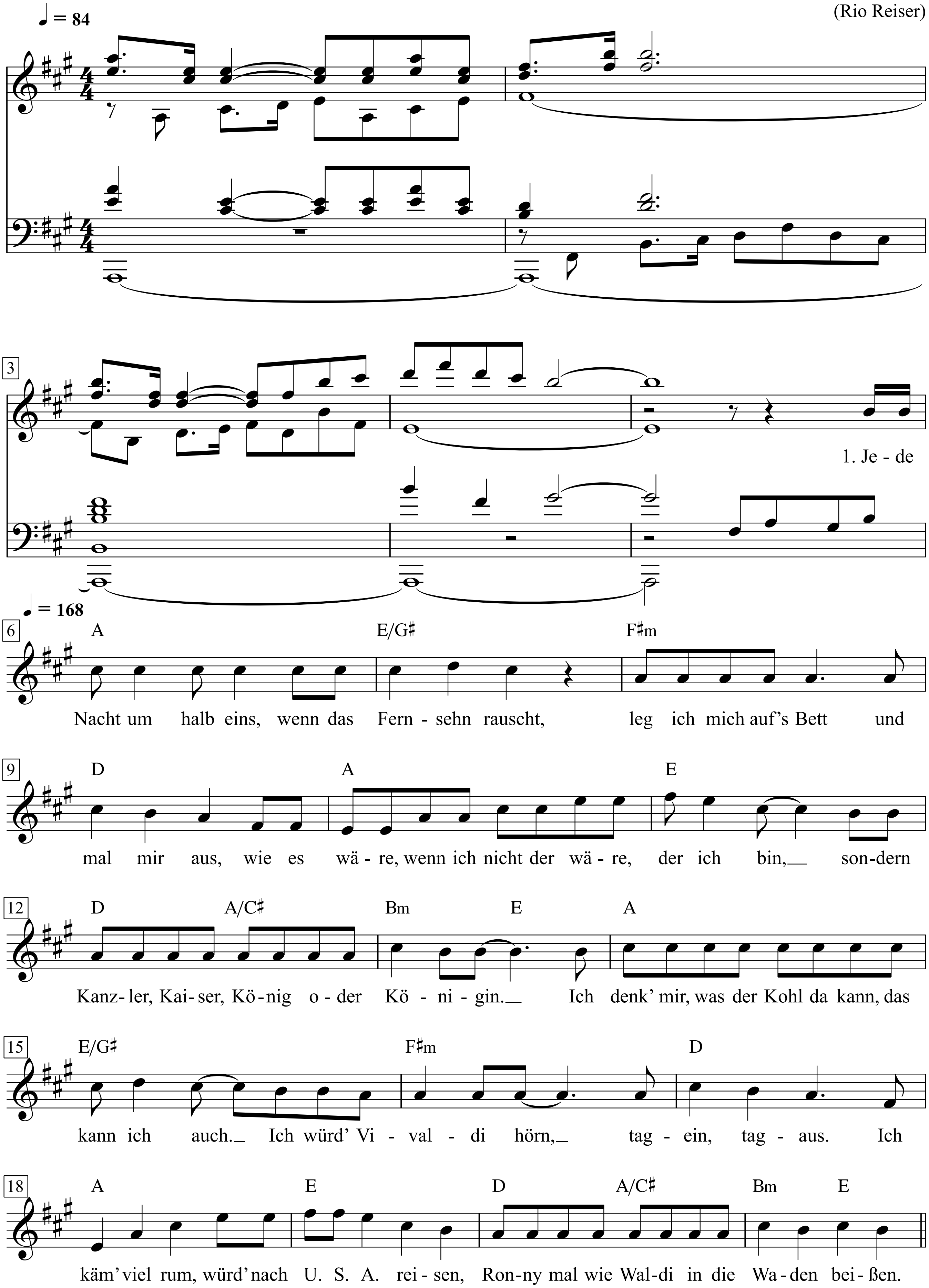
2. Kaltes Wasser trank ich dort, ja, kaltes Wasser trank ich dort.

3. Schöne Mädchen gab’s da auch, ja, schöne Mädchen gab’s da auch.

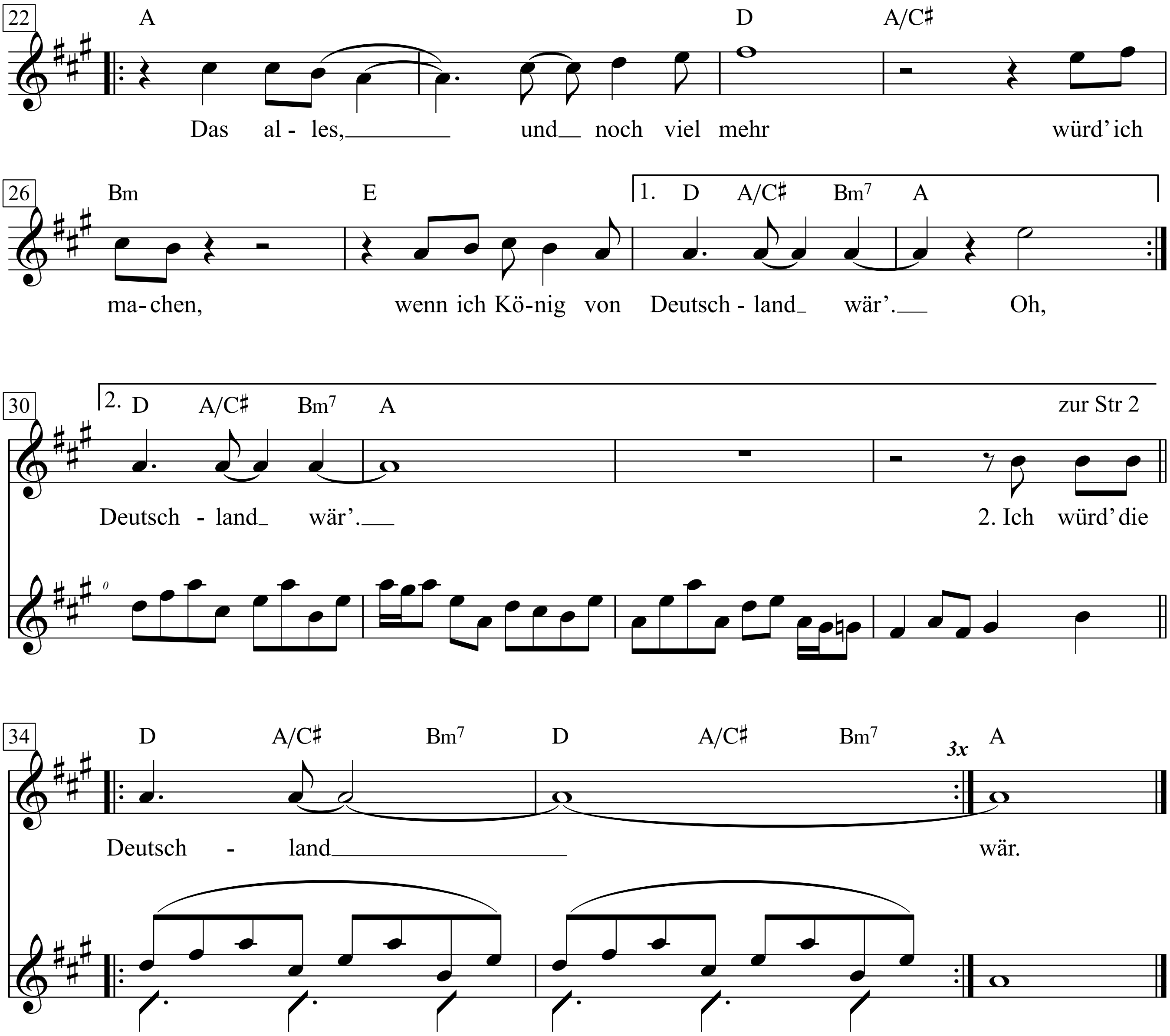
4. Nett und freundlich grüßt’ ich sie, ja, nett und freundlich grüßt’ ich sie.

König von Deutschland

Text & Musik: Rio Reiser
(Rio Reiser)



Rio Reiser Liederbuch. S. 32+34


22
A D A/C♯
Das al - les, und noch viel mehr würd' ich
26
Bm E 1. D A/C♯ Bm7 A
ma-chen, wenn ich Kö-nig von Deutsch - land wär'. Oh,
30
2. D A/C♯ Bm7 A
zur Str 2
Deutsch - land wär'. 2. Ich würd' die
34
D A/C♯ Bm7 D A/C♯ Bm7
3x
A
Deutsch - land wär.

1. Jede Nacht um halb eins, wenn das Fernsehen rauscht,
leg' ich mich aufs Bett und mal' mir aus,
wie es wäre, wenn ich nicht der wäre, der ich bin,
sondern Kanzler, Kaiser, König oder Königin.
Ich denk' mir, was der Kohl da kann, das kann ich auch,
ich würd' Vivaldi hörn tagein tagaus.
Ich käm' viel rum, würd' nach USA reisen,
Ronny mal wie Waldi in die Waden beißen.

Das alles, und noch viel mehr,
würd' ich machen,
wenn ich König von Deutschland wär'. Oh,
das alles, und noch viel mehr,
würd' ich machen,
wenn ich König von Deutschland wär.'

2. Ich würd' die Krone täglich wechseln, würde zweimal baden,
würd' die Lottozahlen eine Woche vorhersagen.
Bei der Bundeswehr gäb' es nur noch Hitparaden,
ich würd' jeden Tag im Jahr Geburtstag haben.
Im Fernsehen gäb' es nur noch ein Programm:
Robert Lembke vierundzwanzig Stunden lang.
Ich hätte zweihundert Schlösser und wär' nie mehr pleite.
Ich wär' Rio der Erste, Sissi die Zweite.

Das alles, und noch viel mehr,
würd' ich machen,
wenn ich König von Deutschland wär'. Oh,
das alles, und noch viel mehr,
würd' ich machen,
wenn ich König von Deutschland wär'.

3. Die Socken und die Autos dürften nicht mehr stinken,
ich würd' jeden Morgen erstmal ein Glas Champus trinken.
Ich wär' chicer als der Schmidt und dicker als der Strauß,
und meine Platten kämen ganz groß raus.
Reinhard Mey wäre des Königs Barde,
Paola und Kurt Felix wären Schweizer Garde.
Vorher würd' ich gern wissen, ob sie Spaß verstehen:
Sie müssten achtundvierzig Stunden ihre Show ansehen.

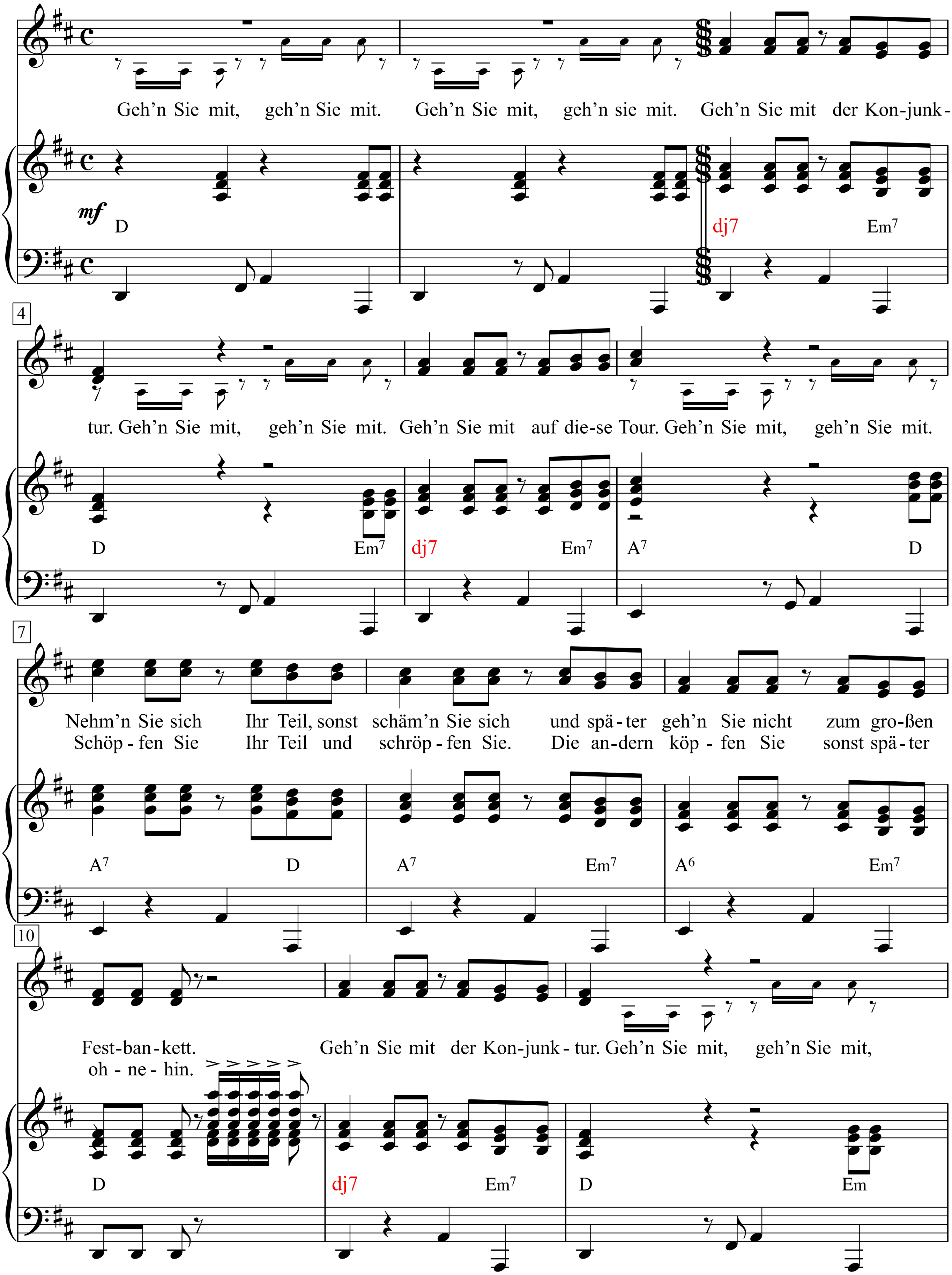
Das alles, und noch viel mehr,
würd' ich machen,
wenn ich König von Deutschland wär'. Oh,
das alles, und noch viel mehr,
würd' ich machen,
wenn ich König von Deutschland wär'.

Konjunktur-Cha-Cha-Cha

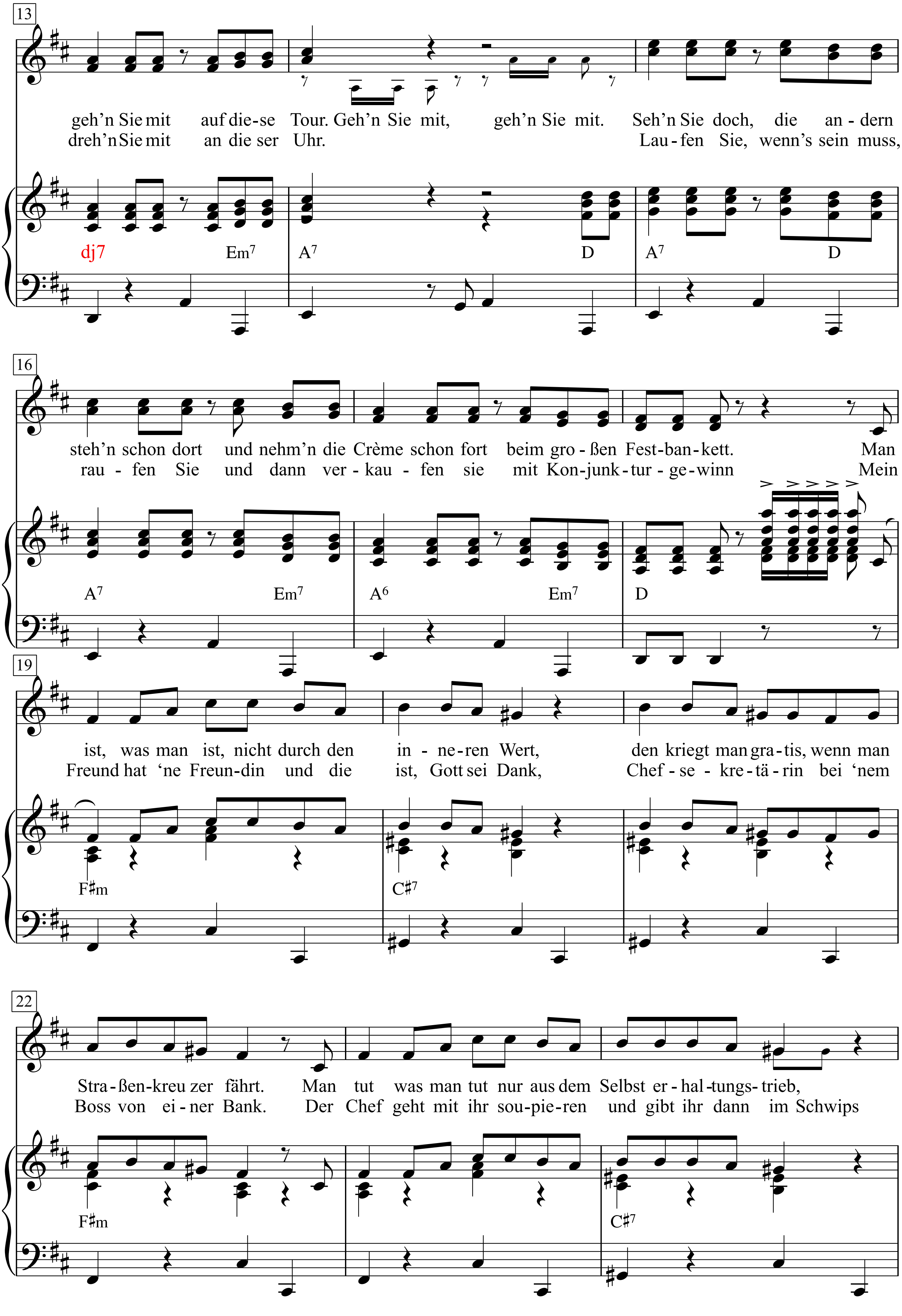
Text: Kurt Feltz

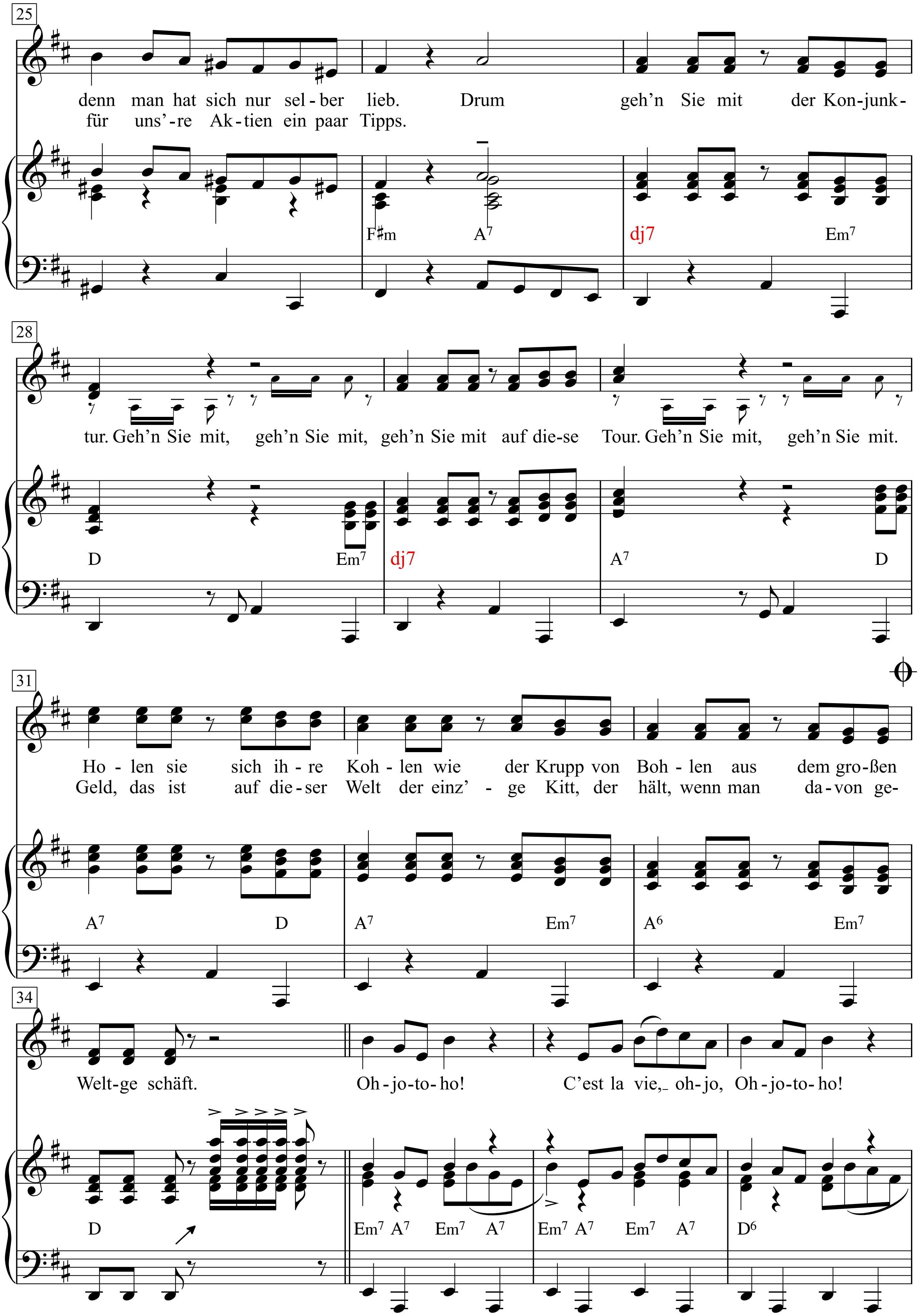
Musik: Paul Durand und Francis Lemarque
Bearb.: Gerhard Eisenmann
(Hazy-Osterwald-Sextett, 1960)

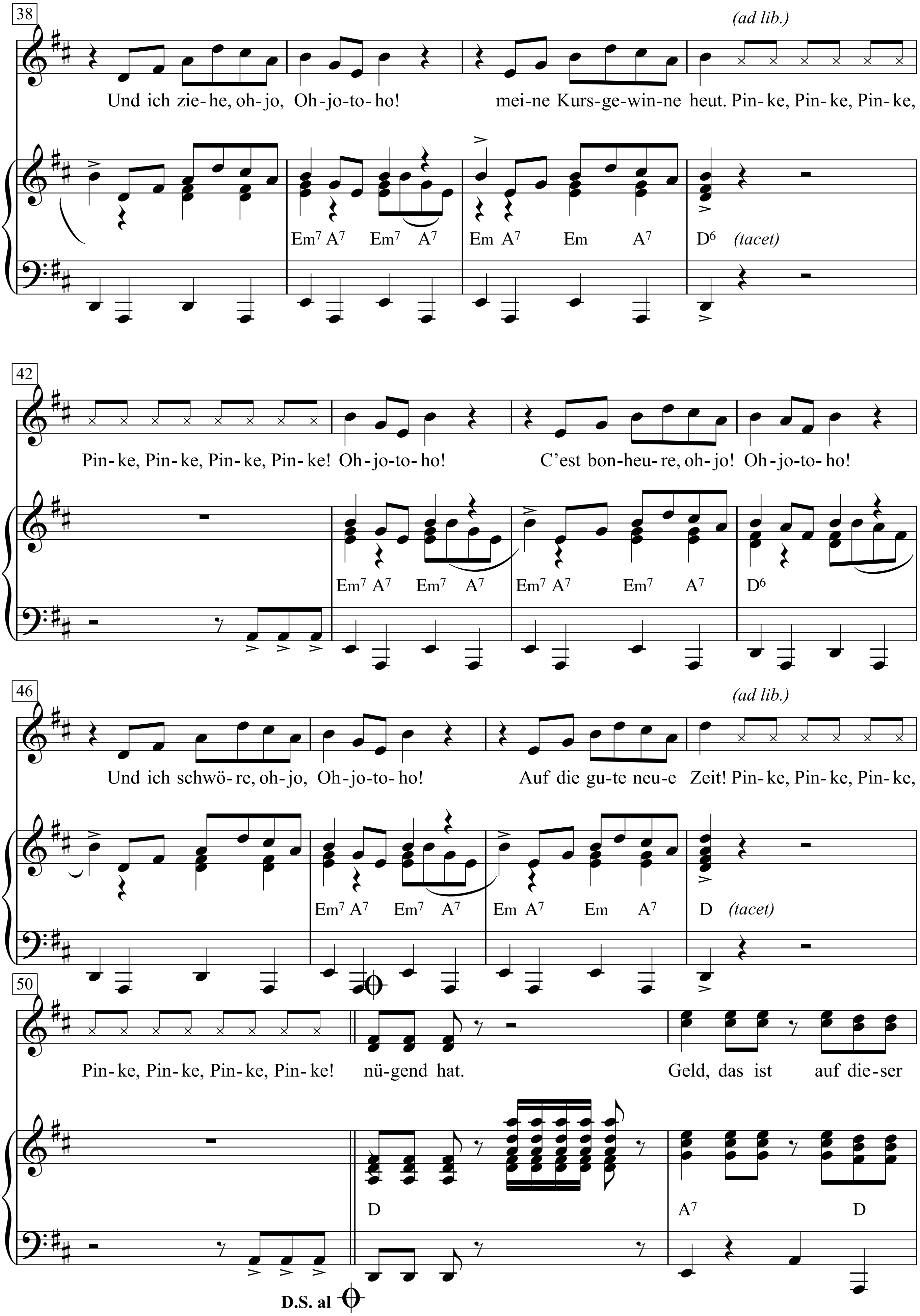
Cha-Cha

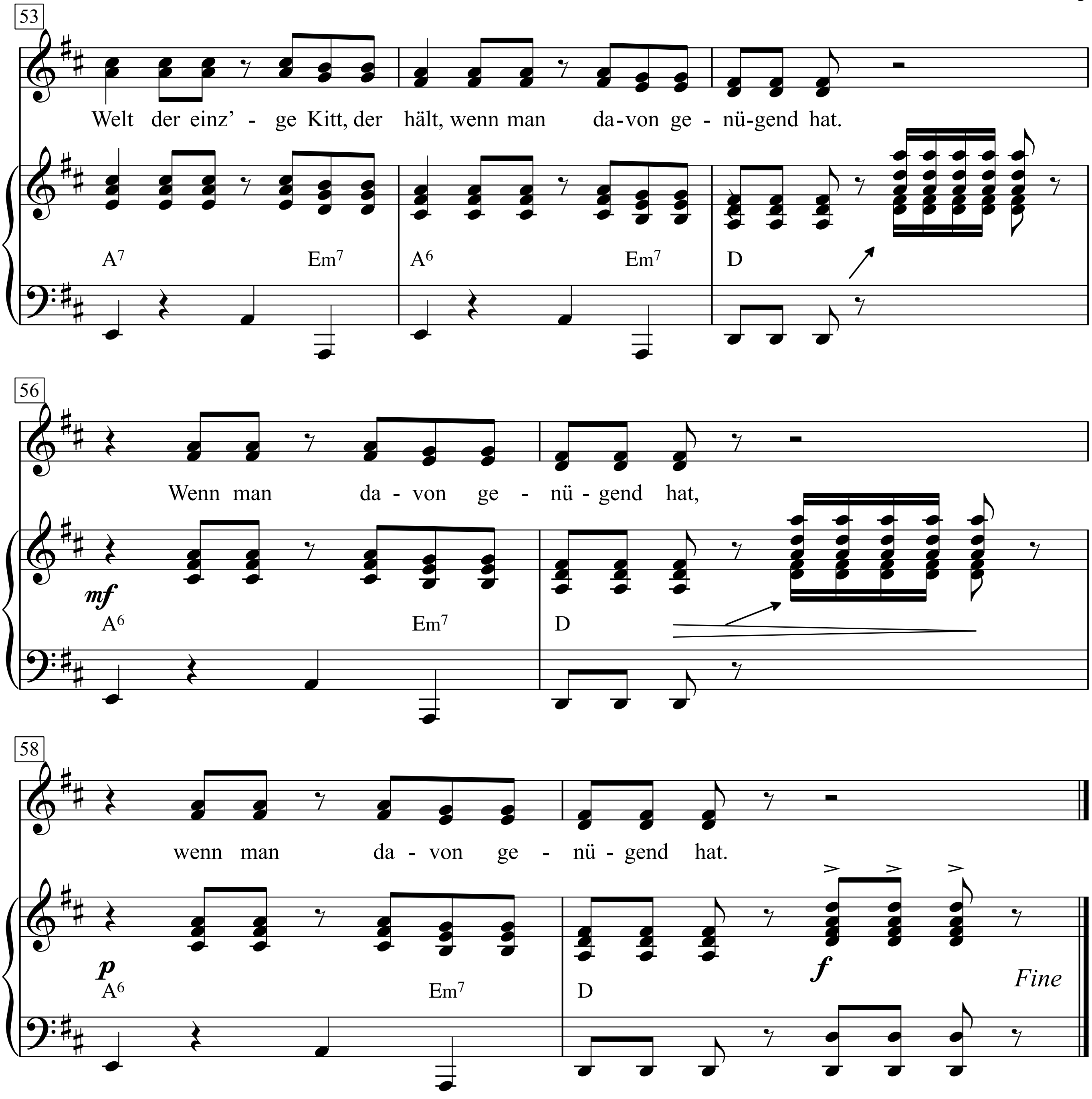


Die großen Schlager der Jahre 1948-1982, S. 95-97


13
geh'n Sie mit auf die-se Tour. Geh'n Sie mit, geh'n Sie mit. Seh'n Sie doch, die an - dern
dreh'n Sie mit an die ser Uhr. Lau - fen Sie, wenn's sein muss,
dj7 Em7 A7 D A7 D
16
steh'n schon dort und nehm'n die Crème schon fort beim gro - ßen Fest-ban-kett. Man
rau - fen Sie und dann ver - kau - fen sie mit Kon-junk-tur - ge-winn Mein
A7 Em7 A6 Em7 D
19
ist, was man ist, nicht durch den in - ne-ren Wert, den kriegt man gra-tis, wenn man
Freund hat 'ne Freun-din und die ist, Gott sei Dank, Chef - se - kre-tä - rin bei 'nem
F♯m C♯7
22
Stra - ßen-kreu zer fährt. Man tut was man tut nur aus dem Selbst er - hal -tungs- trieb,
Boss von ei - ner Bank. Der Chef geht mit ihr sou-pie-ren und gibt ihr dann im Schwips
F♯m C♯7


25
denn man hat sich nur sel-ber lieb. Drum geh'n Sie mit der Kon-junk-
für uns'-re Ak-tien ein paar Tipps.
F♯m A7 dj7 Em7
28
tur. Geh'n Sie mit, geh'n Sie mit, geh'n Sie mit auf die-se Tour. Geh'n Sie mit, geh'n Sie mit.
D Em7 dj7 A7 D
31
Ho-len sie sich ih-re Koh-len wie der Krupp von Boh-len aus dem gro-ßen
Geld, das ist auf die-ser Welt der einz'-ge Kitt, der hält, wenn man da-von ge-
A7 D A7 Em7 A6 Em7
34
Welt-ge schäft. Oh-jo-to-ho! C'est la vie, oh-jo, Oh-jo-to-ho!
D Em7 A7 Em7 A7 Em7 A7 Em7 A7 D6


38
(ad lib.)
Und ich zie- he, oh- jo, Oh- jo- to- ho! mei- ne Kurs- ge- win- ne heut. Pin- ke, Pin- ke, Pin- ke,
Em7 A7 Em7 A7 Em A7 Em A7 D6 (tacet)
42
Pin- ke, Pin- ke, Pin- ke, Pin- ke! Oh- jo- to- ho! C'est bon- heu- re, oh- jo! Oh- jo- to- ho!
Em7 A7 Em7 A7 Em7 A7 Em7 A7 D6
46
(ad lib.)
Und ich schwö- re, oh- jo, Oh- jo- to- ho! Auf die gu- te neu- e Zeit! Pin- ke, Pin- ke, Pin- ke,
Em7 A7 Em7 A7 Em A7 Em A7 D (tacet)
50
Pin- ke, Pin- ke, Pin- ke, Pin- ke! nü- gend hat. Geld, das ist auf die- ser
D A7 D
D.S. al



Geh'n Sie mit, geh'n Sie mit.
Geh'n Sie mit, geh'n sie mit.

1. Geh'n Sie mit der Konjunktur.
Geh'n Sie mit, geh'n Sie mit.
Geh'n Sie mit auf diese Tour.
Geh'n Sie mit, geh'n Sie mit.
Nehm'n Sie sich Ihr Teil,
sonst schäm'n Sie sich
und später geh'n Sie nicht
zum großen Festbankett.
Geh'n Sie mit der Konjunktur.
Geh'n Sie mit, geh'n Sie mit,
geh'n Sie mit auf diese Tour.
Geh'n Sie mit, geh'n Sie mit.

Seh’n Sie doch, die andern steh’n schon dort
und nehm’n die Crème schon fort beim großen Festbankett.
Man ist, was man ist, nicht durch den inneren Wert,
den kriegt man gratis, wenn man Straßenkreuzer fährt.
Man tut was man tut nur aus dem Selbsterhaltungstrieb,
denn man hat sich nur selber lieb.
Drum geh’n Sie mit der Konjunktur.
Geh’n Sie mit, geh’n Sie mit,
geh’n Sie mit auf diese Tour.
Geh’n Sie mit, geh’n Sie mit.

Holen sie sich ihre Kohlen
wie der Krupp von Bohlen
aus dem großen Weltgeschäft..
Oh-jo-to-ho!
C’est la vie,
oh-jo, Oh-jo-to-ho!
Und ich ziehe,
oh-jo, Oh-jo-to-ho!
meine Kursgewinne heut.
Pinke, Pinke, Pinke, Pinke, Pinke, Pinke, Pinke!
Oh-jo-to-ho!
C’est bonheure,
oh-jo! Oh-jo-to-ho!
Und ich schwöre,
oh-jo, Oh-jo-to-ho!
Auf die gute neue Zeit!
Pinke, Pinke, Pinke, Pinke, Pinke, Pinke, Pinke!

2. Geh’n Sie mit der Konjunktur.
Geh’n Sie mit, geh’n Sie mit.
Geh’n Sie mit auf diese Tour.
Geh’n Sie mit, geh’n Sie mit.
Schöpfen Sie Ihr Teil
und schröpfen Sie.
Die andern köpfen Sie
sonst später ohnehin.
Geh’n Sie mit der Konjunktur.
Geh’n Sie mit, geh’n Sie mit,
dreh’n Sie mit an dieser Uhr.
Geh’n Sie mit, geh’n Sie mit.

Laufen Sie, wenn’s sein muss, raufen Sie
und dann verkaufen sie mit Konjunkturgewinn
Mein Freund hat ‘ne Freundin und die ist, Gott sei Dank,
Chefsekretärin bei ‘nem Boss von einer Bank.
Der Chef geht mit ihr soupieren und gibt ihr dann im Schwips
für uns’re Aktien ein paar Tipps.
Drum geh’n Sie mit der Konjunktur.
Geh’n Sie mit, geh’n Sie mit,
geh’n Sie mit auf diese Tour.
Geh’n Sie mit, geh’n Sie mit.

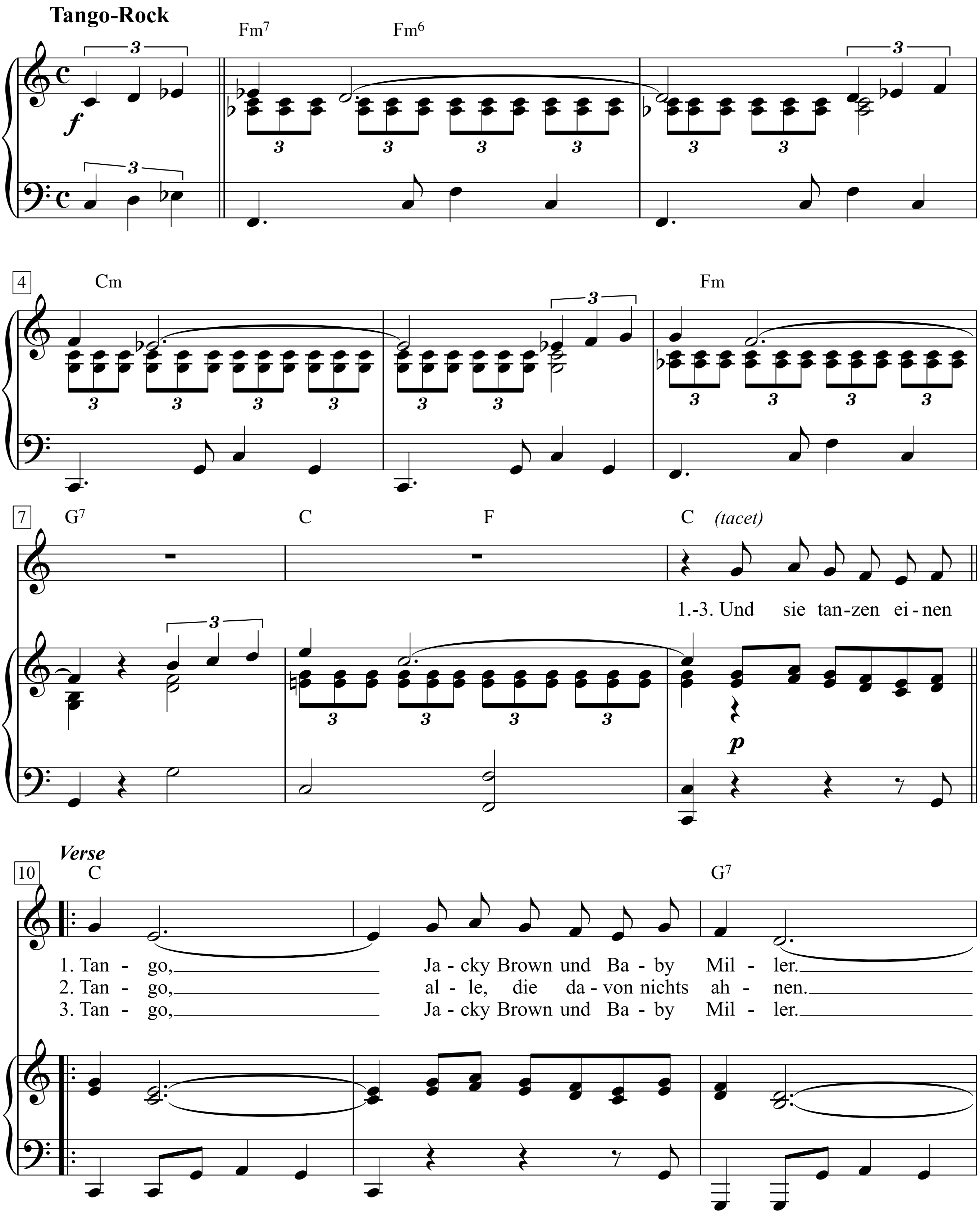
Geld, das ist auf dieser Welt
der einz’ge Kitt, der hält,
wenn man davon genügend hat.
Geld, das ist auf dieser Welt
der einz’ge Kitt, der hält,
wenn man davon genügend hat.
Wenn man davon genügend hat,
wenn man davon genügend hat.

Kriminal-Tango

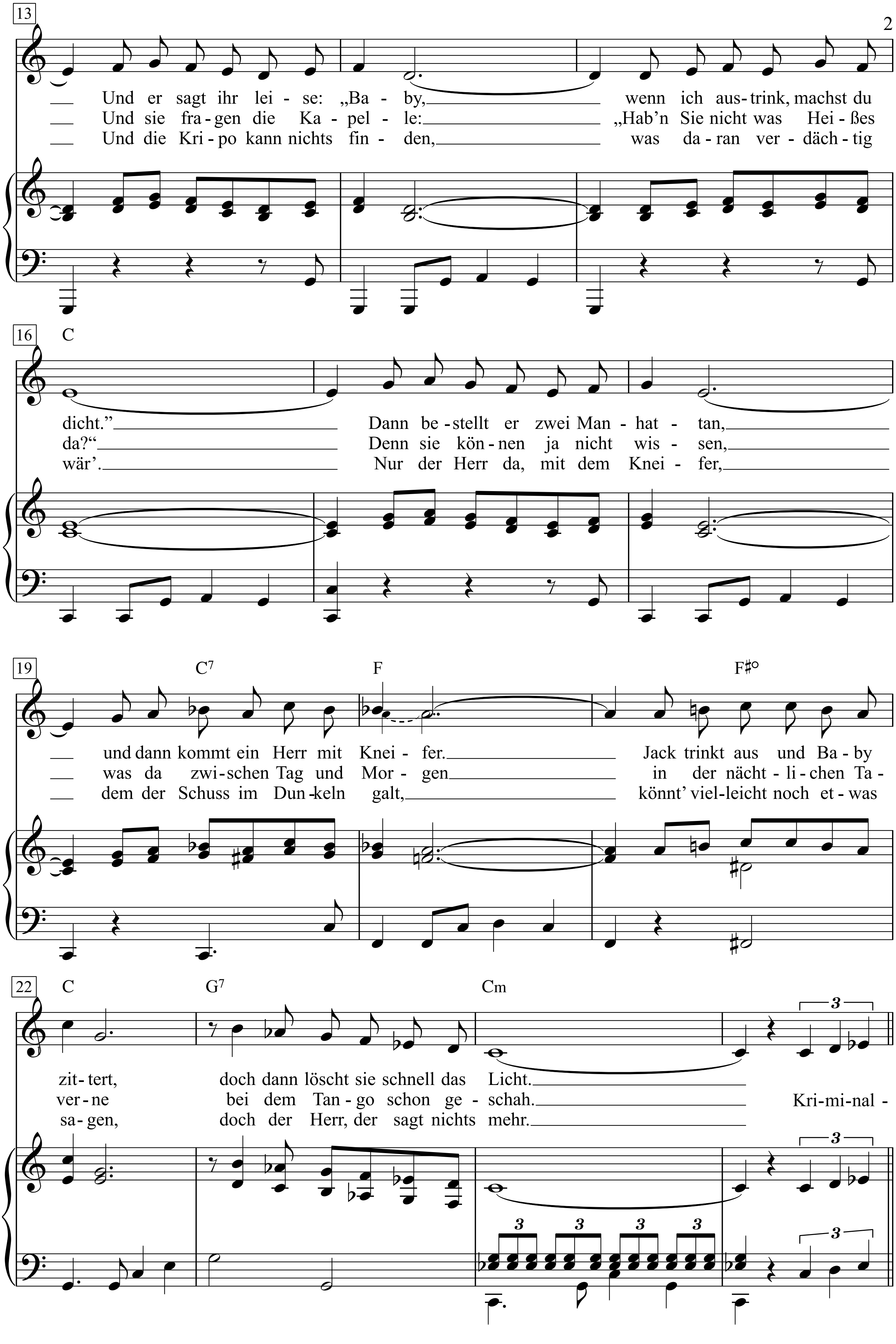
Tango-Rock

Orig.-Text: Aldo Locatelli
Deutscher Text: Kurt Feltz

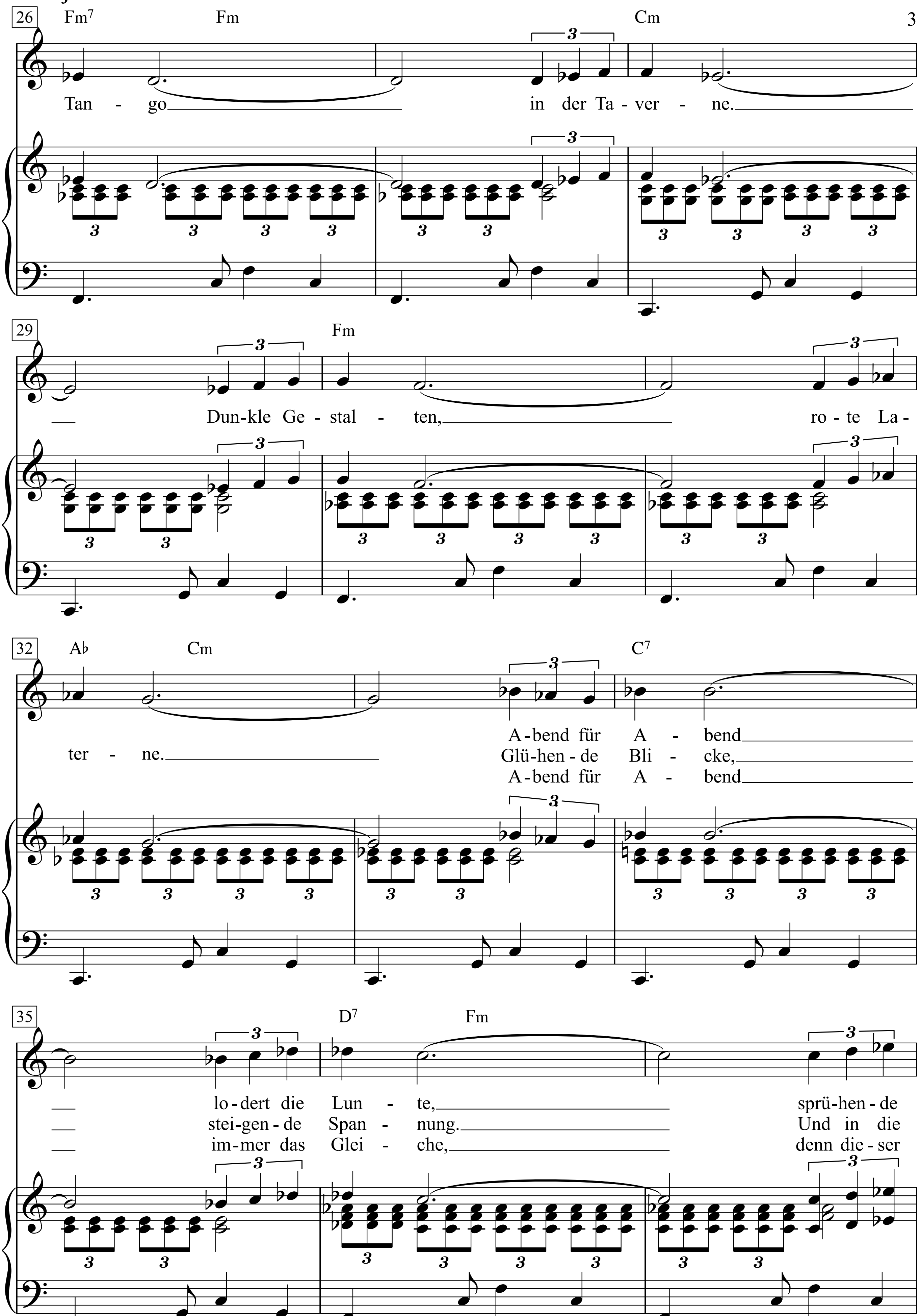
Musik: Piero Trombetta
Bearb.: Heinz Gietz
(Hazy-Osterwald-Sextett, 1959)

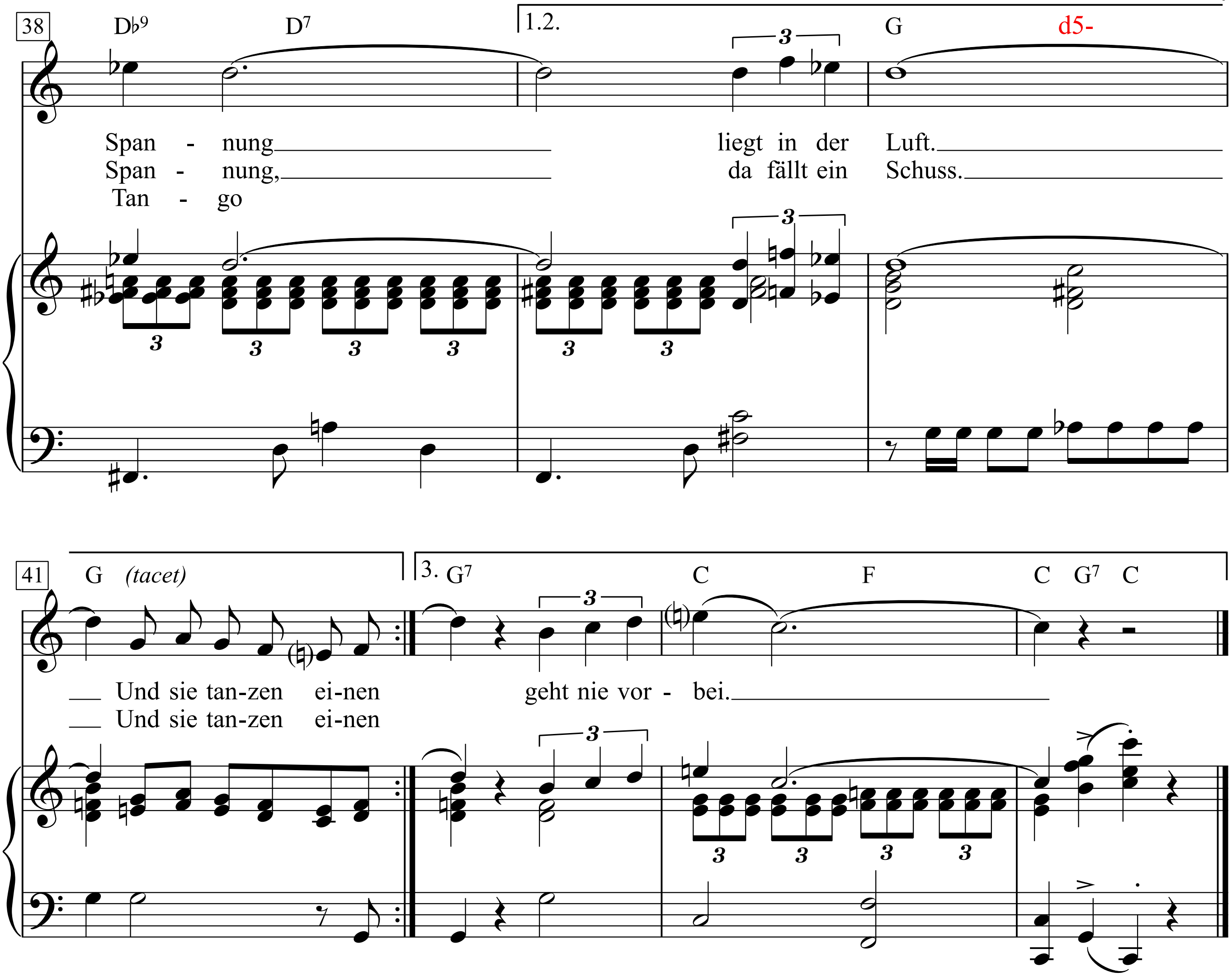


Die großen Schlager der Jahre 1948-1982, S. 88-90


13
Und er sagt ihr lei - se: „Ba - by, wenn ich aus - trink, machst du
Und sie fra - gen die Ka - pel - le: „Hab'n Sie nicht was Hei - ßes
Und die Kri - po kann nichts fin - den, was da - ran ver - däch - tig
16
C
dicht.” Dann be - stellt er zwei Man - hat - tan,
da?“ Denn sie kön - nen ja nicht wis - sen,
wär'. Nur der Herr da, mit dem Knei - fer,
19
C7
F
F♯°
und dann kommt ein Herr mit Knei - fer. Jack trinkt aus und Ba - by
was da zwi - schen Tag und Mor - gen in der nächt - li - chen Ta -
dem der Schuss im Dun - keln galt, könnt' viel - leicht noch et - was
22
C
G7
Cm
zit - tert, doch dann löscht sie schnell das Licht.
ver - ne bei dem Tan - go schon ge - schah. Kri - mi - nal -
sa - gen, doch der Herr, der sagt nichts mehr.
3

Refrain


26
Fm7 Fm Cm
Tan - go in der Ta - ver - ne.
29
Fm
Dun-kle Ge - stal - ten, ro - te La -
32
A♭ Cm C7
ter - ne.
A-bend für A - bend
Glü-hen-de Bli - cke,
A-bend für A - bend
35
D7 Fm
lo-dert die Lun - te, sprü-hen-de
stei-gen-de Span - nung. Und in die
im-mer das Glei - che, denn die-ser



1. Und sie tanzen einen Tango,
Jacky Brown und Baby Miller.
Und er sagt ihr leise: „Baby,
wenn ich austrink, machst du dicht.”
Dann bestellt er zwei Manhattan,
und dann kommt ein Herr mit Kneifer.
Jack trinkt aus und Baby zittert,
doch dann löscht sie schnell das Licht.

Refrain:
Kriminal-Tango in der Taverne.
Dunkle Gestalten, rote Laterne.
Abend für Abend lodert die Lunte,
sprühende Spannung liegt in der Luft.

2. Und sie tanzen einen Tango,
alle, die davon nichts ahnen.
Und sie fragen die Kapelle:
„Hab’n Sie nicht was Heißes da?“
Denn sie können ja nicht wissen,
was da zwischen Tag und Morgen
in der nächtlichen Taverne
bei dem Tango schon geschah.
Refrain:
Kriminal-Tango in der Taverne …

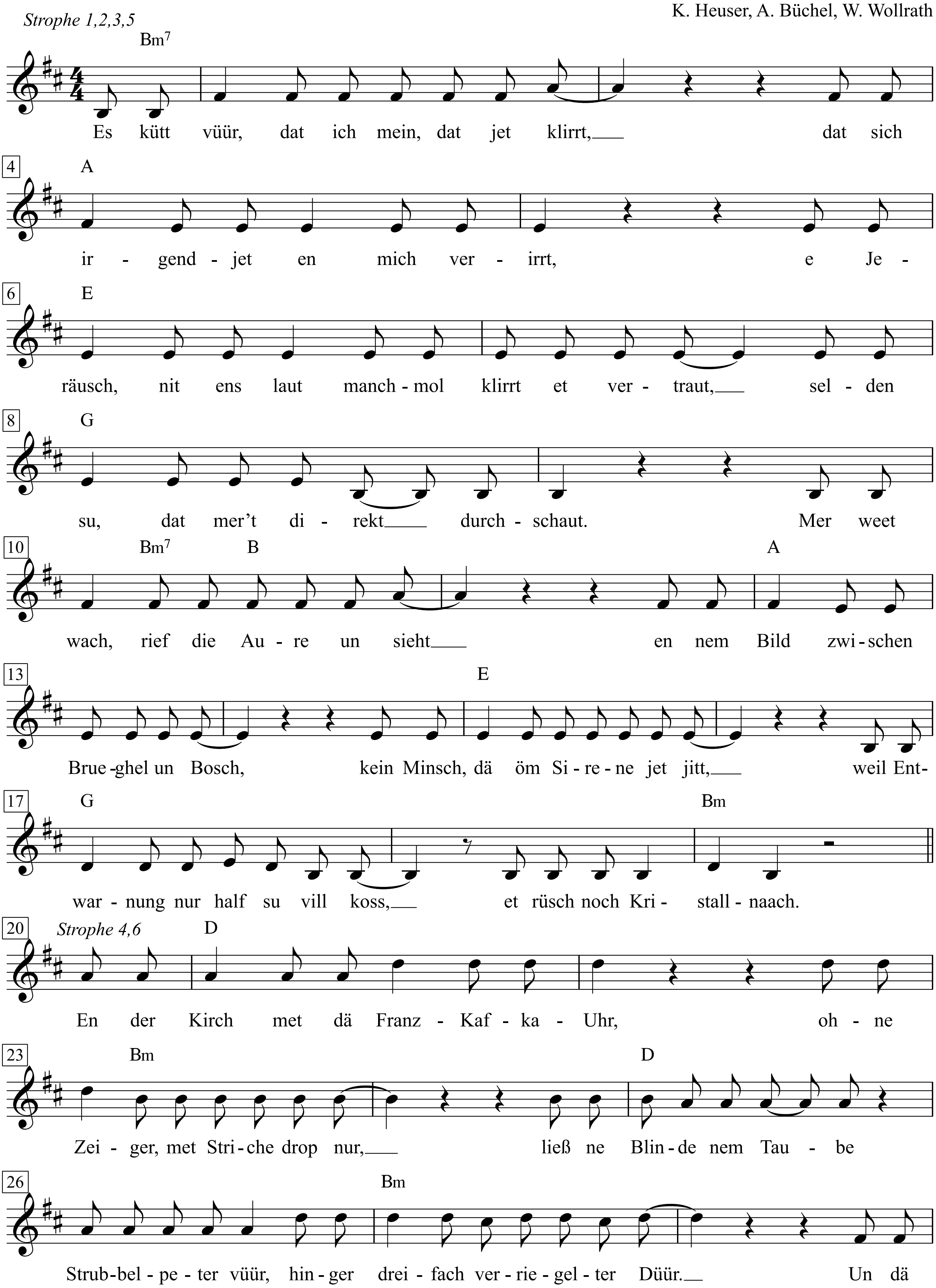
3. Und sie tanzen einen Tango,
Jacky Brown und Baby Miller.
Und die Kripo kann nichts finden,
was daran verdächtig wär’.
Nur der Herr da, mit dem Kneifer,
dem der Schuss im Dunkeln galt,
könnt’ vielleicht noch etwas sagen,
doch der Herr, der sagt nichts mehr.

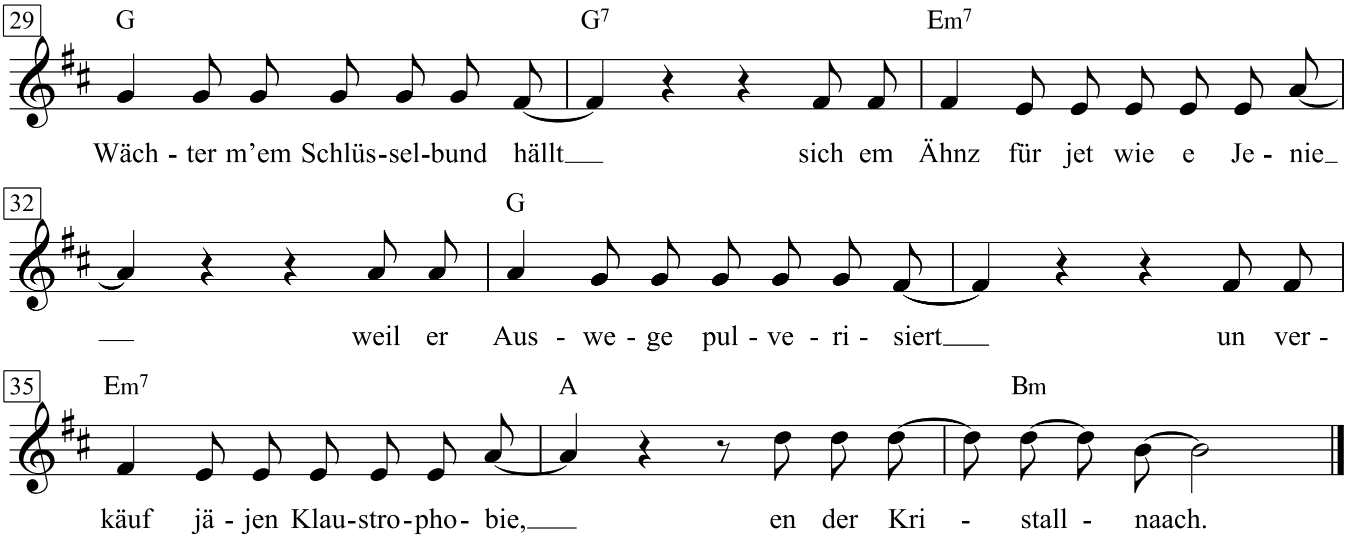
Refrain:
Kriminal-Tango in der Taverne ...

Kristallnaach

Wolfgang Niedecken

W. Boecker, M. Boecker, S. Borg,
K. Heuser, A. Büchel, W. Wollrath





.1. Et kütt vüür, dat ich mein, dat jet klirrt
dat sich irjendjet en mich verirrt,
e Jeräusch, nit ens laut, manchmol klirrt et vertraut
selden su, dat mer ‚t direkt durchschaut.
Mer weet wach, rief die Aure un sieht
en ‘nem Bild zwischen Brueghel und Bosch
kei Minsch, dä öm Sirene jet jitt
weil Entwarnung nur half su vill koss
et rüsch noch Kristallnaach.

2. En der Ruhe vür ‘m Sturm, wat ess dat?
Janz klammheimlich verlöößß wer die Stadt
Honratioren incognito hasten vorbei
Offiziell sinn die nit jähn dobei
Wenn die Volksseele - allzeit bereit
Richtung Siedepunkt wütet und schreit:
„Heil - Halali“ un grenzenlos geil
noh Vergeltung brüllt, zitternd vor Neid
en der Kristallnaach.

3. Doch die alles wat anders ess stührt,
die m’em Strom schwemme, wie ‘t sich jehührt
für die Schwule Verbrecher sinn, Ausländer Aussatz sinn
bruchen wer, der se verführt.
Un dann rettet keine Kavallerie
keine Zorro kommert sich doröm;
Dä piss höchstens e „Z“ en der Schnie
un fällt lallend vüür Lässigkeit öm:
„Na un? - Kristallnaach!“

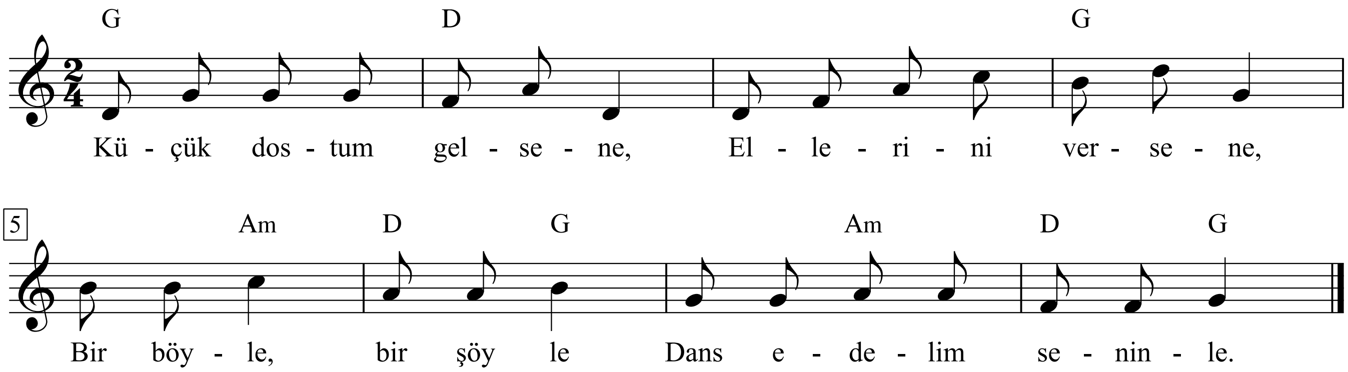
4. En der Kirch met dä Franz Kafka-Uhr,
ohne Zeiger, met Striche drop nur
ließ ‘ne Blinde ‘nem Taube Strubbeipeter vüür
hinger dreifach verriejelter Dürr.
Und dä Wächter m’em Schlüsselbund hällt
sich em Ähnz für jet wie e Jenie
weil er Auswege pulverisiert
un verkäuf jäjen Klaustrophobie
en der Kristallnaach.

5. Währenddessen am Maatplatz vielleich
unmaskiert, hück m’em wohre Jeseech
sammelt Steine, schlief et Mezz op die, die schon verpezz
probt dä Lynch-Mop für ‘t jüngste Jereech.
Un zem Laade nur flüchtig vertäut
- die Galeeren stonn längs unger Dampf-
weet em Hafen op Sklaven jewaat
op dä Schrott uss dämm ungleiche Kampf
uss der Kristallnaach.

6. Do, wo Darwin für aller herhällt
ob mer Minsche verdriev oder quält
do, wo hinger Macht Jeld ess, wo stark sinn die Welt ess
vun Kusche un Strammstonn entstellt.
Wo mer Hymnen om Kamm sujar blöößß
en barbarischer Gier noh Profit
„Hosianna“ un „Kreuzigt ich“ rööf
wemmer irjend ‘ne Vorteil drin sieht
es täglich Kristallnaach.

Küçük dostum

Kreisspiel aus der Türkei



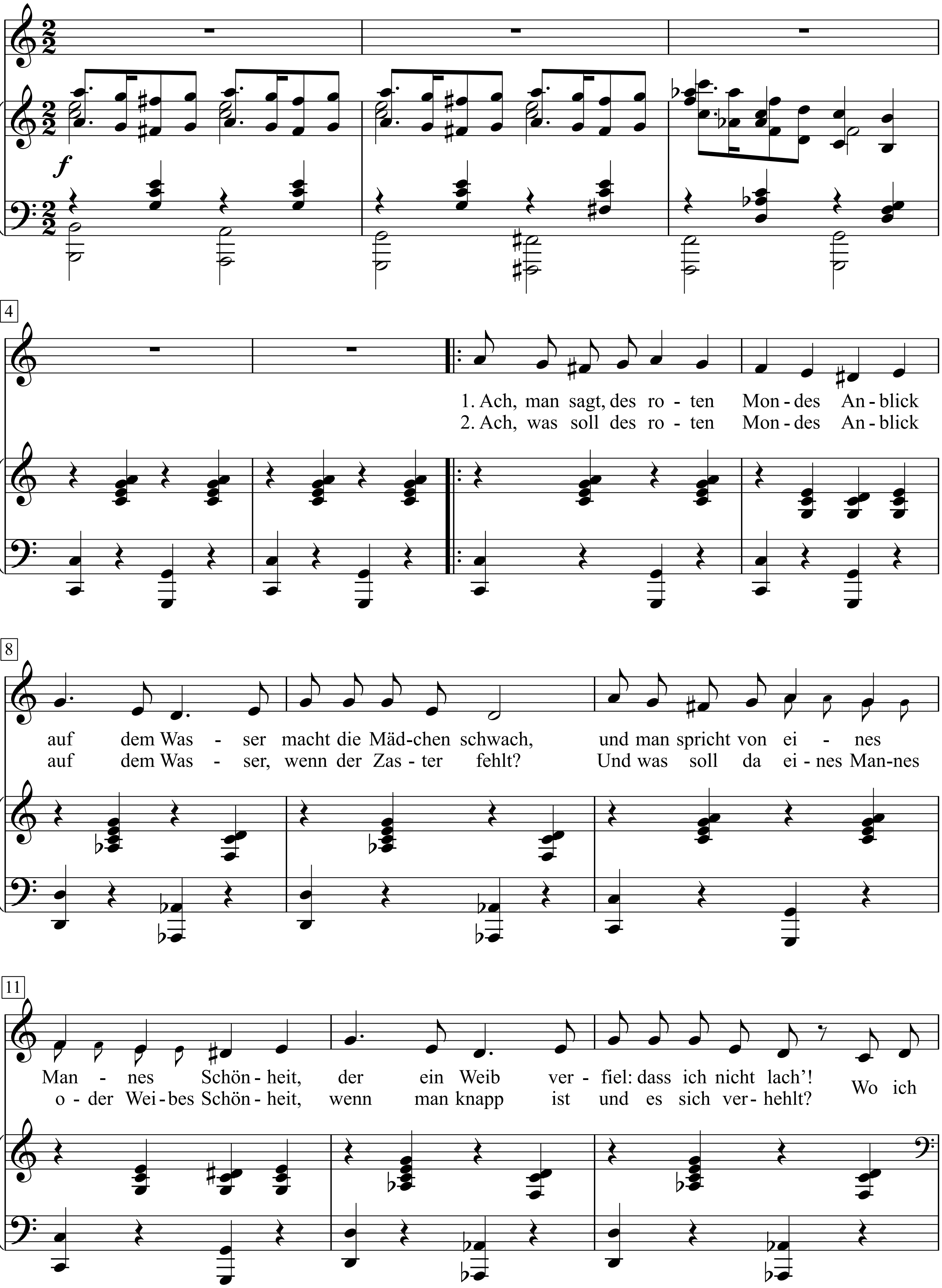
1. Küçük dostum gelsene,
Ellerini versene,
Bir böyle, bir şöyle
Dans edelim seninle

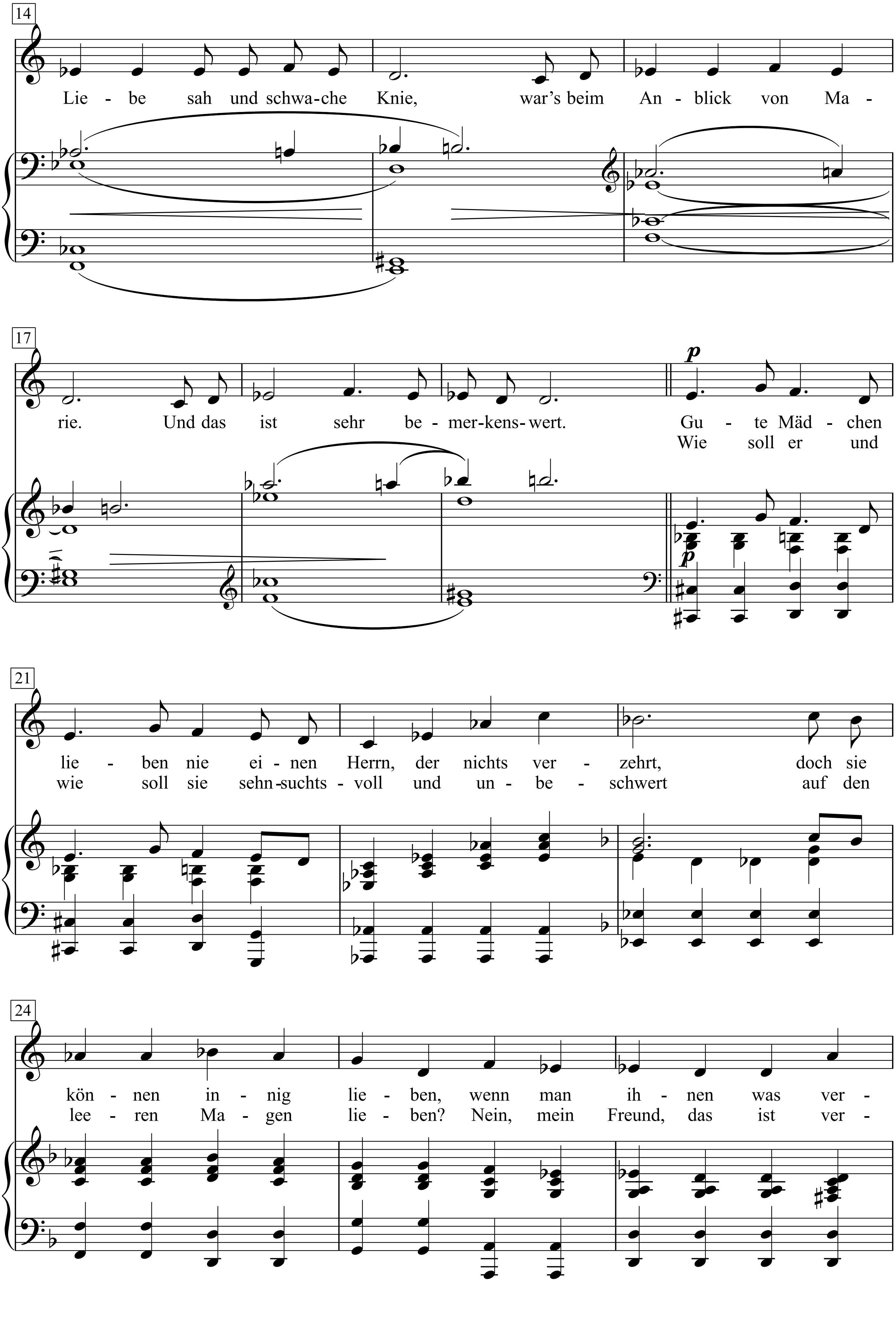
2. Ellerinle sap sap sap
Ayaklarınkla rap rap rap
Bir böyle, bir şöyle
Dans edelim seninle

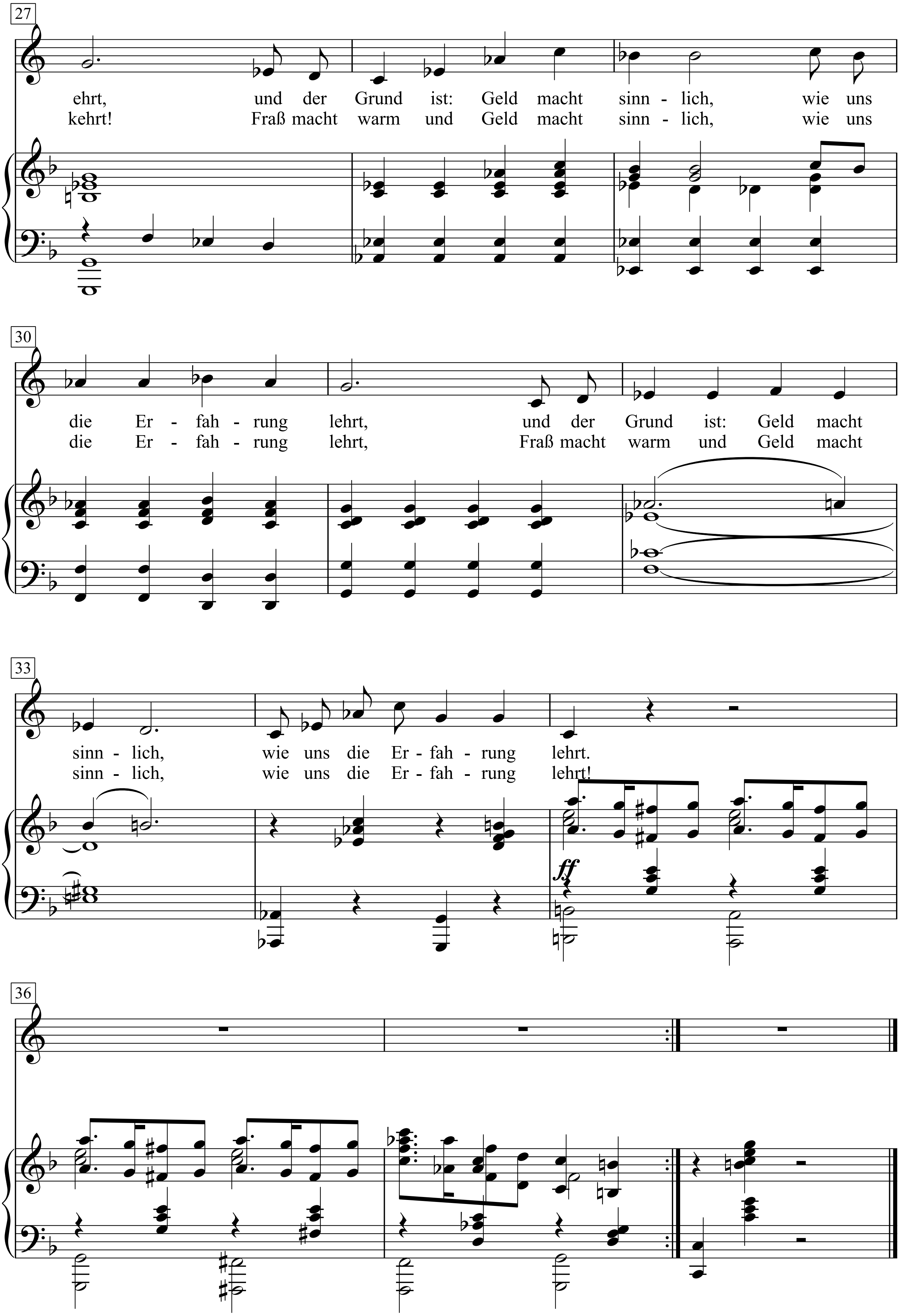
Kuppellied

Bertolt Brecht

Hanns Eisler



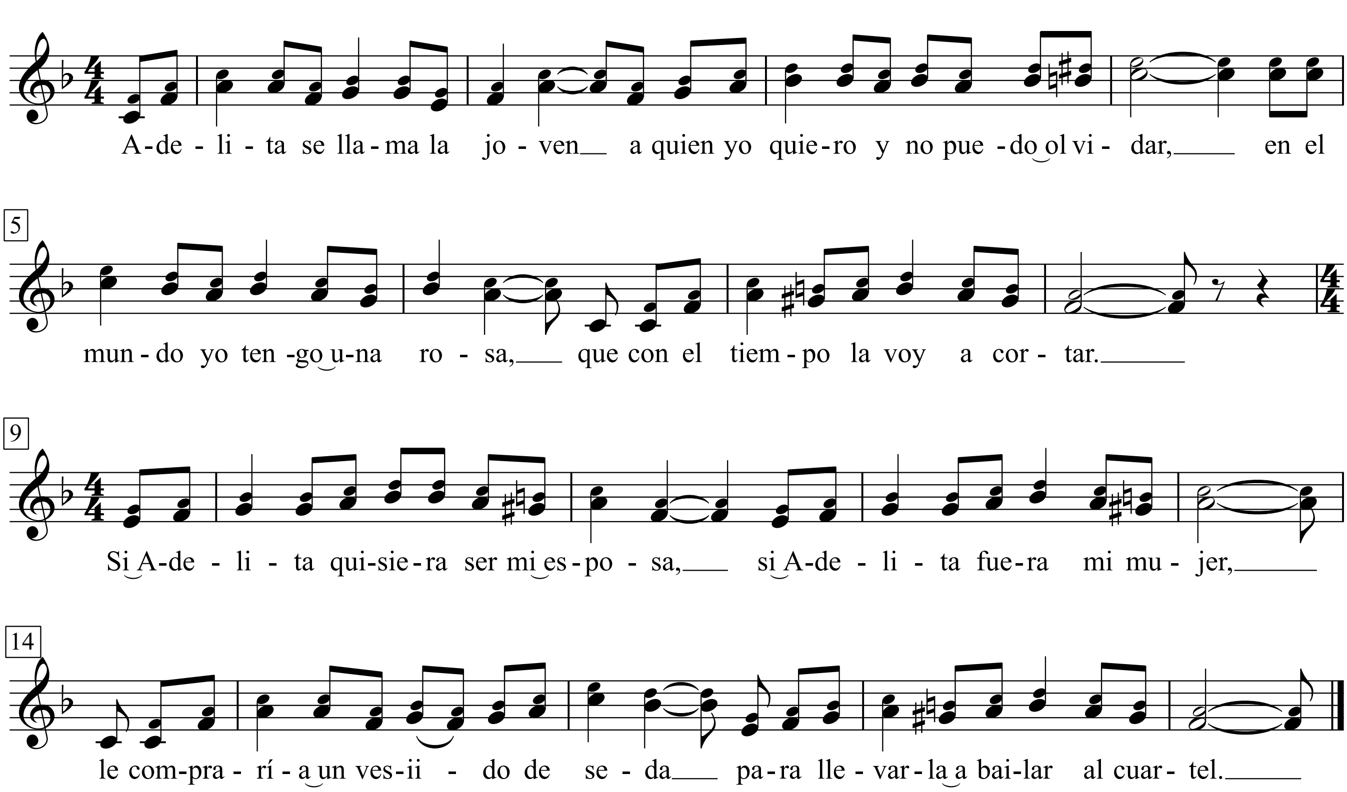

14
Lie - be sah und schwa-che Knie, war's beim An - blick von Ma -
17
rie. Und das ist sehr be - mer-kens-wert. Gu - te Mäd - chen
Wie soll er und
p
p
21
lie - ben nie ei - nen Herrn, der nichts ver - zehrt, doch sie
wie soll sie sehn-suchts - voll und un - be - schwert auf den
24
kön - nen in - nig lie - ben, wenn man ih - nen was ver -
lee - ren Ma - gen lie - ben? Nein, mein Freund, das ist ver -


27
ehrt, und der Grund ist: Geld macht sinn - lich, wie uns
kehrt! Fraß macht warm und Geld macht sinn - lich, wie uns
30
die Er - fah - rung lehrt, und der Grund ist: Geld macht
die Er - fah - rung lehrt, Fraß macht warm und Geld macht
33
sinn - lich, wie uns die Er - fah - rung lehrt.
sinn - lich, wie uns die Er - fah - rung lehrt!
ff
36

1. Ach, man sagt, des roten Mondes Anblick
auf dem Wasser macht die Mädchen schwach,
und man spricht von eines Mannes Schönheit,
der ein Weib verfiel: dass ich nicht lach'!
Wo ich Liebe sah und schwache Knie,
war's beim Anblick von Marie.
Und das ist sehr bemerkenswert.
Gute Mädchen lieben nie einen Herrn,
der nichts verzehrt, doch sie können innig lieben,
wenn man ihnen was verehrt, und der Grund ist:
Geld macht sinnlich, wie uns die Erfahrung lehrt,
und der Grund ist: Geld macht sinnlich,
wie uns die Erfahrung lehrt.

2. Ach, was soll des roten Mondes Anblick
auf dem Wasser, wenn der Zaster fehlt?
Und was soll da eines Mannes oder Weibes Schönheit,
wenn man knapp ist und es sich verhehlt?
Wie soll er und wie soll sie
sehnsuchtsvoll und unbeschwert
auf den leeren Magen lieben?
Nein, mein Freund, das ist verkehrt!
Fraß macht warm und Geld macht sinnlich,
wie uns die Erfahrung lehrt,
Fraß macht warm und Geld macht sinnlich,
wie uns die Erfahrung lehrt!

La Adelita



1. Adelita se llama la joven
a quien yo quiero y no puedo olvidar,
en el mundo yo tengo una rosa
y con el tiempo la voy a cortar.
Si Adelita quisiera ser mi esposa,
si Adelita fuera mi mujer,
le compraría un vestido de seda
para llevarla a bailar al cuartel.

2. Adelita, por Dios te lo ruego,
calma el fuego de esta mi pasión,
porque te amo y te quiero rendido
y por ti sufre mi fiel corazón.
Si Adelita se fuera con otro
le seguiría la huella sin cesar,
si por mar, en un buque de guerra,
si por tierra, en un tren *melitar.*

3. Toca el clarín de campaña a la guerra,
salga el valiente guerrero a pelear,
correrán los arroyos de sangre;
que gobierne un tirano, jamás.
Y si acaso yo muero en campaña
y mi cuerpo en la sierra va a quedar,
Adelita, por Dios te lo ruego,
con tus ojos me vas a llorar.

Vicente T. Mendoza - La canción Mexicana, p. 297

4. Ya no llores, querida Adelita,
ya no llores, querida mujer
no te muestres ingrata conmigo,
ya no me hagas tanto padecer,
Me despido de mi querida Adela,
ya me alejo de mi único placer,
nunca esperes de mi una cautela
ni te cambie por otra mujer.

5. Soy soldado y la patria me llama
a los campos que vaya a pelear,
Adelita, Adelita de mi alma,
no me vayas por Dios a olvidar.
Por la noche andando en el campo,
oigo el clarín que toca a reunión,
y repito en el fondo de mi alma;
Adelita es mi único amor.

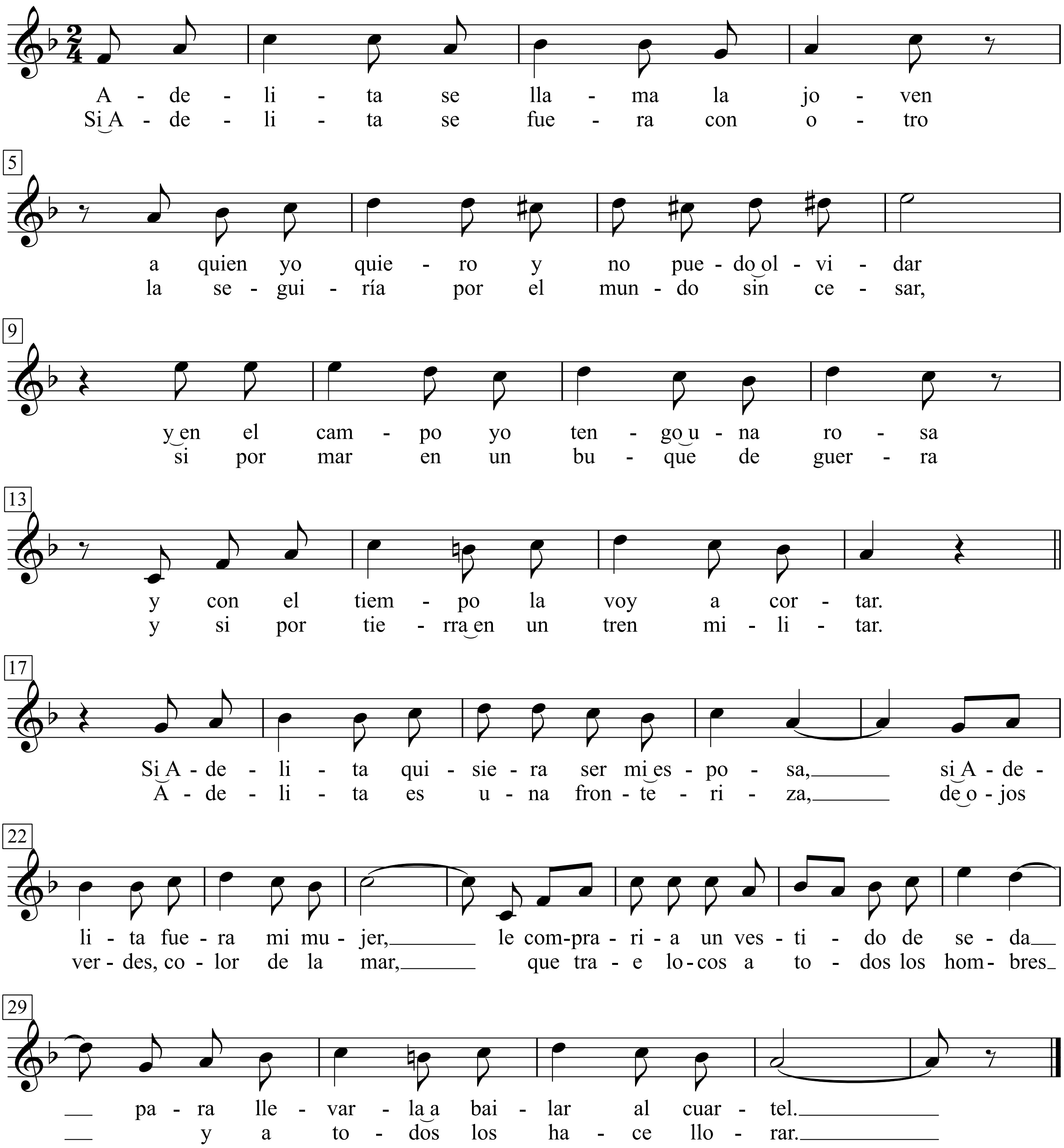
6. Si supieras que ha muerto tu amante
rezarás por mi una oración,
por el hombre que supo adorarte
con el alma, vida y corazón.
Ya me despido de mi querida Adela,
de ti un recuerdo quisiera llevar,
tu retrato lo llevo en mi pecho
como escudo que me haga triunfar.

Conque quédate, Adela querida,
yo me voy a la guerra a pelear,
la esperanza no llevo perdida
de volverte otra vez a abrazar.

Melodía publicada por el Archivo de la Sección de Música. "Emiliano Zapata". Biografía, por Baltasar Dromundo.

Adelita

(Corrido)



1. Adelita se llama la joven
a quien yo quiero y no puedo olvidar
y en el campo yo tengo una rosa
y con el tiempo la voy a cortar.

2. Si Adelita quisiera ser mi esposa,
si Adelita fuera mi mujer,
le compraria un vestido de seda
para llevarla a bailar al cuartel.

3, Si Adelita se fuera con otro
la seguiría por el mundo sin cesar,
si por mar en un buque de guerra
y si por tierra en un tren militar.

4. Adelita es una fronteriza,
de ojos verdes, color de la mar
que trae locos a todos los hombres
y a todos los hace llorar.

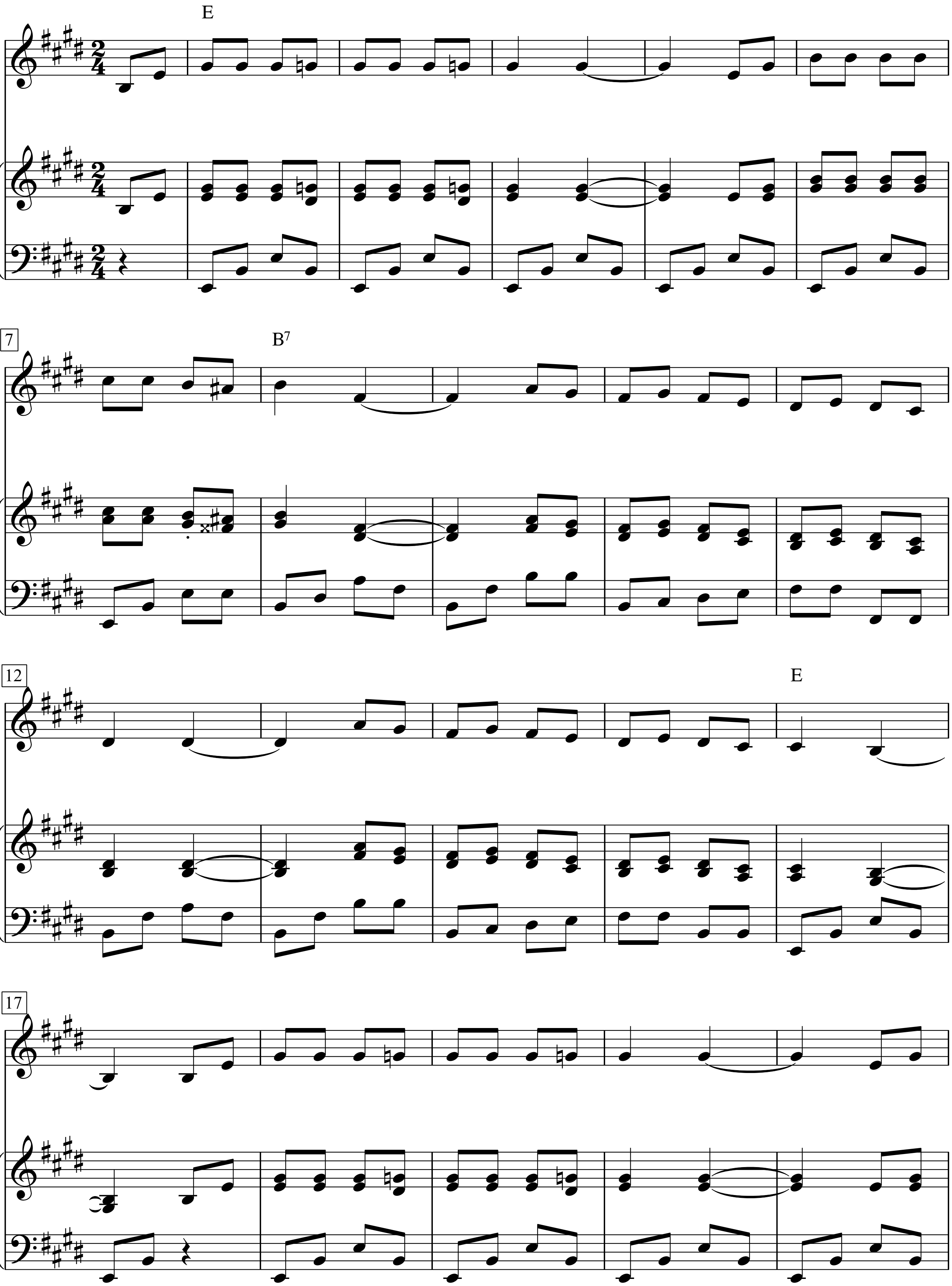
Adelita heißt das junge Mädchen,
das ich liebe und nicht vergessen kann,
und auf dem Feld habe ich eine Rose,
und mit der Zeit werde ich sie abschneiden.

Wenn Adelita einwilligen würde,
meine Braut zu werden,
wenn Adelita meine Frau wäre,
würde ich ihr ein Seidenkleid kaufen,
um sie mitzunehmen zum Tanzen in die Kaserne.

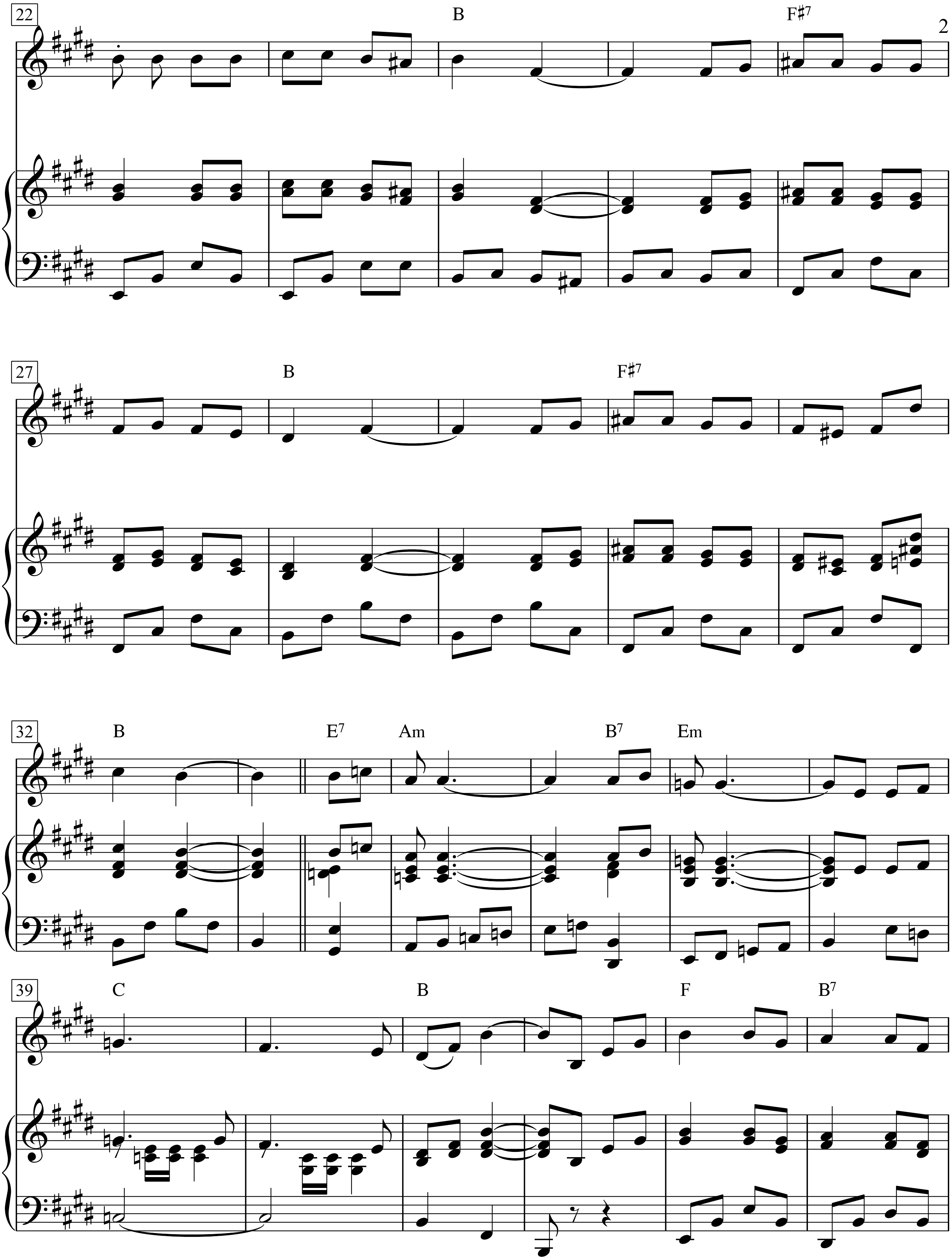
Wenn Adelita mit einem anderen,
würde ich ihr ewig durch die Welt ohne folgen,
wenn übers Meer, in einem Kriegsschiff,
wenn über Land, in einem Militärzug.

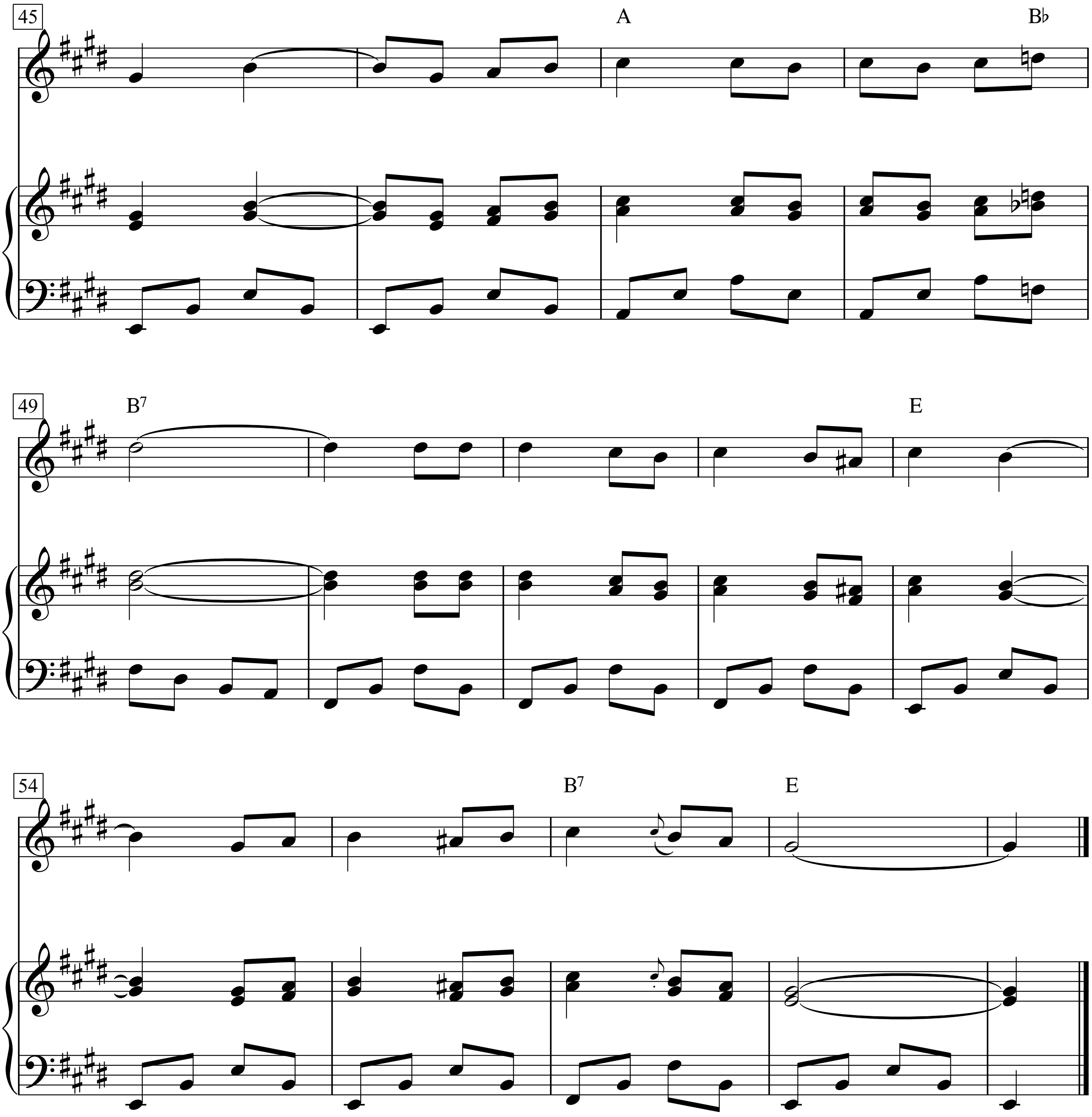
Adelita ist ein Grenzlandmädchen,
mit grünen Augen, meerfarben,
die verrückt macht alle Männer
und sie alle zum Weinen bringt.

La Adelita



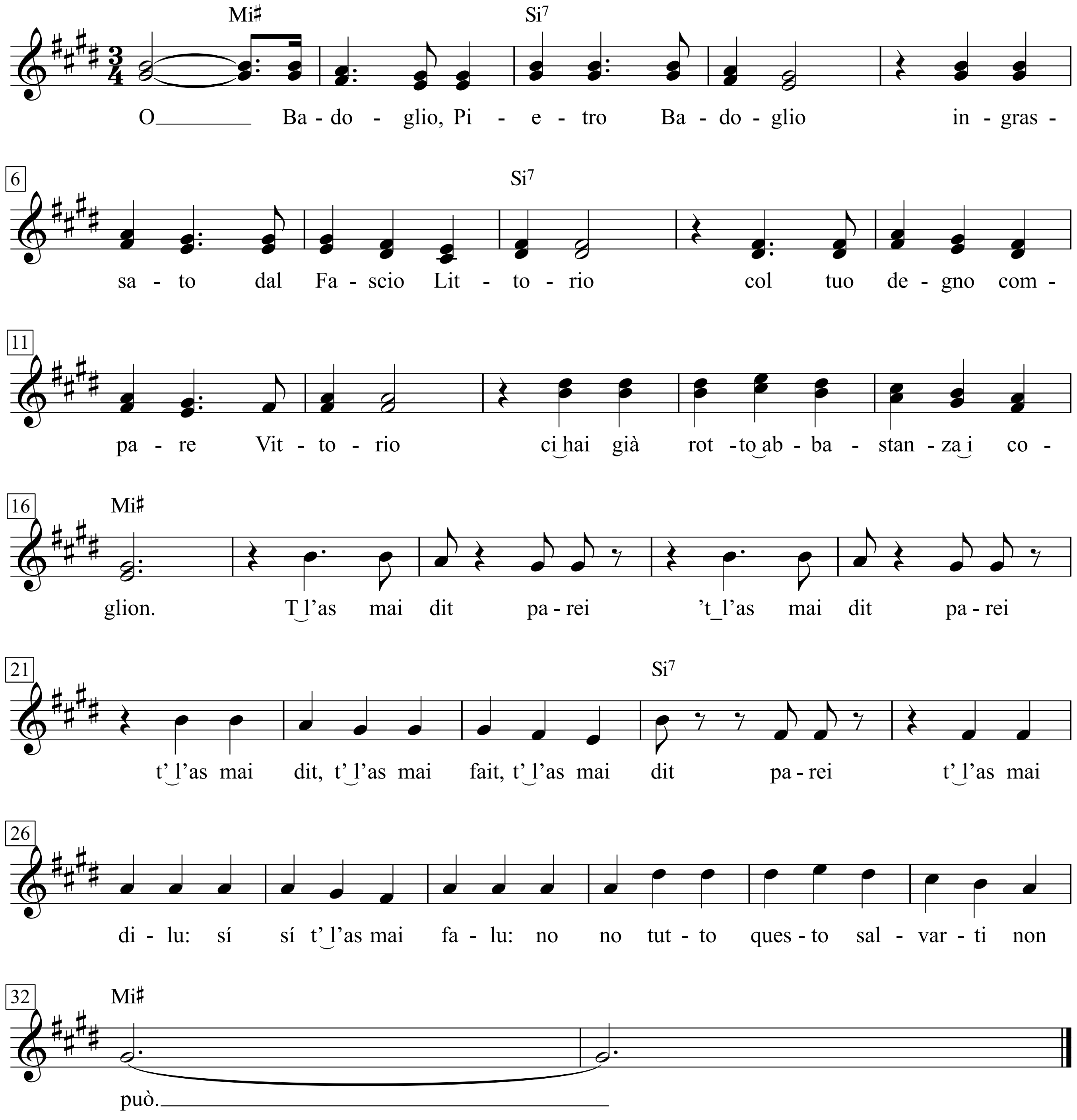
Songs of Mexico (Canciones Mejicanas), p. 24-26


22
B
F♯7
27
B
F♯7
32
B
E7
Am
B7
Em
39
C
B
F
B7


45
A
B♭
49
B7
E
54
B7
E

La Badoglieide

Fausto Amodei



Conzoniere della protesta 1, S. 89, 11-13

1. O Badoglio, Pietro Badoglio
ingrassato dal Fascio Littorio
col tuo degno compare Vittorio
ci hai già rotto abbastanza i coglion.

T l'as mai dit parei
t' l'as mai dit parei
t' l'as mai dit, t' l'as mai fait,

t' l'as mai dit parei
t' l'as mai dilu: sí sí
t' l'as mai falu: no no
tutto questo salvarti non può.

2. Ti ricordi quand'eri fascista
e facevi il saluto romano
ed al Duce stringevi la mano
sei davvero un gran porcaccion.

3. Ti ricordi l'impresa d'Etiopia
e il ducato di Addis Abeba
meritavi di prender l'ameba
ed invece facevi i milion.

4. Ti ricord4. la guerra di Francia
che l'Italia copriva d'infamia
ma tu intanto prendevi la mancia
e col Duce facevi ispezion.

5. Ti ricordi la guerra di Grecia
e i soldati mandati al macello,
e tu allora per farti più bello
rassegnavi le tue dimission.

6. A Grazzano giocavi alle bocce
mentre in Russia crepavan gli alpini
ma che importa, ci sono i quattrini
e si aspetta la buona occasion.

7. L'occasione è arrivata
è arrivata alla fine di luglio
ed allor, per domare il subbuglio,
ti mettevi a fare il dittator.

8. Gli squadristi li hai richiamati
gli antifascisti li hai messi in galera
la camicia non era più nera
ma il fascismo restava il padron.

9. Era tuo quell'Adami Rossi
che a Torino sparava ai borghesi;
se durava ancora due mesi
tutti quanti facevi ammazzar.

10. Mentre tu sull'amor di Petacci
t'affannavi a dar fiato alle trombe
sull'Italia calavan le bombe
e Vittorio calava i calzon.

11. I calzoni li hai calati
anche tu nello stesso momento
ti credevi di fare un portento
ed invece facevi pietà.

12. Ti ricordi la fuga ingloriosa
con il re, verso terre sicure;
siete proprio due sporche figure,
meritate la fucilazion.

13. Noi crepiamo sui monti d'Italia
mentre voi ve ne state tranquilli
ma non crederci tanto imbecilli
da lasciarci di nuovo fregar.

14. No, per quante moine facciate
state certi più non vi vogliamo
dillo pure a quel gran ciarlatano
che sul trono vorrebbe restar.

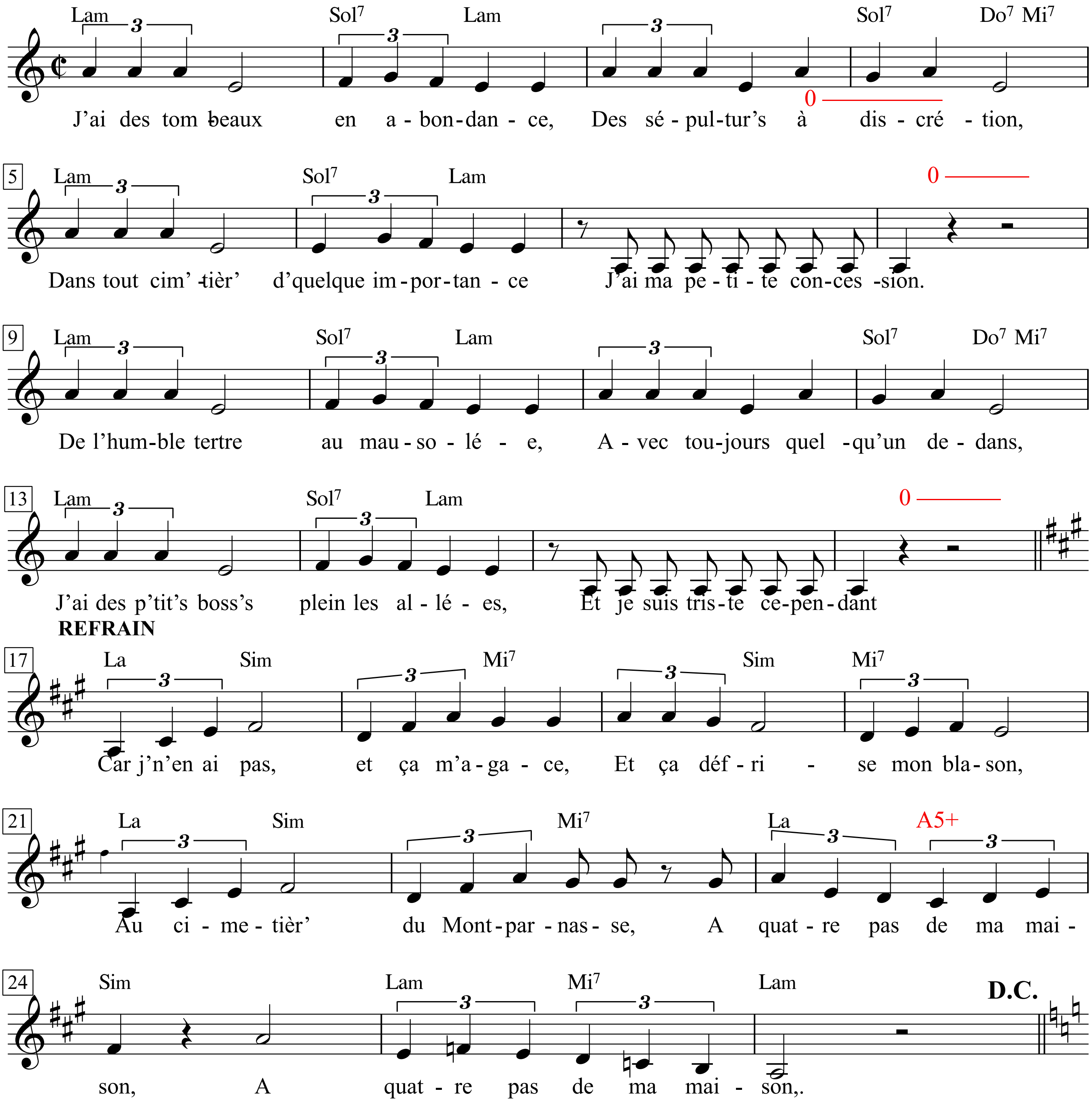
15. Se Benito ci ha rotto le tasche tu,
Badoglio, ci hai rotto i coglioni;
pei fascisti e pei vecchi cialtroni
in Italia più posto non c'è.

T l'as mai di parei, ecc ...

La ballade des cimetières

(Ballade von den Friedhöfen)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. J'ai des tombeaux en abondance,
Des sépultur's à discrétion,
Dans tout cim'tièr' d'quelque importance
J'ai ma petite concession.
De l'humble tertre au mausolée,
Avec toujours quelqu'un dedans,
J'ai des p'tit's boss's plein les allées,
Et je suis triste cependant ...

Car j' n'en ai pas, et ça m'agace,
Et ça défrise mon blason,
Au cimetièr' du Montparnasse,
A quatre pas de ma maison,

1. Ich hab Gräber groß, klein, kurz, lang, hab
Grüfte aus Marmor, Stahl und Ton;
auf allen Friedhöfen von Rang hab
ich meine kleine Konzession.
Mausoleen und schlichte Kuppen,
immer mit irgendwem darin,
Alleen voll Grabhügelgruppen
- wobei ich trotzdem traurig bin:

Denn ich hab nichts - wie ich das hasse,
und ich rauf mir die Haare kraus! -
auf dem Cimetière du Montparnasse,
nen Grabsteinwurf von meinem Haus,

2. J’en possède au Père-Lachaise,
A Bagneux, à Thiais, à Pantin,
Et jusque, ne vous en déplaise,
Au fond du cimetièr’ marin,
A la vill’ comm’ à la campagne,
Partout où l’on peut faire un trou,
J’ai mêm’ des tombeaux en Espagne
Qu’on me jalouse peu ou prou ...

Mais j’ n’en ai pas la moindre trace,
Le plus humble petit soupçon,
Au cimetièr’ du Montparnasse,
A quatre pas de ma maison, (bis)

3. Le jour des morts, je cours, je vole,
Je vais, infatigablement,
De nécropole en nécropole,
De pierr’ tombale en monument.
On m’entrevoit sous un’ couronne
D’immortelles à Champerret,
Un peu plus tard, c’est à Charonne
Qu’on m’aperçoit sous un cyprès ...

Mais, seul, un fourbe aura l’audace
De dir’ »J’ l’ai vu à l’horizon
Du cimetièr’ du Montparnasse,
A quatre pas de sa maison.« (bis)

4. Devant 1’ château de ma grand-tante
La marquise de Carabas,
Ma saint’ famille languit d’attente:
Mourra-t-ell’, mourra-t-elle pas?
L’un veut son or, l’autre ses meubles,
Qui ses bijoux, qui ses bib’lots,
Qui ses forêts, qui ses immeubles,
Qui ses tapis, qui ses tableaux ...

Moi, je n’implore qu’une grâce,
C’est qu’ell’ pass’ la morte-saison
Au cimetièr’ du Montparnasse,
A quatre pas de ma maison, (bis)

5. Ainsi chantait, la mort dans l’âme,
Un jeun’ homm’ de bonne tenue,
En train de ranimer la flamme
Du soldat qui lui était connu,
Or, il advint qu’le ciel eut marr’ de
L’entendre parler d’ses caveaux.
Et Dieu fit signe à la camarde
De l’expédier ru’ Froidevaux ...

Mais les croqu’-morts, qui étaient de Chartres,
Funeste erreur de livraison,
Menèr’nt sa dépouille à Montmartre,
De l’autr’ côté de sa maison, (bis)

2. Ich hab was auf dem Père Lachaise,
in Bagneux, in Thiais, in Pantin,
sogar in Sète (bloß kein Gewese!)
am Hang des Cimetière Marin.
Stadt, Land und Fluss, Parks, Dome, Stifte,
wo man nur wen verbuddeln kann;
ich hab auch Wolkenkuckucksgrüfte,
da lass ich keinen ändern ran ...

Aber ich hab nicht mal ne blasse
Ahnung von nem Hauch eines Baus
auf dem Cimetière du Montparnasse,
nen Grabsteinwurf von meinem Haus, (bis)

3. Zu Allerseelen wetz ich Sohlen,
ich eil, ich flieg, als ob was brennt,
von Friedhöfen zu Nekropolen,
von Gedenkstein zu Monument.
In Champerret sieht man mich unter
einem Kranz Immortellen stehn
und in Charonne bald darauf munter
zwischen Zypressen trauern gehn ...

Doch könnt nur ein Blinder zum Spaße
behaupten er mache mich aus
auf dem Cimetière du Montparnasse,
nen Grabsteinwurf von meinem Haus, (bis)

4. Vor dem Château meiner Großtante,
der Marquise von Carabas,
zappeln jetzt fromm viele Verwandte:
Stirbt sie nicht, stirbt sie, ja, nein, ja?
Der will ihr Geld, die das Geschmeide,
jener die Möbel, der den Tand,
die Bibliothek, die Gebäude,
Bilder und Teppiche und Land ...

Ich will nur eins: Wird sie zum Fraße
der Maden, dann in Saus und Braus
auf dem Cimetière du Montparnasse,
nen Grabsteinwurf von meinem Haus, (bis)

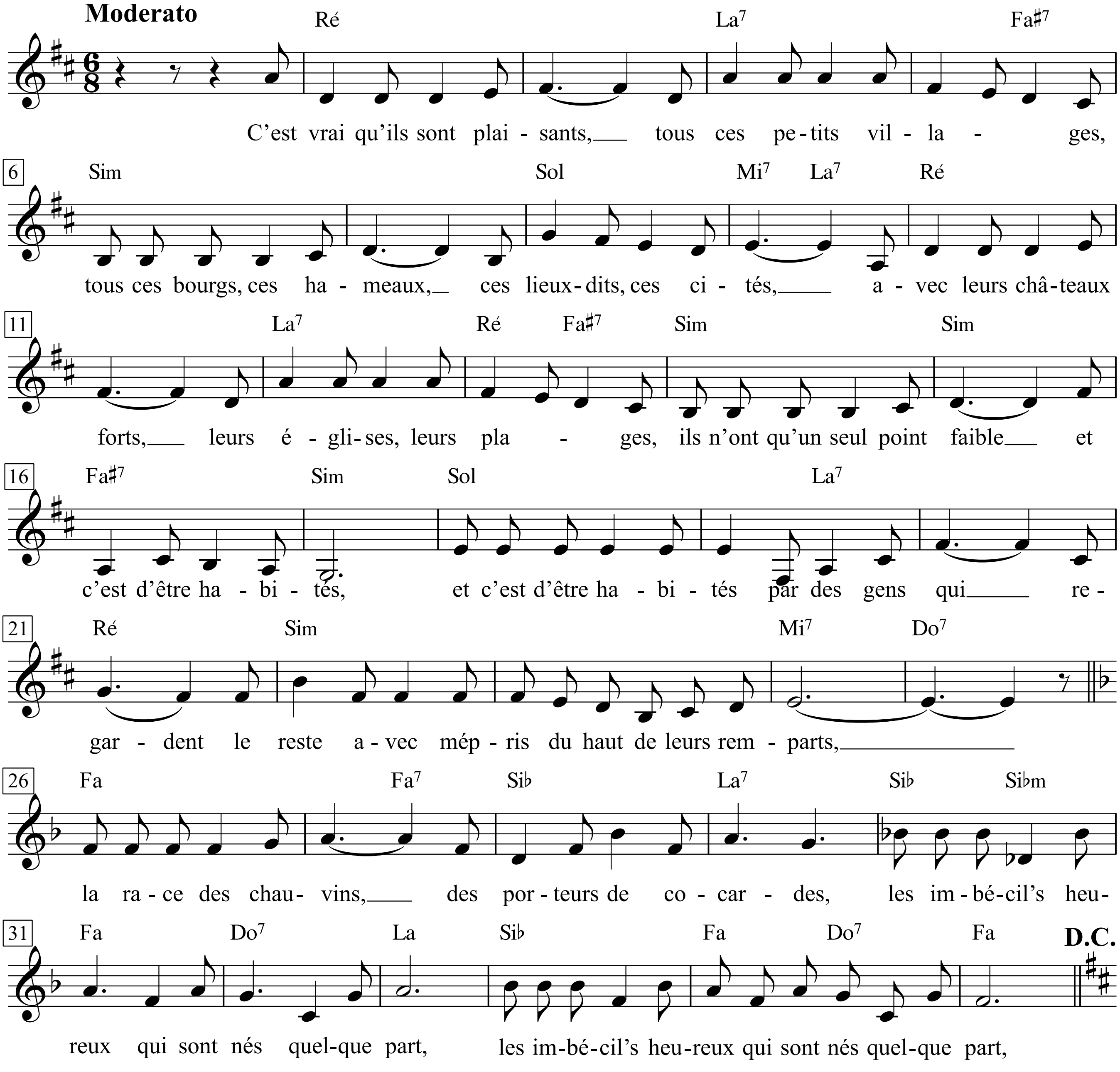
5. So ächzte unter Gramesbürden
in schwarzem Frack ein junger Mann,
steckte dabei ein Kerzchen für den
Soldaten, den er kannte, an.
Da hatte der Himmel die Schnauze
von seinem Gruftgerede voll,
und Gott befahl, dass man die Plautze
nach der Rue Froidevaux verroll ...

Die Totengräber warn aus Chartres,
Irrläufer, sie brachten - o Graus! -
seinen Kadaver nach Montmartre,
ein Stück jenseits von seinem Haus! (bis)

La ballade des gens qui sont nés quelque part

(Die Ballade von den irgendwo Geborenen)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. C’est vrai qu’ils sont plaisants, tous ces petits villages,
Tous ces bourgs, ces hameaux, ces lieux-dits, ces cités,
Avec leurs châteaux forts, leurs églises, leurs plages,
Ils n’ont qu’un seul point faible et c’est d’être habités,
Et c’est d’être habités par des gens qui regardent
Le reste avec mépris du haut de leurs remparts,
La race des chauvins, des porteurs de cocardes,
Les imbécil’s heureux qui sont nés quelque part, (bis)

2. Maudits soient ces enfants de leur mère patrie
Empalés une fois pour tout’s sur leur clocher,
Qui vous montrent leurs tours, leurs musé’s, leur mairie,
Vous font voir du pays natal jusqu’à loucher.
Qu’ils sortent de Paris, ou de Rome, ou de Sète,
Ou du diable vauvert ou bien de Zanzibar,
Ou même de Montcuq, ils s’en flattent, mazette,
Les imbécil’s heureux qui sont nés quelque part, (bis)

3. Le sable dans lequel, douillettes, leurs autruches
Enfouissent la tête, on trouve pas plus fin,
Quant à l’air qu’ils emploient pour gonfler leurs baudruches,
Leurs bulles de savon, c’est du souffle divin.
Et, petit à petit, les voilà qui se montent
Le cou jusqu’à penser que le crottin fait par
Leurs chevaux, même en bois, rend jaloux tout le monde,
Les imbécil’s heureux qui sont nés quelque part, (bis)

4. C’est pas un lieu commun celui de leur naissance,
Ils plaignent de tout cœur les pauvres malchanceux,
Les petits maladroits qui n’eur’nt pas la présence,
La présence d’esprit de voir le jour chez eux.
Quand sonne le tocsin sur leur bonheur précaire,
Contre les étrangers tous plus ou moins barbares,
Ils sortent de leur trou pour mourir à la guerre,
Les imbécil’s heureux qui sont nés quelque part, (bis)

5. Mon Dieu, qu’il ferait bon sur la terre des hommes
Si l’on n’y rencontrait cette race incongru’,
Cette race importune et qui partout foisonne:
La race des gens du terroir, des gens du cru.
Que la vi’ serait belle en toutes circonstances
Si vous n’aviez tiré du néant ces jobards,
Preuve, peut-être bien, de votre inexistence:
Les imbécil’s heureux qui sont nés quelque part, *(bis)*

1. Na ja, sie sind ganz nett, all diese kleinen Käffer,
all die Weiler und Nester, hier wie hinterm Mond,
mit Burg und Berg und Strand, mit Dom und Chor und Kläffer;
sie haben einen Fehler nur: Sie sind bewohnt
von Leuten, die so tun, als wären sie die Garde
und alle andren null oder aber Gefahr -
die Rasse der Chauvins, mit Fahne und Kokarde,
die armen Irren, die leider wer wo gebar, (bis)

2. Verflucht seien die Kinder ihrer Mutterschollen,
in ihrem Kirchhofsdreck verwurzelt und verwühlt,
die dir Museum, Turm und Rathaus zeigen wollen,
die einem ihre Heimat antun, bis man schielt.
Ob sie nun aus Paris sind, aus Bonn oder Sète,
aus Hintertupfingen oder aus Sansibar
oder vom Arsch - sie sind noch stolz drauf, jede Wette,
die armen Irren, die leider wer wo gebar, (bis)

3. Der Kuschelsand, in den die Strauße da die Köpfe
stecken, ist ganz besonders extrafein, und auch
die Luft, die heiße, die blablähet ihre Kröpfe
und ihre Seifenblasen, ist göttlicher Hauch.
Und während sie auf ihren Steckenpferden reiten,
glauben sie, dass die Völker der Welt sie sogar
um deren Äpfel aus verwurmtem Holz beneiden,
die armen Irren, die leider wer wo gebar, (bis)

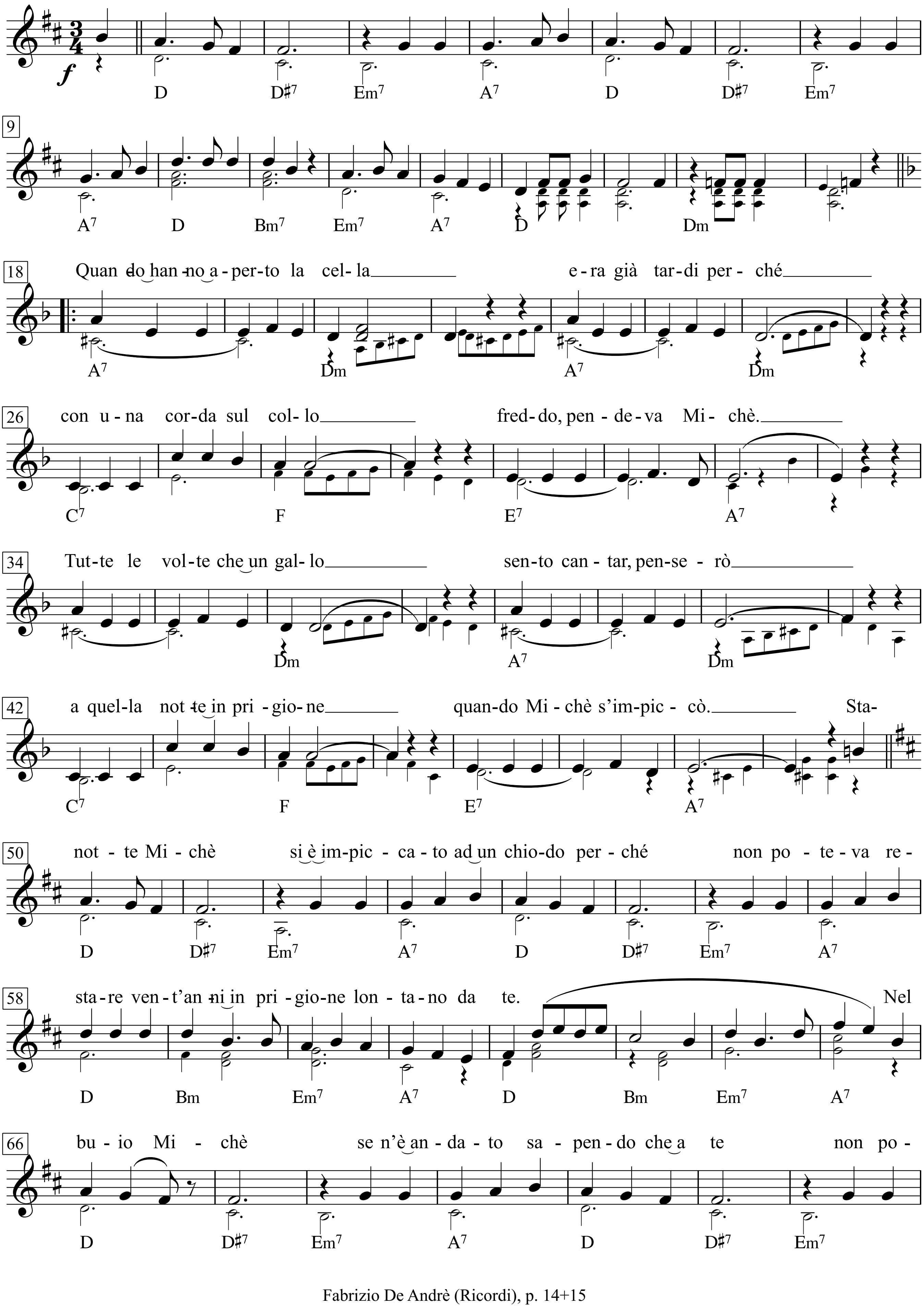
4. Nein, es ist kein Gemeinplatz, der ihrer Entbindung;
herzlich bedauern sie das arme Kroppzeug, das
die Geistesgegenwart (oder die Überwindung),
bei ihnen auf die Welt zu kommen, nicht besaß.
Wenn über ihrem heiklen Glück Sirenen klirren,
gegen den Fremden - mehr oder minder Barbar -,
kriechen sie aus dem Loch, um im Krieg zu krepieren,
die armen Irren, die leider wer wo gebar, (bis)

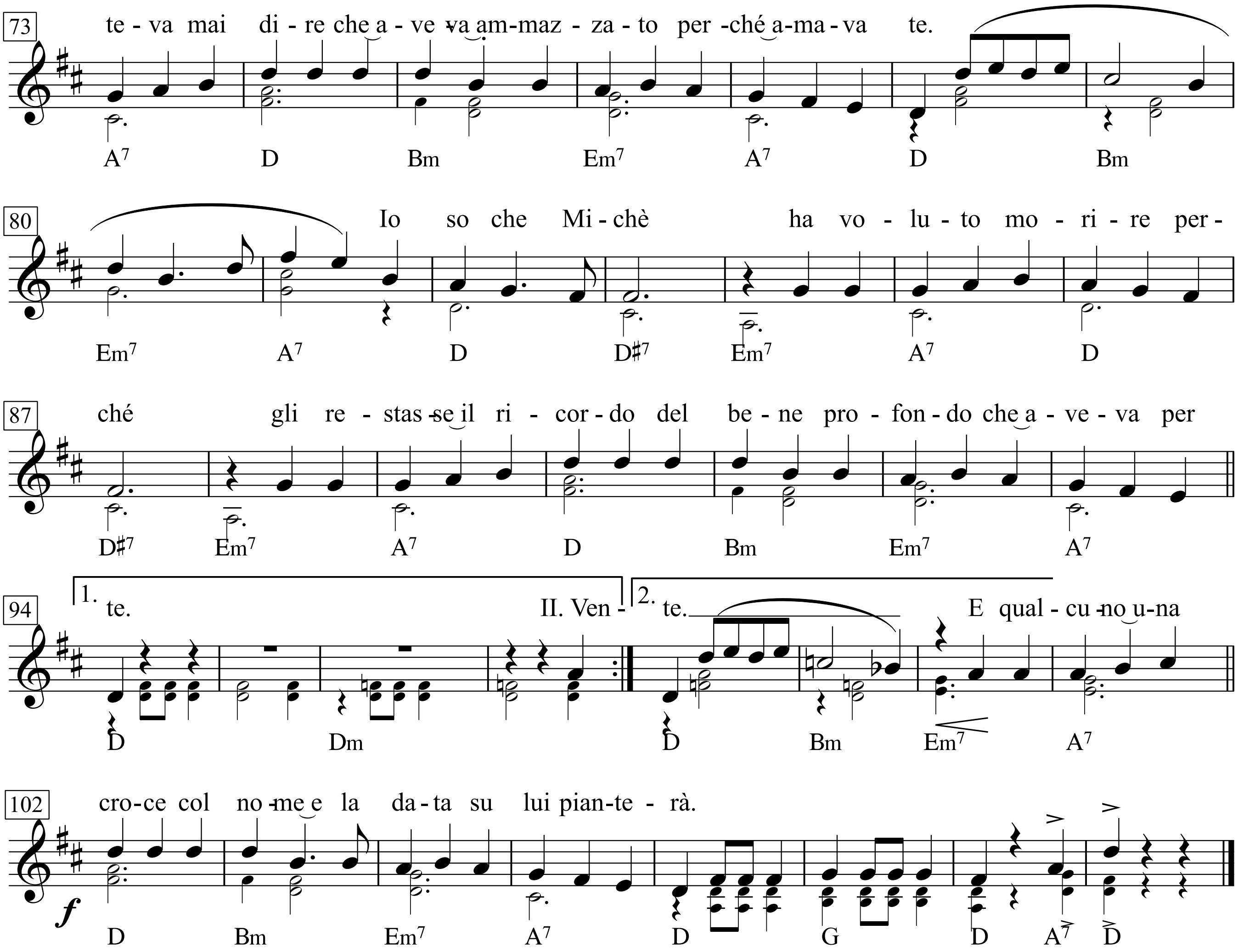
5. Mein Gott, wie herrlich wär es auf diesem Planeten,
gab’s diese Rasse nicht, die man überall sieht,
dies lästige Geschmeiß, in jedem Land vertreten,
die von der Scholle, Heimatrasse von Geblüt.
Wie schön wär trotz des ganzen andren Drecks das Leben,
hättst du, Herr, diese Trottel nicht gern am Altar -
von dir erschaffen und Beweis: Dich kann’s nicht geben ...
die armen Irren, die leider wer wo gebar, (bis)

La ballata de Miché

Testo di Fabrizio De Andrè - Clelia Petracchi

Musica di E. Monti





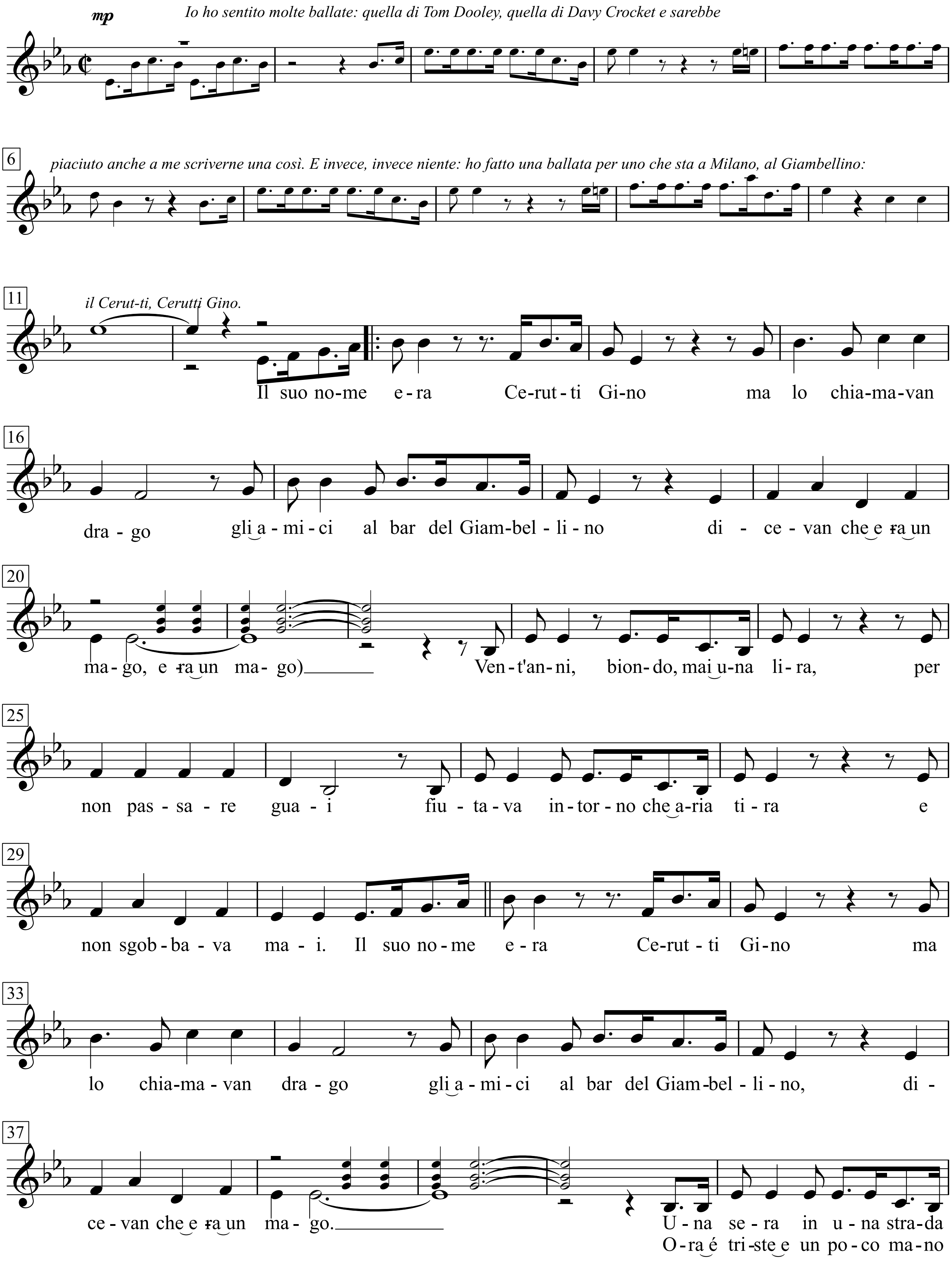
1° Strofa:
Quando hanno aperto la cella
era già tardi perché
con una corda sul collo
freddo, pendeva Michè.
Tutte le volte che un gallo
sento cantar, penserò
a quella notte in prigione
quando Michè s’impiccò.
1° Ritornello:
Stanotte Michè
si è impiccato ad un chiodo perché
non poteva restare
vent’anni in prigione
lontano da te.
Nel buio Michè
se n’è andato sapendo che a te
non poteva mai dire
che aveva ammazzato
perché amava te.
Io so che Michè
ha voluto morire perché
gli restasse il ricordo
del bene profondo
che aveva per te.

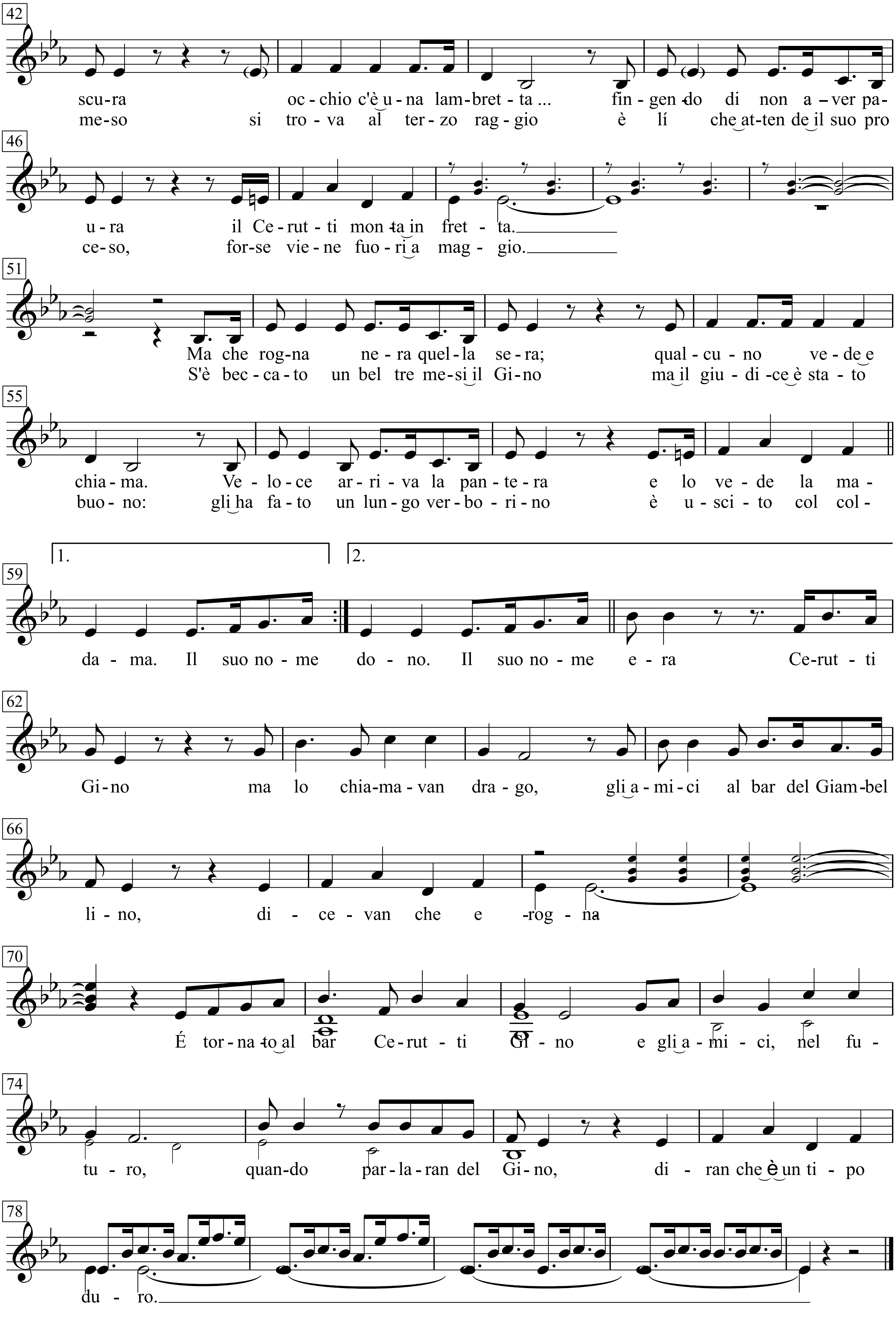
2° Strofa:
Vent’anni gli avevano dato
la Corte decise così
perché un giorno aveva ammazzato
chi voleva rubargli Mari.
Lo avevan perciò condannato
vent’anni in prigione a marcir,
però adesso che lui s’è impiccato
la porta gli devono aprir.
2° Ritornello:
Se pure Michè
non ti ha scritto spiegando perché
se n’è andato dal mondo
tu sai che l’ha fatto
soltanto per te.
Domani alle tre
nella « fosse comune » cadrà
senza il prete e la Messa
perché di un suicida non hanno pietà.
Domani alle tre
nella terra bagnata sarà
e qualcuno una croce
col nome e la data
su lui pianterà.

Finale:
E qualcuno una croce
col nome e la data
su lui pianterà.

La ballata del Cerutti

Parole di U. Simonetta *Musica di* Giorgio Gaber



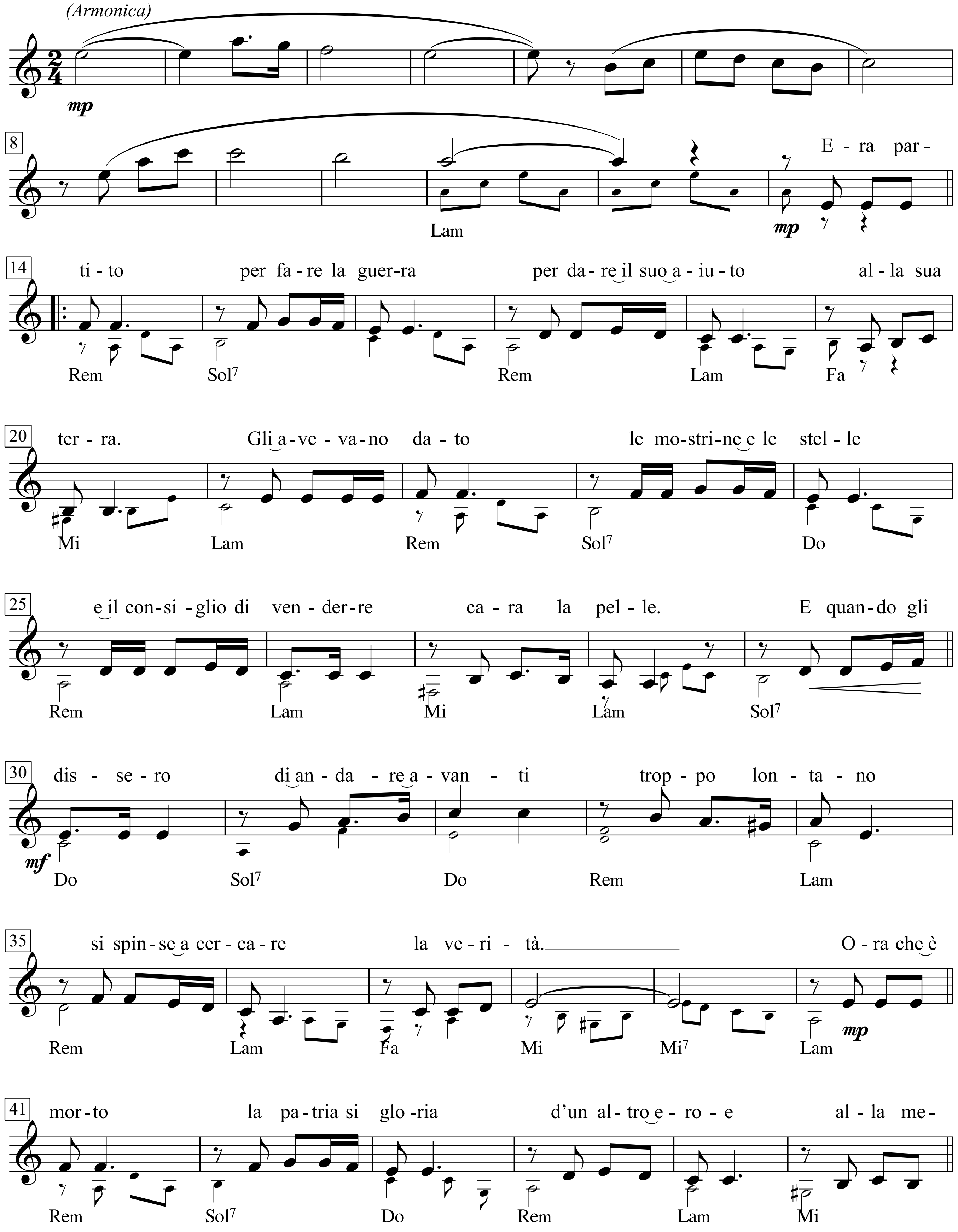

42
scu-ra oc-chio c'è u-na lam-bret-ta ... fin-gen-do di non a-ver pa-
me-so si tro-va al ter-zo rag-gio è lí che at-ten de il suo pro
46
u-ra il Ce-rut-ti mon-ta in fret - ta.
ce-so, for-se vie-ne fuo-ri a mag - gio.
51
Ma che rog-na ne-ra quel-la se-ra; qual-cu-no ve-de e
S'è bec-ca-to un bel tre me-si il Gi-no ma il giu-di-ce è sta-to
55
chia-ma. Ve-lo-ce ar-ri-va la pan-te-ra e lo ve-de la ma-
buo-no: gli ha fa-to un lun-go ver-bo-ri-no è u-sci-to col col-
1.
2.
59
da-ma. Il suo no-me do-no. Il suo no-me e-ra Ce-rut-ti
62
Gi-no ma lo chia-ma-van dra-go, gli a-mi-ci al bar del Giam-bel
66
li-no, di-ce-van che e rog-na
70
É tor-na-to al bar Ce-rut-ti Gi-no e gli a-mi-ci, nel fu-
74
tu-ro, quan-do par-la-ran del Gi-no, di-ran che è un ti-po
78
du - ro.

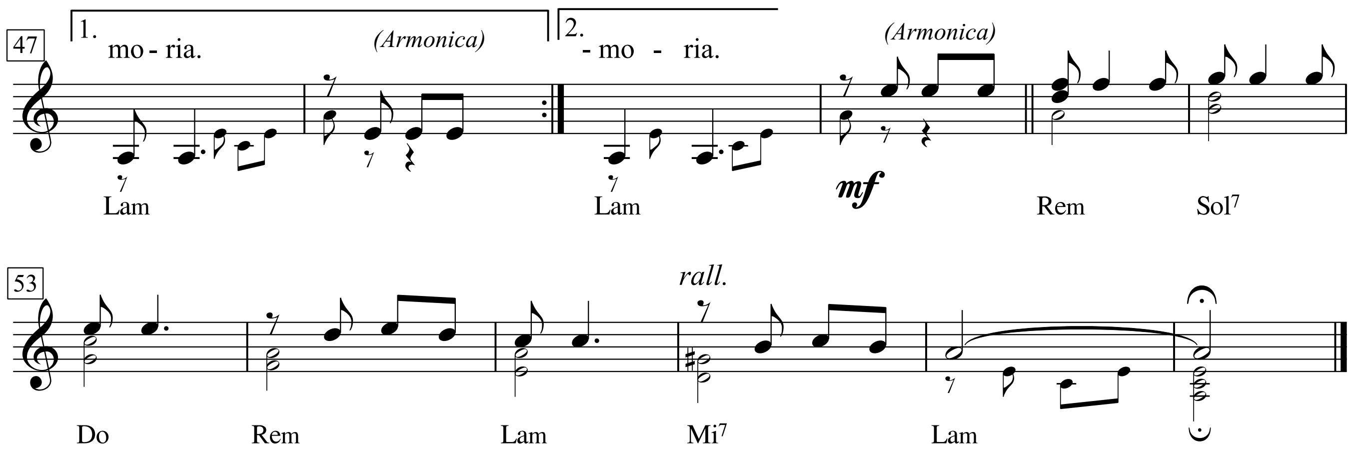
La ballata dell'eroe

Testi di Fabrizio De Andrè

Musica di E. Monti

Lento e triste





Era partito
per fare la guerra
per dare il suo aiuto
alla sua terra.
Gli avevano dato
le mostrine e le stelle
e il consiglio di vendere
cara la pelle.
E quando gli dissero
di andare avanti
troppo lontano
si spinse a cercare
la verità.
Ora che è morto
la patria si gloria
d'un altro eroe
alla memoria.

Era partito
per fare la guerra
per dare il suo aiuto
alla sua terra.
Gli avevano dato
le mostrine e le stelle
e il consiglio di vendere
cara la pelle.

Ripresa:
Ma lei che lo amava
aspettava il ritorno
d'un soldato vivo,
d'un eroe morto
che ne farà?
Se accanto nel letto
le è rimasta la gloria
d'una medaglia
alla memoria.

Er war aufgebrochen
in den Krieg
um seinem Land seine
Hilfe zu geben
sie gaben ihm
Kragenspiegel und Sterne
und den Rat, die Haut
teuer zu verkaufen.
Und als sie ihn ihn
vorrücken hießen
stürmte er zu weit vor,
um die Wahrheit
zu suchen.
Jetzt, wo er tot ist,
rühmt sich das Vaterland
in der Erinnerung
eines anderen Helden.

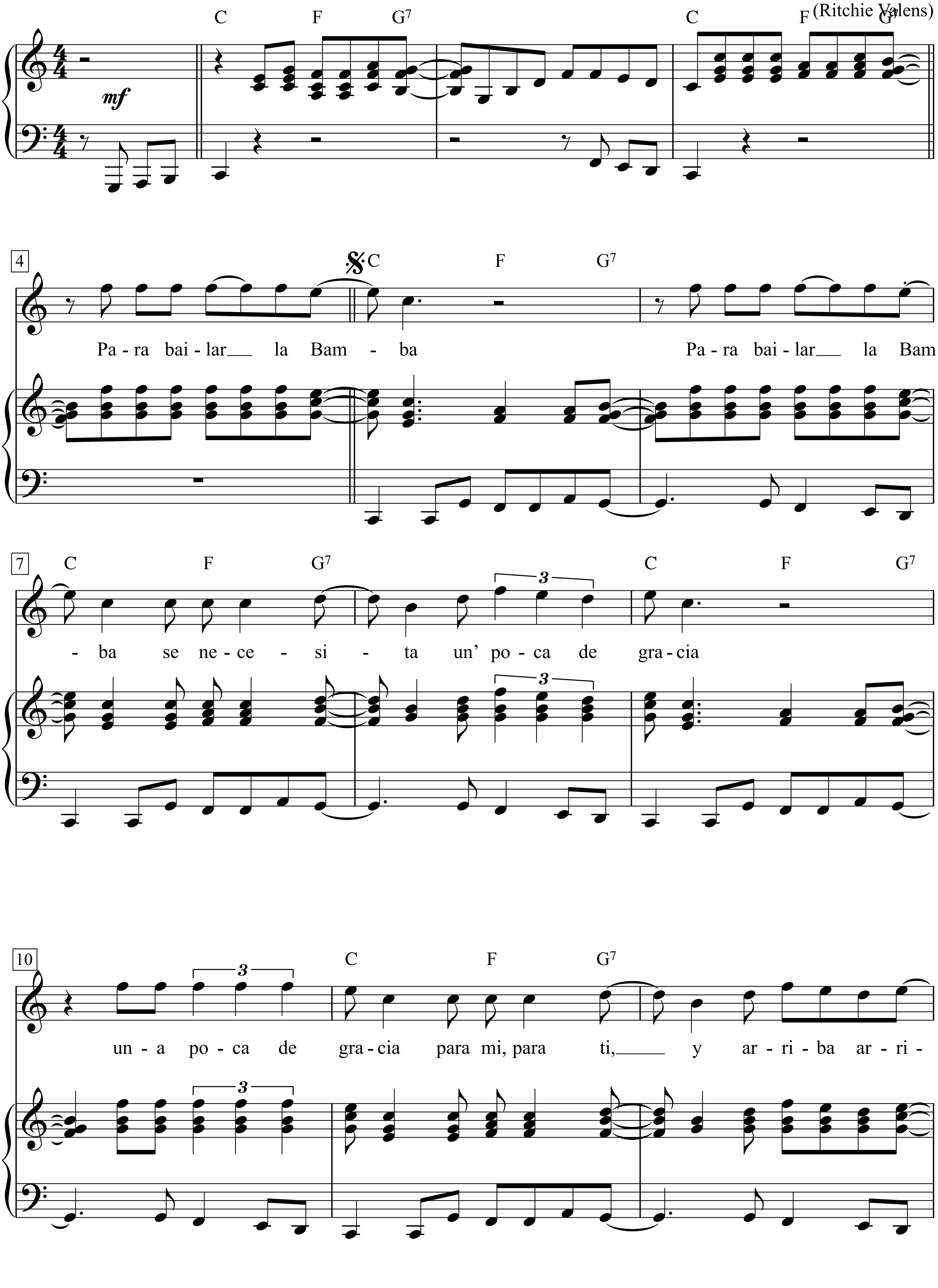
Er war aufgebrochen
in den Krieg
um seinem Land seine
Hilfe zu geben
sie gaben ihm
Kragenspiegel und Sterne
und den Rat, die Haut
teuer zu verkaufen.

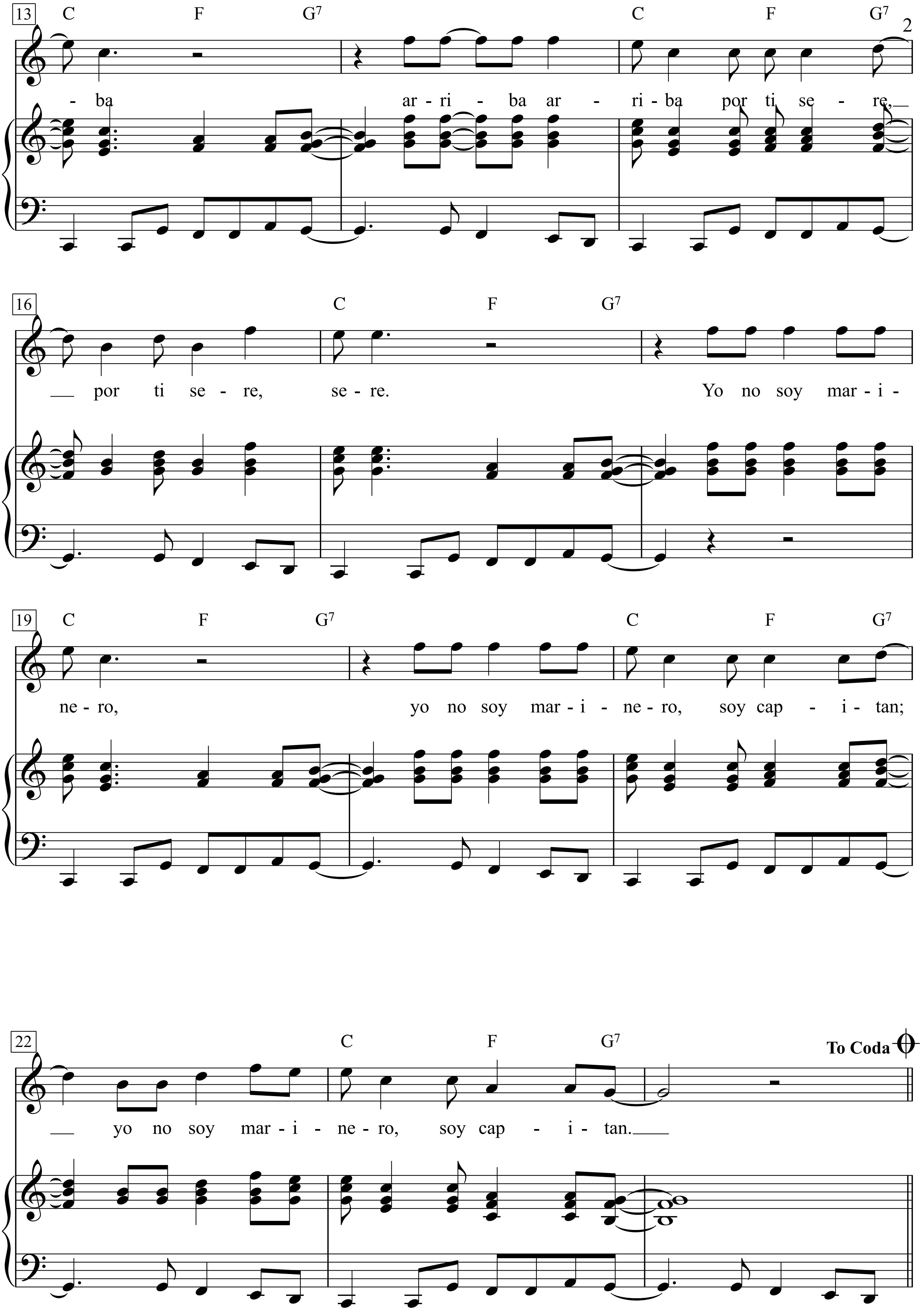
Wiederholung:
Aber sie, die ihn liebte,
wartete auf die Heimkehr
eines lebenden Soldaten -
was soll sie
mit einem Toten?
Wenn neben ihr
im Bett nur der Ruhm
einer Medaille zur
Erinnerung übrigblieb.

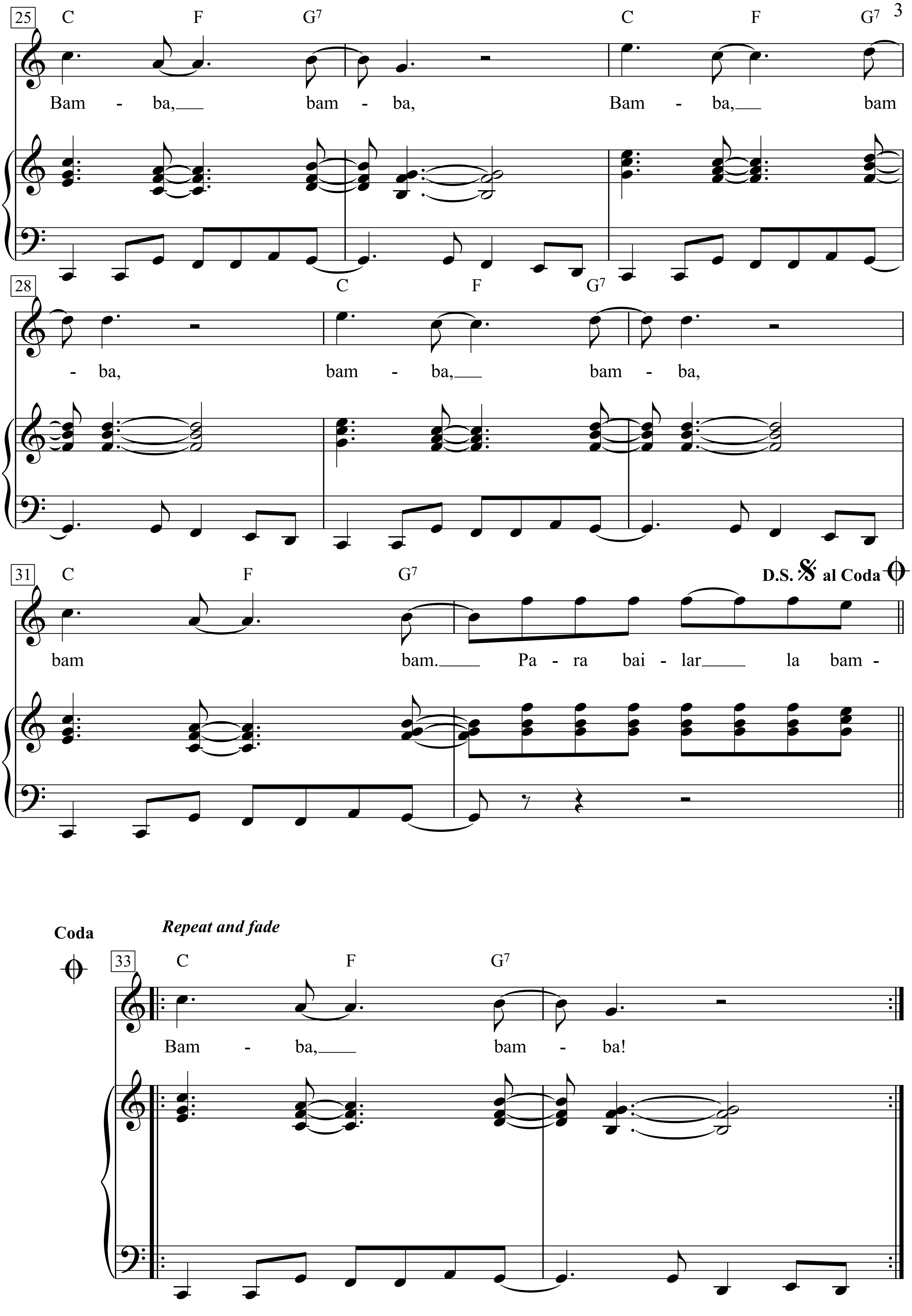
La Bamba

Moderate “Latin Rock” beat

Adaption & Arrangement by
Ritchie Valens
(Ritchie Valens)




13
C F G7 C F G7
- ba ar - ri - ba ar - ri - ba por ti se - re,
16
C F G7
por ti se - re, se - re. Yo no soy mar - i -
19
C F G7 C F G7
ne - ro, yo no soy mar - i - ne - ro, soy cap - i - tan;
22
C F G7
yo no soy mar - i - ne - ro, soy cap - i - tan.
To Coda


25
C F G7 C F G7
Bam - ba, bam - ba, Bam - ba, bam
28
C F G7
- ba, bam - ba, bam - ba,
31
C F G7
D.S. al Coda
bam bam. Pa - ra bai - lar la bam -
Coda
Repeat and fade
33
C F G7
Bam - ba, bam - ba!

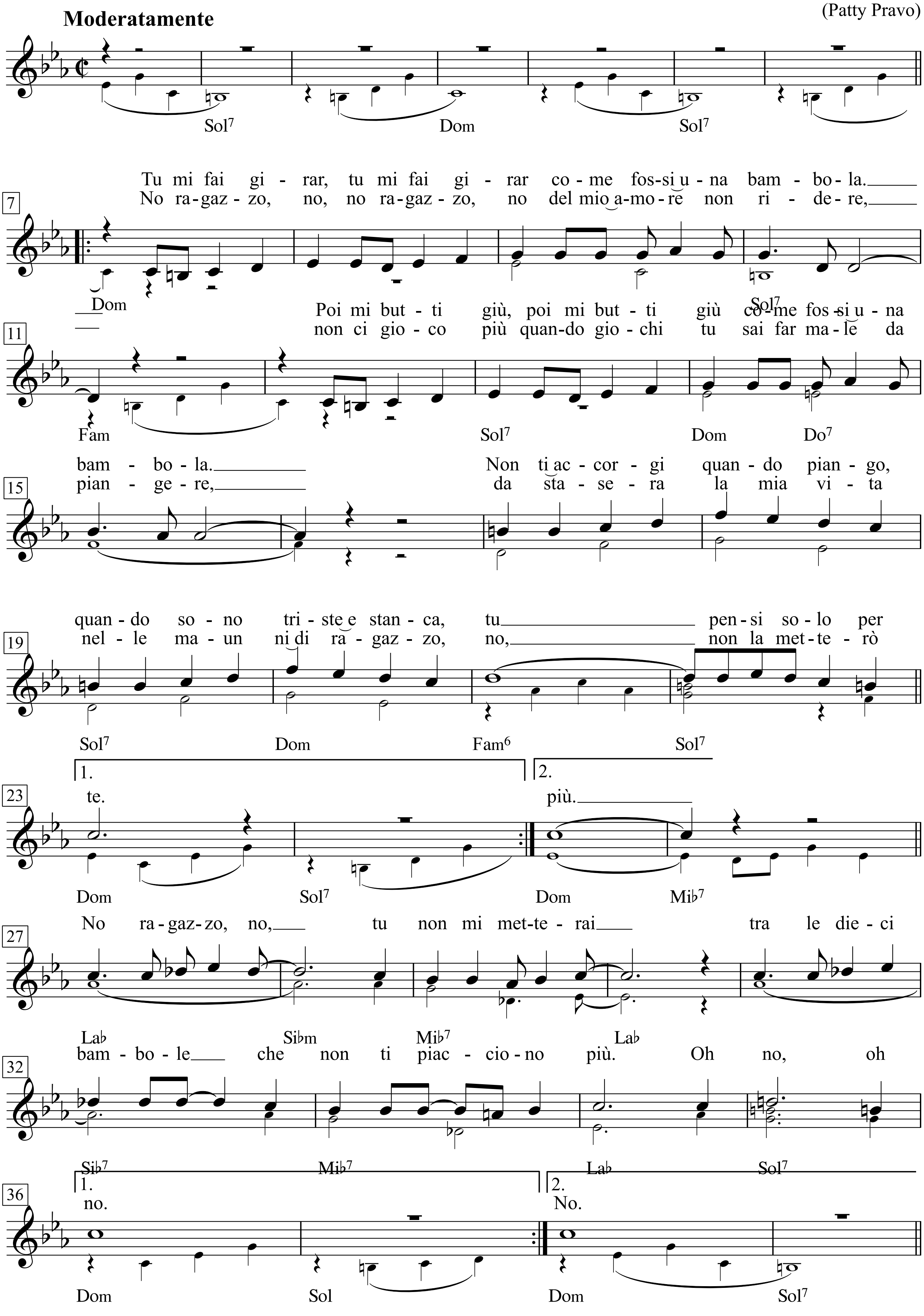
1.
Para bailar la Bamba Para bailar la Bamba
se necesita un’ poca de gracia una poca de gracia
para mi, para ti, y arriba arriba arriba arriba por ti sere, por ti sere, sere.
Yo no soy marinero, yo no soy marinero, soy capitan;
yo no soy marinero, soy capitan.
Bamba, bamba,
Bamba, bamba, bamba, bamba, bam bam.
Para bailar la bam-

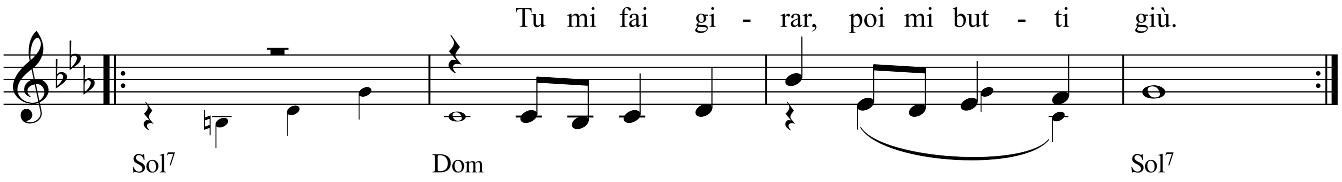
Coda
Bamba, bamba!

La bambola

Testo di Franco Miggliacci

Musica di Bruno Zambrini *e* Ruggero Cini
(Patty Pravo)

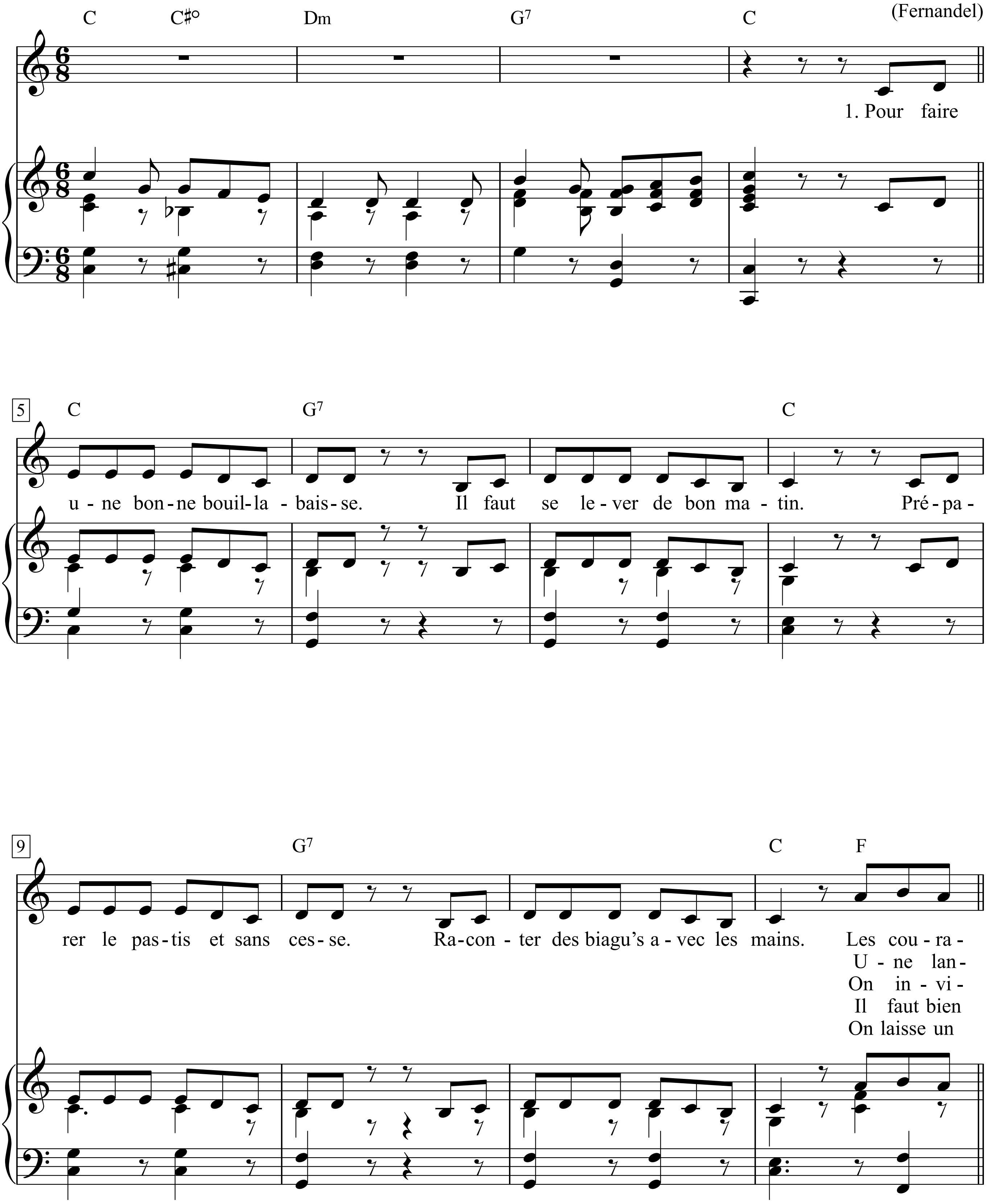


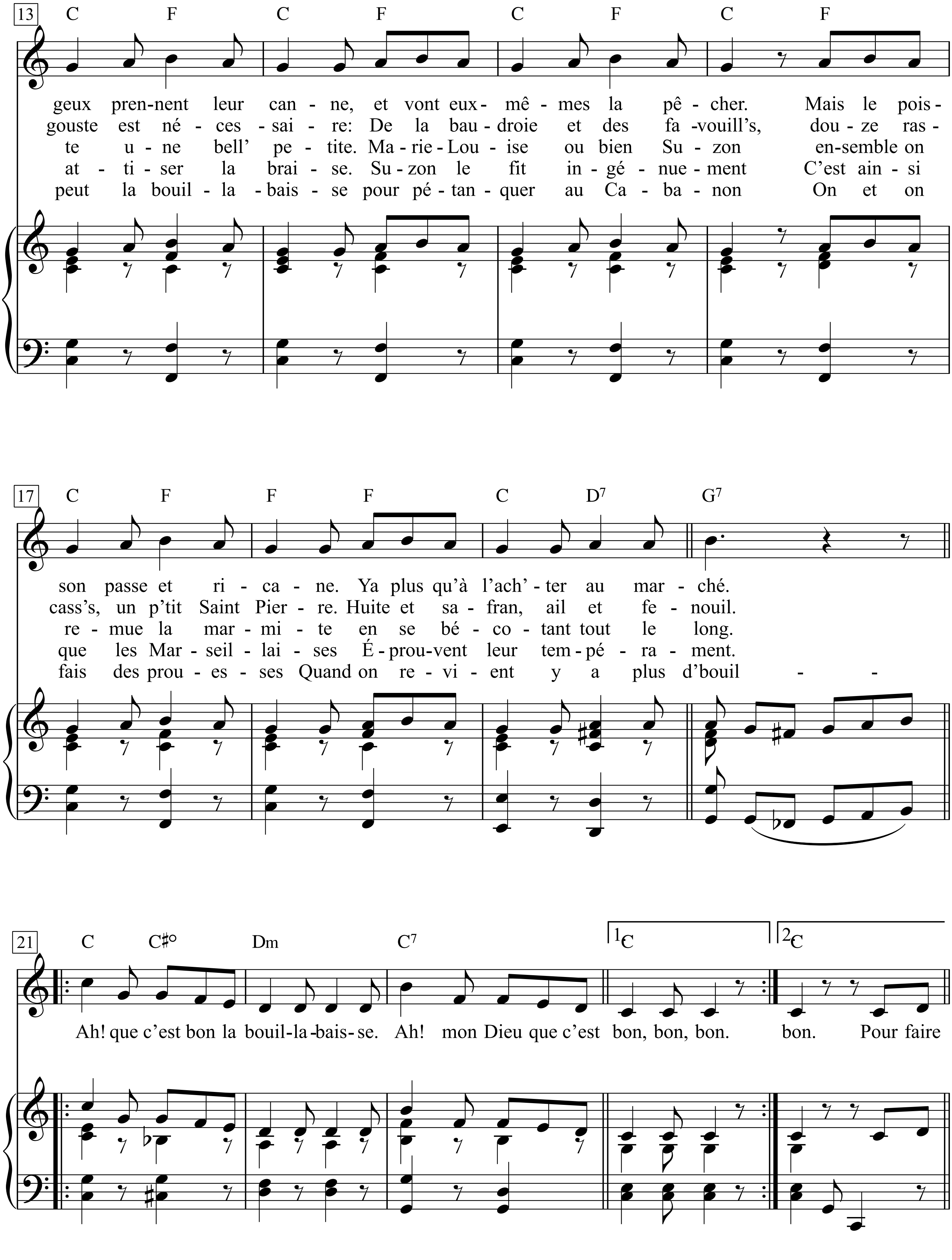

Tu mi fai gi - rar, poi mi but - ti giù.
Sol7
Dom
Sol7

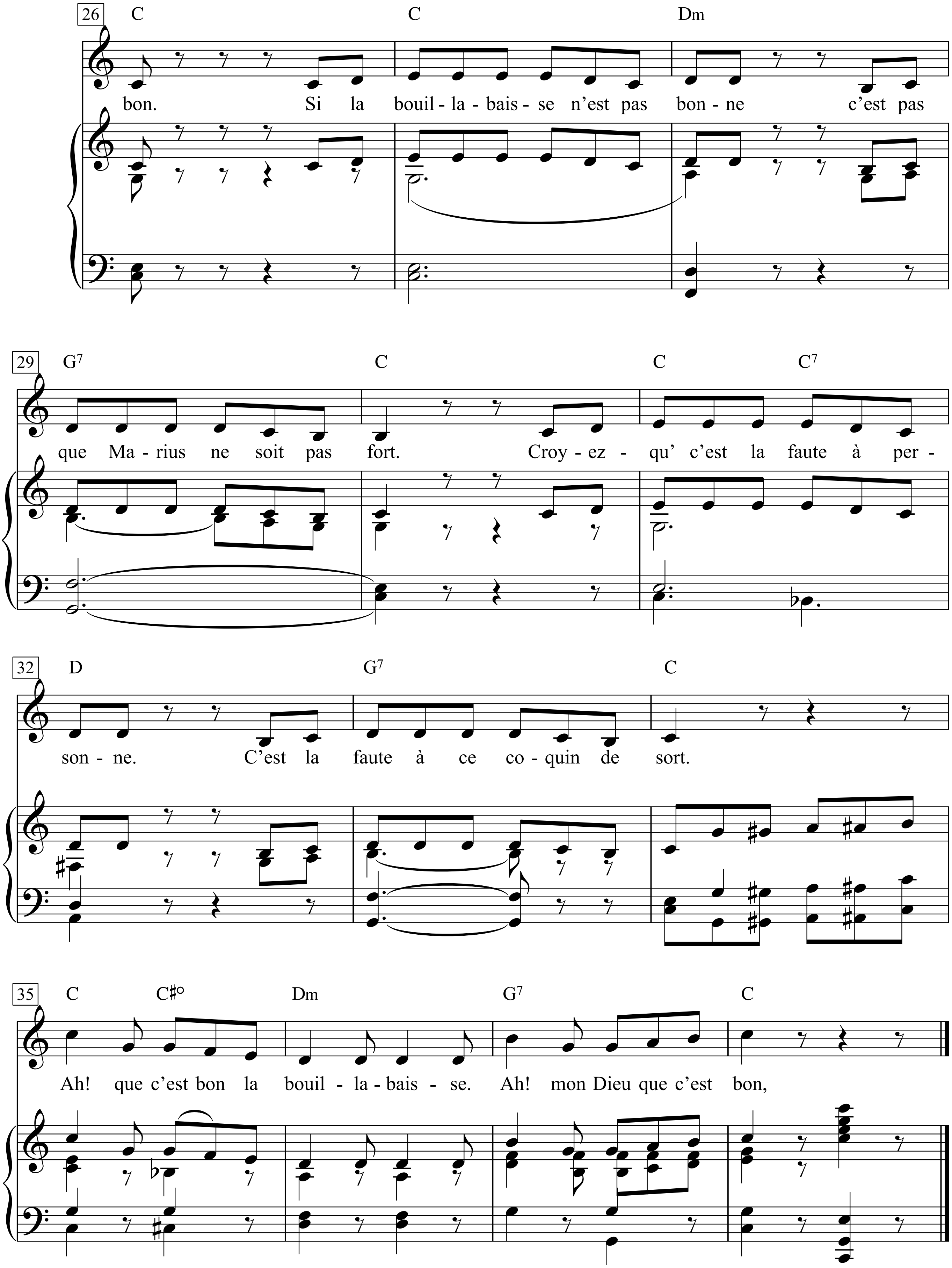
La bouillaibaisse

Roger Lucchesi

Hubert Giraud
(Fernandel)




13
C F C F C F C F
geux pren-nent leur can - ne, et vont eux- mê - mes la pê - cher. Mais le pois -
gouste est né - ces - sai - re: De la bau - droie et des fa -vouill's, dou - ze ras -
te u - ne bell' pe - tite. Ma - rie - Lou - ise ou bien Su - zon en-semble on
at - ti - ser la brai - se. Su - zon le fit in - gé - nue - ment C'est ain - si
peut la bouil - la - bais - se pour pé - tan - quer au Ca - ba - non On et on
17
C F F F C D7 G7
son passe et ri - ca - ne. Ya plus qu'à l'ach' - ter au mar - ché.
cass's, un p'tit Saint Pier - re. Huite et sa - fran, ail et fe - nouil.
re - mue la mar - mi - te en se bé - co - tant tout le long.
que les Mar - seil - lai - ses É - prou - vent leur tem - pé - ra - ment.
fais des prou - es - ses Quand on re - vi - ent y a plus d'bouil - -
21
C C♯o Dm C7 1C 2C
Ah! que c'est bon la bouil-la-bais-se. Ah! mon Dieu que c'est bon, bon, bon. bon. Pour faire


26
C
C
Dm
bon. Si la bouil - la - bais - se n'est pas bon - ne c'est pas
29
G7
C
C
C7
que Ma - rius ne soit pas fort. Croy - ez - qu' c'est la faute à per -
32
D
G7
C
son - ne. C'est la faute à ce co - quin de sort.
35
C
C♯°
Dm
G7
C
Ah! que c'est bon la bouil - la - bais - se. Ah! mon Dieu que c'est bon,

Ah, que c'est bon la bouillabaisse
Ah, mon Dieu que c'est bon
Pour faire une bonne bouillabaisse
Il faut se lever de bon matin
Préparer le pastis et sans cesse
Raconter des blagues avec les mains
Une langouste est nécessaire
De la baudroie et des favouilles
Douze rascasses, un petit Saint Pierre
Huile, safran, ail et fenouil
Ah, que c'est bon la bouillabaisse
Ah, mon Dieu que c'est bon, bon, bon
Ah, que c'est bon la bouillabaisse
Ah, mon Dieu que c'est bon
Pour faire une bonne bouillabaisse
Il faut se lever de bon matin
Préparer le pastis et sans cesse
Raconter des blagues avec les mains

On in-vi-te u-ne bell' pe-tite.
Ma-rie-Lou-ise ou bien Su-zon
en-semble on re-mue la mar-mi-te
en se bé-co-tant tout le long.
Ah, que c'est bon la bouillabaisse
Ah, mon Dieu que c'est bon, bon, bon
Ah, que c'est bon la bouillabaisse
Ah, mon Dieu que c'est bon
Pour faire une bonne bouillabaisse
Il faut se lever de bon matin
Préparer le pastis et sans cesse
Raconter des blagues avec les mains

Il faut bien at-ti-ser la brai-se.
Su-zon le fit in-gé-nue-ment
C'est ain-si que les Mar-seil-lai-ses
É-prou-vent leur tem-pé-ra-ment.
Ah, que c'est bon la bouillabaisse
Ah, mon Dieu que c'est bon, bon, bon
Ah, que c'est bon la bouillabaisse
Ah, mon Dieu que c'est bon
Pour faire une bonne bouillabaisse
Il faut se lever de bon matin
Préparer le pastis et sans cesse
Raconter des blagues avec les mains

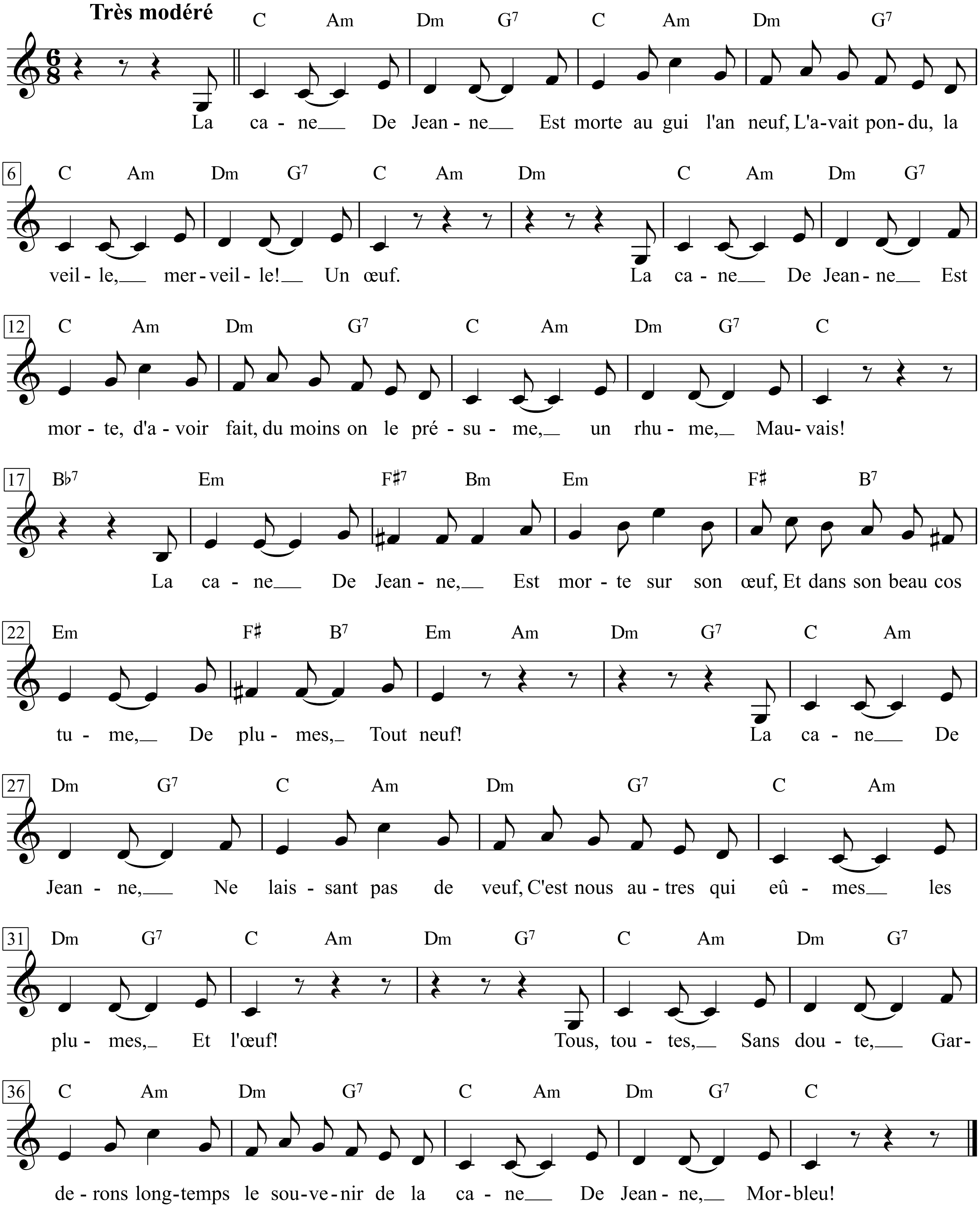
On laisse un peu la bouil-la-bais-se
pour pé-tan-quer au Ca-ba-non
On tire et on fais des prou-es-ses
Quand on revient y a plus d'bouil-lon.
Ah, que c'est bon la bouillabaisse
Ah, mon Dieu que c'est bon, bon, bon
Ah, que c'est bon la bouillabaisse
Ah, mon Dieu que c'est bon

Si la bouillabaisse n'est pas bonne
C'est pas que Marius soit pas fort
Croyez moi, la faute à personne
C'est la faute à ce coquin de sort
Ah, que c'est bon la bouillabaisse
Ah, mon Dieu que c'est bon, bon, bon
Ah, que c'est bon la bouillabaisse
Ah, mon Dieu que c'est bon

La cane de Jeanne

(Die Ente von Jeanne)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. La cane
De Jeanne
Est morte au gui l'an neuf ...
L'avait pondu, la veille,
Merveille!
Un œuf.

2. La cane
De Jeanne
Est morte d'avoir fait,
Du moins on le présume,
Un rhume,
Mauvais!

3. La cane
De Jeanne
Est morte sur son œuf,
Et dans son beau costume
De plumes,
Tout neuf!

4. La cane
De Jeanne
Ne laissant pas de veuf,
C'est nous autres qui eûmes
Les plumes,
Et l'œuf!

5. Tous, toutes,
Sans doute,
Garderons longtemps le
Souvenir de la cane
De Jeanne,
Morbleu!

1. Die Ente
von Jeanne,
o weh, starb an Neujahr,
am Vorabend hat sie,
o Wunder,
ein Ei gelegt.

2. Die Ente
von Jeanne
ist gestorben, weil sie sich,
nimmt man jedenfalls an,
einen bösen
Schnupfen zuzog.

3. Die Ente
von Jeanne
starb auf ihrem Ei
und in ihrem feinen Kostüm
aus Federn,
ganz neu.

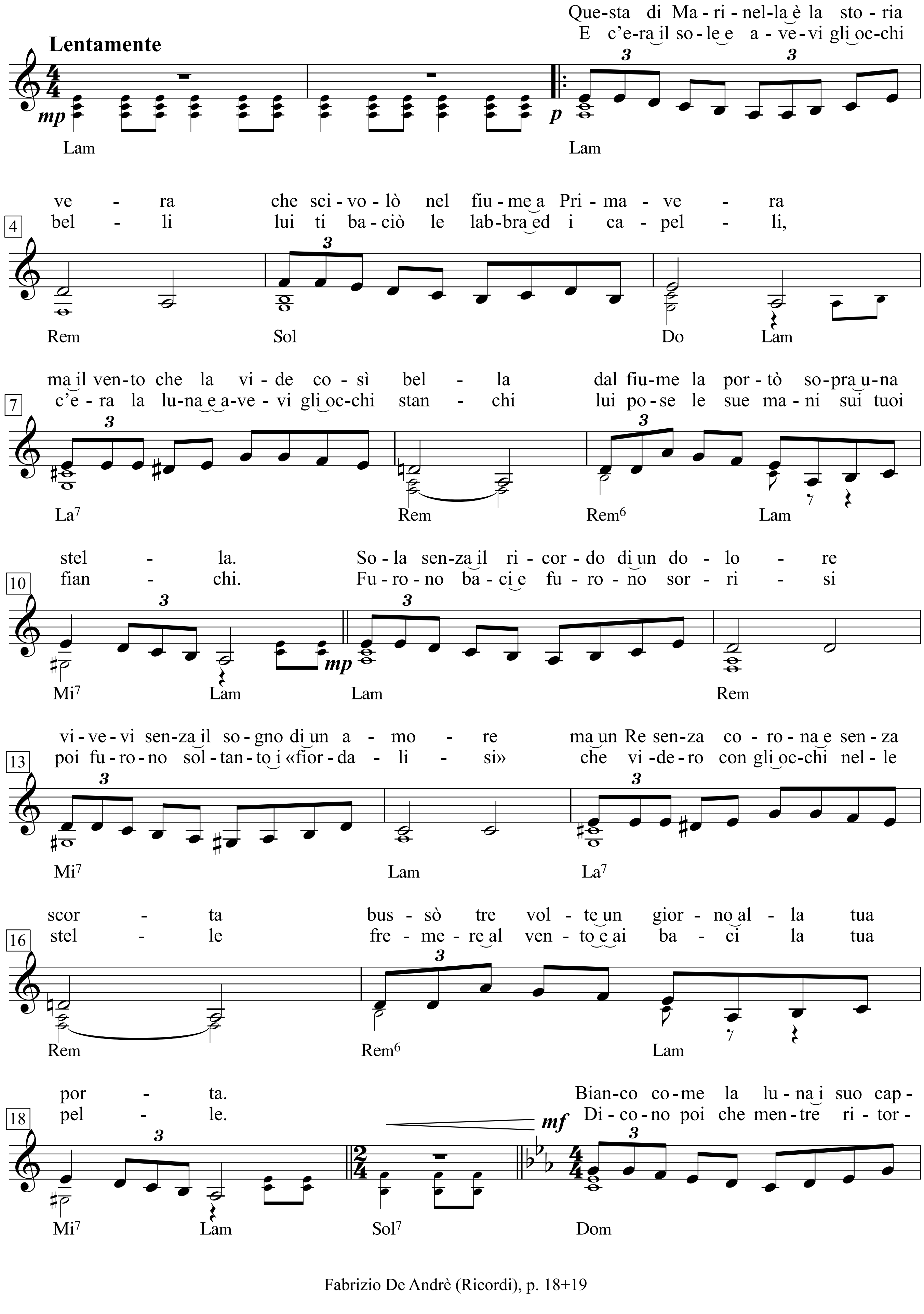
4. Die Ente
von Jeanne
hinterlässt keinen Witwer,
also kriegen wir übrigen
die Federn
und das Ei.

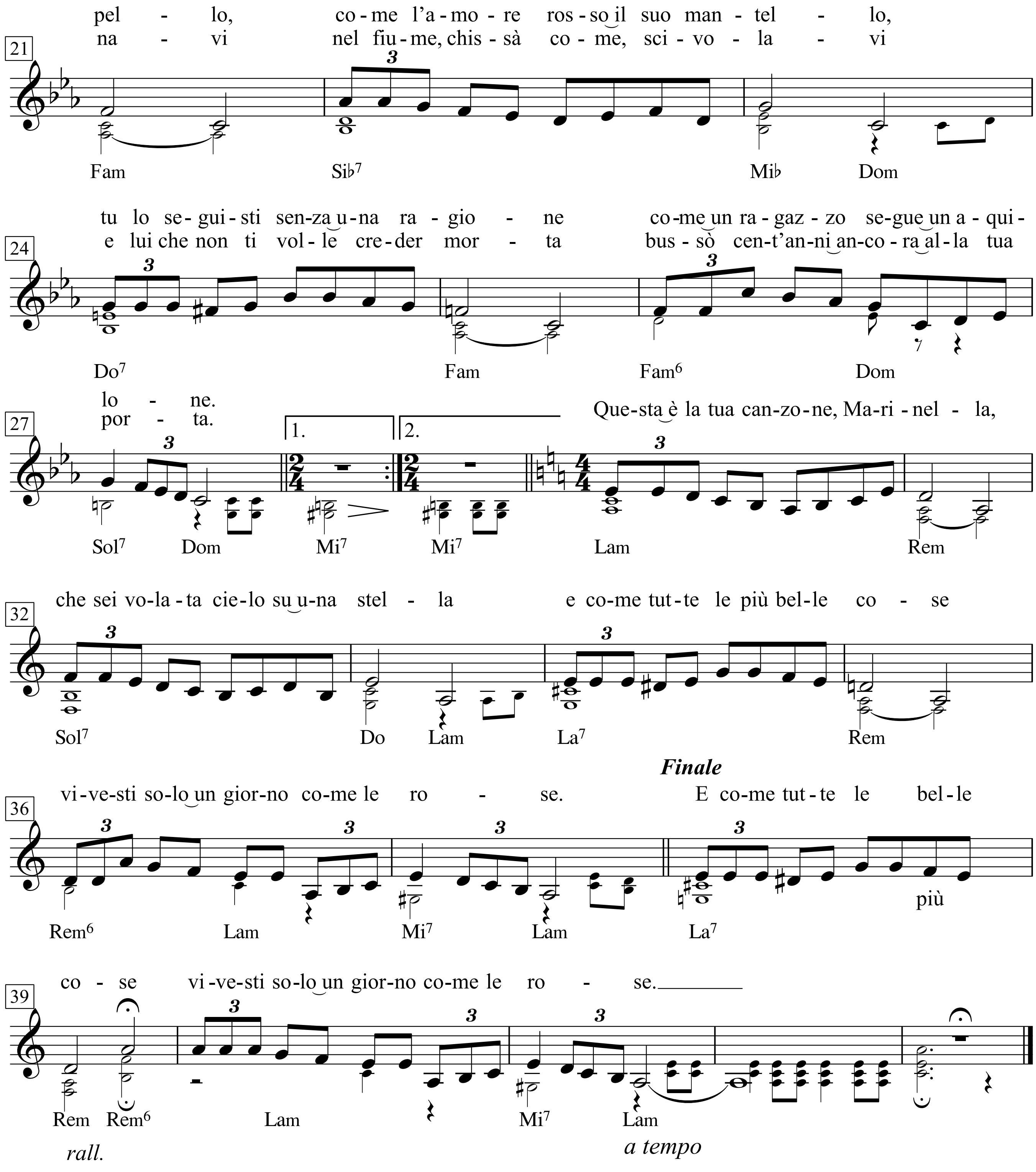
5. Jeder, jede
wird zweifellos
lange bewahren das
Andenken der Ente
von Jeanne -
verflixt.

La canzone di Marinella

Testi di Fabrizio De Andrè

Musica di E. Monti




21
pel - lo, co-me l'a-mo-re ros-so il suo man-tel - lo,
na - vi nel fiu-me, chis-sà co-me, sci-vo-la - vi
Fam Sib7 Mib Dom
24
tu lo se-gui-sti sen-za u-na ra-gio - ne co-me un ra-gaz-zo se-gue un a-qui-
e lui che non ti vol-le cre-der mor - ta bus-sò cen-t'an-ni an-co-ra al-la tua
Do7 Fam Fam6 Dom
27
lo - ne.
por - ta.
1. 2.
Que-sta è la tua can-zo-ne, Ma-ri-nel - la,
Sol7 Dom Mi7 Mi7 Lam Rem
32
che sei vo-la-ta cie-lo su u-na stel - la e co-me tut-te le più bel-le co - se
Sol7 Do Lam La7 Rem
Finale
36
vi-ve-sti so-lo un gior-no co-me le ro - se. E co-me tut-te le più bel-le
Rem6 Lam Mi7 Lam La7
39
co - se vi-ve-sti so-lo un gior-no co-me le ro - se.
Rem Rem6 Lam Mi7 Lam
rall.
a tempo

Questa di Marinella è la storia vera
che scivolò nel fiume a Primavera
ma il vento che la vide così bella
dal fiume la portò sopra una stella.

Sola senza il ricordo di un dolore
vivevi senza il sogno di un amore
ma un Re senza corona e senza scorta
bussò tre volte un giorno alla tua porta.

Bianco come la luna il suo cappello,
come l'amore rosso il suo mantello,
tu lo seguisti senza una ragione
come un ragazzo segue un aquilone.

E c'era il sole e avevi gli occhi belli
lui ti baciò le labbra ed i capelli,
c'era la luna e avevi gli occhi stanchi
lui pose le sue mani sui tuoi fianchi.

Furono baci e furono sorrisi
poi furono soltanto i «fiordalisi»
che videro con gli occhi nelle stelle
fremere al vento e ai baci la tua pelle.

Dicono poi che mentre ritornavi
nel fiume, chissà come, scivolavi
e lui che non ti volle creder morta
bussò cent'anni ancora alla tua porta.

Questa è la tua canzone, Marinella,
che sei volata in cielo su una stella
e come tutte le più belle cose
vivesti solo un giorno come le rose.

Finale:
E come tutte le più belle cose
vivesti solo un giorno come le rose.

Diese ist die wahre Geschichte von Marinella
die im Frühling in den Fluss glitt
aber der Wind, der sie so schön liegen sah
trug sie vom Fluss auf einen Stern.

Allein, ohne Erinnerung an einen Schmerz,
ohne von einer Liebe zu träumen, lebtest du dahin.
Aber ein König ohne Krone und Geleit
klopfte dann eines Tages dreimal bei dir an.

Weiß wie der Mond sein Hut,
wie die Liebe rot sein Mantel,
du folgtest ihm ganz ohne Grund
wie ein Junge seinem Drachen folgt.

Und es schien die Sonne und du hattest schöne Augen
er küsste dir die Lippen und die Haare,
der Mond schien und du hattest müde Augen
er legte seine Hände um deine Hüften.

Es gab Küsse, es gab Lächeln,
dann gab es nur Kornblumen,
die mit den Augen der Sterne
im Wind und unter Küssen deine Haut beben sahen.

Man sagt, dass du dann, während du heimkehrtest,
in den Fluss glittst, wer weiß, wie's war
und er - der nicht glauben wollte, dass du tot bist -
klopfte noch hundert Jahre an deine Tür.

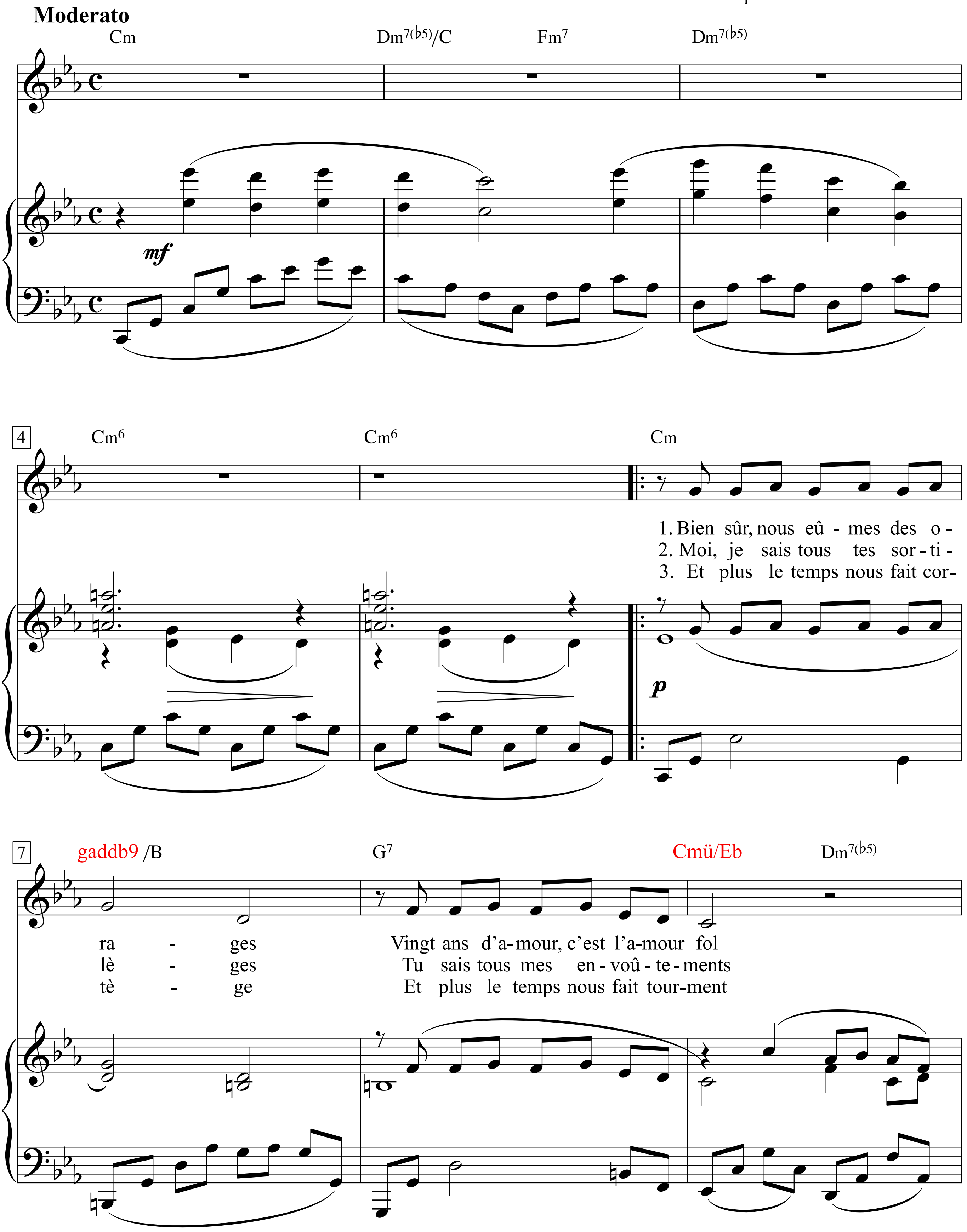
Dies ist dein Lied, Marinella.
die du auf einem Stern zum Himmel flogst
und wie die allerschönsten Dinge
hast du nur einen Tag gelebt, wie die Rosen.

Und wie die allerschönsten Dinge
hast du nur einen Tag gelebt, wie die Rosen

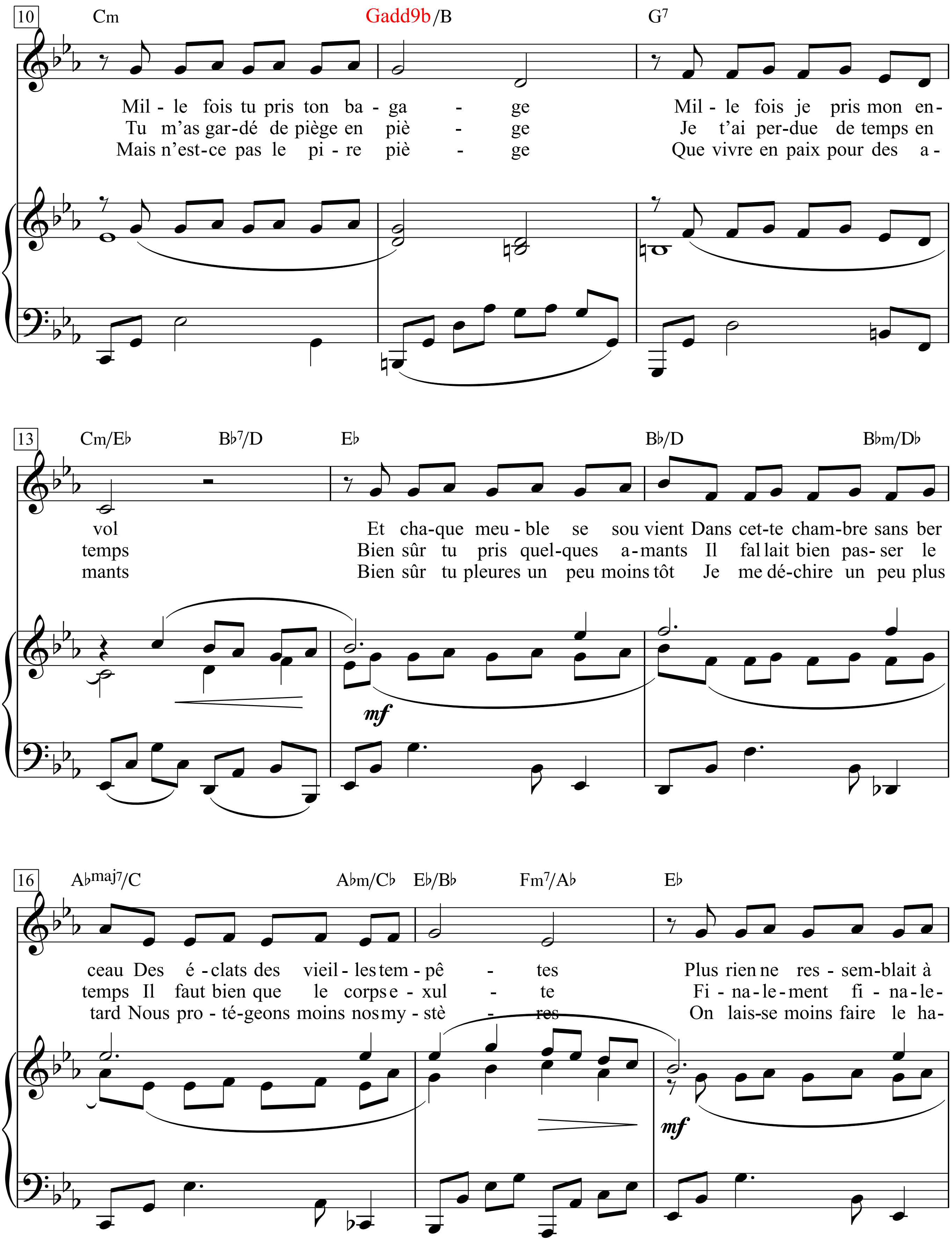
Les chanson des vieux amants

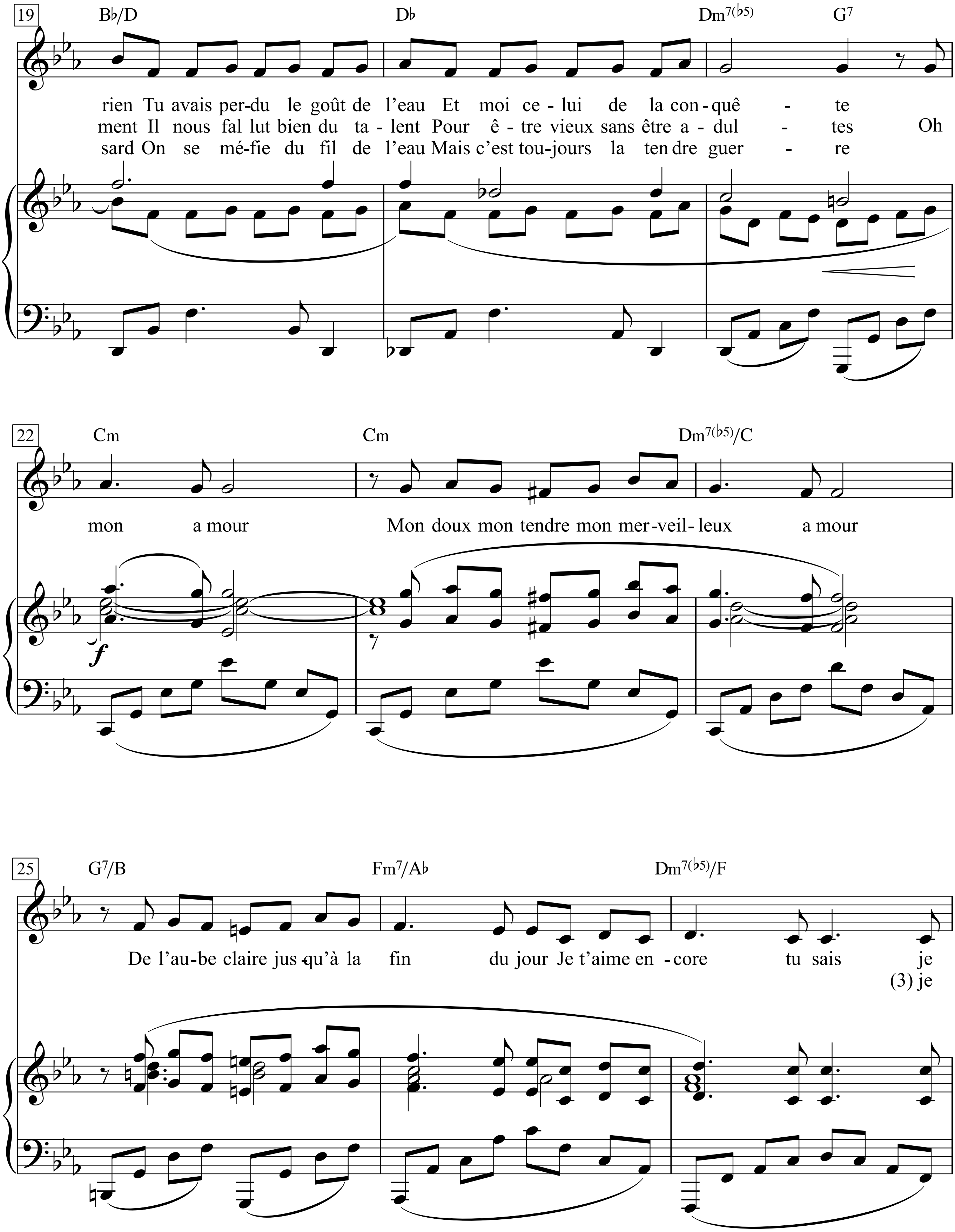
Paroles: Jacques Brel

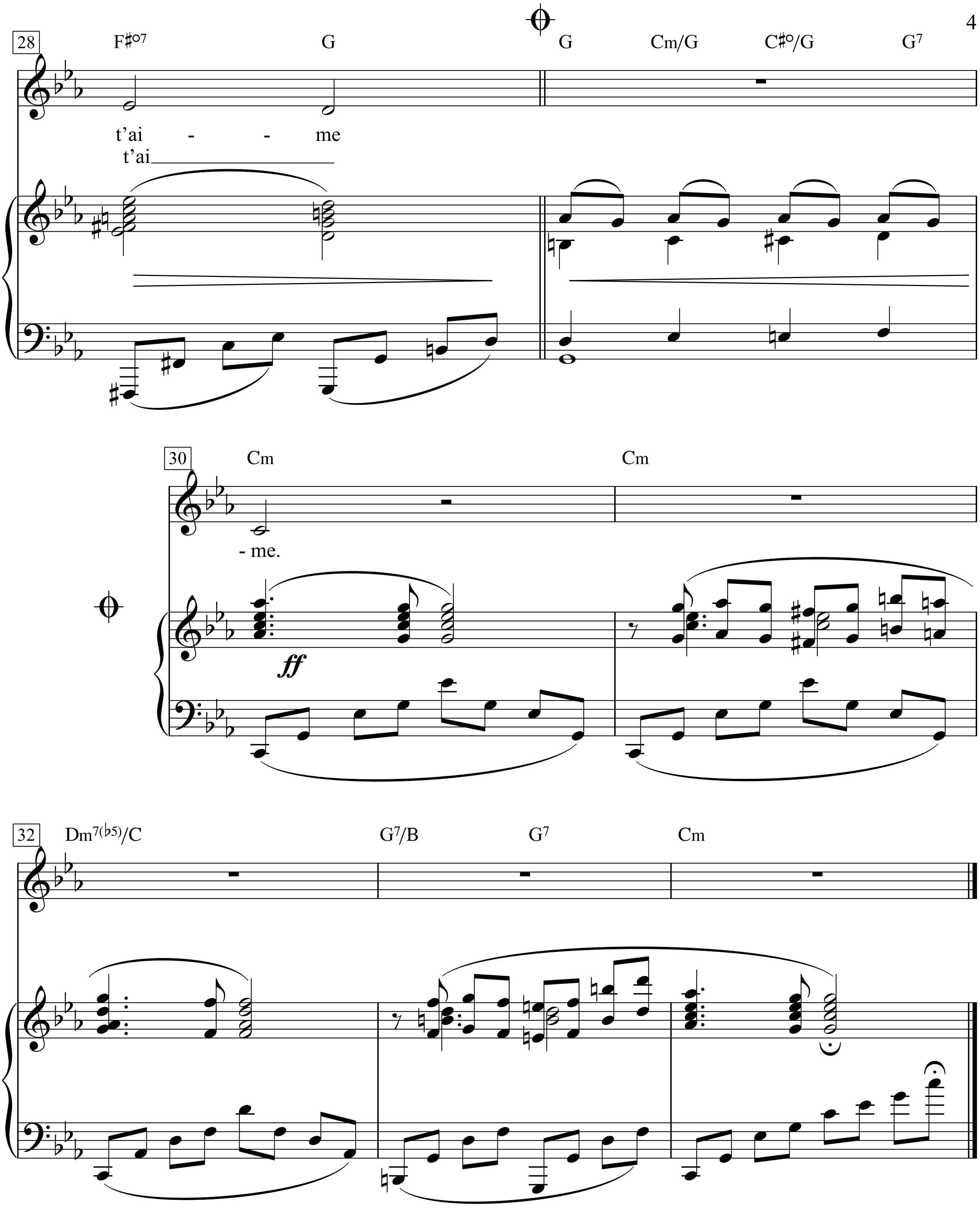
Musique:
Jacques Brel / Gérard Jouannest



Édition Musicales Pouchenel, Bruxelles, 1967


10
Cm
Gadd9b/B
G7
Mil - le fois tu pris ton ba - ga - ge
Tu m'as gar-dé de piège en piè - ge
Mais n'est-ce pas le pi - re piè - ge
Mil - le fois je pris mon en-
Je t'ai per-due de temps en
Que vivre en paix pour des a -
13
Cm/Eb
Bb7/D
Eb
Bb/D
Bbm/Db
vol
temps
mants
Et cha-que meu - ble se sou vient Dans cet-te cham-bre sans ber
Bien sûr tu pris quel-ques a - mants Il fal lait bien pas- ser le
Bien sûr tu pleures un peu moins tôt Je me dé-chire un peu plus
mf
16
Abmaj7/C
Abm/Cb
Eb/Bb
Fm7/Ab
Eb
ceau Des é - clats des vieil - les tem - pê - tes
temps Il faut bien que le corps e - xul - te
tard Nous pro - té-geons moins nos my - stè - res
Plus rien ne res - sem-blait à
Fi - na - le - ment fi - na - le-
On lais-se moins faire le ha-
mf


19
B♭/D
D♭
Dm7(♭5)
G7
rien Tu avais per-du le goût de l'eau Et moi ce - lui de la con - quê - te
ment Il nous fal lut bien du ta - lent Pour ê - tre vieux sans être a - dul - tes Oh
sard On se mé-fie du fil de l'eau Mais c'est tou-jours la ten dre guer - re
22
Cm
Cm
Dm7(♭5)/C
mon a mour Mon doux mon tendre mon mer-veil- leux a mour
25
G7/B
Fm7/A♭
Dm7(♭5)/F
De l'au-be claire jus-qu'à la fin du jour Je t'aime en - core tu sais je
(3) je


28
F♯°7
G
G
Cm/G
C♯°/G
G7
t'ai - - me
t'ai
30
Cm
Cm
- me.
ff
32
Dm7(♭5)/C
G7/B
G7
Cm

1. Bien sûr, nous eûmes des orages
Vingt ans d'amour, c'est l'amour fol
Mille fois tu pris ton bagage
Mille fois je pris mon envol
Et chaque meuble se souvient
Dans cette chambre sans berceau
Des éclats des vieilles tempêtes
Plus rien ne ressemblait à rien
Tu avais perdu le goût de l'eau
Et moi celui de la conquête

Oh mon amour
Mon doux mon tendre mon merveilleux amour
De l'aube claire jusqu'à la fin du jour
Je t'aime encore tu sais je t'aime.

2. Moi, je sais tous tes sortilèges
Tu sais tous mes envoûtements
Tu m'as gardé de piège en piège
Je t'ai perdue de temps en temps
Bien sûr tu pris quelques amants
Il fallait bien passer le temps
Il faut bien que le corps exulte
Finalement finalement
Il nous fallut bien du talent
Pour être vieux sans être adultes

Oh mon amour
Mon doux mon tendre mon merveilleux amour
De l'aube claire jusqu'à la fin du jour
Je t'aime encore tu sais je t'aime.

3. Et plus le temps nous fait cortège
Et plus le temps nous fait tourment
Mais n'est-ce pas le pire piège
Que vivre en paix pour des amants
Bien sûr tu pleures un peu moins tôt
Je me déchire un peu plus tard
Nous protégeons moins nos mystères
On laisse moins faire le hasard
On se méfie du fil de l'eau
Mais c'est toujours la tendre guerre

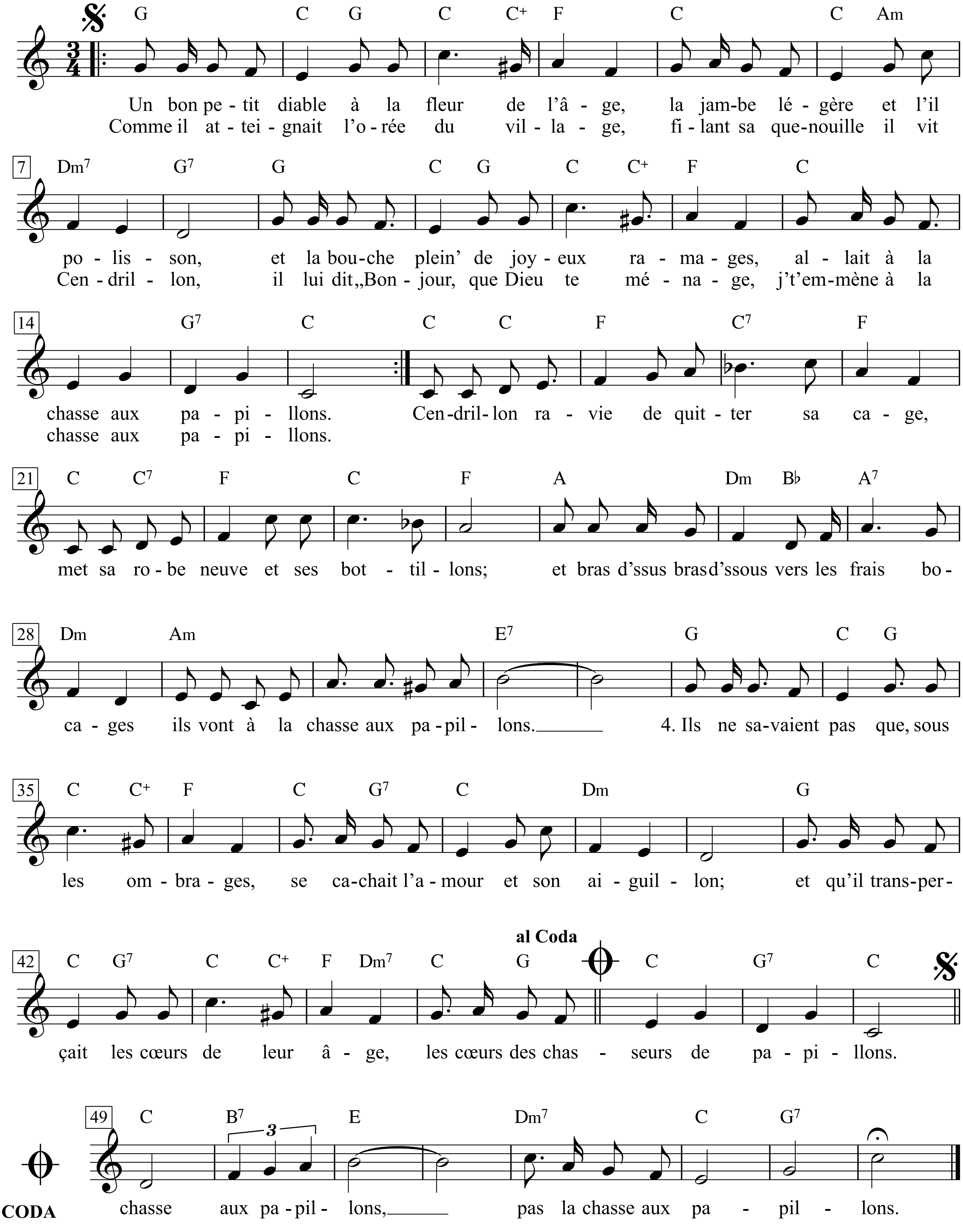
Oh mon amour
Mon doux mon tendre mon merveilleux amour
De l'aube claire jusqu'à la fin du jour
Je t'aime encore tu sais je t'aime.

La chasse aux papillons

(Schmetterlingsjagd)

Allegro

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Un bon petit diable à la fleur de l'âge,
La jambe légère et l'œil polisson,
Et la bouche plein' de joyeux ramages,
Allait à la chasse aux papillons.

2. Comme il atteignait l'oré' du village,
Filant sa quenouille, il vit Cendrillon,
Il lui dit: »Bonjour, que Dieu te ménage,
J't'emmène à la chasse aux papillons.«

3. Cendrillon ravi' de quitter sa cage,
Met sa robe neuve et ses bottillons;
Et bras d'ssus bras d'ssous vers les frais bocages
Ils vont à la chasse aux papillons.

4. Ils ne savaient pas que, sous les ombrages,
Se cachait l'amour et son aiguillon,
Et qu'il transperçait les cœurs de leur âge,
Les cœurs des chasseurs de papillons.

5. Quand il se fit tendre, ell' lui dit: »J' présage
Qu' c'est pas dans les plis de mon cotillon,
Ni dans l'échancrure de mon corsage,
Qu'on va-t-à la chasse aux papillons.«

6. Sur sa bouche en feu qui criait: »Sois sage!«
Il posa sa bouche en guis' de bâillon,
Et c' fut l' plus charmant des remu'-ménage
Qu'on ait vu d'mémoir' de papillon.

7. Un volcan dans l'âme, i' r'vinr'nt au village,
En se promettant d'aller des millions,
Des milliards de fois, et mêm' davantage,
Ensemble à la chasse aux papillons.

8. Mais tant qu'ils s'aim'ront, tant que les nuages,
Porteurs de chagrins, les épargneront,
I' f'ra bon voler dans les frais bocages,
I' f'ront pas la chasse aux papillons.

1. Ein strammer Lümmel im besten Alter,
leichtfüßig und mit keckem Blick
und den Mund voll fröhlichen Zwitscherns,
ging auf Schmetterlingsjagd.

2. Als er den Dorfrand erreichte,
sah er Aschenputtel mit ihrem Spinnrocken
und sagte: »Guten Tag, der Herr sei mit dir,
komm mit auf Schmetterlingsjagd.«

3. Aschenputtel ist entzückt, dem Käfig zu entrinnen,
zieht ihr neues Kleid an und die Stiefeletten,
und Arm in Arm, hin zum kühlen Hag,
gehen sie auf Schmetterlingsjagd.

4. Sie wussten nicht, dass sich im Gesträuch
Cupido mit seinem Stachel versteckte
und dass er gern junge Herzen spickt,
Herzen von Schmetterlingsjägern.

5. Als er zärtlich wurde, sagte sie: »Ich glaube,
weder in den Falten meines Röckchens
noch in den Spitzen meines Mieders
geht man auf Schmetterlingsjagd.«

6. Auf ihren brennenden Mund, der »sei vernünftig« rief
drückte er seinen Mund wie einen Knebel,
und es wurde das reizendste Ausziehen auf Jagd
seit Schmetterlingsgedenken.

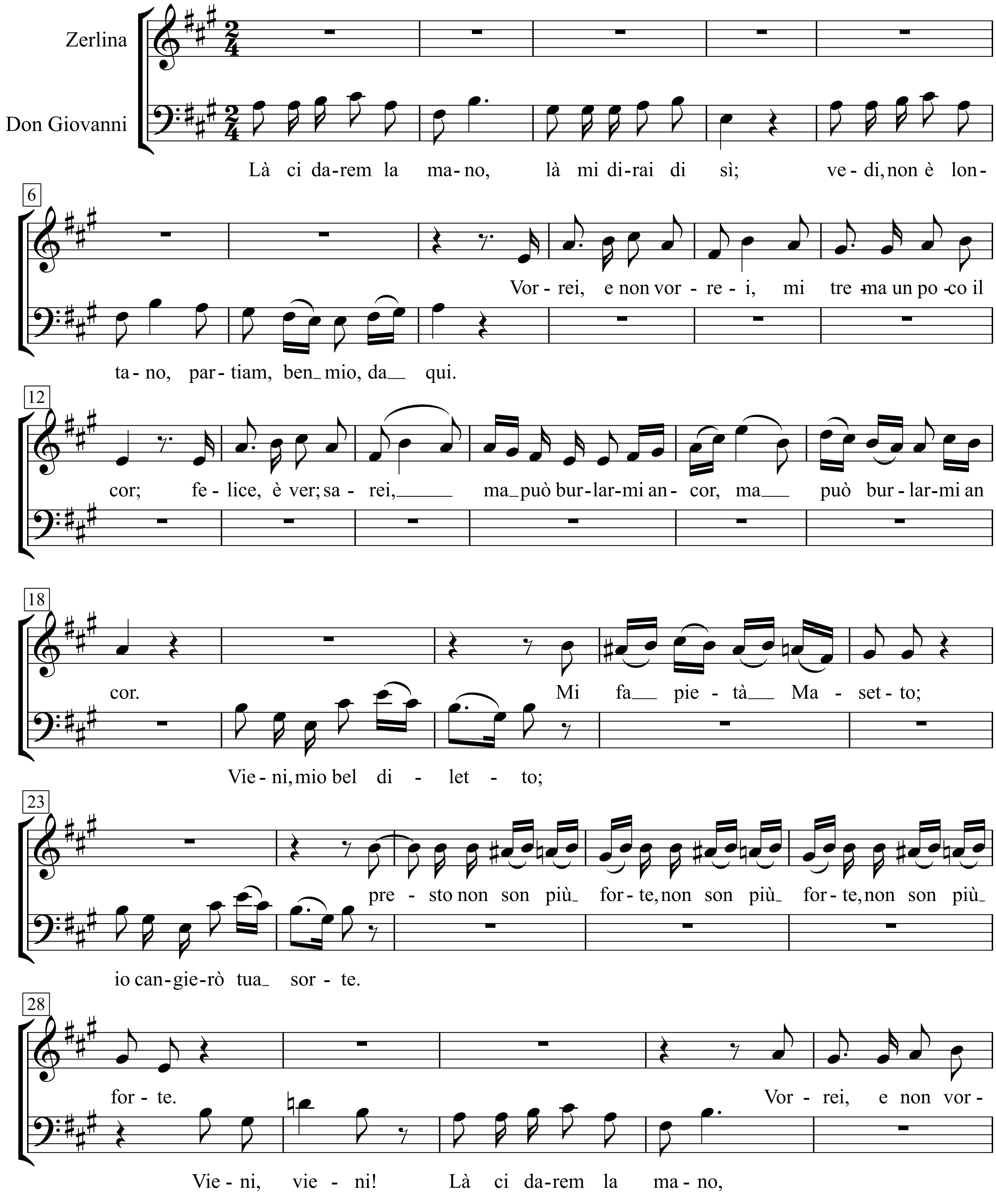
7. Aufgewühlt kamen sie zurück ins Dorf
und versprachen einander: »Millionen-,
milliardenmal und noch öfter
gehen wir auf Schmetterlingsjagd.«

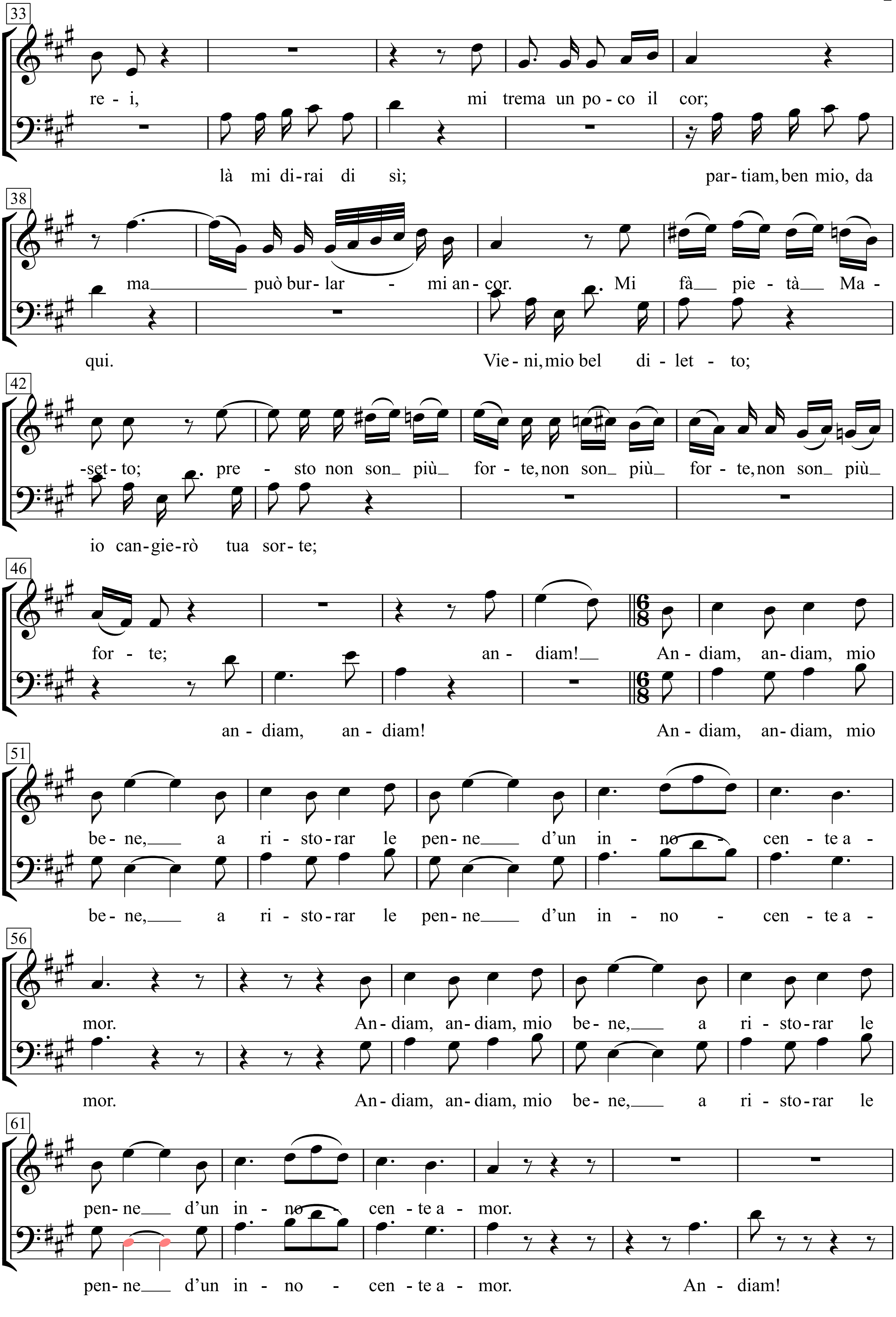
8. Aber solange sie sich lieben, solange
Kummerwolken sie verschonen,
ziehen sie bestimmt oft in den Wald hinaus,
nur nicht auf Schmetterlingsjagd.

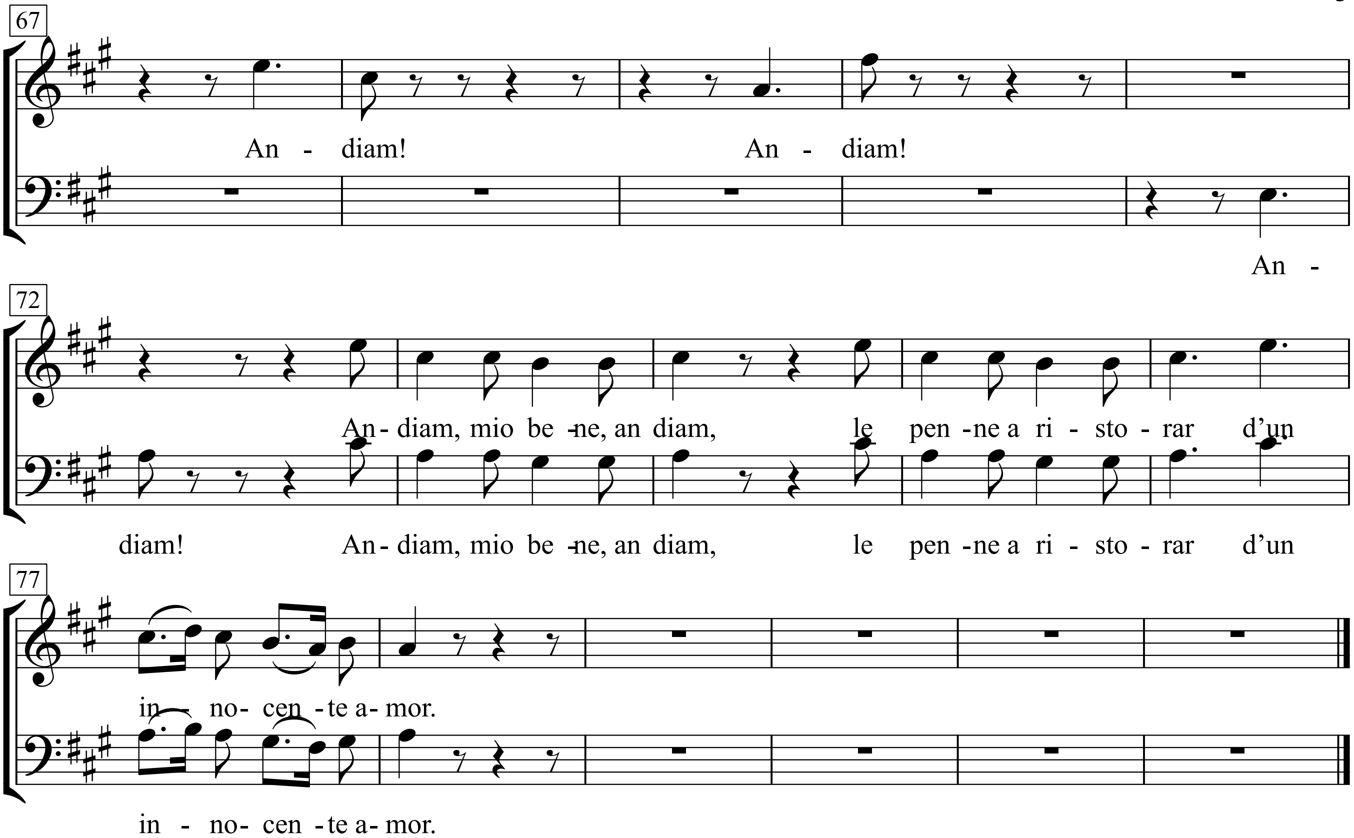
Là ci darem la mano

(Don Giovanni)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

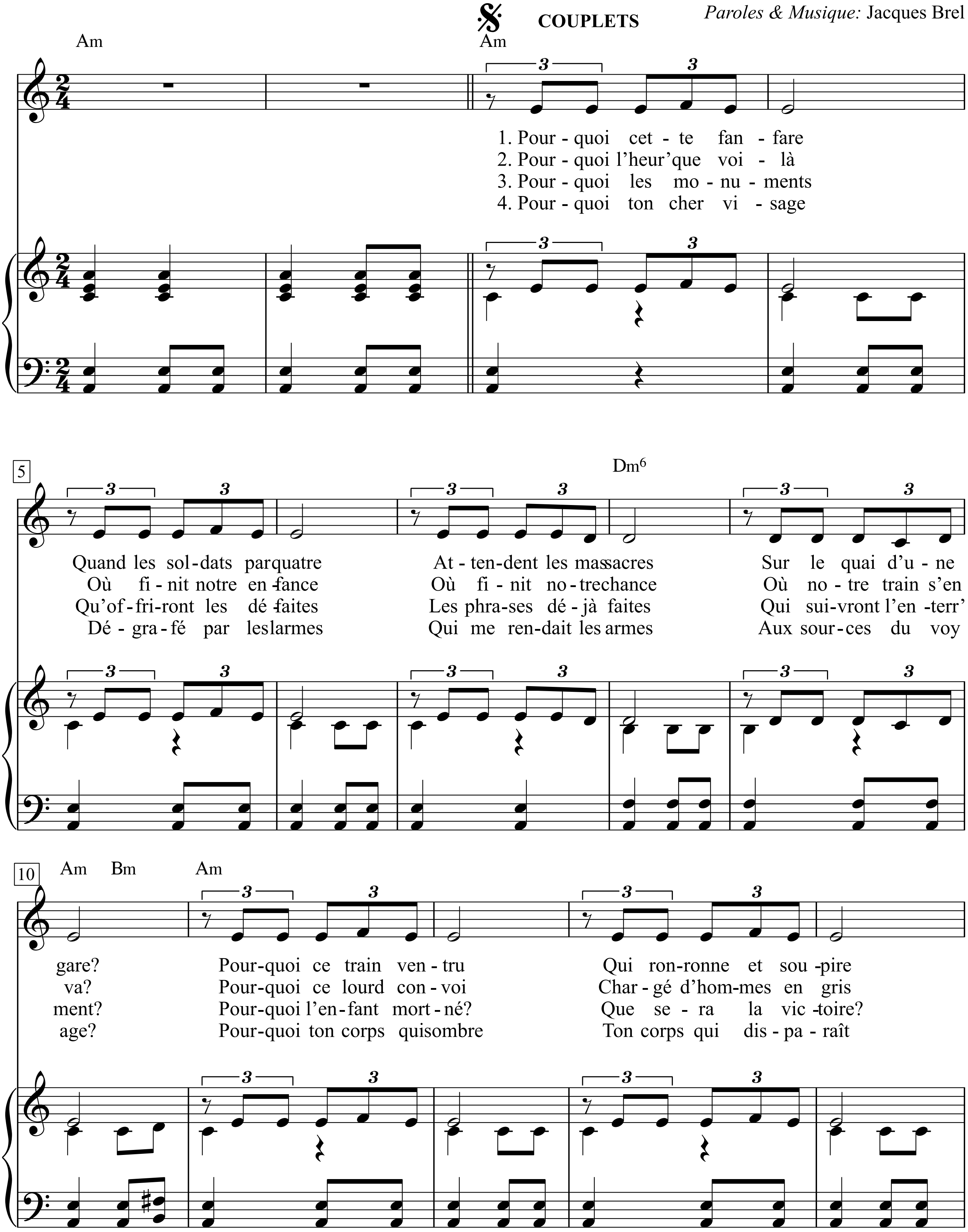


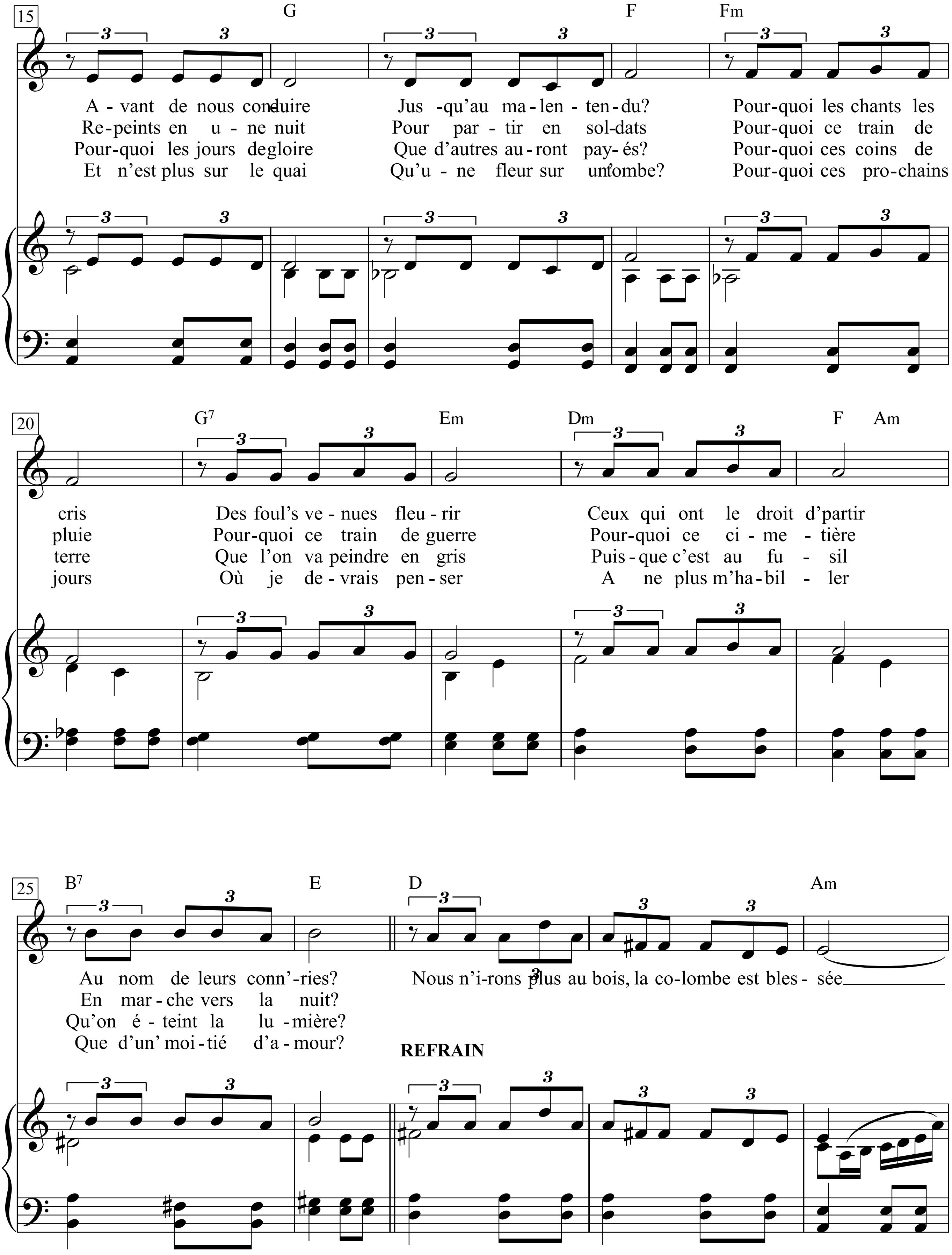

33
re - i, mi trema un po - co il cor;
là mi di - rai di sì; par - tiam, ben mio, da
38
ma ___ può bur - lar - mi an - cor. Mi fà __ pie - tà __ Ma -
qui. Vie - ni, mio bel di - let - to;
42
-set - to; pre - sto non son _ più _ for - te, non son _ più _ for - te, non son _ più _
io can - gie - rò tua sor - te;
46
for - te; an - diam! __ An - diam, an - diam, mio
an - diam, an - diam! An - diam, an - diam, mio
51
be - ne, ___ a ri - sto - rar le pen - ne ___ d'un in - no - cen - te a -
be - ne, ___ a ri - sto - rar le pen - ne ___ d'un in - no - cen - te a -
56
mor. An - diam, an - diam, mio be - ne, ___ a ri - sto - rar le
mor. An - diam, an - diam, mio be - ne, ___ a ri - sto - rar le
61
pen - ne ___ d'un in - no - cen - te a - mor.
pen - ne ___ d'un in - no - cen - te a - mor. An - diam!

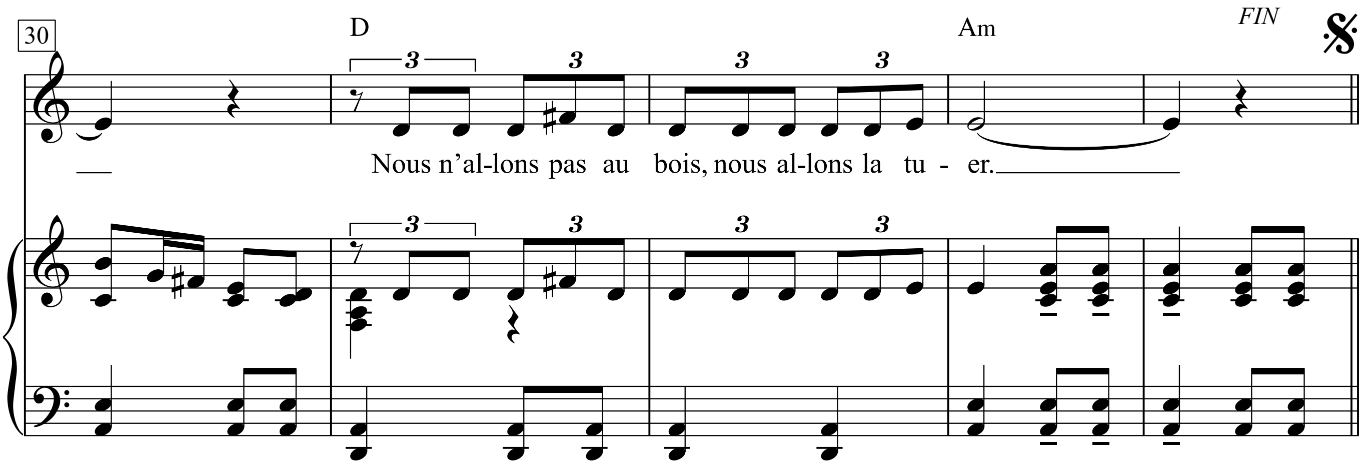

67
An - diam! An - diam!
An -
72
An - diam, mio be - ne, an diam, le pen - ne a ri - sto - rar d'un
diam! An - diam, mio be - ne, an diam, le pen - ne a ri - sto - rar d'un
77
in - no- cen - te a - mor.
in - no- cen - te a - mor.

La colombe

Paroles & Musique: Jacques Brel




15
G F Fm
A - vant de nous con-duire Jus -qu'au ma - len - ten - du? Pour-quoi les chants les
Re-peints en u - ne nuit Pour par - tir en sol-dats Pour-quoi ce train de
Pour-quoi les jours de gloire Que d'autres au - ront pay - és? Pour-quoi ces coins de
Et n'est plus sur le quai Qu'u - ne fleur sur un tombe? Pour-quoi ces pro-chains
20
G7 Em Dm F Am
cris Des foul's ve - nues fleu - rir Ceux qui ont le droit d'partir
pluie Pour-quoi ce train de guerre Pour-quoi ce ci - me - tière
terre Que l'on va peindre en gris Puis - que c'est au fu - sil
jours Où je de - vrais pen - ser A ne plus m'ha - bil - ler
25
B7 E D Am
Au nom de leurs conn'-ries? Nous n'i-rons plus au bois, la co-lombe est bles - sée
En mar - che vers la nuit?
Qu'on é - teint la lu - mière?
Que d'un' moi - tié d'a - mour?
REFRAIN



1. Pourquoi cette fanfare
Quand les soldats par quatre
Attendent les massacres
Sur le quai d'une gare?
Pourquoi ce train ventru
Qui ronronne et soupire
Avant de nous conduire
Jusqu'au malentendu?
Pourquoi les chants les cris
Des foul's venues fleurir
Ceux qui ont le droit d'partir
Au nom de leurs conn'ries?
Nous n'irons plus au bois,
La colombe est blessée
Nous n'allons pas au bois,
Nous allons la tuer.

2. Pourquoi l'heur' que voilà
Où finit notre enfance
Où finit notre chance
Où notre train s'en va?
Pourquoi ce lourd convoi
Chargé d'hommes en gris
Repeints en une nuit
Pour partir en soldats
Pourquoi ce train de pluie
Pourquoi ce train de guerre
Pourquoi ce cimetière
En marche vers la nuit?
Nous n'irons plus au bois,
La colombe est blessée
Nous n'allons pas au bois,
Nous allons la tuer.

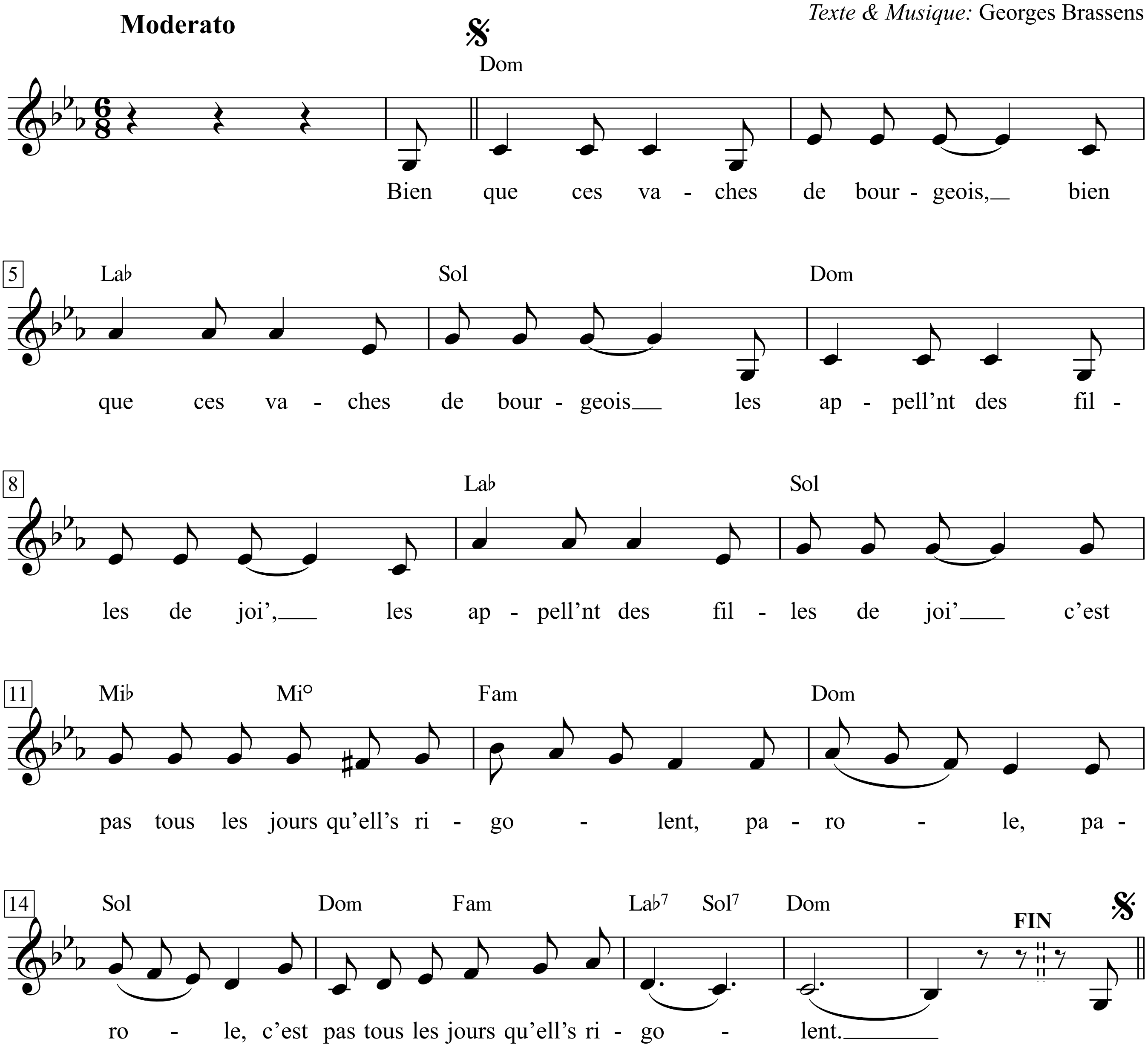
3. Pourquoi les monuments
Qu'offriront les défaites
Les phrases déjà faites
Qui suivront l'enterr'ment?
Pourquoi l'enfant mort-né?
Que sera la victoire?
Pourquoi les jours de gloire
Que d'autres auront payés?
Pourquoi ces coins de terre
Que l'on va peindre en gris
Puisque c'est au fusil
Qu'on éteint la lumière?
Nous n'irons plus au bois,
La colombe est blessée
Nous n'allons pas au bois,
Nous allons la tuer.

4. Pourquoi ton cher visage
Dégrafé par les larmes
Qui me rendait les armes
Aux sources du voyage?
Pourquoi ton corps qui sombre
Ton corps qui disparaît
Et n'est plus sur le quai
Qu'une fleur sur un' tombe?
Pourquoi ces prochains jours
Où je devrais penser
A ne plus m'habiller
Que d'un' moitié d'amour?
Nous n'irons plus au bois,
La colombe est blessée
Nous n'allons pas au bois,
Nous allons la tuer.

La complainte des filles de joie

(Klagelied der Freudenmädchen)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Bien que ces vaches de bourgeois (bis)
Les appell'nt des filles de joi' (bis)
C'est pas tous les jours qu'ell's rigolent,
Parole, parole,
C'est pas tous les jours qu'ell's rigolent.

2. Car, même avec des pieds de grues, (bis)
Fair' les cent pas le long des rues (bis)
C'est fatigant pour les guibolles,
Parole, parole,
C'est fatigant pour les guibolles.

3. Non seulement ell's ont des cors, (bis)
Des œils-de-perdrix, mais encor (bis)
C'est fou ce qu'ell's usent de grolles,
Parole, parole,
C'est fou ce qu'ells' usent de grolles.

4. Y' a des clients, y' a des salauds (bis)
Qui se trempent jamais dans l'eau, (bis)
Faut pourtant qu'elles les cajolent,
Parole, parole,
Faut pourtant qu'elles les cajolent.

5. Qu'ell's leur fassent la courte échell' (bis)
Pour monter au septième ciel, (bis)
Les sous, croyez pas qu'ell's les volent,
Parole, parole,
Les sous, croyez pas qu'ell's les volent.

6. Ell's sont méprisé's du public, (bis)
Ell's sont bousculé's par les flics, (bis)
Et menacé's de la vérole,
Parole, parole
Et menacé's de la vérole.

7. Bien qu' tout' la vie ell's fass'nt l'amour, (bis)
Qu'ell's se marient vingt fois par jour, (bis)
La noce est jamais pour leur fiole,
Parole, parole,
La noce est jamais pour leur fiole.

8. Fils de pécore et de minus, (bis)
Ris pas de la pauvre Vénus, (bis)
La pauvre vieille casserole,
Parole, parole,
La pauvre vieille casserole.

9. Il s'en fallait de peu, mon cher, (bis)
Que cett' putain ne fût ta mère, (bis)
Cette putain dont tu rigoles,
Parole, parole,
Cette putain dont tu rigoles.

1. Obwohl die Spießerschweine sie (bis)
Freudenmädchen nennen, (bis)
haben sie nicht dauernd was zu lachen
Ehrenwort, Ehrenwort -,
haben sie nicht dauernd was zu lachen.

2. Denn auch mit langen Beinen (bis)
auf den Strich gehen, (bis)
das geht auf die Haxen
- Ehrenwort, Ehrenwort -,
das geht auf die Haxen.

3. Nicht nur haben sie Hühneraugen (bis)
und Schwielen, außerdem (bis)
sind ihre Latschen das Letzte
- Ehrenwort, Ehrenwort -,
sind ihre Latschen das Letzte.

4. Es gibt Kunden, Drecksäue, (bis)
die sich nie ins Wasser tunken, (bis)
trotzdem müssen sie sie liebkosen
- Ehrenwort, Ehrenwort -,
Trotzdem müssen sie sie liebkosen.

5. Müssen ihnen Hilfestellung geben (bis)
beim Aufstieg in den siebten Himmel, (bis)
Glaubt nicht, dass sie ihr Geld im Schlaf verdienen
- Ehrenwort, Ehrenwort -,
glaubt nicht, dass sie ihr Geld im Schlaf verdienen.

6. Von der Öffentlichkeit werden sie verachtet, (bis)
von den Bullen herumgeschubst (bis)
und sind vom Tripper bedroht
- Ehrenwort, Ehrenwort -,
und sind vom Tripper bedroht.

7. Und wenn sie auch das Leben lang lieben, (bis)
sich täglich zwanzigmal vermählen, (bis)
es ist nie ihre Hochzeit, auf der sie tanzen
- Ehrenwort, Ehrenwort -,
es ist nie ihre Hochzeit, auf der sie tanzen.

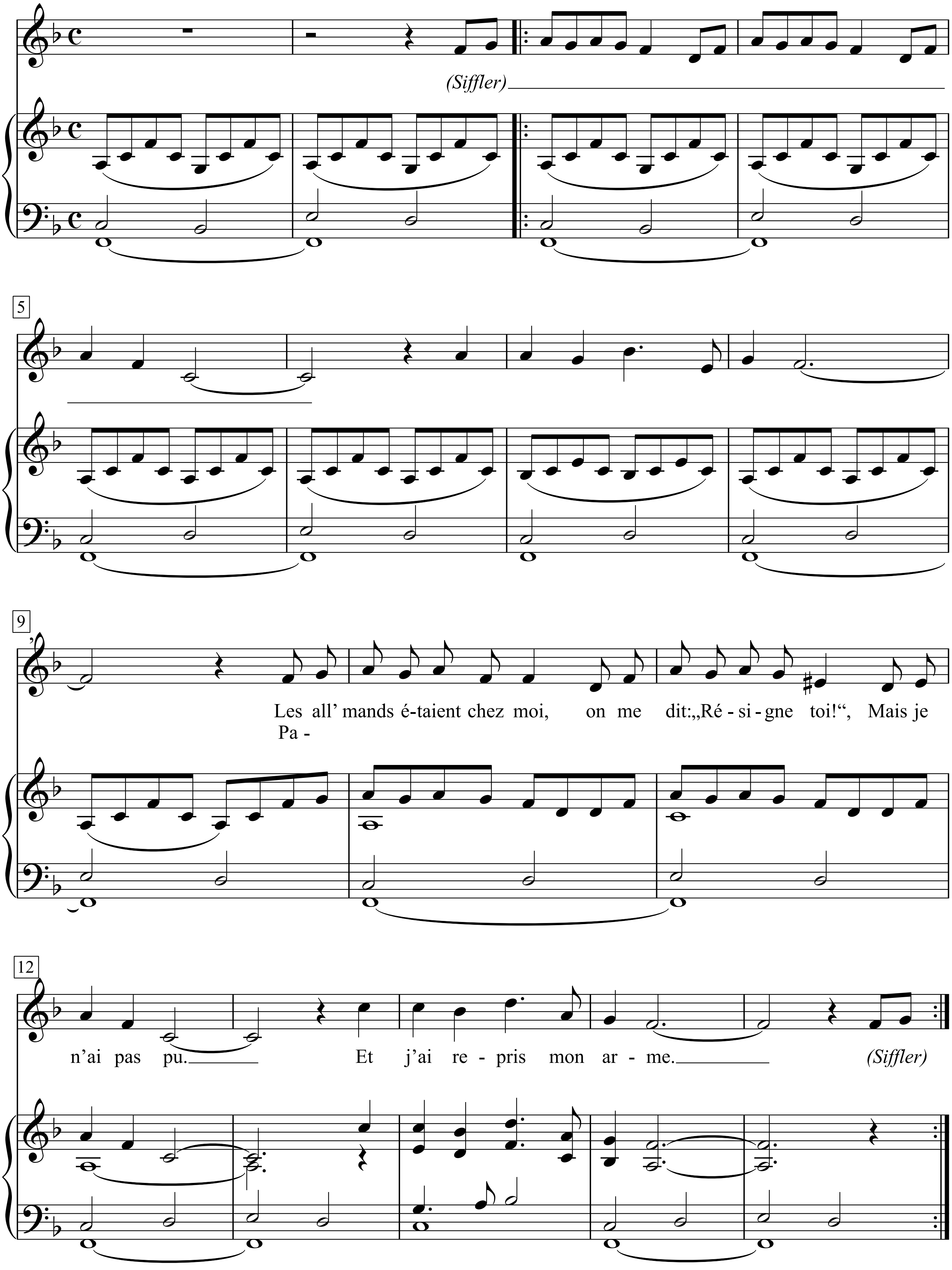
8. Sohn einer Pute und einer Null, (bis)
lach nicht über die arme Venus, (bis)
die arme alte Schachtel
- Ehrenwort, Ehrenwort -,
die arme alte Schachtel.

9. Viel hat nicht gefehlt, mein Lieber, (bis)
dass diese Hure deine Mutter wäre, (bis)
diese Hure, die du verhöhnst
- Ehrenwort, Ehrenwort -,
diese Hure, die du verhöhnst.

La complainte du partisan

Parole de
Emmanuel d'Astier de La Vigerie
a.k.a. Bernard

Musique de
Anna Marly
(Anna Marly)



1. Les all’mands étaient chez moi,
On me dit: „Résigne-toi!“,
Mais je n’ai pas pu;
Et j’ai repris mon arme.

2. Personne ne m’a demandé
d“où je viens et où je vais
Vous qui le savez
Effacez mon passage.

3. J’ai changé cent fois de nom
J’ai perdu femme et enfants
Mais j’ai tant d’amis
Et j’ai la France entière.

4. Hier encore, nous étions trois
Il ne reste plus que moi
Et je tourne en rond
Dans la prison des frontières.

5. Un vieil homme dans un grenier
Pour la nuit nous a cachés
L’ennemi l’a su
Il est mort sans surprise.

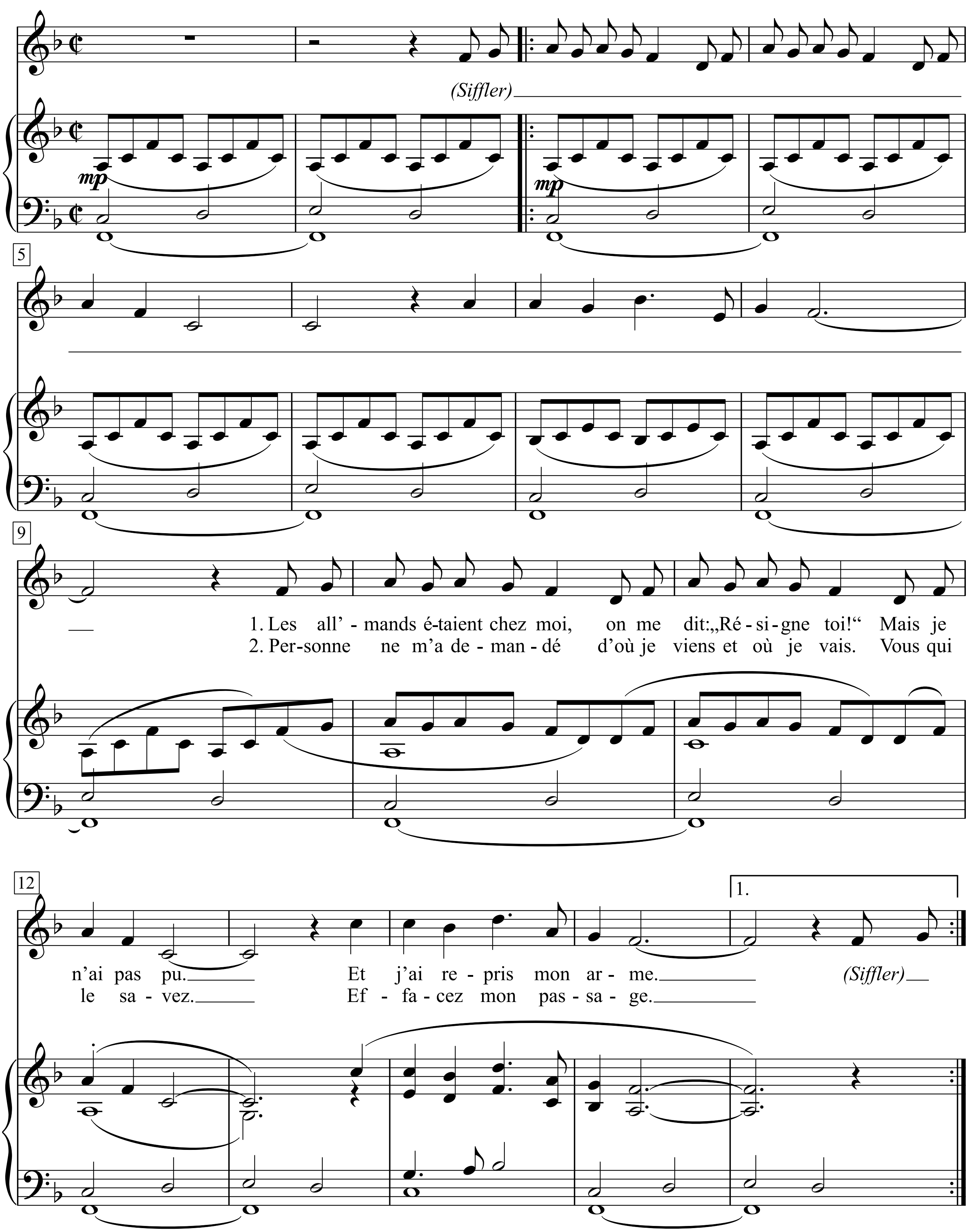
6. Le vent souffle sur les tombes
La liberté reviendra
On nous oubliera
Nous rentrerons dans l’ombre.

Parole de Emmanuel d’Astier de La Vigerie a.k.a. Bernard Musique de Anna Marly (Anna Marly) La complainte du partisan
Parole de Emmanuel d’Astier de La Vigerie a.k.a. Bernard Musique de Anna Marly (Anna Marly) La complainte du partisan

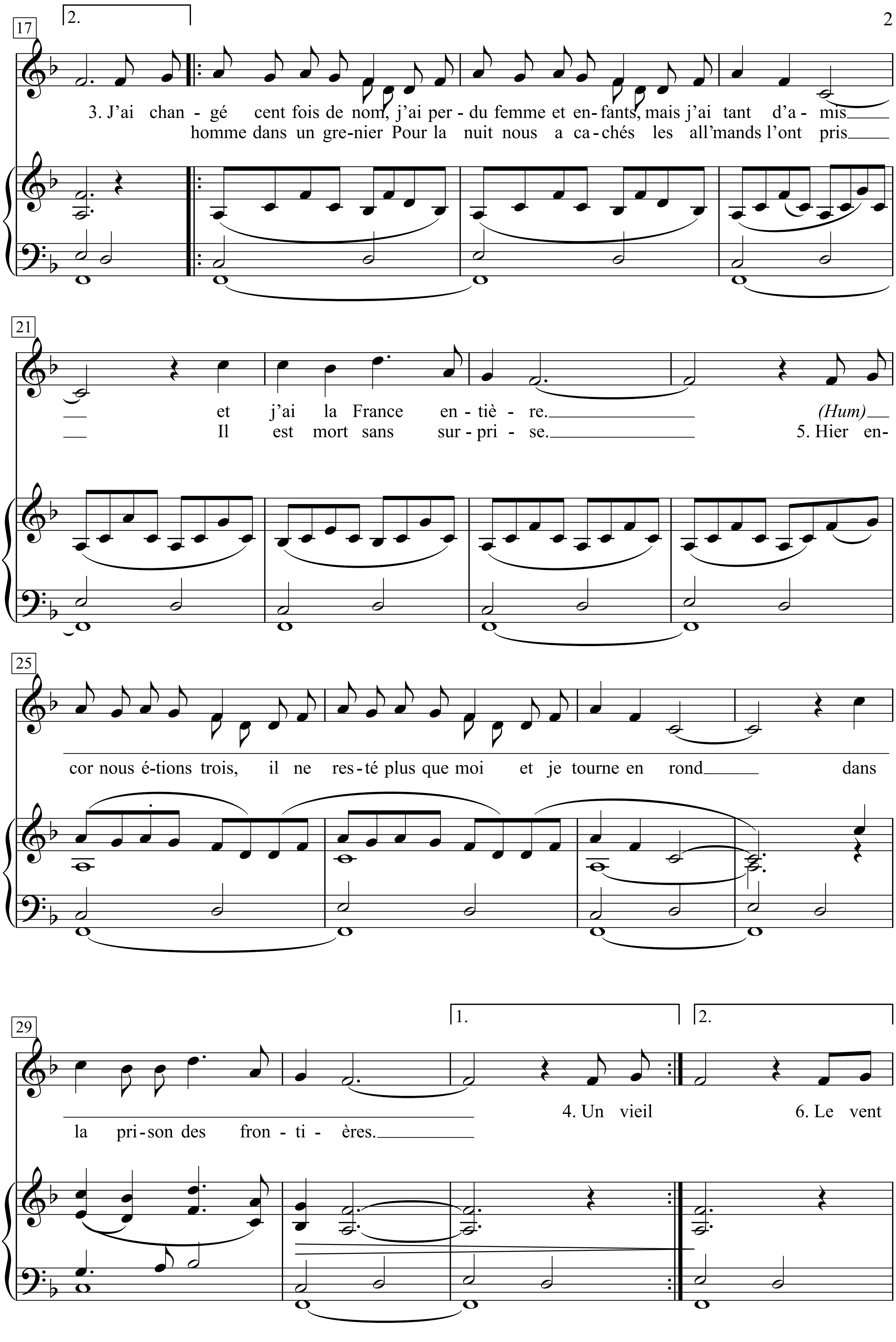
La complainte du partisan

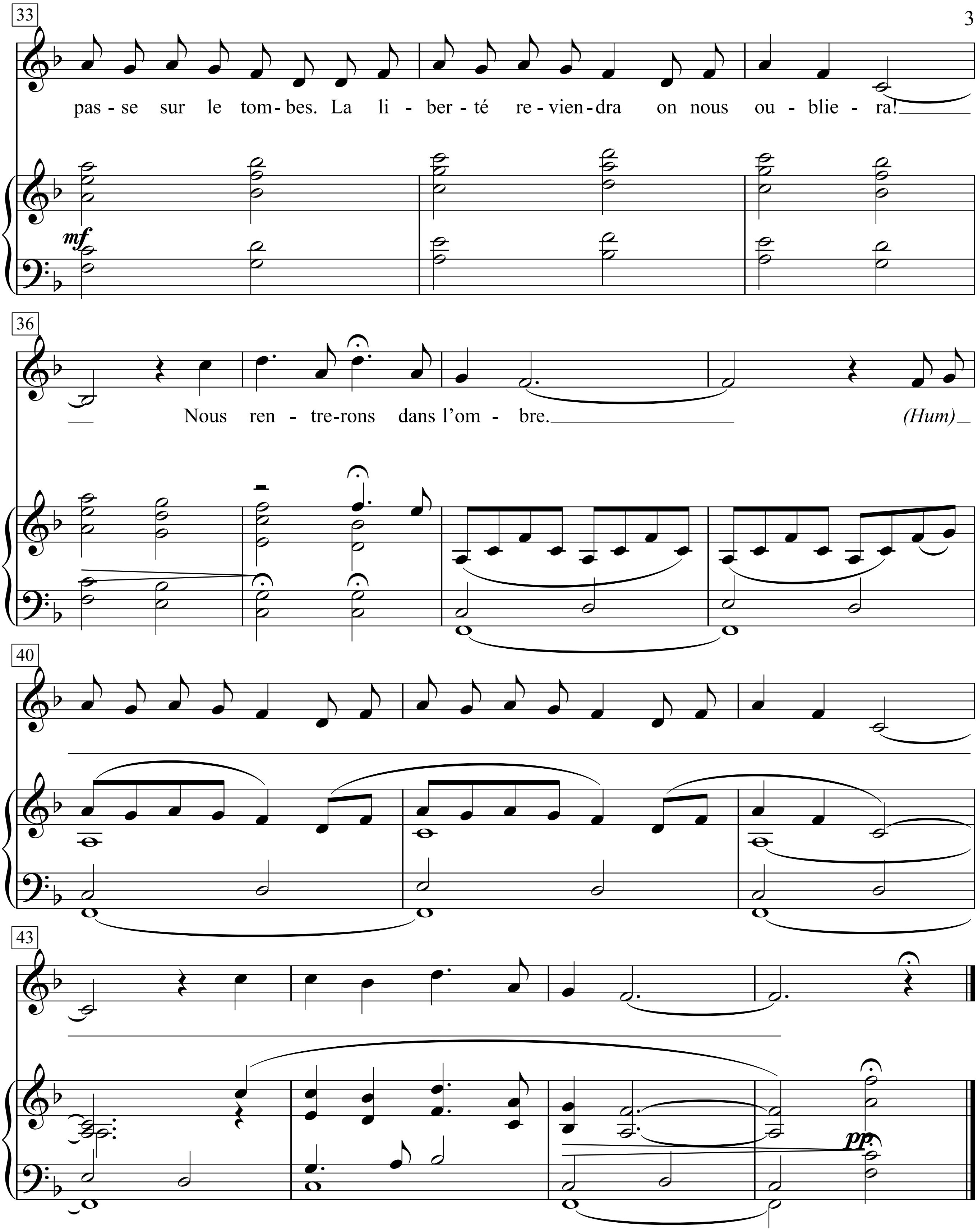
Paroles de Emmanuel d'Astier de La Vigerie
a.k.a. Bernard

Musique de Anna Marly
(Anna Marly)



Anna Marly - Les chants de la résistance et de la libération, p. 71-73


17
2.
3. J'ai chan - gé cent fois de nom, j'ai per - du femme et en - fants, mais j'ai tant d'a - mis
homme dans un gre - nier Pour la nuit nous a ca - chés les all'mands l'ont pris
21
et j'ai la France en - tiè - re.
(Hum)
Il est mort sans sur - pri - se.
5. Hier en-
25
cor nous é - tions trois, il ne res - té plus que moi et je tourne en rond dans
29
1.
2.
la pri - son des fron - ti - ères.
4. Un vieil
6. Le vent


33
pas - se sur le tom - bes. La li - ber - té re - vien - dra on nous ou - blie - ra!
mf
36
Nous ren - tre-rons dans l'om - bre.
(Hum)
40
43
pp

(Siffler)

1. Les all’mands étaient chez moi,
On me dit: „Résigne toi!“
Mais je n’ai pas pu.
Et j’ai repris mon arme.

(Siffler)

2. Personne ne m’a demandé
d’où je viens et où je vais.
Vous qui le savez.
Effacez mon passage.

3. J’ai changé cent fois de nom,
j’ai perdu femme et enfants,
mais j’ai tant d’amis
et j’ai la France entière.

(Hum)

4. Un vieil homme dans un grenier
Pour la nuit nous a cachés
les all’mands l“ont pris
Il est mort sans surprise.

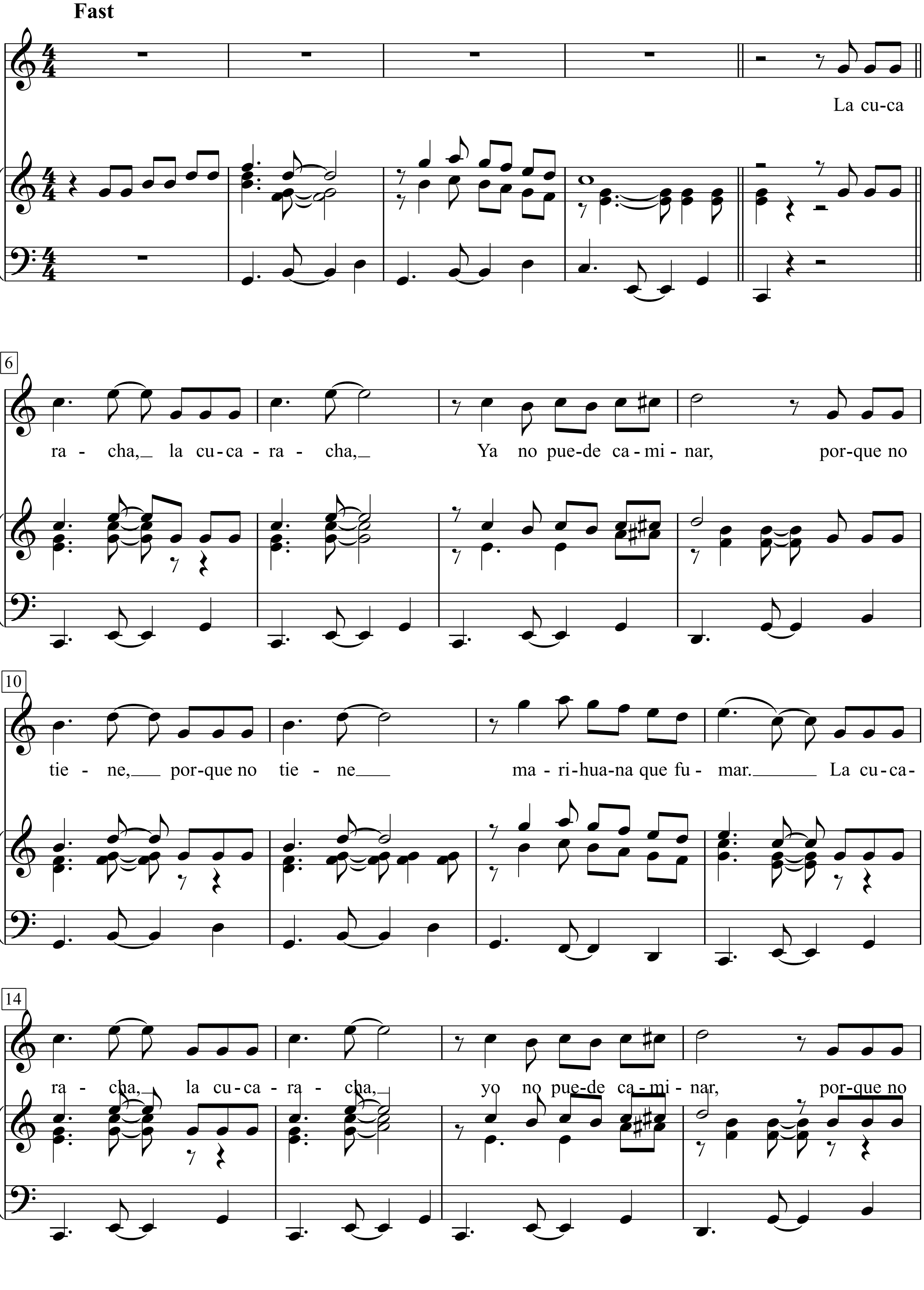
5. Hier encor nous étions trois,
il ne resté plus que moi
et je tourne en rond
dans la prison des frontières.

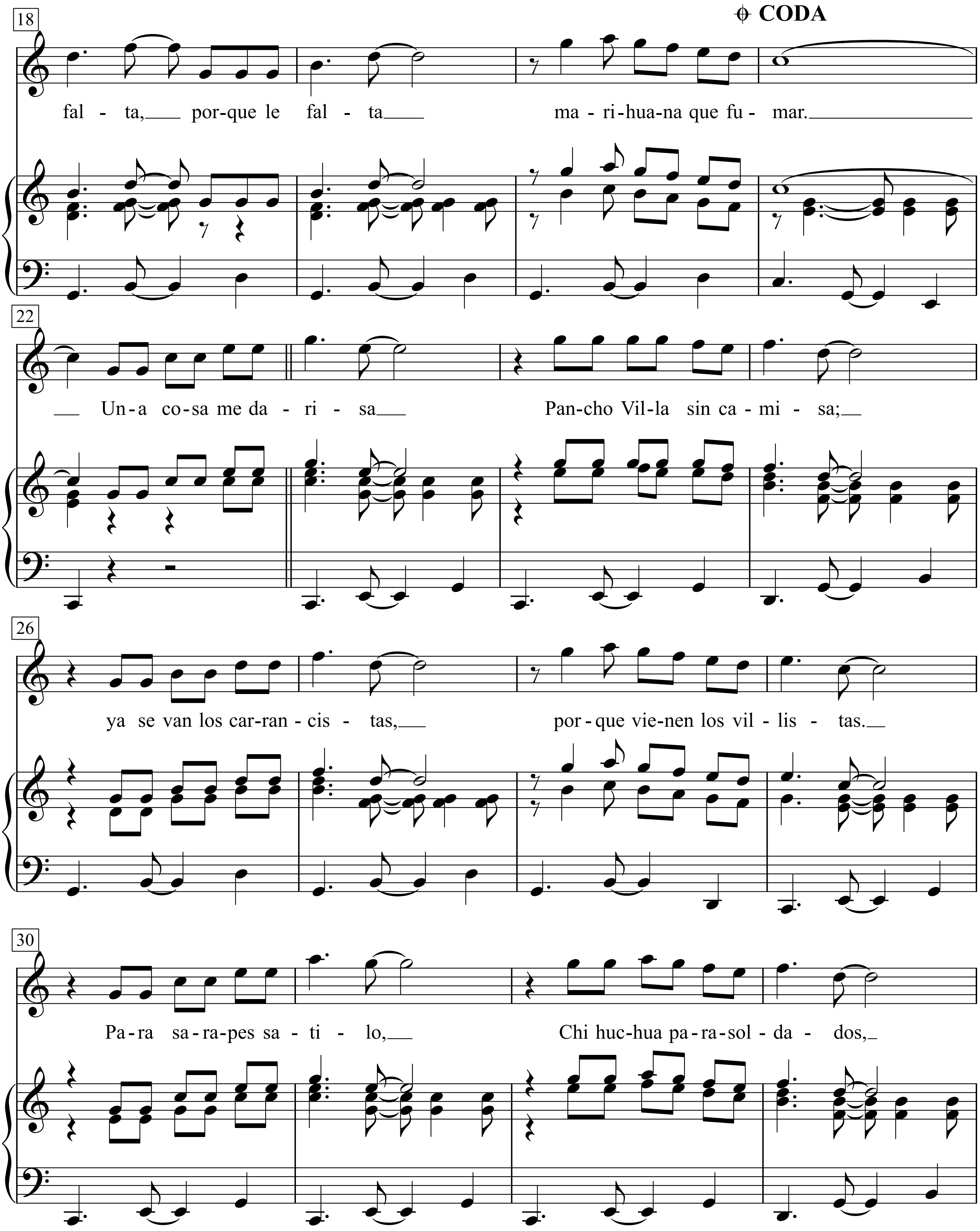
6. Le vent passe sur le tombes.
La liberté reviendra
on nous oubliera!
Nous rentrerons dans l’ombre.

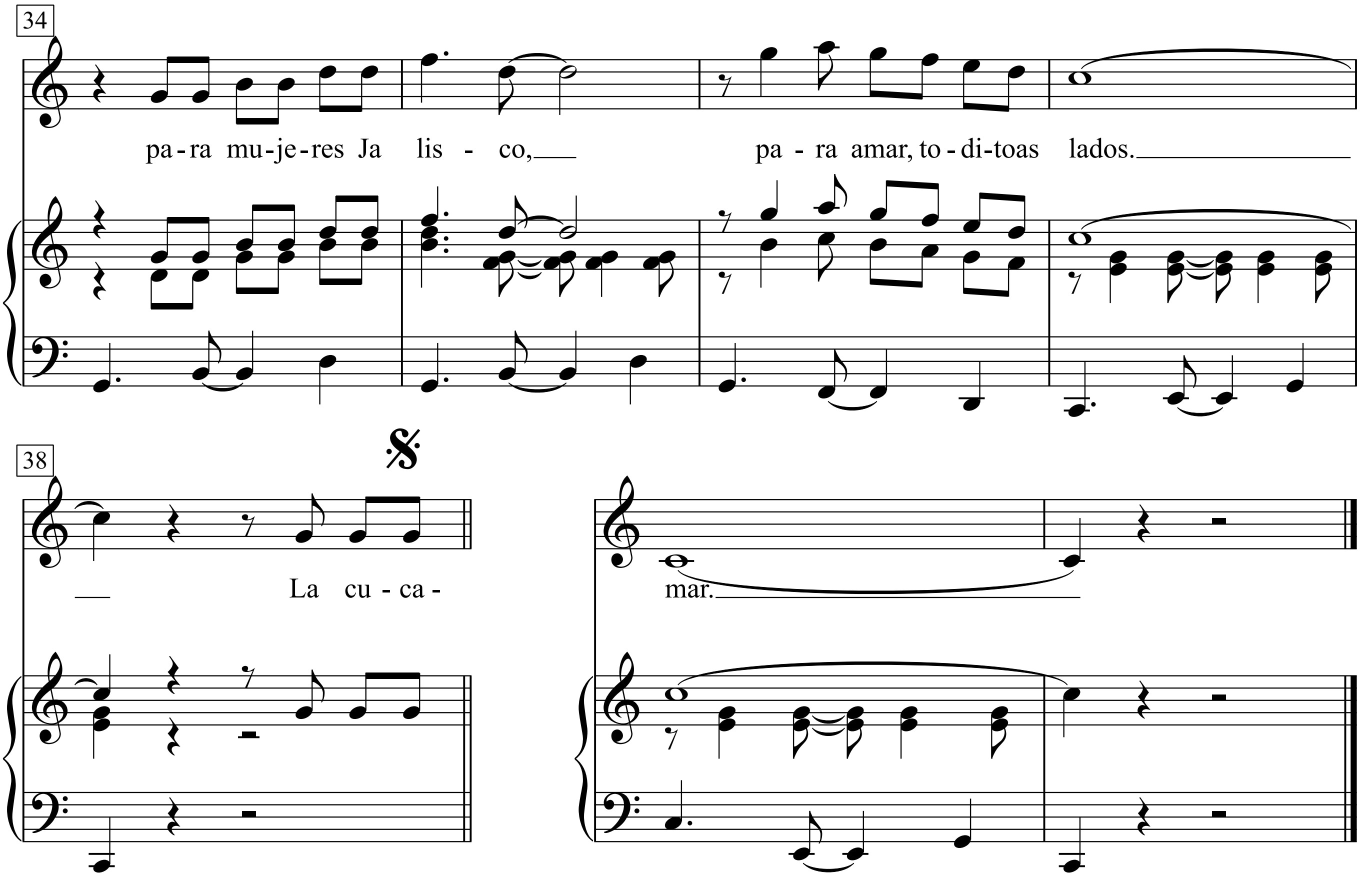
(Hum)

La Cucaracha

Traditional
Klav. Bearb.: E. Schlepper



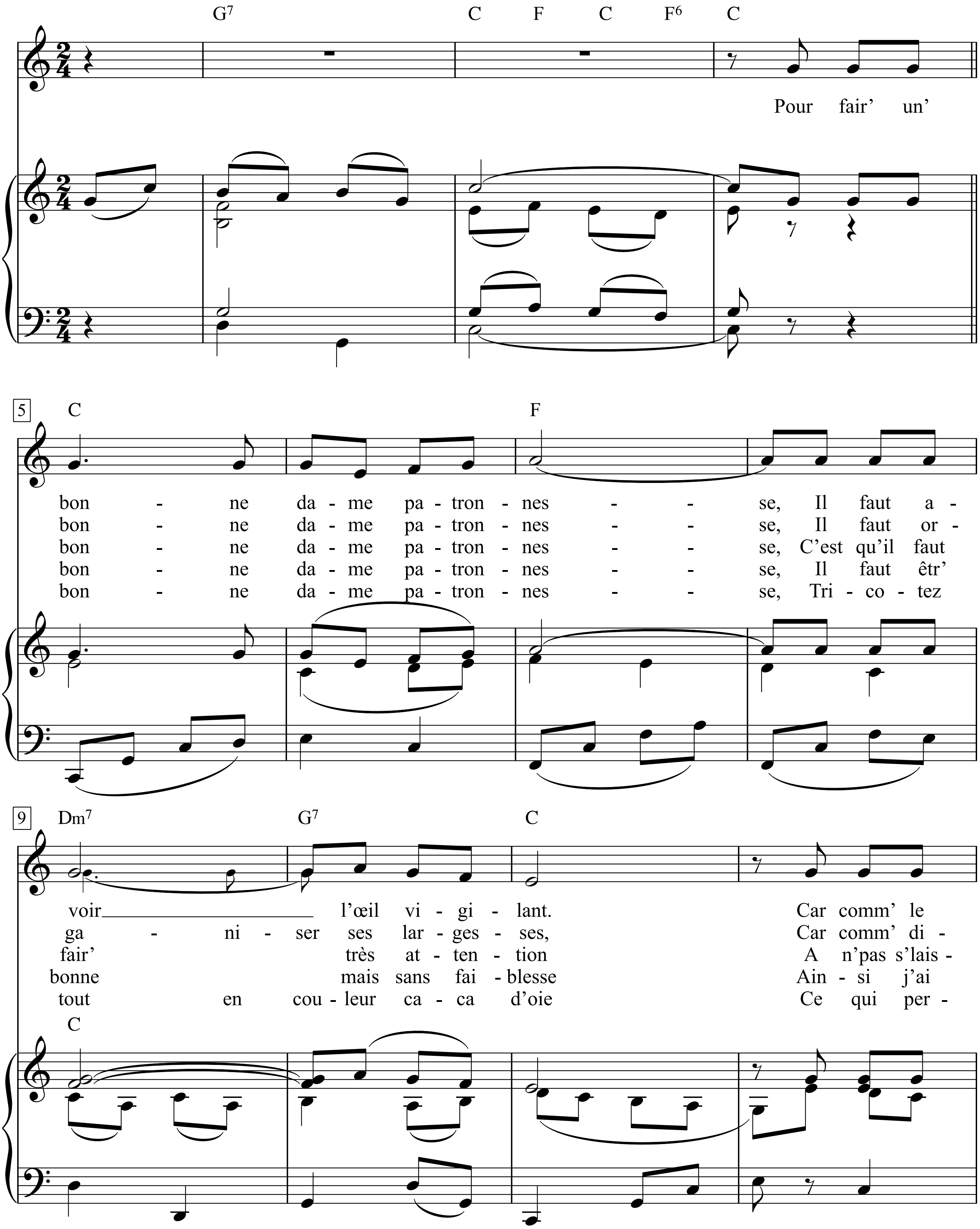

18
CODA
fal - ta, por-que le fal - ta ma - ri-hua-na que fu - mar.
22
Un-a co-sa me da - ri - sa Pan-cho Vil-la sin ca - mi - sa;
26
ya se van los car-ran - cis - tas, por - que vie-nen los vil - lis - tas.
30
Pa-ra sa-ra-pes sa - ti - lo, Chi huc-hua pa-ra-sol - da - dos,

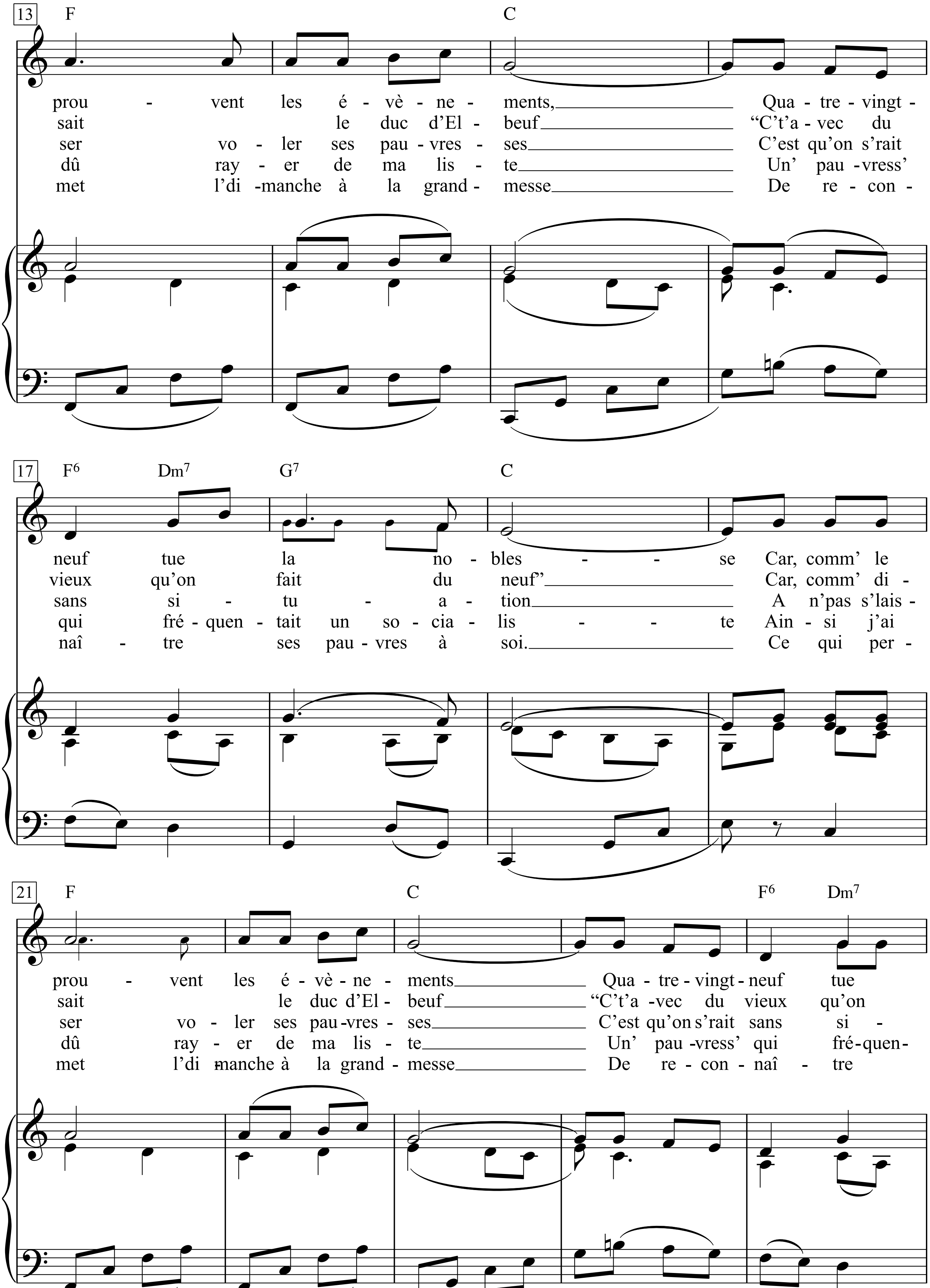

34
pa-ra mu-je-res Ja lis - co,
pa - ra amar, to-di-toas lados.
38
La cu-ca-
mar.

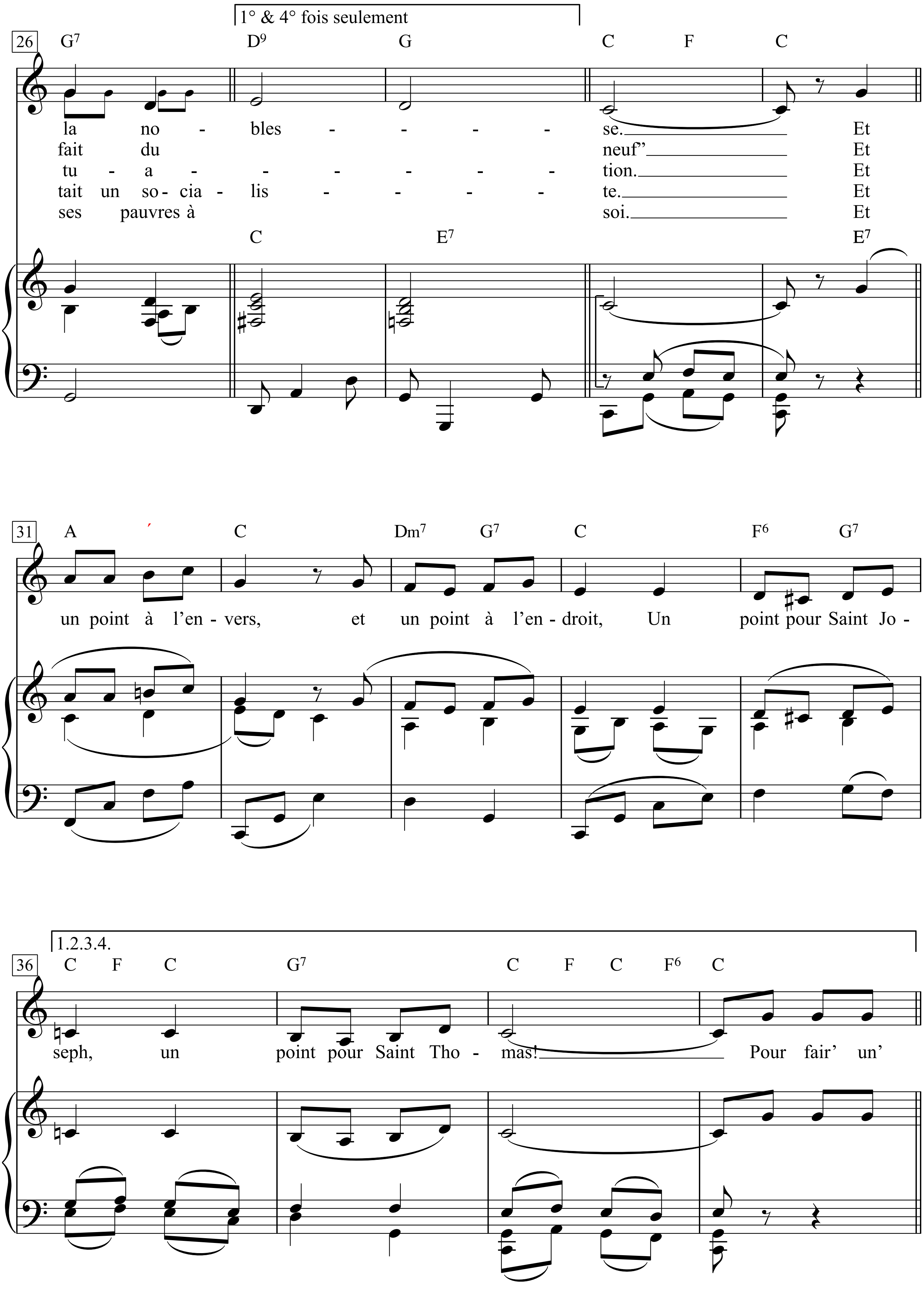
La dame patronnesse

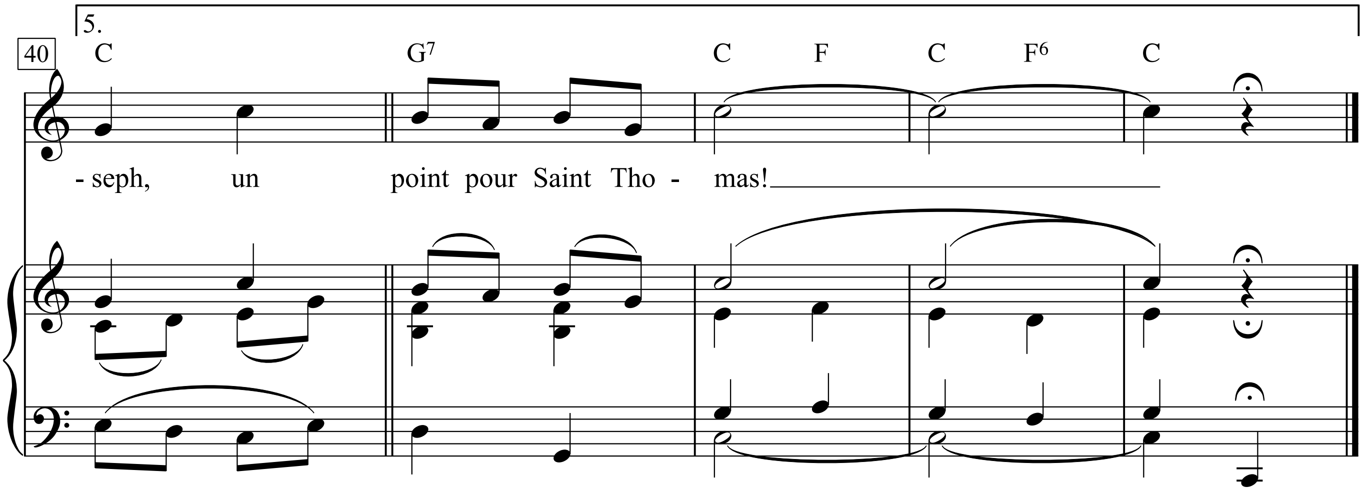
Très modéré

Paroles & Musique: Jacques Brel




13
F
C
prou - vent les é - vè - ne - ments, Qua - tre - vingt -
sait le duc d'El - beuf "C't'a - vec du
ser vo - ler ses pau - vres - ses C'est qu'on s'rait
dû ray - er de ma lis - te Un' pau - vress'
met l'di - manche à la grand - messe De re - con -
17
F6 Dm7 G7 C
neuf tue la no - bles - - se Car, comm' le
vieux qu'on fait du neuf" Car, comm' di -
sans si - tu - a - tion A n'pas s'lais -
qui fré - quen - tait un so - cia - lis - - te Ain - si j'ai
naî - tre ses pau - vres à soi. Ce qui per -
21
F C F6 Dm7
prou - vent les é - vè - ne - ments Qua - tre - vingt - neuf tue
sait le duc d'El - beuf "C't'a - vec du vieux qu'on
ser vo - ler ses pau - vres - ses C'est qu'on s'rait sans si -
dû ray - er de ma lis - te Un' pau - vress' qui fré - quen -
met l'di manche à la grand - messe De re - con - naî - tre


1° & 4° fois seulement
26
G7 D9 G C F C
la no - bles - - - - - se. Et
fait du neuf" Et
tu - a - - - - - - tion. Et
tait un so- cia - lis - - - - te. Et
ses pauvres à soi. Et
C E7 E7
31
A C Dm7 G7 C F6 G7
un point à l'en - vers, et un point à l'en - droit, Un point pour Saint Jo -
1.2.3.4.
36
C F C G7 C F C F6 C
seph, un point pour Saint Tho - mas! Pour fair' un'



1. Pour fair’ un’ bonne dame patronnesse,
Il faut avoir l’œil vigilant.
Car comm’ le prouvent les évènements,
Quatre-vingt-neuf tue la noblesse
Car, comm’ le prouvent les évènements
Quatre-vingt-neuf tue la noblesse.
Et un point à l’envers, et un point à l’endroit,
Un point pour Saint Joseph, un point pour Saint Thomas!

2. Pour fair’ un’ bonne dame patronnesse,
Il faut organiser ses largesses,
Car comm’ disait le duc d’Elbeuf
“C’t’avec du vieux qu’on fait du neuf”
Car, comm’ disait le duc d’Elbeuf
“C’t’avec du vieux qu’on fait du neuf”
Et un point à l’envers, et un point à l’endroit,
Un point pour Saint Joseph, un point pour Saint Thomas!

3. Pour fair’ un’ bonne dame patronnesse,
C’est qu’il faut fair’ très attention
A n’pas s’laisser voler ses pauvresses
C’est qu’on s’rait sans situation
A n’pas s’laisser vo ler ses pauvresses
C’est qu’on s’rait sans situation.
Et un point à l’envers, et un point à l’endroit,
Un point pour Saint Joseph, un point pour Saint Thomas!

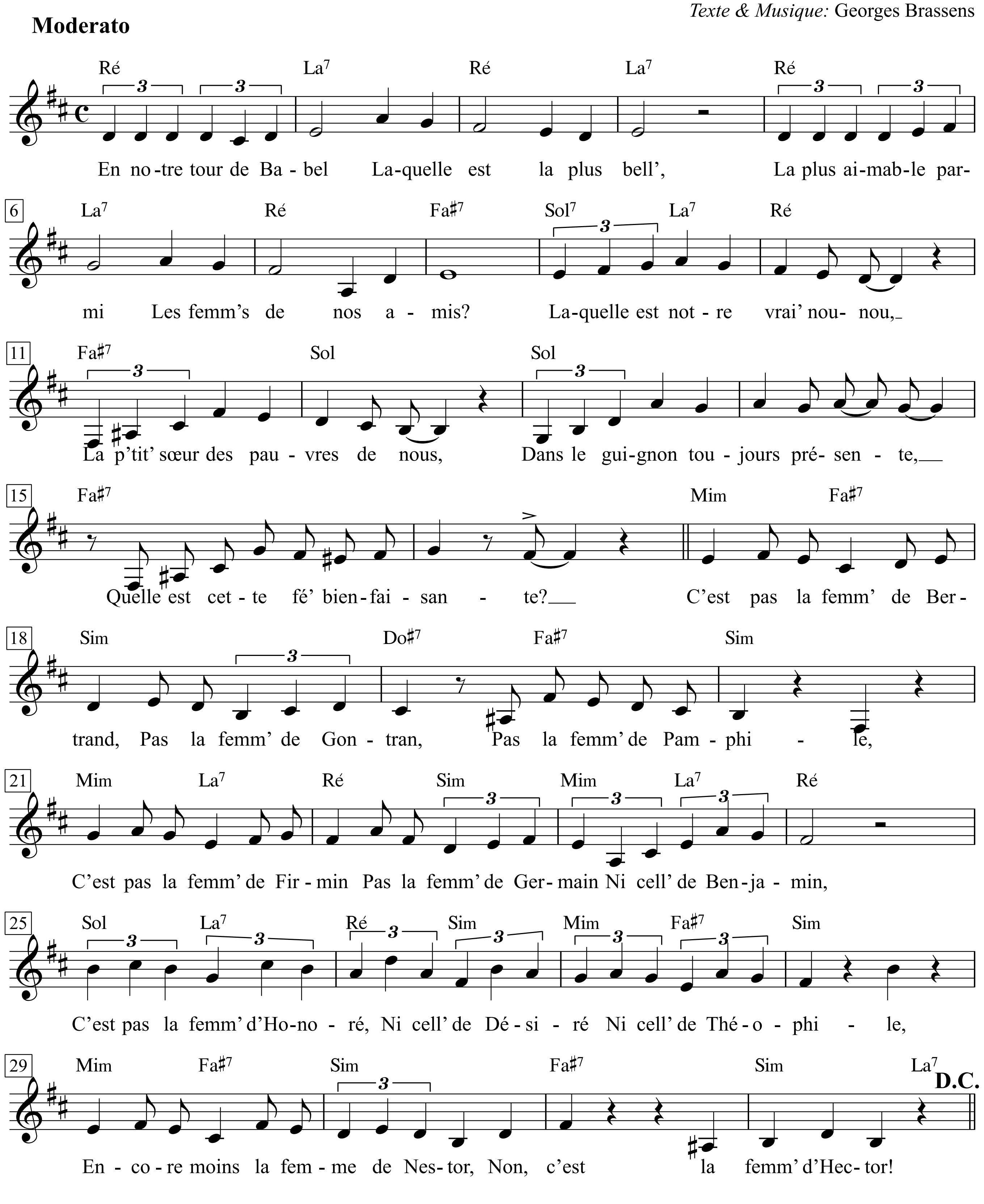
4. Pour fair’ un’ bonne dame patronnesse,
Il faut êtr’ bonne mais sans faiblesse
Ainsi j’ai dû rayer de ma liste
Un’ pauvress’ qui fréquentait un socialiste
Ainsi j’ai dû rayer de ma liste
Un’ pauvress’ qui fréquentait un socialiste.
Et un point à l’envers, et un point à l’endroit,
Un point pour Saint Joseph, un point pour Saint Thomas!

5. Pour fair’ un’ bonne dame patronnesse,
Tricotez tout en couleur caca d’oie
Ce qui permet l’dimanche à la grand-messe
De reconnaître ses pauvres à soi.
Ce qui permet l’dimanche à la grand-messe
De reconnaître ses pauvres à soi.
Et un point à l’envers, et un point à l’endroit,
Un point pour Saint Joseph, un point pour Saint Thomas!

La femme d’Hector

(Die Frau von Hektor)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. En notre tour de Babel
Laquelle est la plus bell',
La plus aimable parmi
Les femm's de nos amis?
Laquelle est notre vrai' nounou,
La p'tit' sœur des pauvres de nous,
Dans le guignon toujours présente,
Quelle est cette fé' bienfaisante?

Refrain
C'est pas la femm' de Bertrand,
Pas la femm' de Gontran,
Pas la femm' de Pamphile,
C'est pas la femm' de Firmin
Pas la femm' de Germain
Ni cell' de Benjamin,
C'est pas la femm' d'Honoré,
Ni cell' de Désiré
Ni cell' de Théophile,
Encore moins la femme de Nestor,
Non, c'est la femm' d'Hector!

2. Comme nous dansons devant
Le buffet bien souvent,
On a toujours peu ou prou
Les bas criblés de trous ...
Qui raccommode ces malheurs
De fils de toutes les couleurs,
Qui brode, divine cousette,
Des arcs-en-ciel à nos chaussettes?

3. Quand on nous prend la main, sac-
ré Bon Dieu, dans un sac,
Et qu'on nous envoi' planter
Des choux à la Santé,
Quelle est cell' qui, prenant modèl',
Sur les vertus des chiens fidèl's,
Reste à l'arrêt devant la porte
En attendant qu'on en ressorte?

4. Et quand l'un d'entre nous meurt,
Qu'on nous met en demeur'
De débarrasser l'hôtel
De ses restes mortels,
Quelle est cell' qui r'mu' tout Paris
Pour qu'on lui fasse, au plus bas prix,
Des funérailles gigantesques,
Pas nationales, non, mais presque?

5. Et quand vient le mois de mai,
Le joli temps d'aimer,
Que, sans écho, dans les cours,
Nous hurlons à l'amour,
Quelle est cell' qui nous plaint beaucoup,
Quelle est cell' qui nous saute au cou,
Qui nous dispense sa tendresse,
Tout's ses économi's d' caresses?

1. In unserem Turm von Babel,
wer ist hier denn die Schönste?
Wer ist die liebste unter
den Frauen unserer Freunde?
Wer ist wirklich unsere Amme,
unsere liebe Armenschwester,
in dem ewigen Einerlei hier -
wer ist die wohltätige Fee?

Refrain
Das ist nicht die Frau von Bertrand,
nicht die Frau von Gontran,
nicht die Frau von Pamphile,
ist nicht die Frau von Firmin,
nicht die Frau von Germain,
nicht die von Benjamin,
nicht die Frau von Honoré,
nicht die von Désiré,
nicht die von Theophile
und erst recht nicht die Frau von Nestor,
nein, es ist die Frau von Hektor!

2. Weil wir so
oft Hungertänze machen,
haben wir fast immer
Löcher in den Socken ...
Wer flickt diese Ungetüme
mit Fäden in allen Farben,
wer stickt - himmlische Näherin -
Regenbögen in unsere Strümpfe?

3. Wenn man uns mit der Hand
in einer fremden Tasche erwischt
und uns zum Kappespflanzen
im Knast aus dem Verkehr zieht,
wer steht dann, nach dem
Vorbild treuer Hunde,
vor dem Tor und wartet,
bis wir wieder rauskommen?

4. Und wenn einer von uns stirbt,
wenn wir Mahnungen kriegen,
das Lokal von seinen
sterblichen Resten zu befreien,
wer stellt dann ganz Paris auf den Kopf,
um für nen Appel und ein Ei
ein riesiges Begräbnis zu organisieren,
nicht staats-, aber fast?

5. Und wenn der Maienmond kommt,
die schöne Zeit des Liebens,
und wir ohne Echo auf den Höfen
um Liebe jaulen,
wer bedauert uns dann so sehr,
hängt sich uns an den Hals
und teilt uns Zärtlichkeiten zu,
all ihre Liebkosungserspamisse?

6. Ne jetons pas les morceaux
De nos cœurs aux pourceaux,
Perdons pas notre latin
Au profit des pantins,
Chantons pas la langue des dieux
Pour les balourds, les fess'-mathieux
Les paltoquets ni les bobèches,
Les foutriquets ni les pimbèches,

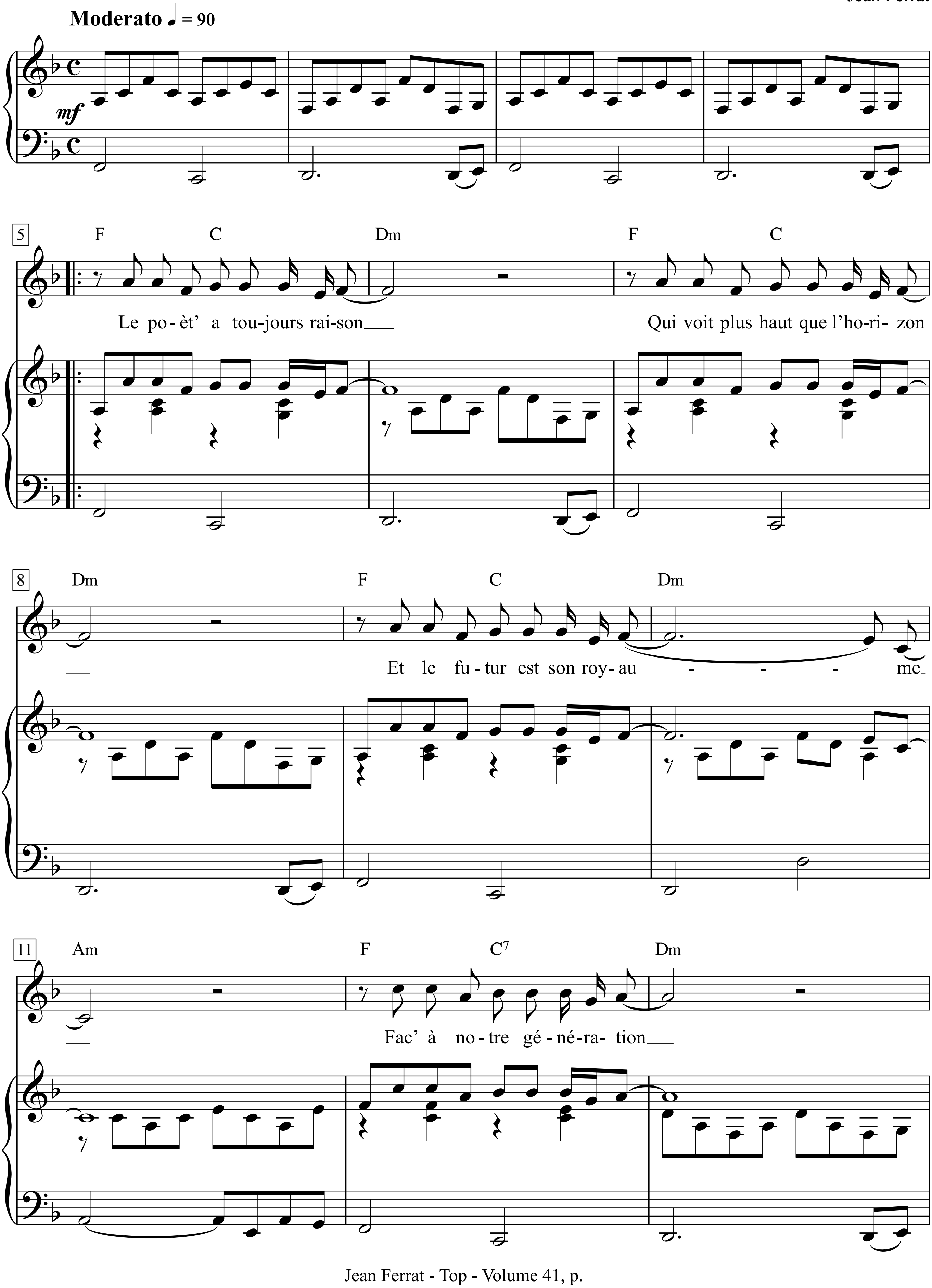
Dernier refrain
Ni pour la femm' de Bertrand,
Pour la femm' de Gontran,
Pour la femm' de Pamphile,
Ni pour la femm' de Firmin,
Pour la femm' de Germain,
Pour cell' de Benjamin,
Ni pour la femm' d'Honoré,
La femm' de Désiré,
La femm' de Théophile,
Encore moins pour la femm' de Nestor,
Mais pour la femm' d'Hector!

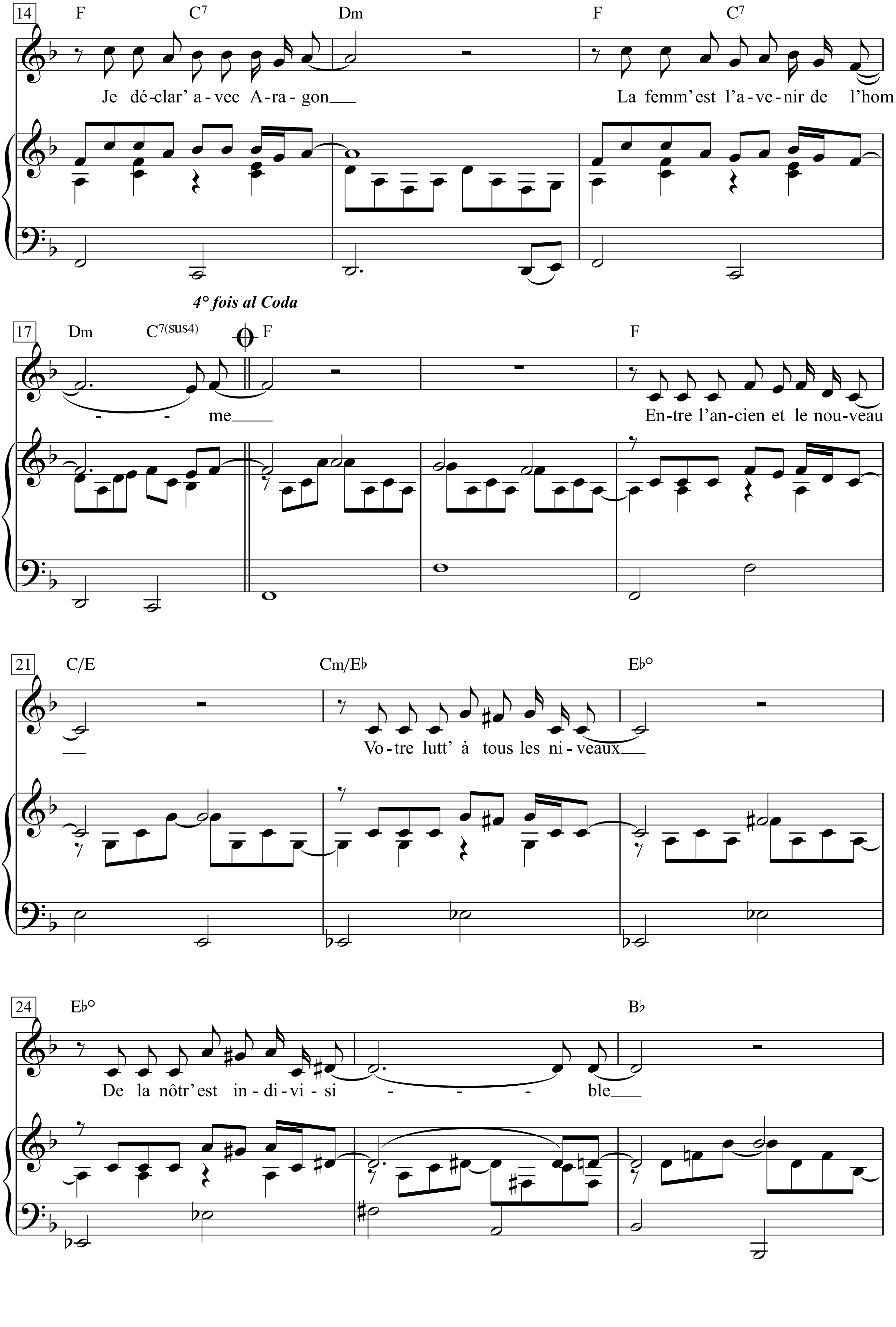
6. Lasst uns nicht die Stückchen
unserer Herzen vor die Säue werfen,
nicht den Kopf verlieren
wegen Hampelfrauen,
nicht mit feurigen Zungen singen
für Trampel und Wucherinnen,
Lümmel und Blötschköppe,
kleine Würstchen, dumme Puten,

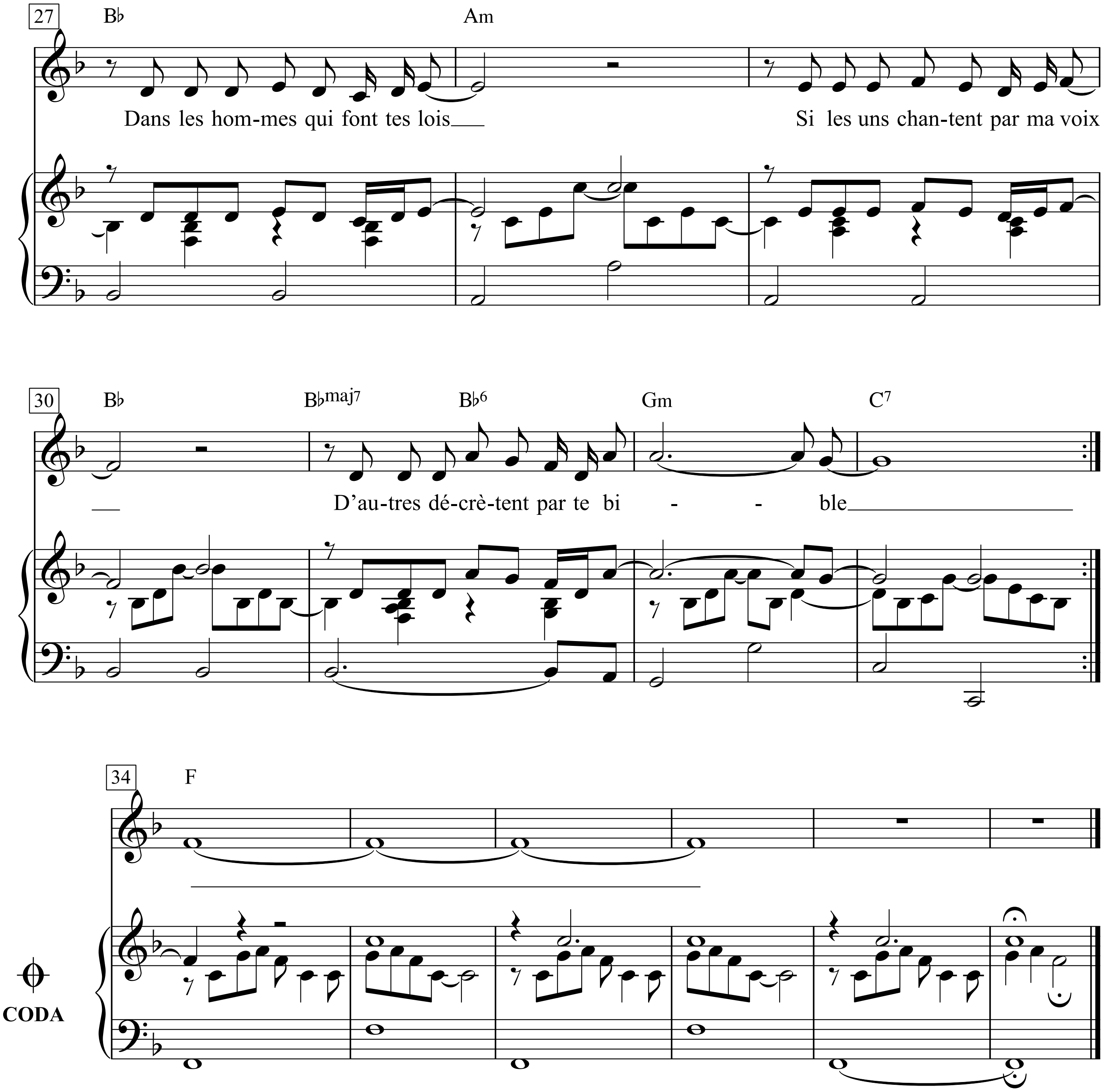
Schlussrefrain
und nicht für die Frau von Bertrand,
nicht für die Frau von Gontran,
nicht für die Frau von Pamphile,
nicht für die Frau von Firmin,
nicht für die Frau von Germain,
nicht für die von Benjamin,
nicht für die Frau von Honoré,
nicht für die von Désiré,
nicht für die Frau von Theophile
und erst recht nicht für die Frau von Nestor,
nein, nur für die Frau von Hektor!

La femme est l'avenir de l'homme

Paroles & Musique de
Jean Ferrat




14
F
C7
Dm
F
C7
Je dé-clar' a-vec A-ra-gon
La femm'est l'a-ve-nir de l'hom
4° fois al Coda
17
Dm
C7(sus4)
F
F
- - me
En-tre l'an-cien et le nou-veau
21
C/E
Cm/E♭
E♭°
Vo-tre lutt' à tous les ni-veaux
24
E♭°
B♭
De la nôtr'est in-di-vi-si - - - ble


27
B♭
Am
Dans les hom-mes qui font tes lois
Si les uns chan-tent par ma voix
30
B♭
B♭maj7
B♭6
Gm
C7
D'au-tres dé-crè-tent par te bi - - ble
34
F
CODA

1. Le poète a toujours raison
Qui voit plus haut que l'horizon
Et le futur est son royaume
Face à notre génération
Je déclare avec Aragon
La femme est l'avenir de l'homme

Entre l'ancien et le nouveau
Votre lune à tous les niveaux
De la nôtre est indivisible
Dans les hommes qui font les lois
Si les uns chantent par ma voix
D'autres décrètent par la bible

2. Le poète a toujours raison
Qui détruit l'ancienne oraison
L'image d'Ève et de la pomme
Face aux vieilles malédictions
Je déclare avec Aragon
La femme est l'avenir de l'homme

Pour accoucher sans la souffrance
Pour le contrôle des naissances
fI a fallu des millénaires
Si nous sortons du moyen âge
Vos siècles d'infini servage
Pèsent encore lourd sur la terre

3. Le poète a toujours raison
Qui annonce la floraison
D'autres amours en son royaume
Remet à l'endroit la chanson
Et déclare avec Aragon
La femme est l'avenir de l'homme

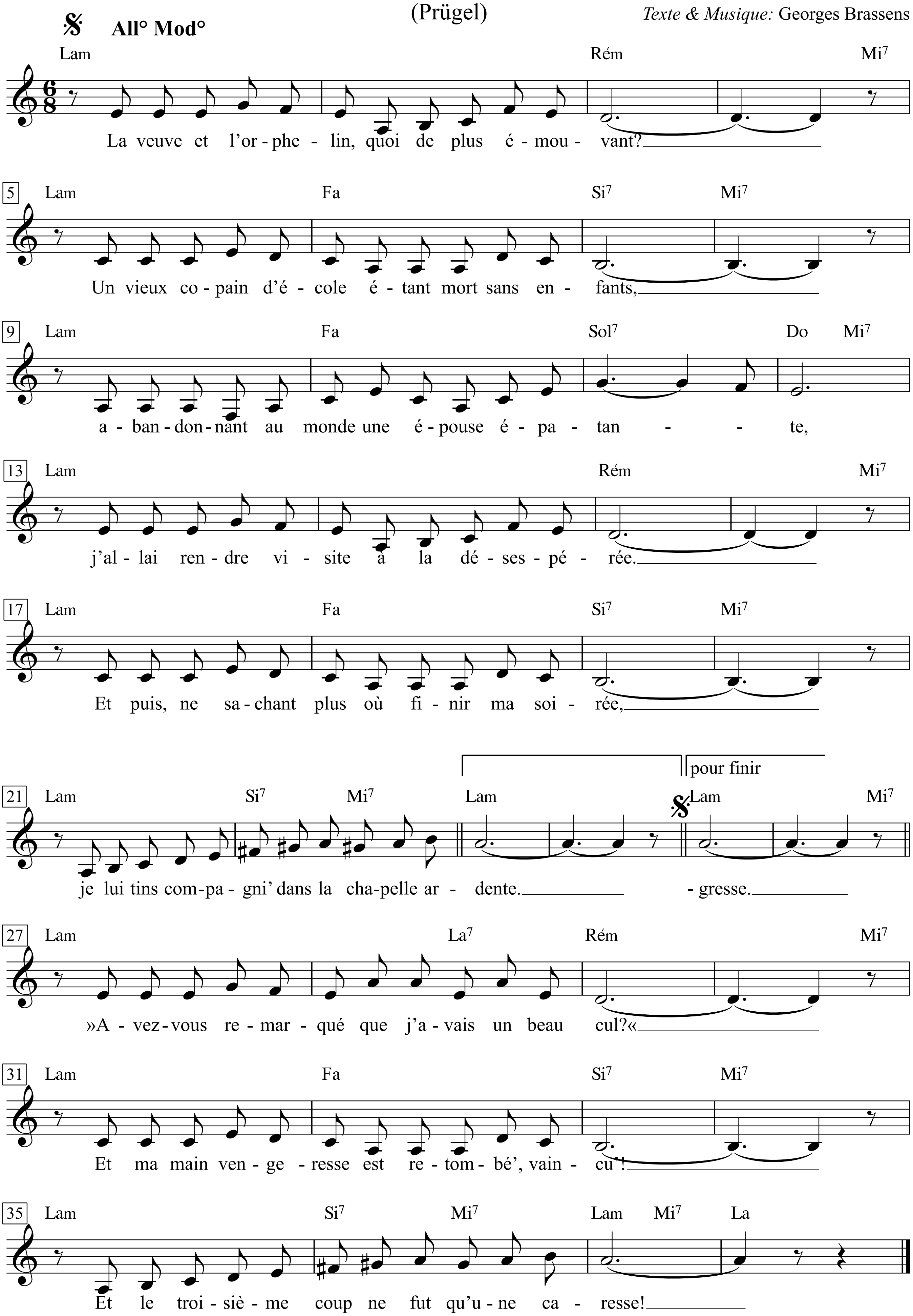
Il faudra réapprendre à vivre
Ensemble écrire un nouveau livre
Redécouvrir tous les possibles
Chaque chose enfin partagée
Tout dans le couple va changer
D'une manière irréversible

4. Le poète a toujours raison
Oui voit plus haut que l'horizon
Et le futur est son royaume
Face aux autres générations
Je déclare avec Aragon
La femme est l'avenir de l'homme

La fessée

(Prügel)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.139 & II. S.348-351

1. La veuve et l'orphelin, quoi de plus émouvant?
Un vieux copain d'école étant mort sans enfants,
Abandonnant au monde une épouse épatante,
J'allai rendre visite à la désespérée.
Et puis, ne sachant plus où finir ma soirée,
Je lui tins compagni' dans la chapelle ardente.

2. Pour endiguer ses pleurs, pour apaiser ses maux,
Je me mis à blaguer, à sortir des bons mots,
Tous les moyens sont bons au médecin de l'âme...
Bientôt, par la vertu de quelques facéties,
La veuve se tenait les côtes, Dieu merci!
Ainsi que des bossus, tous deux nous rigolâmes.

3. Ma pipe dépassait un peu de mon veston.
Aimable, elle m'encouragea: »Bourrez-la donc,
Qu'aucun impératif moral ne vous arrête,
Si mon pauvre mari détestait le tabac,
Maintenant la fumé' ne le dérange pas!
Mais où diantre ai-je mis mon porte-cigarettes?«

4. A minuit, d'une voix douce de séraphin,
Elle me demanda si je n'avais pas faim.
»Ça le ferait-il revenir, ajouta-t-elle,
De pousser la piété jusqu'à l'inanition:
Que diriez-vous d'une frugale collation?«
Et nous fîmes un petit souper aux chandelles.

5. «Regardez s'il est beau! Dirait-on point qu'il dort?
Ce n'est certes pas lui qui me donnerait tort
De noyer mon chagrin dans un flot de champagne.«
Quand nous eûmes vidé le deuxième magnum,
La veuve était ému', nom d'un petit bonhomm'!
Et son esprit se mit à battre la campagne...

6. »Mon Dieu, ce que c'est tout de même que de nous!«
Soupira-t-elle, en s'asseyant sur mes genoux.
Et puis, ayant collé sa lèvre sur ma lèvre,
»Me voilà rassuré', fit-elle, j'avais peur
Que, sous votre moustache en tablier d'sapeur,
Vous ne cachiez coquettement un bec-de-lièvre...«

7. Un tablier d'sapeur, ma moustache, pensez!
Cette comparaison méritait la fessée.
Retroussant l'insolente avec nulle tendresse,
Conscient d'accomplir, somme toute, un devoir,
Mais en fermant les yeux pour ne pas trop en voir,
Paf! j'abattis sur elle une main vengeresse!

8. »Aï'! vous m'avez fêlé le postérieur en deux!«
Se plaignit-elle, et je baissai le front, piteux,
Craignant avoir frappé de façon trop brutale.
Mais j'appris, par la suite, et j'en fus bien content,
Que cet état de chos's durait depuis longtemps:
Menteuse! la fêlure était congénitale.

9. Quand je levai la main pour la deuxième fois,
Le cœur n'y était plus, j'avais perdu la foi,
Surtout qu'elle s'était enquise, la bougresse:
»Avez-vous remarqué que j'avais un beau cul?«
Et ma main vengeresse est retombé', vaincu'! *bis*
Et le troisième coup ne fut qu'une caresse...

1. Witwe und Waisenknab - o welch rührendes Lied!
Ein alter Schulfreund, der ohne Kinder verschied,
hinterließ eine Gattin in blendender Blüte.
Einen Besuch hatt ich der Trostlosen gemacht,
wusste dann nicht, wohin mit dem Abend, der Nacht,
und blieb bei ihr am Sarg, der im Kerzenlicht glühte.

2. Um die Tränen zu dämmen (die Trauer war groß),
riss ich Witze, entsann mich diverser Bonmots;
nichts, was seelisches Heil fördert, sei ausgeschlossen.
Bald, ob einiger Zoten mit Schmackes und Schmauch,
hielt die Witwe - dem Himmel sei Dank! - sich den Bauch,
und wir geierten, bis bei uns Buckel ersprossen.

3. Aus meiner Jacke lugte die Pfeife hervor;
freundlich sagte sie: »Stopfen Sie, qualmen Sie nur;
kein moralischer Imperativ soll Sie binden.
Ja, mein armer Gemahl hat den Tabak gehasst,
aber nun fällt der Rauch ihm wohl nicht mehr zur Last.
Bloß - wieso kann ich jetzt meine Kippen nicht finden?«

4. Mit holder Engelsstimme, zu Mitternacht, frug
sie, ob ich keinen Hunger hätt; es gäb genug.
»Brächte es ihn denn wieder«, ergänzte sie leise,
»triebe man bis zur Auszehrung die Pietät?
Für nen frugalen Imbiss ist es nie zu spät.«
Und bei Kerzenschein fraßen wir viel feine Speise.

5. »Schaun Sie, sieht er nicht aus wie im Schlaf, und so nett?
Er wär der Letzte, der etwa Einwände hätt,
in Champagner den Kummer und Gram zu ersäufen.«
Als wir die zweite Magnum erfolgreich bekämpft
hatten, war auch die Witwe nicht länger gedämpft;
hell zu sprühen begann nun ihr Geist; und zu schweifen.

6. »Also, mein Gott, wir sind schon zwei beide, wir zwei!«
seufzte sie und kroch mir auf die Knie dabei,
ließ mich, o sanfte Wonne, die Lippen dann schmecken
und sagte: »Jetzt bin ich sicher, nach diesem Schmatz,
dass Sie unter dem Schnurrbart da, dem Schlabberlatz,
nicht - kokett - etwa ne Hasenscharte verstecken.«

7. Ein Schlabberlätzchen mein Schnäuzer - wie unerhört!
Der Vergleich hatte Prügel verdient, und empört
zog ich sie übers Knie, um die Dreiste zu zausen,
lupfte ihren Rock - beinah war's mir eine Pflicht -
Augen zu und durch! sehen wollt ich es ja nicht -
paff! ließ ich eine rächende Hand niedersausen.

8. »Au! Sie spalten mir grade den Hintern, Sie Tropf!«
klagte sie, und ich senkte betroffen den Kopf -
hatte ich gar zu grob die Kontrolle verloren?
Doch erfuhr ich alsbald, und das machte mich froh, d
ie Halbierung der Sphären war immer schon so -
Lügnerin! Diese Spaltung war ihr angeboren!

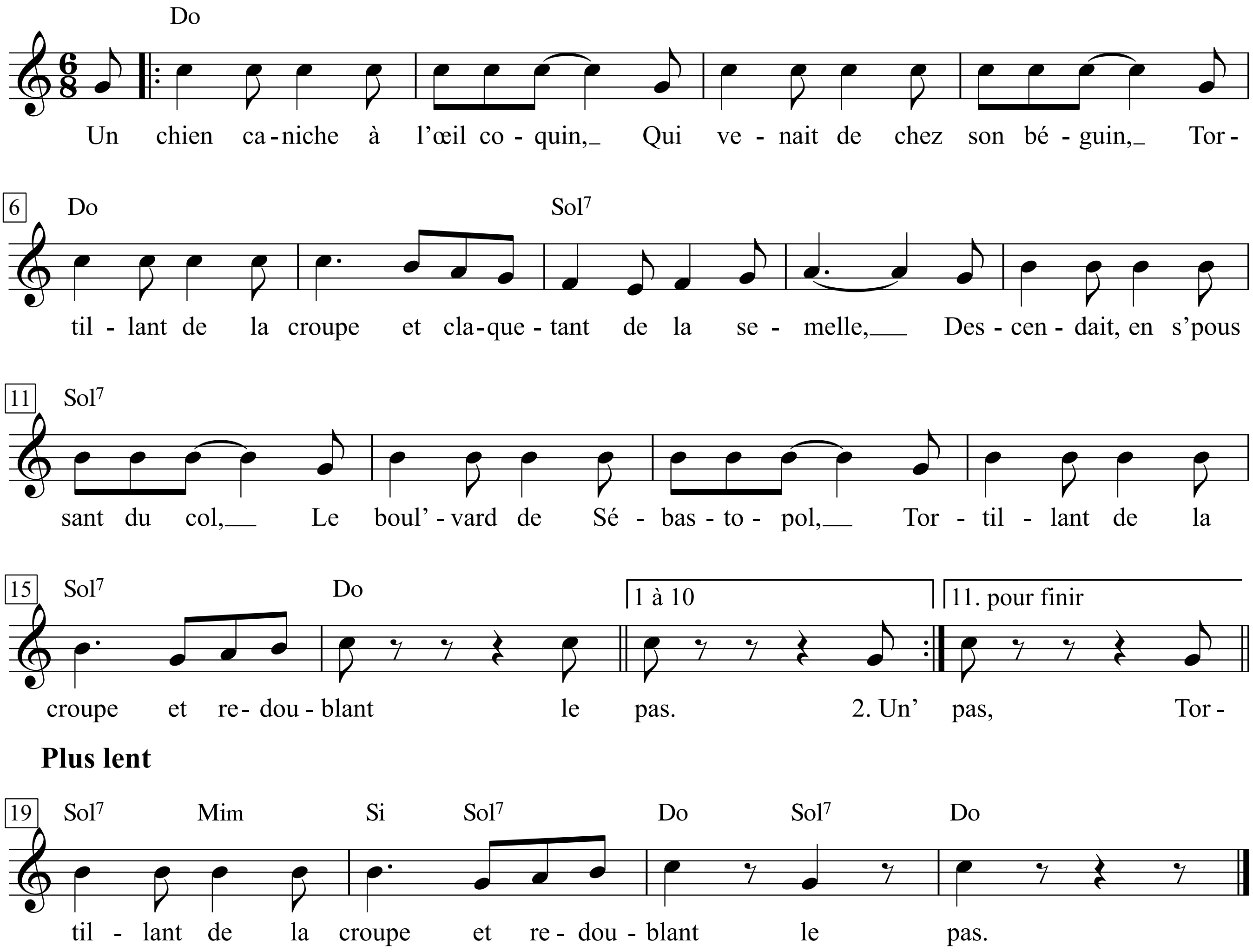
9. Als ich zum zweiten Hieb hob die Hand übern Sterz,
fehlten mir das Vertrauen, der Mut und das Herz;
dann fragte sie, als brauche sie dringend Geschmeichel:
»Kucken Sie doch mal hin - ist mein Arsch nicht ne Pracht?«
Und die rächende Hand sank, bezwungen und sacht,
und der dritte Streich wurde nur noch ein Gestreichel ...

La file indienne

(Im Gänsemarsch)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens
(Bernard Lavalette)

Allegretto



Un chien caniche à l'œil coquin,
Qui venait de chez son béguin,
Tortillant de la croupe et claquetant de la semelle,
Descendait, en s' poussant du col,
Le boul'vard de Sébastopol,
Tortillant de la croupe et redoublant le pas.

Ein Pudel mit keckem Blick,
auf dem Heimweg von seiner Flamme,
mit schaukelnden Backen und klappernden Hacken,
lief, und tat dabei mächtig groß,
den Boulevard de Sébastopol hinab,
mit schaukelnden Backen und hurtigem Schritt.

Une midinette en repos,
Se plut à suivre le cabot,
Tortillant de la croupe et claquetant de la semelle,
Sans voir que son corps magnétique
Entraînait un jeune loustic,
Tortillant de la croupe et redoublant le pas.

Eine Näherin, die grad frei hatte,
folgte einfach so dem Hund,
mit schaukelnden Backen und klappernden Hacken,
ohne zu sehen, dass ihr magnetischer Körper
einen jungen Schlingel hinterherzog,
mit schaukelnden Backen und hurtigem Schritt.

Or, l'amante de celui-ci
Jalouse le suivait aussi,
Tortillant de la croupe et claquetant de la semelle,
Et l' vieux mari de celle-là,
Le talonnait de ses pieds plats,
Tortillant de la croupe et redoublant le pas.

Dessen Geliebte,
eifersüchtig, folgte ihm ebenfalls,
mit schaukelnden Backen und klappernden Hacken,
und ihr alter Ehemann
stieg plattfüßig hinterdrein,
mit schaukelnden Backen und hurtigem Schritt.

,

Un dur balafré courait sus
Au vieux qu'il prenait pour Crésus,
Tortillant de la croupe et claquetant de la semelle,
Et derrièr' le dur balafré
Marchait un flic à pas feutrés,
Tortillant de la croupe et redoublant le plas.

Et tous, cabot, trottin, loustic,
Épouse, époux, et dur et flic,
Tortillant de la croupe et claquetant de la semelle,
Descendaient à la queue leu leu
Le long boul'vard si populeux,
Tortillant de la croupe et redoublant le pas.

Voilà que l'animal, soudain,
Profane les pieds du trottin,
Tortillant de la croupe et claquetant de la semelle,
Furieus' ell' flanque avec ferveur
Un' pair' de gifles à son suiveur,
Tortillant de la croupe et redoublant le pas.

Celui-ci la tête à l'envers
Voit la jalous' l'œil grand ouvert,
Tortillant de la croupe et claquetant de la semelle,
Et l'abreuv' d'injur's bien senties,
Que j'vous dirai à la sortie,
Tortillant de la croupe et redoublant le pas.

Derrièr' arrivait le mari,
Ce fut à lui qu'elle s'en prit,
Tortillant de la croupe et claquetant de la semelle,
En le traitant d'un' voix aiguë
De tambour-major des cocus.
Tortillant de la croupe et redoublant le pas.

Le mari rebroussant chemin
Voit le dur et lui dit »gamin«,
Tortillant de la croupe et claquetant de la semelle,
C'est trop tard pour me détrousser,
Ma femme vous a devancé,
Tortillant de la croupe et redoublant le pas.

Le dur vexé de fair' chou blanc
Dégaine un couteau rutilant,
Tortillant de la croupe et claquetant de la semelle,
Qu'il plante à la joie du public
A travers la carcass' du flic,
Tortillant de la croupe et redoublant le pas.

Et tous, bandit, couple, loustic,
Trottin, cabot, tous, sauf le flic,
Tortillant de la croupe et claquetant de la semelle,
Suivir'nt à la queue leu leu
L'enterrement du flic parbleu,
Tortillant de la croupe et redoublant le pas. (bis)

Ein Schläger mit Schmiss lief
dem Alten nach, den er für Krösus hielt,
mit schaukelnden Backen und klappernden Hacken,
und hinter dem Schläger
marschierte auf leisen Sohlen ein Bulle,
mit schaukelnden Backen und hurtigem Schritt.

Und alle, Pudel, Tripplerin, Schlingel
Gattin, Gatte, Schläger und Bulle,
mit schaukelnden Backen und klappernden Hacken,
gingen im Gänsemarsch den
langen bevölkerten Boulevard hinab,
mit schaukelnden Backen und hurtigem Schritt.

Da besudelt plötzlich das Tier
die Füße der Kleinen,
mit schaukelnden Backen und klappernden Hacken,
wütend verpasst sie ein paar Ohrfeigen
ihrem Verfolger,
mit schaukelnden Backen und hurtigem Schritt.

Dem dreht's den Kopf in den Nacken,
er glotzt die Eifersüchtige an,
mit schaukelnden Backen und klappernden Hacken,
und von den erlesenen Beschimpfungen,
die es regnete, schweig ich lieber,
mit schaukelnden Backen und hurtigem Schritt.

Hinter ihr kam der Gemahl an,
auf den stürzte sie sich,
mit schaukelnden Backen und klappernden Hacken,
und bezeichnete ihn mit schriller Stimme
als Tambourmajor aller Gehörnten,
mit schaukelnden Backen und hurtigem Schritt.

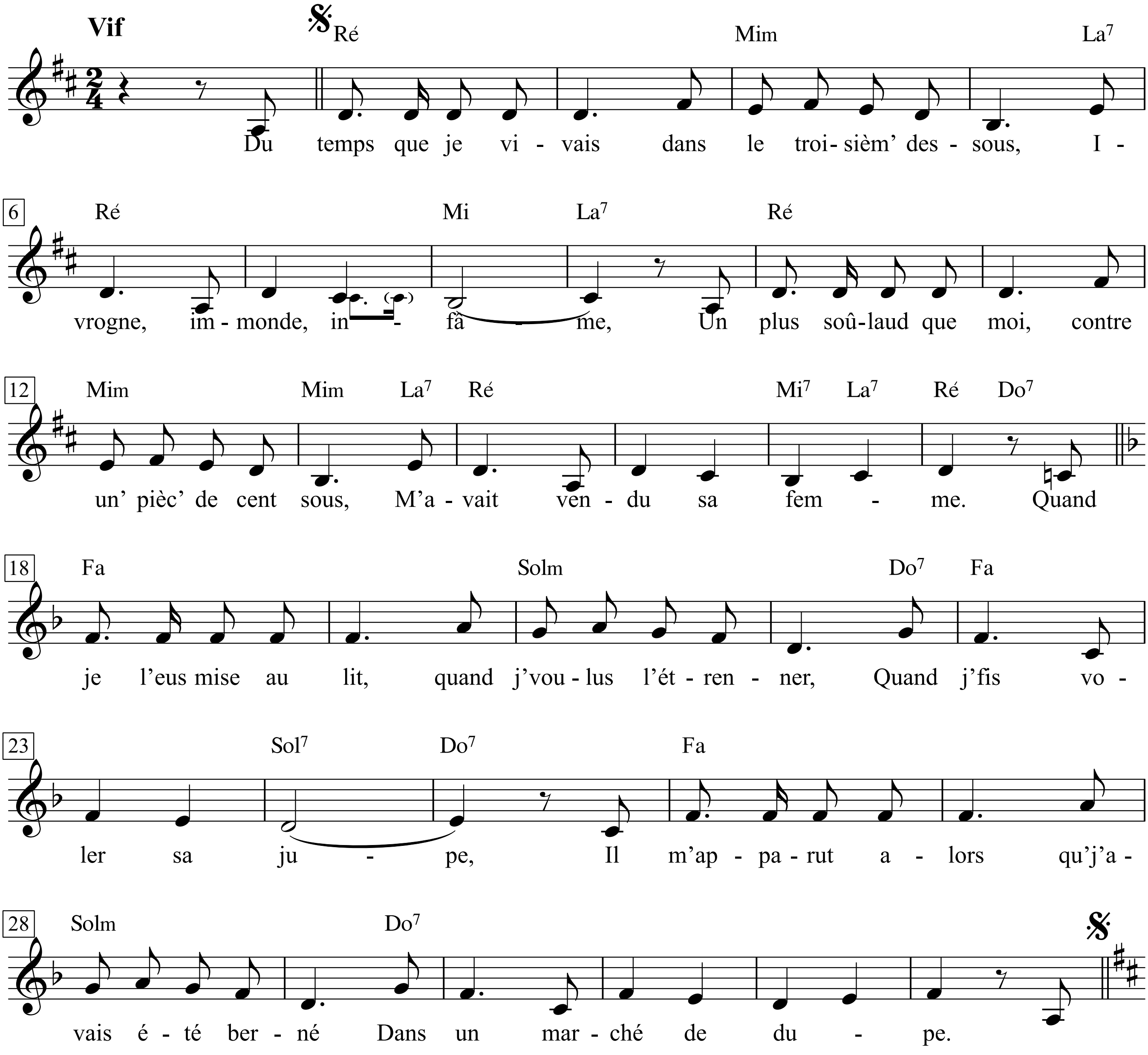
Der Gatte macht kehrt,
sieht den Schläger und sagt »Junge«,
mit schaukelnden Backen und klappernden Hacken,
»mich kann man nicht mehr fertigmachen,
das hat meine Frau schon erledigt«,
mit schaukelnden Backen und hurtigem Schritt.

Der Schläger, sauer, weil er leer ausgeht,
zieht ein glitzerndes Messer,
mit schaukelnden Backen und klappernden Hacken,
das er zur Freude des Publikums
dem Bullen in den Leib rennt,
mit schaukelnden Backen und hurtigem Schritt.

Und alle, Bandit, Paar, Schlingel,
Mädchen, Hund, alle, außer dem Bullen,
mit schaukelnden Backen und klappernden Hacken,
gingen im Gänsemarsch
zur Beerdigung des Polizisten,
mit schaukelnden Backen und hurtigem Schritt, (bis

La fille à cent sous
(Das Fünfzig-Groschen-Mädchen)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Du temps que je vivais dans le troisièm' dessous,
Ivrogne, immonde, infâme,
Un plus soûlaud que moi, contre un' pièc' de cent sous,
M'avait vendu sa femme.

2. Quand je l'eus mise au lit, quand j' voulus l'étrenner,
Quand j' fis voler sa jupe,
Il m'apparut alors qu' j'avais été berné
Dans un marché de dupe.

3. »Remball' tes os, ma mie, et garde tes appas,
Tu es bien trop maigrelette,
Je suis un bon vivant, ça n' me concerne pas
D'étreindre des squelettes.

4. Retourne à ton mari, qu'il garde les cent sous,
J' n'en fais pas une affaire.«
Mais ell' me répondit, le regard en dessous:
»C'est vous que je préfère ...

5. J' suis pas bien gross', fit-ell', d'une voix qui se nou',
Mais ce n'est pas ma faute ...«
Alors, moi, tout ému, j' la pris sur mes genoux
Pour lui compter les côtes.

6. »Toi qu' j'ai payé' cent sous, dis-moi quel est ton nom,
Ton p'tit nom de baptême?
- Je m'appelle Ninette. - Eh bien, pauvre Ninon,
Console-toi, je t'aime.«

7. Et ce brave sac d'os dont j' n'avais pas voulu,
Même pour une thune,
M'est entré dans le cœur et n'en sortirait plus
Pour toute une fortune.

8. Du temps que je vivais dans le troisièm' dessous,
Ivrogne, immonde, infâme,
Un plus soûlaud que moi, contre un' pièc' de cent sous,
M'avait vendu sa femme.

1. Zu der Zeit, als ich im dritten Kellergeschoss lebte,
versoffen, schmierig, schäbig,
hat mir ein noch mieseres Schwein als ich für fünfzig Groschen
seine Frau verkauft.

2. Als ich sie aufs Bett gelegt hatte, sie umarmen wollte,
ihren Rock fliegen ließ,
kam es mir vor, als ob ich böse
über den Tisch gezogen worden wäre.

3. »Wickel die Knochen wieder ein, Süße, behalt deine Reize,
du bist mir zu mager,
ich bin ein Bonvivant, es ist nicht meine Sache,
Skelette zu umhalsen.

4. Geh heim zu deinem Mann, er soll die Groschen behalten,
ich will deswegen keinen Streit.«
Aber sie antwortete mit gesenktem Kopf:
»Sie sind mir lieber ...

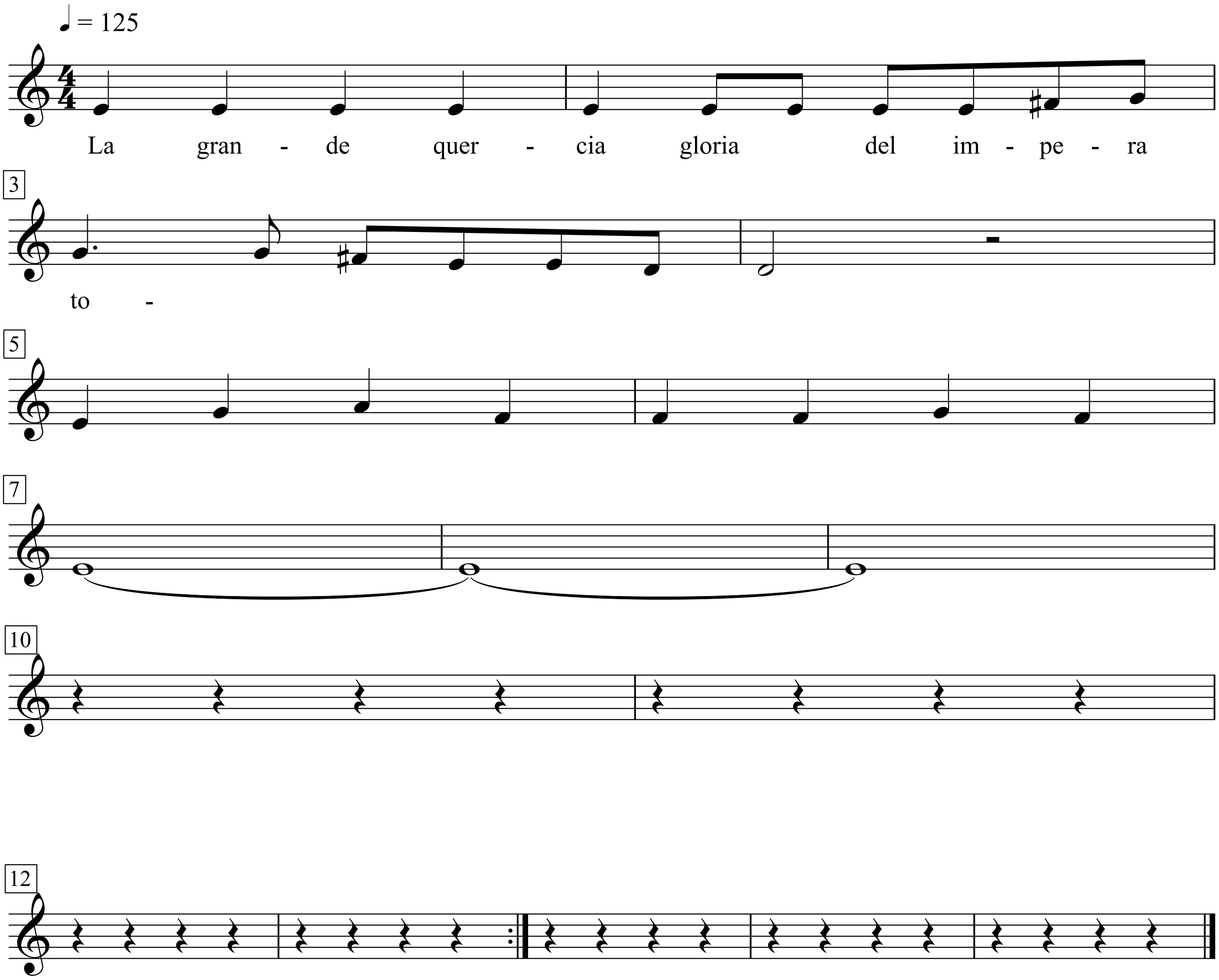
5. Ich bin nicht grad fett«, sagte sie mit erstickter Stimme,
»aber dafür kann ich doch nichts.«
Da war ich ganz gerührt, nahm sie auf den Schoß,
um ihre Rippen zu zählen.

6. »Du, für die ich fünfzig Groschen bezahlt hab, sag mir,
wie heißt du eigentlich?«
»Ich heiße Ninette.« - »Na schön, arme Ninon,
tröste dich, ich mag dich.«

7. Und dieser Knochensack, den ich nicht haben wollte,
nicht mal für nen Appel und ein Ei,
ist mir ans Herz gewachsen und kommt davon nicht mehr los,
auch nicht für ein Vermögen.

8. Zu der Zeit, als ich im dritten Kellergeschoss lebte,
versoffen, schmierig, schäbig,
hat mir ein noch mieseres Schwein als ich
seine Frau verkauft.

La grande quercia



La grande quercia

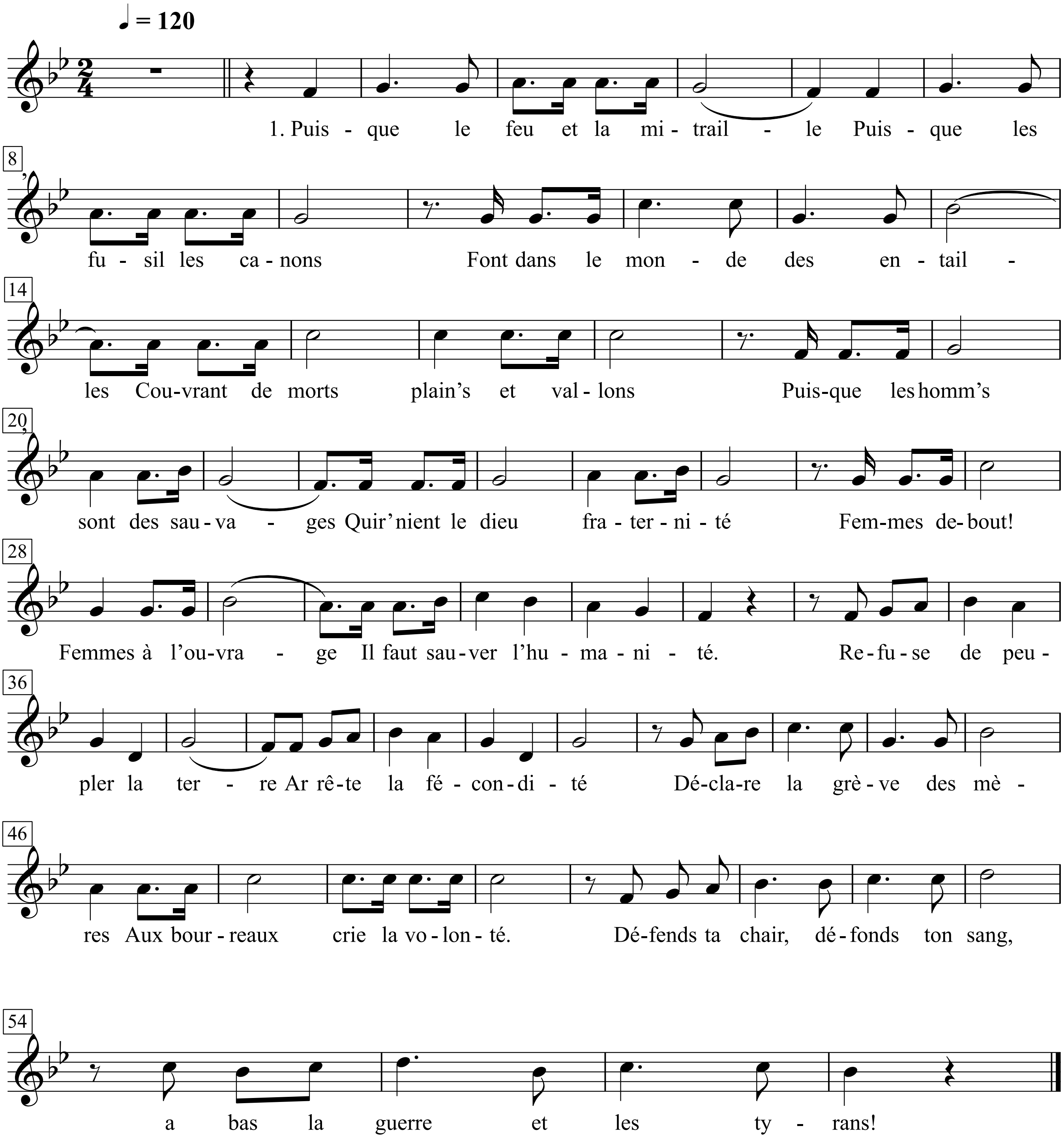
La grande quercia gloria dell’imperatore
sta crollando!
E chi l’avrebbe mai detto!
Non il fiume, non l’uragano hanno squarciato
il gran tronco alle radici,
ma le formiche, migliaia di formiche
lavorando ogni giorno insieme, organizzate
per anni e anni!
Fra poco ascolterete lo schianto
e il tonfo tremendo!
Immensa una nuvola di polvere
salirà dopo il crollo.
E le piccole piante del mondo
vedranno finalmente il sole.
No, non dobbiamo mollare, compagni
non stiamo perdendo
no, non siamo soli a lottare
c’è tutto un mondo con noi,
il mondo dei morti di fame,
il mondo dei servi, dei negri di sempre
degli sfruttati... però coscienti!
Fra poco ascolterete lo schianto
e il tonfo tremendo!

Immensa una nuvola di polvere
salirà dopo il crollo.
E le piccole piante del mondo

La grève des mères

Montehus

Raoul Chantegrelet



1. Puisque le feu et la mitraille,
Puisque les fusils, les canons
Font dans le monde des entailles
Couvrant de morts plain's et vallons.
Puisque les homm's sont des sauvages
Qui r'nient le dieu Fraternité,
Femmes debout, femmes à l'ouvrage
Il faut sauver l'Humanité !

Refrain:
Refuse de peupler la terre
Arrête ta fécondité
Déclare la grève des mères
Aux bourreaux crie ta volonté !
Défends ta chair,
Défends ton sang.
À bas la guerre et les tyrans !

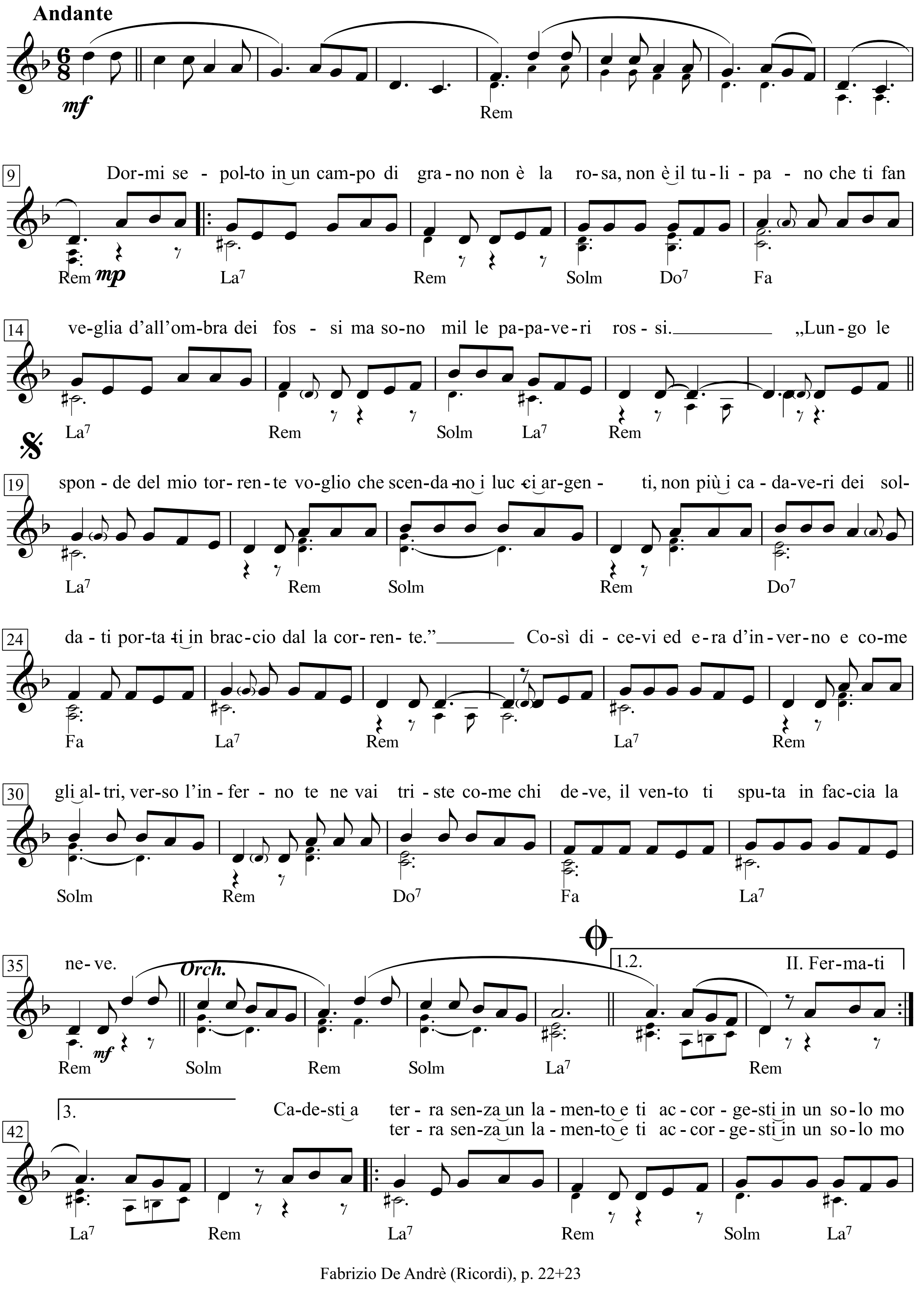
2. Pour faire de ton fils un homme
Tu as peiné pendant vingt ans,
Tandis que la gueuse en assomme,
En vingt second's, des régiments.
L'enfant qui fut ton espérance,
L'êtr' qui fut nourri de ton sein
Meurt dans d'horribles souffrances,
Te laissant vieill' souvent sans pain.

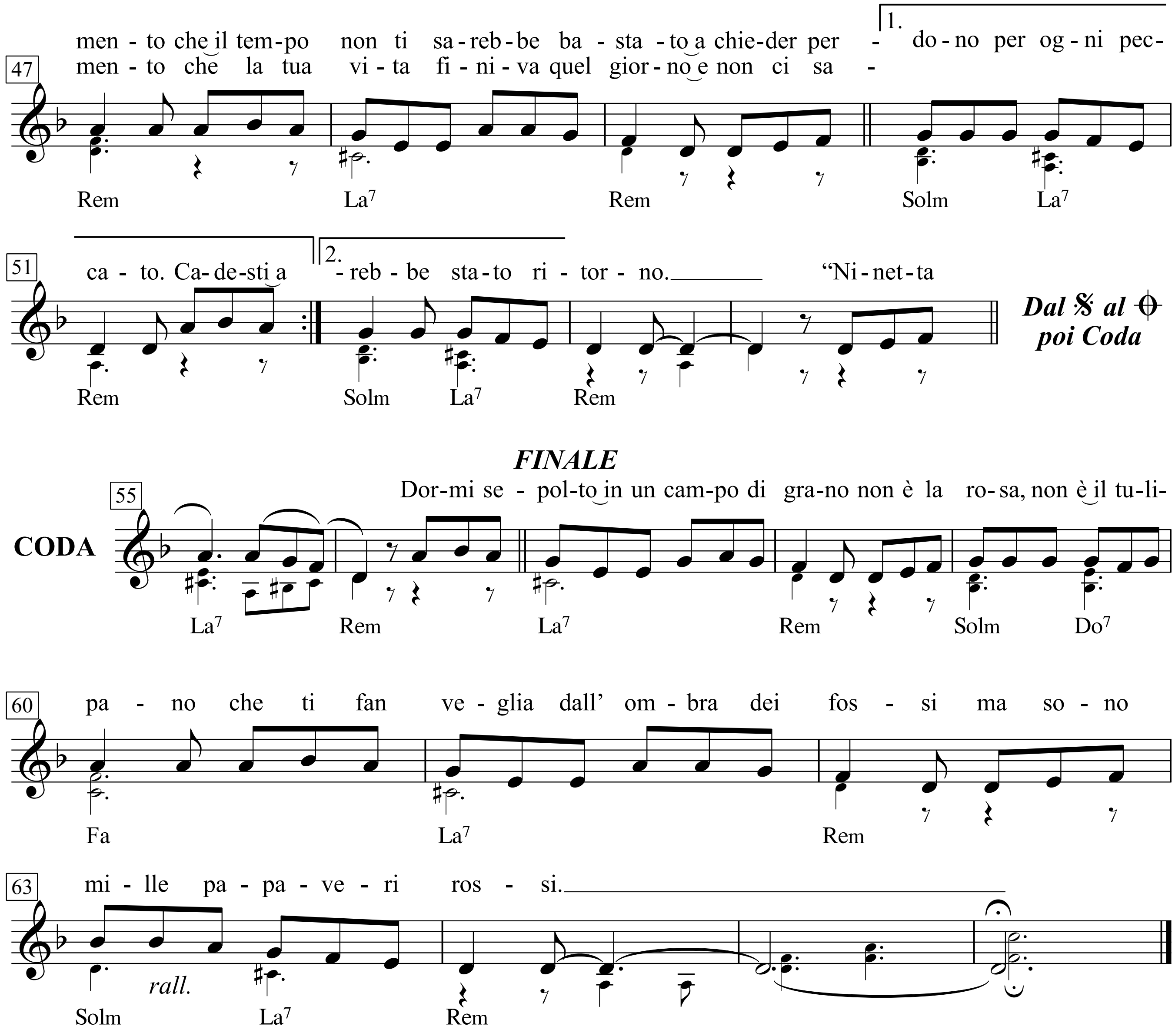
3. Est-c'que le ciel a des frontières ?
Ne couvre-t il pas le monde entier ?
Pourquoi sur terre des barrières ?
Pourquoi d'éternels crucifiés ?
Le meurtre n'est pas un' victoire ;
Qui sèm' la mort est un maudit ;
Nous n'voulons plus pour votre gloire
Donner la chair de nos petits !

La guerra di Piero

Musica di E. Monti

Testi di Fabrizio De Andrè




47
1.
men - to che il tem-po non ti sa-reb-be ba - sta - to a chie-der per - do-no per og-ni pec-
men - to che la tua vi-ta fi-ni-va quel gior-no e non ci sa -
Rem La7 Rem Solm La7
51
2.
ca - to. Ca-de-sti a - reb - be sta-to ri - tor - no. "Ni-net-ta
Rem Solm La7 Rem
Dal 𝄋 al 𝄌 poi Coda
FINALE
55
CODA
Dor-mi se - pol-to in un cam-po di gra-no non è la ro-sa, non è il tu-li-
La7 Rem La7 Rem Solm Do7
60
pa - no che ti fan ve - glia dall' om - bra dei fos - si ma so - no
Fa La7 Rem
63
mi - lle pa - pa - ve - ri ros - si.
rall.
Solm La7 Rem

I. Dormi sepolto in un campo di grano
non è la rosa, non è il tulipano
che ti fan veglia dall'ombra dei fossi
ma sono mille papaveri rossi.
„Lungo le sponde del mio torrente
voglio che scendano i lucci argentati,
non più i cadaveri dei soldati
portati in braccio dalla corrente."
Così dicevi ed era d'inverno
e come gli altri, verso l'inferno
te ne vai triste come chi deve,
il vento ti sputa in faccia la neve.

I. Ruhe, begraben in einem Kornfeld.
Keine Rose, keine Tulpe
wacht über dich im Schatten der Gräben,
sondern tausend rote Mohnblumen.
"Entlang der Ufer meines Stroms
sollen silberne Hechte schwimmen,
keine Soldatenleichen mehr,
die die Strömung in ihren Arm nimmt."
So sprachst du und es war Winter,
und wie die anderen hin in die Hölle
gingst du traurig wie jemand, der seine Pflicht tut.
Und der Wind spuckte dir Schnee ins Gesicht.

II. Fermati Piero, fermati adesso
lascia che il vento di passi un po' addosso,
dei morti in battaglia ti porti la voce,
chi diede la vita ebbe in cambio una croce.
Ma tu non lo udisti e il tempo passava
con le stagioni a passo di « java »
ed arrivasti a varcar la frontiera
in un bel giorno di primavera.
E mentre marciavi con l'anima in spalle
vedesti un uomo in fondo alla valle
che aveva il tuo stesso identico umore
ma la divisa di un altro colore.

II. Bleib stehen, Piero, bleib jetzt stehen,
lass dir vom Wind einen Rat geben:
Er trägt die Stimme derer, die in der Schlacht gefallen sind, zu dir.
Wer das Leben gab, bekam dafür ein Kreuz.
Aber du hörtest es nicht und die Zeit verging
mit den Jahreszeiten im Walzerschritt.
Und es geschah, dass du die Grenze übertratest
an einem schönen Frühlingstag.
Und während du frohgemut marschiertest,
sahst du einen Man am Ende des Tals,
der genauso gesinnt war wie du.
Aber mit einer Uniform in einer anderen Farbe

III. Sparagli Piero, sparagli ora
e dopo un colpo sparagli ancora
fino a che tu non lo vedrai esangue,
cadere in terra, a coprire il suo sangue.
„E se gli sparo in fronte o nel cuore
soltanto il tempo avrà per morire,
ma il tempo a me resterà per vedere,
vedere gli occhi di un uomo che muore.'
E mentre gli usi questa premura
quello si volta, ti vede, ha paura
ed imbracciata l'artiglieria
non ti ricambia la cortesia.

III. Schieß auf ihn, Piero, schieß jetzt
und nach einem Schuss schieß noch einmal,
bis du ihn nicht mehr siehst blutleer
auf die Erde fallen, um sein Blut zuzudecken
"Und wenn du ihm in die Stirn oder ins Herz schießt
wird er nur noch Zeit haben um zu sterben.
Aber ich werde Zeit haben um zu sehen
um die Augen eines sterbenden Mannes zu sehen."
Und während du ihm diesen Gefallen tust,
dreht er sich um, sieht dich und hat Angst.
Und mit dem Gewehr im Anschlag
vergilt er dir die Freundlichkeit nicht.

Cadesti a terra senza un lamento
e ti accorgesti in un solo momento
che il tempo non ti sarebbe bastato
a chieder perdono per ogni peccato.
Cadesti a terra senza un lamento
e ti accorgesti in un solo momento
che la tua vita finiva quel giorno
e non ci sarebbe stato ritorno.

Du fielst auf den Boden ohne Klagen
und dir wurde bewusst in einem einzigen Augenblick,
dass die Zeit nicht ausreichen würde,
um für jede deiner Sünden um Vergebung zu bitten.
Du fielst auf den Boden ohne Klagen,
und dir wurde bewusst in einem einzigen Augenblick,
dass dein Leben an diesem Tag enden würde
und dass es keine Rückkehr geben würde.

Ripresa:
„Ninetta mia, crepare di maggio
ci vuole tanto, troppo coraggio.
Ninetta bella, dritto all'inferno,
avrei preferito andarci in inverno".
E mentre il grano ti stava a sentire
dentro a le mani stringevi il fucile,
dentro a la bocca stringevi parole
troppo gelate per sciogliersi al sole.

"Meine Ninetta, im Mai zu sterben,
das verlangt so viel, zu viel Mut.
Meine schöne Ninetta, geradewegs in die Hölle
wäre ich lieber im Winter gegangen."
Und während das Korn dir zuhörte,
umklammerten deine Hände ein Gewehr,
umklammerte dein Mund Worte,
die zu kalt waren um in der Sonne zu schmelzen.

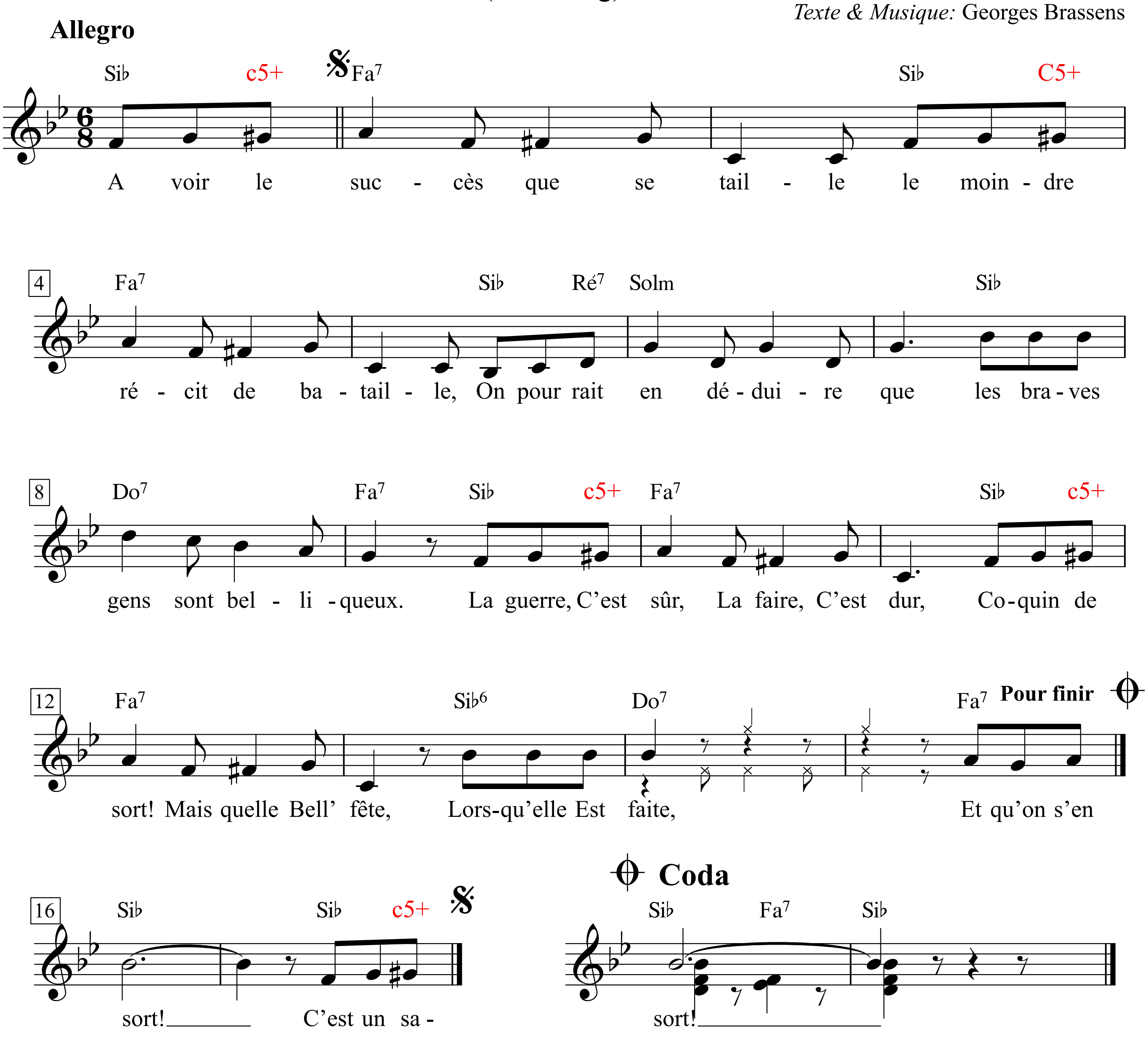
Finale.
Dormi sepolto in un campo di grano
non è la rosa, non è il tulipano
che ti fan veglia dall'ombra dei fossi
ma sono mille papaveri rossi.

Ruhe, begraben in einem Kornfeld,
keine Rose, keine Tulpe
wacht über dich im Schatten der Gräben,
sondern tausend rote Mohnblumen.

La guerre

(Der Krieg)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



La guerre

A voir le succès que se taille
Le moindre récit de bataille,
On pourrait en déduire que
Les braves gens sont belliqueux.

La guerre,
C’est sûr,
La faire,
C’est dur,
Coquin de sort!
Mais quelle
Bell’ fête,
Lorsqu’elle
Est faite,
Et qu’on s’en sort!

C ’est un sacré frisson que donne
Au ciné, le canon qui tonne.
Il était sans nul doute d’un
Autre genre autour de Verdun.

Bien qu’on n’ait pas la tête épique
Au pays de France, on se pique
D’art martial, on se repaît
De stratégie en temps de paix.

»Allons enfants de la patrie«,
A tue-tête, on le chante et crie.
Qu’on nous dise: »Faut y aller!«,
On est dans nos petits souliers.

C ’est beau, les marches militaires,
Ça nous fait battre les artères.
On semble un peu moins fanfaron,
Sitôt qu’on approche du front.

Les uniformes et les bottes,
Les tuniques et les capotes,
C ’est à la mode, on les enfile
Très volontiers dans le civil ...

A voir le succès que se taille
Le moindre récit de bataille
On pourrait en déduire que
Les braves gens sont belliqueux.

Der Krieg

Wenn man sieht, welchen Erfolg
die kleinste Schlachtgeschichte hat,
könnte man folgern, dass
die braven Leute kriegslüstern sind.

Den Krieg,
das steht fest,
mitmachen
ist hart,
Teufel nochmal!
Aber welch
feines Fest,
wenn er
vorbei ist
und man heil davonkommt!

Das gibt einen tollen Schauer,
wenn im Kino Kanonen donnern.
Der Schauer war zweifellos ganz anders
in der Gegend um Verdun.

Auch wenn wir in Frankreich keinen
Hang zum Epos haben, rühmt man sich doch
der Kriegskunst, weidet sich an
Strategie, in Friedenszeiten.

»Voran, Kinder des Vaterlands!«
das singt und schreit man lauthals.
Wenn man uns sagt: »Jetzt los mit dir«,
kneifen wir gern den Schwanz ein.

Wie schön Marschmusik ist,
das lässt die Herzen klopfen.
Ein bisschen weniger großspurig wirkt man,
sobald man nahe an die Front kommt.

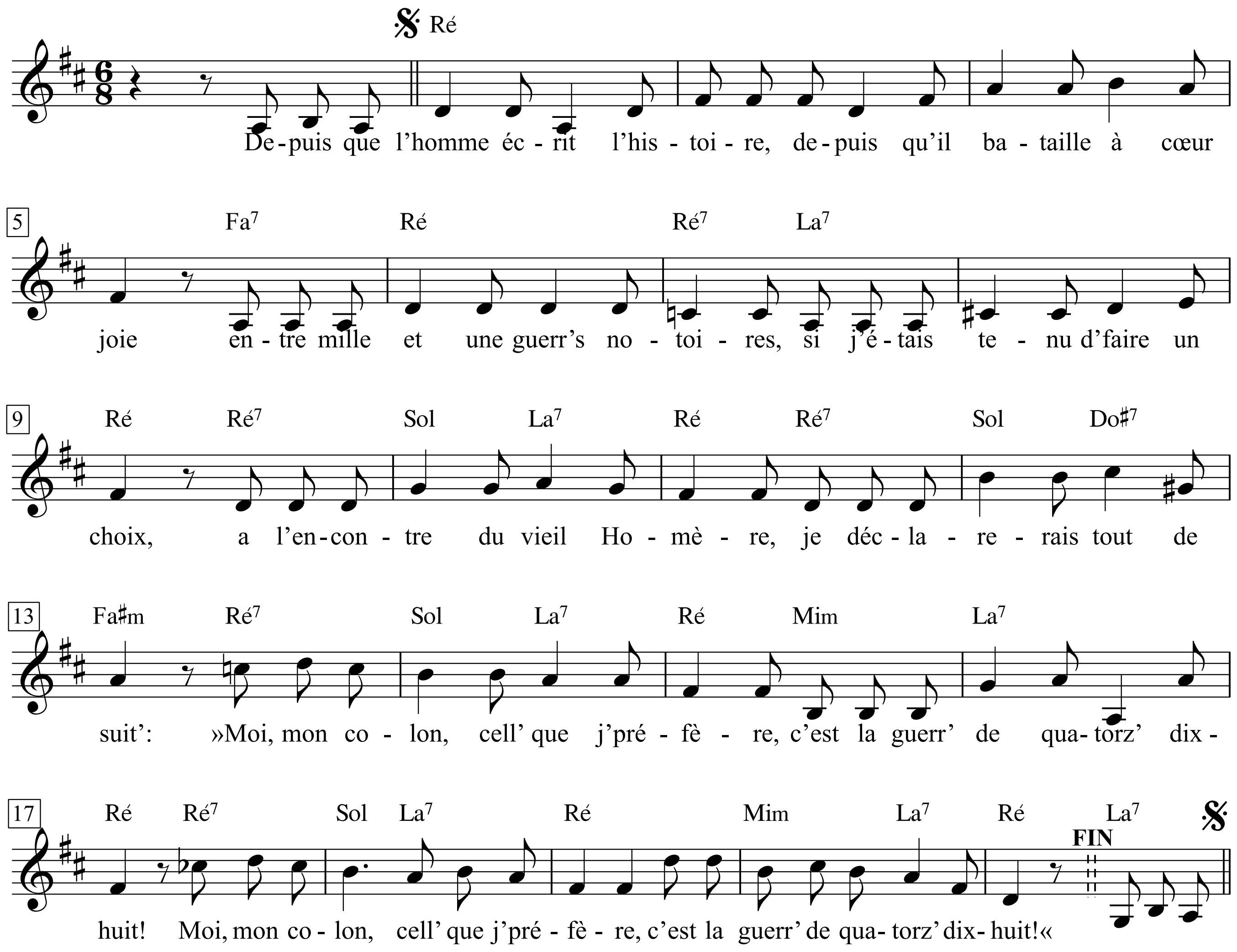
Uniformen und Stiefel,
Umhänge und Képis
sind à la mode, man trägt
das ganz gern als Zivilist ...

Wenn man sieht, welchen Erfolg
die kleinste Schlachtgeschichte hat,
könnte man folgern, dass
die braven Leute kriegslüstern sind.

La guerre de14-18

(Der Krieg 14-18)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.111 & II. S.276-279

1. Depuis que l’homme écrit l’Histoire,
Depuis qu’il bataille à cœur joie
Entre mille et une guerr’s notoires,
Si j’étais t’nu de faire un choix,
A l’encontre du vieil Homère,
Je déclarerais tout de suit’:
»Moi, mon colon, cell’ que j’ préfère,
C’est la guerr’ de quatorz’-dix-huit!«

2. Est-ce à dire que je méprise
Les nobles guerres de jadis,
Que je m’souci’ comm’ d’un’ cerise
De celle de soixante-dix?
Au contrair’, je la révère
Et lui donne un satisfecit,
Mais, mon colon, cell’ que j’ préfère,
C’est la guerr’ de quatorz’-dix-huit!

3. Je sais que les guerriers de Sparte
Plantaient pas leurs épé’s dans l’eau,
Que les grognards de Bonaparte
Tiraient pas leur poudre aux moineaux
Leurs faits d’armes sont légendaires,
Au garde-à-vous j’les félicit’,
Mais, mon colon, cell’ que j’ préfère,
C’est la guerr’ de quatorz’-dix-huit!

4. Bien sûr, celle de l’an quarante
Ne m’a pas tout à fait déçu,
Elle fut longue et massacrante
Et je ne crache pas dessus,
Mais, à mon sens, ell’ ne vaut guère,
Guèr’ plus qu’un premier accessit,
Moi, mon colon, cell’ que j’ préfère,
C’est la guerr’ de quatorz’-dix-huit!

5. Mon but n’est pas de chercher noise
Aux guérillas, non, fichtre! non,
Guerres saintes, guerres sournoises
Qui n’osent pas dire leur nom,
Chacune a quelque chos’ pour plaire,
Chacune a son petit mérit’,
Mais, mon colon, cell’ que j’ préfère,
C’est la guerr’ de quatorz’-dix-huit!

6. Du fond de son sac à malices,
Mars va sans doute, à l’occasion,
En sortir une - un vrai délice! -
Qui me fera grosse impression ...
En attendant, je persévère
A dir’ que ma guerr’ favorit’,
Cell’, mon colon, que j’ voudrais faire,
C’est la guerr’ de quatorz’-dix-huit!

1. Seit der Mensch Geschichte schreibt,
kämpft er frohgemut.
Müsst ich aus 1001 Kriegen,
die bekannt sind, einen aussuchen,
würd ich, gegen den alten Homer,
sofort erklären:
»Jawoll, Herr Oberst, vierzehn-achtzehn
ist mir der liebste jederzeit!«

2. Soll das heißen, ich verachte
die edlen Kriege von einst,
geb keinen feuchten Furz
für den von 70-71?
Im Gegenteil, ich ehre ihn
und geb ihm ein Befriedigend,
aber, Herr Oberst, vierzehn-achtzehn
ist mir der liebste jederzeit!

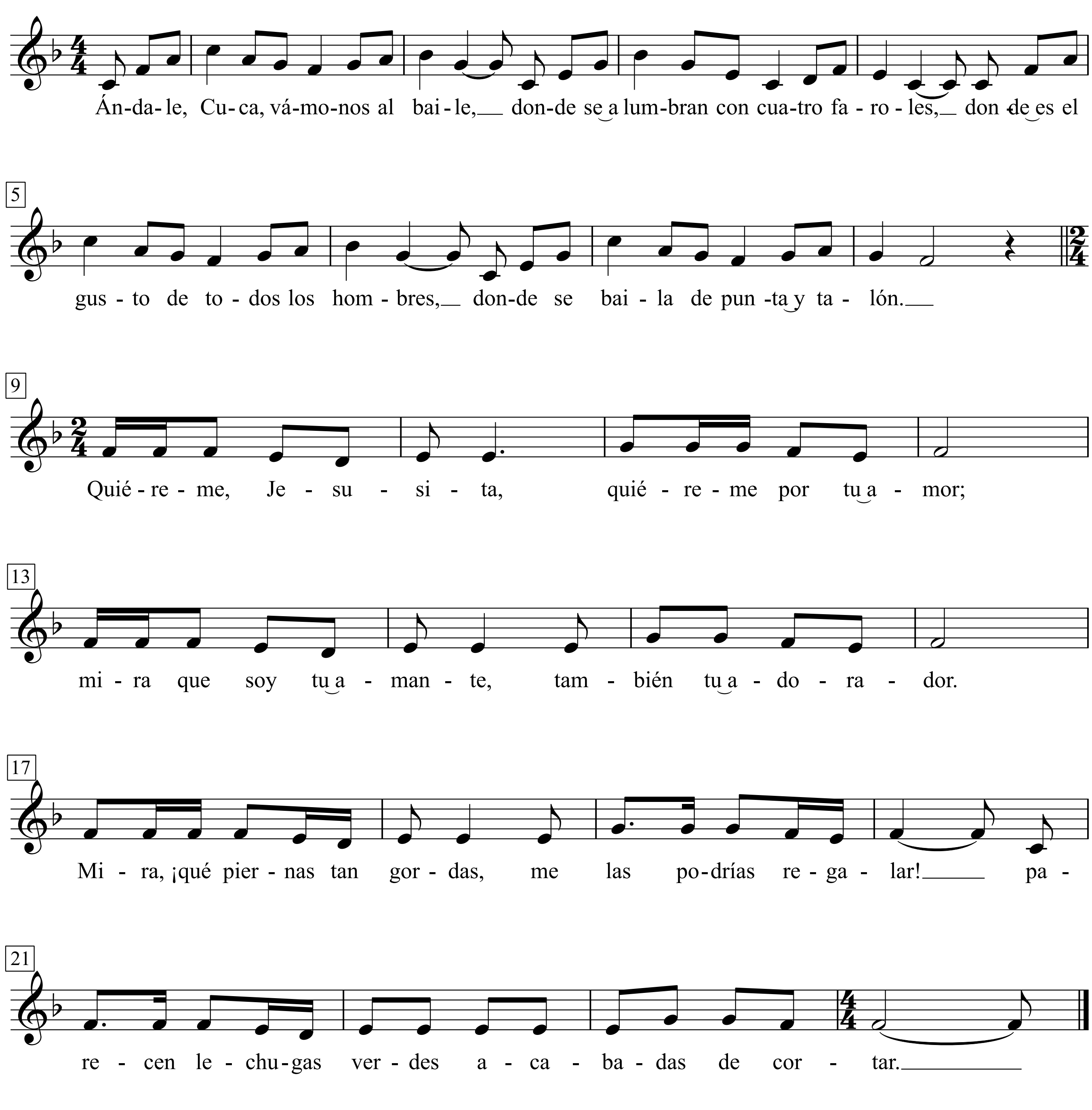
3. Ich weiß, dass Spartas Krieger
das Schwert nicht ins Wasser bohrten,
dass Napoleons Alte Garde
nicht mit Pulver auf Spatzen schoss . . .
Ihre Waffentaten sind legendär,
ich steh stramm und beglückwünsche sie,
aber, Herr Oberst, vierzehn-achtzehn
ist mir der liebste jederzeit.

4. Natürlich hat der von anno Vierzig
mich auch keineswegs enttäuscht,
er war schön lang und ein Gemetzel,
und ich spucke nicht darauf,
aber für mich ist er doch kaum
mehr als ein Ausreichend wert
jawoll, Herr Oberst, vierzehn-achtzehn
ist mir der liebste jederzeit.

5. Ich will hier keinen Streit beginnen
mit Guerillas, nein, dreimal nein,
heilige Kriege, tückische Kriege,
die nicht beim Namen genannt werden wollen,
jeder hat etwas Nettes,
jeder hat seine kleinen Verdienste,
aber, Herr Oberst, vierzehn-achtzehn
ist mir der liebste jederzeit.

6. Tief aus seiner Wundertüte
wird Mars bestimmt bei Gelegenheit
einen herausziehen - eine Köstlichkeit! -,
der mir gewaltig Eindruck macht ...
Bis dahin bleibe ich dabei
und sage, mein Lieblingskrieg
jawoll, Herr Oberst, vierzehn-achtzehn
ist mir der liebste jederzeit.

La Jesusita



Vicente T. Mendoza - La canción Mexicana, p. 299+300

Procede de San Pedro Piedra Gorda, Zacatecas, hacia 1885. Cantaba Melquiades Guzmán y Cuca Maya. Comunicó Petra Guzmán B. La aprendió a los 10 años. Recolección en México, D. F., enero 13, 1948. Vicente T. Mendoza.

Ándale, Cuca, vámonos al baile
donde se alumbran con cuatro faroles,
donde es el gusto de todos los hombres,
donde se baila de punta y talón.

Estribillo
Quiéreme, Jesusita,
quiéreme por tu amor;
mira que soy tu amante,
también tu adorador.

Mira ¡qué piernas tan gordas,
me las podrías regalar!
parecen lechugas verdes
acabadas de cortar.

a) La versión más conocida dice así:

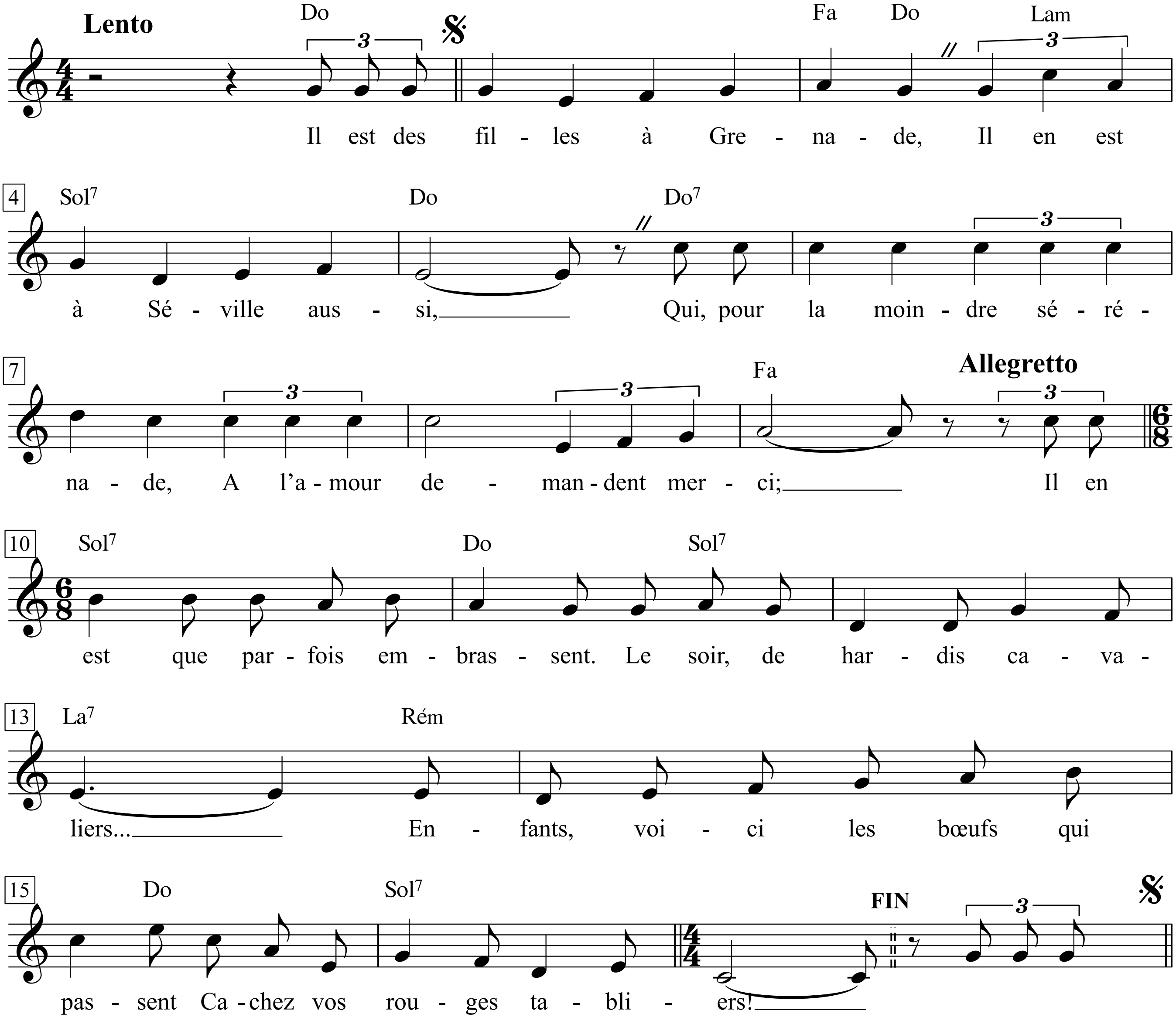
Vamos al baile y verás ¡qué bonito!
donde se alumbran con veinte linternas,
donde se bailan las danzas modernas,
donde se baila de mucho vacilón.

Estribillo
Y quiéreme, Jesusita,
y quiéreme por favor,
y mira que soy tu amante
y seguro servidor.

La légende de la nonne

(Die Legende von der Nonne)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Venez, vous dont l'œil étincelle,
Pour entendre une histoire encor,
Approchez: je vous dirai celle
De doña Padilla del Flor.
Elle était d'Alanje, où s'entassent
Les collines et les halliers. -
Enfants, voici des bœufs qui passent,
Cachez vos rouges tabliers!

2. Il est des filles à Grenade,
Il en est à Séville aussi,
Qui, pour la moindre sérénade,
A l'amour demandent merci;
Il en est que parfois embrassent,
Le soir, de hardis cavaliers. -
Enfants, voici des bœufs qui passent,
Cachez vos rouges tabliers!

3. Ce n'est pas sur ce ton frivole
Qu'il faut parler de Padilla,
Car jamais prunelle espagnole
D'un feu plus chaste ne brilla;
Elle fuyait ceux qui pourchassent
Les filles sous les peupliers. -
Enfants, voici des bœufs qui passent,
Cachez vos rouges tabliers!

4. Elle prit le voile à Tolède,
Au grand soupir des gens du lieu,
Comme si, quand on n'est pas laide,
On avait droit d'épouser Dieu.
Peu s'en fallut que ne pleurassent
Les soudards et les écoliers. -
Enfants, voici des bœufs qui passent,
Cachez vos rouges tabliers!

5. Or, la belle à peine cloîtrée,
Amour en son cœur s'installa.
Un fier brigand de la contrée
Vint alors et dit: Me voilà!
Quelquefois les brigands surpassent
En audace les chevaliers. -
Enfants, voici des bœufs qui passent,
Cachez vos rouges tabliers!

6. Il était laid: des traits austères,
La main plus rude que le gant;
Mais l'amour a bien des mystères,
Et la nonne aima le brigand.
On voit des biches qui remplacent
Leurs beaux cerfs par des sangliers. -
Enfants voici des bœufs qui passent,
Cachez vos rouges tabliers!

1. Kommt, ihr mit den leuchtenden Augen,
und hört euch noch eine Geschichte an.
Kommt näher, ich will euch die
von Doña Padilla del Flor erzählen.
Sie war aus Alanje, wo sich
Hügel und Dickicht türmen. -
Kinder, da kommen die Stiere,
versteckt eure roten Schürzen.

2. Es gibt Mädchen in Granada
und auch in Sevilla,
die schon für die kleinste Serenade
die Liebe um Gnade anflehen;
andre gibt es, die manchmal
abends kühne Kavaliere küssen. -
Kinder, da kommen die Stiere,
versteckt eure roten Schürzen.

3. In solch leichtfertigem Ton
sollte man nicht von Padilla reden,
denn nie leuchtete ein spanisches
Auge von keuscherem Feuer;
sie floh jene, die unter den
Pappeln den Mädchen nachstellen. -
Kinder, da kommen die Stiere,
versteckt eure roten Schürzen.

4. In Toledo nahm sie den Schleier,
zum großen Ungemach der Leute,
als ob eine, die nicht hässlich ist,
das Recht hätte, sich mit Gott zu vermählen.
Fast hätten gar die Haudegen
und die Scholaren geweint. -
Kinder, da kommen die Stiere,
versteckt eure roten Schürzen.

5. Nun war die Schöne kaum im Kloster,
da drang die Liebe in ihr Herz.
Ein stolzer Räuber aus der Gegend
kam und sprach: Da bin ich!
Manchmal übertreffen Räuber
die Kavaliere an Kühnheit. -
Kinder, da kommen die Stiere,
versteckt eure roten Schürzen.

6. Er war hässlich, mit herben Zügen,
die Haut noch rauer als das Kleid;
aber die Liebe ist voller Rätsel,
und die Nonne liebte den Räuber.
Man sieht ja Hindinnen den schönen
Hirsch durch einen Keiler ersetzen. -
Kinder, da kommen die Stiere,
versteckt eure roten Schürzen.

7. La nonne osa, dit la chronique,
Au brigand par l'enfer conduit,
Aux pieds de sainte Véronique
Donner un rendez-vous la nuit,
A l'heure où les corbeaux croassent,
Volant dans l'ombre par milliers. -
Enfants, voici des bœufs qui passent,
Cachez vos rouges tabliers!

8. Or quand, dans la nef descendue,
La nonne appela le bandit,
Au lieu de la voix attendue,
C'est la foudre qui répondit.
Dieu voulut que ses coups frappassent
Les amants par Satan liés. -
Enfants, voici des bœufs qui passent,
Cachez vos rouges tabliers!

9. Cette histoire de la novice,
Saint Ildefonse, abbé, voulut
Qu'afin de préserver du vice
Les vierges qui font leur salut,
Les prieurs la racontassent
Dans tous les couvents réguliers. -
Enfants, voici des bœufs qui passent,
Cachez vos rouges tabliers!

7. Die Nonne wagte, berichtet die Chronik,
dem von der Hölle geleiteten Räuber
zu Füßen der Heiligen Veronika
ein Stelldichein zu gewähren
zur Nachtstunde, da die Raben krächzen
und zu Tausenden durchs Dunkel fliegen. -
Kinder, da kommen die Stiere,
versteckt eure roten Schürzen!

8. Als die Nonne, am Ende des Seitenschiffs,
den Räuber rief,
antwortete statt der ersehnten Stimme
der Blitz.
Gott wollte die von Satan verbundenen
Liebenden zerschmettern. -
Kinder, da kommen die Stiere,
versteckt eure roten Schürzen!

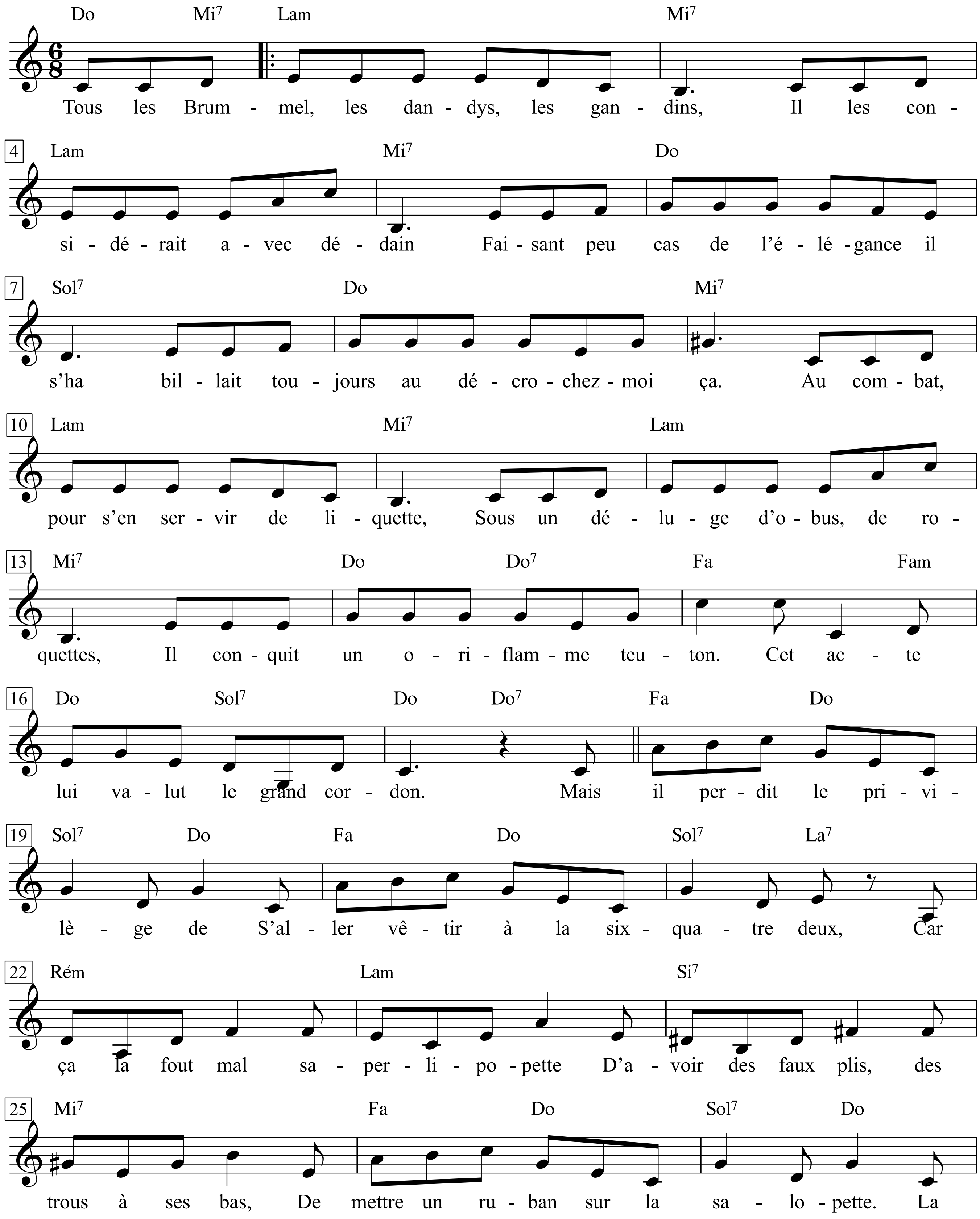
9. Diese Geschichte der Novizin
sollte heilsuchende Jungfrauen
vor dem Laster bewahren, darum
wollte der Abt Sankt Ildefons,
dass die Priorinnen aller Klöster
sie immer wieder erzählen. -
Kinder, da kommen die Stiere,
versteckt eure roten Schürzen!

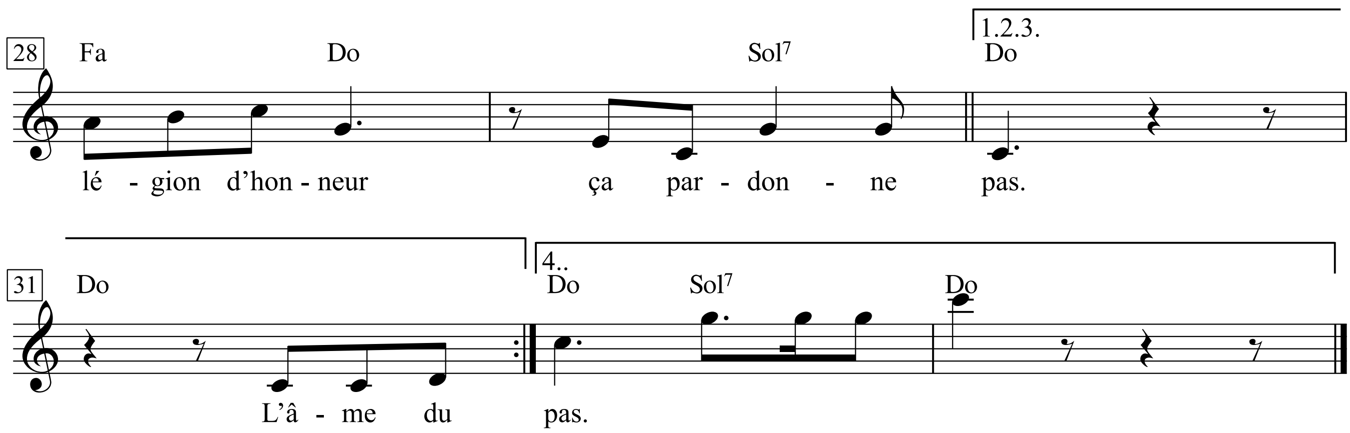
La légion d'honneur

(Die Ehrenlegion)

Texte de Georges Brassens

Musique de Jean Bertola





La légion d'honneur

Tous les Brummel, les dandys, les gandins,
Il les considérait avec dédain
Faisant peu cas de l'élégance il s'ha-
billait toujours au décrochez-moi-ça.
Au combat, pour s'en servir de liquette,
Sous un déluge d'obus, de roquettes,
Il conquit un oriflamme teuton.
Cet acte lui valut le grand cordon.
Mais il perdit le privilège de
S'aller vêtir à la six-quatre-deux,
Car ça la fout mal saperlipopette
D'avoir des faux plis, des trous à ses bas,
De mettre un ruban sur la salopette.
La légion d'honneur ça pardonne pas.

L'âme du bon feu maistre Jehan Cotart
Se réincarnait chez ce vieux fêtard.
Tenter de l'empêcher de boire un pot
C'était ni plus ni moins risquer sa peau.
Un soir d'intempérance, à son insu,
Il éteignit en pissotant dessus
Un simple commencement d'incendie.
On lui flanqua le mérite, pardi!
Depuis que n'est plus vierge son revers,
Il s'interdit de marcher de travers.
Car ça la fout mal d'se rendre dans les vignes,
Dites du seigneur, faire des faux pas
Quand on est marqué du fatal insigne.
La légion d'honneur ça pardonne pas.

Grand peloteur de fesses convaincu,
Passé maître en l'art de la main au cul,
Son dada c'était que la femme eut le
Bas de son dos tout parsemé de bleus.
En vue de la palper d'un geste obscène,
Il a plongé pour sauver de la Seine
Une donzelle en train de se noyer,
Dame! aussi sec on vous l'a médaillé.
Ce petit hochet à la boutonnière
Vous le condamne à de bonnes manières.
Car ça la fout mal avec la rosette,
De tâter, flatter, des filles les appas
La louche au valseur; pas de ça Lisette!
La légion d'honneur ça pardonne pas.

Die Ehrenlegion

Alle Brummeis, Dandys und Stutzer
betrachtete er mit Geringschätzung;
er machte sich nichts aus Eleganz, klei-
dete sich immer von der Stange.
Im Kampf, um es als Hemd zu nehmen,
unter einem Hagel von Granaten und Geschossen,
erbeutete er ein teutonisches Banner.
Das trug ihm das breite Band ein.
Aber er verlor das Vorrecht, sich
frei nach Schnauze anzuziehen,
denn das geht nicht, sapperlot,
schräge Bügelfalten zu haben und Löcher in der Unterhose,
ein Ordensband an die Latzhose zu stecken.
Die Ehrenlegion gibt kein Pardon.

Die Seele des guten toten Meister Jehan Cotart
reinkarnierte in diesem alten Schluckspecht.
Versuchen, ihn vom Saufen abzuhalten,
lief darauf hinaus, dass man den Kopf riskierte.
Eines Abends, sturzbesoffen, hat er unabsichtlich
durch Pissen gelöscht
den Beginn einer Feuersbrunst.
Peng, hat man ihm den Orden verpasst!
Seit sein Revers nicht mehr jungfräulich ist,
darf er nicht mehr torkeln.
Denn das geht nicht, sich in den Weinberg
des Herrn, wie es heißt, begeben, dort Fehltritte machen,
wenn man das Kainsmal des Abzeichens trägt.
Die Ehrenlegion gibt kein Pardon.

Großer überzeugter Arschbackengrabscher,
Großmeister in der Kunst des Pokneifens –
sein Hobby war es, dafür zu sorgen, dass
die Frau unten immer ganz blau war.
Um sie mit einer obszönen Geste zu betatschen,
ist er in die Seine gesprungen, um zu retten
eine Maid, die zu ertrinken drohte,
Teufel auch, schon kriegt er die Medaille.
Das kleine Häkchen im Knopfloch
verdammt ihn zu gutem Benehmen.
Denn das geht nicht, mit der Rosette d
ie Reize der Mädchen zu begrabbeln, zu betatschen;
Weichteile grabschen beim Tanzen - nix da, guter Mann!
Die Ehrenlegion gibt kein Pardon.

Un brave auteur de chansons malotru
Avait une tendance à parler cru,
Bordel de dieu, con, pute, et caetera
Ornaient ses moindres tradéridéras.
Sa muse un soir d'un derrière distrait
Pondit, elle ne le fit pas exprès,
Une rengaine sans gros mots dedans,
On vous le chamarra tambour battant.
Et maintenant qu'il porte cette croix,
Proférer »Merde« il n'en a plus le droit.
Car ça la fout mal de mettre à ses lèvres
De grand commandeur, des termes trop bas,
D' chanter 1' grand vicaire et les trois orfèvres.
La légion d'honneur ça pardonne pas.

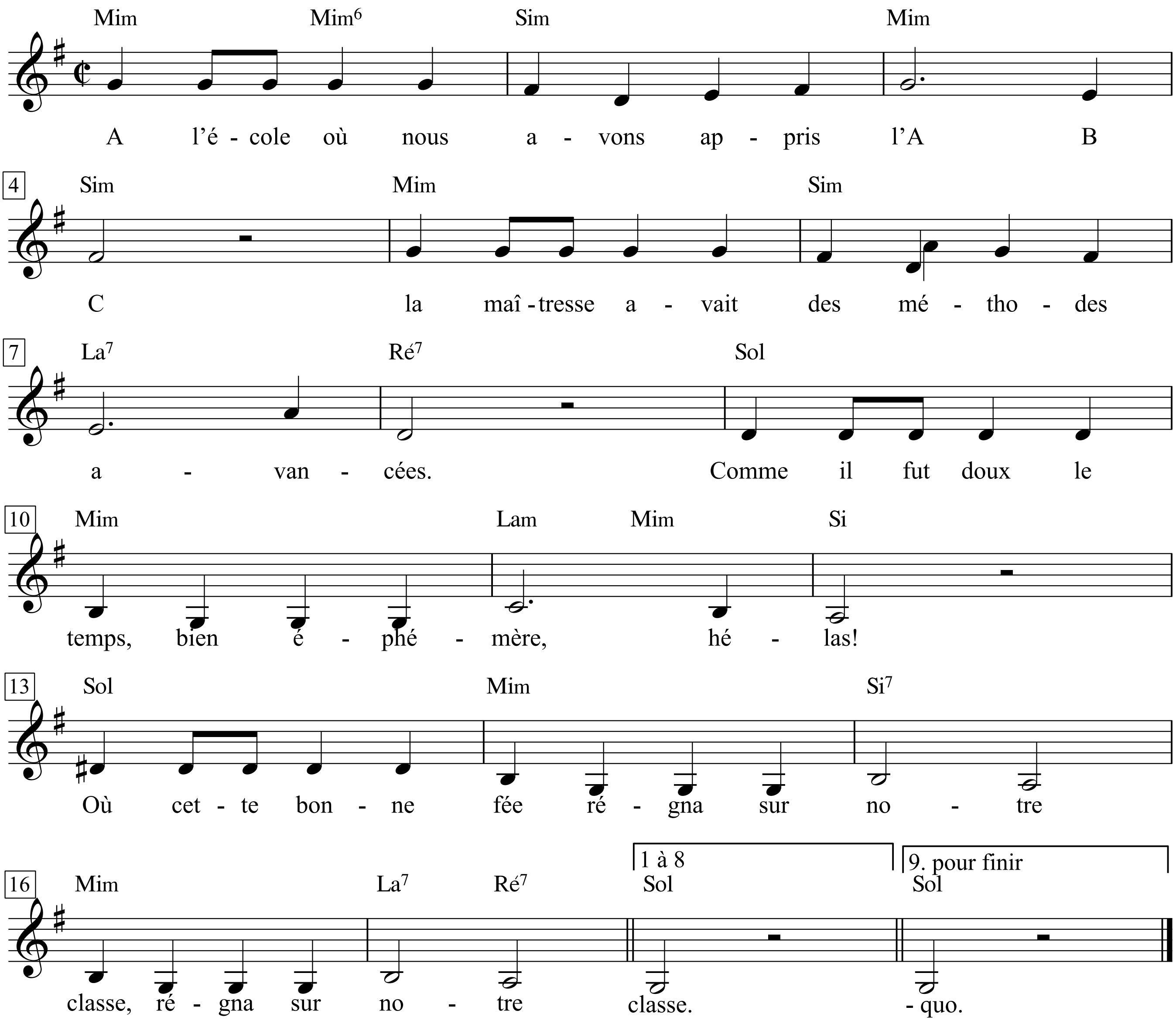
Ein braver Autor von Flegelchansons
hatte den Hang, grob zu reden,
Gottes Bordell, Arsch, Loch, Hure et cetera
schmückten all seine Trällereien.
Eines Abends legte seine Muse, zerstreuten
Hinterns und unabsichtlich,
einen Gesang ohne grobe Sauereien,
mit Pauken und Trompeten wurde er vergoldet.
Und jetzt, wo er dieses Kreuz trägt,
hat er nicht mehr das Recht, »Scheiße« zu sagen.
Denn das geht nicht, in sein Maul eines
Großkomturs derlei schäbige Ausdrücke zu nehmen,
vom Pastor und den drei Goldschmieden zu singen.
Die Ehrenlegion gibt kein Pardon.

La maîtresse d’école

(Die Lehrerin)

Allegro moderato

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



La maîtresse d’école

1. A l’école où nous avons appris l’ABC
La maîtresse avait des méthodes avancées.
Comme il fut doux le temps, bien éphémère, hélas!
Où cette bonne fée régna sur notre classe,
Régna sur notre classe.

2. Avant elle, nous étions tous des paresseux,
Des lève-nez, des cancres, des crétins crasseux.
En travaillant exclusivement que pour nous,
Les marchands d’bonnets d’âne étaient sur les genoux,
Étaient sur les genoux.

3. La maîtresse avait des méthodes avancées:
Au premier de la class ell’ promit un baiser,
Un baiser pour de bon, un baiser libertin,
Un baiser sur la bouche, enfin bref, un patin,
Enfin bref, un patin.

4. Aux pupitres alors, quelque chose changea,
L’école buissonnière eut plus jamais un chat.
Et les pauvres marchands de bonnets d’âne, crac!
Connurent tout à coup la faillite, le krach,
La faillite, le krach.

5. Lorsque le proviseur, à la fin de l’année,
Nous lut les résultats, il fut bien étonné.
La maîtresse, ell’, rougit comme un coquelicot,
Car nous étions tous prix d’excellence ex-aequo,
D’excellence ex-aequo.

6. A la récréation, la bonne fée se mit
En devoir de tenir ce qu’elle avait promis.
Et comme elle embrassa quarante lauréats,
Jusqu’à une heure indue la séance dura,
La séance dura.

7. Ce système bien sûr ne fut jamais admis
Par l’imbécile alors recteur d’académie.
De l’école, en dépit de son beau palmarès,
On chassa pour toujours notre chère maîtresse,
Notre chère maîtresse.

8. Le cancre fit alors sa réapparition,
Le fort en thème est redevenu l’exception.
A la fin de l’année suivante, quel fiasco!
Nous étions tous derniers de la classe ex-aequo,
De la classe ex-aequo!

9. A l’école où nous avons appris l’ABC
La maîtresse avait des méthodes avancées.
Comme il fut doux le temps bien éphémère, hélas!
Où cette bonne fée régna sur notre classe,
Régna sur notre classe.

Die Lehrerin

1. In der Schule, wo wir das ABC lernten,
hatte die Lehrerin fortschrittliche Methoden.
Wie schön war die leider so kurze Zeit,
als diese gute Fee über unsere Klasse herrschte,
unsere Klasse herrschte.

2. Ehe sie kam, waren wir alle Faulpelze,
Döser, Schlafmützen, schmierige Idioten.
Die Eselskappenmacher, die ausschließlich
für uns arbeiteten, waren total übermüdet,
total übermüdet.

3. Die Lehrerin hatte fortschrittliche Methoden:
Dem Klassenbesten versprach sie einen Kuss,
einen echten, freizügigen Kuss auf den Mund,
kurz gesagt einen Zungenknutsch,
einen Zungenknutsch.

4. An den Pulten tat sich daraufhin etwas,
Schuleschwänzen gab es nicht mehr.
Und die armen Eselskappenmacher
machten plötzlich Bankrott, Pleite,
Bankrott, Pleite.

5. Als der Direktor uns am Jahresende
die Noten vorlas, war er sehr überrascht.
Die Lehrerin wurde rot wie Klatschmohn,
denn wir waren alle gleichauf Primus,
gleichauf Primus.

6. In der großen Pause machte sich die gute Fee daran,
ihr Versprechen einzulösen.
Und da sie vierzig Klassenbeste zu küssen hatte,
dauerte die Sitzung ungebührlich lange,
ungebührlich lange.

7. Natürlich wurde das Verfahren nie gebilligt
von dem Trottel, der damals die Akademie leitete.
Trotz ihrer schönen Erfolge verjagte man
unsere liebe Lehrerin von der Schule, auf immer,
auf immer.

8. Die Faulheit zog daraufhin wieder ein,
gute Aufsätze wurden wieder die Ausnahme.
Am Schluss des nächsten Schuljahrs, was für ein Fiasko!.
waren wir alle Schlusslichter, gleichauf,
Schlusslichter, gleichauf.

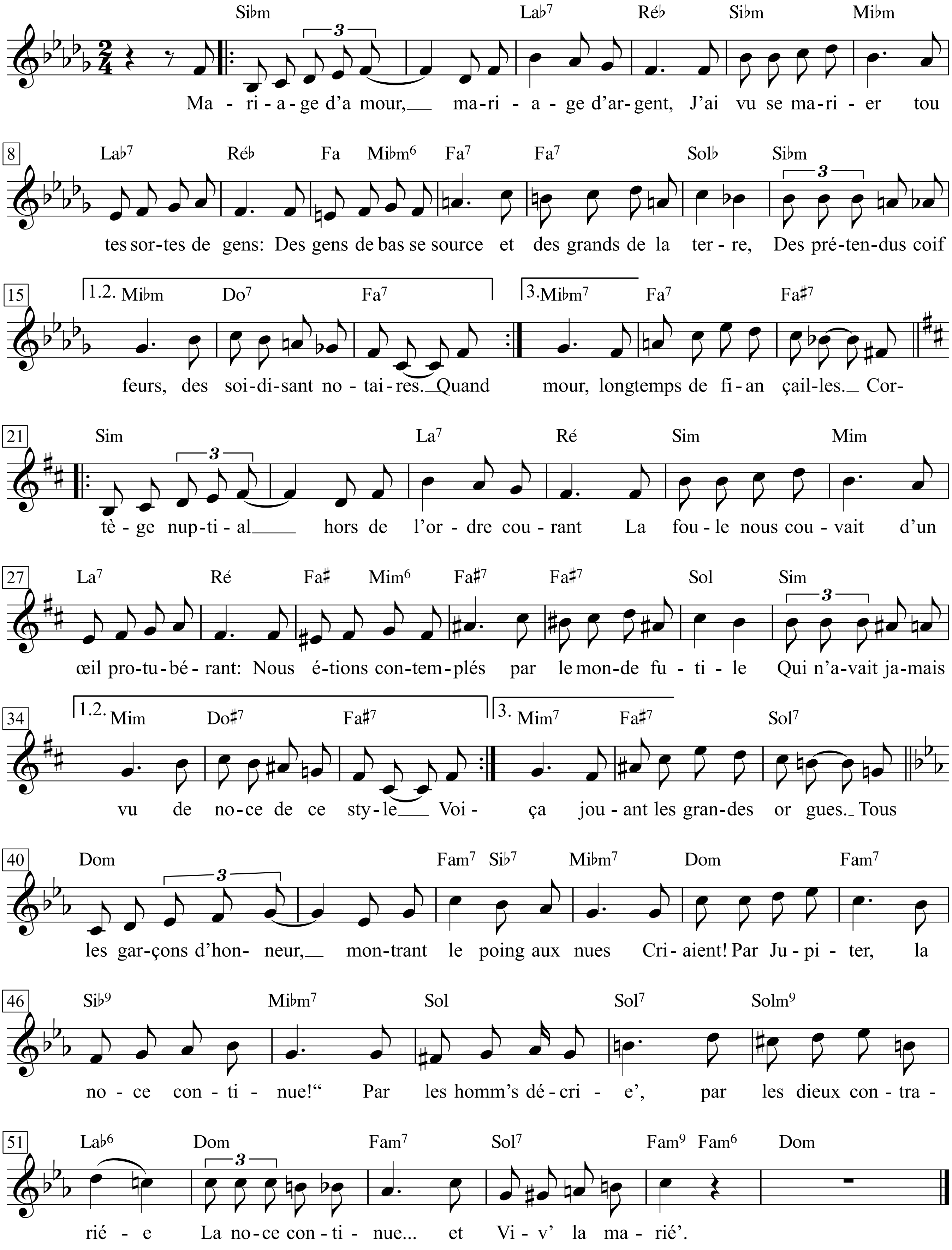
9. In der Schule, wo wir das ABC lernten,
hatte die Lehrerin fortschrittliche Methoden.
Wie schön war die leider so kurze Zeit,
als diese gute Fee über unsere Klasse herrschte,
unsere Klasse herrschte.

La marche nuptiale

(Der Hochzeitsmarsch)

Maestoso (poco rubato)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.64 & II. S.150+151

1. Mariage d’amour, mariage d’argent,
J’ai vu se marier toutes sortes de gens:
Des gens de basse source et des grands de la terre,
Des prétendus coiffeurs, des soi-disant notaires...

1. Liebesheirat, Geldheirat,
ich habe allerlei Leute heiraten sehen:
die auf ganz kleinem Fuß und die Großen der Erde,
angebliche Friseure, vermeintliche Notare ...

2. Quand même je vivrais jusqu’à la fin des temps,
Je garderais toujours le souvenir content
Du jour de pauvre noce où mon père et ma mère
S’allèrent épouser devant Monsieur le Maire.

2. Und wenn ich auch bis ans Ende der Zeiten lebte,
immer würde ich mich gern erinnern
an den Armenhochzeitstag, als mein Vater und meine Mutter
sich vermählen gingen vor dem Herrn Bürgermeister.

3. C’est dans un char à bœufs, s’il faut parler bien franc,
Tiré par les amis, poussé par les parents,
Que les vieux amoureux firent leurs épousailles
Après long temps d’amour, long temps de fiançailles.

3. Ehrlich gesagt: In einem Ochsenkarren,
gezogen von den Freunden, geschoben von den Verwandten,
begaben sich die alten Liebenden zur Eheschließung,
nach langer Zeit des Liebens, langem Verlöbnis.

4. Cortège nuptial hors de l’ordre courant,
La foule nous couvait d’un œil protubérant:
Nous étions contemplés par le monde futile
Qui n’avait jamais vu de noce de ce style.

4. Hochzeitszug außerhalb des Gewöhnlichen -
die Menge begaffte uns mit Glotzaugen:
Wir wurden bestaunt von der flüchtigen Welt,
die nie eine Hochzeit dieser Art gesehen hatte.

5. Voici le vent qui souffle emportant, crève-cœur!
Le chapeau de mon père et les enfants de chœur...
Voilà la plui’ qui tombe en pesant bien ses gouttes,
Comme pour empêcher la noc’, coûte que coûte.

5. Da bläst der Wind und verweht, o Mist,
den Hut meines Vaters und die Chorknaben ...
Da fällt Regen in wohlerwogenen Tropfen,
als wolle er die Hochzeit verhindern, um jeden Preis.

6. Je n’oublierai jamais la mariée en pleurs
Berçant comme un’ poupé’ son gros bouquet de fleurs...
Moi, pour la consoler, moi, de toute ma morgue,
Sur mon harmonica jouant les grandes orgues.

6. Ich werde nie vergessen, wie die Braut unter Tränen
ihren großen Blumenstrauß wie eine Puppe wiegte ...
Um sie zu trösten, spielte ich aus voller Kehle
auf der Harmonika wie auf einer Orgel.

7. Tous les garçons d’honneur, montrant le poing aux nues,
Criaient: »Par Jupiter, la noce continue!«
Par les homm’s décrié’, par les dieux contrariée,
La noce continue et Viv’ la mariée!

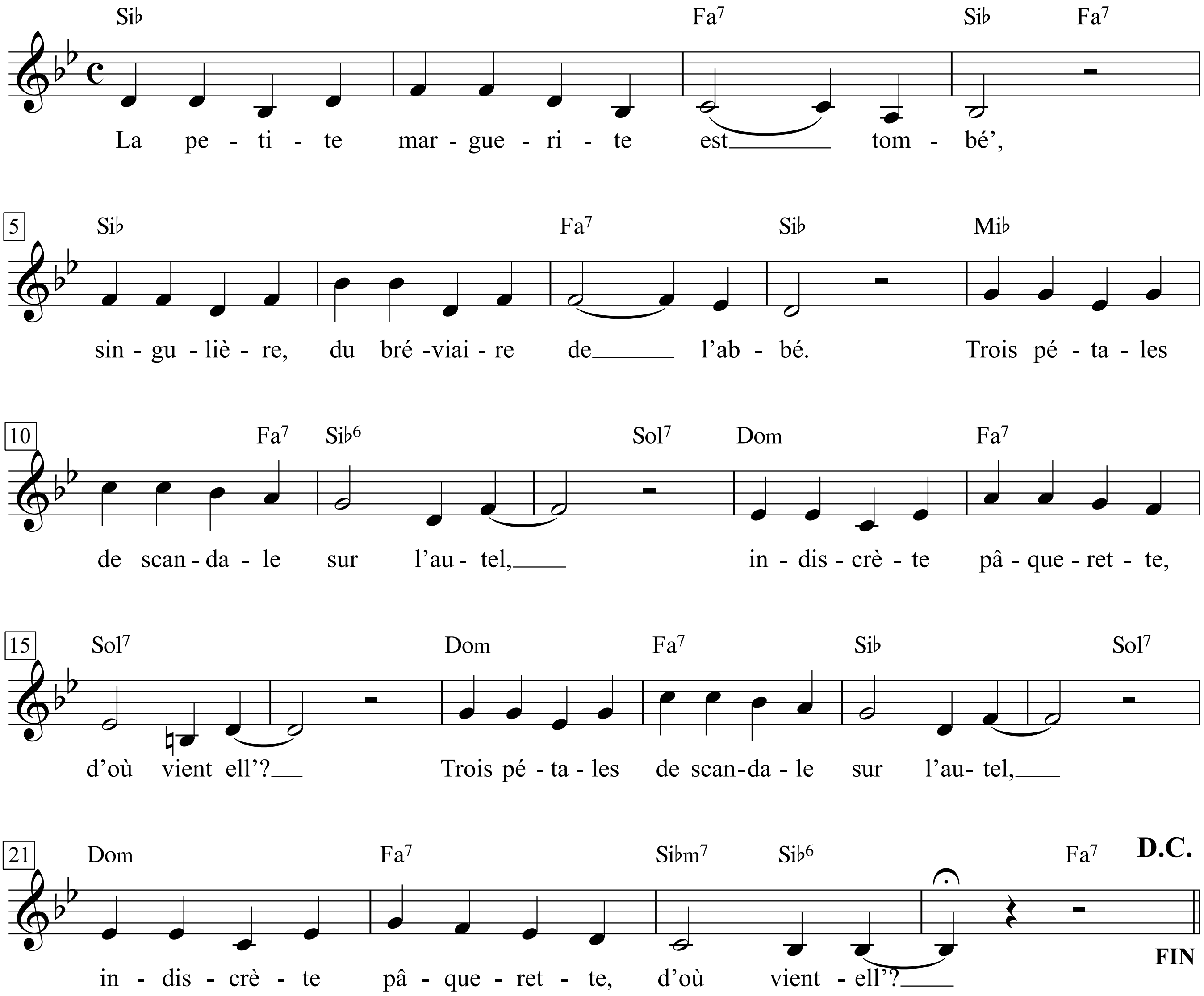
7. Alle Jungen im Spalier reckten die Fäuste zum Himmel
und riefen: »Bei Jupiter, die Hochzeit soll weitergehen!«
Von den Menschen verhöhnt, von den Göttern behindert,
die Hochzeit geht weiter, und es lebe die Braut!

La marguerite

(Die Margerite)

Allegro

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. La petite
Marguerite
Est tombé',
Singulière,
Du bréviaire
De l'abbé.

2. Trois pétales
De scandale
Sur l'autel,
Indiscrète
Pâquerette,
D'où vient-ell'?

3. Dans l'enceinte
Sacro-sainte
Quel émoi!
Quelle affaire,
Oui, ma chère,
Croyez-moi!

4. La frivole
Fleur qui vole,
Arrive en
Contrebande
Des plat's-bandes
Du couvent.

5. Notre Père,
Qui, j'espère,
Etes aux cieux,
N'ayez cure
Des murmures
Malicieux.

6. La légère
Fleur, peuchère!
Ne vient pas
De nonnettes,
De cornettes
En sabbat.

7. Sachez, diantre!
Qu'un jour, entre
Deux ave,
Sur la pierre
D'un calvaire
Il l'a trouvé',

8. Et l'a mise,
Chose admise
Par le ciel,
Sans ambages,
Dans les pages
Du missel.

9. Que ce messes
Basses cessent,
Je vous prie.
Non, le prêtre
N'est pas traître
A Marie.

10. Que personne
Ne soupçonne,
Plus jamais,
La petite
Marguerite,
Ah! ça, mais ...

1. Die kleine
Margerite
ist gefallen
seltsamerweise
aus dem Brevier
des Abbé.

2. Drei Blütenblätter
- Skandal! -
auf dem Altar,
indiskrete
Schöne,
woher kommt sie?

3. Im heiligen
Bannkreis,
welch ein Getöse!
Welch ein Aufhebens,
ja, meine Liebe,
wirklich!

4. Die frivole
Flatterblume
kam
geschmuggelt
aus den Beeten
des Nonnenklosters.

5. Vater unser
der du - hoffentlich -
im Himmel bist,
achte nicht
auf dieses boshafte
Getuschel.

6. Die lose Blume,
die Ärmste,
kommt nicht
von Nönnlein
in Flügelhauben
am Sabbat.

7. Wisset, zum Teufel,
eines Tages zwischen
zwei Aves
hat er sie
auf einem Kreuzwegstein
gefunden

8. und sie gelegt,
was der Himmel
gestattet,
ohne Umschweife
zwischen die Seiten
des Messbuchs.

9. Also bitte
Schluss mit diesem
Gemauschel.
Nein, der Priester
ist Maria
nicht untreu.

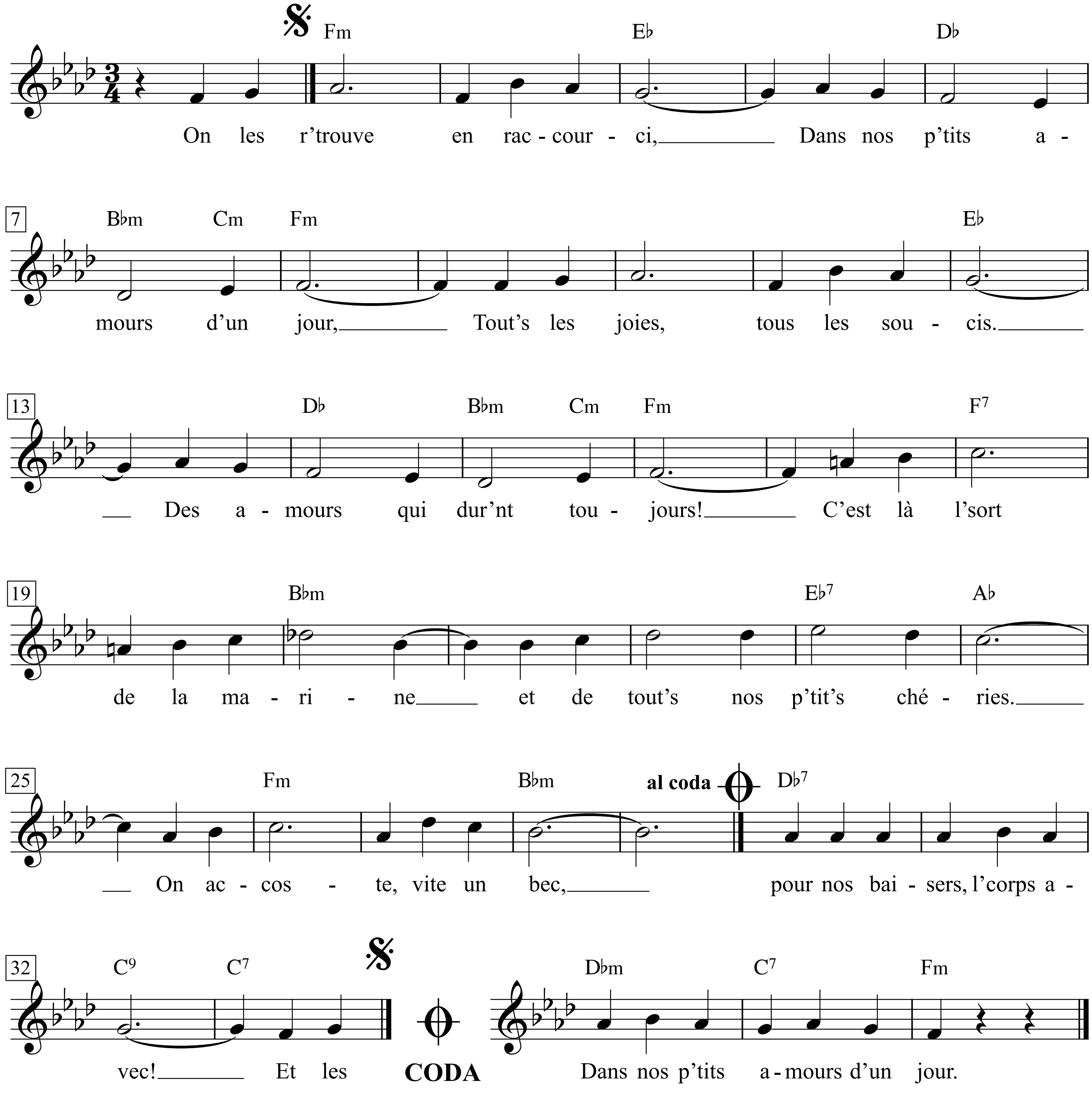
10. Niemand soll
je wieder
verdächtigen
die kleine
Margerite
- also, nein!

La marine

(Die Matrosen)

Poème de Paul Fort

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



La marine

1. On les r' trouve en raccourci, dans nos p'tits amours d'un jour, toutes les joies, tous les soucis des amours qui durent toujours!

2. C'est là l' sort de la marine et de toutes nos p'tites chéries. On accoste. Vite! un bec pour nos baisers, l' corps avec.

3. Et les joies et les bouderies, les fâcheries, les bons retours, il y a tout, en raccourci, des grands amours dans nos p'tits.

4. Tout c' qu'on fait dans un seul jour! et comme on allonge le temps! Plus d'trois fois, dans un seul jour, content, pas content, content.*

5. On a ri, on s'est baisés sur les neunœils, les nénés, dans les ch'veux à pleins bécots, pondus comme des œufs tout chauds.*

6. Y a dans la chambre une odeur d'amour tendre et de goudron. Ça vous met la joie au cœur, la peine aussi, et c'est bon.

7. On n'est pas là pour causer... Mais on pense, même dans l'amour. On pense que d'main il fera jour, et qu' c'est une calamité.

8. C'est là l' sort de la marine, et de toutes nos p'tites chéries. On s'accoste. Mais on devine qu' ça n' sera pas le paradis.

9. On aura beau s' dépêcher, faire, bon Dieu! la pige au temps, et l' bourrer de tous nos péchés, ça n' sera pas ça; et pourtant

10. toutes les joies, tous les soucis des amours qui durent toujours, on les r'trouve en raccourci dans nos p'tits amours d'un jour...

Die Matrosen

1. All das gibt es dicht an dicht in unsrer Liebe auf Zeit: alle Freuden, alles Leid der Liebe für die Ewigkeit.

2. Das ist das Los der Matrosen und der Eintagsliebchen auch. Landgang. Schnell! nen Mund für'n Kuss samt allem von Kopf bis Fuß!

3. Und der Kummer und der Spaß, Zank, Vertragen, alles das gibt's in unsrer Lieb auf Zeit wie in der für Ewigkeit.

4. All das in nur einem Tag! und man stopft die Stunden voll - dreimal in nur einem Tag: gut - nicht gut - und nochmal toll.*

5. Und man albert und man küsst auf die Augen, auf die Brust, in die Haare, heiß - dabei doch sanft wie'n nestwarmes Ei.*

6. In dem Zimmer geht ein Hauch von der Liebe und von Teer, und das Herz wird leicht und auch, wie das so sein muss, ganz schwer.

7. Man ist nicht zum Reden da, nur: Man denkt noch, wenn man küsst, denkt, der Morgen ist schon nah, und dass das ein Jammer ist.

8. Das ist das Los der Matrosen und der Eintagsliebchen auch. Mach das Beste draus, genieß - bloß: Das ist kein Paradies.

9. Man beeilt sich, um die Zeit auszutricksen, um noch schön alle Sünden zu begehn. Ach, das bringt's nicht, und trotzdem:

10. Alle Freuden, alles Leid der Liebe für die Ewigkeit: all das gibt es dicht an dicht in unsrer Liebe auf Zeit.

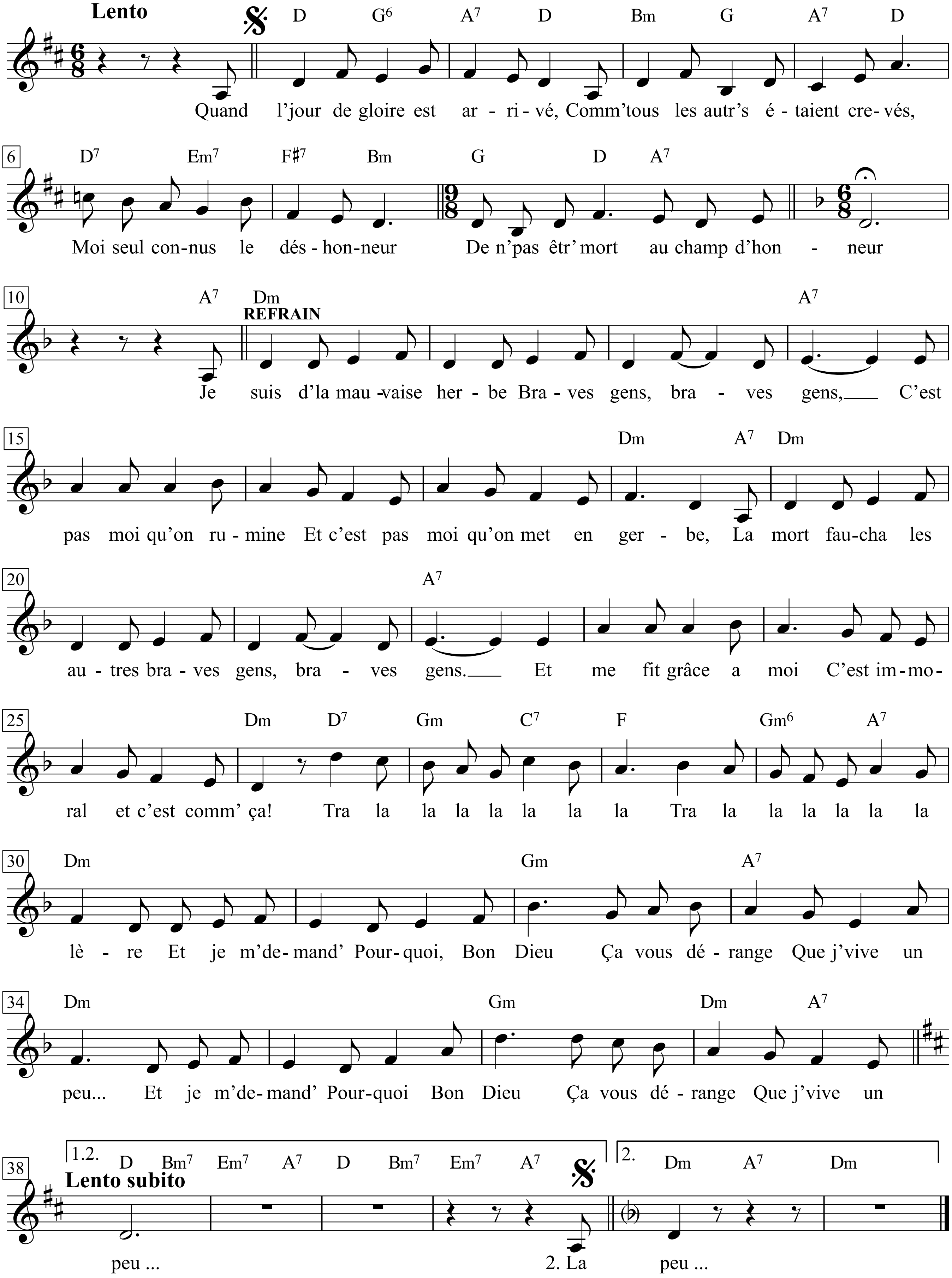
** Variante G. B.: ces deux strophes interverties*

** G. B. vertauscht diese beiden Strophen*

La mauvaise herbe

(Unkraut)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I S.37 & II. S.80-83

1. Quand l’jour de gloire est arrivé,
Comm’ tous les autr’s étaient crevés,
Moi seul connus le déshonneur
De n’ pas êtr’ mort au champ d’honneur.

2. Je suis d’la mauvaise herbe,
Braves gens, braves gens,
C’est pas moi qu’on rumine
Et c’est pas moi qu’on met en gerbe ...
La mort faucha les autres,
Braves gens, braves gens,
Et me fit grâce à moi,
C’est immoral et c’est comm’ ça!
La la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la
Et je m’ demand’
Pourquoi, Bon Dieu,
Ça vous dérange
Que j’ vive un peu ... .

3. La fille à tout l’ monde a bon cœur,
Ell’ me donne, au petit bonheur,
Les p’tits bouts d’sa peau, bien cachés,
Que les autres n’ont pas touchés.

4. Je suis d’la mauvaise herbe,
Braves gens, braves gens,
C’est pas moi qu’on rumine
Et c’est pas moi qu’on met en gerbe ...
Elle se vend aux autres,
Braves gens, braves gens,
Elle se donne à moi,
C’est immoral et c’est comm’ ça!
La la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la
Et je m’ demand’
Pourquoi, Bon Dieu,
Ça vous dérange
Qu’on m’aime un peu ... .

5. Les hommes sont faits, nous dit-on,
Pour vivre en band’, comm’ les moutons.
Moi, j’ vis seul, et c’est pas demain
Que je suivrai leur droit chemin.

6. Je suis d’la mauvaise herbe,
Braves gens, braves gens,
C’est pas moi qu’on rumine
Et c’est pas moi qu’on met en gerbe ...
Je suis d’la mauvaise herbe,
Braves gens, braves gens,
Je pousse en liberté
Dans les jardins mal fréquentés!
La la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la
Et je m’ demand’
Pourquoi, Bon Dieu,
Ça vous dérange
Que j’ vive un peu ...

1. Als der Tag des Ruhmes kam,
als alle anderen krepiert waren,
genoss ich allein die Schande,
nicht auf dem Feld der Ehre gestorben zu sein.

2. Ich bin Unkraut,
brave Leut, brave Leut,
mich käut man nicht wieder
und bindet mich nicht zu Garben ...
Der Tod mähte die andren,
brave Leut, brave Leut,
und mir gab er Pardon,
das ist unmoralisch, aber so ist das eben!
La la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la
Und ich frag mich,
warum, bei Gott,
stört’s euch,
dass ich ein bisschen leb?

3. Das Straßenmädchen hat ein gutes Herz;
mir gibt sie, als kleines Glück,
die verborgenen Stückchen ihrer Haut,
die die anderen nicht berührt haben.

4. Ich bin Unkraut,
brave Leut, brave Leut,
mich käut man nicht wieder
und bindet mich nicht zu Garben ...
Sie verkauft sich den andren,
brave Leut, brave Leut,
mir schenkt sie sich,
das ist unmoralisch, aber so ist das eben!
La la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la
Und ich frag mich,
warum, bei Gott,
stört’s euch,
dass man mich ein bisschen liebt?

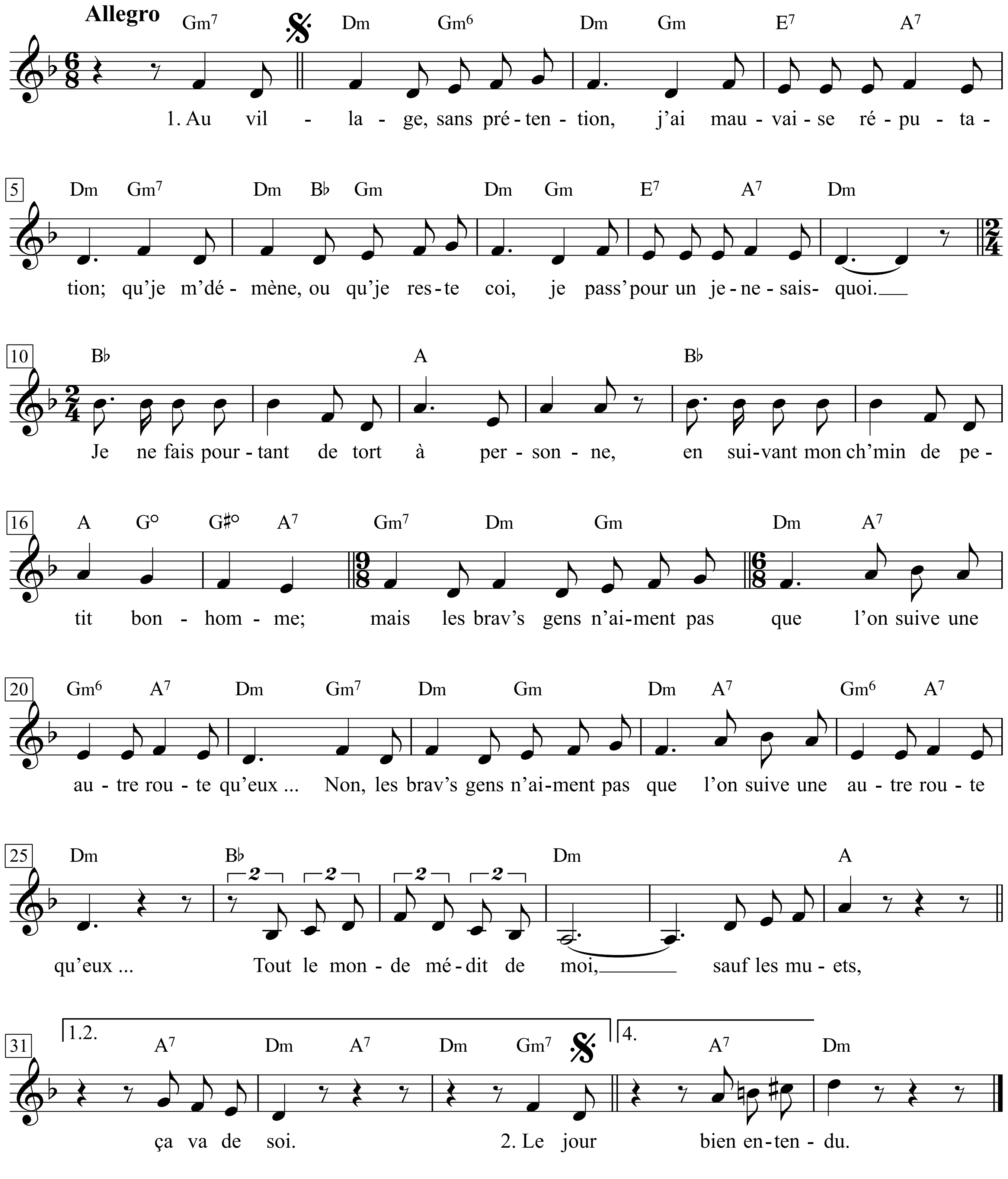
5. Die Menschen, sagt man, sind geschaffen,
um in Herden zu leben wie die Schafe.
Ich leb allein und werd auch morgen
noch nicht ihrem Trampelpfad folgen.

6. Ich bin Unkraut,
brave Leut, brave Leut,
mich käut man nicht wieder
und bindet mich nicht zu Garben ...
Ich bin Unkraut,
brave Leut, brave Leut,
ich wachs in Freiheit
in kaum zertrampelten Gärten!
La la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la
Und ich frag mich,
warum, bei Gott,
stört’s euch,
dass ich ein bisschen leb?

La mauvaise réputation

(Der miese Ruf)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Au village, sans prétention,
J'ai mauvaise réputation;
Qu' je m' démène ou qu' je reste coi,
Je pass' pour un je-ne-sais-quoi.
Je ne fais pourtant de tort à personne,
En suivant mon ch'min de petit bonhomme;
Mais les brav's gens n'aiment pas que
L'on suive une autre route qu'eux …
Non, les brav's gens n'aiment pas que
L'on suive une autre route qu'eux ...
Tout le monde médit de moi,
Sauf les muets, ça va de soi.

2. Le jour du quatorze-Juillet,
Je reste dans mon lit douillet;
La musique qui marche au pas,
Cela ne me regarde pas.
Je ne fais pourtant de tort à personne,
En n'écoutant pas le clairon qui sonne;
Mais les brav's gens n'aiment pas que
L'on suive une autre route qu'eux...
Non, les brav's gens n'aiment pas que
L'on suive une autre route qu'eux...
Tout le monde me montre au doigt,
Sauf les manchots, ça va de soi.

3. Quand j' croise un voleur malchanceux
Poursuivi par un cul-terreux,
J' lanc' la patte et, pourquoi le taire,
Le cul-terreux se r'trouv' par terre.
Je ne fais pourtant de tort à personne,
En laissant courir les voleurs de pommes;
Mais les brav's gens n'aiment pas que
L'on suive une autre route qu'eux...
Non, les brav's gens n'aiment pas que
L'on suive une autre route qu'eux...
Tout le monde se ru' sur moi,
Sauf les culs-d'-jatt', ça va de soi.

4. Pas besoin d'être Jérémie
Pour d'viner l' sort qui m'est promis:
S'ils trouv'nt une corde à leur goût,
Ils me la passeront au cou.
Je ne fais pourtant de tort à personne,
En suivant les ch'mins qui n' mèn'nt pas à Rome;
Mais les brav's gens n'aiment pas que
L'on suive une autre route qu'eux...
Non, les brav's gens n'aiment pas que
L'on suive une autre route qu'eux...
Tout l' mond' viendra me voir pendu,
Sauf les aveugl's, bien entendu.

1. Einen miesen Ruf hab ich hier
in dem Kaff und kann nichts dafür.
Ob ich gröl, ob ich mich versteck -
immer bin ich der letzte Dreck.
Dabei tu ich doch keinem was zuleide,
wenn ich mich für'n eigenen Weg entscheide.
Bloß: Die Leute mögen es nie,
wenn man was anders macht als sie;
nein, die Leute mögen es nie,
wenn man was anders macht als sie;
und alle fluchen über mich,
bis auf die Stummen - die schonen sich.

2. Wenn Gevatter Staat was begeht,
bleib ich am liebsten gleich im Bett,
weil Musik, die Gleichschritt marschiert,
mich überhaupt nicht intressiert.
Dabei tu ich doch keinem was zuleide,
wenn ich mich nicht an den Fanfaren weide.
Bloß: Die Leute mögen es nie,
wenn man was anders macht als sie;
nein, die Leute mögen es nie,
wenn man was anders macht als sie;
und alle deuten sie auf mich,
bis auf die Krüppel - die hüten sich.

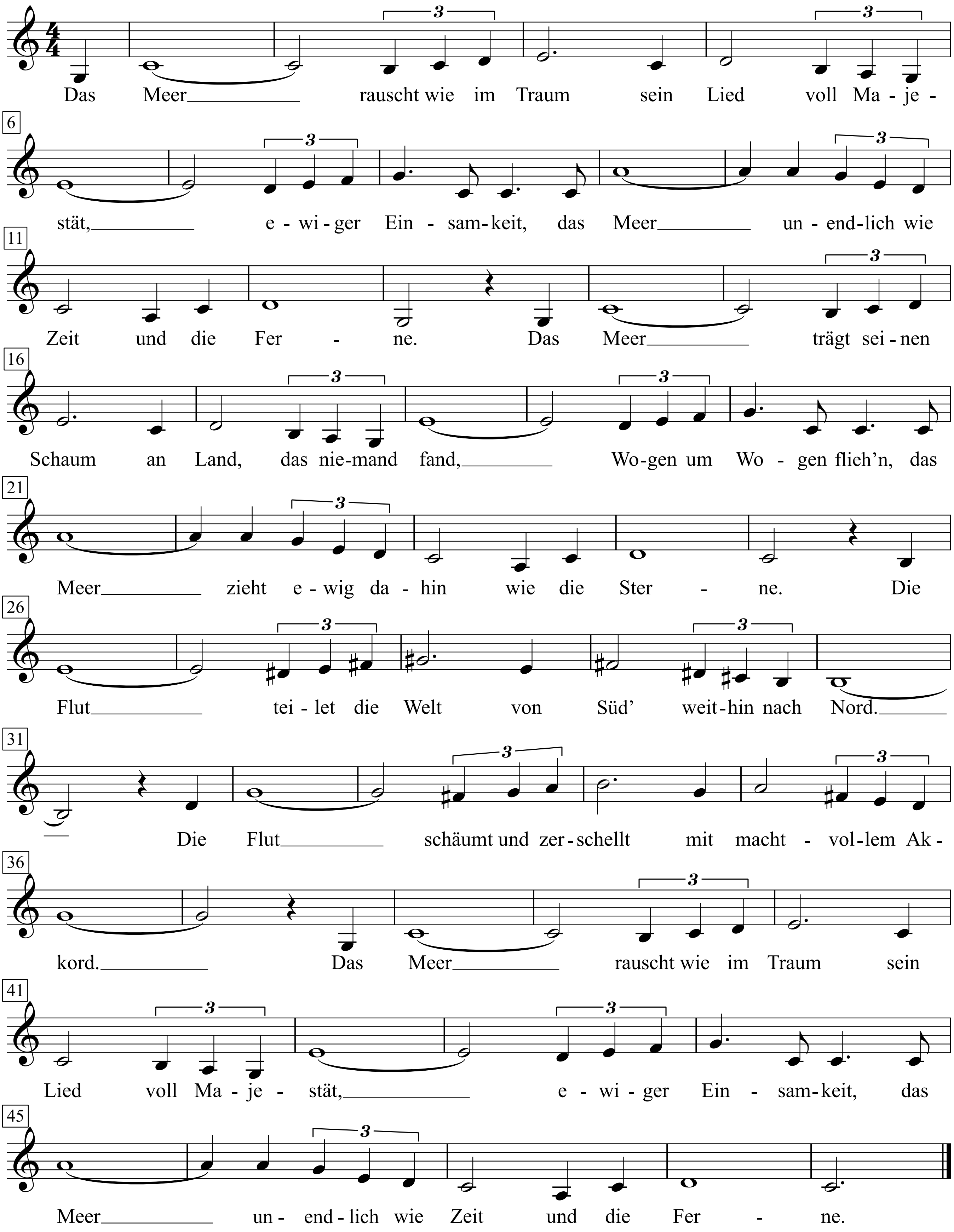
3. Kommt mir'n Apfeldieb in die Quer,
mit einem Bauern hinterher,
rutscht mir glatt das Bein aus - ei, was
schnüffelt der Bauer da im Gras?
Dabei tu ich doch keinem was zuleide,
wenn ich einem Dieb nicht das Futter neide.
Bloß: Die Leute mögen es nie,
wenn man was anders macht als sie;
nein, die Leute mögen es nie,
wenn man was anders macht als sie;
und alle stürzen sich auf mich,
bis auf die Lahmen - die bremsen sich.

4. Man braucht kein Prophetengemüt,
um schon zu ahnen, was mir blüht:
Finden sie den passenden Strick,
drehen sie ihn mir ums Genick.
Dabei tu ich doch keinem was zuleide,
wenn ich all die Wege nach Rom vermeide.
Bloß: Die Leute mögen es nie,
wenn man was anders macht als sie;
nein, die Leute mögen es nie,
wenn man was anders macht als sie;
und alle wolln mich hängen sehn,
sogar die Blinden - kann man verstehn.

La mer

deutscher Text:
Fritz Beckmann

Charles Trenet



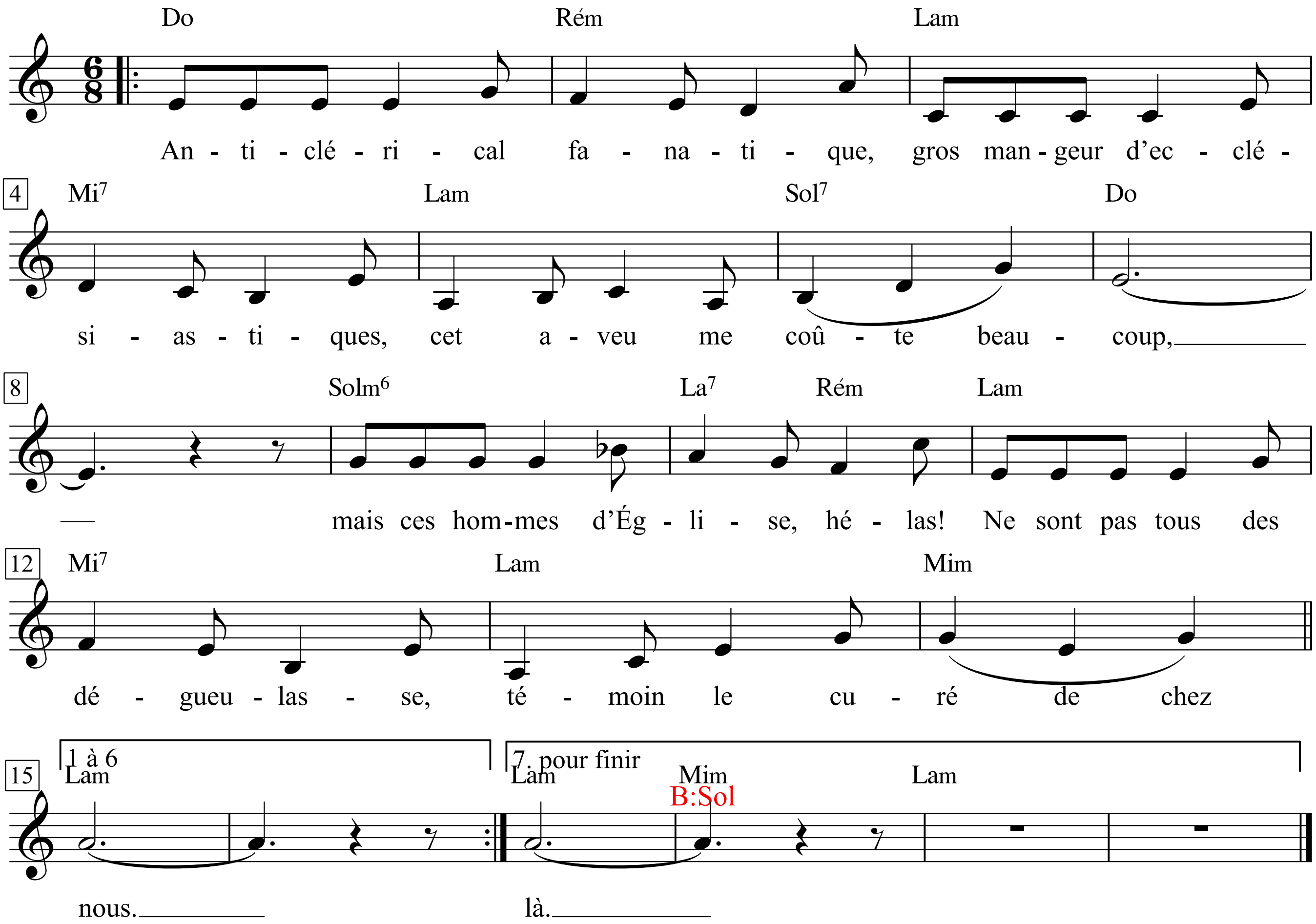
Das Meer rauscht wie im Traum sein Lied voll Majestät,
ewiger Einsamkeit, das Meer unendlich wie Zeit und die Ferne.
Das Meer trägt seinen Schaum an Land, das niemand fand,
Wogen um Wogen flieh'n, das Meer zieht ewig dahin wie die Sterne.
Die Flut teilet die Welt von Süd' weithin nach Nord.
Die Flut schäumt und zerschellt mit machtvollem Akkord.
Das Meer rauscht wie im Traum sein Lied voll Majestät,
ewiger Einsamkeit, das Meer unendlich wie Zeit und die Ferne.

La messe au pendu

(Die Messe für den Gehenkten)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens

Lento



1. Anticlérical fanatique,
Gros mangeur d'ecclésiastiques,
Cet aveu me coûte beaucoup,
Mais ces hommes d'Église, hélas!
Ne sont pas tous des dégueulasse,
Témoin le curé de chez nous.

2. Quand la foule qui se déchaîne
Pendit un homme au bout d'un chêne
Sans forme aucune de remords,
Ce ratichon fit un scandale
Et rugit à travers les stalles,
»Mort à toute peine de mort!«

3. Puis, on le vit, étrange rite,
Qui baptisait les marguerites
Avec l'eau de son bénitier
Et qui prodiguait les hosties,
Le pain bénit, l'Eucharistie,
Aux petits oiseaux du moutier.

4. Ensuite, il retroussa ses manches,
Prit son goupillon des dimanches
Et, plein d'une sainte colère,
Il partit comme à l'offensive
Dire une grand'messe exclusive
A celui qui dansait en l'air.

5. C'est à du gibier de potence
Qu'en cette triste circonstance
L'hommage sacré fut rendu.
Ce jour-là, le rôle du Christ(e),
Bonne aubaine pour le touriste,
Était joué par un pendu.

6. Et maintenant quand on croasse,
Nous, les païens de sa paroisse,
C'est pas lui qu'on veut dépriser.
Quand on crie »A bas la calotte «
A s'en faire péter la glotte,
La sienne n'est jamais visée.

7. Anticléricaux fanatiques,
Gros mangeurs d'ecclésiastiques,
Quand vous vous goinfrerez un plat
De cureton, je vous exhorte,
Camarades, à faire en sorte
Que ce ne soit pas celui-là.

1.Fanatischer Antiklerikaler,
großer Popenfresser,
mich kostet dieses Geständnis viel,
aber ach, diese Kirchenmänner
sind nicht ausnahmslos Widerlinge,
Beispiel: der Pfarrer unsres Dorfs.

2. Als die Masse, völlig entfesselt,
einen an eine Eiche hängte
ohne jeden Hauch von Bedauern,
machte dieser Pfaffe einen Skandal
und röhrte durchs Kirchengestühl:
»Tod jeder Todesstrafe!«

3. Dann sah man ihn, seltsamer Ritus,
die Margeriten segnen
mit dem Weihwasser aus dem Kessel
und die Hostien austeilen,
das Brot des Heils, die Eucharistie
an die kleinen Vögel des Pfarrgartens.

4. Danach krempelte er die Ärmel auf,
nahm seinen Feiertagswedel
und voll von heiligem Zorn
zog er wie zur Offensive,
ein Hochamt zu lesen, ausschließlich
für den, der da in der Luft tanzte.

5. Einem Galgenstrick wurde
unter diesen tristen Umständen
die heilige Handlung gewidmet.
An diesem Tag wurde die Rolle des Christus,
gefundenes Fressen für Touristen,
von einem Gehenkten gespielt.

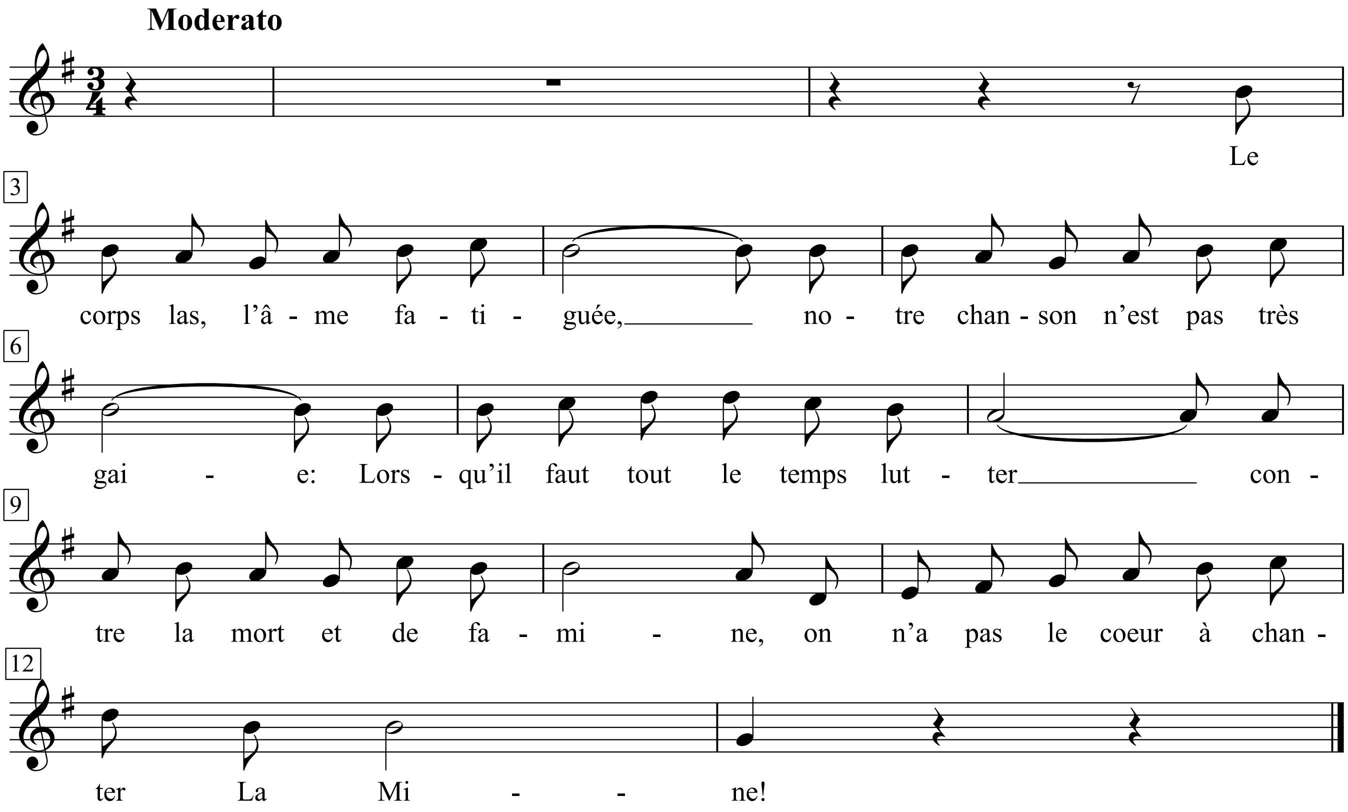
6. Und wenn wir heute Popen schmähen,
wir, die Heiden seiner Gemeinde,
wollen wir nicht ihm ans Leder;
wenn wir schreien »runter mit der Kutte!«,
bis uns das Zäpfchen schnarrt,
zielen wir nie auf seine.

7. Fanatische Antiklerikale,
große Popenfresser,
wenn ihr euch jetzt einen
Pfaffenauflauf reinschiebt, mahne ich euch,
Kameraden, tut es so,
dass es nicht ihn betrifft.

Ira Mine

Guy de Téramond

François Jacotot



1. Le corps las, l'âme fatiguée,
notre chanson n'est pas très gaie:
Lorsqu'il faut tout le temps lutter
contre la mort et de famine,
on n'a pas le cœur à chanter
La Mine!

2. Nous avons au bout de pioches
Le pain de la femme et des mioches;
Mais quand arrive le grisou,
C'est veuve, orphelin, orpheline,
Car ils perdent tout dans un coup
De mine !

3. A quelque cent pieds sous la terre,
Courbés, ployés et sans lumière,
Pour faire manger la maison,
On devient fou, tant on s'échine:
Elle nous prend notre raison,
La mine!

4. Figure noire et gorge sèche,
Au flanc de la terre revêche
On est rivé comme un forçat:
On travaille, on peine, on turbine:
Pourtant on l'aime, malgré ça,
Sa mine!

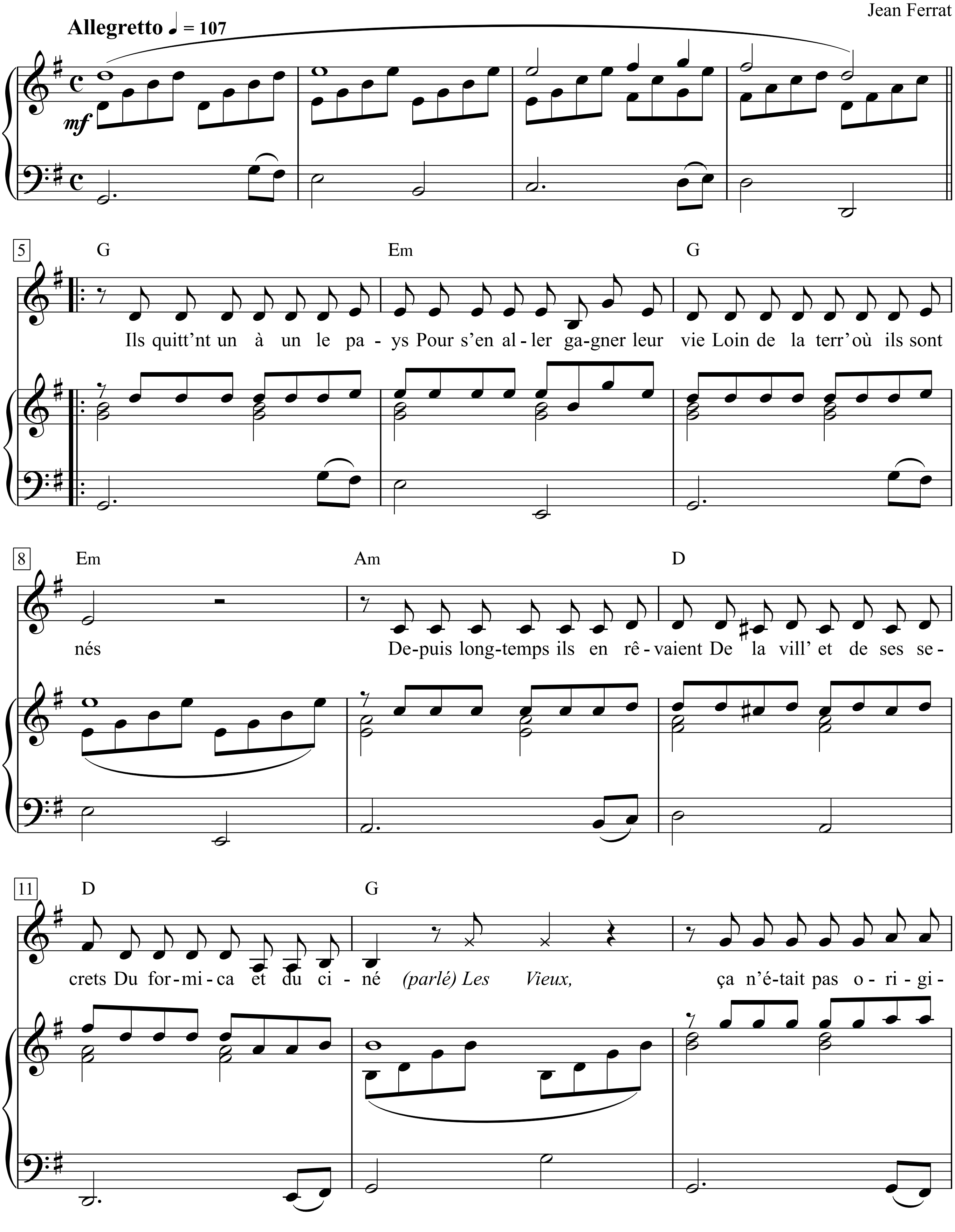
5. On passe là son existence.
On vit, on meurt, on aime, on pense
Elle ne nous lâche souvent
(Quand elle nous rend, la coquine!)
Que broyés, les pieds en avant,
La mine!

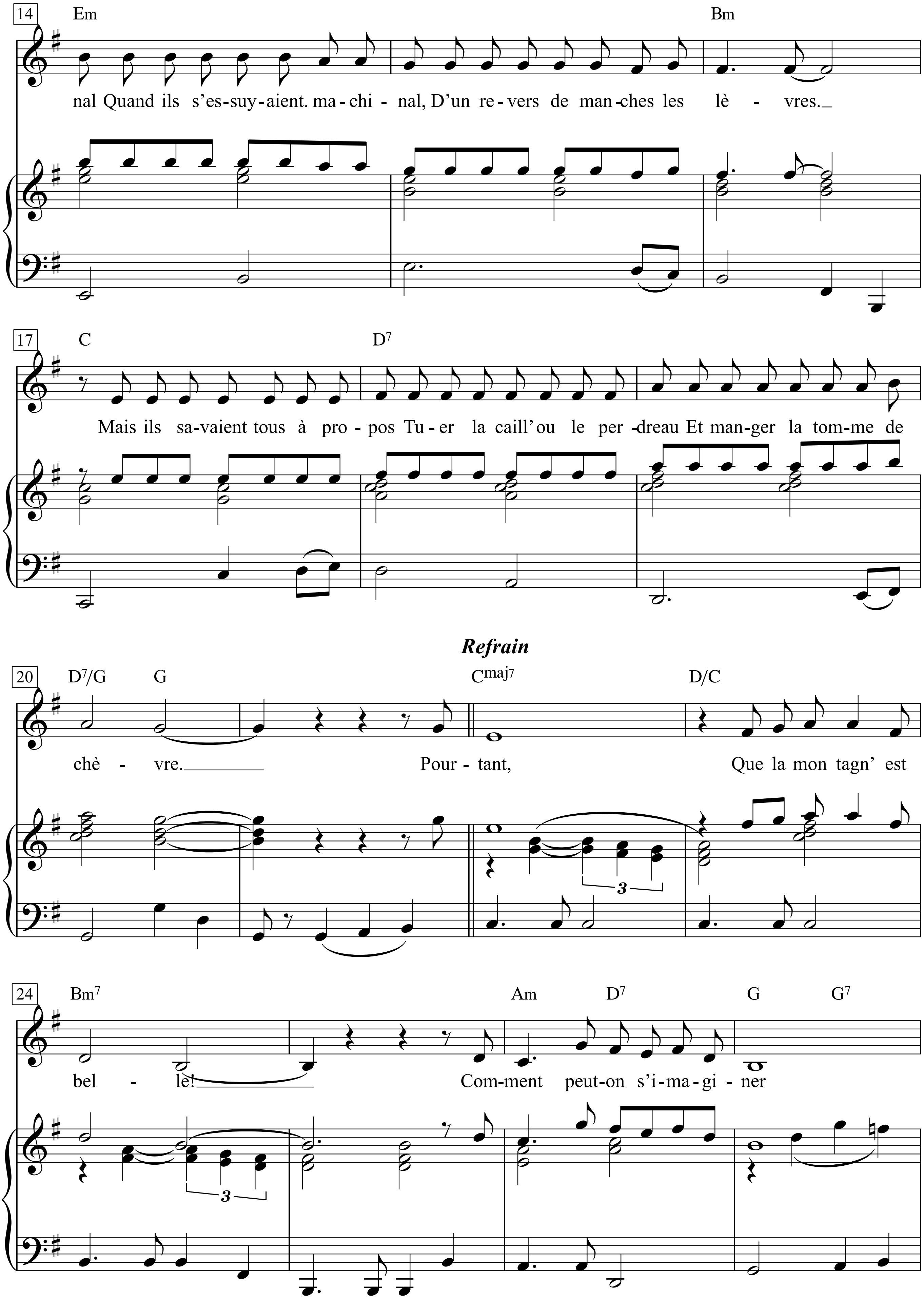
6. Las de souffrir, on se soulève,
Un orateur vient, et la grève
Montre à la Société des dents;
Mais elle est forte, la mâtine,
Et ses soldats nous renvoient dans
La mine!

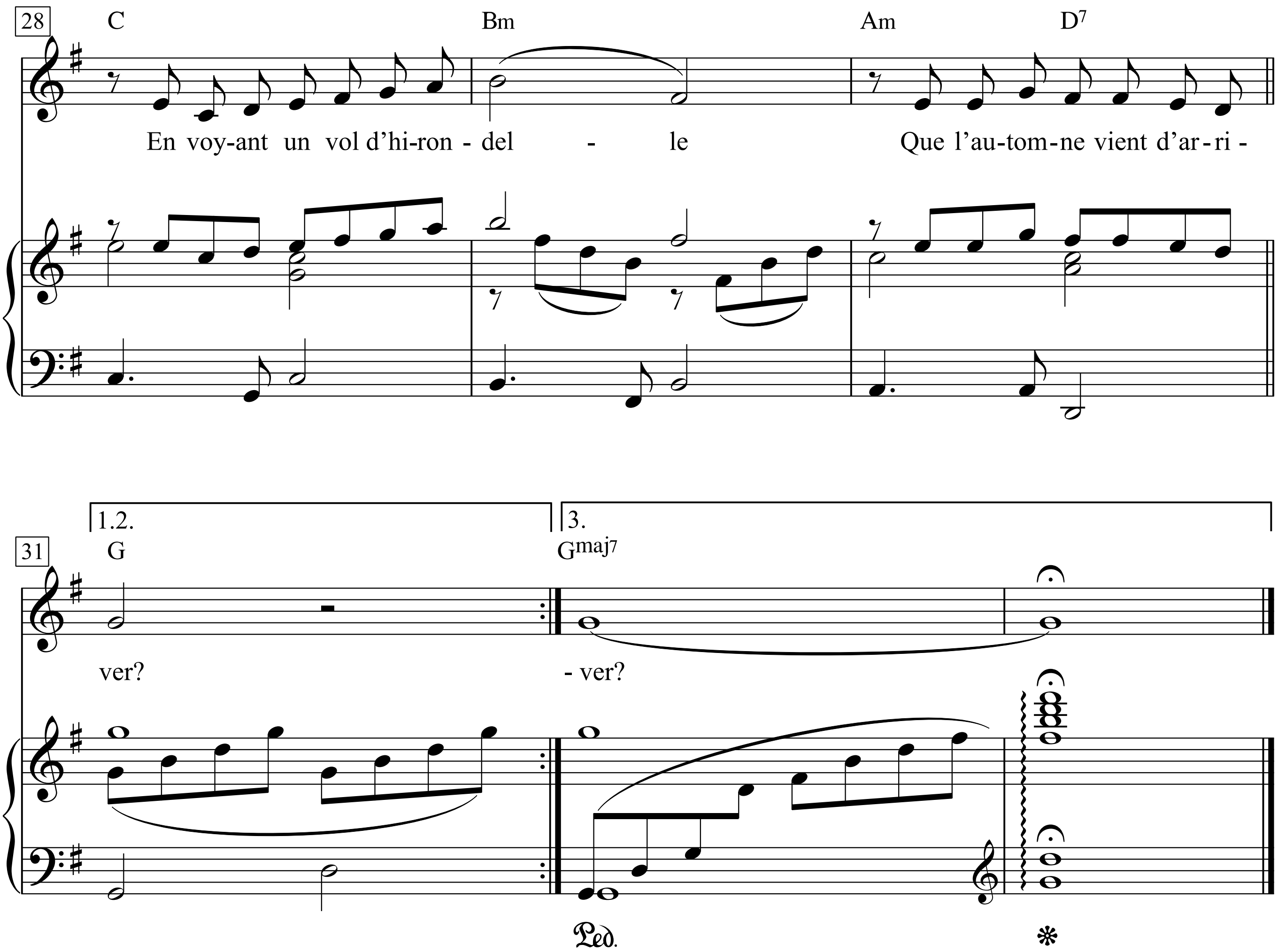
Gil Blas illustré, 3.Mars 1895, p. 8

La montagne

Paroles & Musique de
Jean Ferrat




14
Em
Bm
nal Quand ils s'es-suy-aient. ma-chi - nal, D'un re-vers de man-ches les lè - vres.
17
C
D7
Mais ils sa-vaient tous à pro - pos Tu-er la caill'ou le per-dreau Et man-ger la tom-me de
Refrain
20
D7/G
G
Cmaj7
D/C
chè - vre. Pour - tant, Que la mon tagn' est
24
Bm7
Am
D7
G
G7
bel - le! Com-ment peut-on s'i-ma-gi - ner
3


28
C
Bm
Am
D7
En voy-ant un vol d'hi-ron - del - le
Que l'au-tom-ne vient d'ar-ri -
1.2.
3.
31
G
Gmaj7
ver?
- ver?
Ped.

1. Ils quittent un à un le pays
Pour s’en aller gagner leur vie
Loin de la terre où ils sont nés;
Depuis longtemps ils en rêvaient
De la ville et de ses secrets
Du formica et du ciné
Les vieux, ça n’était pas original
Quand ils s’essuyaient machinal,
D’un revers de manche les lèvres.
Mais ils savaient tous à propos
Tuer la caille ou le perdreau
Et manger la tomme de chèvre.

Pourtant, Que la montagne est belle!
Comment peut-on s’imaginer
En voyant un vol d’hirondelle
Que l’automne vient d’arriver?

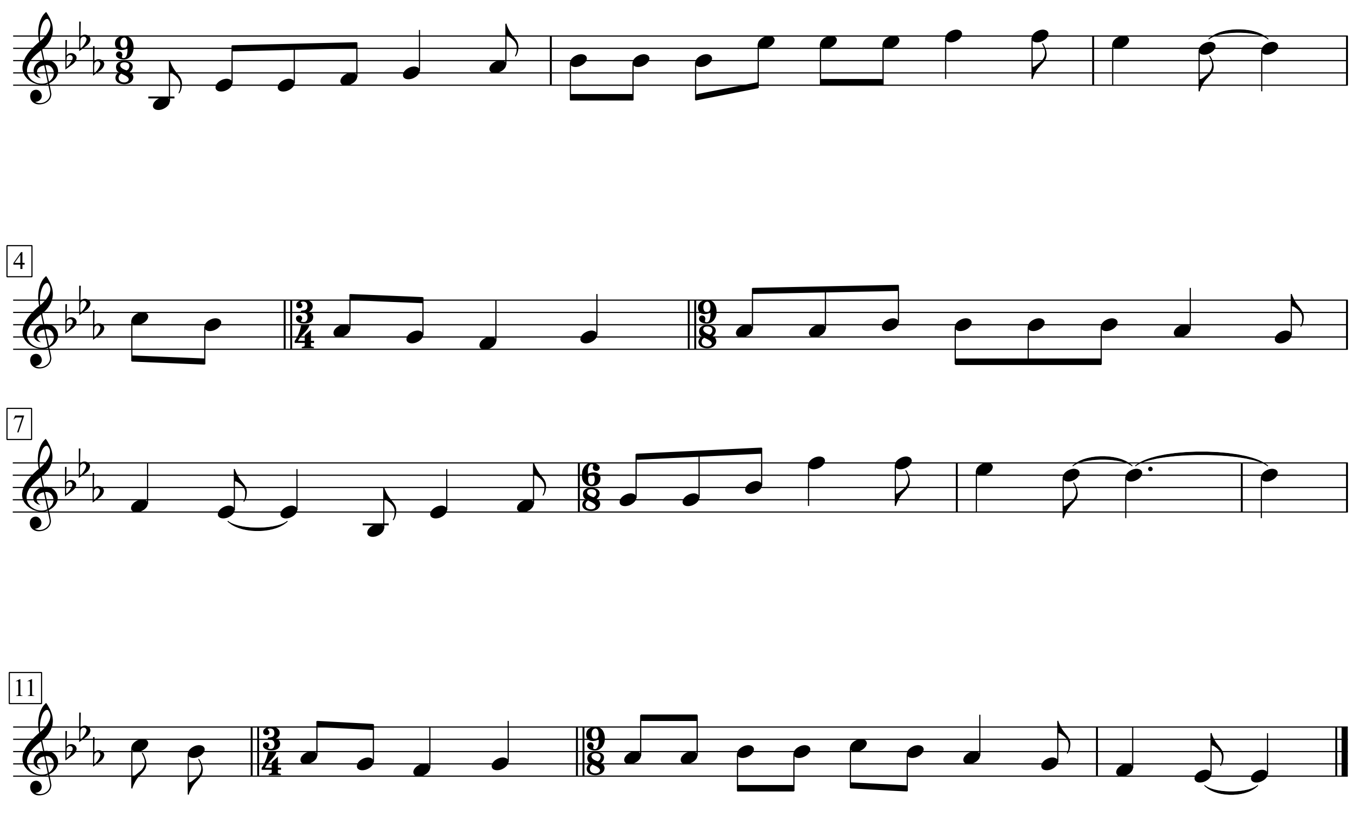
2. Avec leurs mains dessus leur têtes
Ils avaient monté des murettes
Jusqu’au sommet de la colline.
Qu’importe les jours, les années
Ils avaient tous l’âme bien née,
Noueuse comme un pied de vigne.
Les vignes, elles courent dans la forêt.
Le vin ne sera plus tiré.
C’était une horrible piquette,
Mais il faisait des centenaires
À ne plus savoir qu’en faire;
S’il ne vous tournait pas la tête.

Pourtant, Que la montagne est belle!
Comment peut-on s’imaginer
En voyant un vol hirondelles
Que l’automne vient d’arriver?

3. Deux chèvres et puis quelques moutons,
Une année bonne et l’autre non,
Et sans vacances et sans sorties
Les jeunes veulent aller au bal
Il n’y a rien de plus normal
Que de vouloir vivre sa vie.
Leur vie, ils seront flics ou fonctionnaires,
De quoi attendre sans s’en faire
Que l’heure de la retraite sonne.
Il faut savoir ce que l’on aime,
Et, rentré dans son HLM,
Manger du poulet au hormones!

Pourtant, Que la montagne est belle!
Comment peut-on s’imaginer
En voyant un vol hirondelles
Que l’automne vient d’arriver?

La muerte de Lino Zamora
(corrido)

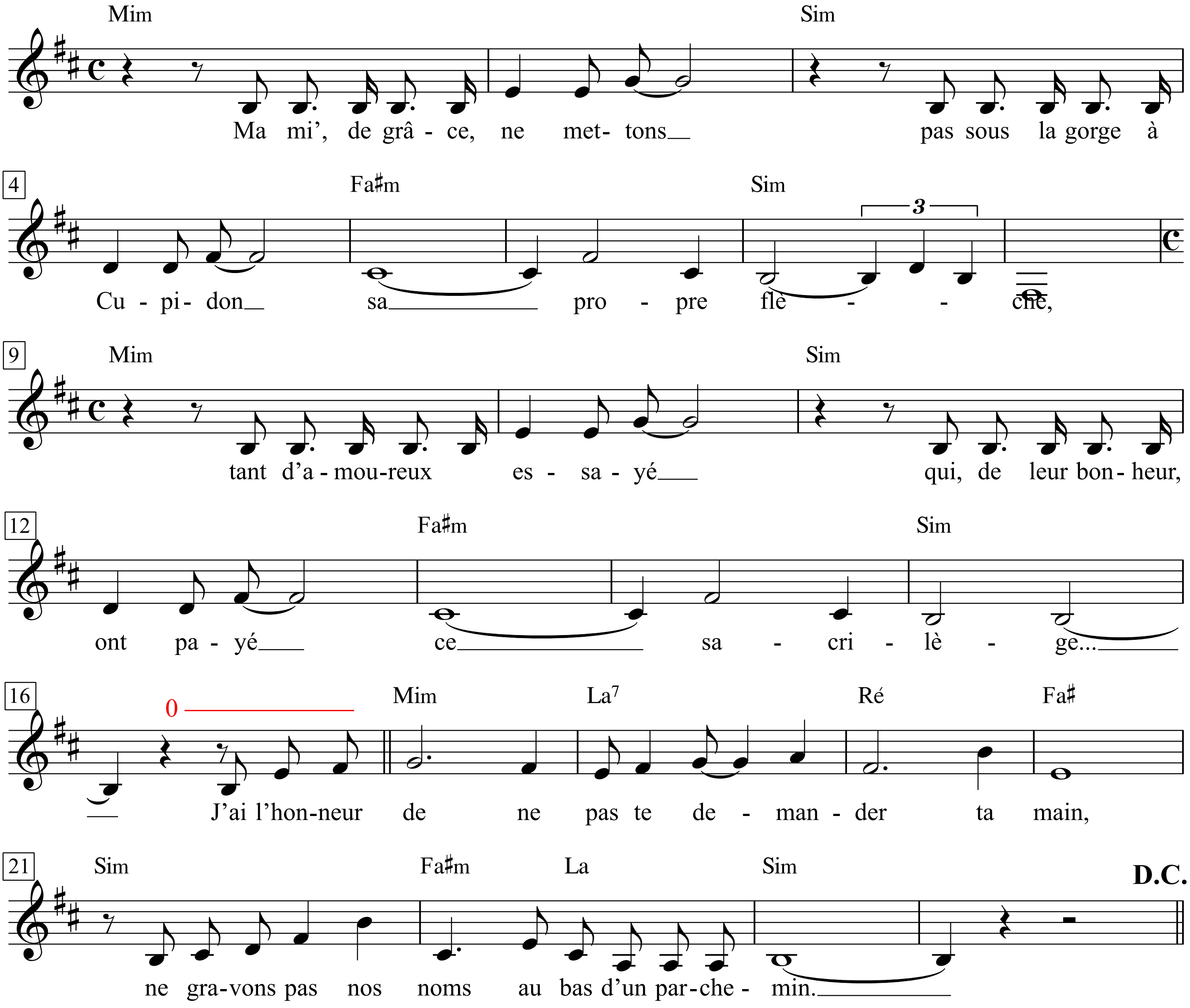


La non-demande en mariage

(Der Heirats-Nichtantrag)

All° Mod°

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Ma mi', de grâce, ne mettons
Pas sous la gorge à Cupidon
Sa propre flèche,
Tant d'amoureux l'ont essayé
Qui, de leur bonheur, ont payé
Ce sacrilège...
Refrain
J'ai l'honneur de
Ne pas te de
mander ta main,
Ne gravons pas
Nos noms au bas
D'un parchemin.

2. Laissons le champ libre à l'oiseau,
Nours serons tous les deux priso-
nniers sur parole,
Au diable, les maîtresses queux
Qui attachent les cœurs aux queu's
Des casseroles!

3. Vénus se fait vieille souvent,
Elle perd son latin devant
La lèche-frite...
A aucun prix, moi, je ne veux
Effeuiller dans le pot-au-feu
La marguerite.

4. On leur ôte bien des attraits,
En dévoilant trop les secrets
De Mélusine.
L'encre des billets doux pâlit
Vite entre les feuillets des li-
vres de cuisine.

5. Il peut sembler de tout repos
De mettre à l'ombre, au fond d'un pot
De confiture,
La joli' pomme défendu',
Mais elle est cuite, elle a perdu
Son goût »nature«.

6. De servante n'ai pas besoin,
Et du ménage et de ses soins
Je te dispense...
Qu'en éternelle fiancée,
A la dame de mes pensée'
Toujours je pense ...

1. Liebste, lass uns bitte nicht
Cupido seinen eigenen Pfeil
in den Rücken bohren;
so viele Liebende haben es versucht
und mit ihrem Glück bezahlt
für dieses Sakrileg.
Refrain
Ich hab die Ehre,
nicht um deine
Hand anzuhalten,
lass uns nicht unsere
Namen auf ein
Pergament schreiben.

2. Lass uns vogelfreien Raum wahren,
wir wollen beide Gefangene
auf Ehrenwort sein;
zum Teufel die Küchenchefinnen,
die Herzen binden an
Kasserollengriffe!

3. Venus sieht oft alt aus,
ist mit ihrem Latein am Ende
bei verschmorten Pfannen ...
Um keinen Preis will ich
die Margerite entblättern
in den Eintopf.

4. Man nimmt ihr viel Reiz,
wenn man zu sehr entblößt die Geheimnisse
von Melusine.
Die Tinte der Liebesbriefe verblasst
schnell zwischen den Seiten
von Kochbüchern.

5. Es mag ganz risikolos scheinen,
in Sicherheit zu bringen
tief in einem Mustopf
die schöne verbotene Frucht,
aber sie ist gekocht, sie hat ihren
natürlichen Geschmack verloren.

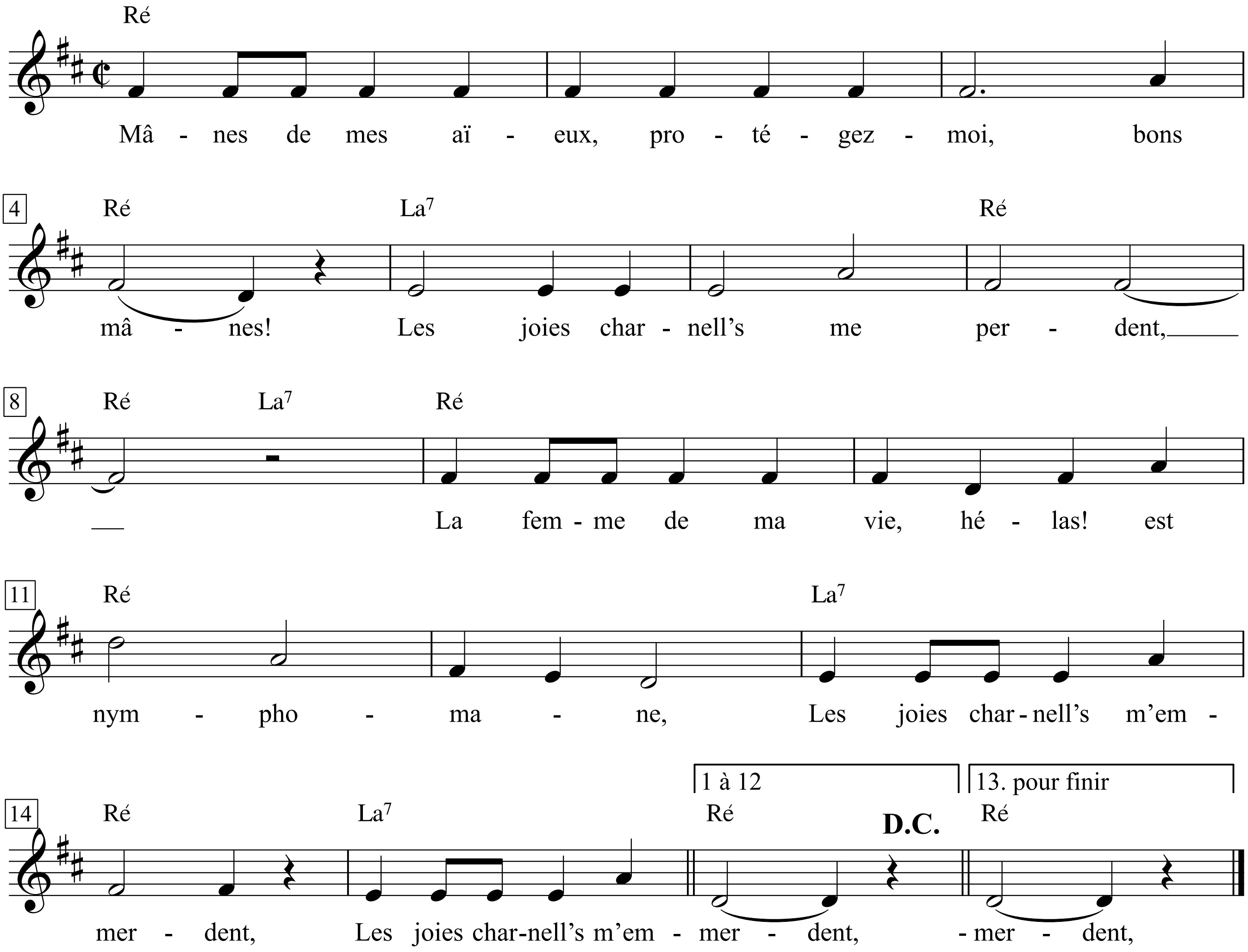
6. Eine Magd brauche ich nicht,
und vom Haushalt und seinen Plagen
entbinde ich dich,
denn an die ewige Verlobte,
die Dame meiner Gedanken
denke ich immer.

La nymphomane

(Die Nymphomanin)

Allegro moderato

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



La nymphomane

Mânes de mes aïeux, protégez-moi, bons mânes!
Les joies charnell's me perdent,
La femme de ma vie, hélas! est nymphomane,
Les joies charnell's m'emmerdent, **(bis)**

Sous couleur de me donner une descendance,
Les joies charnell's me perdent,
Dans l'alcôve ell' me fait passer mon existence,
Les joies charnell's m'emmerdent, **(bis)**

J'ai beau demander grâce, invoquer la migraine,
Les joies charnell's me perdent,
Sur l'autel conjugal, implacable, ell' me traîne,
Les joies charnell's m'emmerdent, **(bis)**

Et je courbe l'échine en déplorant, morose,
Les joies charnell's me perdent,
Qu'on trouv' plus les enfants dans les choux, dans les roses,
Les joies charnell's m'emmerdent, **(bis)**

Et je croque la pomme, après quoi, je dis pouce.
Les joies charnell's me perdent,
Quand la pomme est croquée, de plus belle ell' repousse,
Les joies charnell's m'emmerdent, **(bis)**

Métamorphose inouïe, métempsychose infâme,
Les joies charnell's me perdent,
C'est le tonneau des Danaïd's changé en femme,
Les joies charnell's m'emmerdent, **(bis)**

J'en arrive à souhaiter qu'elle se dévergonde,
Les joies charnell's me perdent,
Qu'elle prenne un amant ou deux qui me secondent,
Les joies charnell's m'emmerdent, **(bis)**

Or, malheureusement, la bougresse est fidèle,
Les joies charnell's me perdent,
Pénélope est une roulure à côté d'elle,
Les joies charnell's m'emmerdent, **(bis)**

Certains à coups de dents creusent leur sépulture,
Les joies charnell's me perdent,
Moi j'use d'un outil de tout autre nature,
Les joies charnell's m'emmerdent, **(bis)**

Après que vous m'aurez emballé dans la bière,
Les joies charnell's me perdent,
Prenez la précaution de bien sceller la pierre,
Les joies charnell's m'emmerdent, **(bis)**

Car, même mort, je devrais céder à ses rites,
Les joies charnell's me perdent,
Et mes os n'auraient pas le repos qu'ils méritent,
Les joies charnell's m'emmerdent, **(bis)**

Qu'on m'incinèr' plutôt! Ell' n'os'ra pas descendre,
Les joies charnell's me perdent,
Sacrifier à Vénus avec ma pauvre cendre,
Les joies charnell's m'emmerdent, **(bis)**

Mânes de mes aïeux, protégez-moi, bons mânes!
Les joies charnell's me perdent,
La femme de ma vie, hélas! est nymphomane,
Les joies charnell's m'emmerdent, **(bis)**

Die Nymphomanin

Manen meiner Ahnen, steht mir bei, gute Manen!
Die Freuden des Fleisches bringen mich um,
die Frau meines Lebens, weh!, ist Nymphomanin.
Die Freuden des Fleisches kotzen mich an. (bis)

Unter dem Vorwand, mir Nachkommen zu verschaffen,
die Freuden des Fleisches bringen mich um,
lässt sie mich das Leben im Alkoven zubringen.
Die Freuden des Fleisches kotzen mich an. (bis)

Ich kann um Gnade bitten, mich auf Migräne berufen,
die Freuden des Fleisches bringen mich um,
unerbittlich schleift sie mich zum ehelichen Pfühl.
Die Freuden des Fleisches kotzen mich an. (bis)

Und ich beuge mich, beweine dabei verdrossen,
die Freuden des Fleisches bringen mich um,
dass man Kinder nicht mehr vom Storch kriegt.
Die Freuden des Fleisches kotzen mich an. (bis)

Und ich beiß in den sauren Apfel, dann sag ich Halt,
die Freuden des Fleisches bringen mich um,
aber sobald der Apfel gegessen ist, wächst er wieder nach.
Die Freuden des Fleisches kotzen mich an. (bis)

Unerhörte Metamorphose, infame Seelenwanderung,
die Freuden des Fleisches bringen mich um,
sie ist das Danaergeschenk, fraugeworden.
Die Freuden des Fleisches kotzen mich an. (bis)

Manchmal wünschte ich, sie verlöre alle Scham,
die Freuden des Fleisches bringen mich um,
nähme einen oder zwei Liebhaber, die mir sekundieren könnten.
Die Freuden des Fleisches kotzen mich an. (bis)

Aber leider ist das Luder treu,
die Freuden des Fleisches bringen mich um,
verglichen mit ihr ist Penelope eine Nutte.
Die Freuden des Fleisches kotzen mich an. (bis)

Manche graben sich mit den Zähnen verfressen ein Grab,
die Freuden des Fleisches bringen mich um,
ich benutze ein gänzlich andersartiges Werkzeug.
Die Freuden des Fleisches kotzen mich an. (bis)

Wenn ihr mich in den Sarg gestopft habt,
die Freuden des Fleisches bringen mich um,
versiegelt bitte vorsichtshalber den Stein.
Die Freuden des Fleisches kotzen mich an. (bis)

Sonst muss ich noch als Toter ihre Riten mitvollziehen,
die Freuden des Fleisches bringen mich um,
und meine Knochen finden nicht die verdiente Ruhe.
Die Freuden des Fleisches kotzen mich an. (bis)

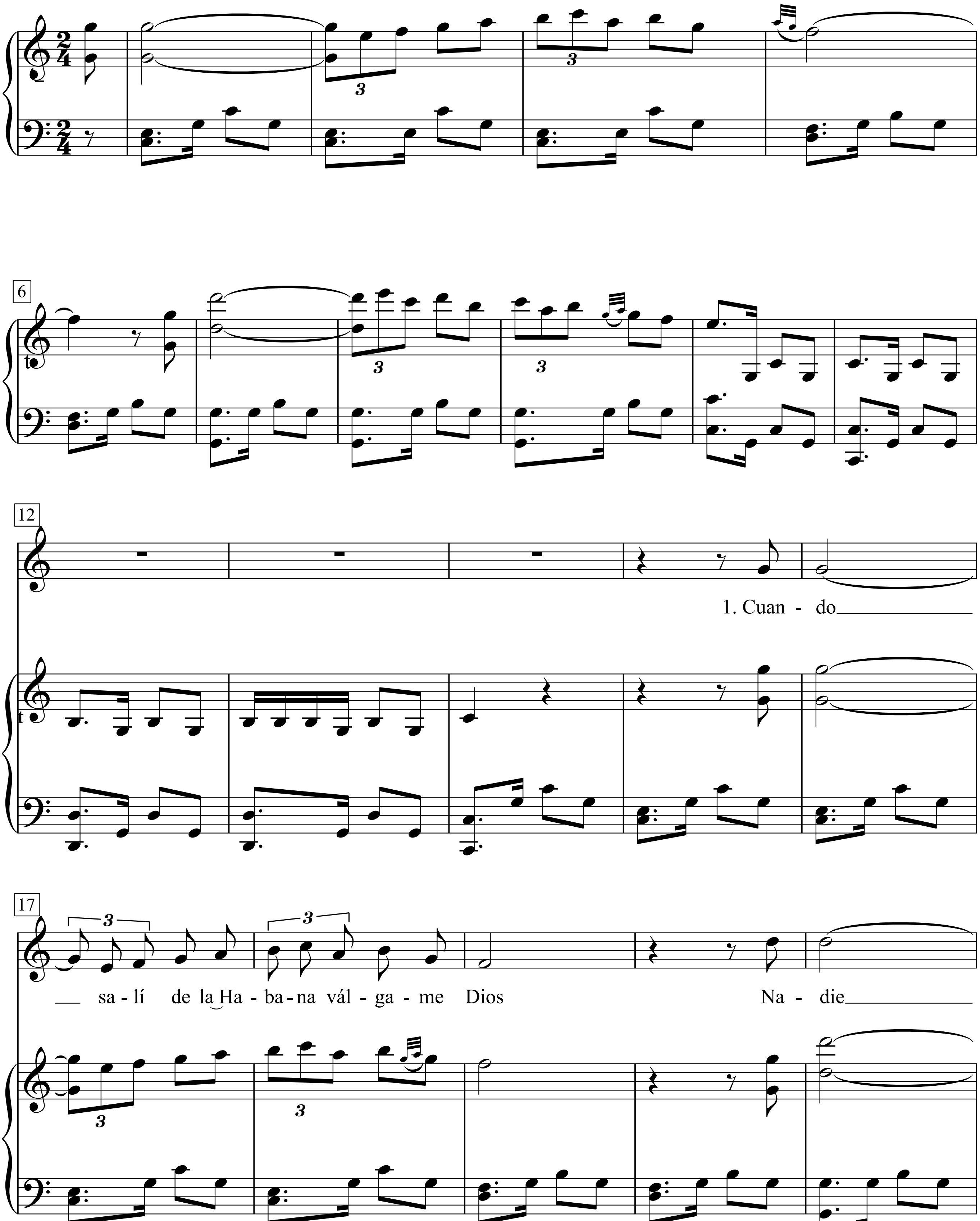
Am besten äschert mich ein! Sie wird nicht wagen, einzusteigen,
die Freuden des Fleisches bringen mich um,
und Venus mit meiner Asche zu opfern.
Die Freuden des Fleisches kotzen mich an. (bis)

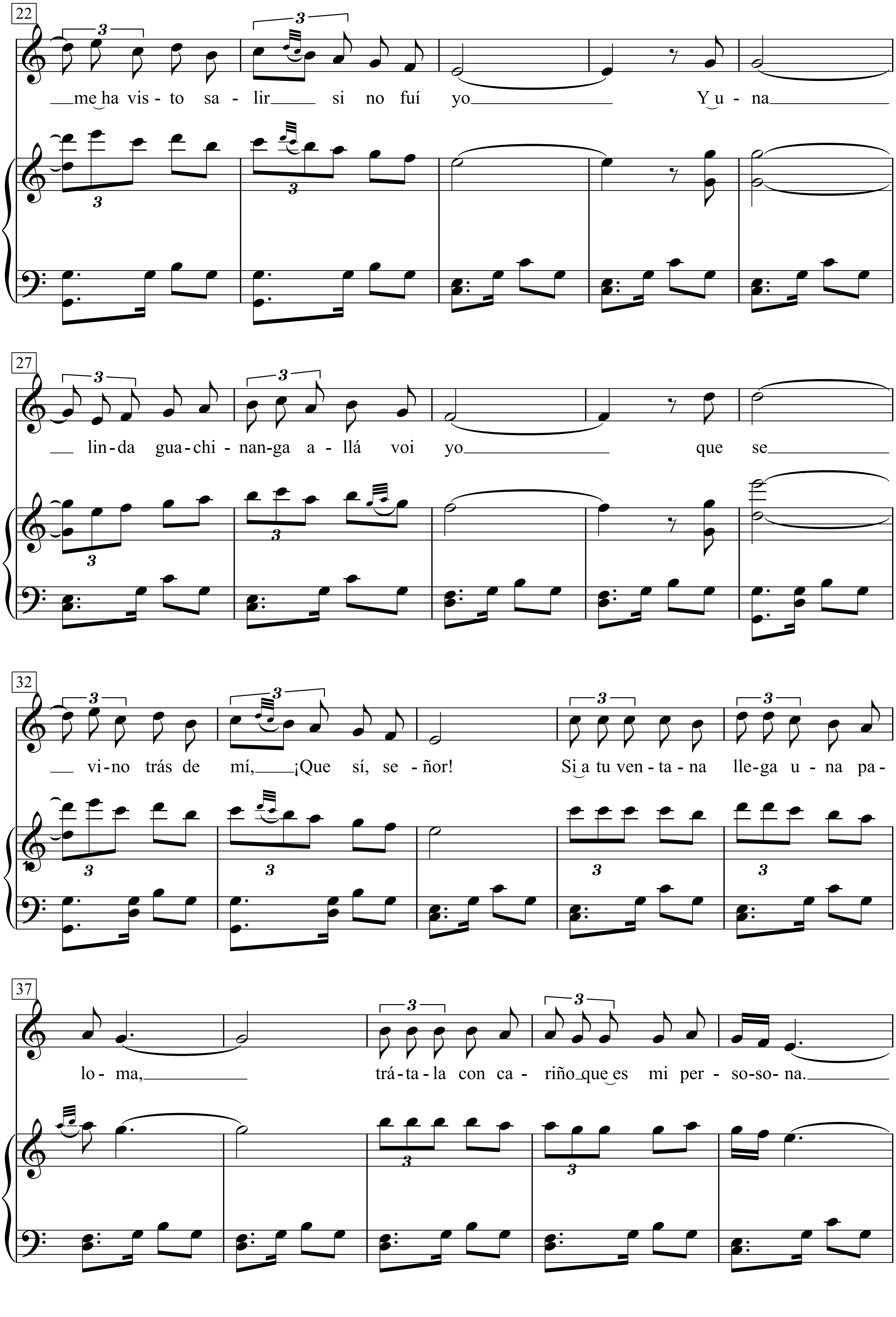
Manen meiner Ahnen, steht mir bei, gute Manen!
Die Freuden des Fleisches bringen mich um,
die Frau meines Lebens, weh!, ist Nymphomanin.
Die Freuden des Fleisches kotzen mich an. (bis)

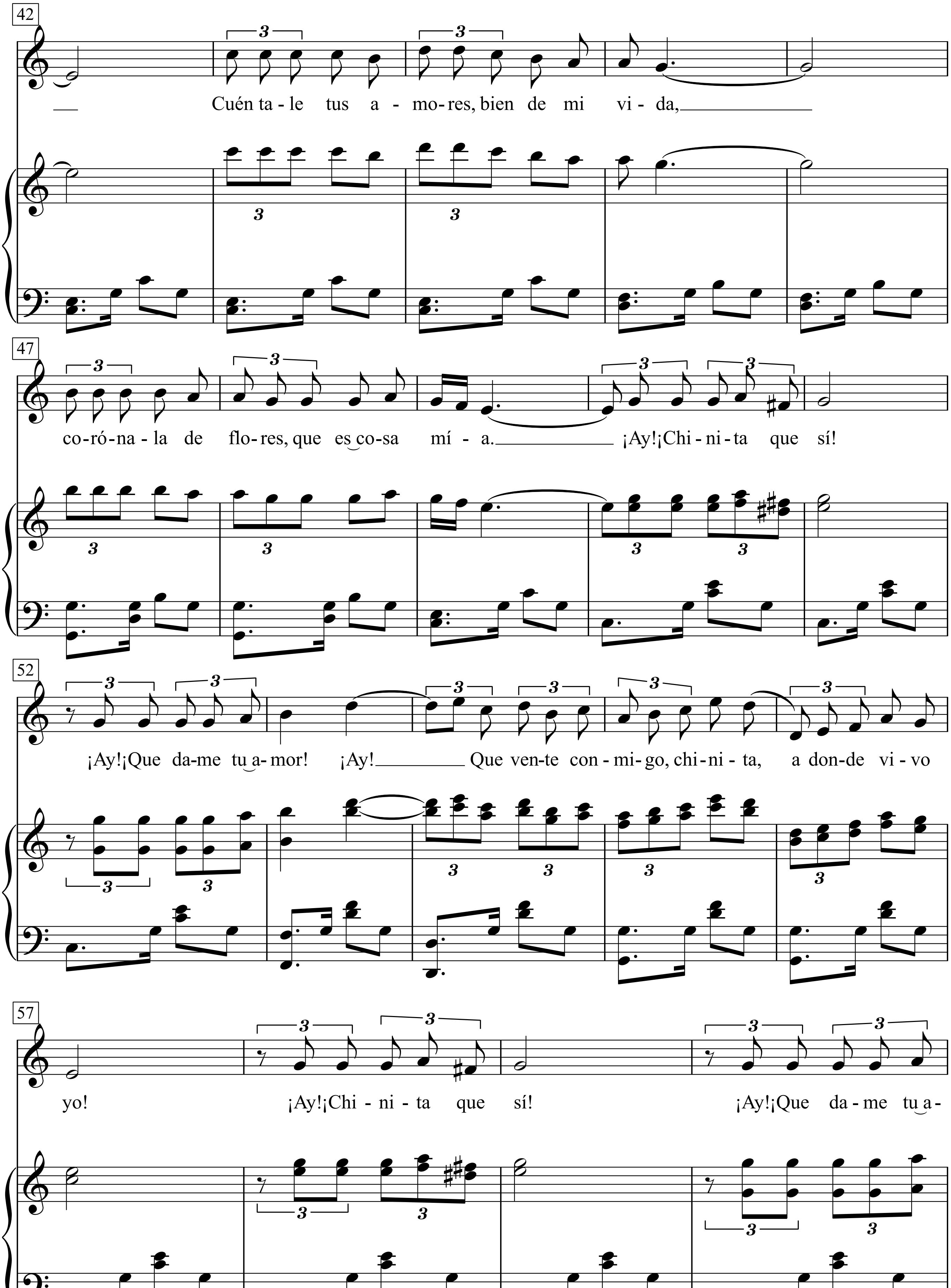
La paloma

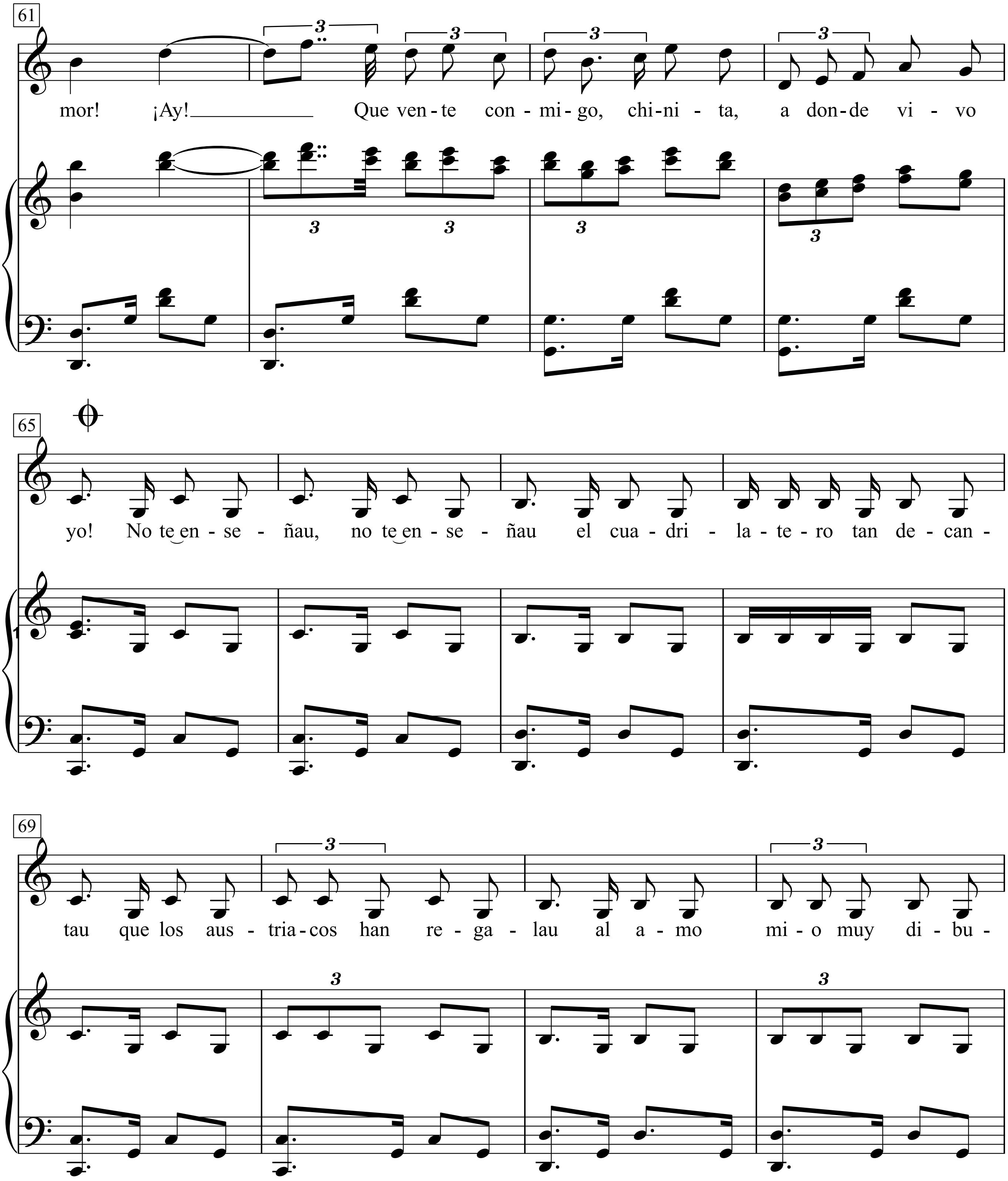
Sebastián de Yradier (1809–1865)

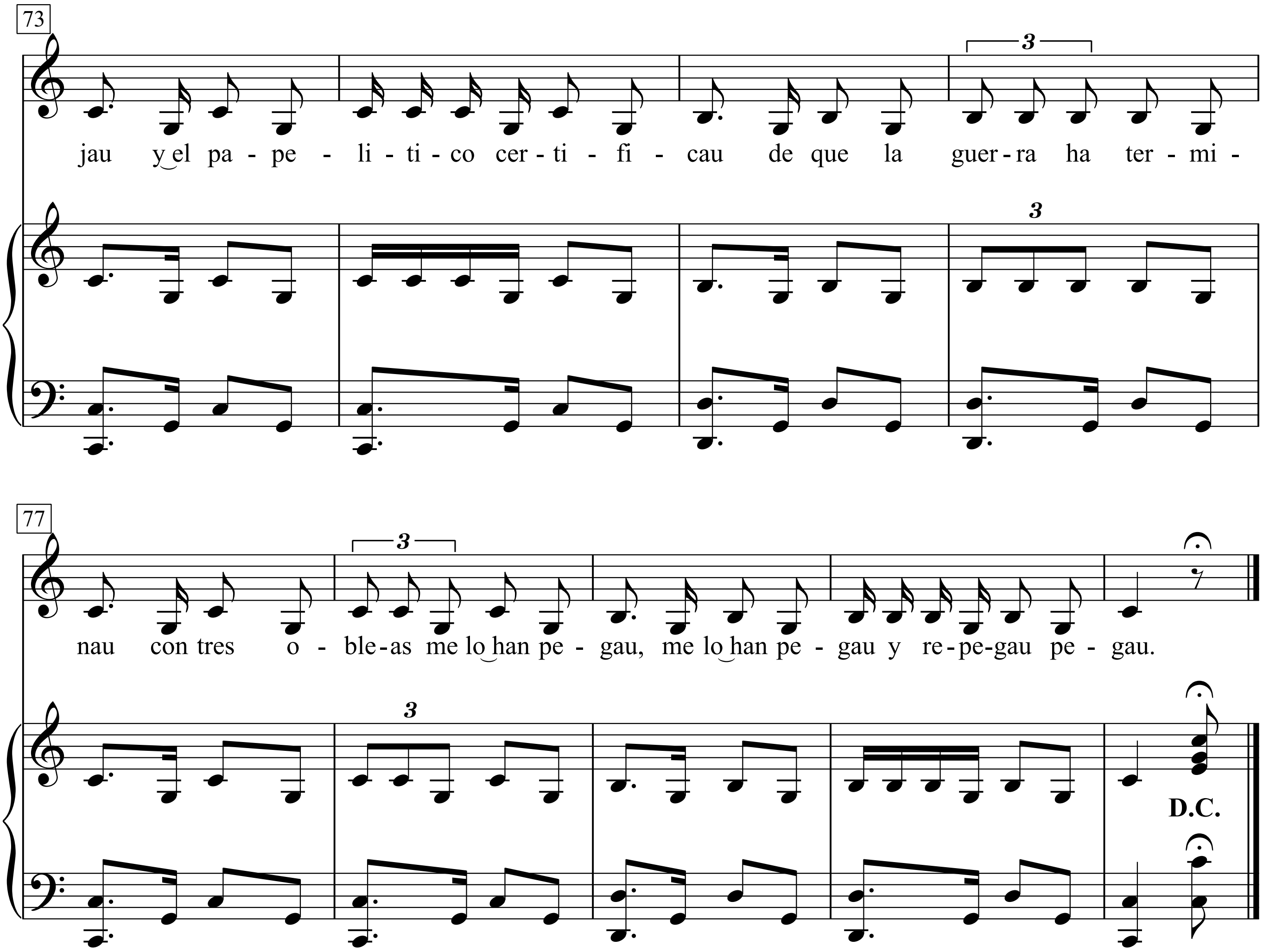
Allegretto




22
me ha vis - to sa - lir si no fuí yo Y u - na
27
lin - da gua - chi - nan - ga a - llá voi yo que se
32
vi - no trás de mí, ¡Que sí, se - ñor! Si a tu ven - ta - na lle - ga u - na pa -
37
lo - ma, trá - ta - la con ca - riño que es mi per - so - so - na.


42
Cuén ta - le tus a - mo - res, bien de mi vi - da,
47
co - ró - na - la de flo - res, que es co - sa mí - a. ¡Ay! ¡Chi - ni - ta que sí!
52
¡Ay! ¡Que da - me tu a - mor! ¡Ay! Que ven - te con - mi - go, chi - ni - ta, a don - de vi - vo
57
yo! ¡Ay! ¡Chi - ni - ta que sí! ¡Ay! ¡Que da - me tu a -


61
mor! ¡Ay! Que ven-te con-mi-go, chi-ni-ta, a don-de vi-vo
65
yo! No te en-se-ñau, no te en-se-ñau el cua-dri-la-te-ro tan de-can-
69
tau que los aus-tria-cos han re-ga-lau al a-mo mi-o muy di-bu-


73
jau y el pa - pe - li - ti - co cer - ti - fi - cau de que la guer - ra ha ter - mi -
3
3
77
nau con tres o - ble - as me lo han pe - gau, me lo han pe - gau y re - pe - gau pe - gau.
3
3
D.C.

1. Cuando salí de la Habana,
¡Válgame Dios!
Nadie me ha visto salir
si no fui yo,
y una linda Guachinanga
Sí, allá voy yo,
que se vino tras de mí,
¡Que sí, señor!

Coro:
Si a tu ventana llega
una Paloma,
trátala con cariño
que es mi persona.
Cuéntale tus amores,
bien de mi vida,
corónala de flores
que es cosa mía.
¡Ay! ¡Chinita que sí!
¡Ay! ¡Que dame tu amor!
¡Ay! Que vente conmigo,
chinita, a donde vivo yo!

2. El día que nos casemos
¡Válgame Dios!
En la semana que hay ir,
me hace reír,
desde la Iglesia juntitos,
que sí señor,
nos iremos a dormir.
Allá voy yo.
(Coro)

3. Cuando el curita nos eche
la bendición
en la iglesia Catedral
allá voy yo,
yo te daré la manita
con mucho amor
y el cura dos hisopazos.
¡Que sí, señor!
(Coro)
4.
Cuando haya pasado tiempo
¡Válgame Dios!
De que estemos casaditos
pues sí señor,
lo menos tendremos siete,
¡Y que furor!
O quince guachinanguitos…
¡Allá voy yo!

Als ich Havanna verließ,
oh mein Gott,
sah keiner mich weggehen
außer mir.
Und eine schöne Guachinanga,
Herrgott,
kam hinter mir her,
so war es, mein Herr.

Wenn an dein Fenster
eine Taube kommt,
so behandle sie zärtlich,
denn das bin ich.
Erzähl ihr von deinen Lieben,
mein Schatz,
schmücke sie mit Blumen,
so wie es mir gefällt.

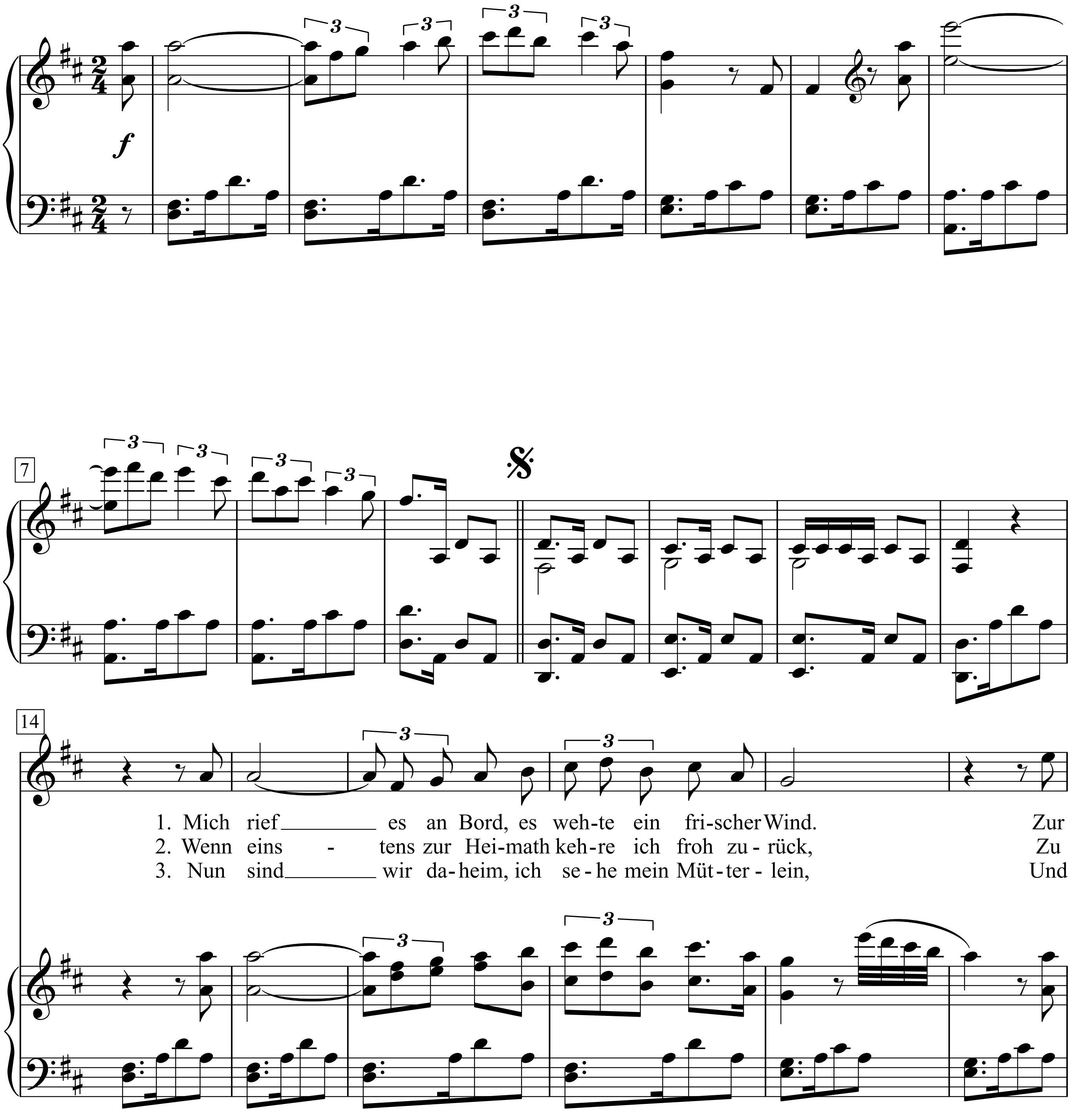
Noten! 1.Cuando salí de la Habana,
¡Válgame Dios
Nadie me ha visto salir
si no fuí yo
Y una linda guachinanga
allá voi yo
que se vino trás de mí,
¡Que sí, señor!
Si a tu ventana llega
una paloma,
trátala con cariño
que es mi persona.
Cuéntale tus amores,
bien de mi vida,
corónala de flores,
que es cosa mía.
¡Ay¡ ¡Chinita que sí!
¡Ay!¡Que dame tu amor!
¡Ay¡ Que vente conmigo,
chinita, a donde vivo yo!

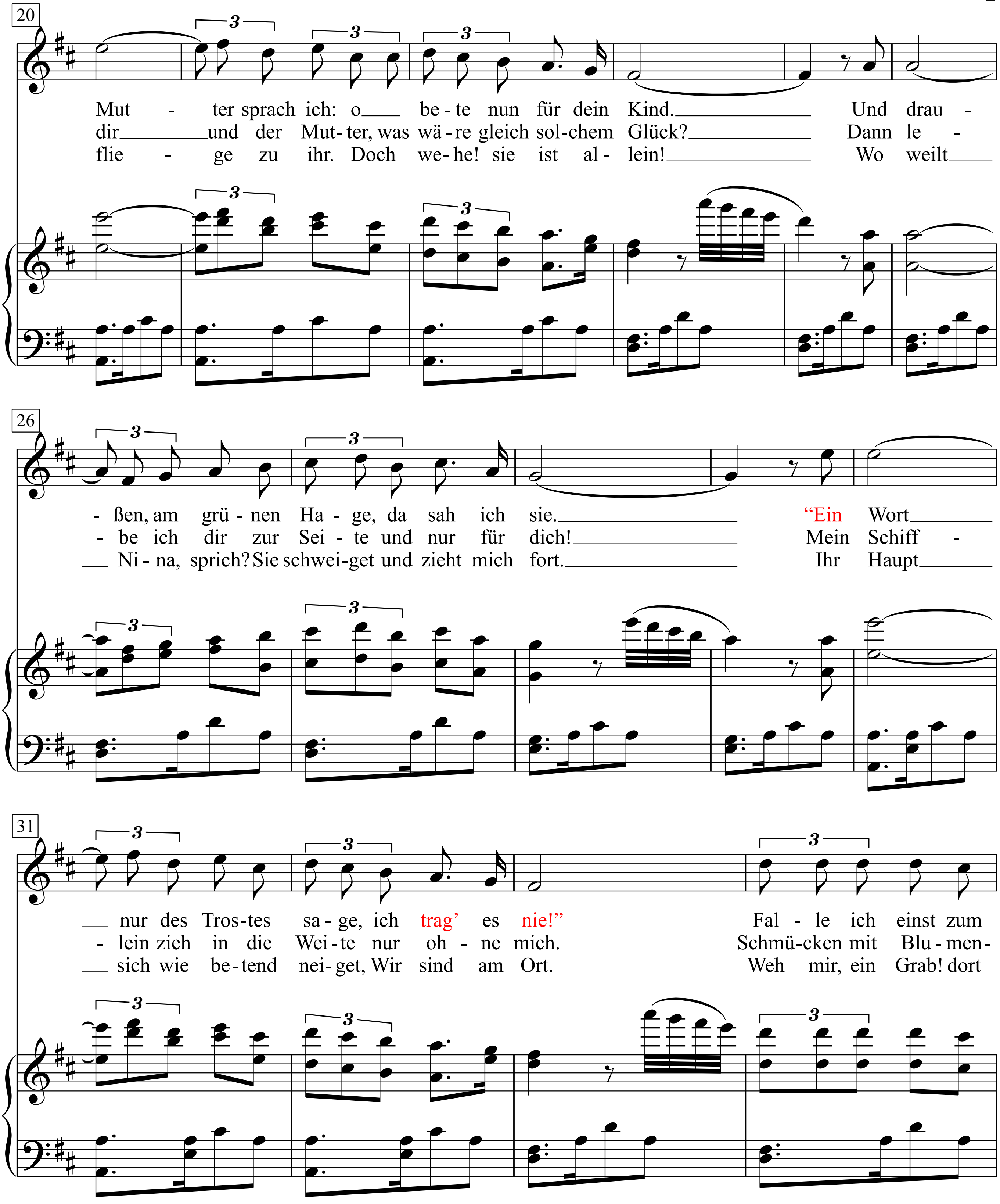
¡Ay! ¡Chinita que sí!
¡Ay! ¡Que dame tu amor!
¡Ay! Que vente conmigo,
chinita, a donde vivo yo!

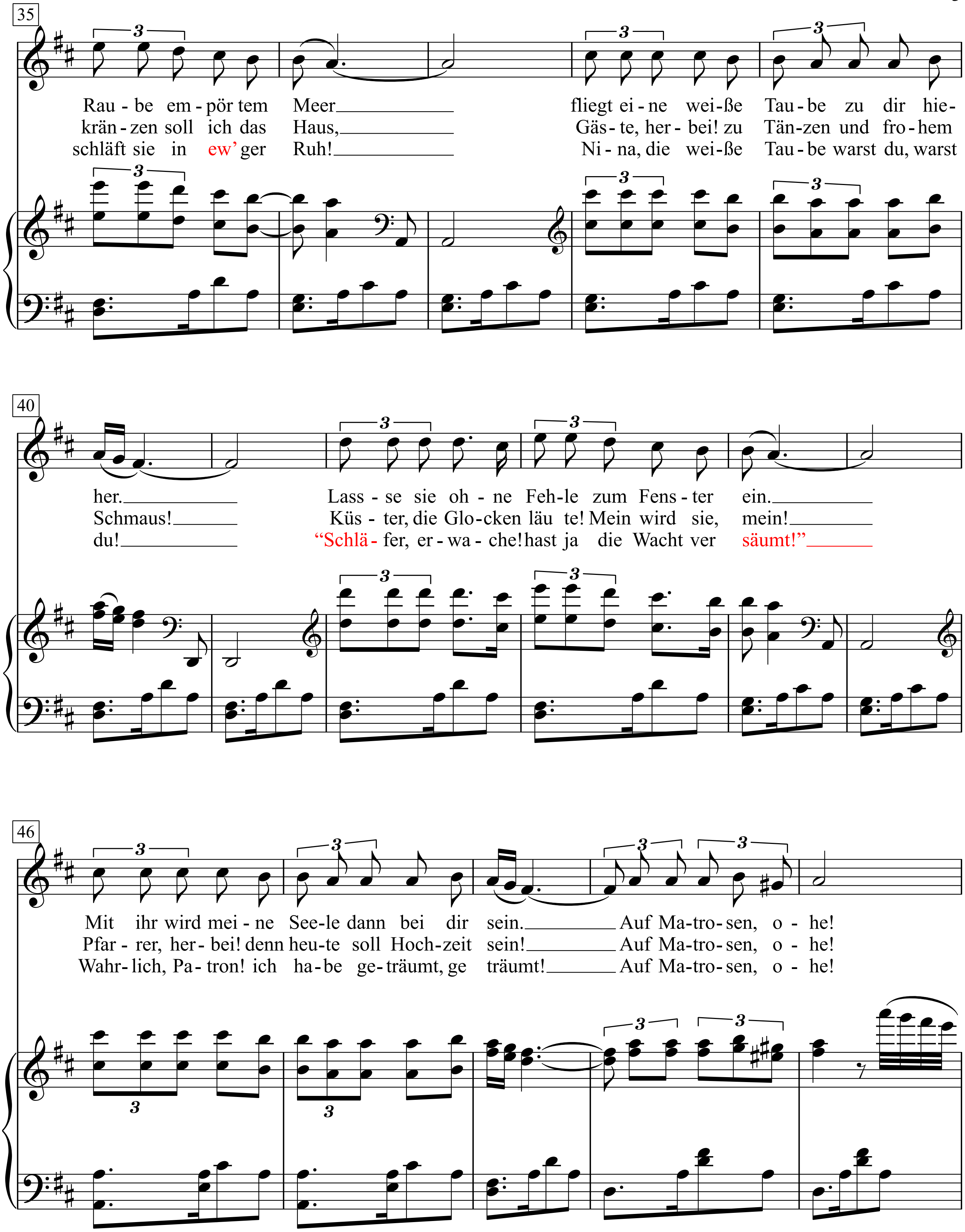
No te enseñau, no te enseñau
el cuadrilatero tan decantau
que los austriacos han regalau
al amo mio muy dibujau
y el papelitico certificau
de que la guerra ha terminau
con tres obleas me lo han pegau,
me lo han pegau y repegau pegau.

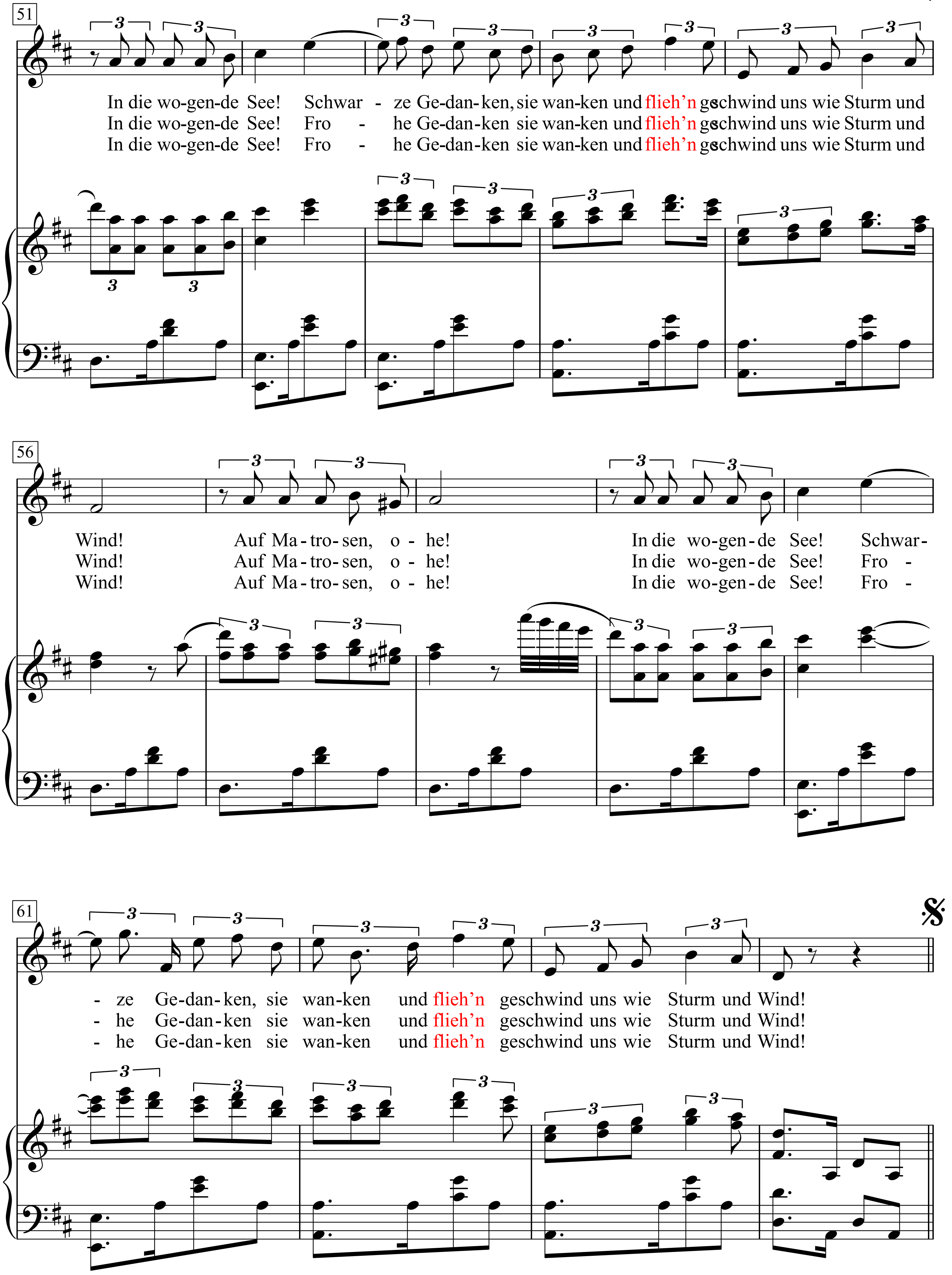
La Paloma

Sebastián de Yradier




20
Mut - ter sprach ich: o be-te nun für dein Kind. Und drau -
dir und der Mut-ter, was wä-re gleich sol-chem Glück? Dann le -
flie - ge zu ihr. Doch we-he! sie ist al-lein! Wo weilt
26
- ßen, am grü-nen Ha-ge, da sah ich sie. "Ein Wort
- be ich dir zur Sei-te und nur für dich! Mein Schiff -
Ni-na, sprich? Sie schwei-get und zieht mich fort. Ihr Haupt
31
nur des Tros-tes sa-ge, ich trag' es nie!" Fal-le ich einst zum
- lein zieh in die Wei-te nur oh-ne mich. Schmü-cken mit Blu-men-
sich wie be-tend nei-get, Wir sind am Ort. Weh mir, ein Grab! dort

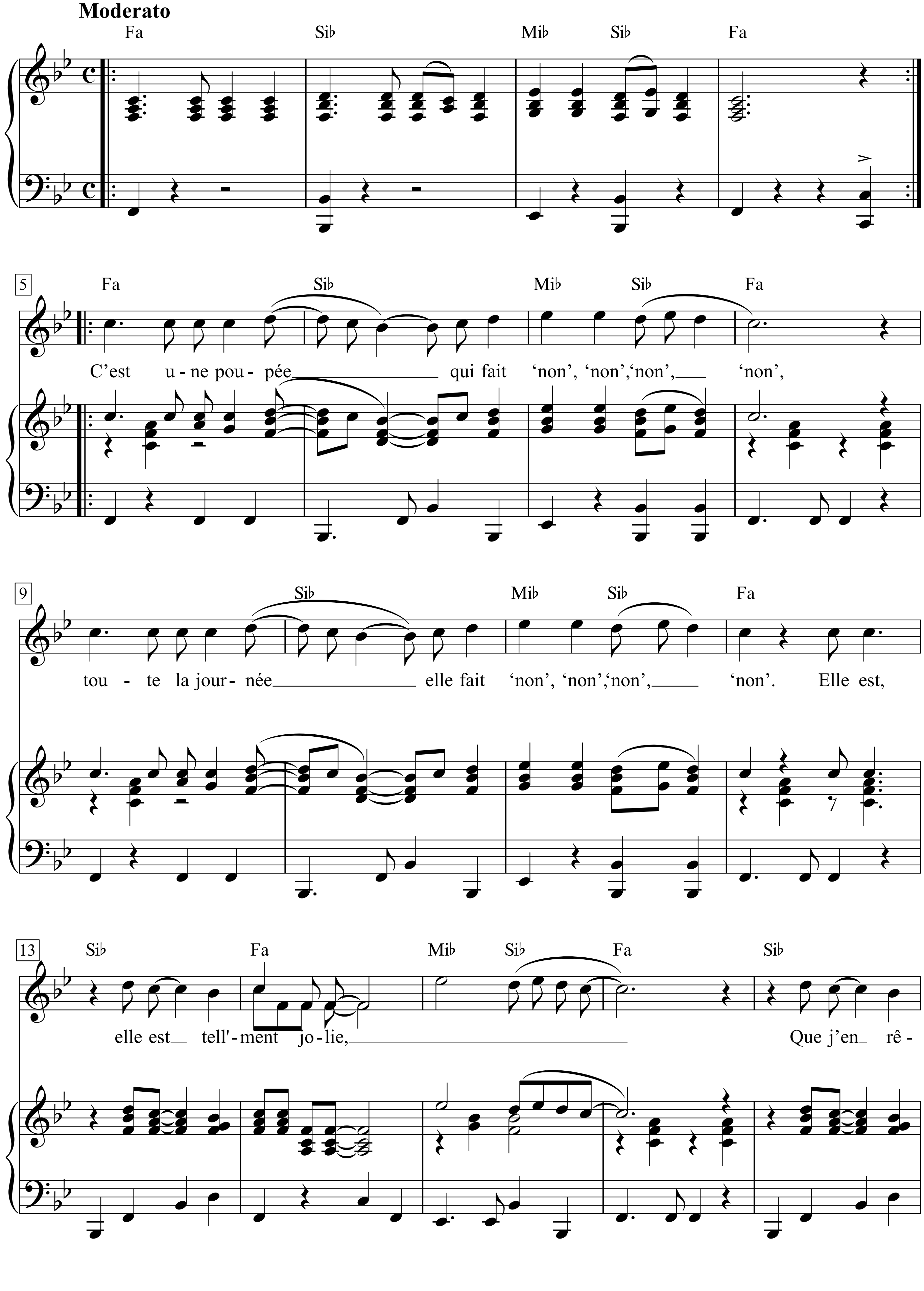

35
Rau - be em - pör tem Meer fliegt ei - ne wei - ße Tau - be zu dir hie-
krän - zen soll ich das Haus, Gäs - te, her - bei! zu Tän - zen und fro - hem
schläft sie in ew' ger Ruh! Ni - na, die wei - ße Tau - be warst du, warst
40
her. Lass - se sie oh - ne Feh - le zum Fens - ter ein.
Schmaus! Küs - ter, die Glo - cken läu te! Mein wird sie, mein!
du! "Schlä - fer, er - wa - che! hast ja die Wacht ver säumt!"
46
Mit ihr wird mei - ne See - le dann bei dir sein. Auf Ma - tro - sen, o - he!
Pfar - rer, her - bei! denn heu - te soll Hoch - zeit sein! Auf Ma - tro - sen, o - he!
Wahr - lich, Pa - tron! ich ha - be ge - träumt, ge träumt! Auf Ma - tro - sen, o - he!

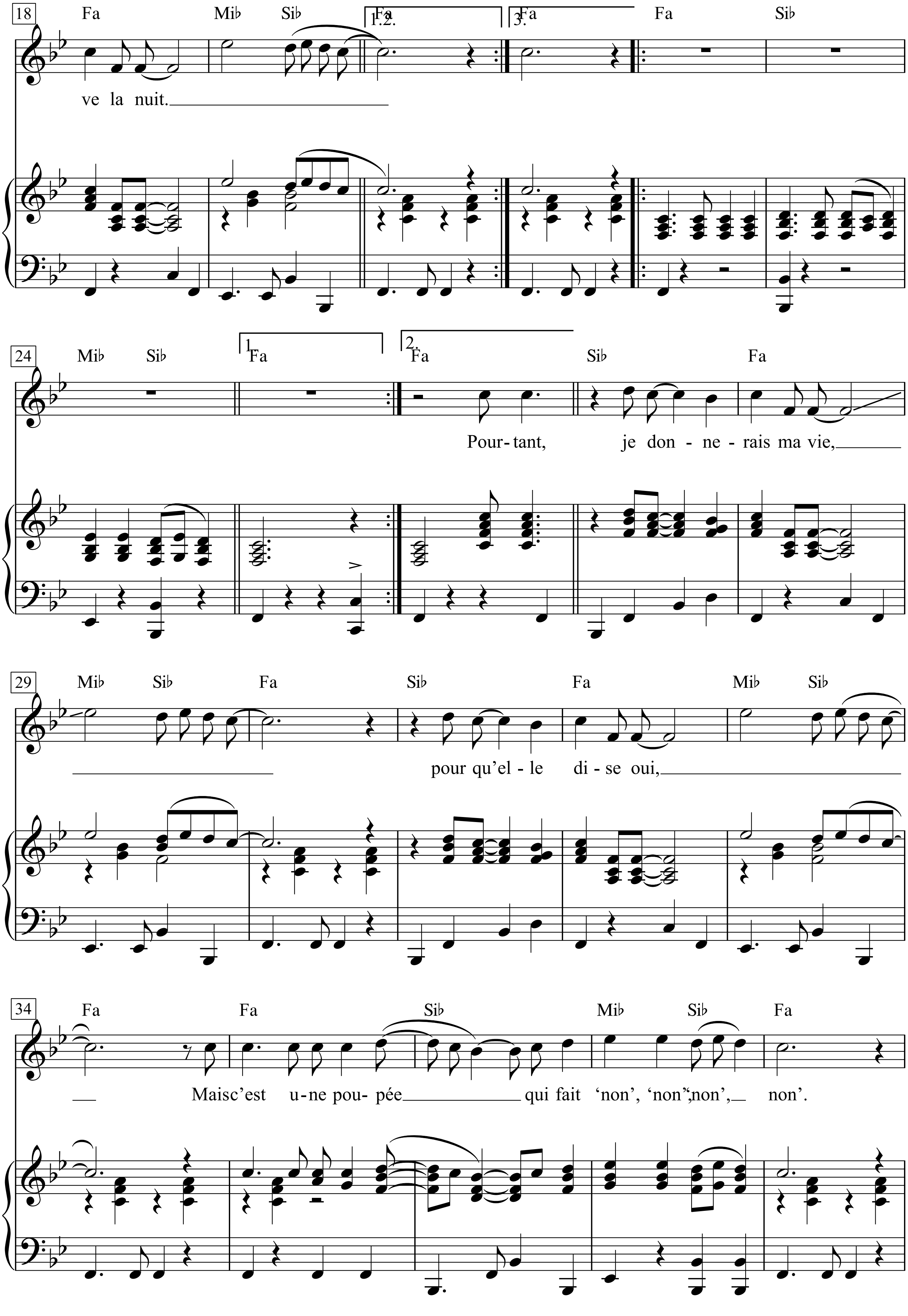

51
In die wo-gen-de See! Schwar - ze Ge-dan-ken, sie wan-ken und flieh'n geschwind uns wie Sturm und
In die wo-gen-de See! Fro - he Ge-dan-ken sie wan-ken und flieh'n geschwind uns wie Sturm und
In die wo-gen-de See! Fro - he Ge-dan-ken sie wan-ken und flieh'n geschwind uns wie Sturm und
56
Wind! Auf Ma-tro-sen, o - he! In die wo-gen-de See! Schwar-
Wind! Auf Ma-tro-sen, o - he! In die wo-gen-de See! Fro -
Wind! Auf Ma-tro-sen, o - he! In die wo-gen-de See! Fro -
61
- ze Ge-dan-ken, sie wan-ken und flieh'n geschwind uns wie Sturm und Wind!
- he Ge-dan-ken sie wan-ken und flieh'n geschwind uns wie Sturm und Wind!
- he Ge-dan-ken sie wan-ken und flieh'n geschwind uns wie Sturm und Wind!

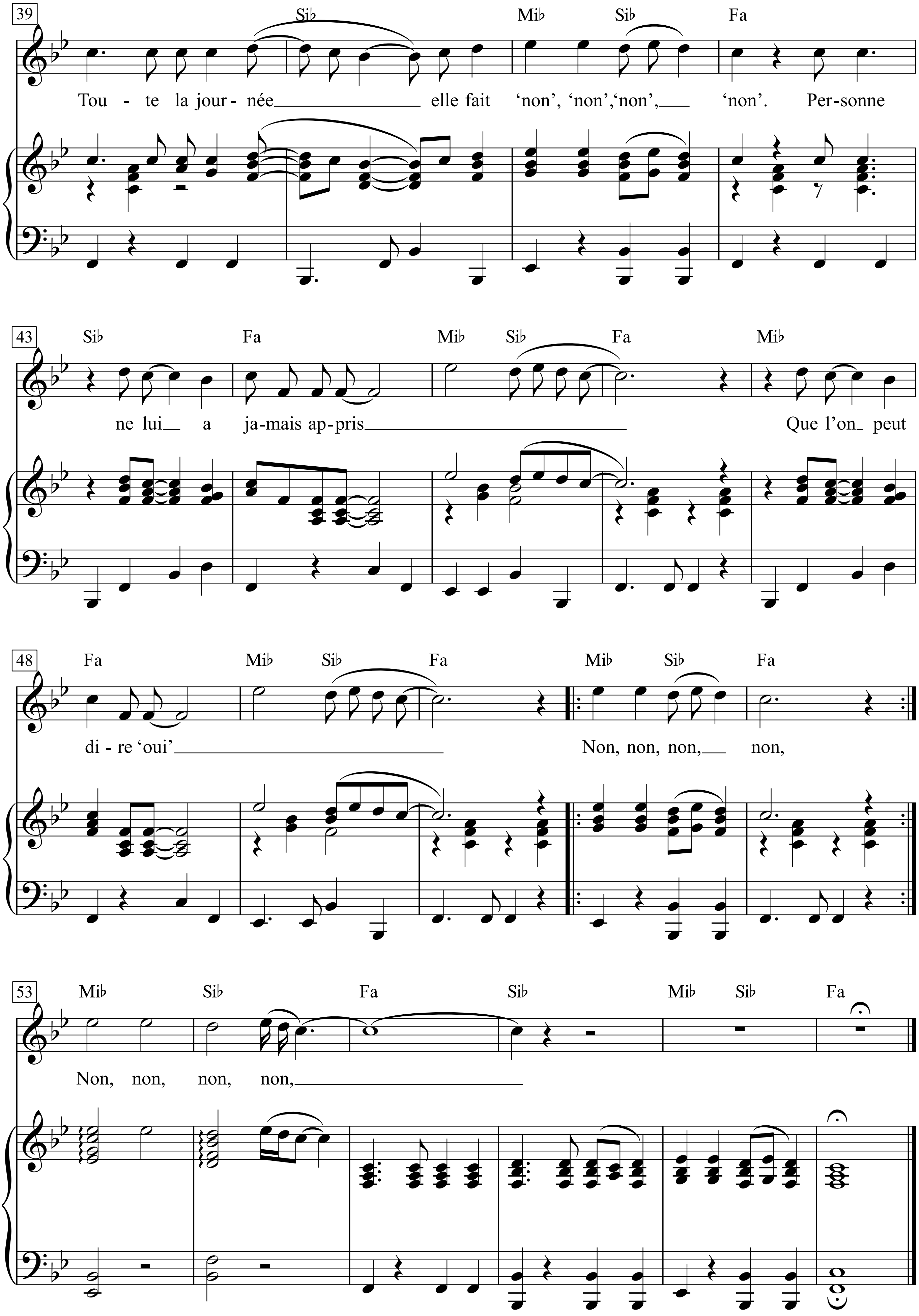
La poupée qui fait non

Paroles de Frank Gérald

Musique de Michel Polnareff




18
Fa Mi♭ Si♭ Fa Fa Fa Si♭
1.2.
3.
ve la nuit.
24
Mi♭ Si♭ Fa Fa Si♭ Fa
1
2.
Pour- tant, je don - ne - rais ma vie,
29
Mi♭ Si♭ Fa Si♭ Fa Mi♭ Si♭
pour qu'el - le di - se oui,
34
Fa Fa Si♭ Mi♭ Si♭ Fa
Mais c'est u - ne pou - pée qui fait 'non', 'non', 'non', non'.

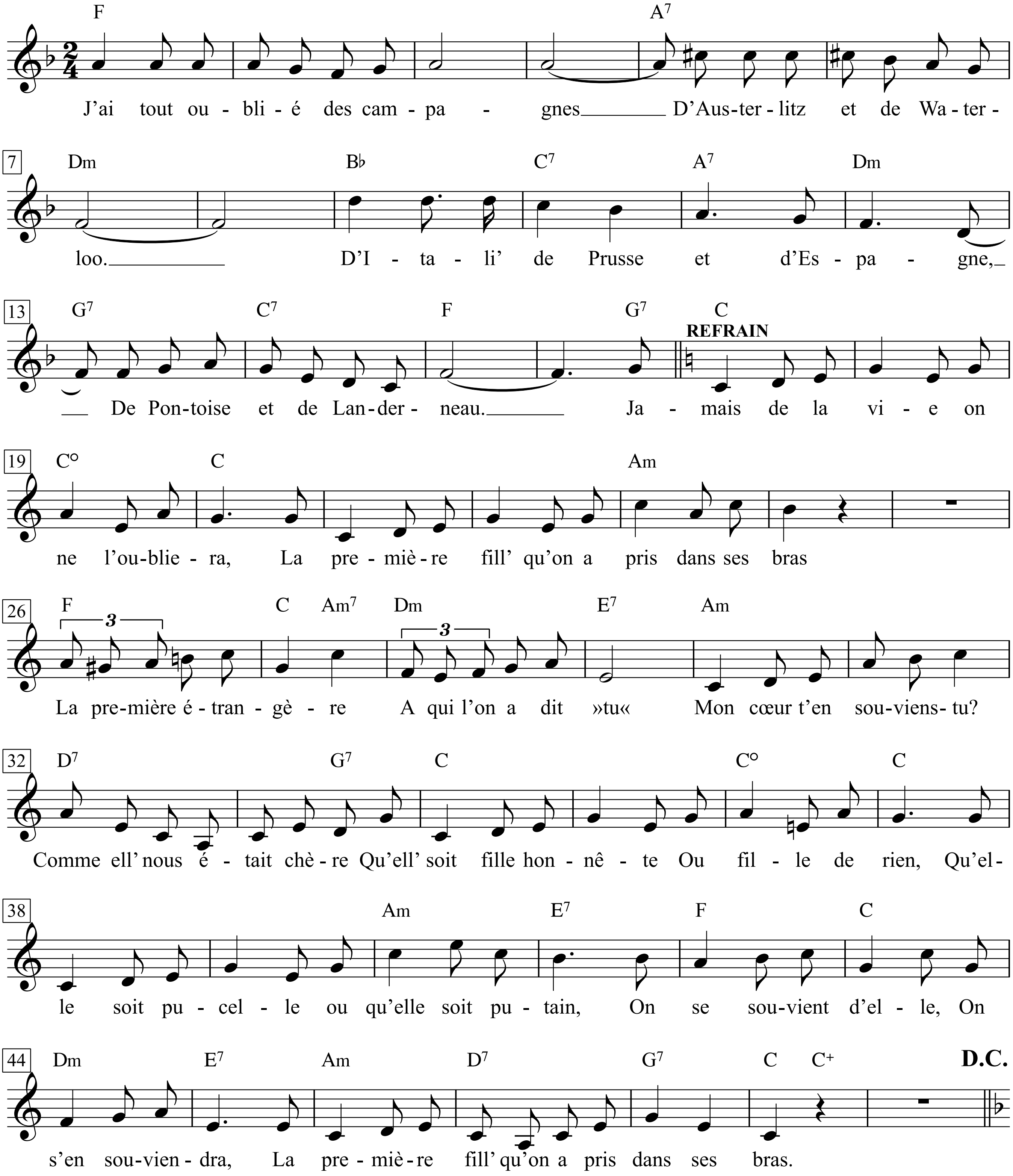

39
Sib Mib Sib Fa
Tou - te la jour - née elle fait 'non', 'non','non', 'non'. Per-sonne
43
Sib Fa Mib Sib Fa Mib
ne lui a ja-mais ap-pris Que l'on peut
48
Fa Mib Sib Fa Mib Sib Fa
di - re 'oui' Non, non, non, non,
53
Mib Sib Fa Sib Mib Sib Fa
Non, non, non, non,

La première fille

(Die Erste)

Allegretto

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. J'ai tout oublié des campagnes
D'Austerlitz et de Waterloo,
D'Itali', de Prusse et d'Espagne,
De Pontoise et de Landerneau!

1. Ich hab die Schlachten all vergessen,
Austerlitz so wie Waterloo,
die in Italien, Preußen, Spanien,
die von Pontoise, von Landerneau!

2. Jamais de la vie
On ne l'oubliera,
La première fill'
Qu'on a pris' dans ses bras,
La première étrangère
A qui l'on a dit »tu«
Mon cœur, t'en souviens-tu?
Comme ell' nous était chère ...
Qu'ell' soit fille honnête
Ou fille de rien,
Qu'elle soit pucelle
Ou qu'elle soit putain,
On se souvient d'elle,
On s'en souviendra,
D'la premièr' fill'
Qu'on a pris' dans ses bras.

2. Nie im Leben
vergisst man
die erste,
die man in die Arme nahm,
die erste Fremde,
zu der man »du« gesagt hat;
Herz, weißt du noch,
wie teuer sie uns war?
Ob sie aus gutem Haus ist
oder aus der Gosse,
ob sie Jungfrau ist
oder Nutte,
man erinnert sich,
wird sich immer erinnern an
die erste,
die man in die Arme nahm.

3. Ils sont partis à tire-d'aile
Mes souvenirs de la Suzon,
Et ma mémoire est infidèle
A Juli', Rosette ou Lison!

3. Sie ist wie Zugvögel verflogen,
meine Erinnerung an Suzon,
und mein Gedächtnis ist ganz treulos
zu Julie, Rosette und Lison!

4. Jamais de la vie
On ne l'oubliera,
La première fill'
Qu'on a pris' dans ses bras,
C'était un' bonne affaire
Mon cœur, t'en souviens-tu?
J'ai changé ma vertu
Contre une primevère ...
Qu' ce soit en grand' pompe
Comme les gens »bien«,
Ou bien dans la ru',
Comm' les pauvre' et les chiens,
On se souvient d'elle,
On s'en souviendra,
D'la premièr' fill'
Qu'on a pris' dans ses bras.

4. Nie im Leben
vergisst man
die erste,
die man in die Arme nahm,
es war was Wunderbares;
Herz, weißt du noch?
Ich hab meine Tugend eingetauscht
gegen Himmelsschlüssel ...
Ob mit großem Tamtam
wie bei Vons und Zus
oder auf der Straße
wie bei Armen und Hunden,
man erinnert sich,
wird sich immer erinnern an
die erste,
die man in die Arme nahm.

5. Toi, qui m'as donné le baptême
D'amour et de septième ciel,
Moi, je te garde et, moi, je t'aime,
Dernier cadeau du Pèr' Noël!

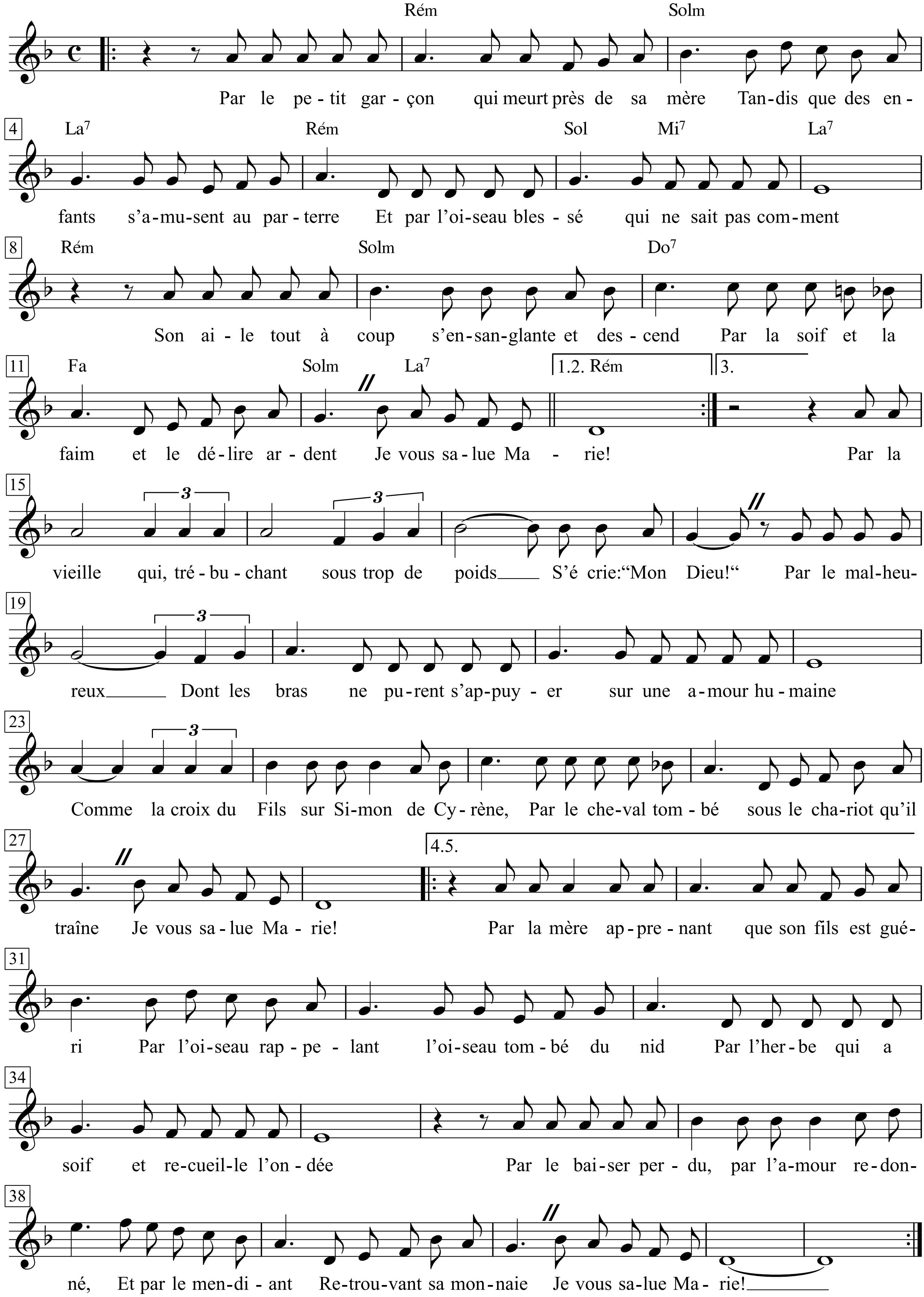
5. Dich, die mir die Liebestaufe verabreicht hat
und mich in den siebten Himmel hob,
dich heg ich noch und lieb dich weiter,
letztes Geschenk vom Weihnachtsmann!

6. Jamais de la vie
On ne l'oubliera,
La première fill'
Qu'on a pris' dans ses bras,
On a beau fair' le brave,
Quand ell' s'est mise nue
Mon cœur, t'en souviens-tu?
On n'en menait pas large ...
Bien d'autres, sans doute,
Depuis, sont venues,
Oui, mais, entre tout's
Celles qu'on a connues,
Elle est la dernière
Que l'on oubliera,
La premièr' fill'
Qu'on a pris' dans ses bras.

6. Nie im Leben
vergisst man
die erste,
die man in die Arme nahm;
ganz leicht, den großen Macker zu markieren,
wenn sie sich selbst ausgezogen hat.
Herz, weißt du noch,
wie wir dann gekniffen haben?
Danach hat es natürlich
andere gegeben,
ja, aber von allen,
die man gekannt hat,
ist sie die letzte,
die man je vergisst,
die erste,
die man in die Arme nahm.

La prière
(Das Gebet)

Poème de Francis Jammes
Musique de Georges Brassens



Agonie
Par le petit garçon qui meurt près de sa mère
tandis que des enfants s'amusent au parterre;
et par l'oiseau blessé qui ne sait par comment
son aile tout à coup s'ensanglante et descend
par la soif et la faim et le délire ardent:
Je vous salue, Marie.

Flagellation
Par les gosses battus par l'ivrogne qui rentre,
par l'âne qui reçoit des coups de pied au ventre
* par l'humiliation de l'innocent châtié,
par la vierge vendue qu'on a déshabillée,
par le fils dont la mère a été insultée:
Je vous salue, Marie.

Portement de Croix
Par la vieille qui, trébuchant sous trop de poids,
s'écrie: »Mon Dieu!« Par le malheureux dont les bras
ne purent s'appuyer sur une amour humaine
comme la Croix du Fils sur Simon de Cyrène;
par le cheval tombé sous le chariot qu'il traîne:
Je vous salue, Marie.

Crucifiement
Par les quatre horizons qui crucifient le Monde,
par tous ceux dont la chair se déchire ou succombe,
par ceux qui sont sans pieds, par ceux qui sont sans mains,
par le malade que l'on opère et qui geint
et par le juste mis au rang des assassins:
Je vous salue, Marie.

Invention de Notre Seigneur au Temple
Par la mère apprenant que son fils est guéri,
par l'oiseau rappelant l'oiseau tombé du nid,
par l'herbe qui a soif et recueille l'ondée,
par le baiser perdu par l'amour redonné,
et par le mendiant retrouvant sa monnaie:
Je vous salue, Marie.

** Variante G. B.: et par.*

Todeskampf
Bei dem kleinen Jungen, der neben seiner Mutter stirbt,
während Kinder im Erdgeschoss toben;
und bei dem wunden Vogel, der nicht weiß, wieso
sein Flügel plötzlich blutig wird und sinkt,
bei Durst und Hunger und brennendem Wahn:
Gegrüßet seist du, Maria.

Geißelung
Bei den Kindern, geprügelt vom heimkehrenden Säufer,
bei dem Esel, der Fußtritte in den Bauch erhält,
* bei der Demütigung des gezüchtigten Unschuldigen,
bei der verkauften Jungfer, die entkleidet wurde,
bei dem Sohn, dessen Mutter man geschmäht hat:
Gegrüßet seist du, Maria.

Tragen des Kreuzes
Bei der Greisin, die unter zu schwerer Bürde stürzt
und ruft »Mein Gott!« Bei dem Unseligen, dessen Arme
sich auf keines Menschen Liebe stützen konnten
wie das Kreuz des Sohns auf Simon von Kyrene;
bei dem Pferd, das unter den gezogenen Karren stürzte:
Gegrüßet seist du, Maria.

Kreuzigung
Bei den vier Richtungen, die die Welt kreuzigen,
bei allen, deren Fleisch gepeinigt ist oder sich ergibt,
bei denen ohne Füße, bei denen ohne Hände,
bei dem Kranken, den man operiert und der ächzt,
und bei dem Gerechten zwischen den Schächern:
Gegrüßet seist du, Maria.

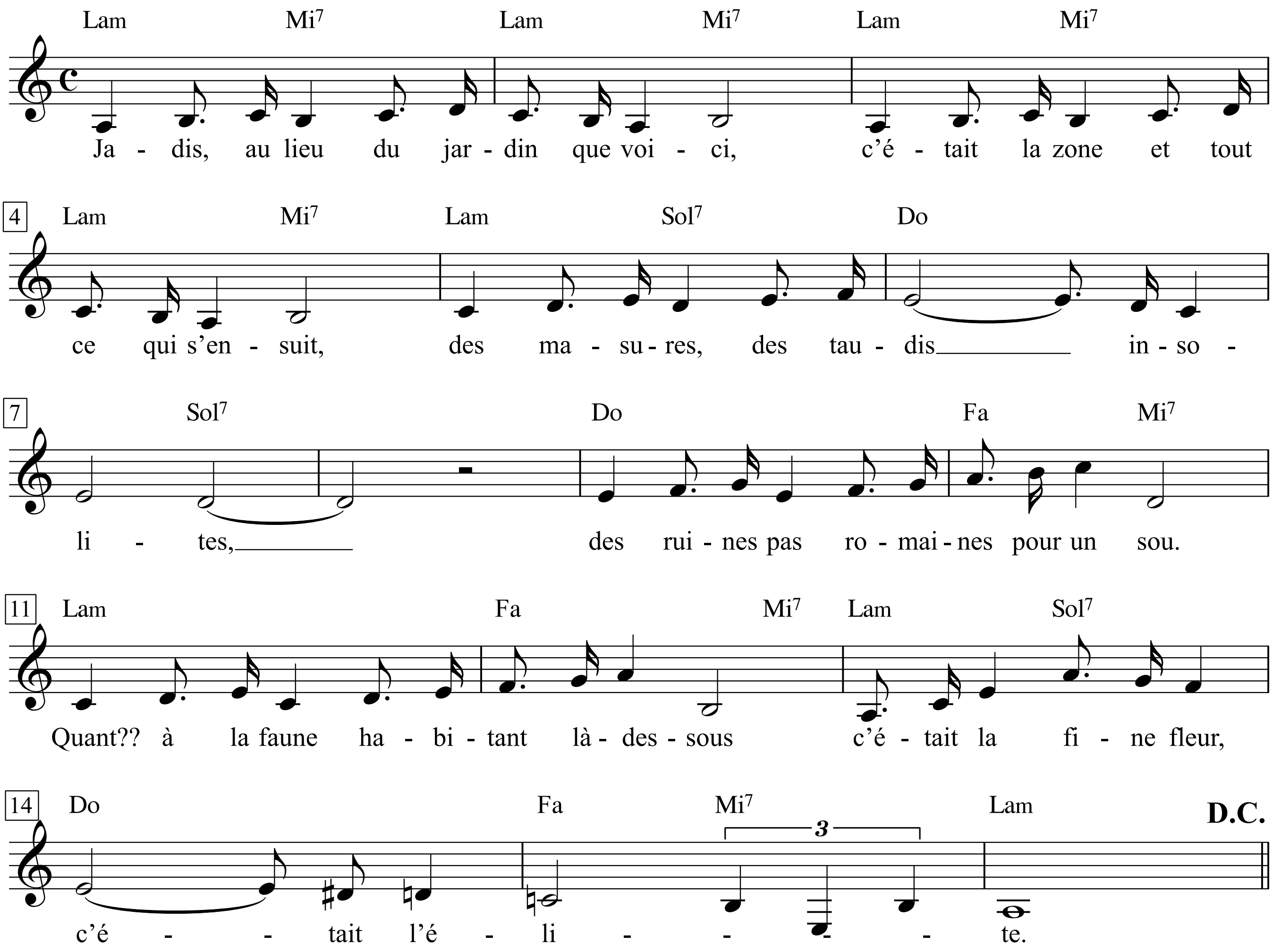
Auffinden unseres HErrn im Tempel
Bei der Mutter, die erfährt, dass ihr Sohn geheilt ist,
bei dem Vogel, der den aus dem Nest gefallenen Vogel ruft,
bei dem Gras, das dürstet und Tau empfängt,
bei dem verlorenen Kuss, bei der erwiderten Liebe
und bei dem Bettler, der seine Münze wiederfindet:
Gegrüßet seist du, Maria.

** Version G. B.: und bei*

La princesse et le croque-notes

(Die Prinzessin und der Musikant)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Jadis, au lieu du jardin que voici,
C'était la zone et tout ce qui s'ensuit,
Des masures, des taudis insolites,
Des ruines pas romaines pour un sou.
Quant à la faune habitant là-dessous
C'était la fine fleur, c'était l'élite.

2. La fine fleur, l'élite du pavé,
Des besogneux, des gueux, des réprouvés,
Des mendiants rivalisant de tares,
Des chevaux de retour, des propre'-à-rien,
Ainsi qu'un croque-note, un musicien,
Une épave accrochée à sa guitare.

3. Adopté' par ce beau monde attendri,
Une petite fée avait fleuri
Au milieu de toute cette bassesse.
Comme on l'avait trouvé' près du ruisseau,
Abandonnée en un somptueux berceau,
A tout hasard on l'appelait »princesse«.

4. Or, un soir, Dieu du ciel, protégez-nous!
La voilà qui monte sur les genoux
Du croque-note et doucement soupire,
En rougissant quand même un petit peu:
»C'est toi que j'aime et, si tu veux, tu peux
M'embrasser sur la bouche et même pire ...«

5. » -Tout beau, princesse, arrête un peu ton tir,
J'ai pas tell'ment l'étoffe du satyr'.
Tu as treize ans, j 'en ai trente qui sonnent,
Gross' différence et je ne suis pas chaud,
Pour tâter d'la paill' humid' du cachot ... -
Mais, croque-not', j' dirai rien à personne ...«

6. » - N'insiste pas, fit-il d'un ton railleur,
D'abord, tu n'es pas mon genre, et d'ailleurs
Mon cœur est déjà pris par une grande ...«
Alors princesse est partie en courant,
Alors princesse est partie en pleurant,
Chagrine qu'on ait boudé son offrande.

7. Y a pas eu détournement de mineure,
Le croque-note au matin, de bonne heure,
A l'anglaise a filé dans la charrette
Des chiffonniers en grattant sa guitare.
Passant par là, quelque vingt ans plus tard,
Il a le sentiment qu'il le regrette.

1. Einst war hier statt dieses Gartens
der Slum und alles, was damit zusammenhängt,
Schuppen und unerhörte Deckslöcher,
Ruinen, nicht für zwei Pfennig römisch.
Und die Fauna, die dazwischen hauste,
war die edle Blüte, war die Elite.

2. Die Blüte, die Elite der Gosse,
Notdürftige, Stromer, Vogelfreie,
Bettler, einer schäbiger als der andere;
Rückfällige, Nichtsnutze,
außerdem ein Notenknacker, ein Musikant,
Treibgut, angeklammert an seine Gitarre.

3. Von dieser mürben feinen Gesellschaft adoptiert
war eine kleine Fee erblüht
inmitten all dieser Erbärmlichkeit.
Da man sie am Rinnstein gefunden hatte,
ausgesetzt in einer kostbaren Wiege,
nannte man sie aufs Geratewohl »Prinzessin«.

4. Und eines Abends - Herr, steh uns bei! -
klettert sie auf die Knie
des Musikanten und seufzt sanft
(wobei sie immerhin ein bisschen rot wird):
»Ich mag dich, und wenn du willst, kannst du
mich auf den Mund küssen, oder schlimmer.«

5. »Sachte, Prinzessin, nicht so hastig;
ich bin nicht so ganz aus Satyr-Stoff.
Du bist dreizehn, ich hab die Dreißig hinter mir,
großer Unterschied, und ich bin nicht scharf drauf,
im Knast feuchtes Stroh zu grabschen.
Aber als Musikant sag ich keinem was ...«

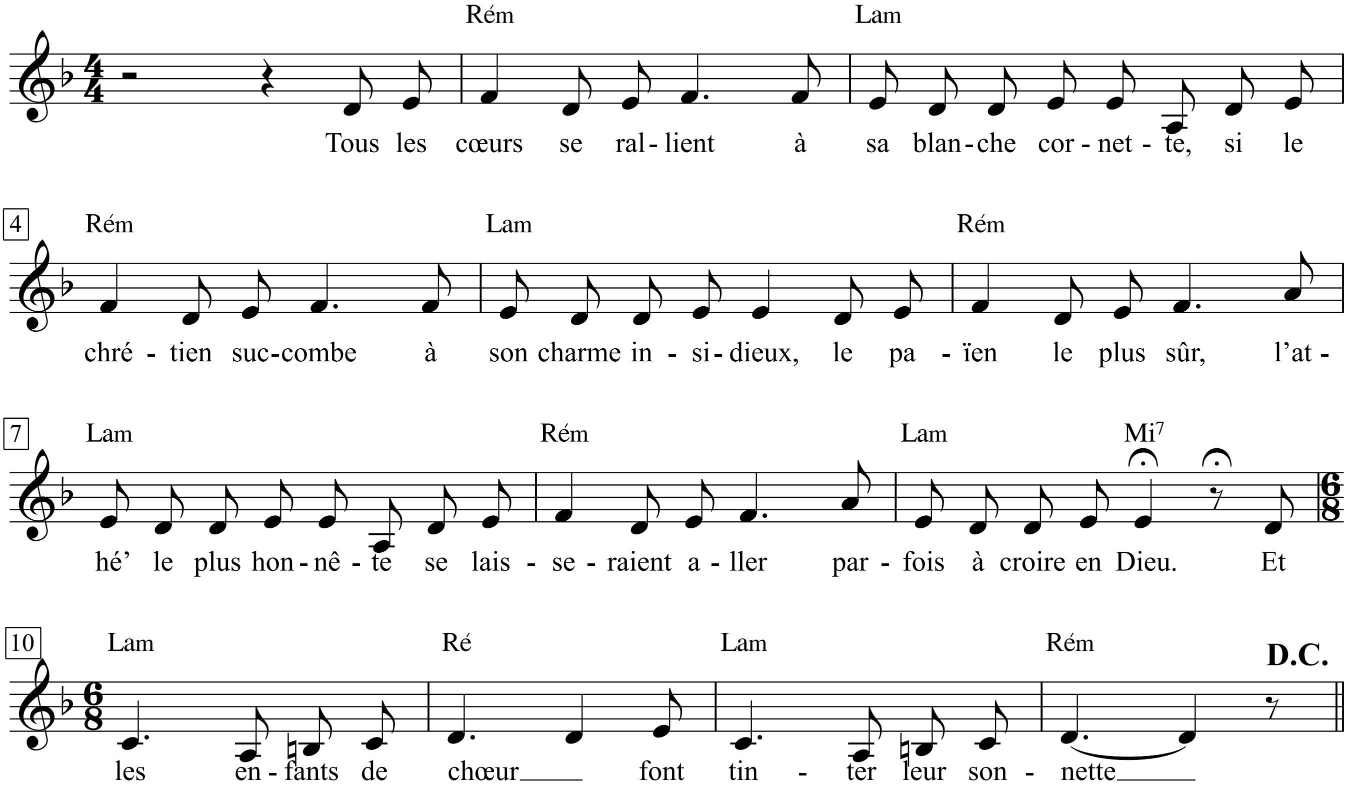
6. »Versteif dich nicht drauf«, sagte er spöttisch.
»Erstens bist du nicht mein Typ, und außerdem
gehört mein Herz schon einer Großen ...«
Da ist Prinzessin fortgelaufen,
da hat Prinzessin geweint,
todtraurig, weil man ihre Opfergabe verschmähte.

7. Die Verführung der Minderjährigen fand nicht statt.
Früh am Morgen hat sich der Musikant
französisch empfohlen im Karren eines
Lumpensammlers, wobei er die Gitarre zupfte.
Als er zwanzig Jahre später dort vorbeikommt,
hat er das Gefühl, dass er es bedauert.

La religieuse
(Die Nonne)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens

Moderato



1. Tous les cœurs se rallient à sa blanche cornette,
Si le chrétien succombe à son charme insidieux,
Le païen le plus sûr, l'athé' le plus honnête
Se laisseraient aller parfois à croire en Dieu.
Et les enfants de chœur font tinter leur sonnette ...

2. Il paraît que, dessous sa cornette fatale
Qu'elle arbore à la messe avec tant de rigueur,
Cette petite sœur cache, c'est un scandale!
Une queu' de cheval et des accroche-cœurs.
Et les enfants de chœur s'agitent dans les stalles ...

3. Il paraît que, dessous son gros habit de bure,
Elle porte coquettement des bas de soi',
Festons, frivolités, fanfreluches, guipures,
Enfin tout ce qu'il faut pour que le diable y soit.
Et les enfants de chœur ont des pensées impures ...

4. Il paraît que le soir, en voici bien d'une autre!
A l'heure où ses consœurs sont sagement couchés
Ou débitent pieusement des patenôtres,
Elle se déshabille devant sa psyché.
Et les enfants de chœur ont la fièvre, les pauvres ...

5. Il paraît qu'à loisir elle se mire nue,
De face, de profil, et même, hélas! de dos,
Après avoir, sans gêne, accroché sa tenue
Aux branches de la croix comme au portemanteau
Chez les enfants de chœur le malin s'insinue ...

6. Il paraît que, levant au ciel un œil complice,
Ell' dit: »Bravo, Seigneur, c'est du joli travail!«
Puis qu'elle ajoute avec encor plus de malice:
»La cambrure des reins, ça, c'est une trouvaille!«
Et les enfants de chœur souffrent un vrai supplice ...

7. Il paraît qu'à minuit, bonne mère, c'est pire:
On entend se mêler, dans d'étranges accords,
La voix énamouré' des anges qui soupirent
Et celle de la sœur criant »Encor! Encor!«
Et les enfants de chœur, les malheureux, transpirent ...

8. Et monsieur le curé, que ces bruits turlupinent,
Se dit avec raison que le brave Jésus
Avec sa tête, hélas! déjà chargé' d'épines,
N 'a certes pas besoin d'autre chose dessus.
Et les enfants de chœur, branlant du chef, o p in en t ...

9. Tout ça, c'est des faux bruits, des ragots, des sornettes
De basses calomni's par Satan répandu's.
Pas plus d'accroche-cœurs sous la blanche cornette
Que de queu' de cheval, mais un crâne tondu.
Et les enfants de chœur en font une binette ...

10. Pas de troubles penchants dans ce cœur rigoriste,
Sous cet austère habit pas de rubans suspects.
On ne verra jamais la corne au front du Christ,
Le veinard sur sa croix peut s'endormir en paix,
Et les enfants de chœur se masturber, tout tristes ...

1. Alle Herzen heften sich an ihre weiße Flügelhaube;
wenn schon der Christ ihrem tückischen Liebreiz erliegt,
würden der festeste Heide, der ehrbarste Atheist
bisweilen notfalls sogar an Gott glauben.
Und die Messdiener lassen ihre Glöckchen klingeln ...

2. Es scheint, dass unter der unheilvollen Haube,
die sie in der Messe mit solcher Strenge vorzeigt,
diese kleine Schwester - welch ein Skandal! - verbirgt
einen Pferdeschwanz und Schmachtlocken!
Und die Messdiener rutschen auf dem Chorgestühl herum

3. Es scheint, dass sie unter der groben Wollkutte
kokett Seidenwäsche trägt,
Festons, frivole Accessoires, Flitter, Spitzen,
also alles, was der Teufel zum Wohlsein braucht.
Und die Messdiener haben unreine Gedanken ...

4. Es scheint, dass sie abends - da ist sie wie verwandelt! -
zur Stunde, da ihre Mitschwestern sittsam schlafen
oder fromme Vaterunser herunterleiern,
sich vor ihrem großen Spiegel auszieht.
Und die Messdiener haben Fieber, die Armen ...

5. Es scheint, dass sie sich in aller Ruhe nackt hinstellt,
von vorn, im Profil und ach sogar von hinten,
nachdem sie hemmungslos ihr Gewand gehängt hat
ans Kruzifix wie an einen Mantelstock.
Bei den Messdienern regt sich der böse Widersacher ...

6. Es scheint, dass sie ein Komplizenauge zum Himmel he
und sagt: »Bravo, Herr, das ist gute Arbeit!«
Dass sie dann mit noch mehr Boshaftigkeit hinzusetzt:
»Die Krümmung der Lenden, das ist ein Volltreffer!«
Und die Messdiener leiden Folterqualen ...

7. Es scheint, dass es um Mitternacht, o Maria, schlimmer
Man hört sich in seltsamen Akkorden mischen
die verliebten Stimmen der Engelein, die singen,
und die der Schwester, die ruft: »Mehr! Mehr!«
Und die Messdiener, die unglücklichen, schwitzen ...

8. Und der Herr Pfarrer, den die Geräusche quälen,
sagt sich mit Recht, dass der gute Jesus
ohnehin schon Dornen auf dem Kopf hat
und da gewiss nicht auch noch anderes braucht.
Und die Messdiener wedeln mit dem Sterz und grübeln ...

9. All dies sind falsche Gerüchte, Klatsch, dummes Zeug,
schäbige Verleumdungen, von Satan in Umlauf gebracht.
Unter der weißen Haube weder Schmachtlocken
noch Pferdeschwanz, sondern ein rasierter Schädel.
Und die Messdiener machen trübe Gesichter ...

10. Keine üblen Gelüste in diesem strikten Herzen,
unter der herben Kutte keine suspekten Bänder.
Man wird nie Hörner sehen auf der Stirn Christi,
der Heiland kann an seinem Kreuz ungestört schlummern,
und die Messdiener mögen traurig masturbieren ...

La ronde de jurons

(Der Reigen der Flucher)

Moderato

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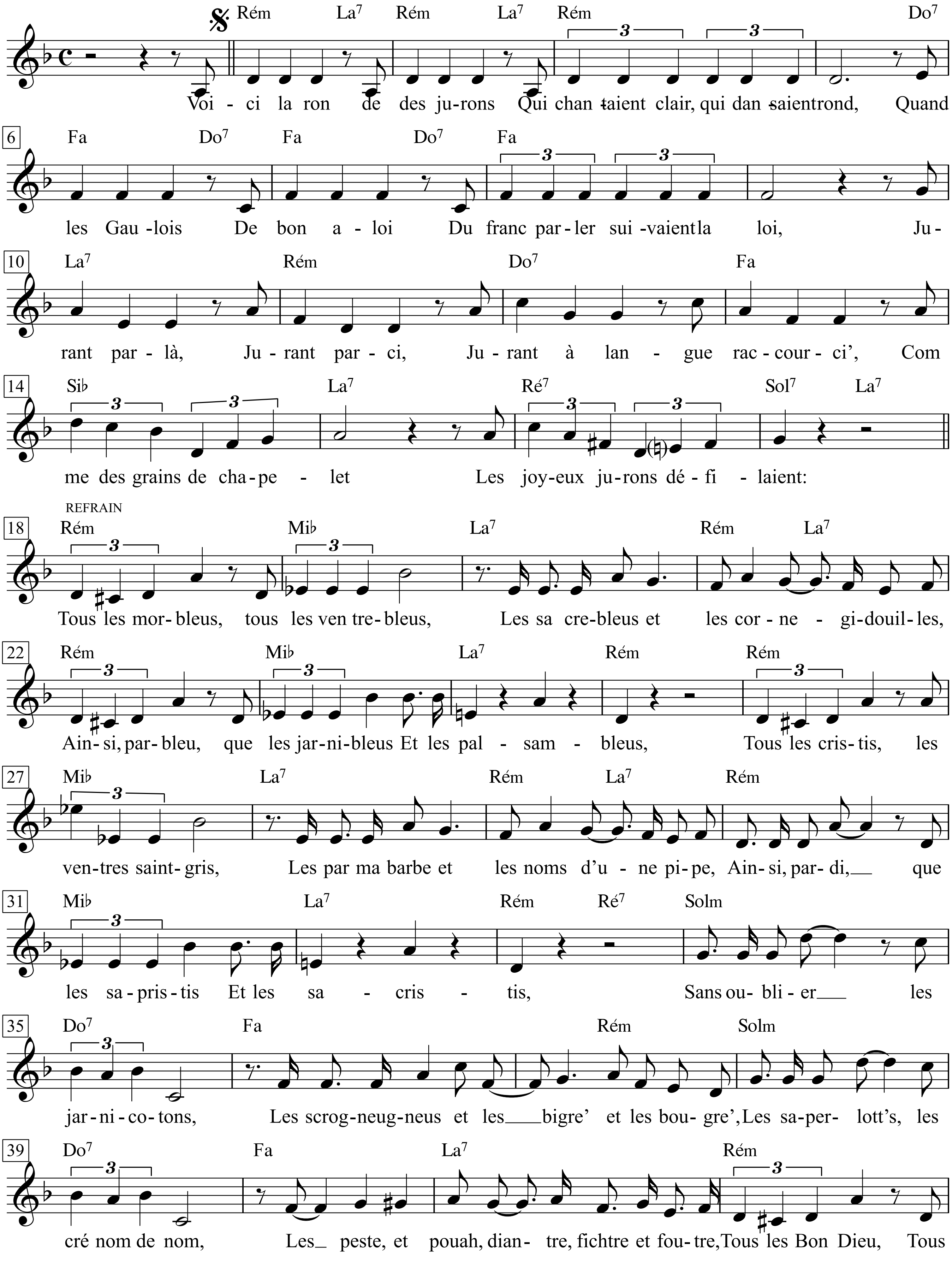
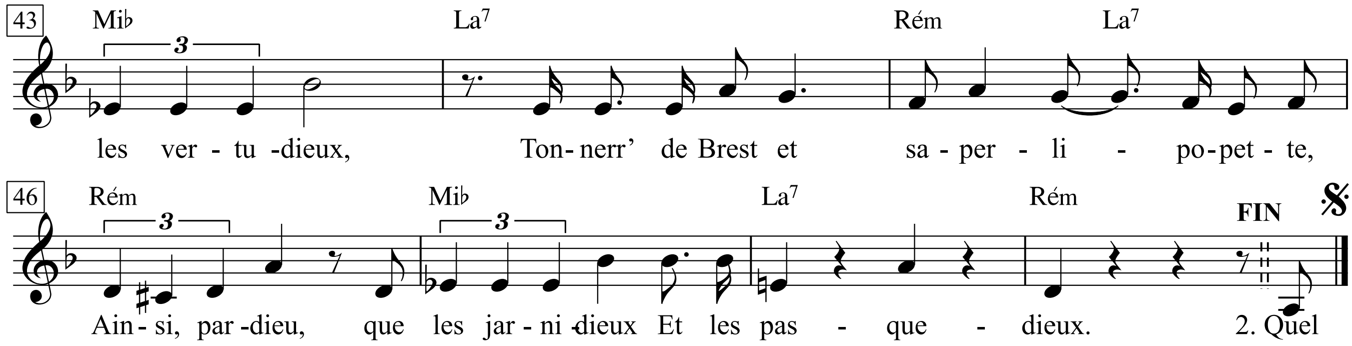




1. Voici la ron-
de des jurons
Qui chantaient clair, qui dansaient rond,
Quand les Gaulois
De bon aloi
Du franc-parler suivaient la loi,
Jurant par-là,
Jurant par-ci,
Jurant à langue raccourci',
Comme des grains de chapelet
Les joyeux jurons défilaient:

Refrain
Tous les morbleus, tous les ventrebleus,
Les sacrebleus et les cornegidouilles,
Ainsi, parbleu, que les jarnibleus
Et les palsambleus,
Tous les cristis, les ventres saint-gris,
Les par ma barbe et les noms d'une pipe,
Ainsi, pardi, que les sapristis
Et les sacristis,
Sans oublier les jarnicotons,
Les scrogneugneus et les bigre' et les bougre',
Les saperlott's, les cré nom de nom,
Les peste, et pouah, diantre, fichtre et foutre,
Tous les Bon Dieu,
Tous les vertudieux,
Tonnerr' de Brest et saperlipopette,
Ainsi, pardieu, que les jarnidieux
Et les pasquedieux.

2. Quelle pitié!
Les charretiers
Ont un langage châtié!
Les harengères
Et les mégères
Ne parlent plus à la légère!
Le vieux catéchisme poissard
N'a guèr' plus cours chez les hussards ...
Ils ont vécu, de profundis,
Les joyeux jurons de jadis.

1. Hier ist der Reigen
der Flucher,
die hell sangen, die im Kreis tanzten,
als die echten Gallier
dem Gesetz
freimütiger Rede folgten,
sie fluchten hier,
sie fluchten da,
sie fluchten mit geballter Zunge;
wie Rosenkranzperlen ließen
die munteren Flucher defilieren:

Refrain
(Es folgt eine wohlgereimte Serie
origineller, älterer Flüche, die
oft euphemistisch bzw. lästerlich
sakrale Begriffe, »Gott« etc.,
verdrehen. Einige sind historisch,
so jarnicotons, der »Lieblingsfluch«
von Henri IV, entstanden aus
je renie, »ich leugne/lästere«,
und cotons, vermutlich zu couilles
bzw. couillons, »Hoden, Eier«.
Man möge es dem Übersetzer vergeben,
dass er darauf verzichtet hat, sich
hier mit »verdammt, verflixt, verfumfeit
und verfiedelt«, »Pest, pfui Deibel,
Deixel...« oder gar Erfindungen wie
»Himmelhodenheil« o. ä. zu
disqualifizieren.)

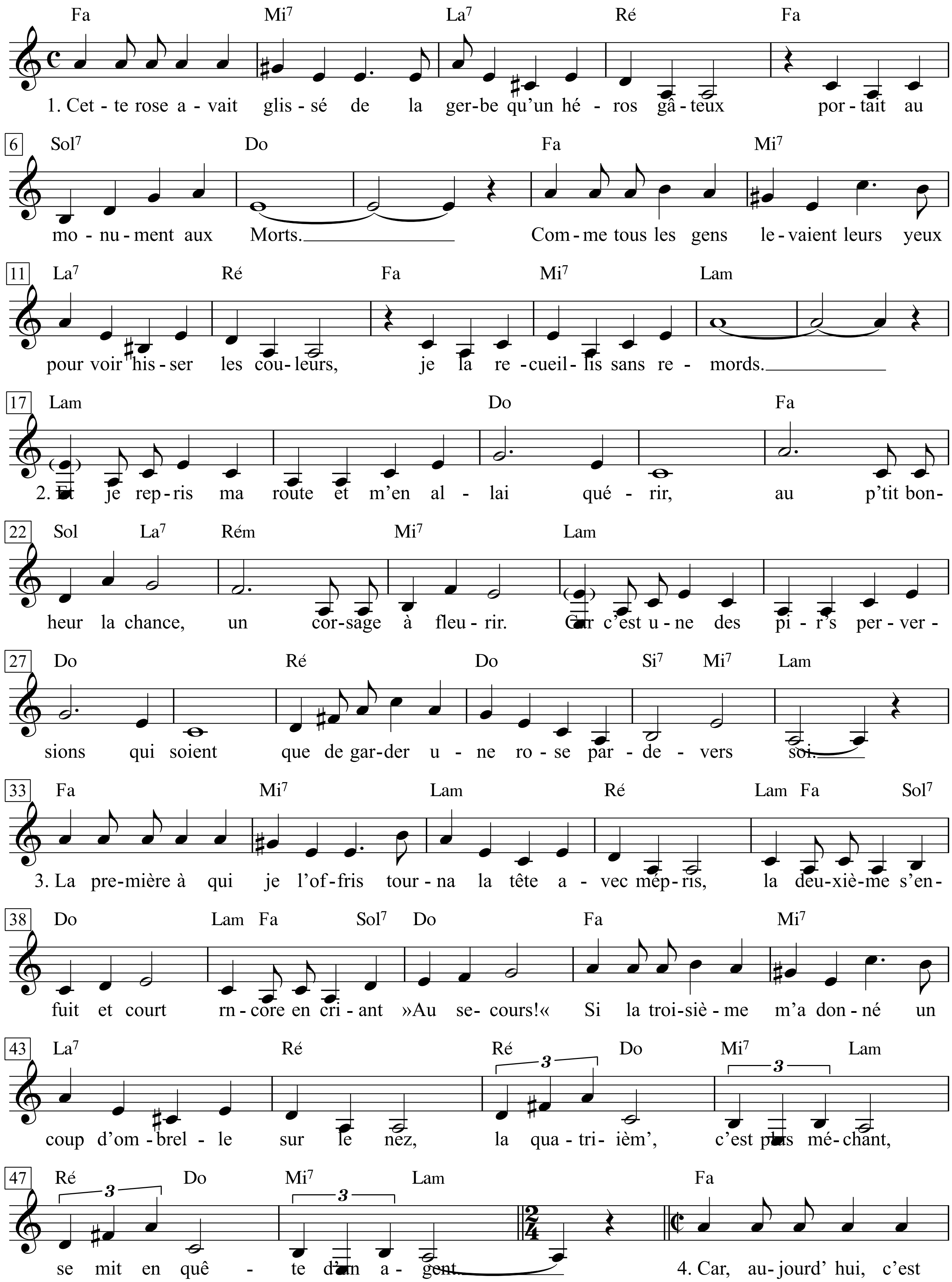
2. Ein Jammer!
Die Fuhrknechte
haben heute eine gereinigte Sprache!
Die Marktweiber
und Pförtnerinnen/Megären
reden nicht mehr frisch von der Leber weg
Der alte Katechismus des Unflats
wird bei den Husaren kaum noch gebetet ...
Sie sind dahin, *de profundis*,
die fröhlichen Flucher von einst.

La rose, la bouteille et la poignée de main

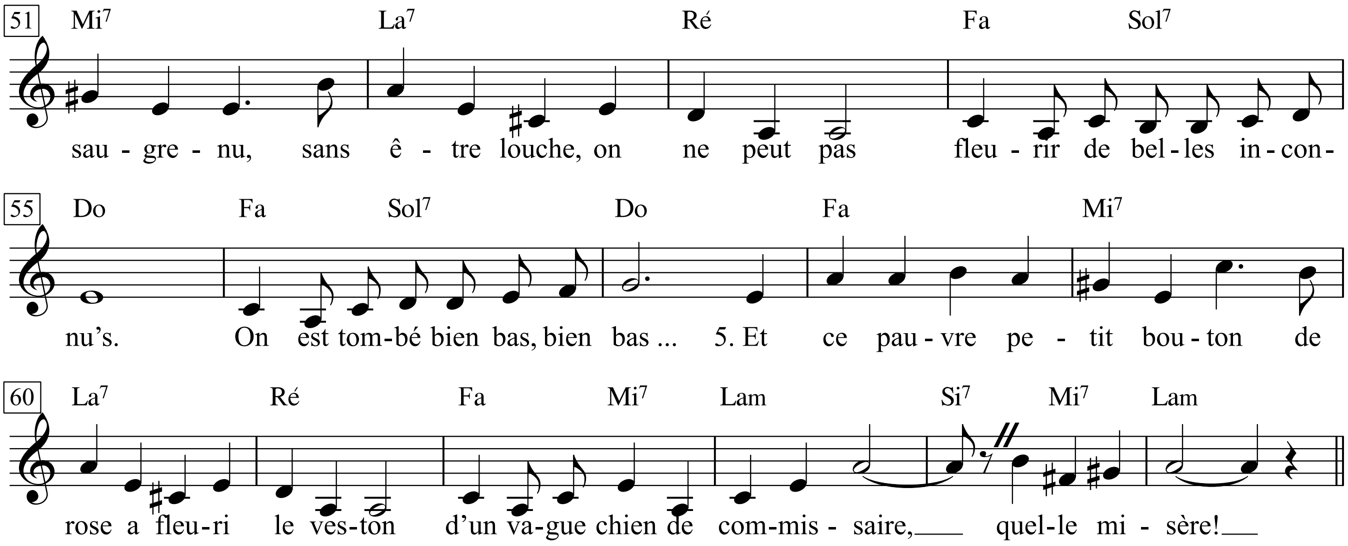
(Die Rose, die Flasche und der Händedruck)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens

All° Mod°



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.159+160 & II. S.416-421



1. Cette rose avait glissé de
La gerbe qu'un héros gâteux
Portait au monument aux Morts.
Comme tous les gens levaient leurs
Yeux pour voir hisser les couleurs,
Je la recueillis sans remords.

2. Et je repris ma route et m'en allai quérir,
Au p'tit bonheur la chance, un corsage à fleurir.
Car c'est une des pir's perversions qui soient
Que de garder une rose par-devers soi.

3. La première à qui je l'offris
Tourna la tête avec mépris,
La deuxième s'enfuit et court
Encore en criant »Au secours!«
Si la troisième m'a donné
Un coup d'ombrelle sur le nez,
La quatrièm', c'est plus méchant,
Se mit en quête d'un agent.

4. Car, aujourd'hui, c'est saugrenu,
Sans être louche, on ne peut pas
Fleurir de belles inconnu's.
On est tombé bien bas, bien bas ...

5. Et ce pauvre petit bouton
De rose a fleuri le veston
D'un vague chien de commissaire,
Quelle misère!

6. Cette bouteille était tombé'
De la soutane d'un abbé
Sortant de la messe ivre mort.
Une bouteille de vin fin
Millésimé, béin, divin,
Je la recueillis sans remords.

1. Diese Rose glitt aus dem Kranz,
den so ein Held mit feistem Wanst
zum großen Ehrendenkmal trug.
Da alle Leute ihre Au
gen hissten hoch zur Fahnenschau,
hob ich sie auf ohne Verzug,

2. machte mich auf den Weg und suchte hin und her,
ob nirgendwo ein Blüschen zu beblümen wär,
denn zu den übelsten Perversen auf der Welt
zählt einer, der ne Rose ganz für sich behält.

3. Die Erste, die ich schmücken wollt,
hat mir Verachtung nur gezollt;
die zweite schrie nach Hilfe, rief
»du Chauvi«, während sie schon lief;
die Dritte gab mir böse ein-
en Schirmhieb übers Nasenbein;
die vierte rief, gemein, herbei
einen Herrn von der Polizei.

4. Denn heute gilt das als verpönt;
wer einer, die er gar nicht kennt,
ein Blümchen reichen will, der spinnt;
wie tief wir doch gesunken sind!

5. Und diese arme kleine Ros
verendete erbarmungslos
an eines Kommissars Revers -
welche Miser'!

6. Diese Flasche glitt aus dem Rock
des Pfarrers, den man morgens stock-
betrunken aus der Messe trug;
eine Flasche vom besten Wein,
gebenedeit, erlesen, fein -
ich hob sie auf ohne Verzug,

7. Et je repris ma route en cherchant, plein d'espoir,
Un brave gosier sec pour m'aider à la boire.
Car c'est une des pir's perversions qui soient
Que de garder du vin béni par-devers soi.

8. Le premier refusa mon verre,
En me lorgnant d'un œil sévère,
Le deuxième m'a dit, railleur,
De m'en aller cuver ailleurs.
Si le troisième, sans retard,
Au nez m'a jeté le nectar,
Le quatrièm', c'est plus méchant,
Se mit en quête d'un agent.

9. Car, aujourd'hui, c'est saugrenu,
Sans être louche, on ne peut pas
Trinquer avec des inconnus.
On est tombé bien bas, bien bas ...

10. Avec la bouteille de vin
Millésimé, béni, divin,
Les flics se sont rincé la dalle,
Un vrai scandale!

11. Cette pauvre poigné' de main
Gisait, oubliée, en chemin,
Par deux amis fâchés à mort.
Quelque peu décontenancé',
Elle était là, dans le fossé.
Je la recueillis sans remords.

12. Et je repris ma route avec l'intention
De faire circuler la virile effusion,
Car c'est une des pir's perversions qui soient
Qu' de garder une poigné' de main par-devers soi.

13. Le premier m'a dit: »Fous le camp!
J 'aurais peur de salir mes gants.«
Le deuxième, d'un air dévot,
Me donna cent sous, d'ailleurs faux.
Si le troisième, ours mal léché,
Dans ma main tendue a craché,
Le quatrièm', c'est plus méchant,
Se mit en quête d'un agent.

14. Car, aujourd'hui, c'est saugrenu,
Sans être louche, on ne peut pas
Serrer la main des inconnus.
On est tombé bien bas, bien bas.

15. Et la pauvre poigné' de main,
Victime d'un sort inhumain,
Alla terminer sa carrière
A la fourrière!

7. machte mich auf den Weg und suchte hoffnungsvoll
nen Schwartenhals, der mir beim Trinken helfen soll,
denn zu den übelsten Perversen auf der Welt zählt,
wer ne Flasche Messwein ganz für sich behält.

8. Der Erste wollte mein Glas nicht,
sah mir nur strengstens ins Gesicht;
der zweite sagte »Trunkenbold«
und dass ich anderswo trinken sollt;
der Dritte goss mir, der Barbar,
den Nektar auf die Nase gar;
der vierte rief, gemein, herbei
einen Herrn von der Polizei.

9. Denn heute gilt das als verpönt;
wer mit nem Kerl, den er nicht kennt,
ein Gläschen trinken will, der spinnt;
wie tief wir doch gesunken sind!

10. Mit diesem Schluck vom besten Wein,
gebenedeit, erlesen, fein,
schmierten Bullen sich den Kanal -
welch ein Skandal!

11. Diesen Händedruck vergas-
sen alte Freunde, als ein Hass
in ihre Abschiedsrede schlug;
der Händedruck voll Schmerz und Weh
lag einsam neben der Chaussee;
ich hob ihn auf ohne Verzug,

12. machte mich auf den Weg, damit ich diesen recht
mannhaften Händedruck wieder in Umlauf brächt;
denn zu den übelsten Perversen auf der Welt zählt
einer, der nen Händedruck für sich behält.

13. Der Erste sagte hart und glatt:
»Mein Handschuh ist mir viel zu schad«;
der Zweite warf mir elegant
nen falschen Fuffziger in die Hand;
der dritte, unbehauner Klotz,
hat mir nur in die Hand gerotzt;
der vierte rief, gemein, herbei
einen Herrn von der Polizei.

14. Denn heute gilt das als verpönt;
wer einem, den er gar nicht kennt,
die Pfote drücken will, der spinnt;
wie tief wir doch gesunken sind!

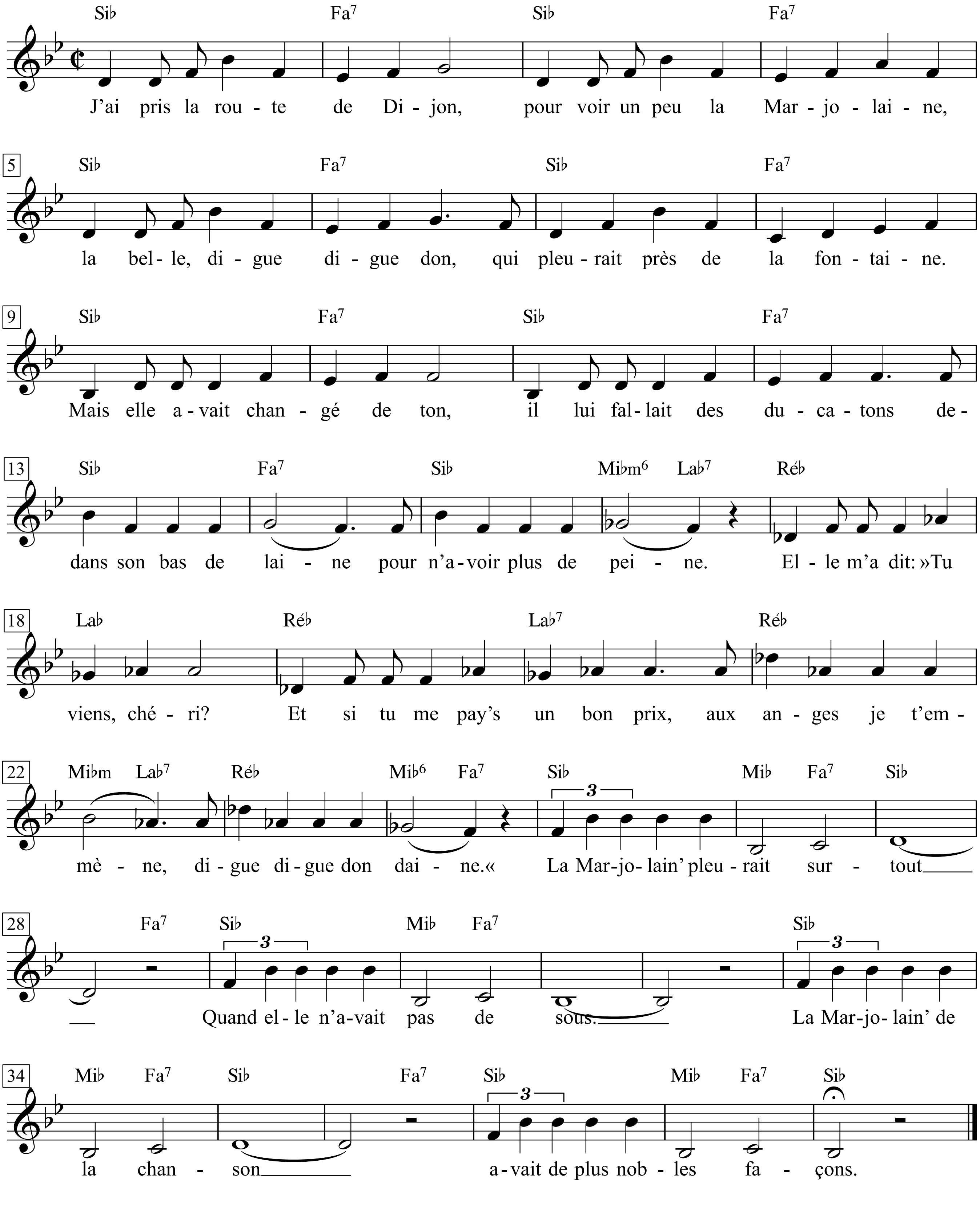
15. Der Händedruck, das arme Stück,
erlitt unmenschliches Geschick:
Er endete inkognito
im Fundbüro.

La route aux quatre chansons

(Der Weg der vier Lieder)

All° Mod°

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. J’ai pris la route de Dijon,
Pour voir un peu la Marjolaine,
La belle, digue digue don,
Qui pleurait près de la fontaine.
Mais elle avait changé de ton,
Il lui fallait des ducatons
Dedans son bas de laine
Pour n’avoir plus de peine.
Elle m’a dit: »Tu viens, chéri?
Et si tu me pay’s un bon prix,
Aux anges je t’emmène,
Digue digue don daine.«
La Marjolain’ pleurait surtout
Quand elle n’avait pas de sous.
La Marjolain’ de la chanson
Avait de plus nobles façons.

2. J’ai passé le pont d’Avignon
Pour voir un peu les belles dames
Et les beaux messieurs tous en rond
Qui dansaient, dansaient, corps et âmes.
Mais ils avaient changé de ton,
Ils faisaient fi des rigodons,
Menuets et pavanes,
Tarentelles, sardanes,
Et les bell’s dam’s m’ont dit ceci:
«Etranger, sauve-toi d’ici
Ou l’on donne l’alarme
Aux chiens et aux gendarmes !«
Quelle mouch’ les a donc piquées,
Ces belles dam’s si distinguées?
Les belles dam’s de la chanson
Avaient de plus nobles façons.

3. Je me suis fait fair’ prisonnier,
Dans les vieilles prisons de Nantes,
Pour voir la fille du geôlier
Qui, paraît-il, est avenante.
Mais elle avait changé de ton.
Quand j’ai demandé: »Que dit-on
Des affaires courantes,
Dans la ville de Nantes?«
La mignonne m’a répondu:
»On dit que vous serez pendu
Aux matines sonnantes,
Et j’en suis bien contente!«
Les geôlières n’ont plus de cœur
Aux prisons de Nante’ et d’ailleurs.
La geôlière de la chanson
Avait de plus nobles façons.

4. Voulant mener à bonne fin
Ma folle course vagabonde,
Vers mes pénates je revins
Pour dormir auprès de ma blonde,
Mais elle avait changé de ton.
Avec elle, sous l’édredon,
Il y avait du monde
Dormant près de ma blonde.
J’ai pris le coup d’un air blagueur,
Mais, en cachette, dans mon cœur,
La peine était profonde,
L’ chagrin lâchait la bonde.
Hélas! du jardin de mon père,
La colombe s’est fait la paire...
Par bonheur, par consolation,
Me sont resté’s les quatr’ chansons.

1. Ich nahm die Straße nach Dijon,
um ein bisschen nach Marjolaine zu sehen,
der Schönen - digue digue don
die an der Quelle geweint hatte;
aber sie sang jetzt ein anderes Lied,
sie brauchte Dukaten
in ihrem Wollsparstrumpf,
um keinen Kummer mehr zu haben.
Sie sagte: »Kommst du mit, chéri?
Und wenn du mir einen guten Preis zahlst,
lass ich dich die Engel singen hören,
digue digue don daine.«
Die Marjolaine weinte vor allem,
wenn sie kein Geld hatte.
Die Marjolaine aus dem Lied
hatte eine feinere Art.

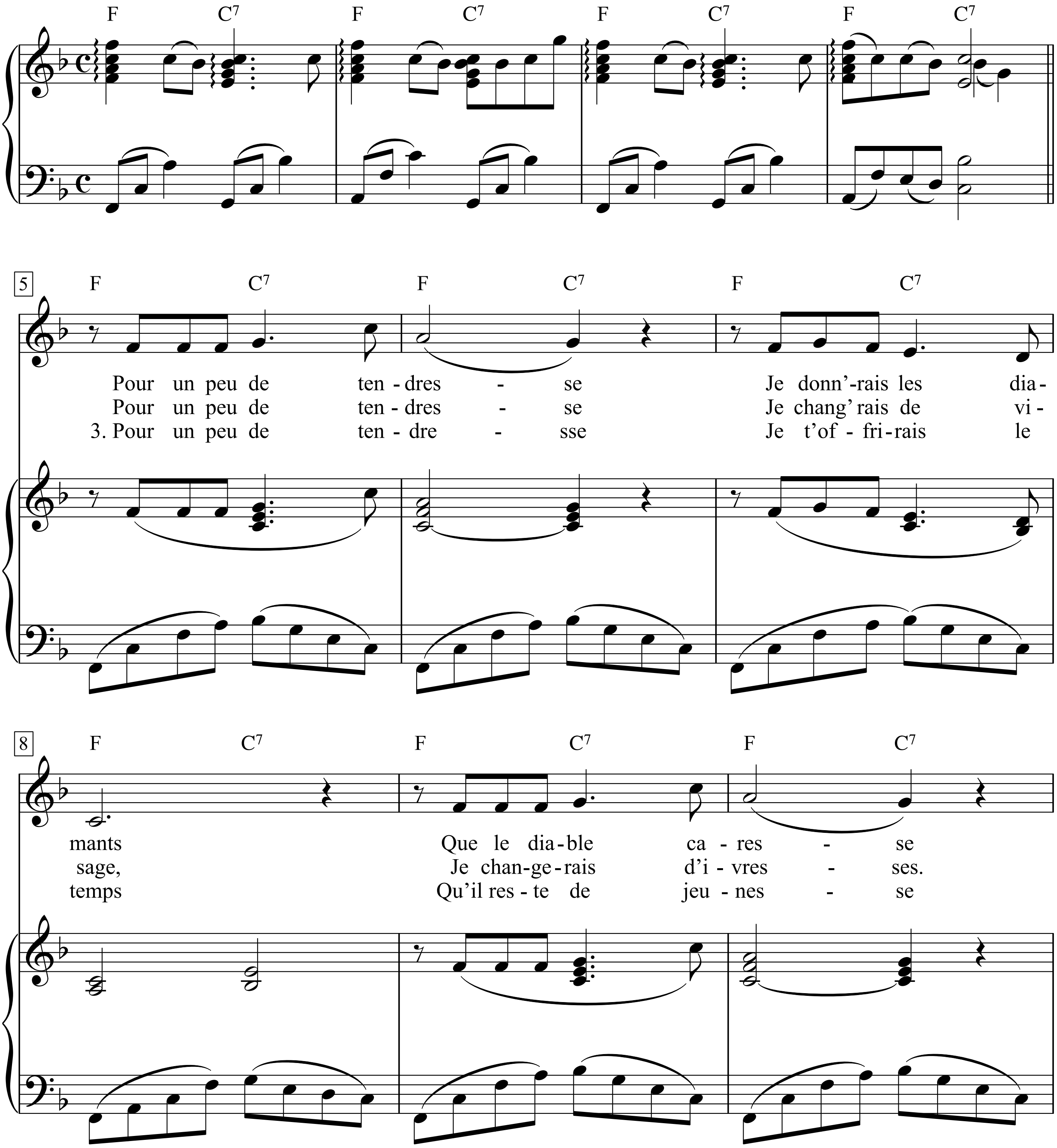
2. Ich ging über den Pont d’Avignon,
um die schönen Damen zu sehen
und die feinen Herren,
die voller Inbrunst Reigen tanzten.
Aber das klang jetzt anders,
sie sagten pfui zu Rigodon,
Menuett und Pavane,
Tarantella, Sardane,
und die schönen Damen sagten:
»Fremder, hau hier ab,
sonst alarmieren wir
die Hunde und Gendarmen!«
Welcher Affe hat sie nur gebissen,
die distinguierten schönen Damen?
Die schönen Damen aus dem Lied
hatten eine feinere Art.

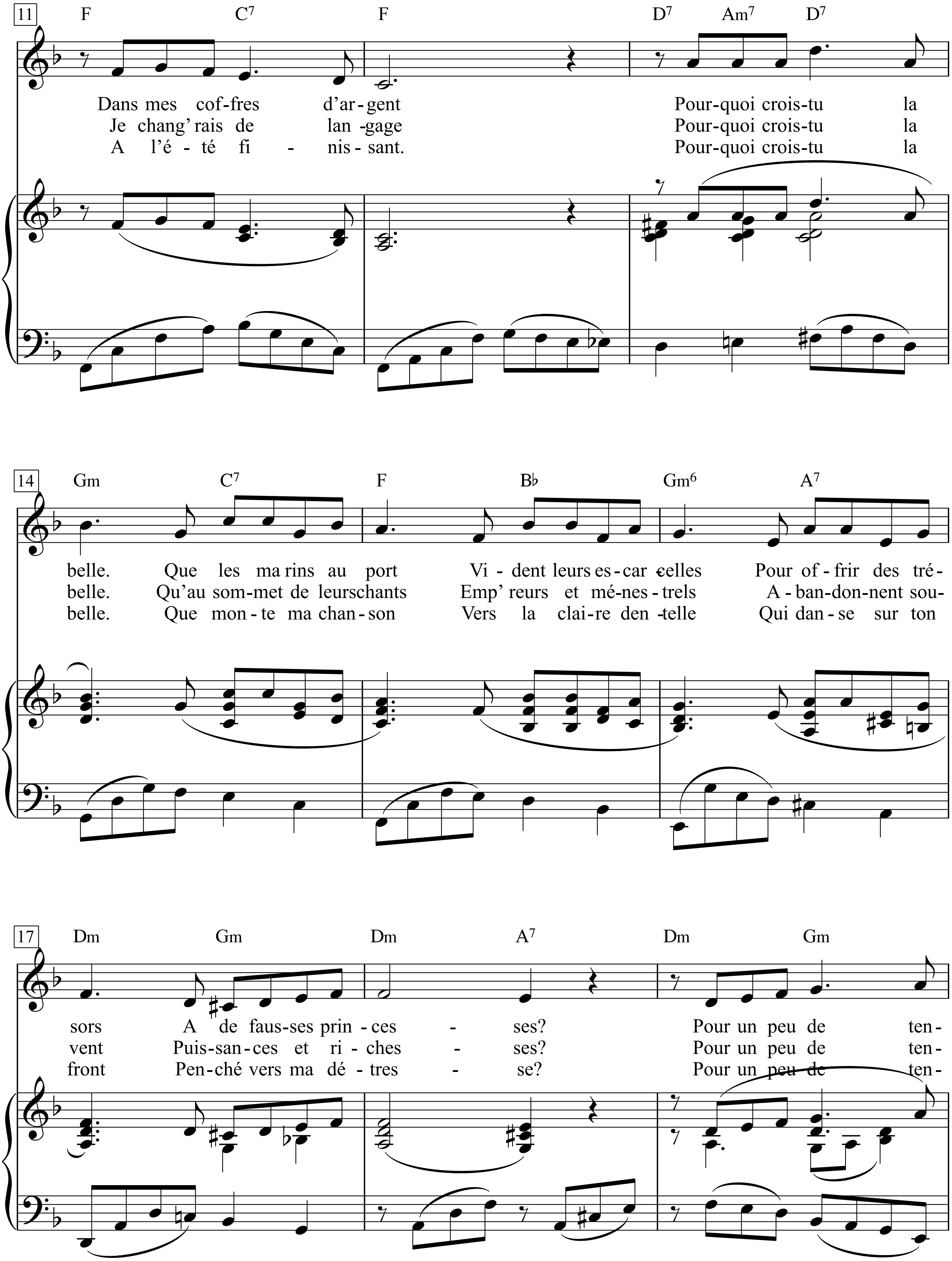
3. Ich ließ mich einkerkern
im alten Gefängnis von Nantes,
um die Tochter des Kerkermeisters zu sehen,
die so freundlich sein soll.
Aber das klang jetzt anders bei ihr.
Als ich fragte: »Was erzählt man sich so,
was gibt es Neues
in der Stadt Nantes?«
da hat die Hübsche erwidert:
»Man erzählt, Sie werden gehängt,
wenn die Morgenglocken läuten,
und ich bin damit sehr zufrieden!«
Die Kerkermeisterinnen haben kein Herz mehr,
im Gefängnis von Nantes und anderswo.
Die Kerkermeisterin im Lied
hatte eine feinere Art.

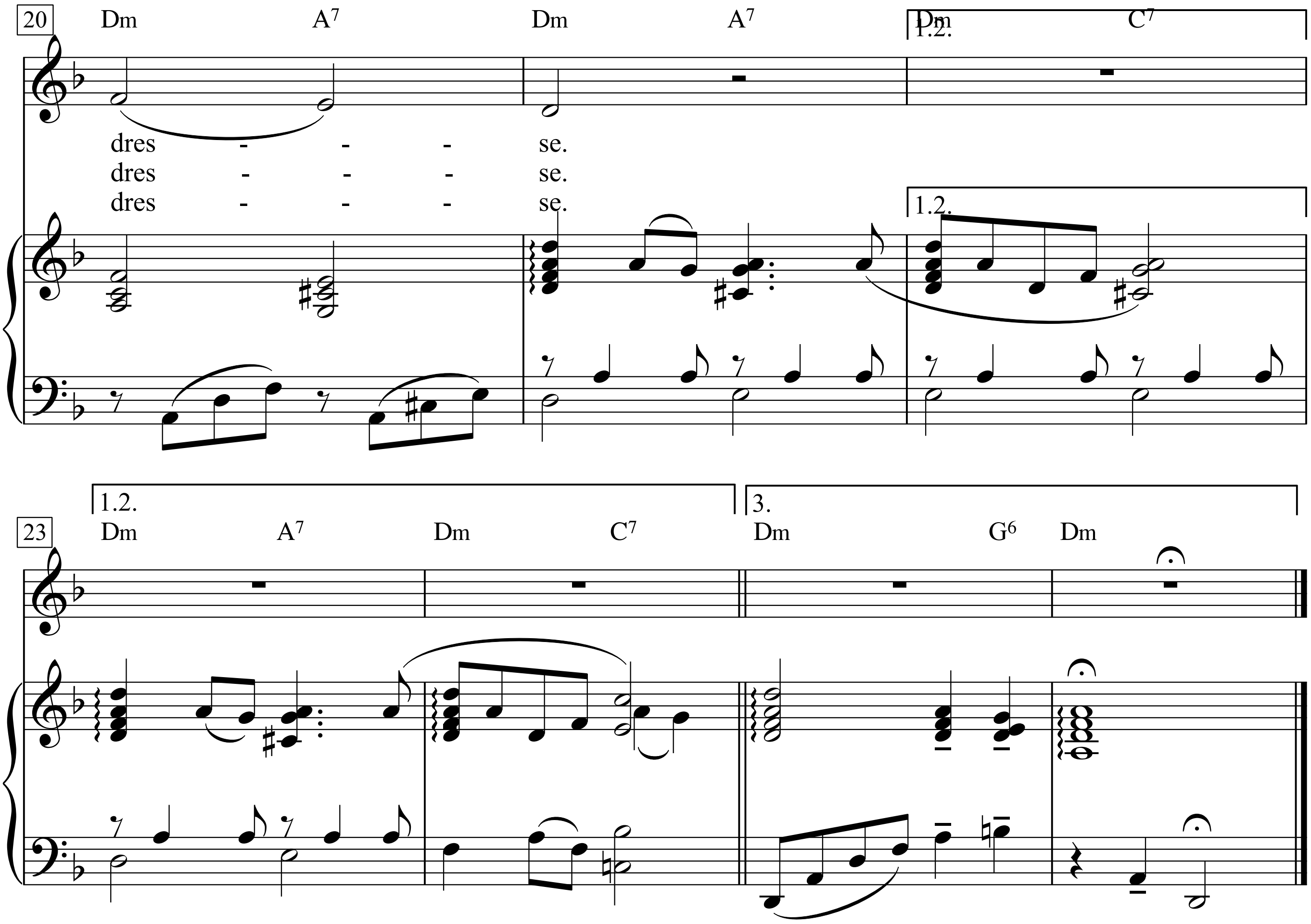
4. Ich wollte mein schweifendes Vagabundieren
zu einem guten Ende bringen
und kehrte heim zu meinen Penaten,
um bei meiner Blonden zu schlafen,
aber das klang jetzt ganz anders.
Bei ihr, unter den Eiderdaunen,
lag jede Menge Männer, alle
schliefen bei meiner Blonden.
Ich hab es mit einem Witz aufgenommen,
aber insgeheim im Herzen
war der Schmerz sehr tief,
der Gram bodenlos.
Ach, aus meines Vaters Garten
ist die Taube getürmt.
Zum Glück, zum Trost sind mir
die vier Lieder geblieben.

La tendresse

Paroles & Musique: Jacques Brel




11
F C7 F D7 Am7 D7
Dans mes cof-fres d'ar-gent Pour-quoi crois-tu la
Je chang' rais de lan -gage Pour-quoi crois-tu la
A l'é - té fi - nis - sant. Pour-quoi crois-tu la
14
Gm C7 F B♭ Gm6 A7
belle. Que les ma rins au port Vi-dent leurs es-car -celles Pour of-frir des tré-
belle. Qu'au som-met de leurschants Emp' reurs et mé-nes-trels A-ban-don-nent sou-
belle. Que mon-te ma chan-son Vers la clai-re den -telle Qui dan-se sur ton
17
Dm Gm Dm A7 Dm Gm
sors A de faus-ses prin-ces - ses? Pour un peu de ten-
vent Puis-san-ces et ri-ches - ses? Pour un peu de ten-
front Pen-ché vers ma dé-tres - se? Pour un peu de ten-


20
Dm A7 Dm A7 Dm C7
1.2.
dres - - - se.
dres - - - se.
dres - - - se.
1.2.
3.
23
Dm A7 Dm C7 Dm G6 Dm

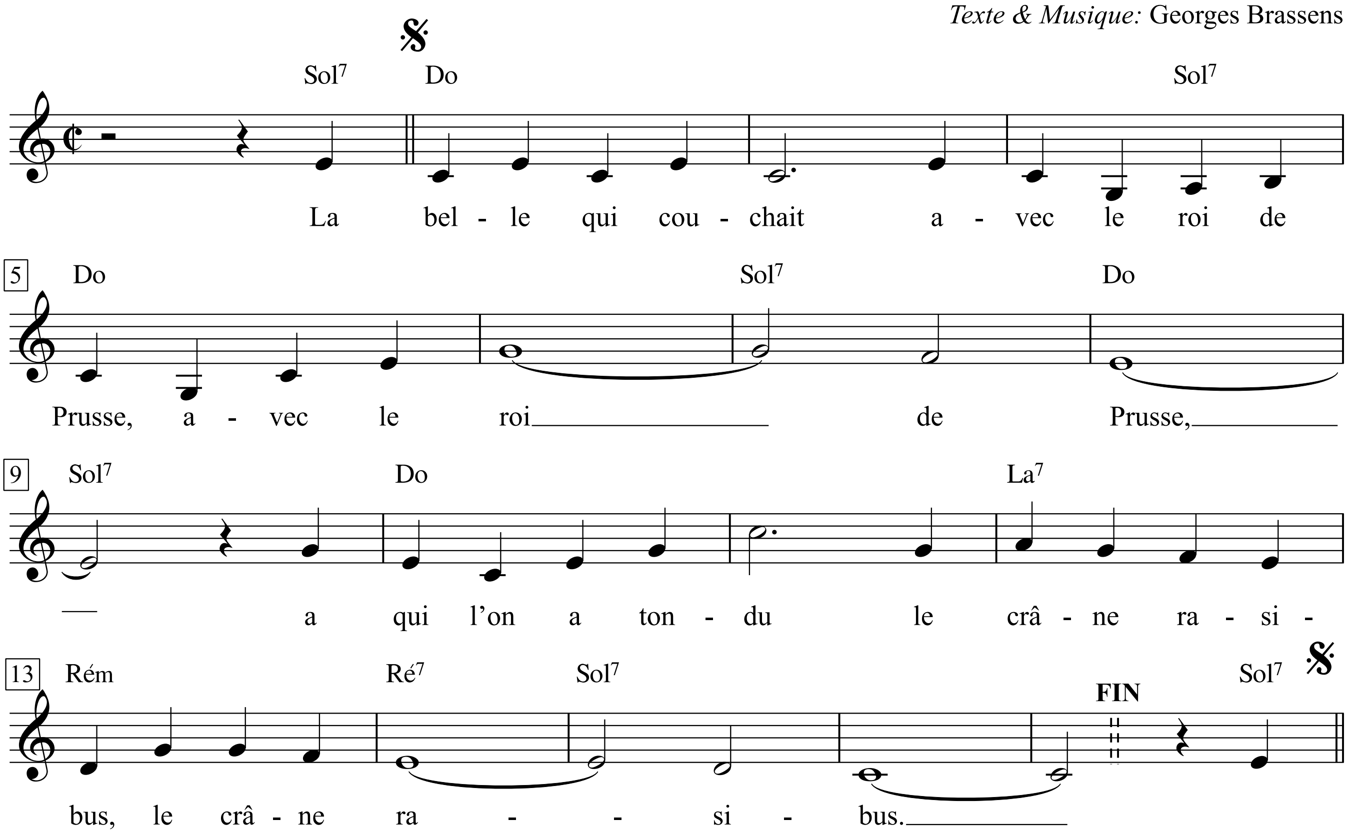
1. Pour un peu de tendresse
Je donn'rais les diamants
Que le diable caresse
Dans mes coffres d'argent
Pourquoi crois-tu la belle.
Que les marins au port
Vident leurs escarcelles
Pour offrir des trésors
A de fausses princesses?
Pour un peu de tendresse.

2. Pour un peu de tendresse
Je chang'rais de visage,
Je changerais d'ivresses.
Je chang'rais de langage
Pourquoi crois-tu la belle.
Qu'au sommet de leurs chants
Emp'reurs et ménestrels
Abandonnent souvent
Puissances et richesses?
Pour un peu de tendresse.

3. Pour un peu de tendresse
Je t'offrirais le temps
Qu'il reste de jeunesse
A l'été finissant.
Pourquoi crois-tu la belle.
Que monte ma chanson
Vers la claire dentelle
Qui danse sur ton front
Penché vers ma détresse?
Pour un peu de tendresse.

La tondue
(Die Geschorene)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. La belle qui couchait avec le roi de Prusse,
Avec le roi de Prusse,
A qui l'on a tondu le crâne rasibus,
Le crâne rasibus.

2. Son penchant prononcé pour les »ich liebe dich«,
Pour les »ich liebe dich«,
Lui valut de porter quelques cheveux postich's,
Quelques cheveux postich's.

3. Les braves sans-culott's et les bonnets phrygiens,
Et les bonnets phrygiens,
Ont livré sa crinière à un tondeur de chiens,
A un tondeur de chiens.

4. J'aurais dû prendre un peu parti pour sa toison,
Parti pour sa toison,
J'aurais dû dire un mot pour sauver son chignon,
Pour sauver son chignon,

5. Mais je n'ai pas bougé du fond de ma torpeur,
Du fond de ma torpeur.
Les coupeurs de cheveux en quatre m'ont fait peur,
En quatre m'ont fait peur.

6. Quand, pire qu'une brosse, elle eut été tondu',
Elle eut été tondu',
J'ai dit: »C'est malheureux, ces accroch'-cœur perdus,
Ces accroch'-cœur perdus.«

7. Et, ramassant l'un d'eux qui traînait dans l'ornière,
Qui traînait dans l'ornière,
Je l'ai, comme une fleur, mis à ma boutonnière,
Mis à ma boutonnière.

8. En me voyant partir arborant mon toupet,
Arborant mon toupet,
Tous ces coupeurs de natt's m'ont pris pour un suspect,
M'ont pris pour un suspect.

9. Comme de la patrie je ne mérite guère,
Je ne mérite guère,
J'ai pas la Croix d'honneur, j'ai pas la croix de guerre,
J'ai pas la croix de guerre,

10. Et je n'en souffre pas avec trop de rigueur,
Avec trop de rigueur.
J'ai ma rosette à moi: c'est un accroche-cœur,
C'est un accroche-cœur.

1. Der Schönen, die mit dem König von Preußen schlief,
mit dem König von Preußen schlief,
ihr schor man den Schädel ratzekahl,
den Schädel ratzekahl.

2. Ihr ausgesprochener Hang zum »Ich liebe dich«,
zum »Ich liebe dich«
trug ihr eine Perücke ein,
eine Perücke ein.

3. Die braven Sansculotten und Phrygiermützen
und Phrygiermützen
lieferten ihre Mähne einem Hundescherer aus,
einem Hundescherer aus.

4. Ich hätte Partei ergreifen sollen für ihr Vlies,
sollen für ihr Vlies,
hätte ein Wort sagen müssen, um ihren Schopf zu retten,
um ihren Schopf zu retten.

5. Aber ich hab mich nicht aus der Benommenheit aufgerafft,
Benommenheit aufgerafft;
die Haarspalter haben mir Angst gemacht,
mir Angst gemacht.

6. Als sie geschoren war, schlimmer als Bürstenschnitt,
schlimmer als Bürstenschnitt,
sagte ich: »Ein Jammer um die verlorenen Locken,
die verlorenen Locken.«

7. Und ich hab eine aufgehoben, die im Rinnstein lag,
im Rinnstein lag,
und sie wie eine Blume in mein Knopfloch gesteckt,
in mein Knopfloch gesteckt.

8. Als man mich mit meiner Locke davongehen sah,
davongehen sah,
hielten mich diese Lockenschnitter für ein verdächtiges Subjekt,
verdächtiges Subjekt.

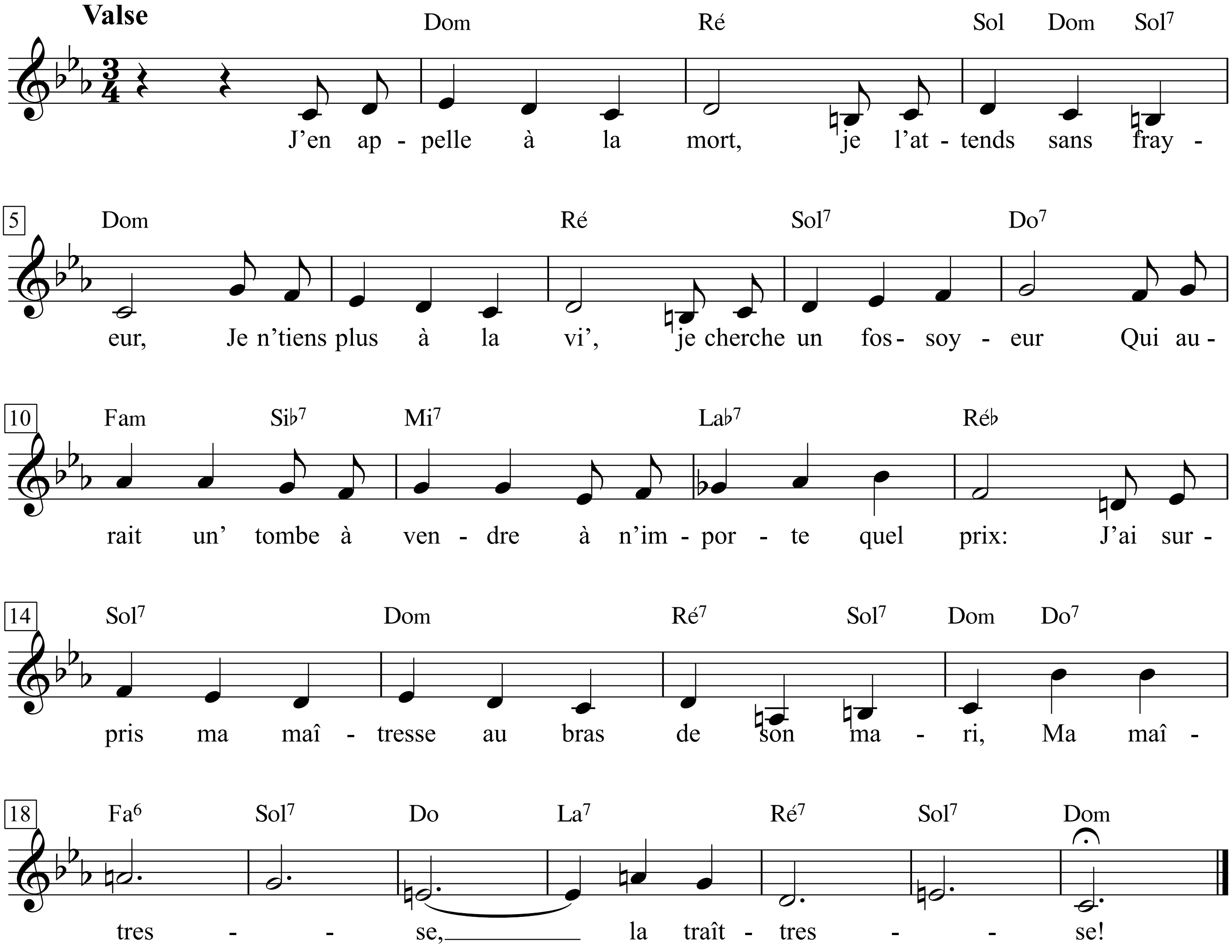
9. Da ich mich nicht ums Vaterland verdient gemacht habe,
verdient gemacht habe,
besitze ich kein Ehrenkreuz, keinen Kriegerorden,
keinen Kriegerorden,

10. und ich leide auch nicht zu sehr darunter,
zu sehr darunter:
Ich habe mein eigenes Ordensband: diese Locke,
diese Locke.

La traîtesse

(Die Treulose)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. J’en appelle à la mort, je l’attends sans frayeur,
Je n’ tiens plus à la vi’, je cherche un fossoyeur
Qui aurait un’ tombe à vendre à n’importe quel prix:
J’ai surpris ma maîtresse au bras de son mari,
Ma maîtresse, la traîtresse!

2. J’ croyais tenir l’amour au bout de mon harpon,
Mon p’tit drapeau flottait au cœur d’ madam’ Dupont,
Mais tout est consommé: hier soir, au coin d’un bois,
J’ai surpris ma maîtresse avec son mari, pouah!
Ma maîtresse, la traîtresse!

3. Trouverais-je les noms, trouverais-je les mots,
Pour noter d’infami’ cet enfant de chameau
Qui a choisi son époux pour tromper son amant,
Qui a conduit l’adultère à son point culminant?
Ma maîtresse, la traîtresse!

4. Où donc avais-j’ les yeux? Quoi donc avais-j’ dedans?
Pour pas m’être aperçu depuis un certain temps
Que, quand ell’ m’embrassait, ell’ semblait moins goulu’
Et faisait des enfants qui n’ me ressemblaient plus.
Ma maîtresse, la traîtresse!

5. Et pour bien m’enfoncer la corne dans le cœur,
Par un raffinement satanique, moqueur,
La perfide, à voix haute, a dit à mon endroit:
»Le plus cornard des deux n’est point celui qu’on croit.«
Ma maîtresse, la traîtresse!

6. J’ai surpris les Dupont, ce couple de marauds,
En train d’ recommencer leur hymen à zéro,
J’ai surpris ma maîtresse équivoque, ambigu’,
En train d’intervertir l’ordre de ses cocus.
Ma maîtresse, la traîtresse!

1. Ich verlang nach dem Tod, erwart ihn ohne Angst,
leg keinen Wert mehr auf das Leben, such einen Totengräber,
der ein Grab zu verkaufen hat, egal zu welchem Preis:
Ich hab meine Maitresse in den Armen ihres Gatten überrascht.
Meine Maitresse, die Treulose!

2. Ich dachte, ich hätte die Liebe harpuniert,
meine Flagge wehte auf dem Herzen von Madame Dupont,
aber alles ist aus - gestern Abend, am Waldrand
hab ich meine Maitresse mit ihrem Gatten überrascht - bah.
Meine Maitresse, die Treulose!

3. Finde ich wohl Namen, finde ich Worte
für die Niedertracht dieser Schurkin,
die den Mann nimmt, um den Liebhaber zu betrügen,
die den Ehebruch auf den Gipfel getrieben hat?
Meine Maitresse, die Treulose!

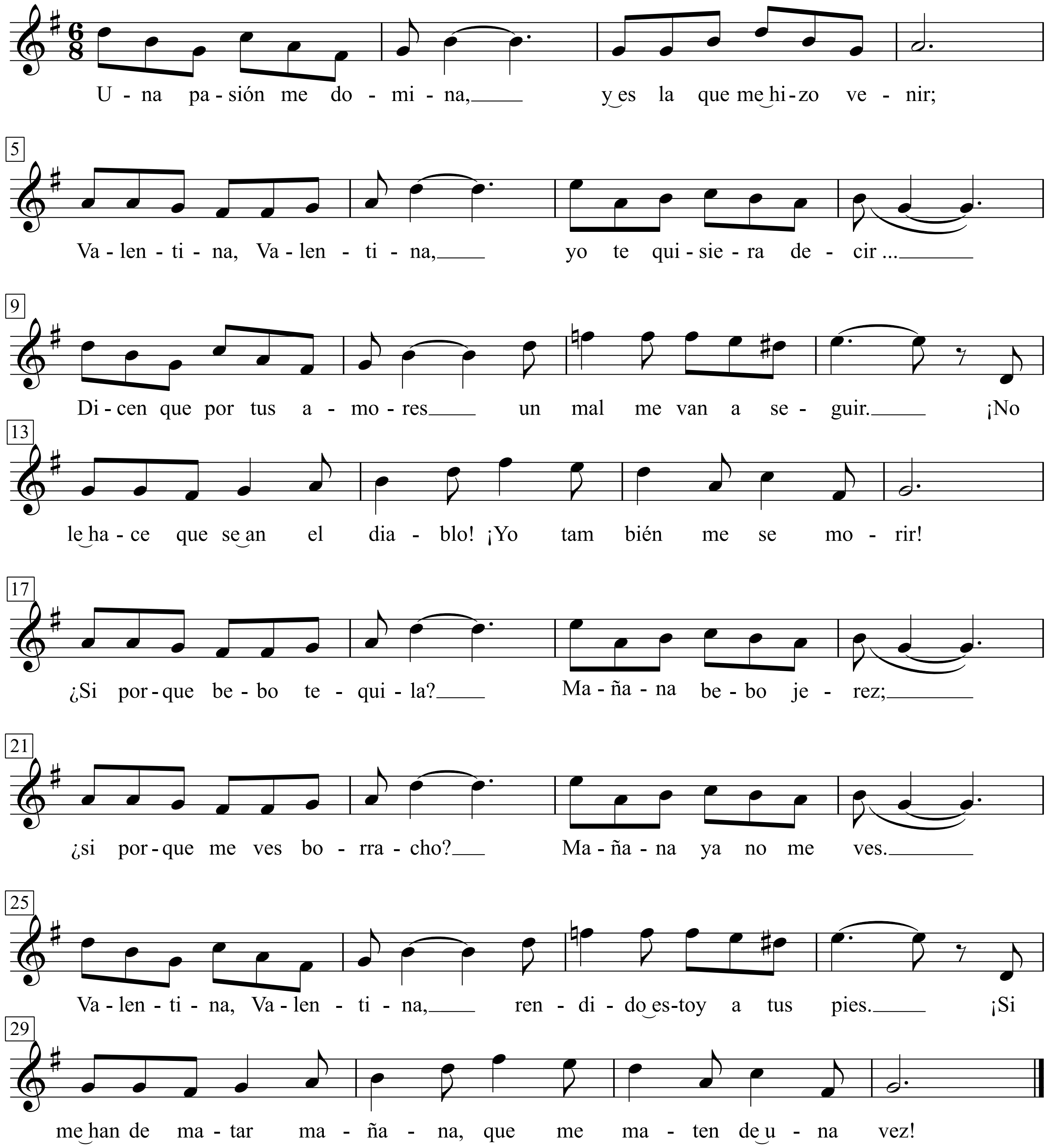
4. Wo hatte ich meine Augen und was nur darin,
dass ich nicht bemerkt hab, dass sie seit einiger Zeit,
wenn sie mich küsste, weniger gierig schien
und Kinder machte, die mir nicht mehr glichen?
Meine Maitresse, die Treulose!

5. Und um mir die Hörner tief ins Herz zu rammen,
satanisch und höhnisch und sehr raffiniert,
hat die Perfide laut dorthin, wo ich stand, gesagt:
»Der Gehörnteste von beiden ist nicht der, von dem man’s meint.«
Meine Maitresse, die Treulose!

6. Ich hab die Duponts überrascht, dieses schuftige Paar,
wie sie ihre Ehe wieder bei Null begannen,
ich hab meine Maitresse überrascht, schlüpfrig, zwielichtig,
wie sie die Rangfolge ihrer Cocus verdrehte.
Meine Maitresse, die Treulose!

La Valentina

Desprecio a la vida



Vicente T. Mendoza - La canción Mexicana, p. 298+299

Una pasión me domina,
es la que me ha hecho venir;
Valentina, Valentina,
yo te quisiera decir. . .

Dicen que por tus amores
un mal me van a seguir.
¡No le hace que sean el Diablo!
¡Yo también me sé morir!

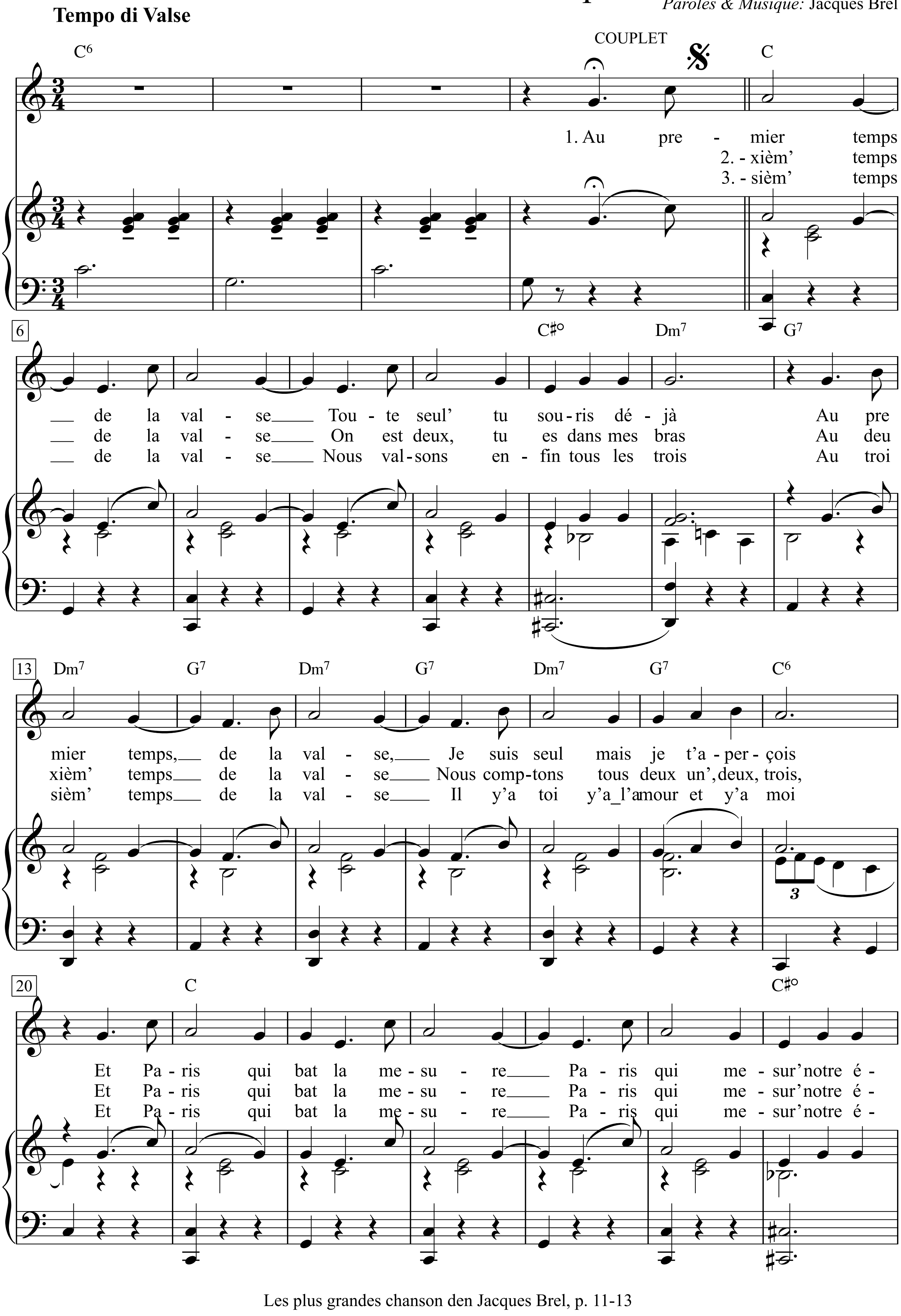
¿Si porque bebo tequila?
Mañana bebo jerez;
¿si porque me ves borracho?
Mañana ya no me ves.

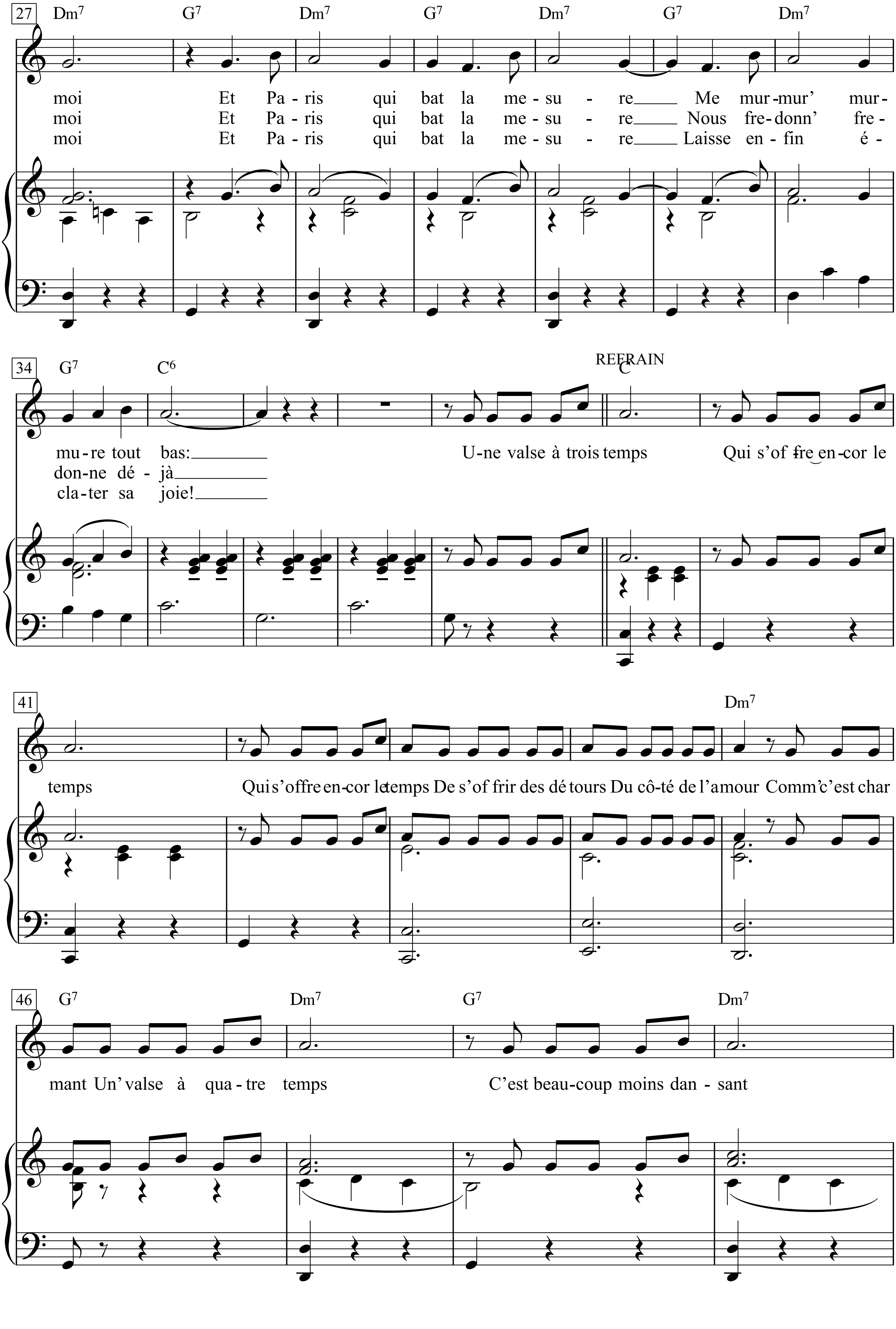
Valentina, Valentina,
rendido estoy a tus pies.
¡Si me han de matar mañana,
que me maten de una vez!

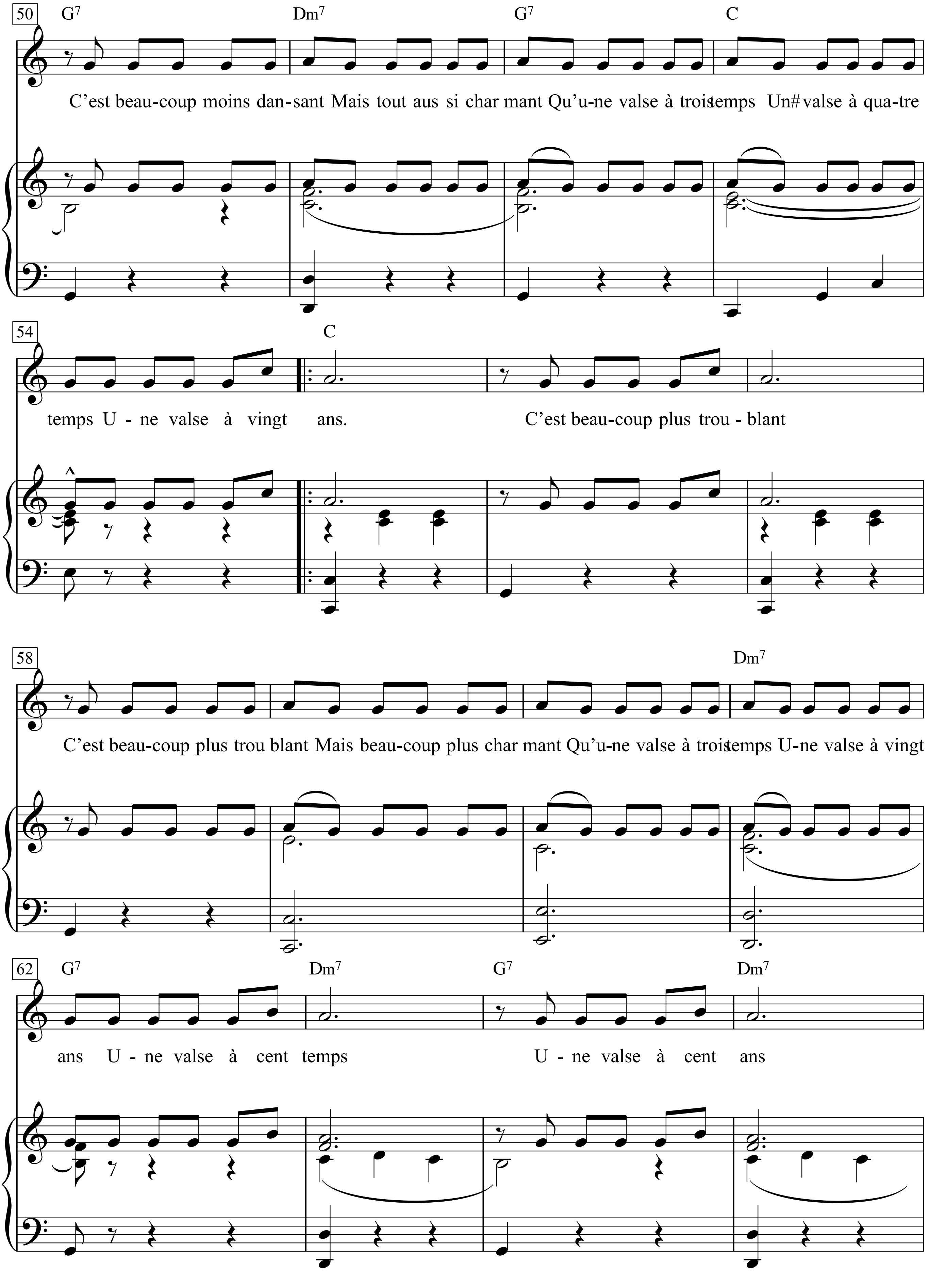
La oí cantar por primera vez, en las calles del Cinco de Mayo a las tropas carrancistas, recién ocupada la Capital por el Ejército Constitucionalista en agosto de 1914. Y la tocaban también las Bandas Militares de los diversos Cuerpos.

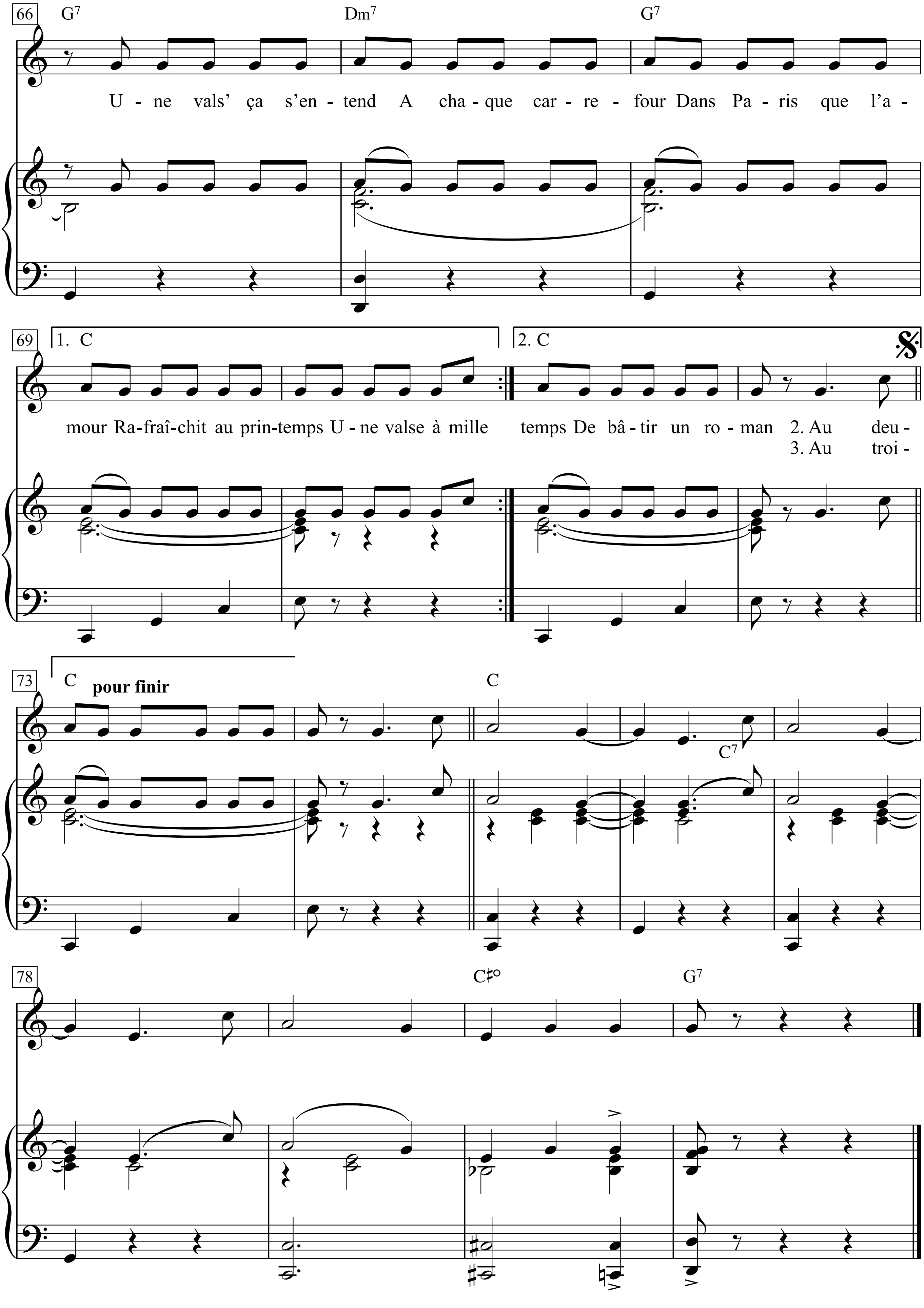
La valse a mille temps

Paroles & Musique: Jacques Brel




27
Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 Dm7
moi Et Pa - ris qui bat la me - su - re Me mur - mur' mur -
moi Et Pa - ris qui bat la me - su - re Nous fre - donn' fre -
moi Et Pa - ris qui bat la me - su - re Laisse en - fin é -
34
G7 C6
REFRAIN
C
mu - re tout bas:
don - ne dé - jà
cla - ter sa joie!
U - ne valse à trois temps Qui s'of fre en - cor le
41
Dm7
temps Qui s'offre en - cor le temps De s'of frir des dé tours Du cô - té de l'amour Comm' c'est char
46
G7 Dm7 G7 Dm7
mant Un' valse à qua - tre temps C'est beau - coup moins dan - sant


50
G7
Dm7
G7
C
C'est beau-coup moins dan-sant Mais tout aus si char mant Qu'u-ne valse à trois temps Un# valse à qua-tre
54
C
temps U - ne valse à vingt ans.
C'est beau-coup plus trou - blant
58
Dm7
C'est beau-coup plus trou blant Mais beau-coup plus char mant Qu'u-ne valse à trois temps U-ne valse à vingt
62
G7
Dm7
G7
Dm7
ans U - ne valse à cent temps
U - ne valse à cent ans


66
G7
Dm7
G7
U - ne vals' ça s'en - tend A cha - que car - re - four Dans Pa - ris que l'a -
69
1. C
2. C
mour Ra-fraî-chit au prin-temps U - ne valse à mille temps De bâ - tir un ro - man 2. Au deu -
3. Au troi -
73
C
pour finir
C
C7
78
C♯°
G7

1. Au premier temps de la valse
Toute seule tu souris déjà
Au premier temps de la valse
Je suis seul mais je t'aperçois
Et Paris qui bat la mesure
Paris qui mesure notre émoi
Et Paris qui bat la mesure
Me murmure murmure tout bas

Refrain:
Une valse à trois temps
Qui s'offre encore le temps
Qui s'offre encore le temps
De s'offrir des détours
Du côté de l'amour
Comme c'est charmant
Une valse à quatre temps
C'est beaucoup moins dansant
C'est beaucoup moins dansant
Mais tout aussi charmant
Qu'une valse à trois temps
Une valse à quatre temps
Une valse à vingt ans
C'est beaucoup plus troublant
C'est beaucoup plus troublant
Mais beaucoup plus charmant
Qu'une valse à trois temps
Une valse à vingt ans
Une valse à cent temps
Une valse à cent ans
Une valse ça s'entend
A chaque carrefour

Dans Paris que l'amour
Rafraîchit au printemps
Une valse à mille temps
Une valse à mille temps
Une valse a mis le temps
De patienter vingt ans
Pour que tu aies vingt ans
Et pour que j'aie vingt ans
Une valse à mille temps
Une valse à mille temps
Une valse à mille temps
Offre seule aux amants
Trois cent trente-trois fois le temps
De bâtir un roman

2. Au deuxième temps de la valse
On est deux tu es dans mes bras
Au deuxième temps de la valse
Nous comptons tous les deux une deux trois
Et Paris qui bat la mesure
Paris qui mesure notre émoi
Et Paris qui bat la mesure
Nous fredonne fredonne déjà

Refrain:
Une valse à trois temps
Qui s'offre encore le temps
Qui s'offre encore le temps
De s'offrir des détours
Du côté de l'amour
Comme c'est charmant
Une valse à quatre temps
C'est beaucoup moins dansant
C'est beaucoup moins dansant
Mais tout aussi charmant
Qu'une valse à trois temps
Une valse à quatre temps
Une valse à vingt ans
C'est beaucoup plus troublant
C'est beaucoup plus troublant
Mais beaucoup plus charmant
Qu'une valse à trois temps
Une valse à vingt ans
Une valse à cent temps
Une valse à cent ans
Une valse ça s'entend
A chaque carrefour

Dans Paris que l'amour
Rafraîchit au printemps
Une valse à mille temps
Une valse à mille temps
Une valse a mis le temps
De patienter vingt ans
Pour que tu aies vingt ans
Et pour que j'aie vingt ans
Une valse à mille temps
Une valse à mille temps
Une valse à mille temps
Offre seule aux amants
Trois cent trente-trois fois le temps
De bâtir un roman

3. Au troisième temps de la valse
Nous valsons enfin tous les trois
Au troisième temps de la valse
Il y a toi y a l'amour et y a moi
Et Paris qui bat la mesure
Paris qui mesure notre émoi
Et Paris qui bat la mesure
Laisse enfin éclater sa joie

Refrain:
Une valse à trois temps
Qui s'offre encore le temps
Qui s'offre encore le temps
De s'offrir des détours
Du côté de l'amour
Comme c'est charmant
Une valse à quatre temps
C'est beaucoup moins dansant
C'est beaucoup moins dansant
Mais tout aussi charmant
Qu'une valse à trois temps
Une valse à quatre temps
Une valse à vingt ans
C'est beaucoup plus troublant
C'est beaucoup plus troublant
Mais beaucoup plus charmant
Qu'une valse à trois temps
Une valse à vingt ans
Une valse à cent temps
Une valse à cent ans
Une valse ça s'entend
A chaque carrefour

Dans Paris que l'amour
Rafraîchit au printemps
Une valse à mille temps
Une valse à mille temps
Une valse a mis le temps
De patienter vingt ans
Pour que tu aies vingt ans
Et pour que j'aie vingt ans
Une valse à mille temps
Une valse à mille temps
Une valse à mille temps
Offre seule aux amants
Trois cent trente-trois fois le temps
De bâtir un roman

Beim ersten Taktschlag des Walzers
Alleine noch, lächelst du schon
Beim ersten Taktschlag des Walzers
Bin ich allein und seh dich an
Ein Walzer im Tausendvierteltakt
Hat 20 Jahre gewartet, bis wir beide 20 sind
Ein Walzer im Tausendvierteltakt
Gibt den Verliebten 333 Mal Zeit
Sich eine Romanze aufzubauen

Beim zweiten Taktschlag des Walzers
Liegst du mir im Arm, und schon sind wir zwei
Beim zweiten Taktschlag des Walzers
Zählen wir beide: eins, zwei, drei
Und Paris gibt uns den Takt an
Ist das Maß für die Liebelei
Und Paris gibt uns den Takt an
Und trällert, trällert dabei

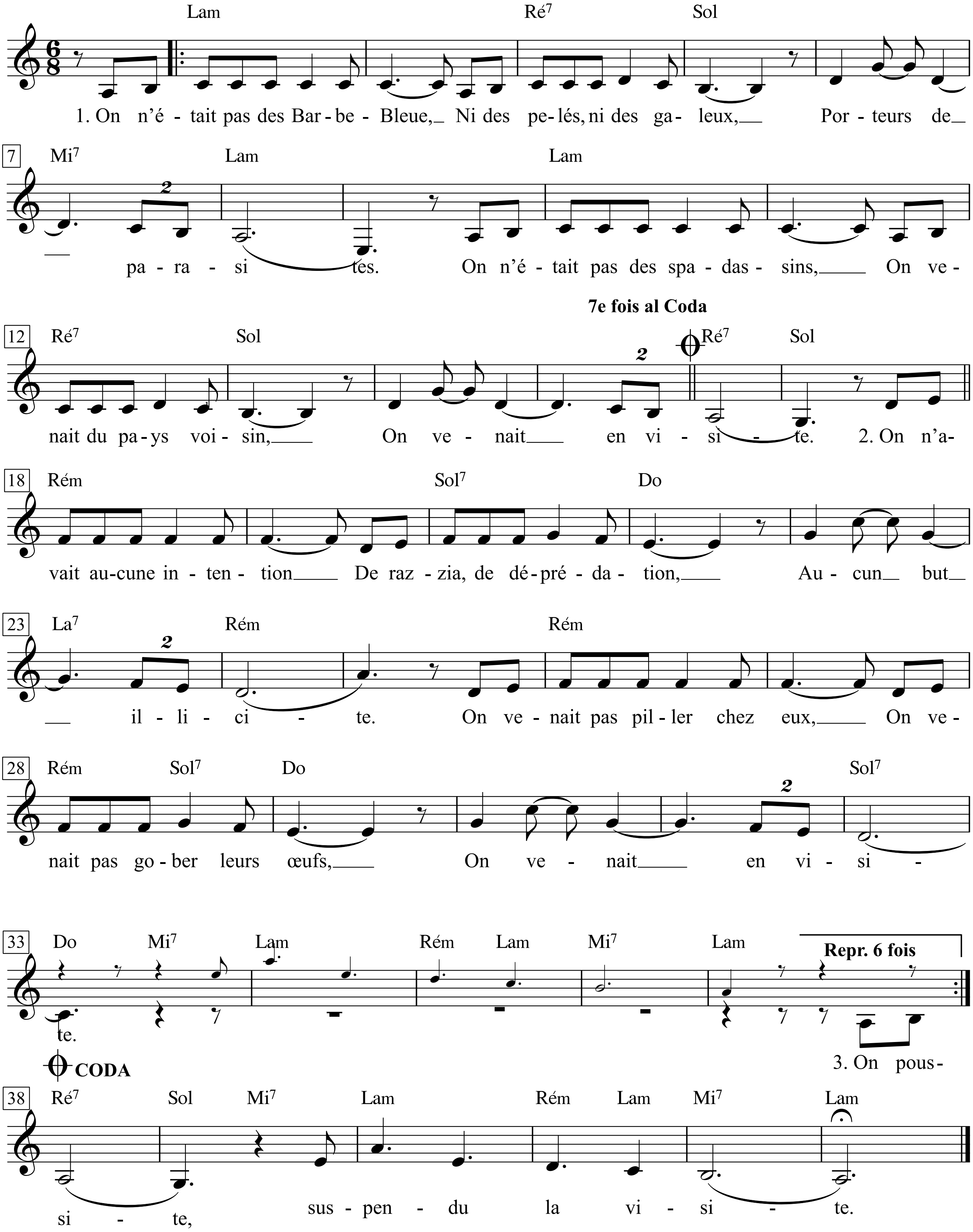
Beim dritten Taktschlag des Walzers
Tanzen wir schließlich, wir drei
Beim dritten Taktschlag des Walzers
Du und ich, mit der Liebe dabei
Und Paris gibt uns den Takt an
Gibt unsrer Erregung ein Maß
Und bricht endlich in Jubel aus

La visite

(Der Besuch)

Allegro moderato

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



La visite

On n’était pas des Barbe-Bleue,
Ni des pelés, ni des galeux,
Porteurs de parasites.
On n’était pas des spadassins,
On venait du pays voisin,
On venait en visite.

On n’avait aucune intention
De razzia, de déprédation,
Aucun but illicite.
On venait pas piller chez eux,
On venait pas gober leurs œufs,
On venait en visite.

On poussait pas des cris d’indiens,
On avançait avec maintien
Et d’un pas qui hésite.
On braquait pas des revolvers,
On arrivait les bras ouverts,
On venait en visite.

Mais ils sont rentrés dans leurs trous,
Mais ils ont poussé les verrous
Dans un accord tacite.
Ils ont fermé les contrevents,
Caché les femmes, les enfants,
Refusé la visite.

On venait pas les sermonner,
Tenter de les endoctriner,
Pas leur prendre leur site.
On venait leur dire en passant,
Un petit bonjour innocent,
On venait en visite.

On venait pour se présenter,
On venait pour les fréquenter,
Pour qu’ils nous plébiscitent,
Dans l’espérance d’être admis
Et naturalisés amis,
On venait en visite.

Par malchance, ils n’ont pas voulu
De notre amitié superflue
Que rien ne nécessite.
Et l’on a refermé nos mains,
Et l’on a rebroussé chemin,
Suspendu la visite,

(Coda)
Suspendu la visite.

7. Der Besuch

Wir waren keine Blaubärte
noch schorfig oder räudig,
trugen keine Parasiten.
Wir waren keine Totschläger,
wir kamen aus dem Nachbarland,
wir kamen zu Besuch.

Wir hatten keinerlei Absicht,
Beutezüge zu machen, zu plündern,
kein ungebührliches Ziel.
Wir wollten nichts rauben,
ihnen nicht die Eier ausschlürfen,
wir kamen zu Besuch.

Wir stießen kein Indianergeheul aus,
bewegten uns sittsam
und zögernden Schritts.
Wir fuchtelten nicht mit Revolvern,
kamen mit offenen Armen,
wir kamen zu Besuch.

Aber sie sind in ihre Löcher gekrochen,
aber sie haben die Riegel vorgeschoben
in schweigender Übereinkunft.
Sie haben die Fensterläden geschlossen,
die Frauen und Kinder versteckt,
den Besuch abgewiesen.

Wir wollten nicht predigen,
sie nicht indoktrinieren,
ihnen nicht die Heimat nehmen.
Wir wollten en passant
ein harmloses Bonjour sagen,
wir kamen zu Besuch.

Wir kamen, um uns vorzustellen,
um vorbeizuschauen,
damit sie uns billigen konnten,
in der Hoffnung, zugelassen
und als Freunde naturalisiert zu werden,
wir kamen zu Besuch.

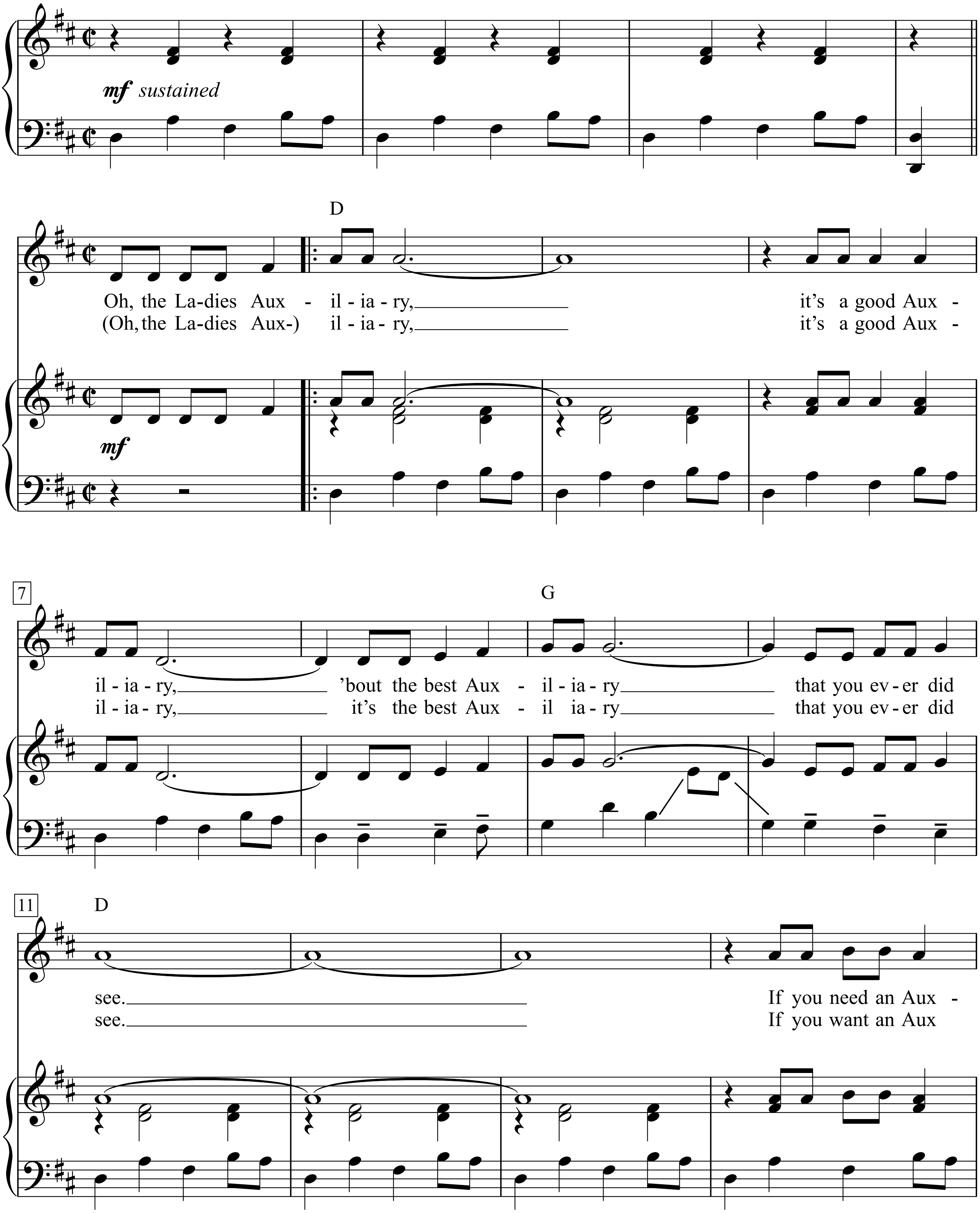
Leider wollten sie nichts wissen
von unserer überflüssigen Freundschaft,
die keine Ansprüche stellt.
Und wir haben die Hände wieder eingesteckt
und den Rückweg angetreten
und den Besuch aufgeschoben

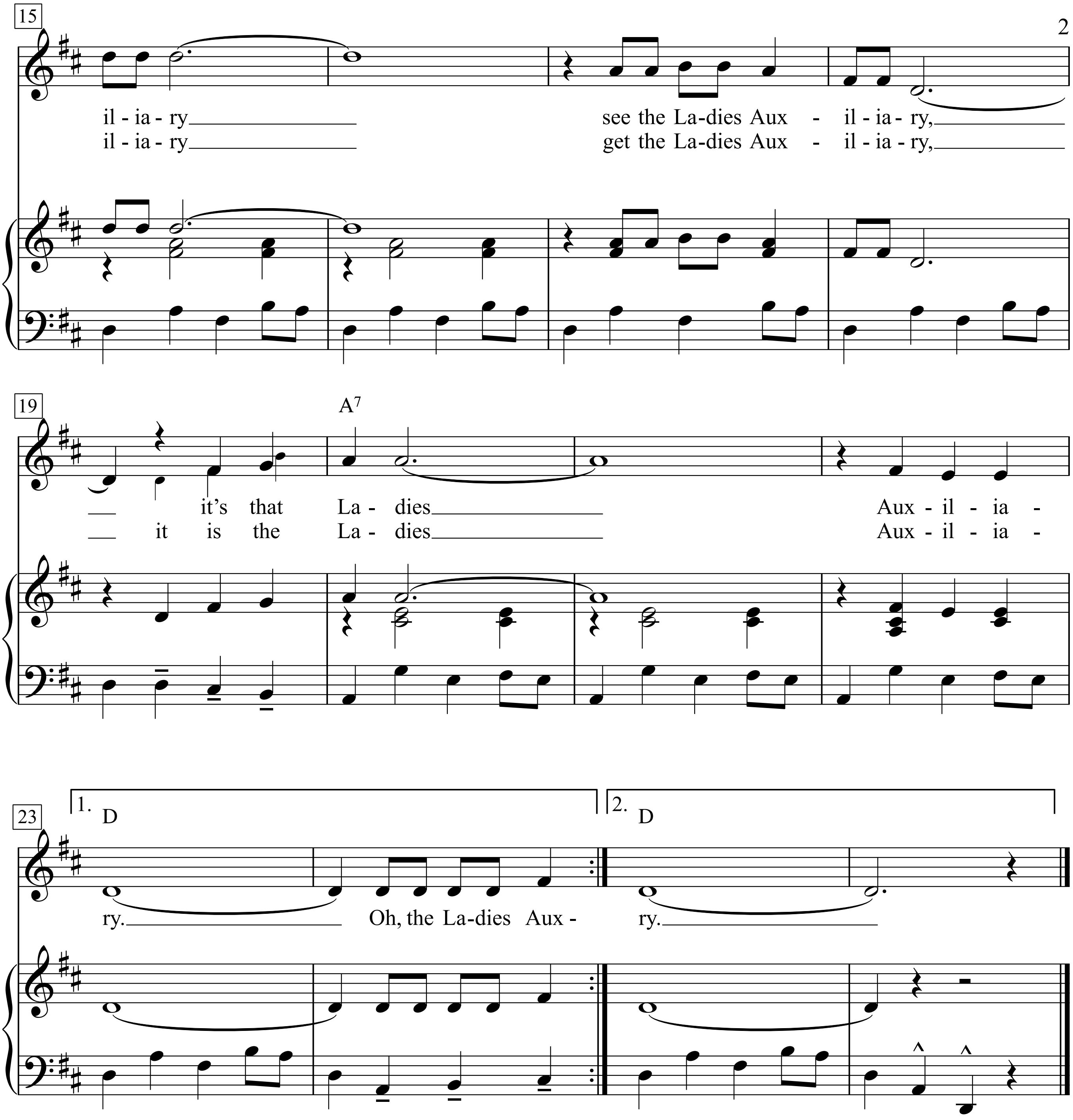
(Coda)
und den Besuch aufgeschoben.

Ladies Auxiliary

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie
(Woody Guthrie)

Briskly, irreverently





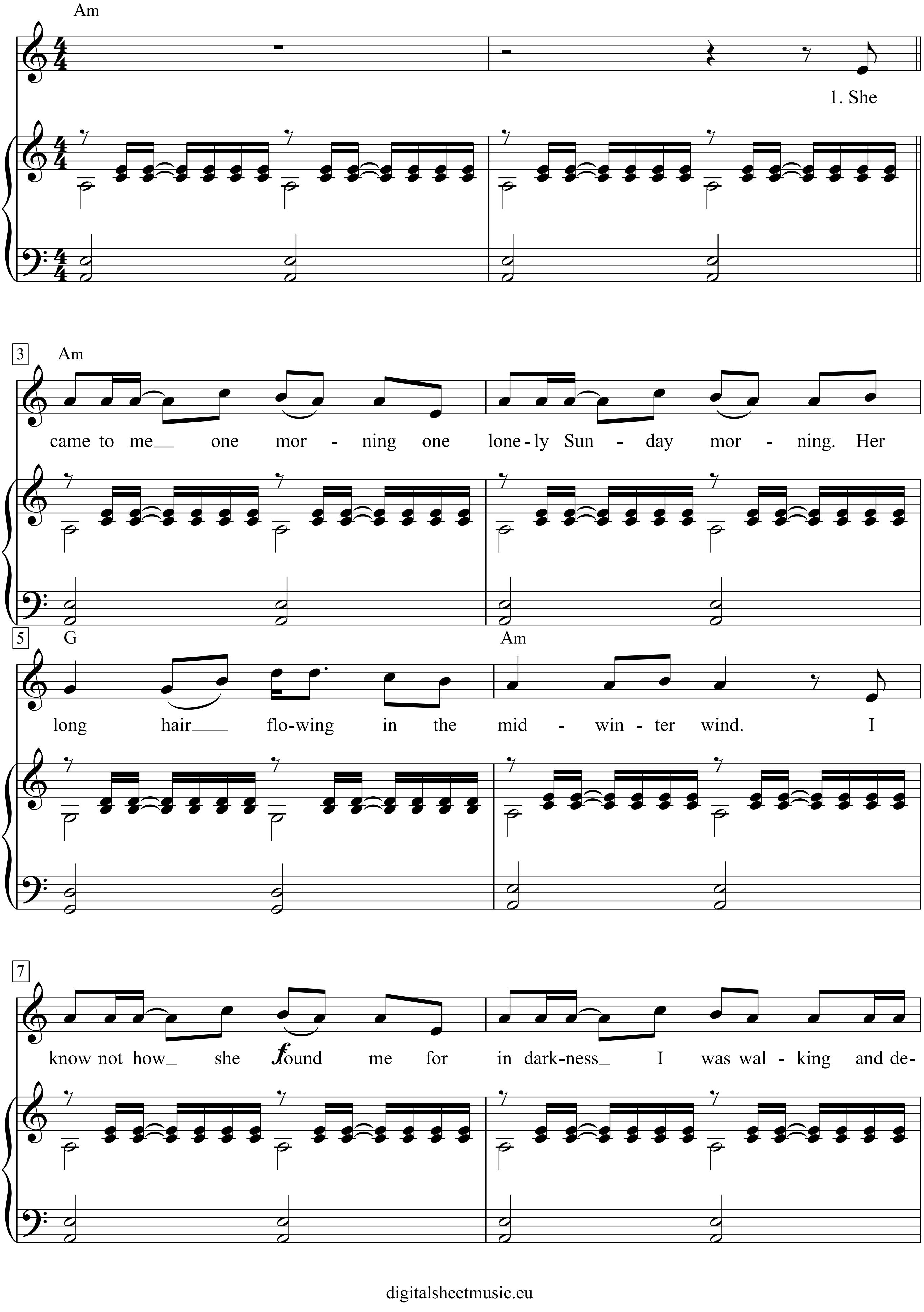
Oh, the Ladies Auxiliary,
It's a good Auxiliary,
'Bout the best Auxiliary that you ever did see.
If you need an Auxiliary
See the Ladies Auxiliary,
It's that Ladies Auxiliary.

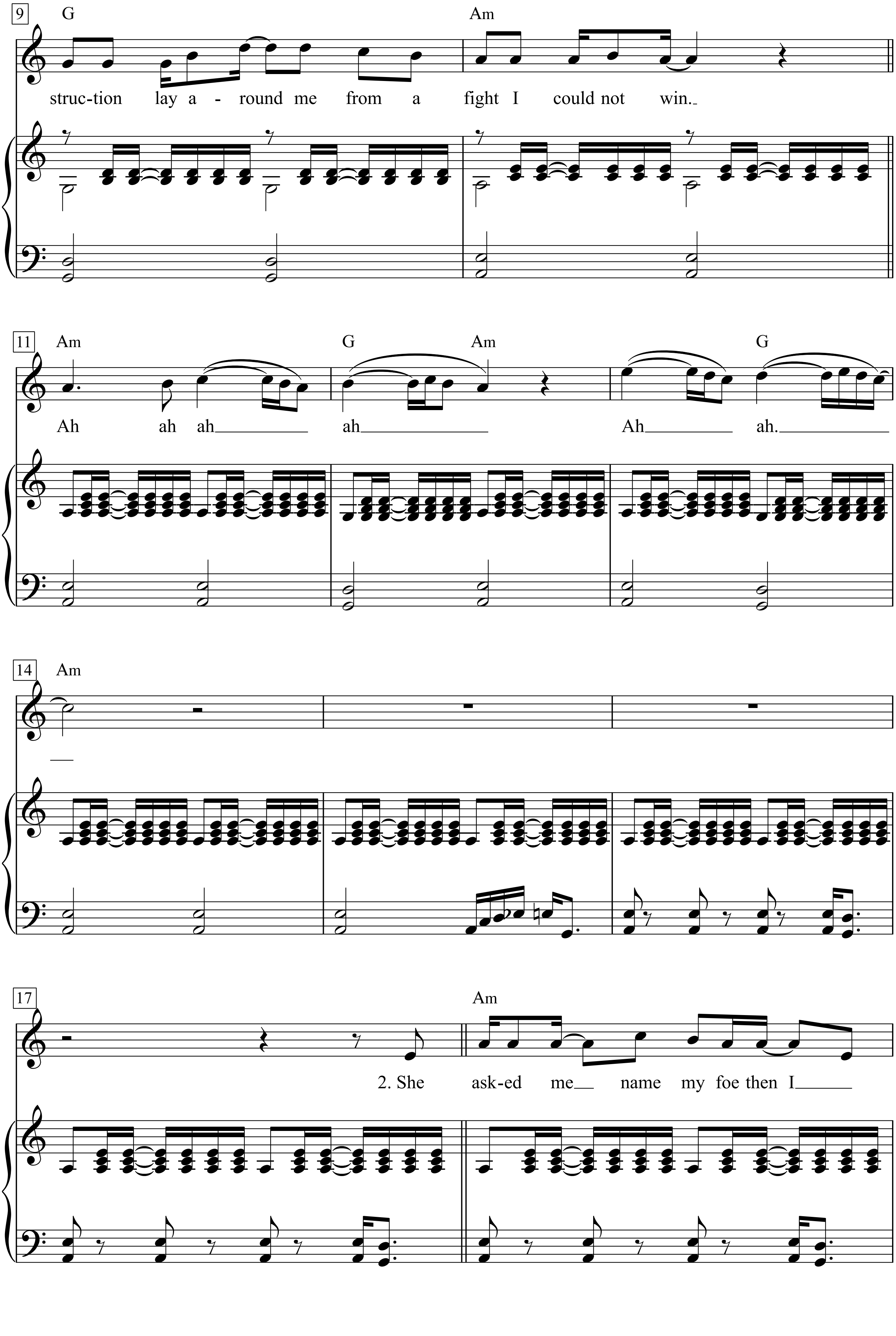
Oh, the Ladies Auxiliary,
It's a good Auxiliary,
It's the best Auxiliary that you ever did see.
If you want an Aux iliary
Get the Ladies Auxiliary,
It is the Ladies Auxiliary.

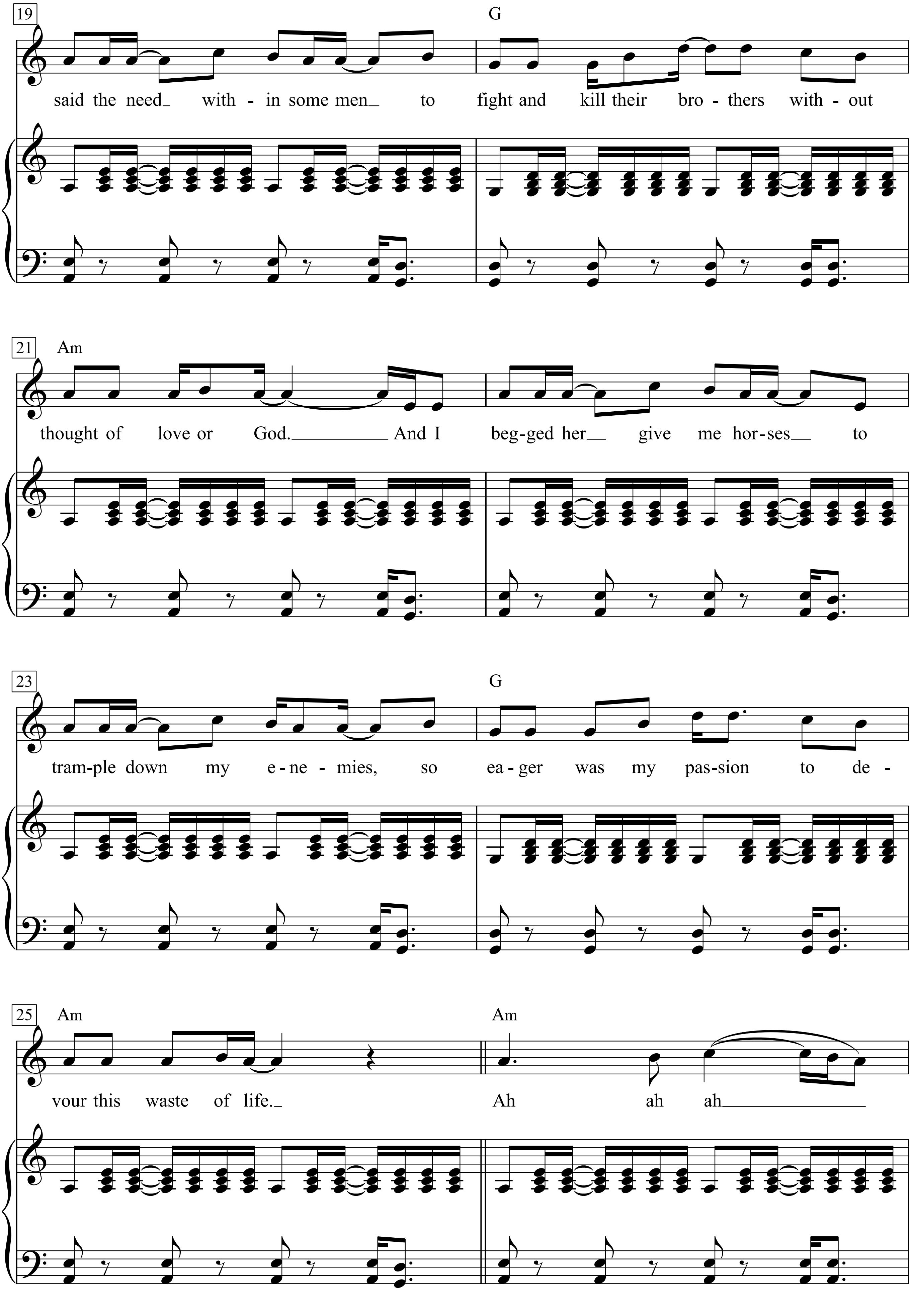
You cain't sing about trouble till you've had trouble. And you don't know the American people till you know their troubles, and you don't know the troubles till you hear them sing their songs.
And the best kind of a song is the one that tells of what's wrong and how it ought to be fixed.
That would do more to defend this country against old Hitler than to send all of this stuff over there to old Churchill, find what needs some fixing over here right now, right this minute, and then we'd have a country 10 times as able to defend itself.
We'd just all get together and build this country up and paint up all of the old rotten houses, put up some new ones, and have so many big factories a running that you'd have just a big plenty of everything—even guns and big battle ships and good running horses that wouldn't run backwards, and we'd have such good air planes and men to fly them that no country nor bunch of them put together would have the least craving to set a foot on this ground over here to battle us.

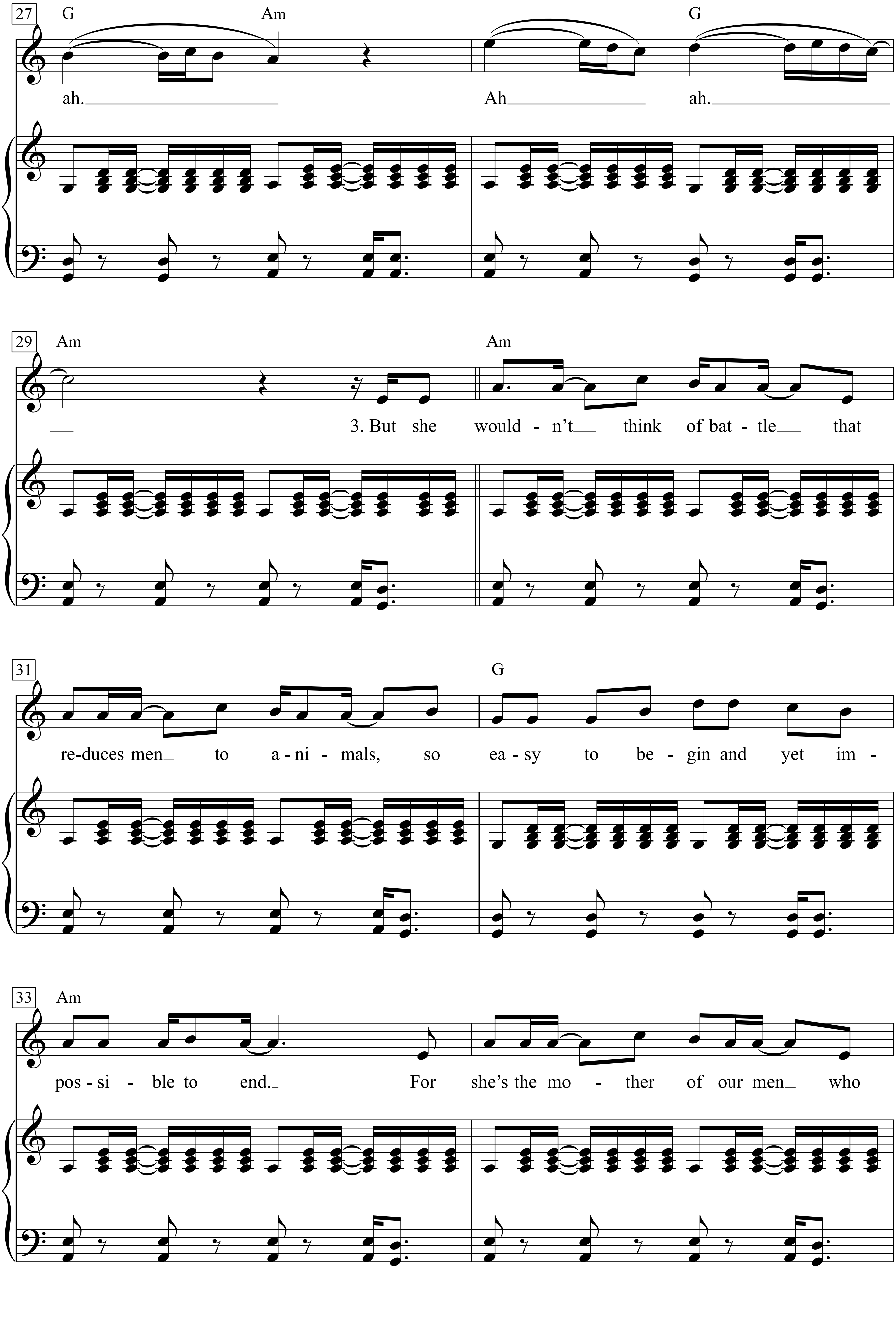
Lady In Black

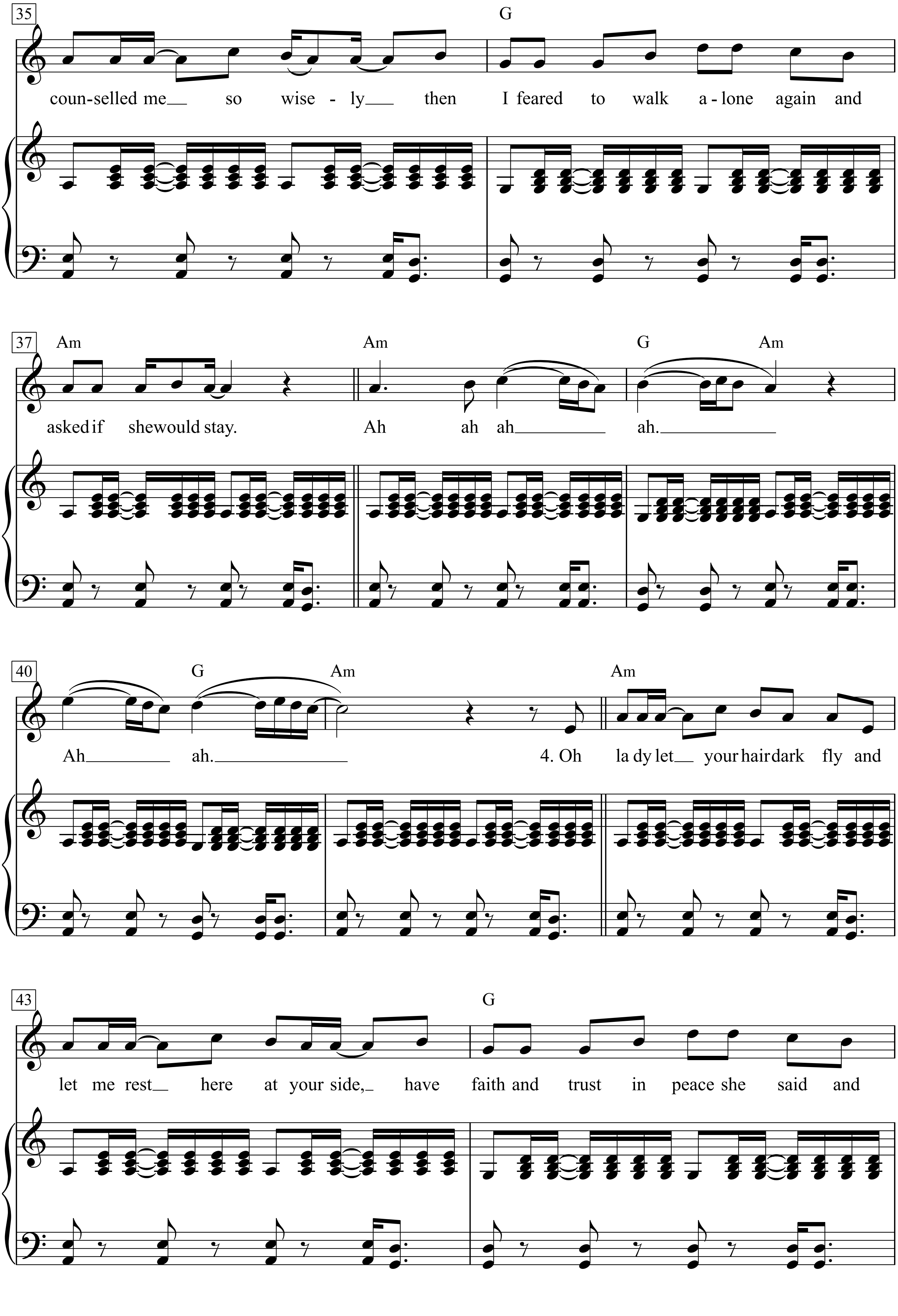
Words & Music by
William David Kenneth Hensley

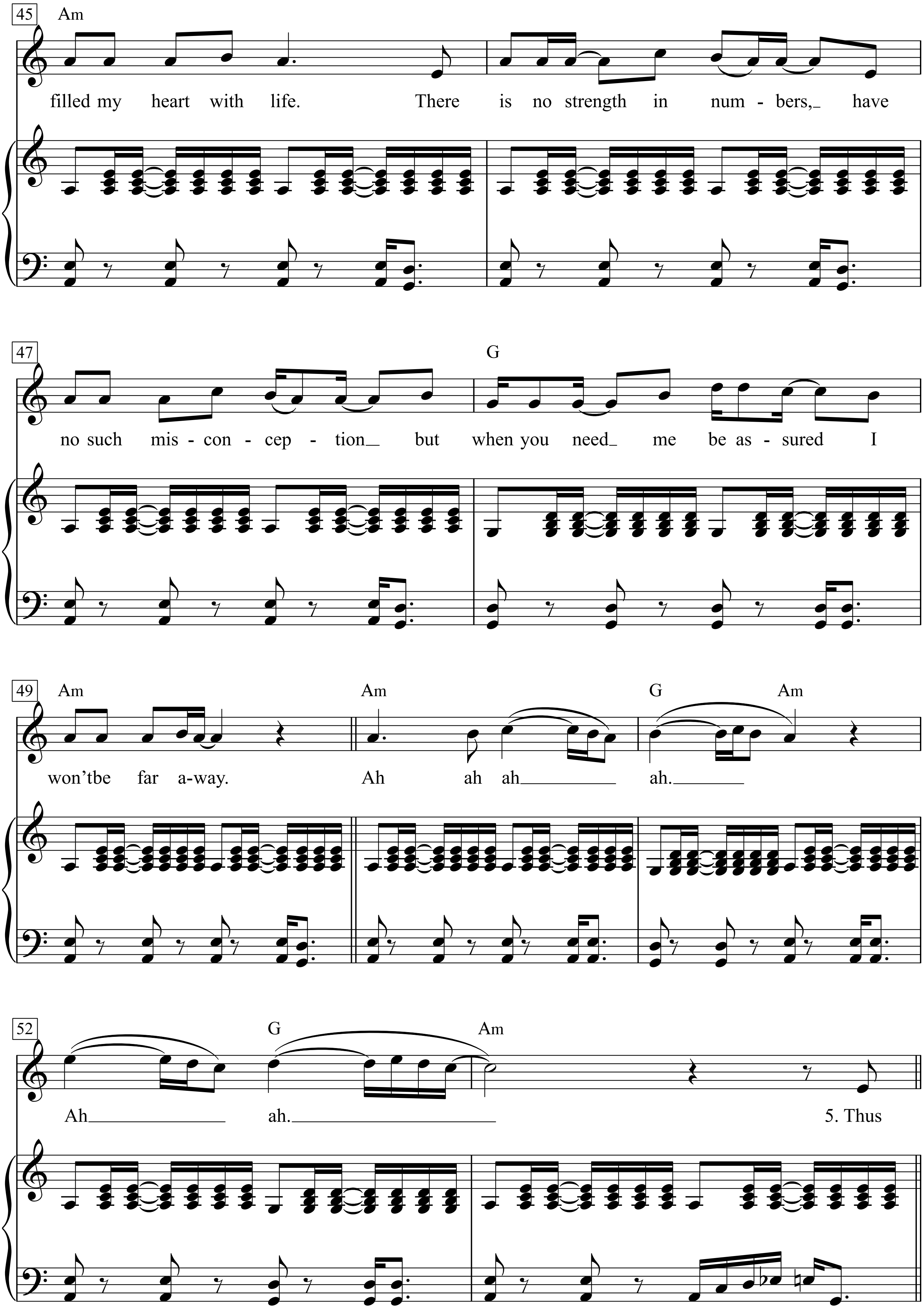


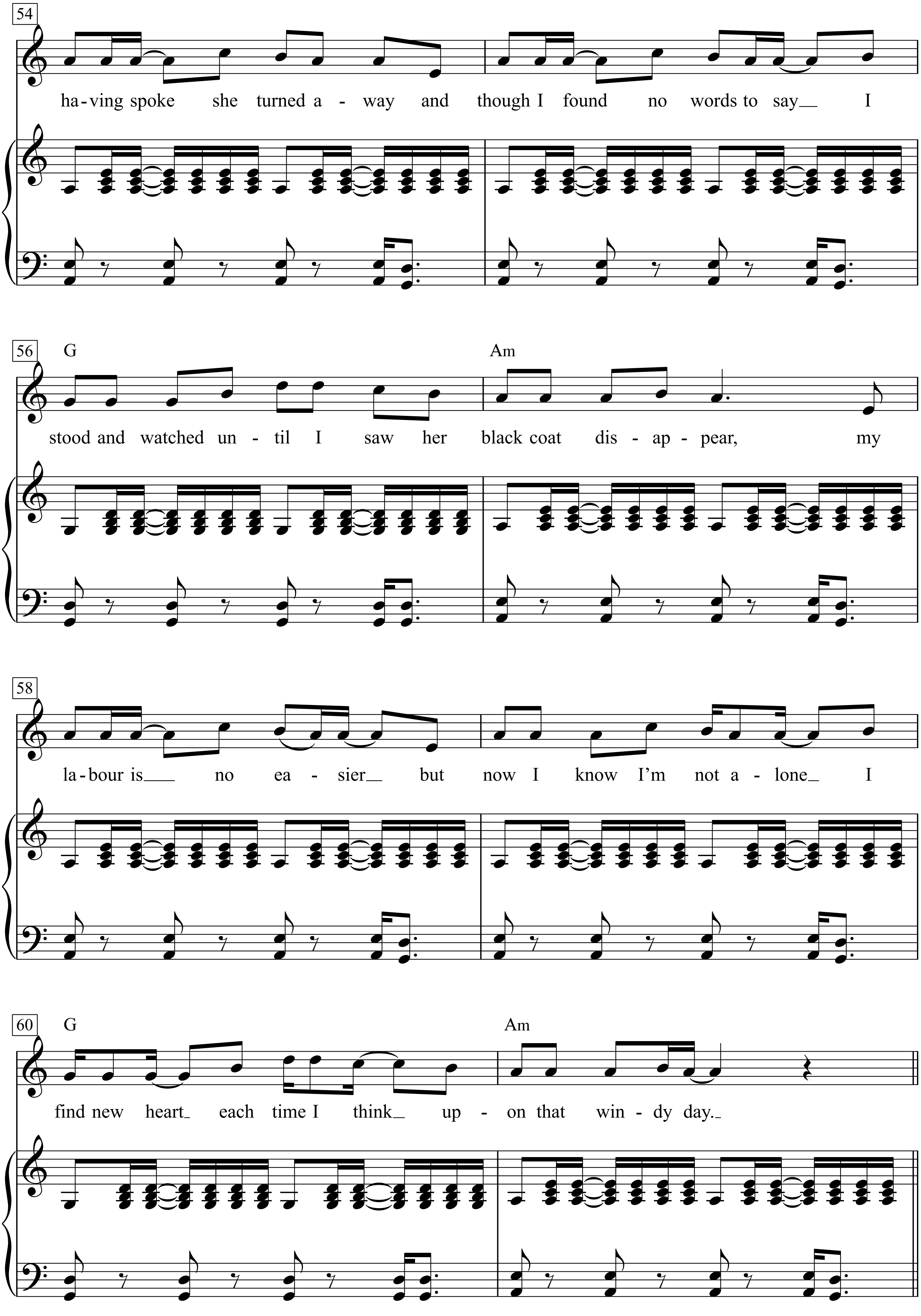

9
G
Am
struc-tion lay a - round me from a fight I could not win.
11
Am
G
Am
G
Ah ah ah ah Ah ah.
14
Am
17
Am
2. She ask-ed me name my foe then I

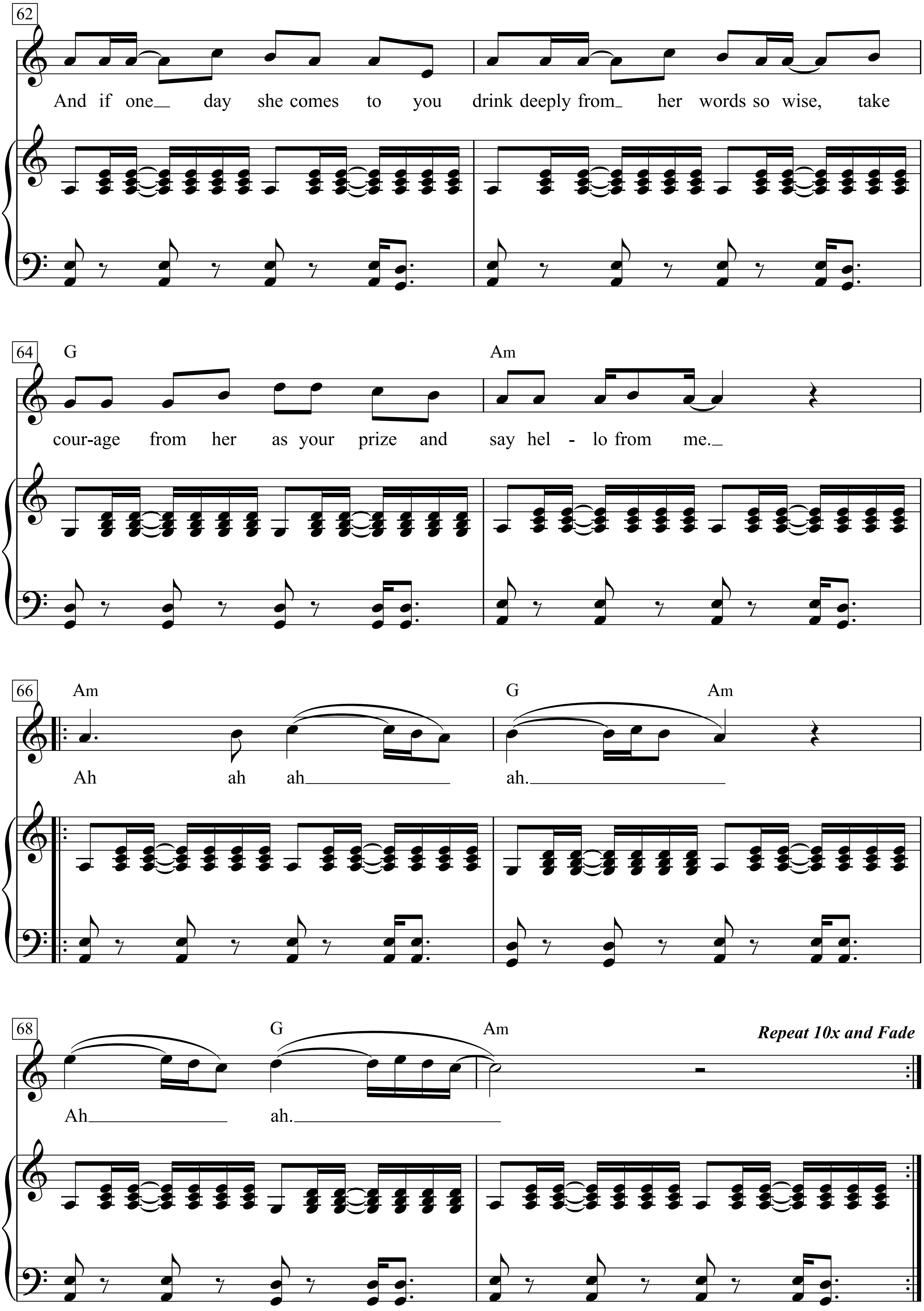

19
G
said the need_ with - in some men_ to fight and kill their bro - thers with - out
21
Am
thought of love or God.______ And I beg-ged her__ give me hor-ses__ to
23
G
tram-ple down my e - ne - mies, so ea - ger was my pas-sion to de -
25
Am
Am
vour this waste of life._ Ah ah ah______


27
G
Am
G
ah.
Ah
ah.
29
Am
Am
3. But she
would - n't think of bat - tle that
31
G
re-duces men to a - ni - mals, so
ea - sy to be - gin and yet im -
33
Am
pos - si - ble to end.
For
she's the mo - ther of our men who


35
G
coun-selled me so wise - ly then I feared to walk a-lone again and
37
Am
Am
G
Am
asked if shewould stay. Ah ah ah ah.
40
G
Am
Am
Ah ah. 4. Oh la dy let your hair dark fly and
43
G
let me rest here at your side, have faith and trust in peace she said and

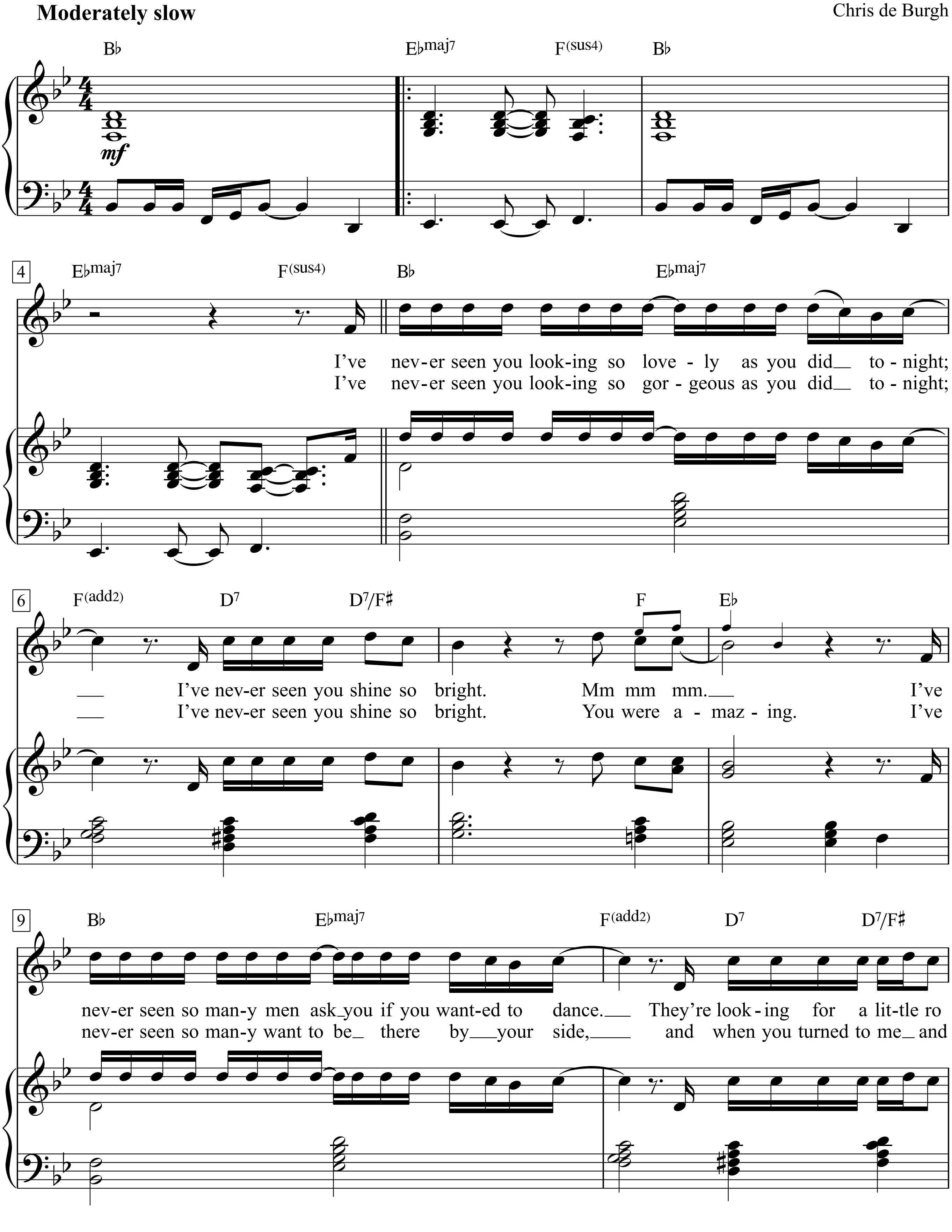

45
Am
filled my heart with life. There is no strength in num - bers, have
47
G
no such mis - con - cep - tion but when you need me be as - sured I
49
Am
Am
G
Am
won't be far a-way. Ah ah ah ah.
52
G
Am
Ah ah. 5. Thus

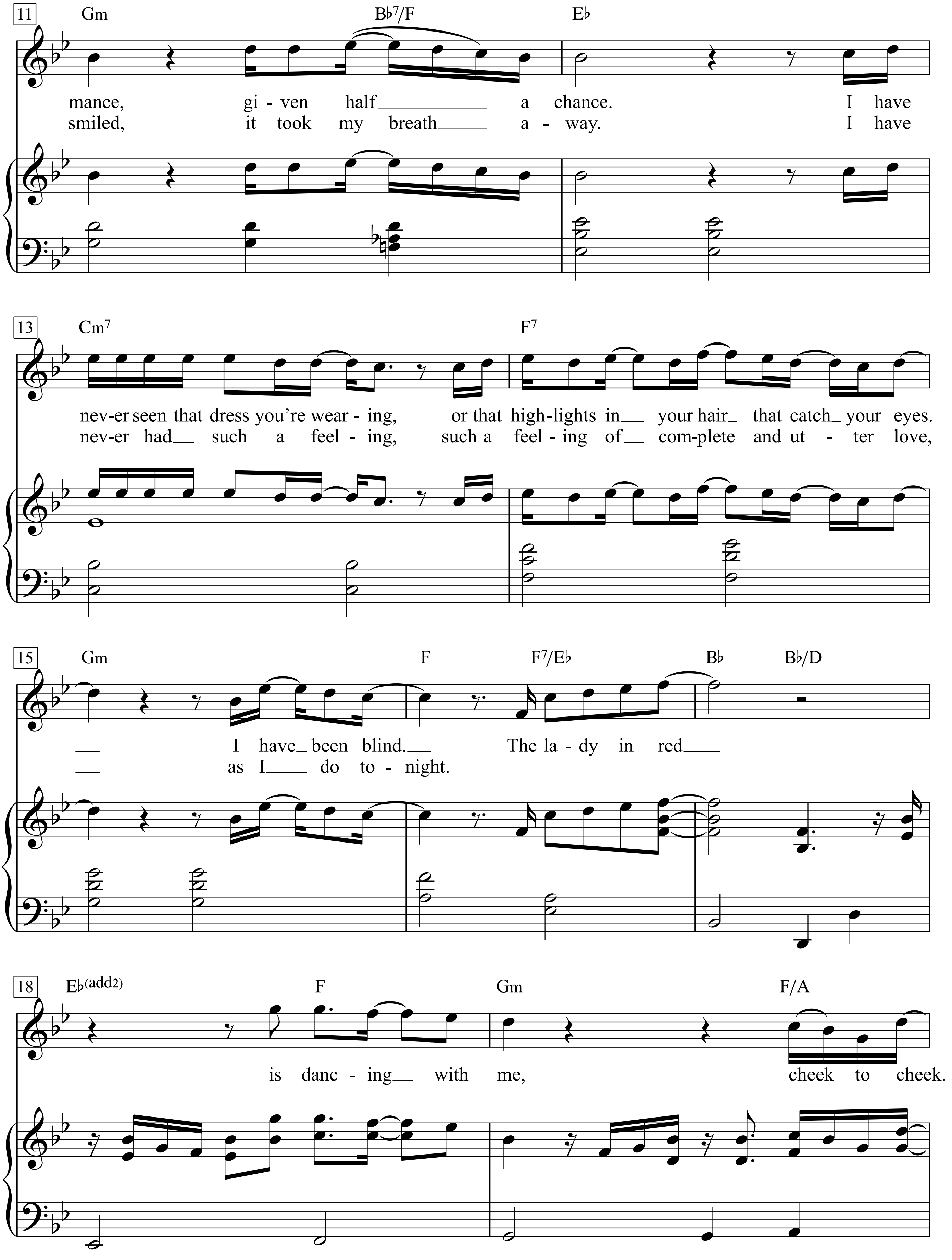

54
ha - ving spoke she turned a - way and though I found no words to say I
56
G
Am
stood and watched un - til I saw her black coat dis - ap - pear, my
58
la - bour is no ea - sier but now I know I'm not a - lone I
60
G
Am
find new heart each time I think up - on that win - dy day.

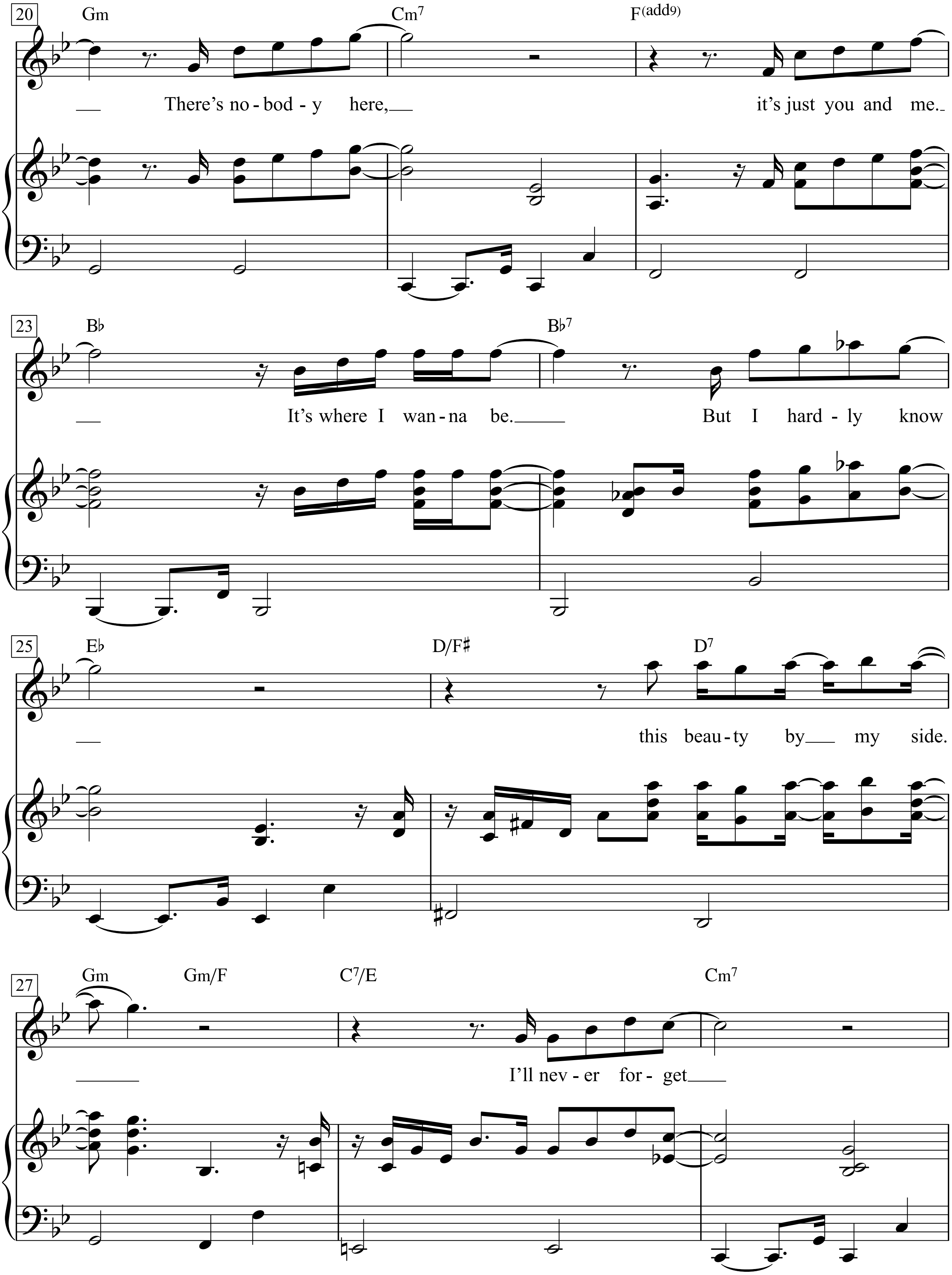

62
And if one_ day she comes to you drink deeply from_ her words so wise, take
64
G
Am
cour-age from her as your prize and say hel - lo from me._
66
Am
G
Am
Ah ah ah___ ah.___
68
G
Am
Repeat 10x and Fade
Ah___ ah.___

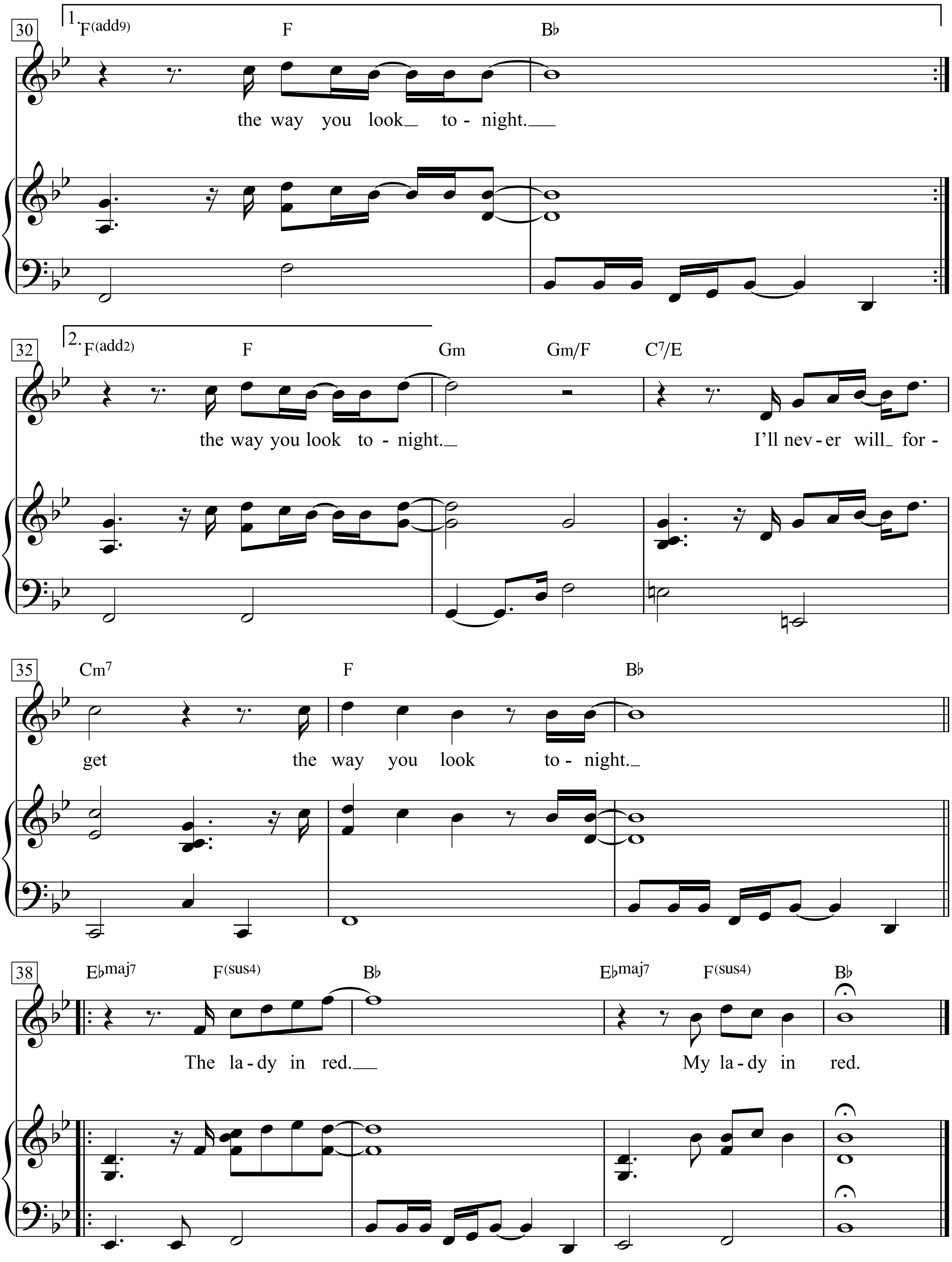
Lady in Red

Words & Music by
Chris de Burgh




11
Gm
B♭7/F
E♭
mance, gi - ven half a chance. I have
smiled, it took my breath a - way. I have
13
Cm7
F7
nev-er seen that dress you're wear - ing, or that high-lights in your hair that catch your eyes.
nev-er had such a feel - ing, such a feel - ing of com-plete and ut - ter love,
15
Gm
F
F7/E♭
B♭
B♭/D
I have been blind. The la - dy in red
as I do to - night.
18
E♭(add2)
F
Gm
F/A
is danc - ing with me, cheek to cheek.


20
Gm
Cm7
F(add9)
There's no - bod - y here,
it's just you and me.
23
B♭
B♭7
It's where I wan - na be.
But I hard - ly know
25
E♭
D/F♯
D7
this beau - ty by my side.
27
Gm
Gm/F
C7/E
Cm7
I'll nev - er for - get


30
1. F(add9) F B♭
the way you look_ to - night.__
32
2. F(add2) F Gm Gm/F C7/E
the way you look to - night._ I'll nev - er will_ for -
35
Cm7 F B♭
get the way you look to - night._
38
E♭maj7 F(sus4) B♭ E♭maj7 F(sus4) B♭
The la - dy in red.__ My la - dy in red.

1. I’ve never seen you looking so lovely as you did tonight;
I’ve never seen you shine so bright.
Mm mm mm.
I’ve never seen so many men ask you if you wanted to dance.
They’re looking for a little romance, given half a chance.
I have never seen that dress you’re wearing,
or that highlights in your hair that catch your eyes.
I have been blind.

The lady in red is dancing with me, cheek to cheek.
There’s nobody here, it’s just you and me.
It’s where I wanna be.
But I hardly know this beauty by my side.
I’ll never forget the way you look tonight.
I’ll never will forget the way you look tonight.
The lady in red.
My lady in red.

2. I’ve never seen you looking so gorgeous as you did tonight;
I’ve never seen you shine so bright. You were amazing.
I’ve never seen so many want to be there by your side,
and when you turned to me and smiled, it took my breath away.
I have never had such a feeling,
such a feeling of complete and utter love, as I do tonight.

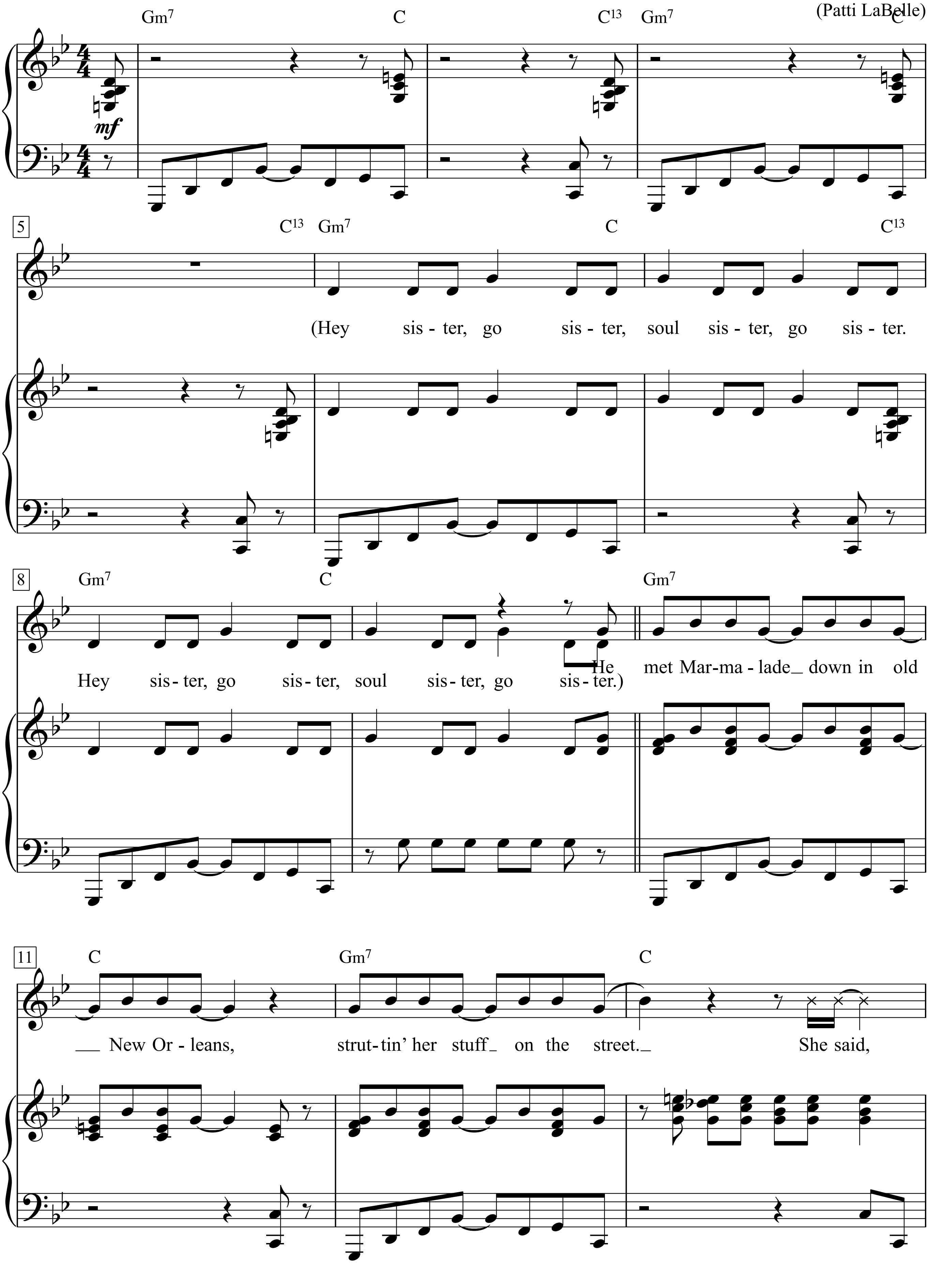
The lady in red ...

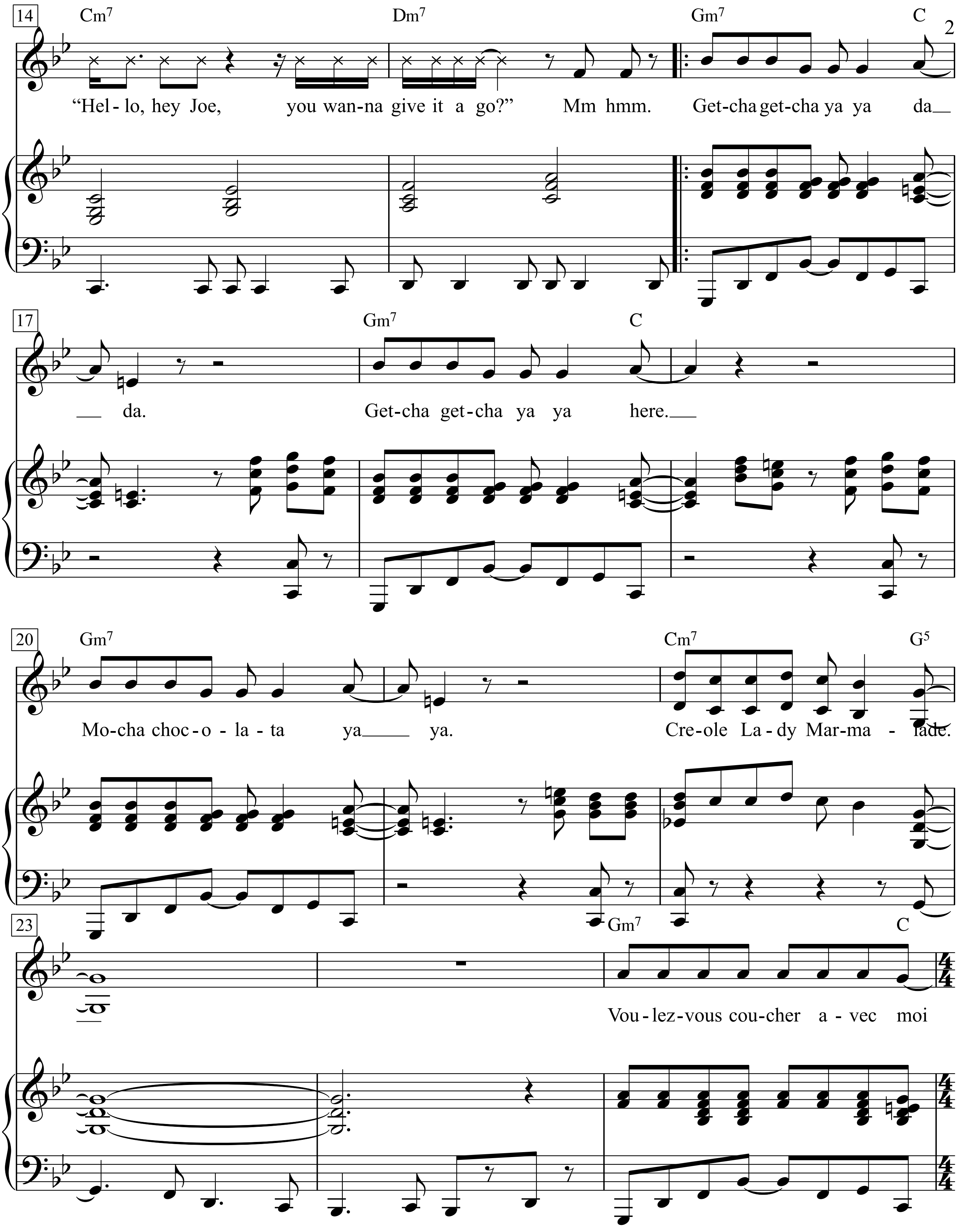
Lady Marmalade

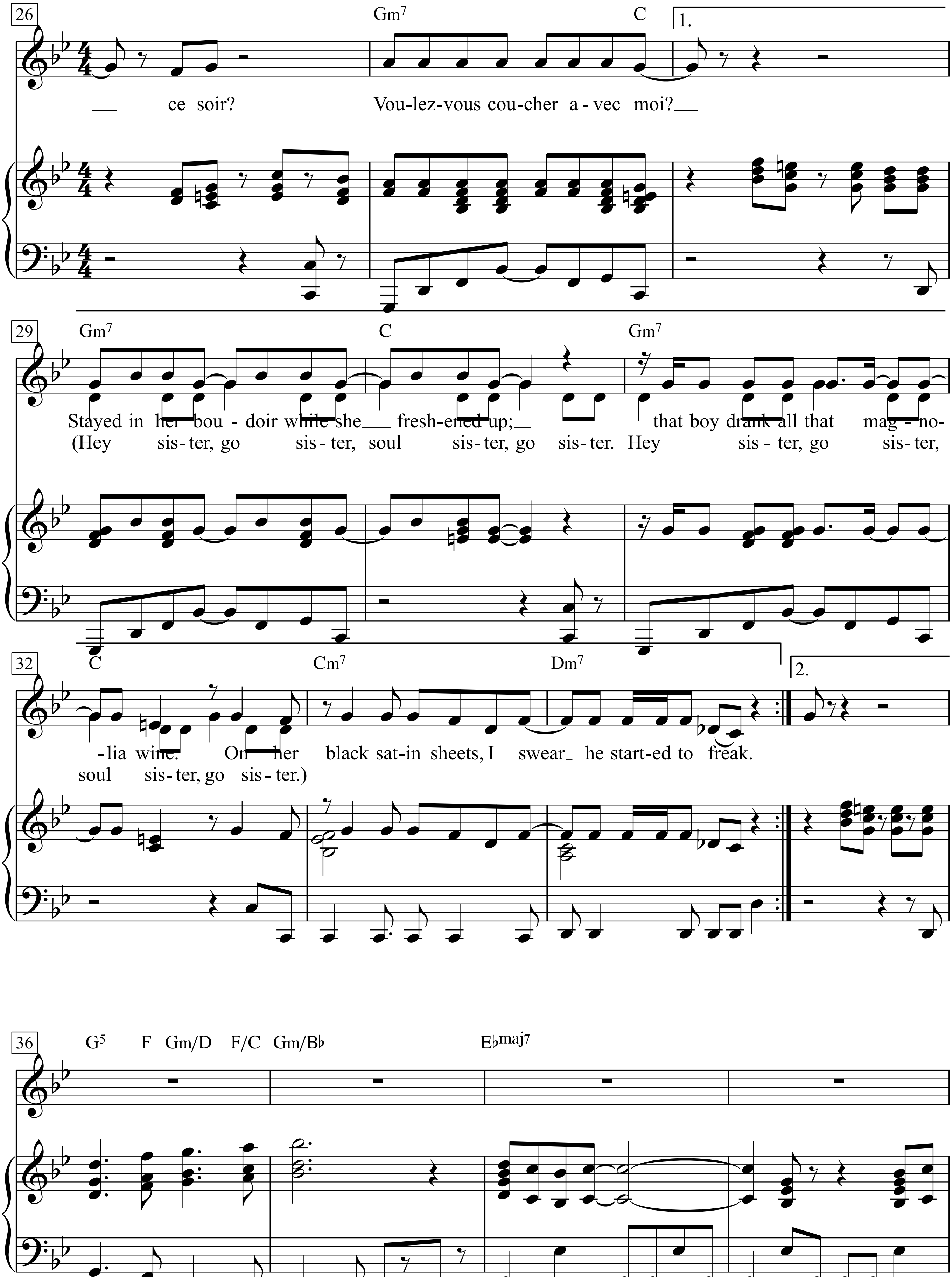
(Voulez-vous coucher avec moi ce soir?)

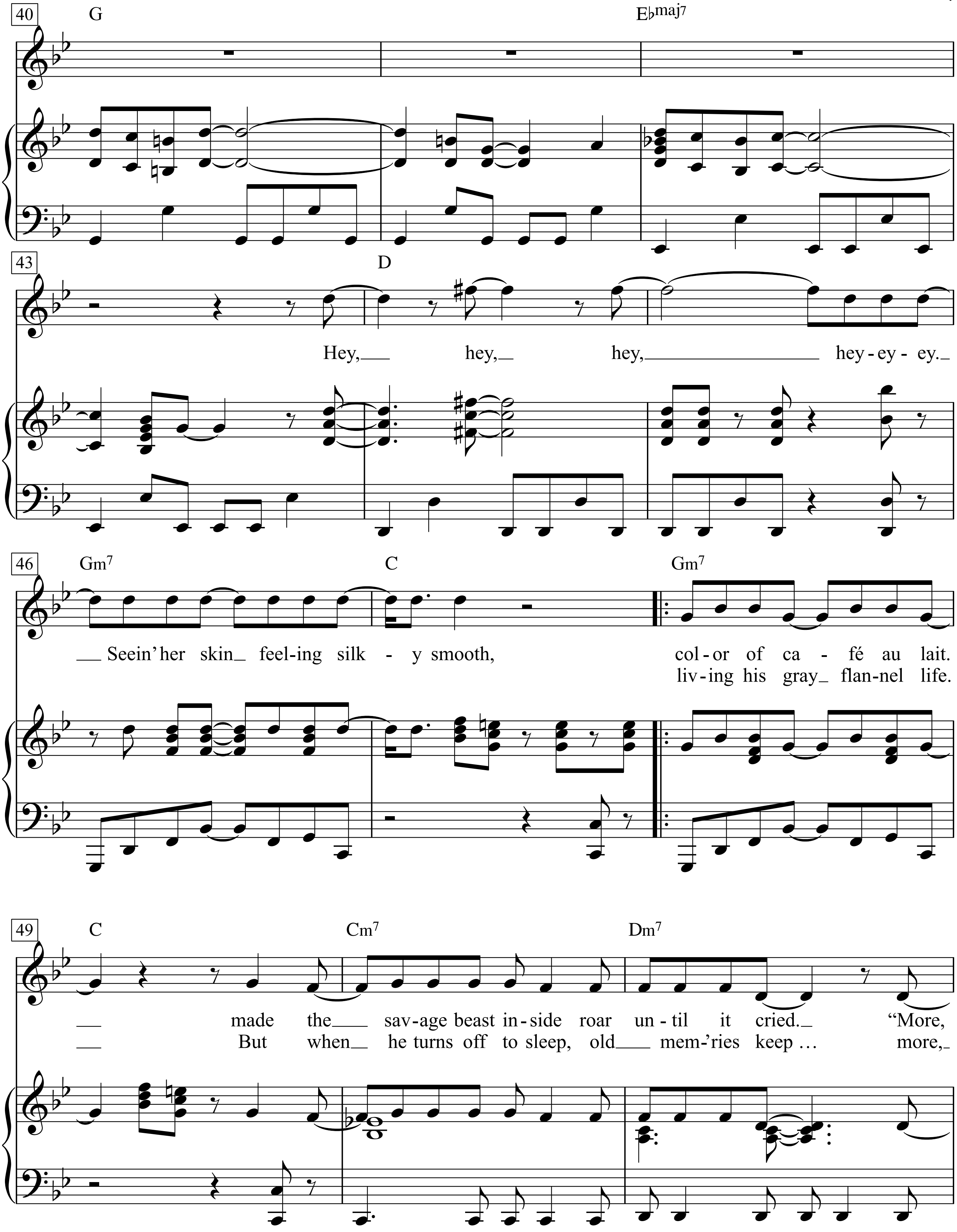
Words & Music by
Bob Crewe and Kenny Nolan
(Patti LaBelle)

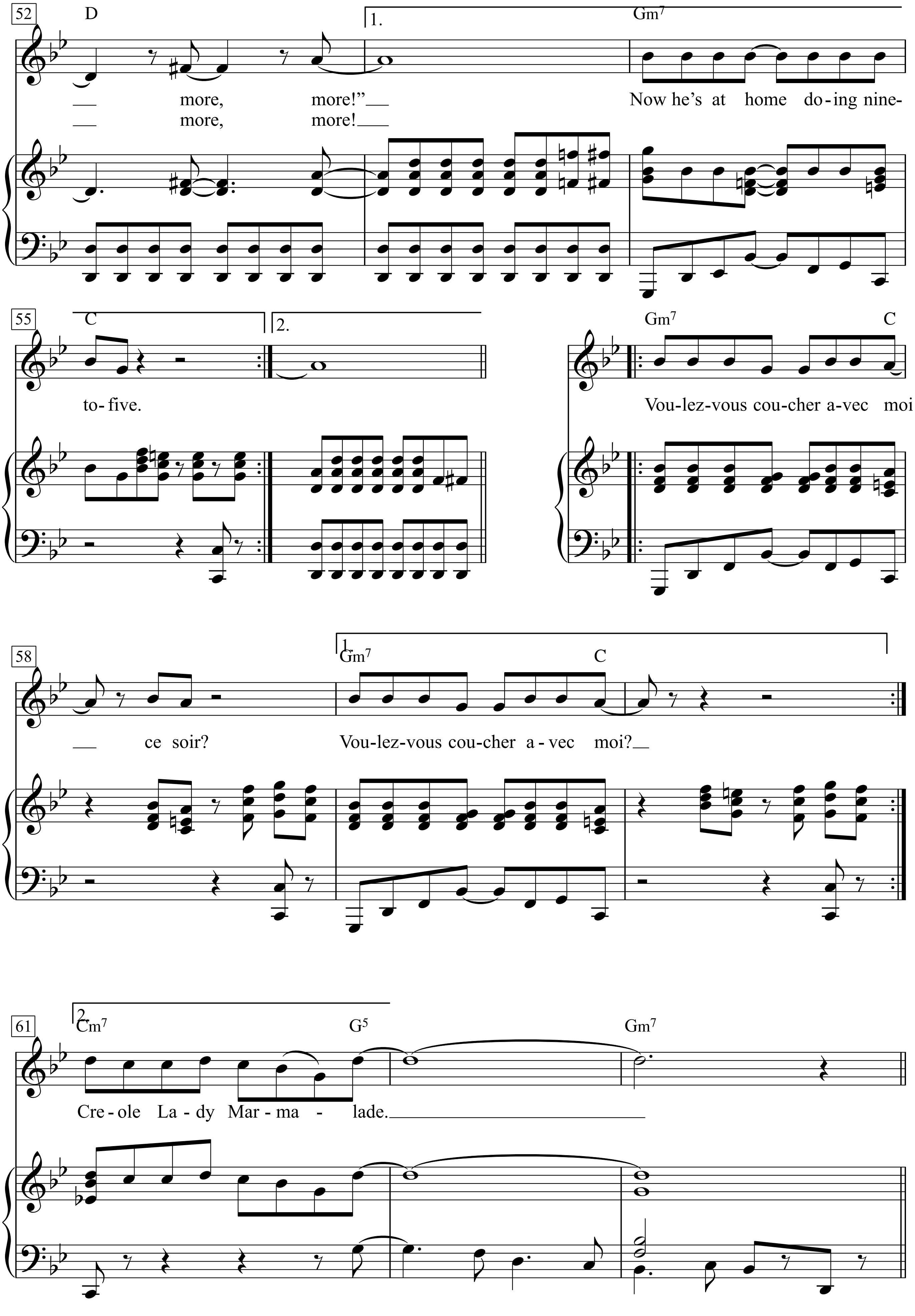
Moderate groove

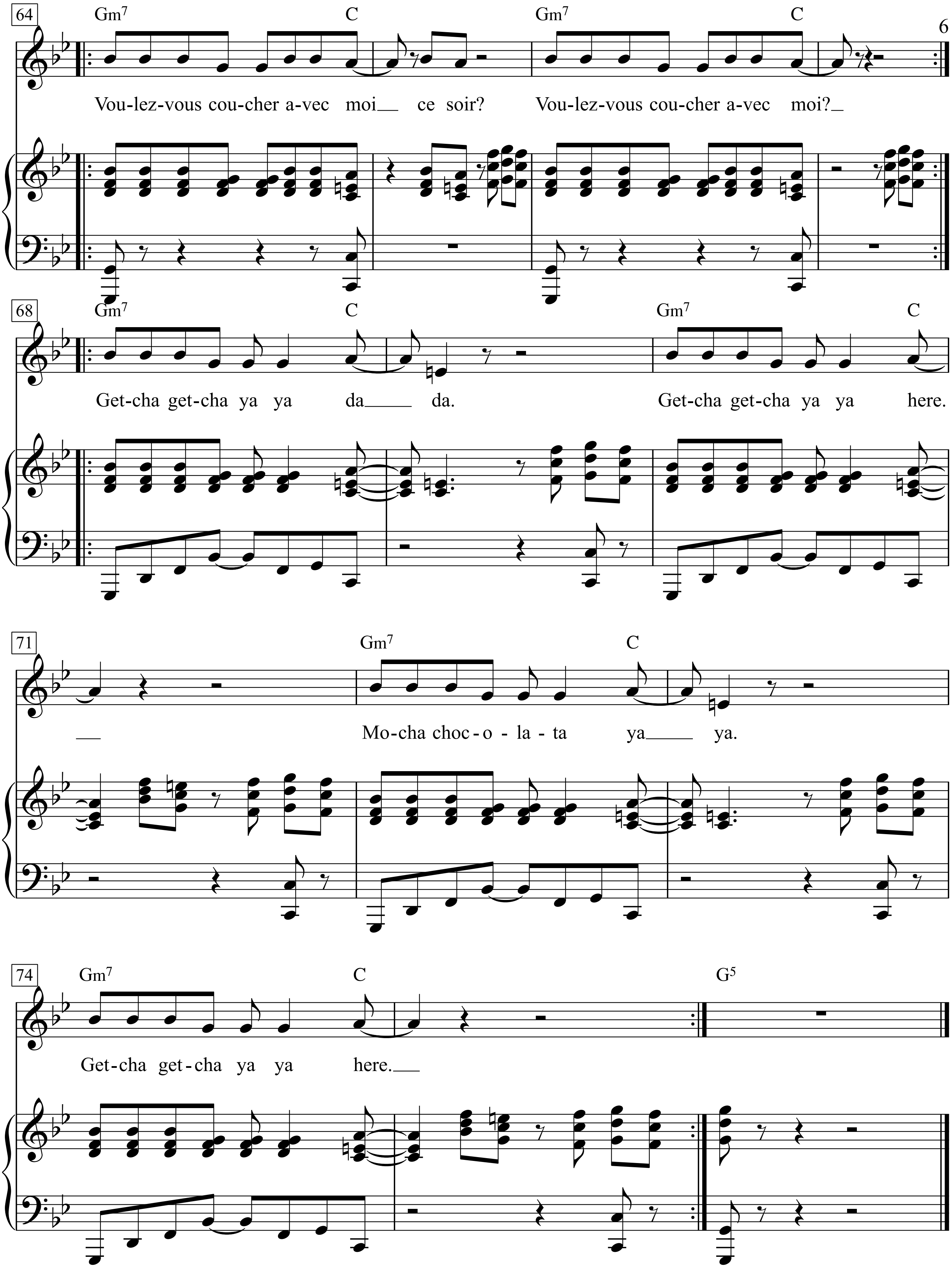



14
Cm7 Dm7 Gm7 C
"Hel - lo, hey Joe, you wan-na give it a go?" Mm hmm. Get-cha get-cha ya ya da
17
Gm7 C
da. Get-cha get-cha ya ya here.
20
Gm7 Cm7 G5
Mo-cha choc - o - la - ta ya ya. Cre-ole La - dy Mar-ma - lade.
23
Gm7 C
Vou - lez-vous cou-cher a - vec moi


26
Gm7
C
1.
ce soir? Vou-lez-vous cou-cher a - vec moi?
29
Gm7
C
Gm7
Stayed in her bou - doir while she fresh-ened up; that boy drank all that mag - no-
(Hey sis-ter, go sis - ter, soul sis-ter, go sis-ter. Hey sis - ter, go sis-ter,
32
C
Cm7
Dm7
2.
-lia wine. On her black sat-in sheets, I swear he start-ed to freak.
soul sis-ter, go sis - ter.)
36
G5 F Gm/D F/C Gm/B♭
E♭maj7


40
G
E♭maj7
43
D
Hey, hey, hey, hey - ey - ey.
46
Gm7
C
Gm7
Seein' her skin feel-ing silk - y smooth, col - or of ca - fé au lait.
liv - ing his gray flan - nel life.
49
C
Cm7
Dm7
made the sav - age beast in - side roar un - til it cried. "More,
But when he turns off to sleep, old mem-'ries keep … more,


52
D
1.
Gm7
— more, more!” —
— more, more! —
Now he’s at home do-ing nine-
55
C
2.
Gm7
C
to-five.
Vou-lez-vous cou-cher a-vec moi
58
1.
Gm7
C
— ce soir?
Vou-lez-vous cou-cher a-vec moi? —
61
2.
Cm7
G5
Gm7
Cre-ole La-dy Mar-ma - lade.

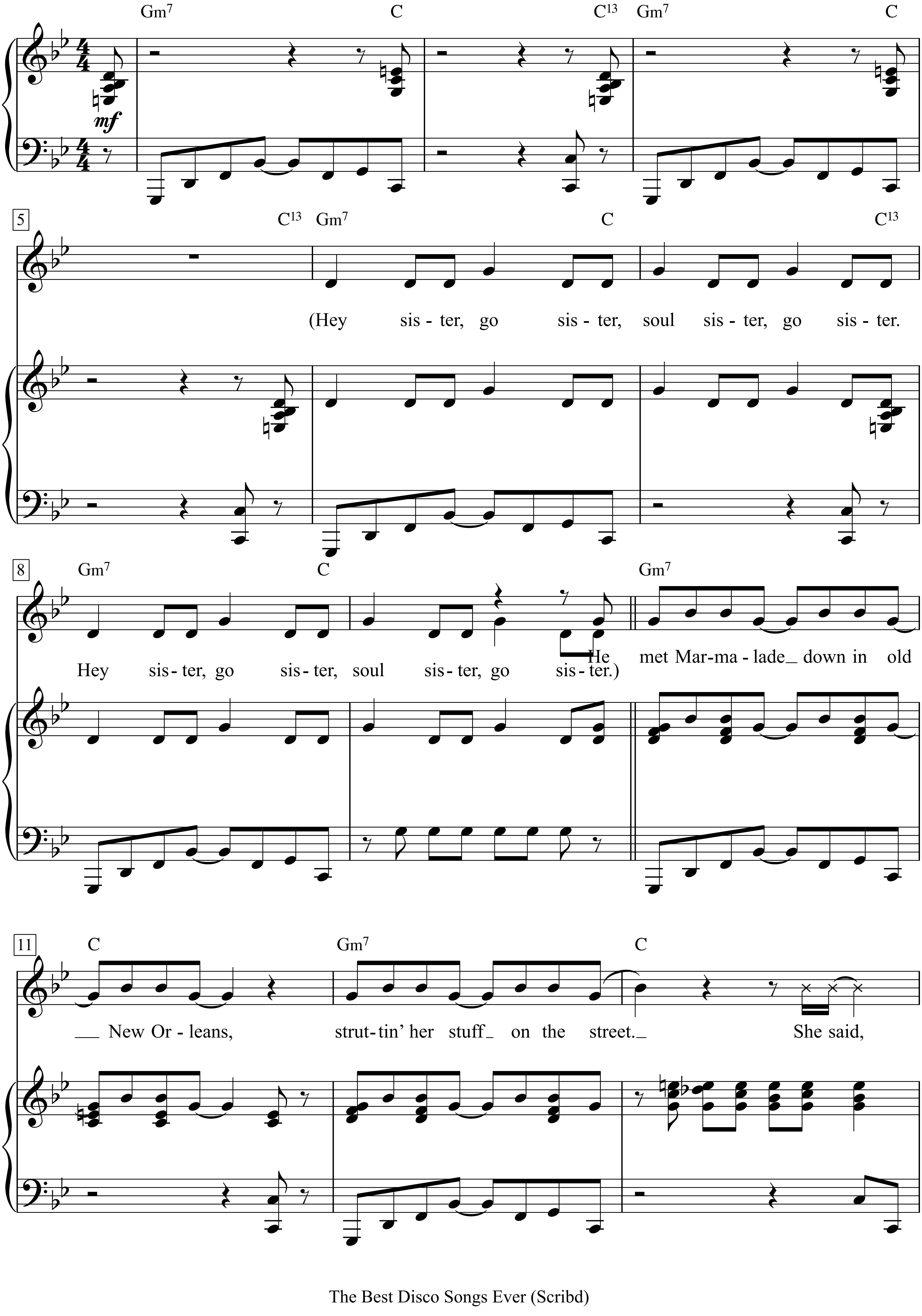

64
Gm7 C Gm7 C
Vou-lez-vous cou-cher a-vec moi ce soir? Vou-lez-vous cou-cher a-vec moi?
68
Gm7 C Gm7 C
Get-cha get-cha ya ya da da. Get-cha get-cha ya ya here.
71
Gm7 C
Mo-cha choc-o-la-ta ya ya.
74
Gm7 C G5
Get-cha get-cha ya ya here.

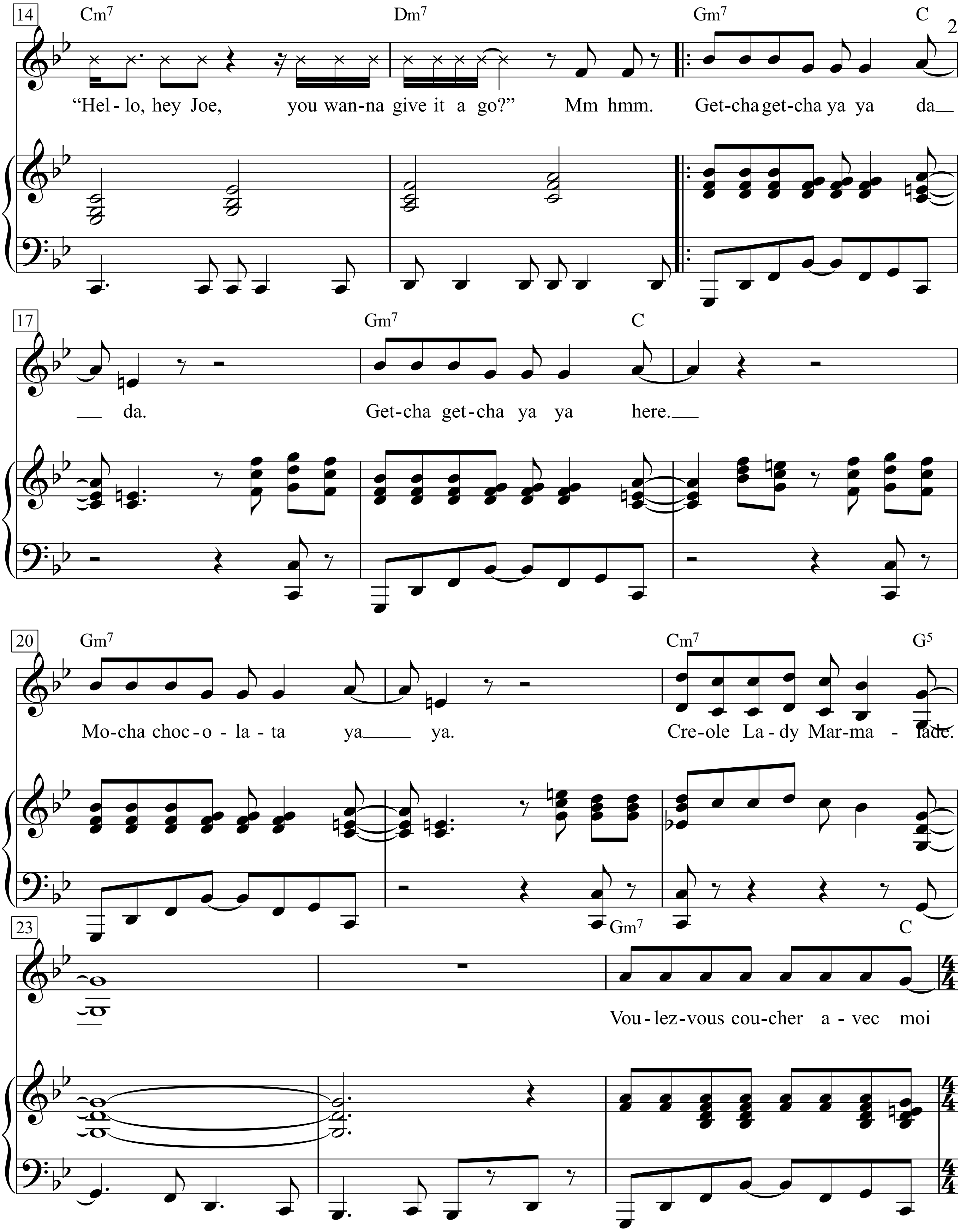
Lady Marmelade

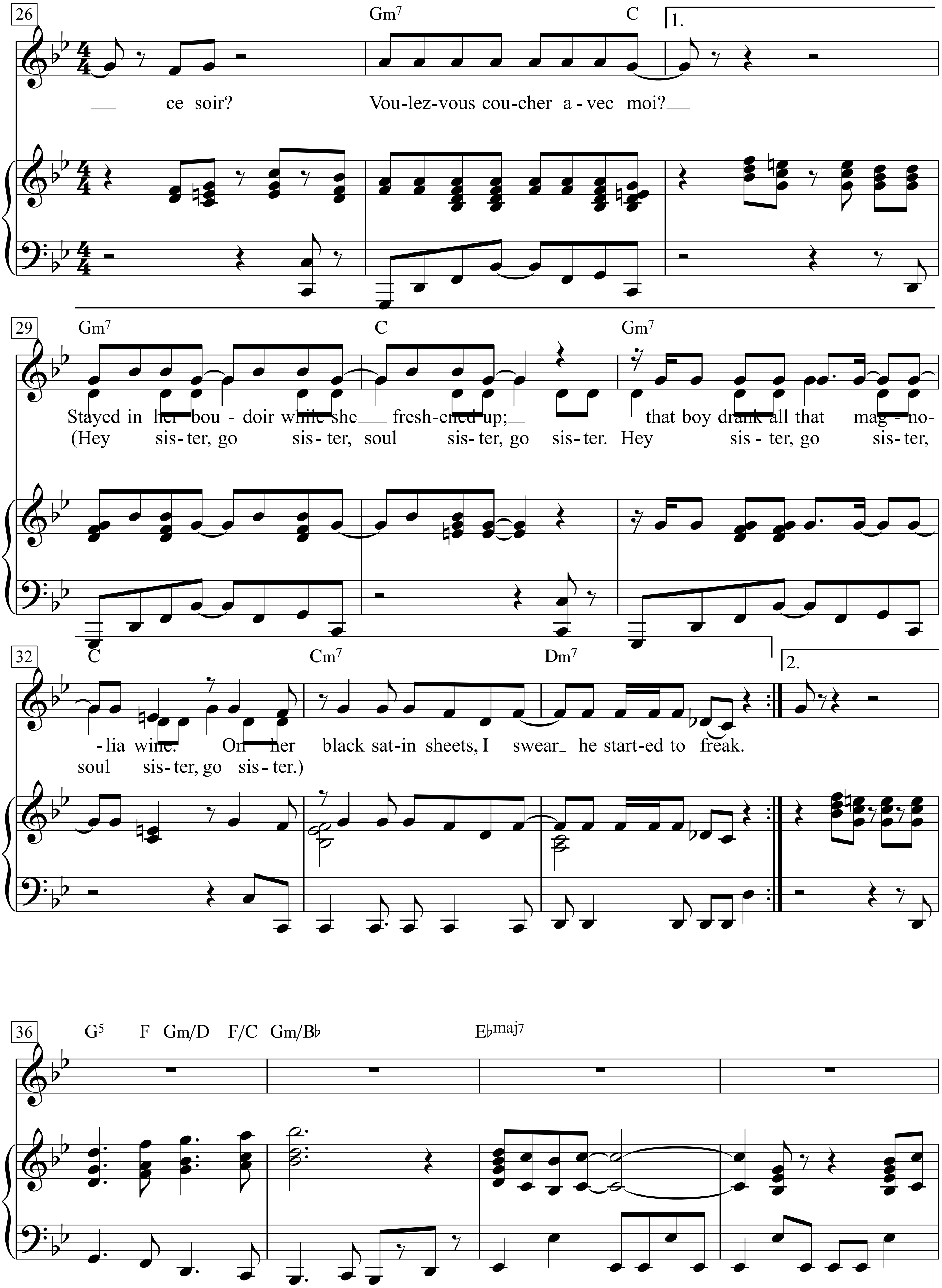
Moderate groove

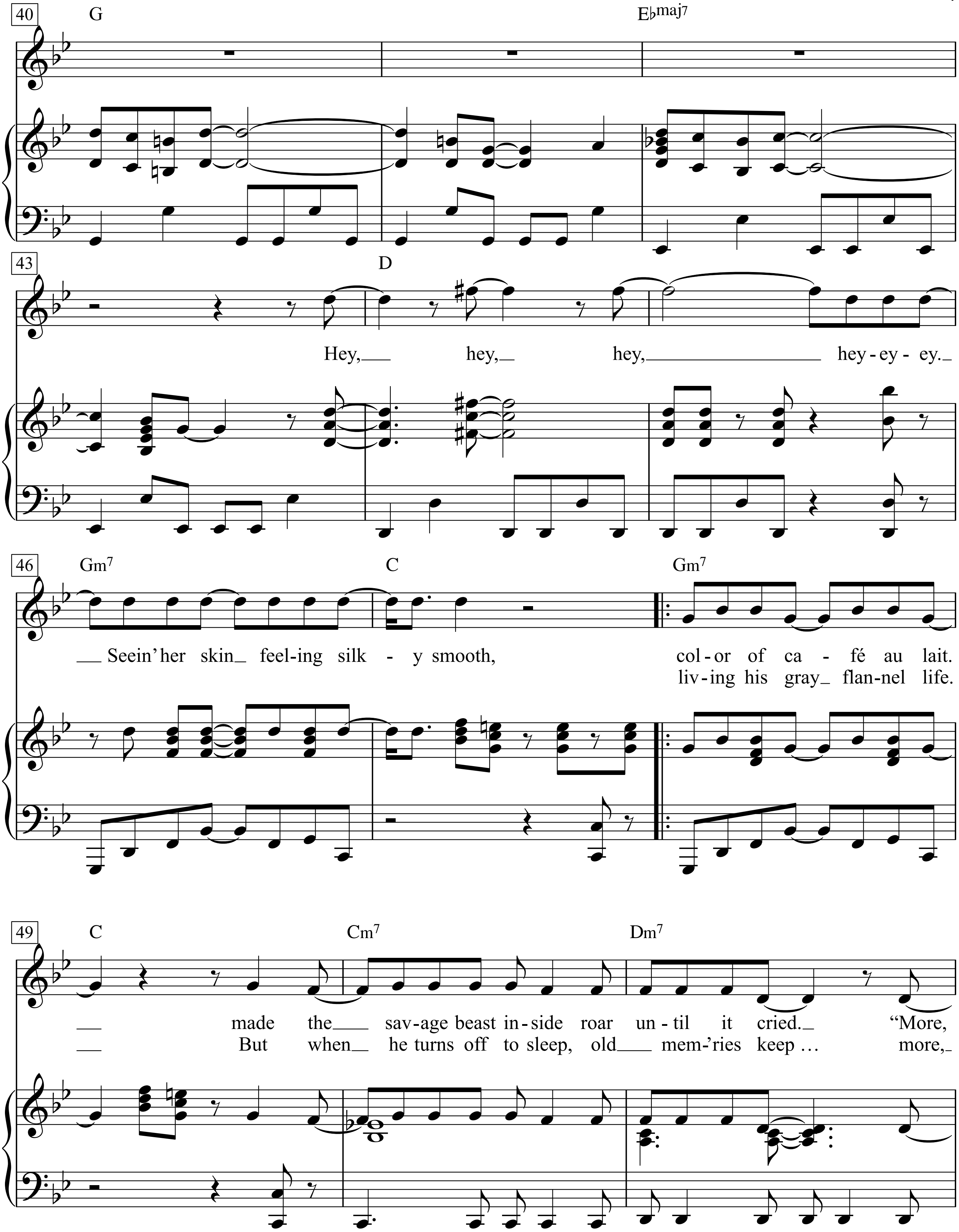
(Voulez-vous coucher avec moi ce soir?)

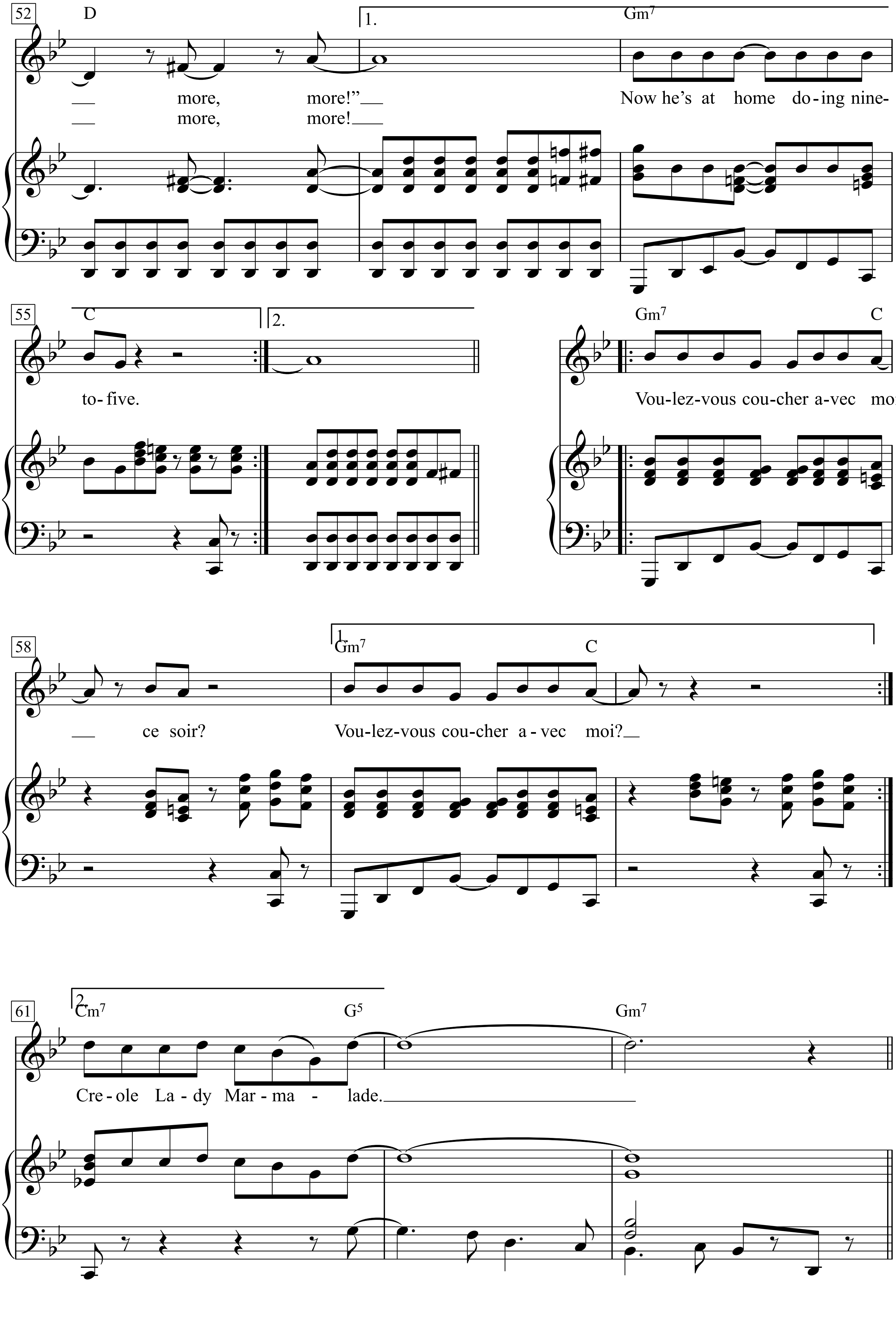
Words & Music by
Bob Crewe and Kenny Nolan

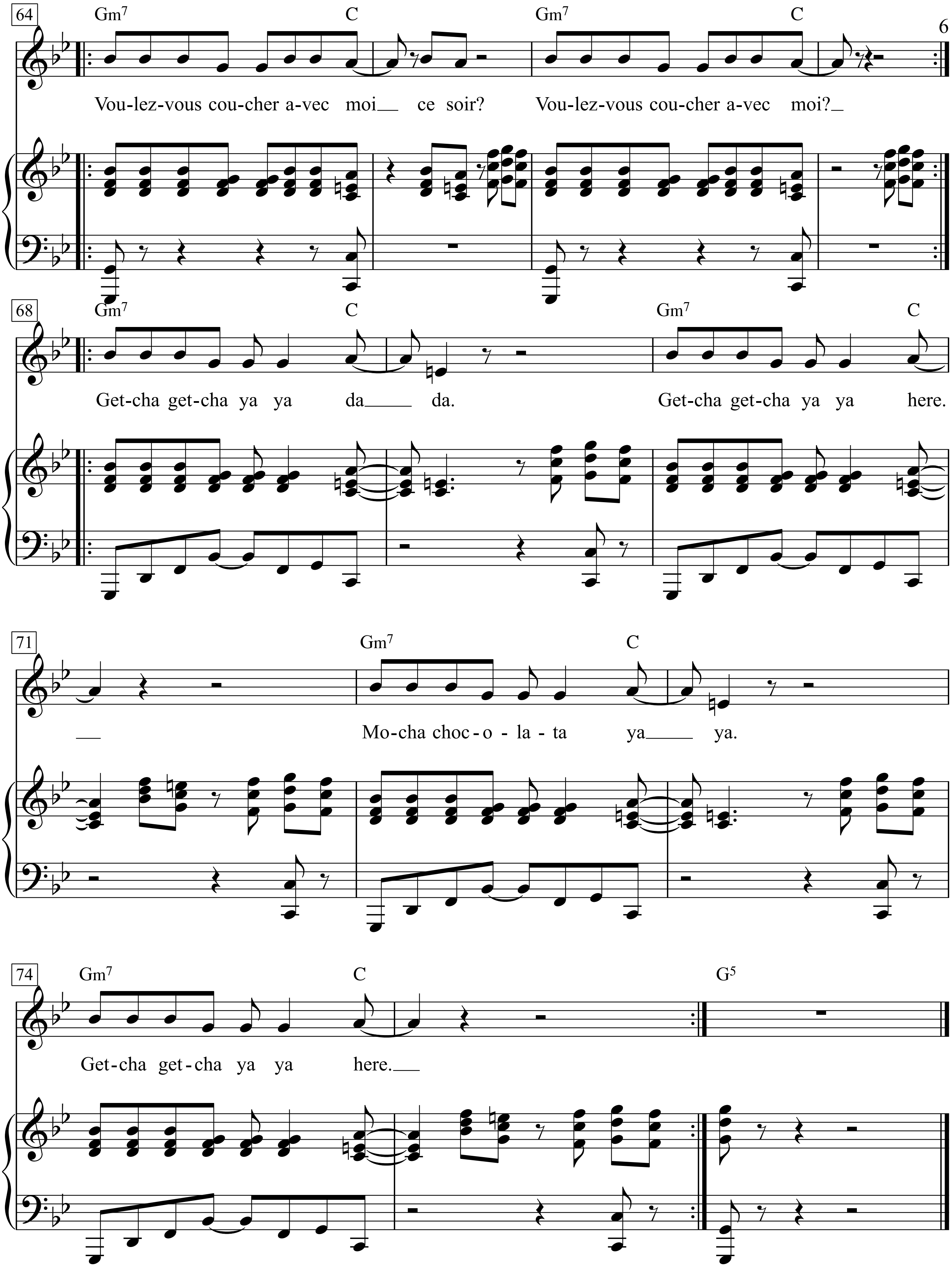



14
Cm7
Dm7
Gm7
C
"Hel - lo, hey Joe, you wan - na give it a go?" Mm hmm. Get - cha get - cha ya ya da
17
Gm7
C
da. Get - cha get - cha ya ya here.
20
Gm7
Cm7
G5
Mo - cha choc - o - la - ta ya ya. Cre - ole La - dy Mar - ma - lade.
23
Gm7
C
Vou - lez - vous cou - cher a - vec moi


26
Gm7
C
1.
ce soir?
Vou-lez-vous cou-cher a-vec moi?
29
Gm7
C
Gm7
Stayed in her bou-doir while she fresh-ened up; that boy drank all that mag-no-
(Hey sis-ter, go sis-ter, soul sis-ter, go sis-ter. Hey sis-ter, go sis-ter,
32
C
Cm7
Dm7
2.
-lia wine. On her black sat-in sheets, I swear he start-ed to freak.
soul sis-ter, go sis-ter.)
36
G5 F Gm/D F/C Gm/B♭
E♭maj7


40
G
E♭maj7
43
D
Hey, hey, hey, hey - ey - ey.
46
Gm7
C
Gm7
Seein' her skin feel-ing silk - y smooth, col-or of ca - fé au lait.
liv-ing his gray flan-nel life.
49
C
Cm7
Dm7
made the sav-age beast in-side roar un-til it cried. "More,
But when he turns off to sleep, old mem-'ries keep … more,


52
D
1.
Gm7
more, more!" Now he's at home do-ing nine-
more, more!
55
C
2.
Gm7
C
to- five.
Vou-lez-vous cou-cher a-vec moi
58
1.
Gm7
C
ce soir? Vou-lez-vous cou-cher a-vec moi?
61
2.
Cm7
G5
Gm7
Cre-ole La-dy Mar-ma-lade.

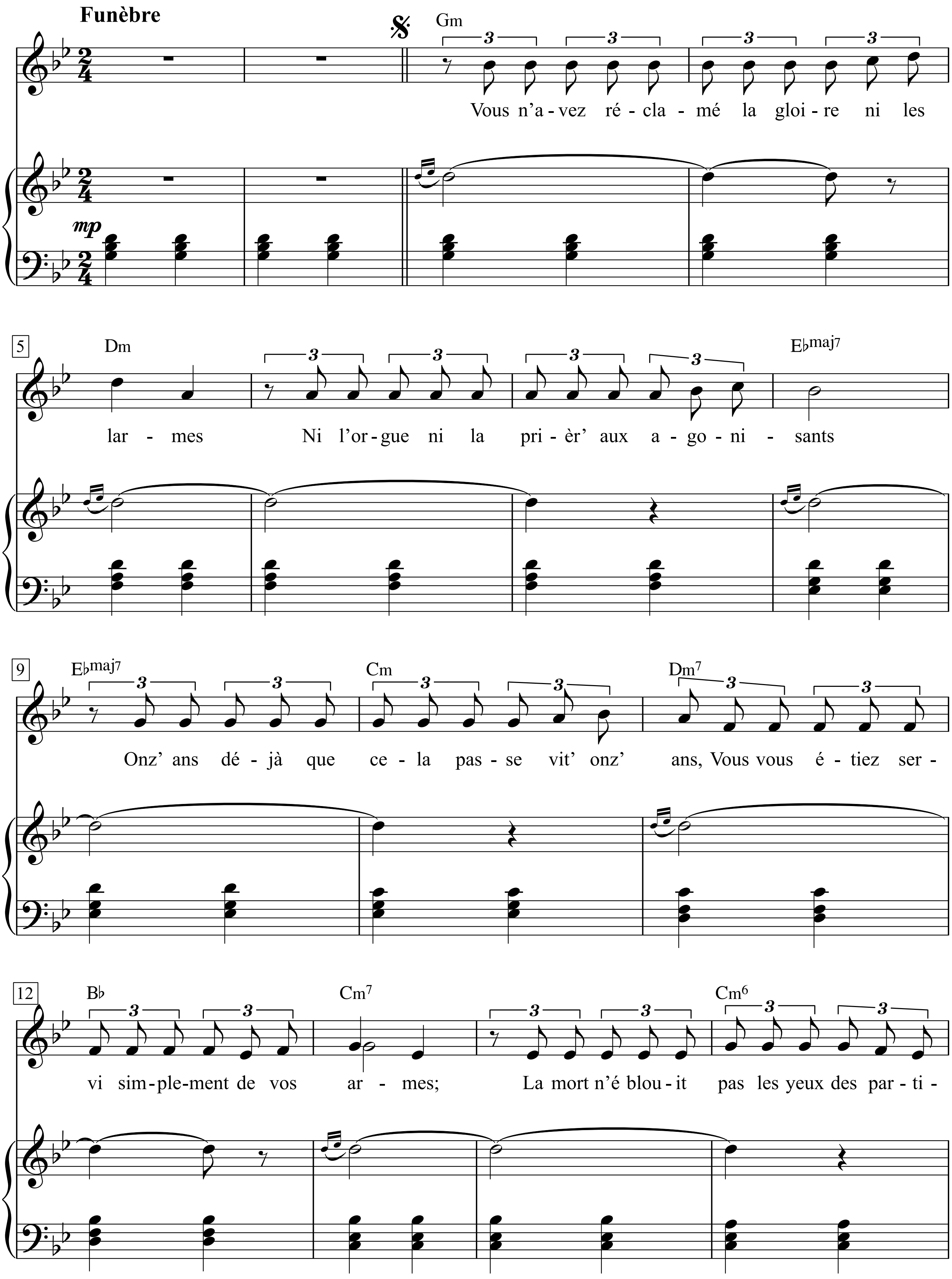

64
Gm7 C Gm7 C
6
Vou-lez-vous cou-cher a-vec moi__ ce soir? Vou-lez-vous cou-cher a-vec moi?_
68
Gm7 C Gm7 C
Get-cha get-cha ya ya da____ da. Get-cha get-cha ya ya here.
71
Gm7 C
__ Mo-cha choc-o-la-ta ya____ ya.
74
Gm7 C G5
Get-cha get-cha ya ya here.___

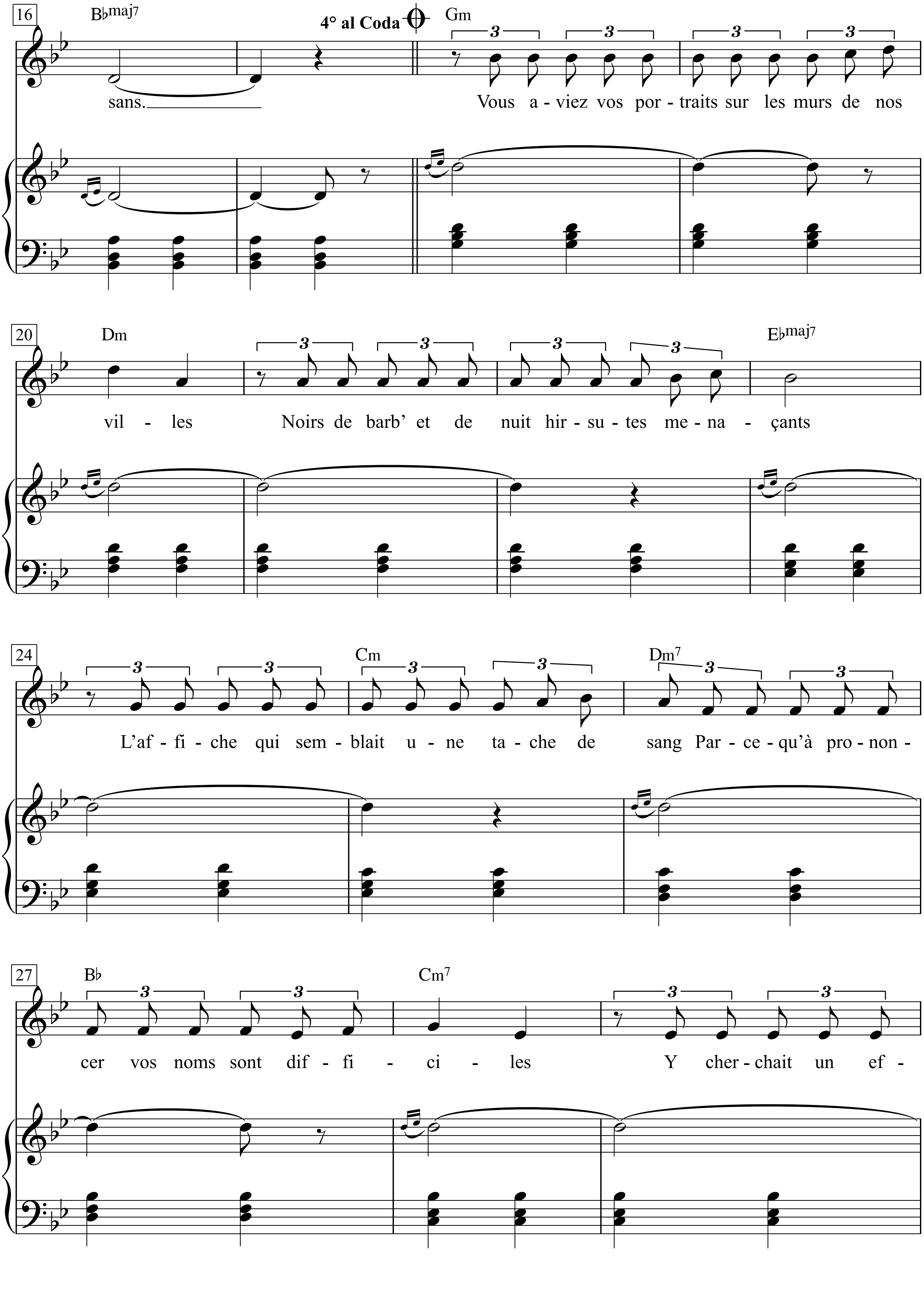
L'affiche rouge

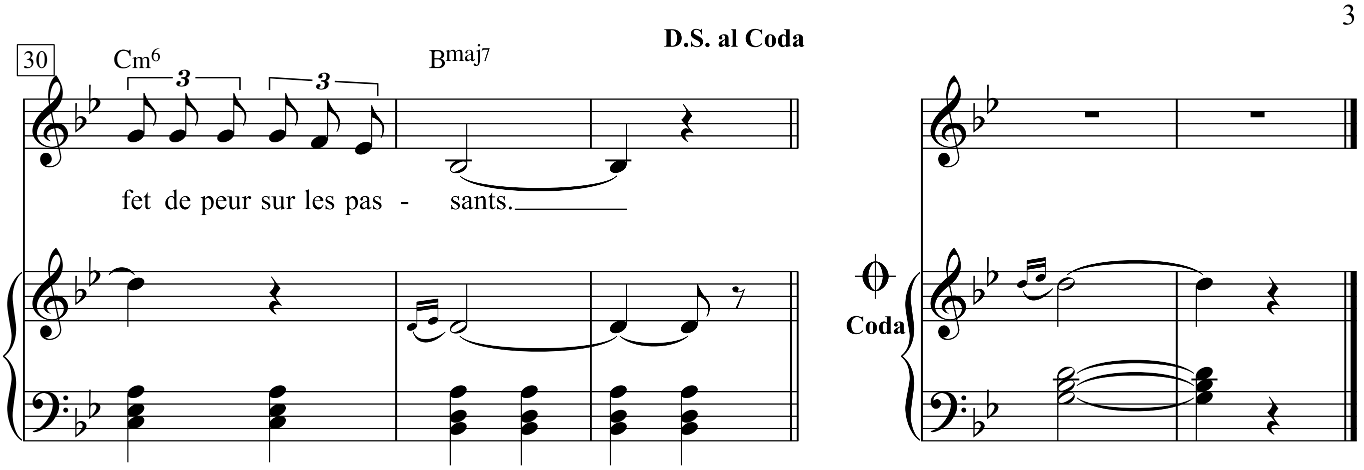
(Poème extrait au «Roman Inchevé»)

Poème de Louis Aragon

Musique de Léo Ferré




16
B♭maj7
4° al Coda
Gm
sans.
Vous a - viez vos por - traits sur les murs de nos
20
Dm
E♭maj7
vil - les Noirs de barb' et de nuit hir - su - tes me - na - çants
24
Cm
Dm7
L'af - fi - che qui sem - blait u - ne ta - che de sang Par - ce - qu'à pro - non -
27
B♭
Cm7
cer vos noms sont dif - fi - ci - les Y cher - chait un ef -



1. Vous n’avez réclamé la gloire ni les larmes
Ni l’orgue ni la prièr’ aux agonisants
Onz’ ans déjà que cela passe vit› onz’ ans
Vous vous étiez servi simplement de vos armes
La mort n’éblouit pas les yeux des partisans.

2. Vous aviez vos portraits sur les murs de nos villes
Noirs de barb’ et de nuit hirsutes menaçants
L’affiche qui semblait une tache de sang
Parce-qu’à prononcer vos noms sont difficiles
Y cherchait un effet de peur sur les passants.

3. Nul ne semblait vous voir Français de préférence
Les gens allaient sans yeux pour vous le jour durant
Mais à l’heure du couvre-feu des doigts errants
Avaient écrit sous vos photos Morts Pour La France
Et les mornes matins en étaient différents.

4. Tout avait la couleur uniforme du givre
À la fin février poux vos derniers moments
Et c’est alors que l’un de vous dit calmement
Bonheur à tous, Bonheur à ceux qui vont survivre
Je meurs sans haine en moi pour le peuple allemand.

5. Adieu la peine et le plaisir adieu les roses
Adieu la vie adieu la lumière et le vent
Marie-toi sois heureuse et pense à moi souvent
Toi qui va demeurer dans la beauté des choses
Quand tout sera fini plus tard en Erivan.

6. Un grand soleil d’hiver éclaire la colline
Que la nature est belle et que le cœur me fend
La justice viendra sur nos pas triomphants
Ma Mélinée ô mon amour mon orpheline
Et je te dis de vivre et d’avoir un enfant.

7. Ils étaient vingt et trois quand les fusils fleurirent
Vingt et trois qui donnaient leur cœur avant le temps
Vingt et trois étrangers et nos frères pourtant
Vingt et trois amoureux de vivre à en mourir
Vingt et trois qui criaient la France en s’abattant.

Ihr habt weder Ruhm erwartet noch Tränen,
kein Sterbegebet, keinen Klagegesang.
Das ging schon elf Jahr’ so! Um’s schnell zu beenden,
musstet Ihr schlicht Euch der Waffen bedienen,
Deine Augen, sie leuchten noch im Tod, Partisan.

Eure Porträts an den Mauern vor unseren Türen,
bedrohlich mit nachtschwarzem, struppigem Bart,
tief rot ihr Plakat wie ein Flecken aus Blut,
Eure Namen war’n schwierig zu buchstabieren,
so schürte es bei den Passanten die Furcht.

Nichts ließ Euch als echte Franzosen erscheinen
und bei Tag hatte niemand ein Auge für Euch,
doch schrieben in Sperrstunden Hände rasch auf
Eure Fotos: gestorben für Frankreich!
Und der trostlose Morgen war nicht mehr so grau.

Der Februar trägt uniform raureife Farben
für Euern allerletzten Moment
als dann einer von Euch ruhig sagt:
Glück für alle, Glück denen, die überleben,
ich sterb’ ohne Hass in mir fürs deutsche Volk.

Adieu ihr Schmerzen und Freuden, lebt wohl, ihr Rosen,
adieu mein Leben, lebt wohl Wind und Licht,
Du, heirate wieder, sei glücklich und denk an mich,
die Du bleibst in der Schönheit der Dinge in Eriwan,
später, wenn all’ das hier vorüber ist.

Ein Wintersonnenschein strahlt auf den Hügel,
und die schöne Natur und bricht mir das Herz,
Gerechtigkeit folgt unsern Spuren im Triumph,
meine liebe Mélinée, meine kleine, geliebte Waise
ich bitte Dich: Lebe! Und bekomme ein Kind.

Sie war’n zwanzig und drei, als die Gewehre feuerten,
zwanzig und drei, die ihr Herz gaben, so jung,
zwanzig und drei Ausländer, und uns’re Brüder gleichwohl,
zwanzig und drei, die das Leben liebten und dafür starben,
zwanzig und drei, die - im Fallen - Frankreich schrie’n!

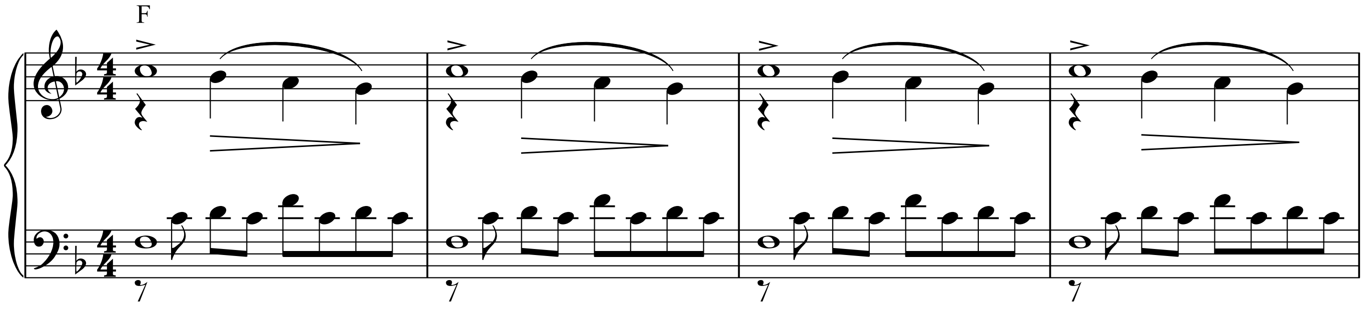
Das *Affiche Rouge* (deutsch: *Das Rote Plakat*) ist ein Propaganda-Poster, das von den Vichy-Behörden und den deutschen Besatzungsbehörden im Zweiten Weltkrieg, im besetzten Frankreich im Frühling 1944, tausendfach plakatiert wurde. Es zeigt auf rotem Hintergrund einige der zuvor verhafteten und hingerichteten Résistance-Kämpfer der Gruppe Manouchian sowie Fotos einiger Anschläge. Der Plakattext bezeichnet die Freiheitskämpfer als Kriminelle.

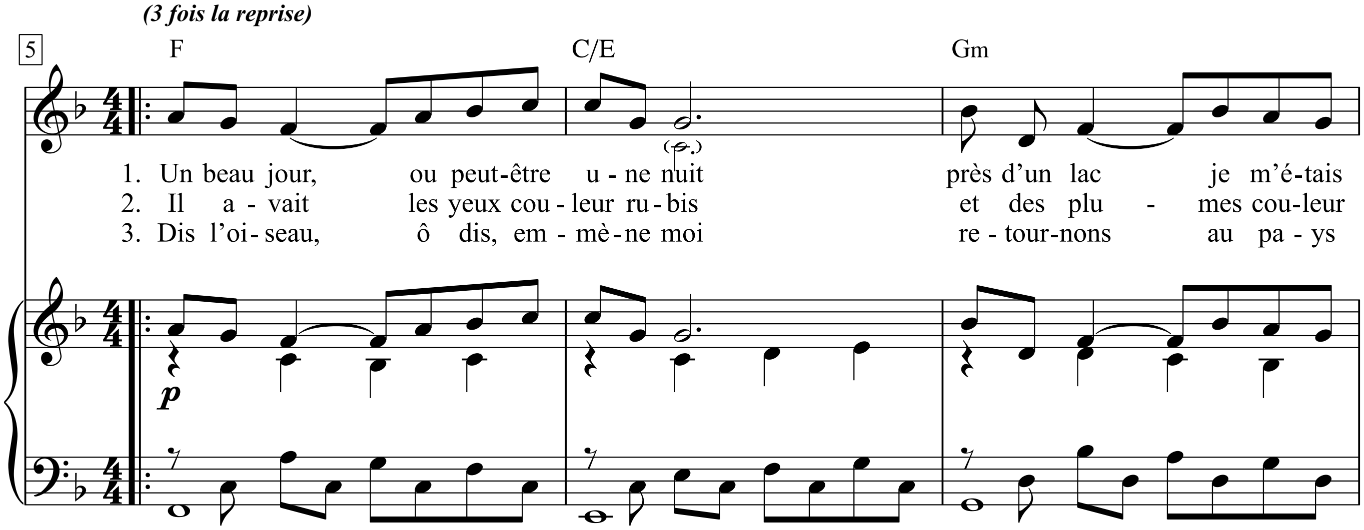
Das Plakat stellte die Freiheitskämpfer der FTP-MOI (Francs-tireurs et partisans – main d'œuvre immigrée), deren wichtigste Untergruppe die Gruppe Manouchian war, als Terroristen beziehungsweise Kriminelle dar und sollte französische Bürger davor abschrecken, im Widerstand tätig zu werden. Da die Mitglieder der FTP-MOI und der Gruppe Manouchian mehrheitlich Immigranten waren, sollten die Freiheitskämpfer zudem als Fremde – als „unfranzösisch“ – dargestellt werden, um eine Identifikation mit ihren Zielen zu erschweren.

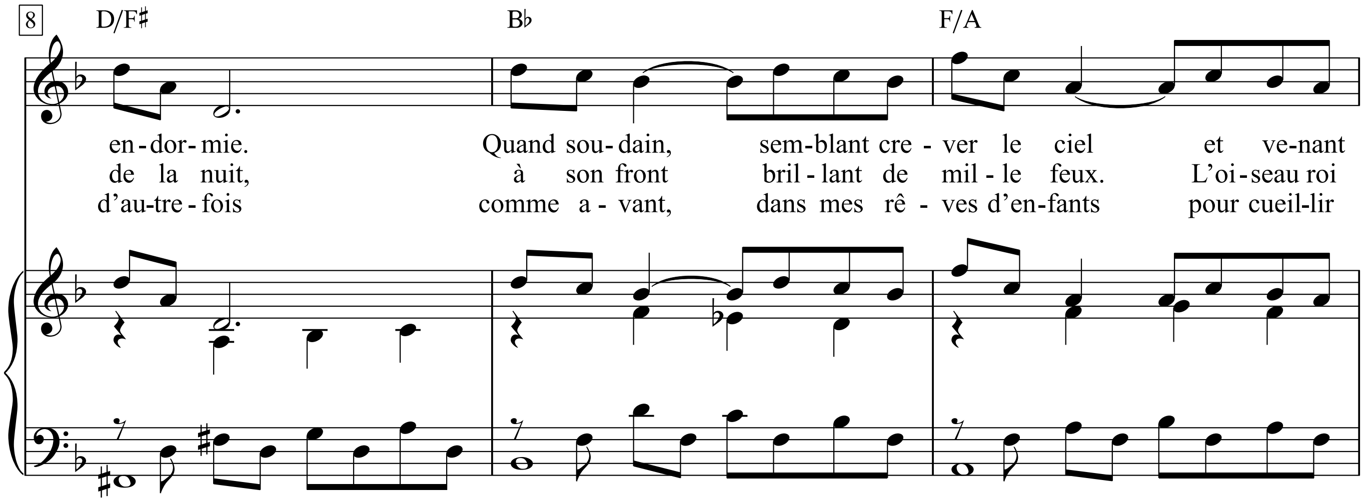
L’aigle noir

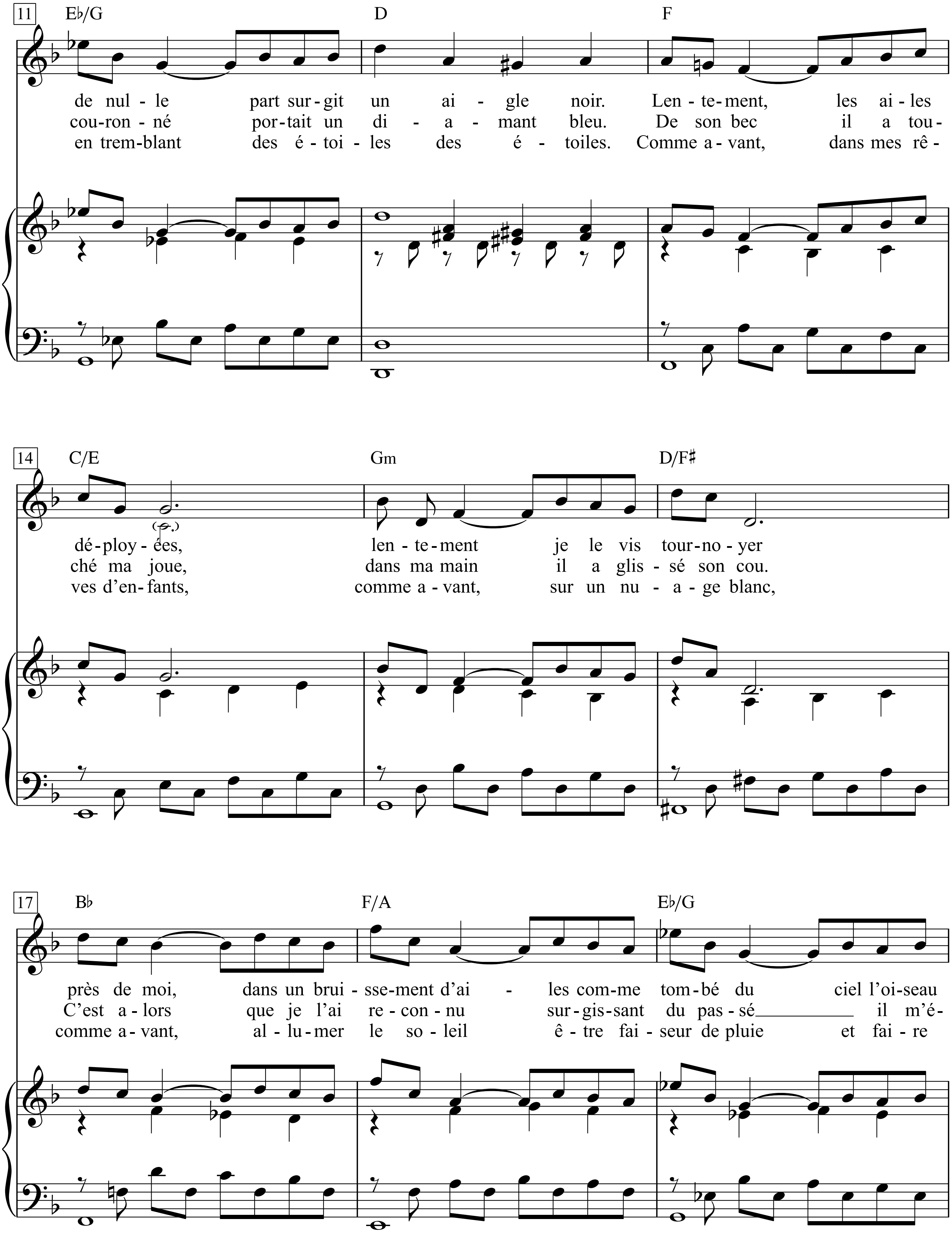
Moderato

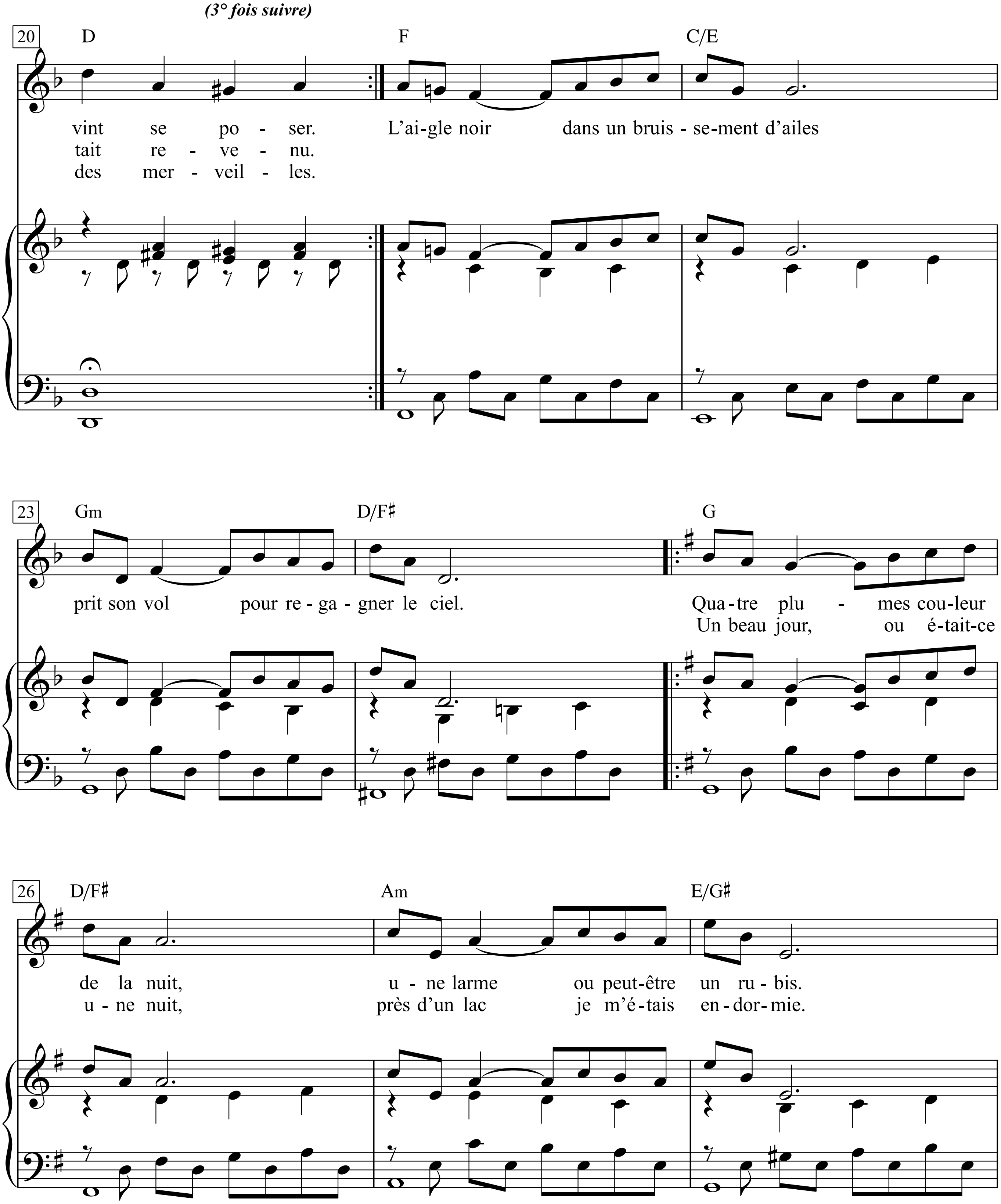
Parole et Musiques de Barbara
(Barbara)

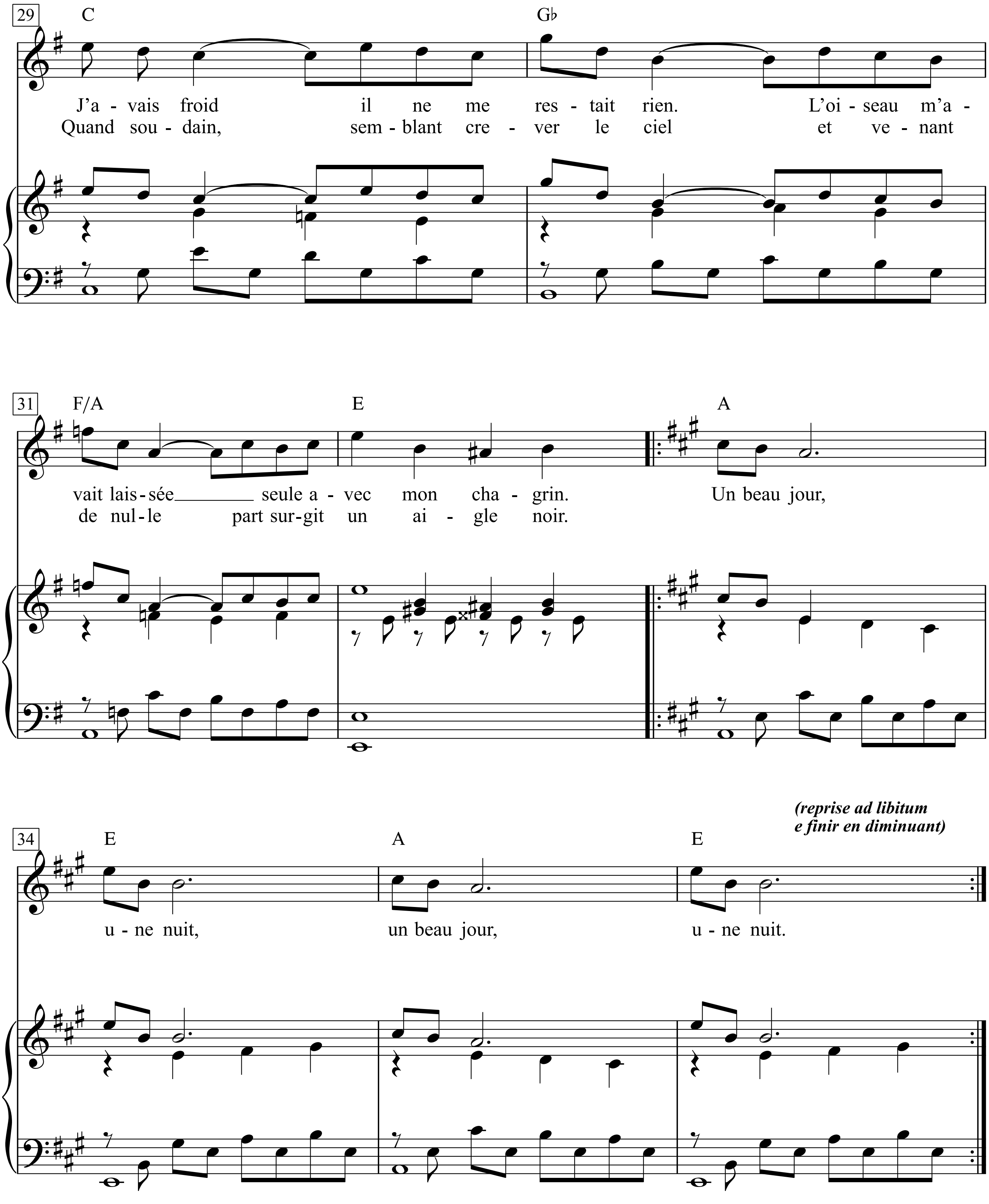







11
E♭/G
D
F
de nul - le part sur - git un ai - gle noir. Len - te - ment, les ai - les
cou - ron - né por - tait un di - a - mant bleu. De son bec il a tou -
en trem - blant des é - toi - les des é - toiles. Comme a - vant, dans mes rê -
14
C/E
Gm
D/F♯
dé - ploy - ées, len - te - ment je le vis tour - no - yer
ché ma joue, dans ma main il a glis - sé son cou.
ves d'en - fants, comme a - vant, sur un nu - a - ge blanc,
17
B♭
F/A
E♭/G
près de moi, dans un brui - sse - ment d'ai - les com - me tom - bé du ciel l'oi - seau
C'est a - lors que je l'ai re - con - nu sur - gis - sant du pas - sé il m'é -
comme a - vant, al - lu - mer le so - leil ê - tre fai - seur de pluie et fai - re


(3° fois suivre)
20
D
F
C/E
vint se po - ser. L'ai-gle noir dans un bruis - se-ment d'ailes
tait re - ve - nu.
des mer - veil - les.
23
Gm
D/F♯
G
prit son vol pour re - ga - gner le ciel. Qua-tre plu - mes cou-leur
Un beau jour, ou é-tait-ce
26
D/F♯
Am
E/G♯
de la nuit, u - ne larme ou peut-être un ru - bis.
u - ne nuit, près d'un lac je m'é-tais en-dor-mie.


29
C
Gb
J'a - vais froid il ne me res - tait rien. L'oi - seau m'a -
Quand sou - dain, sem - blant cre - ver le ciel et ve - nant
31
F/A
E
A
vait lais - sée seule a - vec mon cha - grin. Un beau jour,
de nul - le part sur - git un ai - gle noir.
(reprise ad libitum
e finir en diminuant)
34
E
A
E
u - ne nuit, un beau jour, u - ne nuit.

1. Un beau jour, ou peut-être une nuit près d'un lac je m'étais endormie.
Quand soudain, semblant crever le ciel et venant de nulle part surgit un aigle noir.
Lentement, les ailes déployées, lentement je le vis tournoyer près de moi,
dans un bruissement d'ailes comme tombé du ciel l'oiseau vint se poser.

2. Il avait les yeux couleur rubis et des plumes couleur de la nuit,
à son front brillant de mille feux. L'oiseau roi couronné portait un diamant bleu.
De son bec il a touché ma joue, dans ma main il a glissé son cou.
C'est alors que je l'ai reconnu surgissant du passé il m'était revenu.

3. Dis l'oiseau, ô dis, emmène moi retournons au pays d'autrefois comme avant,
dans mes rêves d'enfants pour cueillir en tremblant des étoiles des étoiles.
Comme avant, dans mes rêves d'enfants, comme avant, sur un nuage blanc,
comme avant, allumer le soleil être faiseur de pluie et faire des merveilles.

L'aigle noir dans un bruissement d'ailes prit son vol pour regagner le ciel.

Quatre plumes couleur de la nuit, une larme ou peut-être un rubis.
J'avais froid il ne me restait rien.
L'oiseau m'avait laissée seule avec mon chagrin.

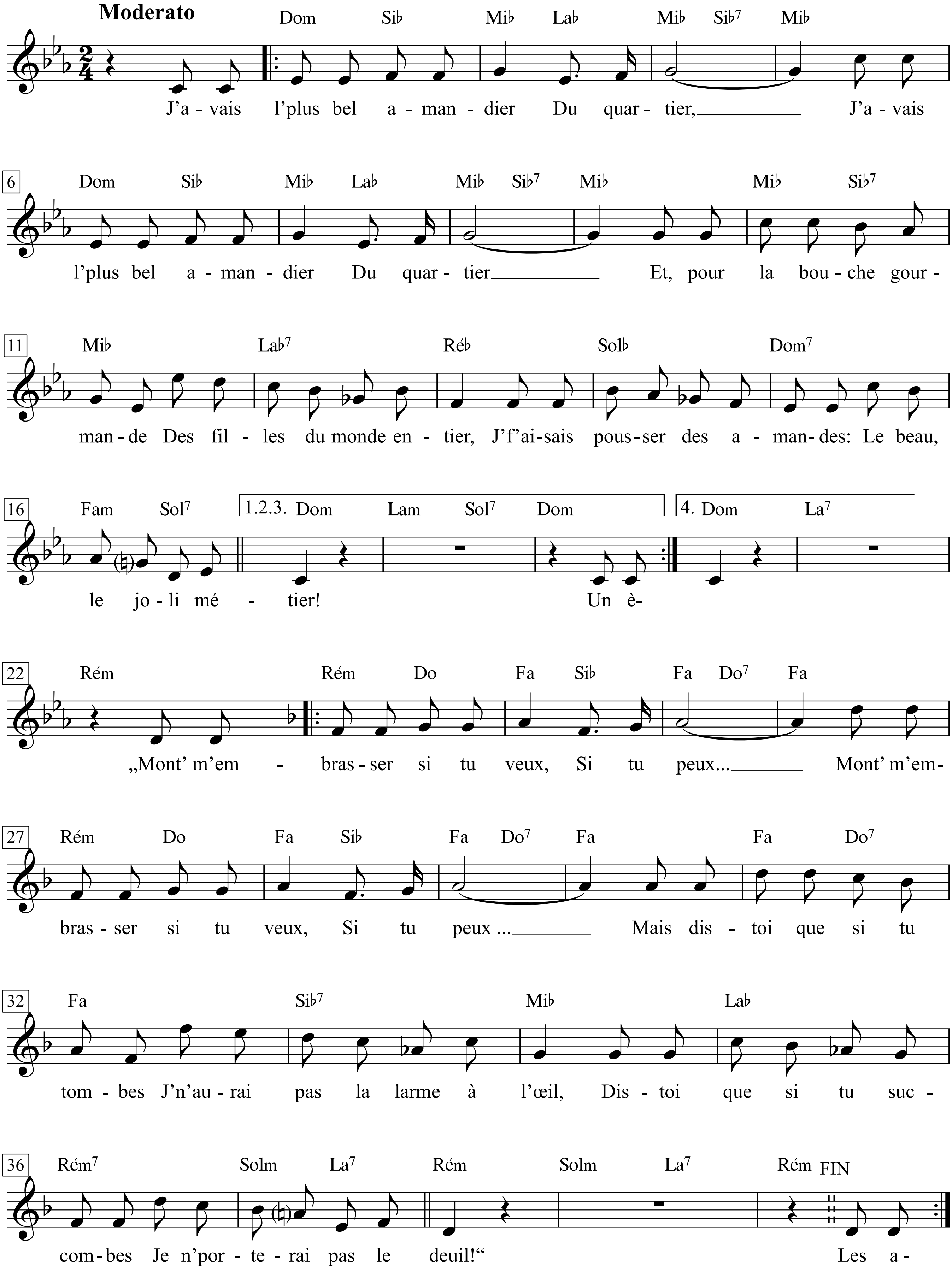
Un beau jour, ou était-ce une nuit, près d'un lac je m'étais endormie.
Quand soudain, semblant crever le ciel et venant de nulle part surgit un aigle noir.

Un beau jour, une nuit, un beau jour, une nuit.

L'amandier

(Der Mandelbaum)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.62 & II.142-145

1. J'avais l' plus bel amandier
Du quartier,
Et, pour la bouche gourmande
Des filles du monde entier,
J' faisais pousser des amandes:
Le beau, le joli métier!

2. Un écureuil en jupon,
Dans un bond,
Vint me dir': »Je suis gourmande
Et mes lèvres sentent bon,
Et, si tu m' donn's une amande,
J'te donne un baiser fripon!

3. - Grimpe aussi haut que tu veux,
Que tu peux,
Et tu croqu's, et tu picores,
Puis tu grignot's, et puis tu
Redescends plus vite encore
Me donner le baiser dû!«

4. Quand la belle eut tout rongé,
Tout mangé...
»Je te paierai, me dit-elle,
A pleine bouche quand les
Nigauds seront pourvus d'ailes
Et que tu sauras voler!

5. »Mont' m'embrasser si tu veux,
Si tu peux...
Mais dis-toi que, si tu tombes,
J' n'aurai pas la larme à l'œil,
Dis-toi que, si tu succombes,
Je n' porterai pas le deuil!«

6. Les avait, bien entendu,
Toutes mordues,
Tout's grignoté's, mes amandes,
Ma récolte était perdue,
Mais sa joli' bouch' gourmande
En baisers m'a tout rendu!

7. Et la fête dura tant
Qu' le beau temps ...
Mais vint l'automne, et la foudre,
Et la pluie, et les autans
Ont changé mon arbre en poudre ...
Et mon amour en mêm' temps!

.

1. Mein Machandel war der Neid
weit und breit;
und für all die feinen Schlecker-
mäulchen aller Mädchen hier,
wuchsen meine Mandeln lecker
- das Gewerbe lob ich mir.

2. So ein Eichhörnchen mit Kleid
kam von weit,
sagte: »Machen wir nen Handel,
zweimal naschen mit Genuss:
Gibst du mir jetzt eine Mandel,
geb ich dir nen frechen Kuss.«

3. »Kletter so hoch wie du magst,
wie du wagst;
und du knackst und knabberst munter,
knusperknäuschen, und zum Schluss
kletterst du schnell wieder runter,
gibst mir den versprochnen Kuss.«

4. Als sie oben saß und aß,
saß und fraß,
sagte sie mit vollem Munde:
»Ich bezahl dich nicht, bevor
alle Trottel Flügel kriegen
und du fliegst zu mir empor.

5. Komm und küss mich, wenn du magst,
wenn du's wagst.
Aber merk dir eins: Ich weine
nicht, wenn du dann runterfliegst;
merk dir: Trauer trag ich keine,
wenn du tot da unten liegst.«

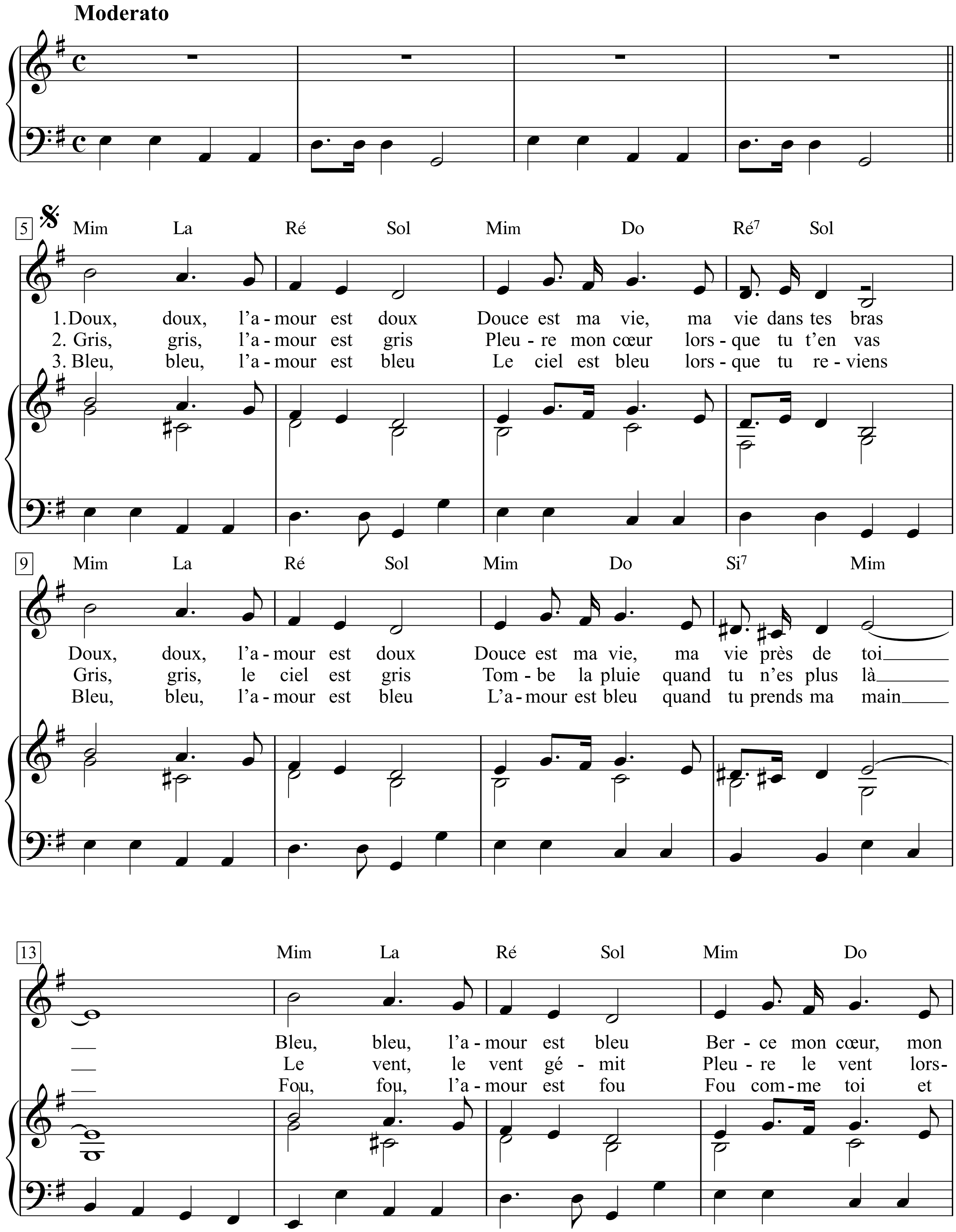
6. Alle hat sie abgezwackt
und geknackt;
schob ins Kröpfchen jede gute,
meine ganze Mandelpracht,
doch die Schmauseschmuseschnute
hat's mit Küssen wettgemacht.

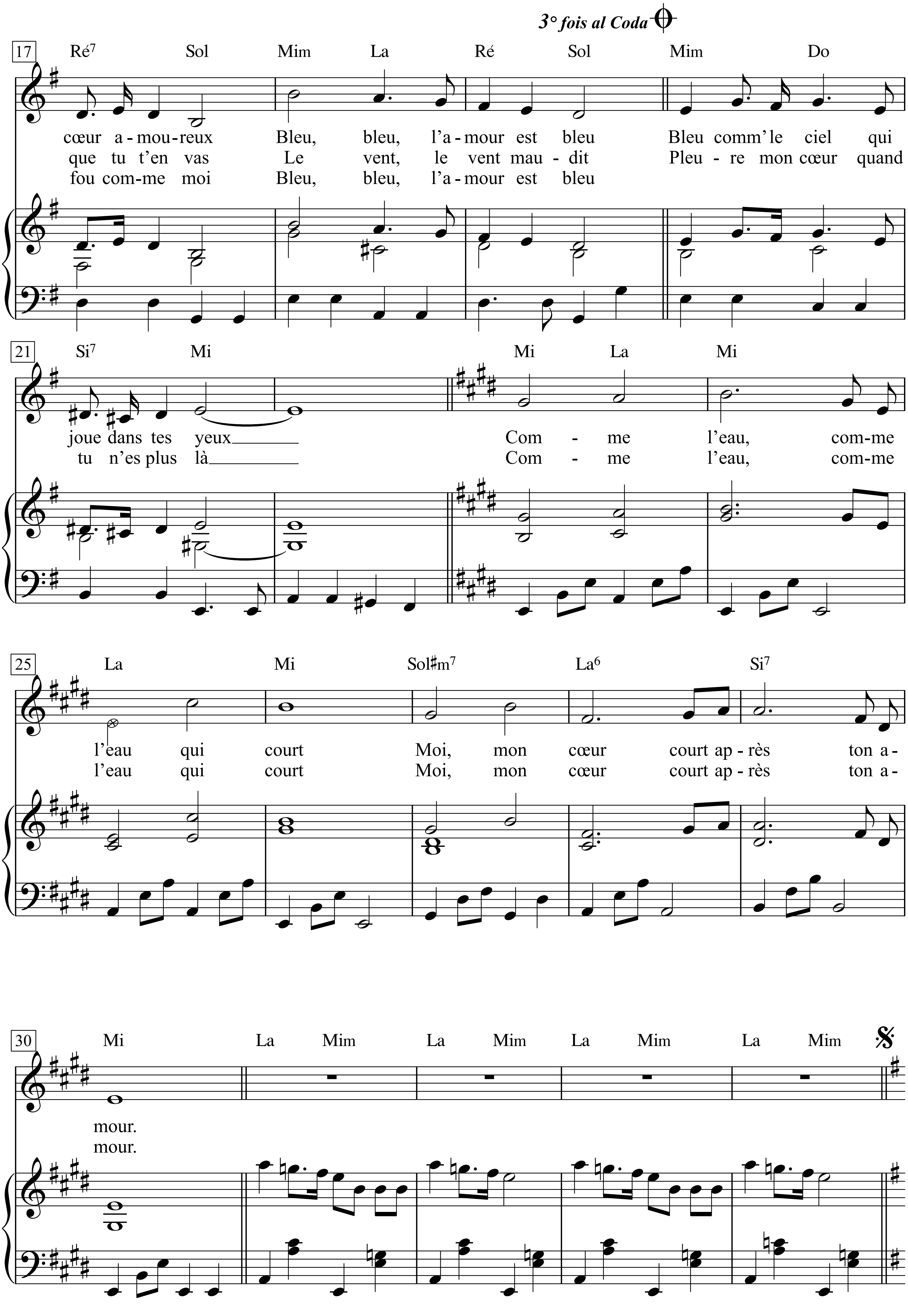
7. Und es blieb, als Sommer war,
wunderbar;
doch dann kam der Herbst, der Wandel-
Blitz und Sturm und Winterhauch
machten Kleinholz aus dem Mandel-
baum und aus der Liebe auch.

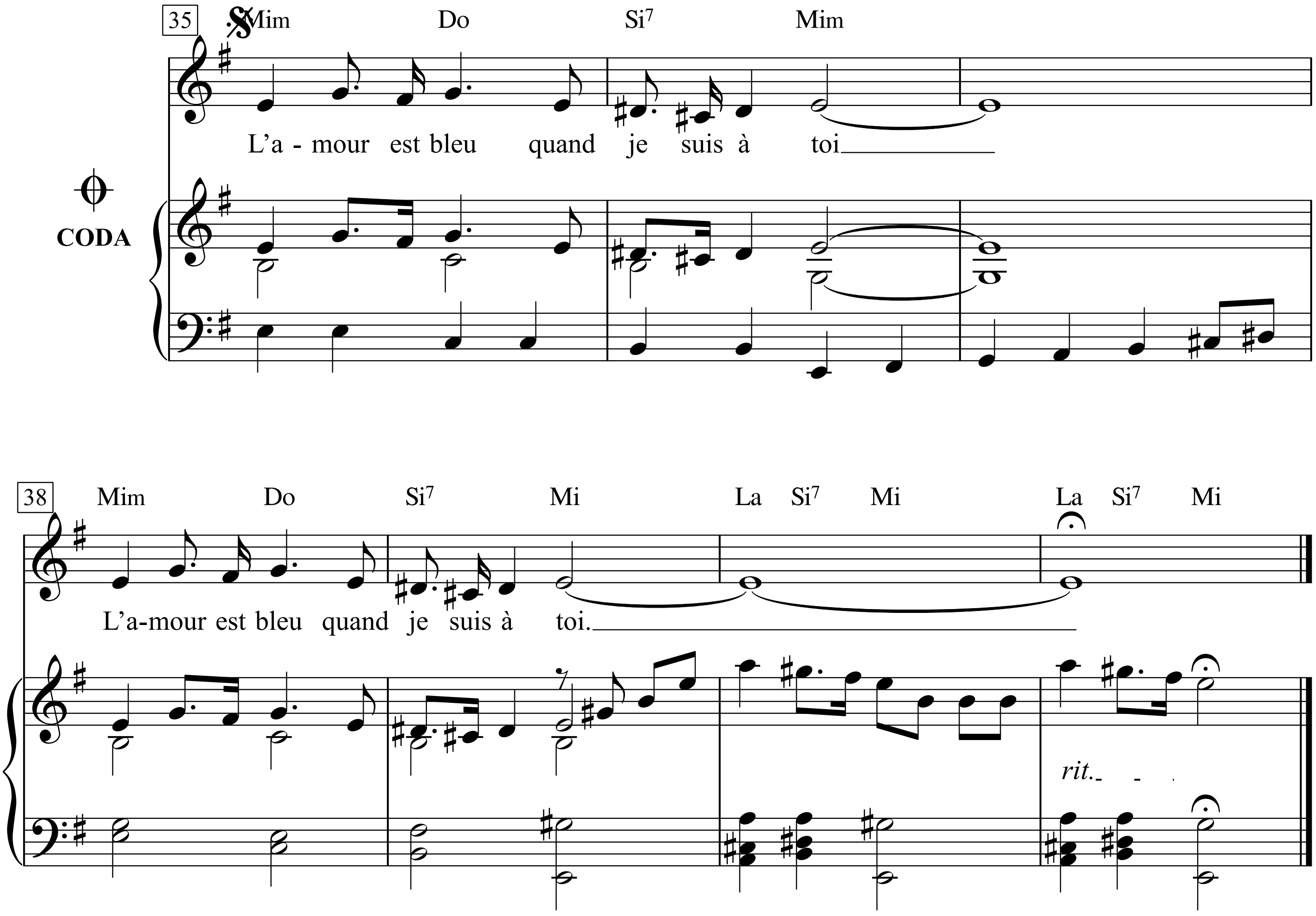
L'amour est bleu

Paroles de Pierre Cour

Musique de André Popp




3° fois al Coda
17
Ré7 Sol Mim La Ré Sol Mim Do
cœur a-mou-reux Bleu, bleu, l'a-mour est bleu Bleu comm' le ciel qui
que tu t'en vas Le vent, le vent mau-dit Pleu-re mon cœur quand
fou com-me moi Bleu, bleu, l'a-mour est bleu
21
Si7 Mi Mi La Mi
joue dans tes yeux Com-me l'eau, com-me
tu n'es plus là Com-me l'eau, com-me
25
La Mi Sol♯m7 La6 Si7
l'eau qui court Moi, mon cœur court ap-rès ton a-
l'eau qui court Moi, mon cœur court ap-rès ton a-
30
Mi La Mim La Mim La Mim La Mim
mour.
mour.



1. Doux, doux, l'amour est doux
Douce est ma vie, ma vie dans tes bras
Doux, doux, l'amour est doux
Douce est ma vie, ma vie près de toi
Bleu, bleu, l'amour est bleu
Berce mon cœur, mon cœur amoureux
Bleu, bleu, l'amour est bleu
Bleu comm' le ciel qui joue dans tes yeux
Comme l'eau, comme l'eau qui court
Moi, mon cœur court après ton amour.

2. Gris, gris, l'amour est gris
Pleure mon cœur lorsque tu t'en vas
Gris, gris, le ciel est gris
Tombe la pluie quand tu n'es plus là
Le vent, le vent gémit
Pleure le vent lorsque tu t'en vas
Le vent, le vent maudit
Pleure mon cœur quand tu n'es plus là
Comme l'eau, comme l'eau qui court
Moi, mon cœur court après ton amour.

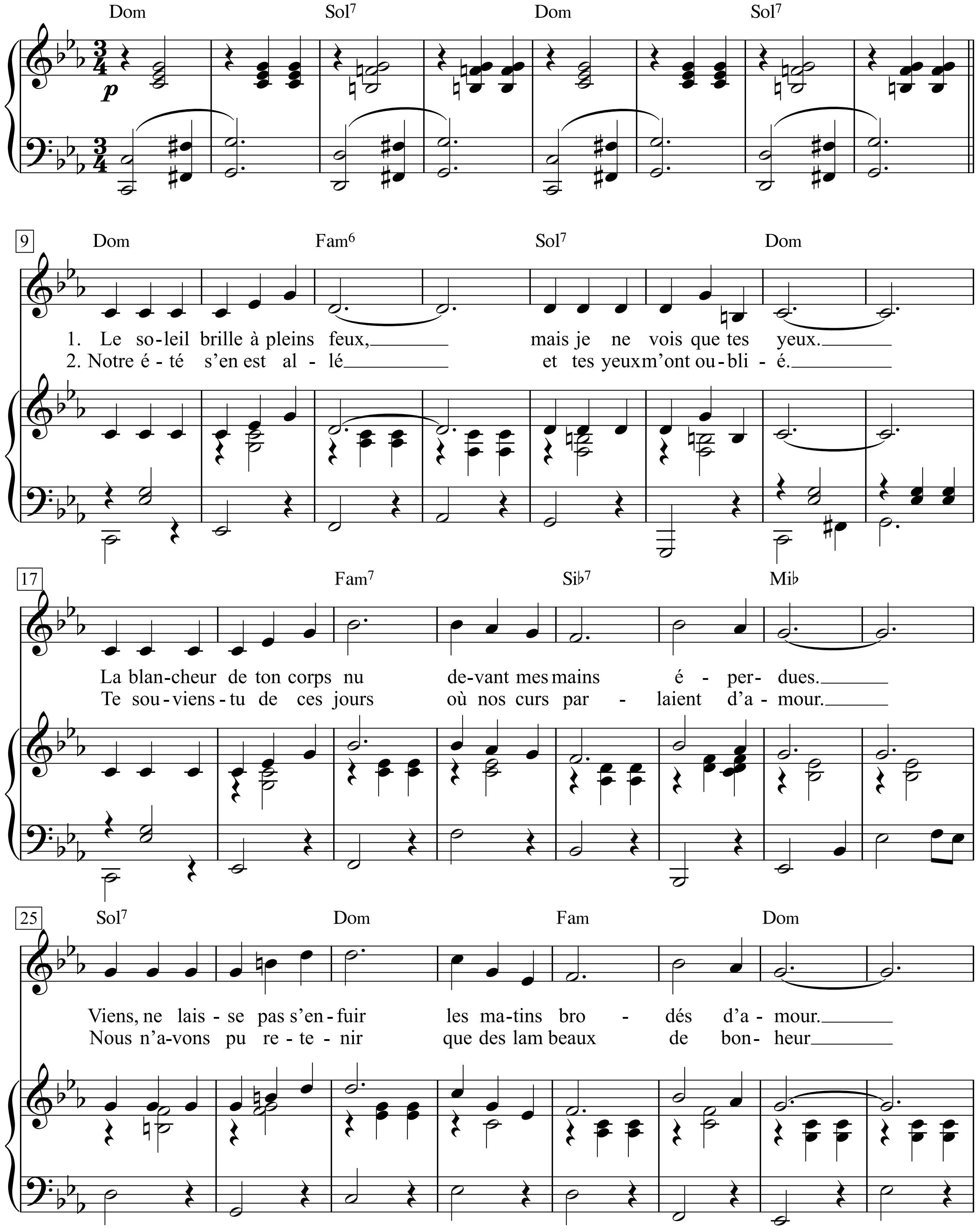
3. Bleu, bleu, l'amour est bleu
Le ciel est bleu lorsque tu reviens
Bleu, bleu, l'amour est bleu
L'amour est bleu quand tu prends ma main
Fou, fou, l'amour est fou
Fou comme toi et fou comme moi
Bleu, bleu, l'amour est bleu
L'amour est bleu quand je suis à toi
L'amour est bleu quand je suis à toi.

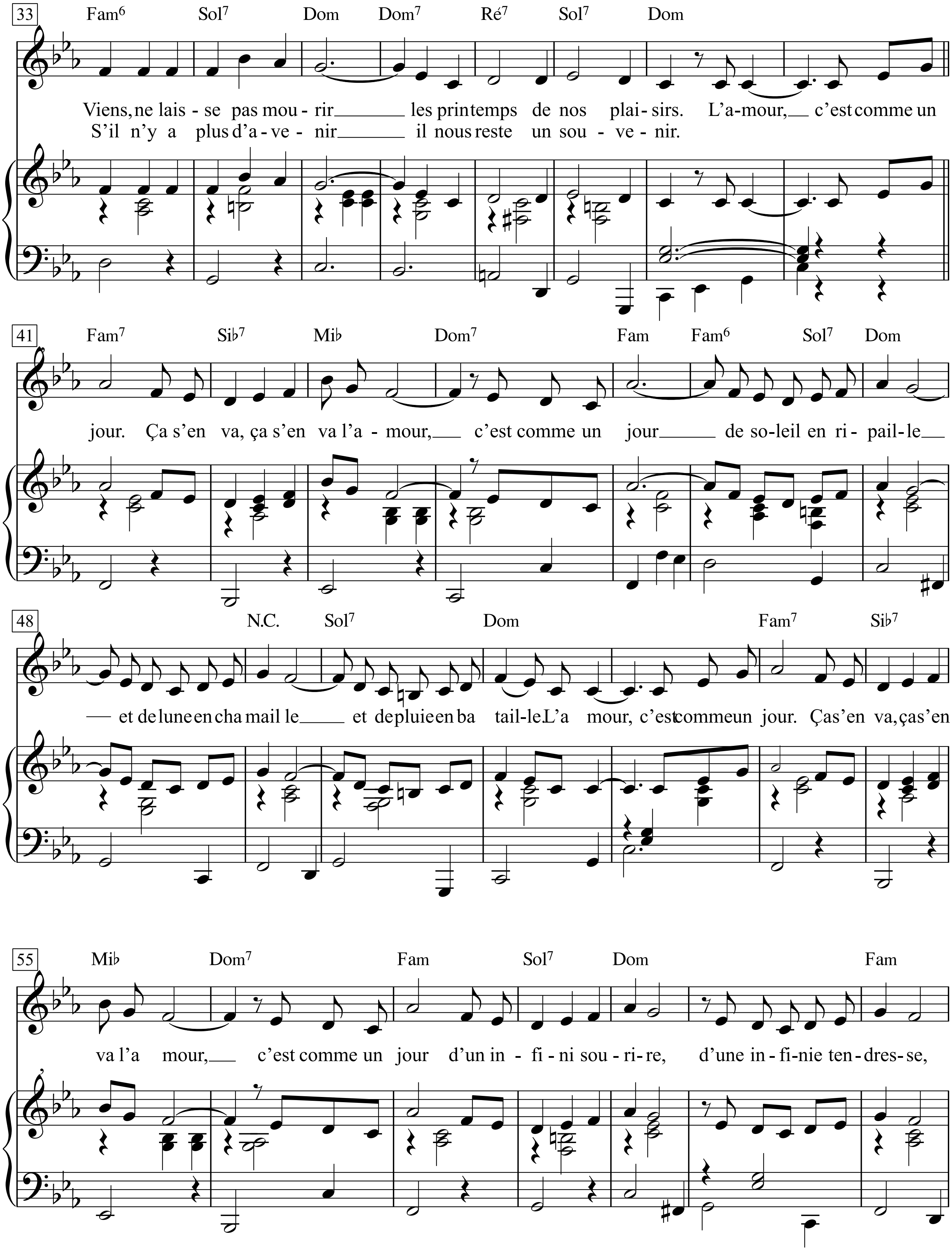
L'amour est comme un jour

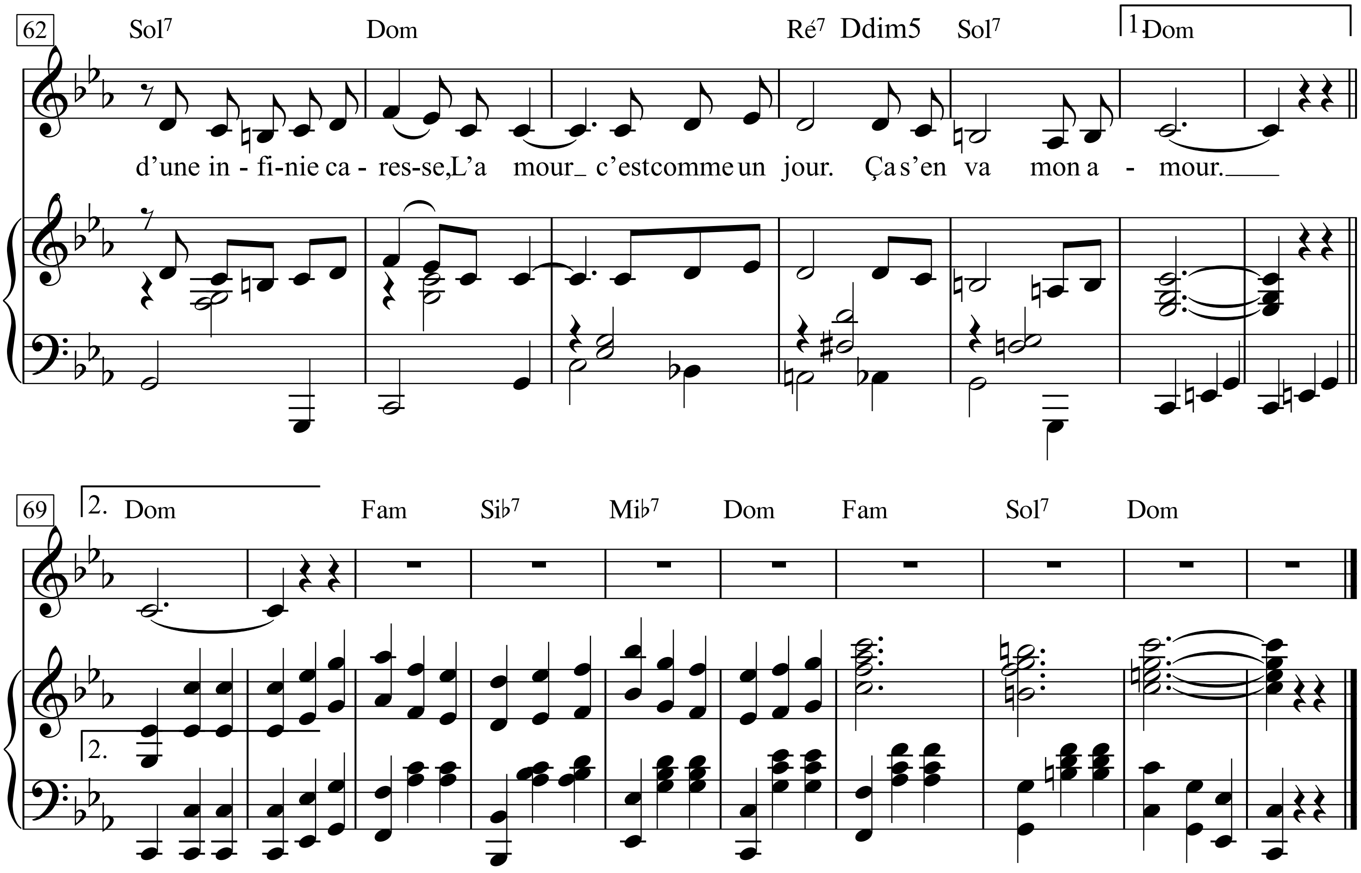
Paroles de Yves Stéphan

Musiques de Charles Aznavour

T° di Valse mod°




33
Fam6 Sol7 Dom Dom7 Ré7 Sol7 Dom
Viens, ne lais - se pas mou - rir les printemps de nos plai - sirs. L'a-mour, c'est comme un
S'il n'y a plus d'a - ve - nir il nous reste un sou - ve - nir.
41
Fam7 Sib7 Mib Dom7 Fam Fam6 Sol7 Dom
jour. Ça s'en va, ça s'en va l'a - mour, c'est comme un jour de so-leil en ri - pail-le
48
N.C. Sol7 Dom Fam7 Sib7
et de lune en cha mail le et de pluie en ba tail-le. L'a mour, c'est comme un jour. Ças'en va, ças'en
55
Mib Dom7 Fam Sol7 Dom Fam
va l'a mour, c'est comme un jour d'un in - fi - ni sou - ri - re, d'une in - fi-nie ten-dres-se,

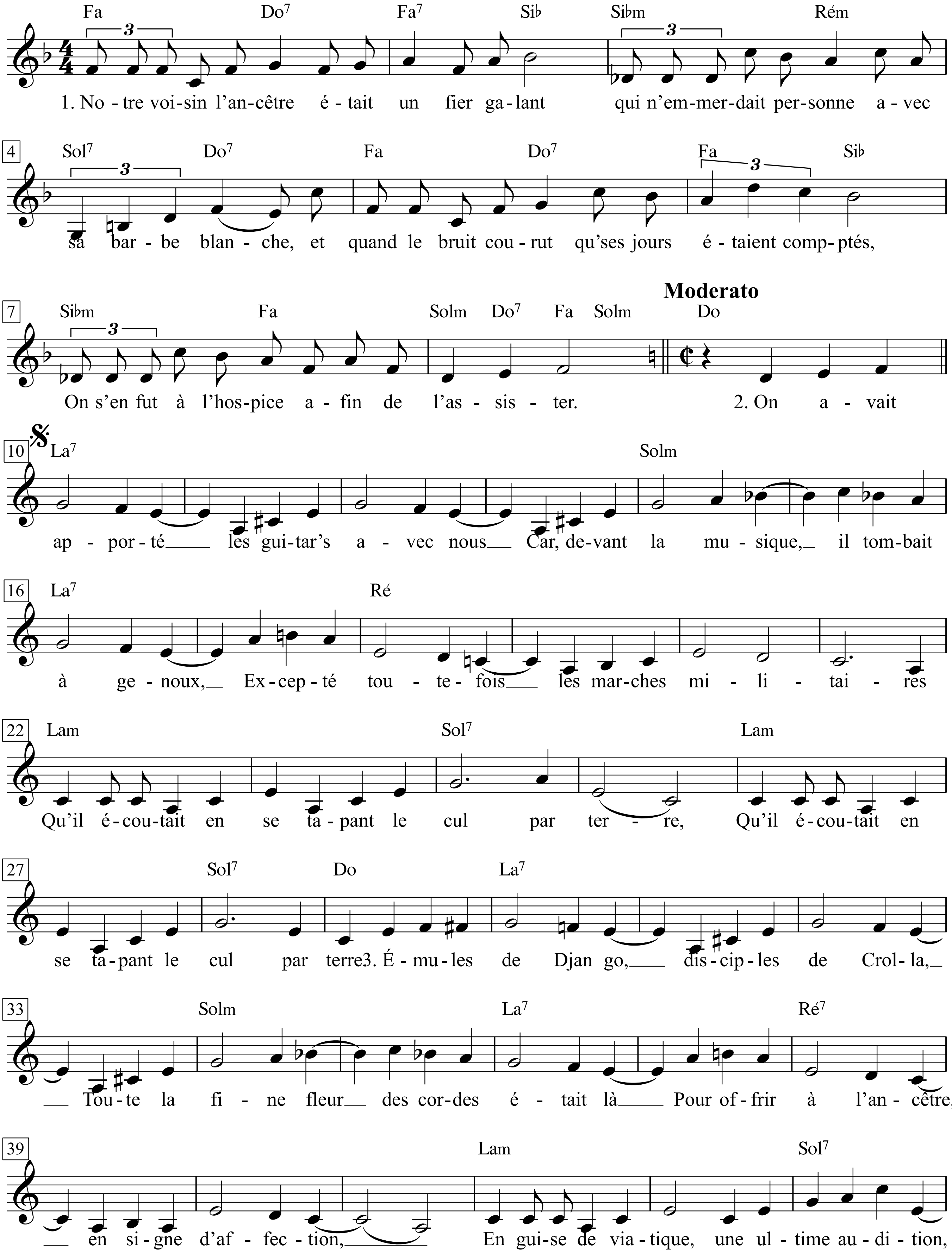

62
Sol7 Dom Ré7 Ddim5 Sol7 1.Dom
d'une in - fi-nie ca - res-se,L'a mour_ c'estcomme un jour. Ça s'en va mon a - mour.
69
2. Dom Fam Sib7 Mib7 Dom Fam Sol7 Dom
2.

L'ancêtre

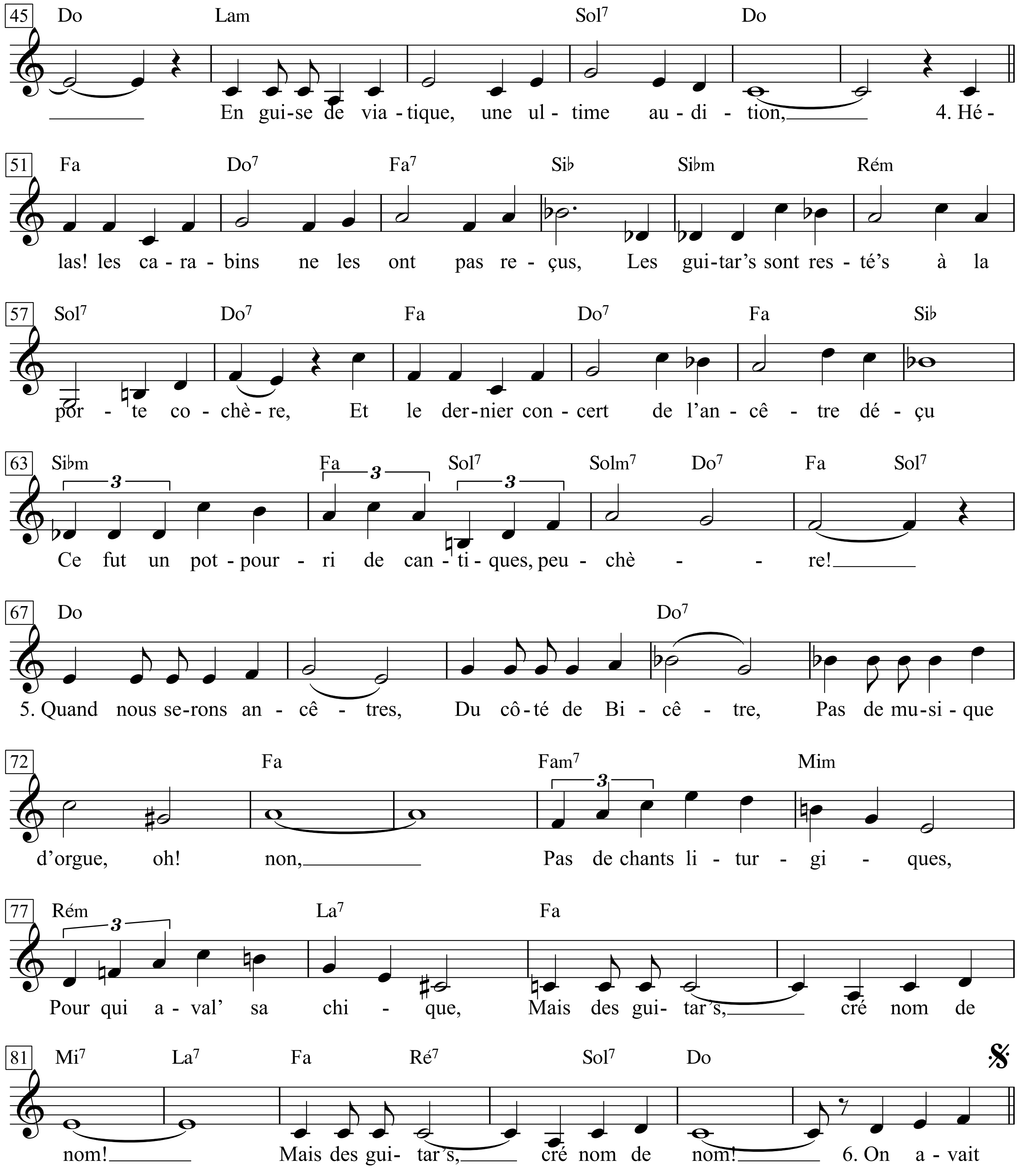
(Der Alte)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens

Libre



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.153+154 & II. S.396-399



1. Notre voisin l'ancêtre était un fier galant
Qui n 'emmerdait personne avec sa barbe blanche,
Et quand le bruit courut qu' ses jours étaient comptés,
On s'en fut à l'hospice afin de l'assister.

2. On avait apporté les guitar's avec nous
Car, devant la musique, il tombait à genoux,
Excepté toutefois les marches militaires
Qu'il écoutait en se tapant le cul par terre, *(bis)*

1. Unser Nachbar, der Alte, war ein strammer Typ,
hat sich nie was auf sein weißes Haar eingebildet,
und als wir hörten, jetzt wär es um ihn geschehn,
zogen wir ins Spital, um ihm da beizustehn.

2. Wir alle hatten die Gitarren mitgebracht,
Musik war für ihn immer eine Himmelsmacht,
bis auf die Militärmusik - bei jedem Marsch
hat er sich schiefgelacht und fiel plumps auf den Arsch, *(bis)*

3. Émules de Django, disciples de Crolla,
Toute la fine fleur des cordes était là
Pour offrir à l'ancêtre, en signe d'affection,
En guis' de viatique, une ultime audition, *(bis)*

4. Hélas! les carabins ne les ont pas reçus,
Les guitar's sont resté's à la porte cochère,
Et le dernier concert de l'ancêtre déçu
Ce fut un pot-pourri de cantiques, peuchère!

5. Quand nous serons ancêtres,
Du côté de Bicêtre,
Pas de musique d'orgue, oh! non,
Pas de chants liturgiques,
Pour qui aval' sa chique,
Mais des guitar's, cré nom de nom! *(bis)*

6. On avait apporté quelques litres aussi,
Car le bonhomme avait la fièvre de Bercy
Et les soirs de nouba, parol' de tavernier,
A rouler sous la table il était le dernier, *(bis)*

7. Saumur, Entre-deux-mers, Beaujolais, Marsala,
Toute la fine fleur de la vigne était là
Pour offrir à l'ancêtre, en signe d'affection,
En guis' de viatique, une ultime libation, *(bis)*

8. Hélas! les carabins ne les ont pas reçus,
Les litres sont restés à la porte cochère,
Et l' coup de l'étrier de l'ancêtre déçu
Ce fut un grand verre d'eau bénite, peuchère!

9. Quand nous serons ancêtres,
Du côté de Bicêtre,
Ne nous faites pas boire, oh! non,
De ces eaux minérales,
Bénites ou lustrales,
Mais du bon vin, cré nom de nom! *(bis)*

10. On avait emmené les belles du quartier,
Car l'ancêtre courait la gueuse volontiers.
De sa main toujours leste et digne cependant
Il troussait les jupons par n 'importe quel temps, *(bis)*

11. Depuis Manon Lescaut jusques à Dalila
Toute la fine fleur du beau sexe était là
Pour offrir à l'ancêtre, en signe d'affection,
En guis' de viatique, une ultime érection, *(bis)*

12. Hélas! les carabins ne les ont pas reçu's,
Les belles sont restées à la porte cochère,
Et le dernier froufrou de l'ancêtre déçu
Ce fut celui d'une robe de sœur, peuchère!

13. Quand nous serons ancêtres,
Du côté de Bicêtre,
Pas d'enfants de Marie, oh! non,
Remplacez-nous les nonnes
Par des belles mignonnes
Et qui fument, cré nom de nom! *(bis)*

3. Die Jünger von Django, die Schüler von Crolla,
es war die ganze edle Creme der Saiten da,
als Liebeszeichen und letzte Wegzehrung nun
dem Alten dieses Abschiedskonzert anzutun. *(bis)*

4. Da haben uns die Quacksalber fast fortgeschickt,
die Klampfen blieben vor dem Portal, klein und hässlich,
und das Abschiedskonzert für den Alten, geknickt,
war nur ein Potpourri aus Chorälen - wie grässlich!

5. Sind wir demnächst mal Greise,
gehn auf die letzte Reise,
dudelt uns nicht mit Orgeln ein!
Nix da mit Liturgien;
wenn wir schon Leine ziehen,
solln's - Teufel auch! - Gitarren sein! *(bis)*

6. Wir hatten ferner ein paar Liter bei der Hand,
der Alte hatte nämlich häufig bösen Brand,
und waren wir vom Wein bis an die Kiemen nass
- mein Säuferwort! -, dann fiel er als Letzter vom Fass. *(bis)*

7. Saumur, Entre-deux-mers, Beaujolais, Marsala,
es war die ganze edle Creme der Reben da,
als Liebeszeichen und letzte Wegzehrung nun
dem Alten seinen finalen Rausch anzutun. *(bis)*

8. Da haben uns die Quacksalber fast fortgeschickt,
die Flaschen blieben vor dem Portal, klein und hässlich,
und ach, der Abschiedstrunk für den Alten, geknickt,
war nur ein großer Weihwasserbecher - wie grässlich!

9. Sind wir demnächst mal Greise,
gehn auf die letzte Reise,
trichtert uns doch nicht so was ein,
Wasser, ob mineralisch,
weltlich oder sakralisch,
sondern - zum Teufel! - guten Wein! *(bis)*

10. Wir brachten auch die Schönen aus dem Viertel mit,
der Alte litt noch immer unter Appetit;
mit der verehrungswürdigen und losen Hand
ließ er gern Röcke flattern, wenn's ihm danach stand, *(bis)*

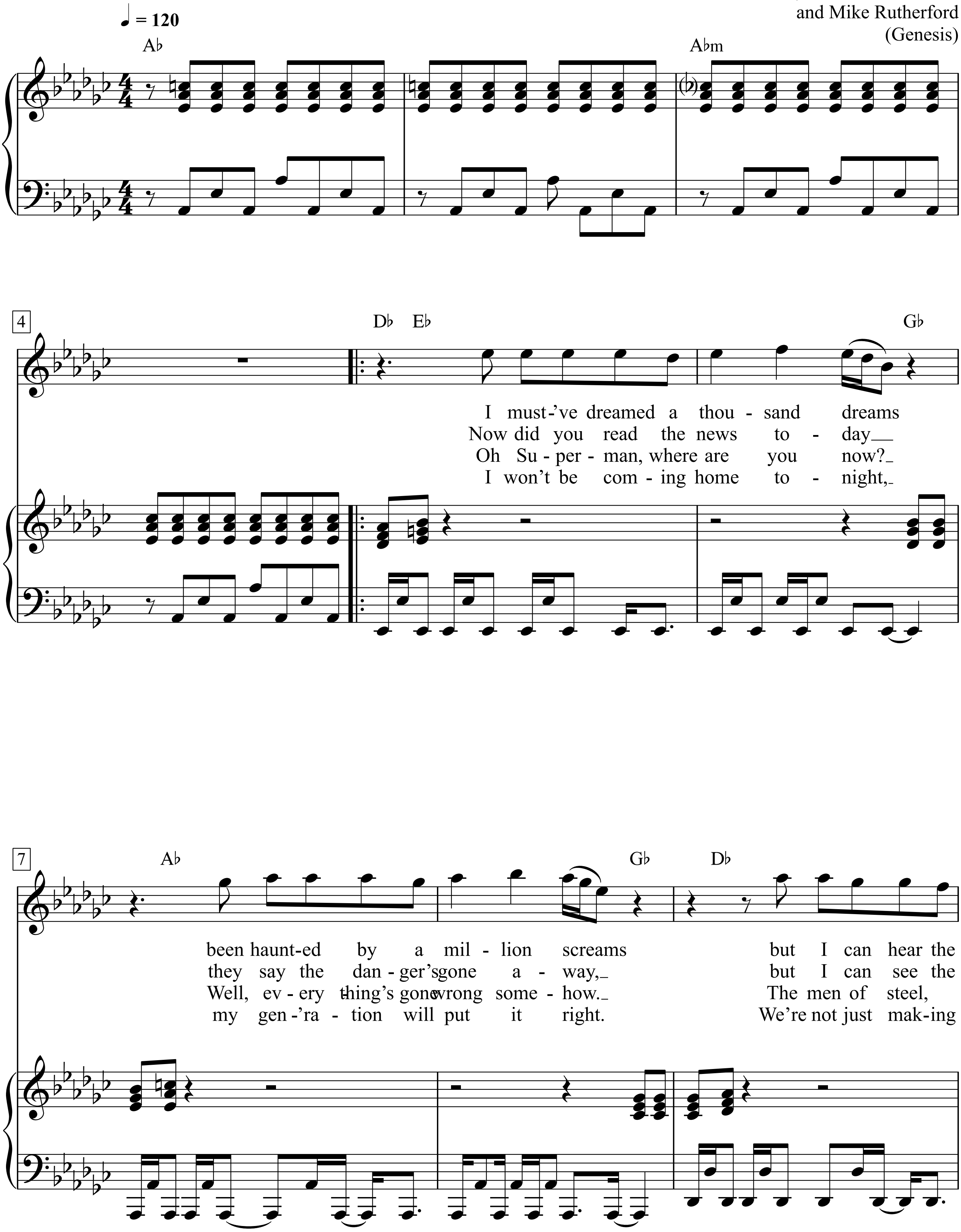
11. Und von Manon Lescaut bis hin zu Delilah,
die ganze Creme des schöneren Geschlechts war da,
als Liebeszeichen und letzte Wegzehrung nun
dem Alten eine End-Erektion anzutun. *(bis)*

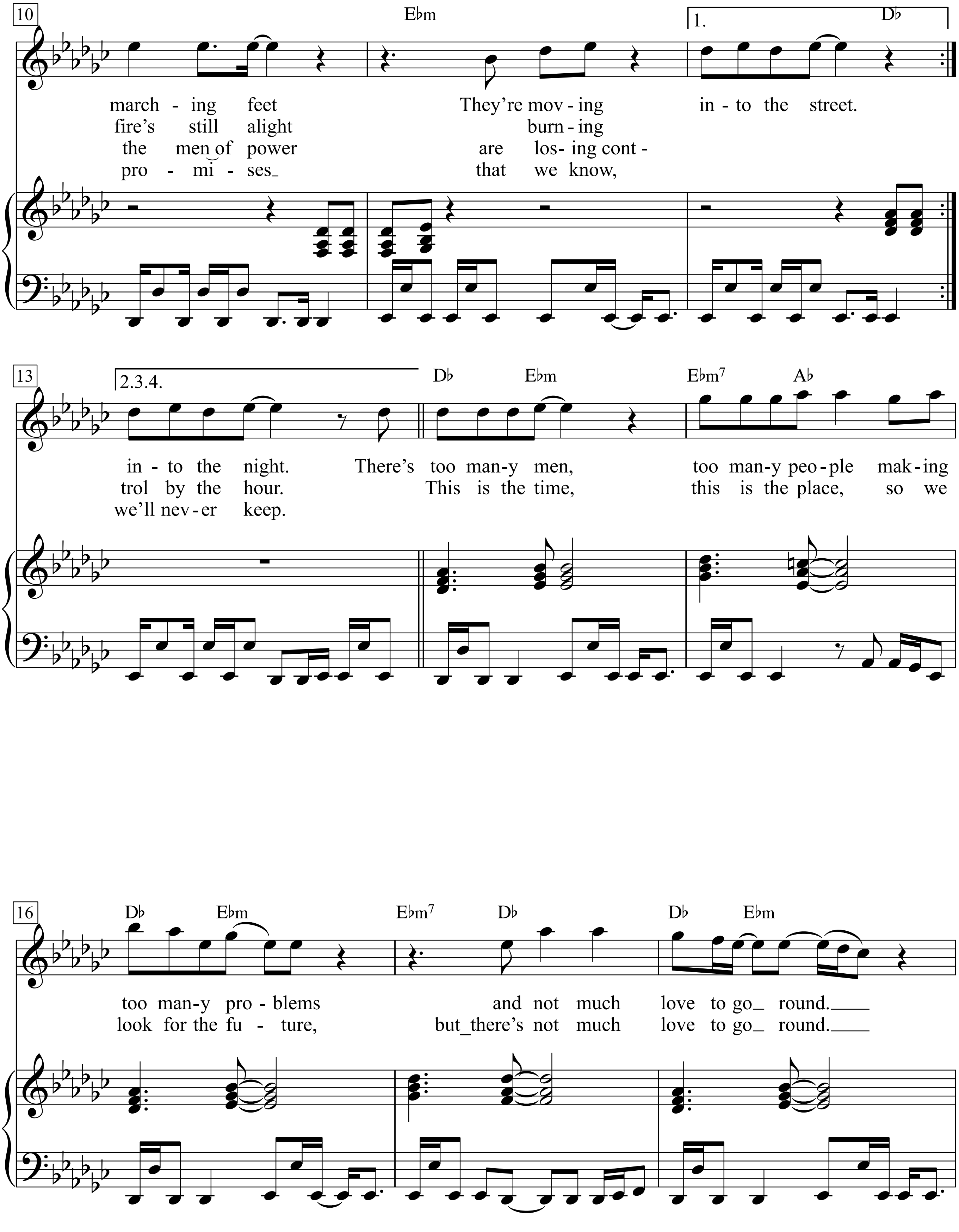
12. Da haben uns die Quacksalber fast fortgeschickt;
die Schönen blieben vor dem Portal, klein und hässlich;
so ging das letzte Grabschen des Alten, geknickt,
in einer Nonnenkutte verloren - wie grässlich!

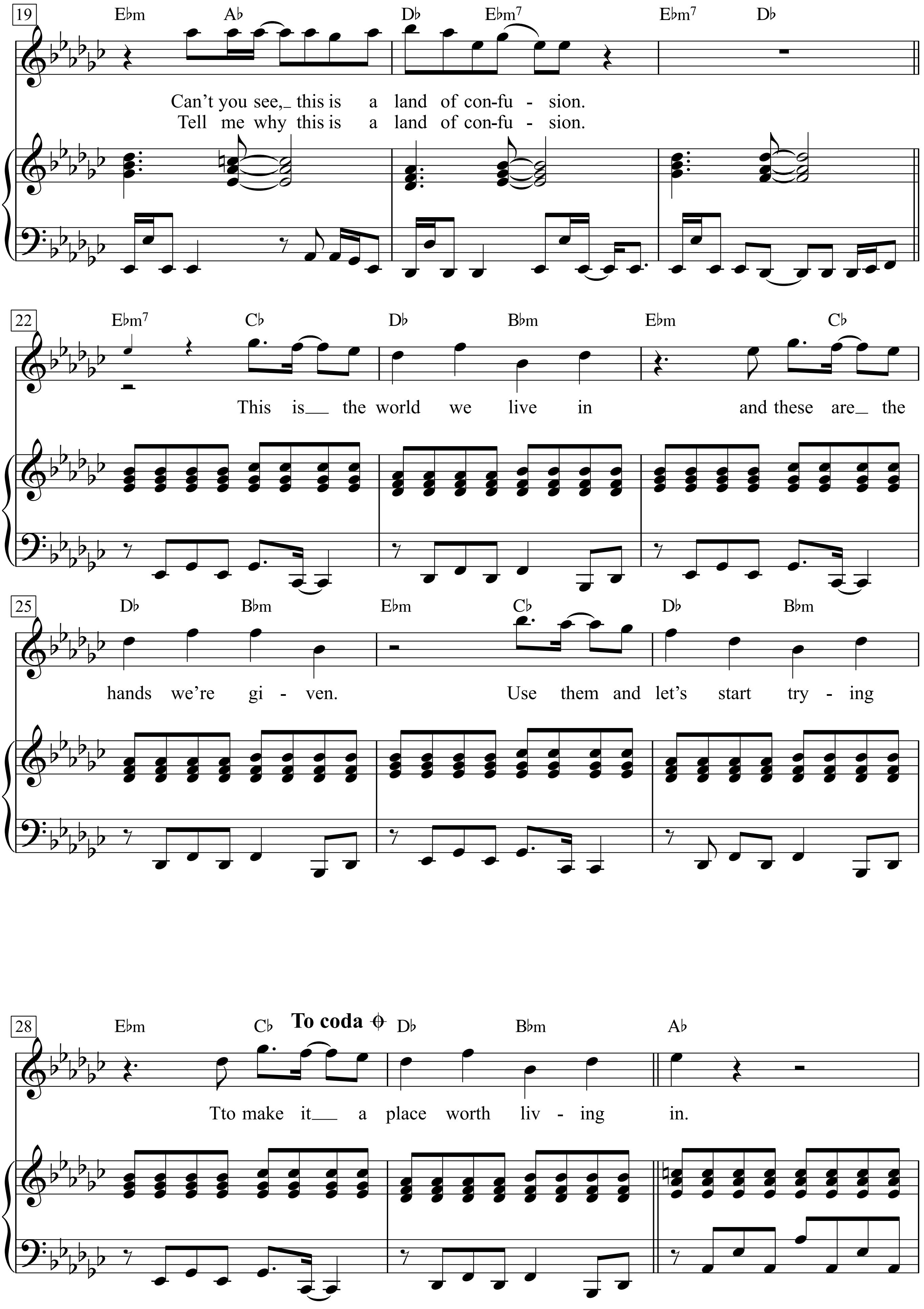
13. Sind wir demnächst mal Greise,
gehn auf die letzte Reise,
keine Marienkinder, nein!
Teufel auch! - statt der grauen
Nonnen lasst hübsche Frauen,
und bitte Raucherinnen, ein! *(bis)*

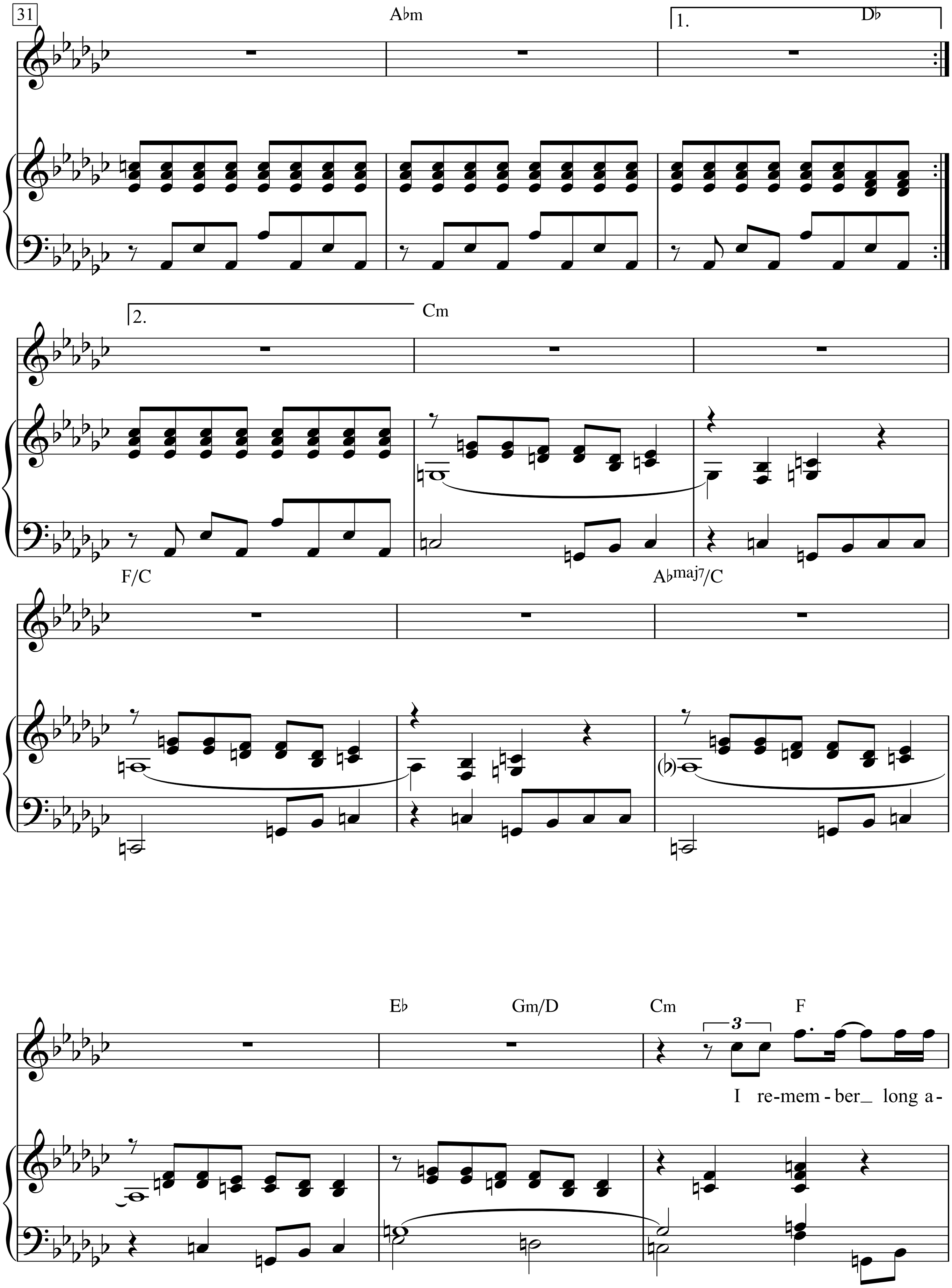
Land Of Confusion

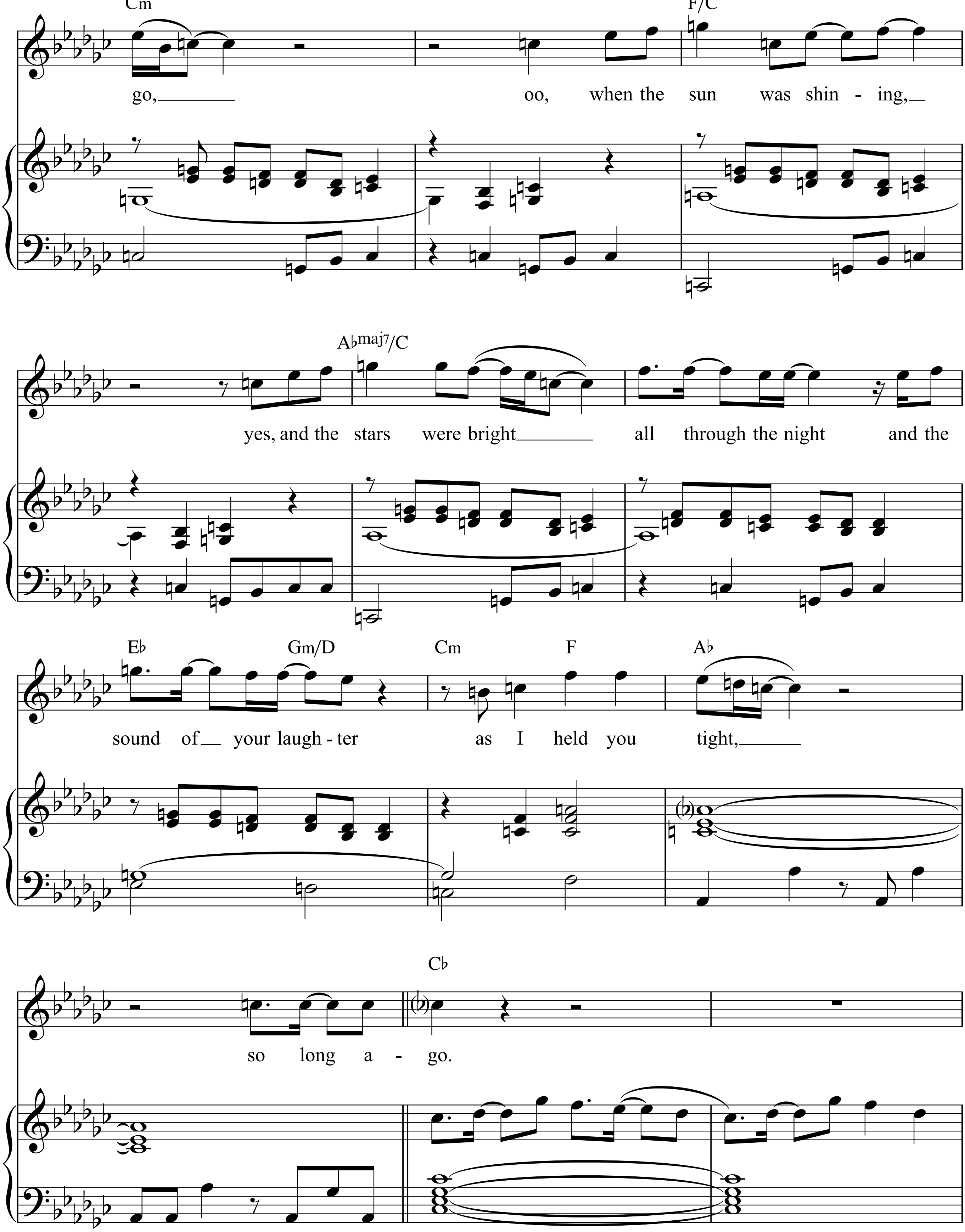
Words & Music by
Tony Banks, Phil Collins
and Mike Rutherford
(Genesis)

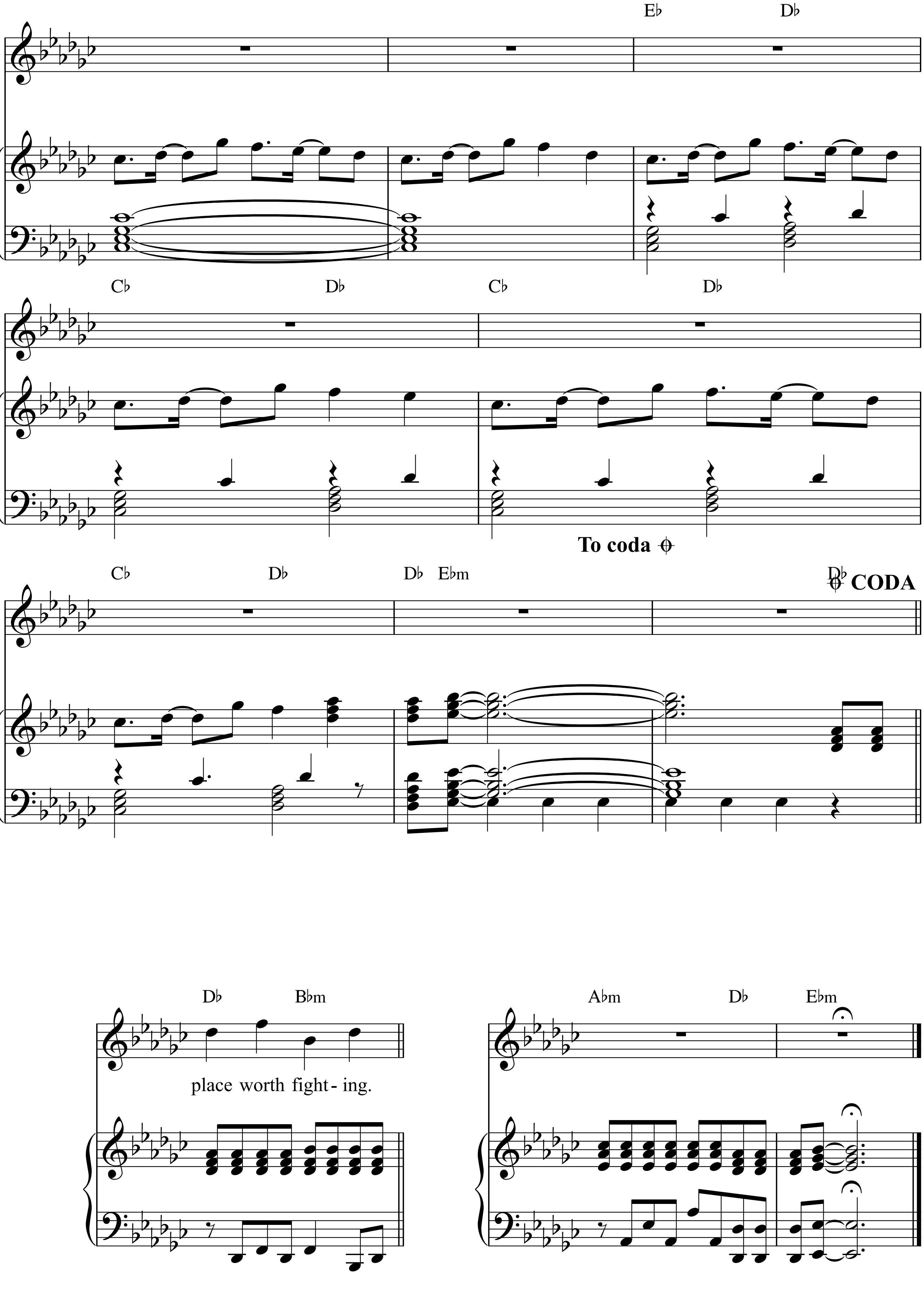



10
E♭m
1.
D♭
march - ing feet They're mov - ing in - to the street.
fire's still alight burn - ing
the men of power are los- ing cont -
pro - mi - ses_ that we know,
13
2.3.4.
D♭
E♭m
E♭m7
A♭
in - to the night. There's too man-y men, too man-y peo-ple mak-ing
trol by the hour. This is the time, this is the place, so we
we'll nev-er keep.
16
D♭
E♭m
E♭m7
D♭
D♭
E♭m
too man-y pro - blems and not much love to go_ round.___
look for the fu - ture, but_there's not much love to go_ round.___


19
E♭m A♭ D♭ E♭m7 E♭m7 D♭
Can't you see,_ this is a land of con-fu - sion.
Tell me why this is a land of con-fu - sion.
22
E♭m7 C♭ D♭ B♭m E♭m C♭
This is__ the world we live in and these are_ the
25
D♭ B♭m E♭m C♭ D♭ B♭m
hands we're gi - ven. Use them and let's start try - ing
28
E♭m C♭ To coda D♭ B♭m A♭
Tto make it__ a place worth liv - ing in.


31
A♭m
1.
D♭
2.
Cm
F/C
A♭maj7/C
E♭
Gm/D
Cm
F
3
I re-mem-ber_ long a-

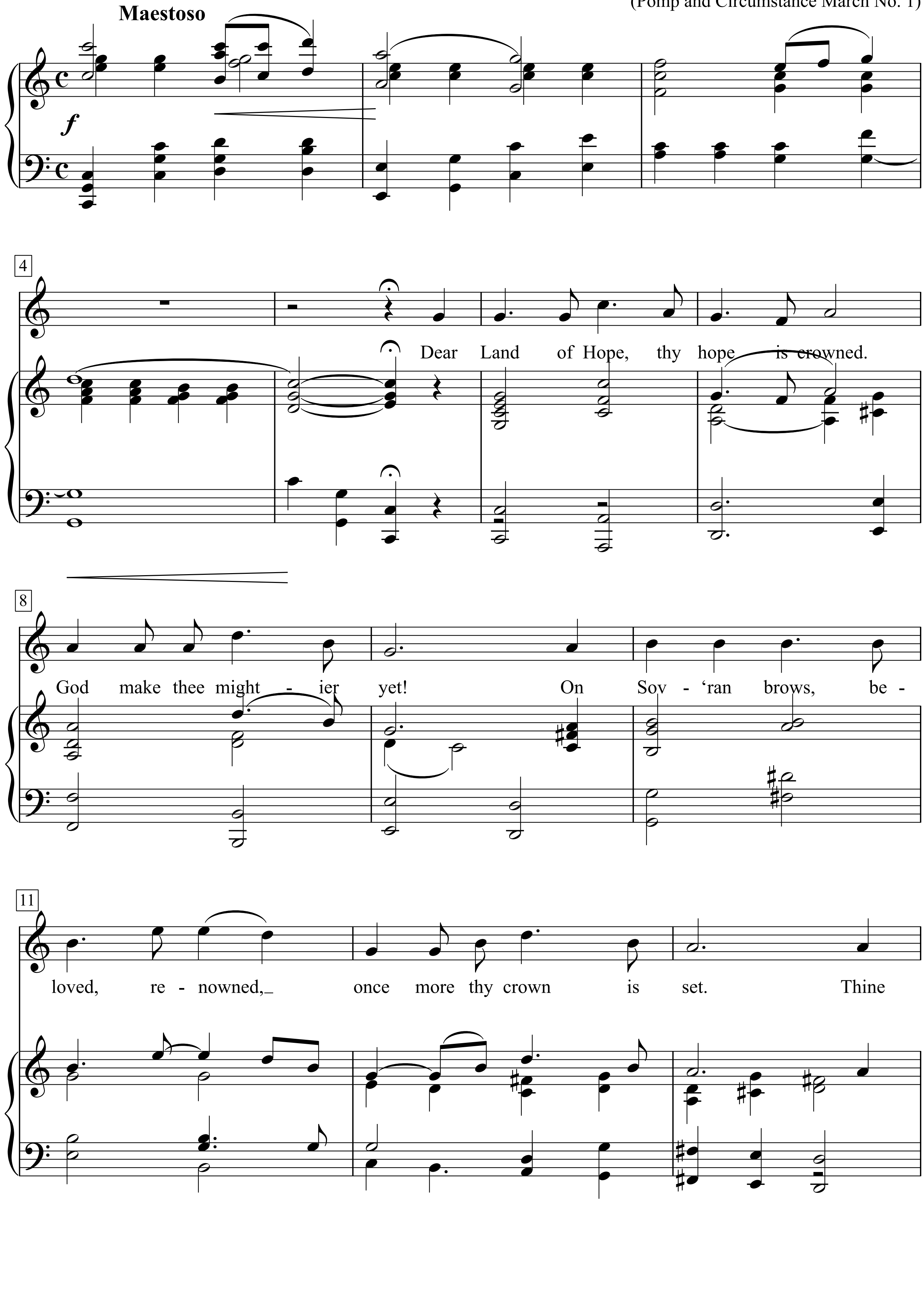

Cm
F/C
go, oo, when the sun was shin - ing,
A♭maj7/C
yes, and the stars were bright all through the night and the
E♭
Gm/D
Cm
F
A♭
sound of your laugh - ter as I held you tight,
C♭
so long a - go.

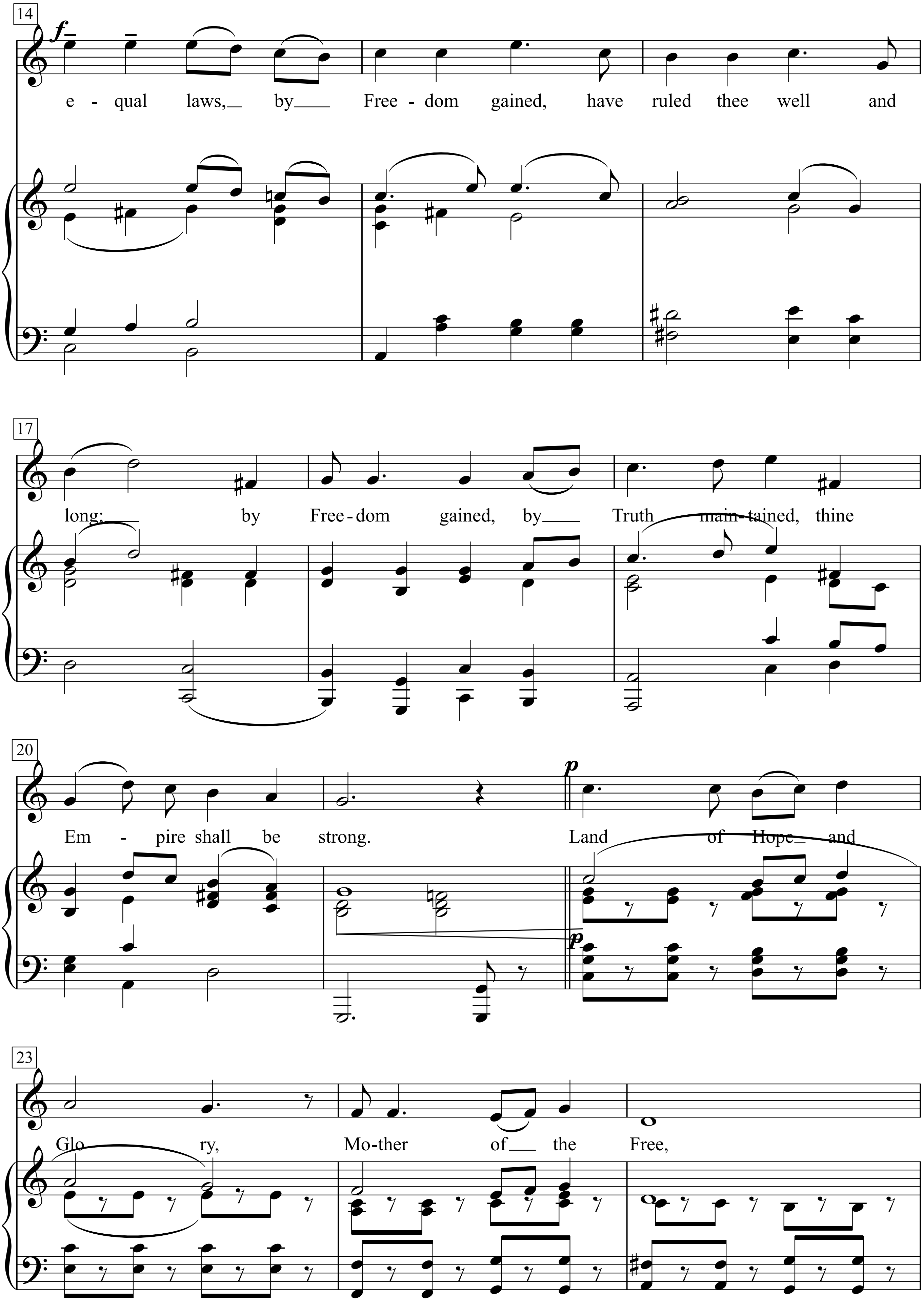

E♭ D♭
C♭ D♭ C♭ D♭
To coda
C♭ D♭ D♭ E♭m D♭
CODA
D♭ B♭m
place worth fight- ing.
A♭m D♭ E♭m

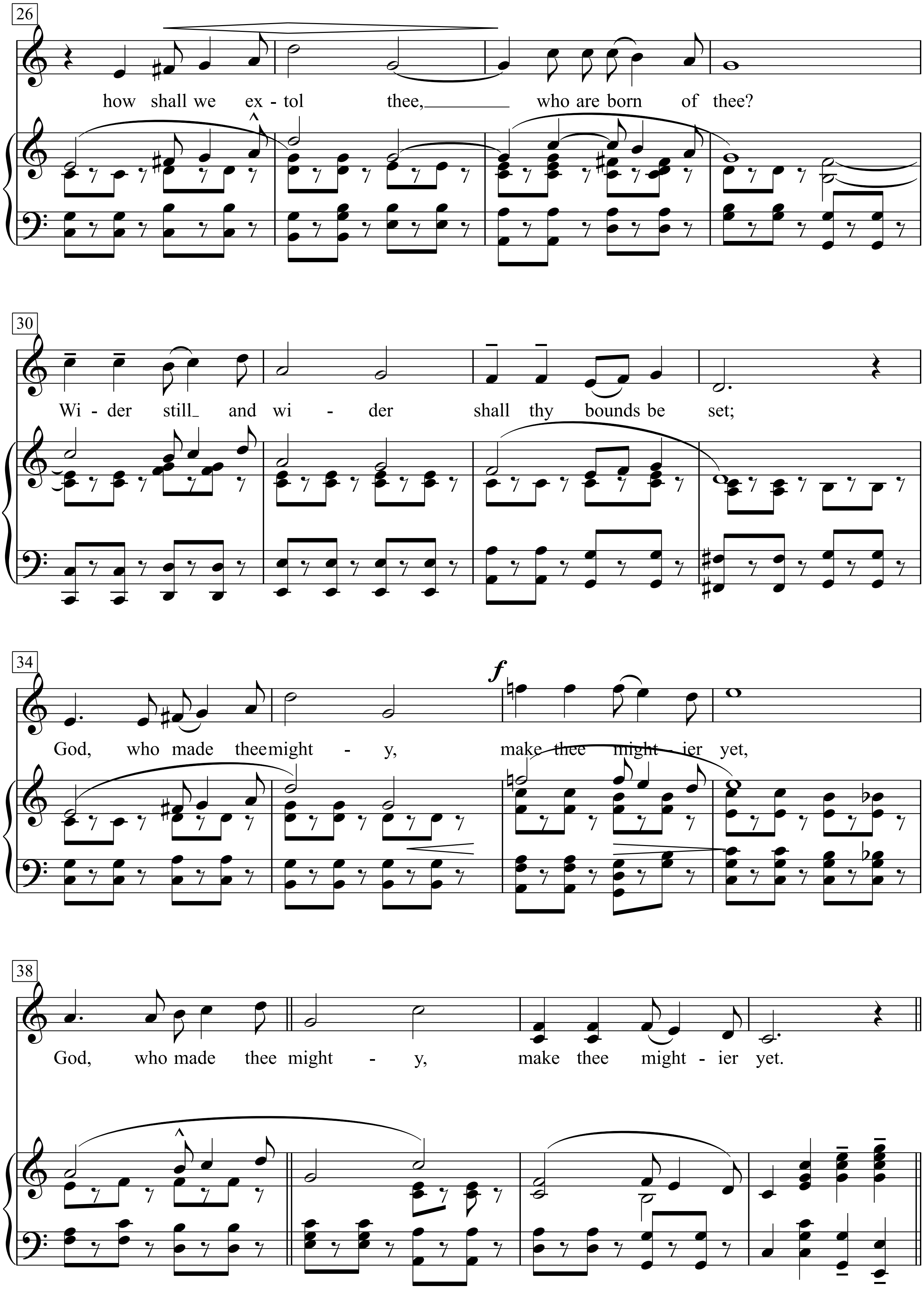
Land of Hope and Glory

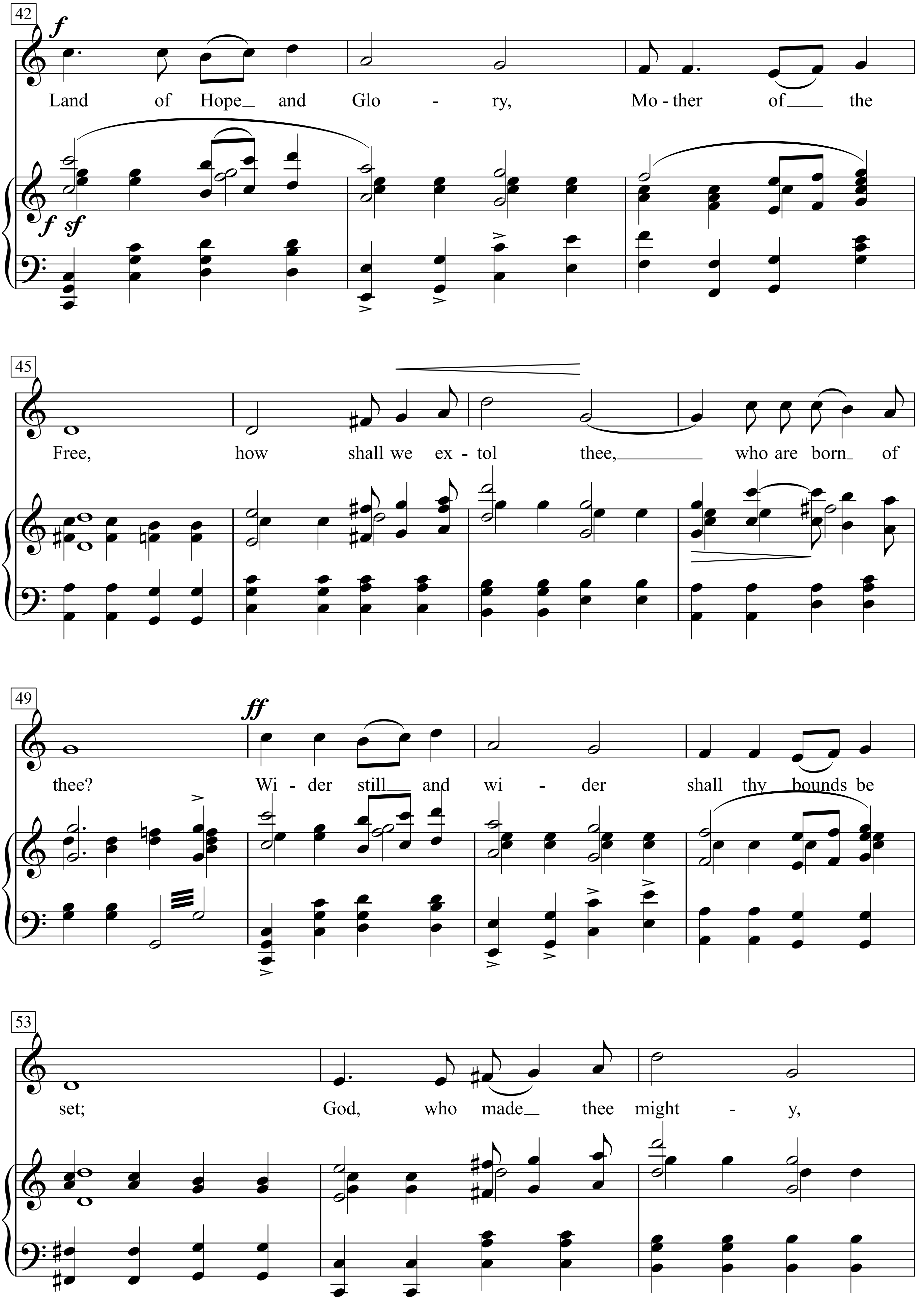
Words by Arthur C. Benson

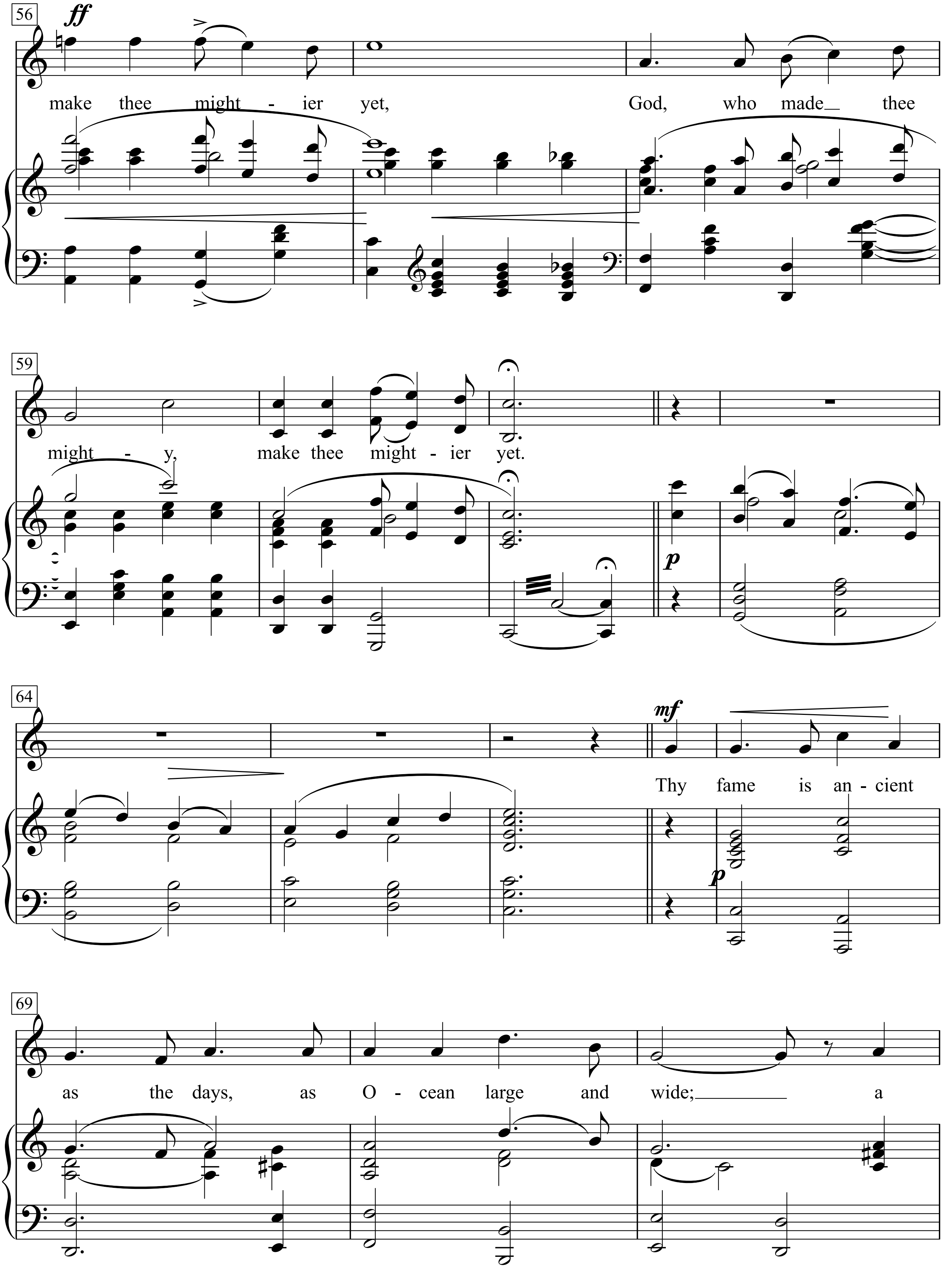
Music by Edgar Elgar
(Pomp and Circumstance March No. 1)

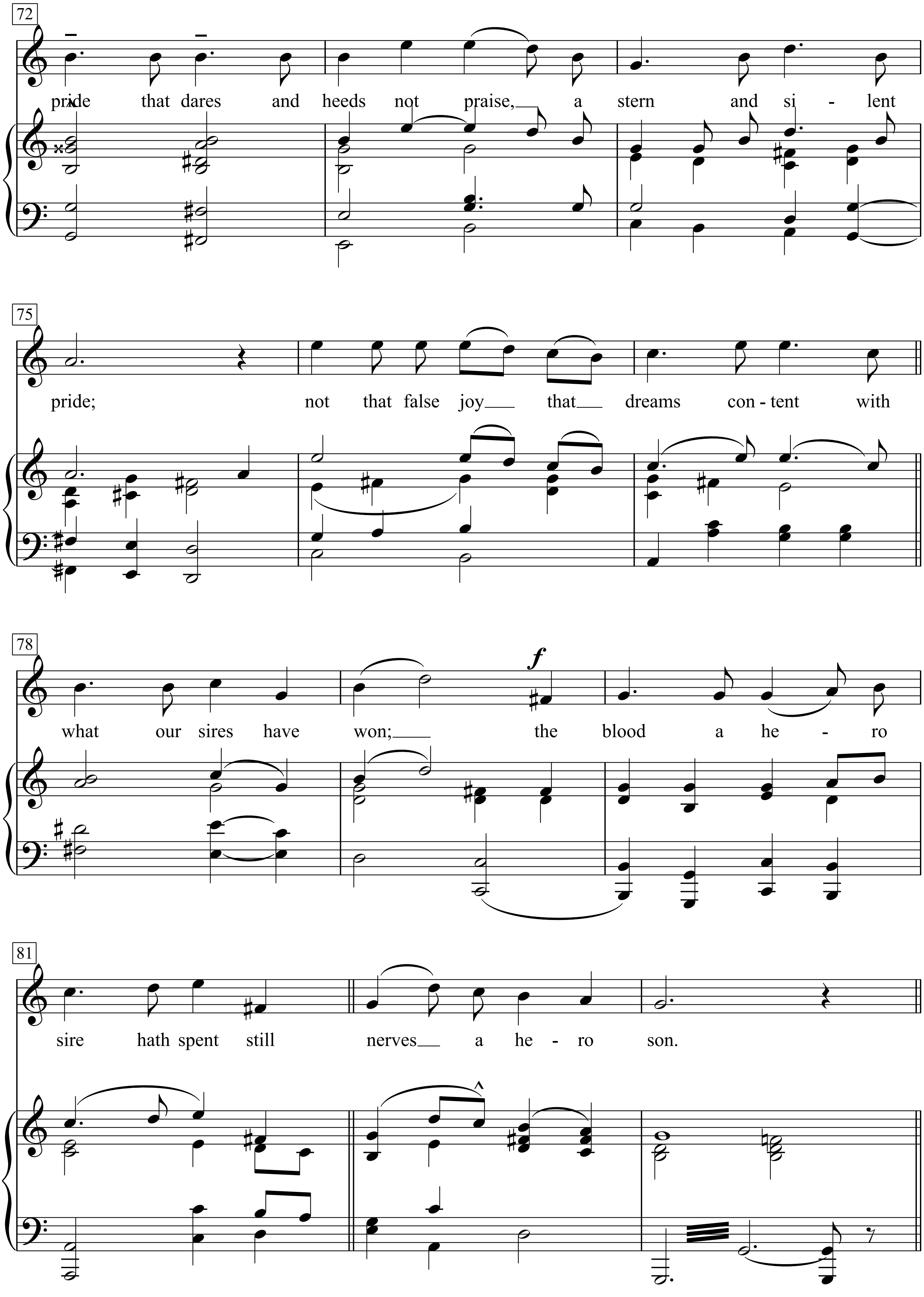


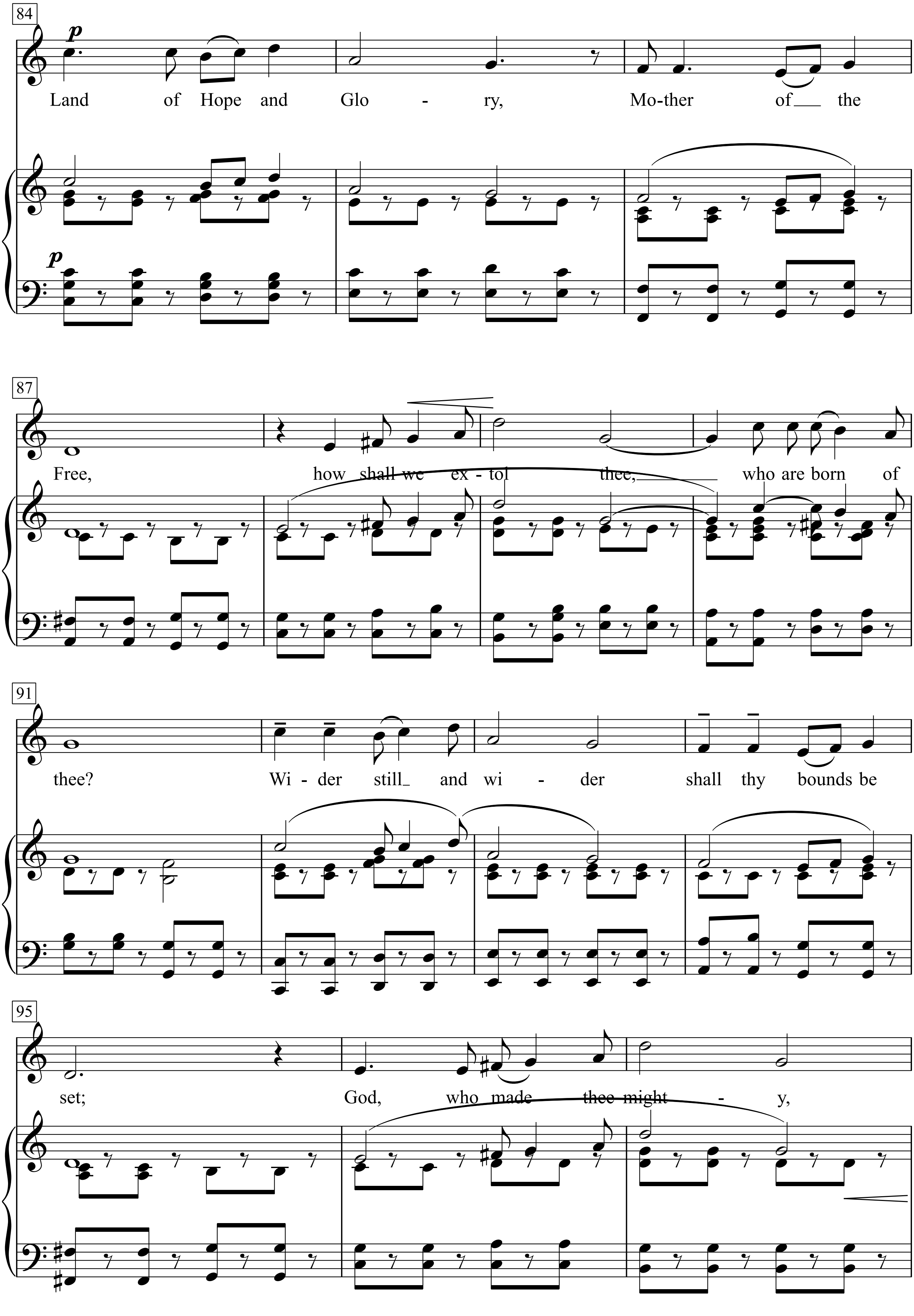

14
e - qual laws, by Free - dom gained, have ruled thee well and
17
long; by Free - dom gained, by Truth main - tained, thine
20
Em - pire shall be strong. Land of Hope and
23
Glo ry, Mo - ther of the Free,

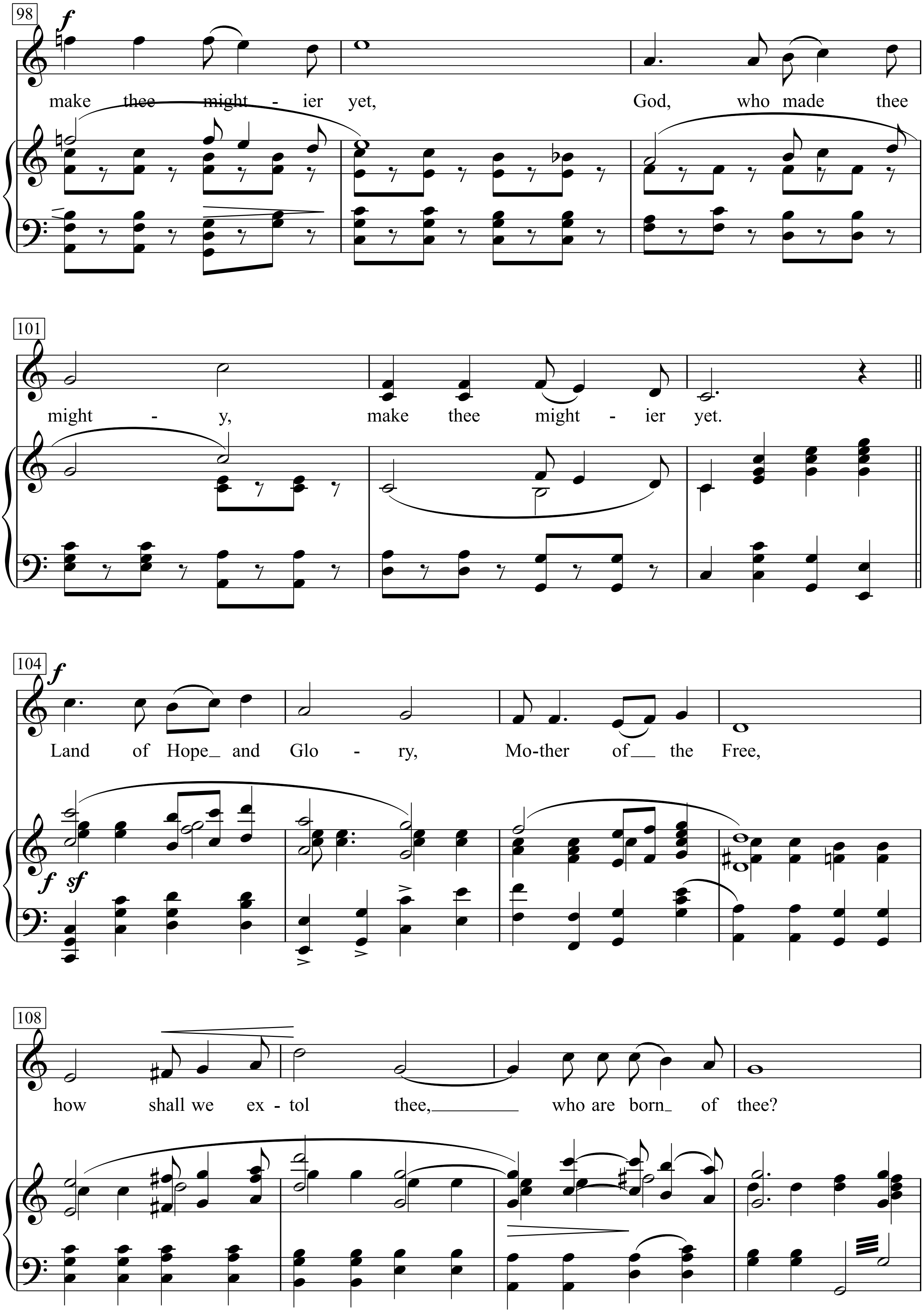

26
how shall we ex - tol thee, who are born of thee?
30
Wi - der still and wi - der shall thy bounds be set;
34
f
God, who made thee might - y, make thee might - ier yet,
38
God, who made thee might - y, make thee might - ier yet.

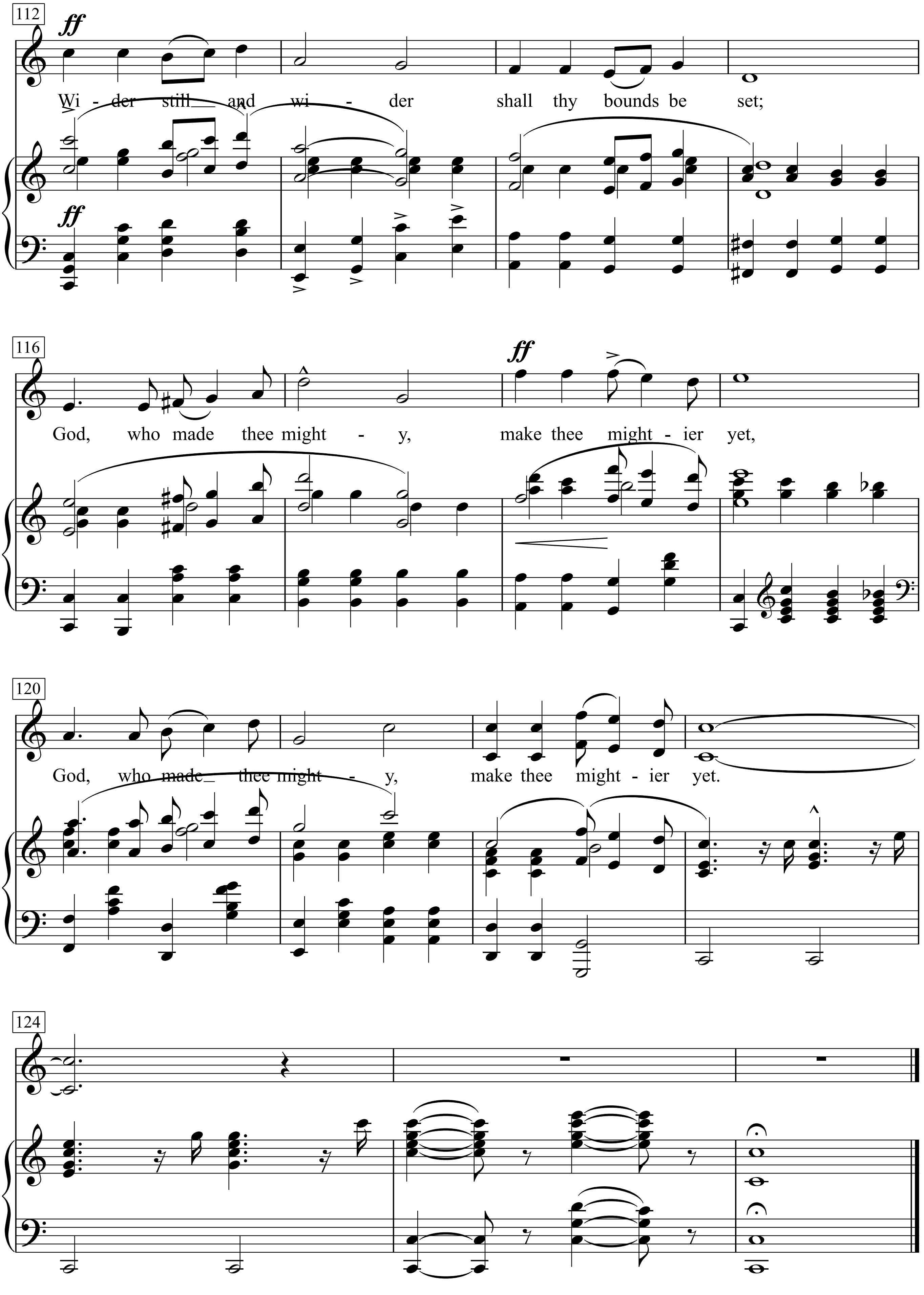

42
f
Land of Hope_ and Glo - ry, Mo - ther of___ the
f sf
45
Free, how shall we ex - tol thee,_______ who are born_ of
49
ff
thee? Wi - der still__ and wi - der shall thy bounds be
53
set; God, who made_ thee might - y,


56
ff
make thee might - ier yet,
God, who made thee
59
might - y, make thee might - ier yet.
p
64
mf
Thy fame is an - cient
p
69
as the days, as O - cean large and wide; a


72
pride that dares and heeds not praise, a stern and si - lent
75
pride; not that false joy that dreams con - tent with
78
what our sires have won; the blood a he - ro
f
81
sire hath spent still nerves a he - ro son.


84
Land of Hope and Glo - ry, Mo-ther of the
87
Free, how shall we ex - tol thee, who are born of
91
thee? Wi - der still and wi - der shall thy bounds be
95
set; God, who made thee might - y,


98
f
make thee might - ier yet,
God, who made thee
101
might - y, make thee might - ier yet.
104
f
Land of Hope and Glo - ry, Mo-ther of the Free,
f sf
108
how shall we ex - tol thee, who are born of thee?


112
ff
Wi - der still and wi - der shall thy bounds be set;
ff
116
God, who made thee might - y,
ff
make thee might - ier yet,
120
God, who made thee might - y, make thee might - ier yet.
124

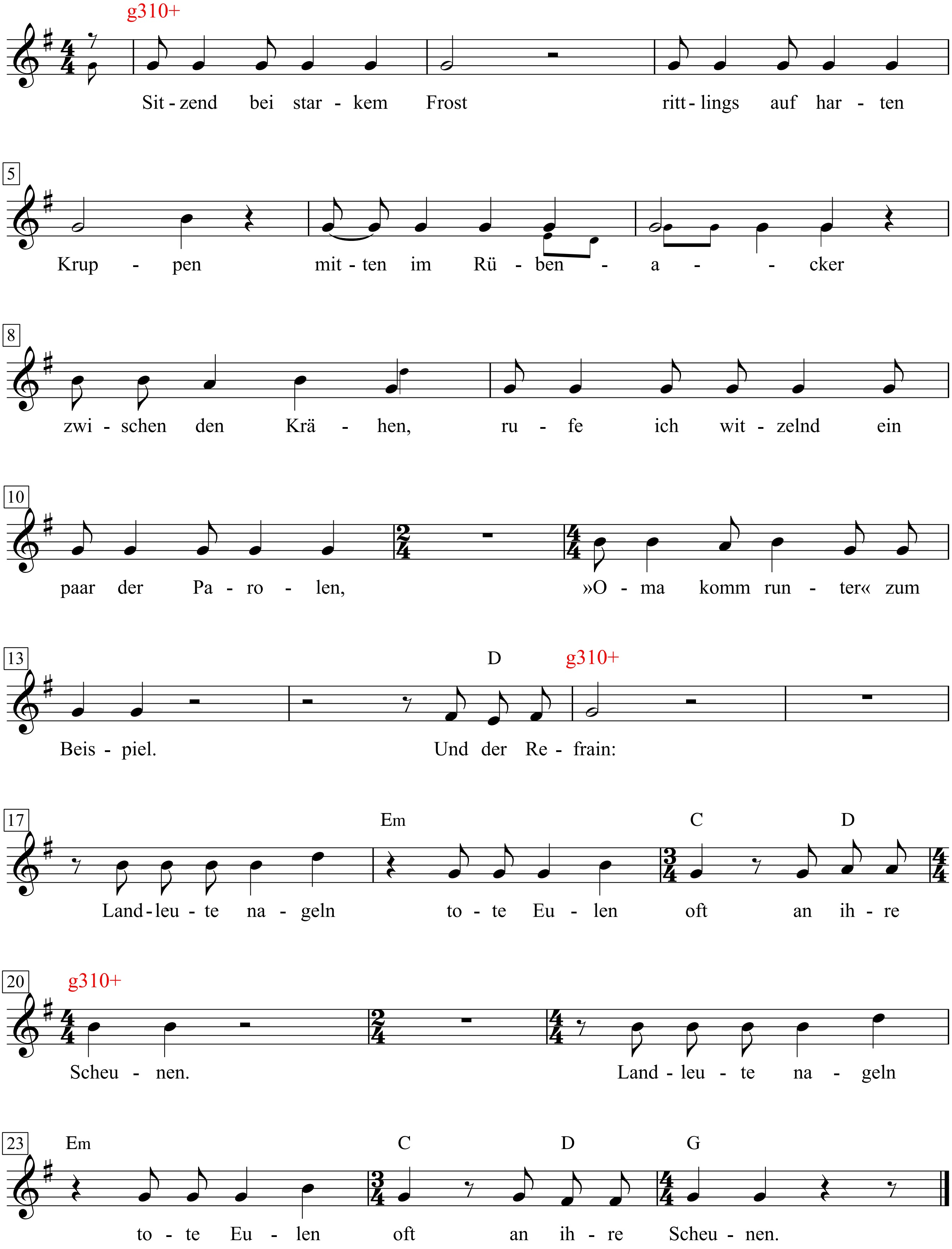
1.
Dear Land of Hope, thy hope is crowned.
God make thee mightier yet!
On Sov'ran brows, beloved, renowned, once more thy crown is set.
Thine equal laws, by Freedom gained, have ruled thee well and long;
by Freedom gained, by Truth maintained, thine Empire shall be strong.
Land of Hope and Glory,
Mother of the Free, how shall we extol thee, who are born of thee?
Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set;
God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet,
God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet.
Land of Hope and Glory,
Mother of the Free, how shall we extol thee, who are born of thee?
Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set;
God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet,
God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet.
Thy fame is ancient as the days, as Ocean large and wide;
a pride that dares and heeds not praise, a stern and silent pride;
not that false joy that dreams content with what our sires have won;
the blood a hero sire hath spent still nerves a hero son.
Land of Hope and Glory,
Mother of the Free, how shall we extol thee, who are born of thee?
Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set;
God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet,
God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet.
Land of Hope and Glory,
Mother of the Free, how shall we extol thee, who are born of thee?
Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set;
God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet,
God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet.

Liebes Land der Hoffnung, deine Hoffnung ist gekrönt.
Möge Gott Dich noch mächtiger machen!
Auf des Herrschers Brauen, geliebt, berühmt,
wird wiederum deine Krone gesetzt.
Deine gerechten Gesetze, durch Freiheit erlangt,
Haben Dich lang und gut regiert;
Durch Freiheit gewonnen, durch Wahrheit erhalten,
Wird dein Reich stark sein.
Refrain
Land der Hoffnung und des Ruhmes,
Mutter der Freien,
Wie sollen wir dich preisen,
wir, die von dir Geborenen?
Weiter noch und weiter
Sollen deine Grenzen ausgedehnt werden;
|: Gott, der dich mächtig gemacht hat,
Möge dich noch mächtiger machen. :|
Dein Ruhm ist so alt wie die Tage,
Groß und weit wie der Ozean:
Ein Stolz, der wagt und Lobpreisung nicht achtet,
Ein strenger und stiller Stolz.
Nicht die falsche Freude, die zufrieden träumt
Mit dem, was unsere Vorväter errangen;
Das Blut, das ein Heldenvater vergoss,
stärkt noch immer einen Heldensohn.

Landleute nageln tote Eulen oft an ihre Scheunen

(Ausflug mit antiautoritärer Genossin)

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



Franz Josef Degenhardt: Kommt an den Tisch unter Pflaumenbäumen, 73

1. Sitzend bei starkem Frost
rittlings auf harten Kruppen
mitten im Rübenacker
zwischen den Krähen,
rufe ich witzelnd ein paar der Parolen,
»Oma komm runter« zum Beispiel.
Und der Refrain: Landleute nageln tote Eulen
oft an ihre Scheunen.

2. Wir lieben die Stürme und
allzumal satisfaction,
schreit übers Feld die Genossin,
krächzen die Krähen:
ein Schnee wird fallen, weiß noch als weißer,
wir brauchen nicht den vom vorigen Jahr.
Und der Refrain: Landleute nageln tote Eulen
oft an ihre Scheunen.

3. Eingehakt rennt man gut.
Ich bin schon 38,
ho-ho-ho-hoppe Reiter noch mal.
Hier haben Füchse
Tollwut. Frau Wirtin sieht alles ganz schwarz, doch
Heintje Popeintje baut ihr ein Schloss.
Und der Refrain: Landleute nageln tote Eulen
oft an ihre Scheunen.

4. Auch gut aus Kuba ist Rum.
Eine Million Dollar
zahlt die Sowjetunion
täglich nach Kuba,
dennoch sagt unterm Geweih die antiautoritäre
Genossin:
»Konterrevolutionär«. Na Prost denn.
Und der Refrain: Landleute nageln tote Eulen
oft an ihre Scheunen.

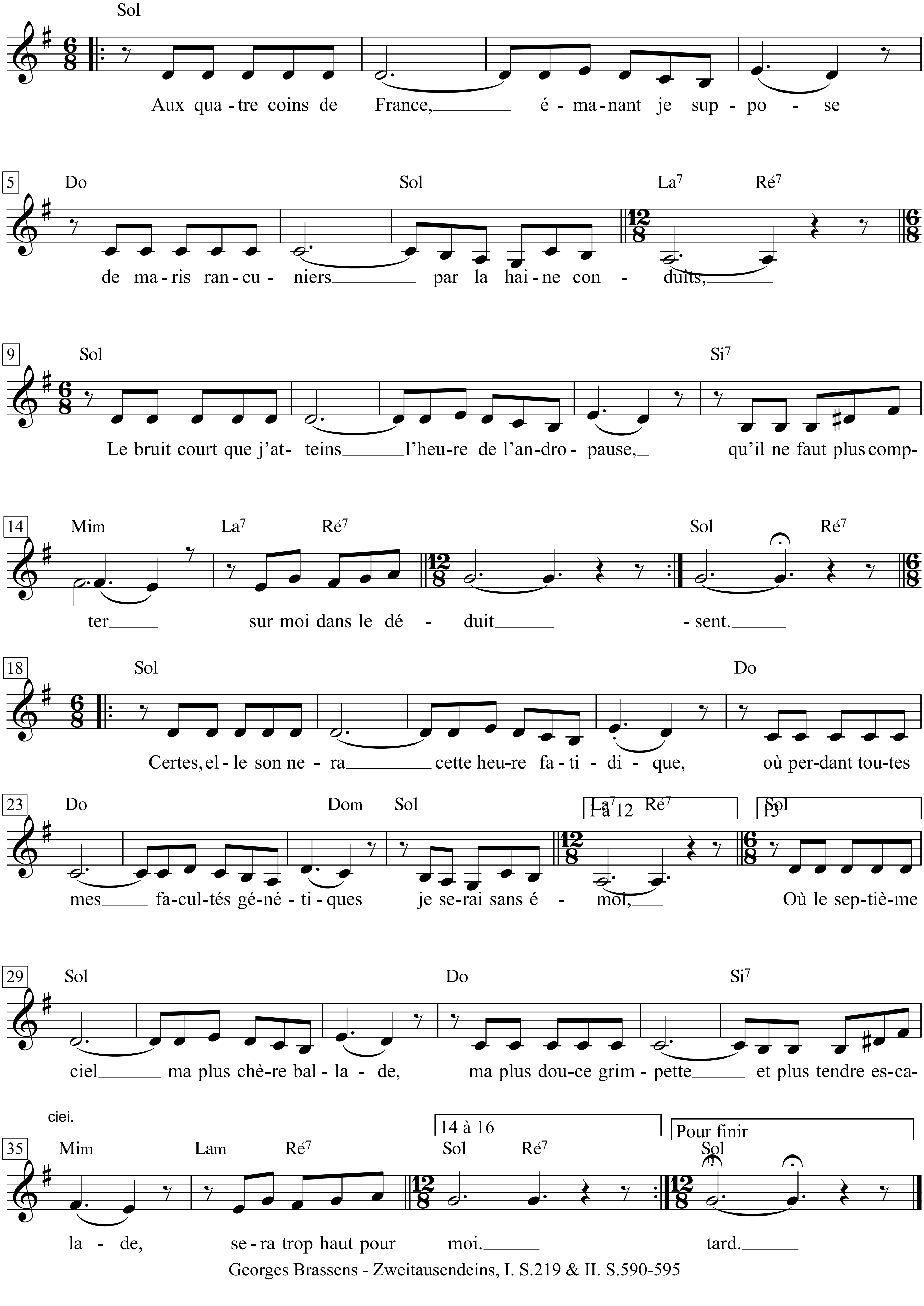
5. Man fährt auch ganz gut mit Rum.
Und auf der Welle der Freude
machen Weißmacher weißer.
Und auch John Lennon
believes not so very much in revolution.
Na ja, der muss es ja ganz genau wissen.
Und der Refrain: Landleute nageln tote Eulen
oft an ihre Scheunen.

L'andropause

(Die Andropause)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens

Assez rapide (rubato)



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.219 & II. S.590-595

L'andropause

Aux quatre coins de France, émanant je suppose
De maris rancuniers par la haine conduits,
Le bruit court que j'atteins l'heure de l'andropause,
Qu'il ne faut plus compter sur moi dans le déduit.

O n'insultez jamais une verge qui tombe!
Ce n'est pas leur principe, ils crient sur tous les tons
Que l'une de mes deux est déjà dans la tombe
Et que l'autre à son tour file un mauvais coton.

Tous ces empanachés bêtement se figurent
Qu'un membr' de ma famille est à jamais perclus,
Que le fameux cochon, le pourceau d'Epicure
Qui sommeillait en moi ne s'éveillera plus.

Ils me croient interdit de séjour à Cythère,
Et, par les nuits sans lune avec jubilation,
Ils gravent sur mon mur en style lapidaire:
»Ici loge un vieux bouc qui n'a plus d'érections!«

Ils sont prématurés, tous ces cris de victoire,
O vous qui me plantez la corne dans le dos,
Sachez que vous avez vendu les génitoires,
Révérence parler, de l'ours un peu trop tôt.

Je n'ai pas pour autant besoin de mandragore,
Et vos femmes, messieurs, qu' ces jours-ci j 'ai reçues,
Que pas plus tard qu'hier je contentais encore,
Si j' n'ai plus d'érections, s'en fussent aperçues.

A l'hôpital Saint-Louis, l'autre jour, ma parole,
Le carabin m'a dit: »On ne peut s'y tromper,
En un mot comme en cent, monsieur, c'est la vérole.«
Si j' n'ai plus d'érections, comment l'ai-je attrapée?

Mon plus proche voisin n'aim' que sa légitime,
Laquelle, épous' modèle, n'a que moi pour amant.
Or tous deux d' la vérole, ils sont tombés victimes.
Si j' n'ai plus d'érections, expliquez-moi comment?

Mes copains, mon bassiste et tous ceux de la troupe
En souffrirent bientôt, nul n'en fut préservé.
Or je fus le premier à l'avoir dans le groupe.
Si j ' n'ai plus d'érections, comment est-ce arrivé?

Minotaures méchants, croyez-vous donc qu'à braire
Que mon train de plaisir arrive au terminus,
Vous me cassiez mes coups? Au contraire, au contraire,
Je n'ai jamais autant sacrifié à Vénus!

Tenant à s'assurer si ces bruits qu'on colporte,
Ces potins alarmants sont ou sont pas fondés,
Ces dames nuit et jour font la queue à ma porte,
Poussées par le démon de la curiosité.

Die Andropause

Allüberall in Frankreich - ausgehend, wie ich annehme,
von grollenden Gatten, die der Hass verleitet –
geht das Gerücht, ich käme nun in die Andropause,
dass man beim Liebesspiel nicht mehr mit mir rechnen sollte.

O schmähet nimmer eine Rute, die sich gerade senkt!
Das ist nicht ihr Prinzip; sie grölen in allen Tonarten,
aß eins von meinen beiden schon in der Gruft sei,
und mit dem anderen gehe es auch bergab.

All die aufgeblasenen Wichtigtuer bilden sich blöde ein,
ein Glied meiner Familie sei auf immer gelähmt,
das berühmte Schwein, Epikurs Ferkel,
das in mir schlummerte, werde nie mehr erwachen.

Sie glauben, ich hätte Einreiseverbot für Kythera,
und in mondlosen Nächten schreiben sie frohlockend
in Lapidarstil auf meine Hauswand:
»Hier wohnt ein alter Bock, der keine Erektionen mehr kriegt.«

Sie sind verfrüht, all diese Siegesschreie –
o ihr, die ihr mir eure Hörner in den Rücken bohrt,
wisset, ihr habt, wenn ich das so sagen darf,
die Genitalien des Bären ein bisschen zu früh verteilt.

Noch brauche ich nämlich keine Alraunen,
und eure Frauen, Messieurs, die ich jüngst noch empfing,
die ich gestern erst durchaus zufriedenstellte,
hätten das Fehlen einer Erektion wohl bemerkt.

Im Hospital Saint-Louis hat kürzlich wahrhaftig
der Quacksalber gesagt: »Ein Irrtum ist ausgeschlossen,
kurz gesagt, Monsieur, Sie haben die Syphilis.«
Wie soll ich sie mir denn geholt haben, ohne Erektion?

Mein nächster Nachbar liebt einzig seine Angetraute,
die als Mustergattin nur mich zum Liebhaber hat.
Nun haben sich beide die Syphilis zugezogen.
Wie denn wohl, wenn ich keine Erektionen mehr habe?

Meine Kumpel, mein Bassist und die ganze Truppe
litten bald daran, keiner blieb verschont.
Nun hatte ich sie aber als erster aus der Gruppe.
Wie kann das sein, wenn ich keine Erektionen mehr kriege?

Schäbige Gehörnte - meint ihr denn, indem ihr schreit,
mein Vergnügungszug sei auf dem Abstellgleis,
könntet ihr mir die Tour vermasseln? Im Gegenteil –
nie zuvor habe ich der Venus so oft geopfert!

Um sich zu vergewissern, ob diese kolportierten Gerüchte,
diese Unglücksmeldungen, begründet sind oder nicht,
stehen diese Damen Tag und Nacht Schlange vor meiner Tür,
getrieben vom Dämon der Neugier.

Et jamais, non jamais, soit dit sans arrogance,
Mon commerce charnel ne fut plus florissant.
Et vous, pauvres de vous, par voie de conséquence,
Vous ne fûtes jamais plus cocus qu'à présent.

Certes, elle sonnera cette heure fatidique,
Où perdant toutes mes facultés génétiques
Je serai sans émoi,
Où le septième ciel - ma plus chère ballade,
Ma plus douce grimpette et plus tendre escalade, -
Sera trop haut pour moi.

Il n'y aura pas de pleurs dans les gentilhommières,
Ni de grincements de fesses dans les chaumières,
Faut pas que je me leurre.
Peu de chances qu'on voie mes belles odalisques
Déposer en grand deuil au pied de l'obélisque
Quelques gerbes de fleurs.

Tout au plus gentiment diront-elles »Peuchère,
Le vieux Priape est mort«, et, la cuisse légère,
Le regard alangui,
Elles s'en iront vous rouler dans la farine
De safran, tempérer leur fureur utérine
Avec n'importe qui.

Et vous regretterez les manières civiles
De votre ancien rival qui, dans son baise-en-ville,
Apportait sa guitare,
Et faisait voltiger en gratouillant les cordes
Des notes de musique à l'entour de vos cornes,
Mais il sera trop tard!

Und nie, nein nie, das sei ohne Überheblichkeit gesagt,
hat mein Fleischesverkehr so üppig geblüht,
und ihr Ärmsten wart folglich
nie so sehr Cocu wie jetzt.

Gewiss wird jene Unglücksstunde schlagen,
da ich all meine Zeugungsfähigkeiten verliere
und reglos bleibe,
da der siebte Himmel - mein liebstes Ausflugsziel,
netteste Klettertour und süßestes Klimmen –
mir zu hoch sein wird.

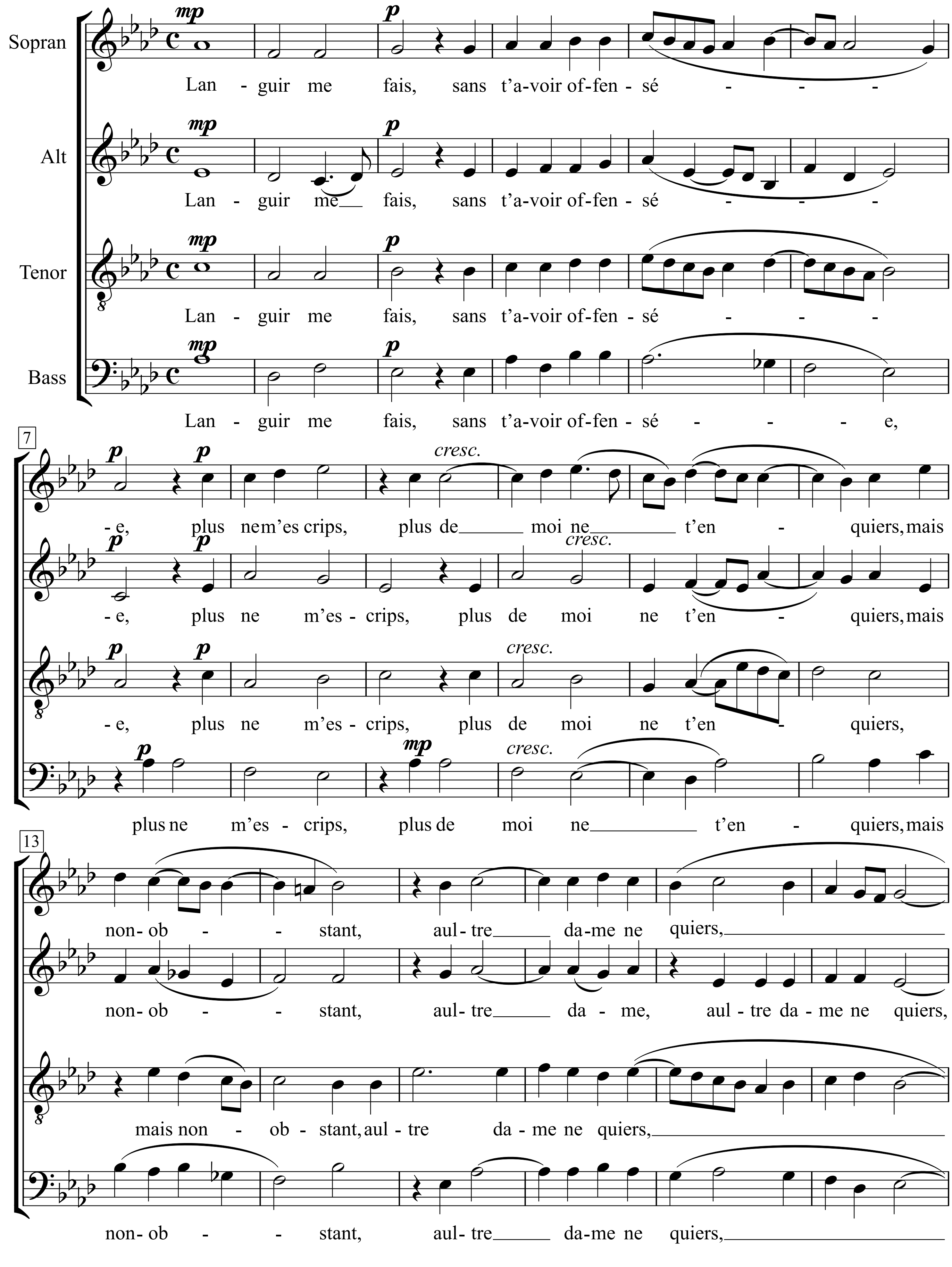
Es wird dann keine Tränen geben in den Landhäusern,
kein Arschbackenknirschen in den Hütten,
ich will mir da nichts vormachen.
Kaum Chancen, dass man meine schönen Odalisken sieht,
wie sie gramgebeugt am Fuß des Obelisken
Blumengarben niederlegen.

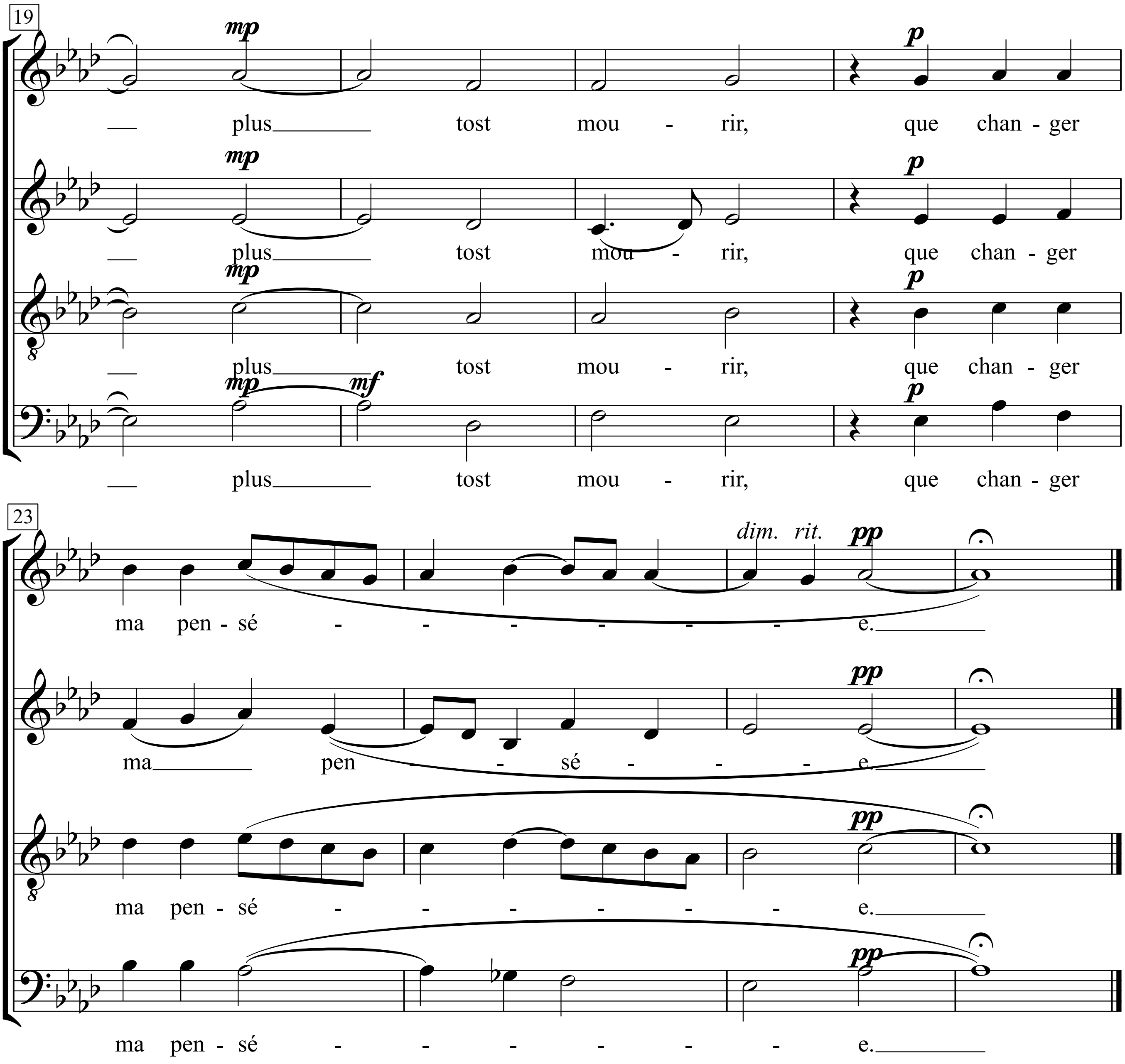
Bestenfalls werden sie freundlich sagen: »Schade,
der alte Priap ist tot«, und hurtigen Schenkels
und sehnsüchtigen Blicks
ziehen sie dann los, euch gelb vor Eifersucht
zu machen und ihren uterinen Furor zu bekämpfen
mit jedem x-beliebigen.

Dann werdet ihr euch sehnen nach dem Schliff
eures alten Nebenbuhlers, der beim Abstecher in die Stadt
die Gitarre mitbrachte,
die Saiten zupfte und dabei Noten tanzen ließ,
die sich wie Girlanden um eure Hörner wanden,
aber dann wird es zu spät sein!

Languir me fais

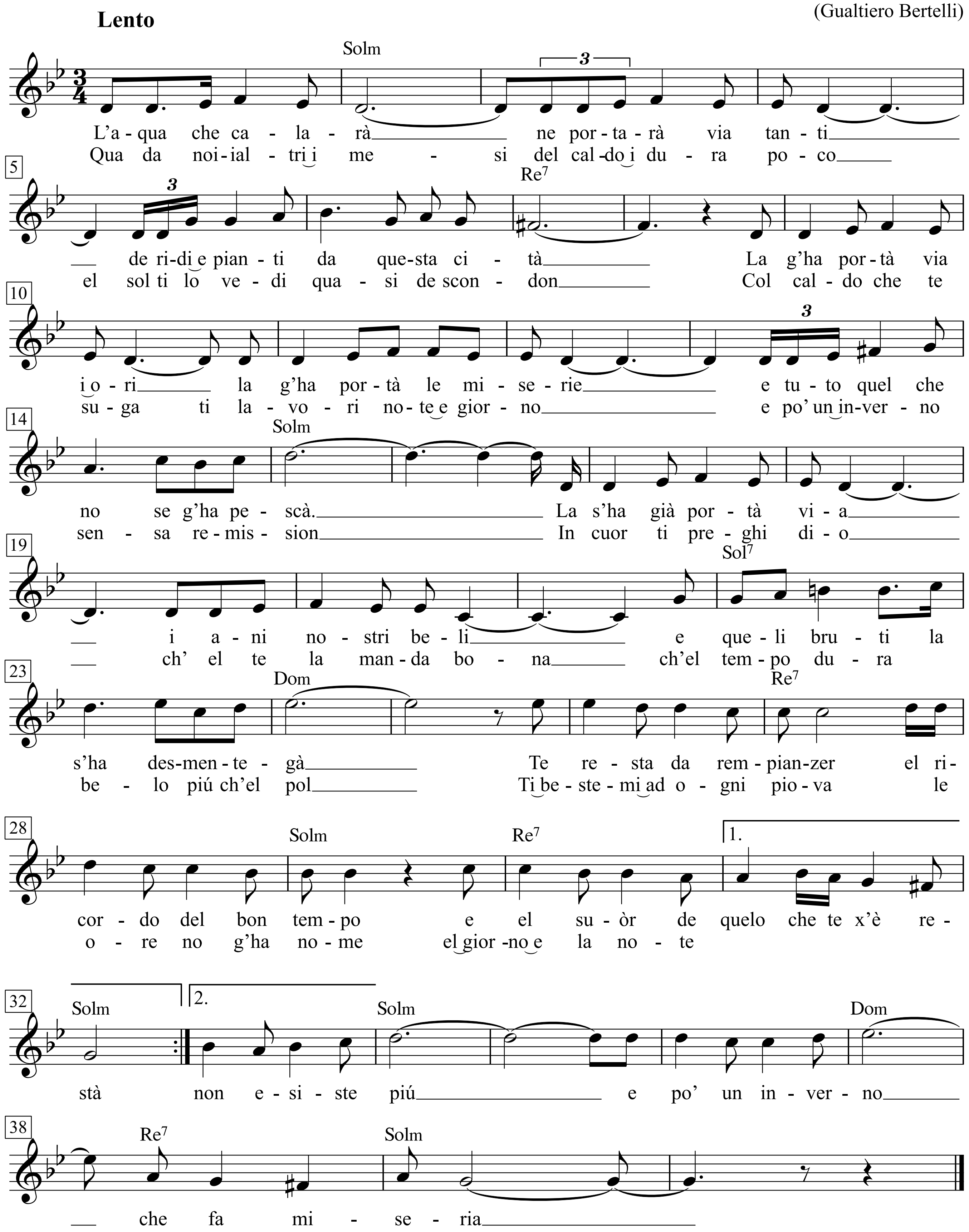
Claude de Sermisy, genannt Claudin
(um 1490-1562)




19
mp
p
plus tost mou - rir, que chan - ger
plus tost mou - rir, que chan - ger
plus tost mou - rir, que chan - ger
mf
plus tost mou - rir, que chan - ger
23
dim. rit.
pp
ma pen - sé - - - - - - e.
ma pen - sé - - - - e.
ma pen - sé - - - - - - e.
ma pen - sé - - - - - - e.

L’aqua che calarà

Vitavisia - Gualtiero Bertelli
(Gualtiero Bertelli)



1. L’aqua che calarà
ne portarà via tanti
de ridi e pianti da questa cità
La g’ha portà via i ori
la g’ha portà le miserie
e tuto quel che no se g’ha pescà

2. La s’ha già portà via
i ani nostri beli
e queli bruti la s’ha desmentegà
Te resta da rempianzer
el ricordo del bon tempo
e el suòr de quelo che te x’è restà

Q3. ua da noialtri i mesi
del caldo i dura poco
el sol ti lo vedi quasi de scondon
Col caldo che te suga
ti lavori note e giorno
e po’ un inverno sensa remission

4. In cuor ti preghi dio
ch’el te la manda bona
ch’el tempo dura belo piú ch’el pol
Ti bestemi ad ogni piova
le ore no g’ha nome
el giorno e la note non esiste piú

e po’ un inverno
che fa miseria

L’aqua che calarà
ne portarà via tanti
de ridi e pianti da questa cita
La g’ha portà via i ori
la g’ha portà le miserie
e tuto quel che no se g’ha pescà

La s’ha già porta via
i ani nostri beli
e queli bruti la s’ha desmentegà
Te resta da rempianzer
el ricordo del bon tempo
e el suòr de quelo che te x’è restà

Qua da noialtri i mesi
del caldo i dura poco
el sol ti lo vedi quasi de scondon
Col caldo che te suga
ti lavori note e giorno
e po’ un inverno sensa remission

In cuor ti preghi dio
ch’el te la manda bona
ch’el tempo dura belo piú ch’el pol
Ti bestemi ad ogni piova
le ore no g’ha nome
el giorno e la note non esiste piú

e po’ un inverno
che fa miseria

Lascia ch'io pianga

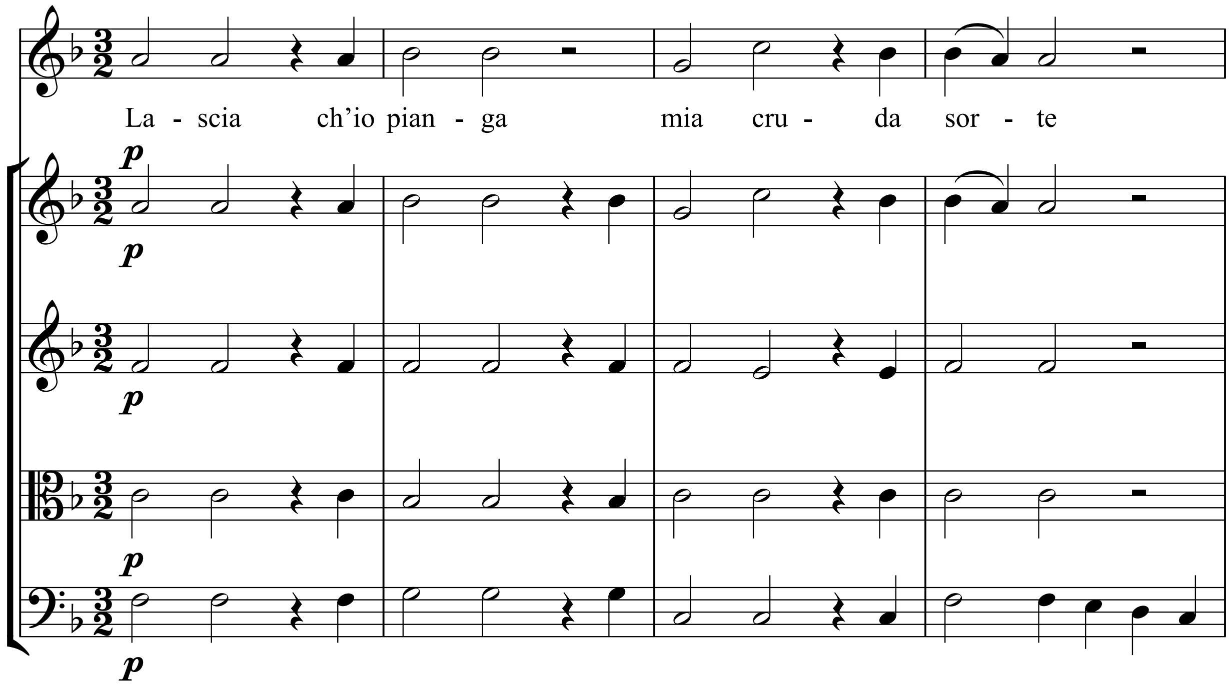
(Aria from the Opera 'Rinaldo' HWV7)

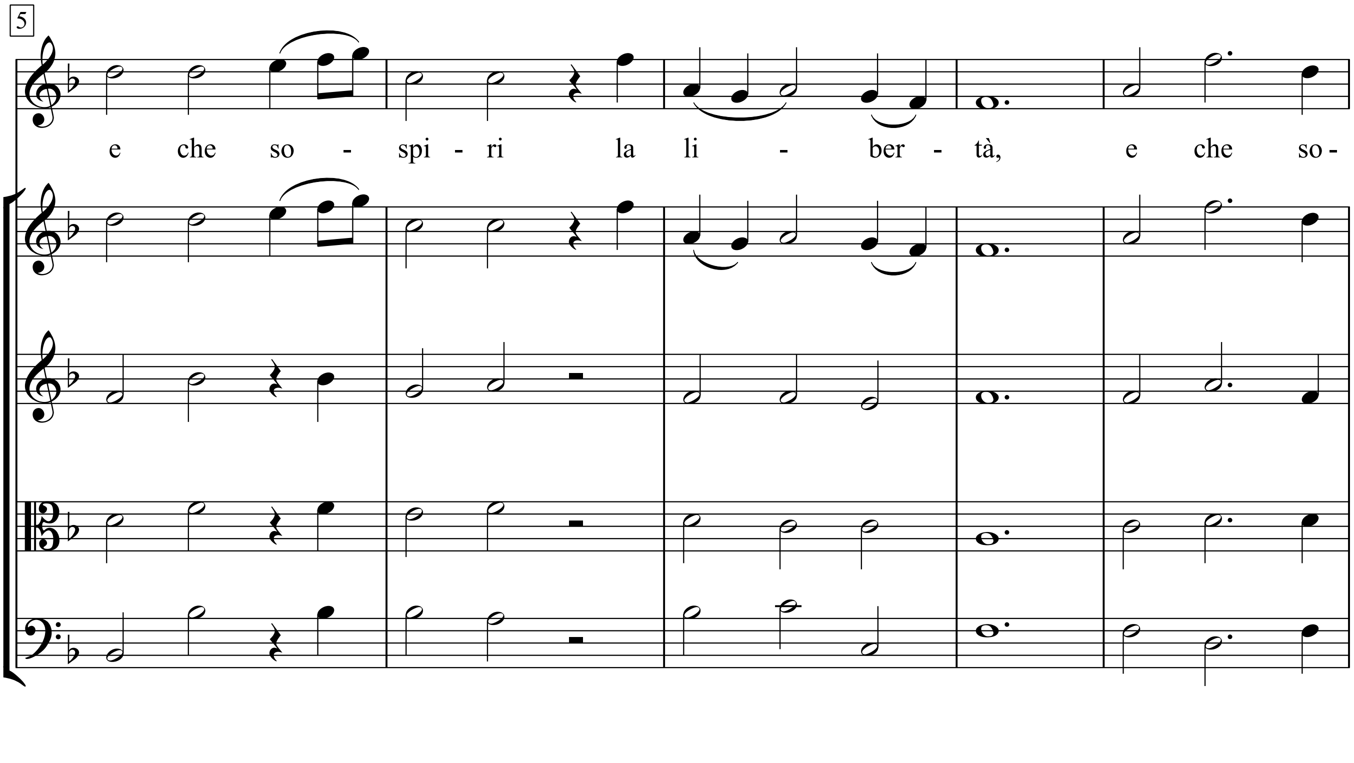
Georg Friedrich Händel (1685-1759)
Arr. Michel Rondeau

(02':10")

Largo ♩ = 120

Soprano
Violin I
Violin II
Viola
Double Bass





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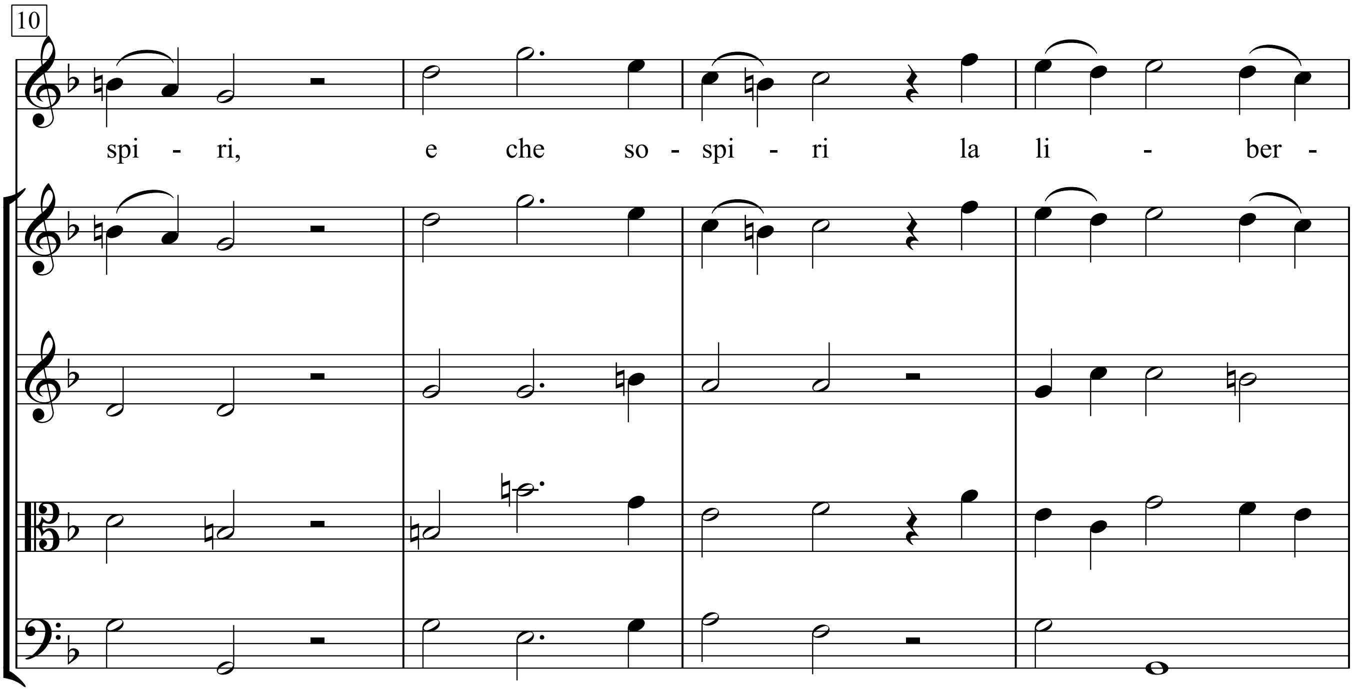
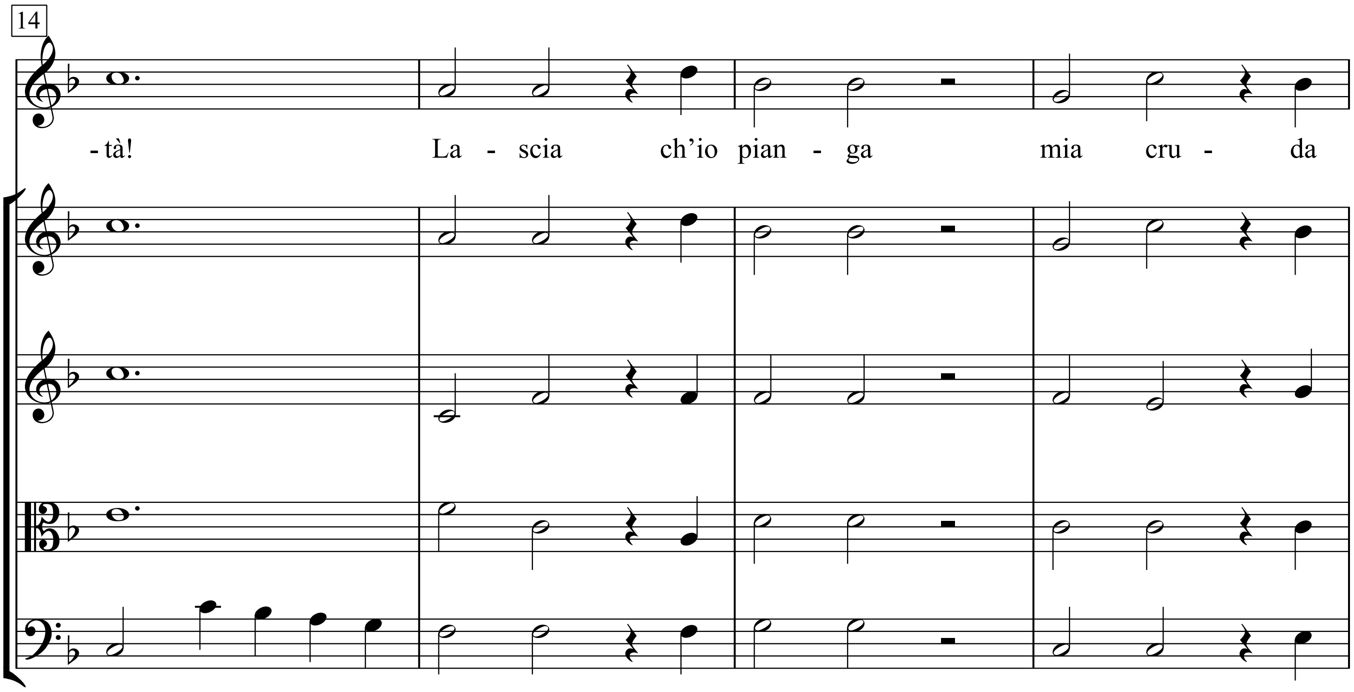
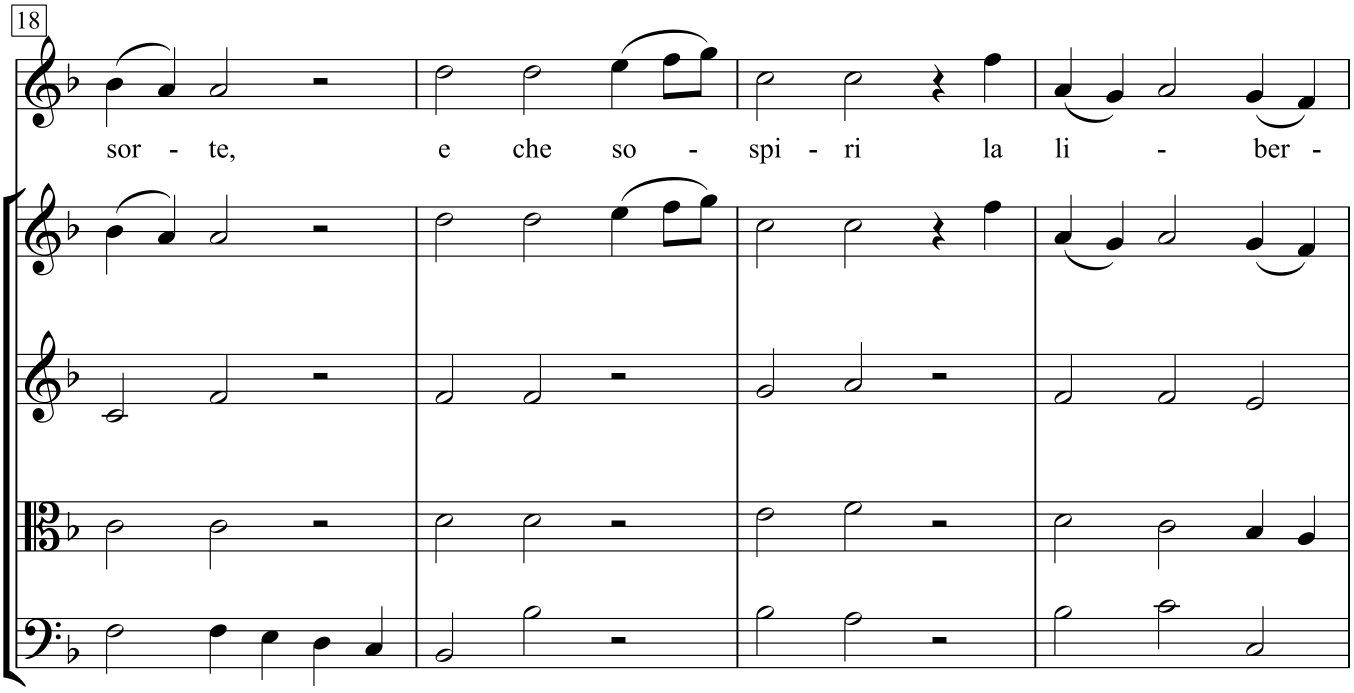
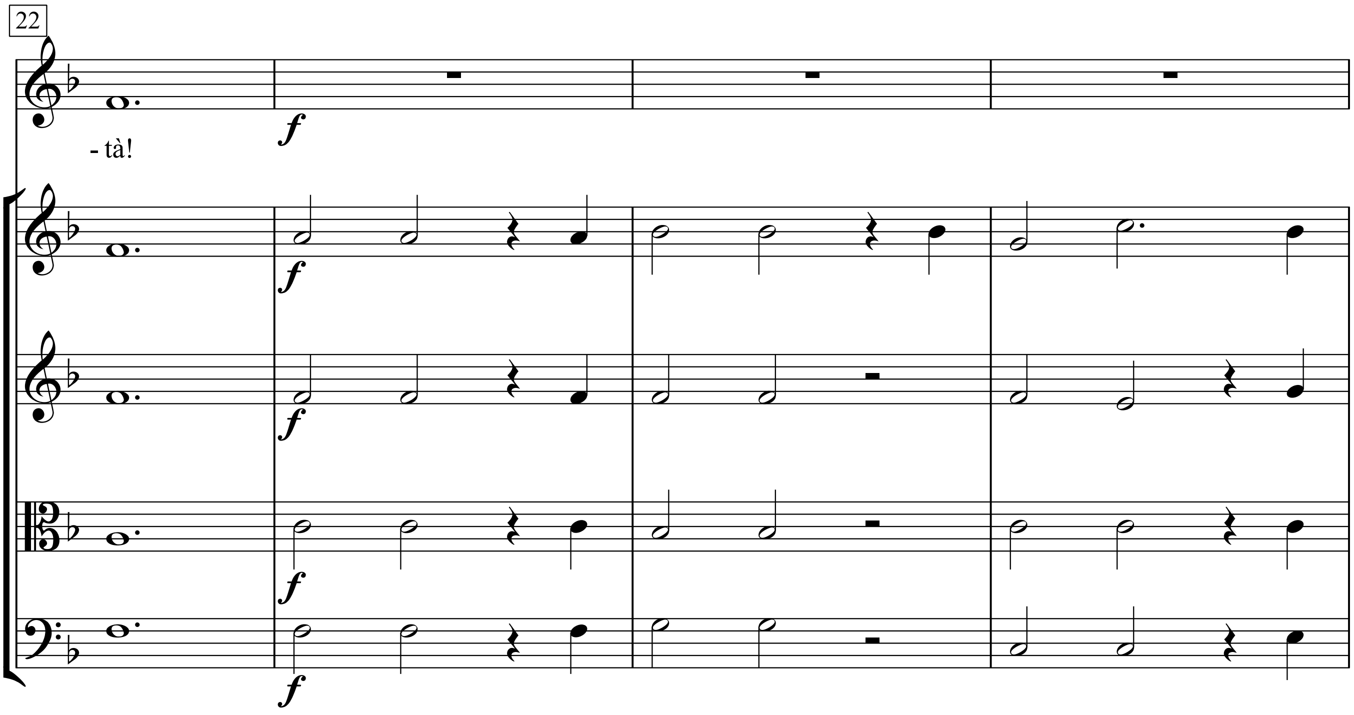
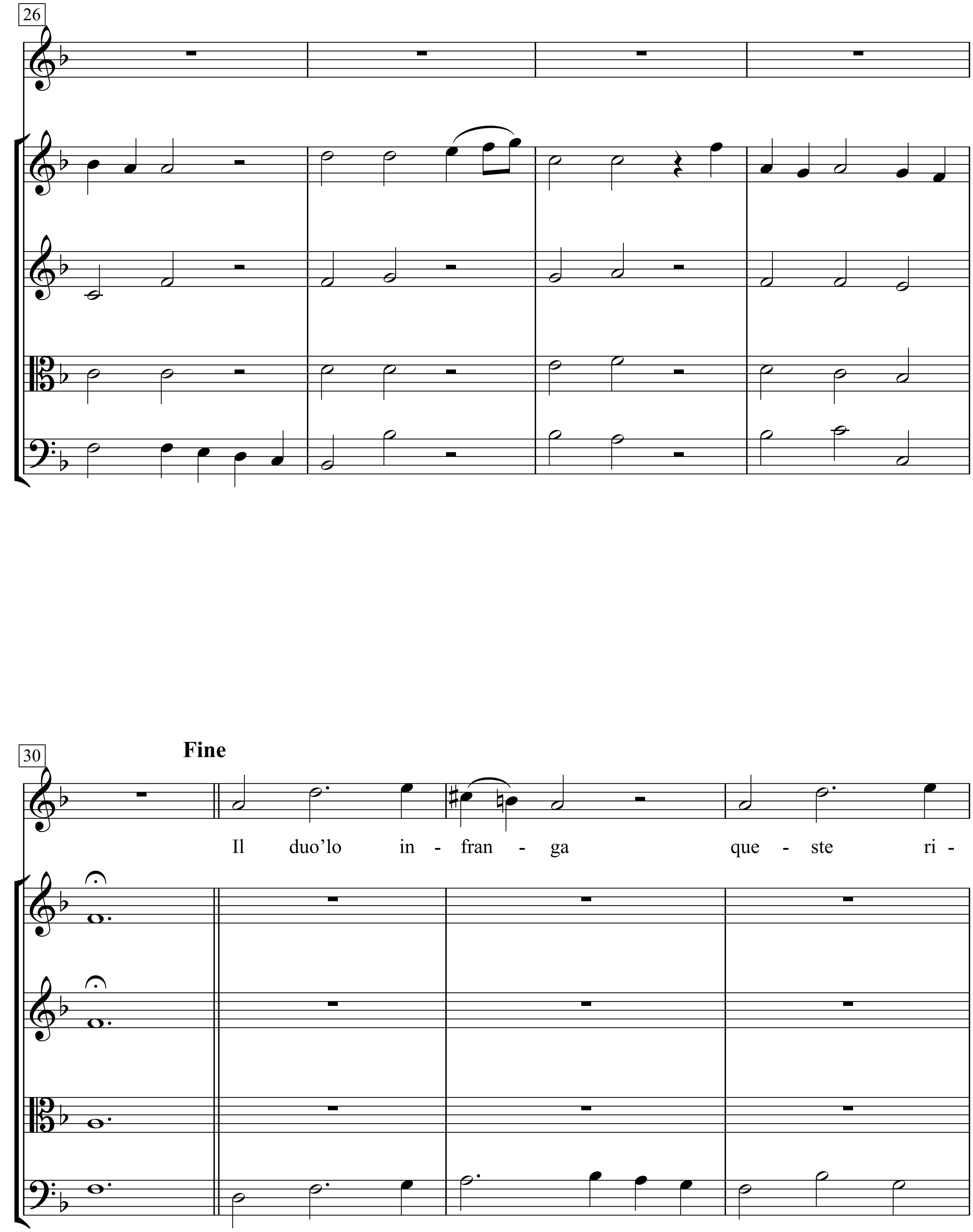
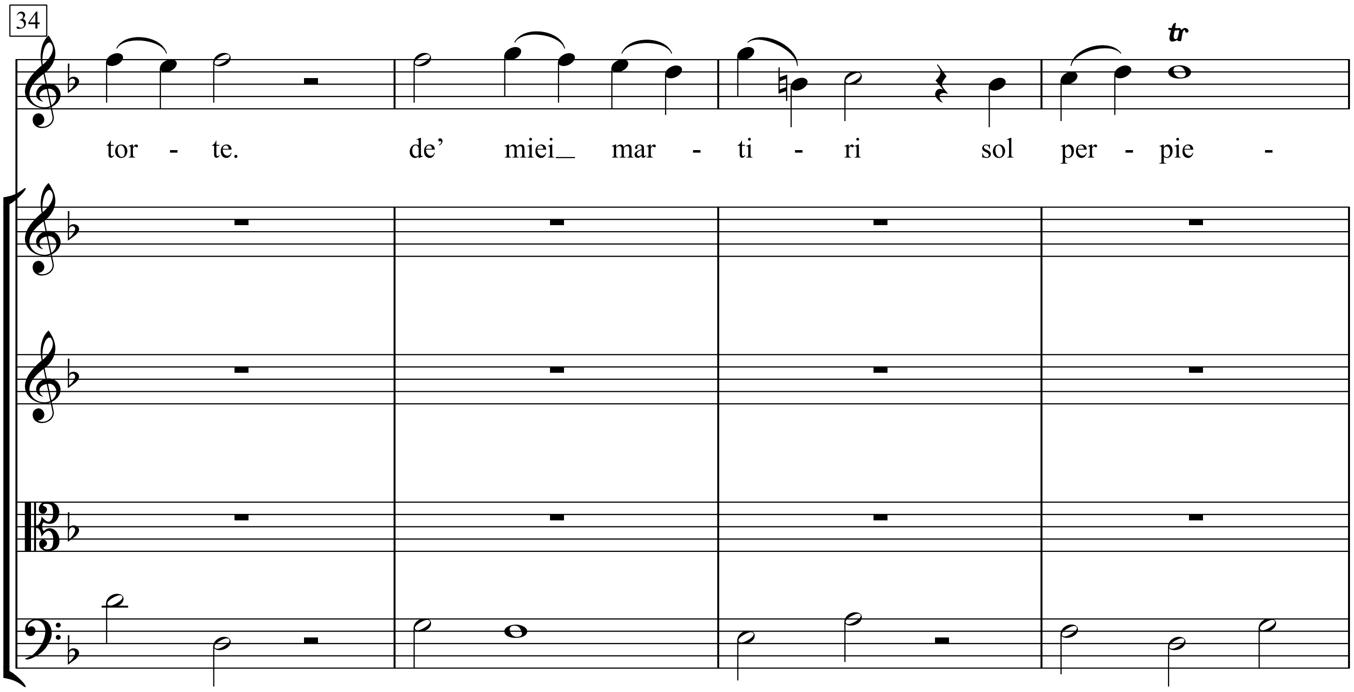

10
spi - ri, e che so - spi - ri la li - ber -

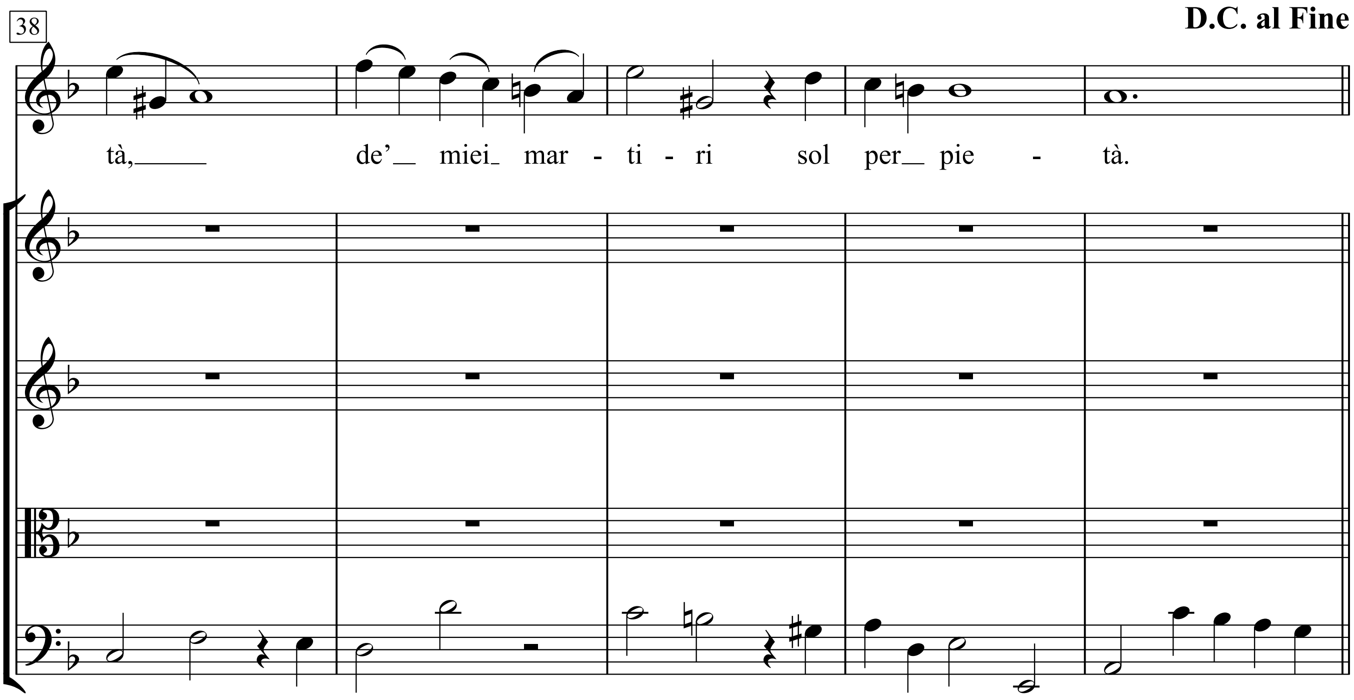

14
- tà! La - scia ch'io pian - ga mia cru - da


18
sor - te, e che so - spi - ri la li - ber -


22
- tà!
f
f
f
f
f

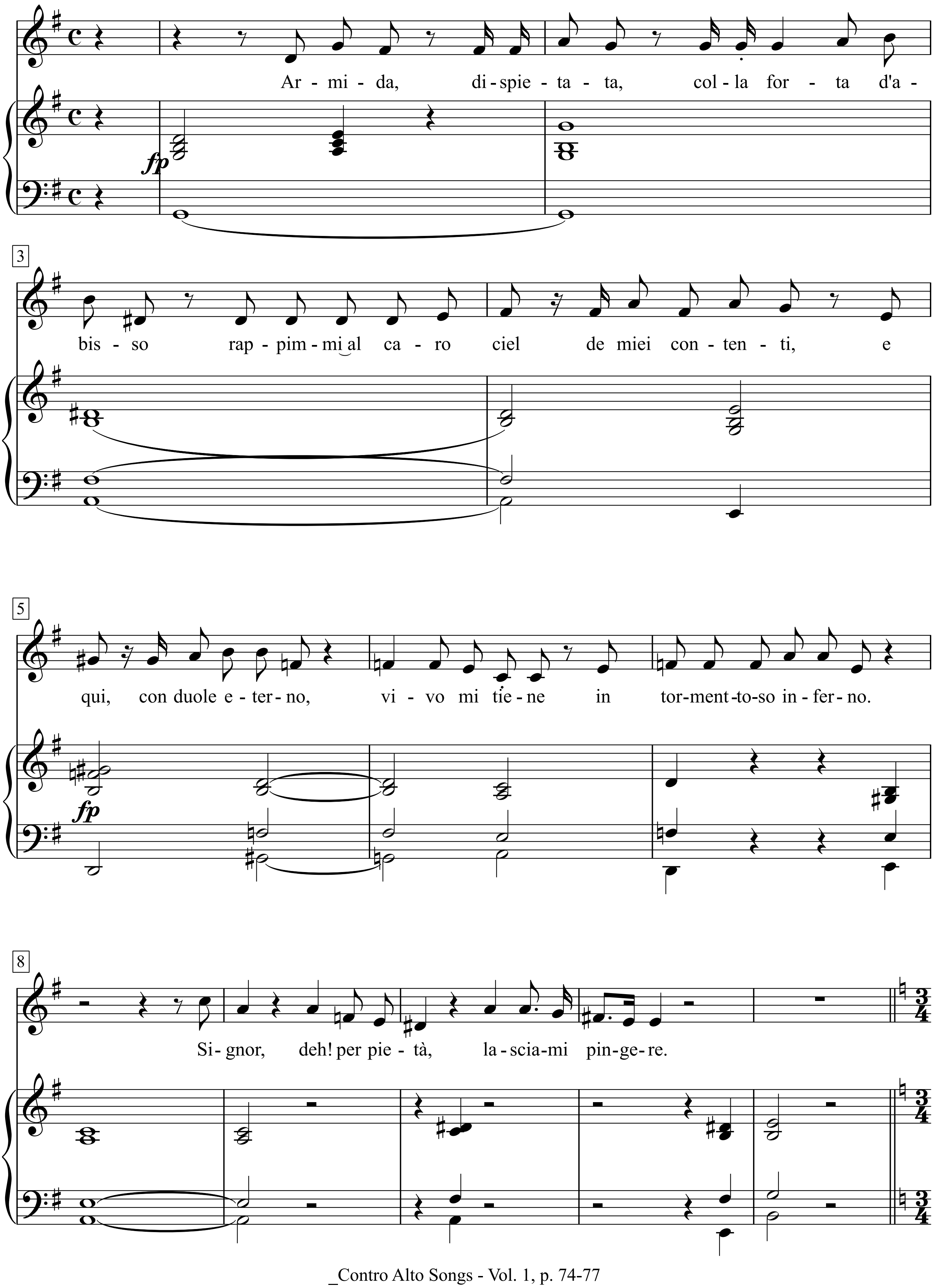

26
30
Fine
Il duo'lo in - fran - ga que - ste ri -

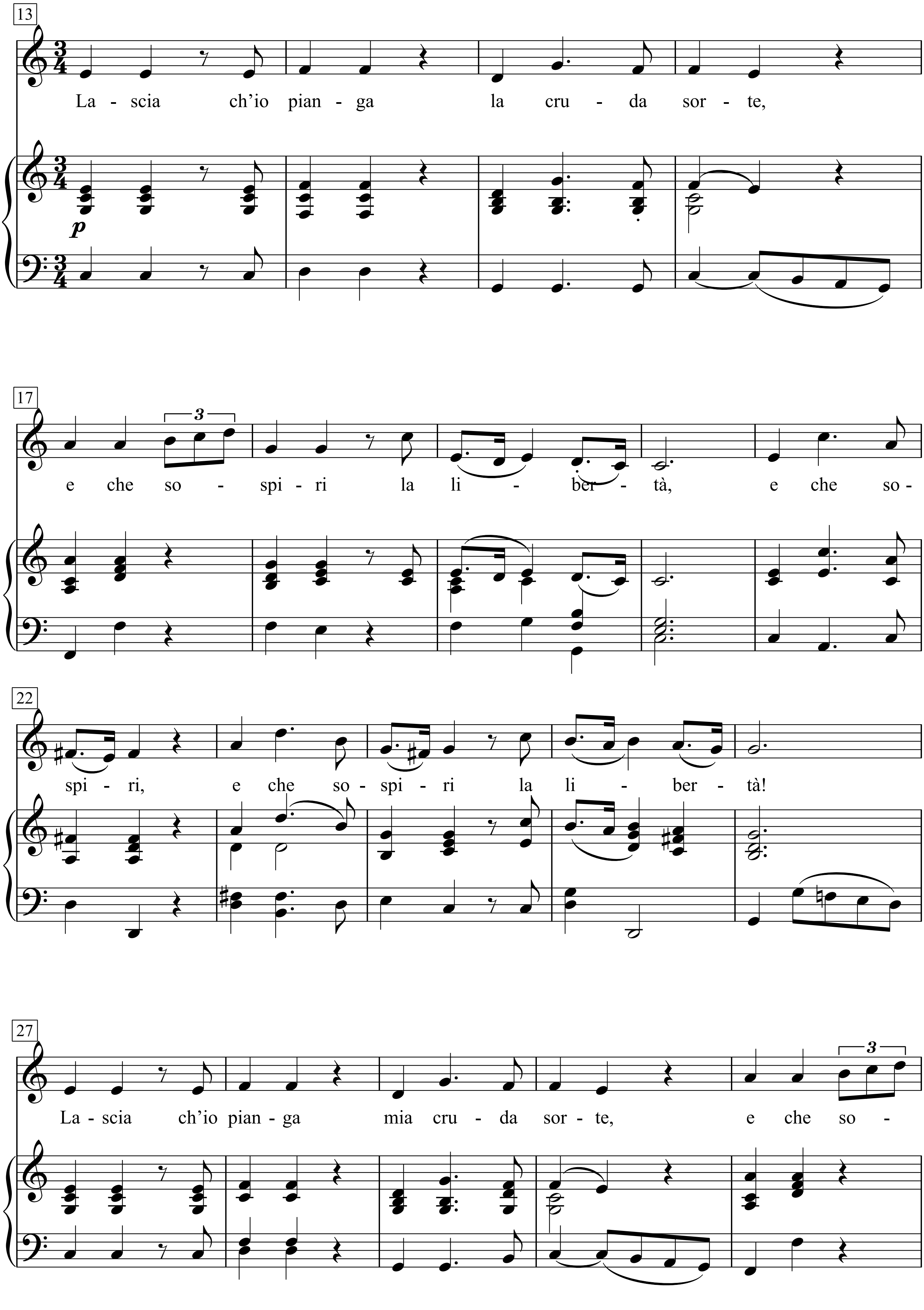

34
tr
tor - te. de' miei_ mar - ti - ri sol per - pie -

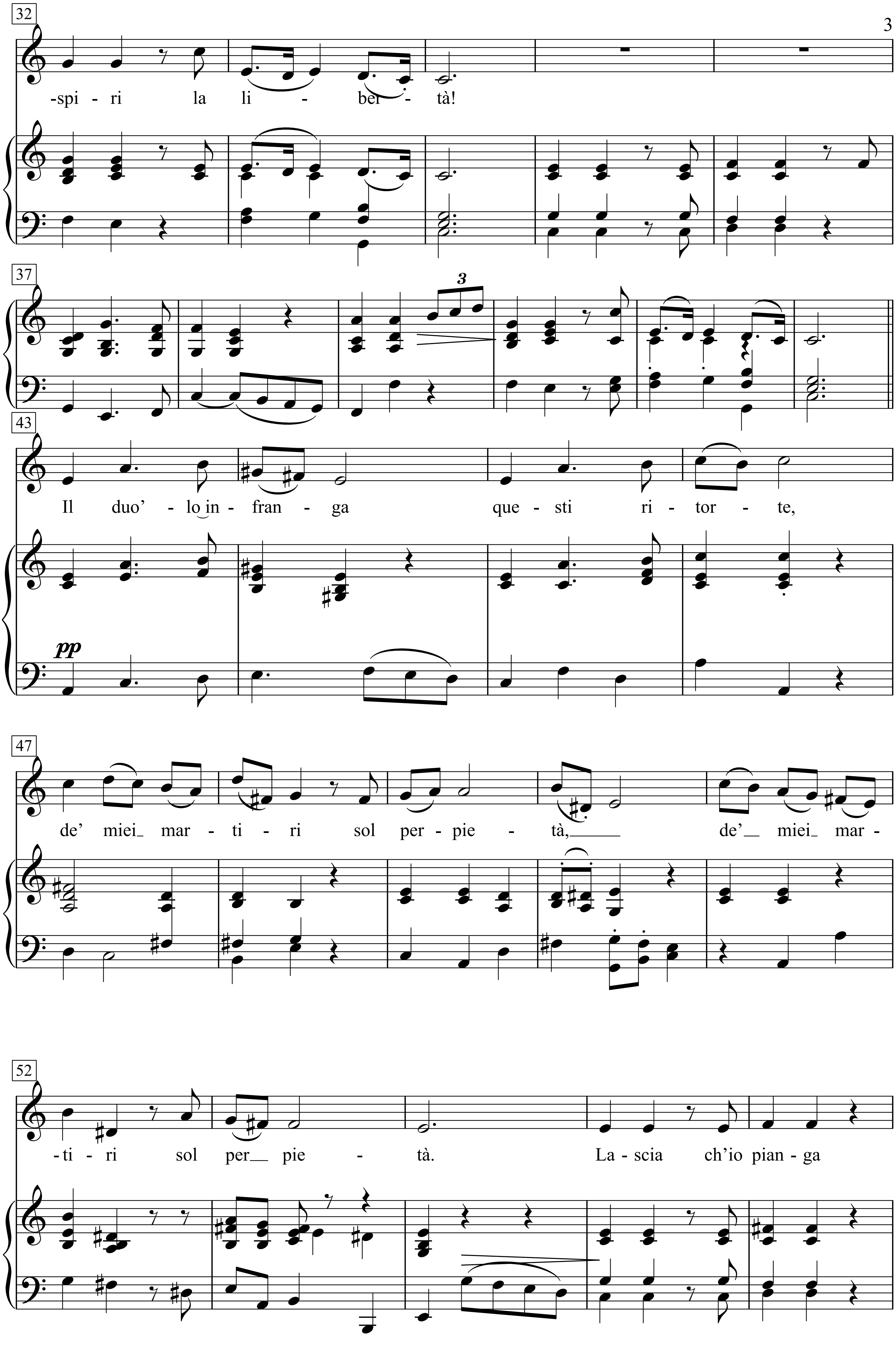

38
D.C. al Fine
tà,___ de'_ miei_ mar - ti - ri sol per_ pie - tà.

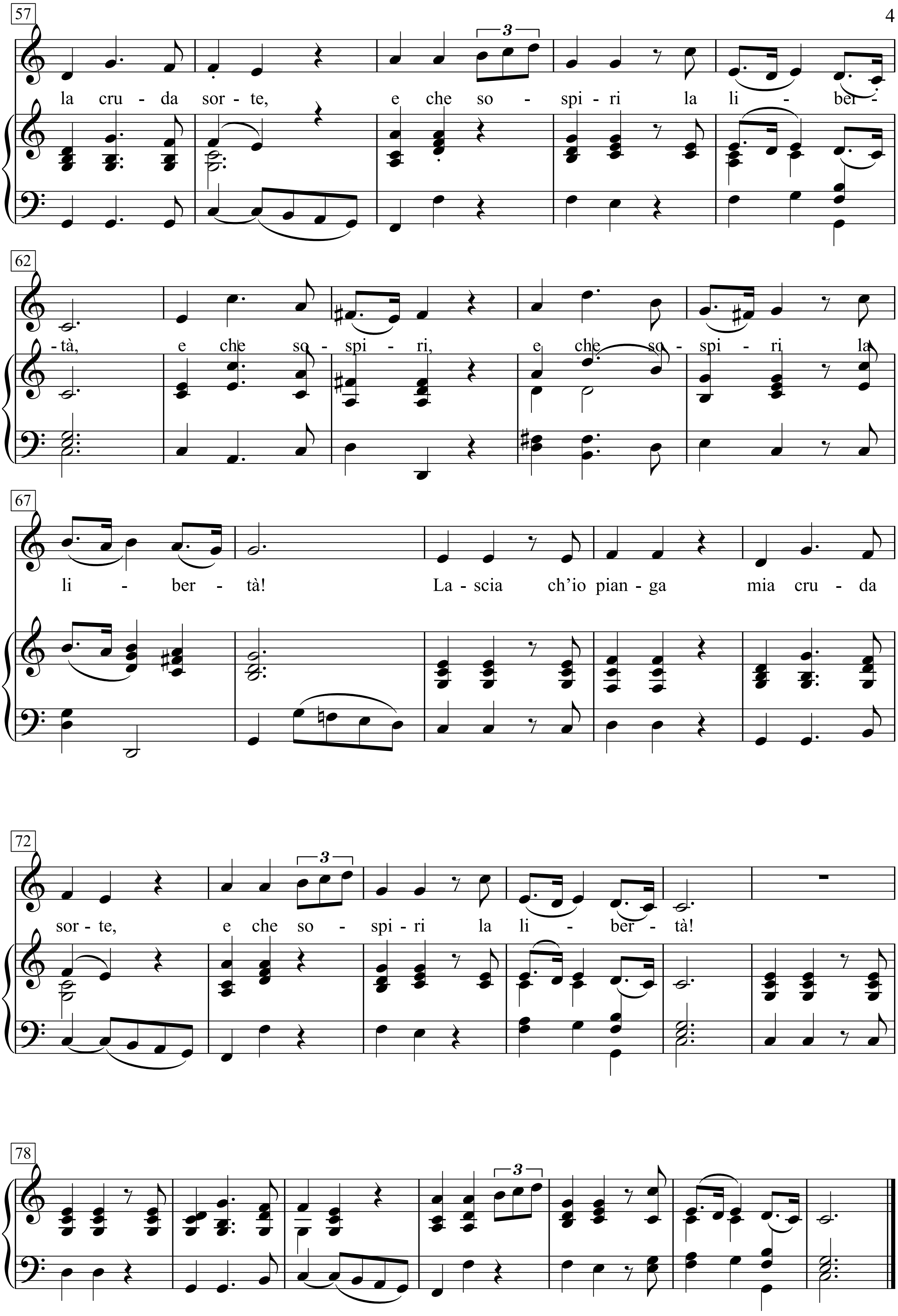
Lascia ch'io pianga

Georg Friedrich Händel



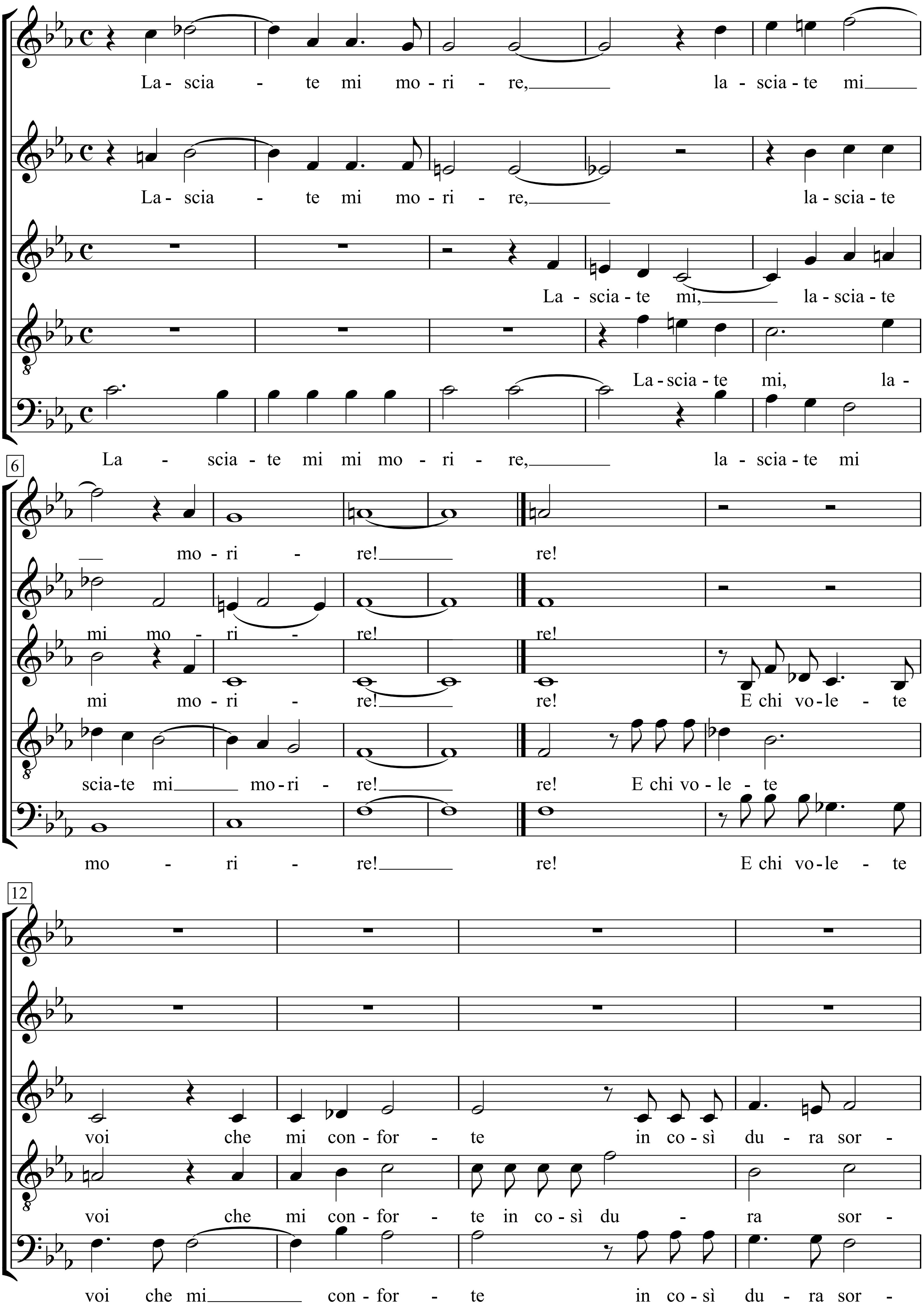

13
La - scia ch'io pian - ga la cru - da sor - te,
p
17
e che so - spi - ri la li - ber - tà, e che so -
3
22
spi - ri, e che so - spi - ri la li - ber - tà!
27
La - scia ch'io pian - ga mia cru - da sor - te, e che so -
3


-spi - ri la li - ber - tà!
Il duo' - lo in - fran - ga que - sti ri - tor - te,
de' miei mar - ti - ri sol per pie - tà, de' miei mar -
-ti - ri sol per pie - tà. La - scia ch'io pian - ga

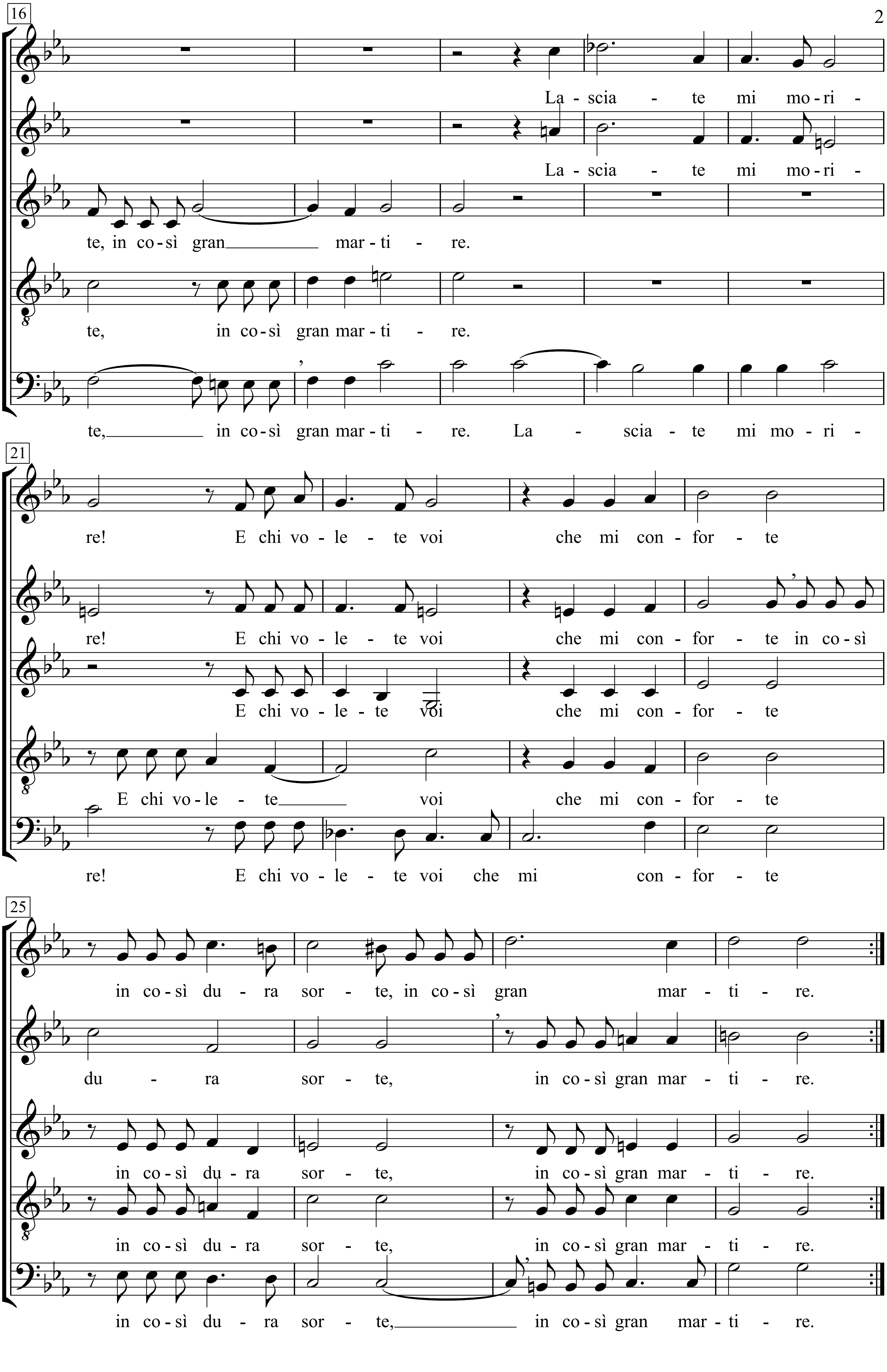

la cru - da sor - te, e che so - spi - ri la li - ber -
- tà, e che so - spi - ri, e che so - spi - ri la
li - ber - tà! La - scia ch'io pian - ga mia cru - da
sor - te, e che so - spi - ri la li - ber - tà!

Lasciate mi morire

Claudio Monteverdi



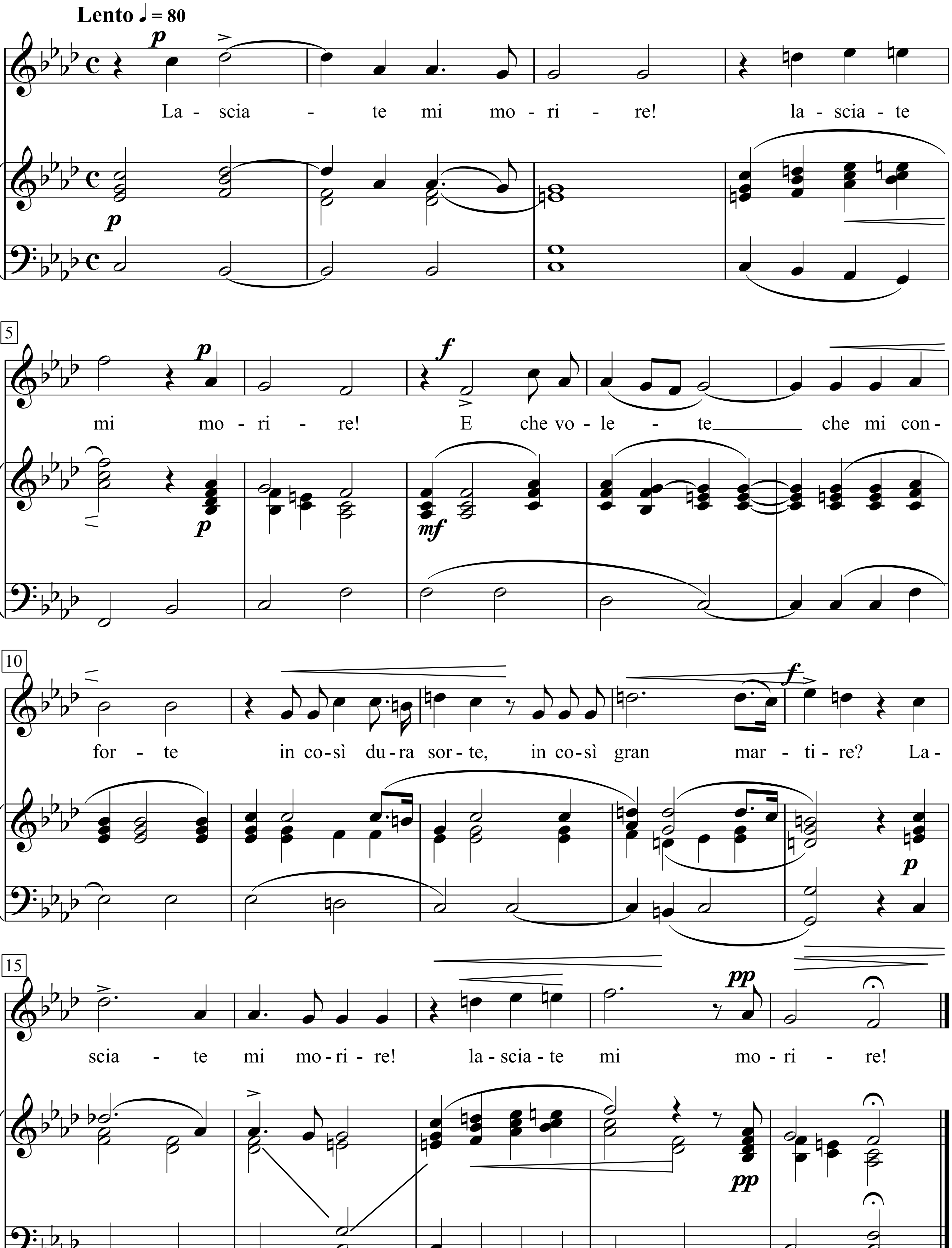
ars musica, IV. Chorbuch für gemischte Stimmen - Gottfried Wolters (Hrg.), S. 64+65


16
La - scia - te mi mo - ri -
La - scia - te mi mo - ri -
te, in co - sì gran mar - ti - re.
te, in co - sì gran mar - ti - re.
te, in co - sì gran mar - ti - re. La - scia - te mi mo - ri -
21
re! E chi vo - le - te voi che mi con - for - te
re! E chi vo - le - te voi che mi con - for - te in co - sì
E chi vo - le - te voi che mi con - for - te
E chi vo - le - te voi che mi con - for - te
re! E chi vo - le - te voi che mi con - for - te
25
in co - sì du - ra sor - te, in co - sì gran mar - ti - re.
du - ra sor - te, in co - sì gran mar - ti - re.
in co - sì du - ra sor - te, in co - sì gran mar - ti - re.
in co - sì du - ra sor - te, in co - sì gran mar - ti - re.
in co - sì du - ra sor - te, in co - sì gran mar - ti - re.

Lasciate mi morire

(Oper 'Ariana')

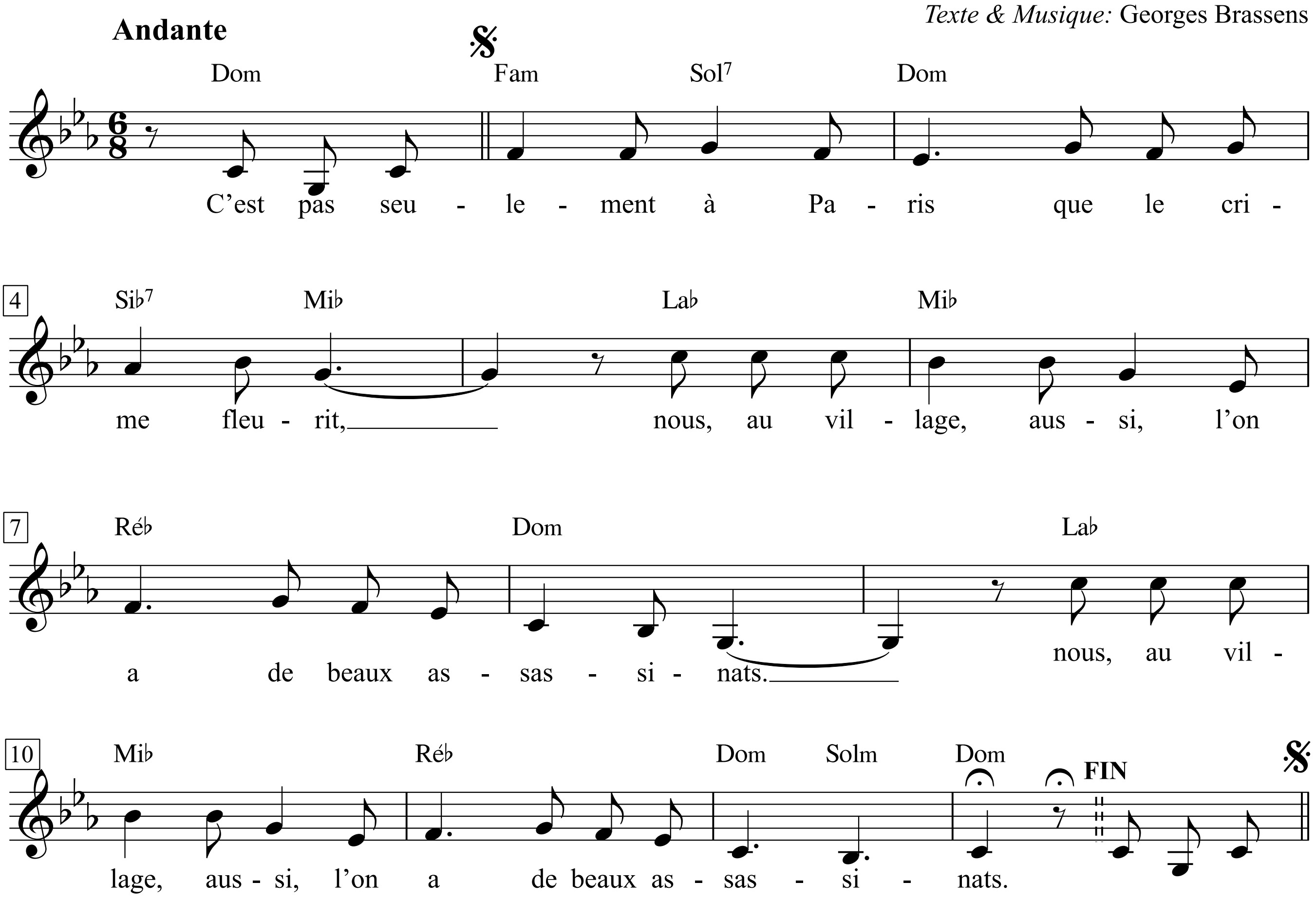
Claudio Monteverdi



L’assassinat

(Der Mord)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. C’est pas seulement à Paris
Que le crime fleurit,
Nous, au village, aussi, l’on a
De beaux assassinats.

2. Il avait la tête chenu’
Et le cœur ingénu,
Il eut un retour de printemps
Pour une de vingt ans.

3. Mais la chair fraîch’, la tendre chair,
Mon vieux, ça coûte cher.
Au bout de cinq à six baisers,
Son or fut épuisé.

4. Quand sa menotte elle a tendu’,
Triste, il a répondu
Qu’il était pauvre comme Job.
Elle a remis sa rob’.

5. Elle alla quérir son coquin
Qui’ avait l’appât du gain.
Sont revenus chez le grigou
Faire un bien mauvais coup.

6. Et pendant qu’il le lui tenait,
Elle l’assassinait.
On dit que, quand il expira,
La langue ell’ lui montra.

7. Mirent tout sens dessus dessous,
Trouvèrent pas un sou,
Mais des lettres de créanciers,
Mais des saisi’s d’huissiers.

8. Alors, prise d’un vrai remords,
Elle eut chagrin du mort
Et, sur lui, tombant à genoux,
Ell’ dit: »Pardonne-nous!«

9. Quand les gendarm’s sont arrivés,
En pleurs ils l’ont trouvé’.
C’est une larme au fond des yeux
Qui lui valut les cieux.

10. Et, le matin qu’on la pendit,
Ell’ fut en paradis.
Certains dévots depuis ce temps
Sont un peu mécontents.

11. C’est pas seulement à Paris
Que le crime fleurit,
Nous, au village, aussi, l’on a
De beaux assassinats.

1. Feine Verbrechen - sie gedeihn
nicht in Paris allein.
Auch hier in unserm kleinen Ort
gibt’s manchen schönen Mord.

2. Er hatte einen weißen Schopf
und viel mehr Herz als Kopf.
Sein Rückfall in den Lenz, das war
eine von zwanzig Jahr.

3. Doch frisches Fleisch fürs Liebesspiel -
Alter, das kostet viel!
Für fünf, sechs Küsse hat vielleicht
grade sein Gold gereicht.

4. Sie hielt ihm hin die hohle Hand.
Traurig hat er bekannt,
er sei so arm wie’n Bettelmann.
Sie zog sich wieder an.

5. Sie holte ihren Luden her,
der gern schnell reicher wär.
Zum Alten gingen sie sogleich
für einen üblen Streich.

6. Er hielt ihn fest und ließ nicht nach,
während sie ihn erstach.
Sie hat noch, während er verreckt, -
die Zunge rausgestreckt.

7. Sie suchten hin, sie suchten her -
kein Groschen fand sich mehr,
Mahnungen und Schuldscheine nur
und Kuckucks ohne Uhr.

8. Da hat die Tat sie sehr gereut,
da tat sein Tod ihr leid,
so dass sie auf ihm auf die Knie
fiel und »Verzeih uns« schrie.

9. Als die Gendarmen kamen -
blass war sie und tränennass.
Im Auge eine Zähre klein
trug ihr den Himmel ein.

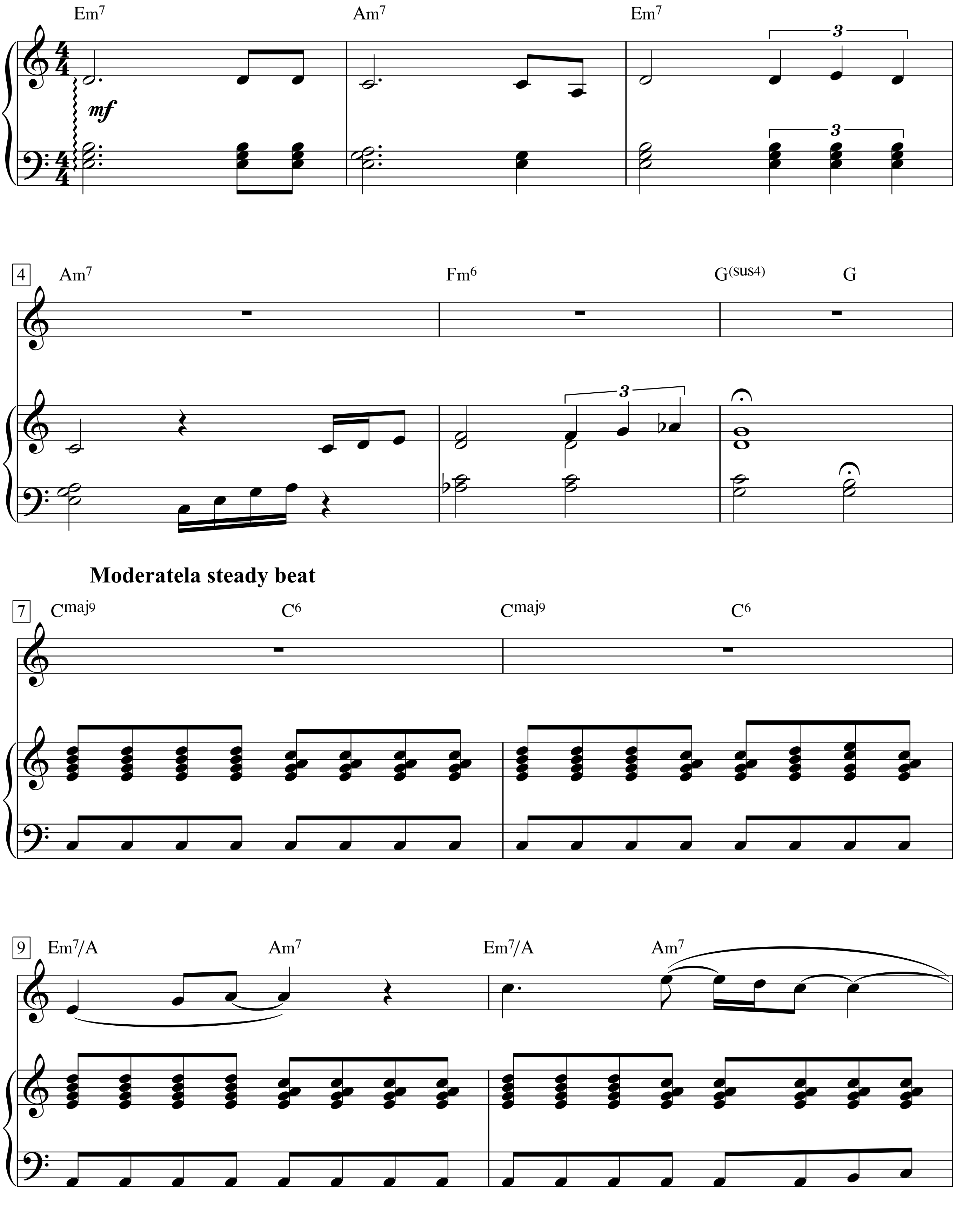
10. Als man sie unters Fallbeil stieß,
flog sie ins Paradies.
Einige Frömmler (wenn’s nicht trügt)
sind seither missvergnügt.

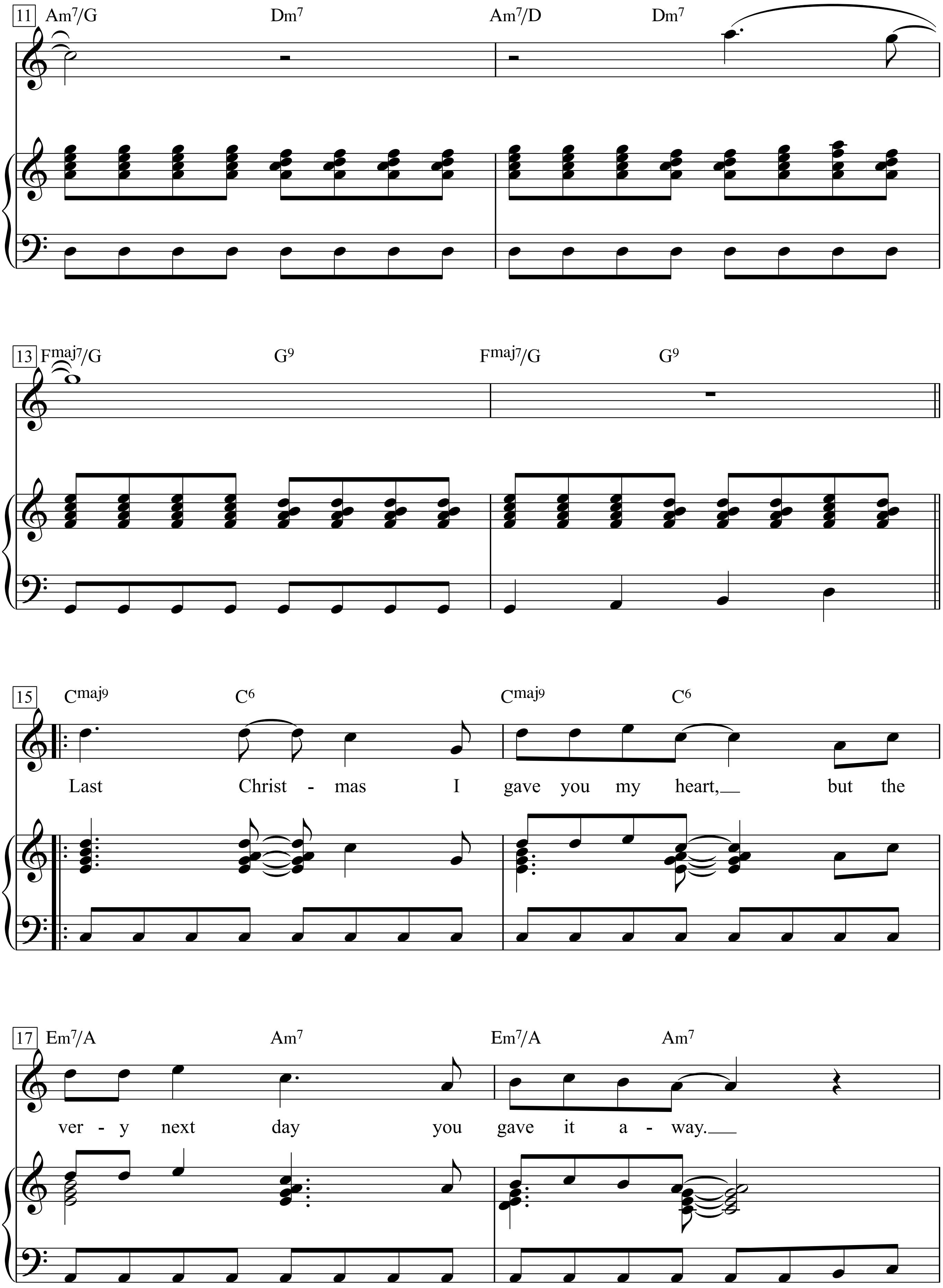
11. Feine Verbrechen - sie gedeihn
nicht in Paris allein.
Auch hier in unserm kleinen Ort
gibt’s manchen schönen Mord.

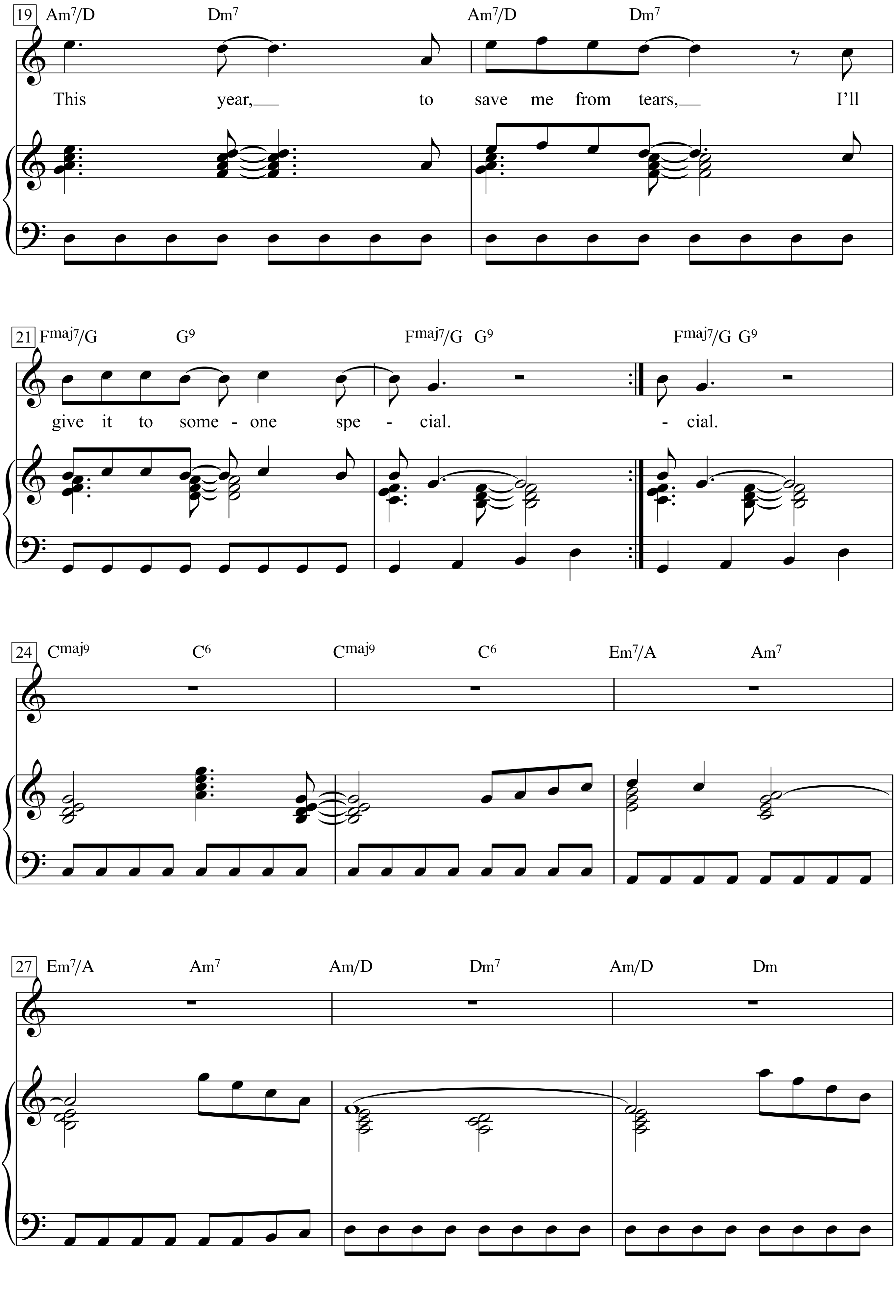
Last Christmas

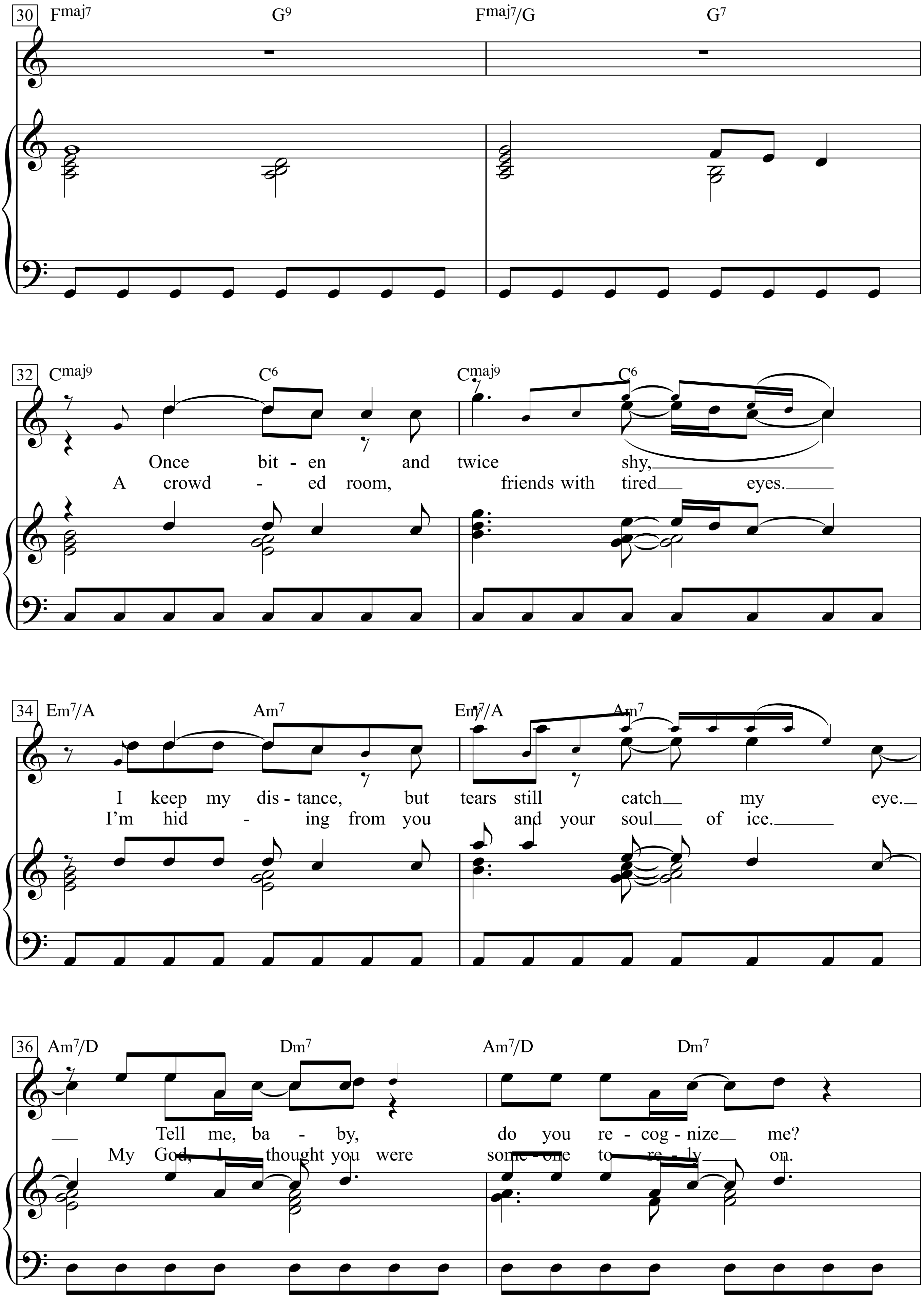
(Wham!; George Michael)

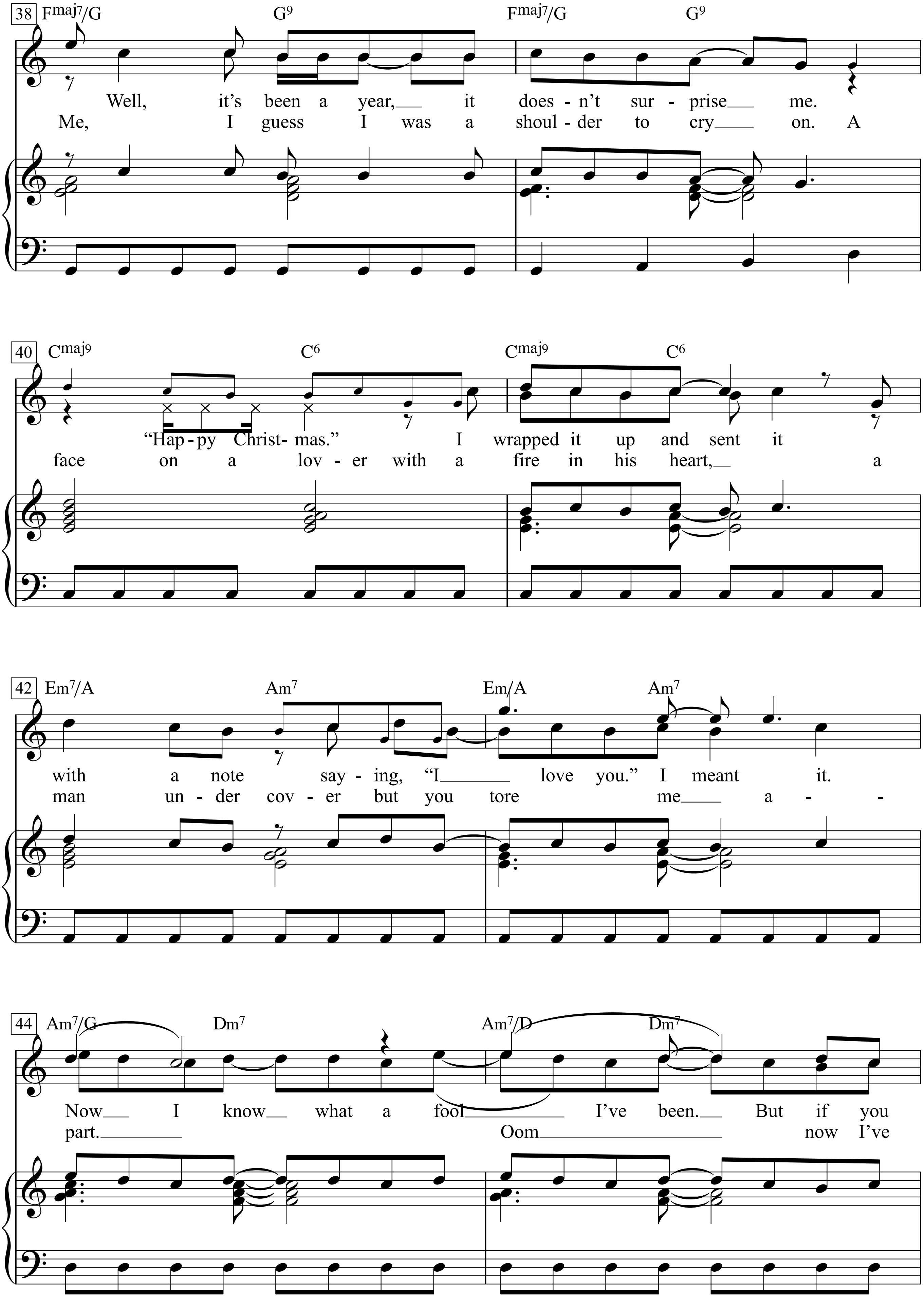
Slowly and freely

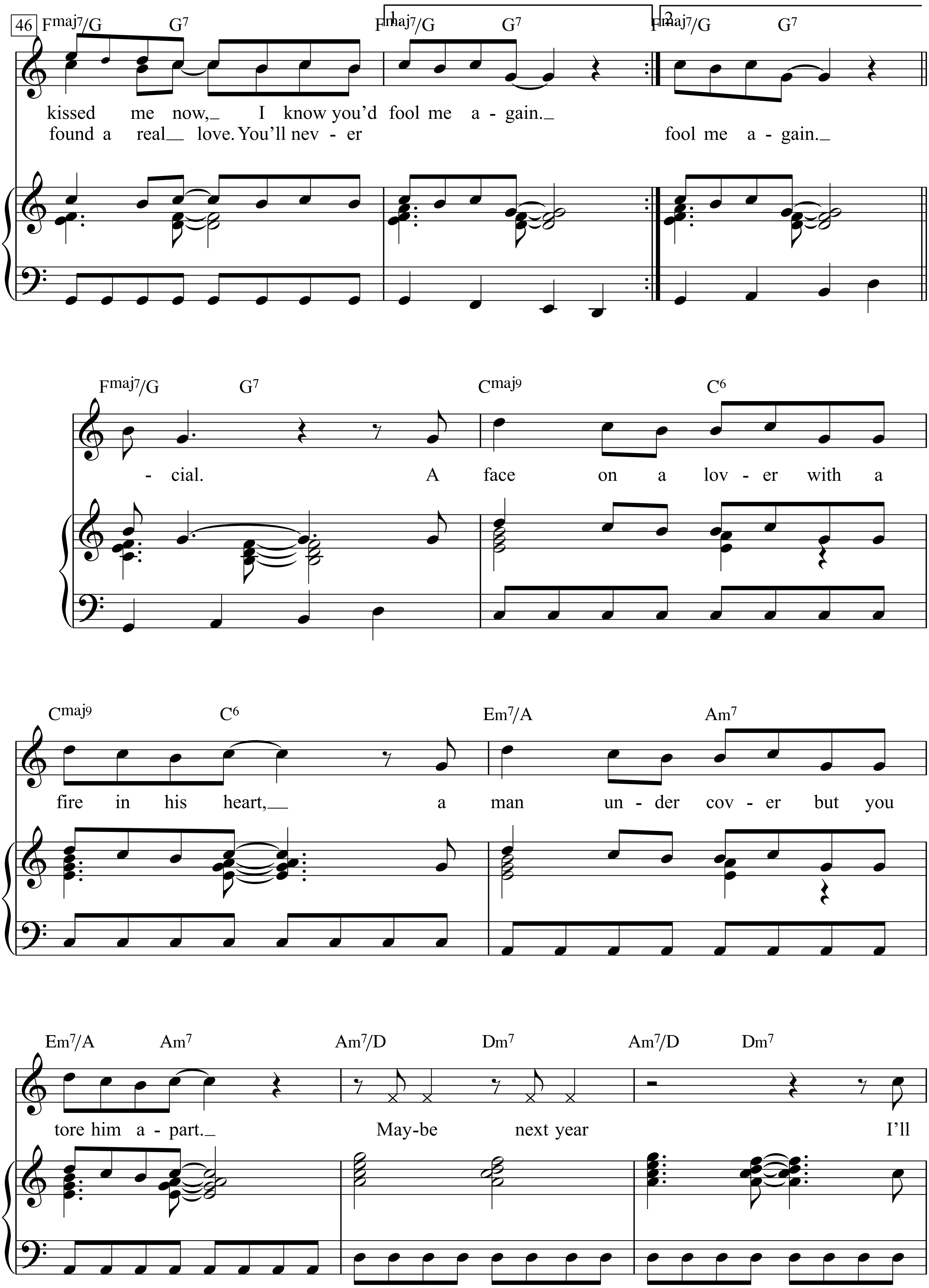


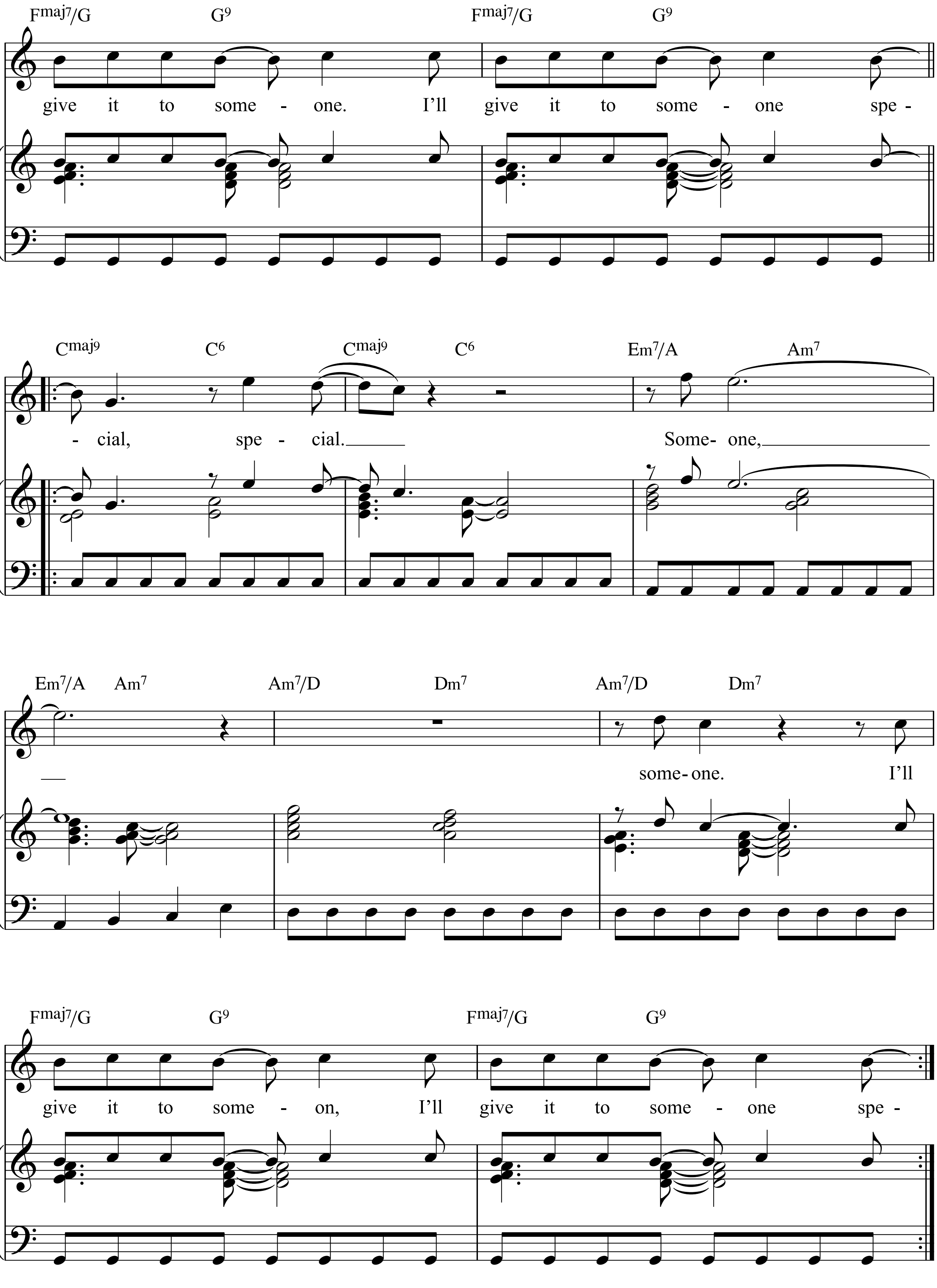

11
Am7/G
Dm7
Am7/D
Dm7
13
Fmaj7/G
G9
Fmaj7/G
G9
15
Cmaj9
C6
Cmaj9
C6
Last Christ - mas I gave you my heart, but the
17
Em7/A
Am7
Em7/A
Am7
ver - y next day you gave it a - way.


19
Am7/D
Dm7
Am7/D
Dm7
This year, to save me from tears, I'll
21
Fmaj7/G
G9
Fmaj7/G G9
Fmaj7/G G9
give it to some - one spe - cial. - cial.
24
Cmaj9
C6
Cmaj9
C6
Em7/A
Am7
27
Em7/A
Am7
Am/D
Dm7
Am/D
Dm


30
Fmaj7 G9 Fmaj7/G G7
32
Cmaj9 C6 Cmaj9 C6
Once bit - en and twice shy,
A crowd - ed room, friends with tired eyes.
34
Em7/A Am7 Em7/A Am7
I keep my dis - tance, but tears still catch my eye.
I'm hid - ing from you and your soul of ice.
36
Am7/D Dm7 Am7/D Dm7
Tell me, ba - by, do you re - cog - nize me?
My God, I thought you were some - one to re - ly on.


38
Fmaj7/G G9 Fmaj7/G G9
Well, it's been a year, it does-n't sur-prise me.
Me, I guess I was a shoul-der to cry on. A
40
Cmaj9 C6 Cmaj9 C6
"Hap-py Christ-mas." I wrapped it up and sent it
face on a lov-er with a fire in his heart, a
42
Em7/A Am7 Em/A Am7
with a note say-ing, "I love you." I meant it.
man un-der cov-er but you tore me a-
44
Am7/G Dm7 Am7/D Dm7
Now I know what a fool I've been. But if you
part. Oom now I've

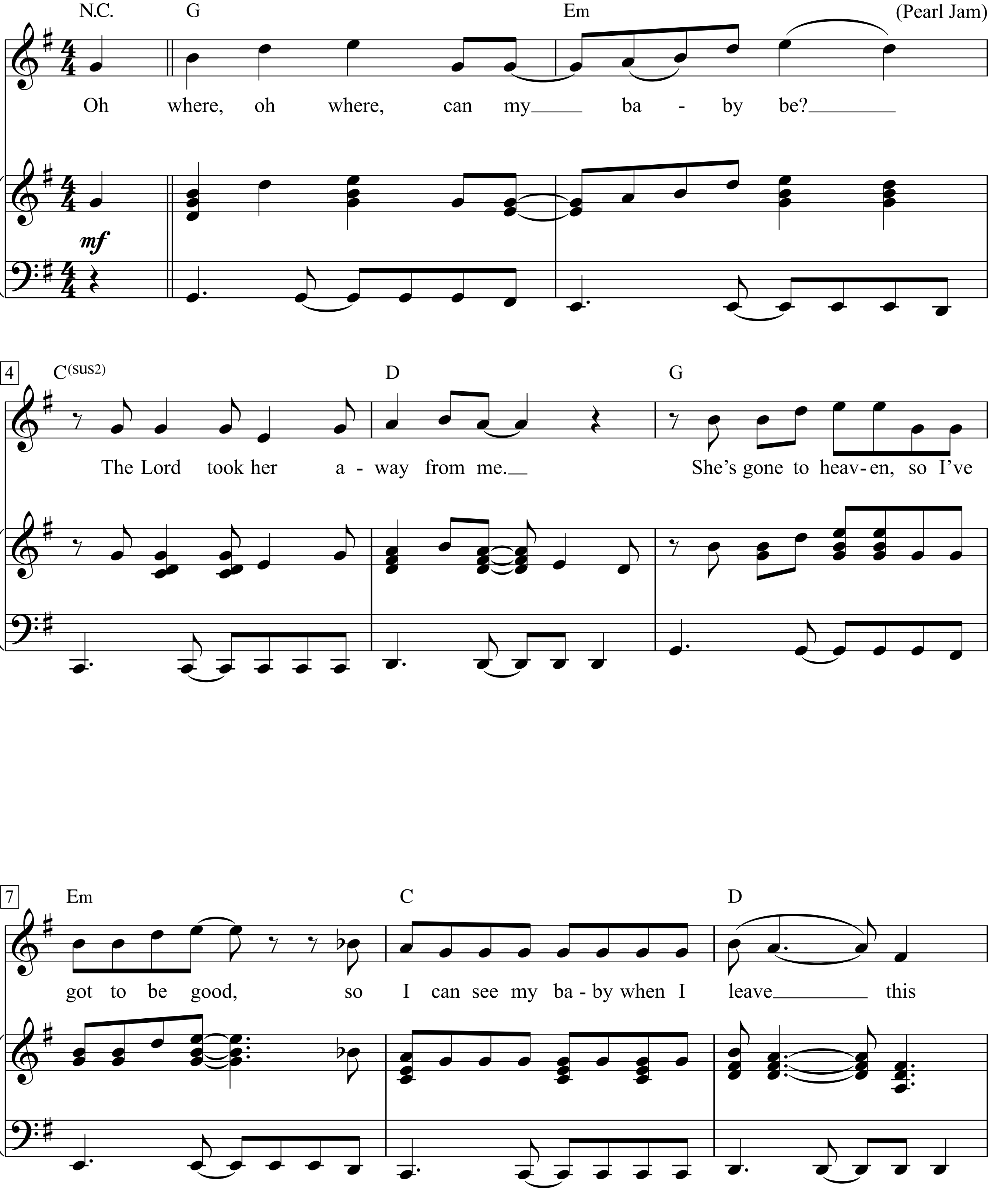

46
Fmaj7/G G7
1. Fmaj7/G G7
2. Fmaj7/G G7
kissed me now, I know you'd fool me a - gain.
found a real love. You'll nev - er fool me a - gain.
Fmaj7/G G7 Cmaj9 C6
- cial. A face on a lov - er with a
Cmaj9 C6 Em7/A Am7
fire in his heart, a man un - der cov - er but you
Em7/A Am7 Am7/D Dm7 Am7/D Dm7
tore him a - part. May-be next year I'll

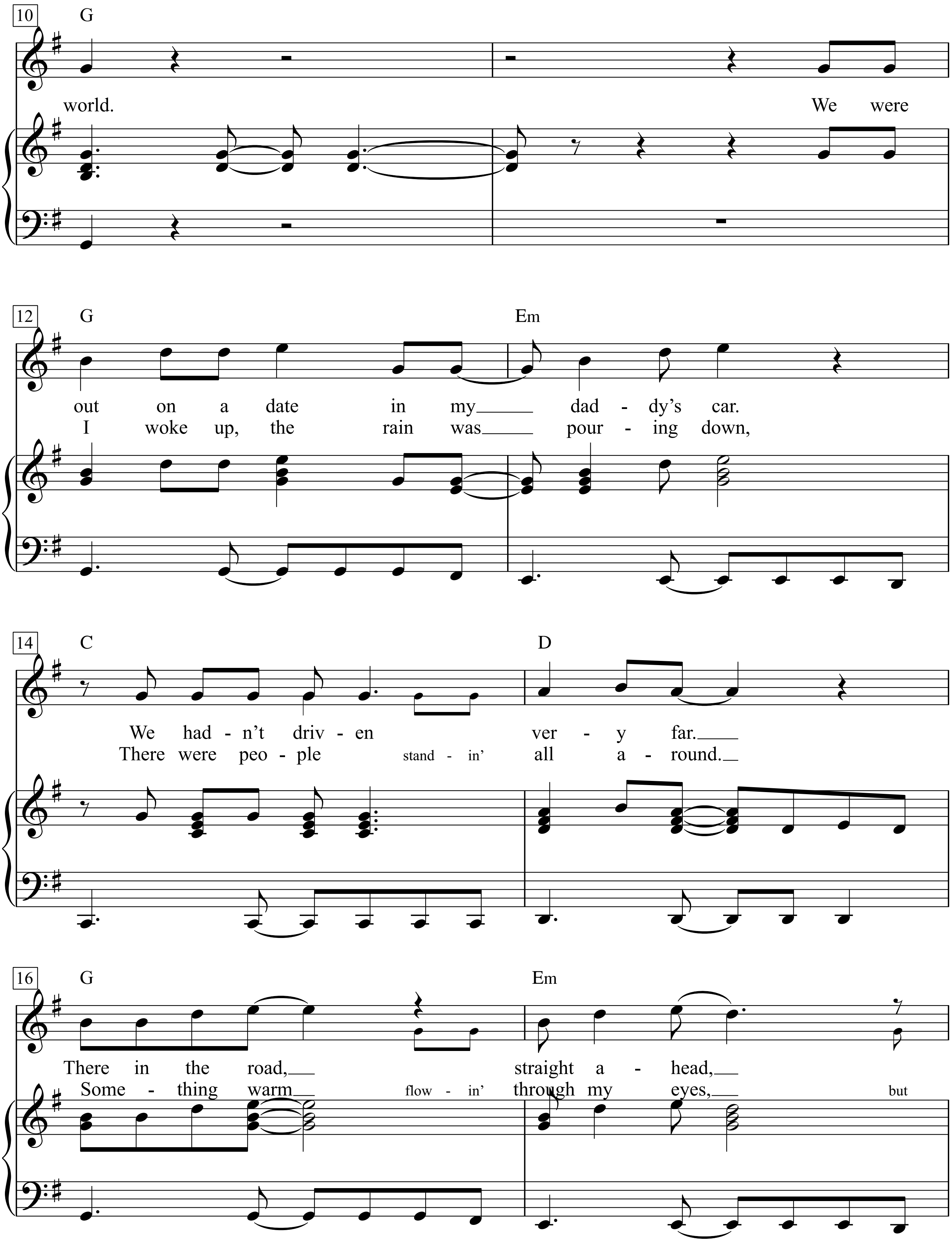

Fmaj7/G G9 Fmaj7/G G9
give it to some - one. I'll give it to some - one spe -
Cmaj9 C6 Cmaj9 C6 Em7/A Am7
- cial, spe - cial. Some- one,
Em7/A Am7 Am7/D Dm7 Am7/D Dm7
some- one. I'll
Fmaj7/G G9 Fmaj7/G G9
give it to some - on, I'll give it to some - one spe -

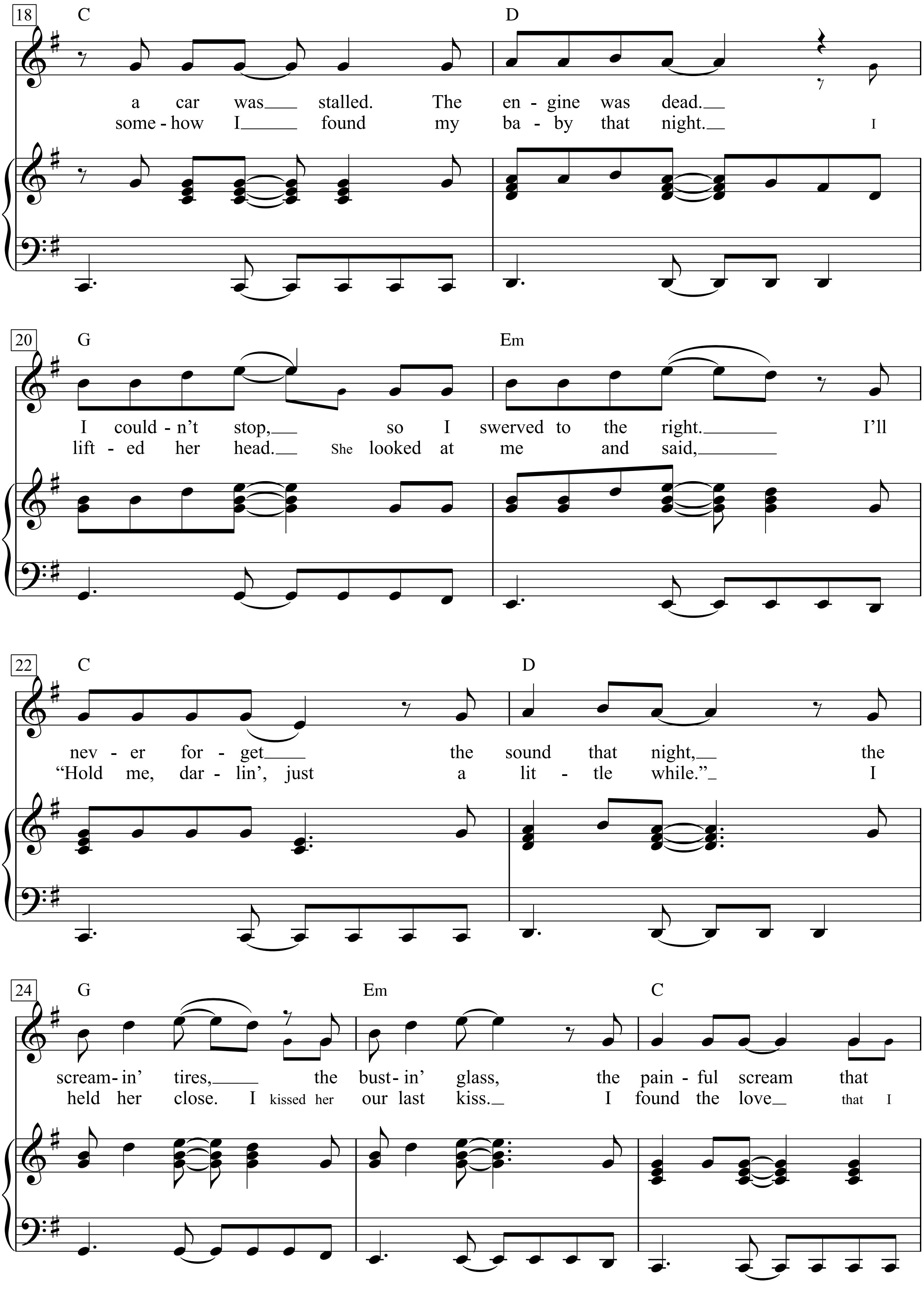
Last Kiss

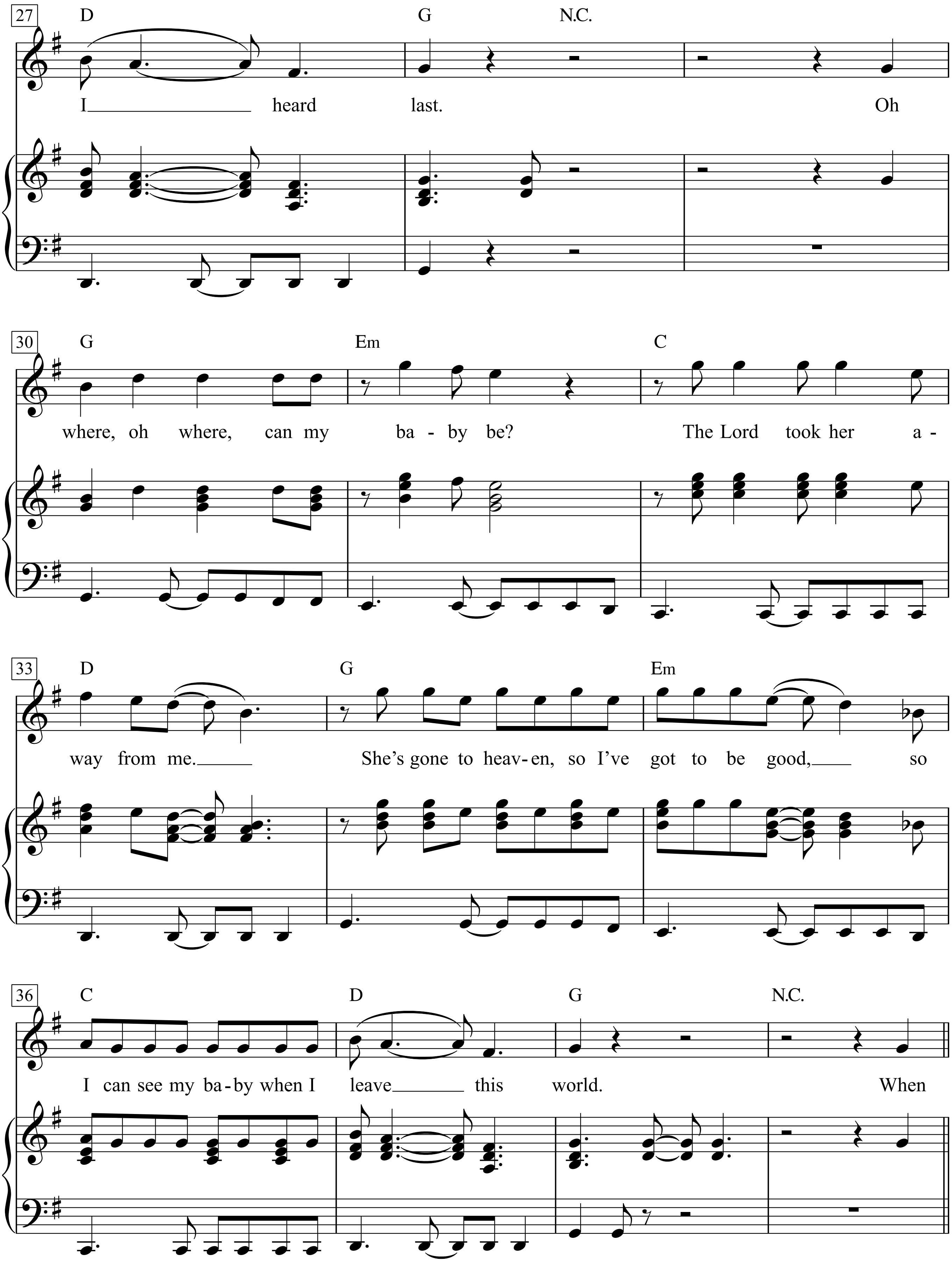
Moderately

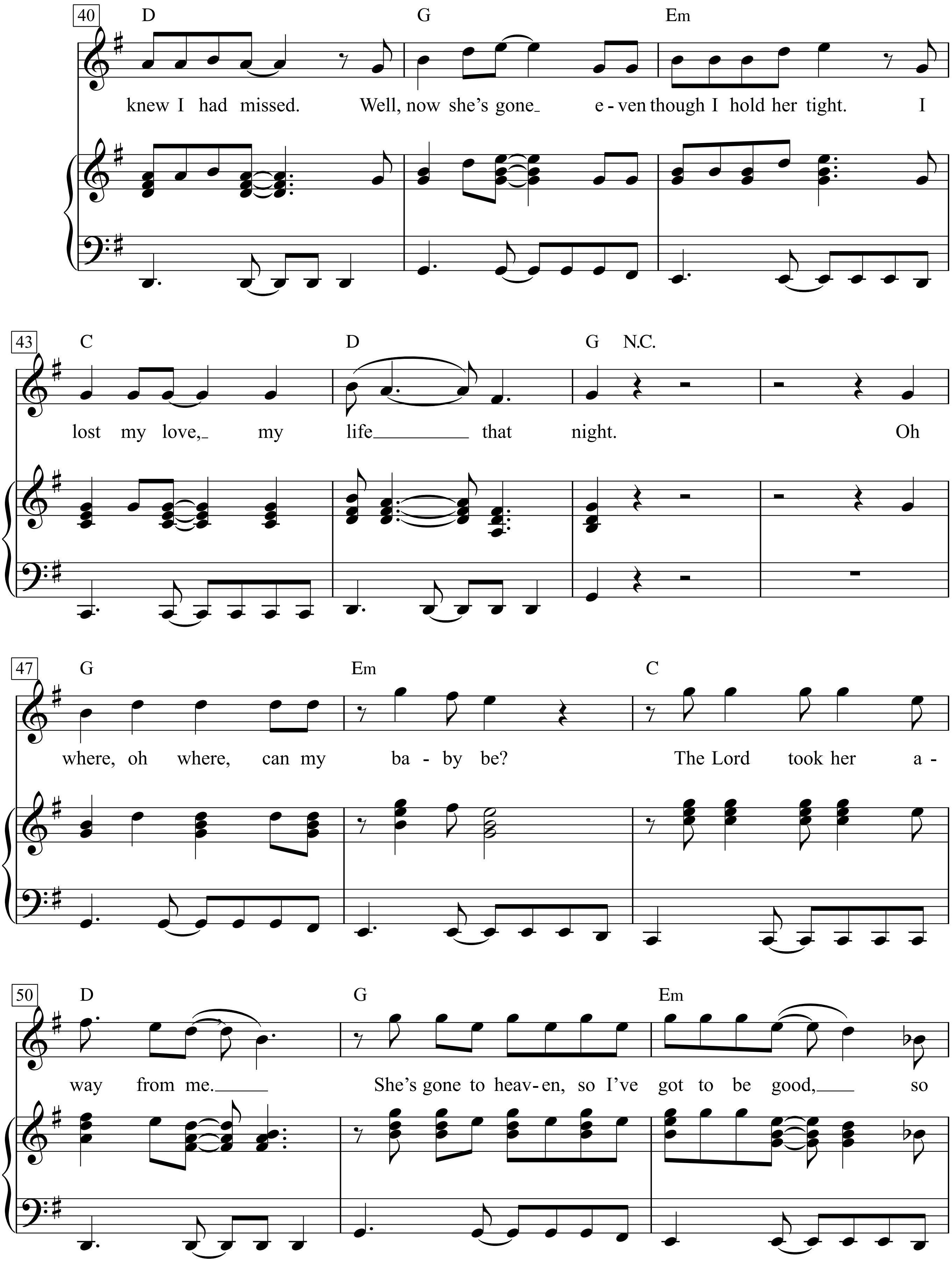
Words & Music by Wayne Cochran
(Pearl Jam)

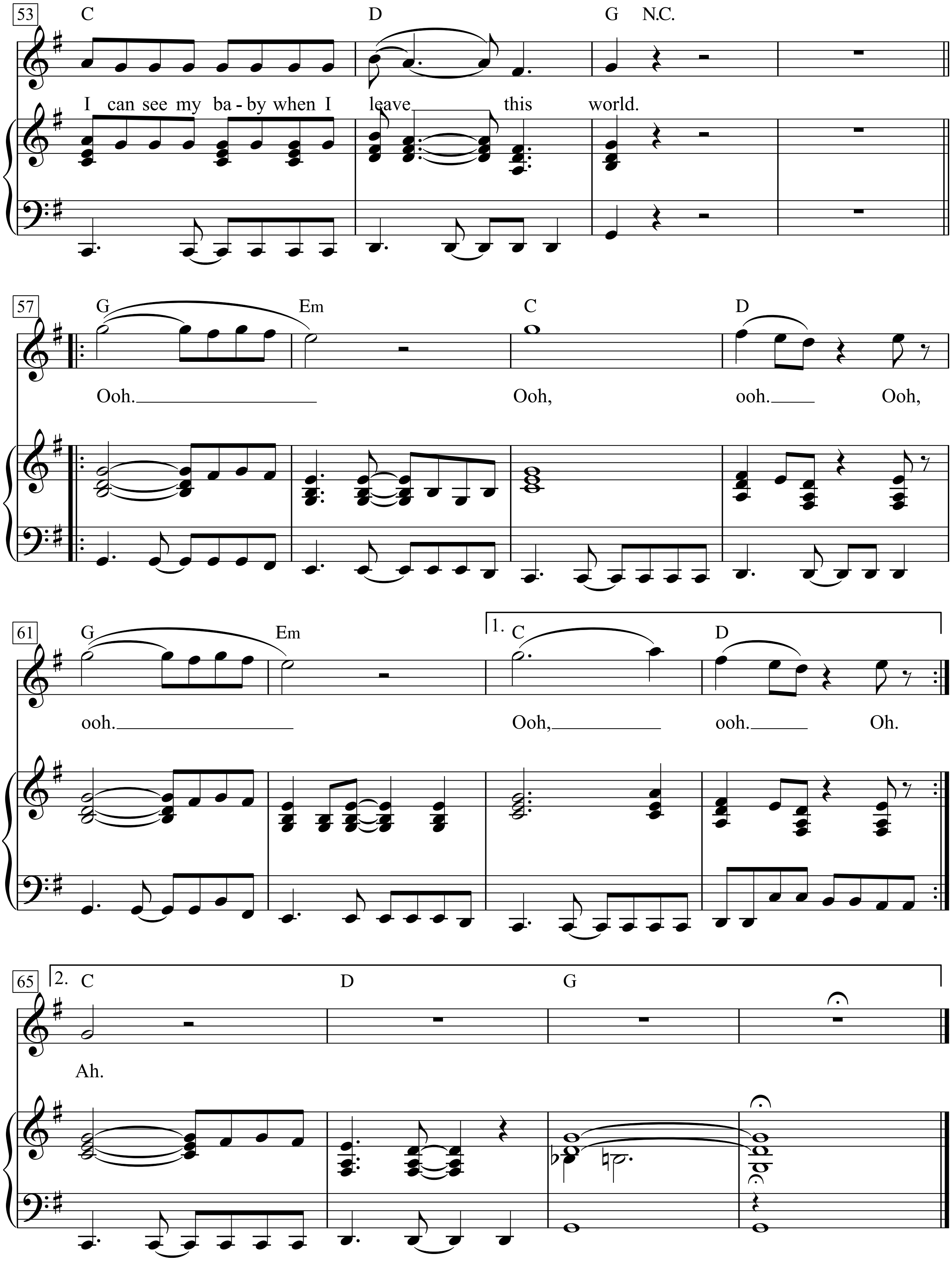



10
G
world.
We were
12
G
Em
out on a date in my dad - dy's car.
I woke up, the rain was pour - ing down,
14
C
D
We had - n't driv - en ver - y far.
There were peo - ple stand - in' all a - round.
16
G
Em
There in the road, straight a - head,
Some - thing warm flow - in' through my eyes, but


18
C
D
a car was stalled. The en - gine was dead.
some - how I found my ba - by that night. I
20
G
Em
I could - n't stop, so I swerved to the right. I'll
lift - ed her head. She looked at me and said,
22
C
D
nev - er for - get the sound that night, the
"Hold me, dar - lin', just a lit - tle while." I
24
G
Em
C
scream - in' tires, the bust - in' glass, the pain - ful scream that
held her close. I kissed her our last kiss. I found the love that I

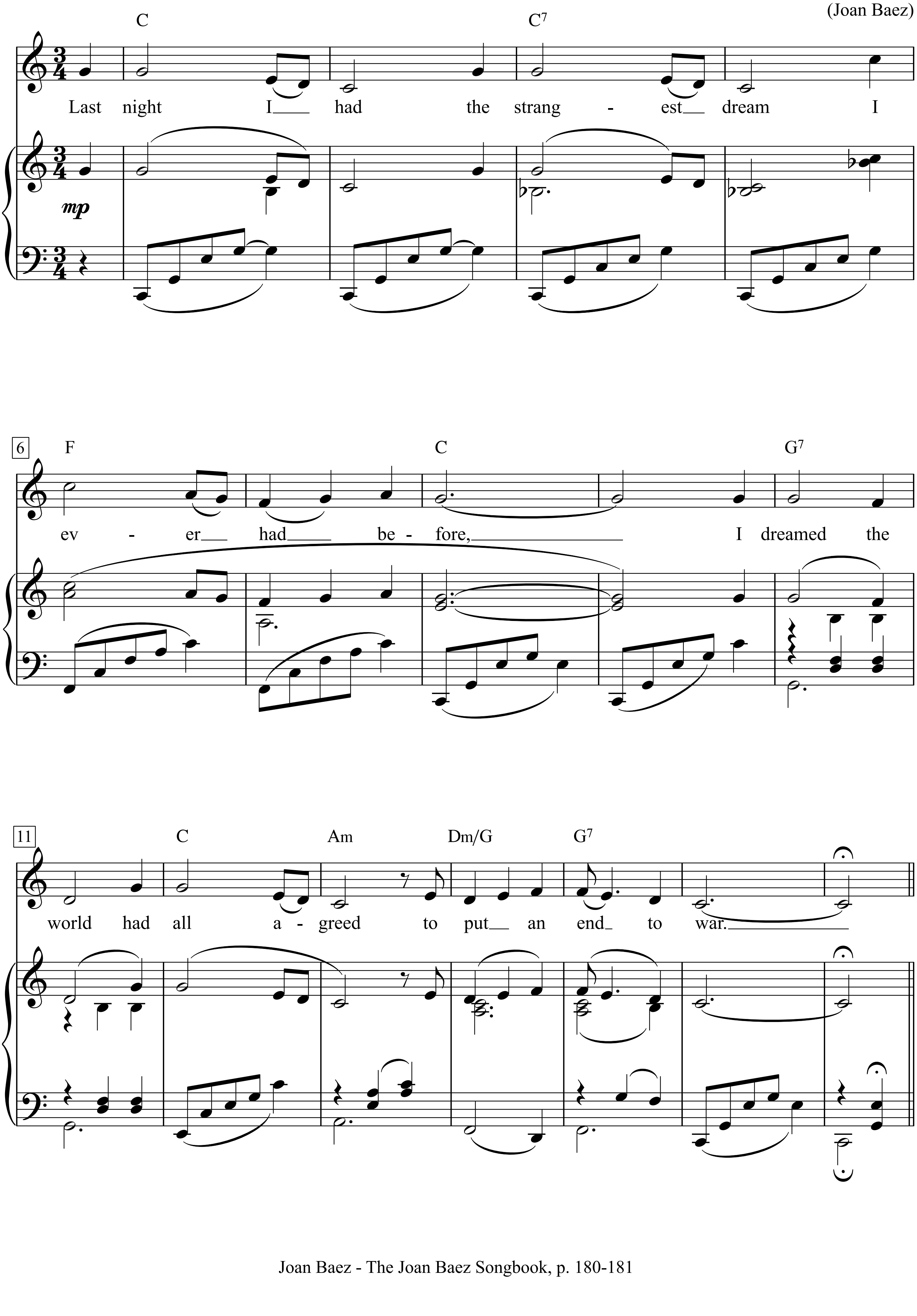

27
D
G
N.C.
I heard last. Oh
30
G
Em
C
where, oh where, can my ba - by be? The Lord took her a -
33
D
G
Em
way from me. She's gone to heav - en, so I've got to be good, so
36
C
D
G
N.C.
I can see my ba - by when I leave this world. When

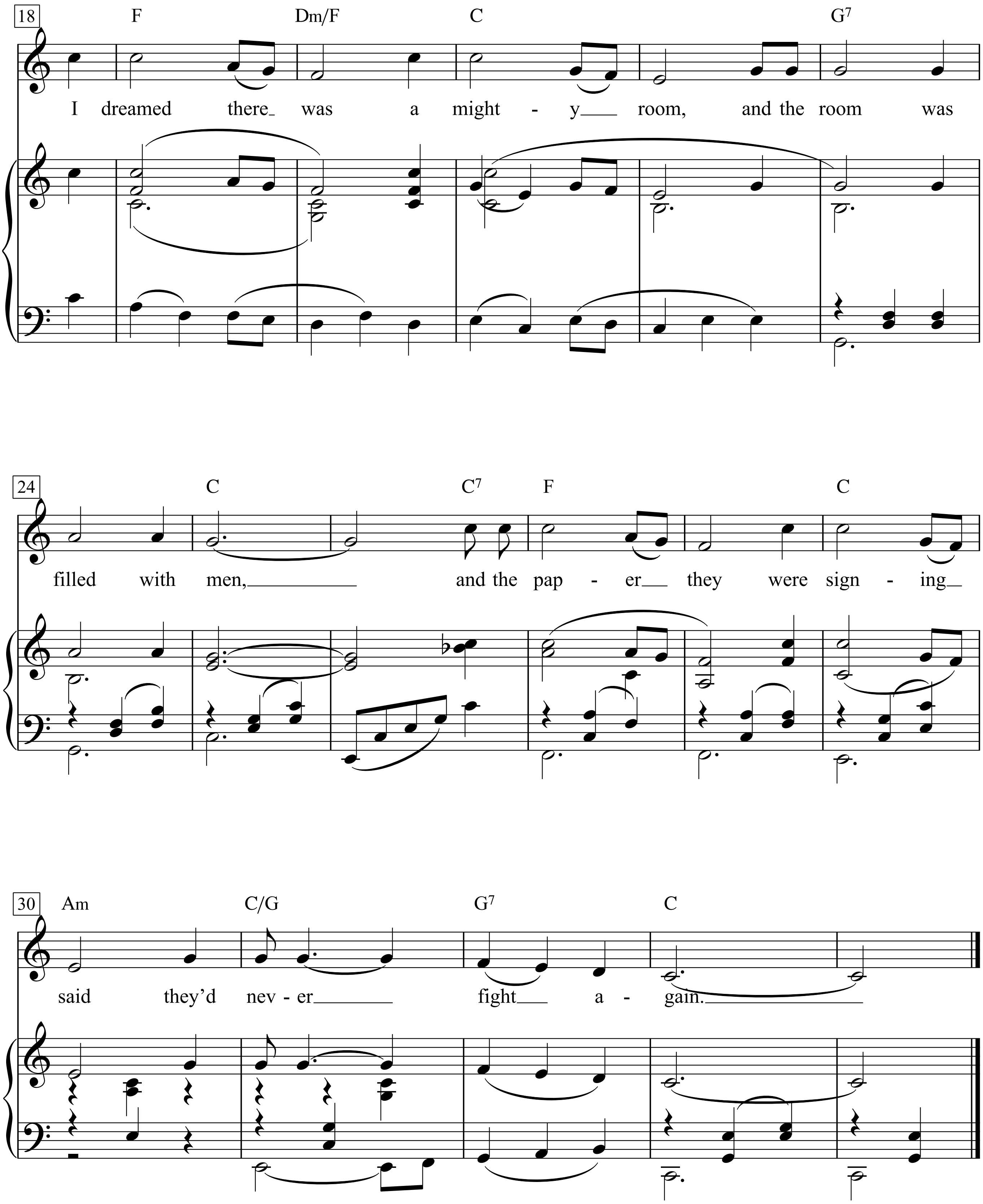

40
D G Em
knew I had missed. Well, now she's gone_ e - ven though I hold her tight. I
43
C D G N.C.
lost my love,_ my life that night. Oh
47
G Em C
where, oh where, can my ba - by be? The Lord took her a -
50
D G Em
way from me. She's gone to heav-en, so I've got to be good, so


53
C
D
G N.C.
I can see my ba - by when I leave this world.
57
G
Em
C
D
Ooh. Ooh, ooh. Ooh,
61
G
Em
1.
C
D
ooh. Ooh, ooh. Oh.
65
2.
C
D
G
Ah.

Last Night I Had The Strangest Dream

Words & Music by Ed McCurdy (1950)
(Joan Baez)

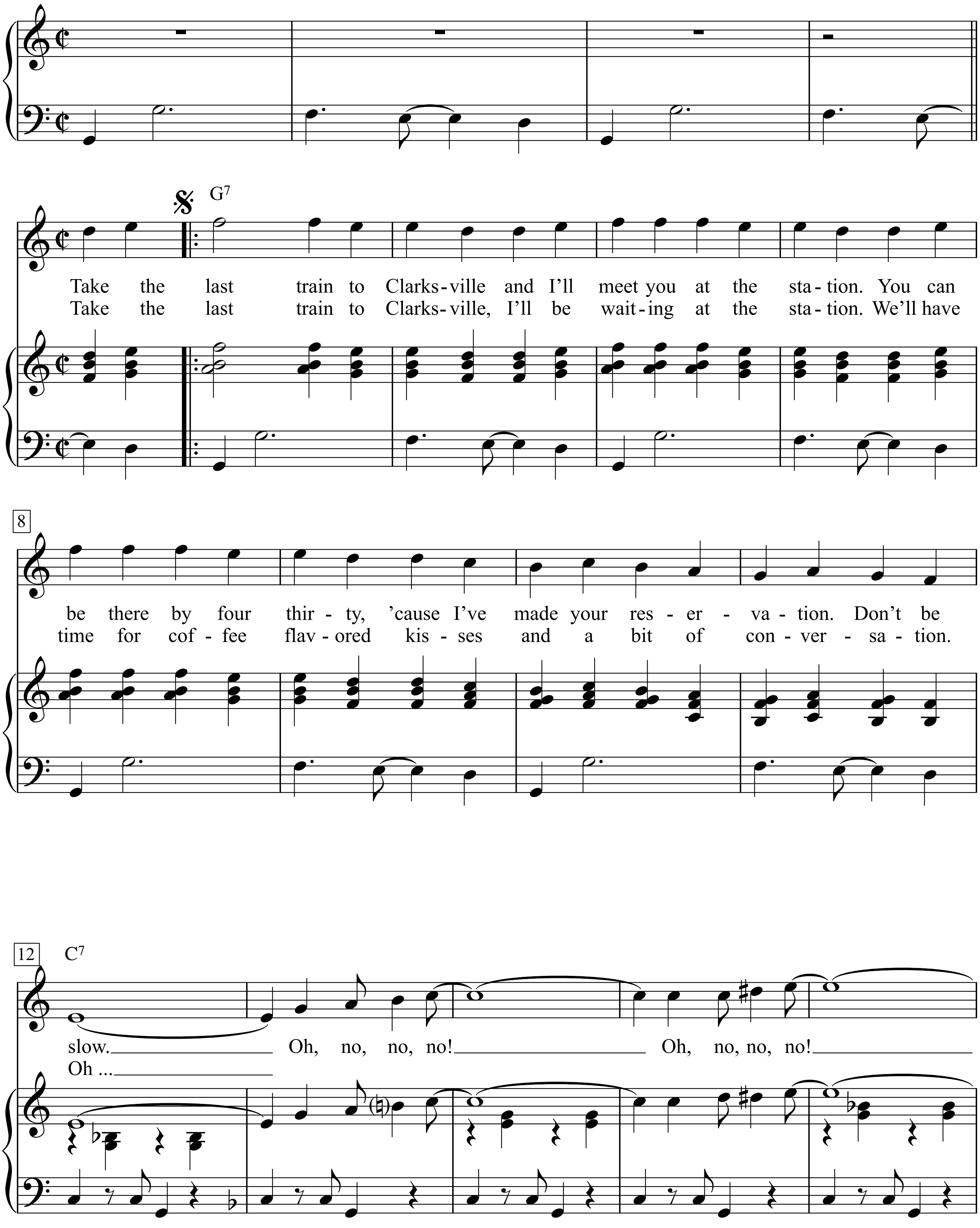


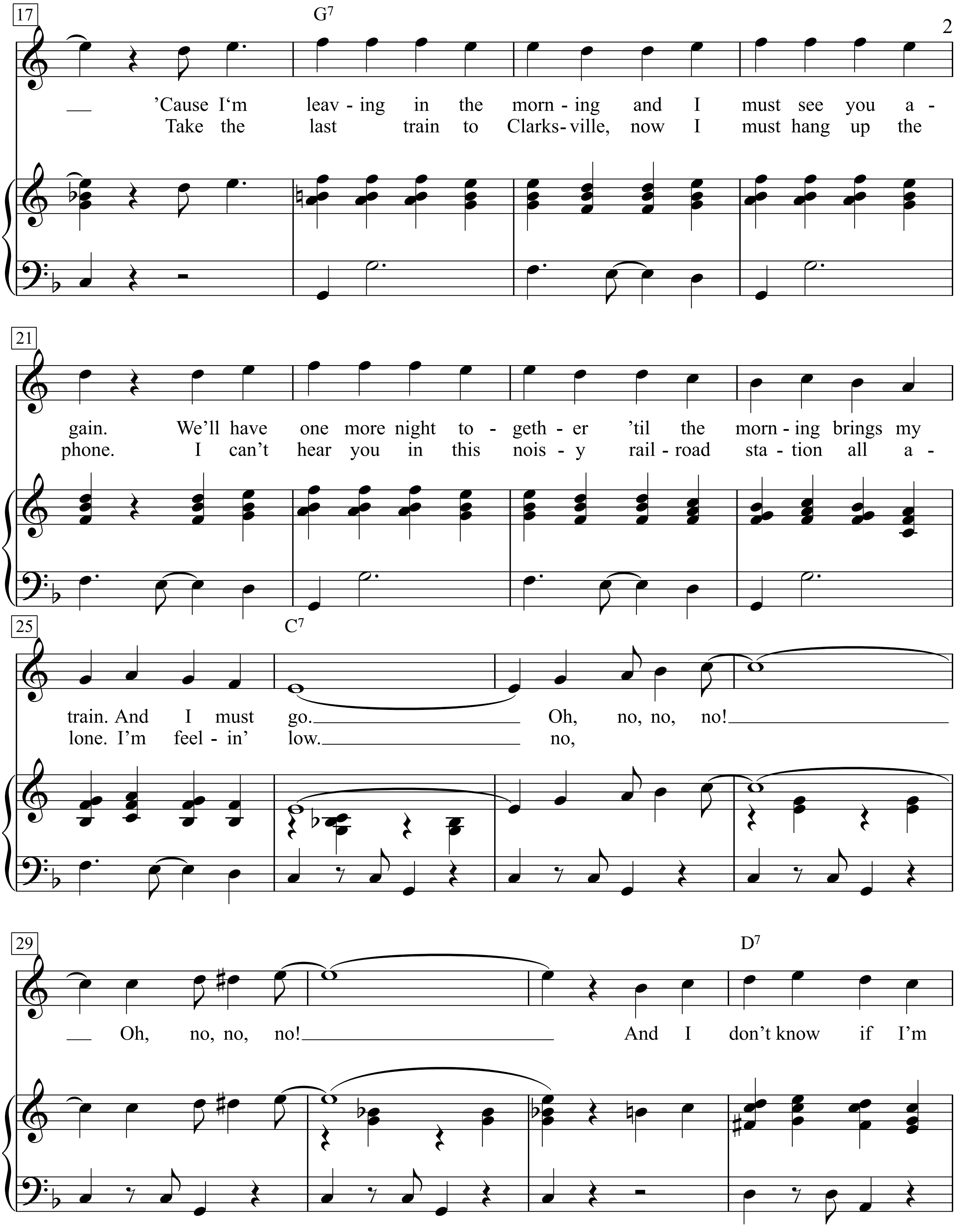

18
F
Dm/F
C
G7
I dreamed there was a might - y room, and the room was
24
C
C7
F
C
filled with men, and the pap - er they were sign - ing
30
Am
C/G
G7
C
said they'd nev - er fight a - gain.

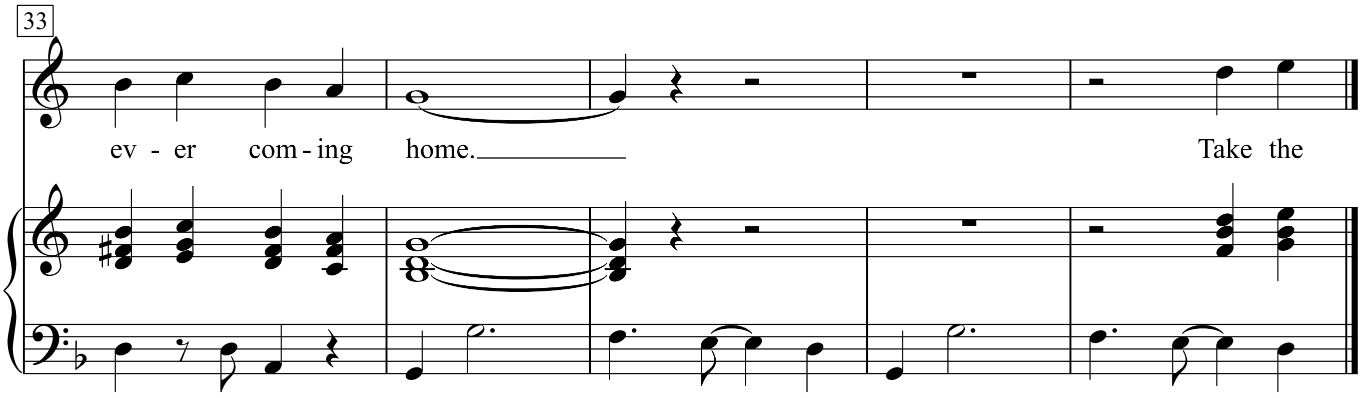
Last Train To Clarksville

Words & Music by
Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart
(The Monkees)

Bright rock




17
G7
'Cause I'm leav - ing in the morn - ing and I must see you a -
Take the last train to Clarks- ville, now I must hang up the
21
gain. We'll have one more night to - geth - er 'til the morn - ing brings my
phone. I can't hear you in this nois - y rail - road sta - tion all a -
25
C7
train. And I must go. Oh, no, no, no!
lone. I'm feel - in' low. no,
29
D7
Oh, no, no, no! And I don't know if I'm



3rd time **D.S.** *and fade*

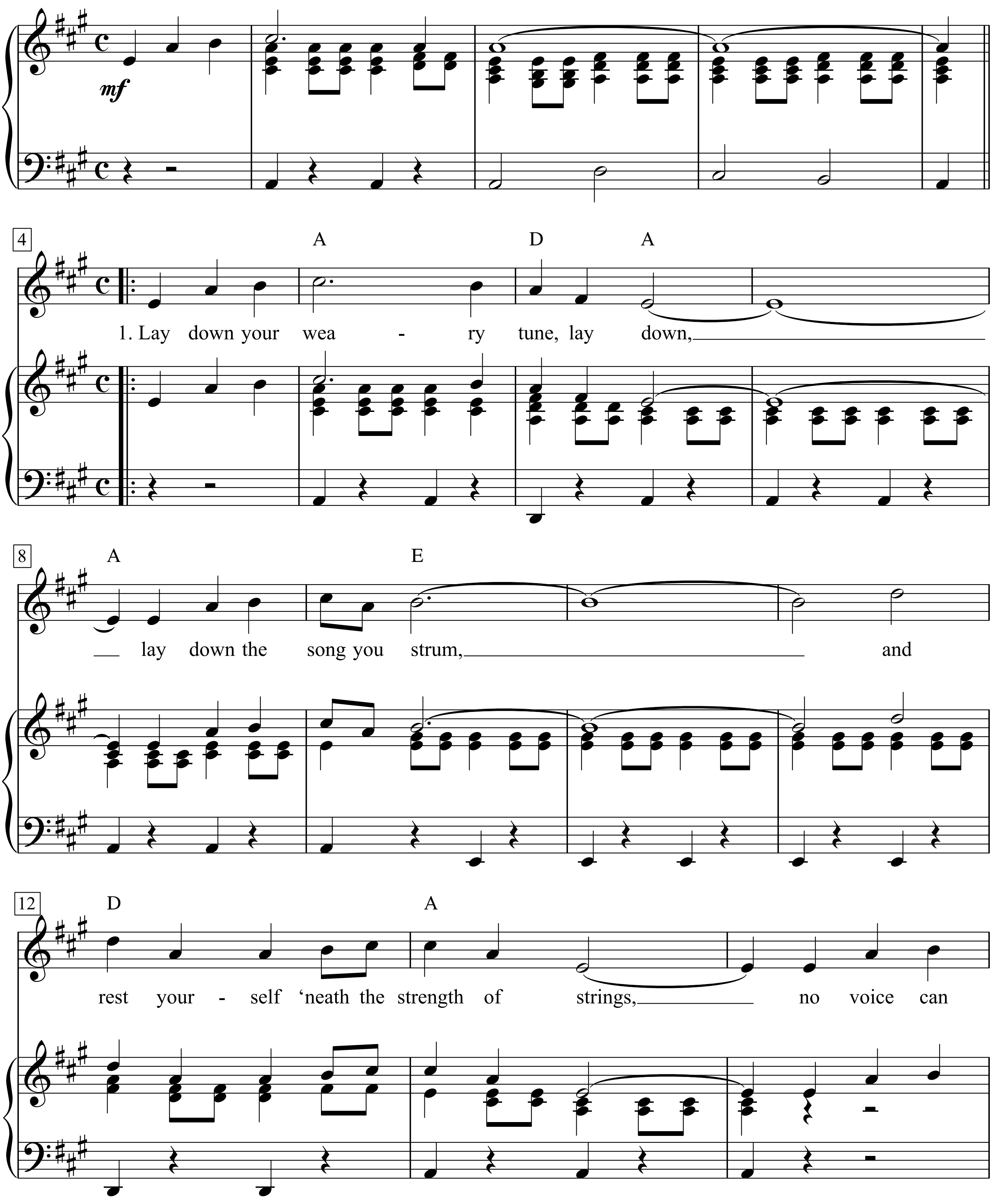
Take the last train to Clarksville and I'll meet you at the station.
You can be there by four thirty, 'cause I've made your reservation.
Don't be slow. Oh, no, no, no! Oh, no, no, no!
'Cause I'm leaving in the morning and I must see you again.
We'll have one more night together 'til the morning brings my train.
And I must go. Oh, no, no, no! Oh, no, no, no!
And I don't know if I'm ever coming home.
Take the

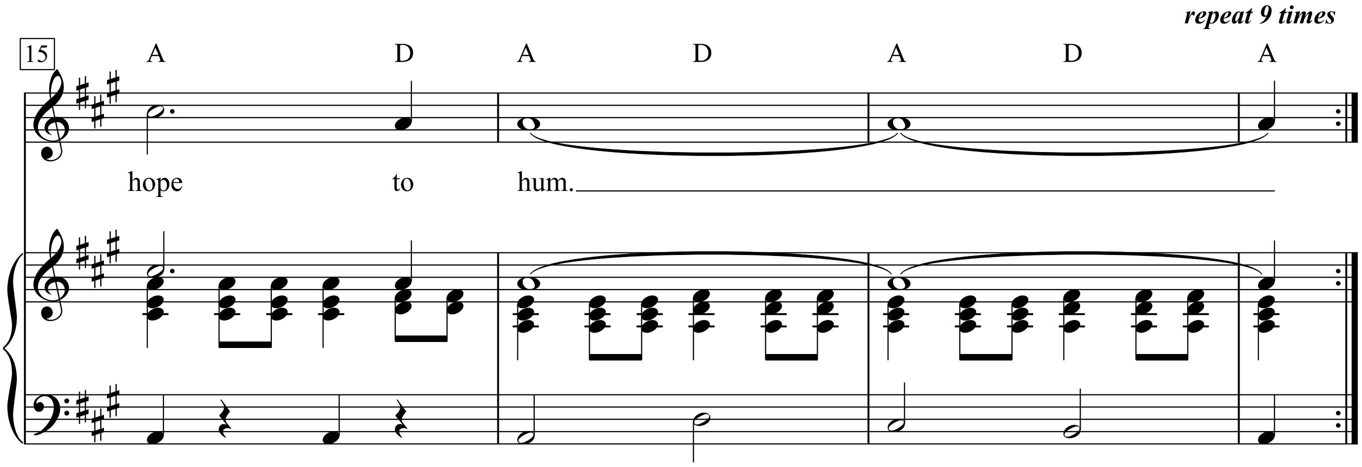
Take the last train to Clarksville,
I'll be waiting at the station.
We'll have time for coffee flavored kisses and a bit of conversation.
Oh ...
Take the last train to Clarksville, now I must hang up the phone.
I can't hear you in this noisy railroad station all alone.
I'm feelin' low. no,

Lay Down Your Weary Tune

Moderato

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)





1. Lay down your weary tune,
Lay down, lay down the song you strum,
And rest yourself ’neath the strength of strings,
No voice can hope to hum.

2. Struck by the sounds before the sun,
I knew the night had gone,
The morning breeze like a bugle blew
Against the drums of dawn.

3. Lay down your weary tune, lay down,
Lay down the song you strum
And rest yourself ‘neath the strength of strings,
No voice can hope to hum.

4, The ocean wild like an organ played
The seaweed’s wove its strands,
The crashin’ waves like cymbals clashed
Against the rocks and sands.

5. Lay down your weary tune, lay down,
Lay down the song you strum
And rest yourself ‘neath the strength of strings,
No voice can hope to hum.

6. I stood unwound beneath the skies
And clouds unbound by laws,
The cryin’ rain like a trumpet sang
And asked for no applause.

7. Lay down your weary tune, lay down,
Lay down the song you strum
And rest yourself ‘neath the strength of strings,
No voice can hope to hum.

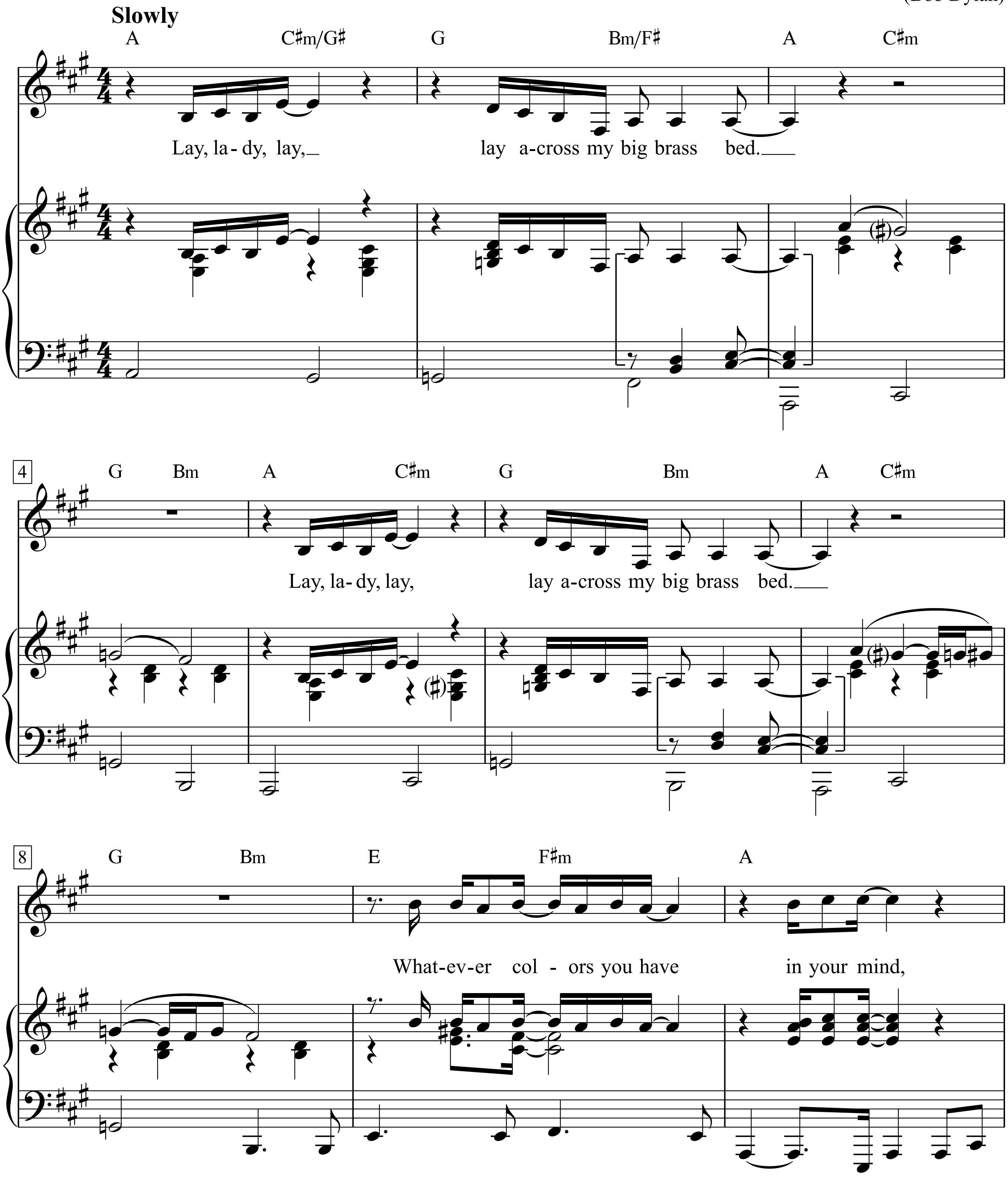
8. The last of leaves fell from the trees
And clung to a new love’s breast,
The branches bare like a banjo
To the winds that listen the best.

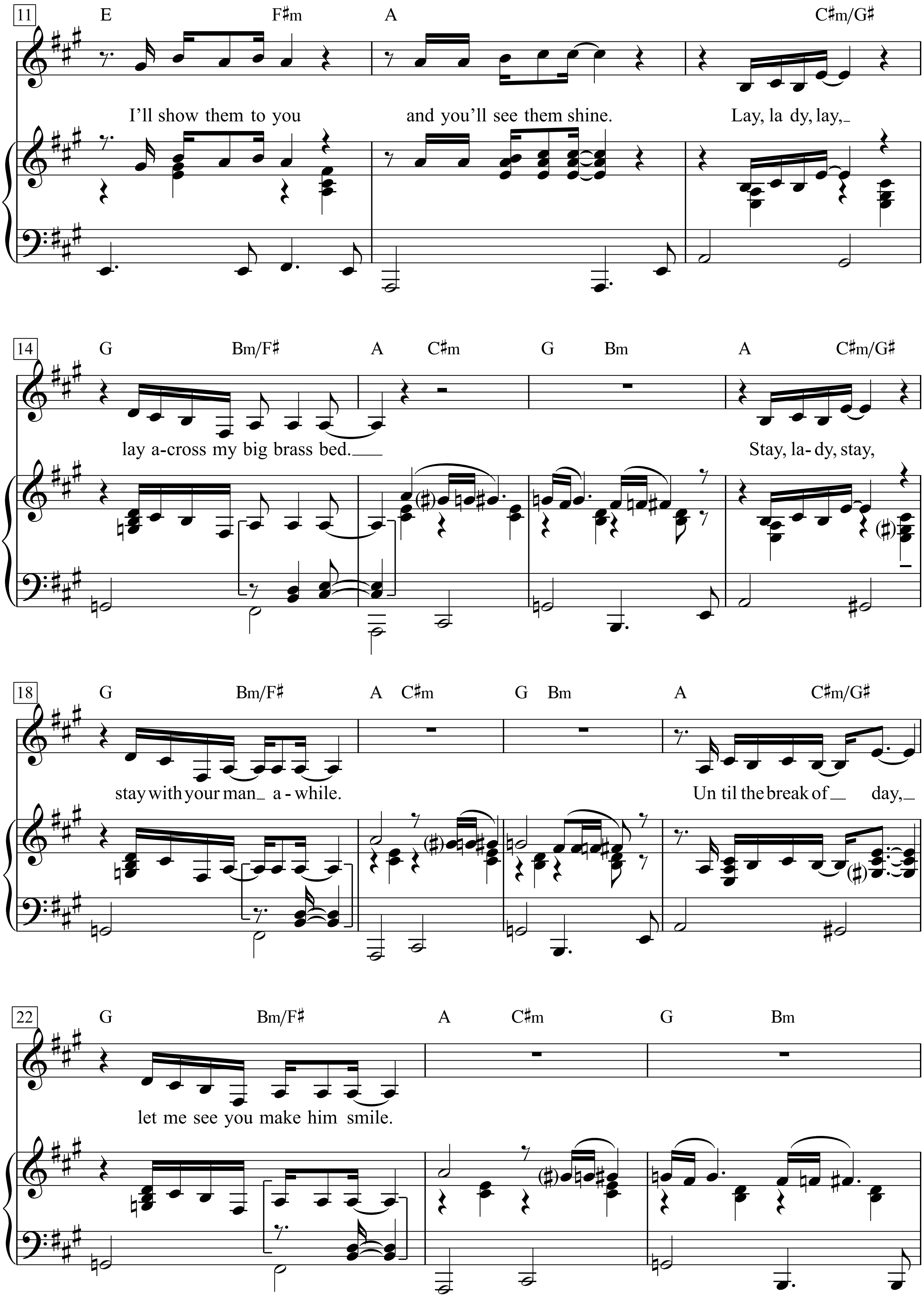
9. I gazed down in the river’s mirror
And watched its winding strum
The water smooth ran like a hymn
And like a harp did hum.

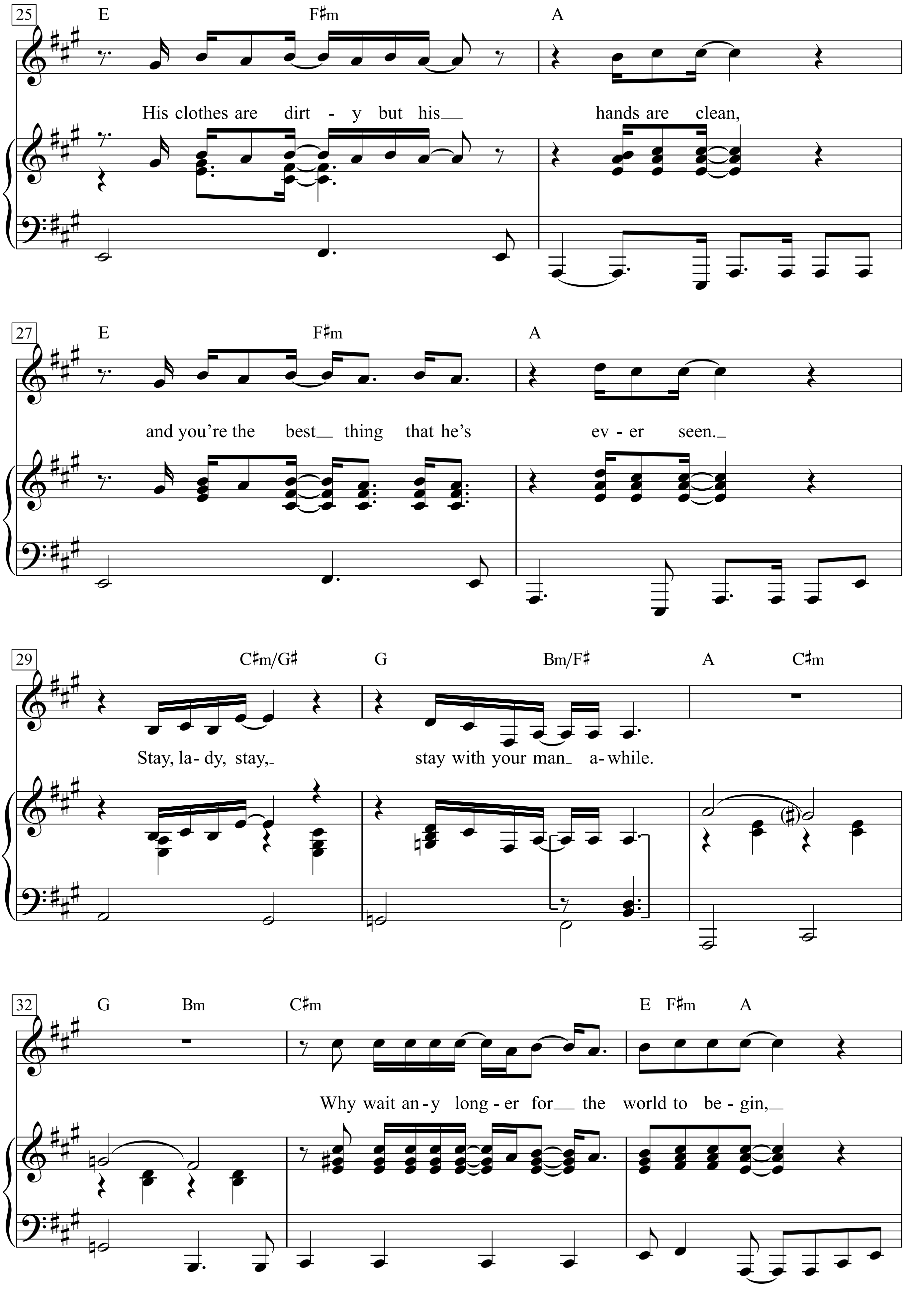
10. Lay down your weary tune, lay down,
Lay down the song you strum
And rest yourself ‘neath the strength of strings,
No voice can hope to hum.

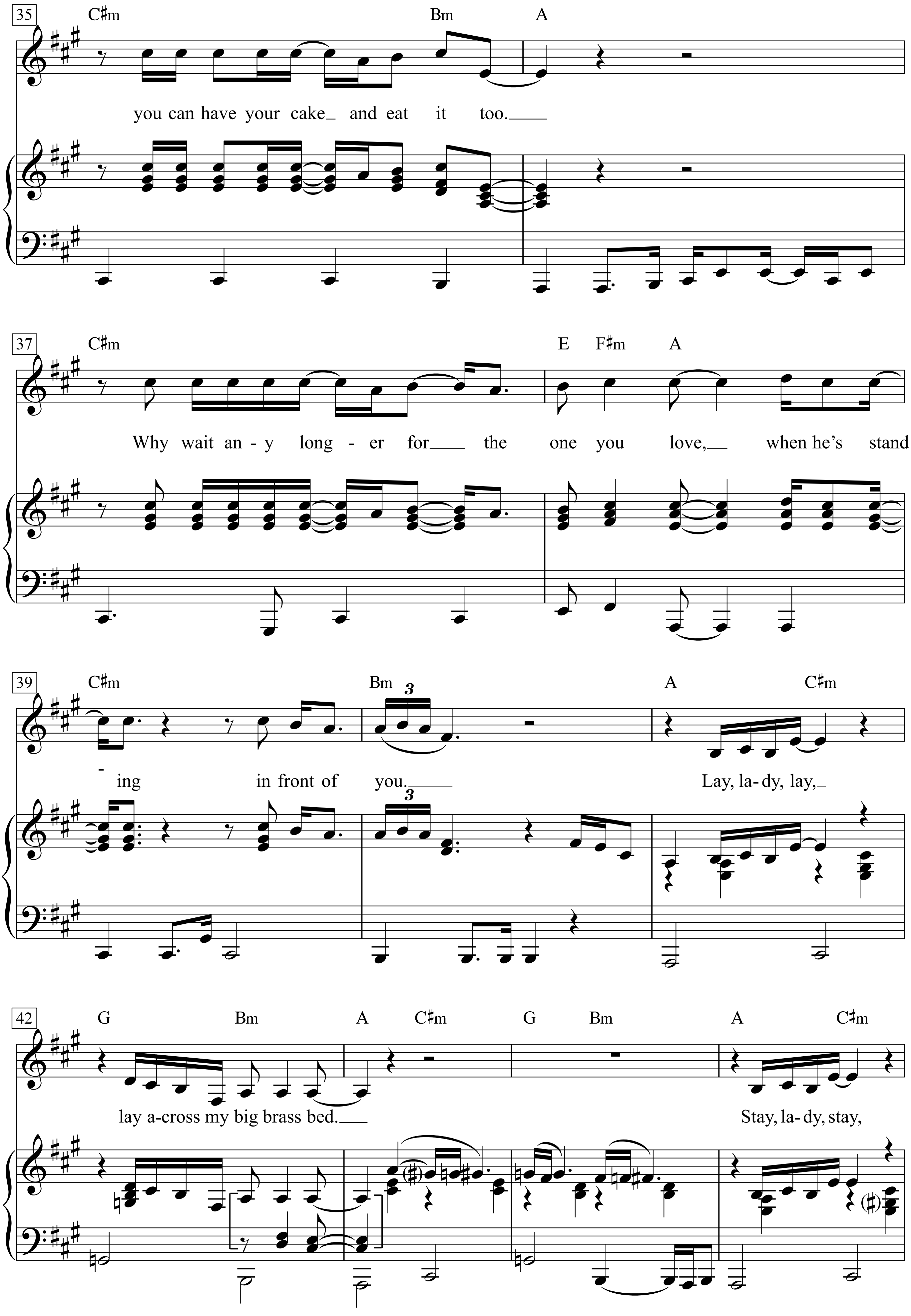
Lay, Lady, Lay

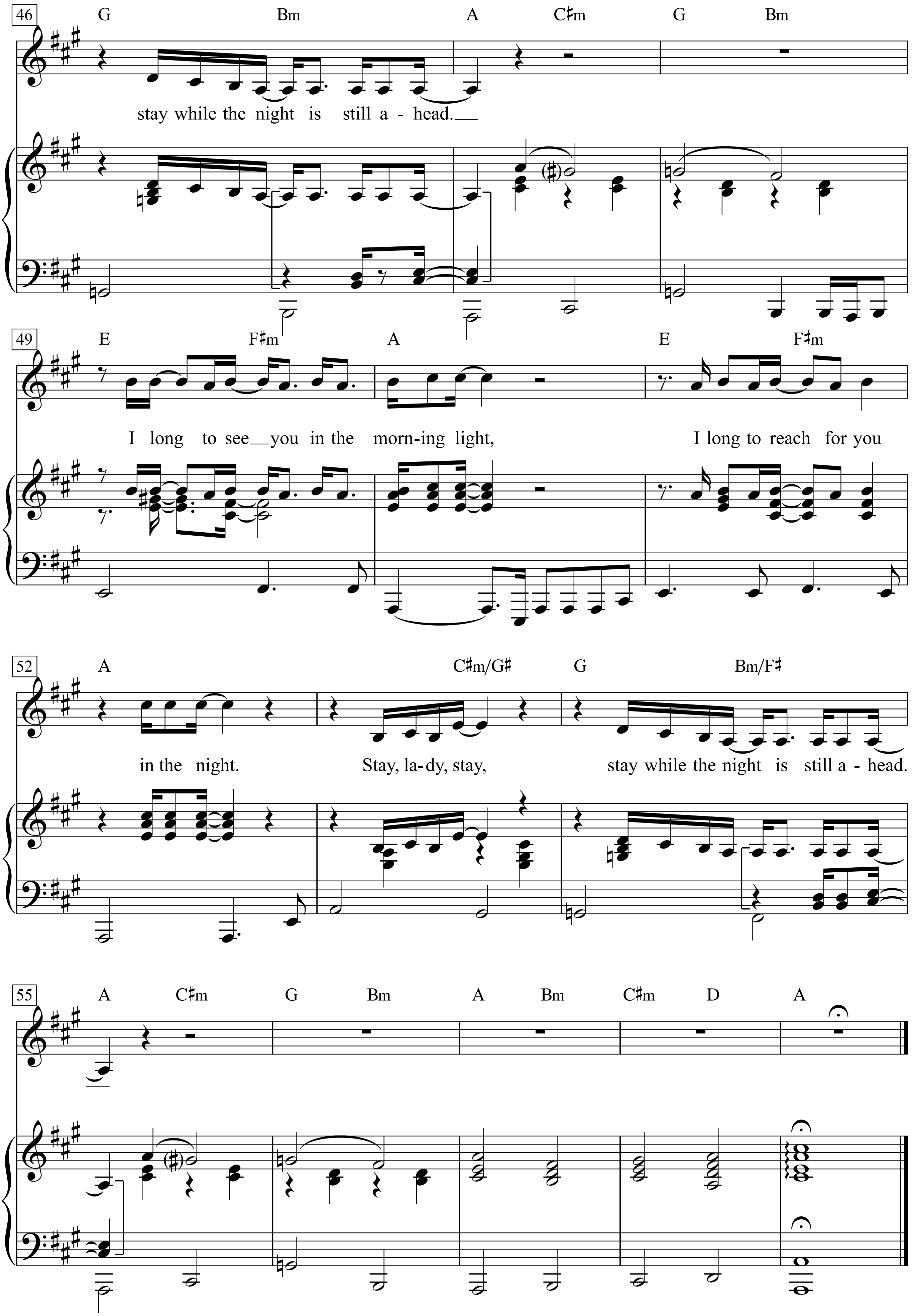
Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




11
E
F♯m
A
C♯m/G♯
I'll show them to you
and you'll see them shine.
Lay, la dy, lay,
14
G
Bm/F♯
A
C♯m
G
Bm
A
C♯m/G♯
lay a-cross my big brass bed.
Stay, la- dy, stay,
18
G
Bm/F♯
A
C♯m
G
Bm
A
C♯m/G♯
stay with your man a - while.
Un til the break of day,
22
G
Bm/F♯
A
C♯m
G
Bm
let me see you make him smile.


25
E F♯m A
His clothes are dirt - y but his hands are clean,
27
E F♯m A
and you're the best thing that he's ev - er seen.
29
C♯m/G♯ G Bm/F♯ A C♯m
Stay, la - dy, stay, stay with your man a - while.
32
G Bm C♯m E F♯m A
Why wait an - y long - er for the world to be - gin,


35
C♯m
Bm
A
you can have your cake_ and eat it too.___
37
C♯m
E F♯m A
Why wait an - y long - er for___ the one you love,__ when he's stand
39
C♯m
Bm
A
C♯m
3
- ing in front of you.___
Lay, la- dy, lay,_
42
G Bm A C♯m G Bm A C♯m
lay a-cross my big brass bed.___
Stay, la- dy, stay,


46
G
Bm
A
C♯m
G
Bm
stay while the night is still a - head.
49
E
F♯m
A
E
F♯m
I long to see you in the morn-ing light,
I long to reach for you
52
A
C♯m/G♯
G
Bm/F♯
in the night.
Stay, la-dy, stay,
stay while the night is still a - head.
55
A
C♯m
G
Bm
A
Bm
C♯m
D
A

Lay, lady, lay, lay across my big brass bed
Lay, lady, lay, lay across my big brass bed
Whatever colors you have in your mind
I’ll show them to you and you’ll see them shine
Lay, lady, lay, lay across my big brass bed

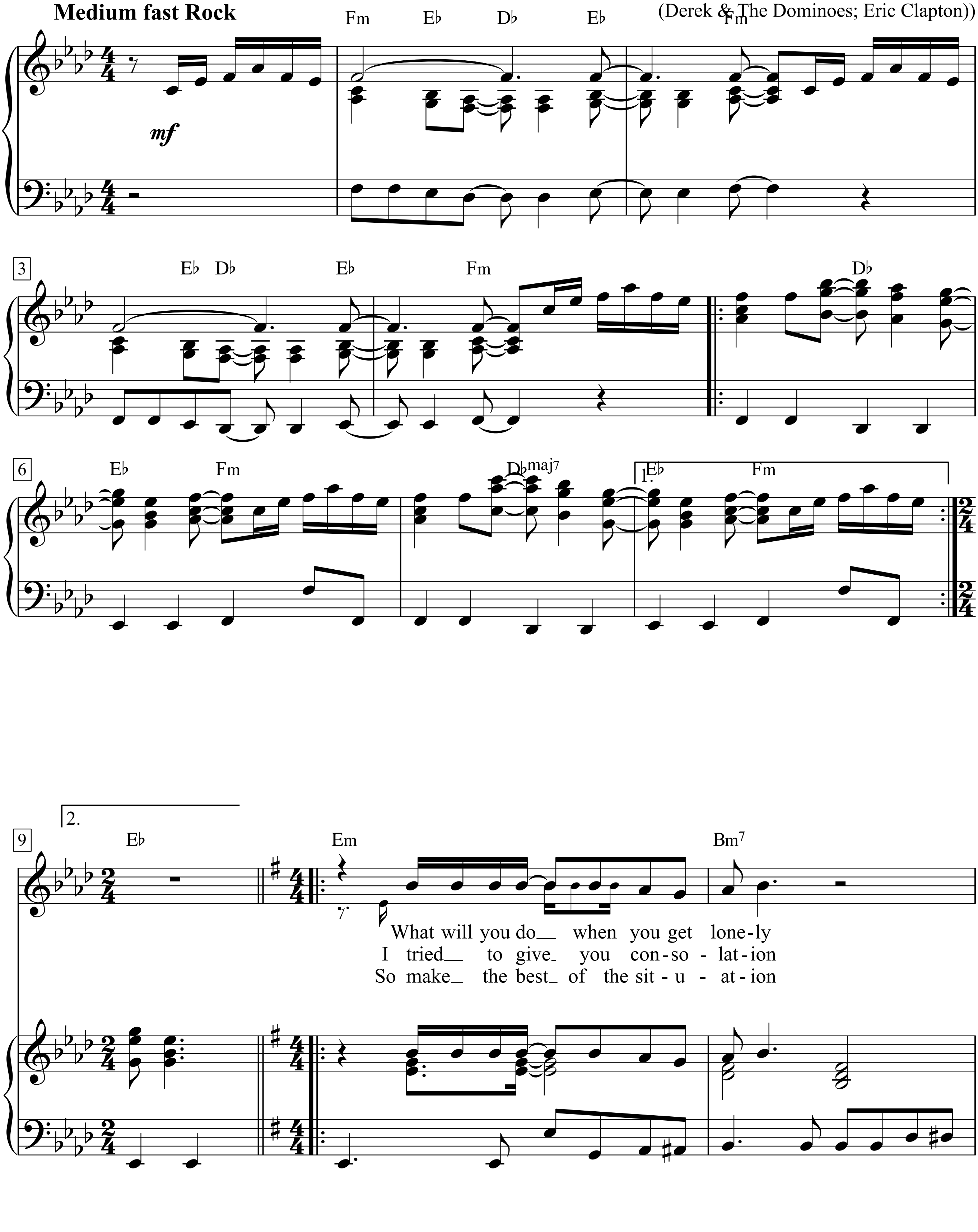
Stay, lady, stay, stay with your man awhile
Until the break of day, let me see you make him smile
His clothes are dirty but his hands are clean
And you’re the best thing that he’s ever seen
Stay, lady, stay, stay with your man awhile

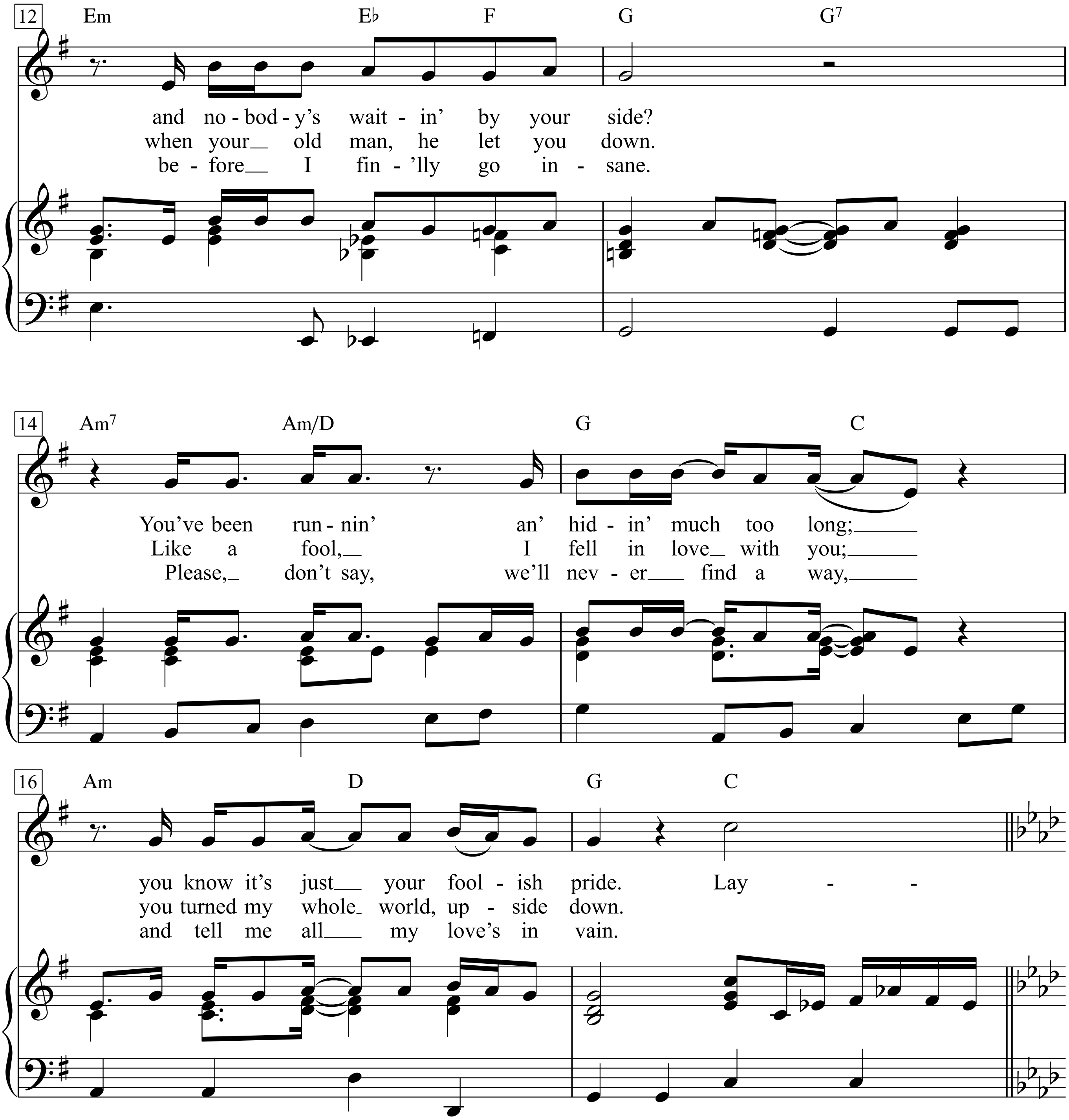
Why wait any longer for the world to begin,
You can have your cake and eat it too
Why wait any longer for the one you love
When he’s standing in front of you

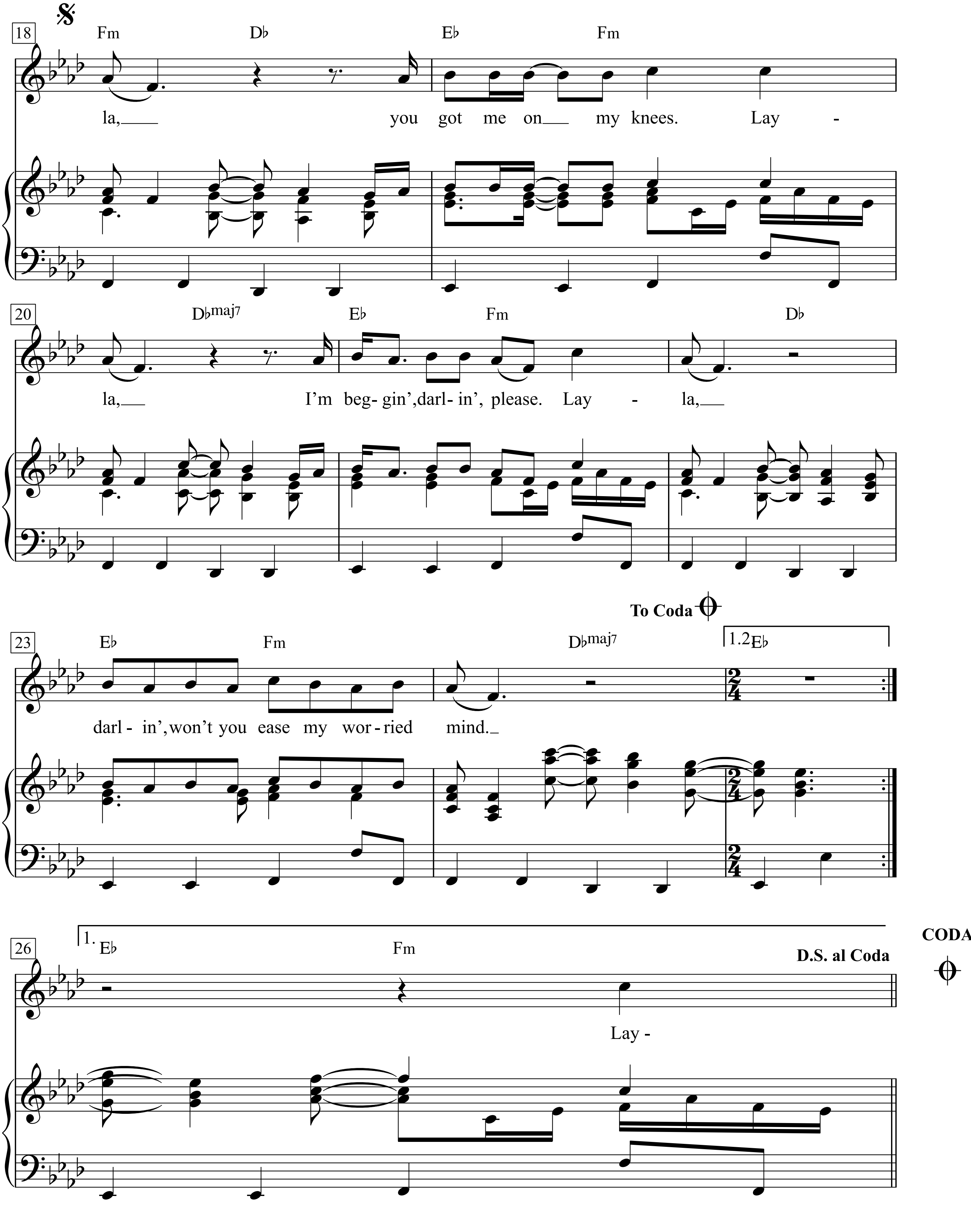
Lay, lady, lay, lay across my big brass bed
Stay, lady, stay, stay while the night is still ahead
I long to see you in the morning light
I long to reach for you in the night
Stay, lady, stay, stay while the night is still ahead

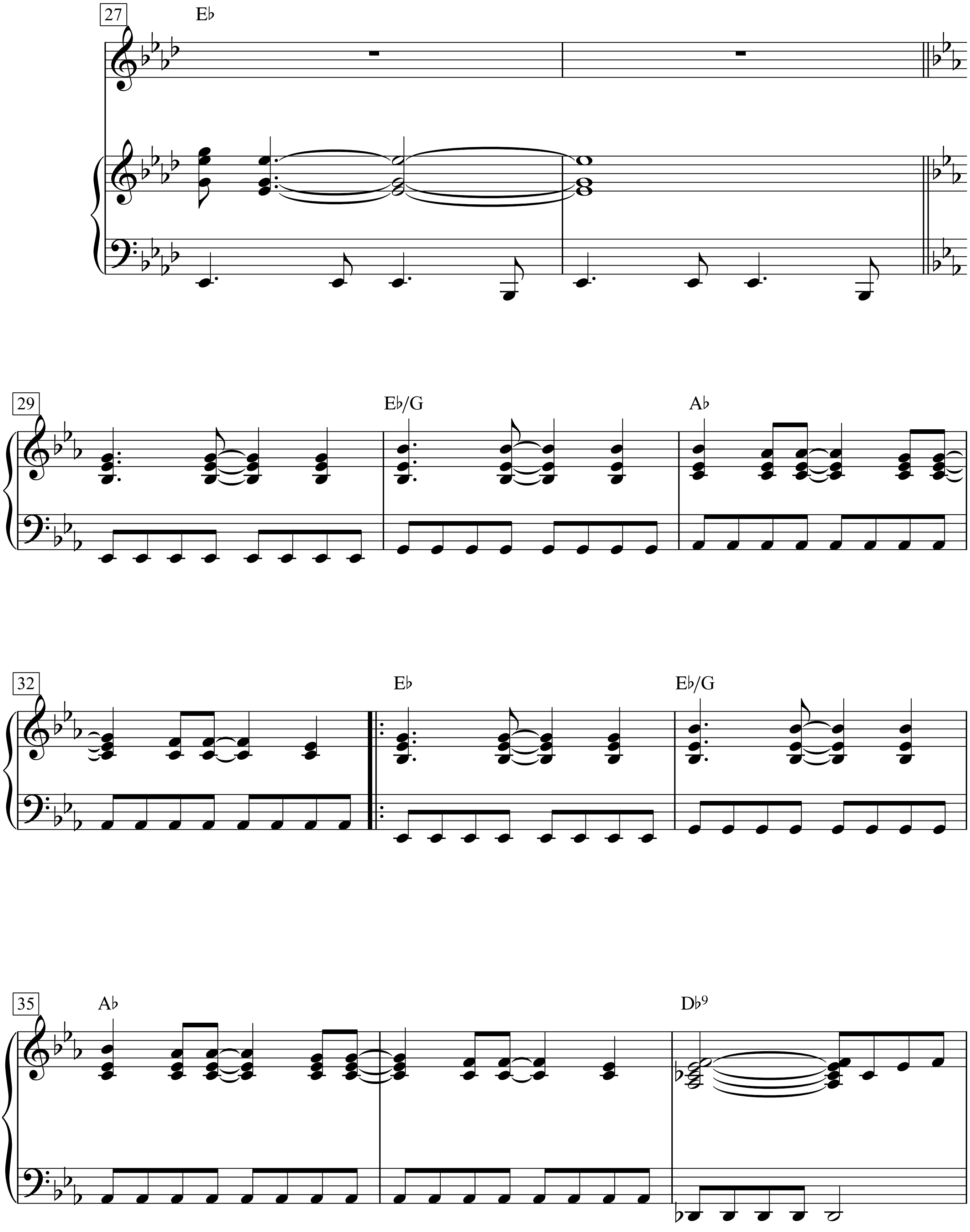
Layla

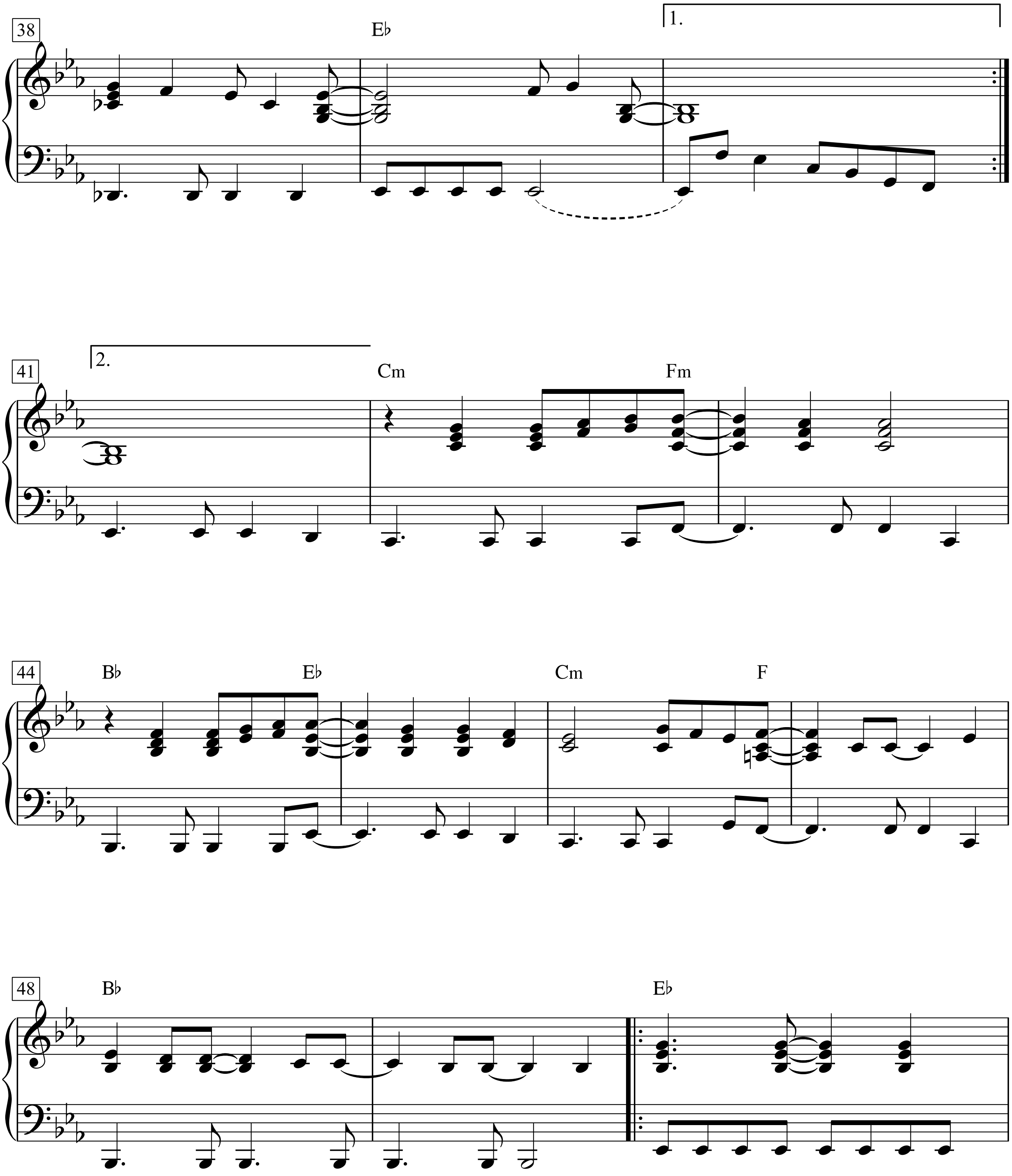
Words & Music by
Eric Clapton and Jim Gordon
(Derek & The Dominoes; Eric Clapton))

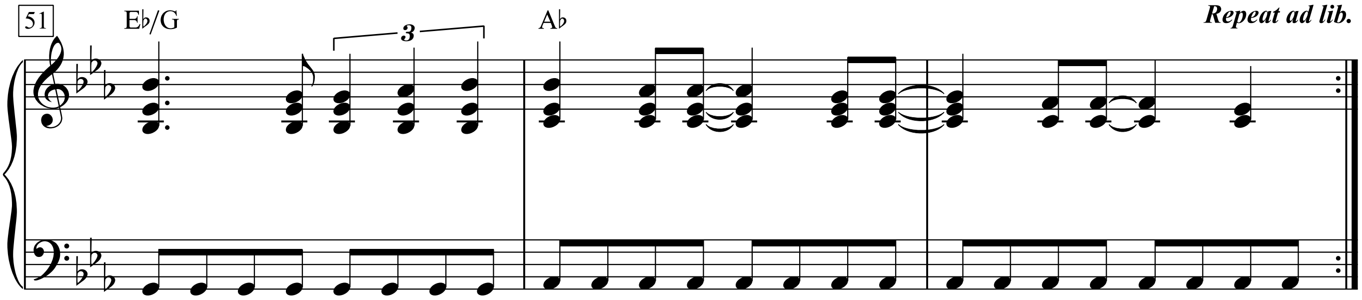


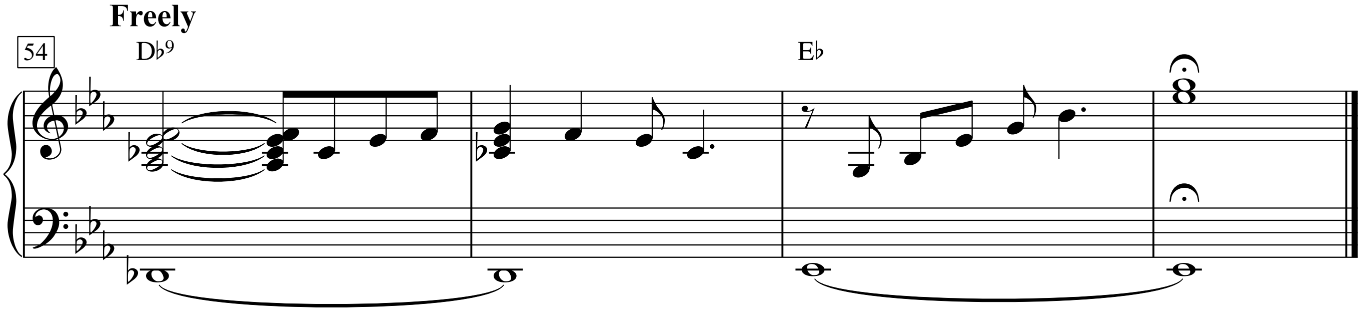

12
Em
E♭
F
G
G7
and no - bod - y's wait - in' by your side?
when your old man, he let you down.
be - fore I fin - 'lly go in - sane.
14
Am7
Am/D
G
C
You've been run - nin' an' hid - in' much too long;
Like a fool, I fell in love with you;
Please, don't say, we'll nev - er find a way,
16
Am
D
G
C
you know it's just your fool - ish pride. Lay - -
you turned my whole world, up - side down.
and tell me all my love's in vain.


18
Fm Db Eb Fm
la, you got me on my knees. Lay -
20
Dbmaj7 Eb Fm Db
la, I'm beg- gin', darl- in', please. Lay - la,
To Coda
23
Eb Fm Dbmaj7 1.2. Eb
darl - in', won't you ease my wor - ried mind.
26
1. Eb Fm
D.S. al Coda
Lay -
CODA


27
E♭
29
E♭/G
A♭
32
E♭
E♭/G
35
A♭
D♭9


38
E♭
1.
41
2.
Cm
Fm
44
B♭
E♭
Cm
F
48
B♭
E♭


51
E♭/G
3
A♭
Repeat ad lib.


Freely
54
D♭9
E♭

1.
What will you do when you get lonely and nobody's waitin' by your side?
You've been runnin' an' hidin' much too long; you know it's just your foolish pride.
Layla, you got me on my knees.
Layla,
I'm beggin', darlin', please.
Layla, darlin', won't you ease my worried mind.
Lay -

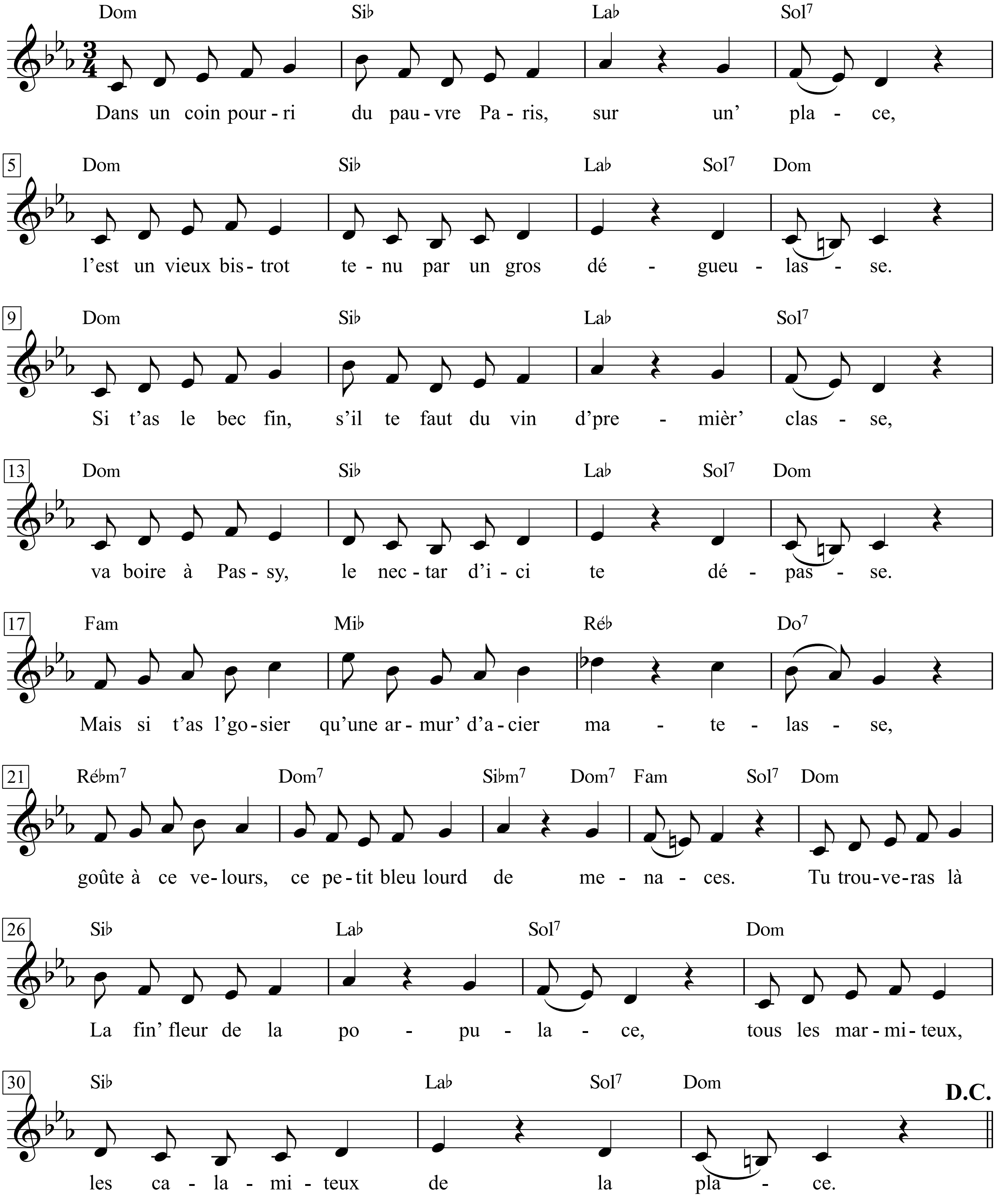
2.
I tried to give you consolation when your old man, he let you down.
Like a fool,
I fell in love with you; you turned my whole world, upside down.

3.
So make the best of the situation before I fin'lly go insane.
Please, don't say, we'll never find a way,
and tell me all my love's in vain.

Le bistrot
(Das Bistrot)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens

Java



1. Dans un coin pourri
Du pauvre Paris,
Sur un' place,
L'est un vieux bistrot
Tenu par un gros
Dégueulasse.

2. Si t'as le bec fin,
S'il te faut du vin
D' premièr' classe,
Va boire à Passy,
Le nectar d'ici
Te dépasse.

3. Mais si t'as l' gosier
Qu'une armur' d'acier
Matelasse,
Goûte à ce velours,
Ce petit bleu lourd
De menaces.

4. Tu trouveras là
La fin' fleur de la
Populace,
Tous les marmiteux,
Les calamiteux
De la place.

5. Qui viennent en rang,
Comme des harengs,
Voir en face
La bell' du bistrot,
La femme à ce gros
Dégueulasse.

6. Que je boive à fond
L'eau de tout's les fon-
tain's Wallace,
Si, dès aujourd'hui,
Tu n'es pas séduit
Par la grâce

7. De cett' joli' fé'
Qui, d'un bouge, a fait
Un palace,
Avec ses appas,
Du haut jusqu'en bas,
Bien en place.

8. Ces trésors exquis,
Qui les embrass', qui
Les enlace?
Vraiment, c'en est trop!
Tout ça pour ce gros
Dégueulasse!

9. C'est injuste et fou,
Mais que voulez-vous
Qu'on y fasse?
L'amour se fait vieux,
Il a plus les yeux
Bien en face.

1. In einer verkommenen Ecke
des armen Paris,
an einer Place,
steht ein altes Bistrot,
das gehört einem fetten
Widerling.

2. Wenn du eine feine Zunge hast,
wenn du Wein
erster Klasse brauchst,
geh in Passy trinken,
der hiesige Nektar
ist zu schwer für dich.

3. Wenn du aber eine Schnauze hast,
von einer Stahlrüstung
geschützt,
dann probier dies Zeug hier,
den schwer dräuenden
Roten.

4. Du findest hier
die Blüte
des Pöbels,
alle Hungerleider,
alle Pechvögel
der Place.

5. Die sich drängen
wie die Sardinen,
um zu betrachten
die Schönheit des Bistrot,
die Frau von diesem fetten
Widerling.

6. Ich will das Wasser aller
Brunnen von Wallace
austrinken,
wenn du nicht sofort
betört bist
vom Charme

7. dieser holden Fee,
die aus einem Dreckloch
einen Palast gemacht hat,
mit all ihren Reizen
von oben bis unten
bestens sortiert.

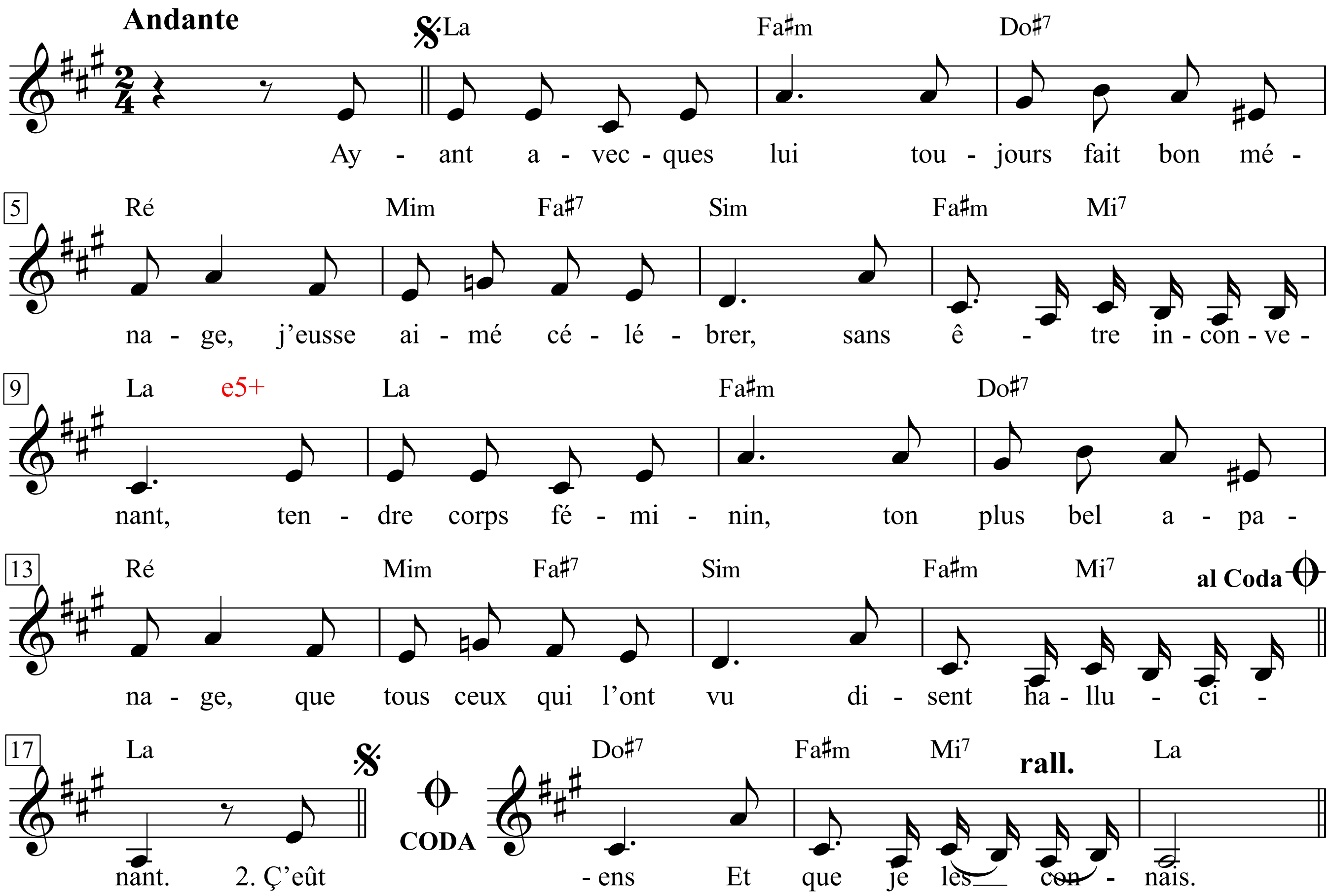
8. Diese erlesenen Schätze,
wer küsst sie, wer
umarmt sie?
Ehrlich, das ist zu viel!
All das für den fetten
Widerling!

9. Ungerecht und irre,
aber was soll man
da machen?
Cupido wird alt,
er fängt schon an
zu schielen.

Le Blason

(Der Blason)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Ayant avecques lui toujours fait bon ménage,
J'eusse aimé célébrer, sans être inconvenant,
Tendre corps féminin, ton plus bel apanage,
Que tous ceux qui l'ont vu disent hallucinant.

2. Ç'eût été mon ultime chant, mon chant du cygne,
Mon dernier billet doux, mon message d'adieu.
Or, malheureusement, les mots qui le désignent
Le disputent à l'exécrable, à l'odieux.

3. C'est la grande pitié de la langue française,
C'est son talon d'Achille et c'est son déshonneur,
De n'offrir que des mots entachés de bassesse
A cet incomparable instrument de bonheur.

4. Alors que tant de fleurs ont des noms poétiques,
Tendre corps féminin, c'est fort malencontreux
Que ta fleur la plus douce et la plus érotique
Et la plus enivrante en ait un si scabreux.

5. Mais le pire de tous est un petit vocable
De trois lettres, pas plus, familier, coutumier,
Il est inexplicable, il est irrévocable,
Honte à celui-là qui l'employa le premier.

6. Honte à celui-là qui, par dépit, par gageure,
Dota du même terme, en son fiel venimeux,
Ce grand ami de l'homme et la cinglante injure,
Celui-là, c'est probable, en était un fameux.

7. Misogyne à coup sûr, asexué sans doute,
Au charme de Vénus absolument rétif,
Était ce bougre qui, toute honte bu', toute,
Fit ce rapprochement, d'ailleurs intempestif.

8. La maie peste soit de cette homonymie!
C'est injuste, madame, et c'est désobligeant
Que ce morceau de roi de votre anatomie
Porte le même nom qu'une foule de gens.

9. Fasse le ciel qu'un jour, dans un trait de génie,
Un poète inspiré, que Pégase soutient,
Donne, effaçant d'un coup des siècles d'avanie,
A cette vrai' merveille un joli nom chrétien.

10. En attendant, madame, il semblerait dommage,
Et vos adorateurs en seraient tous peinés,
D'aller perdre de vu' que, pour lui rendre hommage,
Il est d'autres moyens et que je les connais,
Et que je les connais.

1. Da ich mit ihm allezeit gut zusammenlebte,
hätt ich gern, ohne aufdringlich zu sein, zelebriert,
zarter Frauenleib, dein schönstes Erbteil,
das alle, die es je sahen, schwindelerregend nennen.

2. Es sollte mein letztes Lied sein, mein Schwanengesang,
mein letztes billet doux, meine Abschiedsbotschaft.
Doch unseligerweise rücken die Worte, die es bezeichnen,
es in die Nähe des Scheußlichen, Abscheulichen.

3. Dies ist die große Schmach der französischen Sprache,
ihre Achillesferse und Unehre,
nichts als von Niedertracht besudelte Wörter zu bieten
für dies unvergleichliche Instrument des Glücks.

4. Während so viele Blumen poetische Namen haben,
zärtlicher Frauenleib, ist es sehr unglücklich,
dass deine schönste und erotischste
und berauschendste Blume einen so anstößigen hat.

5. Aber das Schlimmste von allem ist eine kleine Vokabel,
drei Buchstaben, nicht mehr, bekannt, gewöhnlich,
sie ist unerklärlich, sie ist nicht gutzumachen,
Schande über den, der sie als erster verwendete.

6. Schande über den, der aus Missgunst oder Unfähigkeit,
in grimmer Galle belegte mit dem gleichen Wort
diesen großartigen Freund des Mannes und die schneidende Schmähung,
er war selber vermutlich ein bedeutender solcher.

7. Sicherlich Misogyn, ohne Zweifel asexuell,
den Reizen der Venus absolut unzugänglich,
war dieses Viech, der Kerl, der - alle Schmach bis zur Neige geleert -
diese (überdies unangebrachte) Verbindung herstellte.

8. Die Pest solle diese Homonymie zerfressen!
Es ist ungerecht, Madame, und verletzend,
dass diese höchste Pracht Ihrer Anatomie
so heißt wie ein Haufen dummer Ärsche.

9. Gebe der Himmel, dass eines Tages, in einem Anfall von Genie,
ein inspirierter Poet, von Pegasus gestützt,
mit einem Hieb Jahrhunderte von Schimpf tilgt, indem er
diesem wahren Wunder einen schönen Taufnamen gibt.

10. Im Warten darauf, Madame, erschiene es betrüblich,
und Ihre Verehrer wären darob untröstlich,
aus dem Blick zu verlieren, dass es zu dessen Ehrung
andere Mittel gibt und dass ich sie kenne.

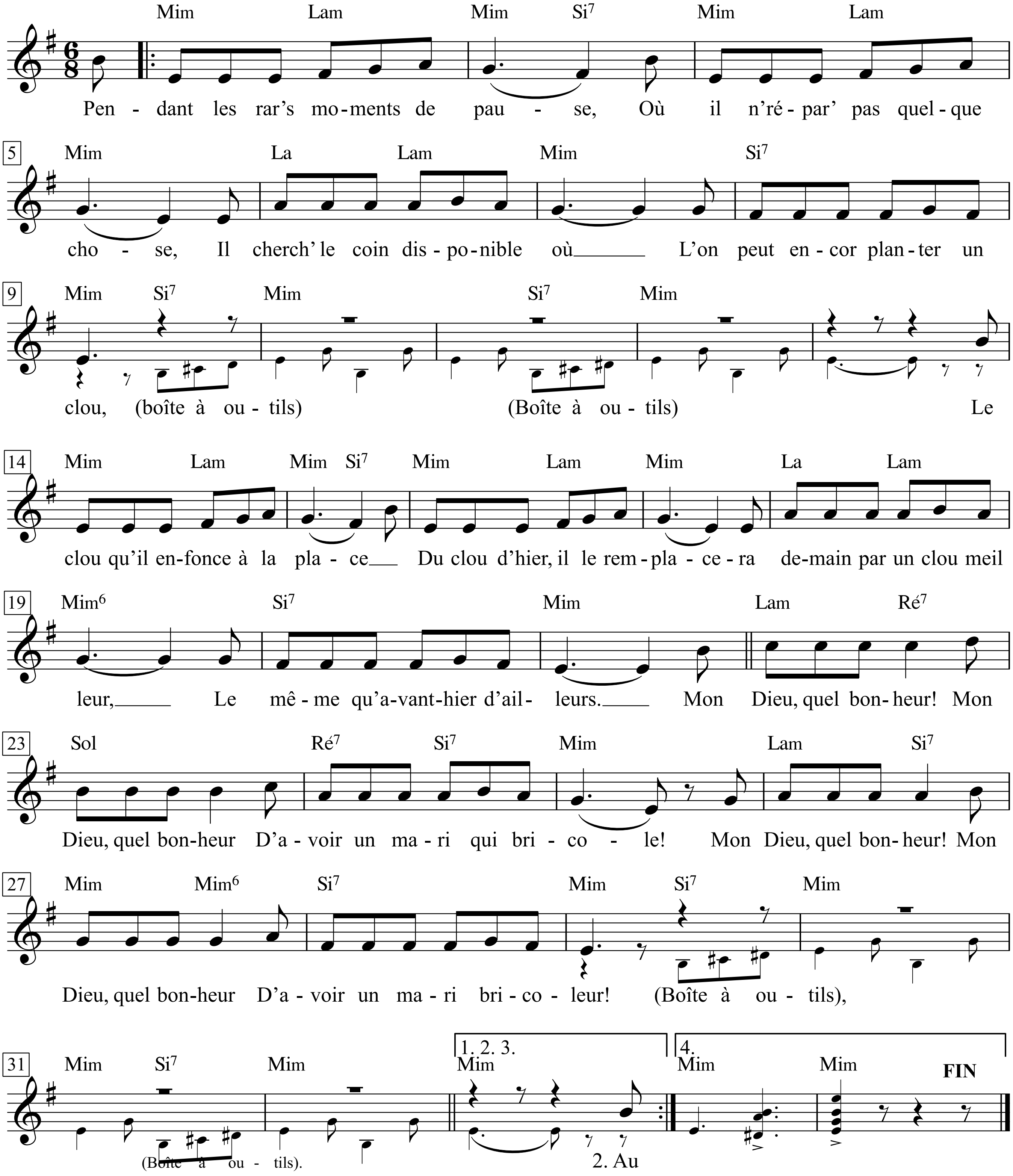
Mit blason, »Wappen«, bezeichnete man ausgiebig beschreibende Gedichte über heraldische Einzelheiten der weiblichen Anatomie, vor allem im 16. Jahrhundert von frz. Lyrikern (Marot, Scève) mit Hingabe betrieben; eine Auswahl erschien 1964 auf Deutsch als Die Blasons des weiblichen Körpers. Die von G. B. angesprochene Vokabel aus drei Buchstaben ist con, lat. cunnus, »Möse«, die auch wie »Arsch«, »Arschloch«, »Blödian« usw. zu geschlechtsneutraler Verunglimpfung verwendet wird - vgl. Le roi des cons, etc.

Le bricoleur

(Der Bastler)

Allegro moderato

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens
(Patachou)



Le bricoleur

Pendant les rar’s moments de pause,
Où il n’ répar’ pas quelque chose,
Il cherch’ le coin disponible où
L’on peut encor planter un clou, (boîte à outils) (bis)
Le clou qu’il enfonce à la place
Du clou d’hier, il le remplace-
ra demain par un clou meilleur,
Le même qu’avant-hier d’ailleurs.

Refrain
Mon Dieu, quel bonheur!
Mon Dieu, quel bonheur
D’avoir un mari qui bricole!
Mon Dieu, quel bonheur!
Mon Dieu, quel bonheur
D’avoir un mari bricoleur!
(Boîte à outils), (bis)

Au cours d’une de mes grossesses,
Devant lui je pestais sans cesse
Contre l’incroyable cherté
D’une layette de bébé, (boîte à outils) (bis)
Mais lorsque l’enfant vint au monde,
J’ vis avec une joie profonde
Qu’ mon mari s’était débrouillé
Pour me le fair’ tout habillé. (Au Refrain)

A l’heure actuelle, il fabrique
Un nouveau système électrique,
Qui va permettre à l’homme, enfin,
De fair’ de l’eau avec du vin. (boîte à outils) (bis)
Mais dans ses calculs il se trompe,
Et quand on veut boire à la pompe,
Il nous arriv’ d’ingurgiter
Un grand verre d’électricité. (Au Refrain)

Comme il redout’ que des canailles
Convoit’nt ses rabots, ses tenailles,
En se couchant, il les install’
Au milieu du lit conjugal, (boîte à outils) (bis)
Et souvent, la nuit, je m’éveille,
En rêvant aux monts et merveilles
Qu’annonce un frôlement coquin,
Mais ce n’est qu’un vilebrequin!

Mon Dieu, quel malheur,
Mon Dieu, quel malheur
D’avoir un mari qui bricole!
Mon Dieu, quel malheur,
Mon Dieu, quel malheur
D’avoir un mari bricoleur!

Der Bastler

In den seltenen Pausen,
wo er nicht gerad etwas repariert,
sucht er die Stelle, wo man noch
einen Nagel einschlagen kann. (Werkzeugkiste!) (bis)
Den Nagel, den er anstelle dessen
von gestern einschlägt, wird er morgen
durch einen besseren ersetzen,
natürlich den von vorgestern.

Refrain
Mein Gott, welches Glück!
Mein Gott, welches Glück,
’nen Gatten zu haben, der bastelt!
Mein Gott, welches Glück!
Mein Gott, welches Glück,
’nen Bastler als Mann zu haben!
(Werkzeugkiste!) (bis)

Im Verlauf einer meiner Schwangerschaften
jammerte ich ihm dauernd etwas vor
über die unglaublichen Preise
einer Babyausstattung. (Werkzeugkiste!) (bis)
Aber als das Kind auf die Welt kam,
sah ich mit tiefer Freude,
dass mein Mann sich die Mühe gegeben hatte,
mir das Kind voll angezogen zu machen.

Im Moment fabriziert er
ein neues Elektrosystem,
das dem Menschen endlich gestatten wird,
aus Wein Wasser zu machen. (Werkzeugkiste!) (bis)
Aber er hat sich verrechnet,
und wenn man vom Hahn trinken will,
kommt’s manchmal vor, dass man ein
großes Glas Elektrizität schluckt.

Da er fürchtet, dass irgendwelche Schufte
ihm Hobel und Zangen klauen könnten,
legt er sie, wenn er schlafen geht,
mitten ins Ehebett. (Werkzeugkiste!) (bis)
Und oft, nachts, werde ich wach,
träum, dass ich gleich die Sterne seh,
angekündigt von einer losen Berührung,
aber es ist nur ein Handbohrer.

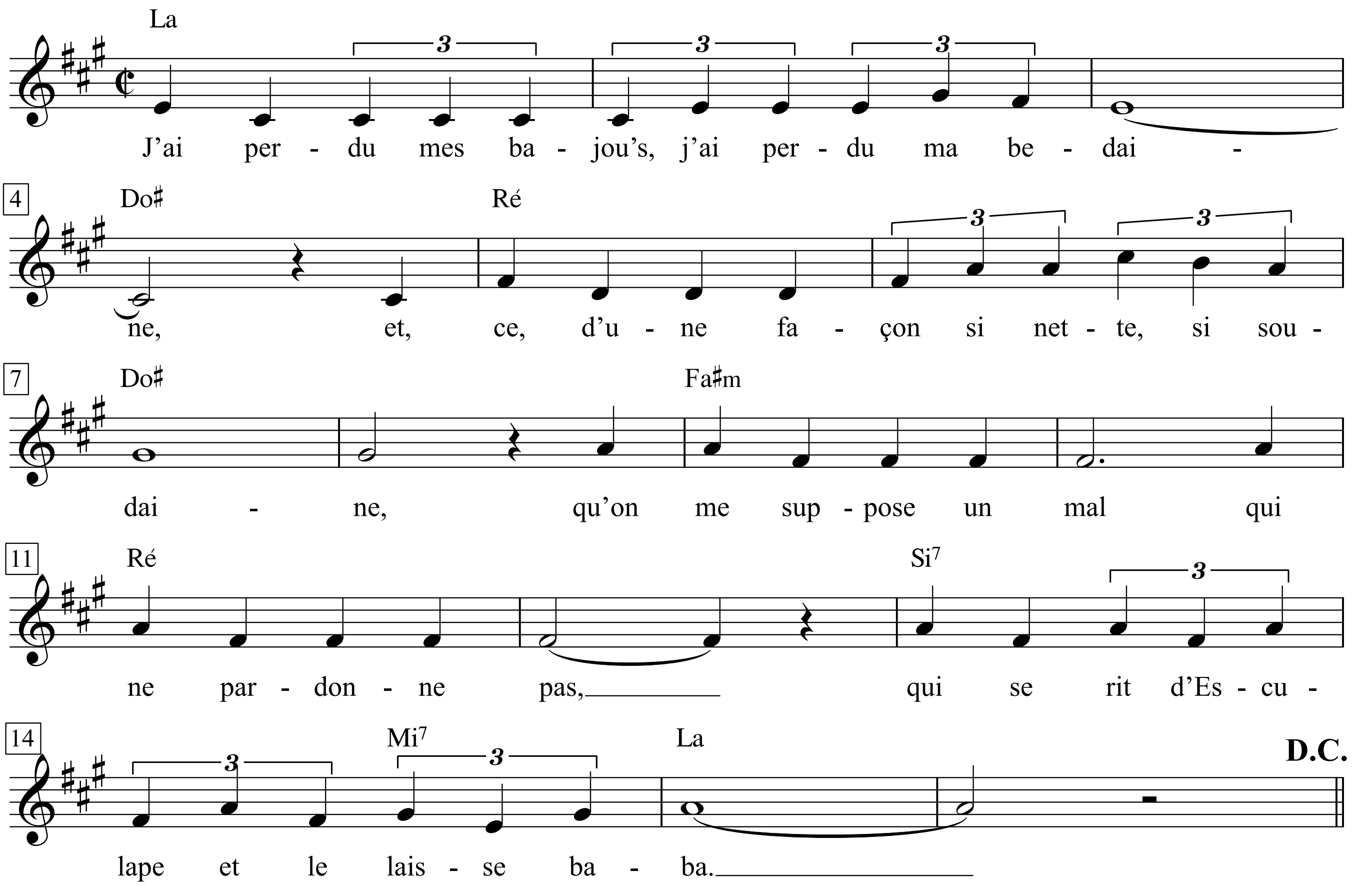
Mein Gott, welches Pech,
mein Gott, welches Pech,
’nen Gatten zu haben, der bastelt!
Mein Gott, welches Pech,
mein Gott, welches Pech,
’nen Bastler als Mann zu haben!

Le bulletin de santé

(Gesund geschrieben)

Allegro moderato

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. J'ai perdu mes bajou's, j'ai perdu ma bedaine,
Et, ce, d'une façon si nette, si soudaine,
Qu'on me suppose un mal qui ne pardonne pas,
Qui se rit d'Esculape et le laisse baba.

2. Le monstre du Loch Ness ne faisant plus recette
Durant les moments creux dans certaines gazettes,
Systématiquement, les nécrologues jou'nt
A me mettre au linceul sous des feuilles de chou.

3. Or, lassé de servir de tête de massacre,
Des contes à mourir debout qu'on me consacre,
Moi qui me porte bien, qui respir' la santé,
Je m'avance et je cri' toute la vérité.

4. Toute la vérité, messieurs, je vous la livre:
Si j'ai quitté les rangs des plus de deux cents livres,
C'est la faute à Mimi, à Lisette, à Ninon,
Et bien d'autres, j'ai pas la mémoire des noms.

1. Mein Wanst ist weg, die Hängebacken sind verloren,
ich hab jäh abgespeckt vom Arsch bis zu den Ohren,
dass man mir unterstellt, ich hätte ein Gebrest,
unheilbar, das selbst Äskulap verblöden lässt.

2. Das Ungeheuer von Loch Ness kann heut gewissen
Schmierern die Sauregurkenzeit nicht mehr versüßen,
drum bringen, mit System, Nachrufer mich ins Bild,
ins Käseblatt wie in ein Leichentuch gehüllt.

3. Ich hab die Schnauze voll, als Popanz für die Spalten
all der kotzblöden Leichenwürmer herzuhalten
- mir geht es gut, ich strotz vor Kraft, ich bin gesund,
und darum geb ich jetzt die ganze Wahrheit kund.

4. Die ganze Wahrheit beichte ich, ihr Herrn - ich singe:
Wenn ich die hundert Kilo heute nicht mehr bringe,
liegt's an Mimi, Lisette, Ninon und andren mehr -
die vielen Namen zu behalten fällt mir schwer.

5. Si j'ai trahi les gros, les joufflus, les obèses,
C'est que je baise, que je baise, que je baise
Comme un bouc, un bélier, une bête, une brut',
Je suis hanté: le rut, le rut, le rut, le rut!

5. Wenn ich euch schnöd verriet, o Feiste Schwere Große,
dann weil ich stoße, weil ich stoße, weil ich stoße,
wie ein Bock, wie ein Stier, ein Ungetüm das punzt,
mich treibt nur eins: die Brunst, die Brunst, die Brunst, die Brunst.

6. Qu'on me comprenne bien, j'ai l'âme du satyre
Et son comportement, mais ça ne veut point dire
Que j'en ai' le talent, le géni', loin s'en faut!
Pas une seule encor' ne m'a crié »bravo!«

6. Zwar hab ich eines Satyrs Seele und Betragen,
ja, aber das soll bitte keineswegs besagen,
dass mich gleiches Genie auszeichnete wie ihn -
bisher hat mir noch keine »bravo!« nachgeschrien.

7. Entre autres fines fleurs, je compte, sur ma liste
Rose, un bon nombre de femmes de journalistes
Qui, me pensant fichu, mettent toute leur foi
A m' donner du bonheur une dernière fois.

7. Mit andren stehn auf meinen rosa Namenslisten
auch reihenweise Gattinnen von Journalisten.
Sie lasen, ich läg schon mit einem Ei im Grab
tun alles, dass ich noch nen feinen Abgang hab.

8. C'est beau, c'est généreux, c'est grand, c'est magnifique!
Et, dans les positions les plus pornographiques,
Je leur rends les honneurs à fesses rabattu's
Sur de tas de bouillons, des paquets d'invendus.

8. Welch schönes, edles, welch großmütiges Gedenken!
Und unter allerpornographischstem Verrenken
erwidre ich die Ehre, die sie mir gewährn,
sehr gern auf Remittenden der betroffnen Herrn.

9. Et voilà ce qui fait que, quand vos légitimes
Montrent leurs fesse' au peuple ainsi qu'à vos intimes,
On peut souvent y lire, imprimés à l'envers,
Les échos, les petits potins, les faits divers.

9. So geht's, Messieurs, wenn eure liebevollen Bräute
den Po entblößen für die Presse, Land und Leute:
In Spiegelschrift gedruckt liest man darauf dann Klatsch-
kolumne, Nachruf, Kommentar, Gesellschaftsquatsch.

10. Et si vous entendez sourdre, à travers les plinthes
Du boudoir de ces dam's, des râles et des plaintes,
Ne dites pas: »C'est tonton Georges qui expire«,
Ce sont tout simplement les anges qui soupirent.

10. Hört ihr aus den Boudoirs der Damen mal ein Klagen,
ein Ächzen, Stöhnen, wie von sanftem Wind getragen,
sagt nicht: »Das ist Georges, der den letzten Schnaufer tut«,
das sind die Engelchen, die singen, und zwar gut.

11. Et si vous entendez crier comme en quatorze:
«Debout! Debout les morts!« ne bombez pas le torse,
C'est l'épouse exalté' d'un rédacteur en chef
Qui m'incite à monter à l'assaut derechef.

11. Und wird, wie anno vierzehn, im Gemach geschrien:
»Steht auf, Gefallne!« müsst ihr nicht gleich niederknien:
Es ist des Chefredakteurs Gattin, die gelöst
und hitzig mich noch einmal zur Attacke bläst.

12. Certe', il m'arrive bien, revers de la médaille,
De laisser quelquefois des plum's à la bataille...
Hippocrate dit: »Oui, c'est des crêtes de coq«,
Et Gallien répond »Non, c'est des gonocoqu's...«

12. Ich geb ja zu, dass ich dabei nicht nur gewinne,
ich lass auch schon mal Federn auf dem Feld der Minne ...
Hippokrates erklärt: »Das macht das Filzlausvieh«,
und Galienus sagt: »Gonokokketterie.«

13. Tous les deux ont raison. Vénus parfois vous donne
De méchants coups de pied qu'un bon chrétien pardonne,
Car, s'ils causent du tort aux attributs virils,
Ils mettent rarement l'existence en péril.

13. Sie haben beide recht. Oft zwickt uns Venus eben
an solchen Stellen, was ihr Christen gern vergeben,
denn wenn's um Schäden an Ermannbarkeiten geht,
scheint ihnen, dass nichts Großes auf der Kippe steht.

14. Eh bien, oui, j'ai tout ça, rançon de mes fredaines.
La barque pour Cythère est mise en quarantaine.
Mais je n'ai pas encor, non, non, non, trois fois non,
Ce mal mystérieux dont on cache le nom.

14. Nun ja, ich hab all dies. Der Hobel kriegt halt Späne.
Mein Cupido steht, aber unter Quarantäne.
Doch nein, nein, nein, ich habe bis zu diesem Tag
dies üble Leiden nicht, das keiner nennen mag.

15. Si j'ai trahi les gros, les joufflus, les obèses,
C'est que je baise, que je baise, que je baise
Comme un bouc, un bélier, une bête, une brut',
Je suis hanté: le rut, le rut, le rut, le rut!

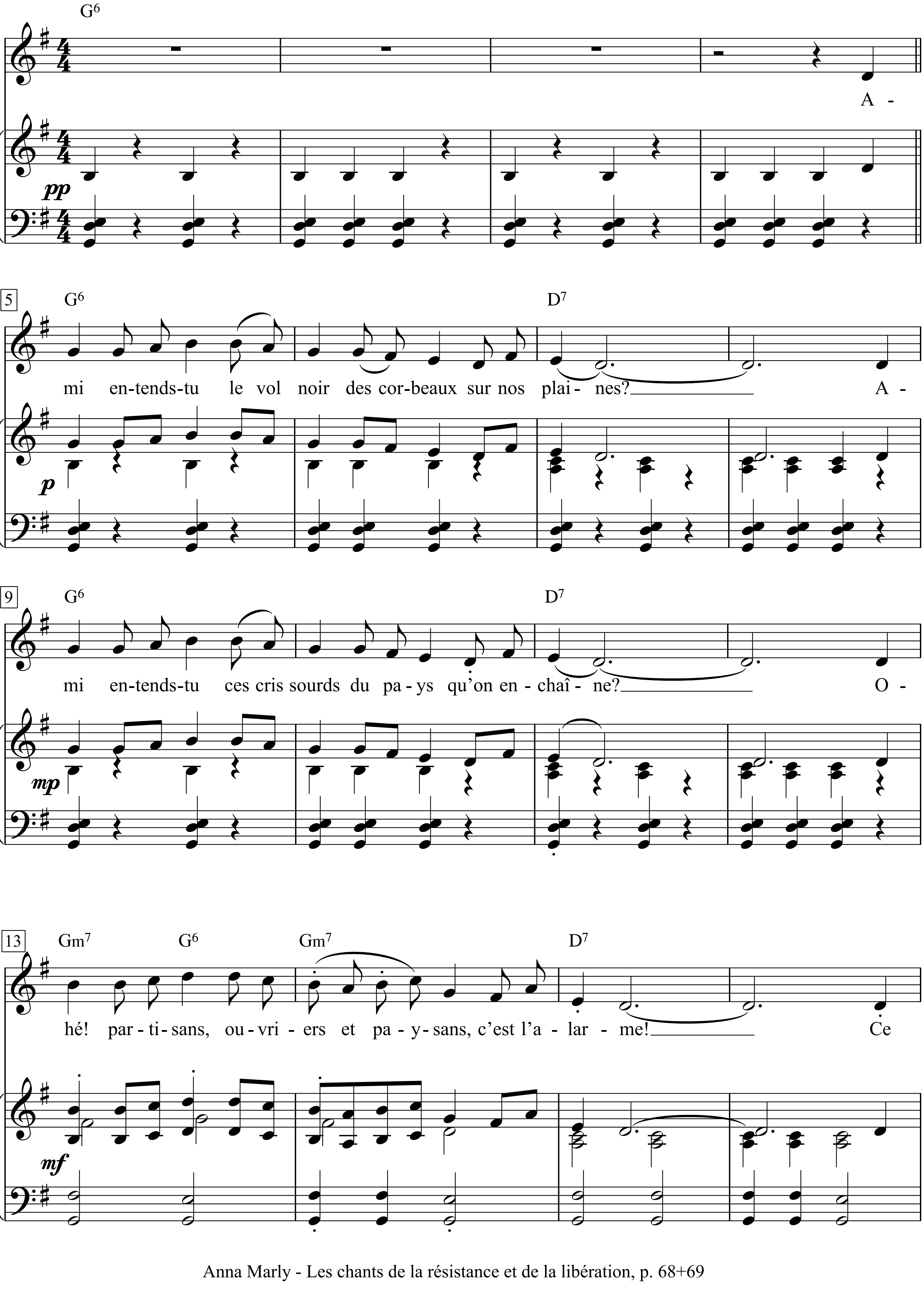
15. Wenn ich euch schnöd verriet, o Feiste Schwere Große,
dann weil ich stoße, weil ich stoße, weil ich stoße,
wie ein Bock, wie ein Stier, ein Ungetüm das punzt,
mich treibt nur eins: die Brunst, die Brunst, die Brunst, die Brunst.

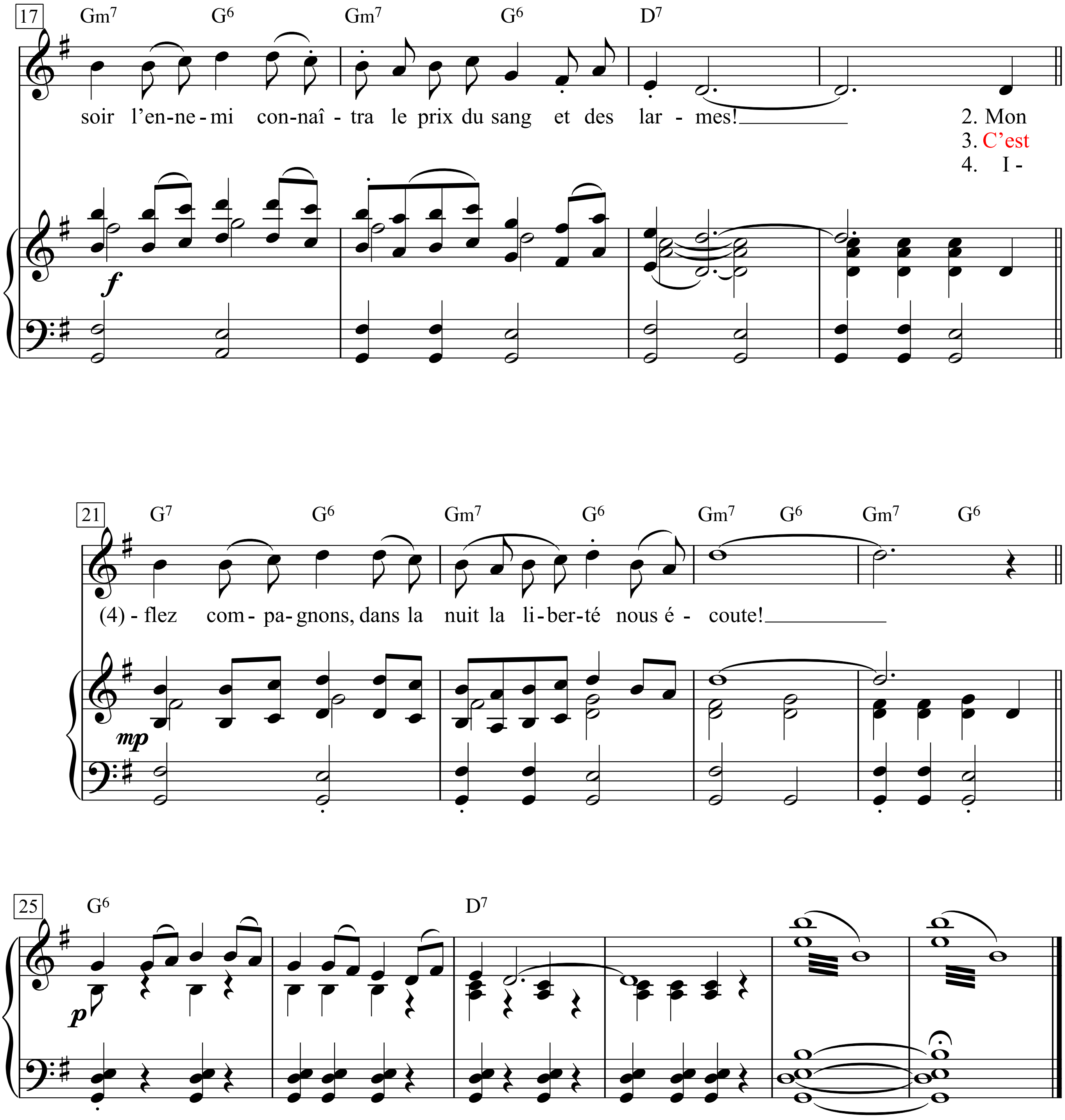
Le chant des partisans

Paroles de Maurice Druon & Joseph Kessel

Musique de Anna Marly
(Anna Marly)

Tempo di Marche




17
Gm7 G6 Gm7 G6 D7
soir l'en-ne-mi con-naî - tra le prix du sang et des lar - mes!
2. Mon
3. C'est
4. I -
f
21
G7 G6 Gm7 G6 Gm7 G6 Gm7 G6
(4) - flez com- pa- gnons, dans la nuit la li-ber-té nous é - coute!
mp
25
G6 D7
p

1. Ami entends-tu
Le vol noir des corbeaux
Sur nos plaines?

Ami entends-tu
Ces cris sourds du pays
Qu'on enchaîne?

Ohé! partisans,
Ouvriers et paysans,
C'est l'alarme!

Ce soir l'ennemi
Connaîtra le prix du sang
Et des larmes!

2. Montez de la mine,
Descendez des collines,
Camarades,

Sortez de la paille,
Les fusils, la mitraille,
Les grenades ...

Ohé! les tueurs,
A la balle ou au couteau
Tuez vite!

Ohé! saboteur,
Attention à ton fardeau ...
Dynamite!

3. C'est nous qui brisons
Les barreaux des prisons
Pour nos frères,

La haine à nos trousses
Et la faim qui nous pousse,
La misère ...

Il y a des pays
Où les gens au creux du lit
Font des rêves;

Ici, nous, vois-tu,
Nous on marche et nous on tue,
Nous on crève.

4. Ici, chacun sait
Ce qu'il veut, ce qu'il fait
Quand il passe ...

Ami, si tu tombes
L'n ami sort de l'ombre
A ta place.

Demain, du sang noir
Sèchera au grand soleil
Sur les routes.

Sifflez compagnons,
Dans la nuit la liberté
Nous écoute.

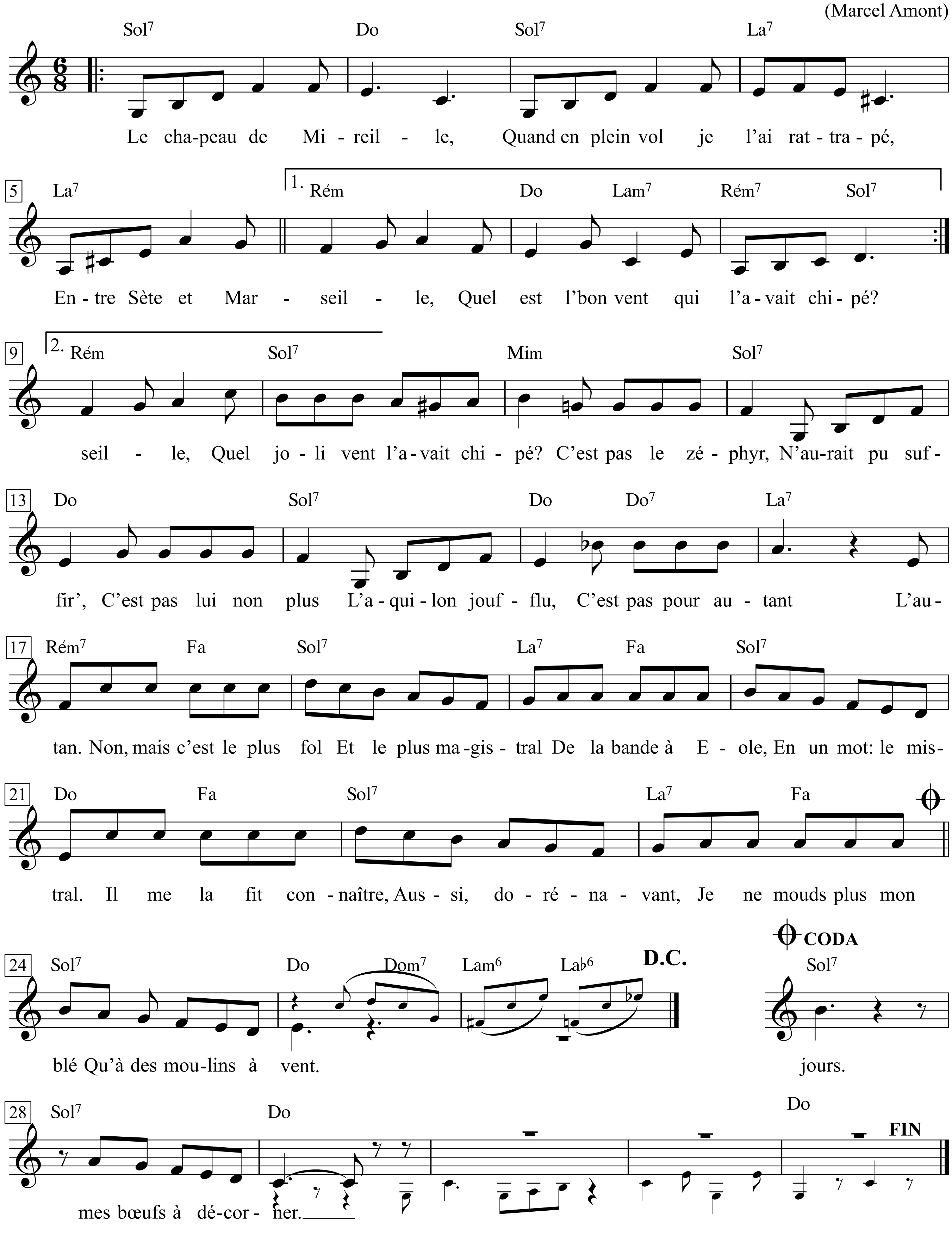
Pour finir: reprise sifflée ou à bouche fermée

Le chapeau de Mireille

(Der Hut von Mireille)

Allegro moderato

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens
(Marcel Amont)



Le chapeau de Mireille

Le chapeau de Mireille,
Quand en plein vol je l'ai rattrapé,
Entre Sète et Marseille,
Quel est l' bon vent qui l'avait chipé?
Le chapeau de Mireille,
Quand en plein vol je l'ai rattrapé,
Entre Sète et Marseille,
Quel joli vent l'avait chipé?
C'est pas le zéphyr,
N'aurait pu suffir',
C'est pas lui non plus
L'aquilon joufflu,
C'est pas pour autant
L'autan.
Non, mais c'est le plus fol
Et le plus magistral
De la bande à Eole,
En un mot: le mistral.
Il me la fit connaître,
Aussi, dorénavant,
Je ne mouds plus mon blé
Qu'à des moulins à vent.

Quand la jupe à Mireille
Haut se troussa, haut se retroussa,
Découvrant des merveilles:
Quel est l' bon vent qui s'est permis ça?
Quand la jupe à Mireille
Haut se troussa, haut se retroussa,
Découvrant des merveilles:
Quel joli vent s'est permis ça?
C'est pas le zéphyr,
N'aurait pu suffir',
C'est pas lui non plus,
L'aquilon joufflu,
C'est pas pour autant
L'autan.
Non, mais c'est le plus fol
Et le plus magistral
De la bande à Eole,
En un mot: le mistral.
Il me montra sa jambe,
Aussi reconnaissant,
Je lui laisse emporter
Mes tuiles en passant.

Quand j'embrassai Mireille,
Qu'elle se cabra, qu'elle me rembarra,
Me tira les oreilles,
Quel est l' bon vent qui retint son bras?
Quand j'embrassai Mireille,
Qu'elle se cabra, qu'elle me rembarra,
Me tira les oreilles,
Quel joli vent retint son bras?
C'est pas le zéphyr,
N'aurait pu suffir',
C'est pas lui non plus
L'aquilon joufflu,
C'est pas pour autant
L'autan.
Non, mais c'est le plus fol
Et le plus magistral
De la bande à Eole,
En un mot: Le mistral.
Il m'épargna la gifle,
Aussi, dessus mon toit
Y' avait un' seul' girouette,

Der Hut von Mireille

Der Hut von Mireille,
als ich den im Flug auffing
zwischen Sète und Marseille,
welcher gute Wind hatte ihn ihr stibitzt?
Der Hut von Mireille,
als ich den im Flug auffing
zwischen Sète und Marseille,
welcher nette Wind hatte ihn ihr stibitzt?
Das ist nicht der Zephyr,
der hätte nicht gereicht,
und auch nicht der paus-
backige Nord,
ebensowenig der
Südwind.
Nein, sondern der tollste
und meisterlichste
von Äols Truppe,
mit einem Wort: der Mistral.
Er brachte uns zusammen,
deshalb, seitdem,
mahl ich mein Korn nur noch
mit Windmühlen.

Als der Rock von Mireille
hoch flog, sich hoch umstülpte,
Wunder enthüllte:
Welcher gute Wind hat sich das erlaubt?
Als der Rock von Mireille
hoch flog, sich hoch umstülpte,
Wunder enthüllte:
Welcher nette Wind hat sich das erlaubt?
Das ist nicht der Zephyr,
der hätte nicht gereicht,
und auch nicht der paus-
backige Nord,
ebensowenig der
Südwind.
Nein, sondern der tollste
und meisterlichste
von Äols Truppe,
mit einem Wort: der Mistral.
Er zeigte mir ihr Bein,
deshalb, dankbar,
lass ich ihn, wenn er vorbeikommt,
meine Dachziegel mitnehmen.

Als ich Mireille küsste,
als sie sich sträubte, mich abwies,
mir die Ohren langzog,
welcher gute Wind hat da ihren Arm zurückgehalten?
Als ich Mireille küsste,
als sie sich sträubte, mich abwies,
mir die Ohren langzog,
welcher nette Wind hat da ihren Arm zurückgehalten?
Das ist nicht der Zephyr,
der hätte nicht gereicht,
und auch nicht der paus-
backige Nord,
ebensowenig der
Südwind.
Nein, sondern der tollste
und meisterlichste
von Äols Truppe,
mit einem Wort: der Mistral.
Er ersparte mir die Ohrfeige,
deshalb gibt's auf meinem Dach,
wo nur eine Wetterfahne stand,

Et quand avec Mireille
Dans le fossé on s'est enlacés,
A l'ombre d'une treille,
Quel est l' bon vent qui nous a poussés?
Et quand avec Mireille
Dans le fossé on s'est enlacés,
A l'ombre d'une treille,
Quel joli vent nous a poussés?
C'est pas le zéphyr,
N'aurait pu suffir',
C'est pas lui non plus
L'aquilon joufflu,
C'est pas pour autant
L'autan.
Non, mais c'est le plus fol
Et le plus magistral
De la bande à Eole,
En un mot: le mistral.
Il me coucha sur elle,
En échange aussitôt
Je mis un' voil' de plus
A mon petit bateau.

Quand j'ai perdu Mireille,
Que j'épanchai le cœur affligé
Des larmes sans pareilles,
Quel est l' bon vent qui les a séchées?
Quand j'ai perdu Mireille,
Que j'épanchai le cœur affligé
Des larmes sans pareilles,
Quel joli vent les a séchées?
C'est pas le zéphyr,
N'aurait pu suffir',
C'est pas lui non plus
L'aquilon joufflu,
C'est pas pour autant
L'autan.
Non, mais c'est le plus fol
Et le plus magistral
De la bande à Eole,
En un mot: le mistral.
Il balaya ma peine
Aussi, sans lésiner
Je lui donne toujours
Mes bœufs à décorner.

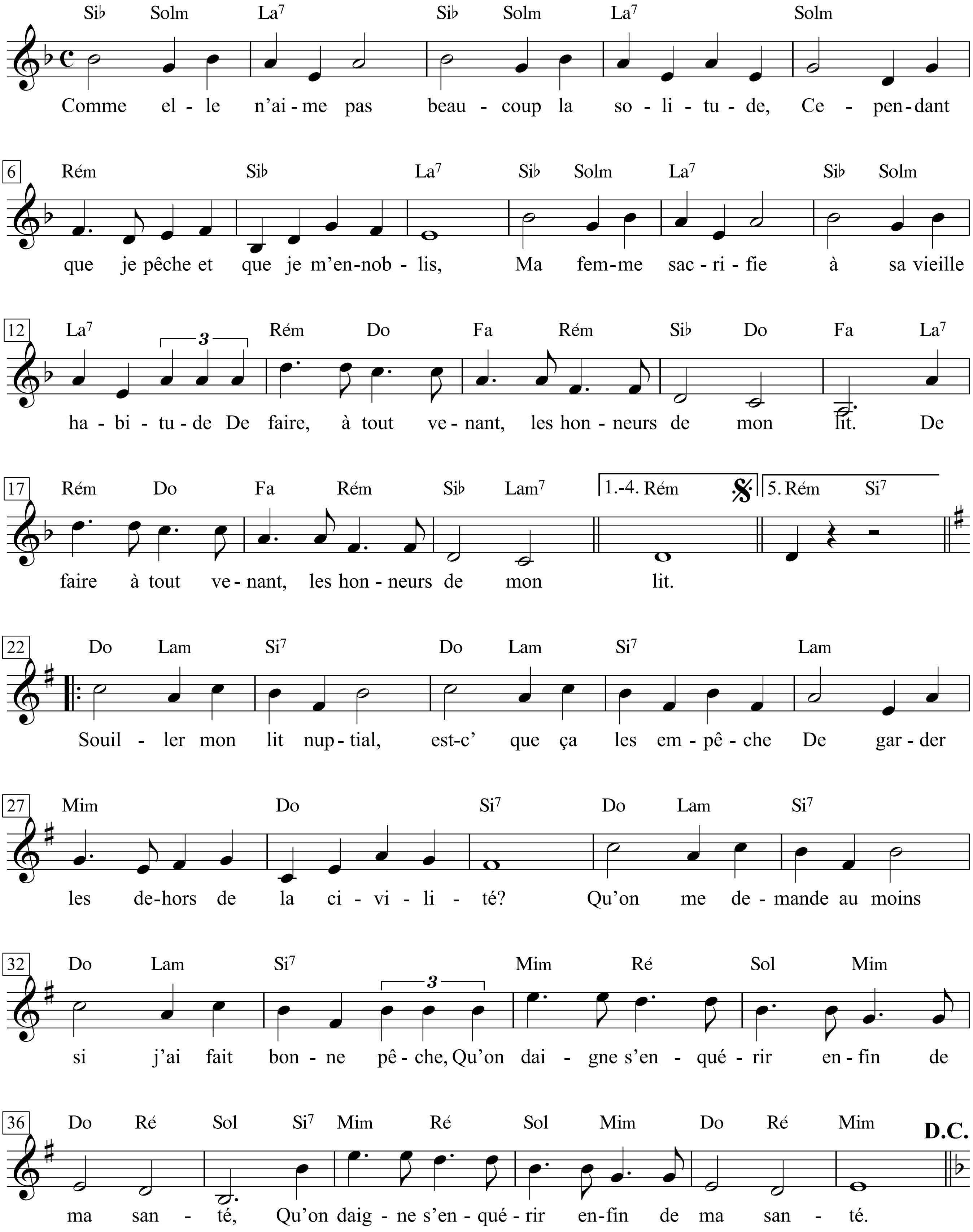
Und als Mireille und ich
einander im Graben umschlangen
im Schatten eines Weinspaliers,
welcher gute Wind hat uns da getrieben?
Und als Mireille und ich
einander im Graben umschlangen
im Schatten eines Weinspaliers,
welcher nette Wind hat uns da getrieben?
Das ist nicht der Zephyr,
der hätte nicht gereicht,
und auch nicht der paus-
backige Nord,
ebensowenig der
Südwind.
Nein, sondern der tollste
und meisterlichste
von Äols Truppe,
mit einem Wort: der Mistral.
Er legte mich auf sie,
bald, als Gegenleistung,
setzte ich ein zusätzliches Segel
auf meinem kleinen Boot.

Als ich Mireille verlor,
mein betrübtes Herz ergoss
in Tränen ohnegleichen,
welcher gute Wind hat sie getrocknet?
Als ich Mireille verlor,
mein betrübtes Herz ergoss
in Tränen ohnegleichen,
welcher nette Wind hat sie getrocknet?
Das ist nicht der Zephyr,
der hätte nicht gereicht,
und auch nicht der paus-
backige Nord,
ebensowenig der
Südwind.
Nein, sondern der tollste
und meisterlichste
von Äols Truppe,
mit einem Wort: der Mistral.
Er verwehte meinen Schmerz,
deshalb stell ich ihm, ohne zu knausern,
meine Stiere hin, dass er
ihnen die Hörner wegblasen kann.

Le cocu

(Der Cocu)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.85 & II. S.210-213

1. Comme elle n'aime pas beaucoup la solitude,
Cependant que je pêche et que je m'ennoblis,
Ma femme sacrifie à sa vieille habitude
De faire, à tout venant, les honneurs de mon lit. (bis)

2. Eh! oui, je suis cocu, j'ai du cerf sur la tête,
On fait force de trous dans ma lune de miel,
Ma bien-aimé' ne m'invite plus à la fête
Quand ell' va faire un tour jusqu'au septième ciel, (bis)

3. Au péril de mon cœur, la malheureuse écorne
Le pacte conjugal et me le déprécie,
Que je ne sache plus où donner de la corne
Semble bien être le cadet de ses soucis, (bis)

4. Les galants de tout poil viennent boire en mon verre,
Je suis la providence des écornifleurs,
On cueille dans mon dos la tendre primevère
Qui tenait le dessus de mon panier de fleurs, (bis)

5. En revenant fourbu de la pêche à la ligne,
Je les surprends tout nus dans leurs débordements.
Conseillez-leur le port de la feuille de vigne,
Ils s'y refuseront avec entêtement, (bis)

6. Souiller mon lit nuptial, est-c' que ça les empêche
De garder les dehors de la civilité?
Qu'on me demande au moins si j'ai fait bonne pêche,
Qu'on daigne s'enquérir enfin de ma santé, (bis)

7. De grâce, un minimum d'attentions délicates
Pour ce pauvre mari qu'on couvre de safran!
Le cocu, d'ordinaire, on le choie, on le gâte,
On est en fin de compte un peu de ses parents, (bis)

8. A l'heure du repas, mes rivaux détestables
Ont encor' ce toupet de lorgner ma portion!
Ça leur ferait pas peur de s'asseoir à ma table.
Cocu, tant qu'on voudra, mais pas amphitryon, (bis)

9. Partager sa moitié, est-c' que cela comporte
Que l'on partage aussi la chère et la boisson?
Je suis presque obligé de les mettre à la porte,
Et bien content s'ils n'emportent pas mes poissons. (bis)

10. Bien content qu'en partant ces mufles ne s'égarent
Pas à mettre le comble à leur ignomini'
En sifflotant »Il est cocu, le chef de gare ...«
Parc' que, le chef de gar', c'est mon meilleur ami. (bis)

1. Da sie die Einsamkeit nicht sehr schätzt,
während ich mich beim Angeln adle,
obliegt meine Frau ihrer alten Gewohnheit,
jedem, der vorbeikommt, die Ehre meines Betts zu erweisen, (bis)

2. Ah ja, ich bin Cocu, hab ein Geweih auf dem Kopf,
man stößt Löcher in meinen Honigmond;
die Liebste lädt mich nicht mehr ein zum Fest,
wenn sie zum siebten Himmel reitet, (bis)

3. Zum Schaden meines Herzens macht die Unselige
Eselsohren in den Ehevertrag und entwertet ihn;
dass ich vor Hörnern nicht mehr weiß wohin,
scheint ihre geringste Sorge zu sein, (bis)

4. Galane jeder Art trinken aus meinem Glas,
ich bin der Schutzpatron aller Schnorrer;
hinter meinem Rücken pflückt man die zarte Primel,
die in meinem Körbchen immer obenauf lag. (bis)

5. Komm ich erschöpft zurück vom Angeln mit der Leine,
überrasch ich sie nackt bei ihren Ausuferungen.
Leg ich ihnen dann nah, Feigenblätter anzulegen,
lehnen sie das starrköpfig ab. (bis)

6. Mein Ehebett besudeln - hindert das sie denn daran,
sich ziviler Umgangsformen zu befleißigen?
Sie könnten wenigstens fragen, ob ich etwas gefangen habe,
sich dazu bequemen, sich nach meiner Gesundheit zu erkundigen, (bis)

7. Bitte sehr, ein Minimum feinfühliger Aufmerksamkeit
für diesen armen Gemahl, dem man so übel mitspielt!
Gewöhnlich wird ein Cocu doch gemästet und verwöhnt,
man ist ja schließlich irgendwie mit ihm verwandt, (bis)

8. Zur Essenszeit haben meine widerwärtigen Nebenbuhler
auch noch die Stirn, auf meine Portion zu schielen!
Sie würden sich glatt an meinen Tisch setzen.
Cocu soviel man will, bloß nicht Amphitryon! (bis)

9. Die bessere Hälfte teilen, heißt das zwangsläufig,
dass man auch Speis und Trank teilen soll?
Ich bin fast gezwungen, sie an die Luft zu setzen,
und zufrieden, wenn sie mir nicht die Fische klauen, (bis)

10. Zufrieden, dass diese Lümmel beim Weggehen
nicht auch noch ihre Niedertracht auf die Spitze treiben
und pfeifen: »Der Bahnhofsvorsteher ist ein Hahnrei«,
denn der Bahnhofsvorsteher ist mein bester Freund. (bis)

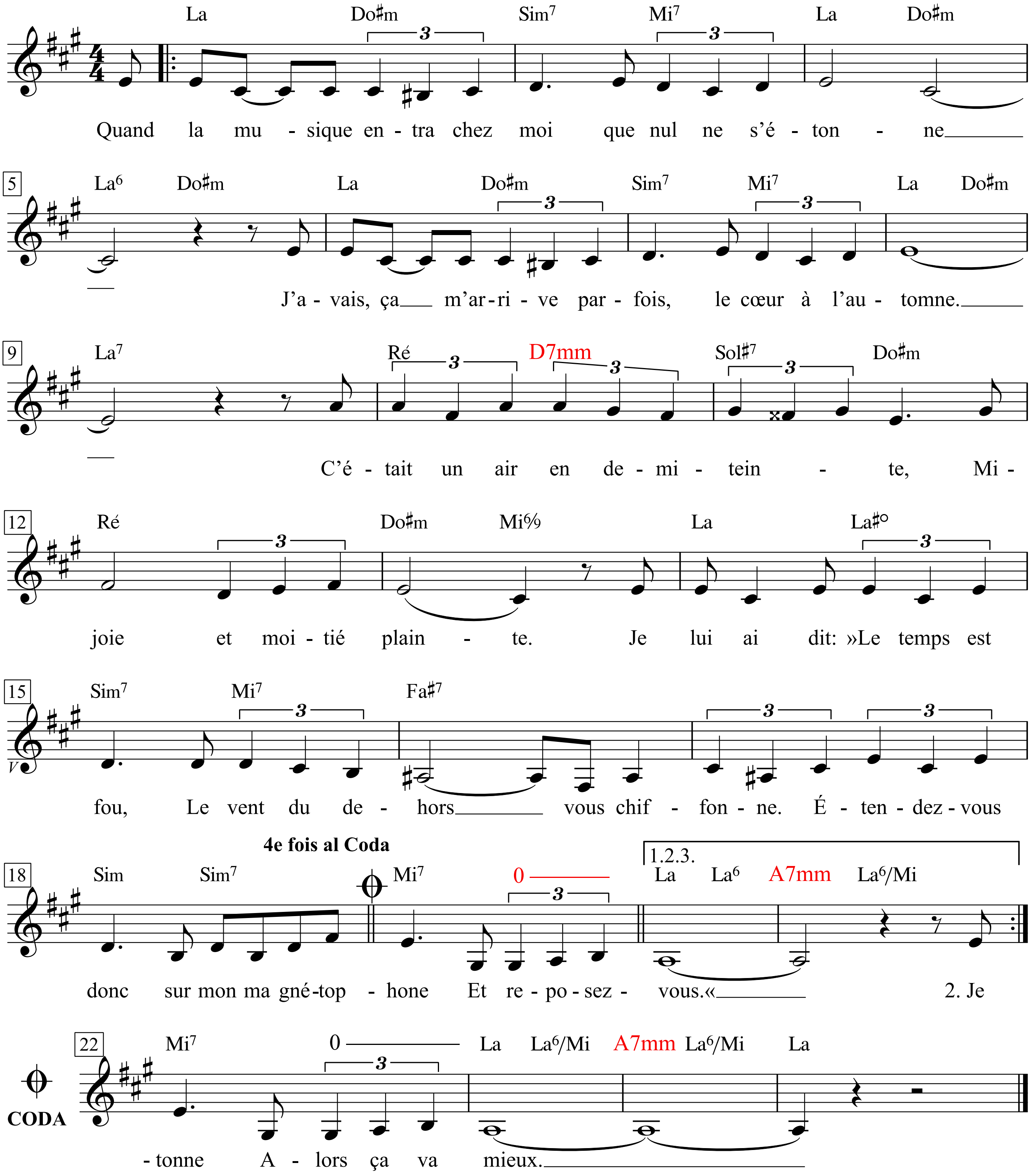
Le cœur à l'automne

(Herbst im Herzen)

Musique de Georges Brassens

Paroles de Pierre Louki

Moderato



Le cœur à l’automne

Quand la musique entra chez moi - que nul ne s’étonne –
J’avais, ça m’arrive parfois, le cœur à l’automne.
C’était un air en demi-teinte,
Mi-joie et moitié plainte.
Je lui ai dit: »Le temps est fou,
Le vent du dehors vous chiffonne.
Étendez-vous donc sur mon magnétophone
Et reposez-vous.«

Je n’avais ouï de longtemps musique pareille.
Je n’en croyais en l’écoutant mes grandes oreilles.
Elle me dit: »J’ai quitté mon maître,
Un saut par la fenêtre.
Il me gardait depuis cinq ans
En me promettant des paroles.
J’étais nue et nue ça n’est pas toujours drôle.
J’ai foutu le camp.«

Moi qui suis un peu parolier, jugez de l’aubaine.
»Je peux, dis-je, vous habiller. Oubliez vos peines.
Je sais les mots faits pour vous plaire
Et j’ai deux dictionnaires.«
Elle répondit: »Va pour l’essai.
Vous me paraissez brave type.
Lui aussi l’était mais il fumait la pipe,
Ça m’ faisait tousser.«

Et la mélodie envolée d’une autre guitare,
Avec mes mots s’est installée dans mon répertoire.
Et bien que je sois sans moustaches,
A moi elle s’attache.
Et les soirs où je me sens vieux,
Lorsque j’ai le cœur à l’automne,
Elle insiste un peu pour que je la chantonne.
Alors ça va mieux.

Herbst im Herzen

Als die Musik bei mir hereinkam - keiner soll sich wundern -,
hatte ich gerade, passiert manchmal, den Herbst im Herzen.
Es war eine Halbtonmelodie,
halb Freude, halb Klage.
Ich sagte ihr: »Das Wetter ist schlimm,
der Wind draußen reißt dich in Fetzen.
Leg dich auf mein Tonband
und ruh dich aus.«

Lange hatte ich keine ähnliche Musik mehr gehört.
Als ich lauschte, traute ich meinen Eselsohren nicht.
Sie sagte: »Ich hab meinen Meister verlassen,
ein Sprung aus dem Fenster.
Er hielt mich fünf Jahre fest
mit dem Versprechen, Wörter kämen dazu.
Ich war nackt, und nackt sein ist nicht immer lustig.
Da bin ich abgehauen.«

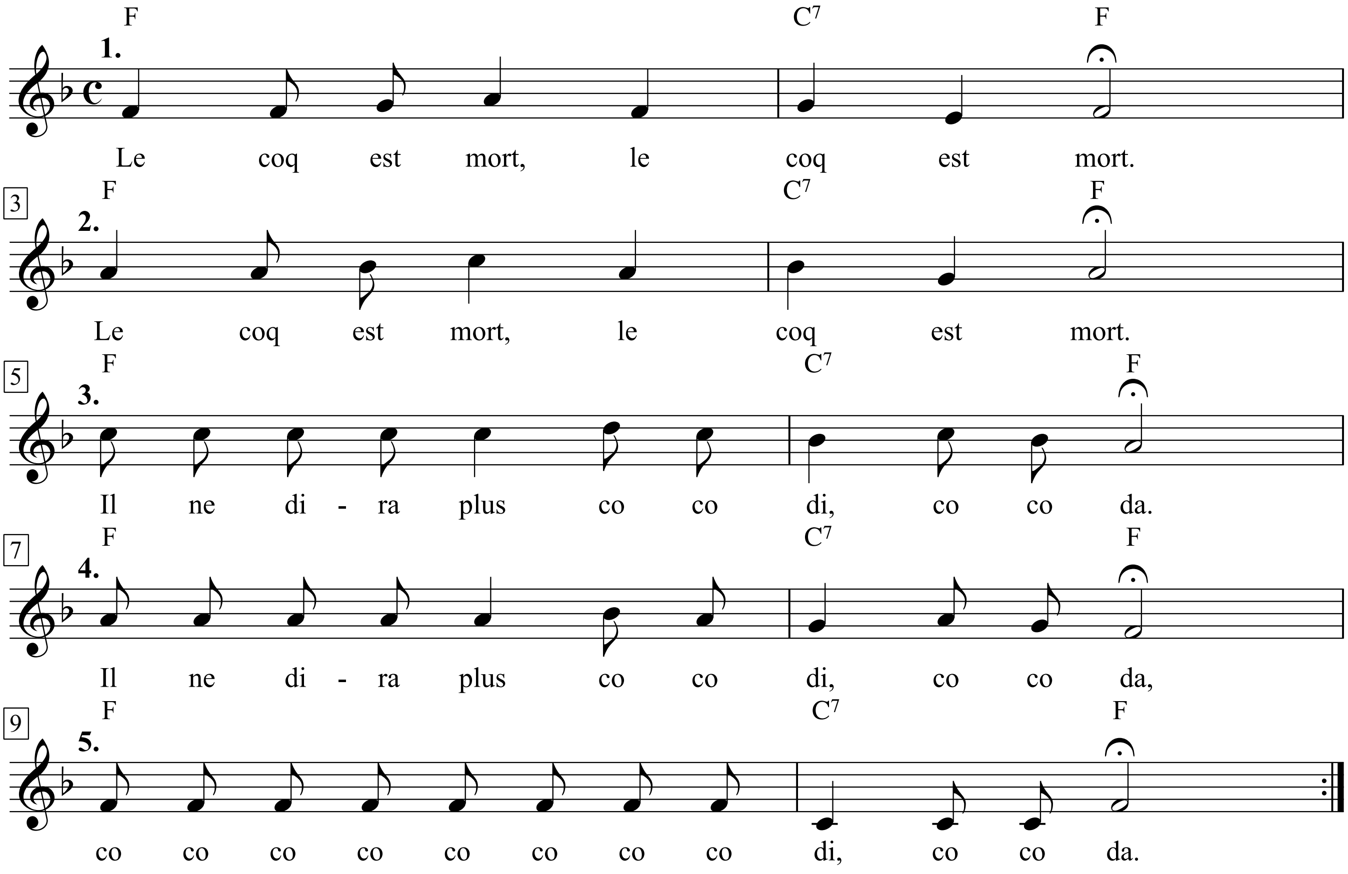
Ich, nicht gerade wortkarg, hatte Glück.
»Ich kann«, sagte ich, »dich anziehen. Vergiss deinen Kummer.
Ich kenne die Wörter, die dir gefallen,
und ich hab zwei Wörterbücher.«
Sie antwortete: »Versuchen wir’s mal.
Du scheinst ein guter Typ zu sein.
Das war der andre auch, aber der rauchte Pfeife,
da musste ich immer husten.«

Und die Melodie, einer anderen Gitarre entflohen,
hat sich mit meinen Wörtern in meinem Repertoire niedergelassen.
Und wenn ich auch keinen Schnurrbart habe,
sie hängt an mir.
Und an Abenden, wenn ich mich alt fühle,
wenn ich den Herbst im Herzen habe,
redet sie mir gut zu, bis ich sie singe.
Dann geht es besser.

Le coq est mort

Kanon zu 5 Stimmen

Melodie & Text: aus Frankreich



|: Le coq est mort, le coq est mort. :|
|: Il ne dira plus co co di, co co da, :|
co co co co co co co co di, co co da.

|: Der Hahn ist tot, der Hahn ist tot. :|
|: Er kann nicht mehr krähn co co di, co co da, :|
co co co co co co co co di, co co da.

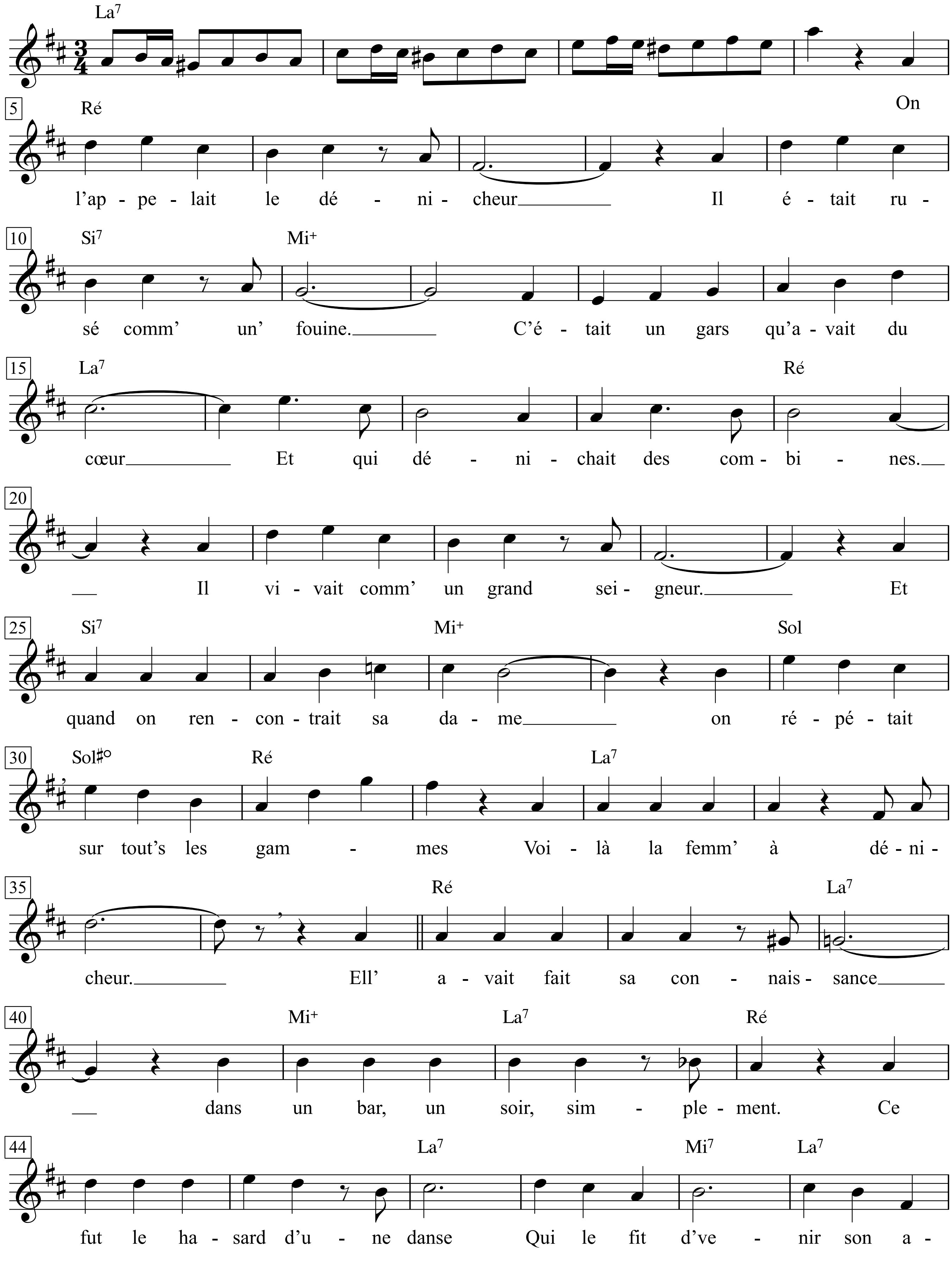
|: The cock is dead, the cock is dead. :|
|: He will never crow co co di, co co da, :|
co co co co co co co co di, co co da.

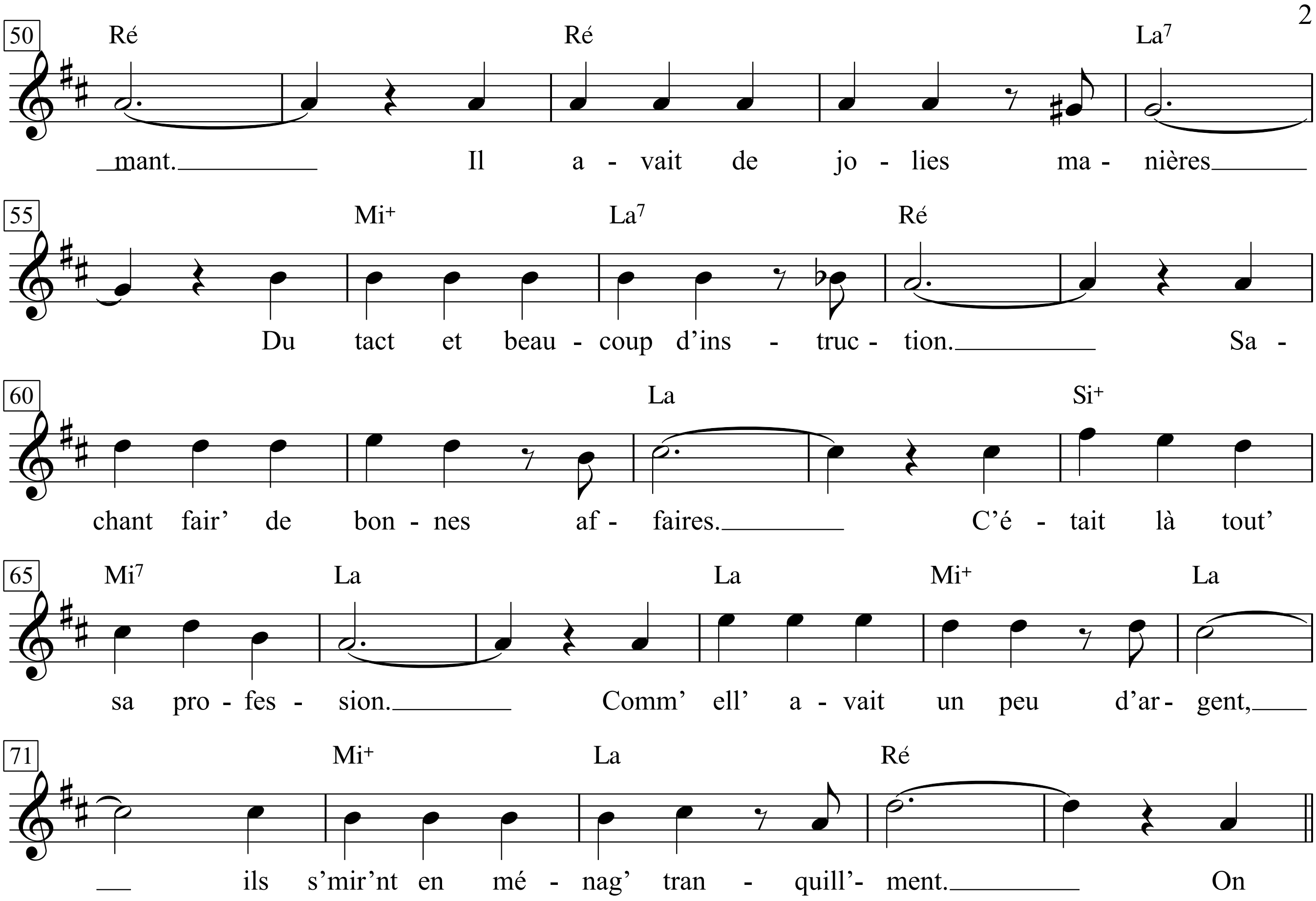
|: Gallus meus mortuus est. :|
|: Ille non cantabit co co di, co co da, :|
co co co co co co co co di, co co da.

Le dénicheur

Paroles de Gibert & Léon Agel

Musique de Léo Daniderff





Refrain:
On l'appelait le dénicheur
Il était rusé comm' un' fouine.
C'était un gars qu'avait du cœur
Et qui dénichait des combines.
Il vivait comm' un grand seigneur.
Et quand on rencontrait sa dame
On répétait sur tout's les gammes
Voilà la femm' à dénicheur.

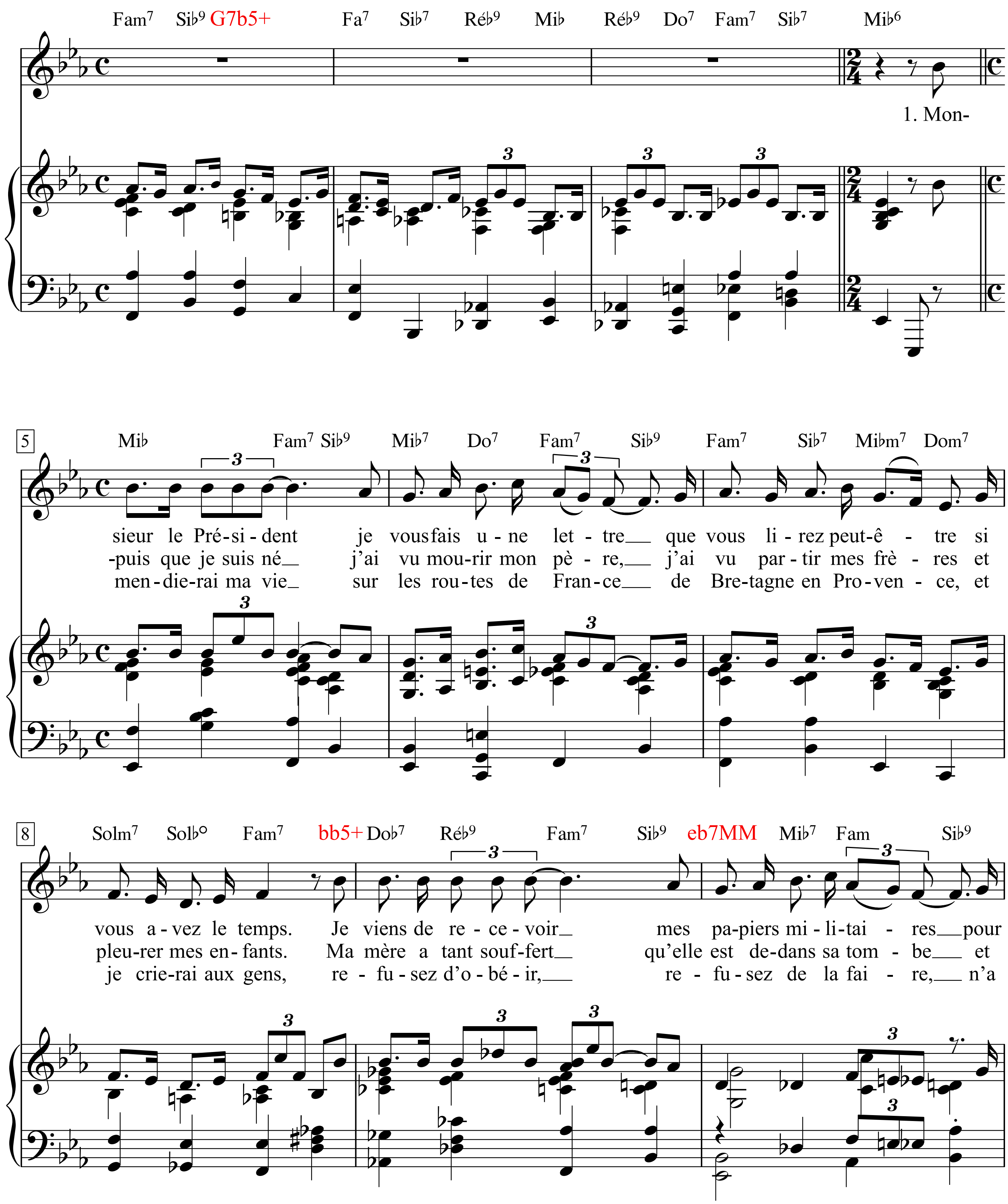
Couplet:
1. Ell' avait fait sa connaissance
Dans un bar, un soir, simplement.
Ce fut le hasard d'une danse
Qui le fit d'venir son amant.
Il avait de jolies manières
Du tact et beaucoup d'instruction.
Sachant fair' de bonnes affaires.
C'était là tout' sa profession.
Comm' ell' avait un peu d'argent,
ils s'mir'nt en ménag' tranquill'ment.

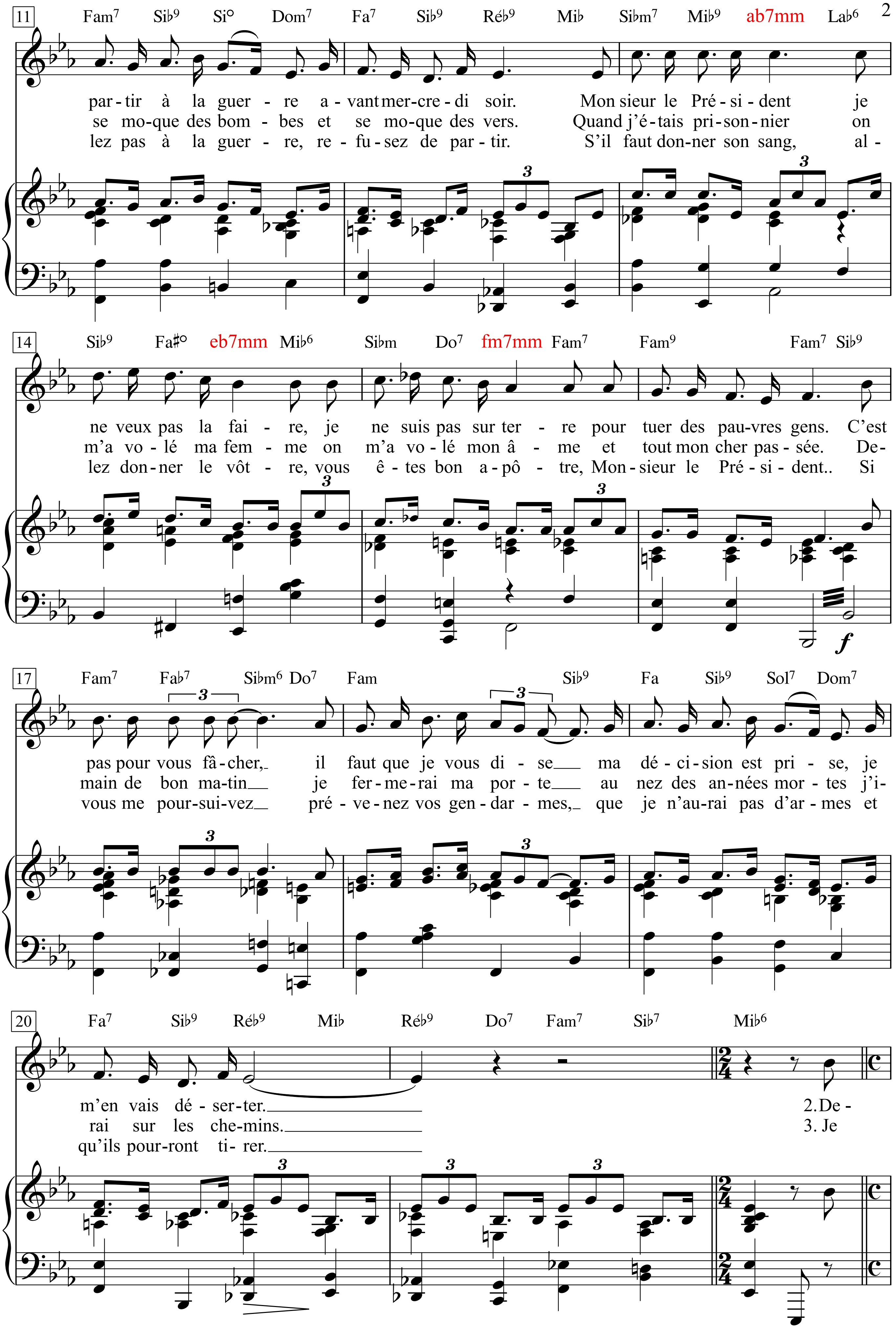
2. Les combines ça dure ce que ça dure
La chance tourne et puis s'en va
On perd le goût des aventures
Quand le noir vous suit pas à pas
N'ayant plus confiance en lui-même
Un soir qu'il était sans un sou
Afin de résoudre le problème
Le Dénicheur fit un sale coup
Mais comme il rentrait au logis
En pleurant son amie lui dit:

Le déserteur

Paroles de Boris Vian

Musique de Boris Vian & Harold Berg

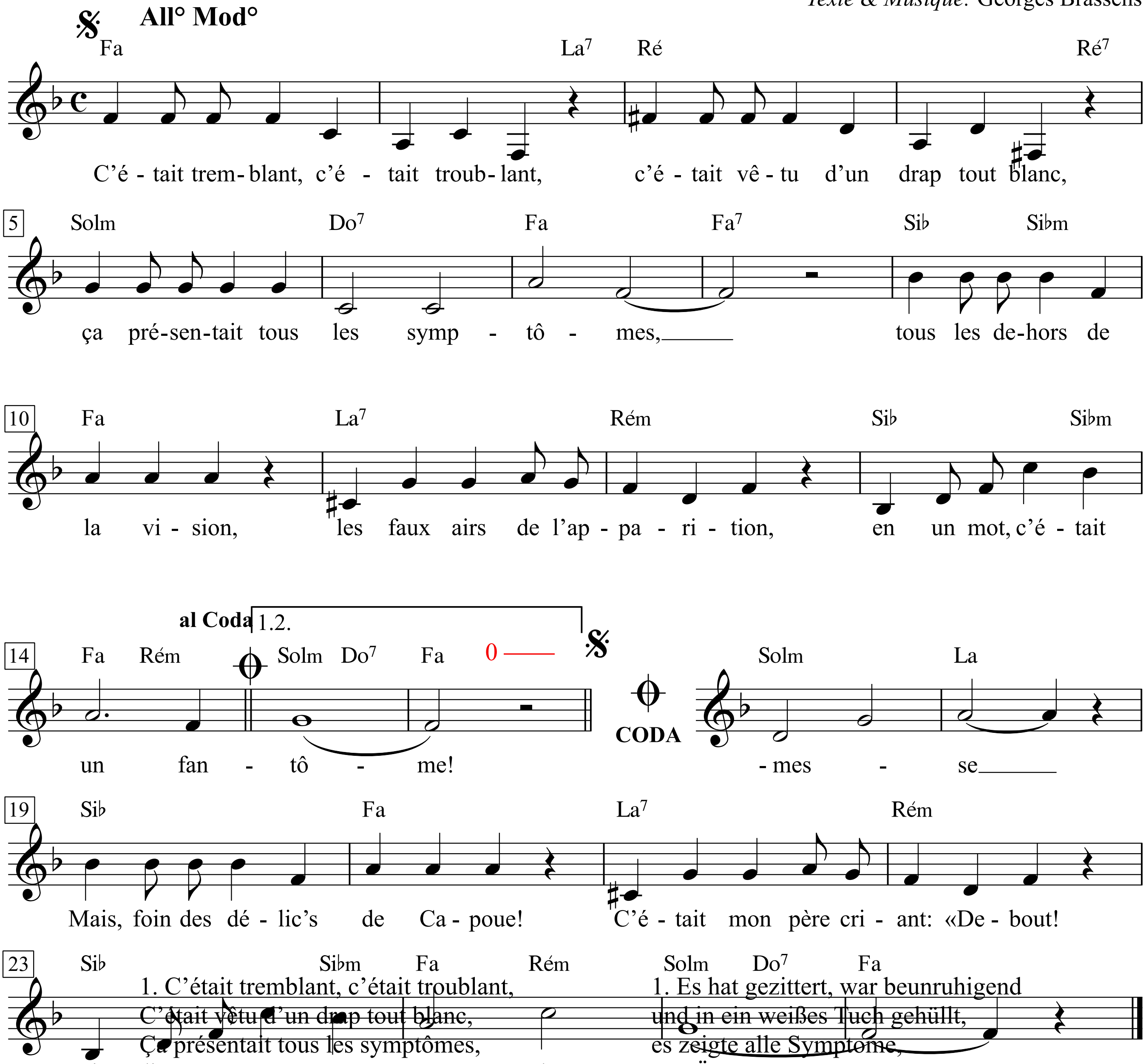



11
Fam7 Sib9 Si° Dom7 Fa7 Sib9 Réb9 Mib Sibm7 Mib9 ab7mm Lab6
par-tir à la guer - re a - vant mer-cre - di soir. Mon sieur le Pré - si - dent je
se mo-que des bom - bes et se mo-que des vers. Quand j'é-tais pri-son-nier on
lez pas à la guer - re, re - fu-sez de par - tir. S'il faut don-ner son sang, al -
14
Sib9 Fa#° eb7mm Mib6 Sibm Do7 fm7mm Fam7 Fam9 Fam7 Sib9
ne veux pas la fai - re, je ne suis pas sur ter - re pour tuer des pau-vres gens. C'est
m'a vo - lé ma fem - me on m'a vo - lé mon â - me et tout mon cher pas - sée. De-
lez don-ner le vôt - re, vous ê - tes bon a - pô - tre, Mon - sieur le Pré - si - dent.. Si
17
Fam7 Fab7 Sibm6 Do7 Fam Sib9 Fa Sib9 Sol7 Dom7
pas pour vous fâ-cher, il faut que je vous di - se ma dé - ci - sion est pri - se, je
main de bon ma-tin je fer - me - rai ma por - te au nez des an-nées mor - tes j'i-
vous me pour-sui-vez pré - ve - nez vos gen - dar - mes, que je n'au-rai pas d'ar - mes et
20
Fa7 Sib9 Réb9 Mib Réb9 Do7 Fam7 Sib7 Mib6
m'en vais dé - ser-ter. 2.De -
rai sur les che-mins. 3. Je
qu'ils pour-ront ti- rer.

Le fantôme

(Das Gespenst)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. C'était tremblant, c'était troublant,
C'était vêtu d'un drap tout blanc,
Ça présentait tous les symptômes,
Tous les dehors de la vision,
Les faux airs de l'apparition,
En un mot, c'était un fantôme!

1. Es hat gezittert, war beunruhigend
und in ein weißes Tuch gehüllt,
es zeigte alle Symptome,
alle Äußerlichkeiten der Vision,
den falschen Schein der Erscheinung,
mit einem Wort: Es war ein Gespenst!

2. A sa manière d'avancer,
A sa façon de balancer
Les hanches quelque peu convexes,
Je compris que j'avais affaire
A quelqu'un du genr' que j' préfère:
A un fantôme du beau sexe.

2. An seiner Art zu schreiten,
seiner Weise, die leicht
konvexen Hüften zu wiegen,
sah ich: Ich hatte es mit
meiner liebsten Gespenstersorte zu tun,
einem Gespenst vom schönen Geschlecht.

3. »Je suis un p'tit poucet perdu,
Me dit-ell', d'un' voix morfondu',
Un pauvre fantôme en déroute.
Plus de trace des feux follets,
Plus de trace des osselets
Dont j'avais jalonné ma route!«

3. »Ich bin ein armes Irrläuferchen«,
sagte sie mit betrübter Stimme,
»ein armes verirrtes Gespenst.
Keine Spur mehr von den Irrlichtern,
keine Spur von den Knöchlein,
mit denen ich meine Route markiert hatte!

4. »Des poèt’s sans inspiration
Auront pris - quelle aberration! -
Mes feux follets pour des étoiles.
De pauvres chiens de commissaire
Auront croqué - quelle misère! -
Mes oss’lets bien garnis de moelle.«

5. »A l’heure où le coq chantera,
J’aurai bonn’ mine avec mon drap
Plein de faux plis et de coutures!
Et dans ce siècle profane où
Les gens ne croient plus guère à nous,
On va crier à l’imposture. «

6. Moi, qu’un chat perdu fait pleurer,
Pensez si j’eus le cœur serré
Devant l’embarras du fantôme.
»Venez, dis-je en prenant sa main,
Que je vous montre le chemin,
Que je vous reconduise at *home«*

7. L’histoire finirait ici,
Mais la brise, et je l’en r’merci’,
Troussa le drap d’ma cavalière...
Dame, il manquait quelques oss’lets,
Mais le reste, loin d’être laid,
Était d’un’ grâce singulière.

8. Mon Cupidon, qui avait la
Flèche facile en ce temps-là,
Fit mouche et, le feu sur les tempes,
Je conviai, sournoisement,
La belle à venir un moment
Voir mes icônes, mes estampes...

9. »Mon cher, dit-ell', vous êtes fou!
J’ai deux mille ans de plus que vous...« -
Le temps, madam’, que nous importe!
Mettant le fantôm’ sous mon bras,
Bien enveloppé dans son drap,
Vers mes pénates je l’emporte!

10. Eh bien, messieurs, qu’on se le dis’:
Ces belles dames de jadis
Sont de satané’s polissonnes,
Plus expertes dans le déduit
Que certain’s dames d’aujourd’hui,
Et je ne veux nommer personne!

11. Au p’tit jour on m’a réveillé,
On secouait mon oreiller
Avec un’ fougu’ plein’ de promesses.
Mais, foin des délic’s de Capoue!
C’était mon père criant: «Debout!
Vains dieux, tu vas manquer la messe!«

4. Poeten ohne Eingebung
werden - welche Verirrung!
meine Irrlichter für Sterne gehalten haben.
Arme Hunde von Kommissaren
werden geknackt haben - welches Elend! -
meine gut mit Mark versehenen Knochen.

5. Zur Stunde, da der Hahn kräht,
werd ich schön dastehn mit meinem Tuch
voll falscher Falten und Nähte!
Und in diesem profanen Jahrhundert, wo
die Leute kaum noch an uns glauben,
wird man mich für eine Betrügerin halten.«

6. Ich, den eine verirrte Katze zum Weinen bringt,
hatte, wie ihr euch denken könnt, ein wehes Herz
ob der Verlegenheit des Gespensts.
»Kommen Sie«, sagte ich, wobei ich ihre Hand nahm,
»ich will Ihnen den Weg zeigen,
ich bring Sie wieder nach Hause.«

7. Hier wäre die Geschichte zu Ende gewesen,
aber die Brise - und ich danke ihr dafür -
lupfte das Laken meiner Begleiterin ...
Natürlich fehlten ein paar Knochen,
aber der Rest war keineswegs hässlich,
sondern von einzigartiger Anmut.

8. Mein Cupido, bei dem damals
die Pfeile locker saßen,
traf ins Schwarze, und mit glühenden Schläfen
lud ich die Schöne listig ein,
einen Moment mitzukommen,
sich meine Ikonen und Stiche anzusehen.

9. »Mein Lieber«, sagte sie, »Sie sind verrückt!
Ich bin zweitausend Jahre älter als Sie ...«
Was spielt denn die Zeit schon für eine Rolle, Madame
Ich nehme das Gespenst unter den Arm,
gut eingewickelt ins Laken,
und schlepp es heim zu meinen Penaten!

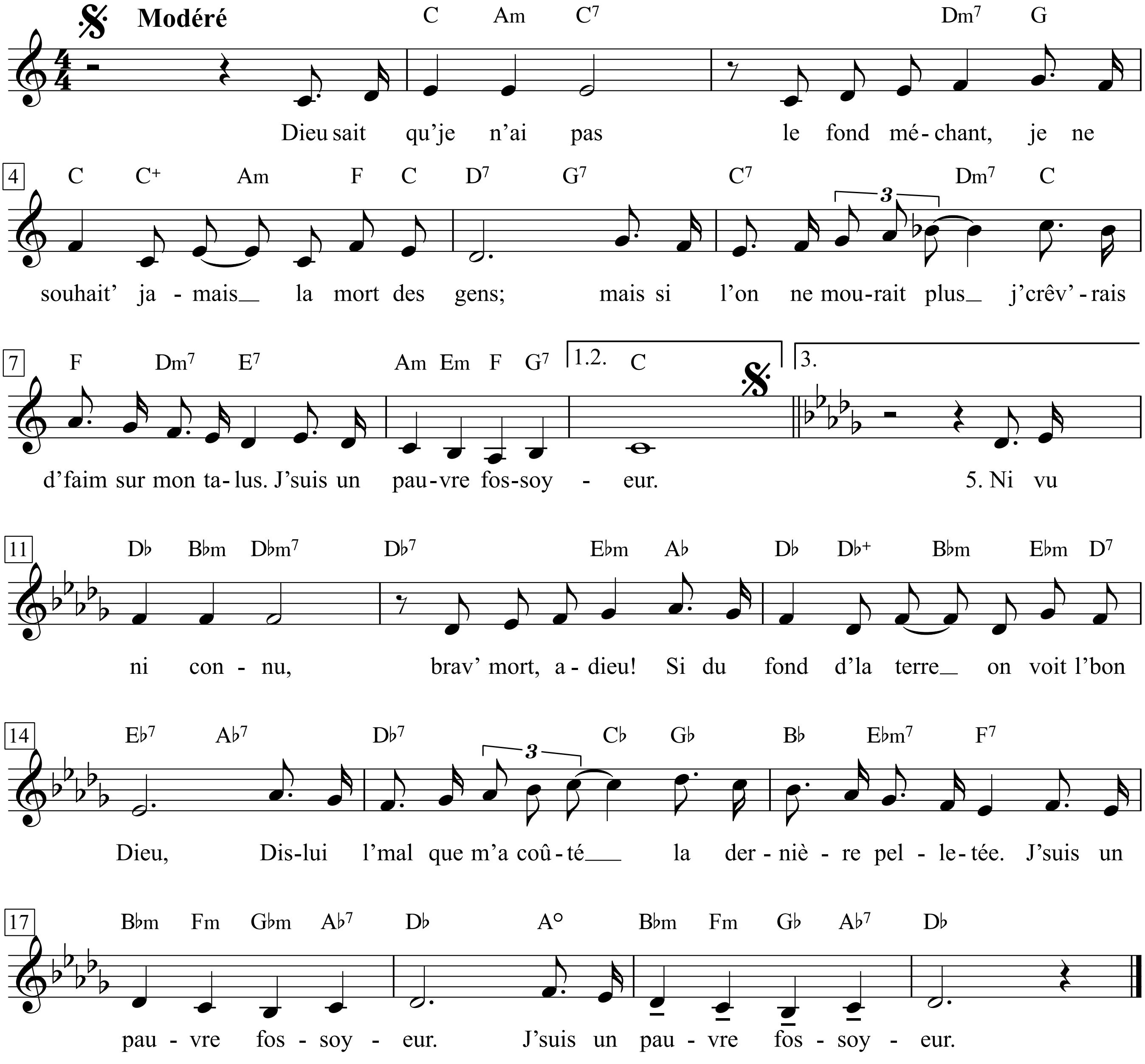
10. Nun denn, Messieurs, man nehme es zur Kenntnis:
Diese schönen Damen der Vergangenheit
sind teuflisch begehrliche Vögelchen,
geschickter im Amüsement
als gewisse Damen heutzutage,
und ich will keine Namen nennen!

11. Früh morgens wurde ich geweckt,
man zerrte an meinem Kissen
mit verheißungsvollem Ungestüm.
Aber nichts mehr mit Aranjuez!
Es war mein Vater, der rief: »Raus aus dem Bett!
Lieber Himmel, du kommst zu spät zur Messe!«

Le fossoyeur

(Der Totengräber)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Dieu sait qu' je n'ai pas le fond méchant,
Je ne souhait' jamais la mort des gens;
Mais si l'on ne mourait plus,
J' crèv'rais d' faim sur mon talus ...
J' suis un pauvre fossoyeur.

2. Les vivants croient qu' je n'ai pas d' remords
A gagner mon pain sur l' dos des morts;
Mais ça m' tracasse et, d'ailleurs,
J' les enterre à contrecœur ...
J' suis un pauvre fossoyeur.

3. Et plus j' lâch' la bride à mon émoi;
Et plus les copains s'amus'nt de moi;
Y m' dis'nt: »Mon vieux, par moments,
T'as un' figur' d'enterr'ment ...«
J' suis un pauvre fossoyeur.

4. J'ai beau m' dir' que rien n'est éternel,
J' peux pas trouver ça tout naturel;
Et jamais je ne parviens
A prendr' la mort comme ell' vient ...
J' suis un pauvre fossoyeur.

5. Ni vu ni connu, brav' mort, adieu!
Si du fond d' la terre on voit l' Bon Dieu,
Dis-lui l' mal que m'a coûté
Le dernière pelleté' ...
J' suis un pauvre fossoyeur, *(bis)*

1. Ach, im Grund bin ich kein Schuft, weiß Gott,
und nie wünsch ich irgendwem den Tod;
bloß, wenn keiner mehr ein Grab
braucht, geb ich den Löffel ab ...
weil ich Totengräber bin.

2. Leute meinen, dass ich hart und herb
über Leichen geh, als Broterwerb,
aber mir tut's leid, und ich
buddel gegen meinen Strich ...
weil ich Totengräber bin.

3. Manchmal macht mich das mürbe und weich,
dann verarschen mich die Kumpels gleich,
sagen: »Du da, altes Haus,
siehst wie'n Leichenbitter aus ...«
weil ich Totengräber bin.

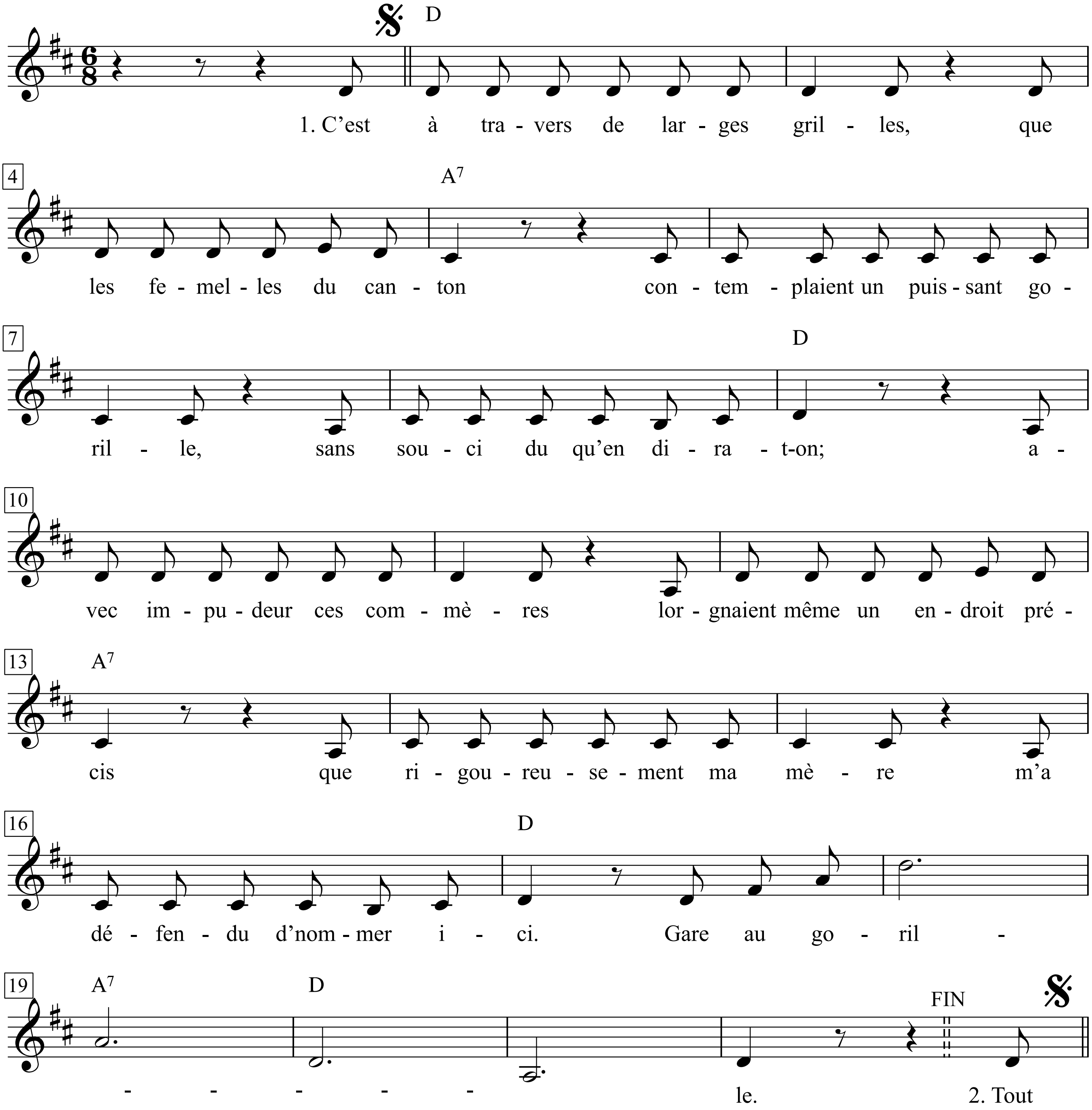
4. Nichts bleibt ewig heil, alles zerbricht;
ganz natürlich find ich's trotzdem nicht,
und den Tod so nehmen, wie
er grad kommt, das schaff ich nie ...
weil ich Totengräber bin.

5. Fremder, nie gesehn, mach's gut im Tod;
sag doch unten drin dem lieben Gott,
dass der letzte Spatenstich
immer schwer ist, schwer für mich ...
weil ich Totengräber bin.

Le gorille

(Der Gorilla)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. C’est à travers de larges grilles,
Que les femelles du canton
Contemplaient un puissant gorille,
Sans souci du qu’en-dira-t-on;
Avec impudeur, ces commères
Lorgnaient même un endroit précis
Que, rigoureusement, ma mère
M’a défendu d’nommer ici.
Gare au gorille!...

2. Tout à coup, la prison bien close,
Où vivait le bel animal,
S’ouvre on n’ sait pourquoi (je suppose
Qu’on avait dû la fermer mal);
Le singe, en sortant de sa cage,
Dit: »C’est aujourd’hui que j’ le perds!«
Il parlait de son pucelage,
Vous aviez deviné, j’ espère!
Gare au gorille!...

3. L’ patron de la ménagerie
Criait, éperdu: »Nom de nom!
C’est assommant, car le gorille
N’a jamais connu de guenon!«
Dès que la féminine engeance
Sut que le singe était puceau,
Au lieu de profiter d’la chance,
Elle fit feu des deux fuseaux!
Gare au gorille!...

4. Celles-là même qui, naguère,
Le couvaient d’un œil décidé,
Fuirent, prouvant qu’ell’s n’avaient guère
De la suite dans les idé’s;
D’autant plus vaine était leur crainte,
Que le gorille est un luron
Supérieur à l’homm’ dans l’étreinte,
Bien des femmes vous le diront!
Gare au gorille!...

5. Tout le monde se précipite
Hors d’atteinte du singe en rut,
Sauf une vieille décrépite
Et un jeune juge en bois brut.
Voyant que toutes se dérobent,
Le quadrumane accéléra
Son dandinement vers les robes
De la vieille et du magistrat!
Gare au gorille! ...

1. Einen gewaltigen Gorilla,
der gründlich hinter Gittern saß,
schauten die Weibchen der Gemeinde
sich an und hatten ihren Spaß,
denn ohne Scham bestarrten alle
jenes Gerät, das manchmal ragt,
das ich leider in keinem Falle
nennen darf (hat Mama gesagt).
Vorsicht, Gorilla!

2. Am Knast, in dem das Tierchen schmachtet,
hat sich plötzlich das Schloss gelöst
(da hat wohl wer was nicht beachtet
oder beim Abschließen gedöst);
der Affe kam raus zu den Leutchen
und rief: »Heut wird es glattgeschabt!«
Er sprach von seinem Jungvorhäutchen,
wie ihr bestimmt erraten habt.
Vorsicht, Gorilla!

3. »O Himmel, Arsch und Bleistiftspitzer!
Gleich ist er außer Rand und Band«,
schrie der Menageriebesitzer,
»er hat bisher kein Weib erkannt.«
Da sah man all die Damen stutzen,
weil der Affe noch Jungmann war,
und statt ihre Chance zu nutzen,
flohen sie wie vor Brandgefahr.
Vorsicht, Gorilla!

4. Die eben noch mit Wucht beäugten
den Vordersterz von diesem Stenz,
zogen Leine, womit sie zeigten,
ihnen fehlt jede Konsequenz.
Die Rücksicht war ganz übertrieben,
der Gorilla schlägt jeden Mann
beim Lieben locker nach Belieben,
was manche Frau bezeugen kann.
Vorsicht, Gorilla!

5. Und alles flieht vor dem Gorilla,
vor dem Gemächt und dem Gesicht,
außer ner Greisin (nicht in Lila)
und einem Rohling vom Gericht.
Als er sah, wie alle entstoben,
schlingerte der Vierhänder grad-
ewegs hin zu den beiden Roben:
zur Alten und zum Magistrat.
Vorsicht, Gorilla! ...

6. »Bah! soupirait la centenaire,
Qu'on pût encor' me désirer,
Ce serait extraordinaire,
Et, pour tout dire, inespéré!«
Le juge pensait, impassible:
»Qu'on me prenn' pour une guenon,
C'est complètement impossible...«
La suite lui prouva que non!
Gare au gorille!...

7. Supposez qu'un de vous puisse être,
Comme le singe, obligé de
Violer un juge ou une ancêtre,
Lequel choisirait-il des deux?
Qu'une alternative pareille,
Un de ces quatre jours, m'échoie,
C'est, j'en suis convaincu, la vieille
Qui sera l'objet de mon choix!
Gare au gorille!...

8. Mais, par malheur, si le gorille
Aux jeux de l'amour vaut son prix,
On sait qu'en revanche il ne brille
Ni par le goût ni par l'esprit.
Lors, au lieu d'opter pour la vieille,
Comme aurait fait n'importe qui,
Il saisit le juge à l'oreille
Et l'entraîna dans un maquis!
Gare au gorille!...

9. La suite serait délectable,
Malheureusement, je ne peux
Pas la dire, et c'est regrettable,
Ça nous aurait fait rire un peu;
Car le juge, au moment suprême,
Criait: »Maman!«, pleurait beaucoup,
Comme l'homme auquel, le jour même,
Il avait fait trancher le cou.
Gare au gorille!...

6. »Ach«, seufzte da die Greisin leise,
»dass mich noch irgendwer begehrt,
wär so am Ende meiner Reise
ganz unverhofft und unerhört.«
Der Richter dachte: »Dass der Schrat da
mich für ein Affenweibchen hält,
ist völlig unmöglich.« Er hat da
wohl grad ein Fehlurteil gefällt.
Vorsicht, Gorilla!

7. Stellen Sie sich mal vor, Sie ständen
wie der Gorilla in der Pflicht,
Richter oder Ahnfrau zu schänden -
was täten Sie da lieber nicht?
Sollte mir diese Wahlbescherung
zwangsweise drohn in nächster Zeit,
nehm ich, mit Bitte um Gewährung
und mit Handkuss, die greise Maid.
Vorsicht, Gorilla!

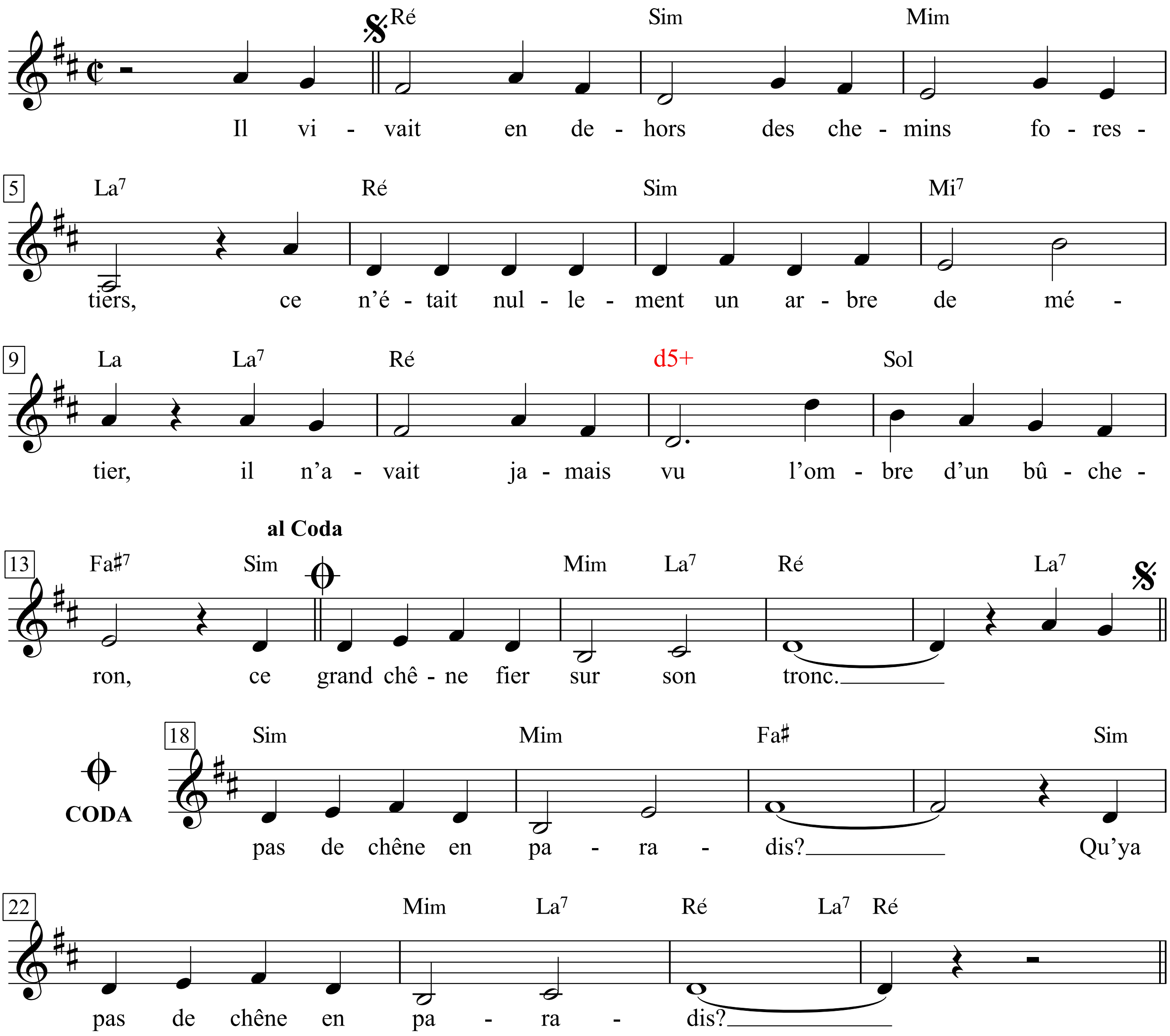
8. Zwar ist der Affe in der Liebe
gut für Nahkampf und Schabernack,
doch gilt er leider als ganz trübe
in Sachen Geist oder Geschmack.
Nicht die Greisin hat er erkoren
wie - unter uns - jeder von euch;
er nahm den Richter bei den Ohren
und zerrte ihn in ein Gesträuch.
Vorsicht, Gorilla!

9. Der Rest wär zweifellos ersprießlich,
doch hat mir die Gesetzesmacht
Stillschweigen auferlegt - verdrießlich,
wir hätten sicher sehr gelacht,
weil auf dem Höhepunkt der Richter
»Mama!« rief und schrie wie am Spieß:
Wie der Kerl, das arme Gelichter,
das er heut früh hinrichten ließ.
Vorsicht, Gorilla!

Le grand chêne

(Der große Eichbaum)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Il vivait en dehors des chemins forestiers,
Ce n'était nullement un arbre de métier,
Il n'avait jamais vu l'ombre d'un bûcheron,
Ce grand chêne fier sur son tronc.

2. Il eût connu des jours, filés d'or et de soie
Sans ses proches voisins, les pires gens qui soient,
Des roseaux mal pensant, pas même des bambous,
S'amusant à le mettre à bout.

3. Du matin jusqu'au soir ces petits rejetons,
Tout juste cann's à pêch', à peine mirlitons,
Lui tournant tout autour chantaient, *in extenso,*
L'histoire du chêne et du roseau.

1. Er lebte abseits der Holzwege,
war keineswegs ein Nutzgewächs,
hatte nie auch nur den Schatten eines Holzfällers gesehen,
dieser große Eichbaum, stolz auf seinem Stamm.

2. Er hatte gute Tage wie Gold und Seide erlebt
ohne seine nächsten Nachbarn, das mieseste Volk überhaupt,
engstirnige Schilfrohre, nicht einmal Bambus,
die ihn gern auf die Palme brachten.

3. Von morgens bis abends drängten sich diese Sprösslinge
- gerade mal Angelruten, kaum Flöten -
dicht um ihn her und sangen ausgiebig
die Geschichte von Eiche und Ried.

4. Et, bien qu'il fût en bois, les chênes, c'est courant,
La fable ne le laissait pas indifférent.
Il advint que, lassé d'être en butte aux lazzi,
Il se résolut à l'exi(l).

4. Und obwohl er aus Holz war, wie die meisten Eichen,
ließ ihn die Fabel nicht ungerührt.
So kam es, dass er, überdrüssig, Zielscheibe des Spotts zu sein,
sich zum Exil entschloss.

5. A grand-peine il sortit ses grands pieds de son trou
Et partit sans se retourner ni peu ni prou.
Mais, moi qui l'ai connu, je sais bien qu'il souffrit
De quitter l'ingrate patri'.

5. Mit großer Mühe zog er die großen Füße aus dem Loch
und ging, ohne sich auch nur umzusehen.
Aber ich habe ihn gekannt und weiß, er litt,
als er die undankbare Heimat verließ.

6. A l'oré' des forêts, le chêne ténébreux
A lié connaissance avec deux amoureux.
«Grande chêne, laisse-nous sur toi graver nos noms.
Le grand chêne n'a pas dit non.

6. Am Waldrand machte der düstere Eichbaum
Bekanntschaft mit zwei Verliebten.
»Großer Eichbaum, lass uns unsere Namen in dich ritzen ...«
Der große Eichbaum hat nicht nein gesagt.

7. Quand ils eur'nt épuisé leur grand sac de baisers,
Quand, de tant s'embrasser, leurs becs furent usés,
Ils ouïrent alors, en retenant des pleurs,
Le chêne contant ses malheurs.

7. Als ihr Vorrat an Küssen aufgebraucht
und ihre Münder vom vielen Schmusen wund waren,
hörten sie, zu Tränen gerührt,
den großen Eichbaum von seinem Unglück erzählen.

8. «Grand chên', viens chez nous, tu trouveras la paix,
Nos roseaux savent vivre et n'ont aucun toupet,
Tu feras dans nos murs un aimable séjour,
Arrosé quatre fois par jour.«

8. »Großer Eichbaum, komm zu uns, da findest du Frieden,
unser Schilf hat Lebensart und ist nicht dreist;
bei uns wird es dir gutgehen,
du wirst viermal täglich benetzt.«

9. Cela dit, tous les trois se mirent en chemin,
Chaque amoureux tenant une racine en main.
Comme il semblait content! Comme il semblait heureux
Le chêne entre ses amoureux.

9. Gesagt getan. Die Drei machten sich auf den Weg,
jeder der Verliebten hielt eine Wurzel in der Hand.
Wie zufrieden, wie glücklich
schien der Eichbaum zwischen den Verliebten!

10. Au pied de leur chaumière ils le firent planter.
Ce fut alors qu'il commença de déchanter
Car, en fait d'arrosage, il n'eut rien que la plui',
Des chiens levant la patt' sur lui.

10. Neben ihrer Hütte ließen sie ihn sich pflanzen.
Da musste er sich dann schon einiges abschminken,
denn als Benetzung gab es nur den Regen
und die Hunde, die das Bein an ihm hoben.

11. On a pris tous ses glands pour nourrir les cochons,
Avec sa belle écorce on a fait des bouchons,
Chaque fois qu'un arrêt de mort était rendu,
C'est lui qui héritait du pendu.

11. Man nahm all seine Eicheln, um Schweine zu mästen;
aus seiner schönen Rinde machte man Korken;
jedes Mal, wenn ein Todesurteil vollstreckt wurde,
kriegte er den Gehenkten ab.

12. Puis ces mauvaises gens, vandales accomplis,
Le coupèrent en quatre et s'en firent un lit.
Et l'horrible mégère ayant des tas d'amants,
Il vieillit prématurément.

12. Dann schnitten ihn diese schlimmen Leute, perfekte Vandalen,
in Stücke und machten ein Bett aus ihm,
und da die miese Xanthippe haufenweise Liebhaber hatte,
alterte er vorzeitig.

13. Un triste jour, enfin, ce couple sans aveu
Le passa par la hache et le mit dans le feu.
Comme du bois de caisse, amère destinée!
Il périt dans la cheminée.

13. Eines trüben Tages schließlich ließ ihn das ruchlose Paar
über die Axtklinge springen und warf ihn ins Feuer.
Wie Kleinholz, herbes Los,
verging er im Kamin.

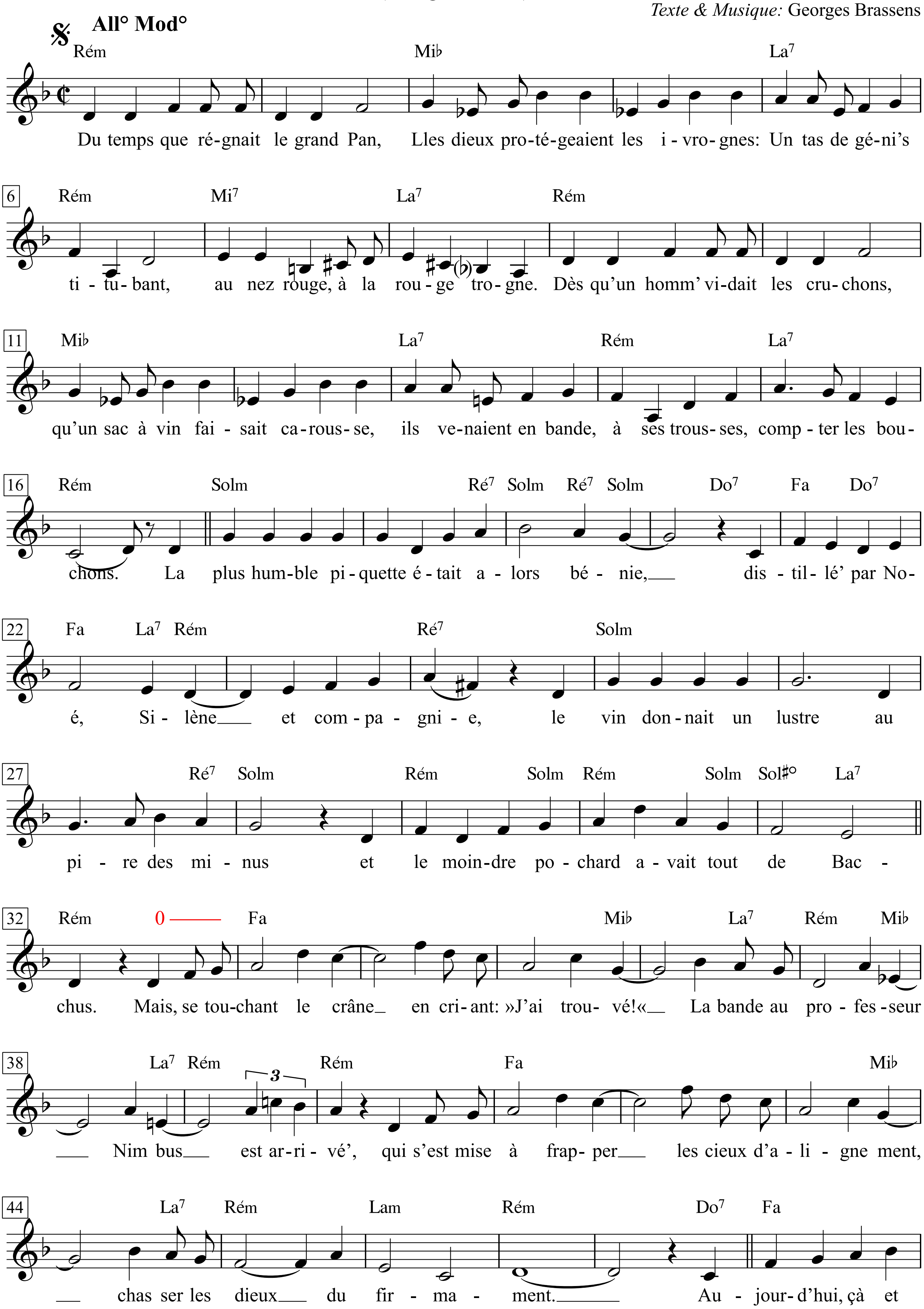
14. Le curé de chez nous, petit saint besogneux,
Doute que sa fumé' s'élève jusqu'à Dieu.
Qu'est-c' qu'il en sait, le bougre, et qui donc lui a dit
Qu'y a pas de chêne en paradis? *(bis)*

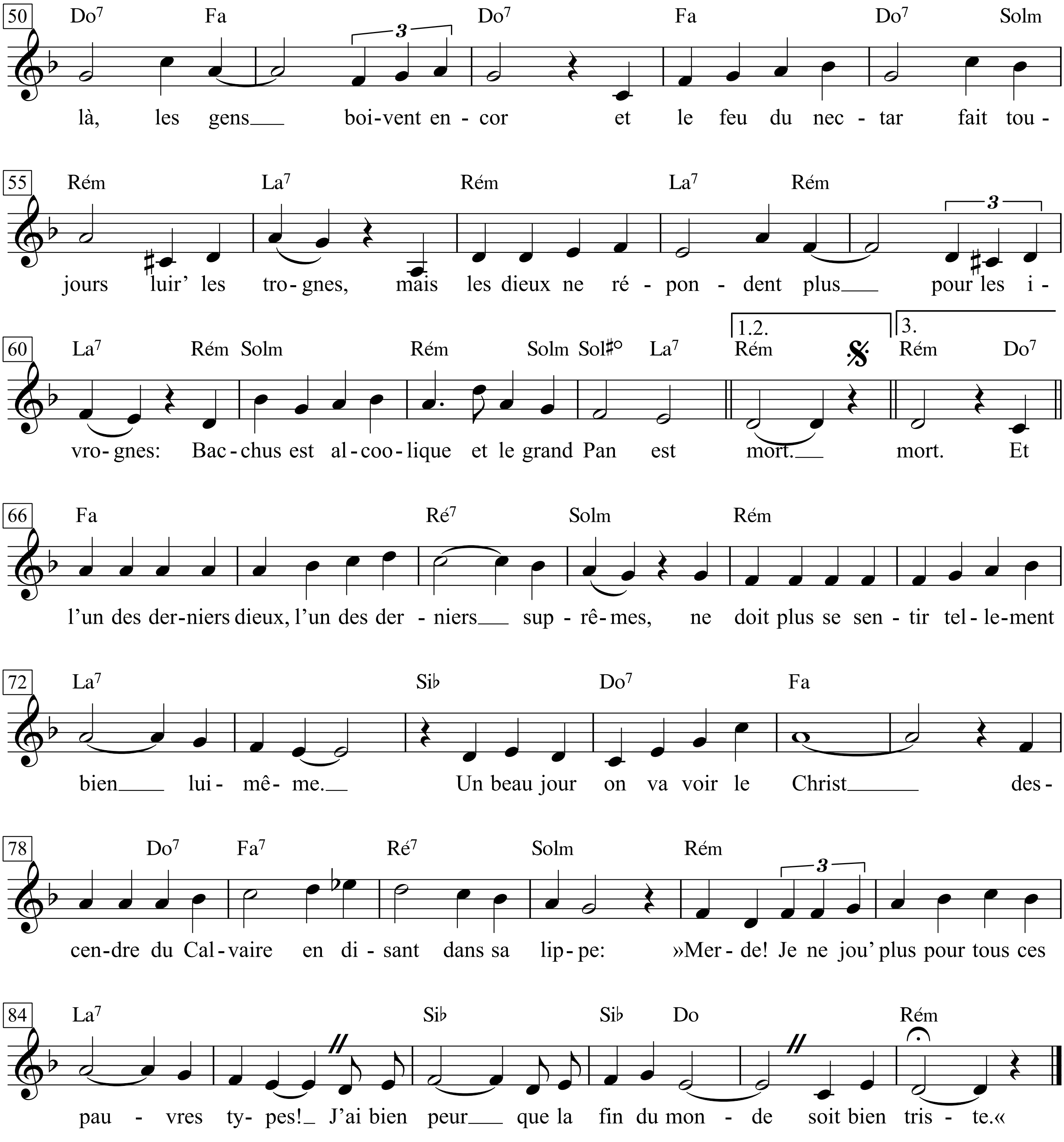
14. Der Pfarrer hier, ein kleinkarierter Heiliger,
bezweifelt, dass sein Rauch bis zu Gott steigt.
Was weiß er denn schon, der Trottel, und wer hat ihm gesagt,
dass es im Paradies keine Eichen gibt? *(bis)*

Le grand Pan

(Der große Pan)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens




50 Do7 Fa Do7 Fa Do7 Solm
là, les gens boi-vent en - cor et le feu du nec - tar fait tou -
55 Rém La7 Rém La7 Rém
jours luir' les tro-gnes, mais les dieux ne ré - pon - dent plus pour les i -
60 La7 Rém Solm Rém Solm Sol#o La7 1.2. Rém 3. Rém Do7
vro-gnes: Bac-chus est al-coo-lique et le grand Pan est mort. mort. Et
66 Fa Ré7 Solm Rém
l'un des der-niers dieux, l'un des der - niers sup - rê-mes, ne doit plus se sen - tir tel-le-ment
72 La7 Sib Do7 Fa
bien lui- mê- me. Un beau jour on va voir le Christ des-
78 Do7 Fa7 Ré7 Solm Rém
cen-dre du Cal-vaire en di - sant dans sa lip-pe: »Mer - de! Je ne jou' plus pour tous ces
84 La7 Sib Sib Do Rém
pau - vres ty- pes! J'ai bien peur que la fin du mon - de soit bien tris - te.«

1. Du temps que régnait le grand Pan,
Les dieux protégeaient les ivrognes:
Un tas de géni's titubant,
Au nez rouge, à la rouge trogne.
Dès qu'un homm' vidait les cruchons,
Qu'un sac à vin faisait carousse,
Ils venaient en bande, à ses trousses,
Compter les bouchons.
La plus humble piquette était alors bénie,
Distillé' par Noé, Silène et compagnie,
Le vin donnait un lustre au pire des minus
Et le moindre pochard avait tout de Bacchus.
Mais, se touchant le crâne en criant: »J'ai trouvé!«
La bande au professeur Nimbus est arrivé',
Qui s'est mise à frapper les cieux d'alignement,
Chasser les dieux du firmament.
Aujourd'hui, çà et là, les gens boivent encor
Et le feu du nectar fait toujours luir' les trognes,
Mais les dieux ne répondent plus pour les ivrognes:
Bacchus est alcoolique et le grand Pan est mort.

2. Quand deux imbéciles heureux
S'amusaient à des bagatelles,
Un tas de géni's amoureux
Venaient leur tenir la chandelle.
Du fin fond des Champs-Élysées,
Dès qu'ils entendaient un »Je t'aime«,
Ils accouraient à l'instant même
Compter les baisers.
La plus humble amourette était alors bénie,
Sacré' par Aphrodite, Eros et compagnie.
L'amour donnait un lustre au pire des minus
Et la moindre amoureuse avait tout de Vénus.
Mais, se touchant le crâne en criant: »J'ai trouvé!«
La bande au professeur Nimbus est arrivé',
Qui s'est mise à frapper les cieux d'alignement,
Chasser les dieux du firmament.
Aujourd'hui, çà et là, les cœurs battent encor
Et la règle du jeu de l'amour est la même,
Mais les dieux ne répondent plus de ceux qui s'aiment:
Vénus s'est faite femme et le grand Pan est mort.

3. Et quand, fatale, sonnait l'heur'
De prendre un linceul pour costume,
Un tas de géni's, l'œil en pleur,
Vous offraient les honneurs posthumes.
Pour aller au céleste empire
Dans leur barque ils venaient vous prendre.
C'était presque un plaisir de rendre
Le dernier soupir.
La plus humble dépouille était alors bénie,
Embarqué' par Caron, Pluton et compagnie.
Au pire des minus l'âme était accordé'
Et le moindre mortel avait l'éternité.
Mais, se touchant le crâne en criant: »J'ai trouvé!«
La bande au professeur Nimbus est arrivé',
Qui s'est mise à frapper les cieux d'alignement,
Chasser les dieux du firmament.
Aujourd'hui, çà et là, les gens passent encor,
Mais la tombe est, hélas! la dernière demeure,
Et les dieux ne répondent plus de ceux qui meurent:
La mort est naturelle et le grand Pan est mort.

4. Et l'un des derniers dieux, l'un des derniers suprêmes,
Ne doit plus se sentir tellement bien lui-même.
Un beau jour on va voir le Christ
Descendre du Calvaire en disant dans sa lippe:
»Merde! Je ne jou' plus pour tous ces pauvres types!
J'ai bien peur que la fin du monde soit bien triste.«

1. Zur Herrscherzeit des Großen Pan
warn Götter Gönner aller Trinker,
da kamen torkelnd Geister an,
mit roter Nase, rotem Blinker;
wenn wo ein Spund, vom Brand gequält,
Flaschen köpfte, um sich zu laben,
kamen sie angeschwirrt und haben
Korken mitgezählt.
Der schlimmste Rachenputzer war gebenedeit,
war von Noah, Silen & Co geprobt, geweih(e)t;
der Wein gab auch der größten Lusche etwas Glanz,
der letzte Saufkopp war doch Bacchus, voll und ganz.
Doch eilten mit gefurchter Stirn und ihrem Schrei
»Ich hab's!« Professor Nimbus und sein Team herbei,
haben die Sphären neu sortiert und abgehakt,
die Götter vom Olymp gejagt.
Zwar trinkt man heut noch hier und da, aus reiner Not,
von Nektarglut bemalt sind die Nasen ja schmucker,
doch bürgen keine Götter mehr für arme Schlucker -
Bacchus ist Alki, und der Große Pan ist tot.

2. Wenn zwei Narren, frisch verknallt,
sich mit Geschmuse amüsierten,
dann kamen Liebesgeister bald,
die ihnen gern die Griffel führten;
hörten sie ein ***je t'aime -*** beseelt
sausten sie gleich in Schwärmen, Waben
aus dem Elysium, und haben
Küsse mitgezählt.
Da war die kleinste Liebelei gebenedeit,
war von Aphrodite, Eros & Co geweih(e)t;
die Liebe gab der letzten Lusche etwas Glanz,
jede Verliebte war so Venus, voll und ganz.
Doch eilten mit gefurchter Stirn und ihrem Schrei
»Ich hab's!« Professor Nimbus und sein Team herbei,
haben die Sphären neu sortiert und abgehakt,
die Götter vom Olymp gejagt.
Zwar liebt man heut noch hier und da, aus reiner Not,
die Regeln für das Liebesspiel sind noch die alten,
doch bürgen keine Götter mehr für die Verknallten -
Venus ist Gattin, und der Große Pan ist tot.

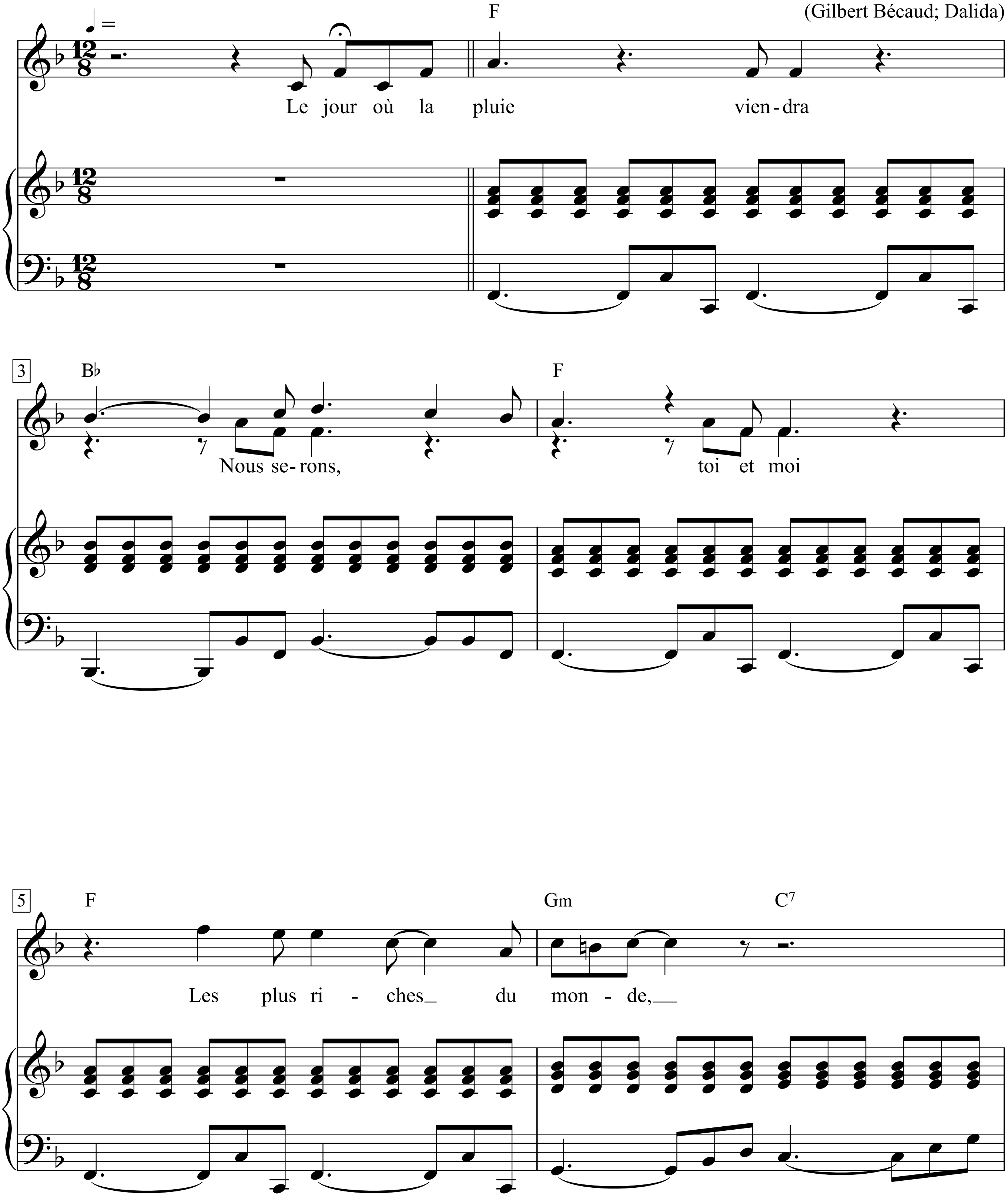
3. Und wenn, fatal, die Stunde schlug,
sich als Leiche zu kostümieren,
wollte ein Klagegeisterzug
zur letzten Ehrung defilieren;
mit ihrer Barke auf dem Fluss -
so in die Unterwelt zu tauchen,
den letzten Seufzer auszuhauchen,
war fast ein Genuss.
Der schlichteste Kadaver war gebenedeit
und von Charon, Pluton & Co verschifft, geweih(e)t,
der größten Lusche gönnte man die Seele und
die Ewigkeit dem allerletzten armen Hund.
Doch eilten mit gefurchter Stirn und ihrem Schrei
»Ich hab's!« Professor Nimbus und sein Team herbei,
haben die Sphären neu sortiert und abgehakt,
die Götter vom Olymp gejagt.
Zwar stirbt man heut noch hier und da, aus reiner Not,
doch ist das Grab die letzte Bleibe für uns Heiden;
die Götter bürgen nicht mehr für die, die verscheiden -
Tod ist natürlich, und der Große Pan ist tot.

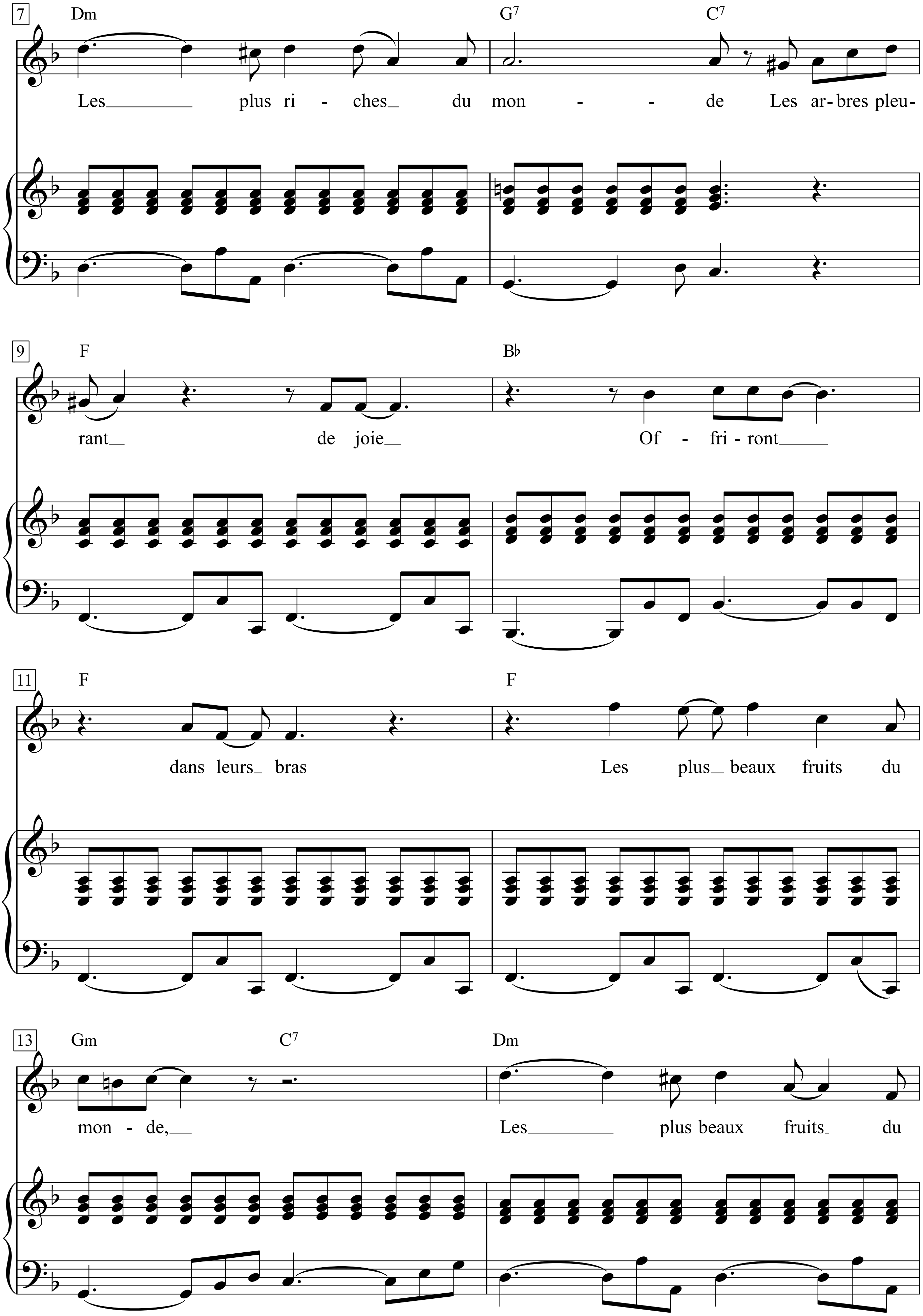
4. Und von den letzten Göttern, die wir grad noch kennen,
wird's einem sicher längst unter den Nägeln brennen;
bald sehen wir, wie Jesuchrist
vom Kreuze kriecht und sagt, mit verkniffenen Lippen:
»Scheiße, ich spiel nicht mehr für all die miesen Typen.
Der Weltuntergang, fürchte ich, wird ganz schön trist.«

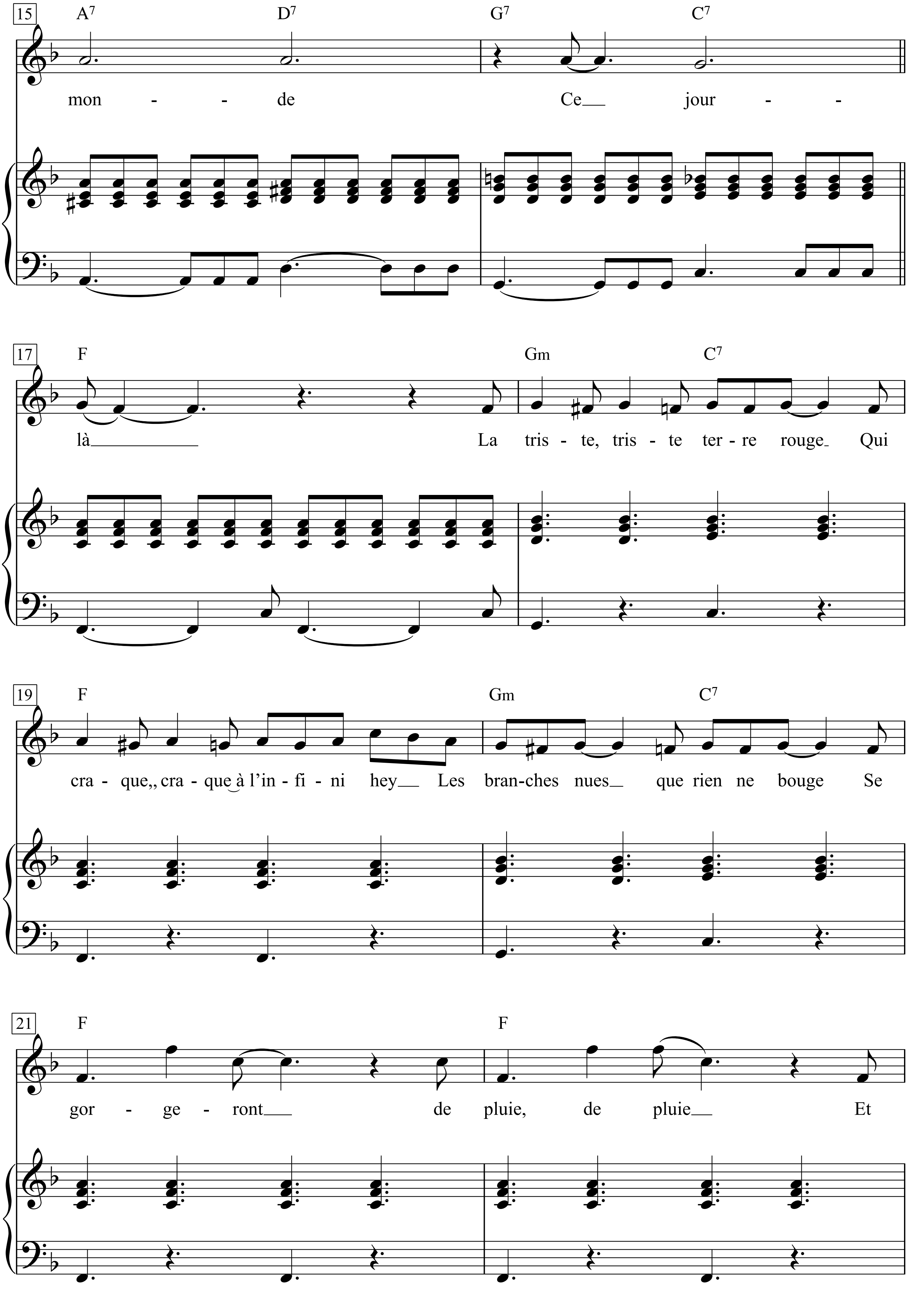
Le jour où la pluie viendra

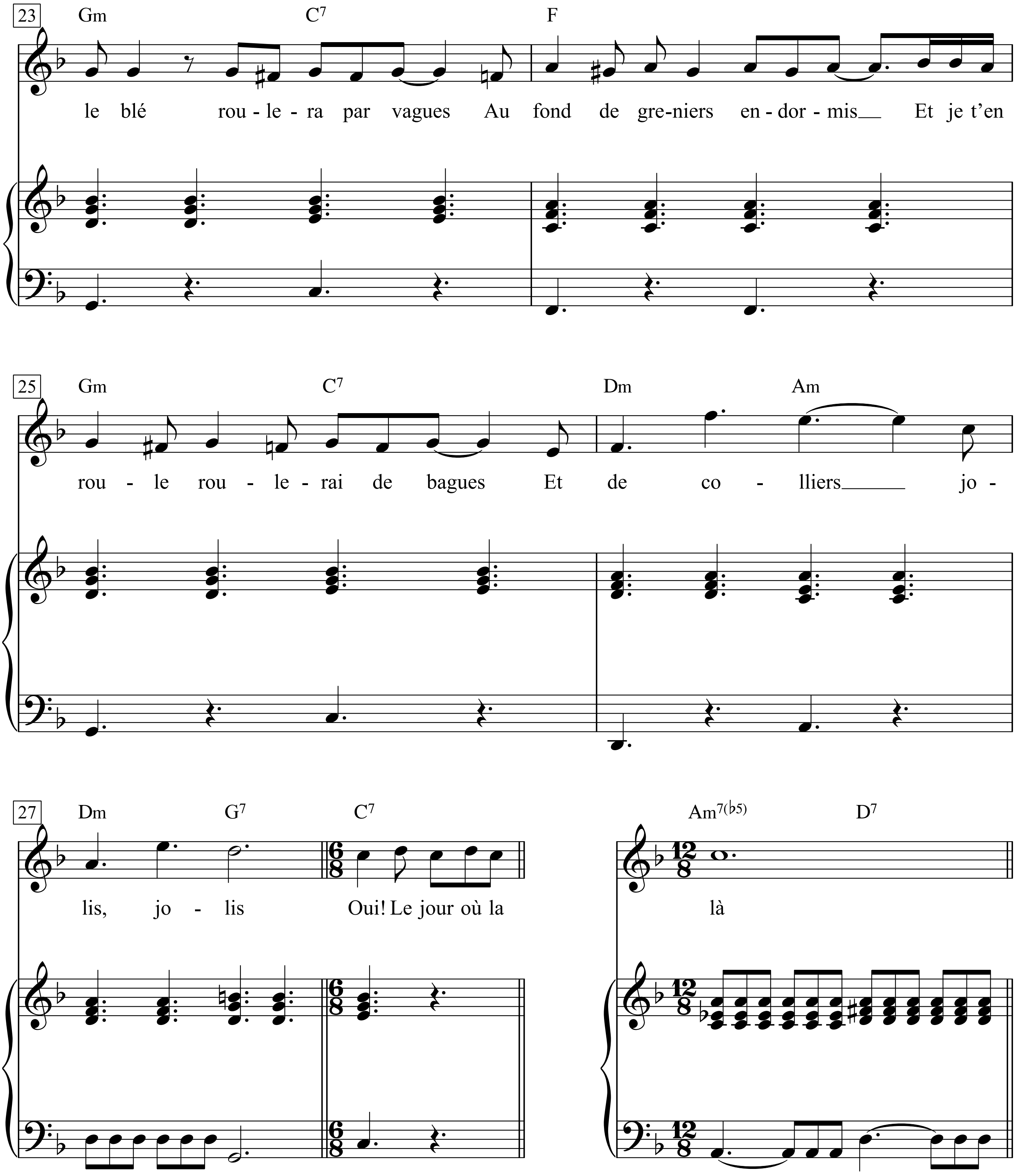
Paroles de Pierre Delanoe

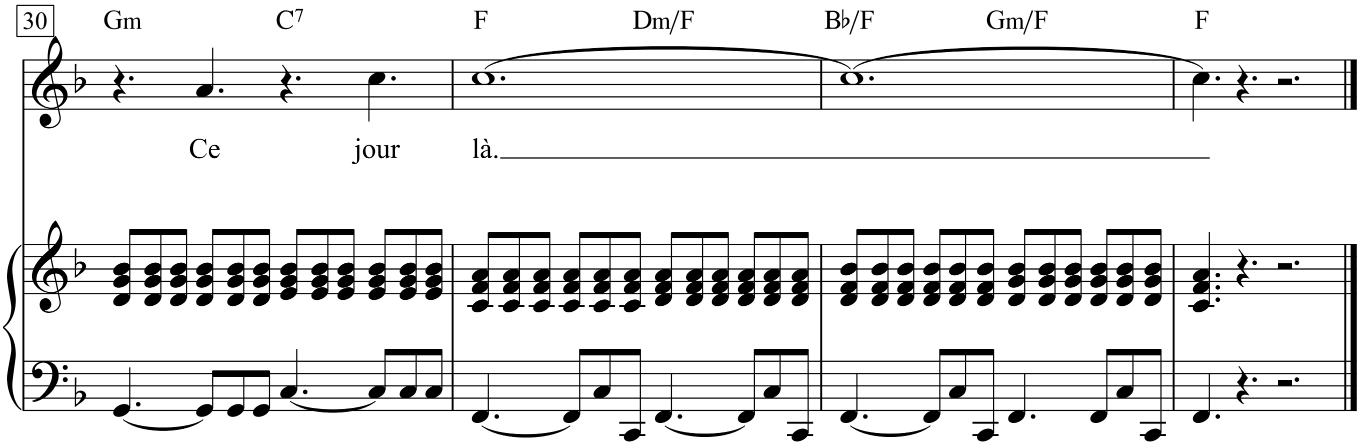
Musique de Gilbert Bécaud
(Gilbert Bécaud; Dalida)




7
Dm
G7
C7
Les plus ri - ches du mon - - de Les ar - bres pleu -
9
F
B♭
rant de joie Of - fri - ront
11
F
F
dans leurs bras Les plus beaux fruits du
13
Gm
C7
Dm
mon - de, Les plus beaux fruits du


15
A7 D7 G7 C7
mon - - de Ce jour - -
17
F Gm C7
là La tris - te, tris - te ter - re rouge Qui
19
F Gm C7
cra - que,, cra - que à l'in - fi - ni hey Les bran-ches nues que rien ne bouge Se
21
F F
gor - ge - ront de pluie, de pluie Et

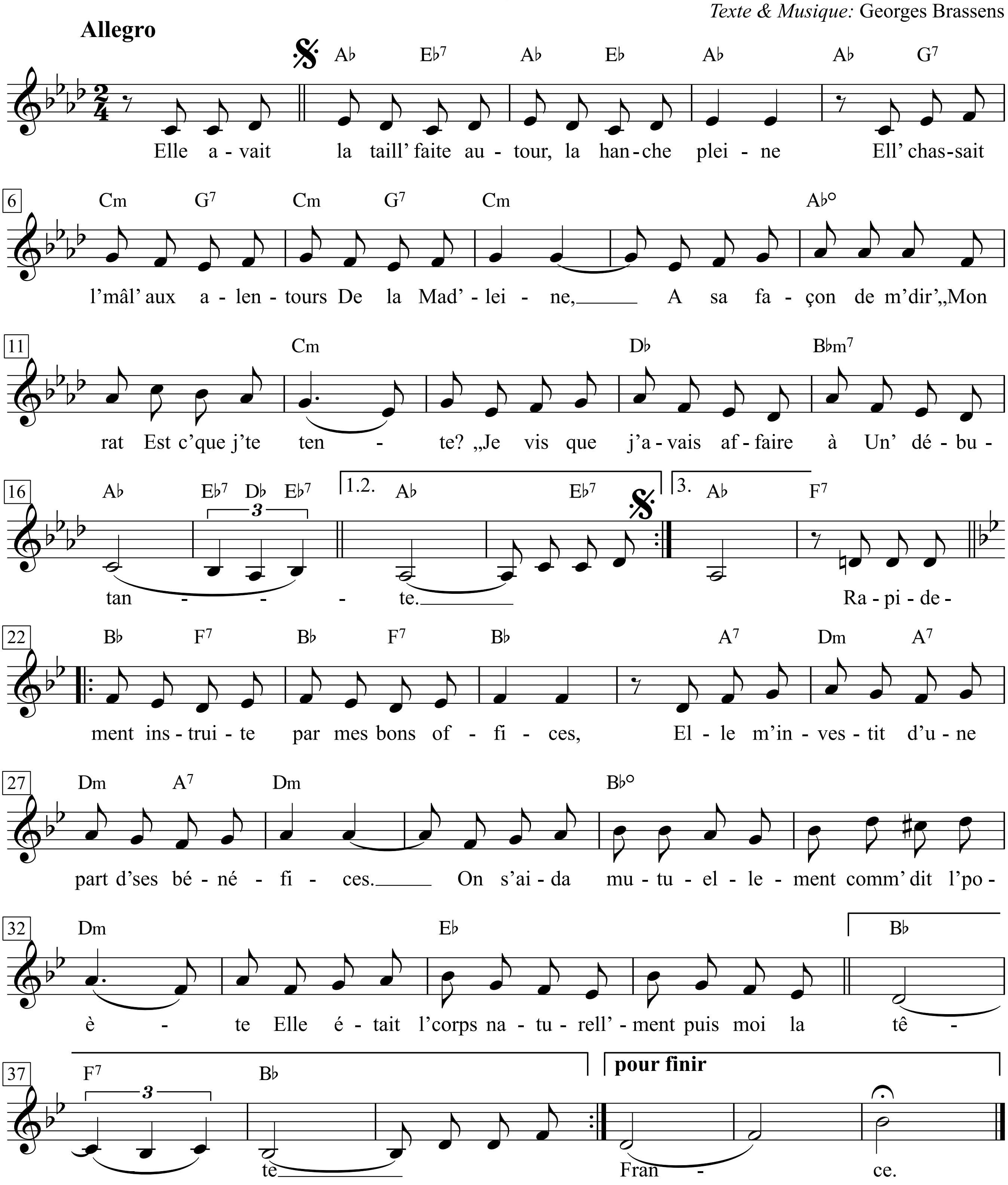

23
Gm C7 F
le blé rou - le - ra par vagues Au fond de gre-niers en - dor - mis Et je t'en
25
Gm C7 Dm Am
rou - le rou - le - rai de bagues Et de co - lliers jo -
27
Dm G7 C7 Am7(♭5) D7
lis, jo - lis Oui! Le jour où la là


30
Gm C7 F Dm/F B♭/F Gm/F F
Ce jour là.

Le mauvais sujet repenti

(Der reumütige Schurke)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Elle avait la taill' faite au tour,
Les hanches pleines,
Et chassait l' mâle aux alentours
De la Mad'leine ...
A sa façon d'me dir': »Mon rat,
Est-c' que j'te tente?«
Je vis que j'avais affaire à
Un' débutante ...

1. Sie hatte eine runde Taille,
volle Schenkel
und jagte Männer nahe
der Madeleine ...
An der Art wie sie sagte:
»Na, mach ich dich an?«
sah ich, dass ich es mit einer
Neuen zu tun hatte.

2. L'avait l' don, c'est vrai, j'en conviens,
L'avait l' génie,
Mais, sans technique, un don n'est rien
Qu'un' sal' manie ...
Certes, on ne se fait pas putain
Comme on s' fait nonne.
C'est du moins c' qu'on prêche, en latin,
A la Sorbonne ...

2. Sie hatte die Gabe, zugegeben,
sie hatte das Genie,
aber ohne Technik ist die Gabe
nur eine schmierige Manie ...
Man wird eben nicht so leicht
Nutte wie Nonne,
jedenfalls sagt man so auf Latein
an der Sorbonne.

3. Me sentant rempli de pitié
Pour la donzelle,
J'lui enseignai, de son métier,
Les p'tit's ficelles ...
J' lui enseignai l' moyen d'bientôt
Faire fortune,
En bougeant l'endroit où le dos
R'ssemble à la lune ...

3. Ergriffen von Mitleid
für die Maid
brachte ich ihr die feinen Kniffe
ihres Gewerbes bei ...
Ich zeigte ihr, wie sie bald
zu etwas kommen kann,
indem sie den Teil bewegt, wo
der Rücken dem Mond ähnelt ...

4. Car, dans l'art de fair' le trottoir,
Je le confesse,
Le difficile est d'bien savoir
Jouer des fesses ...
On n' tortill' pas son popotin
D' la mêm' manière,
Pour un droguiste, un sacristain,
Un fonctionnaire ...

4. Denn in der Strichkunst ist es,
offen gesagt,
am wichtigsten, gut mit den
Backen zu klimpern ...
Man wackelt nicht mit dem Po
in gleicher Weise
für einen Apotheker,
einen Sakristan, einen Beamten ...

5. Rapidement instruite par
Mes bons offices,
Elle m'investit d'une part
D' ses bénéfices ...
On s'aida mutuellement,
Comm' dit l'poète.
Ell' état l' corps, naturell'ment,
Puis moi la tête ...

5. Schnell ausgebildet durch
meine Liebesdienste
investierte sie einen Teil
ihrer Erträge in mich ...
Man stand einander bei,
wie der Dichter so sagt.
Sie war natürlich der Körper
und ich der Kopf.

6. Quand la pauvrette à la maison
Rentrait bredouille,
Je lui flanquais, plus qu' de raison
Des ratatouilles.
Lui souviendrait-il encor' du
Bidet d'hygiène
Avec lequel j'avais fendu
Sa boît' crânienne.

6. Wenn die Kleine heimkam
mit leeren Händen,
hab ich sie mit vollem Recht
gründlich vermöbelt.
Sie wird sich bestimmt noch erinnern
an das Bidet,
mit dem ich ihr den Schädel
demoliert habe.

7. Un soir, à la suite de
Manœuvres douteuses,
Ell' tomba victim' d'une
Maladie honteuse ...
Lors, en tout bien, toute amitié,
En fille probe,
Elle me passa la moitié
De ses microbes ...

7. Eines Abends, infolge
zweifelhafter Manöver,
wurde sie Opfer einer
schändlichen Krankheit ...
In aller Freundschaft,
als redliches Mädchen,
gab sie mir die Hälfte
ihrer Mikroben ab.

8. Après des injections aiguës
D'antiseptique,
J'abandonnai l' métier d'cocu
Systématique ...
Elle eut beau pousser des sanglots,
Braire à tu'-tête,
Comme je n'étais qu'un salaud,
J' me fis honnête ...

8. Nach spitzen anti
septischen Spritzen
gab ich das Gewerbe
des systematischen Cocus auf ...
Sie hatte gut schluchzen
und lauthals heulen;
da ich nur ein Schuft war,
wurde ich nun ehrbar.

9. Sitôt privé' de ma tutell',
Ma pauvre amie
Courut essuyer du bordel
Les infamies ...
Paraît qu'ell' s' vend même à des flics,
Quell' décadence!
Y'a plus d'moralité publiqu'
Dans notre France ...

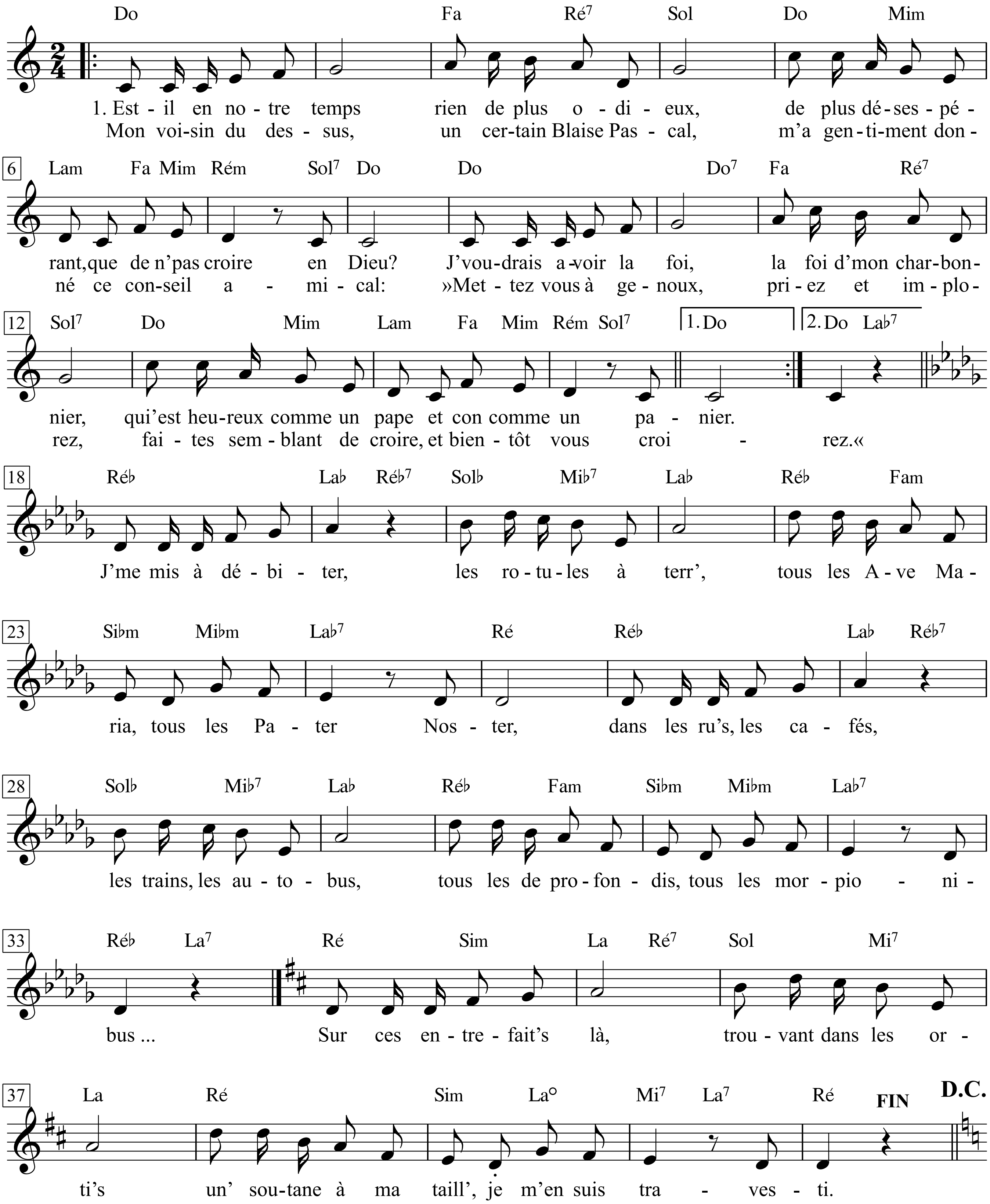
9. Meiner Leitung beraubt
verfiel meine arme Freundin darauf,
die Scheußlichkeiten des
Bordells zu betreiben ...
Anscheinend verkauft sie sich jetzt sogar
an Bullen, welcher Niedergang!
Es gibt eben keine öffentliche Moral mehr
in diesem unserem Lande!

Le mécréant

(Der Ungläubige)

Moderato

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.97 & II. S.246-249

1. Est-il en notre temps rien de plus odieux,
De plus désespérant, que de n' pas croire en Dieu?

2. J' voudrais avoir la foi, la foi d'mon charbonnier,
Qui est heureux comme un pape et con comme un panier.

3. Mon voisin du dessus, un certain Blais' Pascal,
M'a gentiment donné ce conseil amical:

4. »Mettez-vous à genoux, priez et implorez,
Faites semblant de croire, et bientôt vous croirez.«

5. J' me mis à débiter, les rotules à terr',
Tous les Ave Maria, tous les Pater Noster,

6. Dans les ru's, les cafés, les trains, les autobus,
Tous les de profondis, tous les morpionibus ...

7. Sur ces entrefait's là, trouvant dans les orti's
Un' soutane à ma taill', je m'en suis travesti.

8. Et, tonsuré de frais, ma guitare à la main,
Vers la foi salvatric' je me mis en chemin.

9. J' tombai sur un boisseau d' punais's de sacristi'.
Me prenant pour un autre, en chœur, elles m'ont dit:

10. »Mon Pèr', chantez-nous donc quelque refrain sacré,
Quelque sainte chanson dont vous avez 1' secret!«

11. Grattant avec ferveur les cordes sous mes doigts,
J'entonnai »le Gorille« avec »Putain de toi«.

12. Criant à l'imposteur, au traître, au papelard,
Ell's veul'nt me fair' subir le supplic' d'Abélard,

13. Je vais grossir les rangs des muets du sérail,
Les bell's ne viendront plus se pendre à mon poitrail,

14. Grâce à ma voix coupé' j'aurai la plac' de choix
Au milieu des petits chanteurs à la croix d'bois.

15. Attiré' par le bruit, un' dam' de Charité,
Leur dit: »Que faites-vous? Malheureus's, arrêtez!

16. Y'a tant d'homm's aujourd'hui qui ont un penchant pervers
A prendre obstinément Cupidon à l'envers,

17. Tant d'hommes dépourvus de leurs virils appas,
A ceux qui en ont encor' ne les enlevons pas!«

18. Ces arguments massu' firent un' grosse impression,
On me laissa partir avec des ovations.

19. Mais, su' 1' chemin du ciel, je n' ferai plus un pas,
La foi viendra d'ell' même ou ell' ne viendra pas.

20. Je n'ai jamais tué, jamais violé non plus,
Y'a déjà quelque temps que je ne vole plus,

21. Si l'Éternel existe, en fin de compte, il voit
Qu' je m' conduis guèr' plus mal que si j'avais la foi.

1. Gibt's denn heut wirklich nicht ärgere Seelenpein,
schlimmere Folterqual, als ohne Gott zu sein?

2. Ich wäre gern so leicht gläubig wie Nachbars Hein:
seliger als ein Pope und saublöd wie'n Schwein.

3. Herr Blaise Pascal, der im Haus hier ne Bude hat,
gab mir ganz freundlich diesen gutgemeinten Rat:

4. »Sie sollten beten, flehn - gehen Sie in die Knie,
tun Sie, als ob Sie glaubten, und bald glauben Sie!«

5. Ich hab mich hingekniet und alles rausgepresst:
Ave Maria, Pater Noster und den Rest,

6. unterwegs, im Café, im Zug, im Omnibus:
massenhaft *de profundis und filzlausibus.*

7. Ins Korn geworfen lag etwas, das nahm ich mit:
eine Soutane, und so wurd ich Transvestit.

8. Die Klampfe in der Hand, dazu frisch tonsuriert,
macht ich mich auf den Pfad, der zur Erlösung führt.

9. Ich fand ein Vipernnest Betkaffeeschwestern, die
hielten mich für nen andren, darum sagten sie:

10. »Singen Sie doch für uns, Pater - ein frommes Lied,
einen erbaulichen Gesang von Gottes Güt.«

11. Ich griff die Saiten und machte die Augen zu,
dann sang ich »Der Gorilla« und »Du Nutte du«.

12. Sie schreien laut »Betrug«, »Lästerung« und »Gefahr«,
wolln mir das Gleiche antun wie einst Abélard;

13. den Brüdern im Serail reich ich schon bald das Salz,
nie mehr hängt eine Holde sich mir an den Hals;

14. dank meiner Stimme mit dem goldigen Verschnitt
steh ich als Chorknab am Altar im ersten Glied.

15.Angelockt von dem Lärm griff eine Dame ein -
»Unselige, was tut ihr da? O lasst ihn sein!

16. Heut hat so mancher Mann einen perversen Hang,
mit Cupido verkehrt er nur im Rückwärtsgang.

17. So viele, denen's schon am Zubehör gebricht -
wer es noch hat, dem nehmen wir's doch bitte nicht!«

18. Mit dieser Rede traf sie wohl den rechten Ton;
man ließ mich frei, sogar mit einer Ovation.

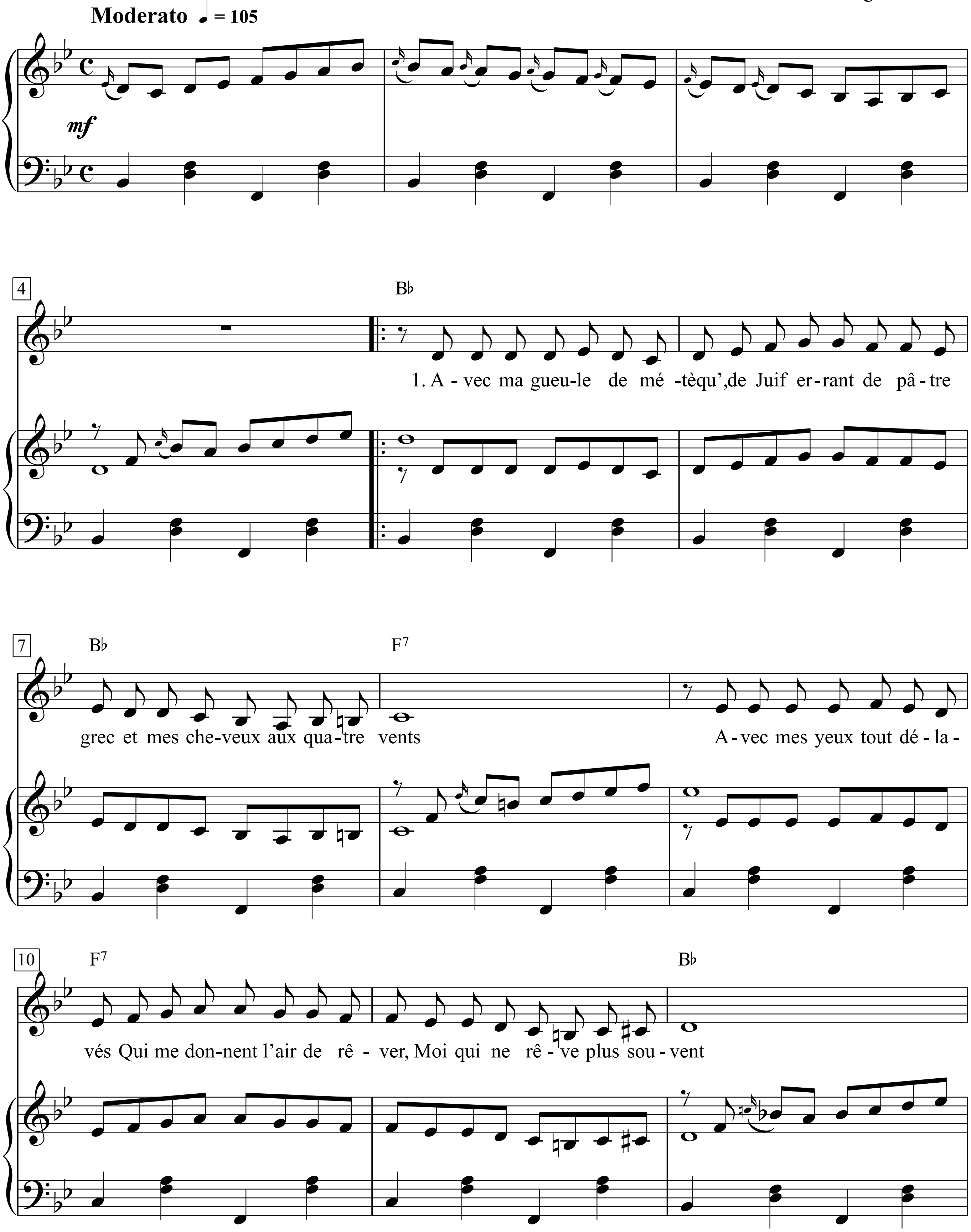
19. Doch tu ich keinen Schritt mehr auf dem Weg zum Licht;
der Glaube kommt von selbst oder er kommt halt nicht.

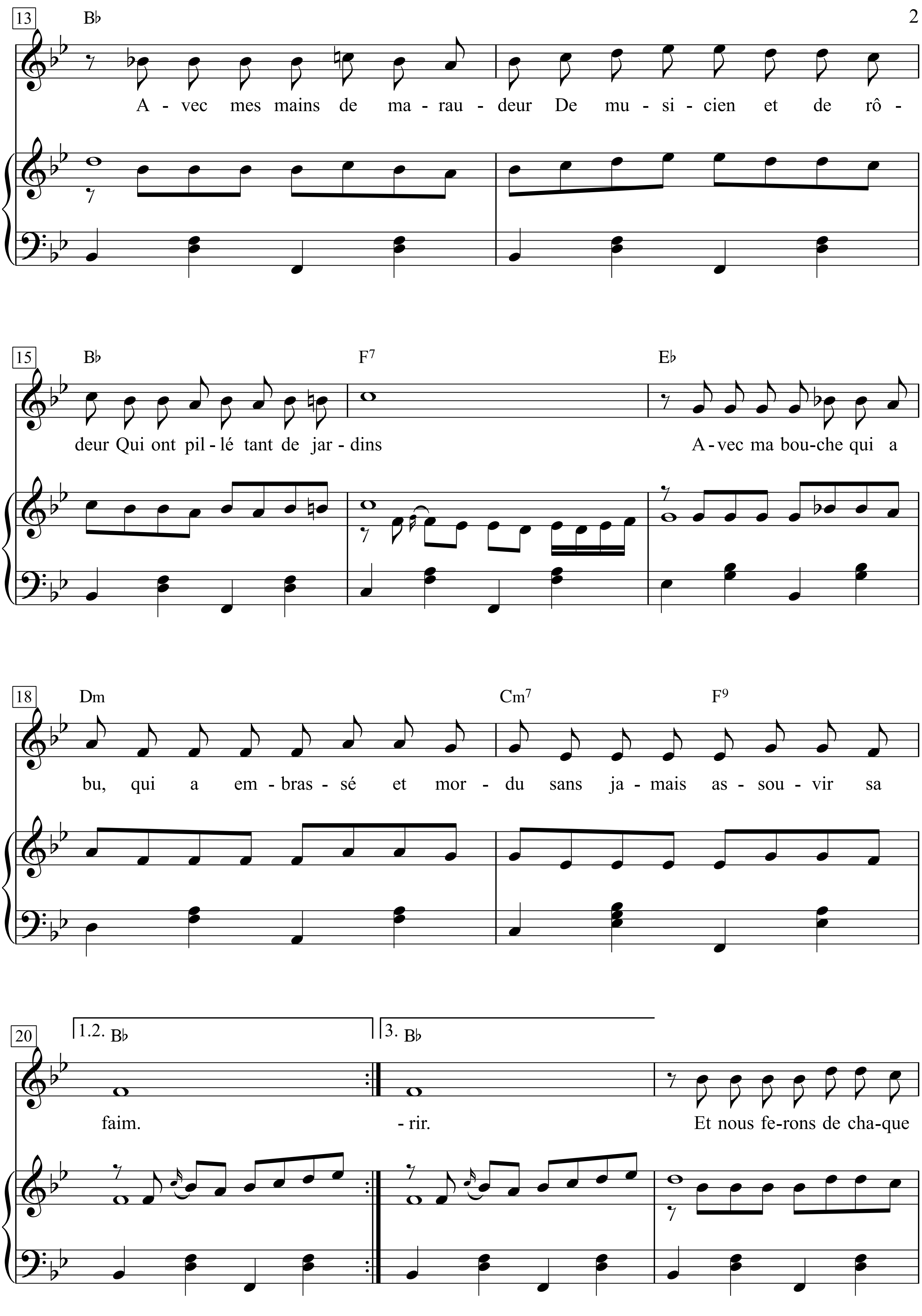
20. Ich bin kein Mörder, kein Schänder, gestehe laut:
Einige Zeit hab ich schon nicht mal mehr geklaut.

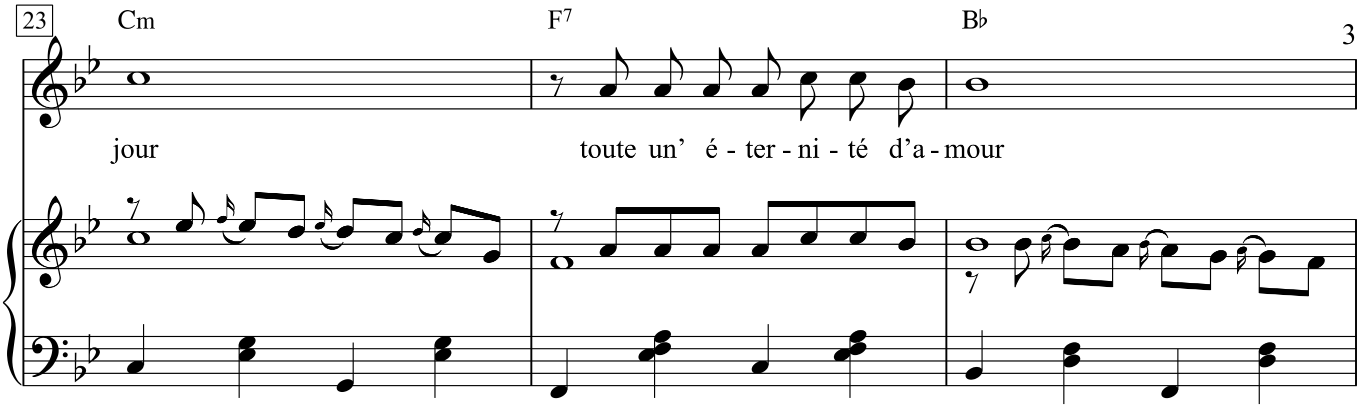
21. Wenn's den da oben gibt, sieht er wohl, dass ich schwer-.
Lich schlechter mich benehm, als wenn ich gläubig wär.

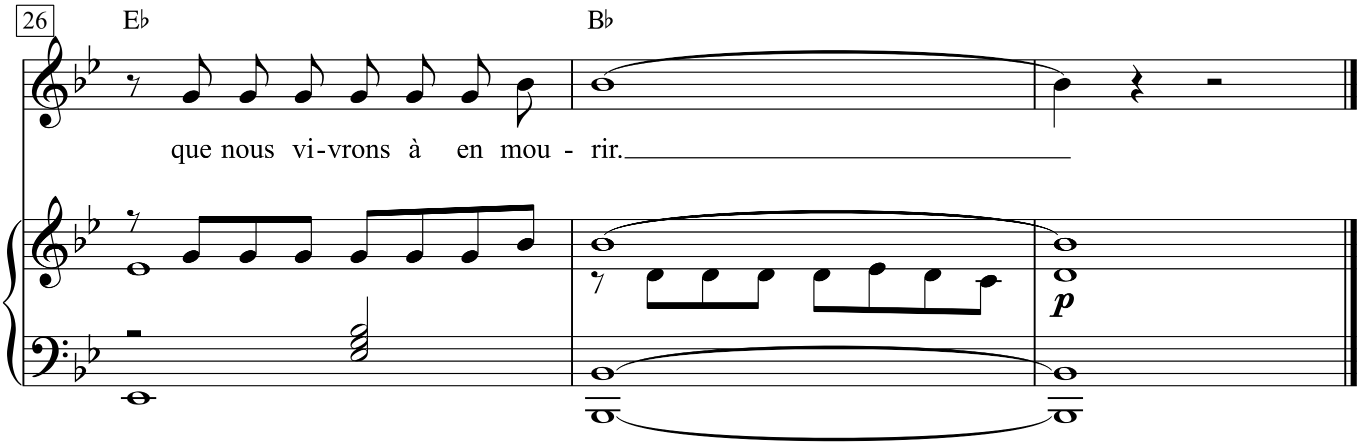
Le Métèque

Paroles et Musique de
Georges Moustaki




13
B♭
A - vec mes mains de ma - rau - deur De mu - si - cien et de rô -
15
B♭
F7
E♭
deur Qui ont pil - lé tant de jar - dins
A - vec ma bou - che qui a
18
Dm
Cm7
F9
bu, qui a em - bras - sé et mor - du sans ja - mais as - sou - vir sa
20
1.2. B♭
3. B♭
faim.
- rir.
Et nous fe - rons de cha - que





1. Avec ma gueule de métèque,
de Juif errant, de pâtre grec
et mes cheveux aux quatre vents
Avec mes yeux tout délavés
Qui me donnent l'air de rêver
Moi qui ne rêve plus souvent
Avec mes mains de maraudeur
De musicien et de rôdeur
Qui ont pillé tant de jardins
Avec ma bouche qui a bu
Qui a embrassé et mordu
Sans jamais assouvir sa faim

2. Avec ma gueule de métèque
De Juif errant, de pâtre grec
De voleur et de vagabond
Avec ma peau qui s'est frottée
Au soleil de tous les étés
Et tout ce qui portait jupon
Avec mon c ur qui a su faire
Souffrir autant qu'il a souffert
Sans pour cela faire d'histoires
Avec mon âme qui n'a plus
La moindre chance de salut
Pour éviter le purgatoire

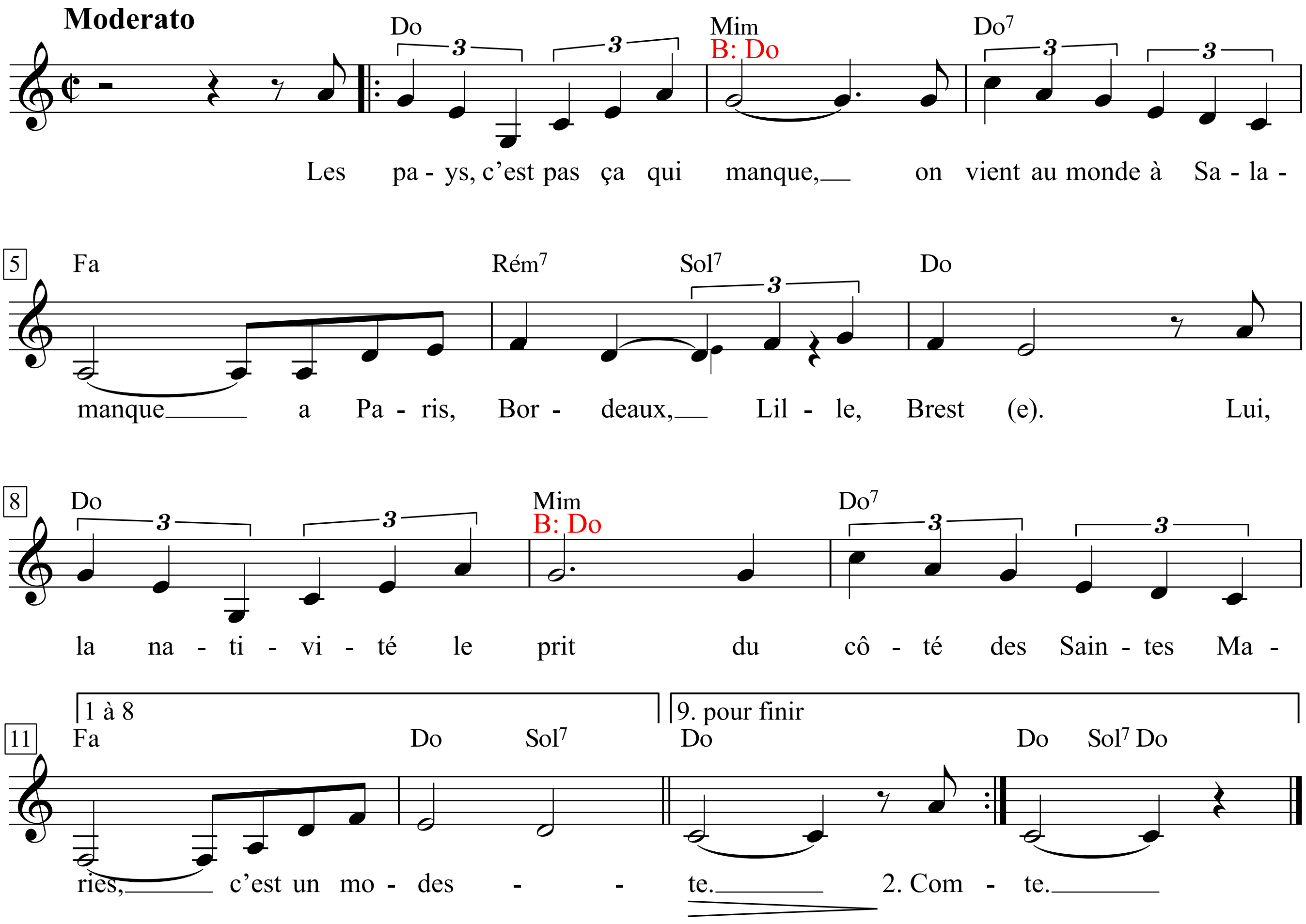
3. Avec ma gueule de métèque
De Juif errant, de pâtre grec
Et mes cheveux aux quatre vents
Je viendrai, ma douce captive
Mon âme sœur, ma source vive
Je viendrai boire tes vingt ans
Et je serai prince de sang
Rêveur ou bien adolescent
Comme il te plaira de choisir
Et nous ferons de chaque jour
Toute une éternité d'amour
Que nous vivrons à en mourir.

Et nous ferons de chaque jour
Toute une éternité d'amour
Que nous vivrons à en mourir

Le modeste

(Bescheiden)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Les pays, c'est pas ça qui manque,
On vient au monde à Salamanque
A Paris, Bordeaux, Lille, Brest(e).
Lui, la nativité le prit
Du côté des Saintes-Maries,
C'est un modeste.

2. Comme jadis a fait un roi,
Il serait bien fichu, je crois,
De donner le trône et le reste
Contre un seul cheval camarguais
Bancal, vieux, borgne, fatigué,
C'est un modeste.

3. Suivi de son pin parasol,
S'il fuit sans mêm' toucher le sol
Le moindre effort comme la peste,
C'est qu'au chantier ses bras d'Hercule
Rendraient les autres ridicules,
C'est un modeste.

1. Heimatkäffer gibt's genug -
man kommt auf die Welt in Salamanca,
in Paris, Bordeaux, Lille, Brest.
Ihn erwischte die Geburt
nahe bei Saintes-Maries,
er ist bescheiden.

2. Wie einst ein König es tat,
hätte er ohne Zögern, glaube ich,
den Thron und den Rest gegeben
für ein einziges Camargue-Pferd
mit krummen Beinen, alt, stur, müde -
er ist bescheiden.

3. Wenn er, gefolgt vom Pinienschatten,
ohne den Boden zu berühren,
jede Mühe flieht wie die Pest,
dann, weil seine Herkulesarme
beim Schuften die anderen lächerlich machen würden -
er ist bescheiden.

4. A la pétanque, quand il perd
Te fais pas de souci, pépère,
Si d'aventure il te conteste.
S'il te boude, s'il te rudoie,
Au fond, il est content pour toi,
C'est un modeste.

5. Si, quand un emmerdeur le met
En rogne, on ne le voit jamais
Lever sur l'homme une main leste.
C'est qu'il juge pas nécessaire
D'humilier un adversaire,
C'est un modeste.

6. Et quand il tombe amoureux fou
Y a pas de danger qu'il l'avoue:
Les effusions, dame, il déteste.
Selon lui, mettre en plein soleil
Son cœur ou son cul c'est pareil,
C'est un modeste.

7. Quand on enterre un imbécile
De ses amis, s'il raille, s'il
A l'œil sec et ne manifeste
Aucun chagrin, t'y fie pas trop:
Sur la patate, il en a gros,
C'est un modeste.

8. Et s'il te traite d'étranger
Que tu sois de Naples, d'Angers
Ou d'ailleurs, remets pas la veste.
Lui, quand il t'adopte, pardi!
Il veut pas que ce soit le dit,
C'est un modeste.

9. Si tu n'as pas tout du grimaud,
Si tu sais lire entre les mots,
Entre les faits, entre les gestes.
Lors, tu verras clair dans son jeu,
Et que ce bel avantageux,
C'est un modeste.

4. Wenn er beim Boule verliert,
mach dir keine Sorgen, Alter,
dass er dich verwegen herausfordert.
Wenn er schmollt, wenn er dich beschimpft,
im Grund ist er zufrieden für dich -
er ist bescheiden.

5. Wenn ihn ein Arsch in Wut bringt
und man ihn nie gegen
den Mann die flinke Faust heben sieht,
dann, weil er es nicht für nötig hält,
einen Gegner zu demütigen -
er ist bescheiden.

6. Und wenn er sich unsterblich verliebt,
keine Gefahr, dass er es etwa zugäbe:
Überschwang hasst er, Madame.
Für ihn ist es gleich ausgeschlossen,
sein Herz oder seinen Hintern zu entblößen -
er ist bescheiden.

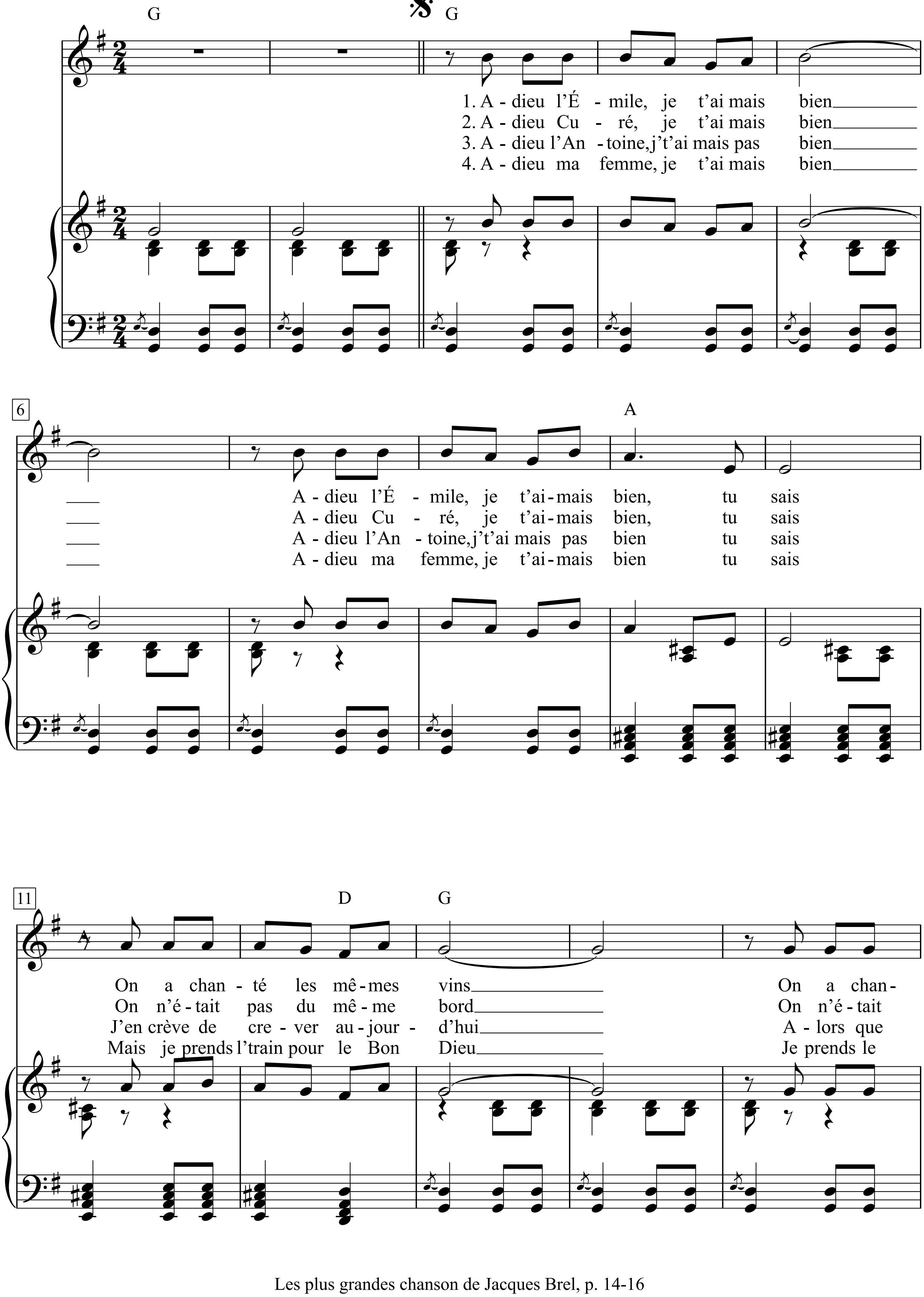
7. Wenn man einen Trottel begräbt
von seinen Freunden, wenn er lästert
und trockenen Auges keinen Kummer zeigt,
verlass dich nicht zu sehr darauf:
tief drinnen heult er wie ein Schlosshund -
er ist bescheiden.

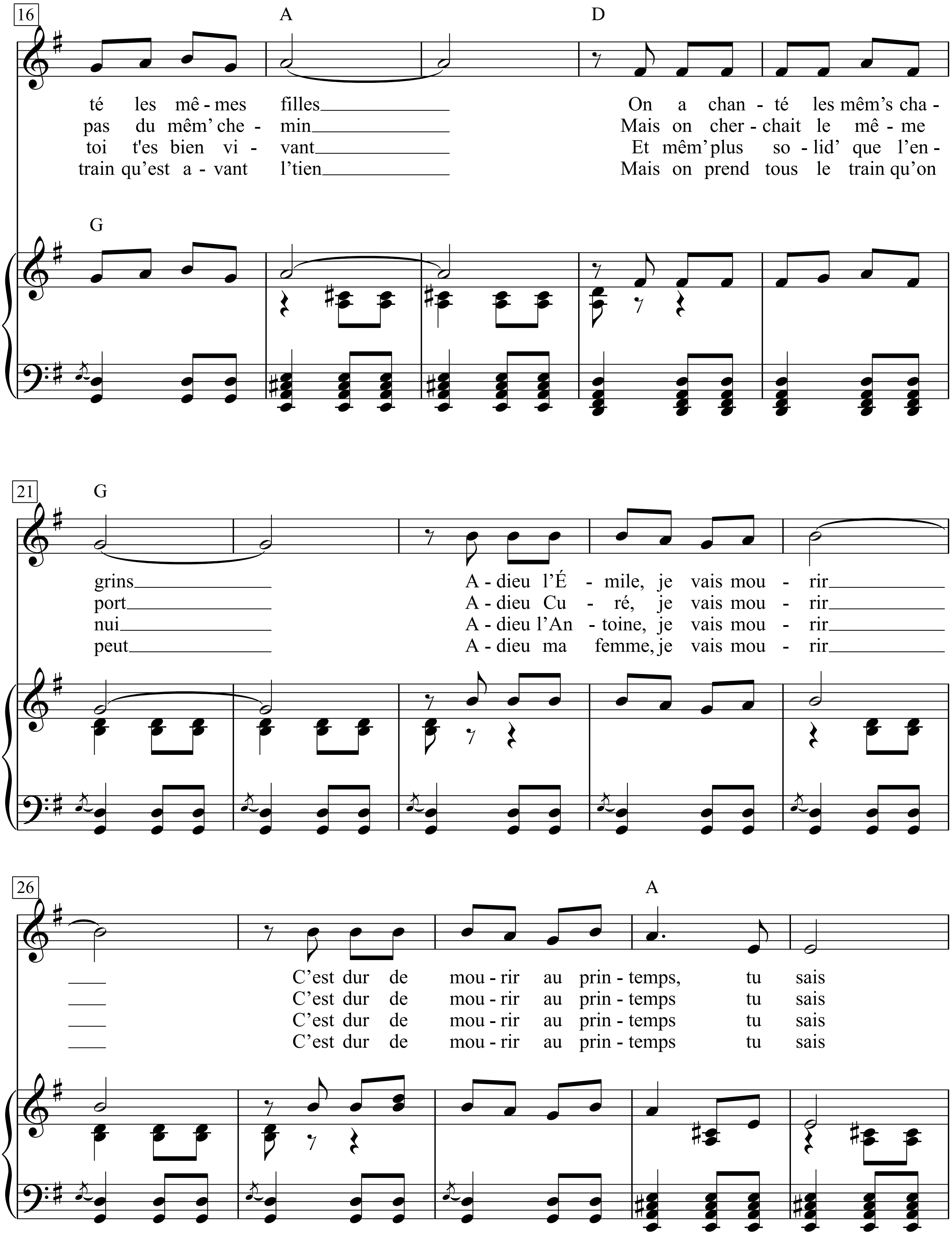
8. Und wenn er dich als Fremden behandelt,
ob du nun aus Neapel bist, aus Angers
oder sonst woher, krempel nicht die Ärmel auf.
Wenn er dich adoptiert, verdammt,
will er nicht, dass man darüber quasselt -
er ist bescheiden.

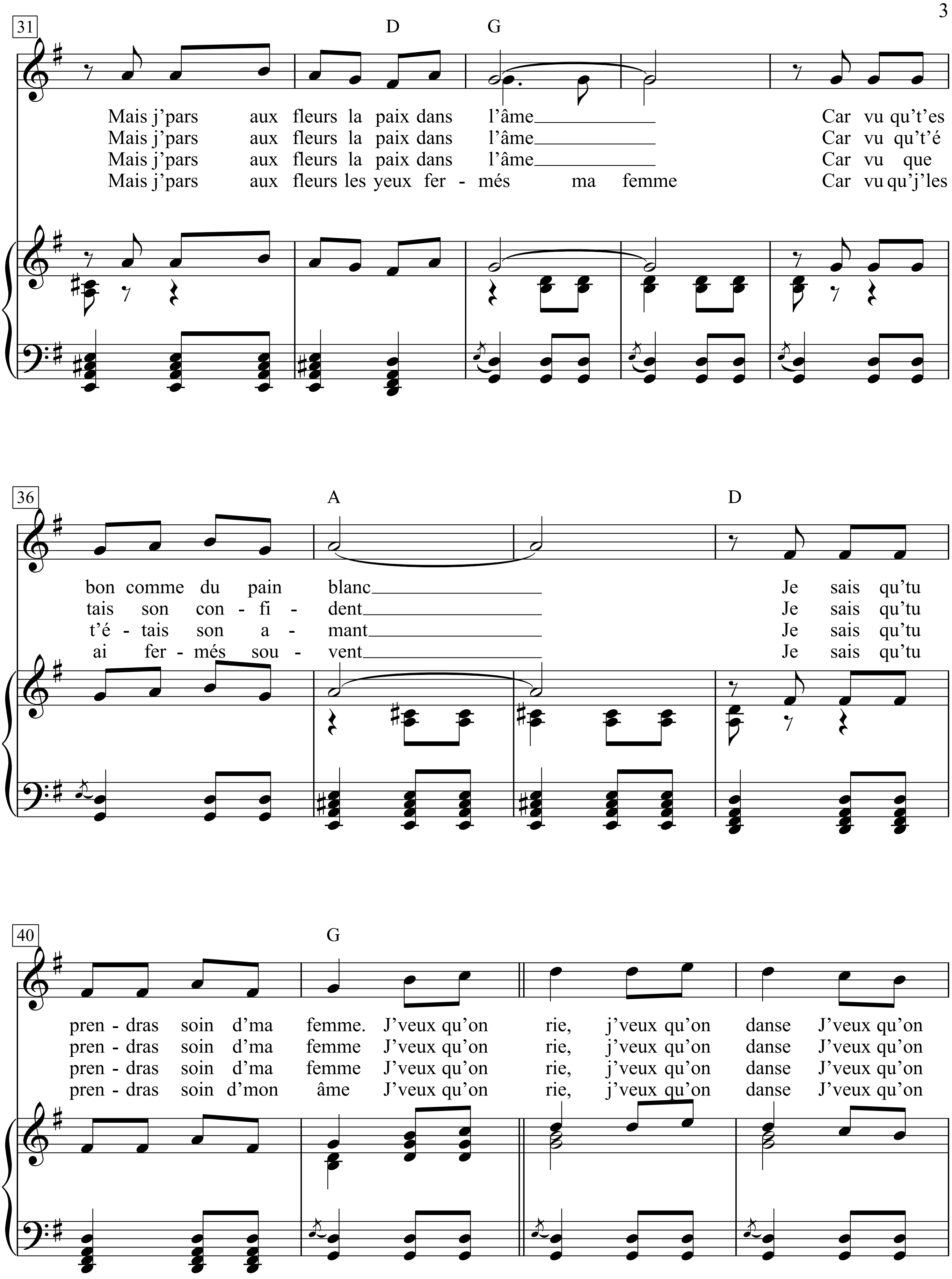
9. Wenn du nicht völlig vernagelt bist,
wenn du zwischen den Wörtern lesen kannst,
zwischen den Taten, zwischen den Gesten,
dann durchschaust du sein Spiel
und siehst, dieses stramme Mannsbild
ist bescheiden.

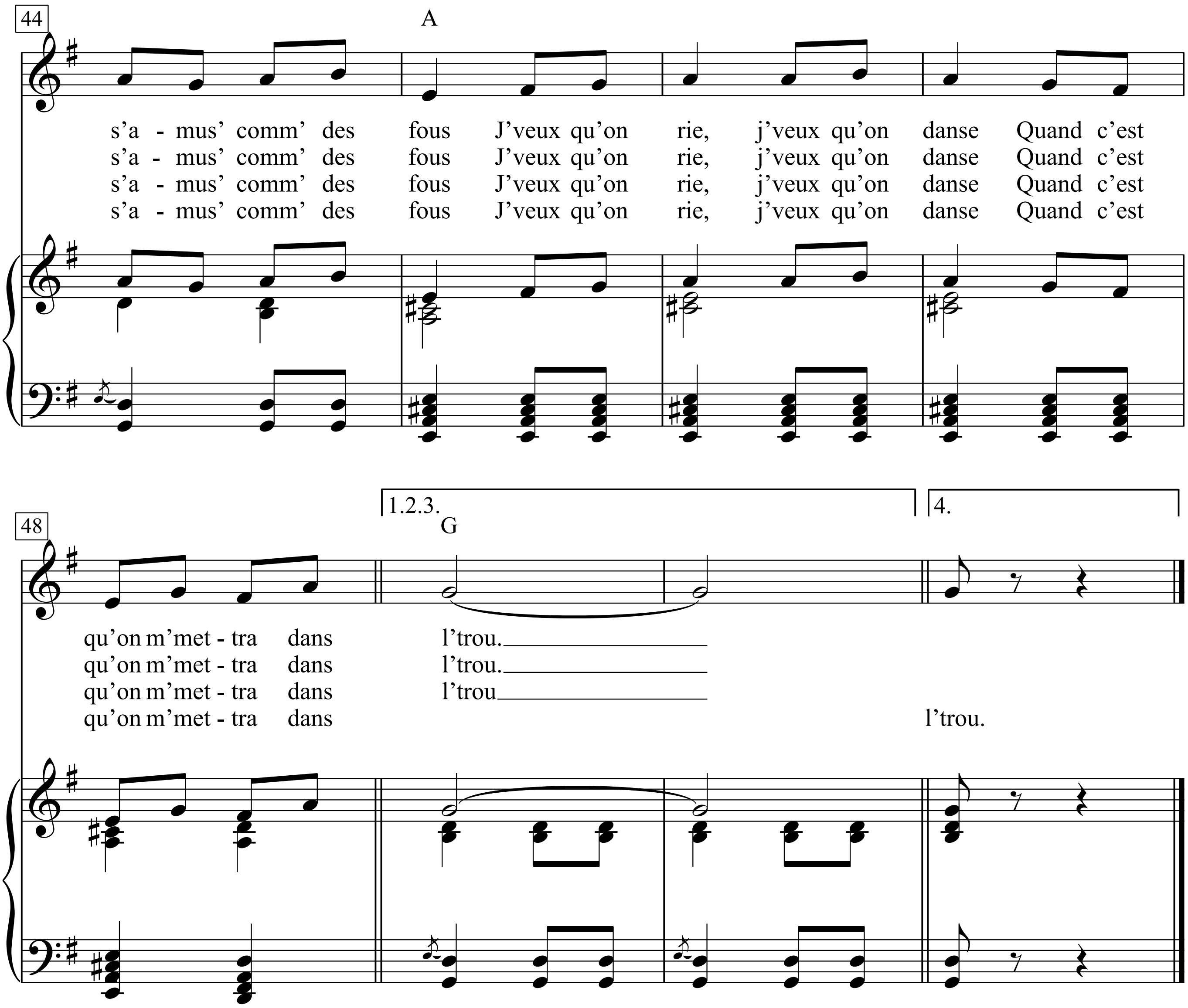
Le moribond

Paroles & Musique:
Jacques Brel




16
A
D
té les mê - mes filles
On a chan - té les mêm's cha -
pas du mêm' che - min
Mais on cher - chait le mê - me
toi t'es bien vi - vant
Et mêm' plus so - lid' que l'en -
train qu'est a - vant l'tien
Mais on prend tous le train qu'on
G
21
G
grins
A - dieu l'É - mile, je vais mou - rir
port
A - dieu Cu - ré, je vais mou - rir
nui
A - dieu l'An - toine, je vais mou - rir
peut
A - dieu ma femme, je vais mou - rir
26
A
C'est dur de mou - rir au prin - temps, tu sais
C'est dur de mou - rir au prin - temps tu sais
C'est dur de mou - rir au prin - temps tu sais
C'est dur de mou - rir au prin - temps tu sais


31
D
G
Mais j'pars aux fleurs la paix dans l'âme Car vu qu't'es
Mais j'pars aux fleurs la paix dans l'âme Car vu qu't'é
Mais j'pars aux fleurs la paix dans l'âme Car vu que
Mais j'pars aux fleurs les yeux fer - més ma femme Car vu qu'j'les
36
A
D
bon comme du pain blanc Je sais qu'tu
tais son con - fi - dent Je sais qu'tu
t'é - tais son a - mant Je sais qu'tu
ai fer - més sou - vent Je sais qu'tu
40
G
pren - dras soin d'ma femme. J'veux qu'on rie, j'veux qu'on danse J'veux qu'on
pren - dras soin d'ma femme J'veux qu'on rie, j'veux qu'on danse J'veux qu'on
pren - dras soin d'ma femme J'veux qu'on rie, j'veux qu'on danse J'veux qu'on
pren - dras soin d'mon âme J'veux qu'on rie, j'veux qu'on danse J'veux qu'on


44
A
s'a - mus' comm' des fous J'veux qu'on rie, j'veux qu'on danse Quand c'est
s'a - mus' comm' des fous J'veux qu'on rie, j'veux qu'on danse Quand c'est
s'a - mus' comm' des fous J'veux qu'on rie, j'veux qu'on danse Quand c'est
s'a - mus' comm' des fous J'veux qu'on rie, j'veux qu'on danse Quand c'est
48
1.2.3.
4.
G
qu'on m'met - tra dans l'trou.
qu'on m'met - tra dans l'trou.
qu'on m'met - tra dans l'trou
qu'on m'met - tra dans l'trou.

1.Adieu l'Émile, je t'aimais bien
Adieu l'Émile, je t'aimais bien, tu sais
On a chanté les mêmes vins
On a chanté les mêmes filles
On a chanté les mêm's chagrins
Adieu l'Émile, je vais mourir
C'est dur de mourir au printemps, tu sais
Mais j'pars aux fleurs la paix dans l'âme
Car vu qu't'es bon comme du pain blanc

Je sais qu'tu prendras soin d'ma femme.
J'veux qu'on rie, j'veux qu'on danse
J'veux qu'on s'amus' comm' des fous
J'veux qu'on rie, j'veux qu'on danse
Quand c'est qu'on m'mettra dans l'trou.

2. Adieu Curé, je t'aimais bien
Adieu Curé, je t'aimais bien, tu sais
On n'était pas du même bord
On n'était pas du mêm' chemin
Mais on cherchait le même port
Adieu Curé, je vais mourir
C'est dur de mourir au printemps tu sais
Mais j'pars aux fleurs la paix dans l'âme
Car vu qu't'étais son confident

Je sais qu'tu prendras soin d'ma femme
J'veux qu'on rie, j'veux qu'on danse
J'veux qu'on s'amus' comm' des fous
J'veux qu'on rie, j'veux qu'on danse
Quand c'est qu'on m'mettra dans l'trou.

3. Adieu l'Antoine, j't'aimais pas bien
Adieu l'Antoine, j't'aimais pas bien tu sais
J'en crève de crever aujourd'hui
Alors que toi t'es bien vivant
Et mêm' plus solid' que l'ennui
Adieu l'Antoine, je vais mourir
C'est dur de mourir au printemps tu sais
Mais j'pars aux fleurs la paix dans l'âme
Car vu que t'étais son amant

Je sais qu'tu prendras soin d'ma femme
J'veux qu'on rie, j'veux qu'on danse
J'veux qu'on s'amus' comm' des fous
J'veux qu'on rie, j'veux qu'on danse
Quand c'est qu'on m'mettra dans l'trou

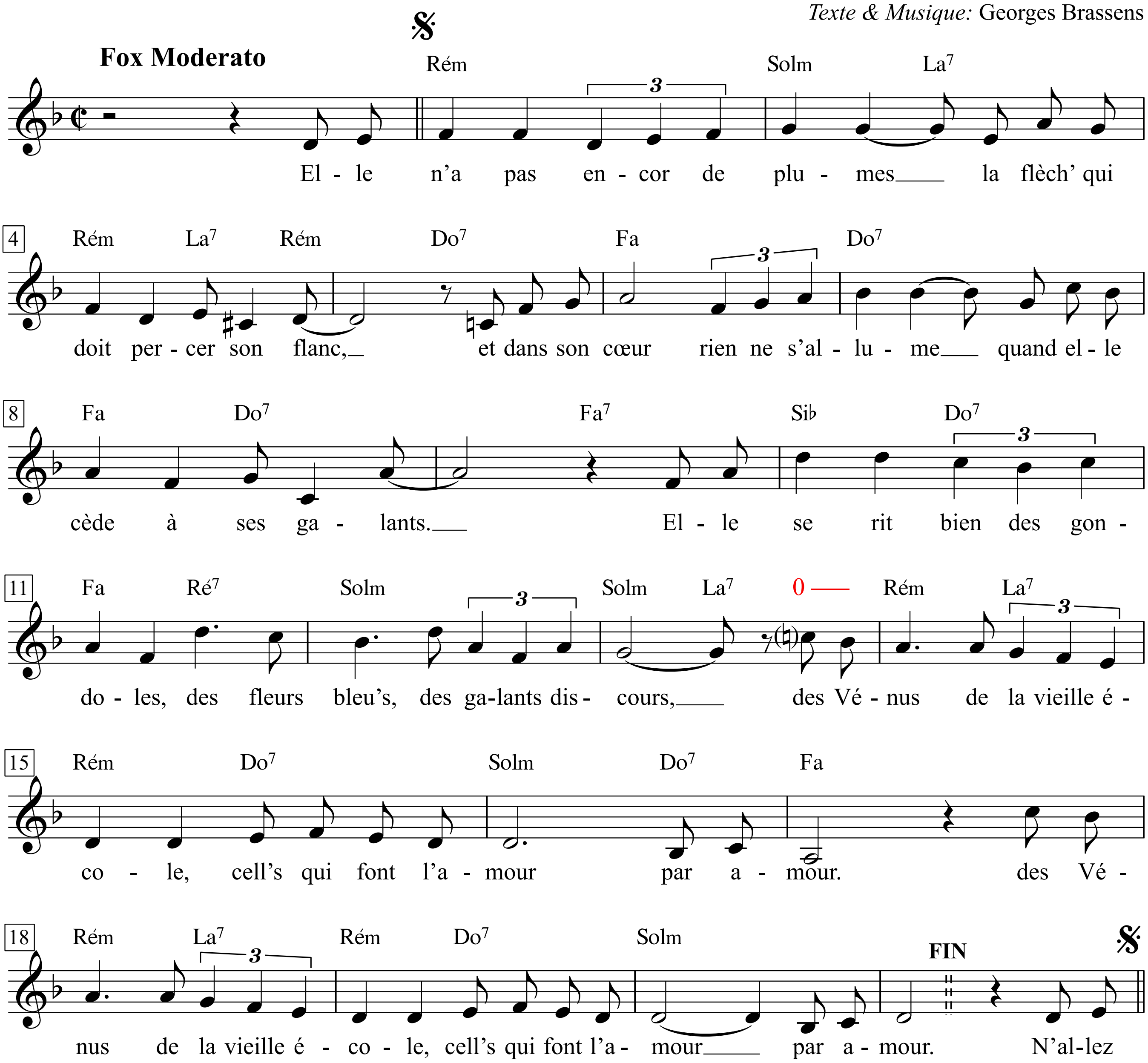
4. Adieu ma femme, je t'aimais bien
Adieu ma femme, je t'aimais bien tu sais
Mais je prends l'train pour le Bon Dieu
Je prends le train qu'est avant l'tien
Mais on prend tous le train qu'on peut
Adieu ma femme, je vais mourir
C'est dur de mourir au printemps tu sais
Mais j'pars aux fleurs les yeux fermés ma femme
Car vu qu'j'les ai fermés souvent

Je sais qu'tu prendras soin d'mon âme
J'veux qu'on rie, j'veux qu'on danse
J'veux qu'on s'amus' comm' des fous
J'veux qu'on rie, j'veux qu'on danse
Quand c'est qu'on m'mettra dans l'trou.

Le mouton de Panurge

(Die Mitläuferin)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.129 & II. S.322-325

1. Elle n’a pas encor de plumes
La flèch’ qui doit percer son flanc,
Et dans son cœur rien ne s’allume
Quand elle cède à ses galants.
Elle se rit bien des gondoles,
Des fleurs bleu’s, des galants discours,
Des Vénus de la vieille école,
Cell’s qui font l’amour par amour.

2. N’allez pas croire davantage
Que le démon brûle son corps.
Il s’arrête au premier étage,
Son septième ciel, et encor!
Elle n’est jamais langoureuse,
Passé’ par le pont des soupirs,
Et voit comm’ des bêtes curieuses,
Cell’s qui font l’amour par plaisir.

3. Croyez pas qu’elle soit à vendre.
Quand on l’a mise sur le dos,
On n’est pas tenu de se fendre
D’un somptueux petit cadeau.
Avant d’aller en bacchanale
Ell’ présente pas un devis,
Ell' n’a rien de ces bell’s vénales,
Cell’s qui font l’amour par profit.

4. Mais alors, pourquoi cède-t-elle,
Sans cœur, sans lucre, sans plaisir?
Si l’amour vaut pas la chandelle,
Pourquoi le jou’-t-elle à loisir?
Si quiconque peut, sans ambages,
L’aider à dégrafer sa rob’,
C’est parc’ qu’ell’ veut être à la page,
Que c’est la mode et qu’elle est snob

5. Mais changent coutumes et filles,
Un jour, peut-être, en son sein nu,
Va se planter pour tout’ la vie
Une petite flèch’ perdu’.
On n’ verra plus qu’elle en gondole,
Elle ira jouer, à son tour,
Les Vénus de la vieille école,
Cell’s qui font l’amour par amour.

1. Er hat noch keine Federn,
der Pfeil, der ihre Flanke durchbohren soll,
und in ihrem Herzen zündet nichts,
wenn sie sich ihren Galanen ergibt.
Sie lacht über Gondeln,
blaue Blumen, galante Reden,
über die Venus alter Schule,
die aus Liebe liebt.

2. Glaubt auch nicht,
der Teufel versenge ihren Leib;
er bleibt in der oberen Etage,
auf dem Höhepunkt, und - noch! - i
st sie nie schmachtend
über die Seufzerbrücke gegangen
und hält für komische Viecher
jene, die aus Lust lieben.

3. Glaubt nicht, sie sei zu verkaufen.
Wenn man sie auf den Rücken gelegt hat,
braucht man sich nicht in Unkosten zu stürzen
für ein feines kleines Geschenk.
Ehe sie zum Bacchanal schreitet,
präsentiert sie keinen Kostenvoranschlag.
Sie hat nichts von den schönen Käuflichen,
die aus Profit lieben.

4. Aber wozu ergibt sie sich dann
ohne Herz, ohne Gewinn, ohne Lust?
Wenn die Liebe der Mühe nicht lohnt,
wozu spielt sie dann damit?
Wenn ihr jeder ohne Umschweife
helfen kann, das Kleid aufzuhaken,
dann weil sie à ***la page*** sein will,
weil’s Mode ist und sie ein Snob.(bis)

5. Aber Gebräuche und Mädchen ändern sich
vielleicht wird sich eines Tages
fürs Leben in ihre nackte Brust
ein kleiner verirrter Pfeil bohren.
Dann sieht man nur noch sie in Gondeln,
sie spielt dann ihrerseits
die Venus alter Schule
die aus Liebe liebt.

Le moyenâgeux
(Der Mittelalterliche)

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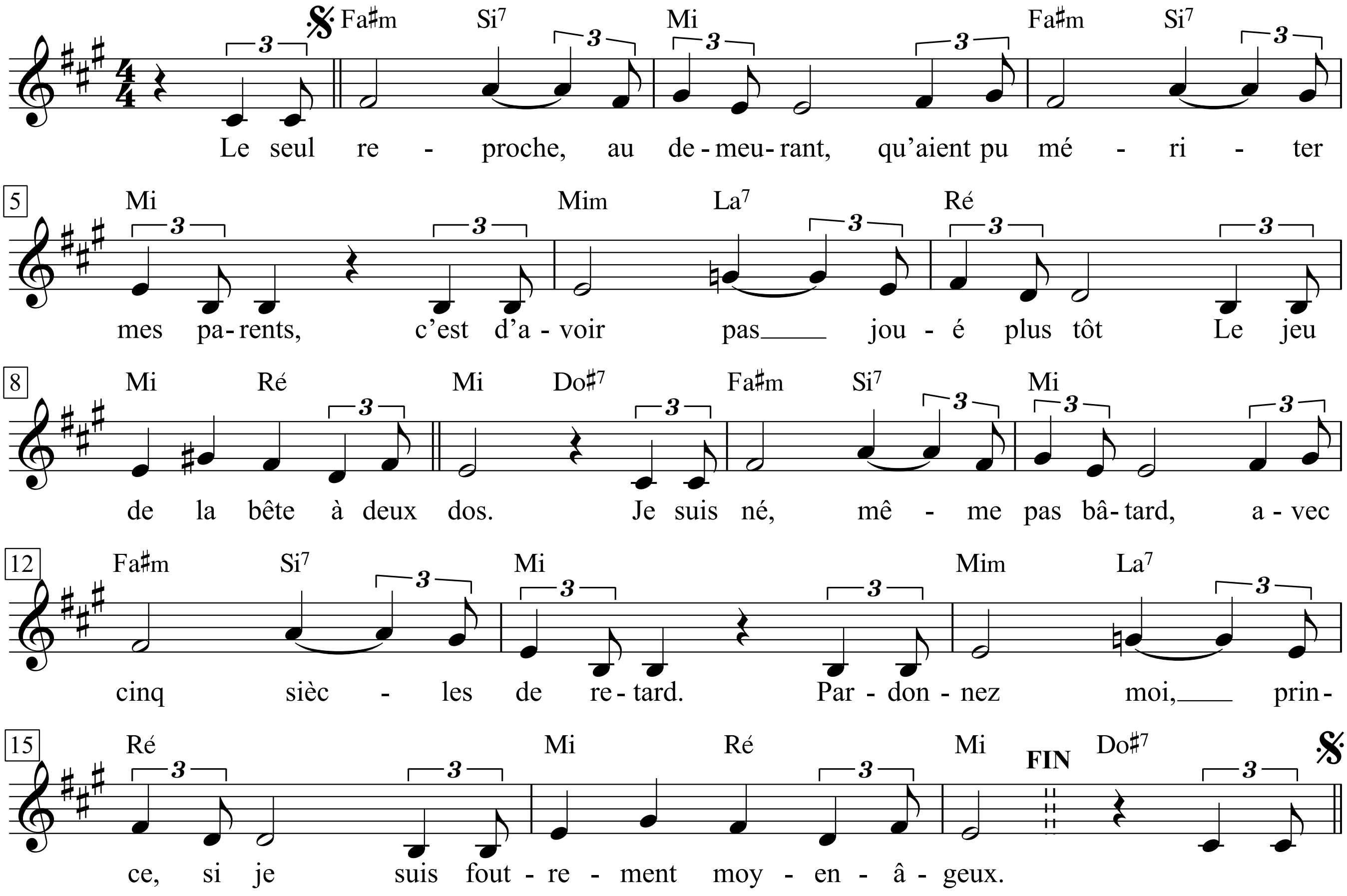


1. Le seul reproche, au demeurant,
Qu'aient pu mériter mes parents,
C'est d'avoir pas joué plus tôt
Le jeu de la bête à deux dos.
Je suis né, même pas bâtard,
Avec cinq siècles de retard.
Pardonnez-moi, Prince, si je
Suis foutrement moyenâgeux.

2. Ah! que n'ai-je vécu, bon sang!
Entre quatorze et quinze cent.
J'aurais retrouvé mes copains
Au *Trou de la pomme de pin,*
Tous les beaux parleurs de jargon,
Tous les promis de Montfaucon,
Les plus illustres seigneuries
Du royaum' de truanderie.

1. Übrigens, der einzige Vorwurf,
den meine Eltern verdient hätten,
ist, dass sie nicht früher
das Tier mit zwei Rücken gespielt haben.
Ich wurde, nicht mal als Bastard,
fünf Jahrhunderte zu spät geboren.
Vergebt mir, mein Fürst, wenn ich
rettungslos mittelalterlich bin.

2. Ach warum hab ich bloß nicht
zwischen vierzehn- und fünfzehnhundert gelebt?
Ich hätte meine Kumpel getroffen,
im *Trou de la pomme de pin.*
All die guten Jargonredner,
alle die Galgenstricke,
die edelsten Herrschaften aus dem
Königreich der Gauner.

3. Après une franche repue,
J'eusse aimé, toute honte bue,
Aller courir le cotillon
Sur les pas de François Villon,
Troussant la gueuse et la forçant
Au cimetièr' des Innocents,
Mes amours de ce siècle-ci
N'en aient aucune jalousie...

4. J'eusse aimé le corps féminin
Des nonnettes et des nonnains
Qui, dans ces jolis temps bénis,
Ne disaient pas toujours »nenni«,
Qui faisaient le mur du couvent,
Qui, Dieu leur pardonne! souvent,
Comptaient les baisers, s'il vous plaît,
Avec des grains de chapelet.

5. Ces p'tit's sœurs, trouvant qu'à leur goût
Quatre Évangil's c'est pas beaucoup,
Sacrifiaient à un de plus:
L'évangile selon Vénus.
Témoin: l'abbesse de Pourras,
Qui fut, qui reste et restera
La plus glorieuse putain
De moines du quartier Latin.

6. A la fin, les anges du guet
M'auraient conduit sur le gibet.
Je serais mort, jambes en l'air,
Sur la veuve patibulaire,
En arrosant la mandragore,
L'herbe aux pendus qui revigore,
En bénissant avec les pieds
Les ribaudes apitoyés.

7. Hélas! tout ça, c'est des chansons.
Il faut se faire une raison.
Les choux-fleurs poussent à présent
Sur le charnier des Innocents.
Le Trou de la pomme de pin
N'est plus qu'un bar américain.
Y' a quelque chose de pourri
Au royaum' de truanderi'.

8. Je mourrai pas à Montfaucon,
Mais dans un lit, comme un vrai con,
Je mourrai, pas même pendard,
Avec cinq siècles de retard.
Ma dernière parole soit
Quelques vers de Maître François,
Et que j'emporte entre les dents
Un flocon des neiges d'antan...

Ma dernière parole soit
Quelques vers de Maître François...

Pardonnez-moi, Prince, si je
Suis foutrement moyenâgeux.

3. Nach einem feinen Gelage
hätt ich, die Schmach bis zur Neige geleert,
Schürzen gejagt auf den
Spuren von François Villon.
Der Gaunerin nachstellen, sie bedrängen
auf dem Cimetière des Innocents -
meine Liebschaften dieses Jahrhunderts,
kein Grund für Eifersucht!

4. Ich hätte den weiblichen Körper geliebt
der Novizinnen und Nonnen,
die in jenen seligen Zeiten
nicht immer Nimmer sagten;
die an der Klostermauer auf den Strich gingen
und - Gott verzeih ihnen! - oft
die Küsse, bitte sehr, abzählten
mit Rosenkranzperlen.

5. Die kleinen Schwestern, die fanden, für ihren Geschmack
seien vier Evangelien nicht sehr viel,
opferten einem fünften,
dem Evangelium nach Venus.
Zeugin dafür: die Äbtissin von Pourras,
die war, bleibt und sein wird
die glorreichste aller heiligmäßigen
Huren des Quartier Latin.

6. Am Schluss hätten mich die Büttel
zum Galgen geschleift;
ich wäre gestorben, die Beine in der Luft,
auf der einbeinigen Witwe
und hätte dabei die Alraune besamt,
den stärkenden Galgenwurz,
und mit den Füßen gesegnet
die trauernden Dirnen.

7. Leider ist all das nur ein Lied aus heißer Luft,
man muss sich damit abfinden.
Blumenkohl wächst heute
auf dem Charnier des Innocents.
Das *Trou de la pomme de pin*
ist nur eine amerikanische Bar,
irgendwas ist faul
im Reich der Gauner.

8. Ich werde nicht in Montfaucon sterben
sondern im Bett, wie ein echter Spießer,
sterben, nicht mal am Strick,
und fünf Jahrhunderte zu spät.
Mein letztes Wort sei:
ein paar Verse von Maitre François,
und dass ich zwischen zusammengebissenen Zähnen
eine Flocke Schnee von gestern mitnehme ...

Mein letztes Wort sei:
ein paar Verse von Maitre François.

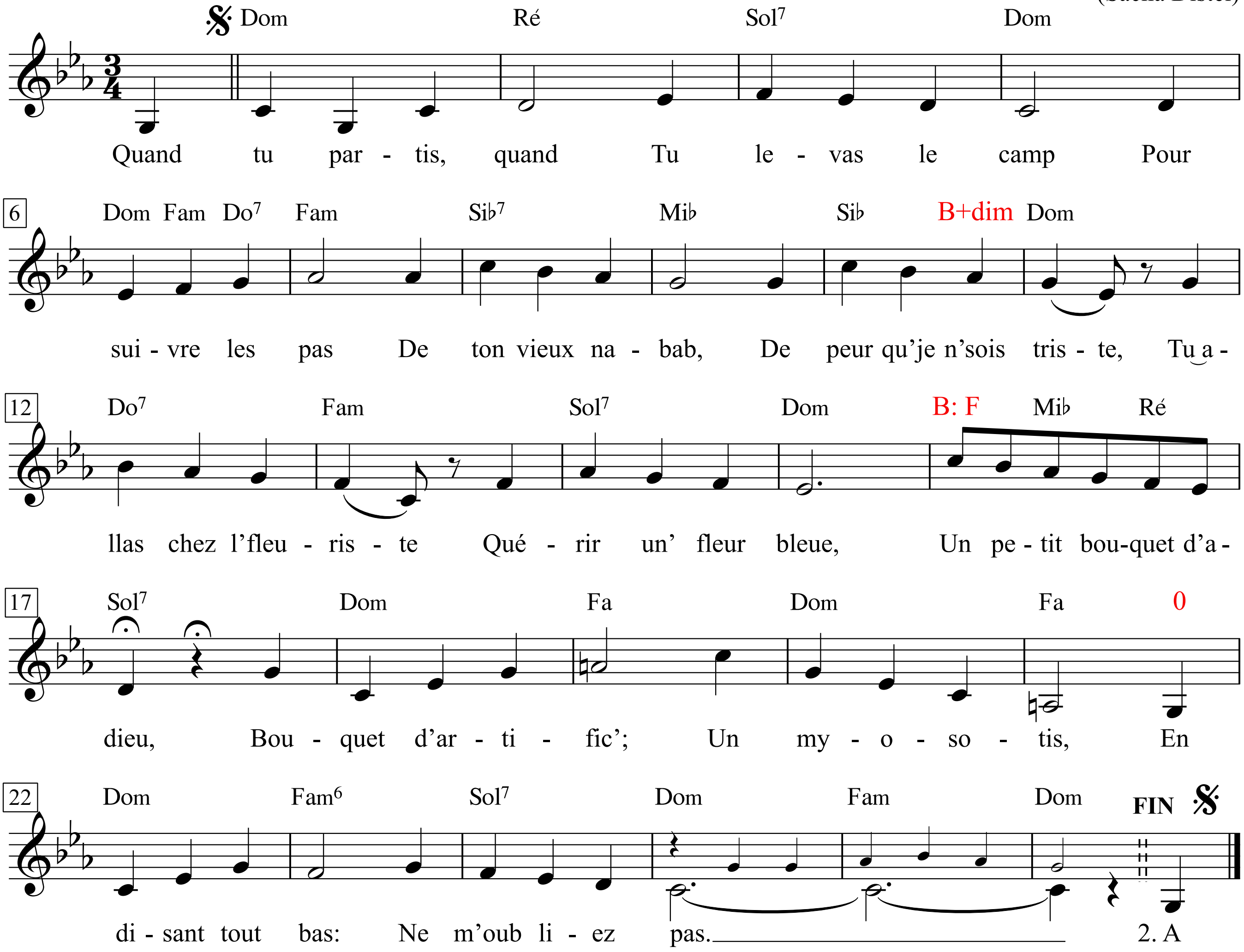
Vergebt mir, mein Fürst, wenn ich
rettungslos mittelalterlich bin ...

Le myosotis

(Vergissmeinnicht)

Mouvement de valse moderato

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens
(Sacha Distel)



1. Quand tu partis, quand
Tu levas le camp
Pour suivre les pas
De ton vieux nabab,
De peur qu' je n' sois triste,
Tu allas chez l'fleuriste
Quérir un' fleur bleue,
Un petit bouquet d'adieu,
Bouquet d'artific';
Un myosotis,
En disant tout bas:
Ne m'oubliez pas.

1. Als du weggingst, die
Zelte abbrachst,
um zu folgen den Spuren
deines alten Nabob -
damit ich nicht zu traurig wäre,
gingst du zur Floristin
und hast eine blaue Blume gekauft,
ein Abschiedssträußchen,
ein künstliches;
ein Myosotis,
und dabei leise gesagt:
Vergissmeinnicht.

2. Afin d’avoir l’heur’
De parler de toi,
J’appris à la fleur
Le langag’ françois.
Sitôt qu’elles causent
Paraît que les roses
Murmurent toujours
Trois ou quatre mots d’amour.
Les myosotis
Eux autres vous dis’nt,
Vous disent tout bas:
Ne m’oubliez pas.

3. Les temps ont passé.
D’autres fiancées,
Parole d’honneur,
M’offrir’nt le bonheur.
Dès qu’une bergère
Me devenait chère,
Sortant de son pot
Se dressant sur ses ergots
Le myosotis
Braillait comme dix
Pour dire »Hé là-bas,
Ne m’oubliez pas.«

4. Un jour Dieu sait quand,
Je lèv’rai le camp,
Je m’envol’rai vers
Le ciel ou l’enfer.
Que mes légataires,
Mes testamentaires,
Aient l’extrêm’ bonté,
Sur mon ventre de planter
Ce sera justic’
Le myosotis
Qui dira tout bas:
Ne m’oubliez pas.

5. Si tu vis encor’,
Petite pécor’,
Un d’ces quat’ jeudis,
Viens si l’cœur t’en dit
Au dernier asile
De cet imbécile
Qui a gâché son cœur,
Au nom d’une simple fleur.
Y a neuf chanc’s sur dix
Qu’ le myosotis
Te dise tout bas:
Ne m’oubliez pas.

2. Um eine Gelegenheit zu haben,
von dir zu reden,
brachte ich der Blume
Französisch bei.
Sobald sie reden können,
scheinen die Rosen
immer drei oder vier
Liebesworte zu murmeln.
Die Myosotis
sagen einem unter anderem
ganz leise:
Vergissmeinnicht.

3. Die Zeit verging,
andere Geliebte,
Ehrenwort,
schenkten mir Glück.
Sobald eine Schäferin
mir zu lieb wurde,
stellte sich, pampig,
ein Myosotis
auf die Hinterbeine
und brüllte für zehn
um zu sagen »He, du da,
Vergissmeinnicht.«

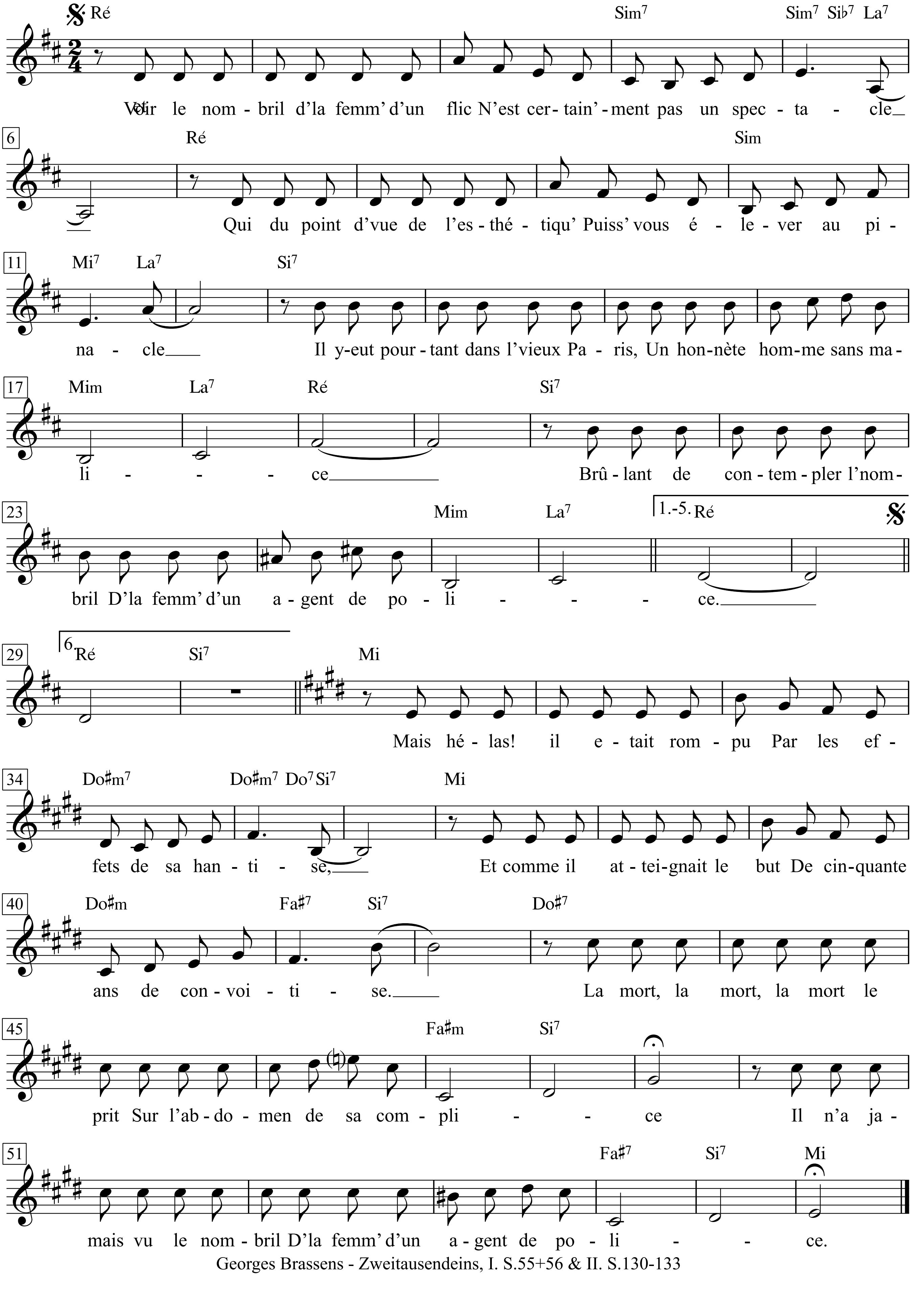
4. Eines Tages, weiß Gott wann,
brech ich die Zelte ab,
zieh los Richtung
Himmel oder Hölle.
Wenn doch dann meine
Legatare, Erben
die letzte Güte hätten,
auf meinen Bauch zu pflanzen
(geschähe mir recht)
ein Myosotis,
das ganz leise sagt:
Vergissmeinnicht.

5. Wenn du noch lebst,
kleine Schlampe,
komm doch irgendwann,
wenn dir danach ist,
zum letzten Asyl
dieses Trottels hier,
der sein Herz vergeudet hat
im Namen einer einfachen Blume.
Es gibt gute Chancen,
dass das Myosotis
dir leise sagt:
Vergissmeinnicht.

Le nombril des femmes d'agents

(Der Polizistenfrauennabel)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.55+56 & II. S.130-133

1. Voir le nombril d'la femm' d'un flic
N'est certain'ment pas un spectacle
Qui, du point d'vu' de l'esthétiqu',
Puiss' vous élever au pinacle ...
Il y eut pourtant, dans l' vieux Paris,
Un honnête homme sans malice
Brûlant d'contempler le nombril
D'la femm' d'un agent de police ...

2. »Je me fais vieux, gémissait-il,
Et, durant le cours de ma vie,
J'ai vu bon nombre de nombrils
De toutes les catégories:
Nombrils d'femm's de croqu'-morts, nombrils
D' femm's de bougnats, d'femm's de jocrisses,
Mais je n'ai jamais vu celui
D'la femm' d'un agent de police ...

3. »Mon père a vu, comm' je vous vois,
Des nombrils de femm's de gendarmes,
Mon frère a goûté plus d'un' fois
D' ceux des femm's d'inspecteurs, les charmes ...
Mon fils vit le nombril d'la souris
D' un ministre de la Justice ...
Et moi, j' n'ai même pas vu l' nombril
D'la femm' d'un agent de police ...«

4. Ainsi gémissait en public
Cet honnête homme vénérable,
Quand la légitime d'un flic,
Tendant son nombril secourable,
Lui dit: »Je m'en vais mettre fin
A votre pénible supplice,
Vous fair' voir le nombril enfin
D'la femm' d'un agent de police ...«

5. *»Alléluia!* fit le bon vieux,
De mes tourments voici la trêve!
Grâces soient rendus au Bon Dieu
Je vais réaliser mon rêve!«
Il s'engagea, tout attendri,
Sous les jupons d'sa bienfaitrice,
Braquer ses yeux, sur le nombril
D'la femm' d'un agent de police..

6. Mais, hélas! il était rompu
Par les effets de sa hantise,
Et comme il atteignait le but
De cinquante ans de convoitise,
La mort, la mort, la mort le prit
Sur l'abdomen de sa complice:
Il n'a jamais vu le nombril
D'la femm' d'un agent de police ...

1. Nen Polizistenfrauennabel
sehn bringt uns wohl als Spektakel
kaum auf den Höhepunkt; ästhetisch
ist es eher ein Debakel.
Trotzdem gab's in Paris nen Mann,
und das ist wirklich keine Fabel,
der brennend gern gesehen hätt
nen Polizistenfrauennabel.

2. Er klagte: »Langsam werd ich grau
und hab in all den langen Jahren
vielerlei Nabel durchprobiert,
ich bin mit Nabeln sehr erfahren:
von Fraun von Köhlern, Krämern, Clowns -
ich kenn das ganze Nabelbabel;
nur einer fehlt mir immer noch:
der Polizistenfrauennabel.

3. Mein Vater durfte oft genug
bei Schupofrauen Nabel schlecken,
mein Bruder konnte Inspektoren-
frauennabelreize schmecken;
mein Sohn kennt den der Maus von nem
Justizminister - ministrabel!
Und ich kenn bisher nicht einmal
nen Polizistenfrauennabel.«

4. So klagte öffentlich der edle
und hochehrenwerte Alte,
als eines Bullen Angetraute
ihn sich voller Mitleid krallte
und sagte: »Kommen Sie mal her,
hören Sie auf mit dem Gesabbel;
ich zeige Ihnen jetzt mein Ding,
den Polizistenfrauennabel.«

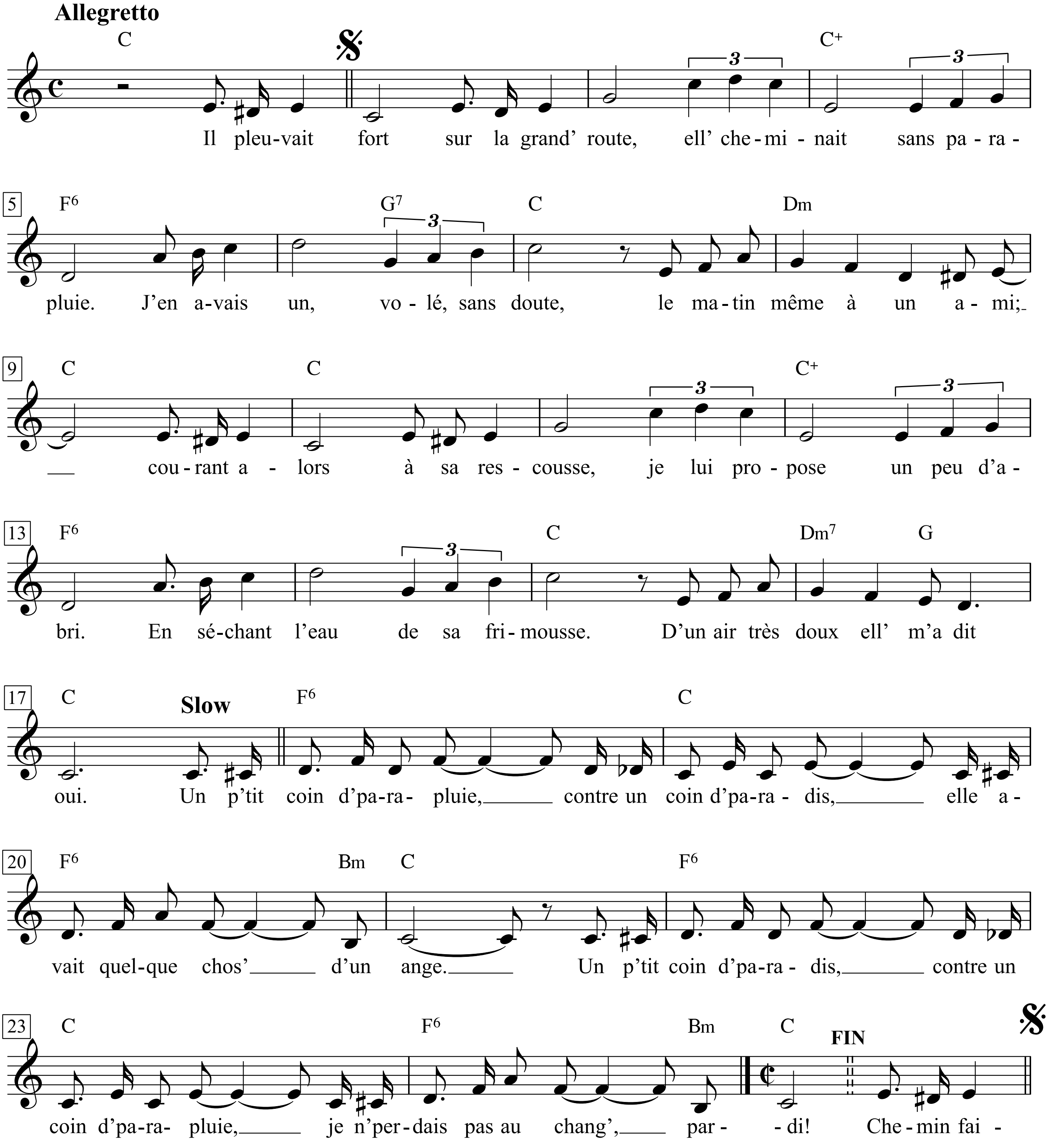
5. »Halleluja!« schrie da der Greis
ob der verheißenen Enthüllung,
»dem lieben Gott sei es gedankt,
mein Traum geht doch noch in Erfüllung.«
Unter den Rock der Gönnerin
schob er gerührt Klüsen und Schnabel,
glotzte im Geist schon glücklich auf
den Polizistenfrauennabel.

6. Doch ach, der Eifer war zu arg
für seine Jahre, seine Würde;
er hatte fast das Ziel erreicht
nach fünfzig Jahren der Begierde -
am Schlüpfer der Komplizin spießte
ihn der Tod auf seine Gabel:
Er hat ihn leider nie gesehn,
den Polizistenfrauennabel.

Le parapluie

(Der Regenschirm)

Text & Musik: Georges Brassens



1. Il pleuvait fort sur la grand-route,
Ell' cheminait sans parapluie.
J'en avais un, volé, sans doute,
Le matin même à un ami;
Courant alors à sa rescousse,
Je lui propose un peu d'abri.
En séchant l'eau de sa frimousse,
D'un air très doux, ell' m'a dit »oui«.

Refrain
Un p'tit coin d'parapluie,
Contre un coin d'paradis,
Elle avait quelque chos' d'un ange,
Un p'tit coin d'paradis,
Contre un coin d'parapluie,
Je n' perdais pas au chang', pardi!

2. Chemin faisant, que ce fut tendre
D'ouïr à deux le chant joli
Que l'eau du ciel faisait entendre
Sur le toit de mon parapluie!
J'aurais voulu, comme au déluge,
Voir sans arrêt tomber la pluie,
Pour la garder, sous mon refuge,
Quarante jours, quarante nuits.

3. Mais bêtement, même en orage,
Les routes vont vers des pays;
Bientôt le sien fit un barrage
A l'horizon de ma folie!
Il a fallu qu'elle me quitte,
Après m'avoir dit grand merci,
Et je l'ai vu', toute petite,
Partir gaiement vers mon oubli ...

1. Auf der Chaussee hat es geschüttet.
Sie ging dort, nass bis auf die Haut.
Ich hatte einen Schirm, gemietet -
na ja, grad bei nem Freund geklaut.
Und ich lauf los, frag leicht verlegen,
ob ich sie wohl behüten kann.
Aus dem Gesicht wischt sie den Regen
und nimmt ganz lieb das Obdach an.

Refrain
Ein Stück Schirm - kleiner Preis
für ein Stück Paradeis;
ach, sie hatte was von nem Engel!
Nur ein Stück Paradeis
für den Schirm - kleiner Preis;
ein verdammt guter Tausch, ich weiß.

2. So unterwegs durch sanftes Rauschen,
zu zweit allein, innig und lang
dem Wasser vom Himmel zu lauschen,
das auf dem Schirm klingt wie Gesang -
wie wir da gehn, merk ich, ich möchte,
dass jetzt ein Sintflutregen fällt,
der vierzig Tage, vierzig Nächte
sie fest in meiner Obhut hält.

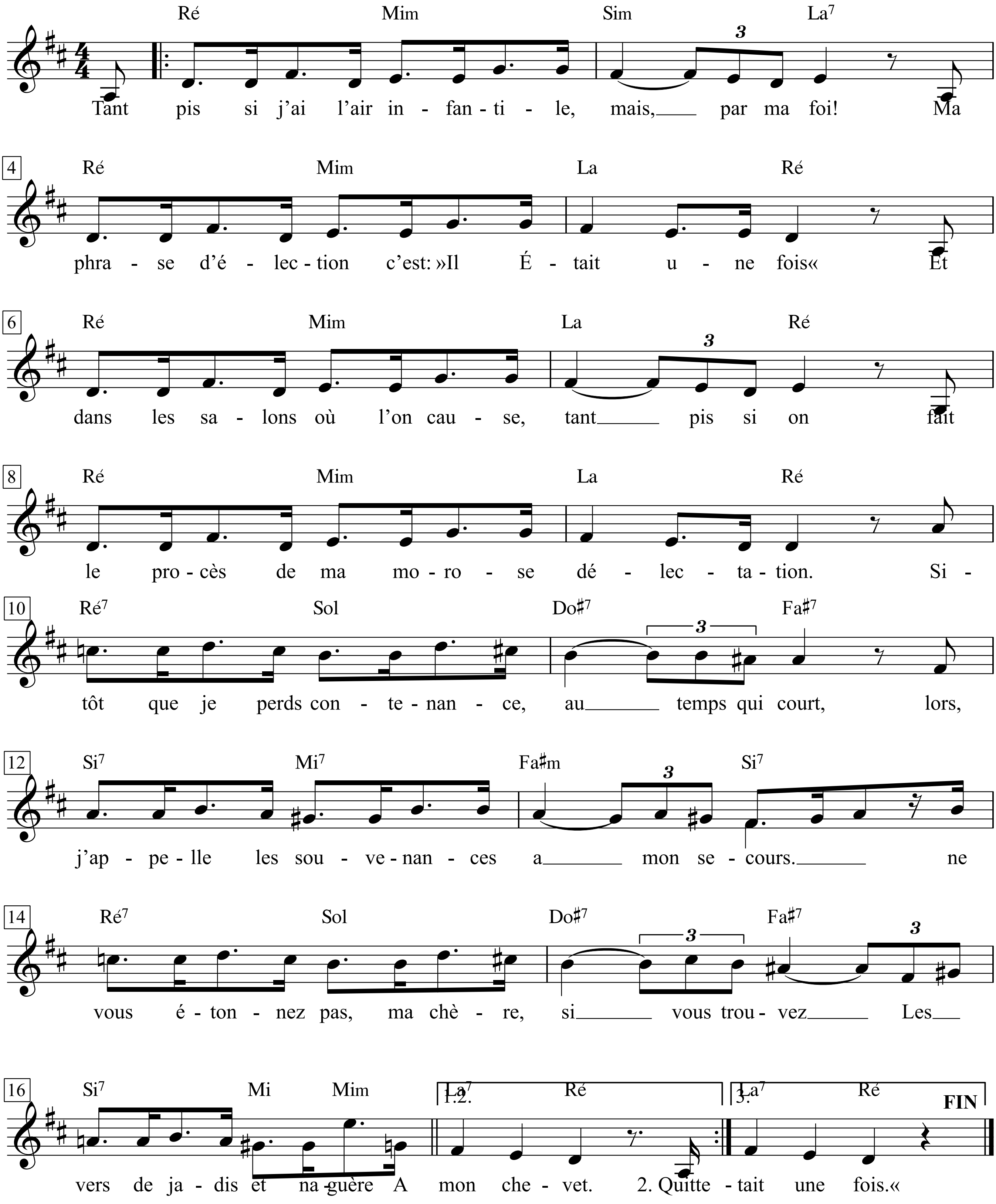
3. Doch leider langt sogar bei Regen
jeder Weg mal irgendwo an;
bald kam ihr Dorf uns schon entgegen
und machte Schluss mit meinem Wahn.
So musste sie mich dann verlassen,
sagte noch herzlich »Dankeschön«.
Ich sah sie schwinden und verblassen,
fröhlich in mein Vergessen gehn ...

Le passeiste

(Der Nostalgiker)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens

Moderato



Le passéiste

Tant pis si j'ai l'air infantile,
Mais, par ma foi!
Ma phrase d'élection c'est: »Il
Était une fois.«
Et dans les salons où l'on cause,
Tant pis si on
Fait le procès de ma morose
Délectation.
Sitôt que je perds contenance
Au temps qui court,
Lors, j'appelle les souvenances
A mon secours.
Ne vous étonnez pas, ma chère,
Si vous trouvez
Les vers de jadis et naguère
A mon chevet.

Quitte à froisser la marguerite,
Faut que je dise
Que tu es ma fleur favorite,
Myosotis.
Si les neiges d'antan sont belles,
C'est qu' les troupeaux
De bovins posent plus sur elles
Leurs gros sabots.
Au royaume des vieilles lunes,
Que Copernic
M'excuse, pas d'ombre importune,
Pas de spoutnik!
Le feu des étoiles éteintes
M'éclaire encore,
Et j'entends l'Angélus qui tinte
Aux clochers morts.

Que les ans rongent mes grimoires,
Ça ne fait rien,
Mais qu'ils épargnent ma mémoire,
Mon plus cher bien!
Que Dieu me frappe d'aphasie,
D'influenza,
Mais qu'il m'évite l'amnésie,
Tout, mais pas ça!
Tant pis si j'ai l'air infantile,
Mais, par ma foi!
Ma phrase d'élection c'est: »Il
Était une fois«
Tant pis si j'ai l'air infantile,
Mais, par ma foi!
Ma phrase d'élection c'est: »Il
Était une fois.«

Der Nostalgiker

Wenn ich dann auch kindisch wirke,
egal, aber Ehrenwort:
mein Lieblingssatz ist: »Es
war einmal.«
Und wenn man auch in den Salons beim
feinen Reden
kurzen Prozess mit meiner schwermütigen
Vorliebe macht.
Sobald ich der verstreichenden Zeit gegenüber
die Haltung verliere,
ruf ich Erinnerungen
zu Hilfe.
Wundern Sie sich nicht, meine Liebe,
wenn Sie
die Verse von einst und früher
neben meinem Kopfkissen finden.

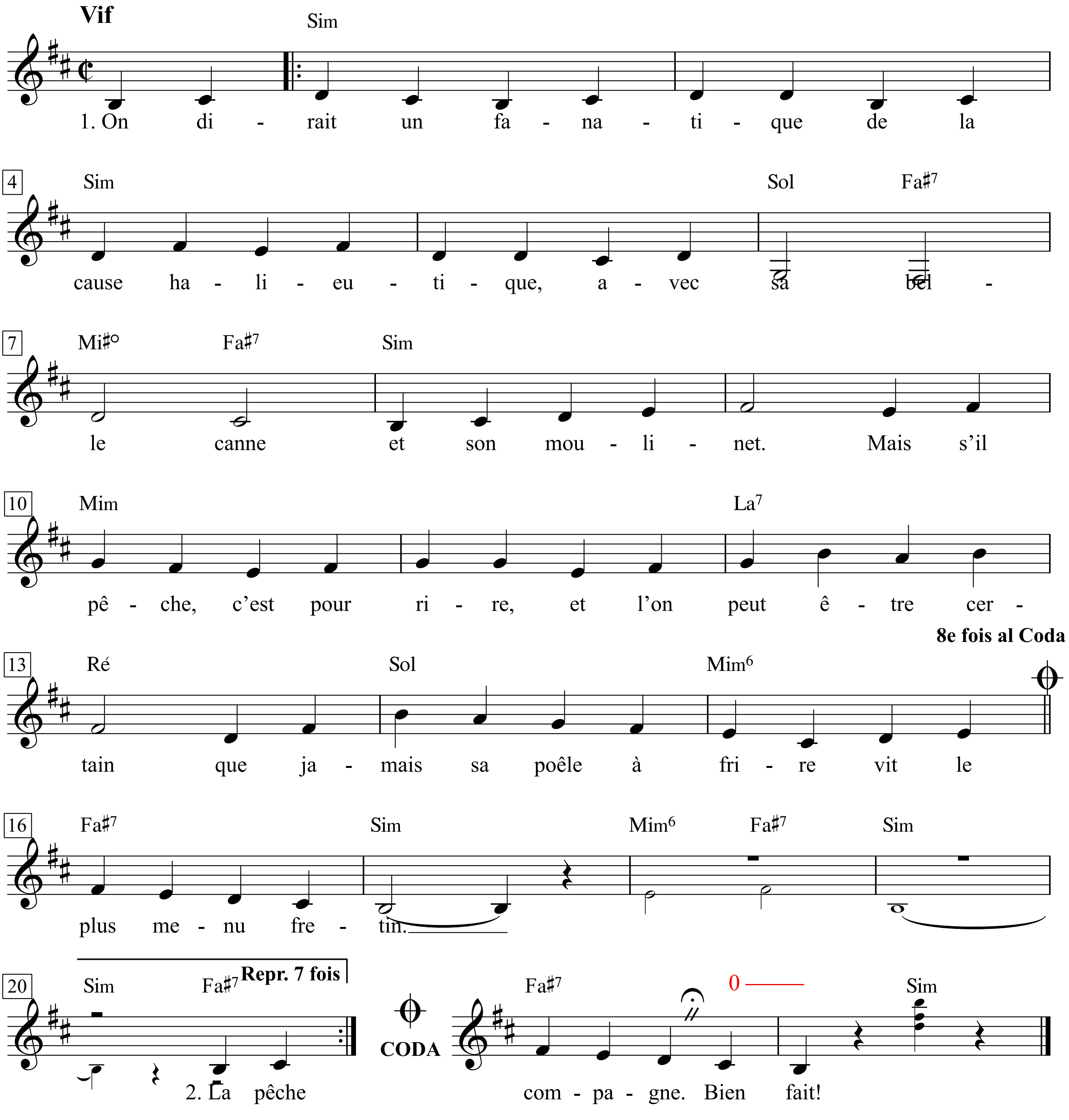
Auch wenn's die Margerite kränkt,
muss ich doch sagen,
dass du meine liebste Blume bist,
Vergissmeinnicht.
Wenn der Schnee von gestern schön ist,
dann weil die Herden
der Rindviecher nicht mehr mit
groben Pantinen darauf herumtrampeln.
Im Reich der alten Monde,
möge Kopernikus
vergeben, keine lästigen Schatten,
keine Sputniks!
Das Licht erloschener Sterne
erhellt mich noch immer,
und ich höre das Angelusläuten
von toten Glockentürmen.

Mögen die Jahre meine Schwarten zerfressen,
das macht nichts,
solange sie mein Gedächtnis verschonen,
mein teuerstes Gut!
Soll Gott mich doch mit Aphasie schlagen,
mit Grippe,
doch verschone er mich vor Amnesie,
alles, nur nicht das!
Und wenn's auch infantil wirken mag,
Ehrenwort!,
mein Lieblingssatz ist: »Es war einmal.«
Und wenn's auch infantil wirken mag,
Ehrenwort!,
mein Lieblingssatz ist: »Es
war einmal.«

Le pêcheur

(Der Angler)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



On dirait un fanatique
De la cause halieutique,
Avec sa belle canne et
Son moulinet.
Mais s'il pêche, c'est pour rire,
Et l'on peut être certain
Que jamais sa poêle à frire
Vit le plus menu fretin.

Man könnte ihn für einen Fanatiker
des Fischfangs halten,
mit seiner feinen Rute und
der Spule.
Aber wenn er angelt, ist es zum Lachen,
und man kann sicher sein,
dass seine Pfanne nie auch nur
den kleinsten Fisch gesehen hat.

La pêche, à ce qu'on raconte,
Pour lui n'est en fin de compte
Qu'un prétexte, un alibi -
On connaît pis -
Un truc, un moyen plausible
De fuir un peu son chez-soi
Où sévit la plus nuisible
Des maritornes qui soient.

Avec une joie maligne,
Il monte au bout de sa ligne
Tout un tas d'objets divers:
Des bouts de fer,
Des paillassons, des sandales,
Des vieilles chaussett's à clous,
Des noyés faisant scandale
Aussitôt qu'on les renfloue.

Si, déçu par une blonde,
Pensant faire un trou dans l'onde,
Tu tiens plus à te noyer
Qu'à te mouiller,
Désespéré, fais en sorte
D'aller piquer ton plongeon,
De peur qu'il ne te ressorte,
A l'écart de son bouchon.

Quand un goujon le taquine,
Qu'un gardon d'humeur coquine
Se laisse pour badiner
Hameçonner,
Le bonhomme lui reproche
Sa conduite puérile,
Puis à sa queue il accroche
Un petit poisson d'avril.

Mais s'il attrape une ondine,
L'une de ces gourgandines,
Femme mi-chair mi-poisson,
Le polisson -
Coup de théâtre - dévore
Tout cru le bel animal:
Une cure de phosphore,
Ça peut pas faire de mal.

Quand il mourra, quand la Parque
L'emmènera dans sa barque,
En aval et en amont,
Truites, saumons,
Le crêpe à la queue sans doute,
L'escorteront chagrinés,
Laissant la rivière toute
Vide, désempoissonnée.

Lors, tombés dans la disette,
Repliant leurs épuisettes,
Tout penauds, tout pleurnicheurs,
Les vrais pêcheurs
Rentreront chez eux bredouilles
Danser devant le buffet,
Se faisant traiter d'andouilles
Par leur compagne. Bien fait!

Wie es heißt, ist das Angeln
für ihn letzten Endes nur
ein Vorwand, ein Alibi
- es gibt schlimmere -,
ein Trick, ein plausibler Anlass,
ein bisschen sein Heim zu fliehen,
wo die übelste aller Xanthippen
ihr Unwesen treibt.

Mit boshaftem Vergnügen
zieht er mit der Leine
haufenweise Kram heraus:
Eisenstückchen,
Bastmatten, Sandalen,
alte Nagelschuhe,
Ertrunkene, die zetern,
wenn man sie an Land bringt.

Wenn du, enttäuscht von einer Blondine,
ein Loch im Wasser hinterlassen willst,
eher ans Ertrinken denkst
als ans Waschen,
o Verzweifelter, mach deinen
Kopfsprung, damit er dich
nicht wieder herauszieht,
weit von seinem Schwimmer entfernt.

Wenn ein Gründling ihn foppt,
eine schelmische Plötze
sich spaßeshalber
an den Haken hängt,
wirft der Gute dem Tier
kindisches Benehmen vor,
zulässig allenfalls als
Aprilscherz.

Aber wenn er eine Undine fängt,
eine dieser liederlichen
Frauen, halb Fleisch, halb Fisch,
dann verschlingt der Lümmel
- Knalleffekt! –
das schöne Tier ganz roh:
eine Phosphorkur
kann ja nicht schaden.

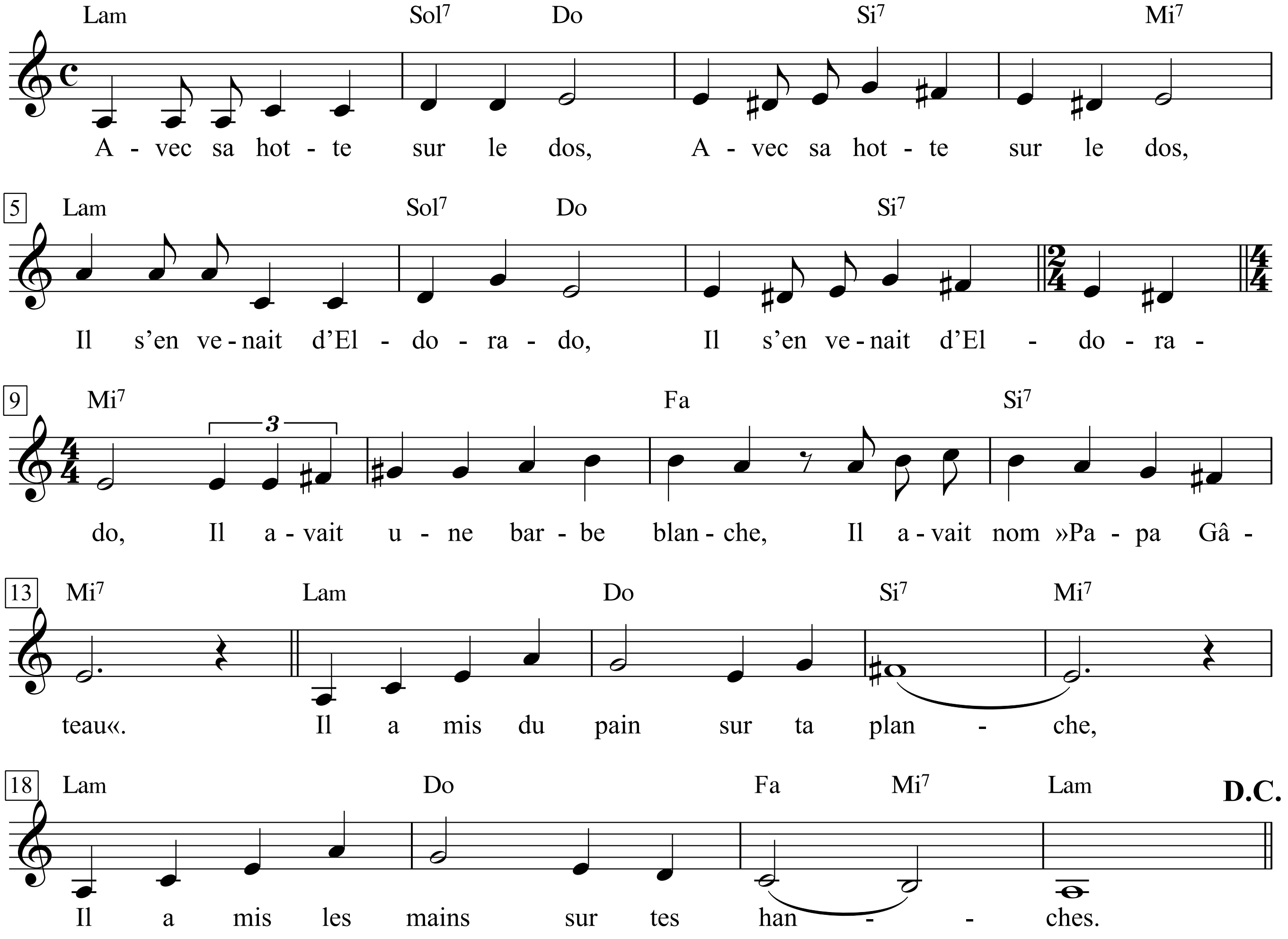
Wenn er stirbt, wenn die Parze
ihn mitnimmt in ihrer Barke,
werden ihn an Bug und Heck
Forellen und Lachse,
mit Trauerflor an den Flossen,
vergrämt eskortieren
und den Fluss völlig
leer, fischlos zurücklassen.

Dann falten, von Hungersnot bedroht,
ihre Kescher zusammen
ganz kleinlaut und weinerlich
die echten Angler,
kehren ohne Beute heim,
schieben Kohldampf
und lassen sich Bratwürste machen
von ihren Frauen. Ausgezeichnet!

Le père Noël et la petite fille

(Der Weihnachtsmann und das Mädchen)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



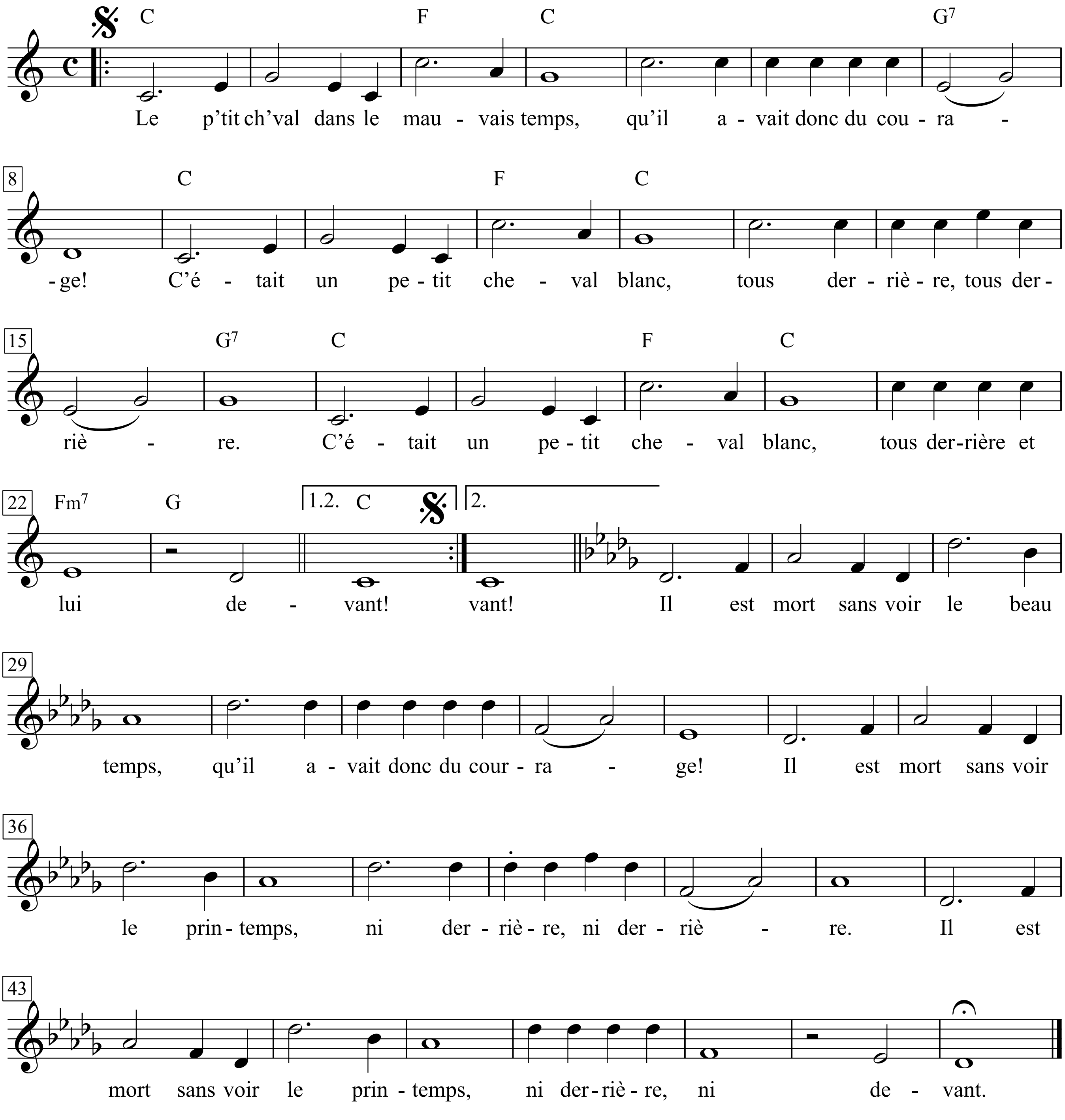
1. Avec sa hotte sur le dos, Avec sa hotte sur le dos, Il s’en venait d’Eldorado, Il s’en venait d’Eldorado, Il avait une barbe blanche, Il avait nom »Papa Gâteau«.	1. Mit seinem Sack auf dem Rücken, mit seinem Sack auf dem Rücken, kam er von Eldorado her, kam er von Eldorado her; er hatte einen weißen Bart, er war der Bonbon-Onkel.
Il a mis du pain sur ta planche, Il a mis les mains sur tes hanches.	Er hat dich mit Brot ausgepolstert, hat die Hand auf deine Hüfte gelegt.
2. Il t’a prom’né’ dans un landau, Il t’a prom’né’ dans un landau, En route pour la vi’ d’château, En route pour la vi’ d’château, La belle vi’ doré’ sur tranches, Il te l’offrit sur un plateau.	2. Er hat dich im Landauer spazierengefahren, er hat dich im Landauer spazierengefahren in Richtung Schlaraffenschloss, in Richtung Schlaraffenschloss; das schöne Leben mit Goldschnitt hat er dir auf dem Tablett serviert.
Il a mis du grain dans ta grange, Il a mis les mains sur tes hanches.	Er hat dir Korn in die Scheune gesteckt, hat die Hand auf deine Hüfte gelegt.
3. Toi qui n’avais rien sur le dos, Toi qui n’avais rien sur le dos, Il t’a couverte de manteaux, Il t’a couverte de manteaux, Il t’a vêtu’ comme un dimanche, Tu n’auras pas froid de sitôt.	3. Dich, die nichts am Leibe hatte, dich, die nichts am Leibe hatte, hat er mit Mänteln bedeckt, hat er mit Mänteln bedeckt, er hat dich in Sonntagsstaat gehüllt, so bald musst du nicht mehr frieren.
Il a mis l’hermine à ta manche, Il a mis les mains sur tes hanches.	Er hat dir Hermelin an die Ärmel genäht, hat die Hand auf deine Hüfte gelegt.
4. Tous les camé’s, tous les émaux, Tous les camé’s, tous les émaux, Il les fit pendre à tes rameaux, Il les fit pendre à tes rameaux, Il fit rouler en avalanches Perle’ et rubis dans tes sabots.	4. Lauter Kameen und Emaillen, lauter Kameen und Emaillen hat er an deine Zweige gehängt, hat er an deine Zweige gehängt, er ließ Lawinen von Perlen und Rubinen in deine Holzschuhe gleiten.
Il a mis de l’or à ta branche, Il a mis les mains sur tes hanches.	Er hat Gold auf deinen Stammbaum gebügelt, hat die Hand auf deine Hüfte gelegt.
5. Tire la bell’, tir’ le rideau, Tire la bell’, tir’ le rideau, Sur tes misères de tantôt, Sur tes misères de tantôt. Et qu’au-dehors il pleuve, il vente, Le mauvais temps n’est plus ton lot,	5. Zieh, Schönste, zieh den Vorhang zu, zieh, Schönste, zieh den Vorhang zu vor deinem Elend von früher, vor deinem Elend von früher, und wenn’s draußen auch regnet und stürmt, schlechtes Wetter kann dir nichts mehr anhaben -
Le joli temps des coudé’s franches ... On a mis les mains sur tes hanches.	wie zur schönen Zeit der freien Ellenbogen; man hat die Hand auf deine Hüfte gelegt.

Le petit cheval

(Weißes Pferdchen)

Paul Fort

Text & Musik: Georges Brassens



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.16 & II. S.26+27

Le petit cheval

1. Le petit cheval dans le mauvais temps, qu'il avait donc du courage! C'était un petit cheval blanc, tous derrière et lui devant.

2. Il n'y avait jamais de beau temps, dans ce pauvre paysage. Il n'y avait jamais de printemps, ni derrière ni devant.

3. Mais toujours il était content, menant les gars du village, à travers la pluie noire des champs, tous derrière et lui devant.

4. Sa voiture allait poursuivant sa belle petite queue sauvage. C'est alors qu'il était content, eux derrière et lui devant.

5. Mais un jour, dans le mauvais temps, un jour qu'il était si sage, il est mort par un éclair blanc, tous derrière et lui devant.

6. Il est mort sans voir le beau temps, qu'il avait donc du courage! Il est mort sans voir le printemps, ni derrière ni devant.

Weißes Pferdchen

1. Wie tapfer es doch war, das Pferdchen im Schmuddelwetter! Es war ein weißes Pferdchen, alle danach und es davor.

2. Nie gab es gutes Wetter in dieser armen Gegend. Nie gab es Frühling, weder danach noch davor.

3. Aber es war immer fröhlich, wenn es die Dorfjungs durch schwarzen Regen über die Felder zog, alle danach und es davor.

4. Der Wagen folgte dem hübschen wilden Schweif. So gefiel es ihm - sie danach und es davor.

5. Aber eines Tages im Schmuddelwetter, als es so brav war, wurde es von einem weißen Blitz erschlagen, alle danach und es davor.

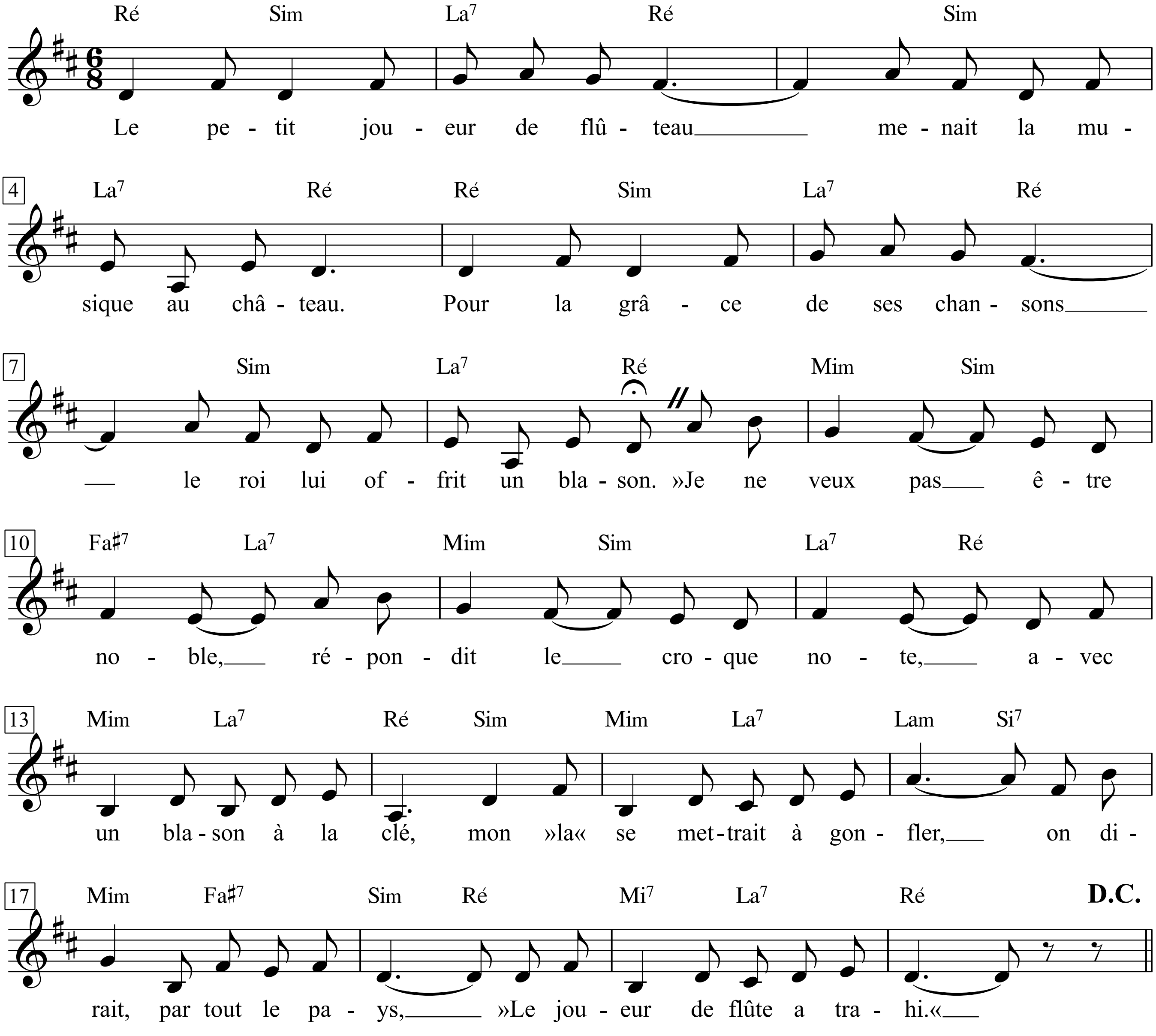
6. Es starb, ohne gutes Wetter zu sehen - wie tapfer es doch war! Es starb, ohne den Frühling zu sehen, weder danach noch davor.

Le petit joueur de flûteau

(Der kleine Flötenspieler)

Moderato

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Le petit joueur de flûteau
Menait la musique au château.
Pour la grâce de ses chansons
Le roi lui offrit un blason.
»Je ne veux pas être noble,
Répondit le croque-note,
Avec un blason à la clé,
Mon »la« se mettrait à gonfler,
On dirait, par tout le pays,
»Le joueur de flûte a trahi«,

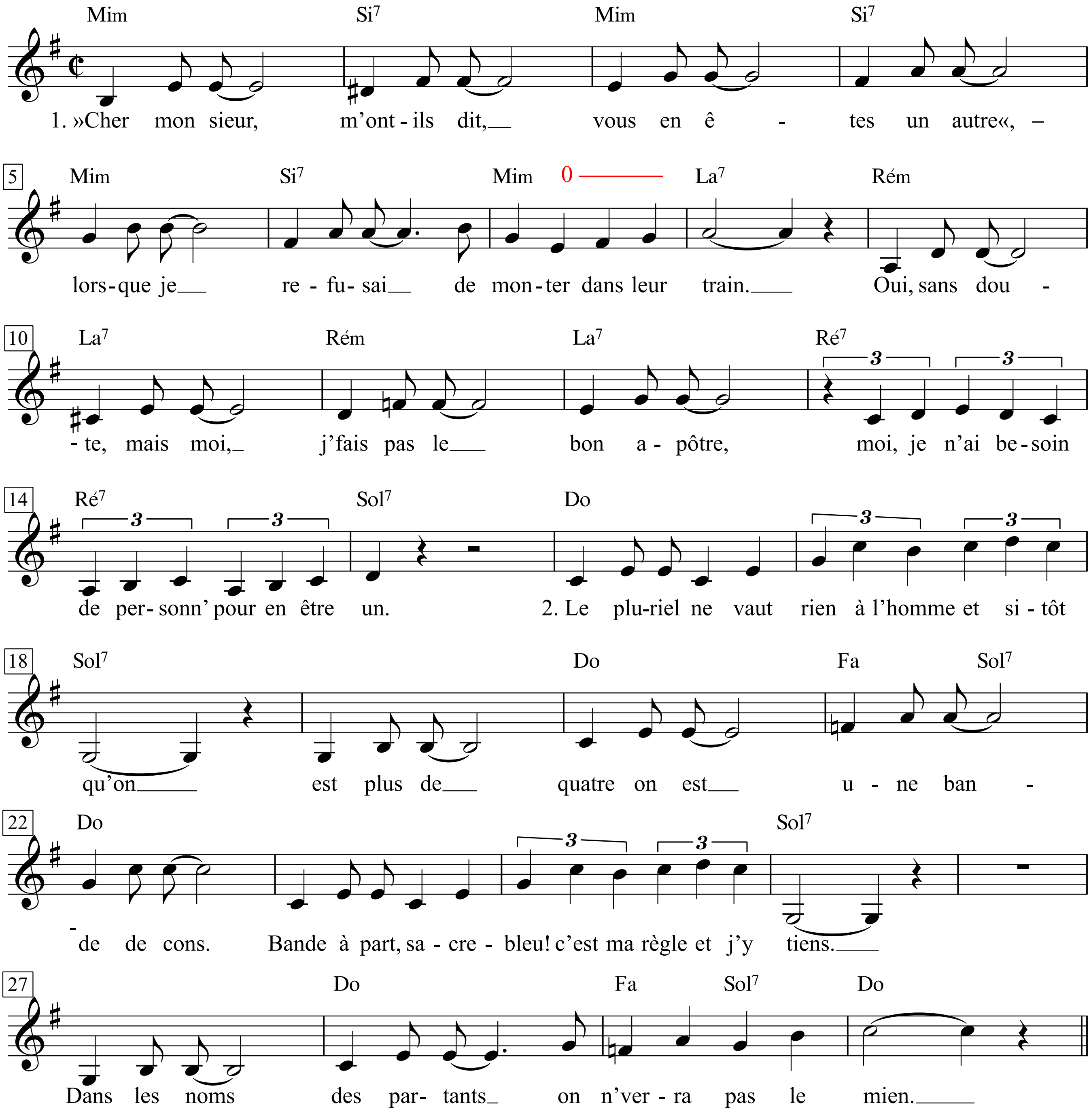
1. Der kleine Flötenspieler
brachte die Musik aufs Schloss.
Für die Anmut seiner Lieder
bot ihm der König ein Wappen.
»Ich will nicht adlig sein«,
erwiderte der Musikant;
»mit einem Wappen als Vorzeichen
wird mein *a* zu schrill;
im ganzen Land hieße es:
»Der Flötenspieler hat falsch gespielt.«

Le pluriel

(Der Plural)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens

Allegro moderato



1. »Cher monsieur, m'ont-ils dit, vous en êtes un autre«,
Lorsque je refusai de monter dans leur train.
Oui, sans doute, mais moi, j' fais pas le bon apôtre,
Moi, je n'ai besoin de personn' pour en être un.

2. Le pluriel ne vaut rien à l'homme et sitôt qu'on
Est plus de quatre on est une bande de cons.
Bande à part, sacrebleu! c'est ma règle et j'y tiens.
Dans les noms des partants on n' verra pas le mien.

3. Dieu! que de processions, de monomes, de groupes,
Que de rassemblements, de cortèges divers,
Que de ligu's, que ce cliqu's, que de meut's, que de troupes
Pour un tel inventaire il faudrait un Prévert.

4. Le pluriel ne vaut rien à l'homme et sitôt qu'on
Est plus de quatre on est une bande de cons.
Bande à part, sacrebleu! c'est ma règle et j'y tiens.
Parmi les cris des loups on n'entend pas le mien.

5. Oui, la cause était noble, était bonne, était belle!
Nous étions amoureux, nous l'avons épousée.
Nous souhaitions être heureux tous ensemble avec elle,
Nous étions trop nombreux, nous l'avons défrisée.

6. Le pluriel ne vaut rien à l'homme et sitôt qu'on
Est plus de quatre on est une bande de cons.
Bande à part, sacrebleu! c'est ma règle et j'y tiens.
Parmi les noms d'élus on n' verra pas le mien.

7. Je suis celui qui passe à côté des fanfares
Et qui chante en sourdine un petit air frondeur.
Je dis, à ces messieurs que mes notes effarent:
»Tout aussi musicien que vous, tas de bruiteurs!«

8. Le pluriel ne vaut rien à l'homme et sitôt qu'on
Est plus de quatre on est une bande de cons.
Bande à part, sacrebleu! c'est ma règle et j'y tiens.
Dans les rangs des pupitr's on n' verra pas le mien.

9. Pour embrasser la dam', s'il faut se mettre à douze,
J'aime mieux m'amuser tout seul, cré nom de nom!
Je suis celui qui reste à l'écart des partouzes.
L'obélisque est-il monolithe, oui ou non?

10. Le pluriel ne vaut rien à l'homme et sitôt qu'on
Est plus de quatre on est une bande de cons.
Bande à part, sacrebleu! c'est ma règle et j'y tiens.
Au faisceau des phallus on n' verra pas le mien.

11. Pas jaloux pour un sou des morts des hécatombes,
J'espère être assez grand pour m'en aller tout seul.
Je ne veux pas qu'on m'aide à descendre à la tombe,
Je partage n'importe quoi, pas mon linceul.

12. Le pluriel ne vaut rien à l'homme et sitôt qu'on
Est plus de quatre on est une bande de cons.
Bande à part, sacrebleu! c'est ma règle et j'y tiens.
Au faisceau des tibias on n' verra pas le miens.

1. »Lieber Herr«, sagten sie, »Sie sind doch auch so einer«,
als ich nicht auf ihren Zug springen wollte.
Ja, ohne Zweifel, aber ich spiel da nicht mit,
ich brauche keinen anderen, um einer zu sein.

2. Der Plural taugt nichts für den Menschen, und sobald man
mehr als vier ist, ist man ein Haufen Arsche.
Arsch beiseite, verdammt! Es ist meine Regel, ich halt mich dran.
Auf der Namensliste der Passagiere wird man meinen nicht sehen.

3. Gott, was für Prozessionen, Umzüge, Gruppen,
was für Versammlungen, all diese Paraden,
was für Ligen, was für Cliquen, was für Meuten, was für Herden!
Für so ein Inventar wäre ein Prévert nötig.

4. Der Plural taugt nichts für den Menschen, und sobald man
mehr als vier ist, ist man ein Haufen Ärsche.
Arsch beiseite, verdammt! Es ist meine Regel, ich halt mich dran.
Im Geheul der Wölfe wird man meines nicht hören.

5. Ja, die Sache war edel, war gut, war schön!
Wir waren begeistert, haben sie uns zu eigen gemacht.
Wir wollten alle zusammen mit ihr glücklich sein,
wir waren zu viele, wir haben es versaut.

6. Der Plural taugt nichts für den Menschen, und sobald man
mehr als vier ist, ist man ein Haufen Ärsche.
Arsch beiseite, verdammt! Es ist meine Regel, ich halt mich dran.
Unter den Namen der Erwählten wird man meinen nicht sehen.

7. Ich bin jener, der neben den Fanfaren hergeht
und leise ein subversives Lied singt;
ich sage diesen Herren, die meine Noten verstören:
»Ebenso Musiker wie ihr, ihr Krachmacher!«

8. Der Plural taugt nichts für den Menschen, und sobald man
mehr als vier ist, ist man ein Haufen Ärsche.
Arsch beiseite, verdammt! Es ist meine Regel, ich halt mich dran.
In der Reihe der Notenpulte wird man meines nicht sehen.

9. Wenn man zwölfe sein muss, um die Dame zu umarmen,
zieh ich es vor, mich solo zu amüsieren, Teufel auch!
Ich bin jener, der abseits vom Rudelbums bleibt.
Ist der Obelisk ein Monolith, ja oder nein?

10. Der Plural taugt nichts für den Menschen, und sobald man
mehr als vier ist, ist man ein Haufen Arsche.
Arsch beiseite, verdammt! Es ist meine Regel, ich halt mich dran.
In der Phallusgarbe wird man meinen nicht sehen.

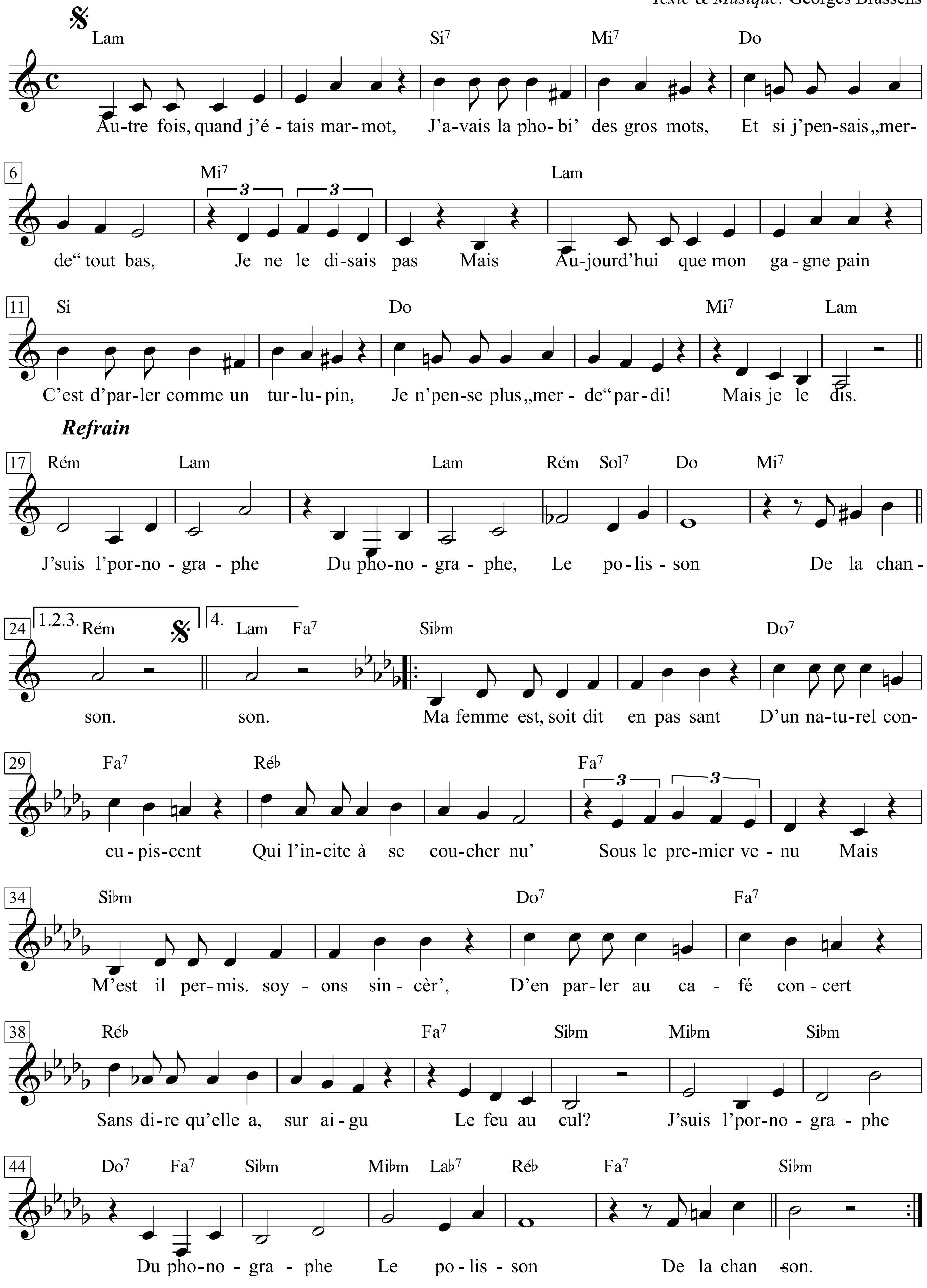
11. Nicht erpicht, wirklich nicht, auf Tod, auf Hekatomben,
hoff ich, groß genug zu sein, um allein abzugehen.
Ich will nicht, dass man mir beim Abstieg ins Grab hilft,
und ich teile alles, aber nicht mein Leichentuch.

12. Der Plural taugt nichts für den Menschen, und sobald man
mehr als vier ist, ist man ein Haufen Ärsche.
Arsch beiseite, verdammt! Es ist meine Regel, ich halt mich dran.
Im Knochenbündel wird man meine nicht sehen.

Le pornographe

(Der Pornograph)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.79 & II. S.190-195

1. Autrefois, quand j’étais marmot,
J’avais la phobi’ des gros mots,
Et si j’ pensais » merde« tout bas,
Je ne le disais pas ...
Mais
Aujourd’hui que mon gagne-pain
C’est d’parler comme un turlupin,
Je n’ pense plus »merde«, pardi!
Mais je le dis.

Refrain
J’ suis l’ pornographe,
Du phonographe,
Le polisson
De la chanson.

2. Afin d’amuser la gal’rie
Je crache des gauloiseries,
Des pleines bouches de mots crus
Tout à fait incongrus ...
Mais
En m’ retrouvant seul sous mon toit,
Dans ma psyché j’ me montre au doigt.
Et m’ cri’: »Va t’ faire, homme incorrec’,
Voir par les Grecs.«

3. Tous les sam’dis j ‘ vais à confess’
M’accuser d’avoir parlé d’fess’s
Et j’ promets ferme au marabout
De les mettre tabou ...
Mais
Craignant, si je n’en parle plus,
D’ finir à l’Armée du Salut,
Je r’mets bientôt sur le tapis
Les fesses impies.

4. Ma femme est, soit dit en passant,
D’un naturel concupiscent
Qui l’incite à se coucher nu’
Sous le premier venu ...
Mais
M’est-il permis, soyons sincèr’,
D’en parler au café-concert
Sans dire qu’elle a, suraigu,
Le feu au cul?

1. Damals, als ich noch ein Knirps war,
hatte ich Angst vor schlimmen Wörtern,
und wenn ich leise »Scheiße« dachte,
gesagt hab ich’s nie ...
aber
heut, wo es mein Broterwerb ist,
wie ein Gassenhauer zu quasseln,
denk ich nicht mehr »Scheiße, verdammt!«,
sondern ich sag’s.

Refrain
Ich bin der Pornograph
des Phonographen,
der Rotzlümmel
des Chansons.

2. Um das Publikum zu amüsieren,
rotz ich Gauloiserien aus,
vollmundig groben Unflat,
völlig ohne Zusammenhang ...
aber
wenn ich allein in meinen vier Wänden bin,
zeig ich vorm Spiegel mit dem Finger auf mich
und ruf: »Lass dich, du grober Klotz,
vom Seelenklempner untersuchen!«

3. Samstags geh ich immer beichten,
dass ich von Hinterbacken geredet hab,
und ich versprech dem Schamanen ganz fest,
sie sind ab jetzt tabu ...
aber
da ich fürchte, wenn ich nicht mehr davon rede,
ende ich bei der Heilsarmee,
bring ich es bald wieder aufs Tapet,
das gottlose Gesäß.

4. Meine Frau ist, nebenbei bemerkt,
von lüsterner Natur,
was sie dazu bringt, sich nackt
unter den erstbesten zu legen...
aber
seien wir ehrlich: Darf ich denn
davon im Café-Concert reden,
ohne zu sagen, sie hat zuviel
Feuer im Arsch?

5. J’aurais sans doute du bonheur,
Et peut-être la Croix d’honneur,
A chanter avec décorum
L’amour qui mène à Rom’ ...
Mais
Mon ang’ m’a dit: »Turlututu!
Chanter l’amour t’est défendu
S’il n’éclôt pas sur le destin
D’une putain.«

5. Zweifellos wäre ich glücklich,
hätte vielleicht das Ehrenkreuz,
wenn ich sittsam besänge
die Liebe, die nach Rom führt ...
aber
meine Muse sagte: »Papperlapapp!
Die Liebe besingen ist dir verboten,
außer, es geht um das Schicksal
einer Nutte.«

6. Et quand j’entonne, guilleret,
A un patron de cabaret
Une adorable bucolique,
Il est mélancolique ...
Et
Me dit, la voix noyé’ de pleurs:
»S’il vous plaît de chanter les fleurs,
Qu’ell’s poussent au moins rue Blondel
Dans un bordel.«

6. Und wenn ich aufgedreht einem
Cabaretchef ein herrliches
Schäferliedchen trällere,
wird er schwermütig ...
und
sagt mir mit tränenerstickter Stimme:
»Singen Sie ruhig von Blümchen,
wenn die nur in der Rue Blondel sprießen
in einem Bordell.«

7. Chaque soir avant le dîner,
A mon balcon mettant le nez,
Je contemple les bonnes gens
Dans le soleil couchant ...
Mais
N’ me d’mandez pas d’chanter ça, si
Vous redoutez d’entendre ici
Que j’aime à voir, de mon balcon,
Passer les cons.

7. Jeden Abend vor dem Essen
reck ich den Kopf über den Balkon
und betrachte die braven Leute,
wie sie in der Sonne liegen ...
aber
fordern Sie mich nicht auf, das zu singen,
wenn Sie Angst haben, hier zu hören,
dass ich vom Balkon aus gern
die Fotzen seh.

8. Les bonnes âmes d’ici bas
Comptent ferme qu’à mon trépas
Satan va venir embrocher
Ce mort mal embouché ...
Mais,
Mais veuille le grand manitou,
Pour qui le mot n’est rien du tout,
Admettre en sa Jérusalem,
A l’heure blême,

Le pornographe,
Du phonographe,
Le polisson
De la chanson.

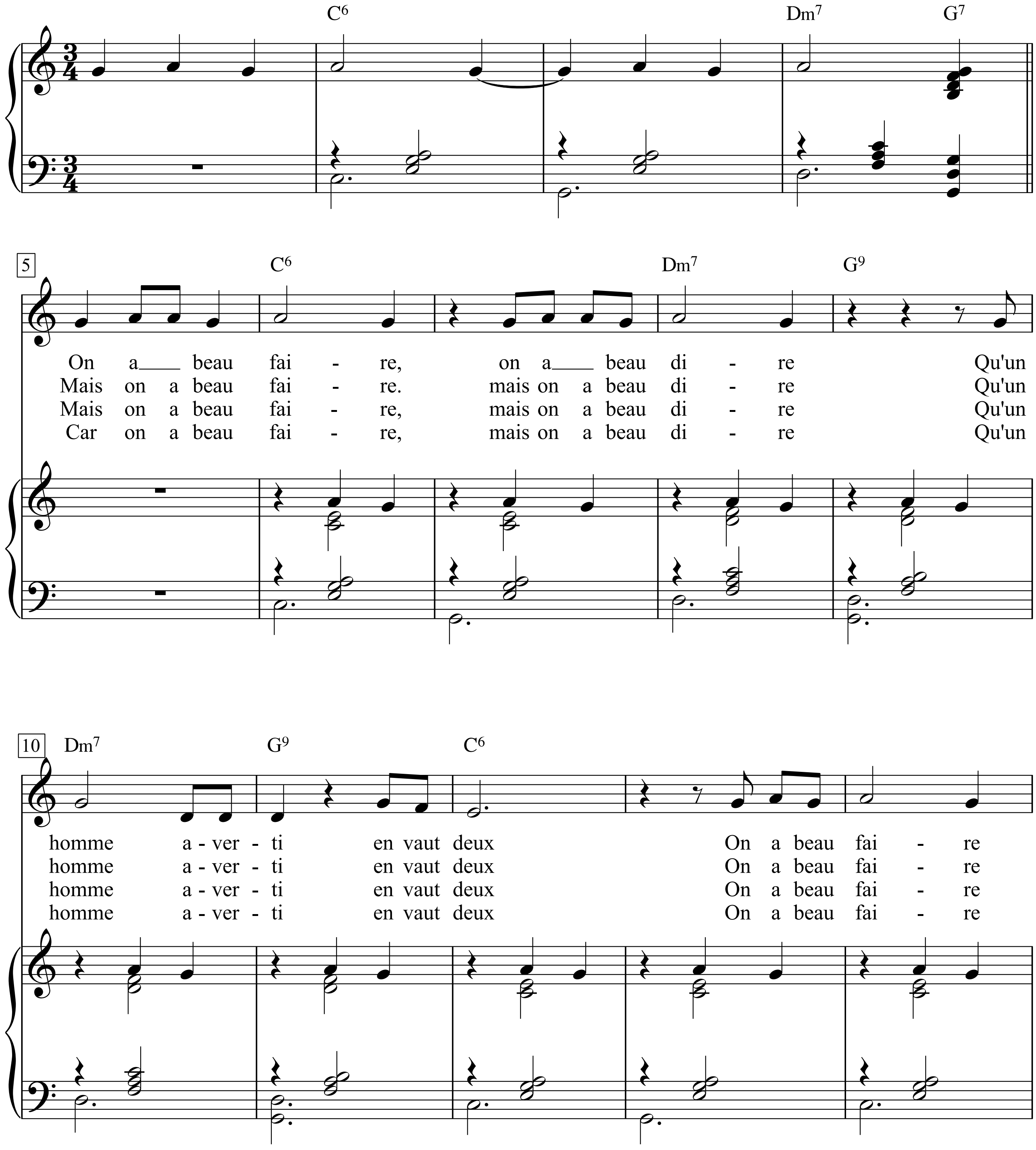
8. Die guten Seelen hinieden
rechnen fest damit, bei meinem Verscheiden
werde Satan diesen zotigen Toten
gleich auf den Bratspieß stecken ...
aber
wolle der große Manitu,
für den das Wort nichts bedeutet,
in sein Jerusalem einlassen
zur letzten Stund

den Pornographen
des Phonographen,
den Rotzlümmel
des Chansons.

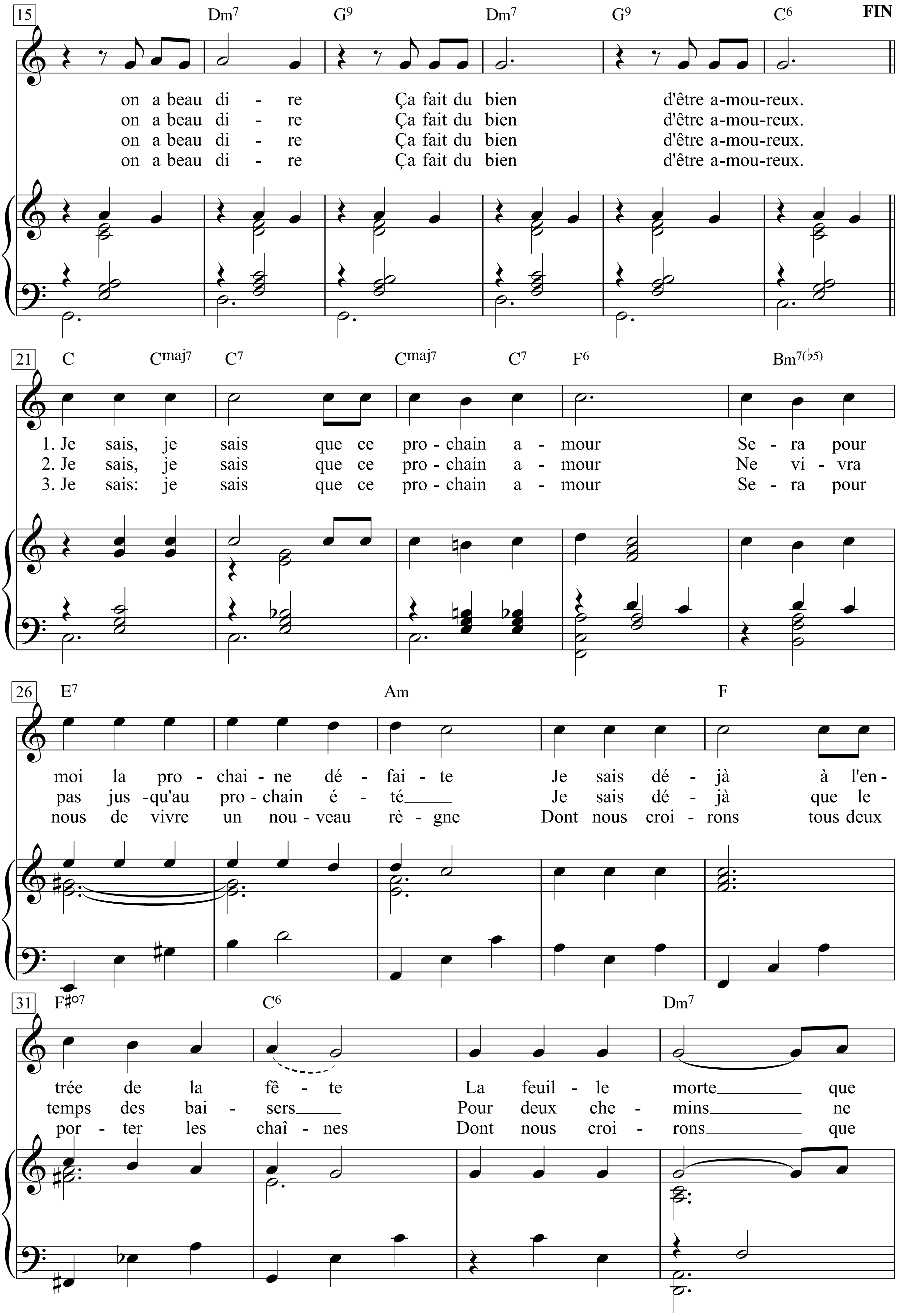
Le prochain amour

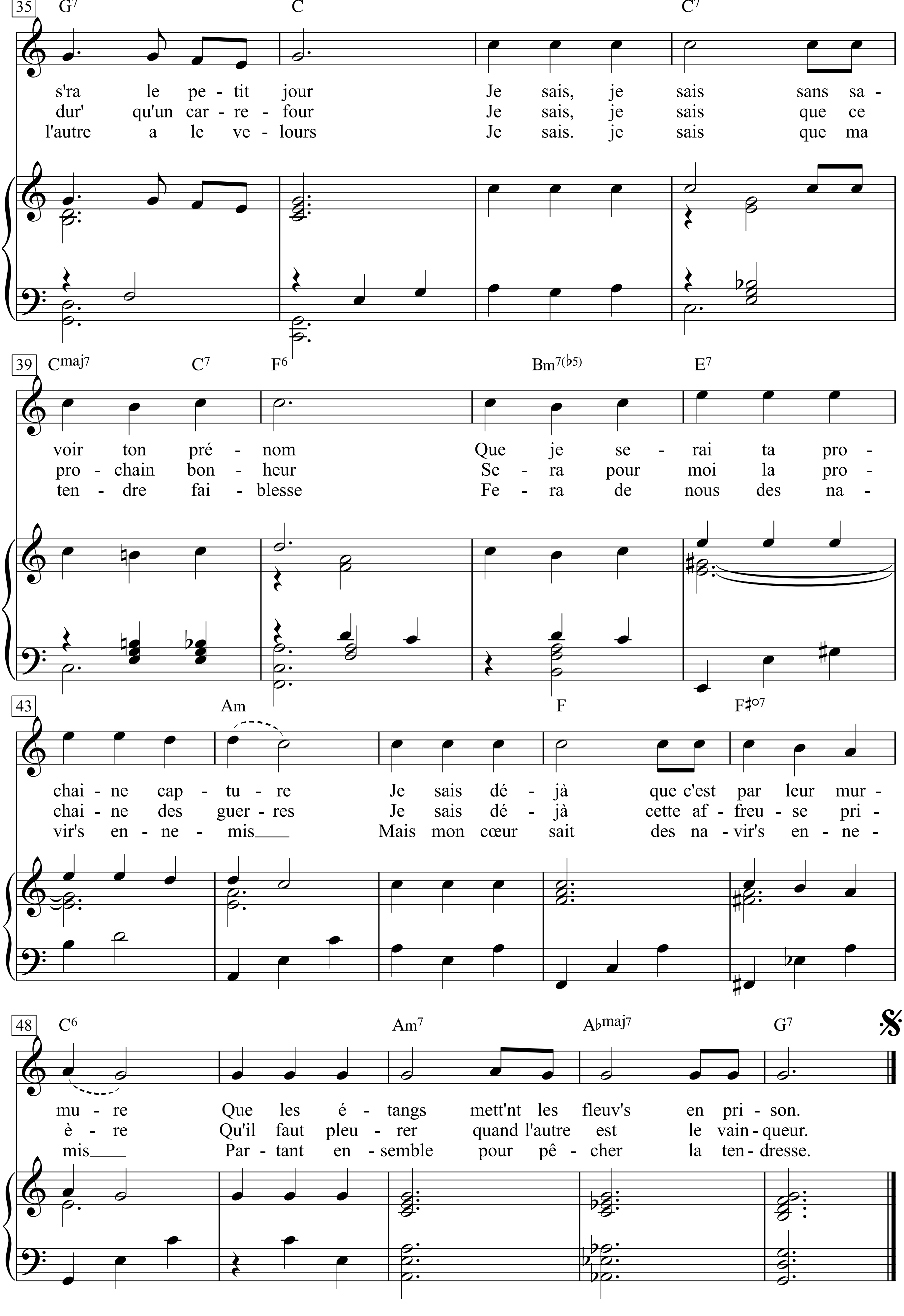
Paroles: Jacques Brel

Musique: Jacques Brel & Gérard Jouannest



Les plus grandes chanson de Jacques Brel, p. 97-99


15
Dm7 G9 Dm7 G9 C6
FIN
on a beau di - re Ça fait du bien d'être a-mou-reux.
on a beau di - re Ça fait du bien d'être a-mou-reux.
on a beau di - re Ça fait du bien d'être a-mou-reux.
on a beau di - re Ça fait du bien d'être a-mou-reux.
21
C Cmaj7 C7 Cmaj7 C7 F6 Bm7(♭5)
1. Je sais, je sais que ce pro - chain a - mour Se - ra pour
2. Je sais, je sais que ce pro - chain a - mour Ne vi - vra
3. Je sais: je sais que ce pro - chain a - mour Se - ra pour
26
E7 Am F
moi la pro - chai - ne dé - fai - te Je sais dé - jà à l'en -
pas jus -qu'au pro - chain é - té Je sais dé - jà que le
nous de vivre un nou - veau rè - gne Dont nous croi - rons tous deux
31
F♯o7 C6 Dm7
trée de la fê - te La feuil - le morte que
temps des bai - sers Pour deux che - mins ne
por - ter les chaî - nes Dont nous croi - rons que


35
G7 C C7
s'ra le pe - tit jour Je sais, je sais sans sa -
dur' qu'un car - re - four Je sais, je sais que ce
l'autre a le ve - lours Je sais. je sais que ma
39
Cmaj7 C7 F6 Bm7(♭5) E7
voir ton pré - nom Que je se - rai ta pro -
pro - chain bon - heur Se - ra pour moi la pro -
ten - dre fai - blesse Fe - ra de nous des na -
43
Am F F♯°7
chai - ne cap - tu - re Je sais dé - jà que c'est par leur mur -
chai - ne des guer - res Je sais dé - jà cette af - freu - se pri -
vir's en - ne - mis Mais mon cœur sait des na - vir's en - ne -
48
C6 Am7 A♭maj7 G7
mu - re Que les é - tangs mett'nt les fleuv's en pri - son.
è - re Qu'il faut pleu - rer quand l'autre est le vain - queur.
mis Par - tant en - semble pour pê - cher la ten - dresse.

On a beau faire on a beau dire
Qu'un homme averti en vaut deux
On a beau faire on a beau dire
Ça fait du bien d'être amoureux

Je sais je sais que ce prochain amour
Sera pour moi la prochaine défaite
Je sais déjà à l'entrée de la fête
La feuille morte que sera le petit jour
Je sais je sais sans savoir ton prénom
Que je serai ta prochaine capture
Je sais déjà que c'est par leur murmure
Que les étangs mettent les fleuves en prison

Mais on a beau faire on a beau dire
Qu'un homme averti en vaut deux
On a beau faire on a beau dire
Ça fait du bien d'être amoureux

Je sais je sais que ce prochain amour
Ne vivra pas jusqu'au prochain été
Je sais déjà que le temps des baisers
Pour deux chemins ne dure qu'un carrefour
Je sais je sais que ce prochain bonheur
Sera pour moi la prochaine des guerres
Je sais déjà cette affreuse prière
Qu'il faut pleurer quand l'autre est le vainqueur

Mais on a beau faire on a beau dire
Qu'un homme averti en vaut deux
On a beau faire on a beau dire
Ça fait du bien d'être amoureux

Je sais je sais que ce prochain amour
Sera pour nous de vivre un nouveau règne
Dont nous croirons tous deux porter les chaînes
Dont nous croirons que l'autre a le velours
Je sais je sais que ma tendre faiblesse
Fera de nous des navires ennemis
Mais mon cœur sait des navires ennemis
Partant ensemble pour pêcher la tendresse

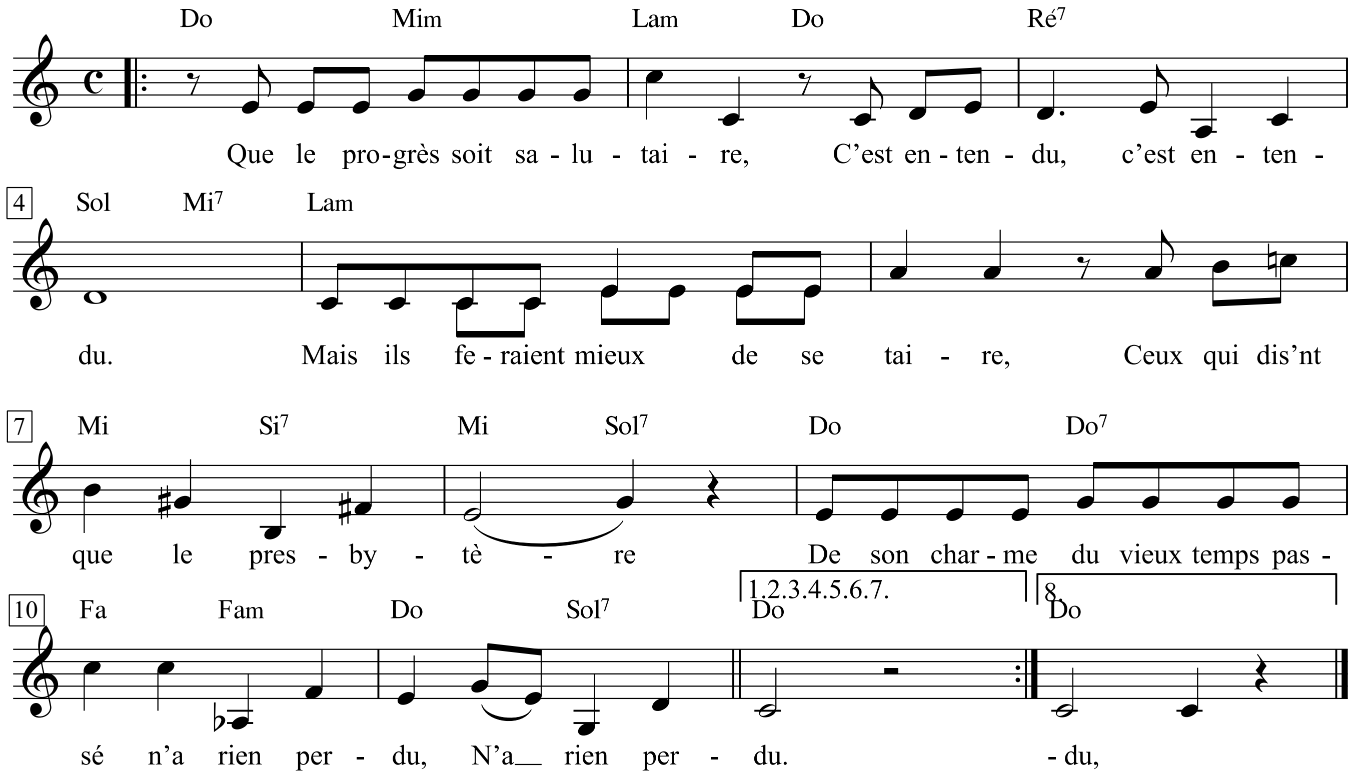
Car on a beau faire car on a beau dire
Qu'un homme averti en vaut deux
On a beau faire on a beau dire
Ça fait du bien d'être amoureux

Le progrès

(Der Fortschritt)

Texte de Georges Brassens

Musique de Jean Bertola



Que le progrès soit salutaire,
C'est entendu, c'est entendu.
Mais ils feraient mieux de se taire,
Ceux qui dis'nt que le presbytère
De son charme du vieux temps passé n'a rien perdu,
N'a rien perdu.

Supplantés par des betteraves,
Les beaux lilas! les beaux lilas!
Sans mentir, il faut être un brave
Fourbe pour dire d'un ton grave,
Que le jardin du curé garde tout son éclat,
Tout son éclat.

Entre les tours monumentales
Toujours croissant, toujours croissant,
Qui cherche sa maison natale
Se perd comme dans un dédale.
Au mal du pays, plus aucun remède à présent,
Remède à présent.

C'est de la malice certaine,
C'est inhumain! c'est inhumain!
Ils ont asséché la fontaine
Où les belles samaritaines
Nous faisaient boire, en été, l'eau fraîche dans leurs mains,
Fraîche dans leurs mains.

Dass der Fortschritt heilsam sei,
das ist doch klar, das ist doch klar.
Aber sie sollten besser den Mund halten,
die behaupten, das Pfarrhaus
habe von seinem Zauber der alten Zeit nichts verloren,
nichts verloren.

Verdrängt von Runkelrüben sind
die schönen Flieder!
Ungelogen: Man muss ein strammer
Schurke sein, um ernsthaft zu sagen,
der Garten des Pfarrers habe alle Pracht bewahrt,
alle Pracht bewahrt.

Zwischen den Riesentürmen,
die immer weiterwachsen –
wer da sein Geburtshaus sucht,
verirrt sich wie in einem Labyrinth.
Gegen Heimweh gibt es heute kein Mittel mehr,
kein Mittel mehr.

Das ist sicher böse Absicht
und unmenschlich!
Sie haben den Springbrunnen trockengelegt,
wo uns früher die hübschen Samariterinnen
im Sommer aus ihren Händen frisches Wasser trinken ließen,
Wasser trinken ließen.

Ils ont abattu, les vandales,
Et sans remords, et sans remords,
L'arbre couvert en capitales
De noms d'amants. C'est un scandale!
Les amours mort's n'ont plus de monuments aux morts,
Monuments aux morts.

L'a fait des affaires prospères,
Le ferrailleur, le ferrailleur,
En fauchant les vieux réverbères.
Maintenant quand on désespère,
On est contraint et forcé d'aller se pendre ailleurs,
Se pendre ailleurs.

Et c'est ce que j'ai fait sur l'heure,
Et sans délai, et sans délai.
Le coq du clocher n'est qu'un leurre,
Une girouette de malheur(e).
Ingrate patrie, tu n'auras pas mes feux follets,
Mes feux follets.

Que le progrès soit salutaire,
C'est entendu, c'est entendu.
Mais ils feraient mieux de se taire,
Ceux qui dis'nt que le presbytère
De son charme du vieux temps passé n'a rien perdu,
N'a rien perdu.

Sie haben gefällt, diese Vandalen,
und ohne Gewissensbisse,
den Baum, in Großbuchstaben bedeckt
mit den Namen von Verliebten. Ein Skandal!
Die toten Liebschaften haben kein Totendenkmal mehr,
Totendenkmal mehr.

Er hat gute Geschäfte gemacht,
der Schrotthändler,
der die alten Laternen kassiert hat.
Wer jetzt verzweifelt,
ist gezwungen, sich woanders aufzuhängen,
woanders aufzuhängen.

Und das ist genau das, was ich getan habe
ohne langen Aufschub.
Der Hahn auf dem Kirchturm ist bloß gefoppt,
eine elende Wetterfahne.
Undankbares Vaterland, du sollst nicht meine Irrlichter haben,
Irrlichter haben.

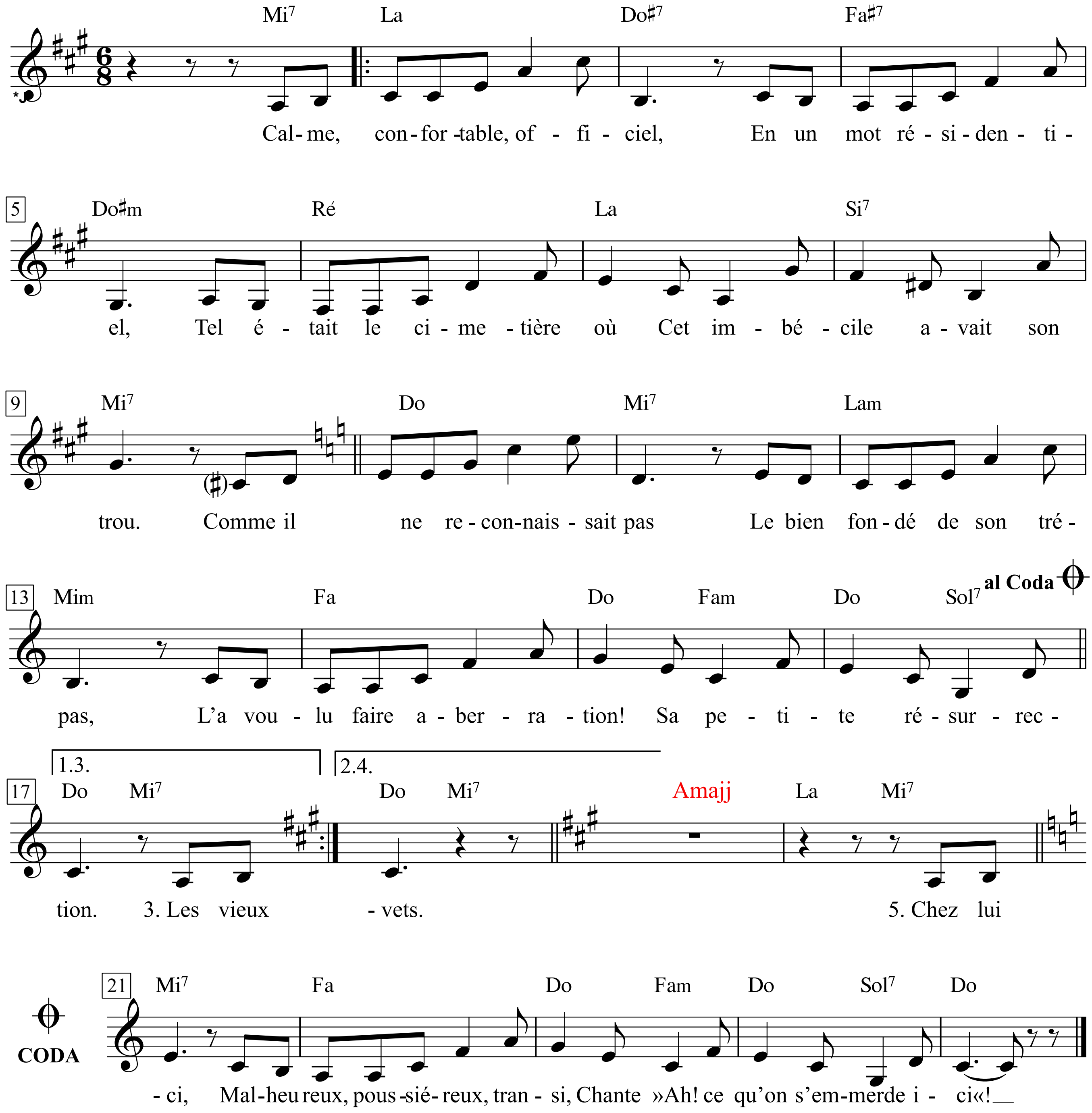
Dass der Fortschritt heilsam sei,
das ist doch klar, das ist doch klar.
Aber sie sollten besser den Mund halten,
die behaupten, das Pfarrhaus
habe von seinem Zauber der alten Zeit nichts verloren,
nichts verloren.

Le revenant

(Der Wiedergänger)

Texte de Georges Brassens

Musique de Jean Bertola



Le revenant

Calme, confortable, officiel,
En un mot résidentiel,
Tel était le cimetière où
Cet imbécile avait son trou.

Comme il ne reconnaissait pas
Le bien-fondé de son trépas,
L'a voulu faire - aberration! –
Sa petite résurrection.

Les vieux morts, les vieux »ici-gît«,
Les braves sépulcres blanchis,
Insistèrent pour qu'il revînt
Sur sa décision, mais en vain.

L'ayant astiquée, il remit
Sur pied sa vieille anatomie,
Et tout pimpant, tout satisfait,
Prit la clef du champ de navets.

Chez lui s'en étant revenu,
Son chien ne l'a pas reconnu
Et lui croque en deux coups de dents
Un des os les plus importants.

En guise de consolation,
Pensa faire une libation,
Boire un coup de vin généreux,
Mais tous ses tonneaux sonnaient creux.

Quand dans l'alcôve il est entré
Embrasser sa veuve éplorée,
Il jugea d'un simple coup d'œil
Qu'elle ne portait plus son deuil.

Il la trouve se réchauffant
Avec un salaud de vivant,
Alors chancelant dans sa foi
Mourut une seconde fois.

La commère au potron-minet
Ramassa les os qui traînaient
Et pour une bouchée de pain
Les vendit à des carabins.

Et, depuis lors, ce macchabée,
Dans l'amphithéâtre tombé,
Malheureux, poussiéreux, transi,
Chante »Ah! ce qu'on s'emmerde ici«!

Der Wiedergänger

Ruhig, gemütlich, amtlich,
kurz gesagt, vornehm wohnlich
war der Friedhof, wo
dieser Trottel sein Loch hatte.

Da er nicht anerkannte,
wie begründet sein Hinscheiden war,
wollte er - welche Verirrung! –
seine kleine Auferstehung begehen.

Die alten Toten, die alten »Hier ruht«,
die braven übertünchten Grüfte,
drangen darauf, dass er seinen Beschluss
revidiere, aber vergebens.

Nachdem er sie gewienert hatte, stellte er
seine alte Anatomie wieder auf die Beine,
und ganz fesch, ganz zufrieden
zog er vom Leichenacker Leine.

Bei sich zu Hause angekommen,
hat sein Hund ihn nicht erkannt
und ihm mit zwei Bissen
einen der wichtigsten Knochen geknackt.

Um sich zu trösten,
wollte er einen Schluck trinken,
einen Schluck vom besten Wein,
aber alle Fässer klangen hohl.

Als er ins Schlafzimmer ging,
seine untröstliche Witwe zu umarmen,
sah er auf den ersten Blick,
dass sie keine Trauer mehr um ihn trug.

Er fand sie, wie sie sich wärmte
mit einem Miesling von Lebendem,
da ward er schwankend in seinem Glauben
und starb zum zweiten Mal.

Früh morgens hat die Putzfrau
die herumliegenden Knochen eingesammelt
und für ein Trinkgeld
den Quacksalbern verkauft.

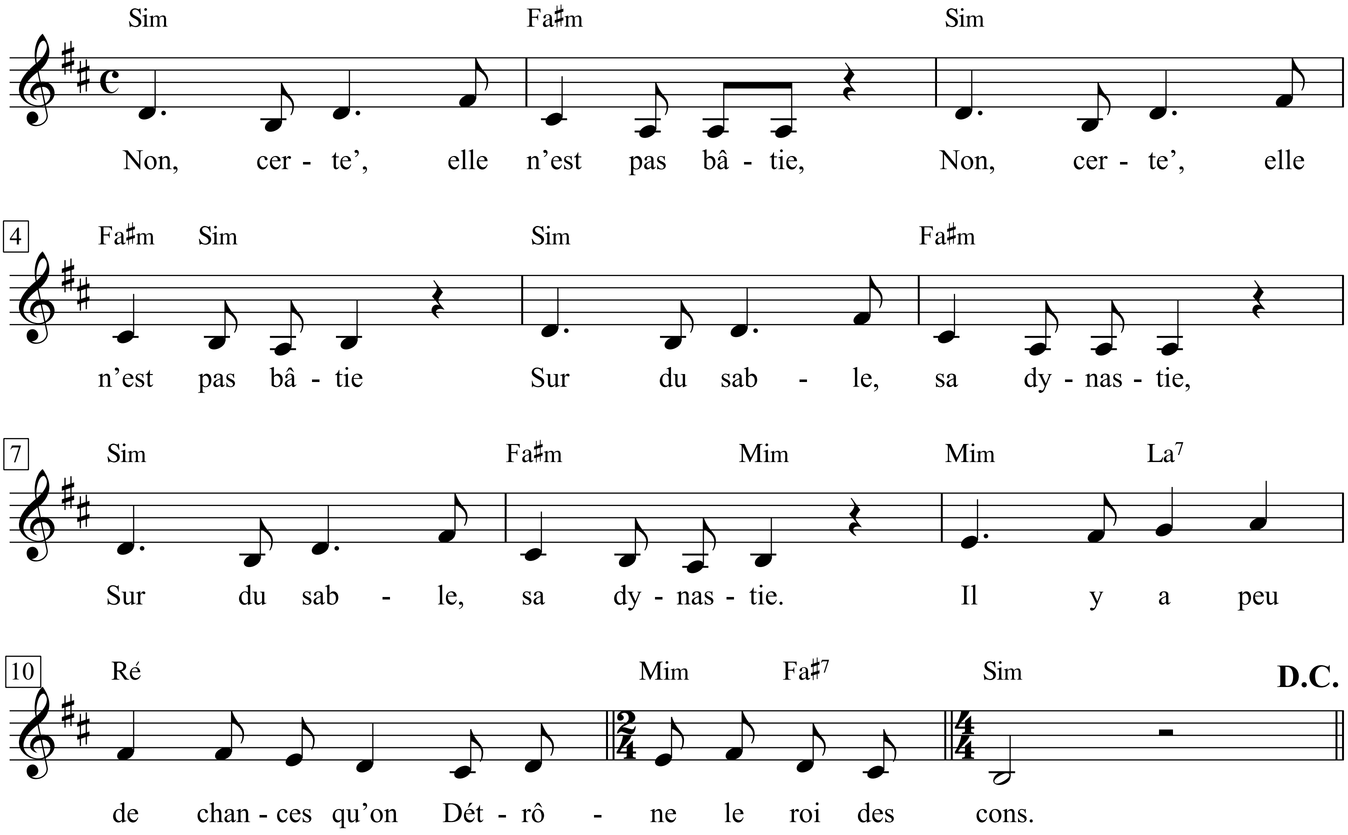
Und seitdem singt dieser Leichnam,
den es in den Hörsaal verschlagen hat,
unglücklich, verstaubt, erstarrt:
»Scheiße, ist das öde hier!«

Le roi

(Der König)

Moderato

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Non, certe', elle n'est pas bâtie,
Non, certe', elle n'est pas bâtie
Sur du sable, sa dynastie,
Sur du sable, sa dynastie.

Il y a peu de chances qu'on
Détrône le roi des cons.

2. Il peut dormir, ce souverain,
Il peut dormir, ce souverain,
Sur ses deux oreilles, serein,
Sur ses deux oreilles, serein.

Il y a peu de chances qu'on
Détrône le roi des cons.

3. Je, tu, il, elle, nous, vous, ils,
Je, tu, il, elle, nous, vous, ils,
Tout le monde le suit, docil',
Tout le monde le suit, docil'.

Il y a peu de chances qu'on
Détrône le roi des cons.

1. Nein, bestimmt ist sie nicht gebaut,
nein, bestimmt ist sie nicht gebaut
auf Sand, seine Dynastie,
auf Sand, seine Dynastie.

Es gibt kaum Chancen, den
König der Ärsche* abzusetzen.

2. Dieser Souverän mag ganz fest,
dieser Souverän mag ganz fest
auf beiden Ohren schlafen,
auf beiden Ohren schlafen.

Es gibt kaum Chancen, den
König der Ärsche abzusetzen.

3. Ich, du, er, sie, wir, ihr, sie,
ich, du, er, sie, wir, ihr, sie,
alle folgen ihm gefügig,
alle folgen ihm gefügig.

Es gibt kaum Chancen, den
König der Ärsche abzusetzen.

4. Il est possible, au demeurant,
Il est possible, au demeurant,
Qu'on déloge le shah d'Iran,
Qu'on déloge le shah d'Iran,

Mais il y' a peu de chances qu'on
Détrône le roi des cons.

5. Qu'un jour on dise: »C'est fini«,
Qu'un jour on dise: »C'est fini«
Au petit roi de Jordani',
Au petit roi de Jordani',

Mais il y' a peu de chances qu'on
Détrône le roi des cons.

6. Qu'en Abyssinie on récus',
Qu'en Abyssinie on récus'
Le roi des rois, le bon Négus,
Le roi des rois, le bon Négus,

Mais il y' a peu de chances qu'on
Détrône le roi des cons.

7. Que, sur un air de fandango,
Que, sur un air de fandango,
On congédi' le vieux Franco,
On congédi' le vieux Franco,

Mais il y' a peu de chances qu'on
Détrône le roi des cons.

8. Que la couronne d'Angleterre,
Que la couronne d'Angleterre,
Ce soir, demain, roule par terre,
Ce soir, demain, roule par terre,

Mais il y' a peu de chances qu'on
Détrône le roi des cons.

9. Que, ça c'est vu dans le passé,
Que, ça c'est vu dans le passé,
Marianne soit renversé',
Marianne soit renversé',

Mais il y' a peu de chances qu'on
Détrône le roi des cons.

4. Ansonsten ist es durchaus möglich,
ansonsten ist es durchaus möglich,
den Schah des Iran zu verjagen,
den Schah des Iran zu verjagen,

aber es gibt kaum Chancen, den
König der Ärsche abzusetzen.

5. Dass man eines Tages sagt: »Schluss«,
dass man eines Tages sagt: »Schluss«
zum kleinen König von Jordanien,
zum kleinen König von Jordanien,

aber es gibt kaum Chancen, den
König der Ärsche abzusetzen.

6. Dass man in Abessinien ablehnt,
dass man in Abessinien ablehnt
den König der Könige, den wackeren Negus,
den König der Könige, den wackeren Negus,

aber es gibt kaum Chancen, den
König der Ärsche abzusetzen.

7. Dass man zu Farndangoklängen,
dass man zu Farndangoklängen,
den alten Franco entlässt,
den alten Franco entlässt,

aber es gibt kaum Chancen, den
König der Ärsche abzusetzen.

8. Dass die Krone Englands,
dass die Krone Englands
heut Abend, morgen zu Boden rollt,
heut Abend, morgen zu Boden rollt,

aber es gibt kaum Chancen, den
König der Ärsche abzusetzen.

9. Dass, wie schon einmal geschehen,
dass, wie schon einmal geschehen,
Marianne umgestürzt wird,
Marianne umgestürzt wird,

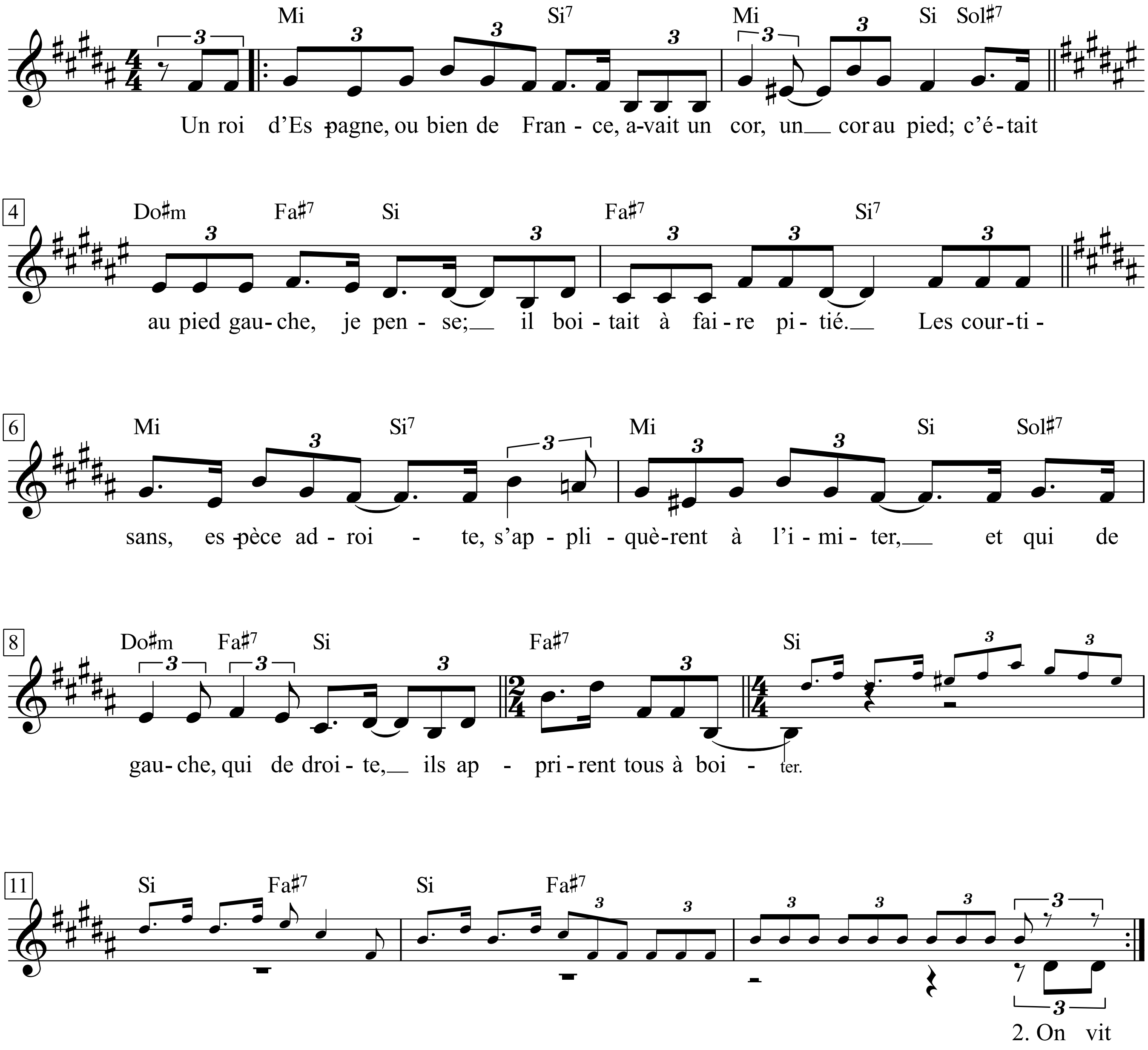
aber es gibt kaum Chancen, den
König der Ärsche abzusetzen.

** Le roi des cons ist der König der Ärsche,
der Dummen, Dumpfen, Spießer, Blöden usw. -
die Inkarnation dessen,
was die Erde seit Jahrtausenden beherrscht und
unbewohnbar macht.*

Le roi baiteux
(Der hinkende König)

Poème de Gustave Nadaud

Musique de Georges Brassens



1. Un roi d'Espagne, ou bien de France,
Avait un cor, un cor au pied;
C'était au pied gauche, je pense;
Il boitait à faire pitié.

2. Les courtisans, espèce adroite,
S'appliquèrent à l'imiter,
Et qui de gauche, qui de droite,
Ils apprirent tous à boiter.

3. On vit bientôt le bénéfice
Que cette mode rapportait;
Et, de l'antichambre à l'office,
Tout le monde boitait, boitait.

4. Un jour, un seigneur de province,
Oubliant son nouveau métier,
Vint à passer devant le prince,
Ferme et droit comme un peuplier.

5. Tout le monde se mit à rire,
Excepté le roi qui, tout bas,
Murmura: «Monsieur, qu'est-ce à dire?
Je crois que vous ne boitez pas.«

6. »Sire, quelle erreur est la vôtre!
Je suis criblé de cors; voyez:
Si je marche plus droit qu'un autre,
C'est que je boite des deux pieds.«

1. Ein König von Spanien oder Frankreich
hatte ein Hühnerauge am Fuß;
am linken Fuß, glaube ich,
er hinkte erbärmlich.

2. Die Höflinge, angepasstes Volk,
suchten ihn zu imitieren,
und dieser links, jener rechts
lernten sie das Hinken.

3. Bald sah man die Frucht,
die diese Mode eintrug;
und vom Vorzimmer zur Amtsstube:
alles hinkte, hinkte.

4. Eines Tages vergaß ein Herr
aus der Provinz sein neues Amt,
ging am Fürsten vorüber,
gerade und fest wie eine Pappel.

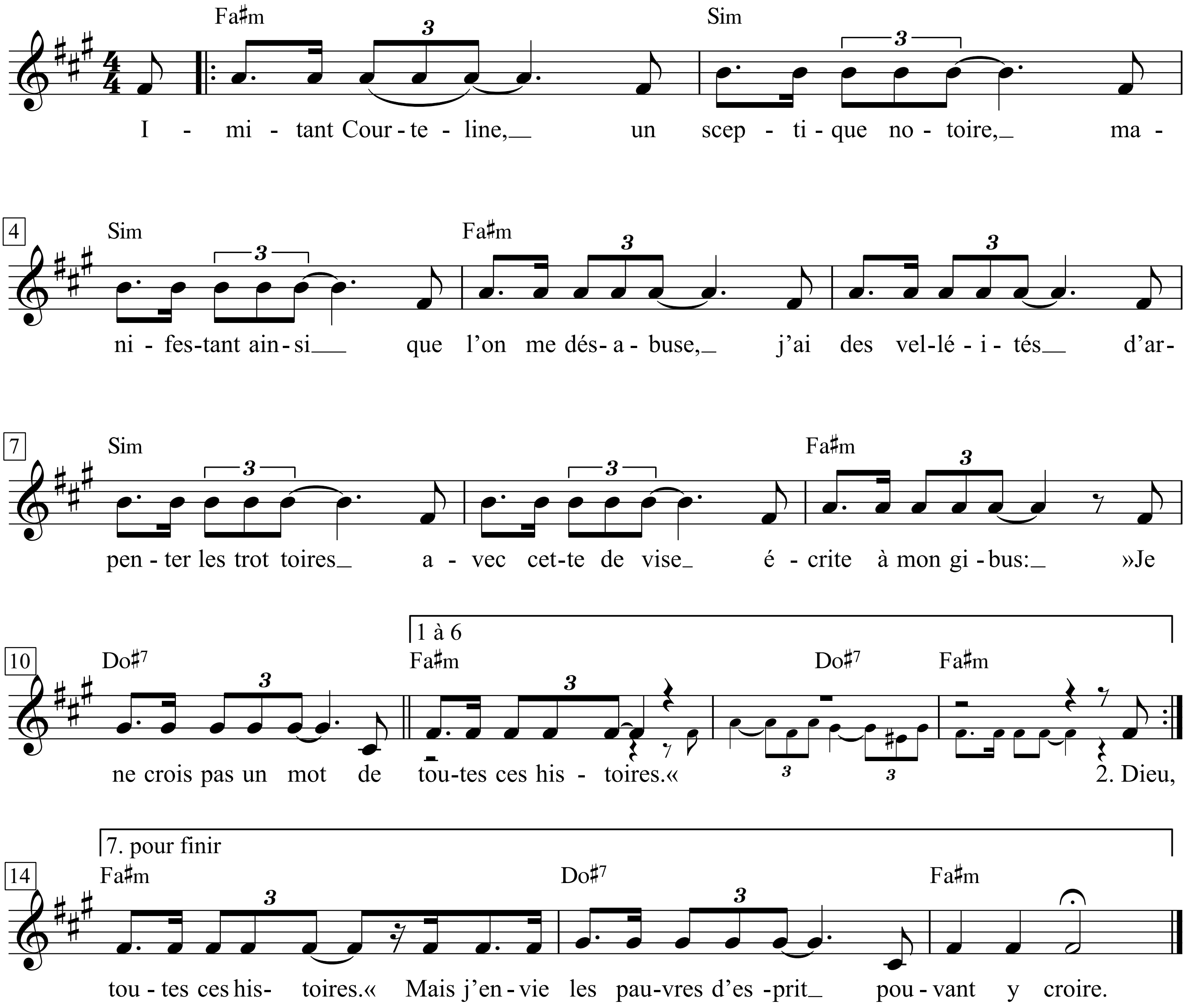
5. Alles begann zu lachen,
außer dem König, der ganz leise
murmelte: »Monsieur, was soll das heißen?
Ich glaube, Sie hinken gar nicht.«

6. »Sire, Ihr irret gewaltig!
Ich bin übersät von Hühneraugen; seht:
Wenn ich gerader gehe als andere,
dann, weil ich auf beiden Füßen hinke.«

Le sceptique
(Der Skeptiker)

Lent

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



Le sceptique

Imitant Courteline, un sceptique notoire,
Manifestant ainsi que l'on me désabuse,
J 'ai des velléités d'arpenter les trottoir(e)s
Avec cette devise écrite à mon gibus:
»Je ne crois pas un mot de toutes ces histoires.«

Dieu, diable, paradis, enfer et purgatoire,
Les bons récompensés et les méchants punis,
Et le corps du Seigneur dans le fond du ciboire,
Et l'huile consacrée comme le pain bénit,
»Je ne crois pas un mot de toutes ces histoires.«

Et la bonne aventure et l'art divinatoire,
Les cartes, les tarots, les lignes de la main,
La clé des songes, le pendule oscillatoire,
Les astres indiquant ce que sera demain,
»Je ne crois pas un mot de toutes ces histoires.«

Les preuves à l'appui, les preuves péremptoires,
Témoins dignes de foi, metteurs de mains au feu,
Et le respect de l'homme à l'interrogatoire,
Et les vérités vraies, les spontanés aveux,
»Je ne crois pas un mot de toutes ces histoires.«

Le bagne, l'échafaud entre autres exutoires,
Et l'efficacité de la peine de mort,
Le criminel saisi d'un zèle expiatoire,
Qui bat sa coulpe bourrelé par le remords,
»Je ne crois pas un mot de toutes ces histoires.«

Sur les tombeaux les oraisons déclamatoires,
Les »C 'était un bon fils, bon père, bon mari«,
»Le meilleur d'entre nous et le plus méritoire«,
»Un saint homme, un coeur d'or, un bel et noble esprit«,
»Je ne crois pas un mot de toutes ces histoires.«

Les »saint-Jean bouche d'or«, les charmeurs d'auditoire,
Les placements de sentiments de tout repos,
Et les billevesées de tous les répertoires,
Et les morts pour que naisse un avenir plus beau,
»Je ne crois pas un mot de toutes ces histoires. «

Coda
Mais j'envie les pauvres d'esprit pouvant y croire.

Der Skeptiker

In Nachahmung von Courteline, einem notorischen Skeptiker,
und zum Beweis dessen, dass man mir die Augen geöffnet hat,
habe ich oft Lust, auf den Trottoirs hin und her zu gehen
mit diesem Motto am Klappzylinder:
»Ich glaube kein Wort von all diesen Geschichten.«

Gott, Teufel, Paradies, Hölle und Fegefeuer,
Belohnung der Guten, Bestrafung der Bösen,
und der Leib des Herrn im Kelch
und das geweihte Öl wie das geheiligte Brot,
»ich glaube kein Wort von all diesen Geschichten.«

Und die Weissagerei, Prophezeiungen,
Karten, Tarock, Handlinien,
Traumdeutung, Pendel,
Sterne, die das Morgen ankündigen,
»ich glaube kein Wort von all diesen Geschichten.«

Indizienbeweise, überzeugende Beweise,
glaubwürdige Zeugen, die die Hand ins Feuer legen,
und Achtung der Menschenwürde beim Verhör
und wahre Wahrheiten, spontane Bekenntnisse,
»ich glaube kein Wort von all diesen Geschichten.«

Galeere, Schafott und andere scheußliche Strafen
und die Wirksamkeit der Todesstrafe,
der Verbrecher, ergriffen von Sühnebedürfnis,
der sich, von Reue verzehrt, an die Brust schlägt,
»ich glaube kein Wort von all diesen Geschichten.«

Schwülstige Reden über den Gräbern,
all das »er war ein guter Sohn, guter Vater, guter Gatte,
der Beste von uns, der Verdienstvollste,
ein Heiliger, ein goldenes Herz, ein schöner edler Geist«,
»ich glaube kein Wort von all diesen Geschichten.«

Die Propheten mit Goldkehle, die Publikumsverzauberer,
die risikolose Investition von Gefühlen,
und das hohle Geschwätz jeder beliebigen Sorte
und die Toten für eine bessere Zukunft,
»ich glaube kein Wort von all diesen Geschichten.«

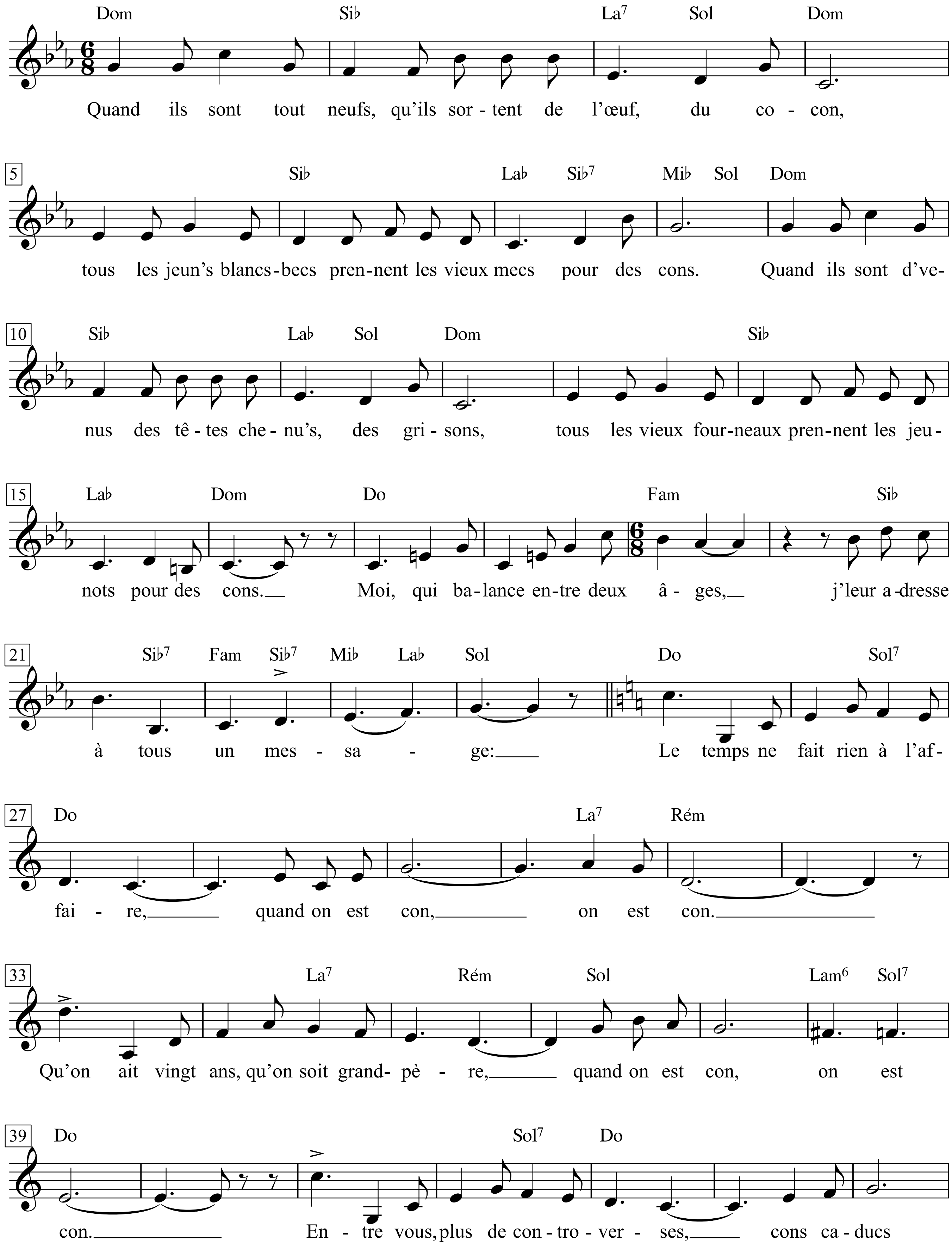
Coda
Aber ich beneide die Armen im Geiste, die daran glauben können.

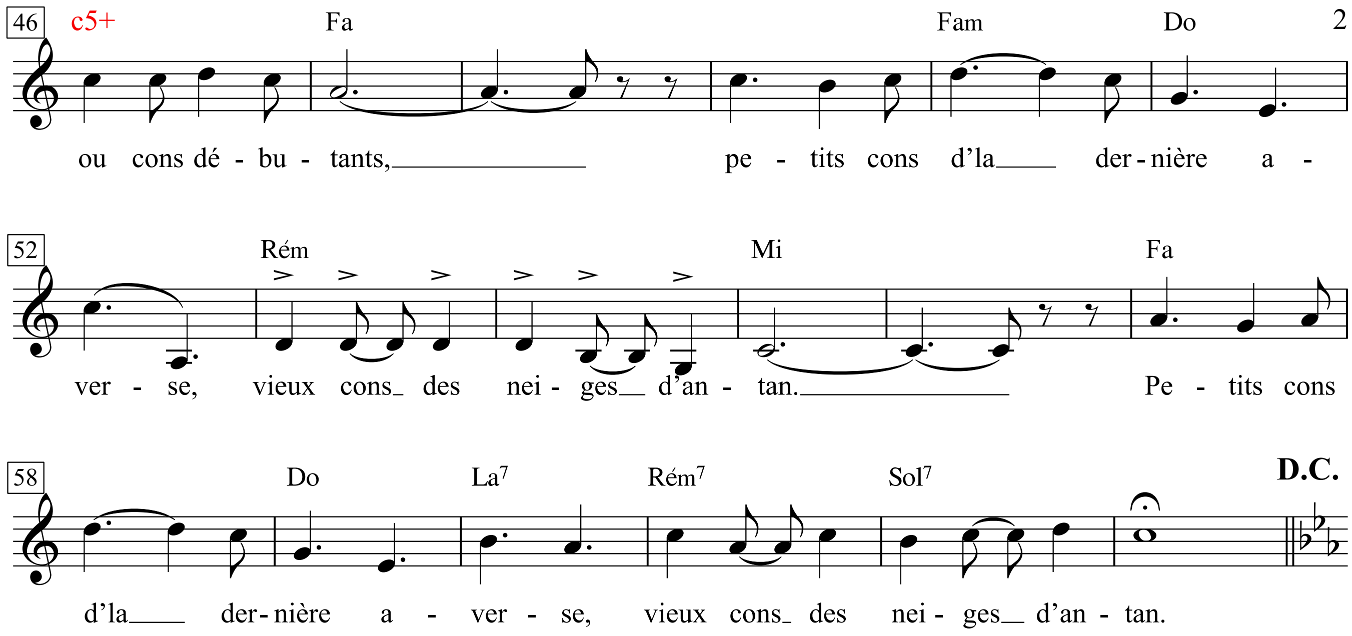
Le temps ne fait rien à l'affaire

(Das Alter spielt keine Rolle)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens

Allegro





1. Quand ils sont tout neufs,
Qu'ils sortent de l'œuf,
Du cocon,
Tous les jeun's blancs-becs
Prennent les vieux mecs
Pour des cons.
Quand ils sont d'venus
Des têtes chenu's,
Des grisons,
Tous les vieux fourneaux
Prennent les jeunots
Pour des cons.
Moi, qui balance entre deux âges,
J' leur adresse à tous un message:
Refrain
Le temps ne fait rien à l'affaire,
Quand on est con, on est con.
Qu'on ait vingt ans, qu'on soit grand-père,
Quand on est con, on est con.
Entre vous, plus de controverses,
Cons caducs ou cons débutants,
Petits cons d'la dernière averse,
Vieux cons des neiges d'antan.

2. Vous, les cons naissants,
Les cons innocents,
Les jeun's cons
Qui, n' le niez pas,
Prenez les papas
Pour des cons,
Vous, les cons âgés,
Les cons usagés,
Les vieux cons
Qui, confessez-le,
Prenez les p'tits bleus
Pour des cons,
Méditez l'impartial message
D'un qui balance entre deux âges:

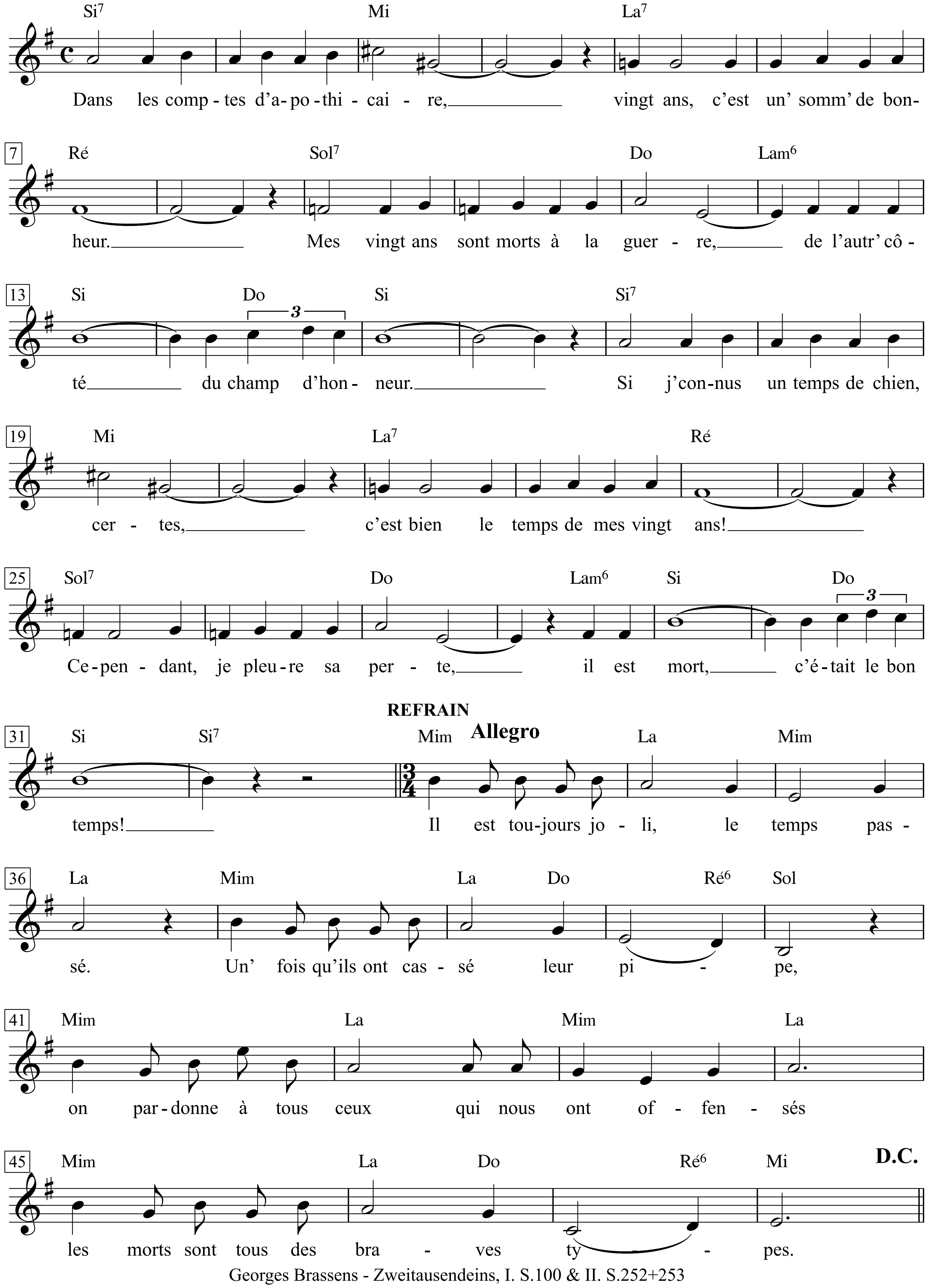
1. Wenn sie ganz neu sind,
aus dem Ei kriechen,
dem Kokon,
halten alle Grünschnäbel
die alten Knacker
für Ärsche.
Wenn sie weißhaarig
geworden sind, Schneeschöpfe,
Graubärte,
halten alle Scheintoten
die Küken
für Ärsche.
Ich, der ich zwischen allen Altersstühlen sitze,
hab hier für alle eine Botschaft:
Refrain
Das Alter spielt gar keine Rolle,
wenn man ein Arsch ist, ist man ein Arsch;
ob man zwanzig ist oder Großvater,
wenn man ein Arsch ist, ist man ein Arsch.
Keinen Streit mehr zwischen euch
greisen Ärschen und Arschdebütanten,
kleine Ärsche aus der letzten Brut,
alte Ärsche im Schnee vom letzten Jahr.

2. Ihr neugeborenen
unschuldigen jungen
Ärsche,
die - leugnet es nicht -
die Papas haltet
für Ärsche,
ihr gealterten
abgenutzten
alten Ärsche,
die - gebt's ruhig zu -
die Kleinen haltet
für Ärsche,
bedenkt die unparteiische Botschaft
von einem, der zwischen allen Altersstühlen sitzt:

Le temps passé

(Die gute alte Zeit)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.100 & II. S.252+253

1. Dans les comptes d'apothicaire,
Vingt ans, c'est un' somm' de bonheur.
Mes vingt ans sont morts à la guerre,
De l'autr' côté du champ d'honneur.
Si j' connus un temps de chien, certes,
C'est bien le temps de mes vingt ans!
Cependant, je pleure sa perte,
Il est mort, c'était le bon temps!
Refrain
Il est toujours joli, le temps passé.
Un' fois qu'ils ont cassé leur pipe,
On pardonne à tous ceux qui nous ont offensés
Les morts sont tous des braves types.

2. Dans ta petit' mémoire de lièvre,
Bécassine, il t'est souvenu
De notre amour du coin des lèvres,
Amour nul et non avenu,
Amour d'un sou qui n'allait, certes,
Guèr' plus loin que le bout d'son lit.
Cependant, nous pleurons sa perte,
Il est mort, il est embelli!

3. J'ai mis ma tenu' la plus sombre
Et mon masque d'enterrement,
Pour conduire au royaum' des ombres
Un paquet de vieux ossements.
La terr' n'a jamais produit, certes,
De canaille plus consommée.
Cependant, nous pleurons sa perte,
Elle est morte, elle est embaumée!

1. In Pfennigfuchserrechnungen
stehen zwanzig Jahre oft für Glück.
Meine Zwanziger starben im Krieg,
auf der Kehrseite des Felds der Ehre.
Wenn ich je ein Hundeleben hatte,
dann sicher in meinen Zwanzigern.
Trotzdem bewein ich ihren Verlust;
sie ist tot - es war die gute Zeit!
Refrain
Sie ist ja immer gut, die alte Zeit.
Sobald sie den Löffel abgegeben haben,
verzeihen wir allen, die uns weh getan haben:
Die Toten sind lauter nette Leute.

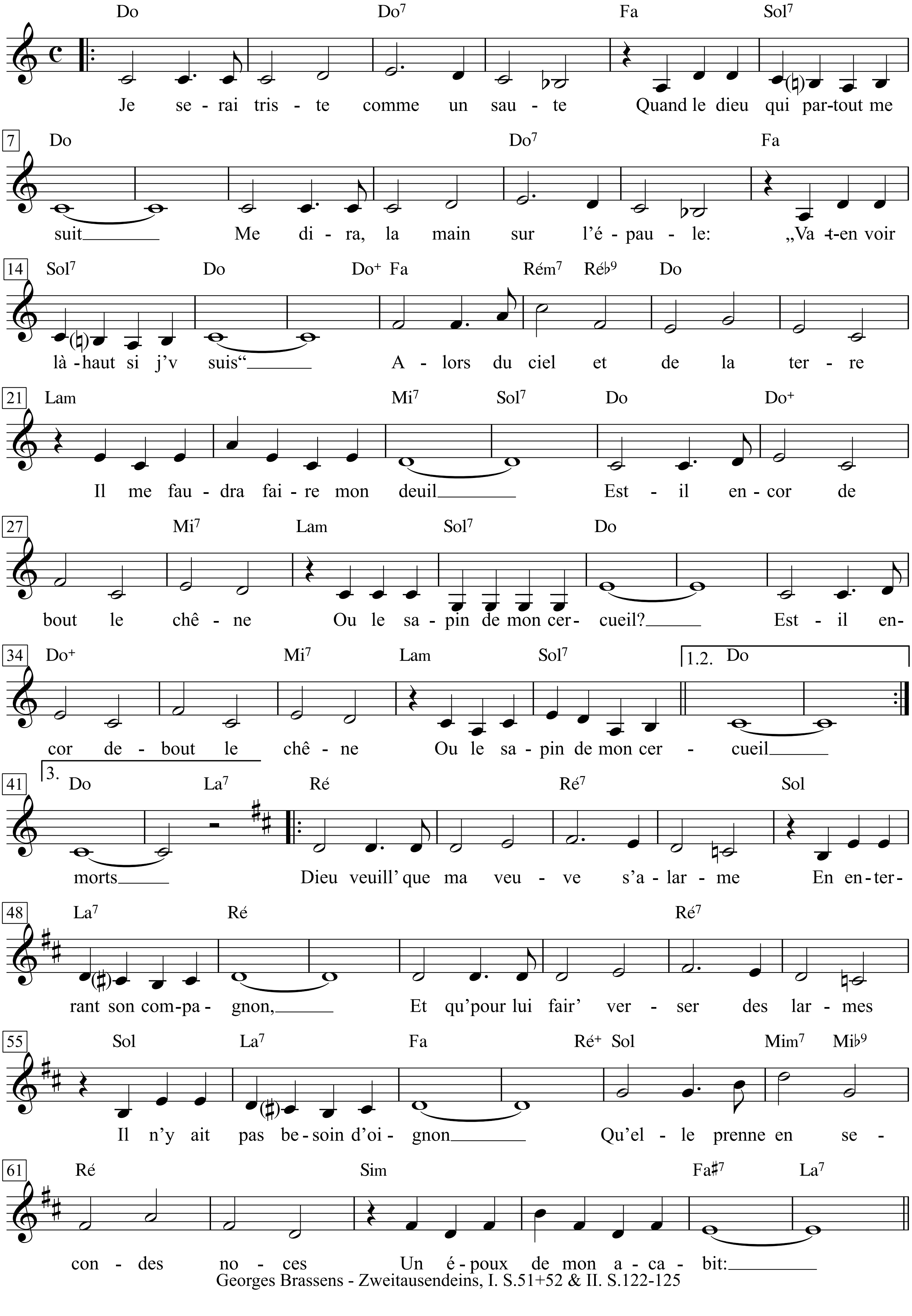
2. In deinem kleinen Sieb-Gedächtnis,
Bécassine, erinnerst du dich noch
an unsre halbherzige Liebschaft,
die null und nichtig war,
Groschenliebe, die gewiss nicht weiter reichte
als ans Fußende des Betts.
Trotzdem beweinen wir den Verlust -
sie ist tot, sie wird verschönt!

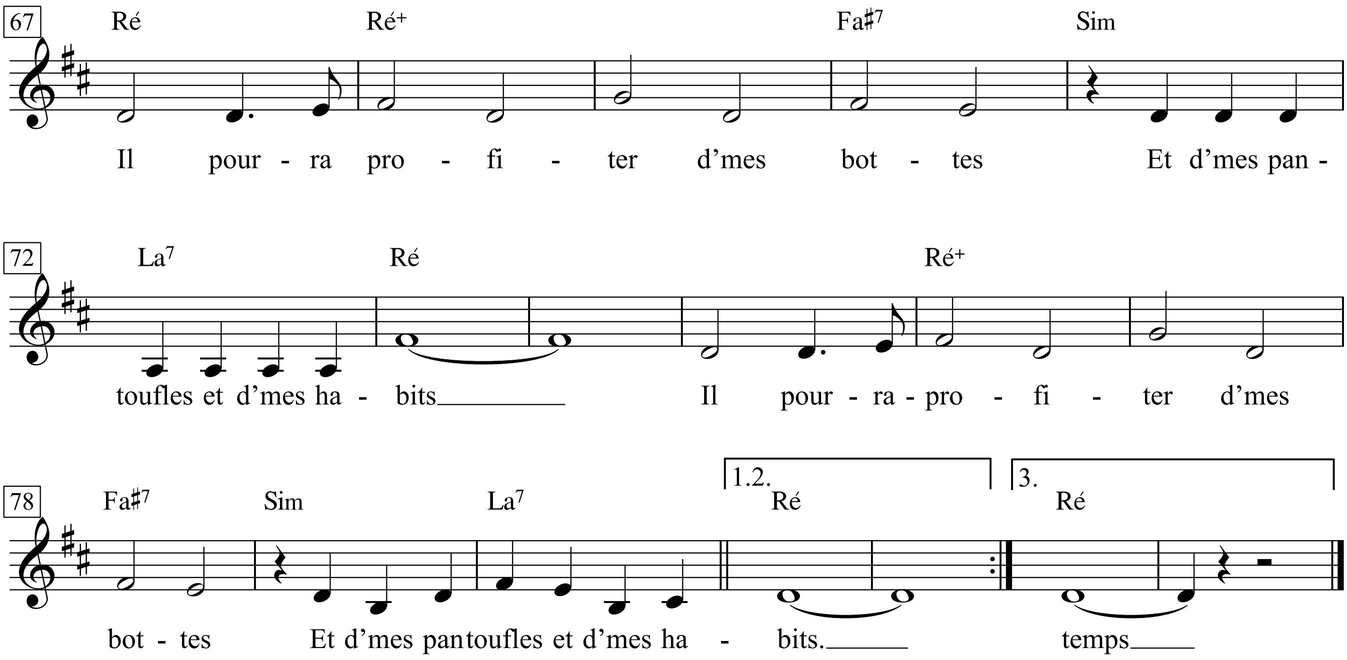
3. Ich hab meinen dunkelsten Anzug angelegt
und meine Beerdigungsmaske,
um ins Schattenreich zu geleiten
ein Bündel alter Knochen.
Die Erde hat zweifellos niemals
eine miesere Kanaille produziert.
Trotzdem beweinen wir den Verlust,
sie ist tot, sie wird einbalsamiert!

Le testament

(Das Testament)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens




67
Ré Ré+ Fa♯7 Sim
Il pour - ra pro - fi - ter d'mes bot - tes Et d'mes pan -
72
La7 Ré Ré+
toufles et d'mes ha - bits Il pour - ra - pro - fi - ter d'mes
78
Fa♯7 Sim La7 1.2. Ré 3. Ré
bot - tes Et d'mes pantoufles et d'mes ha - bits. temps

1. Je serai triste comme un saule
Quand le Dieu qui partout me suit
Me dira, la main sur l'épaule: »
Va-t'en voir là-haut si j'y suis.«
Alors, du ciel et de la terre
Il me faudra faire mon deuil...
Est'il encor debout le chêne
Ou le sapin de mon cercueil?

2. S'il faut aller au cimetière,
J' prendrai le chemin le plus long,
J' ferai la tombe buissonnière,
J' quitterai la vie à reculons...
Tant pis si les croqu'-morts me grondent,
Tant pis s'ils me croient fou à lier,
Je veux partir pour l'autre monde
Par le chemin des écoliers.

3. Avant d'aller conter fleurette
Aux belles âmes des damné's,
Je rêv' d'encore une amourette,
Je rêv' d'encor' m'enjuponner...
Encore un' fois dire: »Je t'aime« ...
Encore un' fois perdre le nord
En effeuillant le chrysanthème
Qui est la marguerite des morts.

4. Dieu veuill' que ma veuve s'alarme
En enterrant son compagnon,
Et qu' pour lui fair' verser des larmes
Il n'y ait pas besoin d'oignon...
Qu'elle prenne en secondes noces
Un époux de mon acabit:
Il pourra profiter d'mes bottes,
Et d'mes pantoufle' et d'mes habits.

5. Qu'il boiv' mon vin, qu'il aim' ma femme,
Qu'il fum' ma pipe et mon tabac,
Mais que jamais - mort de mon âme! -
Jamais il ne fouette mes chats...
Quoique je n'ai' pas un atome,
Une ombre de méchanceté,
S'il fouett' mes chats, y'a un fantôme
Qui viendra le persécuter.

6. Ici-gît une feuille morte,
Ici finit mon testament...
On a marqué dessus ma porte:
»Fermé pour caus' d'enterrement.«
J'ai quitté la vi' sans rancune,
J'aurai plus jamais mal aux dents:
Me v'là dans la fosse commune,
La fosse commune du temps.

1. Ich werde trauern wie ne Weide,
wenn Gott mir auf die Schulter tippt -
Gott, der mich jagt und den ich meide -
und sagt: »Komm rauf, schau, ob's mich gibt.«
Auf diesen Test kann ich verzichten,
will lieber hier im Diesseits sehn,
ob denn für meinen Sarg die Fichten
oder die Eichen wohl noch stehn.

2. Ich würde gern durch Fehlen glänzen
beim langen Marsch in Richtung Grab,
all meine Grufttermine schwänzen,
solang ich noch zu leben hab.
Wenn auch die Totengräber fluchen,
wenn sie erklärn, ich sei verrückt -
muss ich den Weg ins Jenseits suchen,
dann rückwärts hüpfend Stück für Stück.

3. Bevor ich demnächst in der Hölle
die schönen toten Damen frei,
wünsch ich mir hier noch eine schnelle
oder gemache Liebelei.
Einmal noch junge Röcke lupfen
und alles sehen rosarot
und dabei Chrysanthemen zupfen,
die Margeriten für den Tod.

4. Gott gebe meiner Witwe Trauer,
wenn sie mich eingräbt, ihren Mann,
damit sie echten Tränenschauer
auch ohne Zwiebeln weinen kann;
dass sie als zweiten Gatten einen
meines Kalibers heimwärts führ;
dass er von meinen Stiefeln, meinen
Hosen und Lastern profitier.

5. Ich gönn ihm meinen Wein, die Pfeifen,
und dass mein Weib sich zu ihm legt;
doch solln ihn tausend Läuse kneifen,
wenn er je meine Katzen schlägt.
Hab ich auch nicht den kleinsten Schimmer
von Bosheit, Niedertracht und Wut -
wenn er die Katzen schlägt, wird immer
mein Geist ihn plagen bis aufs Blut.

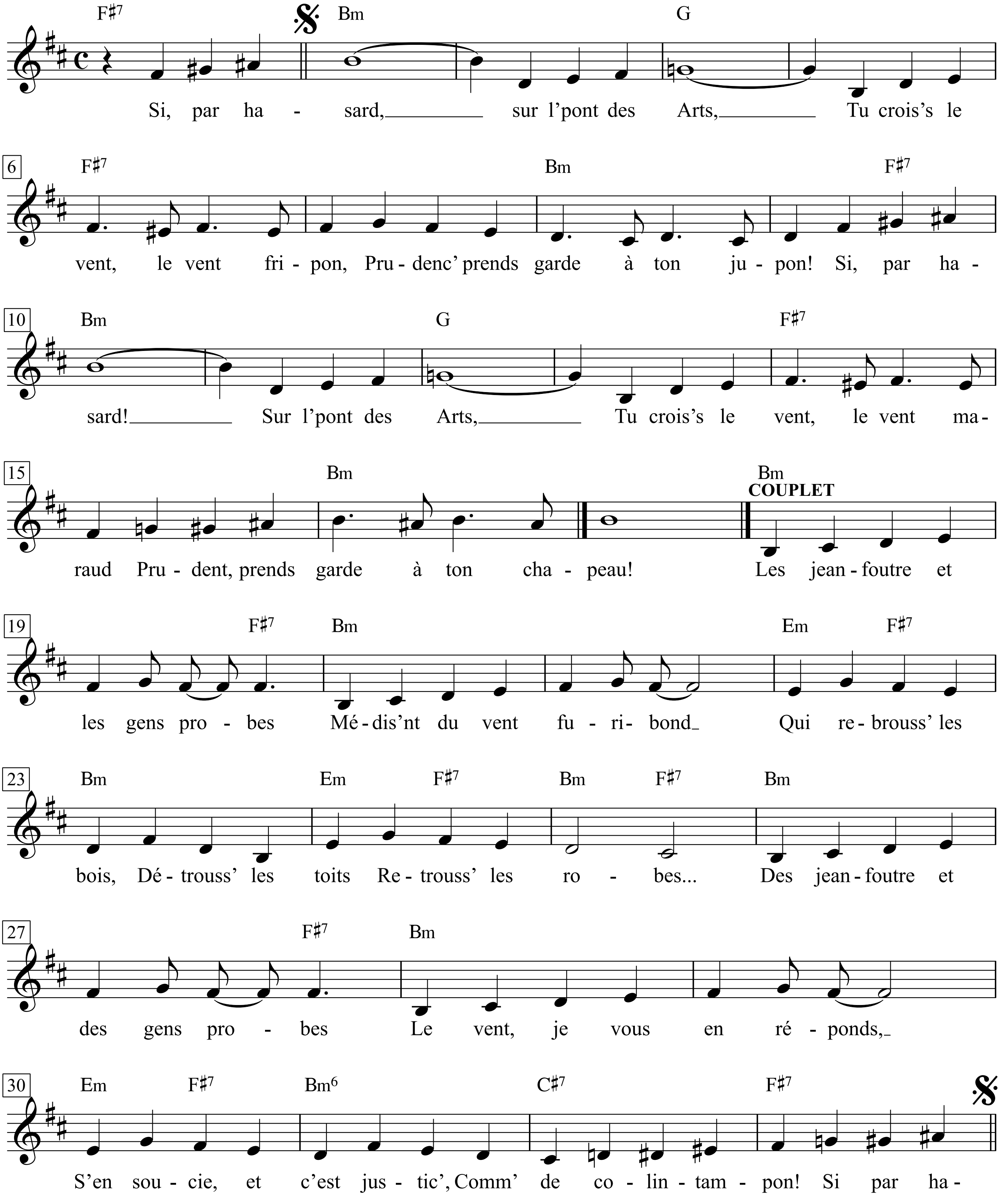
6. Hier ruht ein Blatt, verwelkt, verschossen,
nun ist mein Testament bereit.
Auf meiner Tür ein Schild: »Geschlossen
wegen akuter Sterblichkeit.«
Weil ich nie wieder Zahnweh habe,
lass ich das Leben ohne Leid
und lieg im großen Massengrabe,
dem großen Massengrab der Zeit.

Le vent

(Der Wind)

Allegretto

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.35 & II. S.76+77

Refrain
Si, par hasard,
Sur l' pont des Arts,
Tu crois's le vent, le vent fripon,
Prudenc', prends garde à ton jupon!
Si, par hasard,
Sur l' pont des Arts,
Tu crois's le vent, le vent maraud,
Prudent, prends garde à ton chapeau!

1. Les jean-foutre et les gens probes
Médis'nt du vent furibond
Qui rebrouss' les bois,
Détrouss' les toits,
Retrouss' les robes ...
Des jean-foutre et des gens probes,
Le vent, je vous en réponds,
S'en soucie, et c'est justic', comm' de colin-tampon!

2. Bien sûr, si l'on ne se fonde
Que sur ce qui saute aux yeux,
Le vent semble une brut' raffolant de nuire à tout l' monde ...
Mais une attention profonde
Prouv' que c'est chez les fâcheux
Qu'il préfèr' choisir les victim's de ses petits jeux!

Refrain
Wenn du zufällig
auf dem Pont des Arts
den Wind triffst, den Liederlump,
gute Frau, acht auf deinen Rock!
Wenn du zufällig
auf dem Pont des Arts
den Wind triffst, den Tunichtgut,
guter Mann, acht auf deinen Hut!

1. Die Bestussten und die Braven
schimpfen auf den wilden Wind,
der die Bäume rupft,
die Dächer lupft,
die Röcke zupft ...
Den Bestussten und den Braven
sag ich hiermit, dass der Wind
sich mit Recht um ihr Gezeter keinen feuchten Furz schert!

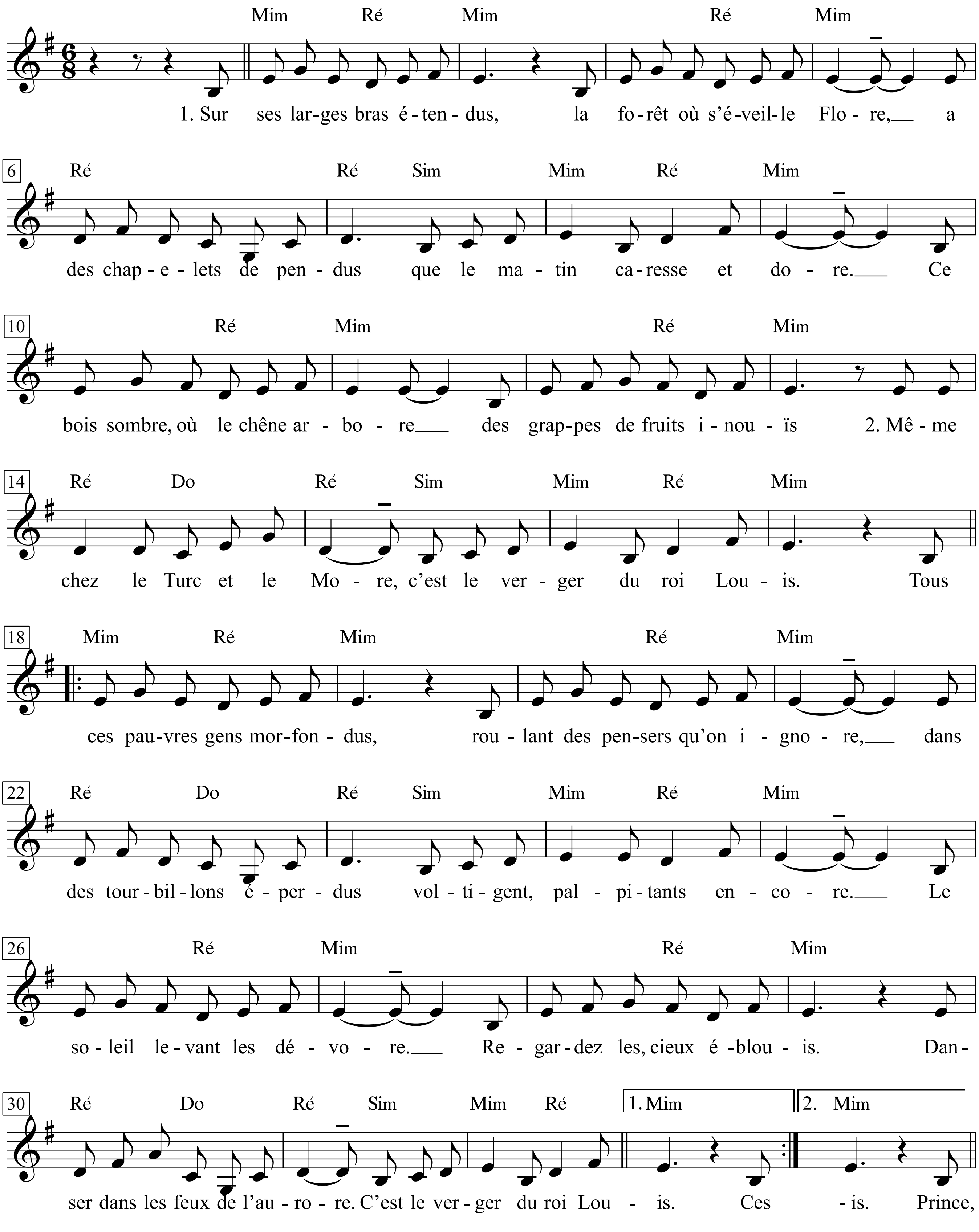
2. Wenn man sich natürlich nur
auf den Augenschein verlässt,
scheint der Wind ein wildes Tier zu sein, das allen ans Leder will ...
Aber genauere Prüfung zeigt,
dass er bei denen, die übelnehmen,
am liebsten die Opfer seiner kleinen Scherze sucht!

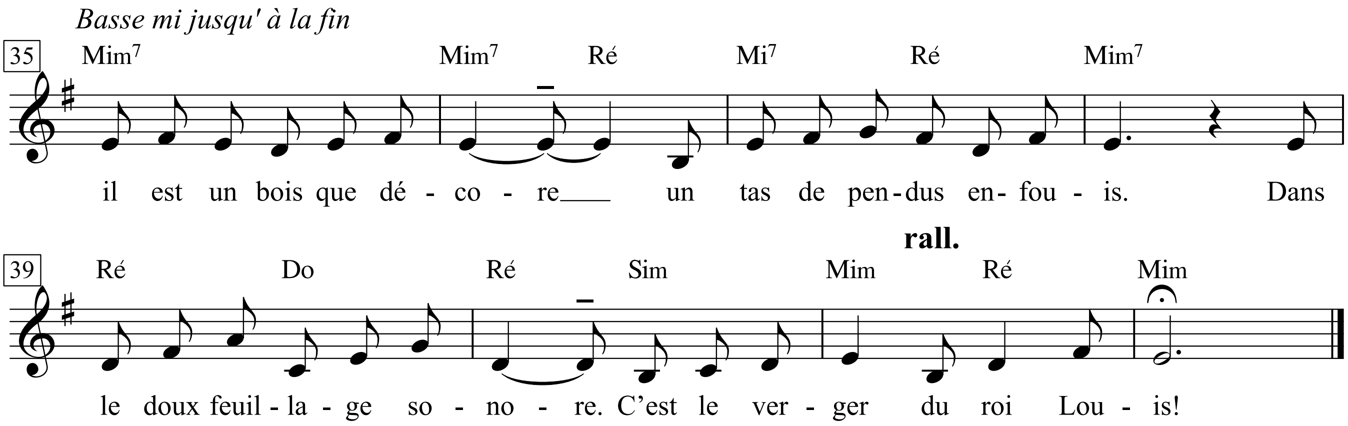
Le verger du roi Louis

(Der Garten von König Ludwig)

Poème de Théodore de Banville

Musique de Georges Brassens





1. Sur ses larges bras étendus,
La forêt où s’éveille Flore,
A des chapelets de pendus
Que le matin caresse et dore.
Ce bois sombre, où le chêne arbore
Des grappes de fruits inouïs
Même chez le Turc et le More,
C’est le verger du roi Louis.

2. Tous ces pauvres gens morfondus,
Roulant des pensers qu’on ignore,
Dans des tourbillons éperdus
Voltigent, palpitants encore.
Le soleil levant les dévore.
Regardez-les, cieux éblouis,
Danser dans les feux de l’aurore.
C’est le verger du roi Louis.

3. Ces pendus, du diable entendus,
Appellent des pendus encore.
Tandis qu’aux cieux, d’azur tendus,
Où semble luire un météore,
La rosée en l’air s’évapore,
Un essaim d’oiseaux réjouis
Par-dessus leur tête picore.
C’est le verger du roi Louis.

Envoi
Prince, il est un bois que décore
Un tas de pendus enfouis
Dans le doux feuillage sonore.
C’est le verger du roi Louis!

1. An seinen ausgestreckten Armen
trägt der Wald, in dem Flora erwacht,
wie aufgereiht Gehenkte,
die der Morgen liebkost und vergoldet.
Dieser düstre Wald, wo die Eiche
Trauben unerhörter Früchte zeigt -
selbst beim Türken und Mauren
heißt er der Garten von König Ludwig.

2. All die armen bedrückten Leute
mit Gedanken, die man nicht kennt,
in hektischen Wirbeln schweben sie
und zucken noch immer.
Die aufgehende Sonne verzehrt sie.
Betrachtet sie, strahlende Himmel,
wie sie im Morgenfeuer tanzen.
Das ist der Garten von König Ludwig.

3. Diese Gehenkten, vom Teufel erhört,
verlangen nach noch mehr Gehenkten.
Während am tiefblauen Himmel,
wo ein Meteor zu glühen scheint,
der Tau in der Luft verdunstet,
pickt ein Schwarm entzückter Vögel
auf ihren Köpfen.
Das ist der Garten von König Ludwig.

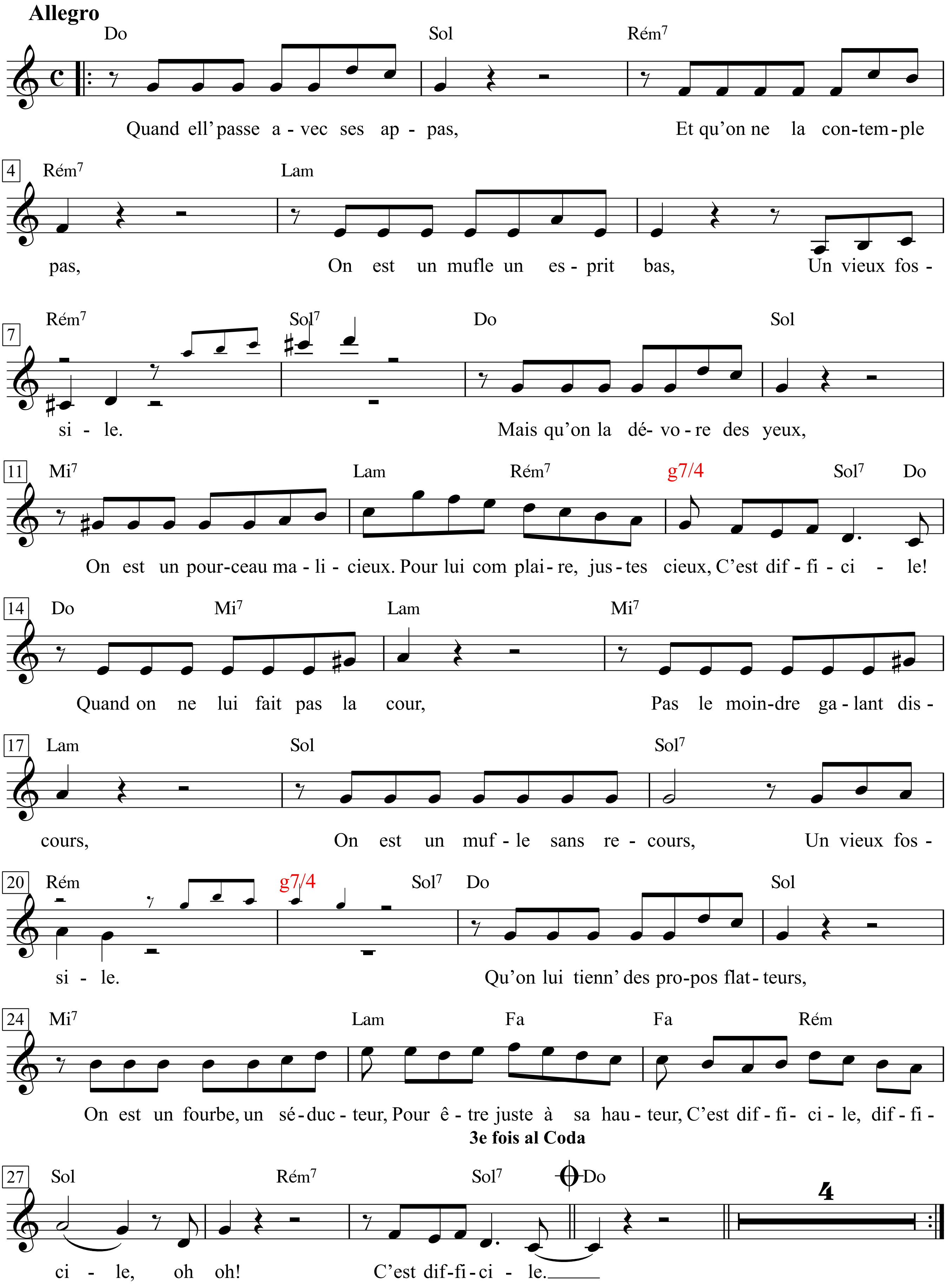
Geleit
Fürst, es gibt einen Wald, den ziert
eine Menge Gehenkter,
verborgen im lieblich rauschenden Laub.
Das ist der Garten von König Ludwig.

Le vieux fossile

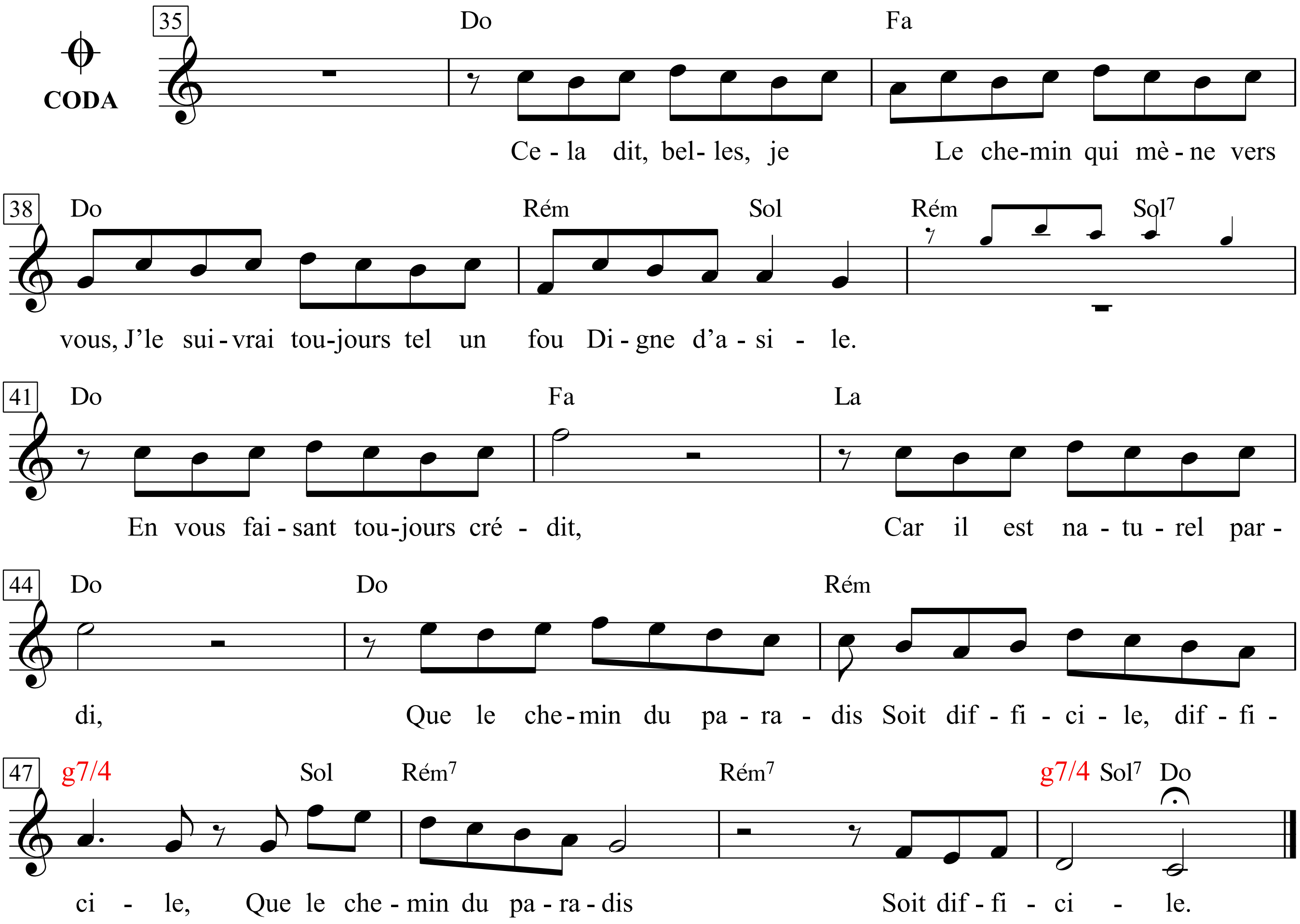
(Olles Fossil)

Paroles de Georges Brassens

Musique de Marcel Amont



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.251+252 & II. S.688-691



Le vieux fossile

Quand ell' passe avec ses appas,
Et qu'on ne la contemple pas,
On est un mufle un esprit bas,
Un vieux fossile.
Mais qu'on la dévore des yeux,
On est un pourceau malicieux.
Pour lui complaire, justes cieux,
C'est difficile.

Quand on ne lui fait pas la cour,
Pas le moindre galant discours,
On est un mufle sans recours,
Un vieux fossile.
Qu'on lui tienn' des propos flatteurs,
On est un fourbe, un séducteur,
Pour être juste à sa hauteur,
C'est difficile.

Olles Fossil

Wenn sie mit ihren Reizen vorbeigeht
und man sie nicht betrachtet,
ist man ein Lümmel, ein Miesling,
ein olles Fossil.
Aber wenn man sie mit den Augen verschlingt,
ist man ein bösartiges Schwein.
Ihr's rechtzumachen, lieber Himmel,
ist schwierig.

Wenn man ihr nicht den Hof macht,
kein bisschen Süßholz raspelt,
ist man ein rettungsloser Lümmel,
ein olles Fossil.
Sagt man ihr Schmeicheleien,
ist man ein Schuft, ein Verführer,
bei ihr den rechten Ton zu treffen
ist schwierig.

Quand on néglige de poser
Sur sa bouche en cœur un baiser,
On est un mufle renforcé,
Un vieux fossile.
Qu'on aille lui sauter au cou
On récolte un' moisson de coups.
Pour faire une chose à son goût,
C'est difficile.

Quand, pétri de bons sentiments,
On l'aime platoniquement,
On est un mufle, un garnement,
Un vieux fossile.
Qu'on lui manque un peu de respect,
D'être un faune on devient suspect,
Avec elle pour être en paix,
C'est difficile.

Quand étant passé sur son corps,
L'on s'enfuit et l'on court encore,
On est un mufle de record,
Un vieux fossile.
Qu'on veuille vivre à ses côtés
Ell' crie »vive la liberté«.
Tomber juste à la vérité,
C'est difficile.

Quand elle attente à la vertu,
Qu'elle nous trompe et qu'on la tue,
On est un mufle, un être obtus,
Un vieux fossile.
Qu'on pardonne, on est à l'instant
Plat, vil, cocu, battu, content.
Pour n'être pas à contretemps,
C'est difficile.

Ceci dit, belles, je vous l'avoue
Le chemin qui mène vers vous,
J' le suivrai toujours tel un fou
Digne d'asile.
En vous faisant toujours crédit,
Car il est naturel pardi,
Que le chemin du paradis
Soit difficile.

Wenn man es unterlässt, auf ihren
Herzchenmund einen Kuss zu hauchen,
ist man ein verstockter Lümmel,
ein olles Fossil.
Wenn man sich ihr an den Hals wirft,
fängt man sich einen Satz heiße Ohren ein.
Etwas nach ihrem Geschmack zu machen
ist schwierig.

Wenn man, durchdrungen von lauteren Gefühlen,
sie platonisch liebt,
ist man ein Lümmel, ein Flegel,
ein olles Fossil.
Lässt man es an Zurückhaltung fehlen,
gerät man in den Verdacht, ein Faun zu sein,
mit ihr Frieden zu halten
ist schwierig.

Wenn man bei ihr gelegen hat
und flieht und immer weiter rennt,
ist man ein Rekordlümmel,
ein olles Fossil.
Wenn man an ihrer Seite leben will,
schreit sie: »Es lebe die Freiheit.«
Das Richtige herauszufinden
ist schwierig.

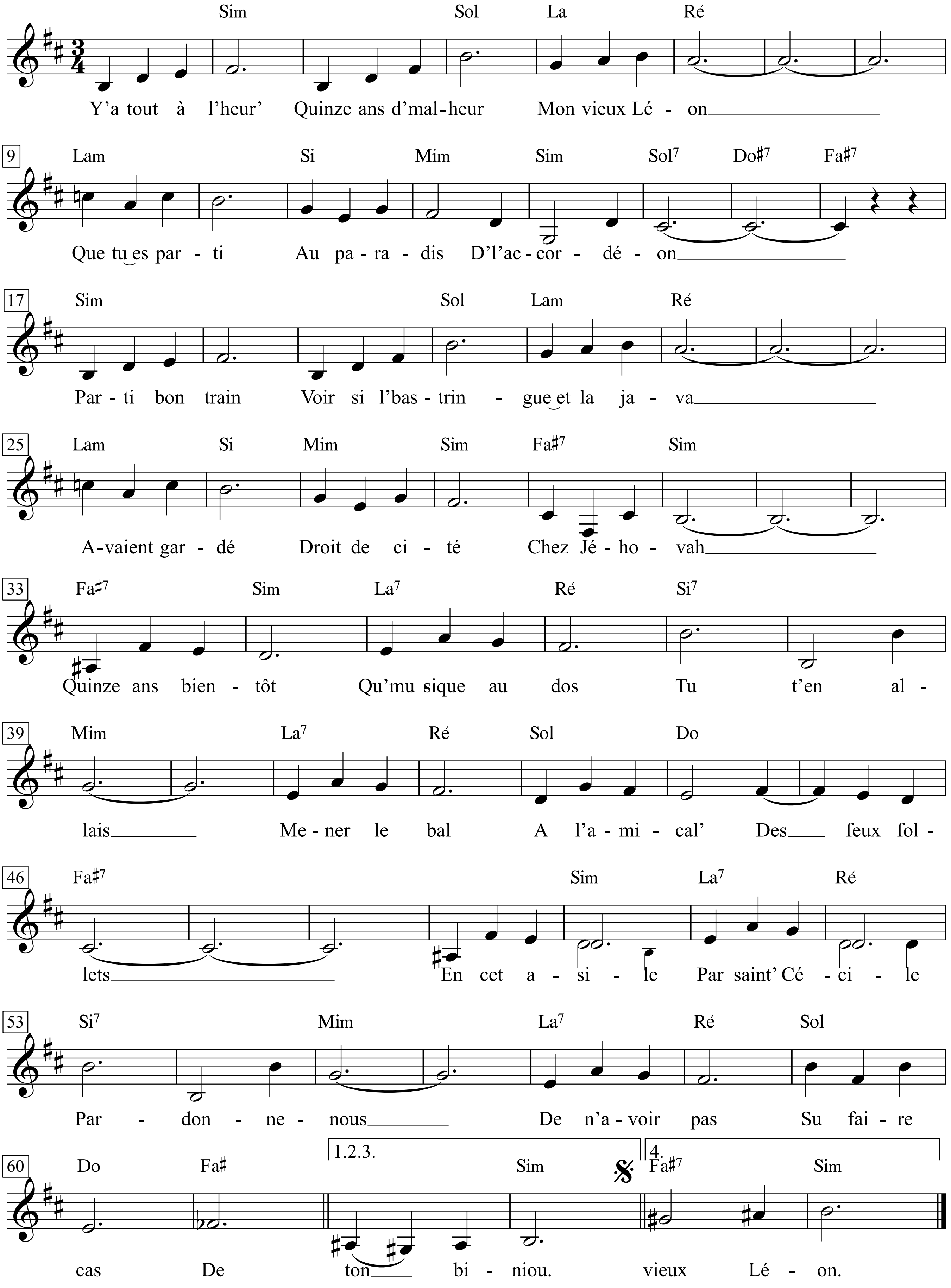
Wenn sie die Tugend hintertreibt,
uns betrügt, und man bringt sie um,
ist man ein Lümmel, ein Gefühlloser,
ein olles Fossil.
Wenn man verzeiht, ist man sofort
seicht, mies, Cocu, Verlierer, Spießer.
Nicht dauernd schiefzuliegen
ist schwierig.

Da dies gesagt ist, ihr Schönen, geb ich zu,
dem Weg, der zu euch führt,
werde ich immer folgen wie ein Narr,
reif fürs Irrenhaus.
Und ich geb euch immer Kredit,
denn es ist verdammt natürlich,
dass der Weg zum Paradies
schwierig ist.

Le vieux Léon

(Der alte Léon)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Y’ a tout à l’heur’
Quinze ans d’malheur
Mon vieux Léon
Que tu es parti
Au paradis
D’ l’accordéon
Parti bon train
Voir si l’ bastrin-
gue et la java
Avaient gardé
Droit de cité
Chez Jéhovah
Quinze ans bientôt
Qu’ musique au dos
Tu t’en allais
Mener le bal
A l’amical’
Des feux follets
En cet asile
Par saint’ Cécile
Pardonne-nous
De n’avoir pas
Su faire cas
De ton biniou.

2. C’est une erreur
Mais les joueurs
D’accordéon
Au grand jamais
On ne les met
Au Panthéon
Mon vieux tu as dû
T’ contenter du
Champ de navets,
Sans grandes pom-
pe’ et sans pompons
Et sans ave
Mais les copains
Suivaient l’ sapin
Le cœur serré
En rigolant
Pour fair’ semblant
De n’ pas pleurer
Et dans nos cœurs
Pauvre joueur
D’accordéon
Il fait ma foi
Beaucoup moins froid
Qu’au Panthéon.

1. Es ist grad
fünfzehn Jahre des Unheils her,
mein alter Leon,
dass du gegangen bist
ins Paradies
des Akkordeons,
tüchtig ausschreitend,
um zu sehen, ob Tanzdiele
und Musettewalzer
noch Bürgerrechte
genießen bei
Jehovah.
Bald fünfzehn Jahre,
dass du gingst unter
Mitnahme der Musik,
um beim Ball der
Irrlichtergilde den Ton
anzugeben.
Verzeih uns, bei Sancta Caecilia,
dass wir in diesem
Asyl hier
deine Quetschkommode
nicht sinnvoll
nutzen konnten.

2. Es ist ein Fehler,
aber Akkordeon-
spieler
kommen hier nie
und nimmer ins
Pantheon.
Mon vieux, du musstest
dich begnügen mit
dem Rübenacker,
ohne großen Pomp
und ohne Aufwand
und ohne *Ave.*
Aber die Kumpel
sind dem Sarg gefolgt,
mit wehem Herzen,
haben geblödelt,
um so zu tun,
als ob sie nicht weinten.
Und in unseren Herzen,
armer Akkordeon-
spieler,
ist es wahrlich
weniger kalt als
im Pantheon.

3. Depuis mon vieux
Qu’au fond des cieux
Tu’ as fait ton trou
Il a coulé
De l’eau sous les
Ponts de chez nous.
Les bons enfants
D’ la ru’ de Van-
ve’ à la Gaîté
L’un comme l’au-
tre au gré des flots
Fur’nt emportés
Mais aucun d’eux
N’a fait fi de
Son temps jadis
Tous sont restés
Du parti des
Myosotis
Tous ces pierrots
Ont le cœur gros
Mon vieux Léon
En entendant
Le moindre chant
D’accordéon.

3. Seit du, mein Alter,
ein Loch in den Himmel
gefallen hast,
ist viel Wasser hier
unter den Brücken
weggeflossen.
Die guten Jungs
von der Rue de Vanves
bis zur Gaite,
einer wie der andere
wurden sie von der Willkür
der Fluten verspült.
Aber keiner von ihnen hat
seine Zeit hier
verflucht,
alle sind dageblieben
zwischen den
Vergissmeinnicht.
All den Pierrots
wird das Herz schwer,
mon vieux Léon,
wenn sie das kleinste
Stück auf dem
Akkordeon hören.

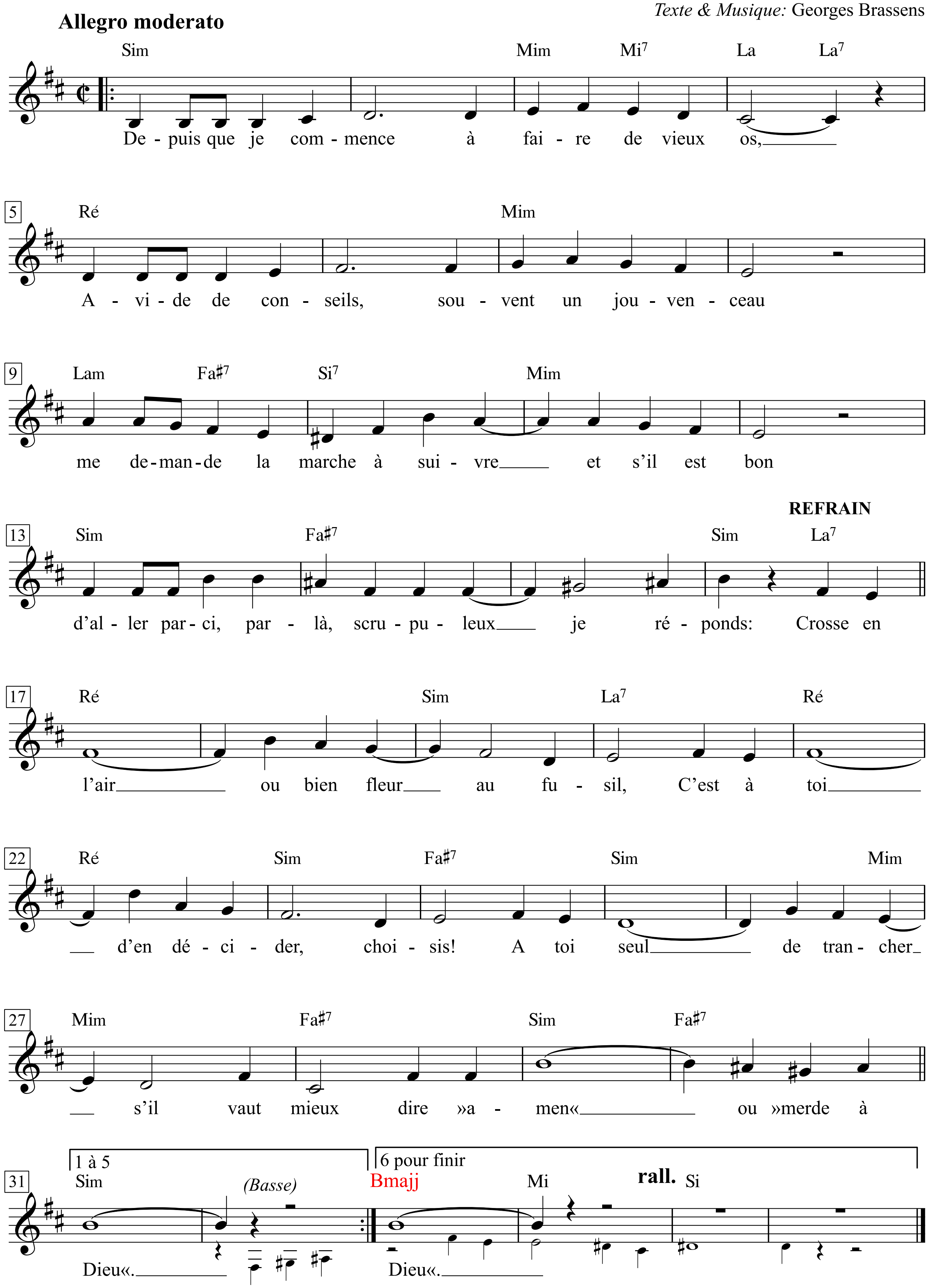
4. Quel temps fait-il
Chez les gentils
De l’au-delà
Les musiciens
Ont-ils enfin
Trouvé le la
Et le p’tit bleu
Est-c’ que ça n’ le
Rend pas meilleur
D’être servi
Au sein des vi-
gne’ du Seigneur
Si d’ temps en temps
Un’ dam’ d’antan
S’laisse embrasser
Sûr’ment papa
Que tu r’grett’ pas
D’être passé
Et si l’ Bon Dieu
Aim’ tant soit peu
L’accordéon
Au firmament
Tu t’ plais sûr’ment
Mon vieux Léon.

4. Wie ist das Wetter so
bei den Heiden
im Jenseits?
Haben die Musiker
da endlich den großen
Kammerton gefunden?
Und macht’s nen billigen
Rotwein nicht besser,
wenn er
im Weinberg
des Herrn
serviert wird?
Wenn von Zeit zu Zeit
eine Dame der Vergangenheit
sich küssen lässt,
wirst du bestimmt
nicht bedauern, vergangen
zu sein,
und wenn der liebe Gott
nur ein klein bisschen
Akkordeon mag,
geht’s dir im Fir-
mament bestimmt gut,
mon vieux Léon.

Le vieux normand

(Der alte Normanne)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.209 & II. S.562+563

Le vieux Normand

Depuis que je commence à faire de vieux os,
Avide de conseils, souvent un jouvenceau
Me demande la marche à suivre et s'il est bon
D'aller par-ci, par-là, scrupuleux je réponds:

Refrain
Crosse en l'air ou bien fleur au fusil,
C'est à toi d'en décider, choisis!
A toi seul de trancher s'il vaut mieux
Dire »amen« ou »merde à Dieu«.

Et le brave petit blâme ma position,
M'accuse de danser la valse hésitation.
Cet âge exècre l'attitude des Normands,
Les seuls à lui parler en fait honnêtement.
(Au Refrain)

Facile d'entraîner de jeunes innocents!
Puisqu'il est interdit d'interdire à présent,
Lors, en bonne justice, il est déconseillé
De donner des conseils, surtout s'ils sont payés.
(Au Refrain)

A gauche, à droite, au centre ou alors à l'écart,
Je ne puis t'indiquer où tu dois aller, car
Moi le fil d'Ariane me fait un peu peur
Et je ne m'en sers plus que pour couper le beurre.
(Au Refrain)

Quand tous les rois Pétaud crient »Viv' la républiques
Que »Mort aux vaches« même est un slogan de flic,
Que l'on parle de paix le cul sur des canons,
Bienheureux celui qui s'y retrouve, moi non!
(Au Refrain)

La vérité d'ailleurs flotte au gré des saisons.
Tout fier dans son sillage, on part, on a raison.
Mais au cours du voyage, elle a viré de bord,
Elle a changé de cap, on arrive: on a tort.
(Au Refrain)

Der alte Normanne

Seit ich allmählich zum alten Eisen zähle,
kommt manchmal ein ratsuchender Grünschnabel
und fragt mich, wo er langgehen soll, ob's gut ist,
hierhin oder dorthin zu laufen; gewissenhaft antworte ich:

Refrain
Waffen weg oder aber Feuer frei,
du musst selbst entscheiden, wähle!
Du allein kannst sagen, ob es besser ist,
»Amen« zu sagen oder »Scheiß auf Gott«.

Und der arme Kleine schmäht meine Einstellung,
bezichtigt mich, den Zauderwalzer zu tanzen.
Dieses Zeitalter schmäht die Haltung der Normannen,
der einzigen, die wirklich ehrlich zu ihm sind.

So leicht, junge Unschuldige zu verführen!
Da es zur Zeit verboten ist zu verbieten,
sollte von Rechts wegen auch davon abgeraten werden,
ratzugeben, vor allem gegen Geld.

Links, rechts, in der Mitte oder auch abseits,
ich kann dir nicht sagen, wo's für dich langgeht, denn
der Faden der Ariadne macht mir ein wenig Angst,
ich benutze ihn nur noch als Käsedraht.

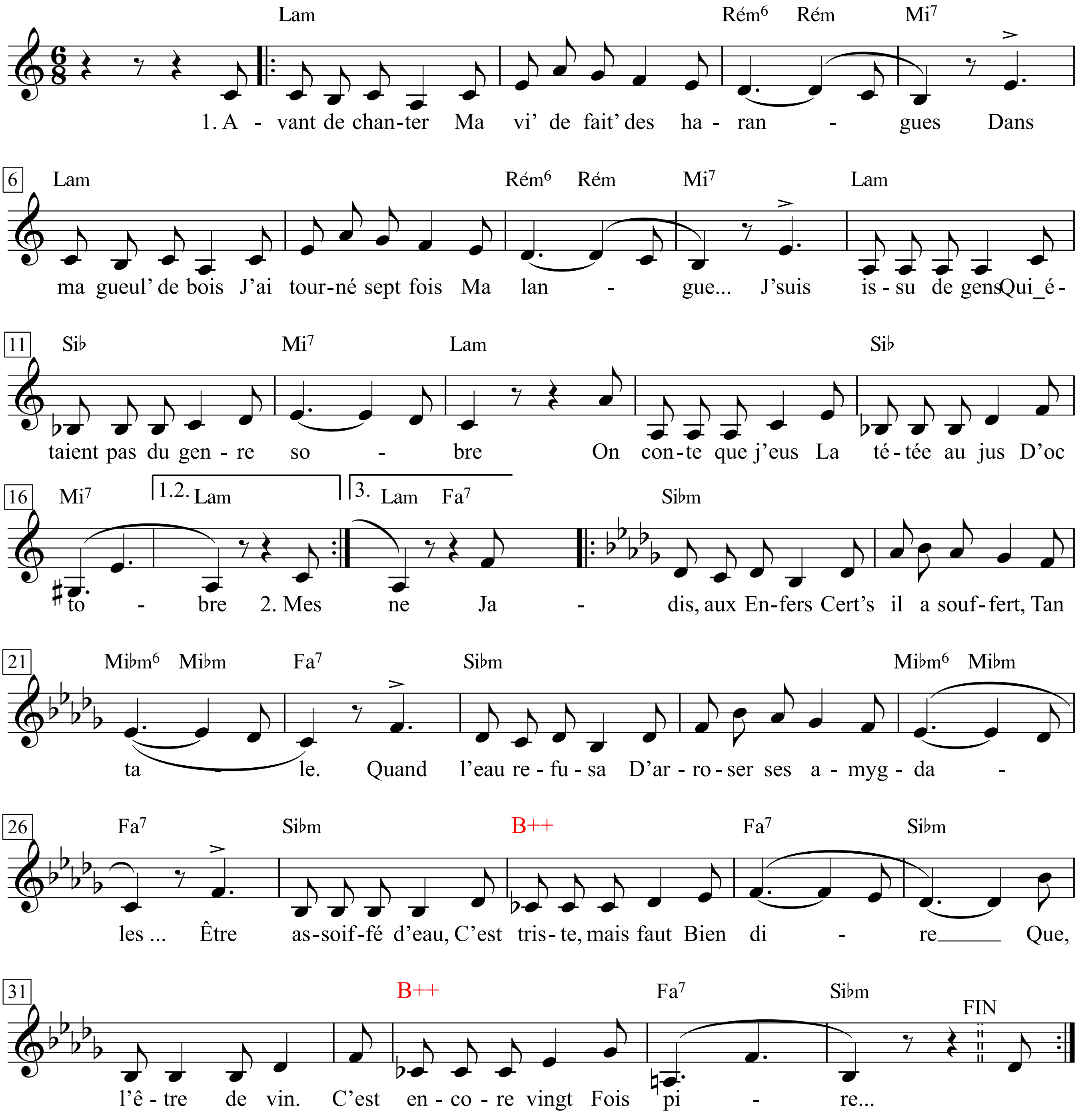
Wenn alle Furzkönige schreien: »Es lebe die Republik«,
wenn »Nieder mit den Bullen« Schlachtruf der Polizisten ist,
wenn man, den Arsch auf Kanonen, vom Frieden redet,
selig, wer sich da noch auskennt - ich nicht!

Übrigens treibt die Wahrheit mit dem Wind.
Ganz stolz bricht man in ihrem Kielwasser auf und hat recht.
Aber während der Reise hat sie gewendet,
neuen Kurs genommen; man kommt an und hat unrecht.

Le vin

(Der Wein)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Avant de chanter
Ma vi', de fair' des
Harangues,
Dans ma gueul' de bois
J'ai tourné sept fois
Ma langue ...
J' suis issu de gens
Qui étaient pas du gen-
re sobre ...
On conte que j'eus
La tétée au jus
D'octobre ...

2. Mes parents ont dû
M'trouver au pied d'u-
ne souche,
Et non dans un chou,
Comm' ces gens plus ou
Moins louches ...
En guise de sang,
(O noblesse sans
Pareille!)
Il coule en mon cœur
La chaude liqueur
D'la treille ...

3. Quand on est un sa-
ge, et qu'on a du sa-
voir-boire,
On se garde à vue,
En cas de soif, u-
ne poire ...
Une poire ... ou deux,
Mais en forme de
Bonbonne,
Au ventre replet
Rempli du bon lait
D' l'automne ...

4. Jadis, aux Enfers,
Certe', il a souffert,
Tantale,
Quand l'eau refusa
D'arroser ses a-
mygdales ...
Etre assoiffé d'eau,
C'est triste, mais faut
Bien dire
Que, l'être de vin,
C'est encore vingt
Fois pire ...

5. Hélas! il ne pleut
Jamais du gros bleu
Qui tache ...
Qu'ell's donnent du vin,
J'irai traire enfin
Les vaches ...
Que vienne le temps
Du vin coulant dans
La Seine!
Les gens, par milliers,
Courront y noyer
Leur peine ...

1. Eh ich um mein Leben
singe und Volksreden
halte,
hab ich in meinem verkaterten Maul
die Zunge auf die Goldwaage
gelegt ...
Ich bin Leuten entsprossen,
die nicht zur nüchternen
Sorte gehörten ...
Man nimmt an, ich hätte
aus der Mutterbrust
Oktobersaft gesogen ...

2. Meine Eltern haben mich
bestimmt unter einem Weinstock
gefunden,
nicht in einem Kohlkopf,
wie die mehr oder minder
anrüchigen Leute.
Statt Blut
- o Adel ohne-
gleichen! -
fließt in meinem Herzen
der warme Likör
der Reben.

3. Wenn man klug ist
und über Savoir-
boire verfügt,
hegt man für den Fall von Durst
als Notgroschen eine
Birne,
eine Birne oder zwei,
aber in Form einer
Korbflasche
mit rundem Bauch,
gefüllt von guter
Herbstmilch ...

4. Einst in der Unterwelt
hat Tantalos sicher
gelitten,
als das Wasser nicht
seine Mandeln benetzen
wollte ...
Im Wasser verdursten
ist traurig, aber man muss
zugeben,
in Wein verdursten
ist noch zwanzigmal
schlimmer.

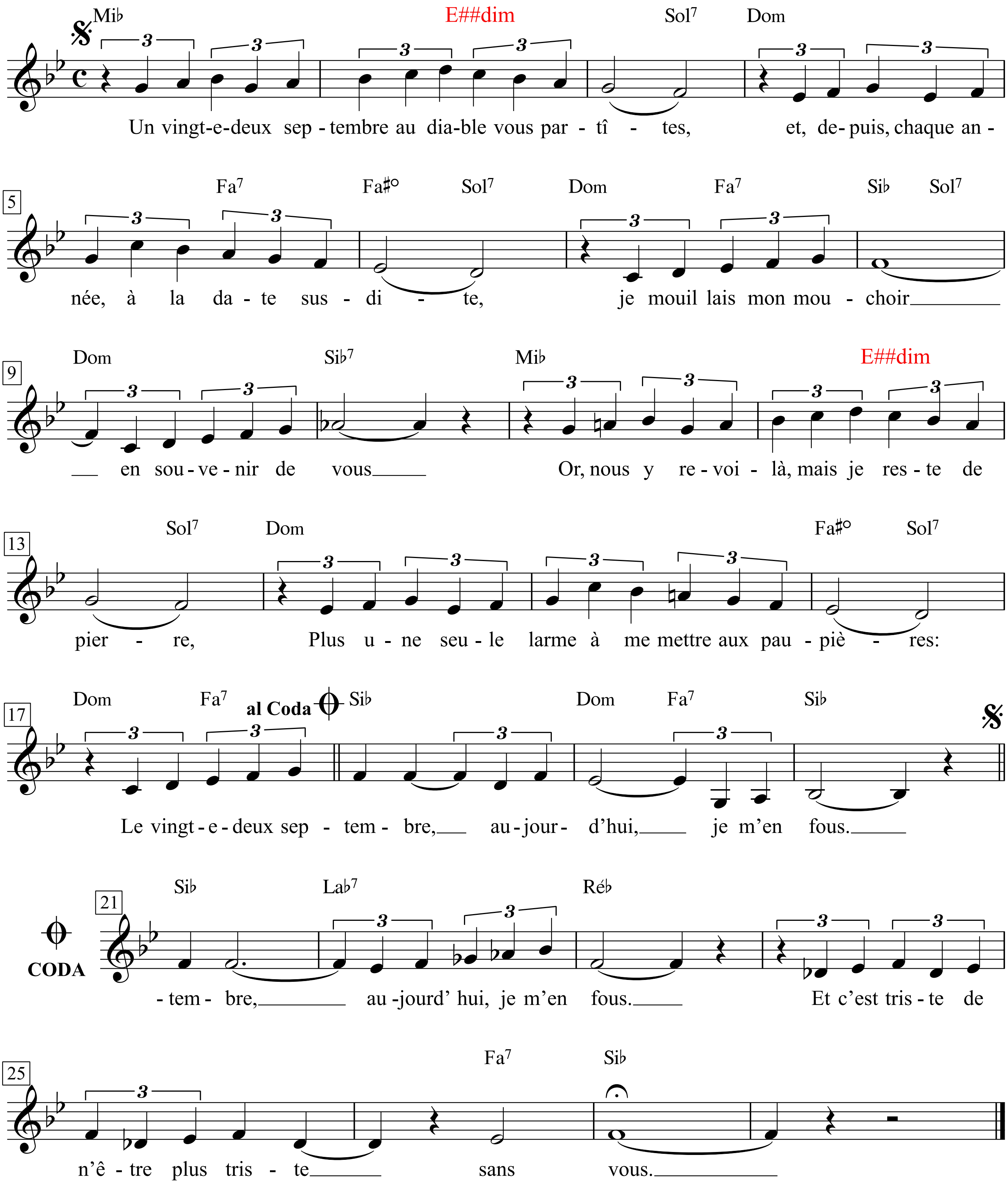
5. Leider regnet es nie
Rotwein, der ja
Flecken macht ...
Wenn sie Wein gäben,
mölke ich sogar
Kühe ...
O käme die Zeit,
da Wein fließt
in der Seine!
Zu Tausenden würden
die Leute dort ihren
Kummer ertränken ...

Le vingt-deux septembre

(Der 22. September)

Moderato

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Un vingt-e-deux septembre au diable vous partîtes,
Et, depuis, chaque année, à la date susdite,
Je mouillais mon mouchoir en souvenir de vous ...
Or, nous y revoilà, mais je reste de pierre,
Plus une seule larme à me mettre aux paupières:
Le vingt-e-deux septembre, aujourd'hui, je m'en fous.

2. On ne reverra plus, au temps de feuilles mortes,
Cette âme en peine qui me ressemble et qui porte
Le deuil de chaque feuille en souvenir de vous ...
Que le brave Prévert et ses escargots veuillent
Bien se passer de moi pour enterrer les feuilles:
Le vingt-e-deux septembre, aujourd'hui, je m'en fous.

3. Jadis, ouvrant mes bras comme une paire d'ailes,
Je montais jusqu'au ciel pour suivre l'hirondelle
Et me rompais les os en souvenir de vous ...
Le complexe d'Icare à présent m'abandonne,
L'hirondelle en partant ne fera plus l'automne:
Le vingt-e-deux septembre, aujourd'hui, je m'en fous.

4. Pieusement noué d'un bout de vos dentelles,
J'avais, sur ma fenêtre, un bouquet d'immortelles
Que j'arrosais de pleurs en souvenir de vous ...
Je m'en vais les offrir au premier mort qui passe,
Les regrets éternels à présent me dépassent:
Le vingt-e-deux septembre, aujourd'hui, je m'en fous.

5. Désormais, le petit bout de cœur qui me reste
Ne traversera plus l'équinoxe funeste
En battant la breloque en souvenir de vous ...
Il a craché sa flamme et ses cendres s'éteignent,
A peine y pourrait-on rôtir quatre châtaignes:
Le vingt-e-deux septembre, aujourd'hui, je m'en fous.

Et c'est triste de n'être plus triste sans vous.

1. Euer Abgang war am 22. 9.,
und seither, jedes Jahr an diesem Datum, streunten
meine Zähren ins Tuch - im Gedenken an Euch ...
Es ist wieder so weit, doch bleib ich hart wie Kiesel,
durch die Wimpern entfleucht mir nie wieder Geniesel.
22. 9. - heut ist er mir gleich ...

2. Nie mehr sieht man zur Zeit der welken Blätterschauer
diesen trostlosen Tropf, der mir ähnelt und Trauer
trägt ob jeglichen Blatts - im Gedenken an Euch ...
Ach, der gute Prévert und seine Schnecken sollen
sich zum Blätterbegräbnis doch ohne mich trollen.
22. 9. - heut ist er mir gleich ...

3. Einst hab ich die Arme gespreizet, wie Schwingen,
Schwalben zu folgen und den Himmel zu bezwingen,
und ich brach mir die Knochen - im Gedenken an Euch ...
Nun kann ich den Ikaruskomplex überwinden,
eine Schwalbe macht keinen Herbst, bloß durchs Verschwinden.
22. 9. - heut ist er mir gleich ...

4. Pietätvoll mit Erb-Rüschen von Euch umwunden
hatt ich ans Fensterkreuz Immortellen gebunden
und mit Tränen benetzt - im Gedenken an Euch ...
Ich will sie jetzt der nächstbesten Leiche verehren,
ewiges Ungemach würd mir zu lange währen.
22. 9. - heut ist er mir gleich ...

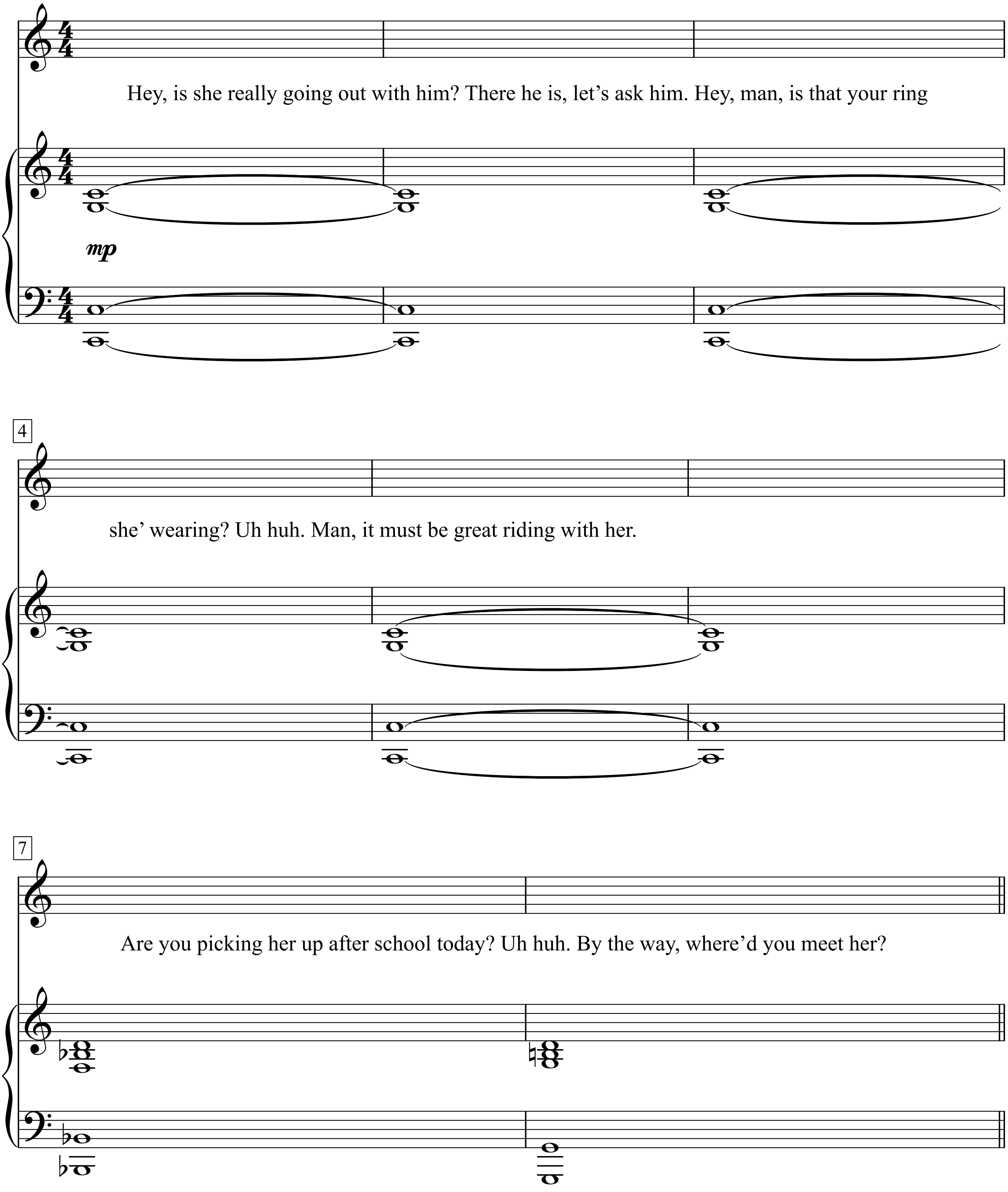
5. Fortan wird, was ich noch an Restherz zu verlieren
hab, nie mehr trüb das Äquinoktium passieren
mit Geheul und Buhei - im Gedenken an Euch ...
Ausgespuckt ist die Flamme, nur Asche und Pochen;
auf dem Herz wird sich keine mehr ihr Süppchen kochen -
22. 9. - heut ist er mir gleich ...

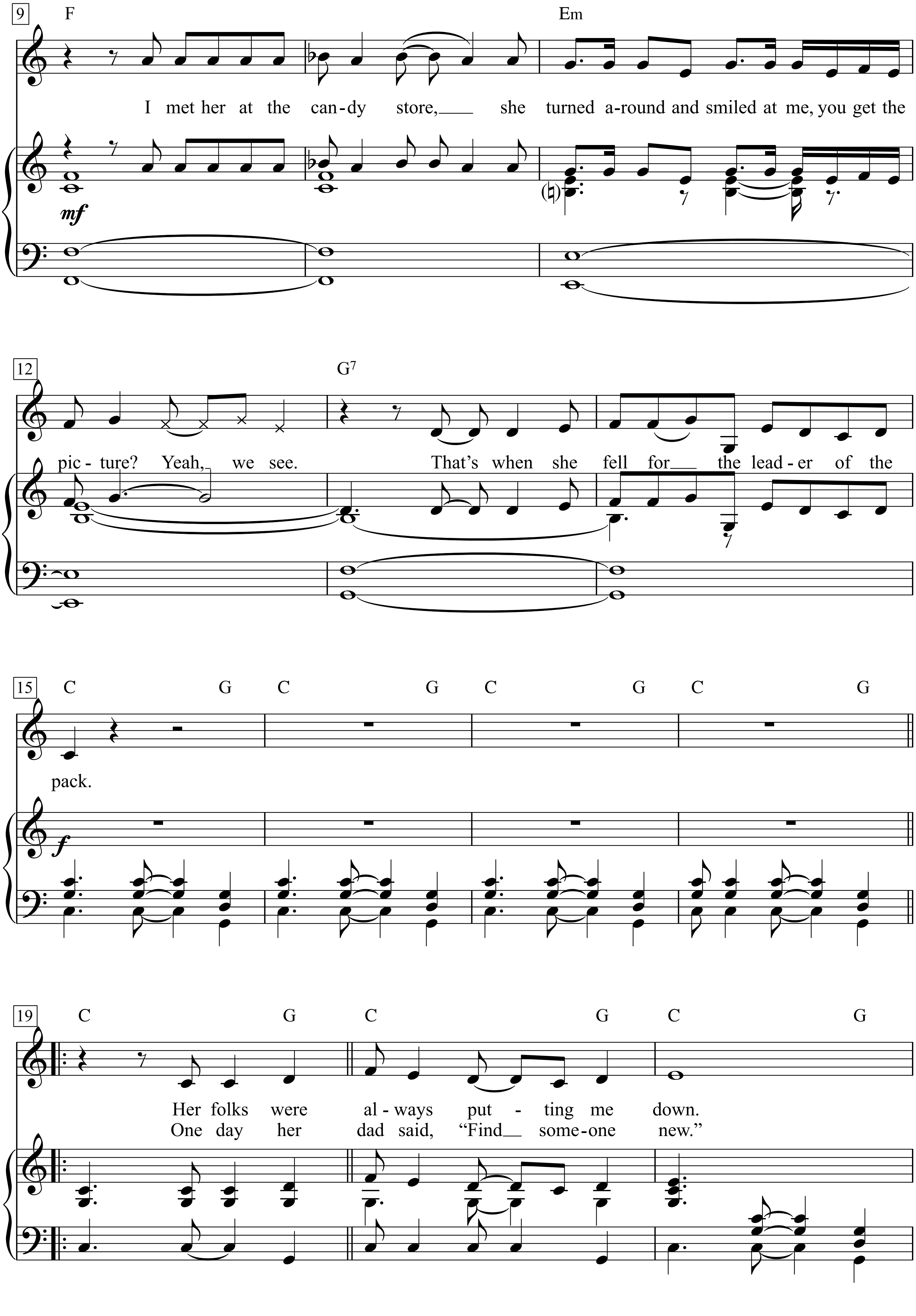
und wie traurig, dass ich nicht mehr traure um Euch.

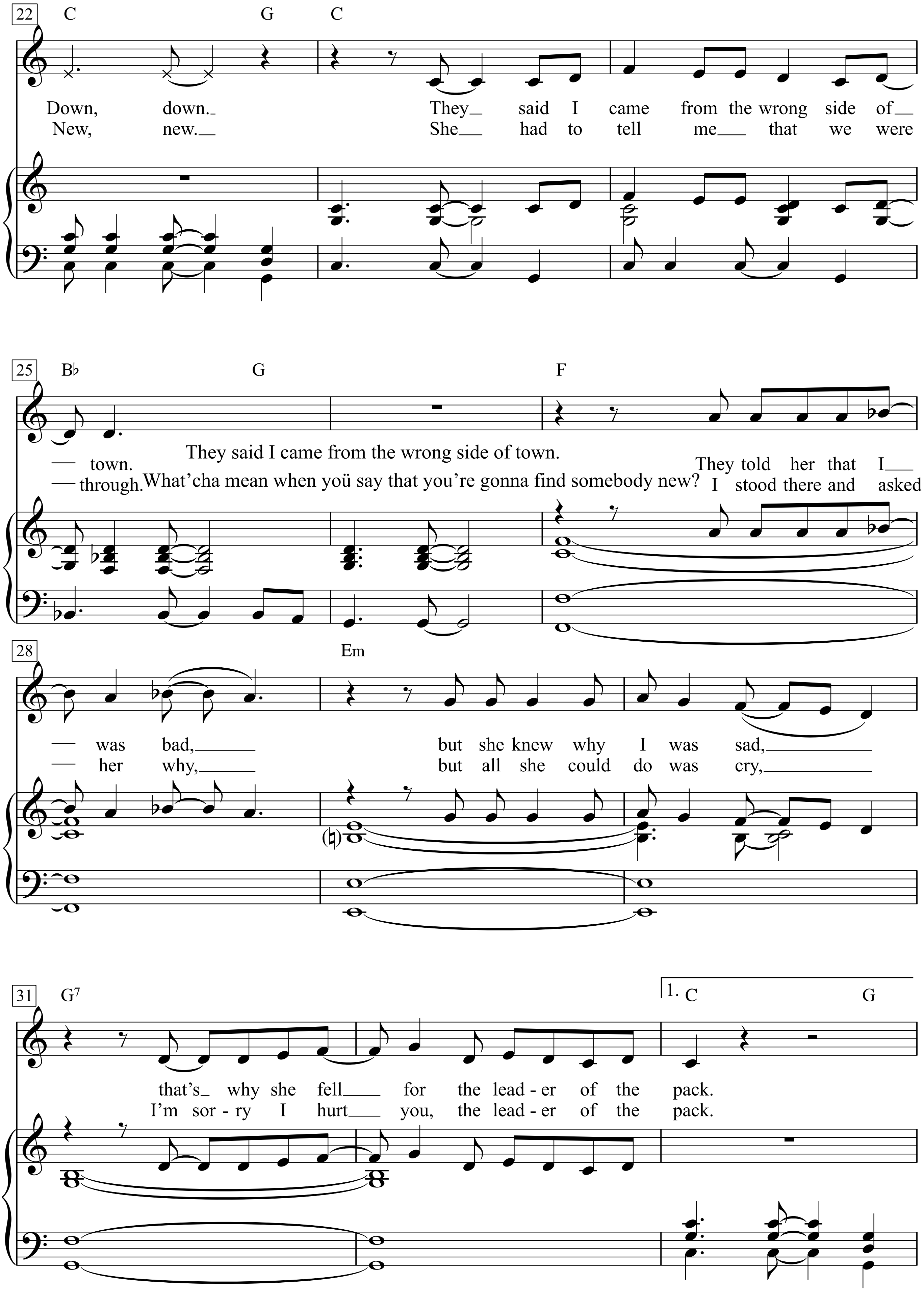
Leader of the Pack

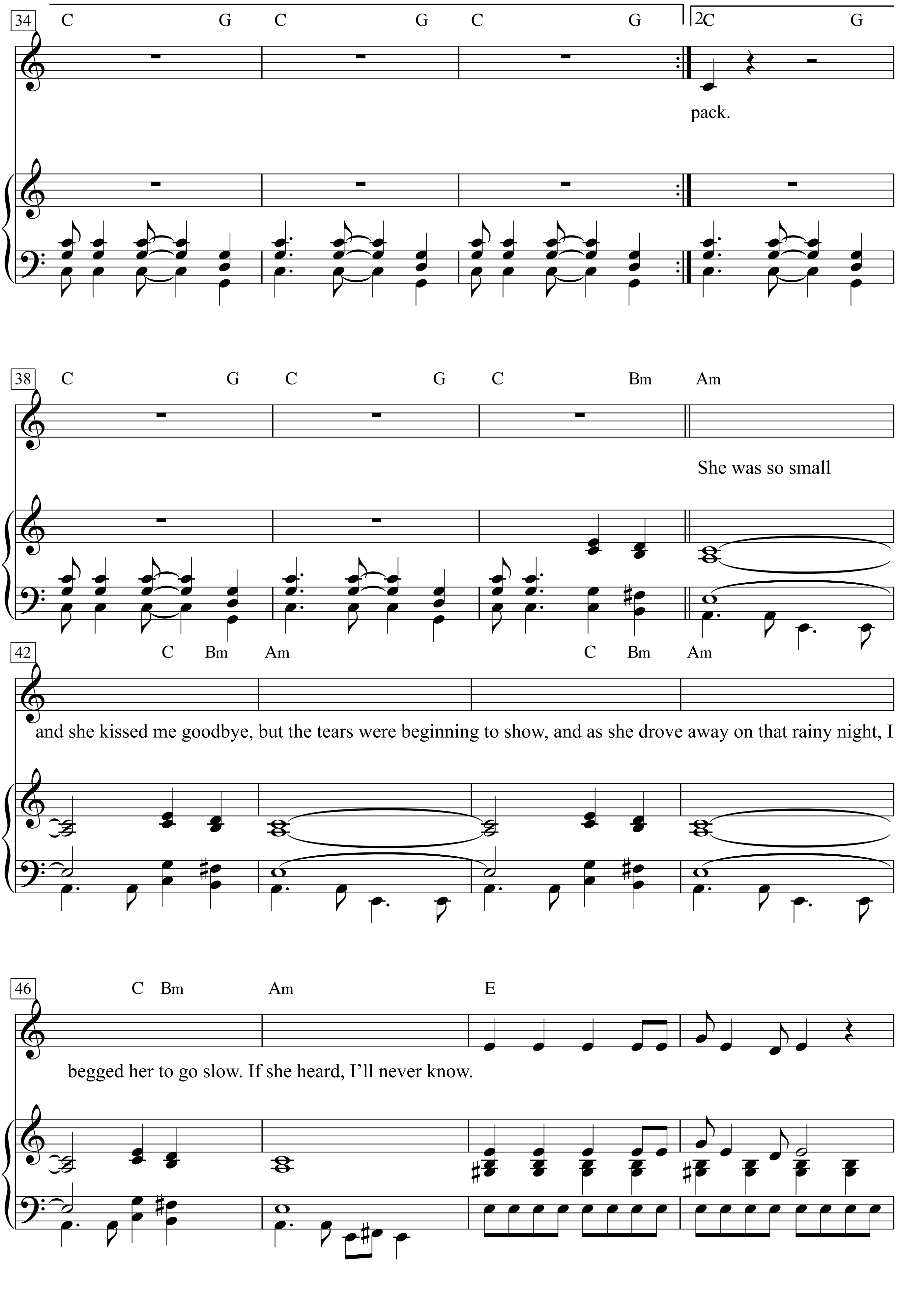
Words & Music by
George Morton, Jeff Barry and Ellie Greenwich
(Twisted Sister; The Shangri-Las)

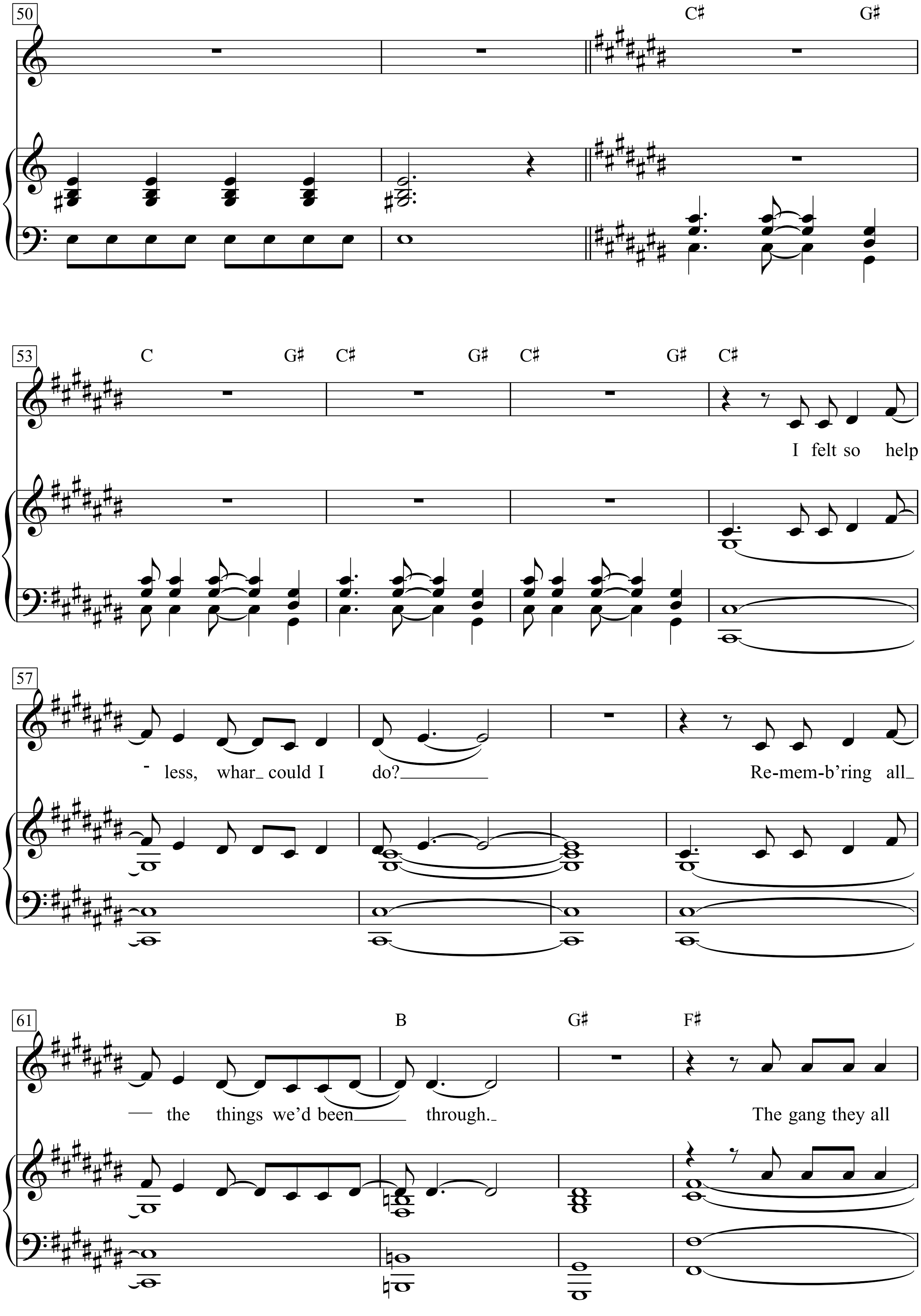
Medium Rock

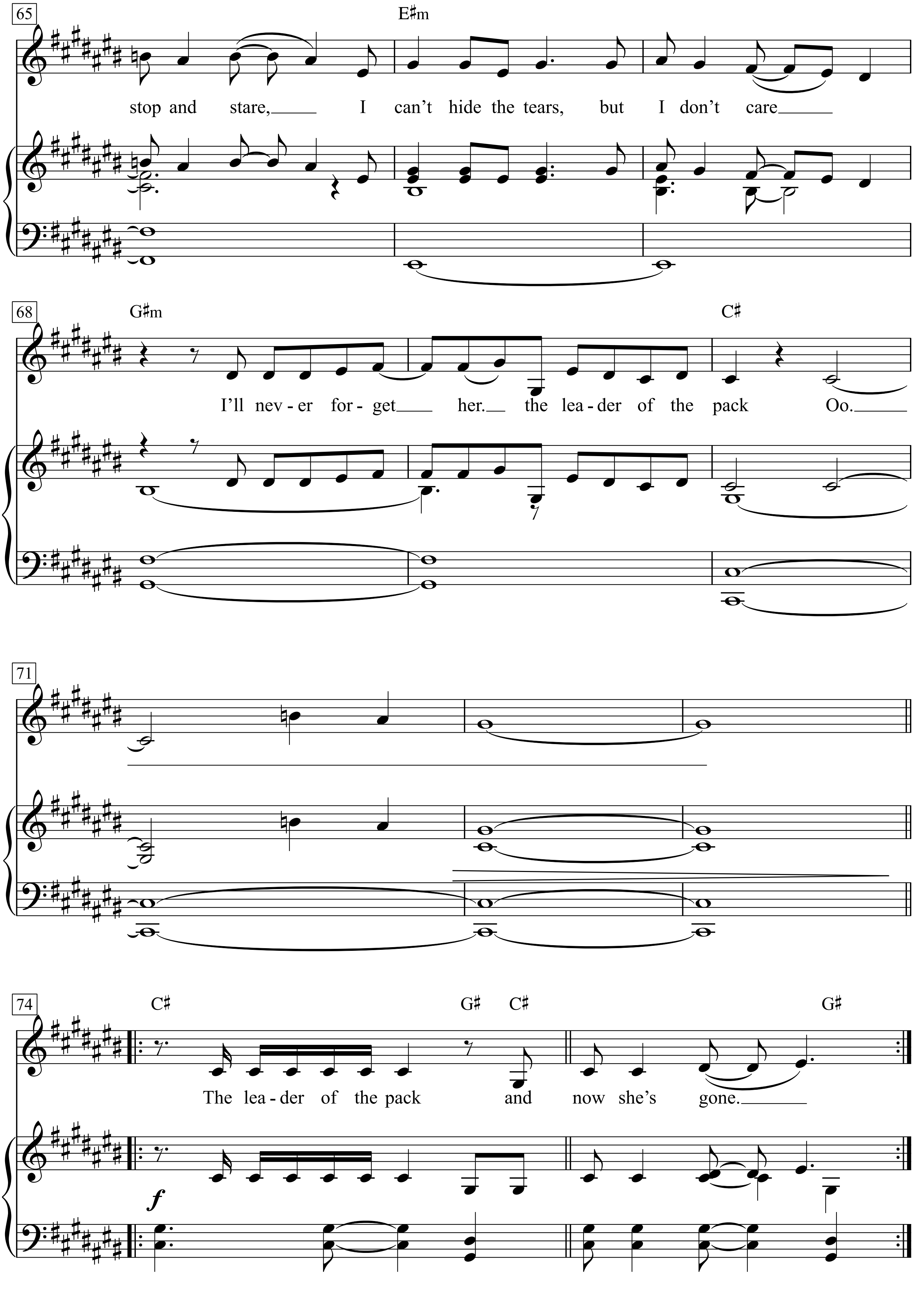



9
F
Em
I met her at the can-dy store, she turned a-round and smiled at me, you get the
mf
12
G7
pic-ture? Yeah, we see. That's when she fell for the lead-er of the
15
C G C G C G C G
pack.
f
19
C G C G C G
Her folks were al-ways put-ting me down.
One day her dad said, "Find some-one new."


22
C G C
Down, down. They said I came from the wrong side of
New, new. She had to tell me that we were
25
B♭ G F
town. They said I came from the wrong side of town. They told her that I
through. What'cha mean when yoü say that you're gonna find somebody new? I stood there and asked
28
Em
was bad, but she knew why I was sad,
her why, but all she could do was cry,
31
G7 1. C G
that's why she fell for the lead - er of the pack.
I'm sor - ry I hurt you, the lead - er of the pack.


34
C G C G C G
2.C G
pack.
38
C G C G C Bm Am
She was so small
42
C Bm Am C Bm Am
and she kissed me goodbye, but the tears were beginning to show, and as she drove away on that rainy night, I
46
C Bm Am E
begged her to go slow. If she heard, I'll never know.

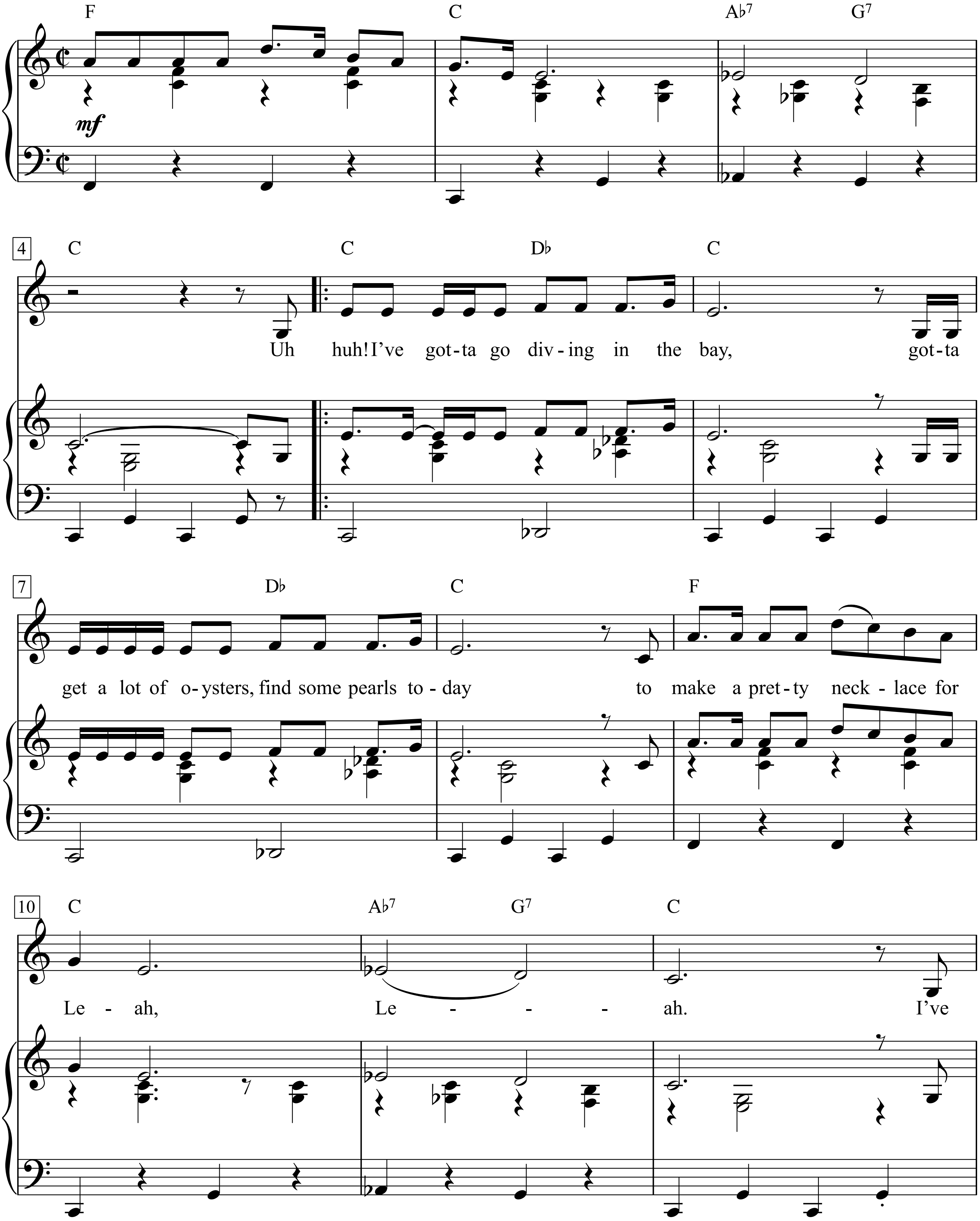

50
C♯
G♯
53
C
G♯
C♯
G♯
C♯
G♯
C♯
I felt so help
57
- less, whar_ could I do?
Re-mem-b'ring all_
61
B
G♯
F♯
— the things we'd been through._
The gang they all

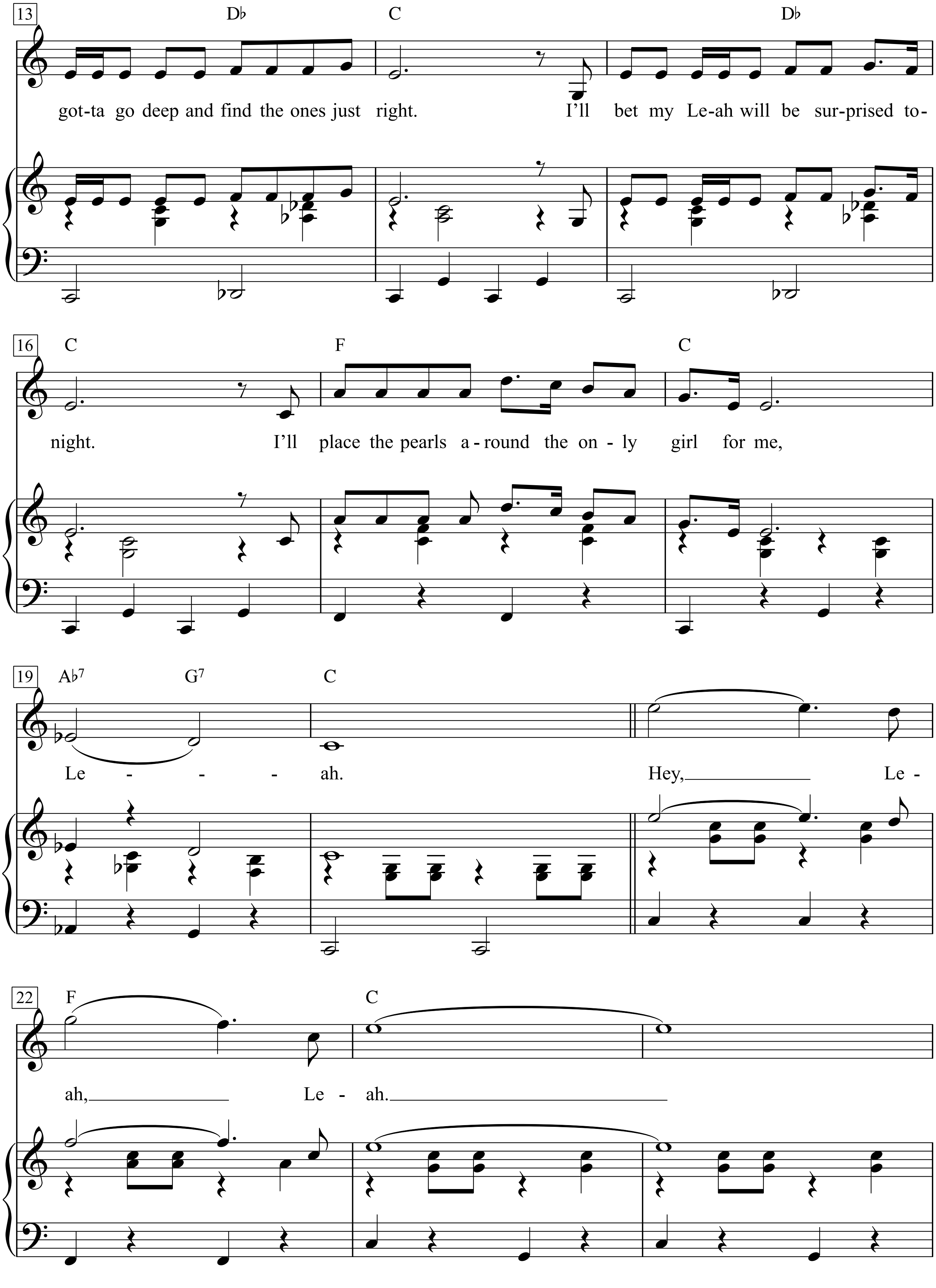

65
E♯m
stop and stare, I can't hide the tears, but I don't care
68
G♯m
C♯
I'll nev - er for - get her. the lea - der of the pack Oo.
71
74
C♯
G♯
C♯
G♯
The lea - der of the pack and now she's gone.
f

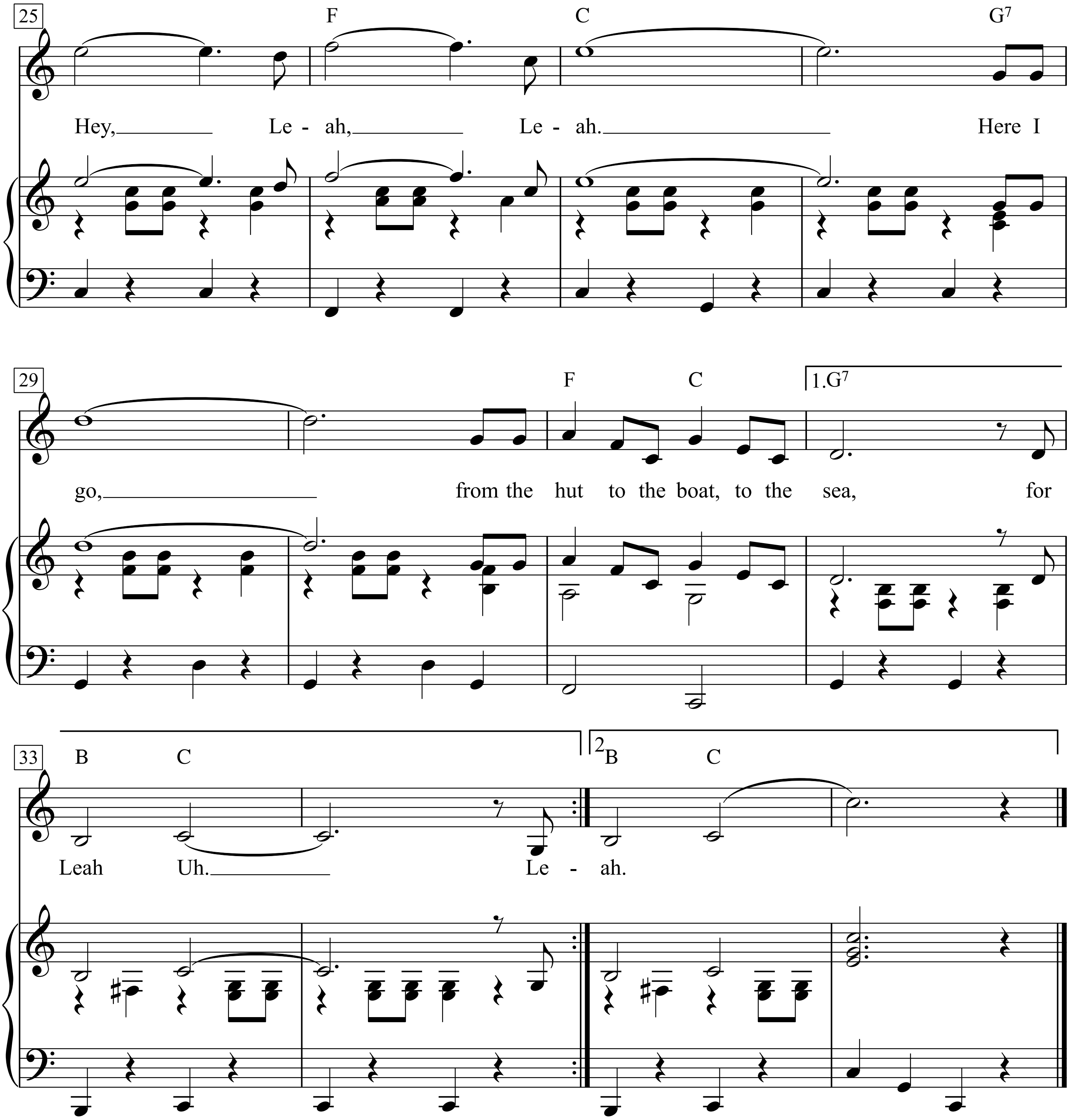
Leah

Slowly, with tenderness

Words & Music by Roxy Orbison
(Roy Orbison)




13
D♭ C D♭
got-ta go deep and find the ones just right. I'll bet my Le-ah will be sur-prised to-
16
C F C
night. I'll place the pearls a-round the on-ly girl for me,
19
A♭7 G7 C
Le - - - ah. Hey, Le -
22
F C
ah, Le - ah.

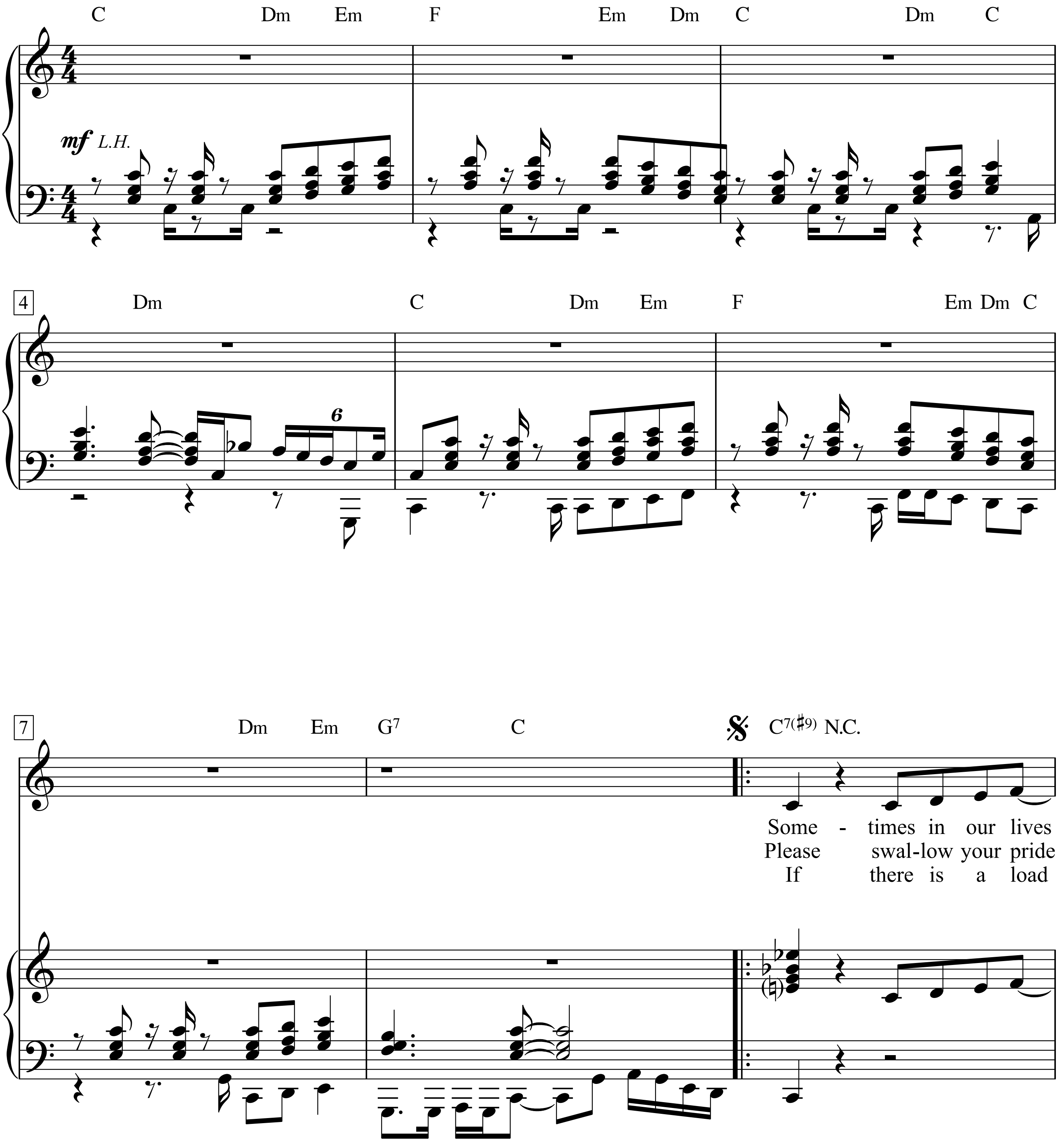

25
F
C
G7
Hey, Le - ah, Le - ah. Here I
29
F
C
1.G7
go, from the hut to the boat, to the sea, for
33
B
C
2B
C
Leah Uh. Le - ah.

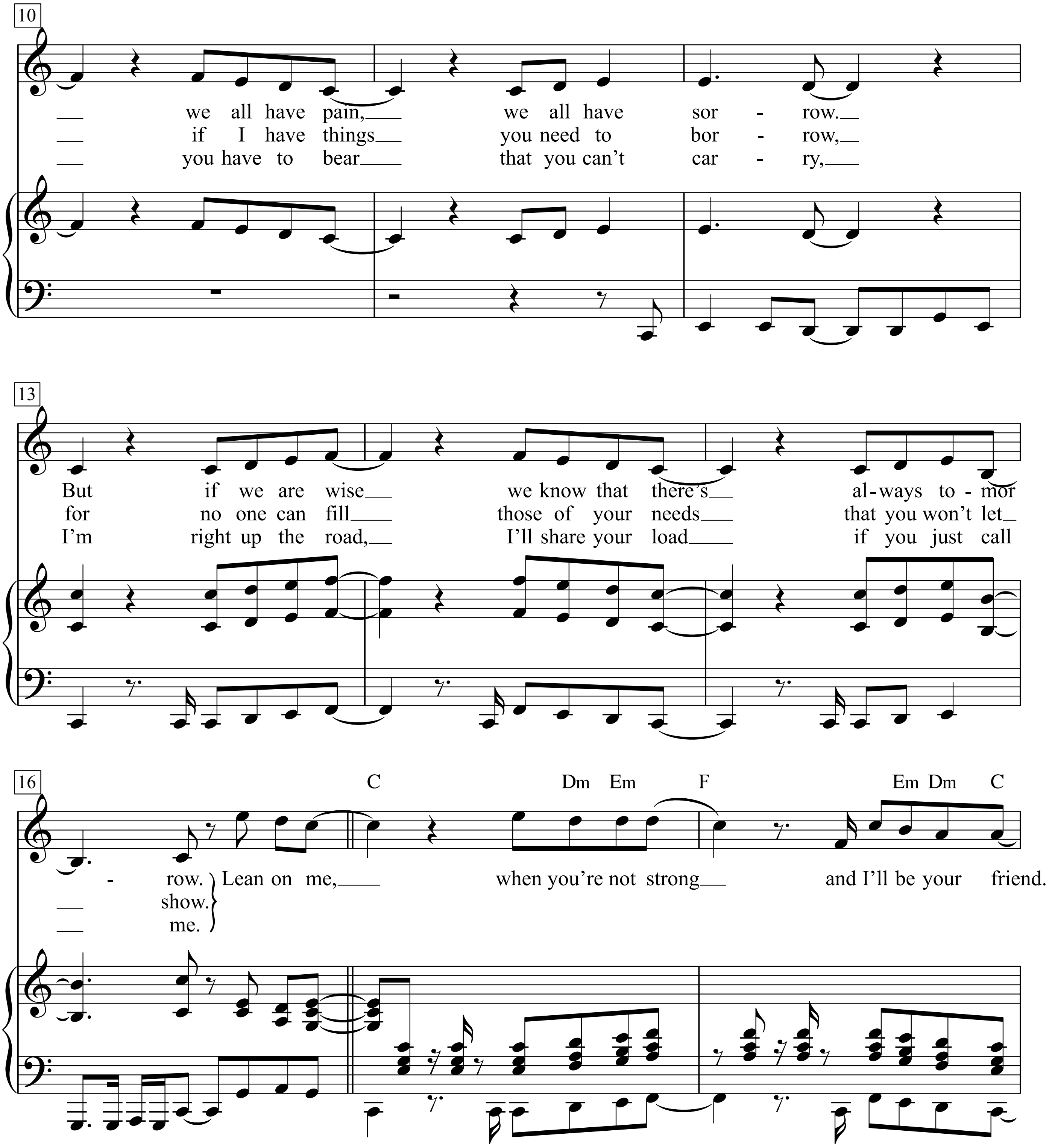
But something’s wrong, I cannot move around.
My leg is caught; it’s pulling me down.
But I’ll keep my hands shut tight, for if they find me
They’ll find the pearls for Leah.
And now it’s over, I’m awake at last.
Oh, heartaches and memories from the past.
It was just another dream about my lost love, Leah.
Hey, Leah, Leah, hey, Leah, Leah.
Here I go back to sleep and in my dreams,
I’ll be with Leah. Leah, Leah.

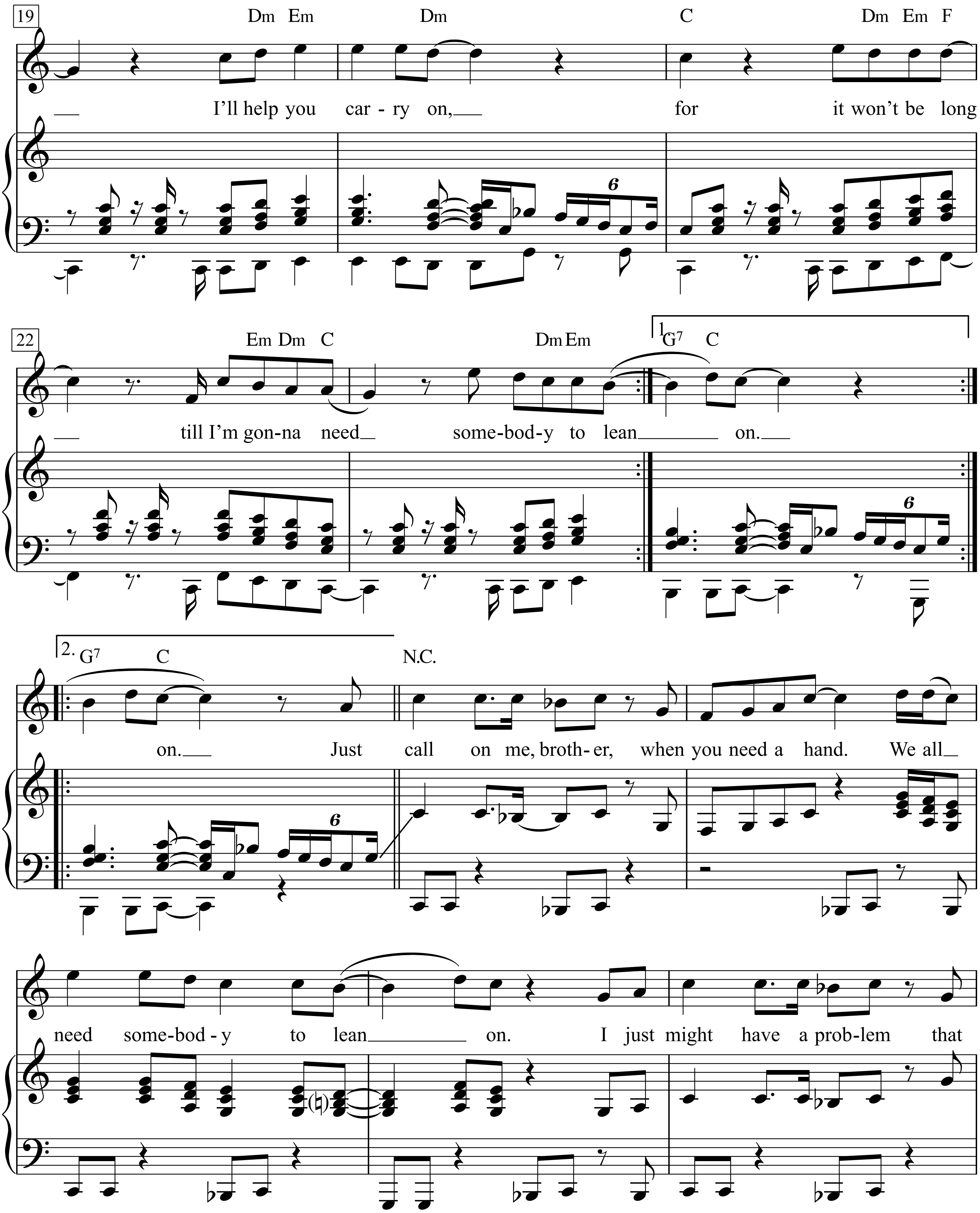
Lean On Me

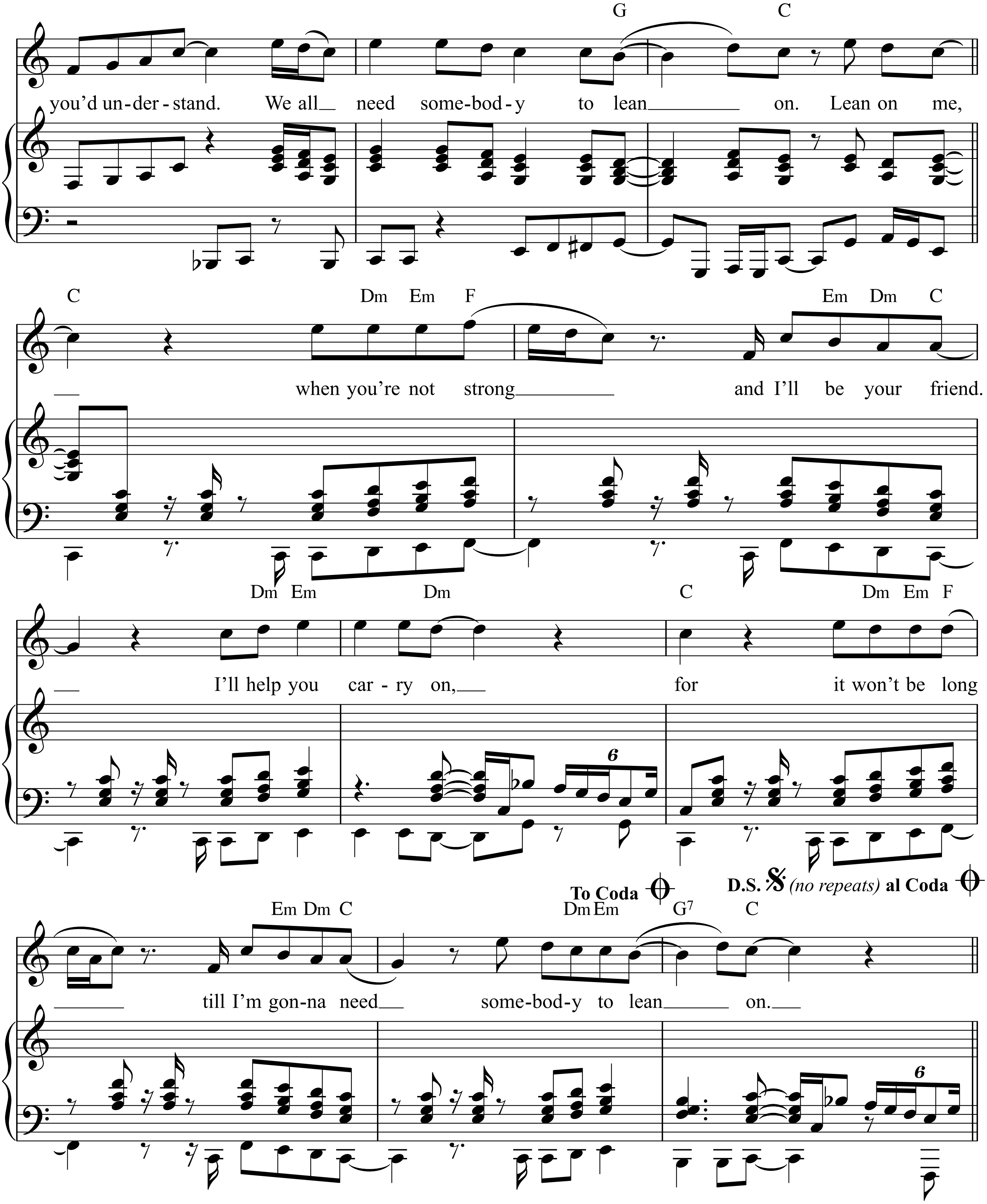
Words & Music by Bill Withers
(Bill Withers)

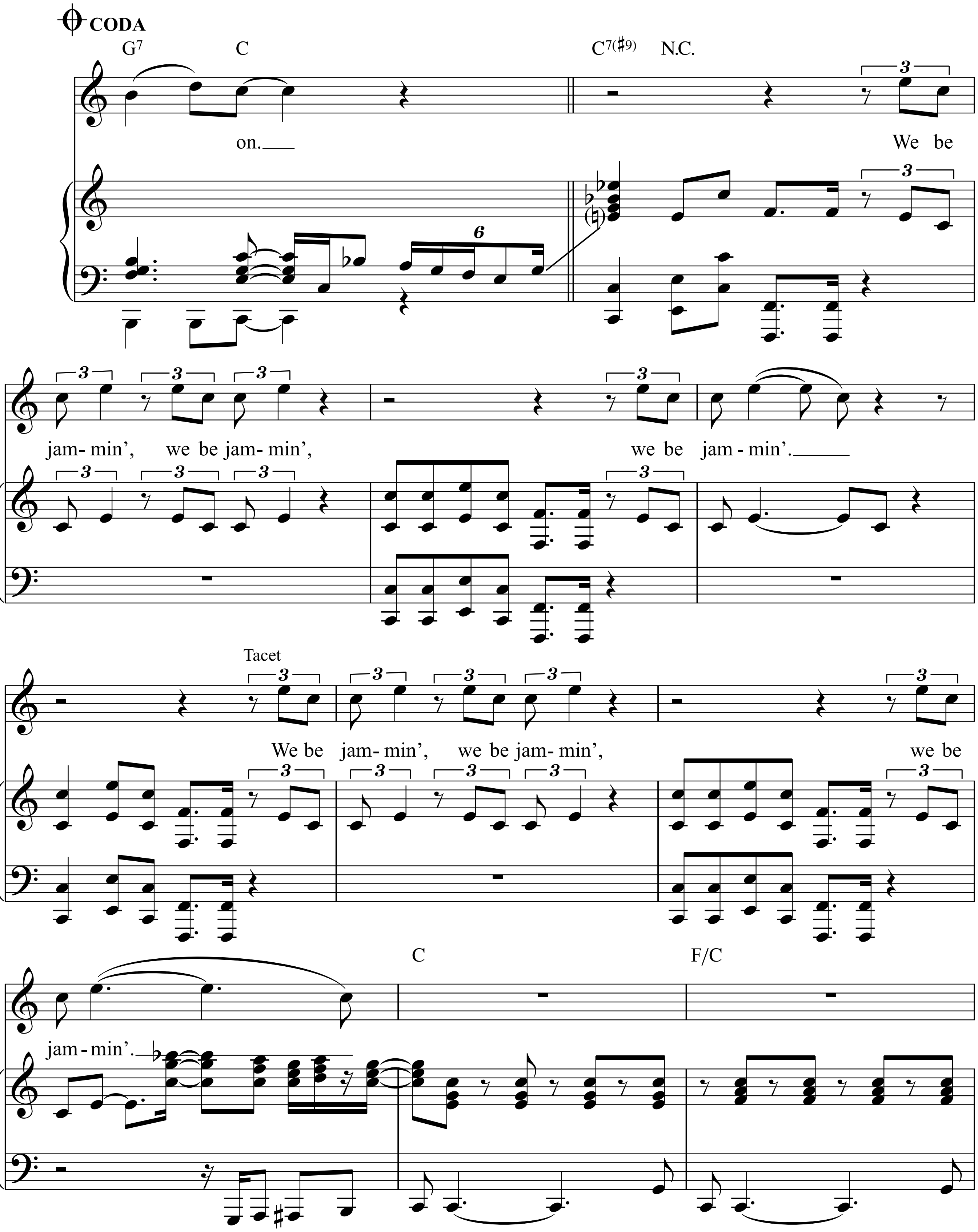
Moderately, with a beat

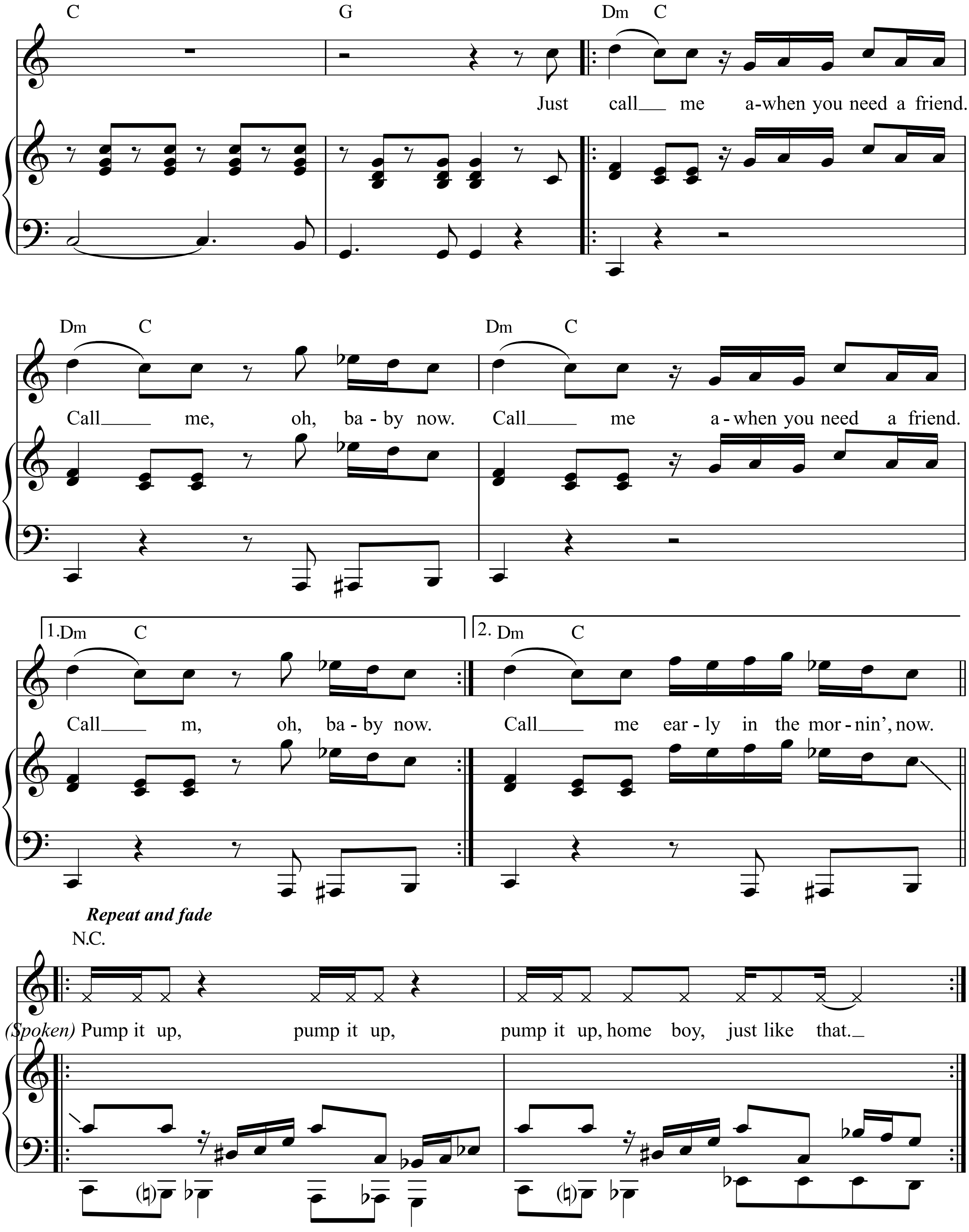



10
we all have pain, we all have sor - row.
if I have things you need to bor - row,
you have to bear that you can't car - ry,
13
But if we are wise we know that there's al-ways to - mor
for no one can fill those of your needs that you won't let
I'm right up the road, I'll share your load if you just call
16
C Dm Em F Em Dm C
- row. show. me.
Lean on me, when you're not strong and I'll be your friend.


19
Dm Em
Dm
C
Dm Em F
I'll help you car - ry on,
for it won't be long
22
Em Dm C
Dm Em
1. G7 C
till I'm gon-na need
some-bod-y to lean on.
2. G7 C
N.C.
on. Just call on me, broth-er, when you need a hand. We all
need some-bod - y to lean on. I just might have a prob-lem that


G C
you'd un-der-stand. We all need some-bod-y to lean on. Lean on me,
C Dm Em F Em Dm C
when you're not strong and I'll be your friend.
Dm Em Dm C Dm Em F
I'll help you car-ry on, for it won't be long
To Coda
D.S. (no repeats) al Coda
Em Dm C Dm Em G7 C
till I'm gon-na need some-bod-y to lean on.
6
6


CODA
G7
C
C7(♯9)
N.C.
on.
We be
jam- min', we be jam- min',
we be jam - min'.
Tacet
We be jam- min', we be jam- min',
we be
jam - min'.
C
F/C


C
G
Dm C
Just call___ me a-when you need a friend.
Dm C
Call___ me, oh, ba - by now.
Dm C
Call___ me a - when you need a friend.
1.Dm C
Call___ m, oh, ba - by now.
2. Dm C
Call___ me ear - ly in the mor - nin', now.
Repeat and fade
N.C.
(Spoken) Pump it up, pump it up, pump it up, home boy, just like that._

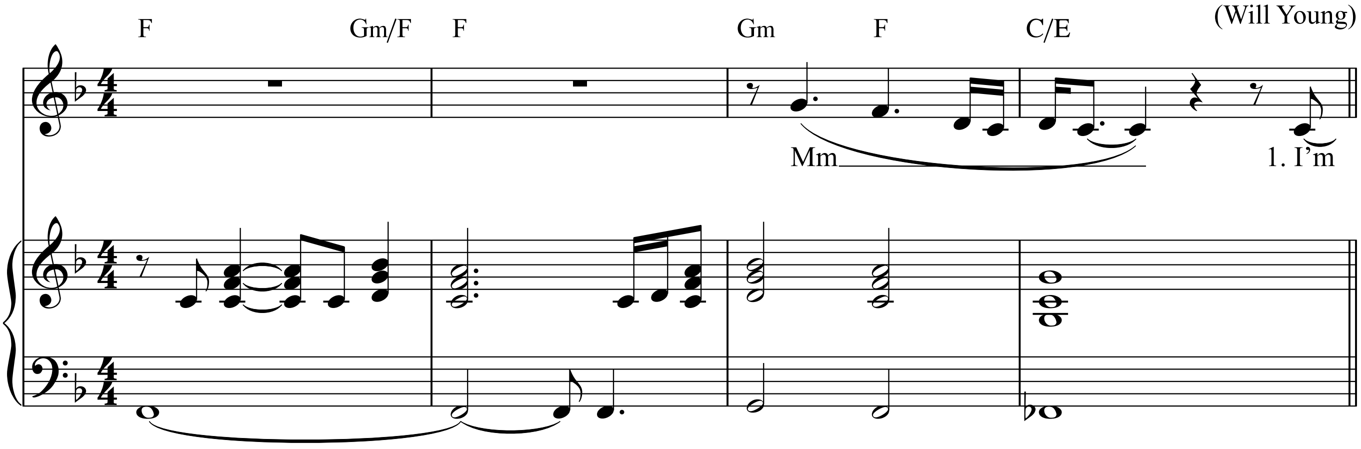
1.
Sometimes in our lives we all have pain, we all have so
But if we are wise we know that there's always tomorr
Lean on me, when you're not strong and I'll be your fr
I'll help you carry on, for it won't be long
till I'm gonna need somebody to lean on. on.
Just call on me, brother, when you need a hand.
We all need somebody to lean on.
I just might have a problem that you'd understand.
We all need somebody to lean on.
Lean on me, when you're not strong and I'll be your fr
I'll help you carry on, for it won't be long
till I'm gonna need somebody to lean on. on.
We be jammin', we be jammin', we be jammin'.
We be jammin', we be jammin', we be jammin'.
Just call me a-when you need a friend.
Call me, oh, baby now.
Call me a-when you need a friend.
Call m, oh, baby now.
Call me early in the mornin', now.
Pump it up, pump it up, pump it up, home boy, just like

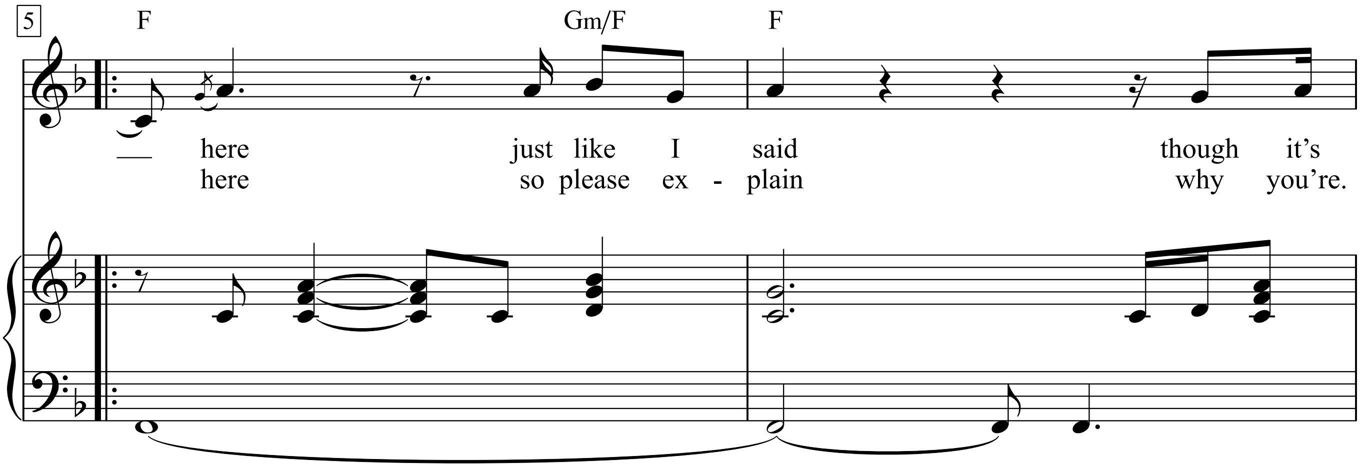
2.
Please swallow your pride if I have things you need to
for no one can fill those of your needs that you won't l

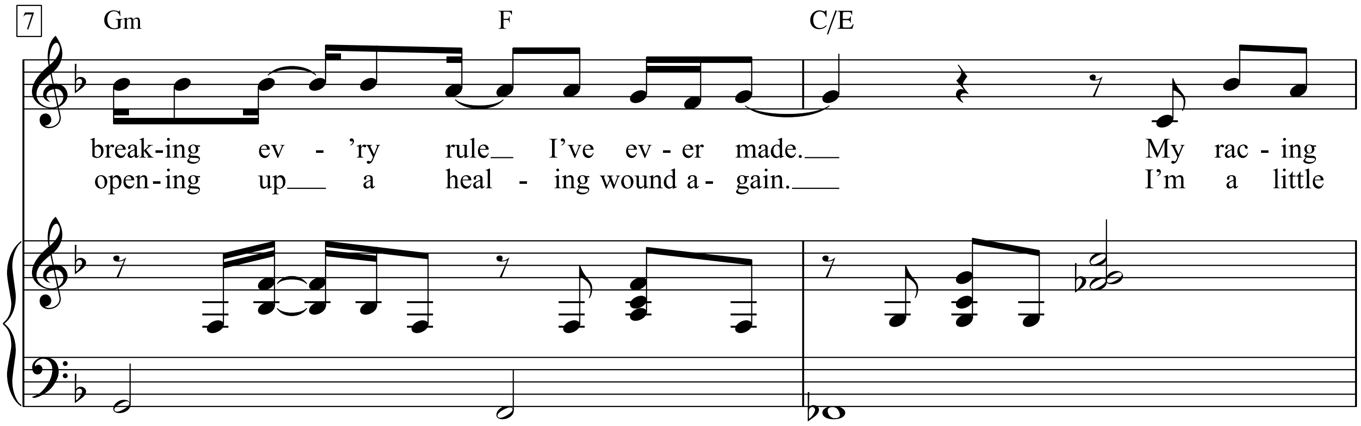
3.
If there is a load you have to bear that you can't carry,
I'm right up the road,
I'll share your load if you just call me.

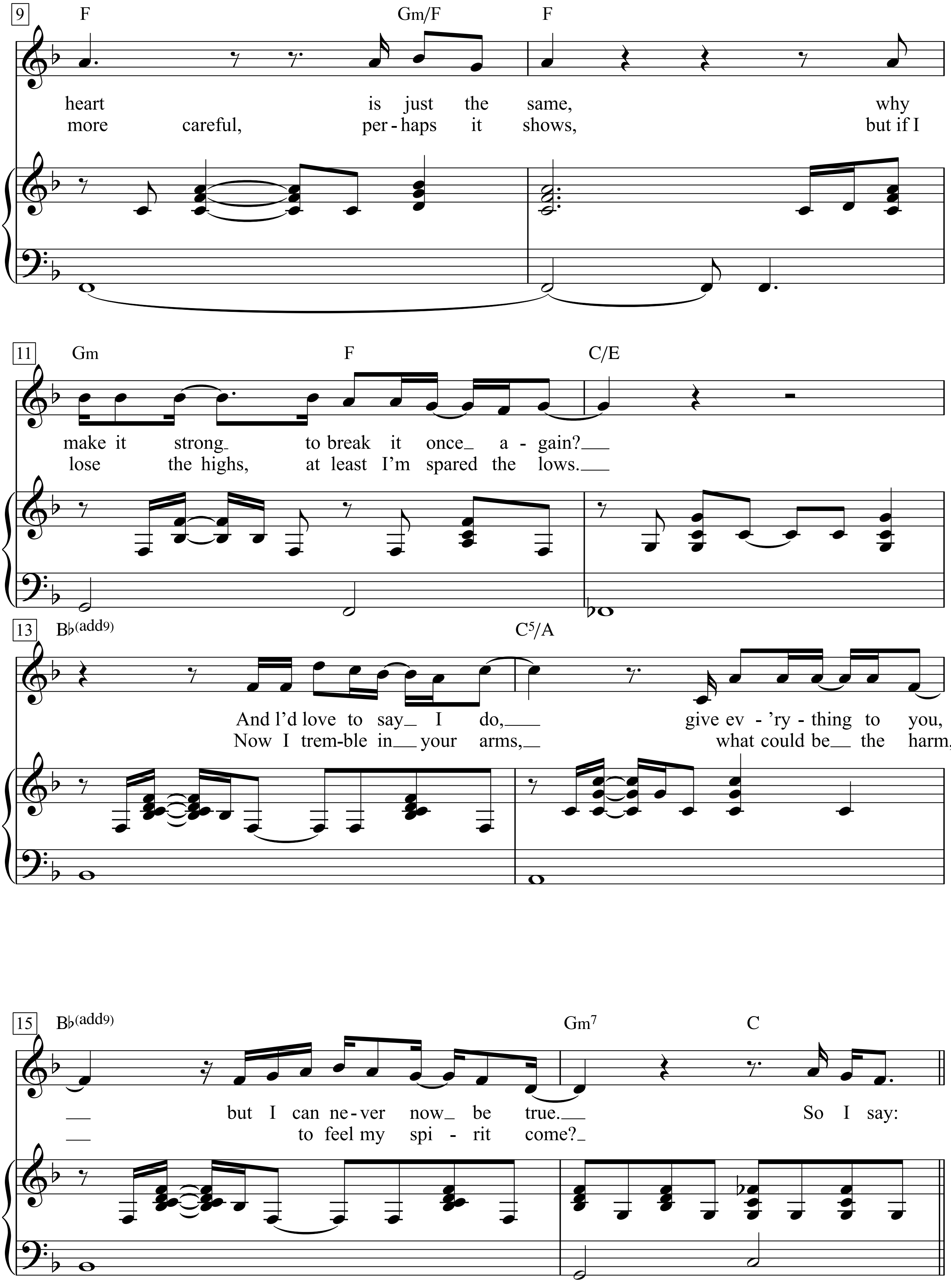
Leave Right Now

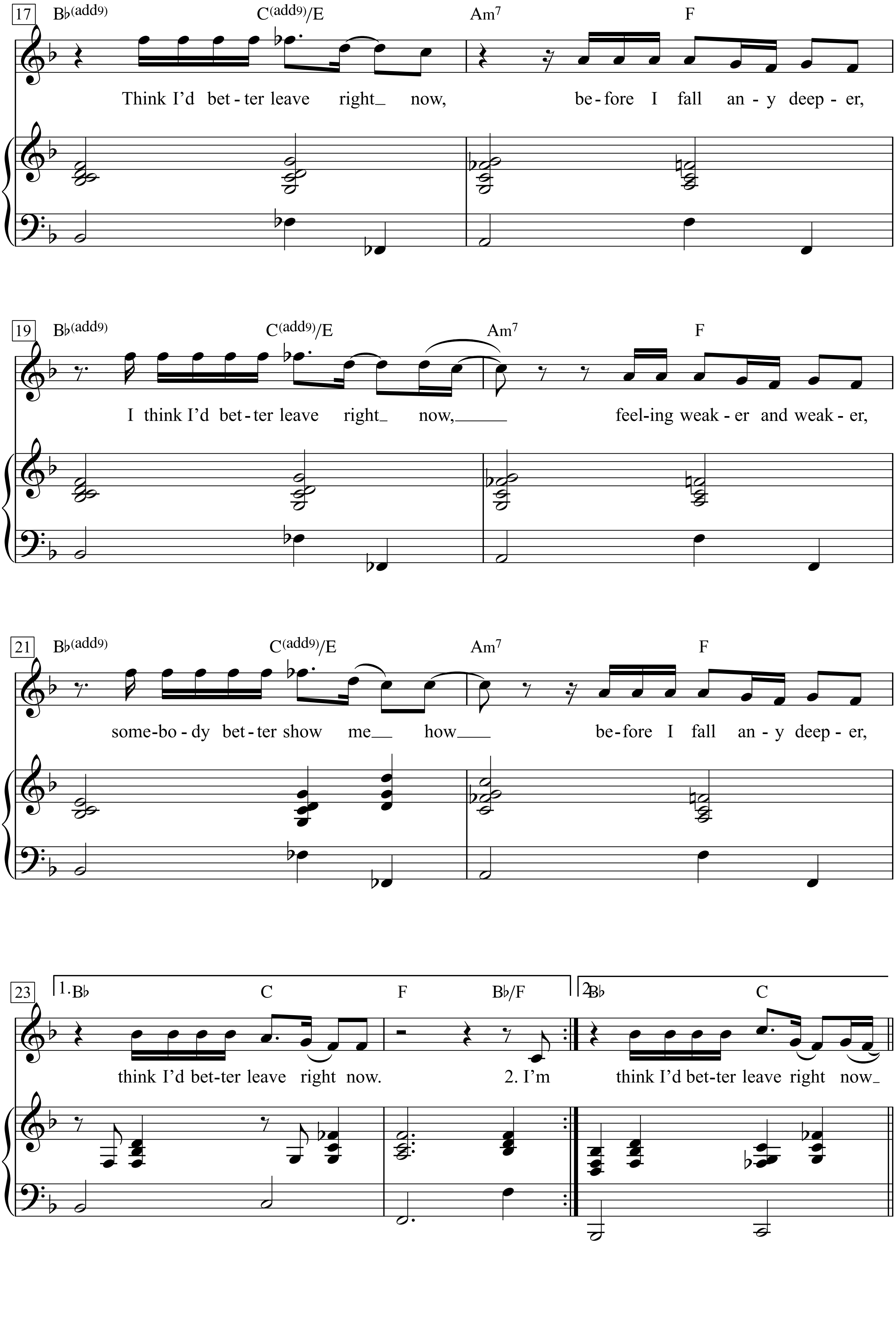
Words & Music by Francis White
(Will Young)

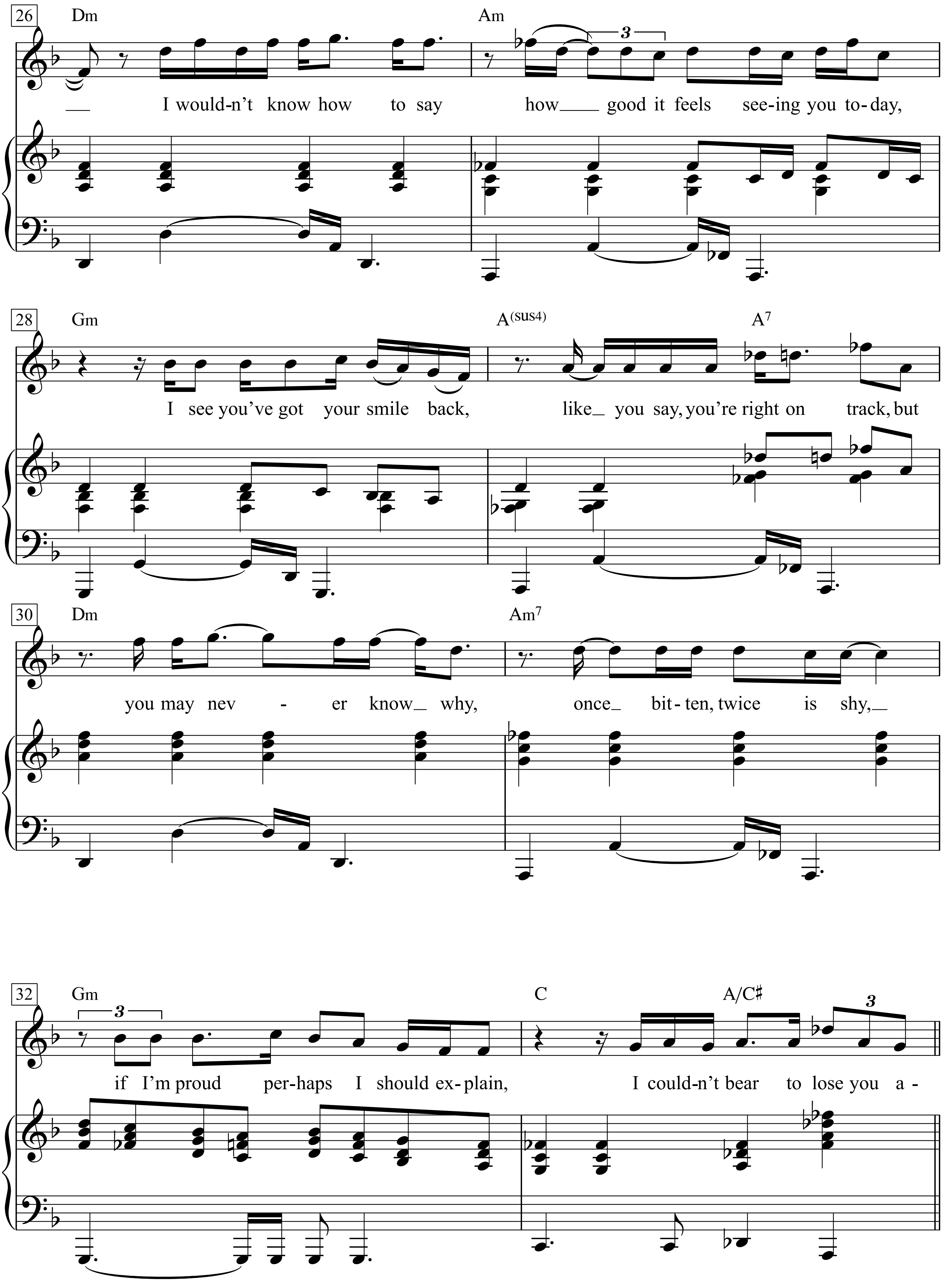


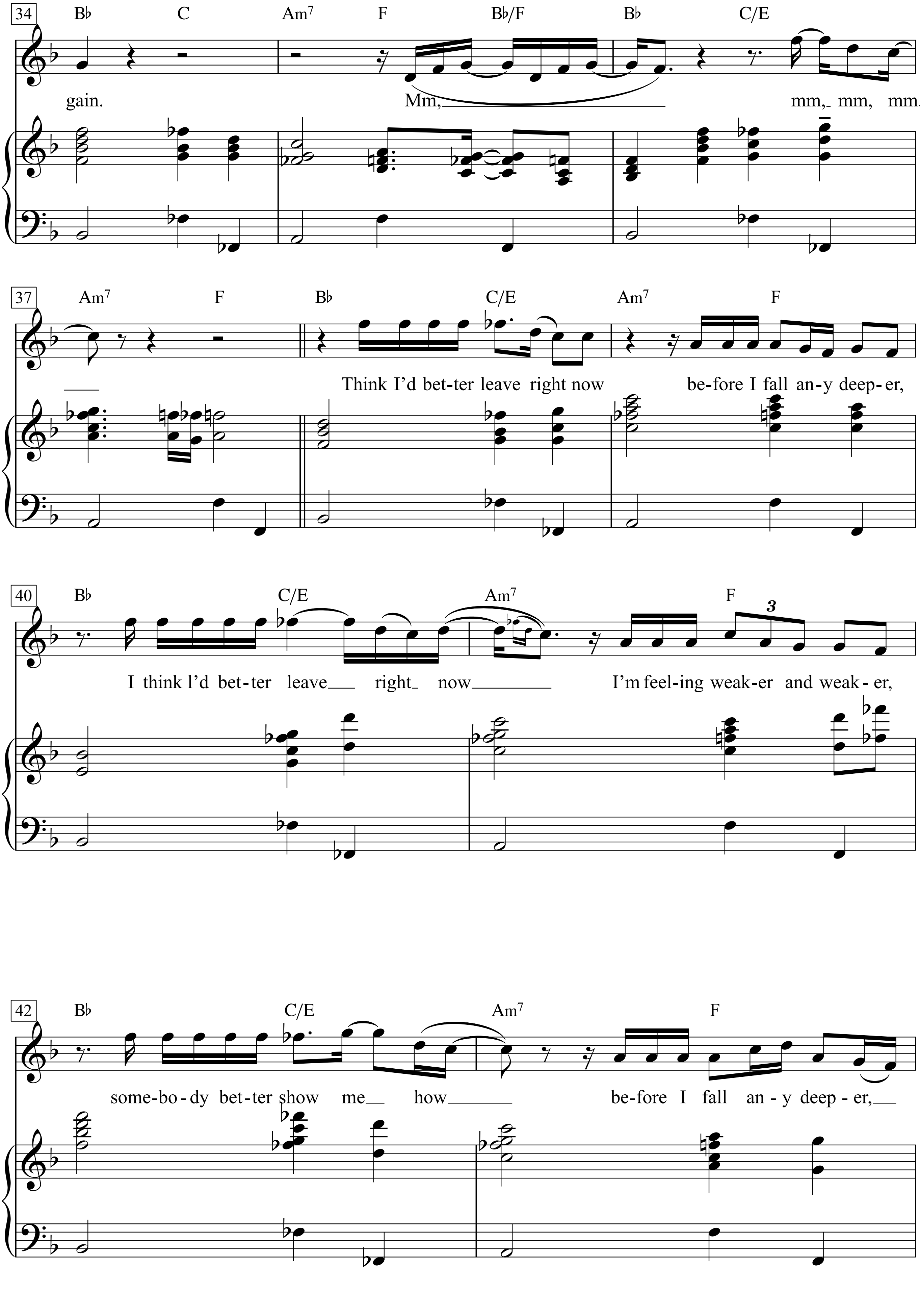


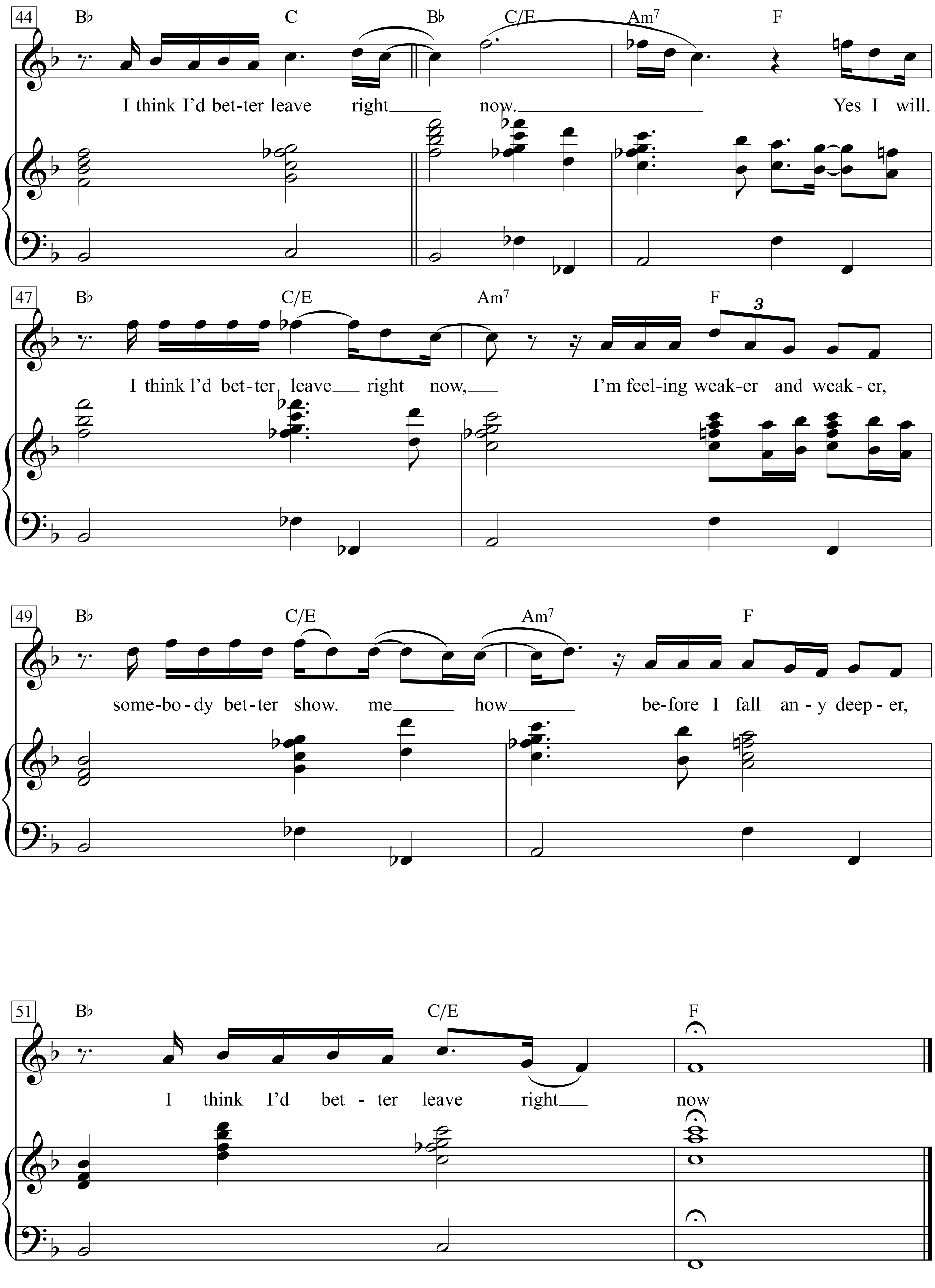



9
F
Gm/F
F
heart is just the same, why
more careful, per - haps it shows, but if I
11
Gm
F
C/E
make it strong to break it once a - gain?
lose the highs, at least I'm spared the lows.
13
B♭(add9)
C5/A
And I'd love to say I do, give ev - 'ry - thing to you,
Now I trem-ble in your arms, what could be the harm,
15
B♭(add9)
Gm7
C
but I can ne-ver now be true. So I say:
to feel my spi - rit come?


17
B♭(add9) C(add9)/E Am7 F
Think I'd bet - ter leave right_ now, be - fore I fall an - y deep - er,
19
B♭(add9) C(add9)/E Am7 F
I think I'd bet - ter leave right_ now,_____ feel-ing weak - er and weak - er,
21
B♭(add9) C(add9)/E Am7 F
some-bo - dy bet - ter show me__ how____ be - fore I fall an - y deep - er,
23
1. B♭ C F B♭/F
think I'd bet-ter leave right now. 2. I'm
2. B♭ C
think I'd bet-ter leave right now_

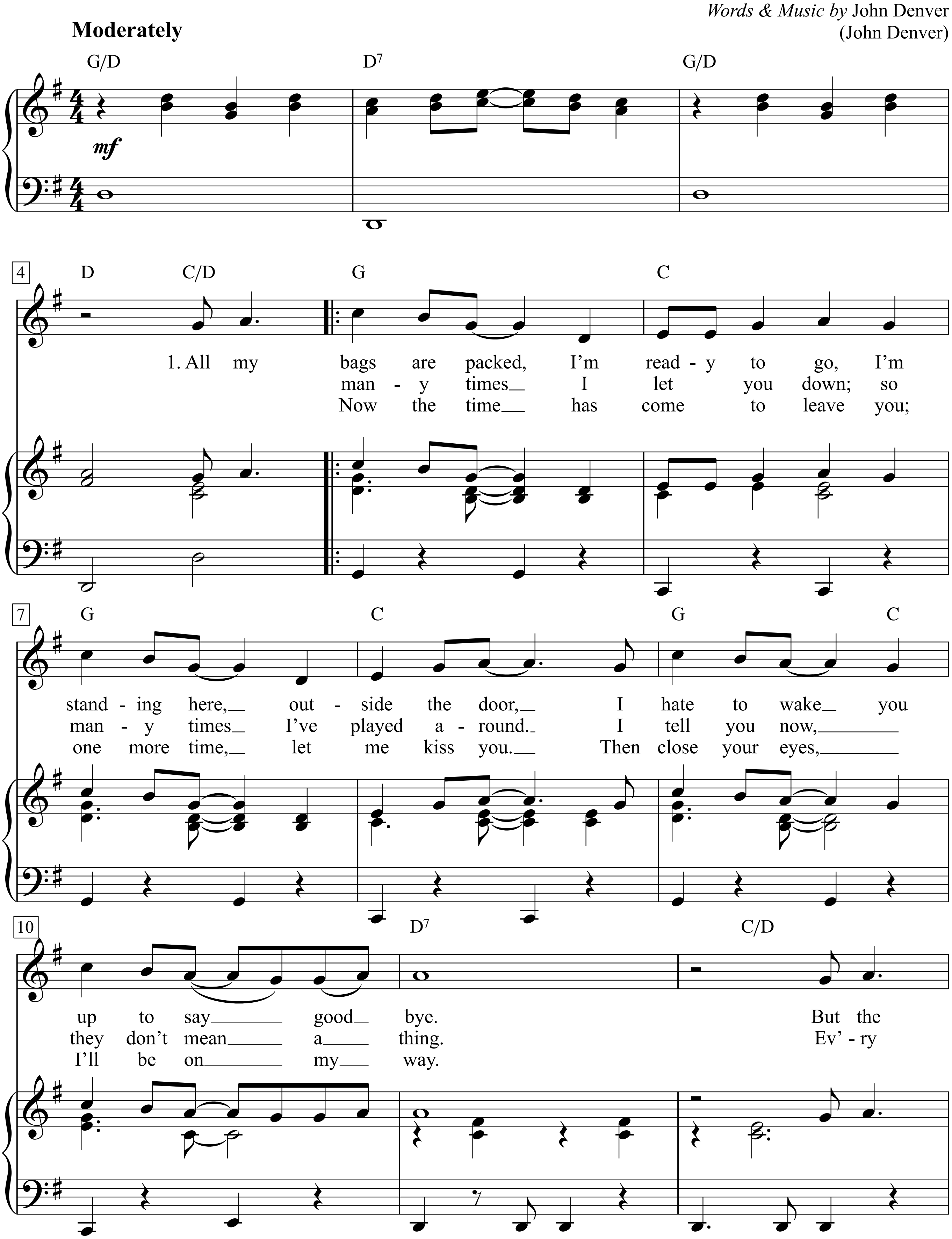

26
Dm
Am
I would-n't know how to say how good it feels see-ing you to-day,
28
Gm
A(sus4)
A7
I see you've got your smile back, like you say, you're right on track, but
30
Dm
Am7
you may nev - er know why, once bit-ten, twice is shy,
32
Gm
C
A/C♯
if I'm proud per-haps I should ex-plain, I could-n't bear to lose you a -

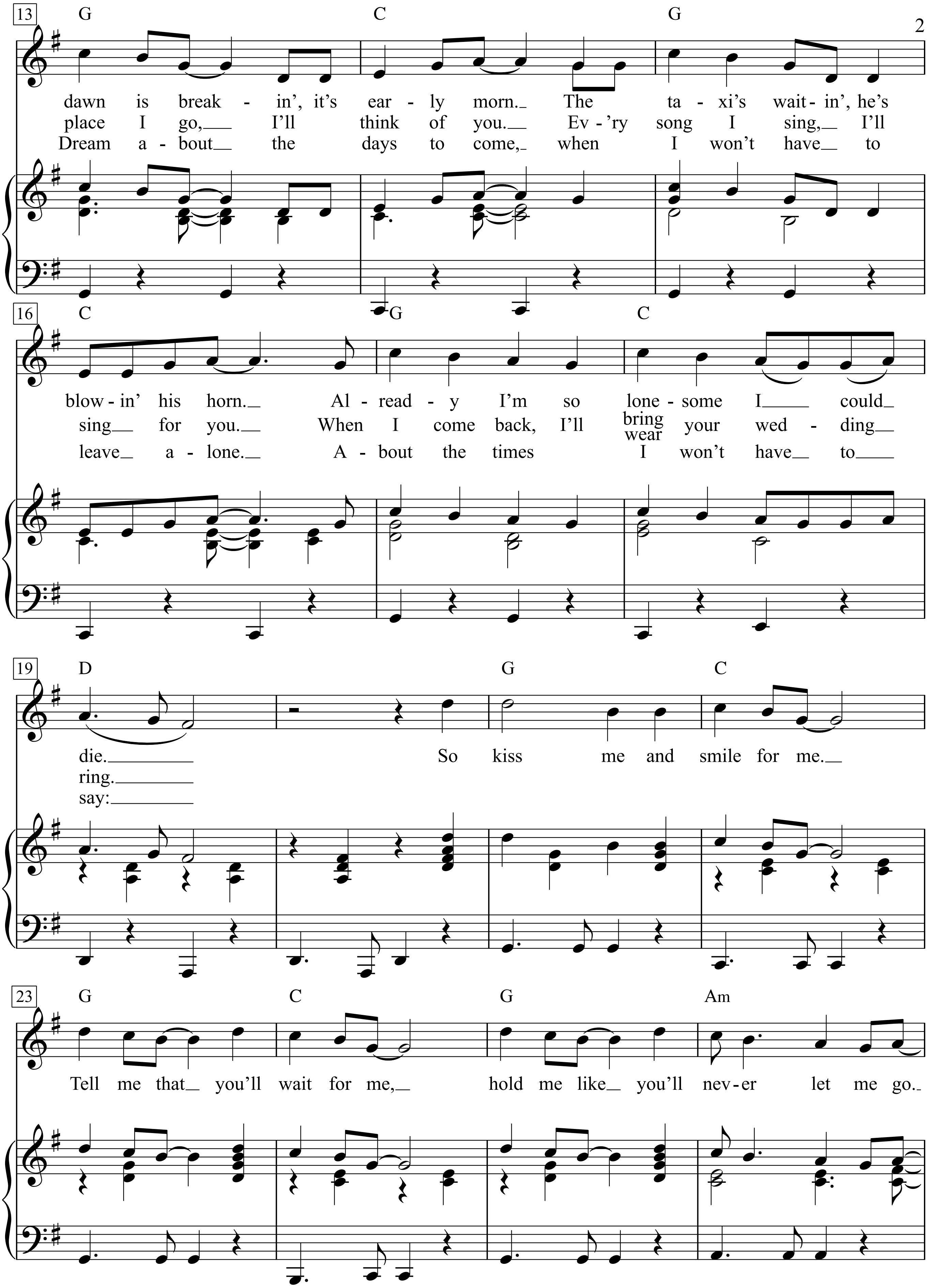

34
B♭ C Am7 F B♭/F B♭ C/E
gain. Mm, mm, mm, mm.
37
Am7 F B♭ C/E Am7 F
Think I'd bet-ter leave right now be-fore I fall an-y deep-er,
40
B♭ C/E Am7 F
3
I think I'd bet-ter leave right now I'm feel-ing weak-er and weak-er,
42
B♭ C/E Am7 F
some-bo-dy bet-ter show me how be-fore I fall an-y deep-er,

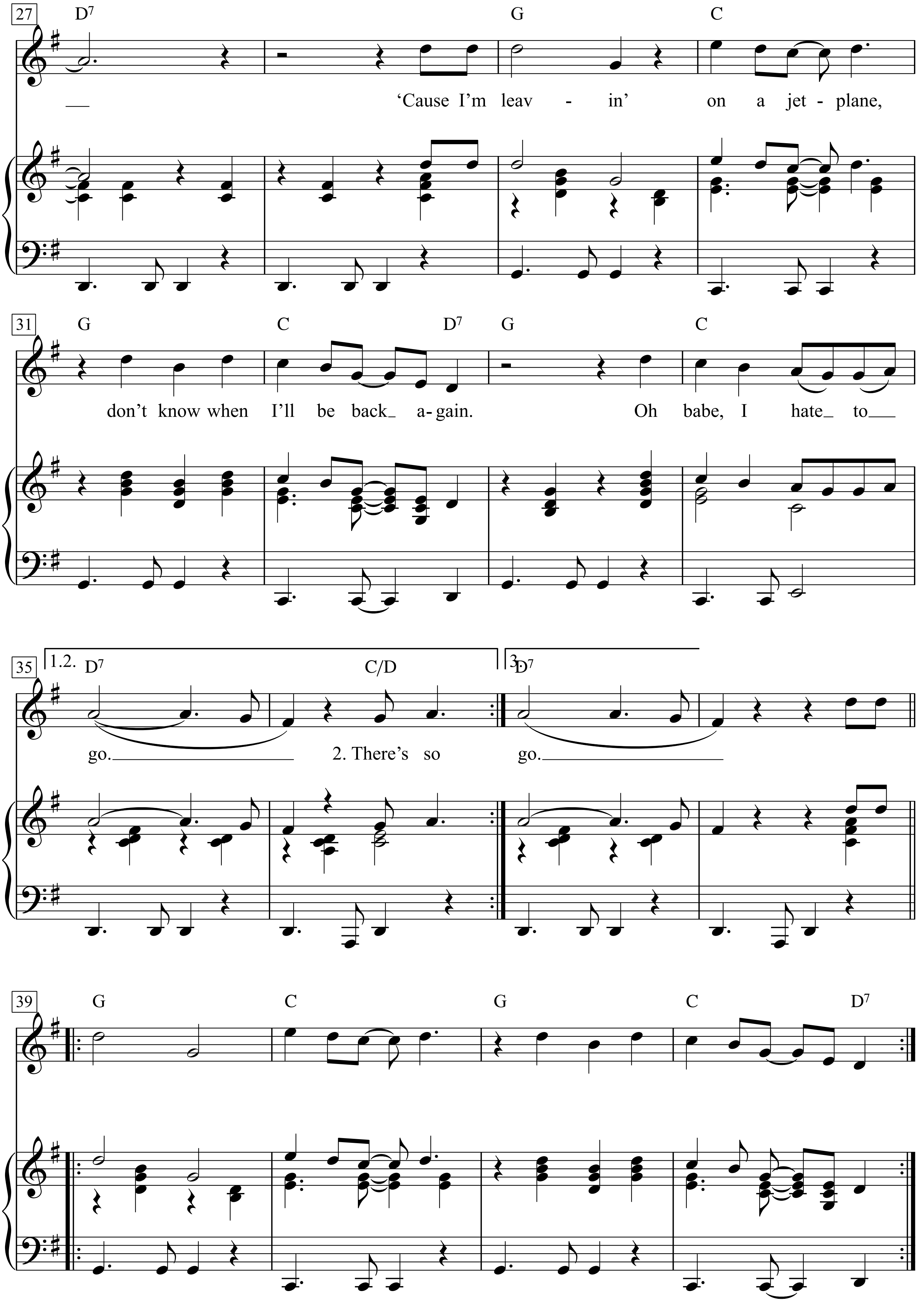

44
B♭ C B♭ C/E Am7 F
I think I'd bet-ter leave right now. Yes I will.
47
B♭ C/E Am7 F
3
I think I'd bet-ter leave right now, I'm feel-ing weak-er and weak-er,
49
B♭ C/E Am7 F
some-bo-dy bet-ter show. me how be-fore I fall an-y deep-er,
51
B♭ C/E F
I think I'd bet - ter leave right now

Leaving On A Jet Plane

Words & Music by John Denver
(John Denver)



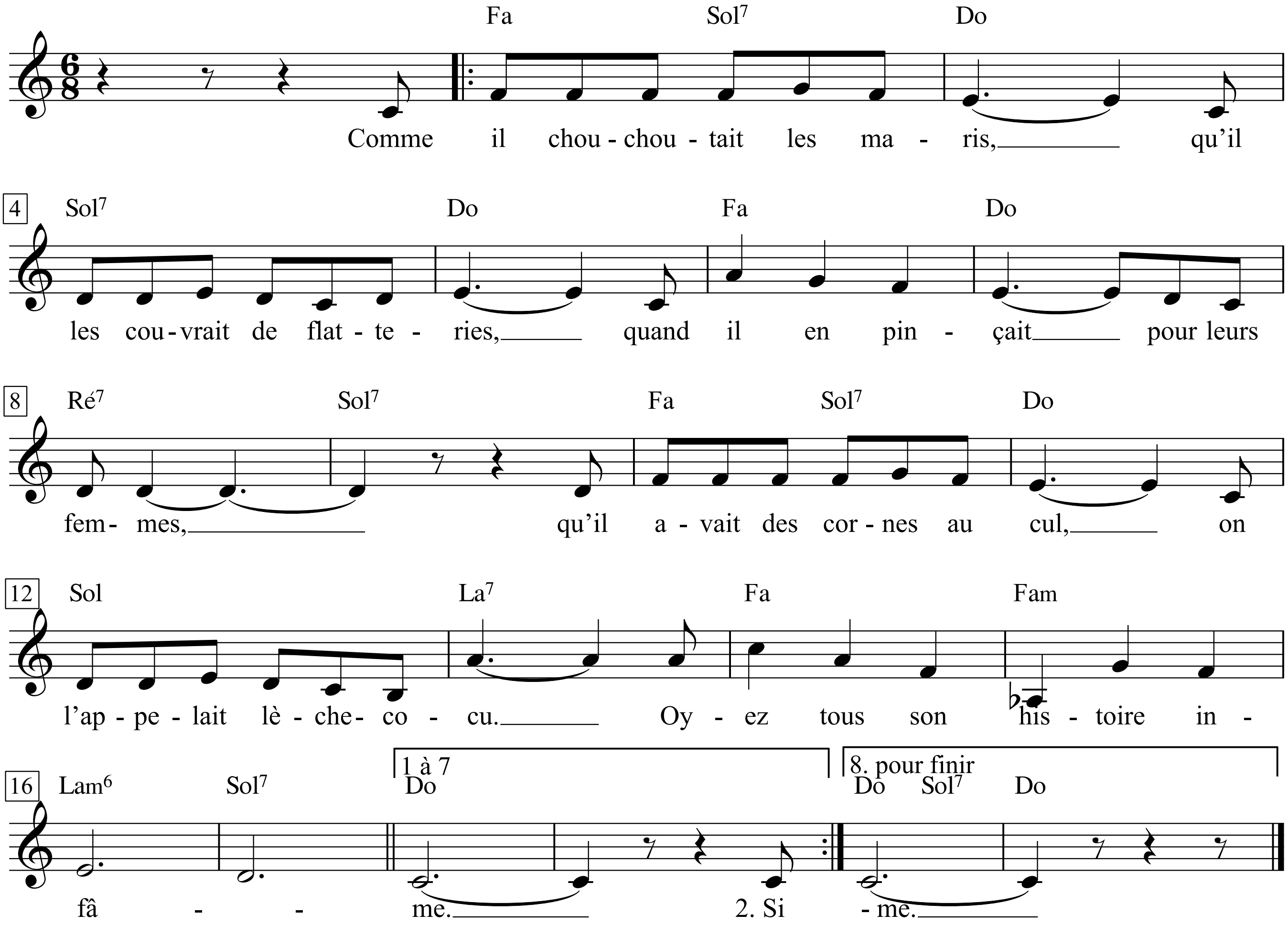

13
G C G
dawn is break - in', it's ear - ly morn. The ta - xi's wait - in', he's
place I go, I'll think of you. Ev - 'ry song I sing, I'll
Dream a - bout the days to come, when I won't have to
16
C G C
blow - in' his horn. Al - read - y I'm so lone - some I could
sing for you. When I come back, I'll bring wear your wed - ding
leave a - lone. A - bout the times I won't have to
19
D G C
die. So kiss me and smile for me.
ring.
say:
23
G C G Am
Tell me that you'll wait for me, hold me like you'll nev - er let me go.


27
D7 G C
'Cause I'm leav - in' on a jet - plane,
31
G C D7 G C
don't know when I'll be back_ a - gain. Oh babe, I hate_ to__
35
1.2. D7 C/D 3. D7
go.__ 2. There's so go.__
39
G C G C D7

Lèche-cocu

(Lèche-cocu)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Comme il chouchoutait les maris,
Qu'il les couvrait de flatteries,
Quand il en pinçait pour leurs femmes,
Qu'il avait des cornes au cul,
On l'appelait lèche-cocu.
Oyez tous son histoire infâme.

2. Si l'mari faisait du bateau,
Il lui parlait de tirant d'eau,
De voiles, de mâts de misaine,
De yacht, de brick et de steamer,
Lui, qui souffrait du mal de mer
En passant les ponts de la Seine.

3. Si l'homme était un peu bigot,
Lui qui sentait fort le fagot,
Criblait le ciel de patenôtres,
Communiait à grand fracas,
Retirant même en certains cas
L'pain bénit d'la bouche d'un autre.

1. Weil er die Gatten beschmuste,
ihnen Honig um den Bart schmierte,
wenn er hinter ihren Frauen her war,
weil er den Cocus in den Arsch kroch
nannten wir ihn *lèche-cocu**.
Hört alle seine ruchlose Geschichte.

2. Wenn der Gatte segelte,
erzählte er ihm von Tiefgang,
von Tuch, von Besanmasten,
von Yachten, Briggs und Dampfern -
er, der seekrank wurde,
sobald er über die Seinebrücken ging.

3. Wenn der Gatte ein bisschen fromm war,
schmierte er, eingesegneter Ketzer,
lauter Vaterunser an den Himmel,
ging mit Tamtam zur Kommunion
und klaute manchmal sogar anderen
die Hostie vom Mund weg.

4. Si l'homme était sergent de ville,
En sautoir - mon Dieu, que c'est vil -
Il portait un flic en peluche,
Lui qui, sans ménager sa voix,
Criait »Mort aux vaches« autrefois,
Même atteint de la coqueluche.

5. Si l'homme était un militant,
Il prenait sa carte à l'instant
Pour bien se mettre dans sa manche,
Biffant ses propres graffiti
Du vendredi, le samedi
Ceux du samedi, le dimanche.

6. Et si l'homme était dans l'armée,
Il entonnait pour le charmer
»Sambre-et-Meuse« et tout le folklore,
Lui, le pacifiste bêlant
Qui fabriquait des cerfs-volants
Avec le drapeau tricolore.

7. Eh bien, ce malheureux tocard
Faisait tout ça vainement, car
Étant comme cul et chemise
Avec les maris, il ne put
Jamais parvenir à son but:
Toucher à la fesse promise.

8. Ravis, ces messieurs talonnaient
Ce bougre qui les flagornait
A la ville, comme à la campagne,
Ne lui laissant pas l'occasion
De se trouver, quell' dérision,
Seul à seul avec leurs compagnes.

9. Et nous, copains, cousins, voisins,
Profitant (on n'est pas des saints)
De ce que ces deux imbéciles
Se passaient rhubarbe et séné,
On s'partageait leur dulcinée
Qui se laissait faire docile.

10. Et, tandis que lèche-cocu
Se prosternait cornes au cul
Devant ses éventuelles victimes,
Par surcroît, l'on couchait aussi -
La morale était sauve ainsi -
Avec sa femme légitime.

4. Wenn der Gatte Wachtmeister war,
trug er - mein Gott, wie widerlich -
einen Plüschpolizisten am Ordensband -
er, der früher, ohne die Stimme zu senken,
»nieder mit den Bullen« gebrüllt hatte,
sogar bei Keuchhusten.

5. Wenn der Gatte Parteibonze war,
besorgte er sich sofort ein Parteibuch
und Abzeichen für Armbinden,
übermalte seine eigenen Graffiti:
die vom Freitag am Samstag,
die vom Samstag am Sonntag.

6. Und wenn der Gatte in der Armee war,
sang er, um ihn zu becircen,
Sambre-et-Meuse und den ganzen Kram,
er, der aggressive Pazifist,
der sonst Flugdrachen baute
mit der Trikolore.

7. Nun ja, dieser arme Tropf
machte all das umsonst, denn
da er immer zusammengluckte
mit dem Gatten, konnte er nie
an sein Ziel kommen,
die gelobte Lende berühren.

8. Entzückt hängten sich die Herren
an den Kerl, der ihnen schmeichelte,
in der Stadt wie auf dem Land,
ließen ihm keine Gelegenheit
- wie lächerlich! -, mal allein zu sein
mit ihren Gemahlinnen.

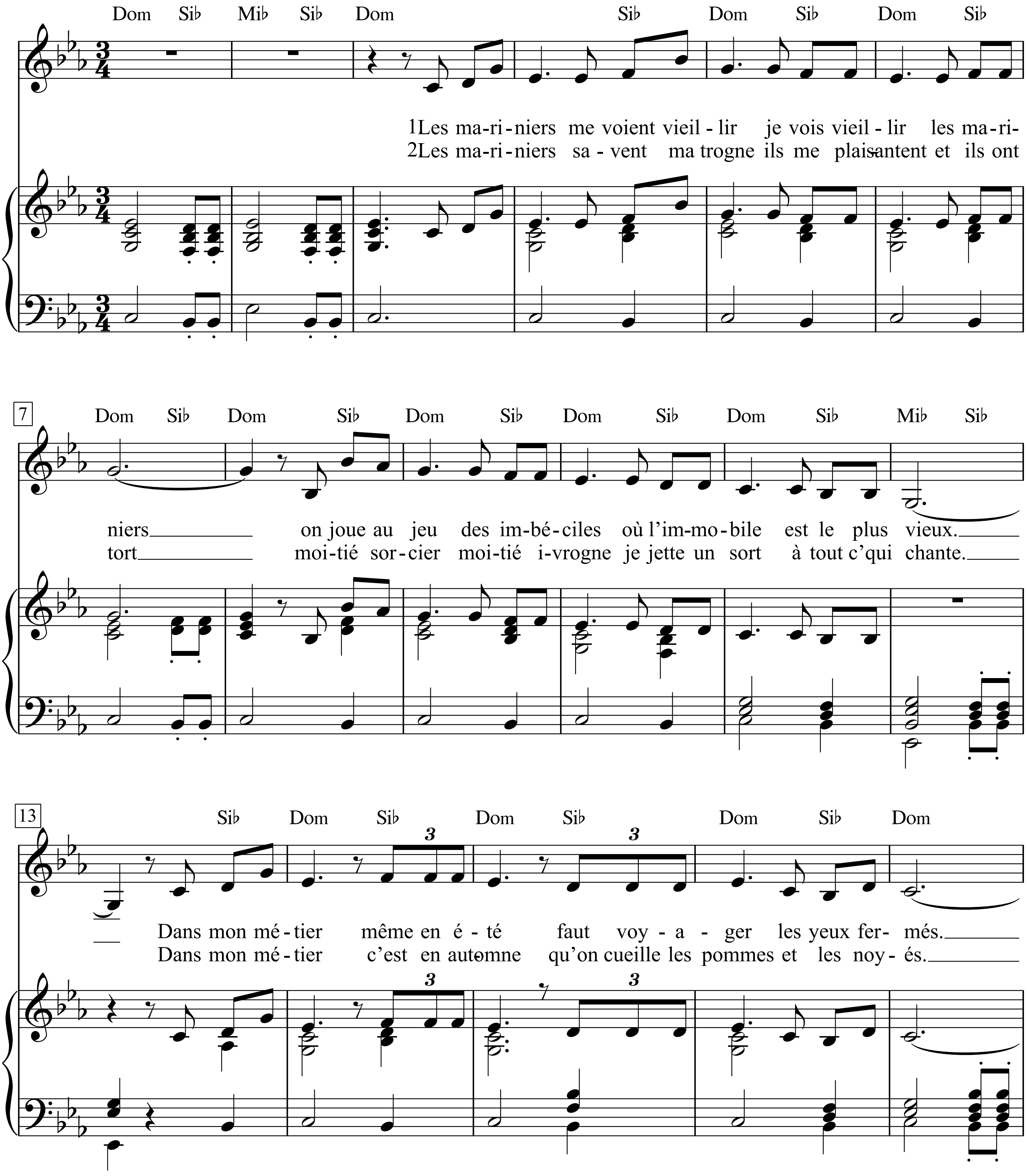
9. Und wir - Kumpel, Vettern, Nachbarn -
profitierten (man ist ja nicht heilig)
von dem, was diese beiden Trottel
bei ihrem Gemauschel versäumten,
wir teilten uns ihre Dulcineas,
die sich gern zähmen ließen.

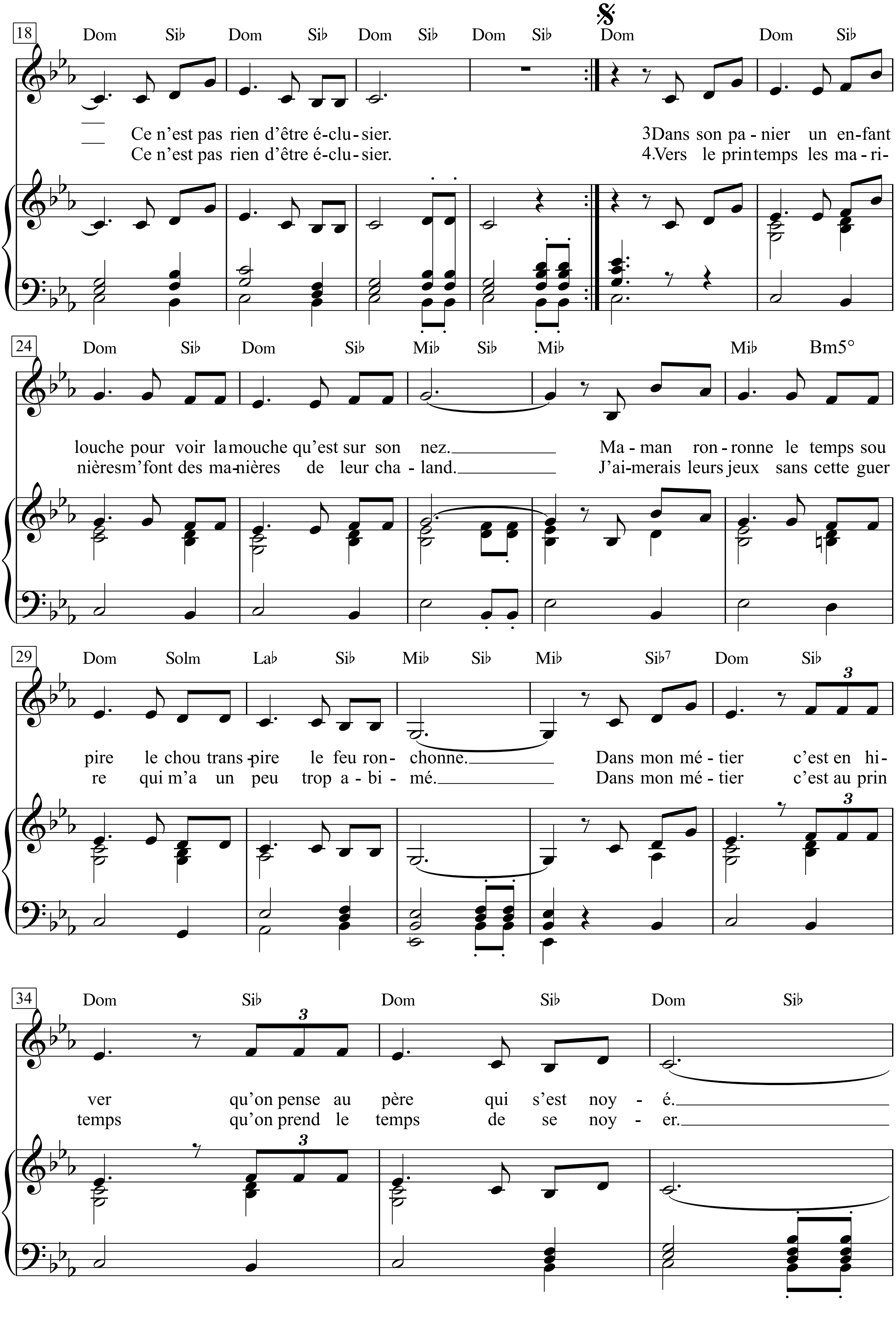
10. Und während lèche-cocu
so seinen prospektiven Opfern
in den Arsch kroch,
schliefen wir zu allem auch noch
- so wurde die Moral gerettet -
mit seiner Angetrauten.

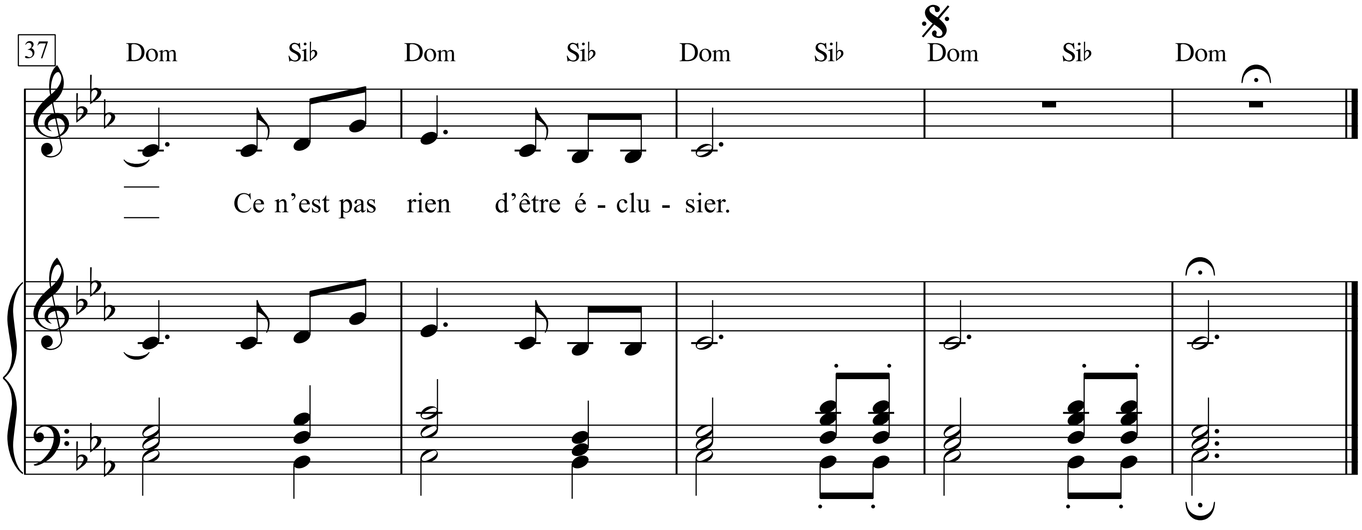
lèche-cocu-, Analogbildung zu *lèche-cul,* »Arschlecker«, »Arschkriecher«, einer, der einem prospektiven Hahnrei in den Arsch kriecht.

L'éclusier

Paroles et Musique de Jacques Brel
(Jacques Brel)




18
Dom Sib Dom Sib Dom Sib Dom Sib Dom Dom Sib
Ce n'est pas rien d'être é-clu-sier.
Ce n'est pas rien d'être é-clu-sier.
3Dans son pa-nier un en-fant
4.Vers le printemps les ma-ri-
24
Dom Sib Dom Sib Mib Sib Mib Mib Bm5°
louche pour voir la mouche qu'est sur son nez.
nières m'font des ma-nières de leur cha-land.
Ma-man ron-ronne le temps sou
J'ai-merais leurs jeux sans cette guer
29
Dom Solm Lab Sib Mib Sib Mib Sib7 Dom Sib
pire le chou trans-pire le feu ron-chonne.
re qui m'a un peu trop a-bi-mé.
Dans mon mé-tier c'est en hi-
Dans mon mé-tier c'est au prin
34
Dom Sib Dom Sib Dom Sib
ver qu'on pense au père qui s'est noy-é.
temps qu'on prend le temps de se noy-er.


37
Dom Si♭ Dom Si♭ Dom Si♭ Dom Si♭ Dom
Ce n’est pas rien d’être é - clu - sier.

1. Die Schiffer sehen mich altern
Ich seh sie altern, die Schiffer
Man spielt das Spiel der Unbedarften
Wo der Erstarrte der Älteste ist
So ist mein Beruf - selbst im Sommer
Reist man allein mit geschlossenen Augen
Man ist nicht umsonst ein Schleusenwärter

2. In seinem Korb schielt das Kind
Nach der Fliege auf seiner Nase
Die Mutter schnurrt, das Wetter seufzt
Der Wirsing schwitzt, das Feuer murrt
So ist mein Beruf - in jedem Winter
Denkt man an den Vater, der sich ertränkt hat
Man ist nicht umsonst ein Schleusenwärter

3. Die Schiffer kennen meine Visage
Sie lachen darüber, das ist nicht recht
Zur Hälfte Hexer, zur Hälfte Säufer
Verwünsche ich alles, was singt
So ist mein Beruf - in jedem Herbst
Liest man Äpfel auf und Ertrunkene
Man ist nicht umsonst ein Schleusenwärter

4. Das Frühjahr kommt, die Schifferinnen
Winken herüber von ihren Kähnen
Ich will ihre Spiele, doch ohne den Krieg
Der mich schon zu sehr zermürbt hat
So ist mein Beruf - im Frühjahr endlich
Nimmt man sich Zeit, sich zu ertränken

1. Les mariniers me voient vieillir
je vois vieillir les mariniers
On joue au jeu des imbéciles
où l'immobile est le plus vieux.
Dans mon métier même en été
faut voyager les yeux fermés.
Ce n'est pas rien d'être éclusier.

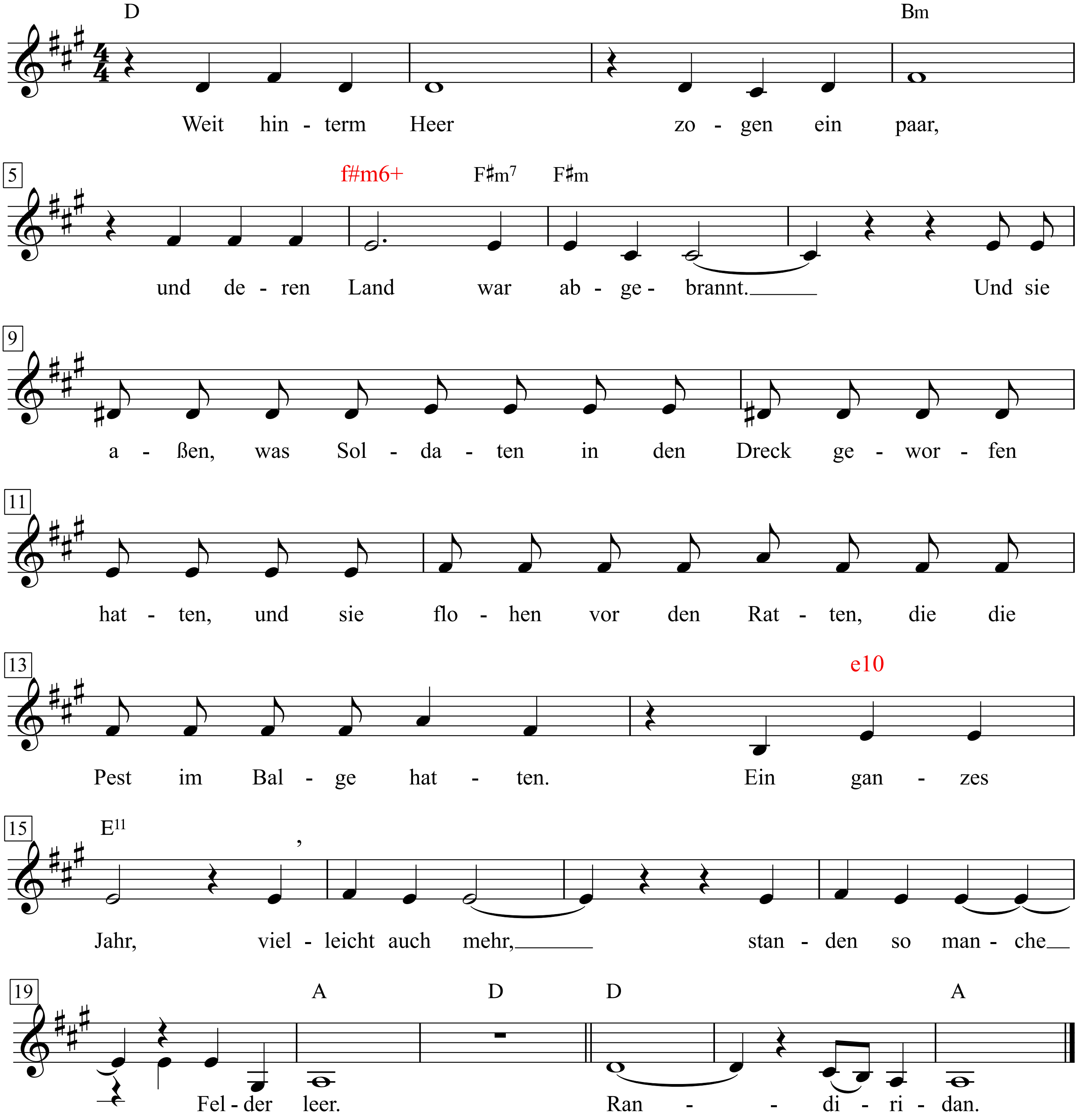
2. Les mariniers savent ma trogne
ils me plaisantent et ils ont tort
moitié sorcier moitié ivrogne
je jette un sort à tout c'qui chante.
Dans mon métier c'est en automne
qu'on cueille les pommes et les noyés.
Ce n'est pas rien d'être éclusier.

3. Dans son panier un enfant louche
pour voir la mouche qu'est sur son nez.
Maman ronronne le temps soupire
le chou transpire le feu ronchonne.
Dans mon métier c'est en hiver
qu'on pense au père qui s'est noyé.
Ce n'est pas rien d'être éclusier.

4. Vers le printemps les marinières
m'font des manières de leur chaland.
J'aimerais leur jeux sans cette guerre
qui m'a un peu trop abimé.
Dans mon métier c'est au printemps
qu'on prend le temps de se noyer.

Leere Felder

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt

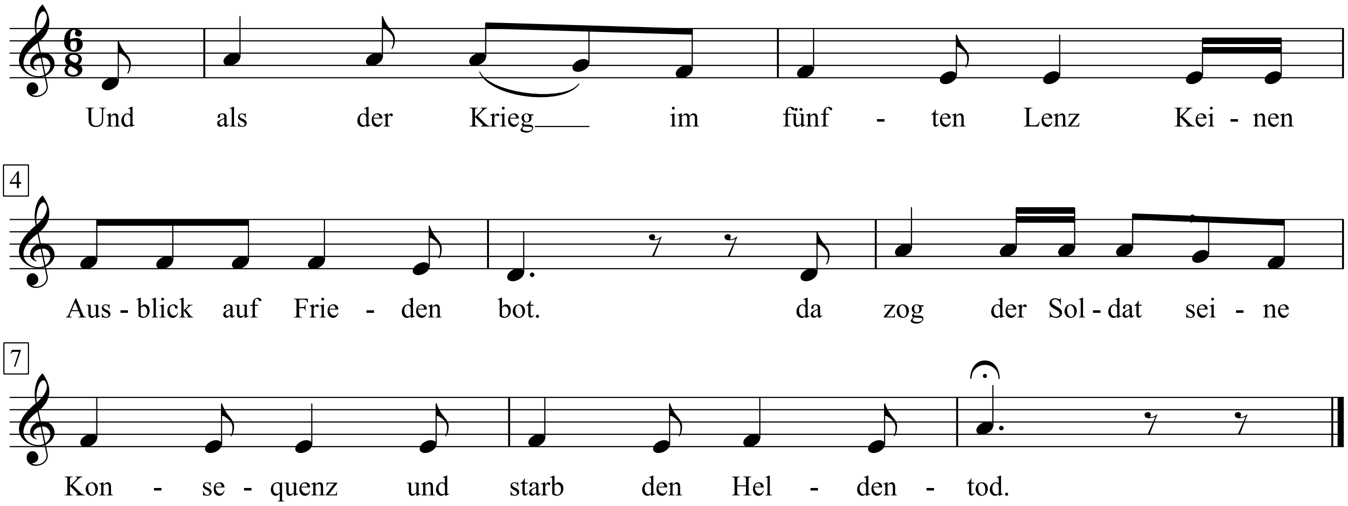


1. Weit hinterm Heer
zogen ein paar,
und deren Land
war abgebrannt.
Und sie aßen, was Soldaten
in den Dreck geworfen hatten,
und sie flohen vor den Ratten,
die die Pest im Balge hatten.
Ein ganzes Jahr, vielleicht auch mehr,
standen so manche Felder leer.
Ran-di-ri-dan.

2. Dann, vor dem Heer,
zogen schon mehr,
und auch viel Land war abgebrannt.
Und sie aßen Dreck und Ratten,
ebenso wie die Soldaten,
und sie flohen vor den Soldaten
und vor Fliegern und Granaten.
Ein ganzes Jahr, vielleicht auch mehr,
standen so manche Felder leer.
Ran-di-ri-dan.

3. Überall Heer,
das ganze Land,
bis nach Hanoi
ist abgebrannt.
Sind vergiftet Dreck und Ratten.
Niemand flieht mehr vor Granaten.
Und erschlagen wie die Ratten
werden alle Ledernacken.
Einhundert Jahr, vielleicht auch mehr,
stehn überall die Felder leer.
Ran-di-ri-dan.

Legende vom toten Soldaten



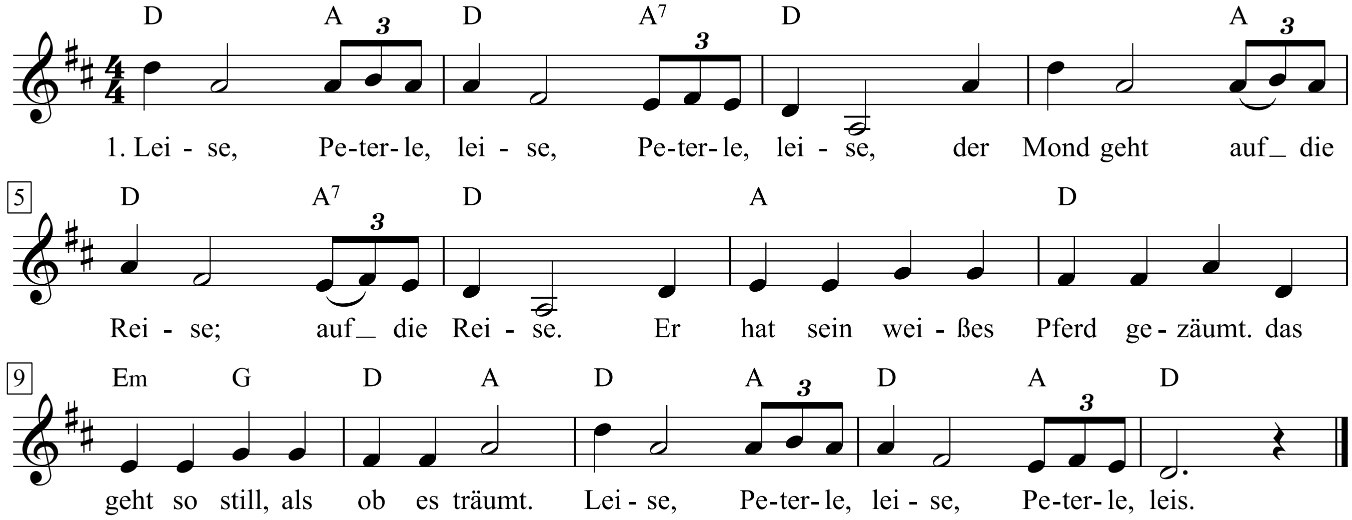
1
Und als der Krieg im fünften Lenz
Keinen Ausblick auf Frieden bot
Da zog der Soldat seine Konsequenz
Und starb den Heldentod.
2
Der Krieg war aber noch nicht gar
Drum tat es dem Kaiser leid
Dass sein Soldat gestorben war:
Es schien ihm noch vor der Zeit.
3
Der Sommer zog über die Gräber her
Und der Soldat schlief schon
Da kam eines Nachts eine militär
ische ärztliche Kommission.
4
Es zog die ärztliche Kommission
Zum Gottesacker hinaus
Und grub mit geweihtem Spaten den
Gefallnen Soldaten aus.
5
Und der Doktor besah den Soldaten genau
Oder was von ihm noch da war
Und der Doktor fand, der Soldat war k. v.
Und er drücke sich vor der Gefahr.
6
Und sie nahmen sogleich den Soldaten mit
Die Nacht war blau und schön.
Man konnte, wenn man keinen Helm aufhatte
Die Sterne der Heimat sehn.
7
Sie schütteten ihm einen feurigen Schnaps
In den verwesten Leib
Und hängten zwei Schwestern in seinen Arm
Und sein halb entblößtes Weib.
8
Und weil der Soldat nach Verwesung stinkt
Drum hinkt ein Pfaffe voran
Der über ihn ein Weihrauchfaß schwingt
Dass er nicht stinken kann.
9
Voran die Musik mit Tschindrara
Spielt einen flotten Marsch.
Und der Soldat, so wie er's gelernt
Schmeißt seine Beine vom Arsch.
10
Und brüderlich den Arm um ihn
Zwei Sanitäter gehn
Sonst flög er noch in den Dreck ihnen hin
Und das darf nicht geschehn.
11
Sie malten auf sein Leichenhemd
Die Farben schwarz-weiß-rot
Und trugen's vor ihm her; man sah
Vor Farben nicht mehr den Kot.
12
Ein Herr im Frack schritt auch voran
Mit einer gestärkten Brust
Der war sich als ein deutscher Mann
Seiner Pflicht genau bewusst.
13
So zogen sie mit Tschindrara
Hinab die dunkle Chaussee
Und der Soldat zog taumelnd mit
Wie im Sturm die Flocke Schnee.
14
Die Katzen und die Hunde schrein
Die Ratzen im Feld pfeifen wüst:
Sie wollen nicht französisch sein
Weil das eine Schande ist.

15
Und wenn sie durch die Dörfer ziehn
Waren alle Weiber da.
Die Bäume verneigten sich.
Vollmond schien. Und alles schrie hurra!
16
Mit Tschindrara und Wiedersehn!
Und Weib und Hund und Pfaff!
Und mitten drin der tote Soldat
Wie ein besoffner Aff.
17
Und wenn sie durch die Dörfer ziehn
Kommt's, daß ihn keiner sah
So viele waren herum um ihn
Mit Tschindra und Hurra.
18
So viele tanzten und johlten um ihn
Dass ihn keiner sah.
Man konnte ihn einzig von oben noch sehn
Und da sind nur Sterne da.
19
Die Sterne sind nicht immer da.
Es kommt ein Morgenrot.
Doch der Soldat, so wie er's gelernt
Zieht in den Heldentod.

Leise, Peterle, leise

Paul Dehmel

Traditionell



1. Leise, Peterle, leise, Peterle, leise,
der Mond geht auf die Reise; auf die Reise.
Er hat ein weißes Pferd gezäumt.
das geht so still, als ob es träumt.
Leise, Peterle, leise, Peterle, leis.

2. Stille, Peterle, stille, Peterle, stille,
der Mond hat eine Brille; eine Brille.
Ein graues Wölkchen schob sich vor,
das sitzt ihm grad auf Nas und Ohr.
Stille, Peterle, stille, Peterle, still.

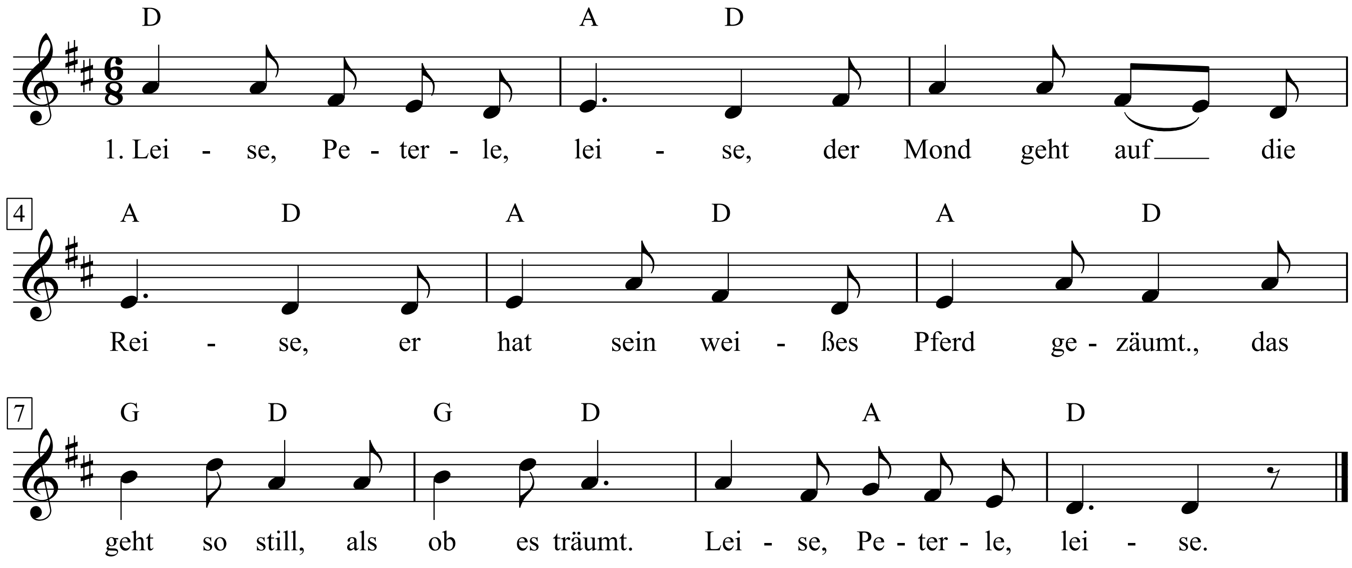
3. Träume, Peterle, träume, Peterle, träume,
der Mond guckt durch die Bäume; durch die Bäume.
Ich glaube gar, nun bleibt er stehn,
um Peterle im Schlaf zu sehen.
Träume, Peterle, träume, Peterle, träum.

4. Ruhe, Peterle, ruhe, Peterle, ruhe,
der Mond hat goldene Schuhe; goldne Schuhe.
Er hat sie schon bei Tag geputzt,
weil er sie ja nur nachts benutzt.
Ruhe, Peterle, ruhe, Peterle, ruh.

5. Schlafe, Peterle, schlafe, Peterle, schlafe
der Mond hat goldene Schafe; goldne Schafe.
Sie gehn am Himmel still und sacht
und sagen Peterle „Gute Nacht!"
Schlafe, Peterle, schlafe, Peterle, schlaf.

Leise, Peterle, leise

Paula Dehmel



1. Leise, Peterle, leise,
der Mond geht auf die Reise.
Er hat sein weißes Pferd gezäumt,
das geht so still, als ob es träumt.
Leise, Peterle, leise.

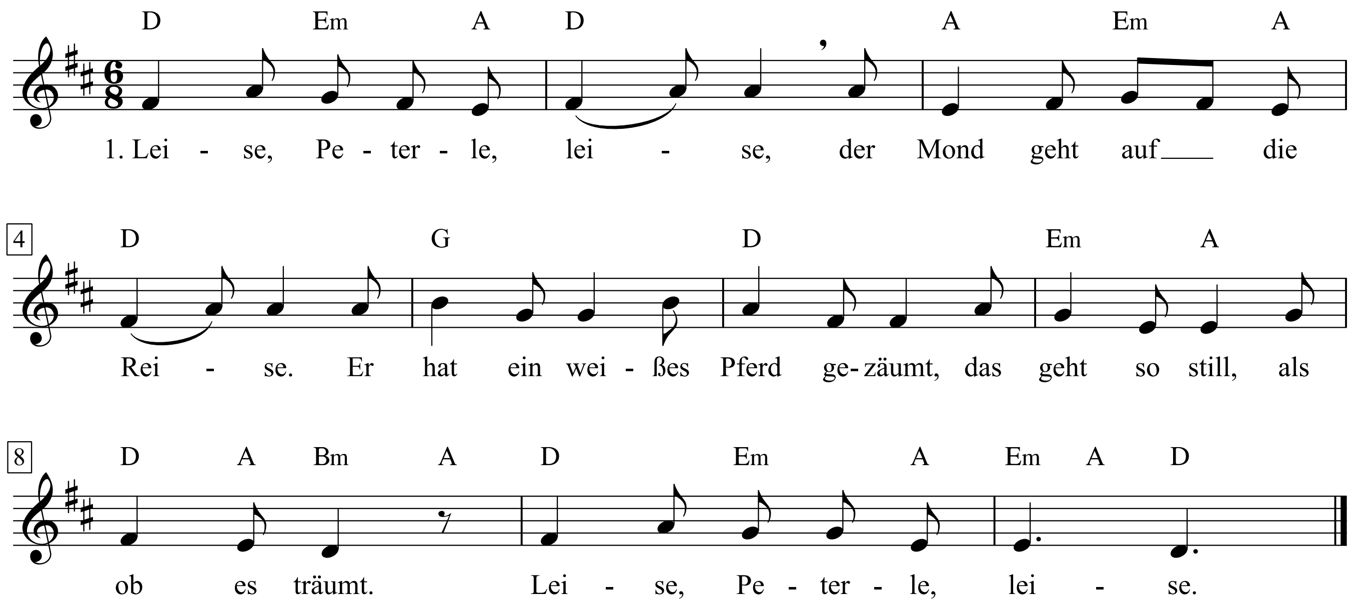
2. Stille, Peterle, stille,
der Mond hat eine Brille.
Ein graues Wölkchen schob sich vor,
das sitzt ihm grad auf Nas und Ohr.
Stille, Peterle, stille!

3. Träume, Peterle, träume,
der Mond guckt durch die Bäume.
Ich glaube gar, nun bleibt er stehn,
um Peterle im Schlaf zu sehn.
Träume, Peterle, träume!

Leise, Peterle, leise

Worte: Paula Dehmel

Weise: R. Zimmermann



1. Leise, Peterle, leise,
der Mond geht auf die Reise.
Er hat ein weißes Pferd gezäumt,
das geht so still, als ob es träumt.
Leise, Peterle, leise.

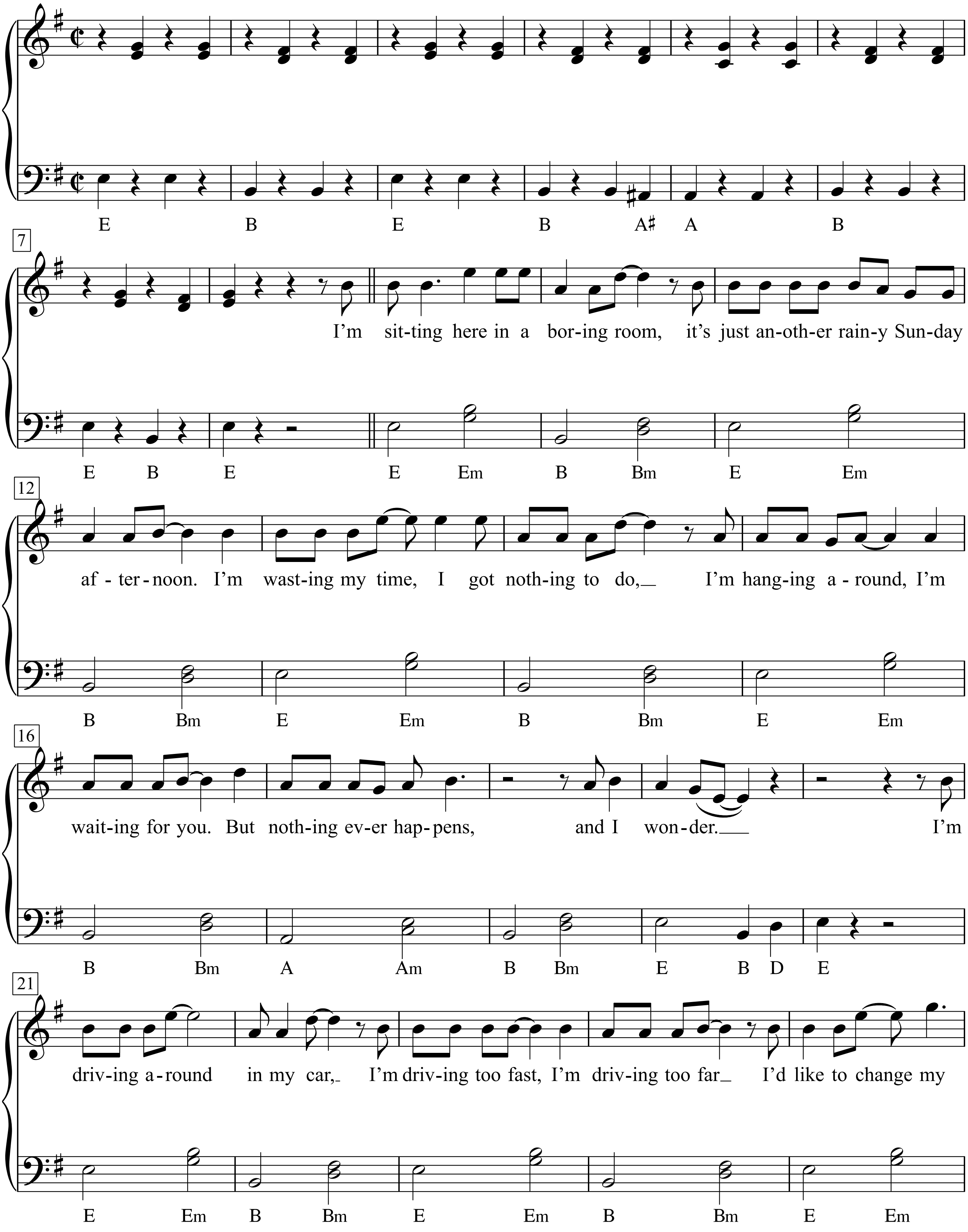
2. Stille, Peterle, stille,
der Mond hat eine Brille.
Ein graues Wölkchen schob sich vor,
das sitzt ihm grad auf Nas und Ohr.
Stille, Peterle, stille!

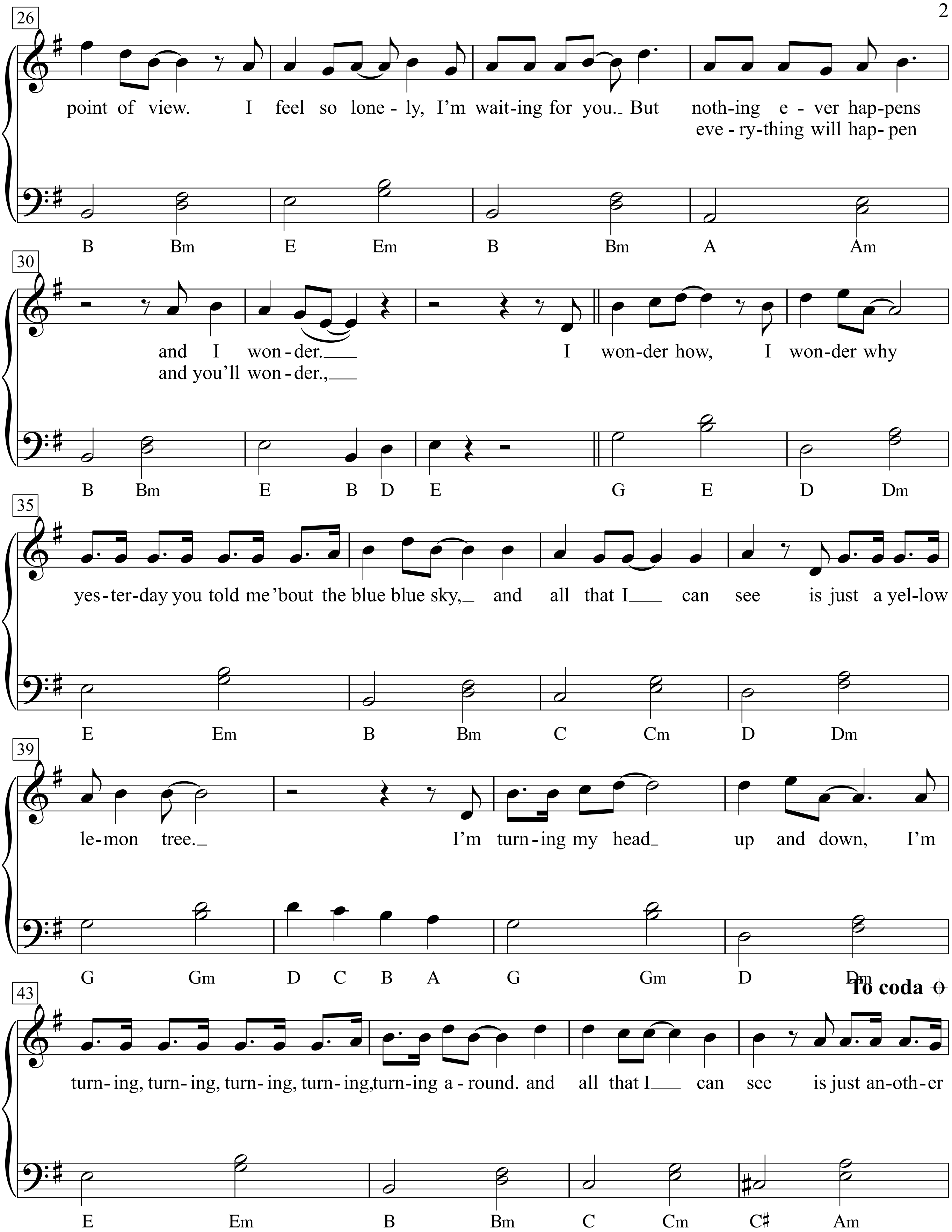
3. Träume, Peterle, träume,
der Mond guckt durch die Bäume.
Ich glaube gar, nun bleibt er stehn,
um Peterle im Schlaf zu sehn.
Träume, Peterle, träume!

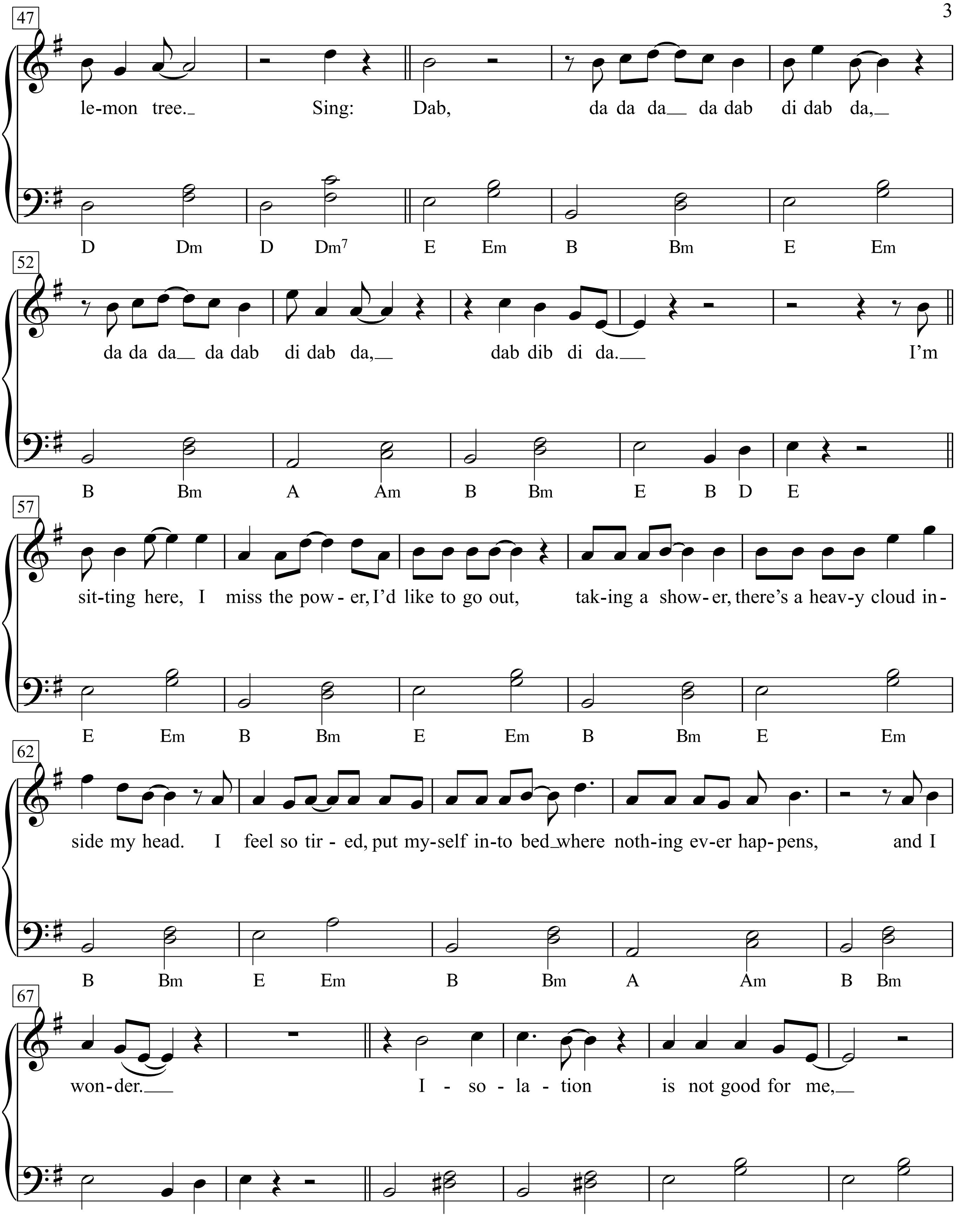
Lemon Tree

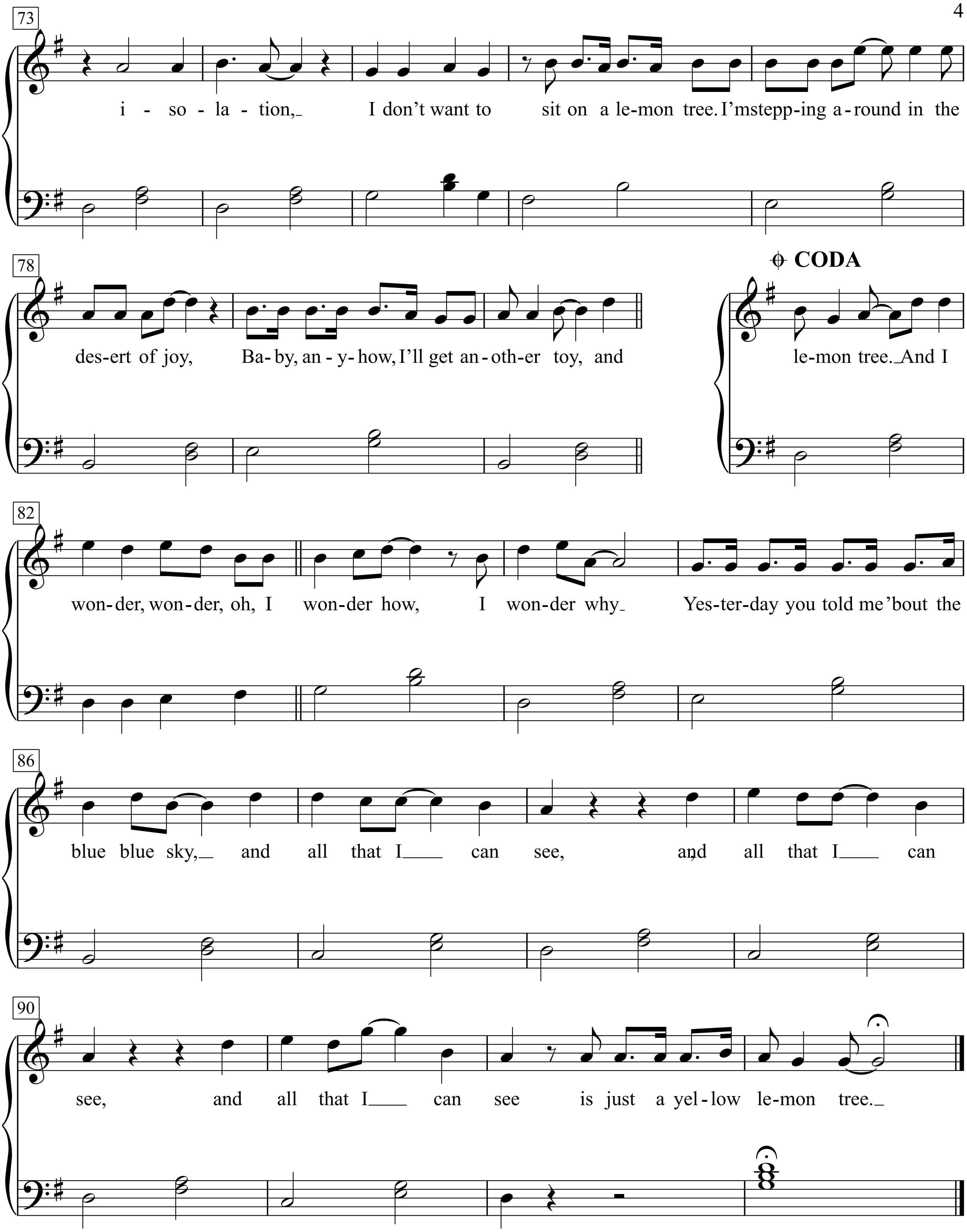
Musik & Text:
Volker Hinkel / Peter Freudenthaler
(Fool's Garden)

Medium Beat




26
point of view. I feel so lone - ly, I'm wait-ing for you._ But noth-ing e - ver hap-pens
eve - ry-thing will hap- pen
B Bm E Em B Bm A Am
30
and I won - der.___ I won-der how, I won-der why
and you'll won - der.,___
B Bm E B D E G E D Dm
35
yes- ter-day you told me 'bout the blue blue sky,_ and all that I___ can see is just a yel-low
E Em B Bm C Cm D Dm
39
le-mon tree._ I'm turn-ing my head_ up and down, I'm
G Gm D C B A G Gm D Dm
To coda
43
turn- ing, turn- ing, turn- ing, turn- ing,turn-ing a - round. and all that I___ can see is just an-oth-er
E Em B Bm C Cm C♯ Am

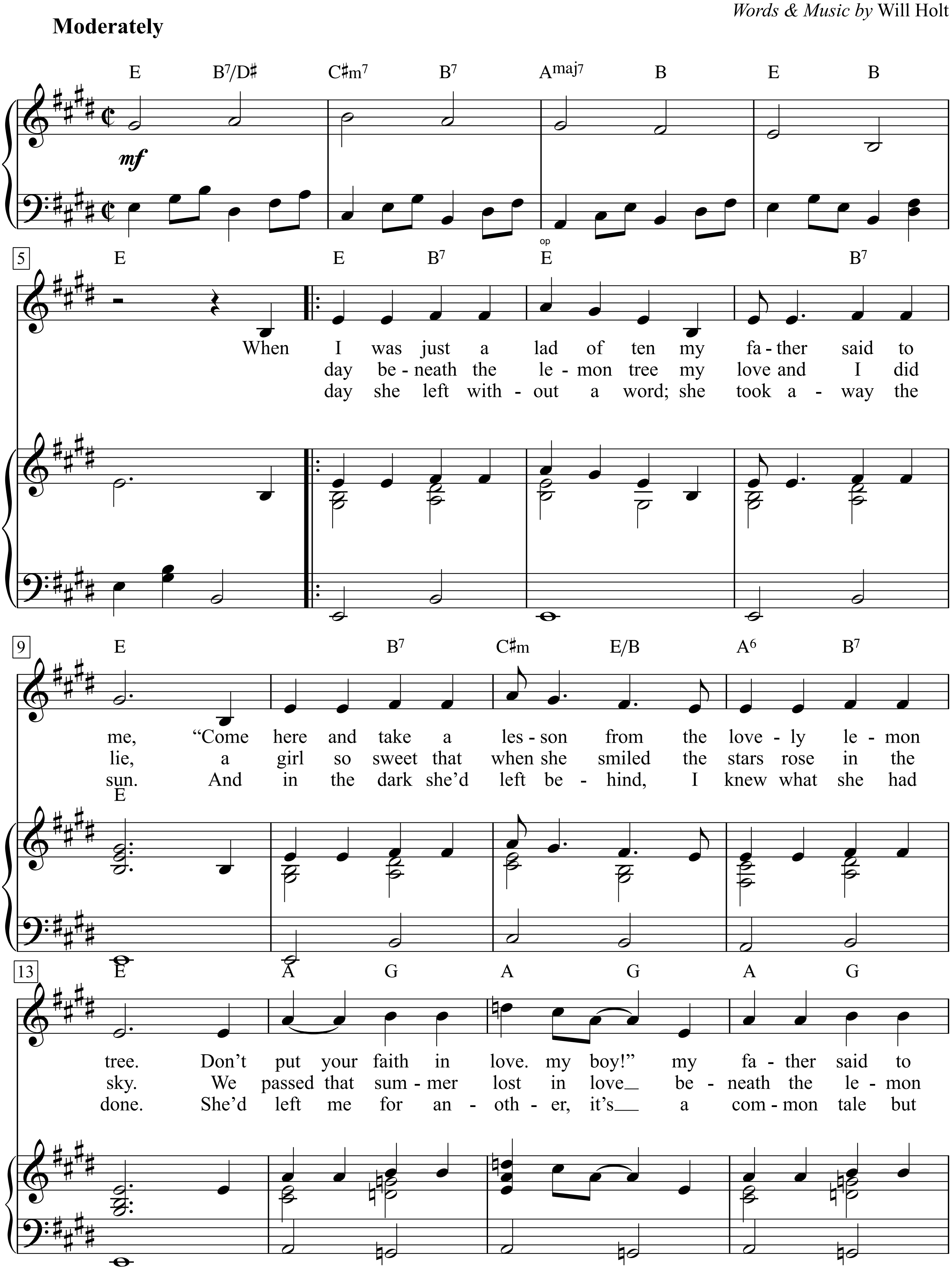

47
le-mon tree. Sing: Dab, da da da da dab di dab da,
D Dm D Dm7 E Em B Bm E Em
52
da da da da dab di dab da, dab dib di da. I'm
B Bm A Am B Bm E B D E
57
sit-ting here, I miss the pow-er, I'd like to go out, tak-ing a show-er, there's a heav-y cloud in-
E Em B Bm E Em B Bm E Em
62
side my head. I feel so tir-ed, put my-self in-to bed where noth-ing ev-er hap-pens, and I
B Bm E Em B Bm A Am B Bm
67
won-der. I-so-la-tion is not good for me,

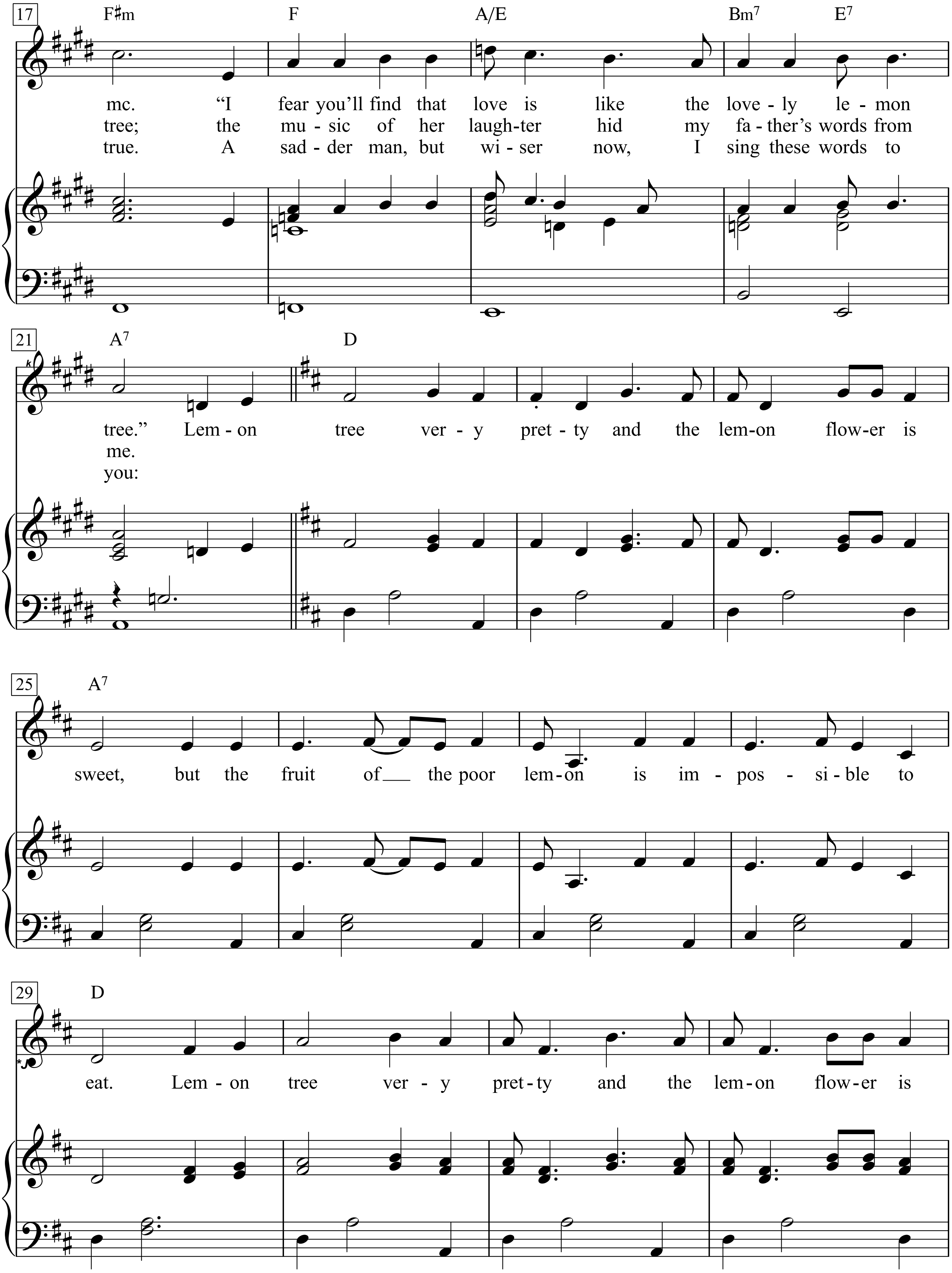

73
i - so - la - tion, I don't want to sit on a le-mon tree. I'm stepp-ing a-round in the
78
des-ert of joy, Ba- by, an - y- how, I'll get an - oth-er toy, and
CODA
le-mon tree. And I
82
won-der, won-der, oh, I won-der how, I won-der why
Yes-ter-day you told me 'bout the
86
blue blue sky, and all that I can see, and all that I can
90
see, and all that I can see is just a yel-low le-mon tree.

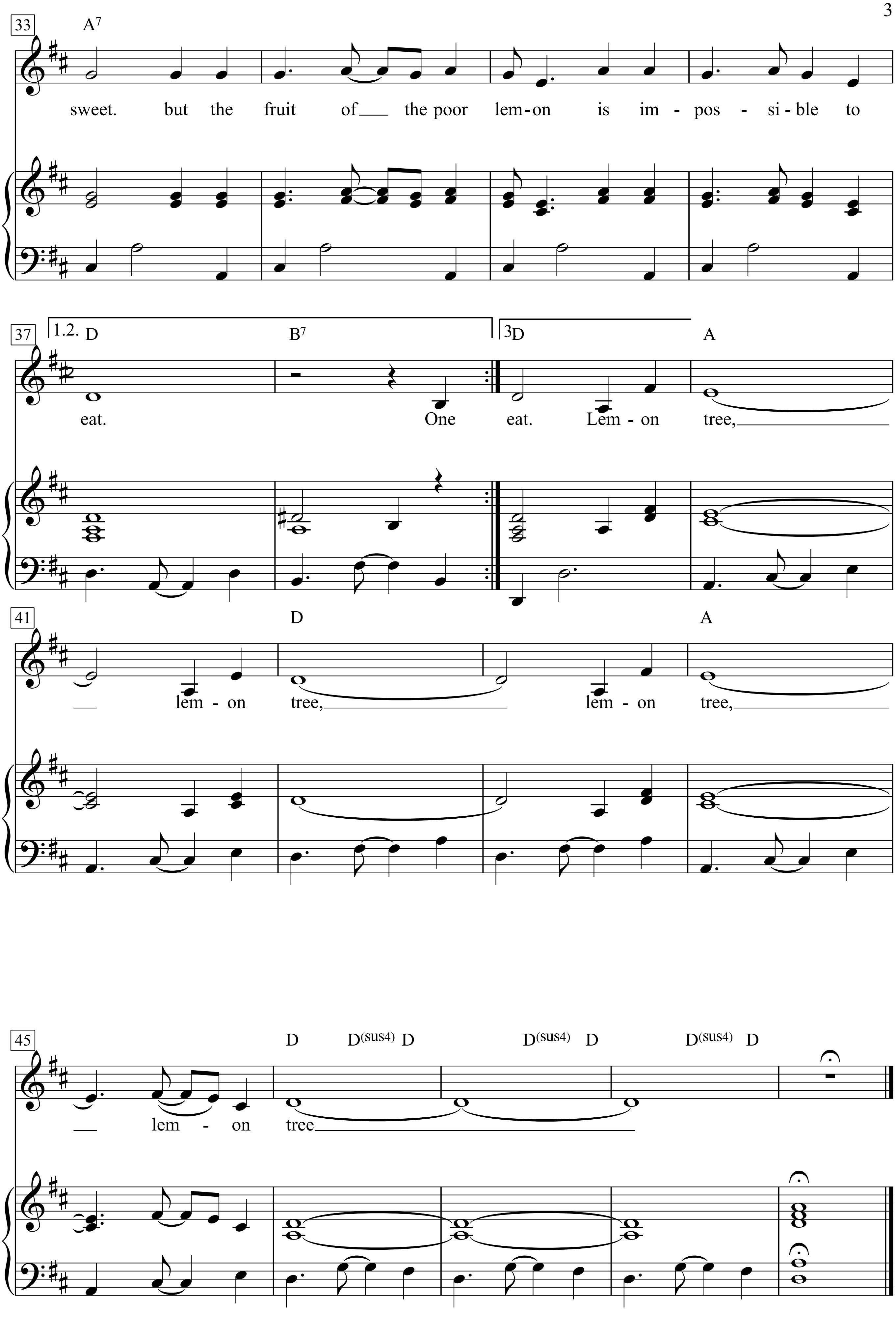
Lemon Tree

(José Carlos Burle: Meu limão, meu limoeiro, 1937)

Words & Music by Will Holt




17
F♯m F A/E Bm7 E7
mc. "I fear you'll find that love is like the love - ly le - mon
tree; the mu - sic of her laugh-ter hid my fa - ther's words from
true. A sad - der man, but wi - ser now, I sing these words to
21
A7 D
tree." Lem - on tree ver - y pret - ty and the lem-on flow-er is
me.
you:
25
A7
sweet, but the fruit of the poor lem-on is im - pos - si - ble to
29
D
eat. Lem - on tree ver - y pret - ty and the lem-on flow-er is

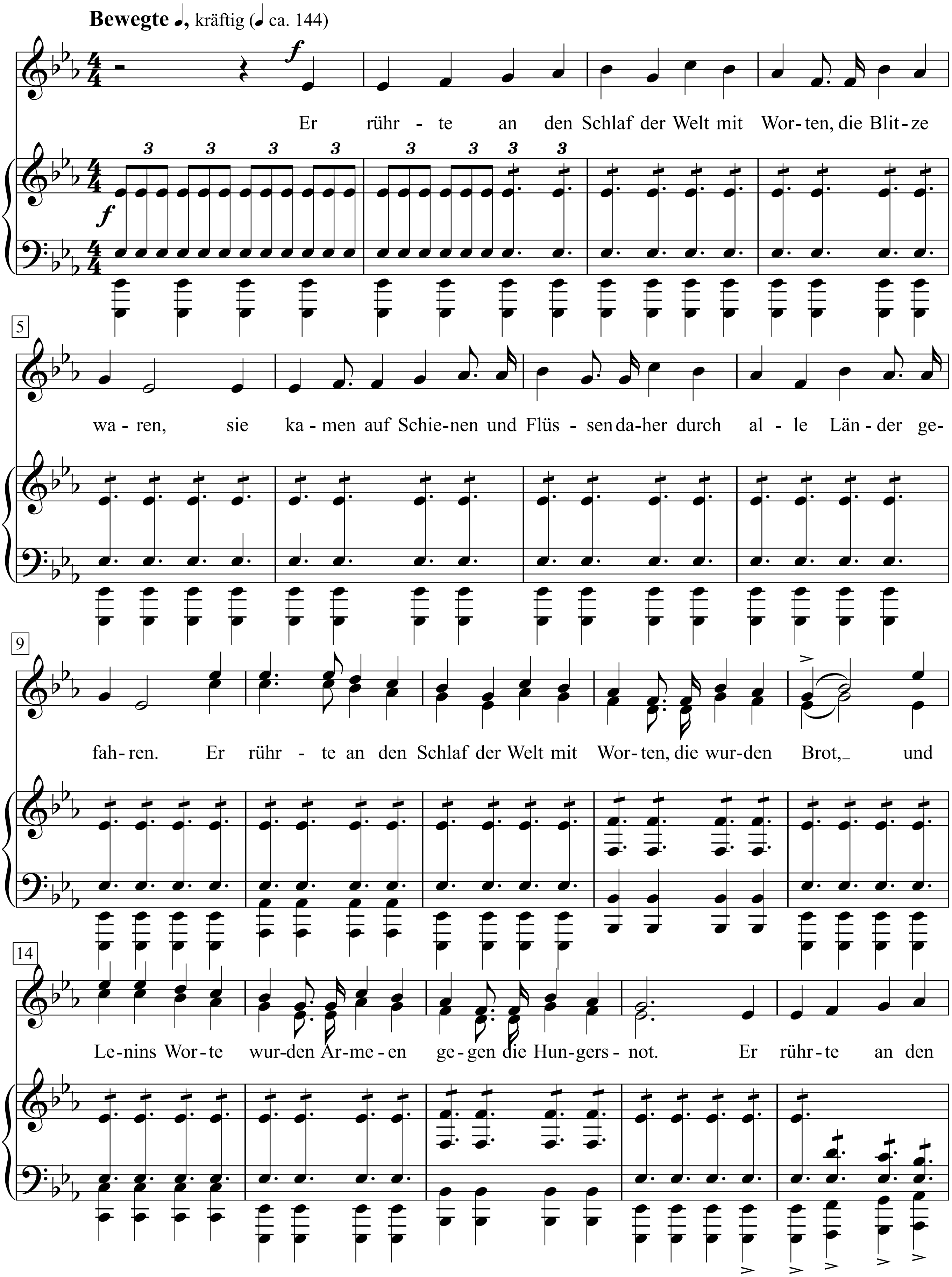

33
A7
sweet. but the fruit of the poor lem-on is im-pos-si-ble to
37
1.2.
D
B7
eat. One
3
D
A
eat. Lem-on tree,
41
D
A
lem-on tree, lem-on tree,
45
D
D(sus4) D
D(sus4) D
D(sus4) D
lem-on tree

Lenin

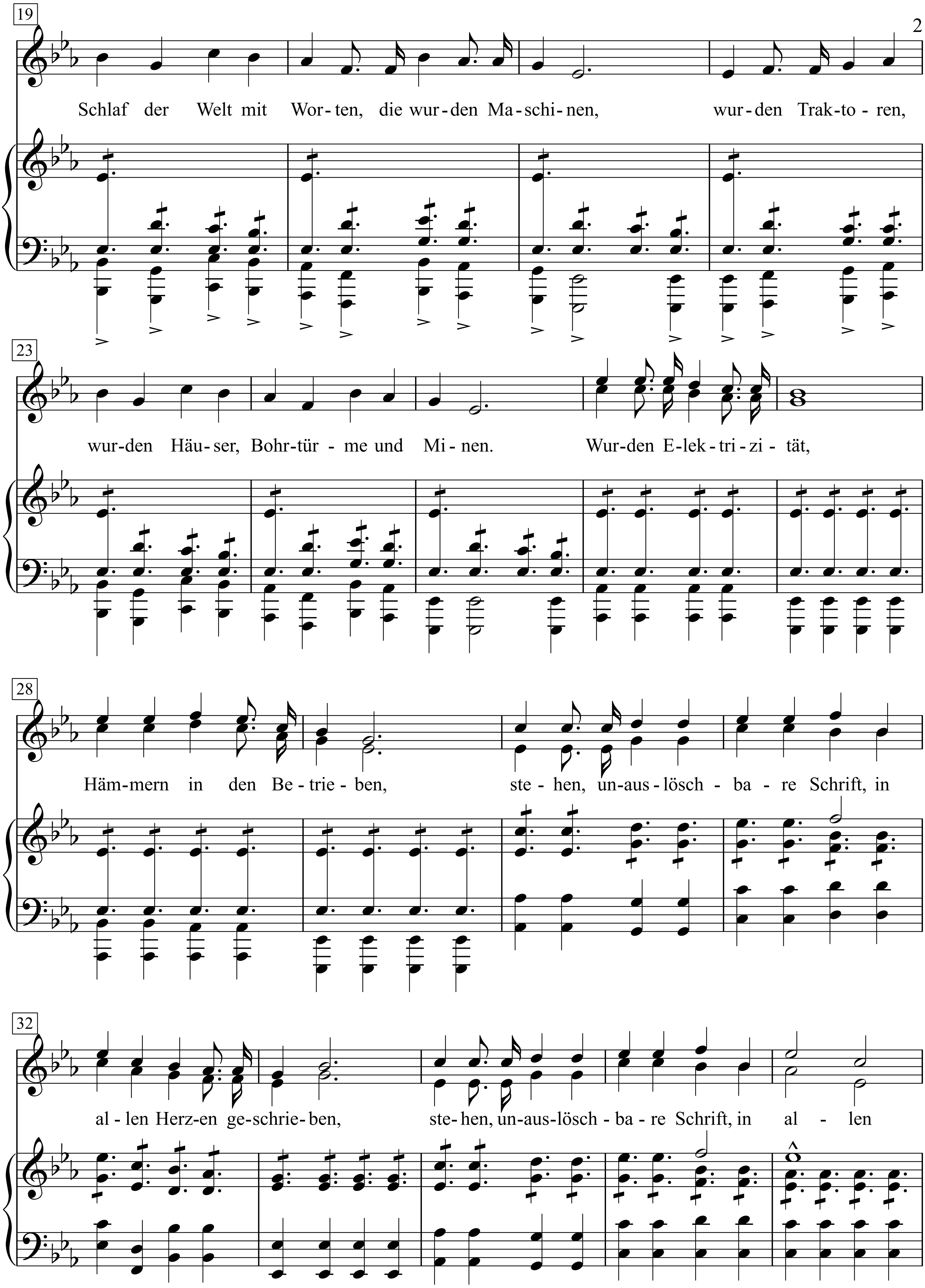
Text: Johannes R. Becher (1929)

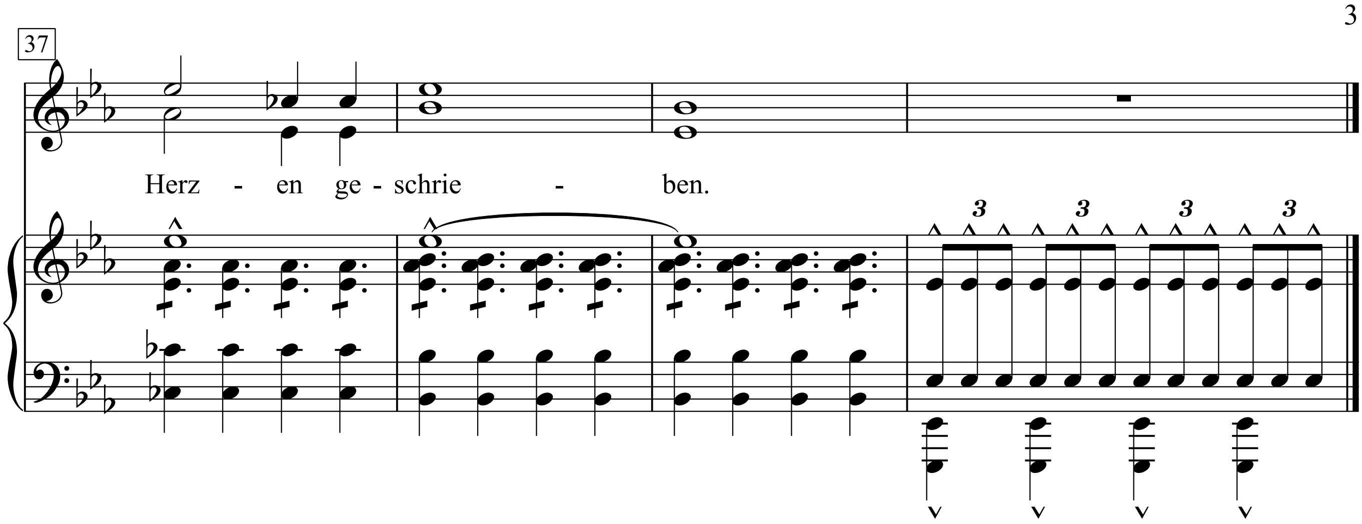
(1953)

Musik: Hanns Eisler



Hanns Eisler-Lieder und Kantaten Bd. 2, S. 157+158


19
Schlaf der Welt mit Wor-ten, die wur-den Ma-schi-nen, wur-den Trak-to-ren,
23
wur-den Häu-ser, Bohr-tür - me und Mi-nen. Wur-den E-lek-tri-zi-tät,
28
Häm-mern in den Be-trie-ben, ste-hen, un-aus-lösch - ba - re Schrift, in
32
al-len Herz-en ge-schrie-ben, ste-hen, un-aus-lösch - ba - re Schrift, in al - len



1. Er rührte an den Schlaf der Welt
mit Worten, die Blitze waren,
sie kamen auf Schienen und Flüssen daher
durch alle Länder gefahren.

Er rührte an den Schlaf der Welt
mit Worten, die wurden Brot,
und Lenins Worte wurden Armeen
gegen die Hungersnot.

Er rührte an den Schlaf der Welt
mit Worten, die wurden Maschinen,
wurden Traktoren, wurden Häuser,
Bohrtürme und Minen.

Wurden Elektrizität,
Hämmern in den Betrieben,
stehen, unauslöschbare Schrift,
in allen Herzen geschrieben,
stehen, unauslöschbare Schrift,
in allen Herzen geschrieben.

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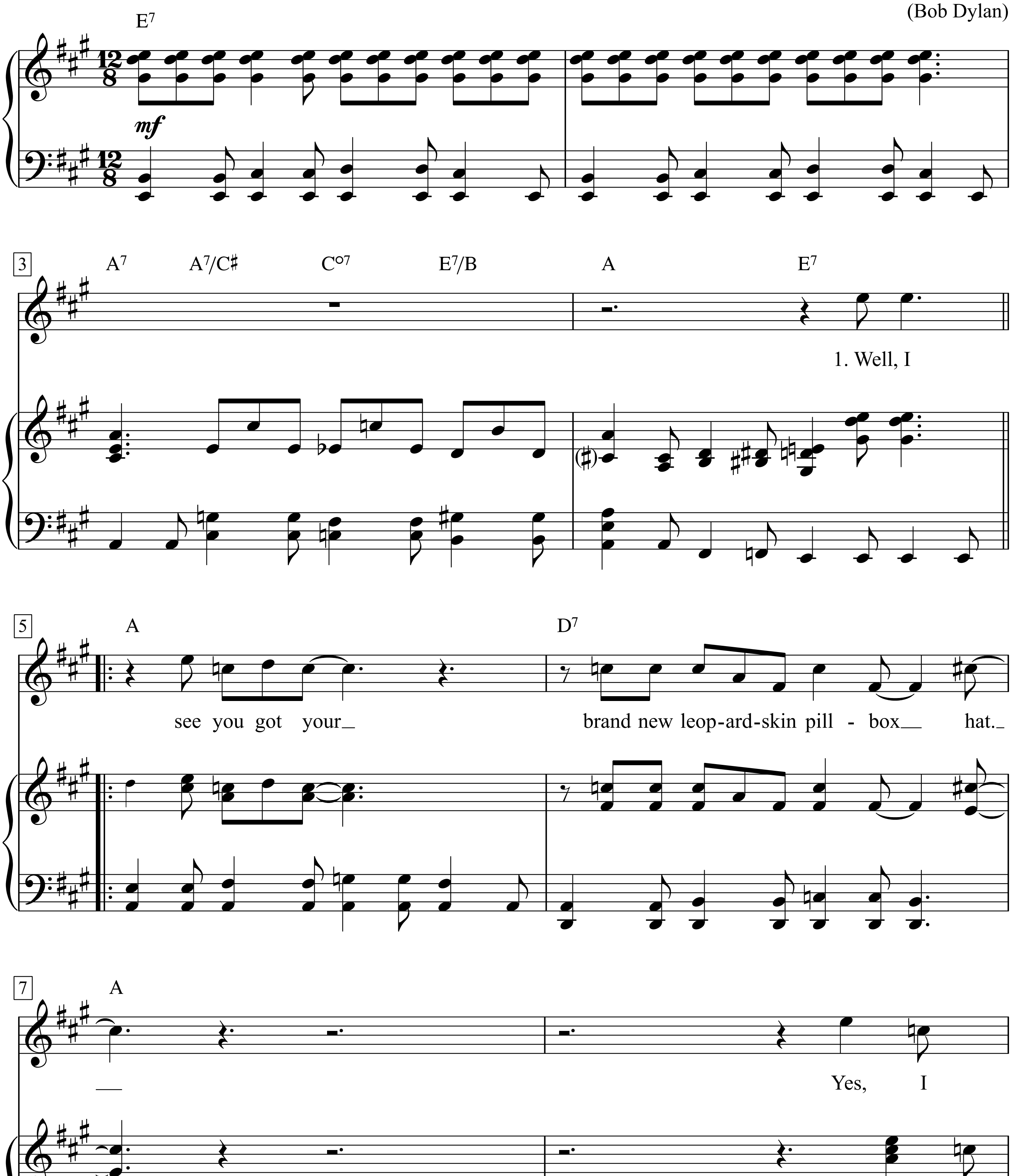
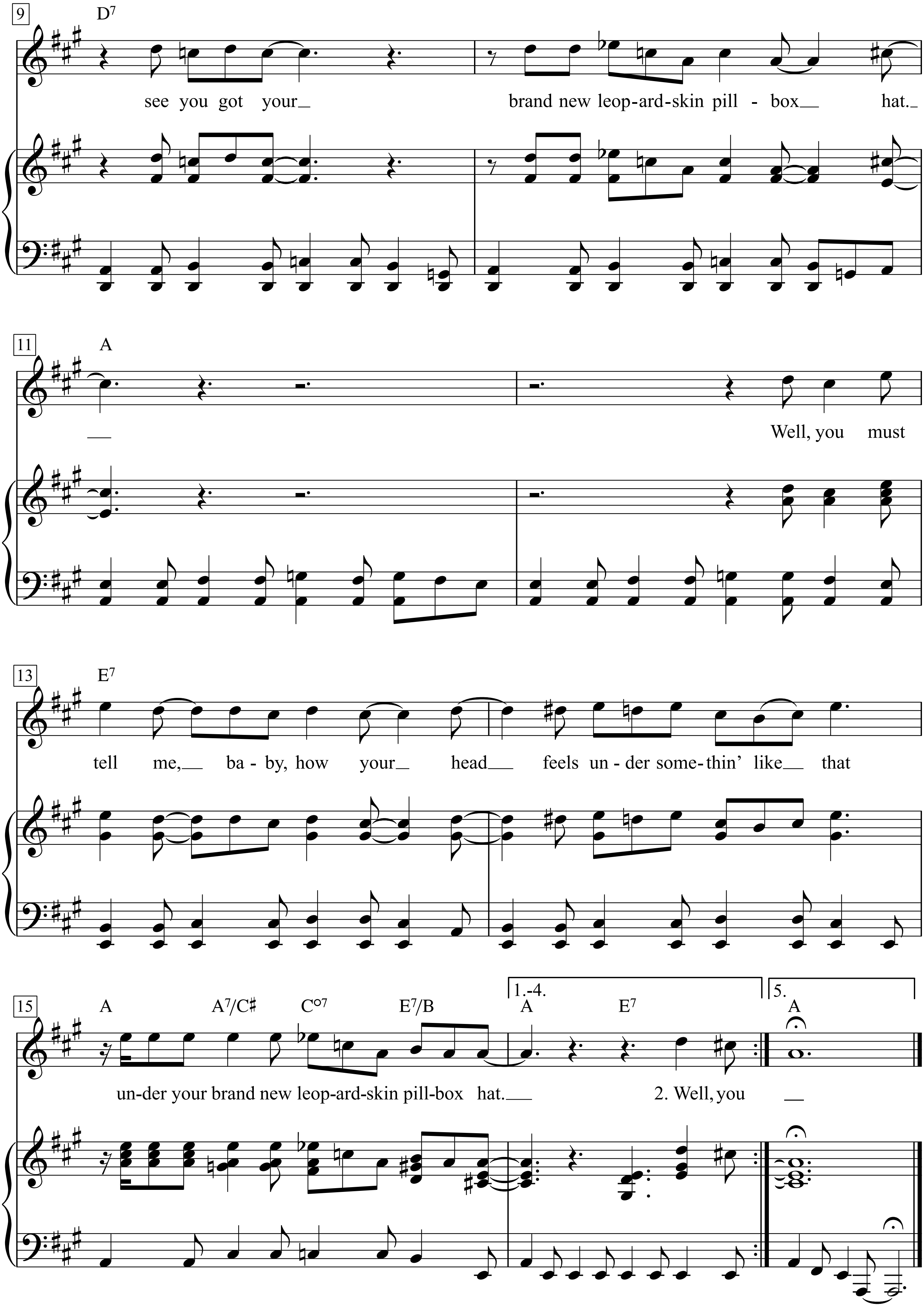
stehen, unauslöschbare Schrift,
in allen Herzen geschrieben,
stehen, unauslöschbare Schrift,
in allen Herzen geschrieben.

Zitiert nach Ernst Busch: "Oktobersturm - Aufbau" (Au 5 80 018/019), erschienen 1967 zum 50. Jahrestag der russischen Oktoberrevolution. Nachaufl. 1968 und 1969. Becher spielt mit seinem Gedicht auf eine Stelle in Friedrich Hebbels Tragödie "Gyges und sein Ring" an. Kandaules rät: "Drum, Gyges, wie dich auch die Lebenswoge / Noch heben mag, sie tut es ganz gewiss / Und höher als du denkst: vertraue ihr / Und schaudre selbst vor Kronen nicht zurück, / Nur rühre nimmer an den Schlaf der Welt!" Hans Bunge: "Diese Haltung Hebbels nach der gescheiterten Revolution von 1848 findet Becher widerlegt durch die Große Oktoberrevolution, und er überschreibt sein Gedicht: 'Der an den Schlaf der Welt rührt - Lenin'." Zit. n. Liner Notes "Er rührte an den Schlaf der Welt - Lenin zum Gedenken" Litera 8 60 154.

Leopard-Skin Pill-Box Hat

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




9
D7
see you got your
brand new leop-ard-skin pill - box hat.
11
A
Well, you must
13
E7
tell me, ba - by, how your head feels un - der some-thin' like that
15
A A7/C♯ C○7 E7/B
1.-4.
A E7
5.
A
un-der your brand new leop-ard-skin pill-box hat.
2. Well, you

1. Well, I see you got your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat.
Yes, I see you got your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat.
Well, you must tell me, baby,
How your head feels under somethin' like that
Under your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat.

2. Well, you look so pretty in it
Honey, can I jump on it sometime?
Yes, I just wanna see
If it's really that expensive kind
You know it balances on your head
Just like a mattress balances
On a bottle of wine
Your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat

3. Well, if you wanna see the sun rise
Honey, I know where
We'll go out and see it sometime
We'll both just sit there and stare
Me with my belt
Wrapped around my head
And you just sittin' there
In your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat

4. Well, I asked the doctor if I could see you
It's bad for your health, he said
Yes, I disobeyed his orders
I came to see you
But I found him there instead
You know, I don't mind him cheatin' on me
But I sure wish he'd take that off his head
Your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat

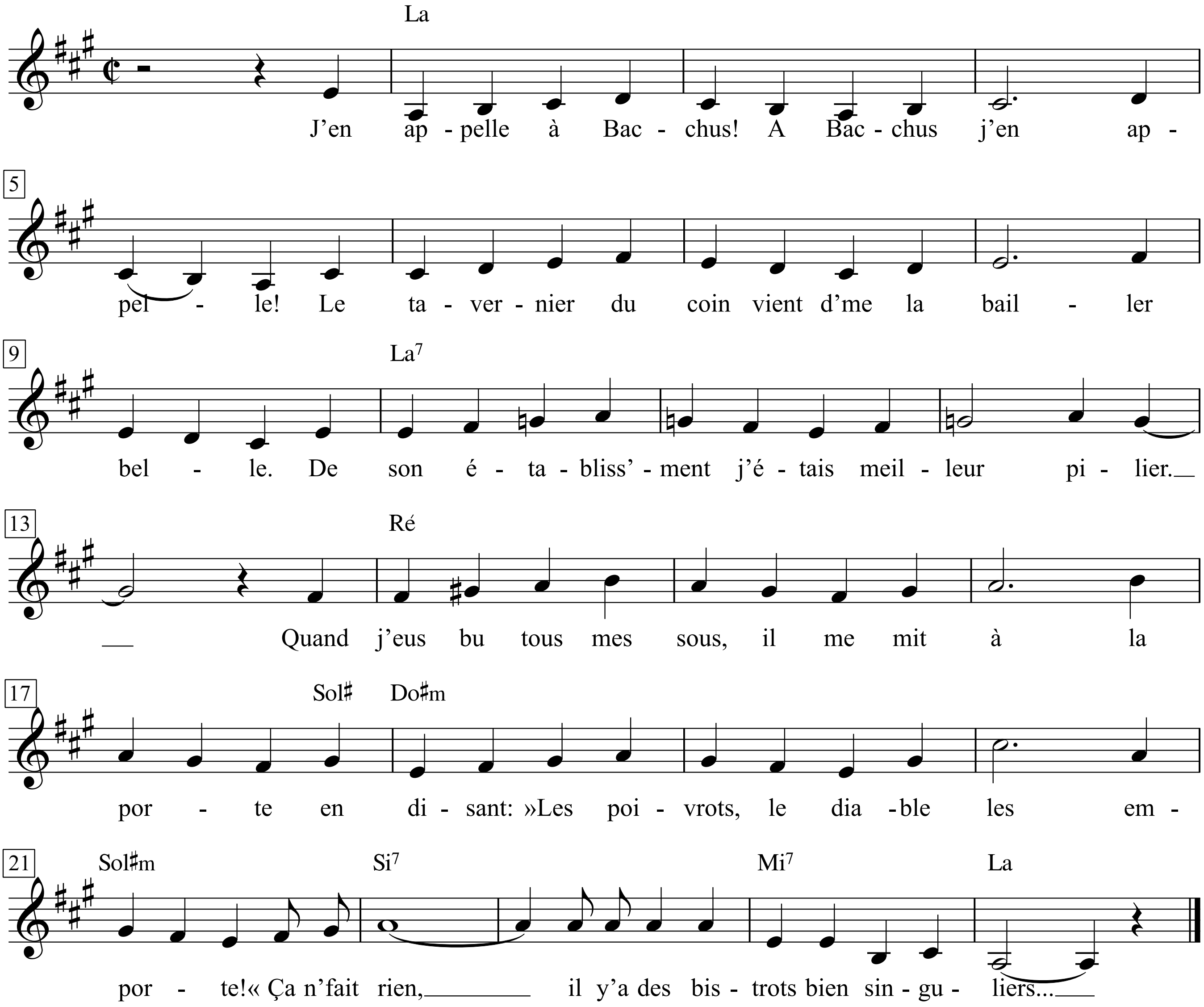
5. Well, I see you got a new boyfriend
You know, I never seen him before
Well, I saw him
Makin' love to you
You forgot to close the garage door
You might think he loves you for your money
But I know what he really loves you for
It's your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat

L’épave

(Das Wrack)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens

All° Mod°



1. J’en appelle à Bacchus! A Bacchus j’en appelle!
Le tavernier du coin vient d’me la bailler belle.
De son établiss’ment j’étais 1’ meilleur pilier.
Quand j’eus bu tous mes sous, il me mit à la porte
En disant: »Les poivrots, le diable les emporte!«
Ça n’ fait rien, il y’a des bistrots bien singuliers...

2. Un certain va-nu-pieds qui passe et me trouve ivre
Mort, croyant tout de bon que j’ai cessé de vivre
(Vous auriez fait pareil), s’en prit à mes souliers.
Pauvre homme! vu l’état piteux de mes godasses,
Je dout’ qu’il trouve avec son chemin de Damas-se.
Ça n’ fait rien, il y’a des passants bien singuliers...

3. Un étudiant miteux s’en prit à ma liquette
Qui, à la faveur d’la nuit lui’avait paru coquette,
Mais en plein jour ses yeux ont dû se dessiller.
Je l' plains de tout mon cœur, pauvre enfant, s’il l’a mise,
Vu que, d’un homme heureux, c’était loin d’êtr’ la ch’mise.
Ça n’ fait rien, y’a des étudiants bien singuliers...

4. La femm’ d’un ouvrier s’en prit à ma culotte.
»Pas ça, madam’, pas ça, mille et un coups de bottes
Ont tant usé le fond que, si vous essayiez
D’la mettre à votr’ mari, bientôt, je vous en fiche
Mon billet, il aurait du verglas sur les miches.«
Ça n’ fait rien, il y’a des ménages bien singuliers...

5. Et j’étais là, tout nu, sur le bord du trottoir-e
Exhibant, malgré moi, mes humbles génitoires.
Une petit’ vertu rentrant de travailler,
Elle qui, chaque soir, en voyait un’ douzaine,
Courut dire aux agents: »J’ai vu que’qu’ chos’ d’obscène!«
Ça n’ fait rien, il y’a des tapins bien singuliers...

6. Le r’présentant *d’la* loi vint, d’un pas débonnaire.
Sitôt qu’il m’aperçut il s’écria: «Tonnerre!
On est en plein hiver et si vous vous geliez!«
Et, de peur que j’ n’attrape une fluxion d’poitrine,
Le bougre, il me couvrit avec sa pèlerine.
Ça n’ fait rien, il y’a des flics bien singuliers...

7. Et depuis ce jour-là, moi, le fier, le bravache,
Moi, dont le cri de guerr’ fut toujours »Mort aux vaches
Plus une seule fois je n’ai pu le brailler.
J’essaye bien encor, mais ma langue honteuse
Retombe lourdement dans ma bouche pâteuse.
Ça n’ fait rien, nous vivons un temps bien singulier...

1. Ich rufe Bacchus an! An Bacchus appellier ich!
Der Wirt von der Ecke hat mich böse verarscht.
Ich war die Säule seines Etablissements.
Als ich alles versoffen hatte, setzte er mich vor die Tür
und sagte: »Die Schnapsbrüder soll der Teufel holen!«
Macht nix - es gibt komische Lokale ...

2. Ein Habenichts, der barfuß vorbeikommt und mich sturz-
besoffen sieht, meint, ich wär hinüber,
(hätten Sie auch geglaubt) und schnappt sich meine Schuhe.
Der Ärmste! Beim erbärmlichen Zustand meiner Latschen
findet er damit wohl kaum den Pfad der Tugend.
Macht nix - es gibt komische Passanten ...

3. Ein abgerissener Bettelstudent schnappte sich mein Hemd,
das ihn im Dunkel der Nacht gereizt haben muss,
aber bei Tag dürften ihm wohl die Augen weh getan haben;
herzliches Beileid dem Knaben, falls er es angezogen hat -
weit entfernt davon, Kamisol eines Glücklichen zu sein.
Macht nix - es gibt komische Studenten ...

4. Die Frau eines Arbeiters schnappte sich meine Hose.
»Nicht das, Madame, so nicht - tausendundein Stiefeltritt
haben den Boden so beschädigt, und wenn Sie versuchen,
es Ihrem Mann anzuziehen, geb ich Ihnen mein Wort,
er hat bald Glatteis auf den Backen.«
Macht nix - es gibt komische Ehen ...

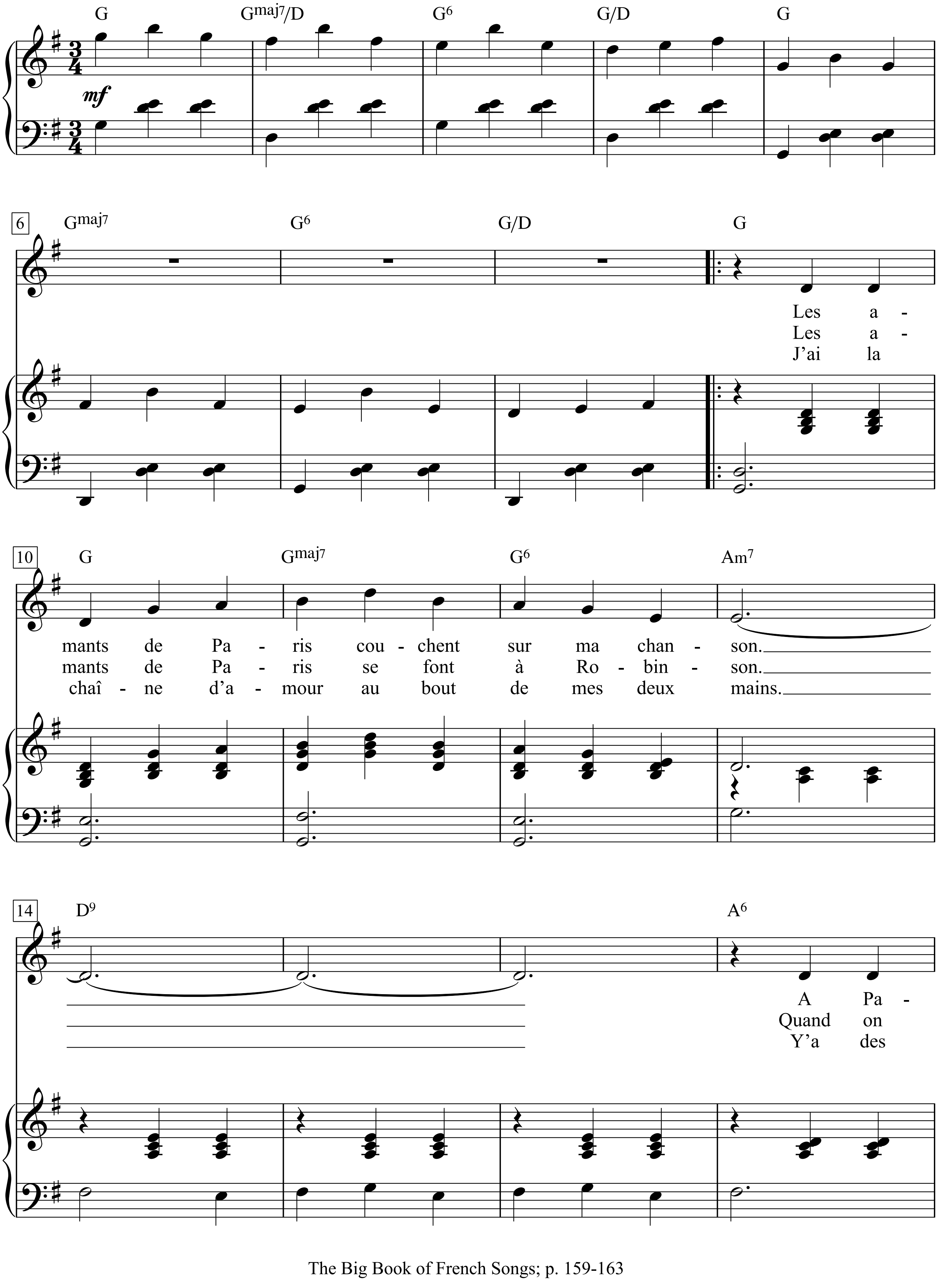
5. Und ich saß da ganz nackt, am Rand des Trottoirs,
bleckte unabsichtlich meine bescheidenen Genitalien.
Ein kleines Flittchen, auf dem Heimweg vom Gewerbe
- sie, die jeden Abend ein Dutzend davon sah,
rannte zu den Bullen und sagte, da ist was Obszönes.
Macht nix - es gibt komische Nutten ...

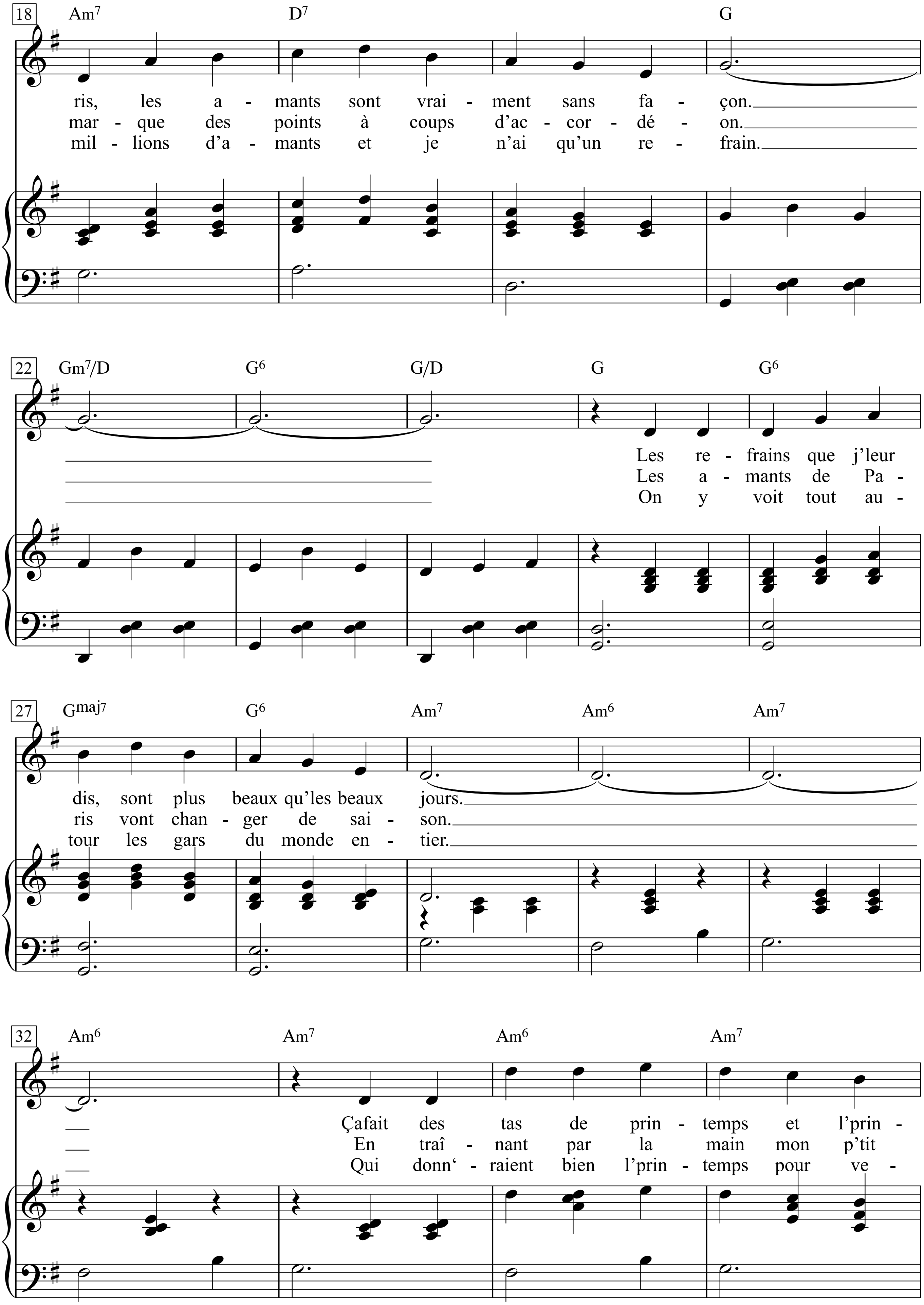
6. Der Vertreter des Gesetzes kam locker angeschlendert.
Als er mich sah, rief er: »Donnerwetter!
Es ist mitten im Winter, Sie erfrieren ja glatt!«
Und aus Besorgnis, ich könnte mir eine Lungenentzündung holen,
bedeckte mich der Kerl mit seiner Pelerine.
Macht nix - es gibt komische Bullen ...

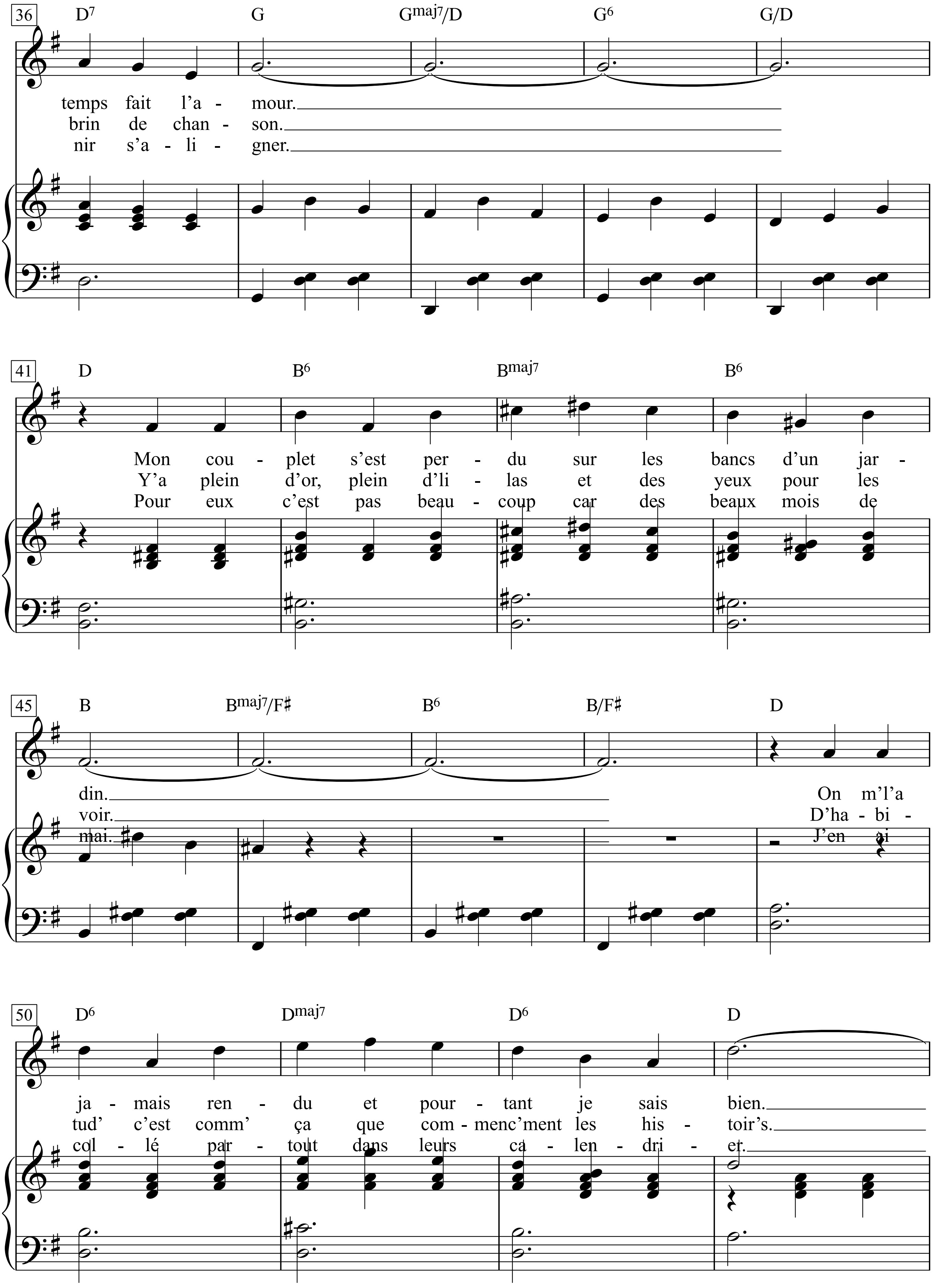
7. Und seit diesem Tag hab ich, stolzer Anarcho,
dessen Schlachtruf immer *Nieder mit den Bullen* war,
das kein einziges Mal mehr brüllen können.
Ich versuch’s durchaus, aber meine verschämte Zunge
rutscht schwer zurück in meinen ausgedörrten Mund.
Macht nix - wir leben in einer komischen Zeit ...

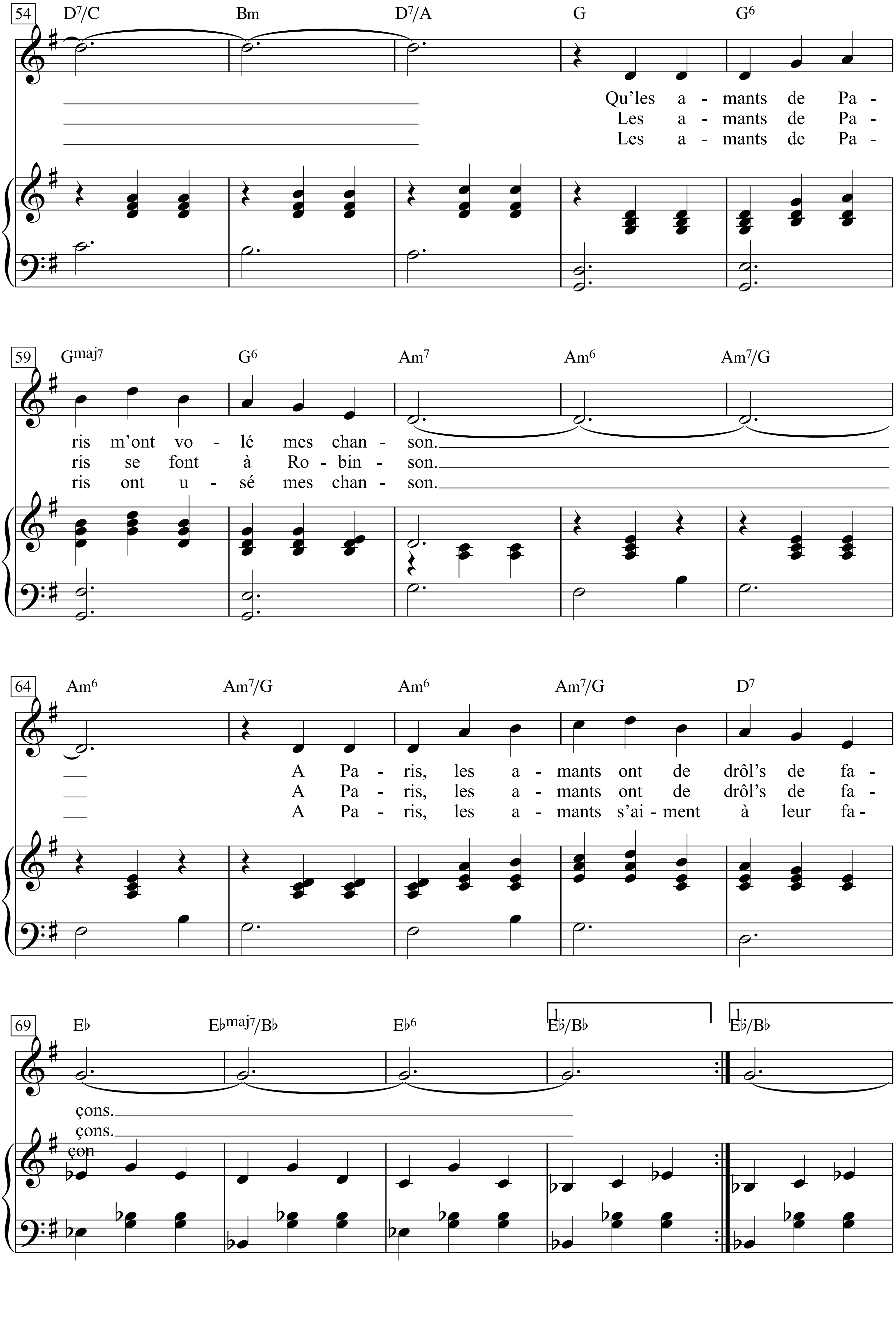
Les amants de Paris

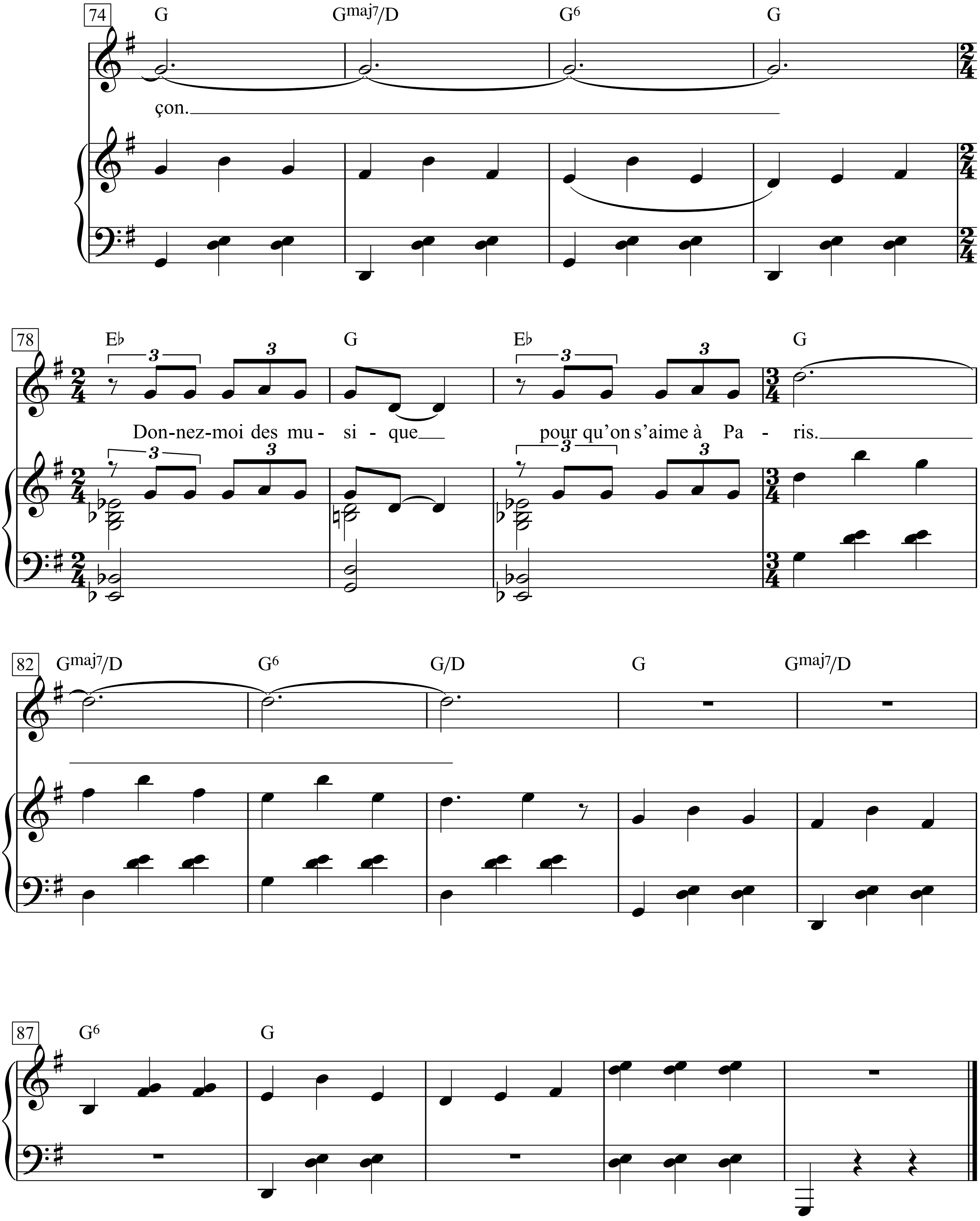
Words & Music: Léo Ferré and Eddy Marney




18
Am7 D7 G
ris, les a - mants sont vrai - ment sans fa - çon.
mar - que des points à coups d'ac - cor - dé - on.
mil - lions d'a - mants et je n'ai qu'un re - frain.
22
Gm7/D G6 G/D G G6
Les re - frains que j'leur
Les a - mants de Pa -
On y voit tout au -
27
Gmaj7 G6 Am7 Am6 Am7
dis, sont plus beaux qu'les beaux jours.
ris vont chan - ger de sai - son.
tour les gars du monde en - tier.
32
Am6 Am7 Am6 Am7
Çafait des tas de prin - temps et l'prin -
En traî - nant par la main mon p'tit
Qui donn' - raient bien l'prin - temps pour ve -


36
D7 G Gmaj7/D G6 G/D
temps fait l'a - mour.
brin de chan - son.
nir s'a - li - gner.
41
D B6 Bmaj7 B6
Mon cou - plet s'est per - du sur les bancs d'un jar -
Y'a plein d'or, plein d'li - las et des yeux pour les
Pour eux c'est pas beau - coup car des beaux mois de
45
B Bmaj7/F♯ B6 B/F♯ D
din.
voir.
mai.
On m'l'a
D'ha - bi -
J'en ai
50
D6 Dmaj7 D6 D
ja - mais ren - du et pour - tant je sais bien.
tud' c'est comm' ça que com - menc'ment les his - toir's.
col - lé par - tout dans leurs ca - len - dri - er.

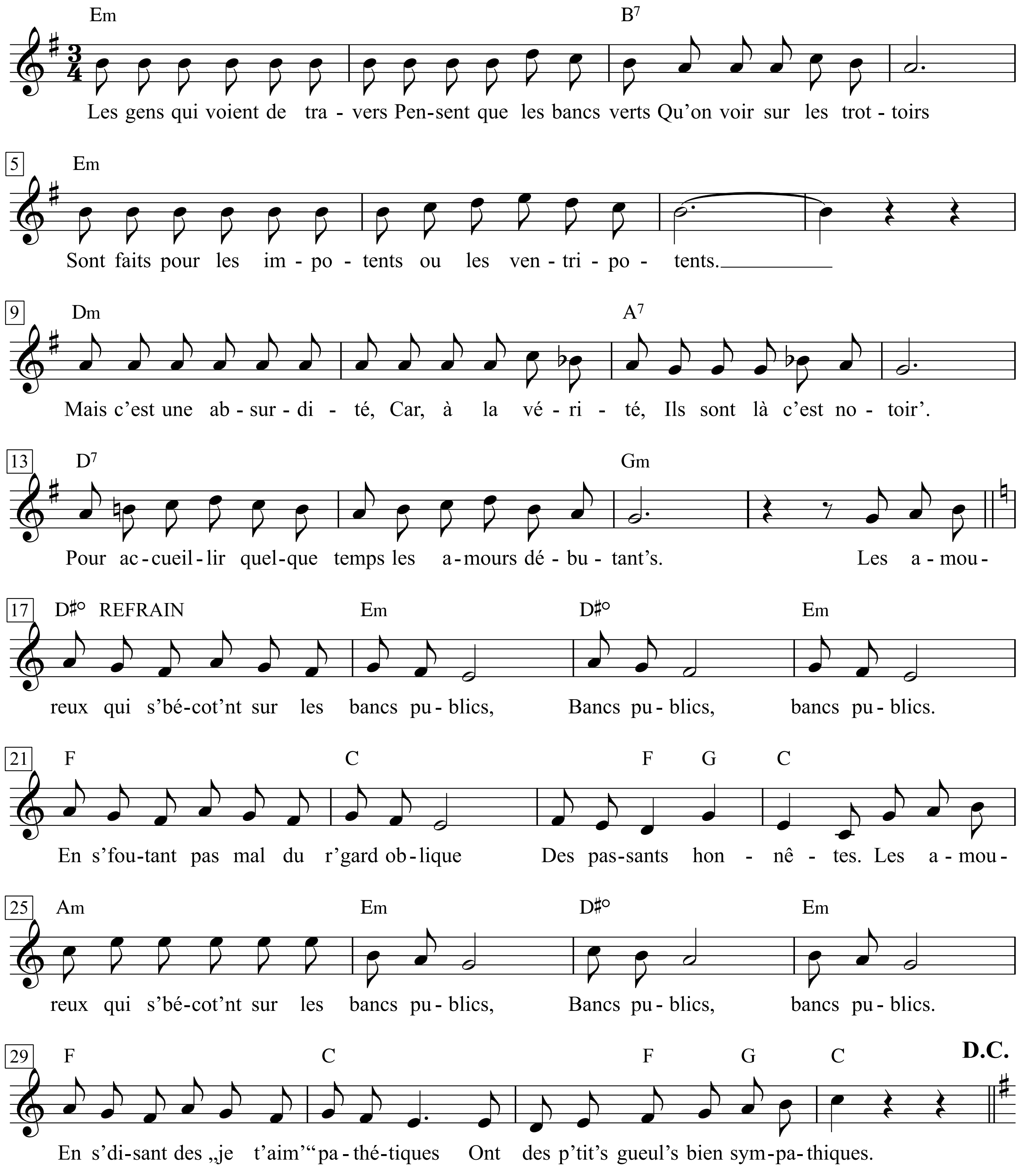

54
D7/C Bm D7/A G G6
Qu'les a - mants de Pa -
Les a - mants de Pa -
Les a - mants de Pa -
59
Gmaj7 G6 Am7 Am6 Am7/G
ris m'ont vo - lé mes chan - son.
ris se font à Ro - bin - son.
ris ont u - sé mes chan - son.
64
Am6 Am7/G Am6 Am7/G D7
A Pa - ris, les a - mants ont de drôl's de fa -
A Pa - ris, les a - mants ont de drôl's de fa -
A Pa - ris, les a - mants s'ai - ment à leur fa -
69
E♭ E♭maj7/B♭ E♭6 E♭/B♭ E♭/B♭
çons.
çons.
çon


74
G
Gmaj7/D
G6
G
çon.
78
E♭
G
E♭
G
Don-nez-moi des mu - si - que
pour qu'on s'aime à Pa - ris.
82
Gmaj7/D
G6
G/D
G
Gmaj7/D
87
G6
G

Les amoureux des bancs publics

(Die Verliebten auf den Bänken)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Les gens qui voient de travers
Pensent que les bancs verts
Qu'on voit sur les trottoirs
Sont faits pour les impotents ou les ventripotents.
Mais c'est une absurdité,
Car, à la vérité,
Ils sont là, c'est notoir',
Pour accueillir quelque temps les amours débutant's.

Refrain
Les amoureux qui s' bécot'nt sur les bancs publics,
Bancs publics, bancs publics,
En s' foutant pas mal du r'gard oblique
Des passants honnêtes,
Les amoureux qui s' bécot'nt sur les bancs publics,
Bancs publics, bancs publics,
En s' disant des »Je t'aim'« pathétiques,
Ont des p'tit's gueul's bien sympathiques!

2. Ils se tiennent par la main,
Parlent du lendemain,
Du papier bleu d'azur
Que revêtiront les murs de leur chambre à coucher...
Ils se voient déjà, douc'ment,
Ell' cousant, lui fumant,
Dans un bien-être sûr,
Et choisissent les prénoms de leur premier bébé ...

3. Quand la saint' famille Machin
Croise sur son chemin
Deux de ces malappris,
Ell' leur décoch' hardiment des propos venimeux...
N'empêch' que tout' la famille
(Le pèr', la mèr', la fill', le fils, le Saint-Esprit...)
Voudrait bien, de temps en temps,
Pouvoir s' conduir' comme eux.

4. Quand les mois auront passé,
Quand seront apaisés
Leurs beaux rêves flambants,
Quand leur ciel se couvrira de gros nuages lourds,
Ils s'apercevront, émus,
Qu' c'est au hasard des ru's,
Sur un d'ces fameux bancs,
Qu'ils ont vécu le meilleur morceau de leur amour ...

1. Die Leute mit scheelen Augen
meinen, die grünen Bänke
auf den Trottoirs
seien für die Steuerzahler, die Bauchokratie:
Aber das ist absurd,
denn in Wahrheit
sind sie bekanntlich da,
um zeitweilig Liebesdebütanten aufzunehmen:

Refrain
Die Verliebten, die auf öffentlichen
Bänken knutschen
und scheißen auf die scheelen Blicke
der ehrbaren Passanten;
die Verliebten, die auf öffentlichen
Bänken knutschen
und sich glühende Liebeserklärungen machen,
haben ganz sympathische Schnäuzchen!

2. Sie halten Händchen,
reden von der Zukunft,
von himmelblauen Tapeten
an ihren Schlafzimmerwänden,
sie sehen sich schon mild
- sie näht, er raucht -
in sicherem Wohlbefinden
und suchen Vornamen für ihr erstes Baby ...

3. Wenn die heilige Familie
beim Spaziergang zwei von diesen
Lümmeln trifft,
feuert sie Breitseiten böser Kommentare ab;
aber die ganze Familie,
Vater, Mutter, Tochter, Sohn und Heiliger Geist,
würde sich gern manchmal so
benehmen können wie die ...

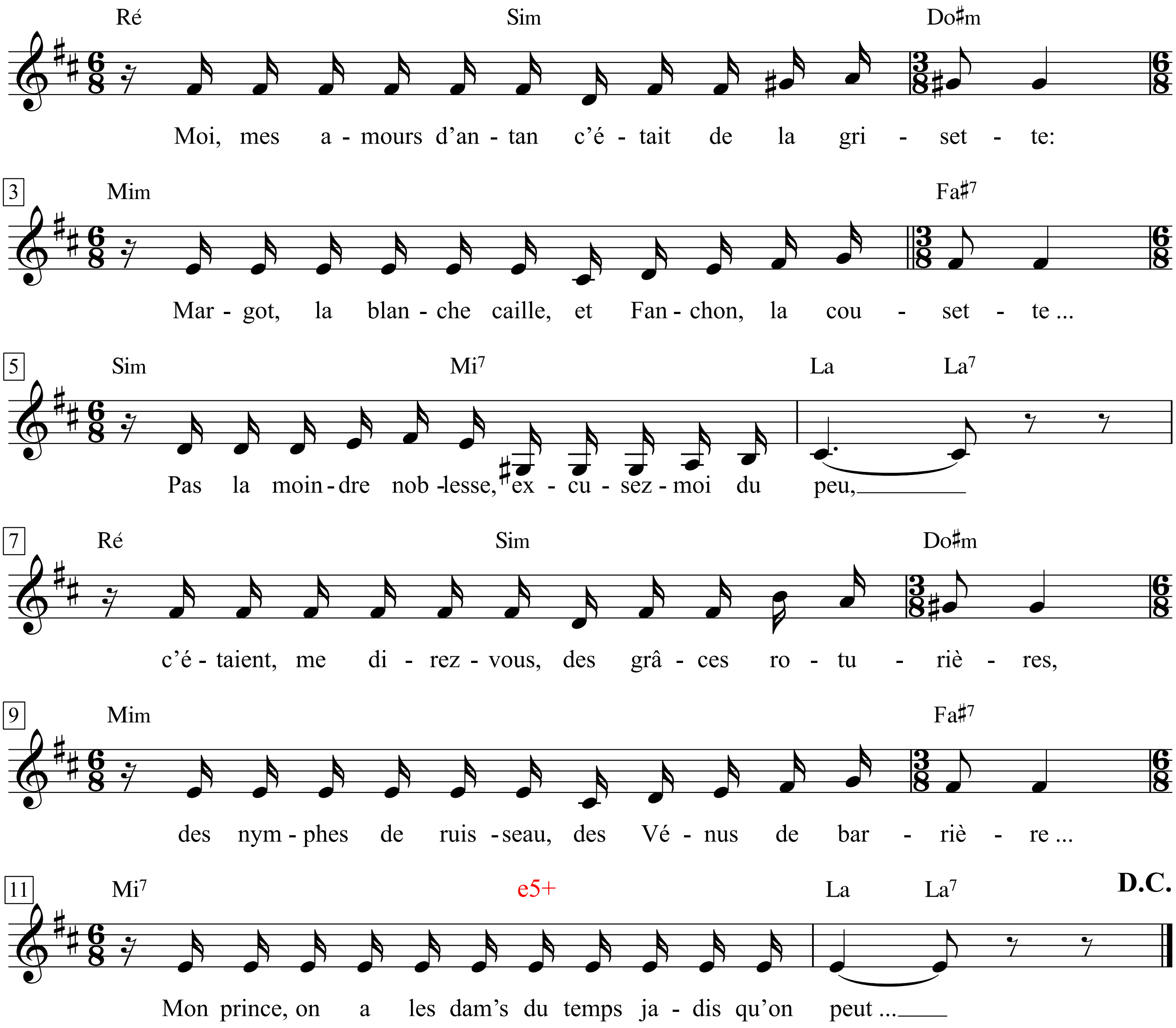
4. Wenn die Monate verstrichen
und die schönen üppigen
Träume verflogen sind,
wenn ihr Himmel sich mit dicken Wolken überzieht,
werden sie gerührt feststellen,
dass sie im Straßentreiben,
auf einer dieser berühmten Bänke,
den besten Teil ihrer Liebe erlebt haben ...

Les amours d'antan

(Die alten Liebschaften)

Andantino

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.112 & II. S.280+281

1. Moi, mes amours d'antan c'était de la grisette:
Margot, la blanche caille, et Fanchon, la cousette ...
Pas la moindre noblesse, excusez-moi du peu,
C'étaient, me direz-vous, des grâces roturières,
Des nymphes de ruisseau, des Vénus de barrière ...
Mon prince, on a les dam's du temps jadis qu'on peut ...

2. Car le cœur à vingt ans se pose où l'œil se pose,
Le premier cotillon venu vous en impose,
La plus humble bergère est un morceau de roi.
Ça manquait de marquise, on connut la soubrette,
Faute de fleur de lys on eut la pâquerette,
Au printemps Cupidon fait flèche de tout bois ...

3. On rencontrait la belle aux Puces, le dimanche:
»Je te plais, tu me plais ...« et c'était dans la manche,
Et les grands sentiments n'étaient pas de rigueur.
»Je te plais, tu me plais ... Viens donc, beau militaire
Dans un train de banlieue on partait pour Cythère,
On n'était pas tenu mêm' d'apporter son cœur ...

4. Mimi, de prime abord, payait guère de mine,
Chez son fourreur sans doute on ignorait l'hermine,
Son habit sortait point de l'atelier d'un dieu ...
Mais quand, par-dessus le moulin de la Galette,
Elle jetait pour vous sa parure simplette,
C'est Psyché tout entièr' qui vous sautait aux yeux.

5. Au second rendez-vous y' avait parfois personne,
Elle avait fait faux bond, la petite amazone,
Mais l'on ne courait pas se pendre pour autant ...
La marguerite commencée avec Suzette,
On finissait de l'effeuiller avec Lisette
Et l'amour y trouvait quand même son content.

6. C'étaient, me direz-vous, des grâces roturières,
Des nymphes de ruisseau, des Vénus de barrière,
Mais c'étaient mes amours, excusez-moi du peu,
Des Manon, des Mimi, des Suzon, des Musette,
Margot, la blanche caille, et Fanchon, la cousette,
Mon prince, on a les dam's du temps jadis qu'on peut ...

1. Meine alten Liebschaften, das waren einfache Mädchen:
Margot, das helle Täubchen, und Fanchon, die Näherin ...
kein bisschen Adel, vergebt mir ob der Geringfügigkeit.
Es waren, mögt ihr sagen, Grazien ohne Adel,
Rinnsteinnymphen, Schrankenvenuss ...
Mein Fürst, man hat die Damen alter Zeit, die man kriegt ...

2. Denn mit zwanzig folgt das Herz dem Auge,
der erstbeste Unterrock wickelt einen ein,
die schlichteste Schäferin ist die höchste Pracht.
In Ermangelung von Marquisen kannte man die Zofe,
da die Lilie nicht da war, nahm man das Gänseblümchen,
im Lenz schert Cupido alles über einen Pfeil ...

3. Man traf die Süße sonntags auf dem Flohmarkt:
»Du magst mich, ich mag dich«, und alles war ganz einfach,
und große Gefühle waren nicht vorgeschrieben.
»Du magst mich, ich mag dich ... komm mit, hübscher Soldat ... «
Mit einem Vorortzug fuhr man ins Elysium,
man brauchte nicht einmal das Herz mitzubringen ...

4. Mimi sah zunächst nach gar nichts aus;
bei ihrem Kürschner wusste man nichts von Hermelin,
ihr Kleid kam nicht aus der Werkstatt eines Gottes ...
Aber wenn sie hinter dem Moulin de la Galette
für einen ihren schlichten Schmuck ablegte,
dann war sie ganz Psyche, die einen blendete.

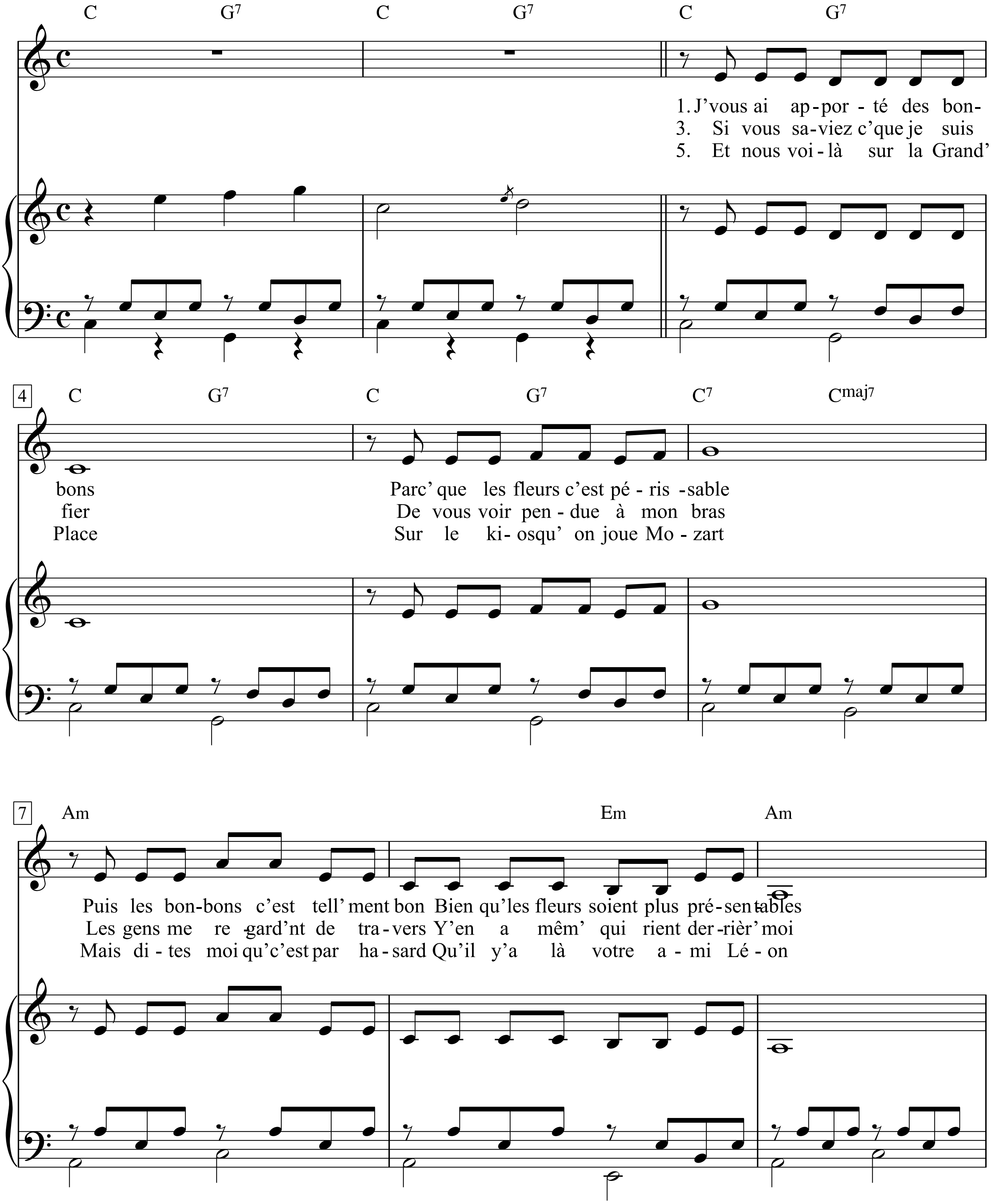
5. Beim zweiten Rendezvous kam manchmal keine;
sie hatte einen versetzt, die kleine Amazone,
aber deshalb musste man sich nicht gleich aufhängen ...
Die mit Suzette begonnene Margerite
wurde zu Ende verzupft mit Lisette,
und die Liebe kriegte trotzdem dabei genug.

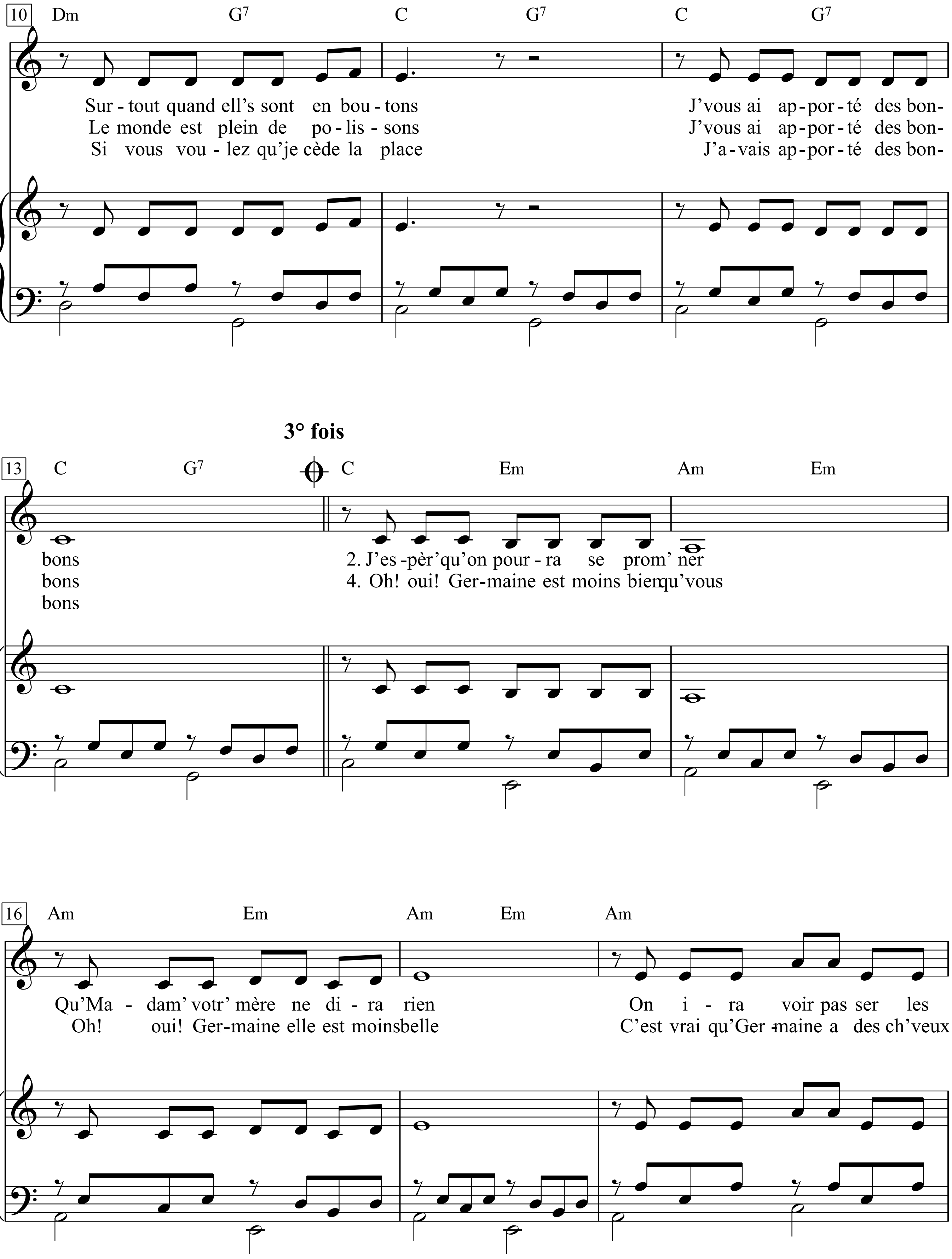
6. Es waren, mögt ihr sagen, Grazien ohne Adel,
Rinnsteinnymphen, Schrankenvenusse,
aber es waren meine Liebschaften, vergebt die Geringfügigkeit,
nur Manon und Mimi und Suzon und Musette,
Margot, das helle Täubchen, und Fanchon, die Näherin,
mein Fürst, man hat die Damen alter Zeit, die man kriegt ...

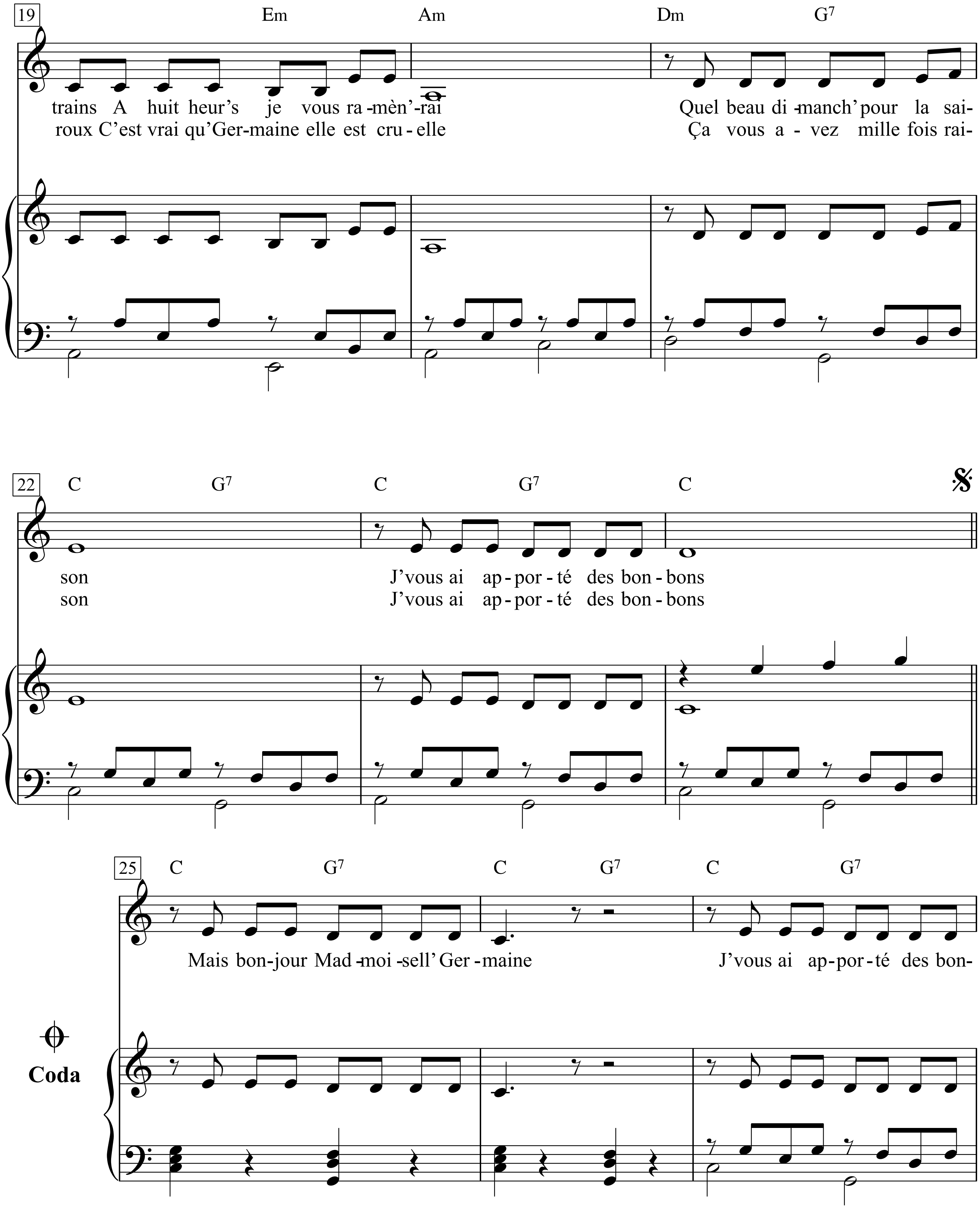
Les bonbons

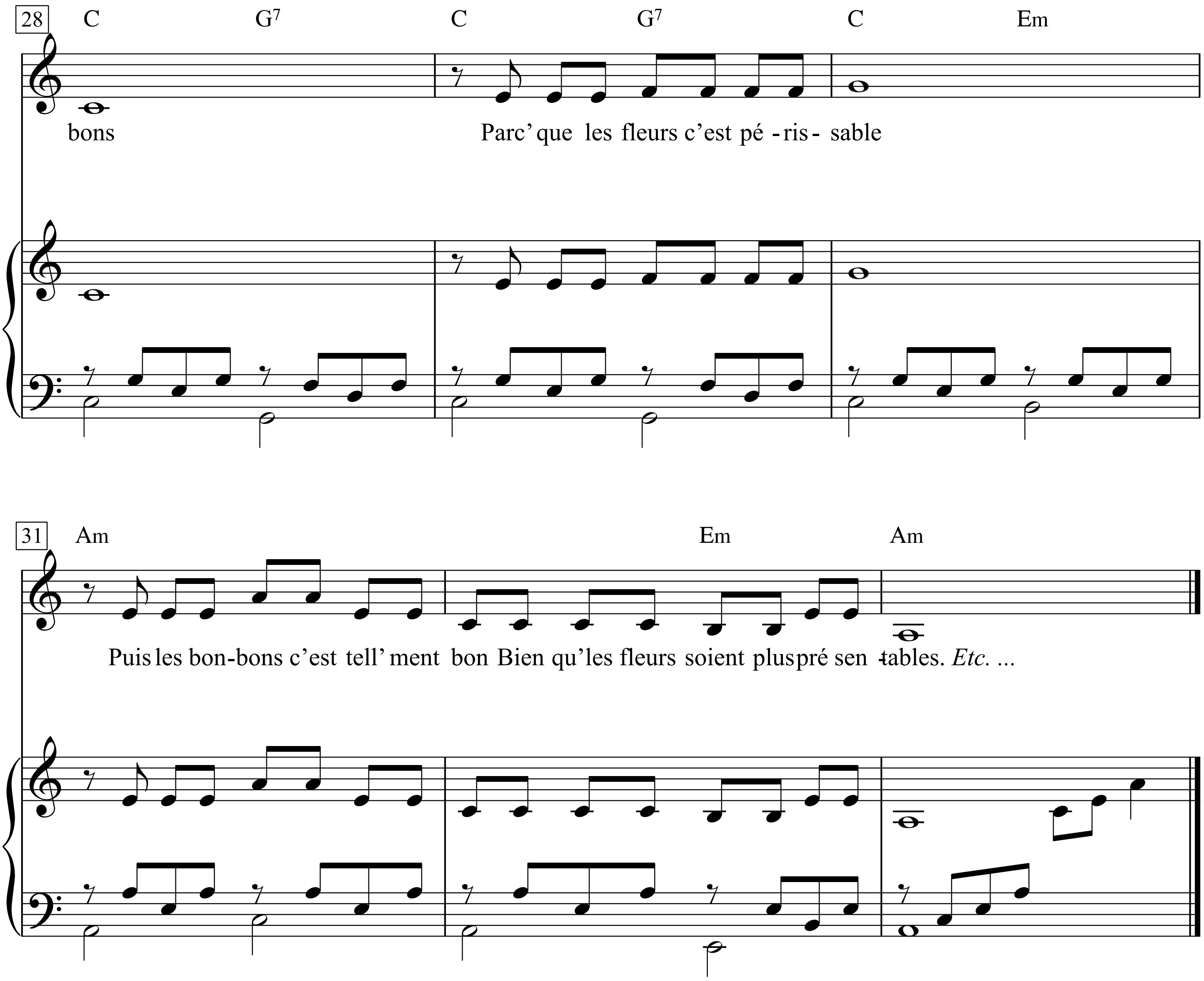
Paroles & Musique: Jacques Brel

Moderato




10
Dm G7 C G7 C G7
Sur - tout quand ell's sont en bou - tons J'vous ai ap - por - té des bon-
Le monde est plein de po - lis - sons J'vous ai ap - por - té des bon-
Si vous vou - lez qu'je cède la place J'a - vais ap - por - té des bon-
3° fois
13
C G7 C Em Am Em
bons 2. J'es - pèr'qu'on pour - ra se prom' ner
bons 4. Oh! oui! Ger-maine est moins bien qu'vous
bons
16
Am Em Am Em Am
Qu'Ma - dam' votr' mère ne di - ra rien On i - ra voir pas ser les
Oh! oui! Ger-maine elle est moins belle C'est vrai qu'Ger - maine a des ch'veux


19
Em Am Dm G7
trains A huit heur's je vous ra-mèn'-rai Quel beau di-manch' pour la sai-
roux C'est vrai qu'Ger-maine elle est cru-elle Ça vous a-vez mille fois rai-
22
C G7 C G7 C
son J'vous ai ap-por-té des bon-bons
son J'vous ai ap-por-té des bon-bons
25
C G7 C G7 C G7
Mais bon-jour Mad-moi-sell' Ger-maine J'vous ai ap-por-té des bon-
Coda


28
C G7 C G7 C Em
bons Parc' que les fleurs c'est pé - ris - sable
31
Am Em Am
Puis les bon-bons c'est tell' ment bon Bien qu'les fleurs soient plus pré sen - tables. *Etc. ...*

1. J'vous ai apporté des bonbons
Parc'que les fleurs c'est périssable
Puis les bonbons c'est tell'ment bon
Bien qu'les fleurs soient plus présentables
Surtout quand ell's sont en boutons
J'vous ai apporté des bonbons

2. J'espèr' qu'on pourra se prom'ner
Qu'Madam' votr' mère ne dira rien
On ira voir passer les trains
A huit heur's je vous ramèn'rai
Quel beau dimanch' pour la saison
J'vous ai apporté des bonbons

3. Si vous saviez c'que je suis fier
De vous voir pendue à mon bras
Les gens me regard'nt de travers
Y'en a mêm' qui rient derrièr' moi
Le monde est plein de polissons
J'vous ai apporté des bonbons

4. Oh! oui! Germaine est moins bien qu'vous
Oh! oui! Germaine elle est moins belle
C'est vrai qu'Germaine a des ch'veux roux
C'est vrai qu'Germaine elle est cruelle
Ça vous avez mille fois raison
J'vous ai apporté des bonbons

5. Et nous voilà sur la Grand' Place
Sur le kiosqu' on joue Mozart
Mais dites moi qu'c'est par hasard
Qu'il y'a là votre ami Léon
Si vous voulez qu'je cède la place
J'avais apporté des bonbons

Mais bonjour Madmoisell' Germaine
J'vous ai apporté des bonbons
Parc' que les fleurs c'est périssable
Puis les bonbons c'est tell'ment bon
Bien qu'les fleurs soient plus présentables.
Etc. ...

Hier bring' ich Ihnen Bonbons,
Blumen verderben ja so rasch.
Und Bonbons schmecken ja so gut,
obgleich sich Blumen besser machen,
besonders, wenn sie Knospen tragen.
Doch ich hab' für sie Bonbons.

Ich hoff' auf ein Spazierengehen und
dass Ihre Frau Mutter nichts dagegen haben wird.
Wir gehen, um uns Züge anzuschauen.
Um acht Uhr bringe ich Sie heim,
was für ein schöner Sonntag für diese Jahreszeit.
Hier bring' ich Ihnen Bonbons.

Wie stolz ich bin,
Sie an meinem Arm hängen zu haben!
Die Leute schaun mit scheelem Blick.
Einige lachen gar ganz insgeheim.
Die Welt ist voller Flegel ...
Und ich bring' Ihnen Bonbons.

Oh ja! Germaine ist nicht so gut wie Sie!
Oh ja! Germaine ist nicht so schön wie Sie!
Doch ja! Germaine hat rotes Haar.
Doch ja! Germaine ist gnadenlos!
Doch ja! Sie haben tausendmal recht.
Hier bring' ich Ihnen Bonbons.

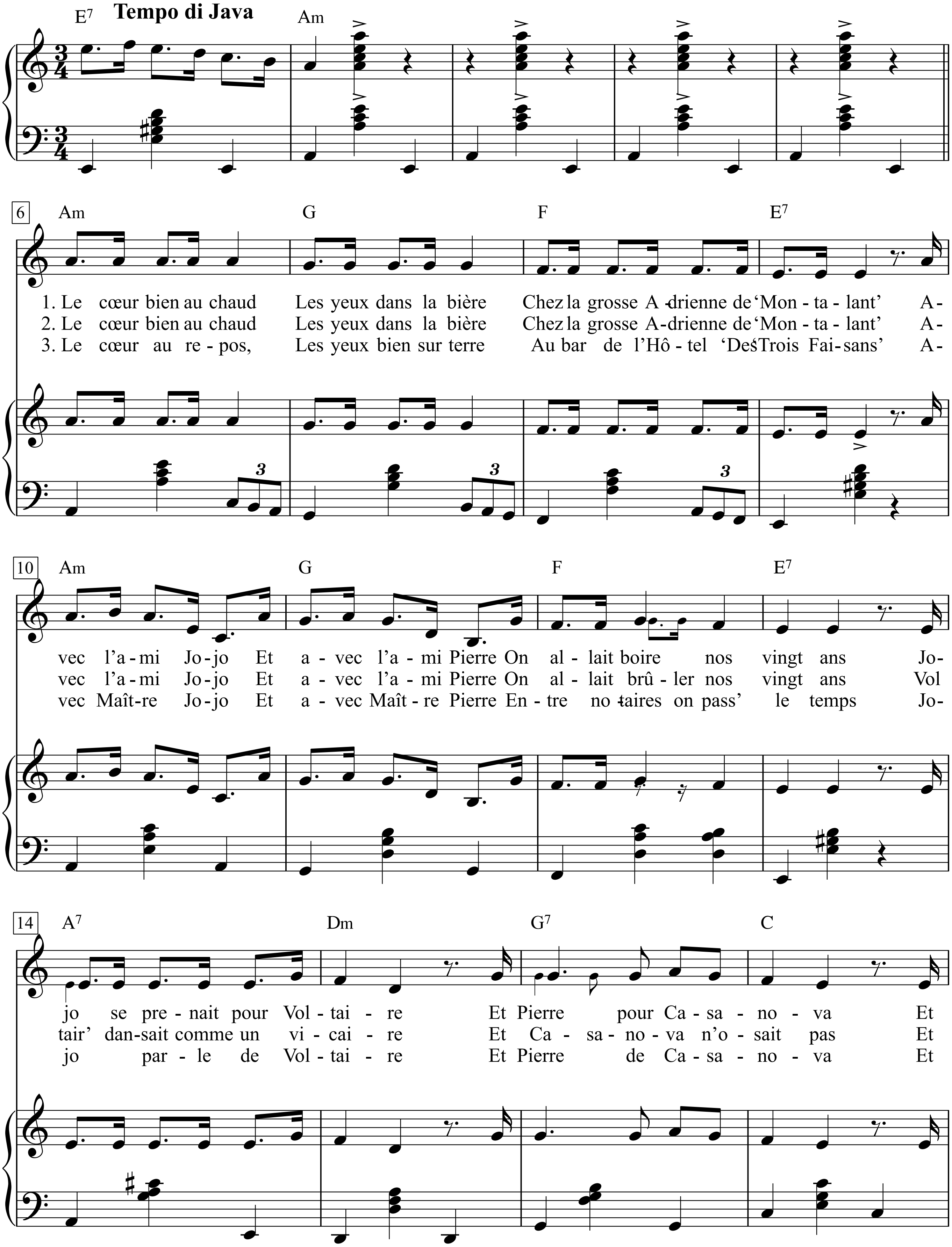
Nun steh'n wir auf dem großen Platz ...
Im Pavillon spielt man Mozart.
Nun sagen Sie, dass es ein Zufall sei,
Ihr Freund Leon am selben Ort!
Wenn Sie es möchten, räume ich das Feld ...
Ich hatte Bonbons mitgebracht ...

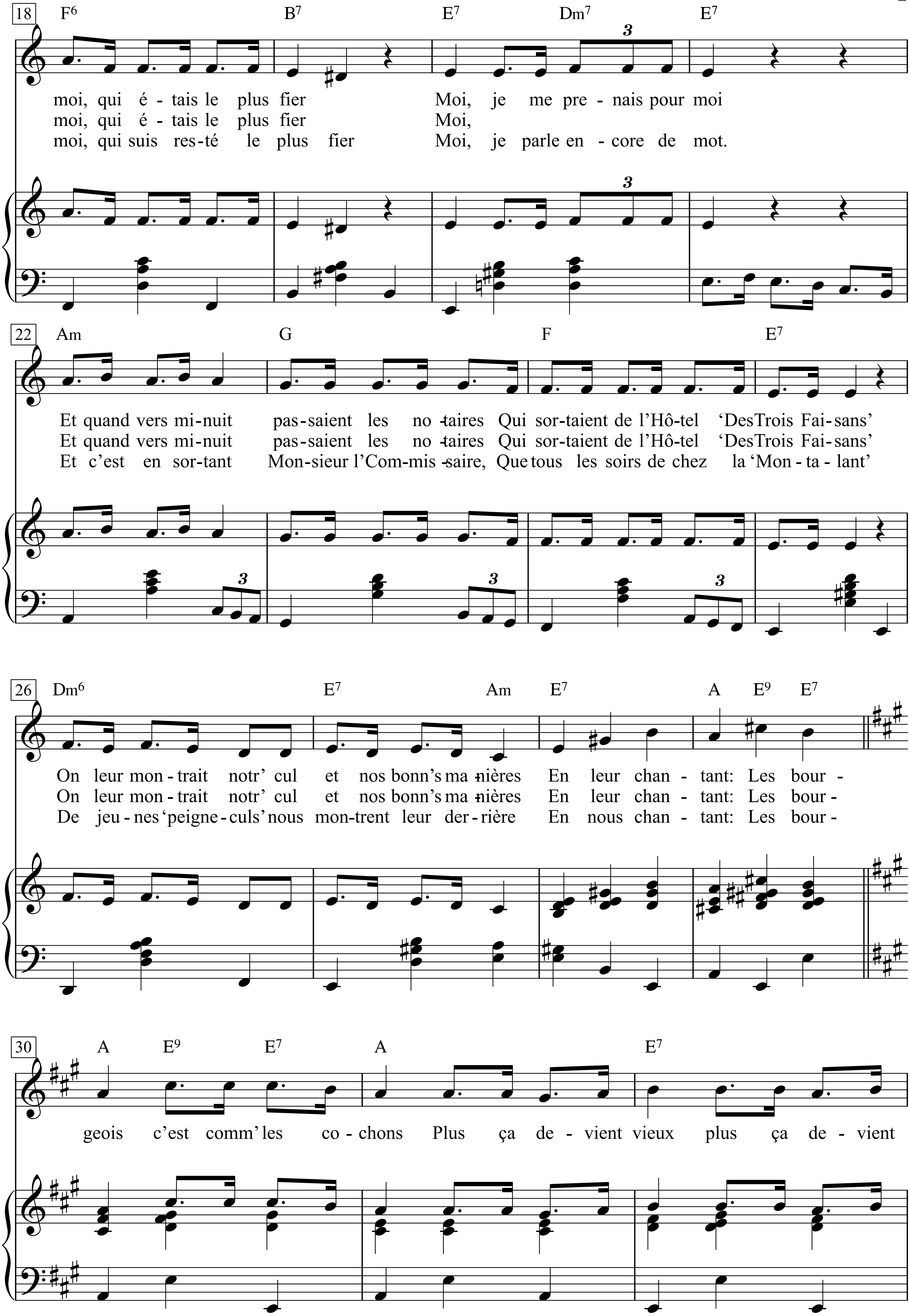
Ach! Guten Tag, Fräulein Germaine!
Hier bring' ich Ihnen Bonbons,
Blumen verderben ja so rasch.
Und Bonbons schmecken ja so gut,
obgleich sich Blumen besser machen,
besonders, wenn sie Knospen tragen.
(Allez) hier bring' ich Ihnen Bonbons.

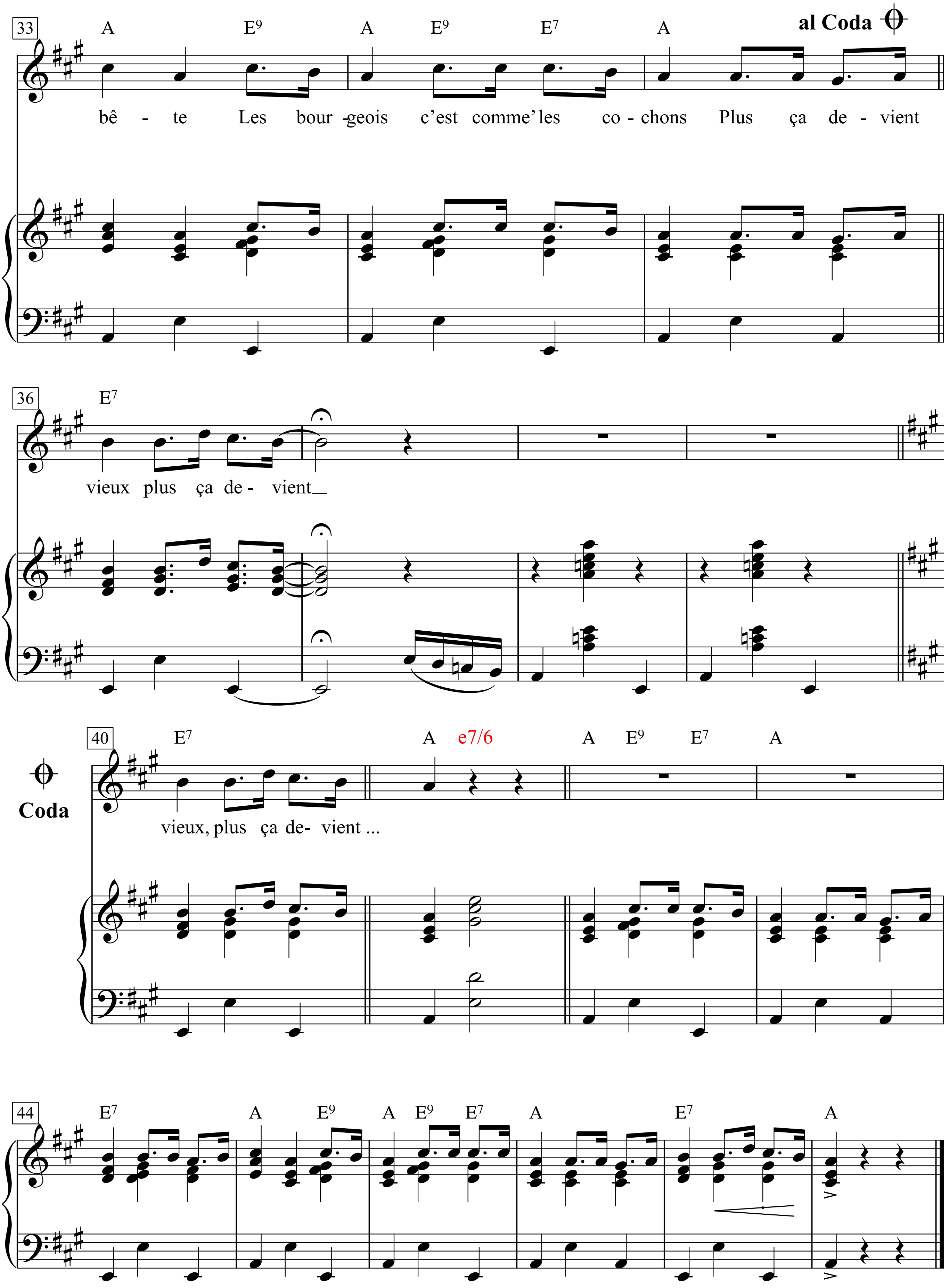
Les bourgeois

Jacques Brel

Jean Corti




18
F6 B7 E7 Dm7 E7
moi, qui é - tais le plus fier Moi, je me pre - nais pour moi
moi, qui é - tais le plus fier Moi,
moi, qui suis res-té le plus fier Moi, je parle en - core de mot.
22
Am G F E7
Et quand vers mi-nuit pas-saient les no - taires Qui sor-taient de l'Hô-tel 'DesTrois Fai-sans'
Et quand vers mi-nuit pas-saient les no - taires Qui sor-taient de l'Hô-tel 'DesTrois Fai-sans'
Et c'est en sor-tant Mon-sieur l'Com-mis - saire, Que tous les soirs de chez la 'Mon - ta - lant'
26
Dm6 E7 Am E7 A E9 E7
On leur mon - trait notr' cul et nos bonn's ma - nières En leur chan - tant: Les bour -
On leur mon - trait notr' cul et nos bonn's ma - nières En leur chan - tant: Les bour -
De jeu - nes 'peigne - culs' nous mon-trent leur der - rière En nous chan - tant: Les bour -
30
A E9 E7 A E7
geois c'est comm' les co - chons Plus ça de - vient vieux plus ça de - vient


33
A E9 A E9 E7 A
al Coda
bê - te Les bour -geois c'est comme' les co - chons Plus ça de - vient
36
E7
vieux plus ça de - vient
40
Coda
E7 A e7/6 A E9 E7 A
vieux, plus ça de- vient ...
44
E7 A E9 A E9 E7 A E7 A

1. Le cœur bien au chaud
Les yeux dans la bière
Chez la grosse Adrienne de 'Montalant'
Avec l'ami Jojo
Et avec l'ami Pierre
On allait boire nos vingt ans
Jojo se prenait pour Voltaire
Et Pierre pour Casanova
Et moi, moi qui étais le plus fier
Moi, moi je me prenais pour moi
Et quand vers minuit passaient les notaires
Qui sortaient de l'hôtel des 'Trois Faisans'
On leur montrait notre cul et nos bonnes manières
En leur chantant:

Les bourgeois c'est comme les cochons
Plus ça devient vieux plus ça devient bête
Les bourgeois c'est comme les cochons
Plus ça devient vieux plus ça devient c...

2. Le cœur bien au chaud
Les yeux dans la bière
Chez la grosse Adrienne de 'Montalant'
Avec l'ami Jojo
Et avec l'ami Pierre
On allait brûler nos vingt ans
Voltaire dansait comme un vicaire
Et Casanova n'osait pas
Et moi, moi qui restait le plus fier
Moi j'étais presque aussi saoul que moi
Et quand vers minuit passaient les notaires
Qui sortaient de l'hôtel des 'Trois Faisans'
On leur montrait notre cul et nos bonnes manières
En leur chantant:

Les bourgeois c'est comme les cochons
Plus ça devient vieux plus ça devient bête
Les bourgeois c'est comme les cochons
Plus ça devient vieux plus ça devient c...

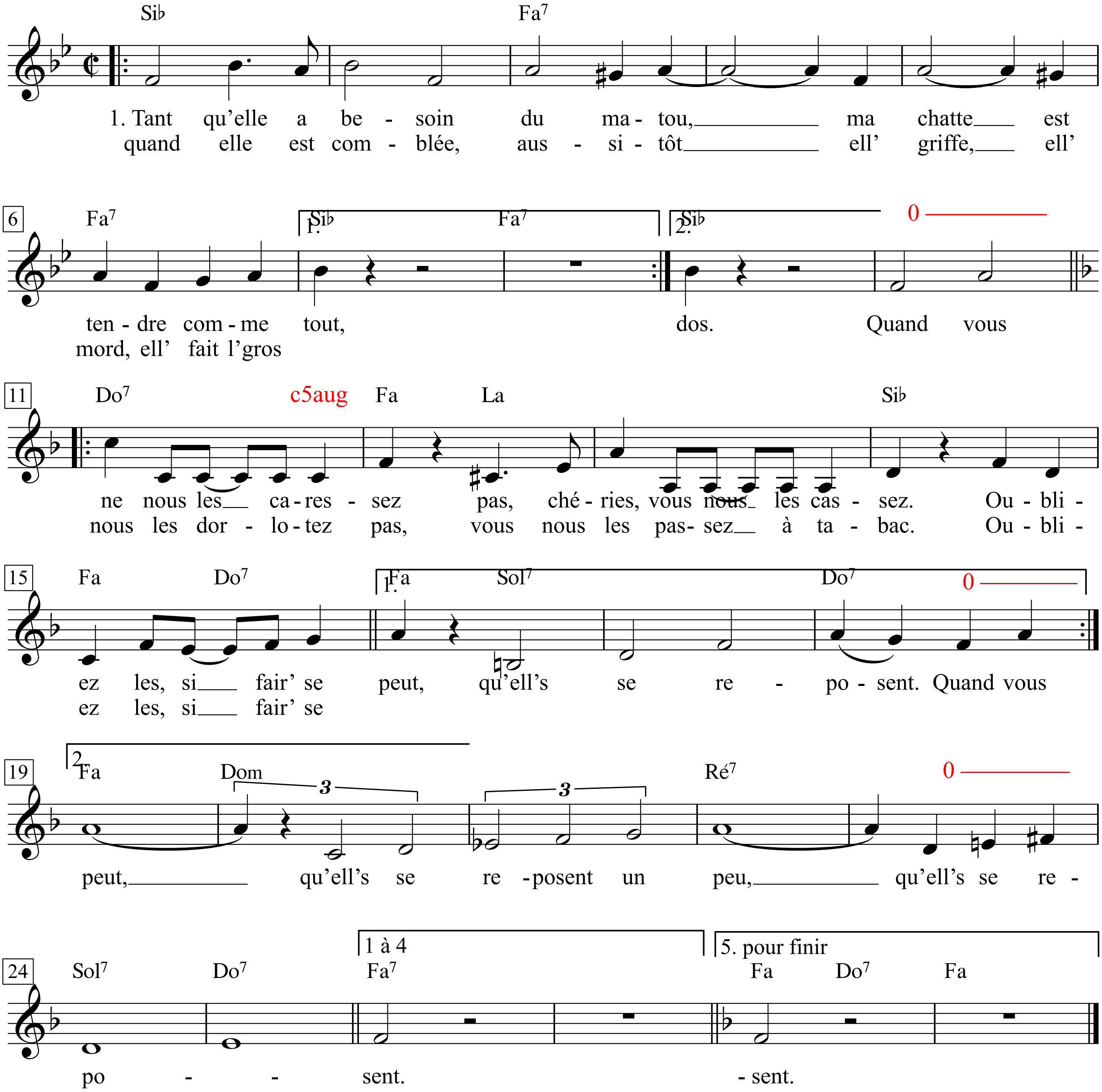
3. Le cœur au repos
Les yeux bien sur terre
Au bar de l'hôtel des 'Trois Faisans'
Avec maître Jojo
Et avec maître Pierre
Entre notaires on passe le temps
Jojo parle de Voltaire
Et Pierre de Casanova
Et moi, moi qui suis resté le plus fier
Moi, moi je parle encore de moi
Et c'est en sortant vers minuit, Monsieur le Commissaire
Que tous les soirs de chez la 'Montalant'
De jeunes peigne-culs montrent nos leur derrière
En nous chantant:

Les bourgeois c'est comme les cochons
Plus ça devient vieux plus ça devient bête
Les bourgeois c'est comme les cochons
Plus ça devient vieux plus ça devient c...

Les casseuses

(Auf die Erbsen gehen)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Tant qu'elle a besoin du matou,
Ma chatte est tendre comme tout,
Quand elle est comblée, aussitôt
Ell' griffe, ell' mord, ell' fait l'gros dos.

Refrain
Quand vous ne nous les caressez
Pas, chéries, vous nous les cassez.
Oubliez-les, si fair' se peut,
Qu'ell's se reposent.
Quand vous nous les dorlotez pas,
Vous nous les passez à tabac.
Oubliez-les, si fair' se peut,
Qu'ell's se reposent un peu,
Qu'ell's se reposent.

2. Enamourée, ma femme est douce,
Mes amis vous le diront tous.
Après l'étreinte, en moins de deux
Ell' r'devient un bâton merdeux. *(Au Refrain)*

3. Dans l'alcôve, on est bien reçus
Par la voisine du dessus.
Un' fois son désir assouvi,
Ingrate, ell' nous les crucifie. *(Au Refrain)*

4. Quand ell' passe en revue les zouaves
Ma sœur est câline et suave.
Dès que s'achève l'examen,
Gare à qui tombe sous sa main. *(Au Refrain)*

5. Si tout le monde en ma maison
Reste au lit plus que de raison,
C'est pas qu'on soit lubriqu's, c'est qu'il
Y a guère que là qu'on est tranquilles. *(Au Refrain)*

1. Solange sie den Kater braucht,
ist meine Katze sanft wie nur was.
Sobald sie befriedigt ist,
faucht sie, kratzt sie, macht einen Buckel.

Refrain
Wenn ihr sie uns nicht liebkost,
dann, Schätzchen, geht ihr uns drauf.
Vergesst sie, wenn's geht,
damit sie sich ausruhen können.
Wenn ihr sie uns nicht hätschelt,
macht ihr sie kaputt.
Vergesst sie, wenn's geht,
damit sie sich ein bisschen ausruhen können,
damit sie sich ein bisschen ausruhen.

2. Verliebt ist meine Frau sanft,
das können alle meine Freunde bestätigen.
Nach der Umarmung wird sie schlagartig
wieder zur üblen Megäre.

3. Im Alkoven wird man gut empfangen
von der Nachbarin von oben.
Sobald ihr Begehren gestillt ist,
kreuzigt die Undankbare uns sie.

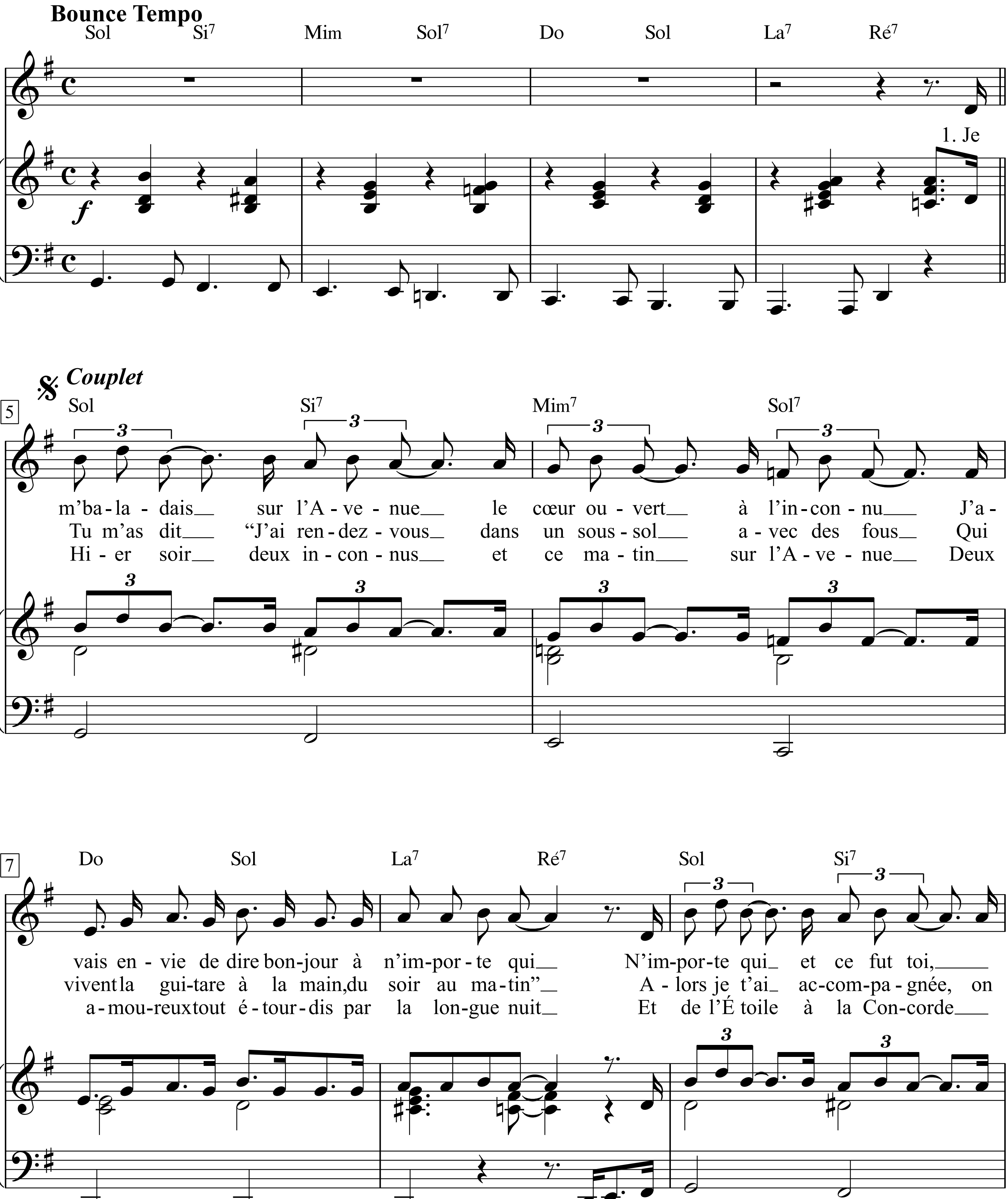
4. Wenn sie die Zuaven inspiziert,
ist meine Schwester zärtlich und mild.
Sobald die Musterung vorbei ist
- weh dem, der ihr in die Hände fällt!

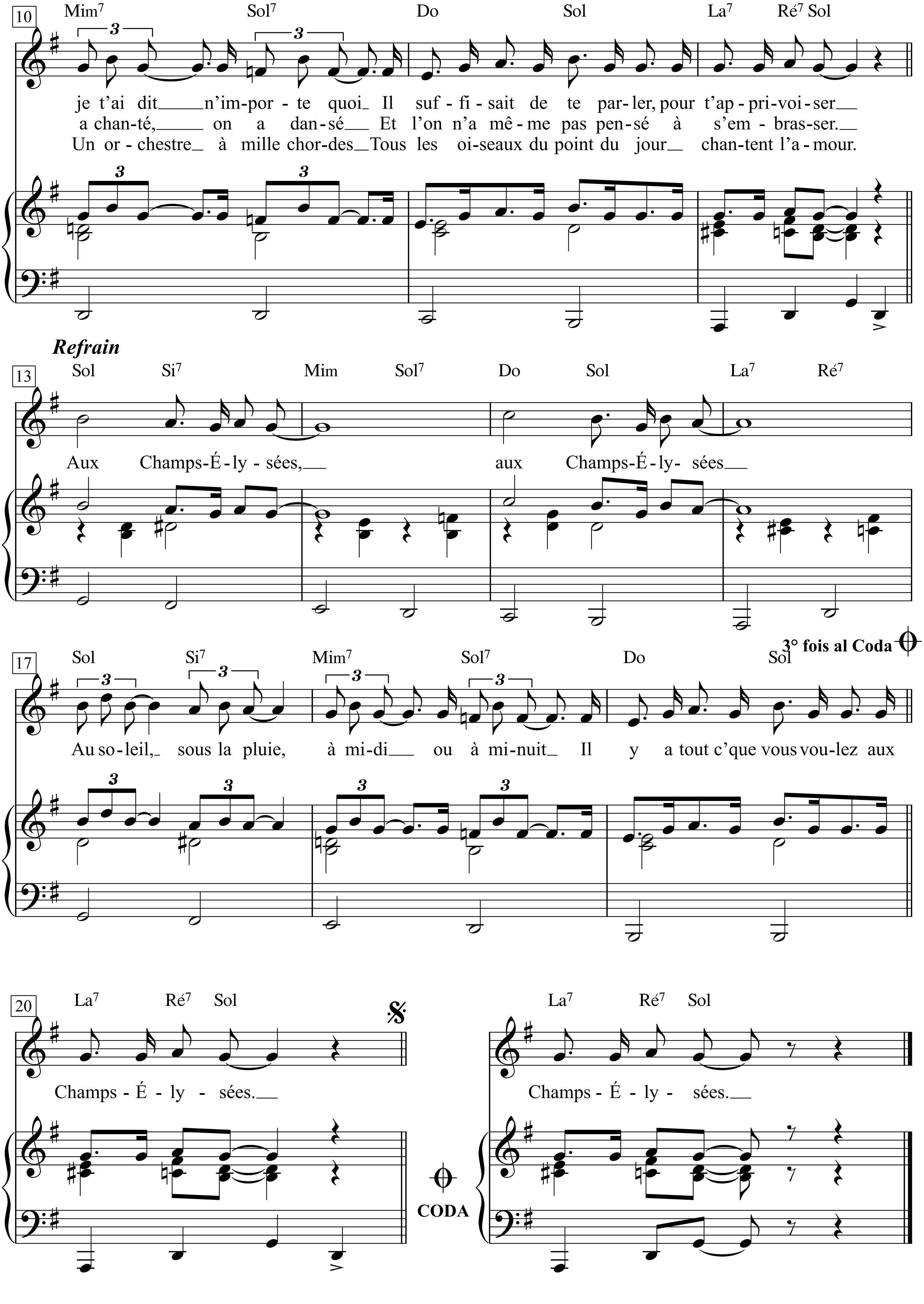
5. Wenn in meinem Haus alle
unvernünftig lang im Bett bleiben,
dann nicht, weil wir übergeil wären,
sondern weil wir woanders keine Ruhe haben.

Les Champs Élysées
(Waterloo Road)

Paroles originales de Michael Deighan
Paroles Françaises de Pierre Delanoë

Musique de Michael Wilshaw
(Joe Dassin)




10
Mim7 Sol7 Do Sol La7 Ré7 Sol
je t'ai dit n'im-por - te quoi Il suf - fi - sait de te par - ler, pour t'ap - pri-voi - ser
a chan-té, on a dan-sé Et l'on n'a mê - me pas pen-sé à s'em - bras-ser.
Un or - chestre à mille chor-des Tous les oi-seaux du point du jour chan-tent l'a - mour.
Refrain
13
Sol Si7 Mim Sol7 Do Sol La7 Ré7
Aux Champs-É - ly - sées, aux Champs-É - ly- sées
3° fois al Coda
17
Sol Si7 Mim7 Sol7 Do Sol
Au so-leil, sous la pluie, à mi-di ou à mi-nuit Il y a tout c'que vous vou-lez aux
20
La7 Ré7 Sol
Champs - É - ly - sées.
CODA
La7 Ré7 Sol
Champs - É - ly - sées.

1. Je m'baladais sur l'Avenue
le cœur ouvert à l'inconnu
J'avais envie de dire bonjour
à n'importe qui
N'importe qui et ce fut toi,
je t'ai dit n'importe quoi
Il suffisait de te parler,
pour t'apprivoiser

Refrain:
Aux Champs-Élysées,
aux Champs-Élysées
Au soleil, sous la pluie,
à midi ou à minuit
Il y a tout c'que vous voulez
aux Champs-Élysées

2. Tu m'as dit "J'ai rendez-vous
dans un sous-sol avec des fous
Qui vivent la guitare à la main,
du soir au matin"
Alors je t'ai accompagnée,
on a chanté, on a dansé
Et l'on n'a même pas pensé
à s'embrasser.

Refrain:
Oh, Champs Elyseés!

3. Hier soir deux inconnus
et ce matin sur l'Avenue
Deux amoureux tout étourdis
par la longue nuit
Et de l'Étoile à la Concorde
Un orchestre à mille cordes
Tous les oiseaux du point du jour
chantent l'amour.

Refrain:
Oh, Champs Elyseés!

1. Ich ging allein durch diese Stadt,
die allerhand zu bieten hat,
da sah ich dich vorrüber geh'n
und sagte: Bonjour!
Ich ging mit dir in ein Café,
wo ich erfuhr, du heißt René.
Wenn ich an diese Stunden denke
singe ich nur:

Refrain:
Oh, Champs Elyseés!
Oh, Champs Elyseés!
Die Sonne scheint, der Regen rinnt,
ganz egal, wir beide sind
so froh wenn wir uns wiederseh'n!
Oh, Champs Elyseés!

2. Wie wunderschön der Abend war,
dort drüben in der kleinen Bar,
wo Joe auf der Gitarre spielte,
nur für uns zwei.
Da habe ich die ganze Nacht
mit dir getanzt, mit dir gelacht,
und als wir wieder gingen,
war es zehn nach drei!

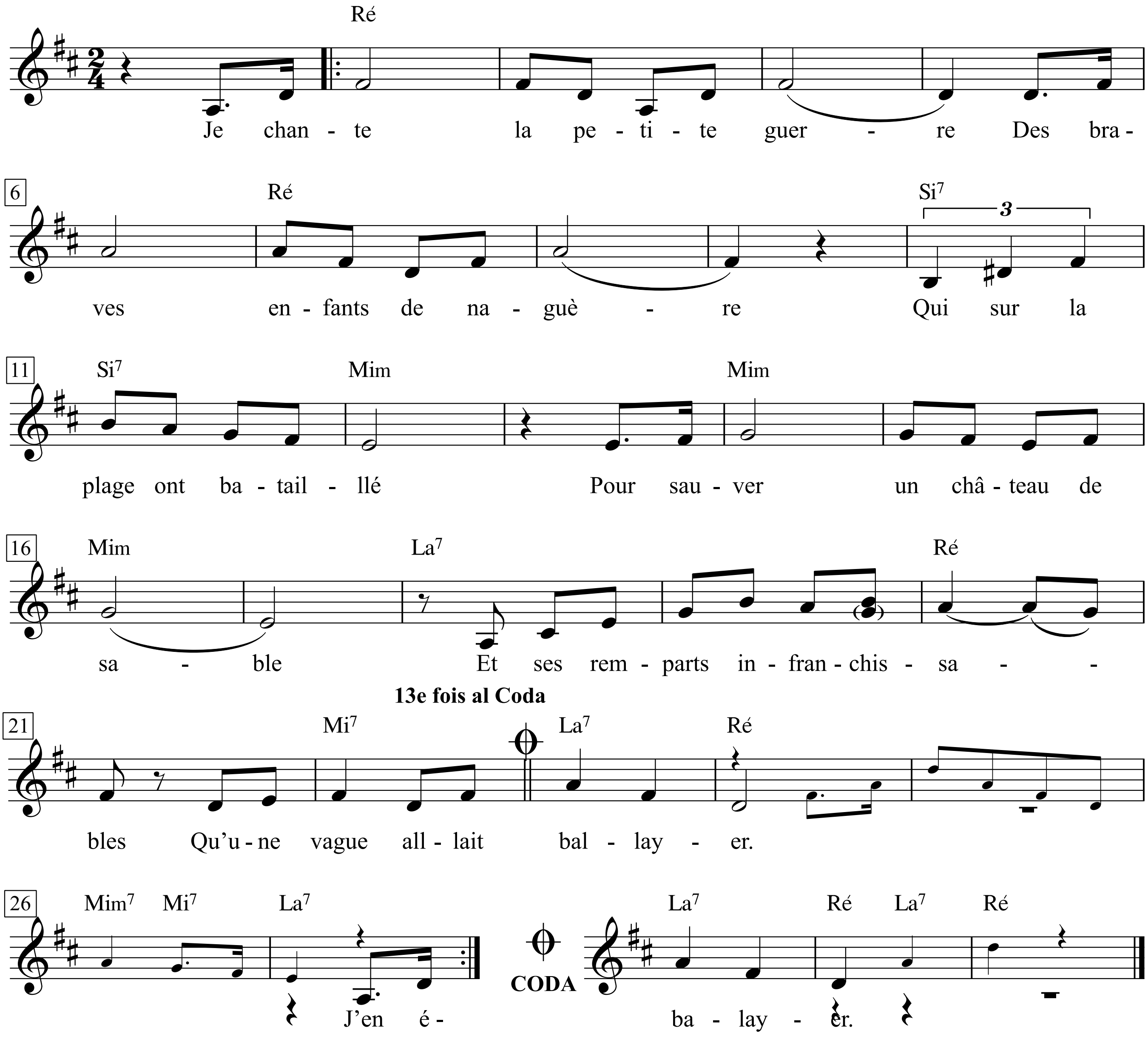
Refrain:
Oh, Champs Elyseés!

Wir kennen uns seit gestern erst,
doch wenn du nun nach Hause fährst,
dann sagen zwei Verliebte leise
"Au Revoir".
Von La Concorde bis Etoille
erklingt Musik von überall,
ja das ist eine Liebe,
die hält hundert Jahr'.

Refrain:
Oh, Champs Elyseés!

Les châteaux de sable
(Die Sandburgen)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



Les châteaux de sable

Je chante la petite guerre
Des braves enfants de naguère
Qui sur la plage ont bataillé
Pour sauver un château de sable
Et ses remparts infranchissables
Qu'une vague allait balayer.

J'en étais: l'arme à la bretelle,
Retranchés dans la citadelle,
De pied ferme nous attendions
Une cohorte sarrazine
Partie de la côte voisine
A l'assaut de notre bastion.
A cent pas de là sur la dune,

En attendant que la fortune
Des armes sourie aux vainqueurs,
Languissant d'être courtisées
Nos promises, nos fiancées
Préparaient doucement leur cœur.

Tout à coup l'Armada sauvage
Déferla sur notre rivage
Avec ses lances, ses pavois,
Pour commettre force rapines,
Et même enlever nos Sabines
Plus belles que les leurs, ma foi.

La mêlée fut digne d'Homère,
Et la défaite bien amère
A l'ennemi pourtant nombreux,
Qu'on battit à plate couture,
Qui partit en déconfiture
En déroute, en sauve-qui-peut.

Oui, cette horde de barbares
Que notre fureur désempare,
Fit retraite avec ses vaisseaux,
En n'emportant pour tous trophées,
Moins que rien, deux balles crevées,
Trois raquettes, quatre cerceaux.

Après la victoire fameuse
En chantant l'air de »Sambre et Meuse«
Et de la »Marseillaise«, ô gué,
On courut vers la récompense
Que le joli sexe dispense
Aux petits héros fatigués.

Tandis que tout bas à l'oreille
De nos Fanny, de nos Mireille,
On racontait notre saga,
Qu'au doigt on leur passait la bague,
Surgit une espèce de vague
Que personne ne remarqua.

Die Sandburgen

Ich besinge den kleinen Krieg
der tapferen Kinder von früher,
die am Strand gekämpft haben,
um eine Sandburg zu retten
und ihre uneinnehmbaren Wälle,
die eine Woge schleifen wollte.

Ich war dabei: Die Waffe umgehängt,
in der Zitadelle verschanzt,
erwarteten wir gefassten Muts
eine Kohorte von Sarazenen,
aufgebrochen vom anderen Ufer
zum Sturm auf unsere Bastion.

Hundert Schritt entfernt, auf der Düne,
wartend darauf, dass das Waffen-
glück den Siegern lächle,
sehnsuchtsvoll danach, den Hof gemacht zu bekommen,
bereiteten unsere Verheißenen, Verlobten,
sanft ihr Herz vor.

Plötzlich brandete die wilde Armada
an unser Gestade
mit Lanzen und Langschilden,
um gewaltig zu plündern
und sogar unsere Sabinerinnen zu rauben,
wahrlich hübscher als ihre.

Das Handgemenge war eines Homer würdig,
und bitter war die Niederlage
für den zahlreichen Feind,
den wir in die Pfanne hauten,
der aufgelöst abzog,
völlig geschlagen, Hals über Kopf.

Ja, diese Horde Barbaren,
verzagt ob unseres Kampfesmuts,
zog sich zurück mit den Schiffen
und nahm nichts mit an Trophäen,
weniger als nichts, zwei platte Bälle,
drei Pingpongschläger, vier Reifen.

Nach dem famosen Sieg
sangen wir »Sambre et Meuse«
und »Marseillaise«, olé,
und liefen hin zur Belohnung,
erteilt vom schönen Geschlecht
den kleinen müden Helden.

Während wir leise ins Ohr
unserer Fanny, unserer Mireille
von den Heldentaten berichteten,
ihnen den Ring an den Finger steckten,
baute sich eine Art Woge auf,
die keiner bemerkte.

Au demeurant ce n'était qu'une
Vague sans amplitude aucune,
Une vaguelette égarée,
Mais en atteignant au rivage
Elle causa plus de ravages,
De dégâts qu'un raz-de-marée.

Übrigens war es nur eine
Welle ohne jeden Hub,
ein verirrtes Gekräusel,
aber am Ufer
richtete sie schlimmere Verwüstungen
und Zerstörungen an als eine Flut.

Expéditive, la traîtresse
Investit notre forteresse,
La renversant, la détruisant.
Adieu donjon, tours et courtines,
Que quatre gouttes anodines
Avaient effacés en passant.

Zügig schloss die Tückische
unsere Festung ein,
schleifte sie, zerstörte sie.
Adieu Bergfried, Türme und Kurtinen,
von vier harmlosen Tropfen
wie nebenher ausgelöscht.

A quelque temps de là nous sommes
Allés mener parmi les hommes
D'autres barouds plus décevants,
Allés mener d'autres campagnes,
Où les châteaux sont plus d'Espagne,
Et de sable qu'auparavant.

Ein wenig später sind wir
losgezogen, um unter Männern
andere, enttäuschendere Kämpfe zu führen,
andere Feldzüge zu bestreiten,
um Schlösser, die nicht aus Luft sind
und nicht aus Sand wie vorher.

Quand je vois lutter sur la plage
Des soldats à la fleur de l'âge,
Je ne les décourage pas,
Quoique je sache, ayant naguère
Livré moi-même cette guerre,
L'issue fatale du combat.

Wenn ich am Strand kämpfen sehe
Soldaten im feinsten Alter,
rede ich ihnen das nicht aus,
obwohl ich, da ich einst
selbst diesen Krieg geführt habe,
das traurige Ende des Kampfs kenne.

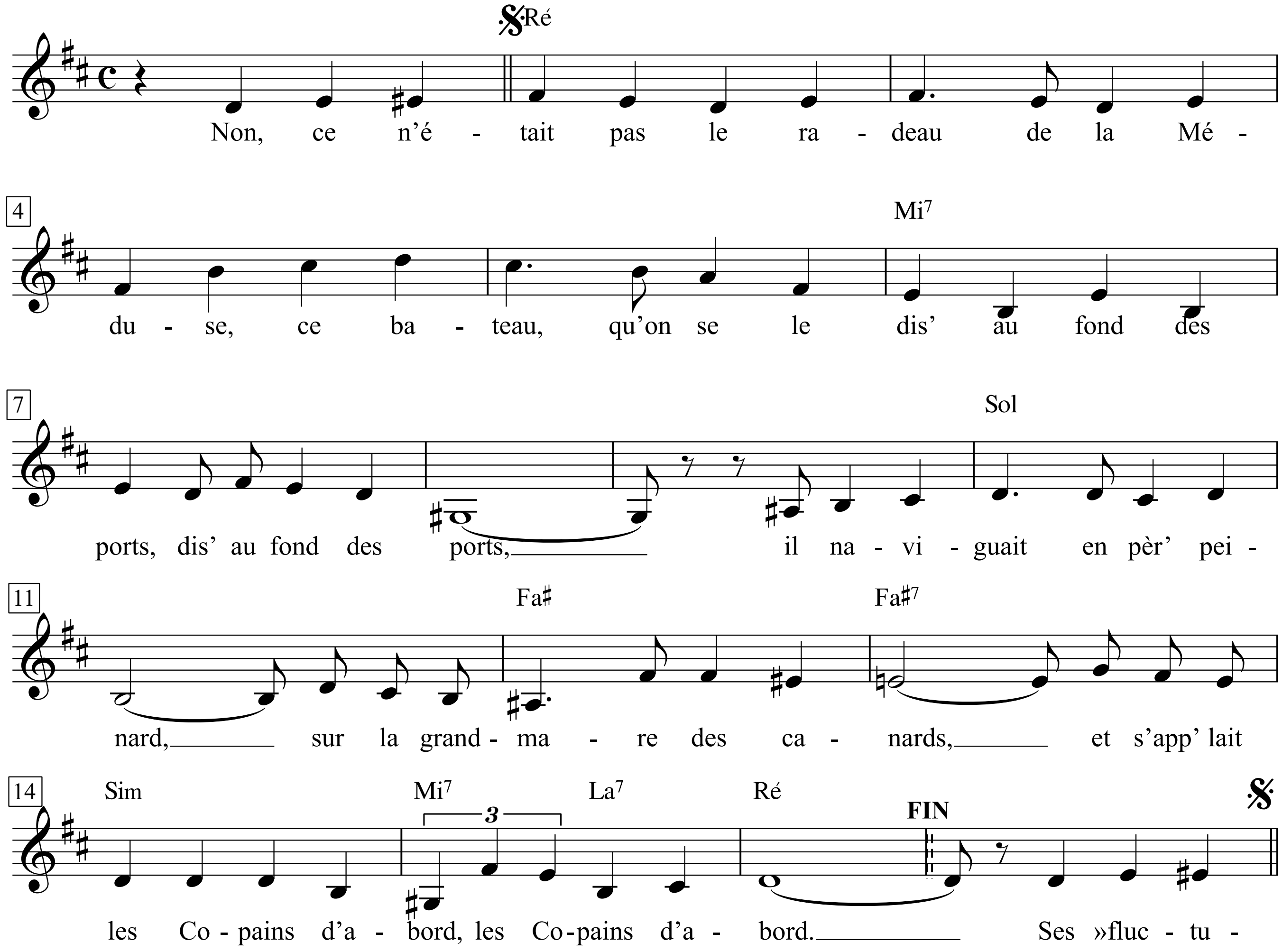
Je sais que malgré leur défense,
Leur histoire est perdue d'avance,
Mais je les laisse batailler,
Pour sauver un château de sable
Et ses remparts infranchissables,
Qu'une vague va balayer.

Ich weiß, trotz aller Gegenwehr
ist ihre Geschichte von vornherein verloren,
aber ich lasse sie kämpfen,
um eine Sandburg zu retten
und ihre uneinnehmbaren Wälle,
die eine Woge verwischen wird.

Les copains d'abord

(Die Kumpel zuerst)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Non, ce n'était pas le radeau
De la *Méduse,* ce bateau,
Qu'on se le dis' au fond des ports,
Dis' au fond des ports,
Il naviguait en pèr' peinard,
Sur la grand-mare des canards,
Et s'app'lait *les Copains d'abord,*
Les Copains d'abord.

2. Ses »fluctuat nec mergitur«
C'était pas d'la littératur',
N'en déplaise aux jeteurs de sort,
Aux jeteurs de sort,
Son capitaine et ses mat'lots
N'étaient pas des enfants d'salauds,
Mais des amis franco de port,
Des copains d'abord.

1. Nein, es war nicht das Floß
der *Méduse,* dieses Boot,
schreibt euch das hinter die Ohren, in den Häfen,
in den Häfen;
es schwamm gemächlich
auf dem großen Ententeich
und hieß *Die Kumpel zuerst,*
Die Kumpel zuerst.

2. Sein *fluctuat nec mergitur,*
das war keine Literatur,
egal, ob das ein böses Omen ist,
böses Omen ist;
der Kapitän und die Matrosen
waren keine krummen Hunde,
sondern Freunde, klare Kante,
Kumpel zuerst.

3. C'étaient pas des amis de lux',
Des petits Castor et Pollux,
Des gens de Sodome et Gomorrh',
Sodome et Gomorrh',
C'étaient pas des amis choisis Par
Montaigne et La Boéti',
Sur le ventre ils se tapaient fort,
Les copains d'abord.

3. Sie waren keine Freunde de luxe,
kleine Kastors und Polluxe,
Typen aus Sodom und Gomorrha,
Sodom und Gomorrha,
keine Freunde auserlesen
von Montaigne und La Boétie,
sie schlugen sich beim Lachen kräftig auf den Bauch
die Kumpel zuerst.

4. C'étaient pas des anges non plus,
L'Évangile, ils l'avaient pas lu,
Mais ils s'aimaient tout's voil's
dehors, Toutes voil's dehors,
Jean, Pierre, Paul et compagnie,
C'était leur seule litanie,
Leur *Credo,* leur *Confiteor,*
Aux copains d'abord.

4. Es waren auch keine Engel,
das Evangelium hatten sie nicht gelesen,
aber sie liebten einander, volle Segel,
volle Segel;
Jean, Pierre, Paul und Kompanie
war ihre einzige Litanei,
das *Credo,* das *Confiteor*
der Kumpel zuerst.

5. Au moindre coup de Trafalgar,
C'est l'amitié qui prenait 1' quart,
C'est ell' qui leur montrait le nord, Leur
montrait le nord.
Et quand ils étaient en détress',
Qu' leurs bras lançaient des S.O.S.,
On aurait dit des sémaphores,
Les copains d'abord.

5. Wenn ein Schlag ins Kontor drohte,
ging die Freundschaft Wache um Wache,
denn sie zeigte ihnen, wo's langging,
wo's langging.
Und wenn sie in Seenot gerieten,
machten sie mit den Armen SOS,
man hätte sie für Semaphoren halten können,
die Kumpel zuerst.

6. Au rendez-vous des bons copains
Y' avait pas souvent de lapins,
Quand l'un d'entre eux manquait à bord,
C'est qu'il était mort.
Oui, mais jamais, au grand jamais,
Son trou dans l'eau n'se refermait,
Cent ans après, coquin de sort!
Il manquait encor.

6. Beim Treffen der guten Kumpels
wurde selten einer versetzt;
wenn einer nicht an Bord war,
war er tot;
aber nie, niemals
wuchs Gras über sein Loch im Wasser;
hundert Jahre später wurde er
noch immer vermisst.

7. Des bateaux, j'en ai pris beaucoup,
Mais le seul qui' ait tenu le coup,
Qui n'ait jamais viré de bord,
Mais viré de bord,
Naviguait en père peinard
Sur la grand-mare des canards
Et s'app'lait *les Copains d'abord,*
Les Copains d'abord.

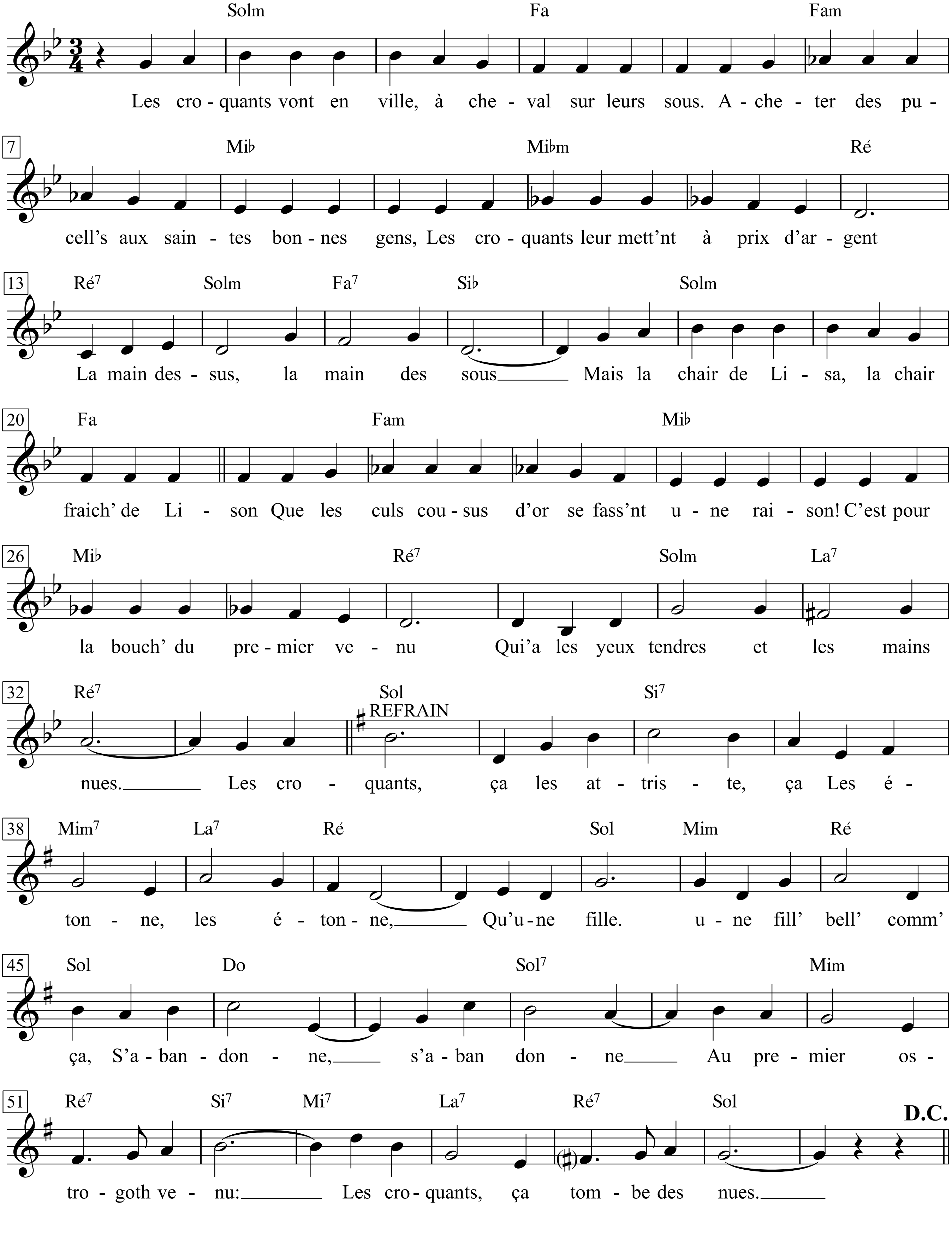
7. Schiffe hab ich viele genommen,
aber das einzige, das alles aushielt,
das nie gewendet hat,
nie gewendet hat,
schwamm gemächlich
auf dem großen Ententeich
und hieß *Die Kumpel zuerst,*
Die Kumpel zuerst.

Les croquants

(Das Gesocks)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens

Valse



1. Les croquants vont en ville, à cheval sur leurs sous,
Acheter des pucelle' aux saintes bonnes gens,
Les croquants leur mett'nt à prix d'argent
La main dessus, la main dessous ...
Mais la chair de Lisa, la chair fraîch' de Lison
(Que les culs cousus d'or se fass'nt une raison!)
C'est pour la bouch' du premier venu
Qui a les yeux tendre' et les mains nues ...
Refrain
Les croquants, ça les attriste, ça
Les étonne, les étonne,
Qu'une fille, une fill' bell' comm' ça,
S'abandonne, s'abandonne
Au premier ostrogoth venu:
Les croquants, ça tombe des nues.

2. Les fill's de bonnes mœurs, les fill's de bonne vie,
Qui ont vendu leur fleurette à la foire à l'encan,
Vont s' vautrer dans la couch' des croquants,
Quand les croquants en ont envie ...
Mais la chair de Lisa, la chair fraîch' de Lison
(Que les culs cousus d'or se fass'nt une raison!)
N'a jamais accordé ses faveurs
A contre-sous, à contrecœur ...

3. Les fill's de bonne vie ont le cœur consistant
Et la fleur qu'on y trouve est garanti' longtemps,
Comm' les fleurs en papier des chapeaux,
Les fleurs en pierre des tombeaux ...
Mais le cœur de Lisa, le grand cœur de Lison
Aime faire peau neuve avec chaque saison:
Jamais deux fois la même couleur,
Jamais deux fois la même fleur ...

1. Das Gesocks kommt ins Kaff, hoch zu Ross auf dem Geld,
kauft den Spießern die Mädchen ab mit Haut und Haar;
das Gesocks grabscht sie grob gegen bar
überall ab - wer zahlt, der zählt;
doch das Fleisch von Lison - Lisas Fleisch, frisch und zart
(und die Ärsche mit Goldrand, die trifft das sehr hart),
bleibt für einen, den sie noch nicht fand:
mit sanftem Blick und leerer Hand.
Refrain
Das Gesocks kann's wirklich nicht verstehn,
kann's nicht fassen, kann's nicht fassen,
dass sich Mädchen, und dazu noch schön,
überlassen, übrig lassen
dem Erstbesten, der liebt statt löhnt -
das Gesocks ist das nicht gewöhnt.

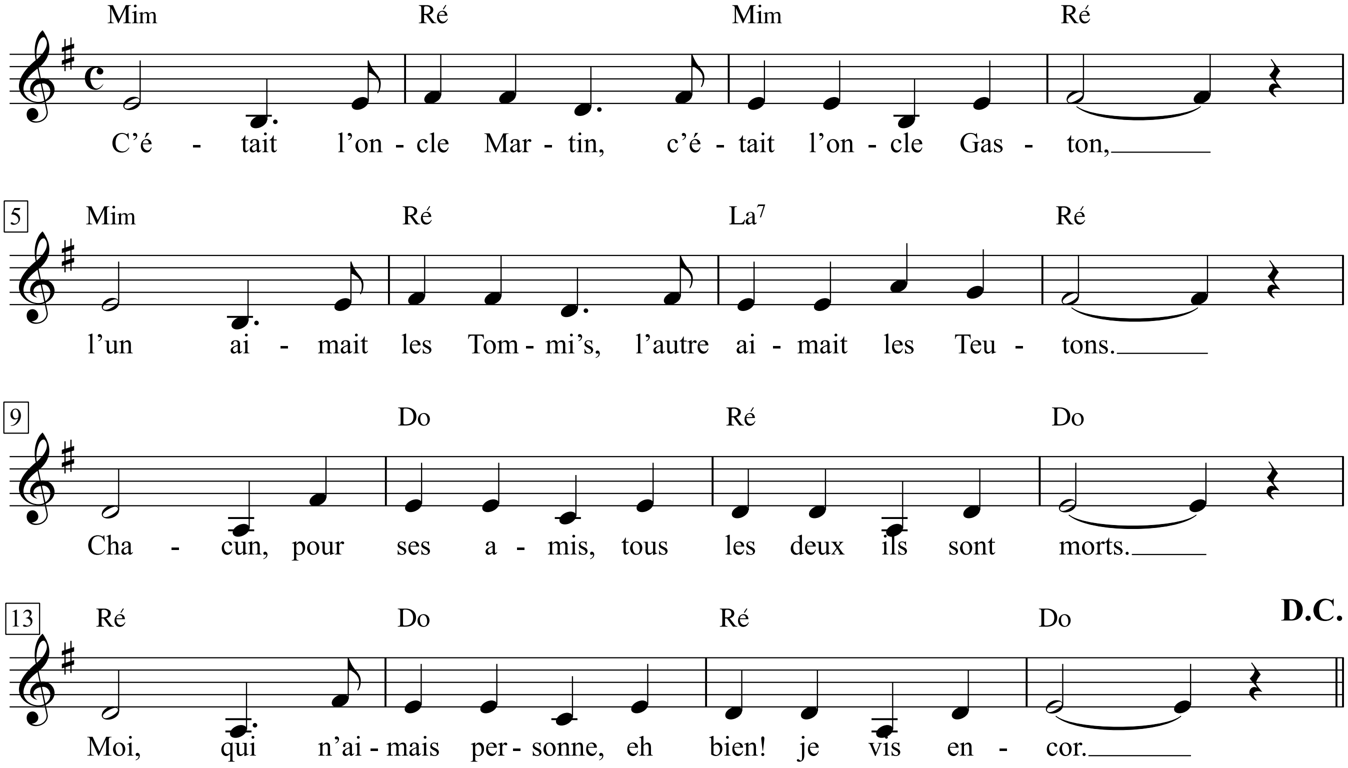
2. Mädchen, die sittsam sind, wohlerzogen und echt,
die ihr Blümchen meistbietend verhökern als Braut,
reiben gern am Gesocks ihre Haut,
wenn das Gesocks per Trauschein blecht;
doch das Fleisch von Lison - Lisas Fleisch, frisch und zart
(und die Ärsche mit Goldrand, die trifft das sehr hart),
Lisas Gunst gibt's um nichts in der Welt
gegen den Strich noch gegen Geld.

3. Fraun mit stetigem Herzen, die sittsamen - sie
haben Blumen, die haltbar sind, mit Garantie,
wie Kreppblumen am Hut, ohne Duft,
wie Marmorblumen in der Gruft;
doch das Herz von Lison - Lisas Herz, groß und weit,
möchte sich öfter häuten, je nach Jahreszeit,
jedes Mal neue Farben dabei
und auch die Blume immer neu!

Les deux oncles

(Die beiden Onkel)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. C'était l'oncle Martin, c'était l'oncle Gaston,
L'un aimait les Tommi's, l'autre aimait les Teutons.
Chacun, pour ses amis, tous les deux ils sont morts.
Moi, qui n'aimais personne, eh bien! je vis encor.

2. Maintenant, chers tontons, que les temps ont coulé,
Que vos veuves de guerre ont enfin convolé,
Que l'on a requinqué, dans le ciel de Verdun,
Les étoiles terni's du maréchal Pétain,

3. Maintenant que vos controverses se sont tu's,
Qu'on s'est bien partagé les cordes des pendus,
Maintenant que John Bull nous boude, maintenant,
Que c'en est fini des querelles d'Allemand,

4. Que vos fill's et vos fils vont, la main dans la main,
Faire l'amour ensemble et l'Europ' de demain,
Qu'ils se souci'nt de vos batailles presque autant
Que l'on se souciait des guerres de Cent Ans,

5. On peut vous l'avouer, maintenant, chers tontons,
Vous l'ami des Tommi's, vous l'ami des Teutons,
Que, de vos vérités, vos contrevérités,
Tout le monde s'en fiche à l'unanimité.

1. Da war Onkel Martin, da war Onkel Gaston;
einer liebte die Tommys, der andere die Teutonen.
Beide sind für ihre jeweiligen Freunde gestorben.
Ich hab keinen geliebt - sieh da: Ich lebe noch!

2. Jetzt, liebe Onkel, da die Zeit verflossen ist,
da eure Kriegerwitwen endlich wieder geheiratet haben,
da man am Himmel über Verdun die verblichenen Sterne
von Marschall Pétain wieder aufgeputzt hat;

3. jetzt, da eure Kontroversen verstummt sind,
da man sich die Stricke der Gehängten geteilt hat,
jetzt, da John Bull mit uns schmollt, jetzt,
da der Streit um des deutschen Kaisers Bart vorbei ist,

4. da eure Söhne und Töchter Hand in Hand gehen,
gemeinsam Liebe machen und das Europa von morgen,
da sie sich um eure Schlachten ungefähr so sehr kümmern
wie ihr euch damals um die des Hundertjährigen Kriegs,

5. jetzt kann man's euch gegenüber zugeben, liebe Onkel,
Freund der Tommys, Freund der Teutonen,
dass für eure Wahrheiten und Gegenwahrheiten
alle einträchtig nichts mehr geben.

6. De vos épurations, vos collaborations,
Vos abominations et vos désolations,
De vos plats de choucroute et vos tasses de thé,
Tout le monde s'en fiche à l'unanimité.

7. En dépit de ces souvenirs qu'on commémor',
Des flammes qu'on ranime aux monuments aux Morts,
Des vainqueurs, des vaincus, des autres et de vous,
Révérence parler, tout le monde s'en fout.

8. La vi', comme dit l'autre, a repris tous ses droits.
Elles ne font plus beaucoup d'ombre, vos deux croix,
Et, petit à petit, vous voilà devenus,
L'Arc de triomphe en moins, des soldats inconnus.

9. Maintenant, j'en suis sûr, chers malheureux tontons,
Vous, l'ami des Tommi's, vous, l'ami des Teutons,
Si vous aviez vécu, si vous étiez ici,
C'est vous qui chanteriez la chanson que voici,

10. Chanteriez, en trinquant ensemble à vos santés,
Qu'il est fou de perdre la vi' pour des idé's,
Des idé's comme ça, qui viennent et qui font
Trois petits tours, trois petits morts, et puis s'en vont,

11. Qu'aucune idé' sur terre est digne d'un trépas,
Qu'il faut laisser ce rôle à ceux qui n'en ont pas,
Que prendre, sur-le-champ, l'ennemi comme il vient,
C'est de la bouilli' pour les chats et pour les chiens,

12. Qu'au lieu de mettre en jou' quelque vague ennemi,
Mieux vaut attendre un peu qu'on le change en ami,
Mieux vaut tourner sept fois sa crosse dans la main,
Mieux vaut toujours remettre une salve à demain,

13. Que les seuls généraux qu'on doit suivre aux talons,
Ce sont les généraux des p'tits soldats de plomb.
Ainsi, chanteriez-vous tous les deux en suivant
Malbrough qui va-t-en guerre au pays des enfants.

14. O vous, qui prenez aujourd'hui la clé des cieux,
Vous, les heureux coquins qui, ce soir, verrez Dieu,
Quand vous rencontrerez mes deux oncles, là-bas,
Offrez-leur de ma part ces »Ne m'oubliez pas«,

15. Ces deux myosotis fleuris dans mon jardin:
Un p'tit forget me not pour mon oncle Martin,
Un p'tit vergiss mein nicht pour mon oncle Gaston,
Pauvre ami des Tommi's, pauvre ami des Teutons...

6. Für eure Säuberungen, Kollaborationen,
für eure Gräuel und Verwüstungen,
für euer Sauerkraut und eure Teestunden,
alle geben nichts mehr darum.

7. Trotz all der Erinnerungen, die man hochhält,
der Flammen, die man an Denkmälern entzündet,
der Sieger, der Besiegten, der anderen und euer,
mit Verlaub gesagt, alles scheißt darauf.

8. Das Leben, sagte einer, kommt wieder zu seinem Recht.
Sie werfen nicht mehr viel Schatten, eure beiden Kreuze,
und nach und nach seid ihr beide geworden
- minus Triumphbogen - unbekannte Soldaten.

9. Heute, ich bin sicher, arme unglückliche Onkel,
du Freund der Tommys, du Freund der Teutonen,
wenn ihr überlebt hättet, wenn ihr hier wärt,
würdet ihr jetzt dieses Lied singen,

10. singen und dabei gemeinsam auf euer Wohl trinken:
dass es Irrsinn ist, das Leben für Ideen zu verlieren -
Ideen wie solche, die kommen und drei
Runden, drei Leichen machen und wieder gehen;

11. dass keine Idee auf Erden einen Toten wert ist,
dass man derlei denen überlassen soll, die keine Ideen haben;
dass den Feind so annehmen, wie er gerade kommt,
vollkommen hirnloser Blödsinn ist;

12. dass, statt auf irgendeinen vagen Feind zu schießen,
man besser ein bisschen wartet, bis man ihn zum Freud gemacht ha
dass man besser siebenmal den Kolben in der Hand dreht,
besser immer eine Salve auf morgen verschiebt;

13. dass die einzigen Generäle, denen man auf dem Fuß folgen soll
die Generäle der kleinen Bleisoldaten sind.
So würdet ihr dann beide zusammen singen von
Marlborough, der in den Krieg zieht im Spielzimmer.

14. O ihr, die ihr heute die Schlüssel zum Himmel habt,
ihr glücklichen Schufte, die ihr heut Abend Gott sehen werdet
- wenn ihr da unten meine beiden Onkel trefft,
gebt ihnen von mir diese beiden Ne m'oubliez pas,

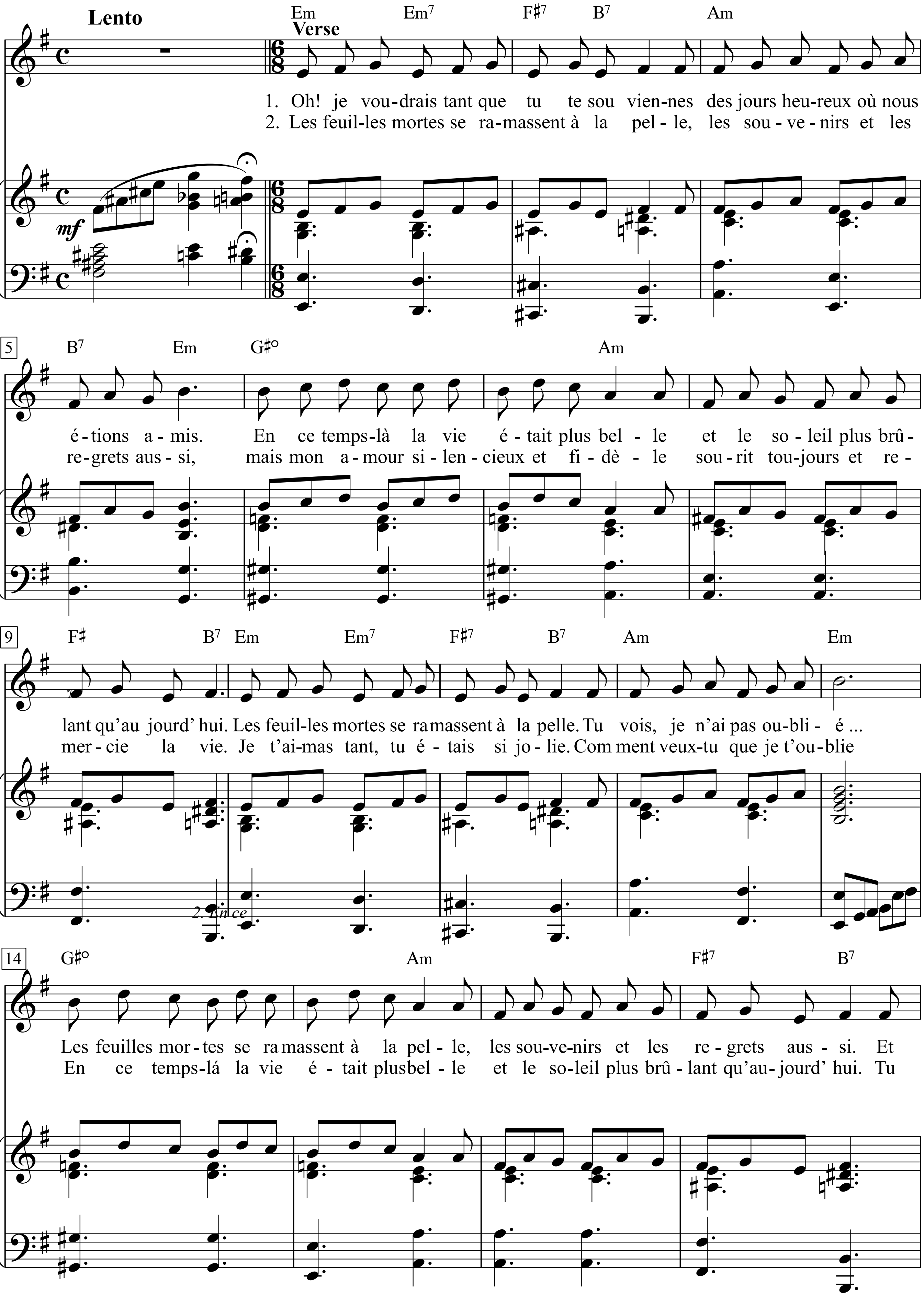
15. die zwei Myosotis, die in meinem Garten blühten:
ein kleines Forget me not für meinen Onkel Martin,
ein kleines Vergissmeinnicht für meinen Onkel Gaston,
armer Freund der Tommys, armer Freund der Teutonen ...

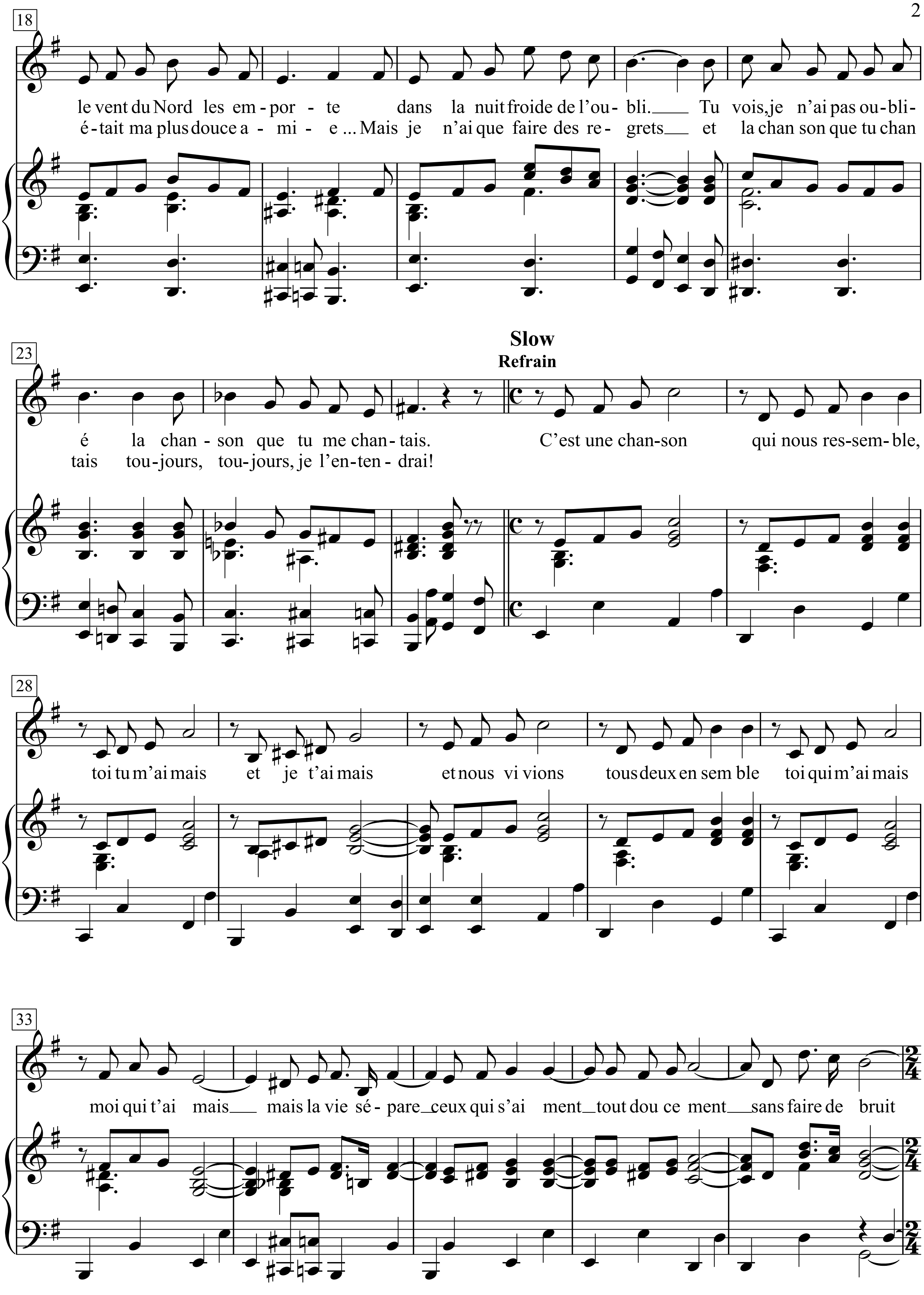
Les feuilles mortes

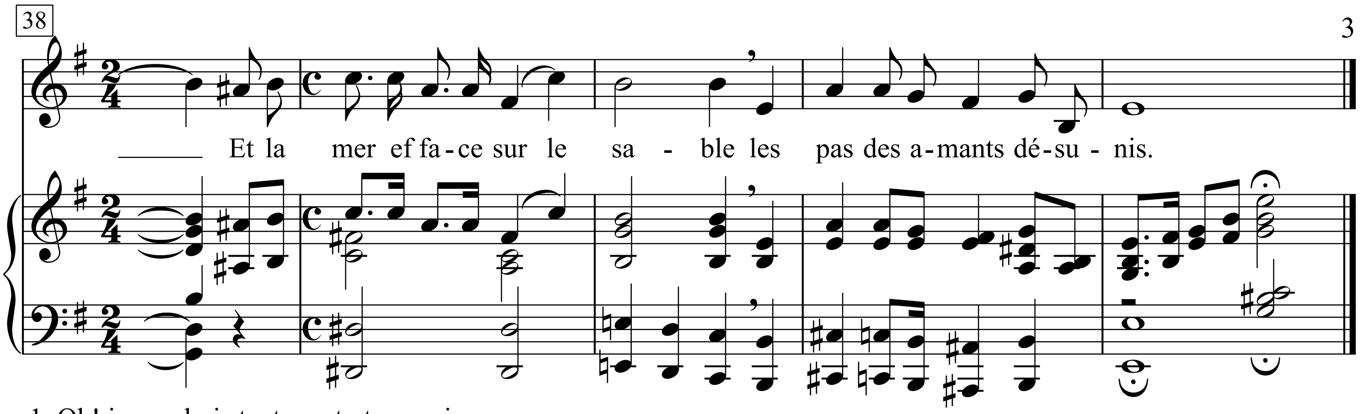
(Die toten Blätter)

Jacques Prévert
deutsche Übersetzung: D. Kaiser 2008

Joseph Kosma




18
le vent du Nord les em-por - te dans la nuit froide de l'ou- bli.___ Tu vois, je n'ai pas ou-bli-
é-tait ma plus douce a - mi - e ... Mais je n'ai que faire des re- grets___ et la chan son que tu chan
23
Slow
Refrain
é la chan - son que tu me chan- tais. C'est une chan-son qui nous res-sem- ble,
tais tou-jours, tou-jours, je l'en-ten - drai!
28
toi tu m'ai mais et je t'ai mais et nous vi vions tous deux en sem ble toi qui m'ai mais
33
moi qui t'ai mais___ mais la vie sé - pare___ceux qui s'ai ment___tout dou ce ment___sans faire de bruit



1. Oh! je voudrais tant que tu te souviennes
Des jours heureux où nous étions amis
En ce temps-là la vie était plus belle
Et le soleil plus brûlant qu'aujourd'hui.

2. Les feuilles mortes se ramassent à la pelle
Tu vois, je n'ai pas oublié
Les feuilles mortes se ramassent à la pelle
Les souvenirs et les regrets aussi.

3. Et le vent du Nord les emporte,
Dans la nuit froide de l'oubli.
Tu vois je n'ai pas oublié,
La chanson que tu me chantais...

4. Les feuilles mortes se ramassent à la pelle
Les souvenirs et les regrets aussi,
Mais mon amour silencieux et fidèle
Sourit toujours et remercie la vie.

5. Je t'aimais tant, tu étais si jolie,
Comment veux-tu que je t'oublie?
En ce temps-là la vie était plus belle
Et le soleil plus brûlant qu'aujourd'hui.

6. Tu étais ma plus douce amie
Mais je n'ai que faire des regrets.
Et la chanson que tu chantais,
Toujours, toujours je l'entendrai.

7. C'est une chanson qui nous ressemble,
Toi tu m'aimais, moi je t'aimais
Et nous vivions, tous deux ensemble,
Toi qui m'aimais, moi qui t'aimais.

8. Mais la vie sépare ceux qui s'aiment,
Tout doucement, sans faire de bruit
Et la mer efface sur le sable
Les pas des amants désunis.

9. C'est une chanson qui nous ressemble,
Toi tu m'aimais et je t'aimais
Et nous vivions tous deux ensemble,
Toi qui m'aimais, moi qui t'aimais.

10. Mais la vie sépare ceux qui s'aiment,
Tout doucement, sans faire de bruit
Et la mer efface sur le sable
Les pas des amants désunis

Wie wünsch ich mir, du würdest dich erinnern
der frohen Tage, da wir Freunde waren.
Das Leben war zu jener Zeit viel schöner,
die Sonne glühender als heut.

Die toten Blätter schaufelt man zusammen,
du siehst, ich habe nicht vergessen.
Die toten Blätter schaufelt man zusammen,
auch die Erinnerungen und das Leid.

Der Nordwind trägt sie mit sich fort
in des Vergessens dunkle Nacht.
Du siehst, ich habe nicht vergessen
das Lied, das du mir sangst.

Die toten Blätter schaufelt man zusammen,
auch die Erinnerungen und das Leid.
Doch meine Liebe still und treu,
sie lächelt stets und dankt dem Leben.

Ich liebte dich, du warst so hübsch.
Wie könnt ich jemals dich vergessen.
Das Leben war zu jener Zeit viel schöner.
Die Sonne glühender als heut.

Du warst die zärtlichste Geliebte.
Mir bleibt von allem nur das Leid.
Und immer, immer werd ich hören
das Lied, das du mir sangst.

Es war ein Lied, das uns sehr glich.
Du liebtest mich, ich liebte dich.
Wir lebten beide miteinander,
du, die mich liebte, ich, der dich liebte.

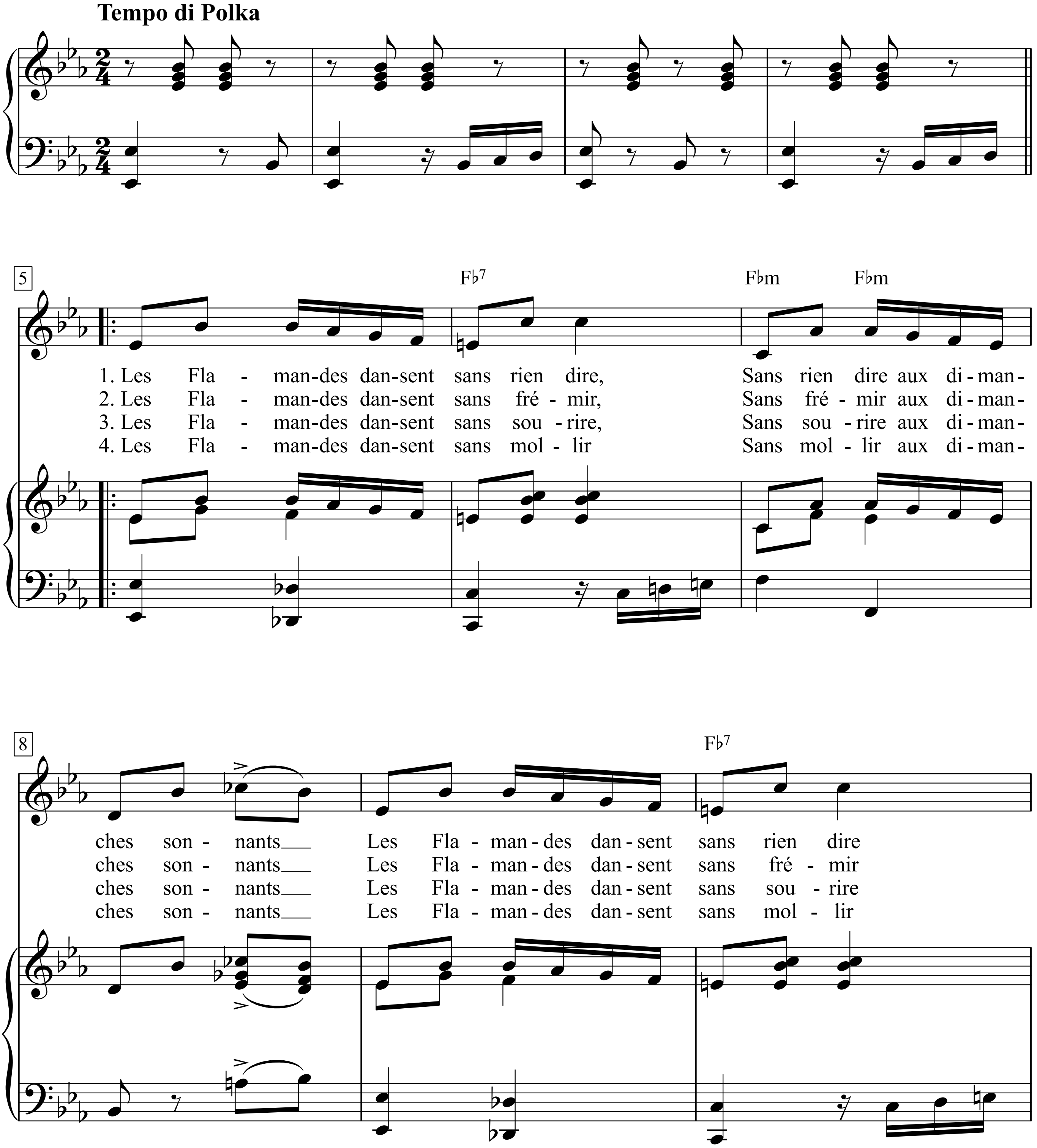
Doch das Leben trennt die Liebenden
ganz sanft, ganz ohne Lärm und Streit.
Dann kommt das Meer und tilgt im Sand
die Spur des Paars, das sich entzweit.

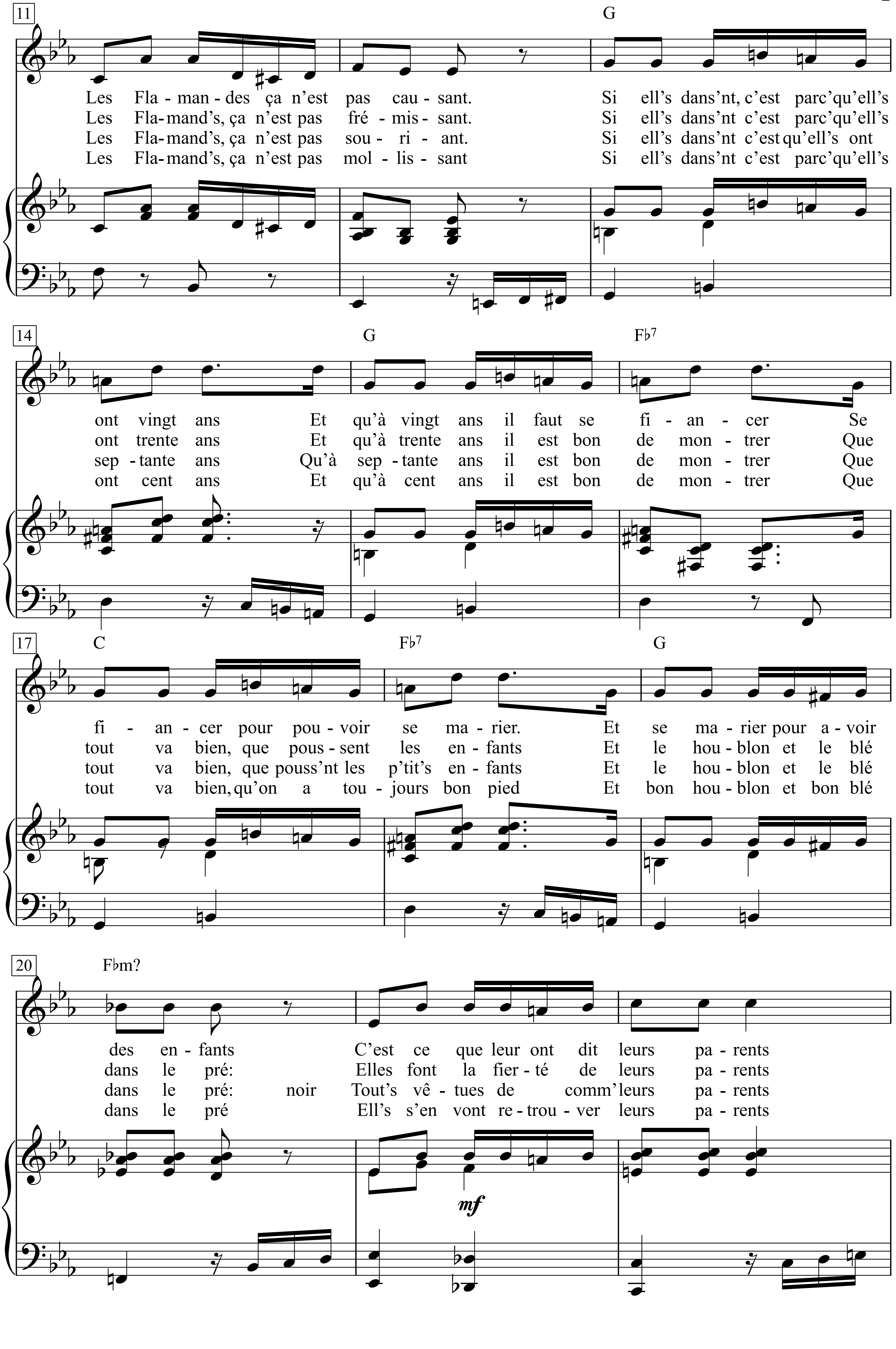
Es war ein Lied, das uns sehr glich.
Du liebtest, mich ich liebte dich.
Wir lebten beide miteinander,
du, die mich liebte, ich, der dich liebte.

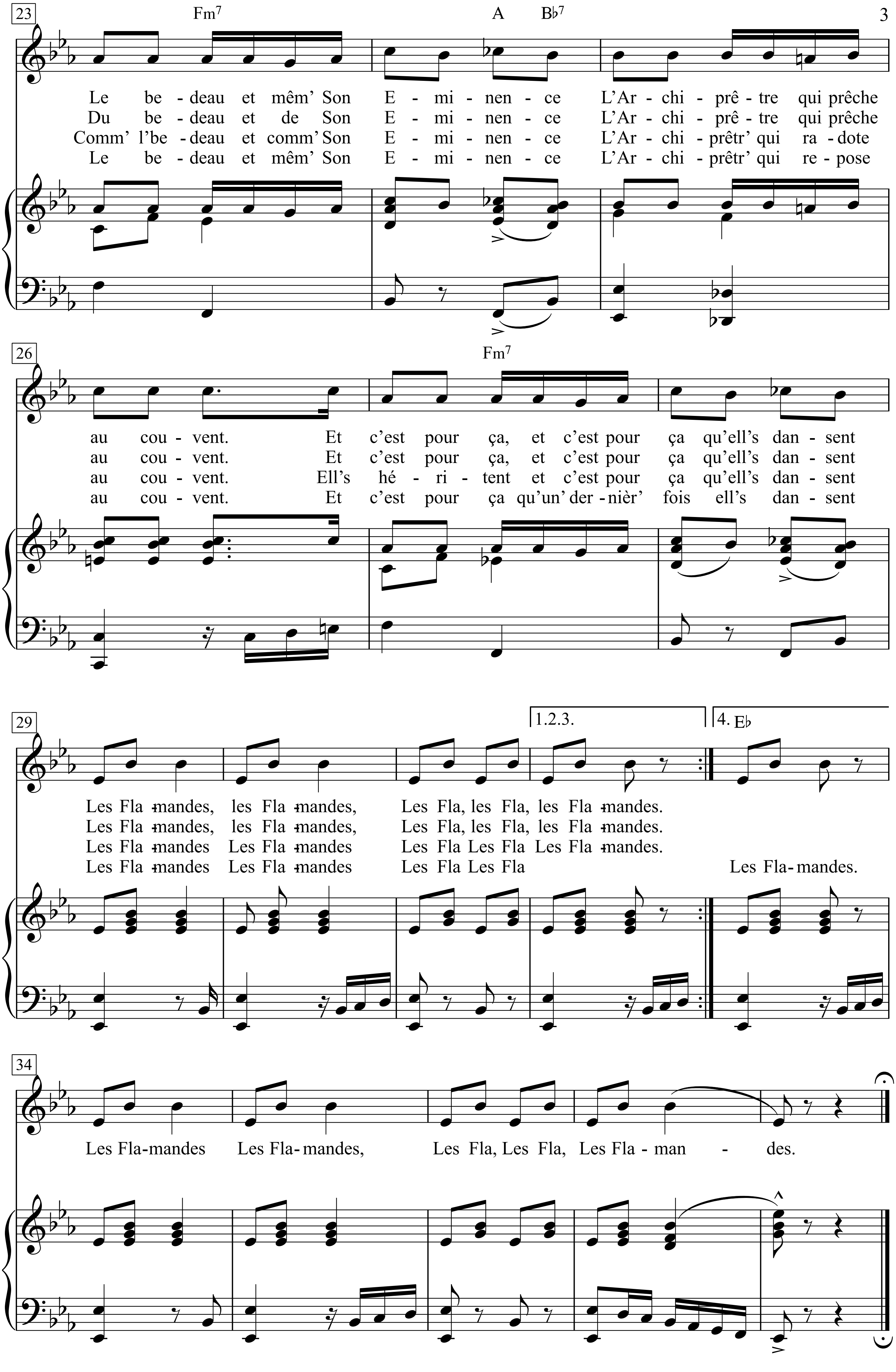
Doch das Leben trennt die Liebenden
ganz sanft, ganz ohne Lärm und Streit.
Dann kommt das Meer und tilgt im Sand
die Spur des Paars, das sich entzweit.

Les flamandes

Paroles & Musique: Jacques Brel




11
G
Les Fla - man - des ça n'est pas cau - sant. Si ell's dans'nt, c'est parc'qu'ell's
Les Fla-mand's, ça n'est pas fré - mis - sant. Si ell's dans'nt c'est parc'qu'ell's
Les Fla-mand's, ça n'est pas sou - ri - ant. Si ell's dans'nt c'est qu'ell's ont
Les Fla-mand's, ça n'est pas mol - lis - sant Si ell's dans'nt c'est parc'qu'ell's
14
G
F♭7
ont vingt ans Et qu'à vingt ans il faut se fi - an - cer Se
ont trente ans Et qu'à trente ans il est bon de mon - trer Que
sep - tante ans Qu'à sep - tante ans il est bon de mon - trer Que
ont cent ans Et qu'à cent ans il est bon de mon - trer Que
17
C
F♭7
G
fi - an - cer pour pou - voir se ma - rier. Et se ma - rier pour a - voir
tout va bien, que pous - sent les en - fants Et le hou - blon et le blé
tout va bien, que pouss'nt les p'tit's en - fants Et le hou - blon et le blé
tout va bien, qu'on a tou - jours bon pied Et bon hou - blon et bon blé
20
F♭m?
des en - fants C'est ce que leur ont dit leurs pa - rents
dans le pré: Elles font la fier - té de leurs pa - rents
dans le pré: noir Tout's vê - tues de comm' leurs pa - rents
dans le pré Ell's s'en vont re - trou - ver leurs pa - rents
mf


23
Fm7
A Bb7
Le be - deau et mêm' Son E - mi - nen - ce L'Ar - chi - prê - tre qui prêche
Du be - deau et de Son E - mi - nen - ce L'Ar - chi - prê - tre qui prêche
Comm' l'be - deau et comm' Son E - mi - nen - ce L'Ar - chi - prêtr' qui ra - dote
Le be - deau et mêm' Son E - mi - nen - ce L'Ar - chi - prêtr' qui re - pose
26
Fm7
au cou - vent. Et c'est pour ça, et c'est pour ça qu'ell's dan - sent
au cou - vent. Et c'est pour ça, et c'est pour ça qu'ell's dan - sent
au cou - vent. Ell's hé - ri - tent et c'est pour ça qu'ell's dan - sent
au cou - vent. Et c'est pour ça qu'un' der - nièr' fois ell's dan - sent
29
1.2.3.
4. Eb
Les Fla - mandes, les Fla - mandes, Les Fla, les Fla, les Fla - mandes.
Les Fla - mandes, les Fla - mandes, Les Fla, les Fla, les Fla - mandes.
Les Fla - mandes Les Fla - mandes Les Fla Les Fla Les Fla - mandes.
Les Fla - mandes Les Fla - mandes Les Fla Les Fla Les Fla - mandes.
34
Les Fla - mandes Les Fla - mandes, Les Fla, Les Fla, Les Fla - man - des.

1. Les Flamandes dansent sans rien dire,
Sans rien dire aux dimanches sonnants
Les Flamandes dansent sans rien dire
Les Flamandes ça n'est pas causant.
Si ell's dans'nt, c'est parc' qu'ell's ont vingt ans
Et qu'à vingt ans il faut se fiancer
Se fiancer pour pouvoir se marier.
Et se marier pour avoir des enfants
C'est ce que leur ont dit leurs parents
Le bedeau et mêm' Son Eminence
L'Archiprêtre qui prêche au couvent.
Et c'est pour ça, et c'est pour ça qu'ell's dansent
Les Flamandes, les Flamandes,
Les Fla, les Fla, les Flamandes.

2. Les Flamandes dansent sans frémir,
Sans frémir aux dimanches sonnants
Les Flamandes dansent sans frémir
Les Flamand's, ça n'est pas frémissant.
Si ell's dans'nt c'est parc' qu'ell's ont trente ans
Et qu'à trente ans il est bon de montrer
Que tout va bien, que pous sent les enfants
Et le houblon et le blé dans le pré:
Elles font la fierté de leurs parents
Du bedeau et de Son Eminence
L'Archiprêtre qui prêche au couvent.
Et c'est pour ça, et c'est pour ça qu'ell's dansent
Les Flamandes, les Flamandes,
Les Fla, les Fla, les Flamandes.

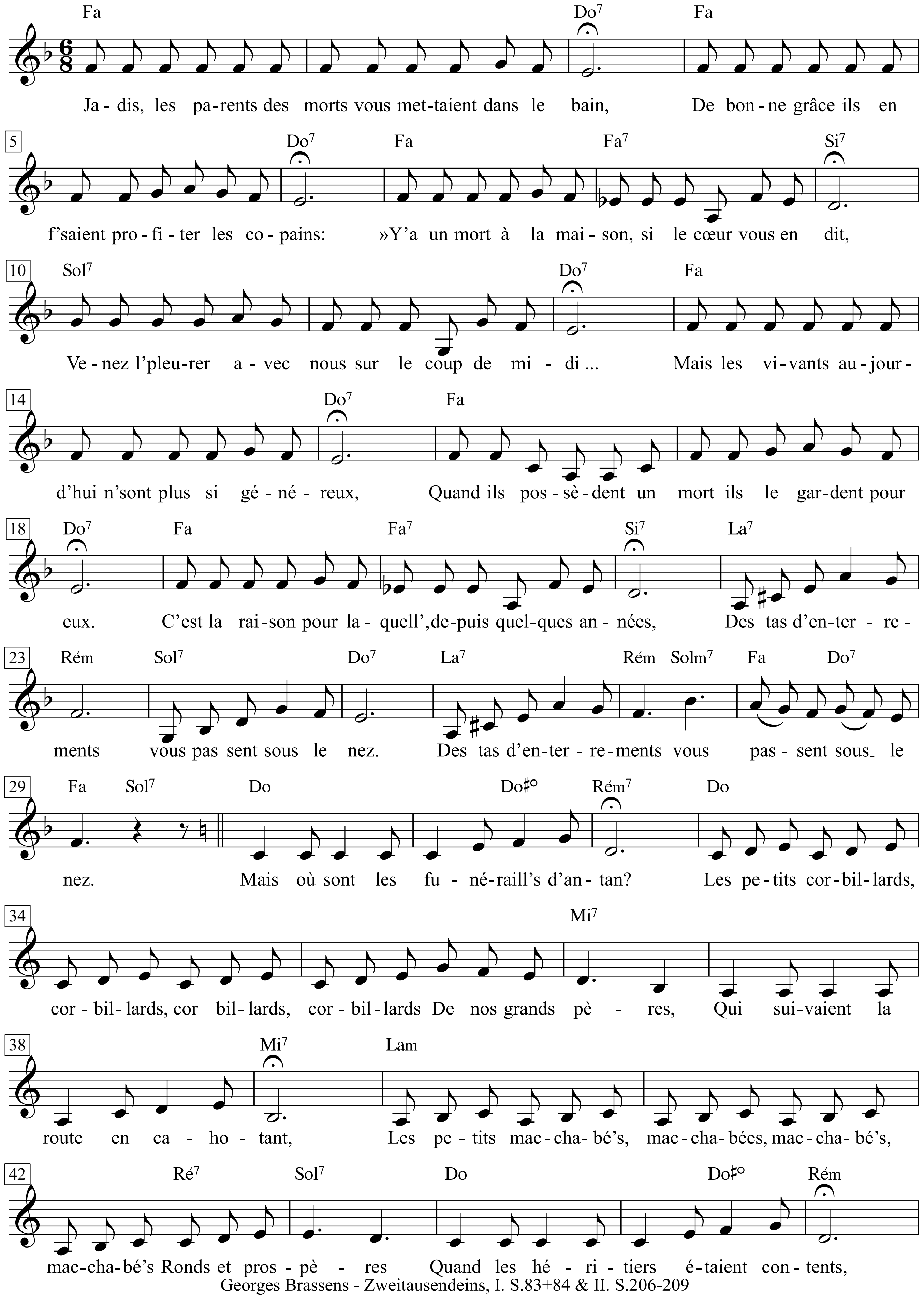
3. Les Flamandes dansent sans sourire,
Sans sourire aux dimanches sonnants
Les Flamandes dansent sans sourire
Les Flamand's, ça n'est pas souriant.
Si ell's dans'nt c'est qu'ell's ont septante ans
Qu'à septante ans il est bon de montrer
Que tout va bien, que pouss'nt les p'tit's enfants
Et le houblon et le blé dans le pré:
Tout's vêtues de noir comm' leurs parents
Comm' l'bedeau et comm' Son Eminence
L'Archiprêtr' qui radote au couvent.
Ell's héritent et c'est pour ça qu'ell's dansent
Les Flamandes Les Flamandes
Les Fla Les Fla Les Flamandes.

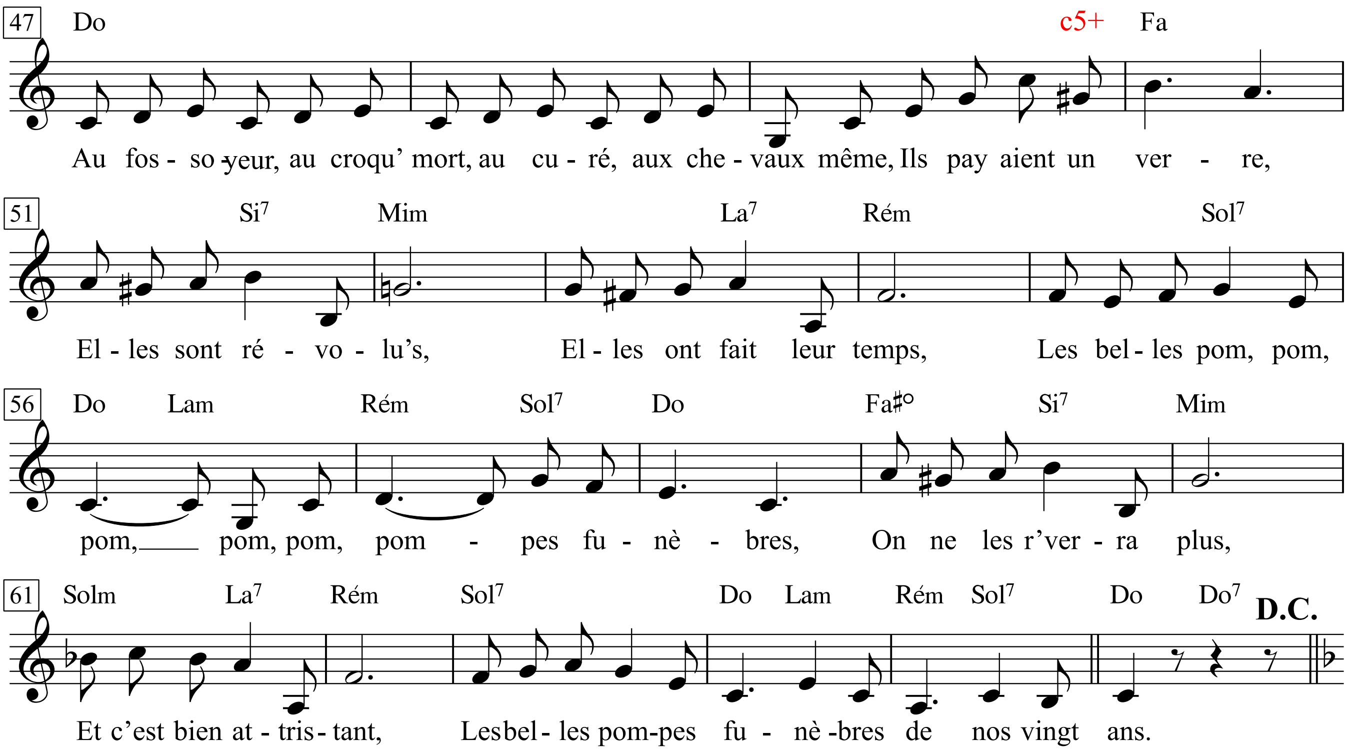
4. Les Flamandes dansent sans mollir
Sans mollir aux dimanches sonnants
Les Flamandes dansent sans mollir
Les Flamand's, ça n'est pas mollissant
Si ell's dans'nt c'est parc' qu'ell's ont cent ans
Et qu'à cent ans il est bon de montrer
Que tout va bien, qu'on a toujours bon pied
Et bon houblon et bon blé dans le pré
Ell's s'en vont retrouver leurs parents
Le bedeau et mêm' Son Eminence
L'Archiprêtr' qui repose au couvent.
Et c'est pour ça qu'un' dernièr' fois ell's dansent
Les Flamandes Les Flamandes
Les Fla Les Fla Les Flamandes.
Les Flamandes Les Flamandes,
Les Fla,
Les Fla,
Les Flamandes.

Les funérailles d’antan

(Das Begräbnis alter Zeit)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens




47
Do
c5+
Fa
Au fos - so - yeur, au croqu' mort, au cu - ré, aux che - vaux même, Ils pay aient un ver - re,
51
Si7
Mim
La7
Rém
Sol7
El - les sont ré - vo - lu's, El - les ont fait leur temps, Les bel - les pom, pom,
56
Do
Lam
Rém
Sol7
Do
Fa♯°
Si7
Mim
pom, pom, pom, pom - pes fu - nè - bres, On ne les r'ver - ra plus,
61
Solm
La7
Rém
Sol7
Do
Lam
Rém
Sol7
Do
Do7
D.C.
Et c'est bien at - tris - tant, Les bel - les pom-pes fu - nè -bres de nos vingt ans.

1. Jadis, les parents des morts vous mettaient dans le bain,
De bonne grâce ils en f'saient profiter les copains:
»Y' a un mort à la maison, si le cœur vous en dit,
Venez l' pleurer avec nous sur le coup de midi ...«
Mais les vivants aujourd'hui n' sont plus si généreux,
Quand ils possèdent un mort ils le gardent pour eux.
C'est la raison pour laquell', depuis quelques années,
Des tas d'enterrements vous passent sous le nez. (bis)

Refrain
Mais où sont les funéraill's d'antan?
Les petits corbillards, corbillards, corbillards, corbillards
De nos grands-pères,
Qui suivaient la route en cahotant,
Les petits macchabées, macchabées, macchabées, macchabées
Ronds et prospères ...
Quand les héritiers étaient contents,
Au fossoyeur, au croqu'-mort, au curé, aux chevaux même,
Ils payaient un verre,
Elles sont révolu's,
Elles ont fait leur temps,
Les belles pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pompes funèbres,
On ne les r'verra plus,
Et c'est bien attristant,
Les belles pompes funèbres de nos vingt ans.

2. Maintenant, les corbillards à tombeau grand ouvert
Emportent les trépassés jusqu'au diable vauvert,
Les malheureux n'ont mêm' plus le plaisir enfantin
D' voir leurs héritiers marron marcher dans le crottin.
L'autre semain' des salauds, à cent quarante à l'heur',
Vers un cimetièr' minable emportaient un des leurs ...
Quand, sur un arbre en bois dur, ils se sont aplatis
On s'aperçut qu' le mort avait fait des petits, (bis)

3. Plutôt qu' d'avoir des obsèqu's manquant de fioritur's,
J'aim'rais mieux, tout compte fait, m' passer de sépultur',
J'aim'rais mieux mourir dans l'eau, dans le feu, n'importe où,
Et même, à la grand' rigueur, ne pas mourir du tout.
O, que renaisse le temps des morts bouffis d'orgueil,
L'époque des m'as-tu-vu-dans-mon-joli-cercueil,
Où, quitte à tout dépenser jusqu'au dernier écu,
Les gens avaient à cœur d' mourir plus haut qu' leur cul,
Les gens avaient à cœur de mourir plus haut que leur cul.

1. Früher gab's, wenn einer starb, üppige Schwelgerein;
dazu lud man auch die Kumpel des Abgängers ein:
»Bei uns ist einer gestorben, und wenn es euch passt,
trauert doch mit uns zu Mittag, Herr, seid unser Gast.«
Aber die Lebenden heut sind so großzügig nicht;
wer einen Toten hat, hält ihn für sich, außer Sicht;
das ist der Grund, aus dem - wie schon seit Jahren geschehn -
Beerdigungen uns oft durch die Lappen gehn, (bis)

Refrain
Wo ist das Begräbnis alter Zeit?
Die leichenstarrenden knarrenden Karren mit
Großvaters letzter Gebärde?
Sie verschaukelten zu Grabgeläut
all die Kadaver die feist-runden-reifen, bereiten für
zwei Klafter Erde.
Wenn die Erben froh warn, ohne Streit,
gab's einen Schnaps für die Träger, den Gräber, den
Pfarrer, sogar für die Pferde -
aber das ist vorbei,
so was wird heut gescheut,
die stattliche Bestattlichkeit fern von der Herde;
das gibt es nicht mehr neu,
und darum tut's mir leid
um die Bestattungen unsrer Vergangenheit.

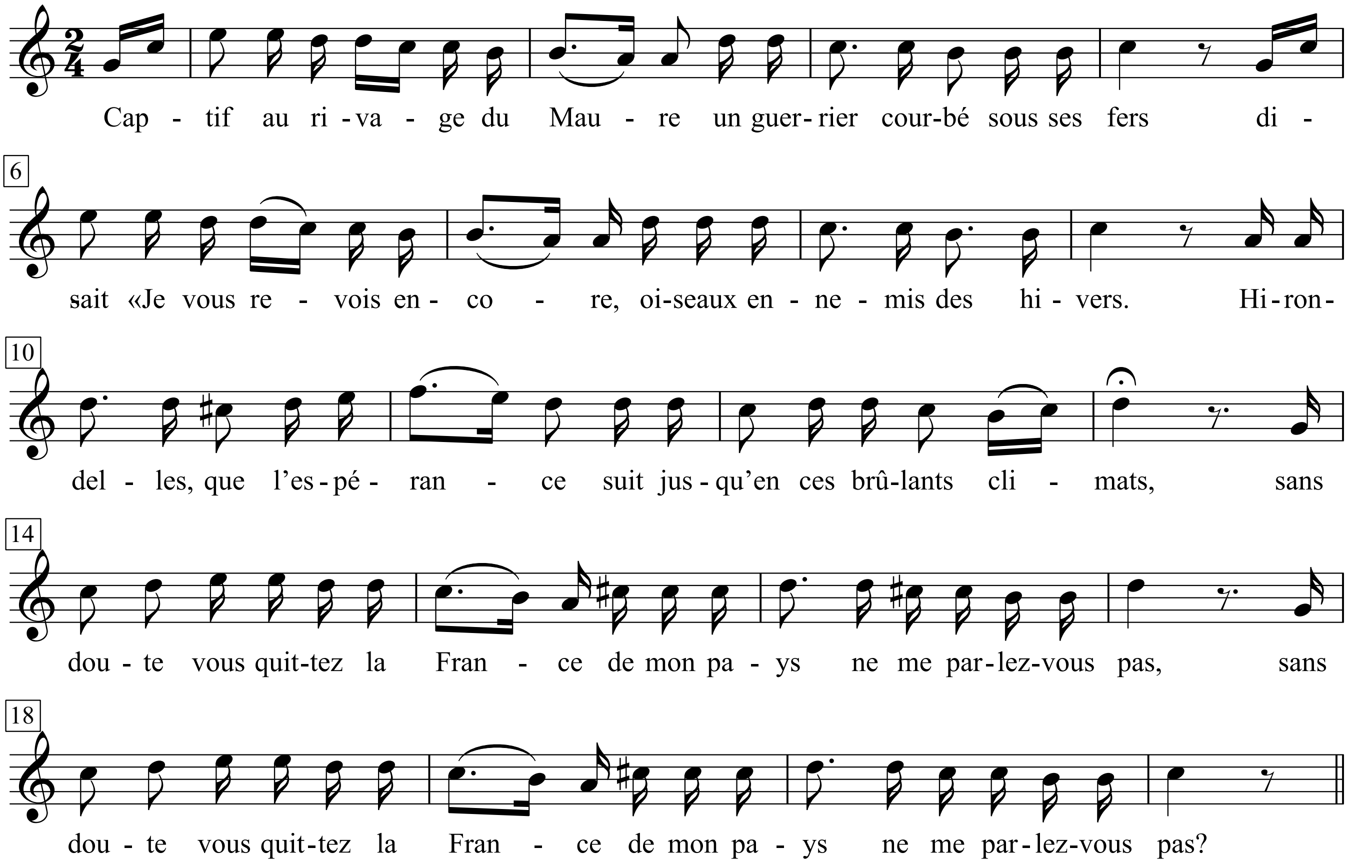
2. Heut rasen Selbstmörder mit Leichenautos (geborgt)
jottwede hin, wo man ihre Verblichnen entsorgt;
den Seligen gönnt man nicht mal den Spaß - war doch schön!
stinkige Erben durch Pferdekot waten zu sehn.
Jüngst schleiften Strolche mit zweihundert Sachen nonstop
einen der ihren zu irgend nem Wurmbiotop;
dann sind sie voll vor ne standhafte Eiche gekracht -
der Tote hat postum noch mal Junge gemacht, (bis)

3. Derlei Exequien, würdelos, wie für nen Schuft -
danke, nein. Lieber entschlüge ich mich einer Gruft,
viel lieber stürb ich im Wasser, im Feuer, im Licht;
und wenn's nicht anders geht, sterb ich halt überhaupt nicht.
Ach, die Zeit prangender Toter mit offener Hand,
als noch galt »Wer hat den schönsten Sarg im ganzen Land«;
man gab um jeden Preis auch noch den letzten Sou aus -
wer da kein Arsch war, starb am liebsten hoch hinaus,
wer da kein Arsch war, starb am liebsten hoch hinaus.

Les hirondelles

Pierre-Jean de Béranger

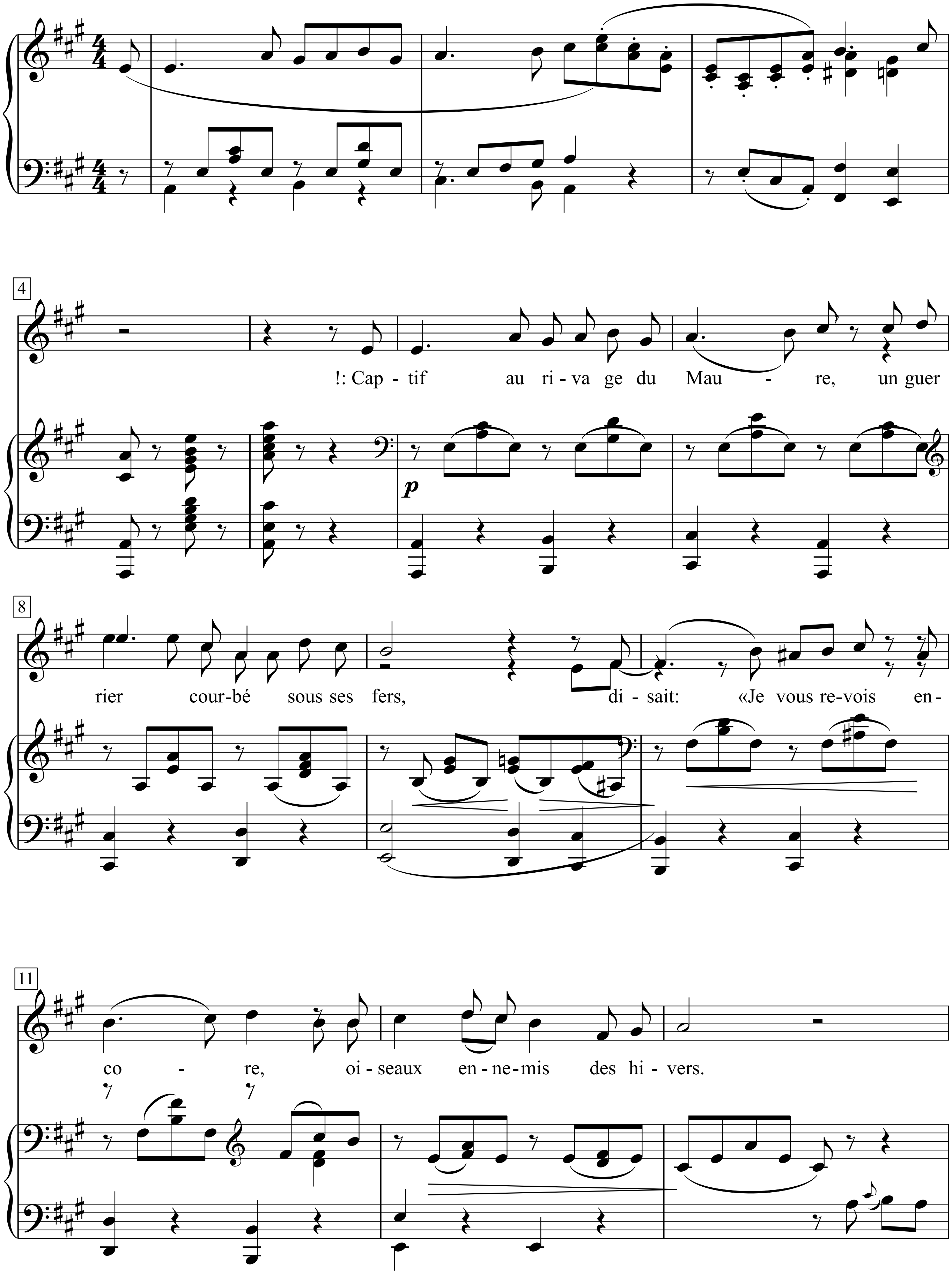
Air de la romance de Joseph

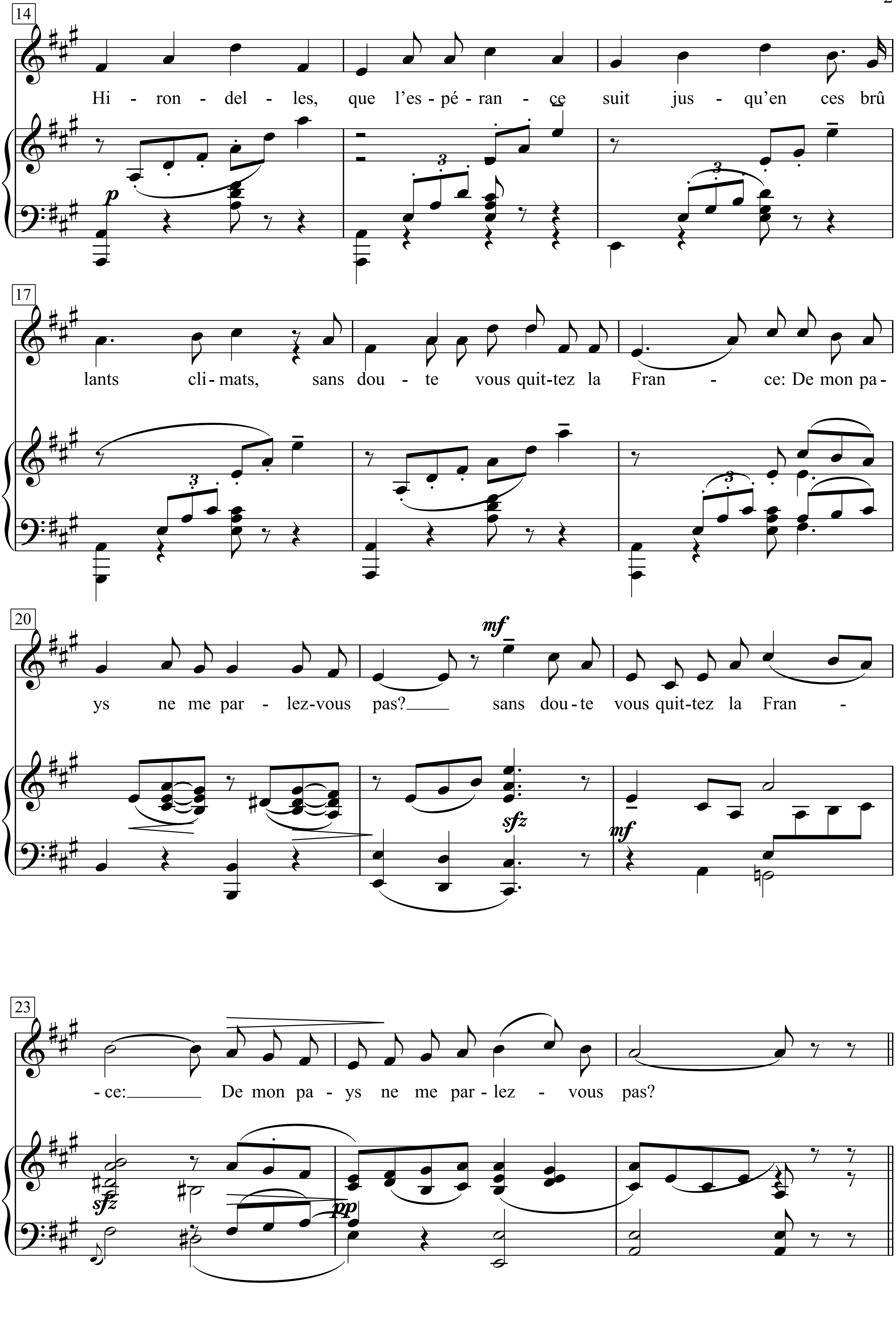


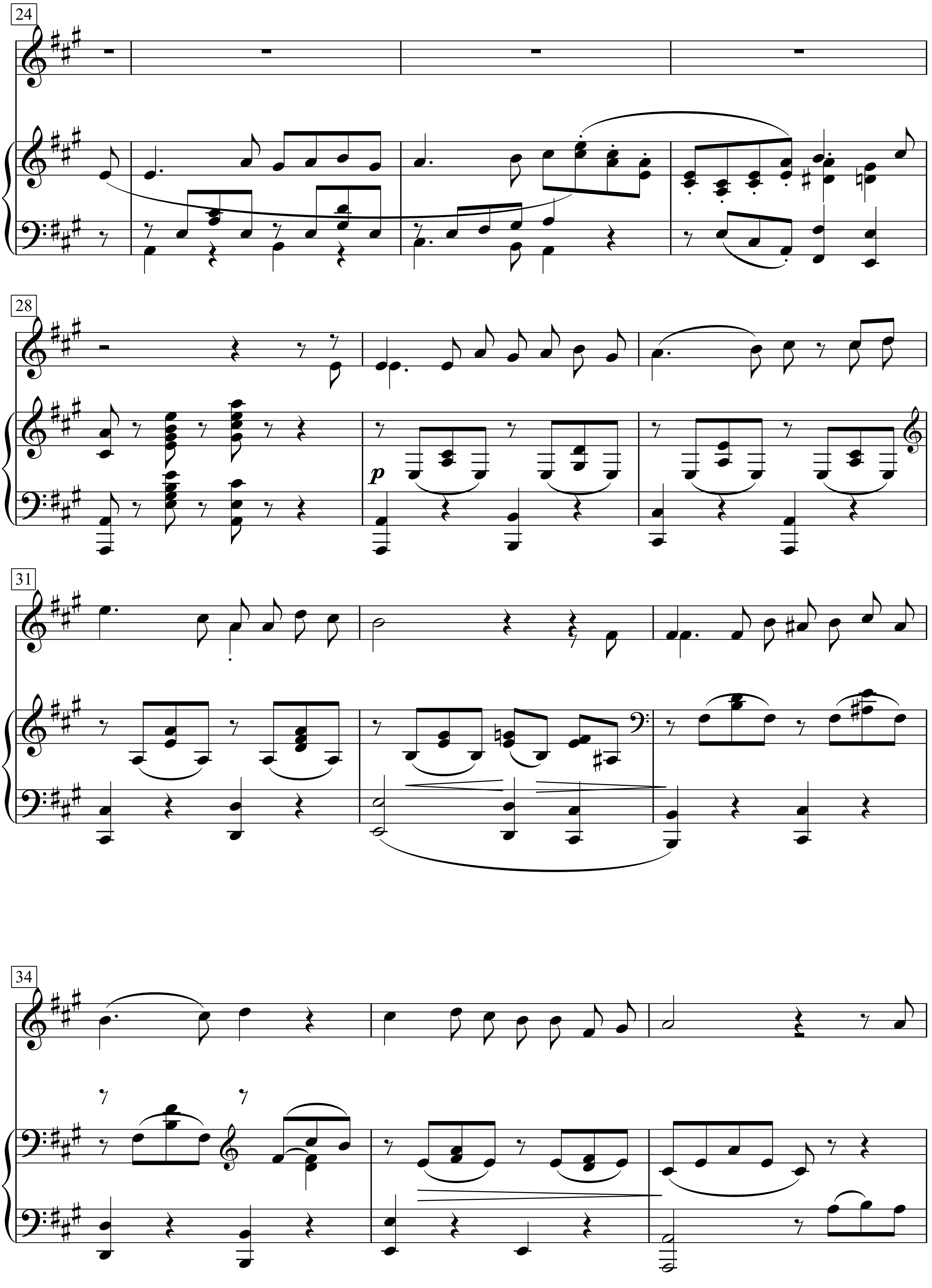
Les hirondelles

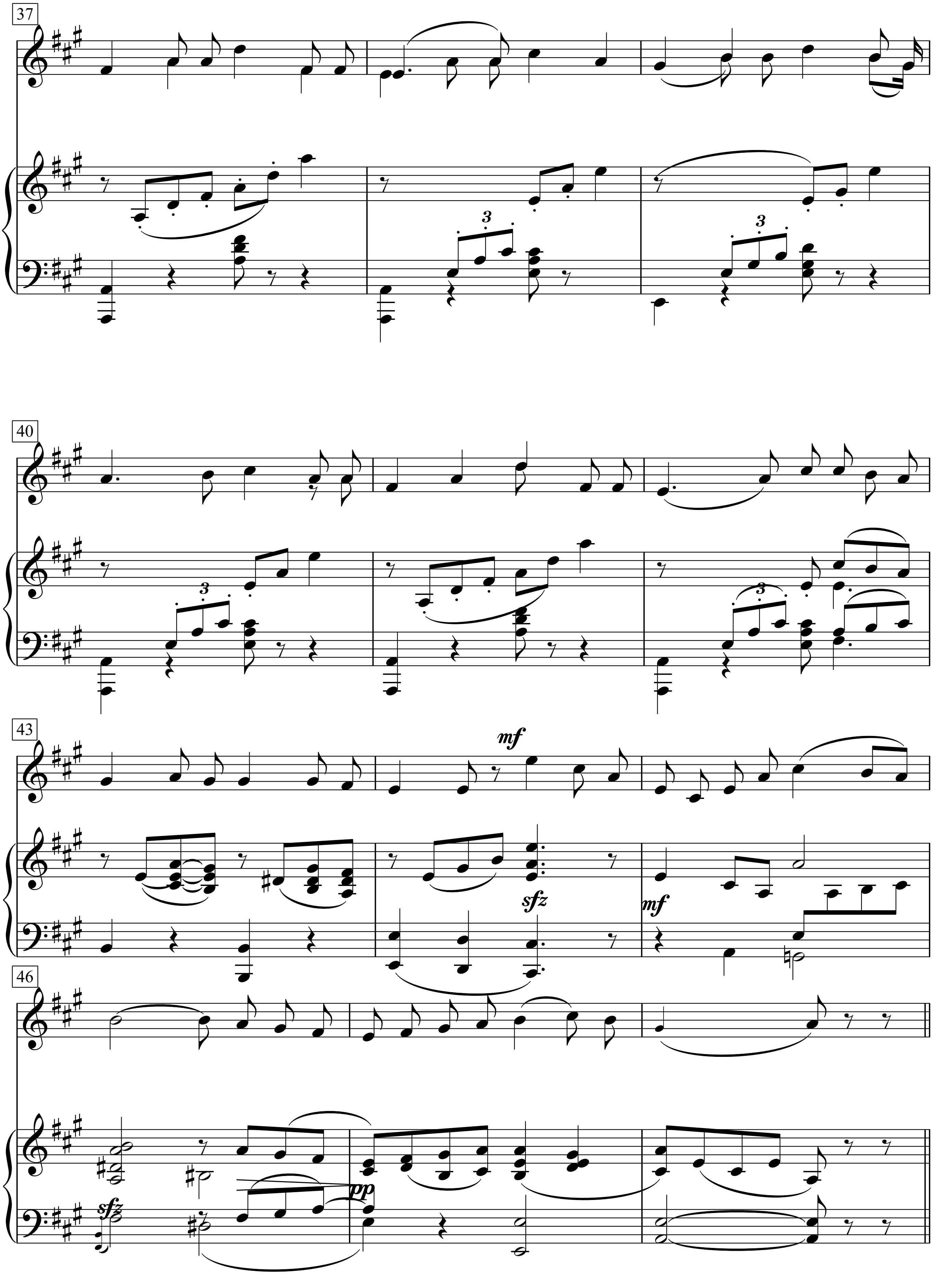
Pierre-Jean de Béranger

A. de Beauplan




14
Hi - ron - del - les, que l'es - pé - ran - ce suit jus - qu'en ces brû
p
17
lants cli - mats, sans dou - te vous quit - tez la Fran - ce: De mon pa -
20
mf
ys ne me par - lez-vous pas? sans dou - te vous quit - tez la Fran -
sfz
mf
23
- ce: De mon pa - ys ne me par - lez - vous pas?
sfz
pp


24
28
p
31
34

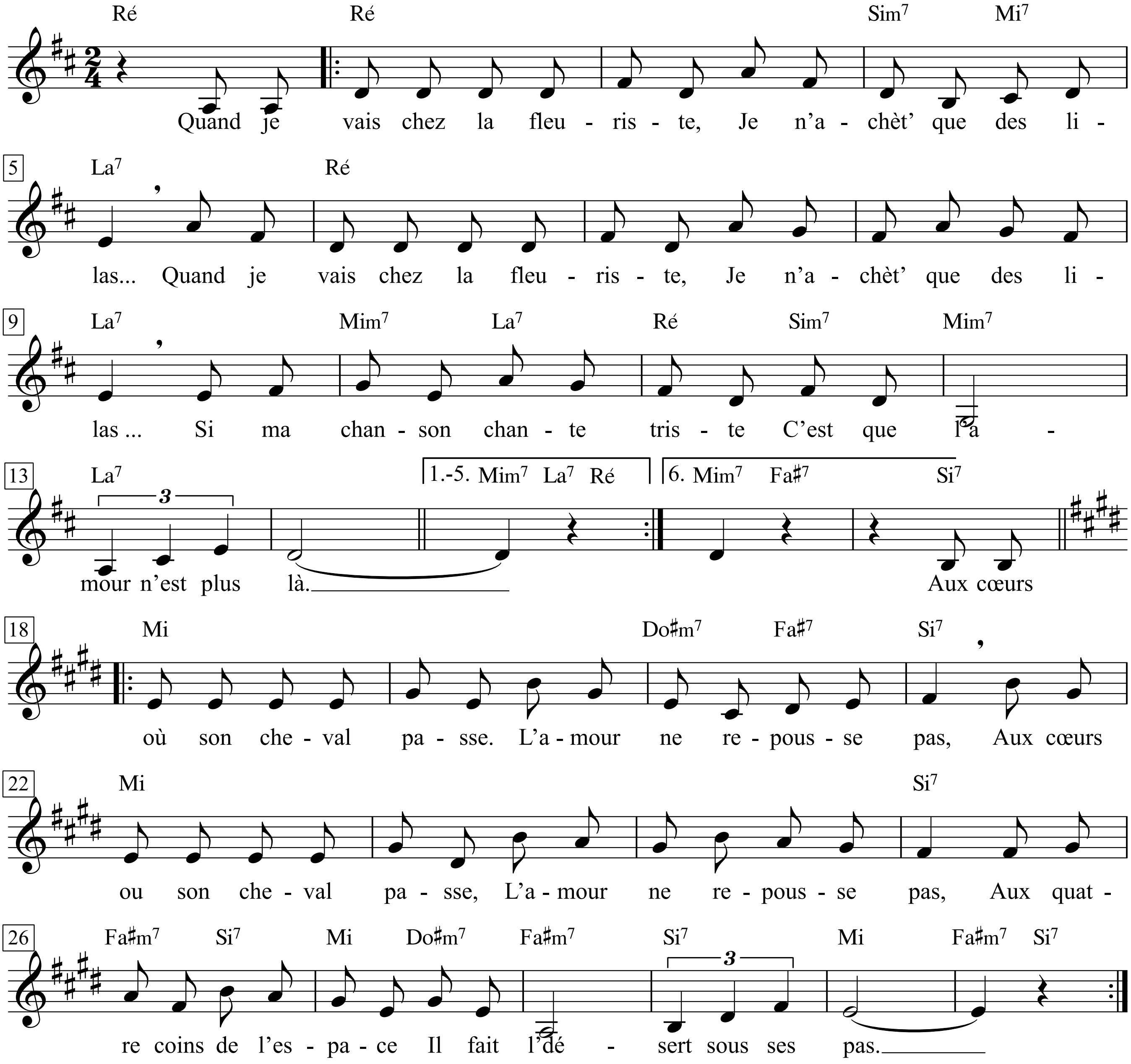

37
40
43
mf
sfz
mf
46
sfz
pp

Les lilas

(Flieder)

All.° Mod.°

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Quand je vais chez la fleuriste,
Je n’achèt’ que des lilas ...
Si ma chanson chante triste
C’est que l’amour n’est plus là.

2. Comm’ j’étais, en quelque sorti
Amoureux de ces fleurs-là,
Je suis entré par la porte,
Par la porte des Lilas.

3. Des lilas, y’ en avait guère,
Des lilas, y’ en avait pas,
Z’étaient tous morts à la guerre,
Passés de vie à trépas.

4. J’suis tombé sur une belle
Qui fleurissait un peu là,
J’ai voulu greffer sur elle
Mon amour pour les lilas.

5. J’ai marqué d’une croix blanche
Le jour où l’on s’envola,
Accrochés à une branche,
Une branche de lilas.

6. Pauvre amour, tiens bon la barre,
Le temps va passer par là,
Et le temps est un barbare
Dans le genre d’Attila.

7. Aux cœurs où son cheval passe,
L’amour ne repousse pas,
Aux quatre coins de l’espace
Il fait le désert sous ses pas.

8. Alors, nos amours sont mortes,
Envolé’s dans l’au-delà,
Laissant la clé sous la porte,
Sous la porte des Lilas.

9. La fauvette des dimanches,
Cell’ qui me donnait le la,
S’est perché’ sur d’autres branches,
D’autres branches de lilas.

10. Quand je vais chez la fleuriste,
Je n’achèt’ que des lilas ...
Si ma chanson chante triste
C’est que l’amour n’est plus là.

1. Wenn ich zur Floristin gehe,
kauf ich nur Flieder ...
Wenn mein Lied traurig klingt,
dann, weil die Liebe nicht mehr da ist.

2. Da ich irgendwie
verliebt in diese Blumen war,
bin ich eingetreten durch die
Porte des Lilas.

3. Flieder gab es da kaum,
Flieder gab es keinen,
aller Flieder war im Krieg
gestorben, gefallen.

4. Ich traf auf eine Schöne,
die dort ein bisschen blühte,
meine Fliederliebe wollte
ich ihr aufpfropfen.

5. Mit einem weißen Kreuz markierte
ich den Tag, da wir abhoben,
angeklammert an einen
Fliederzweig.

6. Arme Liebste, schieb den Riegel vor,
die Zeit kommt hier vorbei,
und die Zeit ist eine Barbarin
vom Schlag des Attila.

7. In den Herzen, wo ihr Pferd ging,
wächst die Liebe nicht mehr,
in allen Himmelsrichtungen
entsteht Wüste unter ihren Hufen.

8. So ist unsere Liebschaft gestorben,
verweht ins Jenseits,
und ließ den Schlüssel liegen unter der
Porte des Lilas.

9. Die Sonntags-Grasmücke,
die mir den Ton angab,
hat sich gehockt auf andere
Fliederzweige.

10. Wenn ich zur Floristin gehe,
kaufe ich nur Flieder ...
Wenn mein Lied traurig klingt,
dann, weil die Liebe nicht mehr da ist.

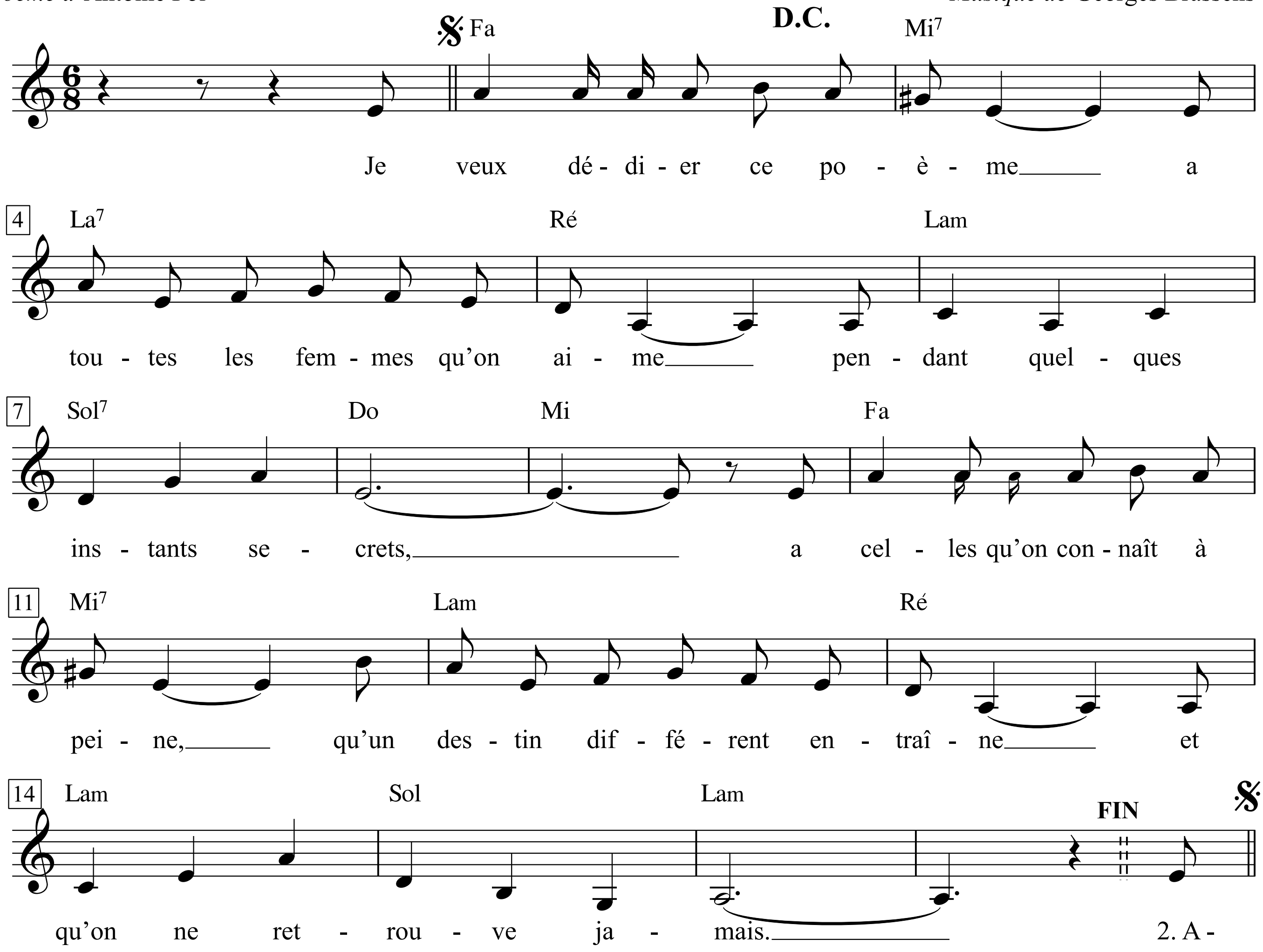
Les passantes

(Die Passantinnen)

Moderato

Poème d' Antoine Pol

Musique de Georges Brassens



1. Je veux dédier ce poème
A toutes les femmes qu'on aime
Pendant quelques instants secrets,
A celles qu'on connaît à peine,
Qu'un destin différent entraîne
Et qu'on ne retrouve jamais.

2. A celle qu'on voit apparaître
Une seconde, à la* fenêtre,
Et qui, preste, s'évanouit,
Mais dont la svelte silhouette
Est si gracieuse et fluette
Qu'on en demeure épanoui.

3. A la compagne de voyage
Dont les yeux, charmant paysage,
Font paraître court le chemin;
Qu'on est seul peut-être à comprendre,
Et qu'on laisse pourtant descendre
Sans avoir effleuré sa** main.

4. A celles qui sont déjà prises,
Et qui vivant des heures grises
Près d'un être trop différent,
Vous ont, inutile folie,
Laissé voir la mélancolie
D'un avenir désespérant.

5. Chères images aperçues,
Espérances d'un jour déçues,
Vous serez dans l'oubli demain;
Pour peu que le bonheur survienne,
Il est rare qu'on se souvienne
Des épisodes du chemin.

6. Mais si l'on a manqué sa vie,
On songe, avec un peu d'envie
A tous ces bonheurs entrevus,
Aux cœurs qui doivent vous attendre,*
Aux baisers qu'on n'osa pas prendre,#
Aux yeux qu'on n'a jamais revus.

7. Alors, aux soirs de lassitude,
Tout en peuplant sa solitude
Des fantômes du souvenir,
On pleure les lèvres absentes
De toutes les*** belles passantes
Que l'on n'a pas su retenir.

Variantes G. B.: *sa. ** la. *** ces.
* vers intervertis.

1. Ich will dieses Gedicht widmen
all den Frauen, die man liebt
einige geheime Momente lang,
denen, die man kaum kennt
und die ein anderes Schicksal verschleppt
und die man nie wiedersieht.

2. Jener, die man erscheinen sieht
eine Sekunde am* Fenster
und die sich sofort auflöst,
aber deren schlanke Silhouette
so zart und anmutig ist,
dass es einem den Atem raubt.

3. Der Reisegefährtin,
deren Augen - reizende Landschaft -
den Weg kurz erscheinen lassen;
die man vielleicht als einziger versteht
und die man doch aussteigen lässt,
ohne ihre** Hand berührt zu haben.

4. Denen, die schon vergeben sind
und graue Stunden durchleben
neben einem allzu andersartigen Wesen,
die einen - unnützer Wahn -
die Melancholie haben ahnen lassen
einer trostlosen Zukunft.

5. Teure erhaschte Bilder,
enttäuschte Eintagshoffnungen,
morgen werdet ihr vergessen sein;
wenn nicht viel Glück mitspielt,
erinnert man sich kaum
an Episoden von unterwegs.

6. Aber wenn man sein Leben verfehlt hat,
träumt man, mit etwas Neid,
von all dem flüchtig geschauten Glück,
von Herzen, die auf einen warten müssen,#
von Küssen, die zu rauben man nicht wagte,#
von Augen, die man nie wiedersah.

7. Also, an schmachtenden Abenden,
indem man seine Einsamkeit bevölkert
mit den Phantomen der Erinnerung,
beweint man die abwesenden Lippen
all der*** schönen Passantinnen,
die man nicht aufhalten konnte.

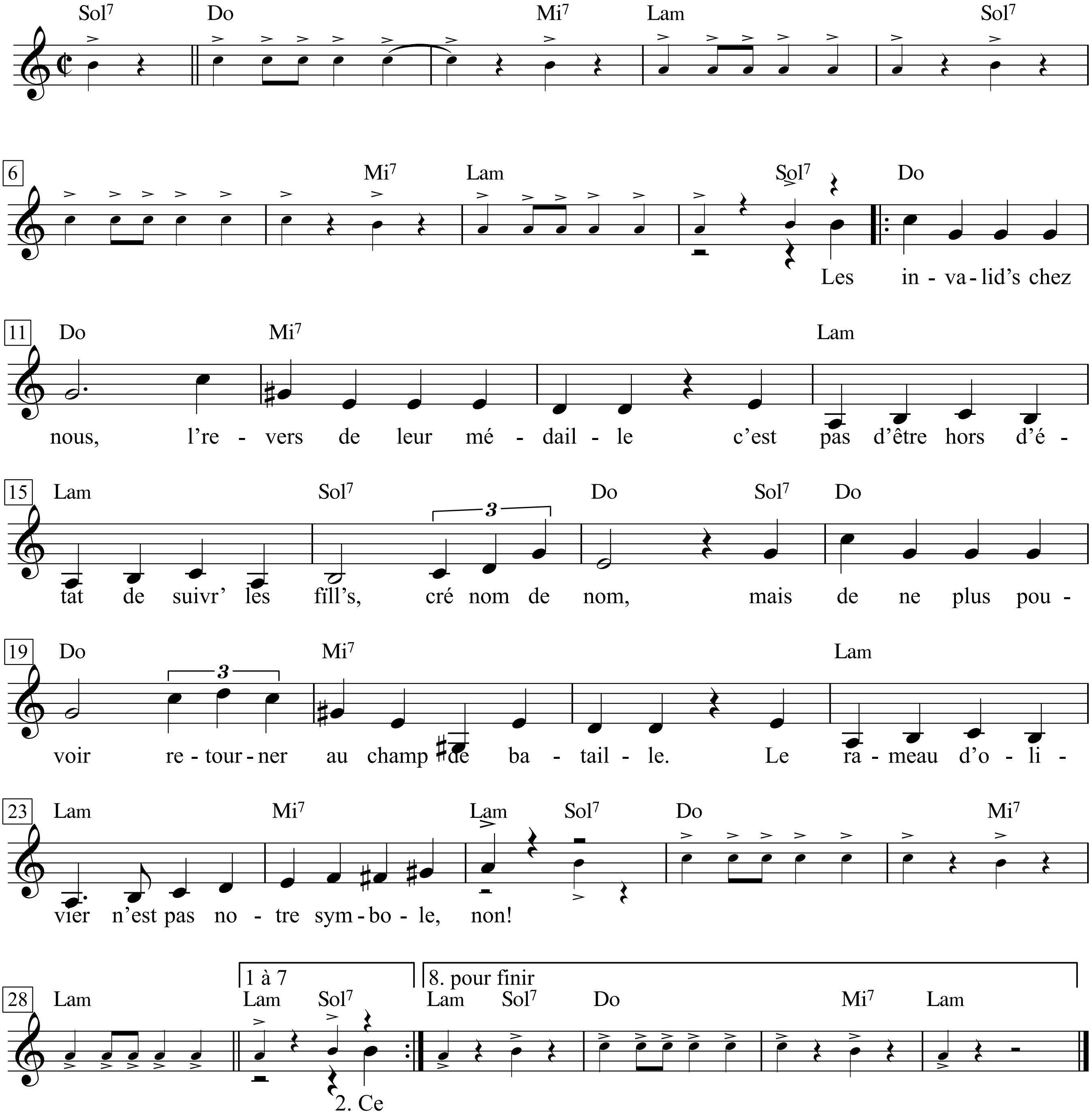
Varianten G.B.: * an ihrem **die. * * * dieser.
* Zeilen miteinander vertauscht.

Les patriotes

(Die Patrioten)

Vif

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Les invalid's chez nous, l'revers de leur médaille
C'est pas d'être hors d'état de suivr' les fill's, cré nom de nom,
Mais de ne plus pouvoir retourner au champ de bataille.
Le rameau d'olivier n'est pas notre symbole, non!

2. Ce que, par-dessus tout, nos aveugles déplorent,
C'est pas d'être hors d'état d'se rincer l'œil, cré nom de nom,
Mais de ne plus pouvoir lorgner le drapeau tricolore.
La ligne bleue des Vosges sera toujours notre horizon.

3. Et les sourds de chez nous, s'ils sont mélancoliques,
C'est pas d'être hors d'état d'ouïr les sirènes, cré de nom de nom,
Mais de ne plus pouvoir entendre au défilé d'la clique
Les échos du tambour, de la trompette et du clairon.

4. Et les muets d'chez nous, c'qui les met mal à l'aise
C'est pas d'être hors d'état d'conter fleurett', cré nom de nom,
Mais de ne plus pouvoir reprendre en chœur la Marseillaise.
Les chansons martiales sont les seules que nous entonnons.

5. Ce qui de nos manchots aigrit le caractère,
C'est pas d'être hors d'état d'pincer les fess's, cré nom de nom,
Mais de ne plus pouvoir faire le salut militaire.
Jamais un bras d'honneur ne sera notre geste, non!

6. Les estropiés d'chez nous, ce qui les rend patraques,
C'est pas d'être hors d'état d'courir la gueus', cré nom de nom,
Mais de ne plus pouvoir participer à une attaque.
On rêve de Rosalie, la baïonnette, pas de Ninon.

7. C'qui manque aux amputés de leurs bijoux d'famille,
C'est pas d'être hors d'état d'aimer leur femm', cré nom de nom,
Mais de ne plus pouvoir sabrer les belles ennemies.
La colomb' de la paix, on l'apprête aux petits oignons.

8. Quant à nos trépassés, s'ils ont tous l'âme en peine,
C'est pas d'être hors d'état d'mourir d'amour, cré nom de nom,
Mais de ne plus pouvoir se faire occire à la prochaine.
Au monument aux morts, chacun rêve d'avoir son nom.

1. Die Invaliden bei uns - die Kehrseite ihrer Medaille
ist nicht, dass sie nicht mehr den Weibern nachlaufen können, verdammt,
sondern dass sie nicht mehr zurück aufs Schlachtfeld können.
Der Ölzweig ist nicht unser Symbol, nein!

2. Was unsere Blinden vor allem beweinen, ist nicht,
dass sie niemandem mehr schöne Augen machen können,
sondern dass sie die Trikolore nicht mehr sehen.
Die blaue Linie der Vogesen wird immer unser Horizont sein.

3. Und wenn unsere Tauben melancholisch sind, dann nicht,
weil sie nicht mehr die Engel singen hören können,
sondern nie mehr hören, wenn die Clique defiliert,
das Rollen der Trommel, die Trompete und das Horn.

4. Und die Stummen bei uns - was ihnen das Herz bluten lässt,
ist nicht, dass sie kein Süßholz mehr raspeln können,
sondern dass sie nicht mehr die Marseillaise singen können.
Martialische Lieder sind die einzigen, die wir anstimmen.

5. Was unseren Handlosen den Charakter verbittert, ist nicht,
dass sie nicht mehr nach Ärschen grabschen können,
sondern dass sie nicht mehr salutieren können.
Der *bras d'honneur* wird nie unsere Geste sein, nein!

6. Was unsere Beinlosen auf den Arsch fallen lässt, ist nicht,
dass sie den Mädchen nicht mehr nachsteigen können,
sondern dass sie nicht mehr an einer Attacke teilnehmen können.
Man träumt vom Bajonett Rosalie, nicht von Ninon.

7. Was denen abgeht, deren Familienjuwelen amputiert sind,
ist nicht die Möglichkeit, ihre Frauen zu lieben,
sondern dass sie die Frauen der Feinde nicht mehr schänden können.
Die Friedenstaube ist bei uns nur nen Appel und zwei Eier wert.

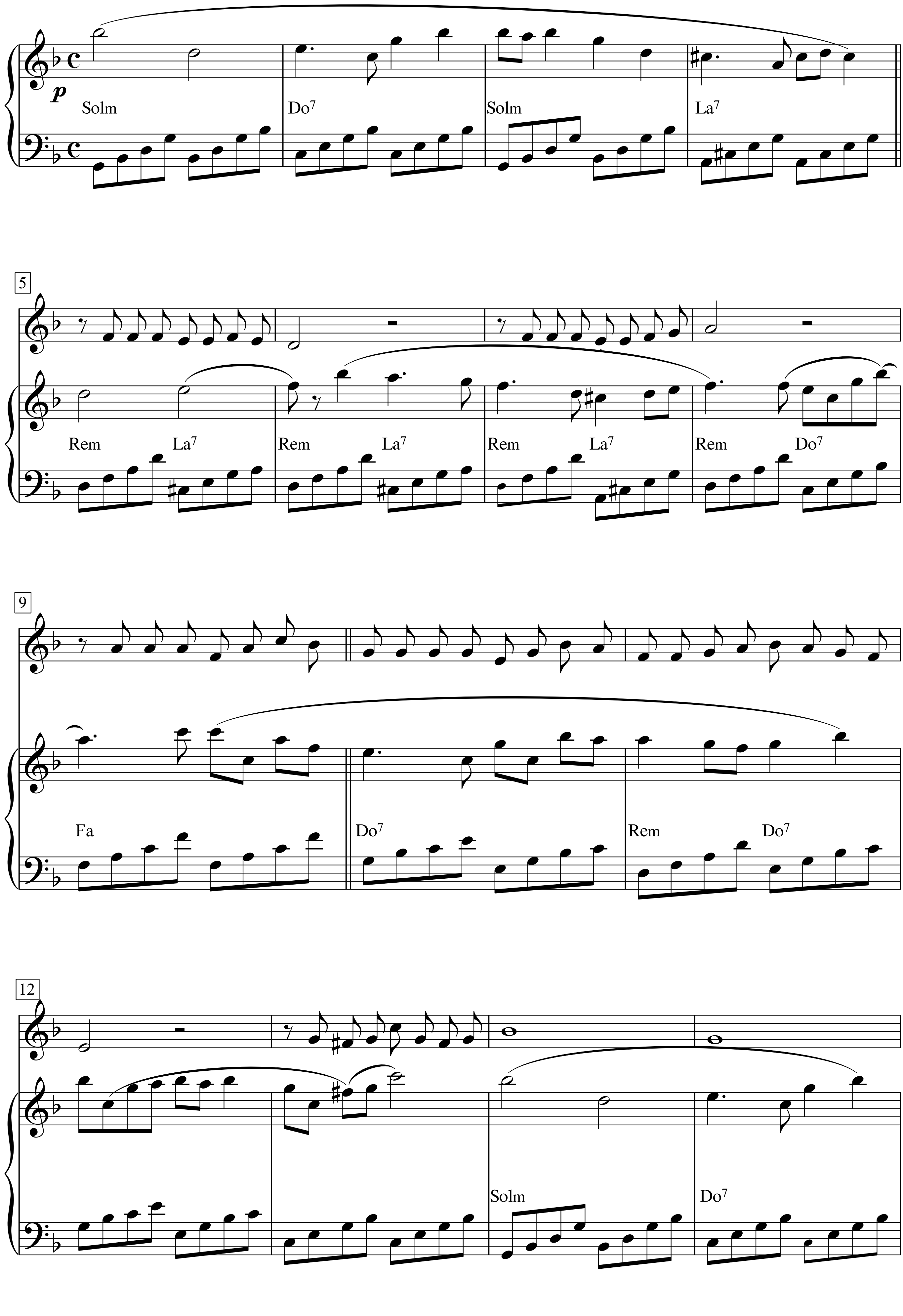
8. Was unsere Gefallenen angeht, die leiden Höllenqualen,
nicht, weil sie nicht mehr vor Liebe sterben können,
sondern weil sie sich nicht nochmal abschlachten lassen können.
Jeder träumt davon, seinen Namen auf dem Denkmal zu haben.

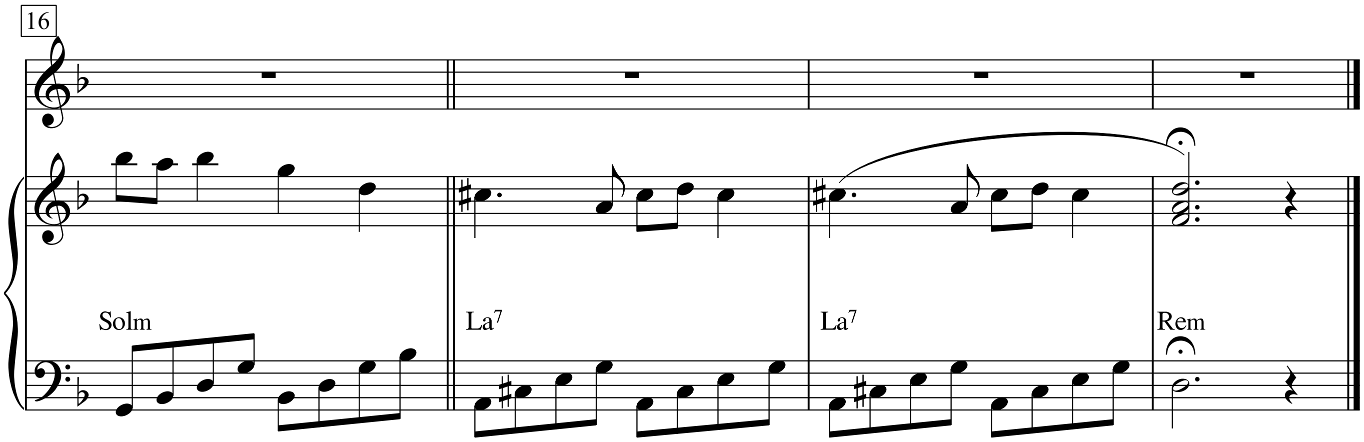
* *»Ehrenarm«: Wo Angelsachsen lakonisch den Mittelfinger zeigen, recken Franzosen den ganzen Unterarm.*

Louis Aragon

Les poètes

Jean Ferrat

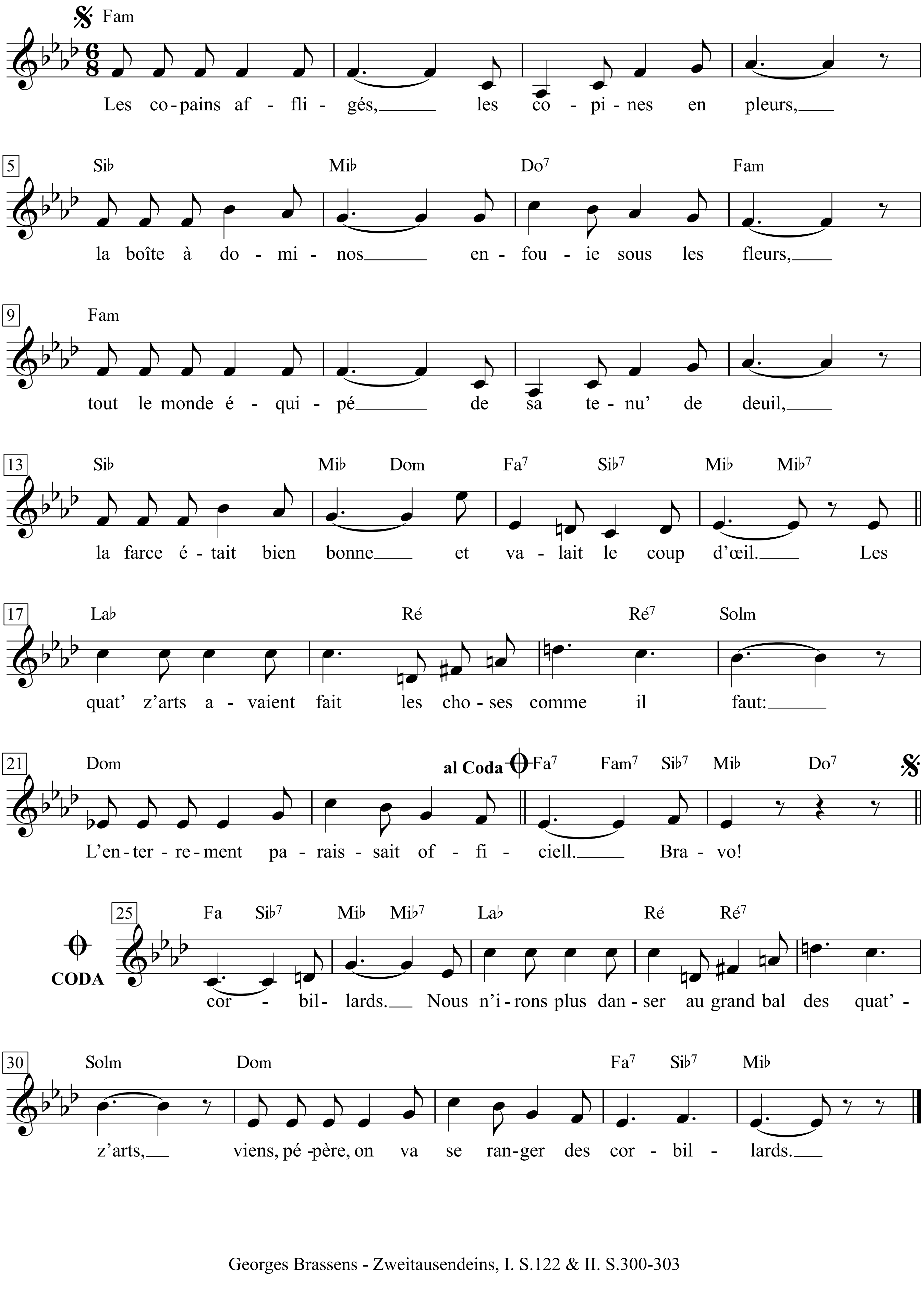



16
Solm
La7
La7
Rem

Les quat' z'arts
(Der Kehraus)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens

Allegro



1. Les copains affligés, les copines en pleurs,
La boîte à dominos enfoui' sous les fleurs,
Tout le monde équipé de sa tenu' de deuil,
La farce était bien bonne et valait le coup d'œil.

Les quat'z'arts avaient fait les choses comme il faut:
L'enterrement paraissait officiell. Bravo!

2. Le mort ne chantait pas: »Ah! c' qu'on s'emmerde ici!«
Il prenait son trépas à cœur, cette fois-ci,
Et les bonshomm's chargés de la levé' du corps
Ne chantaient pas non plus »Saint-Éloi bande encor!«

Les quat'z'arts avaient fait les choses comme il faut:
Le macchabé' semblait tout à fait mort. Bravo!

3. Ce n'étaient pas du tout des filles en tutu
Avec des fesse' à claque' et des chapeaux pointus,
Les commères choisi's pour les cordons du poêle
Et nul ne leur criait: »A poil! A poil! A poil!«

Les quat'z'arts avaient fait les choses comme il faut:
Les pleureuses sanglotaient pour de bon. Bravo!

4. Le curé n'avait pas un goupillon factice,
Un de ces goupillons en forme de phallus,
Et quand il y alla de ses *de profondis,*
L'enfant de chœur répliqua pas *morpionibus.*

Les quat'z'arts avaient fait les choses comme il faut:
Le curé venait pas de Camaret. Bravo!

5. On descendit la bière et je fus bien déçu,
La blague maintenant frisait le mauvais goût,
Car le mort se laissa jeter la terr' dessus
Sans lever le couvercle en s'écriant «Coucou!«

Les quat'z'arts avaient fait les choses comme il faut:
Le cercueil n'était pas à double fond. Bravo!

6. Quand tout fut consommé, je leur ai dit: «Messieurs,
Allons faire à présent la tourné' des boxons!«
Mais ils m'ont regardé avec de pauvres yeux,
Puis ils m'ont embrassé d'une étrange façon.

Les quat'z'arts avaient fait les choses comme il faut:
Leur compassion semblait venir du cœur. Bravo!

7. Quand je suis ressorti de ce champ de navets,
L'ombre de l'*ici-gît* pas à pas me suivait,
Une petite croix de trois fois rien du tout
Faisant, à elle seul', de l'ombre un peu partout.

Les quat'z'arts avaient fait les choses comme il faut:
Les revenants s'en mêlaient à leur tour. Bravo!

1. Die Kumpane betrübt, die Mädels aufgelöst,
die schwarze Kiste verbuddelt unter Blumen,
alles in Schale und Trauerstaat,
die Farce war gut und das Hinsehen wert.

Der Kehraus war vorbildlich gemacht:
Die Beerdigung wirkte amtlich. Bravo!

2. Der Tote sang nicht: »Scheiße, ist das öde hier!«
Diesmal nahm er sich sein Verscheiden zu Herzen,
und die für den Leichentransport Zuständigen
sangen auch nicht: »Er hat noch einen stehen.«

Der Kehraus war vorbildlich gemacht:
Die Leiche schien gründlich tot. Bravo!

3. Das waren absolut keine Mädels im Tütü
mit knackigem Arsch und spitzem Hut,
die Frauen, die die Sargtroddeln hielten,
und keiner schrie: »Ausziehen, ausziehen, ausziehen!«

Der Kehraus war vorbildlich gemacht:
Die Klageweiber schluchzten richtig gut. Bravo!

4. Der Pope hatte keinen falschen Weihwasserwedel,
einen dieser Wedel in Phallusform;
und als er mit seinem *de profundis* anfing,
sagte der Messdiener nichts von *filzlausibus.*

Der Kehraus war vorbildlich gemacht:
Der Pfaffe spielte richtig ernst. Bravo!

5. Man ließ den Sarg ab, und ich war arg enttäuscht,
inzwischen grenzte der Scherz an schlechten Geschmack,
denn der Tote ließ sich mit Erde bewerfen,
hob nicht den Deckel, schrie nicht »Kuckuck«.

Der Kehraus war vorbildlich gemacht:
Der Sarg hatte keinen doppelten Boden. Bravo!

6. Als alles vorbei war, sagte ich: »Messieurs,
lassen Sie uns nun die Bordellrunde machen.«
Aber sie sahen mich nur traurig an
und haben mich dann ganz komisch umarmt.

Der Kehraus war vorbildlich gemacht:
Die Anteilnahme schien von Herzen zu kommen. Bravo!

7. Als ich den Leichenacker verließ,
folgte mir dauernd der Schatten des *Hier Ruht;*
ein kleines Kreuz aus dreimal nichts
warf ganz allein überall Schatten.

Der Kehraus war vorbildlich gemacht:
Die Wiedergänger spielten auch mit. Bravo!

8. J'ai compris ma méprise un petit peu plus tard,
Quand, allumant ma pipe avec le faire-part,
J' m'aperçus, que mon nom, comm' celui d'un bourgeois,
Occupait sur la liste une place de choix.

Les quat'z'arts avaient fait les choses comme il faut:
J'étais le plus proch' parent du défunt. Bravo!

9. Adieu! les faux tibias, les crânes de carton ...
Plus de marche funèbre au son des mirlitons!
Au grand bal des quat'z'arts nous n'irons plus danser,
Les vrais enterrements viennent de commencer.

Nous n'irons plus danser au grand bal des quat'z'arts,
Viens, pépère, on va se ranger des corbillards.

8. Ein wenig später verstand ich meinen Irrtum,
als ich mit der Todesanzeige meine Pfeife entzündete;
da sah ich, dass mein Name wie der eines Spießers
auf der Liste einen Vorzugsplatz hatte.

Der Kehraus war vorbildlich gemacht:
Ich war der nächste Verwandte des Toten. Bravo!

9. Adieu, falsche Knochen, Pappmachéschädel,
keine Totenmärsche mehr zum Klang von Kindertröten!
Wir gehen nicht mehr tanzen auf dem großen Kehraus-Ball,
die echten Beerdigungen haben begonnen.

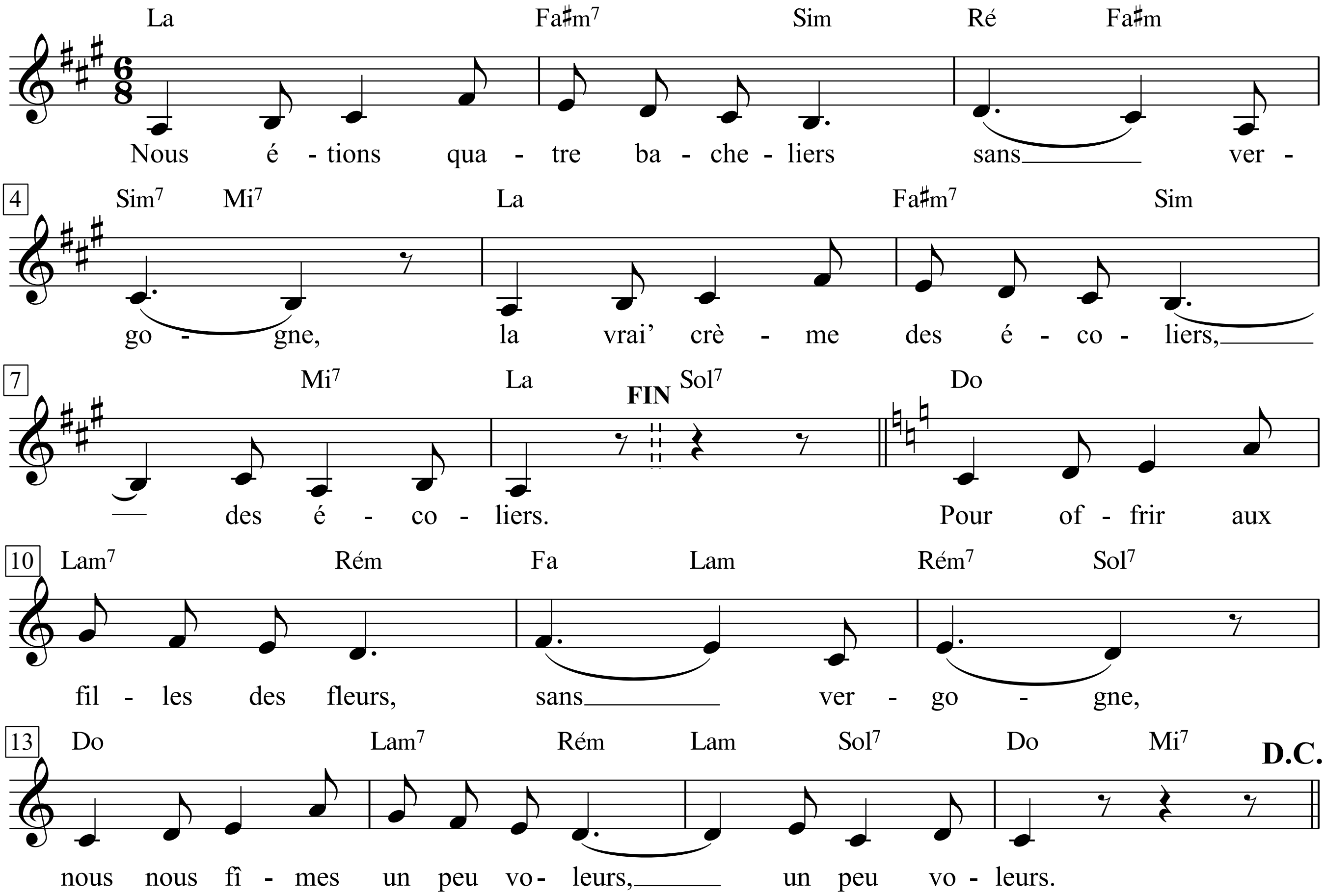
Wir gehen nicht mehr tanzen auf dem Kehraus-Ball;
komm, Alter, besorgen wir uns schon mal Leichenkarren.

Les quatre bacheliers

(Die vier Primaner)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens

Andante



1. Nous étions quatre bacheliers
Sans vergogne,
La vrai' crème des écoliers,
Des écoliers.

2. Pour offrir aux filles des fleurs,
Sans vergogne,
Nous nous fîmes un peu voleurs,
Un peu voleurs.

3. Les sycophantes du pays,
Sans vergogne,
Aux gendarmes nous ont trahis,
Nous ont trahis.

4. Et l'on vit quatre bacheliers
Sans vergogne,
Qu'on emmène, les mains lié's,
Les mains lié's.

5. On fit venir à la prison,
Sans vergogne,
Les parents des mauvais garçons,
Mauvais garçons.

1. Wir waren vier Primaner,
unverfroren,
die wahre Blüte der Schüler,
der Schüler.

2. Um den Mädchen Blumen mitzubringen,
unverfroren,
wurden wir ein bisschen zu Dieben,
zu Dieben.

3. Die Schleimscheißer des Kaffs,
unverfroren,
haben uns an die Gendarmen verraten,
verraten.

4. Und man sah vier Primaner
unverfroren
in Handschellen abgeführt,
abgeführt.

5. Man ließ ins Gefängnis kommen,
unverfroren,
die Väter der bösen Buben,
bösen Buben.

6. Les trois premiers pères, les trois,
Sans vergogne,
En perdirent tout leur sang-froid,
Tout leur sang-froid.

7. Comme un seul ils ont déclaré,
Sans vergogne,
Qu'on les avait déshonoré',
Déshonorés.

8. Comme un seul ont dit: »C'est fini,
Sans vergogne,
Fils indigne, je te reni',
Je te reni'.«

9. Le quatrième des parents,
Sans vergogne,
C'était le plus gros, le plus grand,
Le plus grand.

10. Quand il vint chercher son voleur,
Sans vergogne,
On s'attendait à un malheur,
A un malheur.

11. Mais il n'a pas déclaré, non,
Sans vergogne,
Que l'on avait sali son nom,
Sali son nom.

12. Dans le silence on l'entendit,
Sans vergogne,
Qui lui disait: »Bonjour, petit,
Bonjour petit.«

13. On le vit, on le croirait pas,
Sans vergogne,
Lui tendre sa blague à tabac,
Blague à tabac.

14. Je ne sais pas s'il eut raison,
Sans vergogne,
D'agir d'une telle façon,
Telle façon.

15. Mais je sais qu'un enfant perdu,
Sans vergogne,
A de la corde de pendu,
De pendu,

16. A de la chance quand il a,
Sans vergogne,
Un père de ce tonneau-là,
Ce tonneau-là.

17. Et si le chrétiens du pays,
Sans vergogne,
Jugent que cet homme a failli,
Homme a failli.

18. Ça laisse à penser que, pour eux,
Sans vergogne,
L'Évangile, c'est de l'hébreu,
C'est de l'hébreu.

6. Die drei ersten Väter, die drei,
unverfroren,
verloren völlig den Kopf,
den Kopf.

7. Wie aus einem Mund erklärten sie,
unverfroren,
man habe ihren Namen entehrt,
Namen entehrt.

8. Wie aus einem Mund sagten sie: »Schluss!
- unverfroren -
Unwürdiger Sohn, ich verstoße dich!
Verstoße dich!«

9. Der vierte der Väter,
unverfroren,
war der Stärkste, der Größte,
der Größte.

10. Als er seinen Dieb holen kam,
unverfroren,
rechnete man mit einem Unglück,
mit einem Unglück.

11. Aber er hat nicht erklärt, nein,
unverfroren,
man habe seinen Namen beschmutzt,
Namen beschmutzt.

12. In der Stille hörte man
unverfroren
ihn sagen: »Tag, mein Kleiner,
mein Kleiner.«

13. Man sah - und glaubte es nicht -,
unverfroren,
wie er ihm seinen Tabaksbeutel reichte,
Tabaksbeutel reichte.

14. Ich weiß nicht, ob er Recht hatte,
unverfroren
so zu handeln,
zu handeln.

15. Aber ich weiß, dass ein verlorener Sohn,
unverfroren,
dem schon der Strick um den Hals liegt,
um den Hals liegt,

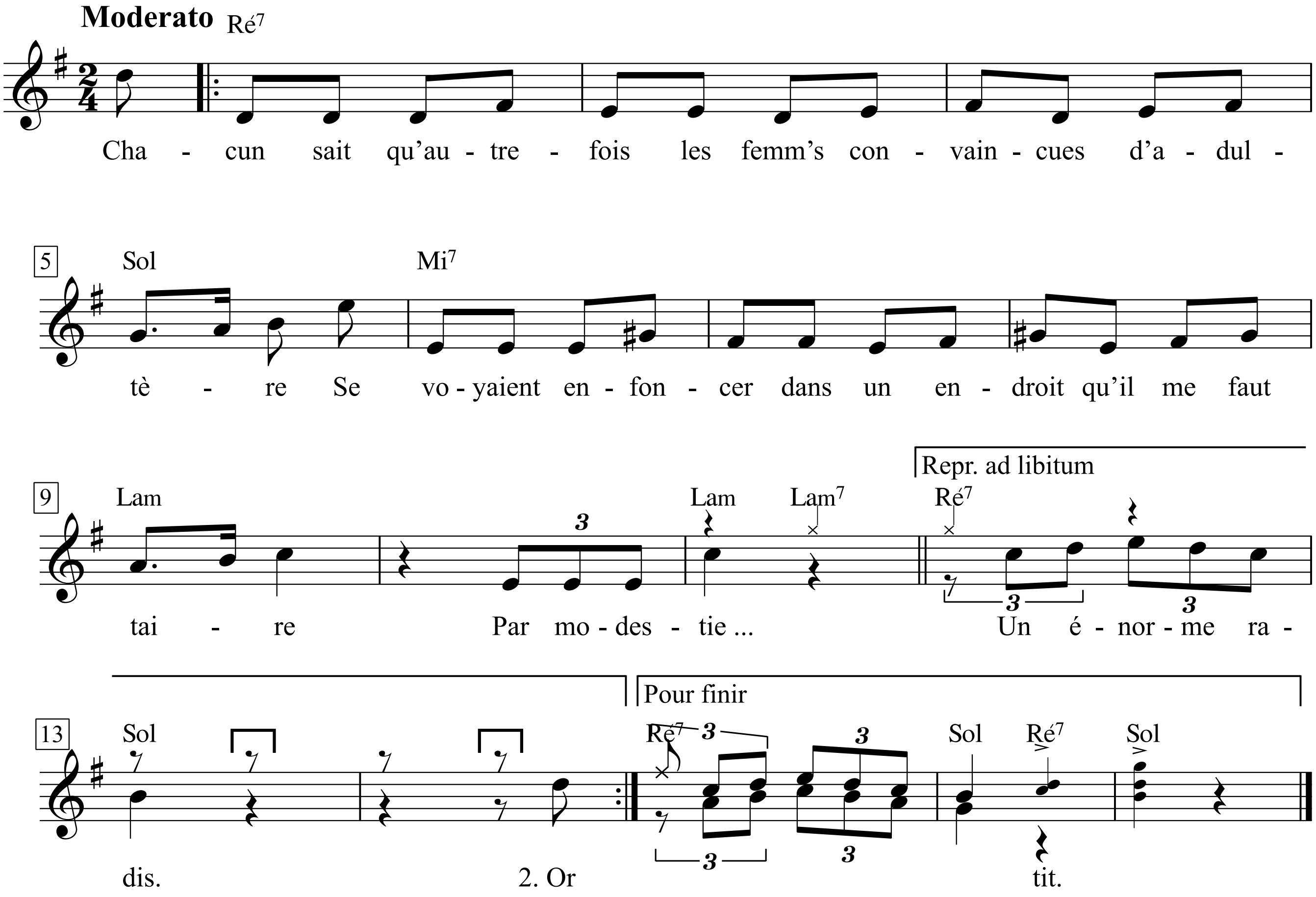
16. eine Chance hat, wenn er einen
- unverfroren -
Vater aus diesem Holz hat,
aus diesem Holz hat.

17. Und wenn die Christen des Kaffs
unverfroren
befinden, dieser Mann habe gefehlt,
habe gefehlt,

18. lässt das vermuten, dass ihnen
unverfroren
das Evangelium spanisch vorkommt,
spanisch vorkommt.

Les radis
(Die Rettiche)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



Les radis

Chacun sait qu'autrefois les femm's convaincues d'adultère
Se voyaient enfoncer dans un endroit qu'il me faut taire
Par modestie ...
Un énorme radis.

Or quand j'étais tout gosse, un jour de foire en mon village,
J'eus la douleur de voir punir d'une épouse volage
La perfidie
Au moyen du radis.

La malheureuse fut traînée sur la place publique
Par le cruel cornard armé du radis symbolique,
Ah! sapristi,
Mes aïeux quel radis!

Vers la pauvre martyre on vit courir les bonn's épouses
Qui, soit dit entre nous, de sa débauche étaient jalouses.
Je n'ai pas dit:
Jalouses du radis.

Si j'étais dans les rangs de cette avide et basse troupe,
C 'est qu'à cette époqu'-là j' n'avais encor' pas vu de croupe
Ni de radis,
Ça m'était interdit.

Le cornard attendit que le forum fût noir de monde
Pour se mettre en devoir d'accomplir l'empal'ment immonde,
Lors il brandit
Le colossal radis.

La victime acceptait le châtiment avec noblesse,
Mais il faut convenir qu'elle serrait bien fort les fesses
Qui, du radis,
Allaient être nanties.

Le cornard mit l' radis dans cet endroit qu'il me faut taire,
Où les honnêtes gens ne laiss'nt entrer que des clystères.
On applaudit
Les progrès du radis.

La pampe du légume était seule à présent visible,
La plante était allée jusqu'aux limites du possible,
On attendit
Les effets du radis.

Or, à l'étonnement du cornard et des gross's pécores
L'empalée enchantée criait: »Encore, encore, encore,
Hardi hardi,
Pousse le radis, dis! «

Ell' dit à pleine voix: »J' n'aurais pas cru qu'un tel supplice
Pût en si peu de temps me procurer un tel délice!
Mais les radis
Mènent en paradis!«

Ell' n'avait pas fini de chanter le panégyrique
Du légume en question que toutes les pécor's lubriques
Avaient bondi
Vers les champs de radis.

Die Rettiche

Bekanntlich schob man früher den des Ehebruchs überführten
Frauen in eine Stelle, die ich verschweigen muss
aus Zurückhaltung ...
einen Riesenrettich.

Als ich ganz klein war, an einem Kirmestag in meinem Dorf,
sah ich zu meinem Leid die Perfidie einer losen Gattin
gestraft
mittels eines Rettichs.

Die Unselige wurde auf den öffentlichen Platz geschleppt
vom grausamen Hahnrei, gewappnet mit dem symbolischen Rettich,
ah, sapristi,
Mutter, was für'n Rettich!

Zur armen Märtyrerin sah man die braven Gattinnen laufen,
die, unter uns gesagt, neidisch waren auf ihren Fehltritt.
Ich sagte nicht:
neidisch auf den Rettich.

Wenn ich mich in dieser gierigen, schäbigen Truppe drängte,
dann weil ich damals noch nie eine Kruppe gesehen hatte
und auch keinen Rettich,
das war mir verboten.

Der Hahnrei wartete, bis alles schwarz war von Leuten,
ehe er sich an die scheußliche Pfählung machte,
indem er schwenkte
den Riesenrettich.

Das Opfer nahm die Züchtigung mit Noblesse hin,
man muss allerdings zugeben, sie kniff die Backen eng zusammen,
die versehen werden sollten
mit dem Rettich.

Der Hahnrei schob den Rettich in die Stelle, die ich verschweigen muss,
wo brave Leute nichts eindringen lassen außer Klistieren.
Man beklatschte
den Fortschritt des Rettichs.

Nun war nur noch der Stiel des Gemüses zu sehen,
die Pflanze war bis zur Grenze des Möglichen gegangen,
man wartete
auf die Wirkung des Rettichs.

Da schrie zum Erstaunen des Hahnreis und der dicken Schlampen
die Gepfählte verzückt: »Weiter, weiter, weiter,
mit Mumm, mit Wumm,
schieb den Rettich, -tich.«

Mit lauter Stimme sagte sie: »Ich hätte nicht geglaubt, dass solch eine Strafe
mir so schnell so viel Vergnügen bereiten könnte!
Aber der Rettich
führt ins Paradies!«

Sie hatte noch nicht beendet das Loblied
auf das betreffende Gemüse, als alle geilen Schlampen
schon losrannten
zu den Rettichfeldern.

L'œil fou, l'écume aux dents, ces furies se jetèr'nt en meute
Dans les champs de radis qui devinrent des champs d'émeute.
Y en aura-t-y
Pour toutes, des radis?

Ell's firent un désastre et laissèrent loin derrière elles
Les ravages causés par les nuées de sauterelles.
Dans le pays,
Plus l'ombre d'un radis.

Beaucoup de maraîchers constatèrent qu'en certain nombre
Il leur manquait aussi des betterav's et des concombres
Raflés pardi
Comme de vils radis.

Tout le temps que dura cette manie contre nature,
Les innocents radis en vir'nt de vert's et de pas mûres,
Pauvres radis,
Héros de tragédie.

Lassés d'être enfoncés dans cet endroit qu'il me faut taire,
Les plus intelligents de ces légumes méditèrent.
Ils se sont dit:
»Cessons d'être radis!«

Alors les maraîchers semant des radis récoltèrent
Des melons, des choux-fleurs, des artichauts, des pomm's de terre
Et des orties,
Mais pas un seul radis.

A partir de ce jour, la bonne plante potagère
Devint dans le village une des denrées les plus chères:
Plus de radis
Pour les gagne-petit.

Certain's pécor's fûtées dir'nt sans façons: »Nous, on s'en fiche
De cette pénurie, on emploie le radis postiche
Qui garantit
Du manque de radis.«

La mode du radis réduisant le nombre de mères
Qui donnaient au village une postérité, le maire
Dans un édit
Prohiba le radis.

Un crieur annonça: »Toute femme prise à se mettre
Dans l'endroit réservé au clystère et au thermomètre
Même postiche
un semblant de radis

Sera livrée aux mains d'une maîtresse couturière
Qui, sans aucun délai, lui faufilera le derrière
Pour interdire
l'accès du radis.«

Cette loi draconienne eut raison de l'usage louche
D'absorber le radis par d'autres voies que par la bouche,
Et le radis,
Le légume maudit,

Ne fut plus désormais l'instrument de basses manœuvres
Et n'entra plus que dans la composition des hors-d'œuvre
Qui, à midi,
Aiguisent l'appétit.

Irren Blicks, mit Schaum vor dem Mund stürzten sie sich als Meute
auf die Rettichfelder, die zum Aufruhracker wurden.
Ob es für alle
Rettiche gäbe?

Sie machten ein Massaker daraus und ließen weit hinter sich
alle Verwüstungen, die ein Heuschreckenschwarm schaffen kann.
Im ganzen Land
kein Rettich mehr.

Viele Gemüsebauern stellten fest, ihnen fehlte auch
eine Menge Runkelrüben und Gurken,
geplündert, verflixt,
wie blöde Rettiche.

In der ganzen Zeit dieses Tobens wider die Natur
konnten die unschuldigen Rettiche, grün und unreif, nicht mal rot werden,
arme Rettiche,
Helden einer Tragödie.

Überdrüssig, in diese zu verschweigende Stelle geschoben zu werden,
überlegten die intelligentesten dieser Pflanzen.
Sie sagten sich:
»Hören wir auf, Rettiche zu sein!«

Darauf ernteten die Gemüsebauern, die Rettiche säten,
Melonen, Blumenkohl, Artischocken, Kartoffeln
und Brennnesseln,
aber keinen einzigen Rettich.

Seit diesem Tag war die gute Speisepflanze
im Dorf eines der teuersten Nahrungsmittel:
Kein Rettich mehr für
Kleinverdiener.

Gewisse hinterfotzige Schlampen sagten: »Wir scheißen drauf,
auf diese Hungersnot, wir nehmen künstlichen Rettich,
der hilft uns weiter,
mangels Rettichen.«

Die Rettichmode verringerte die Zahl der Mütter,
die dem Dorf das Überleben sicherten, deshalb hat
per Edikt der Bürgermeister
Rettiche verboten.

Ein Ausrufer schrie: »Jede, die erwischt wird, wie sie
an den Klistieren und Thermometern vorbehaltenen Platz
auch nur einen
falschen Rettich schiebt,

wird einer Nähermeisterin übergeben,
die ihr sogleich den Hintern vernäht,
um das Eindringen
des Rettichs unmöglich zu machen.«

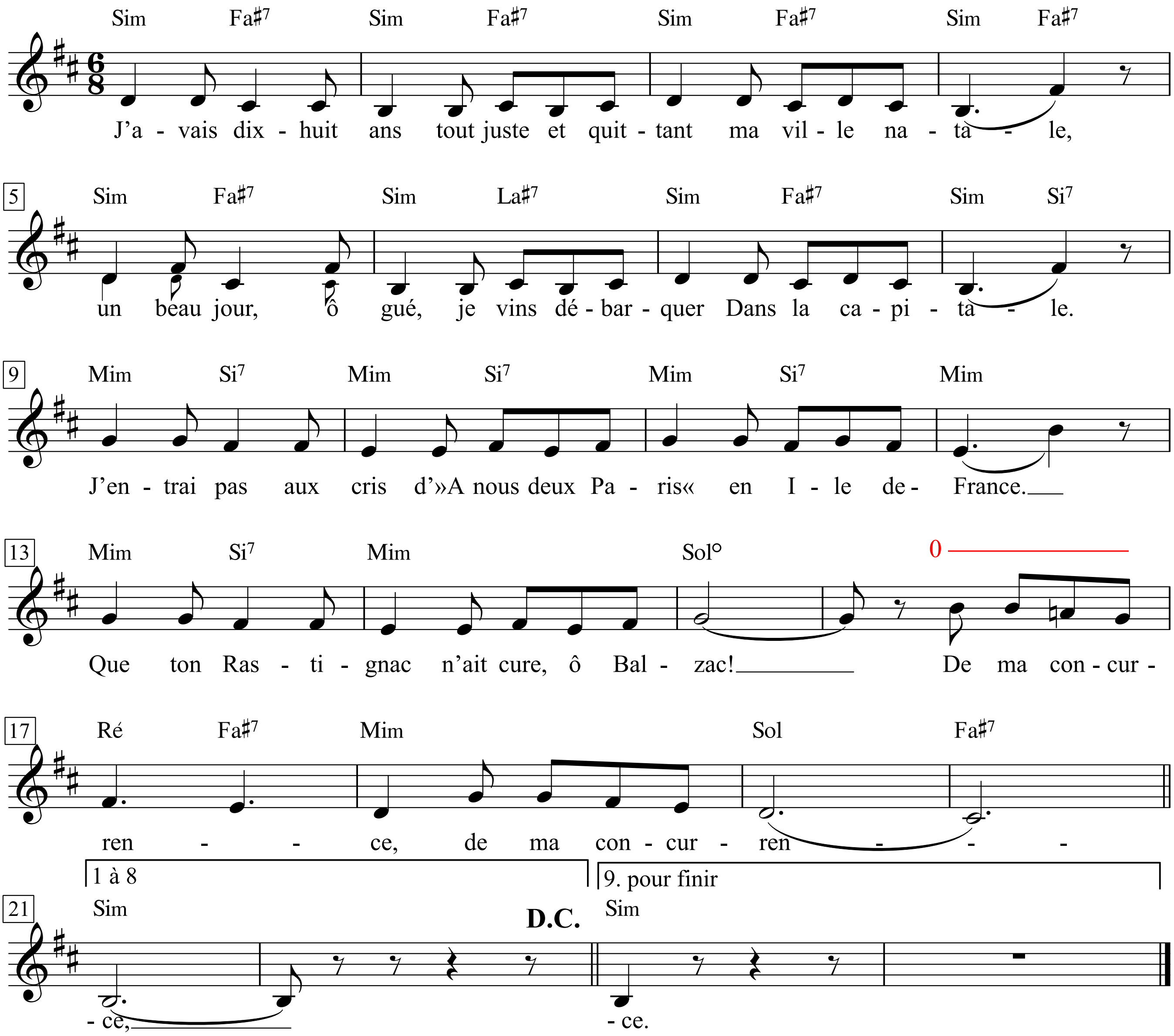
Dieses drakonische Gesetz räumte auf mit dem schlimmen Gebrauch,
Rettiche anders als durch den Mund zu sich zu nehmen,
und der Rettich,
verrufenes Gemüse,

war hinfort nicht mehr Instrument schäbiger Handlungen
und fand Zugang allein in die Zusammenstellung der Vorspeisen,
die zu Mittag
den Appetit schärfen.

Les ricochets
(Abpraller)

Allegro moderato

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. J'avais dix-huit ans
Tout juste et quittant
Ma ville natale,
Un beau jour, ô gué
Je vins débarquer
Dans la capitale.
J'entrai pas aux cris
D'»A nous deux Paris«
En Ile-de-France.
Que ton Rastignac
N'ait cure, ô Balzac!
De ma concurrence, *(bis)*

1. Ich war achtzehn,
verließ eben
meine Heimatstadt;
eines schönen Tages
erreichte ich
die Hauptstadt.
Ich zog nicht mit dem Schrei
A nous deux Paris
in die Ile de France;
dein Rastignac braucht
keine Sorge, Balzac,
ob meiner Konkurrenz zu haben.

2. Gens en place, dormez
Sans vous alarmer,
Rien ne vous menace.
Ce n'est qu'un jeun' sot
Qui monte à l'assaut
Du p'tit Montparnasse.
On s'étonn'ra pas
Si mes premiers pas
Tout droit me menèrent
Au pont Mirabeau
Pour un coup d'chapeau
A l'Apollinaire, *(bis)*

3. Bec enfariné
Pouvais-je deviner
Le remue-ménage
Que dans mon destin
Causerait soudain
Ce pèlerinage?
Que circonvenu
Mon cœur ingénu
Allait faire des siennes
Tomber amoureux
De sa toute pre-
mière parisienne, *(bis)*

4. N'anticipons pas,
Sur la berge en bas
Tout contre une pile,
La belle tâchait
D' fair' des ricochets
D' un' main malhabile
Moi, dans ce temps-là -
Je n'dis pas cela
En bombant le torse,
L'air avantageux -
J'étais à ce jeu
De première force, *(bis)*

5. Tu m' donn's un baiser,
Ai-je proposé
A la demoiselle;
Et moi, sans retard
J' t'apprends de cet art
Toutes les ficelles.
Affaire conclue,
En une heure, elle eut
L'adresse requise.
En échange, moi
J' cueillis plein d'émoi
Ses lèvres exquises, *(bis)*

2. Leute hier, schlaft
unbesorgt,
nichts bedroht euch.
Das ist nur ein kleiner Trottel,
der versucht, den kleinen
Parnass zu erklimmen.
Man wird sich nicht wundern,
dass meine ersten Schritte
mich geradewegs führten
zum Pont Mirabeau,
um den Hut zu ziehen
wie Apollinaire, *(bis)*

3. Naiv siegesgewiss,
konnte ich denn ahnen
den Umsturz,
den in meinem Schicksal
diese Pilgerfahrt
plötzlich auslösen sollte?
Dass mein argloses Herz,
überwältigt,
sich ebenfalls überstürzen
und verlieben sollte
in seine allererste
Pariserin? *(bis)*

4. Aber nicht vorgreifen.
Unten am Ufer,
an einen Stapel gelehnt,
versuchte die Hübsche
ungeschickt, Steine
auf dem Wasser hüpfen zu lassen.
Ich dagegen war damals
- das sag ich, ohne mich
in die Brust zu werfen,
eingebildet -
in diesem Spiel
allererste Klasse, *(bis)*

5. Du gibst mir einen Kuss,
hab ich der Demoiselle
vorgeschlagen,
und dann, sofort,
bring ich dir alle Kniffe
dieser Kunst bei.
Gesagt, getan.
Nach einer Stunde hatte sie
die gewünschte Geschicklichkeit;
dafür pflückte ich
voll innerer Bewegung
ihre erlesenen Lippen, *(bis)*

6. Et durant un temps -
Les journaux d'antan
D'ailleurs le relatent -
Fallait se lever
Matin pour trouver
Une pierre plate.
On redessina
Du pont d'Iéna
Au pont Alexandre
Jusqu'à Saint-Michel,
Mais à notre échelle,
La carte du tendre, *(bis)*

6. Und einige Zeit lang
(die damaligen Zeitungen
meldeten es übrigens)
musste man früh aufstehen,
um noch einen flachen
Titschestein zu finden.
Wir entwarfen neu,
vom Pont d'Iéna
zum Pont Alexandre
bis nach Saint-Michel,
aber nach unserem Maßstab,
die Karte des Lands der Liebe, *(bis)*

7. Mais c'était trop beau:
Au pont Mirabeau
La belle volage
Un jour se perchait
Sur un ricochet
Et gagnait le large.
Ell' me fit faux'bond
Pour un vieux barbon,
La petite ingrate,
Un Crésus vivant
Détail aggravant
Sur la rive droite, *(bis)*

7. Zu schön, um wahr zu bleiben.
Am Pont Mirabeau
hockte sich die hübsche
Flatterhafte eines Tages
auf einen titschenden Stein
und machte sich davon.
Sie ließ mich im Stich
für einen alten Knacker,
die kleine Undankbare,
einen Krösus, der
- das kommt erschwerend hinzu -
auf dem rechten Ufer lebte, (bis)

8. J'en pleurai pas mal,
Le flux lacrymal
Me fit la quinzaine.
Au viaduc d'Auteuil
Paraît qu'à vue d'œil
Grossissait la Seine.
Et si, pont d'I'Alma,
J'ai pas noyé ma
Détresse ineffable,
C'est qu' l'eau coulant sous
Les pieds du zouzou
Était imbuvable, *(bis)*

8. Ich hab reichlich geheult,
der Tränenstrom
reichte für zwei Wochen.
Am Viadukt von Auteuil
soll die Seine
sichtbar geschwollen gewesen sein.
Und wenn ich nicht am Pont de l'Alma
meinen unsäglichen Gram
ertränkt habe,
dann nur, weil das Wasser
zu Füßen von *Zouzou*
untrinkbar war. *(bis)*

9. Et qu' j'avais acquis
Cett' conviction qui
Du reste ma navre
Que mort ou vivant
Ce n'est pas souvent
Qu'on arrive au havre.
Nous attristons pas,
Allons de ce pas
Donner, débonnaire,
Au pont Mirabeau
Un coup de chapeau
A l'Apollinaire, *(bis)*

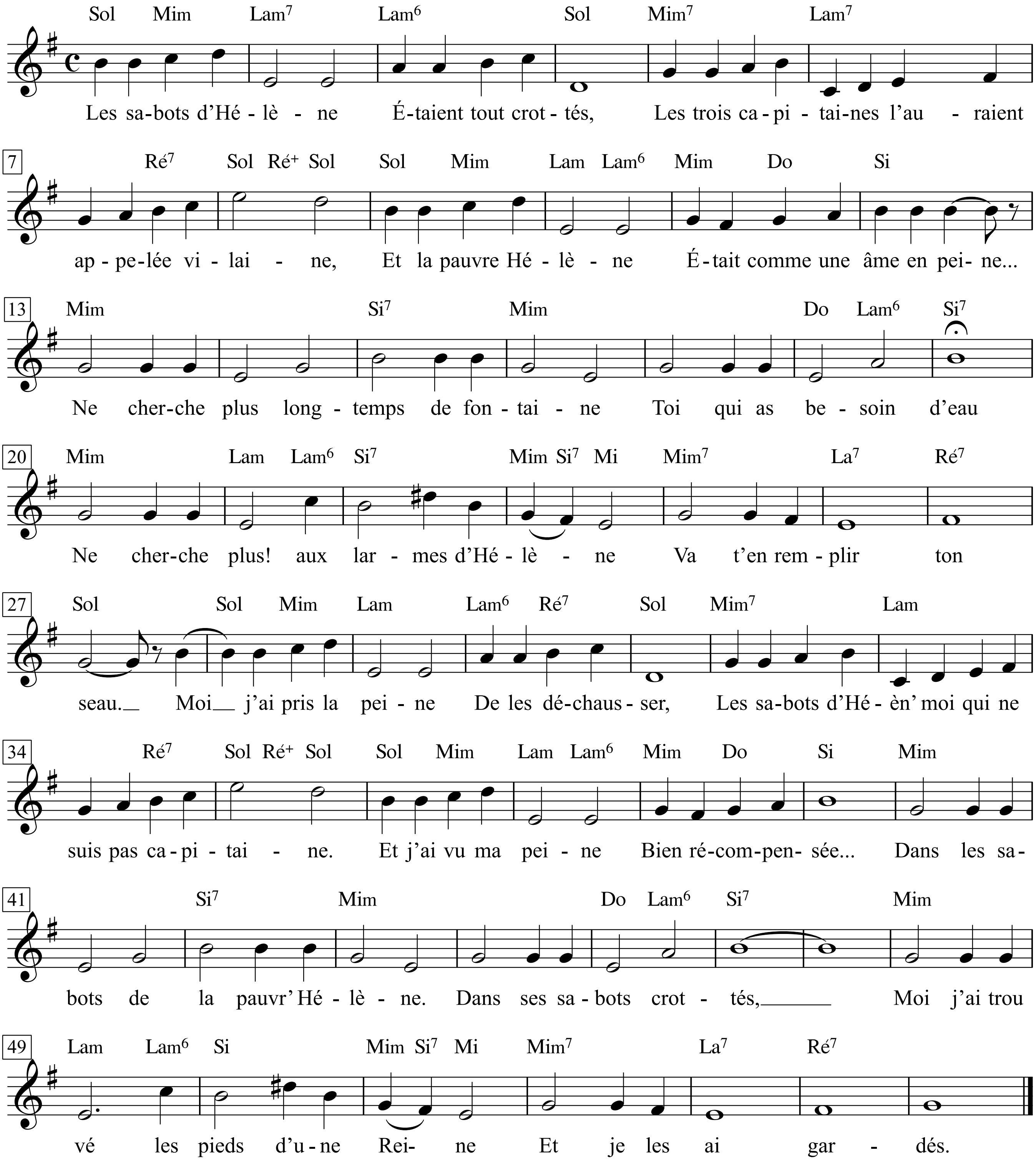
9. Und weil ich zu der
Überzeugung gelangt war,
die übrigens schmerzt,
dass man, tot oder lebendig,
nicht gerade oft
heil in den Hafen kommt.
Grämen wir uns nicht,
gehen wir weiter,
machen wir gute Miene
am Pont Mirabeau
und ziehen den Hut
wie Apollinaire, *(bis)*

Les sabots d'Hélène

(Die Holzschuhe von Hélène)

Allegro

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Les sabots d'Hélène
Étaient tout crottés,
Les trois capitaines
L'auraient appelé' vilaine,
Et la pauvre Hélène
Était comme une âme en peine ...
Ne cherche plus longtemps de fontaine,
Toi qui as besoin d'eau,
Ne cherche plus: aux larmes d'Hélène
Va-t'en remplir ton seau.

2. Moi j'ai pris la peine
De les déchausser,
Les sabots d'Hélène,
Moi qui ne suis pas capitaine,
Et j'ai vu ma peine
Bien récompensée ...
Dans les sabots de la pauvre Hélène,
Dans ses sabots crottés,
Moi j'ai trouvé les pieds d'une reine
Et je les ai gardés.

3. Son jupon de laine
Était tout mité,
Les trois capitaines
L'auraient appelé' vilaine,
Et la pauvre Hélène
Était comme une âme en peine ...
Ne cherche plus longtemps de fontaine,
Toi qui as besoin d'eau,
Ne cherche plus: aux larmes d'Hélène
Va-t'en remplir ton seau.

4. Moi j'ai pris la peine
De le retrousser,
Le jupon d'Hélène,
Moi qui ne suis pas capitaine,
Et j'ai vu ma peine
Bien récompensée ...
Sous le jupon de la pauvre Hélène,
Sous son jupon mité,
Moi j'ai trouvé des jambes de reine
Et je les ai gardées.

5. Et le cœur d'Hélène
N' savait pas chanter,
Les trois capitaines
L'auraient appelé' vilaine,
Et la pauvre Hélène
Était comme une âme en peine ...
Ne cherche plus longtemps de fontaine,
Toi qui as besoin d'eau,
Ne cherche plus: aux larmes d'Hélène
Va-t'en remplir ton seau.

6. Moi j'ai pris la peine
De m'y arrêter,
Dans le cœur d'Hélène
Moi qui ne suis pas capitaine,
Et j'ai vu ma peine
Bien récompensée ...
Et, dans le cœur de la pauvre Hélène,
Qui avait jamais chanté,
Moi j'ai trouvé l'amour d'une reine
Et moi je l'ai gardé.

1. Die Holzschuhe von Hélène
waren ganz verdreckt,
die drei Hauptleute
hätten sie hässlich genannt,
und die arme Hélène
litt arge Pein ...
Such nicht weiter nach Quellen,
du, der du Wasser brauchst;
such nicht weiter: Mit Hélènes Tränen
füll deinen Krug.

2. Ich hab mir die Mühe gemacht,
sie abzustreifen,
die Holzschuhe von Hélène,
ich, der ich kein Hauptmann bin,
und ich fand meine Mühe
reichlich belohnt ...
In den Holzschuhen der armen Hélène,
in ihren verdreckten Holzschuhen
fand ich die Füße einer Königin,
und ich hab sie bewahrt.

3. Ihr Wollrock
war ganz löchrig,
die drei Hauptleute
hätten sie hässlich genannt,
und die arme Hélène
litt arge Pein ...
Such nicht weiter nach Quellen,
du, der du Wasser brauchst;
such nicht weiter: Mit Hélènes Tränen
füll deinen Krug.

4. Ich hab mir die Mühe gemacht,
ihn zu lupfen,
den Rock von Hélène,
ich, der ich kein Hauptmann bin,
und ich fand meine Mühe
reichlich belohnt ...
Unter dem Rock der armen Hélène,
unter ihrem löchrigen Rock
fand ich die Beine einer Königin,
und ich hab sie bewahrt.

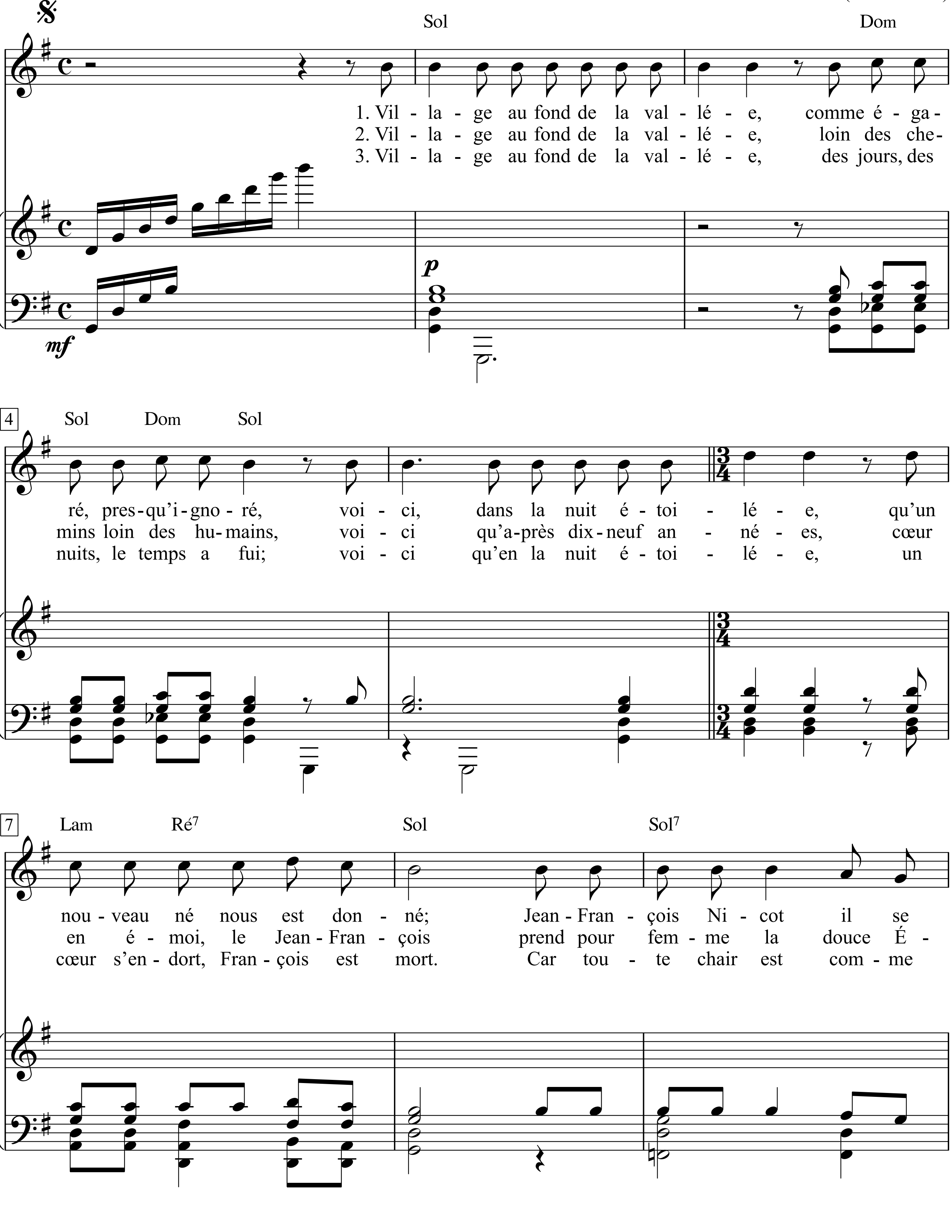
5. Und das Herz von Hélène
konnte nicht singen,
die drei Hauptleute
hätten sie hässlich genannt,
und die arme Hélène
litt arge Pein ...
Such nicht weiter nach Quellen,
du, der du Wasser brauchst;
such nicht weiter: Mit Hélènes Tränen
füll deinen Krug.

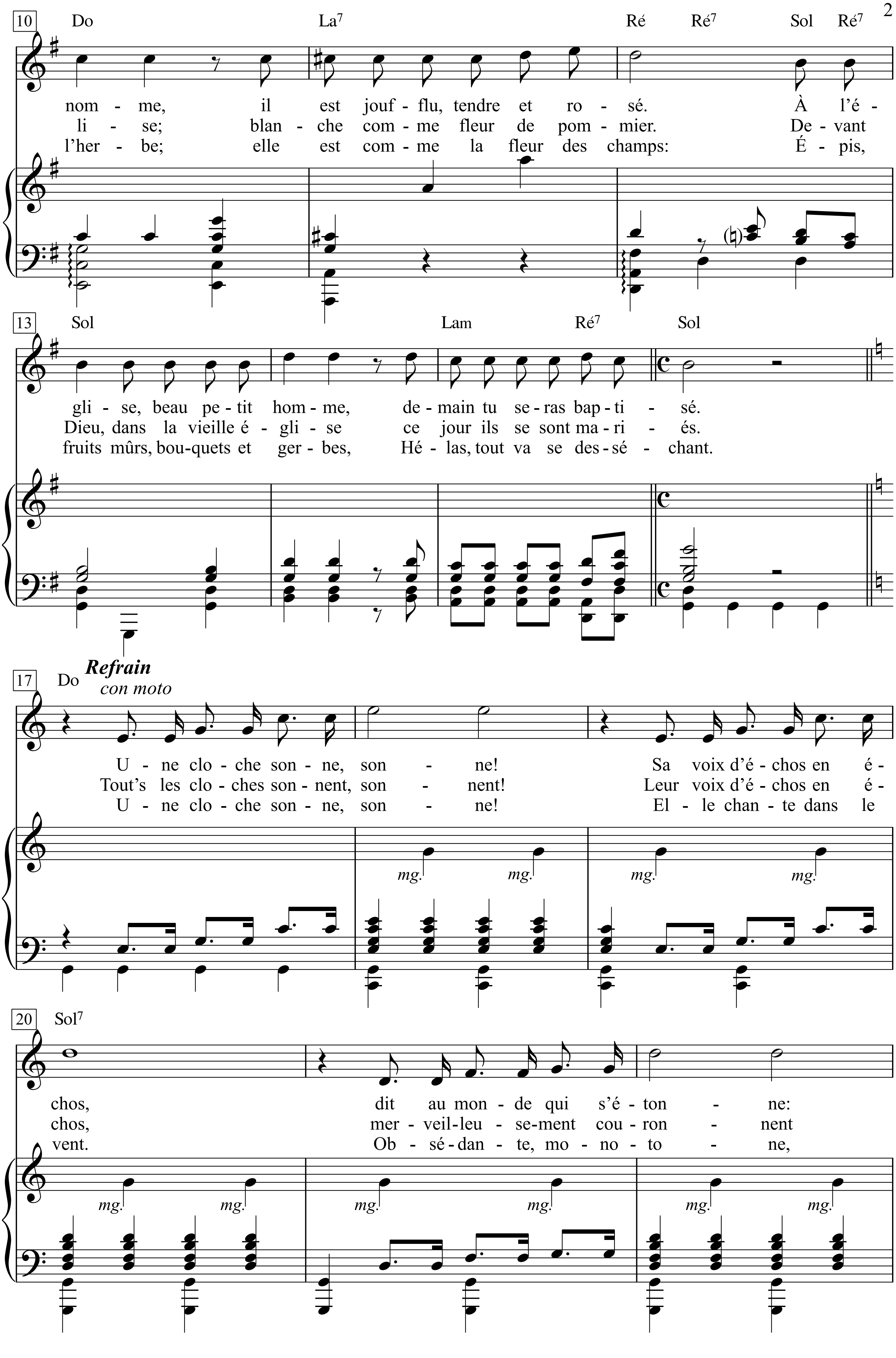
6. Ich hab mir die Mühe gemacht,
dort zu verweilen,
im Herz von Hélène,
ich, der ich kein Hauptmann bin,
und ich fand meine Mühe
reichlich belohnt ...
Und im Herzen der armen Hélène,
das nie gesungen hatte,
fand ich die Liebe einer Königin,
und ich hab sie bewahrt.

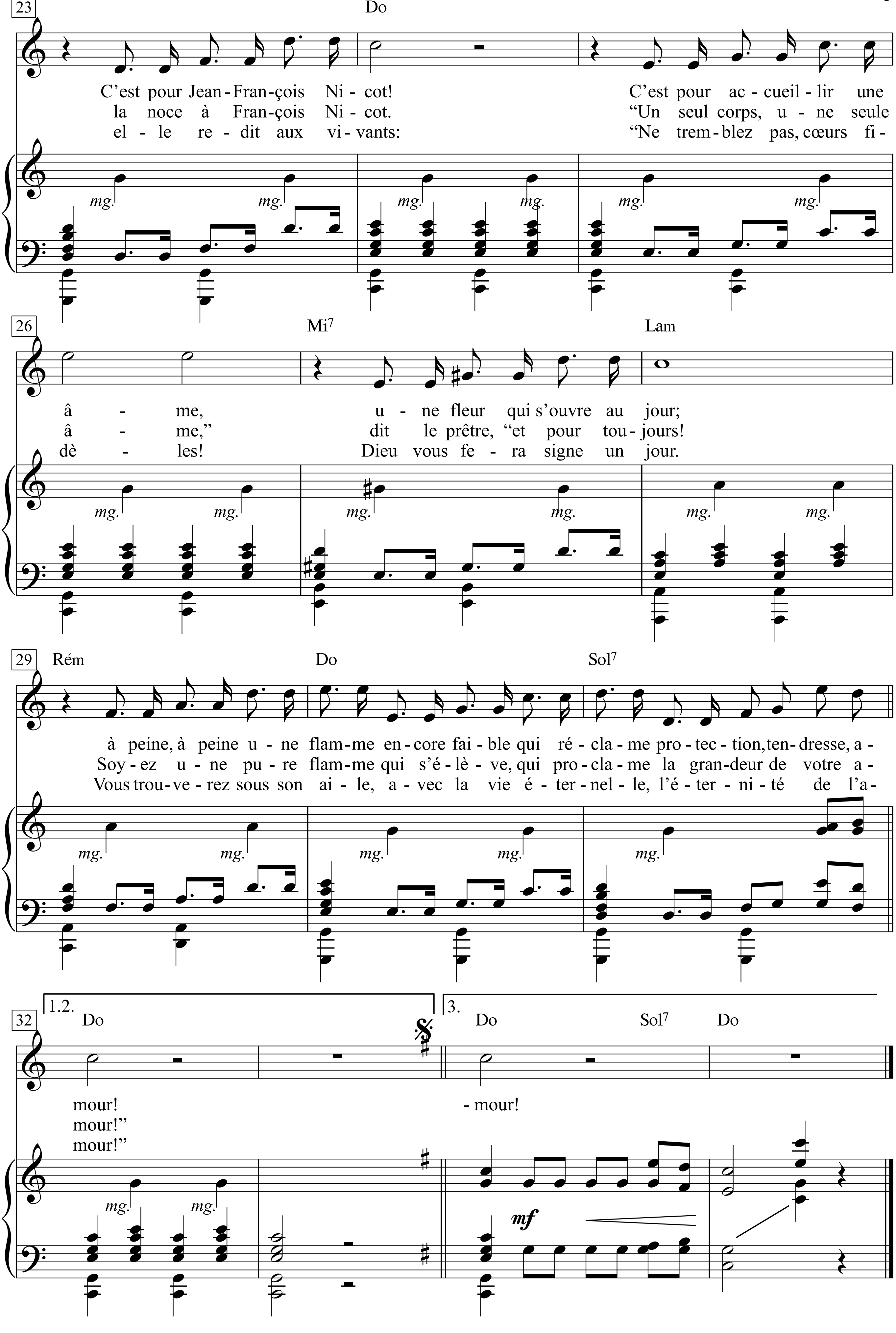
Les trois cloches

Paroles et musique de
Gilles (Jean Villard)

Moderato




10 Do La7 Ré Ré7 Sol Ré7
nom - me, il est jouf - flu, tendre et ro - sé. À l'é -
li - se; blan - che com - me fleur de pom - mier. De - vant
l'her - be; elle est com - me la fleur des champs: É - pis,
13 Sol Lam Ré7 Sol
gli - se, beau pe - tit hom - me, de - main tu se - ras bap - ti - sé.
Dieu, dans la vieille é - gli - se ce jour ils se sont ma - ri - és.
fruits mûrs, bou - quets et ger - bes, Hé - las, tout va se des - sé - chant.
17 Do Refrain con moto
U - ne clo - che son - ne, son - ne! Sa voix d'é - chos en é -
Tout's les clo - ches son - nent, son - nent! Leur voix d'é - chos en é -
U - ne clo - che son - ne, son - ne! El - le chan - te dans le
mg. mg. mg. mg.
20 Sol7
chos, dit au mon - de qui s'é - ton - ne:
chos, mer - veil - leu - se - ment cou - ron - nent
vent. Ob - sé - dan - te, mo - no - to - ne,
mg. mg. mg. mg. mg. mg.


23
Do
C'est pour Jean-Fran-çois Ni-cot! C'est pour ac-cueil-lir une
la noce à Fran-çois Ni-cot. "Un seul corps, u-ne seule
el-le re-dit aux vi-vants: "Ne trem-blez pas, cœurs fi-
mg.
26
Mi7
Lam
â-me, u-ne fleur qui s'ouvre au jour;
â-me," dit le prêtre, "et pour tou-jours!
dè-les! Dieu vous fe-ra signe un jour.
29
Rém
Do
Sol7
à peine, à peine u-ne flam-me en-core fai-ble qui ré-cla-me pro-tec-tion, ten-dresse, a-
Soy-ez u-ne pu-re flam-me qui s'é-lè-ve, qui pro-cla-me la gran-deur de votre a-
Vous trou-ve-rez sous son ai-le, a-vec la vie é-ter-nel-le, l'é-ter-ni-té de l'a-
32
1.2.
Do
3.
Do
Sol7
Do
mour!
mour!"
mour!"
-mour!
mf

1. Village au fond de la vallée,
comme égaré, presqu'ignoré,
voici, dans la nuit étoilée,
qu'un nouveau né nous est donné;
Jean-François Nicot il se nomme,
il est joufflu, tendre et rosé.
À l'église, beau petit homme,
demain tu seras baptisé.

Une cloche sonne, sonne!
Sa voix d'échos en échos,
dit au monde qui s'étonne:
C'est pour Jean-François Nicot!
C'est pour accueillir une âme,
une fleur qui s'ouvre au jour;
à peine, à peine une flamme
encore faible qui réclame
protection, tendresse, amour!

2. Village au fond de la vallée,
loin des chemins loin des humains,
voici qu'après dix-neuf années,
cœur en émoi, le Jean-François
prend pour femme la douce Élise;
blanche comme fleur de pommier.
Devant Dieu, dans la vieille église
ce jour ils se sont mariés.

Tout's les cloches sonnent, sonnent!
Leur voix d'échos en échos,
merveilleusement couronnent
la noce à François Nicot.
"Un seul corps, une seule âme,"
dit le prêtre, "et pour toujours!
Soyez une pure flamme
qui s'élève, qui proclame
la grandeur de votre amour!"

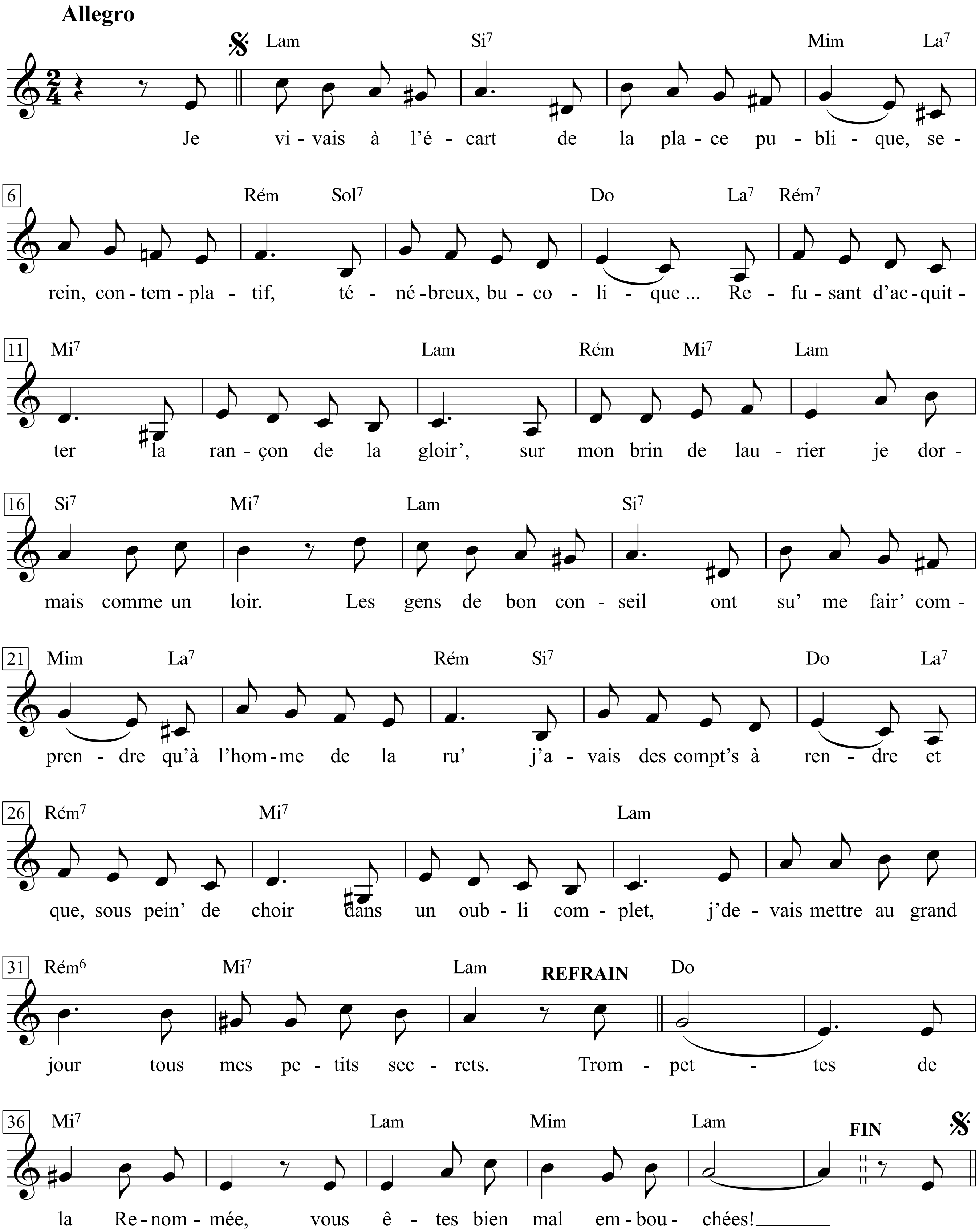
3. Village au fond de la vallée,
des jours, des nuits, le temps a fui;
voici qu'en la nuit étoilée,
un cœur s'endort, François est mort.
Car toute chair est comme l'herbe;
elle est comme la fleur des champs:
Épis, fruits mûrs, bouquets et gerbes,
Hélas, tout va se desséchant.

Une cloche sonne, sonne!
Elle chante dans le vent.
Obsédante, monotone,
elle redit aux vivants:
"Ne tremblez pas, cœurs fidèles!
Dieu vous fera signe un jour.
Vous trouverez sous son aile,
avec la vie éternelle,
l'éternité de l'amour!"

Les tropettes de la Renommée

(Posaunen des Jüngsten Gerüchts)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Je vivais à l'écart de la place publique,
Serein, contemplatif, ténébreux, bucolique ...
Refusant d'acquitter la rançon de la gloir',
Sur mon brin de laurier je dormais comme un loir.
Les gens de bon conseil ont su me fair' comprendre
Qu'à l'homme de la ru' j'avais des compt's à rendre
Et que, sous pein' de choir dans un oubli complet,
J' devais mettre au grand jour tous mes petits secrets.
Refrain
Trompettes
De la Renommée,
Vous êtes
Bien mal embouchées!

2. Manquant à la pudeur la plus élémentaire,
Dois'je, pour les besoins d' la caus' publicitaire,
Divulguer avec qui et dans quell' position
Je plonge dans le stupre et la fornication?
Si je publi' des noms, combien de Pénélopes
Passeront illico pour de fieffé's salopes,
Combien de bons amis me r'gard'ront de travers
Combien je recevrai de coups de revolver!

3. A toute exhibition ma nature est rétive,
Souffrant d'un' modesti' quasiment maladive,
Je ne fais voir mes organes procréateurs
A personne, excepté mes femm's et mes docteurs.
Dois-je, pour défrayer la chroniqu' des scandales,
Battre l' tambour avec mes parti's génitales,
Dois-je les arborer plus ostensiblement,
Comme un enfant de chœur porte un saint sacrement?

4. Une femme du monde, et qui souvent me laisse
Fair' mes quat' voluptés dans ses quartiers d'noblesse,
M'a sournois'ment passé, sur son divan de soi',
Des parasit's du plus bas étage qui soit ...
Sous prétexte de bruit, sous couleur de réclame,
Ai-j' le droit de ternir l'honneur de cette dame
En criant sur les toits et sur l'air des lampions:
»Madame la marquis' m'a foutu des morpions?«

5. Le ciel en soit loué, je vis en bonne entente
Avec le Pèr' Duval, la calotte chantante,
Lui, le catéchumène, et moi, l'énergumèn',
Il me laiss' dire merd', je lui laiss' dire amen,
En accord avec lui, dois-je écrir' dans la presse
Qu'un soir je l'ai surpris aux genoux d'ma maîtresse,
Chantant la mélopé' d'une voix qui susurre,
Tandis qu'ell' lui cherchait des poux dans la tonsure?

6. Avec qui, ventrebleu! faut-il donc que je couche
Pour fair' parler un peu la déesse aux cents bouches?
Faut-il qu'un' femm' célèbre, une étoile, une star,
Vienn' prendre entre mes bras la plac' de ma guitar'?
Pour exciter le peuple et les folliculaires,
Qui'est-c' qui veut me prêter sa croupe populaire,
Qui'est-c' qui veut m' laisser faire, in naturalibus,
Un p'tit peu d'alpinism' sur son mont de Vénus?

1. Ich lebte abseits der Öffentlichkeit,
gelassen, versonnen, ungestört, bukolisch . . .
weigerte mich, dem Ruhm Tribut zu zollen,
schlief wie ein Siebenschläfer auf meinem Lorbeerzweig.
Gute Ratgeber machten mir erfolgreich klar,
dass ich dem Mann auf der Straße Rechenschaft schulde
und dass ich, bei Strafe völliger Vergessenheit,
all meine kleinen Geheimnisse ans Tageslicht bringen müsste.
Refrain
Posaunen
des Jüngsten Gerüchts -
ein Schandmaul,
wer euch einen bläst!

2. Muss ich, in Ermangelung des elementarsten Schamgefühls,
zur Befriedigung der Publicity
erörtern, mit wem und in welcher Stellung
ich mich der Ausschweifung und Unzucht ergebe?
Wenn ich Namen veröffentliche - wieviele Penelopes
gelten dann ab sofort als schäbige Schlunzen,
wie viele gute Freunde sehen mich scheel an,
wie viele Revolverkugeln werden mich wohl treffen!

3. Jeder Entblößung ist mein Wesen abhold,
da ich an beinahe krankhafter Zurückhaltung leide,
ich zeige meine Fortpflanzungsorgane
keinem, außer meinen Frauen und meinen Ärzten.
Muss ich, um die Skandalblätter zu versorgen,
mit meinen Genitalien auf die Pauke hauen,
muss ich sie aufpflanzen und stolz hochhalten,
wie ein Messdiener die Monstranz trägt?

4. Eine Dame von Welt, die mich oft meine
vier Wollüste in ihren edlen Gefilden austoben lässt,
hat mir auf ihrem Seidendiwan heimtückisch
Parasiten der niedrigsten Art angehängt ...
Unterm Vorwand von Lärm, aufgemacht als Reklame,
hab ich etwa das Recht, die Ehre dieser Dame zu verletzen,
indem ich von den Dächern und im Scheinwerferlicht schreie:
»Madame la Marquise hat mir Filzläuse angefickt!?«

5. Dem Himmel sei's gedankt, ich komme gut aus
mit Pater Duval, der singenden Kutte;
er der Katechumene, ich der grobe Flegel,
er lässt mich Scheiße sagen, ich lass ihm sein Amen,
muss ich, obwohl wir uns verstehen, in der Presse schreiben,
ich hätt ihn eines Abends auf den Knien meiner Maitresse
erwischt, als er mit gurrender Stimme Litaneien sang,
während sie ihm die Tonsur lauste?

6. Mit wem, Teufel auch, muss ich denn schlafen,
damit die hundertmäulige Göttin etwas zu reden hat?
Muss etwa eine berühmte Frau, ein Star
in meinen Armen die Gitarre verdrängen?
Um das Volk und die Schmierfinken zu erregen -
welche leiht mir dazu ihre populäre Kruppe,
welche mag mich, nackt wie frisch geschlüpft,
auf ihrem Venushügel Alpinismus treiben lassen?

7. Sonneraient-ell's plus fort, ces divines trompettes,
Si, comm' tout un chacun, j'étais un peu tapette,
Si je me déhanchais comme une demoiselle
Et prenais tout à coup des allur's de gazelle?
Mais je ne sache pas qu' ça profite à ces drôles
De jouer le jeu d'l'amour en inversant les rôles,
Qu' ça confère à leur gloire un' onc' de plus-valu',
Le crim' pédérastique aujourd'hui ne pai' plus.

8. Après c' tour d'horizon des mille et un' recettes
Qui vous val'nt à coup sûr les honneurs des gazettes,
J'aime mieux m'en tenir à ma premièr' façon
Et me gratter le ventre en chantant des chansons.
Si le public en veut, je les sors dare-dare,
S'il n'en veut pas je les remets dans ma guitare.
Refusant d'acquitter la rançon de la gloir',
Sur mon brin de laurier, je m'endors comme un loir.

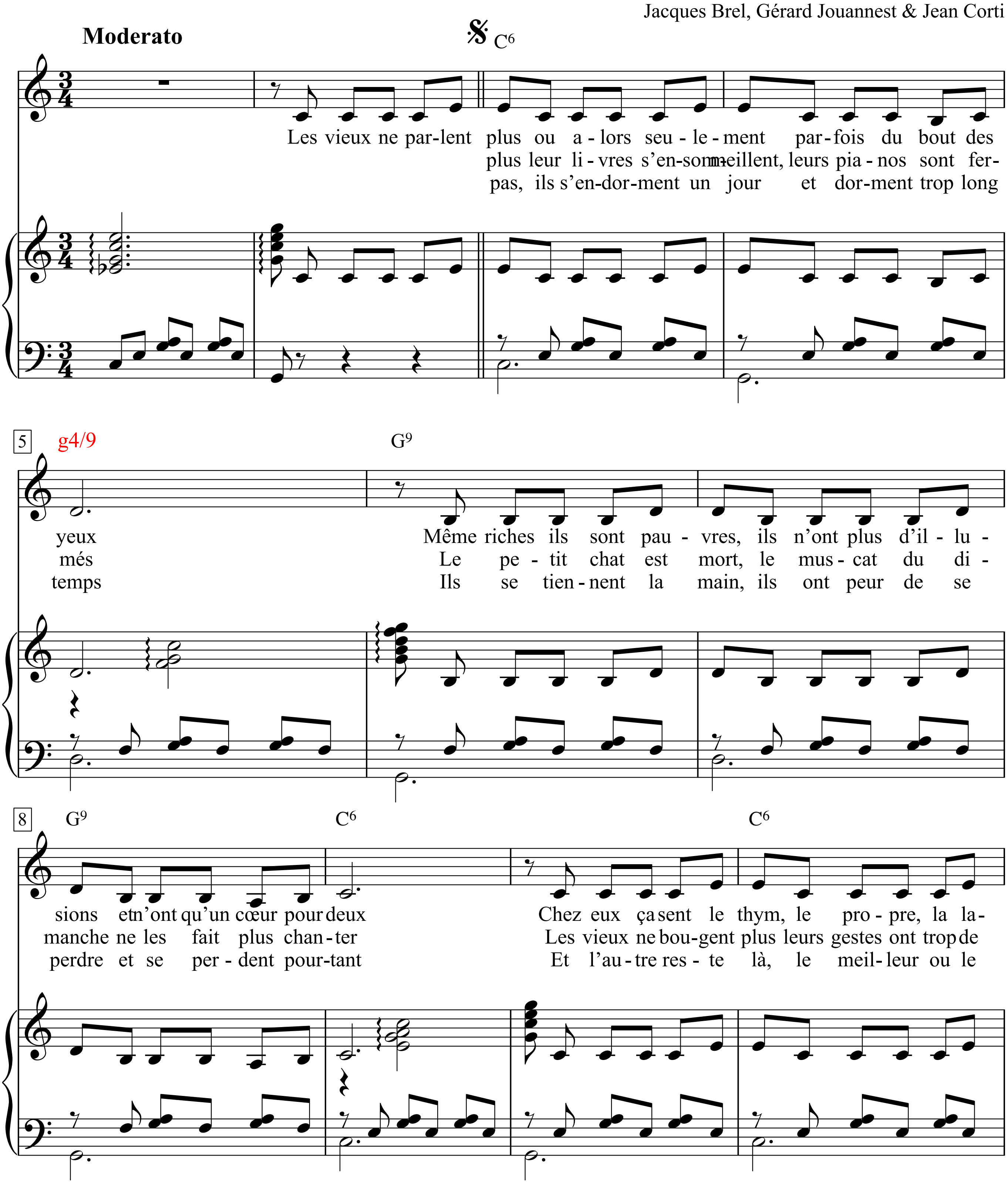
7. Klängen sie wohl lauter, diese göttlichen Posaunen,
wenn ich wie einige andere eine Tunte wäre,
die Hüften schwenkte wie eine Demoiselle
und plötzlich an den Tag legte die Allüren einer Gazelle?
Ich glaub aber nicht, dass es den Trotteln was einbringt,
Liebesspiel und Rollen zu verdrehen,
dass es ihrem Ruhm auch nur eine Unze Mehrwert gibt;
auch die Päderastie wirft heute nicht mehr viel ab.

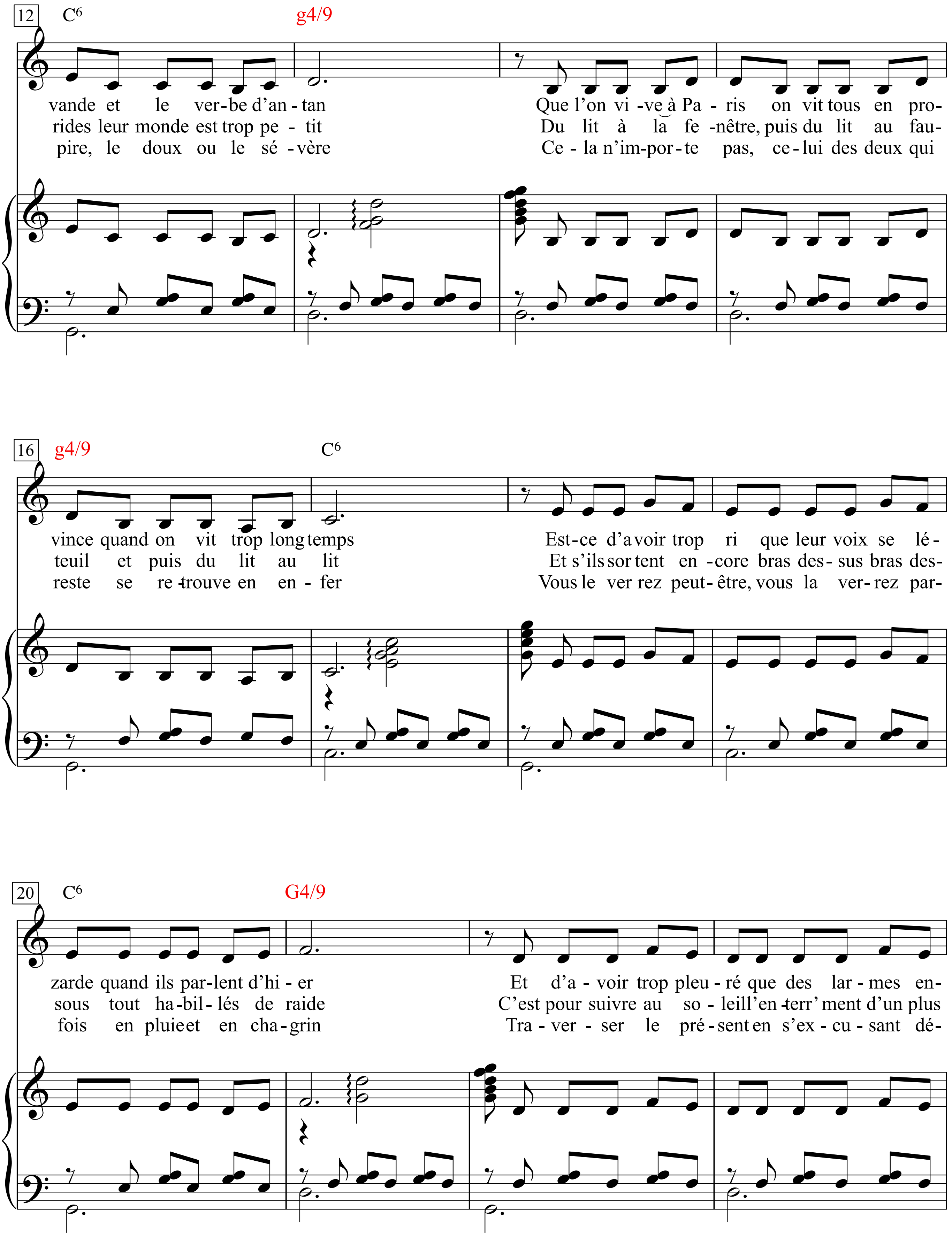
8. Nach diesem Rundblick auf 1001 Rezepte,
die einem Ehrenplätze in den Gazetten eintragen können,
zieh ich es vor, zu bleiben wie ich bin
und mir den Bauch zu kratzen, indem ich Chansons singe.
Wenn das Publikum will, liefere ich sie stracks,
wenn nicht, steck ich sie zurück in die Gitarre,
weigere mich, dem Ruhm Tribut zu zollen,
und schlaf auf meinem Lorbeerzweig wie ein Siebenschläfer.

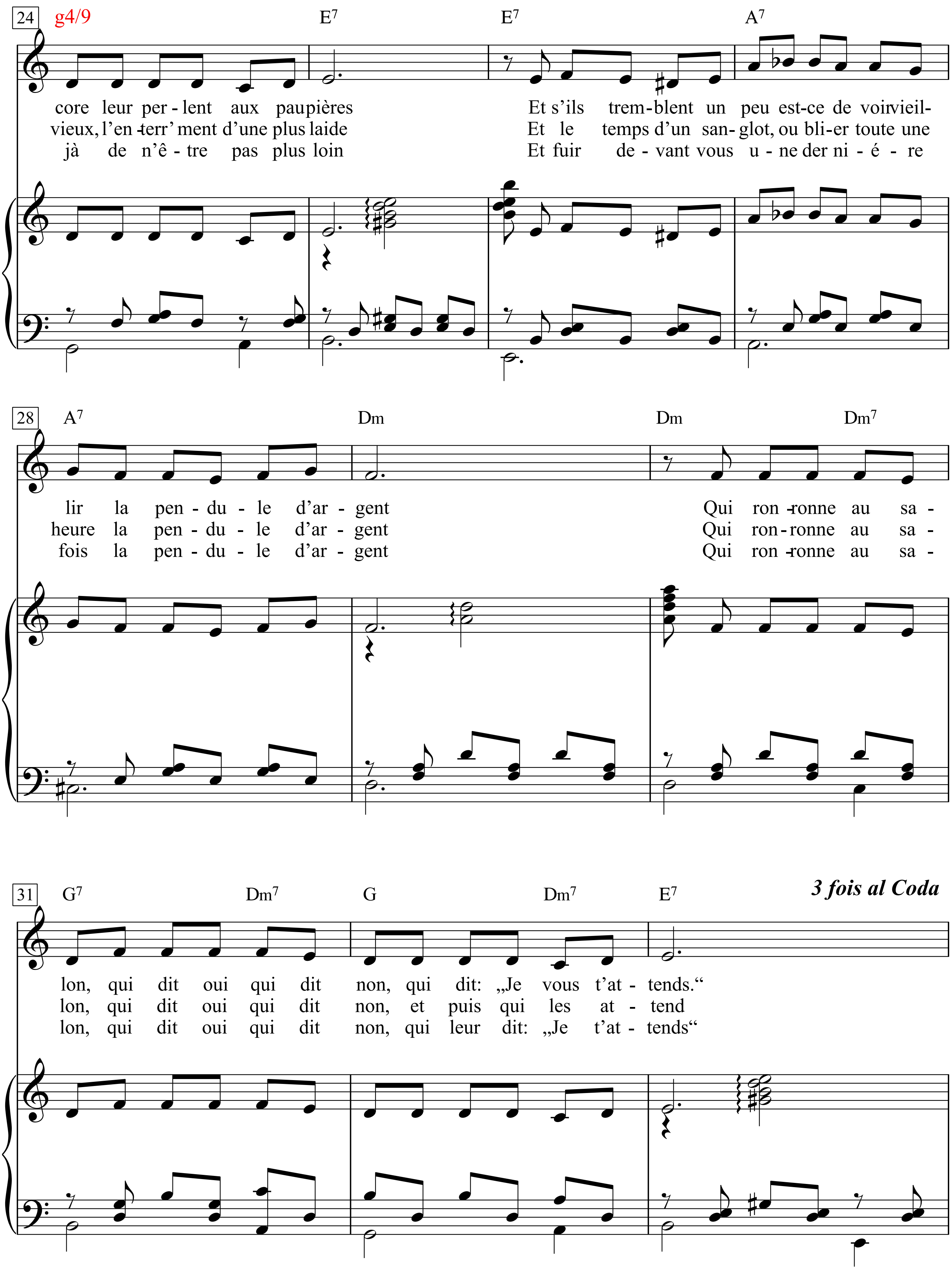
Les vieux

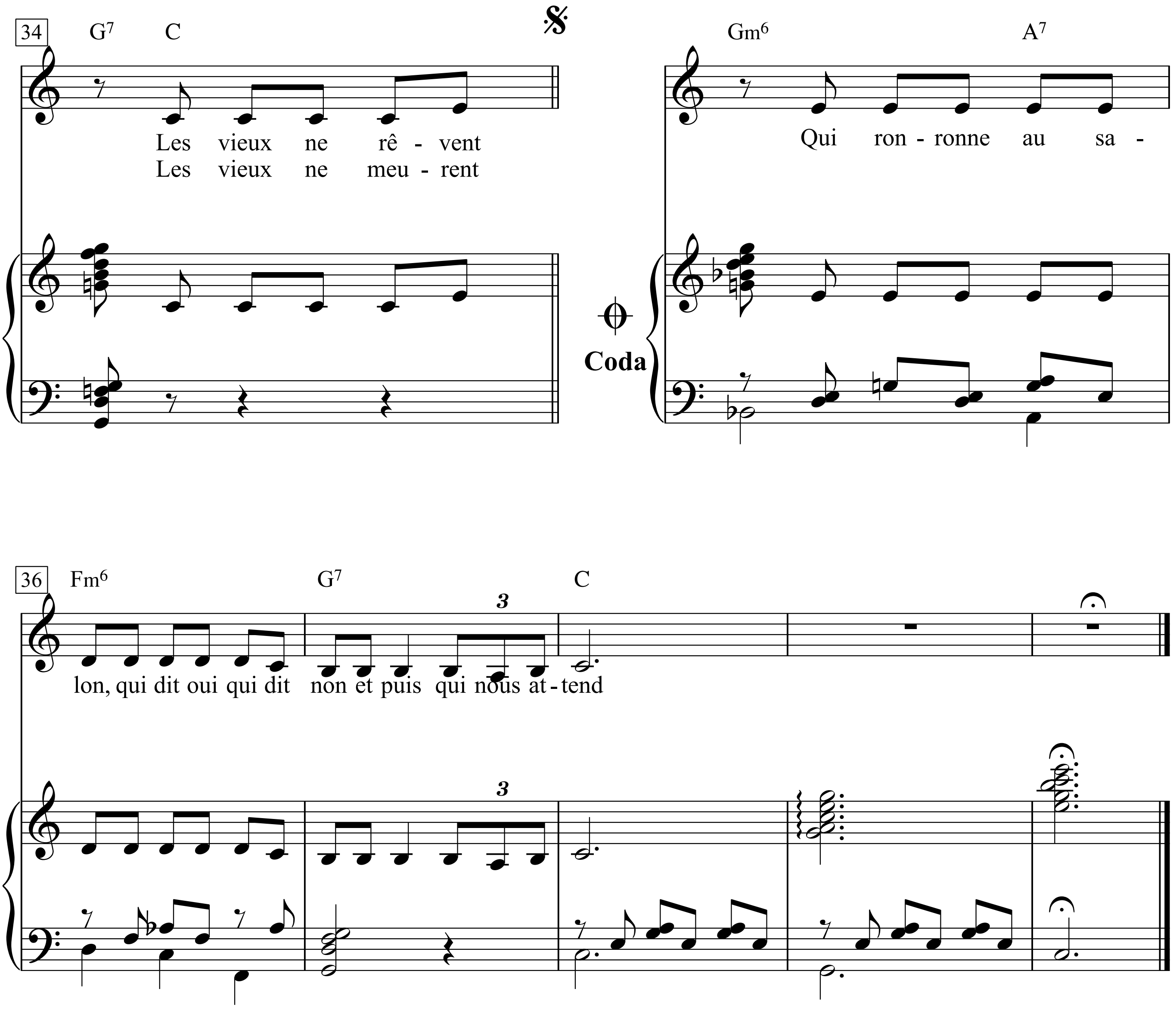
Paroles: Jacques Brel

Musique:
Jacques Brel, Gérard Jouannest & Jean Corti




12
C6
g4/9
vande et le ver-be d'an - tan
rides leur monde est trop pe - tit
pire, le doux ou le sé - vère
Que l'on vi - ve à Pa - ris on vit tous en pro-
Du lit à la fe - nêtre, puis du lit au fau-
Ce - la n'im-por-te pas, ce-lui des deux qui
16
g4/9
C6
vince quand on vit trop long temps
teuil et puis du lit au lit
reste se re-trouve en en - fer
Est-ce d'avoir trop ri que leur voix se lé -
Et s'ils sor tent en - core bras des- sus bras des-
Vous le ver rez peut- être, vous la ver- rez par-
20
C6
G4/9
zarde quand ils par-lent d'hi - er
sous tout ha-bil- lés de raide
fois en pluie et en cha-grin
Et d'a - voir trop pleu - ré que des lar - mes en-
C'est pour suivre au so - leill'en-terr' ment d'un plus
Tra - ver - ser le pré - sent en s'ex - cu - sant dé-


24 g4/9
E7 E7 A7
core leur per - lent aux paupières Et s'ils trem-blent un peu est-ce de voir vieil-
vieux, l'en -terr' ment d'une plus laide Et le temps d'un san- glot, ou bli-er toute une
jà de n'ê - tre pas plus loin Et fuir de - vant vous u - ne der ni - é - re
28 A7 Dm Dm Dm7
lir la pen - du - le d'ar - gent Qui ron -ronne au sa -
heure la pen - du - le d'ar - gent Qui ron-ronne au sa -
fois la pen - du - le d'ar - gent Qui ron -ronne au sa -
31 G7 Dm7 G Dm7 E7
3 fois al Coda
lon, qui dit oui qui dit non, qui dit: „Je vous t'at - tends."
lon, qui dit oui qui dit non, et puis qui les at - tend
lon, qui dit oui qui dit non, qui leur dit: „Je t'at - tends"


34
G7 C
Les vieux ne rê - vent
Les vieux ne meu - rent
Gm6 A7
Qui ron - ronne au sa -
Coda
36
Fm6 G7 C
lon, qui dit oui qui dit non et puis qui nous at - tend
3

1. Les vieux ne parlent plus ou alors seulement parfois du bout des yeux
Même riches ils sont pauvres, ils n'ont plus d'illusions et n'ont qu'un cœur pour deux
Chez eux ça sent le thym, le propre, la lavande et le verbe d'antan
Que l'on vive à Pa ris on vit tous en province quand on vit trop longtemps
Est-ce d'avoir trop ri que leur voix se lézarde quand ils parlent d'hier
Et d'avoir trop pleuré que des larmes encore leur perlent aux paupières
Et s'ils tremblent un peu est-ce de voir vieillir la pendule d'argent
Qui ronronne au salon, qui dit oui qui dit non, qui dit: „Je vous t'attends."

2. Les vieux ne rêvent plus leur livres s"ensommeillent, leurs pianos sont fermés
Le petit chat est mort, le muscat du dimanche ne les fait plus chanter
Les vieux ne bougent plus leurs gestes ont trop de rides leur monde est trop petit
Du lit à la fenêtre, puis du lit au fauteuil et puis du lit au lit
Et s'ils sortent encore bras dessus bras dessous tout habillés de raide
C'est pour suivre au soleil l'enterr'ment d'un plus vieux, l'enterr'ment d'une plus laide
Et le temps d'un sanglot, oublier toute une heure la pendule d'argent
Qui ronronne au salon, qui dit oui qui dit non, et puis qui les attend

3. Les vieux ne meurent pas, ils s'endorment un jour et dorment trop longtemps
Ils se tiennent la main, ils ont peur de se perdre et se perdent pourtant
Et l'autre reste là, le meilleur ou le pire, le doux ou le sévère
Cela n'importe pas, celui des deux qui reste se retrouve en enfer
Vous le verrez peut-être, vous la verrez parfois en pluie et en chagrin
Traverser le présent en s'excusant déjà de n'être pas plus loin
Et fuir devant vous une dernière fois la pendule d'argent
Qui ronronne au salon, qui dit oui qui dit non, qui leur dit: „Je t'attends"
Qui ronronne au salon, qui dit oui qui dit non et puis qui nous attend

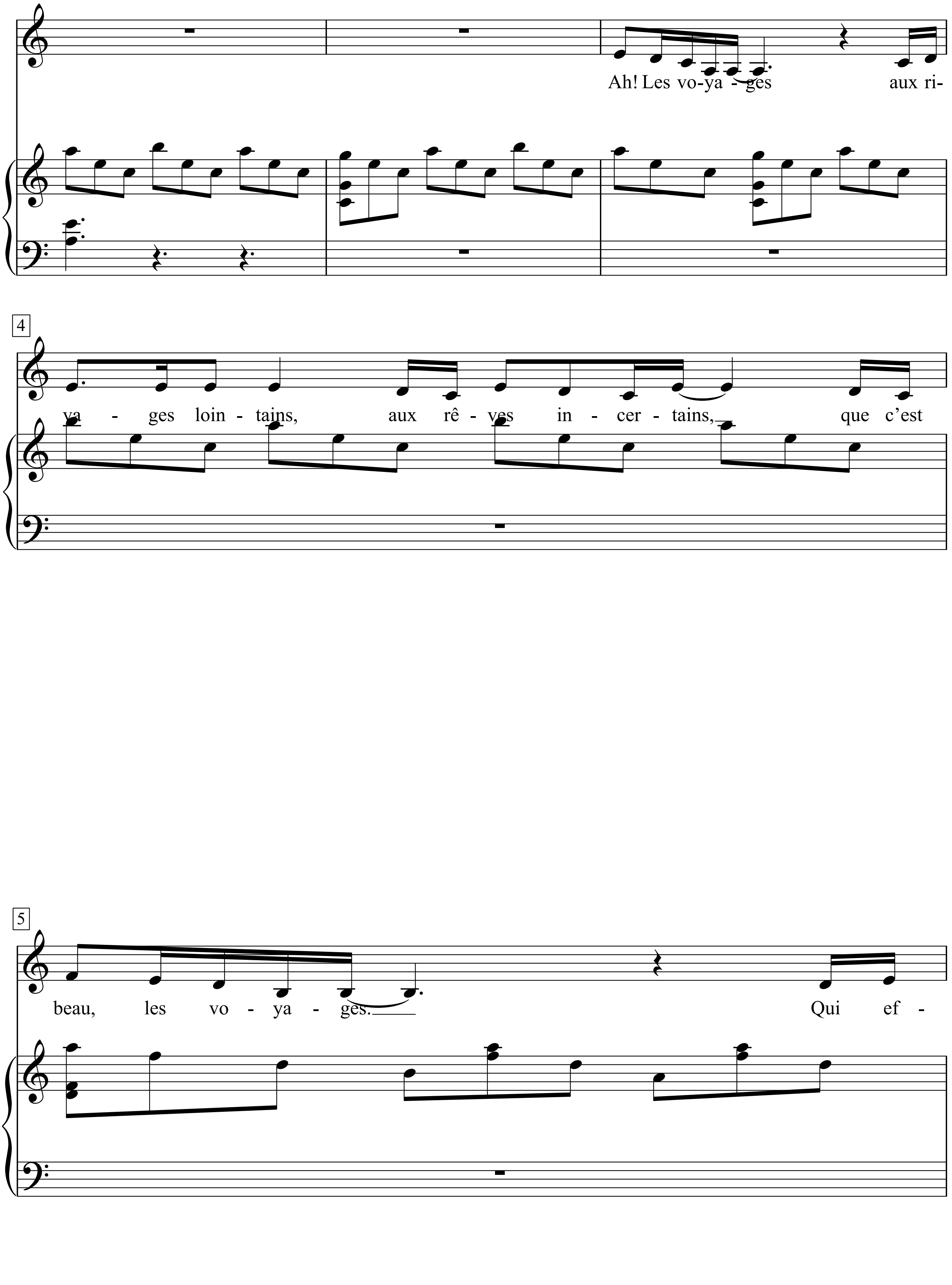
Die alten Leut sprechen nicht mehr oder nur manchmal mit den Augenwinkeln
Auch reich sind sie arm, haben keine Illusionen mehr und ihr Herz nur noch für zwei
Bei ihnen riecht's nach Thymian, nach Sauberem, Lavendel und alten Worten
Auch in Paris lebt man so wie in der Provinz, wenn man zu lange lebt
Haben sie zu viel gelacht, dass ihre Stimme bricht, wenn sie von früher reden
Haben sie zu viel geweint, dass Tränen jetzt noch in ihren Augen stehn
Und wenn sie leise zittern, kommt das vielleicht daher, weil sie die alte Pendeluhr aus Silber altern sehn
Die im Wohnzimmer surrt, die sagt „Ja", die sagt „Nein", die auch sagt „Ich wart auf euch"

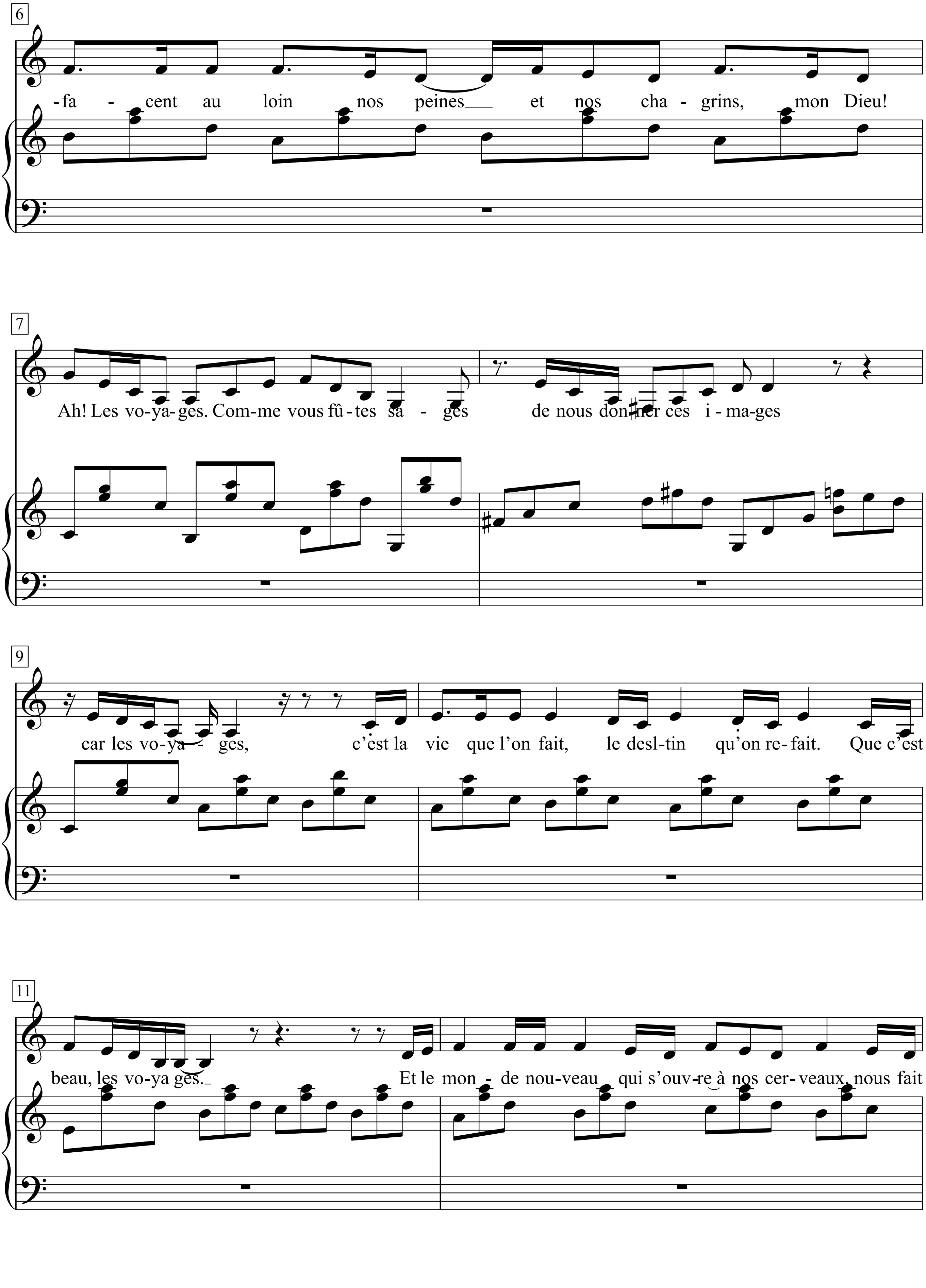
Die alten Leut träumen nicht mehr, ihre Bücher dösen vor sich hin, ihre Klaviere sind verschlossen
Die kleine Katze ist tot, der Sonntagswein bringt sie nicht mehr zum Singen
Die alten Leut bewegen sich nicht mehr, ihre Mienen haben zu viele Falten, ihre Welt ist zu klein geraten
Vom Bett zum Fenster, dann vom Bett zum Sessel, und dann von Bett zu Bett ...
Und gehn sie doch mal hinaus, Arm in Arm eingehakt, ganz steif gekleidet
Dann nur, um bei Tageslicht, zum Begräbnis eines Ältern, zum Begräbnis einer Hässlicheren
Für die Dauer eines Schluchzens kann man für eine ganze Stunde die Uhr aus Silber vergessen
Die im Wohnzimmer surrt, die sagt „Ja", die sagt „Nein" und die auch sagt „Ich wart auf euch"

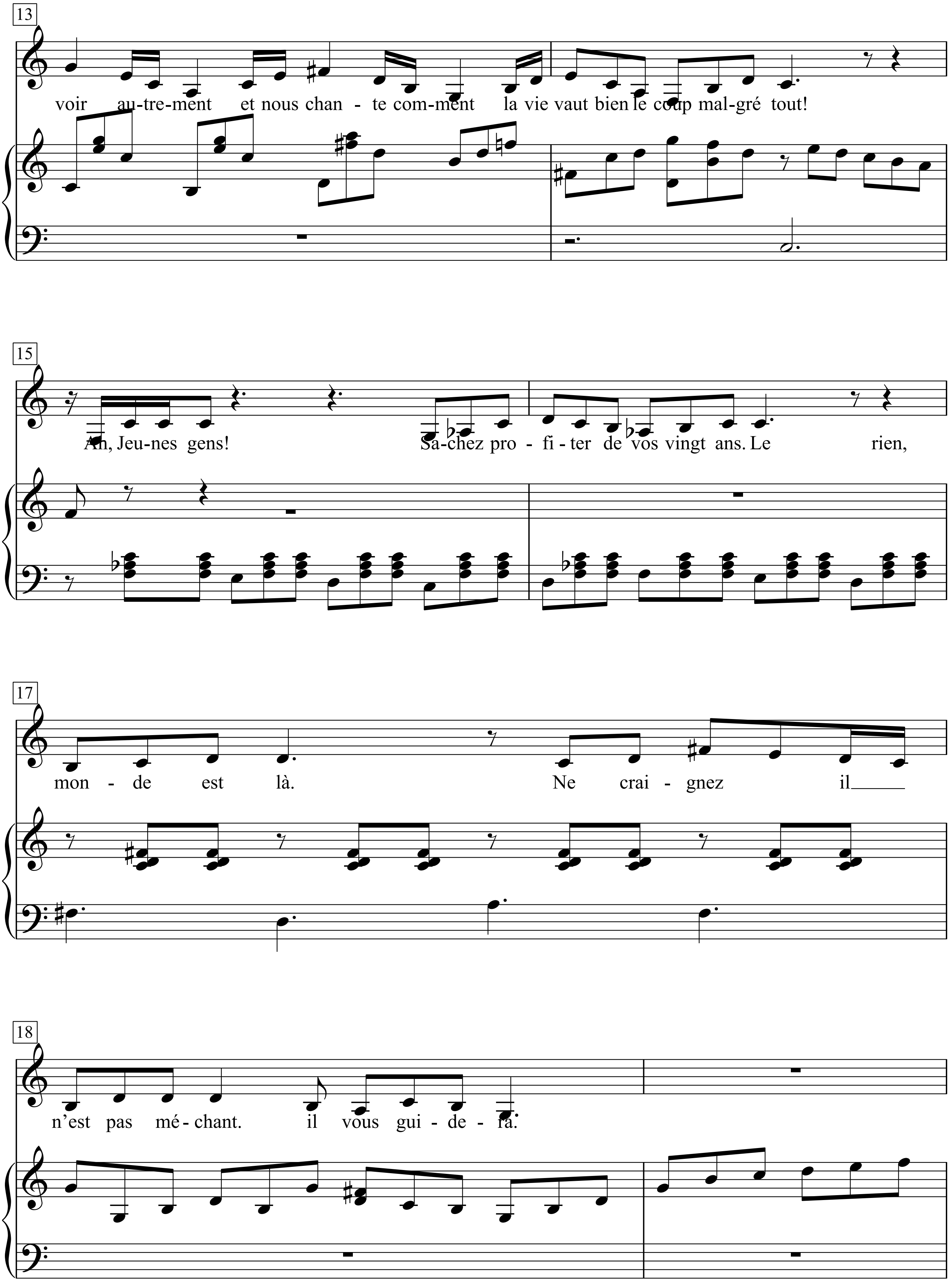
Die alten Leute sterben nicht, sie entschlummern einmal und schlafen zu lang
Sie halten sich an der Hand, haben Angst, sich zu verlieren und verlieren sich doch
Und der andere bleibt da, der Bessere oder der Schlechtere, der Sanfte oder der Strenge
Das ist ganz gleich, der, der bleibt, bleibt in der Höll zurück
Sie sehen ihn vielleicht, Sie sehen sie manchmal, im Regen oder in Gram
Durch die Gegenwart schreitend, um Verzeihung bittend, dass man noch nicht weiter ist
Auf der Flucht noch vor ihr, ein letztes Mal, der Silberuhr
Die im Wohnzimmer surrt, die sagt „Ja", die sagt „Nein" und die auch sagt „Ich wart auf dich"
Die im Wohnzimmer surrt, die sagt „Ja", die sagt „Nein" und auf uns wartet

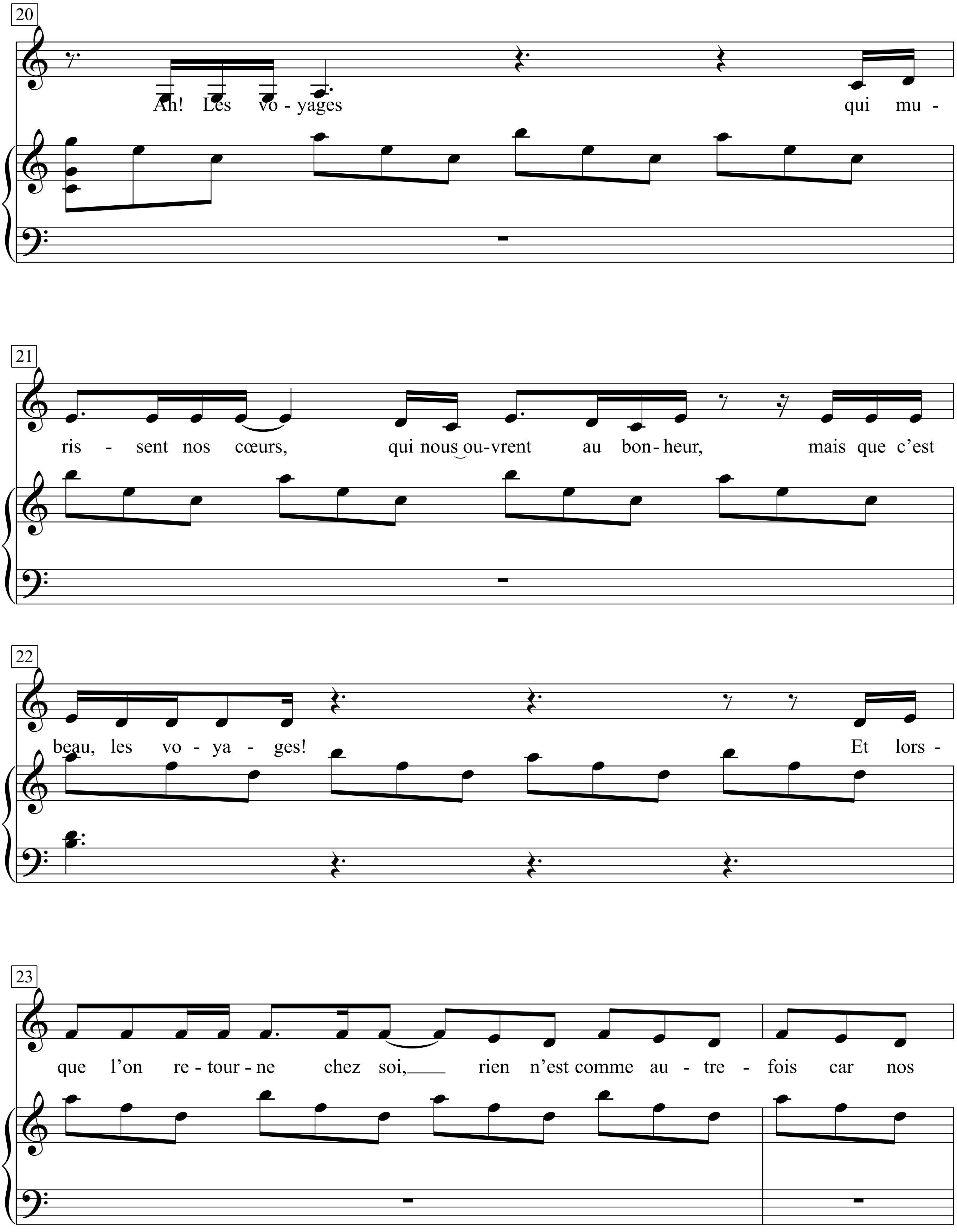
Les voyages

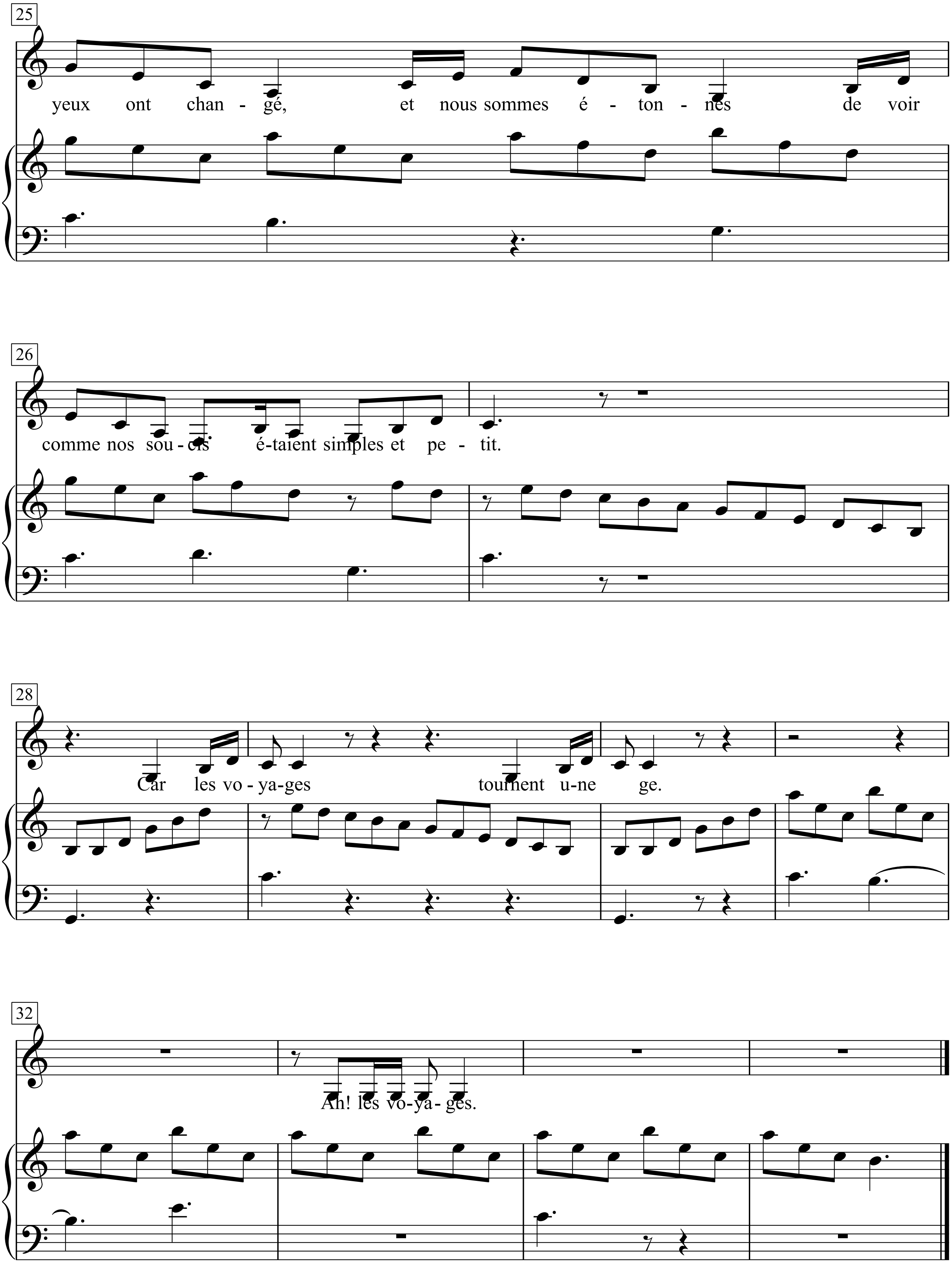
(Barbara)




6
-fa - cent au loin nos peines et nos cha - grins, mon Dieu!
7
Ah! Les vo-ya-ges. Com-me vous fû-tes sa - ges de nous don-ner ces i - ma-ges
9
car les vo-ya - ges, c'est la vie que l'on fait, le desl-tin qu'on re-fait. Que c'est
11
beau, les vo-ya ges. Et le mon - de nou-veau qui s'ouv-re à nos cer-veaux, nous fait


13
voir au-tre-ment et nous chan - te com-ment la vie vaut bien le coup mal-gré tout!
15
Ah, Jeu-nes gens! Sa-chez pro - fi - ter de vos vingt ans. Le rien,
17
mon - de est là. Ne crai - gnez il
18
n'est pas mé - chant. il vous gui - de - ra.

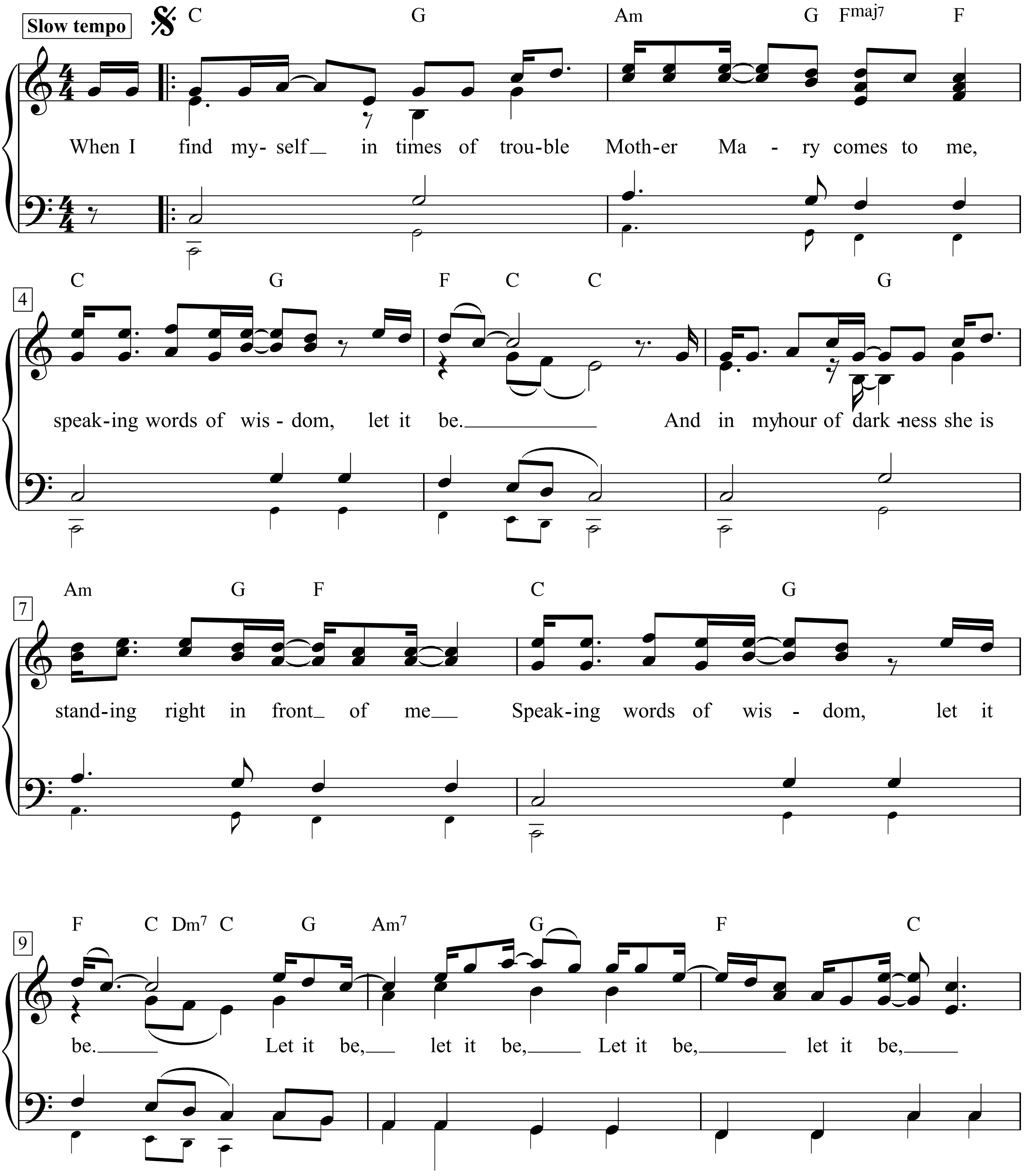

20
Ah! Les vo - yages qui mu -
21
ris - sent nos cœurs, qui nous ou-vrent au bon- heur, mais que c'est
22
beau, les vo - ya - ges! Et lors -
23
que l'on re - tour - ne chez soi, rien n'est comme au - tre - fois car nos

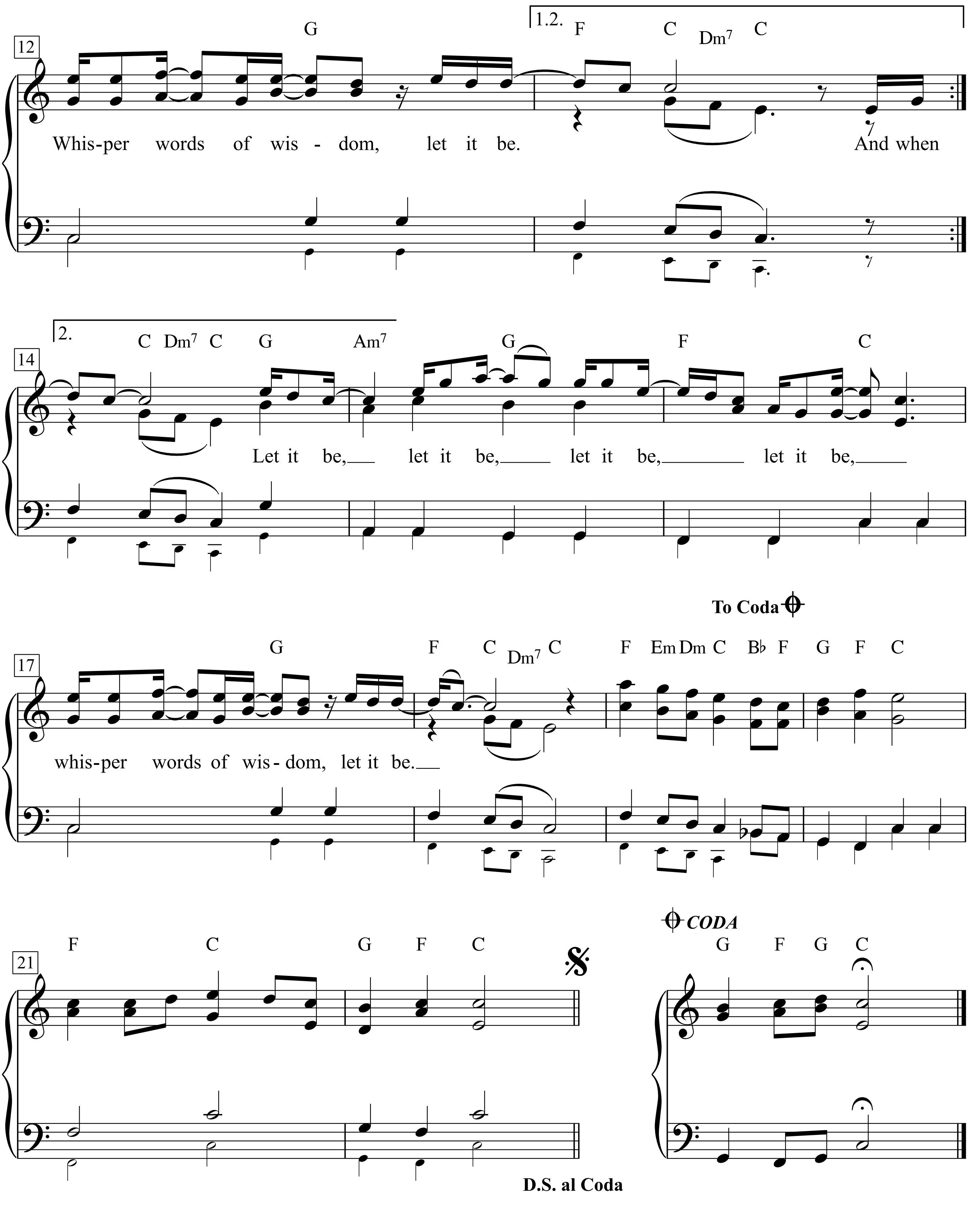

25
yeux ont chan - gé, et nous sommes é - ton - nés de voir
26
comme nos sou - cis é-taient simples et pe - tit.
28
Car les vo - ya-ges tournent u-ne ge.
32
Ah! les vo-ya - ges.

Let it Be

(For Organ: Registration No. 1)

Words & Music:
John Lennon & Paul McCartney




12
1.2.
G F C Dm7 C
Whis-per words of wis - dom, let it be. And when
14
2.
C Dm7 C G Am7 G F C
Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be,
To Coda
17
G F C Dm7 C F Em Dm C B♭ F G F C
whis-per words of wis - dom, let it be.
CODA
21
F C G F C
G F G C
D.S. al Coda

When I find myself in times of trouble
Mother Mary comes to me
Speaking words of wisdom
Let it be.

And in my hour of darkness
She is standing right in front of me
Speaking words of wisdom
Let it be.

Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
Whisper words of wisdom
Let it be.

And when the broken-hearted people
Living in the world agree
There will be an answer
Let it be.

For though they may be parted there is
Still a chance that they will see
There will be an answer
Let it be.

Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
There will be an answer
Let it be.

And when the night is cloudy
There is still a light that shines on me
Shine until tomorrow
Let it be.

I wake up to the sound of music
Mother Mary comes to me
Speaking words of wisdom
Let it be.

Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
There will be an answer
Let it be.

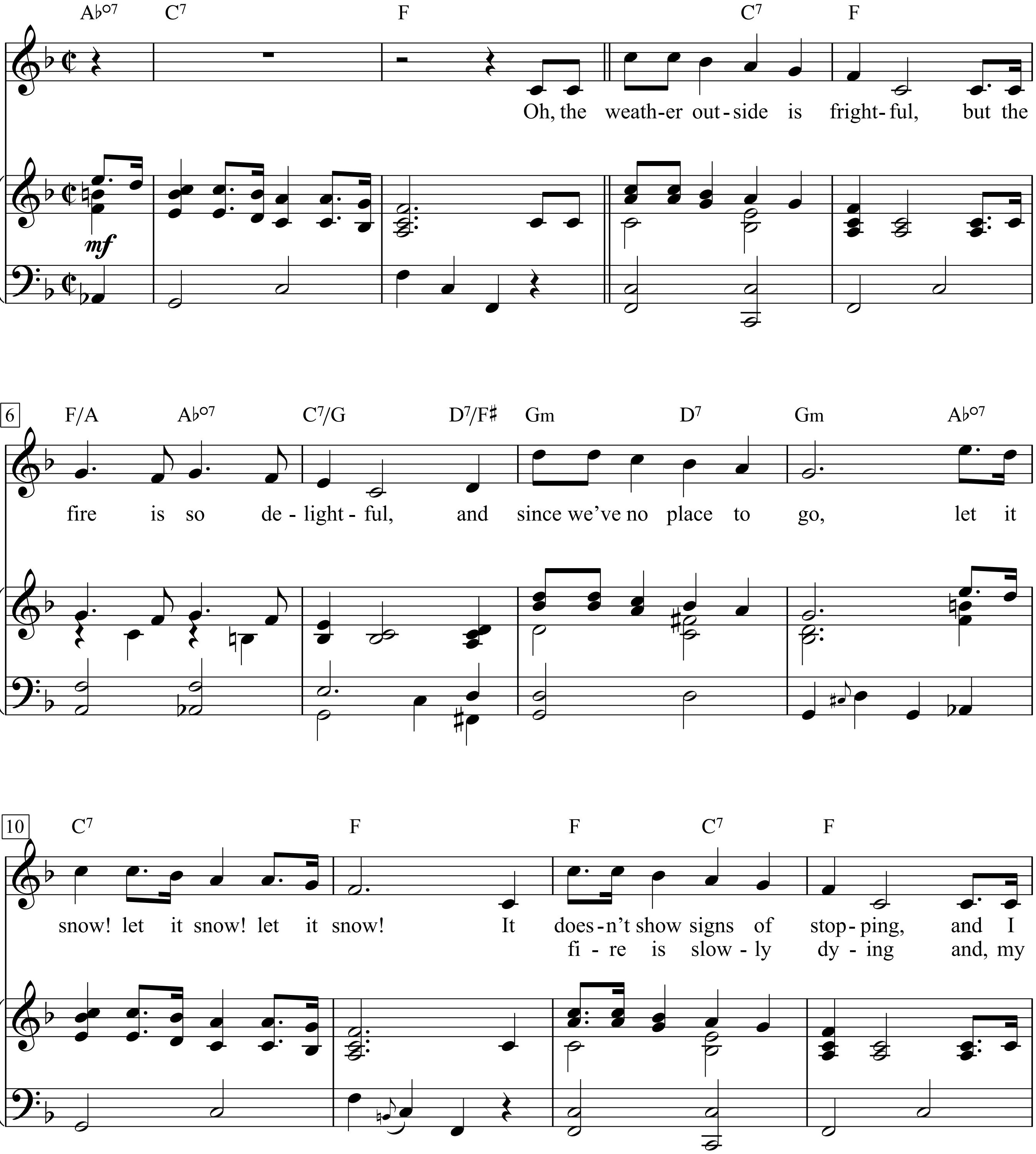
Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
Whisper words of wisdom
Let it be ...

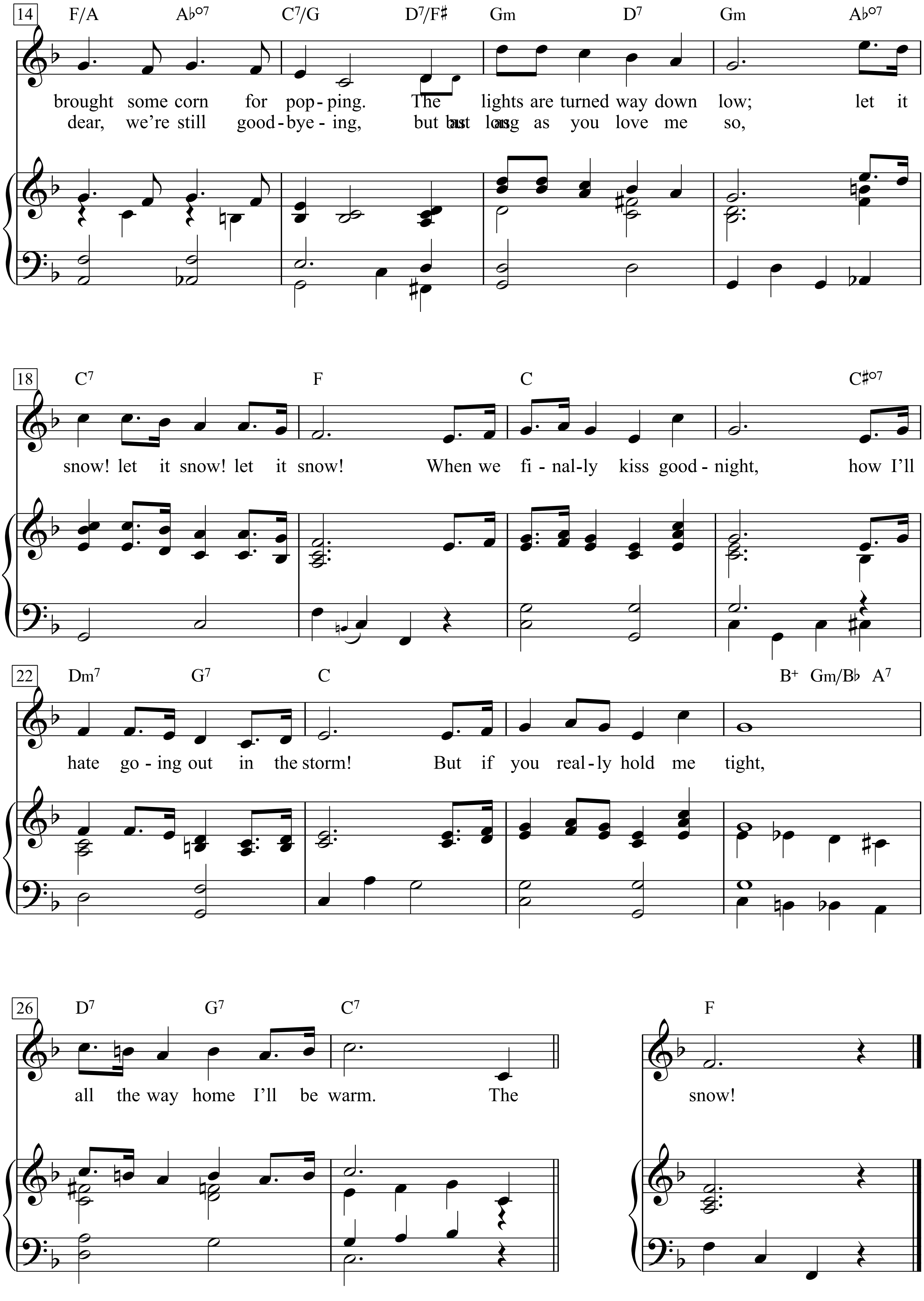
Let It Snow! Let It Snow! Let It Snow!

Words by Sammy Cahn

Music by Jule Styne

Moderately




14
F/A Ab°7 C7/G D7/F# Gm D7 Gm Ab°7
brought some corn for pop - ping. The lights are turned way down low; let it
dear, we're still good - bye - ing, but as long as you love me so,
18
C7 F C C#°7
snow! let it snow! let it snow! When we fi - nal - ly kiss good - night, how I'll
22
Dm7 G7 C B+ Gm/Bb A7
hate go - ing out in the storm! But if you real - ly hold me tight,
26
D7 G7 C7 F
all the way home I'll be warm. The
snow!

Oh, the weather outside is frightful,
but the fire is so delightful,
and since we've no place to go,
let it snow! let it snow! let it snow!

It doesn't show signs of stopping,
and I brought some corn for popping.
The lights are turned way down low;
let it snow! let it snow! let it snow!

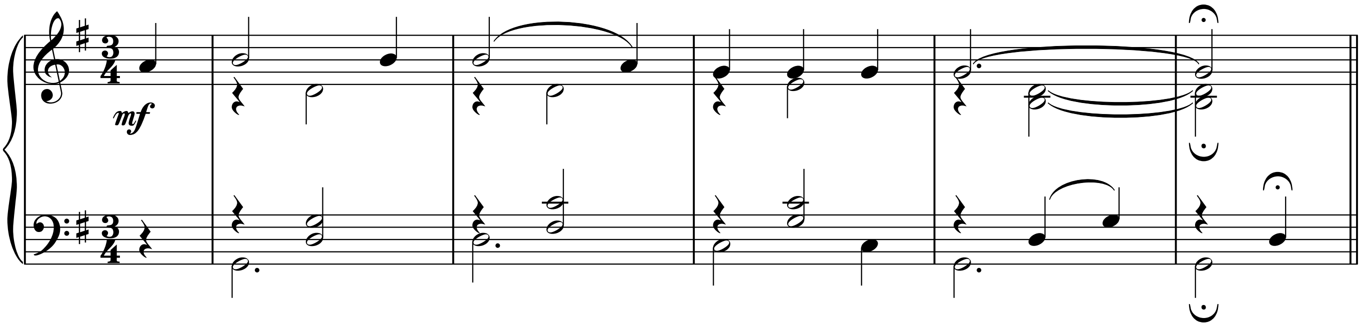
When we finally kiss goodnight,
how I'll hate going out in the storm!
But if you really hold me tight,
all the way home I'll be warm.

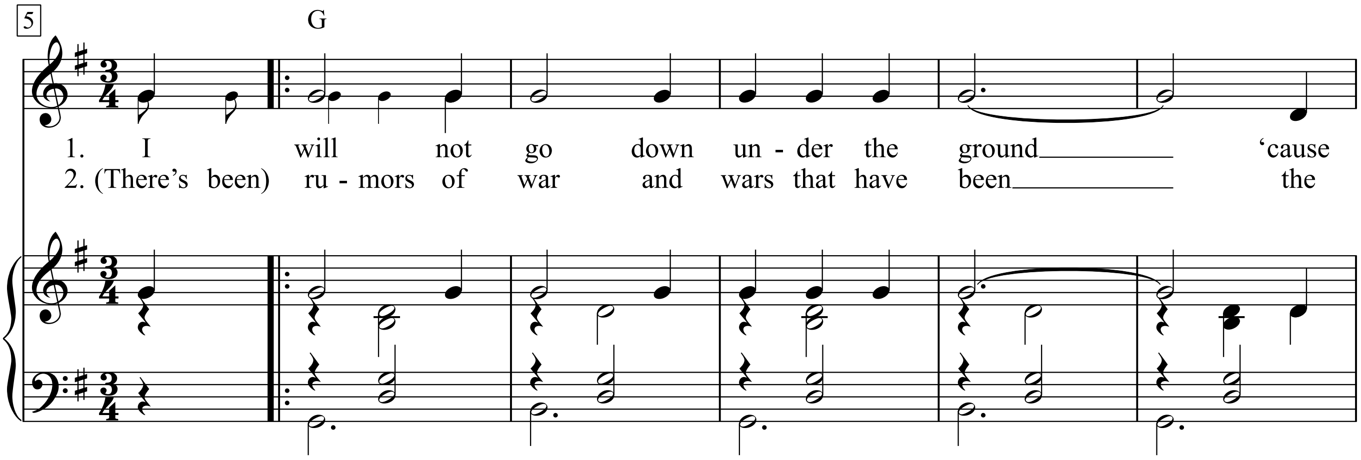
The fire is slowly dying
and, my dear, we're still goodbyeing,
but as long as you love me so,
let it snow! let it snow! let it snow!

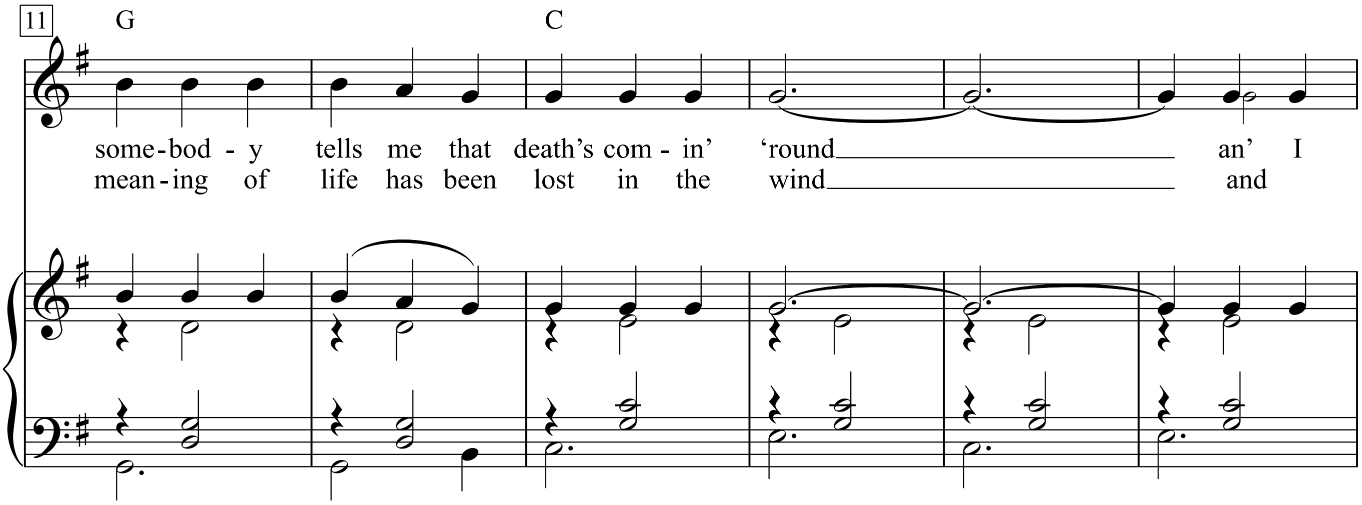
Let Me Die In My Footsteps

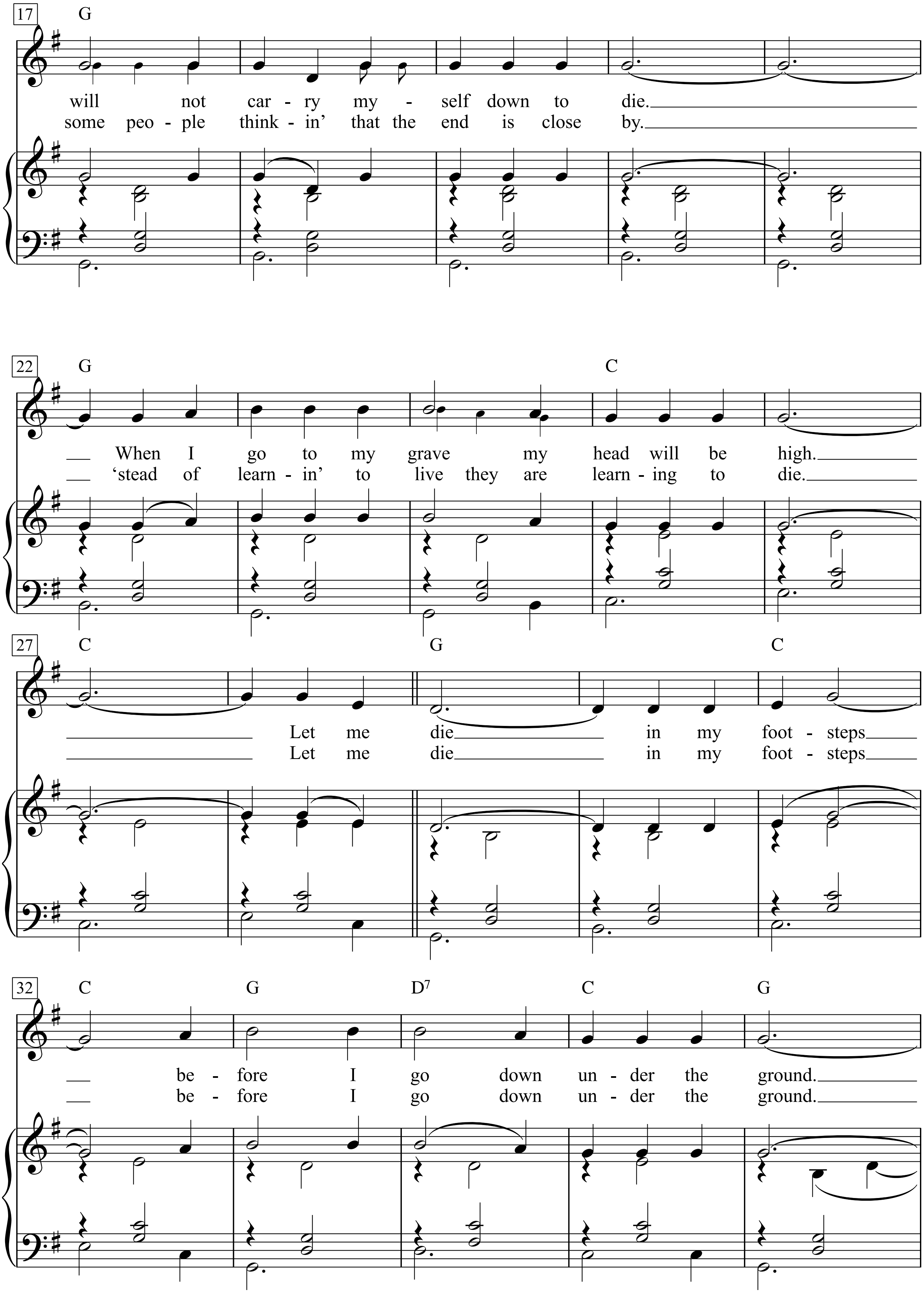
Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)

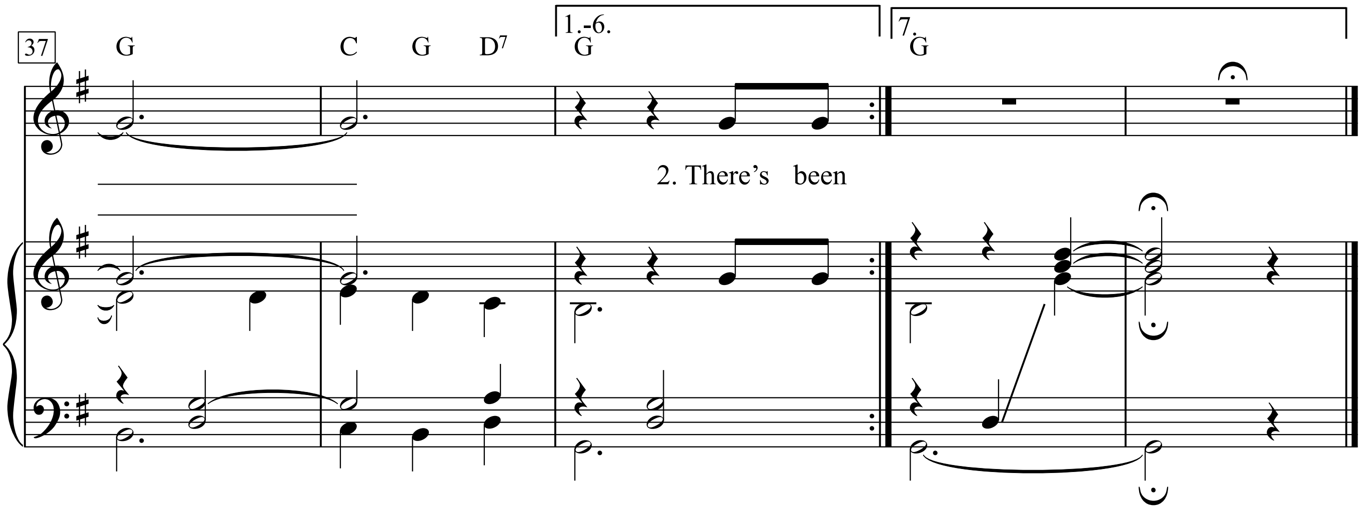
Not too fast








17
G
will not car - ry my - self down to die.
some peo - ple think - in' that the end is close by.
22
G
C
When I go to my grave my head will be high.
'stead of learn - in' to live they are learn - ing to die.
27
C
G
C
Let me die in my foot - steps
Let me die in my foot - steps
32
C
G
D7
C
G
be - fore I go down un - der the ground.
be - fore I go down un - der the ground.



1. I will not go down under the ground
'cause somebody tells me that death's comin' 'round
an' I will not carry myself down to die.
When I go to my grave my head will be high.
Let me die in my footsteps
before I go down under the ground.

2. There's been rumors of war and wars that have been
the meaning of life has been lost in the wind
and some people thinkin' that the end is close by.
'stead of learnin' to live they are learning to die.
Let me die in my footsteps
before I go down under the ground.

3. I don’t know if I’m smart But I think I can see
When someone is pullin’ the wool over me
An’ if this war comes and death’s all around
Let me die on this land ’fore I die underground
Let me die in my footsteps
Before I go down under the ground

4. There’s always been people that have to cause fear
They‘ve been talkin’ of the war now for many long years
I have read all their statements and I’ve not said a word
But now Lawd, God, let my poor voice be heard
Let me die in my footsteps
Before I go down under the ground

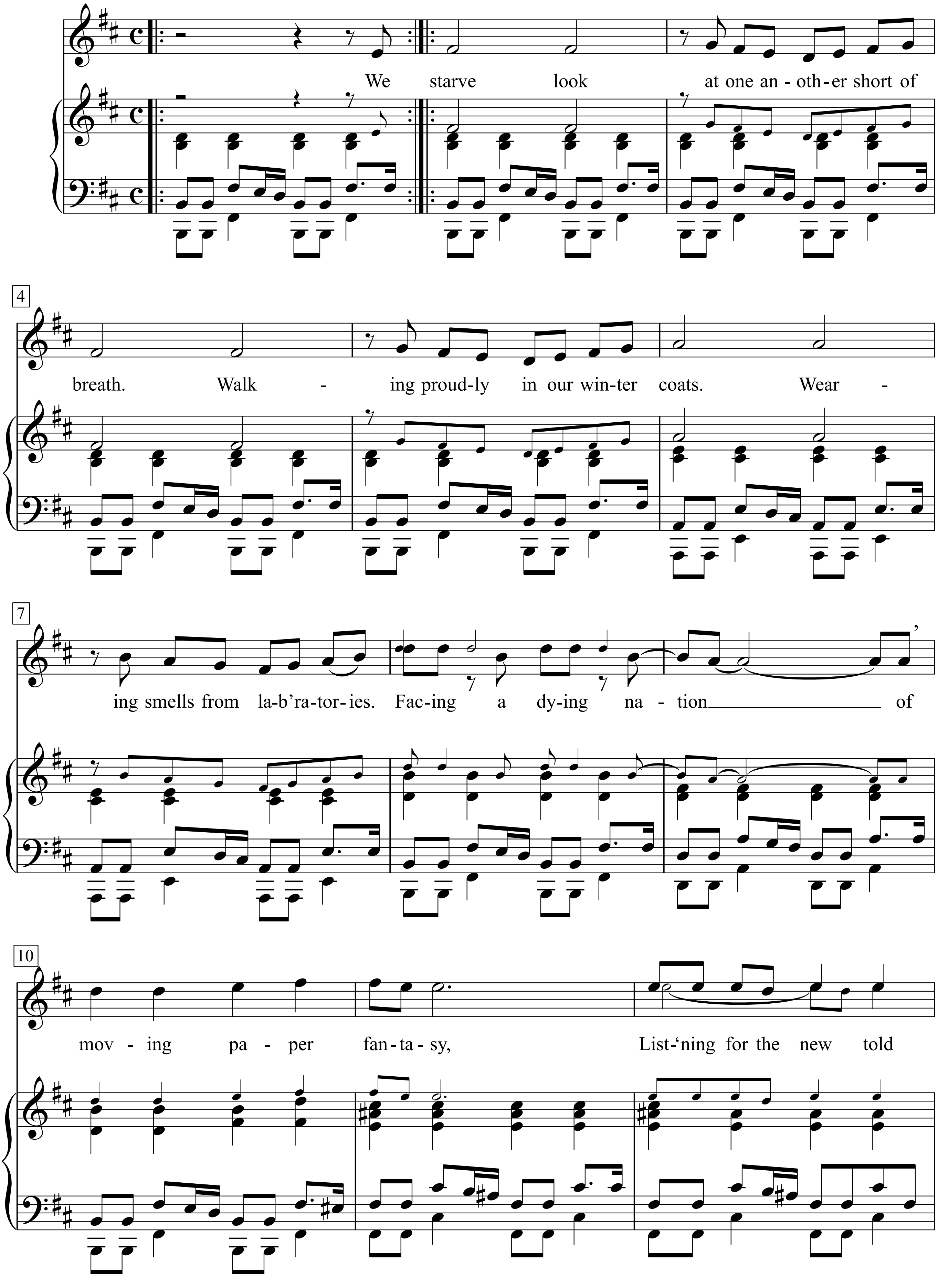
5. If I had rubies and riches and crowns
I’d buy the whole world and change things around
I’d throw all the guns and the tanks in the sea
For they are mistakes of a past history
Let me die in my footsteps
Before I go down under the ground

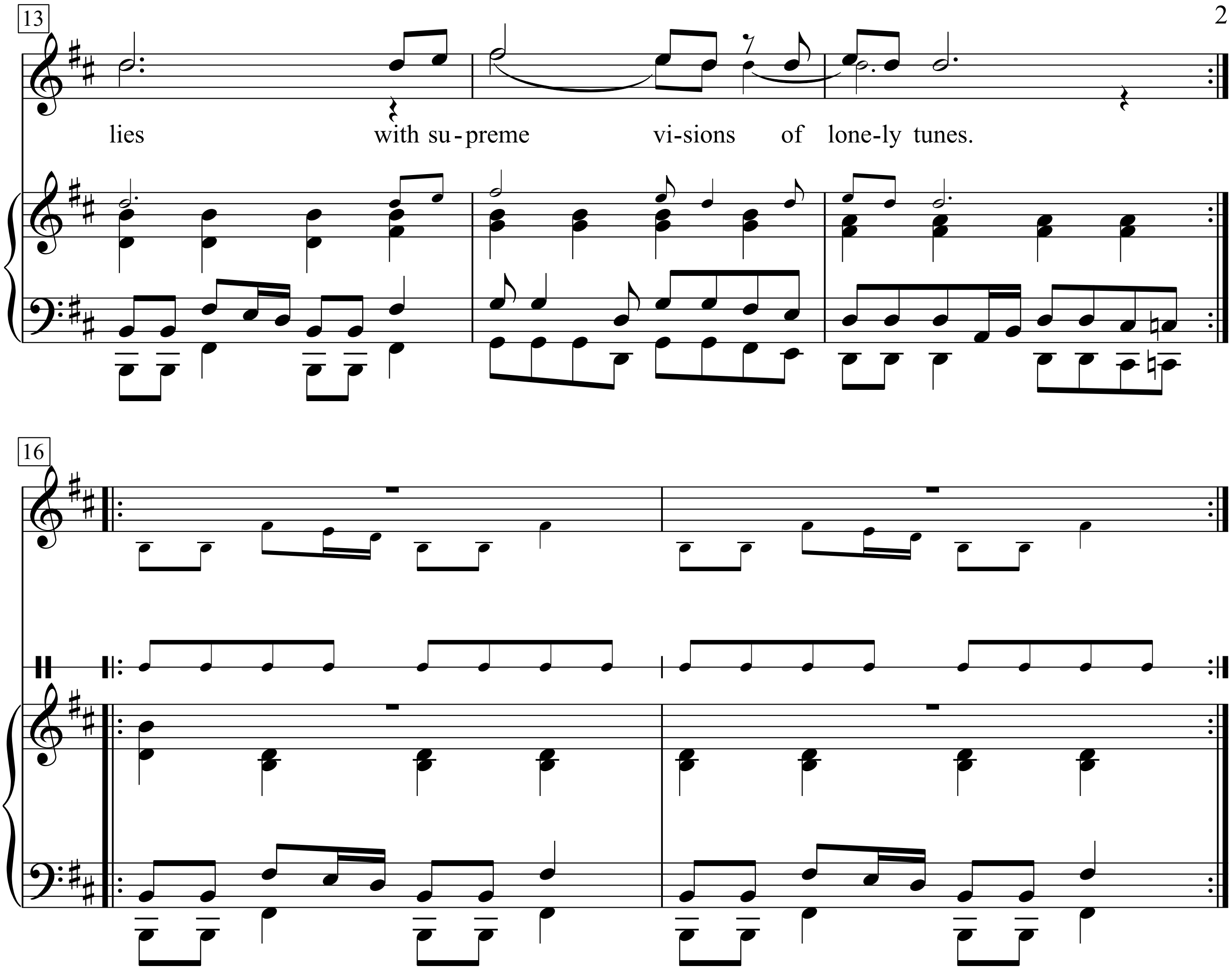
6. Let me drink from the waters where the mountain streams flood
Let the smell of wild flowers flow free through my blood
Let me sleep in your meadows with the green grassy leaves
Let me walk down the highway with my brother in peace
Let me die in my footsteps
Before I go down under the ground

7. Go out in your country where the land meets the sun
See the craters and the canyons where the waterfalls run
Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho
Let every state in this union seep down deep in your soul???s
And you’ll die in your footsteps
Before you go down under the ground.

The Flesh Failures (Let the Sunshine In)

(Hair)

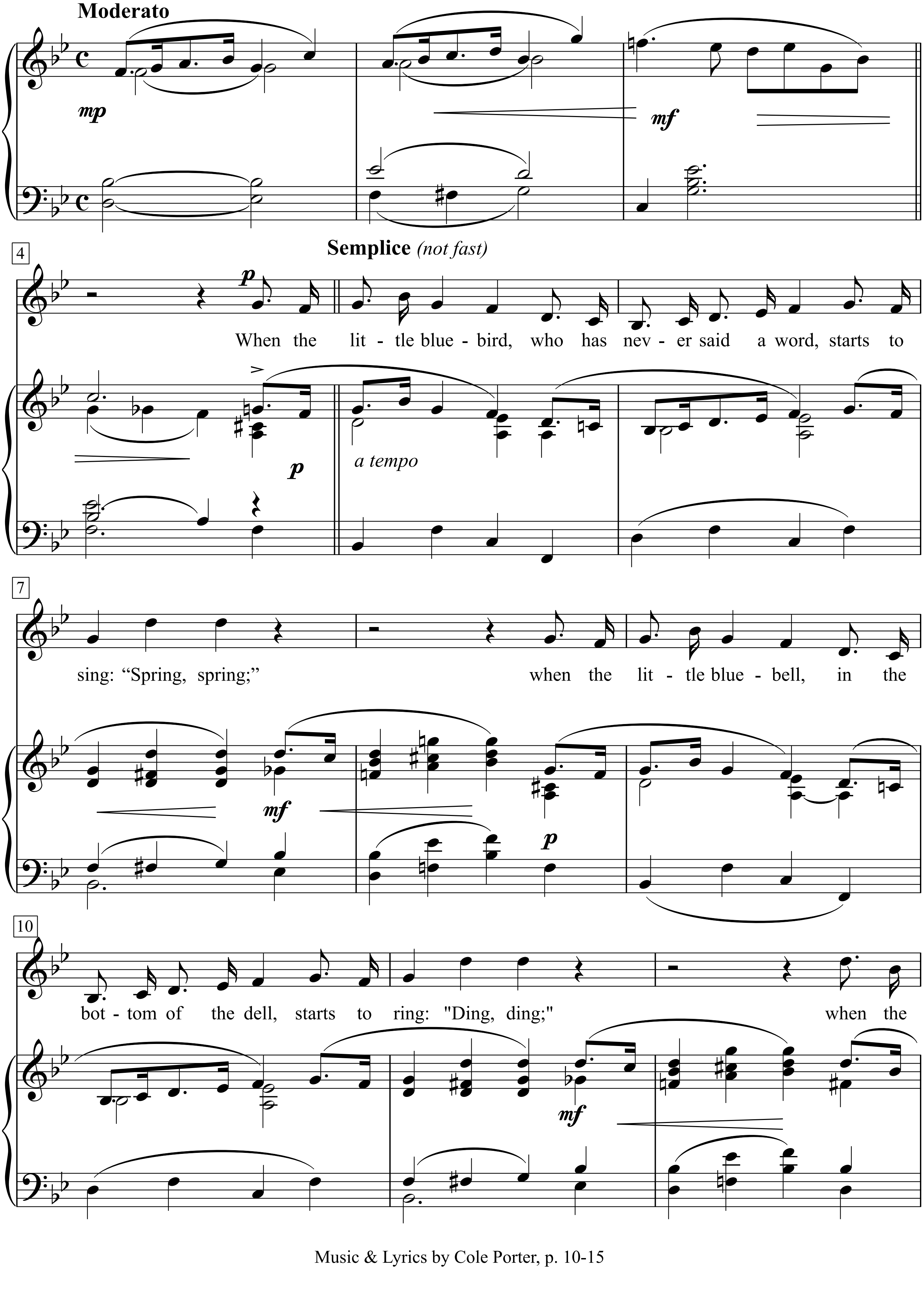


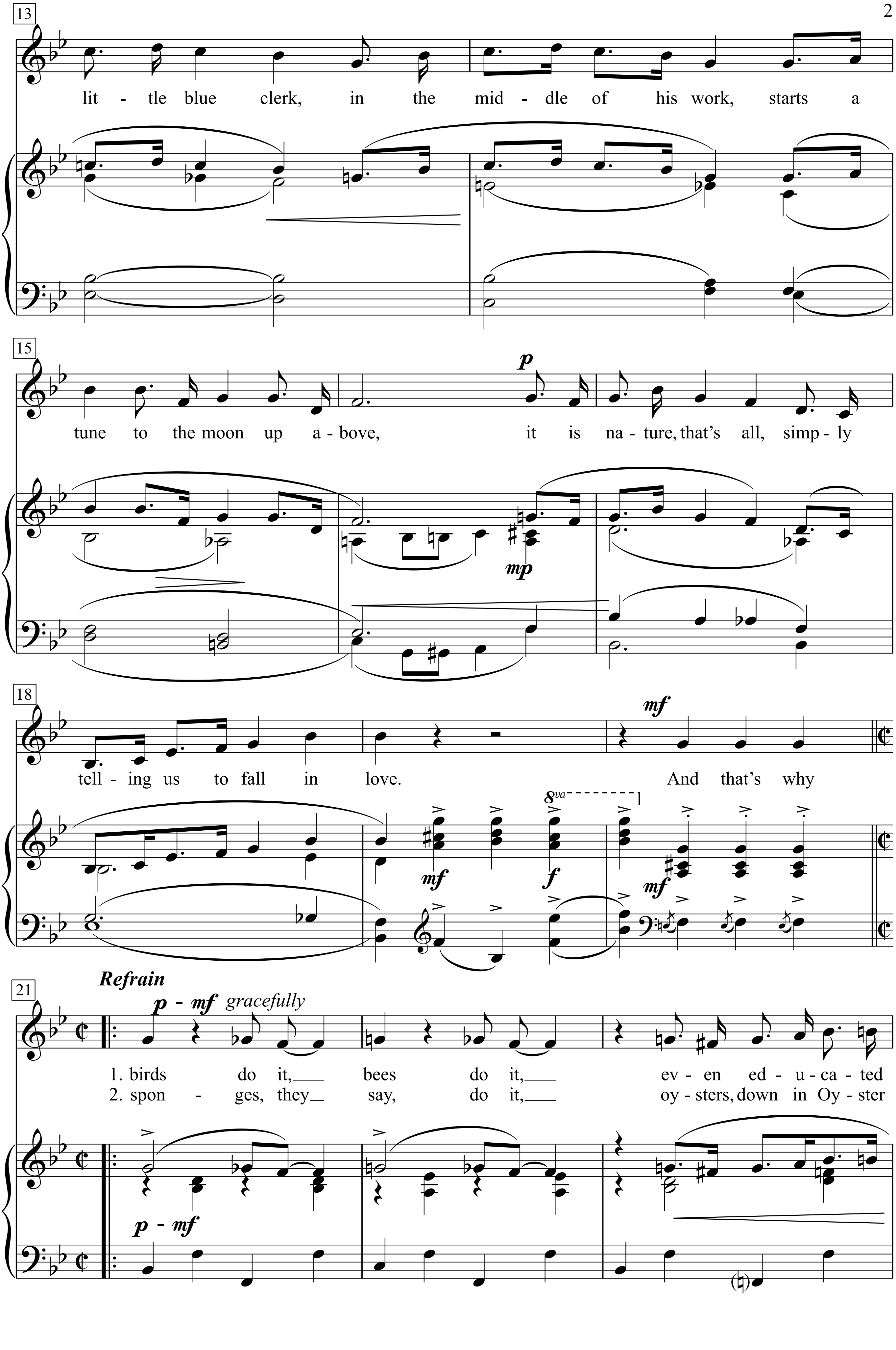

13
lies with su - preme vi-sions of lone-ly tunes.
16

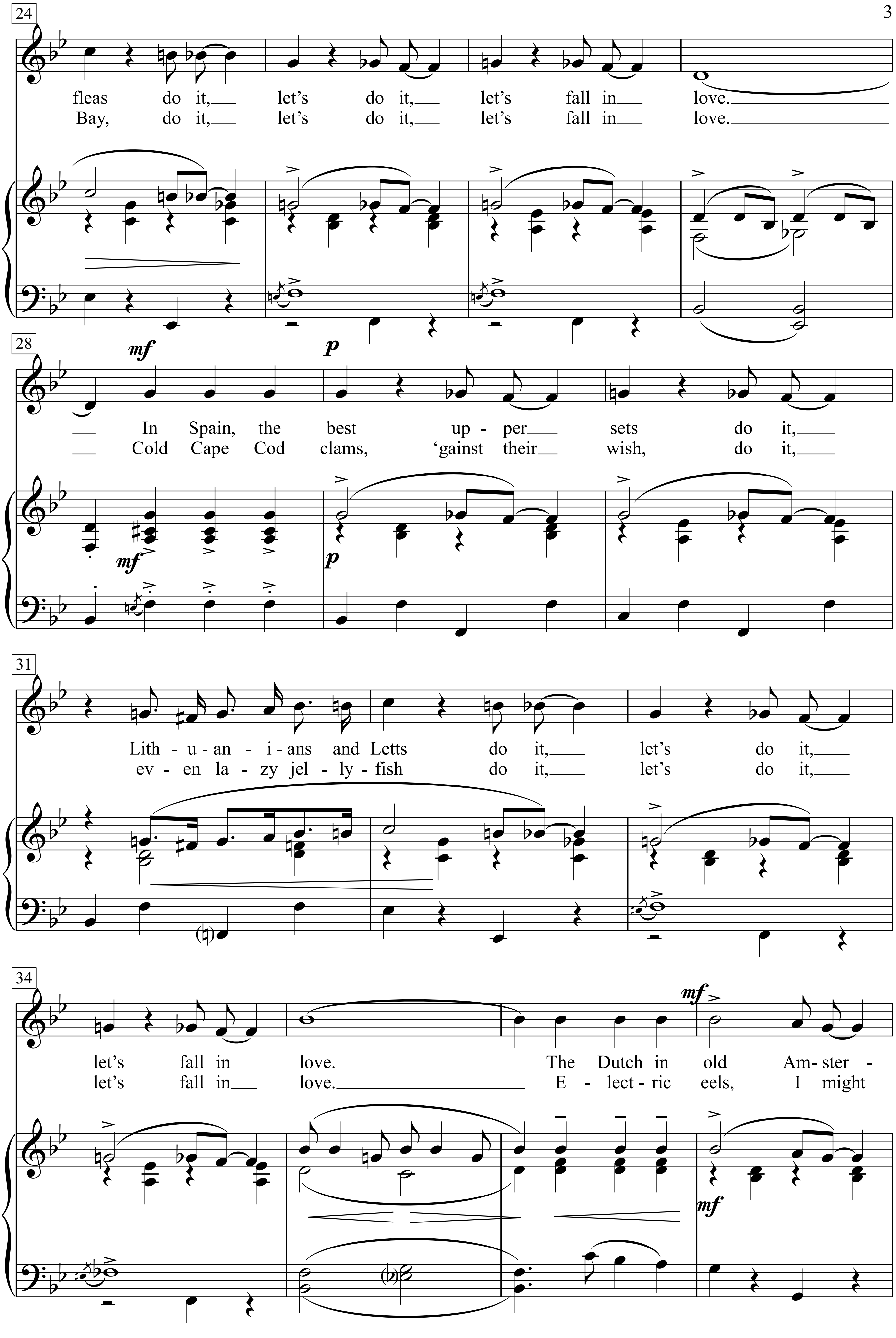
Let’s Do It (Let’s Fell In Love)

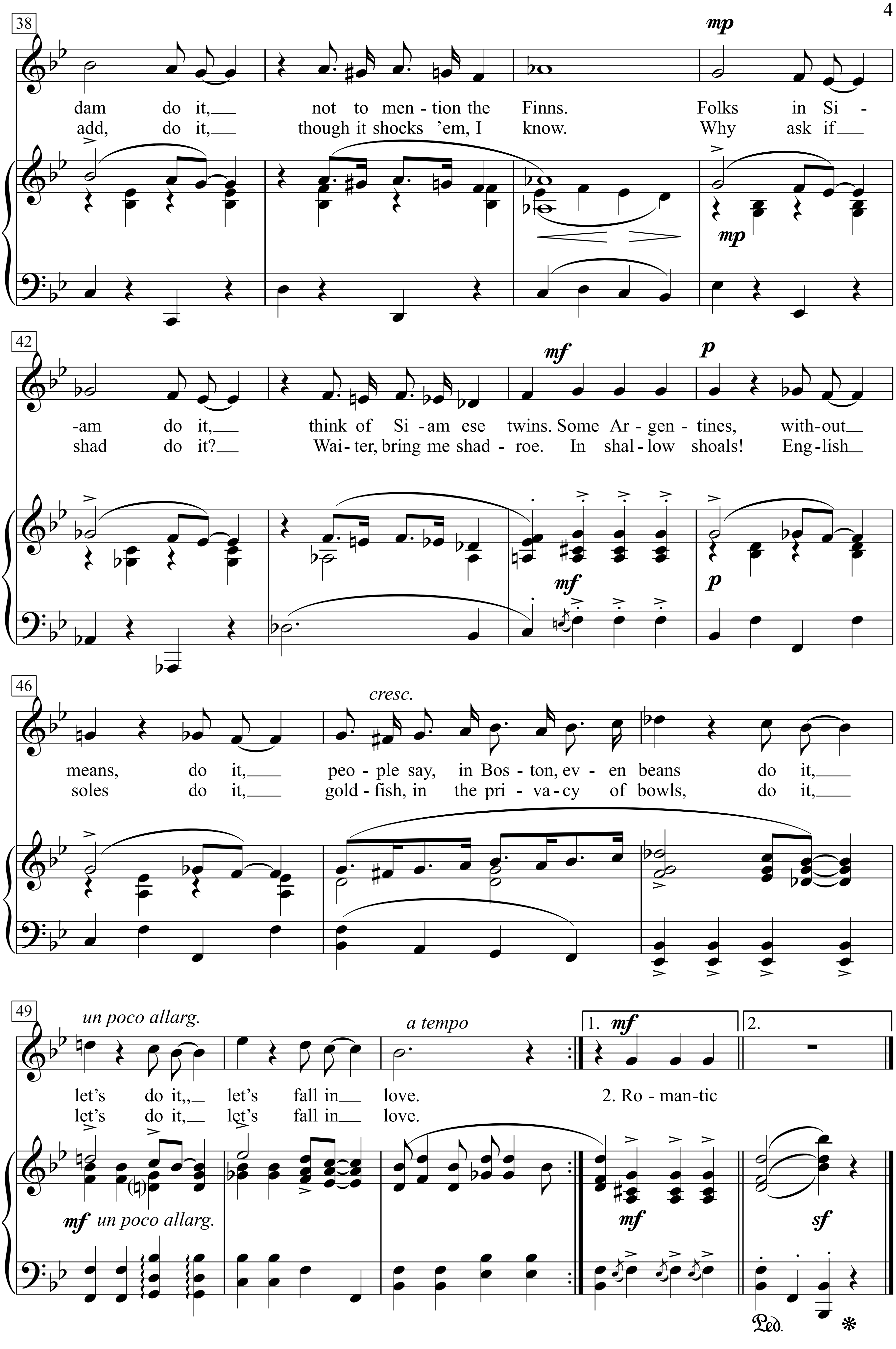
(*from* ‘Paris’)

Words & Music by Cole Porter (1928)




13
lit - tle blue clerk, in the mid - dle of his work, starts a
15
p
tune to the moon up a - bove, it is na - ture, that's all, simp - ly
mp
18
mf
tell - ing us to fall in love. And that's why
8va
mf
f
mf
Refrain
21
p - mf gracefully
1. birds do it, bees do it, ev - en ed - u - ca - ted
2. spon - ges, they say, do it, oy - sters, down in Oy - ster
p - mf


24
fleas do it, let's do it, let's fall in love.
Bay, do it, let's do it, let's fall in love.
28
mf
p
In Spain, the best up - per sets do it,
Cold Cape Cod clams, 'gainst their wish, do it,
mf
p
31
Lith - u - an - i - ans and Letts do it, let's do it,
ev - en la - zy jel - ly - fish do it, let's do it,
34
mf
let's fall in love. The Dutch in old Am - ster -
let's fall in love. E - lect - ric eels, I might
mf


38
mp
dam do it, not to men - tion the Finns. Folks in Si -
add, do it, though it shocks 'em, I know. Why ask if
42
mf
p
-am do it, think of Si - am ese twins. Some Ar - gen - tines, with-out
shad do it? Wai - ter, bring me shad - roe. In shal - low shoals! Eng - lish
46
cresc.
means, do it, peo - ple say, in Bos - ton, ev - en beans do it,
soles do it, gold - fish, in the pri - va - cy of bowls, do it,
49
un poco allarg.
a tempo
1.
2.
let's do it, let's fall in love. 2. Ro - man - tic
let's do it, let's fall in love.
mf un poco allarg.
sf

When the little bluebird,
who has never said a word,
starts to sing: “Spring, spring;”
when the little bluebell,
in the bottom of the dell,
starts to ring: "Ding, ding;"
when the little blue clerk,
in the middle of his work,
starts a tune to the moon up above,
it is nature, that’s all,
simply telling us to fall in love.
And that’s why

Refrain 1:
birds do it, bees do it,
even educated fleas do it,
let’s do it, let’s fall in love.
In Spain, the best upper sets do it,
Lithuanians and Letts do it,
let’s do it, let’s fall in love.
The Dutch in old Amsterdam do it,
not to mention the Finns.
Folks in Siam do it,
think of Siamese twins.
Some Argentines, without means, do it,
people say, in Boston, even beans do it,
let’s do it, let’s fall in love.

Refrain 2:
Romantic sponges, they say, do it,
oysters, down in Oyster Bay, do it,
let’s do it, let’s fall in love.
Cold Cape Cod clams, ‘gainst their wish, do it,
even lazy jellyfish do it,
let’s do it, let’s fall in love.
Electric eels, I might add, do it,
though it shocks ’em, I know.
Why ask if shad do it?
Waiter, bring me shadroe.
In shallow shoals! English soles do it,
goldfish, in the privacy of bowls, do it,
let’s do it, let’s fall in love.

Refrain 3:
The nightingales, in the dark, do it,
Larks, k-razy for a lark, do it,
Let’s do it, let’s fall in love.
Canaries, caged in the house, do it,
When they’re out of season, grouse do it,
Let’s do it, let’s fall in love.
The most sedate barnyard fowls do it,
When a chantacleer cries,
High-browed old owls do it,
They’re supposed to be wise,
Penguins in flocks, on the rocks, do it,
Even little cuckoos in their clocks, do it,
Let’s do it, let’s fall in love.

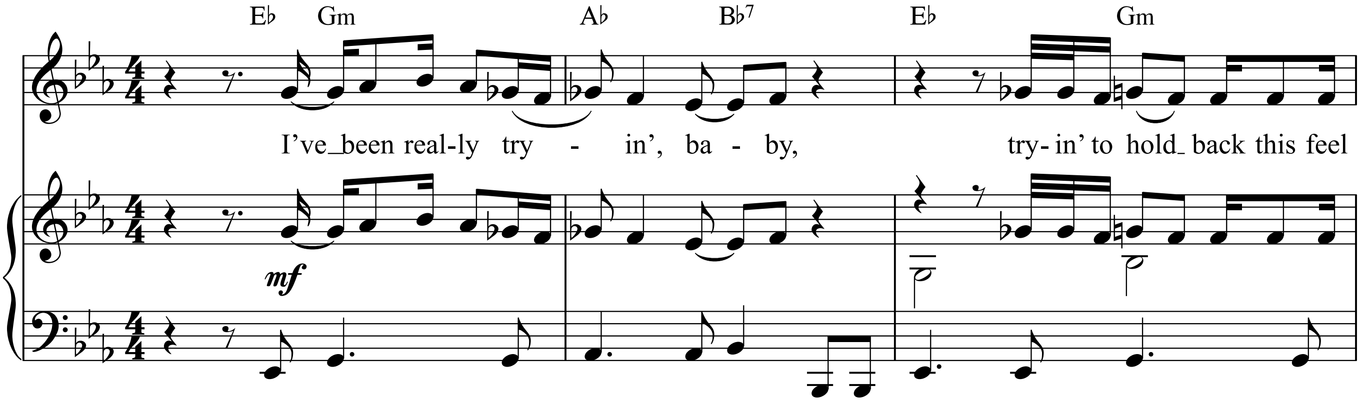
Refrain 4:
The dragon flies, in the reeds, do it,
Sentimental centipedes do it,
Let’s do it, let’s fall in love.
Mosquitos, heaven forbid, do it,
So does ev’ry katydid, do it,
Let’s do it, let’s fall in love.
The most refined lady-bugs do it,
When a gentleman calls,
Moths in your rugs, do it,
What’s the use of moth-balls?
Locusts in trees do it, bees do it,
Even highly educated fleas do it,
Let’s do it, let’s fall in love.

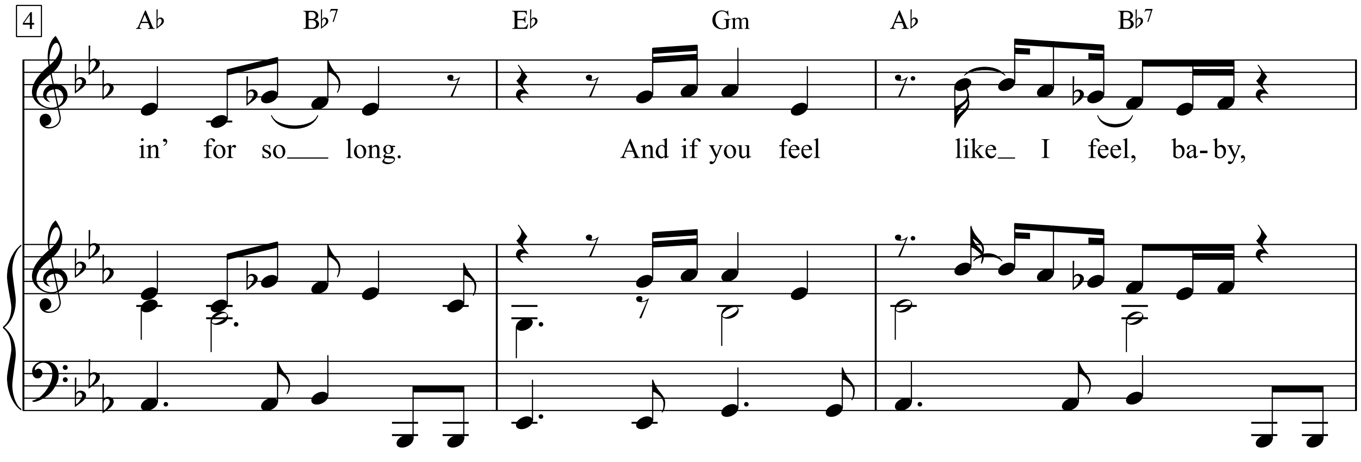
Refrain 5.
The chimpanzees in the zoos do it,
Some courageous kangaroos do it,
Let’s do it, let’s fall in love.
I’m sure giraffes, on the sly, do it,
Heavy hippopotami do it,
Let’s do it, let’s fall in love.
Old sloths who hang down from twigs do **it.**
Though the effort is great,
Sweet guinea-pigs do it,
Buy a couple and wait.
The world admits bears in pits do it,
Even Pekineses in the Ritz, do it,
Let’s do it, let’s fall in love.

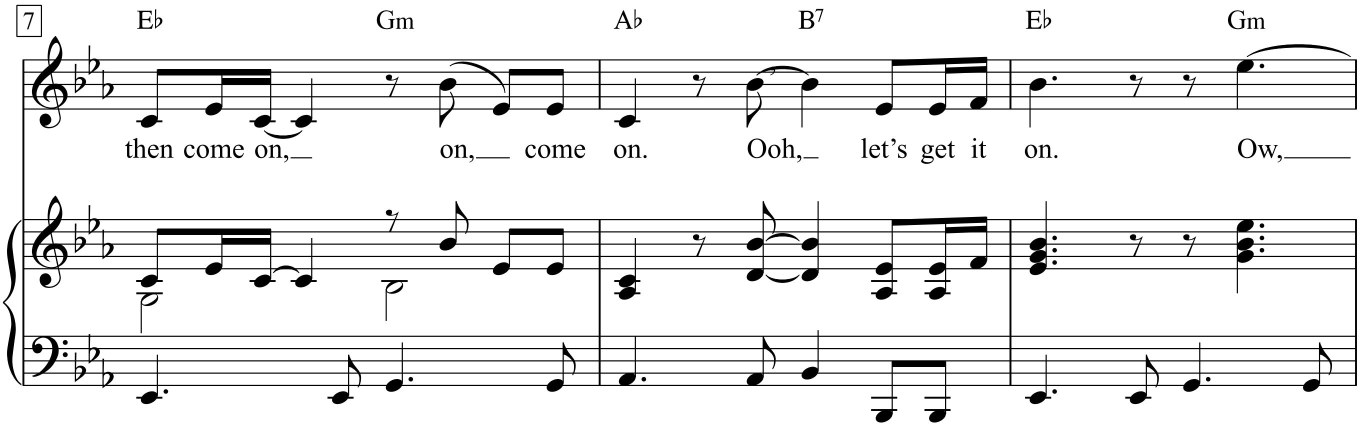
Let's Get It On

Words & Music by
Marvin Gaye and Ed Townsend
(Marvin Gaye)

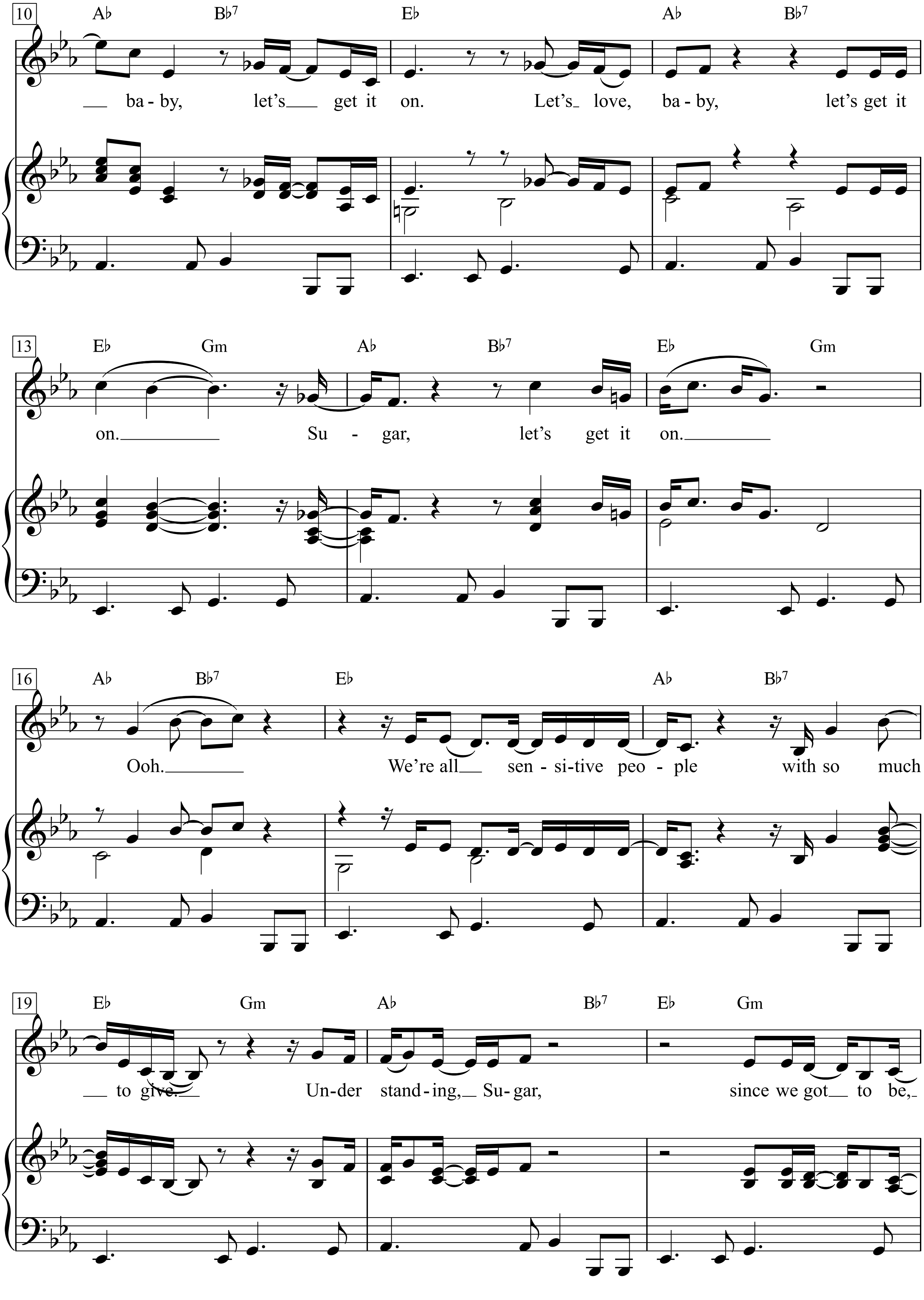
Slow Soul beat

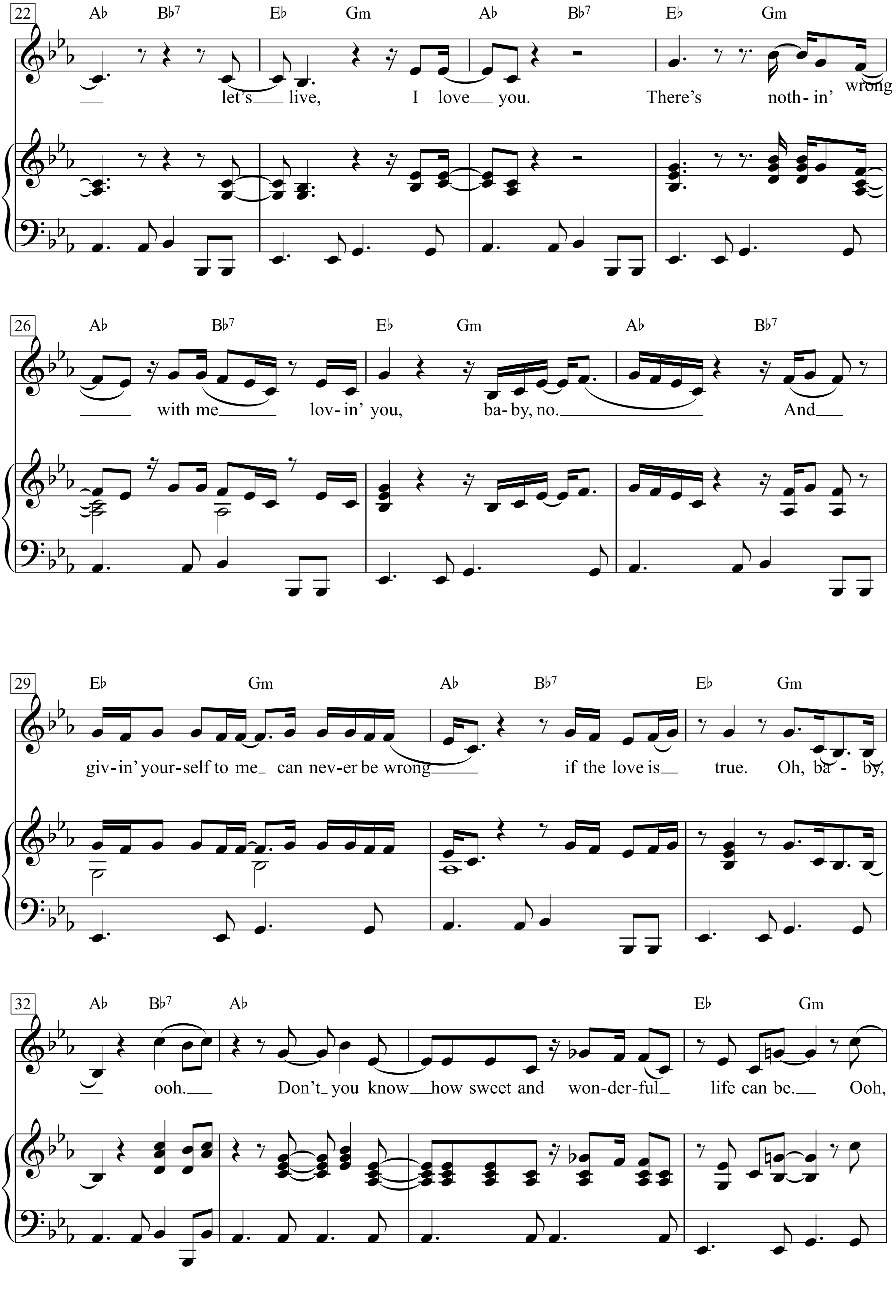


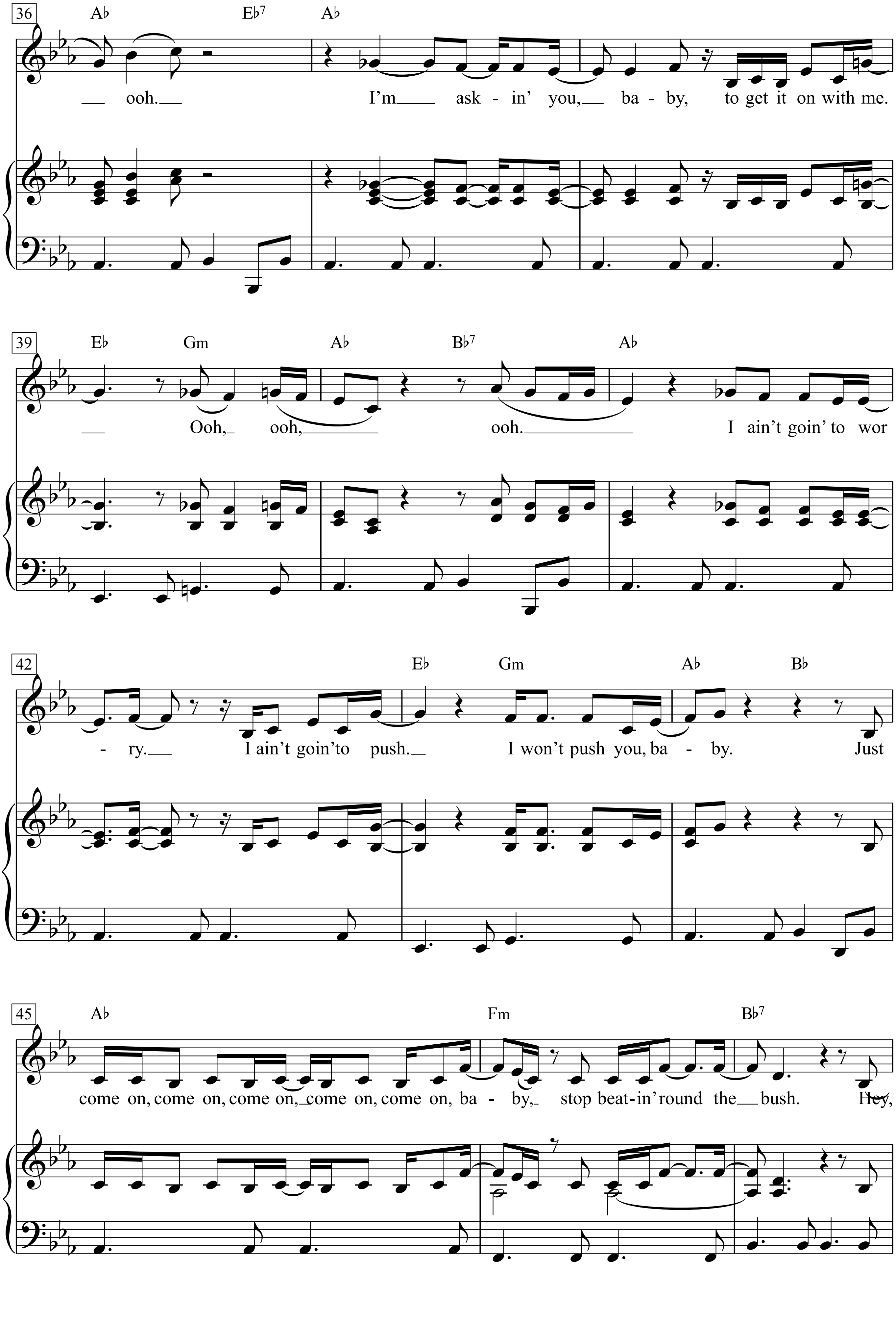


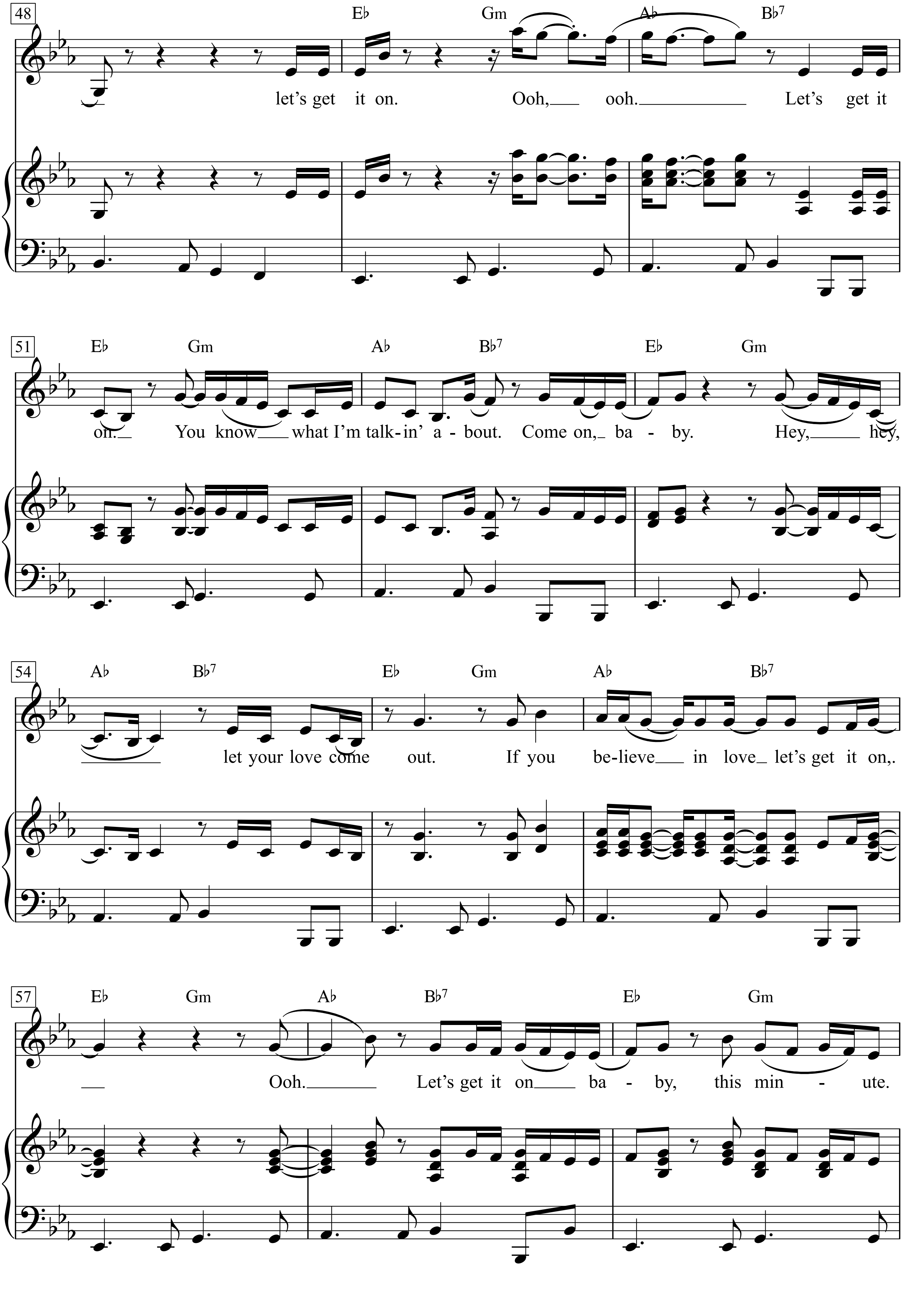


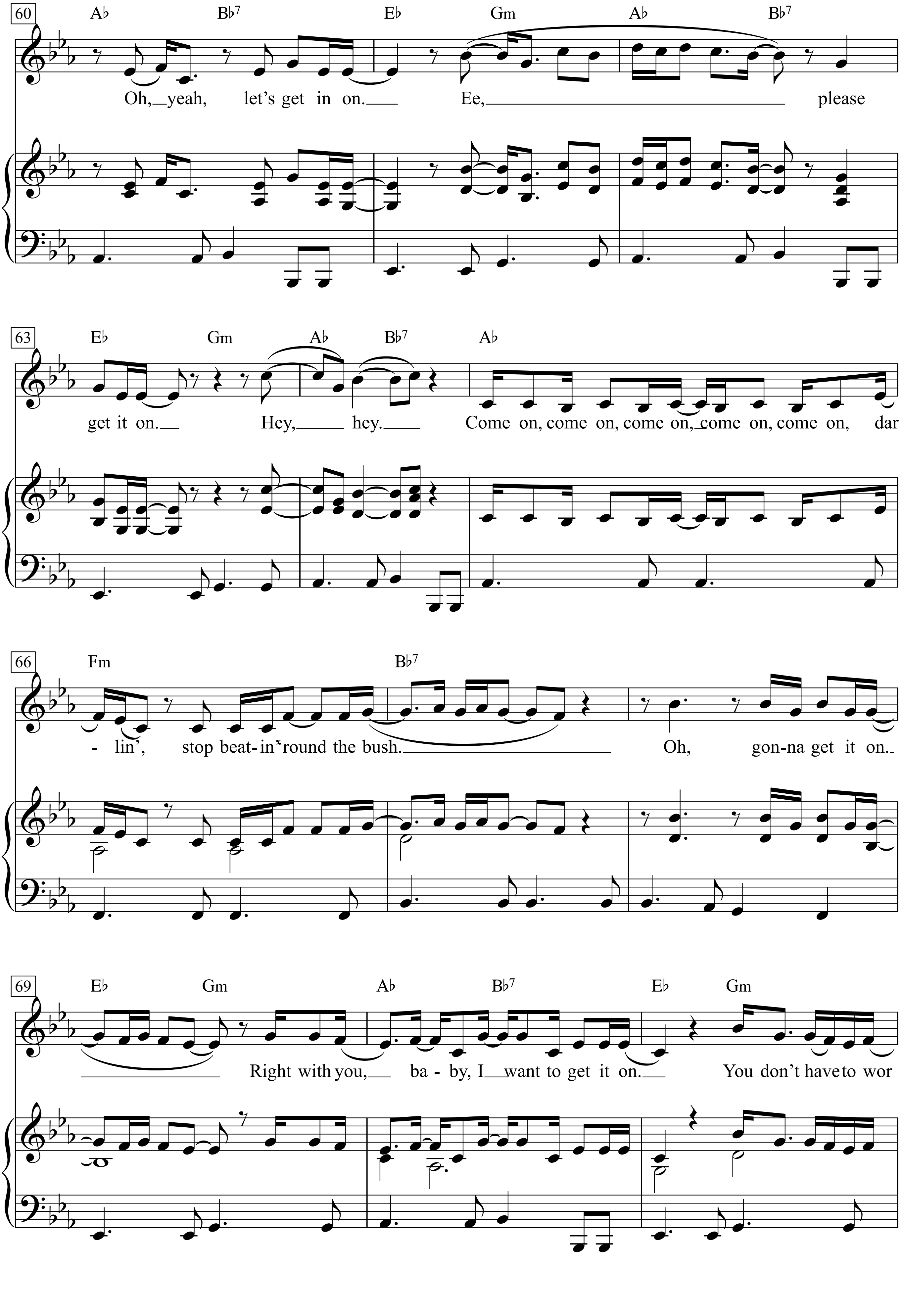
Motown Anthology, p. 131-137

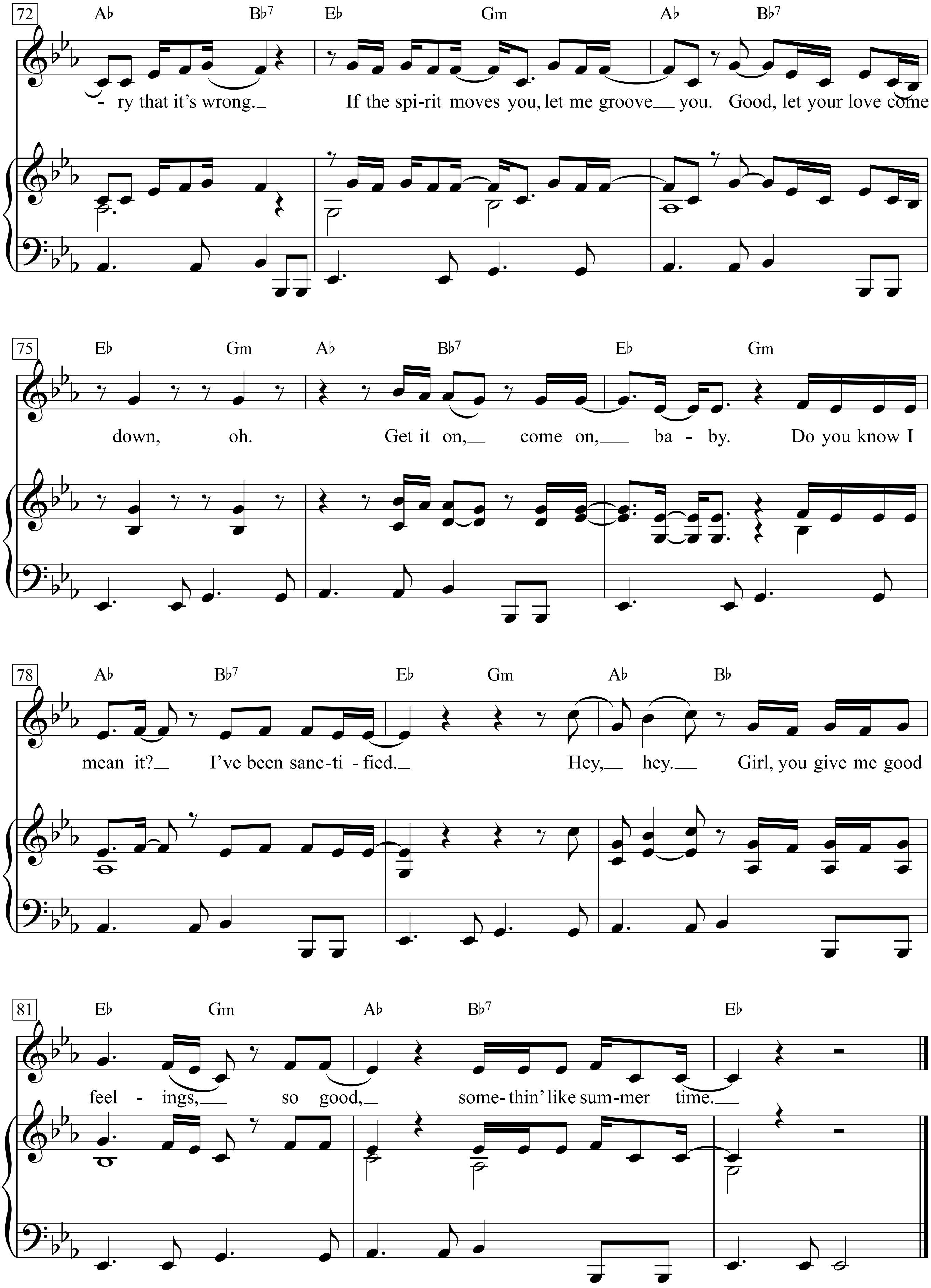

10
A♭ B♭7 E♭ A♭ B♭7
__ ba - by, let's___ get it on. Let's_ love, ba - by, let's get it
13
E♭ Gm A♭ B♭7 E♭ Gm
on.________ Su - gar, let's get it on.________
16
A♭ B♭7 E♭ A♭ B♭7
Ooh.________ We're all___ sen - si-tive peo - ple with so much
19
E♭ Gm A♭ B♭7 E♭ Gm
__ to give.___ Un-der stand - ing,__ Su- gar, since we got__ to be,_


22
A♭ B♭7 E♭ Gm A♭ B♭7 E♭ Gm
let's live, I love you. There's noth-in' wrong
26
A♭ B♭7 E♭ Gm A♭ B♭7
with me lov-in' you, ba-by, no. And
29
E♭ Gm A♭ B♭7 E♭ Gm
giv-in' your-self to me can nev-er be wrong if the love is true. Oh, ba - by,
32
A♭ B♭7 A♭ E♭ Gm
ooh. Don't you know how sweet and won-der-ful life can be. Ooh,


36
A♭ E♭7 A♭
ooh. I'm ask - in' you, ba - by, to get it on with me.
39
E♭ Gm A♭ B♭7 A♭
Ooh, ooh, ooh. I ain't goin' to wor
42
E♭ Gm A♭ B♭
- ry. I ain't goin'to push. I won't push you, ba - by. Just
45
A♭ Fm B♭7
come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, ba - by, stop beat-in' round the bush. Hey,


48
E♭ Gm A♭ B♭7
let's get it on. Ooh, ooh. Let's get it
51
E♭ Gm A♭ B♭7 E♭ Gm
on. You know what I'm talk-in' a-bout. Come on, ba - by. Hey, hey,
54
A♭ B♭7 E♭ Gm A♭ B♭7
let your love come out. If you be-lieve in love let's get it on,.
57
E♭ Gm A♭ B♭7 E♭ Gm
Ooh. Let's get it on ba - by, this min - ute.

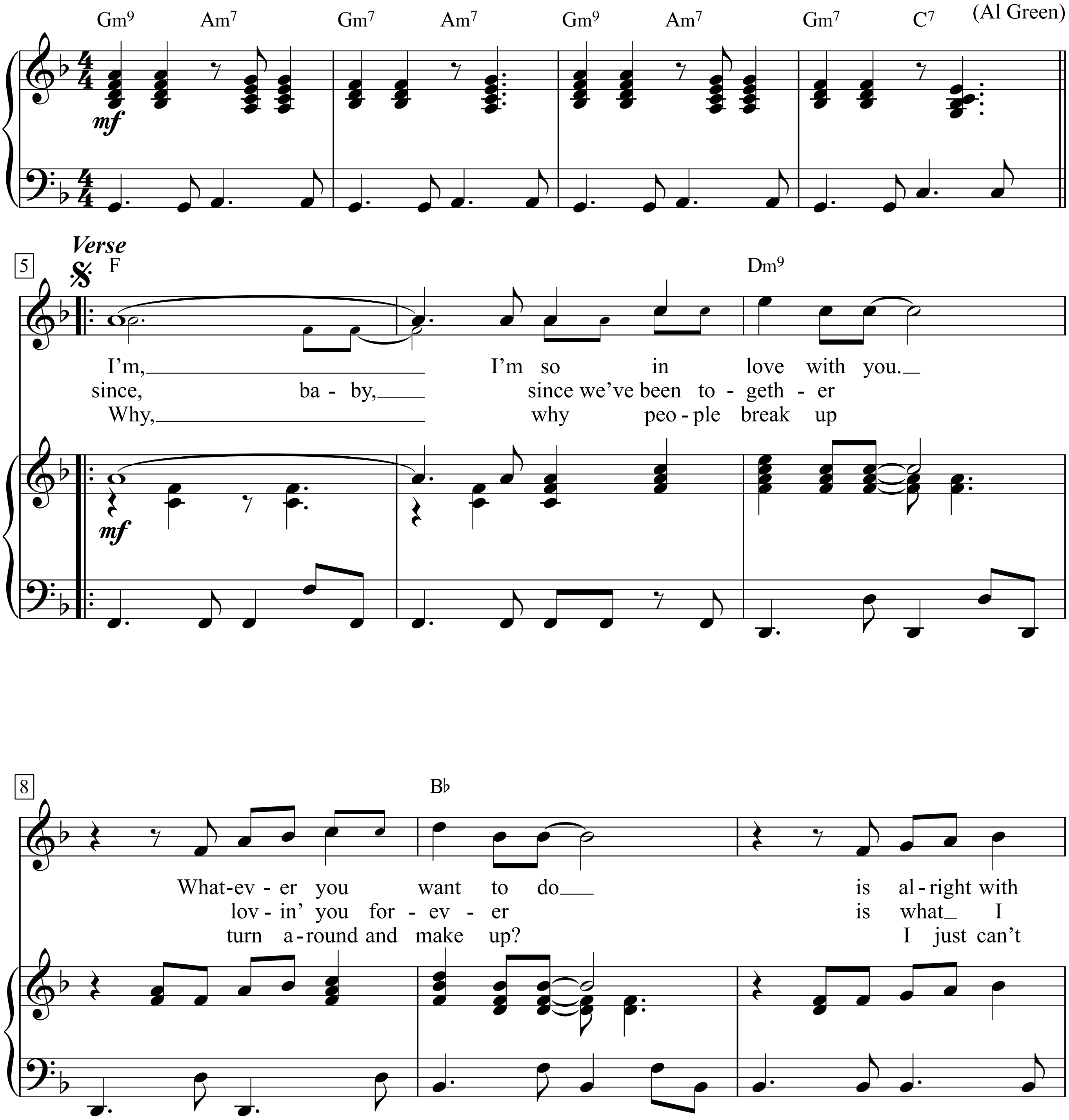

60
A♭ B♭7 E♭ Gm A♭ B♭7
Oh, yeah, let's get in on. Ee, please
63
E♭ Gm A♭ B♭7 A♭
get it on. Hey, hey. Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, dar
66
Fm B♭7
- lin', stop beat-in' round the bush. Oh, gon-na get it on.
69
E♭ Gm A♭ B♭7 E♭ Gm
Right with you, ba - by, I want to get it on. You don't have to wor

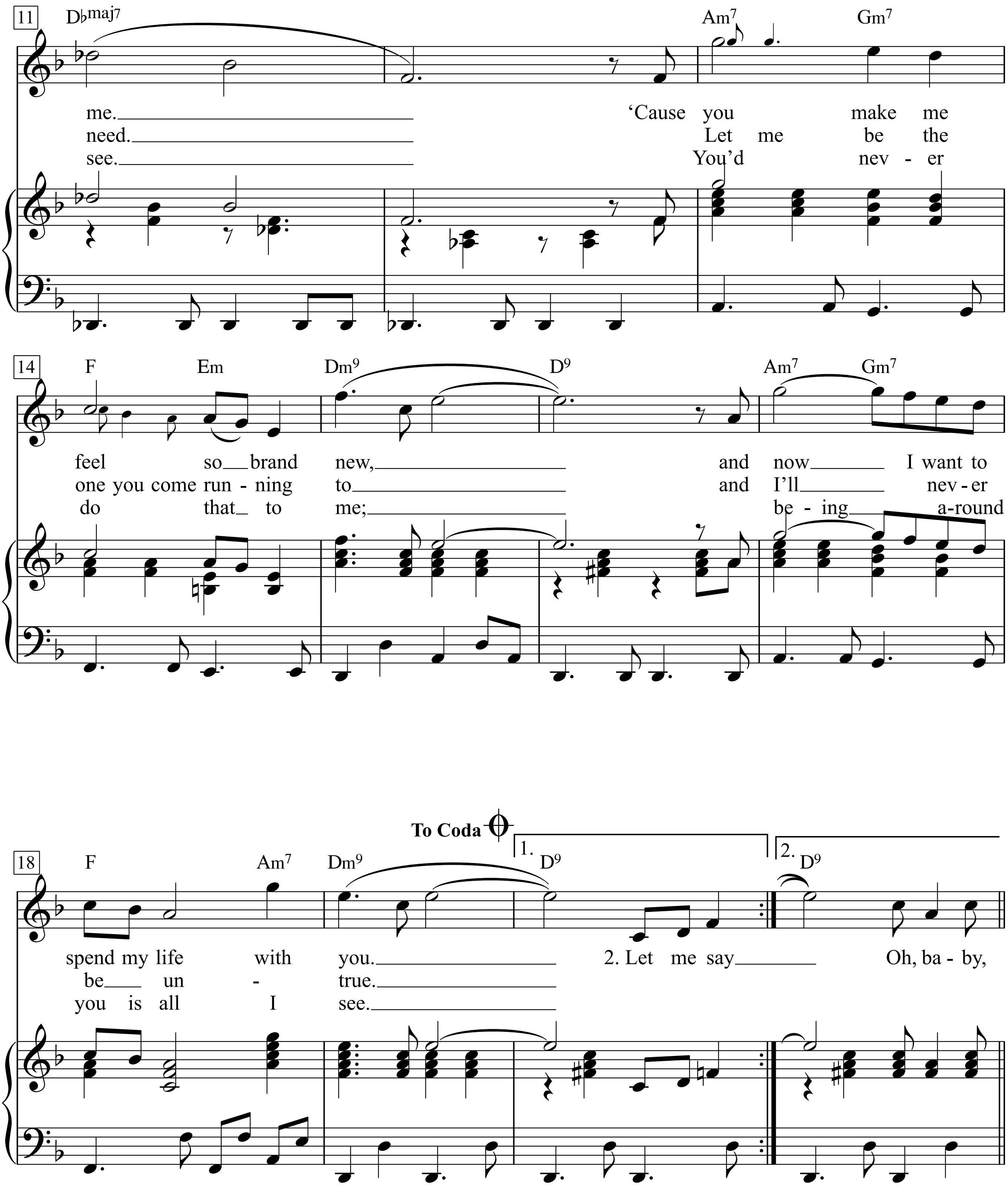

72
A♭ B♭7 E♭ Gm A♭ B♭7
- ry that it's wrong. If the spi-rit moves you, let me groove you. Good, let your love come
75
E♭ Gm A♭ B♭7 E♭ Gm
down, oh. Get it on, come on, ba - by. Do you know I
78
A♭ B♭7 E♭ Gm A♭ B♭
mean it? I've been sanc-ti - fied. Hey, hey. Girl, you give me good
81
E♭ Gm A♭ B♭7 E♭
feel - ings, so good, some- thin' like sum-mer time.

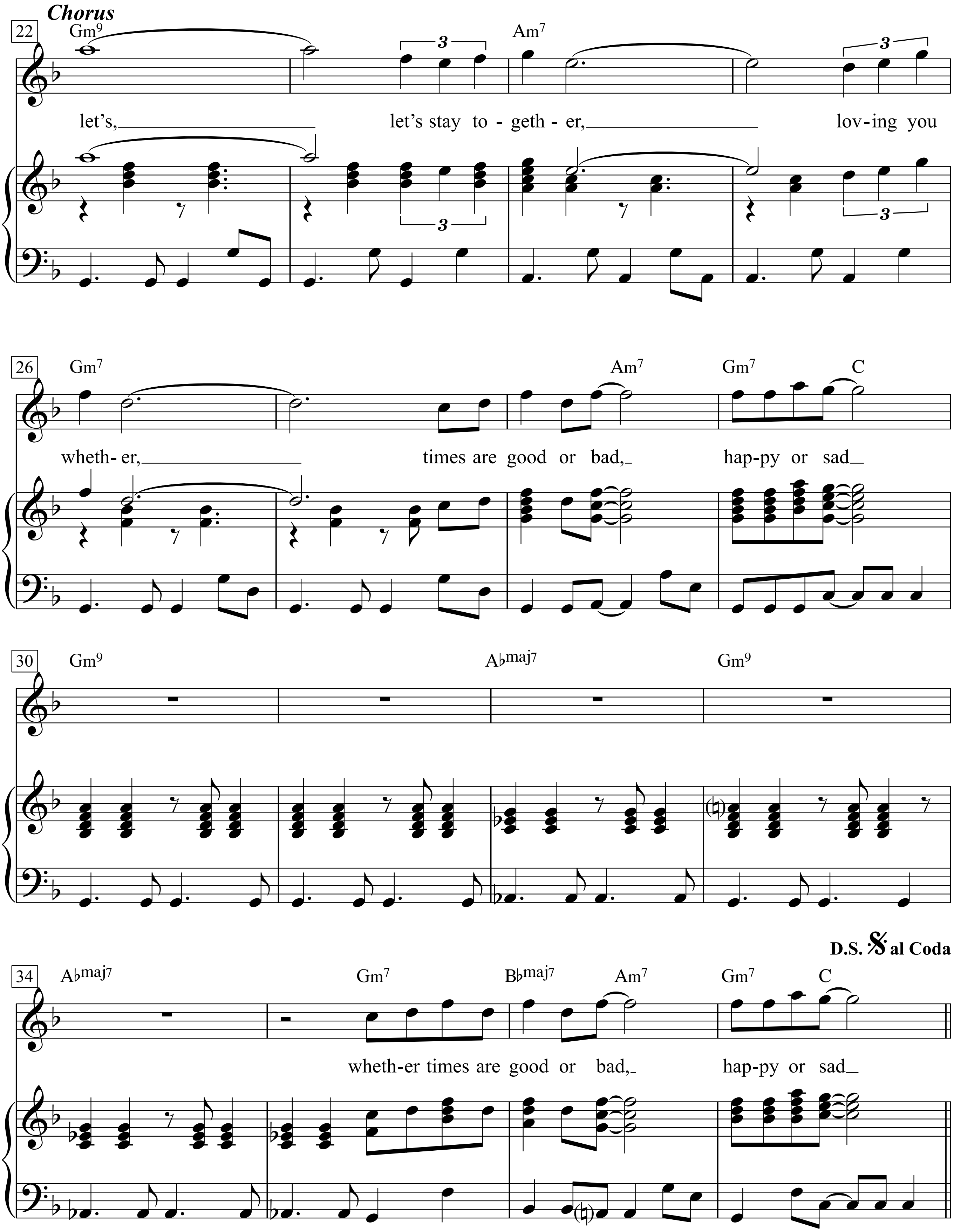
Let's Stay Together

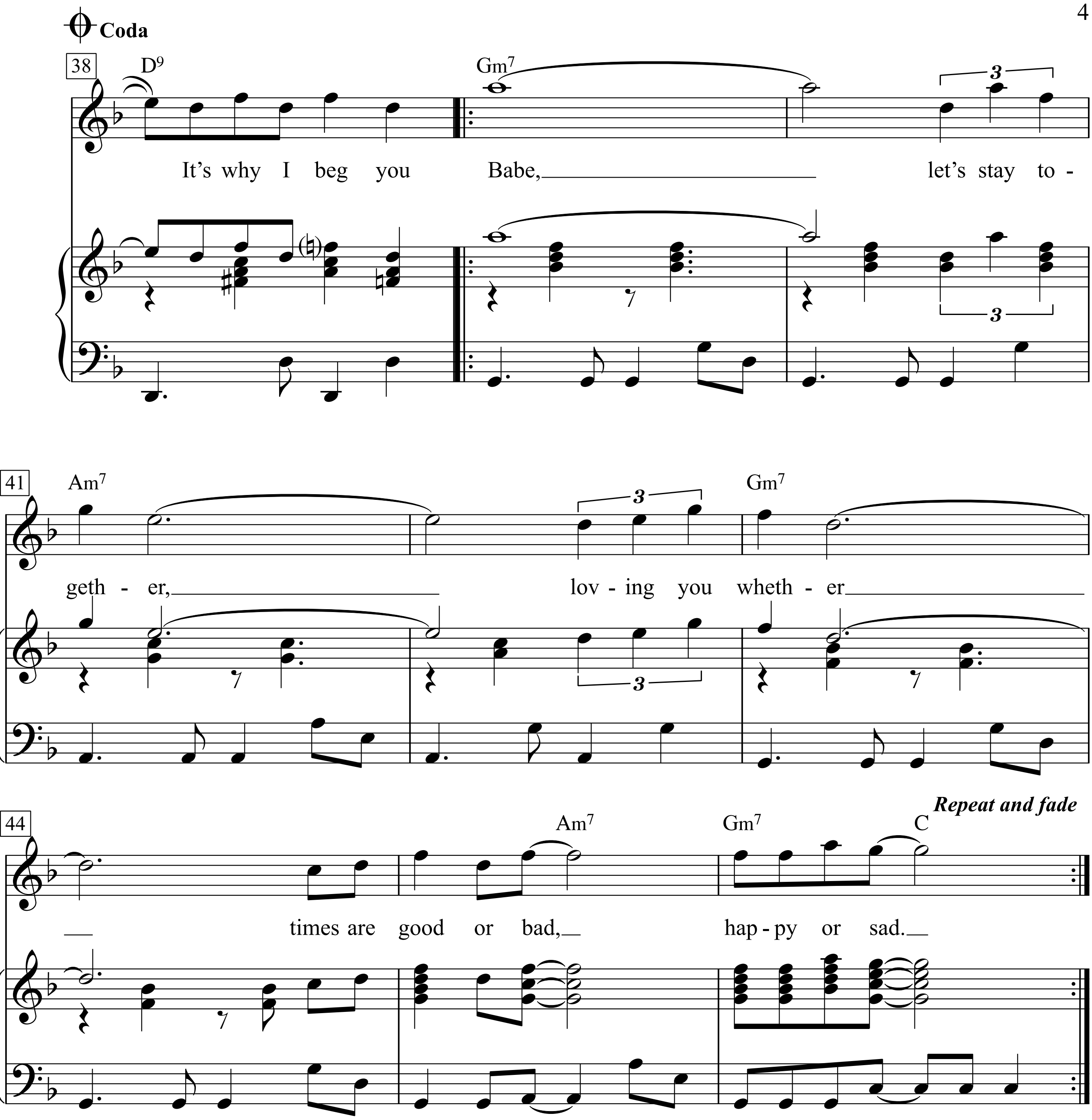
Moderate funk rock ♩ = 92

Words & Music by
Willie Mitchell and Al Green
(Al Green)




11
D♭maj7
Am7
Gm7
me.
'Cause you make me
need.
Let me be the
see.
You'd nev - er
14
F
Em
Dm9
D9
Am7
Gm7
feel so brand new,
and now I want to
one you come run - ning to
and I'll nev - er
do that to me;
be - ing a-round
To Coda
18
F
Am7
Dm9
1. D9
2. D9
spend my life with you.
2. Let me say
Oh, ba - by,
be un - true.
you is all I see.


Chorus
Gm9 Am7
let's, let's stay to - geth - er, lov-ing you
Gm7 Am7 Gm7 C
wheth- er, times are good or bad, hap-py or sad
Gm9 A♭maj7 Gm9
D.S. al Coda
A♭maj7 Gm7 B♭maj7 Am7 Gm7 C
wheth-er times are good or bad, hap-py or sad


Coda
38
D9
It's why I beg you
Gm7
Babe,
let's stay to -
41
Am7
geth - er,
lov - ing you
Gm7
wheth - er
44
times are good or bad,
Am7
Gm7
hap - py or sad.
C
Repeat and fade

1. I'm, I'm so in love with you.
Whatever you want to do
is alright with me.
'Cause you make me feel so brand new,
and now I want to spend my life with you.

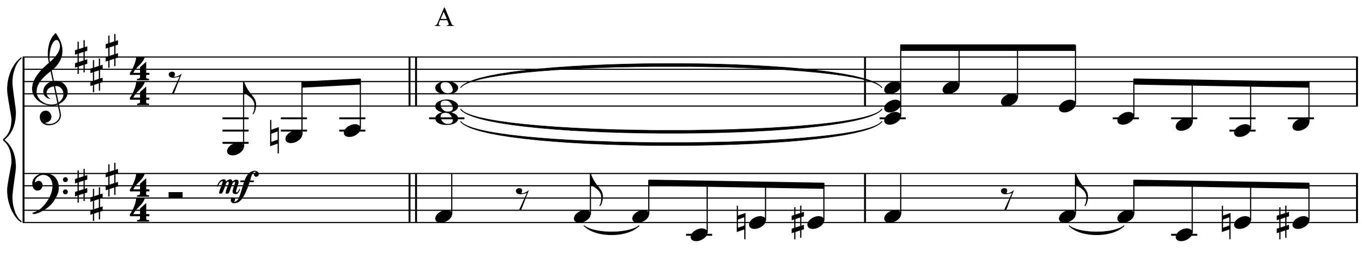
2. Let me say since, baby,
since we've been to - gether
lovin' you forever is what I need.
Let me be the one you
come running to and I'll never be untrue.

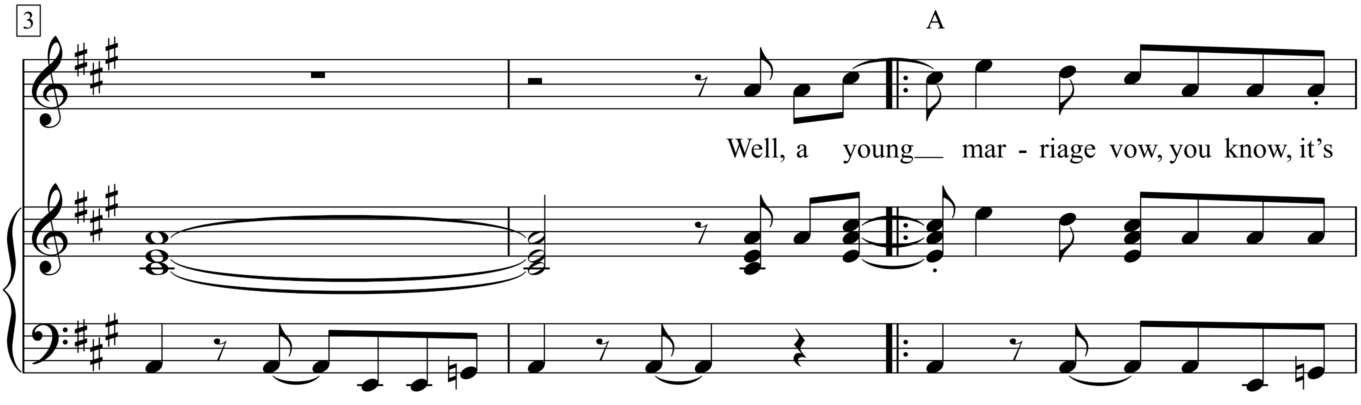
3. Why, why people break up
turn around and make up?
I just can't see.
You'd never do that to me;
be - ing around you is all I see.

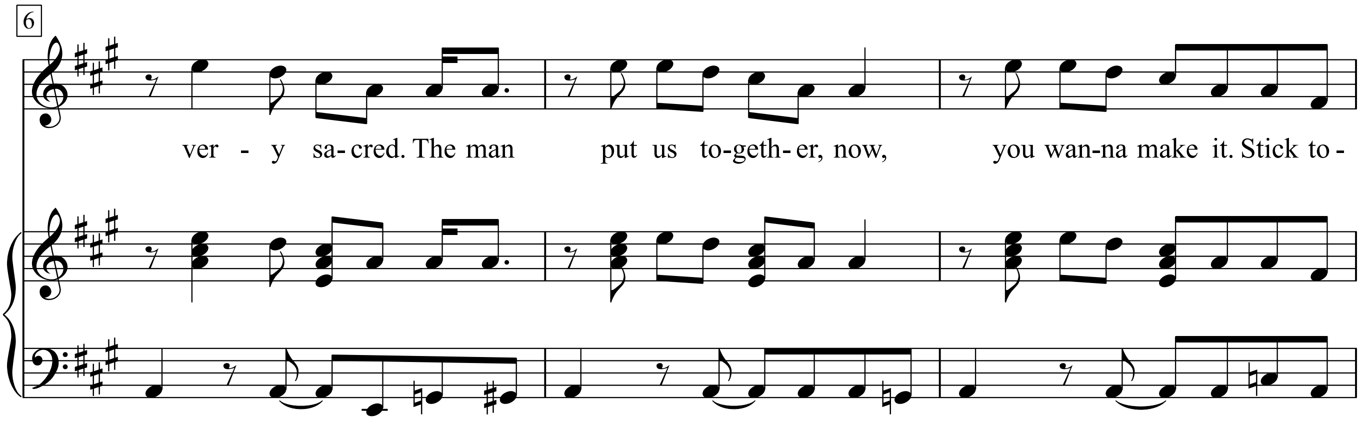
Oh, baby, let's, let's stay together,
loving you whether,
times are good or bad,
happy or sad
whether times are good or bad,
happy or sad
It's why I beg you Babe, let's stay together,
loving you whether times are good or bad,
happy or sad.

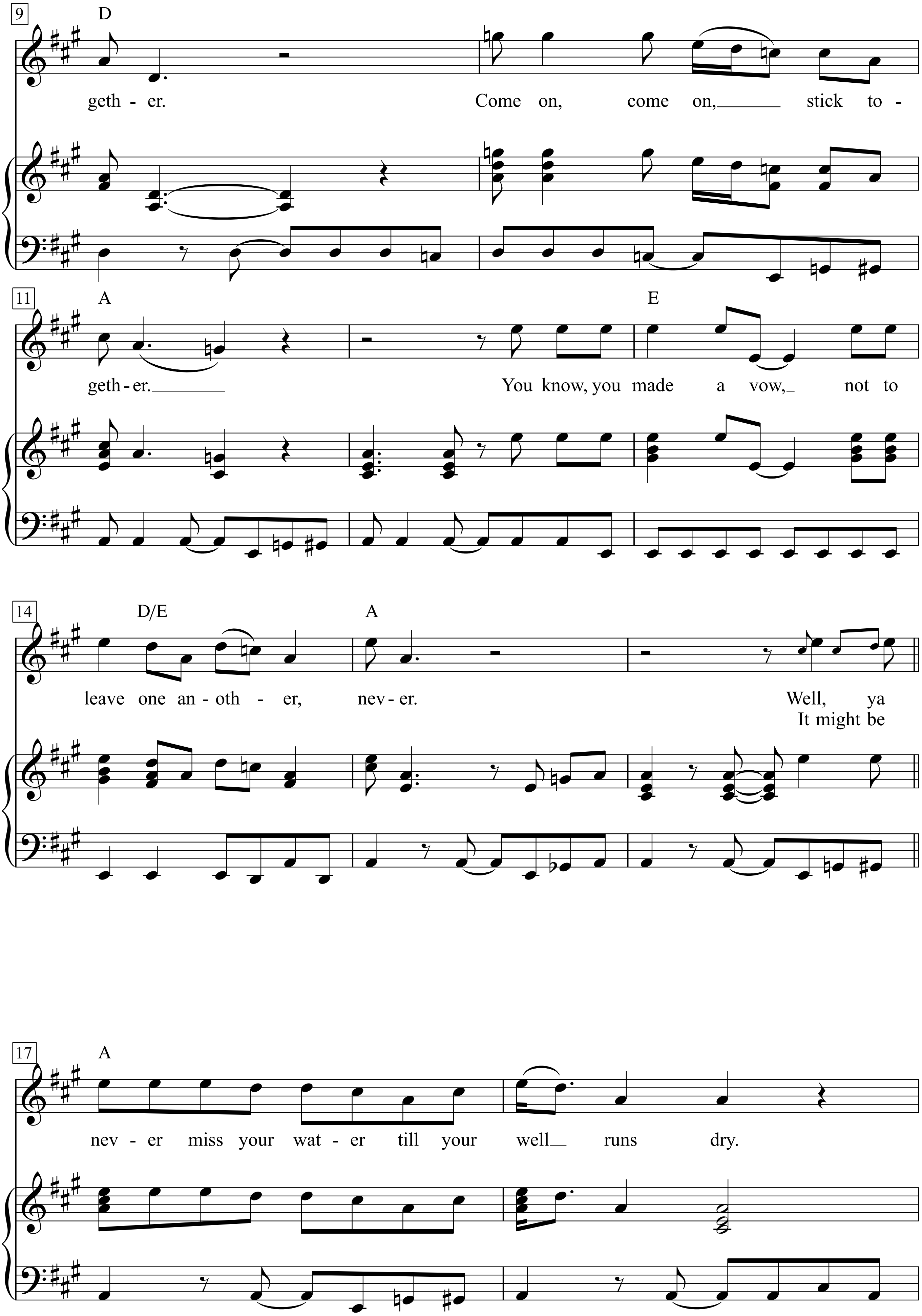
Let's Stick Together

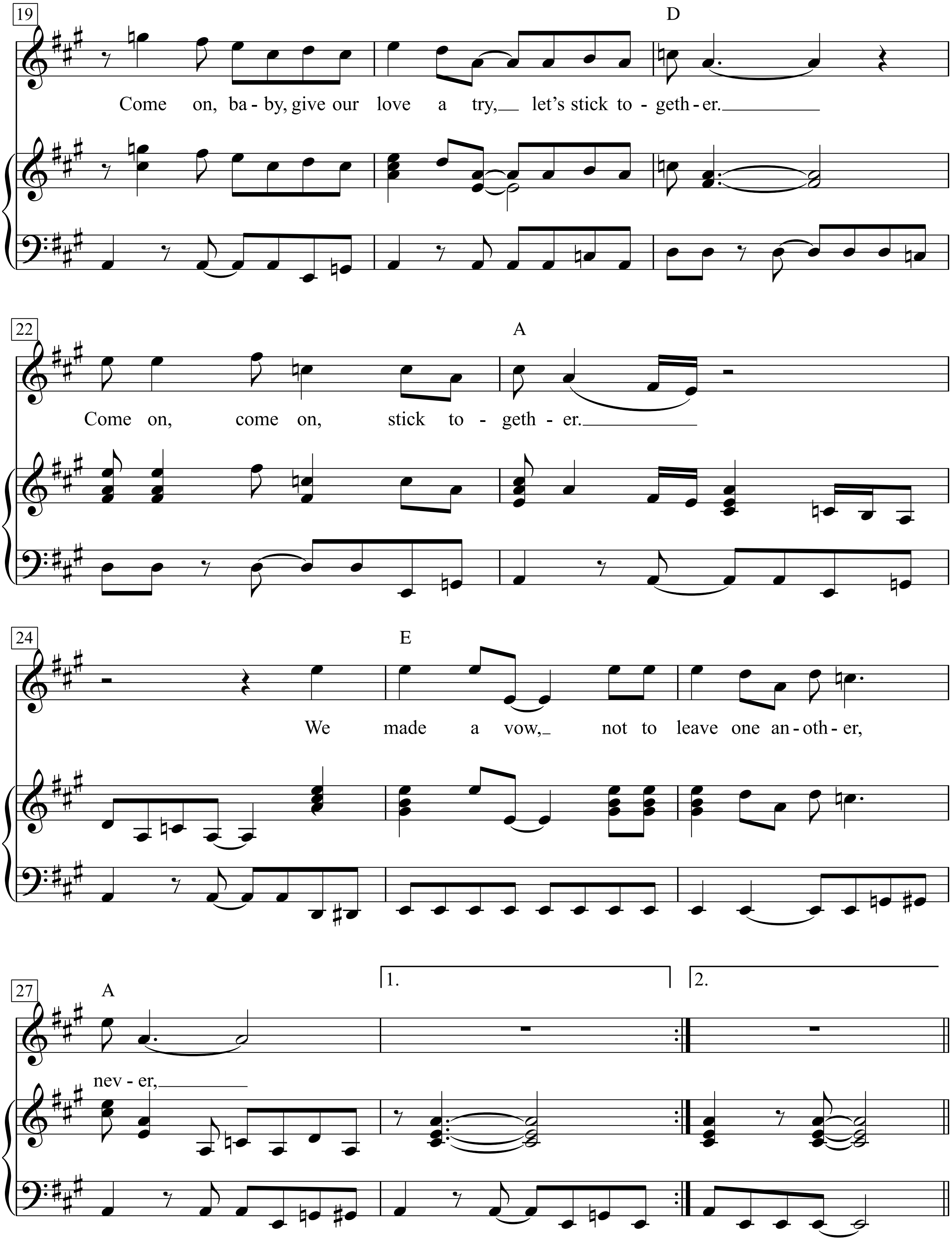
Medium Blues

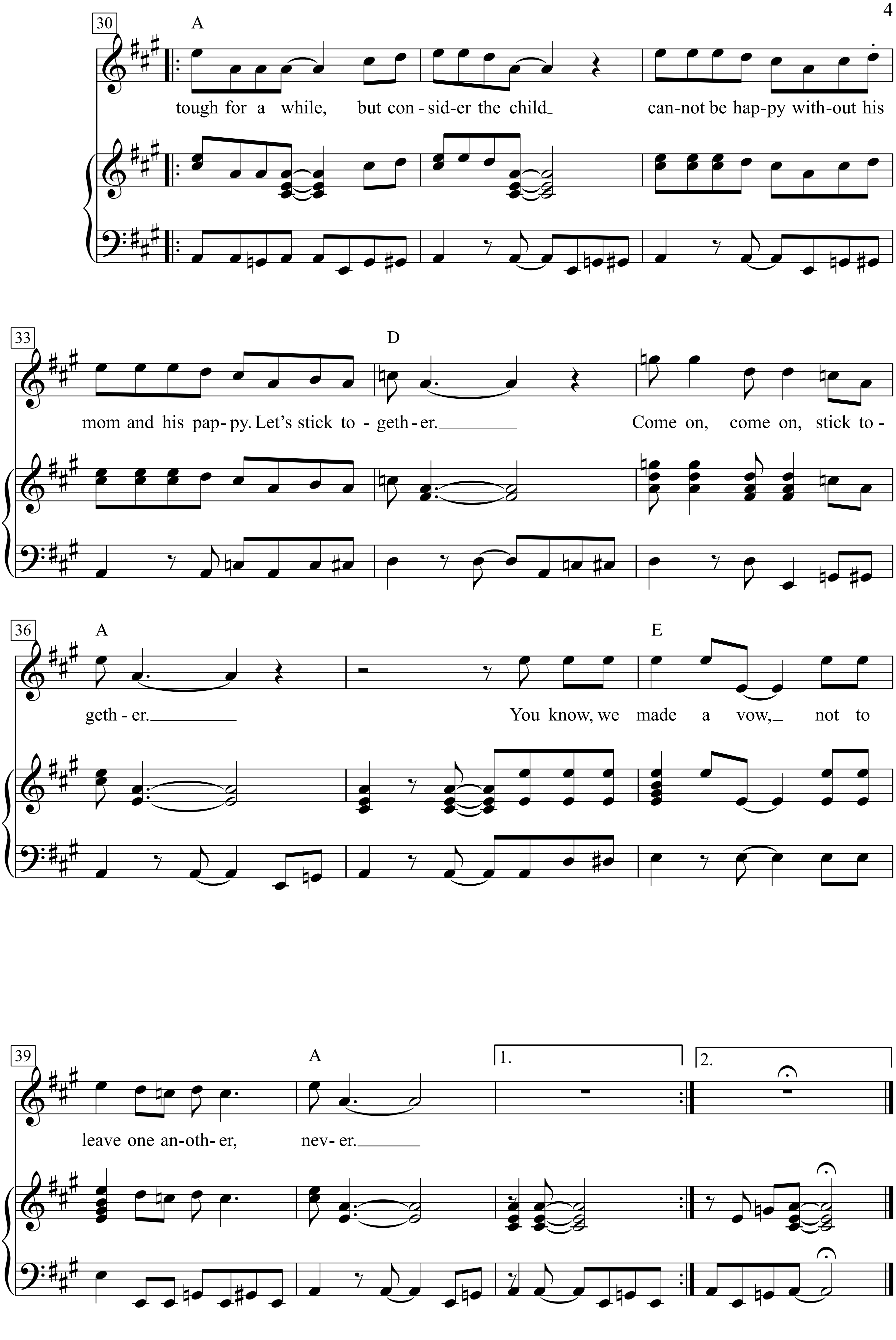







9
D
geth - er.
Come on, come on, stick to -
11
A
E
geth - er.
You know, you made a vow, not to
14
D/E
A
leave one an - oth - er, nev - er.
Well, ya
It might be
17
A
nev - er miss your wat - er till your well runs dry.

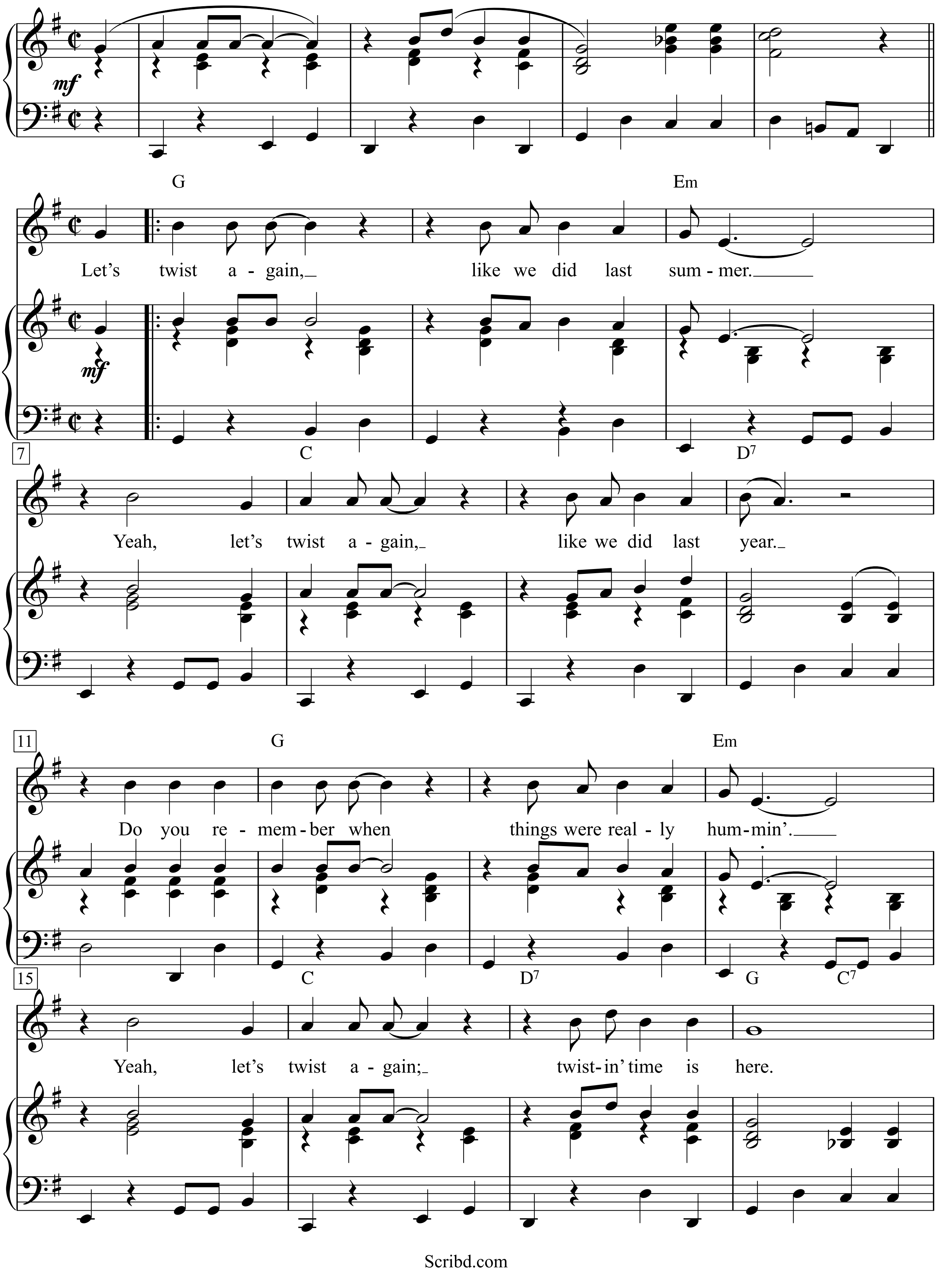

19
D
Come on, ba - by, give our love a try, let's stick to - geth - er.
22
A
Come on, come on, stick to - geth - er.
24
E
We made a vow, not to leave one an - oth - er,
27
A
1.
2.
nev - er,


30
A
tough for a while, but con-sid-er the child_ can-not be hap-py with-out his
33
D
mom and his pap-py. Let's stick to-geth-er._____ Come on, come on, stick to-
36
A
E
geth-er._____ You know, we made a vow,_ not to
39
A
1.
2.
leave one an-oth-er, nev-er._____

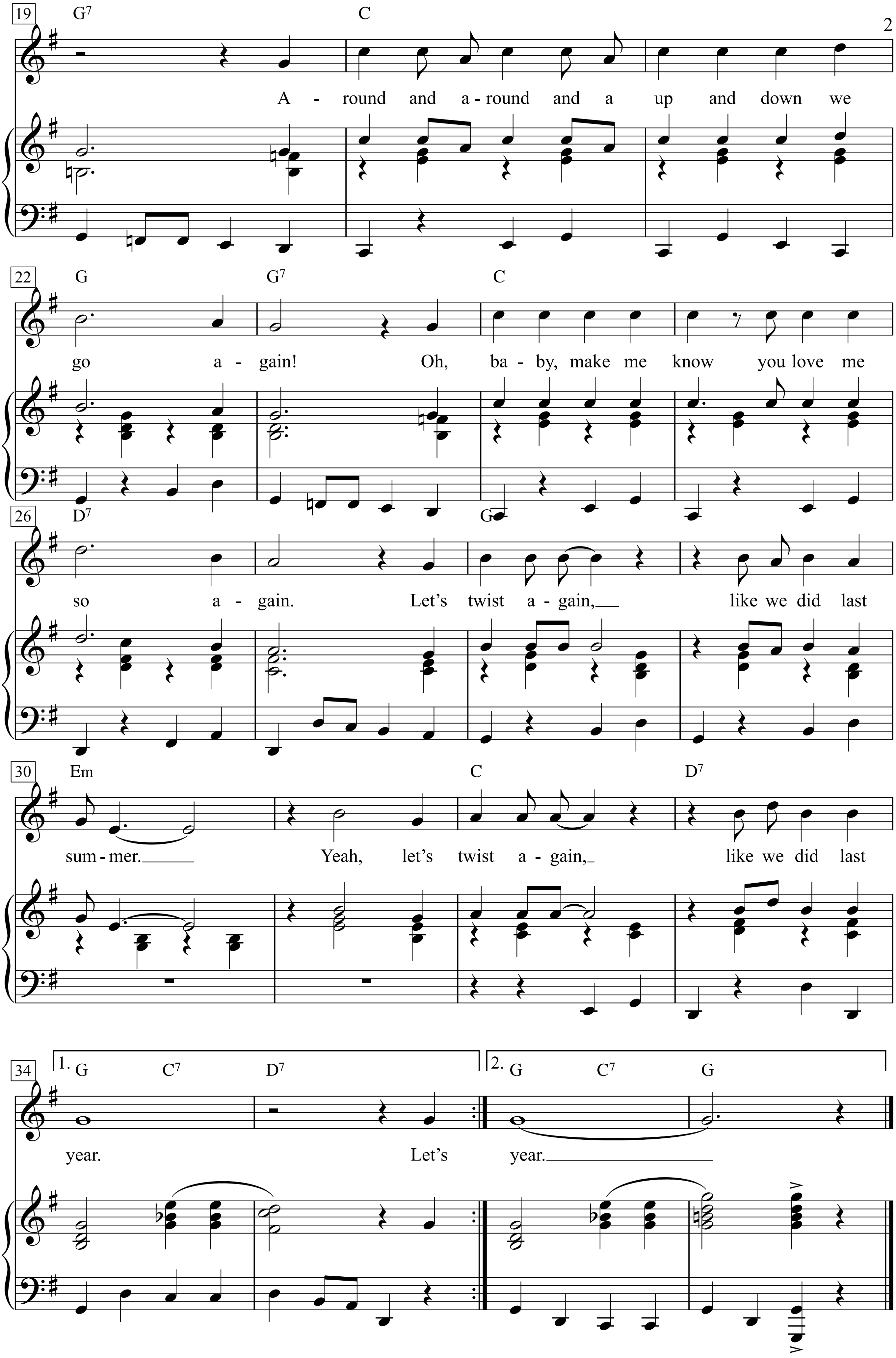
Let's Twist Again

Words & Music by
Karl Mann and Dave Appell
(Chubby Checker)

Moderately Bright



Scribd.com


19 G7 C
A - round and a - round and a up and down we
22 G G7 C
go a - gain! Oh, ba - by, make me know you love me
26 D7 G
so a - gain. Let's twist a - gain, like we did last
30 Em C D7
sum - mer. Yeah, let's twist a - gain, like we did last
34 1. G C7 D7 2. G C7 G
year. Let's year.

Come on everybody!
Clap your hands!
Oh your looking good!

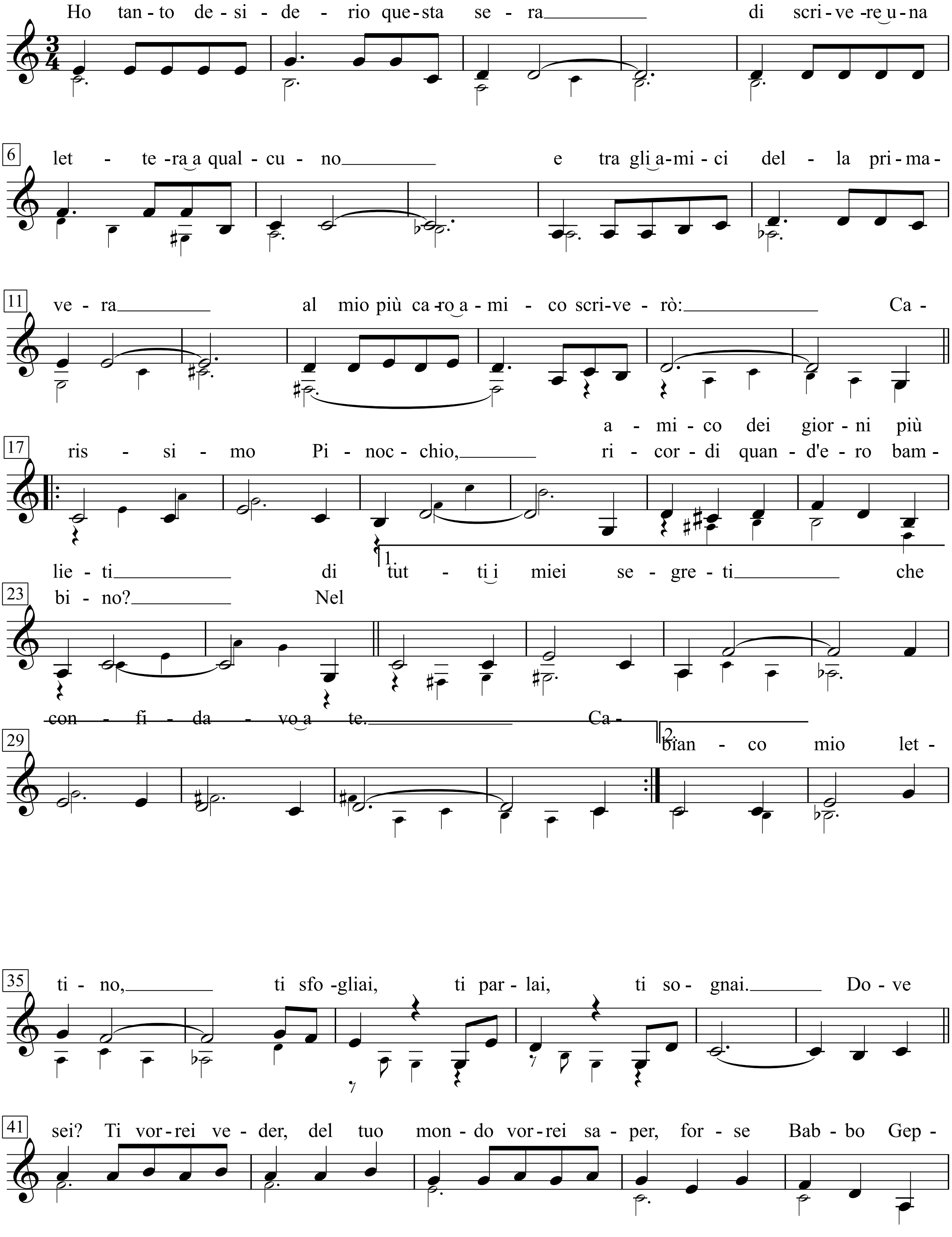
I’m gonna sing my song
It won’t take long!
We’re gonna do the twist
And it goes like this:

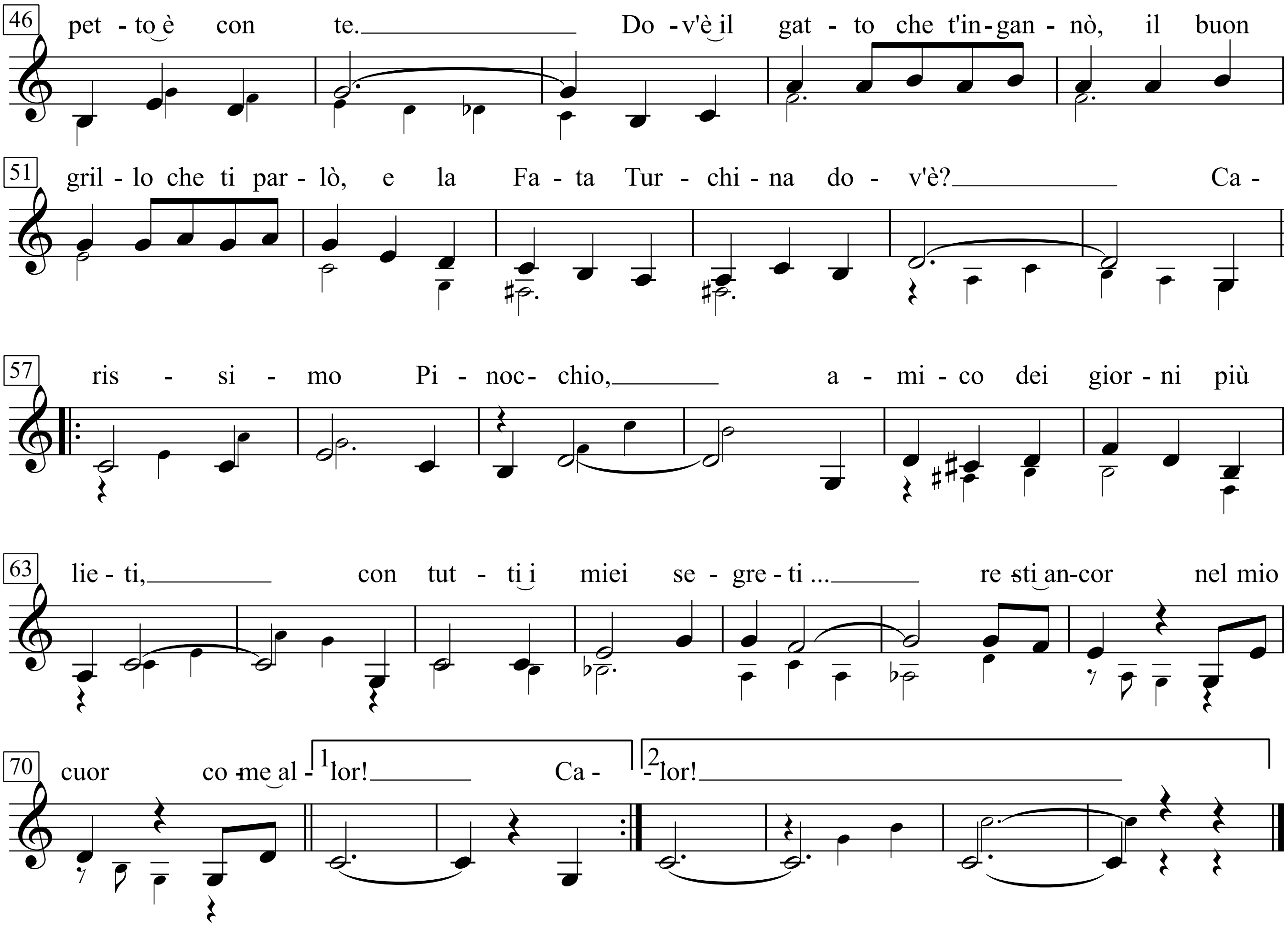
1.
Let’s twist again, like we did last summer.
Yeah, let’s twist again, like we did last year.
Do you remember when things were really hummin’.
Yeah, let’s twist again; twistin’ time is here.
Around and around
and a?? up and down we go again!
Oh, baby, make me know you love me so again.
Let’s twist again, like we did last summer.
Yeah, let’s twist again, like we did last year.
Let’s year.

Lettera a Pinocchio

Testo e Musica di Mario Panzeri (1959)
(Johnny Dorelli, 1961)

Valzer lento



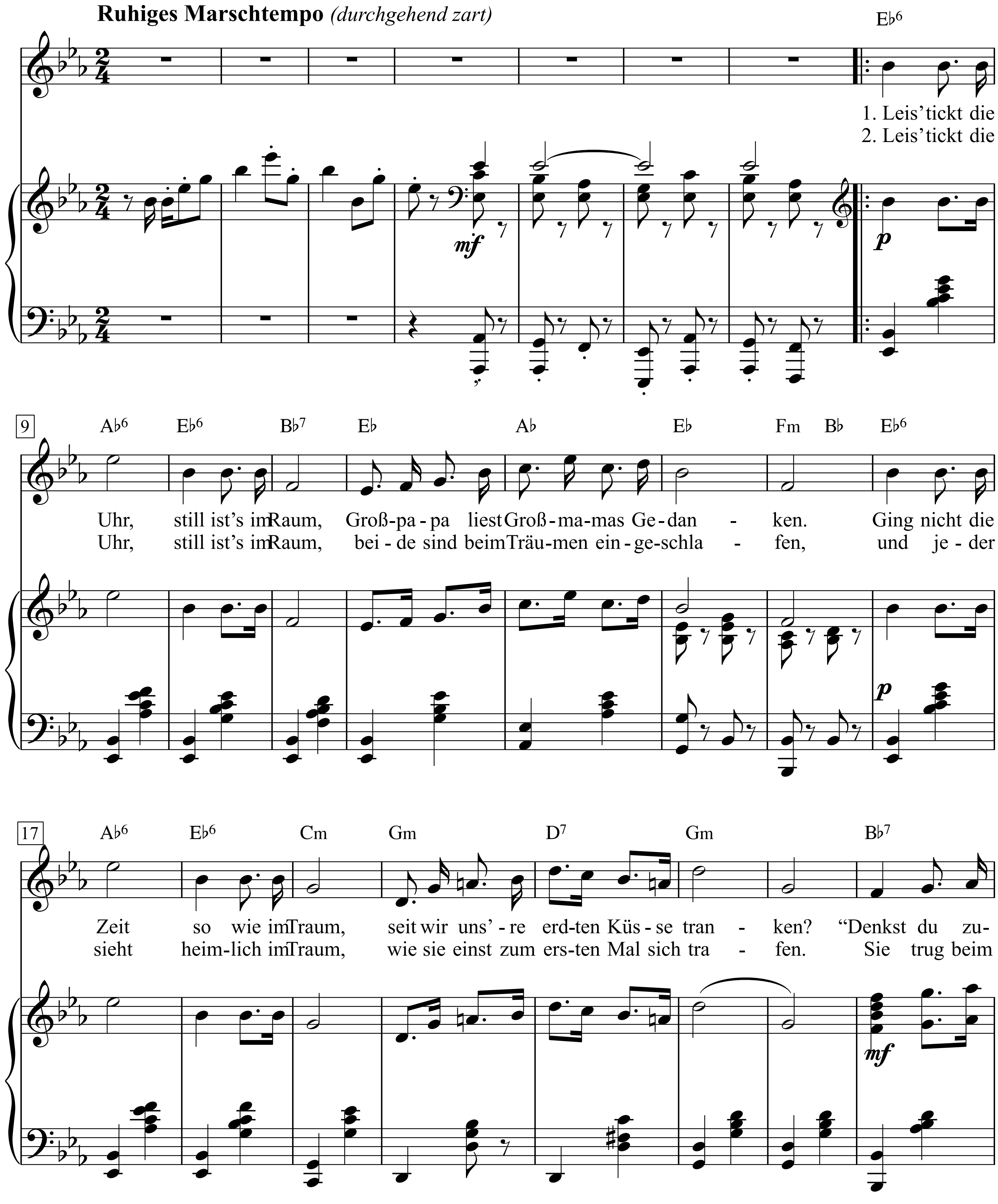

46 pet - to è con te. Do - v'è il gat - to che t'in - gan - nò, il buon
51 gril - lo che ti par - lò, e la Fa - ta Tur - chi - na do - v'è? Ca -
57 ris - si - mo Pi - noc - chio, a - mi - co dei gior - ni più
63 lie - ti, con tut - ti i miei se - gre - ti ... re sti an - cor nel mio
70 cuor co - me al - lor! Ca - - lor!
1
2

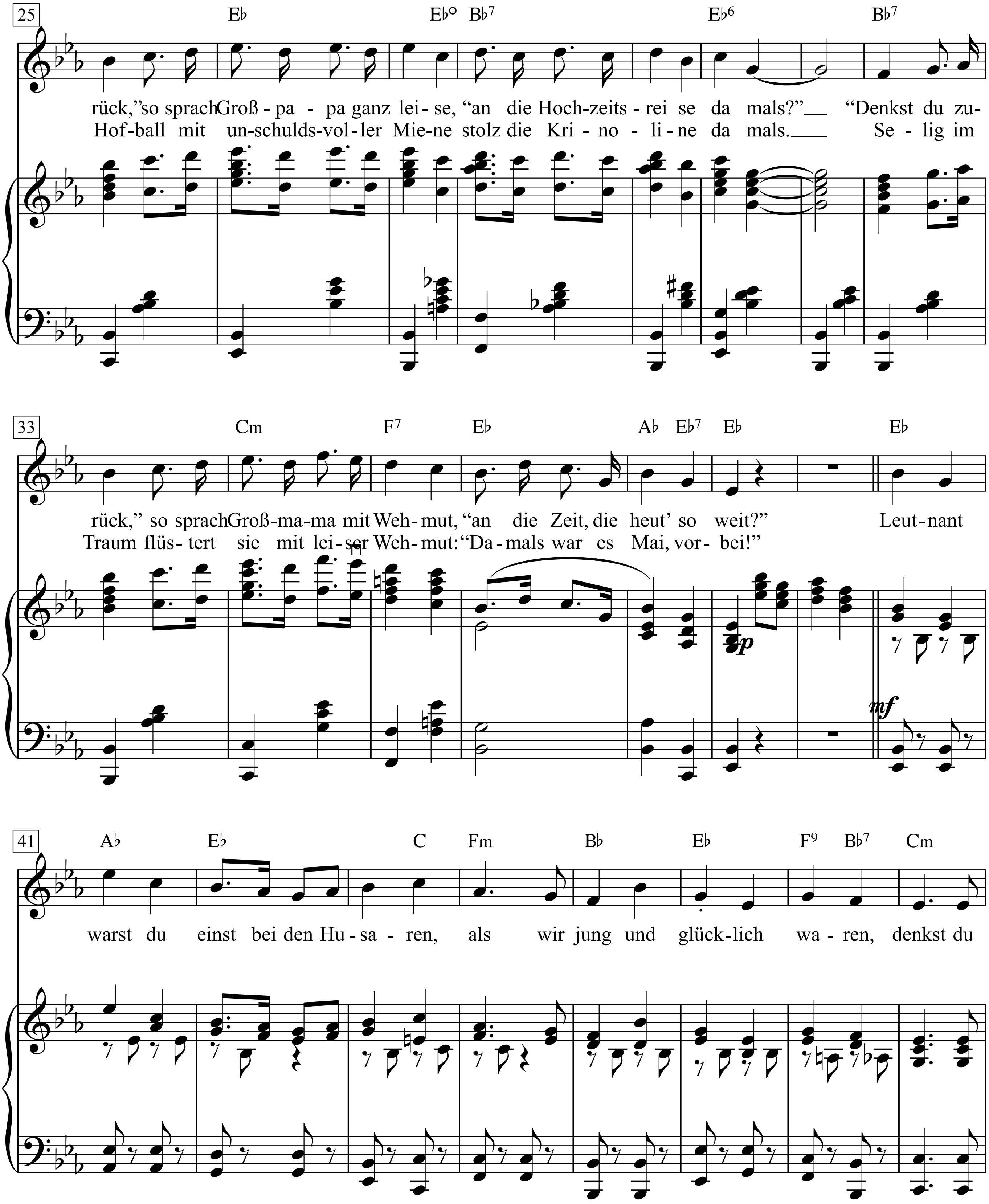
Leutnant warst du einst bei den Husaren

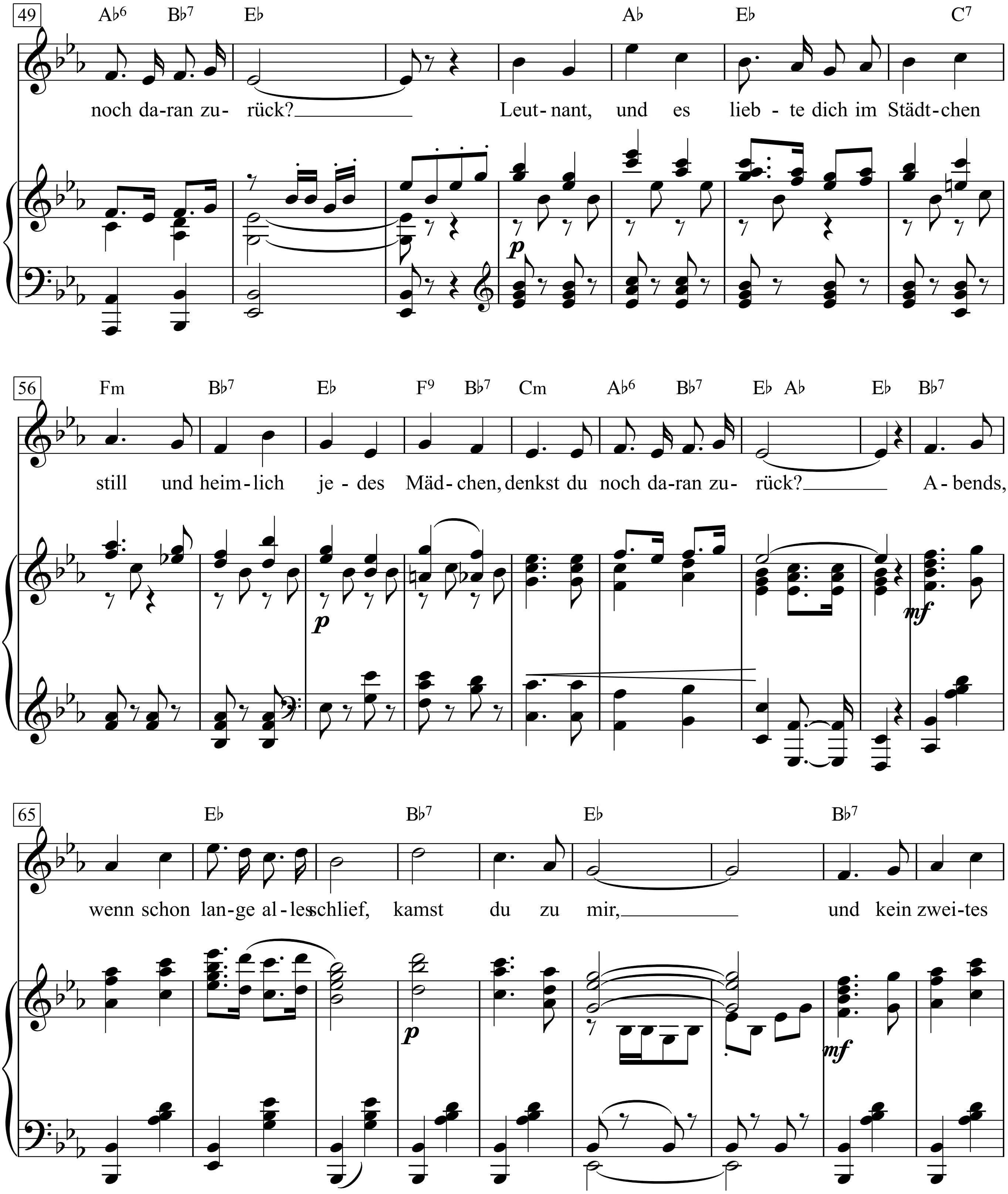
Lied und Marsch

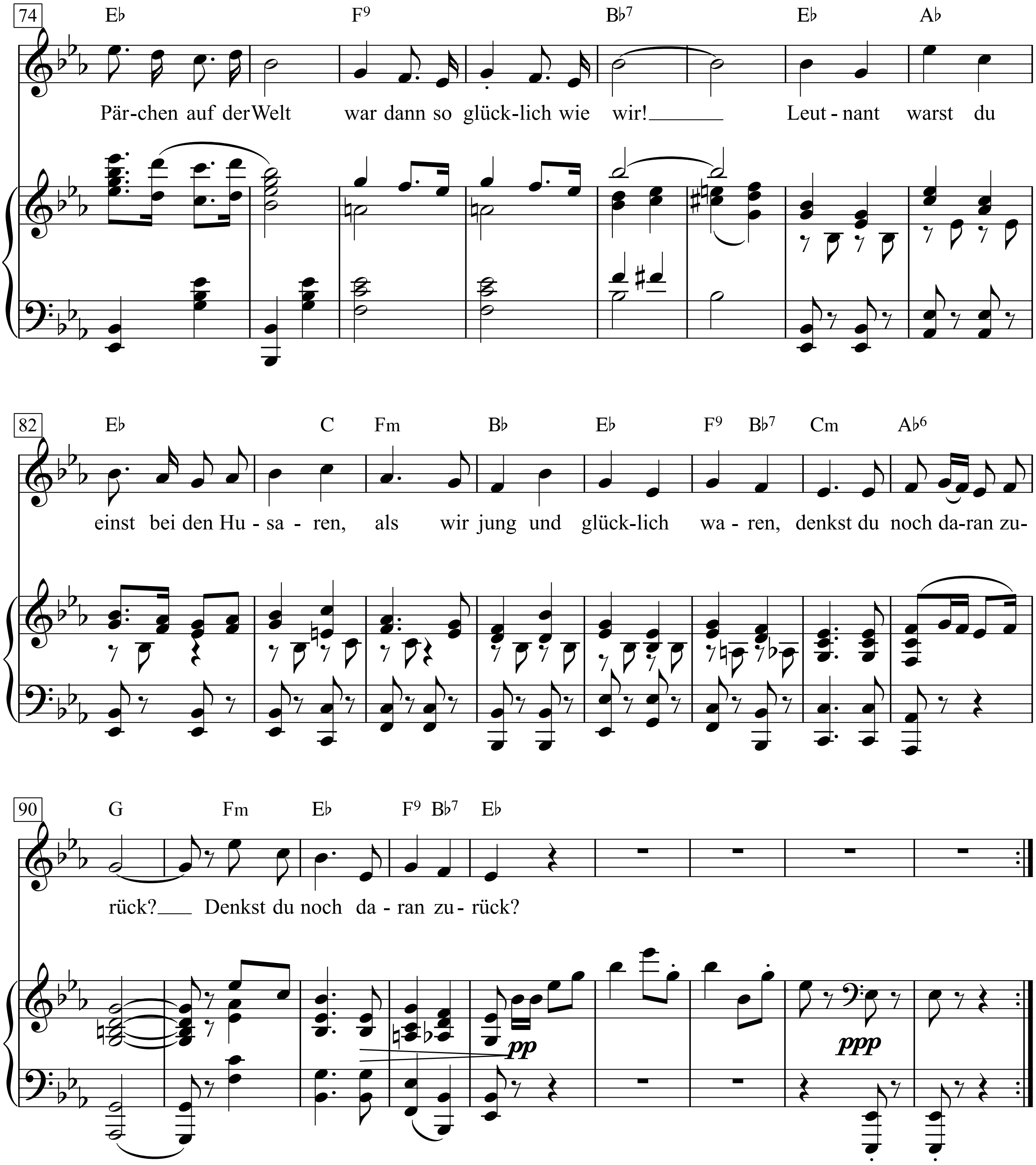
Text: Fritz Rotter

Musik: Robert Stolz




25
E♭ E♭° B♭7 E♭6 B♭7
rück,"so sprach Groß - pa - pa ganz lei - se, "an die Hoch-zeits - rei se da mals?"__ "Denkst du zu-
Hof-ball mit un-schulds-vol-ler Mie-ne stolz die Kri - no - li - ne da mals.___ Se - lig im
33
Cm F7 E♭ A♭ E♭7 E♭ E♭
rück," so sprach Groß-ma-ma mit Weh-mut, "an die Zeit, die heut' so weit?" Leut-nant
Traum flüs- tert sie mit lei-ser Weh-mut: "Da-mals war es Mai, vor- bei!"
p
mf
41
A♭ E♭ C Fm B♭ E♭ F9 B♭7 Cm
warst du einst bei den Hu - sa - ren, als wir jung und glück-lich wa - ren, denkst du


49
Ab6 Bb7 Eb Ab Eb C7
noch da-ran zu- rück? Leut- nant, und es lieb - te dich im Städt-chen
56
Fm Bb7 Eb F9 Bb7 Cm Ab6 Bb7 Eb Ab Eb Bb7
still und heim-lich je - des Mäd- chen, denkst du noch da-ran zu- rück? A - bends,
65
Eb Bb7 Eb Bb7
wenn schon lan-ge al-les schlief, kamst du zu mir, und kein zwei-tes


74
E♭ F9 B♭7 E♭ A♭
Pär-chen auf der Welt war dann so glück-lich wie wir! Leut-nant warst du
82
E♭ C Fm B♭ E♭ F9 B♭7 Cm A♭6
einst bei den Hu-sa-ren, als wir jung und glück-lich wa-ren, denkst du noch da-ran zu-
90
G Fm E♭ F9 B♭7 E♭
rück? Denkst du noch da-ran zu-rück?
pp
ppp

1. Leis' tickt die Uhr, still ist's im Raum,
Großpapa liest Großmamas Gedanken.
Ging nicht die Zeit so wie im Traum,
seit wir uns're erdten Küsse tranken?
"Denkst du zurück," so sprach Großpapa ganz leise,
"an die Hochzeitsreise damals?"
"Denkst du zurück," so sprach Großmama mit Wehmut,
"an die Zeit, die heut' so weit?"

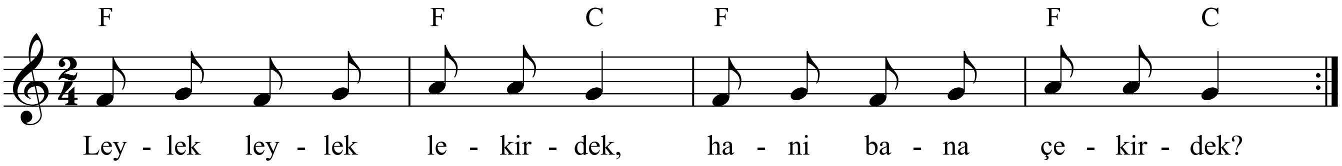
Leutnant warst du einst bei den Husaren,
als wir jung und glücklich waren,
denkst du noch daran zurück?
Leutnant, und es liebte dich im Städtchen
still und heimlich jedes Mädchen,
denkst du noch daran zurück?
Abends, wenn schon lange alles schlief,
kamst du zu mir, und kein zweites Pärchen
auf der Welt war dann so glücklich wie wir!
Leutnant warst du einst bei den Husaren,
als wir jung und glücklich waren,
denkst du noch daran zurück?
Denkst du noch daran zurück?

2. Leis' tickt die Uhr, still ist's im Raum,
beide sind beim Träumen eingeschlafen,
und jeder sieht heimlich im Traum,
wie sie einst zum ersten Mal sich trafen.
Sie trug beim Hofball mit unschuldsvoller Miene
stolz die Krinoline damals.
Selig im Traum flüstert sie mit leiser Wehmut:
"Damals war es Mai, vorbei!"

Leutnant …

Leylek leylek lekirdek

Kinderreim aus der Türkei



1. |: Leylek leylek lekirdek, hani bana çekirdek? :|

2. |: Çekirdeğin içi yok, sarıı kızın suçu yok. :|

Deutsch:

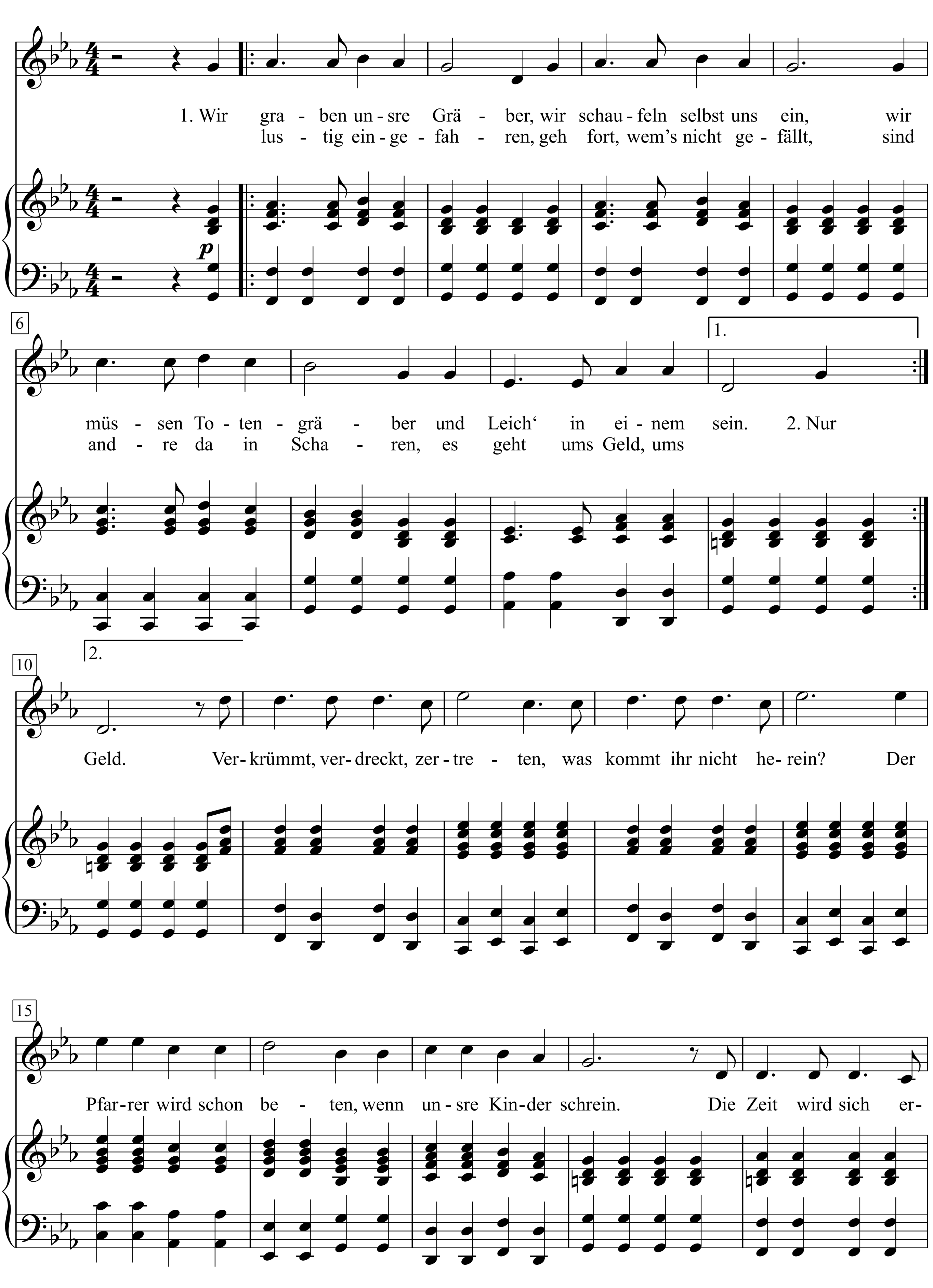
1. |: Klipper, klapper, Langbein: Kann doch nur ein Storch sein. :|

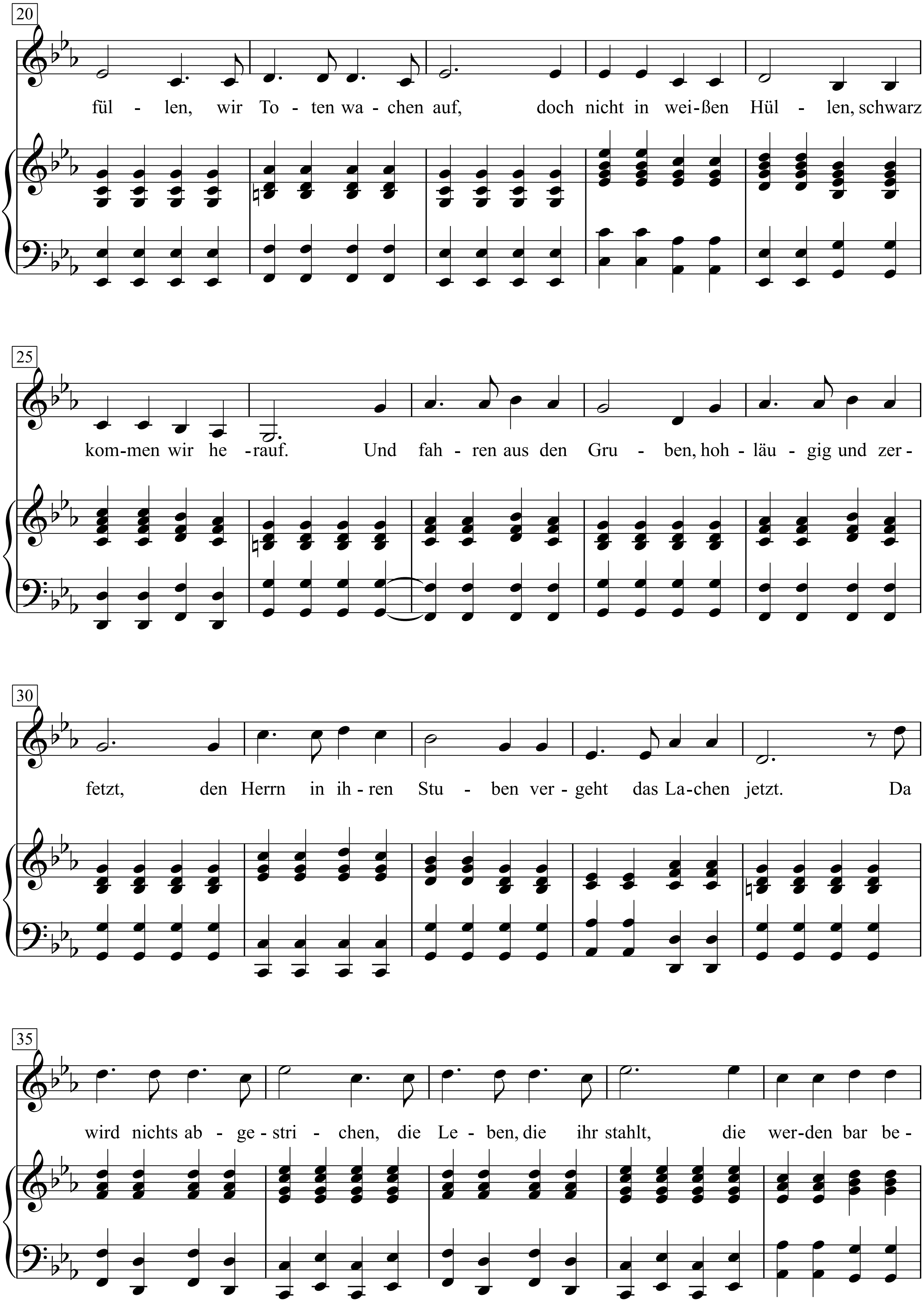
2. |: Storch frißt keine Kerne, hat die Mädchen gerne! :|

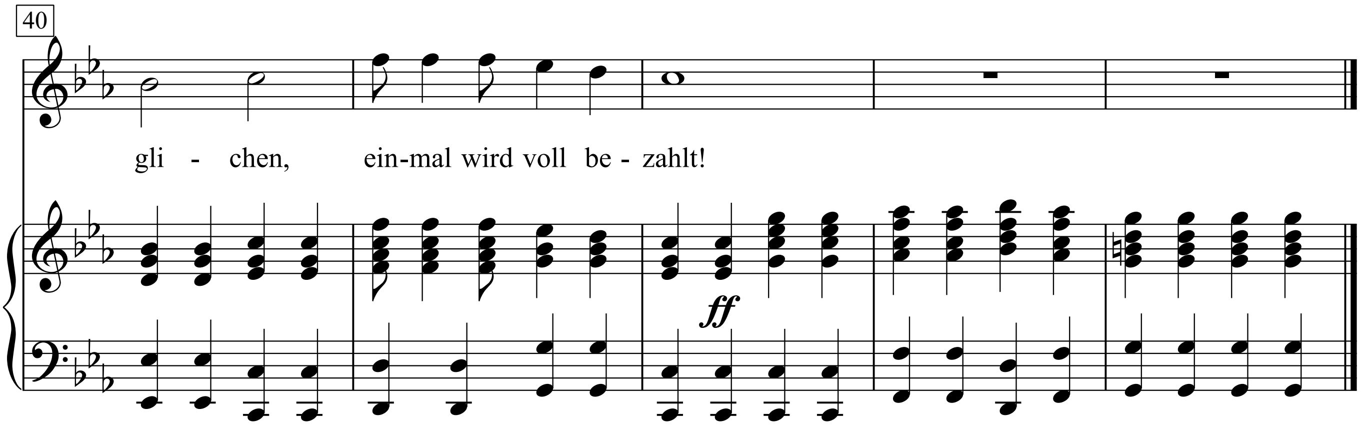
Lied der Bergarbeiter

Anna Gmeiner

Hanns Eisler




20
fül - len, wir To - ten wa - chen auf, doch nicht in wei-ßen Hül - len, schwarz
25
kom-men wir he -rauf. Und fah - ren aus den Gru - ben, hoh - läu - gig und zer -
30
fetzt, den Herrn in ih - ren Stu - ben ver - geht das La-chen jetzt. Da
35
wird nichts ab - ge - stri - chen, die Le - ben, die ihr stahlt, die wer-den bar be -



1. Wir graben unsre Gräber, wir schaufeln selbst uns ein,
wir müssen Totengräber und Leich' in einem sein.

2. Nur lustig eingefahren, geh fort, wem's nicht gefällt,
sind andre da in Scharen, es geht ums Geld, ums Geld.
Verkrümmt, verdreckt, zertreten, was kommt ihr nicht herein?
Der Pfarrer wird schon beten, wenn unsre Kinder schrein.
Die Zeit wird sich erfüllen, wir Toten wachen auf,
doch nicht in weißen Hüllen, schwarz kommen wir herauf.
Und fahren aus den Gruben, hohläugig und zerfetzt,
den Herrn in ihren Stuben vergeht das Lachen jetzt.
Da wird nichts abgestrichen,
die Leben, die ihr stahlt, die werden bar beglichen,
einmal wird voll bezahlt!

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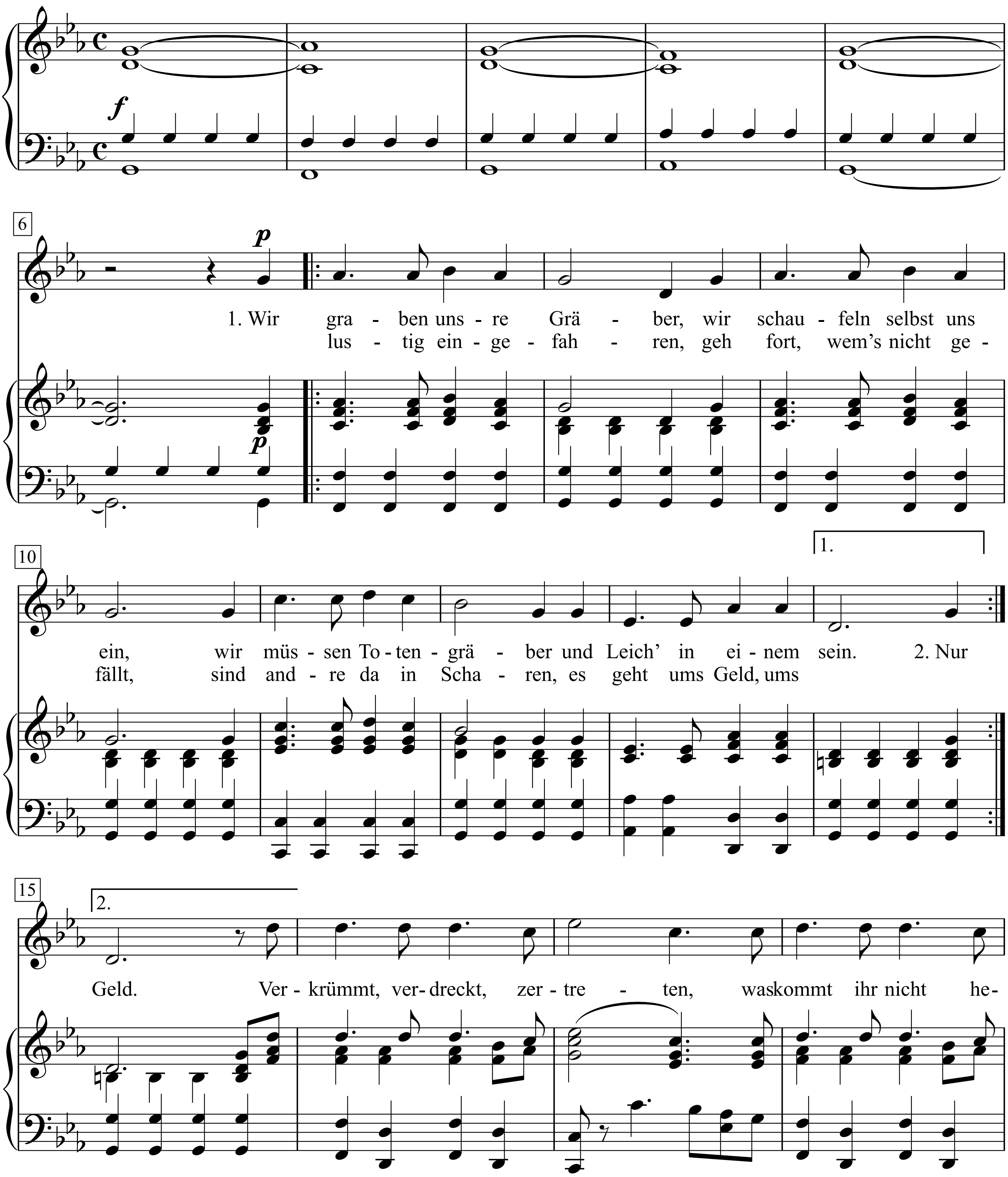
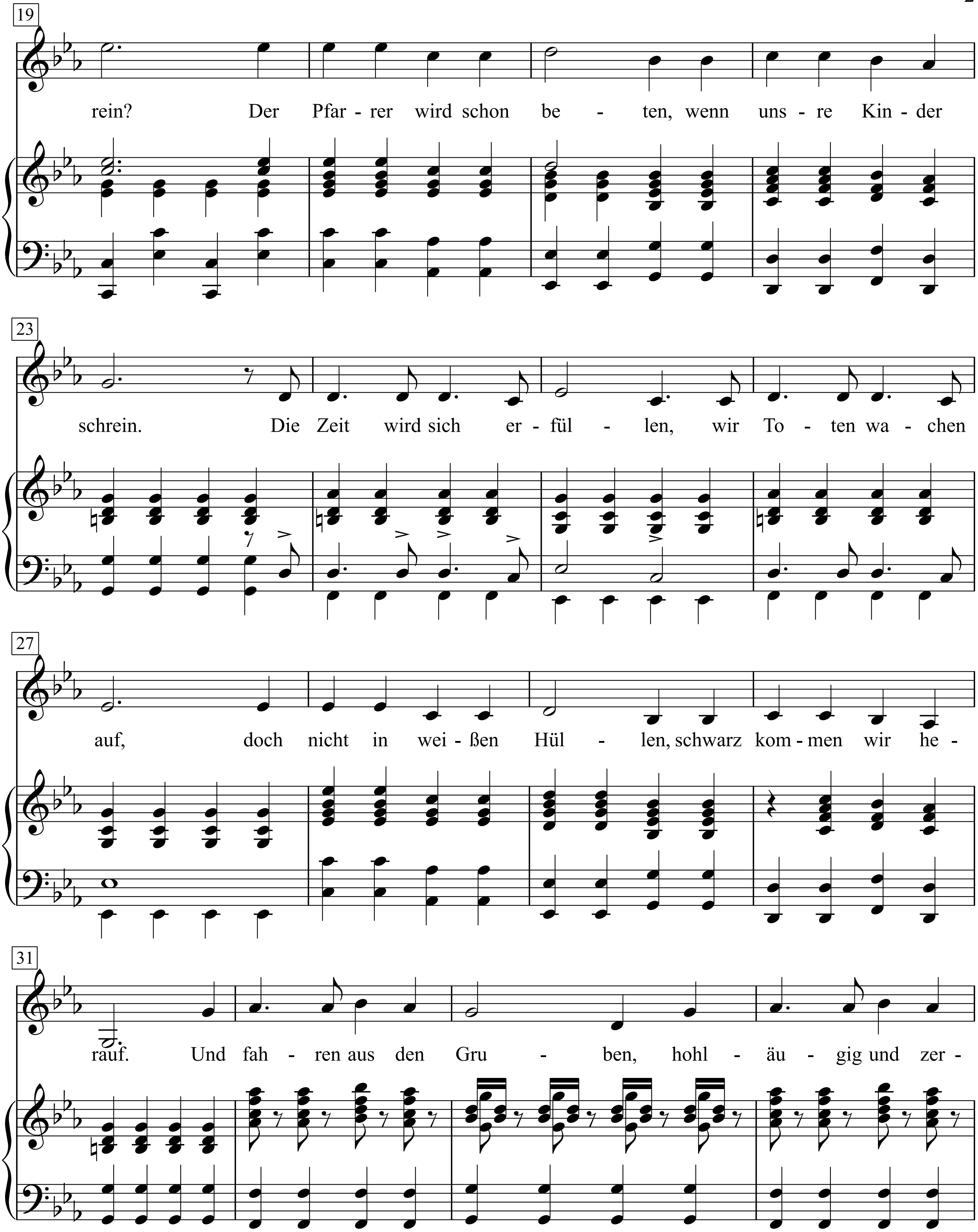
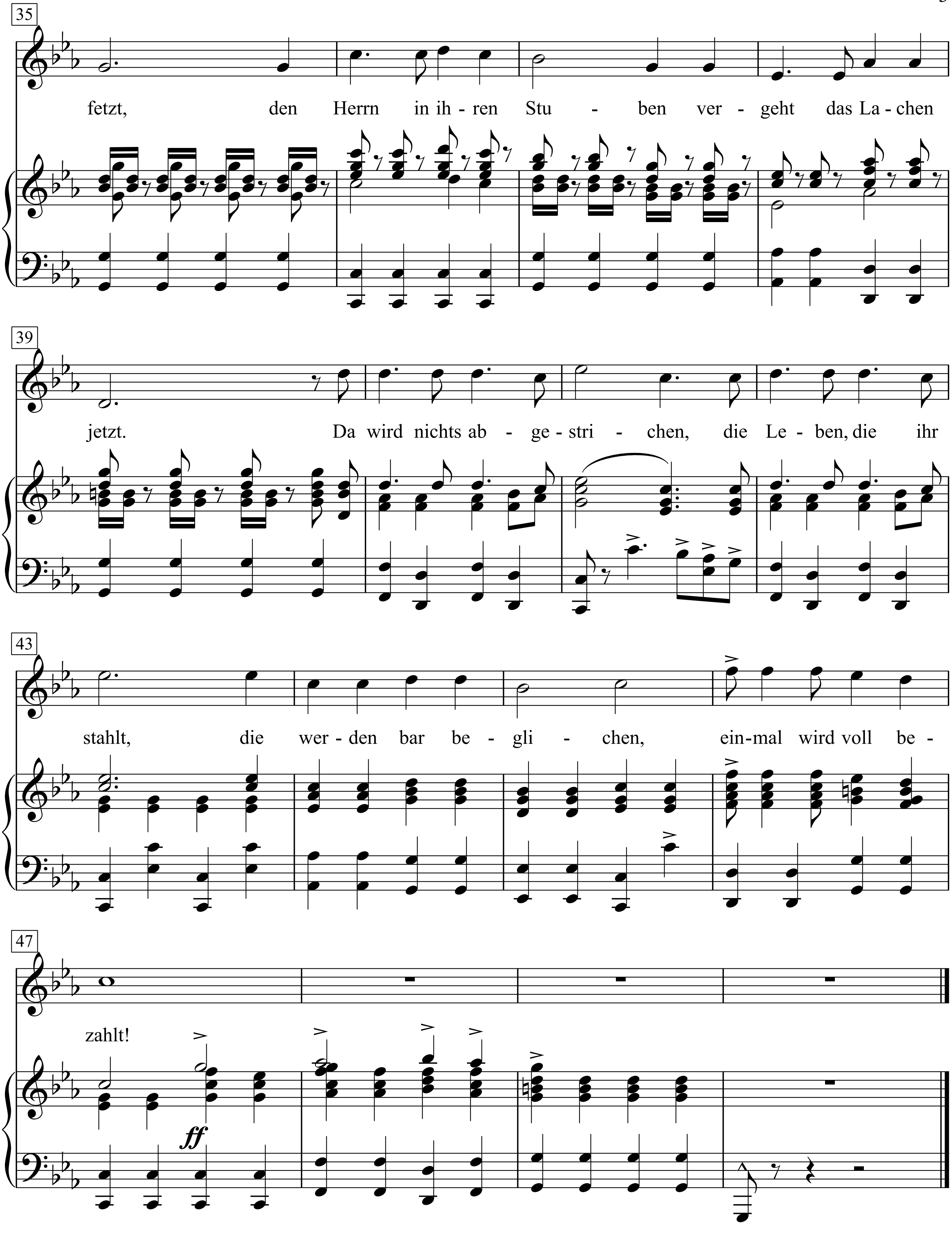


Hanns Eisler - Keenen Sechser in der Tasche. Songs und Balladen, S.11-13


19
rein? Der Pfar - rer wird schon be - ten, wenn uns - re Kin - der
23
schrein. Die Zeit wird sich er - fül - len, wir To - ten wa - chen
27
auf, doch nicht in wei - ßen Hül - len, schwarz kom - men wir he -
31
rauf. Und fah - ren aus den Gru - ben, hohl - äu - gig und zer -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fetzt, den Herrn in ih - ren Stu - ben ver - geht das La - chen
39
jetzt. Da wird nichts ab - ge - stri - chen, die Le - ben, die ihr
43
stahlt, die wer - den bar be - gli - chen, ein - mal wird voll be -
47
zahlt!
ff

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wir müssen Totengräber
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Nur lustig eingefahren,
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Die Zeit wird sich erfüllen,
wir Toten wachen auf,
doch nicht in weißen Hüllen,
schwarz kommen wir herauf.

Und fahren aus den Gruben,
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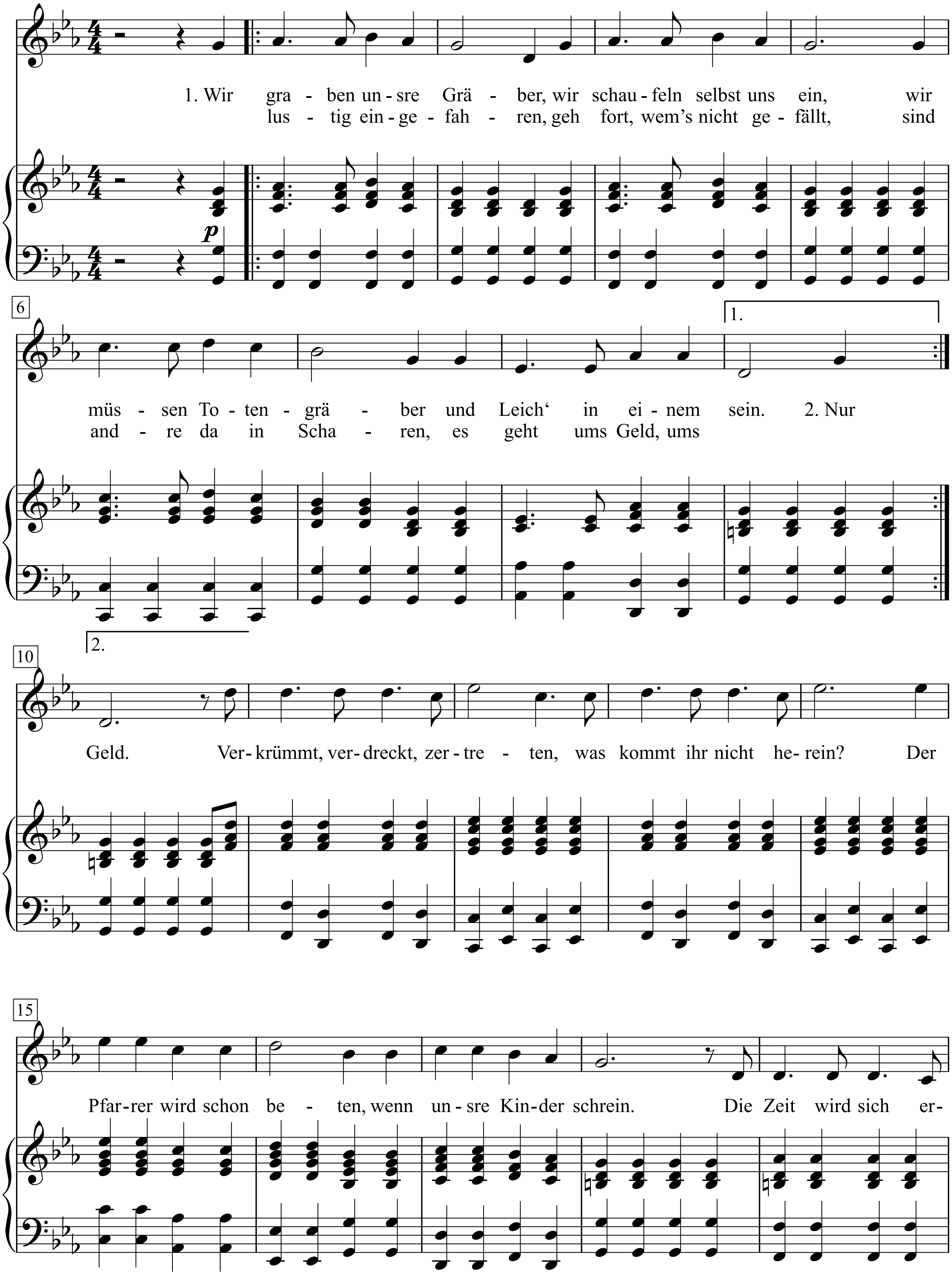

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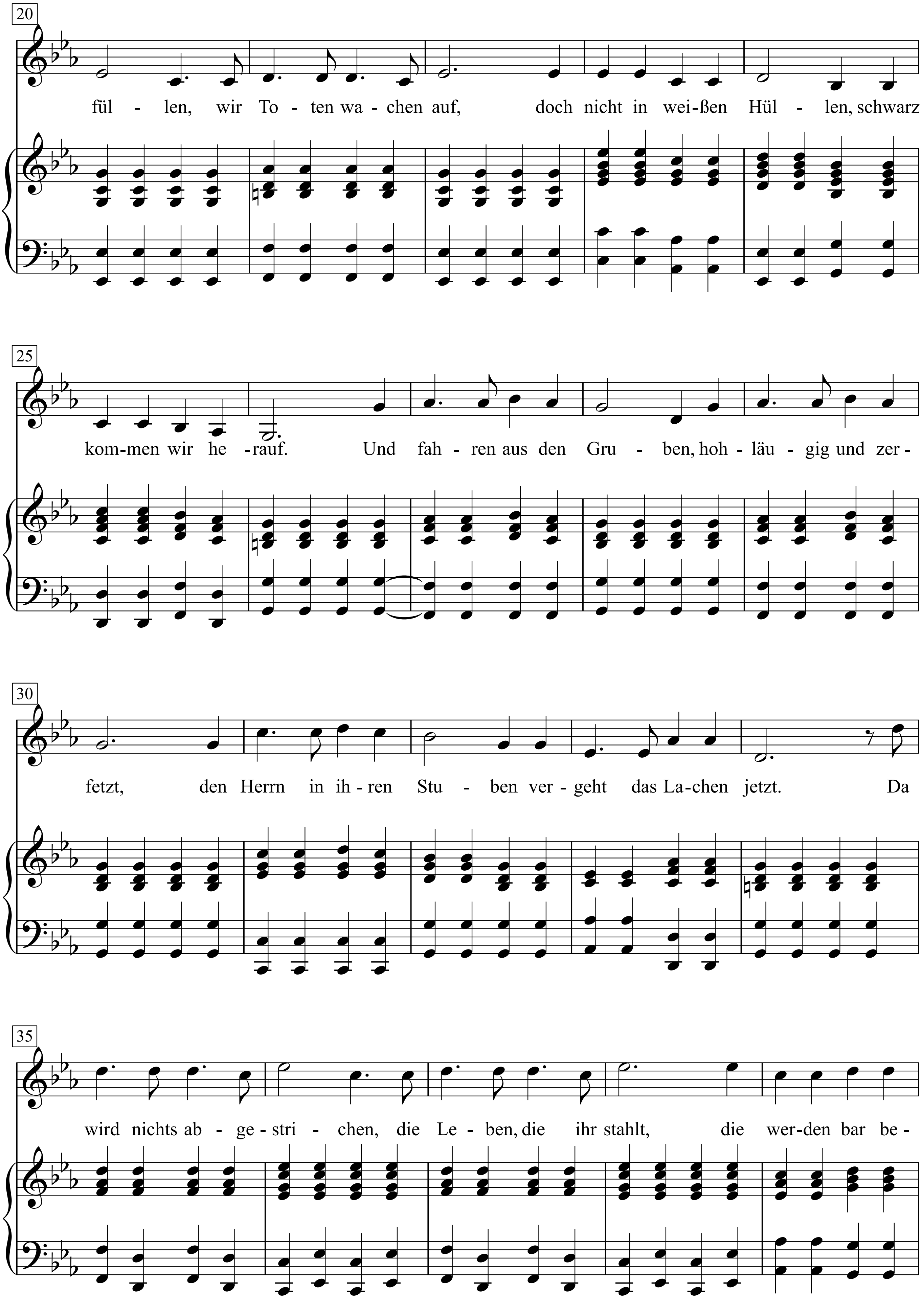
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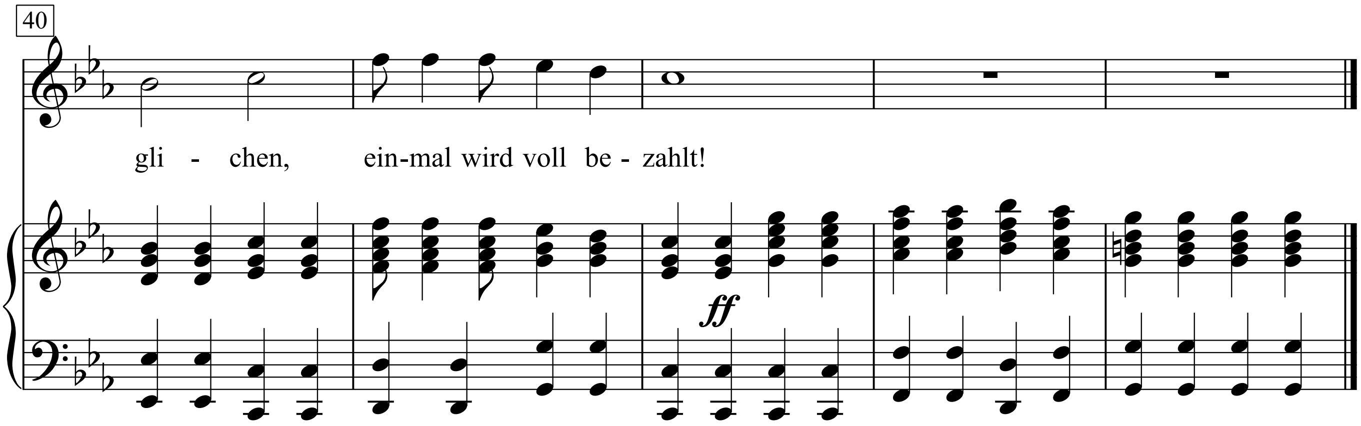

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Und fahren aus den Gruben, hohläugig und zerfetzt,
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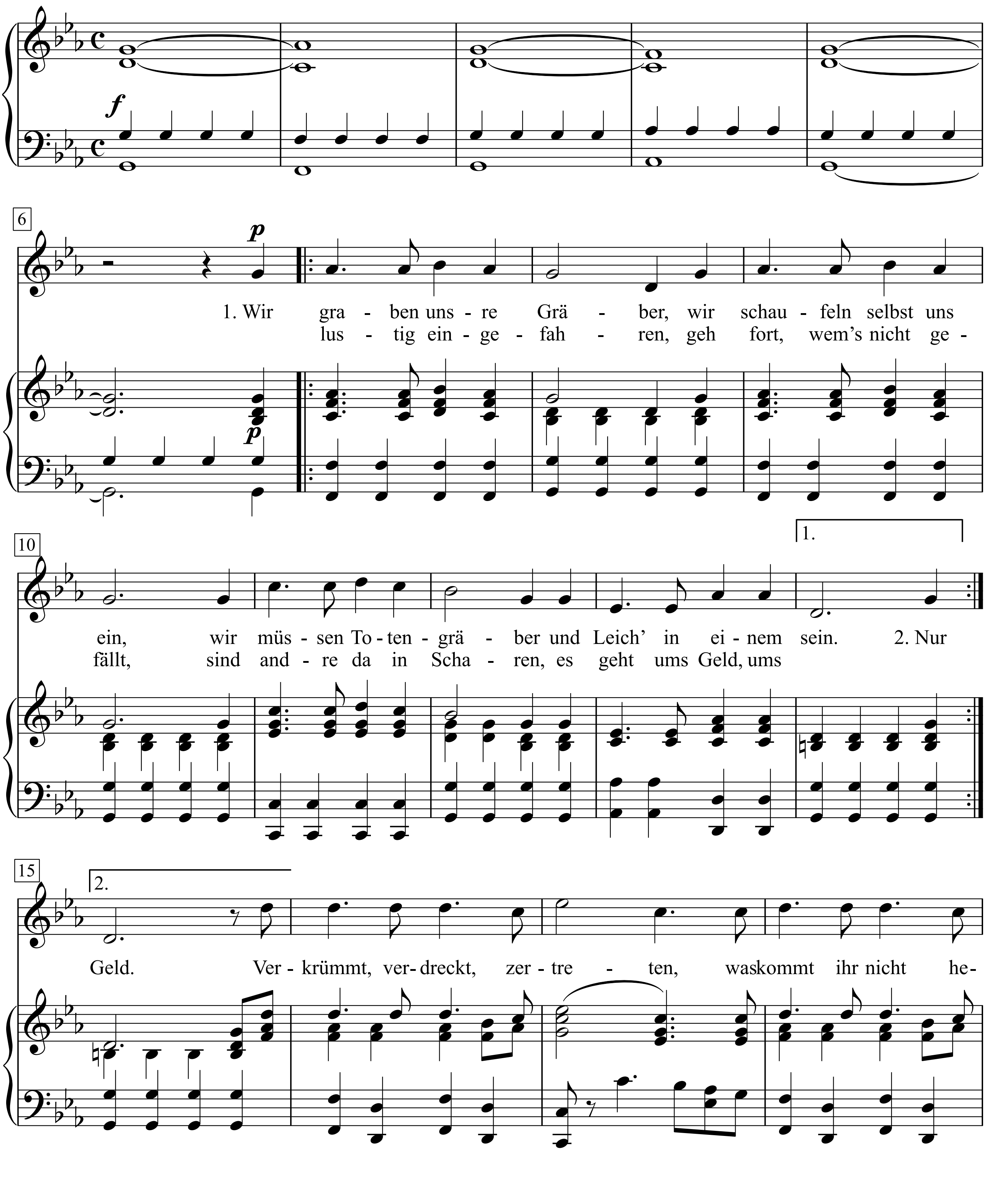

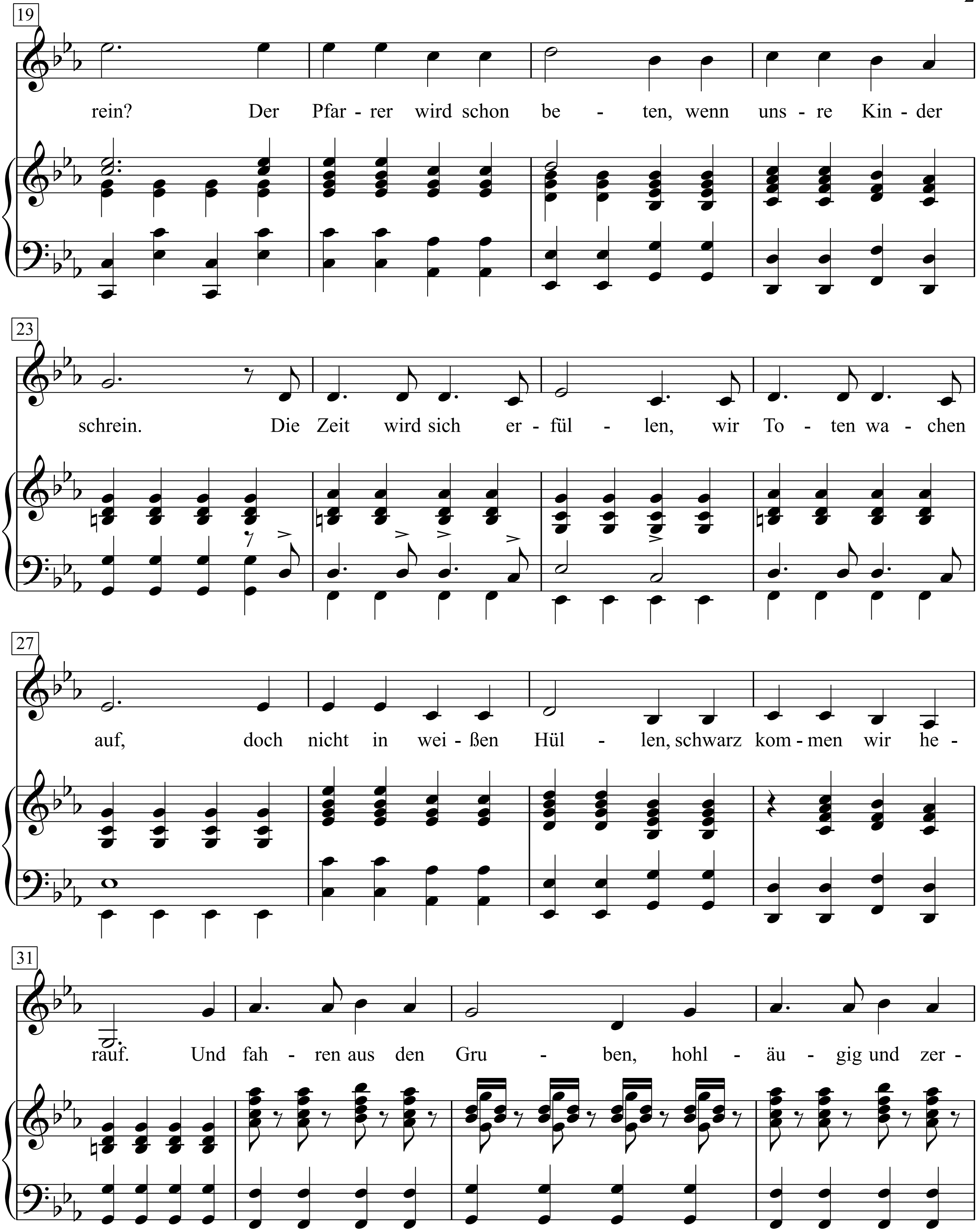
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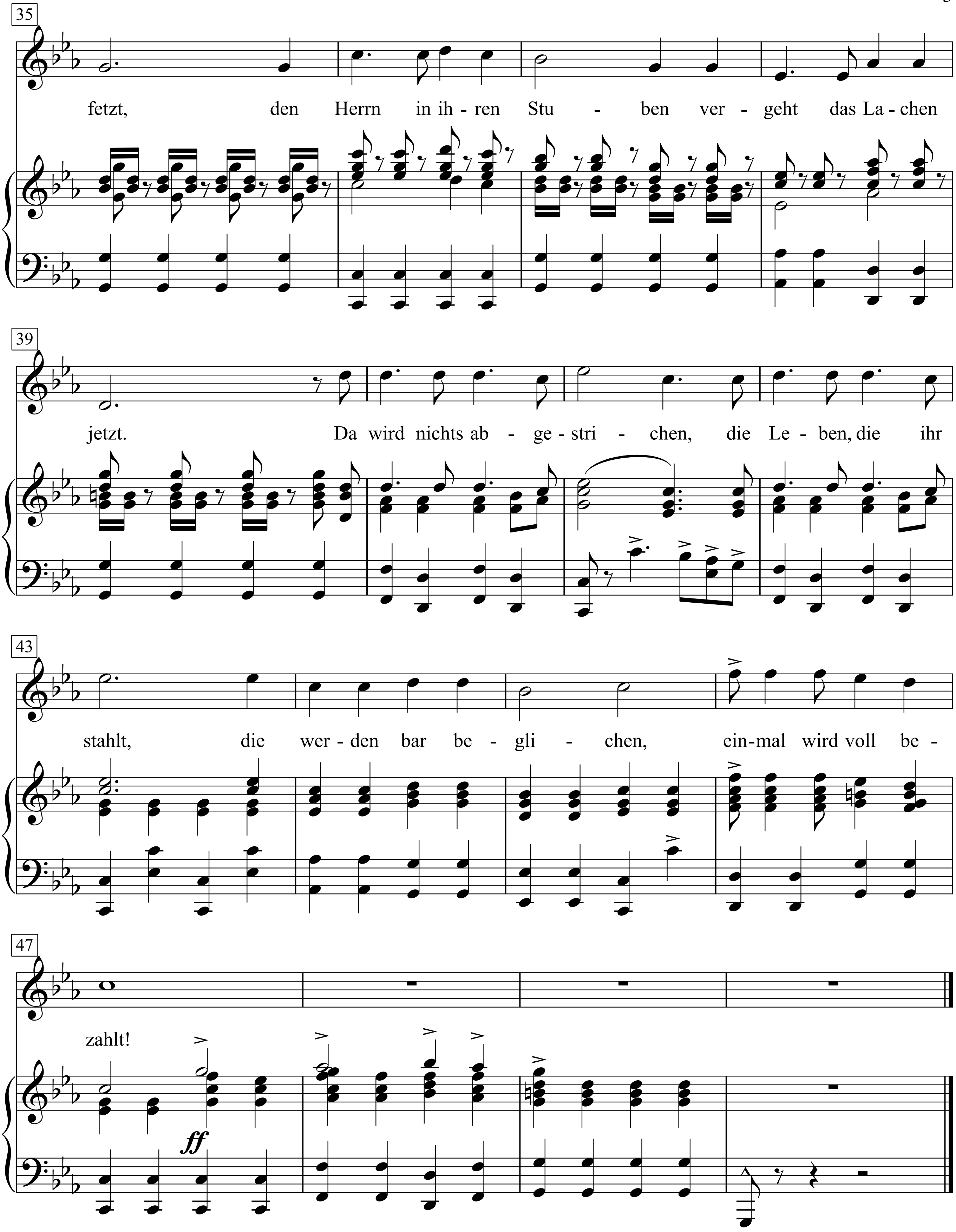
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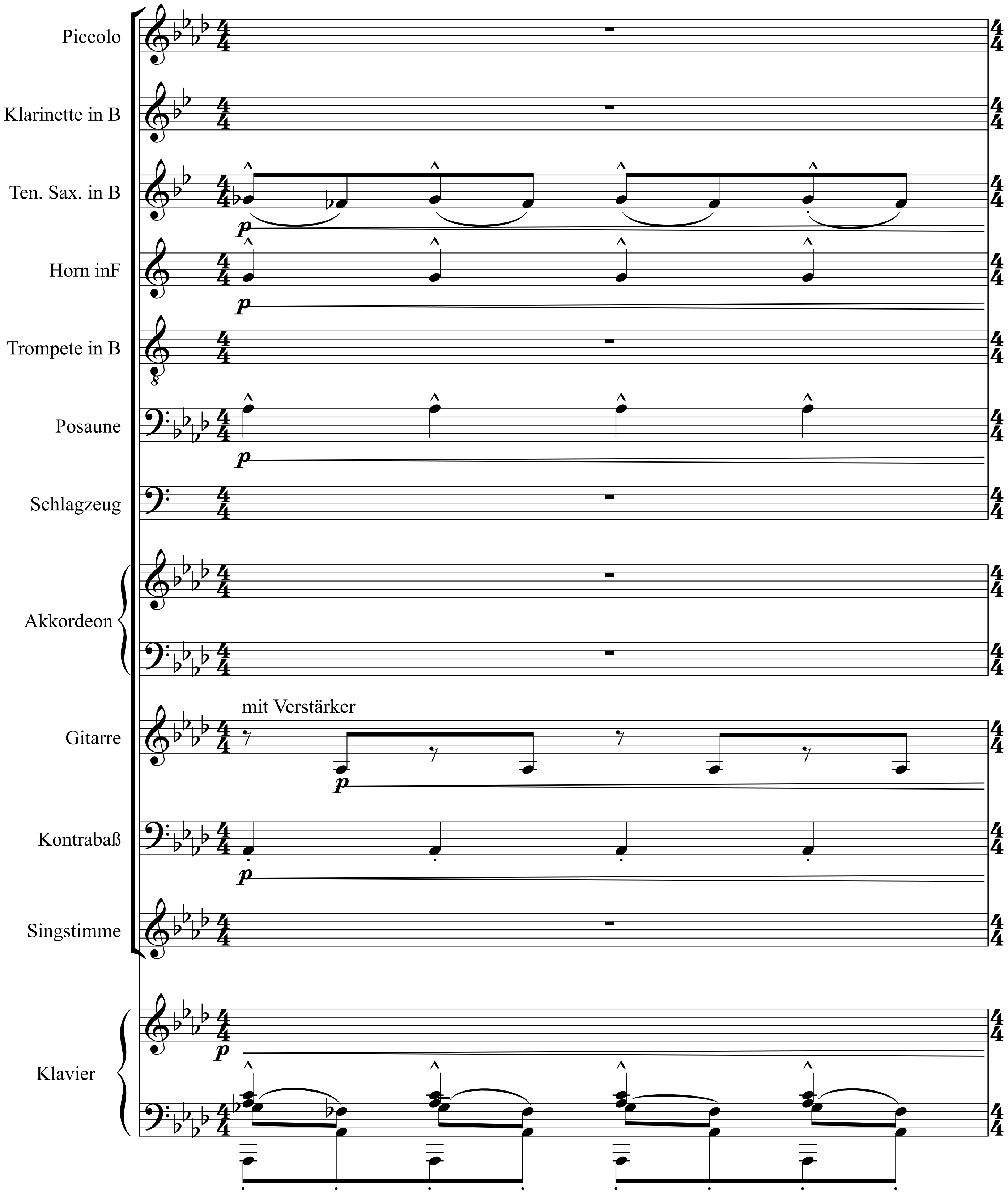
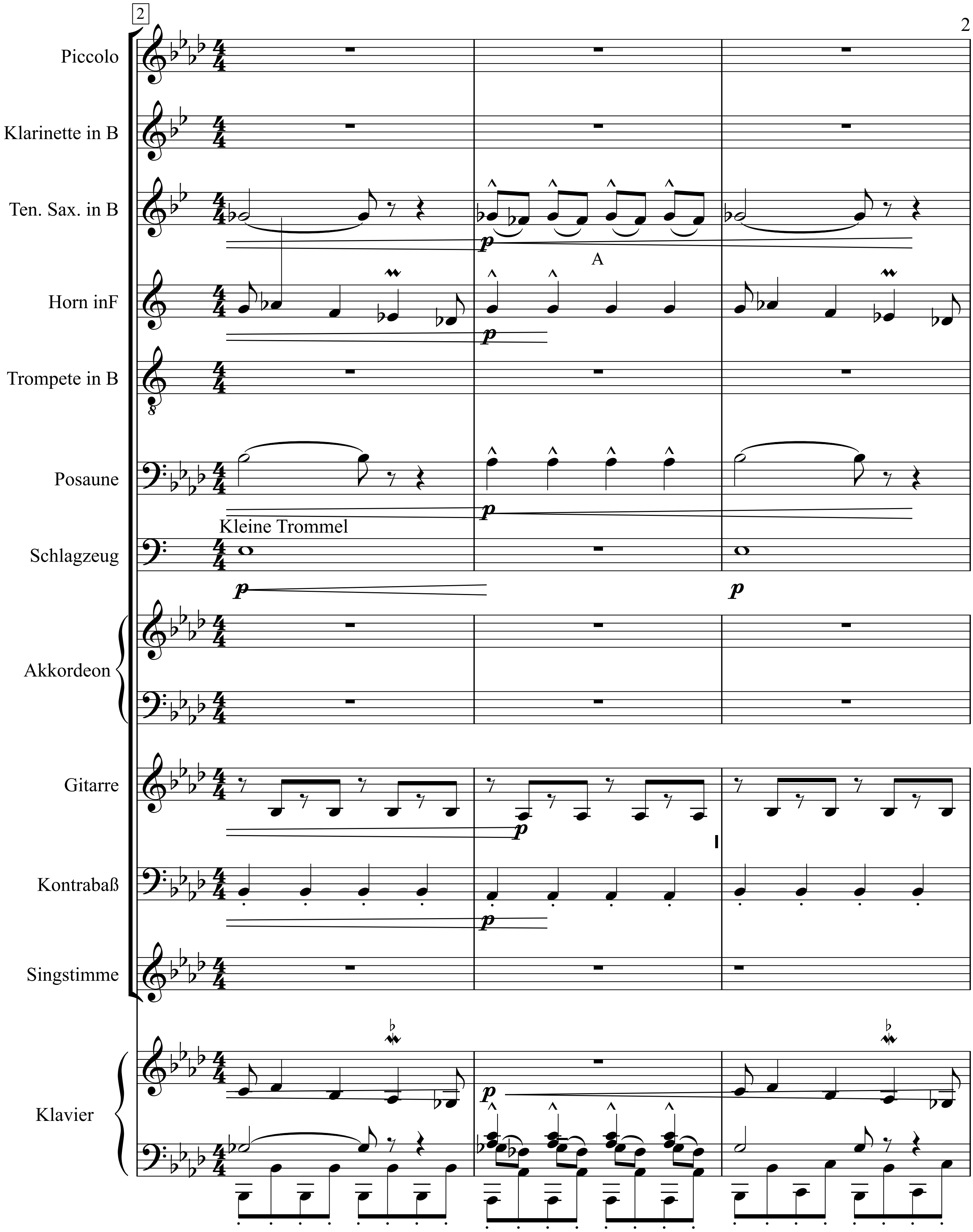
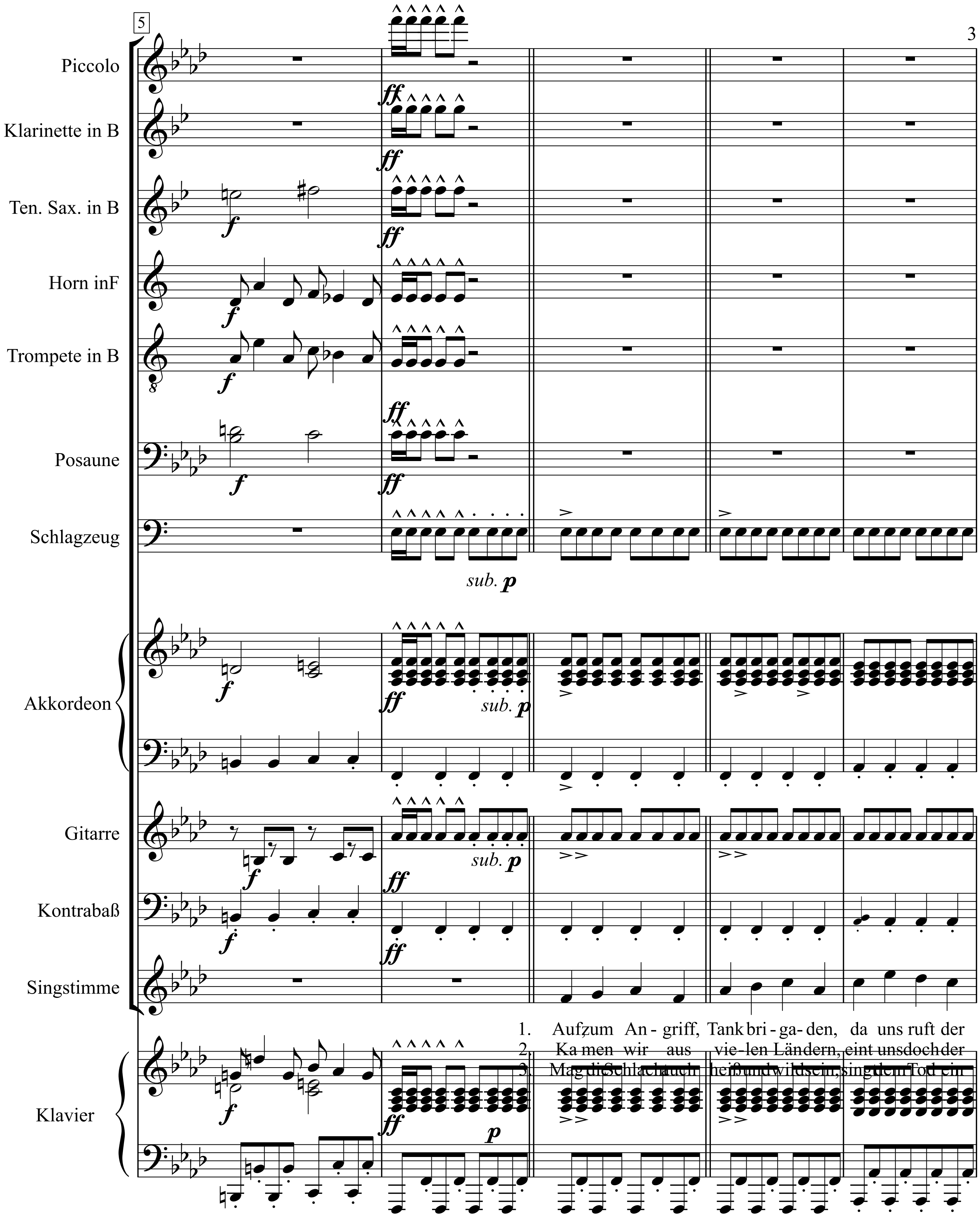
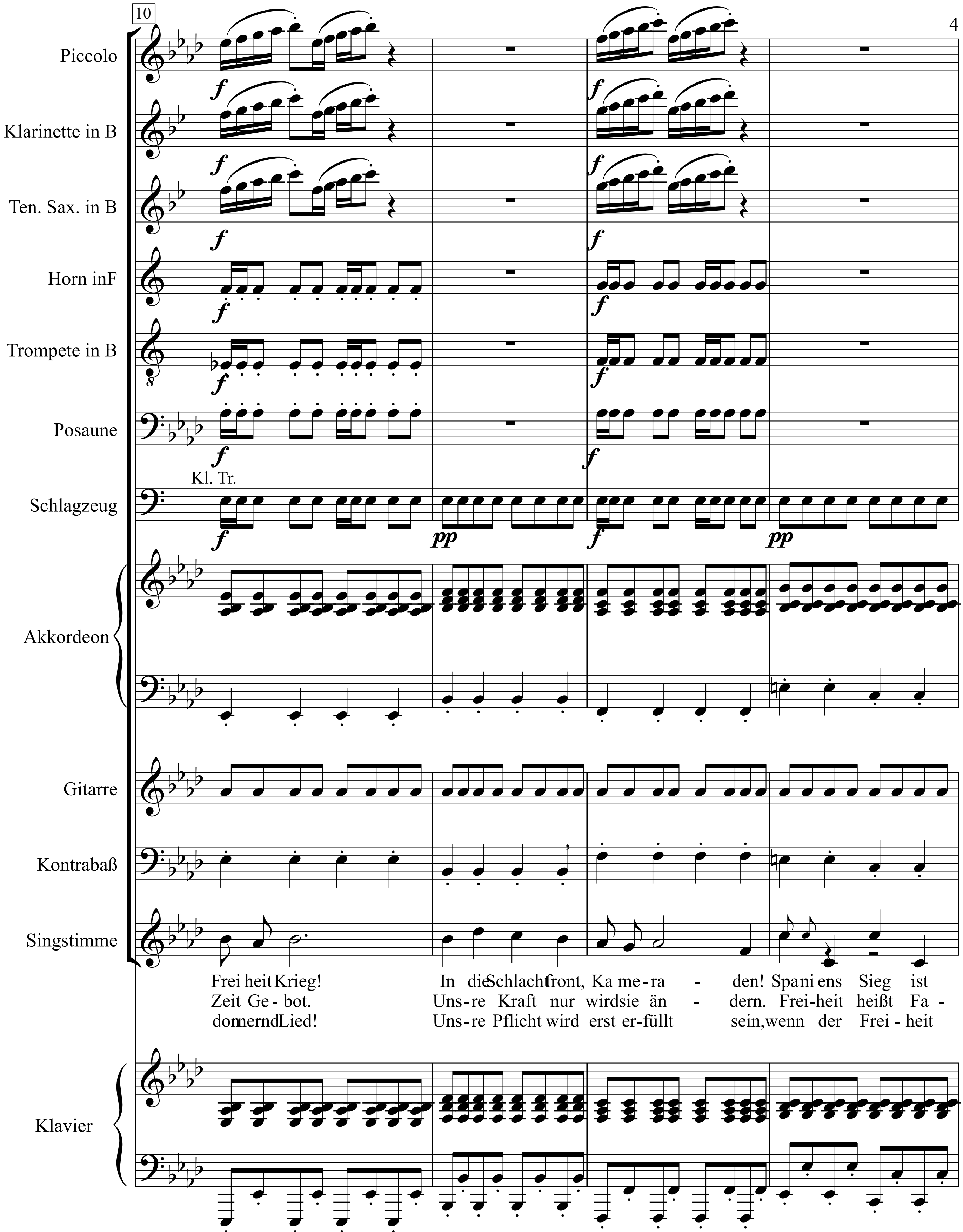
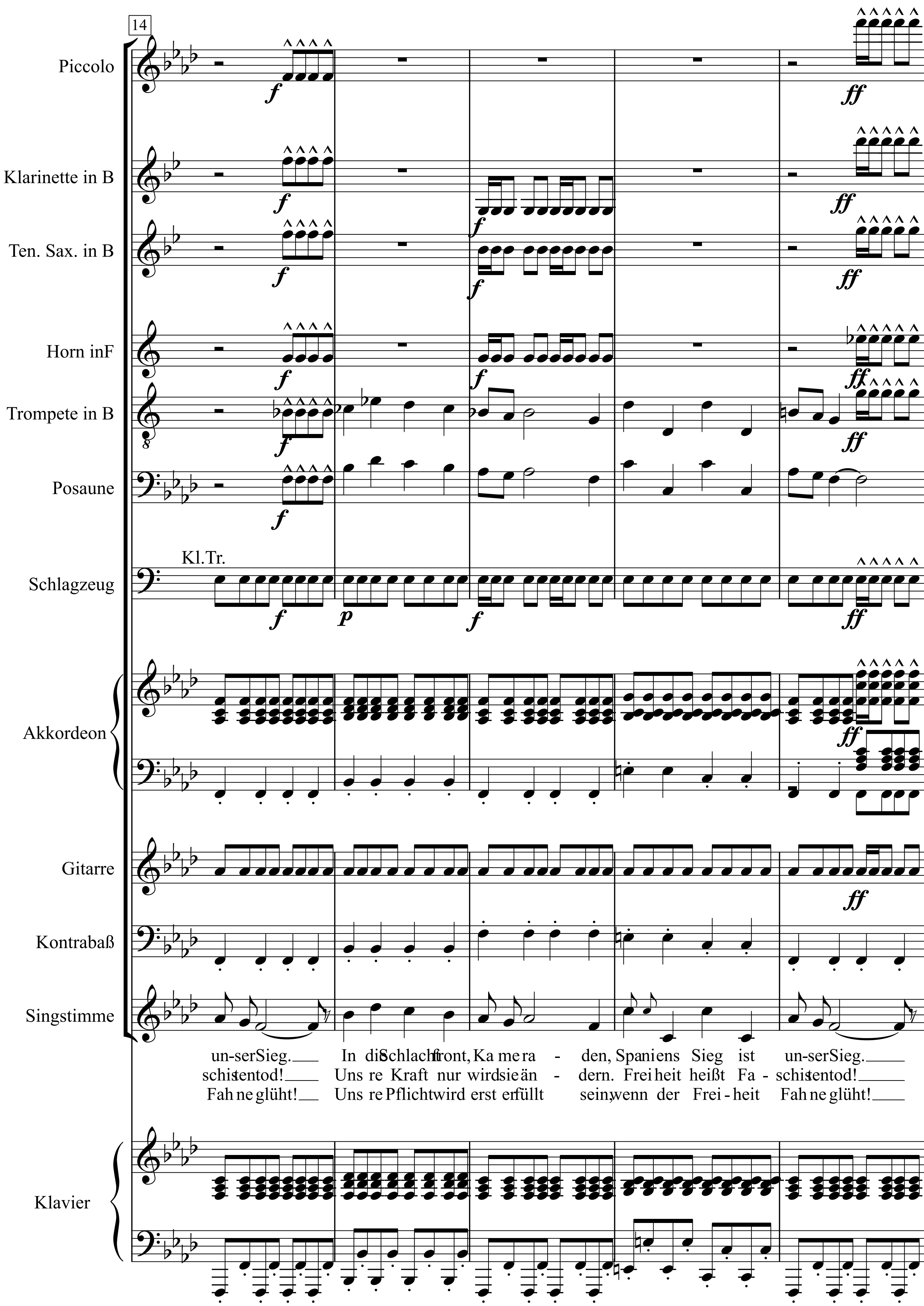

Piccolo
Klarinette in B
Ten. Sax. in B
Horn inF
Trompete in B
Posaune
Schlagzeug
Akkordeon
mit Verstärker
Gitarre
Kontrabaß
Singstimme
Klavier


2
Piccolo
Klarinette in B
Ten. Sax. in B
A
Horn inF
Trompete in B
Posaune
Kleine Trommel
Schlagzeug
Akkordeon
Gitarre
Kontrabaß
Singstimme
Klavier


5
Piccolo
Klarinette in B
Ten. Sax. in B
Horn inF
Trompete in B
Posaune
Schlagzeug
sub. p
Akkordeon
Gitarre
Kontrabaß
Singstimme
1. Auf zum An - griff, Tank bri - ga - den, da uns ruft der
2. Ka men wir aus vie - len Ländern, eint uns doch der
3. Mag die Schlacht auch heiß und wild sein, singt den Tod ein
Klavier


10
Piccolo
Klarinette in B
Ten. Sax. in B
Horn inF
Trompete in B
Posaune
Kl. Tr.
Schlagzeug
Akkordeon
Gitarre
Kontrabaß
Singstimme
Frei heit Krieg! In die Schlachtfront, Ka me - ra - den! Spa ni ens Sieg ist
Zeit Ge - bot. Uns-re Kraft nur wird sie än - dern. Frei-heit heißt Fa -
donnernd Lied! Uns-re Pflicht wird erst er-füllt sein, wenn der Frei - heit
Klavier


14
Piccolo
Klarinette in B
Ten. Sax. in B
Horn inF
Trompete in B
Posaune
Kl.Tr.
Schlagzeug
Akkordeon
Gitarre
Kontrabaß
Singstimme
un-ser Sieg. In die Schlachtfront, Ka me ra - den, Spa niens Sieg ist un-ser Sieg.
schistentod! Uns re Kraft nur wird sie än - dern. Frei heit heißt Fa - schistentod!
Fah ne glüht! Uns re Pflicht wird erst erfüllt sein, wenn der Frei - heit Fah ne glüht!
Klavier

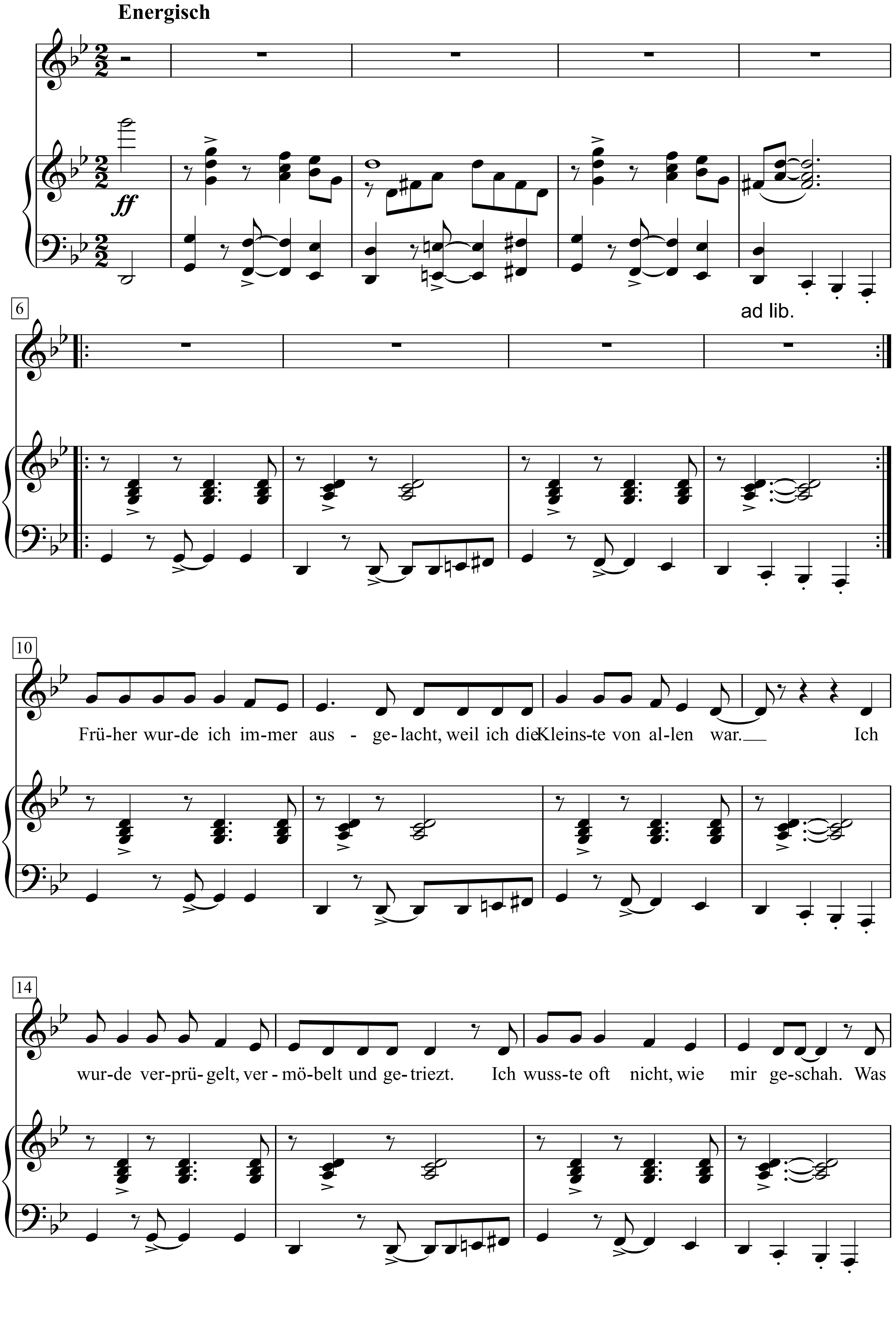
1. Auf, zum Angriff, Tankbrigaden,
da uns ruft der Freiheit Krieg!
In die Schlachtfront, Kameraden!
Spaniens Sieg ist unser Sieg.
In die Schlachtfront, Kameraden,
Spaniens Sieg ist unser Sieg.

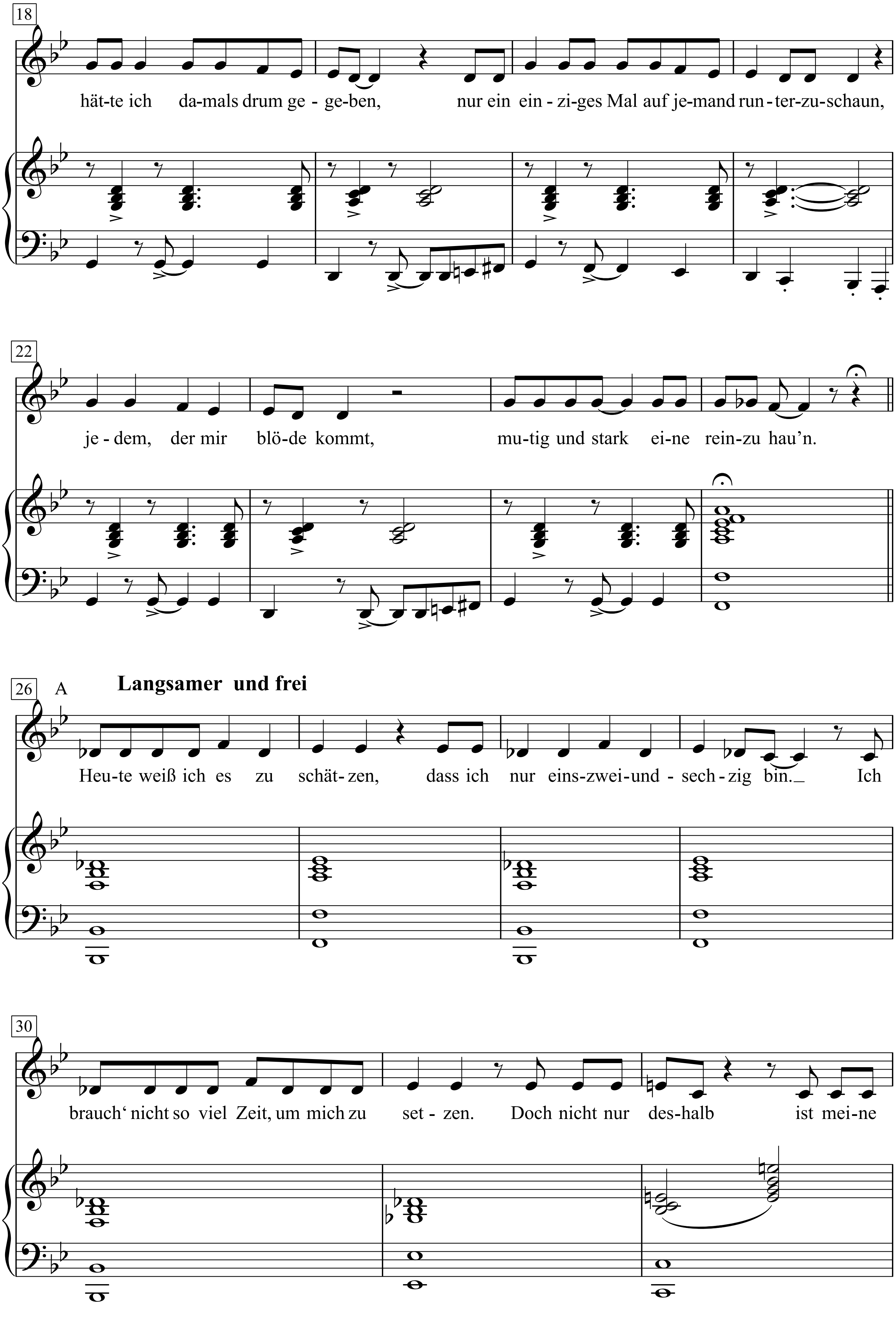
2. Kamen wir aus vielen Ländern,
eint uns doch der Zeit Gebot.
Unsre Kraft nur wird sie ändern.
Freiheit heißt Faschistentod!
Unsre Kraft nur wird sie ändern.
Freiheit heißt Faschistentod!

3. Mag die Schlacht auch heiß und wild sein,
singt dem Tod ein donnernd Lied!
Unsre Pflicht wird erst erfüllt sein,
wenn der Freiheit Fahne glüht!
Unsre Pflicht wird erst erfüllt sein,
wenn der Freiheit Fahne glüht!

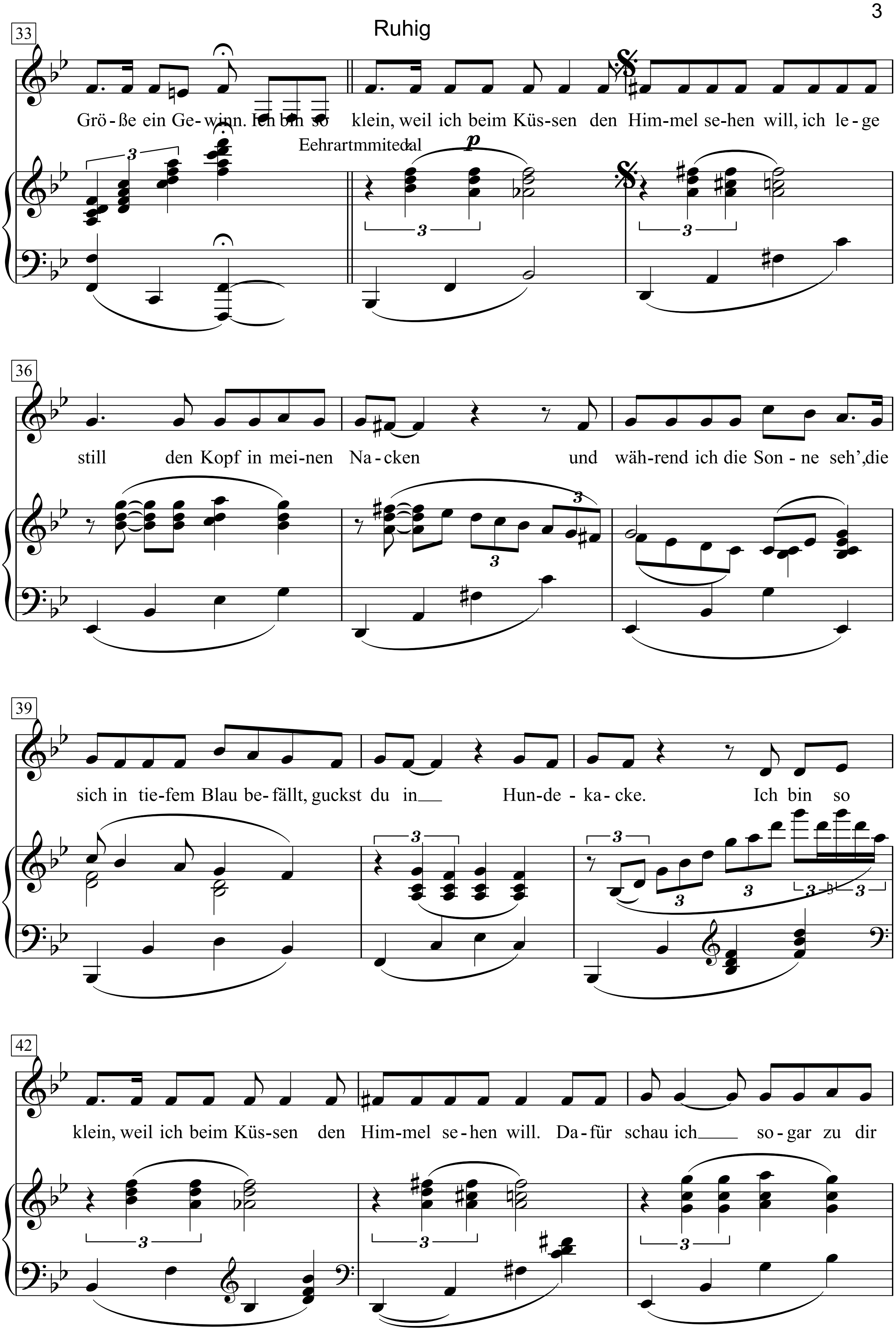
Lied für kleine Leute

Tina Teubner



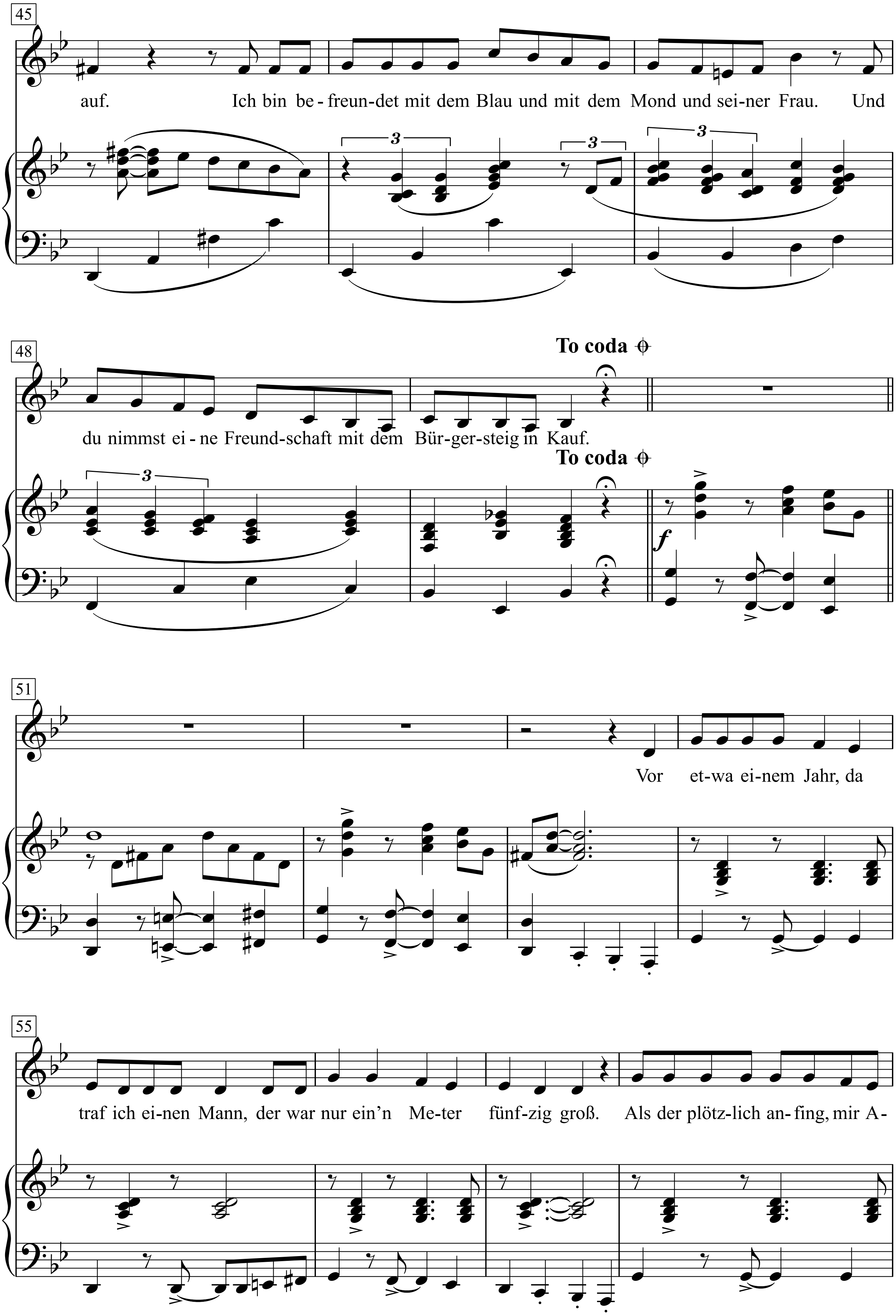

18
hät-te ich da-mals drum ge - ge-ben, nur ein ein - zi-ges Mal auf je-mand run - ter-zu-schaun,
22
je - dem, der mir blö-de kommt, mu-tig und stark ei-ne rein-zu hau’n.
26
A
Langsamer und frei
Heu-te weiß ich es zu schät- zen, dass ich nur eins-zwei-und - sech - zig bin._ Ich
30
brauch‘ nicht so viel Zeit, um mich zu set - zen. Doch nicht nur des-halb ist mei-ne

3

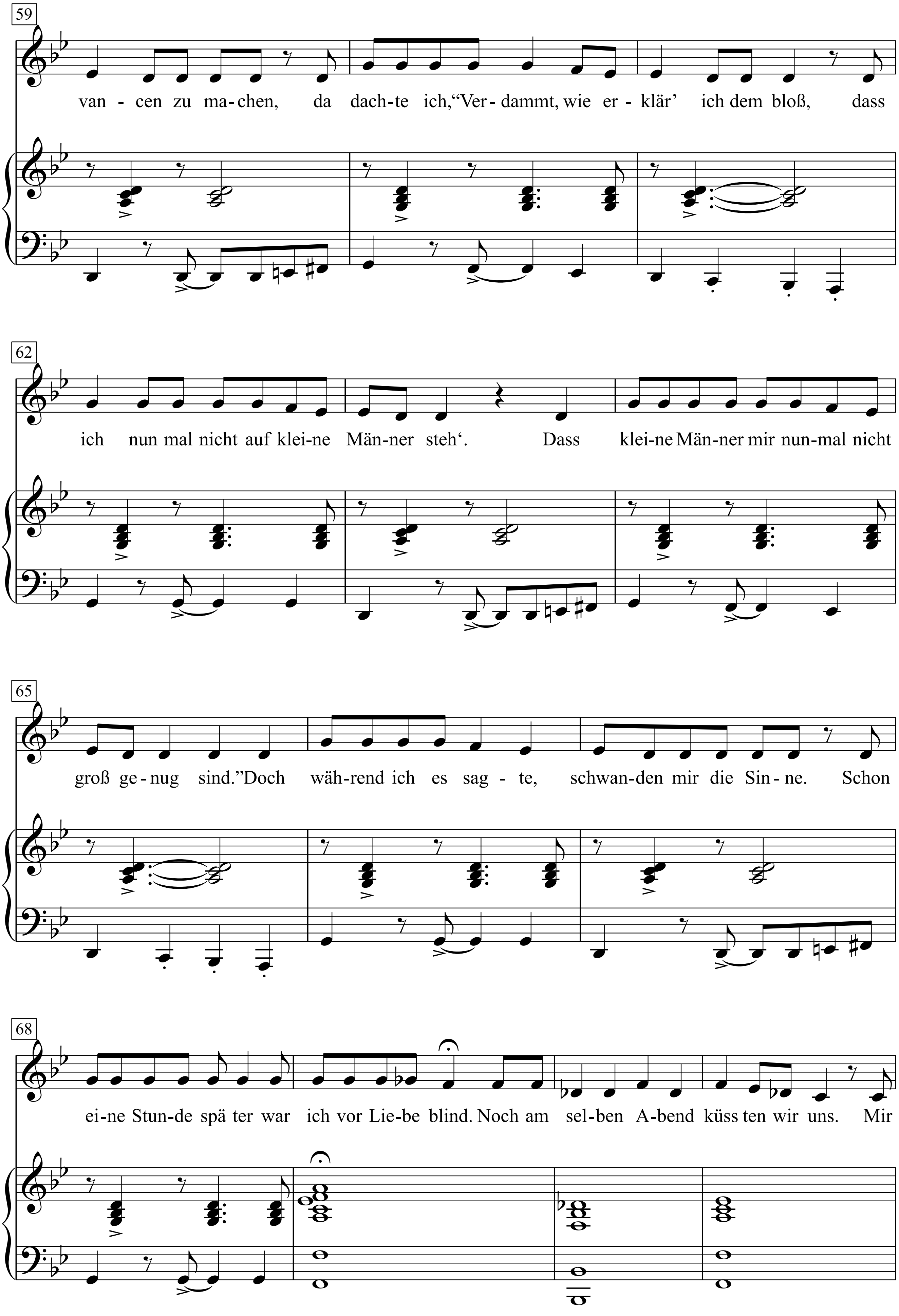


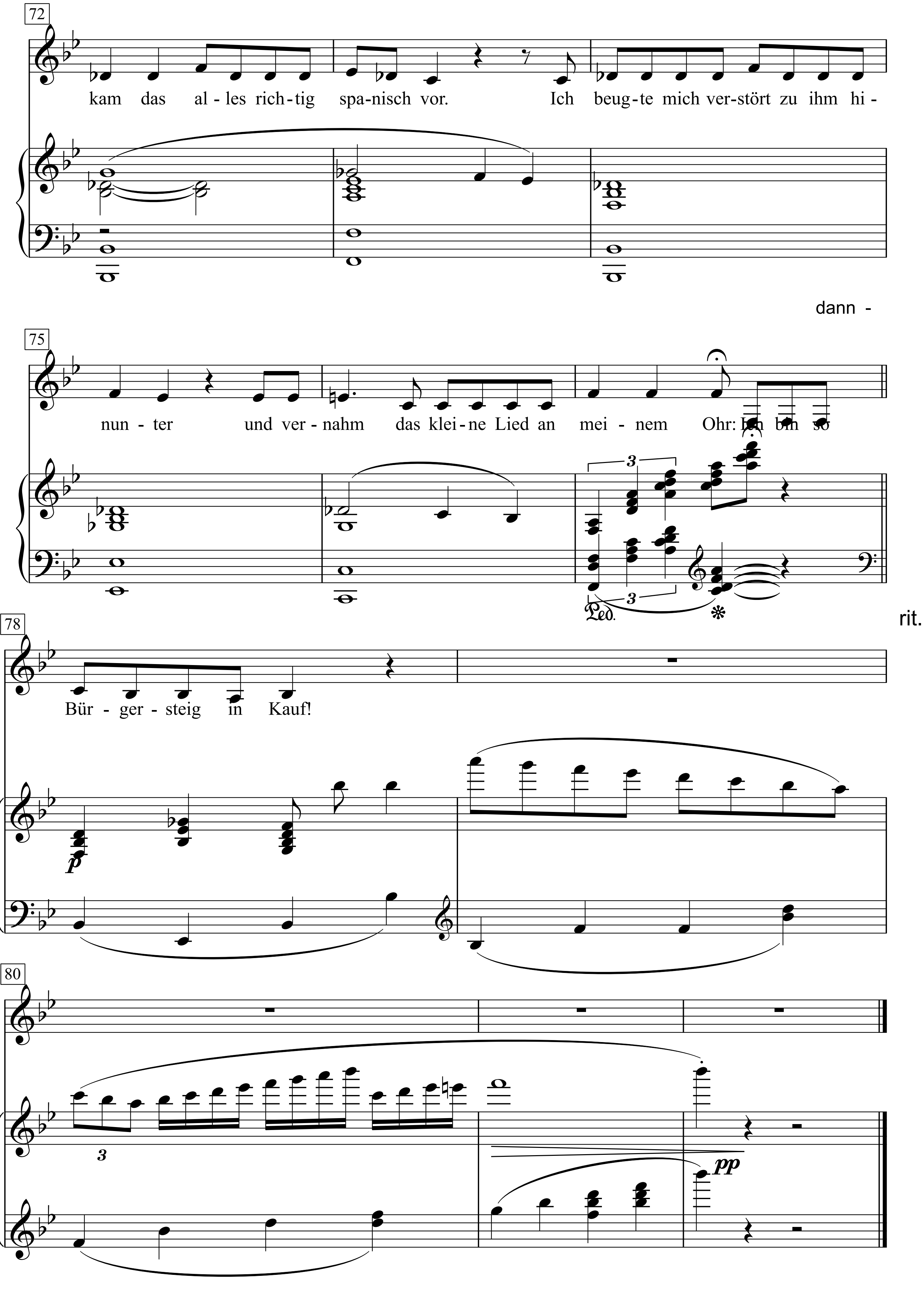
33
Ruhig
Grö - ße ein Ge - winn. Ich bin so klein, weil ich beim Küs-sen den Him-mel se-hen will, ich le - ge
36
still den Kopf in mei-nen Na - cken und wäh-rend ich die Son - ne seh', die
39
sich in tie-fem Blau be-fällt, guckst du in Hun-de - ka - cke. Ich bin so
42
klein, weil ich beim Küs-sen den Him-mel se-hen will. Da-für schau ich so-gar zu dir

4


45
auf. Ich bin be - freun-det mit dem Blau und mit dem Mond und sei-ner Frau. Und
48
To coda
du nimmst ei - ne Freund-schaft mit dem Bür-ger-steig in Kauf.
To coda
f
51
Vor et-wa ei-nem Jahr, da
55
traf ich ei-nen Mann, der war nur ein'n Me-ter fünf-zig groß. Als der plötz-lich an-fing, mir A-

5

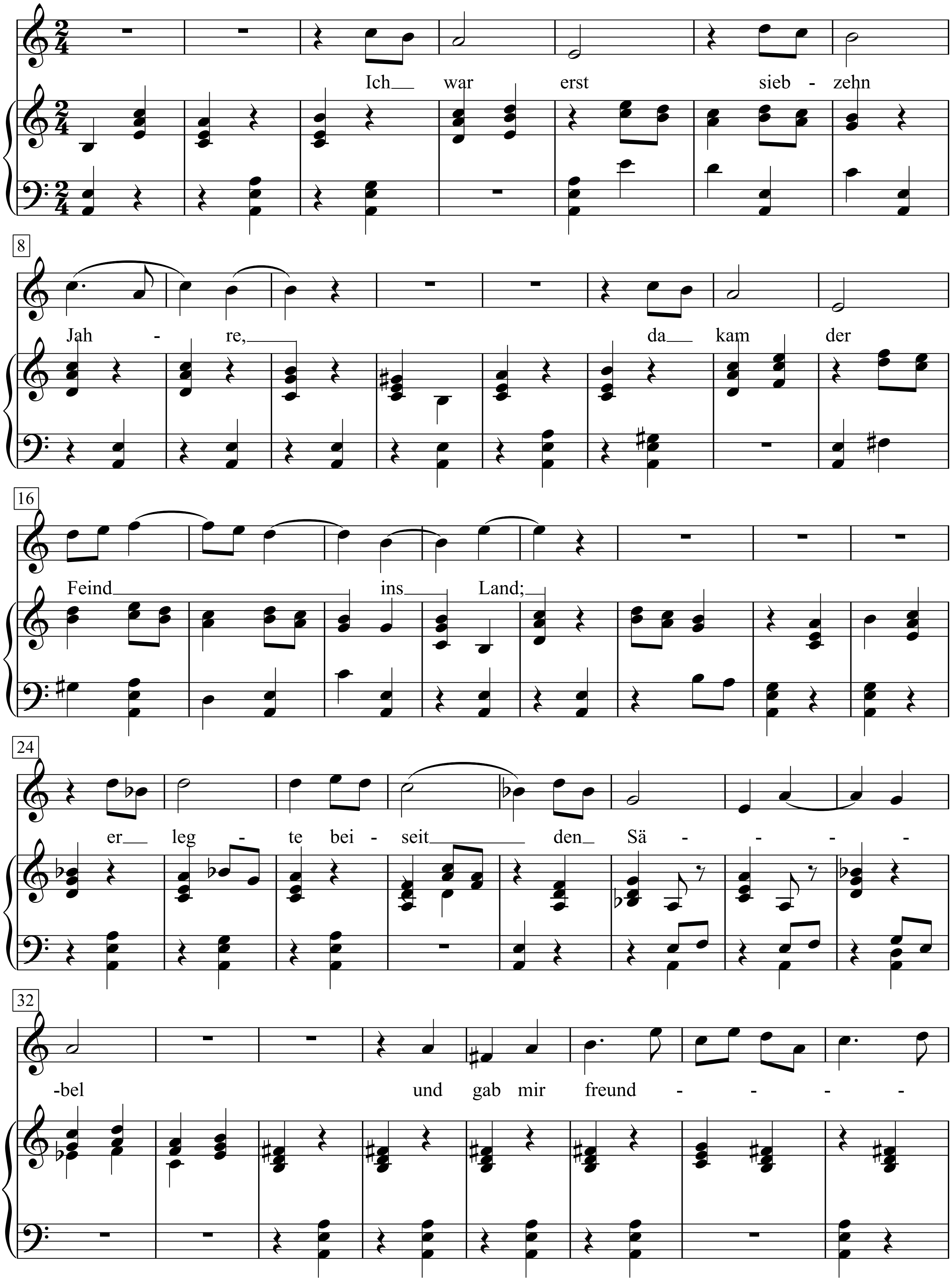

59
van - cen zu ma-chen, da dach-te ich,“Ver-dammt, wie er - klär’ ich dem bloß, dass
62
ich nun mal nicht auf klei-ne Män-ner steh‘. Dass klei-ne Män-ner mir nun-mal nicht
65
groß ge-nug sind.”Doch wäh-rend ich es sag - te, schwan-den mir die Sin-ne. Schon
68
ei-ne Stun-de spä ter war ich vor Lie-be blind. Noch am sel-ben A-bend küss ten wir uns. Mir

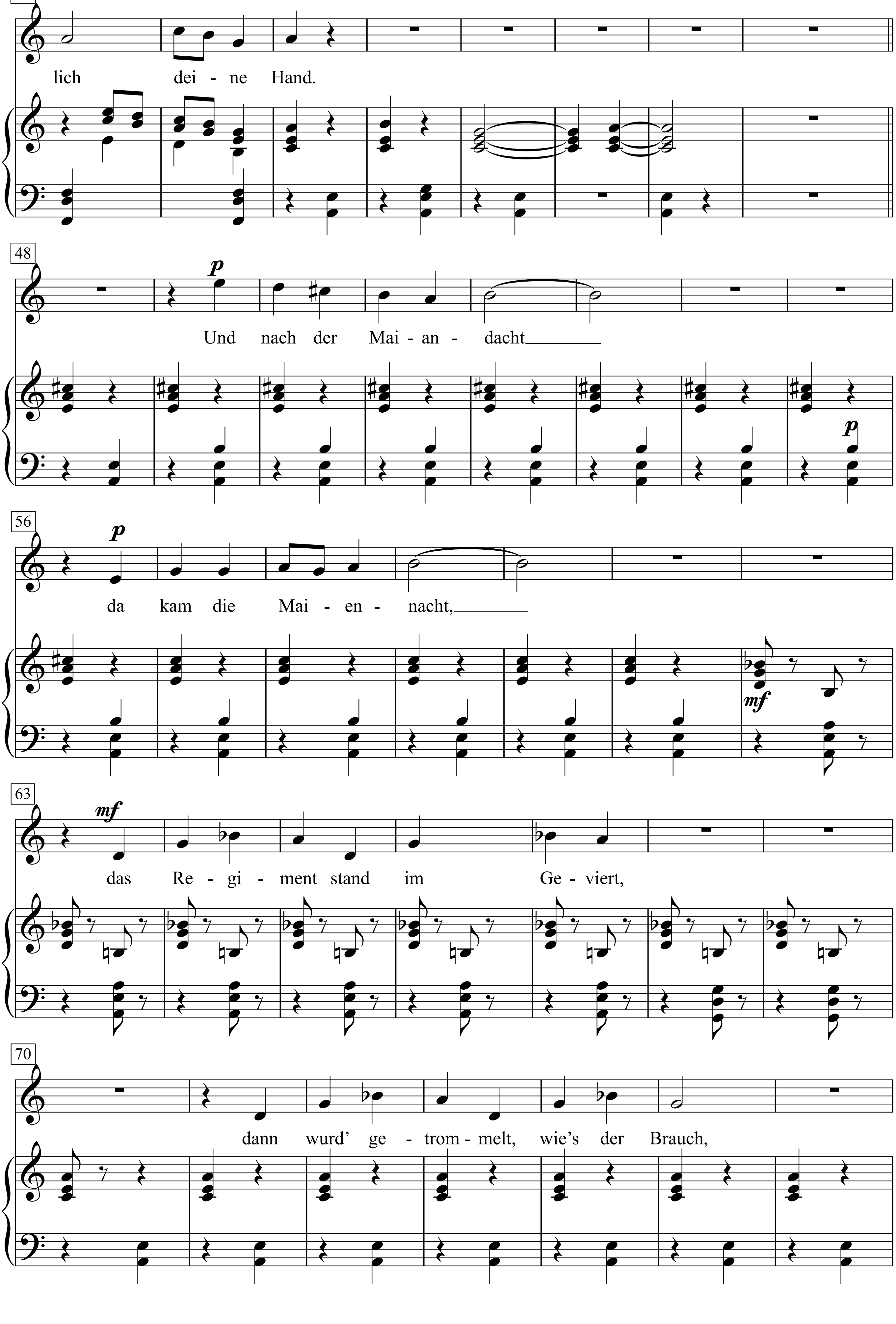

72
kam das al - les rich - tig spa - nisch vor. Ich beug - te mich ver - stört zu ihm hi -
dann -
75
nun - ter und ver - nahm das klei - ne Lied an mei - nem Ohr: Ich bin so
3
Ped.
rit.
78
Bür - ger - steig in Kauf!
p
80
3
pp

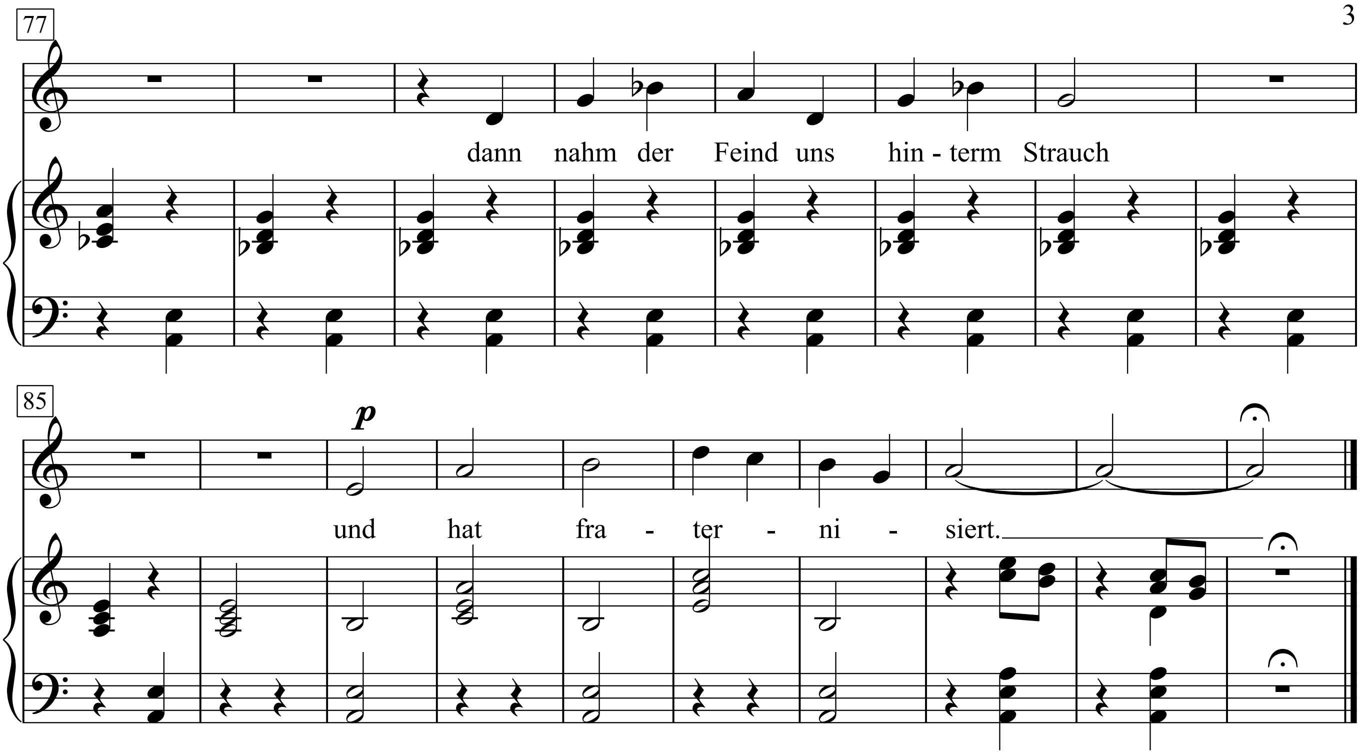
Lied vom Fraternisieren

Bertolt Brecht

Paul Dessau




40
lich dei - ne Hand.
48
p
Und nach der Mai - an - dacht
p
56
p
da kam die Mai - en - nacht,
mf
63
mf
das Re - gi - ment stand im Ge - viert,
70
dann wurd' ge - trom - melt, wie's der Brauch,



Ich war erst siebzehn Jahre,
Da kam der Feind ins Land.
Er legte beiseit den Säbel
Und gab mir freundlich deine Hand.

Und nach der Maiandacht
Da kam die Maiennacht.
Das Regiment stand im Geviert,
Dann wurd getrommelt wie's der Brauch,
Dann nahm der Feind uns hintern Strauch
Und hat fraternisiert.

Da waren viele Feinde
Und mein Feind war ein Koch.
Ich hasste ihn bei Tage
Und nachts, da liebte ich ihn doch.

Und nach der Maiandacht
Da kommt die Maiennacht.
Das Regiment steht im Geviert,
Dann wird getrommelt wie's der Brauch,
Dann nimmt der Feind uns hintern Strauch
Und 's wird fraternisiert.

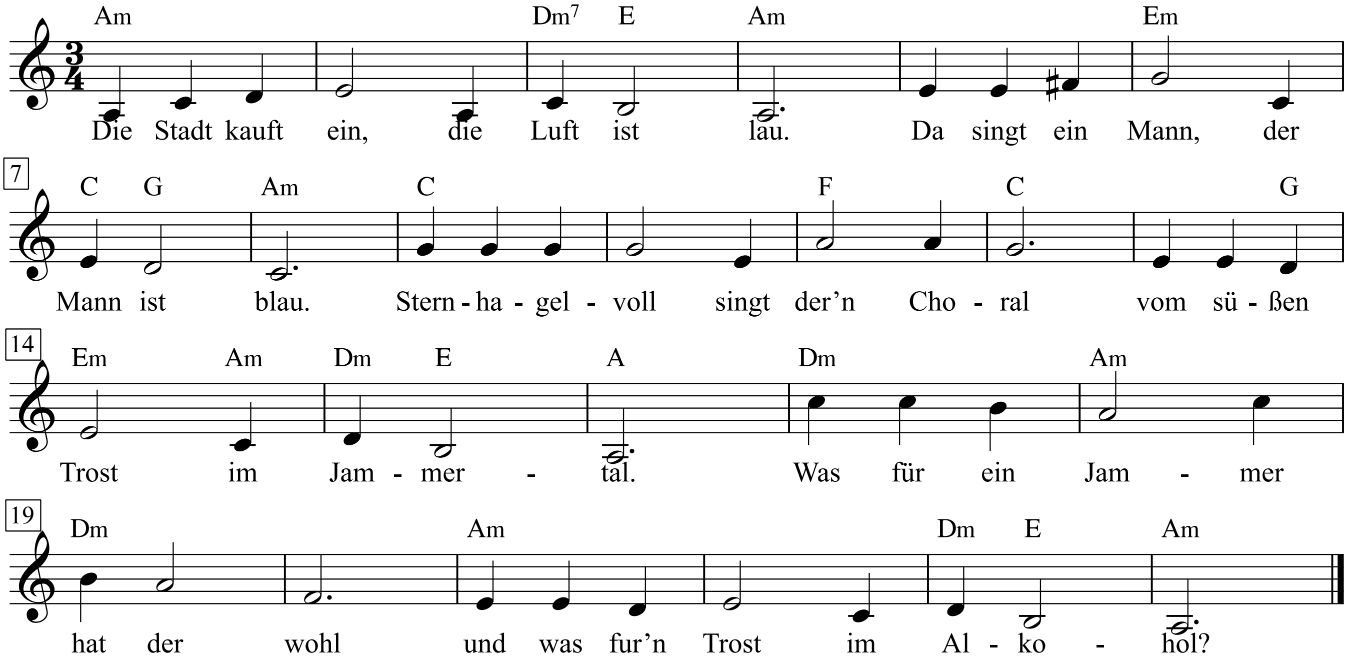
Die Liebe, die ich spürte,
War eine Himmelsmacht.
Meine Leut habens nicht begriffen
Dass ich ihn lieb und nicht veracht.

In einer trüben Früh
Begann mein Qual und Müh.
Das Regiment stand im Geviert,
Dann wurd getrommelt wie's der Brauch,
Dann ist der Feind, mein Liebster auch
Aus unsrer Stadt marschiert.

Lied vom leistungsgerechten Tod

Text: Walter Mossmann

Lied aus dem 17. Jahrhundert:
O Heiland reiß den Himmel auf



1. Die Stadt kauft ein, die Luft ist lau.
Da singt ein Mann, der Mann ist blau.
Sternhagelvoll singt der 'n Choral
vom süßen Trost im Jammertal.
Was für ein Jammer hat der wohl
und was fur'n Trost im Alkohol?

2. Die Leute schaun zum Münster noch,
der Mann pfeift aus dem letzten Loch.
Die Wermutflasche in der Hand
steht der zum Abschuss an der Wand.
Der fiel doch so vom Himmel nicht,
der war doch mal mit mir auf Schicht.

3. Der war so krumm wie ich und du
auf Arbeit ohne Lust und Ruh.
Dann arbeitslos, das alte Lied:
Die Krise bricht das schwächste Glied.
Verschlossen war ihm Tür und Tor,
im Winterschnee stand er davor.

4. Dann nach paar Monat Arbeitsamt
ist er nicht mehr ins Amt gerannt.
Er war nicht clever, und auch alt,
und roch nach Schnaps, ihm war so kalt.
Der Frühling kam, die Erd schlug aus,
da war er reif fürs Arbeitshaus.

5. Erst im Akkord ein armes Schwein,
dann aufm Müll, mit Stempelschein,
dann bloß noch die .soziale Last':
Hier mal ein Bruch und dort im Knast.
Wo bleibst du, Trost der ganzen Welt,
wenn einer so zu Boden fällt?

6. Der Bischof glänzt im Goldornat,
die Kirche küsst den Vater Staat.
„Der Aufschwung kommt! Es werde Licht!"
Sagt uns ein Fernseh-Grinsgesicht.
So wollen wir all danken dir
unserm Erlöser für und für.

7. Die Stadt kauft ein, die Luft ist lau.
Da fällt ein Mensch, der Mensch ist blau.
Die Leute gehen schnell vorbei
und denken fromm an Polizei.
Da leidet einer große Not,
vor Augen steht der kalte Tod.

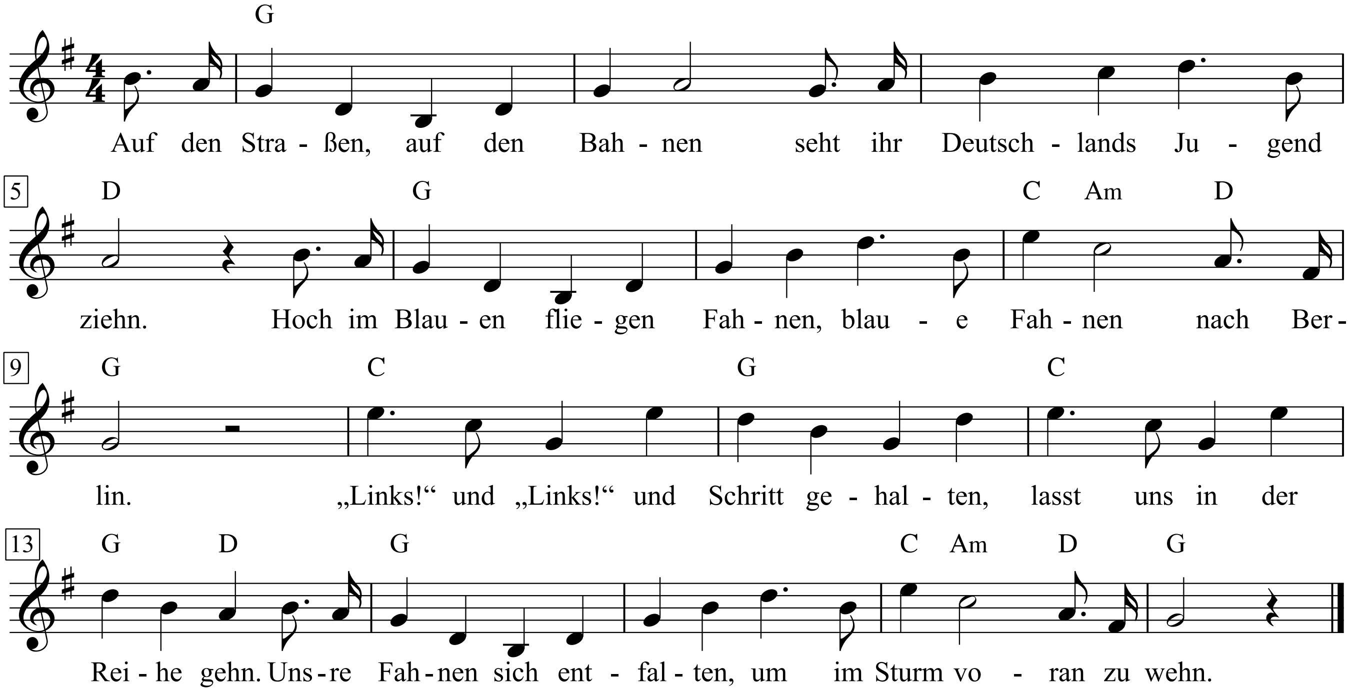
8. Es stirbt sich schnell in diesem Staat,
wo jeder seine Chance hat:
Wenn oben einer arriviert,
dann bloß, weil unten wer krepiert.
Ihr Wolken, brecht und kotzt euch aus
aufs Gottes- und aufs Herrenhaus.

Aus: Beiheft zur Langspielplatte „Neue Flugblatt-Lieder", Verlag Unsere Stimme, Trikont, München.
Mit freundlicher Genehmigung des Autors

Lied von der blauen Fahne

Johannes R. Becher

Hanns Eisler



1. Auf den Straßen, auf den Bahnen
seht ihr Deutschlands Jugend ziehn.
Hoch im Blauen fliegen Fahnen,
blaue Fahnen nach Berlin.
„Links!“ und „Links!“ und Schritt gehalten,
lasst uns in der Reihe gehn.
Unsre Fahnen sich entfalten,
um im Sturm voran zu wehn.

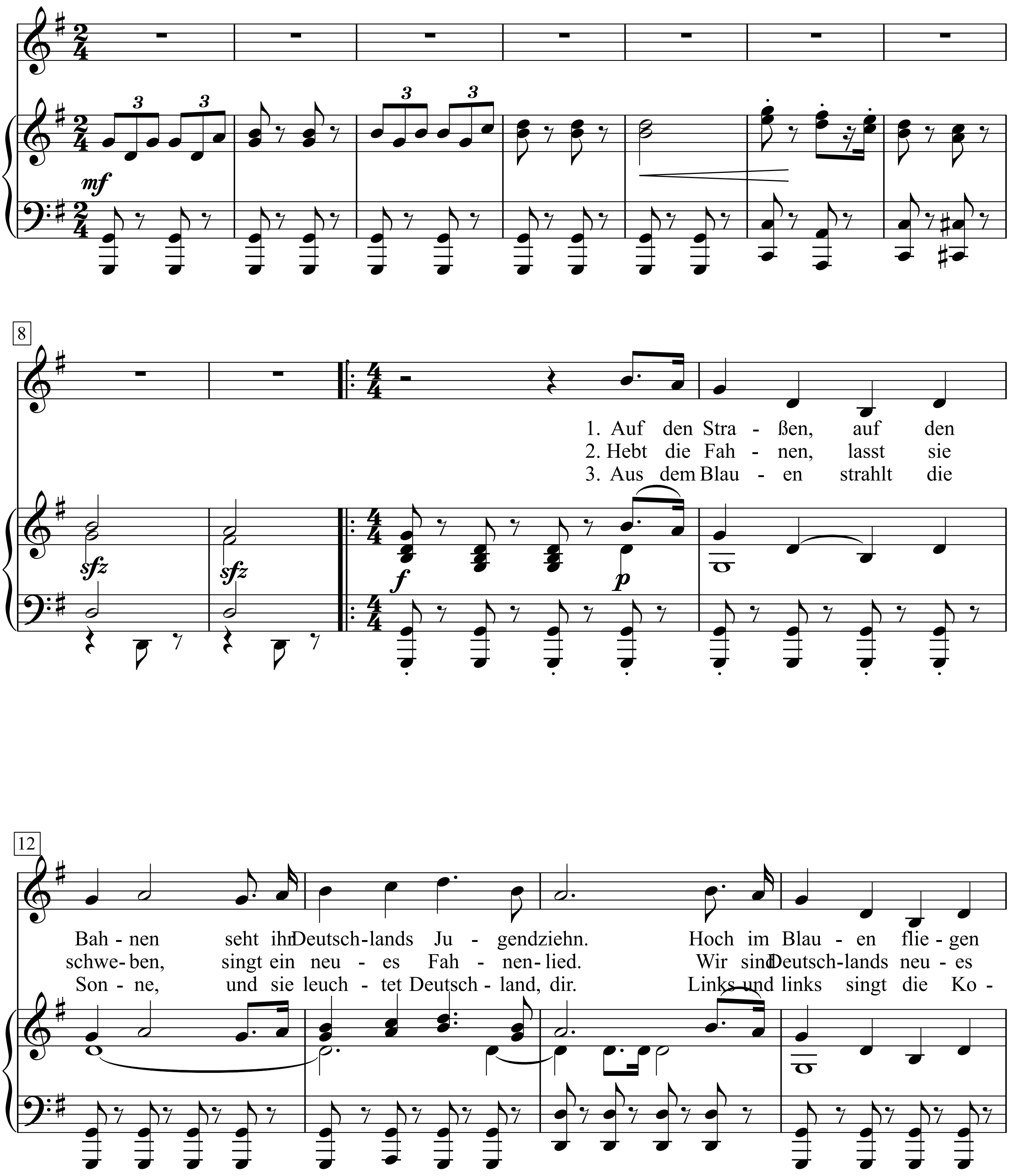
2. Hebt die Fahnen, lasst sie schweben,
singt ein neues Fahnenlied.
Wir sind Deutschlands neues Leben,
und der Friede mit uns zieht.
Macht des Friedens, du wirst siegen,
ziehst in alle Herzen ein.
Blaue Fahnen werden fliegen
hoch im blauen Himmelsschein.

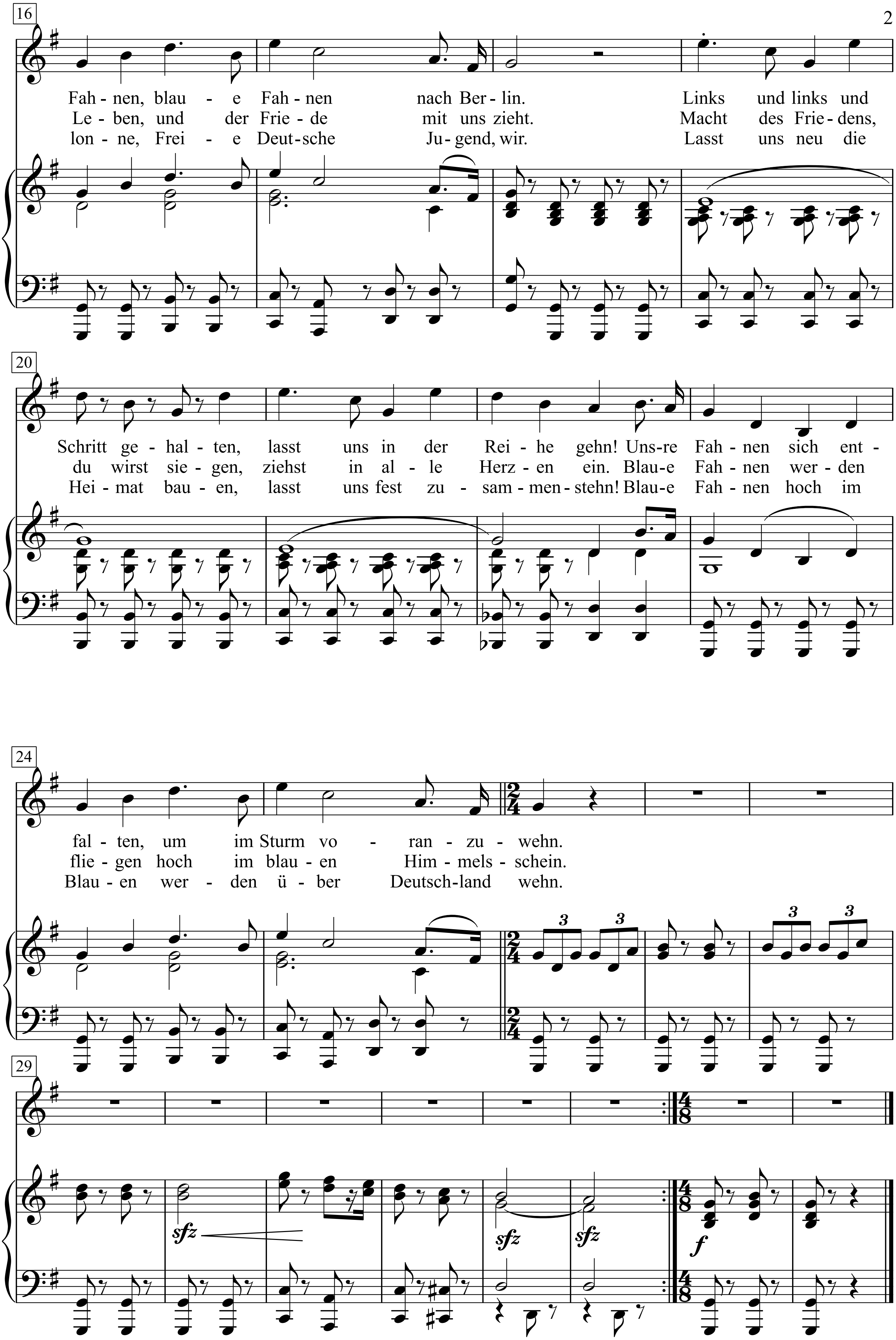
3. Aus dem Blauen strahlt die Sonne,
und sie leuchtet Deutschland, dir.
„Links!“ und „Links!“ singt die Kolonne,
Freie Deutsche Jugend, wir.
Lasst uns neu die Heimat bauen,
lasst uns fest zusammenstehn.
Blaue Fahnen hoch im Blauen
werden über Deutschland wehn.

Johannes R. Becher

Lied von der blauen Fahne

Hanns Eisler




16
Fah - nen, blau - e Fah - nen nach Ber - lin. Links und links und
Le - ben, und der Frie - de mit uns zieht. Macht des Frie - dens,
lon - ne, Frei - e Deut - sche Ju - gend, wir. Lasst uns neu die
20
Schritt ge - hal - ten, lasst uns in der Rei - he gehn! Uns - re Fah - nen sich ent -
du wirst sie - gen, ziehst in al - le Herz - en ein. Blau - e Fah - nen wer - den
Hei - mat bau - en, lasst uns fest zu - sam - men - stehn! Blau - e Fah - nen hoch im
24
fal - ten, um im Sturm vo - ran - zu - wehn.
flie - gen hoch im blau - en Him - mels - schein.
Blau - en wer - den ü - ber Deutsch - land wehn.
29
sfz
sfz
sfz
f

1. Auf den Straßen, auf den Bahnen
seht ihr Deutschlands Jugend ziehn.
Hoch im Blauen fliegen Fahnen,
blaue Fahnen nach Berlin.
Links und links und Schritt gehalten,
lasst uns in der Reihe gehn!
Unsre Fahnen sich entfalten,
um im Sturm voranzuwehn.

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singt ein neues Fahnenlied.
Wir sind Deutschlands neues Leben,
und der Friede mit uns zieht.
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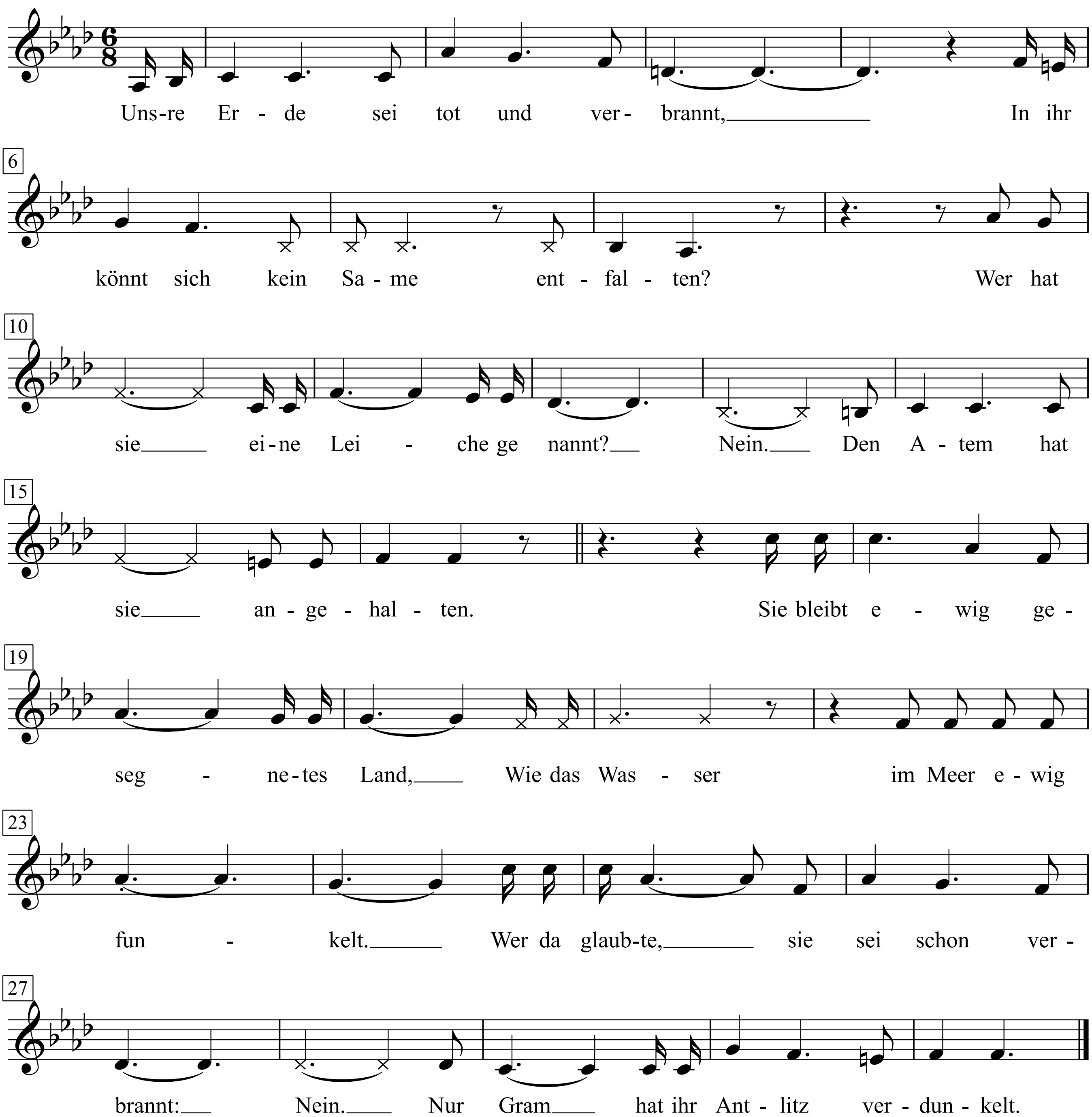
ziehst in alle Herzen ein.
Blaue Fahnen werden fliegen
hoch im blauen Himmelsschein.

3. Aus dem Blauen strahlt die Sonne,
und sie leuchtet Deutschland, dir.
Links und links singt die Kolonne,
Freie Deutsche Jugend, wir.
Lasst uns neu die Heimat bauen,
lasst uns fest zusammenstehn!
Blaue Fahnen hoch im Blauen
werden über Deutschland wehn.

Lied von der Erde - Песня о земле

deutsche Nachdichtung: Reinhold Andert

Text & Musik: Wladimir Wyssozki
(1969)

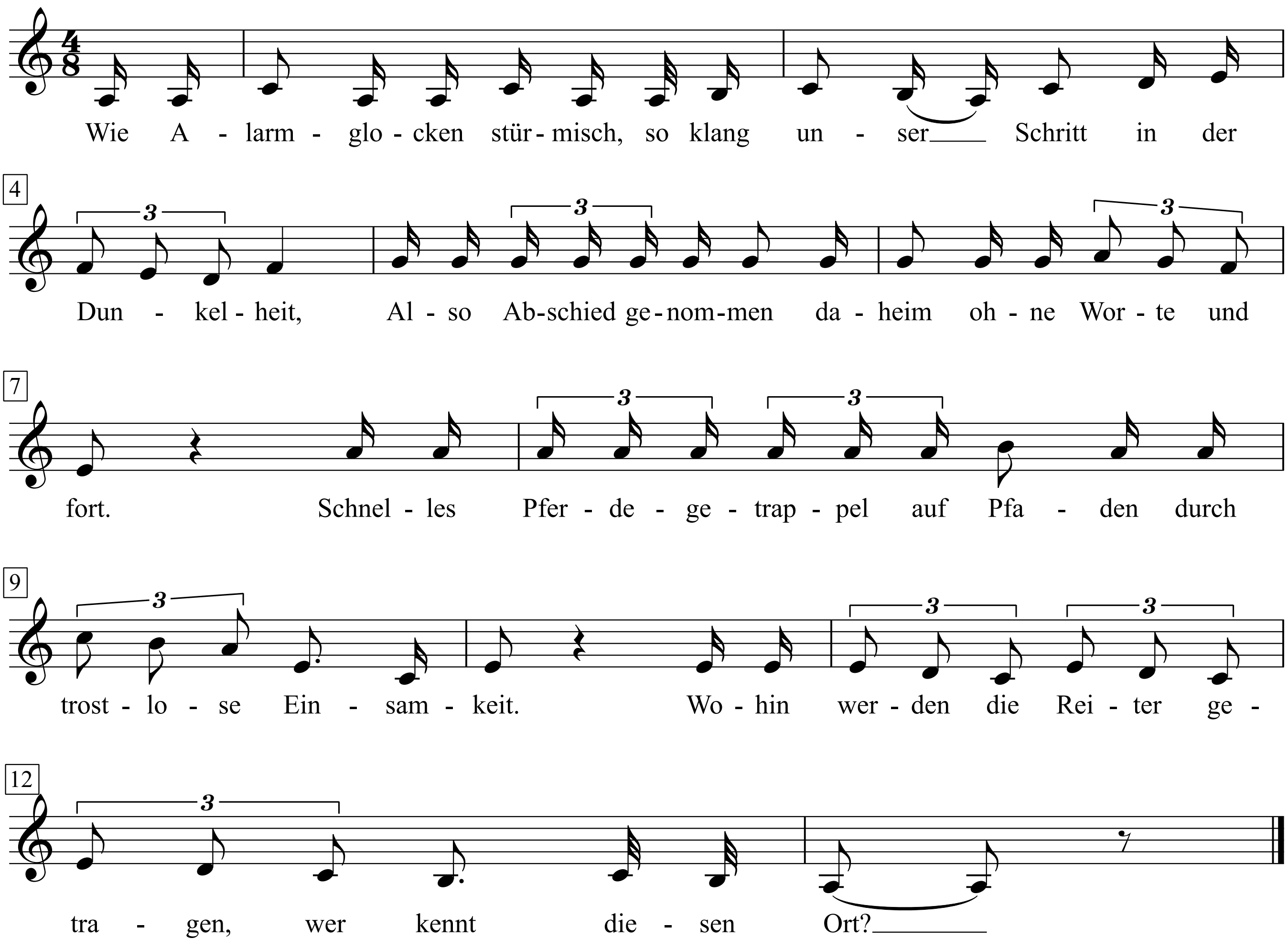


1. Кто сказал: - Всё сгорело дотла, Больше в землю не бросите семя! Кто сказал, что земля умерла? Нет - она затаилась на время!	1. Unsre Erde sei tot und verbrannt, In ihr könnt sich kein Same entfalten? Wer hat sie eine Leiche genannt? Nein. Den Atem hat sie angehalten.
2. Материнства не взять у земли, Не отнять, как не вычерпать моря Кто поверил, что землю сожгли? Нет - она почернела от горя.	2. Sie bleibt ewig gesegnetes Land, Wie das Wasser im Meer ewig funkelt. Wer da glaubte, sie sei schon verbrannt: Nein. Nur Gram hat ihr Antlitz verdunkelt.
3. Как разрезы траншеи легли, И воронки, как раны, зияют. Обнажённые нервы земли Неземное страдание знают.	3. In ihr Fleisch wurden Gräben gehackt, Und Granaten versetzten ihr Wunden, Ihre Nerven, sie liegen jetzt nackt, Hat unsäglichen Schmerz schon empfunden.
4. Она вынесет всё, переждёт, Не записывай землю в калеки! Кто сказал, что земля не поёт, Что она замолчала навеки?	4. Sie erträgt alles, was man ihr bringt, Ist kein Krüppel, will sich nicht vermummen. Wer sagt uns, dass die Erde nicht singt, Sie müsst immer und ewig verstummen?
5. Нет! Звенит она, стоны глуша, Изо всех своих ран, из отдушин, Ведь земля - это наша душа! Сапогами не вытоптать душу!	5. Unterdrückt hat sie Jammern und Schrein, Hör sie klingen aus Löchern und Wunden, Ihre Seele, lebendig und rein, Ist zertrampelt, doch nicht überwunden.
Кто сказал, что земля умерла? Нет! Она затаилась на время ...	Unsre Erde sei tot und verbrannt? Nein. Den Atem hat sie angehalten.

Lied von der neuen Zeit - Песня о новом времени

deutsche Nachdichtung: Reinhold Andert

Text & Musik: Wladimir Wyssozki
(1967)



Wie Alarmglocken stürmisch, so klang unser Schritt in der Dunkelheit,
Also Abschied genommen daheim ohne Worte und fort.
Schnelles Pferdegetrappel auf Pfaden durch trostlose Einsamkeit.
Wohin werden die Reiter getragen, wer kennt diesen Ort?

Nicht viel leichter, nur anders ist heute die Suche nach Lebensglück!
Jagen nach ihm beständig in unsrer bemessenen Frist.
Wir verlieren die Freunde, denn niemand von uns schaut doch gern zurück,
Merken nicht, dass so mancher Freund schon nicht mehr unter uns ist.

Lange noch werden flackernde Lichter gehalten für Häuserbrand,
Knarren Stiefel, dann denkt man noch immer, dass bald einer weint,
Es gibt Kinderkriegsspiele, die werden mit Namen wie einst benannt.
Lang noch teilen wir Menschen in Unsrige oder den Feind.

Wenn die Brände gelöscht und die Tränen versiegt, sich gelegt der Sturm,
Wenn die Pferde dann unter uns müde geworden beim Ritt,
Und wenn endlich dein Mädchen ein Kleid anzieht statt einer Uniform:
Nichts vergessen, verziehen, verloren gar, was einer litt.

Как призывный набат прозвучали в ночи тяжело шаги,
Значит, скоро и нам уходить и прощаться без слов.
По нехоженным тропам протопали лошади, лошади,
Неизвестно к какому концу унося седоков.

Наше время иное, лихое, но счастье, как встарь, ищи!
И в погоню летим мы за ним, убегающим, вслед.
Только вот в этой скачке теряем мы лучших товарищей,
На скаку не заметив, что рядом товарищей нет.

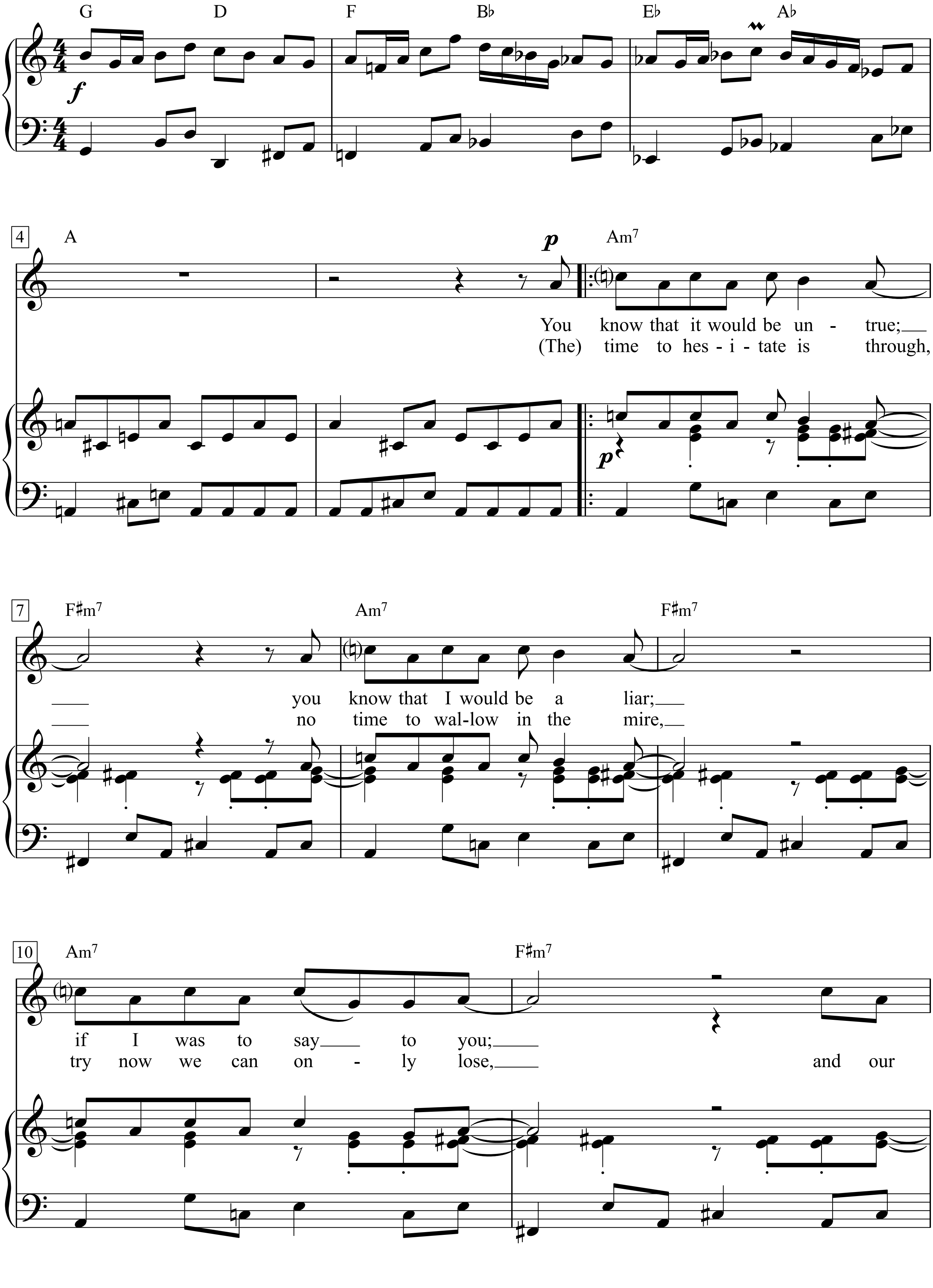
И ешё будем долго огни принимать за пожары мы,
Будет долго зловещим казаться нам скрип сапогов.
Про войну будут детские игры с названьями старыми,
И людей будем долго делить на своих и врагов.

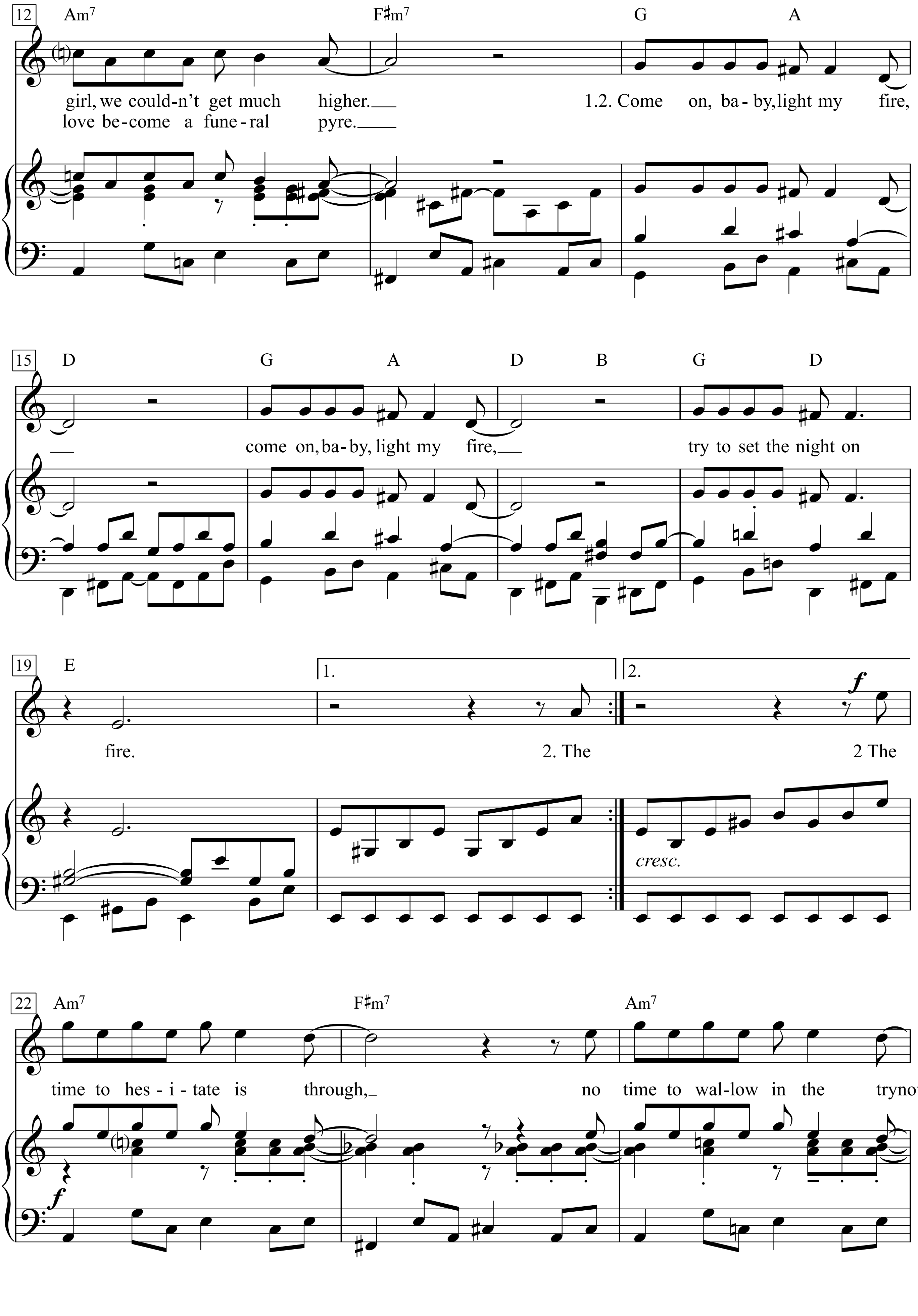
А когда отгрохочет, когда отгорит и отплачется,
И когда наши кони устанут под нами скакать,
И когда наши девушки сменят шинели на платьица,
Не забыть бы тогда, не простить бы и не потерять ...

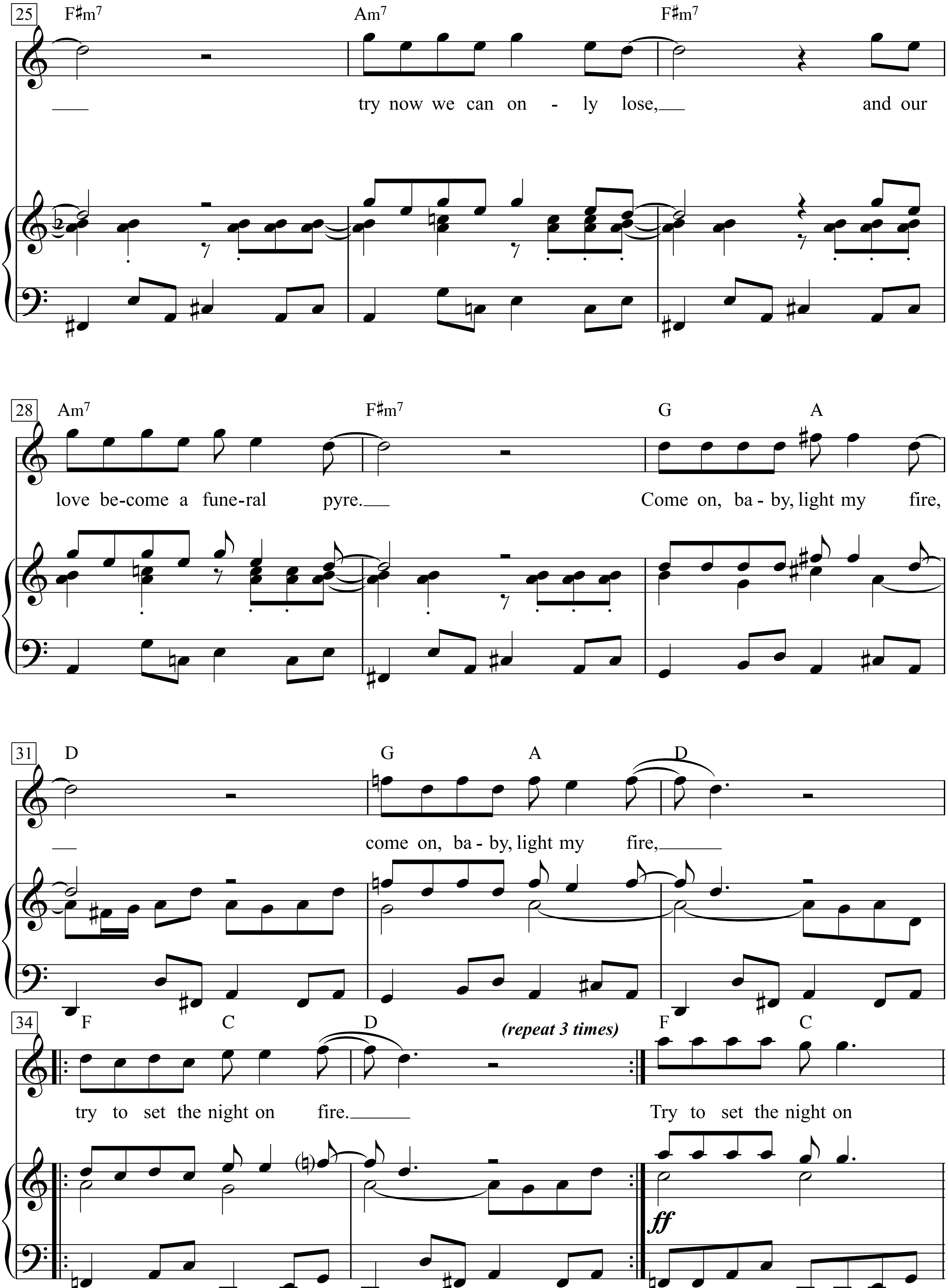
Light My Fire

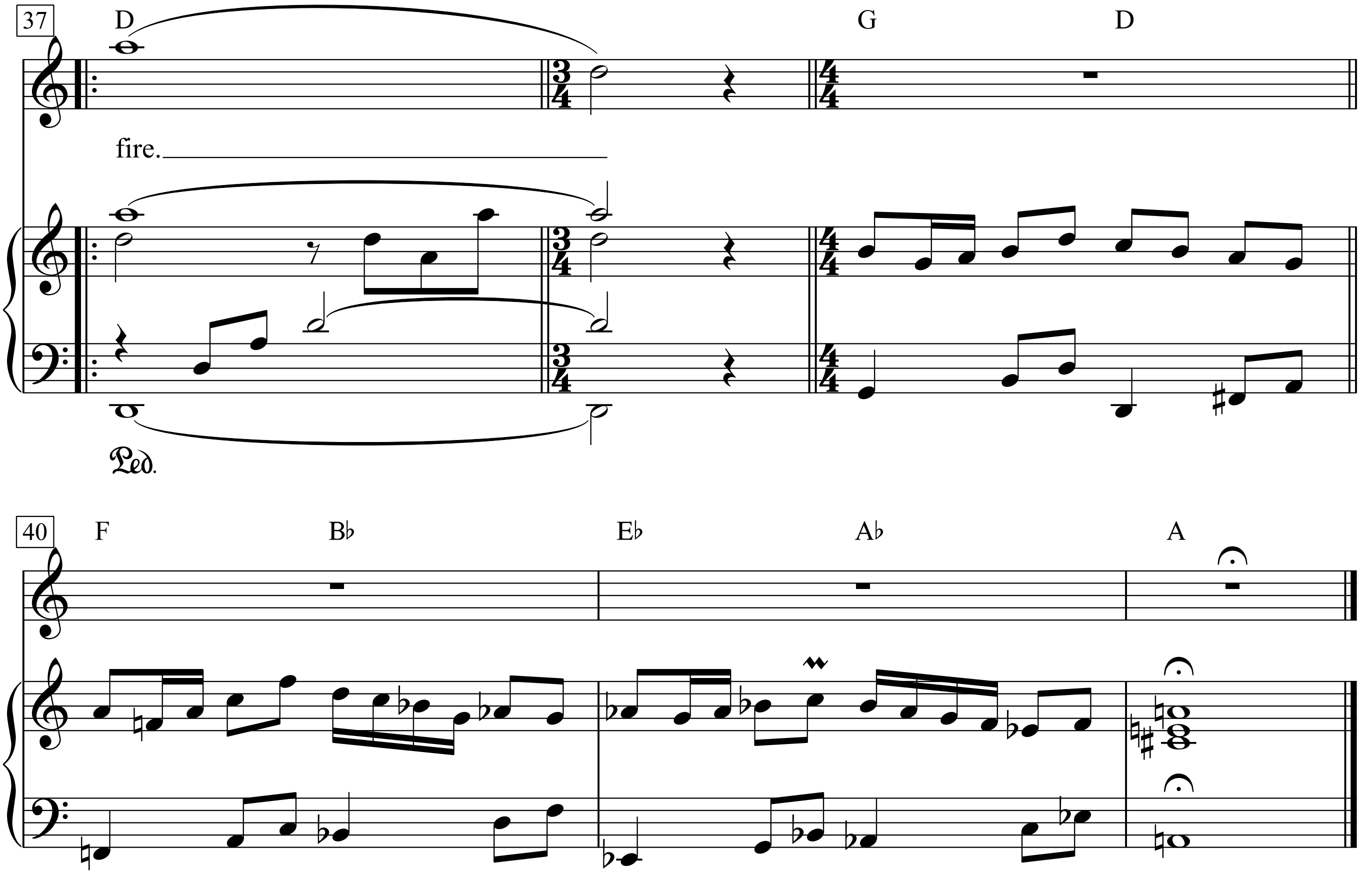
With a beat

Words & Music by The Doors
(The Doors)




12
Am7
F♯m7
G
A
girl, we could-n't get much higher.
love be-come a fune-ral pyre.
1.2. Come on, ba-by, light my fire,
15
D
G
A
D
B
G
D
come on, ba-by, light my fire,
try to set the night on
19
E
1.
2.
f
fire.
2. The
2 The
cresc.
22
Am7
F♯m7
Am7
time to hes-i-tate is through,
no time to wal-low in the
trynow
f


25
F♯m7
Am7
F♯m7
try now we can on - ly lose,
and our
28
Am7
F♯m7
G
A
love be-come a fune-ral pyre.
Come on, ba - by, light my fire,
31
D
G
A
D
come on, ba - by, light my fire,
34
F
C
D
(repeat 3 times)
F
C
try to set the night on fire.
Try to set the night on
ff



1. You know that it would be untrue;
you know that I would be a liar;
if I was to say to you;
girl, we couldn't get much higher.

Come on, baby, light my fire,
come on, baby, light my fire,
try to set the night on fire.

2. The time to hesitate is through,
no time to wallow in the mire,
try now we can only lose,
and our love become a funeral pyre.

Come on, baby, light my fire,
come on, baby, light my fire,
try to set the night on fire.

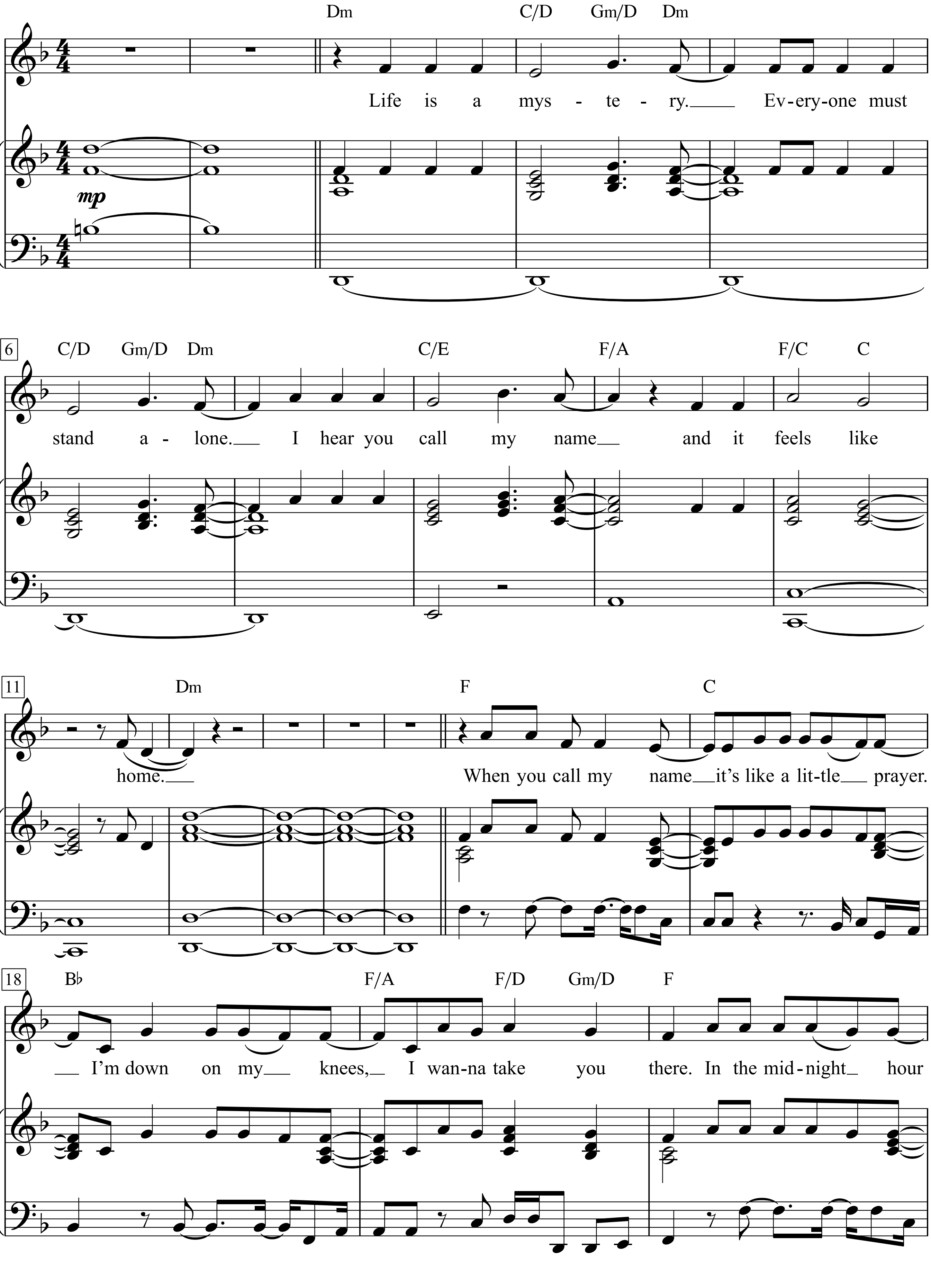
2. The time to hesitate is through,
no time to wallow in the mire,
try now we can only lose,
and our love become a funeral pyre.

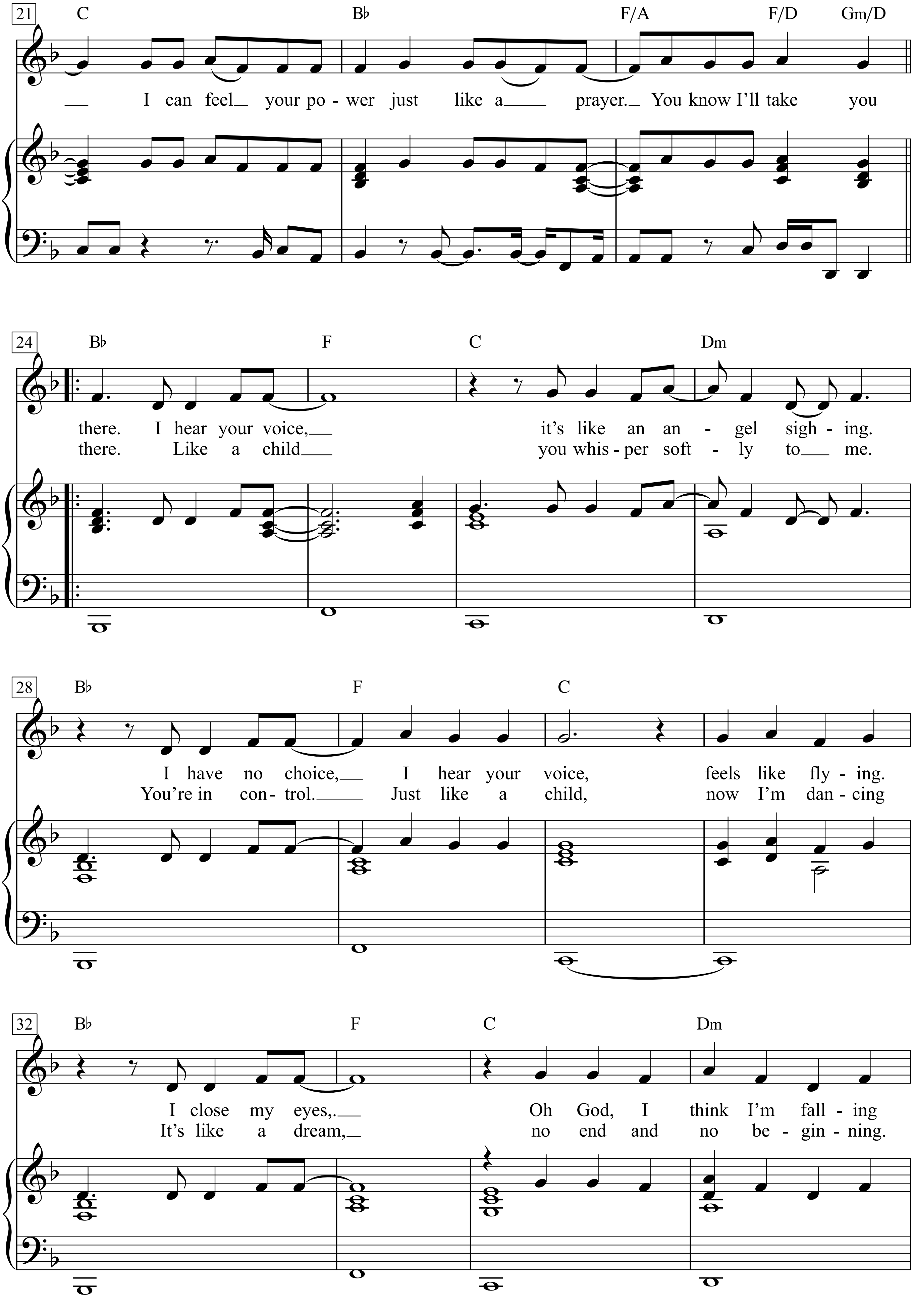
Come on, baby, light my fire,
come on, baby, light my fire,
try to set the night on fire.
Try to set the night on fire.

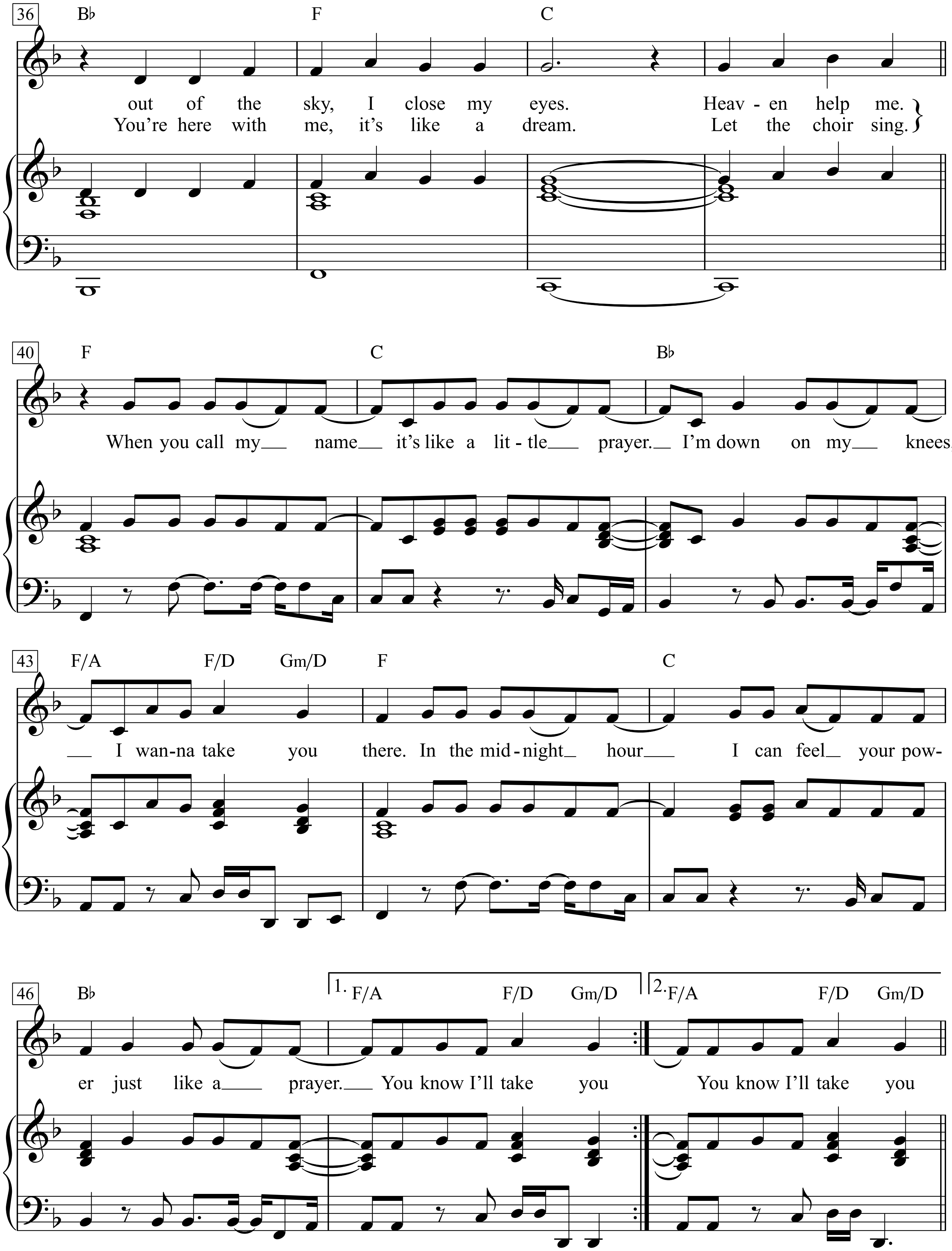
Like a Prayer

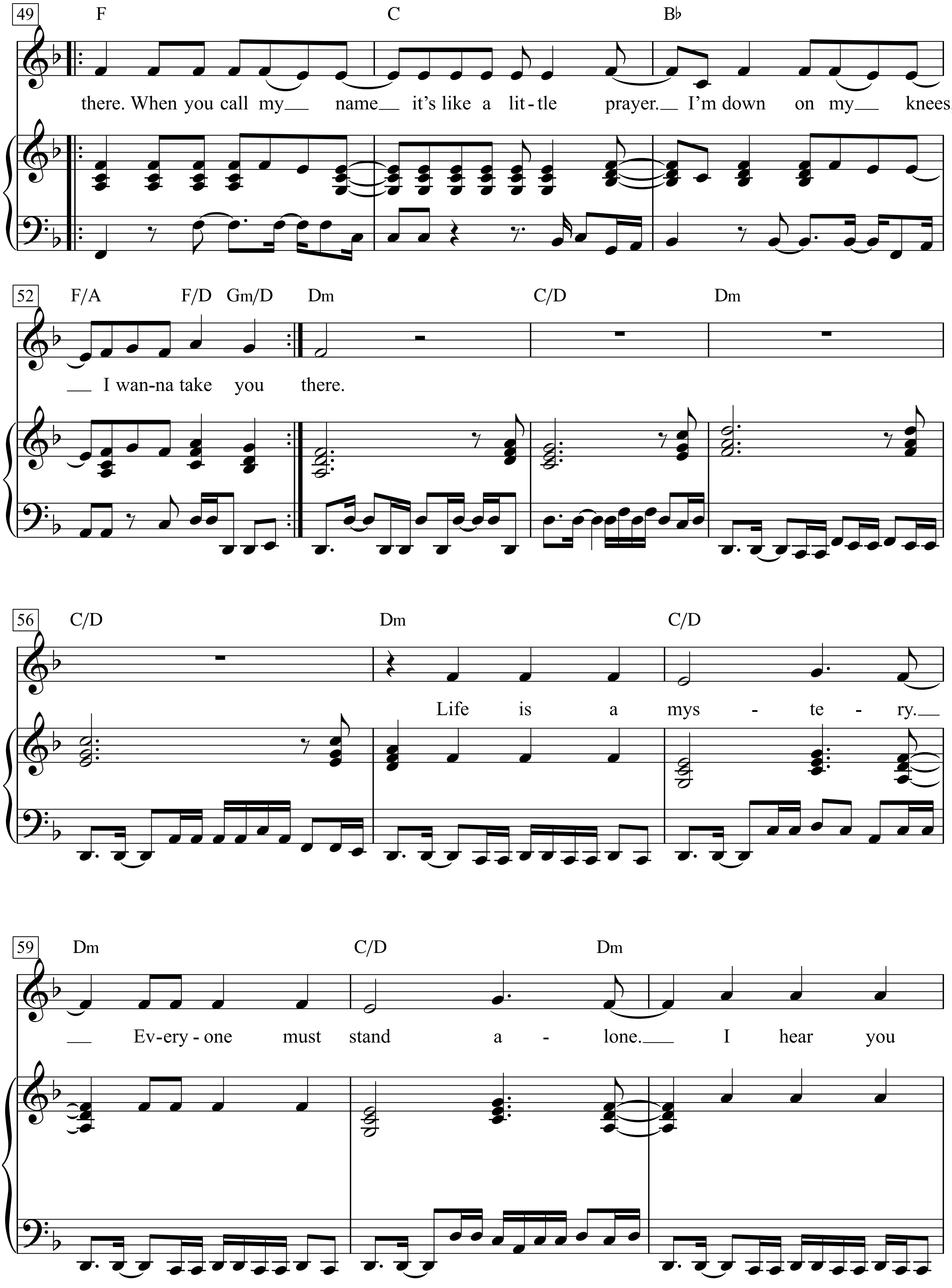
Words & Music by
Madonna Ciccone and Patrick Leonard
(Madonna)

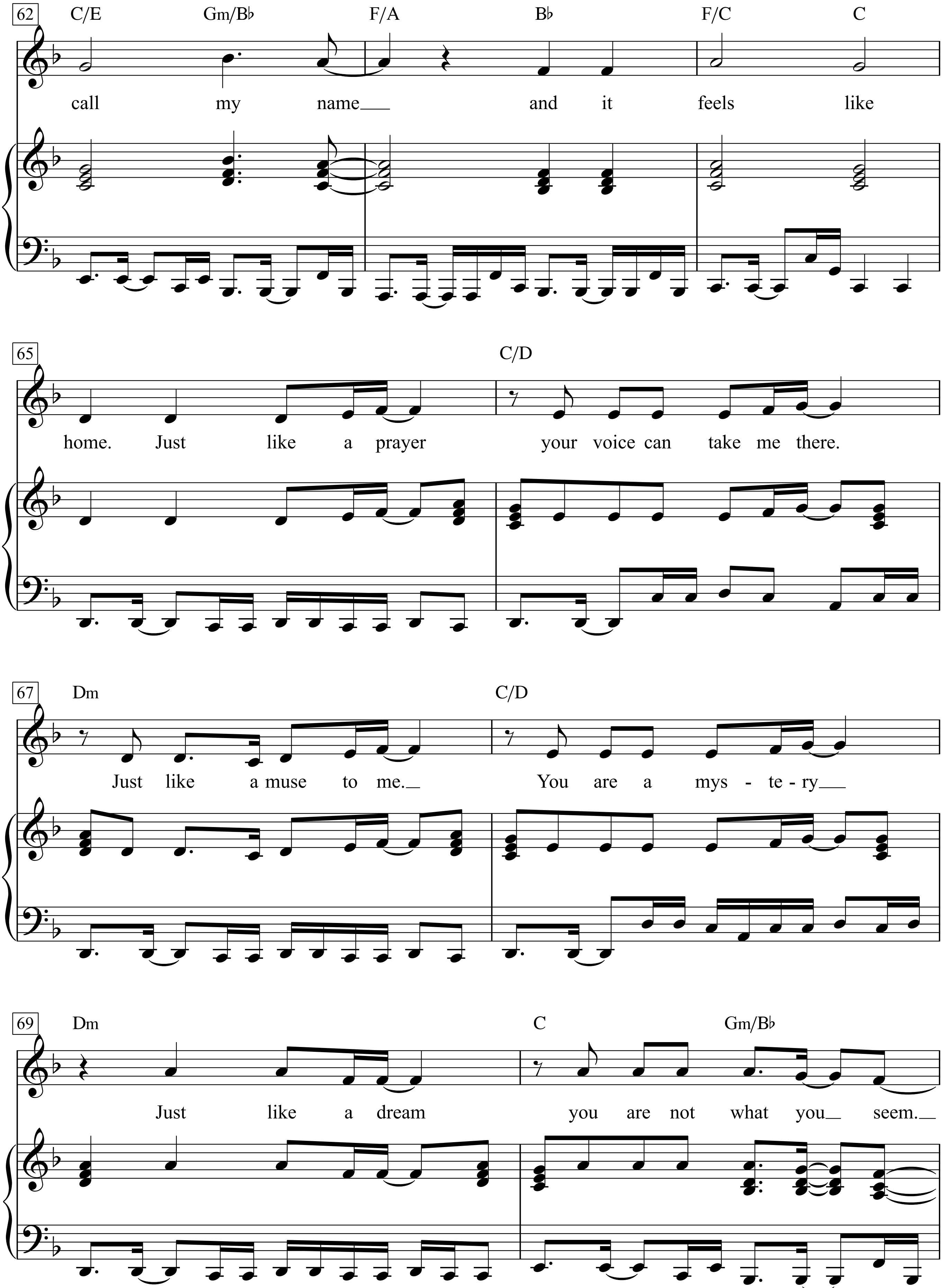
Medium Dance Groove

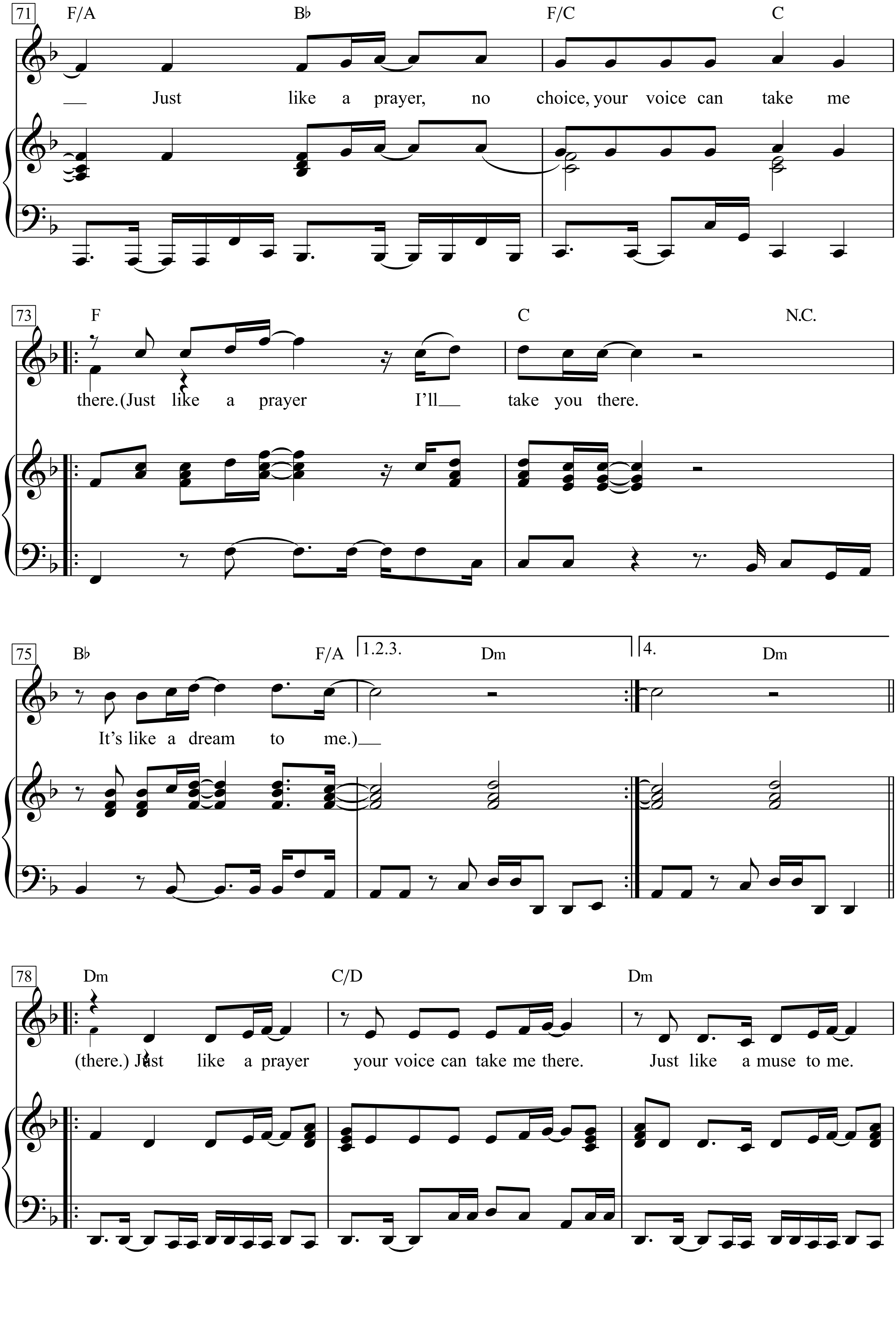


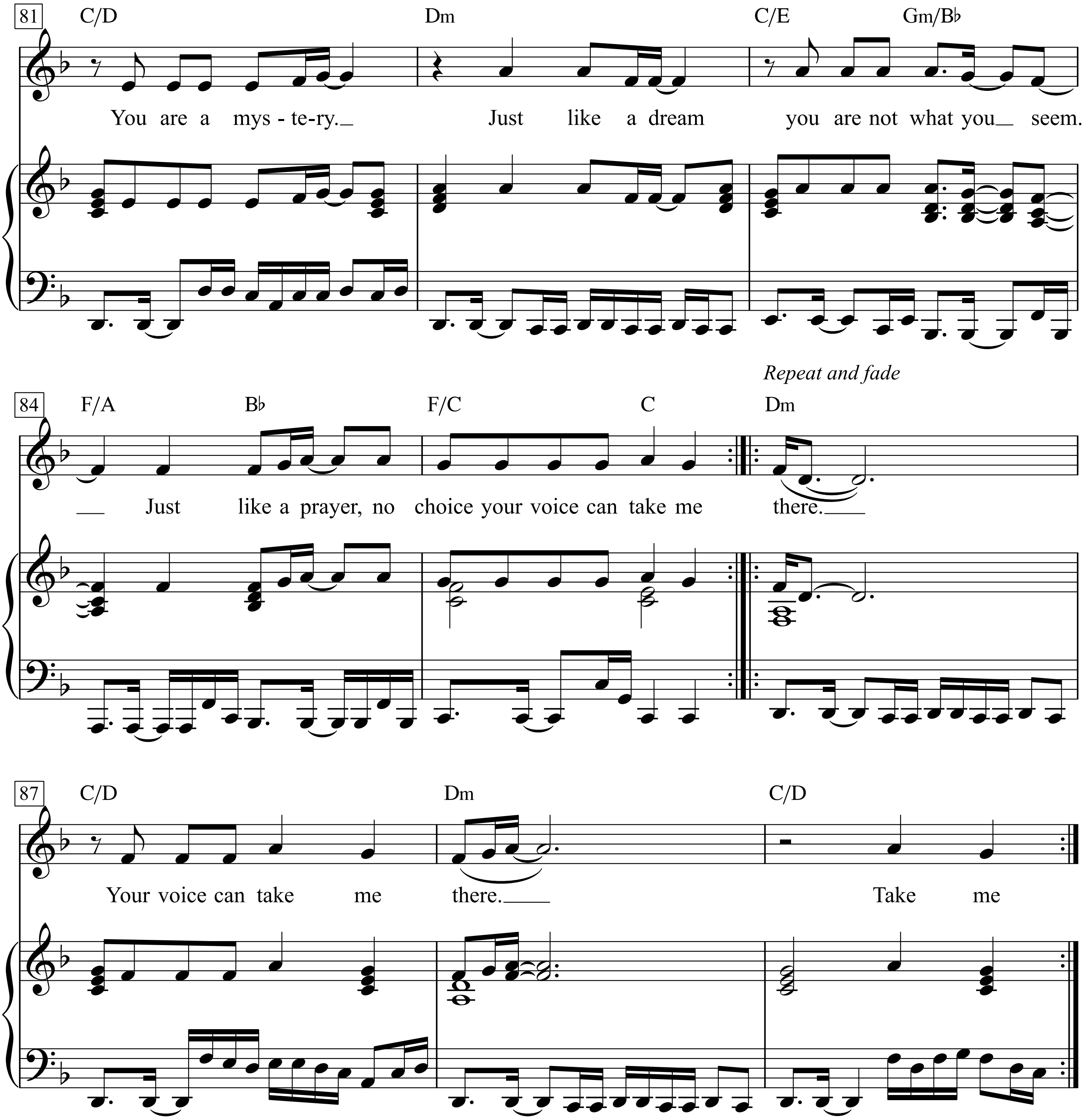

21
C Bb F/A F/D Gm/D
I can feel your po - wer just like a prayer. You know I'll take you
24
Bb F C Dm
there. I hear your voice, it's like an an - gel sigh - ing.
there. Like a child you whis - per soft - ly to me.
28
Bb F C
I have no choice, I hear your voice, feels like fly - ing.
You're in con - trol. Just like a child, now I'm dan - cing
32
Bb F C Dm
I close my eyes,. Oh God, I think I'm fall - ing
It's like a dream, no end and no be - gin - ning.


36
B♭ F C
out of the sky, I close my eyes. Heav - en help me.
You're here with me, it's like a dream. Let the choir sing.
40
F C B♭
When you call my name it's like a lit - tle prayer. I'm down on my knees,
43
F/A F/D Gm/D F C
I wan-na take you there. In the mid - night hour I can feel your pow-
46
B♭ 1. F/A F/D Gm/D 2. F/A F/D Gm/D
er just like a prayer. You know I'll take you You know I'll take you


49
F
C
B♭
there. When you call my name it's like a lit-tle prayer. I'm down on my knees,
52
F/A
F/D
Gm/D
Dm
C/D
Dm
I wan-na take you there.
56
C/D
Dm
C/D
Life is a mys-te-ry.
59
Dm
C/D
Dm
Ev-ery-one must stand a-lone. I hear you


62
C/E Gm/B♭ F/A B♭ F/C C
call my name___ and it feels like
65
C/D
home. Just like a prayer your voice can take me there.
67
Dm C/D
Just like a muse to me.__ You are a mys - te - ry___
69
Dm C Gm/B♭
Just like a dream you are not what you__ seem.__


71
F/A
B♭
F/C
C
__ Just like a prayer, no choice, your voice can take me
73
F
C
N.C.
there. (Just like a prayer I'll__ take you there.
75
B♭
F/A
1.2.3.
Dm
4.
Dm
It's like a dream to me.)__
78
Dm
C/D
Dm
(there.) Just like a prayer your voice can take me there. Just like a muse to me.

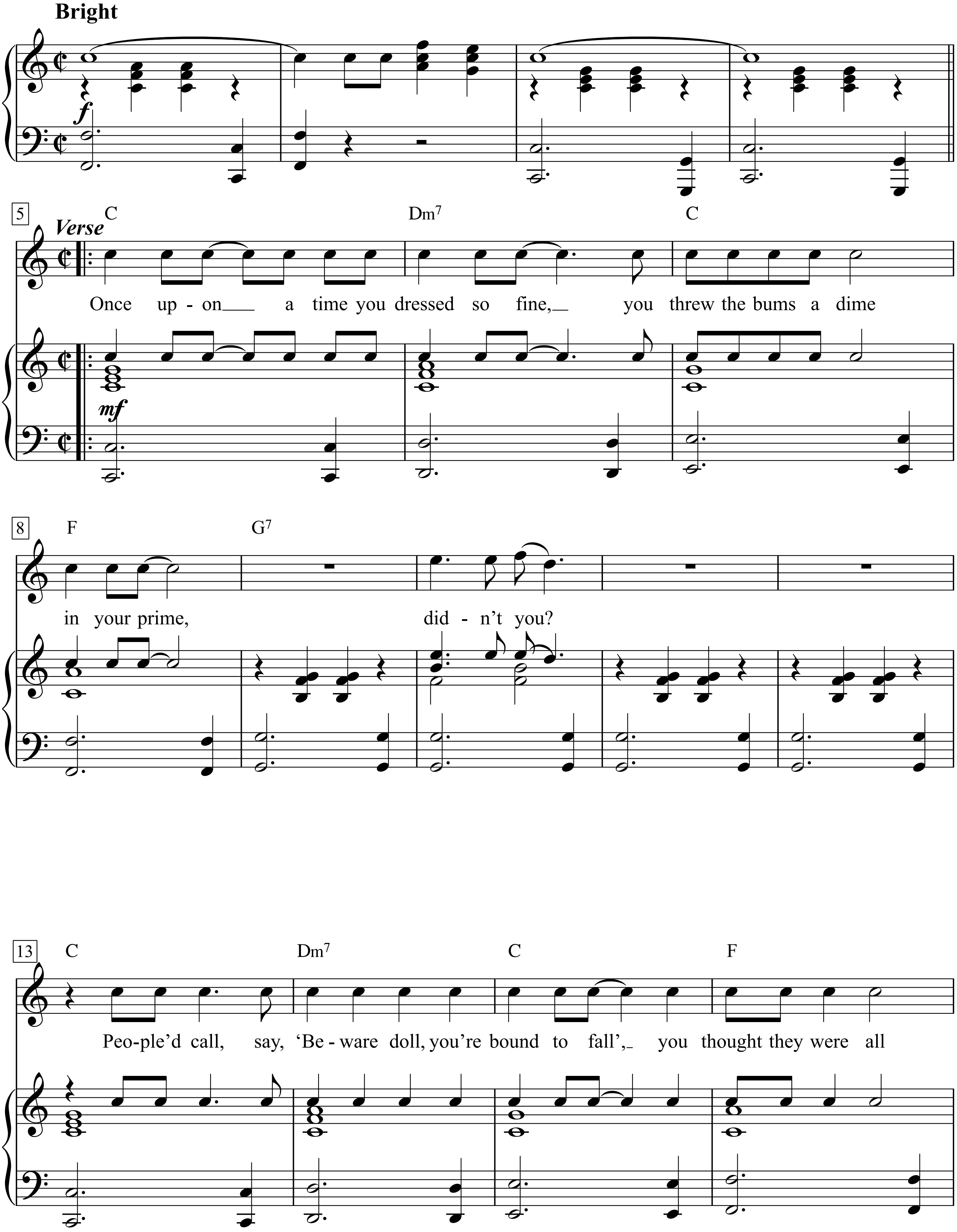

81
C/D
Dm
C/E
Gm/B♭
You are a mys - te-ry. Just like a dream you are not what you seem.
84
F/A
B♭
F/C
C
Repeat and fade
Dm
Just like a prayer, no choice your voice can take me there.
87
C/D
Dm
C/D
Your voice can take me there. Take me

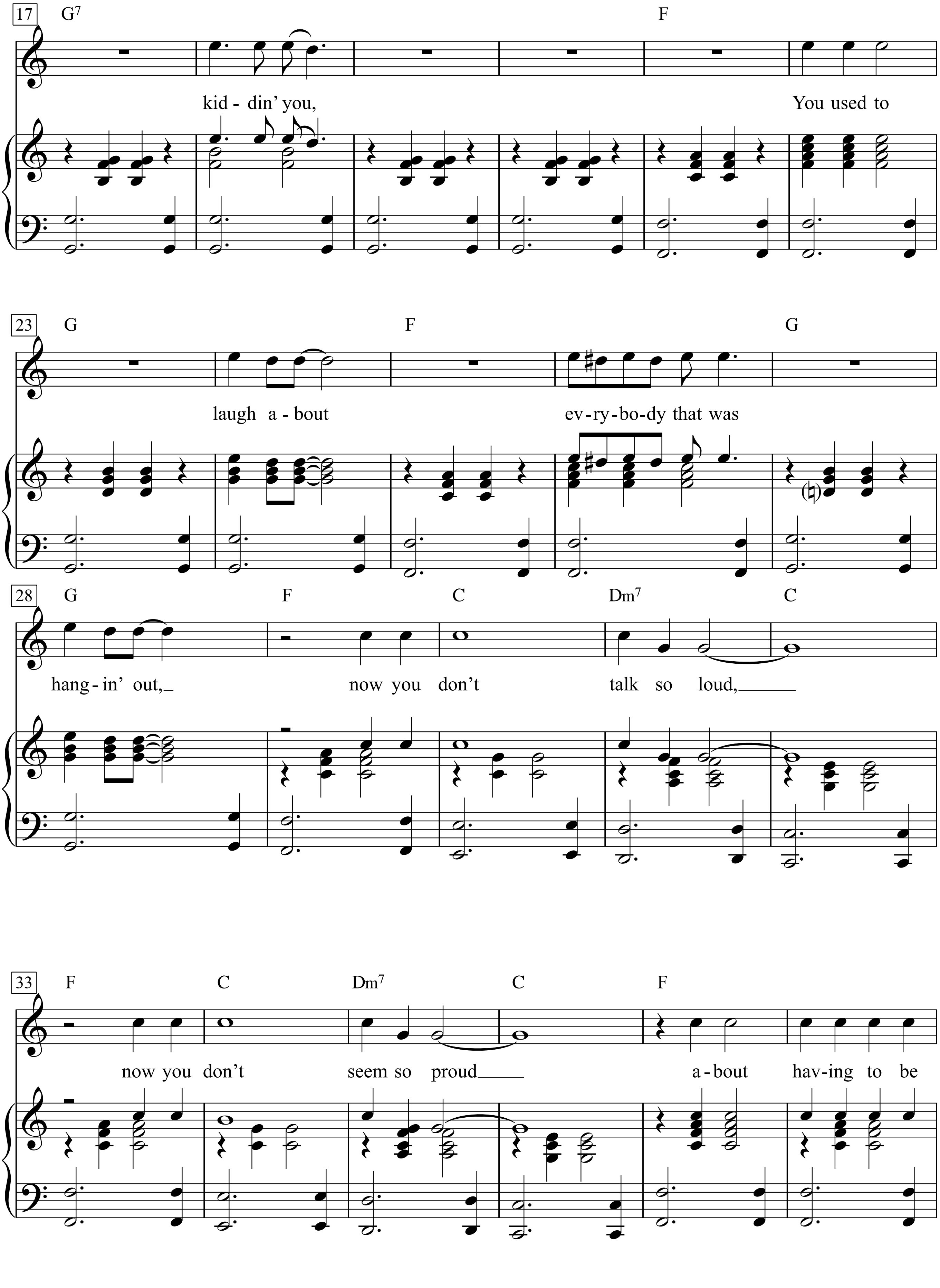
1. Life is a mystery.
Everyone must stand alone.
I hear you call my name and it feels like home.
When you call my name it's like a little prayer.
I'm down on my knees,
I wanna take you there.
In the midnight hour I can feel your power just like a prayer.
You know I'll take you there.
I hear your voice, it's like an angel sighing.
I have no choice,
I hear your voice, feels like flying.
I close my eyes,.
Oh God,
I think I'm falling out of the sky,
I close my eyes.
Heaven help me.
When you call my name it's like a little prayer.
I'm down on my knees,
I wanna take you there.
In the midnight hour I can feel your power just like a prayer.
You know I'll take you You know I'll take you there.
When you call my name it's like a little prayer.
I'm down on my knees,
I wanna take you there.
Life is a mystery.
Everyone must stand alone.
I hear you call my name and it feels like home.
Just like a prayer your voice can take me there.
Just like a muse to me.
You are a mystery Just like a dream you are not what you seem.
Just like a prayer, no choice, your voice can take me there.
(Just like a prayer I'll take you there.
It's like a dream to me.) (there.)
Just like a prayer your voice can take me there.
Just like a muse to me.
You are a mystery.
Just like a dream you are not what you seem.
Just like a prayer, no choice your voice can take me there.
Your voice can take me there.
Take me

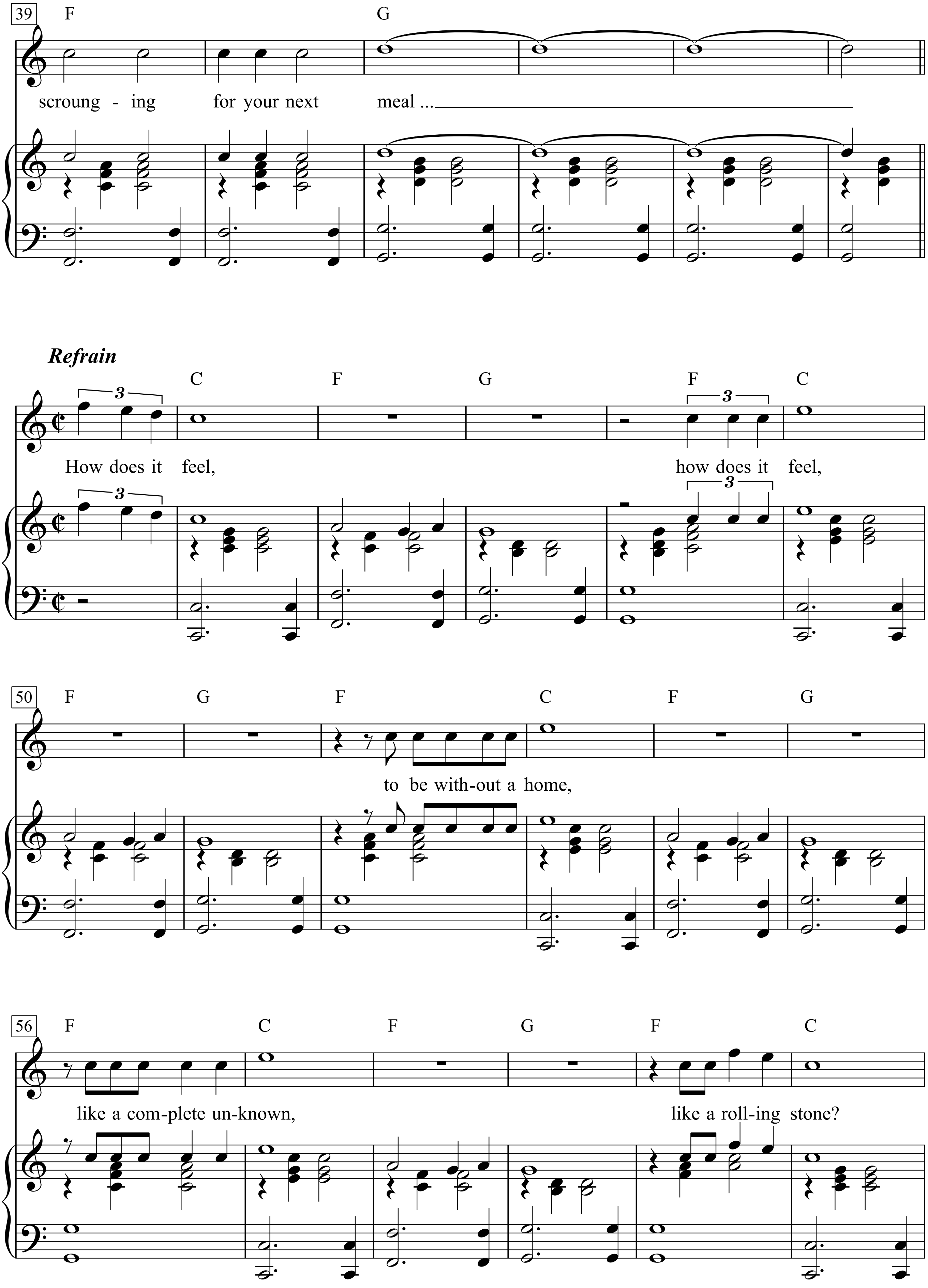
2. there.
Like a child you whisper softly to me.
You're in control.
Just like a child, now I'm dancing It's like a dream, no end and no beginning.
You're here with me, it's like a dream.
Let the choir sing.

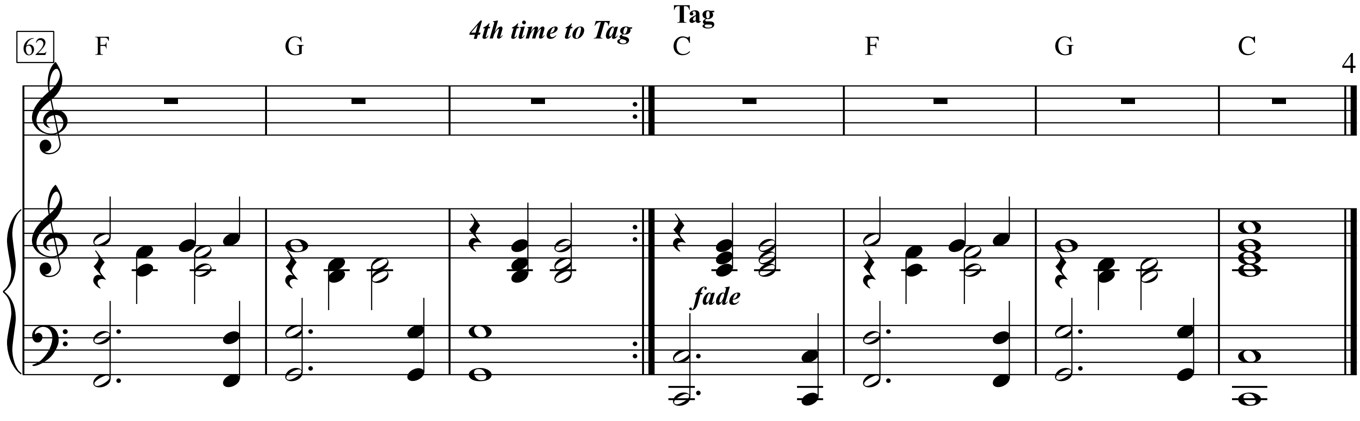
Like a Rolling Stone

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(The Rolling Stones)



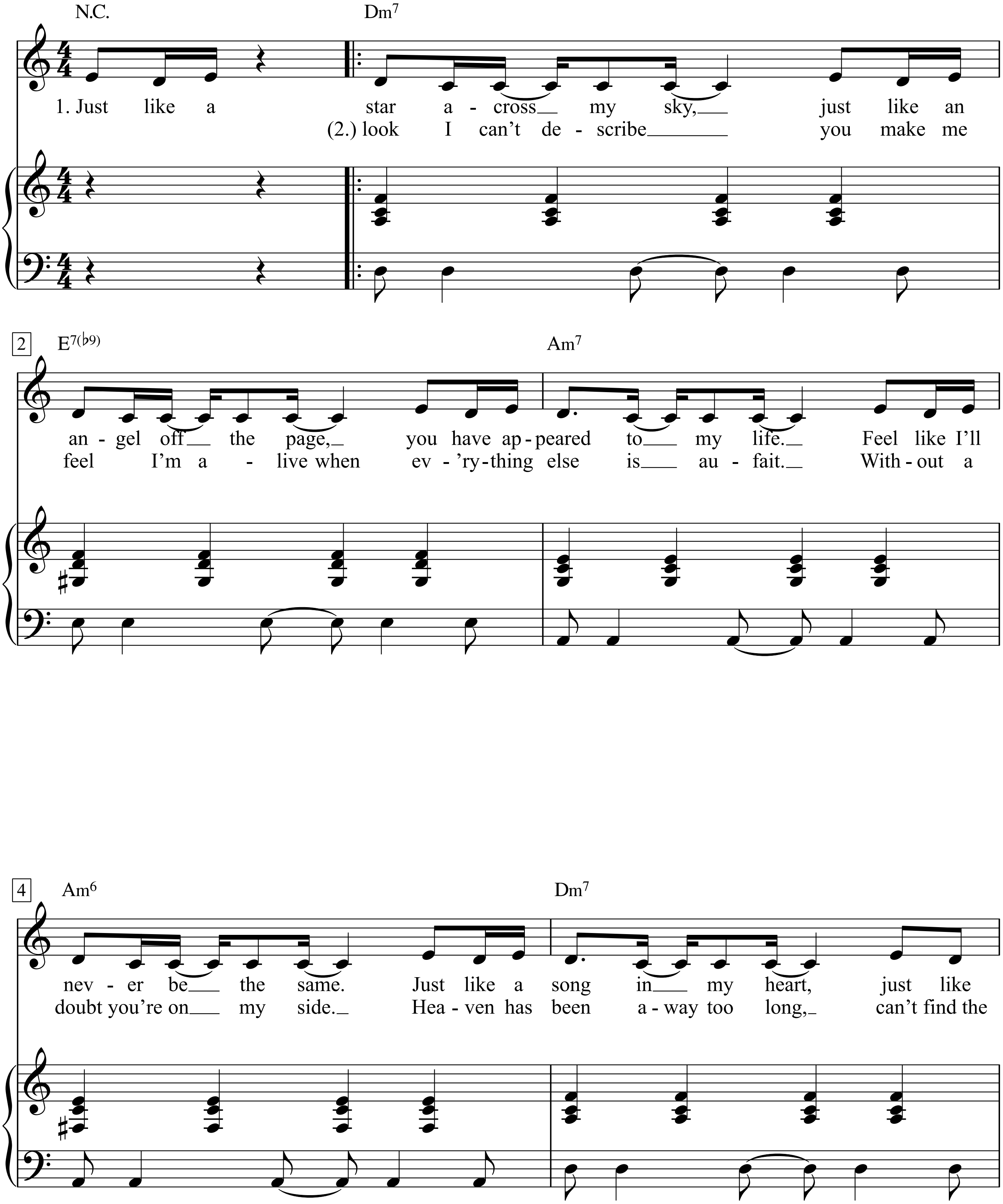

17
G7
F
kid - din' you,
You used to
23
G
F
G
laugh a - bout
ev - ry - bo - dy that was
28
G
F
C
Dm7
C
hang - in' out,
now you don't
talk so loud,
33
F
C
Dm7
C
F
now you don't
seem so proud
a - bout
hav - ing to be

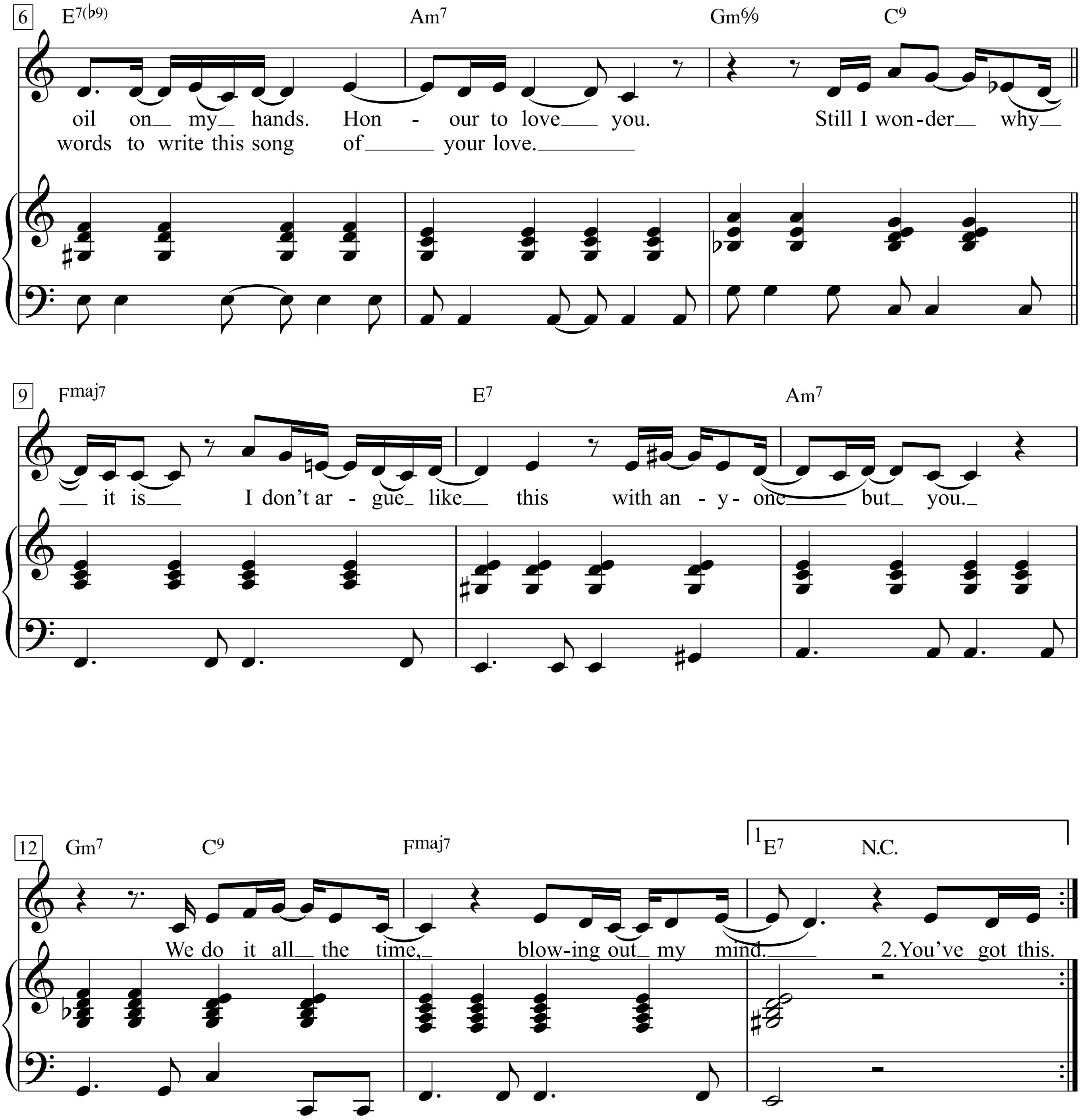

39
F G
scroung - ing for your next meal ...
Refrain
C F G F C
How does it feel, how does it feel,
50
F G F C F G
to be with-out a home,
56
F C F G F C
like a com-plete un-known, like a roll-ing stone?

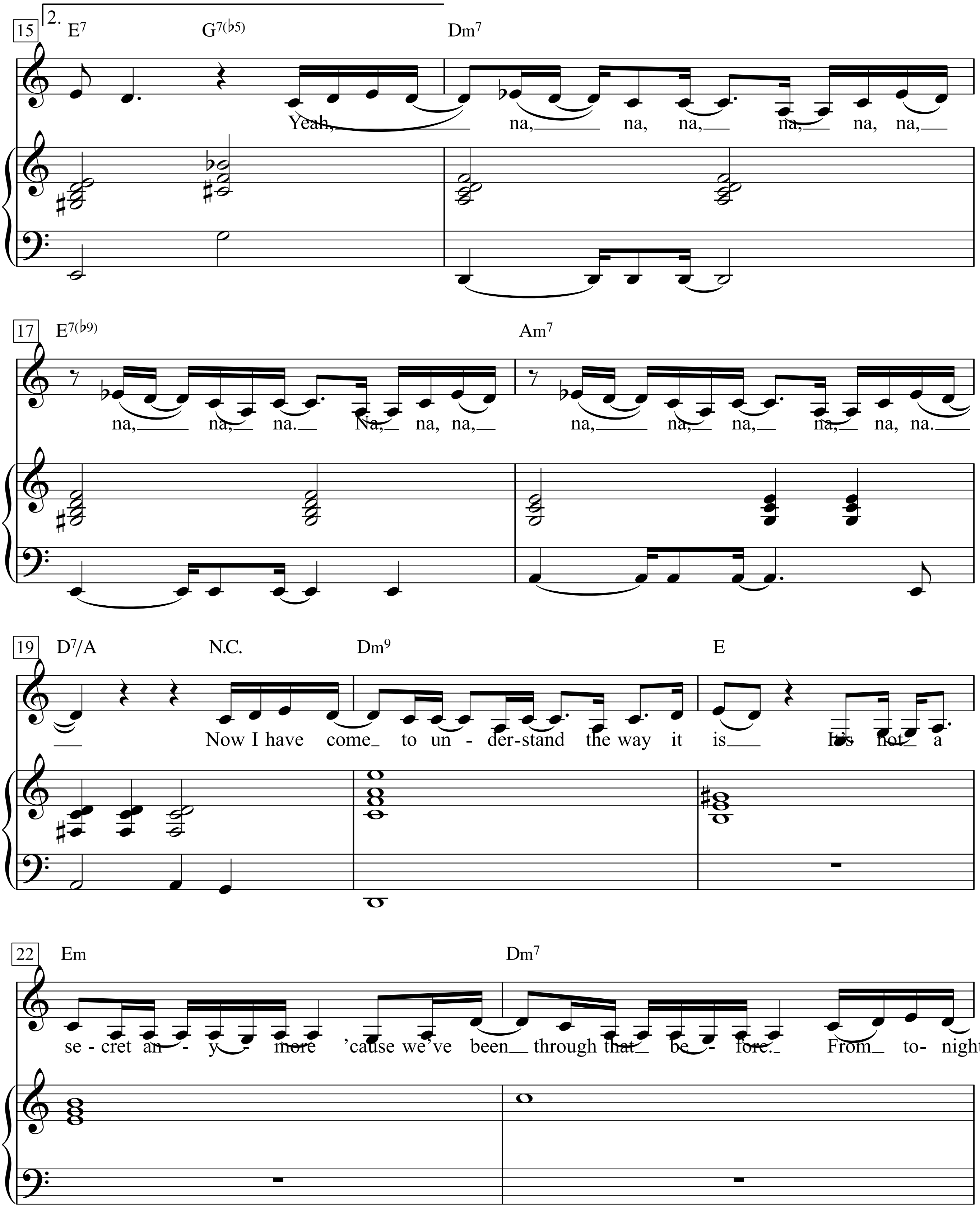

62
F
G
4th time to Tag
Tag
C
F
G
C
fade

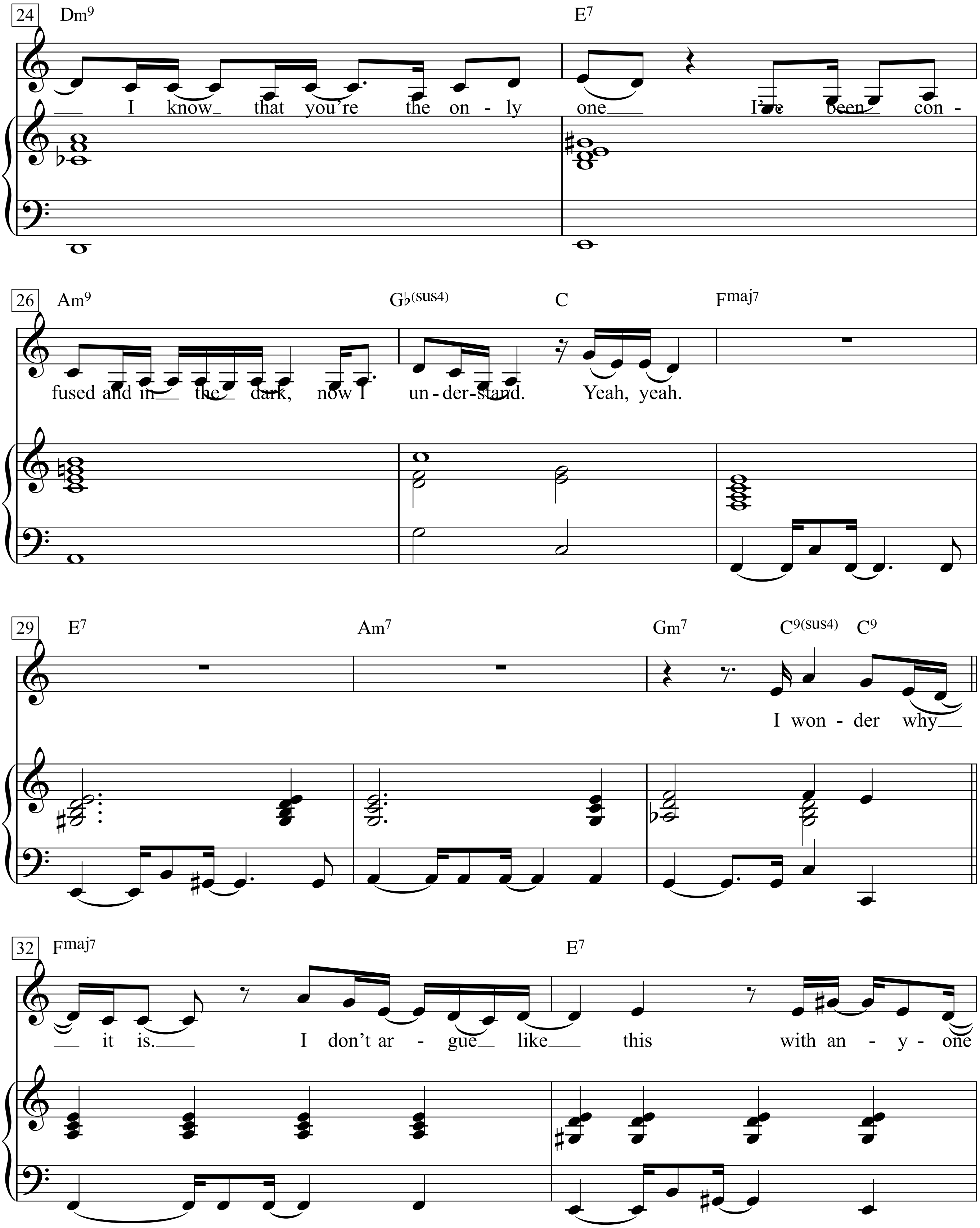
Like A Star

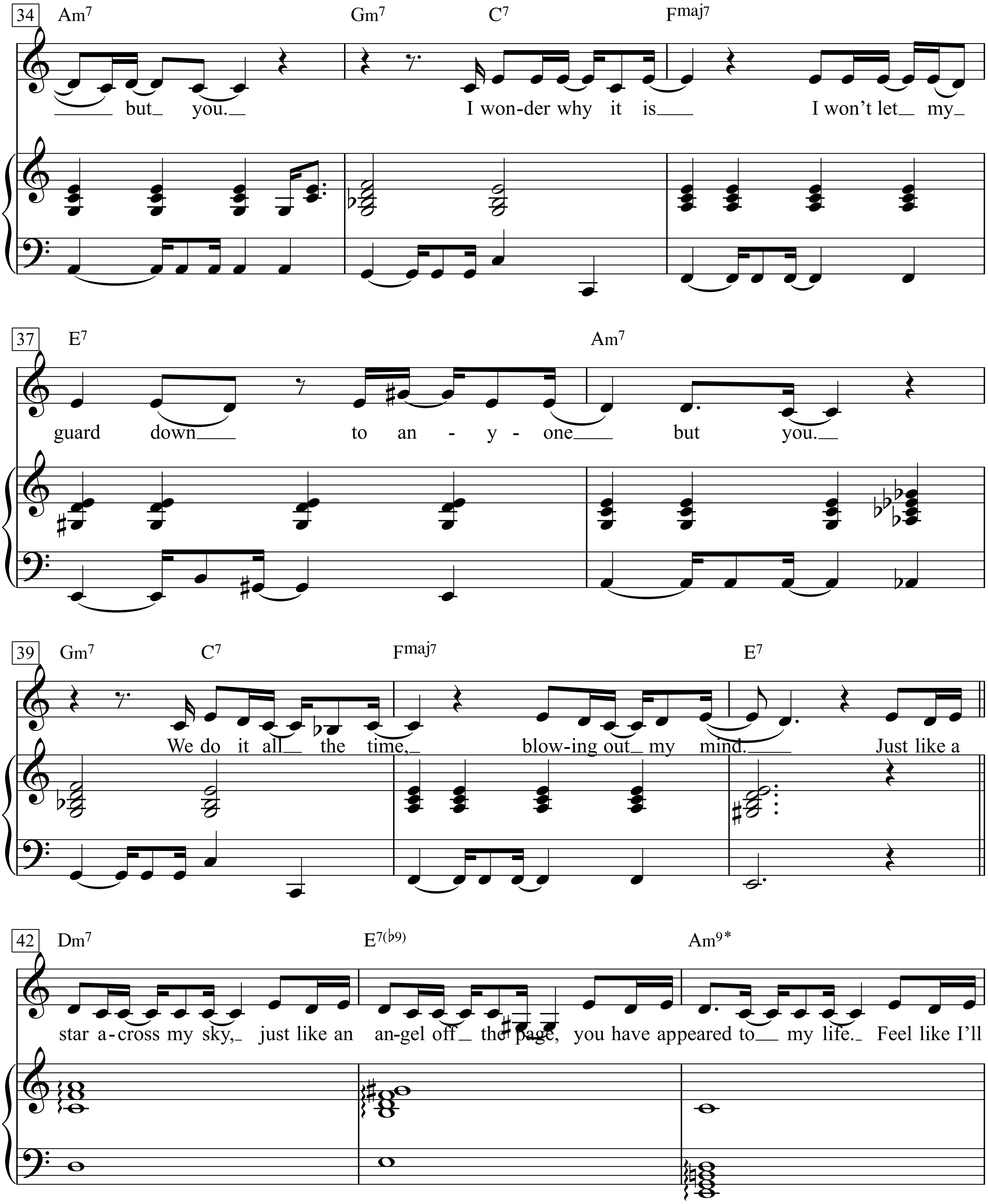
Words & Music by Corinne Bailey Rae
(Corinne Bailey Rae)

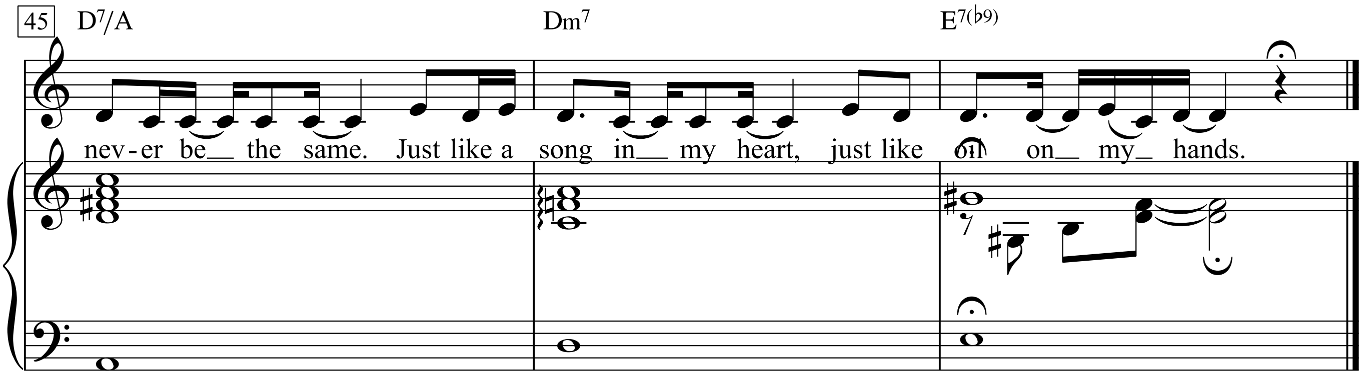



6
E7(♭9)
Am7
Gm6/9
C9
oil on my hands. Hon - our to love you. Still I won-der why
words to write this song of your love.
9
Fmaj7
E7
Am7
it is I don't ar - gue like this with an - y- one but you.
12
Gm7
C9
Fmaj7
1
E7
N.C.
We do it all the time, blow-ing out my mind. 2.You've got this.


15
2.
E7 G7(♭5) Dm7
Yeah, na, na, na, na, na, na,
17
E7(♭9) Am7
na, na, na. Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na.
19
D7/A N.C. Dm9 E
Now I have come to un - der-stand the way it is It's not a
22
Em Dm7
se - cret an - y - more 'cause we've been through that be - fore. From to- night


24
Dm9
E7
I know that you're the on - ly one
I've been con -
26
Am9
G♭(sus4)
C
Fmaj7
fused and in the dark, now I un - der - stand. Yeah, yeah.
29
E7
Am7
Gm7
C9(sus4)
C9
I won - der why
32
Fmaj7
E7
it is. I don't ar - gue like this with an - y - one

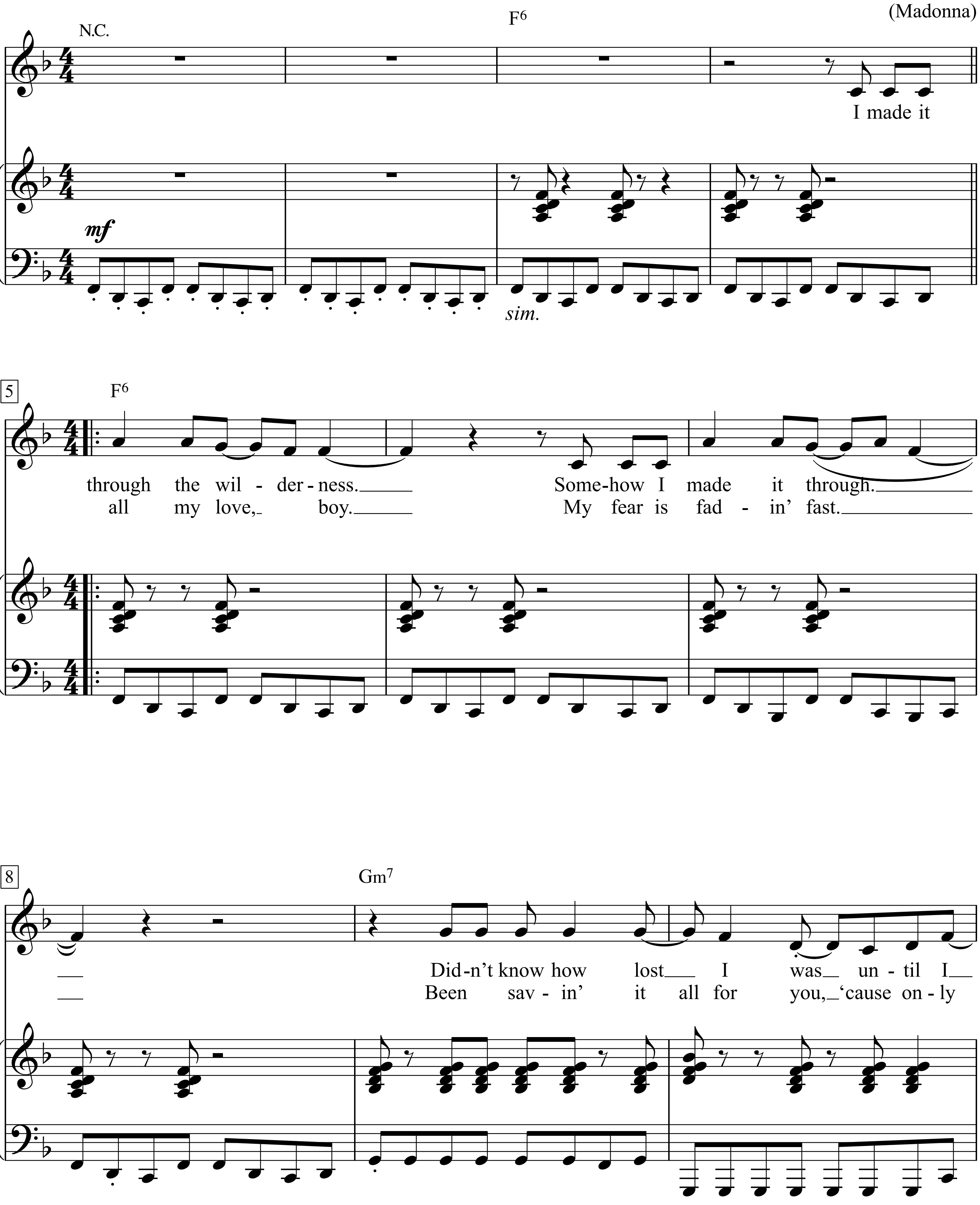

34
Am7
Gm7
C7
Fmaj7
but you. I won-der why it is I won't let my
37
E7
Am7
guard down to an - y - one but you.
39
Gm7
C7
Fmaj7
E7
We do it all the time, blow-ing out my mind. Just like a
42
Dm7
E7(♭9)
Am9*
star a-cross my sky, just like an an-gel off the page, you have appeared to my life. Feel like I'll

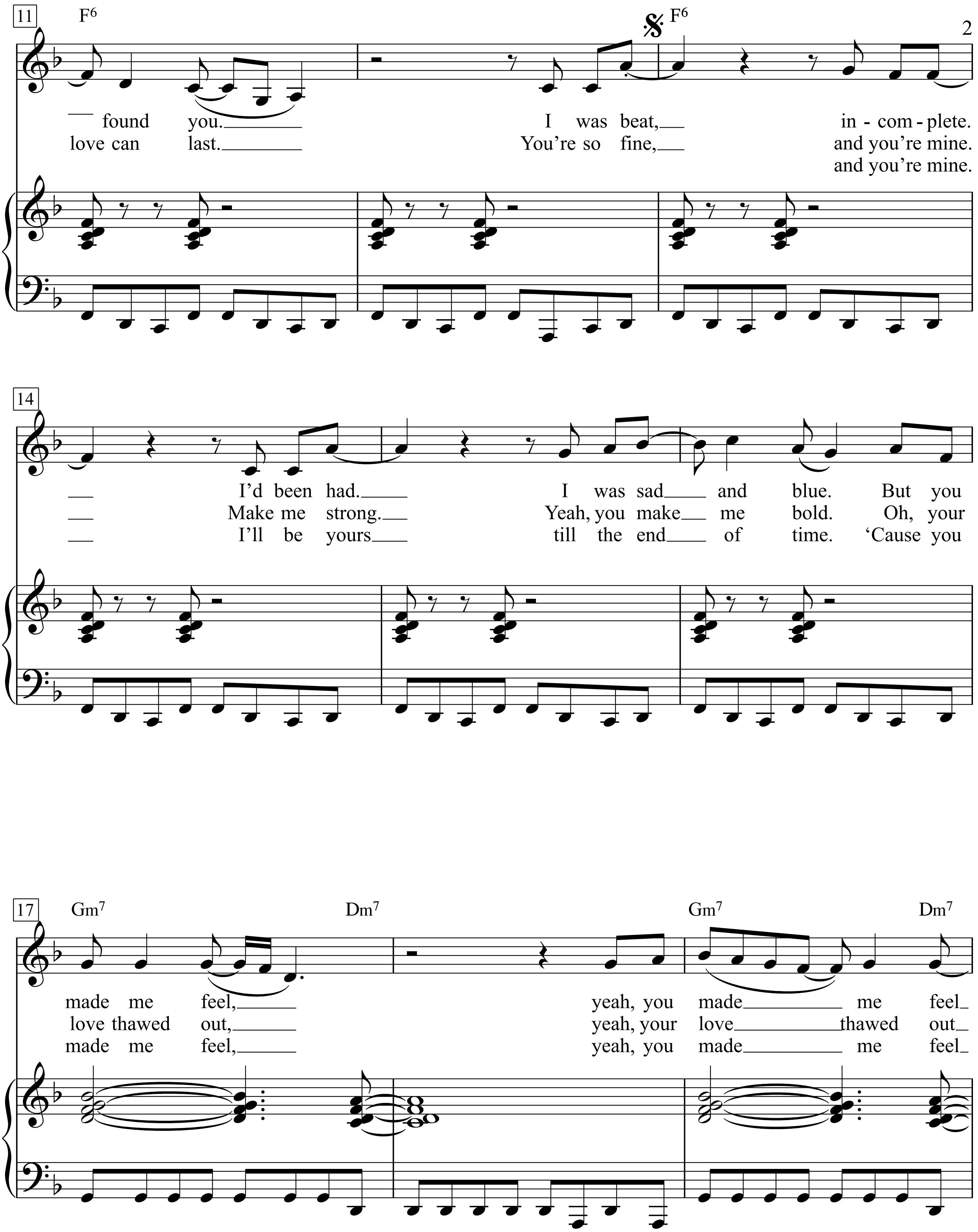

45
D7/A
Dm7
E7(♭9)
nev-er be the same. Just like a song in my heart, just like oil on my hands.

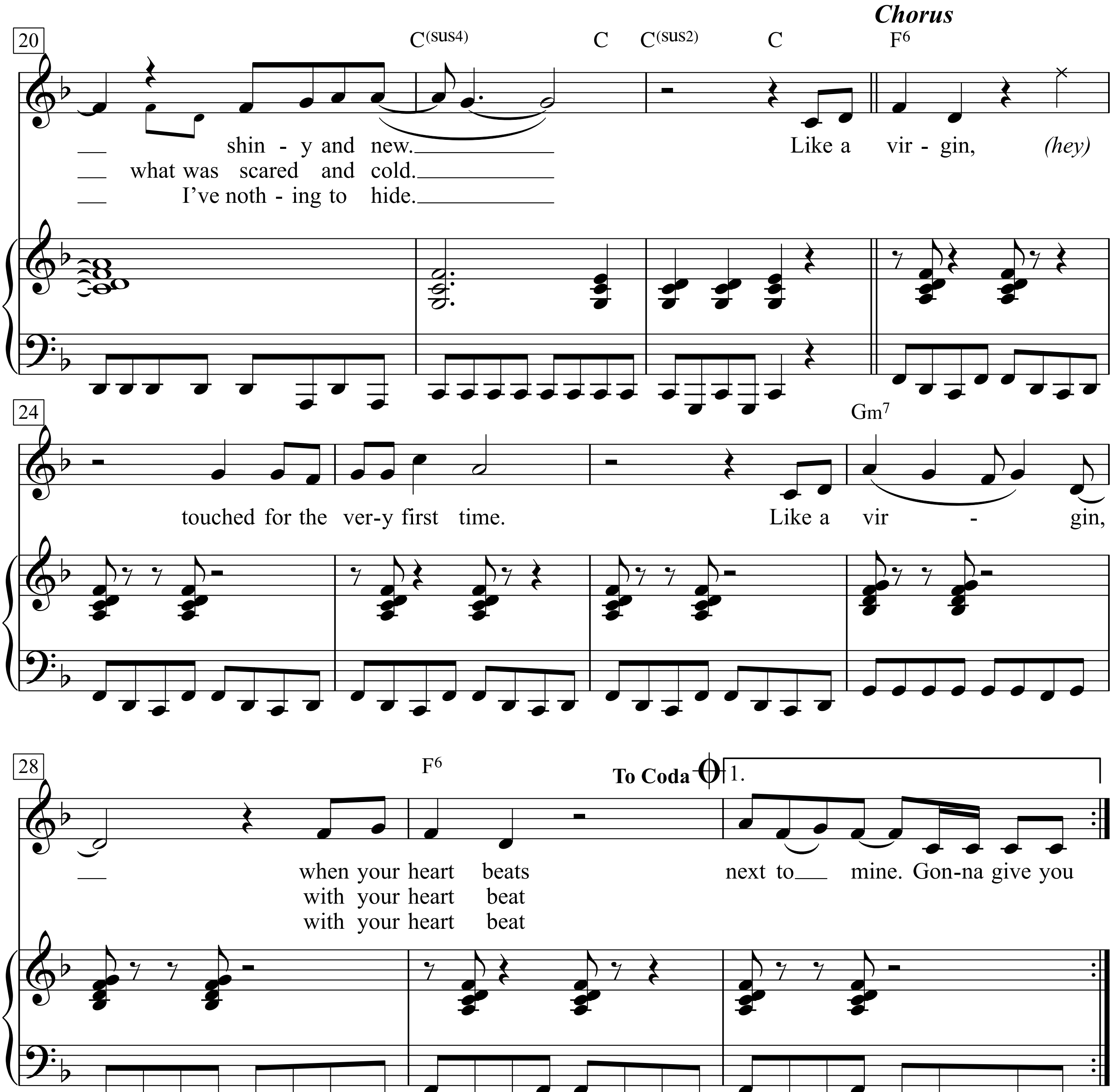
Like a Virgin

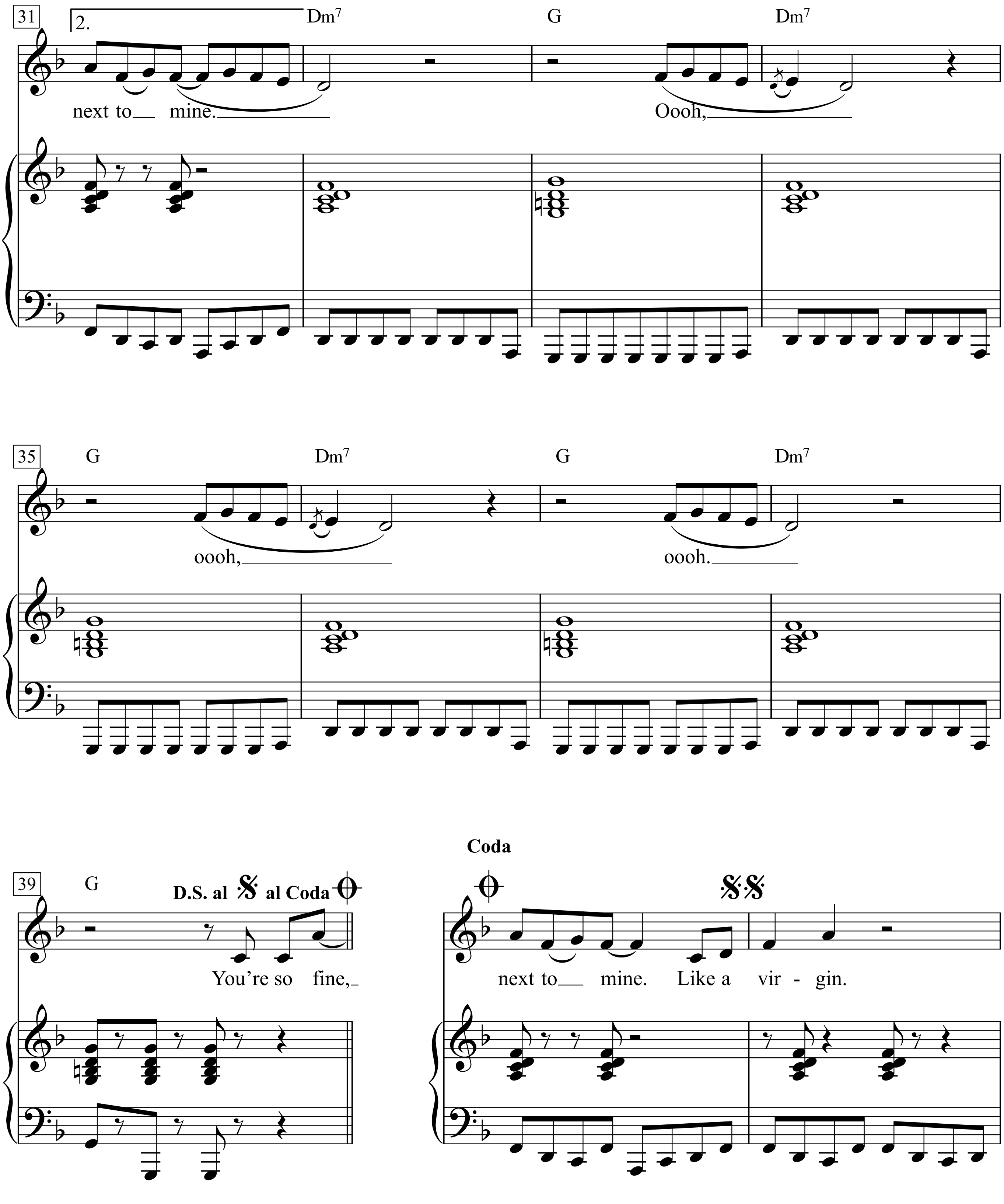
Medium beat

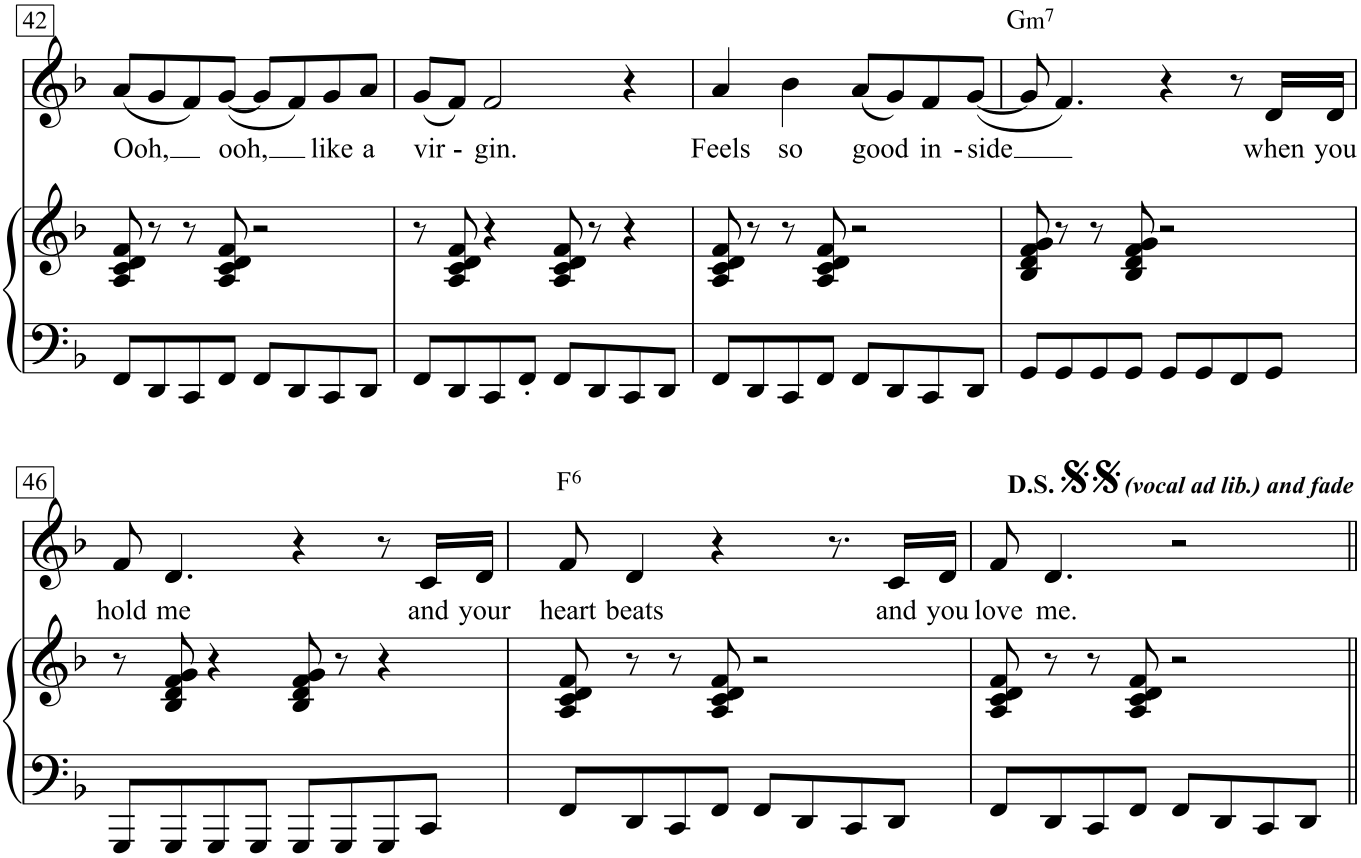
Words & Music by
Billy Steinberg and Tom Kelly
(Madonna)




11
F6
F6
found you.
love can last.
I was beat,
You're so fine,
in - com - plete.
and you're mine.
and you're mine.
14
I'd been had.
Make me strong.
I'll be yours
I was sad and blue. But you
Yeah, you make me bold. Oh, your
till the end of time. 'Cause you
17
Gm7
Dm7
Gm7
Dm7
made me feel,
love thawed out,
made me feel,
yeah, you made me feel
yeah, your love thawed out
yeah, you made me feel


Chorus
20
C(sus4) C C(sus2) C F6
shin - y and new. Like a vir - gin, (hey)
what was scared and cold.
I've noth - ing to hide.
24
Gm7
touched for the ver-y first time. Like a vir - gin,
28
F6
To Coda
1.
when your heart beats next to mine. Gon-na give you
with your heart beat
with your heart beat


31
2.
Dm7
G
Dm7
next to mine.
Oooh,
35
G
Dm7
G
Dm7
oooh,
oooh.
39
G
D.S. al 𝄋 al Coda
You're so fine,
Coda
next to mine. Like a vir - gin.


42
Gm7
Ooh, ooh, like a vir - gin. Feels so good in - side when you
46
F6
D.S. 𝄋𝄋 (vocal ad lib.) and fade
hold me and your heart beats and you love me.

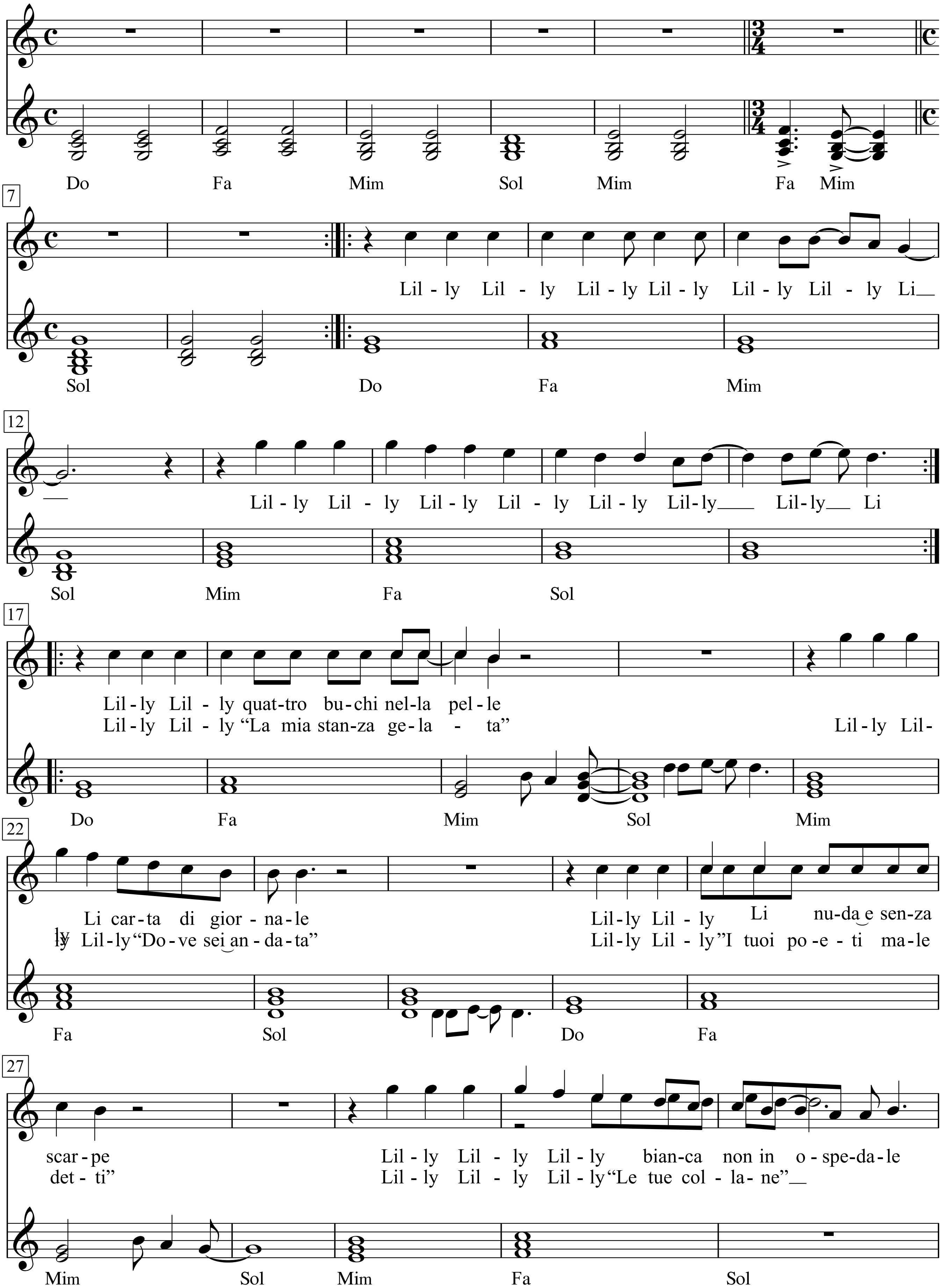
I made it through the wilderness.
Somehow I made it through.
Didn’t know how lost I was until I found you.
I was beat, incomplete.
I’d been had.
I was sad and blue.
But you made me feel, yeah,
you made me feel shiny and new.
Like a virgin, (hey) touched for the very first time.
Like a virgin, when your heart beats next to mine.
Gonna give you next to mine.
Oooh, oooh, oooh.
You’re so fine, next to mine.
Like a virgin.
Ooh, ooh, like a virgin. feels so good inside
when you hold me and your heart beats and you love me.

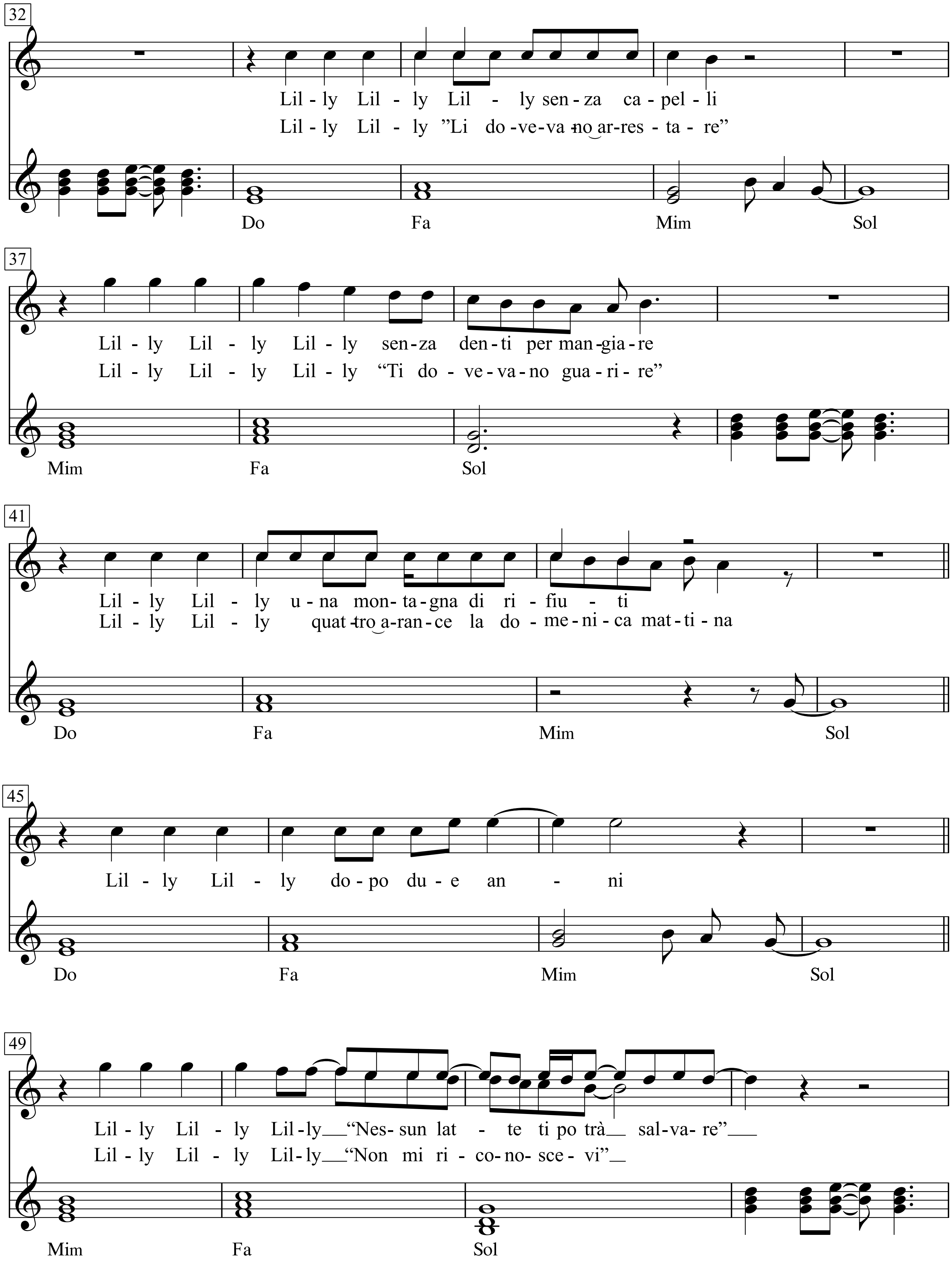
2. all my love, boy.
My fear is fadin’ fast.
Been savin’ it all for you, ‘cause only love can last.
You’re so fine, and you’re mine.
Make me strong.
Yeah, you make me bold.
Oh, your love thawed out, yeah,
your love thawed out what was scared and cold.

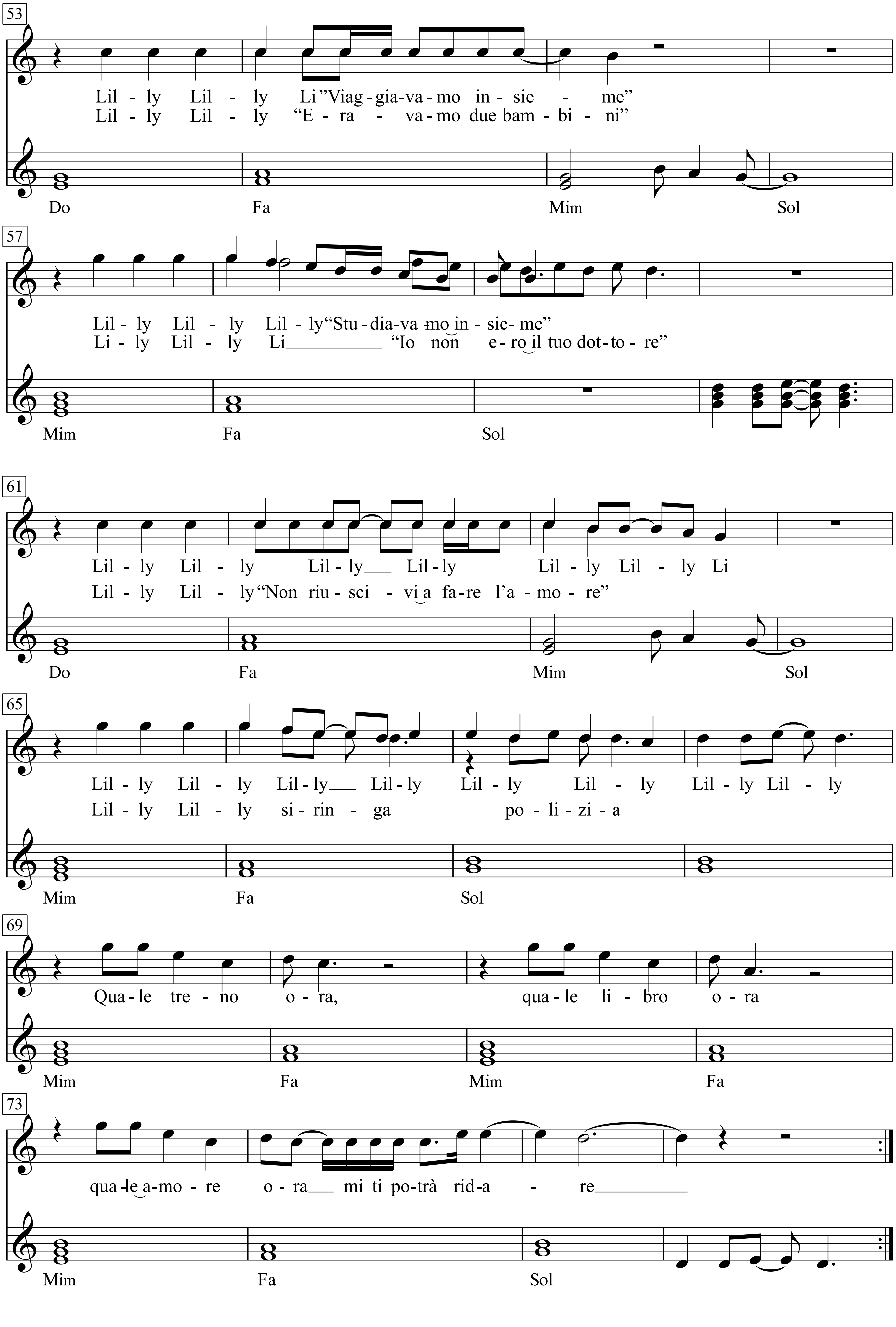
Like a virgin …
3. and you’re mine.
I’ll be yours till the end of time.
‘Cause you made me feel, yeah,
you made me feel I’ve nothing to hide.
Like a virgin …

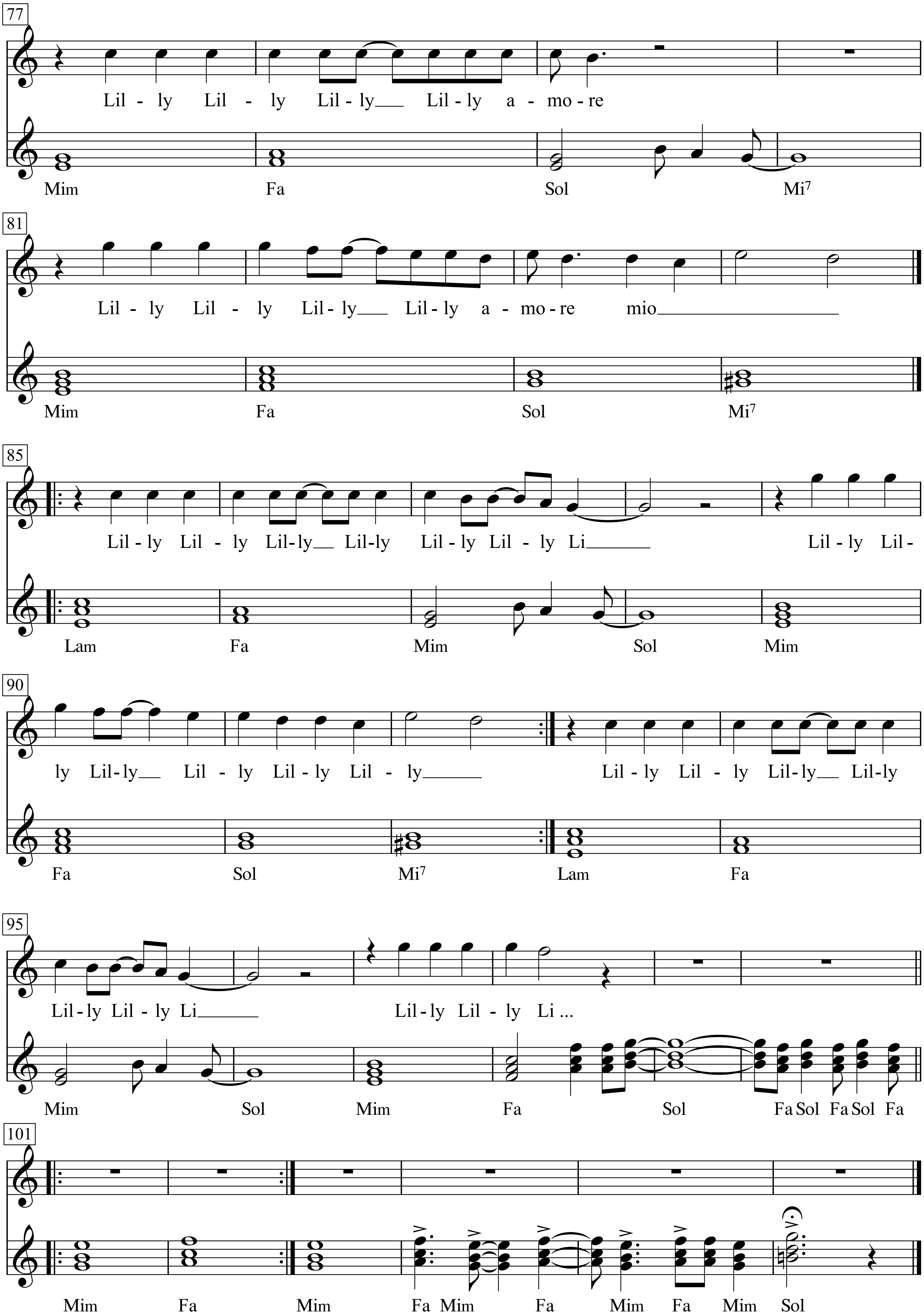
Lilly

Testo & Musica:
Antonello Venditti




32
Lil - ly Lil - ly Lil - ly sen - za ca - pel - li
Lil - ly Lil - ly ”Li do -ve-va -no ar-res - ta - re”
Do Fa Mim Sol
37
Lil - ly Lil - ly Lil - ly sen - za den - ti per man -gia - re
Lil - ly Lil - ly Lil - ly “Ti do - ve - va - no gua - ri - re”
Mim Fa Sol
41
Lil - ly Lil - ly u - na mon - ta - gna di ri - fiu - ti
Lil - ly Lil - ly quat -tro a - ran - ce la do - me - ni - ca mat - ti - na
Do Fa Mim Sol
45
Lil - ly Lil - ly do - po du - e an - ni
Do Fa Mim Sol
49
Lil - ly Lil - ly Lil - ly “Nes - sun lat - te ti po trà sal - va - re”
Lil - ly Lil - ly Lil - ly “Non mi ri - co - no - sce - vi”
Mim Fa Sol


53
Lil - ly Lil - ly Li "Viag - gia - va - mo in - sie - me"
Lil - ly Lil - ly "E - ra - va - mo due bam - bi - ni"
Do Fa Mim Sol
57
Lil - ly Lil - ly Lil - ly "Stu - dia - va - mo in - sie - me"
Li - ly Lil - ly Li "Io non e - ro il tuo dot - to - re"
Mim Fa Sol
61
Lil - ly Lil - ly Lil - ly Lil - ly Lil - ly Lil - ly Li
Lil - ly Lil - ly "Non riu - sci - vi a fa - re l'a - mo - re"
Do Fa Mim Sol
65
Lil - ly Lil - ly Lil - ly Lil - ly Lil - ly Lil - ly Lil - ly Lil - ly
Lil - ly Lil - ly si - rin - ga po - li - zi - a
Mim Fa Sol
69
Qua - le tre - no o - ra, qua - le li - bro o - ra
Mim Fa Mim Fa
73
qua - le a - mo - re o - ra mi ti po - trà rid - a - re
Mim Fa Sol


77
Lil - ly Lil - ly Lil - ly Lil - ly a - mo - re
Mim Fa Sol Mi7
81
Lil - ly Lil - ly Lil - ly Lil - ly a - mo - re mio
Mim Fa Sol Mi7
85
Lil - ly Lil - ly Lil-ly Lil-ly Lil - ly Lil - ly Li Lil - ly Lil-
Lam Fa Mim Sol Mim
90
ly Lil-ly Lil - ly Lil - ly Lil - ly Lil - ly Lil - ly Lil-ly Lil-ly
Fa Sol Mi7 Lam Fa
95
Lil - ly Lil - ly Li Lil - ly Lil - ly Li ...
Mim Sol Mim Fa Sol Fa Sol Fa Sol Fa
101
Mim Fa Mim Fa Mim Fa Mim Fa Mim Sol

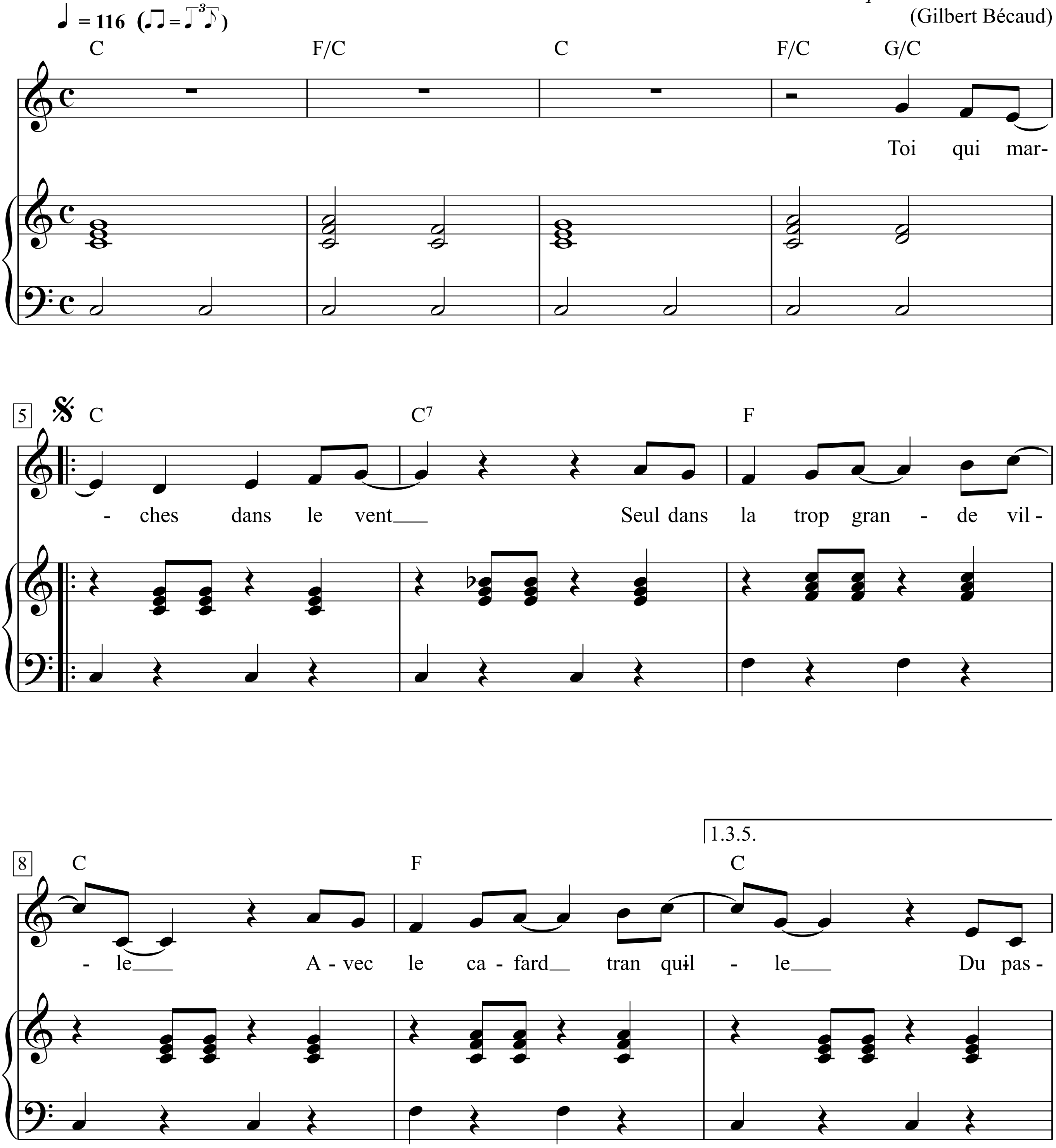
Lilly Lilly Lilly Lilly Lilly Lilly Li
Lilly Lilly Lilly Lilly Lilly Lilly Lilly Li

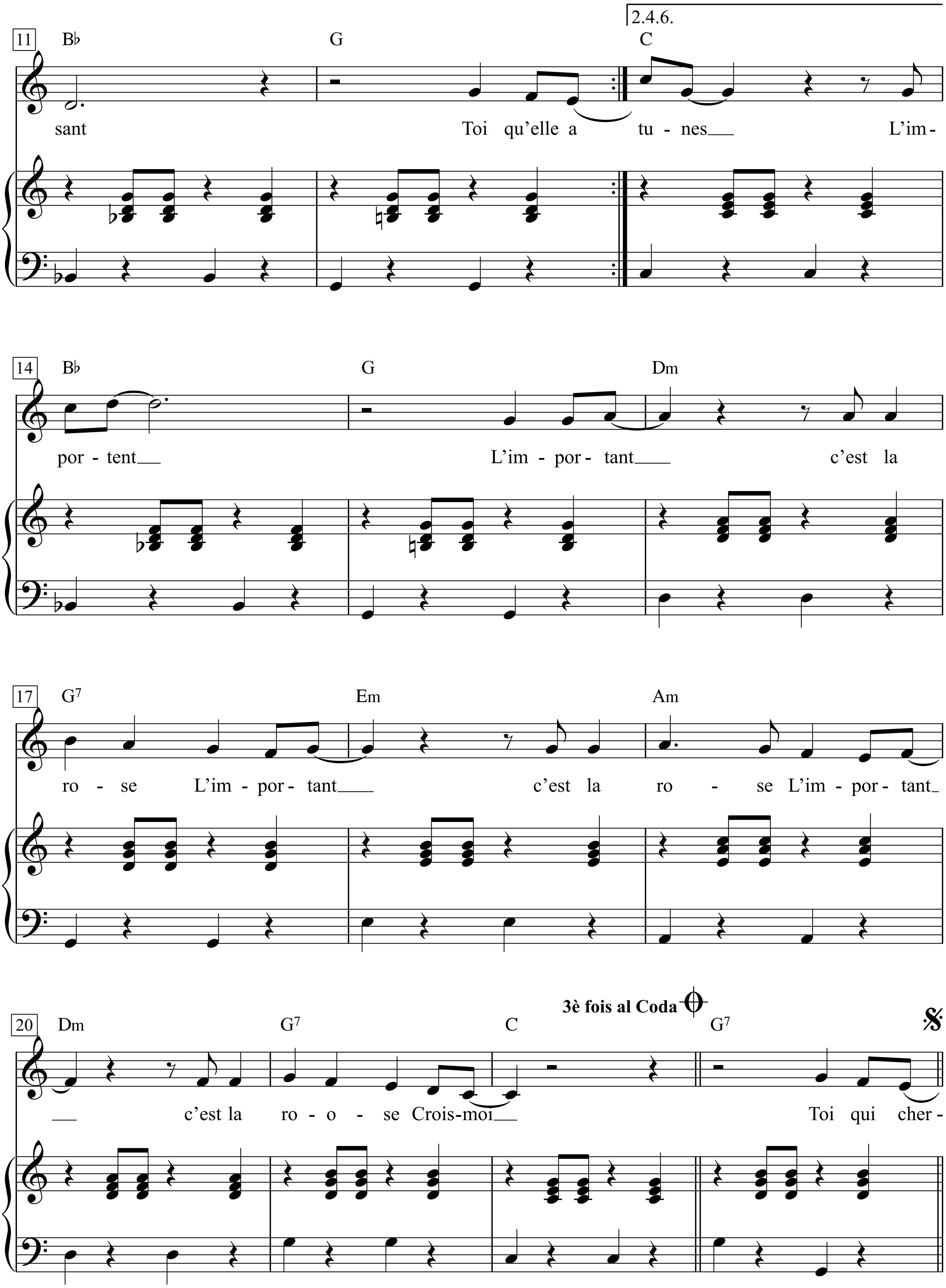
Lilly Lilly	quattro buchi nella pelle
Lilly Lilly Li	carta di giornale
Lilly Lilly Li	nuda e senza scarpe
Lilly Lilly Lilly	bianca non in ospedale
Lilly Lilly Lilly	senza capelli
Lilly Lilly Lilly	senza denti per mangiare
Lilly Lilly	una montagna di rifiuti
Lilly Lilly Lilly	“Nessun latte ti potrà salvare”
Lilly Lilly Li	“Viaggiavamo insieme”
Lilly Lilly Lilly	“Studiavamo insieme”
Lilly Lilly Lilly	“Quale treno ora, quale libro ora,
	quale amore ora mi ti potrà ridare”
Lilly Lilly	“La mia stanza è gelata”
Lilly Lilly Lilly	“Dove sei andata”
Lilly Lilly ”	“I tuoi poeti maledetti”
Lilly Lilly Lilly	“Le tue collane”
Lilly Lilly	“Li dovevano arrestare”
Lilly Lilly Lilly	“Ti dovevano guarire”
Lilly Lilly	quattro arance la domenica mattina
Lilly Lilly	“Dopo due anni”
Lilly Lilly Lilly	“Non mi riconoscevi”
Lilly Lilly	“Eravamo due bambini”
Lilly Lilly Li	“Io non ero il tuo dottore”
Lilly Lilly	“Non riuscivi a far l’amore”
Lilly Lilly Li	siringa polizia
	“Quale treno ora, quale libro ora
	quale amore ora mi ti potrà ridare”
Lilly Lilly Lilly Lilly	amore ...
Lilly Lilly Lilly Lilly	amore mio
Lilly Lilly	

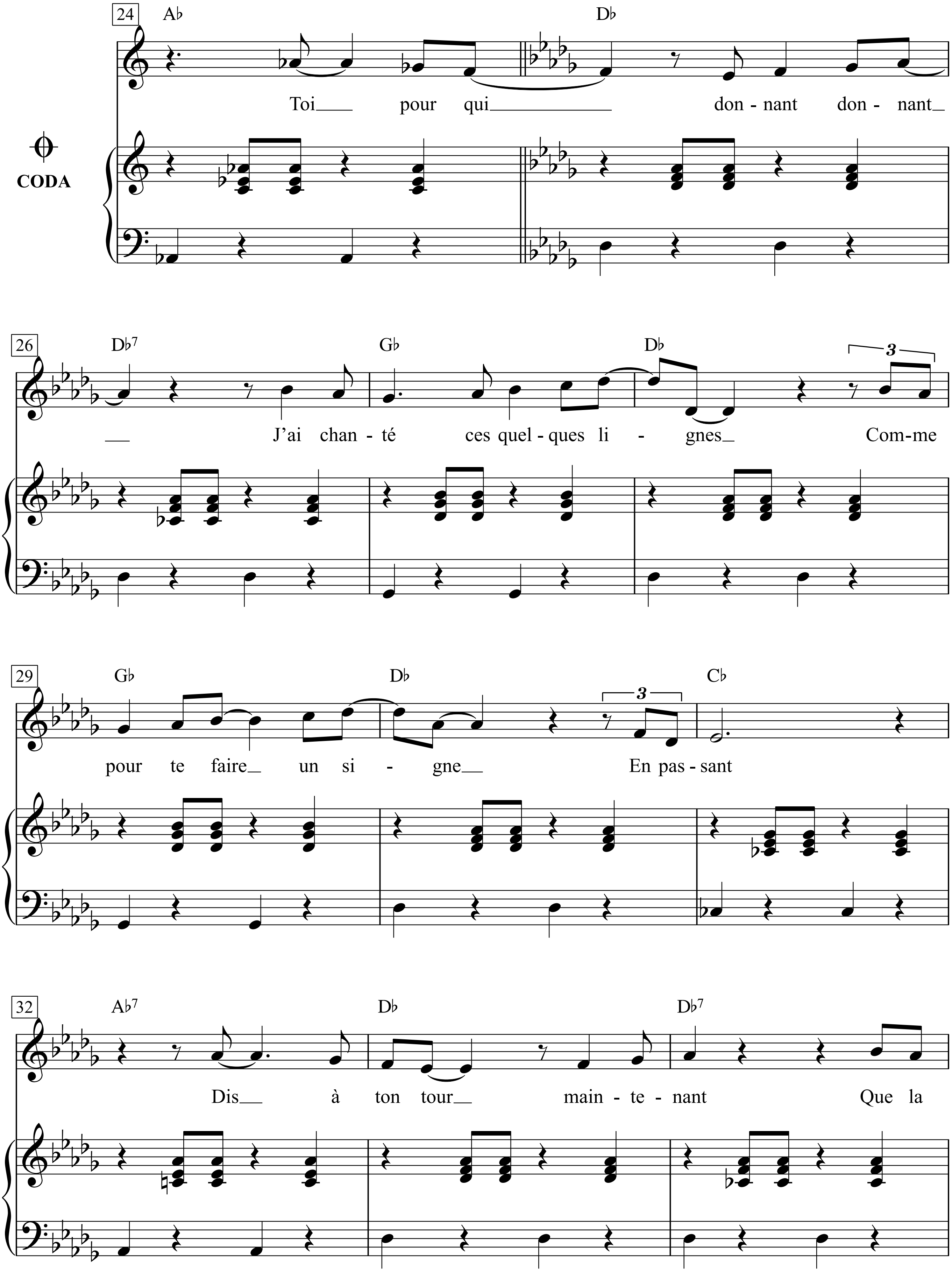
L'important c'est la rose

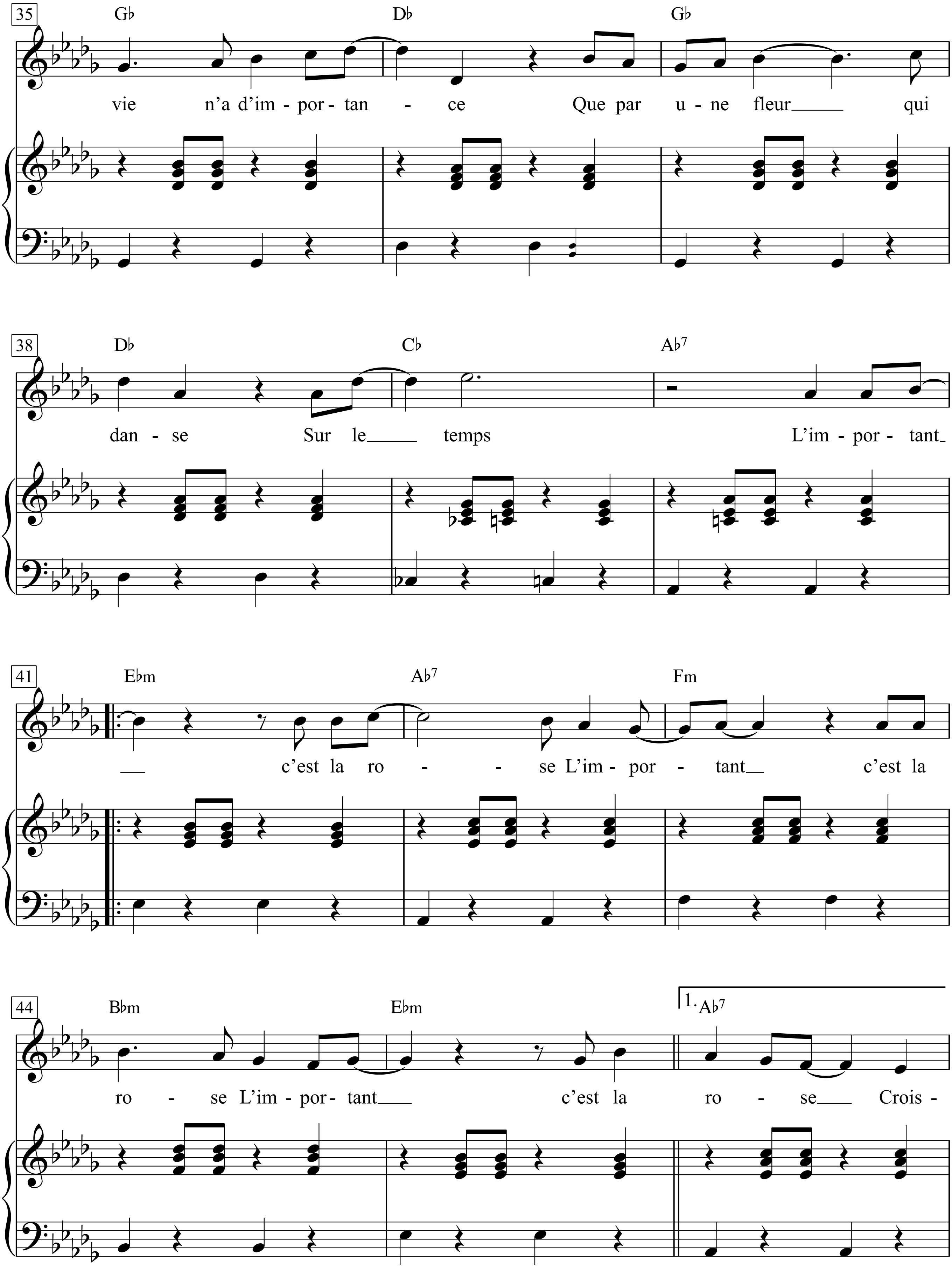
Paroles de Louis Amade

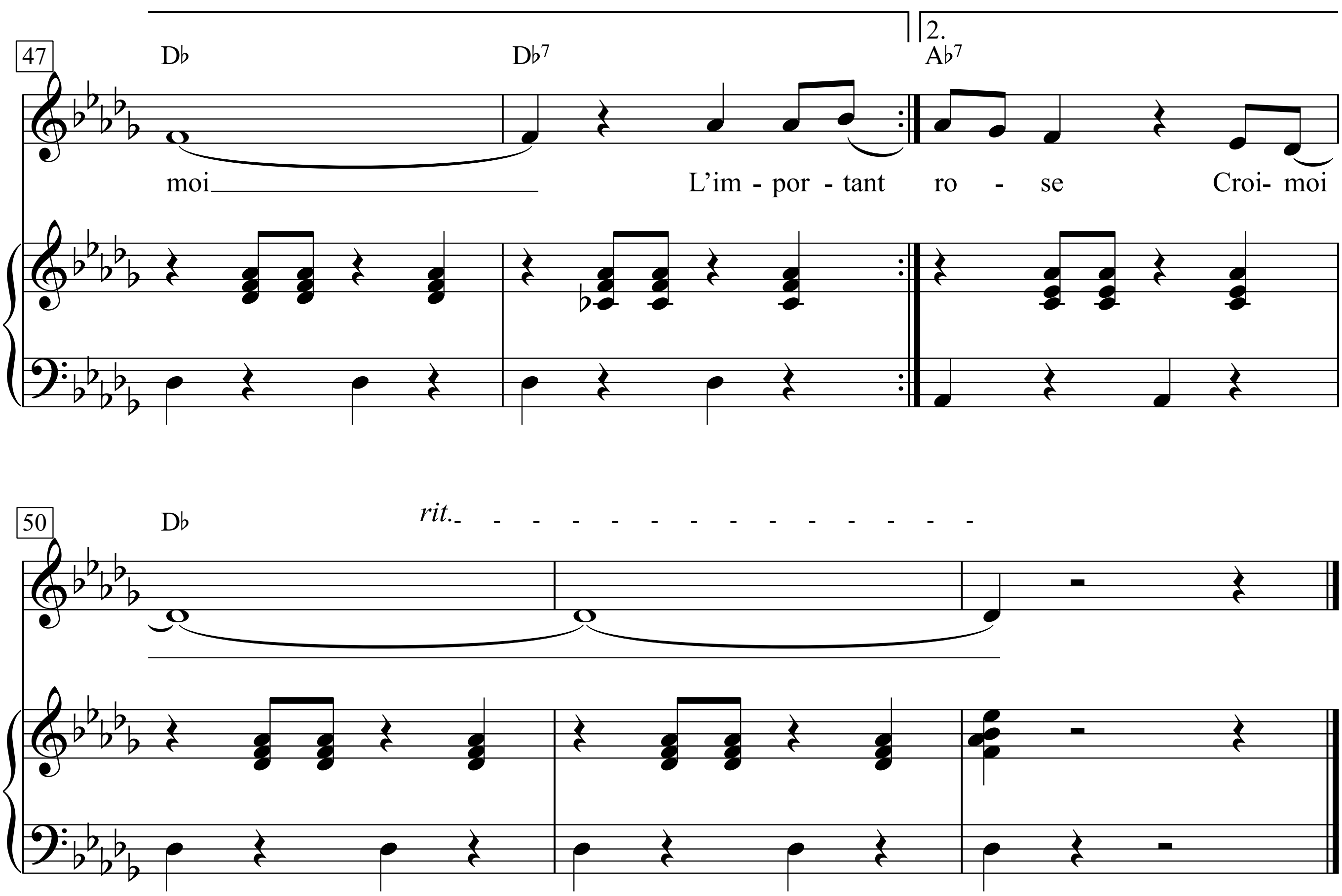
Musique de Gilbert Bécaud
(Gilbert Bécaud)




2.4.6.
11 B♭ G C
sant Toi qu'elle a tu - nes L'im-
14 B♭ G Dm
por - tent L'im - por - tant c'est la
17 G7 Em Am
ro - se L'im - por - tant c'est la ro - se L'im - por - tant
20 Dm G7 C G7
3è fois al Coda
c'est la ro - o - se Crois-moi Toi qui cher-


24
A♭
D♭
Toi pour qui don - nant don - nant
CODA
26
D♭7
G♭
D♭
3
J'ai chan - té ces quel - ques li - gnes Com-me
29
G♭
D♭
3
C♭
pour te faire un si - gne En pas - sant
32
A♭7
D♭
D♭7
Dis à ton tour main - te - nant Que la


35
G♭ D♭ G♭
vie n'a d'im - por - tan - ce Que par u - ne fleur qui
38
D♭ C♭ A♭7
dan - se Sur le temps L'im - por - tant
41
E♭m A♭7 Fm
c'est la ro - se L'im - por - tant c'est la
44
B♭m E♭m 1. A♭7
ro - se L'im - por - tant c'est la ro - se Crois -



1. Toi qui marches dans le vent
Seul dans la trop grande ville
Avec le cafard tranquille
Du passant

Toi qu’elle a laissé tomber
Pour courir vers d’autres lunes
Pour courir d’autres fortunes
L’important

L’important c’est la rose
L’important c’est la rose
L’important c’est la rose
Crois-moi

2. Toi qui cherches quelque argent
Pour te boucler la semaine
Dans la ville où tu promènes
Ton ballant

Cascadeur soleil couchant
Tu passes devant les banques
Si tu n’es qu’un saltimbanque
L’important

L’important c’est la rose
L’important c’est la rose
L’important c’est la rose
Crois-moi

3. Toi petit que tes parents
Ont laissé seul sur la terre
Petit oiseau sans lumière
Sans printemps

Dans ta veste de drap blanc
Il fait froid comme en Bohème
T’as le cœur comme en carême
Et pourtant

L’important c’est la rose
L’important c’est la rose
L’important c’est la rose
Crois-moi

4. Toi pour qui donnant donnant
J’ai chanté ces quelques lignes
Comme pour te faire un signe
En passant

Dis à ton tour maintenant
Que la vie n’a d’importance
Que par une fleur qui danse
Sur le temps

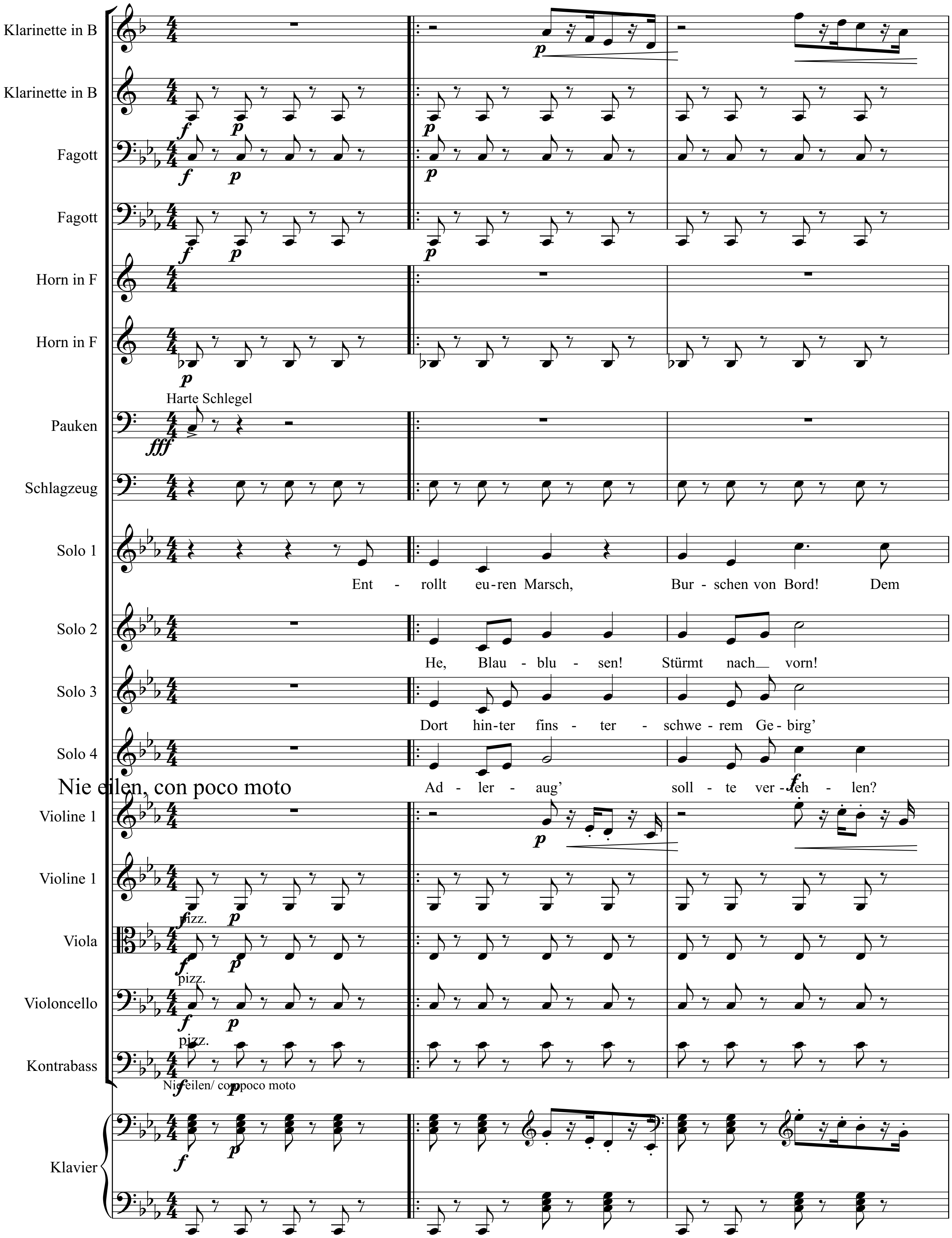
L’important c’est la rose
L’important c’est la rose
L’important c’est la rose
Crois-moi
(bis)

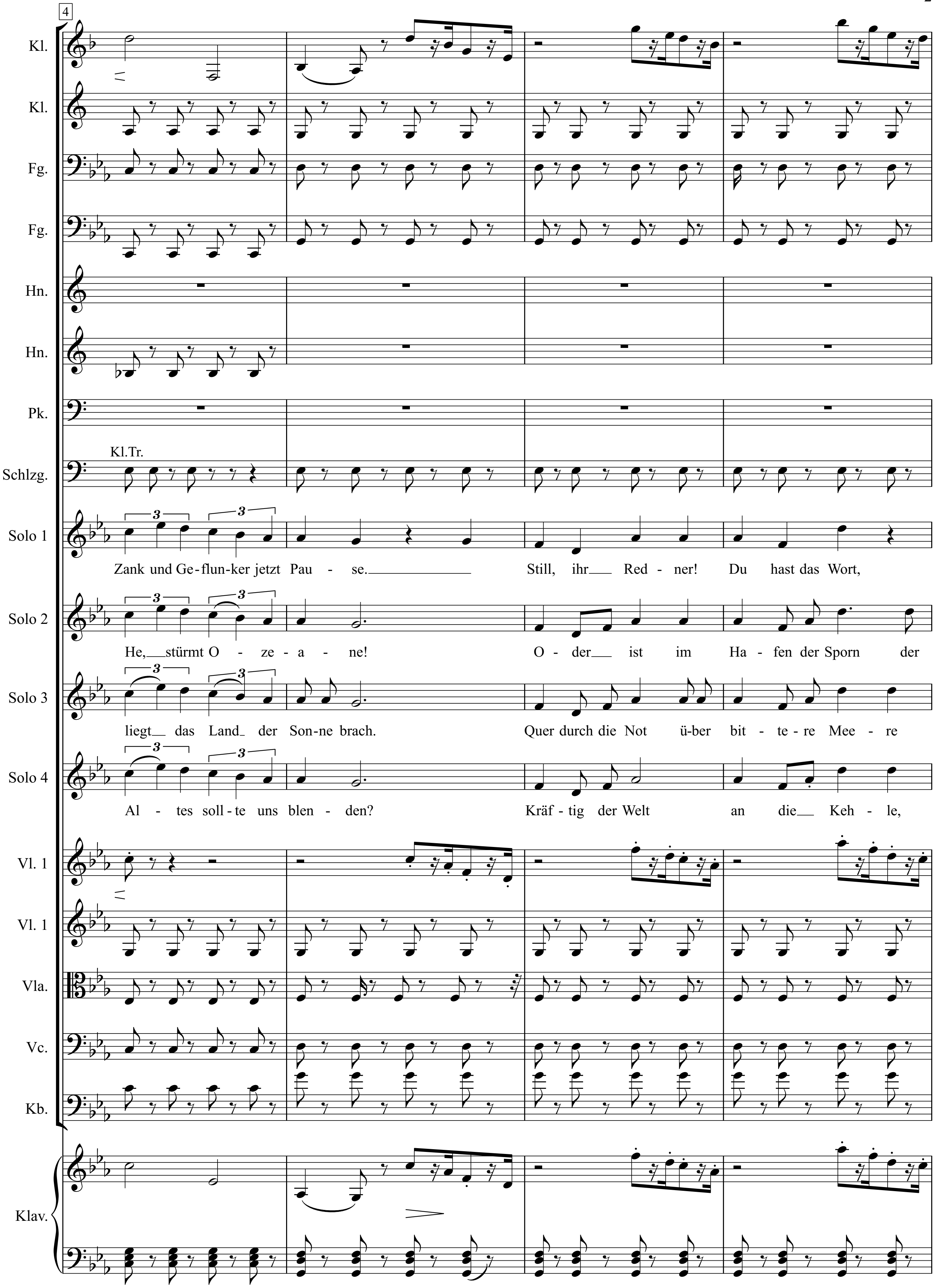
Linker Marsch

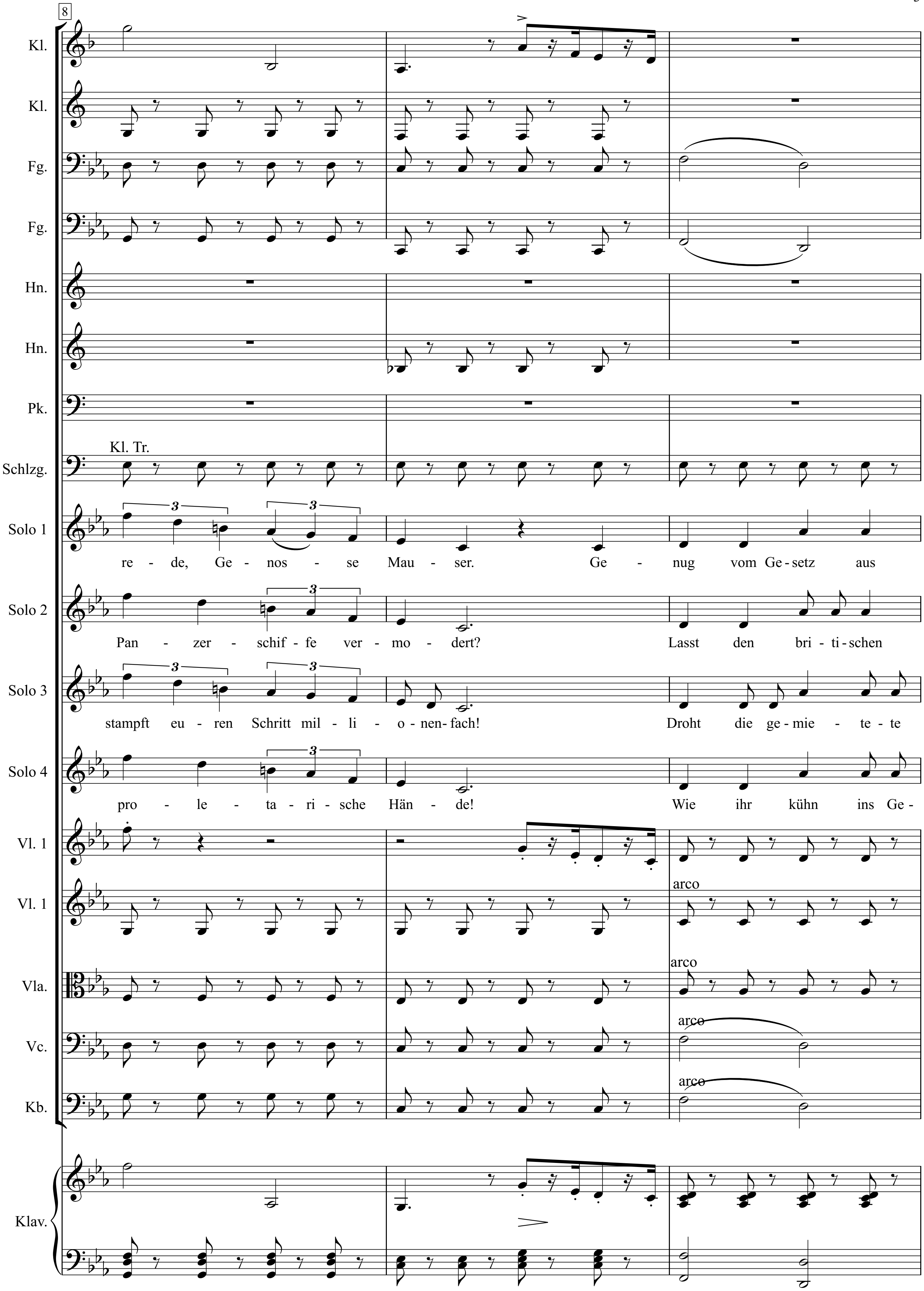
(1957)

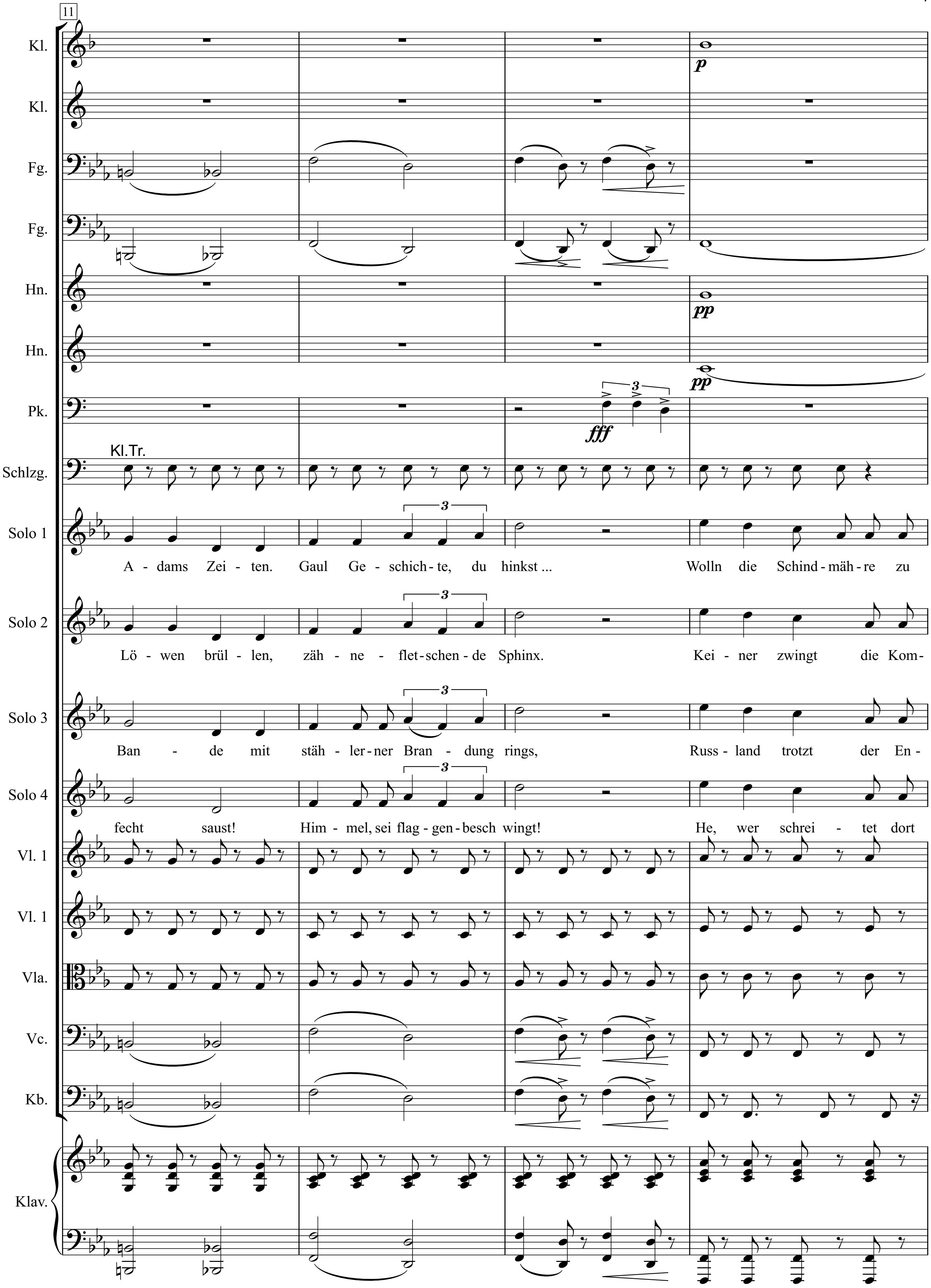
Wladimir Majakowski
deutsche Nachdichtung: Hugo Huppert

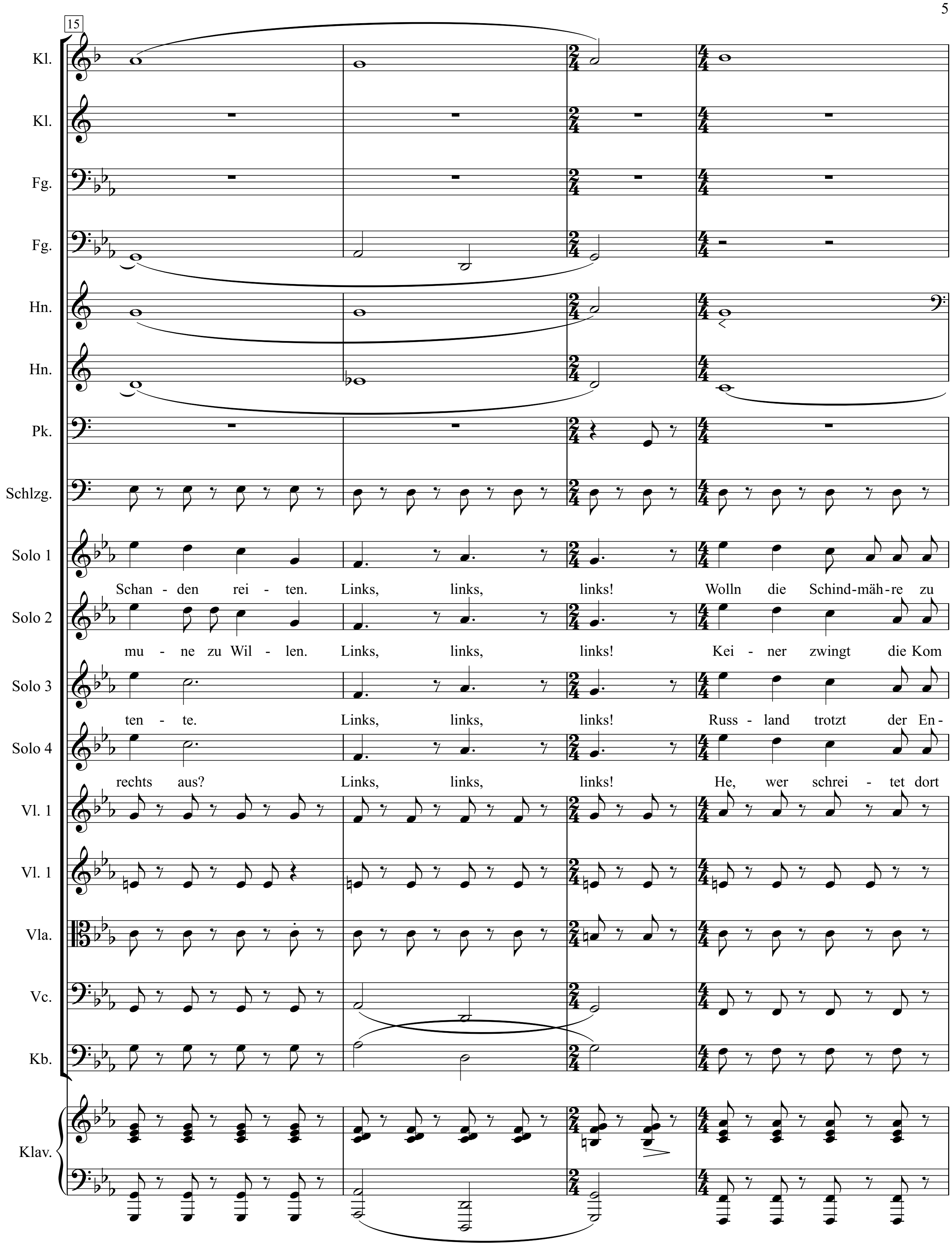
Hanns Eisler

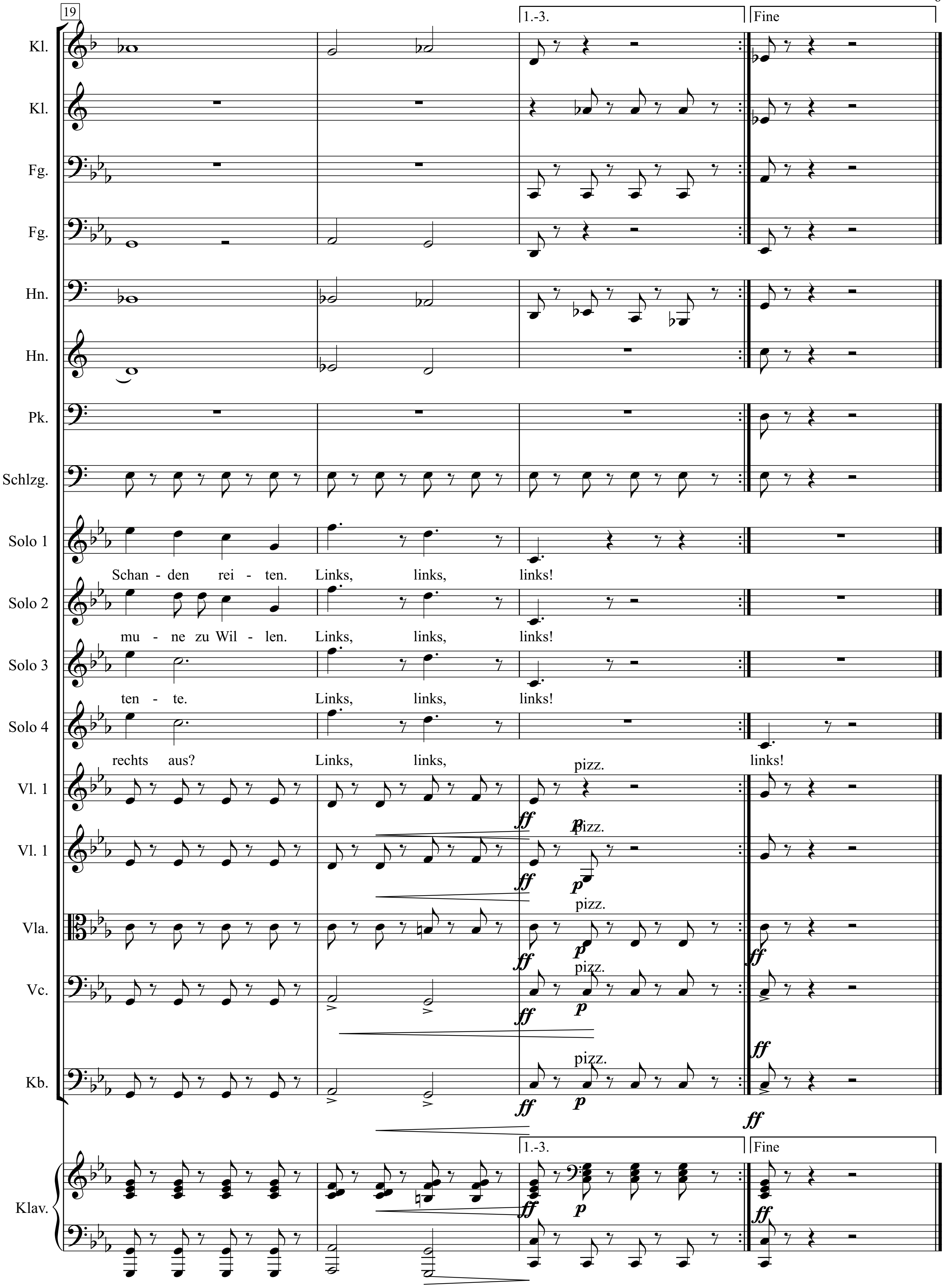



4
Kl.
Kl.
Fg.
Fg.
Hn.
Hn.
Pk.
Kl.Tr.
Schlzg.
Solo 1
Zank und Ge-flun-ker jetzt Pau - se. Still, ihr Red - ner! Du hast das Wort,
Solo 2
He, stürmt O - ze - a - ne! O - der ist im Ha - fen der Sporn der
Solo 3
liegt das Land der Son-ne brach. Quer durch die Not ü-ber bit - te-re Mee - re
Solo 4
Al - tes soll-te uns blen - den? Kräf - tig der Welt an die Keh - le,
Vl. 1
Vl. 1
Vla.
Vc.
Kb.
Klav.


8
Kl.
Kl.
Fg.
Fg.
Hn.
Hn.
Pk.
Kl. Tr.
Schlzg.
Solo 1
re - de, Ge - nos - se Mau - ser. Ge - nug vom Ge-setz aus
Solo 2
Pan - zer - schif - fe ver - mo - dert? Lasst den bri - ti-schen
Solo 3
stampft eu - ren Schritt mil - li - o - nen-fach! Droht die ge-mie - te - te
Solo 4
pro - le - ta - ri - sche Hän - de! Wie ihr kühn ins Ge -
Vl. 1
Vl. 1
arco
Vla.
arco
Vc.
arco
Kb.
arco
Klav.


11
Kl.
Kl.
Fg.
Fg.
Hn.
Hn.
Pk.
Schlzg.
Kl.Tr.
Solo 1
A - dams Zei - ten. Gaul Ge - schich - te, du hinkst ... Wolln die Schind - mäh - re zu
Solo 2
Lö - wen brül - len, zäh - ne - flet - schen - de Sphinx. Kei - ner zwingt die Kom -
Solo 3
Ban - de mit stäh - ler - ner Bran - dung rings, Russ - land trotzt der En -
Solo 4
fecht saust! Him - mel, sei flag - gen - besch wingt! He, wer schrei - tet dort
Vl. 1
Vl. 1
Vla.
Vc.
Kb.
Klav.


15
Kl.
Kl.
Fg.
Fg.
Hn.
Hn.
Pk.
Schlzg.
Solo 1
Schan - den rei - ten. Links, links, links! Wolln die Schind-mäh-re zu
Solo 2
mu - ne zu Wil - len. Links, links, links! Kei - ner zwingt die Kom
Solo 3
ten - te. Links, links, links! Russ - land trotzt der En -
Solo 4
rechts aus? Links, links, links! He, wer schrei - tet dort
Vl. 1
Vl. 1
Vla.
Vc.
Kb.
Klav.

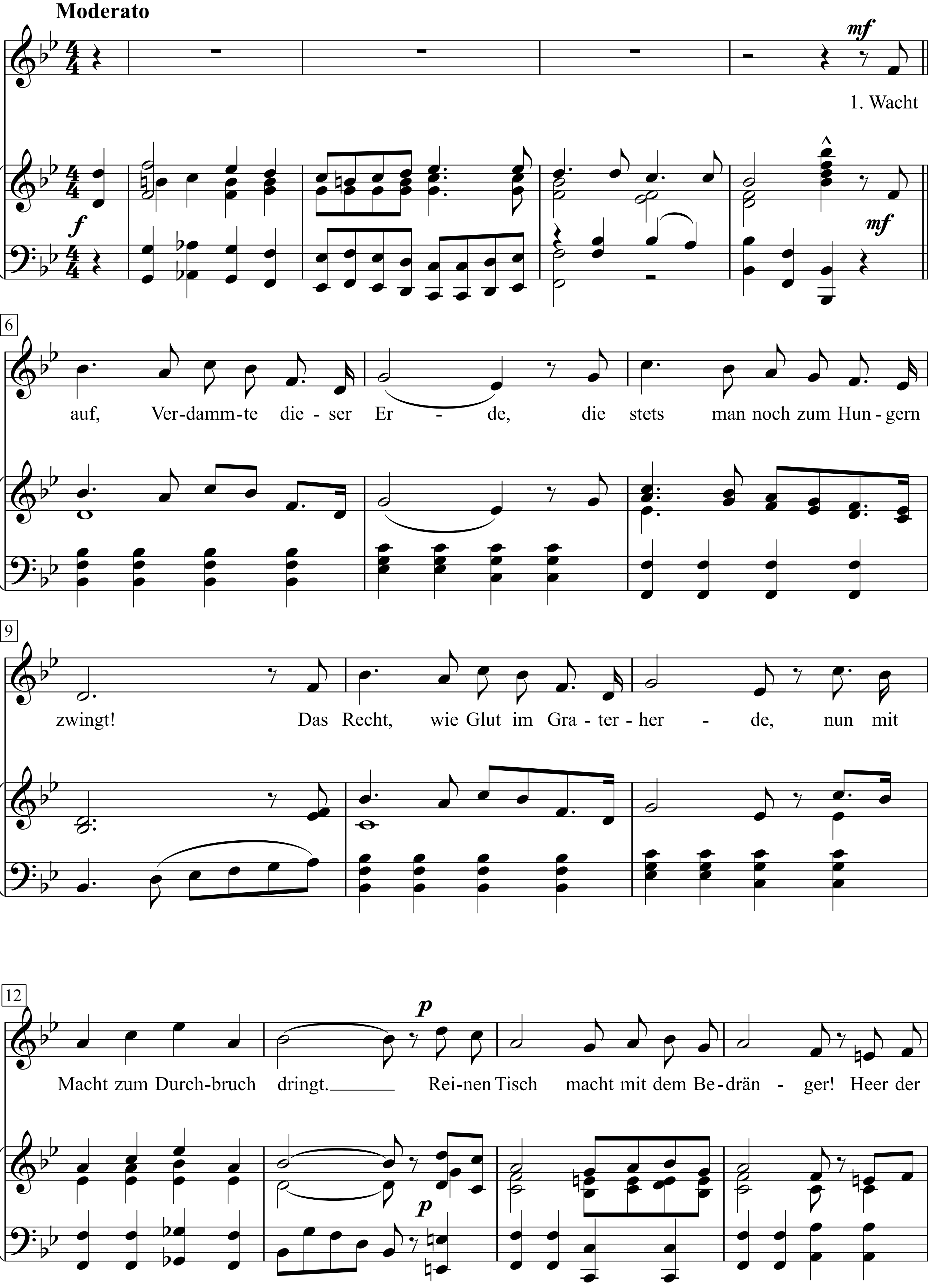

19
1.-3.
Fine
Kl.
Kl.
Fg.
Fg.
Hn.
Hn.
Pk.
Schlzg.
Solo 1
Schan - den rei - ten. Links, links, links!
Solo 2
mu - ne zu Wil - len. Links, links, links!
Solo 3
ten - te. Links, links, links!
Solo 4
rechts aus? Links, links, links!
Vl. 1
Vl. 1
Vla.
Vc.
Kb.
pizz.
Klav.

Die Internationale

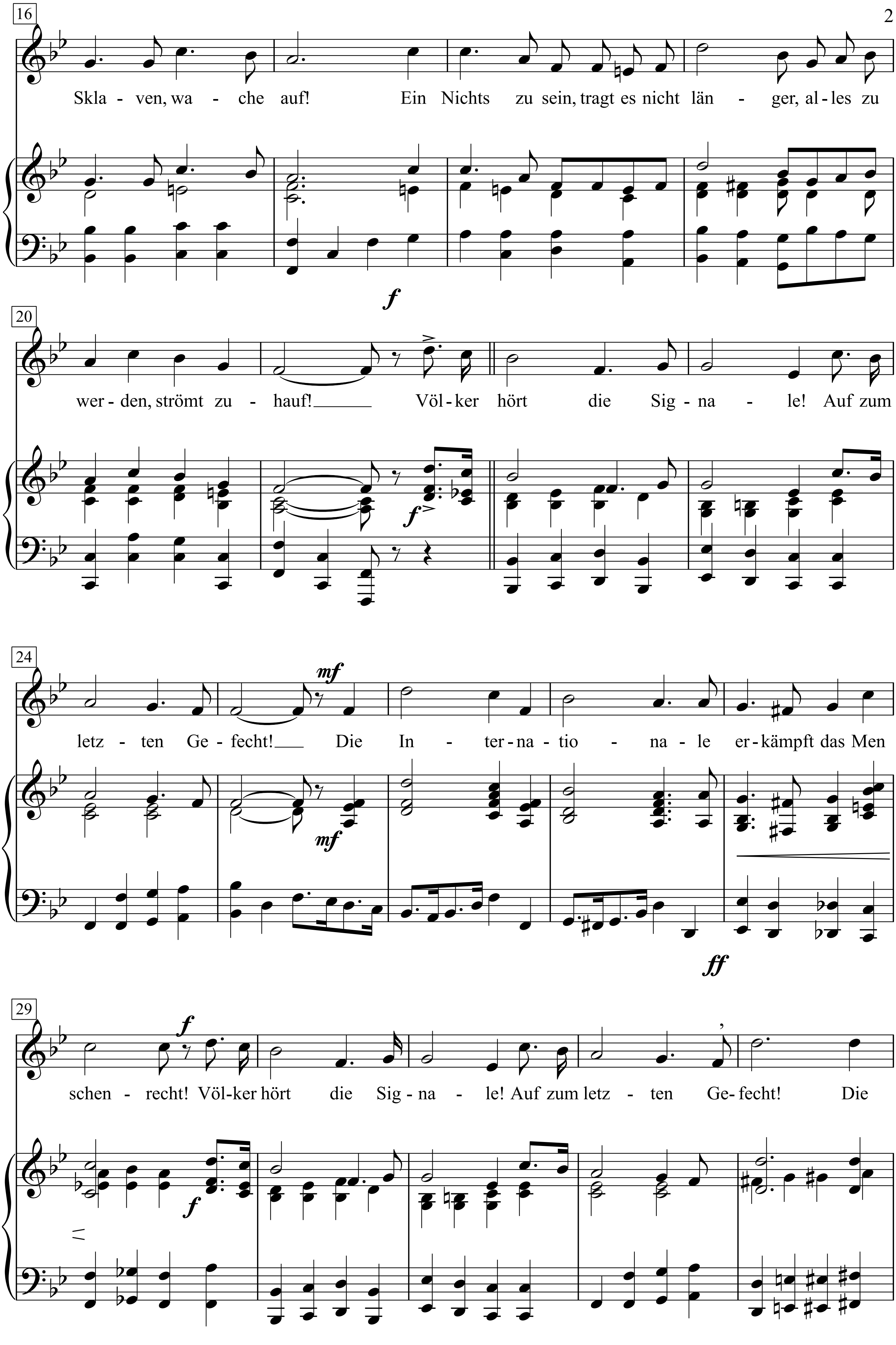
L'internationale

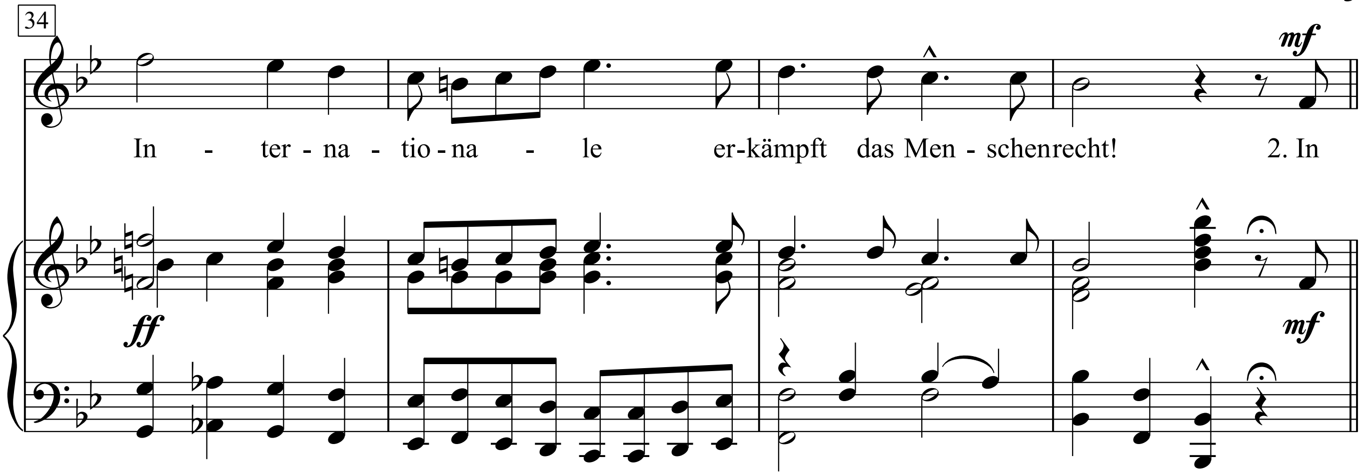
Eugène Pottiers (Juni 1871)
deutsche Nachdichtung: Emil Luckhardt (1910)

Pierre Degeyter
Arr.: Julien Porret



© 1945 by Le Chant du Monde


16
Skla - ven, wa - che auf! Ein Nichts zu sein, tragt es nicht län - ger, al - les zu
f
20
wer - den, strömt zu - hauf! Völ - ker hört die Sig - na - le! Auf zum
f
24
mf
letz - ten Ge - fecht! Die In - ter - na - tio - na - le er - kämpft das Men
mf
ff
29
f
schen - recht! Völ - ker hört die Sig - na - le! Auf zum letz - ten Ge - fecht! Die
f



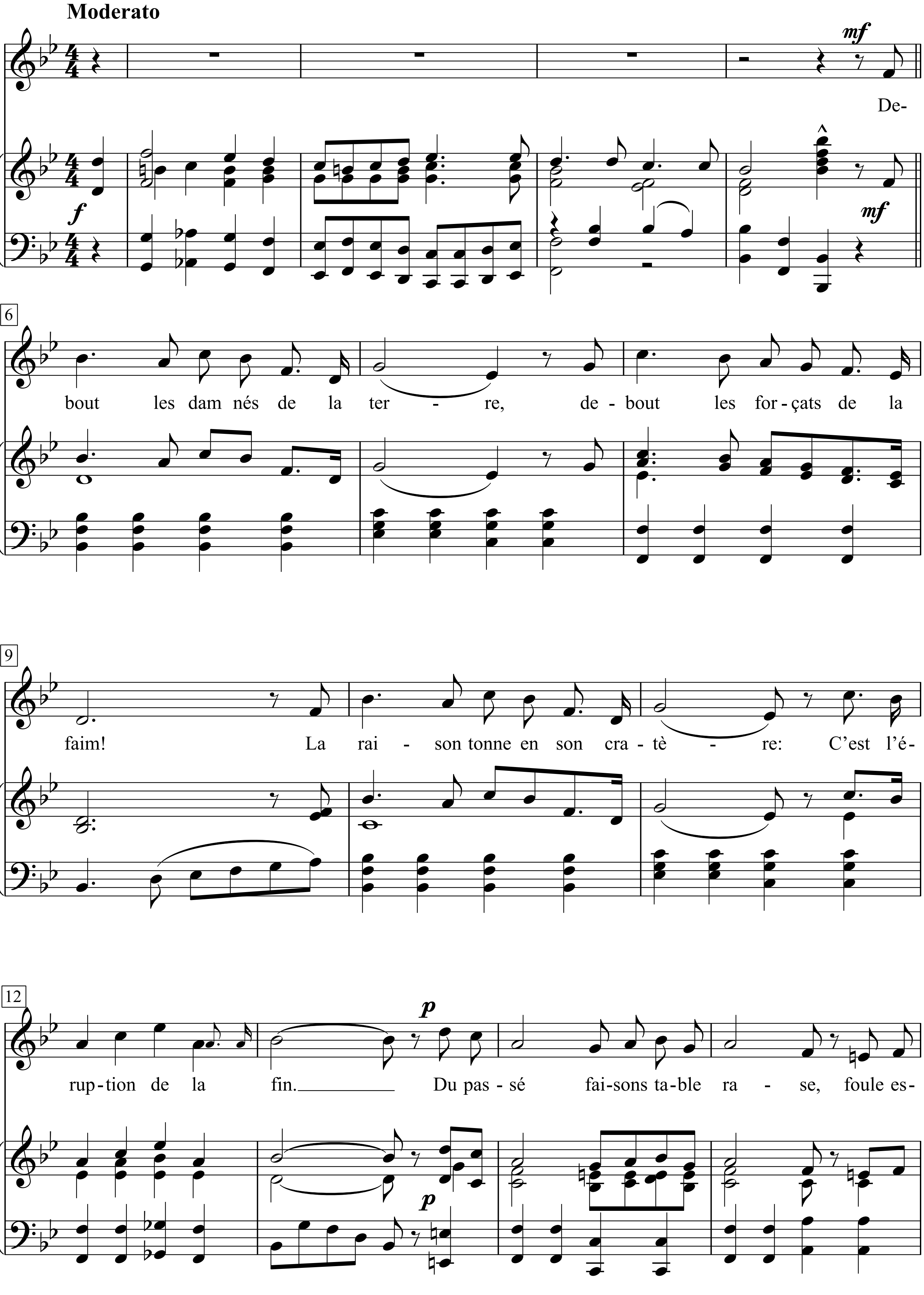
1. Wacht auf, Verdammte dieser Erde,
die stets man noch zum Hungern zwingt!
Das Recht, wie Glut im Graterherde,
nun mit Macht zum Durchbruch dringt.
Reinen Tisch macht mit dem Bedränger!
Heer der Sklaven, wache auf!
Ein Nichts zu sein, tragt es nicht länger,
alles zu werden, strömt zuhauf!

|: Völker hört die Signale!
Auf zum letzten Gefecht!
Die Internationale
erkämpft das Menschenrecht! :|

L’internationale

Eugène Pottier

Pierre Degeyter
Arr.: Julien Porret



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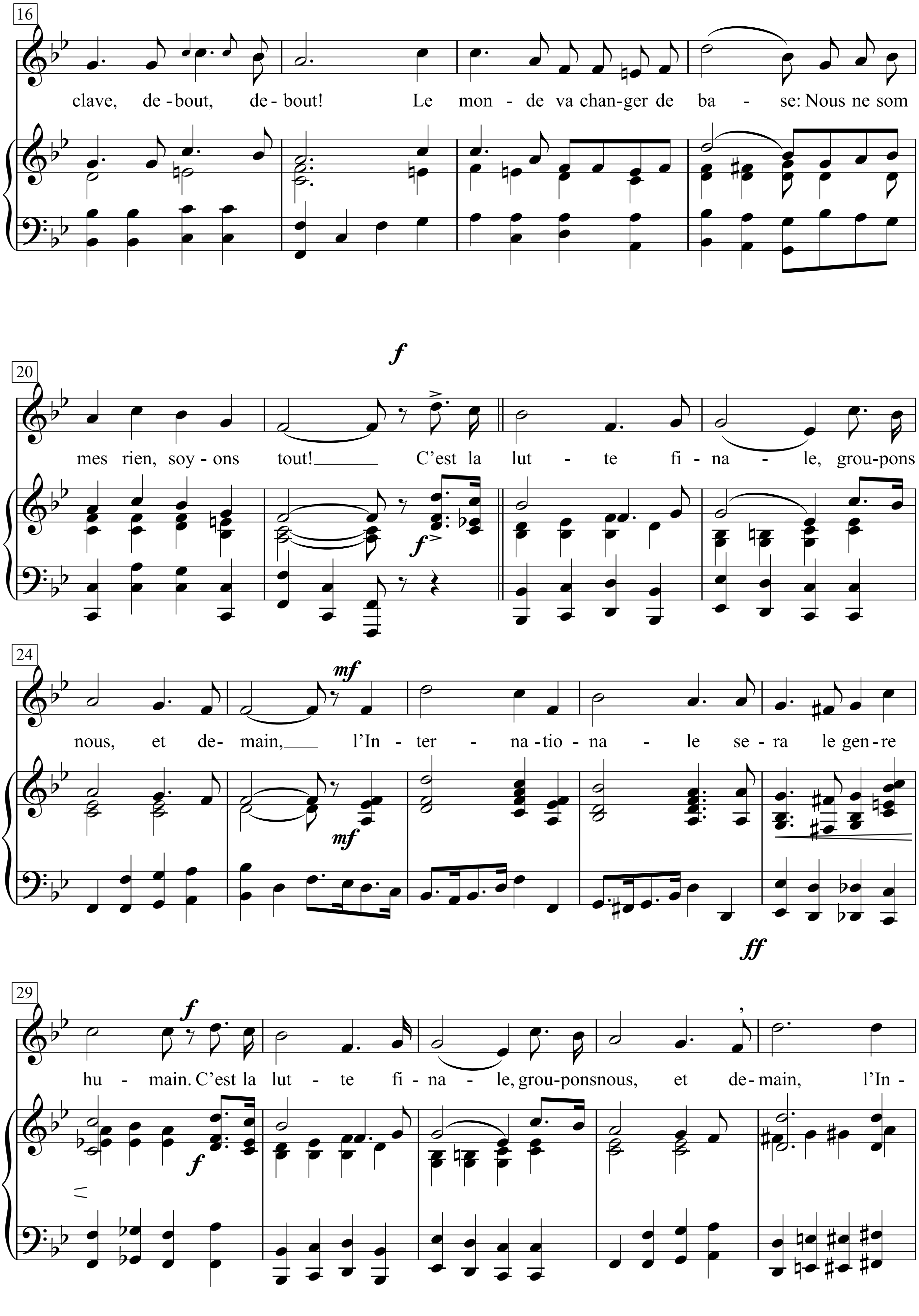
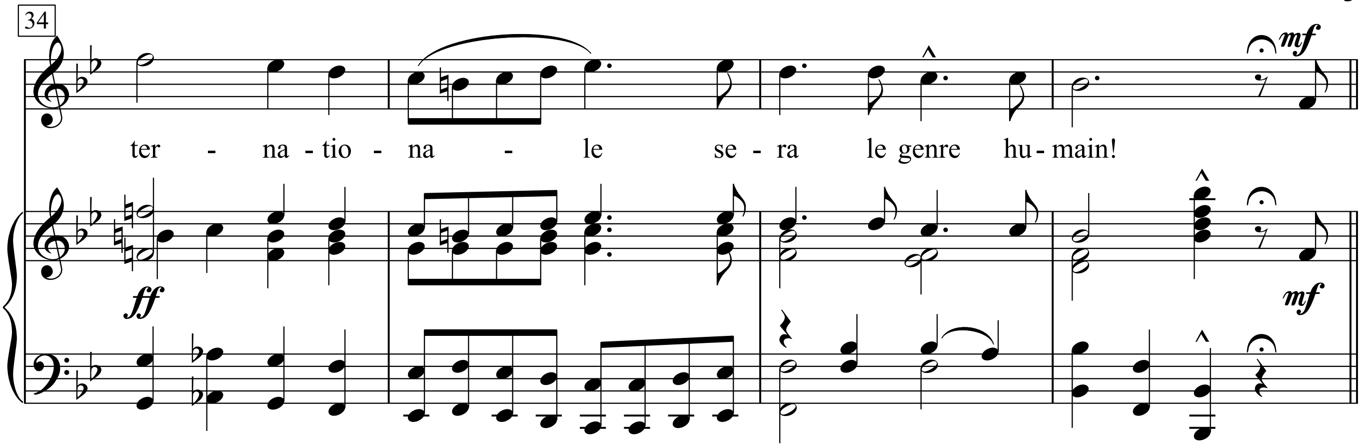

16
clave, de - bout, de - bout! Le mon - de va chan-ger de ba - se: Nous ne som
20
mes rien, soy - ons tout! C'est la lut - te fi - na - le, grou-pons
24
nous, et de- main, l'In - ter - na - tio - na - le se - ra le gen - re
29
hu - main. C'est la lut - te fi - na - le, grou - ponsnous, et de - main, l'In -



1. Debout les damnés de la terre,
debout les forçats de la faim!
La raison tonne en son cratère:
C’est l’éruption de la fin.
Du passé faisons table rase,
foule esclave, debout, debout!
Le monde va changer de base:
Nous ne sommes rien, soyons tout!

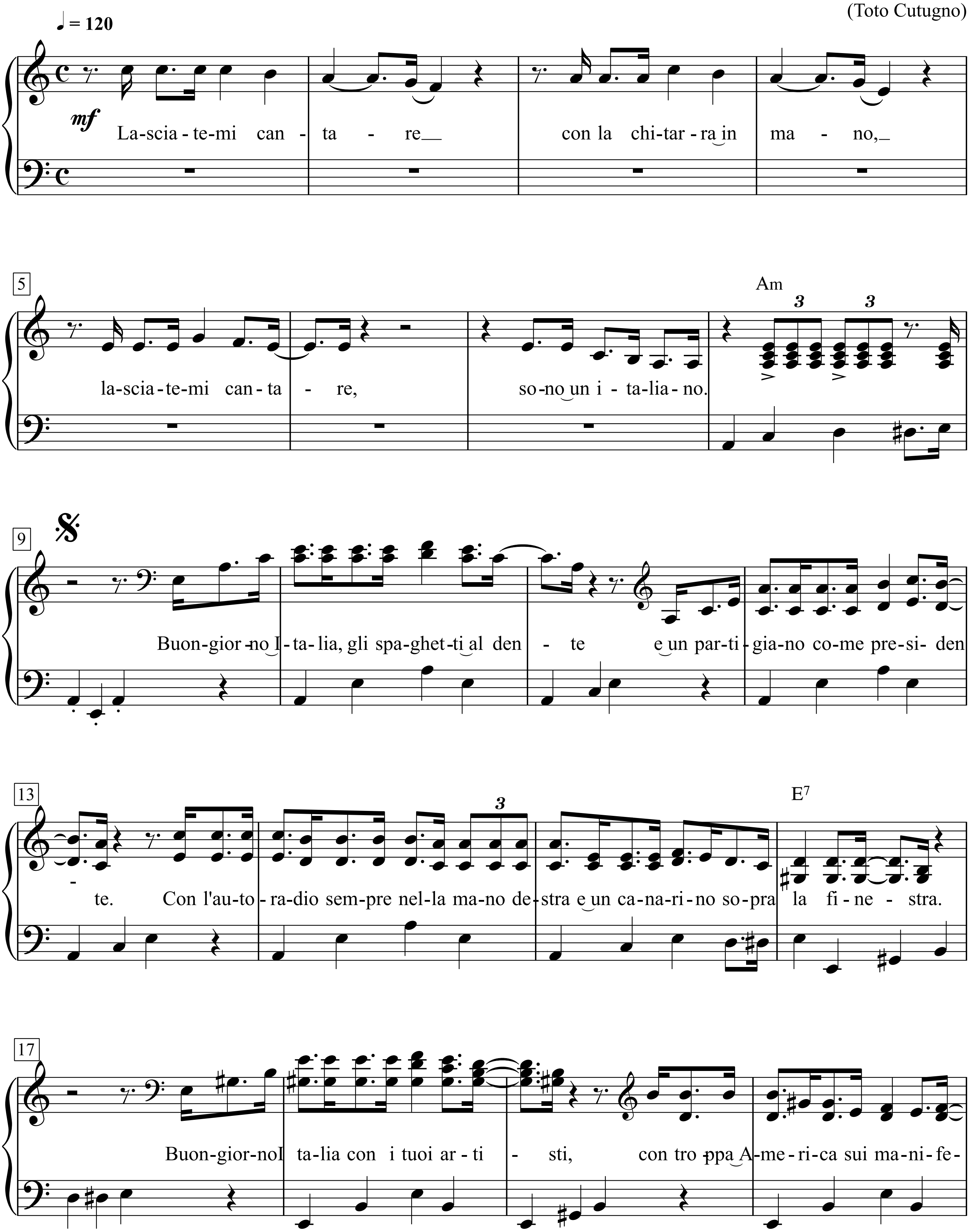
|: C’est la lutte finale,
groupons nous,
et demain, l’Internationale
sera le genre humain. :|

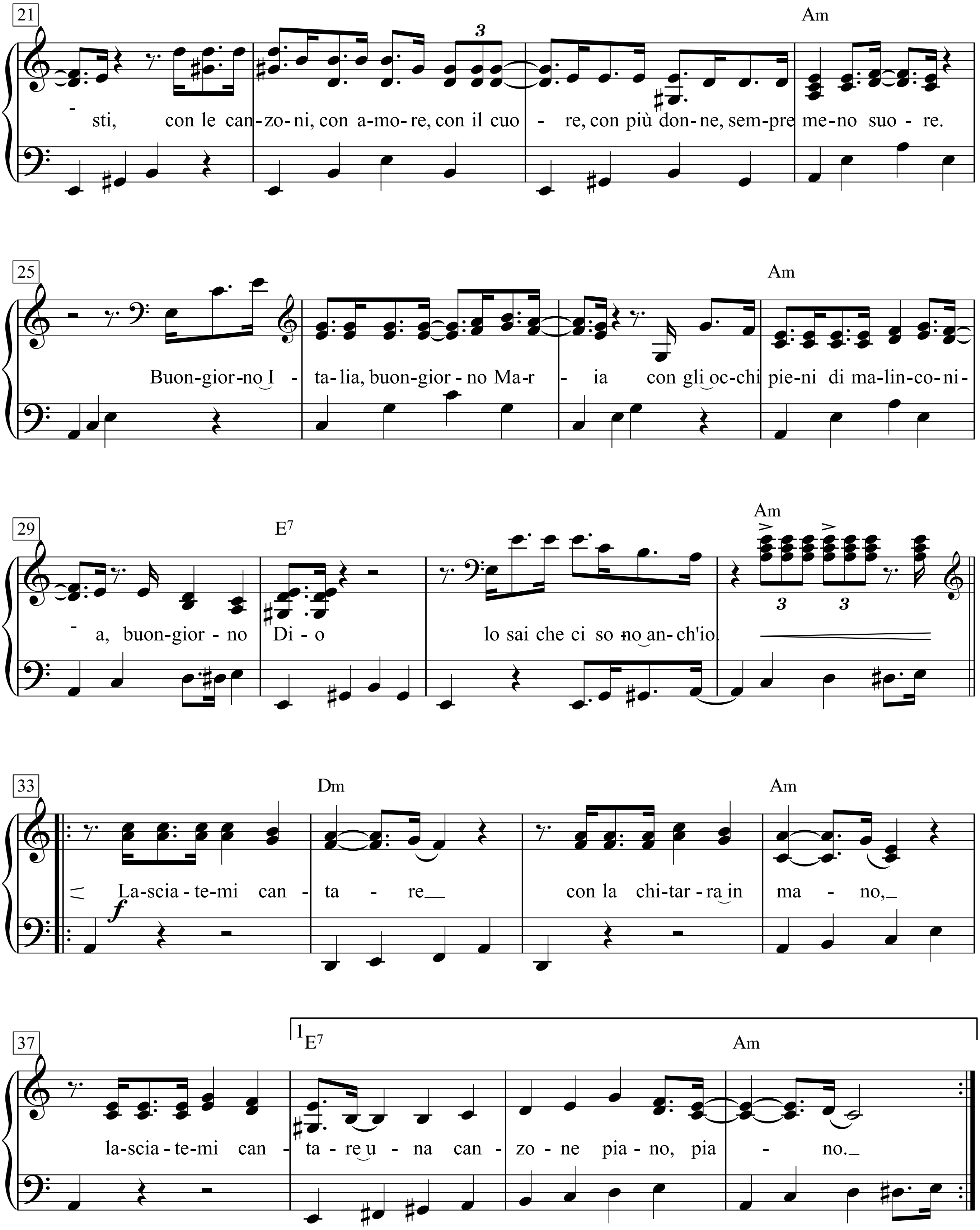
L'italiano

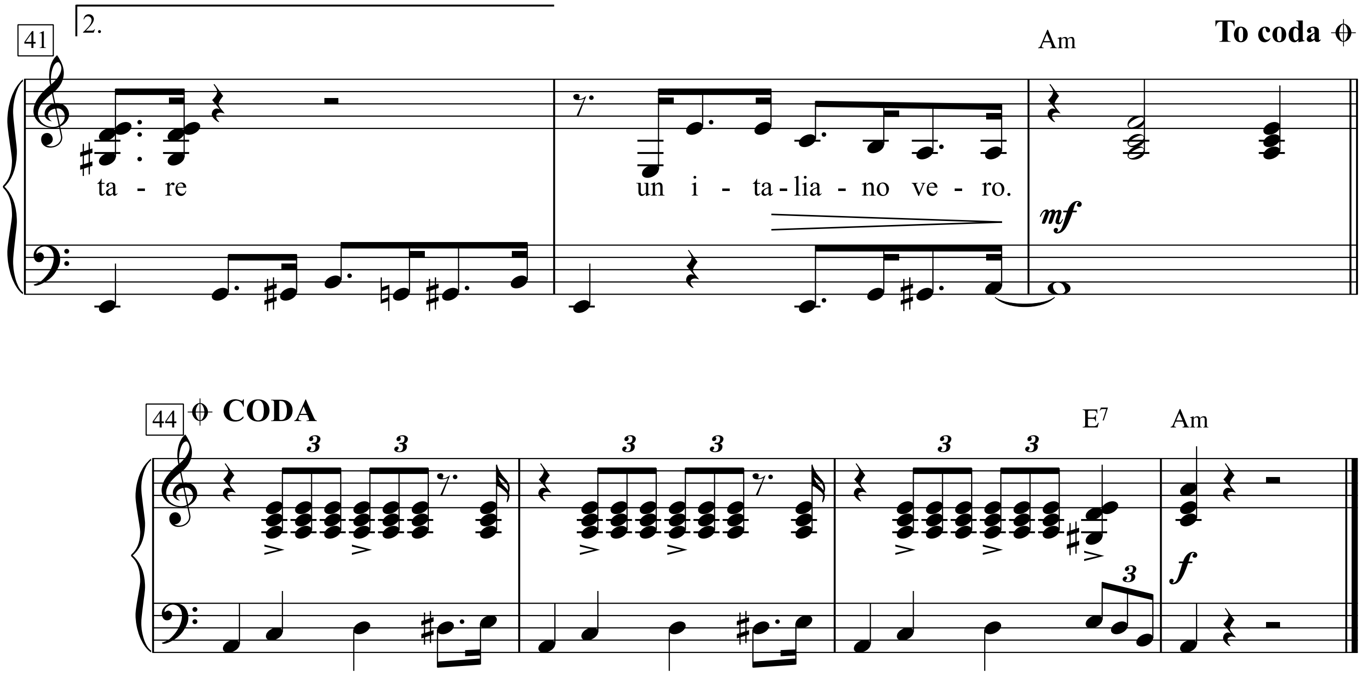
(1983)

Text: Cristiano Minellono

Musik: Salvatore Cutugno
Arr.: Hands Günter Heumann
(Toto Cutugno)



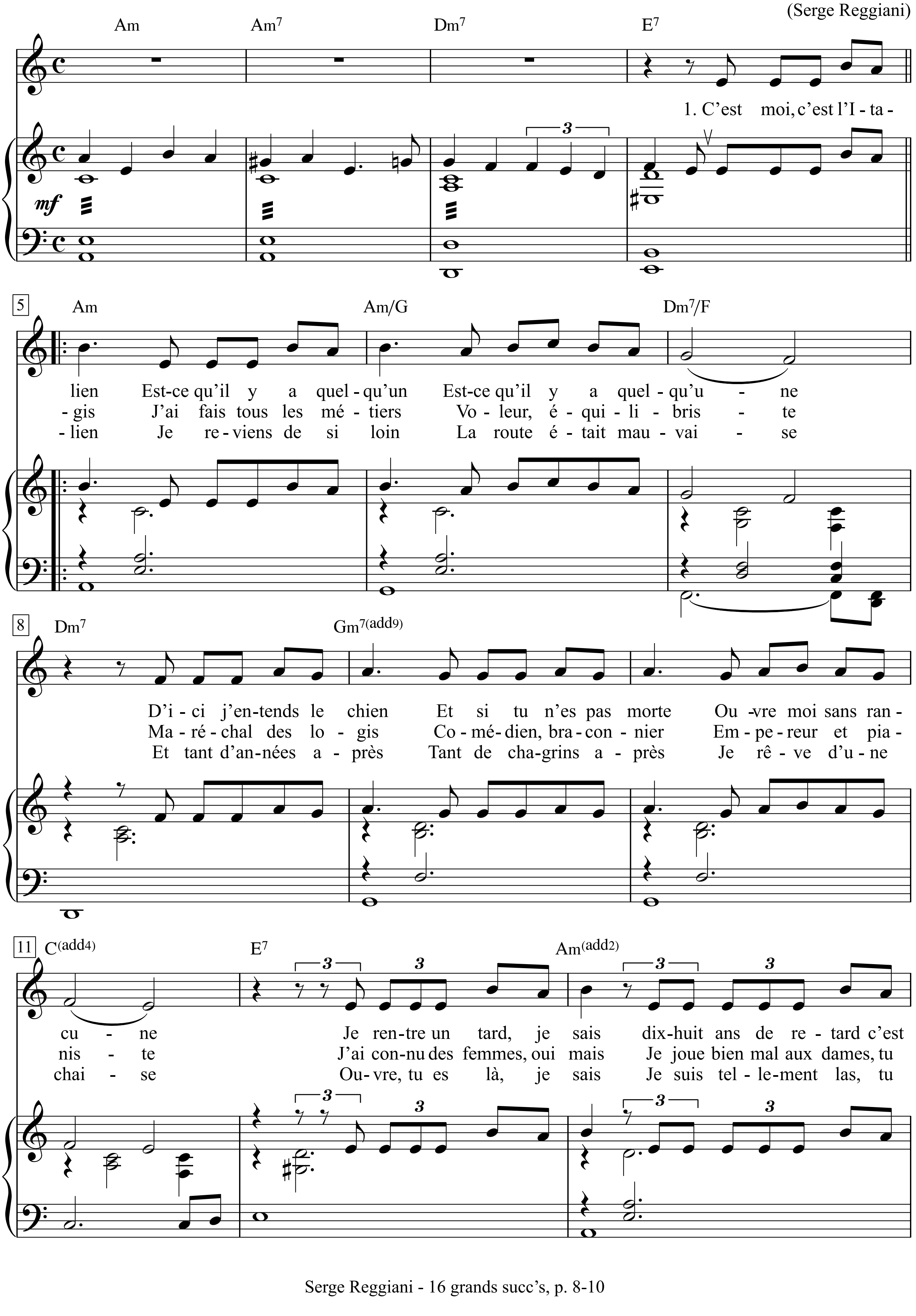

21
Am
- sti, con le can-zo-ni, con a-mo-re, con il cuo - re, con più don-ne, sem-pre me-no suo - re.
25
Am
Buon-gior-no I - ta-lia, buon-gior - no Ma-r - ia con gli oc-chi pie-ni di ma-lin-co-ni-
29
E7
Am
- a, buon-gior - no Di - o lo sai che ci so no an-ch'io.
33
Dm
Am
La-scia - te-mi can - ta - re con la chi-tar - ra in ma - no,
37
1
E7
Am
la-scia - te-mi can - ta - re u - na can - zo - ne pia - no, pia - no.

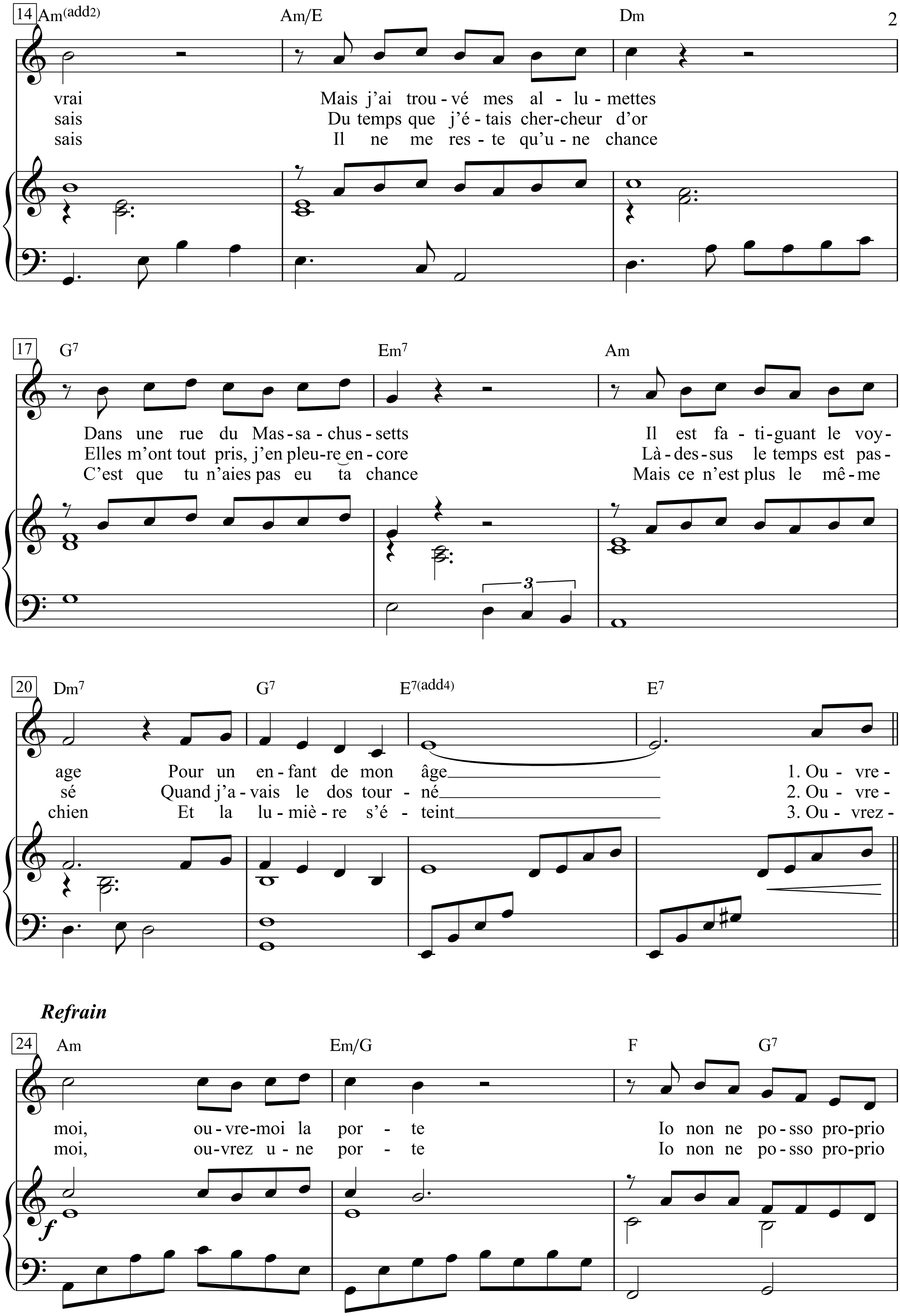

41
2.
Am
To coda
ta - re
un i - ta-lia - no ve - ro.
mf
44
CODA
3 3
E7
Am
f

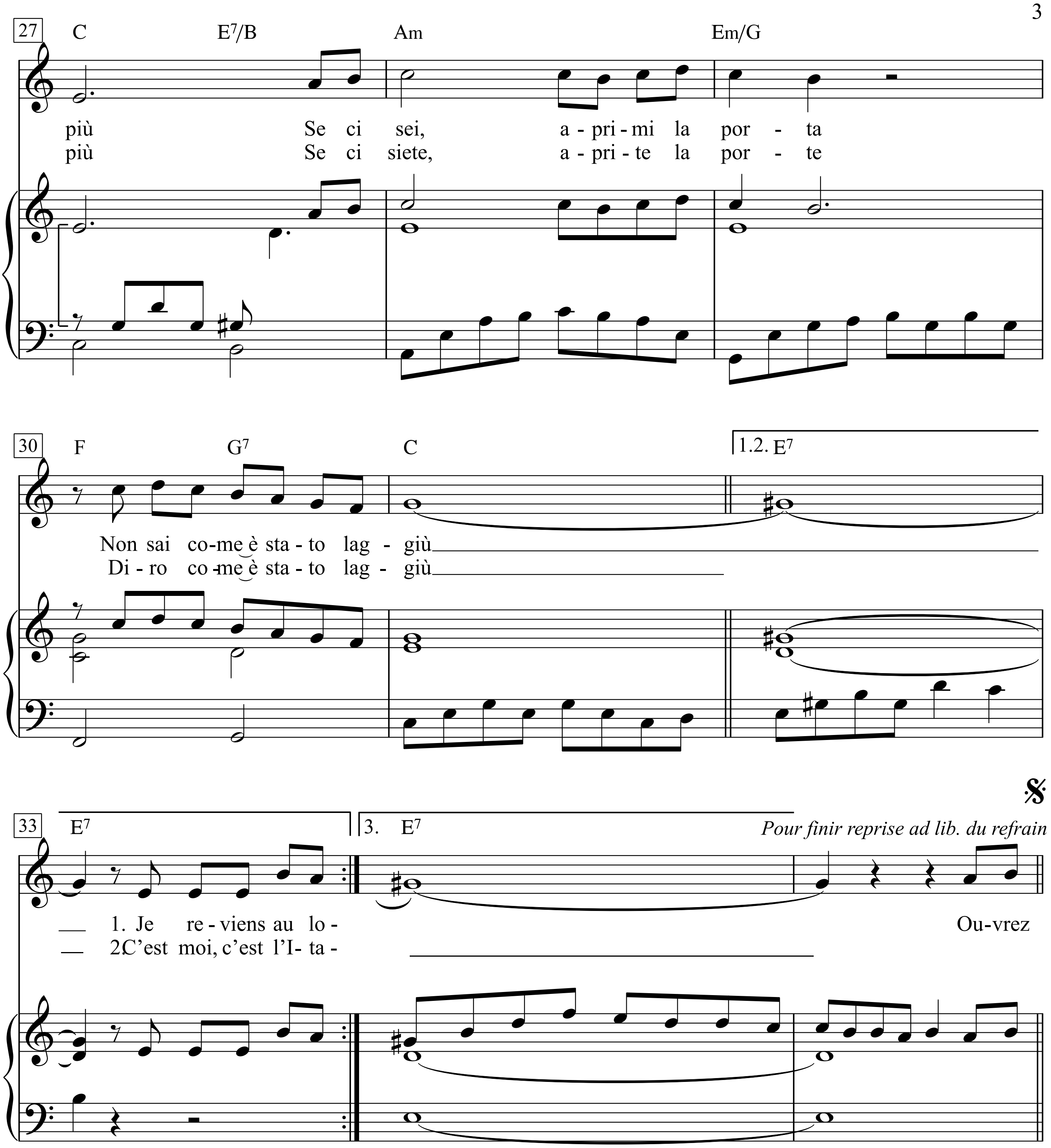
L'italien

Paroles de Jean-Loup Dabadie

Musique de Jacques Datin
(Serge Reggiani)




14
Am(add2) Am/E Dm
vrai Mais j'ai trou - vé mes al - lu - mettes
sais Du temps que j'é - tais cher-cheur d'or
sais Il ne me res - te qu'u - ne chance
17
G7 Em7 Am
Dans une rue du Mas - sa - chus - setts Il est fa - ti - guant le voy -
Elles m'ont tout pris, j'en pleu-re en - core Là - des - sus le temps est pas -
C'est que tu n'aies pas eu ta chance Mais ce n'est plus le mê - me
20
Dm7 G7 E7(add4) E7
age Pour un en - fant de mon âge 1. Ou - vre -
sé Quand j'a - vais le dos tour - né 2. Ou - vre -
chien Et la lu - miè - re s'é - teint 3. Ou - vrez -
Refrain
24
Am Em/G F G7
moi, ou - vre-moi la por - te Io non ne po - sso pro-prio
moi, ou - vrez u - ne por - te Io non ne po - sso pro-prio
f


27
C E7/B Am Em/G
più Se ci sei, a-pri-mi la por-ta
più Se ci siete, a-pri-te la por-te
30
F G7 C
1.2. E7
Non sai co-me è sta-to lag-giù
Di-ro co-me è sta-to lag-giù
33
E7
3. E7
Pour finir reprise ad lib. du refrain
1. Je re-viens au lo-
2. C'est moi, c'est l'I-ta-
Ou-vrez

1. C’est moi, c’est l’Italien
Est-ce qu’il y a quelqu’un
Est-ce qu’il y a quelqu’une
D’ici j’entends le chien
Et si tu n’es pas morte
Ouvre-moi sans rancune
Je rentre un peu tard je sais
Dix-huit ans de retard c’est vrai
Mais j’ai trouvé mes allumettes
Dans une rue du Massachussetts
Il est fatiguant le voyage
Pour un enfant de mon âge

Refrain:
Ouvre-moi, ouvre-moi la porte
Io non ne posso proprio più
Se ci sei, aprimi la porta
Non sai come è stato laggiù

2. Je reviens au logis
J’ai fais tous les métiers
Voleur, équilibriste
Maréchal des logis
Comédien, braconnier
Empereur et pianiste
J’ai connu des femmes, oui mais
Je joue bien mal aux dames, tu sais
Du temps que j’étais chercheur d’or
Elles m’ont tout pris, j’en pleure encore
Là-dessus le temps est passé
Quand j’avais le dos tourné

Refrain:
Ouvre-moi, ouvre-moi la porte
Io non ne posso proprio più
Se ci sei, aprimi la porta
Diro come è stato laggiù

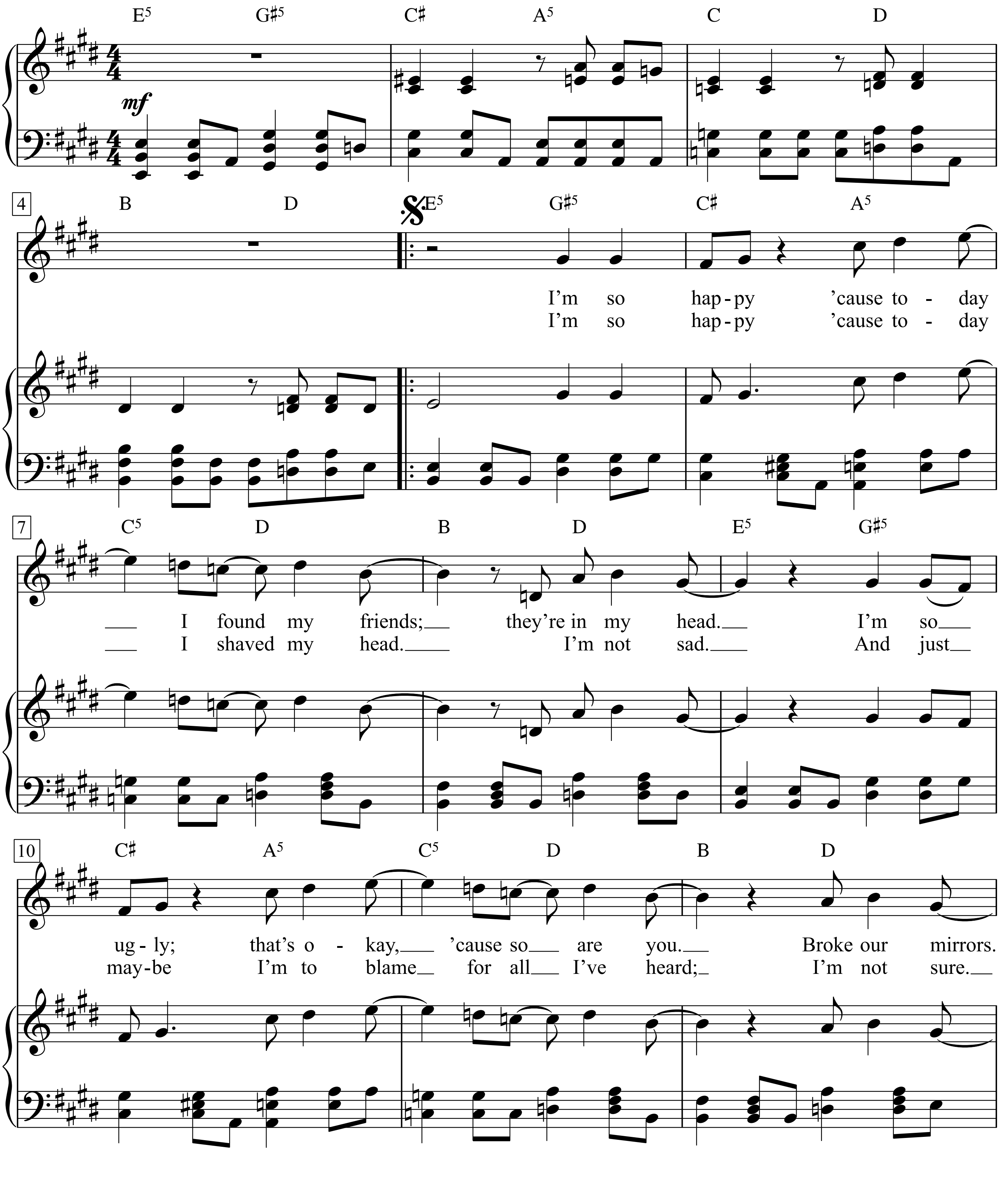
3. C’est moi, c’est l’Italien
Je reviens de si loin
La route était mauvaise
Et tant d’années après
Tant de chagrins après
Je rêve d’une chaise
Ouvre, tu es là, je sais
Je suis tellement las, tu sais
Il ne me reste qu’une chance
C’est que tu n’aies pas eu ta chance
Mais ce n’est plus le même chien
Et la lumière s’éteint

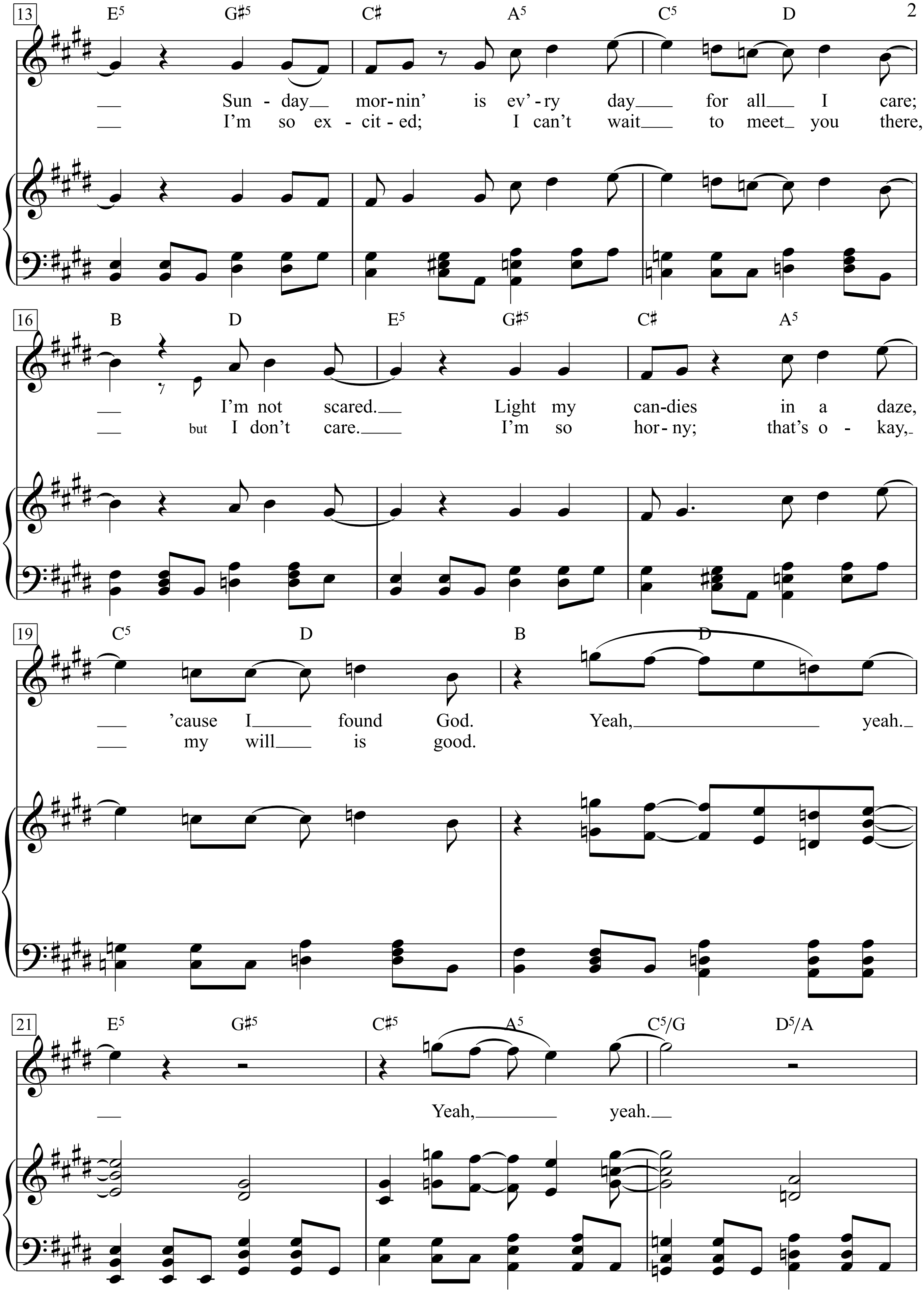
Refrain:
Ouvrez-moi, ouvrez une porte
Io non ne posso proprio più
Se ci siete, aprite la porta
Diro come è stato laggiù

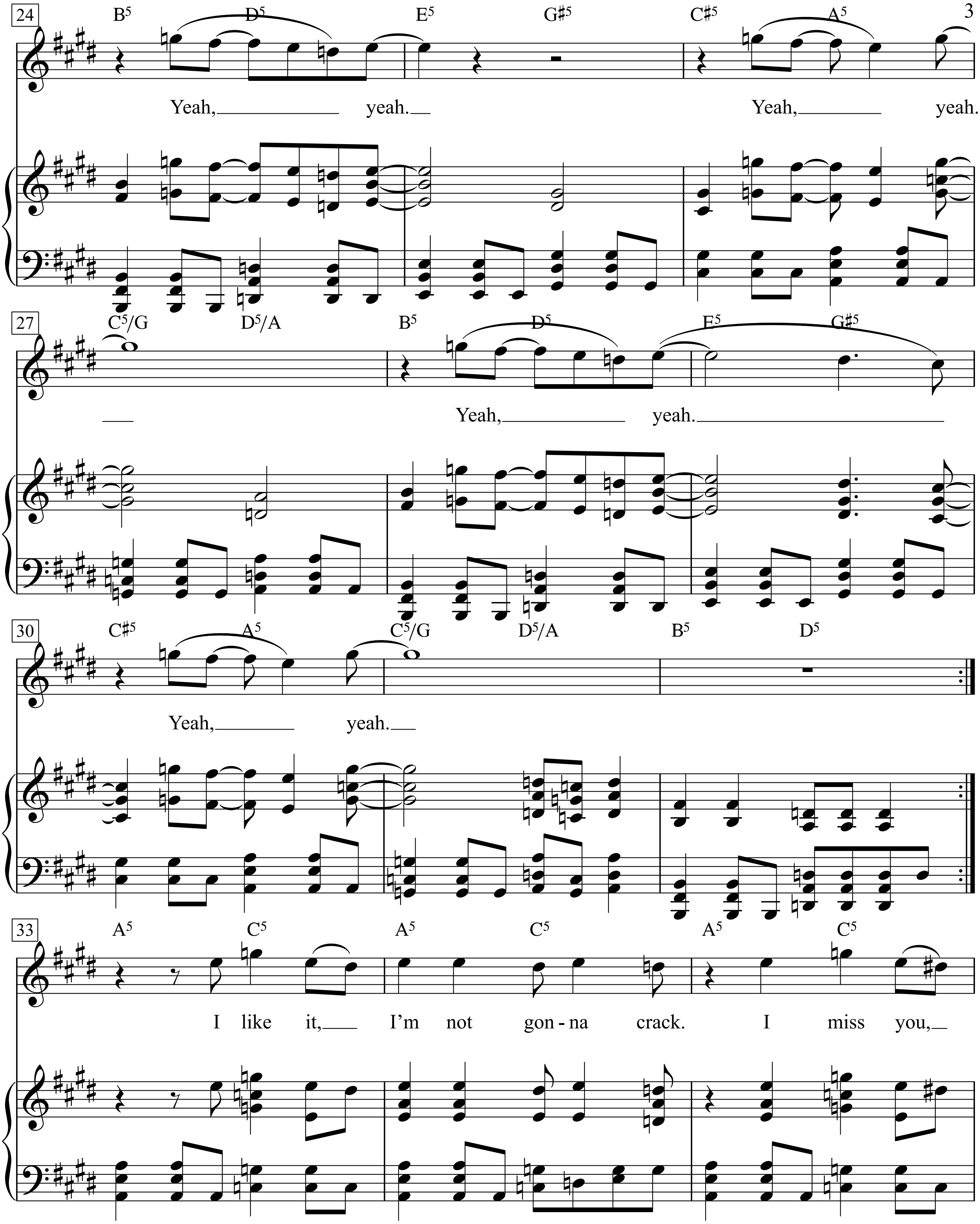
Lithium

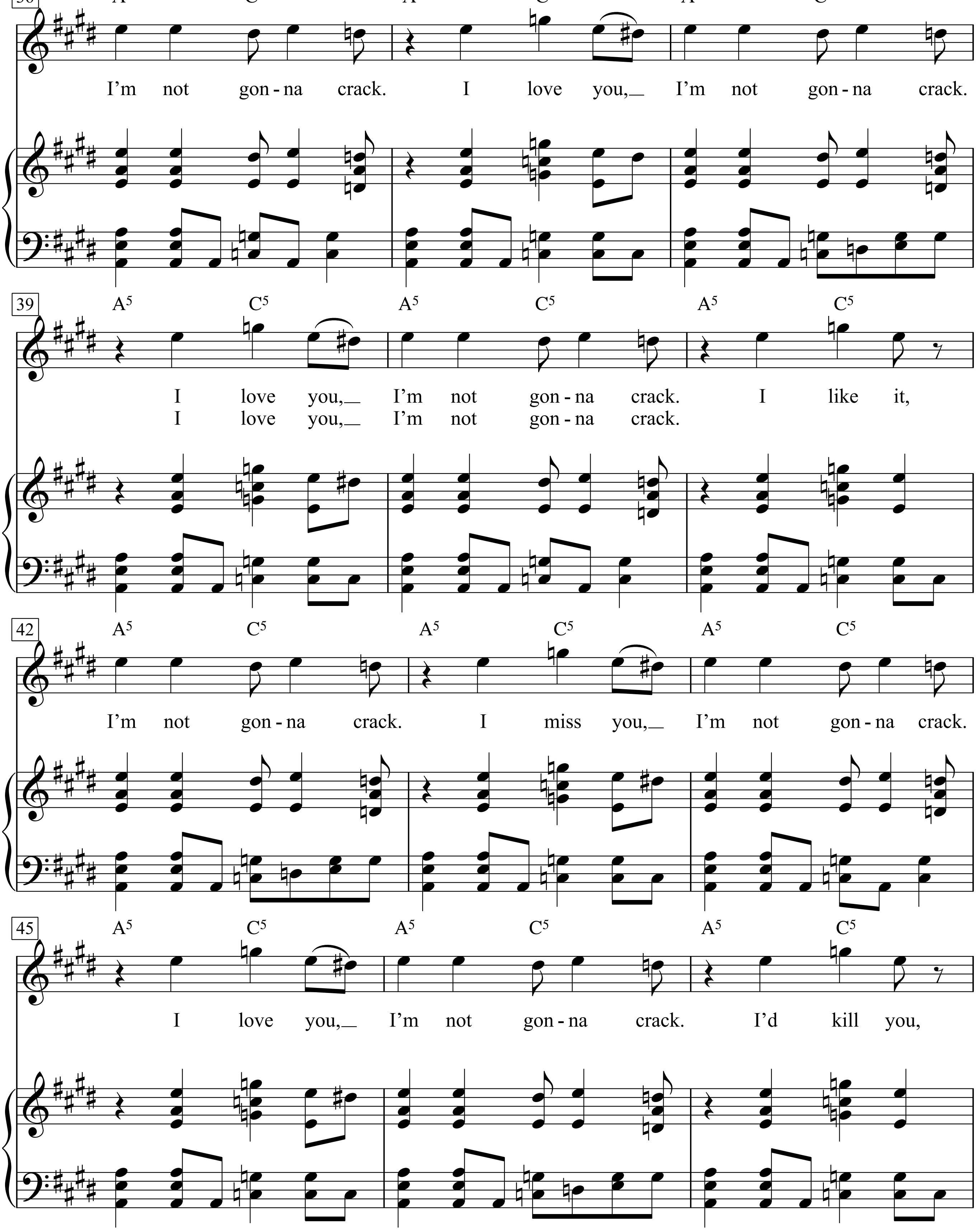
Moderately

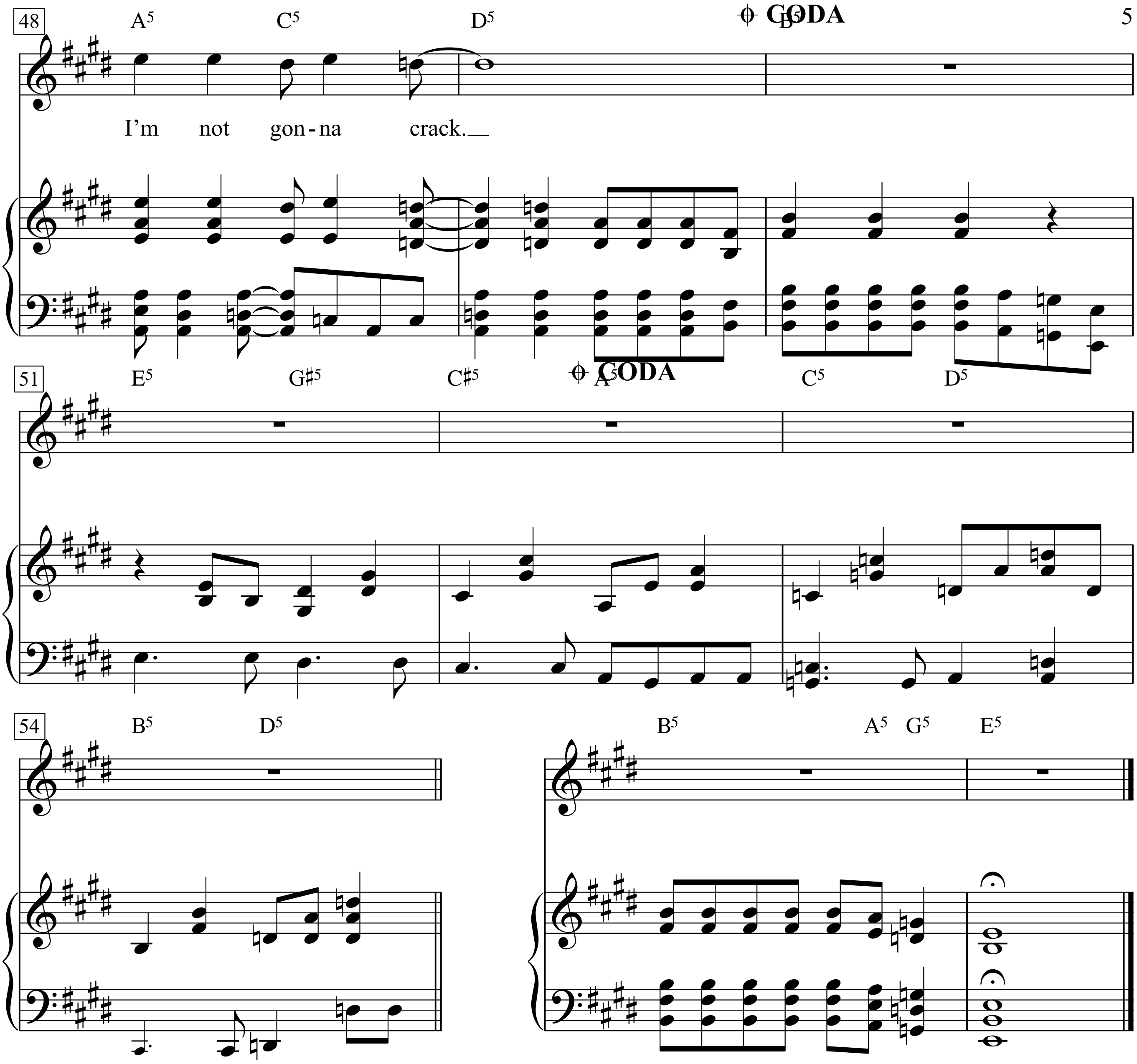
Words & Music by Kurt Cobain
(Nirvana)




13
E5 G♯5 C♯ A5 C5 D
Sun - day mor-nin' is ev'-ry day for all I care;
I'm so ex - cit - ed; I can't wait to meet you there,
16
B D E5 G♯5 C♯ A5
I'm not scared. Light my can-dies in a daze,
but I don't care. I'm so hor - ny; that's o - kay,
19
C5 D B D
'cause I found God. Yeah, yeah.
my will is good.
21
E5 G♯5 C♯5 A5 C5/G D5/A
Yeah, yeah.


24
B5 D5 E5 G♯5 C♯5 A5
Yeah, yeah. Yeah, yeah.
27
C5/G D5/A B5 D5 E5 G♯5
Yeah, yeah.
30
C♯5 A5 C5/G D5/A B5 D5
Yeah, yeah.
33
A5 C5 A5 C5 A5 C5
I like it, I'm not gon - na crack. I miss you,

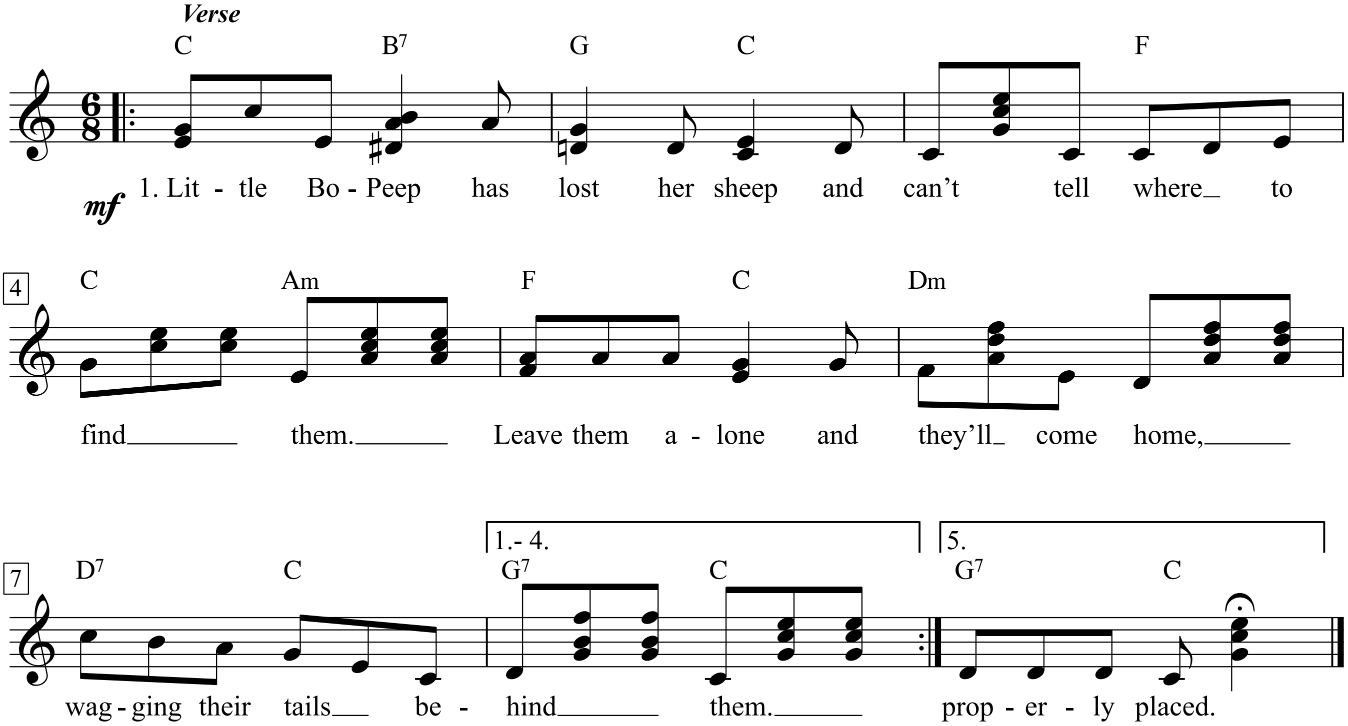

36
A5 C5 A5 C5 A5 C5
I'm not gon - na crack. I love you, I'm not gon - na crack.
39
A5 C5 A5 C5 A5 C5
I love you, I'm not gon - na crack. I like it,
I love you, I'm not gon - na crack.
42
A5 C5 A5 C5 A5 C5
I'm not gon - na crack. I miss you, I'm not gon - na crack.
45
A5 C5 A5 C5 A5 C5
I love you, I'm not gon - na crack. I'd kill you,


48
A5 C5 D5
CODA
B5
I'm not gon-na crack.
51
E5 G♯5 C♯5
CODA
A5 C5 D5
54
B5 D5
B5 A5 G5 E5

Little Bo-Peep

Moderately

Traditional



1. Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep
and can't tell where to find them.
Leave them alone and they'll come home,
wagging their tails behind them.

2. Little Bo Peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating.
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeting.

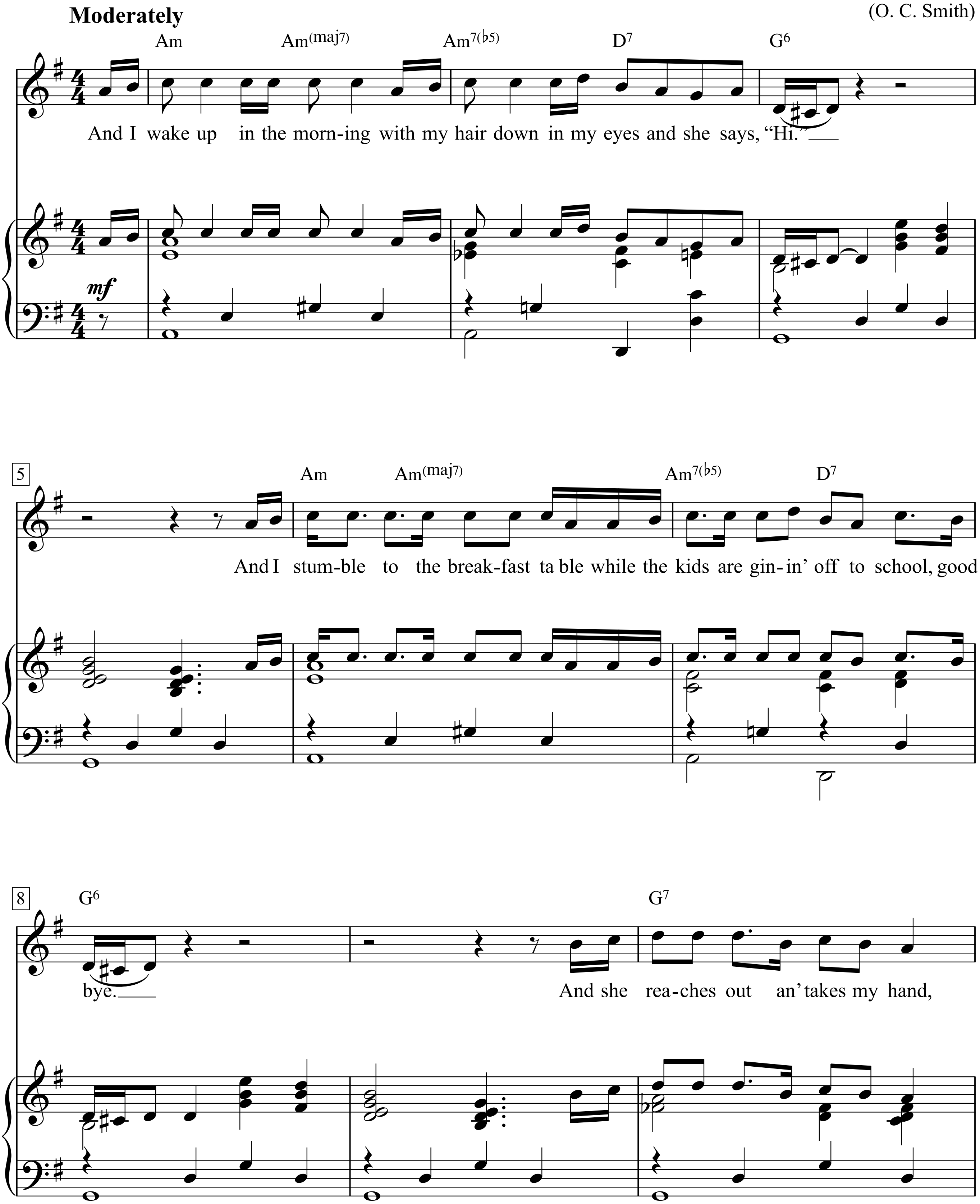
3. Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them.
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left all their tails behind them!

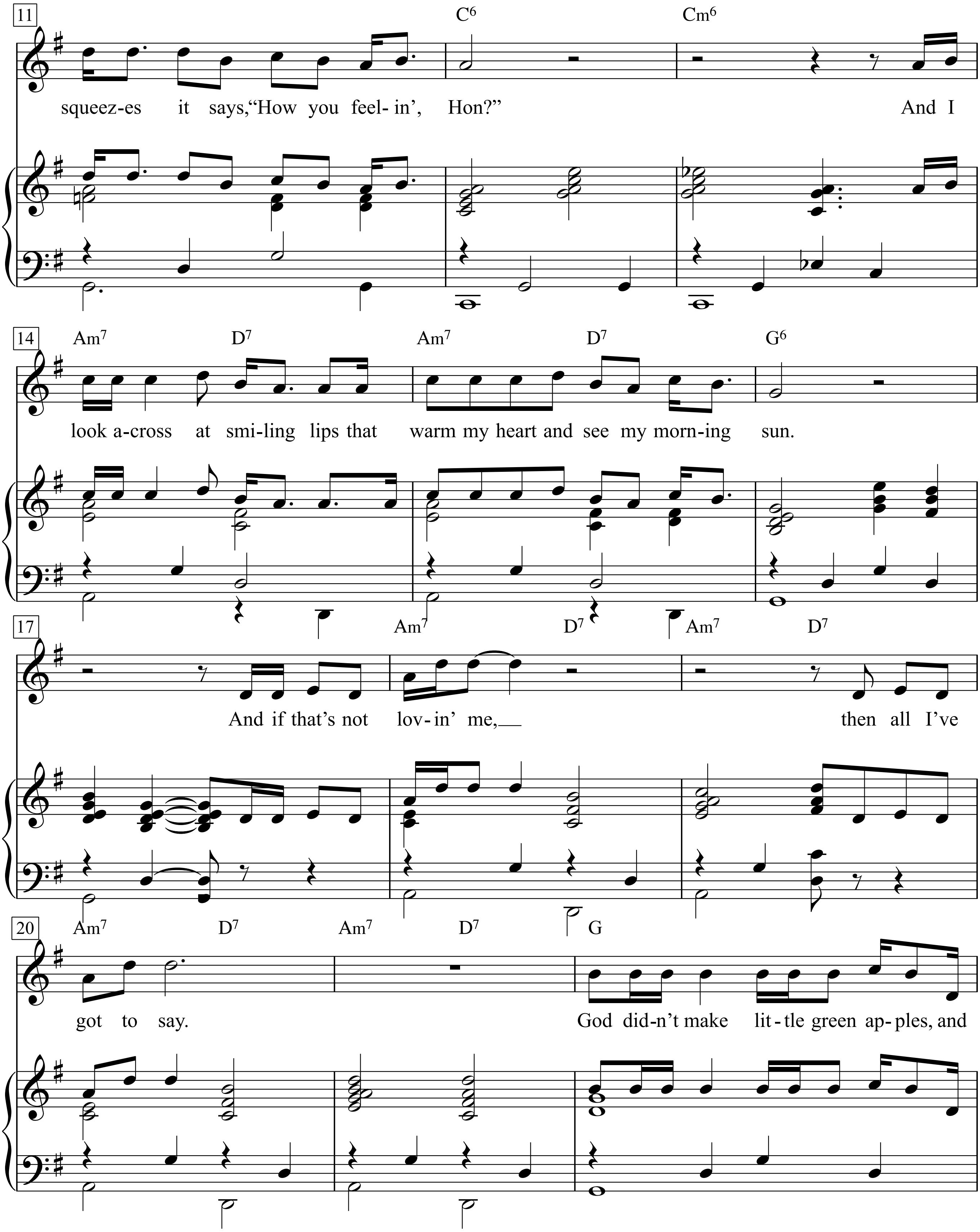
4. It happened one day, as Bo Peep did stray
Unto a meadow hard by.
There she espied their tails, side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

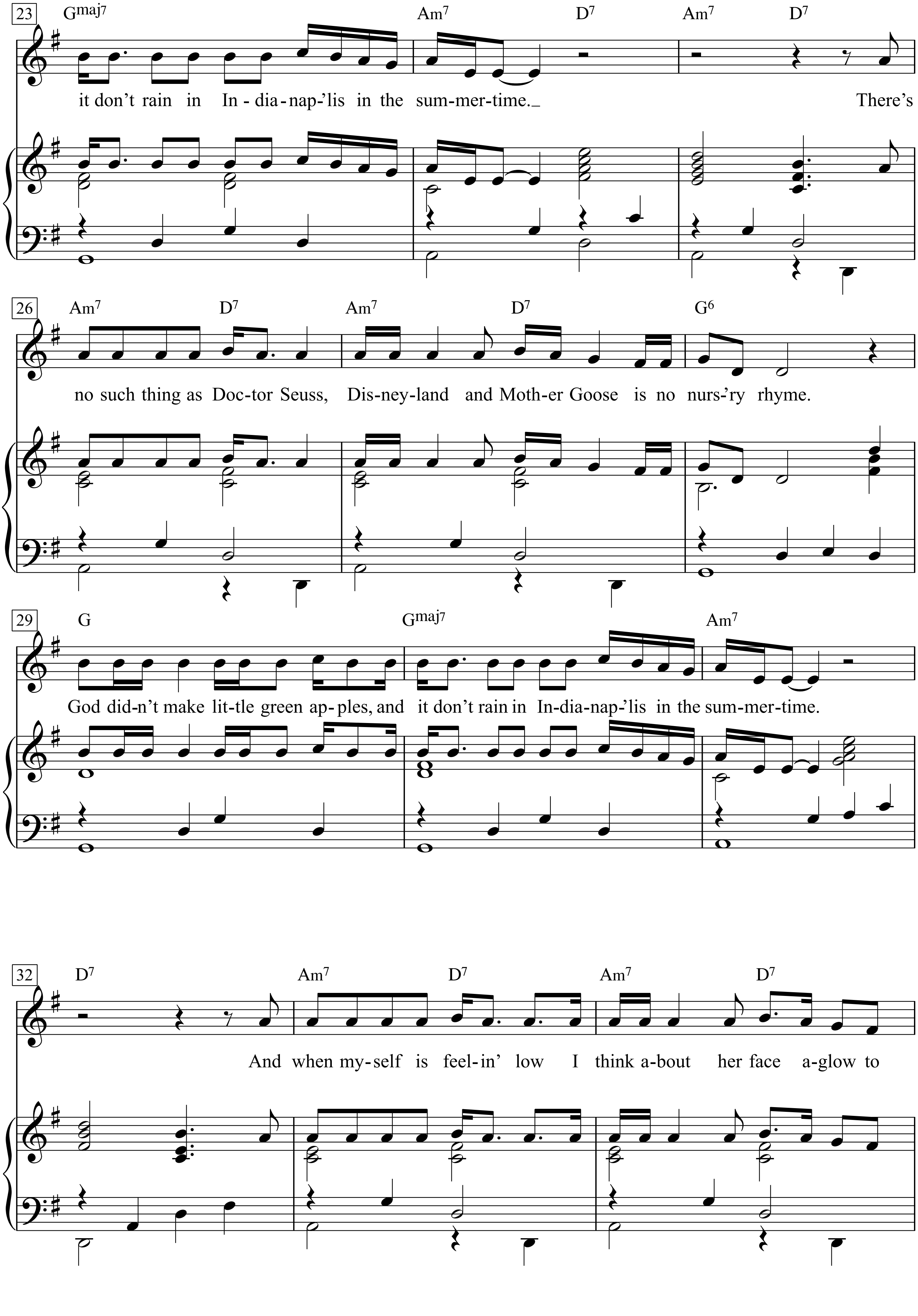
5. She heaved a sigh and wiped her eye,
And over the hillocks she raced.
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,
That each tail should be properly placed.

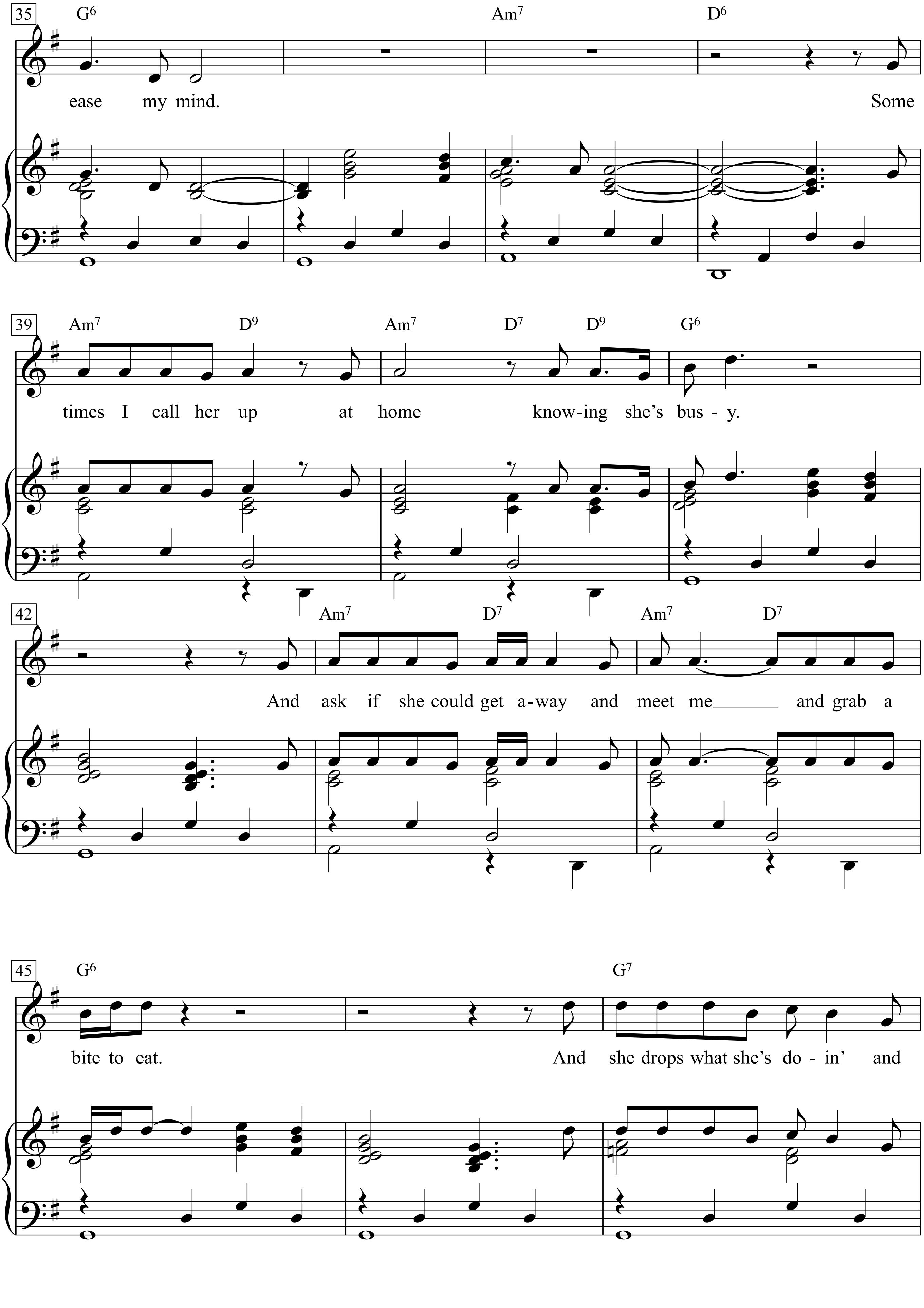
Little Green Apples

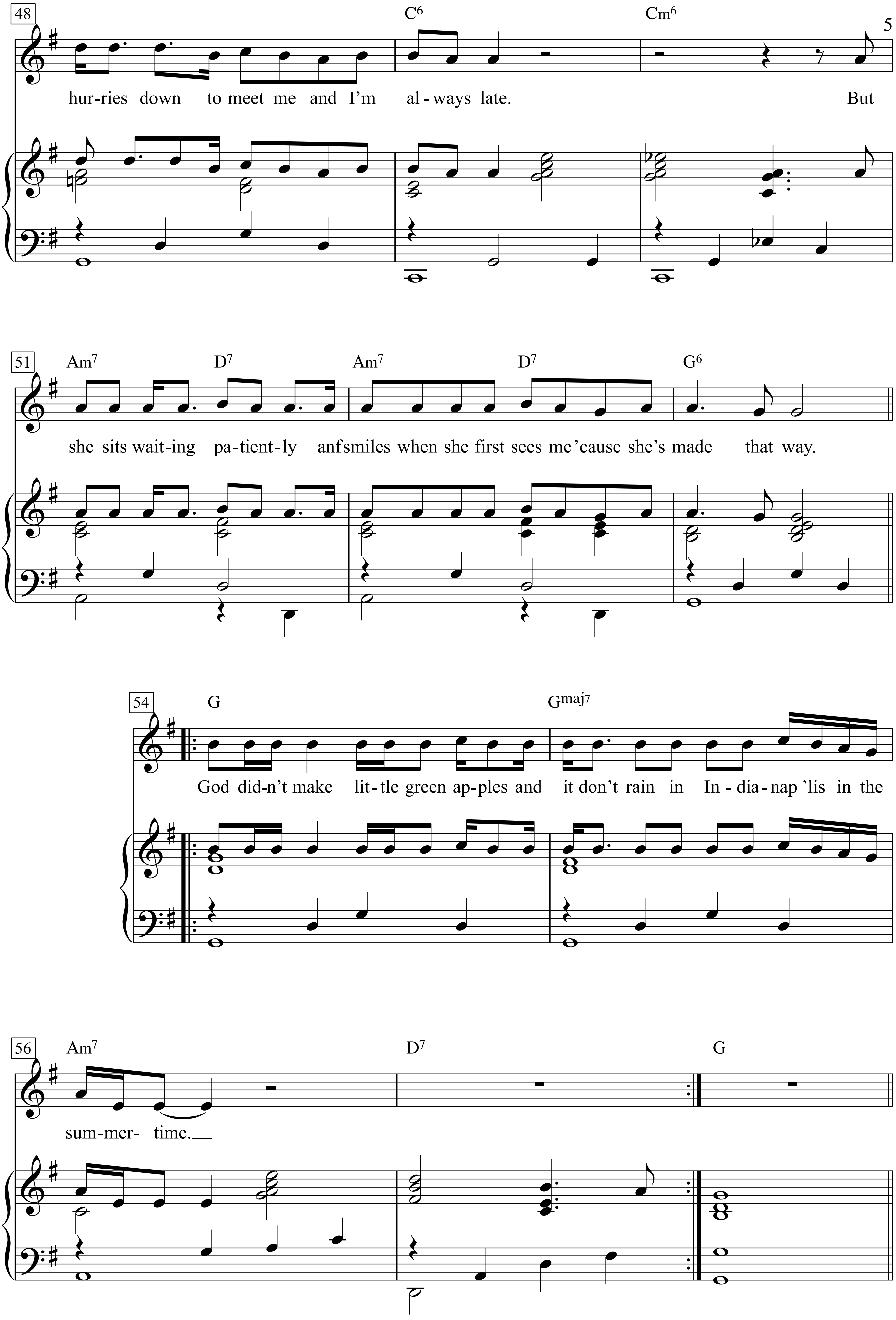
Words & Music by Bobby Russell
(O. C. Smith)




11
C6
Cm6
squeez-es it says, "How you feel-in', Hon?" And I
14
Am7
D7
Am7
D7
G6
look a-cross at smi-ling lips that warm my heart and see my morn-ing sun.
17
Am7
D7
Am7
D7
And if that's not lov-in' me, then all I've
20
Am7
D7
Am7
D7
G
got to say. God did-n't make lit-tle green ap-ples, and

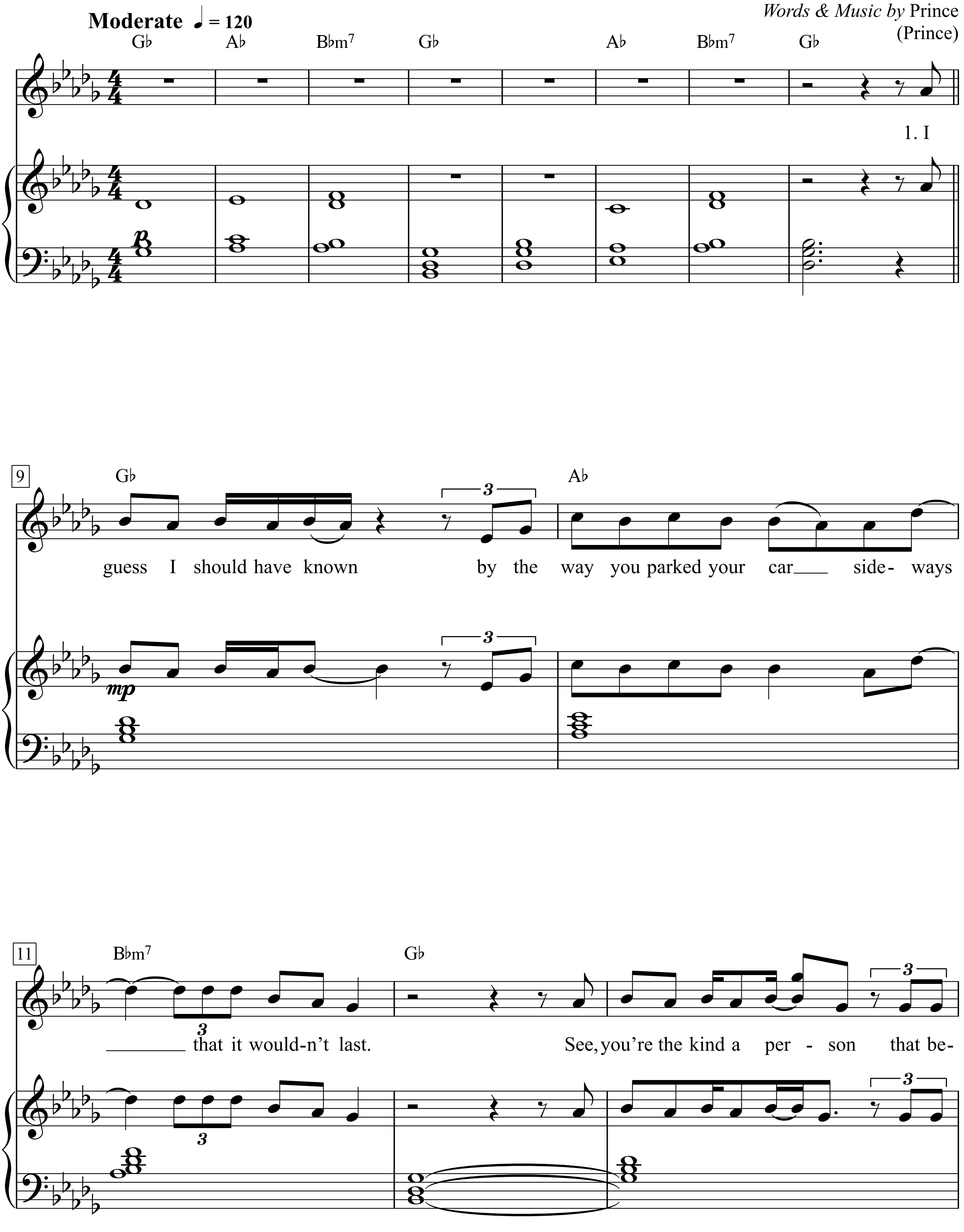

23
Gmaj7 Am7 D7 Am7 D7
it don't rain in In-dia-nap-'lis in the sum-mer-time._ There's
26
Am7 D7 Am7 D7 G6
no such thing as Doc-tor Seuss, Dis-ney-land and Moth-er Goose is no nurs-'ry rhyme.
29
G Gmaj7 Am7
God did-n't make lit-tle green ap-ples, and it don't rain in In-dia-nap-'lis in the sum-mer-time.
32
D7 Am7 D7 Am7 D7
And when my-self is feel-in' low I think a-bout her face a-glow to

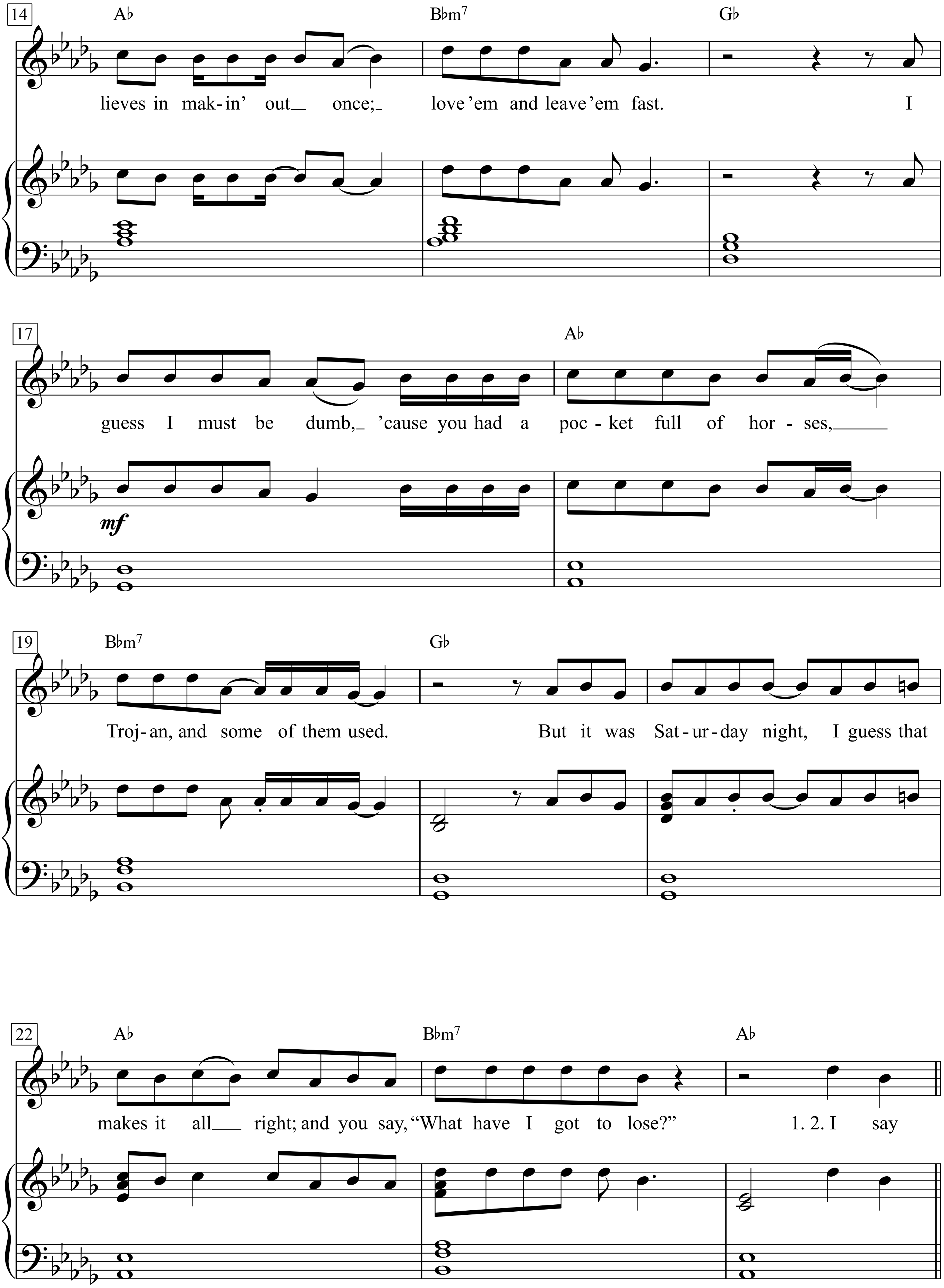

35
G6 Am7 D6
ease my mind. Some
39
Am7 D9 Am7 D7 D9 G6
times I call her up at home know-ing she's bus - y.
42
Am7 D7 Am7 D7
And ask if she could get a-way and meet me and grab a
45
G6 G7
bite to eat. And she drops what she's do - in' and

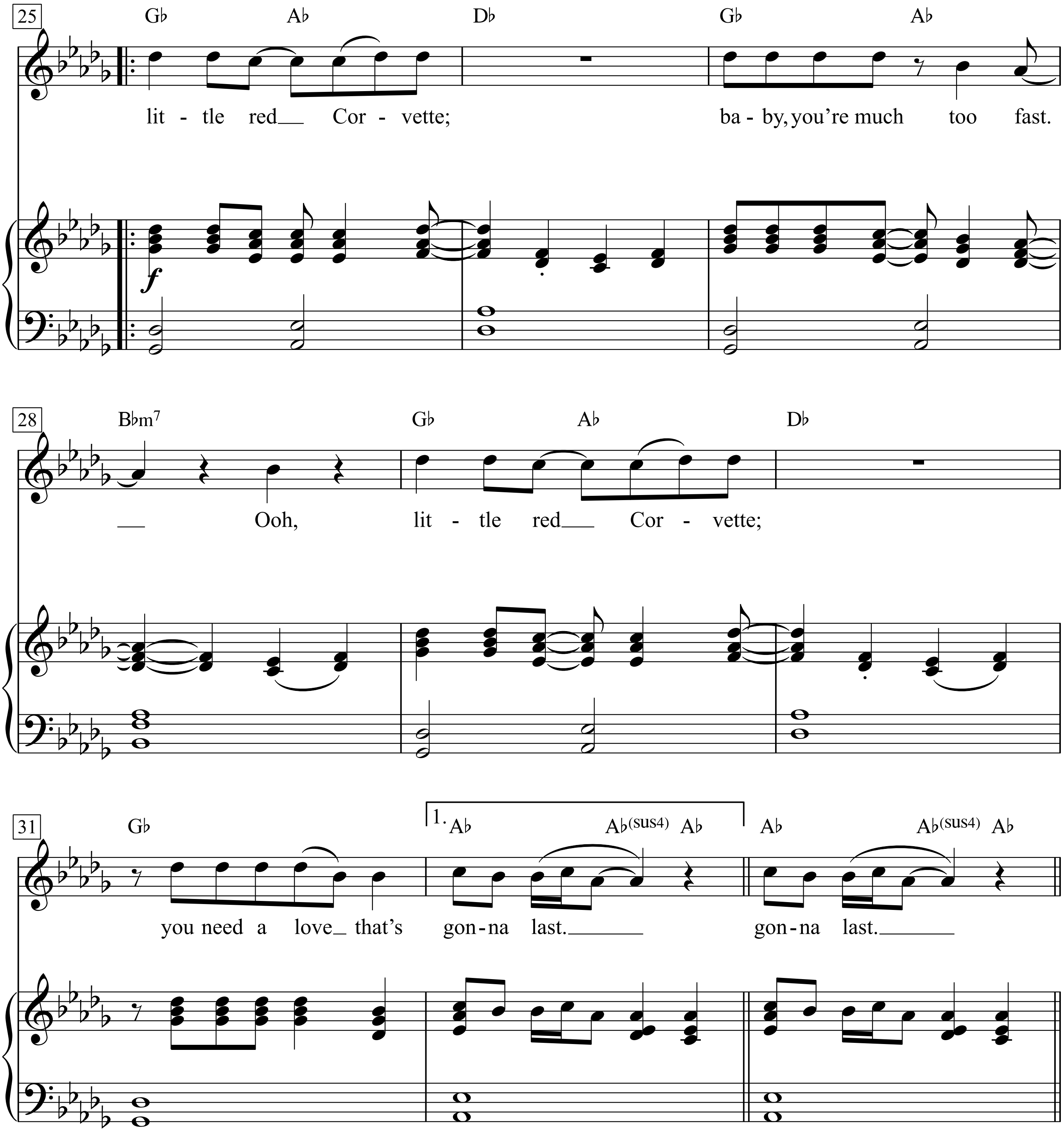

48
C6
Cm6
hur-ries down to meet me and I'm al-ways late. But
51
Am7
D7
Am7
D7
G6
she sits wait-ing pa-tient-ly anfsmiles when she first sees me'cause she's made that way.
54
G
Gmaj7
God did-n't make lit-tle green ap-ples and it don't rain in In-dia-nap'lis in the
56
Am7
D7
G
sum-mer- time.

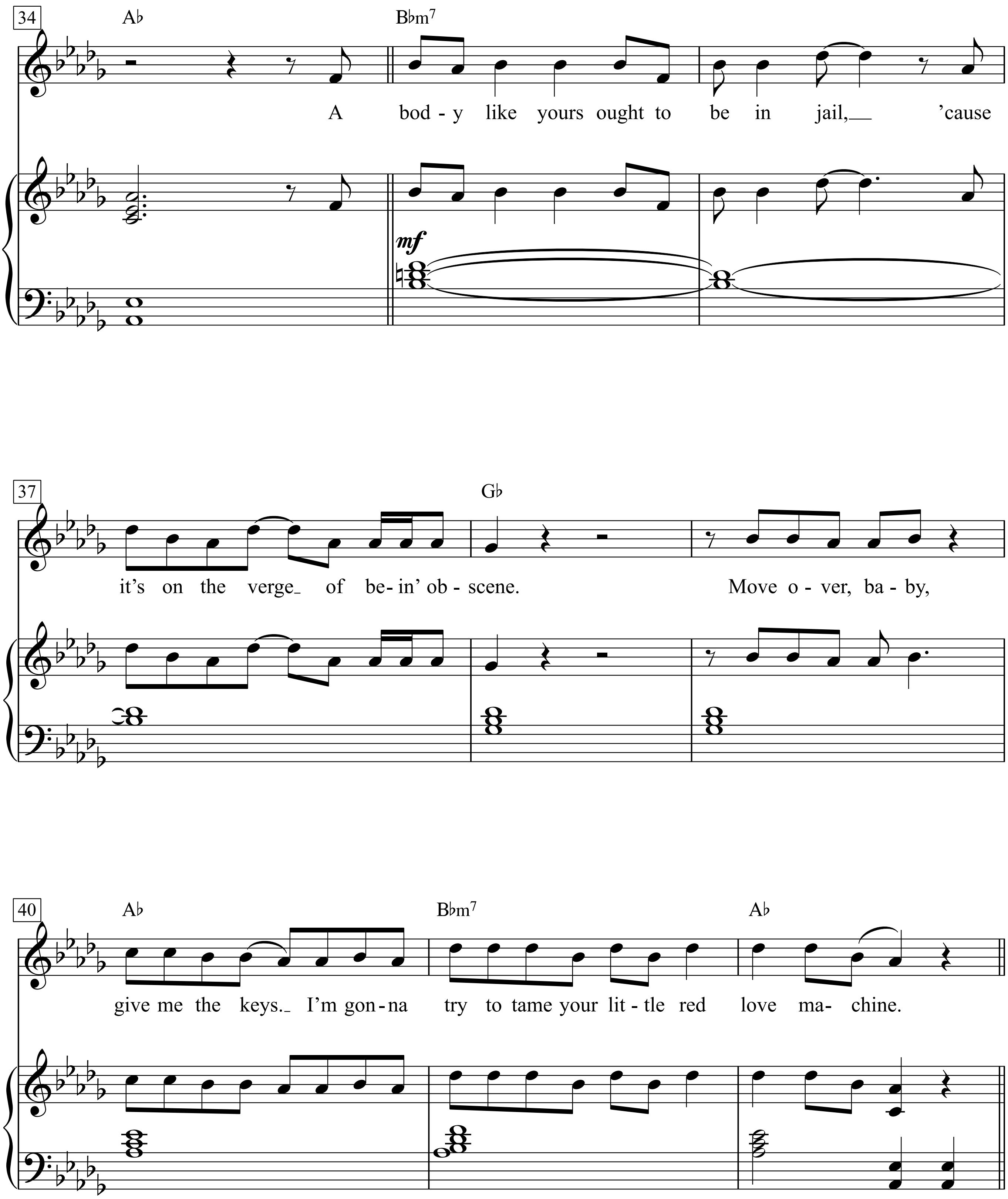
Little Red Corvette

Words & Music by Prince
(Prince)




14
A♭
B♭m7
G♭
lieves in mak-in' out once; love 'em and leave 'em fast. I
17
A♭
guess I must be dumb, 'cause you had a poc - ket full of hor - ses,
mf
19
B♭m7
G♭
Troj-an, and some of them used. But it was Sat-ur-day night, I guess that
22
A♭
B♭m7
A♭
makes it all right; and you say, "What have I got to lose?" 1. 2. I say


25
G♭ A♭ D♭ G♭ A♭
lit - tle red Cor - vette; ba - by, you're much too fast.
28
B♭m7 G♭ A♭ D♭
Ooh, lit - tle red Cor - vette;
31
G♭ 1. A♭ A♭(sus4) A♭ A♭ A♭(sus4) A♭
you need a love that's gon - na last. gon - na last.


34
A♭
B♭m7
A bod - y like yours ought to be in jail,___ 'cause
mf
37
G♭
it's on the verge_ of be- in' ob - scene.
Move o - ver, ba - by,
40
A♭
B♭m7
A♭
give me the keys._ I'm gon-na try to tame your lit - tle red love ma- chine.

1. I guess I should have known by the way
you parked your car sideways that it wouldn’t last.
See, you’re the kind a person that believes in makin’ out once;
love ’em and leave ’em fast.
I guess I must be dumb, ’cause you had a pocket full of horses,
Trojan, and some of them used. But it was Saturday night,
I guess that makes it all right; and you say, “What have I got to lose?”
1. 2. I say little red Corvette; baby, you’re much too fast.
Ooh, little red Corvette; you need a love that’s gonna last.

gonna last.
A body like yours ought to be in jail,
’cause it’s on the verge of bein’ obscene.
Move over, baby, give me the keys.
I’m gonna try to tame your little red love machine.

2. Guess I should have closed my eyes
When you drove me to the place
Where your horses run free,
’Cause I felt a little ill
When I saw all the pictures of the
Jockeys that were there before me.
Believe it or not, 1 started to worry.
I wondered if I had enough class,
But it was Saturday night.
I guess that makes it all right;
And you say, “Baby, have you got enough gas?”
Oh yeah.

(To Chorus:)

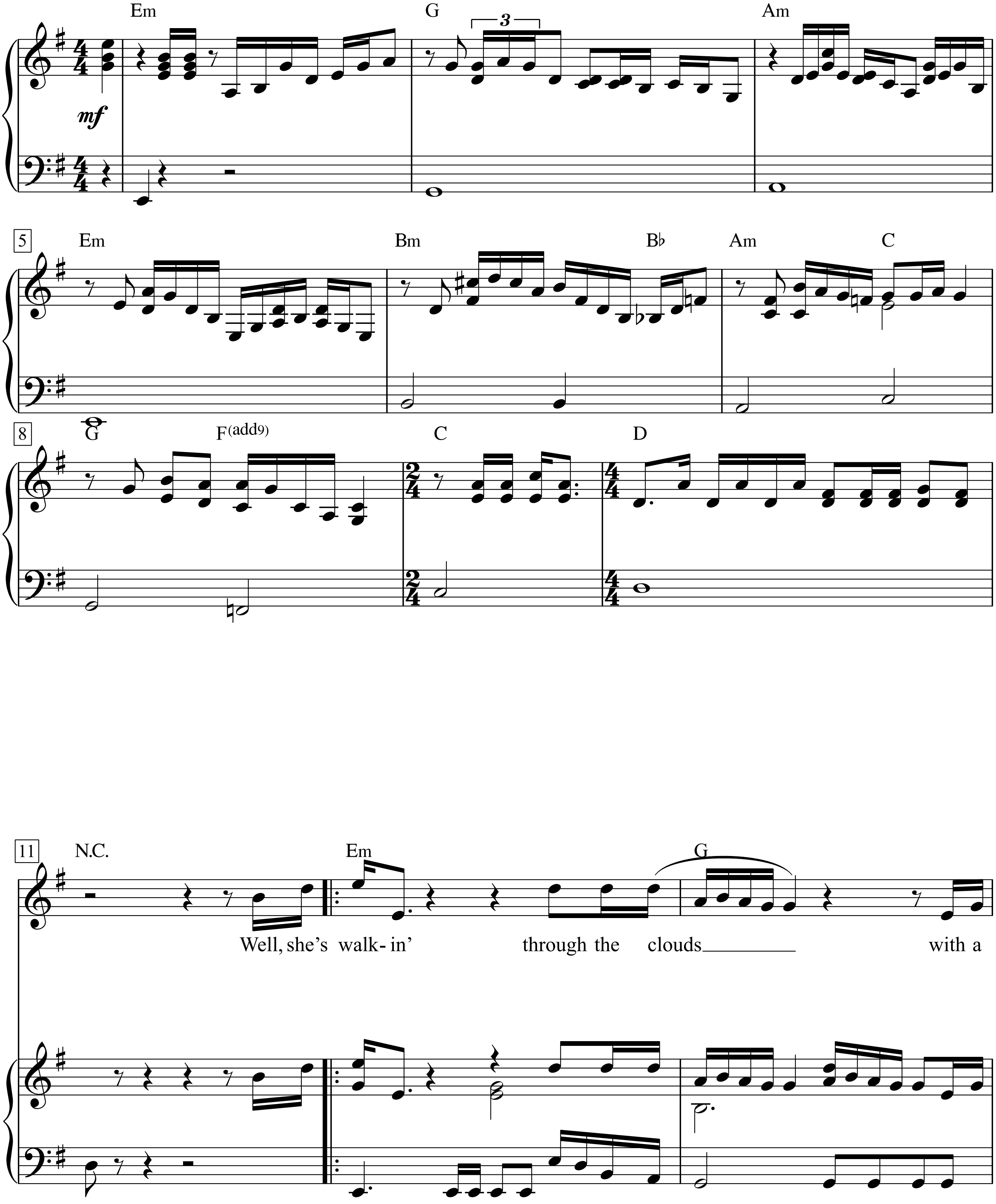
Chorus 4:

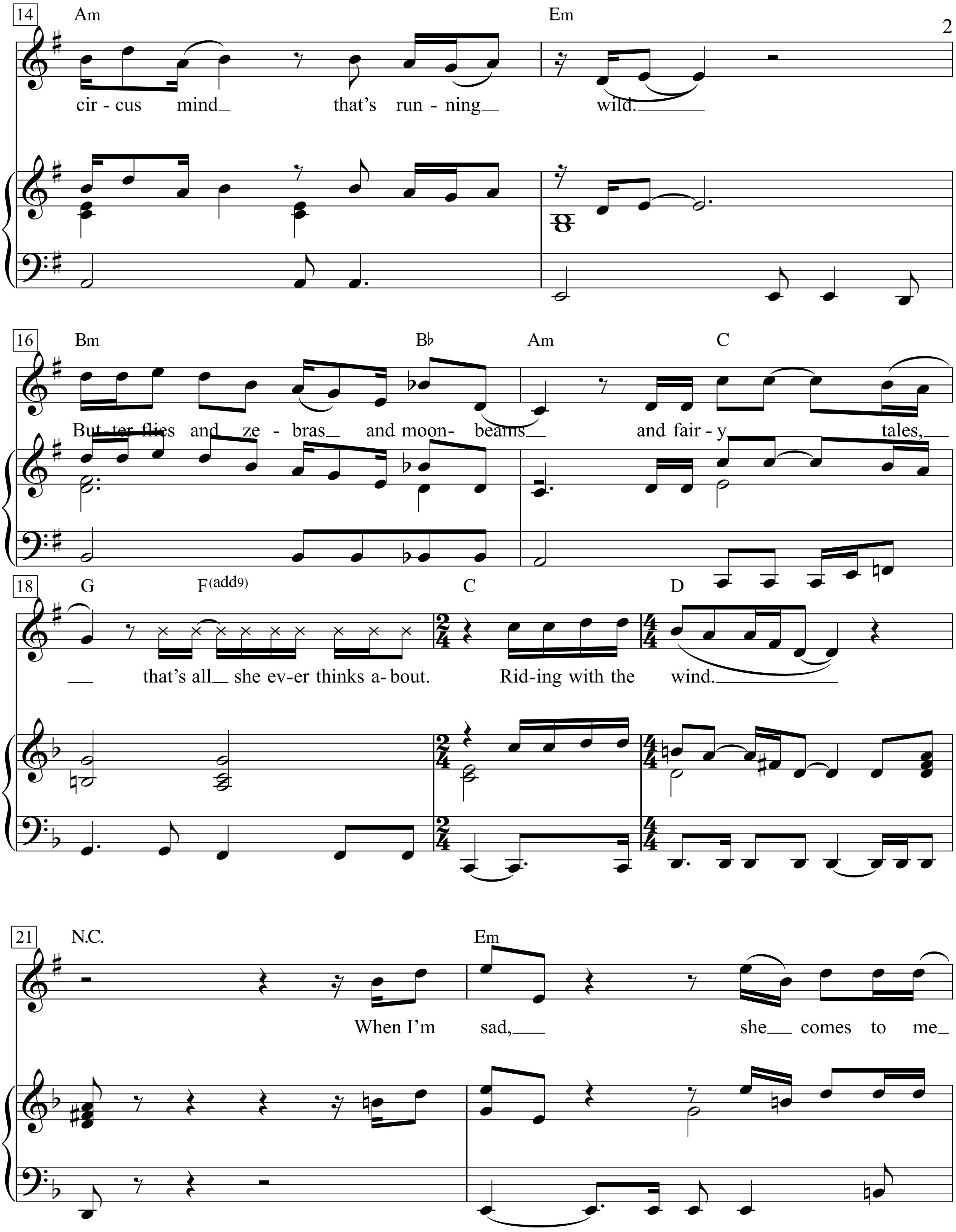
Little red Corvette; honey, you gotta slow down.
Little red Corvette; ’cause if you don’t you’re
Gonna run into the ground ...

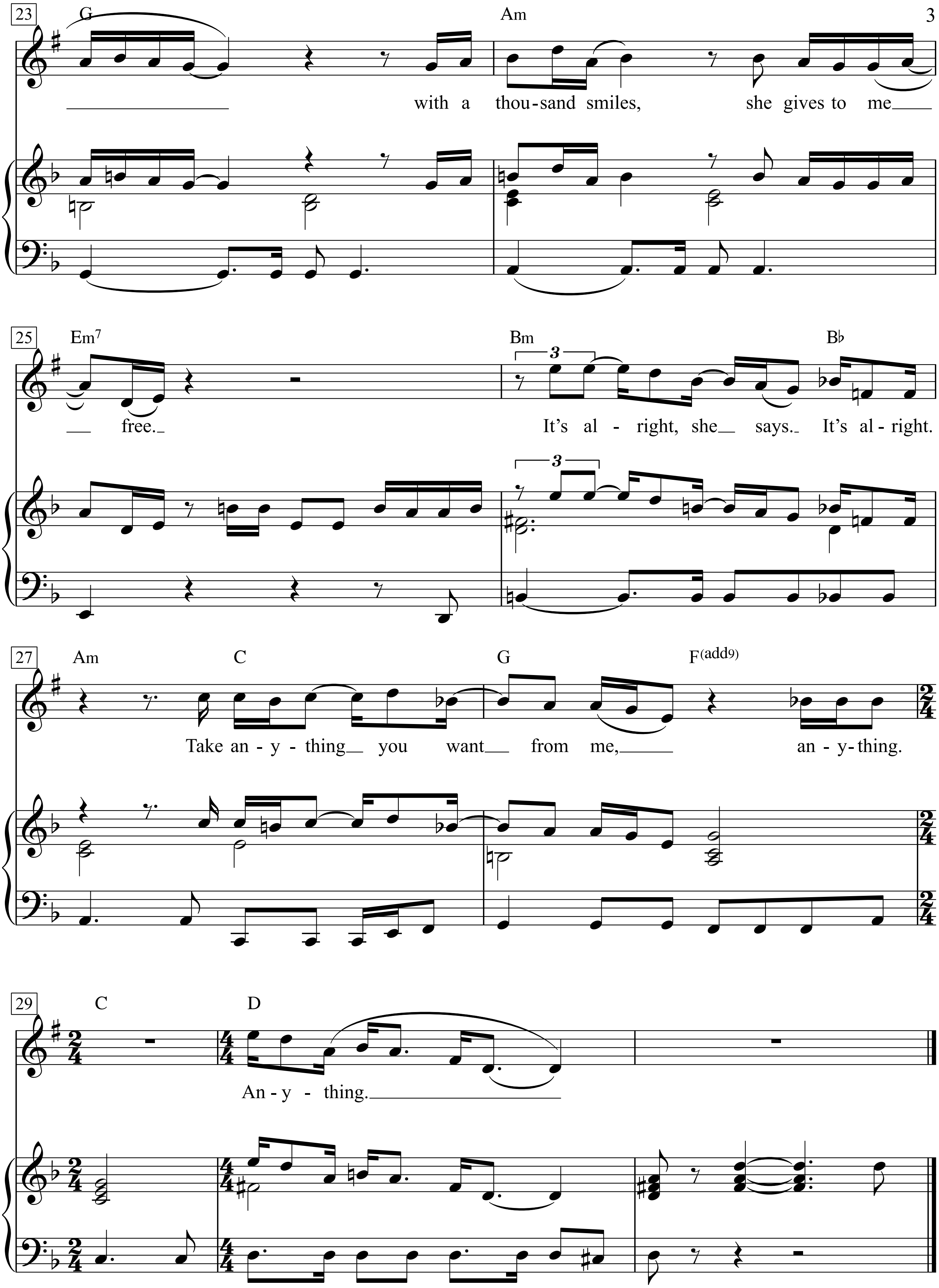
Little Wing

Slow Rock

Words & Music by Jimi Hendrix
(Jimi Hendrix)




14
Am
Em
cir - cus mind that's run - ning wild.
16
Bm
B♭
Am
C
But - ter - flies and ze - bras and moon - beams and fair - y tales,
18
G
F(add9)
C
D
that's all she ev - er thinks a - bout. Rid - ing with the wind.
21
N.C.
Em
When I'm sad, she comes to me

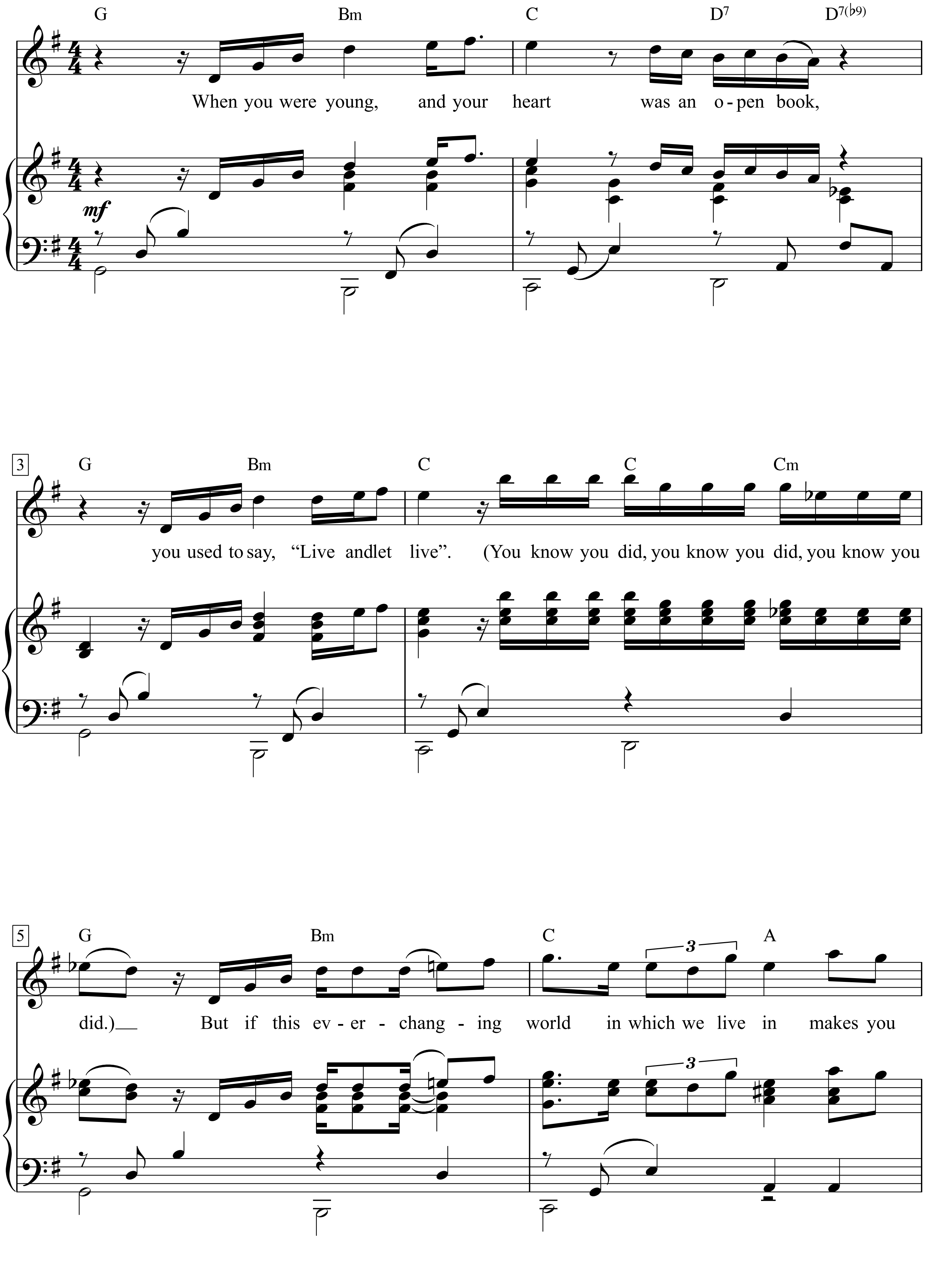

23
G
Am
with a thou-sand smiles, she gives to me
25
Em7
Bm
B♭
free. It's al - right, she says. It's al-right.
27
Am
C
G
F(add9)
Take an - y - thing you want from me, an - y-thing.
29
C
D
An - y - thing.

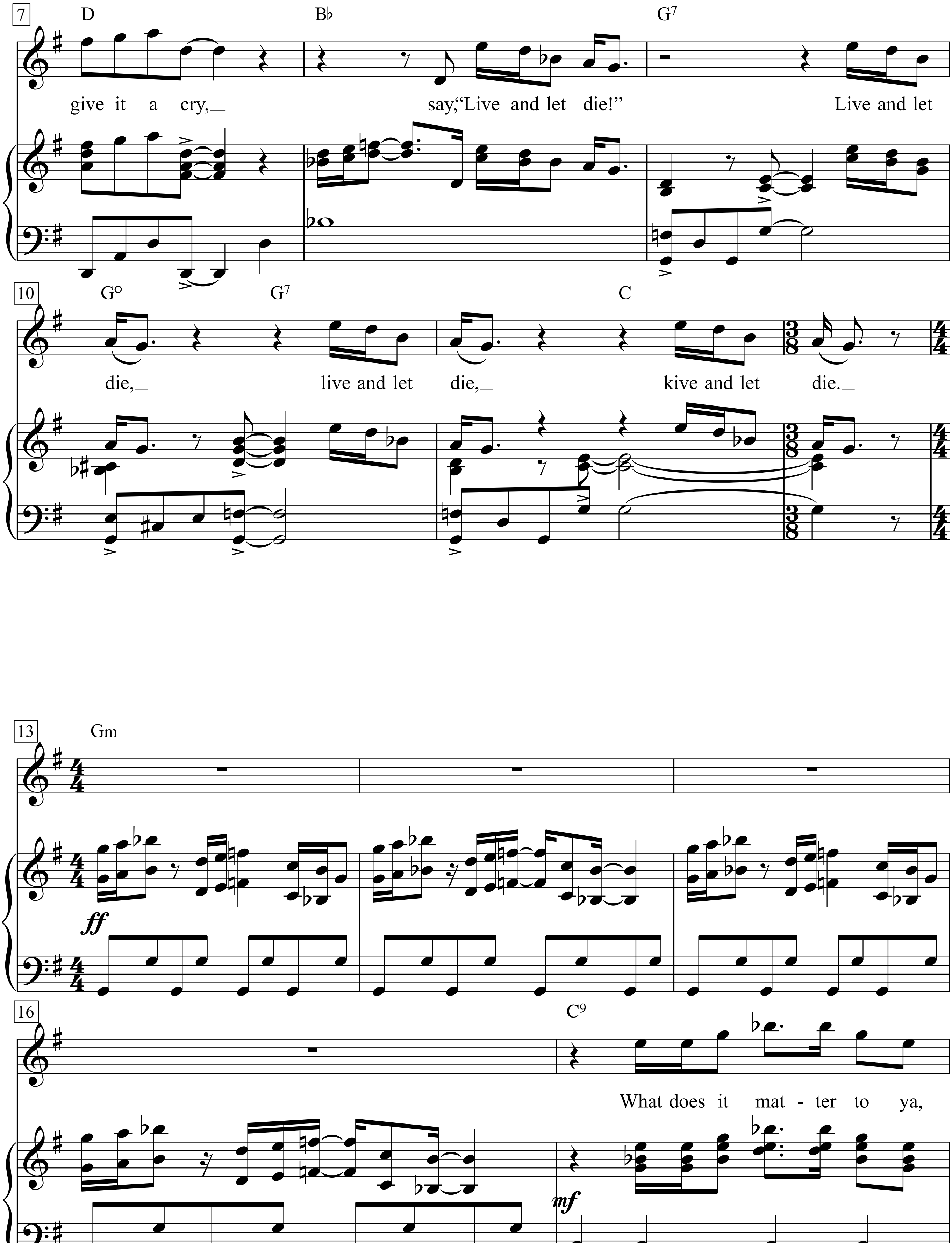
Live And Let Die

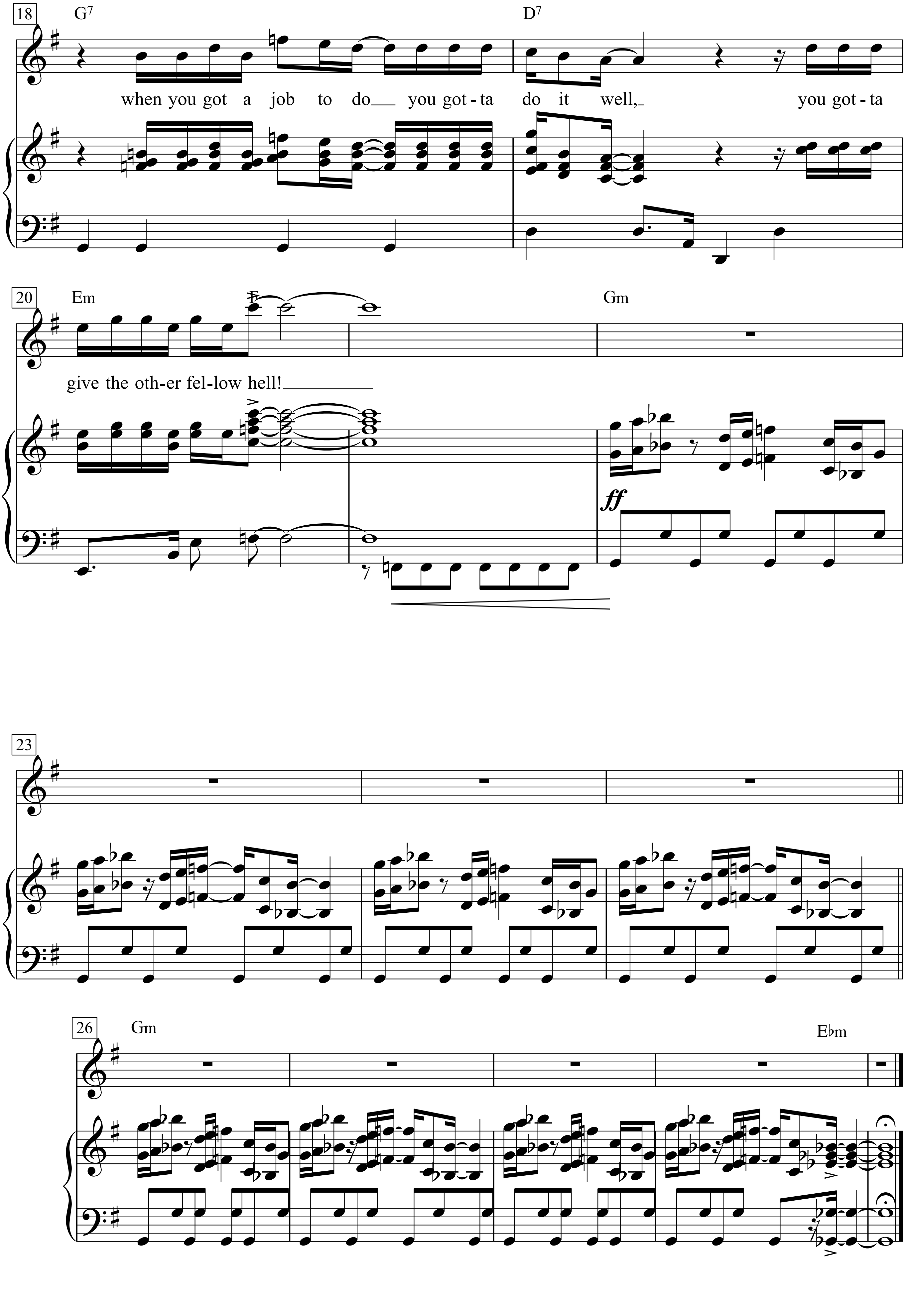
(From 'Live And Let Die (James Bond))

Words & Music by
Paul McCartney and Linda McCartney

Slowly

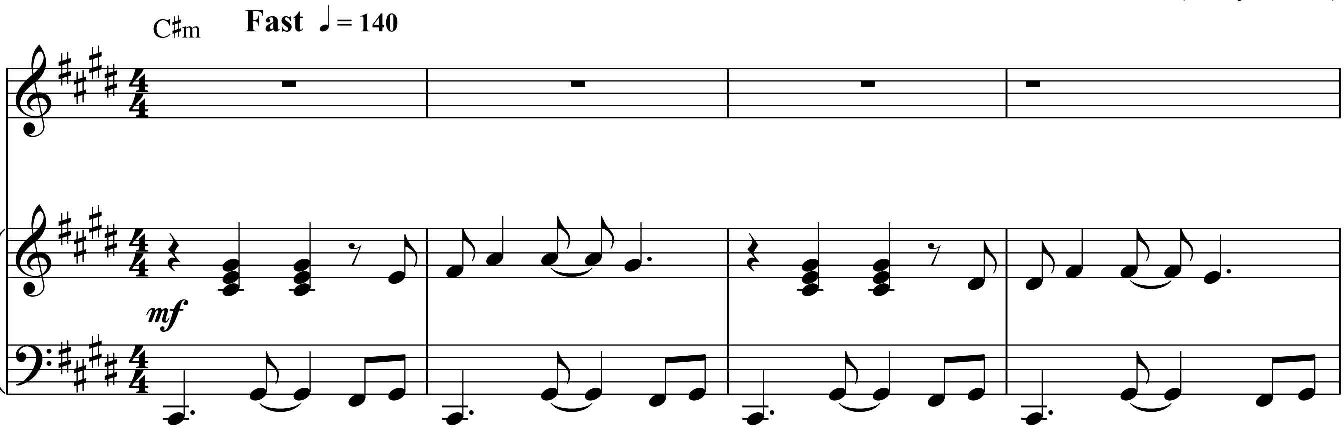


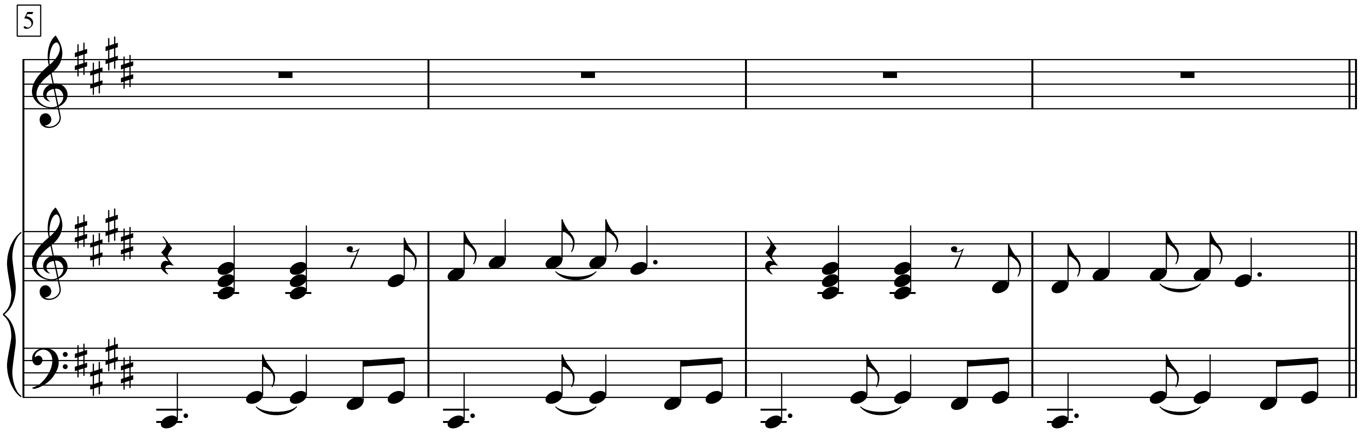

7
D
B♭
G7
give it a cry,
say,“Live and let die!”
Live and let
10
G°
G7
C
die,
live and let
die,
kive and let
die.
13
Gm
ff
16
C9
What does it mat - ter to ya,
mf

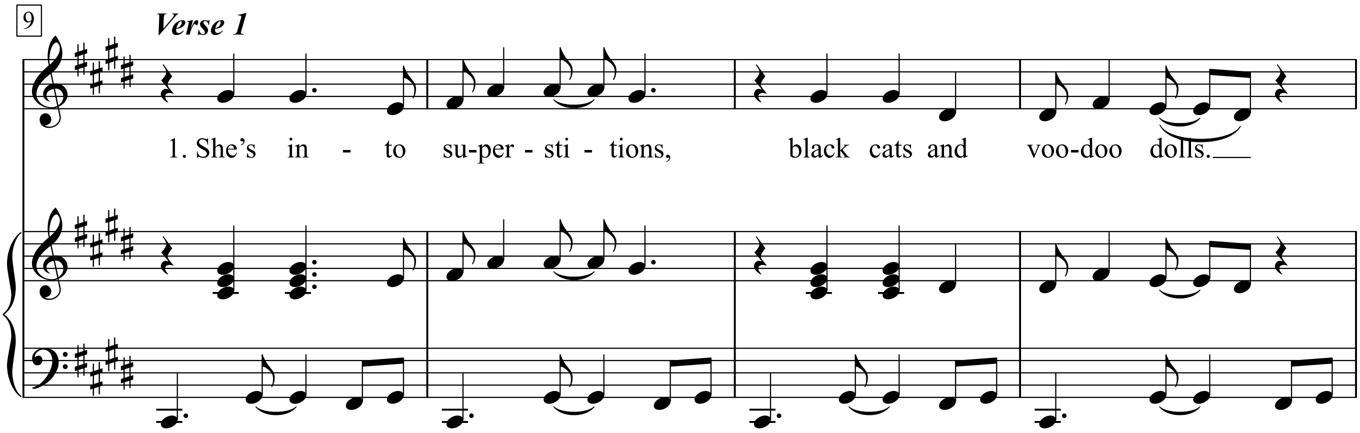

18
G7
D7
when you got a job to do you got-ta do it well, you got-ta
20
Em
Gm
give the oth-er fel-low hell!
ff
23
26
Gm
E♭m

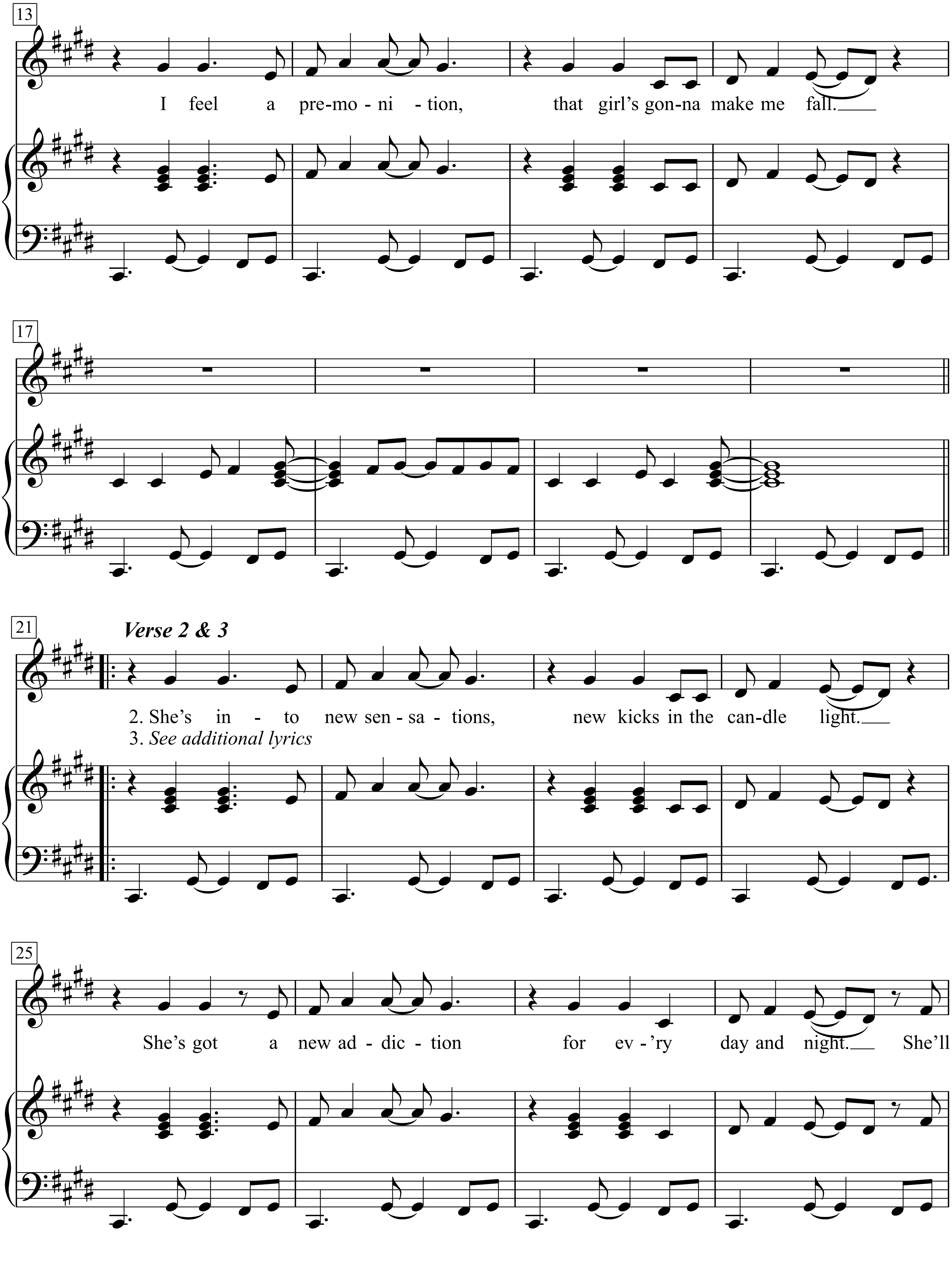
Livin' la vida loca

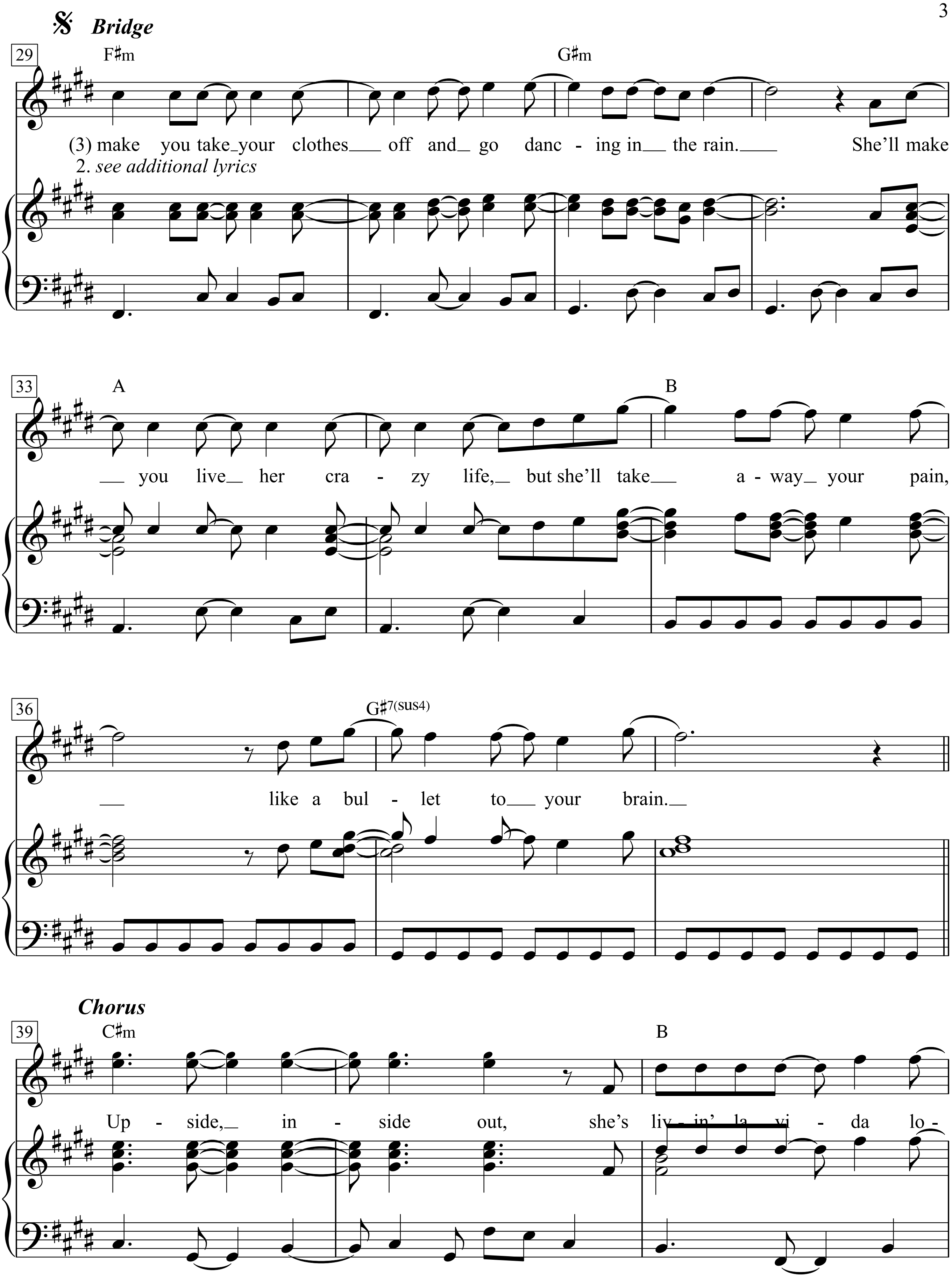
Words & Music by
Robi Rosa and Desmond Child
(Ricky Martin)

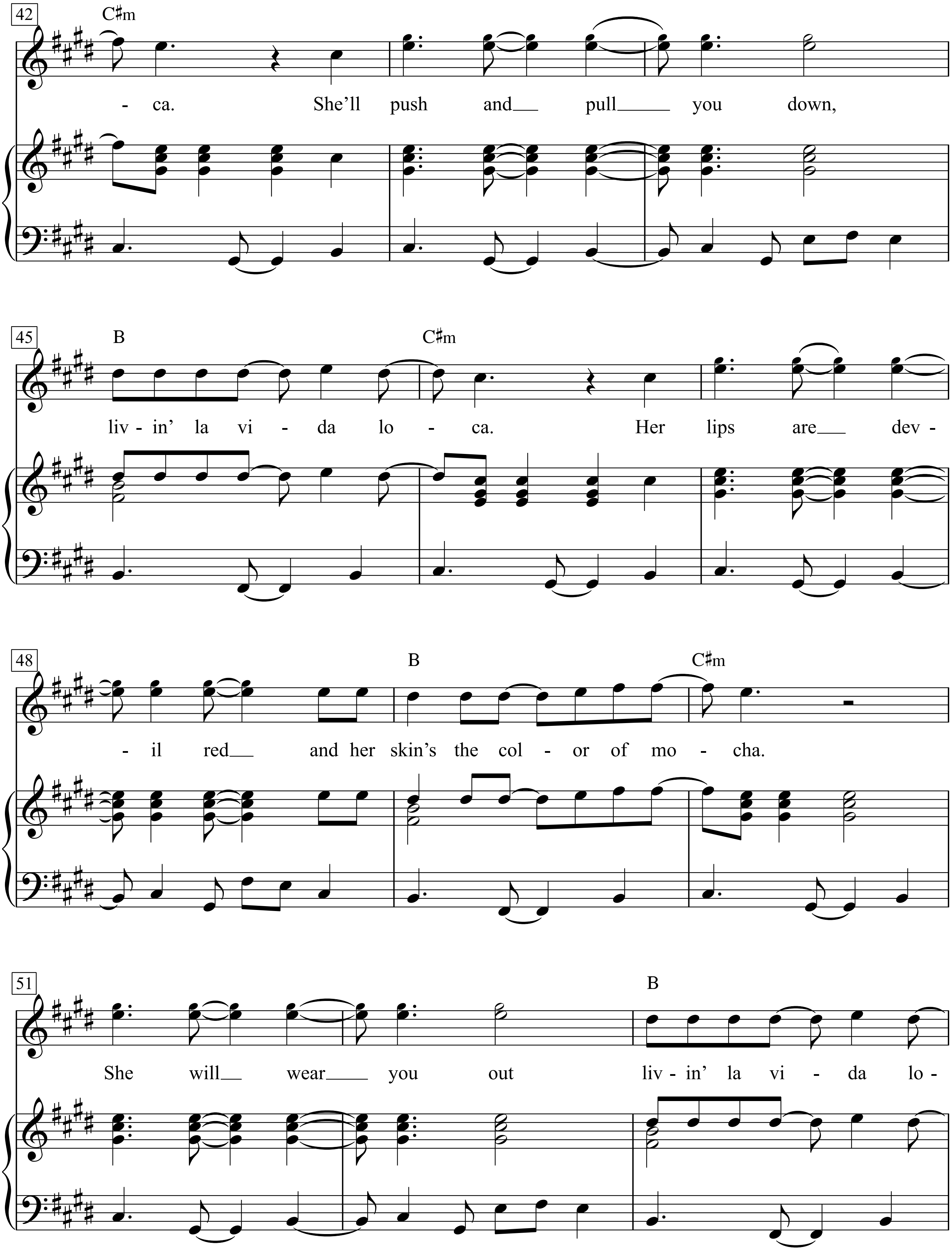


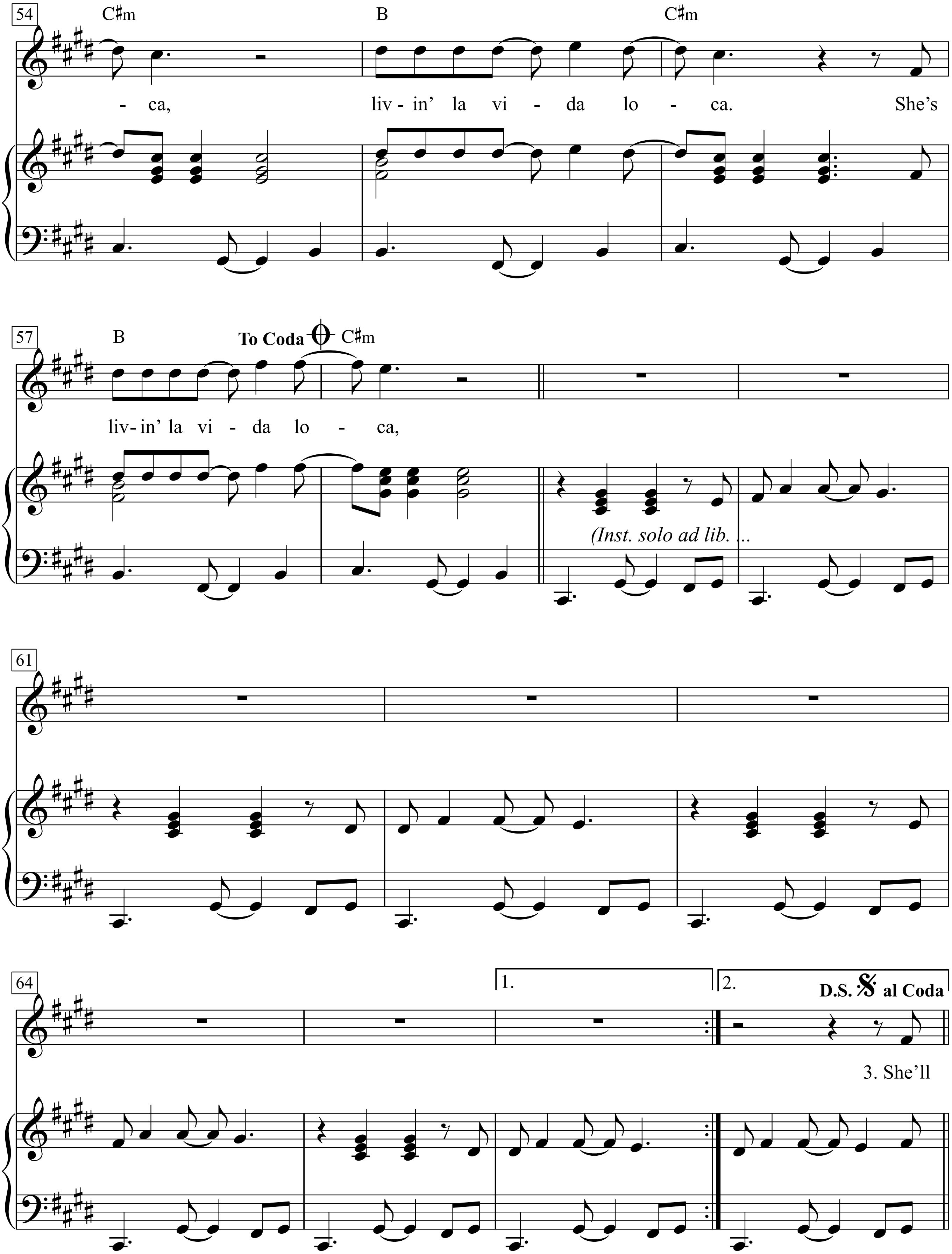


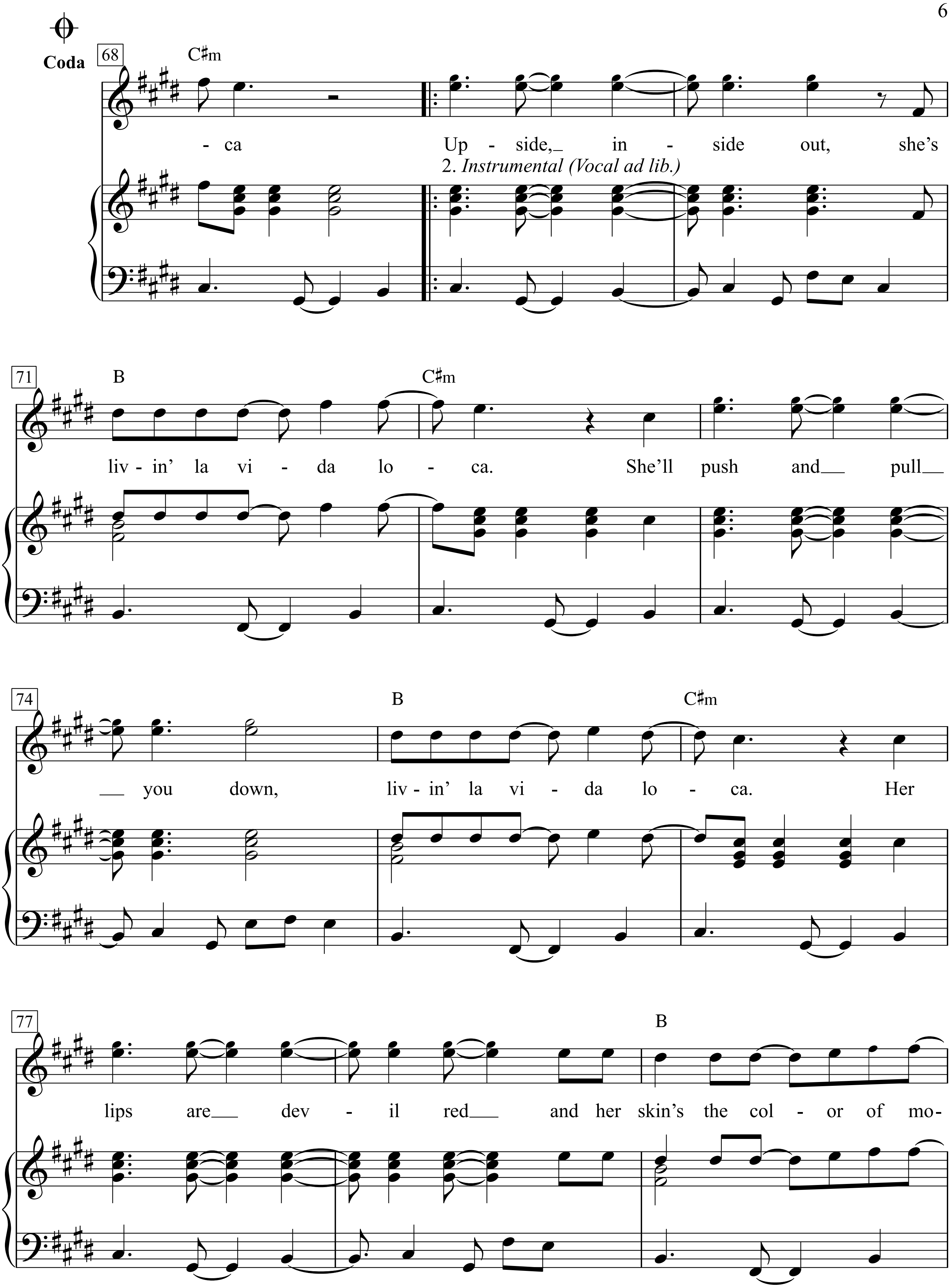


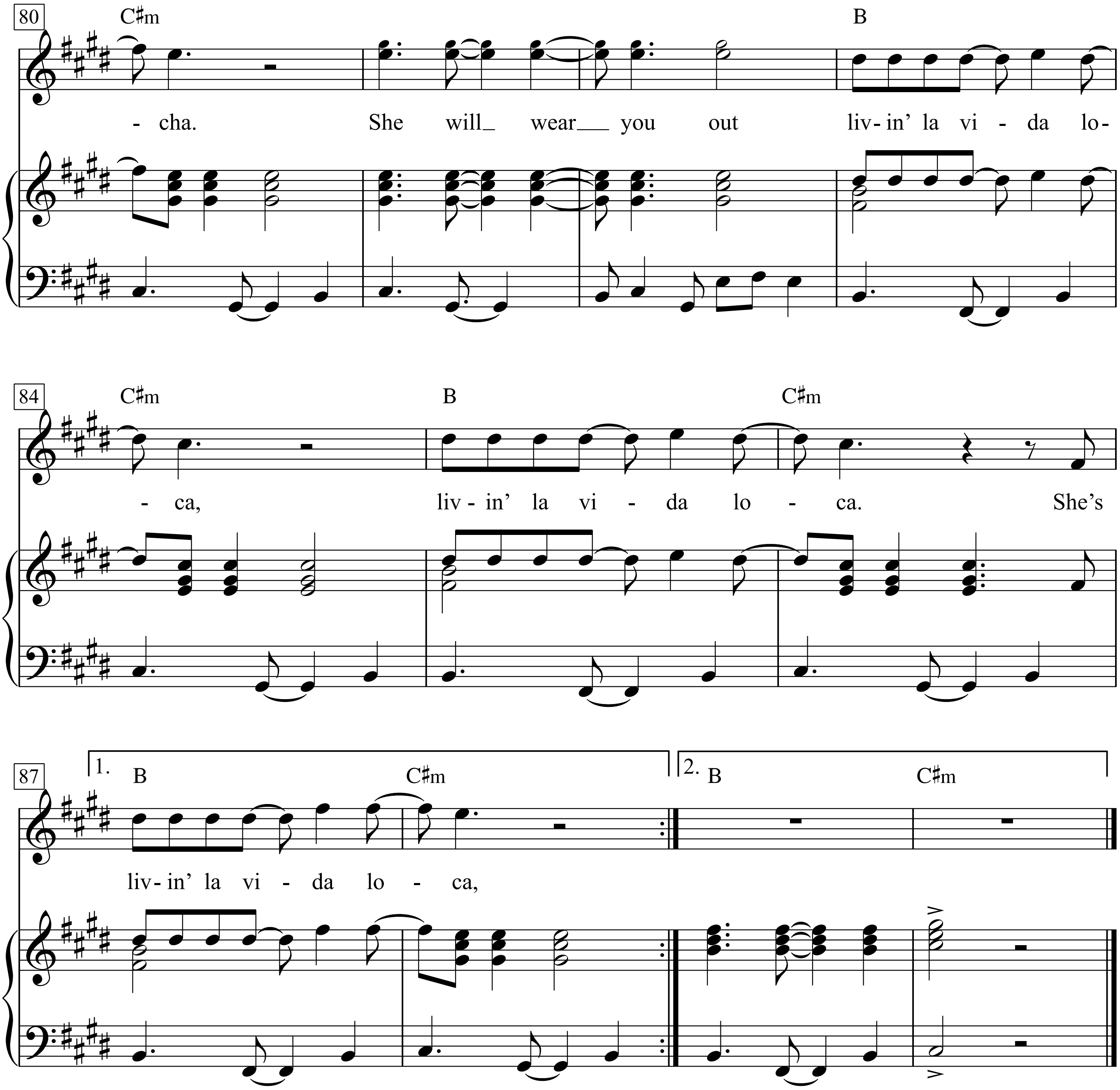

13
I feel a pre-mo - ni - tion, that girl's gon-na make me fall.
17
21
Verse 2 & 3
2. She's in - to new sen - sa - tions, new kicks in the can-dle light.
3. See additional lyrics
25
She's got a new ad - dic - tion for ev - 'ry day and night. She'll


Bridge
29
F♯m
G♯m
(3) make you take your clothes off and go danc - ing in the rain. She'll make
2. see additional lyrics
33
A
B
you live her cra - zy life, but she'll take a - way your pain,
36
G♯7(sus4)
like a bul - let to your brain.
Chorus
39
C♯m
B
Up - side, in - side out, she's liv - in' la vi - da lo -


42
C♯m
- ca. She'll push and pull you down,
45
B
C♯m
liv - in' la vi - da lo - ca. Her lips are dev -
48
B
C♯m
- il red and her skin's the col - or of mo - cha.
51
B
She will wear you out liv - in' la vi - da lo -


54
C♯m
B
C♯m
- ca,
liv - in' la vi - da lo - ca.
She's
57
B
To Coda
C♯m
liv - in' la vi - da lo - ca,
(Inst. solo ad lib. ...
61
64
1.
2.
D.S. al Coda
3. She'll

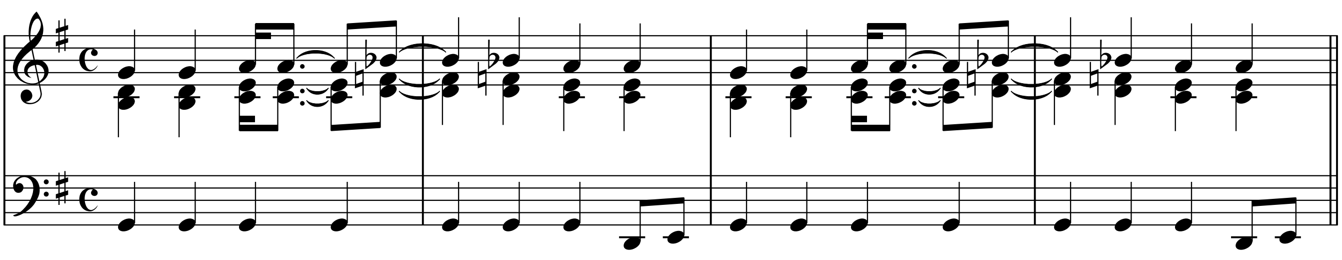

Coda
68
C♯m
- ca Up - side, in - side out, she's
2. Instrumental (Vocal ad lib.)
71
B
C♯m
liv - in' la vi - da lo - ca. She'll push and pull
74
B
C♯m
you down, liv - in' la vi - da lo - ca. Her
77
B
lips are dev - il red and her skin's the col - or of mo-

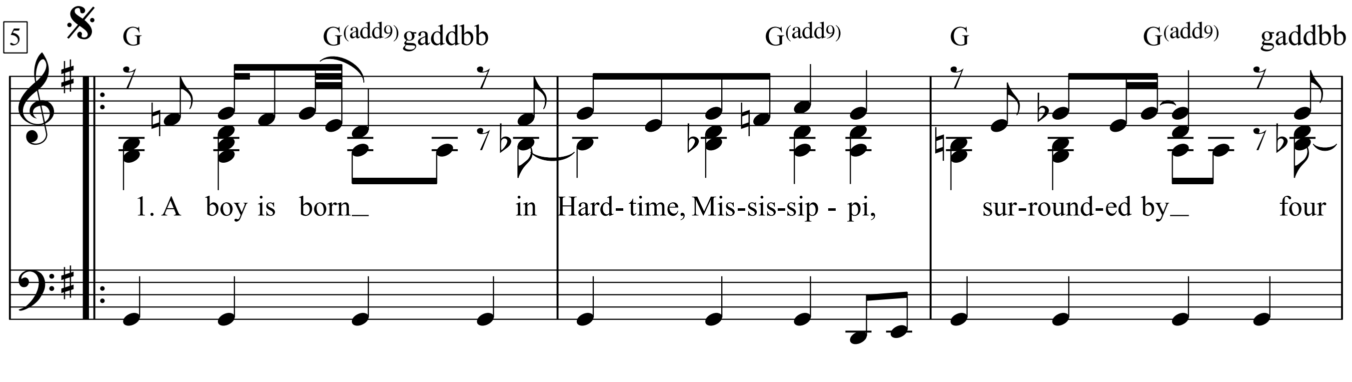

80
C♯m
B
- cha. She will_ wear___ you out liv-in' la vi - da lo-
84
C♯m
B
C♯m
- ca, liv-in' la vi - da lo - ca. She's
87
1.
B
C♯m
2.
B
C♯m
liv-in' la vi - da lo - ca,

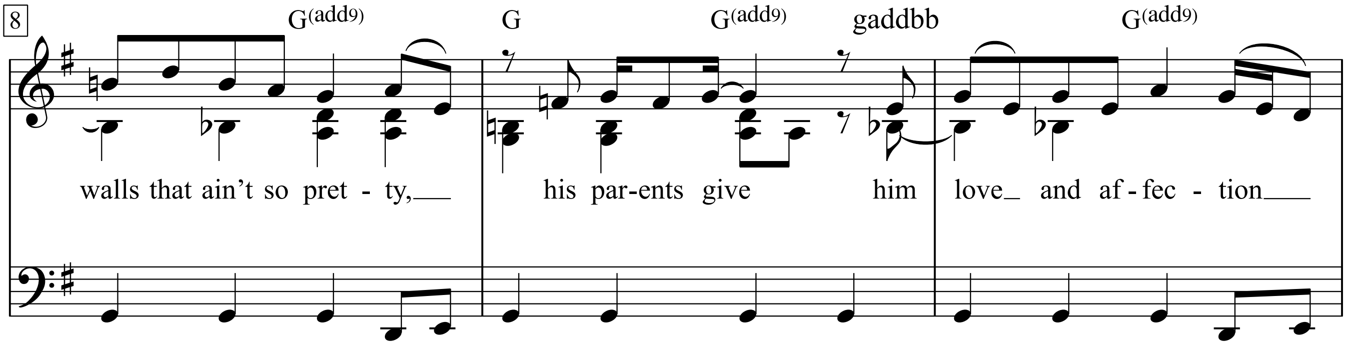
Living For The City

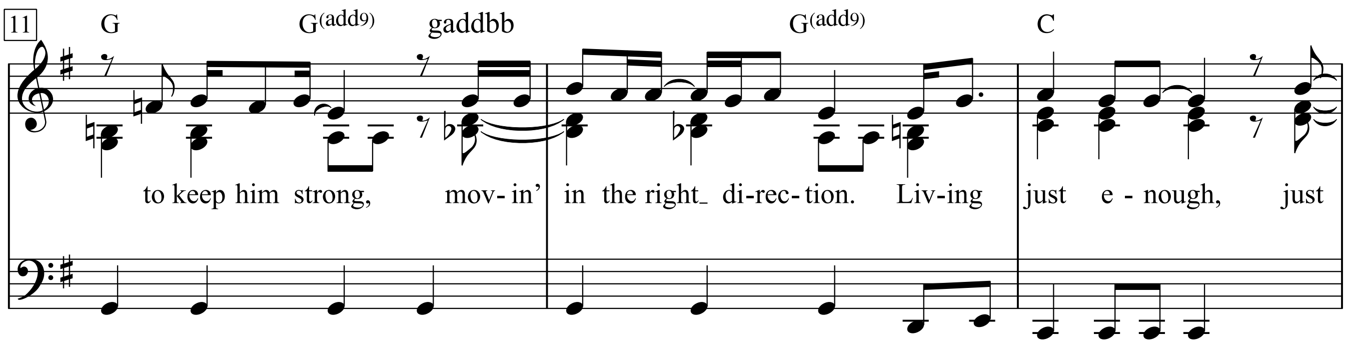
Moderate

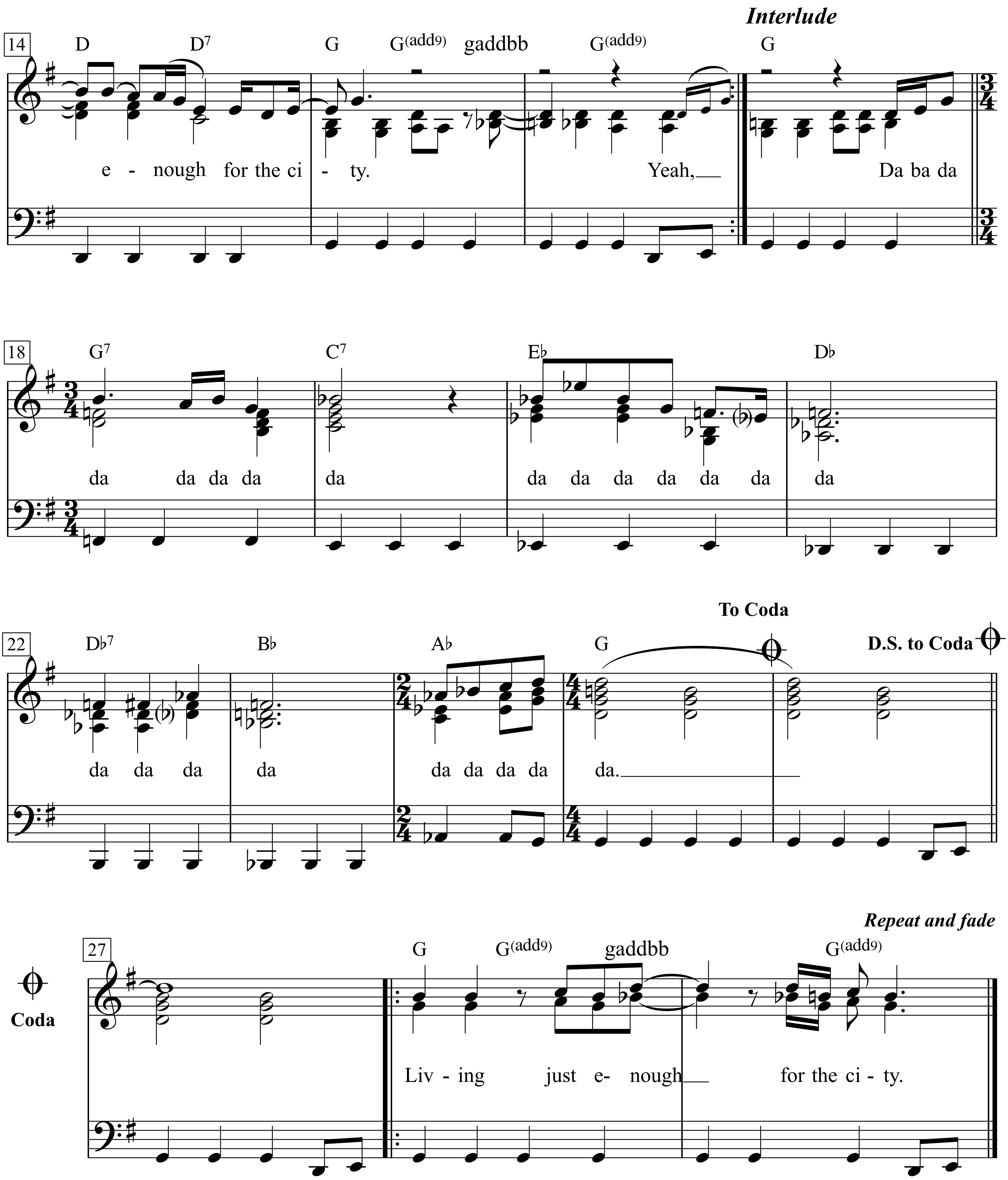
Words & Music by Stevie Wonder
(Stevie Wonder)







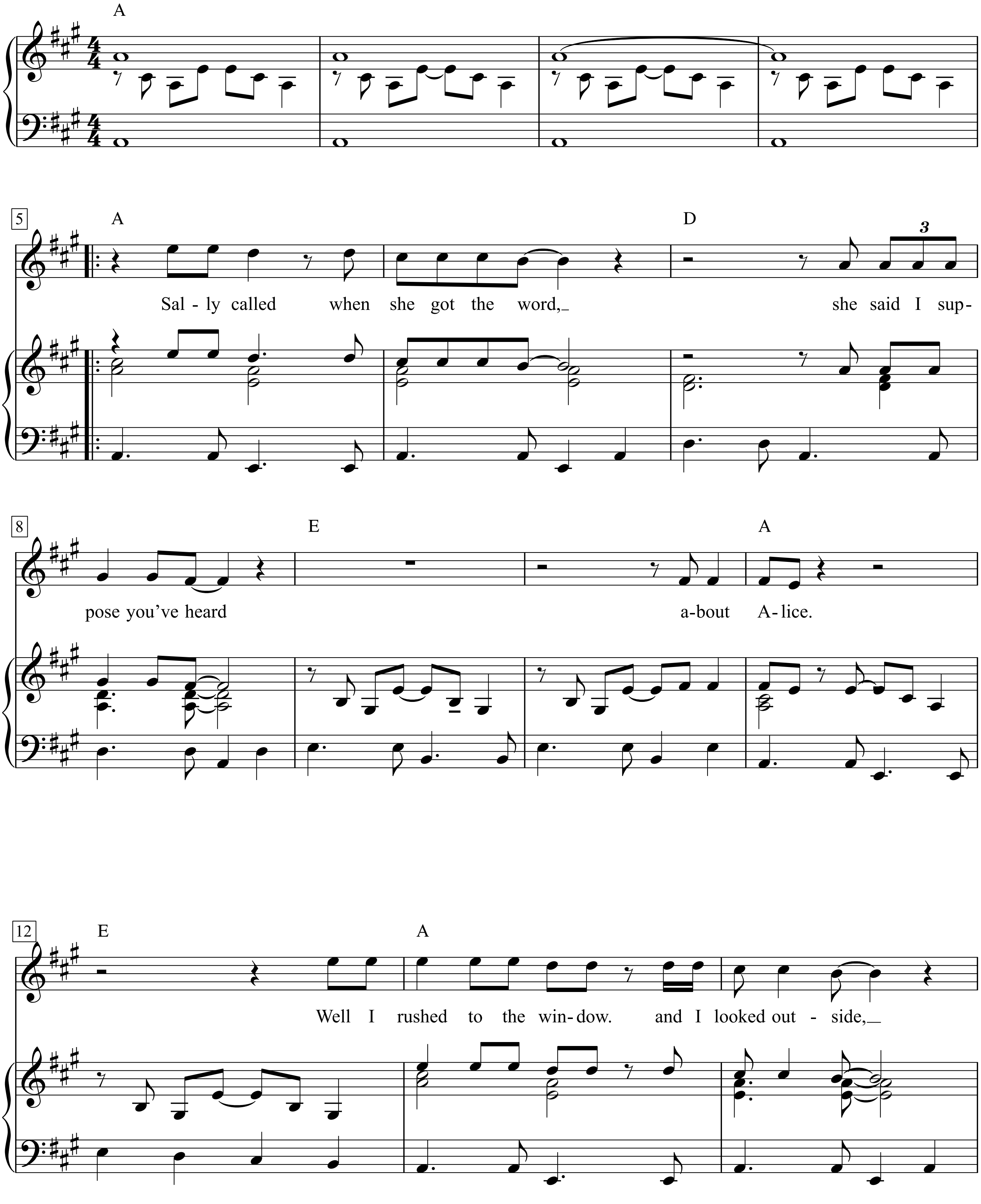


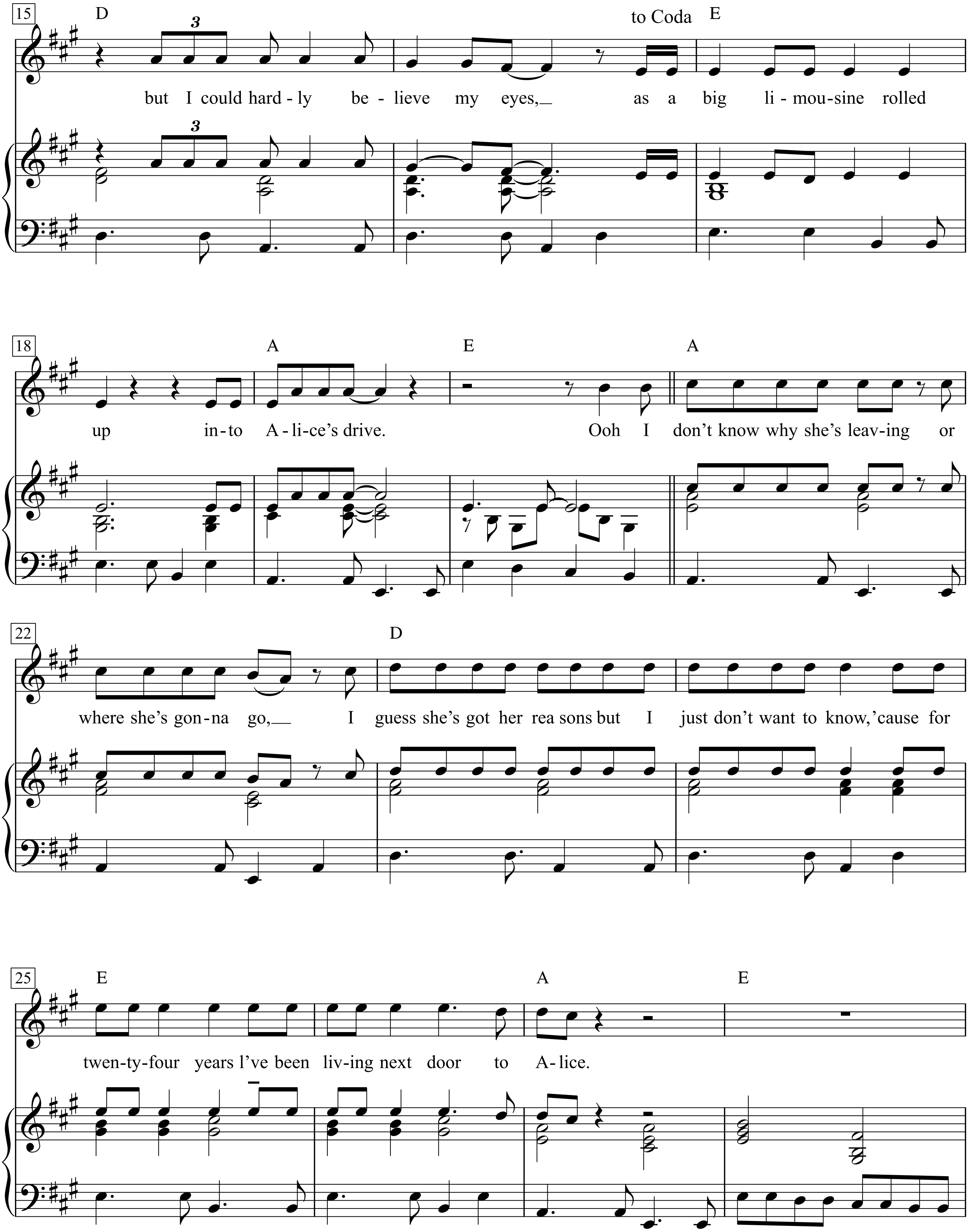

Interlude
14
D
D7
G
G(add9)
gaddbb
G(add9)
G
e - nough for the ci - ty.
Yeah,
Da ba da
18
G7
C7
E♭
D♭
da da da da
da
da da da da da da
da
22
D♭7
B♭
A♭
G
To Coda
D.S. to Coda
da da da
da
da da da da
da.
Repeat and fade
27
Coda
G
G(add9)
gaddbb
G(add9)
Liv - ing just e- nough for the ci - ty.

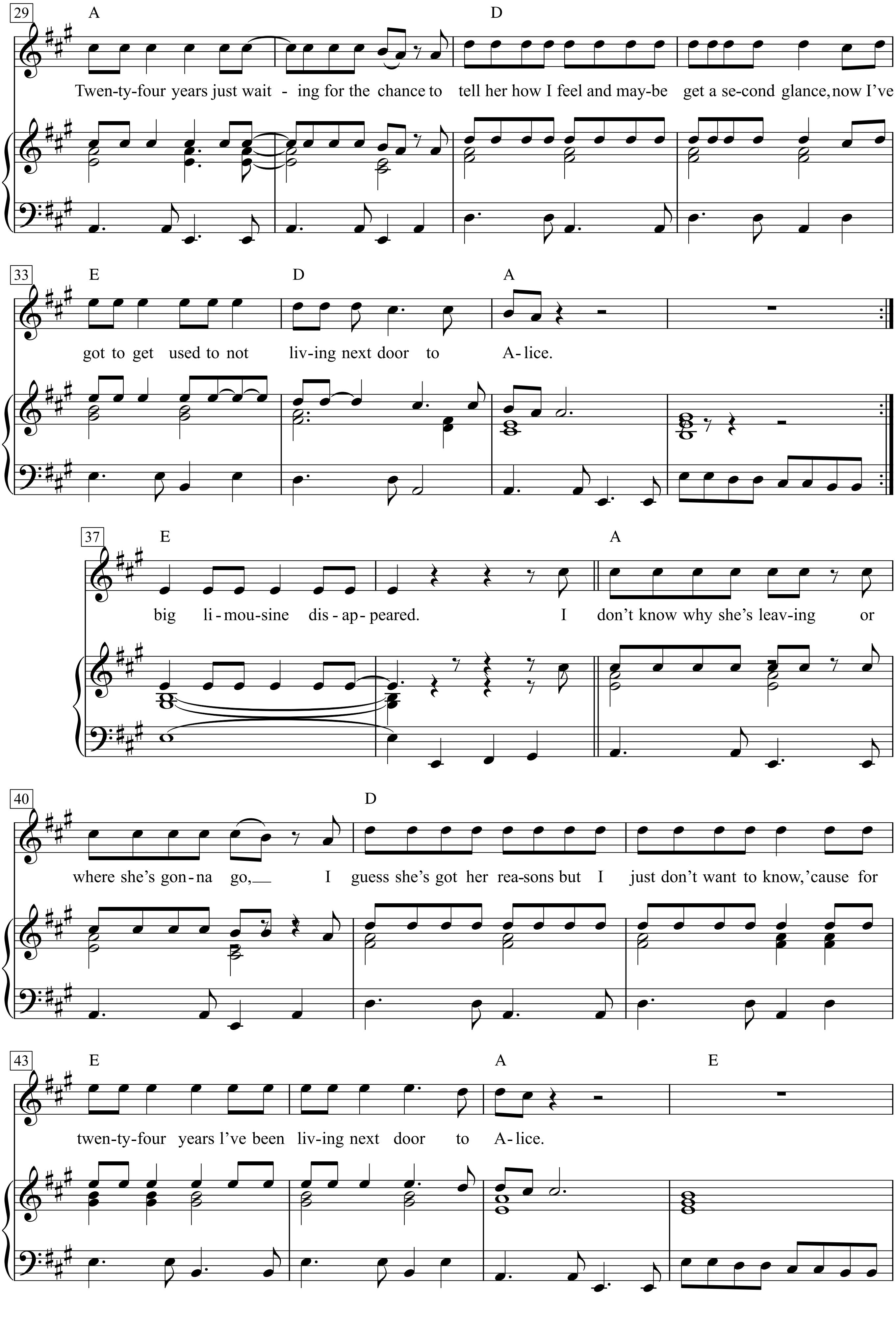
A boy is born in Hardtime, Mississippi,
surrounded by four walls that ain’t so pretty,
his parents give him love and affection to keep him strong,
movin’ in the right direction.
Living just enough, just enough for the city.
Yeah, Da ba da da da da da da da da
da da da da da da da da da da da da da da.
Living just enough for the city.

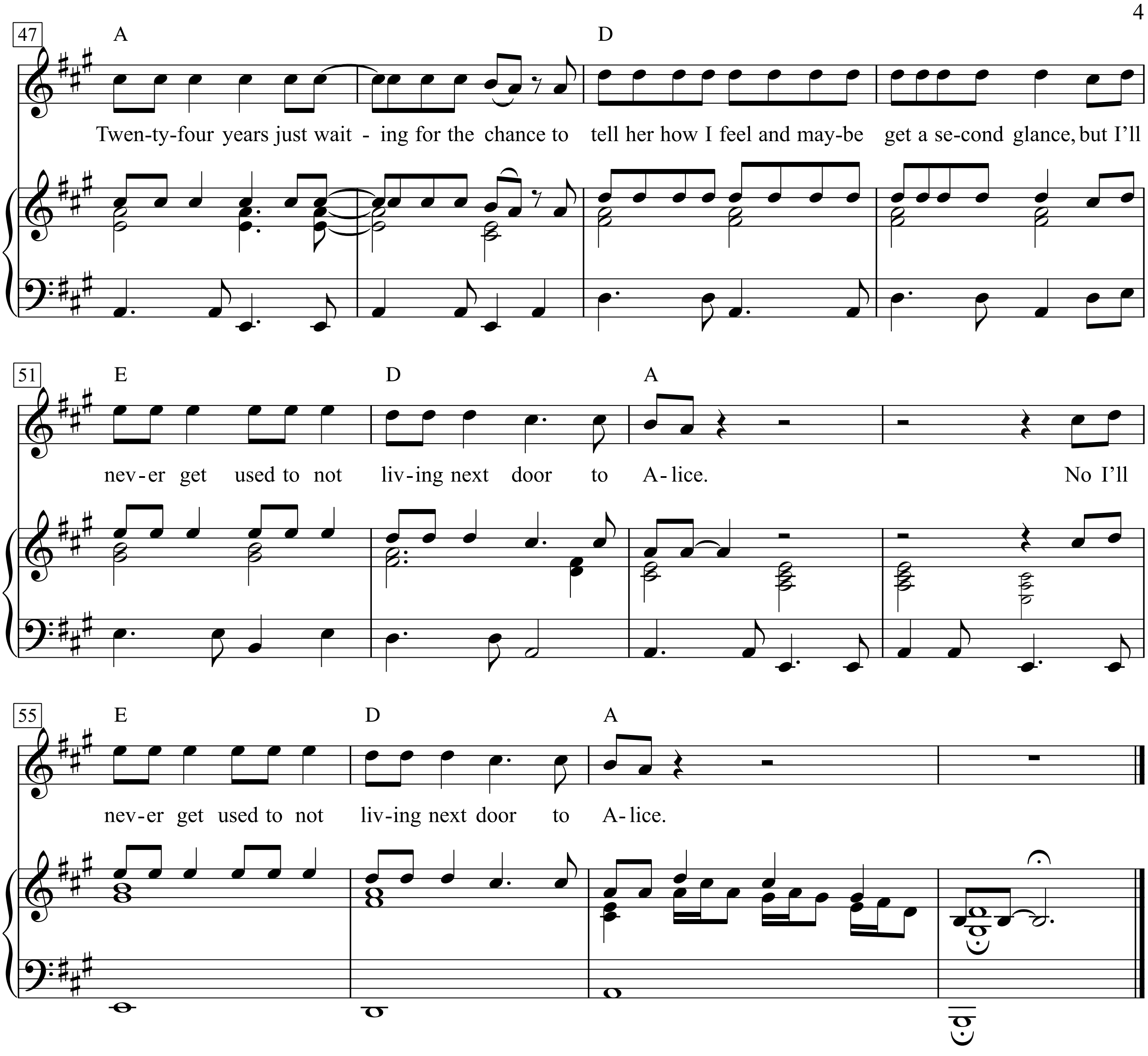
Living Next Door to Alice

Words & Music: Nicky Chinn; Mike Chapman
(Smokie)




15
D
to Coda
E
but I could hard - ly be - lieve my eyes,_ as a big li - mou - sine rolled
18
A
E
A
up in - to A - li - ce's drive. Ooh I don't know why she's leav - ing or
22
D
where she's gon - na go,_ I guess she's got her rea sons but I just don't want to know, 'cause for
25
E
A
E
twen - ty - four years I've been liv - ing next door to A - lice.


29
A
D
Twen-ty-four years just wait - ing for the chance to tell her how I feel and may-be get a se-cond glance, now I've
33
E
D
A
got to get used to not living next door to A-lice.
37
E
A
big li-mou-sine dis-ap-peared. I don't know why she's leav-ing or
40
D
where she's gon-na go, I guess she's got her rea-sons but I just don't want to know, 'cause for
43
E
A
E
twen-ty-four years I've been liv-ing next door to A-lice.


47
A
D
Twen-ty-four years just wait - ing for the chance to tell her how I feel and may-be get a se-cond glance, but I'll
51
E
D
A
nev-er get used to not liv-ing next door to A-lice.
No I'll
55
E
D
A
nev-er get used to not liv-ing next door to A-lice.

1. Sally called when she got the word,
she said I suppose you've heard about Alice.
Well I rushed to the window. and I looked outside,
but I could hardly believe my eyes,
as a big limousine rolled up into Alice's drive.
Ooh I don't know why she's leaving or where she's gonna go,
I guess she's got her reasons but I just don't want to know,
'cause for twenty-four years l've been living next door to Alice.
Twenty-four years just waiting for the chance
to tell her how I feel and maybe get a second glance,
now I've got to get used to not living next door to Alice.

big limousine disappeared.
I don't know why she's leaving or where she's gonna go,
I guess she's got her reasons but I just don't want to know,
'cause for twenty-four years l've been living next door to Alice.
Twenty-four years just waiting for the chance
to tell her how I feel and maybe get a second glance,
but I'll never get used to not living next door to Alice.
No I'll never get used to not living next door to Alice.

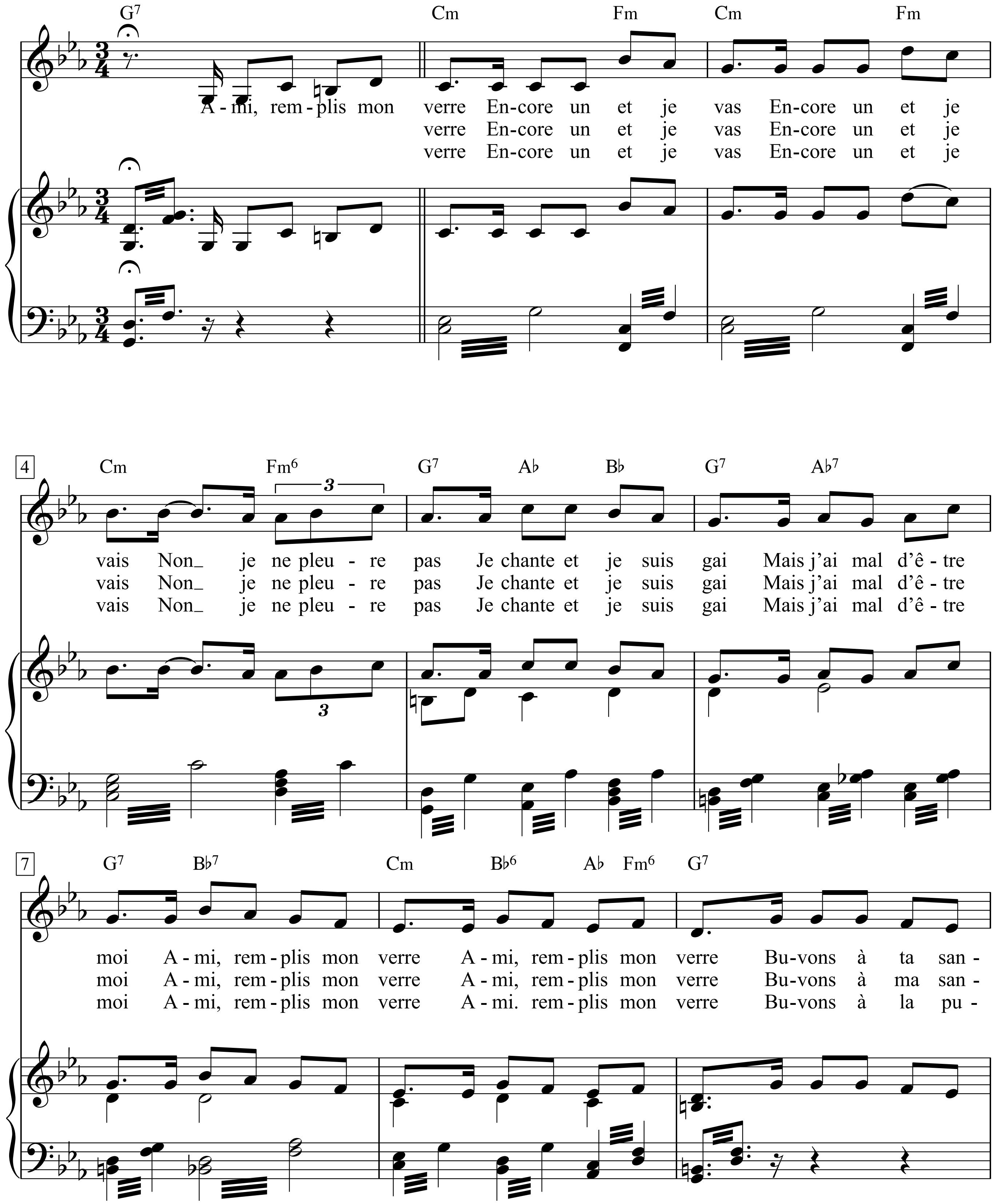
2. Grew up together, two kids in the park
carved our initials deep in the bark,
me and Alice.
Now she walks through the door, with her head held high,
just for a moment I caught her eye,
as the big limousine pulled slowly
out of Alice's drive.

3. Then Sally called back, and asked how I felt,
and she said, 'I know how to help
get over Alice.'
She said, 'Now Alice is gone, but I'm still here,
you know I've been waiting twenty-four years',
and the big limousine disappeared.

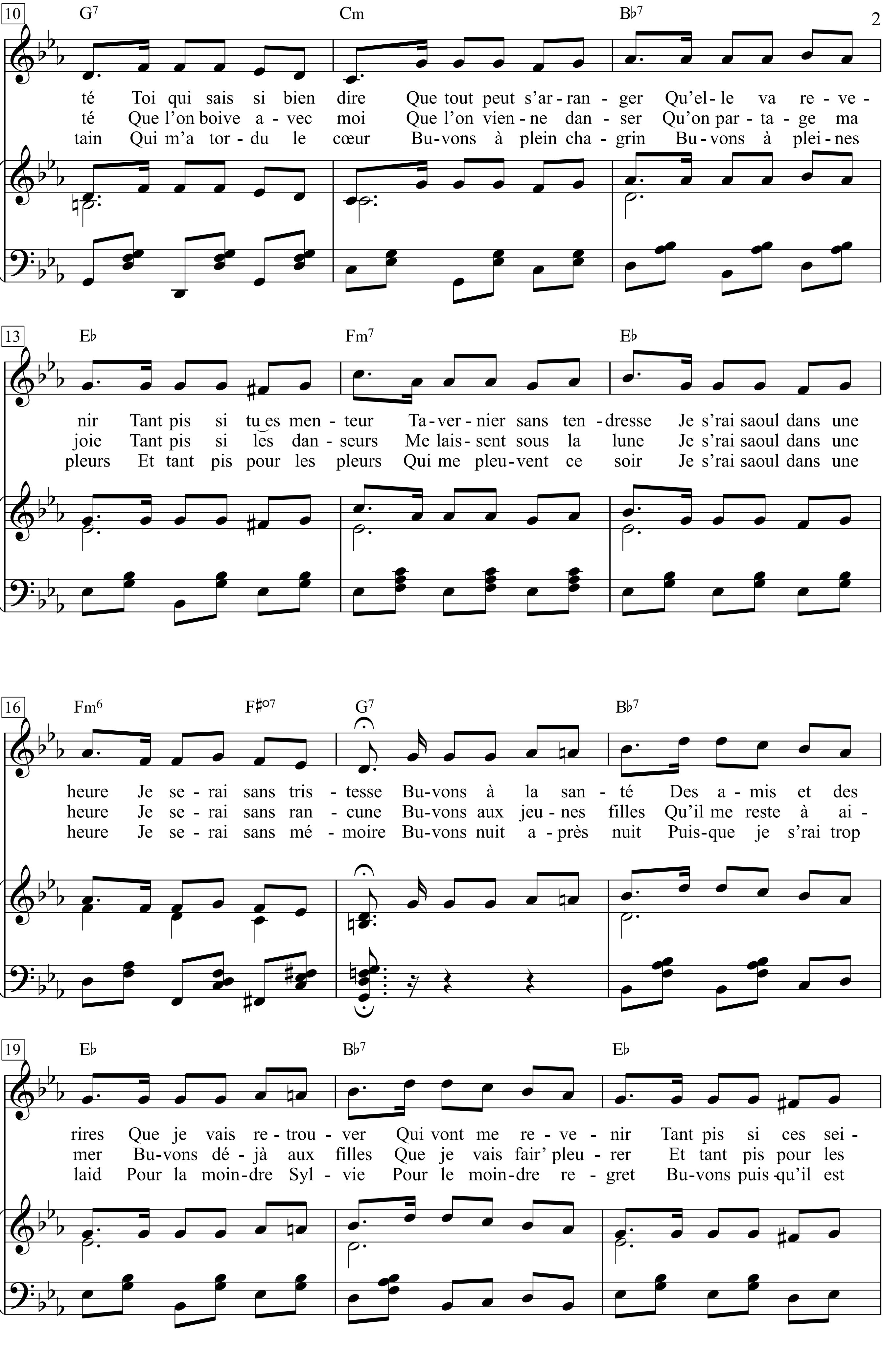
L'ivrogne

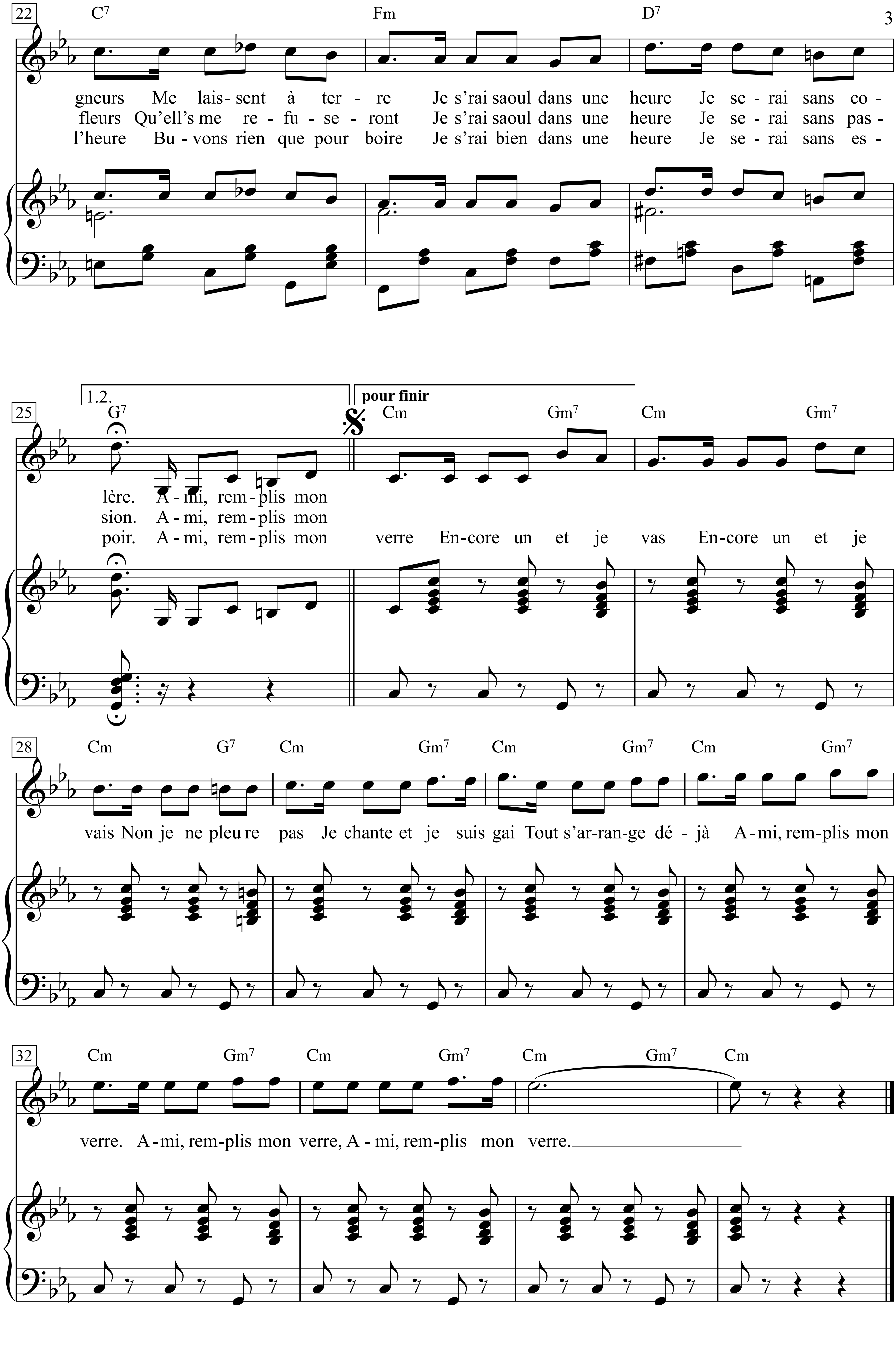
Paroles: Jacques Brel

Paroles & Musique:
François Rauber & Gérard Jouannest



Les plus grandes chanson de Jacques Brel, p. 88-90


10
G7 Cm B♭7
té Toi qui sais si bien dire Que tout peut s'ar - ran - ger Qu'el - le va re - ve -
té Que l'on boive a - vec moi Que l'on vien - ne dan - ser Qu'on par - ta - ge ma
tain Qui m'a tor - du le cœur Bu - vons à plein cha - grin Bu - vons à plei - nes
13
E♭ Fm7 E♭
nir Tant pis si tu es men - teur Ta - ver - nier sans ten - dresse Je s'rai saoul dans une
joie Tant pis si les dan - seurs Me lais - sent sous la lune Je s'rai saoul dans une
pleurs Et tant pis pour les pleurs Qui me pleu - vent ce soir Je s'rai saoul dans une
16
Fm6 F♯o7 G7 B♭7
heure Je se - rai sans tris - tesse Bu - vons à la san - té Des a - mis et des
heure Je se - rai sans ran - cune Bu - vons aux jeu - nes filles Qu'il me reste à ai -
heure Je se - rai sans mé - moire Bu - vons nuit a - près nuit Puis - que je s'rai trop
19
E♭ B♭7 E♭
rires Que je vais re - trou - ver Qui vont me re - ve - nir Tant pis si ces sei -
mer Bu - vons dé - jà aux filles Que je vais fair' pleu - rer Et tant pis pour les
laid Pour la moin - dre Syl - vie Pour le moin - dre re - gret Bu - vons puis - qu'il est


22
C7 Fm D7
gneurs Me lais- sent à ter - re Je s'rai saoul dans une heure Je se - rai sans co -
fleurs Qu'ell's me re - fu - se - ront Je s'rai saoul dans une heure Je se - rai sans pas -
l'heure Bu - vons rien que pour boire Je s'rai bien dans une heure Je se - rai sans es -
1.2.
pour finir
25
G7 Cm Gm7 Cm Gm7
lère. A - mi, rem - plis mon
sion. A - mi, rem - plis mon
poir. A - mi, rem - plis mon verre En - core un et je vas En - core un et je
28
Cm G7 Cm Gm7 Cm Gm7 Cm Gm7
vais Non je ne pleu re pas Je chante et je suis gai Tout s'ar - ran - ge dé - jà A - mi, rem - plis mon
32
Cm Gm7 Cm Gm7 Cm Gm7 Cm
verre. A - mi, rem - plis mon verre, A - mi, rem - plis mon verre.

Ami remplis mon verre
Encore un et je vas
Encore un et je vais
Non je ne pleure pas
Je chante et je suis gai
Mais j'ai mal d'être moi
Ami remplis mon verre
Ami remplis mon verre

Buvons à ta santé
Toi qui sais si bien dire
Que tout peut s'arranger
Qu'elle va revenir
Tant pis si tu es menteur
Tavernier sans tendresse
Je serai saoul dans une heure
Je serai sans tristesse

Buvons à la santé
Des amis et des rires
Que je vais retrouver
Qui vont me revenir
Tant pis si ces seigneurs
Me laissent à terre
Je serai saoul dans une heure
Je serai sans colère

Ami remplis mon verre
Encore un et je vas
Encore un et je vais
Non je ne pleure pas
Je chante et je suis gai
Mais j'ai mal d'être moi
Ami remplis mon verre
Ami remplis mon verre

Buvons à ma santé
Que l'on boive avec moi
Que l'on vienne danser
Qu'on partage ma joie
Tant pis si les danseurs
Me laissent sous la lune
Je serai saoul dans une heure
Je serai sans rancune

Buvons aux jeunes filles
Qu'il me reste à aimer
Buvons déjà aux filles
Que je vais faire pleurer
Et tant pis pour les fleurs
Qu'elles me refuseront
Je serai saoul dans une heure
Je serai sans passion

Ami remplis mon verre
Encore un et je vas
Encore un et je vais
Non je ne pleure pas
Je chante et je suis gai
Mais j'ai mal d'être moi
Ami remplis mon verre
Ami remplis mon verre

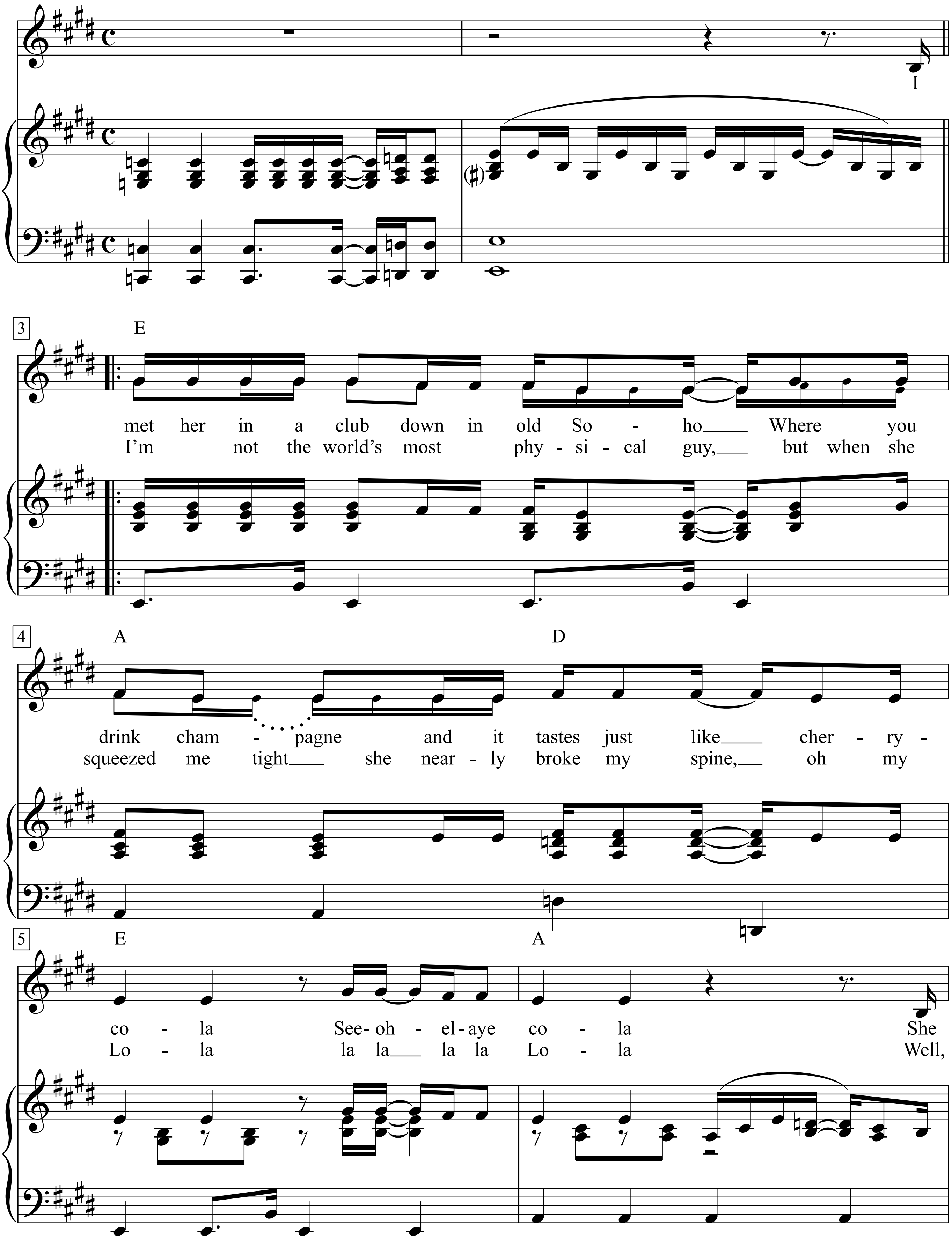
Buvons à la putain
Qui m'a tordu le cœur
Buvons à plein chagrin
Buvons à pleines pleurs
Et tant pis pour les pleurs
Qui me pleuvent ce soir
Je serai saoul dans une heure
Je serai sans mémoire

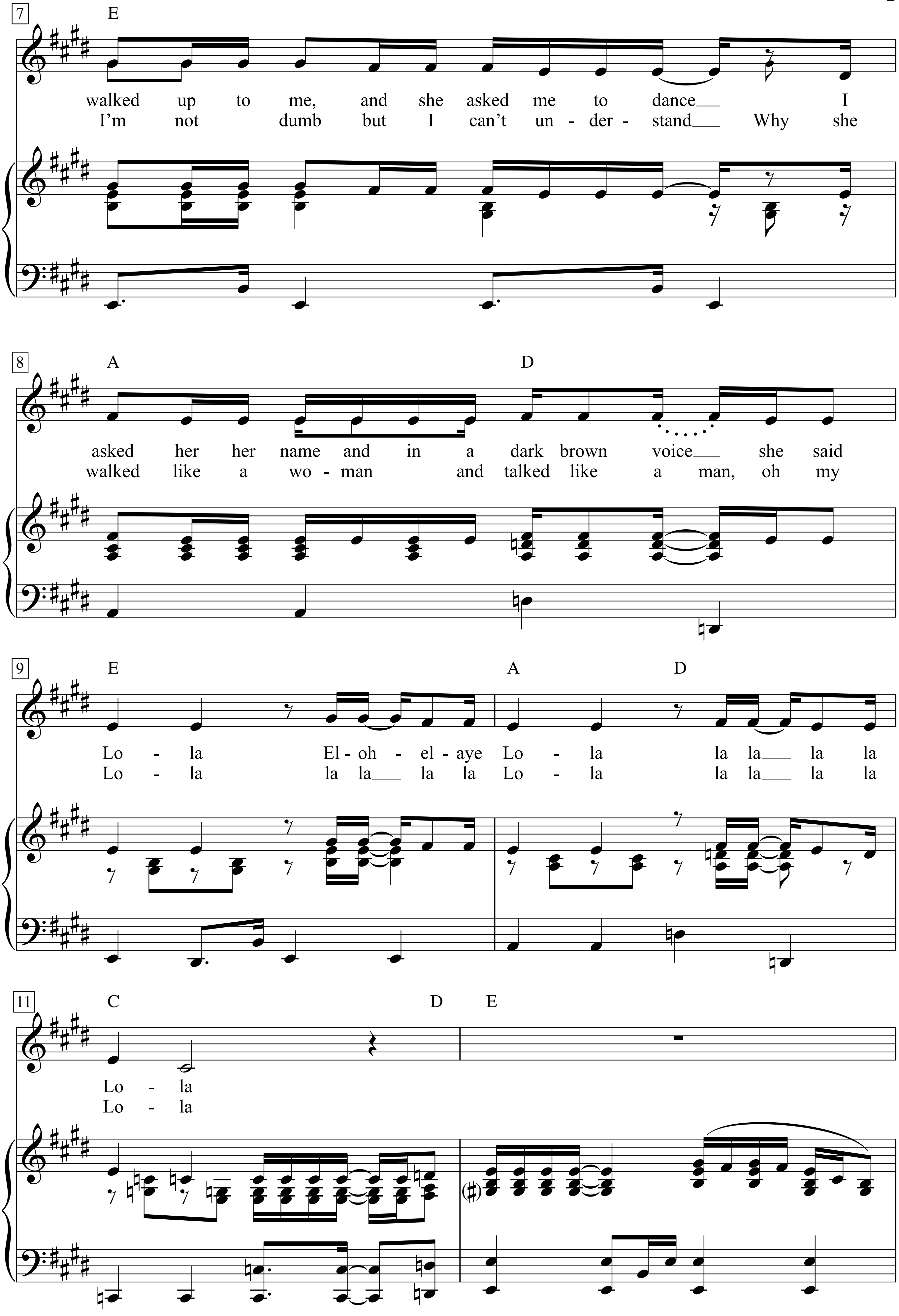
Buvons nuit après nuit
Puisque je serai trop laid
Pour la moindre Sylvie
Pour le moindre regret
Buvons puisqu'il est l'heure
Buvons rien que pour boire
Je serai bien dans une heure
Je serai sans espoir

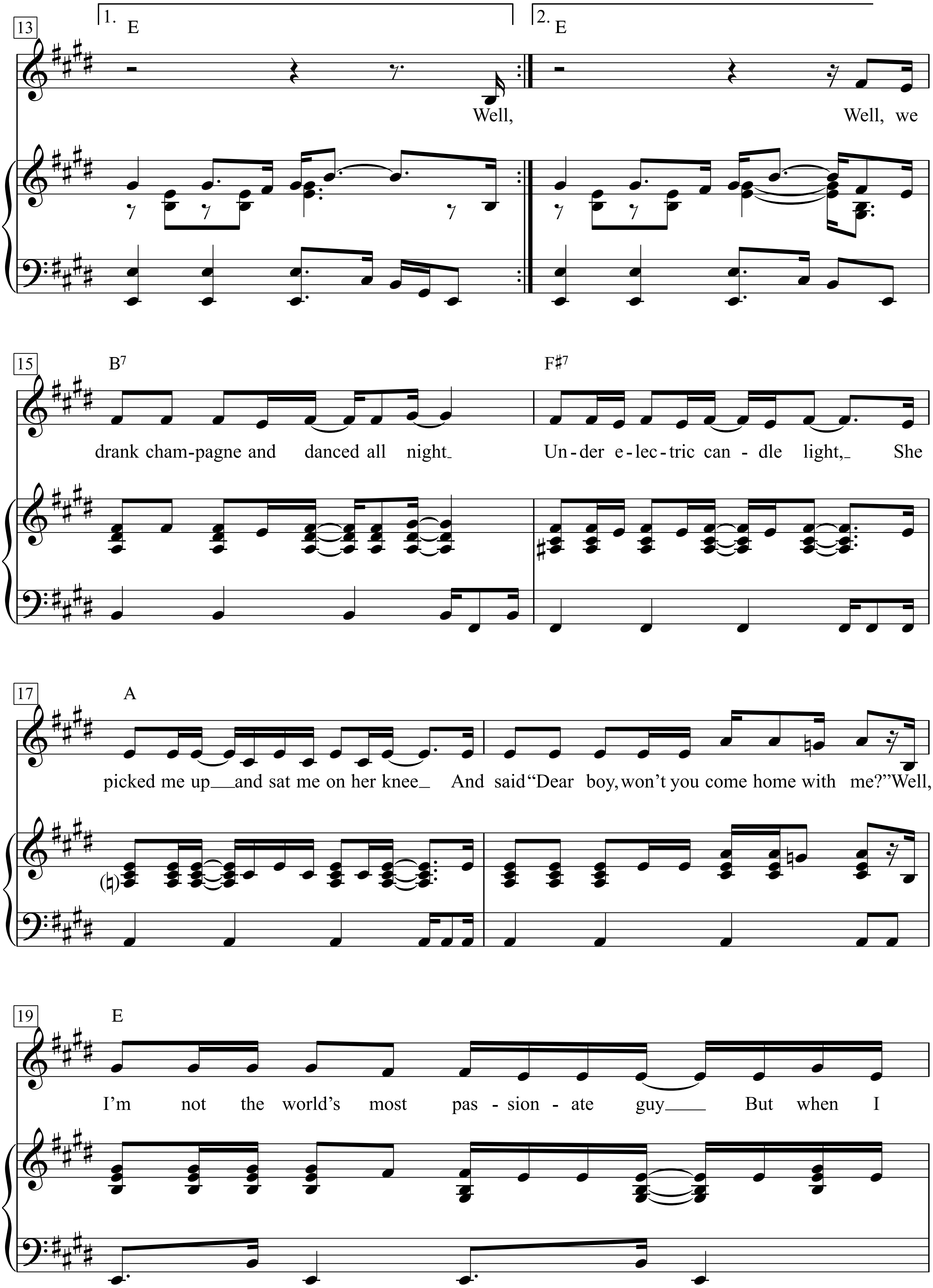
Ami remplis mon verre
Encore un et je vas
Encore un et je vais
Non je ne pleure pas
Je chante et je suis gai
Tout s'arrange déjà
Ami remplis mon verre
Ami remplis mon verre
Ami remplis mon verre

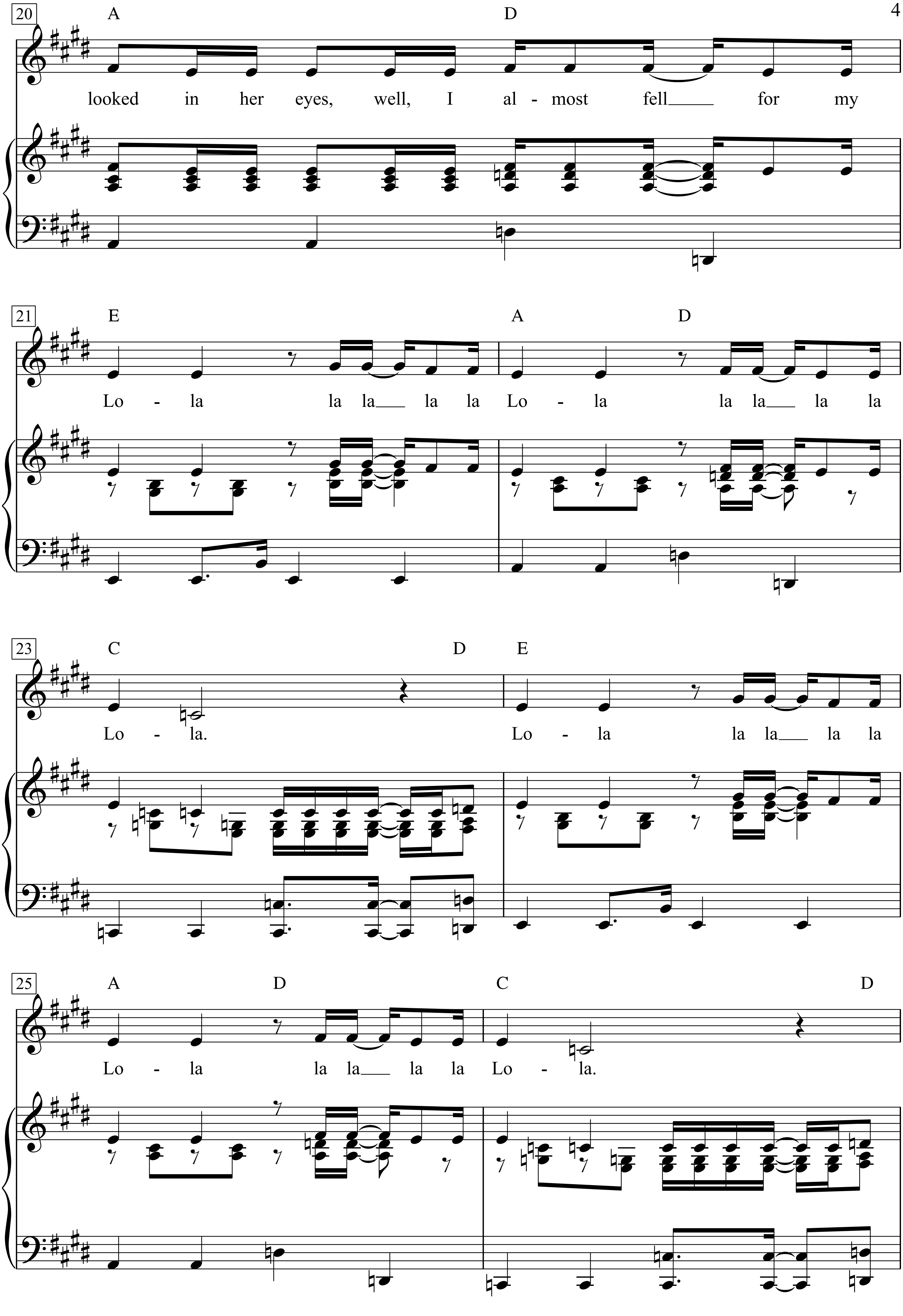
Lola

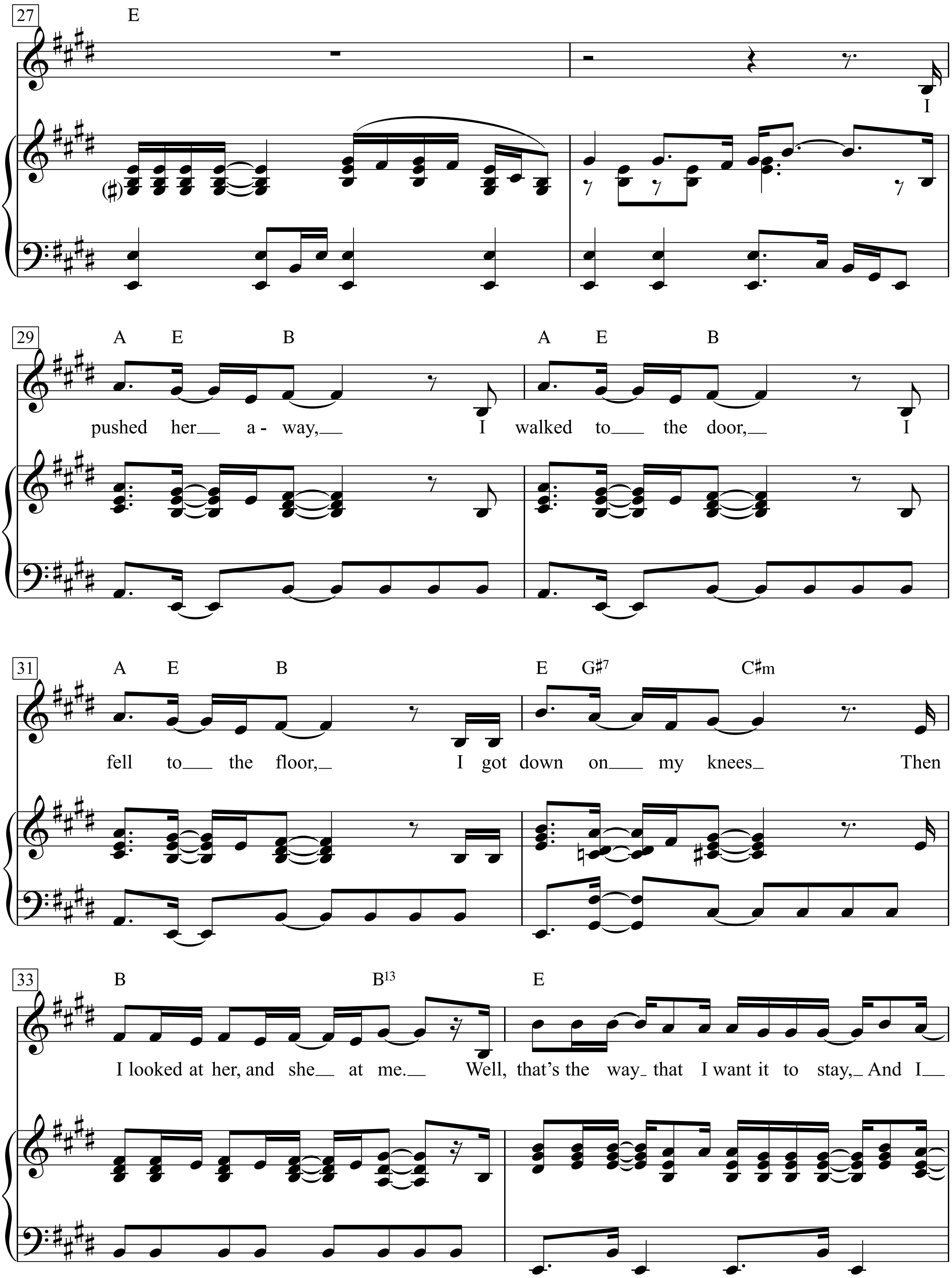
Ray Davies
(The Kinks)

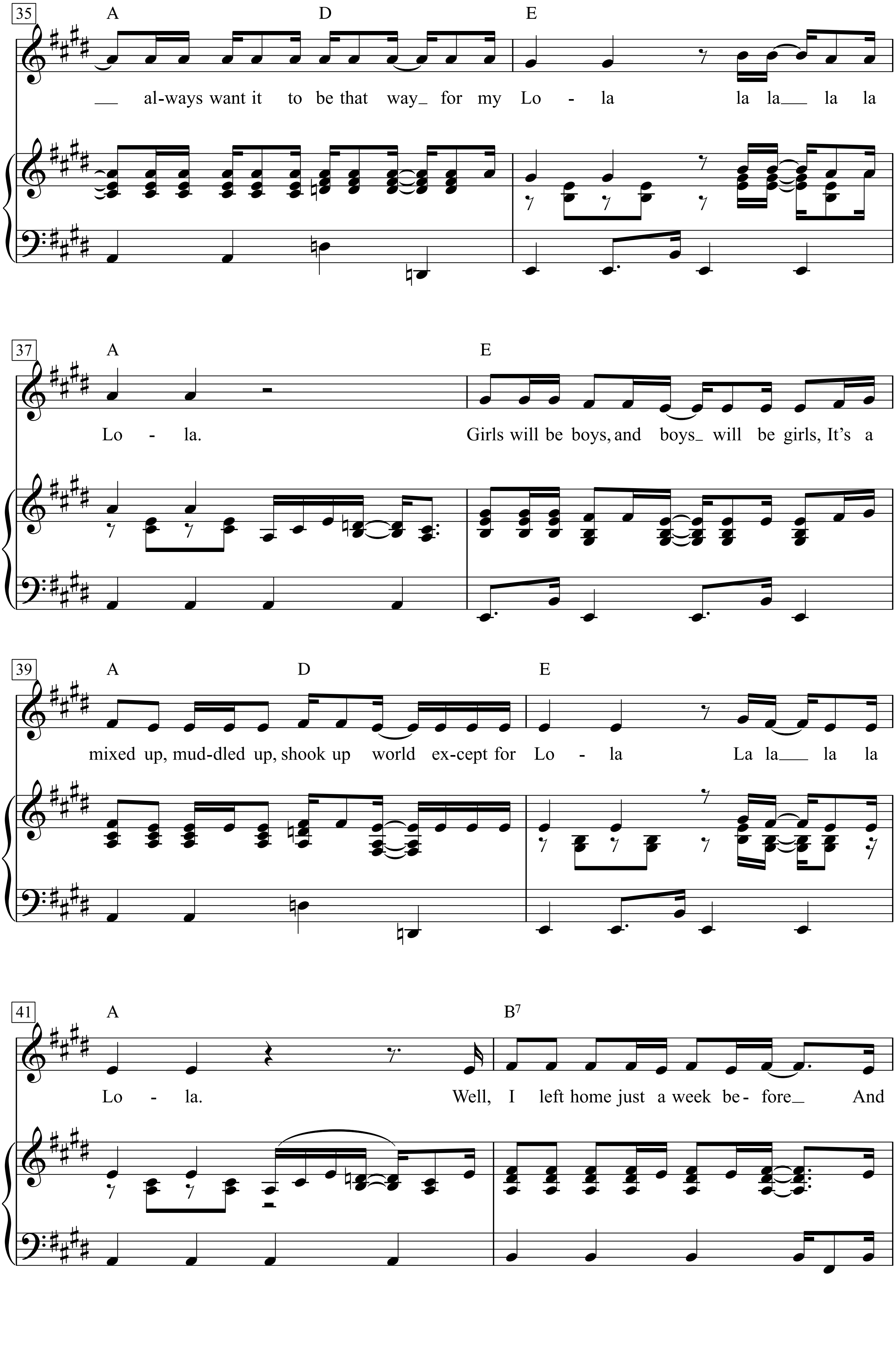


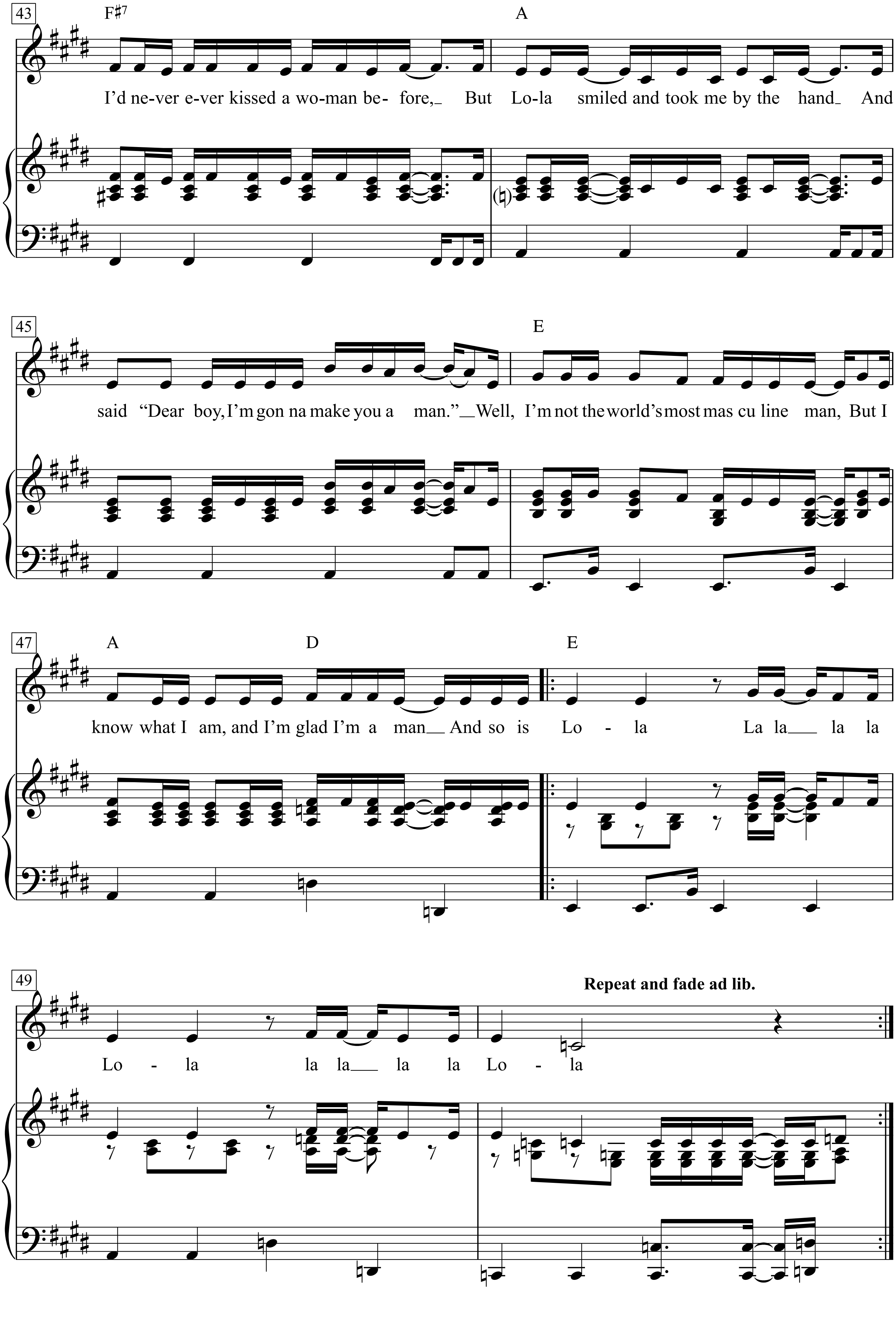

7
E
walked up to me, and she asked me to dance I
I'm not dumb but I can't un - der - stand Why she
8
A
D
asked her her name and in a dark brown voice she said
walked like a wo - man and talked like a man, oh my
9
E
A
D
Lo - la El - oh - el - aye Lo - la la la la la
Lo - la la la la la Lo - la la la la la
11
C
D
E
Lo - la
Lo - la
(♯)


13
1. E
2. E
Well, Well, we
15
B7
F♯7
drank cham-pagne and danced all night Un-der e-lec-tric can-dle light, She
17
A
picked me up and sat me on her knee And said "Dear boy, won't you come home with me?" Well,
19
E
I'm not the world's most pas-sion-ate guy But when I


20
A
D
looked in her eyes, well, I al - most fell___ for my
21
E
A
D
Lo - la la la___ la la Lo - la la la___ la la
23
C
D
E
Lo - la.
Lo - la la la___ la la
25
A
D
C
D
Lo - la la la___ la la Lo - la.


27
E
I
29
A E B A E B
pushed her a - way, I walked to the door, I
31
A E B E G♯7 C♯m
fell to the floor, I got down on my knees Then
33
B B13 E
I looked at her, and she at me. Well, that's the way that I want it to stay, And I


35
A
D
E
__ al-ways want it to be that way_ for my Lo - la la la__ la la
37
A
E
Lo - la. Girls will be boys, and boys_ will be girls, It's a
39
A
D
E
mixed up, mud-dled up, shook up world ex-cept for Lo - la La la__ la la
41
A
B7
Lo - la. Well, I left home just a week be- fore_ And


43
F♯7
A
I'd ne-ver e-ver kissed a wo-man be- fore,_ But Lo-la smiled and took me by the hand_ And
45
E
said "Dear boy, I'm gon na make you a man."__Well, I'm not the world's most mas cu line man, But I
47
A
D
E
know what I am, and I'm glad I'm a man__And so is Lo - la La la___ la la
49
Repeat and fade ad lib.
Lo - la la la___ la la Lo - la

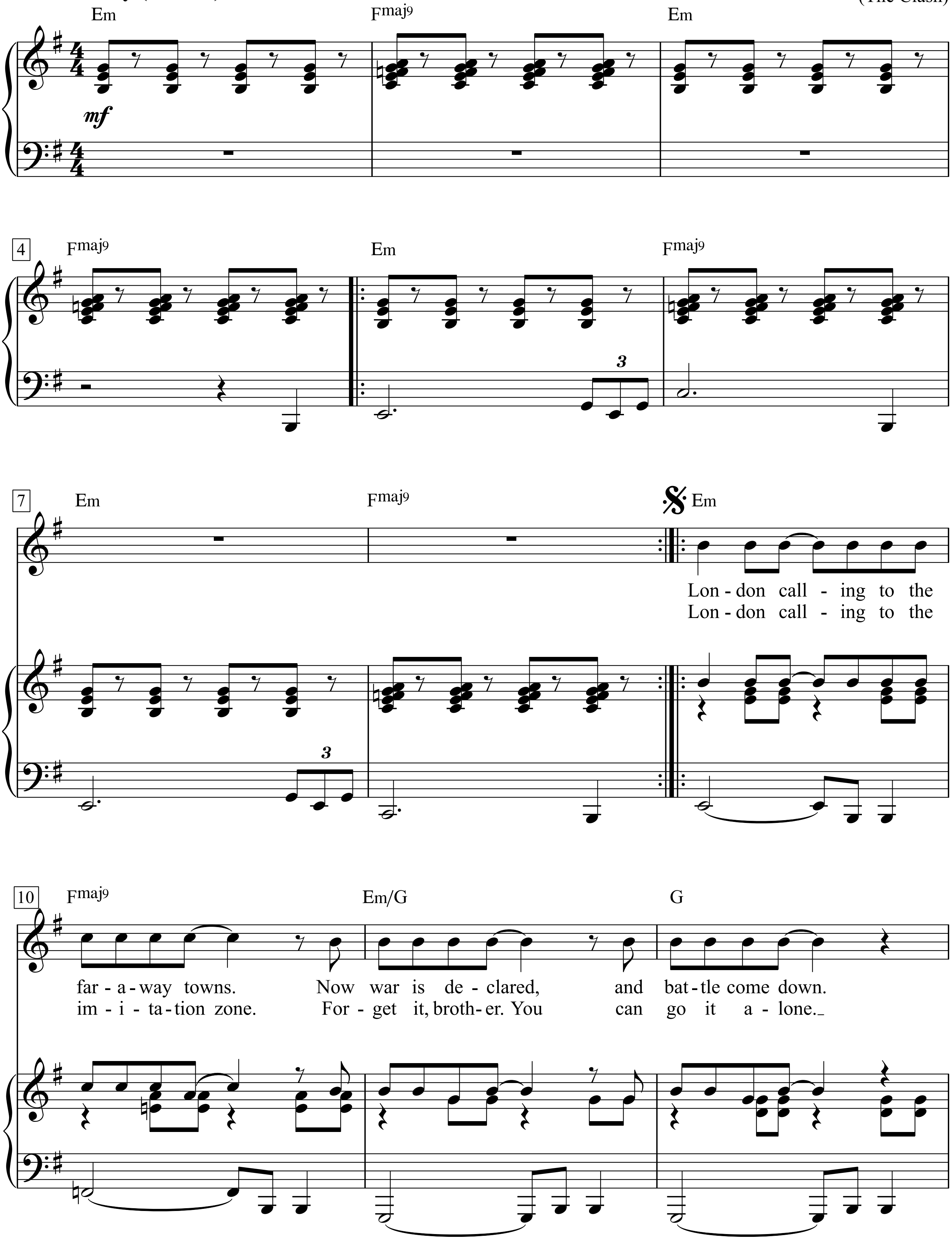
1. I met her in a club down in old Soho
Where you drink champagne and it tastes just like cherry-cola
See-oh-el-aye cola
She walked up to me, and she asked me to dance
I asked her her name and in a dark brown voice she said Lola
El-oh-el-aye Lola la la la la Lola
Well, we drank champagne and danced all night
Under electric candle light,
She picked me up and sat me on her knee
And said “Dear boy, won’t you come home with me?”
Well, I’m not the world’s most passionate guy
But when I looked in her eyes,
well, I almost fell for my Lola la la la la
Lola la la la la Lola.
Lola la la la la Lola la la la la Lola.
I pushed her away, I walked to the door, I fell to the floor,
I got down on my knees
Then I looked at her, and she at me.
Well, that’s the way that I want it to stay,
And I always want it to be that way for my Lola la la la la Lola.
Girls will be boys, and boys will be girls,
It’s a mixed up, muddled up,
shook up world except for Lola La la la la Lola.
Well, I left home just a week before
And I’d never ever kissed a woman before,
But Lola smiled and took me by the hand
And said “Dear boy, I’m gonna make you a man.”
Well, I’m not the world’s most masculine man,
But I know what I am, and I’m glad I’m a man
And so is Lola
La la la la Lola la la la la Lola

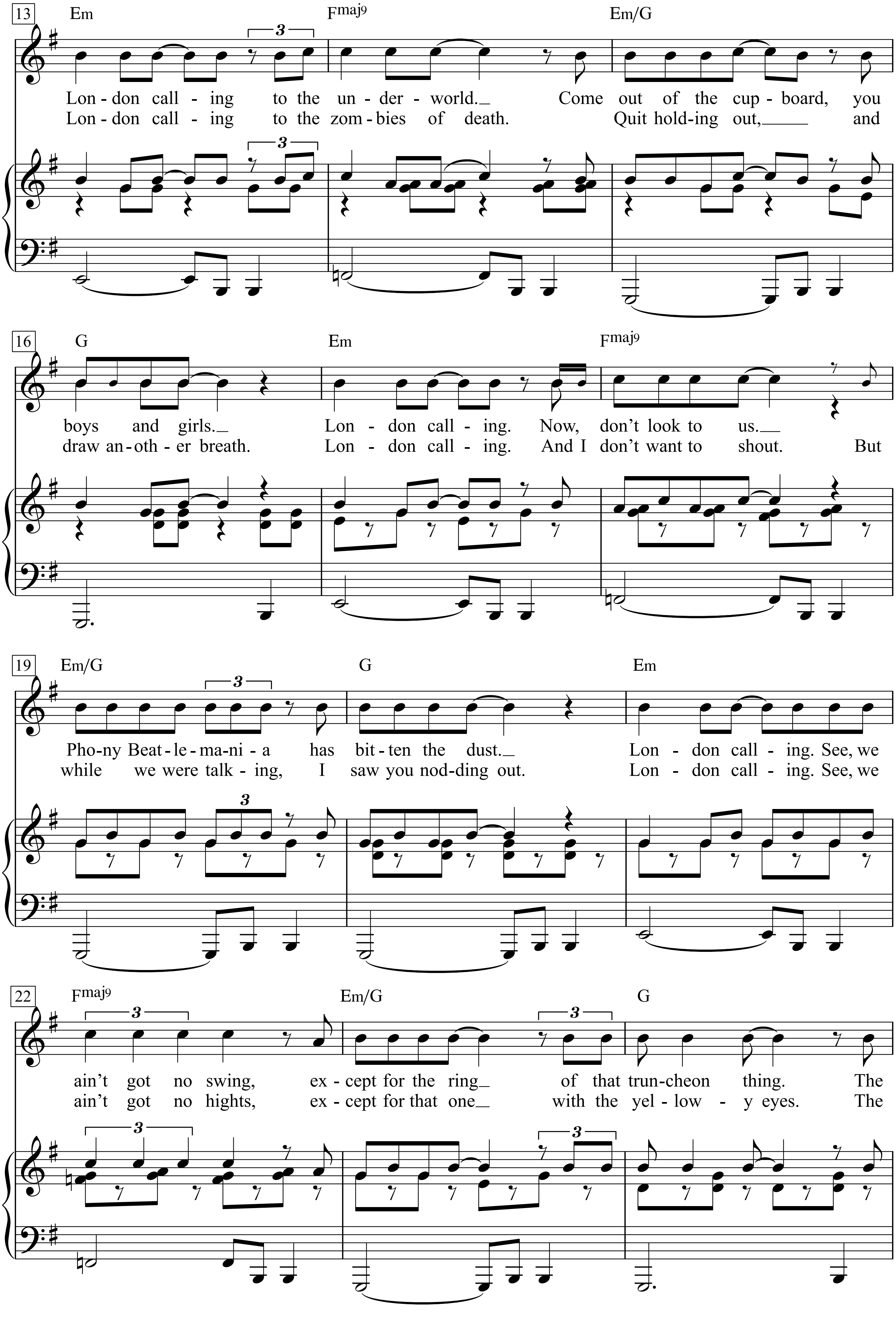
2. I’m not the world’s most physical guy,
but when she squeezed me tight she nearly broke my spine,
oh my Lola la la la la Lola
Well, I’m not dumb but I can’t understand
Why she walked like a woman and talked like a man,
oh my Lola la la la la Lola la la la la Lola

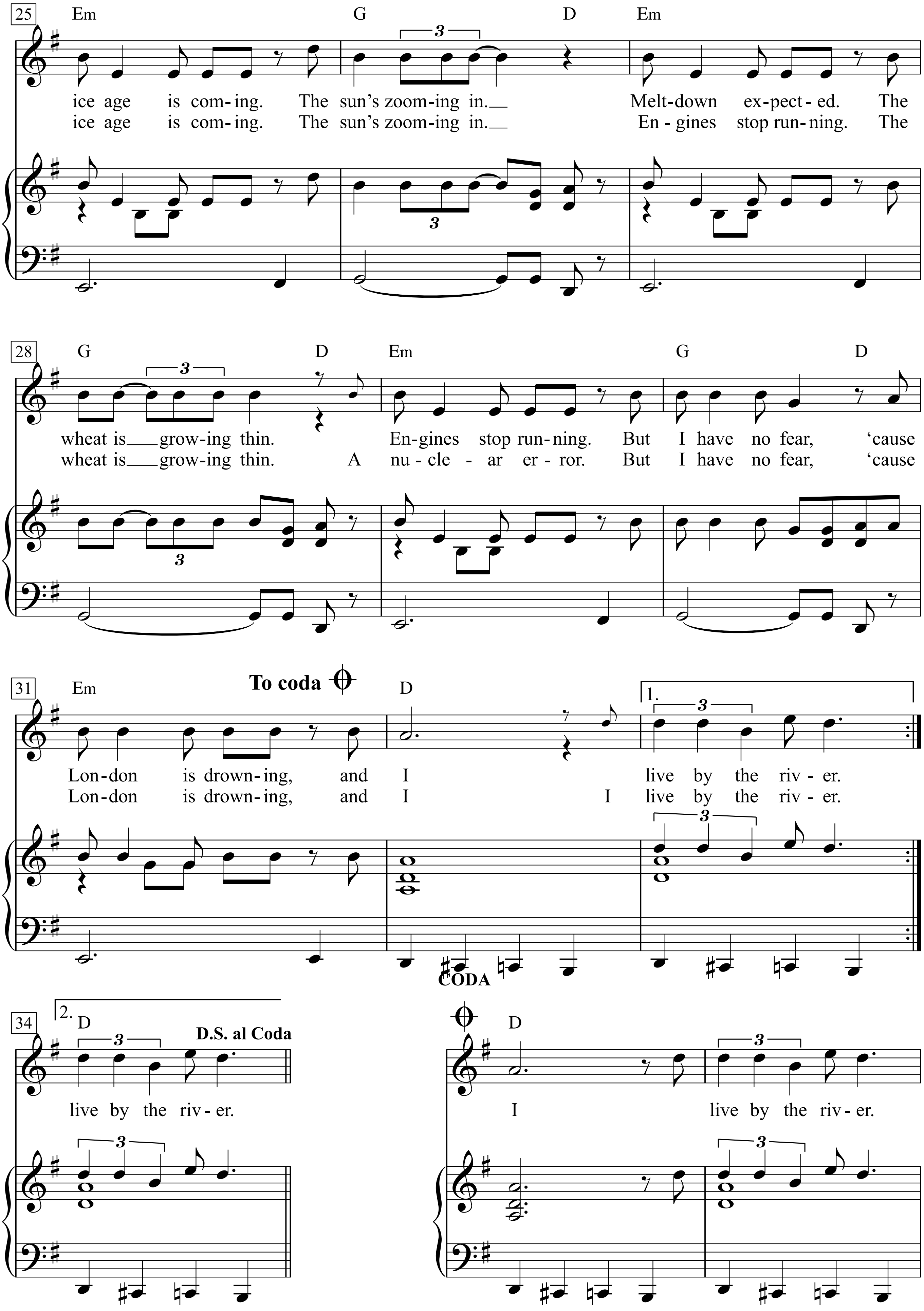
London Calling

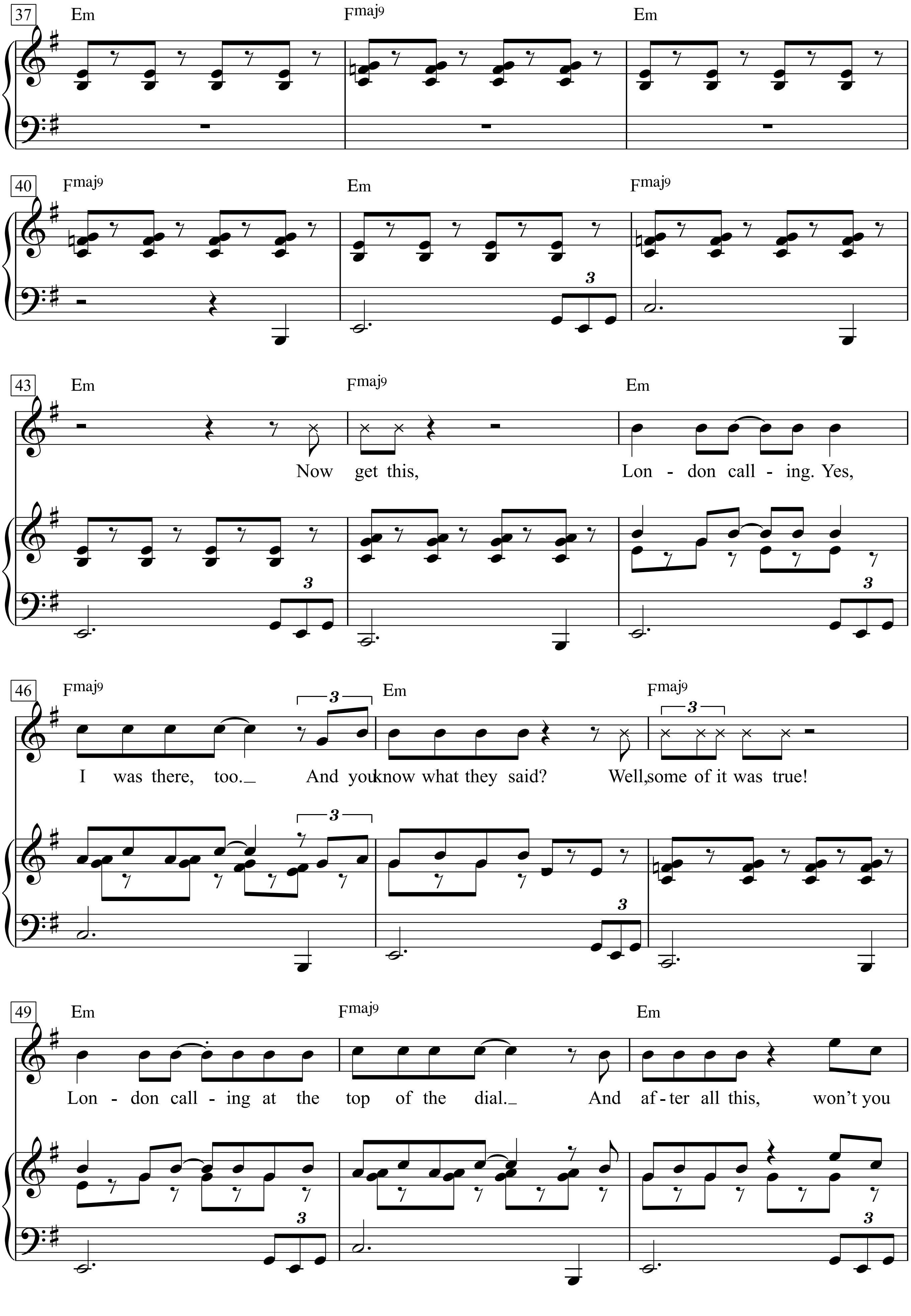
Words & Music by
Joe Strummer, Mick Jones,
Paul Simonon & Topper Headon)
(The Clash)

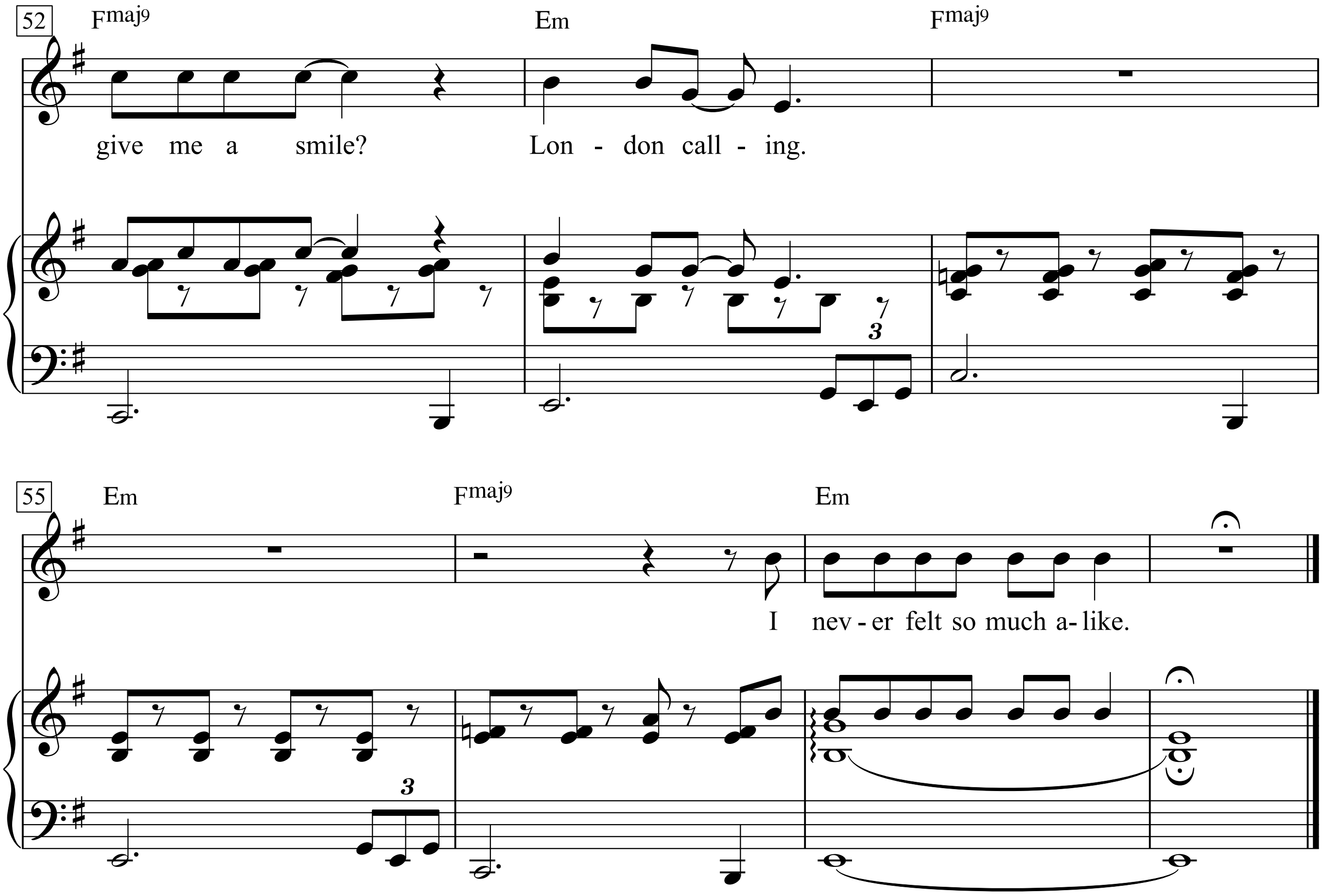
Moderately




13
Em
Fmaj9
Em/G
Lon - don call - ing to the un - der - world. Come out of the cup - board, you
Lon - don call - ing to the zom - bies of death. Quit hold-ing out, and
16
G
Em
Fmaj9
boys and girls. Lon - don call - ing. Now, don't look to us.
draw an - oth - er breath. Lon - don call - ing. And I don't want to shout. But
19
Em/G
G
Em
Pho-ny Beat - le - ma - ni - a has bit - ten the dust. Lon - don call - ing. See, we
while we were talk - ing, I saw you nod-ding out. Lon - don call - ing. See, we
22
Fmaj9
Em/G
G
ain't got no swing, ex - cept for the ring of that trun-cheon thing. The
ain't got no hights, ex - cept for that one with the yel - low - y eyes. The


25
Em G D Em
ice age is com-ing. The sun's zoom-ing in. Melt-down ex-pect-ed. The
ice age is com-ing. The sun's zoom-ing in. En-gines stop run-ning. The
28
G D Em G D
wheat is grow-ing thin. En-gines stop run-ning. But I have no fear, 'cause
wheat is grow-ing thin. A nu-cle-ar er-ror. But I have no fear, 'cause
31
Em
To coda
D
1.
Lon-don is drown-ing, and I live by the riv-er.
Lon-don is drown-ing, and I I live by the riv-er.
CODA
34
2.
D
D.S. al Coda
live by the riv-er.
D
I live by the riv-er.


37
Em
Fmaj9
Em
40
Fmaj9
Em
Fmaj9
43
Em
Fmaj9
Em
Now get this, Lon - don call - ing. Yes,
46
Fmaj9
Em
Fmaj9
I was there, too._ And you know what they said? Well, some of it was true!
49
Em
Fmaj9
Em
Lon - don call - ing at the top of the dial._ And af - ter all this, won't you

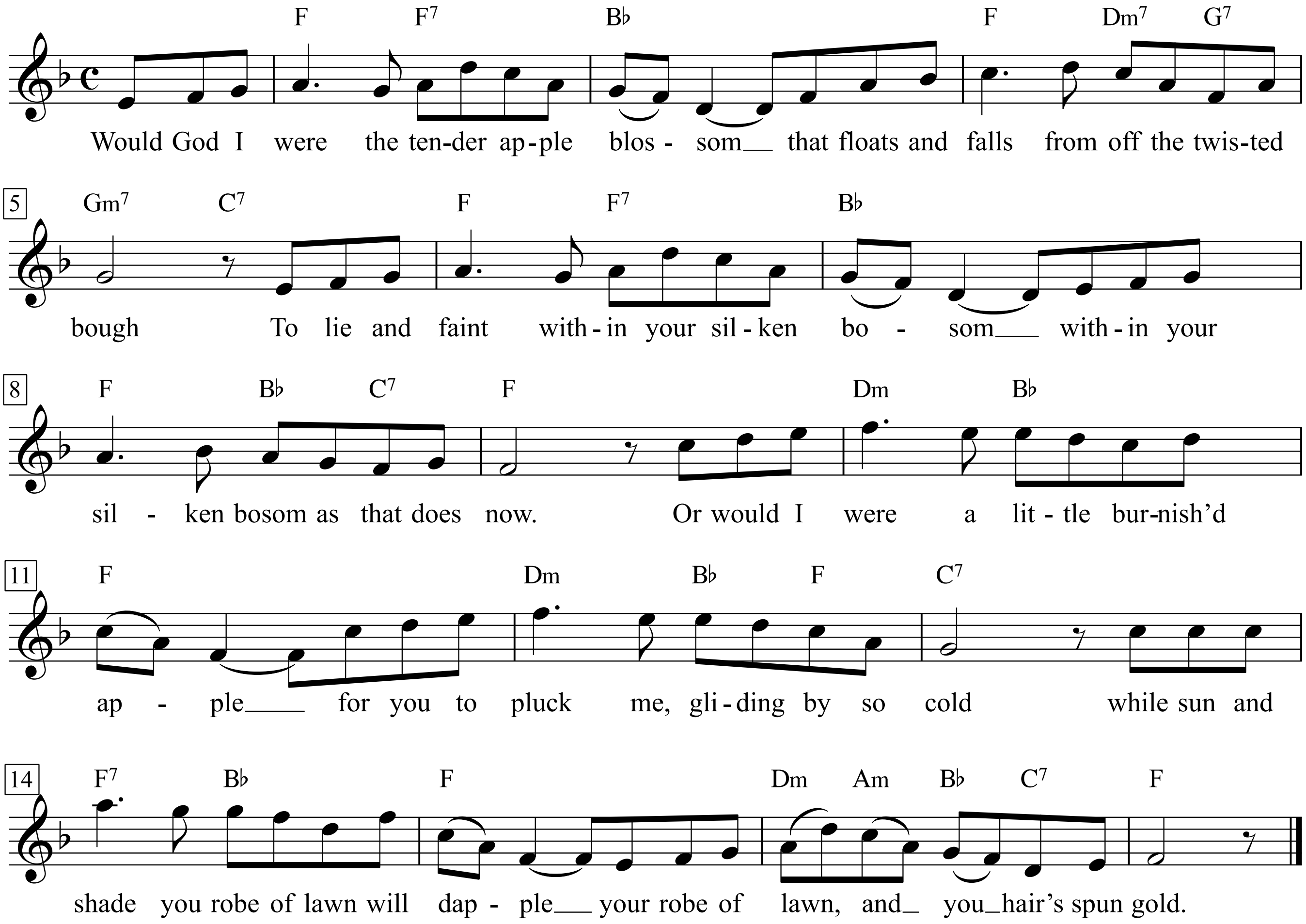

52
Fmaj9
Em
Fmaj9
give me a smile? Lon - don call - ing.
55
Em
Fmaj9
Em
I nev - er felt so much a - like.

1. London calling to the faraway towns.
Now war is declared, and battle come down.
London calling to the underworld.
Come out of the cupboard, you boys and girls.
London calling.
Now, don't look to us.
Phony Beatlemania has bitten the dust.
London calling.
See, we ain't got no swing,
except for the ring
of that truncheon thing.
The ice age is coming.
The sun's zooming in.
Meltdown expected.
The wheat is growing thin.
Engines stop running.
But I have no fear,
'cause London is drowning,
and I live by the river.
live by the river.
I live by the river.
Now get this,
London calling.
Yes, I was there, too.
And you know what they said?
Well, some of it was true!
London calling at the top of the dial.
And after all this,
won't you give me a smile?
London calling.
I never felt so much alike.

2. London calling to the imitation zone.
Forget it, brother.
You can go it alone.
London calling to the zombies of death.
Quit holding out, and draw another breath.
London calling.
And I don't want to shout.
But while we were talking,
I saw you nodding out.
London calling.
See, we ain't got no hights,
except for that one with the yellowy eyes.
The ice age is coming.
The sun's zooming in.
Engines stop running.
The wheat is growing thin.
A nuclear error.
But I have no fear,
'cause London is drowning,
and I I live by the river.

Londonderry Air

Ireland



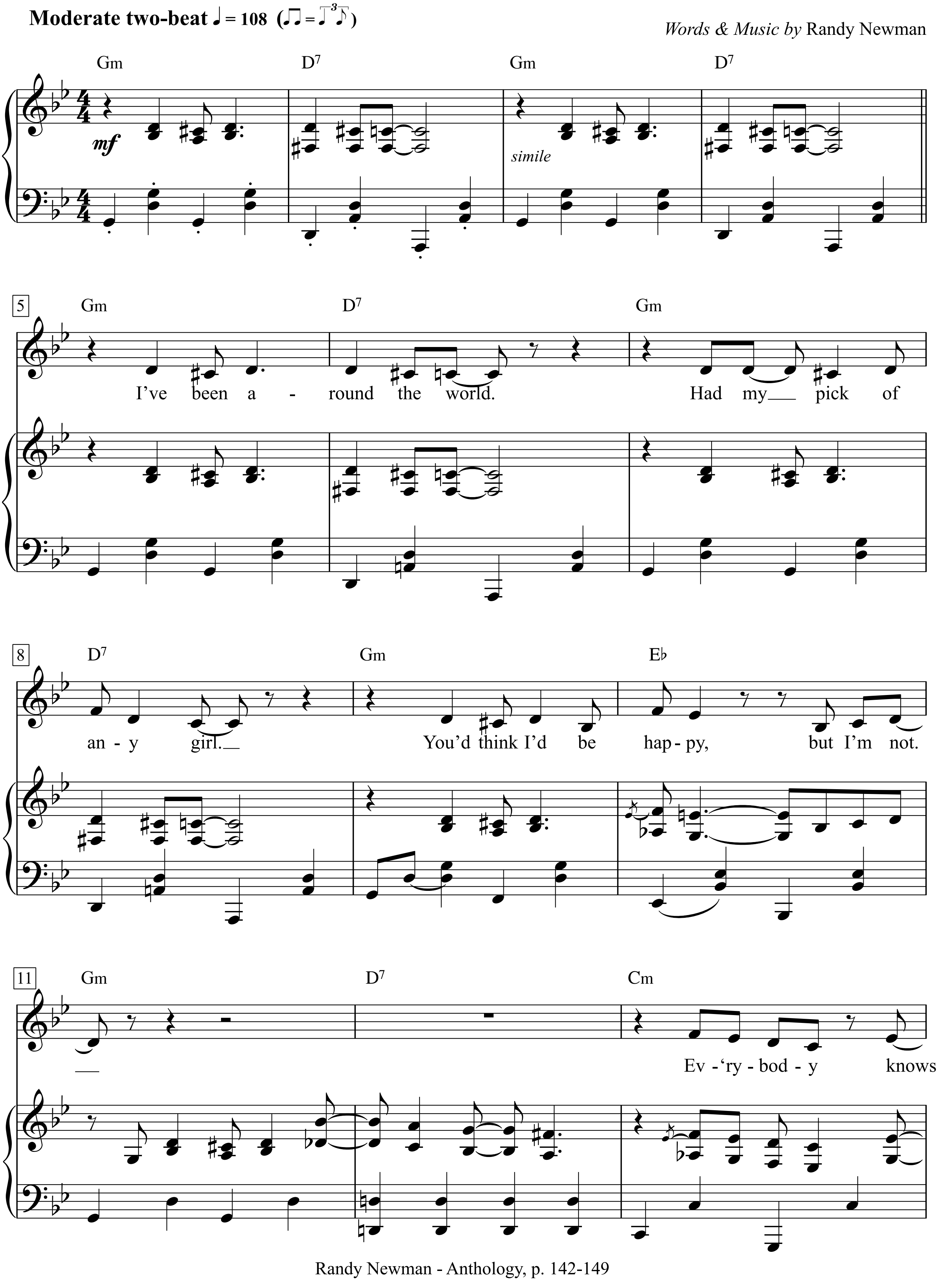
1. Would God I were the tender apple blossom
That floats and falls from off the twisted bough
To lie and faint within your silken bosom
Within your silken bosom as that does now.
Or would I were a little burnish'd apple
For you to pluck me, gliding by so cold
While sun and shade you robe of lawn will dapple
Your robe of lawn, and you hair's spun gold.

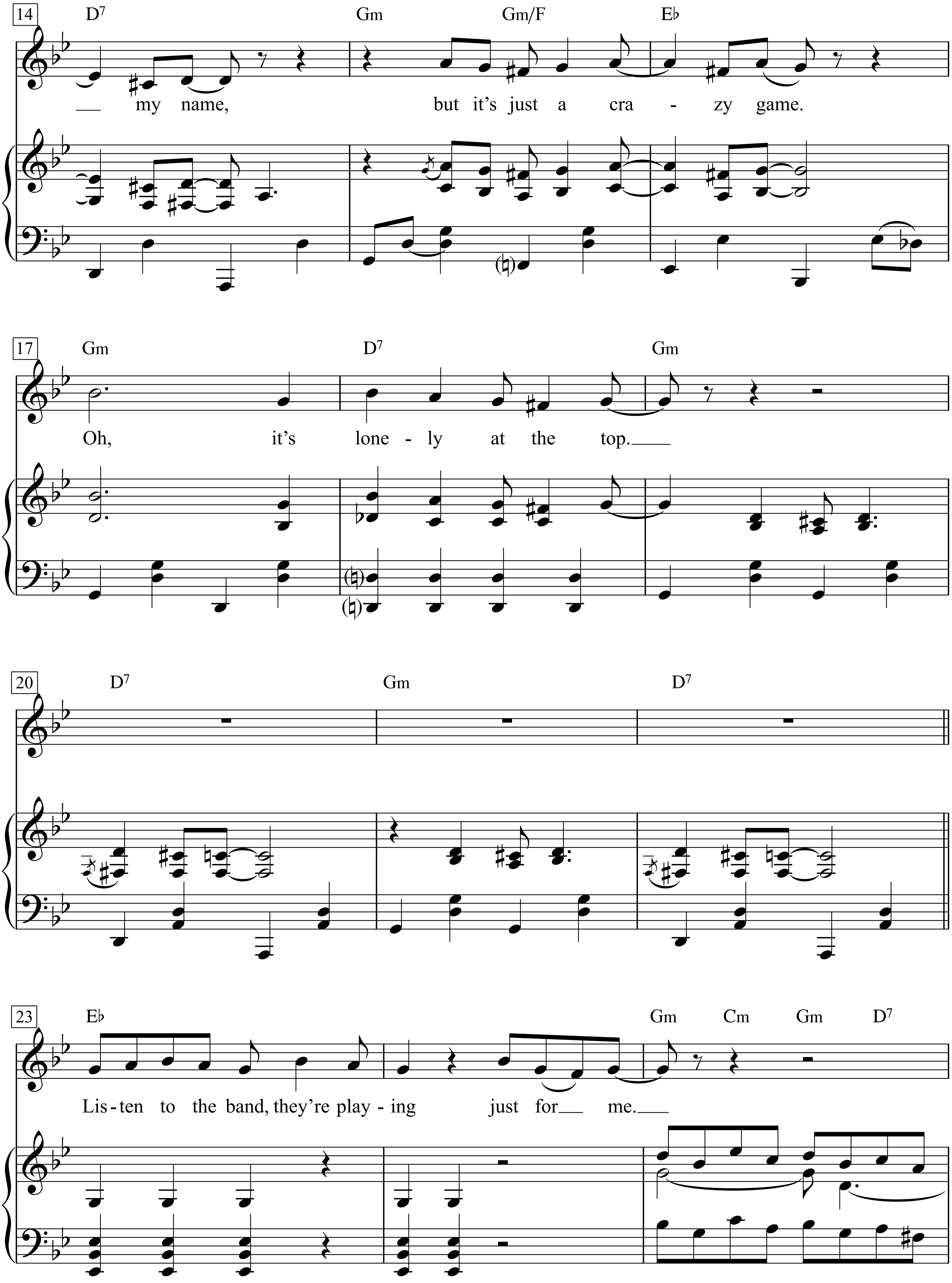
2. Yea, would to God I were among the roses
That lean to kiss you as you float between
While on the lowest branch a bud uncloses
A bud uncloses, to touch you, queen.
Nay, since you will not love,
would I were growing
A happy daisy, in the garden path
That so your silver foot might press me going
Might press me going even unto death.

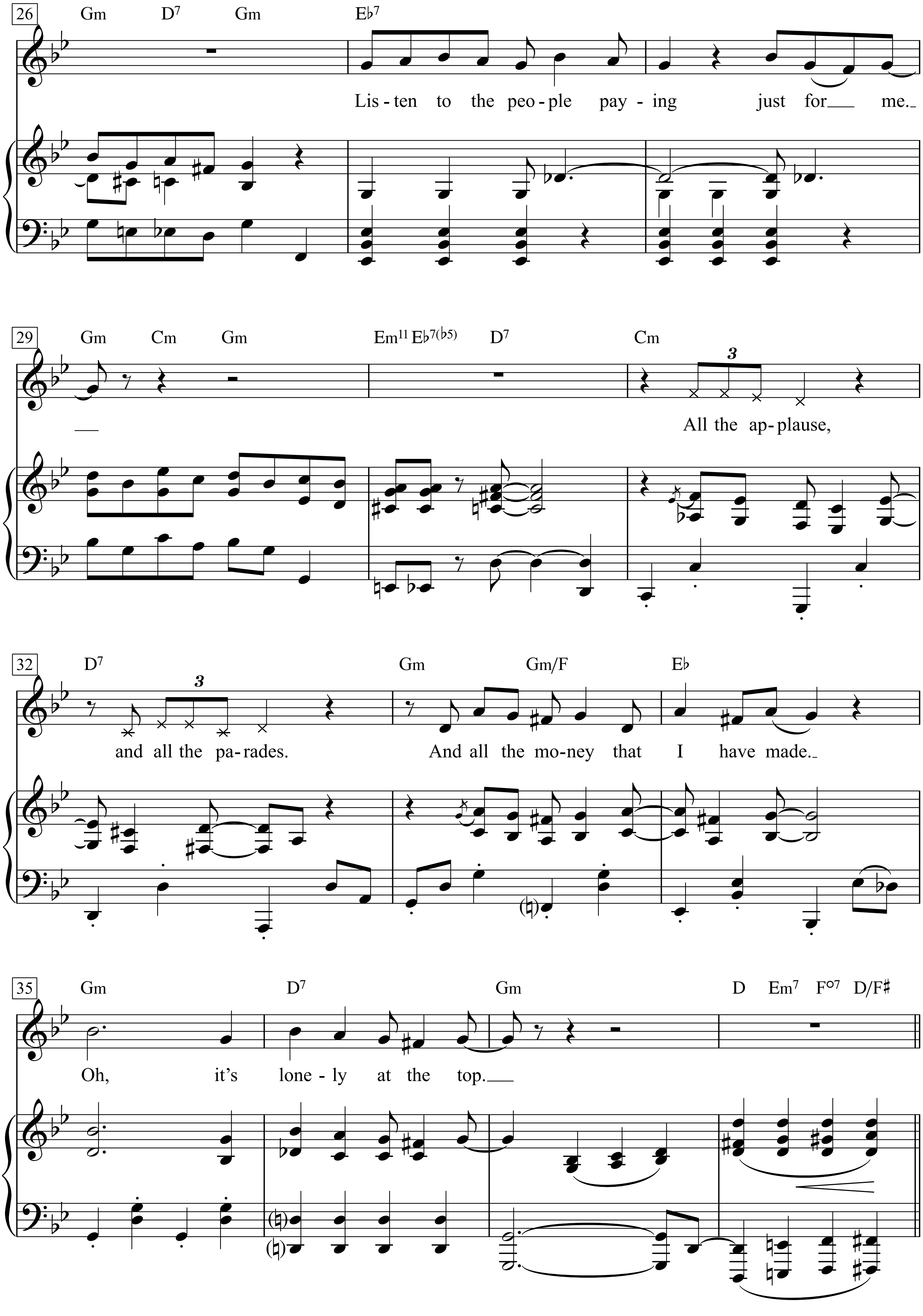
Lonely At the Top

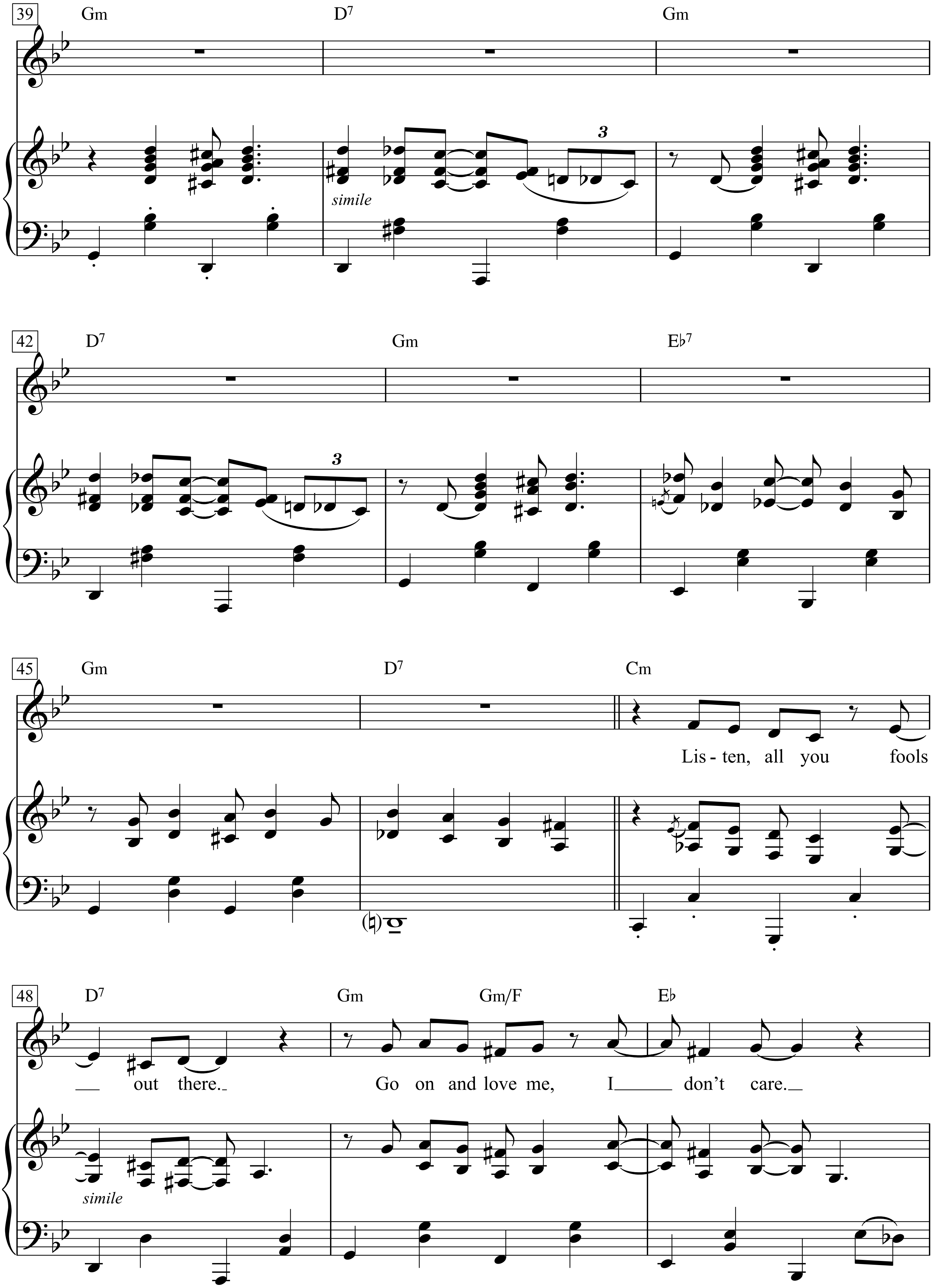
(a/k/a It's Lonely At the Top)

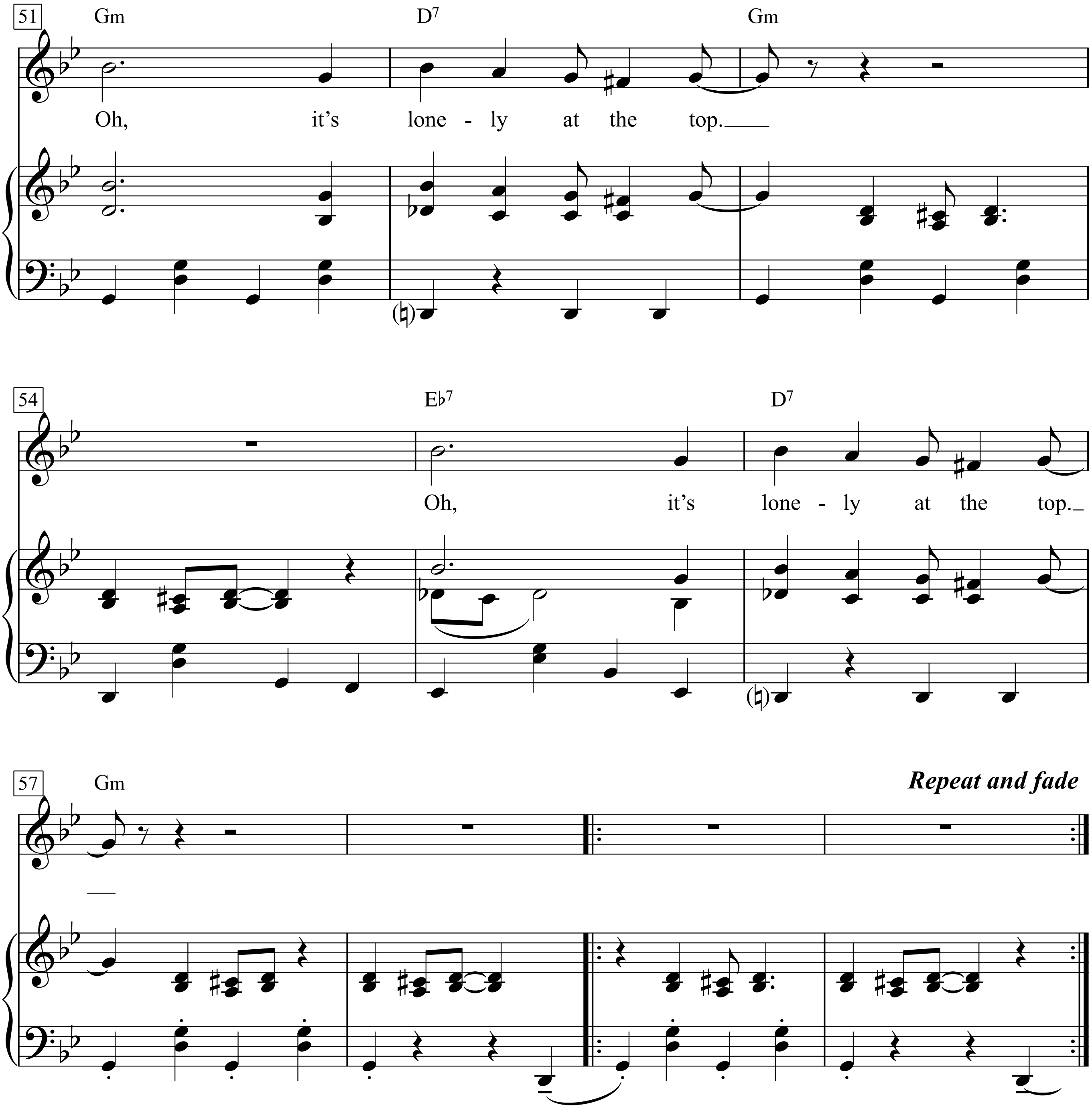
Words & Music by Randy Newman




14
D7 Gm Gm/F E♭
— my name, but it's just a cra - zy game.
17
Gm D7 Gm
Oh, it's lone - ly at the top.—
20
D7 Gm D7
23
E♭ Gm Cm Gm D7
Lis - ten to the band, they're play - ing just for— me.—


26
Gm D7 Gm Eb7
Lis - ten to the peo - ple pay - ing just for me.
29
Gm Cm Gm Em11 Eb7(b5) D7 Cm
All the ap - plause,
32
D7 Gm Gm/F Eb
and all the pa - rades. And all the mo - ney that I have made.
35
Gm D7 Gm D Em7 F°7 D/F#
Oh, it's lone - ly at the top.


39
Gm
D7
Gm
simile
3
42
D7
Gm
E♭7
3
45
Gm
D7
Cm
Lis - ten, all you fools
48
D7
Gm
Gm/F
E♭
— out there. Go on and love me, I don't care.
simile


51
Gm
D7
Gm
Oh, it's lone - ly at the top.
54
E♭7
D7
Oh, it's lone - ly at the top.
57
Gm
Repeat and fade

I’ve been around the world.
Had my pick of any girl.
You’d think I’d be happy,
but I’m not.
Ev’rybody knows my name,
but it’s just a crazy game.
Oh, it’s lonely at the top.

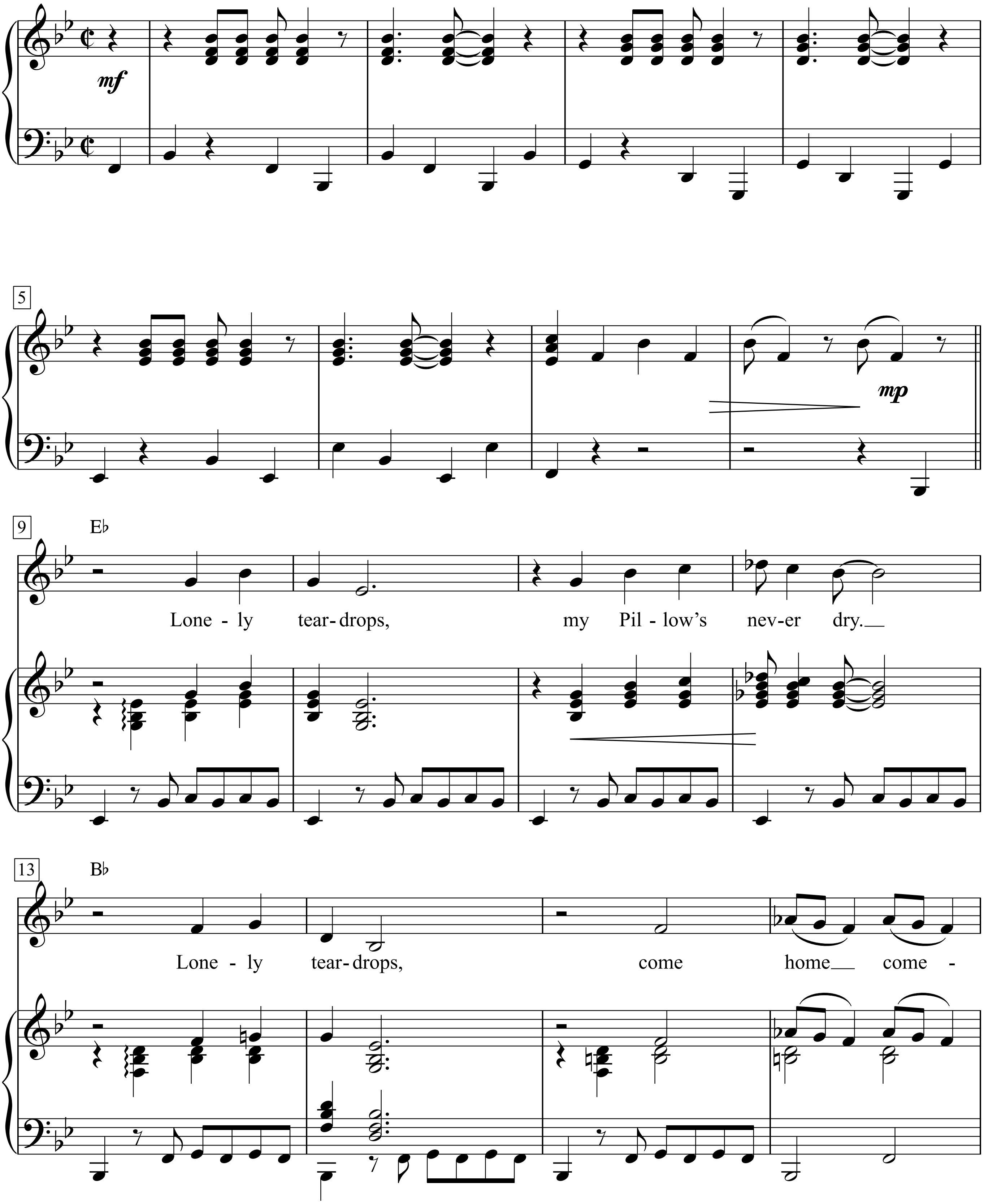
Listen to the band, they’re playing just for me.
Listen to the people paying just for me.
All the applause, and all the parades.
And all the money that I have made.
Oh, it’s lonely at the top.

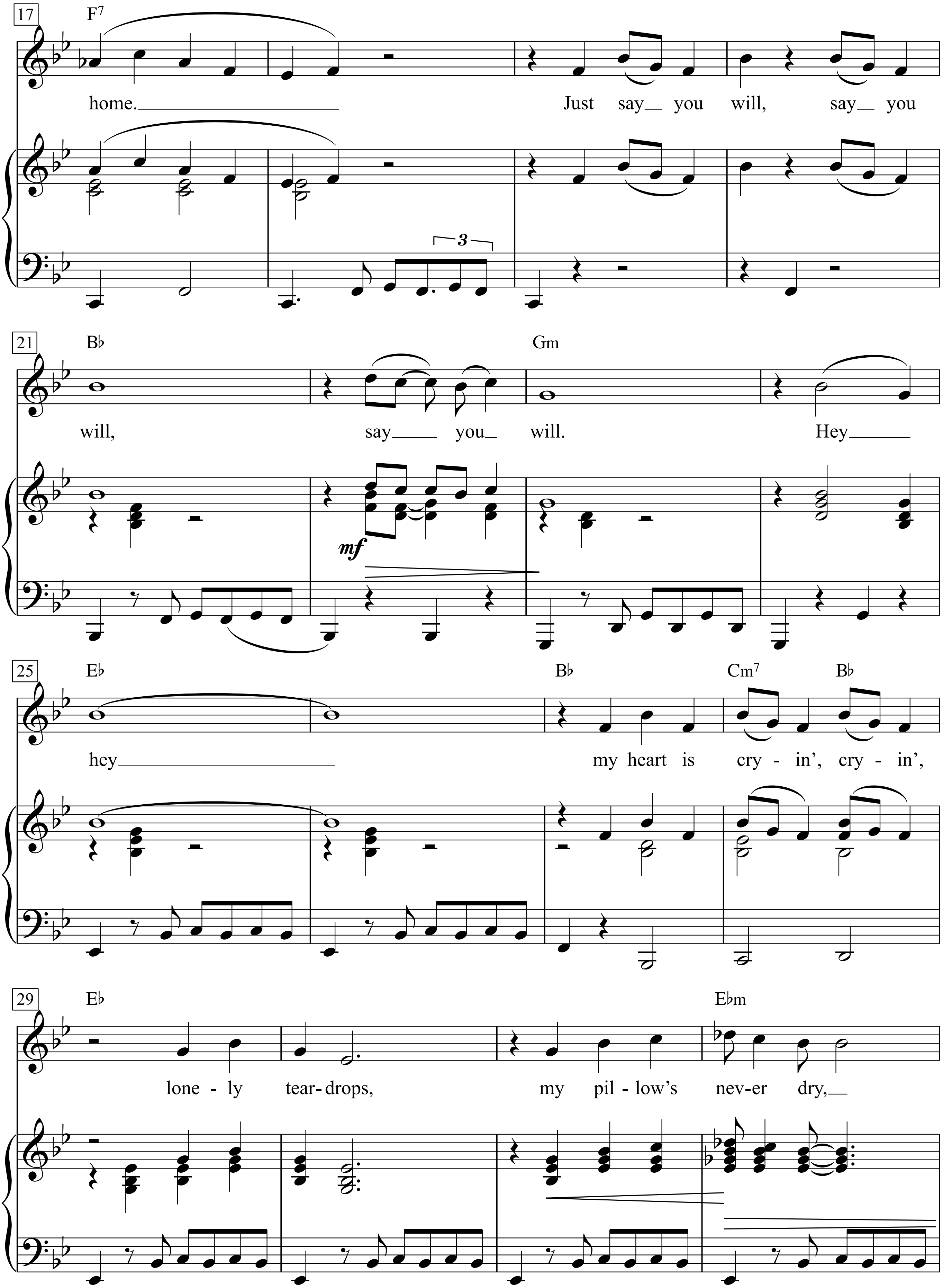
Listen, all you fools out there.
Go on and love me, I don’t care.
Oh, it’s lonely at the top.
Oh, it’s lonely at the top.

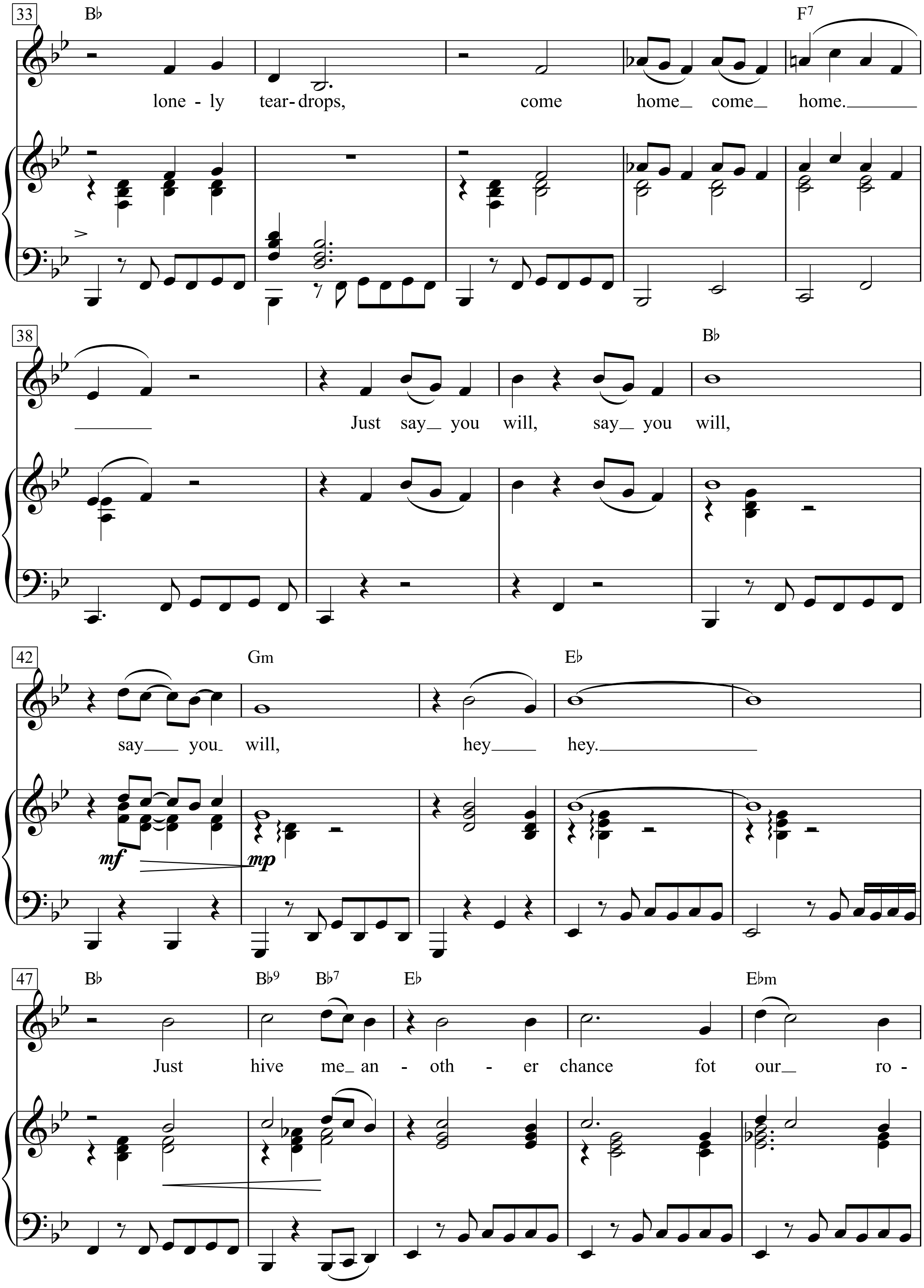
Lonely Teardrops

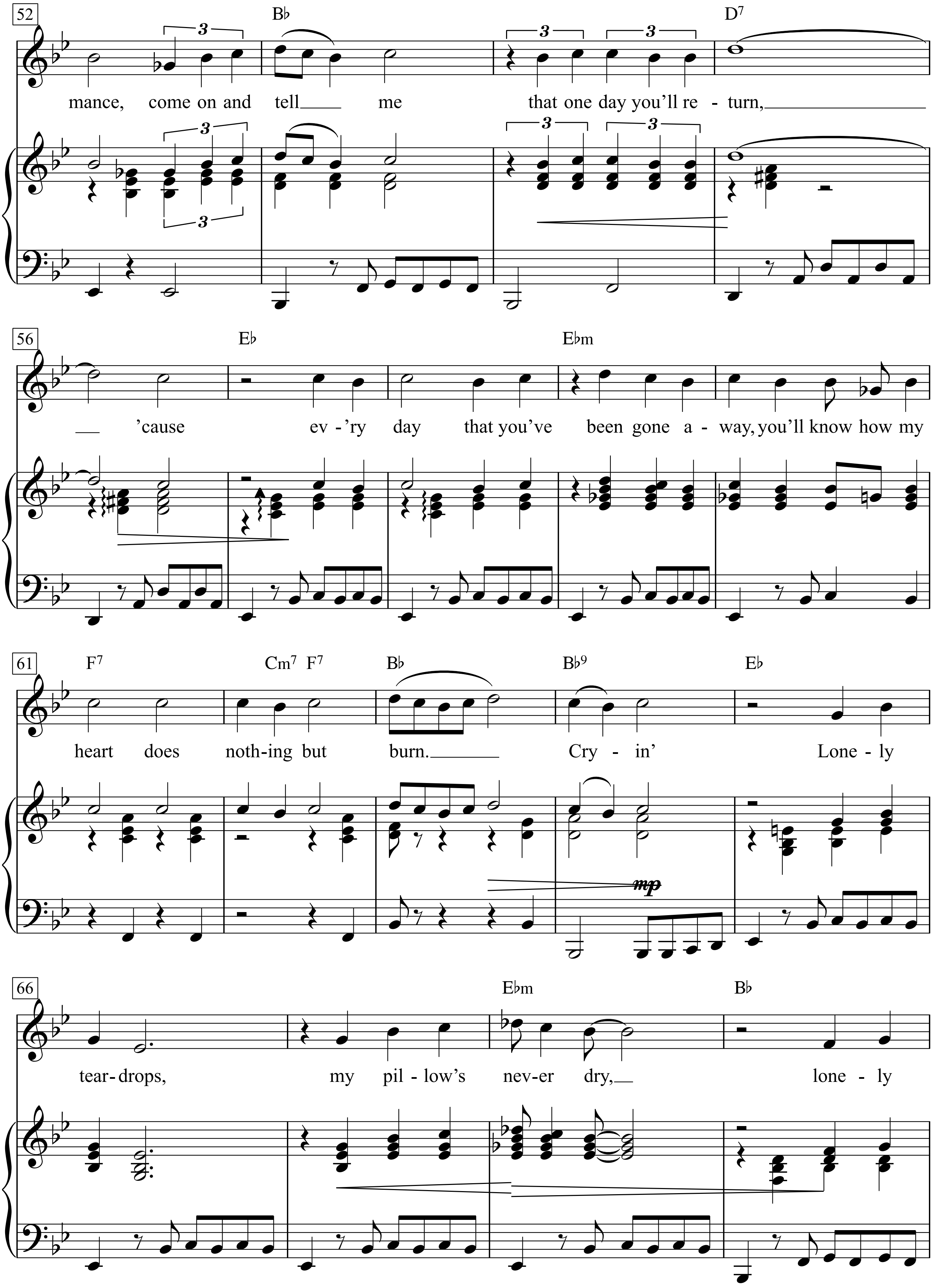
Words & Music by
Berry Gordy, Gwen Gordy Fuquy and Tyran Carlo
(Jackie Wilson)

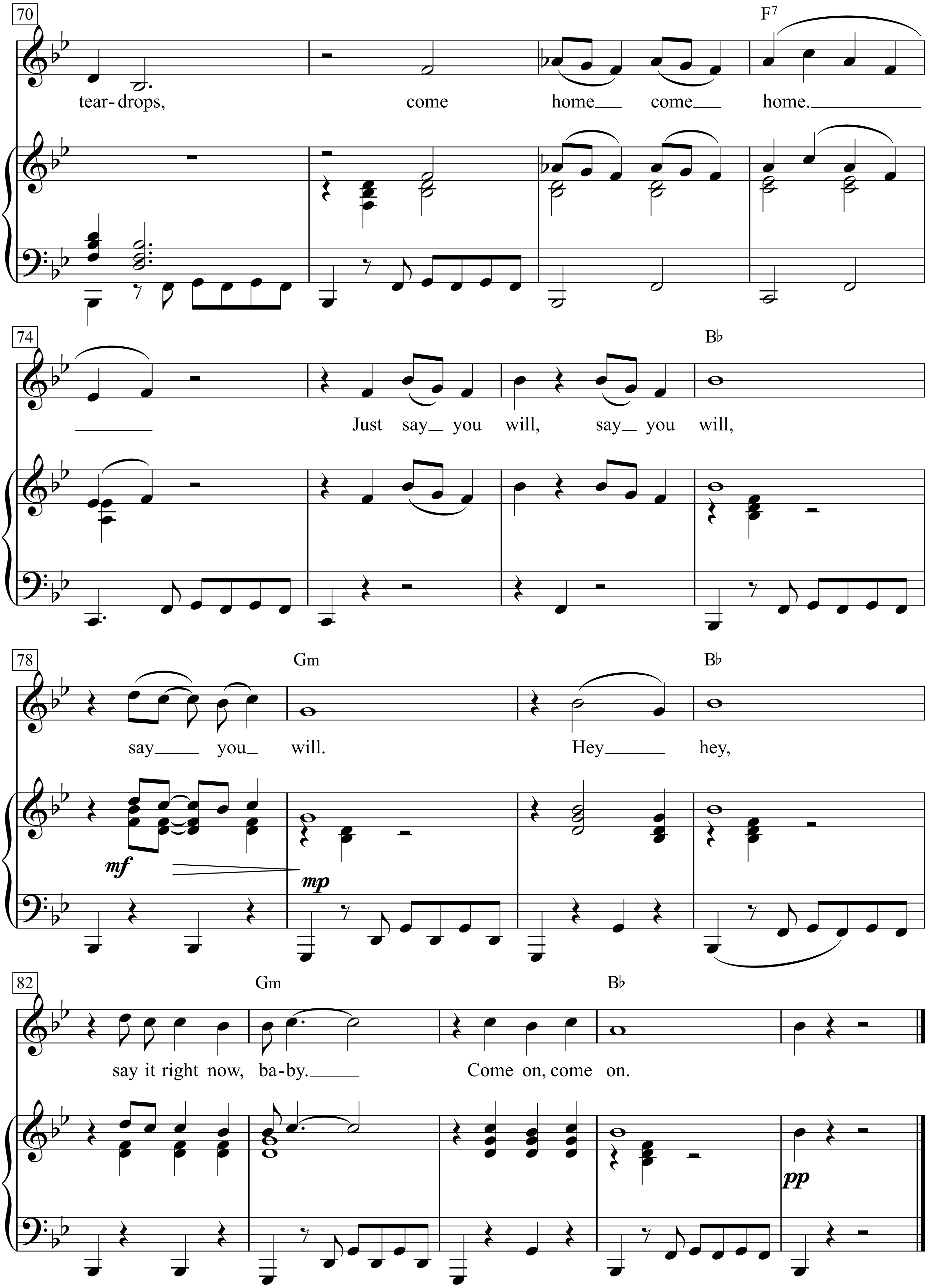
Moderate, not too fast, with a beat




17
F7
home.
Just say you will, say you
21
B♭
Gm
will, say you will.
Hey
mf
25
E♭
B♭
Cm7
B♭
hey
my heart is cry - in', cry - in',
29
E♭
E♭m
lone - ly tear-drops, my pil - low's nev-er dry,


33
B♭
F7
lone - ly tear - drops, come home come home.
38
B♭
Just say you will, say you will,
42
Gm
E♭
say you will, hey hey.
mf
mp
47
B♭
B♭9
B♭7
E♭
E♭m
Just hive me an - oth - er chance fot our ro -

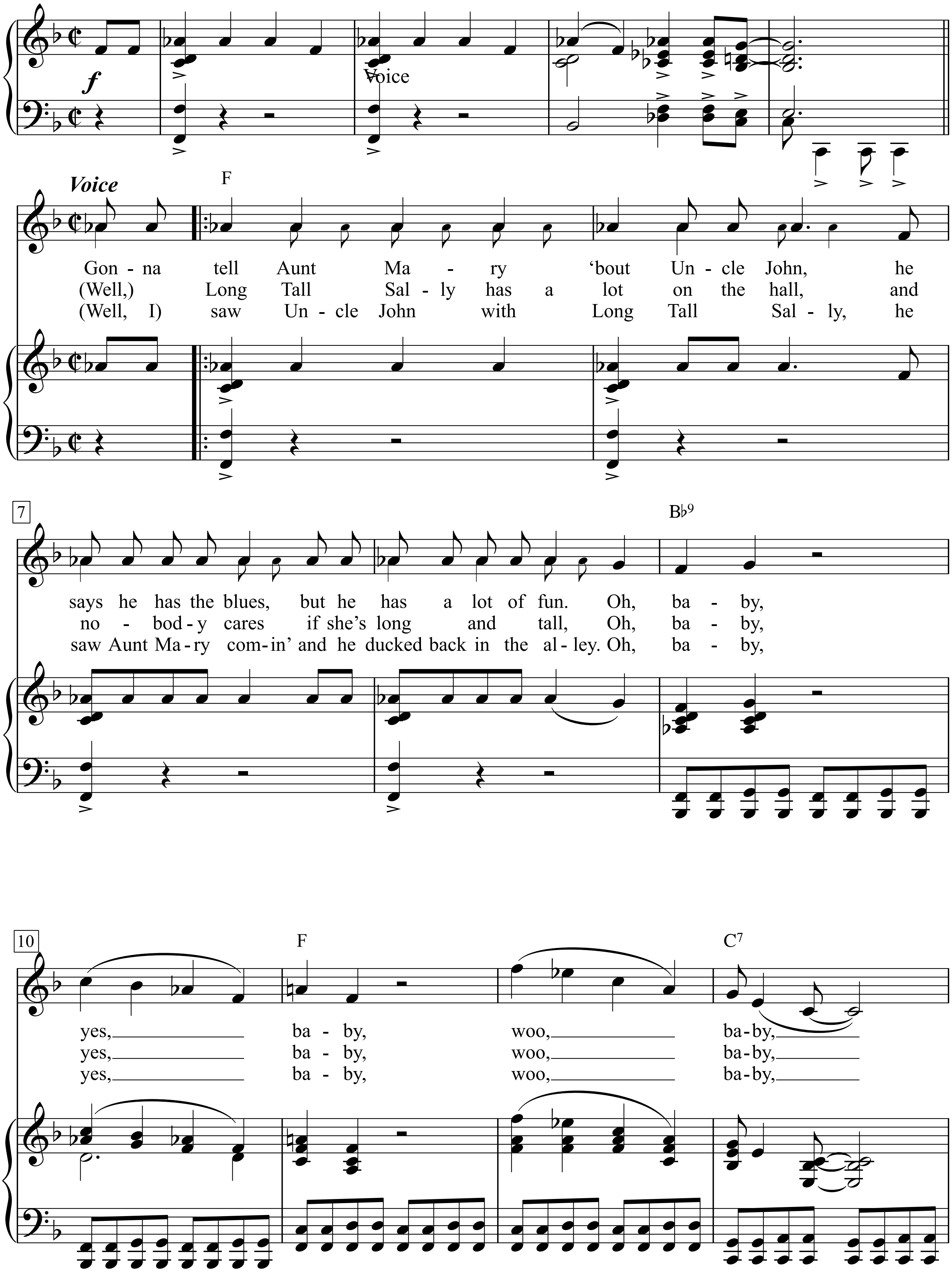

52
B♭
D7
mance, come on and tell me that one day you'll re - turn,
3
56
E♭
E♭m
'cause ev - 'ry day that you've been gone a - way, you'll know how my
61
F7
Cm7 F7
B♭
B♭9
E♭
heart does noth-ing but burn. Cry - in' Lone - ly
mp
66
E♭m
B♭
tear-drops, my pil - low's nev-er dry, lone - ly

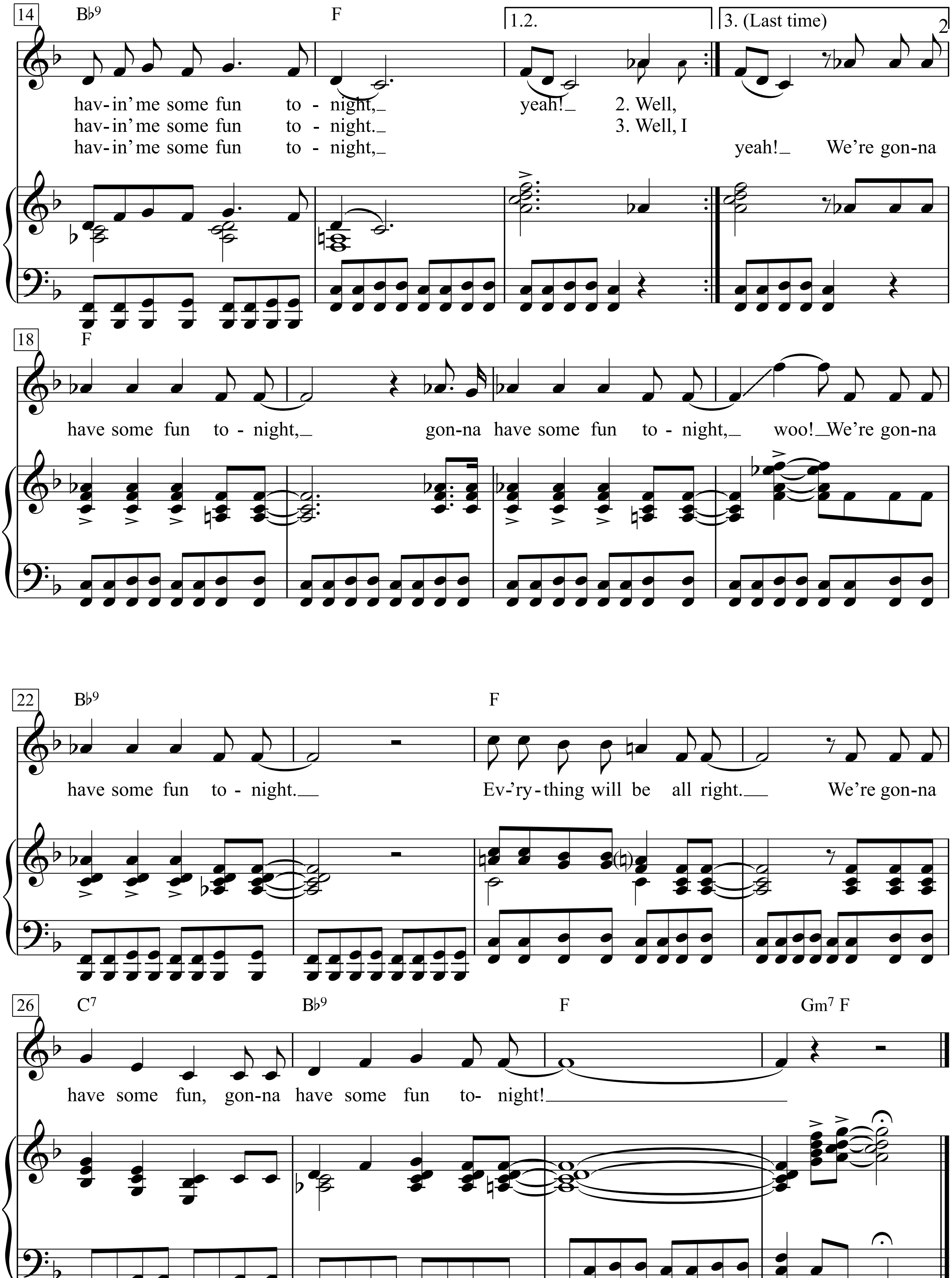

70
F7
tear-drops, come home come home come home.
74
Just say you will, say you will,
Bb
78
Gm
Bb
say you will. Hey hey,
mf
mp
82
Gm
Bb
say it right now, ba-by. Come on, come on.
pp

Long Tall Sally

Words & Music by
Enotris Johnson, Richard Penniman, Robert Blackwell
(Little Richard)

Bright Rock Tempo




14
B♭9
F
1.2.
3. (Last time)
hav-in' me some fun to - night,_ yeah!_ 2. Well,
hav-in' me some fun to - night._ 3. Well, I
hav-in' me some fun to - night,_ yeah!_ We're gon-na
18
F
have some fun to - night,_ gon-na have some fun to - night,_ woo!_We're gon-na
22
B♭9
F
have some fun to - night._ Ev-'ry-thing will be all right._ We're gon-na
26
C7
B♭9
F
Gm7 F
have some fun, gon-na have some fun to- night!

1.
Gonna tell Aunt Mary ‘bout Uncle John, he says he has the blues, but he has a lot of fun.
Oh, baby, yes, baby, woo, baby, havin’ me some fun tonight, yeah!
2.
Well, have some fun tonight, gonna have some fun tonight, woo!
We’re gonna have some fun tonight.
Ev’rything will be all right.
We’re gonna have some fun, gonna have some fun tonight!

2. (Well,) Long,
Tall Sally has a lot on the hall, and nobody cares if she’s long and tall,
Oh, baby, yes, baby, woo, baby, havin’ me some fun tonight.

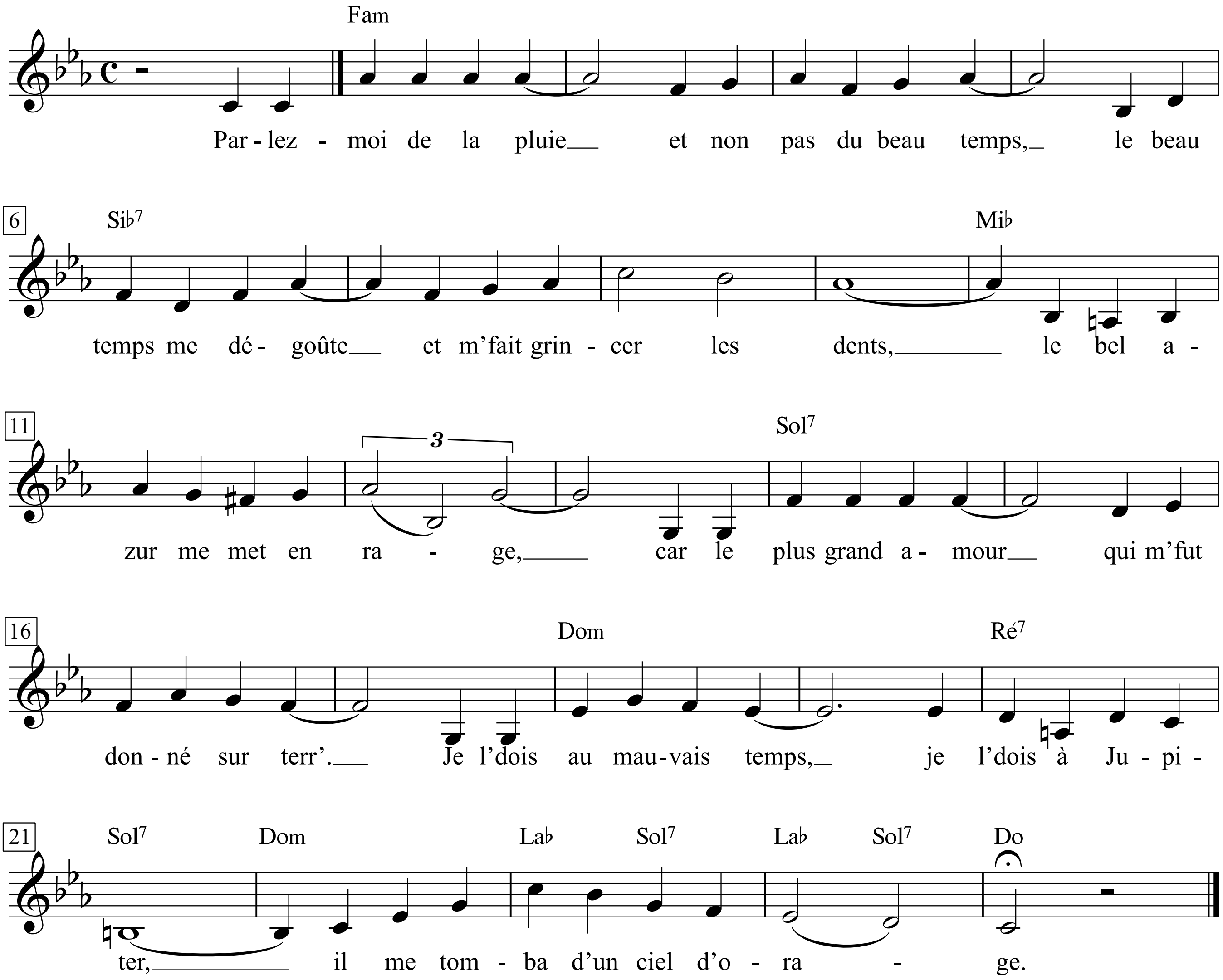
3. (Well, I) saw Uncle John with Long Tall Sally,
he saw Aunt Mary comin’ and he ducked back in the alley.
Oh, baby, yes, baby, woo, baby, havin’ me some fun tonight, yeah!
We’re gonna

L'orage

(Das Gewitter)

Moderato

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Parlez-moi de la pluie et non pas du beau temps,
Le beau temps me dégoûte et m' fait grincer les dents,
Le bel azur me met en rage,
Car le plus grand amour qui m' fut donné sur terr'.
Je l'dois au mauvais temps, je l'dois à Jupiter,
Il me tomba d'un ciel d'orage.

2. Par un soir de novembre, à cheval sur les toits,
Un vrai tonnerr' de Brest, avec des cris d' putois,
Allumait ses feux d'artifice.
Bondissant de sa couche en costume de nuit,
Ma voisine affolé' vint cogner à mon huis
En réclamant mes bons offices.

3. »Je suis seule et j'ai peur, ouvrez-moi, par pitié,
Mon époux vient d'partir faire son dur métier,
Pauvre malheureux mercenaire,
Contraint d' coucher dehors quand il fait mauvais temps,
Pour la bonne raison qu'il est représentant
D'un' maison de paratonnerres.«

4. En bénissant le nom de Benjamin Franklin,
Je l'ai mise en lieu sûr entre mes bras câlins,
Et puis l'amour a fait le reste!
Toi qui sèmes des paratonnerre' à foison,
Que n'en as-tu planté sur ta propre maison?
Erreur on ne peut plus funeste.

5. Quand Jupiter alla se faire entendre ailleurs,
La belle, ayant enfin conjuré sa frayeur
Et recouvré tout son courage,
Rentra dans ses foyers fair' sécher son mari
En m' donnant rendez-vous les jours d'intempéri',
Rendez-vous au prochain orage.

6. A partir de ce jour j' n'ai plus baissé les yeux,
J'ai consacré mon temps à contempler les cieux,
A regarder passer les nues,
A guetter les stratus, à lorgner les nimbus,
A faire les yeux doux aux moindres cumulus,
Mais elle n'est past revenue.

7. Son bonhomm' de mari avait tant fait d'affair's,
Tant vendu ce soir-là de petits bouts de fer,
Qu'il était dev'nu millionnaire
Et l'avait emmené' vers des cieux toujours bleus,
Des pays imbécile' où jamais il ne pleut,
Où l'on ne sait rien du tonnerre.

8. Dieu fass' que ma complainte aille, tambour battant,
Lui parler de la plui', lui parler du gros temps
Auxquels on a t'nu tête ensemble,
Lui conter qu'un certain coup de foudre assassin
Dans le mill' de mon cœur a laissé le dessin
D'un' petit' fleur qui lui ressemble.

1. Gebt mir Regen, geht mir mit dem Sonnenschein weg,
Sonne sorgt nur dafür, dass ich die Zähne bleck,
bei flauem Blau krieg ich nen Fimmel,
denn die herrlichste Liebe, die mir je vergönnt
war, dank ich schlechtem Wetter, Zeus, dem Firmament,
sie fiel mir vom Gewitterhimmel.

2. An nem Herbstabend schlug hoch zu Ross auf dem Dach
Donnerwetter gewaltigen Alarm und Krach
und zeigte Feuerzauberkünste.
Meine Nachbarin sprang - nur im Schlummergewand -
aus dem Bett, kam verwirrt zu meiner Tür gerannt
und bat um meine guten Dienste.

3. »Ich hab Angst so allein, bitte öffnen Sie mir,
mein Mann ist unterwegs, ist wieder mal nicht hier,
der arme Mietling muss ja leider
draußen schlafen, weit weg, wenn es donnert und gießt,
aus dem einfachen Grund, dass er Vertreter ist
einer Fabrik für Blitzableiter.«

4. Ich pries Benjamin Franklin und - allzeit bereit -
wiegte in meinen Armen sie in Sicherheit.
Liebe gab uns den Rest geschwinde.
O, der du Blitzableiter verhökerst zuhauf,
nur dem eigenen Haus setzt du so'n Horn nicht auf?
Fatale Unterlassungssünde!

5. Als sich Zeus dann verzog, anderswo dröhnen ging,
und die Schöne der Nacht sich leider wieder fing,
kehrte sie heim ohne Gezitter,
um das Handtuch zu werfen dem nassen Gemahl;
mir versprach sie ein Stelldichein mit Donnerhall,
Rendezvous im nächsten Gewitter.

6. Seit dem Tag hab ich Blicke und Haupt nicht gesenkt,
hab durch nichts von der Himmelsschau mich abgelenkt,
seh Wolken wuchern und verwehen,
jedem Stratus ein Gruß, jedem Nimbus ein Kuss,
mit Genuss und Verdruss wink ich dem Cumulus,
doch hab ich sie nie mehr gesehen.

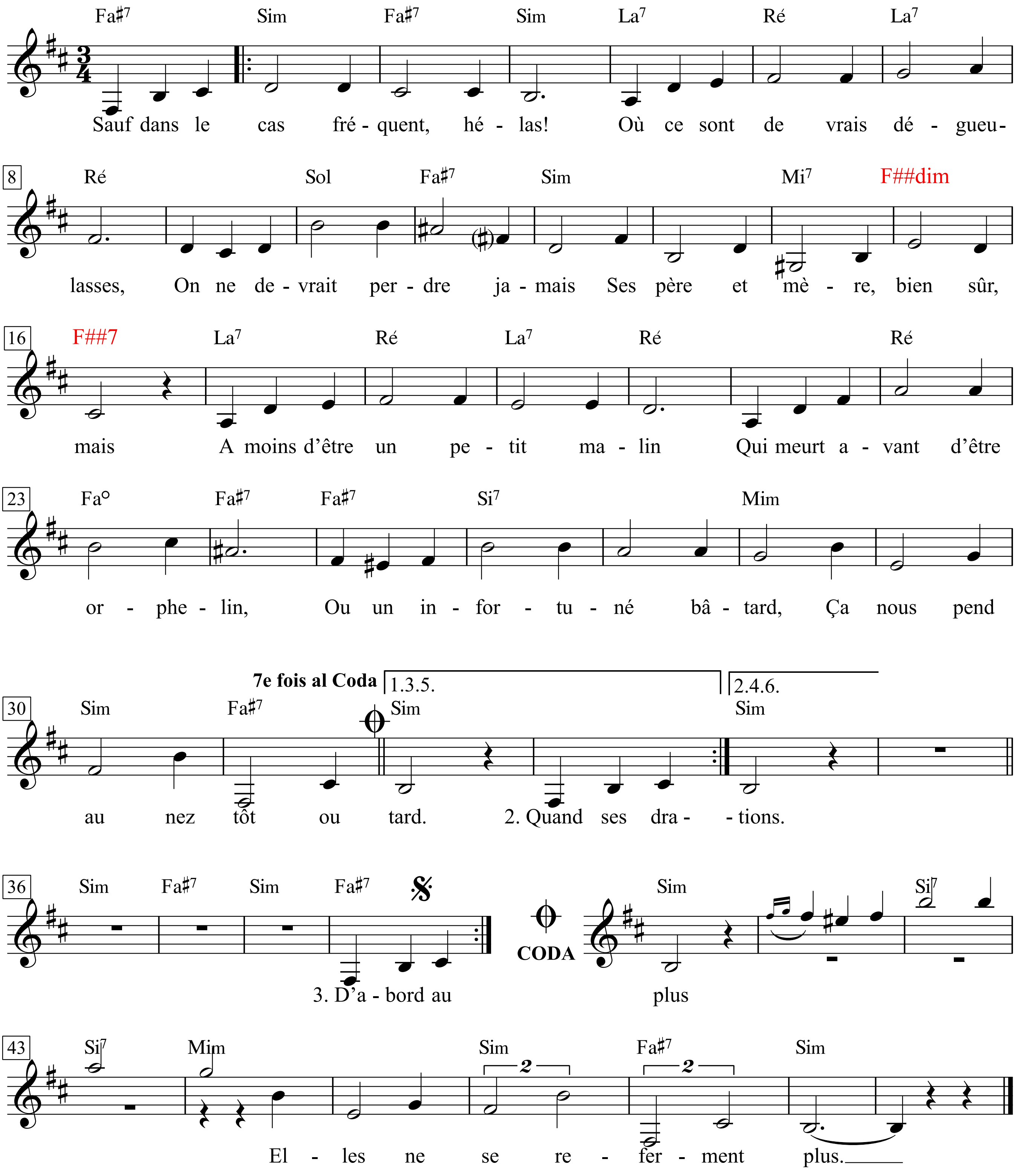
7. Ihr Gemahl hatte derart viel Umsatz gemacht,
in der Nacht so viel Eisen an den Mann gebracht,
da ist er Millionär geworden,
nahm sie mit in idiotische Länder, wo nie
Regen fällt, wo der Himmel blau macht und wo sie
nichts hört vom Donner hier im Norden.

8. Ach dass dieses Lied ihre Erinnerung weck
ans Gewitter, in dem wir unter einer De-
cke steckten, als wir dem Getöse
trotzten, und ihr erzählt, ein Blitz hat mich gebannt
und das Bild einer Blume in mein Herz gebrannt,
die ihr gleicht: eine Herbstzeitlose.

L'orphelin
(Der Waisenknabe)

Texte de Georges Brassens

Musique de Jean Bertola



L'orphelin

Sauf dans le cas fréquent, hélas!
Où ce sont de vrais dégueulasses,
On ne devrait perdre jamais
Ses père et mère, bien sûr, mais
A moins d'être un petit malin
Qui meurt avant d'être orphelin,
Ou un infortuné bâtard,
Ça nous pend au nez tôt ou tard.

Quand se drapant dans un linceul
Ses parents le laissent tout seul,
Le petit orphelin, ma foi,
Est bien à plaindre. Toutefois,
Sans aller jusqu'à décréter
Qu'il devient un enfant gâté,
Disons que dans son affliction
Il trouve des compensations.

D'abord au dessert aussitôt
La meilleure part du gâteau,
Et puis plus d'école pardi
La semaine aux quatre-jeudis.
On le traite comme un pacha,
A sa place on fouette le chat,
Et le trouvant très chic en deuil,
Les filles lui font des clins d'œil.

Il serait par trop saugrenu
D'énumérer par le menu
Les faveurs et les passe-droits
Qu'en l'occurrence on lui octroie.
Tirant même un tel bénéfice
En perdant leurs parents, des fils
Dénaturés regrettent de
N'en avoir à perdre que deux.

Hier j'ai dit à un animal
De flic qui me voulait du mal:
Je suis orphelin, savez-vous?
Il me répondit: Je m'en fous.
J'aurais eu quarante ans de moins
Je suis sûr que par les témoins
La brute aurait été mouchée.
Mais ces lâches n'ont pas bougé.

Aussi mon enfant si tu dois
Être orphelin, dépêche-toi.
Tant qu'à perdre tes chers parents,
Petit, n'attends pas d'être grand:
L'orphelin d'âge canonique
Personne ne le plaint: bernique!
Et pour tout le monde il demeure
Orphelin de la onzième heure.

Celui qui a fait cette chanson
A voulu dire à sa façon,
Que la perte des vieux est par-
fois perte sèche, blague à part.
Avec l'âge c'est bien normal,
Les plaies du cœur guérissent mal.
Souventes fois même, salut
Elles ne se referment plus.

Der Waisenknabe

Außer im leider häufigen Fall,
dass es wahre Scheusale sind,
sollte man nie verlieren
Vater und Mutter, klar, bloß –
außer, man ist ein kleiner Schelm,
der stirbt, ehe er Waise ist,
oder ein bedauernswerter Bastard –
früher oder später trifft uns das alle.

Wenn die Eltern sich in ein Leichentuch
hüllen und ihn im Stich lassen,
ist der kleine Waisenknabe wahrlich
zu bedauern. Andrerseits,
ohne gerade zu behaupten,
er würde nun verzogen, verwöhnt,
sagen wir mal: in seinem Leid
findet er Kompensationen.

Zunächst mal ab sofort beim Dessert
das größte Stück vom Kuchen,
und dann erst mal keine Schule,
eine Woche aus Samstagen.
Man behandelt ihn wie einen Pascha,
statt seiner prügelt man die Katze,
und da sie den Trauerumflorten sehr schick finden,
machen ihm die Mädchen schöne Augen.

Es wäre sehr albern, jetzt
in allen Einzelheiten aufzuführen
die Begünstigungen und Vorrechte,
die man ihm deshalb einräumt.
Da sie solchen Gewinn schlagen
aus dem Verlust der Eltern, gibt es
widernatürliche Söhne, die bedauern,
dass sie nur zwei Stück zu verlieren haben.

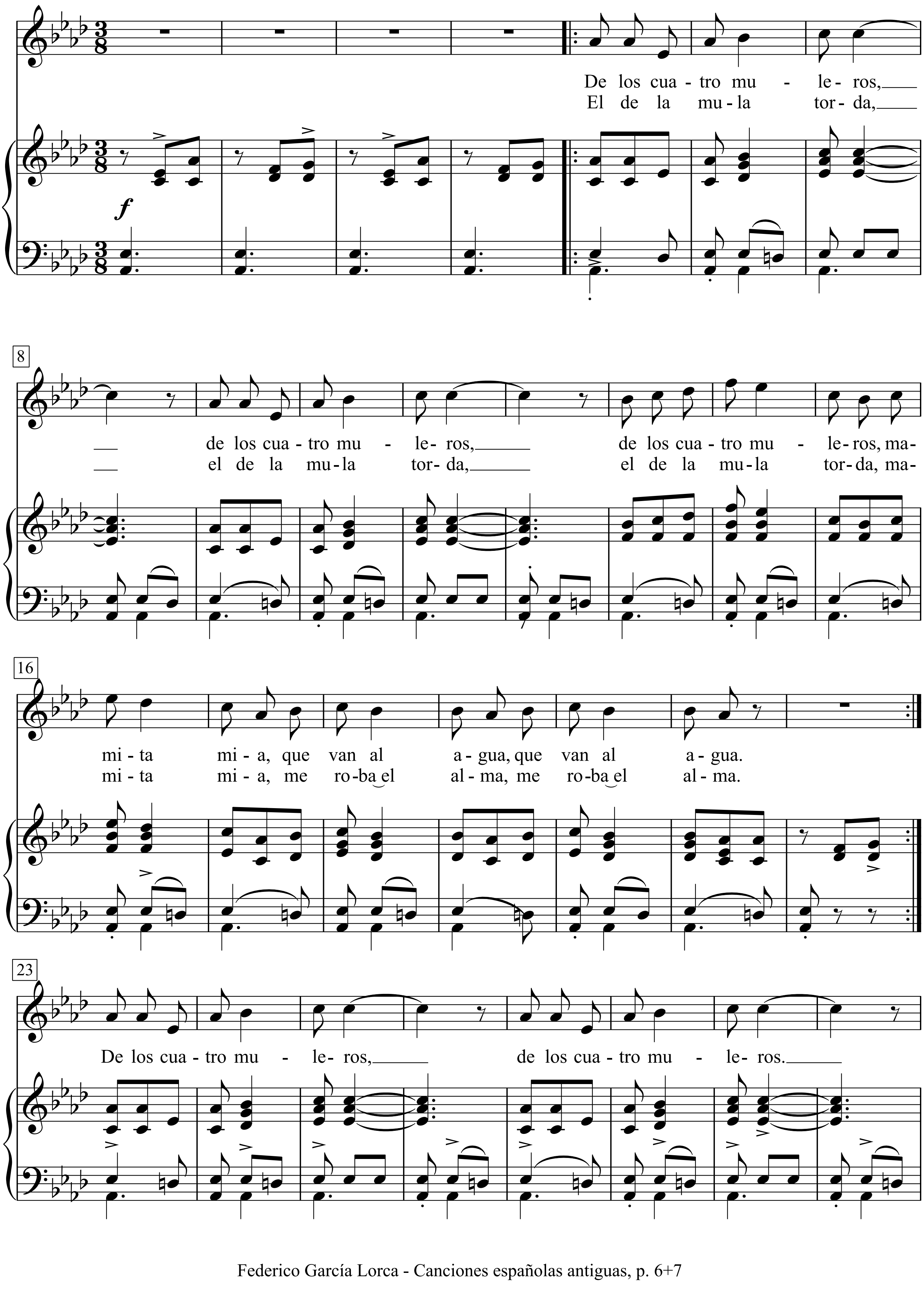
Gestern hab ich einem Rindvieh
von Bullen, der mir was wollte, gesagt:
Ich bin Waisenkind, wussten Sie das nicht?
Er antwortete: Da scheiß ich drauf.
Wenn ich vierzig Jahre jünger wäre,
bin ich sicher, die Umstehenden
hätten den Kerl nassgemacht.
Aber die Feiglinge haben sich nicht gerührt.

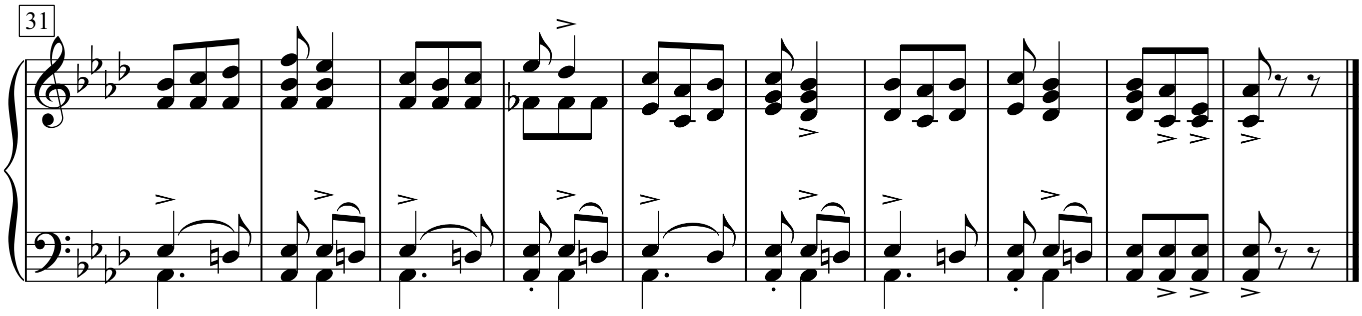
Also, mein Kind, wenn du
Waisenknabe werden musst, beeil dich.
Mit dem Verlust deiner lieben Eltern,
Kleiner, warte nicht so lange, bis du groß bist:
Der Waisenknabe im kanonischen Alter
wird von keinem richtig bedauert, denkste,
und für alle bleibt er
ein Trittbrettfahrer des Waisentums.

Der dieses Lied geschrieben hat,
wollte auf seine Art sagen,
dass der Verlust der Alten manch-
mal schlimm ist, Scherz beiseite.
Es ist normal, dass mit dem Alter
die Wunden des Herzens schlecht verheilen.
Oft kommt es auch vor, dass
sie sich gar nicht mehr schließen.

Los cuatros muleros

Federico García Lorca





I
De los cuatro muleros,
de los cuatro muleros,
de los cuatro muleros,
mamita mia,
que van al agua,
que van al agua.
El de la mula torda,
el de la mula torda,
el de la mula torda,
mamita mia,
me roba el alma,
me roba el alma.

II
De los cuatro muleros,
de los cuatro muleros,
de los cuatro muleros,
mamita mia,
que van al rio,
que van al rio,
el de la mula torda,
el de la mula torda,
el de la mula torda,
mamita mia,
es mi mario,
es mi mario.

III
De los cuatro muleros,
de los cuatro muleros,
de los cuatro muleros,
mamita mia,
que van al campo,
que van al campo,
el de la mula torda,
el de la mula torda,
el de la mula torda,
mamita mia,
moreno y alto,
moreno y alto.

IV
A qué buscas la lumbre,
a qué buscas la lumbre,
a qué buscas la lumbre,
mamita mia,
la calle arriba,
la calle arriba,
si de tu cara sale,
si de tu cara sale,
si de tu cara sale,
mamita mia,
la brasa viva,
la brasa viva.

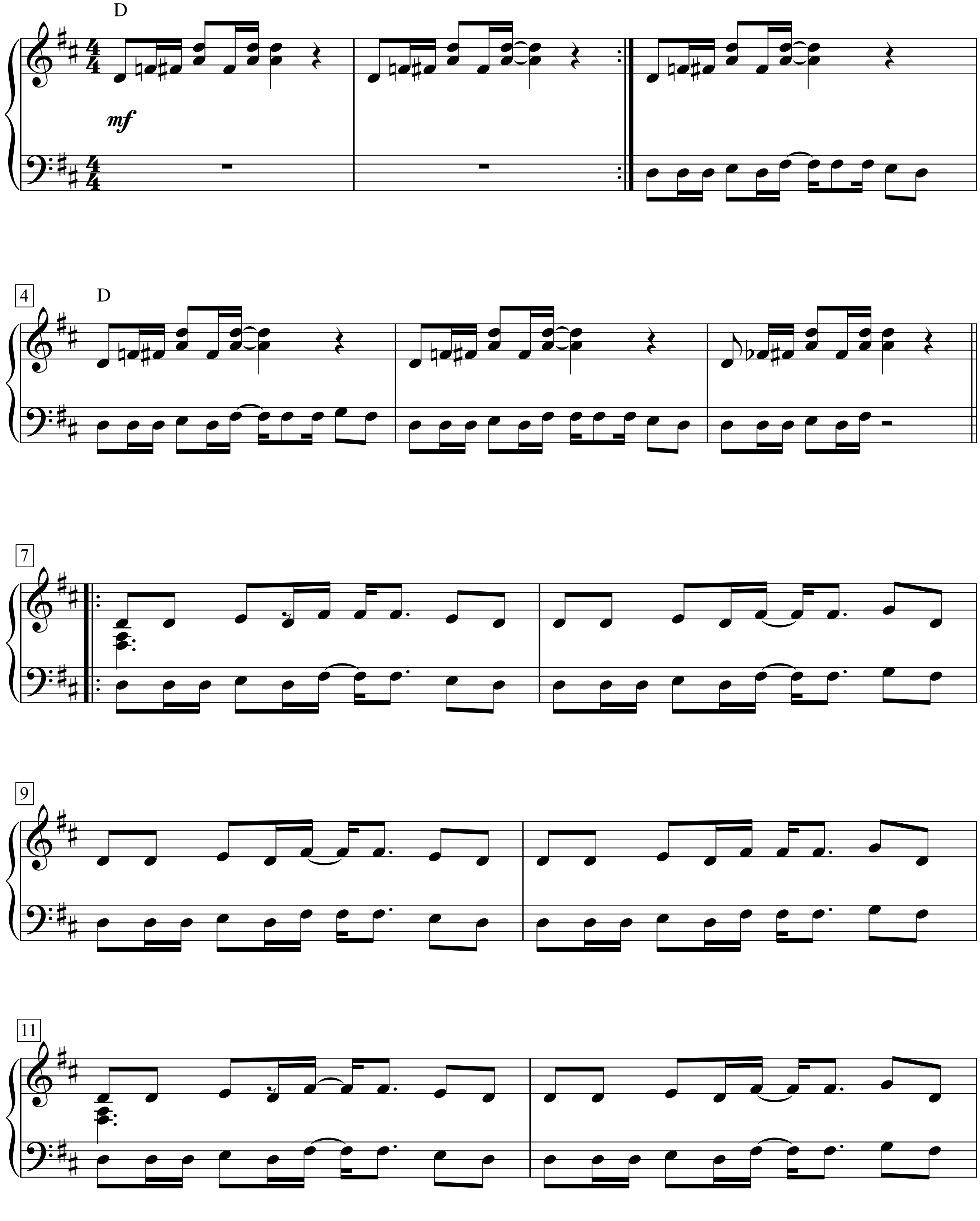
rara final:
De los cuatro muleros,
de los cuatro muleros ...

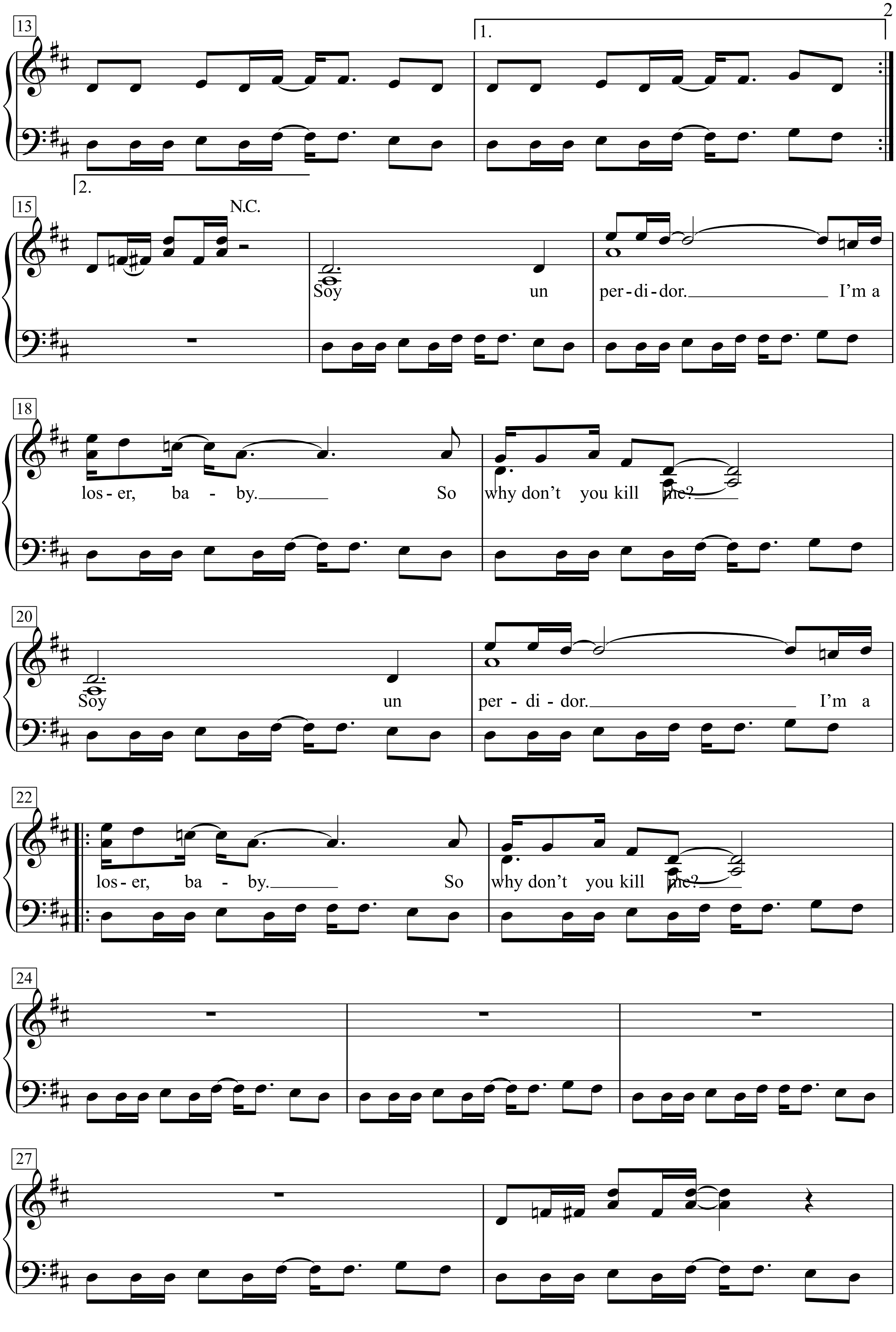
Loser

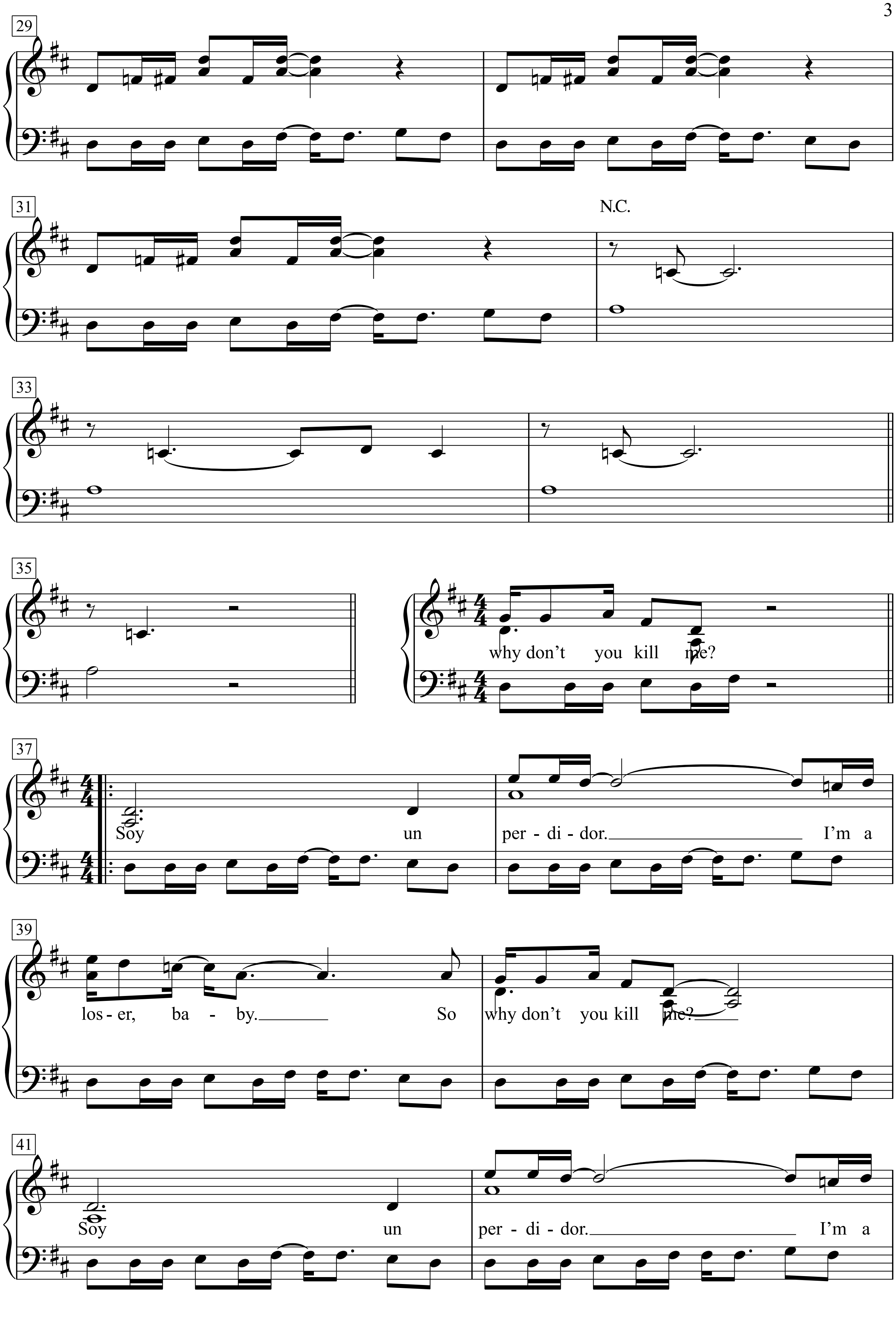
Moderately (not too fast)

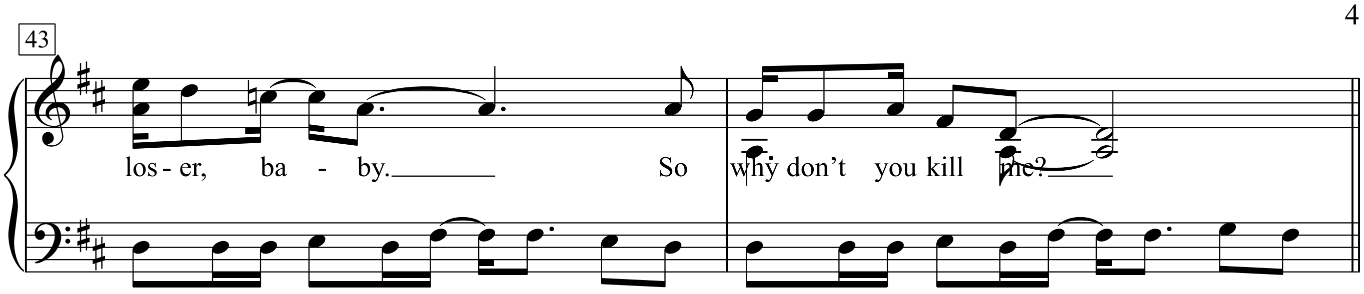
Words by
Beck Hansen

Music by
Beck Hansen and Karl Stephenson




13
1.
2.
15
N.C.
Soy un per - di - dor. I'm a
18
los - er, ba - by. So why don't you kill me?
20
Soy un per - di - dor. I'm a
22
los - er, ba - by. So why don't you kill me?
24
27

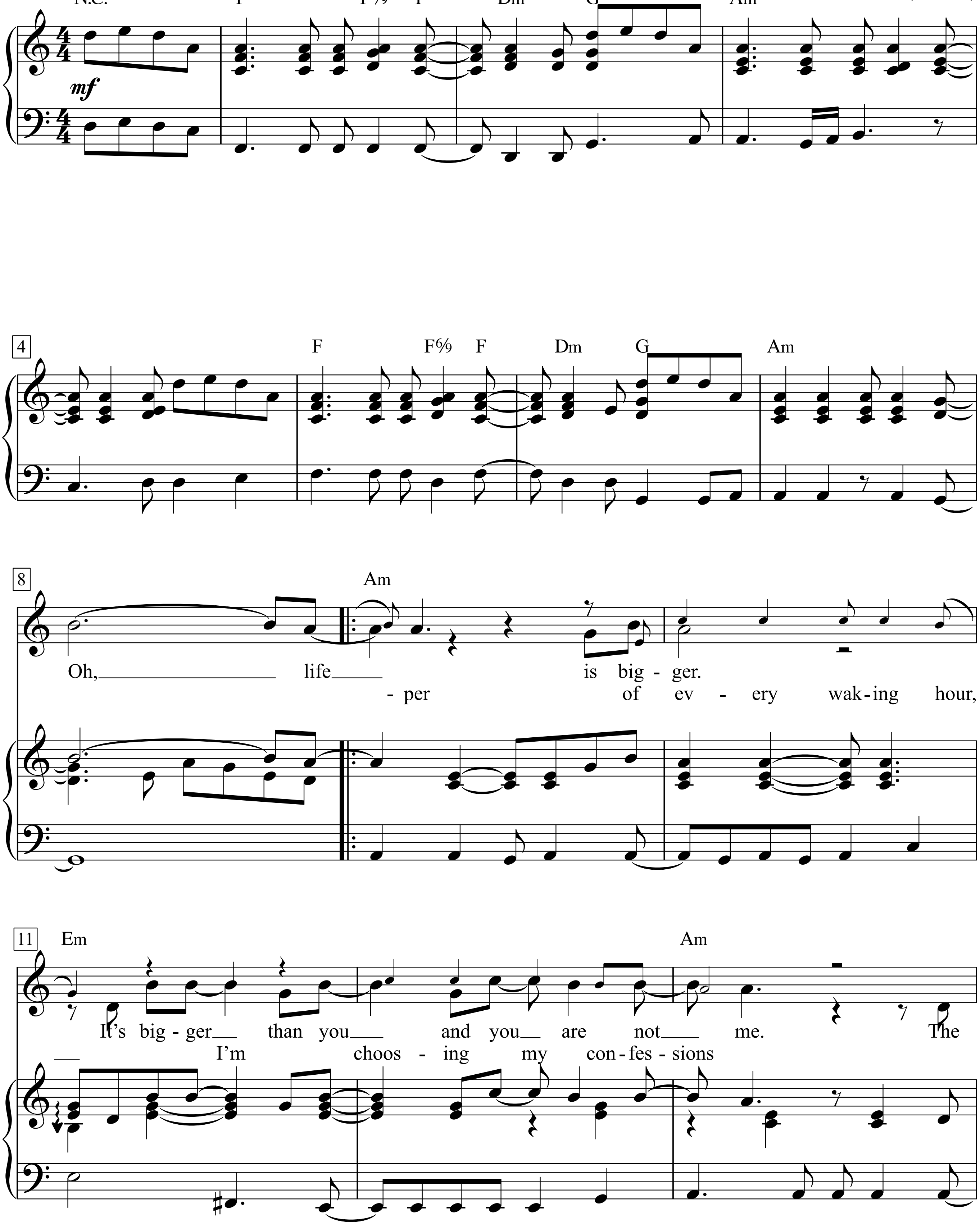

29
31
N.C.
33
35
why don't you kill me?
37
Soy un per - di - dor. I'm a
39
los - er, ba - by. So why don't you kill me?
41
Soy un per - di - dor. I'm a

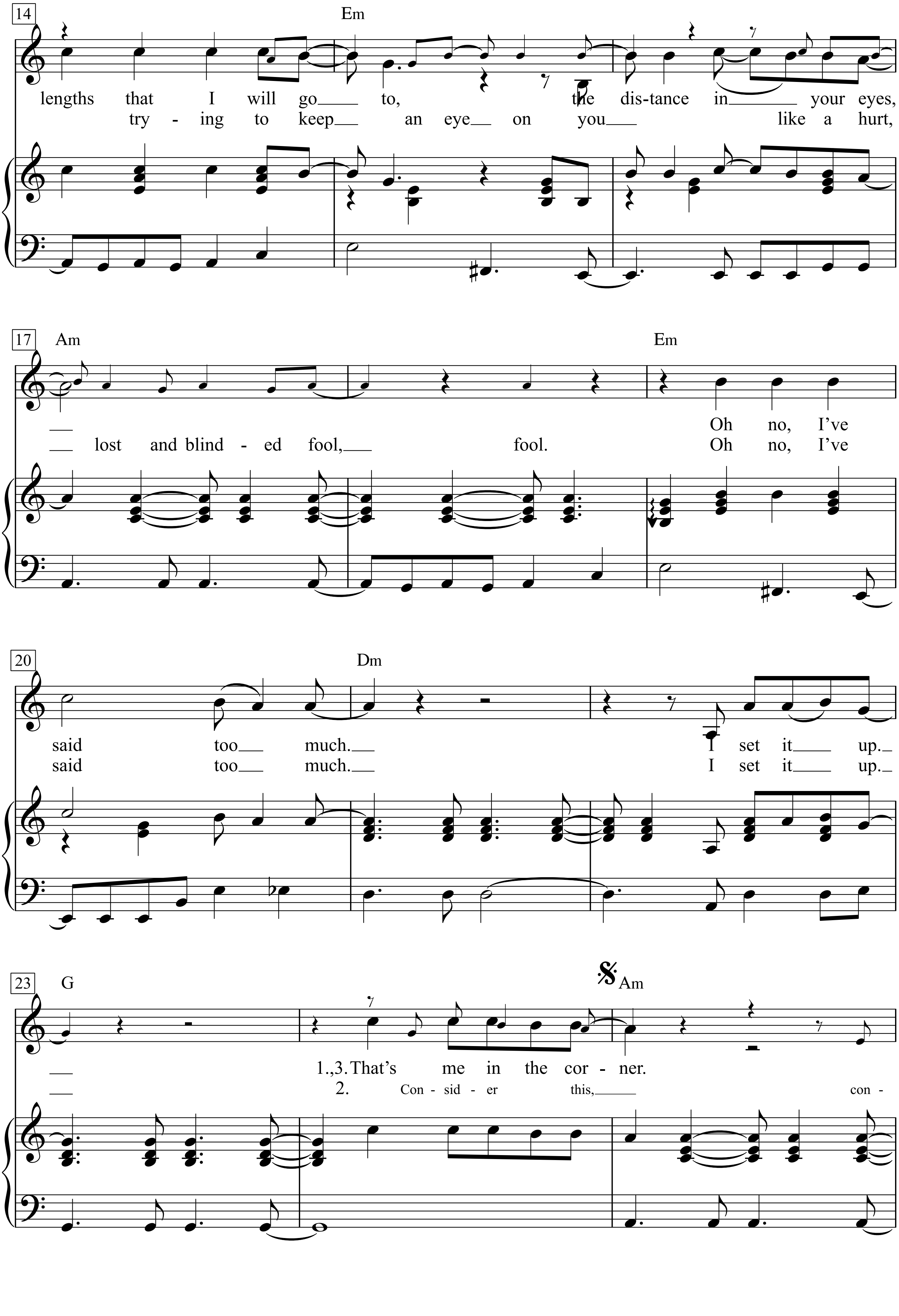

43
los - er, ba - by.
So why don't you kill me?

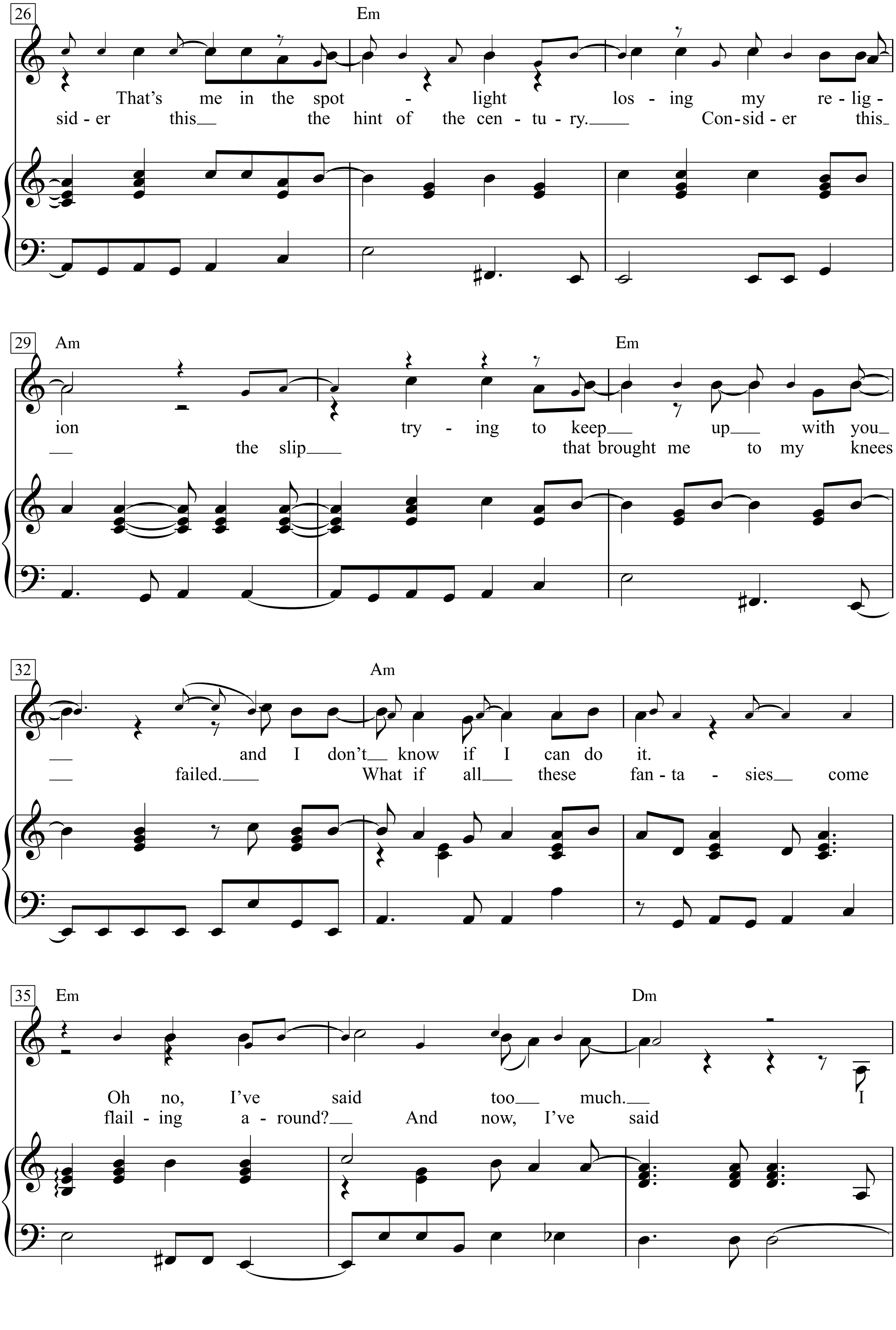
Losing My Religion

Words & Music by
Bill Berry, Peter Buck, Mike Mills and Micheal Stipe
(R.E.M.)

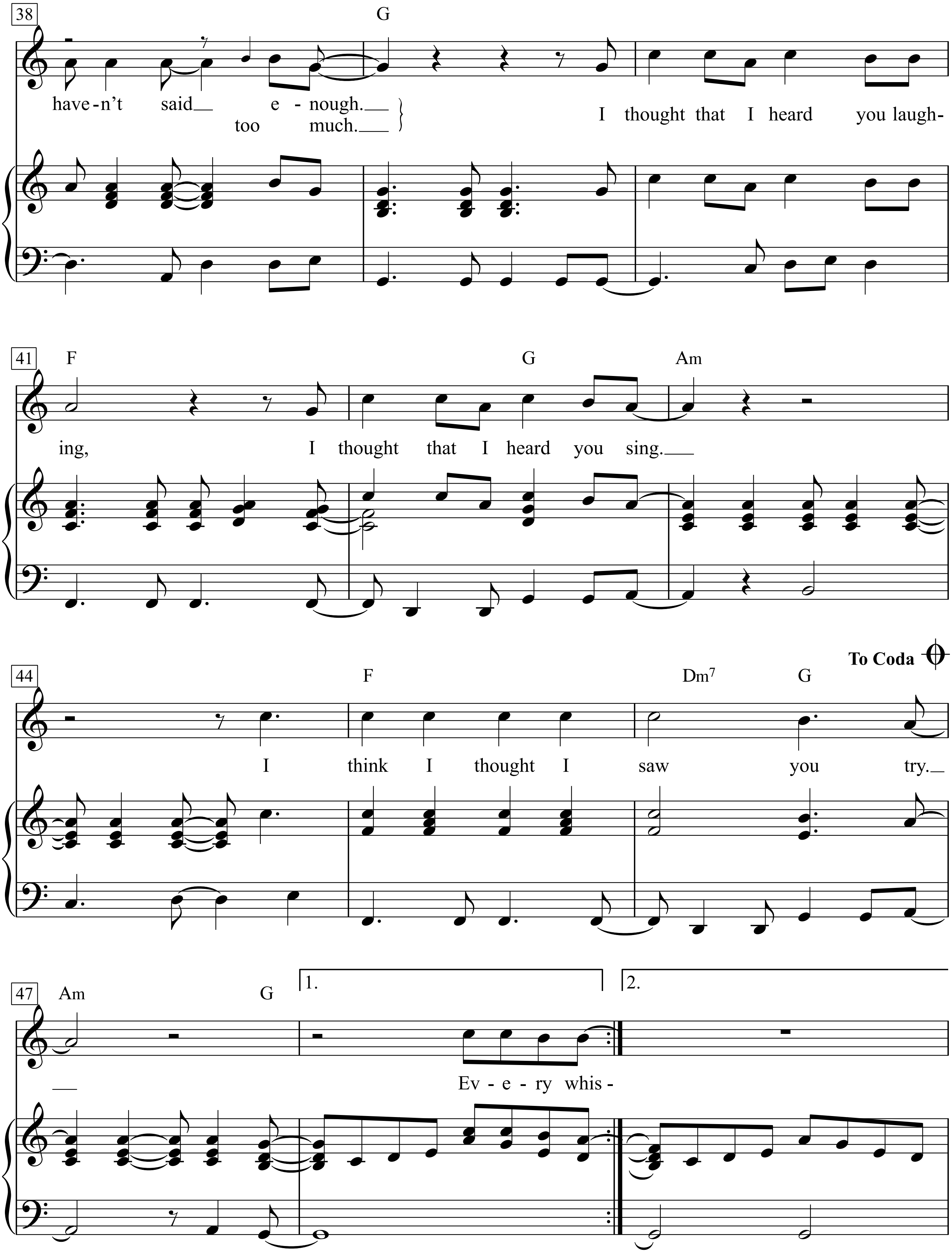
Moderately Fast

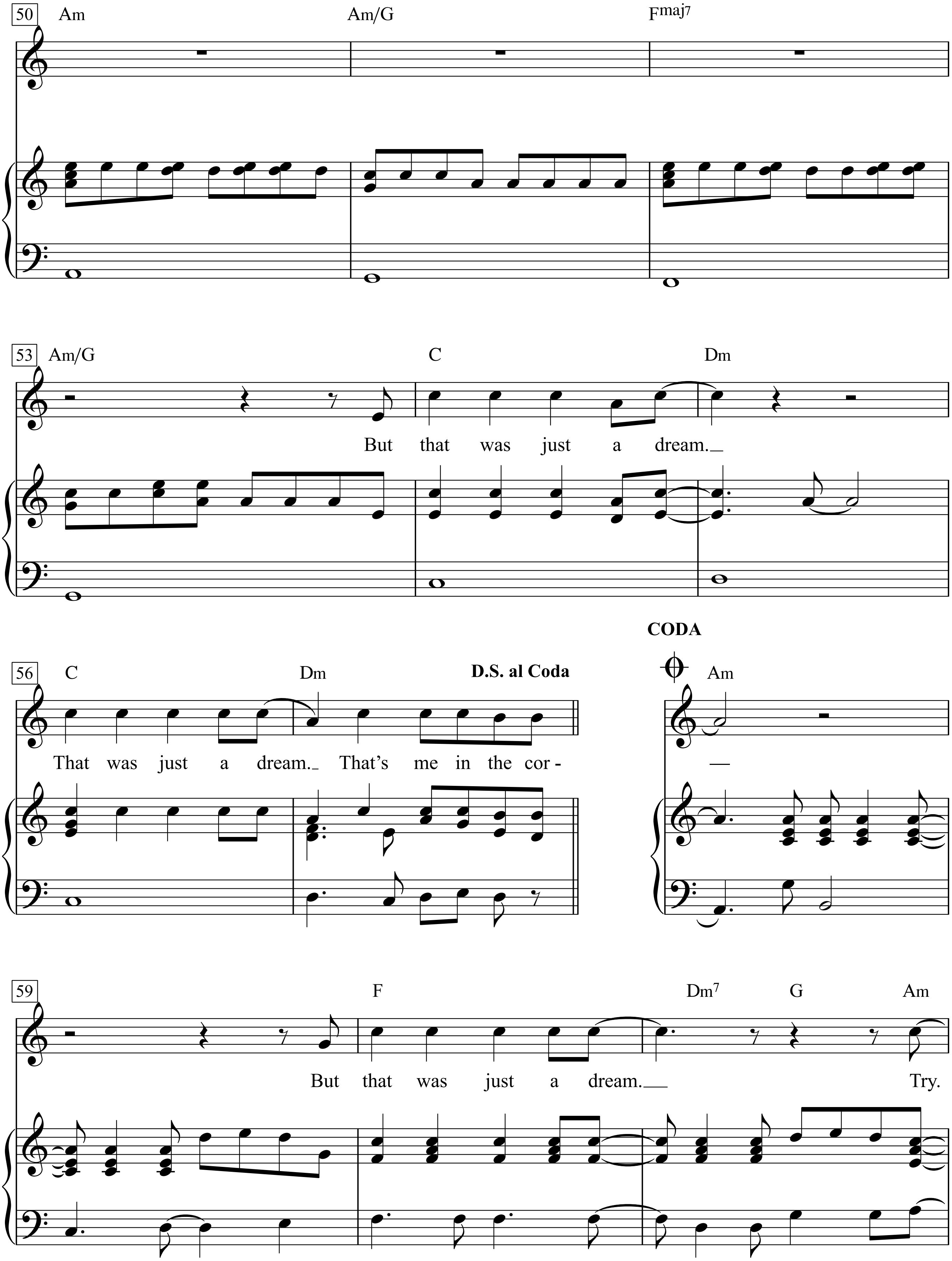


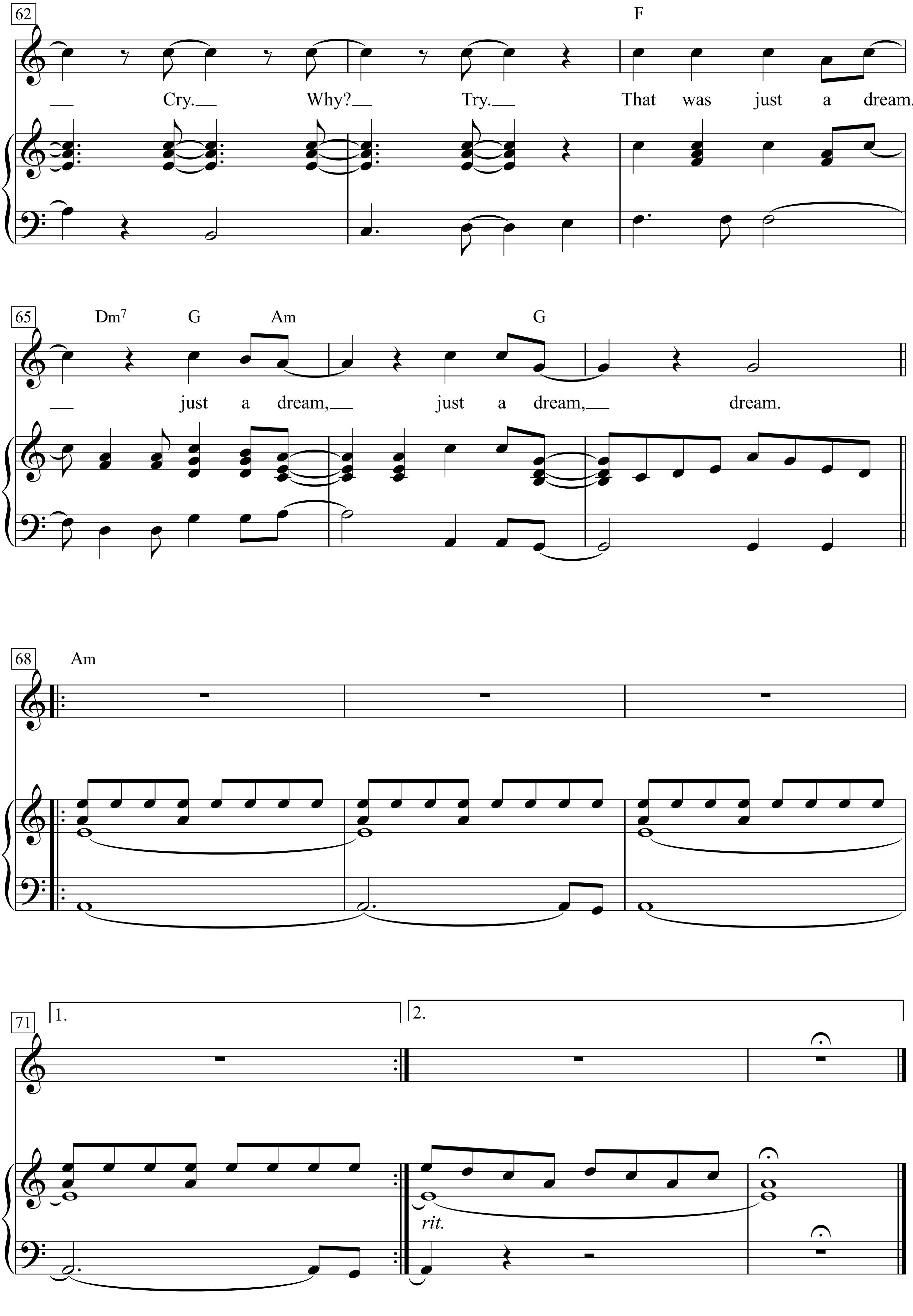

14
Em
lengths that I will go to, the dis-tance in your eyes,
try - ing to keep an eye on you like a hurt,
17
Am
Em
lost and blind - ed fool, fool.
Oh no, I've
Oh no, I've
20
Dm
said too much.
I set it up.
said too much.
I set it up.
23
G
Am
1.,3. That's me in the cor - ner.
2. Con - sid - er this, con -



26
Em
That's me in the spot - light los - ing my re - lig -
sid - er this the hint of the cen - tu - ry. Con - sid - er this
29
Am
Em
ion try - ing to keep up with you
the slip that brought me to my knees
32
Am
and I don't know if I can do it.
failed. What if all these fan - ta - sies come
35
Em
Dm
Oh no, I've said too much. I
flail - ing a - round? And now, I've said


38
G
have-n't said e - nough.
too much.
I thought that I heard you laugh-
41
F
G
Am
ing, I thought that I heard you sing.
To Coda
44
F
Dm7
G
I think I thought I saw you try.
47
Am
G
1.
2.
Ev - e - ry whis -


50
Am
Am/G
Fmaj7
53
Am/G
C
Dm
But that was just a dream.
CODA
56
C
Dm
D.S. al Coda
Am
That was just a dream. That's me in the cor -
59
F
Dm7
G
Am
But that was just a dream.
Try.


62
F
Cry. Why? Try. That was just a dream,
65
Dm7 G Am G
just a dream, just a dream, dream.
68
Am
71
1.
2.
rit.

1. Oh, life is bigger.
It’s bigger than you and you are not me.
The lengths that I will go to,
the distance in your eyes,
Oh no, I’ve said too much.
I set it up.

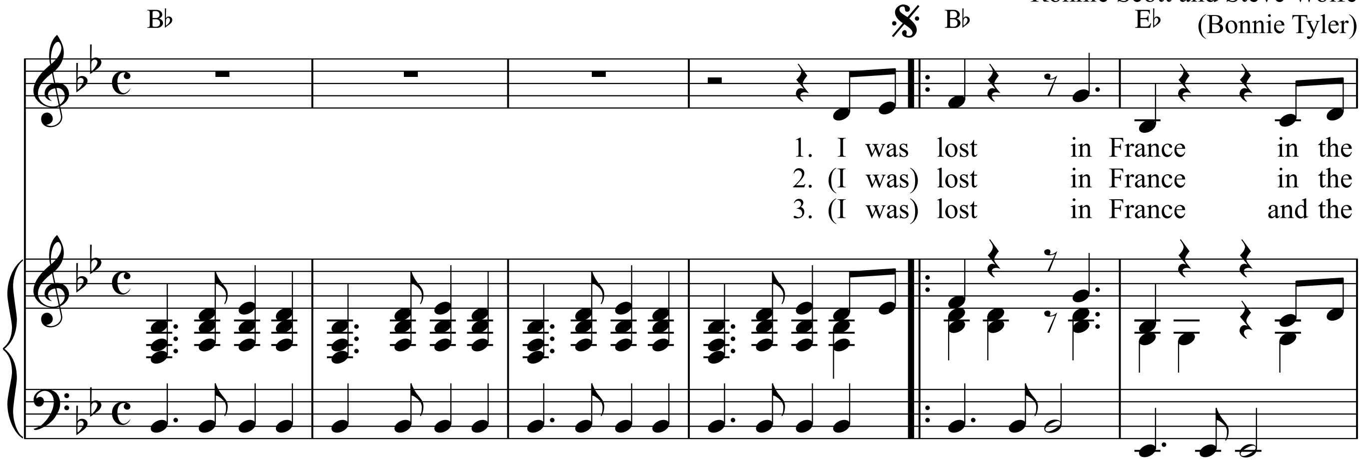
1.,3. That’s me in the corner.
That’s me in the spotlight losing my religion
trying to keep up with you
and I don’t know if I can do it.
Oh no, I’ve said too much.
I haven’t said enough.
I thought that I heard you laughing,
I thought that I heard you sing.
I think I thought I saw you try.
But that was just a dream.
That was just a dream.
That’s me in the cor –

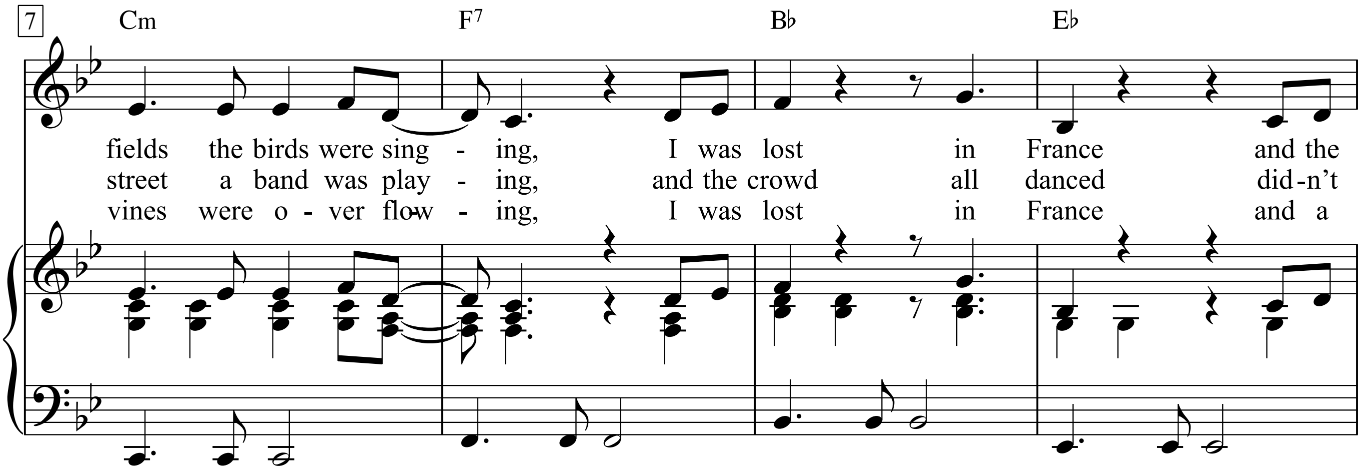
But that was just a dream.
Try. Cry. Why? Try.
That was just a dream,
just a dream, just a dream, dream.

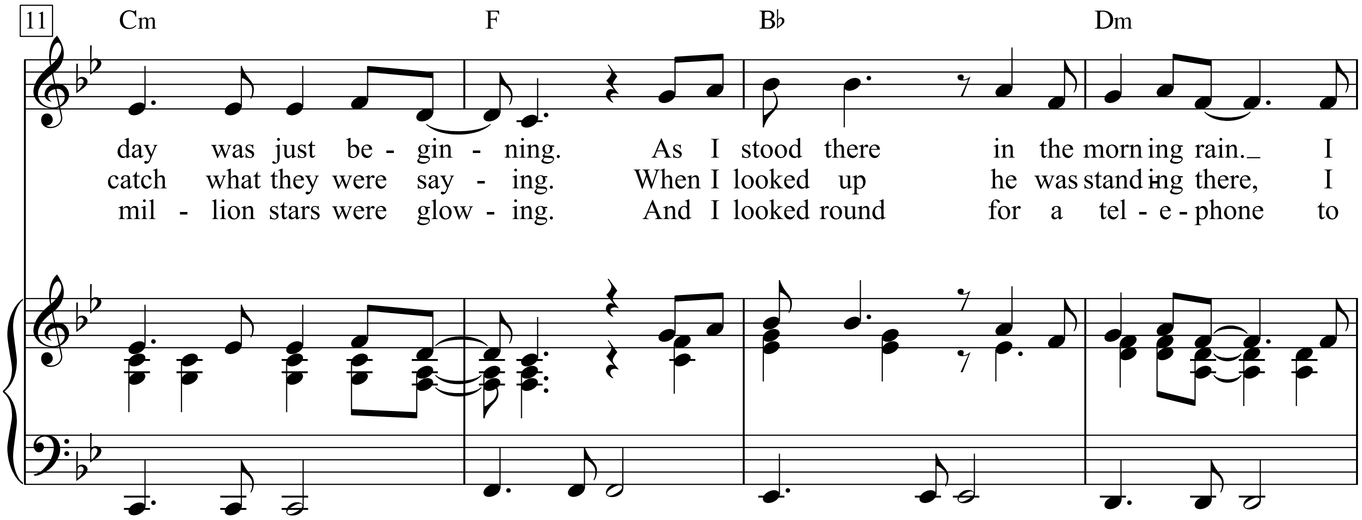
Every whisper of every waking hour,
I’m choosing my confessions
trying to keep an eye on you like a hurt,
lost and blinded fool, fool.
Oh no, I’ve said too much.
I set it up.
Consider this, consider this
the hint of the century.
Consider this the slip
that brought me to my knees failed.
What if all these fantasies
come flailing around?
And now, I’ve said too much.

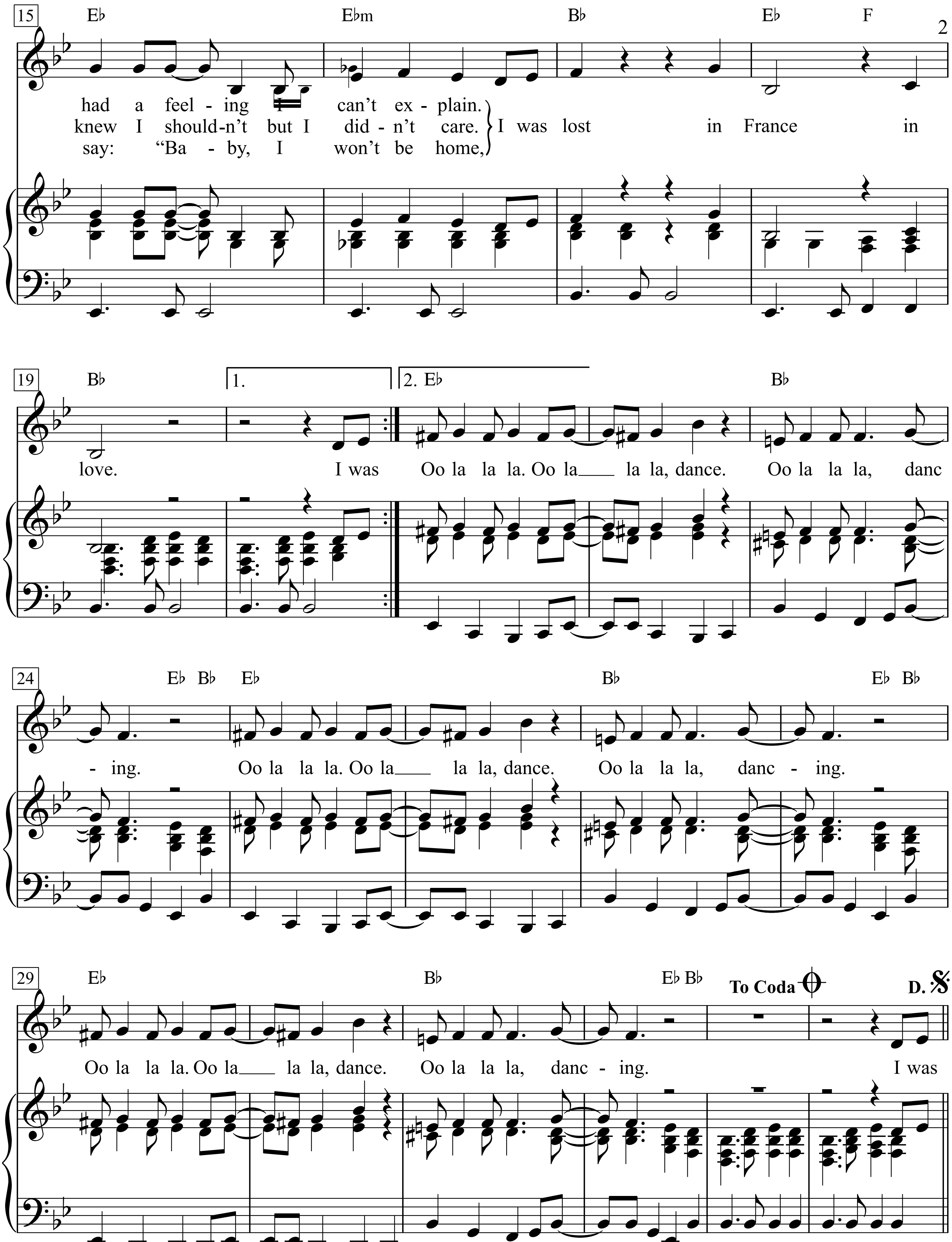
Lost In France

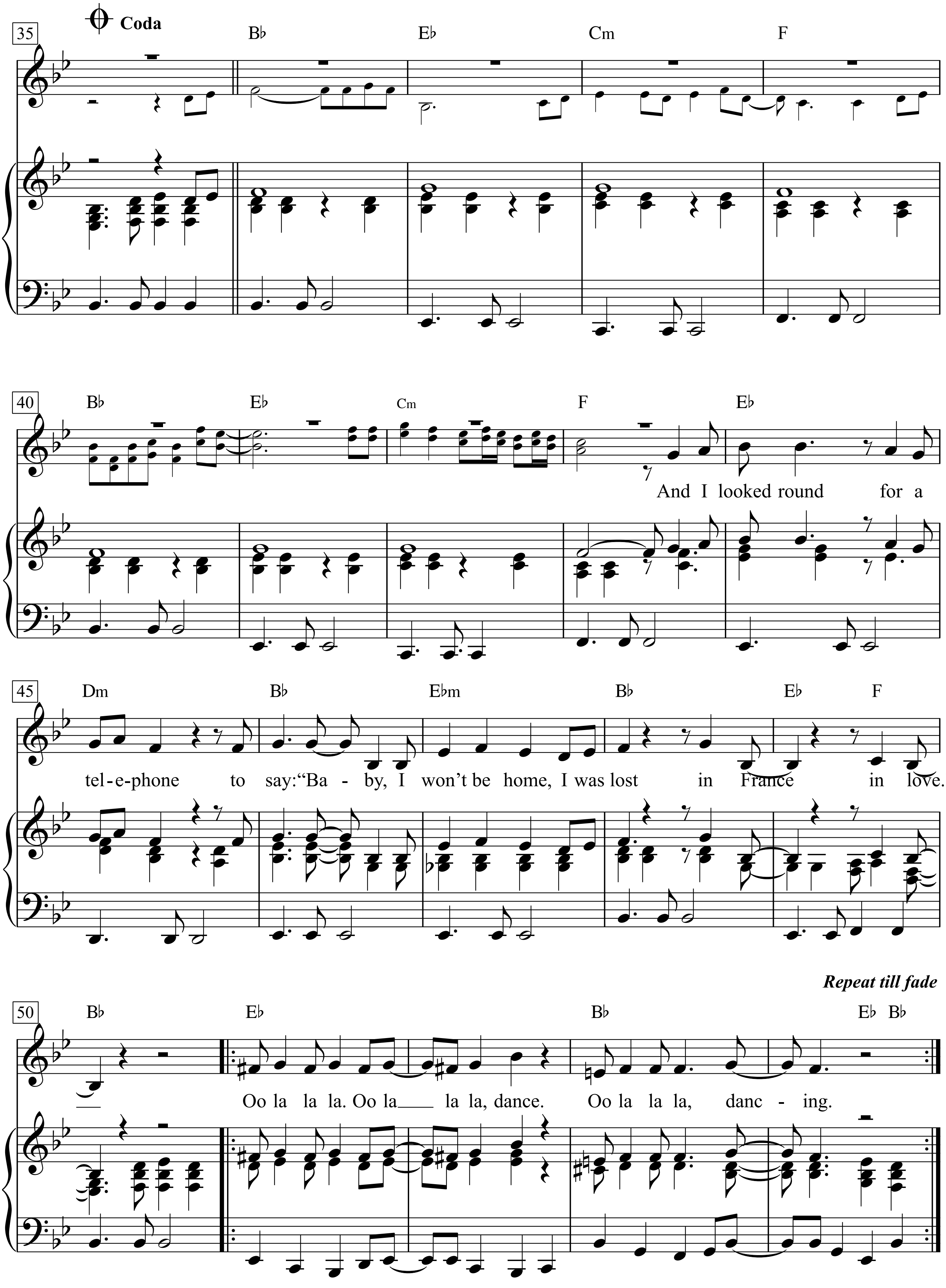
Words & Music by
Ronnie Scott and Steve Wolfe
(Bonnie Tyler)








15
E♭ E♭m B♭ E♭ F
had a feel - ing can't ex - plain.
knew I should-n't but I did - n't care.
say: "Ba - by, I won't be home,
I was lost in France in
19
B♭ 1. 2. E♭ B♭
love. I was Oo la la la. Oo la la la, dance. Oo la la la, danc
24
E♭ B♭ E♭ B♭ E♭ B♭
- ing. Oo la la la. Oo la la la, dance. Oo la la la, danc - ing.
29
E♭ B♭ E♭ B♭
To Coda
D.S.
Oo la la la. Oo la la la, dance. Oo la la la, danc - ing. I was

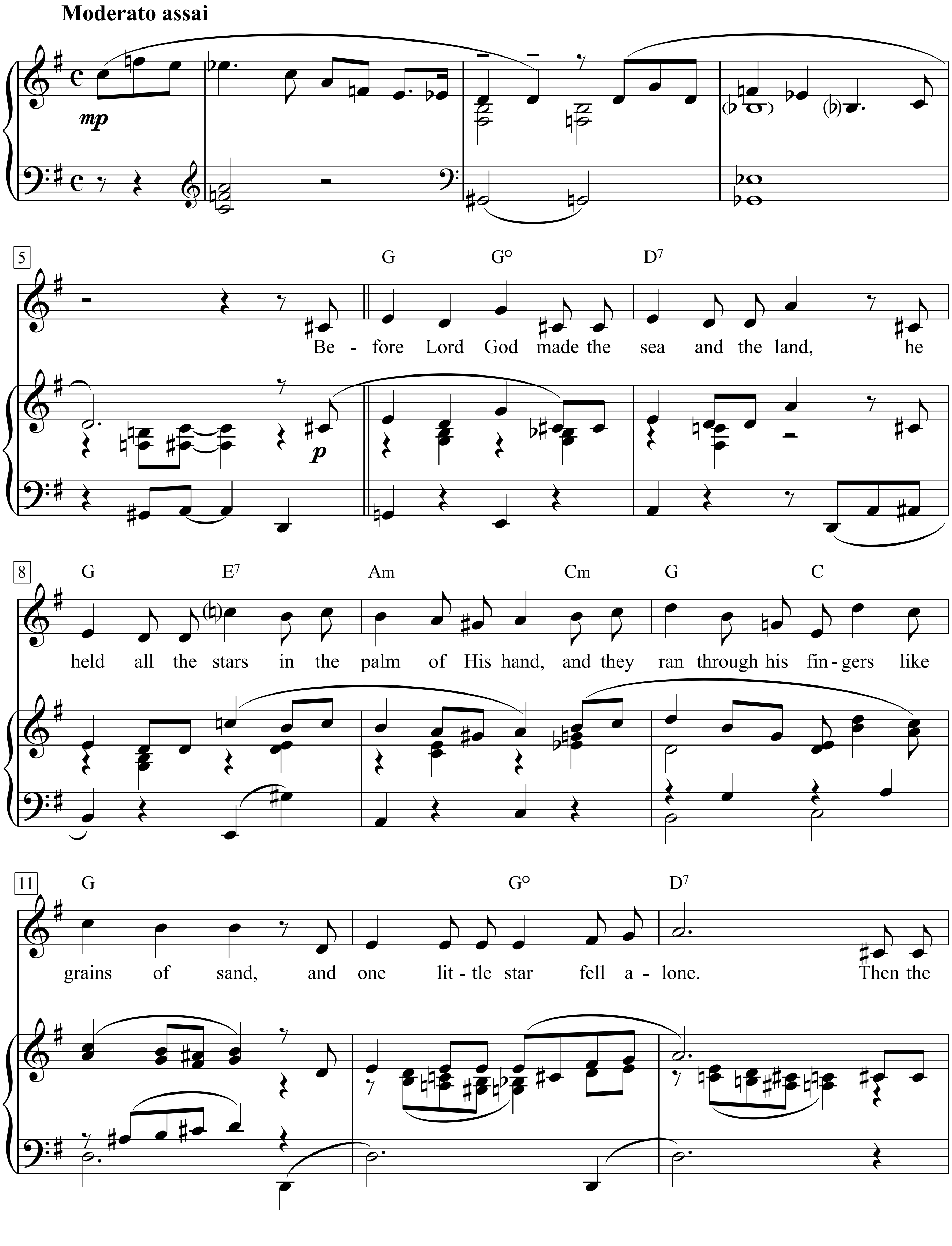

Coda
35
B♭ E♭ Cm F
40
B♭ E♭ Cm F E♭
And I looked round for a
45
Dm B♭ E♭m B♭ E♭ F
tel-e-phone to say:"Ba - by, I won't be home, I was lost in France in love."
Repeat till fade
50
B♭ E♭ B♭ E♭ B♭
Oo la la la. Oo la la la, dance. Oo la la la, danc - ing.

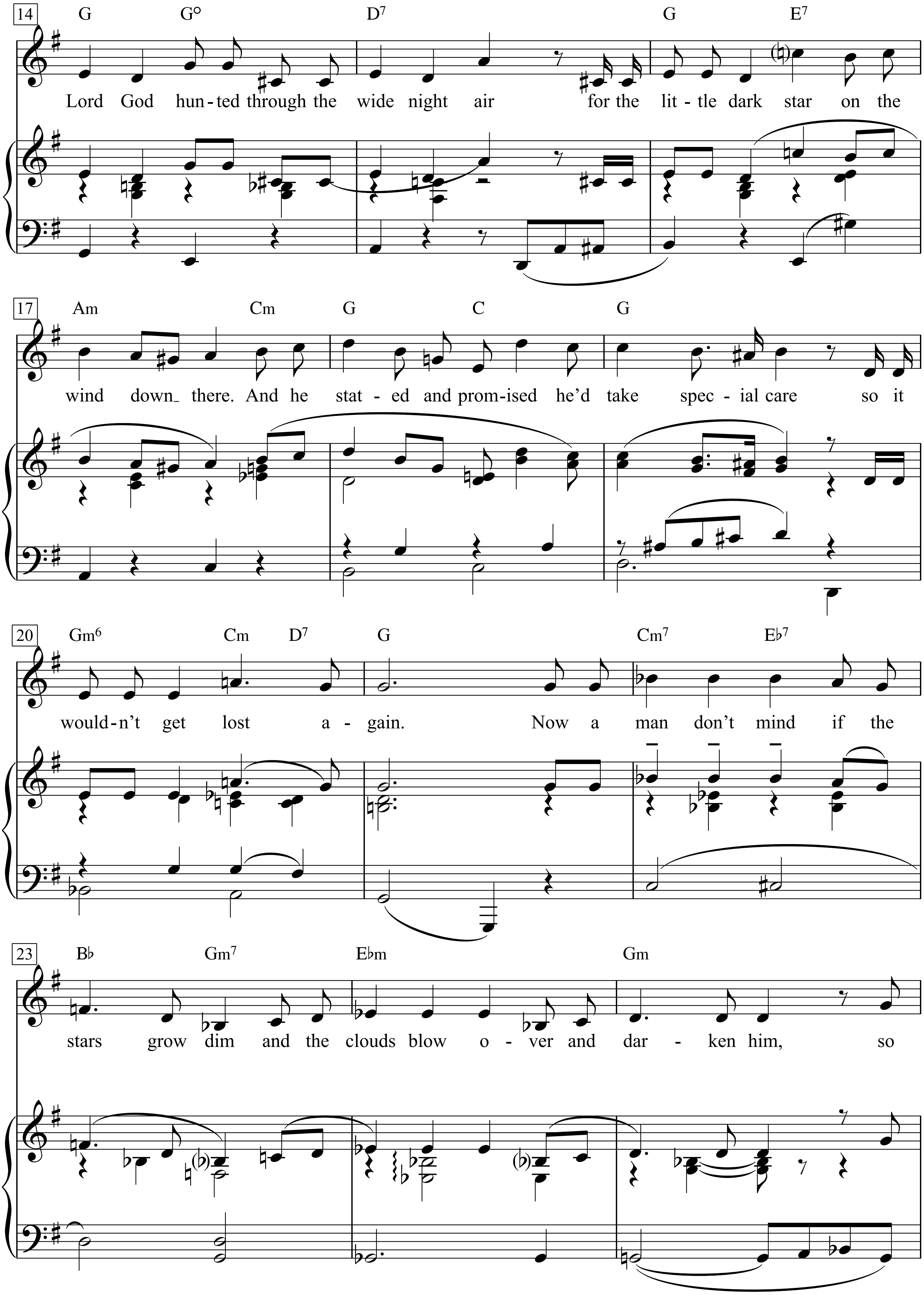
Lost in the Stars

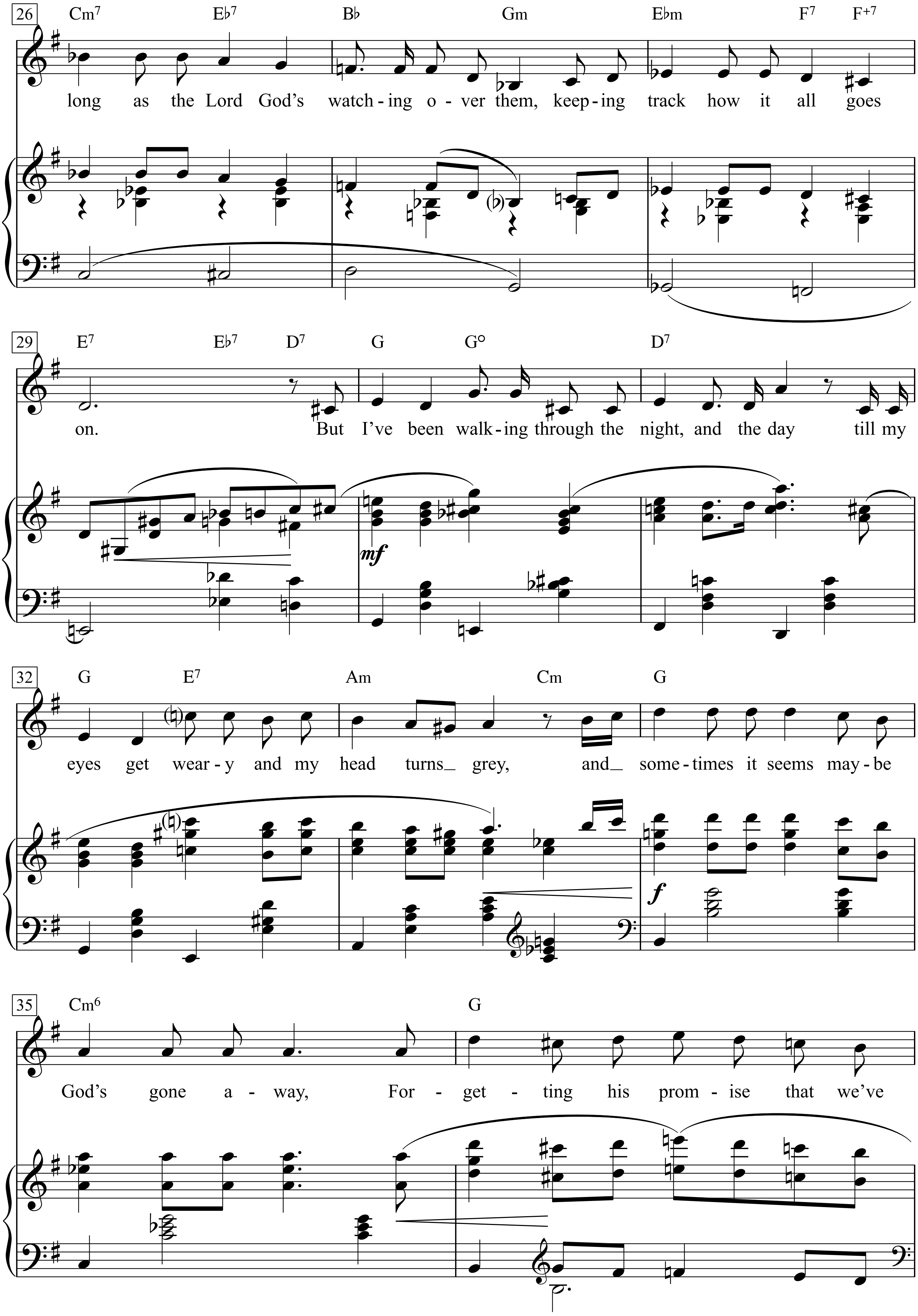
(*From* "Lost in the Stars")

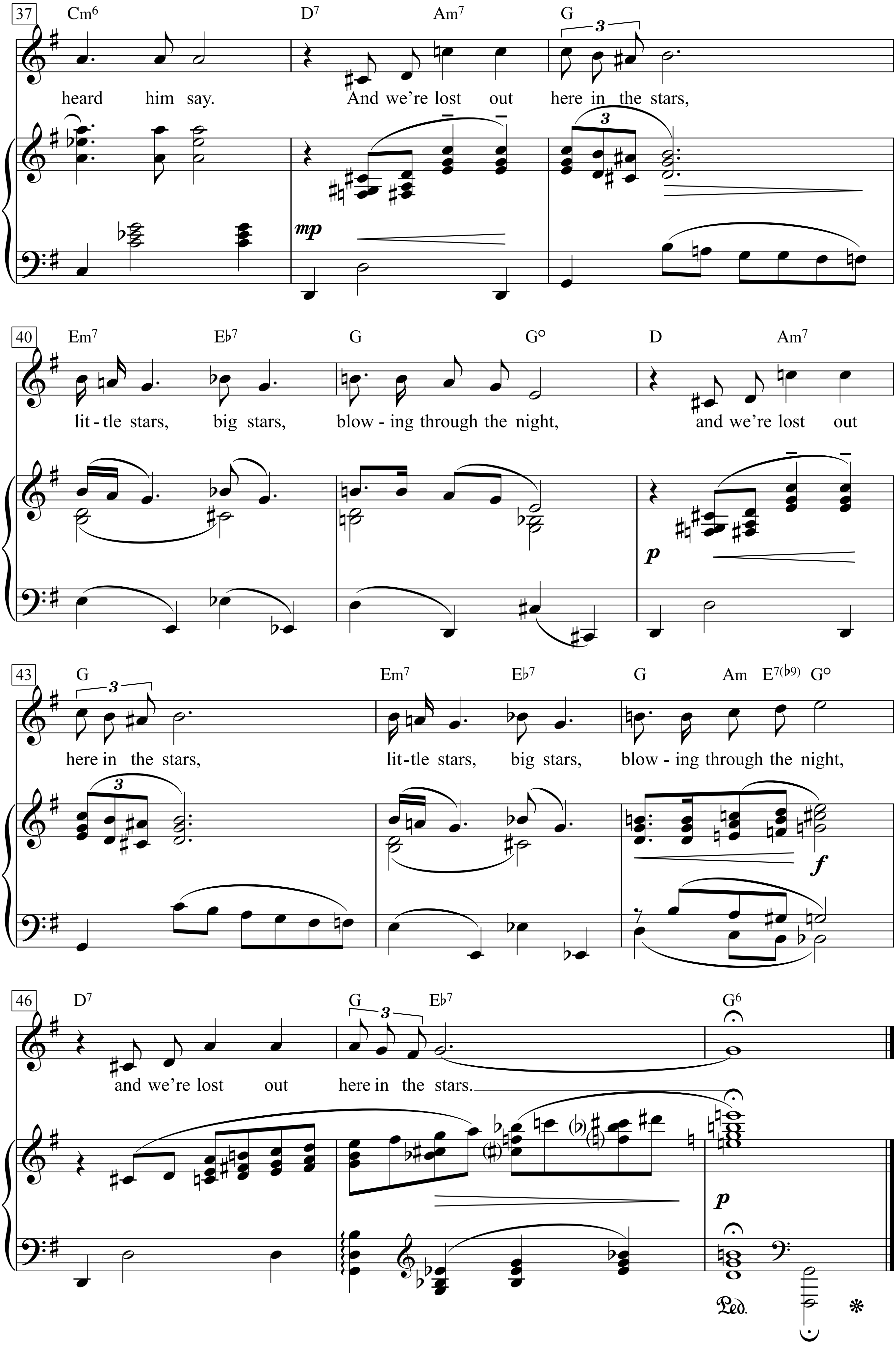
Lyrics by Maxwell Anderson

Music by Kurt Weill




14
G G° D7 G E7
Lord God hun-ted through the wide night air for the lit-tle dark star on the
17
Am Cm G C G
wind down_ there. And he stat-ed and prom-ised he'd take spec-ial care so it
20
Gm6 Cm D7 G Cm7 E♭7
would-n't get lost a-gain. Now a man don't mind if the
23
B♭ Gm7 E♭m Gm
stars grow dim and the clouds blow o-ver and dar-ken him, so


26
Cm7 E♭7 B♭ Gm E♭m F7 F+7
long as the Lord God's watch-ing o-ver them, keep-ing track how it all goes
29
E7 E♭7 D7 G G° D7
on. But I've been walk-ing through the night, and the day till my
mf
32
G E7 Am Cm G
eyes get wear-y and my head turns_ grey, and_ some-times it seems may-be
f
35
Cm6 G
God's gone a-way, For-get-ting his prom-ise that we've


37
Cm6 D7 Am7 G
heard him say. And we're lost out here in the stars,
mp
40
Em7 E♭7 G G° D Am7
lit - tle stars, big stars, blow - ing through the night, and we're lost out
p
43
G Em7 E♭7 G Am E7(♭9) G°
here in the stars, lit-tle stars, big stars, blow - ing through the night,
f
46
D7 G E♭7 G6
and we're lost out here in the stars.
p
Ped. *

Before Lord God made the sea and the land,
he held all the stars in the palm of His hand,
and they ran through his fingers like grains of sand,
and one little star fell alone.

Then the Lord God hunted through the wide night air
for the little dark star on the wind down there.
And he stated and promised he'd take special care
so it wouldn't get lost again.

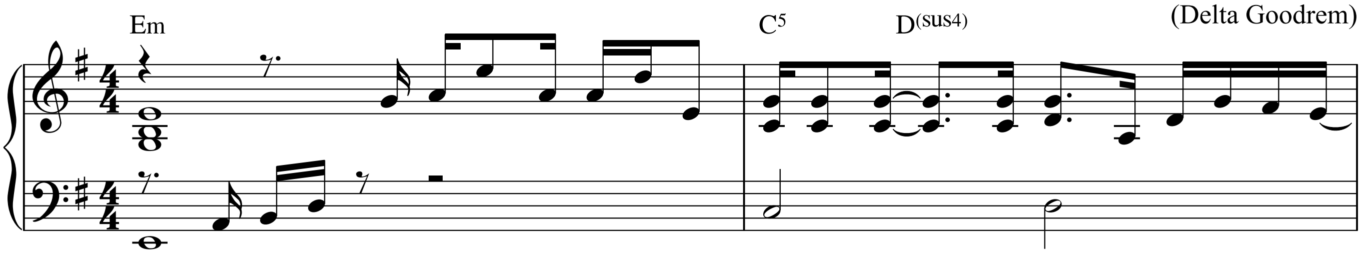
Now a man don't mind if the stars grow dim
and the clouds blow over and darken him,
so long as the Lord God's watching over them,
keeping track how it all goes on.

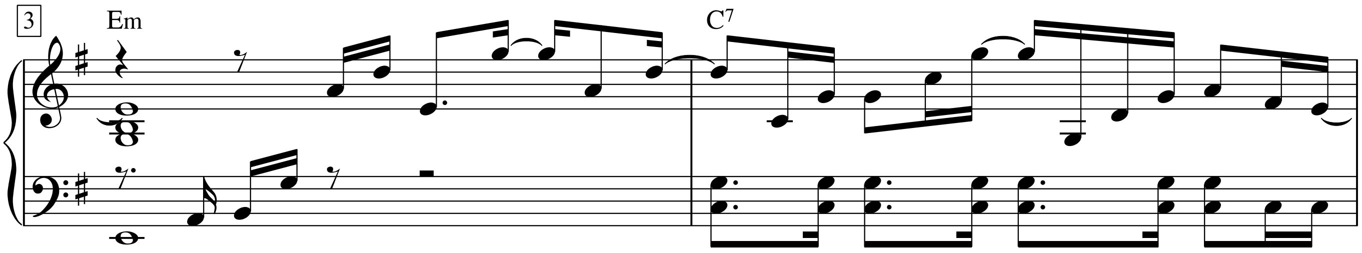
But I've been walking through the night, and the day
till my eyes get weary and my head turns grey,
and sometimes it seems maybe God's gone away,
Forgetting his promise that we've heard him say.

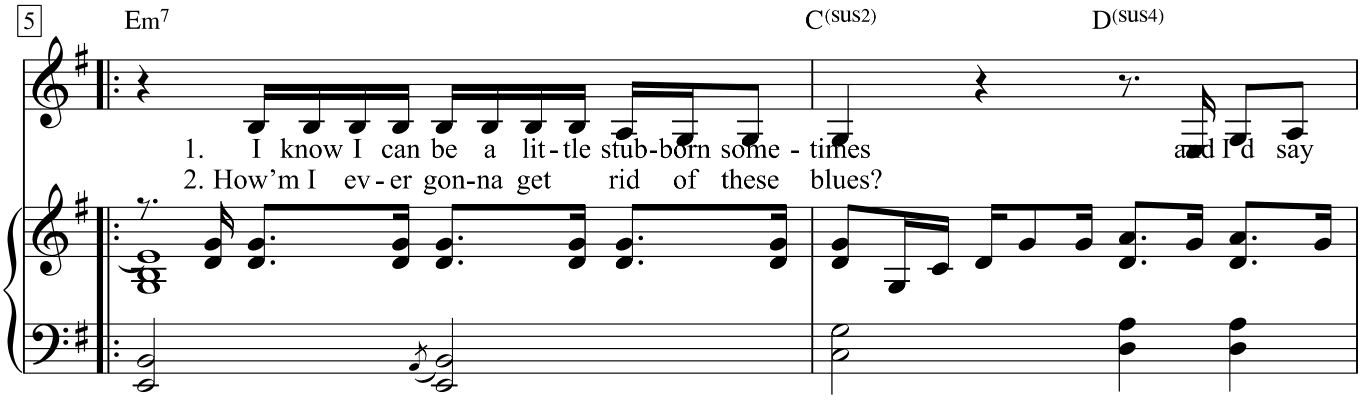
And we're lost out here in the stars,
little stars, big stars,
blowing through the night,
and we're lost out here in the stars,
little stars, big stars,
blowing through the night,
and we're lost out here in the stars.

Lost Without You

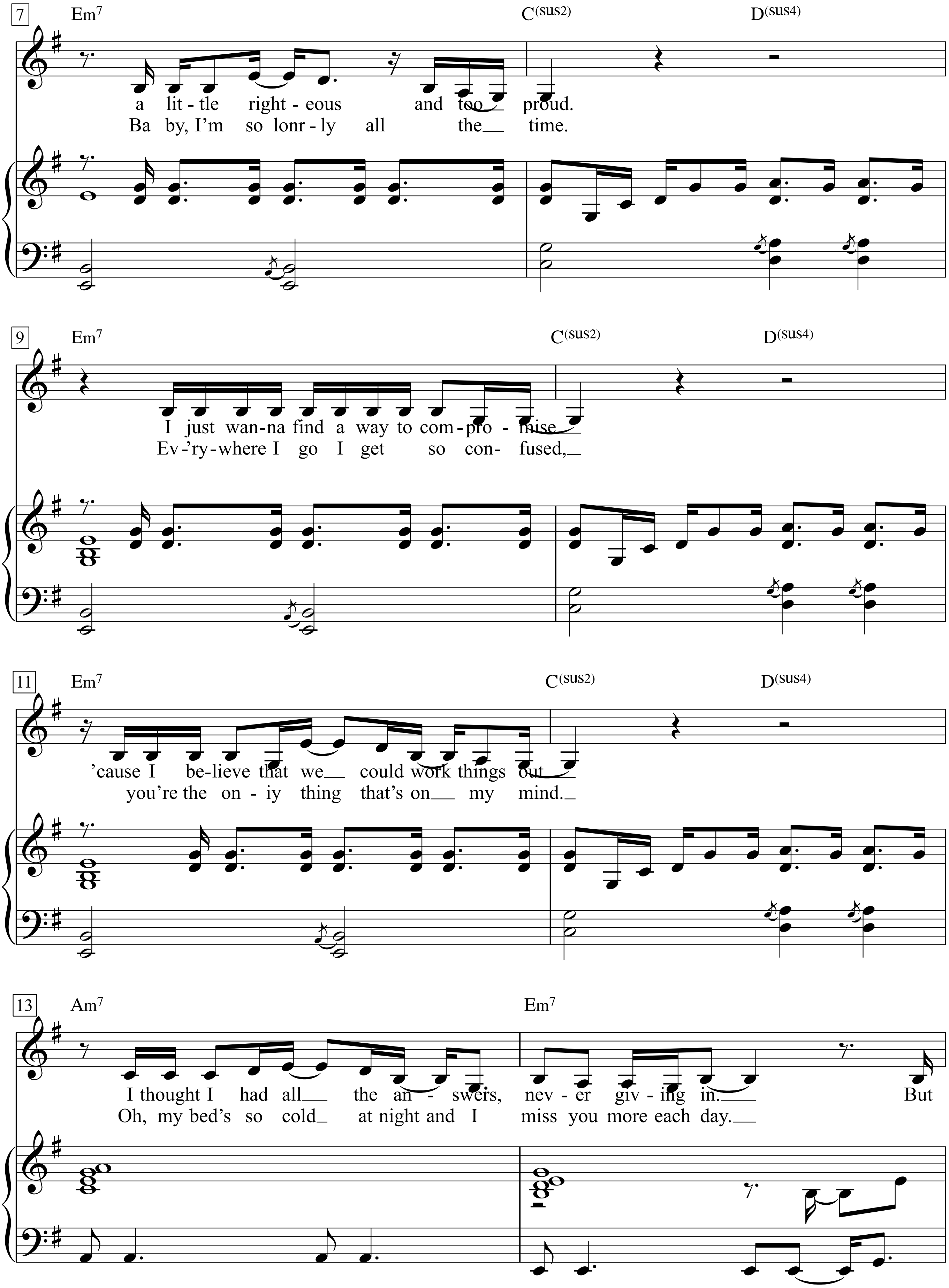
Words & Music by
Bridget Benenate & Matthew Gerrard
(Delta Goodrem)

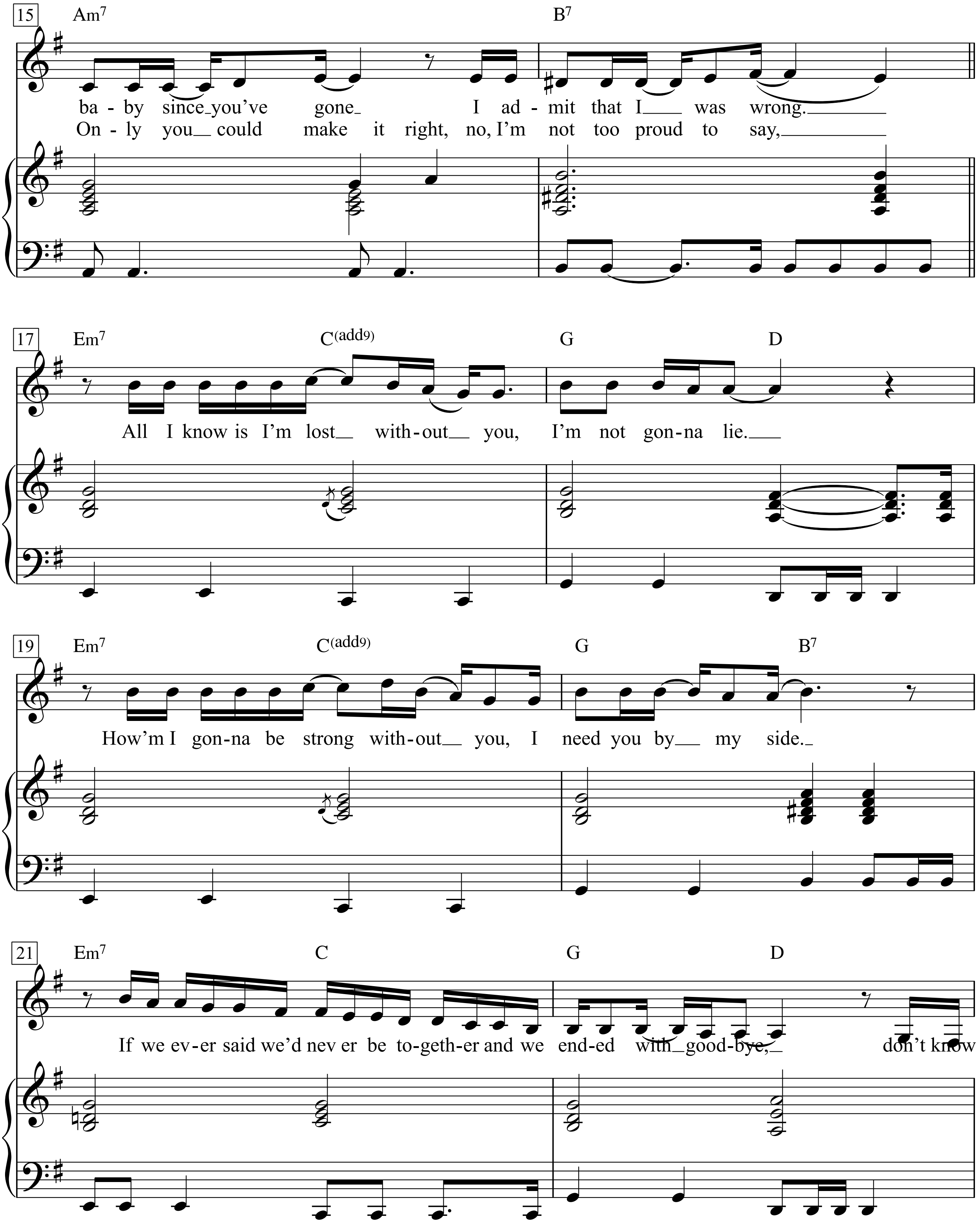


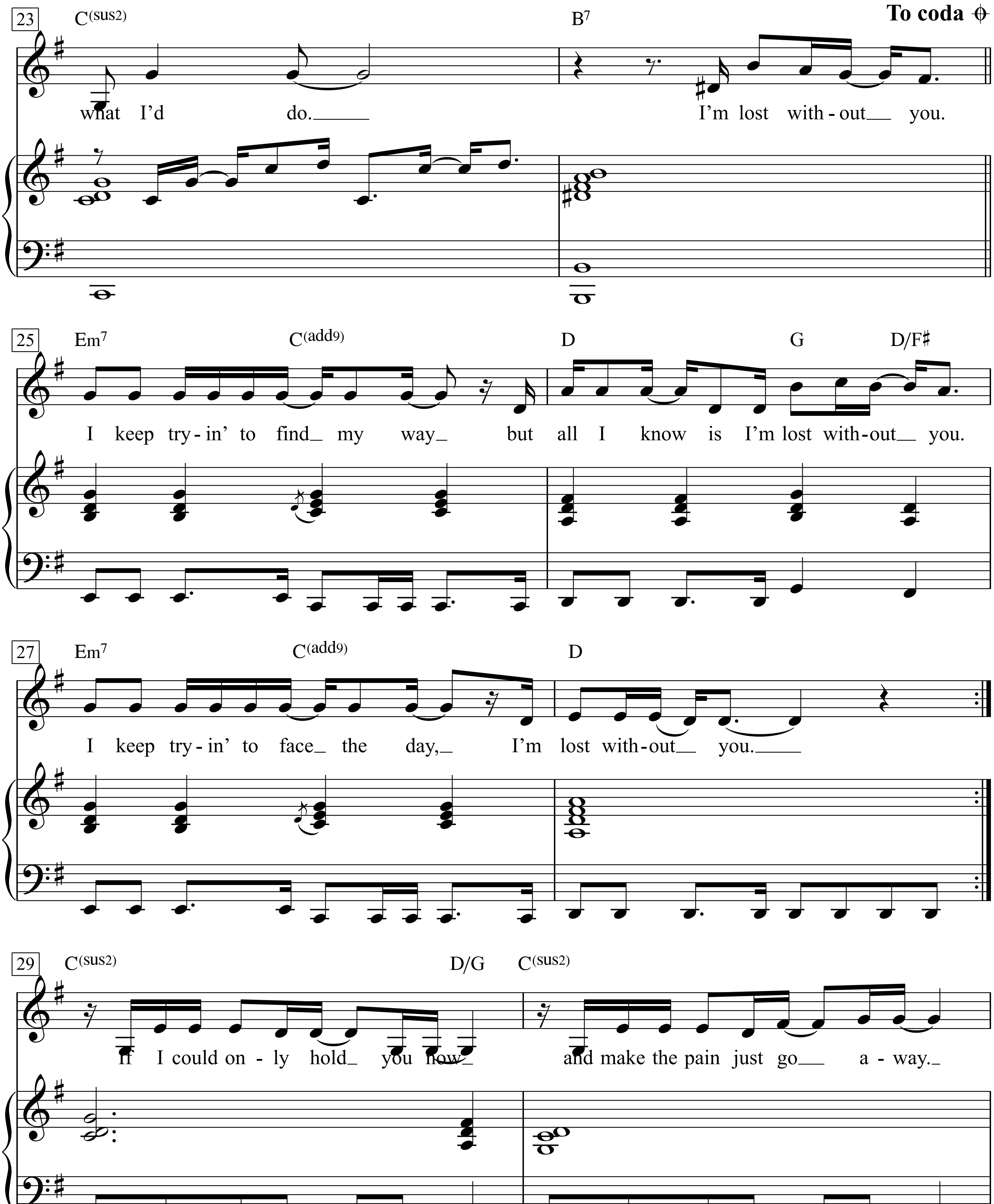


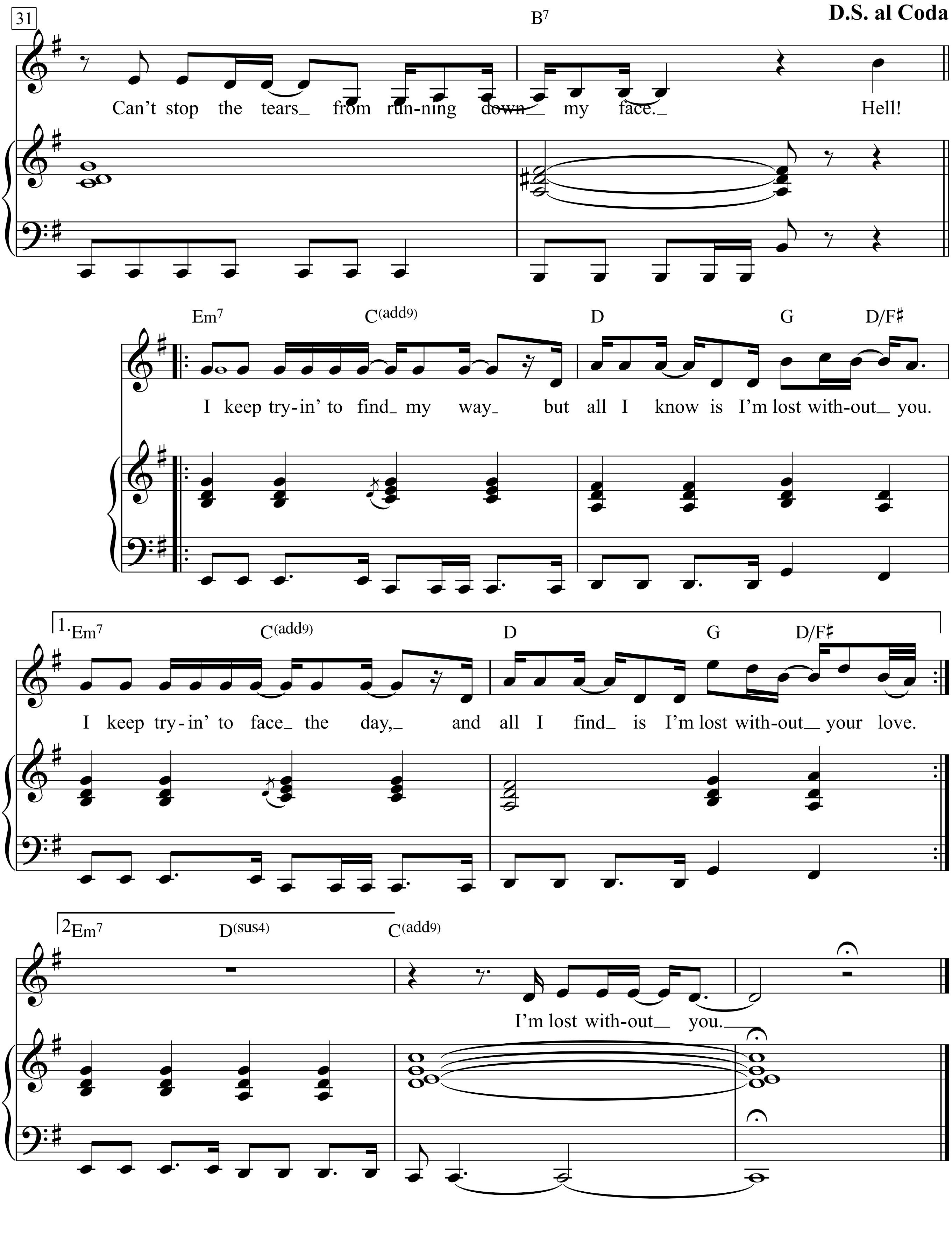


The Greatest Love Songs Of The 21st Century, p. 68-72


7
Em7
C(sus2)
D(sus4)
a lit - tle right - eous and too proud.
Ba by, I'm so lonr - ly all the time.
9
Em7
C(sus2)
D(sus4)
I just wan-na find a way to com-pro - mise
Ev-'ry-where I go I get so con- fused,
11
Em7
C(sus2)
D(sus4)
'cause I be-lieve that we could work things out
you're the on - iy thing that's on my mind.
13
Am7
Em7
I thought I had all the an - swers, nev - er giv - ing in. But
Oh, my bed's so cold at night and I miss you more each day.


15
Am7
B7
ba - by since you've gone I ad - mit that I was wrong.
On - ly you could make it right, no, I'm not too proud to say,
17
Em7
C(add9)
G
D
All I know is I'm lost with - out you, I'm not gon - na lie.
19
Em7
C(add9)
G
B7
How'm I gon - na be strong with - out you, I need you by my side.
21
Em7
C
G
D
If we ev - er said we'd nev er be to - geth - er and we end - ed with good - bye, don't know

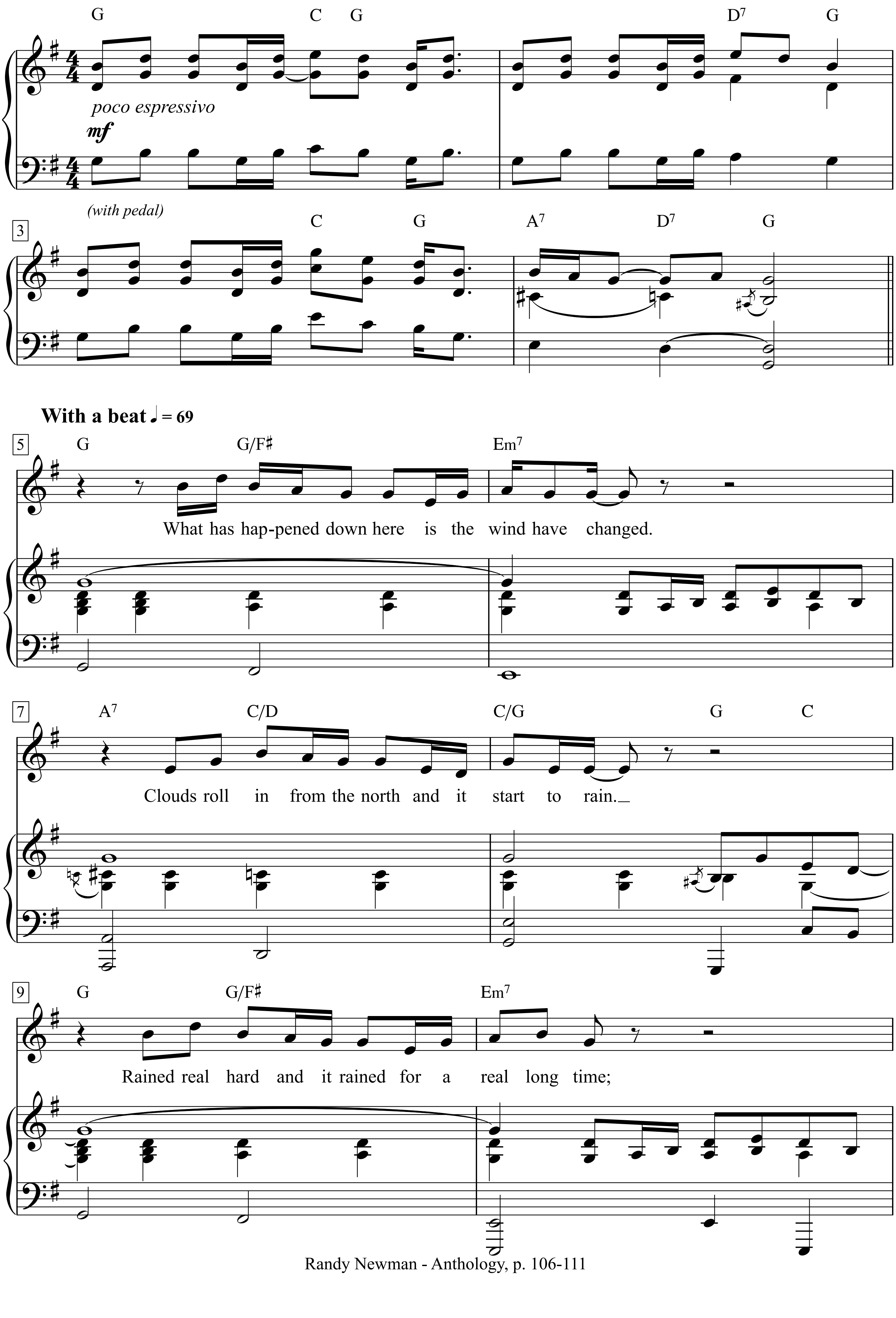

To coda
23
C(sus2)
B7
what I'd do.
I'm lost with-out you.
25
Em7
C(add9)
D
G
D/F♯
I keep try-in' to find my way but all I know is I'm lost with-out you.
27
Em7
C(add9)
D
I keep try-in' to face the day, I'm lost with-out you.
29
C(sus2)
D/G
C(sus2)
If I could on-ly hold you now and make the pain just go a-way.

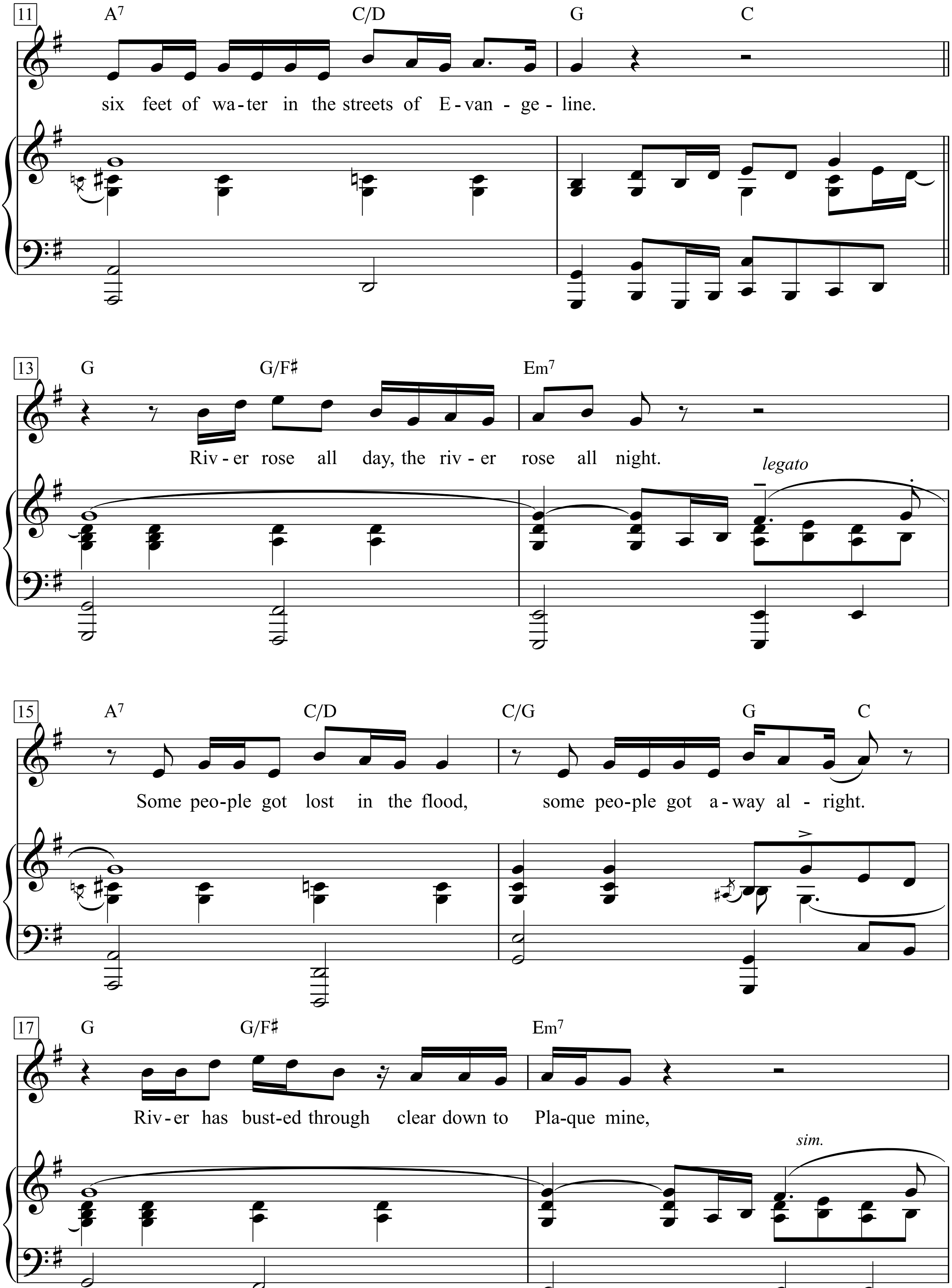

D.S. al Coda
31
B7
Can't stop the tears_ from run-ning down_ my face._ Hell!
Em7 C(add9) D G D/F♯
I keep try-in' to find_ my way_ but all I know is I'm lost with-out_ you.
1. Em7 C(add9) D G D/F♯
I keep try-in' to face_ the day,_ and all I find_ is I'm lost with-out_ your love.
2 Em7 D(sus4) C(add9)
I'm lost with-out_ you._

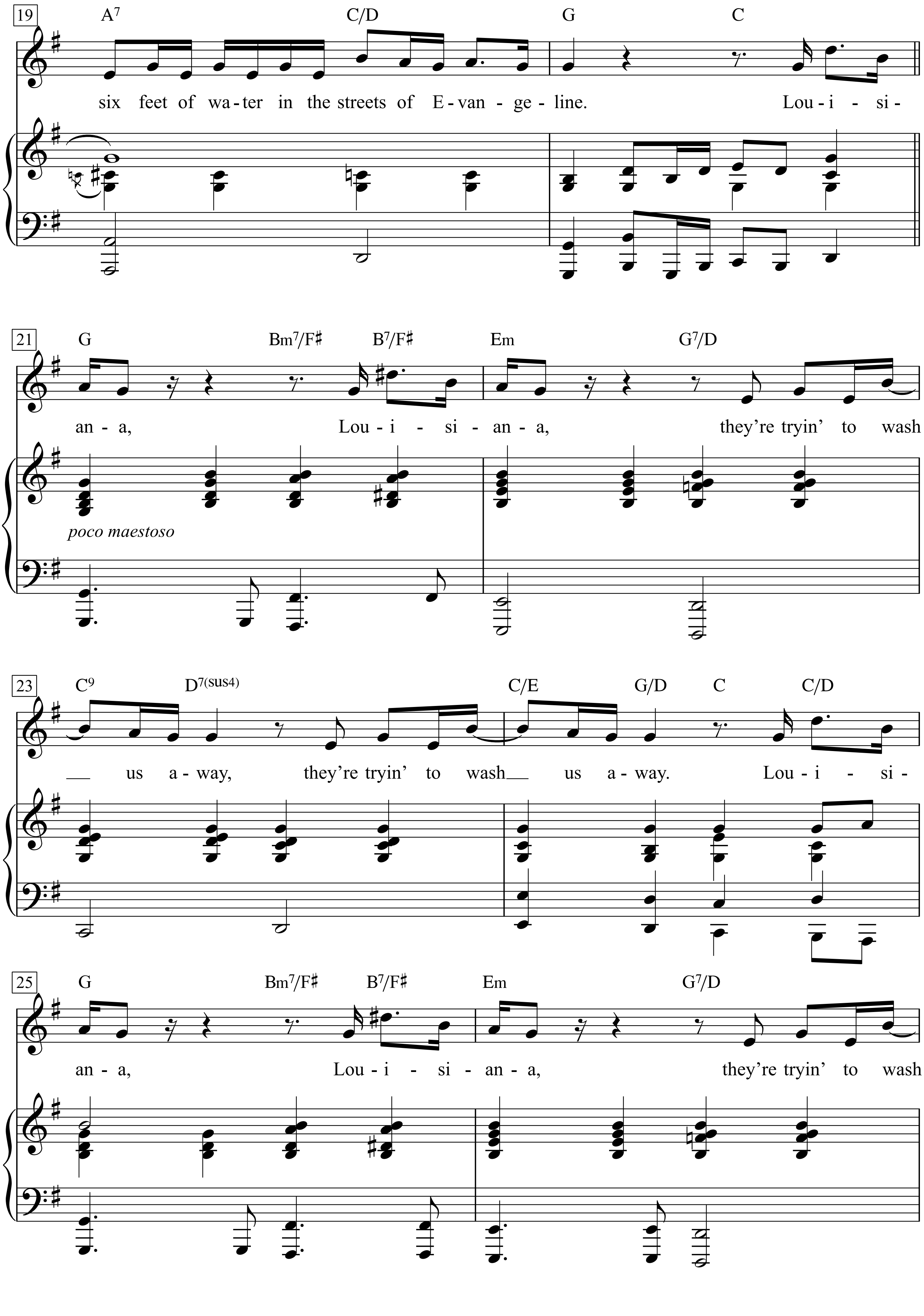
Louisiana 1927

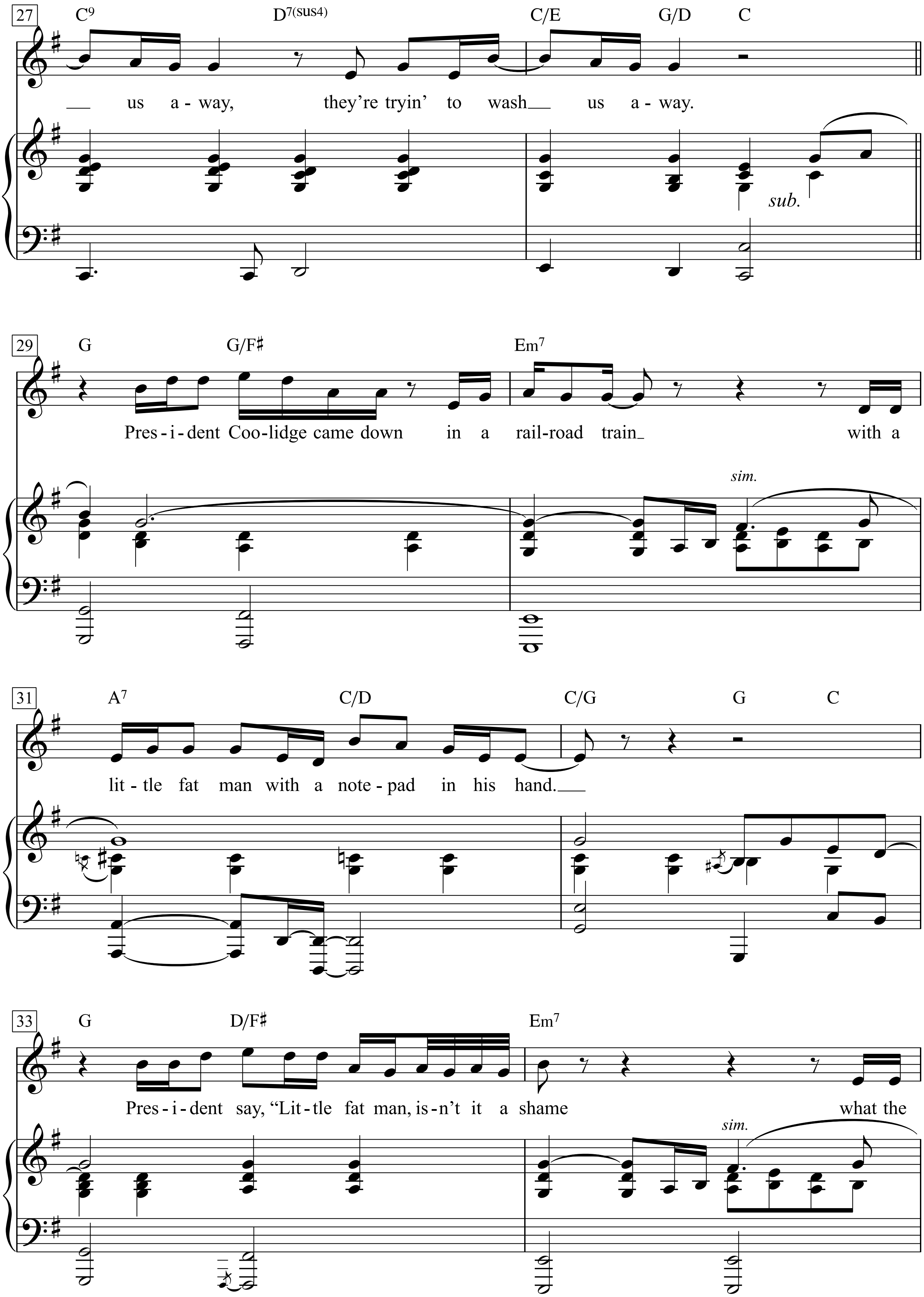
Words & Music by Randy Newman

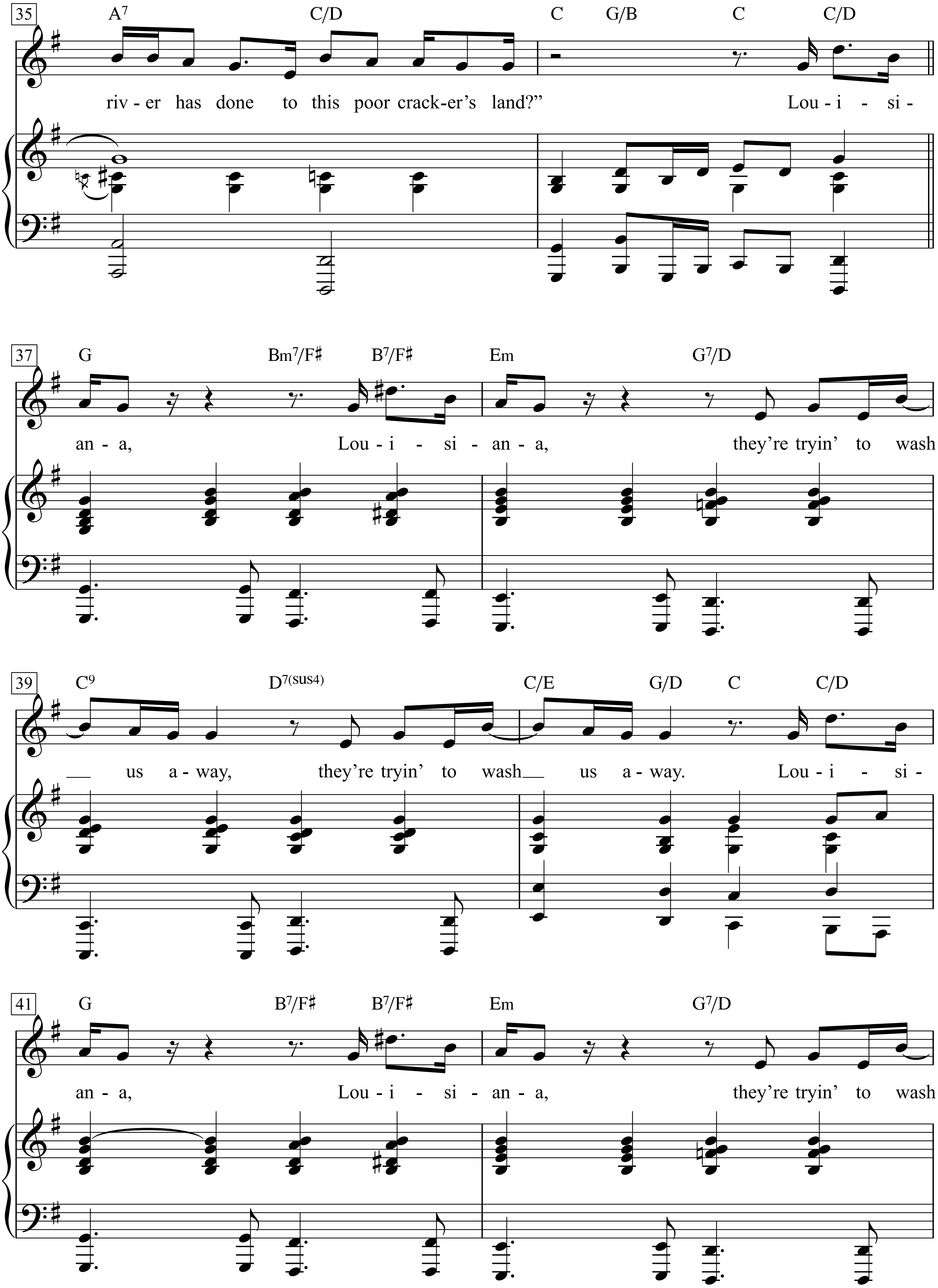
Moderately

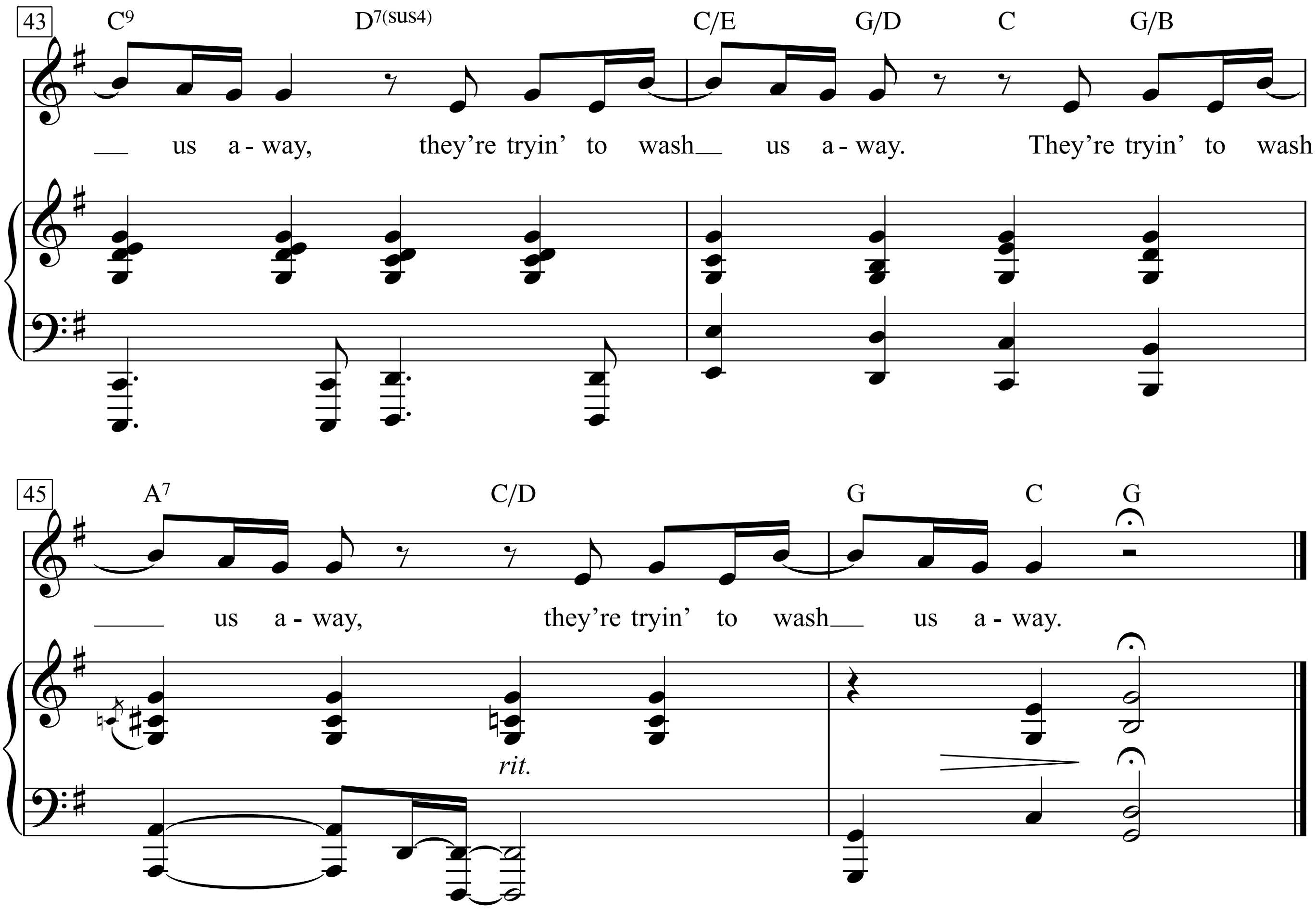



11
A7
C/D
G
C
six feet of wa-ter in the streets of E-van - ge - line.
13
G
G/F♯
Em7
Riv - er rose all day, the riv - er rose all night.
legato
15
A7
C/D
C/G
G
C
Some peo-ple got lost in the flood, some peo-ple got a-way al - right.
17
G
G/F♯
Em7
Riv-er has bust-ed through clear down to Pla-que mine,
sim.


19
A7 C/D G C
six feet of wa-ter in the streets of E-van-ge-line. Lou-i-si-
21
G Bm7/F♯ B7/F♯ Em G7/D
an-a, Lou-i-si-an-a, they're tryin' to wash
poco maestoso
23
C9 D7(sus4) C/E G/D C C/D
us a-way, they're tryin' to wash us a-way. Lou-i-si-
25
G Bm7/F♯ B7/F♯ Em G7/D
an-a, Lou-i-si-an-a, they're tryin' to wash


27
C9 D7(sus4) C/E G/D C
us a - way, they're tryin' to wash us a - way.
sub.
29
G G/F♯ Em7
Pres - i - dent Coo - lidge came down in a rail - road train with a
sim.
31
A7 C/D C/G G C
lit - tle fat man with a note - pad in his hand.
33
G D/F♯ Em7
Pres - i - dent say, "Lit - tle fat man, is - n't it a shame what the
sim.


35
A7 C/D C G/B C C/D
riv - er has done to this poor crack-er's land?" Lou - i - si -
37
G Bm7/F♯ B7/F♯ Em G7/D
an - a, Lou - i - si - an - a, they're tryin' to wash
39
C9 D7(sus4) C/E G/D C C/D
us a - way, they're tryin' to wash us a - way. Lou - i - si -
41
G B7/F♯ B7/F♯ Em G7/D
an - a, Lou - i - si - an - a, they're tryin' to wash


43
C9 D7(sus4) C/E G/D C G/B
__ us a - way, they're tryin' to wash__ us a - way. They're tryin' to wash
45
A7 C/D G C G
____ us a - way, they're tryin' to wash__ us a - way.
rit.

What has happened down here is the wind have changed.
Clouds roll in from the north and it start to rain.
Rained real hard and it rained for a real long time;
six feet of water in the streets of Evangeline.

River rose all day, the river rose all night.
Some people got lost in the flood,
some people got away alright.
River has busted through clear down to Plaquemine,
six feet of water in the streets of Evangeline.

Louisiana, Louisiana,
they're tryin' to wash us away,
they're tryin' to wash us away.
Louisiana, Louisiana,
they're tryin' to wash us away,
they're tryin' to wash us away.

President Coolidge came down in a railroad train
with a little fat man with a notepad in his hand.
President say, "Little fat man, isn't it a shame
what the river has done to this poor cracker's land?'

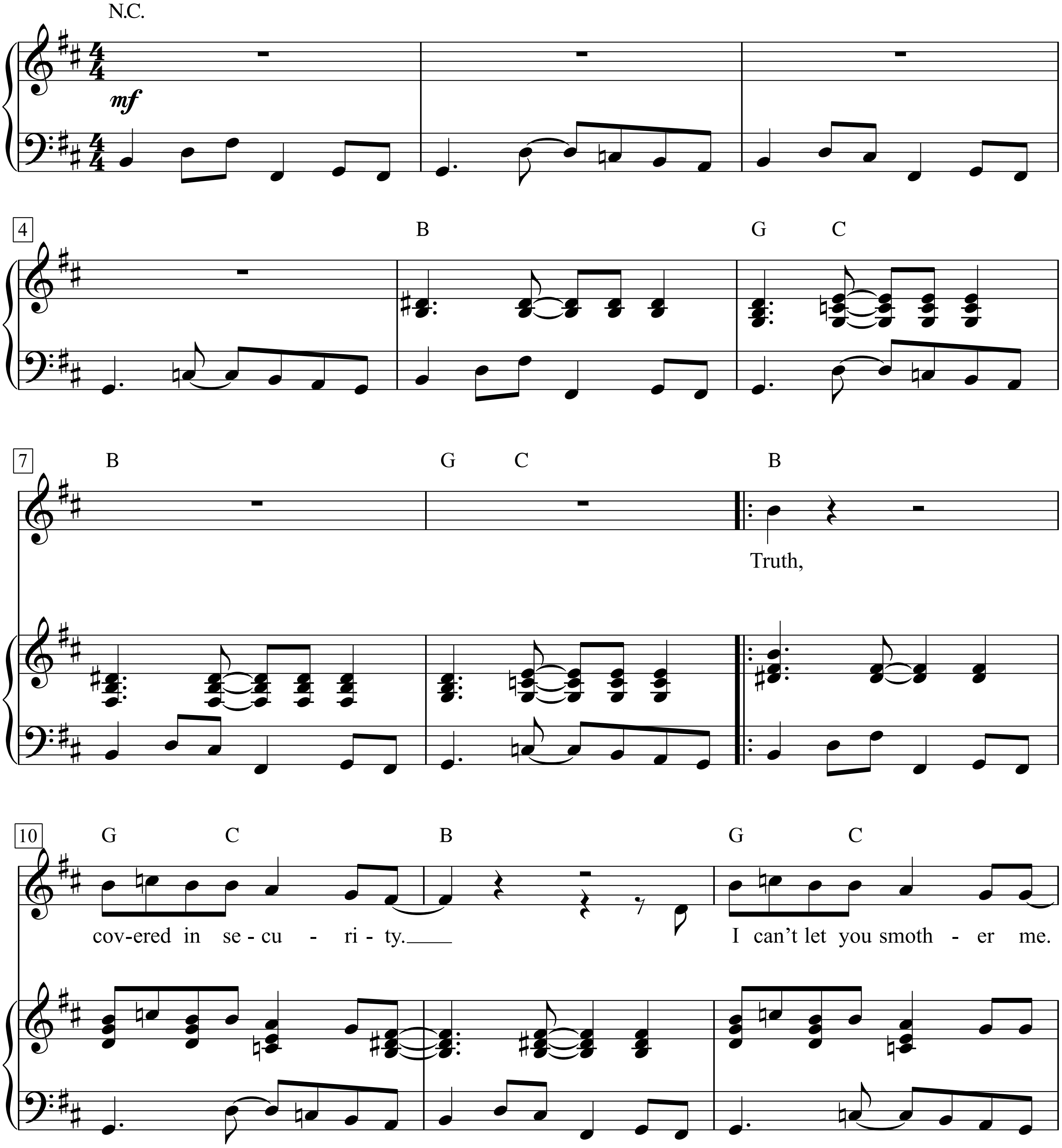
Louisiana, Louisiana,
they"re tryin' to wash us away,
they're tryin' to wash us away.

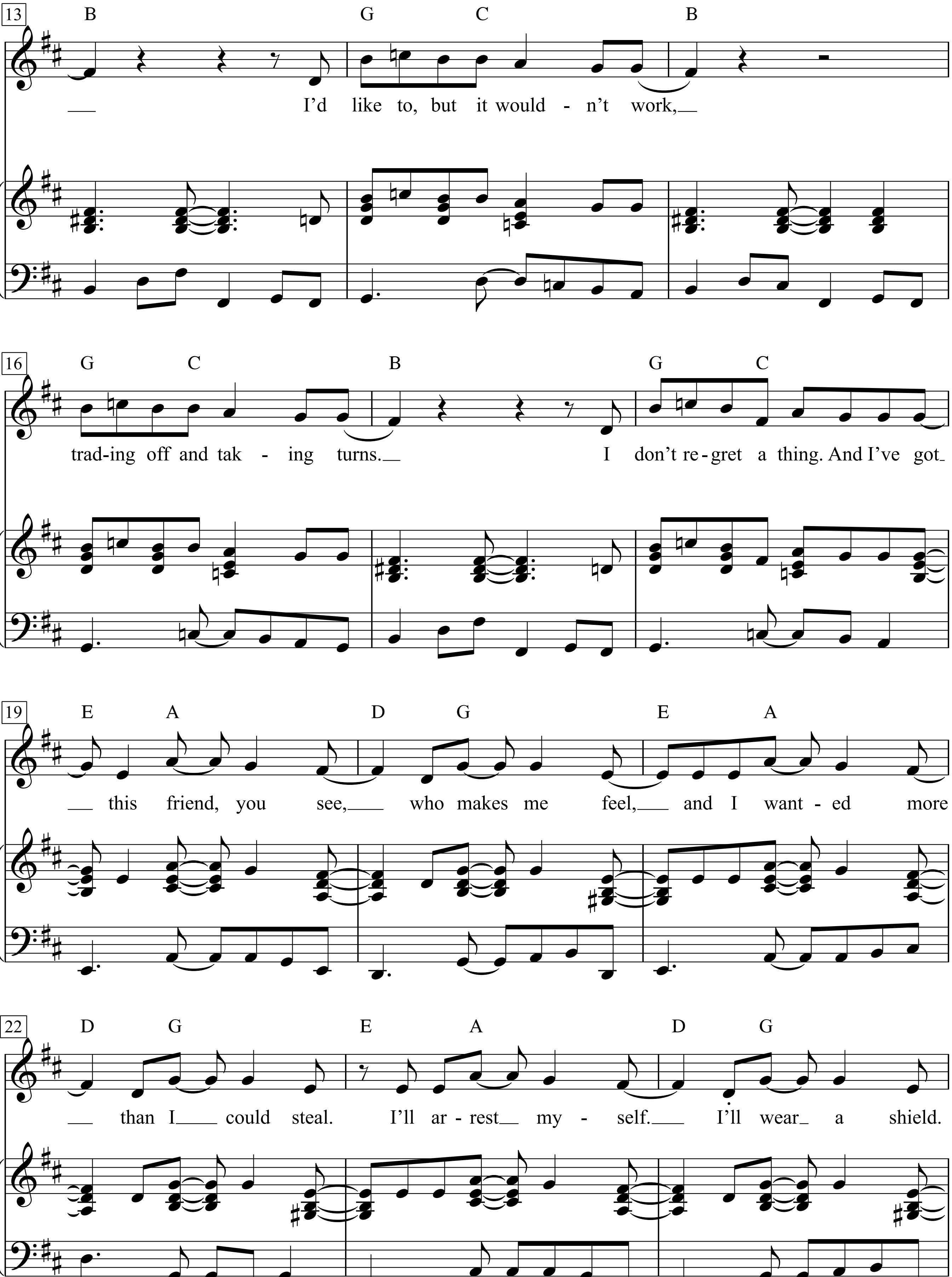
Louisiana, Louisiana,
they're tryin' to wash us away,
they're tryin' to wash us away.
They're tryin' to wash us away,
they're tryin' to wash us away.

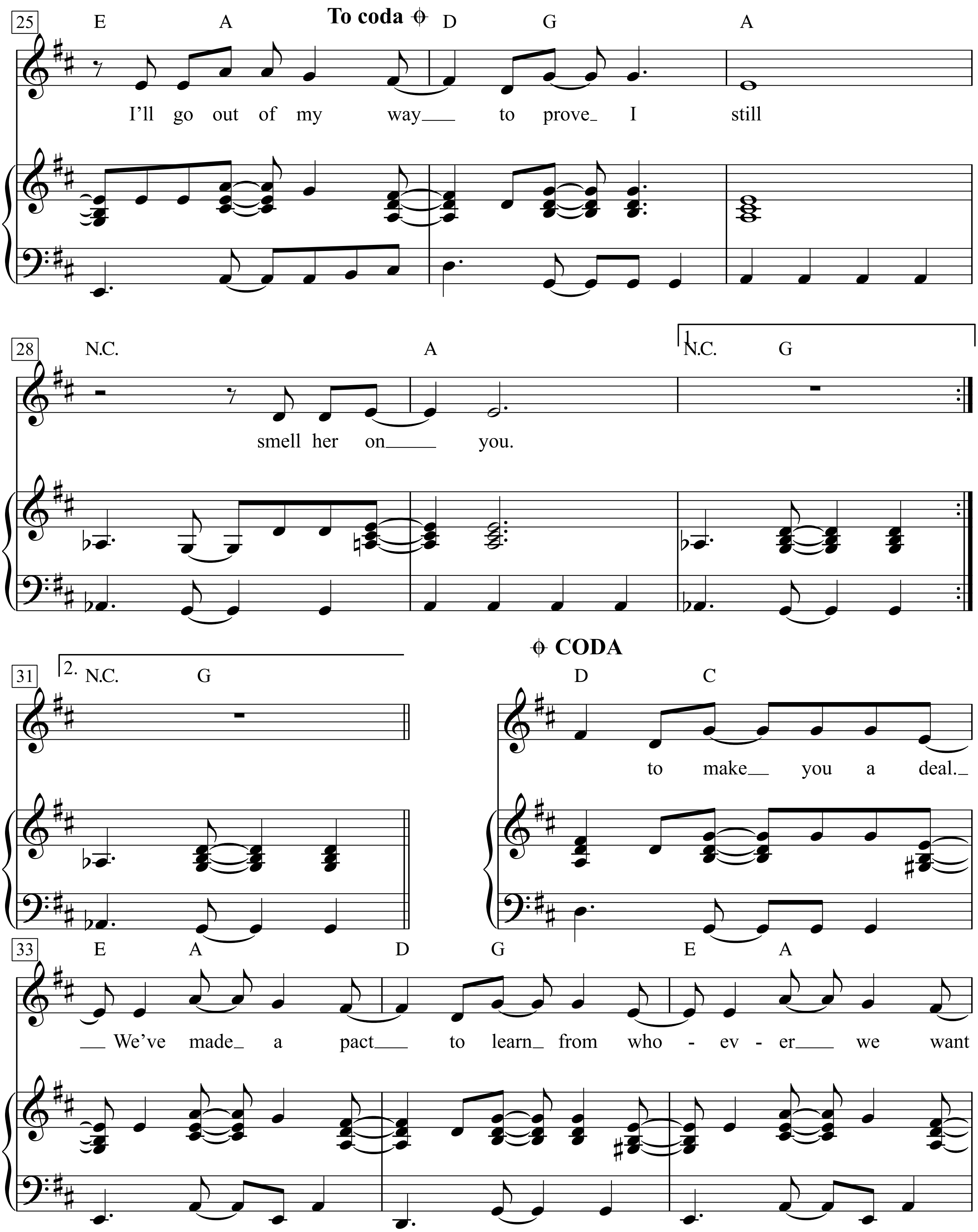
Lounge Act

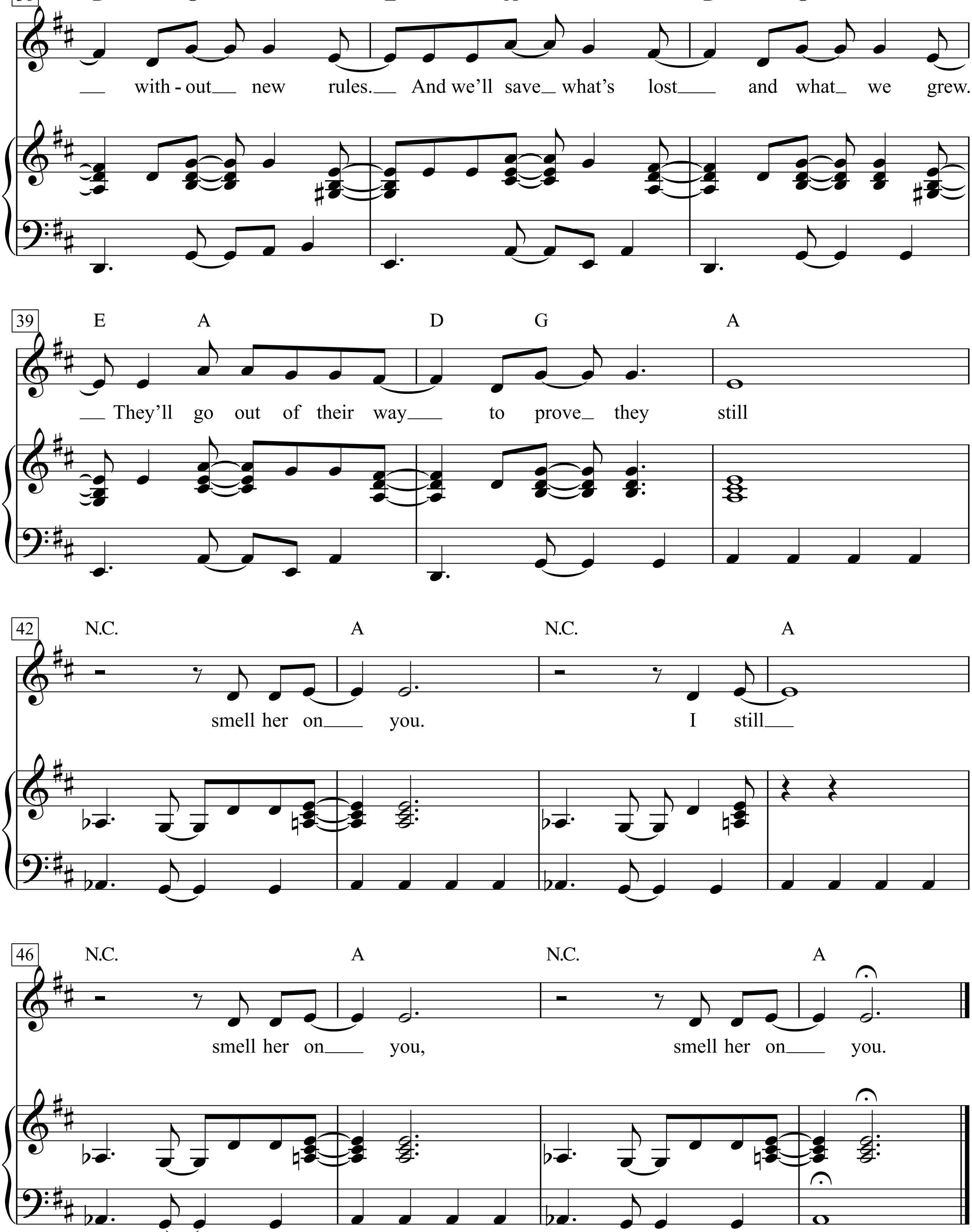
Moderately fast

Words & Music by Kurt Cobain
(Nirvana)



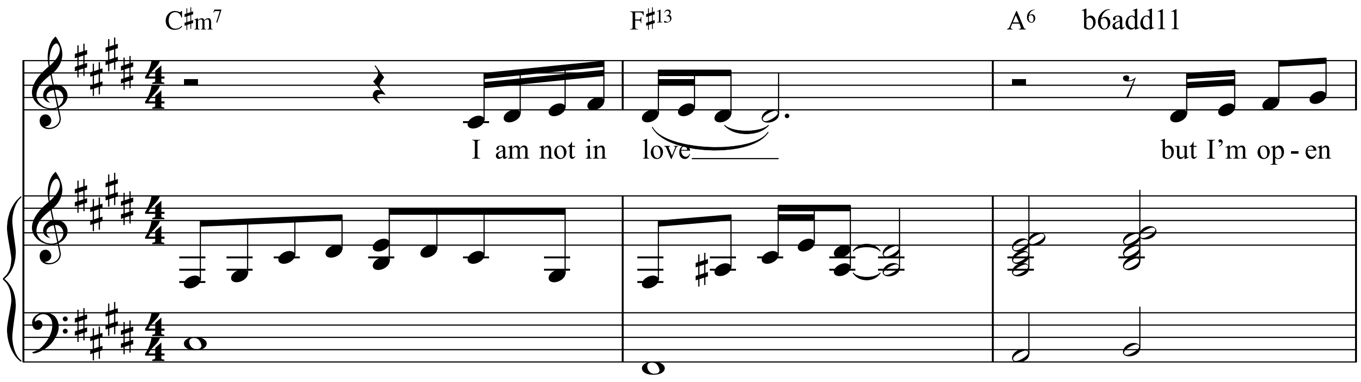

13
B G C B
I'd like to, but it would - n't work,
16
G C B G C
trad-ing off and tak - ing turns. I don't re-gret a thing. And I've got
19
E A D G E A
this friend, you see, who makes me feel, and I want - ed more
22
D G E A D G
than I could steal. I'll ar - rest my - self. I'll wear a shield.

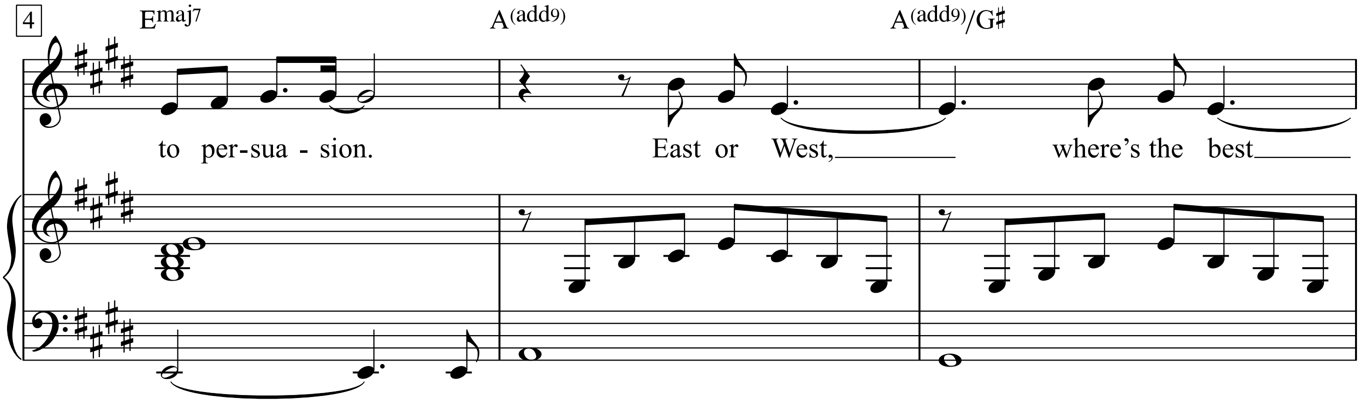

25
To coda
E A D G A
I'll go out of my way to prove I still
28
N.C. A
smell her on you.
1.
N.C. G
31
2. N.C. G
CODA
D C
to make you a deal.
33
E A D G E A
We've made a pact to learn from who - ev - er we want

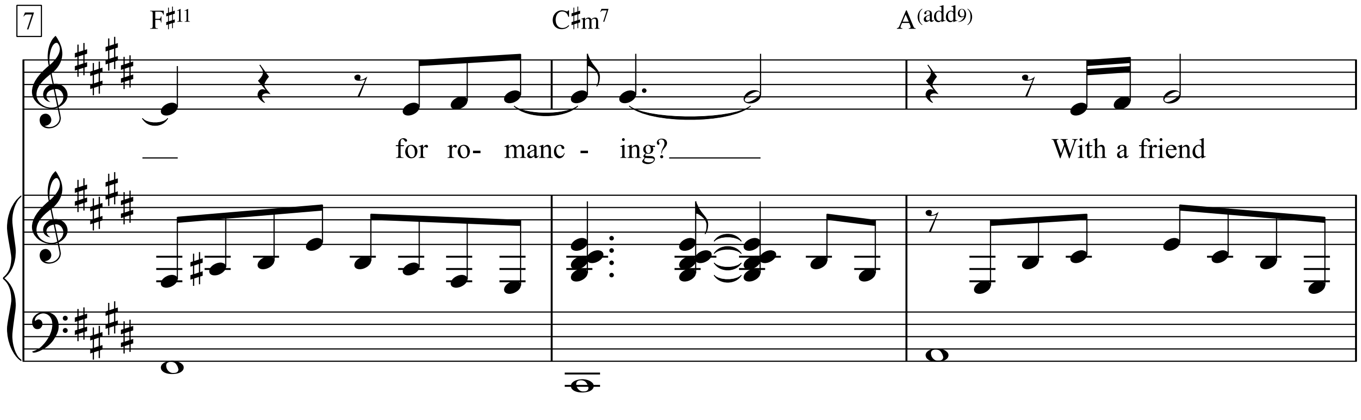

36
D G E A D G
— with - out — new rules. — And we'll save — what's lost — and what — we grew.
39
E A D G A
— They'll go out of their way — to prove — they still
42
N.C. A N.C. A
smell her on — you. I still —
46
N.C. A N.C. A
smell her on — you, smell her on — you.

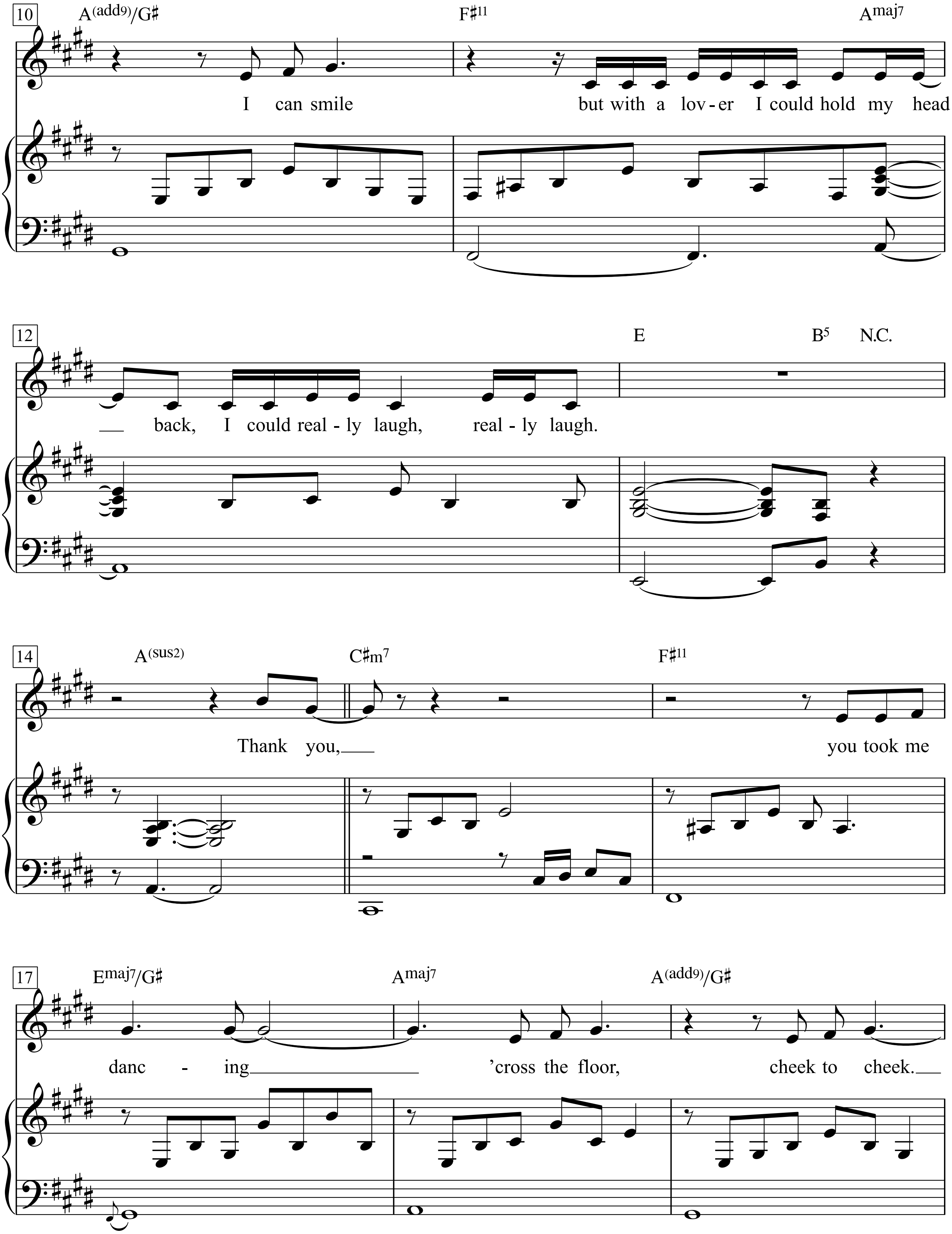
Love And Affection

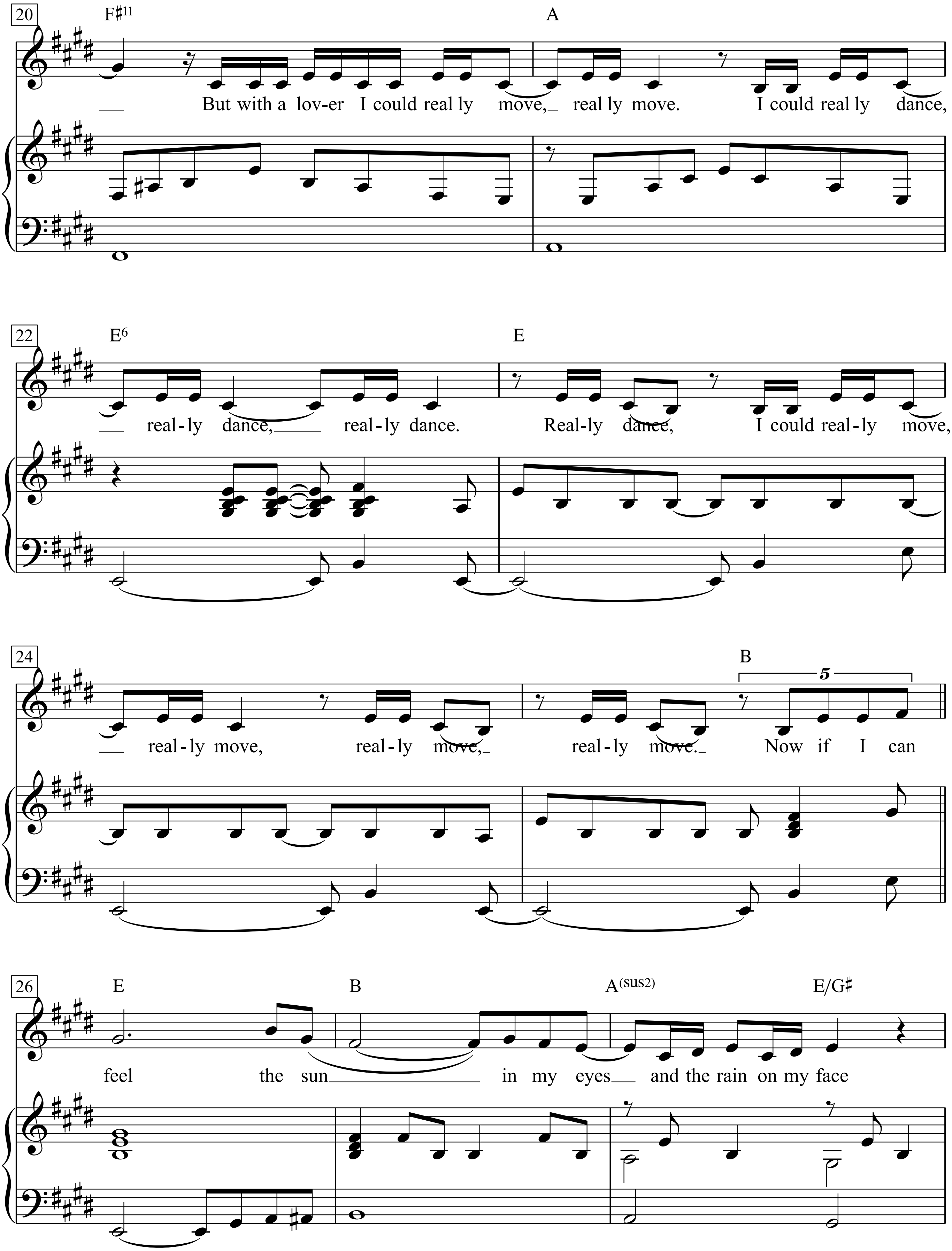
Words & Music by Joan Armatrading
(Joan Armatrading)

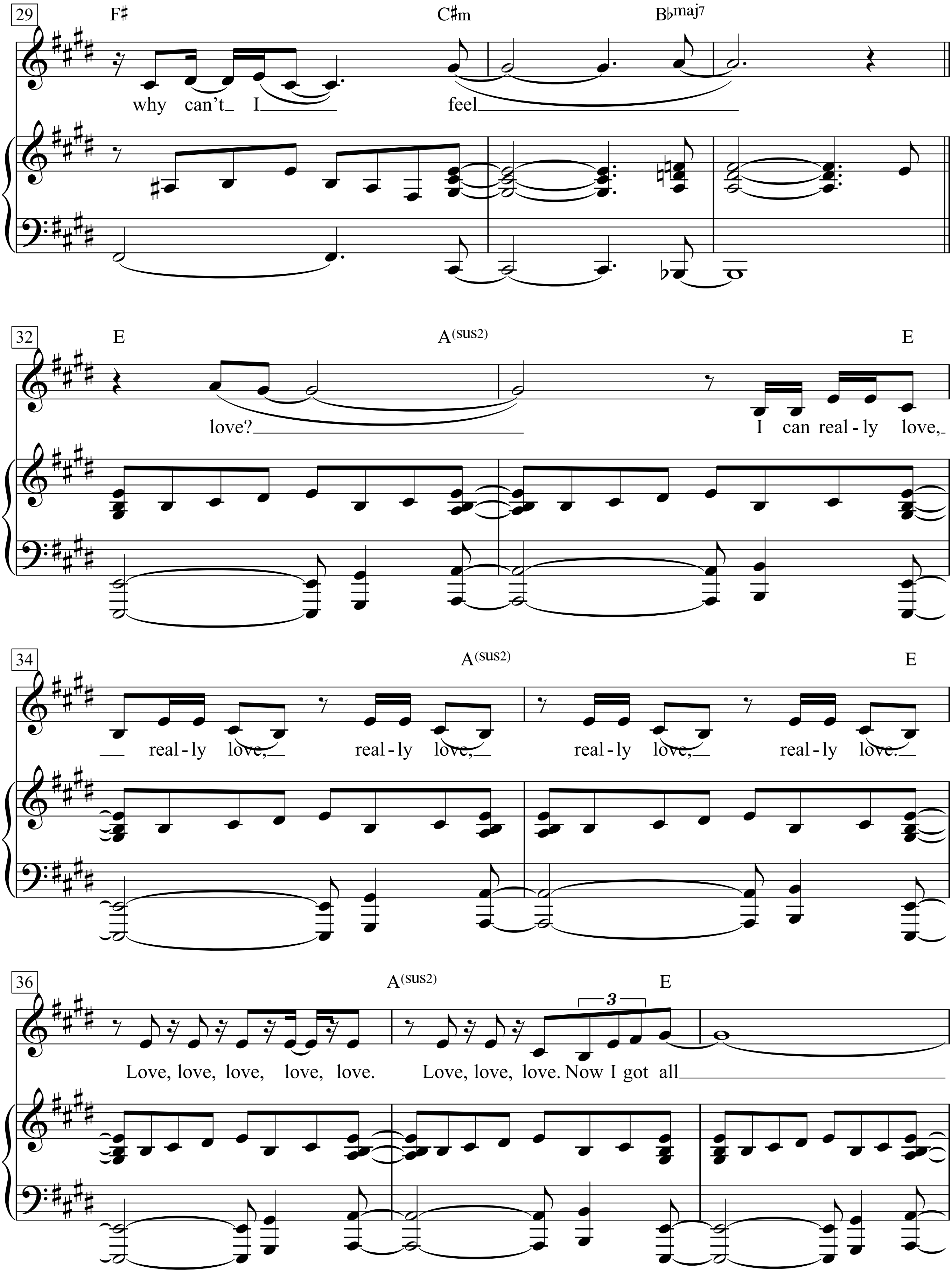


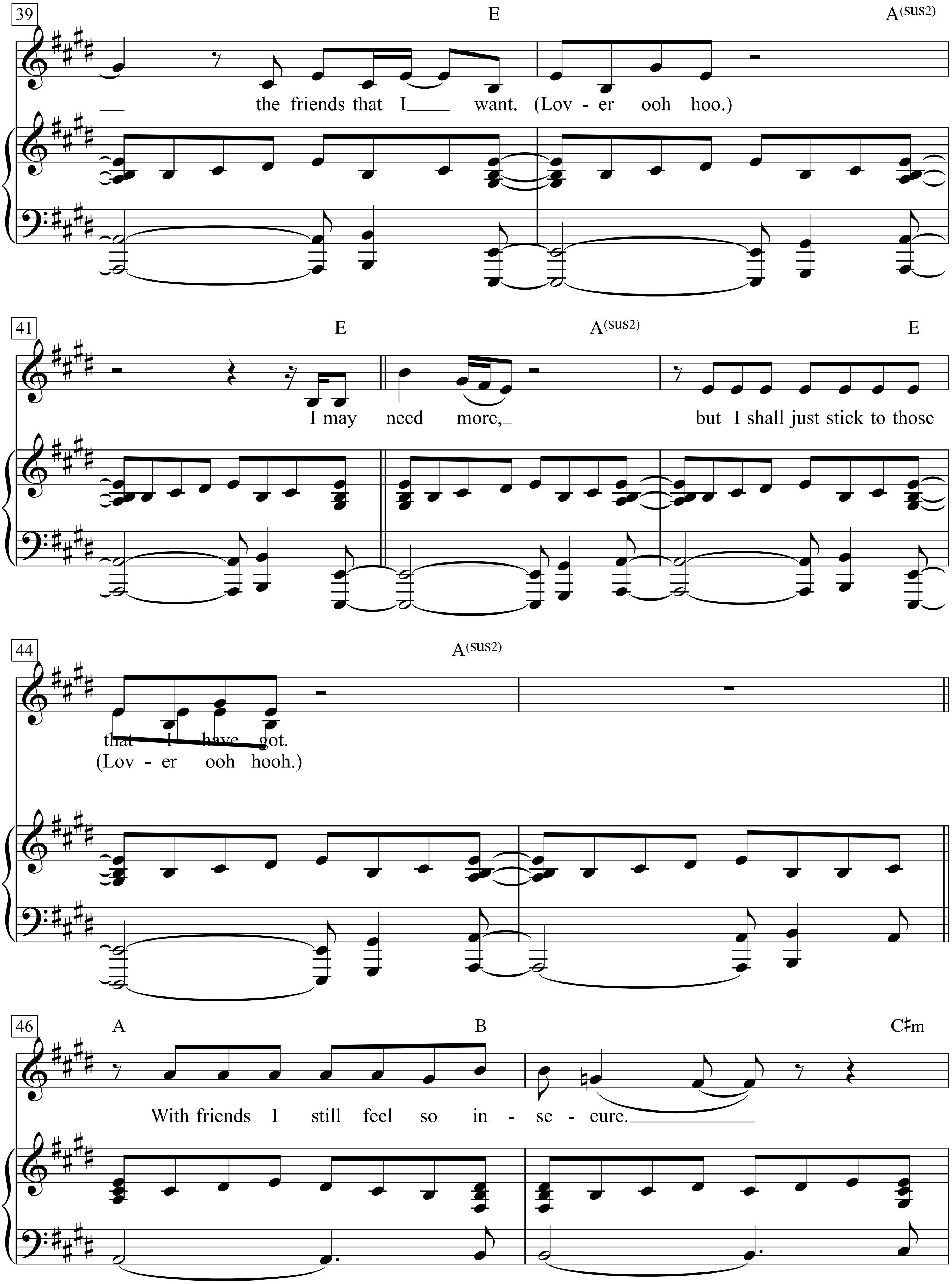


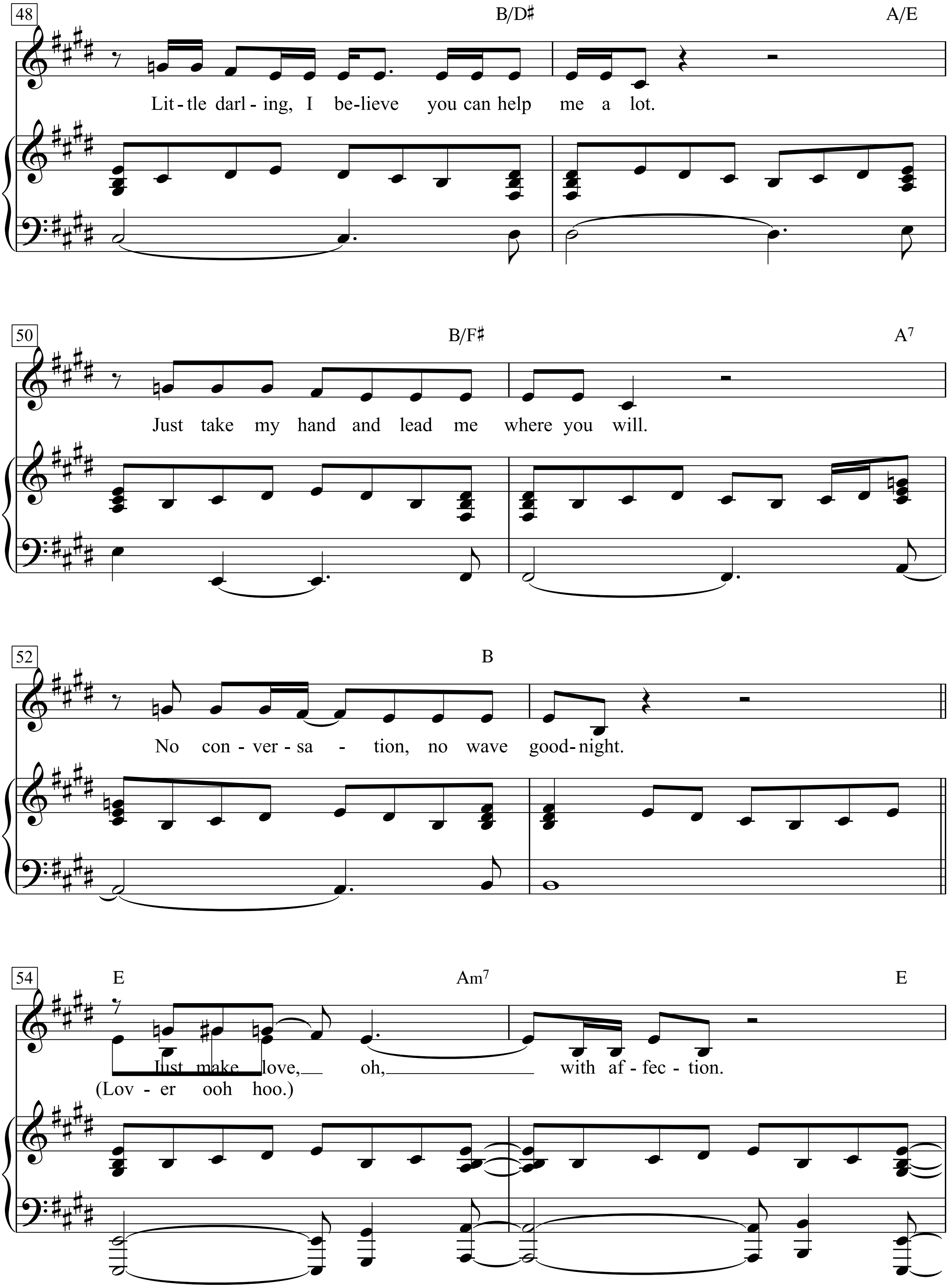


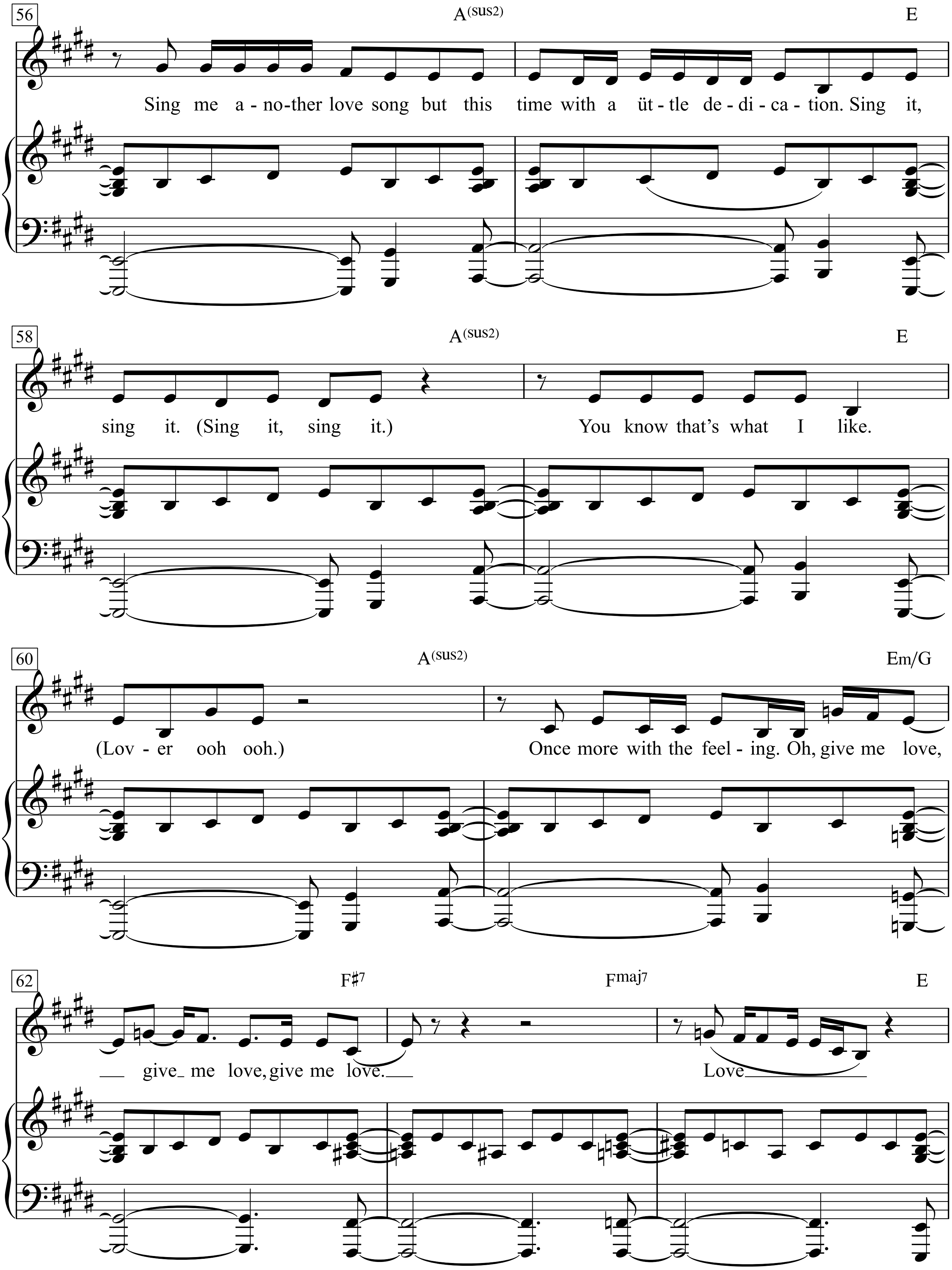

10
A(add9)/G♯
F♯11
Amaj7
I can smile
but with a lov - er I could hold my head
12
E
B5 N.C.
back, I could real - ly laugh, real - ly laugh.
14
A(sus2)
C♯m7
F♯11
Thank you,
you took me
17
Emaj7/G♯
Amaj7
A(add9)/G♯
danc - ing
'cross the floor,
cheek to cheek.

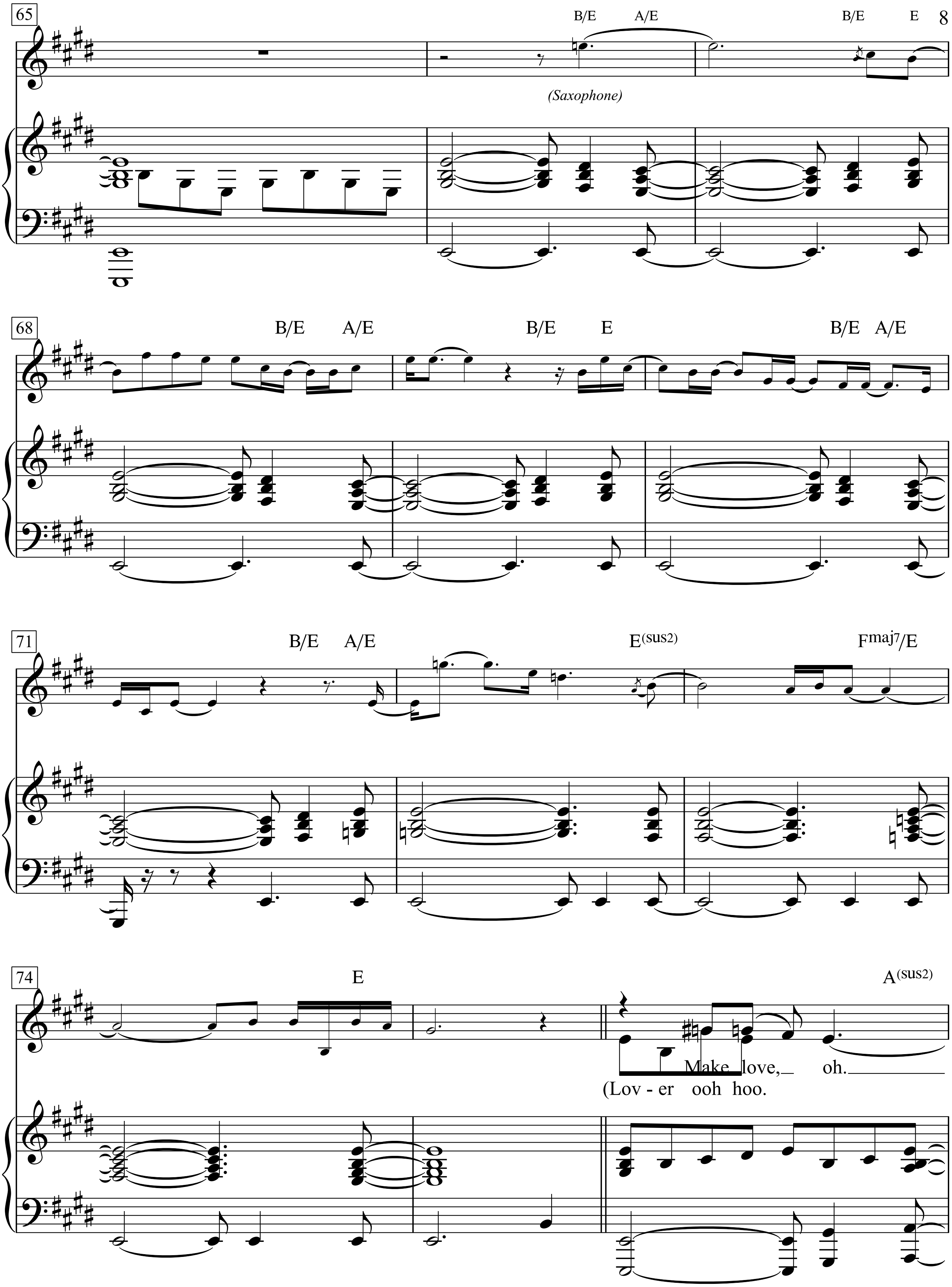

20
F♯11
A
But with a lov-er I could real ly move, real ly move. I could real ly dance,
22
E6
E
real-ly dance, real-ly dance. Real-ly dance, I could real-ly move,
24
B
5
real-ly move, real-ly move, real-ly move. Now if I can
26
E
B
A(sus2)
E/G♯
feel the sun in my eyes and the rain on my face

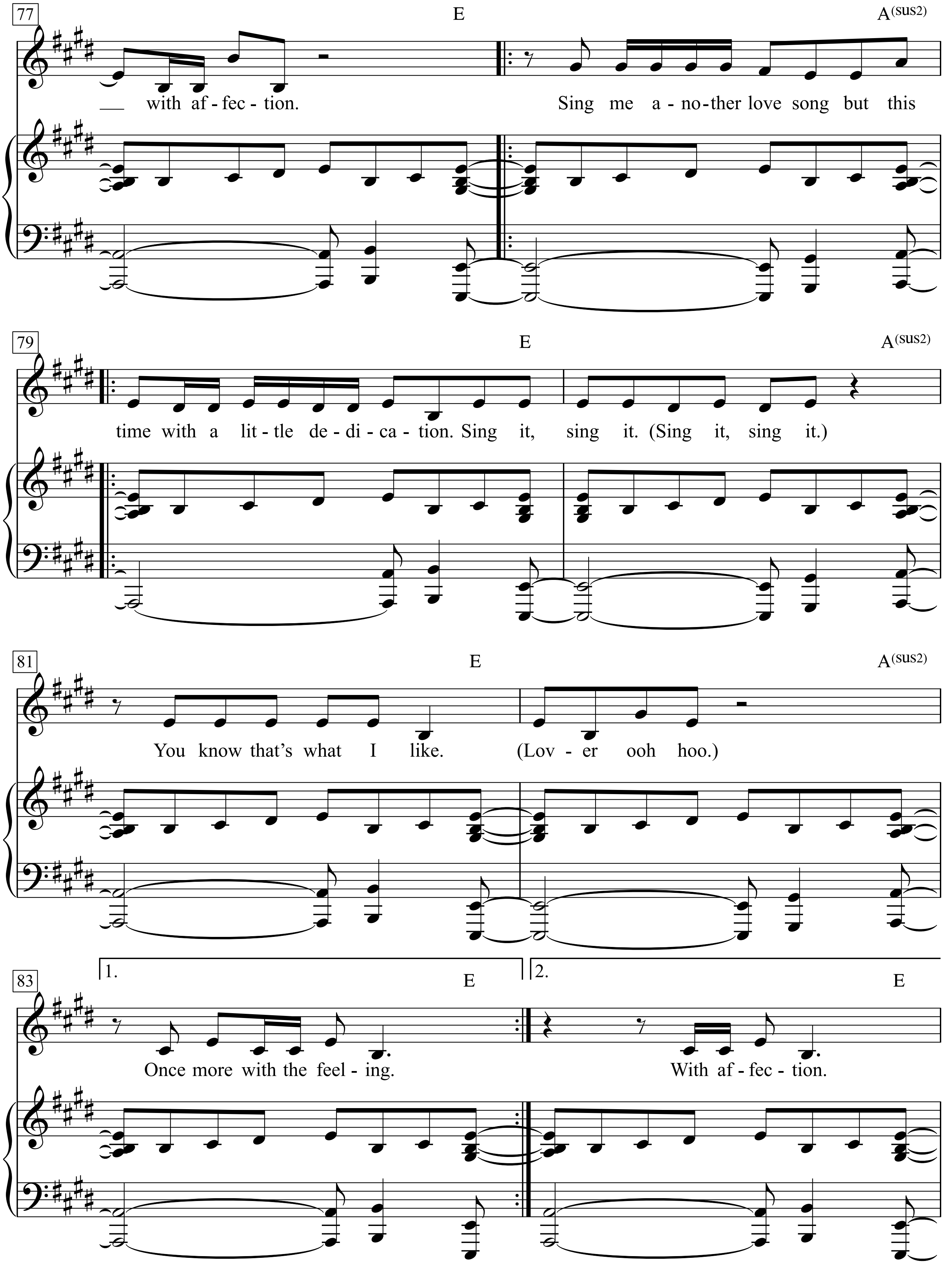

29
F♯
C♯m
B♭maj7
why can't I feel
32
E
A(sus2)
E
love? I can real - ly love,
34
A(sus2)
E
real - ly love, real - ly love, real - ly love, real - ly love.
36
A(sus2)
E
3
Love, love, love, love, love. Love, love, love. Now I got all

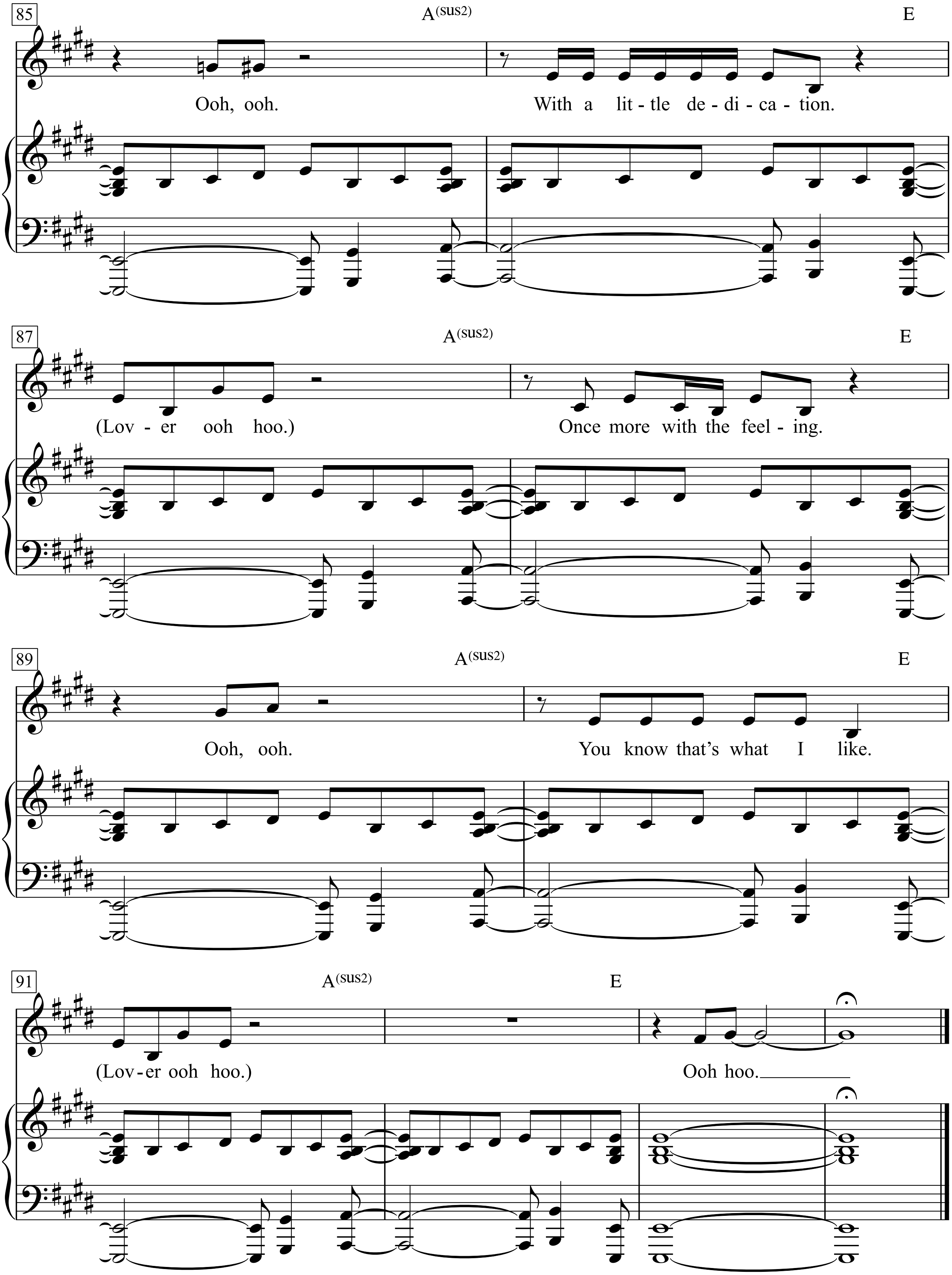

39
E
A(sus2)
the friends that I want. (Lov - er ooh hoo.)
41
E
A(sus2)
E
I may need more,
but I shall just stick to those
44
A(sus2)
that I have got.
(Lov - er ooh hooh.)
46
A
B
C♯m
With friends I still feel so in - se - eure.


48
B/D♯
A/E
Lit - tle darl - ing, I be - lieve you can help me a lot.
50
B/F♯
A7
Just take my hand and lead me where you will.
52
B
No con - ver - sa - tion, no wave good - night.
54
E
Am7
E
Just make love, oh, with af - fec - tion.
(Lov - er ooh hoo.)


56
A(sus2)
E
Sing me a-no-ther love song but this time with a üt-tle de-di-ca-tion. Sing it,
58
A(sus2)
E
sing it. (Sing it, sing it.) You know that's what I like.
60
A(sus2)
Em/G
(Lov-er ooh ooh.) Once more with the feel-ing. Oh, give me love,
62
F♯7
Fmaj7
E
give me love, give me love. Love

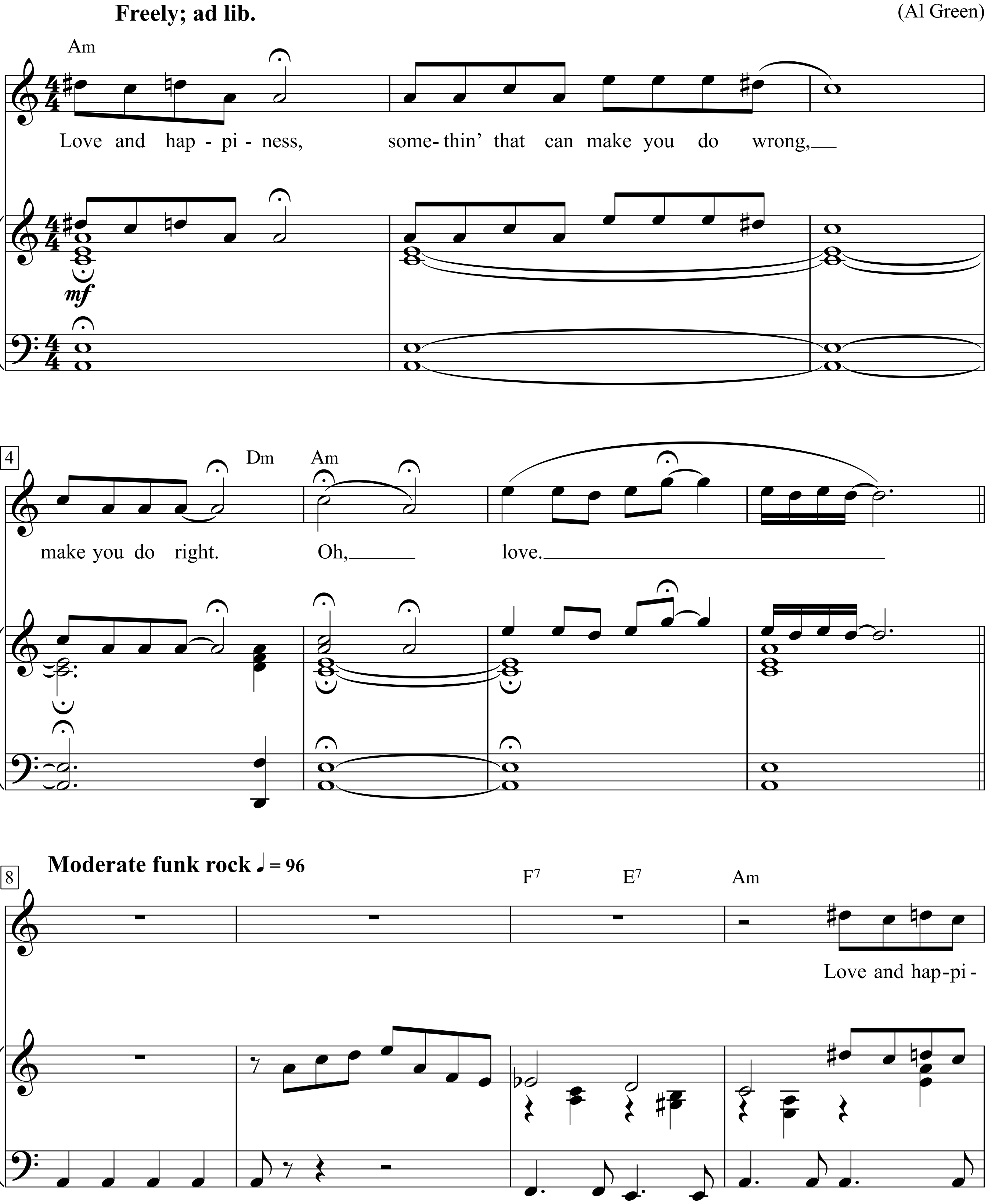

65
B/E
A/E
B/E
E
(Saxophone)
68
B/E
A/E
B/E
E
B/E
A/E
71
B/E
A/E
E(sus2)
Fmaj7/E
74
E
A(sus2)
Make love, oh.
(Lov - er ooh hoo.

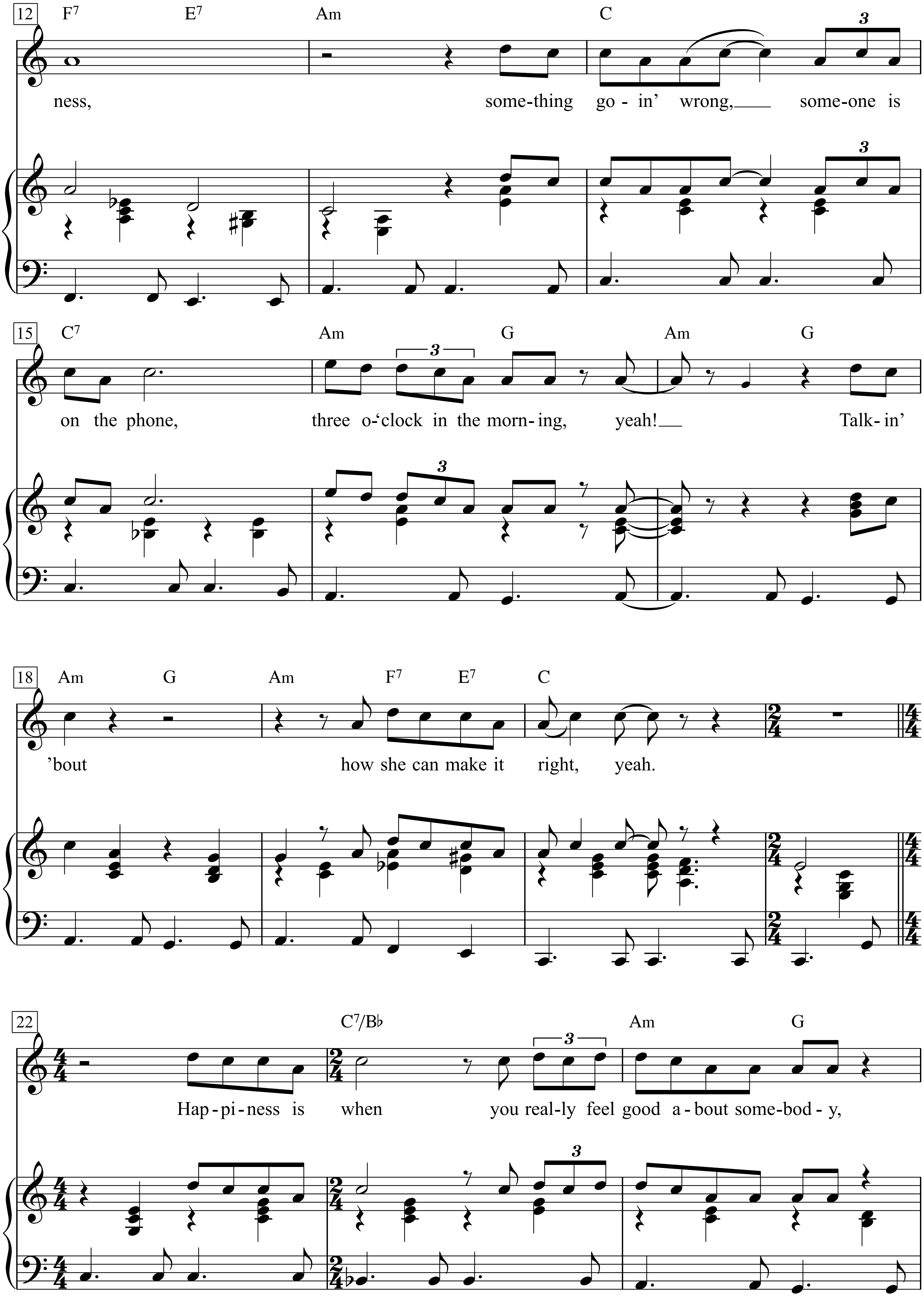

77
E
A(sus2)
with af - fec - tion.
Sing me a - no - ther love song but this
79
E
A(sus2)
time with a lit - tle de - di - ca - tion. Sing it, sing it. (Sing it, sing it.)
81
E
A(sus2)
You know that's what I like.
(Lov - er ooh hoo.)
83
1.
E
Once more with the feel - ing.
2.
E
With af - fec - tion.

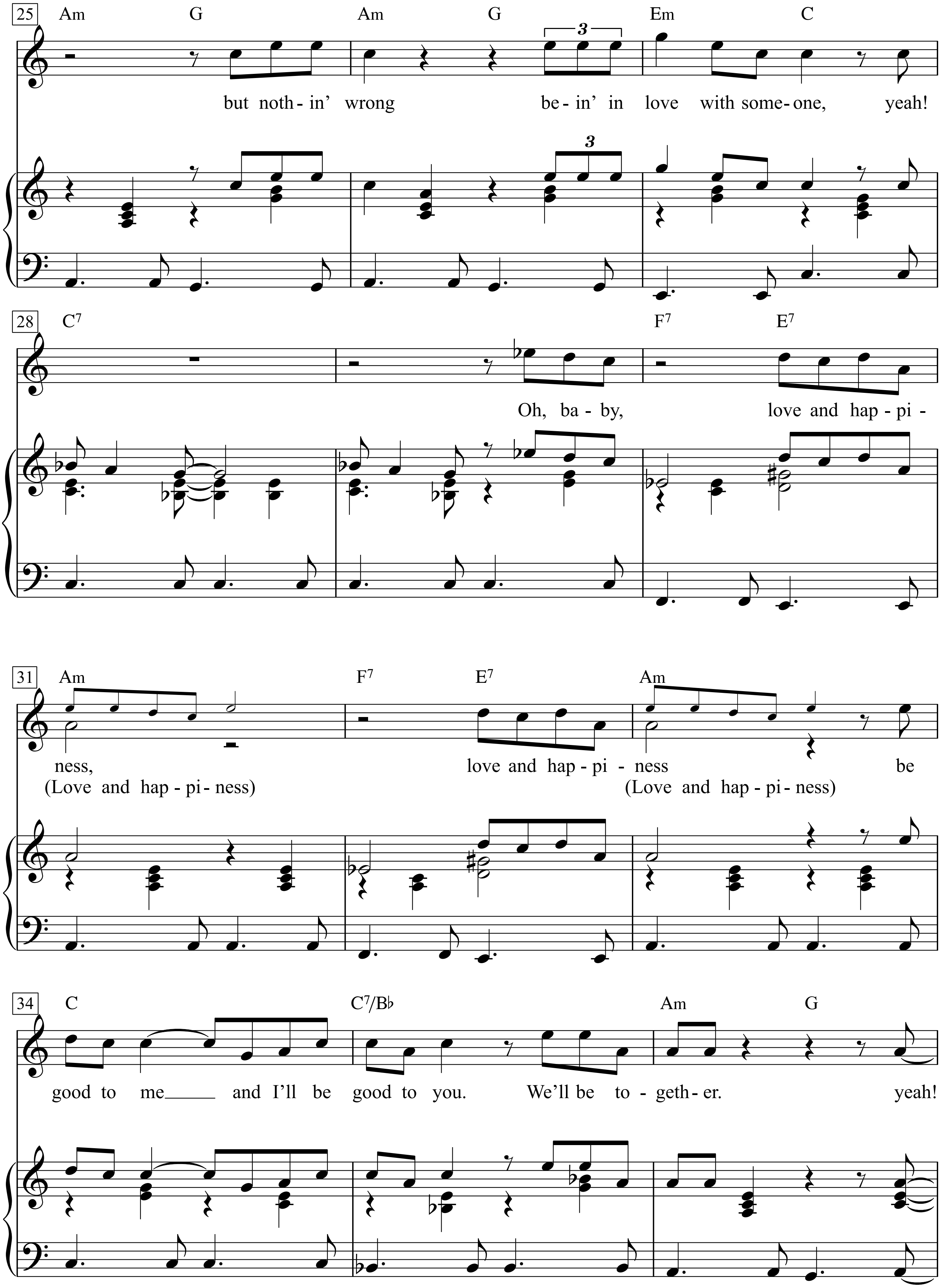

85
A(sus2)
E
Ooh, ooh.
With a lit - tle de - di - ca - tion.
87
A(sus2)
E
(Lov - er ooh hoo.)
Once more with the feel - ing.
89
A(sus2)
E
Ooh, ooh.
You know that's what I like.
91
A(sus2)
E
(Lov - er ooh hoo.)
Ooh hoo.

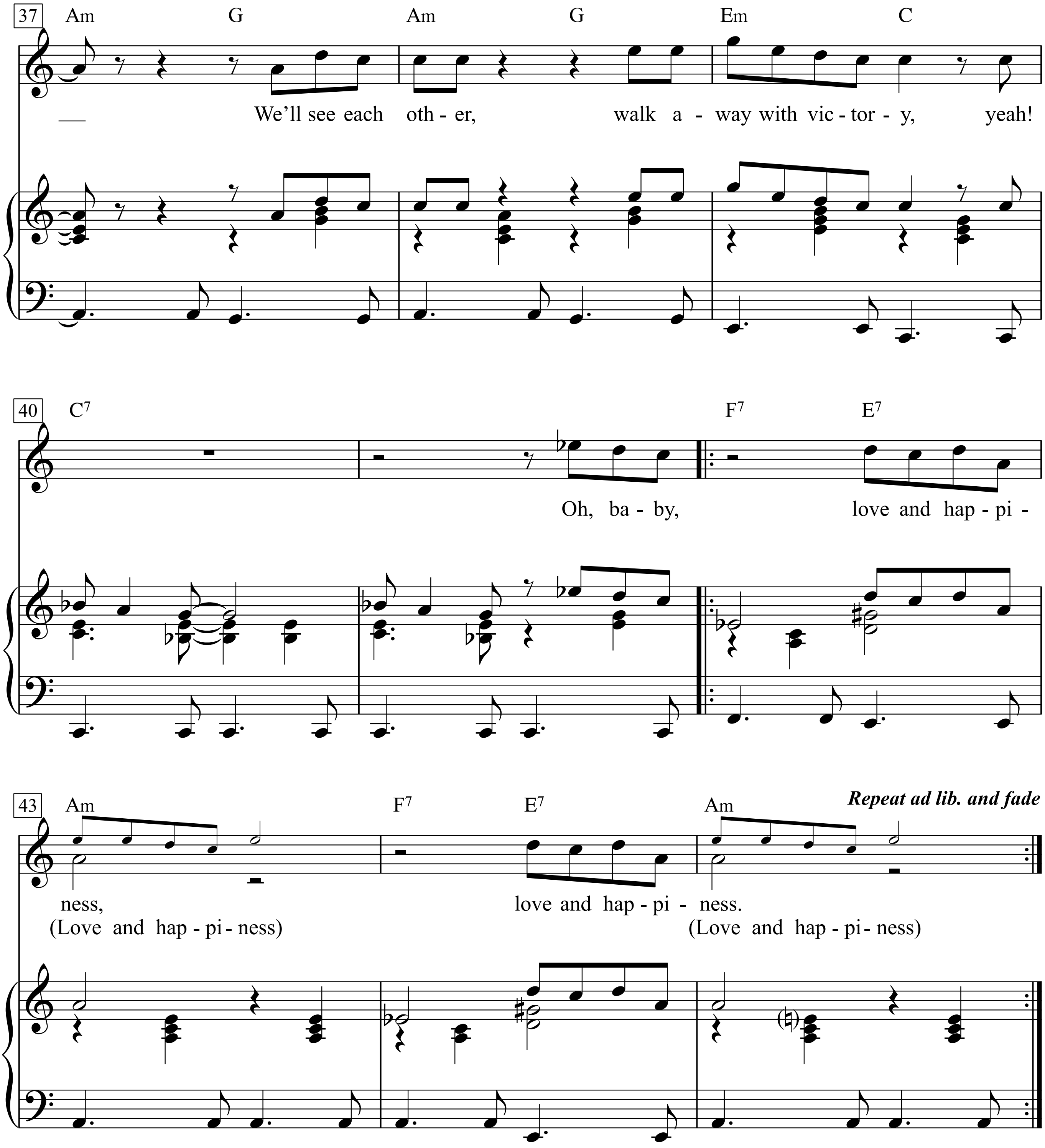
Love and Happiness

Words & Music by
Al Green and Mabon Hodges
(Al Green)




12
F7 E7 Am C
ness, some-thing go - in' wrong, some-one is
15
C7 Am G Am G
on the phone, three o-'clock in the morn-ing, yeah! Talk-in'
18
Am G Am F7 E7 C
'bout how she can make it right, yeah.
22
C7/B♭ Am G
Hap-pi-ness is when you real-ly feel good a-bout some-bod-y,


25
Am G Am G Em C
but noth - in' wrong be - in' in love with some - one, yeah!
3
28
C7 F7 E7
Oh, ba - by, love and hap - pi -
31
Am F7 E7 Am
ness, love and hap - pi - ness be
(Love and hap - pi - ness) (Love and hap - pi - ness)
34
C C7/B♭ Am G
good to me and I'll be good to you. We'll be to - geth - er. yeah!

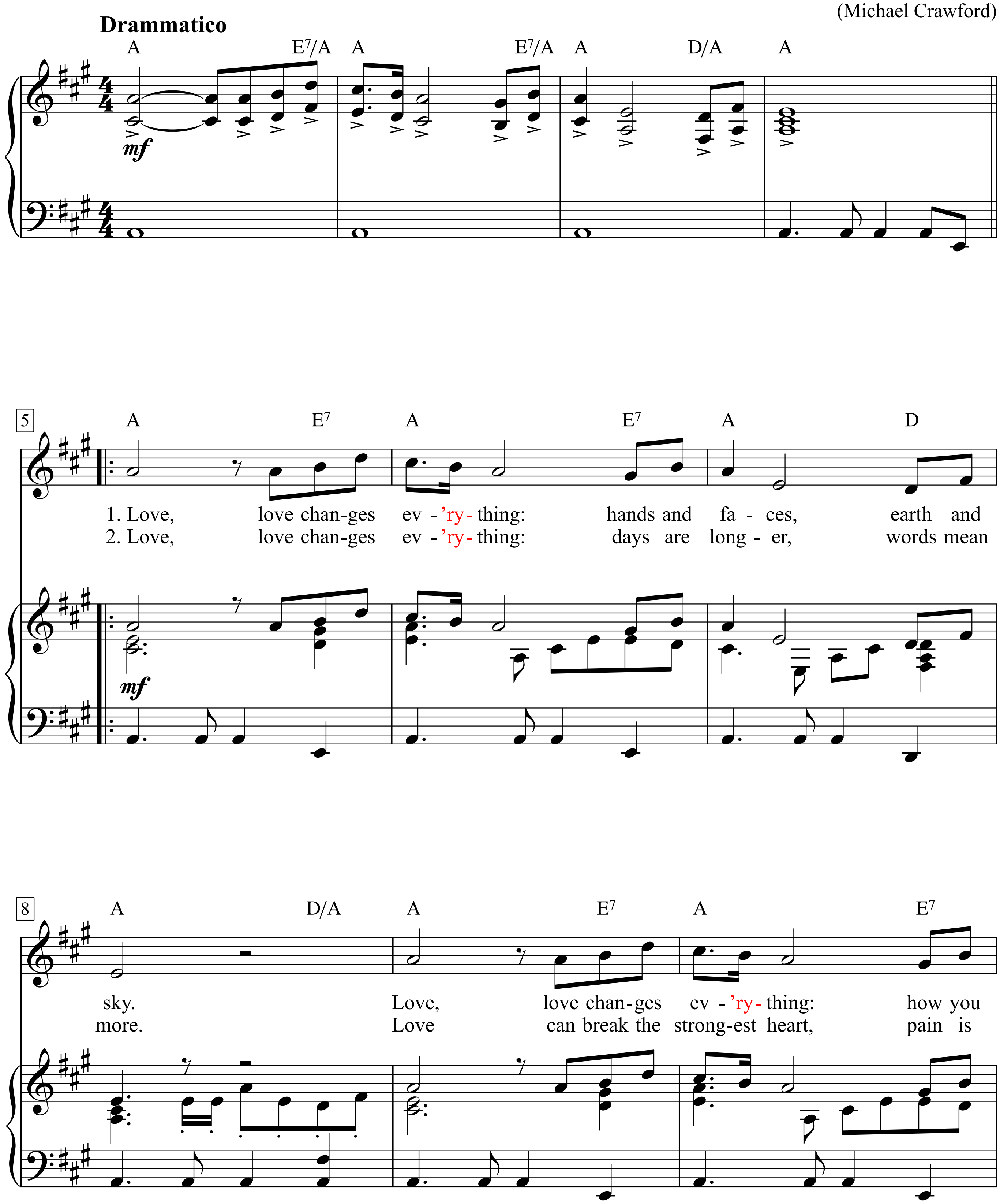

37
Am G Am G Em C
We'll see each oth - er, walk a - way with vic - tor - y, yeah!
40
C7 F7 E7
Oh, ba - by, love and hap - pi -
43
Am F7 E7 Am
Repeat ad lib. and fade
ness, love and hap - pi - ness.
(Love and hap - pi - ness) (Love and hap - pi - ness)

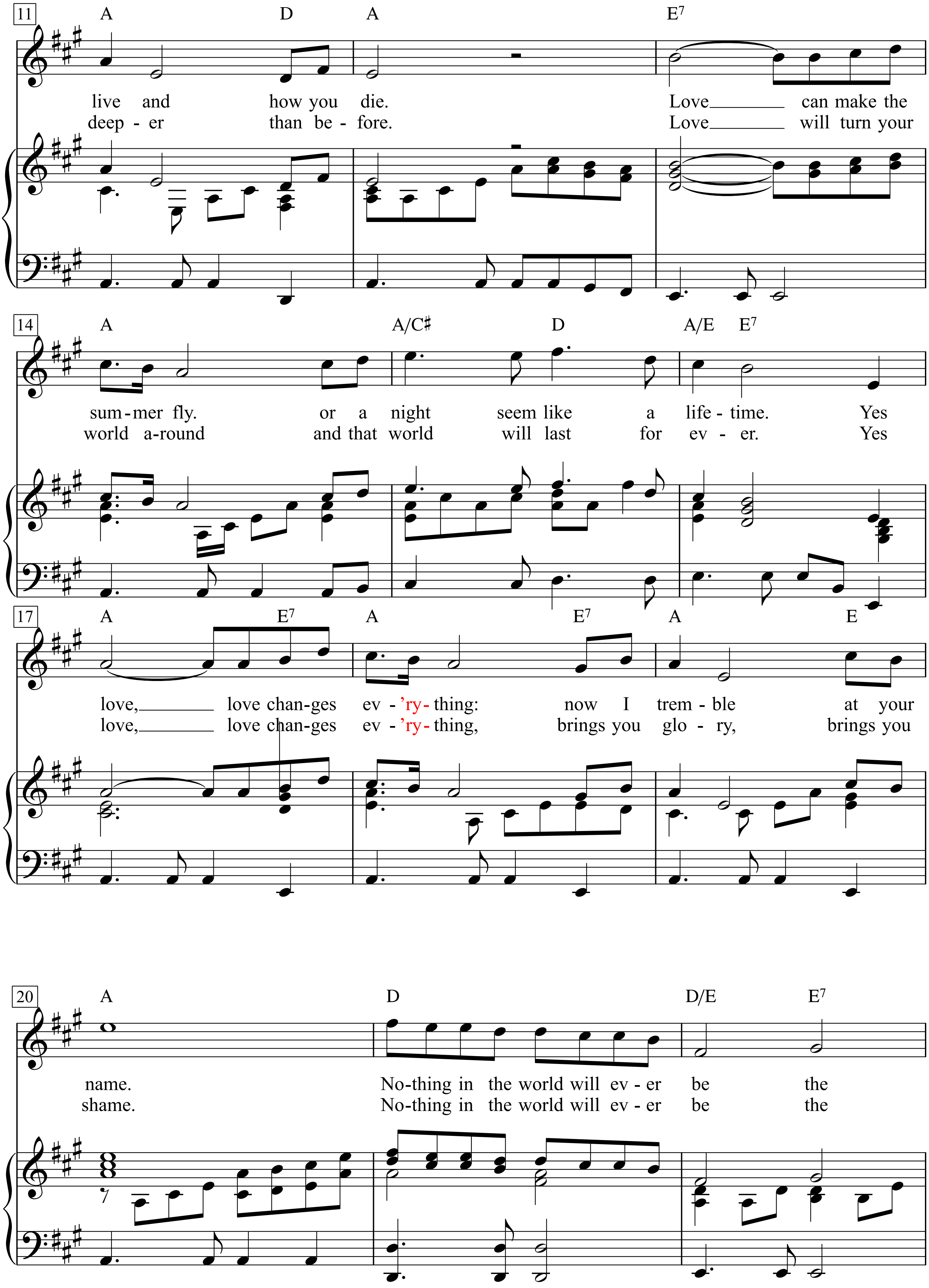
Love and happiness,
somethin’ that can make you do wrong,
make you do right.
Oh, love.
Love and happiness,
something goin’ wrong,
someone is on the phone,
three o’clock in the morning, yeah!
Talkin’ ’bout how she can make it right, yeah.
Happiness is when you really feel good
about somebody, but nothin’ wrong
bein’ in love with someone, yeah!
Oh, baby, love and happiness,
love and happiness be good to me
and I’ll be good to you.
We’ll be together, yeah!
We’ll see each other,
walk away with victory, yeah!
Oh, baby, love and happiness,
love and happiness.
(Love and happiness)
(Love and happiness)
(Love and happiness)
(Love and happiness)

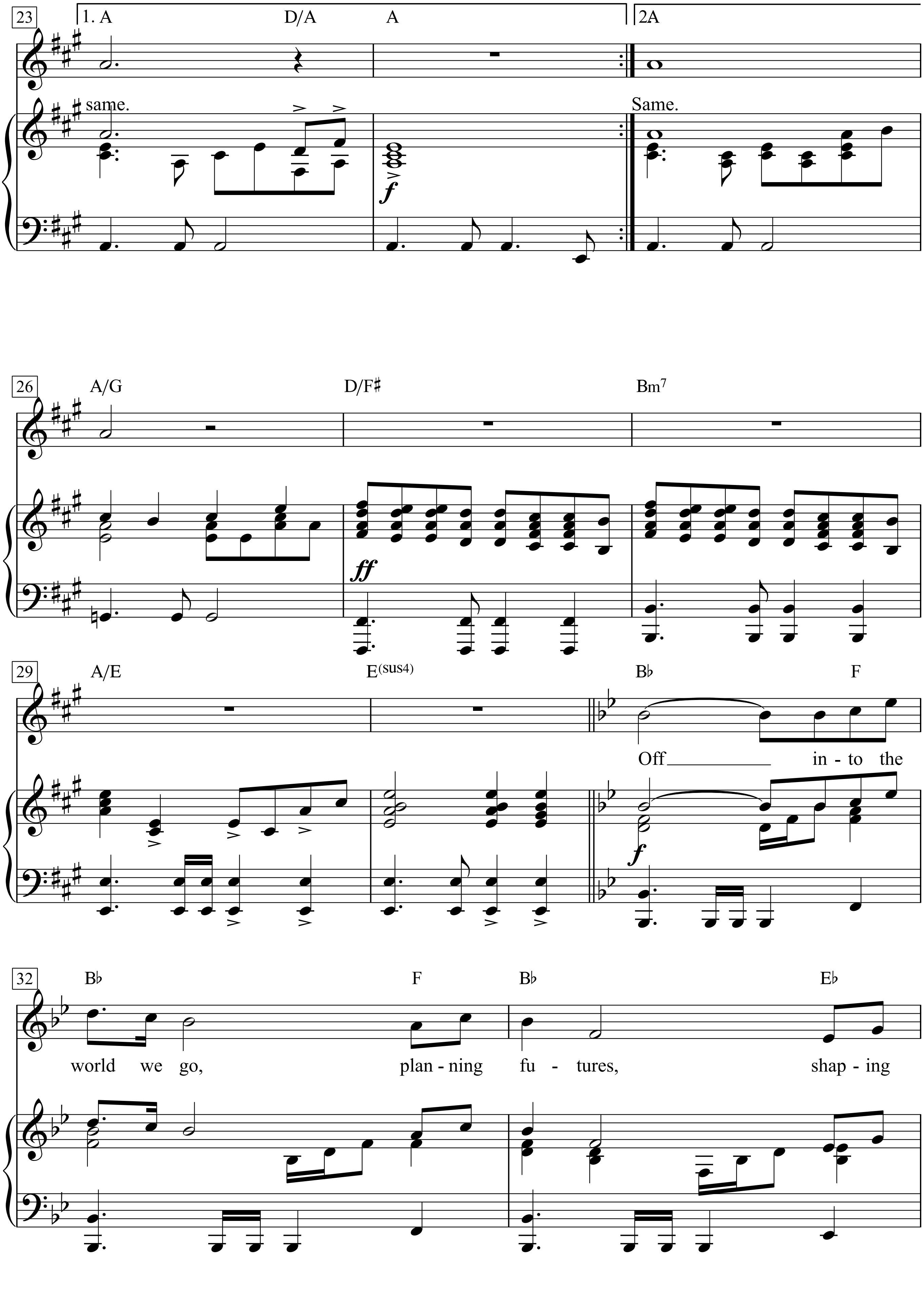
Love Changes Everything

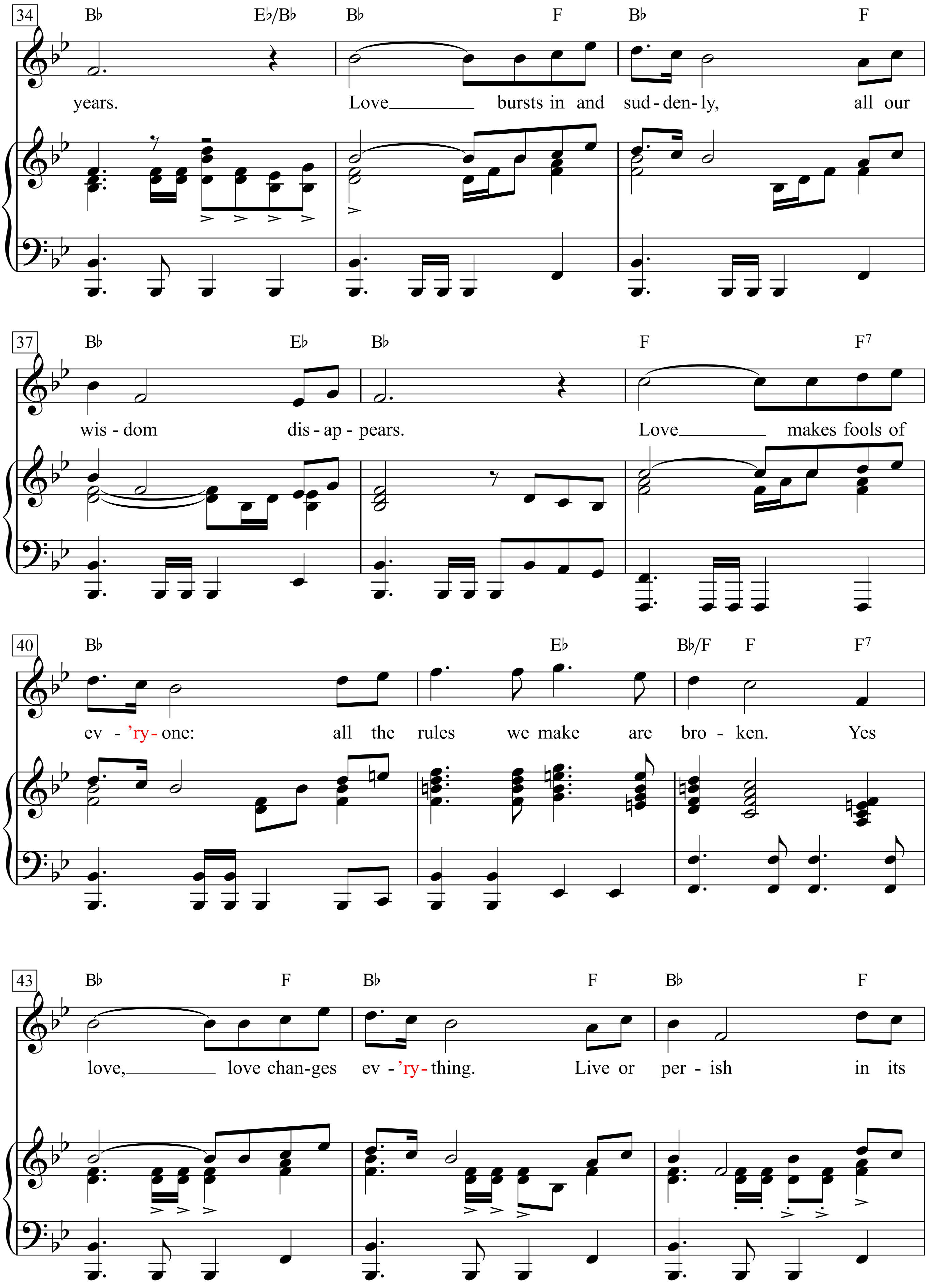
Lyrics by Don Black & Charles Hart

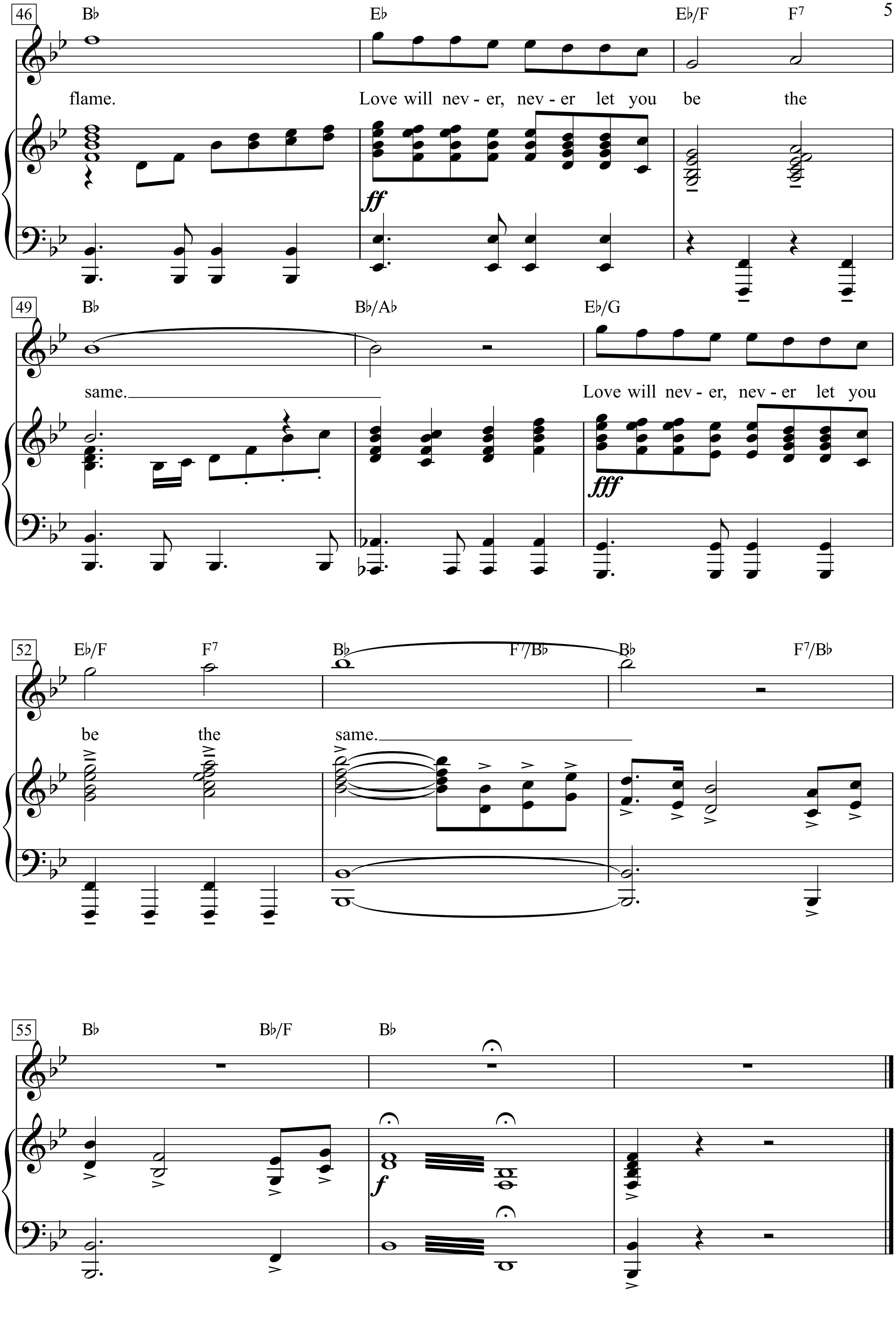
Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
(Michael Crawford)




11
A D A E7
live and how you die. Love can make the
deep - er than be - fore. Love will turn your
14
A A/C♯ D A/E E7
sum - mer fly. or a night seem like a life - time. Yes
world a-round and that world will last for ev - er. Yes
17
A E7 A E7 A E
love, love chan-ges ev - 'ry - thing: now I trem - ble at your
love, love chan-ges ev - 'ry - thing, brings you glo - ry, brings you
20
A D D/E E7
name. No-thing in the world will ev - er be the
shame. No-thing in the world will ev - er be the


23
1. A
D/A
A
2A
same.
Same.
26
A/G
D/F♯
Bm7
29
A/E
E(sus4)
B♭
F
Off
in - to the
32
B♭
F
B♭
E♭
world we go,
plan - ning
fu - tures,
shap - ing

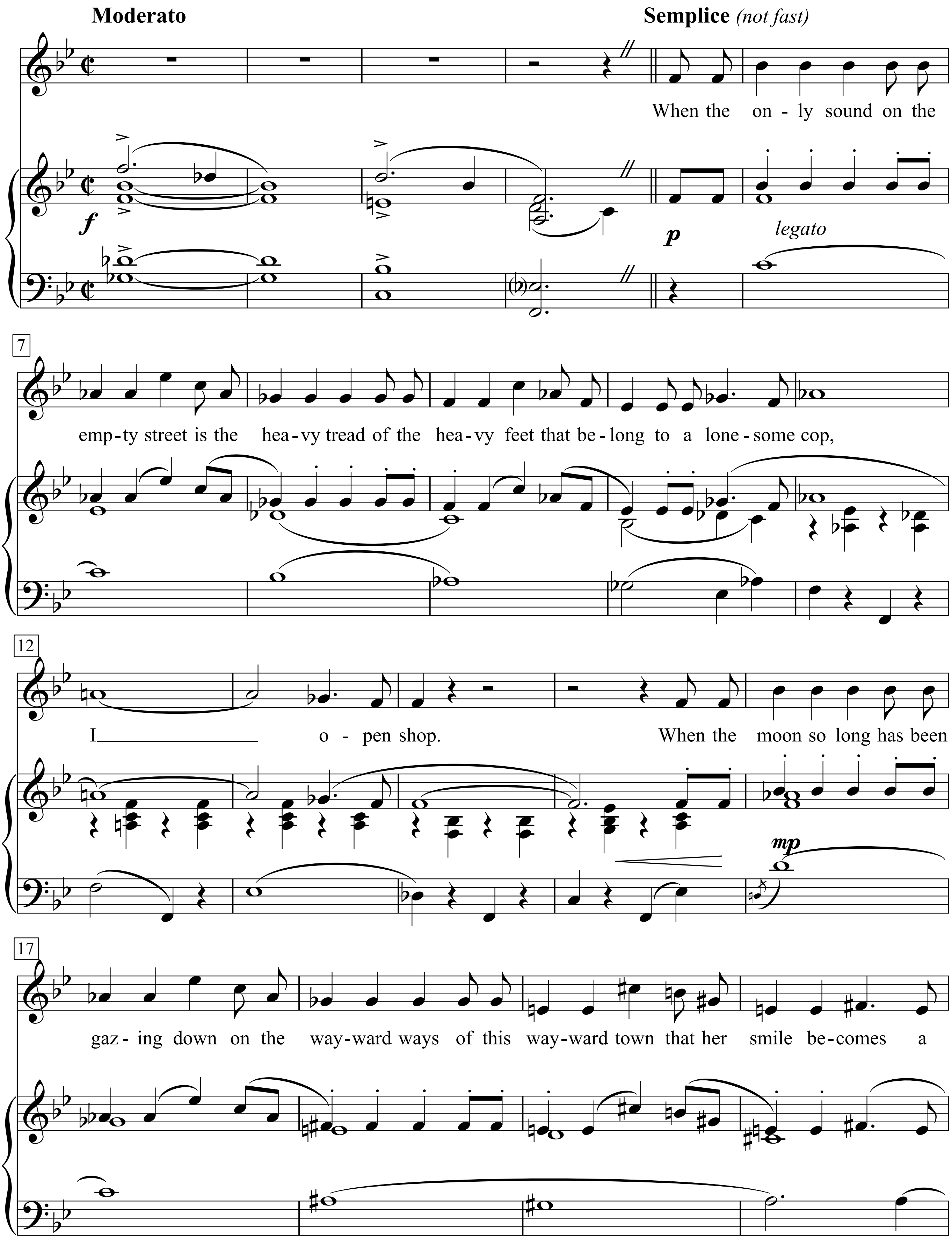

34
B♭ E♭/B♭ B♭ F B♭ F
years. Love___ bursts in and sud - den - ly, all our
37
B♭ E♭ B♭ F F7
wis - dom dis - ap - pears. Love___ makes fools of
40
B♭ E♭ B♭/F F F7
ev - 'ry - one: all the rules we make are bro - ken. Yes
43
B♭ F B♭ F B♭ F
love,___ love chan-ges ev - 'ry - thing. Live or per - ish in its

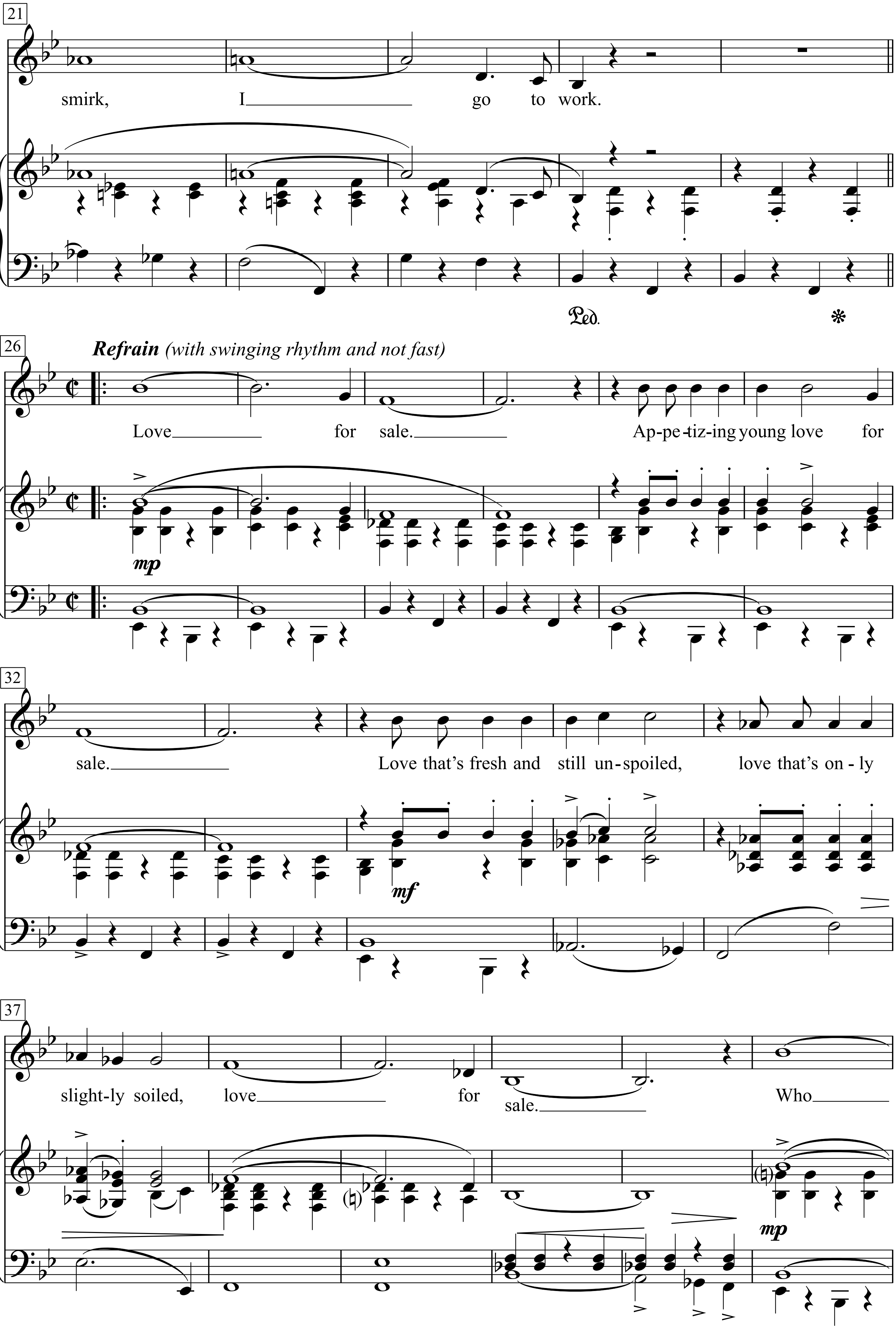

46
B♭
E♭
E♭/F
F7
flame.
Love will nev - er, nev - er let you be the
ff
49
B♭
B♭/A♭
E♭/G
same.
Love will nev - er, nev - er let you
fff
52
E♭/F
F7
B♭
F7/B♭
B♭
F7/B♭
be the same.
55
B♭
B♭/F
B♭
f

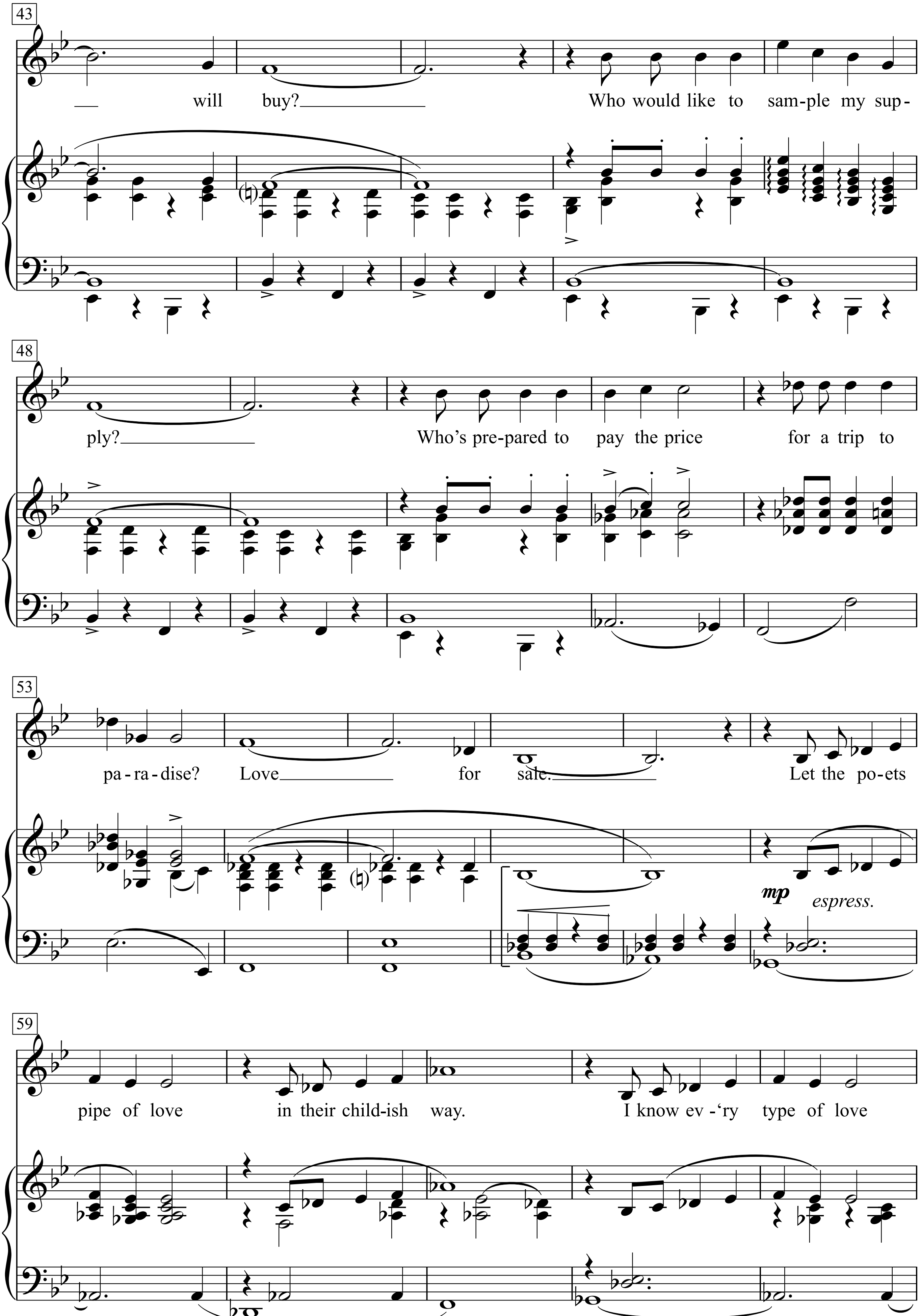
Love for Sale

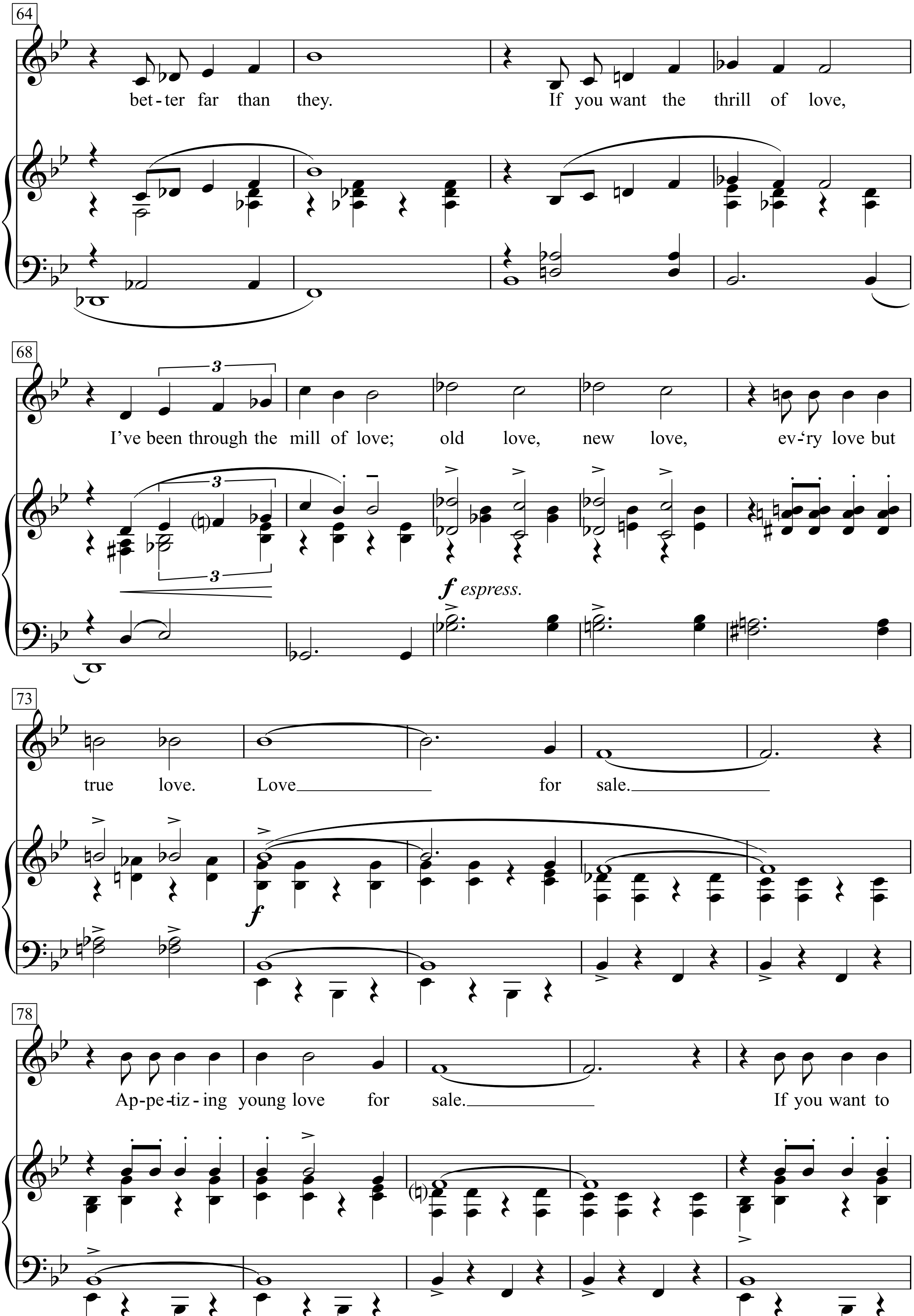
(*from* 'The New Yorkers')

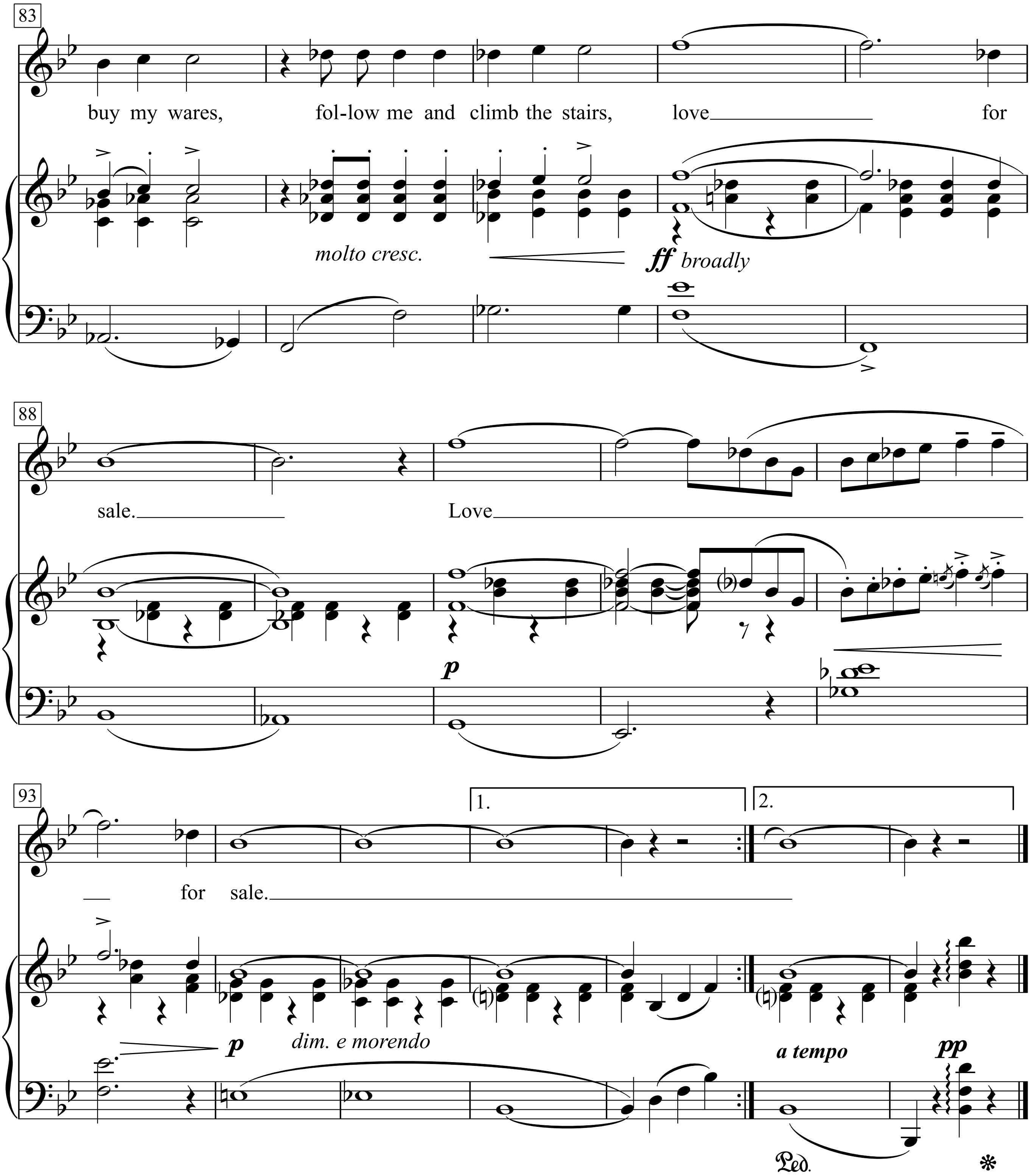
Words & Music by Cole Porter (1930)




21
smirk, I go to work.
Ped. *
26
Refrain (with swinging rhythm and not fast)
Love for sale. Ap-pe-tiz-ing young love for
mp
32
sale. Love that's fresh and still un-spoiled, love that's on-ly
mf
37
slight-ly soiled, love for sale. Who
mp


43
— will buy? Who would like to sam-ple my sup-
48
ply? Who's pre-pared to pay the price for a trip to
53
pa-ra-dise? Love for sale. Let the po-ets
mp
espress.
59
pipe of love in their child-ish way. I know ev-'ry type of love


64
bet-ter far than they. If you want the thrill of love,
68
I've been through the mill of love; old love, new love, ev'ry love but
f espress.
73
true love. Love for sale.
f
78
Ap-pe-tiz-ing young love for sale. If you want to


83
buy my wares, fol-low me and climb the stairs, love for
molto cresc.
ff broadly
88
sale. Love
p
93
for sale.
1.
2.
p
dim. e morendo
a tempo
pp
Ped.

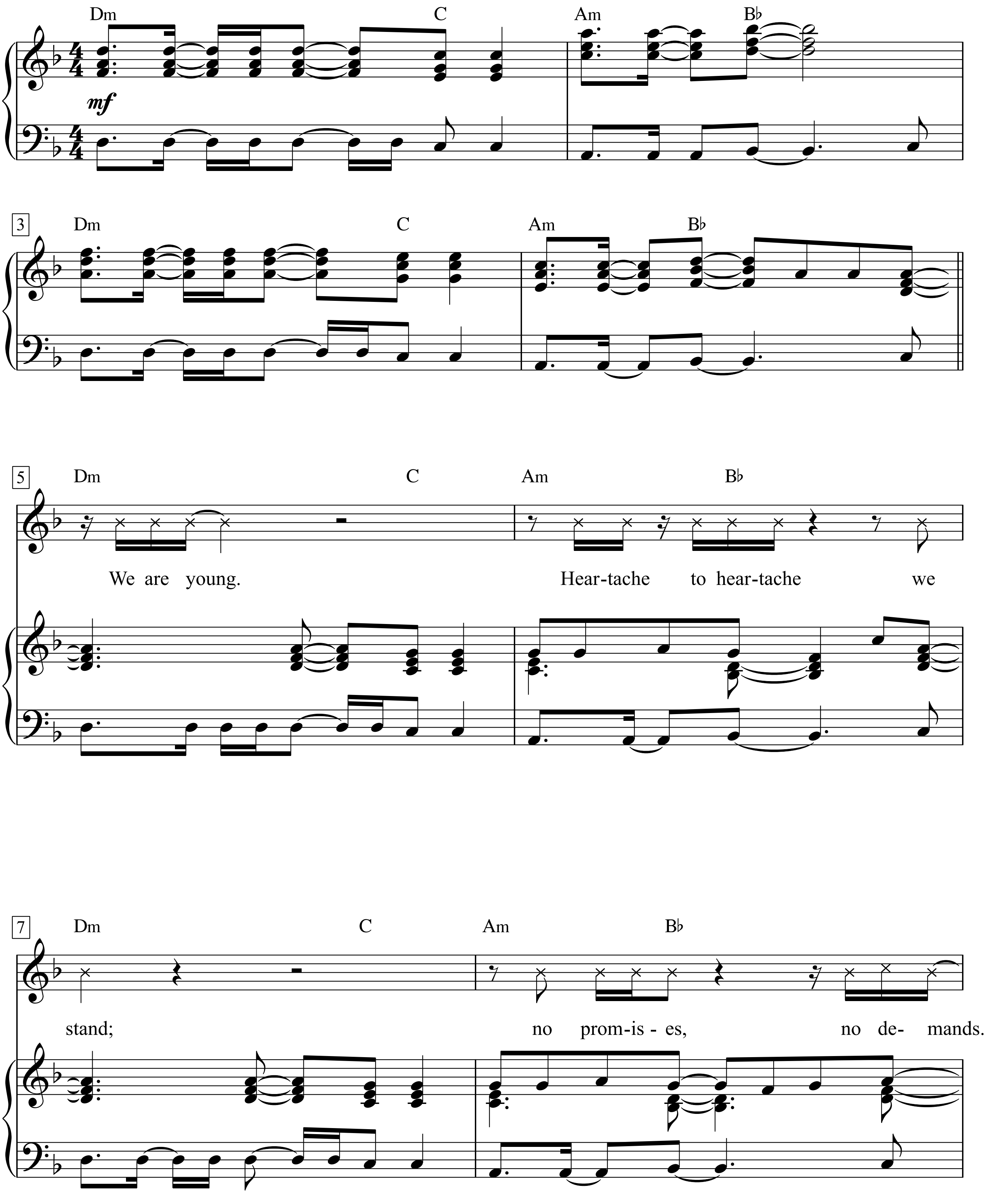
When the only sound on the empty street
Is the heavy tread of the heavy feet
That belong to a lonesome cop,
I open shop.
When the moon so long has been gazing down
On the wayward ways of this wayward town
that her smile becomes a smirk,
I go to work.

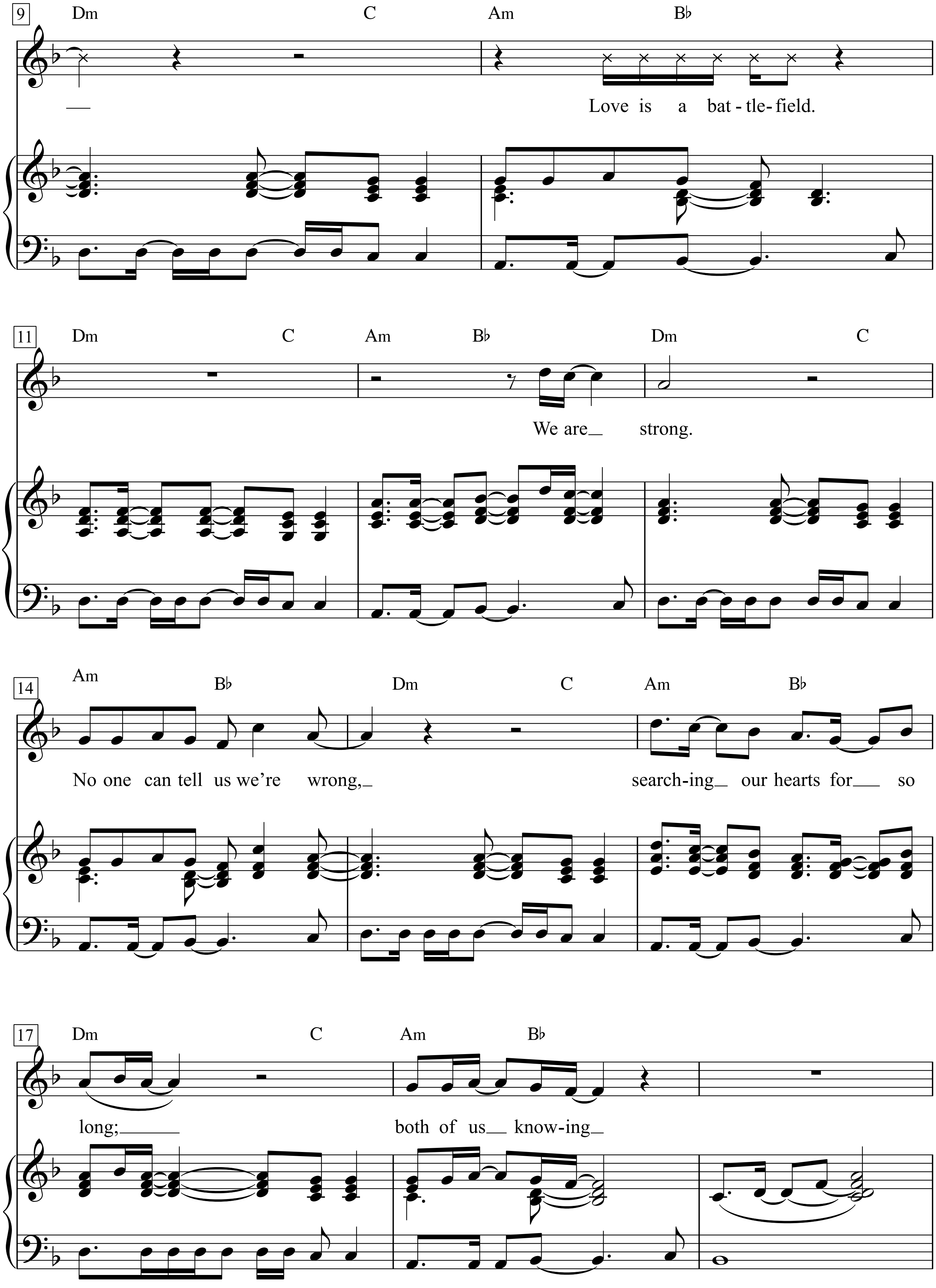
Refrain:
Love for sale.
Appetizing young love for sale.
Love that's fresh and still unspoiled,
Love that's only slightly soiled,
Love for sale
Who will buy?
Who would like to sample my supply?
Who's prepared to pay the price
For a trip to paradise?
Love for sale.
Let the poets pipe of love
In their childish way.
I know ev'ry type of love
Better far than they.
If you want the thrill of love
I've been through the mill of love;
old love, new love,
Ev'ry love but true love.
Love for sale.
Appetizing young love for sale.
If you want to buy my wares,
follow me and climb the stairs,
Love for sale.
Love for sale.

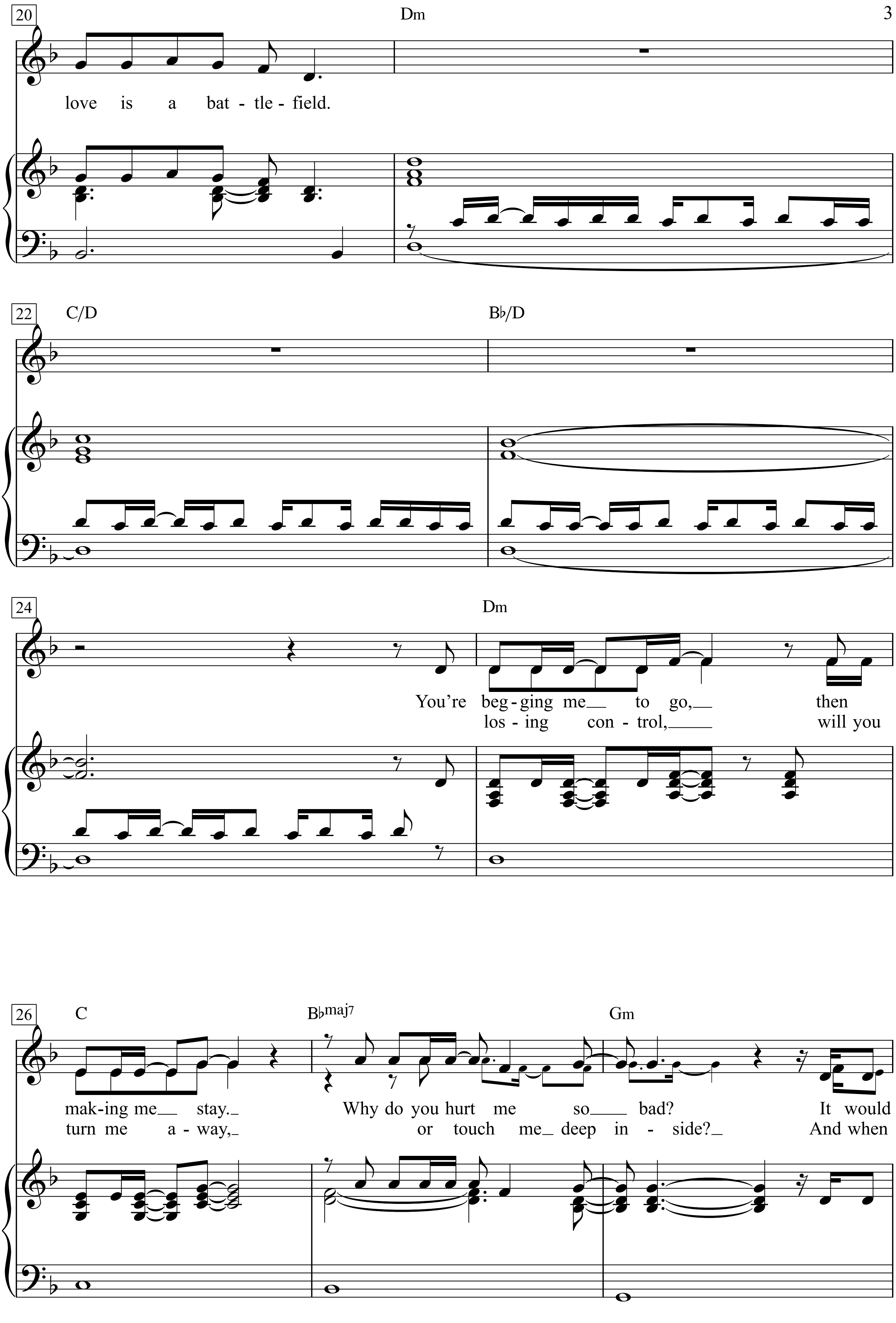
Love Is A Battlefield

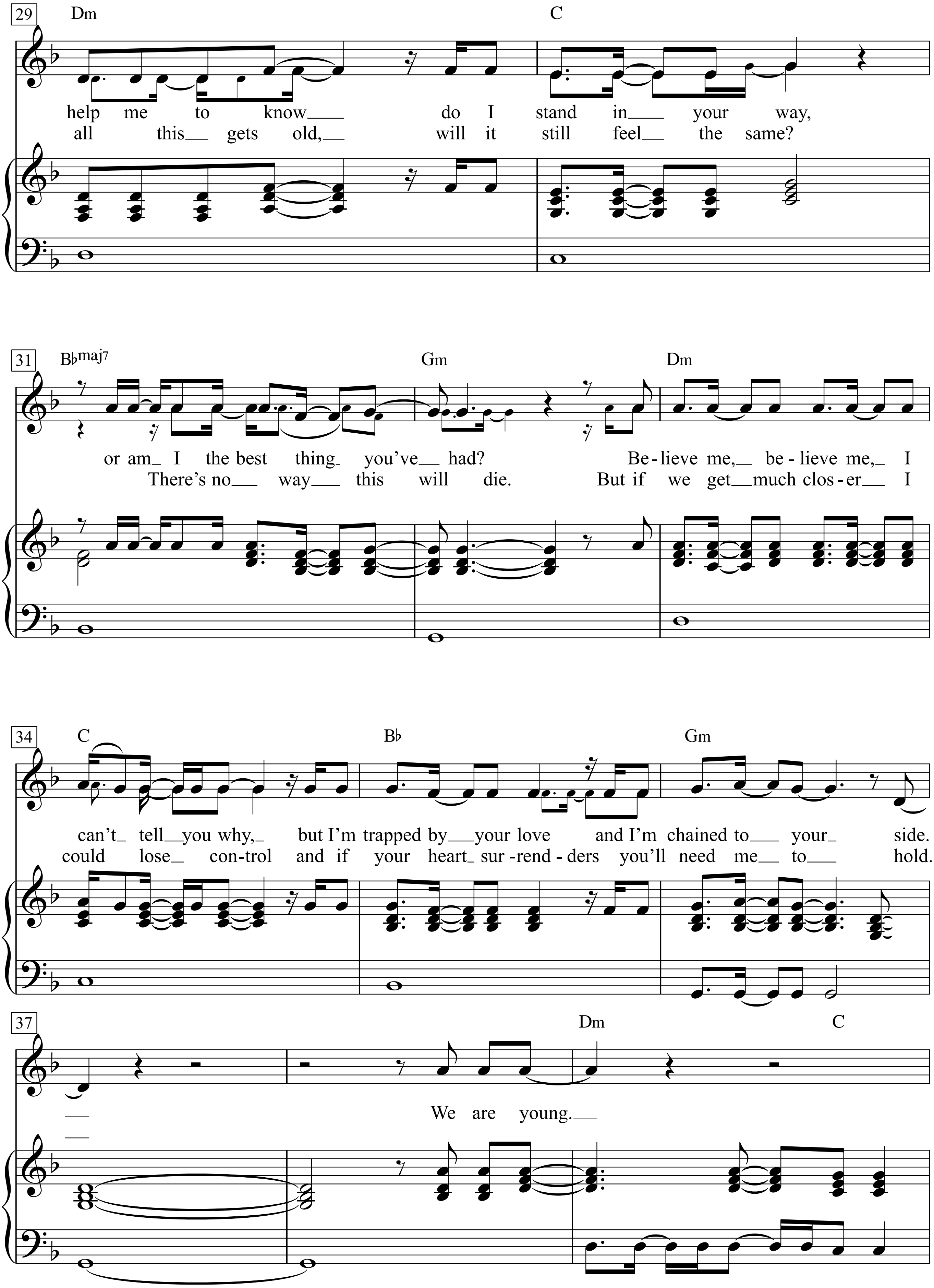
Words & Music by
Mike Chapman and Holly Knight
(Pat Benatar)

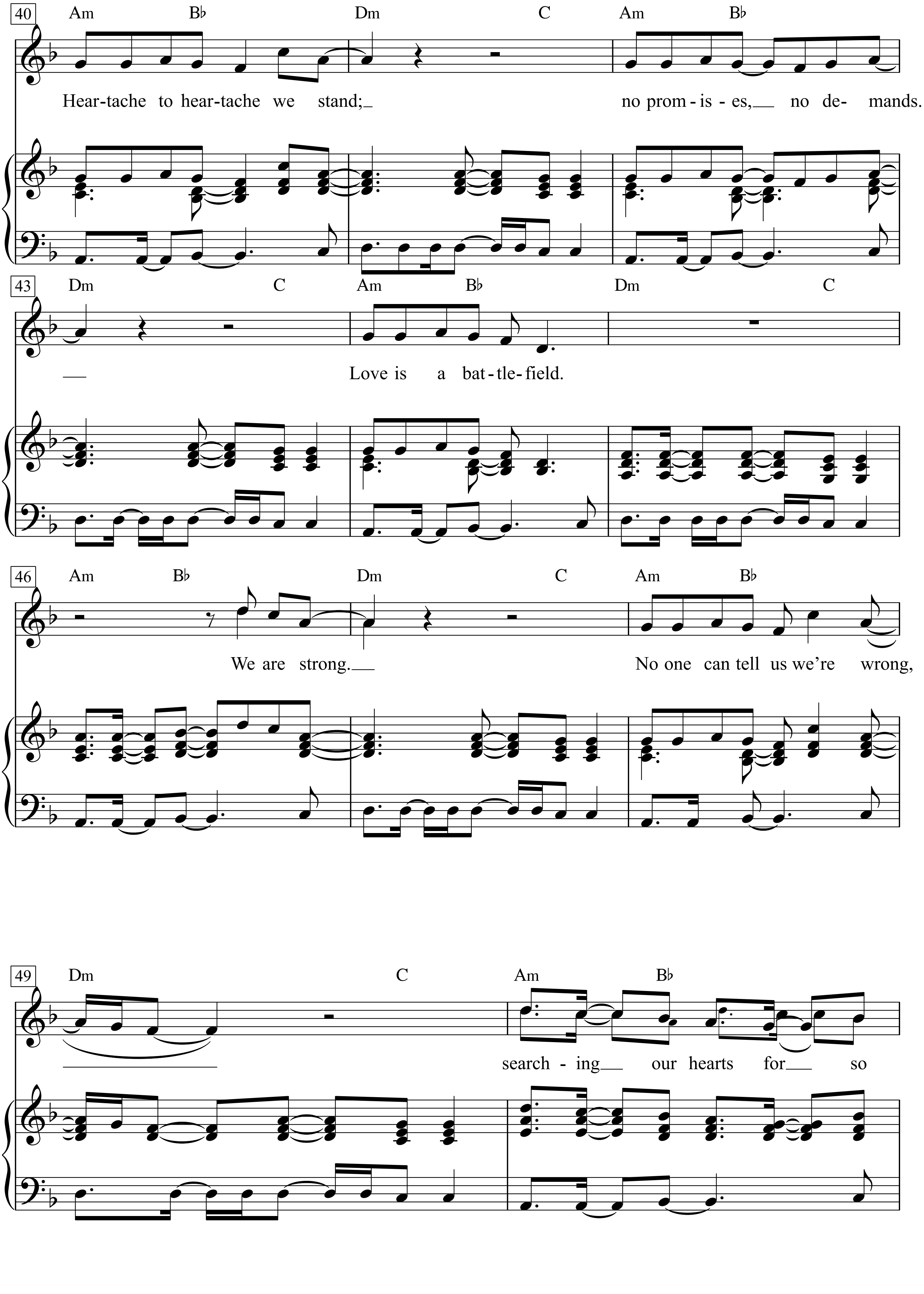
Moderate Rock

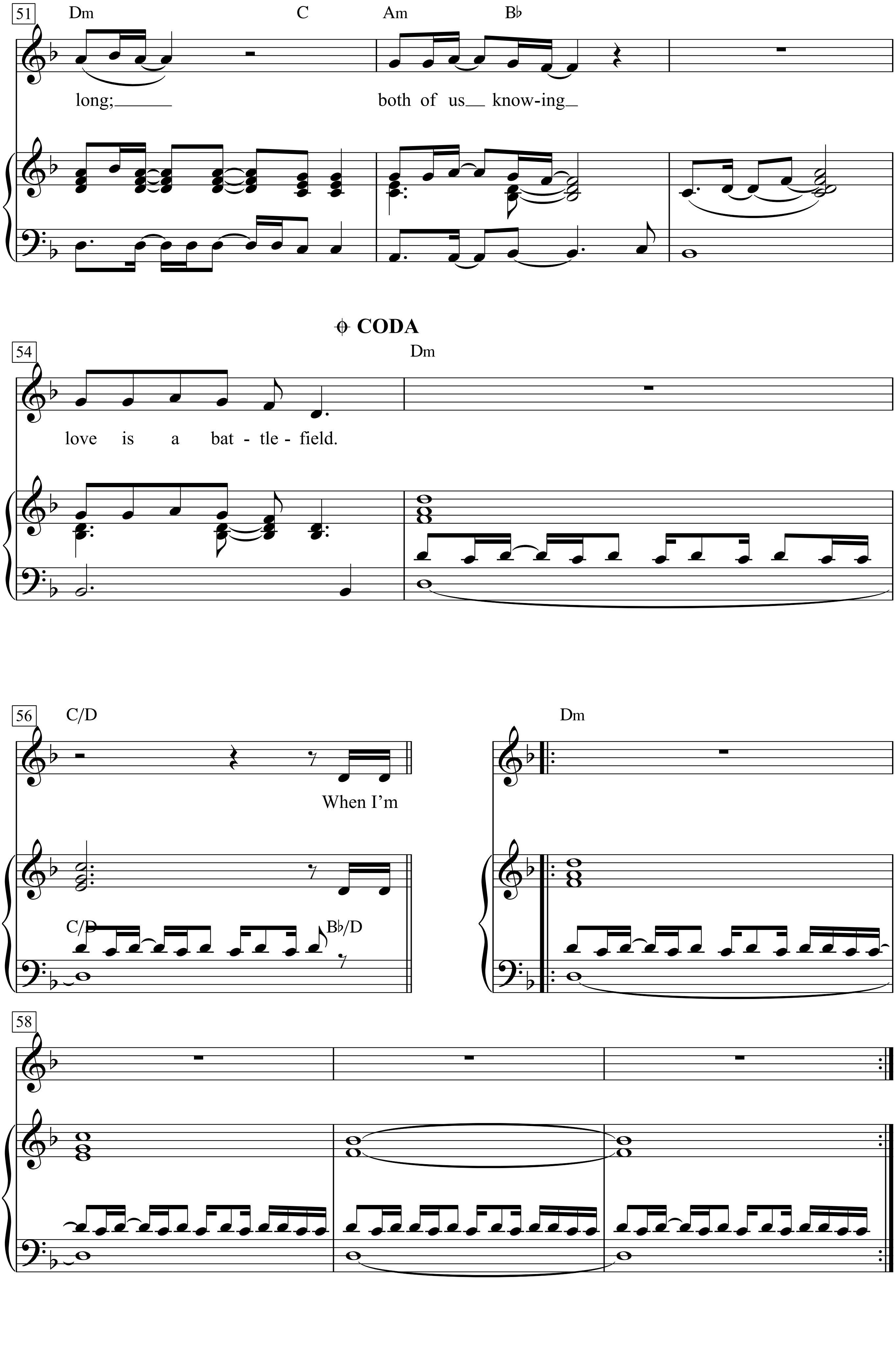



9
Dm C Am B♭
Love is a bat - tle - field.
11
Dm C Am B♭ Dm C
We are strong.
14
Am B♭ Dm C Am B♭
No one can tell us we're wrong,
search-ing our hearts for so
17
Dm C Am B♭
long;
both of us know-ing


20
Dm
love is a bat - tle - field.
22
C/D
B♭/D
24
Dm
You're beg - ging me to go, then
los - ing con - trol, will you
26
C
B♭maj7
Gm
mak - ing me stay. Why do you hurt me so bad? It would
turn me a - way, or touch me deep in - side? And when

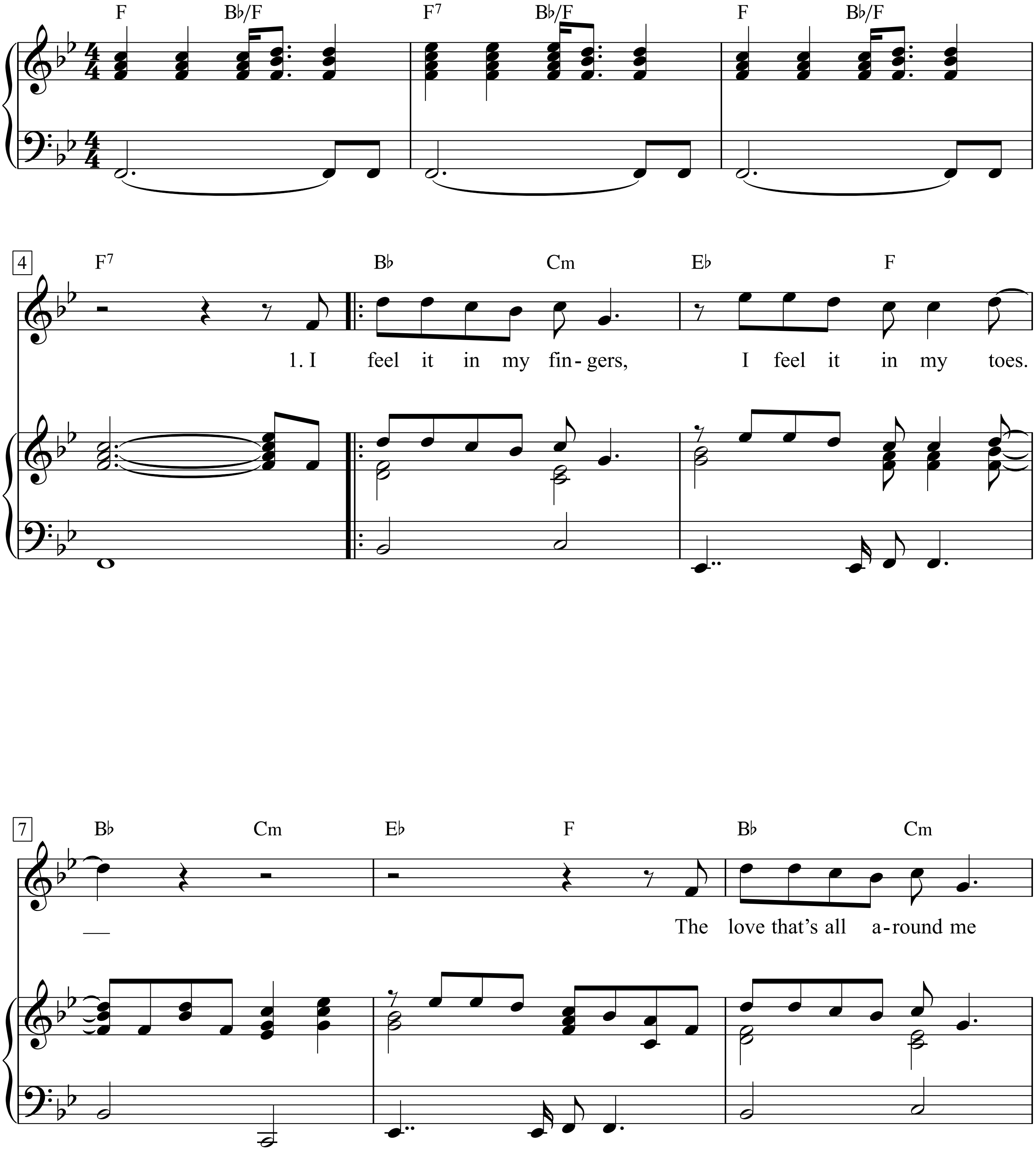

29 Dm C
help me to know do I stand in your way,
all this gets old, will it still feel the same?
31 B♭maj7 Gm Dm
or am I the best thing you've had? Be-lieve me, be-lieve me, I
There's no way this will die. But if we get much clos-er I
34 C B♭ Gm
can't tell you why, but I'm trapped by your love and I'm chained to your side.
could lose con-trol and if your heart sur-rend-ders you'll need me to hold.
37 Dm C
We are young.

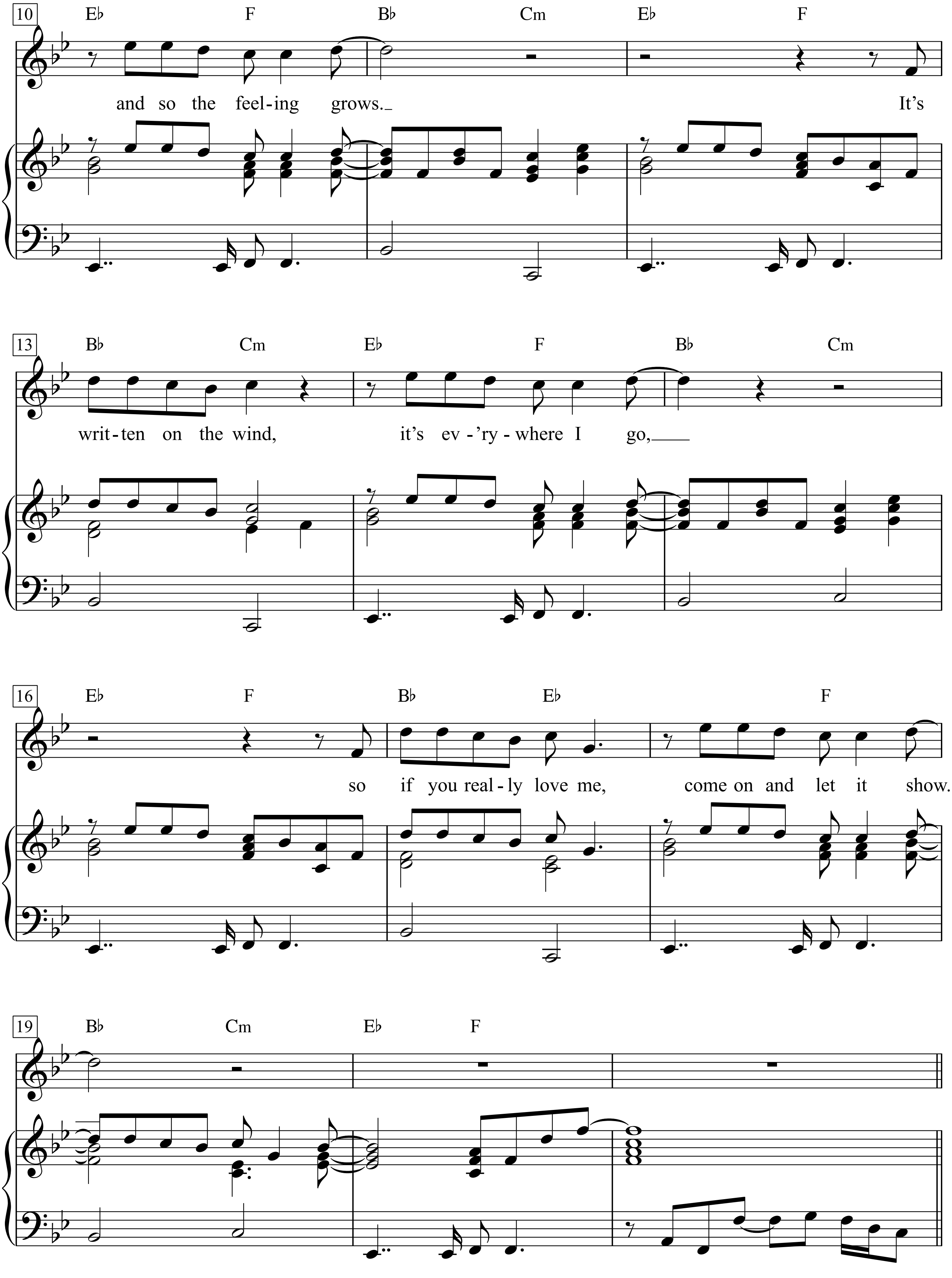

40
Am Bb Dm C Am Bb
Hear-tache to hear-tache we stand;
no prom - is - es, no de- mands.
43
Dm C Am Bb Dm C
Love is a bat - tle - field.
46
Am Bb Dm C Am Bb
We are strong.
No one can tell us we're wrong,
49
Dm C Am Bb
search - ing our hearts for so

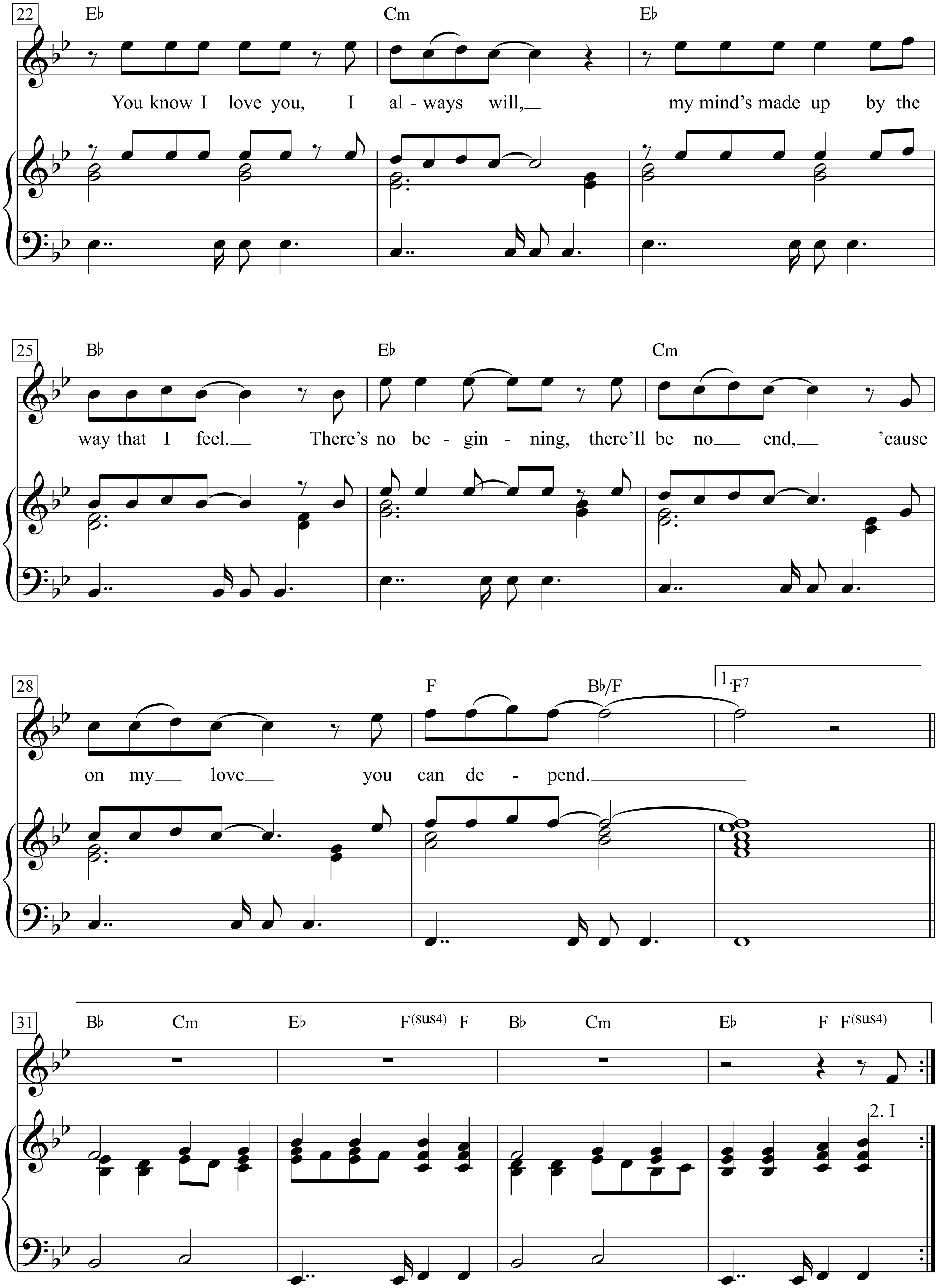

51
Dm
C
Am
B♭
long;
both of us knowing
54
CODA
Dm
love is a bat - tle - field.
56
C/D
When I'm
C/D
B♭/D
Dm
58

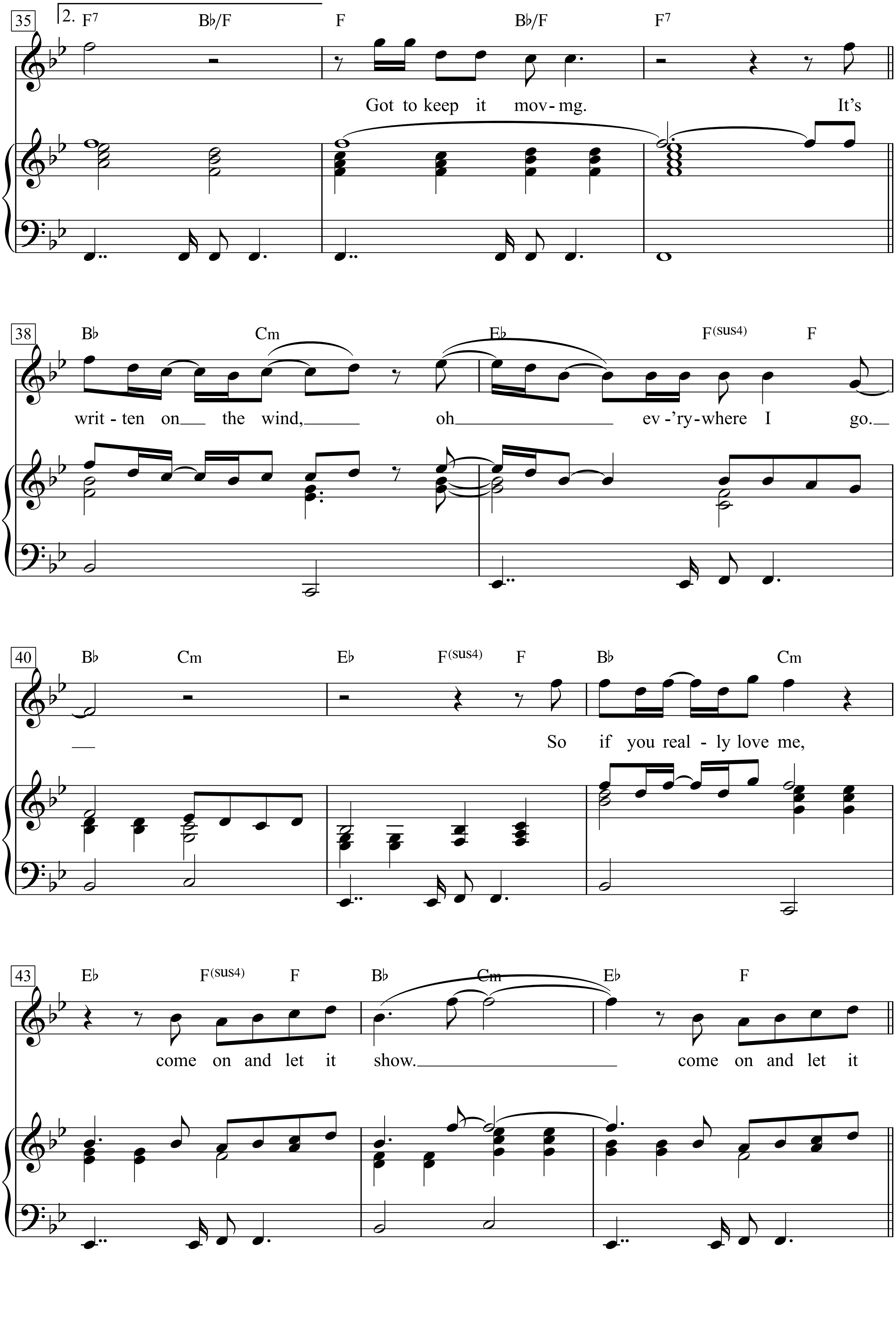
Love Is All Around

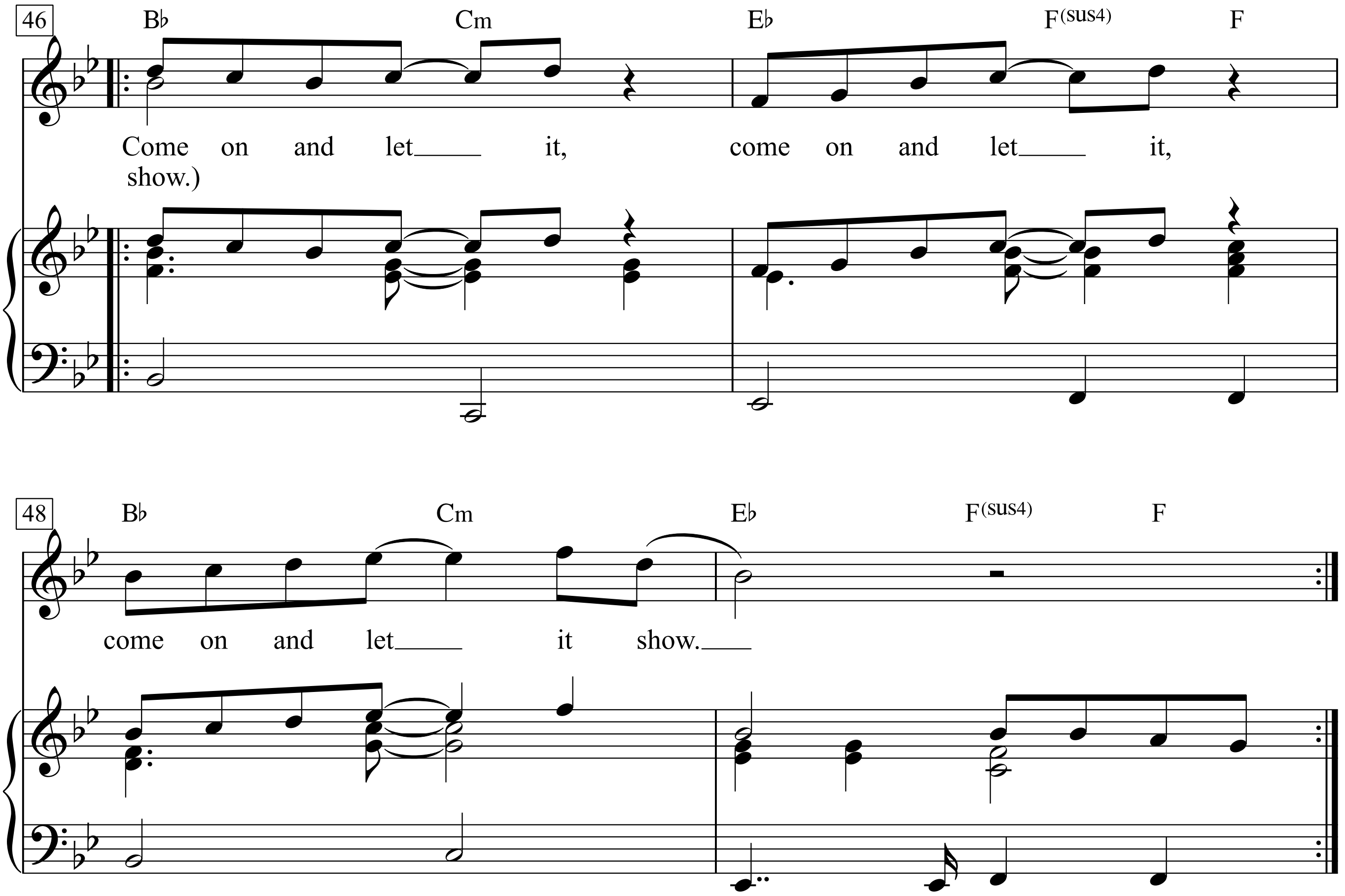
Words & Music by Reg Presley
(Wet Wet Wet).




10
E♭ F B♭ Cm E♭ F
and so the feel-ing grows._ It's
13
B♭ Cm E♭ F B♭ Cm
writ-ten on the wind, it's ev-'ry-where I go,___
16
E♭ F B♭ E♭ F
so if you real-ly love me, come on and let it show.
19
B♭ Cm E♭ F


22
E♭
Cm
E♭
You know I love you, I al - ways will, my mind's made up by the
25
B♭
E♭
Cm
way that I feel. There's no be - gin - ning, there'll be no end, 'cause
28
F
B♭/F
1. F7
on my love you can de - pend.
31
B♭
Cm
E♭
F(sus4)
F
B♭
Cm
E♭
F
F(sus4)
2. I

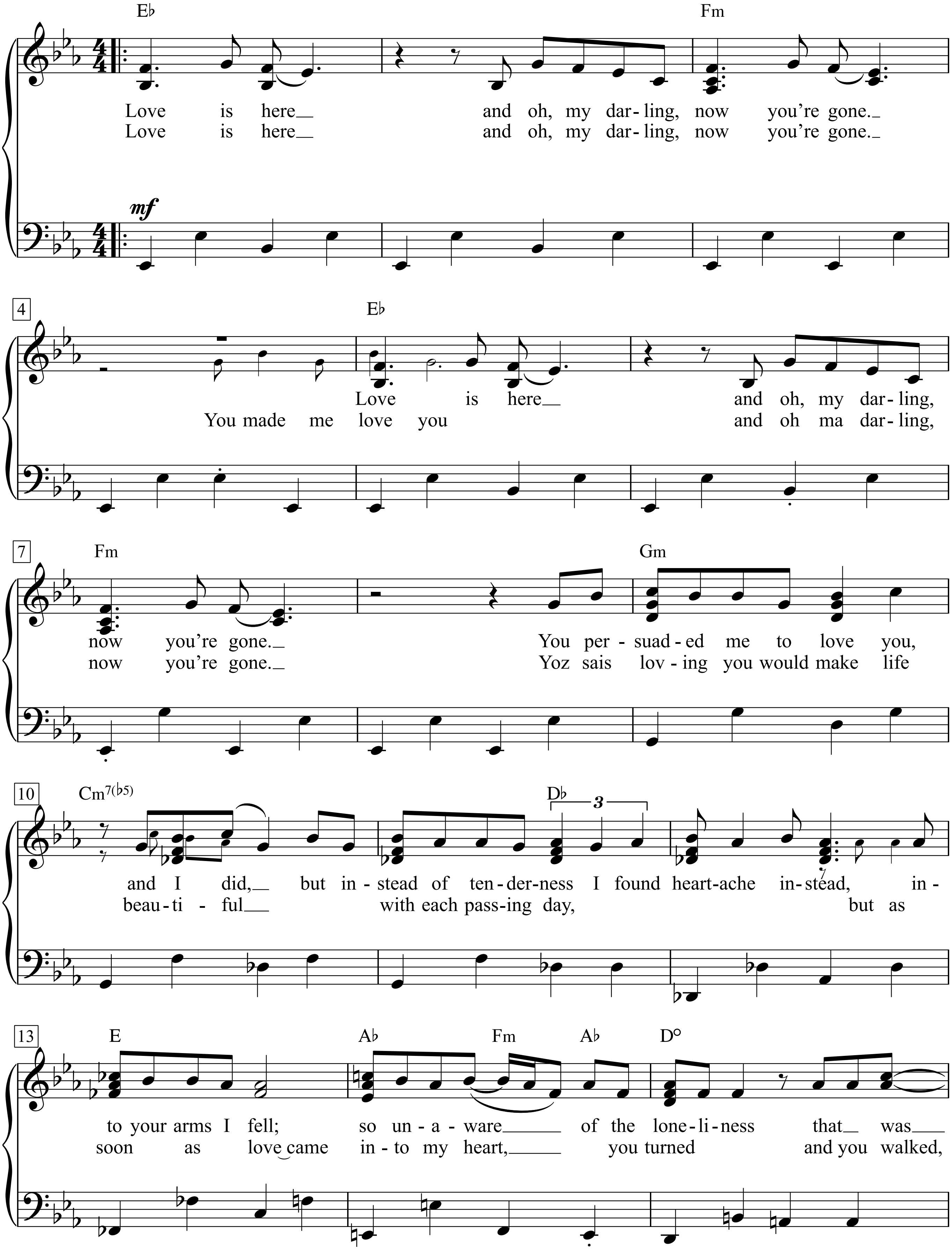

35
2.
F7 B♭/F F B♭/F F7
Got to keep it mov-mg. It's
38
B♭ Cm E♭ F(sus4) F
writ - ten on the wind, oh ev -'ry-where I go.
40
B♭ Cm E♭ F(sus4) F B♭ Cm
So if you real - ly love me,
43
E♭ F(sus4) F B♭ Cm E♭ F
come on and let it show. come on and let it

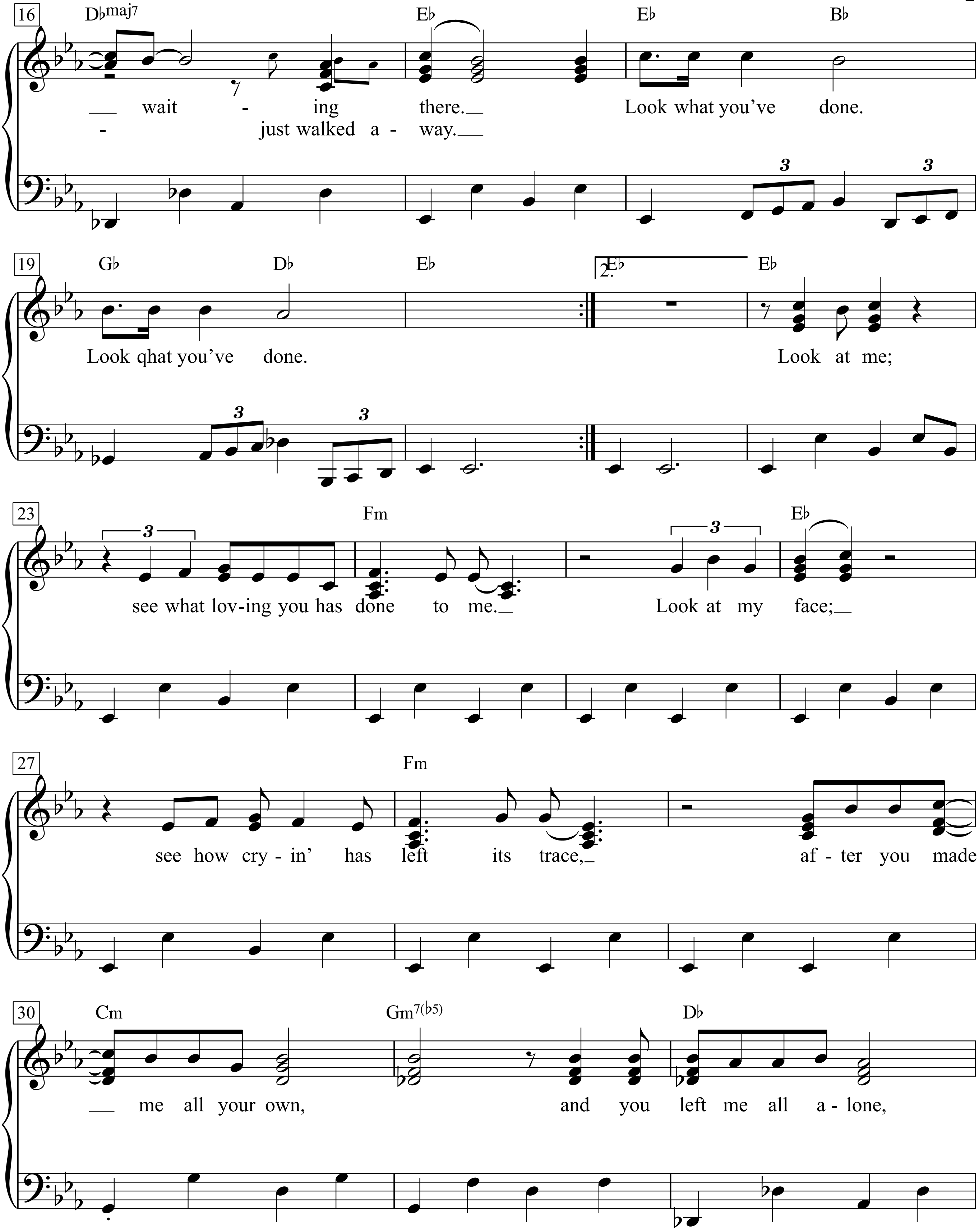

46
B♭ Cm E♭ F(sus4) F
Come on and let it, come on and let it,
show.)
48
B♭ Cm E♭ F(sus4) F
come on and let it show.

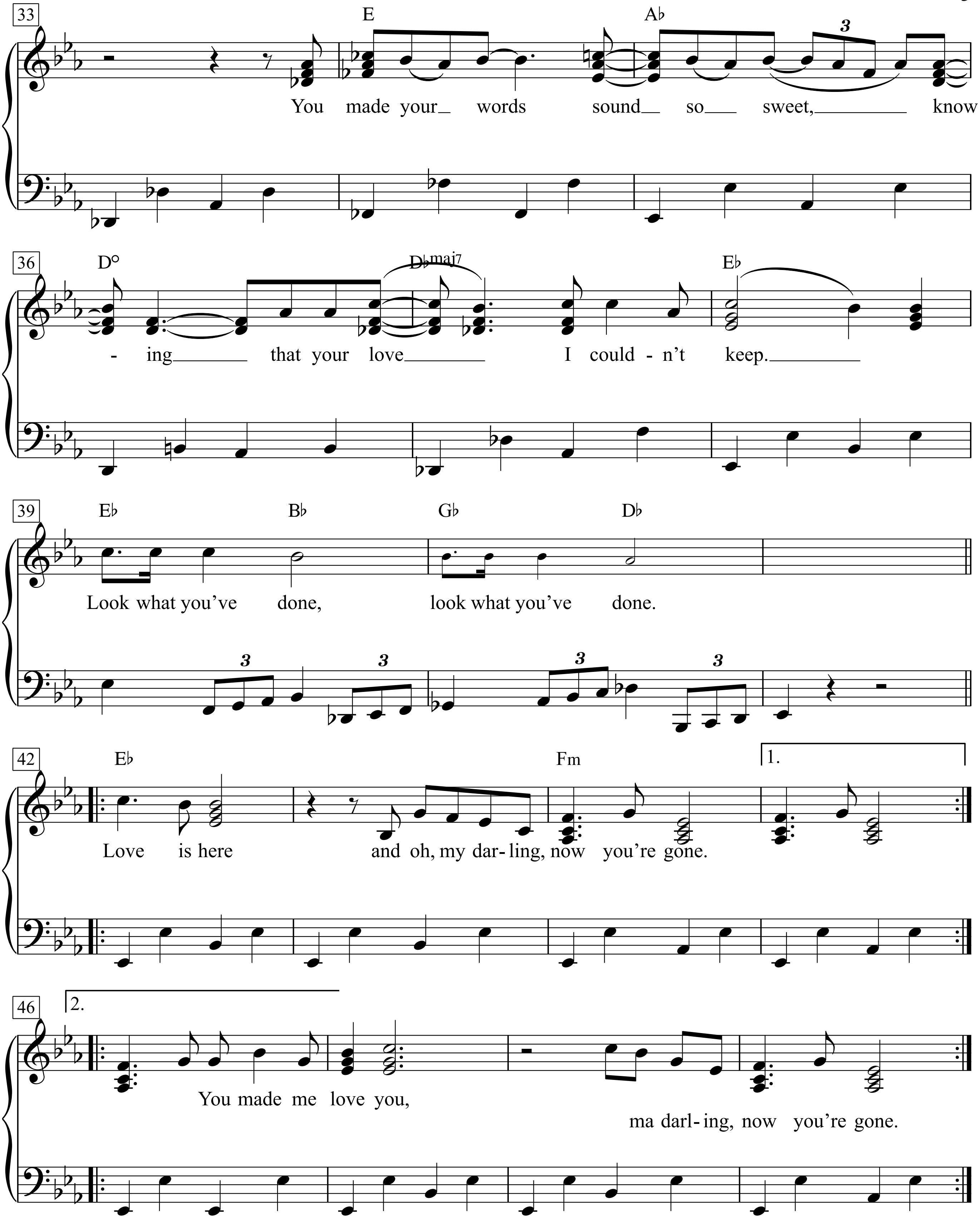
Verse 2:
I see your face before me
As I lay on my bed;
I cannot get to thinking
Of all the things you said.
You gave your promise to me
And I gave mine to you;
I need someone beside me
In everything I do.

Love Is Here And You’re Gone

The Supremes




16
D♭maj7
E♭
E♭
B♭
wait - ing there.
Look what you've done.
- just walked a - way.
19
G♭
D♭
E♭
2. E♭
E♭
Look qhat you've done.
Look at me;
23
Fm
E♭
see what lov-ing you has done to me.
Look at my face;
27
Fm
see how cry - in' has left its trace,
af - ter you made
30
Cm
Gm7(♭5)
D♭
me all your own,
and you left me all a - lone,


33
E
A♭
You made your words sound so sweet, know
36
D°
D♭maj7
E♭
- ing that your love I could - n't keep.
39
E♭
B♭
G♭
D♭
Look what you've done, look what you've done.
42
E♭
Fm
1.
Love is here and oh, my dar - ling, now you're gone.
46
2.
You made me love you,
ma darl - ing, now you're gone.

I on-ly want-ed to have fun,
learn-ing to fly, learn-ing to run.
I let my heart de-cide the way
when I was young.
Deep down I must have al-ways known
that this would be in-ev-i-ta-ble.
To earn my stripes I'd have to pay
and bare my soul.

I know I'm not the only one
who re-grets the things they've done.
Some-times I just feel it's on-ly me
who can't stand the ref-lec-tion that they see.
I wish I could live a lit-tle more,
look up to the sky. not just the floor.
I feel like my life is flash-ing by
and all I can do is watch and cry.
I miss the air, I miss my friends,
I miss my mo-ther, I miss it when
life was a par-ty to be thrown,
but that was a mil-lion years a-go.

2.When I walk a

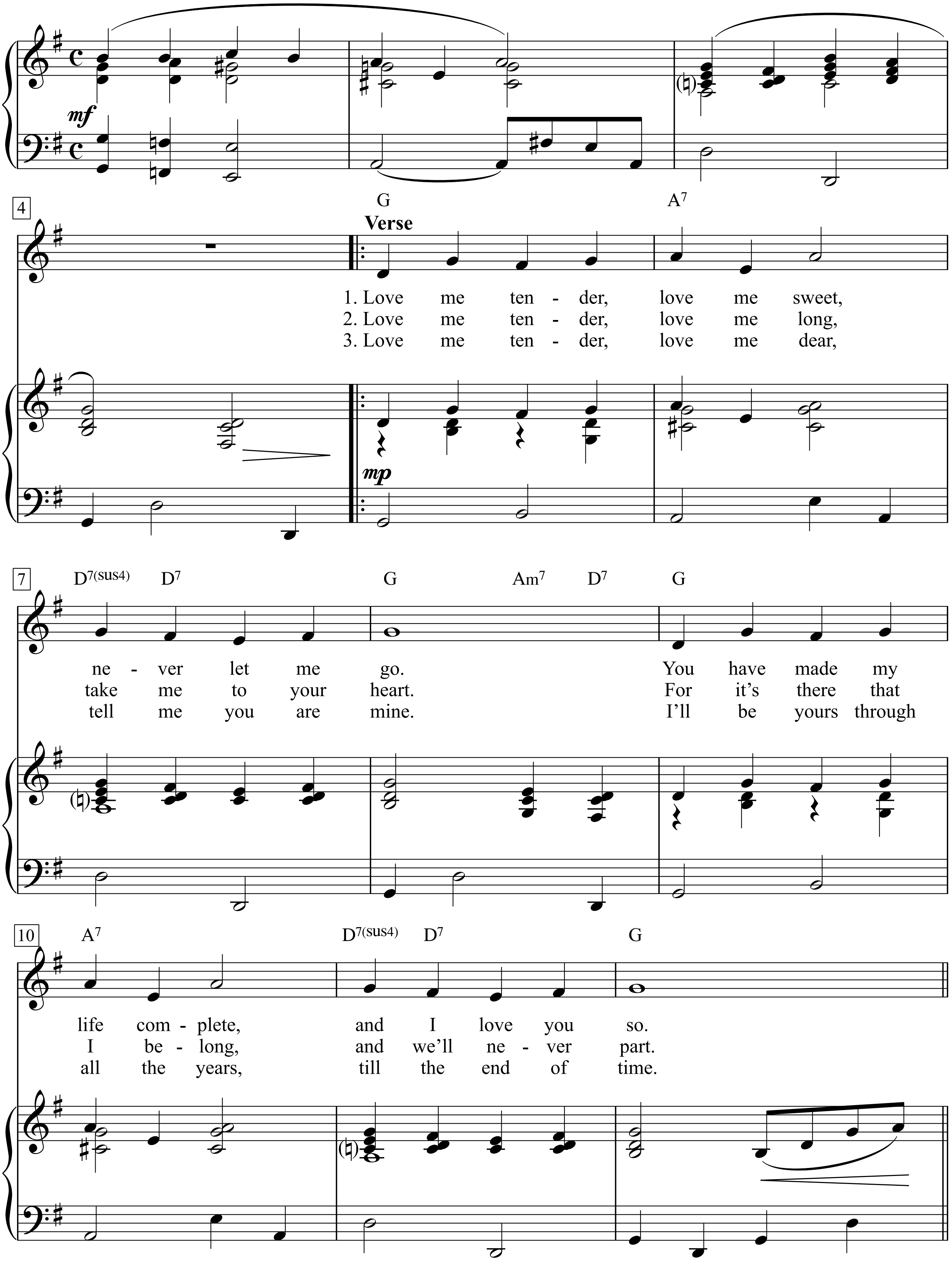
round all of the streets
where I grew up and found my feet.
They can't look me in the eye,
it's like they're scared of me.
I try to think of things to say,
like a joke or a mem-o-ry.
But they don't re-cog-nize me now
in the light of day.

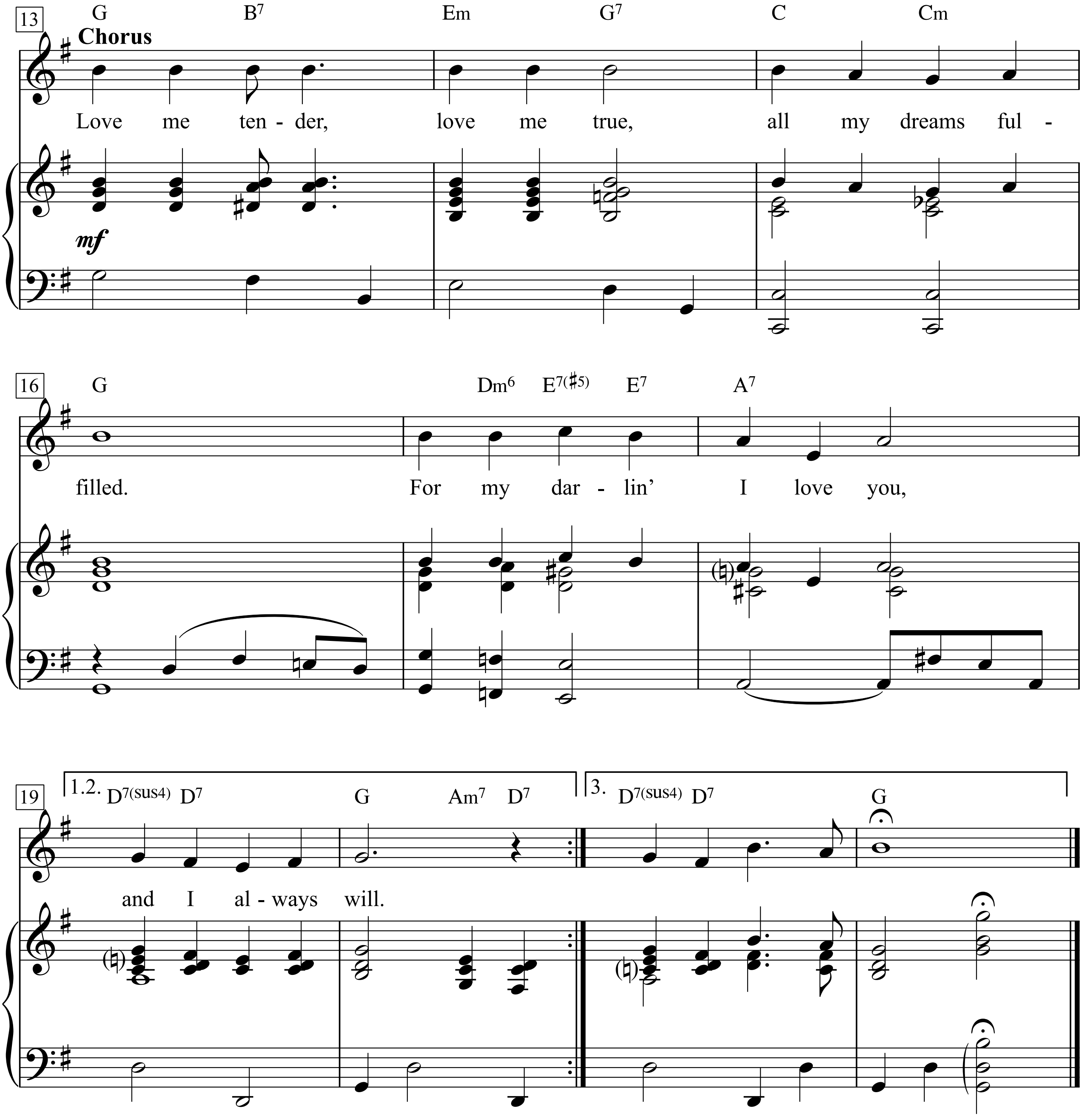
I know I'm not the only one
Who regrets the things they've done
Sometimes I just feel it's only me
Who never became who they thought they'd be
I wish I could live a little more
Look up to the sky not just the floor
I feel like my life is flashing by
And all I can do is watch and cry
I miss the air, I miss my friends
I miss my mother, I miss it when
Life was a party to be thrown
But that was a million years ago
A million years ago

Love Me Tender

Moderately slow

Words & Music:
Elvis Presley & Vera Matson





1. Love me tender, love me sweet,
never let me go.
You have made my life complete,
and I love you so.
Love me tender, love me true,
all my dreams fulfilled.
For my darlin' I love you,
and I always will.

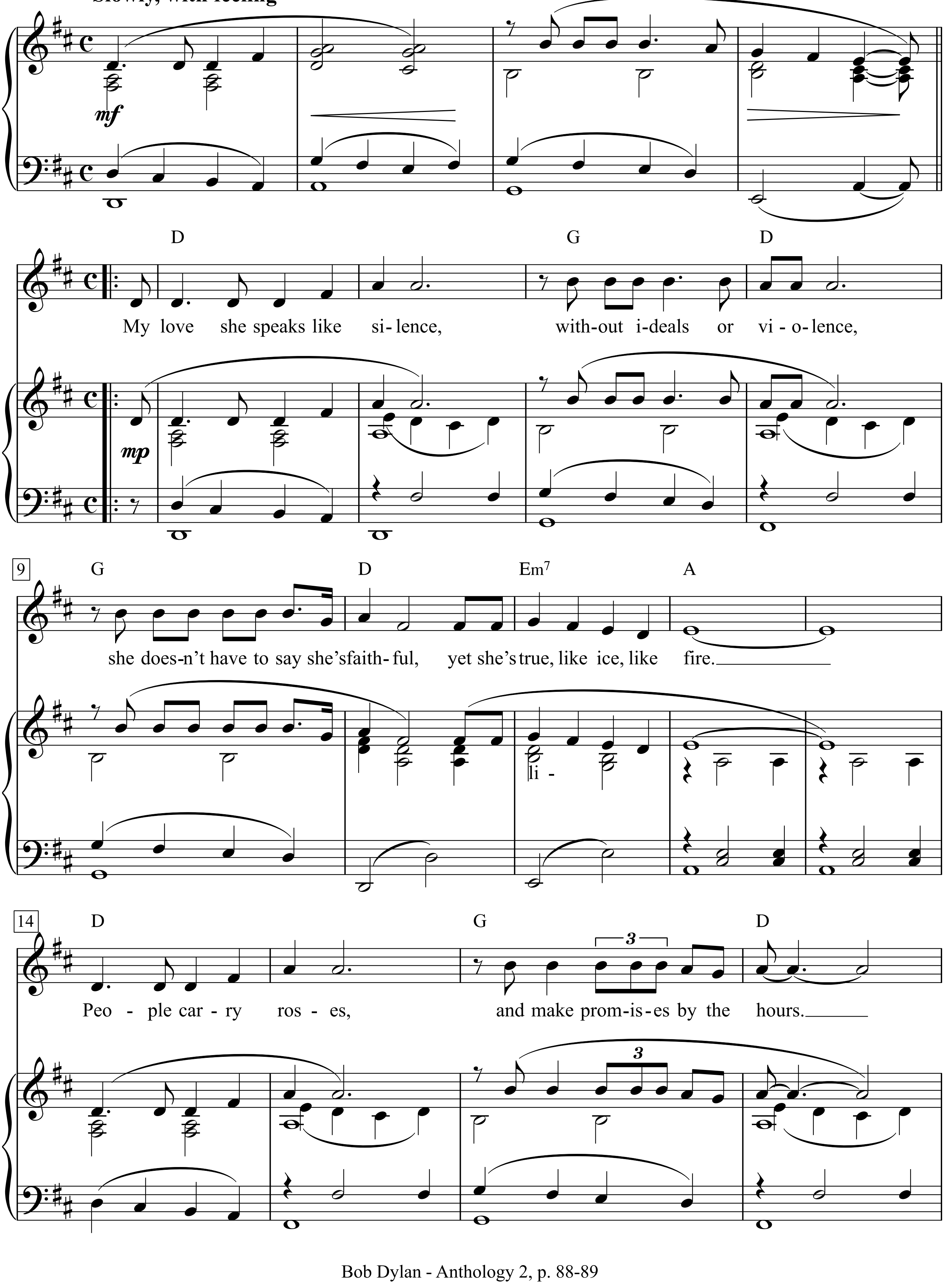
2. Love me tender, love me long,
take me to your heart.
For it's there that I belong,
and we'll never part.
Love me tender, love me true,
all my dreams fulfilled.
For my darlin' I love you,
and I always will.

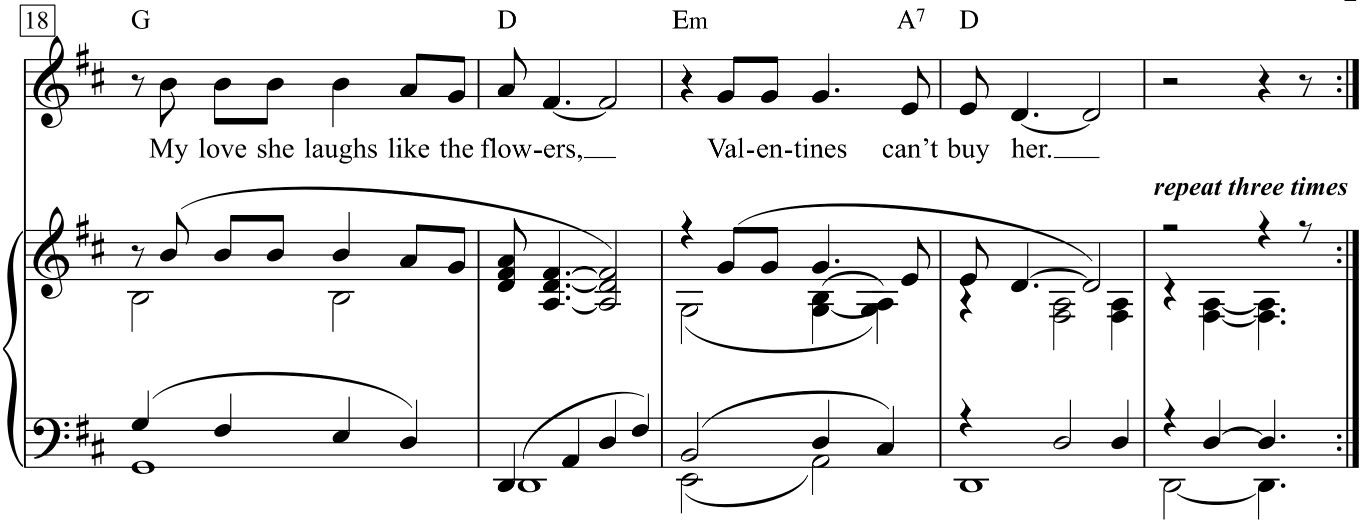
3. Love me tender, love me dear,
tell me you are mine.
I'll be yours through all the years,
till the end of time.
Love me tender, love me true,
all my dreams fulfilled.
For my darlin' I love you,
and I always will.

Love Minus Zero - No Limit

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)

Slowly, with feeling





1.My love she speaks like silence,
Without ideals or violence,
She doesn't have to say she's faithful,
Yet she's true, like ice, like fire.
People carry roses,
And make promises by the hours,
My love she laughs like the flowers,
Valentines can't buy her.

2. In the dime stores and bus stations,
People talk of situations,
Read books, repeat quotations,
Draw conclusions on the wall.
Some speak of the future,
My love, she speaks softly,
She know there's no success like failure
And that failure's no success at all.

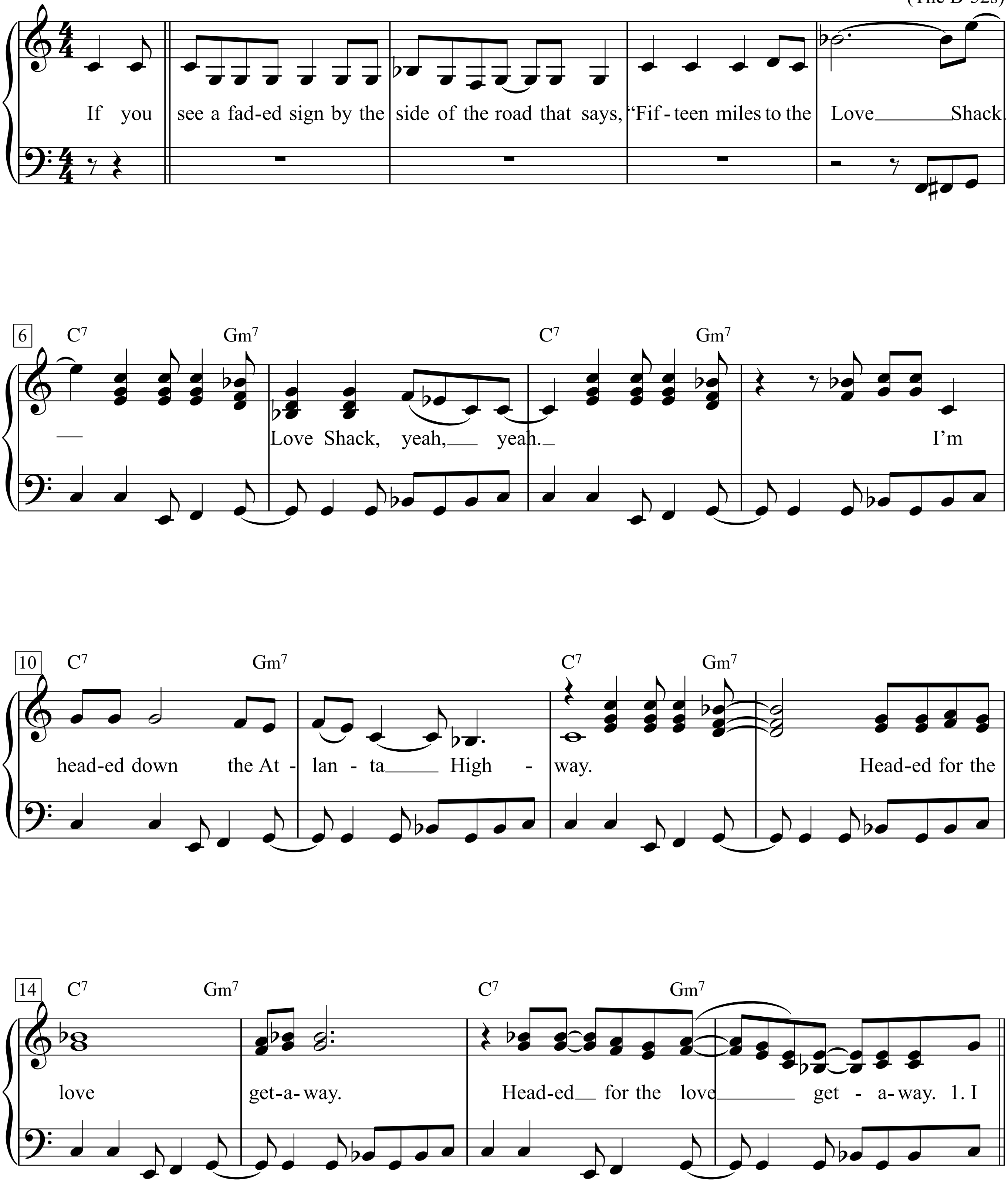
3. The cloak and dagger dangles,
Madams light the candles.
In ceremonies of the horsemen,
Even the pawn must hold a grudge.
Statues made of match sticks,
Crumble into one another,
My love winks, she does not bother,
She knows too much to argue or to judge.

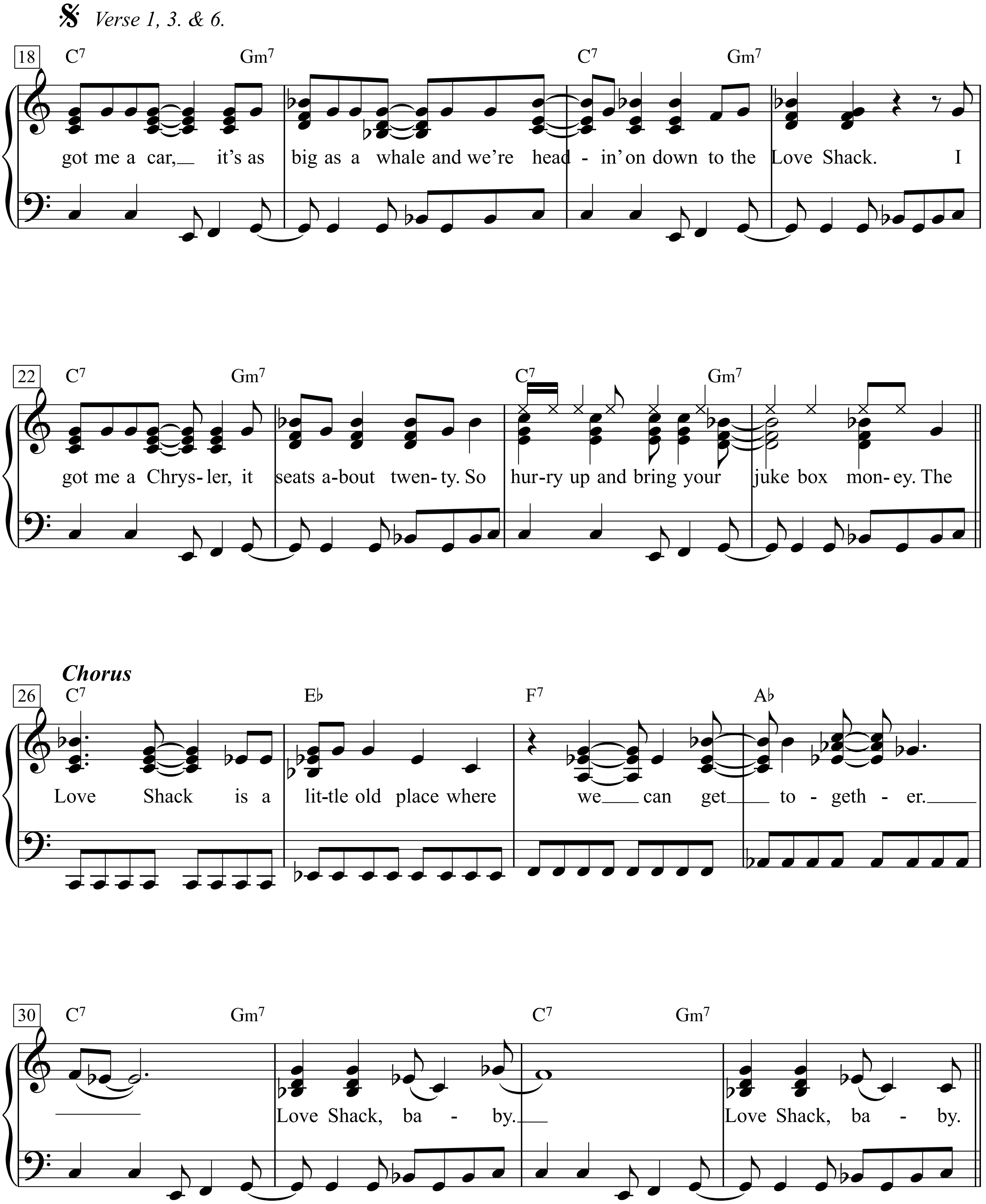
4. The bridge at midnight trembles,
The country doctor rambles,
Bankers' nieces seek perfection,
Expecting all the gifts that wise men bring.
The wind howls like a hammer,
The night blows cold an' rainy,
My love she's like some raven
At my window with a broken wing.

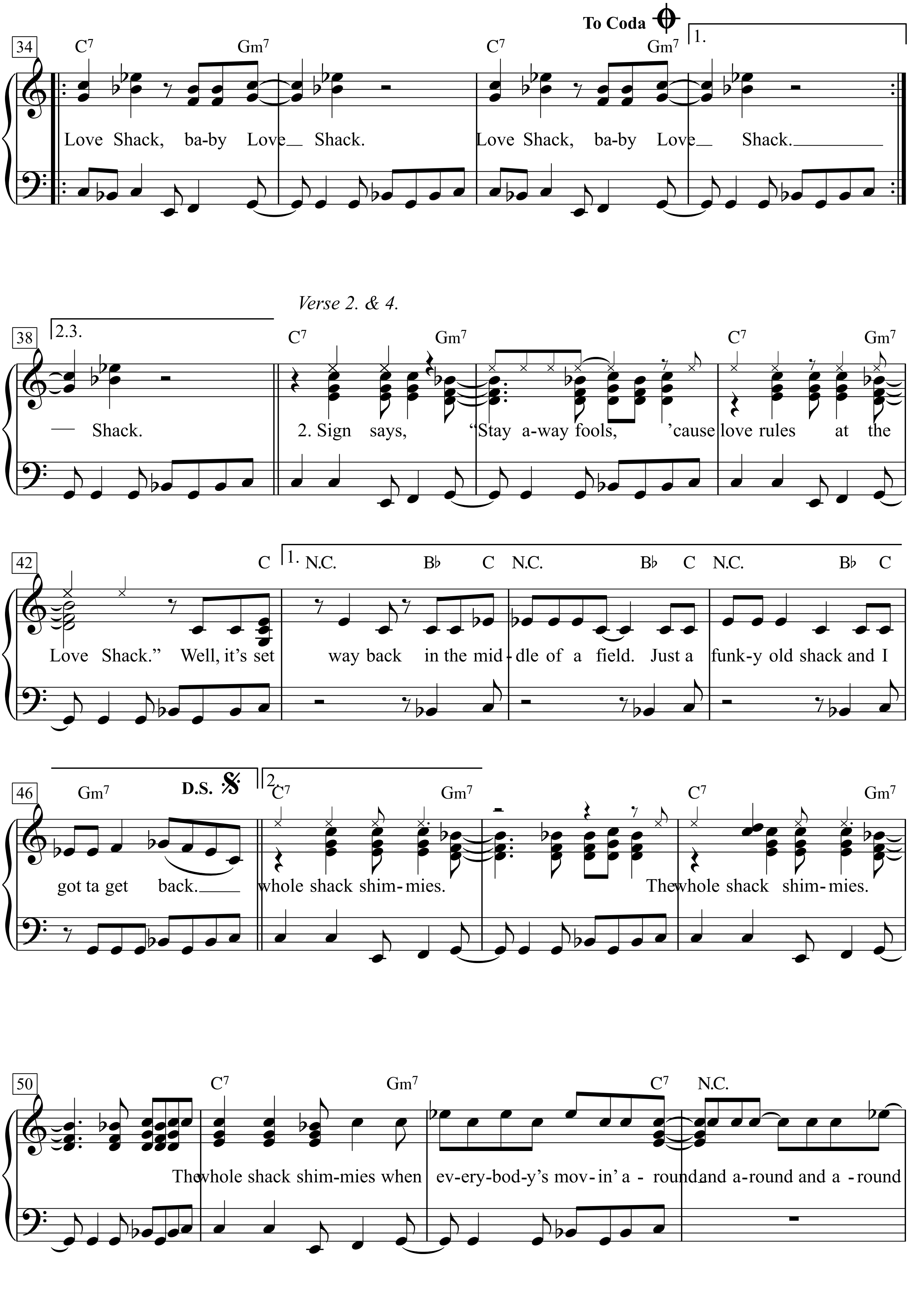
Love Shack

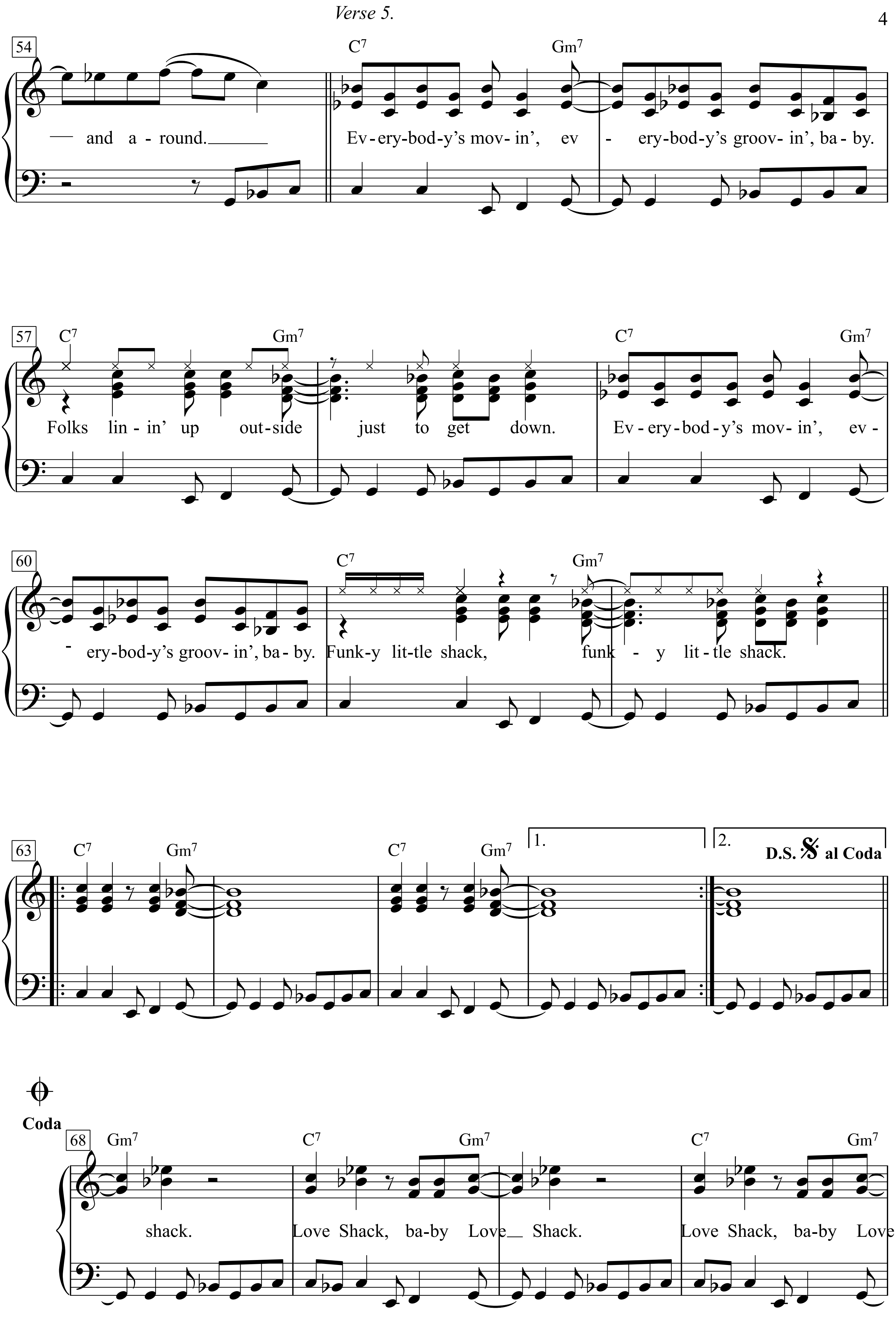
Words & Music by
Catherine E. Pierson, Frederick W. Schneider,
Keith J. Strickland and Cynthia L. Wilson
(The B-52s)

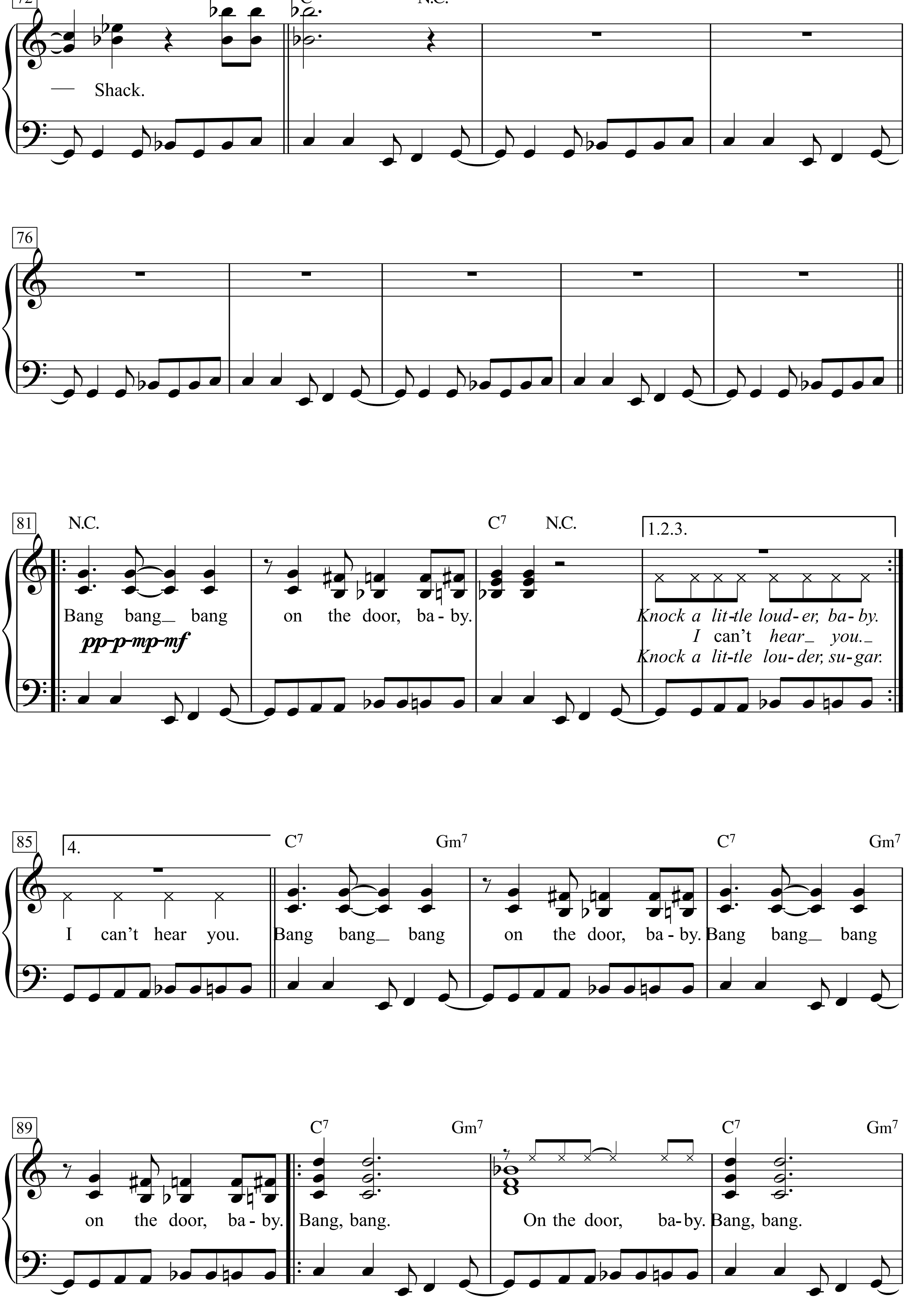
Rock ♩ = 132
N.C.

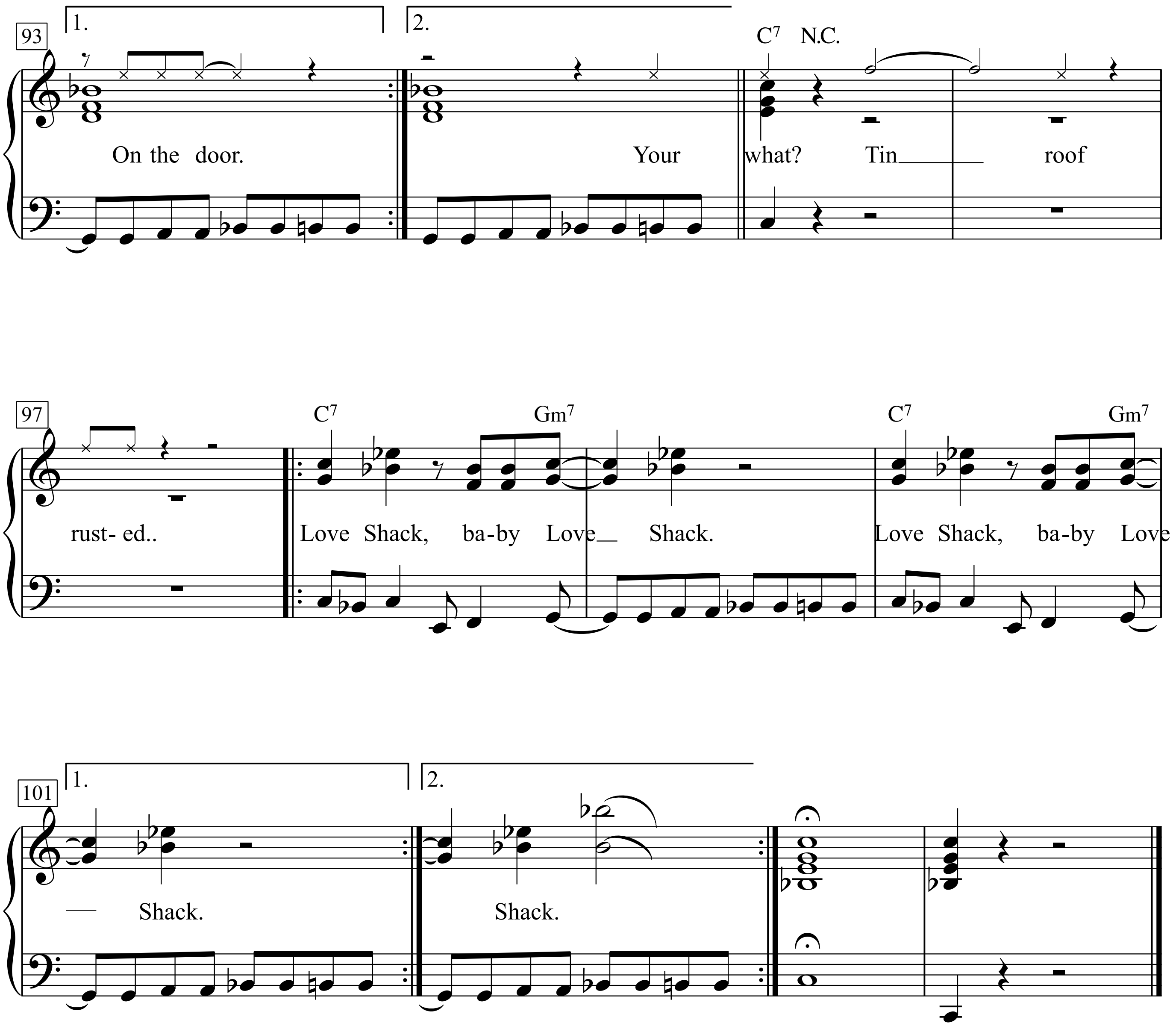



Verse 1, 3. & 6.
18
C7 Gm7 C7 Gm7
got me a car, it's as big as a whale and we're head - in' on down to the Love Shack. I
22
C7 Gm7 C7 Gm7
got me a Chrys- ler, it seats a-bout twen- ty. So hur-ry up and bring your juke box mon- ey. The
Chorus
26
C7 E♭ F7 A♭
Love Shack is a lit-tle old place where we can get to - geth - er.
30
C7 Gm7 C7 Gm7
Love Shack, ba - by. Love Shack, ba - by.


To Coda
1.
34
C7 Gm7 C7 Gm7
Love Shack, ba-by Love Shack. Love Shack, ba-by Love Shack.
Verse 2. & 4.
2.3.
38
C7 Gm7 C7 Gm7
Shack. 2. Sign says, "Stay a-way fools, 'cause love rules at the
42
C
1.
N.C. B♭ C N.C. B♭ C N.C. B♭ C
Love Shack." Well, it's set way back in the mid-dle of a field. Just a funk-y old shack and I
46
Gm7
D.S.
2
C7 Gm7 C7 Gm7
got ta get back. whole shack shim-mies. The whole shack shim-mies.
50
C7 Gm7 C7 N.C.
The whole shack shim-mies when ev-ery-bod-y's mov-in' a - round and a-round and a - round


Verse 5.
54
— and a - round.
C7
Gm7
Ev - ery-bod-y's mov - in', ev - ery-bod-y's groov - in', ba - by.
57
Folks lin - in' up out-side just to get down.
Ev - ery - bod - y's mov - in', ev -
60
- ery-bod-y's groov - in', ba - by.
Funk-y lit-tle shack, funk - y lit - tle shack.
63
1.
2.
D.S. al Coda
Coda
68
shack.
Love Shack, ba-by Love_ Shack.
Love Shack, ba-by Love


72
C7
N.C.
Shack.
76
81
N.C.
C7
N.C.
1.2.3.
Bang bang bang on the door, ba-by.
pp-p-mp-mf
Knock a lit-tle loud-er, ba-by.
I can't hear you.
Knock a lit-tle lou-der, su-gar.
85
4.
C7
Gm7
C7
Gm7
I can't hear you. Bang bang bang on the door, ba-by. Bang bang bang
89
C7
Gm7
C7
Gm7
on the door, ba-by. Bang, bang. On the door, ba-by. Bang, bang.


93
1.
2.
C7 N.C.
On the door.
Your
what? Tin roof
97
C7
Gm7
C7
Gm7
rust- ed..
Love Shack, ba-by Love Shack.
Love Shack, ba-by Love
101
1.
2.
Shack.
Shack.

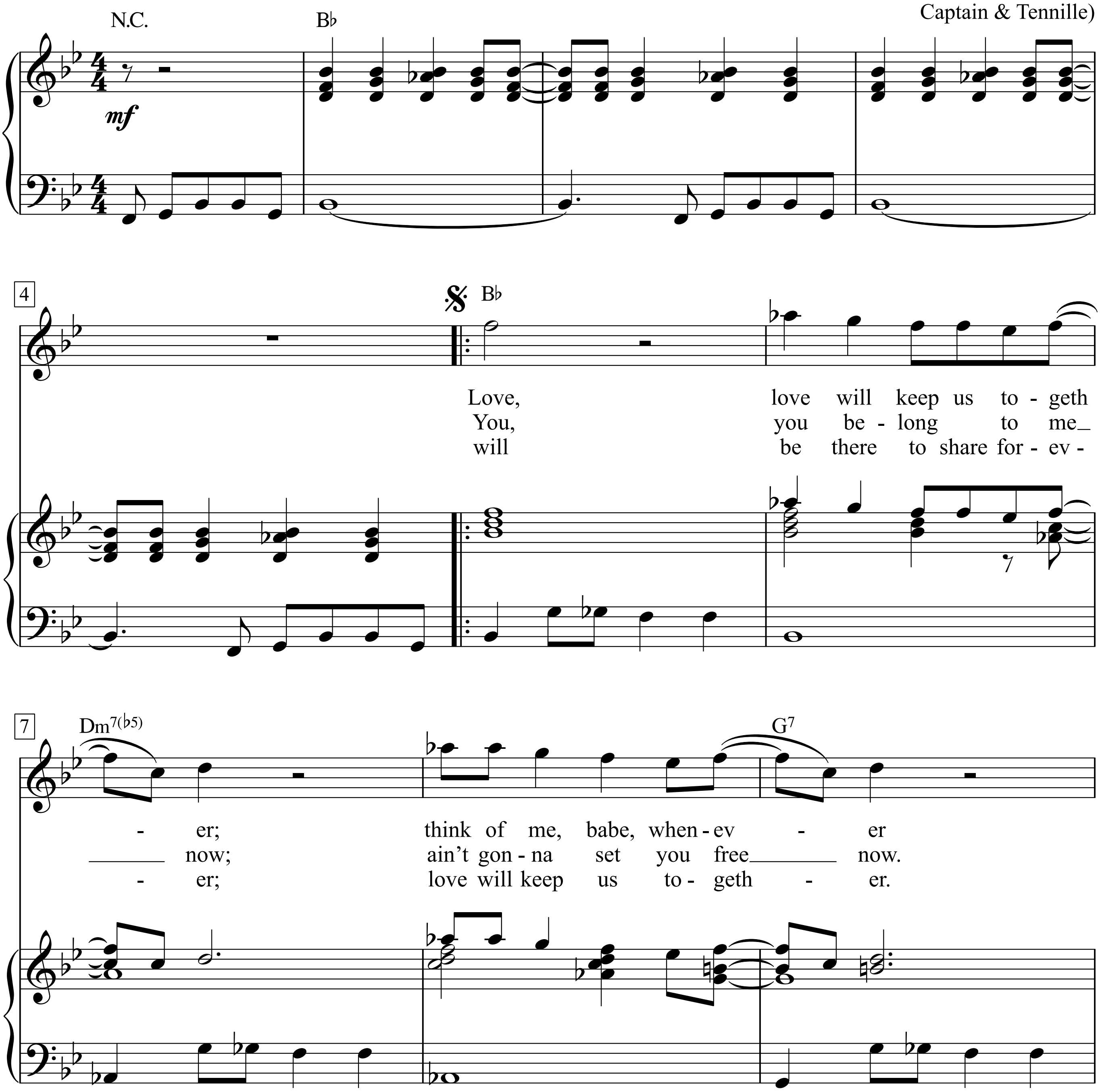
1.
If you see a faded sign by the side of the road that says,
“Fifteen miles to the Love Shack.” Love Shack, yeah, yeah.
I’m headed down the Atlanta Highway.
Headed for the love getaway.
Headed for the love getaway.
1.
I got me a car, it’s as big as a whale
and we’re headin’ on down to the Love Shack.
I got me a Chrysler, it seats about twenty.
So hurry up and bring your juke box money.
The Love Shack is a little old place where we can get together.
Love Shack, baby.
Love Shack, baby.
Love Shack, baby Love Shack.
Love Shack, baby Love Shack.
Shack.
2.
Sign says, “Stay away fools, ‘cause love rules at the Love Shack.”
Well, it’s set way back in the middle of a field.
Just a funky old shack and I gotta get back. whole shack shimmies.
The whole shack shimmies.
The whole shack shimmies when everybody’s movin’ around
and around and around and around.
Everybody’s movin’, everybody’s groovin’, baby.
Folks linin’ up outside just to get down.
Everybody’s movin’, everybody’s groovin’, baby.
Funky little shack, funky little shack. shack.
Love Shack, baby Love Shack.
Love Shack, baby Love Shack.
Bang bang bang on the door, baby.
Knock a little louder, baby.
I can’t hear you.
Knock a little louder, sugar.

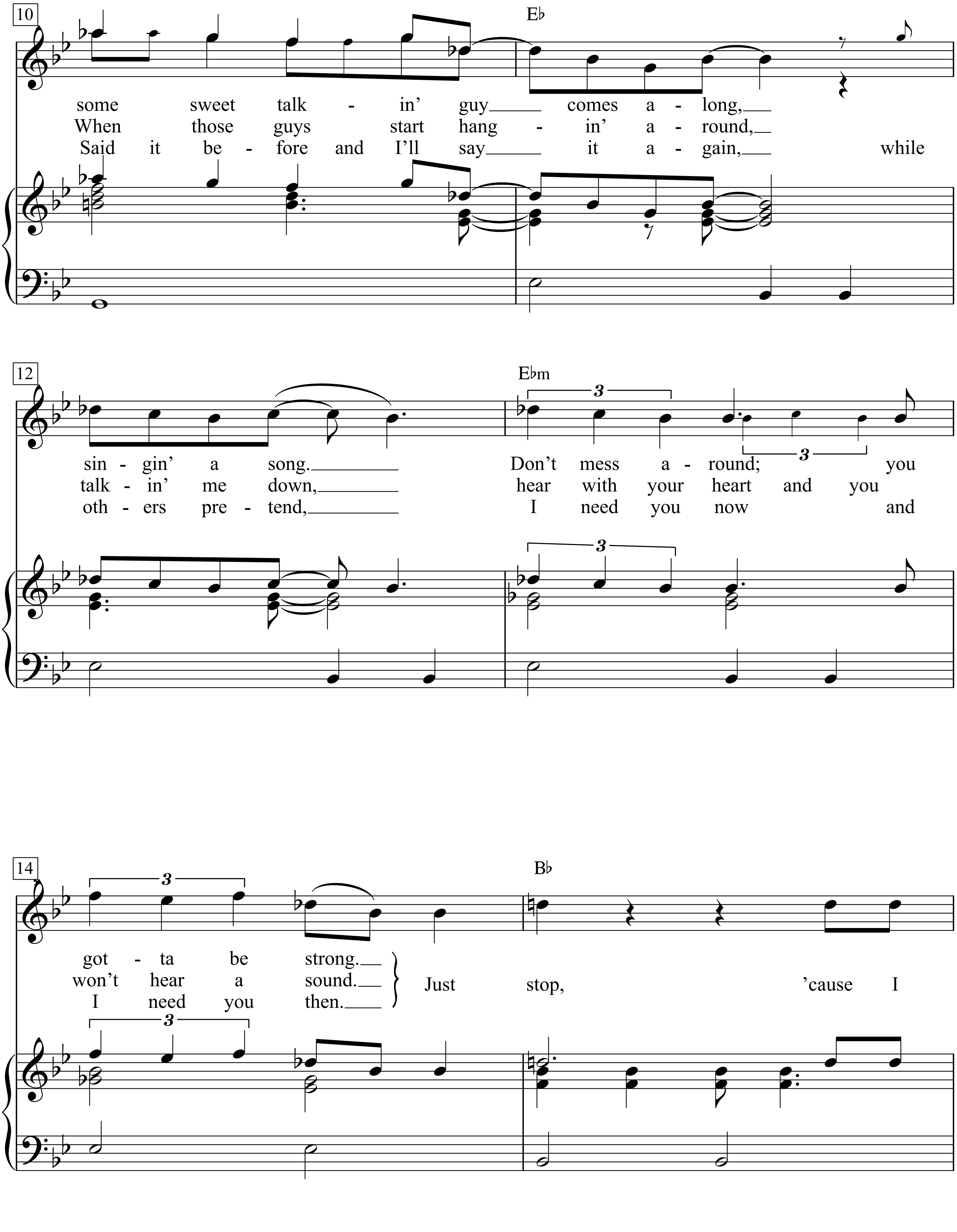
I can’t hear you.
Bang bang bang on the door, baby.
Bang bang bang on the door, baby.
Bang, bang.
On the door, baby.
Bang bang.
On the door.
Your what?
Tin roof rusted..
Love Shack, baby Love Shack.
Love Shack, baby Love Shack.
Shack.

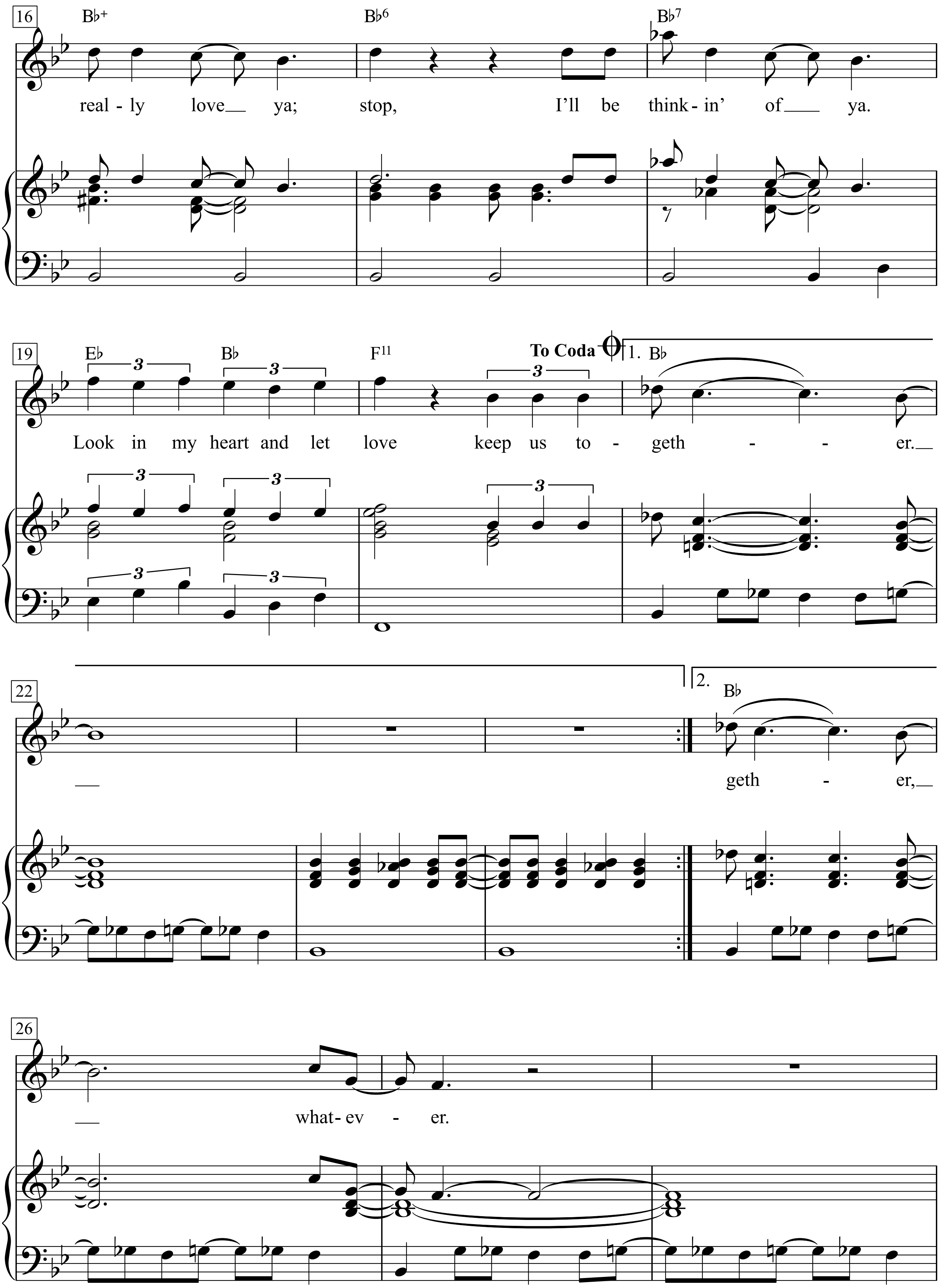
Love Will Keep Us Together

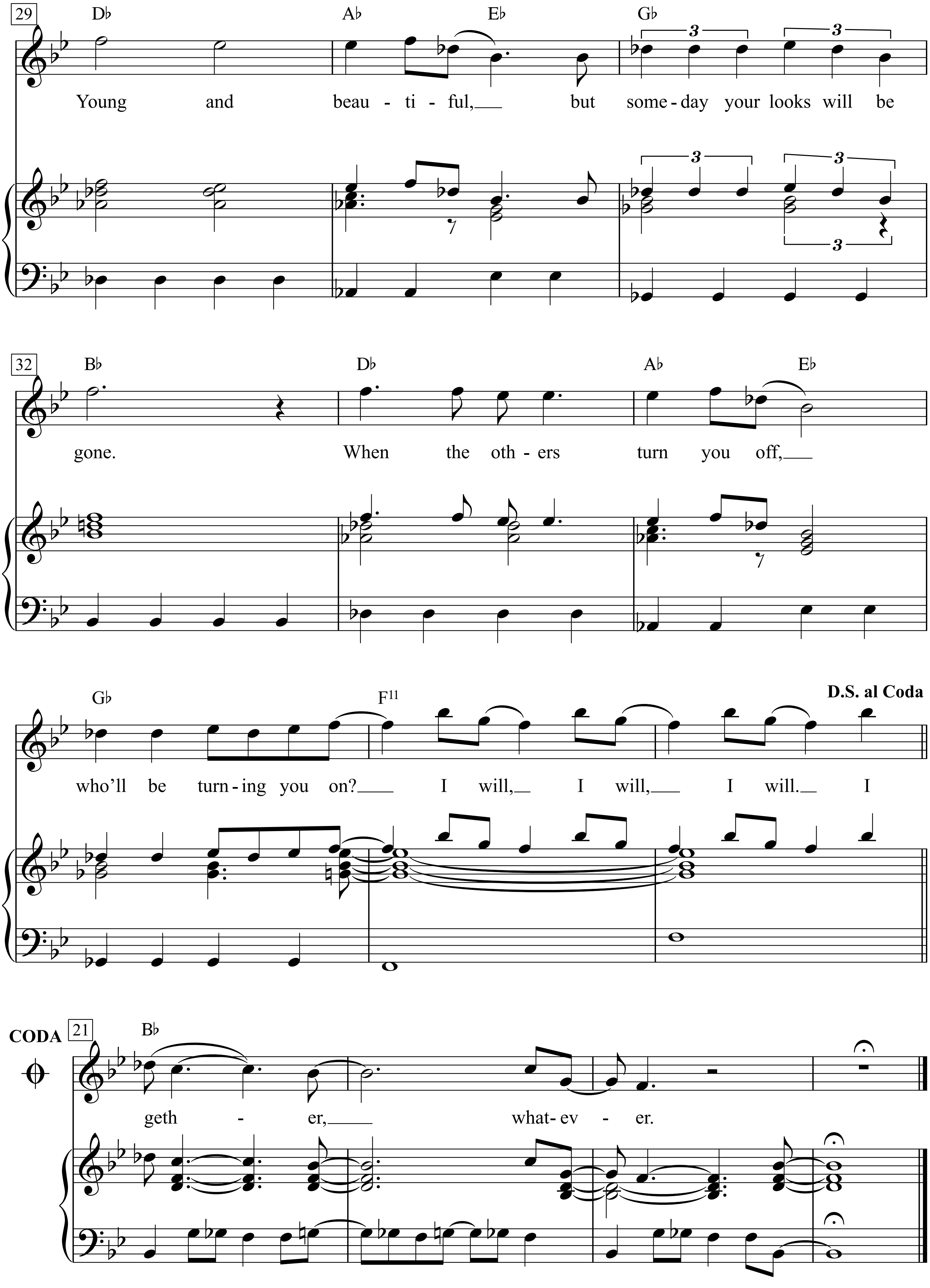
Moderately

Words & Music by
Neil Sedaka and Howard Greenfield
Captain & Tennille)




10
E♭
some sweet talk - in' guy comes a - long,
When those guys start hang - in' a - round,
Said it be - fore and I'll say it a - gain, while
12
E♭m
sin - gin' a song. Don't mess a - round; you
talk - in' me down, hear with your heart and you
oth - ers pre - tend, I need you now and
14
B♭
got - ta be strong.
won't hear a sound.
I need you then.
Just stop, 'cause I


16
B♭+
B♭6
B♭7
real - ly love__ ya; stop, I'll be think - in' of__ ya.
19
E♭
B♭
F11
To Coda
1. B♭
Look in my heart and let love keep us to - geth - - er.__
22
2.
B♭
__ geth - er,__
26
__ what - ev - er.


29
D♭
A♭
E♭
G♭
Young and beau - ti - ful, but some - day your looks will be
32
B♭
D♭
A♭
E♭
gone. When the oth - ers turn you off,
G♭
F11
D.S. al Coda
who'll be turn - ing you on? I will, I will, I will. I
CODA
21
B♭
geth - er, what - ev - er.

Love, love will keep us to-geth-er;
think of me, babe, when-ev-er
dome sweet talk-in' guy comes a-long, singin' a song.
Don't mess a-round; you just got-ta be strong.

Just stop 'cause I really love you
Stop, I've been thinking of you
Look in my heart and let love keep us together

You, you belong to me now
Ain't gonna set ya free now
When those girls start hanging around, talking me down
Hear with your heart and ya won't hear a sound

Just stop 'cause I really love you
Stop, I been thinking of you
Look in my heart and let love keep us together, whatever

Young and beautiful
But someday your looks'll be gone
When the others turn you off
Who'll be turning you on
I will, I will, I will

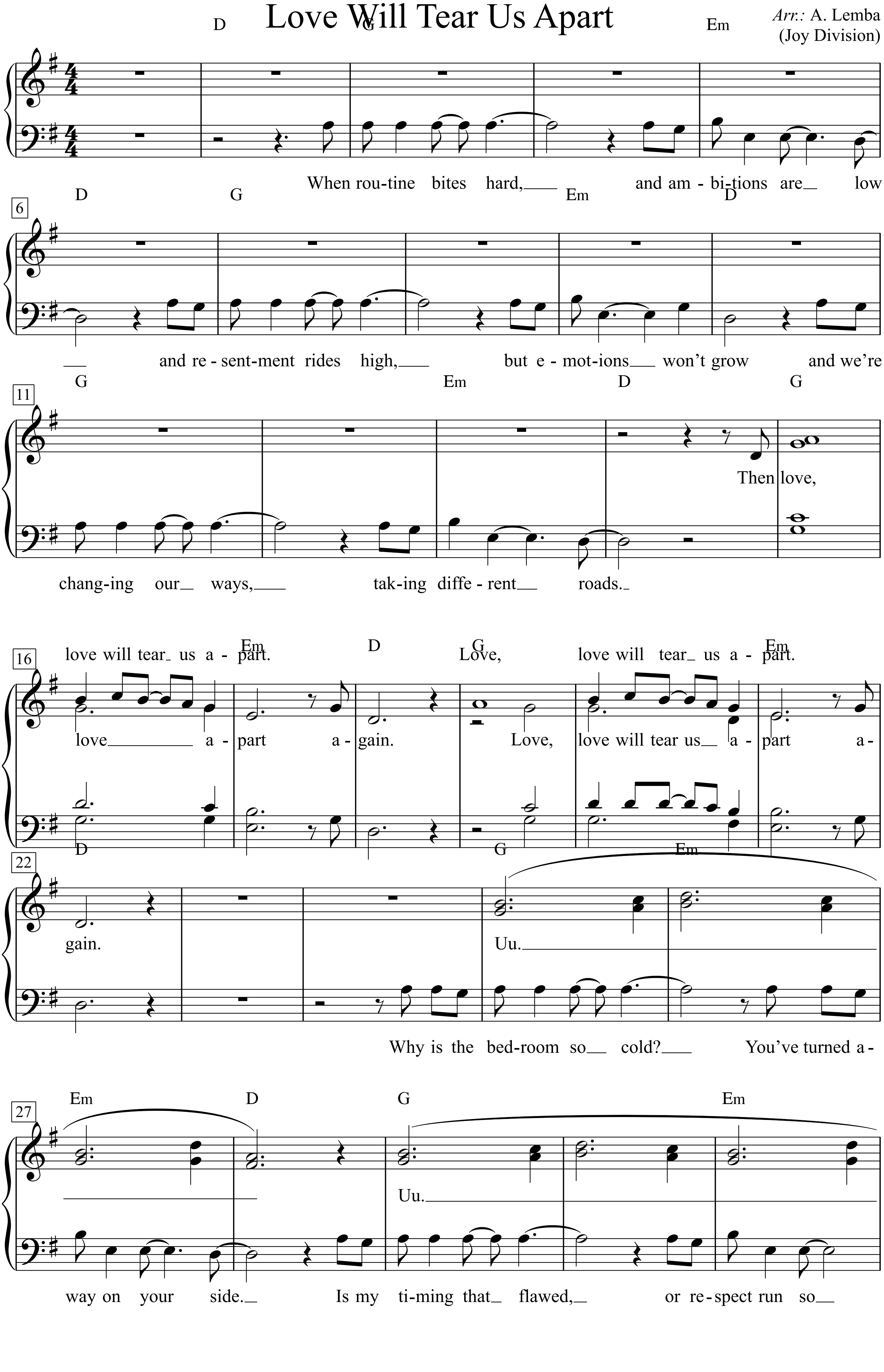
I will be there to share forever
Love will keep us together
I said it before and I'll say it again
While others pretend
I need ya now and I need ya then

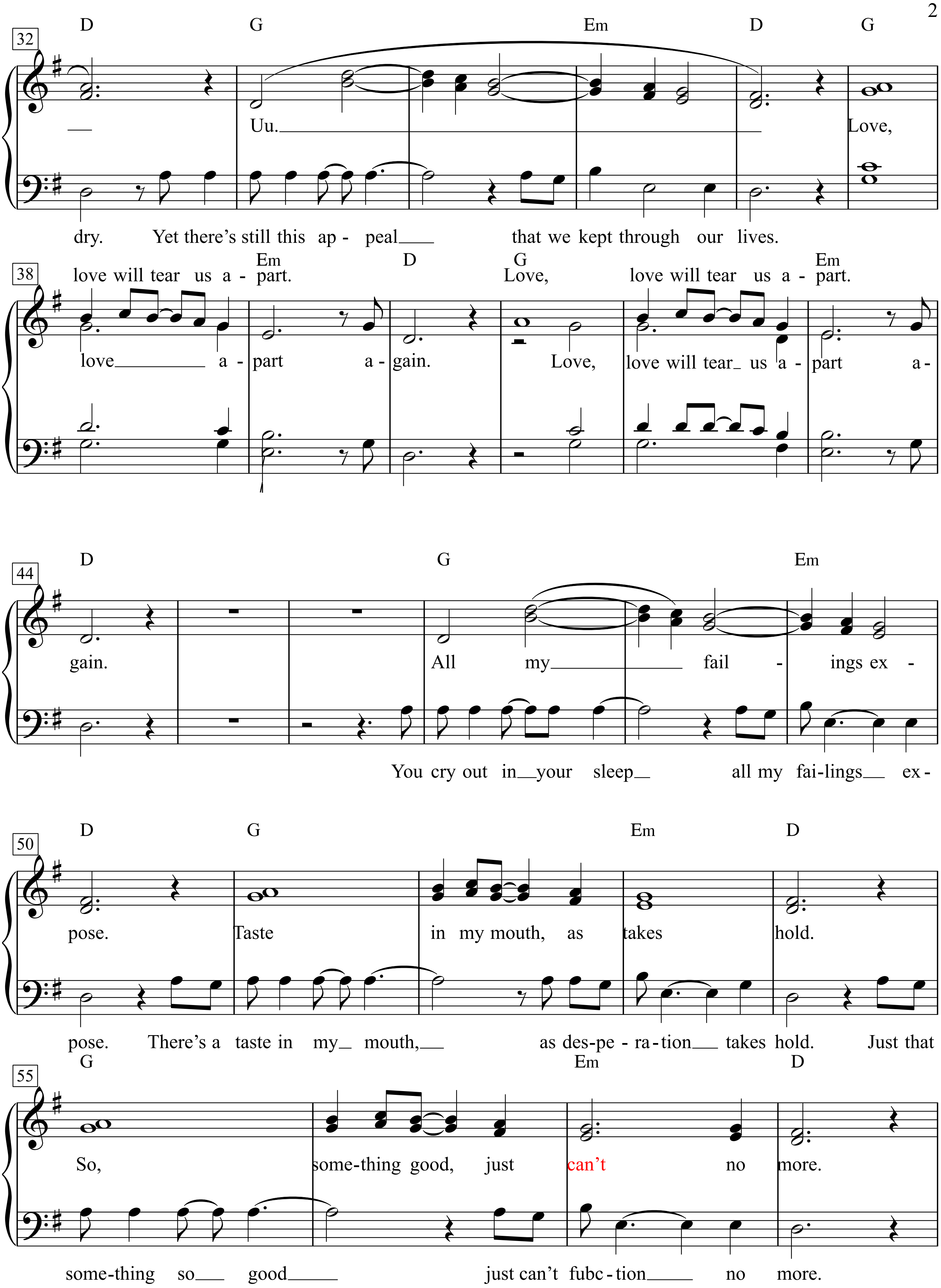
Just stop 'cause I really love you
Stop, I been thinking of you
Look in my heart and let love keep us together, whatever
I will, I will, I will, I will

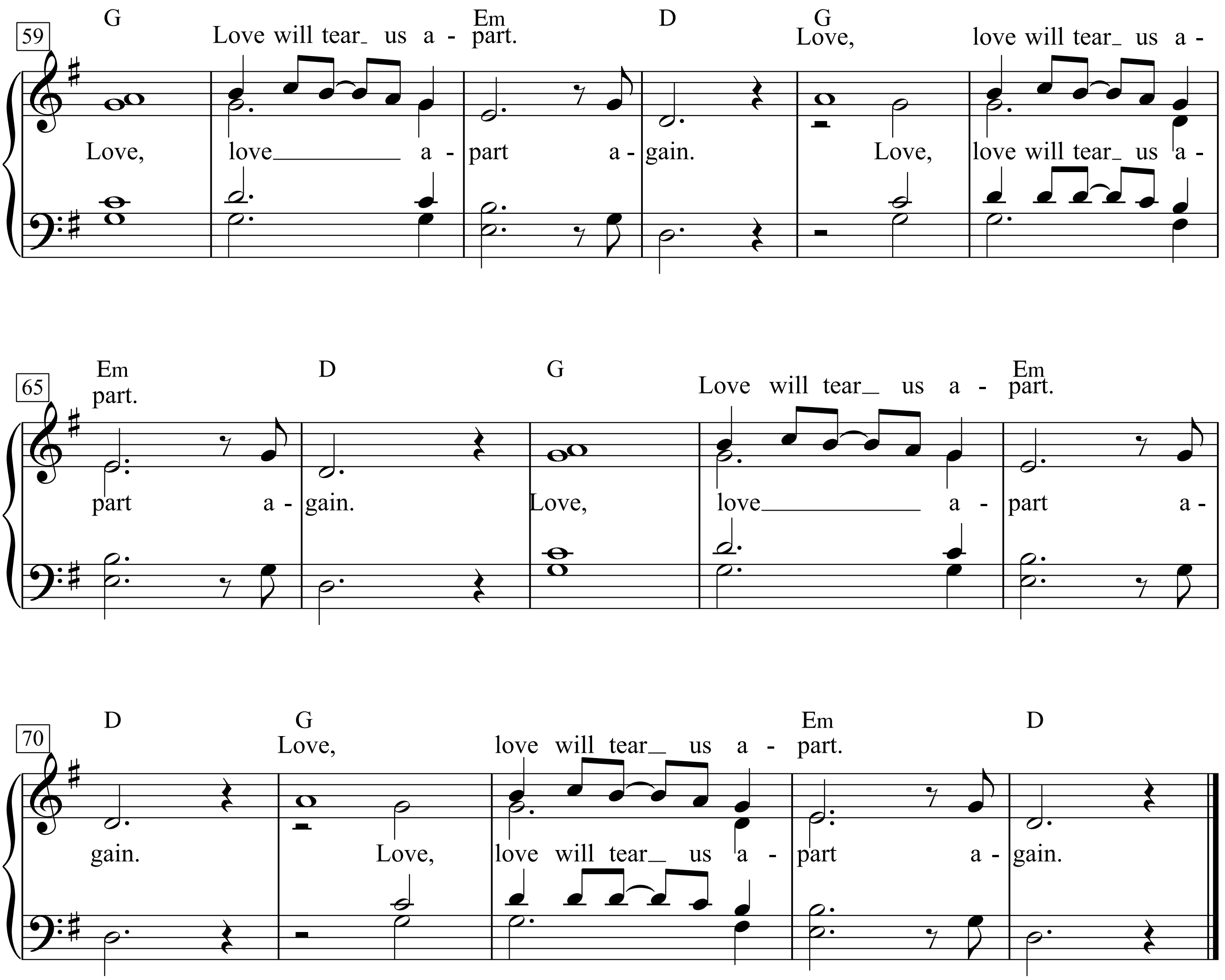
You better stop 'cause I really love you
Stop, I've been thinking of you
Look in my heart and let love keep us together, whatever
I will, I will, I will, I will
(Da da da da...)

Love Will Tear Us Apart

Arr.: A. Lemba
(Joy Division)

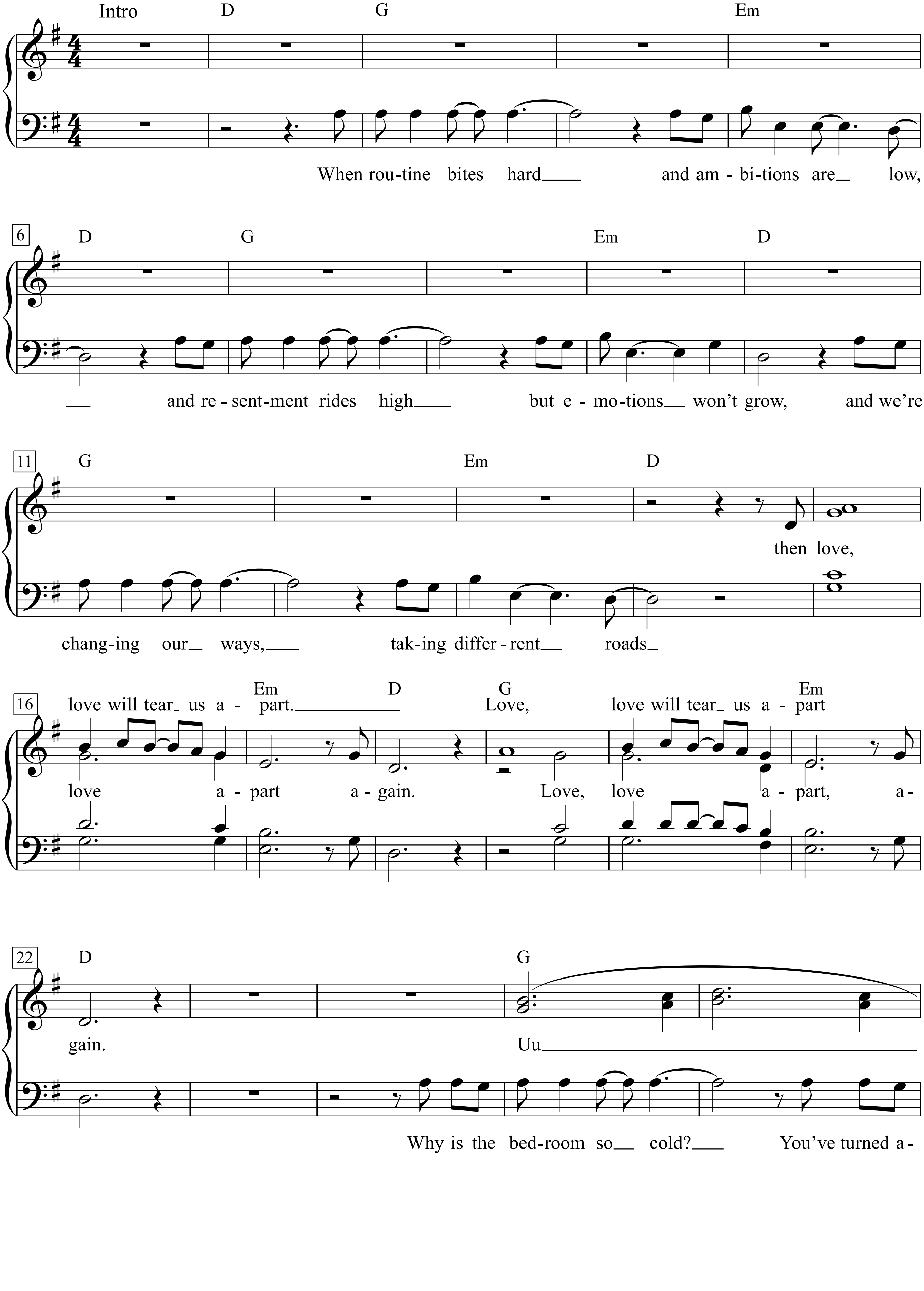


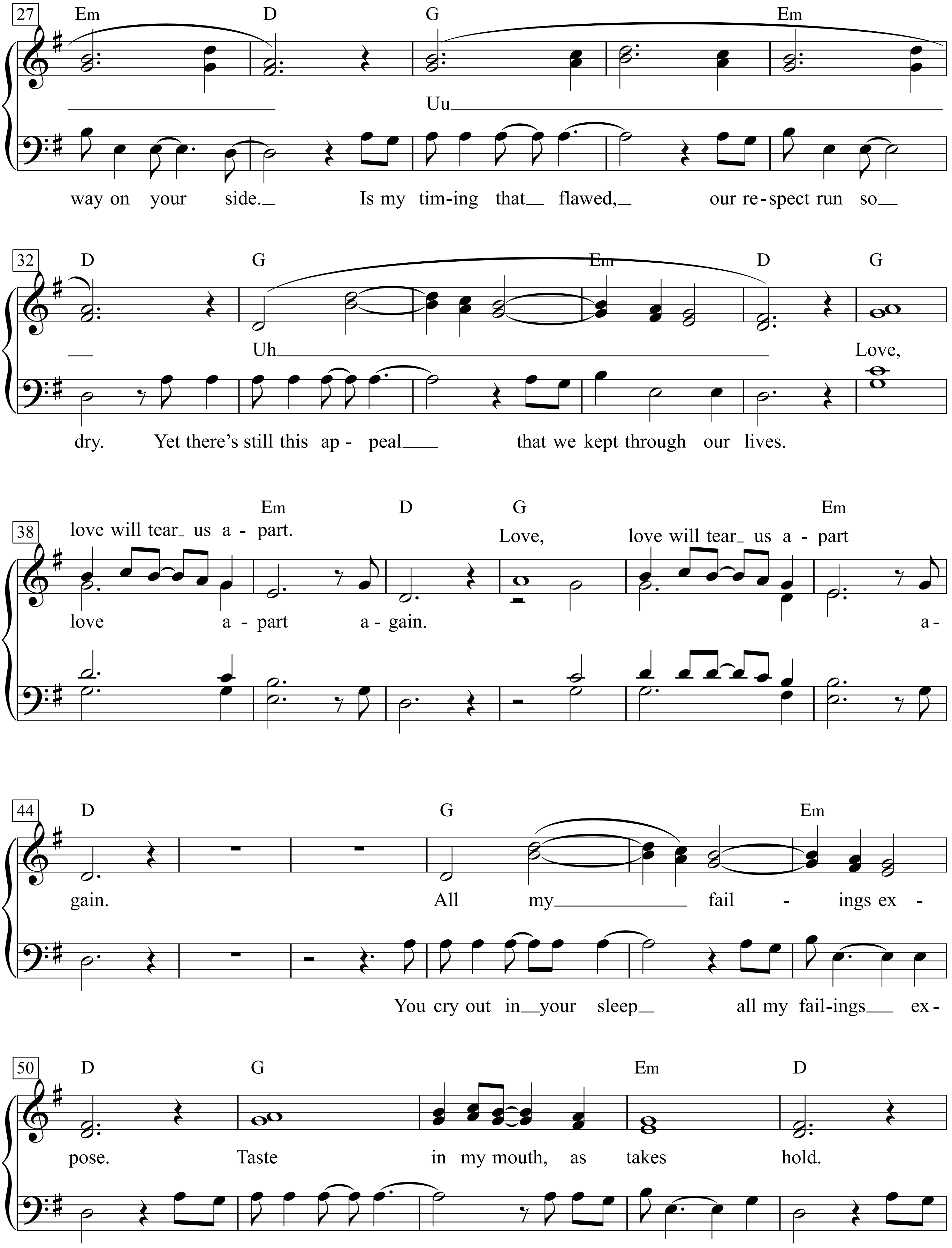

32
D G Em D G
— Uu. Love,
dry. Yet there's still this ap - peal that we kept through our lives.
38
love will tear us a - part. Em D G Love, love will tear us a - part. Em
love a - part a - gain. Love, love will tear us a - part a -
44
D G Em
gain. All my fail - ings ex -
You cry out in your sleep all my fai-lings ex -
50
D G Em D
pose. Taste in my mouth, as takes hold.
pose. There's a taste in my mouth, as des-pe - ra-tion takes hold. Just that
55
G Em D
So, some-thing good, just can't no more.
some-thing so good just can't fubc - tion no more.

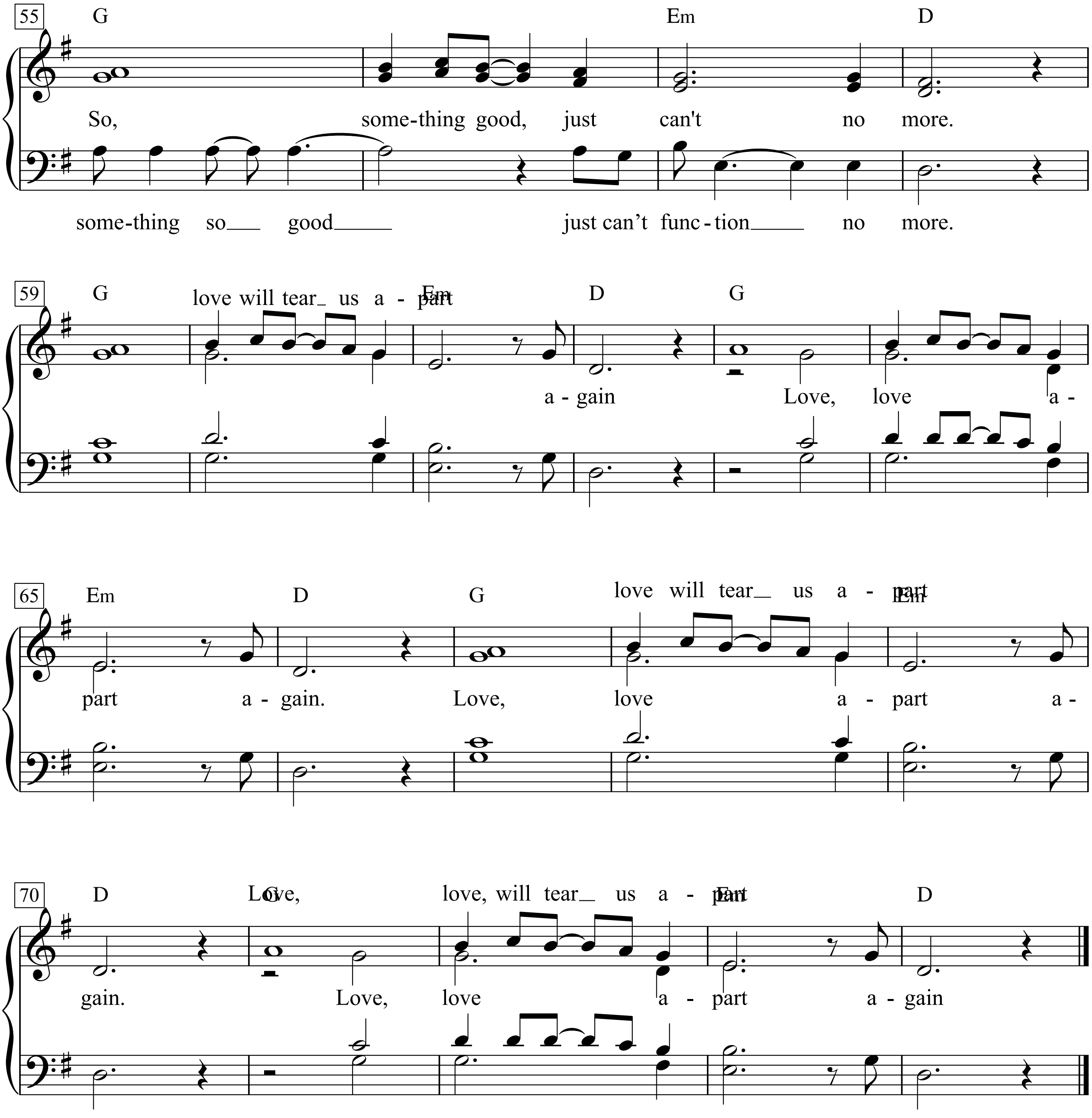

59
G
Em
D
G
Love will tear us a - part.
Love, love will tear us a -
Love, love a - part a - gain.
Love, love will tear us a -
65
Em
D
G
Em
part.
Love will tear us a - part.
part a - gain.
Love, love a - part a -
70
D
G
Em
D
Love, love will tear us a - part.
gain.
Love, love will tear us a - part a - gain.

Love Will Tear Us Apart

Words & Music by
Bernard Sumner, Peter Hook, Stephen Morris, Ian Curtis
(Joy Division)
Arr.: A. Lemba




27
Em D G Em
Uu
way on your side. Is my tim-ing that flawed, our re-spect run so
32
D G Em D G
Uh Love,
dry. Yet there's still this ap - peal that we kept through our lives.
38
love will tear us a - part.
Em D G Em
Love, love will tear us a - part
love a - part a - gain. a-
44
D G Em
gain. All my fail - ings ex -
You cry out in your sleep all my fail-ings ex -
50
D G Em D
pose. Taste in my mouth, as takes hold.
pose. There's a taste in my mouth, as des-pe - ra - tion takes hold. just that

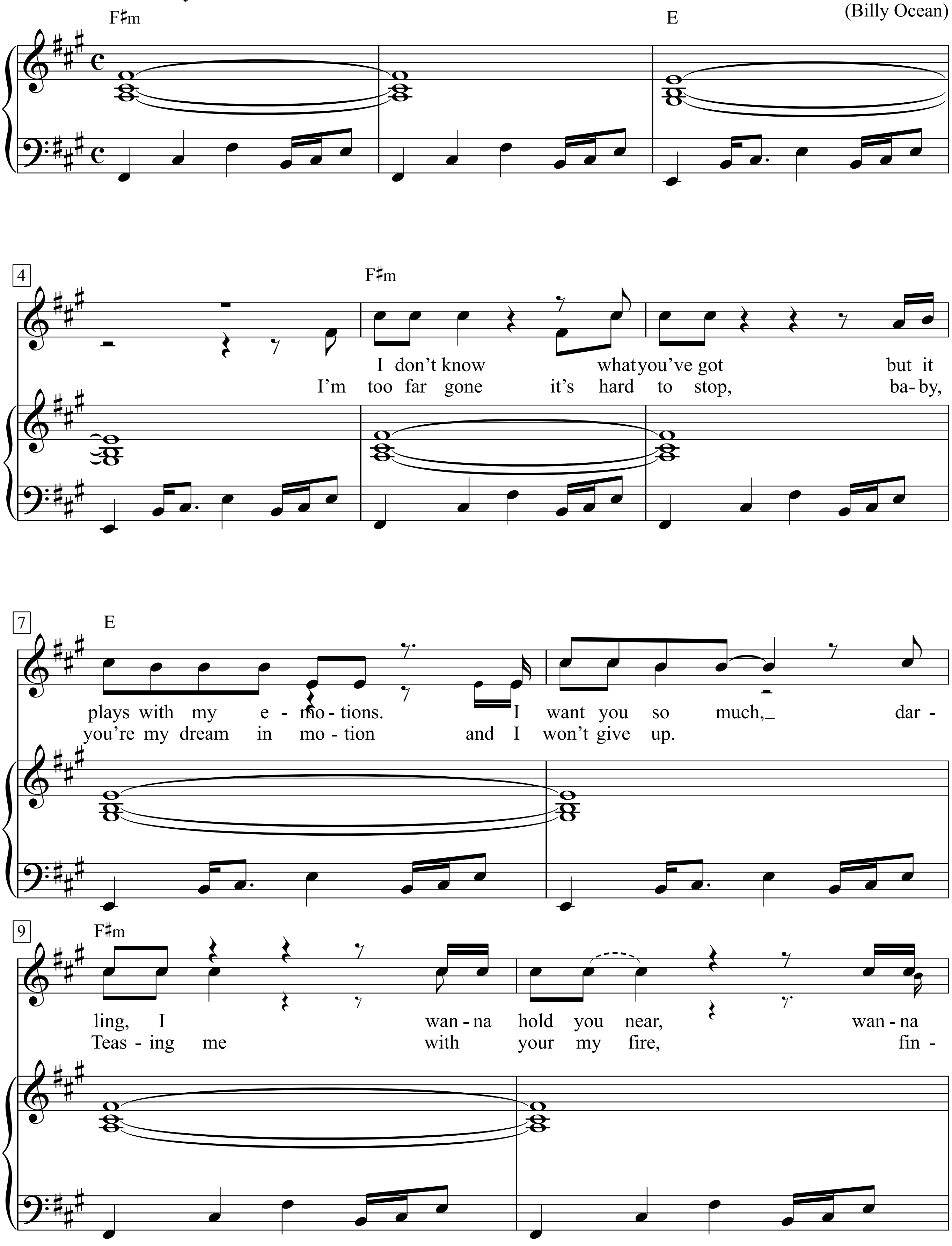

55
G Em D
So, some-thing good, just can't no more.
some-thing so good just can't func-tion no more.
59
G love will tear us a - part Em D G
a - gain Love, love a -
65
Em D G love will tear us a - part Em
part a - gain. Love, love a - part a -
70
D Love, G love, will tear us a - part Em D
gain. Love, love a - part a - gain

Loverboy

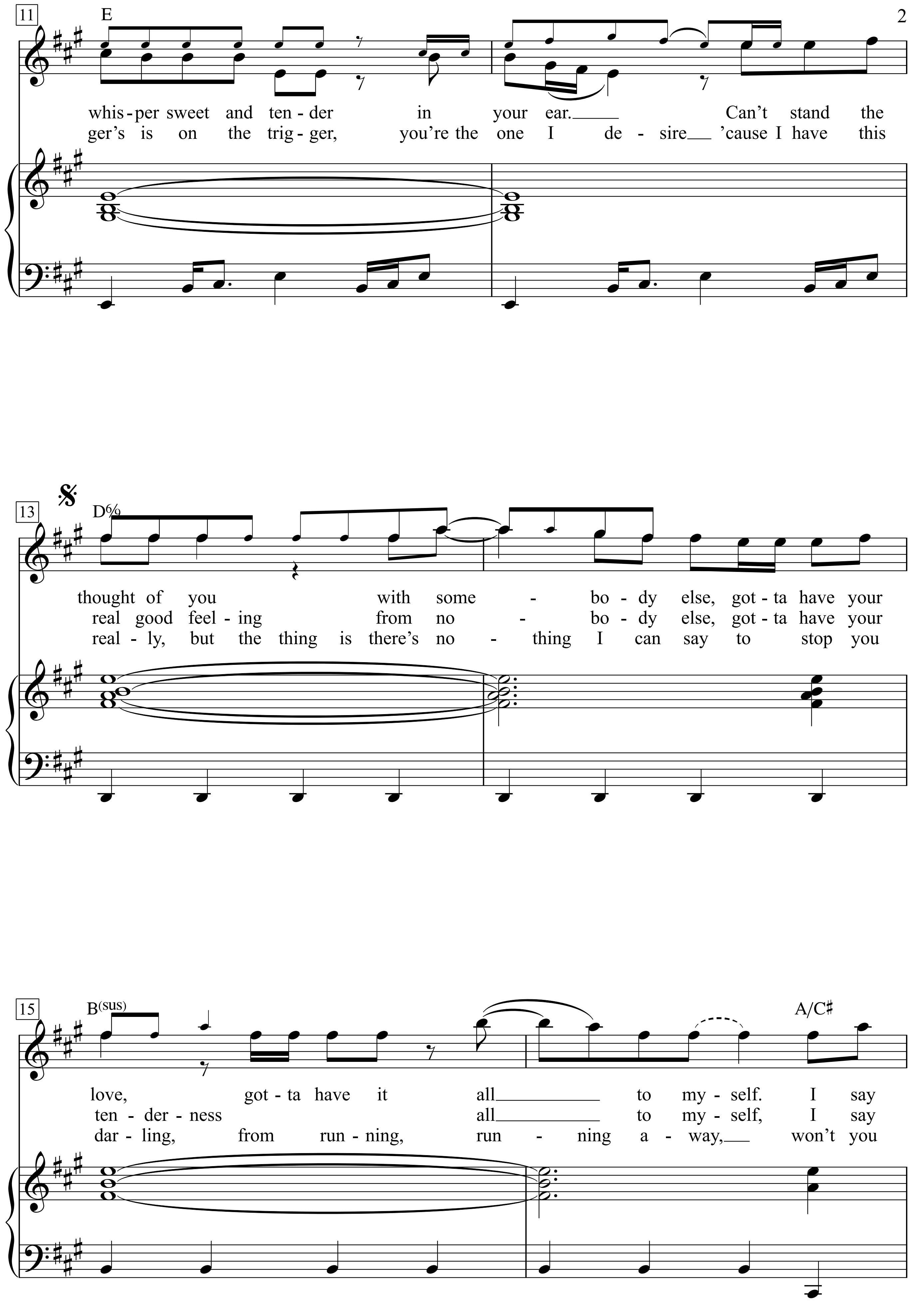
(1984)

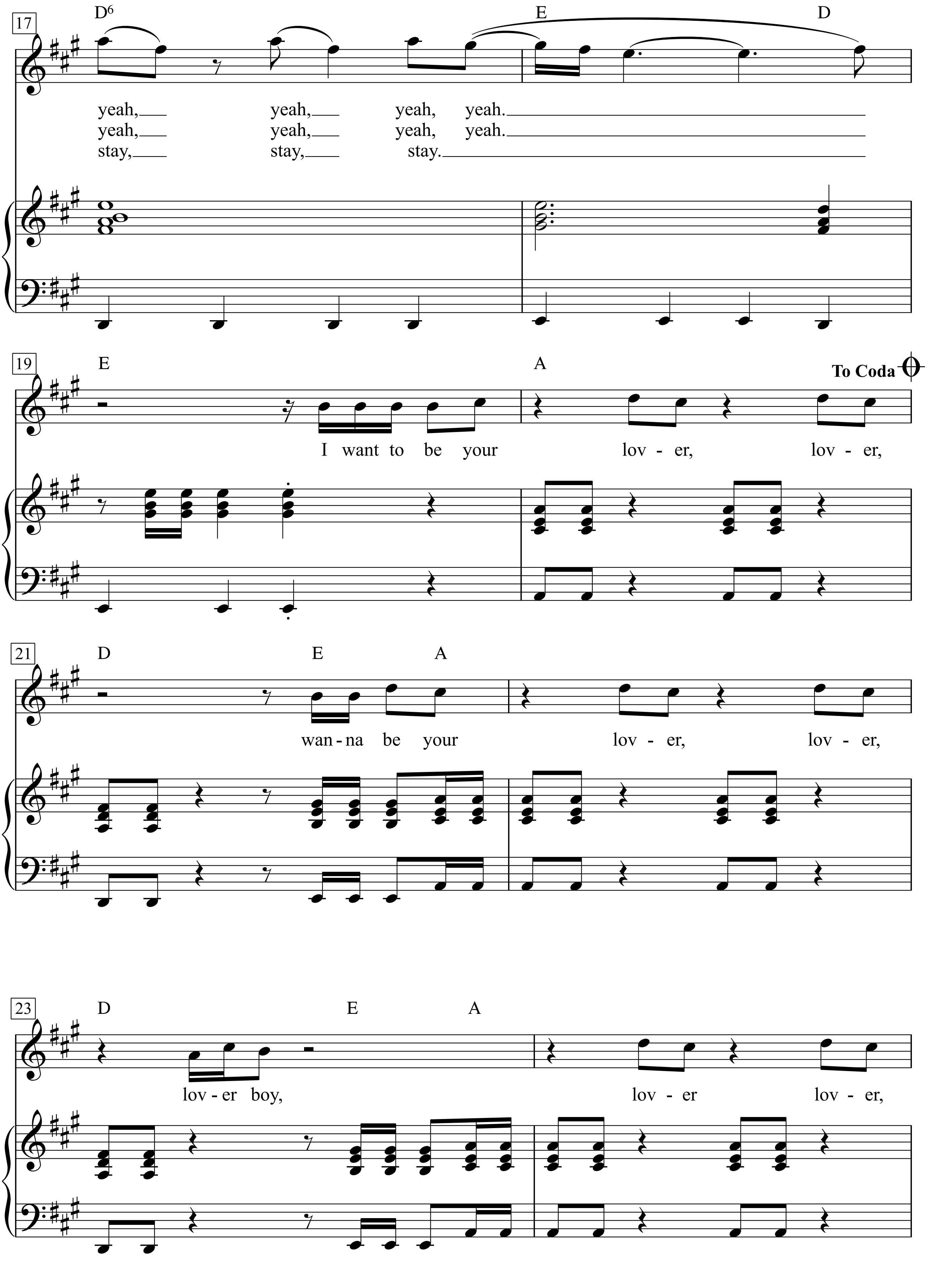
Word & Music by
Keith Diamond, Robert John "Mutt" Lange and Billy Ocean
(Billy Ocean)

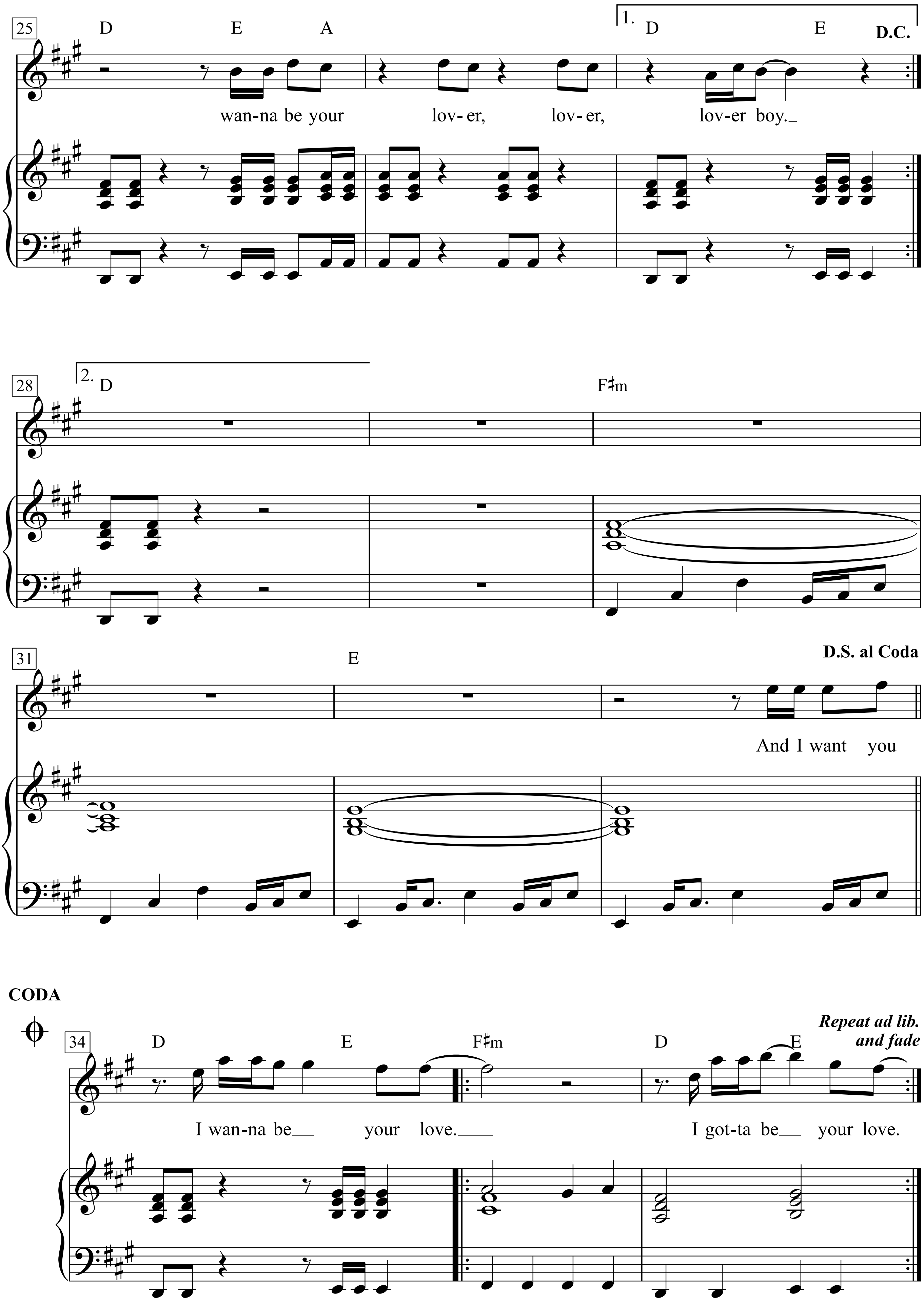
Steady rock



The Best of Billy Ocean, p.46-49

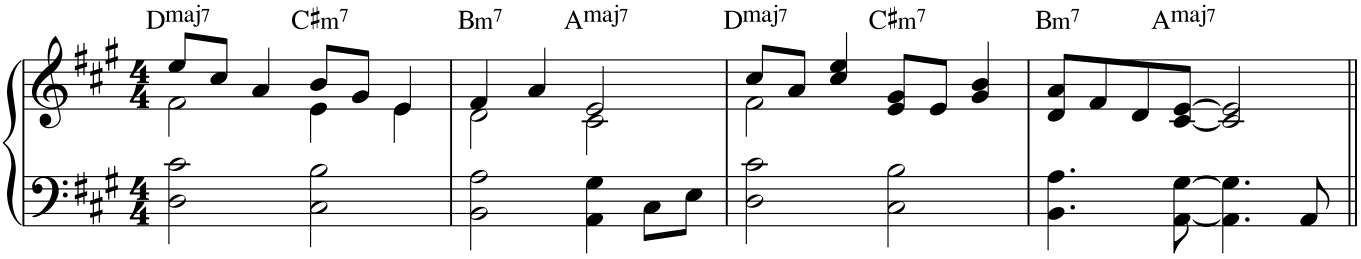

11
E
whis - per sweet and ten - der in your ear. Can't stand the
ger's is on the trig - ger, you're the one I de - sire 'cause I have this
13
D6/9
thought of you with some - bo - dy else, got - ta have your
real good feel - ing from no - bo - dy else, got - ta have your
real - ly, but the thing is there's no - thing I can say to stop you
15
B(sus)
A/C♯
love, got - ta have it all to my - self. I say
ten - der - ness all to my - self, I say
dar - ling, from run - ning, run - ning a - way, won't you

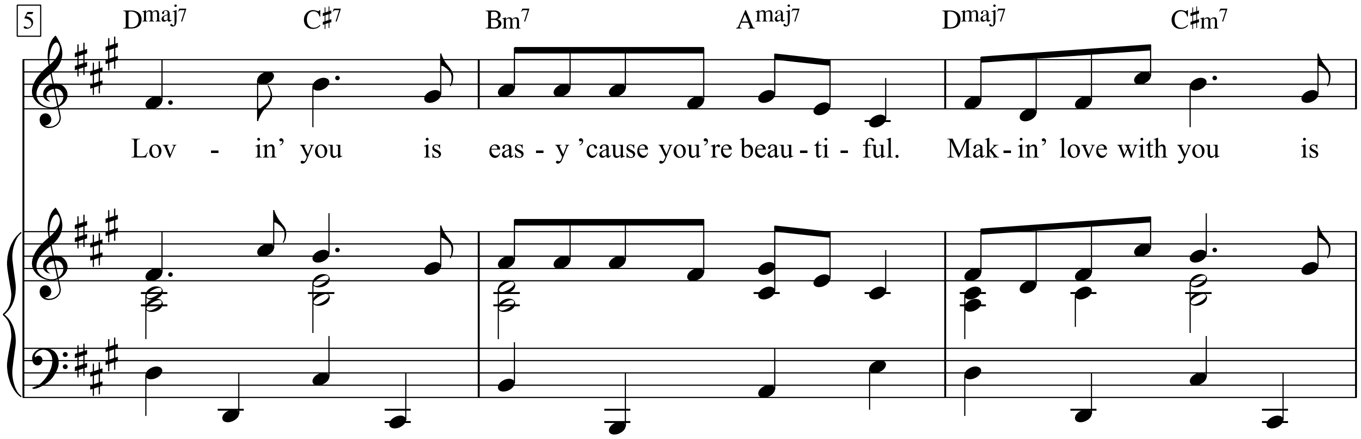

17
D6
E
D
yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.
yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.
stay, stay, stay.
19
E
A
To Coda
I want to be your lov - er, lov - er,
21
D
E
A
wan - na be your lov - er, lov - er,
23
D
E
A
lov - er boy, lov - er lov - er,

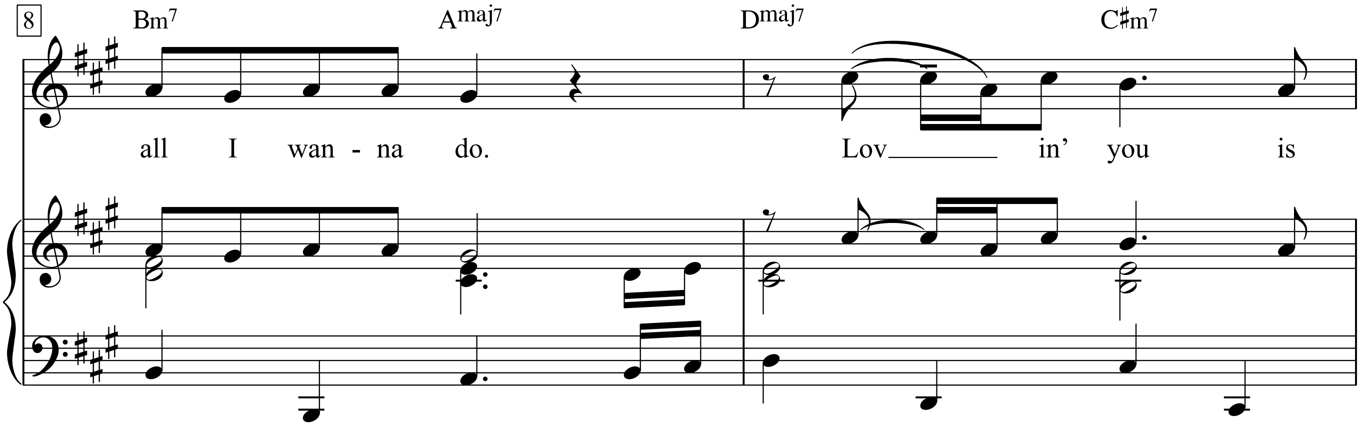

25
D
E
A
1.
D
E
D.C.
wan-na be your
lov- er,
lov- er,
lov-er boy._
28
2.
D
F♯m
31
E
D.S. al Coda
And I want you
CODA
34
D
E
F♯m
D
E
Repeat ad lib.
and fade
I wan-na be__
your love.____
I got-ta be__
your love.

Lovin' You

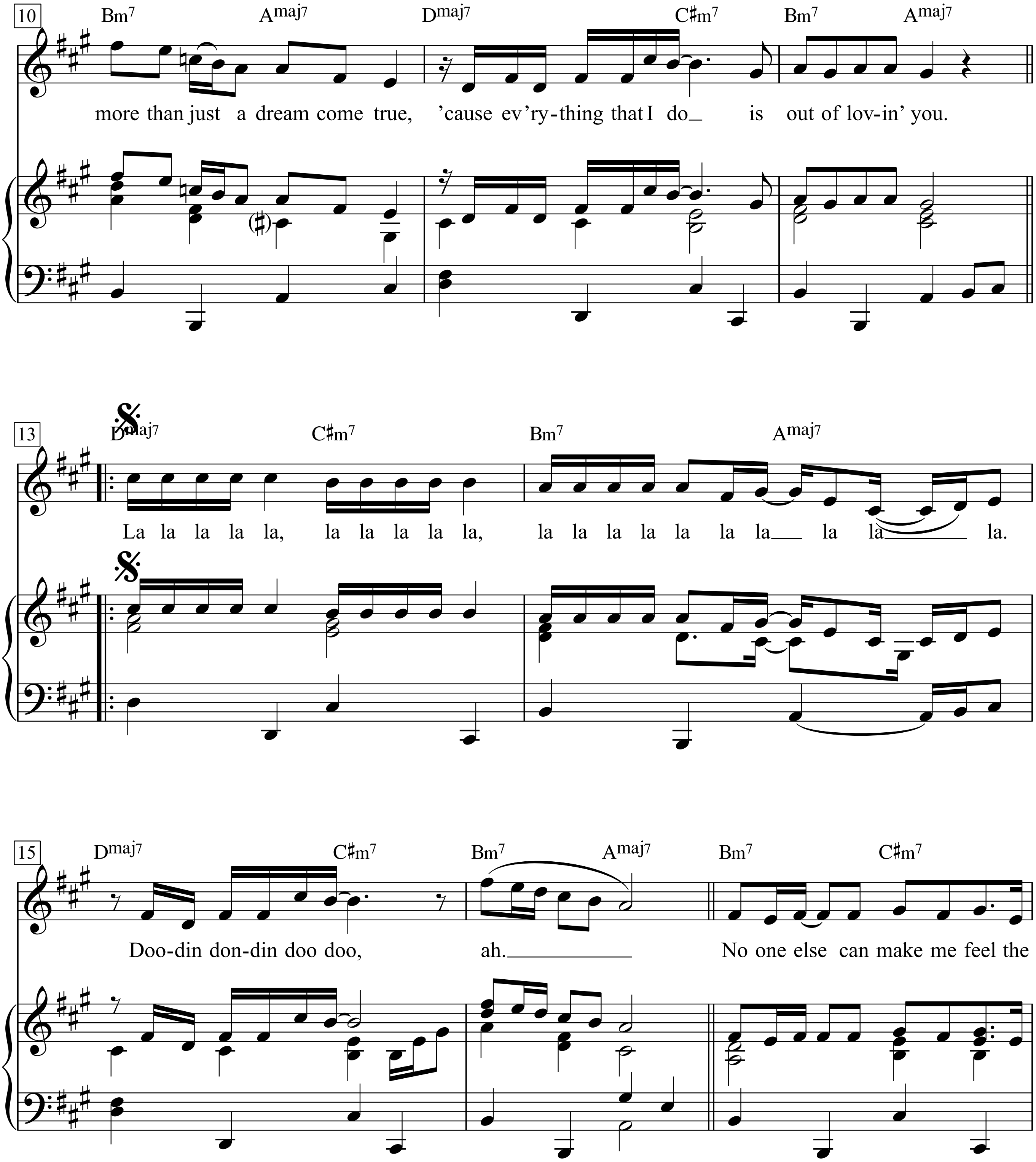
Words & Music by
Minnie Riperton & Richard Rudolph
(Minnie Riperton)

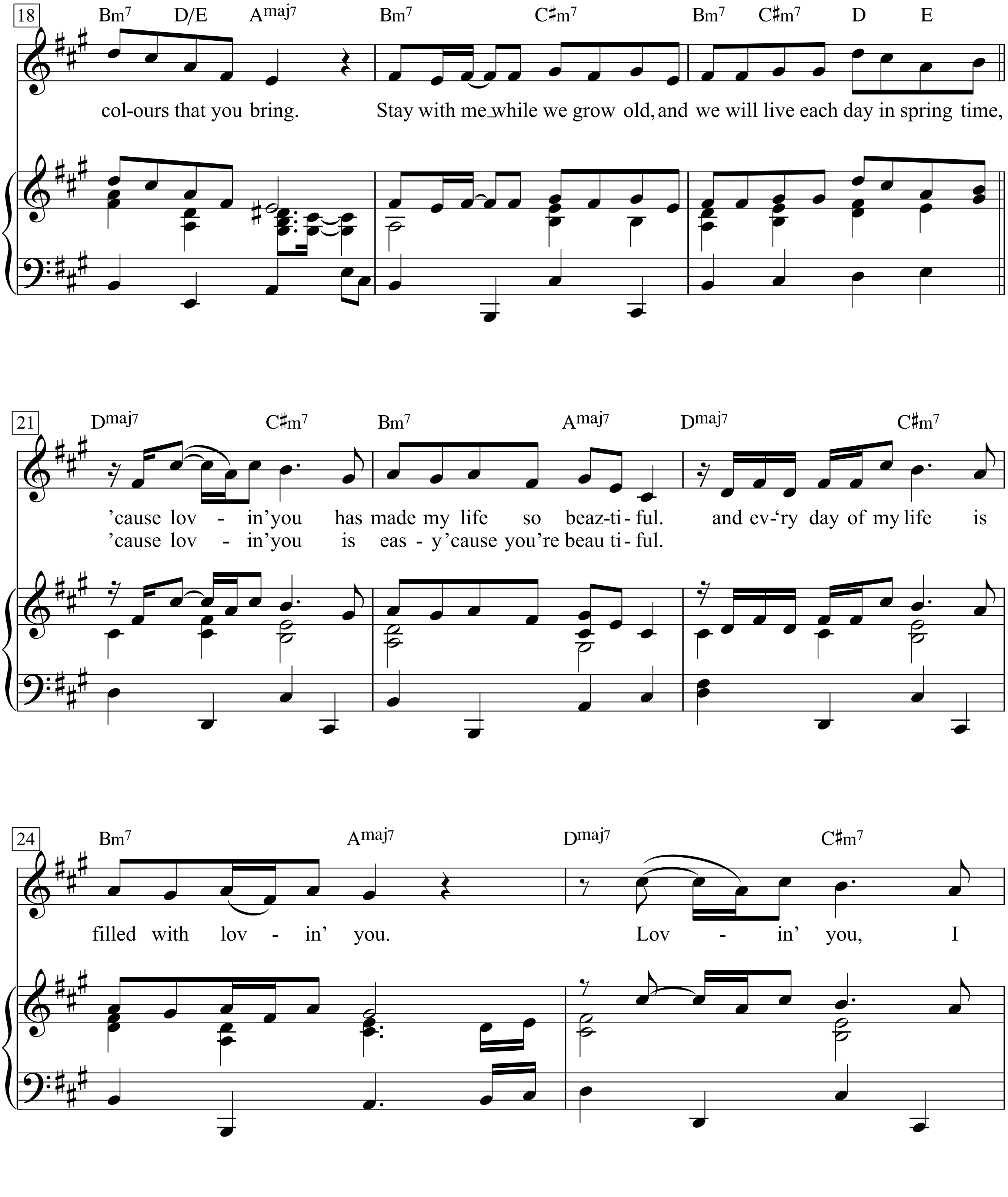


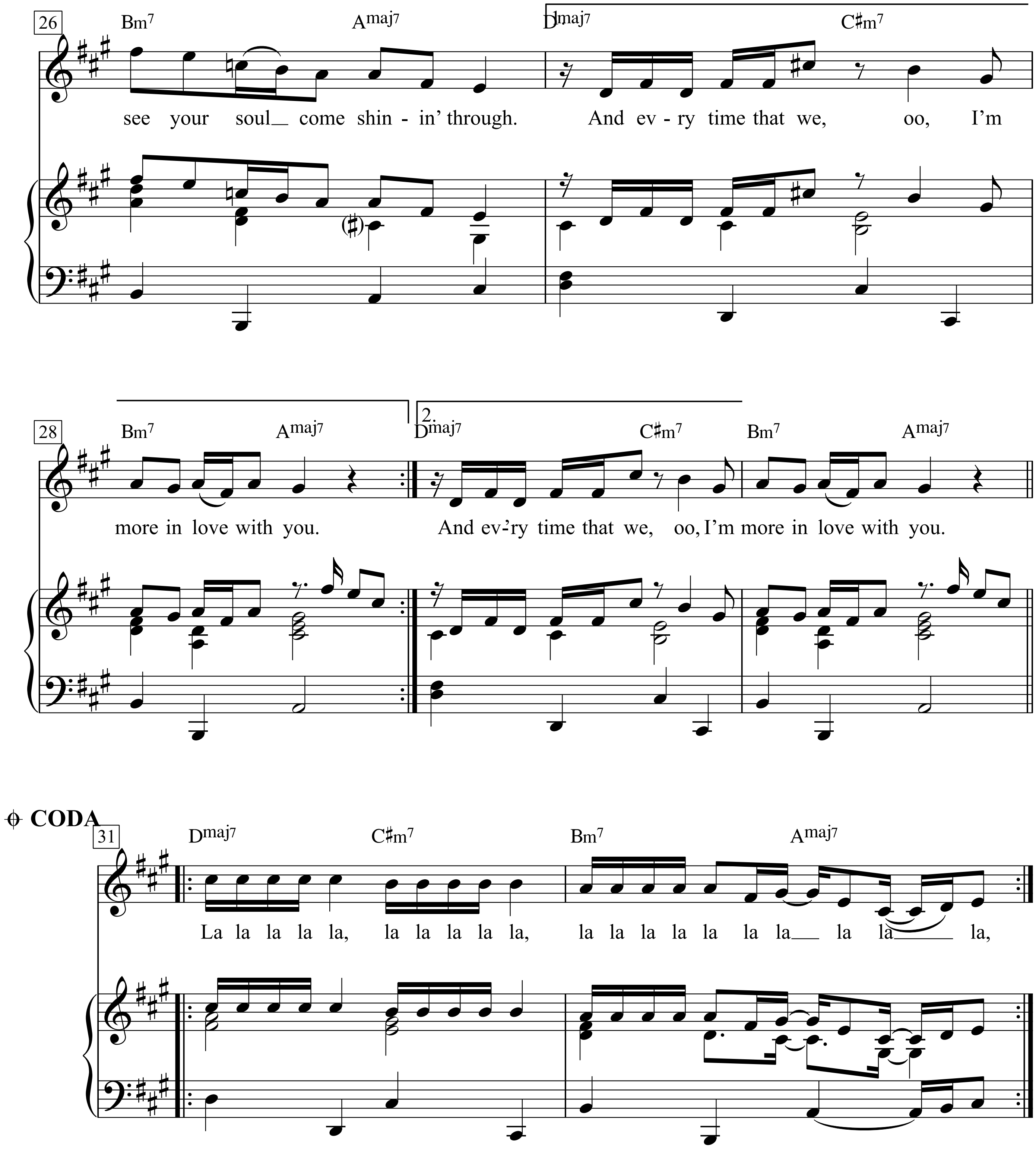




The Greatest Love Songs Of The 70s, p. 62-65


10
Bm7 Amaj7 Dmaj7 C♯m7 Bm7 Amaj7
more than just a dream come true, 'cause ev'ry-thing that I do is out of lov-in' you.
13
Dmaj7 C♯m7 Bm7 Amaj7
La la la la la, la la la la la, la la la la la la la la la la.
15
Dmaj7 C♯m7 Bm7 Amaj7 Bm7 C♯m7
Doo-din don-din doo doo, ah. No one else can make me feel the


18
Bm7 D/E Amaj7 Bm7 C♯m7 Bm7 C♯m7 D E
col-ours that you bring. Stay with me while we grow old, and we will live each day in spring time,
21
Dmaj7 C♯m7 Bm7 Amaj7 Dmaj7 C♯m7
'cause lov - in'you has made my life so beaz-ti-ful. and ev-'ry day of my life is
'cause lov - in'you is eas - y 'cause you're beau ti-ful.
24
Bm7 Amaj7 Dmaj7 C♯m7
filled with lov - in' you. Lov - in' you, I

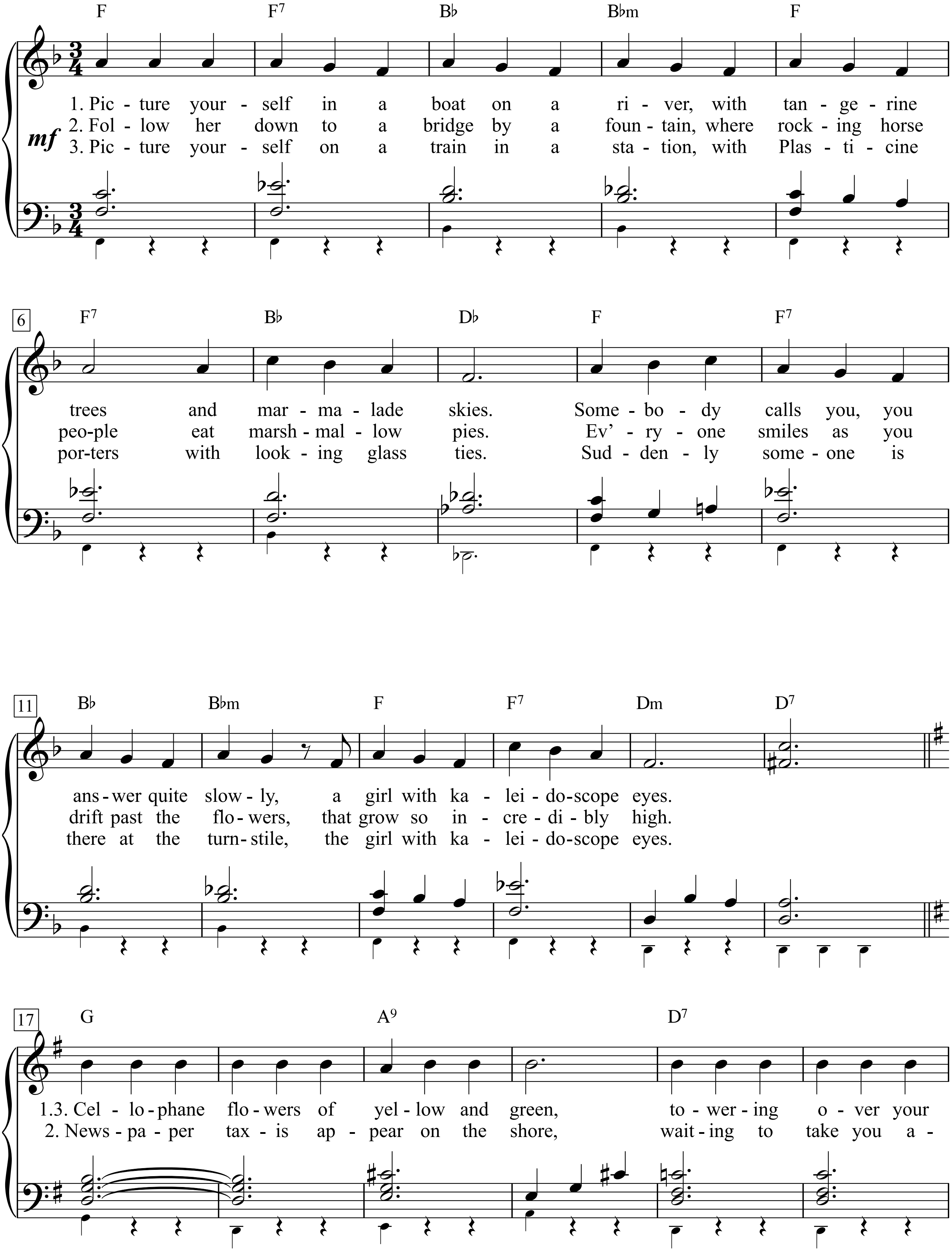

26
Bm7 Amaj7 Dmaj7 C♯m7
see your soul_ come shin - in' through. And ev - ry time that we, oo, I'm
28
Bm7 Amaj7
more in love with you.
2.
Dmaj7 C♯m7 Bm7 Amaj7
And ev-'ry time that we, oo, I'm more in love with you.
CODA
31
Dmaj7 C♯m7 Bm7 Amaj7
La la la la la, la la la la la, la la la la la la la_ la la_ la,

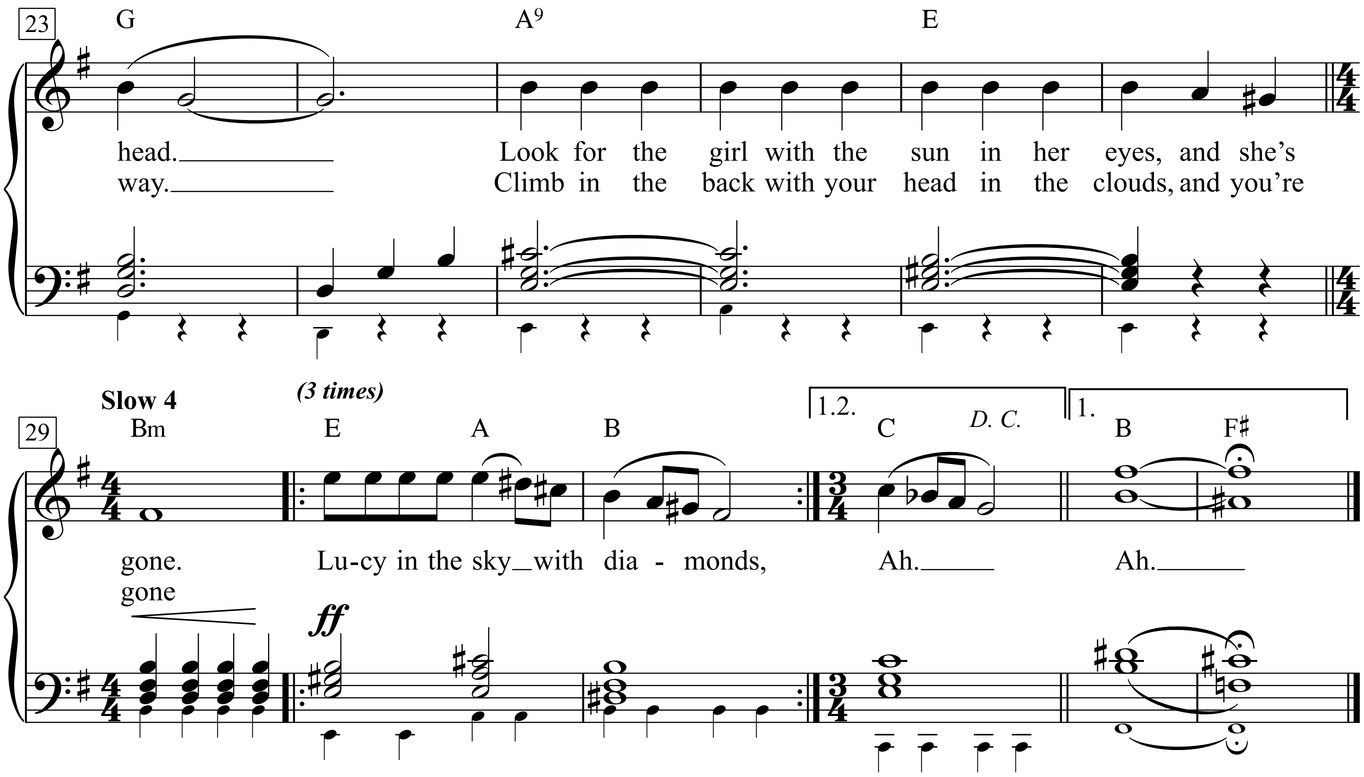
Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds

(For Organ: Registration No. 3)

Words & Music:
John Lennon & Paul McCartney

Moderato





Picture yourself in a boat on a river,
with tangerine trees and marmalade skies.
Somebody calls you, you answer quite slowly,
a girl with kaleidoscope eyes.

Cellophane flowers of yellow and green,
towering over your head.
Look for the girl with the sun in her eyes, and she's gone.

Lucy in the sky with diamonds,
Lucy in the sky with diamonds,
Lucy in the sky with diamonds, Ah

Follow her down to a bridge by a fountain,
where rocking horse people eat marshmallow pies.
Ev'ryone smiles as you drift past the flowers,
that grow so incredibly high.

Newspaper taxis appear on the shore,
waiting to take you away.
Climb in the back with your head in the clouds, and you're gone.

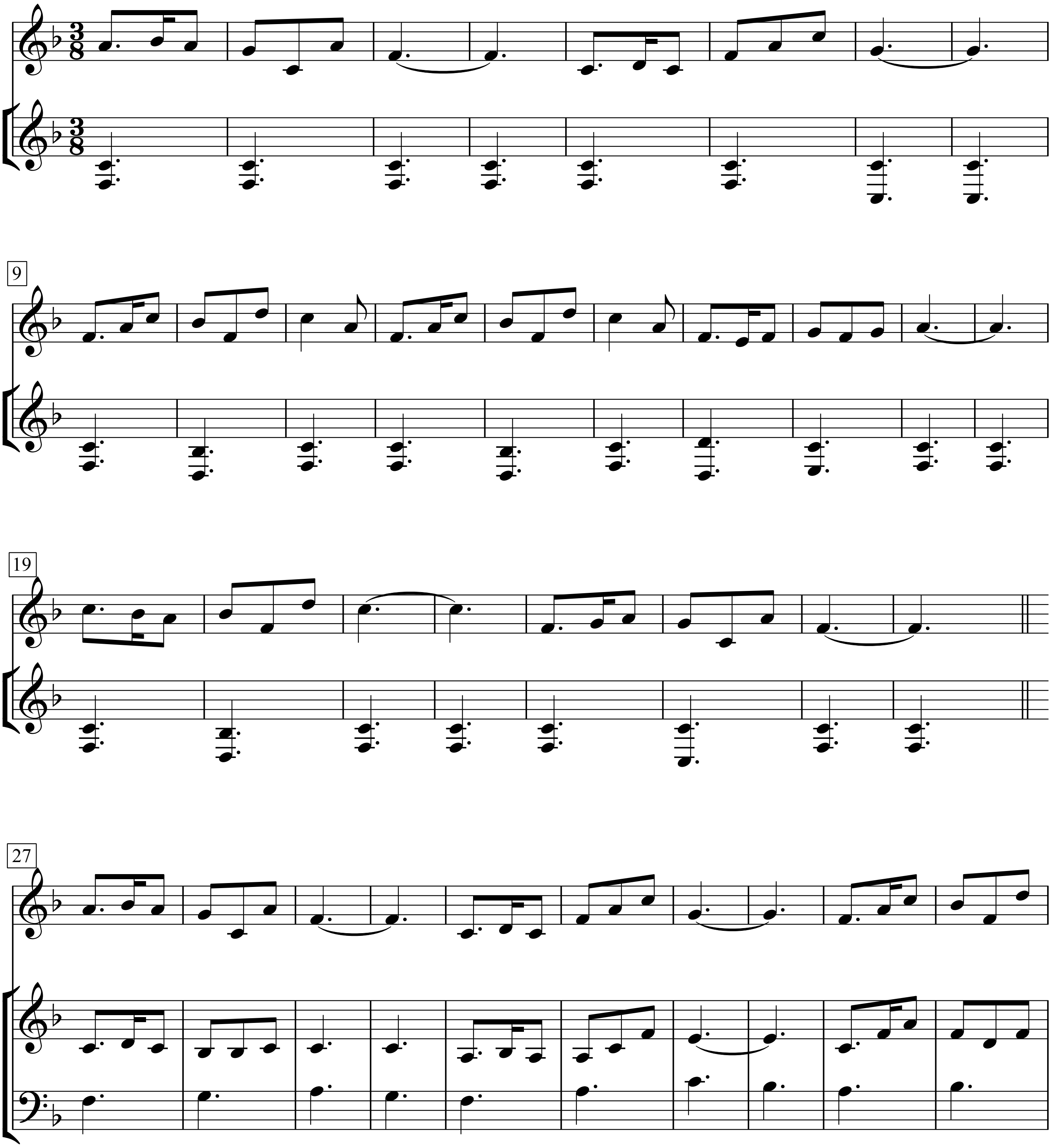
Lucy in the sky with diamonds,
Lucy in the sky with diamonds,
Lucy in the sky with diamonds, Ah

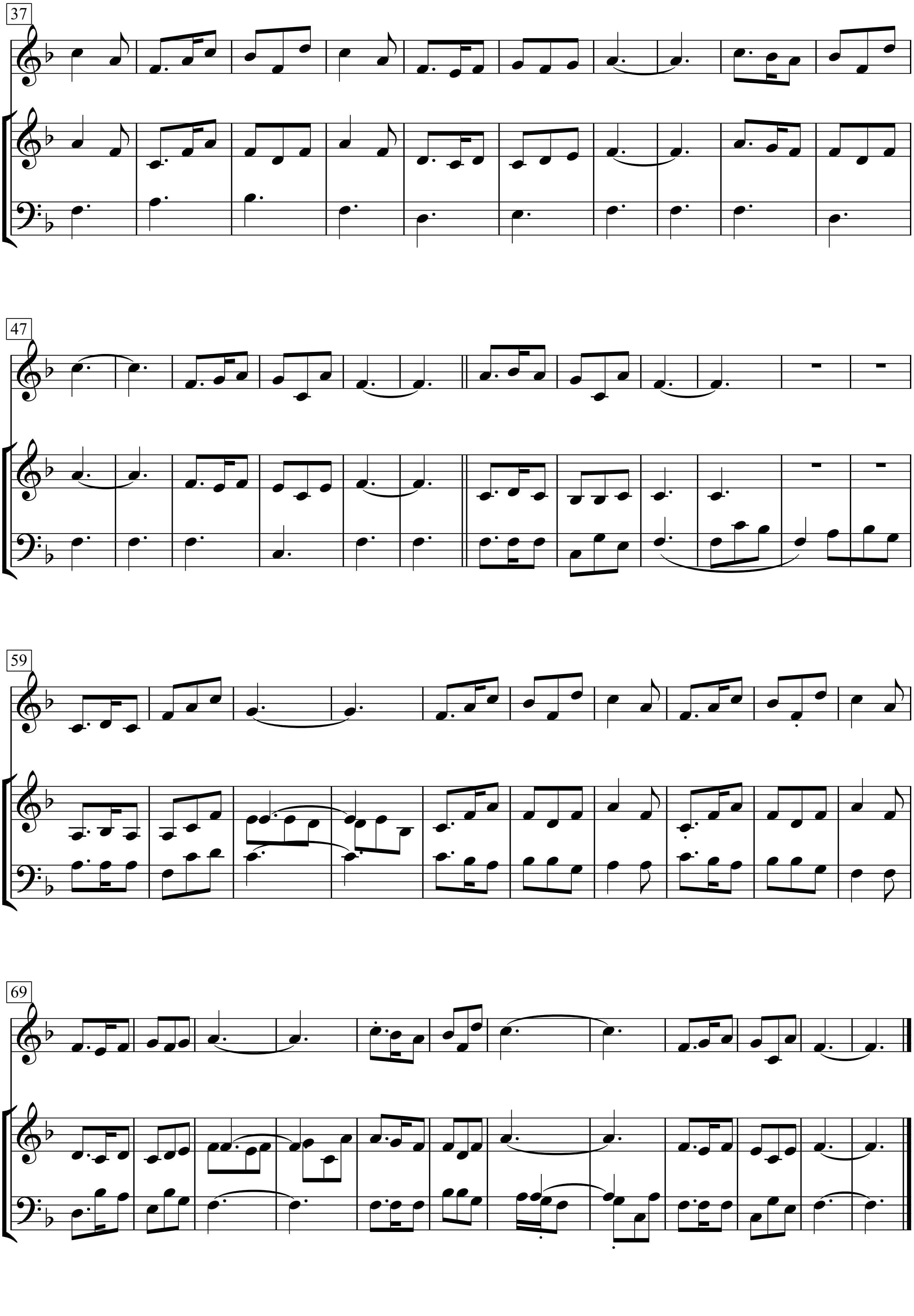
Picture yourself on a train in a station,
with Plasticine porters with looking glass ties.
Suddenly someone is there at the turnstile,
the girl with kaleidoscope eyes.

Lucy in the sky with diamonds,
Lucy in the sky with diamonds,
Lucy in the sky with diamonds, Ah

Lucy am Himmel mit Diamanten
Mal dir mal aus, du in 'nem Boot auf'nem Flüsschen
mit Pampelmusenbäumen plus.
Himmel aus Orangenmarmelade.
Jemand ruft nach dir. Du antwortest langsam
einem Mädchen mit kaleidoskopischen Augen.
Cellophanblumen so gelb und so grün
hängen dir über den Kopf.
Sieh nach dem Mädchen mit der Sonne in den Augen.
Sie ist fort.
Lucy am Himmel mit Diamanten.
Lucy am Himmel mit Diamanten.
Lucy am Himmel mit Diamanten aaah.
Folge ihr runter zur Brücke beim Brunnen,
wo Schaukelpferdmenschen Marshmallow-Süsses genießen.
Das Volk grinst, wenn du an den Blumen vorbeitreibst,
die so unglaublich hoch schießen.
Zeitungstaxis rollen ans Ufer,
warten auf dich, um dich zu schnappen.
Kletter nach achtern, den Kopf in den Wolken.
Du bist dahin.
Lucy am Himmel mit Diamanten.
Mal dir mal aus, du in 'nem Zug auf 'nem
Bahnhof,
Plastilindienstmänner mit Spiegelkrawatten.
Plötzlich ist jemand am Drehkreuz,
das Mädchen mit den Augenkaleidoskapaden.
Lucy am Himmel mit Diamanten.
Lucy am Himmel mit Diamanten.
Lucy am Himmel mit Diamanten aaah.

Lueget vo Berg und Tal



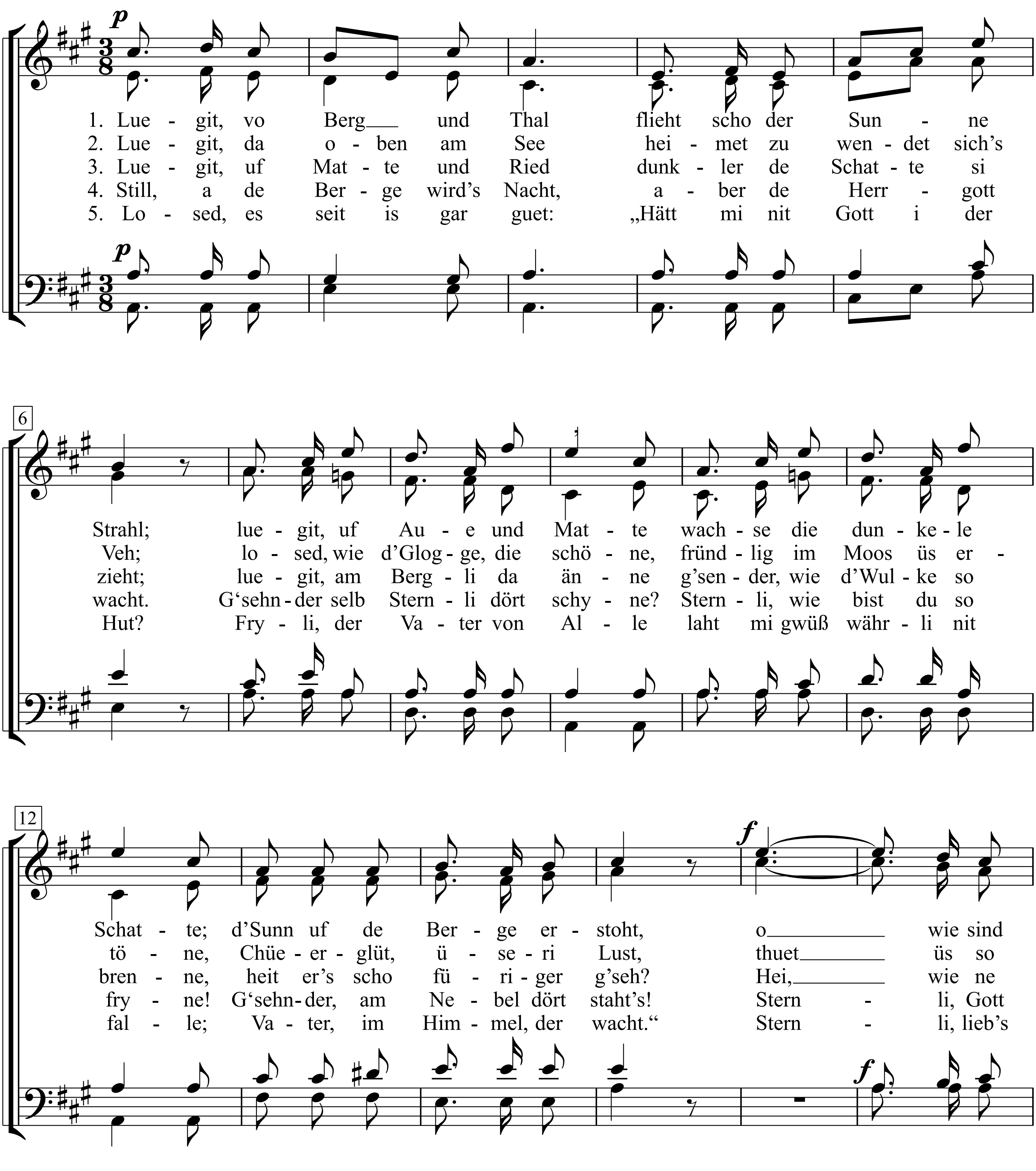

37
47
59
69

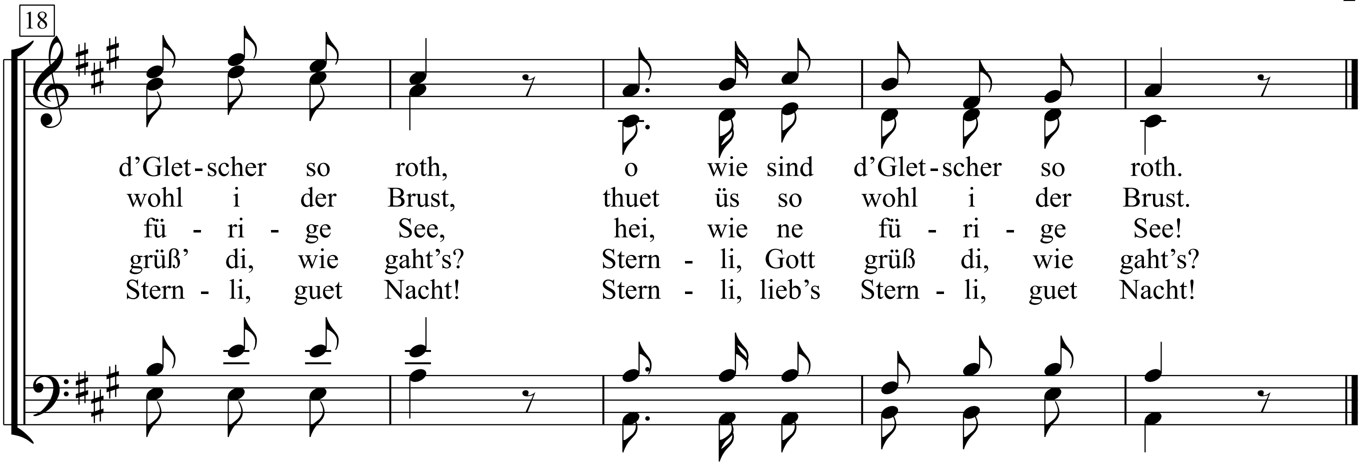
Luegit vo Berg und Thal

(Abendlied)

Ferdinand Huber (1791-1863)

Sanft





1. Luegit, vo Berg und Thal
flieht scho der Sunne Strahl;
luegit, uf Aue und Matte
wachse die dunkele Schatte;
d'Sunn uf de Berge erstoht,
o wie sind d'Gletscher so roth,
o wie sind d'Gletscher so roth.

2. Luegit, da oben am See
heimet zu wendet sich's Veh;
losed, wie d'Glogge, die schöne,
fründlig im Moos üs ertöne,
Chüeerglüt, üseri Lust,
thuet üs so wohl i der Brust,
thuet üs so wohl i der Brust.

3. Luegit, uf Matte und Ried
dunkler de Schatte si zieht;
luegit, am Bergli da änne
g'sender, wie d'Wulke so brenne,
heit er's scho füriger g'seh?
Hei, wie ne fürige See,
hei, wie ne fürige See!

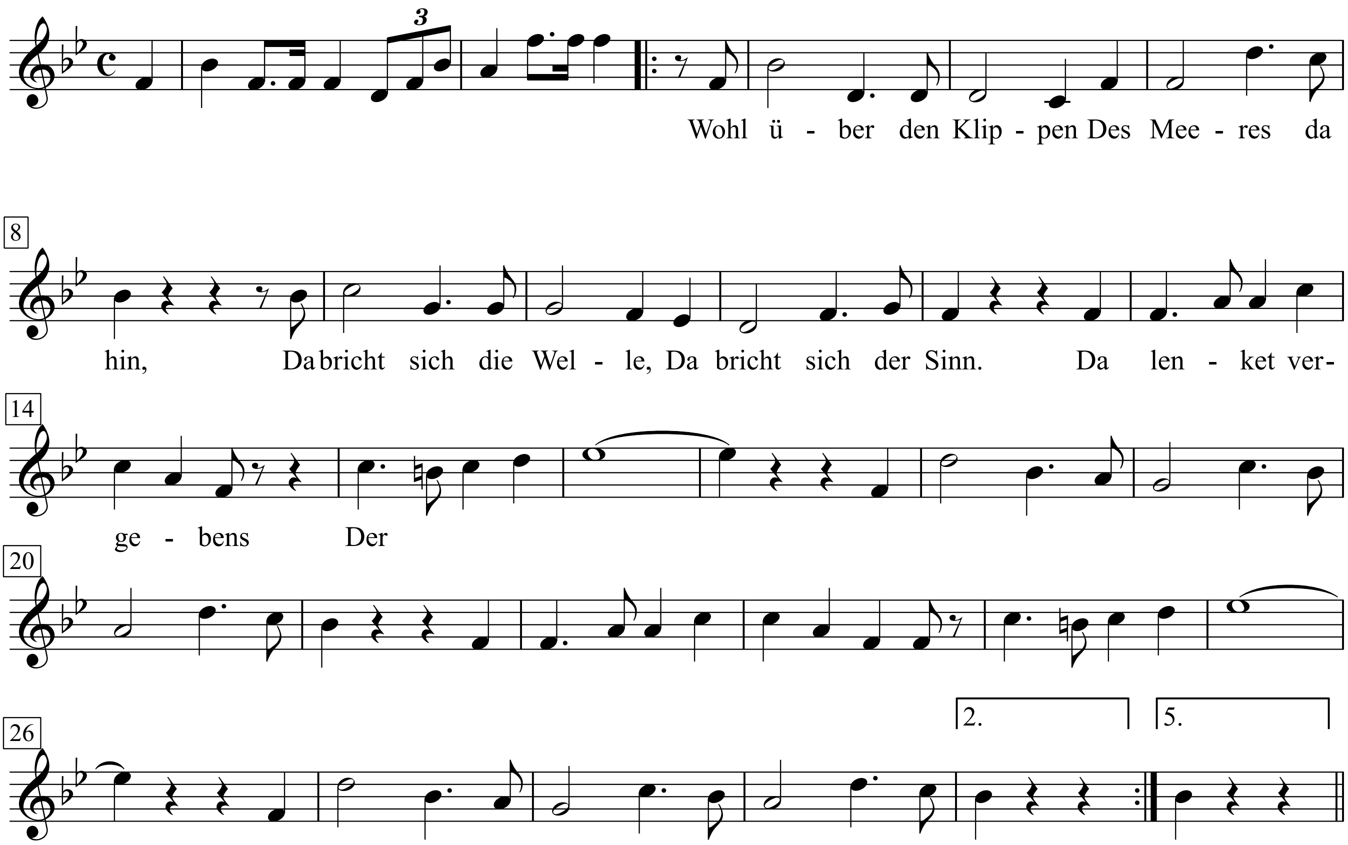
4. Still, a de Berge wird's Nacht,
aber de Herrgott wacht.
G'sehnder selb Sternli dört schyne?
Sternli, wie bist du so fryne!
G'sehnder, am Nebel dört staht's!
Sternli, Gott grüß' di, wie gaht's?
Sternli, Gott grüß di, wie gaht's?

5. Losed, es seit is gar guet:
„Hätt mi nit Gott i der Hut?
Fryli, der Vater von Alle
laht mi gwüß währli nit falle;
Vater, im Himmel, der wacht.“
Sternli, lieb's Sternli, guet Nacht!
Sternli, lieb's Sternli, guet Nacht!

Luiska

(Wohl über den Klippen)

19 Jahhundert



1. Wohl über den Klippen
Des Meeres dahin,
Da bricht sich die Welle,
Da bricht sich der Sinn.
|: Da lenket vergebens
Der Schiffer seinen Kahn,
Ja, seinen Kahn
Kann's Ufer nicht finden,
Kann sich nicht nahn. :|

2. Wer ist es, der drüben
Am Ufer wohl steht
Und flehend die Hände
Zum Himmel erhebt?
|: Es ist ja Luiska,
Wo sehnet sie sich hin?
Ja, sehnt sich hin?
Wohl nach den
Arabischen Inseln hin. :|

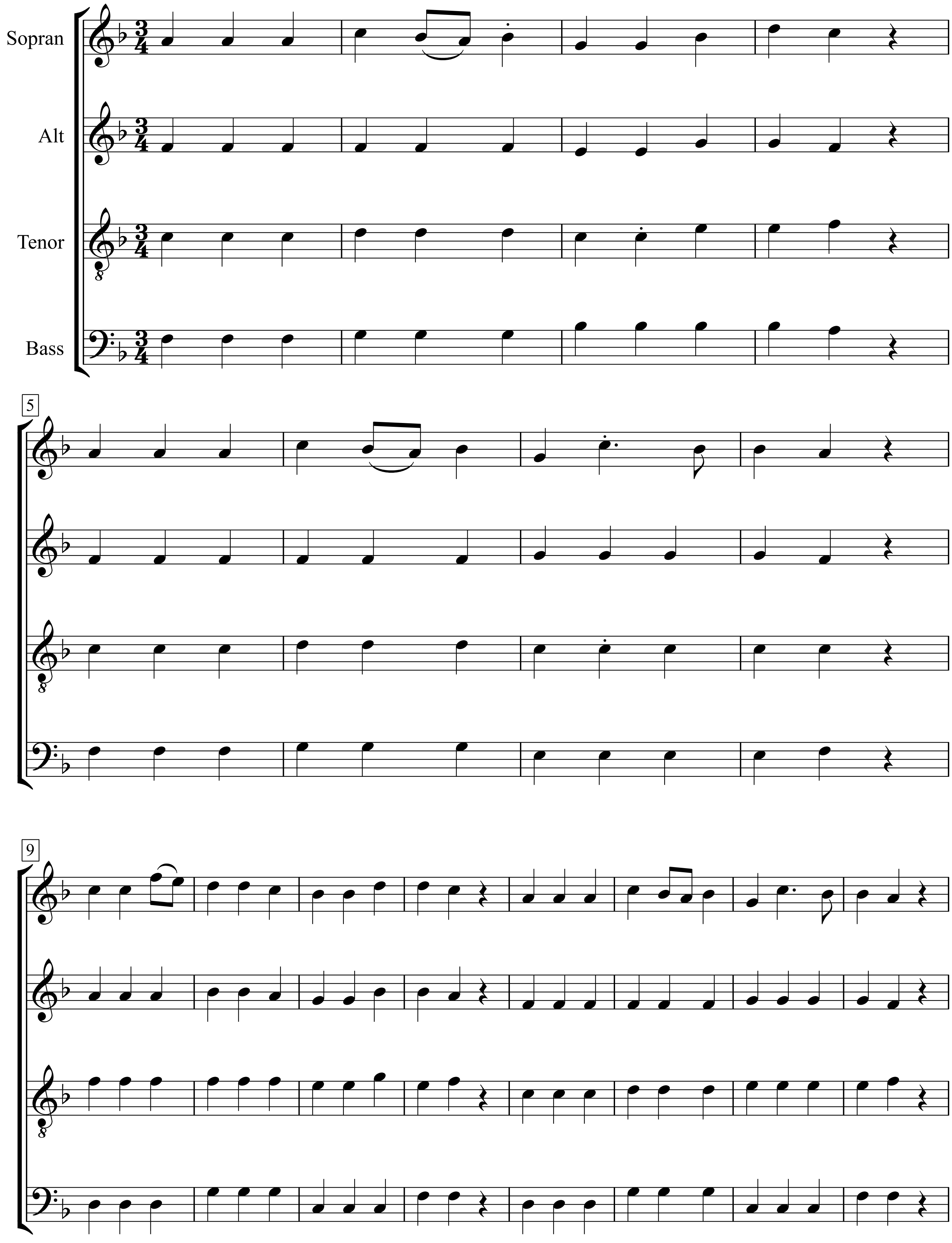
3. Dort weilt ihr Geliebter,
Dort weilet ihr Glück,
Er kehrte seit Jahren
Nicht wieder zurück.
|: Er schied von seinem Weibe,
Er schied von seinem Kind,
Ja, seinem Kind
Wer weiß ob er sie
Nochmals wiederfind't? :|

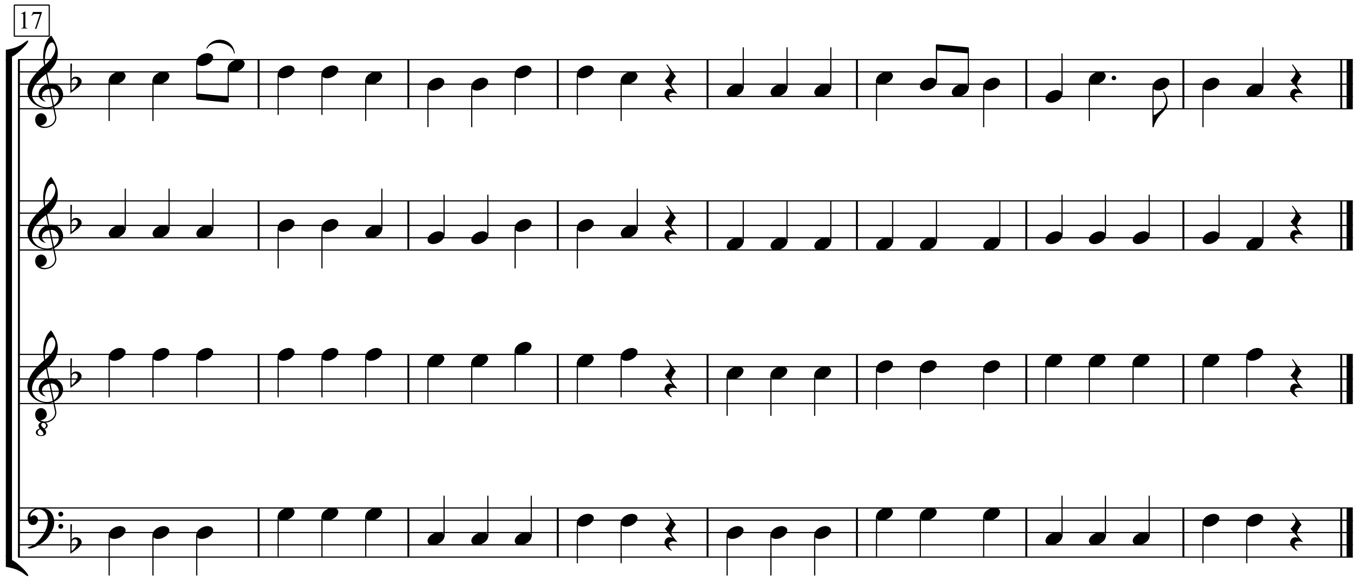
4. O nimm mich in deinen
Rettenden Kahn,-
So flehet Luiska,
Den Schiffer wohl an.
|: Luiska, Luiska,
So schau mich doch an,
Schau mich doch an
Ich bin ja kein Schiffer,
Ich bin doch dein Mann. :|

5. Vergessen ist Kummer,
Vorüber ist Gram,
Jetzt fühlen sich beide
So innig im Arm. -
|: Es tobeten die Wellen,
Tobten ganz fürchterlich,
Ja, fürchterlich
Sie wurden begraben
Und wussten es nicht. :|

Lulajże Jezuniu

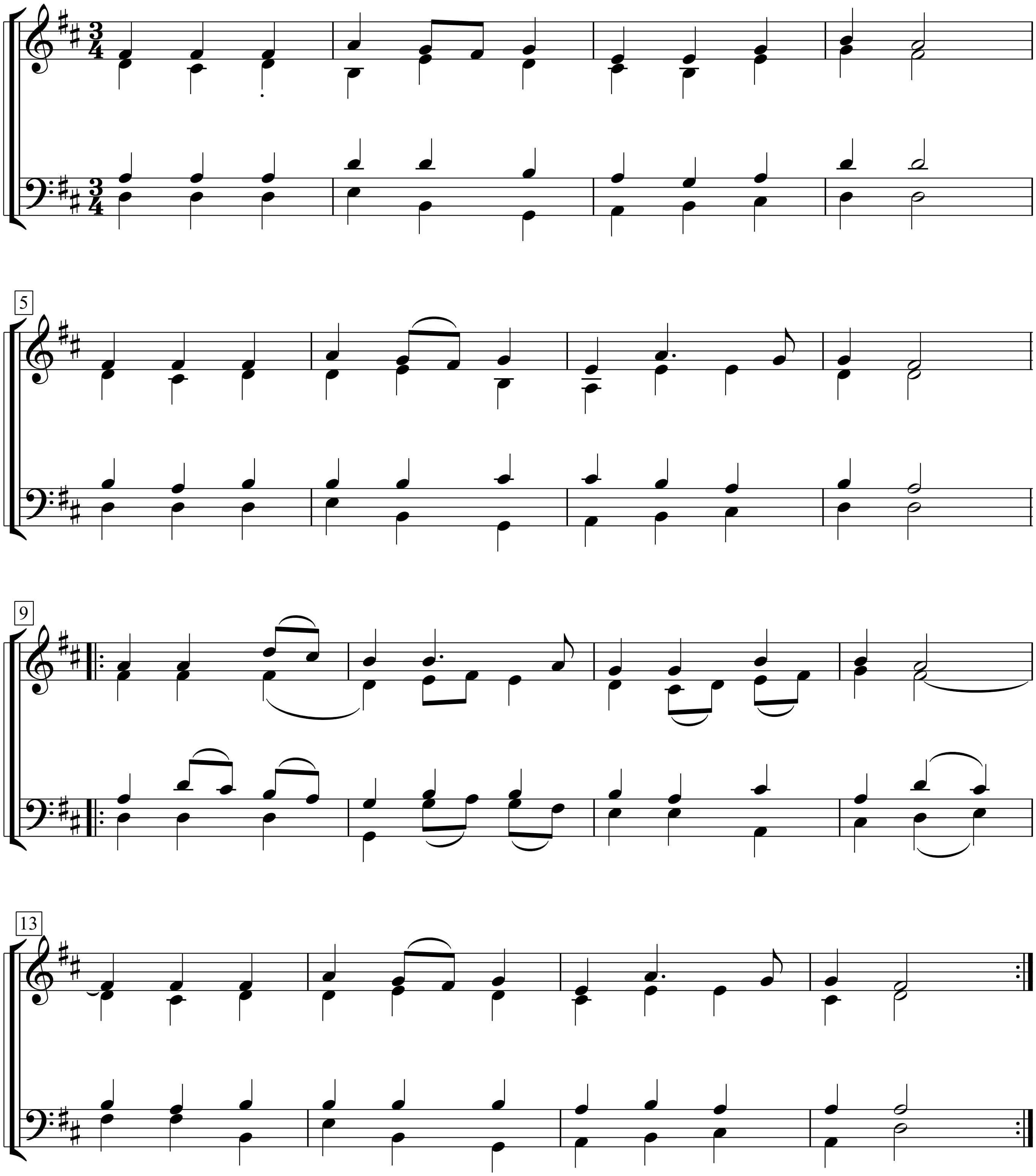
Jakub Kowalewski




17

Lulajże Jezuniu

Michał Zieliński



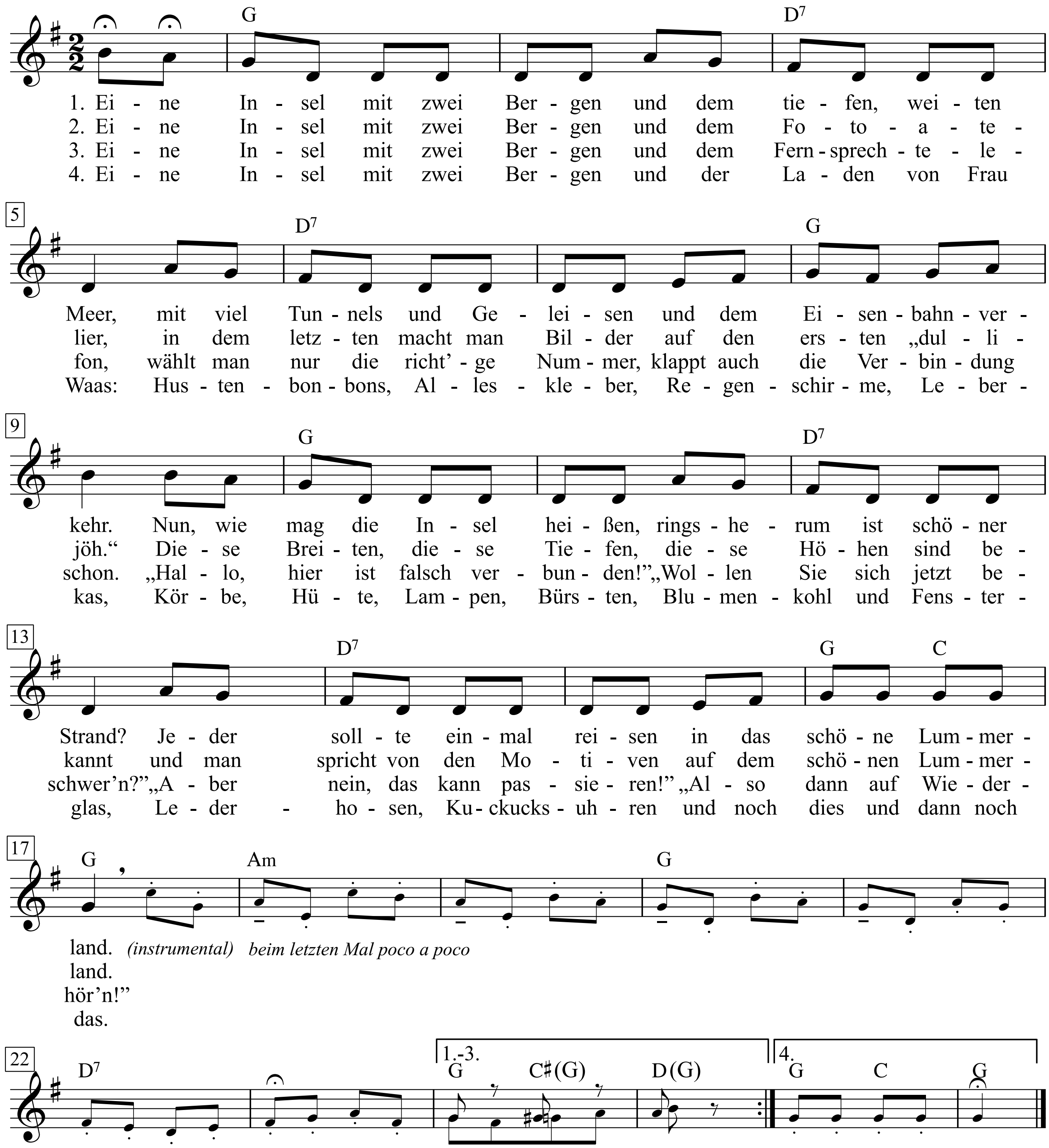
Lummerlandlied

(Eine Insel mit zwei Bergen)

Aus: „Jim Knopf und Lukas, der Lokomotivführer"

Text: Manfred Jenning

Musik: Hermann Amann



Der Instrumentalteil wird wiederholt: beim 1. Mal die 1. Klammer, die Noten mit Hälsen nach unten mit den eingeklammerten Akkorden spielen, beim 2. Mal die 2. Klammer!

1. Eine Insel mit zwei Bergen und dem tiefen, weiten Meer,
mit viel Tunnels und Geleisen und dem Eisenbahnverkehr.
Nun, wie mag die Insel heißen, ringsherum ist schöner Strand?
Jeder sollte einmal reisen in das schöne Lummerland.

2. Eine Insel mit zwei Bergen und dem Fotoatelier,
in dem letzten macht man Bilder auf den ersten „dul-li-jöh.“
Diese Breiten, diese Tiefen, diese Höhen sind bekannt
und man spricht von den Motiven auf dem schönen Lummerland.

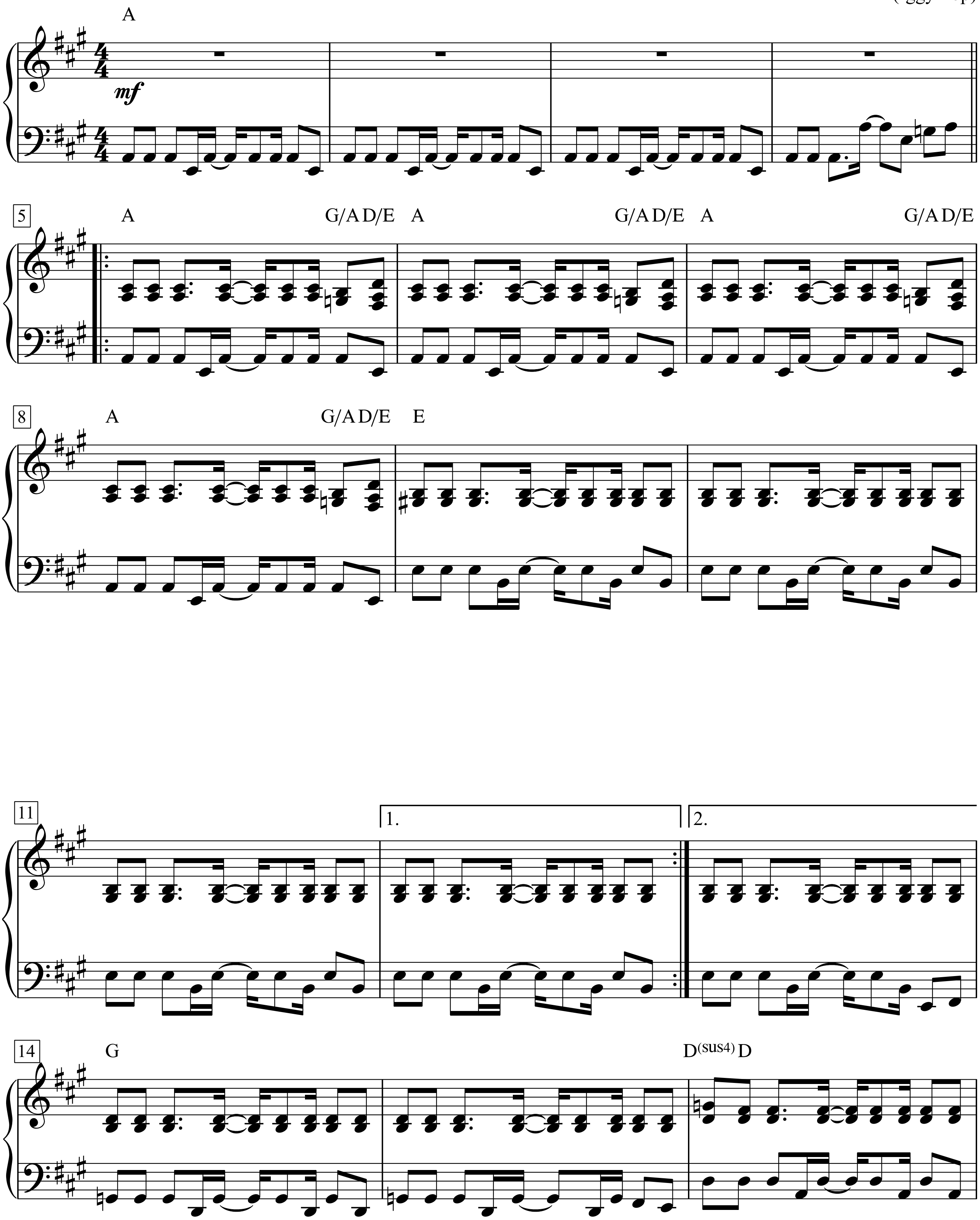
3. Eine Insel mit zwei Bergen und dem Fernsprechtelefon,
wählt man nur die richt'ge Nummer, klappt auch die Verbindung schon.
„Hallo, hier ist falsch verbunden!” „Wollen Sie sich jetzt beschwer'n?”
„Aber nein, das kann passieren!” „Also dann auf Wiederhör'n!”

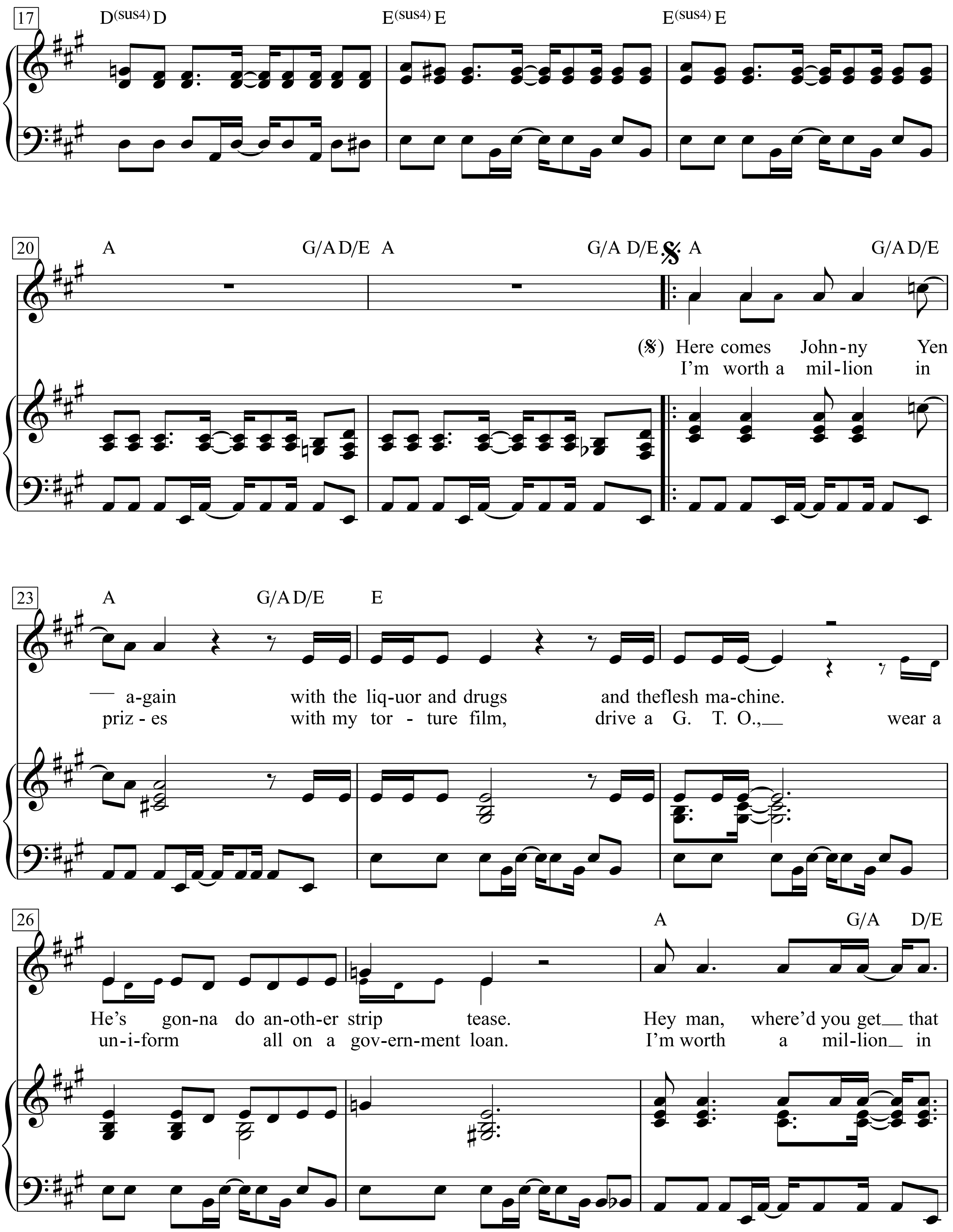
4. Eine Insel mit zwei Bergen und der Laden von Frau Waas:
Hustenbonbons, Alleskleber, Regenschirme, Leberkas,
Körbe, Hüte, Lampen, Bürsten, Blumenkohl und Fensterglas,
Lederhosen, Kuckucksuhren und noch dies und dann noch das.

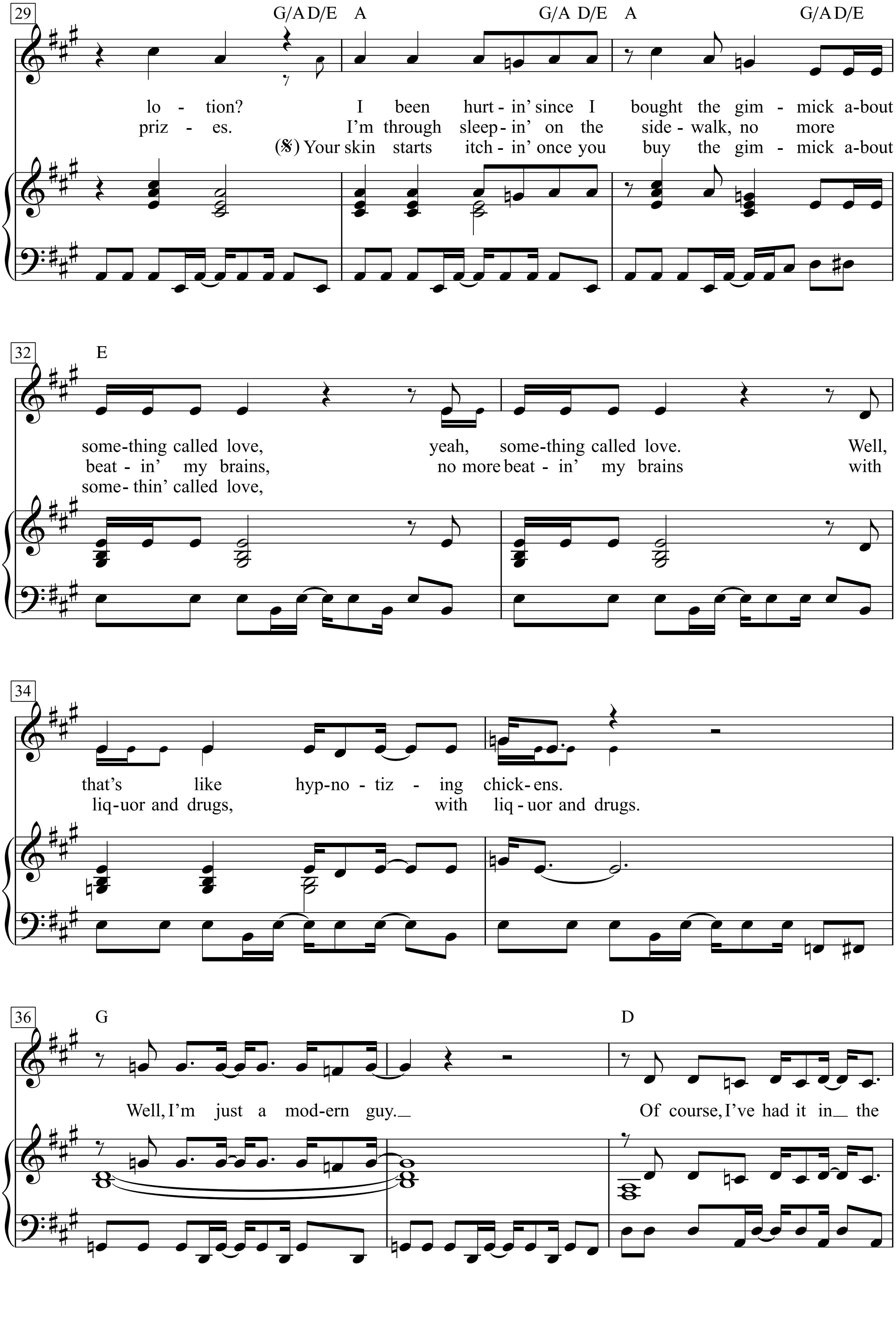
Lust For Life

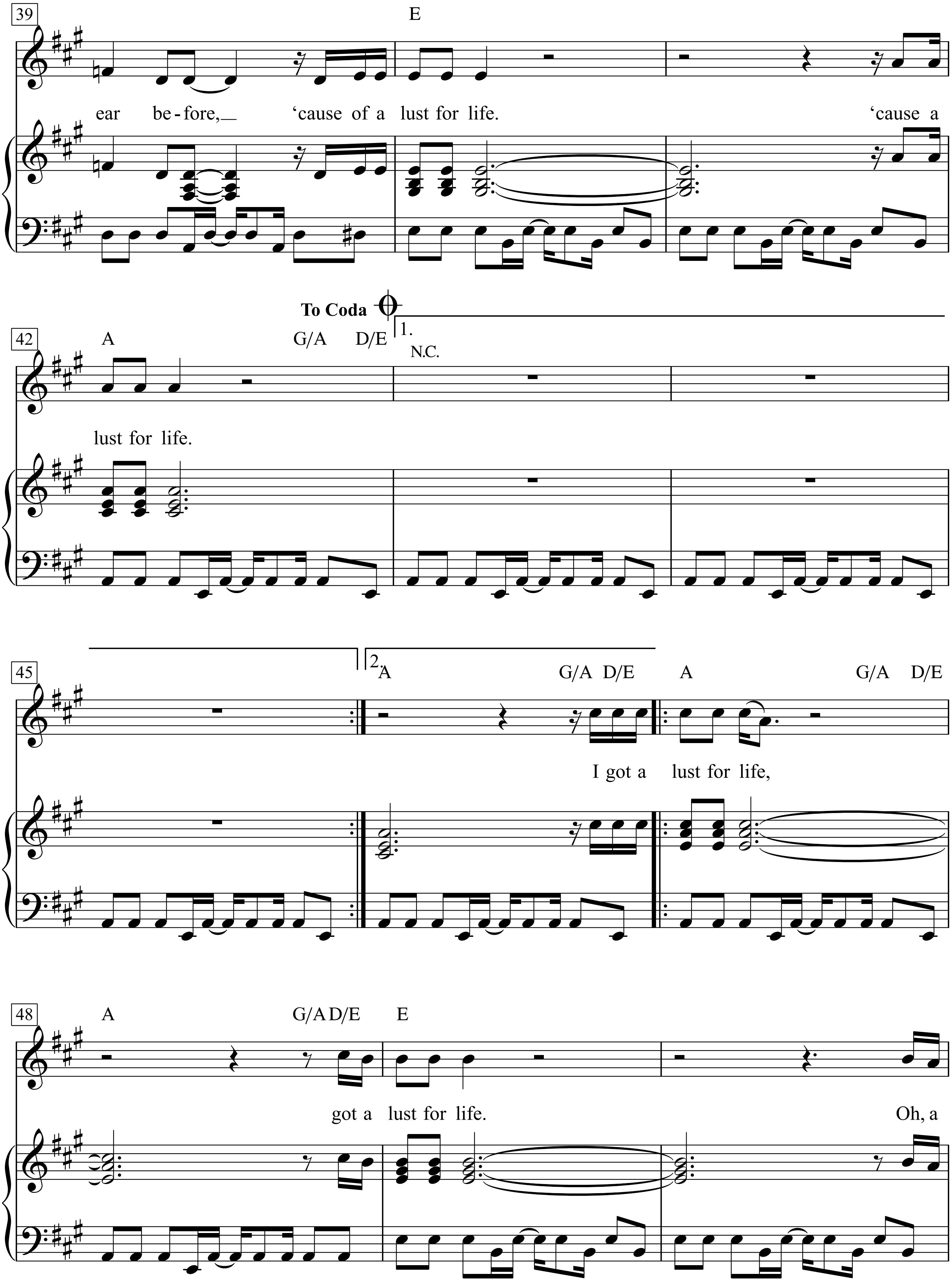
Moderate Rock (♩♪ played as ♪♪= ♪³♪)

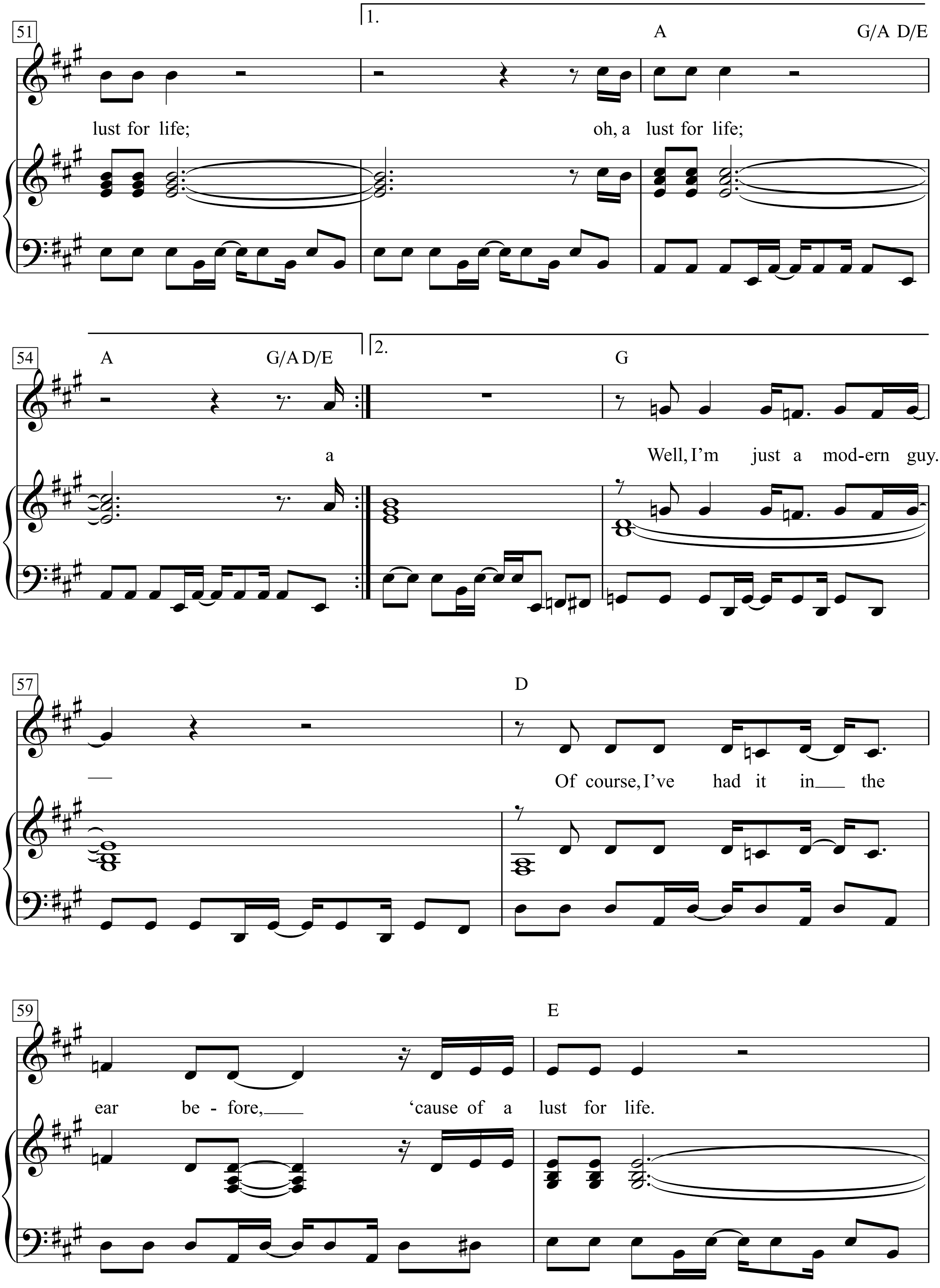
Words & Music by
Iggy Pop and David Bowie
(Iggy Pop)

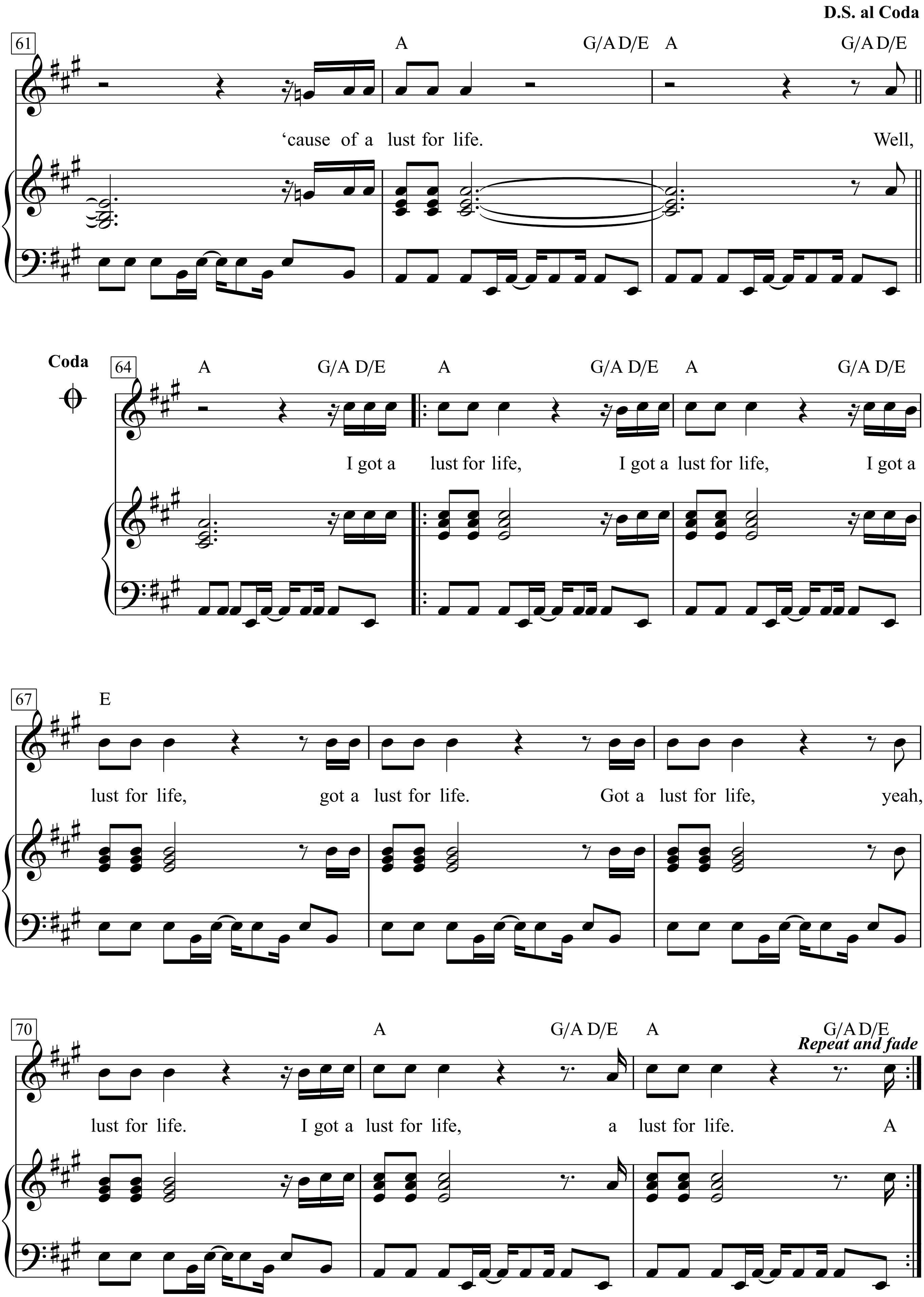



17
D(sus4) D
E(sus4) E
E(sus4) E
20
A G/A D/E A G/A D/E A G/A D/E
(𝄋) Here comes John-ny Yen
I'm worth a mil-lion in
23
A G/A D/E E
a-gain with the liq-uor and drugs and the flesh ma-chine.
priz-es with my tor-ture film, drive a G. T. O., wear a
26
A G/A D/E
He's gon-na do an-oth-er strip tease. Hey man, where'd you get that
un-i-form all on a gov-ern-ment loan. I'm worth a mil-lion in


29
G/A D/E A G/A D/E A G/A D/E
lo - tion? I been hurt - in' since I bought the gim - mick a-bout
priz - es. I'm through sleep - in' on the side - walk, no more
(𝄋) Your skin starts itch - in' once you buy the gim - mick a-bout
32
E
some-thing called love, yeah, some-thing called love. Well,
beat - in' my brains, no more beat - in' my brains with
some- thin' called love,
34
that's like hyp-no - tiz - ing chick- ens.
liq-uor and drugs, with liq - uor and drugs.
36
G D
Well, I'm just a mod-ern guy.
Of course, I've had it in the


39
E
ear be-fore,
'cause of a lust for life.
'cause a
To Coda
42
A G/A D/E
1.
N.C.
lust for life.
45
2.
A G/A D/E A G/A D/E
I got a lust for life,
48
A G/A D/E E
got a lust for life.
Oh, a


51
1.
A
G/A D/E
lust for life;
oh, a lust for life;
54
A
G/A D/E
2.
G
a
Well, I'm just a mod-ern guy.
57
D
Of course, I've had it in the
59
E
ear be - fore, 'cause of a lust for life.


D.S. al Coda
61
A G/A D/E A G/A D/E
'cause of a lust for life. Well,
Coda
64
A G/A D/E A G/A D/E A G/A D/E
I got a lust for life, I got a lust for life, I got a
67
E
lust for life, got a lust for life. Got a lust for life, yeah,
70
A G/A D/E A G/A D/E
Repeat and fade
lust for life. I got a lust for life, a lust for life. A

Here comes Johnny Yen again with the liquor
and drugs and the flesh machine.
He’s gonna do another strip tease.
Hey man, where’d you get that lotion?
I been hurtin’ since I bought the gimmick
about something called love,
yeah, something called love.
Well, that’s like hypnotizing chickens.
Well, I’m just a modern guy.
Of course, I’ve had it in the ear before,
‘cause of a lust for life. ‘cause a lust for life.
I got a lust for life, got a lust for life.
Oh, a lust for life; oh, a lust for life; a Well,
I’m just a modern guy.
Of course, I’ve had it in the ear before,
‘cause of a lust for life. ‘cause of a lust for life.
Well, I got a lust for life,
I got a lust for life,
I got a lust for life, got a lust for life.
Got a lust for life, yeah, lust for life.
I got a lust for life, a lust for life.
A

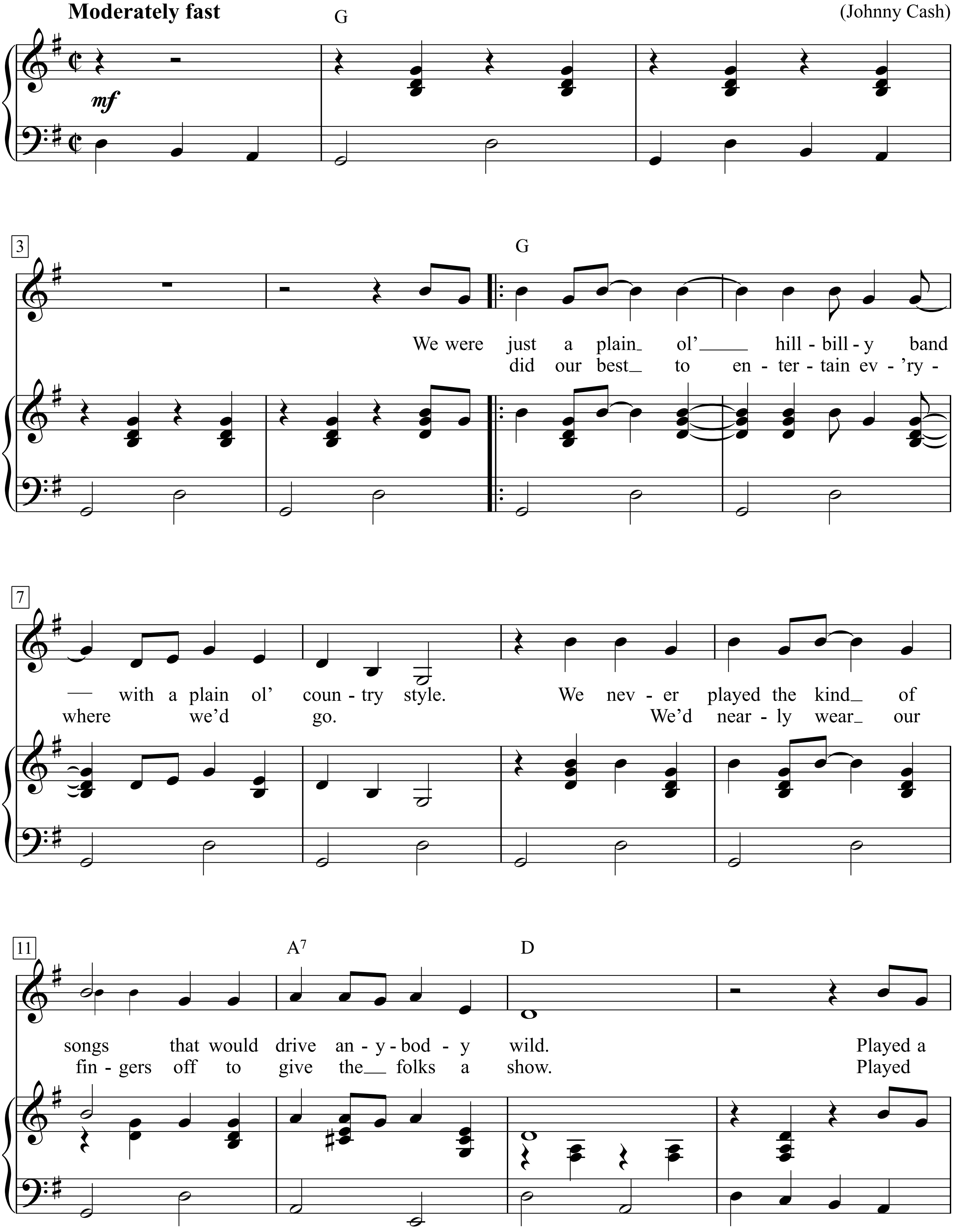
I’m worth a million in prizes with my torture film,
drive a G.T.O.,
wear a uniform all on a government loan.
I’m worth a million in prizes.
I’m through sleepin’ on the sidewalk, no more beatin’ my brains,
no more beatin’ my brains with liquor and drugs,
with liquor and drugs.

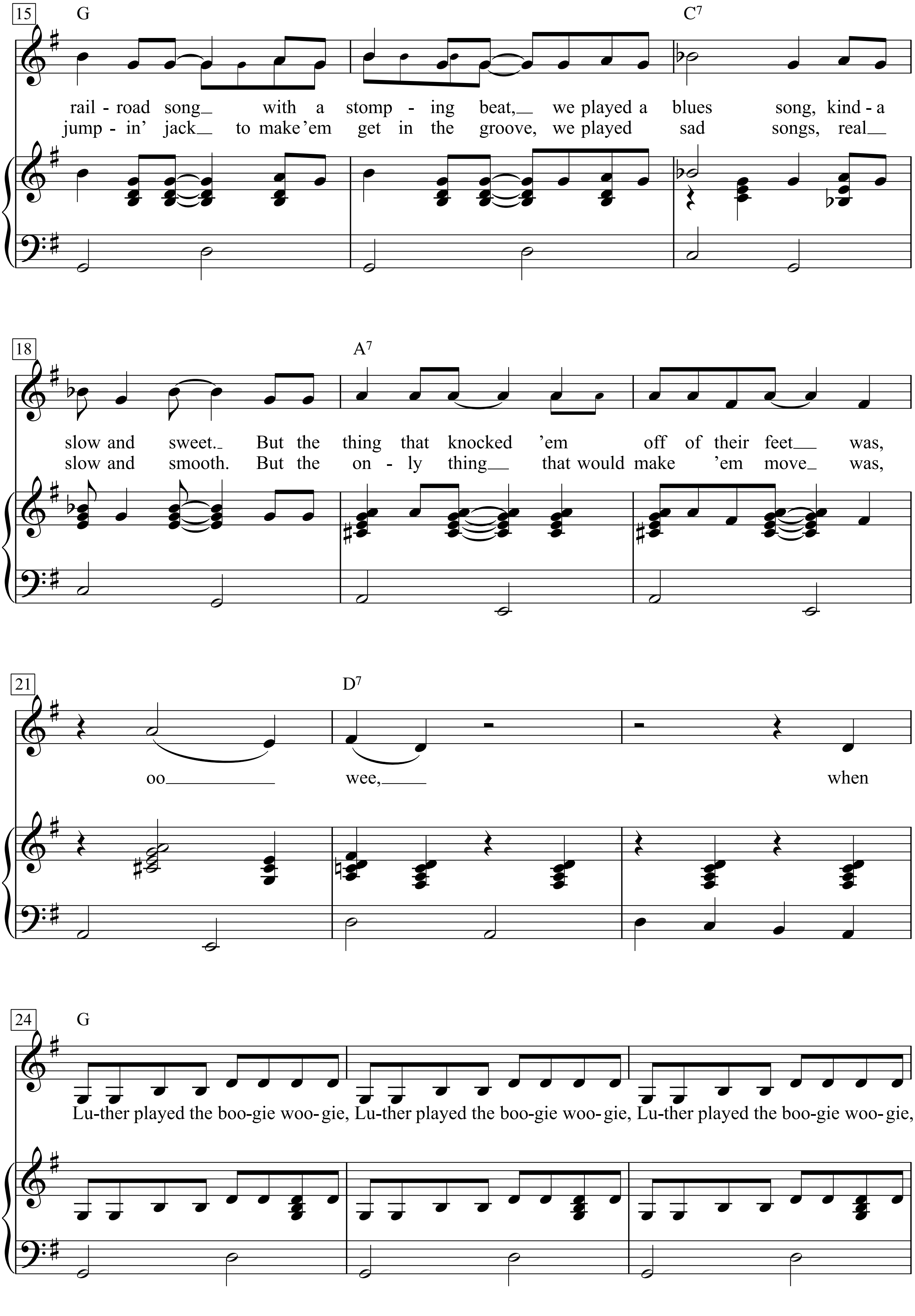
Your skin starts itchin’ once you buy the gimmick
about somethin’ called love,

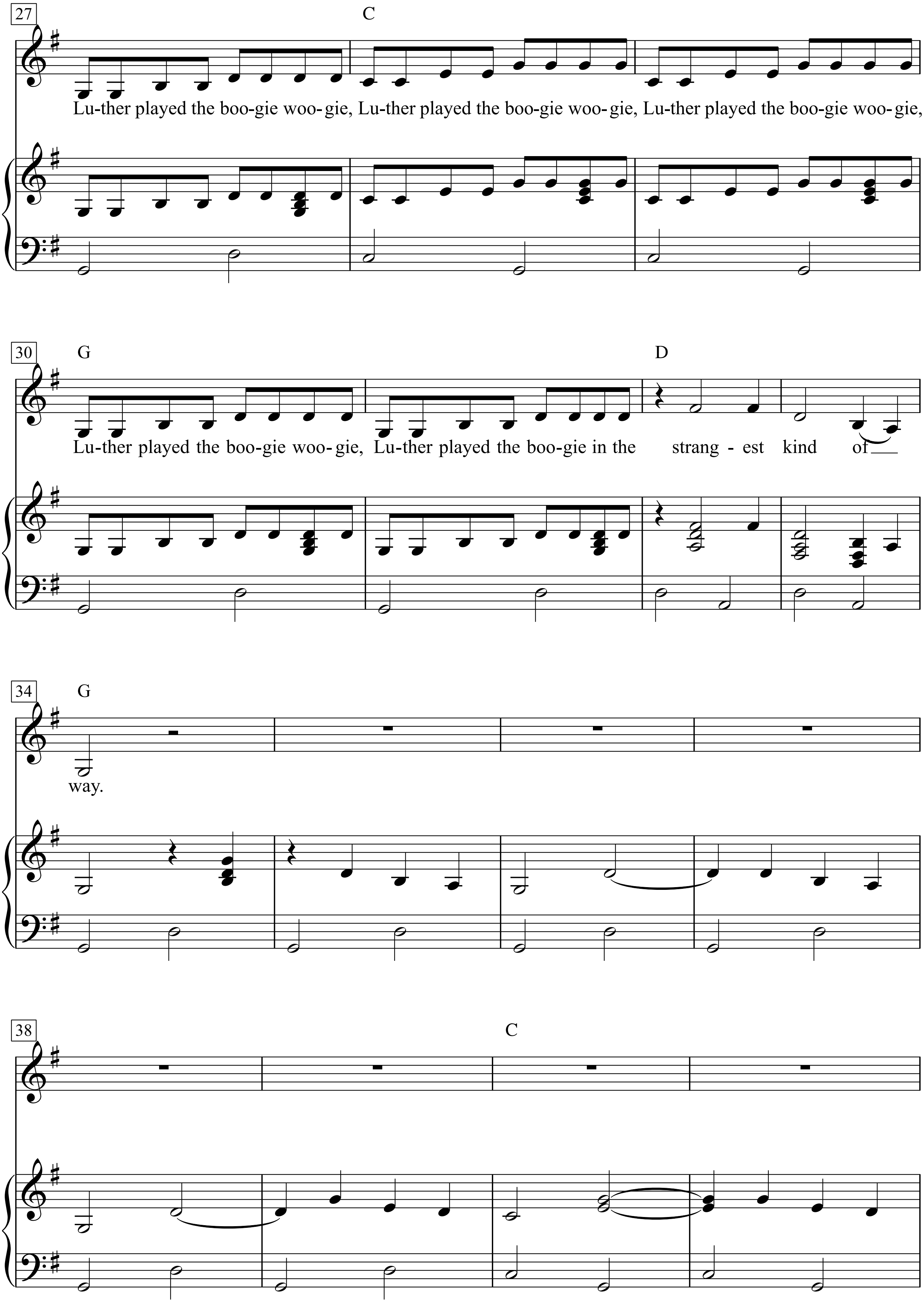
Luther's Boogie

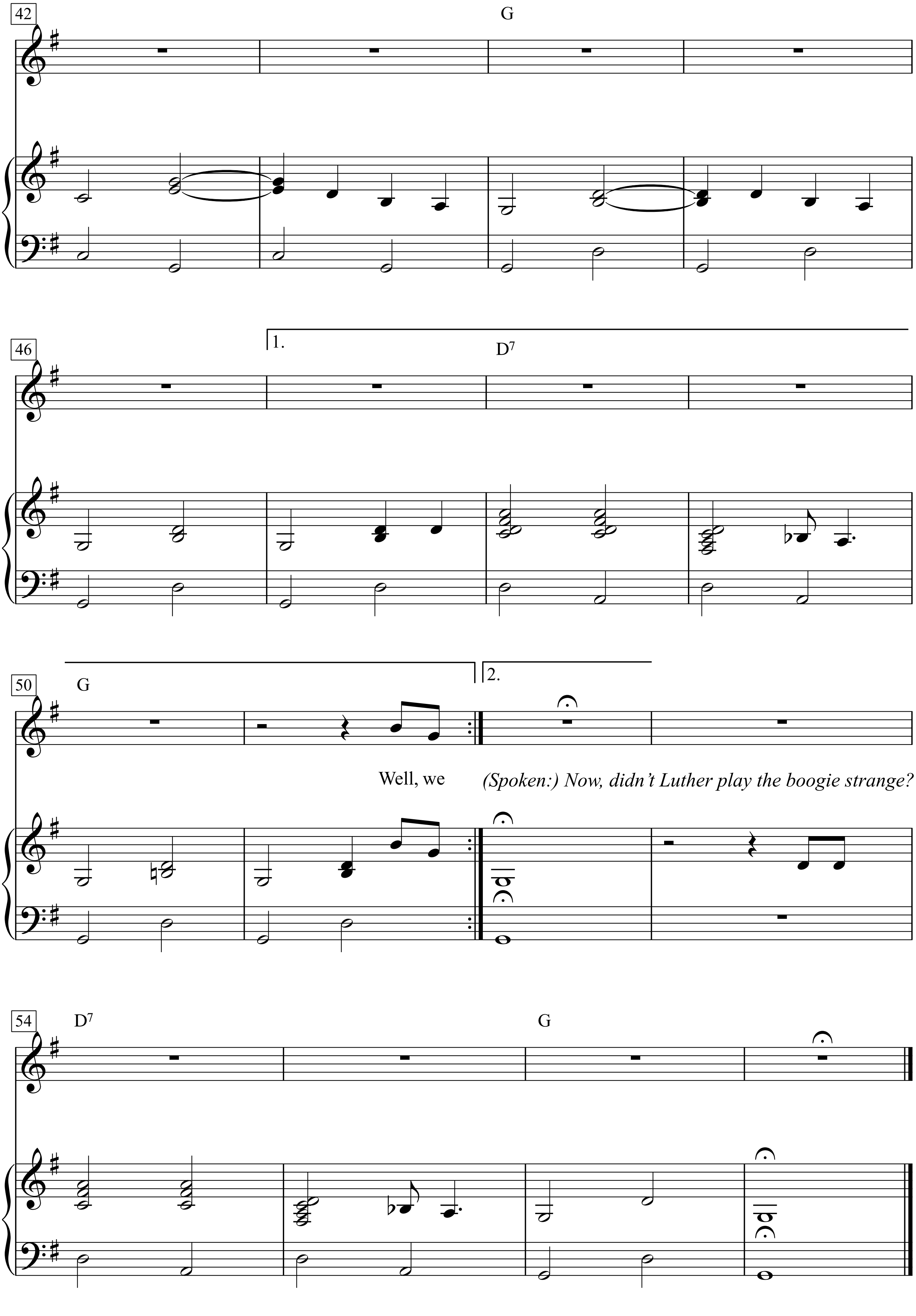
(Luther Played the Boogie)

Words & Music by
John R. Cash
(Johnny Cash)




15
G
C7
rail - road song with a stomp - ing beat, we played a blues song, kind - a
jump - in' jack to make 'em get in the groove, we played sad songs, real
18
A7
slow and sweet. But the thing that knocked 'em off of their feet was,
slow and smooth. But the on - ly thing that would make 'em move was,
21
D7
oo wee, when
24
G
Lu-ther played the boo-gie woo-gie, Lu-ther played the boo-gie woo-gie, Lu-ther played the boo-gie woo-gie,


27
C
Lu-ther played the boo-gie woo-gie, Lu-ther played the boo-gie woo-gie, Lu-ther played the boo-gie woo-gie,
30
G
D
Lu-ther played the boo-gie woo-gie, Lu-ther played the boo-gie in the strang - est kind of
34
G
way.
38
C


42
G
46
1.
D7
50
G
2.
Well, we
(Spoken:) Now, didn't Luther play the boogie strange?
54
D7
G

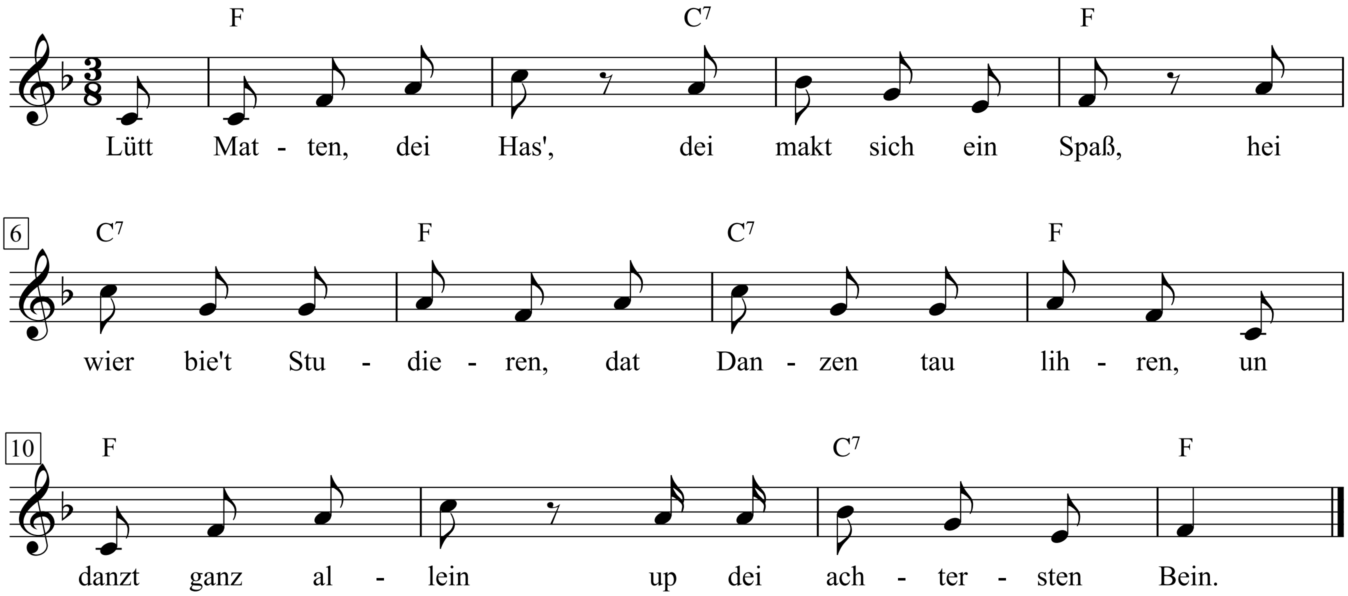
1. We were just a plain ol' hillbilly band with a plain ol' country style.
We never played the kind of songs that would drive anybody wild.
Played a railroad song with a stomping beat,
we played a blues song, kinda slow and sweet.
But the thing that knocked 'em off of their feet was,
oo wee, when Luther played the boogie woogie,
Luther played the boogie woogie,
Luther played the boogie woogie,
Luther played the boogie woogie,
Luther played the boogie woogie,
Luther played the boogie woogie,
Luther played the boogie woogie,
Luther played the boogie in the strangest kind of way.
(Spoken:) Now, didn't Luther play the boogie strange?

2. Well, we did our best to entertain ev'rywhere we'd go.
We'd nearly wear our fingers off to give the folks a show.
Played jumpin' jack to make 'em get in the groove,
we played sad songs, real slow and smooth.
But the only thing that would make 'em move was,

Lütt Matten, dei Has

Text: Klaus Groth

Melodie: Johannes Schondorf



1. Lütt Matten, dei Has',
dei makt sick ein Spaß,
hei wier bie 't Studieren, d
at Danzen tau lihren,
un danzt ganz allein
up dei achtersten Bein.

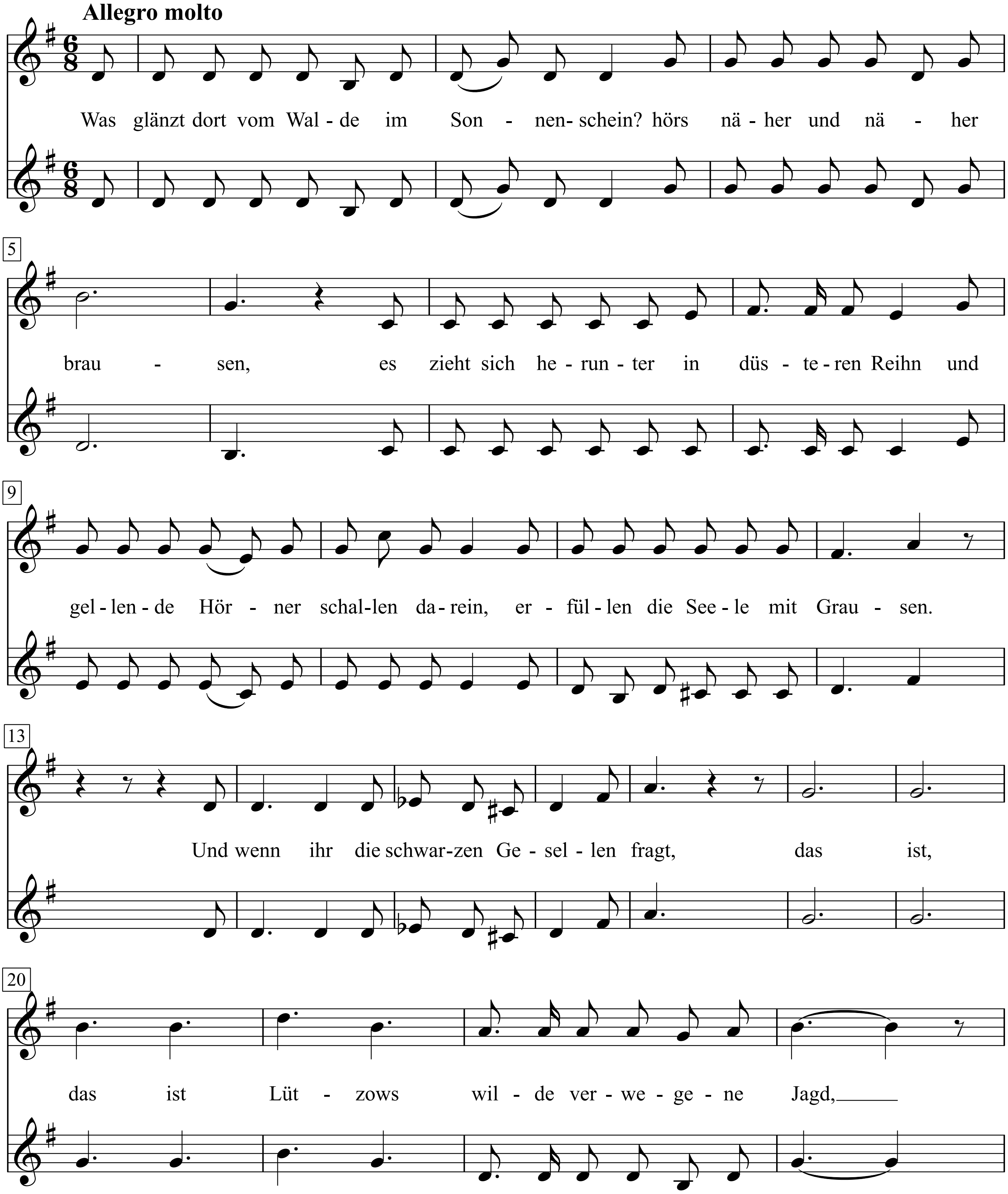
2. Kem Reinke, dei Voß,
un dacht: Dat 's 'ne Kost!
Un seggt: »Lütte Matten,
so flink up dei Padden?
Un danzt hier allein
up dei achtersten Bein?

3. Kumm, lat uns tausam'n,
ick kann as dei Damen,
dei Kreih, dei spält Fiedel,
denn geiht dat kandidel,
denn geiht dat mal fein
up dei achtersten Bein!«

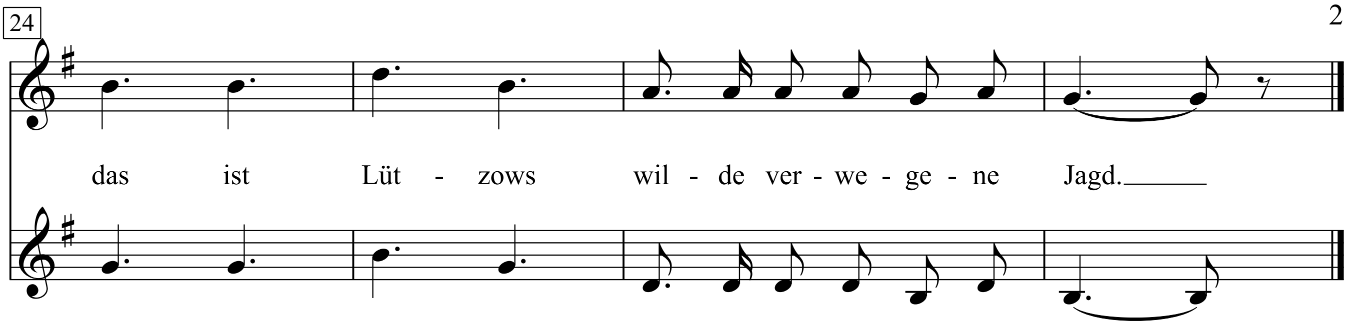
4. Lütt Matten gew Pot,
dei Voß beet em dot
un sett't sick in 'n Schatten,
verspiest den lütten Matten.
Dei Kreih, dei kreeg' ein
von dei achtersten Bein.

Lützows wilde Jagd

Theodor Körner (1813) | Carl Maria von Weber (1814)



Lieb Vaterland-Die schönsten Soldatenlieder und-Märsche (1938) (Hermann Krome), S. 44-45



1. Was glänzt dort vom Walde im Sonnenschein?
hörs näher und näher brausen,
es zieht sich herunter in düsteren Reihn
und gellende Hörner schallen darein,
erfüllen die Seele mit Grausen.
Und wenn ihr die schwarzen Gesellen fragt,
das ist, das ist Lützows wilde verwegene Jagd,
das ist Lützows wilde verwegene Jagd.

2.Was zieht dort rasch durch den finstern Wald
und streifet von Bergen zu Bergen.
Es legt sich in nächtlichen Hinterhalt;
das Hurra jauchzt und die Büchse knallt,
es fallen die fränkischen Schergen.
Und wenn ihr die schwarzen Jäger fragt,
das ist Lützows wilde verwegene Jagd!

3. Wo die Reben dort glühen, dort braust der Rhein,
der Wütrich geborgen sich meinte;
da nahet es schnell mit Gewitterschein
und wirft sich mit rüstigen Armen hinein
und springet ans Ufer der Feinde.
Und wenn ihr die schwarzen Schwimmer fragt,
das ist Lützows wilde verwegene Jagd!

4. Was braust dort im Tale die laute Schlucht,
was schlagen die Schwerter zusammen?
Wildherzige Reiter schlagen die Schlacht,
und der Funke der Freiheit ist glühend erwacht
und lodert in blutigen Flammen.
Und wenn ihr die schwarzen Reiter fragt,
das ist Lützows wilde verwegene Jagd!

5. Wer scheidet dort röchelnd vom Sonnenlicht,
unter winselnde Feinde gebettet?
Es zuckt der Tod auf dem Angesicht,
doch die wackern Herzen erzittern nicht;
das Vaterland ist ja gerettet!
Und wenn ihr die schwarzen Gefallnen fragt,
das war Lützows wilde verwegene Jagd!

6. Die wilde Jagd und die deutsche Jagd
auf Henkers Blut und Tyrannen!
Drum, die ihr uns liebt, nicht geweint und geklagt;
das Land ist ja frei und der Morgen tagt,
wenn wirs auch nur sterbend gewannen!
Und von Enkeln zu Enkeln seis nachgesagt
das war Lützows wilde verwegene Jagd!